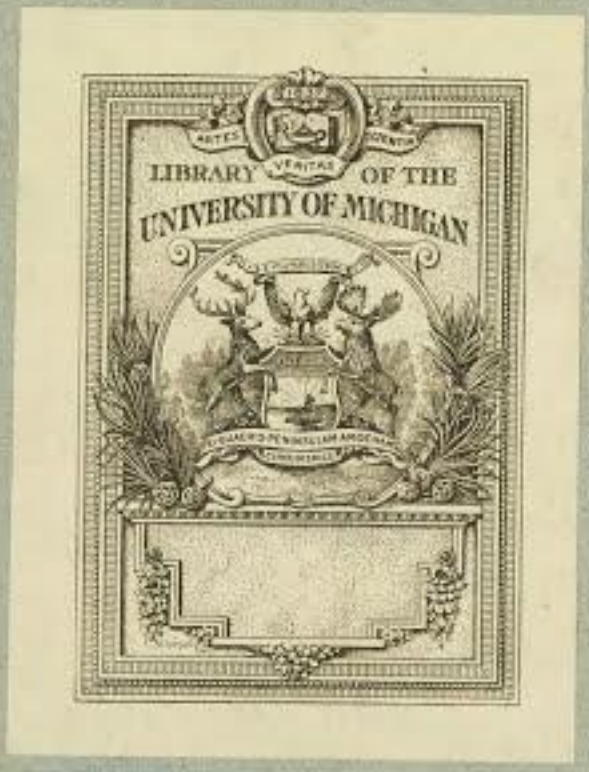
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JULY 1, 1911

5 cts. THE COPY

JULY 4th



More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly



Painted by Denman Fink for Cream of Wheat Co.

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ANTICIPATION



Prince Albert leads in an open race, Gentlemen

We back P. A. to measure up to your idea of a pipe smoke—to answer the jimmy pipe test. The field is open. No competitor is barred. ***We put our trust in quality.***

If you think you may like some other tobacco better than Prince Albert, give 'em both a whackin' good tryout in your pipe, then take your choice.

That's what we think is the true American spirit of fair play and even chance. It's the spirit of Seventy-Six, the spirit in which our forefathers scrapped for their rights long ago. That's why we framed this talk in the good old Liberty Bell. It's a symbol of freedom that you want in pipe smoking as well as anything else.

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

is made with the one independent idea of giving you the best pipe tobacco your money will buy. It brings freedom from old pipe-smoking drawbacks, from stung tongues and injured feelings. That's the simple reason why Prince Albert is now the best selling pipe tobacco in the world.

Men like P. A. They like its splendid flavor and fragrance, its close-fire and long-burning qualities—they like it because ***it won't bite tongues.***

The patented, exclusive process takes out the sting—puts P. A. in a class of its own—makes substitutes a joke.

If you haven't tried P. A. in *your* jimmy pipe, stop around at the nearest tobacco shop now and invest 10c in some real knowledge of what a pipe smoke should be. The tidy red tin for a dime, red cloth bag lined with weather-proof paper for 5c, half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.



Don't Worry— There Are Beans That Do Digest

Much is said nowadays about beans not digesting. But remember that the reference is to *home-baked beans*.

They are hard to digest—that fact is notorious. They simply ferment. It takes a pretty good stomach to get one-tenth their nutrition.

But, what is the solution?

Shall we go without beans—Nature's choicest food? Shall we forfeit this national dish?

Beans are 23 per cent nitrogenous—84 per cent nutriment. Beef, eggs and cheese all have lesser food value.

They are cheap and delicious. Everyone likes them. Is there no way to make them digestible?

There is a way, and we've found it.

We case our ovens with superheated steam, kept at 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels, so the full heat goes through. Every bean, during all of the baking, gets the full force of that heat.

Thus the food particles are broken to pieces so that digestion can act. That's all that is needed to make beans digestible.

Yet, with all this heat, no beans are broken, none are crisped. All come out nut-like, mealy and whole, because they are baked in steam ovens.

In the dry, home oven you crisp the top beans, but the beans below rarely get heated above 100 degrees. That is not half enough heat. It makes the beans soggy and mushy, but never digestible.

That's why scientists say that beans are hard to digest. It is true of home-baked beans. They simply go to waste.

But it wasn't true of our grandmothers' beans, which they baked in brick ovens for 48 hours.

Nor is it true of Van Camp's—where every bean, during all the baking, gets 245 degrees. It simply means that this is a dish which *must be factory-baked*.



Just Before Dinner, When the Housewife Serves Van Camp's

In summer, never let the pantry shelf get low on Van Camp's. Buy a dozen cans at a time.

Each can means a hearty meal waiting to be served. Serve it cold in one minute, or hot in ten minutes. It is just as fresh and savory as though it came direct from the oven.

The beans are Michigan beans, picked out by hand—beans all of one size. The sauce is made from whole, red-ripe tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

The pork is young and tender.

The beans, the pork and tomato sauce are all baked together, so the flavor goes all through. Nobody else, in home or factory, ever baked beans like these.

About a million homes have adopted Van Camp's, and thousands of new ones begin every month.

The other people don't like other beans better. Some cling to the habits of home baking. Some, in buying their beans, fail to insist on Van Camp's.

Hot weather is here now—too hot to bake beans. Hours saved in the kitchen are better spent on the porch. Let our cooks do the baking.

After two or three months, serve your folks again a dish of home-baked beans. Or serve for once some lesser brand. Hear how quickly they say—almost in a chorus—"*Where are those good baked beans?*"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

(188)

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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



We Became Known as the Fastest Set in College

I WAS born in the town of Lynn, Massachusetts, upon the twenty-second day of February, in the year 1855. Unlike most writers of similar memoirs I shall cast no aspersions upon the indigent by stating that my parents were poor but honest. They were poor *and* honest, as indeed, so far as I have been able to ascertain, have been all the Quibbles since the founder of the family came over on the good ship Susan and Ellen in 1635 and, after marrying a lady's maid who had been his fellow passenger, settled in the township of Weston, built a mill, and divided his time equally between selling rum to the Indians and rearing a numerous progeny.

My father, the Reverend Ezra Quibble, was, to be sure, poor enough. The salary that he received as pastor of his church was meager to the degree of necessitating my wearing his overworn and discarded clerical garments, which to some extent may account for my otherwise inexplicable distaste for things ecclesiastical. My mother was poor, after wedlock, owing to the eccentricity of a parent who was so inexorably opposed to religion that he cut her off with a shilling upon her marriage to my father. Before this she had had and done what she chose, as was fitting for the daughter of a substantial citizen who had made a fortune in shoeleather.

I remember that one of my first experiments upon taking up the study of law was to investigate my grandfather's will in the probate office, with a view to determining whether or not, in his fury against the Church, he had violated any of the canons of the law in regard to perpetuities or restraints upon alienation; or whether in his enthusiasm for the Society for the Propagation of Free Thinking, which he had established and intended to perpetuate, he had not been guilty of some technical slip or blunder that would enable me to seize upon its endowment for my own benefit. But the will, alas, had been drawn by that most careful of draughtsmen, old Tuckerman Toddleham, of Boston, and was as solid as the granite blocks of the courthouse and as impregnable of legal attack as the Constitution.

We lived in a frame house, painted a disconsolate yellow. It abutted close upon the sidewalk and permitted the passerby to view the family as we sat at meat or enjoyed the moderate delights of social intercourse with our neighbors, most of whom were likewise parishioners of my father.

My early instruction was received in the public schools of my native town, supplemented by tortured hours at home with Greenleaf's Mental Arithmetic and an exhaustive study of the major and minor prophets. The former stood me in good stead, but the latter I fear had small effect. At any rate the impression made upon me bore little fruit, and after three years of them I found myself in about the same frame of mind as the Oxford student who, on being asked at his examination to distinguish between the major and minor prophets, wrote in answer: "God forbid that I should discriminate between such holy men!"

But for all that I was naturally of a studious and even scholarly disposition, and much preferred browsing among the miscellaneous books piled in a corner of the attic to playing the rough and tumble games in which my schoolmates indulged.

My father was a stern, black-bearded man of the antebellum type, such as you may see in any old collection of daguerreotypes, and entirely unblessed with a sense of humor. I can even now recall with a sinking of the heart the manner in which, if I abjured my food, he would grasp me firmly by the back of the neck and force my nose toward the plate of Indian mush—which was the family staple at supper—with the command, "Eat, boy!" Sometimes he was kind to a degree which by a yawning of the imagination might be regarded as affectionate, but this was only from a sense of religious duty. At such times I was prone to distrust him even more than at others. He believed in a personal devil with horns, a tail and, I suspect, red tights; and up to the age of ten I shared implicitly in this belief.

The day began and ended with family prayers of a particularly long-drawn-out and dolorous character.

My mother, on the other hand, was a pale young woman of an undecided turn of mind, with a distinct taste for the lighter pleasures that she was never allowed to gratify. I think she secretly longed for the freedom that had been hers under the broader roof of her father's stately mansion on High Street. But she had, I suspect, neither the courage nor the force of mind to raise an issue, and from sheer inertia remained faithful to the life that she had elected.

My grandfather never had anything to do with either of my parents and did not, so far as I am aware, know me by sight, which may account for the fact that when he died he bequeathed a moderate sum in trust, "the proceeds to be devoted to the support and maintenance of the child of my daughter Sarah, at some suitable educational institution where he may be removed from the influences of his father."

Thus it was that at the age of nine I was sent away from home and began an independent career at the boarding school kept by the Reverend Mr. Quirk, at Methuen, Massachusetts. Here I remained for seven years, in the course of which both my parents died, victims of typhoid. I was cast upon the world utterly alone, save for the rather uncompromising and saturnine regard in which I was held by old Mr. Toddleham, my trustee. This antique gentleman inhabited a musty little office the only furniture in which consisted of a worn red carpet, a large engraving of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, and a table covered with green baize. I recall also a little bronze horse which he used as a paperweight. He had a shrewd wrinkled face of the color of parchment, a thin yellow wig and a blue cape coat. His practice consisted almost entirely in drawing wills and executing them after the decease of their respective testators, whom he inevitably outlived, and I think he regarded me somewhat in the light of a legal joke. He used to send for me twice a year for the sole purpose, I believe, of ascertaining whether or not I was sufficiently nourished at Quirk's establishment. On these occasions he would take me to lunch with him at the Parker House, where he invariably ordered scallops and pumpkin pie for me and a pint of port for himself.

On my departure he would hand me solemnly two of the pieces of paper currency known as "shin plasters," and bid me always hold my grandfather's memory in reverence. On one of these occasions, when he had laid me under a similar adjuration, I asked him whether he had ever heard of the man who made his son take off his hat whenever he met a pig—on the ground that his father had made his money in pork. He stared at me very hard for a moment with his little twinkling eyes, and then suddenly and without any preliminary symptoms exploded in a cackle of laughter.

"Damme!" he squeaked; "I wish your gran'ther could a' heard y' say that."

Then without further explanation he turned and made his way down School Street, and I did not see him for another six months.

My life at Quirk's was a great improvement over the life I had led at home in Lynn. In the first place I was in the real country, and in the second I had the companionship of good-natured, light-hearted people. The master himself was of the happy-go-lucky

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sort who, with a real taste for the finer things of literature and life, take no thought for the morrow or indeed even for the day. He was entirely incapable of earning a living and had been successively an actor, a lecturer, a preacher, and a pedagogue. He was a fine scholar of Latin and could quote Terence, Horace and Plautus in a way that could stir the somnolent soul even of a schoolboy. His chief enemy, next to laziness, was drink. He would disappear for days at a time into his study, and afterward explain that he had been engaged in the preparation of his *magnum opus*, which periodically was just on the point of going to press.

During these interludes the school was run by Mrs. Quirk, a robust, capable and rosy English woman, who had almost as much learning as her husband and ten times as much practical ability. There were twelve boys in the school, for each of whom the Quirks received the modest sum of two hundred and seventy-five dollars a year. In exchange for this they gave board, lodging and tuition. Each of us received separate instruction—or as Quirk expressed it "individual attention"—and excellent instruction it was. We arose at six, breakfasted at six-thirty, and helped around the house until eight, when our studies began. These continued until twelve, at which time we had dinner. After that we were free until two-thirty, when we resumed our labors until four.

Quirk was a tall, lank, loose-jointed man, with long black hair that lay well over his Byronic collar. He had a humorous eye and a cavernous mouth that was always twisting itself into grimaces, alternately side-splitting and terrifying. On occasions he would use the birch—and very thoroughly too, as I have reason to remember—but he ruled us rather by a sort of free-and-easy camaraderie than by fear of authority. For though he dressed like a clergyman he always smelled strongly of stale cigar smoke, and his language at times was more forcible than is generally expected of a wearer of the cloth.

I dwelt with the Quirks, winter and summer, until I was able to pass my examinations for Harvard, which I did in the summer of 1871. My allowance had been gradually increased to meet my new expenses, and I entered the Freshman class with an income sufficient to permit me to dress suitably and enjoy myself in such simple ways as were in vogue among the collegians. But coming as I did, alone, from a small boarding school proved to be a great disadvantage, for I had all my friends to make after my arrival and I had neither the means nor the address to acquire ready-made social distinction. Thus it happened that I was very lonely during my first years in Cambridge, missed the genial companionship of my old friends, the Quirks, and seized every opportunity that offered for going back to Methuen.

I had grown into a tall, narrow-shouldered youth with a high arched nose set between rather pale cheeks, and prominent ears. Though I could hardly flatter myself into the belief that I was handsome I felt that my appearance had something of distinction and that I looked like a gentleman. I affected coats with long tails and a somewhat dandified style of waistcoat and neck-cloth, as well as a white beaver much in favor among the "bloods" of those days. But this took most of my available cash and left me little to expend in treating my fellow students at the tavern or in enjoying the more substantial culinary delights of the Boston hotels. Thus, though I made no shabby friends I acquired few genteel ones, and I began to feel keenly the disadvantages of a lean purse. I was elected to none of the clubs, nor did I receive any invitations to the numerous balls given in Boston or even to those in Cambridge. This piqued my pride, to be sure, but only intensified my resolution to become a man of fashion on my own account. If my classmates could get on without me I felt that I could get on without them, and I resolutely declined to appreciate any social distinction that might artificially exist between a man born in one town or another, although I now understand that such distinction exists, at least so far as Boston society is concerned. Consequently as time went on and I could achieve prominence in no other way, I sought consolation for the social joys denied me by my betters by acquiring the reputation of a sport. I held myself coldly aloof from the fashionable men of my class and devoted myself to a few cronies who found themselves in much the same position as my own. In a short time we became known as the fastest set in college, and our escapades were by no means confined to Cambridge but were carried on with great impartiality in Boston and the neighboring towns.



We organized a club which we called the "Cock and Spur," and had a rat pit and cock fights in the cellar, on which occasions we invited out young actors from the Boston Museum and Howard Athenæum stock companies. These in turn pressed us with invitations to similar festivities of their own, and we thus became acquainted with the half-world of the modern Athens, which was much worse for us, I trow, than would have been the most desperate society of our college contemporaries. There was a club of young actors that we used to frequent, where light comedy sketches and scenes from famous plays were given by the members, and in due time several of us were admitted to membership. Of these I was one, and learned to do a turn very acceptably. On one occasion I took a small part upon the Boston Museum stage to fill the place made vacant by the illness of a regular member of the cast—an illness due in part to a carousal at the Cock and Spur the night before, in which he had come out second best.

We were a clever crew, however, and never gave the faculty reason to complain of any failure on our part to keep up in our studies. When examination time came we hired an impecunious coach and, retiring from the world, acquired in five days knowledge that our fellows had taken eight months to imbibe. It is true that the college at large viewed us with some disgust, but we chose to regard this as mere envy. That we were really objectionable must, however, be admitted, for we smoked cigars in the Yard, wore sky-blue pantaloons and green waistcoats, and cultivated little side whiskers of the mutton chop variety; while our gigs and trotters were constantly to be seen standing in Harvard Square, waiting for the owners to claim them and take the road.

On Sundays, when the decorous youths of Boston had retired to Beacon Street for their midday family feast of roast beef and baked beans, the members of the Cock and Spur might be observed in their white beaver hats driving countryward in chaises from the local livery stables, seated beside various fair ladies from the Boston stage or the less distinguished purlieus of the Cambridge chop houses. At noon these parties would foregather at some country tavern and spend long afternoons singing, drinking, and playing draw poker and other games of chance; and occasionally we would fight a main of cocks in some convenient pig pen.



"If I Ever Saw a Guilty Man He's One"

But this sort of life took money, and I soon found myself borrowing freely from my associates, most of whom were young fellows from other states who had already come into their inheritances and had gone to Harvard to get rid of them under the most approved conditions. For these I came to stand as a sort of sponsor, and was looked up to by them as a devil of a fellow, for I swore picturesquely and had a belligerently unpleasant manner that was regarded as something quite out of the ordinary and distinguished.

These youthful spendthrifts I patronized and taught the mysteries of a sporting life, and for a time it became quite smart for a fellow to have gone on one of "Quib's" notes. These notes, however, increased rapidly in number, and before long amounted to such a prodigious sum that they gave me great uneasiness.

My habits had become extravagant and careless. Having no money at all I took no heed of what I did with that of others, for I hardly believed that I could ever repay any of it. But I continued on in my luxurious ways, well knowing that any change in my mode of life would precipitate a deluge. The safety of my position lay in owing everybody, and in inducing each to believe that he would be the one person ultimately or immediately to be paid. Moreover, I was now completely spoiled, and craved so ardently the enjoyments in which I had indulged that I would never of myself have had the will to abjure them. I had gained that which I sought—reputation. I was accounted the leader of the fast set—the "All Knights" as we were known—and I was the envy and admiration of my followers. But this bred in me an arrogance that proved my undoing. It was necessary for me to be masterful in order to carry off the pose of leadership, but I had not yet learned when to conciliate.

It so happened that in the spring of my Junior year my creditors became more than usually pressing, and at the same time a fellow by the name of Poco Atkinson began to threaten suit on a note of mine for two thousand dollars, which I had discounted with him for seven hundred and fifty. I made my usual demands upon my friends and offered to do them the favor of letting them go on some more of my paper, but without the usual result. I then discovered to my annoyance that a wealthy young fellow known as Buck de Vries, who had considered himself insulted by something that I had said or done, had been quietly spreading the rumor that I was a sort of hocus-pocus fellow and practically bankrupt, that my pretensions to fashion were ridiculous, and that I made a business of living off other people. Incidentally he had gone the rounds and, owing to the rumors that he himself had spread, had succeeded in buying up most of my notes at a tremendous discount. These he lost no time in presenting for payment, and as they amounted to several thousand dollars my hope of reaching a settlement with him was small. In point of fact I was quite sure that he wanted no settlement and desired only revenge, and I realized what a fool I had been to make an enemy out of one who might have been an ally.

In this embarrassing situation I bethought me of old Mr. Toddleham and accordingly paid him an unexpected visit at Barristers' Hall. It was a humid spring day, and I recall that the birds were twittering loudly in the maples back of the Probate Office. As befitted my station at

the time of year, I was arrayed in a new beaver and a particularly fanciful pair of rather tight trousers.

"Come in," squeaked Mr. Toddleham, and I entered easily.

The old lawyer peered quizzically at me from behind his square boned spectacles.

"Oh," said he, "it's you, Master Quibble."

"The same, and your most obedient," I replied, letting myself fall gracefully into a chair and crossing my legs.

"You want money, I suppose?" he continued, after a few minutes during which he inspected my get-up with some interest.

"Well," I commenced lightly, "the fact is I am rather pressed. I thought if you could make me a small advance out of my grandfather's legacy ——"

"Legacy! What legacy?" he inquired.

"The legacy my grandfather left me."

"He left you no legacy," retorted the old gentleman. "Your grandfather, to whom you were once so considerate as to refer in my presence as a pig, left you no legacy. He directed merely that as long as you seemed to deserve it I should spend a certain sum on your maintenance and education."

"Gad!" I cried. "That puts me in a nice position!"

The old lawyer looked at me whimsically.

"My gay young man," he remarked finally, "the only position you occupy is one into which you have deliberately walked yourself. You come here in your fine clothes and your beaver hat and—excuse me—your whiskers, and you are surprised that there is no money forthcoming to pay your debts. Do not look astonished. I know and have known of them for a long time. I have followed your career with attention if not with edification. Even for the son of a minister you have done pretty well. However, life is life and everybody is not the same. I sha'n't judge you. I was a bit of a dog myself, although I don't look it now. But I can give you no more money for game-cocks and cigars. It is time for you to start in and earn your own living—if you can. At the end of the term I will give you fifty dollars and a ticket to New York, or sixty dollars and no ticket to anywhere. You will have to kick out for yourself. So fine a fellow," he added, "ought not to find it hard to get along. No doubt you could find some rich girl to marry you and support you in idleness."

I flushed with anger and sprang to my feet.

"I did not come here to be insulted!" I cried furiously.

Old Mr. Toddleham chuckled apologetically.

"Tut, tut! No offense. You won't find earning your living such an easy matter. Have you thought anything about what you'll do?"

"No," I answered, still indignant.

"How much do you owe?"

"About forty-eight hundred dollars."

"Damme!" muttered Mr. Tuckerman Toddleham. "More than you could earn in the first five years at the law!"

"See here!" I interrupted; "do you seriously mean that except for fifty dollars or so there is nothing coming to me out of my grandfather's estate? Why, he was worth over a million!"

"That is exactly what I mean," he returned. "He left you nothing except an allowance for your education during good behavior. He made me the judge. I'm your trustee and I can't conscientiously let you have any more money to drink up and gamble with. It's over and done with." He rapped with an air of finality on his desk with the little bronze horse.

"Who gets all the money?" I asked ruefully.

"The Society for the Propagation of Free Thinking," he answered, eying me sharply.

"I should think anything like that ought to be contrary to law!" I retorted. "It ought to be a crime to encourage atheism."

"It's a good devise under our statutes!" he answered dryly. "I suppose your own faith is beautiful enough, eh?"

I did not respond but sat twisting my hat in my hands. Through the open window the soft damp odors of spring came in and mingled with the dusty smell of law books. So this was law! It suddenly struck me that I was taking the loss of over a million dollars very resignedly. How did I know whether the old boy was telling me the truth or not? He had drawn the will and got a good fee for it. Certainly he was not going to admit that there was anything invalid about it. Why not study law—I might as well do that as anything—and find out for myself? It was a game worth playing. The stakes were a million and the forfeit nothing. As I looked around the little office and at the weazened old barrister before me, something of the fascination of the law took hold of me.

"I rather think I should like to study law myself," I remarked.

He looked at me out of the corners of his beadlike little eyes.

"And break your gran'ther's will, mebbe?" he inquired slyly.

"If I can!" I retorted defiantly.

"That would be better than fighting cocks and frittering your time away with play actors," said he.

"Mr. Toddleham," I returned, "if I will agree to turn over a new leaf and give up my present associates, will you continue my allowance and let me stay on in Cambridge and study law?"

"If you will agree to enter my office and study under my supervision—yes."

Once more I glanced around the little room. Somehow the smell of decaying leather did not have the same fascination that it had exercised a few moments before. The setting sun sinking over the Probate Office entered the window and lingered on the stern old face of the Hon. Jeremiah Mason over the fireplace. The birds twittered gayly amid the branches by the window. Spring called me to the open air, to the world outside, to the future.

"Give me fifty dollars and my ticket to New York," said I.

. . . . . .

It had so happened that at the time of my visit to Mr. Toddleham my credit and consequently my ready funds had become so reduced that I had only a dollar or two in my pocket. Therefore the check for fifty dollars that the old gentleman had carefully drawn for me with his quill pen and then had as carefully sanded over was by no means inopportune. I took the horse-car back over the Warren Avenue Bridge, depressed at the thought of leaving the scene of my first acquaintance with the world and at the same time somewhat relieved, in spite of myself, by the consoling thought that I should no longer be worried by the omnipresent anxiety of trying to escape from duns and money-lenders.

Resolved to terminate my collegiate career in a blaze of glory, I went the rounds of the college buildings and bade all my friends to a grand celebration at the Tavern where, owing to the large amount of trade that I had been able to swing to it, my credit was still good. Even "Buck" de Vries was not forgotten, and without a suggestion of my contemplated departure I entertained my colleagues royally with a bowl of punch brewed after a celebrated Cambridge recipe which in a decadent age spoke eloquently of the glories of the past. I was in the midst of a highly colored speech—during which I must confess De Vries had eyed me in a somewhat saturnine manner—when the proprietor tapped me on the shoulder and said that I was wanted outside. Excusing myself I stepped to the door only to be unexpectedly confronted by the local sheriff, who apologetically informed me that he held a warrant of attachment for my worldly goods and another for the arrest of my very worldly person. With admirable presence of mind I requested his patience until I should find my coat, and returning via the buttery made my escape from the premises by means of the rear exit. *Sic gloria transit!* That night I slept under the roof of the amiable Quirk, in Methuen, and the day after reached New York—the city of my future career.



He Used to Send for Me Twice a Year for the Sole Purpose, I Believe, of Ascertaining Whether or Not I Was Sufficiently Nourished

II

MY ARRIVAL in the metropolis was unaccompanied by any newspaper comment or by any particular excitement on the part of the inhabitants. I simply landed, after a seven hours' journey from Boston, with a considerable quantity of fine raiment—rather too fine, as I soon discovered, for the ordinary uses of a serious-minded, working youth—some fifty odd dollars, and a well developed bump of self-confidence that was supported by a strong reserve resolution not to let anybody get ahead of me. I had all the assurance of a man double my years and an easy way of making acquaintances that was destined to stand me in good stead, but I do not wish to be understood as admitting that my manners were offensive or that I was in any degree supercilious. I was simply a good fellow who had always enjoyed the comradeship of other good fellows, and as a result felt reasonably sure that the rest of the world would treat me kindly. Moreover, I could dissemble without difficulty and, if occasion arose, could give the impression of being a diffident and modest young man, ready and anxious to order himself "lowly and humbly before his betters."

Yet I had seen enough of the world to know that unless a man puts a high appraisal upon his attainments and ability no one else is likely to do so, and that the public takes one, nine times out of ten, at his own valuation. Coming to the clay itself: I wore my hair rather long with an appreciable modicum of bear's grease well rubbed in, side whiskers and white beaver, and carried a carpet bag on which was embroidered a stag's head in yellow on a background of green worsted. And the principal fact to be observed in this connection is that, instead of creating a smile as I passed out of the Grand Central Station, I was probably regarded as a rather smart and stylishly dressed young man.

I had a card to some young actors in the city, given me by my Thespian friends in Boston, and it proved but a short trip on the horse-cars down Fourth Avenue to the locality, near the Academy of Music, then as now frequented by the fraternity. I began my professional career, then, by taking lodgings in an actor's boarding house, and I am free to confess that at that time I was undecided whether to follow the bar or the boards. I have since frequently observed that the same qualities make for success in both, and had it not been for the fact that I found my new friends somewhat down at the heels and their rate of emolument exceedingly low, as well as for a certain little incident to be recounted shortly, I might well have joined the group of future Booths and Forrests that loitered along the nearby Rialto looking for jobs as Roman soldiers or footmen in some coming production.

But the change from my well-appointed lodgings in Cambridge and my luxurious surroundings at the Cock and Spur to a distinctly shabby theatrical boarding house, where the guests plainly exhibited traces of the lack

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How the French Do Business

The Final Word: Grandmother's—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON







EVEN after a visit to Paris the American imagination usually persists in picturing La Belle France with some such symbol as a dainty, silk-clad feminine foot kicking off an opera hat. The true feminine symbol of France is rather that watchful, middle-aged woman who sits at the cashier's desk in every shop and café, taking in the francs and centimes with one hand and going over her accounts with the other. The Coralies and Florines are only incidental to French life. It is Constance Birotteau who persists from generation to generation. When it comes to hosiery the correct symbol in that line will hardly be found in silk clocks or openwork; for it is the famous old woolen stocking of the French peasant—*le bas de laine*—weighted down at the toe with gold and silver pieces, which is the popular article.

Somebody has pointed out that the chief reason French history is so much more dramatic and memorable than that of other nations is that women are always to be found as prominent figures in its important episodes.

The French declaration of independence is a document that defines the rights of man in seventeen articles. Nothing was said about the rights of woman, probably because those have always been understood in France. Woman has always figured in French affairs, not merely in the big historical episodes but in the daily life of every class. She has had a voice in everything. Much of the stability and thrift of the country can be traced to her management; and the stranger who tries to do business in France without understanding her influence will find, usually, that his project moves very slowly.

Obstacles Americans Find in Paris

A NEW YORK sales manager went to Paris to place the French rights in a useful novelty. At home it had been extremely profitable and in London and Berlin he had quickly found lessees; but he found Paris different. At the outset everything seemed to be going along briskly. Within three days the New Yorker had secured an introduction to the Parisian manufacturer who was best equipped to take the thing up and push it as a side issue to his regular product, and had thoroughly interested him in the possibilities. Indeed, the Parisian was frankly enthusiastic after listening to the New Yorker's description at their first meeting. The force and point of Yankee selling arguments found a ready echo in French temperament. All that remained was the formal closing of the deal next day.

When the New Yorker returned the following morning, however, he found that the Frenchman had quite cooled off over night. He was distrustful and evasive. Instead of winding up the affair it was necessary to spend half the day drawing out his objections, meeting them with fresh facts, and going over the whole selling story again from new angles. When he left him that afternoon the Frenchman was feeling sanguine once more and it seemed as though all the difficulties had finally been cleared away.

On the third morning, however, the manufacturer had again become doubtful; and for two weeks the New Yorker labored with him. Each morning he climbed four flights of stairs and went over his proposition. Every conceivable fact was brought to light and all reasonable and unreasonable objections met fairly. By way of external pressure, the Parisian's chief competitor was interested in the novelty. Yet the deal, somehow, could not be closed.

Near the manufacturer's door was a statue of Jeanne d'Arc. The American had to pass it on his way from the hotel and saw it every time he glanced out of the Frenchman's window. At the end of those two weeks he thoroughly disliked the Maid of Orleans and felt that in some mysterious way she was retarding the negotiations.

And perhaps she was, indirectly, if regarded as a symbol of feminine influence in French affairs; for, as it turned out, the Parisian had been going home each night to talk the proposition over with his wife and her mother. No matter what pitch of confidence he was brought to or how surely the thing seemed to be sold, the women would review all the details at dinner and raise conservative doubts. Selling ability could not carry at that distance. The Frenchman left out some of the vital points and put others backward; and in just the degree that he was made optimistic they were made skeptical. The American got nowhere until this condition of French life was explained to him and he invited the wife and the old mother down to have the matter explained at first hand. Then their doubts were quickly cleared away and the negotiations closed.

In another instance an American went from London to Paris to lease a shop.

In London he thought he had run up against the last word in conservatism; for after six weeks' quibbling with English estate agents in the effort to lease half a dozen shops he had succeeded in getting only one. The landlords objected to his youth and investigated his credit through cautious relatives in America. The estate agents exacted bonds and indemnities for every minor alteration needed on the premises. Neighboring merchants mulcted him for rights of ancient lights.

In Paris, however, he found that he had to deal with the entire family of the man who owned the shop he wanted. Each relative had an interest and a voice. There were family contracts to be considered and a dozen petty rights to be safeguarded—and the final word seemed to lie with the aged grandmother.

This American had planned a chain of shops in Europe. By the time he had one store in London, another in Paris, and had looked into the police regulations of Berlin, however, he went back to the United States. For the amount of time spent in accomplishing these results would have sufficed to establish a chain of twenty stores in America.

Women are influential in French business affairs because they either work with their husbands, managing the financial end, or enter into details at home as advisers. The most serious error that the stranger can make is to overlook the plain Frenchwoman who sits silently at the little, square cashier's desk in nearly every French place of business. The stranger may conclude that she is only an employee, or assume—even when she is introduced as the wife—that her authority goes no farther than bookkeeping routine; but usually she is more than a full partner, because she acts as credit and financial man generally, and has a word, if not the word, in everything. Her husband may be the prime mover in the business, furnishing the energy and the ideas, but she will be the balance-wheel and keep it on the ground. In many cases she is the prime mover, too, and the masculine end of the family is chiefly ornamental. She safeguards the profits, watches the leaks, trims details down to bare net and directs the family investments. To understand her character and influence in French business is to know why the Paris Bourse deals so largely in bonds and why speculation in France is confined chiefly to the premium bond and the lottery. It has been shrewdly said that if it were left entirely to herself there would be little sale in France even for foreign Government bonds, because she prefers those of her country or of the city of Paris. Her views may often be narrow, but there is no doubt that much of the sane prosperity of France is due to her conserving influence. And she has a marked faculty for clear thinking. The American business man who understands French ways will often politely turn from her husband, in explaining a proposition, and lay all the facts directly before her. She can be trusted to see all the points involved much more quickly than monsieur, as a rule, and will give a quicker decision.

The Frenchwoman's Gift for Business

AN EMERGENCY arose in the Paris office of an American concern. The manager and his assistant, both men of long experience in France, held a conference; but they were not able to get a satisfactory grasp of the situation nor decide what was to be done—nothing of that nature had ever arisen before.

"Let us call in our cashier, Madame Champs," said the manager at length. "She's a Frenchwoman; we'll find out what she thinks of it."

When the situation was explained to her she drew a line with great clearness, brought out the vital points, set aside the non-essential ones and suggested a course which, when followed, met the situation completely.

Business sense seems to be born in the Frenchwoman. See the sewing-girls flocking out of the Paris millinery and dressmaking shops. They look to the last degree frivolous, for they copy costly gowns and hats in cheap materials, like the same girls in New York, and wear them with the same dashing parody of the grand dame. But just look over the Parisienne's shoulder when she goes to the post-office savings bank, and note the total of one thousand, two thousand, three thousand francs, in book

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THE CASE OF THE MULE

By George Pattullo

WITHOUT pride of ancestry or hope of posterity, the mule is the most valuable domestic animal we have. Captains of industry offend the public's nostrils from time to time, but this private of industry steadily increases in worth and in the esteem of men. He pursues his even course, stolidly doing his duty for a return of feed more or less irregular. I would draw your attention to the case of the American mule.

He should not be approached in a flippant spirit. Practically all the heavy labor in half of the states of the Union falls to the mule. The part he is playing in the newly awakened South and Southwest can be measured only in billions of dollars. There is a vast deal of agriculture and construction to which mechanical power is not and cannot be applied profitably; and in this realm the hybrid is invaluable.

Last year there were about four million one hundred and twenty-three thousand mules in the United States, representing a value of four hundred and ninety-four million ninety-five thousand dollars. These are Government figures. Each mule, according to this, was worth $119.84. They will fetch considerably more than that today. A scarcity exists in the supply; and in numerous districts, where a mule famine threatens with the advent of the cotton season, prices have gone rocketing.

So we must take the mule seriously and treat him with respect. He is doing too important work for any other attitude. The honest toil he gives makes possible the cultivation of waste lands, pays dividends to stockholders in mines, builds railways through virgin country, digs irrigation ditches in the deserts, plants much of the corn and most of the cotton of the United States, and brings millions of Southern farmers to market.

I have said that he is the most valuable domestic animal we have. The average price of horses a head in this country in 1910 was $108.19. A mule represents over three times the value of a milch cow, thirty times the value of a sheep, and beats a steer several times over. It would take thirteen swine to make up his price.

The Threatened Mule Famine

IN THIS year of grace the ownership of a mule in the Southwest would split a family wide apart and start a feud between friends. He is worth his weight in good table butter, a form of appraisal every householder can appreciate. Colts just weaned bring from sixty-five to one hundred dollars each; if you offer less than one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a yearling you hurt the owner's feelings badly and he is apt to depart in a dudgeon. A span of ordinary unbroken threes, of seven hundred or seven hundred and fifty pounds weight, will fetch two hundred and seventy-five dollars. A team of broken four-year-olds which tip the scales at one thousand pounds can find a purchaser any sunshiny day for four hundred and fifty dollars; and I have seen exceptional mules snapped up at five hundred to seven hundred dollars a pair.

The truth of the matter is that they cannot be had in sufficient numbers to do the work of the South. A farmer of my acquaintance, who is seldom more than half a bale ahead of his meals, was compelled to use several yearling horse colts to the plow this spring. It was brutal, I grant you, and will ruin the colts; but he sold his mules in the winter in the expectation of the price dropping, and now he cannot afford to buy any at prevailing figures. His is not an isolated case, but a typical instance.

The habitat of our friend the mule is the Southern tier of states and the Southwest—more than half the total number are owned in the south-central portion. If the average layman were asked where mules abound thickest he would exclaim "Missouri" without an instant's hesitation; but he would be wrong. Texas has wrested the palm from Missouri, just as she outstripped Georgia in the production of cotton and will eventually lead many other states in their principal staples. She had seven hundred and two thousand head last year as against three hundred and forty-four thousand for Missouri, and they stood to her credit to the amount of sixty-nine million four hundred and ninety-eight thousand dollars. Georgia and Tennessee are well up; I cannot find in official records that Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Maine or Connecticut has any, although morally positive that I have seen them frequently in those states. New York has only four thousand, and Pennsylvania forty-three thousand.

To begin with, let me correct an impression of the too tenderly nurtured that the mule is a distinct, separate species of quadruped. He was not among those present in the Ark. No process of evolution produced this useful, hammer-headed worker. He is a hybrid—a cross between a jack and a mare of the horse tribe. In some countries he is the offspring of a stallion and a jenny; but that is extremely rare in America, and such foals are invariably mean in their disposition and proportionately hard to handle. So far, Nature is complaisant and gives us the mule; but beyond that she will not go. No horse or mare mule can propagate its kind. What few exceptions there have been do not shake the rule and need not be considered in any presentation of the subject.

Of course the existing scarcity has projected a horde of men into mule-breeding. Every small farmer who owns a mare is fired with that ambition today. The result will probably be a glut of the market in three years' time and a consequent depreciation in value. Both in the horse and mule markets there are constantly recurring fluctuations. The span of rise and fall in supply and price may be placed roughly at seven years.

As to breeding mules, it is a complicated business. A breeder must be prepared, first of all, to face a heavier loss in the get than in the breeding of horses. With mules, this loss varies from thirty to forty per cent and signifies Nature's protest. If excellent care be taken of the mares a higher percentage of success is possible.

On the other hand, a breeder need not fear the high mortality among colts, which the horseman must reckon with. Indeed, the mule bears the same relation to the horse in respect to health as the goat does to sheep—he seems immune to ordinary diseases. Epidemics seldom obtain any hold among them. They are subject to distemper, but it catches them in a mild form and yields readily to treatment. Colic, too, can be relieved without danger—except only spasmodic colic, which is their most severe ailment and will kill even a mule.

Legend has done much to malign him. Nobody distrusts a mule more than I or has better grounds to do so; yet there are facts I must admit. He is easier to break to harness than the horse. He does not become bridlewise so quickly, perhaps because he is tougher in the mouth and possesses much individuality; but, if caution be exercised in the earlier stages of his training, a mule can be made a gentle and infinitely patient helper.

"A mule is always a mule," you say. Half of that perversity of temper for which he is notorious comes from poor handling when breaking in or afterward; for, once antagonized, a mule is remarkably set in his ways. Endowed with greater courage than the horse, he resents roughness with more venom and sustained determination.

The mule's stubbornness is, indeed, but an expression of character. He has personality. What can beat his calmly judicial temper? What equals his patience? I have seen a mule bide his time for nine weeks to get a chuckwagon cook into a favorable posture for a kick, there being certain accounts outstanding between them. He is never subject to panic; his nervous tremors are few and reasonably controlled; and he lacks the sensitiveness that often renders horses unsuitable for hazardous work and saps their strength in crises. All these qualities make him priceless in a new land.

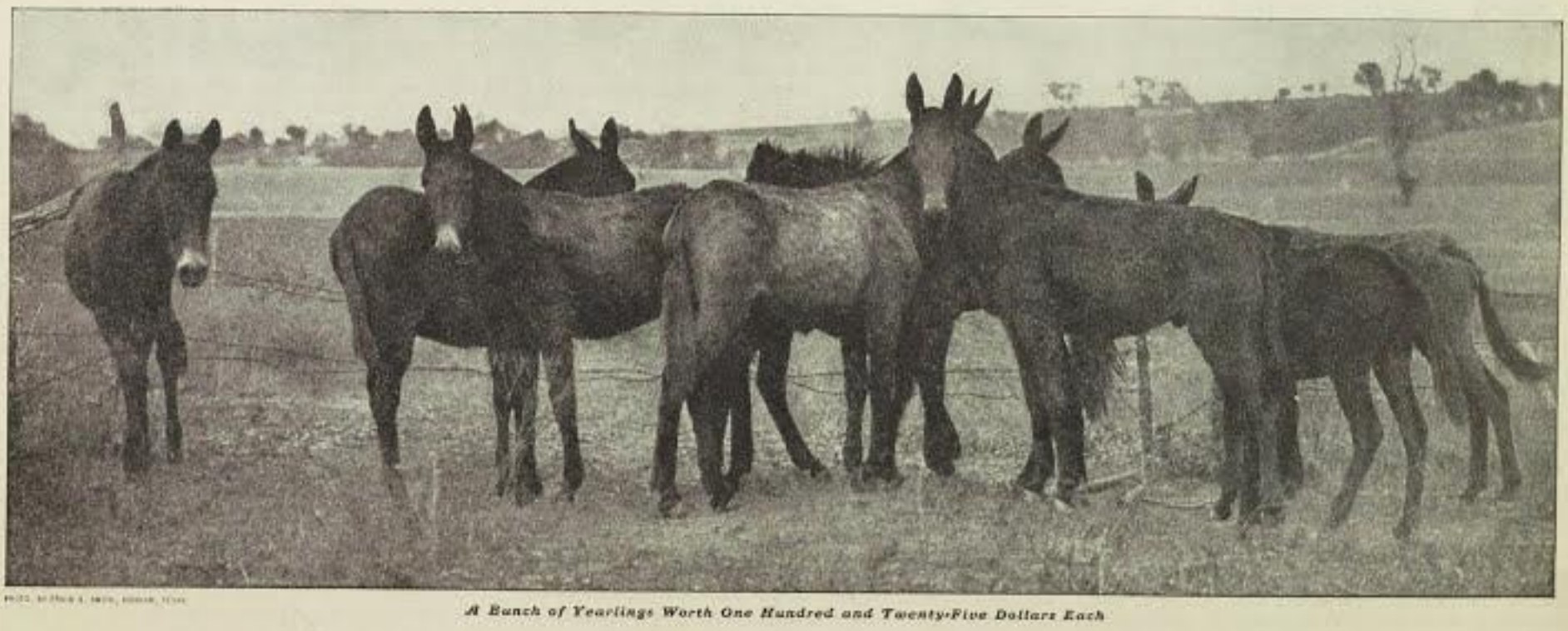
The Best Friend of the Colored Population

NOBODY who has ever had much to do with mules can have failed to observe the marked variations in their characters—variations as wide as those among men. Some are good; many are bad. There is the "no-'count" mule, just as there is the man who "ain't of no 'count"; the vagabond, the moderately industrious, and the splendid, energetic toiler. The mare mule is more tractable than the horse mule and will find a purchaser more readily. Not only does she behave in better fashion in harness but her field manners are above reproach. Her brother, on the contrary, will chase stock round and round, and otherwise worry them—out of refined cussedness.

Let us see what service the mule performs. In the corn and cotton belts he does the plowing and the planting for those staples; also, he hauls them to the mills and gins and to market. The corn crop is worth a billion and three-quarters yearly to the American people; cotton yields close to six hundred million dollars annually. In railway construction and irrigation projects he drags the heavy scrapers from early morning to dark. He freights supplies in regions remote from steam and electric traffic. He takes the farmers to town, delivers merchants' goods in the smaller communities below Mason and Dixon's Line, and is the most faithful friend the colored population boasts. When war raises its dragon head the commissariat and the engineers send up a howl for mules. We use him in the cow-country largely on the chuckwagons and for windmill teams; in fact, when the heaviest teaming is to be done, when the work gets hottest, the cry goes out for the mule.

In rough country we even employ them for saddlers, especially in the mountains, where their surefootedness

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A Bunch of Yearlings Worth One Hundred and Twenty-Five Dollars Each

THE CASSANDRA OF THE KEYS

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

PINDAR ROWE was "ex." He was ex-sheriff, ex-smuggler, ex-filibuster, ex-gold miner, ex-sea captain, ex-pilot, ex-professional wrecker. After his wife died he bought Spongecake Key and the right to live in solitary camp on it from a retired Philadelphia ice-cream manufacturer who had tried to turn the place into a cocoanut plantation. There—amid the rustle of the palms and the squawks of pelicans and cranes, the dangers of the diamond-back rattlesnakes and the curly-tailed scorpions, the shadows of mangrove bushes and the prickly pears, the dead calms, when one could hear fish jump in the shallows between the islands, and the hurricanes, when one, in a whirl of coral sand, could hear the army of the air gallop by—Pindar was both king and subject.

Stores for this hermitage were necessary. Therefore, on the last Thursday of the month, the old man would brush up one of his derby hats, which he wore summer and winter through the tropical year, hoist sail for the diminutive wooden city which is called "The Pride of the East Coast," and finally tie up his boat among those of the fishing fleet. He would go ashore with the chatter and yapping of Bahama negroes, Spanish restaurant-keepers, Cuban cigar-makers, descendants of Bermuda cockneys, sun-dried street dogs, green parrots hung above shop doorways, and auctioneers of newly unloaded bananas. He would make his way first to the bank, then to the shipchandler, the tobacconist, and the newspaper dealer who would gravely hand over the counter a month's file of a Jacksonville daily. Then he would prepare to visit Aunt Sarah; and while he was making up his mind to take this dutiful trip to his dead wife's sister he would pass through all the doubts and lingerings of determination which a thin man feels before he steps under an icy shower bath. Aunt Sarah had never approved of him while his wife lived and now she regretted her severity. She exhibited this regret on the occasion of each visit by lighting for him, with her own bony hands, a cigar that she had kept in an upper bureau drawer in proximity to a bag of lavender.

Furthermore, Aunt Sarah was known to every one as the most truthful woman that ever lived. She prided herself upon the impregnable veracity of every word she uttered. Her narratives of events were constantly interrupted by corrections; if by chance she named the date of her last visit to the doctor, who gave electrical treatment, as April thirtieth, a blush so powerful that it would suffuse her sallow cheeks rose from her conscience, and she would hasten to state that it was not April thirtieth, but May first. Then she would say: "I am accurate because every one looks to me for the truth." On these occasions Pindar would bite the end of his lavender cigar until his teeth met.

It was one of these visits to Aunt Sarah that caused a strange, marvelous and shocking spectacle.



"Umph!" said Pindar. "Pilgrim's Progress Wouldn't Satisfy That Feller"

At noon on this one last Thursday in the month, Pindar stopped before the familiar balconied house, took off his derby hat, smoothed his gray hair, wiped his spectacles and uttered a sigh of resignation. When he looked up, however, he took a step backward. In the doorway, instead of Aunt Sarah, there stood a delicate little woman, not over thirty, with unruly brown hair, pale blue eyes, a pointed chin, and small hands with ink-stained fingers—a personality that, with the first photographic impression on the eye, called for protection, sympathy and petting.

"You want to see Miss Bowcup?" she asked timidly.

The old man nodded. "I'm Rowe," he said.

"Mr. Pindar Rowe!" she cried. "You are Mr. Rowe! Oh, that is nice! You can give me local color!"

"How's that?" asked Pindar.

"For specials!" cried the girl.

"Umph!" the old pirate said. "Where's Sarah?"

He looked over his spectacles at the personified ecstasy as one looks at insane persons and, bowing cautiously, slid into the house.

Miss Bowcup was in the kitchen. The huge leaves of banana plants nodded at the windows in graceful contrast to the angular motions of their owner. "Pindar!" said she, running her words together. "You look ten years younger. Of course, that isn't true. You understand me, Pindar. I was speaking generally. I'll get you your cigar—or, rather, the cigar that soon will be yours."

"Yes," said the old man, making motions with his calloused thumb toward the porch. "But who is that?"

"Oh, I forgot to speak of her," said his sister-in-law. "It's Marcella Knott, my brother's child from Indiana. She's literary!"

"You don't say!" exclaimed the old man.

"Speaking truthfully, it's certainly sad!" sighed Sarah.

"Sad?" Pindar gasped. "How can it be sad! If anybody writes they might write something as good as Pilgrim's Progress sometime. You can't tell."

"Well, Marcella says a person couldn't sell it even if it was as good as that. She's been writing stories for newspapers for a year, Pindar, and they all come back on her. She ain't got any kin but me and she's trying to earn a living that way; and the little money her father left her is giving out, and she ain't made but two dollars and a half—and that was for eight poems. The one that brought seventy-five cents was shorter than any of the rest; so I say it's a mysterious business!"

"Poor little critter!" said Pindar.

"Well, to tell the strict truth," Aunt Sarah went on in a low tone, "I feel right sorry myself. And the worst of it is she has a dream of fame—that is to say, I heard her mention it. And you never seen anybody write so fast. Her inspiration won't allow of no restraint. It's there and it must come out and be relieved, like the rheumatism. If it don't come away it makes a person moony and queer. To be truthful with you, Pindar, I've learned lots about being literary in these three weeks."

The old man, sitting down, examined the fuzzy brim of his hat. "She said she was going to get some local color from me," he said suspiciously. "What's that mean?"

"Well, I think I can truthfully say that I can explain that," answered Aunt Sarah, shifting the angles of her body. "You see there is Bob Rawson."

"The Red A Line agent? The big, strapping feller? Old contractor Rawson's son? Huh! There's a fine young man. I was mighty fond of his father."

"Well," Miss Bowcup said, "he ain't very inclined toward girls. I mean, of course, he ain't never been before. Now he's in a dreadful state about Marcella. It seems so funny, because she's so small and delicate. He comes sometimes twice a day and walks by whenever he gets a chance, looking at every window like a robber; but Marcella, the little goose, won't give him no encouragement and she tells him she's already been married to letters."



Pindar Rowe Was "Ex"

"Umph!" said Pindar. "She's a strange-talking young lady. Those are hard words, sure. But what's all this got to do with local color?"

"Why, Rawson knows a man who came down here in the Spanish War, writing for newspapers; and now he's editor of a Sunday newspaper in Chicago. So he wrote him and told him about Marcella; and the Chicago man told him Marcella ought to write specials about Florida and Florida folks with local color—and Rawson said you was the one man who could ——"

"Could what?"

"Well, Pindar, I suppose I must tell the strict truth. Of course he didn't mean nothing by it, but he said you could tell more lies about Florida than any other man who ever ate an orange."

"Sounds like one of the Rawsons!" the old man growled. "I never trusted any of 'em! They've always been money-proud."

"Well, anyway, you'll help the poor girl, won't you? She wants you to stay over till tomorrow and tell her stories this afternoon and tonight. She's going to take notes and write 'em up; and you must stick to the truth, because the editor wants facts. You'll do it?"

"No," Pindar answered, slapping his knees.

At this moment the young authoress appeared in the doorway. "Oh, please, Mr. Rowe!" she begged with wide-opened blue eyes and clasped hands. "Red blood is what he wants. Lots of action in a fact story, with atmosphere. Oh, please!"

"No," said Pindar firmly.

The girl's hands dropped to her side. Her eyes opened still wider. The old man, looking at her over his spectacles, forgot Spongecake Key and the tub of butter in his boat, melting under the tropical sunlight; he could see a thousand manuscripts, written in hope, coming back to a lone, forlorn young thing and being heaped in smothering piles upon fires of ambition. He could almost feel the hollow pains of literary failure. As he looked, a tear stole out of one of her eyes and trailed a slow and glistening course down her cheek. He jumped up.

"Women," he roared, "is the damnedest shame there is! Sparrows' falls is watched lots closer than them. Don't you cry, Marcella. Come out on the porch and you and I will give Chicago hell!"

"Pindar!" cried Miss Bowcup; but little Miss Knott had caught the old man's salt-bleached wrist in her own soft fingers and had dragged him away.

Such occasions furnish the world with the reflection that true self-sacrifice is seldom conspicuous and that the petty generosities, which in accumulation make life's chief goodness, are never estimated at their true worth. Had a recording angel watched old Pindar through that afternoon and evening as he sat in the meager shade of a sugar-apple tree, foregoing the delights of his old corncob pipe and forcing yarn after yarn out of his memory, with the mental effort necessary to expurgate indelicacies and the full-mouthed language of seafaring men and adventurers, the credit column would have been lengthened to keep pace with all the confessions of rascalities that he then made to Marcella from Terre Haute.

It was nearly midnight when, after he had left Aunt Sarah's with a promise to Marcella to come back in another month, he pushed his sloop from the fishwharf out into the phosphorescent, oily black waters. Standing in the stern and considering the prospect of a long night sail through the Keys, he yawned. Something crackled dryly in his pocket. It was Aunt Sarah's cigar, which on this visit he had not smoked. He smelled of it cautiously. Then he threw it far out into the shadows.

"Umph!" said he. "The harbor will smell of lavender for twenty weeks!"

Indeed, when, sailing back for his new supply of provisions a month later, he had reached this spot he raised his

sharp nose and, as his sloop with lazy canvas slid in between the coal barges, charcoal schooners and craft of the sponge fishermen, he sniffed suspiciously.

"Anyhow," he said to himself with the thought of Miss Bowcup, "she certainly is a truthful woman, even if she does say so." He gazed along the waterfront of the wooden town, with its cigar factories and acres of two-storied buildings; and, as if addressing this semi-urban personality, he added: "You can bet on her word!"

Marcella, however, and not his sister-in-law, was on his mind. Though he would not admit this to himself he was so eager to hear news of the literary adventure to which he had been a party that he went by the shipchandler's, past the door of the tobacconist, across the street from the grocer's and on to Miss Bowcup's with the fast, choppy steps of an old sailor going somewhere in particular.

When he arrived he found the diminutive authoress on the porch and Rawson, the young giant, leaning on the rail, gesticulating with his powerful hands and fingers. Pindar, though irritated at the delay, saw by the earnestness of Rawson's face that he probably was urging his affections with all the awkwardness of his inexperience; and he stopped so that he might not interrupt the boy. The two young persons, he thought as he waited behind a fragrant shrub burning with scarlet flowers, made a pretty picture. The flecks of tropical sunlight thrown upon them through the sugar-apple foliage, the girl's white dress and the little expression akin to that of fright upon her face, the muscular frame of her admirer, the delicate blue of the block of writing paper that the girl had dropped on the floor—all pleased the old man's eye. He fell to dreaming of his own youth. It was not until truthful Aunt Sarah had come out with a kitchen spoon in her hand, to tell at length of beating a scorpion to death in the back yard, that Rawson bowed his farewell and Pindar hastened toward the house.

"Well," he cried, "how'd we come out with the special articles, as you call 'em, Marcella?"

"Why, is that you, Pindar?" said Miss Bowcup gravely.

Miss Knott bent her white neck and looked at the floor. "They came back," she whispered.

"Came back!" roared the old man.

"To be accurate, that is exactly what they did," Aunt Sarah affirmed. Her thin lips were compressed.

"Being a writer," said Pindar finally, "is subject to surprises. Didn't the feller send an explanation?"

"Yes," Aunt Sarah admitted.

"Yes," admitted Marcella.

"What did he say?"

"He said," the old lady answered, "that fact stories of real Florida life was highly improbable."

"Dead men's fingers!"

With this, his choicest oath, the old man fell back into a willow rocking-chair.

"Let me see his correspondence," he said finally.

The girl, with a sniffle which caused Pindar to look up over his spectacles apprehensively, handed him the letter. He read it through once and then, with his bent forefinger tracing the typewritten words, he read aloud:

"'My dear Miss Knott: We are returning your contributions to our Sunday supplement because they deal with events in the past—that is, do not deal with things now happening and are wholly improbable ——'"

"Yes," interrupted Miss Bowcup. "I should have said 'wholly improbable,' not 'highly improbable.'"

"'Wholly improbable,'" continued Pindar, scratching his head, "'as fact stories. Can't you attempt something that has news value, treating it in the lightly humorous style of Miss Glory Penner, of our staff? We want something that is on deck—and photographs, if possible. Yours, H. Brick.'

"Umph!" said Pindar. "Pilgrim's Progress wouldn't satisfy that feller."

Marcella Knott wrung her poor, plump little hands. "There isn't anything going on around here," she complained to them.

"That is, nothing that's interesting—just to be accurate," corrected Miss Bowcup, folding her arms into obtuse and acute angles.

"He didn't even print the story of how the United States navy caught me taking the brass whistles off the Spanish warships?" asked old Rowe.

The two women shook their heads sadly.

Pindar sat for a while, wrapped in silent profanity. His best narrative had failed! "Give me my hat," he said at last. "I can't think with it off. If there ain't anything to write about we've got to make something. That feller has got to print a piece of yours if I have to break my neck!"

He went to the upper porch; they could hear him tramping up and down that afternoon until the shadows of the banana plants lay elongated on the hot ground. When at last he came down he was chuckling to himself like a full running brook.

"Make the news first—write it afterward," he said, rubbing his rough hands together. "I believe I'd oughter been a writer myself. There ain't any devilment you can write about so well as something you've done yourself." He fell to laughing and rubbing his knees. "Oh, look at this town!" he snickered. "Look at it. It never suspects a thing. We'll set 'em all crazy! Oh, look at this poor fool town!"

"Pindar," said Aunt Sarah, "to tell the truth, you act like a madman."

"Did you ever hear of Morgan?" asked Rowe.

"The pirate?"

"Yep. They say he buried his treasure on Barracouta Key—just across the narrer west channel from Spongecake."

"My stars!" said Miss Bowcup. "Lots of men have dug there. Everybody knows it. They found a skeleton there. I've heard about it in this town since I was a little girl."

"Treasure?" cried Marcella with wide blue eyes.

"Girl," Pindar said solemnly, "if I was to get half this town, including psalm-singers and misers, black men, white men and Cubans, to set sail next Sunday morning for Barracouta Key, looking for buried treasure, and you was to get Rawson to come up with you and bring a camera and take pictures of 'em, and write how a city of ten thousand folks got up on its hindlegs and snorted and went off to get something for nothing—would that be local color? Would that be human interest? Would that be fresh? Would that be news? You're an authoress—I ask you, miss."

"You wouldn't tell a false story, Pindar?" cried Aunt Sarah, touching his arm with severe, cautionary fingertips.

"I ain't going to tell anything," said Pindar. "Not even to you. Marcella Knott, say nothing. Tell nobody. Come up to my key in Rawson's launch and get there Sunday noon! I'll show you the kind of—what is it you call 'em?—special stories?—the kind of specials we have on Spongecake!"

He picked up his derby hat. He hurried off, with his choppy, rolling steps.



"You are Mr. Rowe! Oh, That is Nice! You Can Give Me Local Color!"

The little creature clasped her hands and cast her big blue eyes upward toward the tropic blue. "Oh, Mr. Rowe!" she cried, like a glad child.

"You've forgot your cigar!" Miss Bowcup screamed.

"Smoke it yourself!" muttered Pindar under his breath. He was halfway to the corner.

Late that afternoon, when he had done his marketing, he went into the shipchandler's, beyond the wholesale fruit houses. A little old man sat on a high stool before a tall, narrow desk, making wriggling entries in a cash-ledger book with a hand that shook with palsy. He was almost as white as the immaculate shirt that incased his spare body in voluminous starchery, and his legs wound around those of the bookkeeper's stool in a surprising flexibility. This was the owner, to whom all news came and from whom all secrets went forth through the clicking of false teeth.

"What's new, Briffman?" asked Pindar.

"Hodges—new collector—port—appointed yes'day."

"Did you ever sell that iron-bound oak chest you had before you bought that safe?"

The little watery eyes stared at Pindar. "What you want of it?" he asked.

"How's that?"

"I say, what you want of it?"

"I wish I could get twelve or fifteen just like it," answered Pindar. "What will you take for it?"

"Five dollars. It's there, under that pile of hemp rope."

Pindar raised it, swung it up on to his back and threw a bill on the worn-out old cedar counter.

"You ain't vexed about anything, Mr. Rowe?" inquired the old man.

"No. Why?"

"You don't answer civil questions," snapped Briffman.

"Neither would you if you was in my place," Pindar said, visibly agitated.

The old shipchandler, hobbling out to his door, watched the owner of Spongecake Key until he had raised his sail and had scraped over the first white mudflat on his departure toward the dark mangrove clumps in the north.

"The rascal may have found it," he said and licked his dry lips. "If it's anything Pindar will come back with it. I reckon I'll ask Ben Howard if he knows anything."

The unheard-of took place; Pindar did come back—not in a month, but within two days. On Saturday morning the janitor of the custom house sighted the familiar sail coming through Beggar's Pass. The town had heard the story of the chest; it was now ready to buzz with old Rowe's return. From the janitor the news went by telephone to Lawyer

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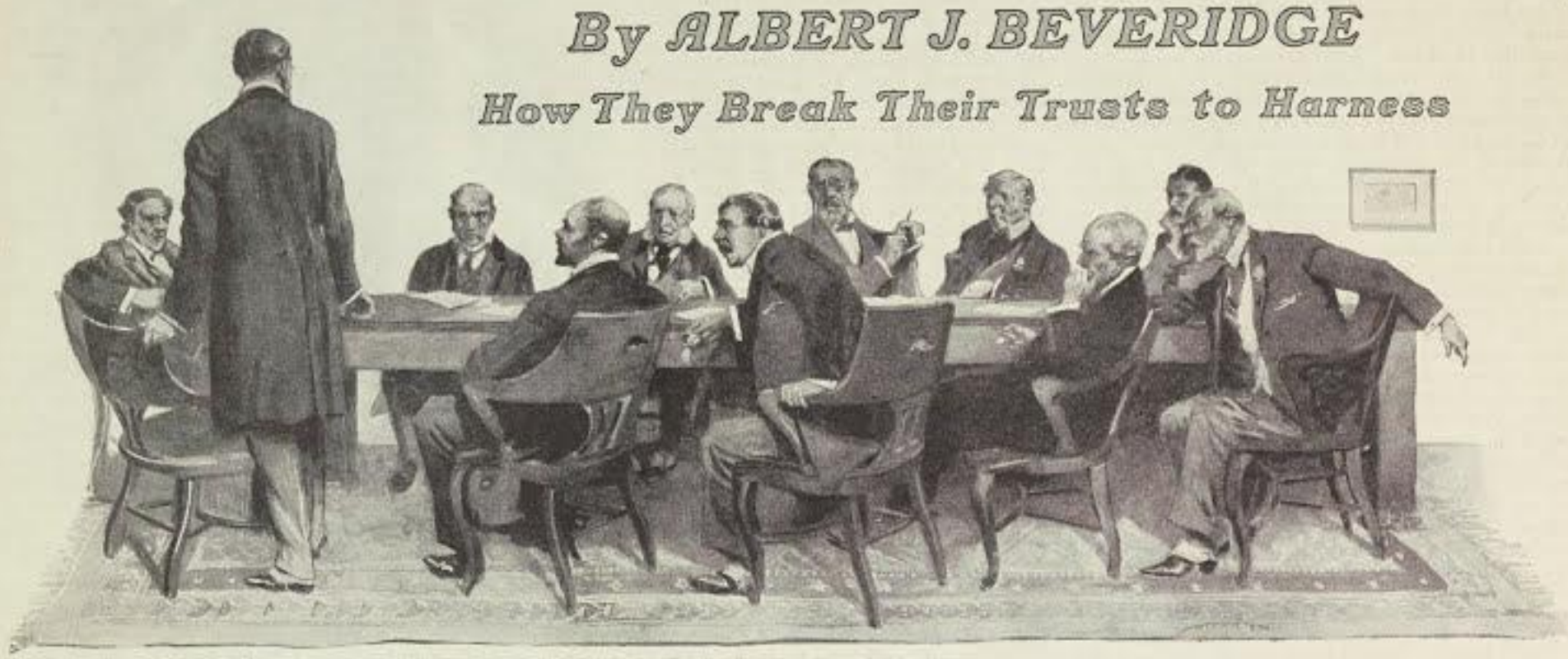


"What You Got for Me, Jon?"

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

How They Break Their Trusts to Harness



THE trusts are making their conquest of Canada precisely as they are doing in the United States. Indeed, many Canadians think that the trusts are more firmly enthroned in the Dominion than they are in the Republic. Mr. Porritt, in his book, says that "trusts and combinations in Canada control trade much more completely than they have ever been able to do in the United States."

Yet there has been no such vigorous agitation among the Canadian people to curb and restrict them as has made our last decade notable in American history. Perhaps this is because, in Canada, a national public opinion is much more difficult of formation than in more populous and compact countries.

With only about seven million five hundred thousand people scattered over an area as large as the United States; with this small number separated by a vast abyss of rock, muskeg and morass, stretching more than a thousand miles from east to west, and extending from the Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay and the frozen North; with only three slender tracks of steel bridging this as yet farflung waste; with this comparatively sparse population absorbed in building homes here and in developing resources there, and with all the other circumstances springing from these—a solid, uniform and persistent public opinion cannot easily be created. So you can see that a definite thought and purpose of a people, as such, is hard to crystallize in Canada in the same way as in England, for example—or Germany or France, or even our own Republic.

This and the well-organized, ably directed activities in Canada of what in the United States are popularly called "the interests" may have delayed any popular movement there for governmental control and regulation of those organizations of wealth. Yet, even under these conditions, the Canadian people finally are asking relief and the Government has responded.

The High Cost of Living in Canada

LET us note here the immediate circumstances that led to Canada's new law, designed to control the trusts. In another paper you will see how Canada's railways were and are being builded—the astonishing aid that the Governments both of the Dominion itself and of the provinces gave and are giving to these enterprises. Also, after the enactment of the Canadian protective tariff—about half as high as ours—many years ago, numberless manufacturing enterprises sprang up in what is called the "manufacturing district of Canada." These have had a hothouse growth. Then, too, several Canadian provinces or states, as well as the Dominion itself, have aided various industries by bounties and other forms of financial assistance in a way and to an extent impossible even in the United States. In short, whatever the causes, the fact is that trusts, combinations, mergers and other forms of organized capital engaged in production and distribution have increased in Canada with startling rapidity.

In Parliament last year Mr. King, the Canadian Minister of Labor, in his exhaustive speech supporting the new antitrust law, specifically named a remarkable number of these financial groupings formed within a year or two. Indeed, 1909 is known in Canada as the "merger year."

Along with this ran another phenomenon—the cost of living rose until now, speaking by and large, it is as high in Canada as it is in the United States. Indeed, exceedingly well-informed men say that, on an average, a dollar will go farther in the Republic than in the Dominion. Rightly or wrongly, the people here and there began to associate this increase in the cost of living with the increase of combinations engaged in producing and distributing what the people lived upon. And it is out of the people's mild alarm at the confluence of these two phenomena that the recent Canadian antitrust law has grown.

It is said, too, that these Canadian financial combinations take part in politics just as they do with us, and that they have been and are still a potent force in Canadian legislation. Indeed, by the more thorough students of Canadian affairs, this latter fact is felt to be the most dangerous development in Canadian history and the gravest problem of her future—and her immediate future.

So true is this that already the ablest of Canadian economists are suggesting that even the new antitrust law is not strong enough to meet the situation. More powerful legislation already is suggested—legislation that to us Americans will seem autocratic in the extreme, but autocratic in behalf of the general welfare of the whole Canadian people. What this sweeping and potent method is I shall describe later on. It is quite the most thoroughgoing "remedy" ever devised in any country. Just now, however, let us confine our attention to what Canada already has done to regulate and control trusts.

It must be understood that no Canadian statesman or economist makes war upon the organization of industrial capital as such. Even the advocates of the most radical plans for the regulation and control of such financial organizations do not propose to destroy them. Whatever the merits of Canada's present or proposed antitrust methods may be, at least there is no ignorant, insincere demagogy in the mental attitude or spoken word of their advocates. These Canadian reformers believe that organization of capital engaged in industry is a natural evolution—and, if properly regulated and controlled by the Government of all the people, a good evolution. For everybody knows that these great industrial organizations can practice economies that smaller concerns cannot possibly practice.

Everybody knows that they can distribute more quickly and conveniently than the little concerns of a generation ago possibly could do. They can, if they will, make and prepare the people's necessities in better form than could the lesser and undeveloped industries of an earlier period.

These great industrial organizations can do all this more cheaply than ever before; and, if they were made to do so, they could furnish them to the people at a far lower price than the people paid for the same things under the old method of production and distribution.

So the thing to do is to make the greater efficiency that organization of industry produces serve the people better and more cheaply; and to prevent these big concerns from levying unjust tribute on the masses.

This is the viewpoint of Canadian statesmen and economists—this the problem they have set themselves to solve. The conservation of industrial efficiency, the elimination of financial piracy—this is their double task. And this, too, is our own, is it not?—and all the world's?

What can the Canadians teach us? How are they trying to solve this problem that we have attacked so unsuccessfully? First, let us briefly review prior Canadian legislation.

As all of us know, monopolies—or anything else that restrains trade—are against the common law. So, in 1889, one year before the passage of our Sherman act, the Canadian Parliament passed a criminal statute that was practically an enactment of the common law and that fixed penalties. This statute amounted to a very little. It had no results.

The Free Trade Switch for Naughty Trusts

THE next thing the Canadians did was to put a very simple section in their tariff law to the effect that, in case a monopoly or combine was formed in any article upon which there was a tariff and prices were thereby unjustly increased, the tariff on that article might be reduced or removed altogether—not by act of Parliament, but by an executive order of the Government. It is precisely as though Congress were to pass a tariff law in the United States giving the President and his Cabinet the power to reduce or to remove the duty on any article produced or controlled by a monopoly.

Yet in only one case has this power been applied. In 1900 complaint was made to the Canadian Government of the existence of a combine in the manufacture and sale of print paper such as newspapers use and of a consequent enhancement of prices. An investigation was made and the Government, being satisfied that such a combine or monopoly did exist, proceeded to reduce the duty on print paper from twenty-five per cent ad valorem to fifteen per cent, at which figure it has since remained.

If we had such a law in the United States, and if it were administered as this law was administered in the print-paper case, you can see how it would operate. The citizens affected would make their representation to our Government and, if an investigation satisfied the Government that a trust or monopoly existed in an article on which there was a tariff, the President immediately would abolish or reduce that duty. So, if the tariff on that article was a very valuable thing to the concern monopolizing the article the concern would be exceedingly careful to keep its prices reasonable in order to retain the duty. For if it did not keep down its prices the duty would be stricken from the law and the concern would be open to the competition of the whole world.

At least this is the theory of the antitrust provision in the Canadian tariff law; but that it has not prevented either the formation of trusts or combines or the increase of prices is shown by the developments that led to the antitrust law of last year.

Curiously enough, notwithstanding the popular unrest at the increase of mergers and combinations in Canada coincident with the increase of cost of living, everybody

seems to have forgotten the antitrust section of the Canadian tariff law. It is a strange circumstance, which the observer finds hard to understand. One would think that a procession of formal complaints would be made to the Government and a reduction of duties demanded on this article or that, produced by these trusts and combinations. But this, it appears, is not the case. The antitrust clause of the Canadian tariff law, although successfully applied in one case, is not considered effective—or, at least, sufficient. And therefore the new Canadian antitrust law was instituted.

Suppose six or more Canadian citizens think that a combine or trust has raised prices unjustly—in short, that it has hurt and is hurting the people, including these six persons. All they have to do is to make an application to a judge asking that the alleged combine be investigated and that a time and place be fixed for hearing these six or more persons or their representative. Of course these six or more Canadian citizens must make their application specific. The new Canadian antitrust law does not contemplate any mere vicious badgering and baiting of business concerns. The application for an investigation must, therefore, state the nature of the combine and the persons whom the applicants have reason to believe are concerned in it, the manner in which the combine affects prices or restricts competition, and so forth. It must even state to what extent the supposed combine injures consumers or producers.

These six or more Canadian citizens in their application name one of their own number or some other specified person to act as their representative. Each applicant also must declare that the combine "operates to the detriment of the declarant as a consumer or a producer," that it is injurious to trade and that it is to the public interest that an investigation be made.

What Six Citizens Can Do

WITHIN a specific time after any judge receives this application he must fix a time and place for hearing the applicants; and if when he does hear them the applicants convince him there is good ground for an investigation, the judge proceeds to order the investigation. On the other hand, if the applicants do not produce enough evidence to justify an investigation, and yet the judge feels that there is some real ground for their complaint, he may adjourn for a further hearing. If he thinks the applicants have made out no case at all he may refuse to order any investigation and end the whole matter. Of course the purpose of this is to prevent persons who are merely suspicious or inspired by malice from distracting business by perfectly groundless and mischievous attacks.

And here is a curious thing: The law requires the six or more Canadian citizens who believe that a combine exists that is enhancing prices, and the like, to make their application to a judge; but this is not because he is a judge. The application is made to him as a person—a citizen; and a judge is designated by the lawmakers merely as the most convenient way of insuring a competent and convenient person to whom the application shall be made.

So, right at the beginning, you see that the idea of the Canadian antitrust law is not to encourage lawsuits or, indeed, permit lawsuits, but to get as quickly and simply as possible at the actual facts of the whole business and then to do simple and speedy justice. Its purpose appears to be to get away from technicalities, red tape and formalities of procedure, and to get to the heart of the question; and then to do what in good conscience and for the public welfare ought to be done. Toward the end of the Canadian antitrust law is this specific declaration:

"No proceedings under this act shall be deemed invalid by reason of any defect of form or technical irregularity."

Of course the judge—although, mind you, he is acting as a special officer under this law—in determining whether he will order an investigation, has all the powers that he has when sitting as a judge in his own court—that is, he can summon and enforce the attendance of witnesses, require them to testify under oath, produce books and papers, and so forth.

Suppose now that the judge becomes convinced that these six or more Canadian citizens who make the application are right, that the combine does exist and that it is unjustly raising prices or stifling competition, or doing any of the things forbidden by the law. The judge then makes an order, which through a proper officer is transmitted to the Canadian Department of Labor. This order, of course, states what the judge thinks should be investigated and gives the name of the person or persons in the combine with whom the judge thinks the Minister of Labor should communicate. Of course, too, the application of the six or more Canadian citizens and all the evidence are sent to the Minister of Labor.

Now we have got to where the real work under the Canadian antitrust law begins. The Minister of Labor, as soon as he receives this order or statement from the judge, appoints a board. Those who applied for an investigation are permitted to suggest one member of the board; the concern that is alleged to be a combine or trust may recommend the second member of the board; and these two select the third member, who is chairman of the board.

If the two parties concerned in the investigation fail to recommend members for the board the Minister of Labor himself may appoint these two members. The third member of the board, whom these two members shall agree upon, must be a "judge of any court of record in Canada who is willing and ready to act."

Of course, if the two members of the board representing the opposing sides do not agree upon this third member, the Minister of Labor himself must go ahead and appoint him. None of the applicants and no person who has any pecuniary interest in the alleged combine can be a member of the board. The idea, it appears, is to get as fair and impartial a body of men as possible to pass upon the question.

Then the board begins its work. Though it has a stenographer and takes down all the evidence, has power to administer oaths and compel the production of books and papers, and, indeed, every power necessary to get at the truth of the matter, the proceedings of the board are very informal. It is not in the least like a court. It may or may not permit the parties to have counsel or attorneys.

On the other hand, the Government itself may appoint counsel or attorneys. The board may conduct its proceedings publicly—and, indeed, the idea is that it shall do so; but it can refuse to conduct publicly such parts of its proceedings as it deems advisable.

And so the board goes about its business. Get firmly in your mind the fact that the board is not a court; that the proceedings before it are not a lawsuit or anything like a lawsuit. It is worth repeating—for it is very important—that it is a body of the most competent men that can be found, whose business and duty are to get the real truth of the matter.

After the board gets through its investigation it makes its report, which in the end goes to the Minister of Labor. The report states, of course, what the board finds the facts to be. It is published in the Canada Gazette, the official organ of the Government. And that ends the work of the board.

The provision of the tariff law that I have described is made a part of this antitrust law. If it is found as a result of the hearings that a certain combine has monopolized and raised prices upon an article on which there is a tariff the Government can, by "orders in council," reduce or altogether abolish the tariff on that article, just as it could under the tariff law. In this case, of course, as I have said, the combine is instantly brought face to face with competition in that article from every country in the world.

Suppose, however, it is found that this combine has become a monopoly, enhanced prices, restrained competition, and so forth, because of the use of a patent. That patent may be suspended for a period of years or canceled altogether by an order of the Exchequer Court of Canada. Anybody can make that article just as freely as the concern that owns the patent, by the unwise use of which it has unjustly raised prices and thus oppressed the people.

Or, suppose any other of these things is true—suppose the combine has monopolized and increased unduly the price of an article upon which there is neither a patent nor any duty. After a certain time named in the notice given it, it must pay a thousand dollars a day for every day that it continues so to offend—this in addition to all other punishments.

And this is not the concern alone, mind you, but, as the law declares, any person reported by the board to be guilty of the offense named by the law "and who thereafter continues so to offend is guilty of an indictable offense," and upon indictment and conviction must pay the thousand-dollars-a-day penalty. Nor is this all.

Suppose this combine dealt in any article subject to an excise tax—such, for example, as tobacco. The license to do business at all could be either suspended for a period or withdrawn altogether.

Canada indulges in ship subsidies. She started this policy for the purpose of getting a fast and direct line of ships to Europe, especially to the British Islands. The immigration question and political considerations had a good deal to do with the establishment of the ship subsidy system in Canada. Recently there has been brought in the United States an action against the alleged ship combine operating between our country and Europe. Suppose, under the Canadian antitrust law, it was found that such a combine existed in Canada. Parliament would at once withdraw those ship subsidies.

Again, Canada gives a bounty to the manufacturers or producers of binding twine, steel rods, petroleum, lead, and so forth. Suppose, in the manufacture or sale of any one of these things upon which Canada puts a bounty, a combine was found to exist that charged exorbitant prices. Parliament would withdraw that bounty. So you perceive that the scope of this law and its remedies are wide and practical. It has been in existence for less than a year and yet there is now pending under it a case of the gravest importance.

A Notable Case Under the New Law

ALL of us, of course, are familiar with the great United Shoe Machinery Company of the United States. This concern has been and still is doing business in Canada under the name of the United Shoe Machinery Company of Canada. It is organized under the laws of New Jersey and deals in machinery of most kinds required for the manufacture of boots and shoes, and in supplies used in the making of footwear. It leases its machines under a contract that requires the manufacturer leasing these machines to purchase all supplies in which the United Shoe Machinery Company deals from that company and no other.

Exactly seven months after this Canadian antitrust law was passed, ten citizens of Quebec applied to a court for an investigation of this shoe machinery company, alleging that the shoe machinery company was a combine and that it operated to the detriment of the public at large and of these applicants in particular.

After the testimony had been heard in precisely the way I have described, the judge issued his order stating that he was "satisfied that there are reasonable grounds for believing that a combine exists with regard to the manufacture and sale of machinery for manufacturing boots and shoes which has operated to the detriment of consumers and producers, and that it is in the public interest that an investigation should be held." Then the judge very fully stated the facts as revealed by the testimony and ordered an investigation under the antitrust law.

Some parts of the judge's order should be quoted, since this is the first case under the Canadian antitrust act and

(Concluded on Page 44)



ON JOINT ACCOUNT

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

STEP by step, all their life led up to this one day. There was a canary in the window of the Kemptons' dining room—and it sang and sang. All the morning, with uplifted head, the bird trilled and quivered, piping in an ecstasy, Panlike, as if to the joy of living.

On the sill beneath its shiny brass-wire cage stood another of Mr. Kempton's possessions—a geranium, in a red terra-cotta pot. Through the winter he had solicitously tended it, delighted whenever a new leaf miraculously unfolded; proud and elated—a little amazed too—when at the top of one waxlike stem a cluster of buds began to form. "Well! well!" he ejaculated. A scientist chancing on some profound natural law could hardly have felt an exultation greater than Mr. Kempton's—the joy of his success in this small, homely endeavor.

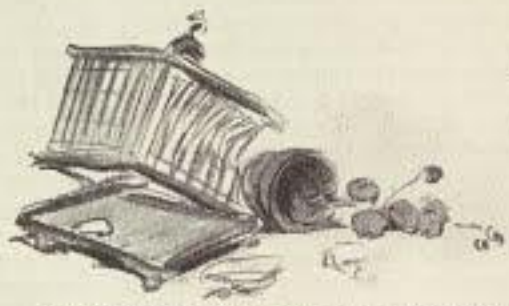
Though all his tastes leaned to such things as birds and flowers, Mr. Kempton found little leisure for his hobby. Formerly he and his wife had lived in a pleasant suburb, but Mrs. Kempton hadn't liked it. Besides, business took up most of his time. He was confidential man to a large banking and brokerage house in New Street, a place that made many exactions on his life. At eight A. M., every weekday in the year, he jumped up from the breakfast table, hastily folded his newspaper into a convenient, compact wad, and, after bestowing a kiss on Mrs. Kempton's somewhat coldly proffered cheek, dashed on his way to the Elevated. At his office then, from nine in the morning until five o'clock at night, Mr. Kempton resolved himself into an absorbed commercial man of the usual, perhaps ordinary, type—a shrewd, cautious fellow, alert enough in his way, but more remarkable for loyalty and strict attention to his employers' interests than he was for any traits of peculiar financial genius.

Rail and industrial stocks were his specialty and the firm thought him a reliable, valuable man.

Whether Mr. Kempton had become as successful for himself as he had for others depends largely on the point of view. In age he had just turned thirty-seven, while his pay in round numbers approached four thousand dollars a year. However, to get this much—or, as the case may be, this little—he had toiled for sixteen years, with his nose held close to the grindstone. Moreover, the salary had been raised to this figure only recently—to be exact, on his last birthday; in honor of which double event Mr. Kempton had treated himself to the canary. The bird was one of the ordinary Hartz Mountain warblers; and earnestly, with a rare patience, he had begun teaching it to fly to his outstretched finger when he whistled. In reward, when it came to him, Mr. Kempton let it peck at a crumb of sugar held delicately between his lips.

Mrs. Kempton cared little for canaries; in fact, she thought both the bird and its tricks rather bourgeois. Nor was she overpartial to geraniums in terra-cotta pots. Orchids—or, say, gardenias—were much more to her taste. She was a large, pale woman, still under thirty, with gray, vivid eyes. For seven years now the Kemptons had been married; and, though as yet no child had come to bless the marriage, Mr. Kempton, at least, was still hopeful. Moreover, were he to get his wish, he would prove himself a fond parent—as, indeed, are all men who delight in such things as geraniums and canaries. Mrs. Kempton, however, did not share her husband's hopes; they were not doing well enough, she thought, to incur any extra-heavy expense. Besides, a nurse would be required; and in the apartment there would be no place for a nurse or, much less, a nursery, unless Mrs. Kempton gave up the guest chamber which was now her dressing room and boudoir.





"Ow, Glory be! 'Twill be Both His Shrub and the Little Kinsery!"

However, it is doubtful whether she was thinking of that on this particular morning. A slight frown had gathered on her brow, a hint of annoyance, when Mr. Kempton leaned over to bestow his usual parting kiss. Afterward, as the door slammed to at his heels, there came into her face a dull, reflective expression, as if not only her eyes but her thoughts were fixed on something far away. In effect, the look signaled discontent. Ordinarily, however, Mrs. Kempton seemed to be a placid, complacent person, with no especial life impulse—say, ambition—that might breed dissatisfaction; but that she was now neither placid nor complacent would have become obvious to even the most casual observer.

A sigh escaped her and she thrust back her chair and arose. There was annoyance, too, in the way she threw down her napkin; and then her eyes as fretfully roamed about the dining room. In the glance was something as if the place, her surroundings, offended her. Another, though, might have found in the room much that was pleasing, especially now, when it was flooded by the mellow sunlight that poured through the opened windows. Its furnishings were good and, what is more, they were comfortable; but, though the chairs, the table and the sideboard, as well as the cabinet in the corner, were of mahogany and all substantial and in good taste, Mrs. Kempton's preference was for oak, carved delicately, and with cushions of embossed leather in place of the sober blue corded velveteen that covered hers. Some friends of the Kemptons had just bought themselves a set of oak, such as this. Then, too, these same friends had tapestry hangings in their dining room, chests of heavy plate and tableware, chased glass in quantities, and all the other essentials of what she considered smart, distinctive elegance; but it takes money to have such things—not only the money to buy them, but the means to keep them up, to display them properly amid all the proper surroundings. Money?—humph! Mrs. Kempton shrugged, a movement that was thoroughly expressive of her thoughts.

For, after all, money—wealth—is only relative. In her own estimate, the Kemptons had no money—that is to say, they had four thousand dollars a year, which—as she saw it—was not more than enough to make stuffing for Job's turkey. Or, to put it in another way, in contrast with what some of her friends in the city possessed, it was no more than a pitiful drop in the bucket.



"Come! I Have Only a Few Minutes Left. You Can't Dodge Now. You've Got to Decide"

A great deal might be said of the nature, the quality, of the lady's visiting list. There were names upon it of what you and I might vulgarly call carriage folk. As a rule, they represented the aristocracy of success—women who were the wives of well-to-do business men, though there were a few among them, perhaps, that may only have inherited their cash. Now and then, with the hoot of a motor horn, or with a jingling of curb chains and the patter of padded hoofs, they drove up to the Kemptons' side-street apartment house. Briefly described, the building was one of those West Side home ideals, which have Italian marble and a liveried attendant in the front, and, in the back, inky bedrooms that look out on your neighbor's wife dressing herself by gaslight. If Mrs. Kempton was at home—that is, receiving—the carriage folk went up to her twelve by fourteen glass-doored drawing room, where they talked to her of things you and I have only read about. Naturally, they patronized a little; sometimes they even covertly condoled. It was so because she had no carriage—no motor—no chauffeur. Nor had she even a butler or a chef—to say nothing of a second man—all the things these friends negligently—but so certainly—slipped into their talk. Indeed, one and all of these essentials had been denied Mrs. Kempton, as she had been denied also, for the same reason, the comfort, the distinction, even of a lady's maid to bring up her morning tray.

This was the least of it. What galled her so habitually—and on this morning in particular—was not altogether the unsatisfied craving for money, its gewgaws and its lollypops. There was something else. It was the something implied in the airs, in the manners, in the affectations of these women, who seemed to waste no effort to show her how much she should envy their superiority. Envy?—Oh, yes! that was it. They meant her to envy—to crave, to covet enviously. Otherwise they could have felt little satisfaction in their many goods and chattels. They were the wives, you know, of able, successful men; while she—humph! Who was she?

Mrs. Kempton knew the answer. It was inevitable that she should.

She was the wife of one Thomas Kempton, clerk—a drudge, a Wall Street hack—a four-thousand-dollar failure. In effect, as it long had galled her to admit, she was tied for life to an inefficient man.

"Ah, dear!" None could deny her the privilege to sigh.

There was a letter on the table. It was torn across, still lying where she had tossed it down, its two halves cast like scented petals amid the disorder of the breakfast things—a litter of orange peel, crusts of toast and chipped eggshells on a plate smeared with marmalade; and beside it a cup in which the dregs of coffee had begun to turn a streaky, chalky white. One of her friends, a Mrs. Pinney, of the carriage aristocracy, planned a fortnight's airing at Lakewood, and so had written—or may it have been at Atlantic City? It was, at any rate, some one or other of the places flocked to by women with means—with money, that is, and the limp inactivity that so often goes with their money. "Pity you can't join me!" said the letter blandly, indolently—a bare statement of fact; as if, indeed, the possibility that Mrs. Kempton might share in a caste privilege such as this were quite beyond the bounds of reason. Lakewood?—Atlantic City, eh? At the moment the moon seemed quite as accessible.

"Dear—dear!" she murmured pensively.

Instantly there was an answer. It was an echo, furthermore, that pitched itself in a key as pensive, as pervasively sweet and sad, as her own reflective sigh.

"Dree!" said the canary liquidly. "Dree! Dree!"

"Oh, be still!" returned Mrs. Kempton dully.

"Tweet! Tweet-tweet!" the bird retorted.

After it had rasped its bill briefly on the flake of cuttlefish bone stuck between the wire bars, the canary hopped back to the middle of its perch. "Twee! Twee-eee!" it chirped anew. Pausing then, it threw up its head, cocked itself sideways and, swelling out its throat and fluffy ball of a breast, again let forth into the sunshine an impulsive, throbbing voluntary, flutelike and melodious.

Mrs. Kempton stamped her foot. "Be still, I say!"

But the blithe soloist swelled itself even to a more eager effort, its alleluia pouring skyward in a renewed, impetuous obligato of fairy scales and grace-notes: "*Venite! Venite! Venite adoremus!*"

"Stop it!"

It was not the first time the bustling chorister had broken in on the repose of Mrs. Kempton's thoughts. Now she again stamped her foot. In turn, she snatched up the napkin and, violently waving it at the canary, sped toward its cage.

The drama, since it was to become a tragedy, ran swiftly to its tragic end. "Here—ssh!" she cried. There was a

clatter, a sudden beating of frightened wings—and then there followed a crash. Somehow, the napkin so wildly jerked about had caught in a projection of the cage, which was instantly snatched from its hook. It fell then, and in the tumble not only knocked loose its bottom tray but struck from the windowsill Mr. Kempton's potted geranium. Afterward the cage and the pot sluiced floorward together, spreading out on the carpet in a general débris of dirt, smashed earthenware, bent brass wire, amid which were distributed the leaves and stalks of the dismembered, blasted geranium.

Out of this chaos emerged the canary; and, with one startled squeak, it departed via the window. In brief, it was seen no more.

Whether Mrs. Kempton, however, was shocked, pained or even disgusted by the catastrophe, each must judge for himself. On the heels of the crash the somewhat mussy cap and head of an otherwise untidy female obtruded itself from behind the pantry's swinging door.

"Ow, glory be!" exclaimed the handmaid—for she it was. ""Twill be both his shrub and the little kineery!"

Incensed by the frank sympathy of this avowal, which was both unasked for and familiar, Mrs. Kempton drew up stiffly, her head thrown back.

"Clean up this dirt," she ordered icily. "Do it at once! And here!" she abruptly added, "throw out that cage, too, with all the rest of the rubbish."

"Ow, but missis!" the girl protested, and regretfully clucked her tongue. "Ow, but—tck! tck!—the master will be that fond of thim!"

Mrs. Kempton had withdrawn, however. Passing down the hallway, she sought the privacy of her bedroom, where she slammed to the door with a bang. There, for an hour or more, she sat mured in the semidarkness, brooding morosely over what some women call their lot. Afterward she arose, dressed herself in a smart street dress and hat, and, after making sure that the wreck in the dining room had been cleared away, departed to a midday engagement. As it was one that involved both luncheon and the matinée, she absented herself until six o'clock or thereabout. Obviously her mood, meanwhile, had somewhat changed, for in place of the morning's trist reflection her face indicated strong, decisive resolution.

A few minutes later, Mr. Kempton's doorkey sounded in the latch; and, lacing her long fingers together in front of her, she stalked into the parlor to wait for him.

Of late there had been something rather curious in her husband's manner. He neither laughed so much as usual nor seemed so prone to relax himself with his usual light amusements. Instead, even the unobservant Mrs. Kempton had noted that he was repressed and thoughtful, and that often at long intervals he sat with an extinguished cigar clenched between his teeth, his head bent, his eyes fixed dully on the floor. Of course his wife might have found a suggestive cause for his mood in her own almost sulky moodiness; but the fact remained that not even this, though sufficient, could quite supply the reason. Ordinarily, at the first hint of her heart's heavy burden he had been quick to heed, to hie himself away, long experience having taught him that no art of his could soothe her melancholy—that black dog must have its day like every other dog. Now, however, when his wife's pet came out for its airing, Mr. Kempton neither hied himself away nor otherwise paid heed to her doings. Instead, he himself had put on an air of preoccupation that hour after hour ably matched in its profundity some of her own best fits of the doldrums. Queer, too—because whenever she had remained placid, even if not cordial, he had always made every effort to respond.

"Oh, Hilda!"

Of course it's not hard to sulk, but it's most trying when nobody notices. "Tuh!" said Mrs. Kempton.

"I say, Hilda!"

She gave no reply. After a pause, he tramped down the hallway toward the dining room, where he called again. Presently a loud exclamation reached her, a signal at which she slightly started; and then he came hurrying back along the passage.

"Hilda!" cried Mr. Kempton excitedly.

The truth was that Mrs. Kempton's housemaid had omitted to obey Mrs. Kempton's orders. Instead of throwing out the empty, battered birdcage, the girl had hung it again on its hook.

"I say, now!"

Thrusting aside the hangings he stood before her, a slight figure, a man of middling height, with a round, almost chubby face, lighted by shrewd and earnest brown eyes. One saw that his shoulders had begun to stoop a little and that the hair over his temples had already turned a frosty gray.

"Where's the bird—my canary?" he asked, alarm in both his tone and manner.

Mrs. Kempton drew herself up, a movement that trussed her elbows and intwined hands a little closer to her person. Very briefly then, not to say bluntly, she gave him the details of the day's disaster.

"The canary? Oh, gone! It got away. As the cage fell and smashed your geranium, too, I had all the rubbish thrown out."

At the announcement Mr. Kempton's mouth dropped open, while at the same time his face twitched a little as if with a twinge of pain.

"Gone!—humph!" he murmured, and gave a little sigh. After a bit he spoke again, almost in the manner of a requiem, one might say. "Poor little Dickey!" said Mr. Kempton simply. "I'd been getting so fond of him too."

There was a homeliness about Mr. Kempton's ways—a crudity that his words now seemed to emphasize. His wife had often noticed it; and at the speech her lips parted far enough to disclose three or four of her white and even upper teeth. There was in the smile, however, no mirth.

"Yes, I have no doubt of it," she responded, with a graceful and cultivated inflection in her tones.

Mr. Kempton didn't seem to hear. He had stuck both hands into his trousers pockets and was staring at the floor.

"And the plant's gone, too, you say?—humph!" he droned again. "Well, I suppose it can't be helped. Kind of a pity, though," added Mr. Kempton dully. "It would have looked nice on the table. Besides, I'd been so successful. There were eight buds in all on the stalk."

As her husband finished, Mrs. Kempton propelled a deep breath between her teeth.



Mrs. Kempton Thought Both the Bird and its Tricks Rather Bourgeois

"Successful?—humph! Oh, indeed! Well," said she, in rising tones, "I'm glad to know it's in something!" Her tone, to say nothing of the words, left no possible chance for him to misunderstand; but, as if to make sure he caught her meaning, she added still more: "Perhaps we'd better start a bird store, then. You might get on with that!"

"Hilda!" gasped her husband.

"Or we might sell plants—cheap ones of course; geraniums in pots," she observed.

Mr. Kempton turned quite white. Breathing deeply, he fixed his eyes on her in hurt remonstrance; besides, he was trembling. "Hilda!" he protested. "Are you going to begin all that again?"

No doubt he wished to evade, to temporize, as he had done always when she had sought to rout him out of his rut; but now there was strength, the virtue of iron, in her resolution.

"Oh, I mean to be just," she answered; "and you can't help yourself, possibly, if you're nothing but a clerk. All the same," she drawled wearisomely, "I'm about sick of always being pitied, patronized—sick of being treated by my friends as if I were nothing but a poor relation. Oh!" she cried, in sudden animation. "Look here! Can't you do something?—anything?—or are you always going to be a drudge, a hired man dubbing along on wages?"

Mr. Kempton wet his lips, then spoke. What he said was abrupt—quite sudden.

"No," said Mr. Kempton. "No!"

The word popped out of him with a snap, an explosive sharpness that fairly made her start.

"Eh!—why, what?" she exclaimed. A new light had come into her husband's eyes, and there was on his face an air of decision even more resolute than hers had been. It was almost surprising, but one would have said he had suddenly turned grim.

"Just what I say, Hilda. I got just as sick of it as you were."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Kempton, her voice breaking curiously. For the moment she had the almost nauseating thought that he might have lost his place. Four thousand a year isn't much, maybe, but it assumes proportions almost dignified if one be reduced suddenly to exactly nothing at all. An ironic grin lurked on Mr. Kempton's lips when he answered.

"You've never been satisfied with this, have you?" he remarked, jerking his head sidewise to indicate their surroundings. "Oh, yes; I know. You've wanted something bigger, better—and fine clothes, gems, a carriage—a whole lot of things. All right! Do you want to go out and buy them?" he asked quietly. "I've got the money now."

"You have!" After an involuntary gasp, Mrs. Kempton leaned forward to peer at him. The look made him grin a little, at which she haughtily drew back. Was it a jest—one of his wretched bits of playfulness? When she suggested so Mr. Kempton shook his head. She was, in fact, quite nonplused. "You mean—then you have made something? You don't mean you've got the money—money enough?" In reply, he bobbed his head. It was obvious, though, that she was still skeptical. "How much have you got?" she demanded hurriedly.

"Thousands," answered Mr. Kempton.

"Thousands!—and where did you get it?"

The reply, though it clearly evaded her question, very nearly swept Mrs. Kempton off her feet.

"I've got a hundred and sixty thousand dollars. Real money—not just paper profits either," said Mr. Kempton, and he grunted as if in disgust.

It was true. To prove it, he fished into his pocket and brought out a duplicate deposit slip. The amount, in fact, was even a little more than he had named, for there were the figures: "$163,140.10."

"Hilda," said Mr. Kempton, while his wife still sat with her eyes glued to the paper—"Hilda, I want to ask you something. We've not been very happy, you and I. Isn't there some way, dear, we can start in afresh?" As he spoke, Mr. Kempton's round, boyish face wrinkled anxiously and he leaned toward her, his hands outstretched in appeal. "Oh, you don't know how I care for you!" he faltered; "and the last three or four years 've been just nothing else but purgatory. Won't you see, my girl, how I've slaved and toiled, how I've plugged away trying to get you what you want? You know I've tried, Hilda—struggled to make you happy—but, then, we can't be happy here. No; let's go away, dear—start in new again!" he urged, awkwardly impulsive, almost passionate in his eagerness. "I've got enough now. Why, we could have a nice little place—a house with grounds and flowers—a garden, eh? Yes; wouldn't it be fine?—and lots of sunshine—air and sunshine both. My soul, now!" he cried impetuously, "sunshine!—and all we get here is only brick walls and gas, electricity. How

I hate it! And we could have trees around—a lawn, too, with a fountain in the middle; and—and —— Why, there'd be a whole lot of things—sure! I guess you know that, Hilda—a heap of things!" said Mr. Kempton, with eyes bright, birdlike, moistly shining from his eagerness. "Come! Won't you, now?" he begged.

Before she answered, Mrs. Kempton carefully folded the deposit slip and thrust it inside her waist. Her long fingers had laced themselves together again and she seemed to reflect as she leaned back and rather curiously studied him.

"Give up all this, you mean?—everything?—and go away, you say?"

"Yes! yes!" cried Mr. Kempton excitedly, his hands again outstretched. "That's it!—yes, exactly!" And, at this, a shadowy smile raised itself in his wife's eyes and hovered there momentarily.

"Are you tipsy?" asked Mrs. Kempton, and she gave a rippling laugh.

It's safe to say that her husband was quite astonished.

"Eh, what?—tipsy?" he echoed clumsily.

"Give up my life?—my friends? Bury myself? Why, what can you be thinking about?" inquired Mrs. Kempton—not unkindly, though. "I'm afraid you don't realize just what you ask of me."

However, her answer made clear to him how inconsiderate he had been. At any rate, after wincing consciously, he gave a little sigh.

"Oh, well! I see, now," he mumbled, and awkwardly turned away. "All the time I was afraid it wouldn't be of any use."

There was a somber and portentous note in the way this was spoken that made Mrs. Kempton start again. The light smile which so recently had dawned upon her lips fled swiftly and she shot a look at her husband.

"Tell me—where did you get this money?" she demanded curiously, a little hurriedly, her brows knitting together in an absorbed frown.

For a moment Mr. Kempton didn't answer. His eyes had grown dull again, and there was a shadow in them of deep, painful helplessness and regret.

"Then you won't go away with me?" he asked again unreasonably—all the more humbly.

"Certainly not!—and are you going to answer?" she returned.

Mr. Kempton's dull eyes, which had been cruising vacuously about the room, tacked suddenly and fixed themselves on hers.

"D'you really wish to know?—you're sure, now?"

Mrs. Kempton was quite sure.

"Well," said her husband deliberately, "I made it in the market. I took a flyer in Reading common."

The answer might have sufficed one less versed, less interested in Wall Street's methods of moneymaking.

"Answer me! Where did you get it first?—enough money—the means to speculate? You'd need something to start on."

"Oh, yes," he replied listlessly. "You were so unhappy—I just got it somewhere. I got sixteen thousand dollars."

"You got it?—sixteen thousand! Pray *where?*"

"Why," answered Mr. Kempton simply—"I stole it from the firm."

There was a clock upon the mantel, an affair of gilt with a chime the tone of which, when it sounded, was of an almost secret fineness. Now it struck the hour—seven!—and, distracted by the sound, the two started, waiting consciously with averted eyes while the bell pealed forth its small announcement. Then, utterly oppressed, Mr. Kempton drew a deep, shrill breath and stirred himself.

"The stealing ain't done me any good," he observed inelegantly. "I've just made a thief of myself for nothing, because now I've got to go away alone."

Away? Did it mean to flee? With a sharp gasp, Mrs. Kempton hurriedly found her tongue.

"Then you've been caught!—found out!" she cried, horror-stricken.

Her husband looked up at her with a dog-like appeal softly shining in his eyes.

"I wish you could be just a little sorry for me," he faltered helplessly. "Couldn't you?—just a little bit?"

"Answer me!" she commanded, stamping her foot at him. "Do they know?"

"Know?—know what?" echoed Mr. Kempton stupidly. He seemed not to have realized her question. She had to repeat it before he could grasp her meaning. Then he shook his head. "They?—oh, the firm, you mean. No; of course not. I'd be in jail if they did."

Even this failed to still the alarm that still drummed wildly in her breast. "They will know, though. You're going to be found out, just the same!"

Mr. Kempton, even yet, was stupid and confused. "Eh, what?—find me out, you say?"

"You'll be made to own up—yes! No one can steal and then go scot-free."

At this, a rather queer expression swept up into Mr. Kempton's face and he slowly wet his lips. One would have said the look that sprang up into his eyes loudly cried relief—with that, eagerness.

"Say," he said vulgarly, with a ponderous slowness; "let me get it clear now. Would you be willing to have me own up—free my conscience? I'd be tempted ——"

A sharp exclamation interrupted him. "What!—own up you're a thief?"

"Well—it's so, ain't it?" inquired Mr. Kempton clumsily.

There could be no doubt of it, of course; but in his self-consideration he had possibly forgotten that others might have a say.

"Yes! but do you wish to bring down your disgrace on me?" his wife demanded.

It apparently was the first time he had stopped to reflect. At all events, his eagerness fell from him like a cloak; and after a sharp glance at his wife he turned away more haggard and shrunken than before.

"Oh, I see," muttered Mr. Kempton painfully; "you're not thinking I'll get away with it. You're afraid I might get caught. Well, don't worry."

Mrs. Kempton had every reason to worry. Few escape it if their ethics are based on the main idea that honesty is the best policy—that those who steal are sure to be found out. She recalled the many proofs—Wall Street clerks, cashiers, confidential men, whose greed, or perhaps necessities, had grown too strong for them to withstand. In at least three of these instances her husband had known the fellows—a fact of which she now reminded him. Even so, Kempton only laughed—a harsh, grating cackle, devoid of any merriment.

"Sure!" he retorted; "but it was only because they were caught that they ever got found out. You never hear of the ones that get away with it!"

"Get away with it?" she echoed breathlessly.

Disgustedly Mr. Kempton shrugged himself.

"That's right—yes! There's your friend—that Pinney woman," he rumbled. "Her husband's one of them—Yeh! that woman who lent you her motor the other day. I wondered if you knew her man was just a thief—nothing but a common dip."

Mr. Pinney, one of the carriage folk!—a thief?

In affirmation Mr. Kempton savagely bobbed his head.

"I got him with the goods myself. He used to work for us, you know; only I never peached because she was a friend of yours."

"He, a thief!—Mr. Pinney?" She refused to believe it.

The little man, however, though he indeed had seemed always so crude, so simple, had never uttered any statement he could not support with the facts.

"Right you are!" he answered. "And yes!—time and again you've chucked him up at me, asking why I couldn't make good like him. Or that swindler, Lomax, too—you know the fellow, the one whose wife you're always trotting after." Here he shrugged himself. "Gad! and more than once I've sat and heard you take the toffy that fat, blonde doll has handed out to you—yes, his wife!—she in her velvet and sables and string of matched pearls. Found out, eh? Oh, you don't know the men that've taken a chance at Sing Sing just so their women could roll on rubber tires up Riverside Drive and the Avenue! Well, you're one of the lot yourself now—or, at any rate," he added wearedly, "if there ain't enough to buy a private turnout you can at least call a taxi when you want it."

While the outburst lasted, Mr. Kempton could not have asked a more rapt, attentive listener. Afterward his wife drew in another deep breath and slowly let it out again.

"If they ——" she began; but there abruptly changed her speech. "No; wait! Tell me, when did you—why—er—why, take this money?" Her tone, though intent, was almost gentle—so placid, in fact, that he turned to look at her curiously. "Was it long ago—the time you took it?"

"Steal it, do you mean?" He seemed determined to call a spade a spade. "Oh, not so long—last fall—October—the time you came back from that visit to Pinney's wife."

"Humph! Seven months—and they still don't know," murmured Mrs. Kempton reflectively.

"After the Pinneys' motors and her fine clothes and the dinners they gave, you said all our sort of life was just ditch-digging. My soul, it was honest, anyway!" Mr. Kempton muttered.

Mrs. Kempton, however, still persisted in her questioning:

"Wait, I say! The firm—they—your people—you're sure they don't suspect?"

The query at last struck fire, for he turned on her, his small figure almost noble, dignified, in its momentary vigor of passion.

"Hey? What's that got to do with it?" he cried, his voice sharply breaking. "Don't you suppose it's enough to suspect myself?—to realize I'm nothing but a thief? Ugh!" he groaned, his heat escaping him as swiftly as it had come. "You don't know the nights I've walked the floor out here—the times I've left you sleeping, just so I could be alone and think! Yes, to think!—and to think what? Yeh—that I was a swindler!—a thief!—a common blackguard that ought to be working up the river on the stonepile!" A dry sob racked him here and he slumped down into a chair, his form shaken from head to foot. "To think of it!—and I was honest once—just honest, plain and clean!—honest!—yes; and now—now!" he rumbled; and, with the cry still on his lips, Mr. Kempton jerked forward and buried his face in his hands.

There was a long pause which eventually was broken by his wife.

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Kempton.

He looked up at her presently and then struggled to his feet. Meanwhile she had seated herself in an armchair and was rearranging a lock of back hair that had escaped from its fastenings.

"What was it you asked?" he responded bewilderedly.

Mrs. Kempton's brows raised themselves as she spoke.

"Why!" she protested, affecting a small astonishment. "You haven't seen fit to tell me yet whether any one suspects you. Of course, if you don't mean to consider me ——"

No, he was not suspected. Furthermore, there seemed to be little chance of it. The money, the original sixteen thousand dollars, had been safely returned, and none could even guess it had ever been taken.

That this was so—unless he confessed, the theft would remain undetected—seemed to afford Mr. Kempton neither comfort nor consolation.

"Oh, if you only knew!—if you knew!—knew!" he cried beneath his breath. That was just the trouble with the man—it wasn't in him to make good as others had—to do as others had done. "No, I couldn't do it on the level down there—and I never would!" By this he meant Wall Street. "And I can't steal even," said Mr. Kempton in helpless self-abasement—"even steal—and be successful even in that!"

After a brief moment, however, he managed to calm himself.

"Well, all I ask now is a chance to forget—to get away from it. If I could sleep once—yes, say, just a couple of nights or so—why, maybe I could stand it then. That's all I ask—just the chance to forget, to get it off my my mind a while. Oh, if I only could!" droned Mr. Kempton helplessly.

At this Mrs. Kempton stirred, perhaps fretfully, as a new frown gathered on her brow. Her friends had often pleased her by remarking how able a woman she seemed! More than once, too, they had said that if her husband ever amounted to anything it would be because of her. Accordingly, there was every reason now why she should take the upper

(Continued on Page 30)



"I'm Going Back to My Garden Now, and—and —— Well, I Guess That's About All"

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XIII

A FEW days after this, Quixtus announced to Huckaby his intention of going to Paris to attend a small Congress of the Anthropological Societies of the Northwest of France, to which he, as president of the Anthropological Society of London, had been invited. He had gradually, in spite of his preoccupation, resumed his interest in his favorite pursuit; and, though he knew his learned friends to be villains at heart, he enjoyed their learned and even their lighter conversation. Human society had begun to attract him again. It afforded him saturnine amusement to speculate on the corruption that lay hidden beneath the fair exterior of men and women. He also had a half-crazy pleasure in wearing the mask himself.

When he smiled in his grave and benevolent manner on the woman by his side at the dinner table, how could she suspect the malignant ferocity of his nature? He was playing a part. He was fooling her to the top of her bent. She went away with the impression that she had been talking to a mild, scholarly gentleman of philanthropic tendencies. She possibly asked the monster to tea. He hugged himself with delight.

When it was a question, however, of identifying remains of aurochs and mammoths and reindeer, or establishing the date of a flint hatchet, he took the matter seriously and gave it his profound attention. A paleolithic carving of a cave lion on mammoth ivory recently discovered in the Seine-et-Oise was to be exhibited at the congress and form the subject of a paper. As soon as he heard this he accepted the invitation with enthusiasm. The carving was supposed to be the most perfect of its kind yet discovered, and Quixtus burned to behold it.

Huckaby, whose financial affairs were in the saddest condition and who had called with the vague hope of a trifle on account of services to be rendered, pricked up his ears at the announcement. Even though the main heart-breaking quest was deferred to August, why should they not seek a minor adventure during Quixtus' visit to Paris? It would be a kind of trial trip. At the suggestion Quixtus shook his head. The congress would occupy all his time and attention.

"Quite so," said Huckaby. "While you're busy with prehistoric man, I'll be hunting down modern woman. By the time I've found her you'll have finished. Having done with the bones, you can devote a few extra days to the flesh."

Quixtus winced. "That's rather an unfortunate way of putting it."

"To the spirit, then—the evil spirit," said Huckaby, unabashed—"that is, if we discover a subject. We're bound to try various experiments before we finally succeed."

"I'm afraid it will be more trouble than the thing is worth," said Quixtus musingly.

Here was something happening that Huckaby dreaded. Quixtus was beginning to lose interest in the adventure. In another month he might regard it with repugnance. He must start it now with Mrs. Fontaine, in Paris, or the whole conspiracy must collapse. The thought urged Huckaby to fresh efforts of persuasion.

"Revenge is sweet and worth the trouble," he said at last.

"Yes," replied Quixtus in a low voice. "Revenge would be sweet."

Huckaby glanced at him swiftly. Beyond the iniquity of Marrable, he was ignorant of the precise nature of the injuries that Quixtus had sustained at the hands of fortune. Was it possible that a woman had played him false? But what had this fossil of a man to do with women?

"I, too," said he, with malicious intent, "would like to pay off old scores against a faithless sex. You have found them faithless, haven't you?"

Quixtus' brow darkened. "As false as hell!" said he.

"I knew a woman had treated you shamefully," said Huckaby after a pause, during which Quixtus had fallen into a dull reverie.

"Infamously!" replied Quixtus below his breath. He looked away into the distance, madness gathering in his eyes. For the moment he seemed to forget the other's presence. Huckaby took his opportunity. He said in a whisper:

"She betrayed you?"

Quixtus nodded. Huckaby watched him narrowly, an absurd suspicion beginning to form itself in his mind. By his chance phrase about revenge he had put his friend's unsound mind on the track of a haunting tragedy. Who was the woman? His wife? But she had died beloved of him; and for years, until this madness overtook him, he had spoken of her with the reverence due to a departed saint. It was a puzzle; the solution peculiarly interesting.



"Any Man of Honor Would Kick Me All Over the Place"

How should he obtain it? Quixtus was not the man to blab his intimate secrets into the ear of his hired bravo—for as such he knew Quixtus regarded him. It behooved him not to change the minor key of this conversation.

"A man's foes," he quoted in a murmur, "are ever of his own household."

Quixtus nodded again three or four times, with parted lips.

"His own household. Those dearest to him. The woman he loved and his best friend."

In spite of his suspicion, Huckaby was astounded at the inadvertent confession. In his last days of grace he had known Mrs. Quixtus and the best friend. Swiftly his mind went back. He remembered vaguely their familiar intercourse. What was the man's name? He groped and found it.

"Hammersley?" he said aloud.

At the word, Quixtus started to his feet and swept his hand over his face.

"What are you talking about? What do you know against Hammersley?"

A lurid ray shot athwart his darkened mind. He realized the betrayal to Huckaby of his most jealously guarded secret. He shrank back, growing hot and cold through shame.

"Hammersley played me false over some money affairs," he said cunningly. "It's a black business, which I will tell you about one of these days."

"And the woman?" asked Huckaby.

"The woman! She—she married. I am glad to say she's giving her husband a devil of a time."

He laughed nervously. Huckaby, with surprising tact, followed on the wrong scent like a puppy.

"You can avenge the poor fellow and yourself at the same time," said he. "Women are all alike. It's right that one of them should be made to suffer. You have it in your power to make one of them suffer the tortures of hell."

"Yes, yes; I'll do it," cried Quixtus.

"No time like the present."

"You're right," said Quixtus. "We'll go to Paris together."

. . . . . .

For the first few days in Paris, Quixtus had little time to devote to the secondary object of his visit. The meetings and excursions of the congress absorbed his attention. His Parisian *confrères* took him to their homes and exhibited their collections of flint instruments, their wives and their daughters. He attended intimate dinners—the words *sans cérémonie* being underlined in the invitation—where all the men, who had worn evening dress in the morning at a formal function of the congress, assembled in the salon gravely attired in tightly buttoned frock coats and wearing dogskin gloves which they took off only when they sat down to table.

His good provincial colleagues, who thought they might just as well as not hear the chimes at midnight while they were in Paris, insisted on his accompanying them in their mild dissipation. This generally consisted in drinking beer at a *brasserie* filled with parti-colored ladies and in talking paleolithic gossip amid the bewildering uproar of a Tzigane band. Now and again Huckaby, who assured him that he was prosecuting his researches in the fauna of the Hotel Continental where, on Huckaby's advice, they were staying, would accompany him on such adventures.

Curiously enough, Quixtus had begun to like the man again. Admitted on a social equality and dressed in reputable garments, Huckaby began to lose the assertiveness of manner mingled with furtive flattery which of late had characterized him. He began to assume an air of self-respect—even of good breeding. Quixtus noticed with interest the change wrought in him by clothes and environment, and contrasted him favorably with Billiter, whom new and gorgeous raiment had rendered peculiarly offensive. There were times when he could forget the sorry mission that Huckaby had undertaken and find pleasure in his conversation.

Scrupulous sobriety aided the temporary metamorphosis. As he spoke French passably and had retained a considerable amount of scholarship, Quixtus—to his astonishment—found that he could introduce him with a certain pride to his brother anthropologists as one who would cast no discredit on his country. Huckaby was quick to perceive his patron's change of attitude and took pains to maintain it. The novelty, too, of mingling again with clean-living, intellectual and kindly men afforded him a keen pleasure that was worth a week's abstinence from whisky. Whether it was worth a whole life of respectability and endeavor was another matter. The present sufficed him.

He played the scholarly gentleman so well that Quixtus was not surprised, one afternoon when passing through the great lounge of the Continental, to see a lady rise from a tea-table and greet his companion in the friendliest manner.

"Eustace Huckaby, can that possibly be you?—or is it your ghost?"

Huckaby bowed over the proffered hand. "What an unexpected delight!"

"It's years and years since we met. How many?"

"I dare not count them for both our sakes," said Huckaby.

"Why have you dropped out of my horizon for all this time?" asked the lady.

"*Mea maxima culpa.*" He smiled, bowed in the best-bred way in the world and half turned, so as to bring Quixtus into the group. "May I introduce my friend Doctor Quixtus? Mrs. Fontaine."

The lady smiled sweetly. "You are Doctor Quixtus, the anthropologist?"

"I am interested in the subject," said Quixtus.

"More than that. I have read your book: The Household Arts of the Neolithic Age."

"An indiscretion of youth," said Quixtus.

"Oh, please don't tell me it's all wrong!" cried Mrs. Fontaine in alarm. "I'm always quoting it. It forms part of my little stock-in-trade of learning."

"Oh, no! It's not exactly incorrect," said Quixtus with a smile, pleased that so pretty a lady should count among his disciples; "but it's superficial. So much has been discovered since I wrote it."

"But it's a standard work, all the same. I happened to see an account of the Anthropological Congress in the paper this morning, in which you are referred to as the *éminent anthropologiste anglais* and the author of my book. I was so pleased. I should have been more so had I known I was to meet you this afternoon. Have you turned anthropologist, too, Mr. Huckaby?"

Huckaby explained that he was taking advantage of the congress to make holiday in the company of his distinguished friend. That was the first afternoon the congress had allowed him leisure, and they had devoted it to



"Do You Think I, for Instance, Am Just One Mass of Badness?"

contemplation of the acres of fresh paint in the Grand Palais. They had come home exhausted.

"Home? Then you're staying in the hotel?"

"Yes," said Huckaby. "And you?"

"I too. And in its vastness I feel like the most lonesome widow woman that ever was. I'm waiting here for Lady Louisa Malling, who promised to join me; but I think something must have happened, for there is no sign of her."

A waiter brought the tray with tea that she had ordered before the men's entrance and set it on the basket table. Mrs. Fontaine motioned to it.

"Won't you share my solitude and join me?"

"With pleasure," said Huckaby.

Quixtus accepted the invitation and, with his grave courtesy, withdrew a chair to make a passage for Mrs. Fontaine, who gave the additional order to the waiter. The lounge and the courtyard were thronged with a well-dressed cosmopolitan crowd, tea drinking, smoking and chattering. A band discoursed discreet music at a convenient distance. The scene was cool to eyes tired by the vivid colors of the salon and the hot streets. Quixtus sat down restfully by the side of his hostess and let her minister to his wants. He was surprised to find how pleasant a change was the company of a soft-voiced and attractive woman after that of his somewhat ponderous and none too picturesque *confrères*.

She was good to look upon—a fresh English blonde in a pale lilac dress and hat—the incarnation of early summer; not beautiful, but pleasing and at the same time simple and exquisite. The arrangement of her blond hair, the fine oval contour of her face, the thin, delicate lips, gave her an air of chastity that was curiously belied by dark gray eyes dreaming behind long lashes. All her movements, supple and natural, spoke of breeding. Unmistakably a lady. Evidently a friend of Huckaby's before his fall. Quixtus wondered cynically whether she would have greeted with such frank gladness the bloodshot-eyed scarecrow of a fortnight before! From their talk he concluded that she had no idea of the man's degradation.

"Mr. Huckaby and I knew each other when the world was young," she said. "Centuries ago—in the paleolithic age—before my marriage."

"Alas!" said Huckaby, sipping the unaccustomed tea. "You threw aside the injunction: *Cedant arma togæ*. In our case it was the gown that had to yield to the arms. You married a soldier."

She sighed and looked down pensively at her wedding ring. Then she glanced up with a laugh and handed Quixtus the bread and butter.

"Believe me, Doctor Quixtus, this is the first time I ever heard of the rivalry. He only invented it for the sake of the epigram. Isn't that true?"

"In one way," replied Huckaby. "I was so insignificant that you never even noticed it."

She laughed again and turned to Quixtus.

"How long are you going to stay in Paris?"

"Just a day or two longer—till the end of my congress."

"Oh! How can you leave Paris when she's looking her best without devoting a few days to admiring her? It's unkind."

"I'm afraid Paris must get over the slight."

"But don't you love Paris? I do. It is so fascinating, dangerous, treacherous! Plunge into it for a moment or two and it is the fountain of youth. Remain in the water a little longer than is prudent, and you come out shriveled and wrinkled, with all your youth and beauty gone."

"Perhaps I have already had my prudent plunge," said Quixtus with a smile.

"I'm sure you haven't. You've been on dry land all the time. Worse than that—in a Quaternary formation. Have you dined at Armenonville?"

"In my time, I have; but not this time."

"*Voilà*," said Mrs. Fontaine. "The warm June nights; the Bois in the moonlight, with all its mysteries of shadow; the fairy palace in the midst of it, where you eat fairy things surrounded by the gayety and sparkle and laughter of the world—essential and symbolical Paris—you disregard it all! And that is only one little instance. There are a thousand others. You've not even wetted your feet."

She embroidered her thesis very gracefully, clothing the woman of the world in a diaphanous robe of pretty fancy, revealing a mind ever so little baffling—here material, there imaginative—a mind as contradictory as her face with its chaste contours and its alluring eyes. Quixtus listened to her with amused interest. She represented a type with which he, accustomed to the less vivid womenfolks of the learned, was unfamiliar. Without leaving Huckaby, her girlhood's friend, out in the cold, she made it delicately evident that, of the two, Quixtus was the more worthy of attention on account of his attainments and the more attractive in his personality. Quixtus, flattered, thought her a woman of great discernment.

"But you," said he at last—"have you made your plunge—not that you need it—into the fountain of youth? Have you fed on the honeydew of the Bois de Boulogne and drunk the milk of Armenonville?"

"I only arrived last night," she explained. "And I must remain more or less in quarantine, being an unprotected woman, until my friend Lady Louisa Malling comes, or until my friends in Paris get to know I am here. But I always like a day or two of freedom before announcing myself—so that I can do the foolish things that Parisians would jeer at. I always go to the Louvre and look at the little laughing Faun and the Gioconda; and I always go up the Seine in a steamboat and from the Madeleine to the Bastille on the top of an omnibus. Then I'm ready for my plunge."

"I should have thought that bath of innocence was in itself the fountain of youth," said Huckaby.

The least suspicion of a frown passed over Mrs. Fontaine's candid brow; but she replied with a smile:

"On the contrary, my friend. That is a penitential dipping in the waters of the past."

"Why penitential?" asked Quixtus.

"Isn't it wholesome discipline to give oneself pain sometimes?" Her face grew wistful. "To revisit scenes where one has been happy—and sharpen the knife of memory?"

"It is the instinct of the ascetic," smiled Quixtus.

"I suppose I have a bit of it," she replied demurely. Then her face brightened. "I don't wear a hair shirt—I've got to appear in an evening gown sometimes—but I find an odd little satisfaction in doing penance. If I were a Roman Catholic I should embarrass my confessor."

Huckaby's lips twitched in a smile beneath his mustache. If all the tales that Billiter told of Lena Fontaine were true a confessor would be exceedingly embarrassed. He regarded her with admiration. She was an entirely different woman from the hard and contemptuous partner in iniquity to whom Billiter had introduced him before he left London. It had not been a pleasant interview—just the details of their Paris meeting arranged, the story of their past acquaintance rehearsed and nothing more. Huckaby, descending her stairs with Billiter, had felt as if he had been whipped, and he prophesied failure. She was not the woman for Quixtus. But Billiter grinned and bade him wait. He had waited and now had the satisfaction of seeing Quixtus caught immediately in the gossamer web of her charm.

He wondered, too, how she could have maintained her relations with so undesirable a person as Billiter, for whom he himself entertained a profound contempt. Billiter was unusually silent on the matter, letting it be vaguely understood that he had been in the dragoon guardsman's set before running through his money and that he had accidentally done her a service in later years. What that service was he declined to mention. Huckaby sniffed blackmail. That was the more likely influence keeping together a well-received woman of hidden life and a shabby and unpresentable sot like Billiter.

He remembered that Billiter had confessed to a mysterious source of income. What more natural an explanation thereof than the fact that, having once surprised a woman's secret and holding her reputation in his hands, he should have been accepted by her, in desperation, as her paid doer of unavowable offices? He knew that a woman of Lena Fontaine's type, with an assured social position in the great world, does not descend into the half-world without a desperate struggle. Her back is against the wall and she uses any weapon to hand. Hence her use of Billiter. At all events, in the present case there had been no pretense at friendship. To her it had obviously been a hateful matter of business which she had been anxious to conclude as soon as possible. One condition she rigorously exacted: that her acquaintance with Billiter should not be revealed to Quixtus. She was not proud of Billiter. Huckaby took what comfort he could from the thought.

Mrs. Fontaine sat talking to the two men until the tea-drinking and chattering crowd had melted away. Then she rose, thanked them prettily for wasting their science-filled time on an irresponsible woman's loneliness, and expressed to Huckaby the hope that she would see him again before he left Paris.

"I trust I, too, may have the pleasure," said Quixtus.

"You might lead us to the fountain of youth one of these evenings," said Huckaby.

"It would be delightful," said the lady, with a questioning glance at Quixtus.

"I could dream of nothing more pleasant," he replied, bowing in his old-fashioned way.

When she had gone the men resumed their seats. Quixtus lit a cigarette.

"A very charming woman."

Huckaby agreed. "It has been one of my great regrets of the past few years that I have not been able to keep up our old friendship. We moved in different worlds." He paused, as if thinking sorrowfully of his misspent life. "I hope you didn't mind my suggesting the little dinner party," he said after a while. "My position was delicate."

"It was a very good idea," said Quixtus.

Huckaby said little more, preferring to leave well alone. The plot, up to this point, had succeeded. Quixtus gave complete credence to the story, unsuspecting that Mrs. Fontaine was the woman selected for his heartbreaking experiment and already considerably attracted by her personality. Diabolical possibilities could be insinuated later. Meanwhile Huckaby had played his part. Future success now lay in Mrs. Fontaine's hands.

Quixtus dined that evening with one of his colleagues; and Huckaby, after a meal at a restaurant, went to the Comédie Française and sat through Phèdre from beginning to end, with great enjoyment. The reawakening of his esthetic sense, dulled for so many years, surprised and gratified him.

When he met his patron the next morning he said abruptly:

"If I had a chance of getting back again I'd take it."

"Getting back where?" asked Quixtus. "To London?"

Huckaby explained. "I'm tired of running crooked," he added. "If I could only get regular work to bring me in a few pounds a week I'd run straight and sober for the rest of my life."

"I don't think I can help you to attain your wishes, my dear Huckaby," replied Quixtus reflectively. "If I did I should be committing a good action which, as you know, is entirely against my principles."

"I don't yearn so much after goodness," said Huckaby, "as after decency and cleanliness. I've no ambition to die a white-haired saint."

"All white-haired saints are whited sepulchers," said Quixtus.

In spite of regenerative impulses, Huckaby persuaded his patron to lunch at the hotel where he knew that Mrs. Fontaine and the newly arrived Lady Louisa Malling had

planned to lunch also. The establishment of informal relations was important. They entered the table-d'hôte room and, preceded by the *maître d'hôtel*, marched to the table reserved for them. About six tables away sat Mrs. Fontaine and her friend. She smiled a pleasant greeting.

"Women can sometimes be exceedingly decorative," remarked Quixtus, helping himself to sardines.

"If they are not they leave unfulfilled one of the main functions of their existence."

"Did you ever know a good woman?"

"Mrs. Fontaine is one of the best I've ever known," replied Huckaby at a venture.

The heartbreaking could be practiced on a sweet and virtuous flower of a woman with much more villainous success than on a hardened coquette.

Quixtus said nothing. His natural delicacy forbade the discussion of a specific woman's moral attributes.

The occupants of the two tables met after lunch in the lounge, and had coffee and cigarettes together. The men were presented to Lady Louisa Malling, an aimless, dowdy woman of forty, running to fat. So far as could be gathered from her conversation, her two interests in life were Lena Fontaine and food in restaurants. In Mrs. Fontaine's presence she spoke chiefly of the latter. When Mrs. Fontaine went up to her room for a forgotten powder-puff, leaving her with the men, she plunged with animation into a eulogy of Mrs. Fontaine's virtues. In this she was sincere. She believed in Mrs. Fontaine's virtues which, like the costermonger's lovely strawberries, lay ostentatiously at the top of her basket of qualities; and she was so stupid that her friend could always dissimulate from her incurious eyes the crushed and festering fruit below.

"I always think it so sad for a sweet, beautiful woman like Lena to be alone in the world," said Lady Louisa in a soft, even voice. "But she's so brave, so cheerful, so gentle."

"It's a wonder she hasn't married again," said Huckaby.

"I don't think she ever will," replied Lady Louisa, "unless she gets a man to understand her. And where is he to be found?"

"Ah! where?" said Huckaby, to whom as Mrs. Fontaine's childhood friend this talk had been mainly addressed.

Lady Louisa sighed sentimentally. She was an old maid, the seventh of eleven daughters of an embarrassed Irish earl, now defunct. Her face, such as it was, had been her fortune; and it had attracted no suitors.

"Not that she isn't very much admired. She knows hundreds of nice men, and I'm sure heaps of them want to marry her; but, no. She likes them as friends. As a husband she wants something more. The modern man is so material and unintellectual—don't you think so?"

This Diana—with a touch of Minerva—among widows came up swinging the little bag of which she had gone in search.

"I'm sure Lady Louisa has been talking about me," she laughed.

"She has not been taking away your character, I assure you," said Quixtus.

"I know. She has been giving me one. And the worst of it is I have to live up to it—or, at least, to try. I suppose it's always worth while having an ideal before one, though it may be somebody else's."

"You believe in an ideal of goodness?" asked Quixtus.

She raised her dreamy eyes to his and looked at him candidly.

"Why, yes—don't you?"

"No," he replied, with a darkening brow. "There is only one force in Nature, which is wickedness. Man sometimes resists it for fear of the consequences; and the measure of his cowardly resistance is, by a curious inversion, taken by him to be the measure of his striving toward an ideal."

Mrs. Fontaine exclaimed warmly: "I must cure you of your pessimism."

"There is only one remedy."

"And that?"

"The same that will cure the disease of life," replied Doctor Quixtus.

"You mean death?"

"Yes," said Quixtus.

"It's a remedy; but not the only one." Her pale cheeks flushed adorably. "In fact, it's only by a twist of language you can call it a remedy. The only remedy against the malady of life is life itself. The bane is its own antidote. The only cure for loss of illusions is fresh illusions, more illusions—and always illusions."

"Supposing for argument's sake you are right—where are they to come from?"

"They form of themselves, like fresh tissue of the flesh, without your volition."

"Only in healthy flesh," said Quixtus, with his tired smile. "So in a gangrened soul there can be built up no fresh tissue of illusions."

Womanlike she begged the question, maintaining there was no such thing as a gangrened soul. She shuddered prettily. Belief therein was a horrible superstition. She proclaimed her faith in the ultimate good of things. Quixtus said ironically:

"The ultimate good takes a long time coming. In the ages in which I, as a student, am interested, men slew each other with honest hatchets. Now they slay by the poisoned word and the treacherous deed. The development of mind has for its history the development of craft and cunning, of which the supreme result is a religion as to whose essential tenets scarcely two persons can agree—a rule-of-thumb arrangement of purely mechanical appliances, which is the so-called wonder of wireless telegraphy, and an infinite capacity for cruelty, which has rendered hell a mild and futile shadow in human speculation. Whatever hellishness human imagination could invent as the work of devils, calm history, the daily newspaper, your own experience of life, tell you has already been surpassed by the work of man. Sometimes one is tempted to cry, like Ferdinand in The Tempest: 'Hell is empty, and all the devils are here!' But if it were empty, and the devils were here, they would be hard put to it to find a society in which they would not hold up their tails before their snouts in shame and horror."

He spoke with a certain crazy earnestness that arrested Lena Fontaine. Heartless, desperate, cynical though she was—intelligent, too, and swift of brain—she had never formulated to herself so disastrous a philosophy. She leaned forward, an elbow on the wickerwork table.

"Such a faith is dreadful," she said seriously. "It reduces living among one's fellow creatures to walking through a horde of savages—never knowing whether some one may not club you on the head or stab you in the back."

"Can you ever tell whether your dearest friend isn't going to stab you in the back?" asked Quixtus.

His pale blue eyes held her with a curious insistence. Her eyelids flickered with something like shame, as though she had divined a personal application of the question. She shivered; this time naturally.

"Oh, I love to believe in goodness," she exclaimed, "although I may not practice every virtue myself. There would be no sunshine in a purely wicked world." Mrs. Fontaine plucked up her courage and looked him in the face. "Do you think I, for instance, am just one mass of badness?"

"My dear Mrs. Fontaine," replied the pessimist with his courtly smile, "you must not crush me by using the privilege of your sex—arguing from general to particular."

"But do you?" she insisted.

"I believe," said he, with a little inclination of his head, "all that Lady Louisa has been telling me."

The talk ran for a while in lighter channels. Lady Louisa and Huckaby, who had been discussing cookery—he had held her in spellbound and watery-mouthed attention while he gave her from memory Izaak Walton's recipe for roasting a jack—joined in the conversation.

"You two have been having a very deep argument," said Lady Louisa.

"I have been trying to convert him to optimism," laughed Mrs. Fontaine. "It seems to be difficult, but I'll do so in time. I'm a determined woman. I've a good mind to forbid you to leave Paris before your conversion."

"The process would be pleasant, though the result would be problematical."

"I'm not going to argue with you. I just want to make you see things for yourself."

"I shall submit gladly to your guidance," said Quixtus.

She looked at the little watch on her bracelet, and her rising brought the little party to their feet. "Shall we begin now? I'm going to walk up the Rue de la Paix and see the shops."

Quixtus also consulted his watch. "I shall be honored if you'll let me walk up the Rue de la Paix with you. But then I must reluctantly leave you. I must meet my *confrères* of the congress at the railway station to go to Sèvres to see Monsieur Sardanel's collection."

"What has Sèvres china to do with anthropology?"

(Continued on Page 48)



"Hello, Uncle Ephraim! What are You Doing Here?"

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Senatorial Persiflage

THE reciprocal trade agreement between the United States and Canada was submitted to Congress by the President on January 26—five months ago. It was twice extensively debated in the House and twice passed by that body. The President made half a dozen or more public speeches about it. Last winter the tariff board supplied official statistics as to cost of agricultural production here and in Canada. For months the measure was discussed in the press of the country more copiously than any other topic. Every pertinent thing that could be said about it had been said; every relevant fact was in print.

The agreement passed the House for the second time in April, and the Senate took it up in June. A Washington dispatch said that the upper branch hoped, with good luck, to get around to a vote some time in July. Before a word was said about this agreement in the Senate, every member of that body must have made up his mind about it. The senatorial debates were not expected to change a single vote, and they could have almost no influence upon the public because their currency would be mostly limited to such copies of his own speech as each Senator might send out under frank. To that end the upper branch must go through a long, dull, sweaty game of parliamentary checkers, the result of which was a foregone conclusion.

The Senate's unlimited freedom of debate almost makes us admire the dictum of the late Henry H. Rogers: "Boards in which I sit vote first and debate afterward." This freedom of debate is said to secure a more careful consideration for important measures than the rulebound House can give; but the claim is untenable. At the last regular session of Congress the big appropriation bills were rushed through the Senate in the closing hours with little consideration. The Senate had spent so much time talking that it had not any left for deliberating upon these bills. This often happens.

Wanted, a Professional Parent

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I have been a good deal interested lately in scientific management, the main principle of which seems to be that a man ought to look over his work carefully and find out where he is weak. In some ways I am a successful man. I have built up a good business—my credit at the bank is first-class, and other business men listen to my opinions with respect; but as a parent I am a flat failure. If I had no better control over the subordinates in my office than I have over those members of my household who are supposed to be subordinate to me I should be 'broke' in six months. I know a number of men who are trying to hold down jobs for which they are plainly incompetent, and I have considerable contempt for them. I think they ought to clear out and turn the jobs over to men who are competent. I know, too, from my business observation that an incompetent boss usually demoralizes the people under him. If he isn't up to his job his subordinates—especially the younger ones—don't really have a fair show. I argue that, as an incompetent parent, I must be having a bad influence on my children. As I look over the families of my friends, I conclude that at least fifty per cent of parents are no more up to the job than I am. Also, I notice this: If I had charge of my next-door neighbor's children I wouldn't for a minute let them do some of the things they do now, although my own children do pretty much the same. I like his children very well; yet I am not so besotted but that I would stop them from doing things that are harmful. Very likely he would stop my children too. I think we need a class of professional parents to take charge of children and be just and kind to them—but not foolish."

A Tip From the Thirteenth Century

AT THE beginning of the thirteenth century English law prescribed how much the farthing loaf of bread must weigh when wheat stood at a certain price, and how much it might vary in weight corresponding to variations in the price of wheat. The price of ale, based on the price of barley, was likewise fixed by law, and later statutes regulated the price of other necessary articles. To this period belong drastic laws prohibiting any one from buying foodstuffs for the purpose of reselling them at a higher price.

Following Adam Smith, many economists have spoken contemptuously of these medieval laws; but means of transportation were few and poor. Every town depended largely for its food supply upon the district immediately around it. The towns built municipal granaries and laid in stores of grain from which the inhabitants might be fed at moderate prices if the near-by harvest failed. Sharp collisions between neighboring towns over food supplies sometimes occurred.

In short, to monopolize a necessary of life at a given point would have been comparatively easy. The laws regulating prices, prohibiting forestalling, and so on, were called forth by a real and constant danger of such monopolization.

In more modern times, with far better means of transportation and a much more highly organized commerce, competition might safely be depended upon to prevent monopoly in the necessaries of life. To the political economy of a hundred years ago, medieval attempts to regulate prices and prevent speculation in foodstuffs might seem foolish. That economy, however, would hardly dream of aggregations of capital sufficient to monopolize a staple article of prime necessity in a whole nation. Latterly, with immense aggregations of capital, we have seen the competitive system breaking down at many points. It is by no means impossible that, with respect to regulation by law of prices of certain articles, we shall presently work back to the point of view of 1202; in fact, with regard to regulating the price of transportation, we have already adopted that point of view.

Increasing Interest Rates

THE most interesting fact about Mr. Hill's six-hundred-million-dollar railroad mortgage is that the bonds bear four and a quarter per cent interest. Other big railroad issues of late have borne interest above four per cent or have been offered to the public at a discount. A dozen or more years ago, four per cent was what strong roads expected to pay on long-term first-mortgage loans. The prior issues of the Atchison, the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific—now aggregating three hundred and fifty million dollars—bear that rate. In the Alton case Mr. Harriman even tried three per cent.

Ten years ago, almost two-thirds of all the municipal bonds issued in the United States bore less than four per cent. Last year only six per cent of municipal issues bore less than four per cent. The four and a half and five per cent municipals ten years ago comprised only ten per cent of the total. Last year they comprised thirty-two per cent of the total.

A dozen years ago, able financiers expected that the going interest rate on first-mortgage gilt-edge investments would tend to fall below four per cent. Much investible capital has accumulated since then, and money has been easy all this year; but the interest rate on gilt-edge investments tends rather to rise.

The difference between three and seven-eighths per cent and four and one-eighth per cent is not enough to send the great mass of small investors off into prodigal courses; yet it may comfort them to reflect that their money, with which the railroads of the country are built, is worth just a trifle more.

England's Account With Poverty

WITHIN three years, changes that are commonly described as revolutionary have been accomplished or set on foot in England. They include increased income and inheritance taxation, taxing the increment in land values, old-age pensions, state-aided insurance against loss to workmen through sickness and unemployment.

The new budget contemplates that in the coming fiscal year the Government shall spend a hundred and forty million dollars more than it spent three years ago—a fact that naturally provokes much comment upon the ministry's social, or "socialistic," program; but the London Economist points out that pretty nearly half of this increased expenditure goes to the navy. Measured in dollars and cents, England's ability to produce sickness, death, unemployment and dependent old age in any nation with which she comes in conflict is now greater than it was three years ago by more than sixty million dollars. Meanwhile the Government has taken important steps to reduce those evils at home in time of peace. Theoretically, at least, the accounts about balance, although the expenditure for producing disability and poverty may slightly exceed that for ameliorating them.

Thanks partly to new taxation, Government revenues in the three years will increase about a hundred and fifty million dollars—nearly half of this gain being immediately lost in rising military expenditures. For all of Lloyd George, in short, the British budget is still far from being a really "social" document—although it is considerably more human—everything considered—than our own.

Muzzles for Snobs

A COLONEL, in recommending that a young soldier be denied the promotion he desired to earn because his parents were of Jewish blood and humble origin, observed that the young man's promotion could scarcely fail to result in painful humiliation for the parents—evidently meaning that the officers would take pains to snub them.

We should like to know what ground the colonel had for thinking so. Among army and navy officers there must certainly be many pleasant, intelligent men, with whom self-respecting persons would willingly associate. They can't all hold the same views as this colonel or as that navy officer who raised a row because he thought a young woman who worked for her living had been introduced into his august presence. To a great majority of officers, the notion that a man of humble origin is quite worthy to be President of the United States, but unworthy to associate with them, must seem as preposterous as it seems to everybody else. Unfortunately, however, it is the snobs who manage oftenest to attract public notice.

For due protection of the intelligent, modest and respectable majority, we suggest that none of the snobs be permitted to approach within fifty statute miles of a newspaper plant—except when securely muzzled.

The Recall of Judges

JUDGES every now and then betray the interests of the people who placed them in power as grossly as any bribed legislature ever did—and more irreparably. Here is a bill to prevent the social injury that results from employment of women and children for unconscionably long hours in occupations that are physically very wearing. In most states there is danger that such a bill will be killed in the legislature by the corrupt influence of those who profit by burning up the state's female and juvenile citizens. Against that danger the people keep vigilant watch; but, after the bill has safely passed the legislature and governor, a hidebound court may annul it upon some fine-spun technicality. Of course the court is not bribed. It is merely infatuated with a cult of technical law. It would rather advertise its own learned astuteness by dragging out some hundred-year-old precedent of dubious relevancy than look around with human eyes upon the community in which it lives. Its guiding motive is not public service, but the glorification of a narrow, esoteric cult. In practical effect, it functions like the bribed legislature and is equally unfit to exercise the power intrusted to it. That the judge who proves himself unfit for his place must be accepted as though he were an unavoidable visitation of Providence is not a theory that especially appeals to us.

Southern Agriculture

IN FIVE years, according to preliminary estimates for this year, the South has added six million acres, or nearly twenty per cent, to her cotton area—the increase in Texas alone being nearly three million acres. That state now leads all others in value of farm crops, the gain since the twelfth census being a hundred and forty per cent, or more than two hundred million dollars. Georgia gained a hundred and eighty-eight per cent, moving up from fourteenth to fourth rank. Value of farm crops in the whole South more than doubled, showing a greater gain than in any other grand division of the country.

For several years the South's cotton area showed little change, and it was rather fashionable to argue that it could not be very greatly enlarged because the supply of competent farm labor could not be increased. The record of the last five years, however, effectually disposes of that theory. In the matter of increased value of farm production since the census of 1900, the Far West is the only grand division of the country that approaches the South's record, and the average price of grain lands west of the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains is almost two-thirds higher than in the South. We expect that in the next ten years Southern agriculture will set the country another record.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Mellifluous Martin

MARTIN LITTLETON put on a show up at the House of Representatives the other afternoon that played to standing room only. He brought into the arena and exhibited it so all could see his unrivaled collection of trained adjectives and awe-inspiring nouns, sending them through various intricate evolutions—driving them single, double, in fours, sixes and tandem; forcing them to eat from his hand; combining them in picturesque pyramids and other palpitating postures; making them do death-defying flipflaps from one gigantic sentence to another, and proving conclusively the remarkable power of the observant mind and the tenacious memory over the wild denizens of the dictionary and the thesaurus.

"Well, well, good people," said Martin, "here we are again, with our unparalleled aggregation of sibilant synonyms, antonomastic antonyms, contumelious cacoonyms and tuneful tropes. Nowhere else on earth can be found such a collection of apposite adjectives, adjutory adverbs, novitious nouns and vorticular verbs. After years of patient exploration in the jeopardous jungles of Webster, the arenaceous acres of Funk-and-Wagnalls and the refreshing rosetum of Roget, I shall exhibit before you this afternoon the fruits of my toil."

And he marched them in, two by two, the antithesis and the hullabaloo, the hyperbole and the sweet goo-goo, the metaphor and the rhapsodoo; and everybody said there had been nothing like it since Morris Sheppard chortled for three hours and forty minutes in blank verse about equal rights for all and special privileges for none—which is deuced odd; for Sheppard comes from Texas—and so does Martin Littleton.

However, Texas is an extremely large state—an Empire in Herself, as all Texas orators say—and we needn't worry about that phase of the subject; for though Texas is producing prose poets she is also producing steers and onions and cotton and oil and other utilitarian stuff, and maintaining the balance of trade.

To get back to Martin and his show: It seems that Arizona, along about last year, received some three hundred thousand copies of Jonathan Bourne's speech on representative government, which shows that Jonathan is a liberal young thing when it comes to sending out speeches—a regular speech-thrift—for there are only two hundred and four thousand people in the territory, or thereabout. Influenced, no doubt, by this generosity, the gentlemen who came to be engaged in the construction of a constitution for the state-to-be hastily stuck in the initiative, the referendum and the recall, which, in turn, caused much debate when said constitution reached Congress.

Right here is where Martin bulged in. He had remained silent during the discussion of those various matters that had occupied the attention of the Democratic House until this moment; but when he saw the judiciary tottering to its fall, because of the recall provision in that constitution, he rushed to the defense of the ermine and brought his flock of apt and ardent—not to say alliterative—adjectives with him.

It was hard to do; but, after we disassociated the libretto of Martin's argument from the music, we discovered that he feels deeply on the subject of the recall of judges, and is "agin" it to his guying dasp—no!—not that!—his dying gasp!

Alliterative Assistants

MARTIN'S speech contained a few other words than adjectives and nouns and adverbs, but they were comparatively unimportant. "They cut no signify," as Charley Potter used to say. Eliminating them, this is the way Martin handled his rhetorical assistants:

"——misguided and malignant passions — recklessly accuse — stainless judge — lying litigant — mendacious effort—fabricated cause—unscrupulous hand—ruthless weapon—culpable confederates of the convicted criminal—irresponsible faction — corporate bandit — incorruptible court—agrarian agitator—substance and symbols of order—crooked creed—venal volunteers—pretentious program—empire of intrigue—deft and secret sign—swarms of satraps—daring demagogue—superficial sentiment—impugned, impeached, outraged and dishonored—shattered fame—foreclosed honor—spineless seeker—idle invertebrate — irresolute timeserver — sibilant hiss — merciless mob!"

Of course there were many more, especially after Martin, who craftily withheld the effort for revision for several days, had had time to think adjectitiously; but herewith are enough to show what sort of an oratorical hairpin Martin is. I betray no confidence when I tell you Morris Sheppard rushed tumultuously from the hall and was seen throwing fits of jealousy beneath the statue of John J. Ingalls; and that Ollie James, although he appeared calm, was bitterly envious and furtively laughed a poisoned laugh of scorn that showed him to be hard-hit in his most vulnerable point—the vocal cords.

They crowded around Littleton and congratulated him, as well they might; for, since Charley Murphy refused to let New York send Bourke Cockran back to Congress, we have been worrying along with some mighty mediocre word trainers and exhibitors, and Martin seems to fill a longfelt want. And there is no doubt he will get better as he goes along, for he is only forty, or thereabout, and has years and years ahead of him to devote to the collection and exhibition of peerless and passionate phrases. A lot of galoots spend their time mourning because oratory is a lost art—but they needn't worry. If oratory ever was lost—which every Southern statesman seeks to prove is untrue—Martin Littleton found it and has it safely tucked away in his jeans. Be calm! Martin is the Oratorical Kid.

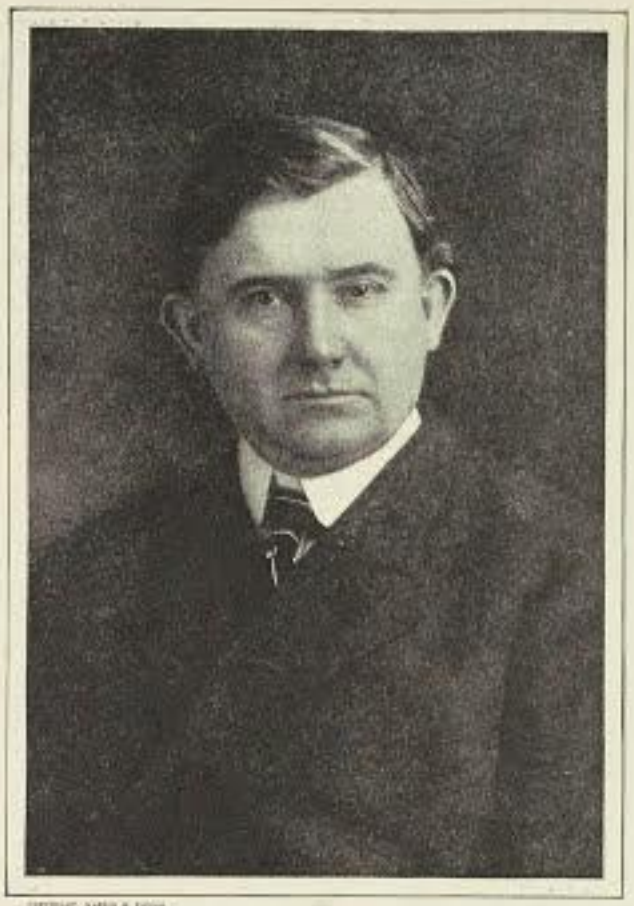
A most engaging chap, too, is Martin, who has touched a good many high places in a short time and is sure to touch a good many more; for he has a lot of ability, an attractive personality, and is clean, courageous and not without the requisite confidence in himself. He is ambitious, too, and you never can tell where an ambitious man, backed by brains and an individuality, will land. He has a good reputation as a lawyer and as a worker, is an excellent campaigner and not unversed in politics.

He was born in Tennessee, moved to Texas when he was eleven years old and went to work. He was a sturdy young chap and did anything that came his way, from plowing to working as a brakeman on a railroad, getting such schooling as he could and studying law as opportunity offered. He was admitted to practice law when he was nineteen and stayed in Texas until he was twenty-four. Then he decided they needed him in New York and he went there. He discovered, during the first few years of his New York experience, that if they needed him they were very successful in concealing the fact—but he held on; and, presently, after injecting himself skillfully into local politics, was elected president of the Borough of Brooklyn, which position he held during the years 1904 and 1905.

He had done a considerable amount of plain and fancy orating in New York, but his first national chance was when they put him up to nominate Alton B. Parker for President—in St. Louis in 1904. The nominating part of it was all right, for Littleton made a big speech; but the election part of it was a sad affair. However, that wasn't Littleton's fault; and he kept on growing in public estimation in New York, devoting himself to the law, with politics as a side line. Last fall he was nominated for Congress in the First New York District, which is inhabited by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and was represented by W. W. Cocks. Littleton defeated Cocks by some six thousand votes and just ripped things up in Oyster Bay, where the Colonel lives and votes.

During the course of the senatorial deadlock in New York State he offered himself as a solution of the problem, but they didn't solve it that way, and he came to Congress, where they put him on the Committee on Judiciary and the Committee on Patents—and where, as related here, he recently took occasion to make a few remarks concerning the recall of judges.

His début was a success, and from time to time we may expect him to appear in the arena and make the welkin ring. So far as that first speech is concerned, all will freely admit it was a corker; but it seems to us he slipped just one cog. He referred to the "corporate bandit." Nix, Martin! You can do better than that. Why not "corporate corsair" or "business bandit"? A rising young orator never should cramp his style with any such harsh combination as "corporate bandit." Apt alliteration's artful aid amplifies argument and augments appeal. Giddap! Dobbin, giddap! we must away to town.



He Tames the Wild Denizens of the Dictionary

How the Sun Shone

OSCAR KING DAVIS, now Washington correspondent of the New York Times, was on the New York Sun for a good many years and on one occasion was detailed to read editorial proofs for the late Charles A. Dana. This duty also included the reading of all the matter on the standing galleys. Mr. Dana was very keen on printing good short miscellany, and clipped a good deal of stuff from the exchanges himself.

On going over the proofs of the standing matter one morning, Davis found a short story in the miscellany that had been printed in the Sun twice within three weeks and he killed it. Presently, after the proofs had been taken in to Mr. Dana, Davis looked up and found Mr. Dana standing over him with the galley on which he had killed the short story in his hand.

"Why, Mr. Davis," said Mr. Dana with much concern. "You have killed this little story! Why did you do it? What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing," Davis replied, "except that the story has been printed in the Sun twice in the past three weeks."

"Oh!" said Mr. Dana, immensely relieved. "Is that all? Well, it's a good story; so let's print it again."

Mulcting John D.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER went to Thomasville, Georgia, a few years ago to spend the winter. Soon after he arrived he hired a team of horses from one of his neighbors. No arrangement was made as to price and at the end of the first week the owner sent Mr. Rockefeller a bill for a hundred dollars.

Mr. Rockefeller was very indignant, returned the horses and refused to pay the bill. Roscoe Luke, who is now a candidate for governor of Georgia, was the horseman's attorney; and to him the man went with the matter.

After Luke had heard the story he said to his client:

"Look here, old man; it seems to me like you have overcharged him."

"Overcharged him your eye!" shouted the horseman. "I wasn't overcharging him. I fined him!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Representative James P. Latta, of Nebraska, walked from Ohio across Iowa in 1863, crossed the river and took up a homestead in Nebraska in the district that sent him to Congress.

¶ Representatives W. D. Stephens, of California, and B. G. Humphreys, of Mississippi, of the present Congress, were both drummers in their earlier days. Stephens sold groceries and Humphreys sold drygoods.

¶ The youngest Senator of the United States is Luke Lea, of Tennessee, aged thirty-two; and the oldest is Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin, aged eighty-two, who is six months older than Senator Cullom, of Illinois.

¶ Congress used to be full of Union and Confederate brigadiers. There are only three left now: Generals Sherwood, of Ohio, and Bingham, of Pennsylvania, who were Union officers, and General George Washington Gordon, of Tennessee, who was a Confederate commander.

The Autobiography of a Jailer

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"'The Feller What Said First Honesty is the Best Policy Handed Mankind a Bit of Quear That it Has Never Been Able to Shove Off Yet'"

IT WAS at the end of my fourth year as a jailer that I picked up a newspaper one day and read, to my infinite surprise, that the new Democratic mayor had said to the representatives of the press, in answer to a question put by one of their number: "You bet your life, even if Latham is a Republican, he can have the office of superintendent of the bridewell if he wants it." I wanted it and got it. I don't know how much the chance question of the reporter had to do with winning me the appointment.

My predecessors at the bridewell were men who believed that discipline could be maintained only by keeping the mailed fist in constant use or at least constantly doubled for use. They would have considered it insane to have gained their ends by the employment of justice, fair play and persuasion. One of my forerunners—whom I shall call De Lacey—used to relate how he quelled a rebellion that was to have begun with his murder and to have ended with a carnage of the guards and an escape. When this pleasant bit of news first came to De Lacey's astonished ears he stripped himself to the waist in the privacy of his office, laid on his desk a pile of thin white paper and put on top of it a dagger with a razorlike edge. Then he sent a subaltern to fetch the burly negro who was to have given the signal for the insurrection by plunging a knife between De Lacey's stout ribs when De Lacey passed through the broom shop to inspect it on the morrow. Dismissing the guard, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket, De Lacey faced his nonplused, would-be murderer and hissed between set teeth: "So you're the man, Johnson, that has been bragging around here that he was going to lay me out tomorrow! I'll give you all the laying out you want before I'm through with you."

The Quelling of Johnson

"NOT me. I nebbah said no sich thing, Mistah De Lacey. No, not me," protested Johnson, seeing that the game was up and scenting disastrous consequences.

"You're a liar!" shouted the superintendent. "I know you're a liar. We're alone now; we're man to man. Why don't you croak me now, you coward? I'll tell you why! You're an empty blowhard and you haven't got the nerve." With this whirlwind of words De Lacey took the dagger from his desk and, cutting the white sheets of paper into shreds with it, yelled in feigned excitement: "You see how sharp this dagger is; take it and stab me! Stab me, you sneak! We're alone! Here, take it!" He handed the bewildered black Hercules the dangerous blade and thwacked him violently again and again across the cheeks with his open hand, screaming and screeching: "Hit back! Stab! Murder me, you cur! Now's your chance! Kill me!"

The negro, spirit-broken, humiliated, sank to the floor, clasped the superintendent around the knees and sobbed: "'Foah Hebbun, I nebbah meant to hurt you! I nebbah did! Nebbah! I'll croak de first man dat makes trouble heah, I will! Send me back to de shop! Let me go back! I's had enough! Dere won't be no trouble nohow!"

Nor was there any more trouble; the backbone of the chief rebel and of the rebellion was broken. If I have treated at length the manner in which this was accomplished, it is only because the story serves as a more or less typical illustration of the favorite tactics in vogue before my appointment.

The very first day that I took charge I addressed my board of directors and told them that barbarity and brutality would have to cease at once, and that a common-sense scheme of kindness and a well-considered plan of fair dealing would have to take their place. There was an uproar at once. One of my directors had been a warden of a small penitentiary, and what had been good enough for him twenty years ago was more than good enough for him now. He took my criticisms on prison methods as personal to himself and he stoutly insisted that there was only one way of handling prisoners—namely, by putting the fear of punishment in their hearts. Another member of the board exclaimed irately: "Look here, Latham, the sort of thing you have been doing at the county jail is all well enough for a few players to the gallery like you, but it doesn't go with us hard-headed practical men. You'll have to cut it out."

"No," I replied quietly, "I want to keep my job as much as any man does, but if I have to drop my policies I quit. And, furthermore, all of you will live to see what you call my fads adopted as a matter of ordinary procedure in all the penal institutions of the country."

The board, seeing my firmness and knowing that I had the administration as well as many influential citizens and judges back of me, yielded an inch here and there; and every time it yielded an inch I took a rod or two. Moreover, as soon as I showed myself in the shops and talked humanely and encouragingly to the prisoners, most of them, knowing me by reputation at least, changed their whole attitude toward the place. The difference was so perceptible that the guards told me they could feel it in the air. At the end of my first week, when the men lined up one night to march into the cell-houses, one of them raised his hand for permission to speak and said to me:

"Well, Mr. Latham, this is your first week here and it's been a crackerjack. You've got more work out of us than they ever got in any ten weeks before you took charge."

"And why?" I asked, curious to hear his explanation.

"Oh, just because we know you're here and that you won't stand for nothing but a square deal."

I assured him that a square deal was to be the absolute, undeviating rule of the place; and to the very best of my ability I set about to make my word good. My greatest difficulty from the outset was with the guards. They had been handed down to me from the old régime; and if they didn't crack a head or two each day they felt as if they had been remiss in their duties and had failed to earn their wage. Whose head it was or why it was cracked were questions quite beside the mark.

It had been a common practice before my appearance at the bridewell for the men to "hide out" somewhere in the huge establishment during the day in order to effect their escape at night. These would-be runaways were always missed at counting-time and ninety-nine out of every hundred were tracked and captured. Then the guards would line up and take turns in mauling the unfortunate wretch, one officer when winded from the exercise passing him on to the next. You can imagine what the victim looked like after the last guard had had his turn. I stopped that popular form of sport at once; and with its extinction, although one might expect the reverse, the attempts at escape ceased altogether.

Perhaps I may pause here for a minute to tell of one of these attempted escapes which, even though it failed, was clever enough to have deserved success. A prisoner who had managed to scale the outer wall on a hot summer night saw a cab drawn close to the curb just outside the entrance, awaiting the return of a visitor. The tired cabby, worn out by the heat and the long absence of his fare, had removed his coat and retired inside of his vehicle for a nap. The refugee, turning his wits to shrewd account, donned the driver's discarded garment, mounted the box and whirled off with its owner. Two hours later the fellow was caught and returned—after the welcome customary in such cases—to his cell. But the strangest part of the incident was that the luckless jehu almost went back to the bridewell with him, for he was haled into court for having connived at this flight for freedom, and the justice before whom he was tried consented only after considerable deliberation to let him go with a reprimand and a fine.

The Policy of a Square Deal

SUCH was my difficulty, however, in putting a stop to the chastisement of "hide-outs" and the infliction of physical torture on all other malefactors, that often I had to get out of bed in the middle of the night to thwart guards who couldn't resist the force of old habit when they thought I was too sound asleep to protest. I am speaking literally. Once, to cite a flagrant breach, I was awakened by heart-rending shrieks at two o'clock in the morning. I rose at once and after a search discovered that a couple of my underlings had taken a refractory prisoner out of his cell and moved him down to "solitary" to pommel him to their hearts' content. I discharged them on the spot. There were no more nocturnal combats.

Gradually, however, the guards came to see that when they spoke a kind word instead of giving vent to horrible curses, and when they exercised a fair degree of patience instead of a club, their lot was in every way easier and more enviable. They were respected and liked instead of



"Stab Me, You Sneak! We're Alone! Here, Take It!"

being hated and despised—and the normal person prefers respect and affection to hatred every time. Most of the officers had kept themselves filled with cheap whisky in order to drown their better instincts and fit them for administering inhuman punishments. Therefore, when chastisement was taboo, whisky was no longer necessary as an inspiration for fiendishness, and my guards were transformed into a sober, decent, self-respecting lot of men. They and their wives thanked me warmly for the change I had wrought, and many of the men told me in all sincerity that they would rather die than go back to the old life and the old way of doing things. The prisoners, too, were quick to notice the absence of the smell of whisky on the breath of their superiors, and they did with willingness and alacrity for the sober what they had done sullenly and resentfully for the semi-intoxicated. To paraphrase Lincoln, a house of correction can't stand with the prisoners all sober and the guards all under the influence of liquor.

Before my time it had been a steadfast policy never to accept a prisoner's word against a guard's, it being not only assumed but actually maintained that the prisoner couldn't speak the truth and that the guard couldn't lie. The result of this was that when a complaint of injustice or maltreatment was brought against an officer the one who brought it usually gained nothing for his pains but a sound trouncing at the hands of the officer whose implacable and everlasting enmity he had provoked. Naturally such a system did little to encourage well-founded complaints or to correct the most flagrant abuses.

A Reform That Paid

I MADE it known at the outset that any justified grievance would find an immediate hearing, and that neither time nor pains would be spared in tracing down the facts on which it was based. At first the guards viewed this edict as an indignity inflicted on their authority; but they soon discovered that if the charges leveled against them were unjust they would have nothing to lose or to fear. The complainants, on the other hand, knowing that their statements would be subjected to a minute inquiry, were pretty careful about taking undue liberties with the truth. A fair percentage of the fault-finding, I learned before long, was caused by some misunderstanding of the rules of the place on the part of the authorities or the imprisoned. In all such cases it required but a word or a little tact to reëstablish good feeling. After all, a house of correction is a small municipality, a social whole, and, if it be run honestly, fairly and aboveboard, publicity is as necessary for its efficiency as for that of any other social entity. You can make up your mind that any penal institution that stifles publicity has something crooked or rotten to conceal.

To make sure that nobody should suffer for the lack of a hearing, I set aside one hour of every Sunday morning after chapel services for private interviews. This brought me into a more intimate personal contact with my charges than any other method I could have devised, and at the same time it put them so entirely at their ease that they could speak without the restraint or bashfulness caused by the presence of others. I am of the opinion that no other reform I ever introduced proved so valuable to my work and so helpful to my wards as these consultations. It was through them I learned that at least ninety per cent of my charges were worrying as to what they should do to earn an honest livelihood after leaving the bridewell. The world they had to face outside the high walls had greater terrors for them than the prison itself. With real concern on their faces they told me that their past records would in almost every case debar them from finding employment, and that even if they should be lucky enough to get jobs they would be thrown out into the street again as soon as their fellow toilers discovered their identity.

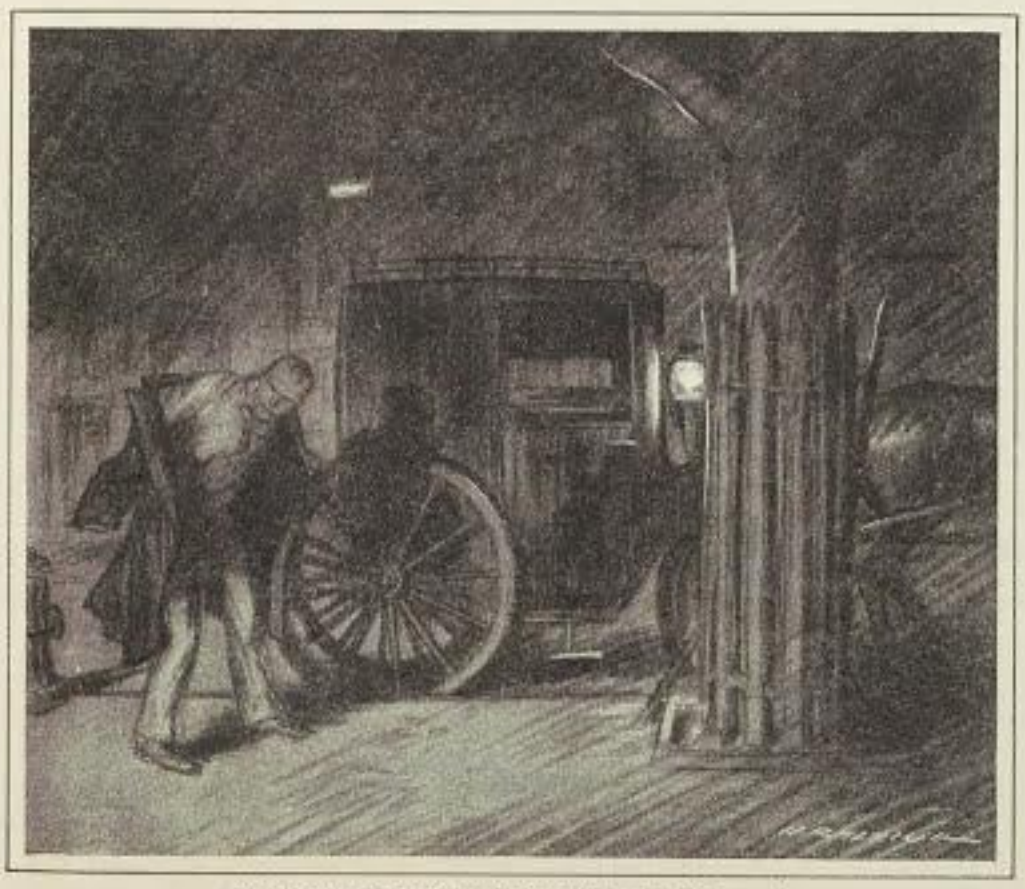


It Had Been a Common Practice for the Men to "Hide Out"

These obstacles, I knew from experience, were far more real than fanciful. But besides the difficulties on which the prisoners laid such pathetic stress there was one that they failed to mention, which had its roots in their own characters and temperaments—their love of strong drink. In one sense the long abstinence necessitated by confinement in durance serves as a cure for the disease, in another it provokes the appetite for liquor. The reason is simple enough. When men are deprived of liberty of conduct and action for a continued period it is quite natural that a reaction should set in when they are free to follow their own impulses. Hence they fly to overindulge themselves first in those very things of which they have felt the want most keenly.

The liquor dealer, understanding this bit of prison psychology, has been quick to take advantage of it and, thanks to the lethargy of our stupid city councils, has pushed his line of saloons right up to the doors of our bridewells. It is curious how much society does to tempt instead of to protect the weak!

As this problem of employment for the paroled or the discharged was general rather than individual, it struck me with growing force that I must find a general solution for it. Of what permanent value would it be to settle it in a few cases and leave the vast majority to wander the streets exposed to every chance temptation? After much deliberation I worked out a plan that seemed to meet the exigency squarely, point for point. I presented it to several judges on the bench, and it was with their aid and influence that I established The Home of New Hope. To this home are sent each month, on the average, two hundred men discharged from the bridewell, to be cared for, protected and guided until they find employment. Nor is admission to this refuge received without some slight test of character. My office in the bridewell was so situated that those who were discharged had perforce to pass two saloons before they could reach the home. Those who were weak enough to surrender to the first temptation knew it would be useless to ask me for a recommendation of good conduct as an open-sesame to the home, and the result of this was that the patrons of those two resorts dropped off by at least three-fourths. I am glad to say, too, that only a negligible number of those who reached the home were ever sent back to my keeping. Even the most hardened, after they had been given such a fair chance, and after I had left nothing undone to make a place for them in the world, would break down from sheer shame when they faced me for recommitment.



The Refugee Donned the Driver's Discarded Garment

The difficulty of finding jobs for the former residents of the bridewell was most discouraging at first, but it gradually retreated before our organized onslaught. As more and more of the men made good and I could point to their records as an argument in favor of others, I found the task easier and easier. It seems to me now, as far as I can judge from my own necessarily limited experience, that the strong prejudice against employing ex-prisoners is dying a slow death.

No sooner did I realize the full merit of my work in helping the fallen after they got out of jail than it was brought home to my mind with haunting persistency that any plan that tended toward keeping the weak out of jail altogether would be incomparably more valuable to society than a plan for helping them after they got out or in. Since an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure everywhere, and since the majority of those committed find their way to the bridewell through drunkenness, I asked myself whether it wouldn't be wiser to cure men of the drink habit before punishing them rather than to punish them first and attempt a cure later on? The answer was a hospital that I established to treat sufferers from alcoholism and drugs. It is open to all of those who are sensible enough to perceive their need of its benefits. The large number who came of their own volition was astonishing; the smaller number who came at the kindly suggestion of the police or at the advice of the magistrates was still large enough to answer to the name of legion. I can say without vaunt that if we had more institutions of the kind we should need fewer jails. Moreover, since the idea has worked out so successfully with the drink habit, why shouldn't an extension of it along similar lines prove practicable in the treatment of other forms of delinquency?

How the Watch Came Back

MY CONSTANT endeavor to make their hard lot in life more bearable and to regain for them an honorable place in life won from my prisoners a gratitude so profound that no words of mine can hope to express it. At the end of my first year at the bridewell the men celebrated the day by presenting me with a gold watch and chain. The humorous paragraphers of the newspapers propounded all sorts of theories as to the manner in which this jewelry might have been secured and, having rung all the changes on that theme, they passed on to remark that it would only be a question of time before the donors would get back what they had given. They came more nearly being right than they ever knew. The watch and chain were lifted out of my pocket by unusually expert fingers at a political convention I attended. Two weeks later my property was returned to me with the following letter:

Dear Sir: I am sending back to you your watch, which I finds by accident in your pocket. Also the chain. One honest man ought never to steal from another; there are enough suckers on the outside and among strangers. I knowed you wouldn't worry none if you knowed it was me that had it. I gets more watches given me than I needs for my use anyhow. It is a perfect joy to give this one back to a friend of the poor and the oppressed as I see by the name and the words blowed in the case. Most of them poor and oppressed is friends of mine. Even a thief would return your watch after reading the said inscription where an honest man wouldn't care if he did or not. The only thing I regret, on account of the trouble, is that the watch, which I can recommend as first-class, didn't belong to



"Well I declare!"

NO one shows a keener appreciation of our Tomato Soup—when she has once discovered it—than the "good old-fashioned" housekeeper as she is often called—though she may be the youngest woman in the house.

She knows. She is a real critic. She wants real soup—no wishy-washy imitation. And her praise is the highest kind of a compliment to

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

You may be hard to please. You grudge no effort nor expense to make the home table attractive and satisfying. And you wonder how such perfect soup is possible at the price.

But forget the price. Judge the soup on its merits. Notice its fine *natural* color and aroma; its fresh spicy flavor; its creamy richness; its wholesome nourishing effect.

You'll say you never tasted anything finer.—Or the grocer refunds your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J



"The cause of my haste
Is not that I'm chased.
But with *Campbell's Soup*
ready,
There's no time to waste."

some other guy. Still I was born for hard luck. If it wasn't this it would be something else, and I would have been pinched.

Yours respectably,

BILL THE DIP.

P. S. None of the links is gone from the chain, which please count to satisfy yourself. Also I paid the express charges. If they try to collect, which they will, don't stand for it.

Another year, on my birthday, I was given a loving cup with the inscription: "To a Noble Sower of the Seed of Man's Humanity to Man." This gave the hard-driven paragraphers another chance. Each of them offered a reward for the return of the loving cup he had lost, and each of them warned the owners of objects of virtu to guard their treasures carefully against the time of my next birthday.

When four years of hard work had set affairs at the bridewell to running smoothly on the improved plan the warden of one of our state penitentiaries resigned and there was an eager scramble for the vacant position. A strong movement was put in motion at once in behalf of a penologist of the old school; but my friends, the judges, and the wives and mothers of the state insisted that the job go to me as reward of merit. The governor appointed me.

It had been urged against me that my fads and follies would work all right in a jail or a house of correction, but that if applied to a penitentiary they would end by making the state ridiculous in the eyes of the nation. I always have found that this sort of rule is applied to all new ideas. They are ever too big for small places and too small for the big ones. The governor advised me to go slow; and my new board of control set its face like flint against changes for the better. Determinedly I paid no attention to what was said, but got out my big broom and started to sweep aside the dust and dirt that were my heritage from previous administrations.

The lock-step—that degrading and telltale badge of infamy—went out almost the day I went in. So did the conventional convict garb—that medieval method of helping men to be good by putting them in ugly uniforms as an ever-present reminder of the inherent wickedness that separates them from the decent and the tolerated. State laws prevented my making this latter reform thoroughgoing; but, nevertheless, after my first six months seventy per cent of the inmates were wearing their own shirts, collars and underwear. This saved money for the taxpayer, yet, curiously enough, the measure was denounced as one of my foolish extravagances! Moreover, since to me there seemed no more reason for all convicts to have their hair clipped uniformly than for them to have their ears clipped uniformly—and is there?—I allowed each man to have his locks trimmed to suit his fancy.

The tonsorial energies saved in shearing I turned in the direction of bi-weekly shaving, with the result that hair was kept where its removal made for a senseless unsightliness and removed where its keeping made for a lack of cleanliness and a loss of self-respect.

A Prison Farm That Paid

I effected another big saving for the state by founding a penal farm. It cost the commonwealth fifteen thousand dollars in round numbers; and its produce represents an annual value of five thousand dollars, to say nothing of the superior quality of what we raise for our own consumption compared with the half-decayed stuff that avaricious contractors used to dump into our larders. I remember one occasion when the most culpable of this class of merchants had been watching my men at work in the fields. He turned to me and shouted with a string of oaths: "Say, Latham, you've got a nerve calling this here health resort a penitentiary! Why, you treat 'em ten times better than I do the niggers and foreigners that works for me!"

Even the material profits of our farm were of small moment compared with the physical and spiritual improvements that the out-of-door work and life brought about for those fortunate enough to be assigned to tasks on it. Many of my prisoners are agricultural laborers and farm owners as well, and to condemn them to the indoor toil of the shops often results in adding to the number of victims of that dread disease, consumption, which our civilization is engaged in fighting. Often I wonder why the penitentiary, that hotbed of the destructive germ, is overlooked in the heat of the battle.

Speaking of sickness, I am reminded that before my coming to the penitentiary, if a sufferer from the toothache complained, neglected his work or became refractory, he was pronounced a malingerer and either sent to solitary or strung up by the wrists until the pain from his decayed molar sank to insignificance beside the artificially induced torment. When he could stand this no longer and begged and pleaded for the boon of going back to his hard job in the shop his action was taken as proof positive that the poor devil had been shamming and that his teeth, unlike his morals, were sound.

The curing of toothache by throwing a man in solitary or hanging him from the ceiling by his wrists seemed hardly as scientific to me as the methods of modern dentistry. I therefore immediately attached a dentist to the institution. In addition I called in the services of a throat and nose specialist, an oculist and an aurist. The effect these doctors had on our morals was wondrous. One unmanageable convict, to choose an instance at random, became exemplary after an operation that separated him from an adenoid growth. I believe that if this man had had the obstruction removed in his youth he never would have seen the inside of a penitentiary. There are others! Indeed, many of the ill-starred sent to penal institutions are more properly fit subjects for insane asylums or some establishment that is neither the one nor yet quite the other.

The Evils of Convict Labor

Again, for purely hygienic reasons, I gave the prisoners a half-hour rest after their noonday meal, and a half holiday on Saturdays for match games between the baseball nines that I had organized in the various shops. This provoked the wrath of the owners of prison contracts, for whom the sentenced moiled only ten hours a day at the hardest work imaginable under the most unfavorable conditions possible! These gentlemen asked in bitter sarcasm why I didn't reverse the process and let the derelicts amuse themselves all week and work on Saturday afternoons—if the weather permitted. One of them suggested in a letter to the press that I pull down the cell-houses and shops to build a tennis court and a golf course. Baseball was only for the vulgar; golf and tennis for the leisure class my institution had been built to pamper!

I always have held that this particular contractor's ire, like that of all the rest, was provoked justly. We allowed our men fifty cents a day for skilled labor that in the open market would command three, four and, in some instances, seven or eight dollars a day. Since my critics pocketed the difference, it was only natural that they should believe that those who had sinned against society should expiate by way of overtime at toil. Nor is this by any means all that they pocket. The state pays the rent, insurance and taxes on what are practically their factories, besides supplying power, light and heat. Will the smallest boy in the class kindly rise and tell the teacher where the state comes in on the deal?

There is nothing the convict resents more deeply than this ruthless exploitation. He swears under his breath against his oppressors, and vows in the bitterness of his heart that when turned loose he will rob or maul the first helpless person he meets, so as to get even with those individuals who robbed him. The whole scheme of prison contracts sets in motion an endless chain of dishonesty, lawlessness and reckless immorality. It degrades the fallen in their own estimation by shaming them into the conviction that they are worth no more to themselves or to society than the mean pittance of fifty cents a day. And if this were not enough to consign it to limbo, I might add that it tends to make the reform measures of the advanced warden a paradox and the reformation of the criminal an absurdity.

I never shall forget how all this was summed up in an oddly humorous but striking way by one of the most intelligent of my men, who drudged in the shoe shop at the making of paper soles that were palmed off on the purchaser as leather. "The nerve of them guys is such, Mr. Latham," he said, "that if they was to turn it down legitimate alleys they would take the bread out of the mouths of us hold-up men. We couldn't compete. We would have to go out of business. Society sticks me in here for eight years to think over my wicked past, and them guys says to me: 'Son, honesty is the best policy; mend your ways, reform, and while you're hustling ten hours for fifty cents and doing yourself out of three dollars and a half net, try your level best to make them paper soles look like cow's leather, so we can put it over on a dense population of lovable suckers, which is born one to the minute on purpose to wear one of our shoes on each foot!' This ends me and reform. When I get out I'm going to be just one of them plain, honest thieves, without no frills or fancy-work. Reform is for the rich, which are in a position to sell you paper for leather and throw the hooks into a guy like me, while he blows in the name of their brand on the outside of the April Fool package."

Although the immured loathe this contract work with all their hearts and souls, when they are called upon to perform a task that may redound to the benefit of the institution itself they toil with a will and an energy that can be surpassed by no body of mechanics in the world. In proof let me say that one unbearably hot day, when a gang was moiling in our quarry to secure stones for a new cell-house, less than ten per cent would avail themselves of my permission to lay off and rest at intervals, and even these few made the intervals too short to be worthy the name.

Being unable to change, much less to uproot, the system of selling convict labor by contract, I did all in my power to combat and mitigate its manifold evils. Since under that plan men are turned into the mere parts of a machine and learn next to nothing that educates or helps them toward earning a livelihood in the future, I organized a night school to meet their needs and appointed ten of my college graduates and professional men as teachers. I helped on the work of my instructors by making arrangements with a correspondence institute for more advanced courses in the arts, the sciences and the trades, by extending our library privileges, by putting an increased number of magazines and newspapers into circulation, and by doing away with the stern penal tradition that made it the most serious of offenses for a man to make use of paper and pencil in his cell or to have these concealed on his person. Before long, as a result of these innovations, we turned out a number of skilled artisans in all branches, our own optician among them, whose education saved the state a hundred-fold more than it ever cost it. To speculate on what this movement has accomplished for the community in the prevention of crime and in the reduction of pauperism were as idle as needless.

When to be Honest

Inasmuch as it was my aim to encourage intelligence and to spread enlightenment—evil's two most implacable foes—I didn't stop there. I started a literary and historical club and hired with voluntary contributions made by the prisoners and the guards a number of well-known lecturers to bring us information that would add to our future efficiency and usefulness.

Now and then, at meetings of the literary and historical club, we would hold debates and thresh over such questions as whether environment or heredity is the chief cause of crime, whether or not penitentiaries should be abolished for the best interests of society, whether begging is not a greater crime than stealing, and whether honesty is the best policy.

In connection with this last subject, I am reminded of the argument of one of the orators, who took the peculiar middle ground that honesty is the best policy sometimes, dishonesty at other times. According to him one would be a fool to adhere to either uncompromisingly. "See here," he said, in defense of his position, "I knowed two brothers who was so crooked that they walked around as if they was doing the waltz step, in circles, and the circles they left behind 'em curled to and fro like a pair of ram's horns. What did they do? They says to each other: 'There ain't no corner we can turn without bumping up against a brace of fly cops. All the cards of crime is marked and stacked agin us. It's high time we was blowing town and turning over a new game.' So they shoved the last bunch of 'queer' [counterfeit money] they was making and opened a general store for rubes up country. They stuck to business so close that you couldn't have teased 'em to go out for a

drink if you had paid the barkeep for it in advance. They stood strictly on the level with the jays, and the coin comes rolling over the counter so fast that their fingers gets calloused from picking it up. 'Honesty is the slickest policy known to man,' they says. 'If we had had sense enough to listen to them preachers sooner we'd have more coin in the bank than we ever cracked out of safes in our best days. Us for the honesty policy! Let's continue to resist the temptation to pick a good customer's pockets while he's trying to beat us down on a pair of socks, and let's keep on handing 'em the right change with each pair of nineteen-cent braces, marked down from twenty-five, as is guaranteed on the sign over the door.' Then the hard times comes down on 'em and what do you think them two guys done? They sits around, gettin' blue in the face and watching their pile get thinner and thinner, and says: 'What do we get for connecting so close with this honesty policy? Nix! The feller what first said honesty is the best policy handed mankind a bit of queer that it has never been able to shove off yet. Let's back to the good old life and hand the poker to the obliging rube around the corner.' So they bumps their bright heads together and works around the post until they finds a sucker in Chicago to let 'em have one hundred thousand dollars on credit. Then they fails and gets away with that swollen lump of coin. I ain't heard of 'em since; no, nor that sucker either. This proves what I've been saying, that the wise guy votes both tickets."

The debates on whether environment or heredity is the chief source of crime brought out innumerable points of interest in the law-breakers' lives and also shed considerable light on that much-mooted question for me.

Somehow the reports of these debates leaked into the press, and the opposition howled that I was sharpening the wits of the wicked and teaching them how they could break the laws in such a manner as to evade punishment! The opposition always seemed to be lying in wait for one of my reforms for the fun of howling it down, and it will have been seen that I gave it plenty of opportunity for voice culture. But all this preliminary yelping was as the dying notes of a slumber song in the storm that broke forth when I turned our musical talents to account by training thirty voices for a glee club, drilling an orchestra for state occasions, and mustering a brass band to dispel the gloom, the somber silence, the animal-like stolidity that surcharged the atmosphere in the mess room. Hardened though I had been to such sights, I contributed one hundred dollars for sheet music and five hundred more for instruments to make that tomblike hall a thing of the past and the atmosphere more bearable.

But despite the protests of the contractors, the anger of a part of the public and the vigorous attack of the press, the band played on! And the louder it played the more anger it provoked. When indignation reached its climax a celebrated artist gave it voice in a cartoon that showed a mob of ex-convicts crowding around the walls of my penitentiary, clamoring for the privilege of entering it, and breaking through the bars with hammers and jimmies lest they be denied admission. A well-known journalist supplemented this pictorial effort in a venomous editorial remarking that the only improvement he could suggest to turn my reputed penitentiary into a first-class hotel would be to clothe my dining-room waiters in immaculately white costumes and caps.

I adopted the suggestion at once, to the horror of the author, who advised me to buy a rhetoric and study up the subjects of sarcasm and irony when I was not engaged in making the outlaw's profession the most enviable and desirable on earth.

But in due course of time, when the public had swept enthusiastically around to my way of thinking, the press lauded me to the skies for building up something it said it had always advocated—a model penitentiary. Again I disagree with my erstwhile enemy. Modesty forbids it now.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers giving the experiences of a jailer.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Mountain Climbing in America

THERE are mountain climbers—good ones and many of them—on this continent, and some of them have not confined their work to this continent; yet it is fair enough to say that we do not have in America any science or cult of mountaineering such as obtains in Europe. We have clubs like the Mazamas; the Canadian Alpine Club—many others, indeed; and there is hardly a well-known peak of difficulty in the Cascades, Rockies or Selkirks that has not been successfully attacked by one or more members of these clubs. The great majority of our climbers are, however, detached amateurs, largely big-game hunters, and more often solitary performers than devoted and well-organized practicers of the sport.

There is no harder or more difficult form of physical exercise than that of mountain work—and it is not for the very young, the very old or the very weak. For the physically sound there is nothing better. No man can carry much extra flesh and be a successful mountaineer; and, though this is a very grueling form of exercise for those who have grown a trifle stout, it is the best of medicine for them if kept up through a term of days or weeks. The very practical man, who asks why he should climb a mountain when there is nothing on top of it that he wants, will perhaps be blind to some of these definite compensations for the hard work involved.

Socially speaking, mountain climbing is eminently correct. If you have in your "book" the names of two or three noted peaks of the Alps—still better, one or more in the Caucasus; almost as well, two or three in the Selkirks; much better, one in the Andes; far better yet, one in the Himalayas, or even Africa—then you can sit in the highest circles of sportsmanship in any land and others will listen to your speech. Of course, in a less desirable sense, it is socially correct to pose in Switzerland as a bold, bad mountaineer. For this the right kind of clothes are a help and the cog railways up some of the Alps are of still more definite aid. If you are that sort of a mountaineer, however, the less you talk about it the better.

So far as original enterprise is concerned there is little room for talk today. You will find most of the great mountains of the world have been "done" by some other fellow ahead of you. Not to mention Mount McKinley and its alleged conqueror, take the case of the Monte Rosa group north of Italy. No less a person than Leonardo da Vinci is said to have ascended these peaks; and a late successor found cut in the rocks at a height of ten thousand feet above sea-level the inscription, "A. T. M. 1615!" It is rather discouraging to find that some other fellow has beaten us to it by some three hundred years. As a matter of fact, A. T. M., whoever he was, was beaten another three hundred years in many of the Alps of Europe by yet other climbers, whose stories have come down to us mostly done in Latin.

The crystallized science of mountain climbing, if we may use the phrase, has been perfected in the Alps of Switzerland; and it may be said that this has occurred within the last fifty or sixty years. Today men climb to type and by rule. They climb in hundreds and thousands, partly for love of the sport and partly because it is fashionable. The Swiss hotelkeepers rarely overlook a financial bet, and you scarcely can blame them for systematizing mountaineering, since they have almost more mountains than anything else in Switzerland. It is a little boresome to know that you climb pretty much by schedule in Switzerland, even when you do not go up on the cog road. They even have permanent ropes or chains stretched for you in some of the worst places! Still, you will be much surprised if you go there thinking that Swiss Alpine climbing is an easy stunt. The Alps are real mountains and the Alpine guides are accepted as the best in the world all over the world. Indeed, many a man who carries a mountain scalp at his belt got it by virtue of the Swiss guides and porters he hired to go with him to this or that corner of the remote regions.

The American mountain lover who desires to turn his amateurish enthusiasm into professional skill can do no better than to join one of the better mountain-climbing clubs for one of their summer meets in the American Northwest or in Canada, in both of which countries large summer camps are often established in some difficult mountain district. Such a camp will always have one or more experienced leaders and will be equipped with everything needful in the sport. There are many women who join these summer camps and who are very successful, even at considerable elevations. A summer trip of this kind may, therefore, prove to be one of pleasant social experiences. It will serve to show the beginner that mountain climbing is, if not gregarious, at least coöperative.

Most of us who have hunted big game in the Rockies have climbed more or less incidentally and individually. We wore our usual hunting rig and climbed for a definite purpose—not to get to the top, but to get to the trophy of elk or bear, bighorn or white goat. The hunt of the chamois in the Alps is not more trying than the pursuit of either of these last two animals in some parts of the Rockies or the Selkirks. The man who has killed his bighorn or his goat with his own gun, high up on some mountain summit—especially if it be in the wintertime—is entitled to call himself a sportsman and to say he has seen the acme of sport with the rifle. That, however, is not professional mountain climbing.

The hunting party going into the mountains with the intention of hunting at great elevations usually will go up some valley and follow the watercourse as high as possible, back into the hills. After locating the game, the permanent camp is pitched and side trips made from that point, perhaps many miles in distance. Suppose, however, it were the purpose of a few friends not to kill big game but simply to go to the top of some peak regarding which they could find no local advice. What would be their plan of attack?

Even a limited mountain experience would teach that one of the easiest ways to get uphill is to follow the course of a snow-filled gully or gulch. Such a gully is, in the vernacular of climbing, called a couloir. Its surface, especially when the snow is well packed, gives good footing and a steady upward grade. All climbers know the trick of using such a natural ladder so far as it goes—that is to say, they take this ladder after they have gone up as far as they can by horse or other conveyance, always provided, of course, that there is such a ladder waiting for them.

The couloir, however, sometimes has a habit of not reaching up to the top-story windows. In many of our mountains of the Rockies we will find above timberline a steep pitch covered with what we call slide rock, but what the expert calls scree—steep slopes of more or less disintegrated stone, where the footing is none too secure and where the whole cover sometimes seems to start moving underfoot. Again, at the top of a slope of this sort, we occasionally come to what in the West we call the "rimrock" of a mountain, which often is a sheer wall, inaccessible, perhaps, in a great part of its extent. The main peak, which is the only one desired, very likely sticks up above this rimrock, amid a series of broken crags, which are surmounted by ultimate peaks, needles or *aiguilles*, as they are called sometimes in climbing language. The shape of your mountain depends on geology. If you know your geology pretty well you are better apt to know what sort of climbing there will be on the tiptop part of the mountain. Dolomite, granite or limestone will offer different forms.

The man who has gone out to climb a given mountain does not make the mistake

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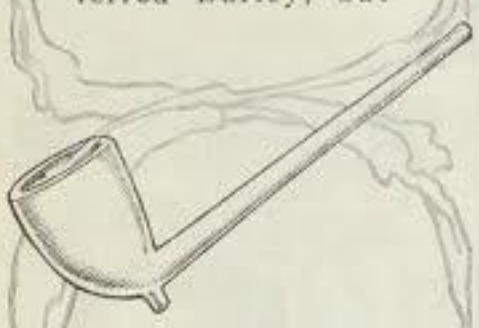
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of the beginner and start to scramble up the face, wherever he can get a start. He will study it from this side and that, perhaps for more than one season if his time for a trip be short. He wants to get above the rimrock, we shall say. After a time he locates a corner of the summit where there is a long, knifelike ridge that carries on up to the summit—broken, of course, by steep depressions that make down to each side and by all those unimaginable rock shapes that you have found piled on top of almost any considerable peak. In the West we call such a ridge a hogback; but that is a very vulgar phrase. We should call it an *arête*, because that is what it is called in Switzerland—that word meaning "ridge" as near as anything. Now, if you can get to the lower end of that ridge you will not find it so sharp as it looks from below. Perhaps that will be the easiest path to the top of the peak; and perhaps some convenient couloir will carry you up within sight at least of this final ridge or *arête*. If there is snow up there—sufficient to fill in the small cañons and natural hollows—all the better for your chance of success. There are some mountains that seem to have no blind side, as it were; but the average peak will disclose some vulnerable line of ascent to the skilled reconnaissance of the veteran.

A mountain trip is like a hunting trip. There must be a base of supplies, usually served by packtrain. There are mountains where you can ride up to an elevation of eight thousand or ten thousand feet on horseback. Indeed, in our country the average mountain is "done" in one day out of camp and back. Of course this does not mean a really lofty peak. Experts have camped for days at elevations of sixteen thousand and eighteen thousand feet before being able to make their final attack on a coveted summit.

The Indispensable Ice-Ax

The greatest romance of mountaineering has to do, of course, with glacier work. We can furnish plenty of glaciers in Alaska or in the Selkirks, or even in the Rockies—for instance, in the St. Mary's country, in Montana. Many of our big-game hunters know these Montana glaciers. Guides have been known to cross from the Middle River to Sullivan Creek over the glaciers lying below the head of the Saskatchewan, in the Selkirks. Indeed, hunters and trappers often do risky things that they ought not to do.

The Alpine climber is honing for glaciers all the time, but he tackles none except in the company of other climbers. As systematized in that country, the ascent of a known mountain usually means getting up at two o'clock in the morning and starting out for a steady day's work of twelve to fifteen hours. A night of bad rest in a mountain hut is then, perhaps, followed by a few hours of hard work the next day, crowned with success or failure, as the case may be; but all this is done with each man in the party—which consists of never less than three persons—roped to the other members; so that, in case of bad luck on a glacier or steep rocks, a man who slips or falls can be saved by the others. Of this ropework the average mountain man in our country knows little, except as he has seen it at some meet of a climbing club. It is obvious there is risk in the Alps. There is system also. Your guide is putting you through on a schedule. You are one of a party, each of which does what he is told to do—if he can.

We have not even an accepted mountain-climbing costume in this country, as they have in the Alps. We are apt to wear hobnail shoes, sometimes ignorantly using small steel-headed nails, which are dangerous on rocks. The correct thing is a heavy Alpine shoe, with the nails clamped out over the edge, with the heel nailed all around the edge and the waist of the shoe also hobbed. The best spikes for all-round mountain work in this country are those that screw into the leather. For expert mountain work on ice and rock, the Swiss nailed shoe is supposed to be the best obtainable.

The ice-ax is a new implement in the Rockies but old in the Alps. It is, of course, not in the least like any other sort of ax. Its shaft is slender, of toughest ash or hickory, four feet or just less in length, tapering down to a steel spike at the bottom. The head is not large or heavy but is fixed on very firmly. It has two ends—one a spike, which tapers to a blunt point, the other a rather narrow and dullish cutting edge, for use in cutting steps in ice. The ax can be used as a staff, as a probe in the snow, as a tool or a support; and it can also be used in glissading or sliding down a steep slope, in the same way that a skee runner uses his skee pole—sitting down upon it astride, with the front end held firmly in the hands and the rear dragging in the snow as a brake. The ice-ax is necessary in the equipment of any real mountaineer.

The rope used in a mountain party should be, say, sixty feet long, of good manila and well tested. The loop is tied in such way that it cannot slip or cut; and each man wears it around his body. Good team-work consists in keeping the rope from dragging and in keeping the men spaced regularly. In this way they will be traveling, say, twelve or fifteen feet apart; and one extremity or the other of the line will be on a zone of safety. The weakest man is put in the middle—at least, if there are two experts and one amateur, the latter is apt to be placed there. Or, again, he may have the rear of the line going up, the front of it going down. The head guide arranges these positions on the rope in such way as best to distribute the danger in case of a fall. The rope has a great deal of moral effect. Sometimes a beginner will cross a dangerous glacier slope on steps that have been cut in and will look down fearlessly over a drop of a thousand feet or so. You are not so apt to be dizzy in the mountains as you are in leaning out and looking down over the edge of the roof of a house, even for a distance of only twenty or thirty feet. Much of your comfort depends on the normal quality of your heart and on what you call your wind.

Your feet should be well cared for, of course, with not less than two pairs of woolen stockings. Canvas leggings keep the snow out of the shoes. Wear nothing tight. Knickerbockers are better than trousers, of course; and they should be worn wide and full, never drawing over the knee. If you carry any weight at all let it not exceed five or six pounds—perhaps a sweater; possibly a buckskin shirt as a spare garment. Nothing is warmer for its weight than buckskin, but it must be kept dry. A canvas jacket and canvas overalls will keep out a lot of snow in hard scrambling. You do not need to fear the cold while at work, but you will chill very quickly when you stop work. An extra garment is desirable.

Necessities for High Altitudes

Don't carry a heavy packbag. The Swiss *Rucksack* is thought to be about the best sort of climbing pack. It comes low down on the back—and you want the center of gravity low in the mountains. If you are going to spend the night high up, all the worse for your comfort. Porters are to be had as beasts of burden in the Alps—not so easily to be had in this country. No man not trained to it can carry weight when climbing at great altitudes. A tent will, therefore, probably be out of the question for you. Perhaps you can manage a sweater, a pair of dry socks and a pair of really good moccasins for nightwear.

You should have a silk handkerchief with which to tie your hat down over your ears. If you have to sleep on the snow sleep on your hat and do not keep it on your head. If you have any paper wrap your feet and ankles in it. Of course it must be dry paper—it will prove very warm for its weight. You can put your feet or your head in your packbag to good advantage if obliged to rest on the snowfields. At night in camp, unless you are too much chilled, it is good to wash the feet in cold water or in snow; then put on the dry socks and moccasins.

It is very important that you take along smoked spectacles or goggles. Don't have them blue or yellow, but smoke color—and not too dark. The leader should never let his party start without seeing that each has his proper equipment—and this is part of it. Your doctor will give you some eyewash of boric acid, or the like, to take along. If a man goes snowblind put him on his back and have him shut his eyes. There is a little hole in the corner of the eye made for the express purpose of pouring eyewash into the systems of fools who forget their smoked glasses on the snow.

The mountain-climbing pace is a slow and steady one, and the spurt has no place in it any more than the too-frequent stop for rest. Don't let any one hurry you beyond your natural gait. Too much speed in mountain climbing is bad form for many reasons. The step in climbing is not taken from the ball of the foot, but with the whole of the foot, as on the level. This saves the calves of the legs and uses more muscle. You must not make one needless motion. The thing to do is to swing along as easily as you can—just like a prizefighter.

How high can you climb in a day or an hour? That all depends, of course. On good paths men have ascended two thousand feet an hour. One thousand feet would be practically a limit—and half of that very much closer to the average in good work. In icework it may be only three hundred feet—or two hundred. It is less as the elevation increases. In the ascent of Mount St. Elias, for instance, the Duke of the Abruzzi did the last fifty-eight hundred feet in ten and one-half hours—and it was called fine work.

One thing pertaining to the art ought to be remembered by every climber, and that is to stand straight on any sharp slope of snow, ice or grass, and not to lean toward the face of the mountain or to seek support by the hand. The instinct is to lean over for safety, but reason will show you that the more you lean the more unstable is your position. Set the feet firmly and keep your body vertical in spite of the feeling that there is nothing on your off side. This is one of the first things for the beginner to learn. Your guide will teach it to the entire party, because he knows that if any one falls on the rope the straight and stiff legs of all the others make the best anchorage. A fall that caught an entire party leaning in would mean that all would drop together.

When Sport Becomes Religion

Small parties of amateurs can have enjoyable times in the mountains without much danger and without much professionalism. In any such party usually there are some who want to show off and go fast. This is inconsiderate and impolite, and in a professional sense it is bad form. On a long, hard march in the upper Alps, for instance, an exhausted man anchors the whole party. It is the weakest man who is really the pacemaker; this is recognized by all. Of course, in any case of exhaustion or accident, the victim should never be left alone. There are only a few stains on the records of hunting parties in the Rocky Mountains of the sort where a man was abandoned by his friends when he had been disabled. No mountain should be attempted except in company of at least three if there is to be any really dangerous work.

Let the party of amateurs undertaking a mountain climb be sure to advance slowly and steadily, and to zigzag as much as possible in the ascent. Stones often are detached and may be dangerous. If the party be extended along the front of a slope a falling stone is less apt to break the line and cause disaster. Climbing is not simply scrambling, however; and if you care to go in for it in the proper fashion it is well to learn what is good form in the work. To repeat, it is a cooperative proposition and it calls for forbearance and courtesy as well as for strength and hardihood.

In the highest and best-organized form of mountain climbing there must be danger or there would be no sport. In the past forty or fifty years of Alpine records there have been more than two hundred fatal accidents, in some cases involving entire parties. There is a serious side to the work that puts it in a class with hunting dangerous game. In short, the attitude of the lofty snowpeak is that it wants to be let alone—that no man belongs there. The sport of the thing is to do what you are told you cannot do, of course. Naturally the big-game hunter may not necessarily be a mountain climber and yet may be something of a mountaineer. Mountain work alone and at midwinter is, perhaps, the riskiest form of outdoor sport if one really climbs where the game calls for climbing. Strange and awesome enough are some of the scenes one will encounter under such circumstances. To hang on the face of a mountain and look out over untold miles of other mountains, all white and silent and forbidding; to look down where a bighorn has perhaps fallen to a lower ledge that it will take an hour or more to reach—that is keen work, although solitary. There is nothing like the mountains in the winter-time and there is no way of approaching them like going alone at that time; but that is not sport—it is religion.

The Senator's Secretary

THEY are tearing down the Riggs House to make room for an office building and theater. When the wreckers went in the Has-Been Legion lost its last stand. The colonels and majors and judges and ex's stayed until the destroyers began to rip up the lobby floor. Then they filtered out into Fifteenth Street and disappeared—never to know again in Washington a place where they are free to meet and tell how great they once were, to talk of the palmy days, and to watch with furtive eye for the appearance of any person who might, if properly approached, supply a drink or loan a quarter.

One after another their meeting places have been destroyed by the march of improvement. Long ago they were driven from the hotel lobbies farther down the street. Death, in the past ten years, has taken many of them away, and those who are left met daily at the Riggs House, where Colonel Staples tolerated them and let them sit around in a certain portion of the lobby or on the steps. Now the Riggs House is gone and the Has-Been Legion has vanished with it. There is no other place for them. They must walk up and down Pennsylvania Avenue, or sit in the parks, or stay wherever they have been used to sleep at night. No one else will give them shelter.

They have been crowded pretty hard of late. In the palmy days the old Willard was their haunt, but that is gone; and so are the Lawrence and Welker's and Wormley's and John Chamberlin's—although not many of them got in there except before they began to slide. And they have been chased out of the National and the Metropolitan, and all the rest. The saloon where the charge on Fort Fisher occurred every day at noon has changed hands and the Has-Been Legion is in bad luck.

The best they can hope for now is to meet an occasional acquaintance, or an occasional anybody on the street, who is not so absorbed in the mad chase after the dollar that characterizes these degenerate days that he will brush by and refuse the trifling loan of a quarter or a dime; or, failing that, establish credit at a convenient bar to the extent of fifteen cents. There will be little nourishment in this, and the thought of it girds the Has-Beens. Accustomed to sit on the leather seats of the Riggs House and wait comfortably for some one to come along to whom a gentleman might make a gentleman's appeal for a little temporary assistance while awaiting remittances, or while fees in important cases are deferred, it will be mighty hard to descend to the methods of the ordinary panhandler and solicit this assistance on the streets.

Moreover, the Riggs House bar was convenient to the lobby, with two doors leading thereto; and many a man, who would not go half a block to purchase some stimulant and refreshment for a citizen who had served his country valorously in days gone by, would take the few steps to that bar and say to the man behind it: "Give him a drink."

The Councils of the Heroes

The Has-Been Legion was once a legion truly, but dwindling, dwindling steadily—the old chaps have died in large numbers in the past ten years—until all that was left of it was the remnant that sat from morning until night at the Riggs House. There were twenty or twenty-five of them, all told, when the wreckers came in. Not all were there every day, but some were there every day. The winters were hard on them; but when spring came they turned out of their burrows and sought the leather couches. The Old Gambler could be seen almost any time—a tall, thin, hawk-nosed man with a long white beard, who always wore a long black coat and long black tie. He was a relic of the days when the statesmen used to play for high stakes in the open gambling rooms; and when they stopped gambling they stopped him, for he was a faro dealer and a poker player—a professional. He said he remembered the gay days before the war—and probably he did. At any rate, he never talked about anything else; and he lamented the decadence of the times, which have come to such a pass that a gentleman cannot turn a card professionally in the District and is thus deprived of his legitimate means of support.

There was the judge, once a court reporter, but who drifted to Washington many years ago, lost his various positions and joined the Has-Beens. Full of reminiscences, he was positive the statesmen of the present times are mere pygmies compared to those whose golden speech he recorded away back yonder; and he could quote by the hour brilliant passages from Tom Corwin, Proctor Knott, Blaine, Bayard, Randall, Conkling and the rest—and would, too, if you would listen and would supply irrigation at proper intervals.

The major was a regular—the major who fought in fifty-seven battles; it used to be thirty-seven; but, as times grew sterner and the older men interested in such things were displaced by younger and heedless persons to whom the Civil War is mere history, it was necessary to shove the number up to fifty-seven, and even that great record, more frequently than not, failed to bring adequate response. The major knew the intimate history of every battle, from Big Bethel Springs, where he fought gallantly, to Appomattox, where he helped General Grant receive the sword of General Lee; and he mourned the mistaken strategy of many, pointing out where the basic errors of Meade and Hooker and Hancock and Macpherson and Thomas lay, disputing at great and arid length with the colonel on these vital points.

The Palmy Days of the Seventies

The colonel gave his sword to the Confederacy, but cherished no ill will at the close of that memorable struggle; and he came to Washington to live soon after its close, inasmuch as his valuable plantations had been ruined by the Yankee hordes. The colonel was a corporal when he came, but he soon promoted himself to colonel and was universally recognized as having full right to the title. Far be it from him to criticise his loved commander; but if Stonewall Jackson had lived there would have been "a different tale to tell, suh, a different tale"; and not only that, but he had precise information as to where many Confederate generals had "blundered grossly, suh, grossly," which information was yours if you cared for it and would allow the colonel to tell it adjacent to the bar and recognized by the bartender.

There were many other colonels and majors, with a general or so mixed in. Of ex's there were a dozen or fifteen, men who had given their best years to the service of the Government and—"by gad, sir, would you believe it?"—been turned out on the cold world "just because they were growing old, sir"; or because it had so happened they—"as any gentleman might, sir"—had been once or twice under the influence of liquor. "These upstarts in the service of the Government, sir, have no conception of what the rights and privileges of a gentleman are." And now and then a former "king of the lobby" came in, gloomily to recount the glories of the days when Sam Ward and Tom Ochiltree and the rest made merry with the highest in the land. "They, my dear sir, were a part of these revels, an integral part"; and they could—and would, if you would loan them a trifling sum—confer on you great secrets of national importance, touching on legislation of bygone days.

It was always the consensus of opinion that republics are ungrateful; that the rewards of unselfish patriotism are dead-sea fruit, and that the Government in all its branches would be conducted on a much higher plane than at present if they had the management of it. So far as the army and navy are concerned, they are being mismanaged by a lot of inexperienced boys—"boys, sir"—and rapidly degenerating; not holding up the high standards set by them when they were in their prime. Nor need there be any foreign complications, nor unsettled economic questions if they might return to their former high stations; but, alas, their places had been usurped by upstarts—"by fools, sir"—and they could do no more than point out the errors and blunders and crimes of those who now hold the reins of government, and gloomily predict disaster, which was sure to come.

One or two of them had had foreign missions; one or two had been bureau chiefs, and many of them actually served in the Civil War in some capacity or other. All of them had come to Washington thirty or forty years ago and had had places or prospects, or some means of sustenance. Together they had drifted down and down, until there was no place that would shelter them but the Riggs House lobby; no way to get alcoholic sustenance—imperatively needed—but through the largess of the casual passer-by. Still, they were not panhandlers in the usual sense of the word. They thought they retained their dignity. They held desperately to a nodding or speaking acquaintance with any man in public life. They had regular patrons whom they knew and could, in times of stress, approach for a quarter. The free-lunch counter supplied a good portion of their food.

How they managed their clothes and linen no one knows; but each had his separate scheme, and each had a dingy room where he went at night and from which he emerged in the morning. All of them made as brave a show as they could of neatness and respectability.

They were the last relics of the old days in Washington—the days when there was a lobby, when the Civil War and its problems were uppermost in the minds of the men who were legislating for and governing the country; when it meant something to have been in the war in some capacity. They came to Washington to get jobs or to hold them.

They couldn't leave, for they had no place to go when their jobs left them; and they hung on, scheming, contriving, borrowing, imposing on those who had known them in their better days, waiting to die—hopeless, of course; but doing the best they could in circumstances that prohibited work.

They work? No. They had served their country and the country should support them in their declining years. To be sure, the country was callous about it and was constantly shoving them back farther and farther; but here they were and here they stayed.

Some of them had small pensions. Some had women relatives working somewhere—one of them used to sidle across to the Treasury, about twice a week when the clerks were coming out, and get a small sum each time from a tired and worn gray-haired woman—and some had no income at all save what they could borrow from day to day.

The Last Stand of the Old Guard

Where there were twenty-five members of the Has-Been Legion when the Riggs House passed there were twenty-five hundred twenty years ago. They died off—some of them pathetically and all of them in the most dreary circumstances. Not one in a thousand ever left Washington. They stayed and died. And they typed the old days.

No one has patience with them or sympathy now, and no one had, in the past five or six years, except Colonel Staples, who tolerated them around his hotel. Nor did they deserve sympathy, for not one of them would work even if work had been offered to him; not one of them would do anything but what he did do—talk and cadge and mourn the palmy days. Of course they were all frauds. None of the soldiers had been of much account as soldiers—if they had been soldiers at all—and none of the officials had been of any account as officials.

Whisky ruined most of them; but, at that, they were all that was left of the Washington of two or three decades ago. Time had passed them by. They were derelicts. And now the Riggs House has gone and the Has-Been Legion has discussed for the last time the battles of the Civil War, the mistakes of Lincoln, the merits or demerits of the Star Route cases, the Mulligan letters, the Whisky Ring frauds, and other topics that are of a past generation.

They have made their last stand and have passed on. The remnants of the Has-Been Legion have been turned out on the street and another feature of Washington life is eliminated forever.



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ARCO SPOTZOFF

FOR RAPID POLISHING

of Brass, Nickel, Copper, Aluminum and Other Metals

It's the quick and easy way to keep your metals bright—from the bathroom faucets to the mounting of the kitchen range, or the handsome ornaments of the parlor and dining room.

A little Arco Spotzoff applied to the surface, a few light rubs with a soft cloth, and tarnish disappears like magic.

Arco Spotzoff is not only superior for all household purposes but is also used in large quantities for the most exacting service of garages, hotels and office-buildings, engine-rooms, railway and steamship lines, etc.

Go to your dealer and get a can for trial. Five sizes, from half-pints to gallons. There is great economy in the gallon size—Arco Spotzoff will keep in perfect condition in any climate—no deterioration with age.

Sold by hardware, grocery, drug and sporting-goods stores, and by auto supply houses and garages. If not found in your town, send us 25c and we'll forward you sample can, charges prepaid.

Write for interesting booklet "The Care of Metal Surfaces"

The Atlantic Refining Company

Spotzoff Department

6400 Euclid Avenue **Cleveland**



Six-Cylinder Opposition Silenced

Many Makers Who Could Not See the Si At Last Become Six Builders and Boosters

THIS fifth annual Winton Six is the same model we produced in 1908, 1909, 1910, and 1911, with such refinements and refinements as developed from season to season.

Its symmetry, balance, and unity are the direct result of that undivided concentration which this company has centered upon six-cylinder cars exclusively, and upon this new model especially, since June, 1909.

A Car that Stands Alone

In this respect the Winton Six stands absolutely alone.

So many six-cylinder cars are now on the market that the buyer has a wide choice. But, before you do make a choice, you need to know that most makers are themselves only recent converts to the Six idea, and that their six-cylinder cars are consequently newly-devised products. All such cars may be good: we don't know. But we do know that every element of risk is removed when you buy a particular model that has stood the test of creation and service for four straight years.

Beginning the Battle

In June, 1907, when this company became so fully convinced of six-cylinder superiority that, in good conscience, we could no longer believe the four to be of equal merit with the Six, we abandoned four altogether.

At that time there was not in America a single maker, great or small, but looked upon our attitude as foolhardy.

To these makers the four-cylinder car was the very pinnacle of merit. Nothing could ever supplant it.

A Great Change of Mind

But—

Something has supplanted it. With the result that today this country does not know a single front-rank maker whose faith in fours is firm enough to cause him to defend the four in his advertising. Not one. Today you look in vain for an argument in favor of the four. The four's strongest defenders have capitulated to that overwhelming public sentiment that is firmly established on the vital fact of Six Supremacy.

This brilliant victory for a principle was not won in a night. It has been of slow growth that affirms its strength—strength based on conviction.

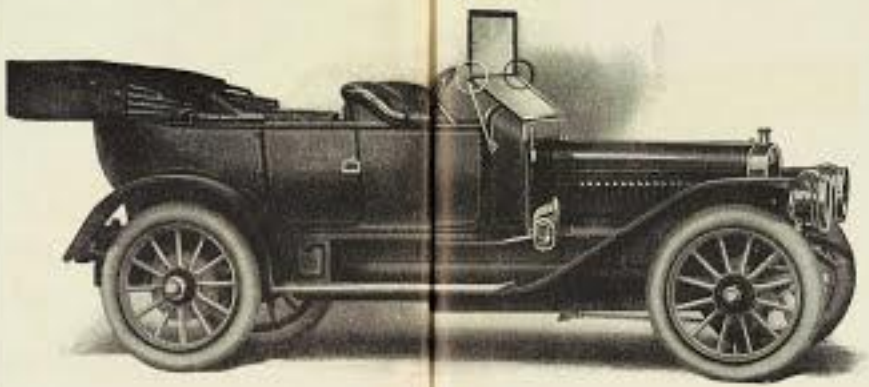
One Against a Host

How this change was wrought—a change affecting the entire automobile industry—is a simple story. The industry at large stood for four-cylinder cars: the Winton Company alone denied the four and advocated the Six against all other types. It became our duty to make plain to the public the reasons for our attitude. This we did with enthusiasm, making specific claims for the superiority of the Winton Six. The success of this campaign depended wholly upon the ability of the Winton Six to make good on these specific claims.

WINTON SIX
1912—$3000

Fifth consecutive year without a single radical change.

Motor cranks itself.
Electric light equipment.
Four-door body.
Four forward speeds.
Demountable rims.



WINTON SIX
1912—$3000

Holds world's lowest sworn repair expense record—43 cents per 1000 miles.

130 inch wheel base.

More car than ever before.

Price not increased.

Now making deliveries.

Results Tell the Story

That it did make good on every point is shown in the results. Before one season had passed, other makers dropped into the Six referees. And as time went on, still other makers began producing Sixes, until now we feel that the entire race has been changed, and that the chorus which sings Six approval looks to high-famed manufacture.

Credit Belongs to Buyers

Credit for this tremendous victory belongs wholly to those car buyers who were open-minded in their search for excellence, and would not be swayed from their conviction after having found it in the Six.

Say what you will, it is the buying public that sets standards. Let makers produce what they like, public demand is the judge that dictates what a factory shall ultimately produce.

Merit Alone Can Win

Note that we say ultimately. Fashion, frills, and fantasy may have their sway for a period, but in the end merit alone can win. It is so in everything.

And now that the Six is the commanding type the automobile world, we want to make it clear you, Mr. Six Buyer, that you are responsible the greatest evolution the industry has ever performed. Yes, and the hardest fought evolution

We Are Under Obligations

That the Winton Six has been the medium through which you were able to express your conviction even to us, not a cause for pride, but rather an obligation upon us to be more than ever before worthy that generous support which has been given us.

With us, as you well know, the making of Six no experiment. You have made it possible for us concentrate upon *Sixes exclusively now for the* remainder year. And in the Winton Six for 1912 have aimed to express our appreciation by offering new extreme of value at the lowest possible price and by standing back of Winton Sixes all the time to the end that your investment may be thereafter satisfactory to you.

"Reasons Why" Worth Knowing

For those car buyers unfamiliar with Six principles, we continue to publish them. In our current are the same "reasons why" upon which the whole campaign of Sixes so far has been fought out.

Even the Six enthusiast will read these reasons with interest, for, lest we forget, be it known that the Six has a distinct individuality and superiority which will be enjoyed all the more when we know their how and why.

Not Merely Power and Speed

Especially do we need to know that the purpose of the Six is not merely more power and speed. There is nothing excessive about 48 horse-power. Yet this is the horse-power which the Winton Six has had from the beginning, and it is also the horse-power adopted by the chief recent converts to the industry.

The Real Six Purpose

Power and speed are mere incidentals. The real purpose of the Six is a superiority, a refinement, an excellence, a grace, a charm of performance that four-cylinders never know.

As a perfectly healthy man is practically unconscious that he has a heart and a nervous system, so is the owner of a Winton Six practically unconscious that he has a motor in his car—so unobtrusively, quietly, completely, and with such abundant satisfaction does it perform its functions.

Not One Radical Change

A distinct success from its first season on the market, the Winton Six has never required a single radical change in design or construction.

Except that the 1912 Winton Six is larger, more powerful, and refined here and there, it is identically the same car that has stood the severe tests of four years of service in the use of its owners.

With its wheel base lengthened to 130 inches, the 1912 Winton Six carries an enlarged and spacious body, having generous doors front and rear, and luxuriously comfortable cushions and upholstery.

An Electric Lighted Car

Electric side and tail lights, the former imbedded in the dash, together with ventilators, are a new feature of regular equipment. Lighting current is supplied by a six-volt 80 ampere hour storage battery.

Gas headlights are continued, the gas tank being located on the left running board.

Practically the only other changes affecting the chassis are the adoption of adjustable polish, vanadium springs, and cross-type front universal joint, and the lengthening of the flexible coupling between the motor and the clutch.

Price is Not Increased

The motor, ignition, carburetion, cooling, lubrication, clutch, transmission and other elements are the same as previously.

Both demountable rims and 30 by 4½ inch tires all around are regular equipment.

Notwithstanding the increased value represented in the 1912 Winton Six, the price remains unchanged at $3000.

The Winton Motor Car Co.
CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.
Winton Branch Houses

These Are the Specifications

Motor—Price 60; the motor of history. Six cylinders. 4½ in. [illegible] all horsepower, A. L. A. M. rating. Cylinders cast in pairs and offset. Cylinders aircooled. No overhead parts required, except the valves. Intermediate gear case cover, through which all gears run. Outer spiral gears of steel. Four bearing crankshaft has seven diameters of 3.25 inches. Crankshaft is of the square built, drop forged from one piece of open hearth crucible steel. Front shaft, pressed, is of [illegible] without [illegible] cylinders.

Self-Cranking System—Motor is cranked by an electric. A simple interchangeable gear on motor shaft. A button on the dash starts the motor. Current supply, patented, is [illegible] year of service.

Ignition—Dual system. Bosch or Simms-Huff magneto. Both always [illegible].

Carburetor—Winton Six-cylinder type, having two automatic needle valves and one float chamber. Throttle on dash.

Lubrication—Pressure system. Motor starts at before. Action [illegible] on splashers.

Cooling—Gear-driven centrifugal pump. Water honeycomb radiator, [illegible] cooled. Radiator has gear sections.

Clutch—Multiple disc, having 17 bronze-on-steel friction surfaces. Takes hold gradually, but positively. We have used this clutch for [illegible] in Winton Sixes.

Gear-Change Mechanism—Direct-acting sliding gears. Four forward speeds and reverse. Direct drive on third speed. Control at left of [illegible].

Wheel Base—Lengthened to 130 inches.

Frame—Pressed steel. Supported at front in three short [illegible] pressed steel arms [illegible] of motor and [illegible]. Brake, clutch, and transmission carried on rear frame. No sub-frame.

Steering—Screw and nut design, with ball thrust bearings, [illegible] on steering knuckles.

Springs—Elliptic, 60 on rear wheel hubs. Semi-elliptic rubber. Drawn behind in front and [illegible]. Extended frame overhangs. Six cushioned [illegible].

Axles—Front axle is an I-beam section, drop forged. Rear axle, floating type. Carried on [illegible] bearings. Carries no load, weight of car being carried on [illegible] driven axle tube and [illegible] axle. Semi-differential. Drives through [illegible] and gears and pinions.

Radius Rods—Three adjustable fastened ball joints at each end.

Turning—Gasoline, semi-elliptical, of ample size.

Wheels—Twelve motor artillery bronze wheels. Timken roller bearings throughout.

Tires—[illegible] 30 by 4½ demountable.

Tanks—Capacity gasoline tank seven [illegible]. Holds 20 gallons. Gasoline tank [illegible] under hood. Rubber bearing gasoline to [illegible] tank. Rubber bearing gasoline to [illegible] tank.

Body—Touring. Five passenger, complete four doors, [illegible] on [illegible]. Is low, long, and especially comfortable. Conveniently with [illegible] doors.

Finish—Richest gasoline Winton [illegible] the finish finish that [illegible] finish, hand rubbed, and [illegible] coat applied. Upholstering—Genuine [illegible], genuine [illegible], genuine [illegible].

Dash—Wood, with metal [illegible]. Carries electric lights, ventilators, [illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"American" Electric Ironing



Keep cool on ironing-day if your house is wired for electric lights

HAVE you ever been compelled to keep the windows closed on a hot ironing-day because the wind blew out the flame of the gas range? With "American" Electric Ironing you can put out the fire in the range, and enjoy all the breeze there is.

The only heat is in the iron—thrown so directly upon the work that even the handle remains cool.

And this cool comfort is only one of the advantages of "American" Electric Ironing. One iron does all the work. It saves all the weary steps to and from the range, and turns out an ordinary all-day ironing by three o'clock. The work is cleaner and better, and when the ironing is finished there is time and energy for other things.

It is Practical and Economical

The "American" Electric Iron will stand the hardest usage on the heaviest household work; and it is so efficient that it will make no appreciable increase in your bills for electric current, whether it is used by housewife or servant.

But to assure all these advantages you must get the "American" Electric Iron—Beauty type.

Look for the triangular trade-mark on the iron or on the tag attached to it—for this iron is the very latest development of the experience of the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of electrical heating-appliances.

It utilizes the heat directly upon the work, without appreciable loss through top or sides. It can be attached to any ordinary electric lamp socket. It weighs 6½ pounds—the best weight for all around household work. It has a point that will work into small nucks. And it is so durable that it is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States:

"Beauty" type, 6½ pounds. $5
Other types. . . . . $4 to $5
Prices higher in Canada

For sale by electric and hardware dealers and department stores.

If your dealer hasn't the "American" Electric Iron—Beauty type—we will ship it, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Write today for free booklet: "Heat without Fire." It explains the reasons for "American" efficiency, and describes many electrical heating-appliances for household use, such as these:

"American" Electric Toaster



ECONOMICAL, quick, small, light, unbreakable. Ten slices average one cent. Price $4.

"American" Disc Stove



HEATS liquids; boils or fries eggs; fries chops; convenient in many ways.

AMERICAN ELECTRICAL HEATER CO.

Oldest and largest exclusive makers

1349 Woodward Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

BUSINESS HELPS

YESTERDAY I was told a story about a three-dollar-a-week boy and some chairs. This boy was working in one of the big department stores. In a hall in the building it was necessary to move a lot of chairs and a dozen or so of the boys were set at the job. Said a department head to me:

"Pretty soon I noticed that some of the boys were working with order and celerity, while the rest were sort of falling over each other and not accomplishing much. So I watched; and I saw that this boy was not only working fast and hard himself but that he had sort of taken charge of some of the other boys and had them right in line, carrying out his plan. We hadn't given him authority; but he had it. If a man or a boy has it in him he doesn't need to have it given; it's the executive eye, the executive faculty; and it has to be born in a man—or, if not born in him, at least the nucleus is born; and from that he can build up the rest. Well, this boy had the knack of managing the others, although he was the youngest in service and about the youngest in years. I didn't say anything to him, but for some days watched him pretty closely and saw that he was fast making good. That was ten years ago; and from three dollars a week he has gone ahead, so that now he draws almost two hundred a week. He won't stop till he has made the three into three hundred at least. And the beginning of his success was the way he jumped into the job of moving chairs."

Another of the managers of the establishment pointed out to me a young woman and said:

"Capable looking, eh? Been with the house just six months and has had her salary doubled in that time. The first day she worked here she came to me late in the afternoon and gave me a suggestion that saved the house twelve dollars a thousand on the big pasteboard boxes that we send out women's gowns in. She pointed out to me that the boxes we were using were too large and not quite the best shape; that they could be decreased a couple of inches in one dimension and changed in another, so as to leave them not only just as good for the purpose but a little better. And the saving on the dimensions worked out to cut the pasteboard to so much better advantage as to make a difference of twelve dollars on each thousand. Since then, as she has her eyes open and her brain constantly alert, she has mentioned several other things to me. Of course, not all of them were feasible, and one or two were feasible only with alterations from myself or some one else; but her case is typical of the alert-minded—the kind that is so rare."

Nothing So Precious as Originality

As a matter of fact, it is astonishing what a large proportion of employees lack originality and never make material advance. Even many of the most faithful—the early-and-late men—who feel disappointed that they are not given recognition for their faithfulness and reliability, fail to advance merely because they do not cultivate their eyes and brains. Plodding is necessary—even the most capable are willing to plod—but plodding alone never takes a man or a horse very far, and it certainly doesn't win in competition with the clean-cut steppers.

"Scarcely one out of a hundred ever comes to me with an original idea," said a prominent business man a few days ago. "Nothing is so precious as originality—and nothing is so rare."

I asked one of the successful men in a big store just how his advancement had come about.

"Frankly, I hardly know," he replied—"except that, even as a cashboy, I never let anything interfere with business. Then I gradually found myself being put ahead, without knowing why. Nobody took the trouble to tell me why and I just kept pegging along.

"Then, it happened that I began inventing something, now and then, or trying to improve on something that somebody else had invented. One was a machine to mucilage slips to stick on packages. Dirty work, it used to be, and always with danger of great damage from getting a few drops of mucilage or else sticky fingerends on some expensive fabric. My machine did away with the dirty part of it by running the slips between rollers in a sort of box. And one day I thought of a better kind of holder for balls of twine. It used to be that, pulling down out of the bottom, there would often be a great deal more drawn out than was wanted—and often it got tangled in some one's feet and was dragged out. Well, simple thing when the idea came—just to make it unpullable at the bottom and to be drawn out only at the top. And—oh, every little while there's been something. Just now I'm working on an improvement on the cash register. See: it's this way." And, full of enthusiasm, he set to work to show me what he was busy with—in an instant absorbed in the scheme.

"No; I never had any technical education," he said. "Came in here too young. Somehow I managed to get along without it." It was clear that he was proud—and with reason—of his success along technical lines and against such a drawback. And then he said: "A man doesn't need a technical school"; adding naïvely: "But I find I get a good deal of help from an assistant who has had a technical course and has learned a whole lot of practical things that I don't know about."

All of which goes to show that a technical school training may be a mighty good thing, even if it does not happen to be entirely indispensable. More men will succeed with the help of a special training than without it.

Backing for Amateur Inventors

Down at the main entrance of the same establishment a man was testing a new kind of spring to shut heavy doors. "One of our employees," said the one who had just been telling of his own inventions; and it was interesting to notice that he was much more eager to tell me all about the other man's success than he had been about his own.

I learned that, in that establishment, the general system of encouraging and assisting originality in inventions is one that seems to work out excellently, though at first thought it may seem a trifle unfair—for it isn't really unfair, but the contrary.

A man or woman employee thinks of an improvement—something, say, that can be patented. He presents his idea to the manager or the head of a department—and access to the heads is intentionally made easy for those who have something to say, this being held essential to the well-being of the house.

The idea is carefully gone over by those in authority, and the outcome may merely be that it is not considered feasible or valuable, in which case the inventor is still at liberty to go on with his ideas independently of the house; but perhaps it is looked upon as a good possibility, either in the shape proposed or with improvements. Then the employee is allowed the firm's time for working out his idea to a practical demonstration and is also given the valuable privilege of the services of technical machinists in making what is necessary.

Then the idea, if successful and patented, belongs to the house, the inventor securing his personal reward through having given his employers proof that he is a valuable man.

The invention will probably be used not only by the house itself but sold throughout the country, and the profits will belong to the house; but the inventors are not critical of this, as their reward comes in the form of appreciation and increased salary, though seldom does an increase come as definite payment for an idea.

It was curious that at the very time I was looking at the man working at his door-spring, in an effort to make it just right, a representative of a rival store was there to ask the house the price of the springs for the many doors of his own big establishment.

Never is a greater mistake made than when a young man—or an old one, for that matter—goes around with his head in the clouds, looking for something big to accomplish. The man who is so busy looking for big things is mighty likely to miss the little things—and to miss the big things too. There are often enough big things to do,

but they needn't be hunted for in particular; it's quite enough if you are ready to meet them when they come.

I remember two boy friends of mine who used to go hunting. One was always thinking of something big—didn't want to waste his shot upon anything less than a fox; and really hoped for bear or deer, though he never happened to see any. The other boy was content to pick off nice fat rabbits and squirrels, and always came home with a bagful. When they grew older and went into business there was the same difference. Harold was always looking around for the great big dignified thing to do, while Bill was busy picking up a dollar here and a dollar there—and perhaps a half or a quarter, or even a nickel, on the side. Well, it didn't take Bill many years to be a rich man; and Harold I lost sight of altogether after he had figured it all out that he was to make a million by going short on some favorite stock. He went short, all right; but the million didn't materialize and he never again saw the few hundred dollars—his entire capital—that he had invested.

And that reminds me of how a little capital can really do a whole lot if it's handled right. A friend of mine dropped into a country district not many miles from New York and bought a place. It was a neighborhood of tradition; one of the traditions was that there was no particular money to be made in real estate thereabout, or at least that, if there was, plenty of good men existed ready to grasp at and get hold of any possible bargain that was trying to slip by.

Well, this friend of mine was pretty nearly broke. Like Harold, whom I have just been referring to, he had only a few hundreds in all; but he didn't go short on stock. Instead, he had figured it out to go long on some real estate and thought he had spotted a likely neighborhood for a deal.

Well, he found a place of fifty acres, with a house and barn, and the owner crazy to sell. The owner's price was eight thousand, but he came down to five thousand three hundred under pressure, my friend being something of a cotton-compress kind of man when it came to squeezing the air out of prices.

The price agreed upon, the terms came next; and then the seller found that my friend was expecting to pay only three hundred and take the rest on mortgage! For a time there was a generous amount of murky talk; but my friend was firm—that three hundred was all he had; and in the end the seller agreed. He was in a hurry to close and move to the city and couldn't be at all sure that he would have the chance to get even the three hundred if he let this chance slip. So the place changed hands on a shoestring—a mighty slender one; and the neighborhood took turns in roasting the old resident who had sold so cheap and in prophesying disaster for the city man who had put in more money than he was ever going to get out.

The Dutchman's Ten Per Cent

However, my friend went right on, living there comfortably and getting a good living out of the place in the way of fruit and vegetables and farm products. He was a good deal of a business man and didn't have any delicacy, false or otherwise, about selling to his friends—sent me five bushels of potatoes at full market rates; sold other friends onions, apples and pears; best of all, even sold several barrels of cucumbers to the steward of his club in the city, who had once, long before, incautiously expressed himself regarding the difficulty of getting fresh cucumbers.

Well, he lived there a year; and when the twelfth month was just about up he announced, one evening, to the village parliament gathered in the general store, when he went to get his mail, that he was going to move away.

"Going to throw it up, be ye?" said, with a snicker, one of the old-timers who had been particularly distrustful.

"Yes; I guess so."

"Too much to carry, hey?"

"Oh, I don't know—not precisely that anyhow; but I've sold the place for over eight thousand dollars. Sanatorium looking for just such a site. Heard of it through knowing the doctor in charge. Brought him up here. Sold the place."

The parliament was silent with awe.

"Yes," went on my friend expansively, for he had known of the criticism right along, "I put in three hundred, paid a little in interest on the mortgage—but not nearly so much as the use of the place for a year was worth—and am pulling out with a profit of over three thousand for the year."

Well, that was a pretty good one-year profit on three hundred! It was the Dutchman's ten per cent.

And as to the general subject of small opportunities—why, opportunities are all around us, hidden from our sight if we are not original, and as plain as sunlight if we are.

A few days ago I went into a hardware store to buy a hasp for a padlock. I expected to get just a plain every-day hasp, such as has been made ever since the year one; in fact, how could a hasp be anything but a piece of iron with screwholes at one end and a place to tuck the padlock arm through at the other—with every opportunity offered to the sneak-thief with a screwdriver?

The clerk said, as he handed me a hasp: "It's a safety." And I looked at it with interest.

Oh, it was a hasp all right! There, at one end, were the screwholes; but they were so folded in at the side that a screwdriver couldn't be used when the door was shut. And there, at the other end, was the place for the padlock arm; but the screwholes there were to be covered by a plate slipping over them—and the padlock would hold the plate in place.

Decidedly a clever thing—decidedly the man who thought it out had eyes and a head. And a man who could improve like that on a hasp that the world had settled down into believing could not be changed ought to be capable of pretty much anything.

A Skyscraper Built of Dimes

It is the little things—it is knowing how to do the little things and training one's mind to see and understand the little things—that fit a man for the big things. Napoleon, when master of Europe, was still lovingly referred to by his soldiers as the "Corporal." And all his men realized that he knew all about being a corporal, and that he could still, if necessary, act as corporal better than could any other corporal. If he hadn't been the kind of man to be a good corporal he couldn't have been so good a leader of armies.

I am inclined to fight shy of illustrations out of the past, however. Perhaps the conditions mean something to us and perhaps they don't; but we don't need to go out of our century or out of this very year to find the most striking of all examples of the value of little things properly handled.

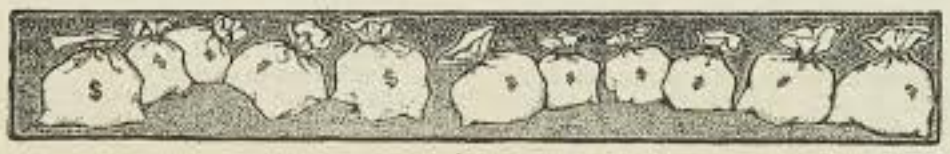
In the city of New York, that city of huge and towering skyscrapers, the tallest skyscraper of all is now building. It is to be the highest building in the world. The newspapers have devoted columns and pages to it, telling of its hundreds of feet of height, its acres of floor space, its marvels of intended equipment.

And here is the point: The owner is a man who made his fortune by selling things for five and ten cents in a chain of stores gradually established in city after city. He did not need to deal in millions. Millions came to him through dealing in nickels and dimes.

"Small profits and quick sales." Yes—we all know the truth of that idea theoretically; but how many of us would have had the insight to see it practically and the courage to march along such an extremely narrow road to fortune?

How obvious things are when we see them! Or, rather, how hidden from us they are until the other fellow sees them and shows them to us!

It was a good many centuries ago that a wise man advised against despising the day of small things—but a mighty small proportion of people have followed the spirit of his advice.



First View of the New and Larger Hupp-Yeats



THE "PATRICIAN"
100-inch wheelbase; 30 cell, 13 plate battery. Price, $2150 f. o. b. Detroit

A Coach of Kingly Origin Whose Exquisite Ensemble Establishes a New School of Electric Carriage Design

Men and women of discernment, everywhere, welcomed the *first* Hupp-Yeats for its delightful departure from the conventional and for the charm of its low-hung body.

They recognized in the first Hupp-Yeats a renaissance of the golden age of coach building—when the designer catered to kings and was knighted for perfection of form, or guillotined, perhaps, for failure. It is our pleasure to supplement this *first* marked success with a *second* and a larger coach; more striking still in its adaptation of ancient ideas to modern needs. We believe that the Hupp-Yeats coach, by virtue of its beauty, and the increased utility that results therefrom, is destined to become the popular and permanent type of electric carriage.

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC COACH

Guaranteed for life. Design protected by letters patent

The old royal coach—that distinguished ancestor of the twentieth century Hupp-Yeats—was constructed so as to assure the huge element of safety to the royal person.

With electricity as the motive-power, the danger of overturning in a carriage hung high in the air is much greater; as is the menace of skidding.

For relief from the potential perils of a slipping, sliding electric, susceptible to the terrible possibility of overturning on a wet asphalt pavement, you have the Hupp-Yeats to thank.

The Hupp-Yeats *cannot* overturn and it *will not* skid unless it is fairly driven to do so by carelessness.

So you see, the low-hung body borrowed from our French and British forebears, and modernized to meet American conditions, is a thing of practical utility as well as beauty.

The addition of the curved roof and sloping hood; the perfect balance of all the parts; and the elimination of several hundred pounds of useless weight, so reduces the wind-resistance that a Hupp-Yeats will travel of its own momentum for an incredible distance on the gentlest sort of down grade.

The same factors give it very much more power and utilize much less current under adverse conditions, on the upgrade, or against a stiff breeze.

News Notes about the New Hupp-Yeats

The new Hupp-Yeats coach has a wheelbase of 100 inches.

This is longer than the wheelbase of any other electric carriage.

The purpose is to secure the luxurious riding qualities peculiar to the largest and longest gas cars and impossible in the average short and "bunty" electric.

The Exide Hycap battery with which the new Hupp-Yeats coach is equipped contains 30 cells, of 13 plates each.

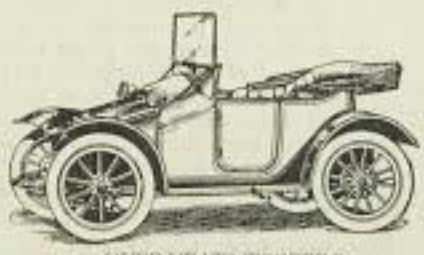
One hundred miles on a single charge is no unusual performance, for this car, under normal conditions, will be good for 115 miles on a charge.

The motor is the famous Westinghouse.

It drives the car in the direct motor-to-axle system that originated with the Hupp-Yeats—without reduction gears or chains and through but one set of gears.

The bearings throughout are of an imported ball type, still further promoting easy running and economy of power.

The chassis frame is of pressed steel, tremendously strong, though light, and the weight of the car is 500 to 600 pounds under that of any other of approximate size.



HUPP-YEATS TORPEDO
With top, windshield and lamp equipment
$1650 f. o. b. Detroit



HUPP-YEATS "REGENT"
86-inch wheelbase; 27 cell, 11 plate battery
$1750 f. o. b. Detroit

HUPP CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES

Chicago, 1509 Michigan Avenue
Buffalo, 1225 Main Street
Detroit, Woodward and Warren Avenues
Philadelphia, 330 N. Broad Street
Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Avenue
Kansas City, 34th and Broadway
Denver, 1620 Broadway
Los Angeles, 816 S. Olive Street
Cleveland, 1992 East 13th Street

THE MULTIGRAPH

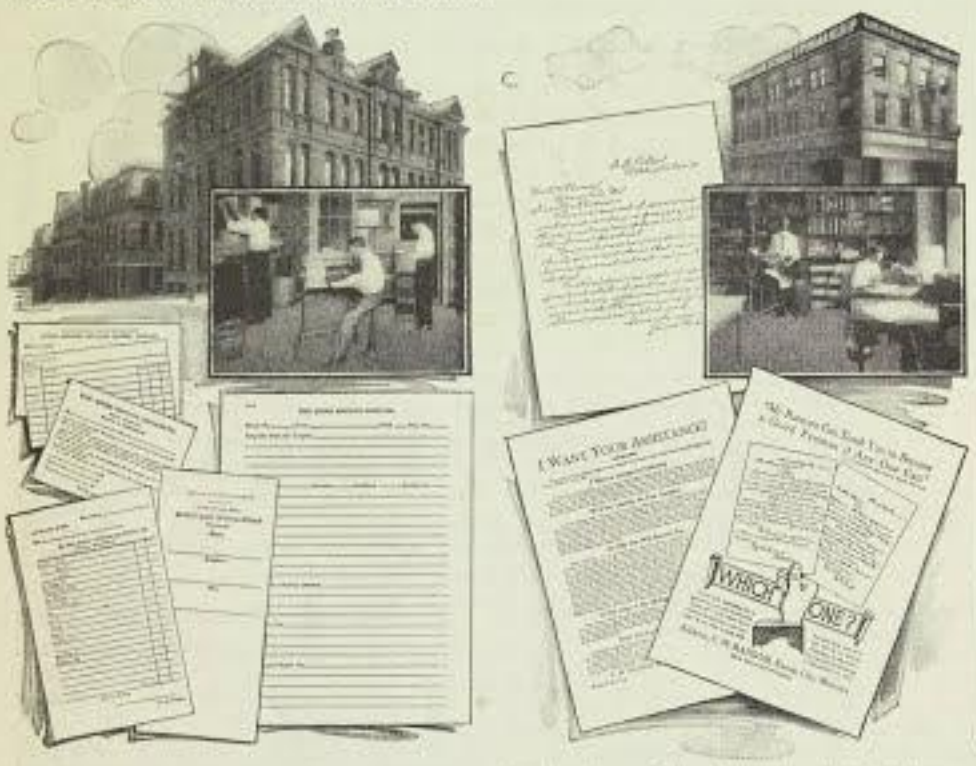


The Multigraph in its simplest form, for multiple typewriting. It can readily be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use.

How it aids in the work and saves the money of Educational Institutions

The seventh of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. Prior subjects: Retailing, manufacturing, wholesaling, banking, insurance, and publishing. Don't wait. Write us now for the application to your line of business.

THE Multigraph is a rapid rotary printing-press and multiple typewriter combined in one handy little machine that can be easily operated by students or employees. It produces quantity typewriting at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour—notices to faculty and students; questions for examinations and tests; syllabi of lectures; form-letters to answer inquiries from prospective students; and the various system-forms that are used inside the institution. It produces real printing in a manner that would do credit to a good printer, and at a saving of 25% to 75% of the average annual printing-cost. In an active advertising-campaign for students, it is invaluable in producing follow-up literature and other direct mail advertising. Thus the Multigraph facilitates work, saves time and money, and makes money where the plan of the institution permits.



Multigraph room of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and examples of its Multigraph printing.

Multigraph room of the Ransomerian School of Penmanship, Kansas City, and examples of its Multigraph printing.

How Widely Different Institutions Use the Multigraph

Johns Hopkins University uses the Multigraph for printing most of the stationery and system-forms used by the various departments of the University—letter-heads, note-heads, envelopes, bill-heads, memorandum-blanks, receipts, notices, requisitions—at a distinct saving over printers' charges.

The Ransomerian School of Penmanship uses the Multigraph for printing typewritten and printed advertising—even for the reproduction of penmanship in fac-simile. Its president writes as follows:

"It has reduced the cost of my sales letters more than 50%. Besides this we print our own letter-heads, bill-heads, circulars, etc., at a tremendous saving. If we had to go back to the employment of printers to do every particle of work for us, we feel that our profits would be greatly reduced. The Multigraph has paid for itself many times."

How the Multigraph Typewrites

THE impact of metal type, through an inked ribbon, upon a rubber cylinder, gives actual typewriting—but a whole form at every turn of the cylinder, instead of pounding out a character at a time. The typewriter or Gothic type is set semi-automatically, without touching a finger to type, and is always held so it can't be dropped or "pied."



Complete Unit, with Printing-Ink Attachment, Electric Motor and Automatic Feed.

How the Multigraph Prints

A SIMPLE printing-ink attachment may be used in place of the inked ribbon—using real printing-ink in any color. Electrotype plates used instead of the Multigraph type will reproduce any size or style of type desired, besides line-engravings, borders and ornaments. The result is excellent work, produced quickly and economically.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

You are safe in permitting our representative to investigate the Multigraph possibilities of your business. His report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration does to yours, that you really need the Multigraph.

Write Today for Illustrated Booklet

"More Profit With the Multigraph" is a descriptive booklet that we shall be glad to send free to men in executive positions who request it on their business stationery. It is a handsome example of Multigraph printing.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, 1800 E. 40th St., Cleveland

Sixty Branch Offices

European Representatives: **The International Multigraph Company, 79 Queen St., London, E. C., Eng.**

ON JOINT ACCOUNT

(Continued from Page 14)

hand in this crisis of their lives. So, after austerely frowning for a moment, she swung round in her chair toward him.

"Oh—ssh! Do be still—can't you?" she commanded bluntly. "How can I think out what to do when you carry on like that?"

Her husband ceased suddenly and raised a haggard face.

"If you could be just a little kind, Hilda, I don't think I'd feel so bad," he pleaded humbly, his voice catching. As his wife, however, told him, it was not a time for sentiment. She said also that he should have thought of all this before he stole money from his employers. "I know—yes!" faltered Mr. Kempton, even more humbly than before; "but if you could be just a little kind. You know, anyway, I only did it for you."

The remark seemed to fill Mrs. Kempton with a perhaps justly righteous wrath, for after a stare and a stern tightening of her lips she arose slowly.

"Indeed!" she retorted quietly. "No doubt you'd like to shoulder your guilt all on me."

Mr. Kempton shook his head. All he had meant was that he'd been sorely pressed when he took the money and that it would be kind of her if she would forgive him. So, after a moment's thought, Mrs. Kempton resumed her seat.

"Forgive you?—humph!" she said judicially. "Well, that depends on your future conduct. Dishonor is not a thing a wife may lightly overlook."

It was a fine speech, to be sure; and, once she had let it fall, Mrs. Kempton drew herself up with an added air of dignity. What her husband heeded in the sentiment, however, was less its nobility than the affront it put upon himself.

"Dishonor, eh?" he echoed after a pause in which he had begun to regard her curiously, with his head perked sidewise like a bird's. "Dishonor?—humph! I'll have to ask, then, Hilda, what you intend to do?"

"Do?—I? Why, nothing!" she replied, astonished. "Of course we can't live here any longer—no, not after today; I should be reminded always too bitterly of this wretched happening. We must go elsewhere—where, I cannot say now; but of course I shall make every effort to live this down. Naturally, though," added Mrs. Kempton, "I shall always remember. I never shall forget."

The speech meant much or it meant nothing at all, just as one chooses to regard it. Apparently Mr. Kempton himself felt as vague.

"Well, I know anyway what I ought to do," he announced heavily. "I ought to own up—yeh, hand 'em back the money. Then I could sleep again—after I had my conscience clear."

"Own up?—you!" His declaration seemed to have affected her rather strongly, perhaps queerly; for with his speech all her fine manner suddenly departed. "What! You'd do that?" she exclaimed, frankly alarmed—an emotion that grew still more obvious when he grimly bobbed his head. "But you can't do that! No, no! Why, you said yourself—yes, just a moment ago—you said Pinney had never been caught—Pinney and Lomax too. You told me nobody'd ever found them out!"

It was all quite true, exactly as she said. Nevertheless, Mr. Kempton's conscience, now that it had fully awakened, seemed most difficult to soothe.

"Yes, but you forget," he observed dryly. "Their wives know nothing, while you do! You've found me out, you know, and you'll never forget. You said so yourself."

She bit her lip vexatiously; in fact, so great was her irritation she was tempted to stamp her foot again.

"Do you think I'd tell on you?—admit that my husband was a thief?" she demanded, her breast heaving with emotion. "Do you?"

It was quite obvious that he didn't.

"Just the same," remarked Mr. Kempton, "you not only said you'd never forget—you said, too, you'd never forgive. I'm a thief! Oh, sure; that's what I am!—only it's not very pleasant to know you're always going to call me one."

However, when Mrs. Kempton spoke again it was evident she had already reconsidered her early decision.

"Come! come! You mustn't talk like that. You're tired and you need a rest. Dinner will be ready presently," said she with easy assurance. "Why, it's nearly seven-thirty now. Come! After you've had your dinner we must talk over what you'll do."

"Talk it over!" echoed Mr. Kempton hollowly. "My soul—and eat? Eat, you say, when it's all I can do to keep from leaning out the window and yelling for the cops to come and get me! Here, now!" he cried with a sudden change of tone; "I've got to know for sure what you intend to do. You've judged me; and I'm a thief, as you say—yes, that's right! And so it's up to you now to decide!"

"Decide?—Decide what?" she inquired, raising her brows once more, again affecting a light surprise.

"You know perfectly," retorted Mr. Kempton. "You said that Lomax—Pinney, too; all the rest of us thieves—had never been caught with the goods. Do you mean you want to join the gang?—go on living the way they do? Come, now; you've got to say one way or another just what you mean to do."

Mrs. Kempton thrust back her chair and with an effort struggled to her feet. There was something almost supreme in the nobility of her answer.

"Would you accuse us women? Is a wife to be held blamable for the dishonor of her husband?" There was in her speech something so profound and compelling—as she thought—that even he must heed it. It is a fact, of course, that he started, then stared at her; but somehow it still failed to silence him.

"You mean that you won't decide? Is that it? All right," said Mr. Kempton; "then I'll do it for you. Now, answer me," he directed. "You won't let me own up—confess—will you?"

With a gesture of resignation Mrs. Kempton leaned back in her chair.

"Confess? Why, what earthly good would that do?—yes—when you've already stolen their money. No," she said, her tone judicial; "but I shall tell you what you must do. You must not be tempted again. I have just decided that you must resign your place at once!" Then she leaned back, decisively pressed her lips together and fixed her eyes on his.

A long pause followed. During it Mr. Kempton grew pale, then pink—and afterward quite white again.

"Resign?" he echoed and giggled weakly, his face twitching as it had twitched before, as if from a twinge of pain. "Resign? Oh, well—good!" said Mr. Kempton. "I'm glad to get that much settled; and, anyway—why, I resigned this afternoon!" At this she gasped first and then tried to speak, but the little man cut her short. "Now about the money," he hurriedly added. "I suppose I'll have to put the question flatfooted. Are you willing to live on that hundred and sixty thousand or not?—on the proceeds of my theft? Come, now, madam; you've got to answer yes or no!"

It was a little amazing; but, for a woman of her reputed force of character, she displayed a curious hesitancy.

"What do you mean? Why, of course! naturally I expect you to provide for me."

The reply forced him to frame it in another way.

"Madam, if you'll look at that bank-slip—at the name on it, not at the amount—you'll see the money is yours—all yours—all deposited in your name. You've got to tell me now whether you accept it. If you won't—why, you need only say so. In that case I shall hand it over to the firm. I'm a thief—a thief, as you have called me!—but just the same, madam," added Mr. Kempton quietly, "I want to know on whose conscience the burden's got to lie—on yours or mine—on mine or yours."

An alarming pallor had crept into Mrs. Kempton's face; though, indeed, she smiled as if lightly amused.

"Absurd! It's ridiculous!" she answered. "Do you think I'll let you play with me?"

Mr. Kempton drew out his watch and looked at it.

"Come! I have only a few minutes left," he said curiously. "Well? You can't dodge now. You've got to decide."

To the last she evaded. It was a trick, she said. She would not let him cozen her.

Holds the Ash



A trial will fully convince you that the flavor and the smoothness of *Lucke's Stogie* is unexcelled—that, regardless of its popular price, the peculiar mixture of sweet, ripened long leaf Havana filler is completely satisfying in rich Havana taste and doesn't affect the nerves like strong all Havana.

Lucke's Stogie is rolled by hand, by expert workers, into a six-inch Stogie—each one draws free and even—holds the ash like a 10-cent Havana cigar.

Lucke's Stogie

Box of 50 for $1.10

Just as good as many ten-cent cigars.

You will find each one a pleasant surprise. Whatever it lacks in looks, it will make up in quality, aroma, smoothness and taste.

Packed in Humidor Boxes

It is not only the high grade of tobacco that makes *Lucke's Stogie* the best smoke ever, but the way they're put up in the Cedar Bottom Humidor Boxes which keep them in perfect condition until the last one is smoked—no drying out, stinging and burning the tongue.

How To Get Them

Lucke's Stogies are sold almost everywhere—if your local dealer can't supply you, send us $1.10 and receive, postage paid, 50 of the most popular smokes in America.

Money back if not satisfied.

When ordering from us, state whether you prefer light, medium or dark.

The J. H. Lucke Co., Cincinnati, O.

"I've Just Had a Lavox Shampoo, Too."



What a sensation of grateful cleanliness it causes, and how soft it leaves the hair—glossy and easy to comb into place. The lather is perfect—so creamy and refreshing. The best shampoo that was ever prepared is

LAVOX *SHAMPOO POWDER*

It contains no injurious chemicals to split or break the hair or leave it streaked.

Try it and prove it for yourself—

Write us for a FREE SAMPLE

In writing please mention your dealer's name.



Sold in neat attractive packages at all dealers'.

Price 25 Cents

Insist on *Lavox Shampoo Powder*



The Lavox Co.
1400-J N. Clark St.
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808 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
29 Broadway, New York.

Before she settled anything, said Mrs. Kempton, she intended to talk with her friends.

At this, Mr. Kempton gazed at her shrewdly. "Your friends, eh? By any chance do you mean the Pinneys? If not Pinney, perhaps Lomax—him?" he asked.

It was at this point that Mrs. Kempton's pent-up feelings at last got the upper hand.

"At least, they're respectable!" she flung at him. "Not just cheap and mean!" And it was in this, then, that Mr. Kempton had his answer.

"Thank you!" he said impressively. "I thank you sincerely!" A deep and profound breath whistled between his lips, as if some heavy weight had been lifted from his breast. "I know perfectly, now, just how you will decide." Stepping to the door, he opened it and turned back to her with a bow. "They are successful men, of course," said Mr. Kempton, sadly smiling; "and, whether you tell them or not it's stolen, they'll advise you to keep your money—oh, yes!" he said; and slowly turning on his heel Mr. Kempton went out into the hall.

All the way down the passage she could hear his heavy footfalls. For a moment they halted by the front door and then went on toward the dining room. Presently they returned and she could hear him fumbling around the hatrack. Afterward Mr. Kempton returned to the parlor. He had put on his hat and coat, and under his arm was a long bundle, wrapped in heavy paper. Besides, he also carried the birdcage, and seemed to be oblivious of how grotesque and bourgeois it made him look.

"The fact is, Hilda," said Mr. Kempton quietly, "it was not a hundred and sixty thousand that I stole."

"Didn't steal it? What!" gasped Mrs. Kempton, again startled.

Once more he smiled a little sadly.

"Oh, that's all right," he reassured her. "I stole the money, of course; only it was nearly two hundred thousand instead. Last week, however, I bought a place over in New Jersey. There is a lawn and garden attached. I'd hoped you'd live there with me; but you say no. Anyway," admitted Mr. Kempton apologetically, "I knocked down about twenty-eight thousand dollars to pay for it and for enough to live on till I get started."

"To live on?—you! What are you going to do?" demanded Mrs. Kempton, now utterly aghast.

Then he told her.

"Me? Oh, I'm going to grow flowers," said Mr. Kempton gently. Smiling as he spoke, he laid a finger on the bundle under his arm. "These are my garden tools. I'm going back to my garden now, and—and —— Well, I guess that's about all. Good night; and—oh, yes! Why, goodby, too, Hilda!" said Mr. Kempton; and, as she made no response he went out and closed the door behind him.

What passed through her mind, who can say? A minute later, though, the door was again opened and a head in a cap clumsily obtruded itself.

"Dinner's served, mum," said Mrs. Kempton's handmaid. "Th' soup's a'ready on the table."

"Soup?—the dinner?" echoed Mrs. Kempton, and awoke.

"Sure, it is!" assured the girl.

Once more Mrs. Kempton's strength of mind was enabled to assert itself.

"Take it away," she abruptly ordered. "And here! Go tell the hallboy to order me a taxi!"

"Ow, glory be!" exclaimed the housemaid, amazed profoundly.

Mrs. Kempton transfixed her with a stare. "I won't need you after Monday," she said curtly. "I'm going to Atlantic City."

Afterward she went and threw up the parlor window. Far down the street Mr. Kempton was just turning the corner near the Elevated. With the garden tools under his arm, and still clutching the empty birdcage, he seemed to be almost running.





WHY THE
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLE
EXCELS IN
COMMERCIAL
SERVICE



PUT a "Harley-Davidson" to a test in your own business. Put it in your repair, delivery or collection department. Give it to any employee whose work takes him into different localities. Put a check on time consumed and work accomplished. Make the "Harley-Davidson" prove its worth. You will find it cuts the non-productive time spent in transportation to an absolute minimum. You will find one man with a "Harley-Davidson" will do the road work of three men with horses, and do it at a cost of from 5 to 15 cents a day.

More vital than the reduction of cost, however, is the vast improvement in service these machines make possible. Rush deliveries, telephone and gas repairs are made a matter of minutes, not hours, as formerly, and good service is and always has been the greatest of business builders.

"Better service" is always desirable, but "better service at a lower cost" is doubly desirable.

The Harley-Davidson is the logical motorcycle for commercial use for two prime reasons:—

First—DURABILITY. The first machines we put out, over nine years ago, are still in daily use.

Second—ECONOMY. The Harley-Davidson holds the world's official record for economy, running 50 miles on one quart and one ounce of gasoline over give-and-take country roads.

Mr. Daniel Agnew, manager of the Rochester Telephone Co. of Rochester, Ind., who has made an exhaustive and practical test of the Harley-Davidson, says in part:—

"The machine has been run approximately 22,000 miles without any mechanical trouble whatever. The cost of operation averages about $4.00 per month, and it does the work of three horses and rigs, while the actual time saved can hardly be estimated, for the trouble man goes out 'like a flash of lightning,' on a five or ten mile trip, makes repairs and returns before the manager can call time on him. We consider the machine our most valuable asset, and we would miss it very much if deprived of its use. If it ever wears out you may rest assured that the one to take its place will be a HARLEY-DAVIDSON."

Following are a few of the users of the Harley-Davidson in the commercial world. Names of additional corporations using Harley-Davidsons furnished on application.

Peoples Gas Light & Coke Co., Chicago, Ill.
Bought 2 Harley-Davidsons and 2 machines of another make. Have since bought 38 additional Harley-Davidsons, but no others.

Detroit Police Department, Detroit, Mich.
Bought 2 Harley-Davidsons in 1906. Have since purchased 7 more Harley-Davidsons.

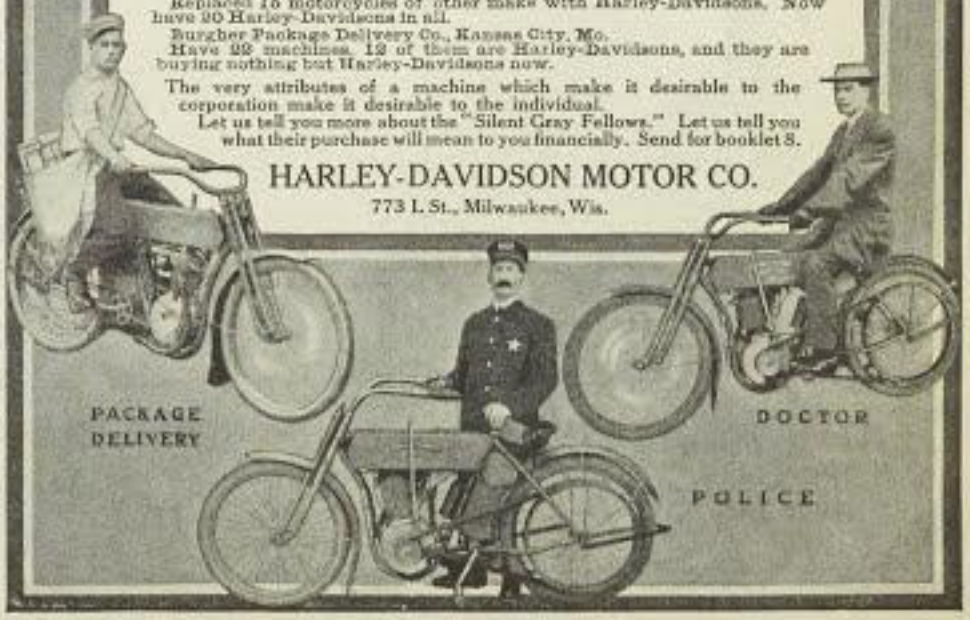
Central Union Telegraph Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Replaced 15 motorcycles of other make with Harley-Davidsons. Now have 20 Harley-Davidsons in all.

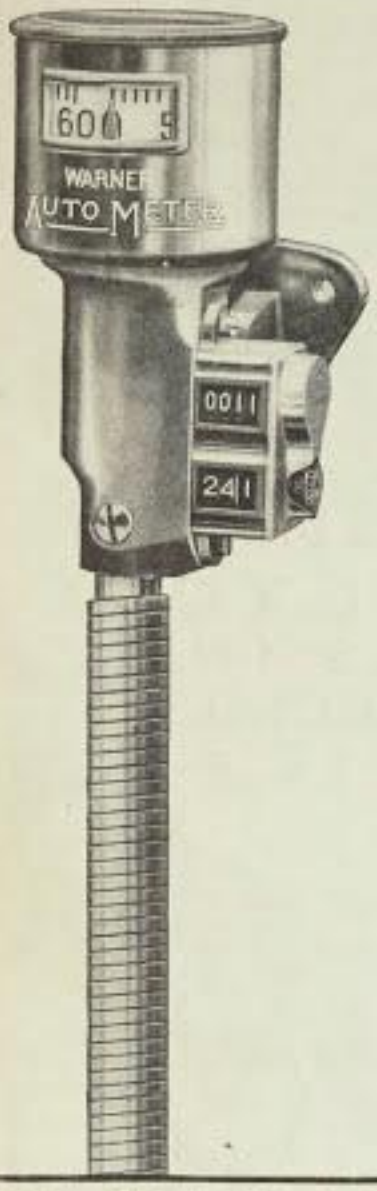
Burgher Package Delivery Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Have 22 machines. 12 of them are Harley-Davidsons, and they are buying nothing but Harley-Davidsons now.

The very attributes of a machine which make it desirable to the corporation make it desirable to the individual.

Let us tell you more about the "Silent Gray Fellows." Let us tell you what their purchase will mean to you financially. Send for booklet S.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
773 I. St., Milwaukee, Wis.





The Warner Speed Indicator Is Never Given Away

? How can any car manufacturer claim that he uses the choicest and best of everything throughout his car when the speed indicator—the most prominent and most looked-at-thing on the car—is known to the prospective buyer to be cheap, unreliable and inferior in every way?

THE public marks as altogether "cheap" the car equipped today with a cheap speed indicator. Reliable car manufacturers are consequently equipping or supplying Warner Auto-Meters with their cars.

It's Up to the Manufacturer—or YOU

It's up to the manufacturer to equip his car with the Warner if he really wants to give you, as he says he does, the very utmost for your money. The fact that he includes the Warner is proof positive that he is keeping his word, for he must pay more for the Warner than for any other speed indicator.

No one can fairly ask a dealer to "throw in" a Warner Auto-Meter if the manufacturer has not supplied it. The Warner costs too much and is too good to be given away. We cannot allow our dealers to cheapen this excellent instrument by "throwing it in" just to make a car sell.

So please do not ask a dealer to do it. The Warner is worth while for you to buy if the **car-maker** won't buy it for you.

Motorists are now demanding that the car they buy be Warner-equipped. New hundreds are getting such cars every day.

Buyers Won't Take "*a*" Speed Indicator, but Now Demand "*the*" Warner Auto-Meter

So cars equipped with Warner Auto-Meters have the favorable call—are easier to sell.

It is daily being demonstrated that such cars are far easier to sell than cars of equal value, equipped with an inferior speed indicator—or no speed indicator at all.

If the buyer sees a Warner Auto-Meter on the dash, he recognizes it at once as the highest-priced, highest-quality speed-indicating instrument made. He knows it as the instrument used on the best cars everywhere. His friends who drive good cars and can afford the best, use the Warner.

The fact that the car is Warner-equipped, therefore, indicates to him the intention and determination of the manufacturer to give the choicest and best throughout every part of the car.

Dealers Know This

It means much to a manufacturer in prestige and reduced selling cost to put out his cars Warner-equipped.

It means quite as much to the dealer, whose livelihood depends upon the number of cars he sells and the satisfaction those cars give.

And it also means a world of satisfaction to the buyer of a car—entirely aside from the fact that it is a reliable index of the car's sterling quality—to have the sensitive, accurate, dependable and wondrously durable Warner on the car he drives. So insist on the

New Model R, $50

Auto-Meter prices range from $50 for Model R upward to $145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model with 100 mile per hour speed dial at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles per hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.



WARNER
AUTO-METER
"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

WARNER INSTRUMENT CO.

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

"For the Man Who Takes Pride in His Car"

Car buyers say: "That must be a good car. See, it has a Warner Auto-Meter on the dash."

THIS year car manufacturers realize more than ever before that they *must* give the biggest dollar-for-dollar value ever offered. The Automobile-Buying Public is better informed and getting "wiser" every day on fully-equipped car values.

Regardless of Price the Public Demands the Warner

While the original cost of the Warner is twice or three times that of other indicators, it is still the Cheapest Indicator Obtainable, if its value is computed by miles of travel or years of service. One Warner can be transferred to many cars and will remain as accurate and reliable as when new, for many years.

Practically all automobilists acknowledge the Warner to be the Best, the Highest Grade, the Most Refined and the Most Accurate, and the most Reliable Speed Indicator made. It is *the* choice of the motorist who can afford to purchase one.

The Car Owner Who Takes Pride in His Car Also Demands Warner

The man who really *loves his car* is the one who appreciates the Warner most. He would never discredit his car with anything inferior and unreliable, any more than a man who loves his home would permit it to be roofed with building paper.

The Warner on the dash of the car is the outward evidence that the owner of that car is *proud* of it and is usually also an indication that the car itself is good and reliable throughout. A car may be equipped with the choicest magneto in the world, the engine and transmission may be the finest and best that mechanical ingenuity can devise, but these points are concealed under the hood and the floor and are not apparent to the observer.

The speed indicator, on the contrary, is constantly referred to by the driver and is coming more and more to be taken by the public as the visible and self-evident proof of the quality of the car to which it is attached. So the wisest buyers demand the—



New Model M, $125

The new Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large figure odometer.

Season, 100,000 miles and repeat.

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at $75.

Model O2—"*The Twins*"—is the same instrument as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—*$145*.



WARNER AUTO-METER

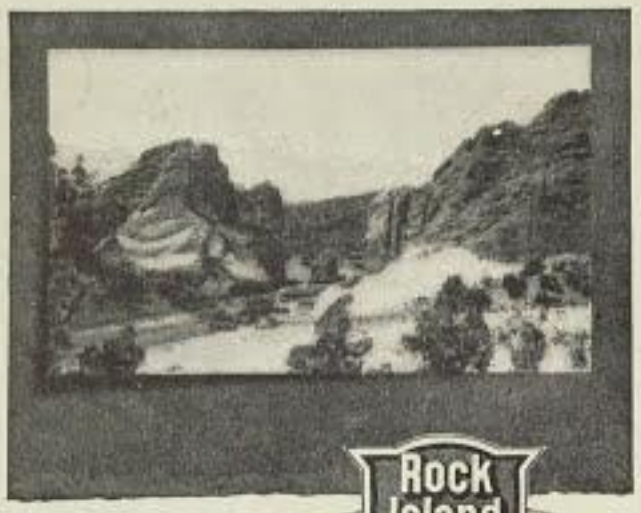
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(118)



Rock Island

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and a way to get there that's a Holiday

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The Rock Island Lines is the "*way*" to Colorado over the road of Highest Service. And, the deservedly famous

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is Chicago's "good morning" salutation to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo.

The train of limitless luxury. Every caprice and necessity of guests anticipated. Meals for Epicures. Snow-white, roomy beds. Library—buffet—observation car—Victrola Recitals—the world's news service—then—the *regret* at leaving this incomparable train at your destination.

Other splendidly equipped fast trains every day from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Omaha and Memphis for Colorado, Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

The new fast "Mountaineer"—only one night out—leaves Chicago every evening at six o'clock.

Beautifully illustrated books on Colorado, Yellowstone Park and California will be sent free on request to L. M. Allen, Passenger Traffic Manager, 9 La Salle Station, Chicago, Ill.

HOW THE FRENCH DO BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 6)

after book. She is between seventeen and twenty. By the time she marries, her capital, joined to her husband's savings, will buy a small business in which they will work together.

In certain lines of French business, particularly shopkeeping, the woman's guidance and help are considered so necessary that the man without wife, sister or aunt will not embark in them.

A Frenchman who had lately lost his wife was enviously describing the fittings of a fine butcher-shop, for sale cheap in a prosperous neighborhood.

"It is as good as sold," he lamented.

"Why don't you buy it quick?" asked an American. "You have the cash and understand that business."

"Ah, impossible—I have no wife!"

There is nothing abnormal about the Frenchwoman's business activity.

Indeed, when French law is even slightly understood it is rather difficult to see how any business can ever be done in France without the intervention of women; for they are the very soul and substance of those interesting French laws which safeguard the family.

Even the humblest French family is likely to start out with a marriage contract between the husband and wife which makes all the financial arrangements absolutely clear.

One reason why so little life insurance is carried in France is probably that the French family is a sort of domestic life insurance society in itself. The bride usually brings money or property—either a dowry provided by her parents or savings from her own earnings. The marriage contract puts this in charge of the husband, but in absolute trust. He must account for it to the wife and his children. Each child born comes in for a share, and the law provides that parents' property must be left to children equally. The family is obliged to support the husband's or wife's parents if in need, and when the case is reversed the parents can be called upon to support the couple; and there are other provisions of the same nature which have been observed so long in France that they are followed almost instinctively.

Putting Grandpa on an Allowance

With this legal family properly financed and governed it is only natural that women should have a voice and a vote in pretty nearly every business enterprise, investment, transfer or lease of real estate and other property—for hardly a transaction can arise but the interests of wife, children or grandparents are involved. Strangers may resent the detailed bargaining that marks French transactions, and ridicule the bringing in of the wife's mother's interests; but the French know absolutely what they are about.

The French family, up to a certain point, is a little law court in itself. From time to time emergencies arise. Lack of business judgment may endanger the common capital, or the interests of minors must be protected in case of remarriage. Before asking the regular courts to intervene a family council can be called. Three relatives are chosen from the maternal side of the house and three more from the father's side. A "judge of the peace" presides over the private meetings of this council. It has power to audit accounts, watch over an estate, appoint a guardian, protect children's interests, authorize or oppose the marriage of a minor, and so forth. If the council can agree family difficulties are kept out of the courts and publicity and legal expense avoided.

Frenchmen fifty and sixty years old are often saddled with a guardian. The French have a canny way of dealing with the foolishness of second childhood. When father or grandfather, after a life of industry and frugality, suddenly begins squandering the family fortune in his sixty-fifth year, the women's interests are safeguarded by the appointment of an official trustee, who takes charge and gives the spendthrift a reasonable allowance.

Just recently such a guardian was appointed for the son of a former President of France.

In the United States, women in business commonly retire when they marry, so that

The Coffee That Fills a National Need



WHILE chairman of the Jury of Food awards at the Pan-American Exposition, Mrs. Rorer became deeply impressed with this fact: Very, very few people were able to secure really good coffee. That every home might enjoy *good coffee* Mrs. Rorer recently gave us permission to put her *own private blend* of coffee on the market. You will be sure of rich, mellow and full-flavored coffee, if you ask your grocer for

Mrs Rorer's OWN BLEND Coffee

We are so positive that you will like Mrs. Rorer's Coffee, that we ask you to *try it at our risk.* If you don't find it the most delicious coffee you ever tasted, your grocer is authorized to return your money.

Mrs. Rorer's Coffee comes to you in a wonderful new *triple-sealed package*—three paraffined wrappers keep out the dust and the damp, and preserve every whit of the newly-roasted flavor for your enjoyment.

Mrs. Rorer recently traveled through South America visiting coffee plantations and personally investigating coffee conditions. Munsey's Magazine for August contains an interesting four-page advertisement. Buy it at your news stand.

FREE: Mrs. Rorer's Book

It tells how to make *delicious coffee every time*, how to make fascinating and enticing desserts, cakes, ices and other dainties with coffee as flavor. **Write today for Mrs. Rorer's Book, "27 Coffee Recipes,"** mentioning your grocer's name and whether or not he has Mrs. Rorer's Coffee on sale.

Climax Coffee and Baking Powder Company
Dept. E-2 38 Main Street, Indianapolis, Ind.



Welch's

The National Drink

Grape Juice

The Store That Serves You Welch's at the Fountain May Be Depended Upon

DO *more* than ask for "grape juice,"—ask for WELCH'S—and *get* WELCH'S. You will know by the label. WELCH'S is *never* served from an unlabeled bottle.

The lure of greater profit causes some dealers to dispense cheap grape juice at the soda fountain although their trade by the bottle is all WELCH'S.

There is no summer drink so good as WELCH'S. It is just the expressed juice of choicest Concords, without addition and unchanged in any way. It has a fruity tang—a delicious tartness, that really quenches thirst.

Get the WELCH habit. It's a habit that won't get you. Three good ways—WELCH'S "Straight," WELCH'S "Grape Ball," WELCH'S Grape Phosphate.

Many fountains serve WELCH'S in the individual four-ounce size at ten cents. Ask for this today.

Keep a case in the house for punches, sherbets, desserts, etc. Serve WELCH'S *cold*. Booklet of recipes sent on request.

Four-ounce sample bottle by mail ten cents. If unable to get WELCH'S of your dealer we will send a trial dozen pints for $3 express prepaid east of Omaha.

The **Welch Grape Juice Company**
Westfield, N.Y.



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Protect, Surprise and Delight the Children by giving them

Kuyler's Giant Firecrackers

And other Fourth of July Novelties Filled with

Kuyler's Unsurpassable CANDIES

The absolute Purity of our Candy makes them doubly safe for all.

Remember your grip has room for a box of Kuyler's Temptingly Delicious Bonbons and Chocolates for her

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Safe because it simply *can not* be fired except with deliberate intent—nothing to adjust (or forget)—you don't have to "make it safe" for it can't be anything but safe. Proof—the famous "Hammer the Hammer" test.

The action is infallible—permanent tension, unbreakable *coire springs* impart an unsurpassed smoothness, speed and certainty of action. Catalog shows ten models. $6 to $10.

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Safety Automatic **REVOLVER**

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
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$25.00 Buys the Frame of this Boat
(Including illustrated instructions to finish.)



Length 23 feet, beam 36 inches, speed with 6 H. P. motor, 10 miles; 12 H. P. motor, 15 miles.
All material necessary to complete the boat ready for the engine $32.50. The Best Boat Bargain of the Year. You save better than two-thirds the regular price.
Build it by the Brooks System which means you can purchase all or part of the material in the Knock-down, every piece cut to shape, machined and accurately fitted so that it will go together the right way only.
Build your boat in your leisure moments now, use it this season and you should then have no difficulty in selling it for double your cash investment. Free catalog of similar bargains, giving full details. A postal brings it.
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The oldest and largest firm of its kind in the world.

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THE BEST OF
GOLD FILLED JEWELRY
Better than solid gold because it is solid gold outside and lower cost metal inside where strength is required. Guaranteed to outwear gold designs and give more variety to choose from and greater satisfaction as well as utmost economy.
FONTNEAU & COOK CO. ATTLEBORO, MASS.

the feminine workers are chiefly young girls, earning a living or, maybe, only pin-money.

It is very different in France.

By far the greater proportion of women workers there are married and the mothers of families. Not only the little shops are kept by the teamwork of husband and wife, but some of the large institutions employing women make provision for keeping them in their positions after marriage, allowing the married woman-employee leave of absence and a sum of money when she gives birth to a child, and holding her position open until she can come back to work. Government posts, like that of telephone operator, are not resigned on marriage as in other countries. The American telephone operator is a young girl whose stay in the service averages about four years. Then she resigns and marries. The French telephone girl, however, is often a middle-aged mother, holding the job until she is retired on pension. When the newly married French couple do not combine their savings to buy a business the wife's job is often retained as a family asset. The American opening up a new branch in Paris is often astonished when he learns that most of the women applicants for the post of stenographer are married; but he finds that the interest of the married woman in her work makes her a formidable competitor of the girl who is earning only pin-money.

Secrets Hard to Keep

Feminine business experience is valued in French affairs, and the whole life of the country gains stability from it.

It is also said, however, that confidential details of business in France are kept secret with the greatest difficulty!

Years ago, an enterprising American went to Paris during a period of depression in the United States, began by learning the French language and has built up a large trade in a certain kind of American goods. There has never been any difficulty about winning the confidence of French people. They have bought his American stuff, followed his American suggestions and prospered; and, in turn, have done a good deal to transform him into a Frenchman, for he now figures things in income instead of capital, has set an approximate age when he means to retire and owns a farm to retire to—all in the sane French way. But in those fifteen years he has never been able to figure out a scheme of confidential discounts that will remain confidential.

Some of his customers are small men and get goods on the regular trade terms. Others are a little more active and entitled to a jobbing discount. Still others sell to small customers of their own and build trade to such a degree that they are entitled to yet better discounts. Competitors have sprung up and offer tempting terms on inferior goods. Special discounts stimulate the Frenchman in this particular business, but they cannot be kept confidential. Word goes round, somehow, and other customers come in to bargain for lower prices—because Lefèvre has one!

It must be said, in justice to the women, that most of these dealers are men.

Business information leaks out in France probably because the people love to discuss every detail, price and so forth in the family, making comparisons; and because the Frenchman's expansive individuality makes him so proud of a good bargain that he needs an audience to help him enjoy it. So the cat slips out of the bag in the most artless way.

The stranger, new to Paris, often assumes that women's influence in French business is a weakening one. It is objected that the Frenchman's disposition to submit every proposition to his old grandmother gives indecision. There is no question but that women make home life so attractive that the French boy dislikes to strike out independently—the whole aim is to preserve the family, keep the children in France, and make France so complete that no Frenchman will ever need to leave it.

The Frenchwoman's solid business sense gives strength, not weakness. She has done much to make France so self-reliant that it could support its people if a blockade were drawn around it. She is the conserving factor in French thrift and the inspiration of French art and taste. When the stranger has been long enough in Paris to understand the real state of affairs and the true importance of the serious Frenchwoman who sits at the cashier's desk everywhere, he does what the French do on passing her—respectfully raises the hat.



"Our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream Complexion *is not injured in the least by Summer's hot sun or dusty, burning winds.*"

There's enough of this pure, snow-white beauty cream in our FREE TRIAL bottle to demonstrate how wonderfully good it is for

SUNBURN

and we wish you would write us for it unless you prefer to get a regular 50c bottle of your dealer.

The moment you apply Hinds Honey and Almond Cream it begins to cool the tender, inflamed surface; a few applications will relieve all soreness and restore the skin to its natural soft, clear, healthy condition.

If you would avoid the discomfort of sunburn you should use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream before and after exposure to sun or wind. It keeps the face, hands and arms in perfect condition; removes blemishes, makes dry, rough skin soft and smooth, and finally gives to the complexion a fresh, radiant effect that is so much admired.

It should be remembered that

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

cannot possibly injure the most sensitive skin; it contains nothing harmful; *is positively guaranteed not to cause a growth of hair;* is not greasy or sticky in the least.

Mothers and nurses have used Hinds Honey and Almond Cream in the nursery for many years. It soothes and relieves skin ailments, and is especially good for chafing, rash and prickly heat.

Men who shave are using it with gratifying results. It stops the smart and restores tender, irritated skin in a day. Always prevents dry skin.

Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere, or mailed postpaid by us. Do not buy substitutes. There's nothing like Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

A liberal trial bottle sent free

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In the Sunken Gardens, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

NOTICE the rich and varied color tones in this photograph. Trees and shrubbery and grass, all green, still have their separate tonal values. The colors of the flowers are distinct. This is chromatic balance, a property possessed by the improved film, ANSCO FILM. Load your camera with this film and you can make truer, more artistic photographs. It opens up a wider field of artistic achievement to you as an amateur.

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but *car service*

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Compare the ***Marathon*** specifications one by one with those of other cars and you will at once realize that the ***Marathon*** is an exceptional car. Aside from its mechanical supremacy, the ***Marathon*** is extremely *graceful in design, smooth and easy in operation and luxuriously comfortable.*

The ***Marathon*** is now entering its sixth season and combines

Speed — Endurance — Reliability

Excels in Perfect Power Transmission, Economy in Up-keep and All-around Car Efficiency.

If You Know What Makes a Good Car, You Know These Points Mean Car Perfection:

Four-cylinder motor, cylinders cast in pairs. *38 h. p.* 3-point suspension. Unit power plant. Wheel base 116 in. and 120 in. 34 in. by 3½ in. tires; 35 in. by 4 in. on Torpedo Touring Car. *Semi-Elliptic front springs and full Elliptic rear springs with scroll ends. Thermo-Syphon cooling with vertical tubular radiator.* Standard equipment includes two gas head lamps, oil side and tail lamps, robe rail, foot rail, tire repair kit, rack, tire pump and complete tool outfit. Electric headlights, sidelights and tail light on Torpedo Touring Car.

Marathon models include Torpedo Touring Car, Four-Door Touring Car, Standard Touring Car, Standard Roadster and Torpedo Roadster.

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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 5)

of proper ablutional facilities and the hallways smelt of cabbage and onions, was a distinct shock to my highly sensitive tastes.

Those of my new comrades who were lucky enough to have employment did not rise in the mornings until in the neighborhood of twelve o'clock, and those who had no employment at all followed this example. I thus found myself adopting of necessity, as it were, the pleasant practice of sauntering out on Broadway after a one-o'clock breakfast, and of spending most of the afternoon, evening and following morning in or about the same locality. We usually went to some theatrical show on what was known as "paper," and I afterward joined my actor friends at a restaurant where we sang songs and told stories until the gas lamps were extinguished and gray dawn crept over the housetops. Downtown—into the mysterious district of Wall Street—I did not as yet go, and I might still be haunting the stage entrances of the theaters had it not been for an adventure in which I was an involuntary participant.

It so happened that among my new acquaintances was a careless, rattle-brained youth known as Toby Robinson, who in spite of some histrionic ability was constantly losing his job and always in debt. He was a smooth-faced, rather stout, good-natured-looking person, of the sort that is never supposed to have done harm to anybody. Not long before he had enjoyed a salary of fourteen dollars a week, but having overslept several times running he had been discharged for absence from rehearsals. He had reached the limit of his resources about the time of my arrival in the city and had been in a most lugubrious frame of mind when I first had the honor of his acquaintance. Suddenly, however, he appeared one day with a large roll of bills and entered upon a period of lubrication and open-handed hospitality in which we all participated. During this season of good cheer, as Toby and I were strolling down Broadway one afternoon, an ugly-looking man who had been following us stepped forward and, touching my friend on the shoulder, said gruffly:

"The captain wants to see you."

The uttering of these cryptic syllables produced a most extraordinary effect upon my companion, for he turned deadly pale and the perspiration collected in beads upon his temples, while he commenced to wring his hands and bemoan his ill fortune.

"What is the trouble?" I inquired in great solicitude.

The belligerent stranger, however, pushing between us, grasped Toby firmly by the arm and marched him across the street, while I trailed behind in the nature of a rear guard. I had already begun to suspect that the ugly man was none other than an officer of the law, and visions of myself locked up in jail as a possible accomplice, although innocent of wrong-doing, hovered in my mind. Toby, giving every indication of guilt, slouched along beside his captor, occasionally glancing shamefacedly over his shoulder.

We were now nearing a police station and our companion, for the first time showing any sign of personal interest, inquired if we had a lawyer. On receiving a negative reply the officer strongly recommended our immediately retaining counsel in the person of one Gottlieb, who could be found across the street from the police station and whose precise whereabouts were made obvious by means of a large sign about six feet by three and one-half in size, reading as follows:

ABRAHAM GOTTLIEB'S

LAW OFFICE

NOTARY — DEEDS

RENTS COLLECTED — BAIL BONDS

INSURANCE — GENERAL ADVICE

Without giving Toby time for consideration the officer led us across the street and into the stuffy little den occupied by the lawyer.

When on an Outing

All camp cooking is made far more appetizing and digestible by the use of the world-famed



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THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Fish, Game, Stews, Gravies and all outing dishes are improved by its use.

A Wonderful Appetizer.

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Strangers are justified in refusing the favor of accepting your personal cheque, draft, or certified cheque in payment for services or purchases.

But in tendering "A. B. A." Cheques you ask no favors, because they are known to be ***unquestionably good*** for face value, and they ***identify*** you to persons called upon to accept them.

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Everybody interested in brass bands or brass band instruments should have this great band catalog. It is the greatest band catalog in the world. Sent to you without any expense just as soon as you send us your name and address. We will also send you at the same time, all particulars of our special offers on band equipment and also on your choice of any musical instrument for yourself. Let us tell you about the Lyon & Healy New American Professional Cornet—a $30 cornet with $50 qualities. This cornet or any other instrument sent to you on very easy payment. Our interesting booklet, "How an Amateur Band Can Make Money," also sent to you free.

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"Here's the gent I told you of," said he, nodding in the direction of a hawk-faced little man smoking a vile cigar who was sitting with his feet upon a table. "I'll leave you alone," he added, and sauntering across the threshold took his stand in front of the window outside.

"Howdy," remarked Gottlieb, without arising or removing his cigar. "Mike tells me you're charged with obtaining money by false pretenses."

"What!" gasped Toby, grasping the table for support. "False pretenses!"

"Flying a bit of bad paper, eh? Come now, didn't you cash a check on the Cotton Exchange Bank for about six hundred dollars when there was only fifteen on deposit? Don't try to bluff me! I know your sort. Lucky if you don't get ten years."

"Save me!" wailed Toby. "Yes, I did cash a check, come to think of it, for that amount, but I had no idea my account had run so low."

"How much have you got left?" Gottlieb inquired indifferently.

Toby delved into his breeches and with trembling hands produced a roll of bills still of some dignity. Gottlieb stretched forth a claw, took them, placed them in his own pocket, and then swung his feet to the floor with alacrity.

"Come on, my lads!" he exclaimed, "and I'll show you how we get the sinners off! All right, Mike." And he led the way across the street and into the station house, where poor Toby was searched and his pedigree taken down by the clerk. It being at this time only about eleven in the morning we were then conducted to the nearest police court, where we found already in attendance the unfortunate hotelkeeper who had so unwisely honored Toby's check.

"You rascal!" he shouted, struggling to reach my unfortunate friend. "I'll show you how to take other people's money! I'll put you where you belong!" But the officers haled him back and he was forced to restrain himself until he could tell his story to the Judge. This, it so happened, was not to be for several hours, and during this interval Gottlieb mysteriously vanished and as mysteriously reappeared. It was half after three before the Judge announced that he would take up Toby's case.

"Your Honor," began the lawyer for the hotel man, "this fellow here has swindled my client out of six hundred dollars by inducing him to cash a worthless check."

"What have you to say, Mr. Gottlieb?" asked the Judge.

"Confession and avoidance, your Honor!" replied the attorney, with what appeared to me to be the slightest possible drawing down of his right eyelid. "Confession and avoidance! We admit the fact but we deny the imputation of guilt. My client, Mr. Robinson, whose abilities as an actor have no doubt hitherto given your Honor much pleasure, was so careless as to forget the precise amount of his bank account and happened to draw a check for too large an amount. No one was more surprised and horrified at the discovery than he. And his intention is at once to reimburse in full the complainant, whose action in having him arrested seems most extraordinary and reprehensible."

"Your Honor," interrupted the other lawyer, "were there the slighest possibility of any such outcome I should be glad to withdraw the charge; but, as a matter of fact, this person is a worthless, lazy fellow who has not a cent to his name, and who induced my client to cash his check by leading him to believe that he was a man of substance and position. No doubt he has spent the money, and if not we might as well try to squeeze it out of a stone. This fellow is guilty of a crime and he ought to be punished. I ask your Honor to hold him for the grand jury."

"Well, Mr. Gottlieb," remarked the Judge, "tell me, if you can, why I should not lock your client up. Did he not falsely pretend, by requesting the complainant to cash the check, that he had money in the bank to meet it?"

"By no means, your Honor," answered Gottlieb. "The proffering of a check with a request for money thereon is merely asking that the money be advanced on the faith that the bank will honor the demand made upon it. One who cashes a check does so at his own risk. He has a full remedy at civil law, and if the bank refuses to pay no crime has been committed. This is not a case for the penal law."

"That seems reasonable," said the Judge, turning to the other. "How do you

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WEARS Like "Sixty" because the finest long staple yarns only are used—reinforced with 4-ply cable-twist heels and toes—not treated with cheap, corrosive dyes to produce lustre.

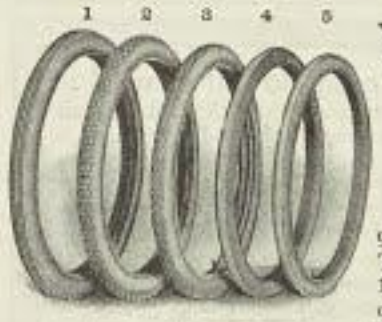
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Every world's PROFESSIONAL record from 1 to 92 miles was lowered on Goodyear Blue Streak Racing Tires. In 60 minutes De Rosier covered 83 miles 135 yards as against his own previous world's record of 79¾ miles, made under same conditions but on **tires of another make.**

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Five Great Motorcycle Tires. A tire for every road condition—each as perfect for its purpose as the record-breaking *Blue Streak* Racing Tires.

In Goodyear Motorcycle Tires the world's greatest tire builders have boiled down and crystallized for you the golden knowledge gained from over twelve years' experience in the perfection of the now famous Goodyear **No-Rim-Cut** Automobile Tire.

The tires run easier because they are made of better, livelier rubber—stronger, more pliable fabric and are larger than most other motorcycle tires of same rated measurement. They wear longer—are less liable to puncture because of greater toughness and strength. No other motorcycle tire is built with such a thick tread as found on the Goodyear.

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Goodyear Motorcycle Tires are built up by our own exclusive process—a process that insures absolute uniformity of strength throughout. This forever does away with "blisters" and "air-cavities" and the weak spots to which 90% of blow-outs and all other tire troubles can be traced.

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1—Goodyear Corrugated Tread Tires—For the average give-and-take road.

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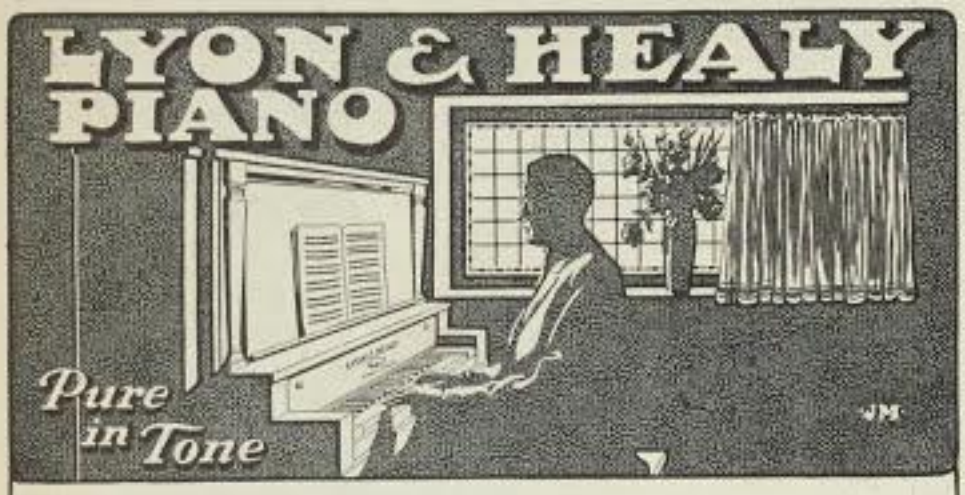
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Also safeguards you against all tire losses.

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IT is usually the labor of years to get a few representatives for a piano, because piano dealers cannot be talked into changing their lines. They have connections running back in many cases almost a lifetime. So when the New Scale Lyon & Healy Piano was placed on the market it was said that if it were taken on by forty or fifty dealers in two years it would be doing very well. But 238 dealers, which is to say

238 Judges of Pianos

secured the agency in less than two years. Nothing approaching this record has ever been made in the history of the piano trade. Two hundred and thirty-eight dealers, in two hundred and thirty-eight cities and towns, when one-fifth that number would have been considered a success!

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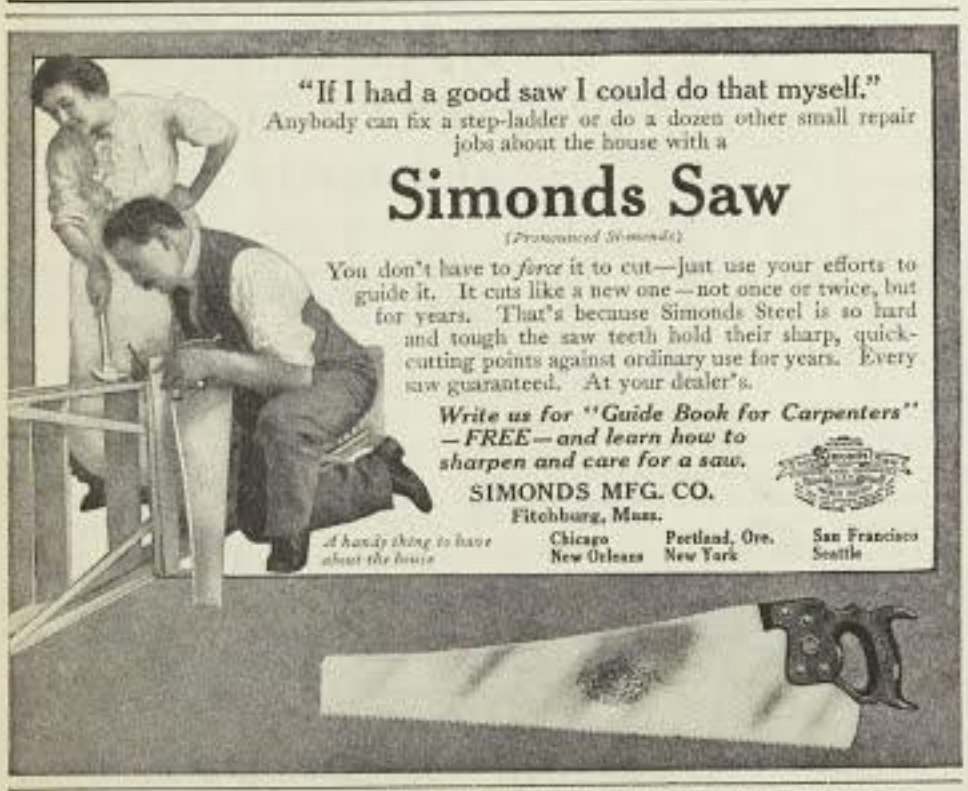
The Lyon & Healy Piano is *pure in tone;* it bears a *world-known name;* and it is sold *from $350 up.* There is nothing like it. Be sure to see it and hear it before deciding. Beautiful analytical catalog free. Write today.

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Anybody can fix a step-ladder or do a dozen other small repair jobs about the house with a

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Write us for "Guide Book for Carpenters" —FREE—and learn how to sharpen and care for a saw.

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A handy thing to have about the house

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MILD CLIMATE, ABUNDANT RAINFALL

You can buy fertile Virginia farms on long time and easy payments. The soil is productive. We have a mild climate, good roads, close markets, good schools and social advantages.

Shenandoah Valley Apple Lands and general farm lands produce big crops. No irrigation necessary here. Yearly rainfall 45 inches. Lands are selling now at low prices, but are advancing rapidly. Investigation solicited.

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make this out a crime? What false pretense is there in merely inviting another to cash a check?"

"Why," answered the attorney, "if I ask you to cash a check for me do I not represent that I have a right to draw upon the bank for the amount set forth? If not, no one would ever cash a check. The innocent person who advances the money has the right to assume that the borrower is not offering him a bad check. There is a tacit representation that the check is good or that the maker has funds in the bank to meet it."

"True—true," nodded his Honor. "There is something in what you say. What answer can you make to that, Brother Gottlieb?"

"I have a hundred good arguments," replied the lawyer in a low tone. Then he added briskly: "But the intent, your Honor! There can be no crime without a wrongful intent; and how can there have been any such when my client honestly believed that he had the money in the bank to meet the check?"

"But," cried the other, "he knew very well he had not!"

"What evidence have you to that effect?" queried Gottlieb. "You say so, to be sure, but I, on the contrary, assert that he was perfectly honest in the matter. Now there is absolutely nothing in this case to prove that he had any guilty knowledge to the effect that his account was too low to meet the draft in question. You have proven no *scienter* whatever."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Judge. "That is it. You have shown no *scienter*."

"Exactly!" cried Gottlieb. "No *scienter* at all."

"But how in the world could I have proved a *scienter?*" wrathfully demanded the lawyer. "I can't pry open the prisoner's skull and exhibit his evil intent."

"No," replied his Honor; "but you could have shown that he must have known that he had only a few dollars in the bank, by showing that he had previously tried to cash a similar check and that it had been returned. In any event, my own mind is clear on the subject. You have shown no *scienter*. The prisoner is discharged."

Poor Toby was so overcome by his unexpected release that he began to stammer out incoherent expressions of gratitude to the Judge, such as "Oh, thank you, your Honor! God bless your Honor! Thank you, your Honor! I am an innocent man, your Honor!" until Gottlieb, grasping him by the arm, dragged him away from the rail and pushed him into the street. The complainant and his attorney indignantly followed us, the former loudly deploring the way modern justice was administered. Once outside, Gottlieb shook hands with Toby and told him if he were ever in trouble again to look him up without fail. Toby promised gratefully to do so and the lawyer was about to leave us and enter his office when it occurred to me that he still had my friend's roll of bills.

"But how about the roll of bills?" I protested. "You certainly do not intend to keep all of that!"

"Certainly—that is my fee," he retorted calmly; "and small enough it is too!"

"How much was there in that roll, Toby?" I asked.

"About five hundred dollars," answered my friend. "But let him keep it, by all means!"

"Why," I exclaimed, "he has done nothing to earn such a fee. He merely got up and said that you had no *scienter*—whatever that is. It is not worth more than ten dollars!"

"Ten dollars!" shouted Gottlieb. "Ten dollars! Why, *scienter* is one of the most complicated and technical defenses known to the law. Ten dollars! *Scienter* is worth a thousand! Your rascally friend got his money for nothing, didn't he? He's lucky to be outside the bars—for if I ever saw a guilty man he's one! Get along, both of you, or I'll call an officer!"

And with that Gottlieb slipped inside his office and banged the door.

"Come along, Quib!" urged Toby; "there's a great deal of truth in what he says. I don't begrudge it to him. It was well worth it to me."

"Five hundred dollars just for *scienter*. If that is the law, then I'll turn lawyer," said I.

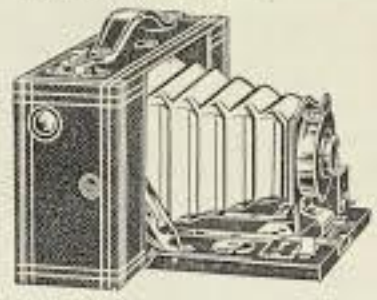
And with that idea growing more firmly each moment in my mind I returned to the boarding house with my friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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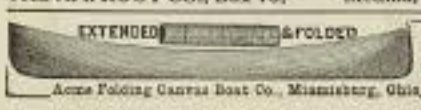
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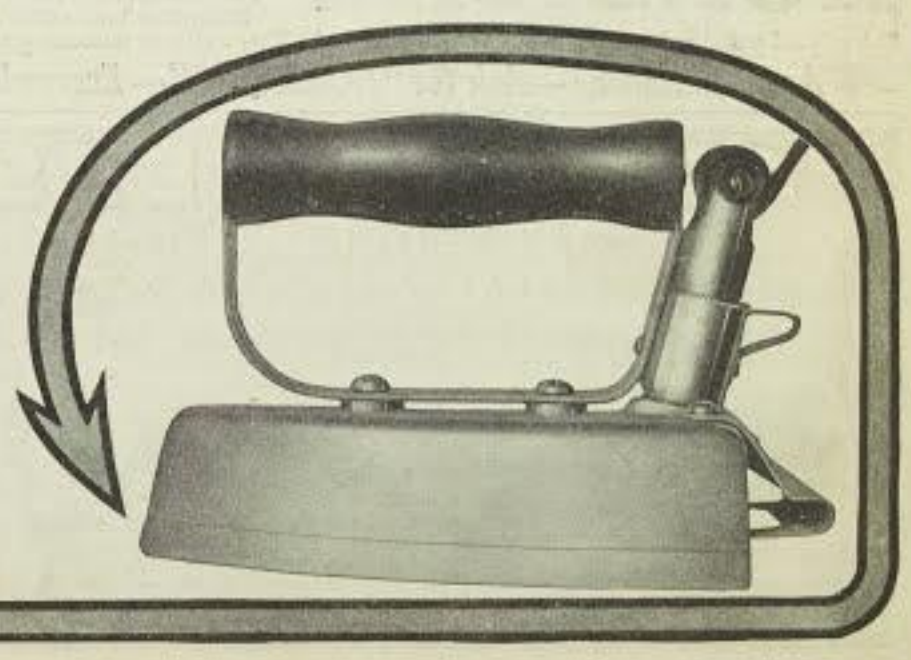
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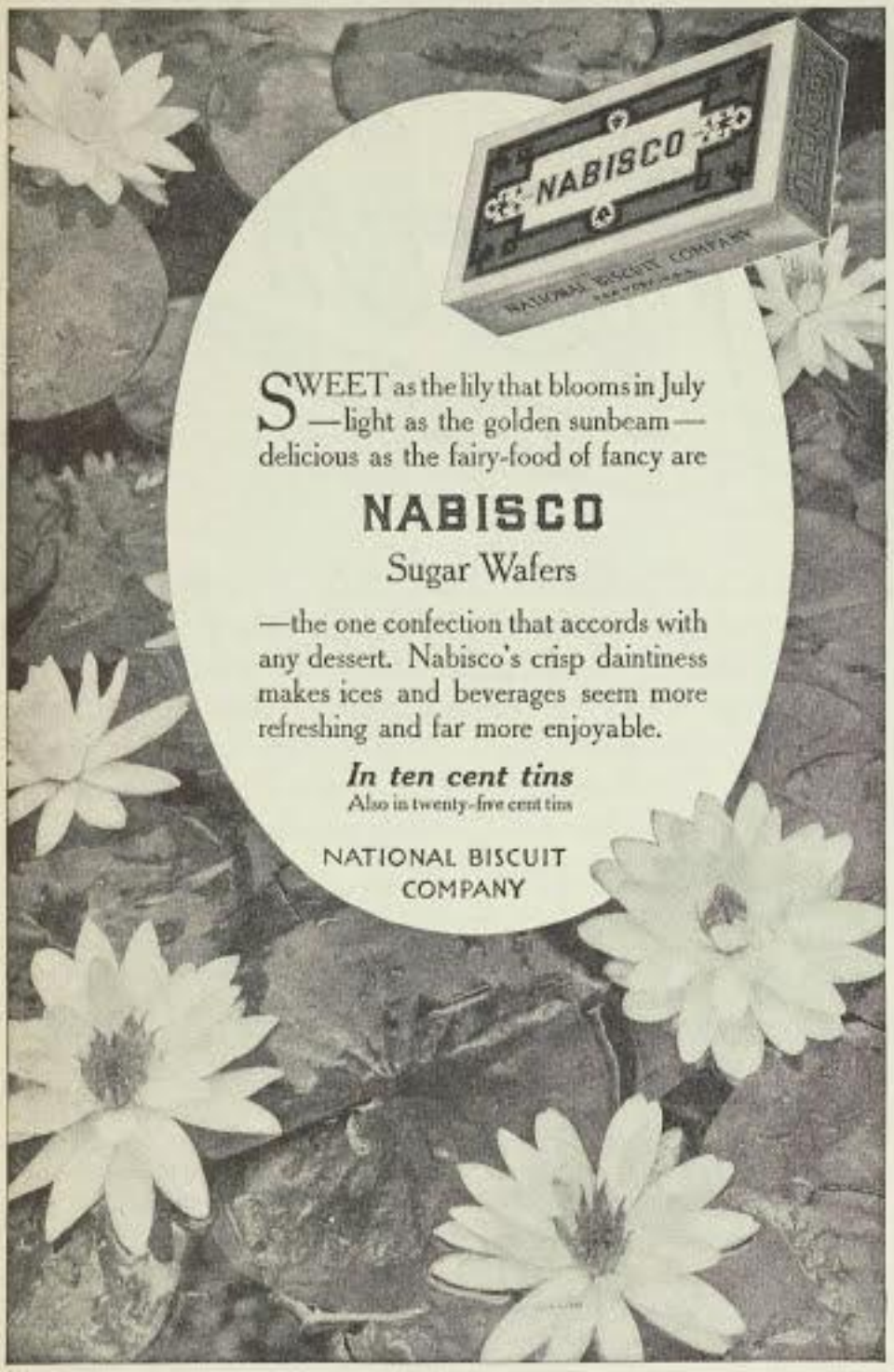
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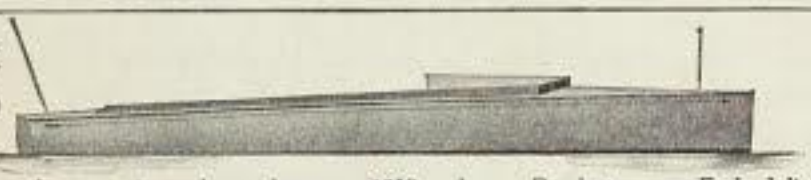
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THE CASSANDRA OF THE KEYS

(Continued from Page 9)

Poole's office and was communicated thence to Moberly, the real-estate agent, who hurried out into the sun-baked streets to the Business Men's Club, where a meeting to consider advertising the city was just over. Garfunkel and Burm received the word standing in front of the Panama Hat and South America Importing Company. A public carriage-driver whipped up his horse. A negro waiter ran out of a restaurant, the doorway of which breathed Spanish spices, and ran along in front of the commission and auction houses spreading the significant words: "Mr. Rowe has done found it!" All the boats in the fishing fleet were away and only the tug from the naval station was bumping the piles when Pindar made a landing; but the crowd on the fishwharf, by that time, were complaining to each other about pushing and shoving.

When Pindar's sail had dropped, however, all could see the old man. His boots, his trousers and his sleeves were covered with red mud.

"There ain't any red dirt in the keys," whispered Barker, the chief of police, "except at Barracouta!" His detective instinct infected all that stood near him and within an hour the clew had traveled two miles, to the workmen in the San Bernardino Cigar Factory, Number 187.J, District of Florida.

At the moment, however, the red mud was almost forgotten because it was seen that the "Hermit of Spongecake" stood in the stern of his boat with his foot on an iron-bound box, his derby hat perched far back on his head, his spectacles far forward on his nose, an inscrutable expression in his cruel, half-squinted eyes, and a vicious-looking shotgun slung across the crook of his arm.

Barker, in his function as preserver of order, waved back the gaping, multicolored, cosmopolitan crowd with a brave show. Then he turned toward Pindar.

"Have you got somethin'—somethin' valuable?" he asked timidly.

"No!" Pindar replied, with a roar that caused Barker to bite his own tongue. The crowd laughed ironically.

"No," said Pindar, addressing them defiantly. "I've got a length of anchor-chain in this box. And when you find out what I say is true remember I told you so. Now where's the agent for the Southeastern Dispatch Company. Somebody go get him!"

"Want a hand with the box?" asked Barker.

"Yes."

Two men and the police chief jumped on board. They moved the chest. It gave forth a metallic shuffling noise. "Stand back there!" bellowed Pindar to the onlookers as the straining helpers lifted the great weight to the wharf. The old man climbed up after it. He sat on its cover. He patted the stock of the gun and waited for the express agent to worm his way through the crowd.

"When's the next boat to Tampa?" inquired Pindar.

"Monday, Mr. Rowe."

"I could have another load by then. Is the liability of your company limited?"

"Yes, sir, at this office."

"Too bad!" said Pindar. "Boys, help me to get this worthless box aboard again."

The mob watched the chest being returned to the boat's cockpit with staring, butterplate eyes. Whispering began. Pindar cast loose from the wharf, jammed his tiller with his foot and his sloop careened in the breeze. The whisperings among the crowd grew louder; but old Rowe, riding off, still standing in the stern, fixed his squinted, forbidding stare at the line where the green waters of the foreground met the blue beyond and never turned. He was going back to Spongecake.

The truth was that he was tired; the days when he could sit at a wheel forty-eight hours and still be able to see the north star out of the corner of his eye had gone. He realized that age was tightening its hold; but he thought of Marcella, the authoress, and smiled; he thought of the city they called "The Pride of the East Coast" and laughed. When his craft swung up to her own home pier beneath the moonlight, the white coral sandbank and the cocoanut palms that leaned toward



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each other with confidential whisperings, he tied her to one of the wormeaten piles and, standing on the planks, he figured on his knotted fingers how long it would take the town to work itself into action and at what hour he could expect to sight the first boatload of adventurers.

To estimate accurately such an expectancy is difficult. The human equation is uncertain. Pindar made a mistake; and, furthermore, he overslept.

The sun was shining with all its tropic heat on the piazza of his shanty when he first turned over in his bunk. A huge fly buzzed noisily within, but there was a louder commotion without—the sounds of marine engines. Pindar smiled. Some of these engines barked, some coughed, some grunted, some panted, some throbbed. The wind from the channel blew a strong odor of gasoline through the camp door; with it came the whirring of propellers, shouts, warnings, wheezy toots, the basso profundo of a tug horn, the squeak of rope, the clank of chains.

The old man put his feet on the floor; and, as usual, to show any strong but restrained emotion, he whistled The Last Rose of Summer, dropping or ascending to a new key at the convenience of his lips and lungs. He teased himself with anticipation. He did not even look out the door. He shaved himself with deliberation. It was nearly noon! When at last he went outside a sight met his eyes the like of which Spongecake Key or any other of these lonely upcoast keys, or their lonesome inhabitants, had never seen.

Motor craft of fifty varieties were in the smooth, mirror-surfaced waters of the channel between Pindar's landing and the jungle-grown Barracouta Key. They were clean and ladylike; they were heavy-set, with dirty white sides; they were covered; they were open; they were painted green; they were varnished; they were large; they were small; they were new, staunch and trig; they were old, leaky and ready to fall apart. Some were at anchor; others drifted. More than half were beached on the edge of the treasure island, where their keels had turned up the peculiar, characteristic red mud. Some of them bristled with shovels and crowbars; others carried across their bows boxes of tonic bottles, capped with a fast-disappearing remnant of ice. One had brought tent-poles and canvas; another carried an iron office safe, whose nickel combination disk flashed in the sunlight.

The passengers in the boats and along Barracouta's swampy shore must have numbered at least five hundred. Pindar pulled down his binoculars, blew on the lenses, polished them and raised the instrument to his eyes.

"Greed is a terrible infliction!" said he.

There was apoplectic Barker, the chief of police, just landing, with a palmleaf under his straw hat to ward off sunstroke; and the minister of the First Independent Baptist Church, with a spade; and a fat, barefooted West Indian negro in a bright red shirt. There was Mrs. Carew, who kept the curio shop and lodging house, with her fourteen-year-old son; there was Briffman, the palsied shipchandler, with red mud on his linen shirt; and ten Cubans of the cigarmaker class, who so crowded a fisherman's power boat that the water swashed over the rail as she swayed in the tide. Garfunkel and Burm, the partners, were both on shore, engaging in some argument with ancient McCue, the plumber, who wore a green sweater. There was a snapping, angry mob looking for paths through the mangrove bushes.

Then old Rowe turned his attention to the ship channel.

It was filled with a parade of the slower sailing craft. There were bright new canvases filled with smooth, purple shadows; torn sails through which spots of brilliant light fell in the midst of dark areas on the water; patched sails, dirty with age and weather; improvised wind-catchers made of bagging. Far away one man, who perhaps had broken his rudder, was steering with awkward, frantic thrusts of a long oar. Just in front of him, stranded on a sandbar, was a sloop in which four men were seated; as other boats passed, all four would rise, stand in the stern and bellow. Their shouts came faintly across the calm water.

Pindar looked at his watch. It was half past twelve. "Where in thunder is that author-ess?" he said.

In vain he searched the passes between the southern clumps of little islands; there

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was no sign of Rawson's launch with the little literary lady. The winding channel was covered with rowboats. Since midnight the breeze had dropped away; the cursing navigators had fared little better than the oarsmen.

Pindar even descried a canoe. It belonged to the principal of the high school. The old man could see the dip and flash of the wet paddle. He could see another figure—it looked like the cashier of the bank—pulling at a pair of oars absurdly short. There were handkerchiefs or other pieces of cloth wrapped about the handles.

"Blisters!" said Pindar. "Oh, think of all them tender hands! Where's that girl—Marcella? Where's the camera? Sponge-cake is making history! Where is the author-ess?"

Time was slipping by.

"The best story in North America being thrown away!" growled Pindar, pounding his knees. "I made it for her and if she had it she'd knock that Chicago feller flat with it! Where's that ambitious author-ess?"

Not till half an hour later, however, did Rawson's motor boat appear, a white speck coming up from the south.

"Umph!" Pindar groaned after a long look through the glasses. "Just one aboard—and that's not a woman! Oh, look at this sight in front of me and nobody to take a picture or write it down or nothing!"

The boat came nearer; unlike all the rest, it made its way across toward Sponge-cake. "That ain't Rawson either!" exclaimed Pindar. A thin youth, with stooping shoulders and a shambling, lazy gait, came toward the shanty.

"Great Bear!" said the old man. "It's the boy they call 'Silly Joe.' It's the feeble-minded boy! What you got for me, son?"

"Got a note."

The happy, grinning messenger handed Pindar a little blue envelope on which appeared the single emphatic imprint of a dirty thumb. Pindar smelled the paper. It was perfumed. He opened it.

"'Dear Mr. Rowe,'" he read painstakingly. "'I am so sorry! It was so awfully nice of you to arrange such a very nice opportunity for me. I can never thank you enough for your ingenious idea. It was so full of local color and atmosphere and human interest—and I am sure I would have sold it. I'm so sorry.'

"Umph!" said Pindar. "Signs 'Marcella.' Ain't that dashy writing! And a P. S.—eh? 'P. S. I've given up my career and I'm going to be married tonight. Mr. Rawson and I are going to Havana on the steamer; so I can't come. Thanks, just the same.'"

Pindar looked at the spectacle across the channel and scratched his head.

"Another P. S.," he went on. "What's this? 'Aunt Sarah says that she thinks it very wrong to deceive a whole city, especially as I can't be on hand. The whole place is crazy about Morgan's treasure; but Aunt Sarah says she is going down to the wharf and tell everybody the facts—and, of course, they'll all believe her, because she has such a reputation for being truthful.'"

Pindar coughed. "Umph!" he said, and meditated. "Joe," he said finally, "why didn't you bring that note before?"

The youth grinned.

"Speak up."

"I forgot."

"You were watching all the people trying to get away?"

The boy nodded.

"Did you see Miss Bowcup?"

"Yes, sir," Joe answered, twining his legs. "She was tellin' 'em all that you hadn't found no treasure nor nothin'."

Pindar looked back at the mob on Barracouta Key, threw his derby hat on the ground and laughed with pure boyish delight.

"Nobody believed her?"

"Nobody 'cept me. But that ain't nothin'," said the boy. "I ain't just right."

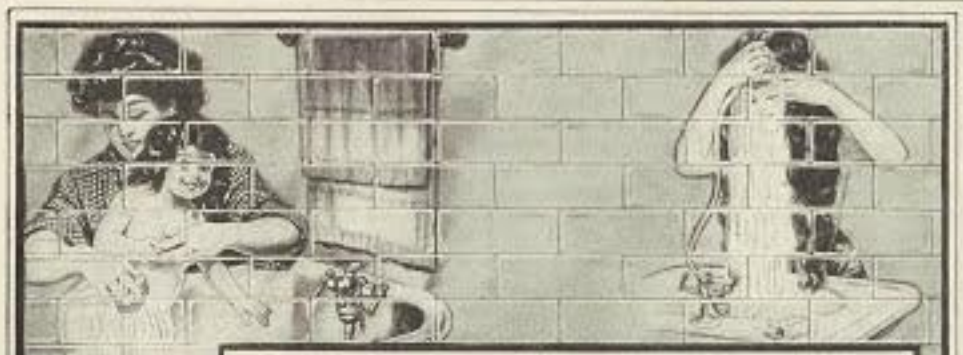
The old man sat down at the foot of a cocoanut palm and rubbed his back like an overjoyed cat.

"Here," said he finally; "take this note over to Barracouta and find the chief of police, and give it to him. Tell him I said there was an anchor chain in that box."

"Yes," said Joe. "But, mister, I forgot to tell you—Miss Bowcup give me a cigar to give you. But, mister—I done smoked it."

Pindar looked at the boy over his spectacles. "God bless you, son!" said he.





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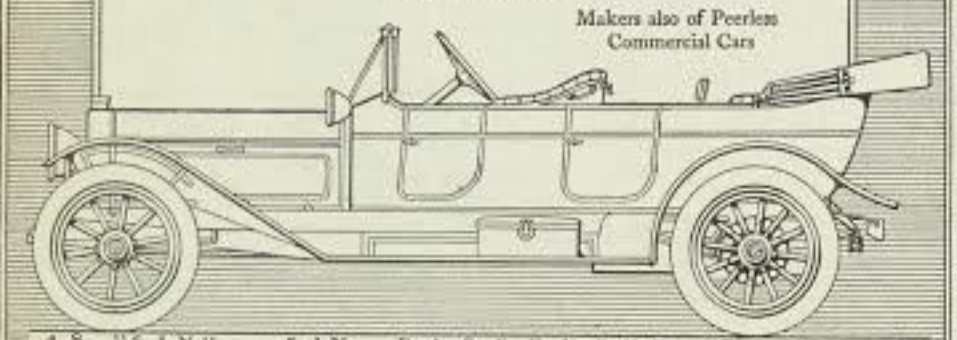
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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Continued from Page 11)

since it throws so much light on the Canadian method of dealing with this serious problem. Among other things in the judge's comprehensive statement he says: "Boot and shoe manufacturers requiring any of these machines can obtain them only on condition of signing contracts, by the terms of which they are forced to buy all or practically all of their other machinery and a large part of their supplies from the company.

"The result is that manufacturers of boots and shoes throughout all Canada are absolutely tied down to the company, compelled to buy the company's machines, parts and supplies, as provided in their contracts, at the company's own prices; and are deprived of the benefits of all competition."

The court then states that the company is the Canadian representative of the United Shoe Machinery Company of Boston—in fact, "is owned or controlled" by the American corporation; and that the latter does in the United States what the Canadian concern is doing in Canada. Then the court continues:

"The said combine affects prices as follows . . . It prevents them"—the manufacturers—"from buying machinery that would do the same or better work from other manufacturers or dealers, and in like manner restricts their purchase of supplies.

"It thus places them at the mercy of the company as regards prices for machinery and supplies, increases the cost of their machinery and supplies, and thus increases the cost of the manufactured articles—boots and shoes.

"By thus increasing the cost of manufacture, the price to the consumer is thereby increased on all the principal lines of boots and shoes.

"The company is the holder of patents under the patent act and has made use of the exclusive rights and privileges, which as such holder it controls, so as to restrain and injure trade or commerce as aforesaid."

The judge named a representative of the shoe machinery company in the city of Montreal, with whom he thinks the Minister of Labor should communicate. The date of this order of the judge was February 25th of the present year. The Minister of Labor asked the applicants for this investigation to recommend a person as their member of the board, which they did.

He also asked the representative of the shoe machinery company to recommend its member of the board, which he was at first unwilling to do, but finally did "without prejudice." These two agreed upon a judge living in Montreal as the third member of the board and the board's proceedings were about to begin.

Meantime the shoe machinery company sought delay, but—and this is tremendously important—such legal expedients are few and difficult in Canada as compared with the United States; for in Canada, as in England, a law passed by Parliament is the law.

In Canada, generally speaking, there are no such things as statutes infringing on "constitutional questions" in our American understanding of that term. In Canada, as in England, the statute is the statute and the law is the law—and that is all there is to it. It almost may be said that there are no "constitutional limitations" of the kind we have in the United States. So the Canadian lawyer has a good deal harder time and must cudgel his brains more severely than his American brother at the bar in order to prevent substantial justice.

The shoe company's Canadian lawyers, however, succeeded in getting a delay. It appears that they insisted on the right of the shoe company to take an appeal from the order of the judge who directed this investigation to the Court of Appeals at Quebec. So the shoe company's lawyers in Montreal finally got an injunction to prevent the board from going on with this case until this appeal is decided. This means a delay of six months.* It is said that if the Quebec

*Author's Note—On May sixteenth this first and notable case under the new antitrust law was decided. The Quebec court held that there could be no appeal from the order of the court establishing the board. The only recourse now remaining to the shoe company is an appeal to the Privy Council. Thus the new Canadian antitrust law proceeds on its way.

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Court of Appeals decides against the shoe company, it will then take the case to the Privy Council, which is the last possible body before which the shoe company can go—"to the foot of the throne," to use the language of a newspaper article.

There are not wanting in Canada men who think that in the end it would be well if the shoe company defeated the operation of the present law; for they believe this new law does not go nearly far enough. And these men are not rabid politicians or demagogues. They are the most thorough and cautious students of economics in Canada.

These men believe that Canada ought to have a trust commission, with the same vast and autocratic powers as the Canadian Railway Commission—and how vast, comprehensive and autocratic the powers of Canada's railway commission are, I have detailed at length in another article.

The power of a trust commission would extend to a regulation of prices just as the power of a railway commission extends to a regulation of railway rates. It means in the end the control by the Government of business concerns producing and distributing the necessaries of life, concerns that have become so great that their business is a public as well as a private matter.

Should the struggle of the shoe company against the present Canadian anti-trust law be successful, do not be surprised if the Canadian people demand that this new and powerful arm of the Government be created. If so it will control and regulate the trusts and monopolies of Canada with a hand of iron, compared with which the present law is but a gentle pressure of the fingers of a child.

At all events, this matter—the regulation and control of the trusts—is the one great and serious business now before Canada's statesmen, thinkers and people. The conflict of Canada's few and scattered millions to control thoroughly the modern aggregations of capital in Canada so as to make them serve the Canadian people, and the resistance of these aggregations of industrial wealth to such control, that they may work their will upon the people—is Canada's impending conflict.

I have taken up this much space with the manner in which Canada deals with the whole trust question because it is so vital to ourselves, and because the Canadian method is the latest and simplest method yet invented for handling this modern industrial and financial development.

THE CASE OF THE MULE

(Continued from Page 7)

counts; but I could not conscientiously recommend him for the saddle. His forequarters are too narrow, thereby making the position of the saddle extremely precarious. A gentleman, late of Turkey Track, once handed me a mule in Arizona very politely, with the assurance that she was gentler than a dog. She was a small beast with a soft, placid expression; so I mounted. Any lack of faith in human nature that the years may have developed I attribute to that August morning.

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together; and if the harness holds out they will take the load to its destination.

The Missouri or the Kansas mule has the bulk and weight. A hard, steady pull appeals to him; yet, for all-round work in any sort of climate and any sort of weather, the Texas mule deserves the crown. He will average from two to three hundred pounds less than his Missouri rival, and Nature has made him neither a pretty nor an impressive creature; but he is wiry, his sinews are tough, nothing discourages him, and he thrives on scant fare and in punishing heat.

I followed results closely in some experiments made by a friend in an outlying portion of old Mexico—the insurrectos have been fighting fiercely according to the newspapers all over that section. The climate is very dry and deadly hot. Both Missouri and Kansas mules were imported for range work, such as freighting and agriculture. They were fine, upstanding mules—big of bone and muscle; but expectations were not realized. The climate proved too much for them. Thereupon a carload of Texas mules was bought, at much lower figures. They stepped to the work in grand style and flourished, and they are there still. For a moderate clime and very heavy work, the Missouri and Kansas mules undoubtedly lead; but, for any brand of weather and all manner of toil, give me the Texas product—a mule of about nine hundred pounds' weight, with some of the hardy Spanish strain in him.

Mules attain their maximum value in this country in South Carolina, where the average price last year was one hundred and fifty-eight dollars a head. In New Mexico, where their use is confined largely to nesters, who usually own poor specimens, and in Nevada, the price has been lowest—only seventy-nine dollars a head.

In the event of war, values would soar amazingly. The most punishing work of a campaign is strapped to the shoulders of the army mule, and no conflict was ever waged in modern times without a loss of many thousand hybrids. In the Spanish-American War something of an innovation was tried. Orders were issued to teamsters to treat the mules gently and abstain from beating them except when unavoidable; also, they were given quite extraordinary attention. Who ever heard of such regulations? It was a horrible shock to men who had been reared in the notion that a mule was born to be clubbed and fought—that he was the natural enemy of man, to be subdued by brutality. However, the result amply justified the step. The death-rate was appreciably lowered and more effective work obtained.

Supplying the Foreign Market

Exports of mules from this country have been comparatively insignificant. They have seldom exceeded six thousand head in any year, as the home markets have demanded all that could be got. During the Boer War, however, American dealers sold to British agents nine million eight hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars' worth of mules. That was in the years 1900-01-02. A vast number of these were undoubtedly below standard and were well got rid of. Many more were outlaws—South African veterans still tell weird tales of the army mules sent from the United States; but the British had to have them and prices rose steadily. In 1900 there were shipped 43,369 head at an average price of $90.38; in 1901 the shipments fell to 34,405 at $93.31 a head; and in 1902, 27,586 at $97.60. As a consequence of these exports there was a slight diminution in the number of mules in this country in the following year, but it did not exceed twenty-nine thousand and was recovered the next season. Today mules would command for army purposes a substantial advance on these recent war figures; for not only can they be less easily spared but the purchasing power of a dollar is not what it was in 1900. The best export price ever obtained was three years ago, when the average was $149.90 a head.

If a person sits down and figures the profits of mule-raising on paper nothing can approach it as an attractive rural occupation, except a chicken farm or hog-raising; but, like those industries, it does not work out so munificently in actual practice.

It is true that mules cost little to keep. They can be bred at small cost and their maintenance is not so expensive as that of horses; in fact, a mule can live in pastures in which a horse would starve to death, for he is an able rustler, and the toughest kinds

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of grass suffice, even in famine quantities; the same as to grain when he is stall-fed. Yet an amateur breeder will most certainly meet with a loss unless the Fates take a special personal interest in his fortunes. There are leaks in the business which only the professional of ripe experience can watch and guard against, and the matter of salesmanship is one of the most significant factors. To be successful in handling mules one must be an expert horse-trader, possess the imagination of a real-estate agent and have a few tricks up one's sleeve in addition. Therefore let no ambitious soul rush into mule-breeding because of the present alluring prospects.

Despite the menaces to the venture, some tidy fortunes have been amassed in it. Especially is this the case in Missouri and Kansas and Tennessee. In those states scores of small farmers have grown prosperous in handling mules, but be it remembered that they breed the finest mules on the continent. The jacks employed are huge fellows, worth from six hundred to fifteen hundred dollars; the mares are heavy draught animals and the product is a strapping creature weighing anywhere from a thousand to thirteen hundred pounds. In the more Western regions the Spanish mule, as he is called—most of the Texas mules are of the Spanish strain—is in the majority; but each year sees an improvement in the breed and a tendency to raise a big mule.

Some ideal ranges for mules lie in the open West country. Montana, Wyoming and New Mexico have vast stretches of land, but they run sheep instead. Indeed, the sum total of mules for the three states does not represent more than enough to stock a dozen good ranches. Texas runs sheep, too, and armies of cattle; but in the southwestern portion, in those parts where the loco weed has not struck its root, are many mule ranches. It is a rough country, sparsely grassed and scantily watered, but the Johnson and Bermuda varieties of grass there offer fine feed, and land values are so low that a range will give a fair profit in grazing. Most stockmen figure fifteen acres to the cow in the broken country and twenty acres to a mule.

The Cowboy Who A-Wooing Went

Now as to the mule's personality, of which mention has been made. It is best exemplified in his strong likes and dislikes. Consider his loyalty to a friend. Sometimes a mule will form an attachment for another, or even for a horse, and then separation means misery for everybody concerned. Unless his partner accompanies him wherever he goes, he either will not go or the rascal will stop and bray every hundred yards, to the intense chagrin of his driver.

We were camped one night on the Arizona border at the abandoned T4 headquarters. Three outfits were pooled—a total working force of seventy-eight cowboys. More than a dozen mules were being used in the wagons, but the pride of the saddle bunch was a pair of small blacks. These were ridden to gather the horses every morning; and they were staked regularly each night on the confines of camp.

Jim Parker forgot the love one bore the other when he set out on a night to see a girl. It was not more than ten miles away, and he threw a saddle on one of the night mules in order to spare his horse. Then he departed stealthily, for it is not wise to let a camp of seventy-eight men know when you go forth to call on a lady.

Hardly had we snuggled into the blankets when the beast he had left behind discovered its loss, tilted its nose to the sky and began to bray. For an hour he screeched and squalled and tugged at his stakerope. I released him, for we needed the sleep. He struck across country at a hopeful lope.

Jim was in the middle of a tender speech when the second mule arrived blithely at the fence surrounding the lady's father's yard. There broke out a clamor of joyous recognition. It was of no avail to pretend ignorance of it—Parker could not open his lips without suffering interruption from the other side of the fence.

Unable to endure this cruel separation longer, the hybrid he had ridden tore loose from the post and ran to rejoin his chum. Jim followed. He reached the fence in time to see his mount clear it cleanly. The mules set out for camp, whinnying to each other affectionately.

Jim arrived in the gray of dawn on foot. We were all up to welcome him.

NOTE—If Parker should see this it was Pink Murray who released the mule.

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

He smiled at her ignorance. Monsieur Sardanel had the famous collection of Mexican antiquities—terra-cotta rattles and masks and obsidian-edged swords.

Her long lashes swept shyly upward. "I'm sure I could show you much more interesting things than those."

It was a long time since a pretty and fascinating woman had evinced a desire for his company. He was a man as well as a diabolically minded anthropologist. Yet there was a green aventurine quartz axhead in the collection that he particularly lusted to behold. He stood irresolute, while Mrs. Fontaine turned, with a laugh, and took Lady Louisa aside.

He caught Huckaby's glance, in which he surprised a flicker of anxiety. Huckaby was wondering whether this was the right moment to speak. It seemed so. Yet, the more he thought over the matter, the less was he inclined to cut the disgraceful figure in Quixtus' eyes of the base betrayer of his supposed childhood's flowerlike friend. Here, however, was the wished-for opportunity when Quixtus was evidently hesitating between clay masks and a living woman's face. He resolved to throw all the onus of the decision on Quixtus' shoulders.

"I'm afraid these dear ladies rather interfere with the prospects of our little adventure," he said, drawing Quixtus a step or two from the table where they had been sitting.

"I never thought of it," said Quixtus truthfully.

Then an idea of malignant cunning took possession of his brain. Mrs. Fontaine should be the woman and Huckaby should not know. Her heart he would break; and, when broken, he would confound Huckaby with the piteous shards and enjoy a doubly diabolical triumph. In the meantime he must dissemble; for Huckaby would not deliberately allow his old friend's heart to be broken. To hide a smile, he crossed the passage of the lounge and lit a cigarette from matches on one of the tables. Then he turned.

"My dear fellow," said he, "let us talk no more about the adventure, as you call it. It never really pleased me."

"But, surely——" Huckaby began.

"It's distasteful," he interrupted, "and there's an end of it."

"As you will," said Huckaby, for the moment uncertain.

Mrs. Fontaine approached them smiling, provocative in the dainty candor of her white dress and hat.

"Well? Have you decided?"

Quixtus paused for the fraction of a second. The lady swept him with her dreamy glance. A modern Merlin, he yielded. This delicious wickedness at last on foot, Sardanel and all his spoils of Mexico could go hang.

"For the afternoon," said he, "I am your humble disciple."

They went forth together, outwardly as gay a company as ever issued through the great gates of the Hotel Continental into the fairyland of Paris; inwardly, save one of their number, psychological complexities as dark as any that have merged into its mocking and inscrutable spirit. Of the three, Quixtus, the tender-hearted scholar of darkened mind, who could no more have broken a woman's heart than have trampled on a baby, pathetically bent on his intellectually conceived career of evil and entirely unconscious of being himself the dupe and victim—of the three, Quixtus was certainly the happiest. Huckaby, touched with shame, avoided meeting his accomplice's eye. He walked with Lady Louisa, finding refuge in her placid dullness.

Once during the afternoon, when Lena Fontaine found herself for a moment by his side, she laughed cynically.

"Do you know what you two remind me of? Martha and Mephistopheles."

"And you are Gretchen to the life."

The retort was obvious, but apparently it was not anticipated. Mrs. Fontaine flushed scarlet at the sneer. She looked at him hard-eyed and said, with set teeth:

"I wish to Heaven I were!"

XIV

SOMETHING was wrong with Tommy Burgrave. Instead of flinging excited hands in the direction of splendid equipage or beautiful woman, he sat glum by Clementina's side while the most kaleidoscopic procession in Europe passed before his eyes. Of course it was a little cockneyfied to sit on a public bench on the edge of the great avenue of the Champs Elysées; but Clementina knew that consciousness of cockneydom would not disturb the serenity of Tommy's soul. Something else was the matter. He was ill at ease. Gloom darkened his brow and care perched on his shoulders.

The car of thirty-five million dove-power, which had brought the wanderers the day before to Paris, had deposited Etta Concannon at the house of some friends for a few hours' visit—and Tommy and Clementina at a café, where they had lunched. It was over the *traite à la gelée* that Tommy's conversation had begun to flag. His melancholy deepened as the meal proceeded. When they strolled, after lunch, across to the avenue, his face assumed an expression of acute misery. He sat forward, elbows on knees, and traced sad diagrams on the gravel with the point of his cane.

"My good Tommy," said Clementina at last—what on earth was the matter with the boy?—"you look as merry as a museum."

He groaned. "I'm in a devil of a fix, Clementina!"

"Indeed!"

What could he be in a fix about? Anything more aggravatingly, insolently, excruciatingly happy than the pair of young idiots whom she had accompanied in the thirty-five-million-dove-power car aforesaid she had never beheld in her life. Sometimes it was as much as she could do to restrain herself from stopping the car and dumping the pair of them down by the wayside and telling them to go and play Daphnis and Chloe by themselves in the sylvan solitudes of France, instead of conducting their antic gambols over her heart-strings. The air reechoed with cooings and the sky grew sickly with smiles. What could a young man in love want more?

"It's the biggest, awfullest mess that ever man got into," said Tommy.

"Well, I suppose it's your own fault," she remarked, with just a touch of the vindictive. She had emptied her heart of Heaven and thrown it at the boy's feet, and he had not so much as said "Thank you."

"I'm not so sure," said Tommy.

"That's just like a man!" said Clementina. "Every one of you is ready enough to cry *peccavi;* but it's invariably somebody else's *maxima culpa.*"

"I didn't cry *peccavi* at all," said Tommy. "I suppose I had better do so, though," he added, after a gloomy pause. "I've been a cad. I've been abusing your hospitality. Any man of honor would kick me all over the place. But I swear to you it was not my fault. How the deuce could I help it?"

"Help what, my good Tommy?"

Tommy dug his stick fiercely into the gravel. "Help falling in love with Etta. There! Now it's out. Of course you had no idea of it!"

"Of course not!" said Clementina, with a wry twist of her mouth, not knowing whether to shriek with insane laughter or with pain at the final cut of the whip with which she had flagellated the offending Eve. But her grim sense of humor prevailed, though her strength allowed it to manifest itself only in the twinkling of her keen eyes.

"I don't know what you can think of me," said Tommy.

She made no reply, reflecting on the success of her comedy. As she had planned, so had it fallen out. She had saved her own self-respect—more, her self-honor—and she had saved him from making muddy disaster of his own life. The simplicity of the boy touched her deeply. The dear, ostrich reasoning of youth! Of course she had no idea of it! She looked at him, as he sat there, as a man sometimes looks at a very pure woman—with a pitying reverence in her eyes. But Tommy did not see the look, contemplating as he was the blackness of his turpitude. For each of them it was a wholesome moment.

"You see, not only was I your guest but I held a kind of position of trust," continued Tommy. "She was, as it were, in my charge. If I had millions I oughtn't to have fallen in love with her. As I'm absolutely penniless, it's a crime."

"I don't think falling in love with a sweet girl is a crime," said Clementina

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gently. "There's one in that automobile"—she nodded in the direction of a rosebud piece of womanhood in a carriage that was held up by a block in the traffic, just in front of them. "If any man fell in love with her right off, as she sits there, not knowing her, it wouldn't be a crime. It would be a divine adventure."

"She's not worth two penn'orth of paint," said Tommy disparagingly—now Clementina has told me that this was a singularly beautiful girl—such are other women than his Dulcinea in the eyes of the true lover—"she isn't even doll-pretty. But suppose she were, for the sake of argument, it might be a divine adventure for the fool who fell in love with her and never told her; but for the penniless cad who went up and told her—and got her love in return—it would be a crime."

Now it must be remembered that Tommy was entirely ignorant of the fact that a fortune of two thousand pounds, the spoils of Old Joe Jenks, was coyly lying at his bankers', who had made the usual acknowledgment to the payer-in and not to the payee.

"So you've told Etta?" said Clementina, feeling curiously remote from him and yet curiously drawn to him.

"This morning," said Tommy, glowering at the ground. "In the hall of the hotel, waiting for you to come down."

"Oh!" said Clementina, who had deliberately lingered.

"Oh, it wasn't your fault," said Tommy, with dark magnanimity. "It was the fault of that damned glove! She asked me to button it for her. Why do women wear gloves thirty sizes too small for them? Why can't they wear sensible, easy things, like a man? I was fussing over the infernal thing—I had somehow got her arm perpendicular in front of her face, and I was bending down—oh, can't you see?"

"Oh, yes; I can see," replied Clementina. "And I suppose Etta was utterly indignant?"

"That's the devil of it," said the conquering but miserable lover. "She wasn't."

"She wasn't?" asked Clementina.

"No," said Tommy.

"Then I'm shocked at her!" said Clementina. "She was in my charge, enjoying my hospitality. She had no business to fall in love with—with my"—she floundered for a second—"with my invalid guest."

"Pretty sort of invalid I am!" said Tommy, who, through the masquerade of woe, appealed to passers-by, especially to those of the opposite sex, as the embodiment of fair Anglo-Saxon lustiness. "It isn't her fault, poor dear! It's mine—and yet it isn't—for how could I help it? But what the deuce there is in me, Clementina dear, for the most exquisite thing God ever made to care for, God only knows."

Clementina put her hand—the glove on it, so different from Etta's, was thirty sizes too large; it was of white cotton, and new; she had sent the page-boy of the hotel that morning to buy her a pair—she put her gloved hand on his. At the touch he raised his eyes to hers. He saw in them something—he was too young and ingenuous to know what—but something he had not seen in Clementina's eyes before.

"You're right, my dear boy," she said. "God knows. That being so, it is up to Him, as the Americans say, to make good. And He'll make good—that is, if you really love that little girl."

"Love her!" cried Tommy. "Why——"

"Yes, yes," Clementina interrupted hastily. "I'm convinced of it. You needn't go into raptures." She had endured much the last few weeks. She felt now that the penance of listening to amatory dithyrambics was supererogatory. "All I want to know is that you love her like a man."

"That I do," said Tommy.

"And she loves you?"

Tommy nodded lugubriously. Clementina loved him for nodding.

"Then why the deuce are you trying to make me miserable on this beautiful afternoon?"

He twisted round on the bench and faced her. "Then you're not angry with me—you don't think I've been a blackguard?"

"I think the two of you are innocent lambs," said Clementina.

Tommy grinned. He, the seasoned man of the world of twenty-three, to be called an innocent lamb! Much Clementina knew about it.

"All the same," said he, reverting to his gloom, "you're different from other people;

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you have your own way of looking at things. Ordinary folks would say I had behaved abominably. Admiral Concannon would kick me out of the house if I went and proposed to his daughter. It's Gilbertian! There's a Bab Ballad almost on the same theme," he laughed. "I guess I'd better not speak to the admiral yet."

"I guess not," said Clementina. "Leave well alone for the present."

This advice she gave to Etta when that young person, before going to bed, told her the marvelous news. Etta's anxiety as to future ways and means was the least of her preoccupations, which consisted, in the main, of wonder at Tommy's transcendent perfections and at her extraordinary good fortune in winning the favor of such a miracle of a man. Clementina left her radiant and went to bed with a headache and a bit of a heartache. The one little elf of romance that had crossed her gray path she had snubbed unmercifully. Would ever another chance by? Would he not go back and tell his congeners of the flinty-bosomed, sour-avised female who had nearly frightened him to death, and bid them all beware of her devastating presence? It was no use her saying that she loved the elf with all her heart, but had to dissemble her love; for the elf, like the lover in the poem, would naturally ask the historic question. Yet she did love him and in the secrecy of her soul longed for such another—but one perhaps who would put before her a less Puckish proposition.

"Bosh!" she said, after a couple of sleepless hours. "It's high time I was back at work again."

Now, be it here definitely stated that Clementina misjudged the elf. He was mightily amused by her treatment of him and ran away with his elfin thumb to his elfin nose in the most graceless and delicious manner possible. He swore revenge. In his cobweb seat he thought hard. Then he slapped his thighs and laughed and returned to Elfland.

The result of this will be duly set forth.

"We leave Paris tomorrow," said Clementina, buttoning her cotton gloves. "I must work and Tommy must work and Etta must learn to cook and sew and scrub saucepans. The holiday is about to end."

Two sighs greeted the announcement.

"Can't we have one other day?" Etta pleaded.

"You just need the extra day to make you quite fit again," said Tommy.

Clementina, unmoved by pleading or sophistry, replied: "We start tomorrow."

Etta looked at Tommy and sorrowfully licked from her finger tips the squirted cream of an éclair. Tommy's eyes were fixed on the entrance of the tea room. He half rose from his chair.

"Lord!—if that isn't Uncle Ephraim!"

"Where?" cried Clementina.

He nodded and Clementina, turning her head, saw Quixtus, one of a party of four—two men and two ladies—threading their way between the chattering tables under the guidance of a waitress. They found places not far off. Quixtus sat down with his back to Clementina.

"I wonder whom he has got hold of!" said Tommy.

"She's awfully pretty," said Etta, glancing at Mrs. Fontaine.

"Passable," said Tommy. "I don't care for women who look like nuns."

"She doesn't look a bit like a nun," she contradicted. "She's talking and laughing like anything."

Clementina said nothing, but studied the woman's face. The portrait painter's instinct arose. She would like to get her in the sitter's chair and see what sort of a thing would come out on the canvas. The woman seemed to be the mistress of the feast. It was she who apportioned the seats and gave the orders; also it was she who led the animated conversation.

"Whatever the crowd is, they're having a good time," said Tommy. "An unusual thing for my uncle."

"Perhaps that's because he's crazy," suggested Etta.

"Perhaps," said Tommy. "I should like to knock some sanity into him, though," he added ruefully; "especially as things are at present."

"So should I," remarked Clementina; and again she scrutinized the woman's face.

"Perhaps his reason will come back when he sees Etta!" cried Tommy, laughing boyishly. "I'll go and present her."

"You'll do no such thing," said Clementina decidedly.

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But Clementina, when they had risen to leave the tea room, found that she had counted without her hosts of the café, who had arranged the crowded tables in such a manner that, in order to reach the exit door, she and her charges had to pass immediately behind Huckaby, who sat facing Quixtus. Chance had also caused a temporary blocking of the gangway a little farther on. The trio came to a compulsory standstill beside the quartette. Tommy stretched out a frank hand.

"Hello, Uncle Ephraim! What are you doing here?"

Quixtus rose and took the proffered hand, but he did not answer the indiscreet question.

"How d'ye do, Tommy? I hope I see you well." Then he became conscious of Clementina, whom he greeted with stiff courtesy.

"I must present you to Miss Etta Concannon," said Tommy. "This is my uncle, Doctor Quixtus. We've been motoring all over France with Clementina. Had a gorgeous time."

Again Clementina looked at the woman with the nun's face and the alluring eyes; and this time the woman looked at Clementina. Between the two pairs of eyes there was a second's invisible rapier play. Mrs. Fontaine broke into a laugh.

"Won't you introduce me, Doctor Quixtus?" And then, the introductions being effected: "I hope you're staying a long while in Paris."

"We leave tomorrow," snapped Clementina. "And you?" she asked, turning to Quixtus.

He made a vague gesture. A week's Seine water had flowed beneath the bridges since he had first walked up the Rue de la Paix with Mrs. Fontaine, and that week had been full of interest, morbid and otherwise. Not only did he hug himself in his imaginary wrap of diabolical wickedness but also—if he could admit the truth—he was enjoying himself enormously in the most blameless fashion. Mrs. Fontaine showing no particular desire to leave Paris, he had adjourned his own departure *sine die*.

"I am remaining some time yet," he replied.

"In the interests of prehistoric man?"

The implication was brutal. Two little red spots rose to Mrs. Fontaine's cheeks. She conceived a sudden hatred for the rough-voiced, keen-eyed creature, with untidy hair and caricature of a hat. A retort containing the counter implication of Clementina's resemblance to a prehistoric woman was tempting, but it would lay herself open to obvious attack. She laughed.

"We are all helping Doctor Quixtus to recover from prehistoric man. He has just been attending an anthropological congress."

"Umph!" said Clementina.

"Where are you staying, Uncle Ephraim?" asked Tommy.

"At the Hotel Continental."

"I'll come and look you up—tonight or tomorrow morning."

"I'm sorry to say that both tonight and tomorrow morning I shall be engaged."

"Then I'll look you up in London when you get back," said Tommy cheerfully.

A gangway to the door being now clear, Clementina made perfunctory adieus to Quixtus and his friends; and henlike, marshaling her two chickens in front of her, sailed out of the tea room.

"He doesn't look at all horrid," said Etta when they reached the street. "I wonder what makes him behave so! And how generous of you, Tommy, to be so sweet to him!"

Tommy smiled as if he were compact of lofty qualities.

"I've been blessing him all the time," he whispered in her ear; "for if it hadn't been for his craziness I shouldn't be here with you."

Clementina trudged on in silence until they turned into the Rue Saint-Honoré, where their hotel was situated. Then she said suddenly:

"I don't like your uncle and I don't like his friends. I'm sorry we ran into them. If we stayed on in Paris we should be running into them every day. I'm glad we're clearing out tomorrow."

Whereupon the elf, who had returned from Elfland to haunt her, laughed immoderately; for he knew that at the hotel a telegram was awaiting her.

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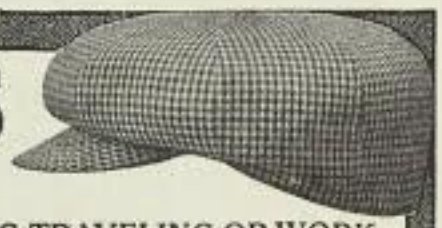
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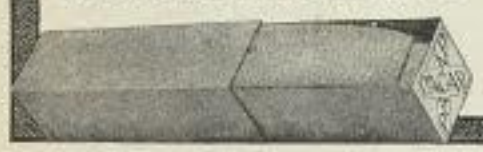
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Drink Water With Your Meals

FEW beliefs relating to matters of diet are more widely accepted than that which forbids the drinking of much water at meals—the idea being that the gastric juices, relied upon to start the process of digestion, are liable to suffer too much dilution.

And yet, somehow, there has been a noteworthy lack of definite and satisfactory data to uphold this theory, which seems likely to be entirely upset by a systematic investigation of the subject recently made by Professor P. B. Hawk, physiological chemist of the University of Illinois. His results indicate that the truth is exactly opposite and that the drinking of water at meals tends powerfully to stimulate the flow of the digestive secretions.

This stimulation, furthermore, appears to be directly proportionate to the quantity of water drunk—though it is by no means to be supposed that undue distention of the stomach with fluid is desirable. Incidentally the activity of the pancreatic function is augmented and these processes of digestion that go on in the intestines are greatly helped.

Much has been said against the practice of drinking ice-water at meals. Yet many people do it, apparently without suffering the slightest ill effect—the fact being, probably, that ice-water in moderate quantities is harmless under such circumstances to persons who have sound stomachs. It retards digestion somewhat; but, once swallowed, it is soon warmed to the temperature of the body, so that the processes of assimilation are not held back to any important extent.

Many persons nowadays refuse to drink water at all with their meals in the belief that, when thus taken, it tends to fatten. This notion is probably without the slightest basis in fact. It was started originally by a physician who attended Prince Bismarck and who recommended him, as a cure for obesity, to keep his food and water apart.

Bismarck certainly lost much flesh while under the treatment, but some other cause may have had to do with the matter. Fat people, when they reach a certain age, are apt suddenly to begin to waste rapidly. Grover Cleveland was not a very stout man toward the end of his life.

The value of water as medicine is being more and more highly appreciated. Most people do not drink enough of it; and a certain well-known physician is actually in the habit of prescribing the eating of chocolate for his women patients in order to render them thirsty.

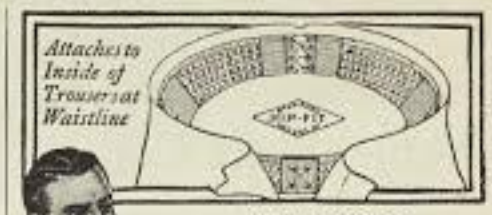
Working for Their Salt

NO MATTER how few cattle a farmer keeps, he knows the value and necessity of salt in their stomachs. The average farmer throws it in lumps in certain places recognized by the cattle as artificial saltlicks or keeps a trough full of it in a convenient location.

Conservation, however, has brought about new improvements, labor-saving devices of great value in this respect. On every farm there is a bad weed-patch, a thicket of hazel bushes or some hardy nonproductive growth that chokes out good grass pasturage. To reclaim these patches might take many days from regular farmwork—and then the shoots would doubtless spring up again. So several farmers have hit on the scheme of destroying these waste patches at no expense and at the same time salting their cattle in a more natural, beneficial way than by giving them the straight article in lumps.

Just after a rain, while the leaves of the bushes or weeds to be destroyed are still wet, a man is sent out with a big sack of salt in front of him on a horse, with instructions to sow the salt thickly over the patch to be destroyed.

The rain breaks up the crystals and leaves a thin coating of salt over the leaves, which the cattle soon find; and in their efforts to get the salt they chew off the leaves and light twigs supporting them, stamp down the bushes and in time kill them. Working for their salt in this way has also proved beneficial to the cattle.



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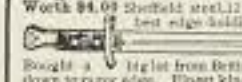
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Shredded Wheat

and the many delicious, nourishing dishes that can be made with it. Nothing so delicious and wholesome as Shredded Wheat Biscuit with strawberries, and nothing so easy to prepare. A combination of all the body-building, strength-giving material in the whole wheat with the most luscious fruit that grows.

Heat the biscuit in oven to restore crispness and dip over it strawberries in their own juices and serve with milk or cream. A dish for the summer days—more wholesome and more nutritious than heavy meats and soggy pastries.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing, whole wheat Toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.



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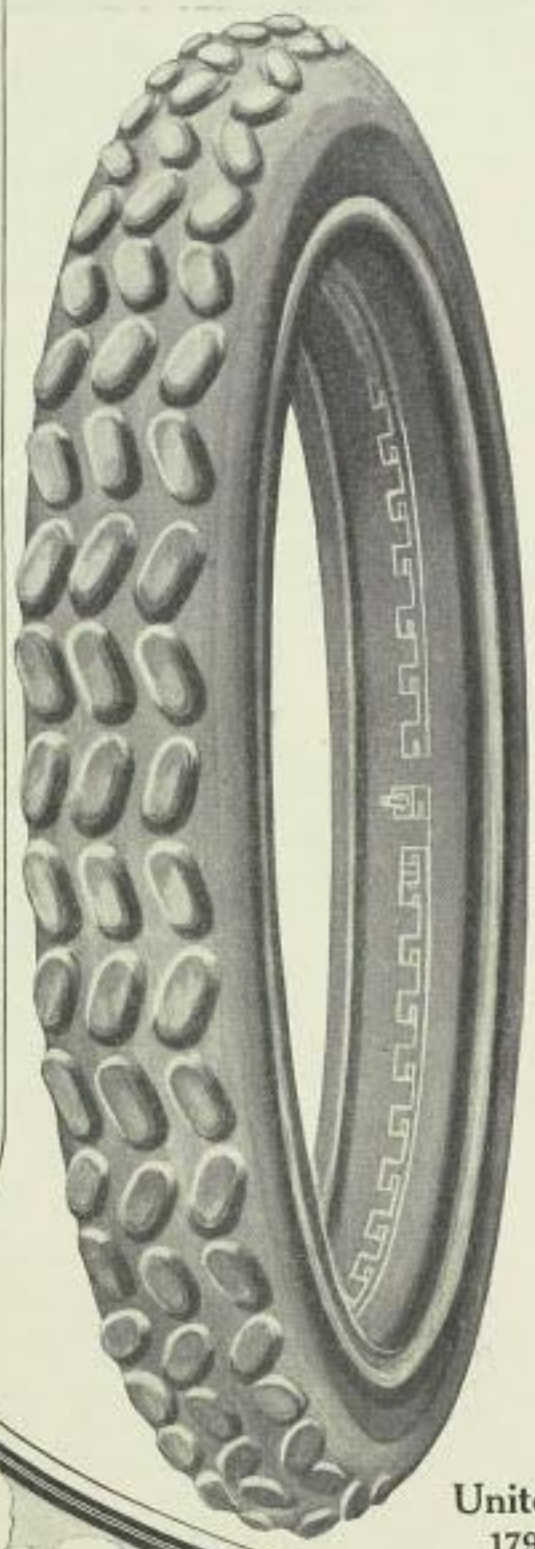


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Eighteen months ago, Nobby Treads were first placed on the market. Since then they have been sweeping the country, replacing non-skid tires or non-skid devices on cars in every possible kind of service.

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Residence and Garage of H. Roode, Weehawken, N. J.—using the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

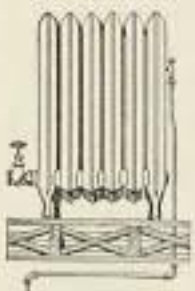
This is probably the first time vacuum steam heating has been explained in a publication of general circulation. The information given here is of great importance to every user of steam heat and to every prospective user of any kind of heat.



Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Building, Cleveland—using the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

YOU can save a fourth of the customary cost of steam heat, and get quick, uniform heat into every loop of every radiator, if you add the Reliable Vacuum Pump to your steam heating-plant.

Because it pulls out the air from radiators and piping, it makes every inch of radiation immediately effective. For the same reason, it makes fuel-bills less. How this double advantage can be secured for old and new steam heating-plants is explained below.



The Reliable Vacuum Pump

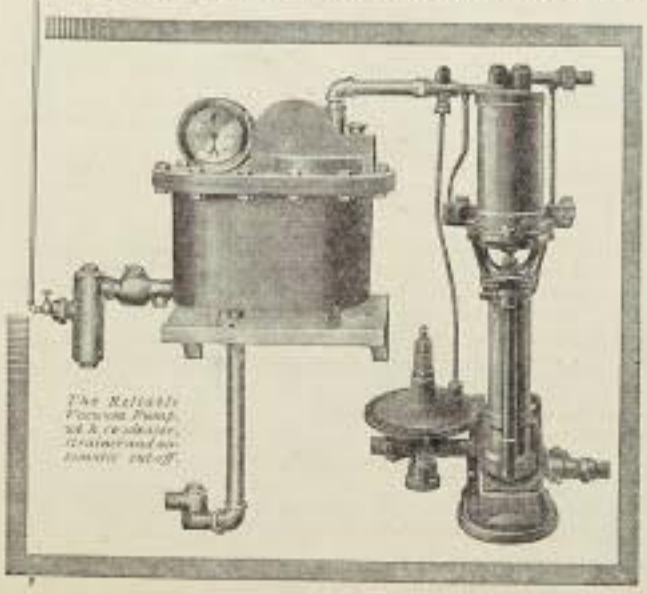
For Steam Heating-Plants—New or Old

Why It Is Efficient

WITH the air pulled out of pipes and radiators, steam instantaneously reaches every radiator—no matter how far it may be from the boiler; no matter how many angles there may be in the piping.

Turn on a radiator, and steam at once rushes in to fill the void. There is no air to give way grudgingly, contesting every foot of the way, and making the grumbling, pounding noises that are so disagreeable in the ordinary steam system.

Every inch of radiation is immediately effective. There is no waiting hours, or even minutes, for some particular radiator to heat. Every part of the system is doing its work.



The Reliable Vacuum Pump, with Receiver, Strainer and automatic cut-off.

Why It Is Economical

THE fact that the air is pulled out from the heating system is also responsible for the economy assured by the use of the Reliable Vacuum Pump. Since there is no air to be overcome, not so much steam will be required for reaching all parts of the system. Instead of the pressure of from two to five pounds ordinarily required, your steam-gauge will show ounces, or no pressure at all.

And the fact that you don't have to maintain a full head of steam in order to get thorough circulation through the system also means that you combine the advantages of hot water and steam heating without the limitations of either.

How These Advantages Are Possible

THE theory of vacuum steam heating has been known for a number of years. The Reliable Vacuum Pump has made those theoretical advantages practical. It has been in successful use for more than three years; and it is so simple and so economical that it can be used with profit in the smallest residence, and in the largest office, factory, or public building—whether steam is generated on the premises, or furnished by a central station.

It is a simple automatic air-suction pump that is to be connected with the radiators. Any heating contractor or competent steam-fitter can install it; and there are no royalties to pay.

It is operated by water-pressure from the city mains—or by electricity if you prefer that.

It is regulated to maintain a vacuum of such a degree as will produce the required results most economically. When the vacuum falls below the indicated degree, the pump begins to operate. When the required degree is reached, the pump stops. The whole operation is automatic.

Cost To Buy and Operate

TO quote positive prices is impossible until the details of your heating-problem are known. But it is certain that the saving in fuel-cost and the gain in comfort will pay many times over for the cost of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

The cost of operation varies with the work to be done. It is trifling in any case. For example: The Permanent Building, Cleveland, with 8,000 square feet of radiating-surface, consumes but 3c worth of water a day, by actual water test, for operating the pump.

Begin Your Investigation Today

ASSURE next winter's comfort and economy by prompt investigation of the Reliable Vacuum System. Write today for handsome illustrated booklet, giving further details. If you state the size and character of your building, we shall be able to give definite information. We shall also be glad to place you in touch with a heating-contractor in your locality, who is competent to give estimates and full details.

The Bishop-Babcock-Becker Co.

General Offices, Garfield Building CLEVELAND Twenty Branches in the United States



The Ivory Soap Prize Contest

THE Ivory Soap prize contest has taught us several things. One is that there are scores—yes, hundreds—of uses of Ivory Soap of which we had no knowledge. Another is that the number of women who use Ivory Soap to the exclusion of all other soaps is much greater than we supposed. It is the only soap they use. They wash the dishes with it; the blankets; the curtains; the colored clothes; the white clothes.

They use Ivory Soap for the bath and for the toilet.

With half a cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, and a quart of water (kept almost, but not quite at boiling point for ten minutes after the soap is dissolved) they make Ivory Soap Paste, and with it shampoo their hair and clean their hardwood floors and their rugs. They tell us that for those purposes, as well as for many others, Ivory Soap Paste is even better than Ivory Soap.

And the men are almost as enthusiastic as the women. They use Ivory Soap for shaving. They clean their automobiles with it, their tan shoes and their straw hats. They—but why not print a list of some, not all, not half, not even a tenth, of the purposes for which Ivory Soap is used by the men and women who took part in the contest?

Here is the list:

In the Household

To clean Rugs (use soft scrub brush)
- Carpets (use soft scrub brush)
- Matting (use soft scrub brush)
- Bath tubs
- Palms, ferns, etc.
- Pianos
- Woodwork
- Tile mantels and tiled floors
- Mahogany, oak and walnut furniture
- Windows
- Mirrors
- Tapestry
- Willow, reed and grass furniture (use brush)
- Lamp burners
- Lamp chimneys
- Grips and suit cases*
- Brass and copper*
- Bronzes*
- Gas and electric light fixtures*
- Brass beds*
- Hardwood floors*

*Use Ivory Soap Paste and no water. Apply with clean, soft cloth. Remove paste with another clean cloth. Rub or polish with third cloth, or a chamois.

NOTE—In cleaning several of the articles listed above—pianos, woodwork and furniture, for example—use very little water. Dip a cloth in a good suds of Ivory Soap and warm water, wring it nearly dry and apply, covering only a small surface at a time. Rub and polish with another clean cloth.

In the Laundry

To wash Woolens
- Blankets
- Sweaters
- Knitted shawls
- Curtains
- Comforts
- Down quilts
- Table linen
- Pongee, foulard and china silk dresses and waists
- Silk stockings
- Silk underwear
- Silk handkerchiefs
- Ribbons
- Laces and embroidered articles
- Parasols
- Gingham, linen, corduroy, serge and worsted dresses

HINTS—Put some clean Ivory Soap suds in the starch. It will prevent the iron from sticking and produce a better gloss. Wash irons occasionally in Ivory Soap suds. If your wringer or washing machine does not work easily, rub a cake of Ivory Soap on the bearings.

In the Nursery

- For baby's bath and shampoo
- As a wash for a child's mouth

To clean Baby carriages (use brush) and
- carriage rugs
- Nursing bottles
- Bearskin coats
- Kid shoes*
- Leggings and stockings
- Flannels

*Use Ivory Soap Paste and no water. See directions elsewhere.

Ivory Soap and Water Will Not Injure Anything that Water, Alone, Will Not Harm

IVORY SOAP PASTE: For laundry purposes and for general use around the house, Ivory Soap Paste is ideal. The proper proportions are half a cake (small size) of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, to a quart of water; or a whole cake to two quarts of water. Keep nearly, but not quite at boiling point for ten minutes after soap is dissolved. Set on back of stove to cool. Keep in glass jar with screw top. Use as required.

SILK is more easily injured than wool. Wool is more easily injured than linen or cotton. Act accordingly.

TO "SET" A COLOR: If you are not sure that a color is "fast" wash a sample and dry it. If the color suffers, try to set it with a solution of salt, white vinegar, borax or alum in the proportion of one level tablespoonful to a gallon of water.

WHITE CLOTHES (linen or cotton) should be soaked for several hours. Wet the clothes, rub Ivory Soap Paste on the soiled parts, fold and roll each piece by itself, pack in a tub, cover with cold water, in which a liberal quantity of Ivory Soap Paste has been dissolved, and let it stand over night. White clothes should be boiled. Use *cold* water, and bring it to the boiling point very slowly.

WOOLENS may be soaked for not more than ten minutes in warm water in which Ivory Soap Paste has been dissolved; silks, twenty minutes; blankets, thirty minutes; colored clothes, not at all.

TEMPERATURE OF WATER: 120° Fahrenheit—just warm enough to allow you to put your hand in the water without discomfort—is the best temperature for washing woolens, blankets and silks. Colored clothes should be washed in water not quite so warm.

RINSING: The water in which clothes are rinsed should be of the same temperature as that in which they are washed. This prevents shrinking. A tablespoonful of Ivory Soap Paste dissolved in the water used for rinsing woolens and blankets will make them soft and fleecy.

FOR COLORED CLOTHES, make a suds of Ivory Soap and warm water and quickly wash, rinse and hang out to dry, one garment at a time.

USE A WRINGER for white clothes, hosiery and colored clothes. Many experienced laundresses do not put woolens through the wringer but shake them and gently press the water out by hand, stretch them into shape, and allow them to dry in the shade or in a moderately warm room. If you use a wringer, see that it is adjusted so that the fabric will not be injured.

DON'T RUB woolens, blankets or silks on the washboard.

HOT WATER—without soap—has a tendency to "set" dirt and stains. Soap counteracts this tendency.

TO SOFTEN WATER, use ammonia, borax or sal soda. Ammonia and borax are mild and comparatively expensive. Sal soda is stronger and cheaper.

REMEMBER THIS: Even Ivory Soap will not produce the best results if it is not used intelligently.

In Kitchen and Pantry

To wash Dishes
To clean Tea and coffee pots
- Cut glass
- Silver and plated ware
- Linoleum
- Painted walls
- Refrigerators
- Poultry and hams before cooking (use a stiff brush)
- Granite and aluminum ware

HINTS—Ivory Soap Paste, dissolved in warm water, is fine for washing dishes.

Wipe the range once or twice a week with an old cloth dipped in strong Ivory Soap suds, and wring nearly dry. Rub with dry cloth.

Personal Uses

- For the bath
- For the toilet
- As a dentifrice
- For shaving (rub cake on face and "work up" lather. Rinse. Reapply lather. Shave)
- As a nail polish (use nail brush)
- For bites of mosquitoes, fleas and other insects (apply Ivory Soap lather to affected parts and let it dry)
- For shampooing the hair*

*Use Ivory Soap Paste, applying it to the hair and scalp. Rinse in several waters, each cooler than the preceding.

In the Sewing Room

A cake of Ivory Soap is a good substitute for dressmaker's chalk.

Rub Ivory Soap on sewing machine needles—they will run easier.

Before drawing threads for hem-stitching, rub the hem line with a cake of Ivory Soap.

Before sewing heavy material (canvas, etc.), rub Ivory Soap on it—the needle will go through it easier.

When sewing, stick needles in a cake of Ivory Soap occasionally—they will work easier.

To prevent thread from knotting, draw it across a cake of Ivory Soap.

Articles of Wear

To clean Eyeglasses and prevent their "fogging"
- Men's panama and straw hats (use brush)
- "Switches," etc.
- White beaver hats (use brush)
- Silk, chamois, lisle and cotton gloves
- Dress shields
- Crevenette, suède, velvet, tan and canvas shoes
- Celluloid collars and cuffs
- Ostrich plumes
- Aigrettes
- Veils
- Furs
- Barettes and side combs
- Silver mesh purses, unlined (use brush)
- Leather belts*

*Use Ivory Soap Paste and no water. Apply with clean, soft cloth. Remove paste with another clean cloth. Rub or polish with third cloth.

Practical Uses

To make screws and nails "go in" easily—rub Ivory Soap on them.

To lubricate door hinges, pumps, chains, washing machines, etc.—rub Ivory Soap on them.

To make drawers that stick slide easily—rub Ivory Soap on the "draws."

Rub Ivory Soap on bolts, windows, doors and rockers that stick or squeak.

To temporarily stop gas leaks—soften Ivory Soap in hands and apply to leak.

In the Garden

Ivory Soap is an invaluable insecticide. Shave a cake of Ivory Soap very thin and dissolve in two quarts of boiling water. When cold, add ten gallons of cold water, and spray roses, carnations, violets and chrysanthemums. Rinse with clear, soft water in half an hour.

For begonias, ferns and all tender and bulbous plants, add fifteen gallons of cold water. Dip plants in this or spray it over them—an old whisk broom will do very nicely. Rinse in soft water.

To keep finger nails clean while gardening, fill them with Ivory Soap and, when finished, wash in warm water.

To wash automobiles, use Ivory Soap Paste for metal parts; Ivory Soap and lukewarm water for painted parts.

To wash dogs and other pets.

More than twelve thousand men and women took part in the Prize Contest. Nearly fifty thousand recipes were received. Many of the recipes are valueless. Many tell the same story. Nevertheless, the Contest has been a very great success. We propose to use the information which it has brought to us in a way that will benefit every user of Ivory Soap. We intend to publish the best of the recipes and, by so doing, to make the advertisements of Ivory Soap so practical that women will turn to the "Ivory Soap page" with the knowledge that it will help them solve many of the problems with which they are confronted.

We have enjoyed this opportunity of coming into personal contact with the men and women who use Ivory Soap; and we have been gratified, beyond measure, by their expressions of confidence in the product. A large proportion of the letters which have reached us since February 1st contain such comments as these: "Ivory Soap is invaluable; I could not keep house without it." "For thirty years Ivory Soap has been my standby." "I cannot begin to tell *all* the uses of Ivory Soap; but this I know—it is the only soap to use for general work if one would have well kept, good looking hands instead of coarse, red hands which advertise hard work." "I have used Ivory Soap for twenty years, and it has never failed me yet."

The task of arranging the recipes is not an easy one; and it is not likely that the booklet, a copy of which will be mailed to every contestant, will be ready for distribution before November.

A circular giving the names of the winners was mailed to every contestant June 15th. On the same day, checks were sent to those to whom prizes were awarded in accordance with the conditions of the Contest.

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LA FOLLETTE'S IDEAS

An Interview With the Leader of the Progressives



La Follette as a Boy

By HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM

IN ninety-six I couldn't get any one to make the Progressive fight for Governor," said Senator La Follette, "and I had to run myself. I wanted to run—I was determined to stand for public office before Sawyer died. I suppose I should tell you of an episode that my friends believed had made me a weak candidate. I refer to the treasury cases."

To put it briefly, the Attorney-General of Wisconsin had instituted suit against the state treasurers to recover interest for a period of twenty years. Senator Sawyer was bondsman for many of these treasurers, and he was sued personally for about three hundred thousand dollars. In a month the cases were to come up for trial before Circuit Judge Siebecker, a brother-in-law of La Follette.

Philetus Sawyer was the senior United States Senator from Wisconsin, was the political boss of the state and a multimillionaire lumberman who loved his money too well to part with a dollar of it except for a material or a political *quid pro quo*. And Senator Sawyer's friends claimed the old man had been "good" to La Follette when the Representative from the Madison District had entered Congress—a green young man of thirty.

Sawyer, alarmed about the treasury cases, in desperation turned to La Follette, asking him to come to the Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee. Thinking it was a political conference, La Follette met the appointment. The old money-hoarding lumberman and the young attorney shook hands in the hotel parlor. But let La Follette tell the story:

"Sawyer began by saying that no one knew he was to meet me. He said at once that he wanted to talk to me about the treasury cases; said he didn't want to retain me, and then said he was worried about the cases. I can see his expression now as he talked—the old man who feared that his money was to be taken from him. I was so intent on watching his face that I did not see that he had his pocketbook in one hand and a roll of bills in the other. Almost before I saw the money Sawyer tried to press the bills into my hand, saying: 'There'll be more money when Judge Siebecker decides the cases right.'"

La Follette's face was stern. All the kindliness had gone out of his blue-gray eyes; they were dark—ominous. The smile had left his mouth. His expression was menacing.

"If he hadn't been an old man——" he said, and then with a wave of the hand dismissed the scene.

La Follette told what followed when he reported the facts to Judge Siebecker. The judge refused to sit in the treasury cases; but he gave no explanation for his refusal. Reporters from Milwaukee and Chicago began to guess. The Chicago Times ran a scarehead story.

Then followed journalistic speculation, with nothing definite. Sawyer, frightened, tried to arrange a meeting with La Follette. He failed. Then, fearing exposure, he rushed to the Milwaukee Sentinel with an interview. Sawyer said that he could not account for Judge Siebecker's action in withdrawing from the case, although he mentioned incidentally that he had met La Follette by appointment, had sought to retain him in the case and had been told—what he professed he did not know—that La Follette was the brother-in-law of Judge Siebecker and that, therefore, La Follette could not properly appear in his court; and Sawyer concluded with the statement that they had parted good friends.

La Follette announced his intention to give out an interview telling the truth. His friends counseled delay and told him that his political career would be ended; that Sawyer would ruin his law practice and drive him from the state. La Follette would not listen.



Senator La Follette

The interview was printed—the truth told. Immediately, from one end of the state to the other in the newspapers controlled by Sawyer, La Follette was maligned and held up to public scorn.

"What this meant to me," said La Follette, "no one can ever know. Through it all I quietly held to my course and attended to my law practice. But the ordeal—the severest of my life—disciplined and tempered and hardened me for the things that were to come. Nothing has ever seemed to hurt—even to touch me—since.

"I determined," said La Follette, "to crush that power which held the state in its grip; that power which, not content with the control of the legislature of the state, of the press of the state, had sought to invade the courts; that power which, to serve its greedy ends, would break down reputation and character.

"And when I have been misrepresented, attacked and maligned in Wisconsin and in Washington, and when I have been defeated again and again, I have not felt it. It has all seemed trivial compared with that one experience when the powers of corruption in Wisconsin strove to destroy my character. For all the capital I had was my honor and reputation for integrity."

That is the picture one must have in order to understand La Follette—the Governor, the Senator, the man; to emphasize those principles of representative government to which, verily, he has dedicated his life; and to appreciate why he fights, how he fights, and wherefore he does not know when he is defeated.

In Washington, La Follette is seeking to do as United States Senator what he did in Wisconsin as Governor. And if he were elected President of the United States he would endeavor to do for the country at large what he succeeded in doing for the commonwealth in which he was born and raised.

In 1896 and 1898 La Follette secured a majority of the delegates for the gubernatorial nomination. Both times, enough delegates were bought on the eve of the convention to defeat him. In 1896 some two hundred of his supporters were so indignant they demanded that he run as an Independent.

"I remember," said La Follette, "that I climbed on a table and reasoned with them. I told them that the fault was not with the people—that the Republican voters were honest; they had appointed certain agents to do their work and these agents had violated their trust. I told them that the trouble was with the men higher up—not with the people; that it was not for me to leave the Republican party, but that the men who had corrupted the party to serve their own selfish ends, and particularly to serve the corporate interests, whose creatures they were—that *those men must leave the party*. I told them that there must be some way in which the people could express their choice

for candidates and could insure a political campaign fought out on the principles they believed in, and advocated by the nominees whom they themselves had selected. That was the beginning of the fight for a direct primary, which is the basic idea in any plan to restore popular government."

La Follette was elected Governor in 1900, and carried the legislature; but the Sawyer machine "got" the legislature. In achievement, La Follette had nothing to his credit in his first term.

"But I sent in one special message after another," said the Senator. "I flayed them with all the power I could command. The legislature censured me—but that only called attention to the messages," he added with a smile.

Again, in 1902, La Follette was elected Governor. This time the legislature merely wobbled. After the defeat of the direct primary bill and just before the legislature adjourned, the Governor proposed that it be passed with a referendum. The Stalwarts, knowing that the caucus and convention system would prevail at the next election anyhow, agreed to this proposal. "Uniform taxation" was also carried.

"The manufacturers were getting rebates from the railroads," said La Follette; "and if we had brought forward rate regulation with railroad taxation, the railroads would have made the manufacturers lobby against the tax bill, which they more or less favored, in order to protect the rebates which a rate bill would have prohibited. In other words, we couldn't fight the combined corporate interests at one and the same time. So we 'took on' the railroads first; and, with the public sentiment favoring uniform taxation behind us, we passed the tax bills. And in passing them we got from the railroad officials themselves testimony as to a physical valuation of their property. This was a great aid when we came to value railroad property as a basis for railroad rate regulation."

Progressive Laws Sustained by Courts

A THIRD time La Follette ran for Governor. The main issue was railroad rate regulation. They called it, in Wisconsin, "the last-ditch fight." Again he was elected. What to him was even more important, the direct primary bill was approved by the people and went on the statute-books. And railroad rate legislation was put through upon a scientific basis. How?

"I had given a great deal of careful study to the subject," said La Follette: "I had been a member of the Congress that passed the original interstate commerce act. I had read everything I could lay my hand to, published on the subject. From my reading and study, and the careful consideration of conditions in Wisconsin, I had, with others, worked out the draft of a bill for the regulation of railroad rates and services. I had it printed with wide margins and had copies of it sent all over the United States, to the best-known writers upon the subject of transportation and to those who had a disinterested concern and a wide experience with the subject. Many suggestions came back. Some, of course, were unsuited to Wisconsin conditions, others were unwise; but from these suggestions as a whole the bill was very much improved. I am satisfied that our rate law marked the highest development of railroad regulation in statutory form. Very rarely since its enactment—and then on immaterial points—have the railroads appealed to the courts from decisions of the railway commission."

"Can you say, Senator, in general of the bills that you have fathered, that the same care was exercised in their preparation?"

"I can. I have never introduced a bill in Washington, or had a bill introduced in the legislature of Wisconsin, until I had carefully studied the subject myself and, moreover, had secured the advice and counsel of the best experts in the country on the subject. And the proof is here—that only one law, and that an unimportant one, approved by me as Governor of Wisconsin has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of our state. The sixteen-hour law, for which I made a fight in the United States Senate and upon which I forced a vote, has recently been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. That law not only benefits railroad employees but it safeguards the lives of the traveling public. The first employer's-liability bill which I introduced in the Senate was declared unconstitutional by a four-to-five decision; but I had warned the railroad employees' organization against it, and only introduced it in the form they desired so that certain moot questions would be presented in the actual cause to the highest court for its decision. The succeeding law that I introduced has since received the sanction of the Supreme Court.

"Careful and thoroughgoing investigation and the solution of legislative problems upon a scientific basis—laboratory work in which the representatives of the people and the experts of the state's university work together in harmony—that is our way of doing things in Wisconsin. I am not 'in control' of the legislature at this time. The people are in control and progressive ideas prevail. Knowing this, reactionaries would imagine that the 'demagogues are running wild.' The real condition surprised even ex-President Roosevelt when he visited the state on his recent trip. He said* of our public men that they were proceeding 'with cool-headed caution and wisdom, with a firm purpose to go forward in the true progressive spirit, and yet with a no less firm purpose not to be misled by names, and to do nothing foolish merely because they were afraid of being called unprogressive if they did not do it.' And that is exactly the case."

"Do you believe, Senator, that 'better is half a loaf than no bread'—that it is wise to obtain as good a law as you can get and then seek to improve it at some subsequent date?"

"I do not," said the Senator decidedly, "if there is a sacrifice of essential principles in the compromise offered. I would far rather go back to the people on the issue."

"But can you rely on the people? Aren't they apt to become confused or to tire of the consideration of a subject?"

"All I can say is that it has not been so in Wisconsin. The people have been keenly interested, have understood and have elected representatives finally who would enact thoroughgoing and effective laws."

"But the time wasted in postponement ——"

"Is as nothing," broke in the Senator, "to the time utterly wasted in putting ineffective laws on the statute-books. Take Federal railroad rate legislation, for example. Early in the Seventies the question was agitated, but not until 1887 was the interstate commerce law written—written with the consent of the railroads. As a result of this 'benevolent coöperation'—such as Mr. Taft and Mr. Wickersham offered to Congress in their amendments to the Hepburn law—the first interstate commerce act was stripped bare by decisions of the United States Supreme Court in 1896 and 1897. Then, more agitation; then, ten years later, another compromise measure, from which was omitted the basic proposition of governmental rate regulation—namely, the physical valuation of railroad properties. For this we are still agitating—and yet forty years have elapsed since we first began to be agitated about the railroads."

"And agitation, they tell us, Senator, hurts business more than anything else."

"Yes. For a long time we were warned against agitation in Wisconsin. In my second term as Governor the manufacturers of the state, who were battening on rebates, warned the legislature that 'any attempts to disturb . . . transportation rates would unsettle the business affairs of the state, endanger investments and interfere with the development of our industries, and drive capital from the state.' Again, in my last term as Governor, the manufacturers rallied to the support of the railroads and warned legislators against a 'widespread disturbance of business interests, continued uncertainty as to rates, and the financial ruin of many of our industries the very existence of which is almost wholly dependent upon the undisturbed continuance of the present system.' The manufacturers did not say so," continued the Senator, "but the 'present system' meant the giving and taking of rebates."

"And what happened industrially after you had effected your legislative reforms in Wisconsin?"

"Nothing happened when the government of the state was administered scientifically—except that Wisconsin prospered. From 1905 to 1910 the total operating revenue received from all sources by the railroads in Wisconsin increased fifteen millions, while the reductions of freight rates on intrastate business amount to nearly three million dollars. During the same period the total deposits in the commercial and savings banks of Wisconsin increased fifty-one per cent. Yes, Wisconsin is prosperous—railroads are prosperous; the public utilities of the state, which are also regulated, are prosperous. And there is not an honest manager of a railroad or of a public utility in Wisconsin who today would not contend against the repeal of the Wisconsin rate-commission law with as great vehemence as he contended against its enactment in the years 1903 to 1905."

A Prophecy Explained

"THE contest in the nation is not different from that in the states," continued La Follette. "The same corrupt influences which surround state legislatures are at work in Washington. Legislation to control the trusts, to revise the tariff, to regulate railroad rates and services, will not give to the American people the kind of government they are seeking. The Government must be made thoroughly responsible to the people. It must be made to reflect their will."

"In your speech demanding a reopening of the Lorimer case you made the prophecy that the time is coming when the Senate will be democratized. What did you mean?"

"The Senate is at present controlled by a few bosses who represent privilege. Their scheme of control is simple and is practically the same on both the Republican and Democratic sides. At the beginning of every Congress each party holds a secret caucus. The program of the bosses is arranged in advance and it goes through without a hitch. A boss is made chairman of the caucus and is authorized to appoint a Committee on Committees. One of the senior bosses is named as chairman of this committee and a majority of the Committee on Committees is composed of members who hope sometime to be Senate bosses. They defer largely to the chairman in making assignments to the standing committees. Each caucus ratifies the action of its Committee on Committees.

"The business of the caucus is quickly finished. It is all transacted in less than five minutes. It practically settles the fate of all legislation in the Senate for two years—the full life of an entire Congress. When the committees are announced in open Senate the bosses are found upon the committees that control appropriations, finance, transportation, the tariff, commerce, foreign relations, military affairs, naval affairs, on the Judiciary Committee and the Committee on Rules. And the Senate ratifies the action of the caucuses.

"To the standing committees of the Senate so selected, all bills, as introduced, are referred under the rules. They amend, rewrite, pigeonhole or report—or wholly suppress legislation—at their pleasure.

"To criticise the action of any committee or to seek to discharge a committee from further consideration of a bill is to overturn precedent and to violate 'senatorial courtesy,' which has become the inner citadel of privilege.

(Continued on Page 24)

* Wisconsin: An Object-Lesson for the Rest of the Union. By Theodore Roosevelt. The Outlook, May 27, 1911.



Part of the Herd of Shetland Ponies Belonging to Robert and Philip La Follette



View From Veranda, Maple Bluff Farm, Across Lake Mendota

THE NAMELESS THING

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



"He Will Wake Up Because He's Got an Iron Heart, But it Will be Tomorrow Afternoon"

THE night was advancing. The rain pattered on the canals of mud that trailed off through the hills, on the great squares of rusted pipe piled along the railroad track, on the heaps of frayed cable, on the jam of wagons behind the freight shed.

The shanties on the edge of the hideous raw town were all dark, except a single one built on piles and opening with a decayed porch directly into the mud road. This was the office of the doctor—a single room, filled with shelves and bottles, a table, a chair or two, and a bed screened off with a calico curtain. Within, on the table, a new tallow candle burned in a tin candlestick. Hot tallow in a white pulpy mass was pushed up around the base of the candle, showing that a new one had just replaced one already burned out.

The doctor was walking backward and forward through this room. Sometimes he stopped before the window, dingy with smoke and dirt; but the night was like ink and he could see nothing. He was a young man with what had once been a delicate physique, but he was now bronzed and toughened. Sometimes, as he walked, the man paused as though to listen, but there were no noises save those of the rain.

An hour passed. Then, from the canal of mud running off westward into the hills, there arose a sound as though a lake of batter were being thrashed with a gigantic flail. At the sound the doctor's anxiety ceased; he came over to the table, thrust the candle more firmly into the candlestick and sat down. The gigantic thrashing sound increased, and a moment later the door opened and a man entered hurriedly.

The man was covered with soft yellow mud; it trickled in thick, viscous rivulets over his big Saxon face. He was no usual person—tall and muscular, with a thin, bony, hawk-bill nose, a head that was perfectly bald, and a wide, straight mouth. And, in spite of the evidence of his bald head, he was in the very prime of life. He looked around at the shelves of little bottles, the stove, the table covered with medical journals, old letters and scraps of paper, the saddle-pockets in the corner, the calico curtain screening the bed, and the nails in the wall that did service for a wardrobe.

"True to life, Charlie," he said.

"Why not?" replied the doctor, rising. "It is life."

Then he went over to a shelf, took down a glass jar half full of some amber-colored liquid and set it on the table. There was a stone pitcher with a broken mouth on an inverted nail keg by the window, and a cloudy glass. He rinsed out the glass and placed it beside the jar.

In the meantime, the big man got out of his rubber coat. He threw it with his hat on the floor and he wiped the rivulets of mud from his face with a handkerchief; then he noticed what the doctor was doing.

"Not for me," he said, "I've cut out the booze, Charlie; but if you have any tobacco in this joint, let me have it."

The doctor put a box of stogies on the table. They were strong, black and bitter from the green tobacco out of which they were rolled, but the big man seized upon them as though they were a sort of treasure, bit off the end of one and lighted it from the doctor's candle. Then he sat down and began to draw the smoke into his mouth and slowly release it, as though it were a soothing and delicious incense.

"This is a fine place you roost in, Charlie," he said; "I came from that flag station through a mud river."

"They've been hauling pipe," replied the doctor, "and with the rains the roads are batter." Then he added: "I could not be sure that you would come, but you are the only one whom I could trust."

"You might not have been sure that you could trust me," said the big man, "but I think you could have been sure that I would come. You came once when I sent the word. I'm a good Indian, Charlie."

"Well," continued the doctor, "I said to myself: 'Arkman's the man; he will come and he will stand up.'"

"You're half right, Charlie, anyway; I'm on the ground." Then he looked about him.

"How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "I've been here two years. I located this for the place when the oil company got its big well out on Rock Creek. This town sprang up in a night; money has been pouring in here like water through a sluice. I knew that in such a place everything would be a sort of temporary makeshift—buildings half put up, everything cheap and flimsy, everybody taking a chance, and any sort of old stuff run in and made to do until the oil blew out and the boom collapsed. And, Arkman, I was right—you never saw so much money floating around. All kinds of birds have picked fortunes out of this mud hole—saloons, dance halls, faro joints. The corner drug-store offered me a thousand dollars a month to stand in its back room and write prescriptions for liquor. . . . And all the time I've been practising medicine."

"And straight . . . with your little old saddle-pockets?" said the big man.

"Arkman!" replied the doctor. "I'm the only man in this whole country that is straight. I'm the best citizen in it. The oil companies plunder this region as though it were a captured province, and the place is full of sharks, pirates and grafters. Arkman, I'm the only man that any one of them will either believe or trust. The farmers ask me about their leases; and the crooks come to me when they get in trouble. I'm full of the trusts and confidences of sick men and dead men. I've got the reputation that I wanted to get. I've been square! What I say is the truth and what I do is on the level. I'm the doctor, the lawyer, and the priest for this whole corner of hell!"

The doctor moved his chair nearer to the table beside which his companion sat. He caught his under lip between his thumb and finger. His eyes looked beyond the wall.

"It's been a hard life," he said. "You can't imagine it. I haven't shirked the part! I've gone at every call, in rain and snow and mud up to the horse's belly. I've eaten food that would kill a dog; and I've slept on the floor, and in the saddle, and in beds so full of vermin that I had to burn my clothes to get rid of them. And I haven't selected out the good patients. By Jove, the part I was playing made that easy! The poor devils down on their luck have had the first call. It wasn't their fees I was after.

"Two years of that—four years, counting the nights! And all the time, Arkman, do you know what I've been thinking about? I've been thinking about a cabin on an ocean liner, and the smell of the sea, and the dock at Cherbourg, and the ride through the wheat fields and the red poppies, and Paris! And I've been thinking about the restaurants over there! And I've been thinking about a touring car and the great roads; and the feel of clothes that fit you; and the smell of a good cigar; and the taste of champagne; and the good things of life!

"That before your mind —— And before your eyes the mud road, and a woman coughing herself to death with tuberculosis, and a child choking with diphtheria, and dirt and poverty and squalor. And half-cooked pork swimming in lard, to eat, and yellow biscuit, and coffee that would poison a cat!"

"How about it being good to be good—nothing in it?"

"Nothing in it!" replied the doctor; then he hesitated—"Oh, well, darn it, yes!—you're glad to help the poor devils. But that's not the point."

Again he stopped and remained for a moment silent.

"Well, what's the result? One is, that from being about the poorest excuse for a doctor that ever straddled a horse, I've got to be a good one." He moved the medical pamphlets on the table.

"I take all their truck," he said, "and I know who's guessing and who's seen the sick man sweating in his bed—that's result number one. Result number two is that I haven't five hundred dollars, while every Tom, Dick and Harry has made his pile and skipped. But I've got the thing I was going after. I'm above suspicion! There isn't a man, woman or child that could be convinced by an angel of God that the doctor could do anything wrong. They wouldn't believe it. You couldn't convince them. They'd laugh in your face; or they'd curse you till a fly wouldn't light on you."

"You haven't done it by halves, Charlie."

"Not I," said the doctor; "I planned to do one big job, and only one, and I took my time. I guess you didn't believe me. Well, that night in Chicago, when I turned the box upside down on the faro table and got up out of the dealer's chair, I meant what I said. No more little skin games for me! I took a turn through a fake college in Cincinnati and struck up here—playing my part and keeping my eye on the main chance. And now the job's ripe."

"What's in it?" said Arkman.

"Six hundred thousand dollars," replied the doctor. "A hundred thousand for you—five hundred thousand to yours truly. That may look like giving you the short end. But figure it up. You put in an hour. I put in two years—besides, I've kicked out the rabbit."

The big man whistled low and softly.

"Good Heavens! Man," he said, "are you cracking a subtreasury?"

"The independent oil company has sold all of its producing wells to the central company, and the money's in the bank to close the deal," replied the doctor—"came in today."

"Got that straight?" said Arkman.

"Straight!" echoed the doctor; "I'm a director."

Again the big man whistled.

"What's the safe like? Can I drill it with a steel bit?"

"You won't have to drill it," replied the doctor. "I told you that everything was a temporary makeshift in this place—that's what I counted on—the safe is one of those big, old-fashioned junk boxes. All there is to do is to putty up the cracks of the door, leaving little holes at the top and the bottom, put an air pump on the bottom hole, a paper funnel full of pulverized powder on the top one, and suck the powder in with your pump, cover the door with a wet blanket and puff it off."



"Git in This Saddle Quick. A Scantlin' Fell at the Jones No. 1"

The big man took the half-smoked stogy from between his teeth.

"Charlie," he said, "people are sure not leaving their money in an old carpet-sack like that. There must be somebody watching it with a gun."

"There is," said the doctor.

"What's he like—a farmer?"

"Not by a long sight," said the doctor. "That watchman makes up for anything that the safe lacks. He sleeps in a cot set up against the safe door and he has an arsenal of shooting irons laid out all around him—and they're not there for looks either. He's no toy desperado, that man; he's the real thing. The bankers know that—that's the reason they trust the old iron box. With that man on the job, the money would be safe in a paper vault. They'd have to kill him; and, believe me, they'd have a mighty hard time doing it."

"Got him fixed?" said Arkman.

"I have," said the doctor.

"What's the figger?"

"Arkman," said the doctor, "do you suppose I'm organizing a syndicate? What do you imagine I've been playing the part in this God-forsaken mud-hole for? To end up with the same old game? Not I! I propose to remain above the suspicion of any man in this county. Don't you see what I've been after. I don't want to be hunted when this job's over. Listen! I'm going to bring the money up here and put it in my old saddle-pockets there in the corner. After a while the doctor's health will begin to fail; he will bear up as long as he can, then he'll take his old saddle-pockets and go down East to the experts. Word will come back that the doctor's all in. The experts will send him to Germany. And in its good time the word will come that the doctor is no more. And do you know what they will do here in this place? They'll build a monument to the doctor."

"But how about this Johnny with the guns? Got him lured away?" asked Arkman.

"Lured!" said the doctor.

"Eats out of your hand, then?"

"Arkman," said the doctor, "you didn't use to be a fool."

The big man blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Charlie," he said, "ain't this thing got a joker in it? You didn't mention this gentleman with the fortifications. You sent me a wax impression of the door key and you said the safe was rotten—but no word of this other little difficulty."

"There is no other difficulty," replied the doctor; "the watchman will be asleep. You will take hold of one end of him and I the other and we will lift him around out of the way; that's all there is to it."

The big man suddenly laughed without disturbing a muscle of his face.

"Your friend must be a mighty sound sleeper."

"He'll sleep tonight," replied the doctor.

The doctor rose and held the candle up to a little glass jar on the shelf. He turned the jar so the label could be read.

"With three of those morphine tablets in you, Arkman, you'd never wake up. That watchman's got four in him. He will wake up because he's got an iron heart, but it will be tomorrow afternoon, and it will take me four hours to do it."

For amazement and for admiration, the big man had one method of expression—the low whistle on a single note—and he gave it now.

The doctor sat down.

"It was all in the plan. I've worked up the case. The man has a little muscular rheumatism and I'm giving him soda."

Arkman chewed the end of his stogy, then he threw it away, got another out of the box and lighted it at the candle. For some time he was silent, then he spoke as though he pronounced a reflection.

"Now, that's what I call genius," he said. "Well, I'm glad the job's easy, because I'm going to chuck this sort of business."

"What's the matter with you anyway?" said the doctor anxiously.

The big man took the stogy out of his mouth and looked the doctor calmly in the face.

"I'm afraid!" he said.

The doctor's chair scraped on the floor as he thrust himself back with his extended legs.

"Afraid!" he said; "I thought there wasn't a living thing in the world that you were afraid of."

"There isn't," said Arkman.

"You're not afraid of the dead?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Nor the dead," said Arkman.

"What is it, then, that you're afraid of?"

"Charlie," said the big man, "I don't know."

The doctor looked at his companion as though he were a patient with some deadly obscure disease.

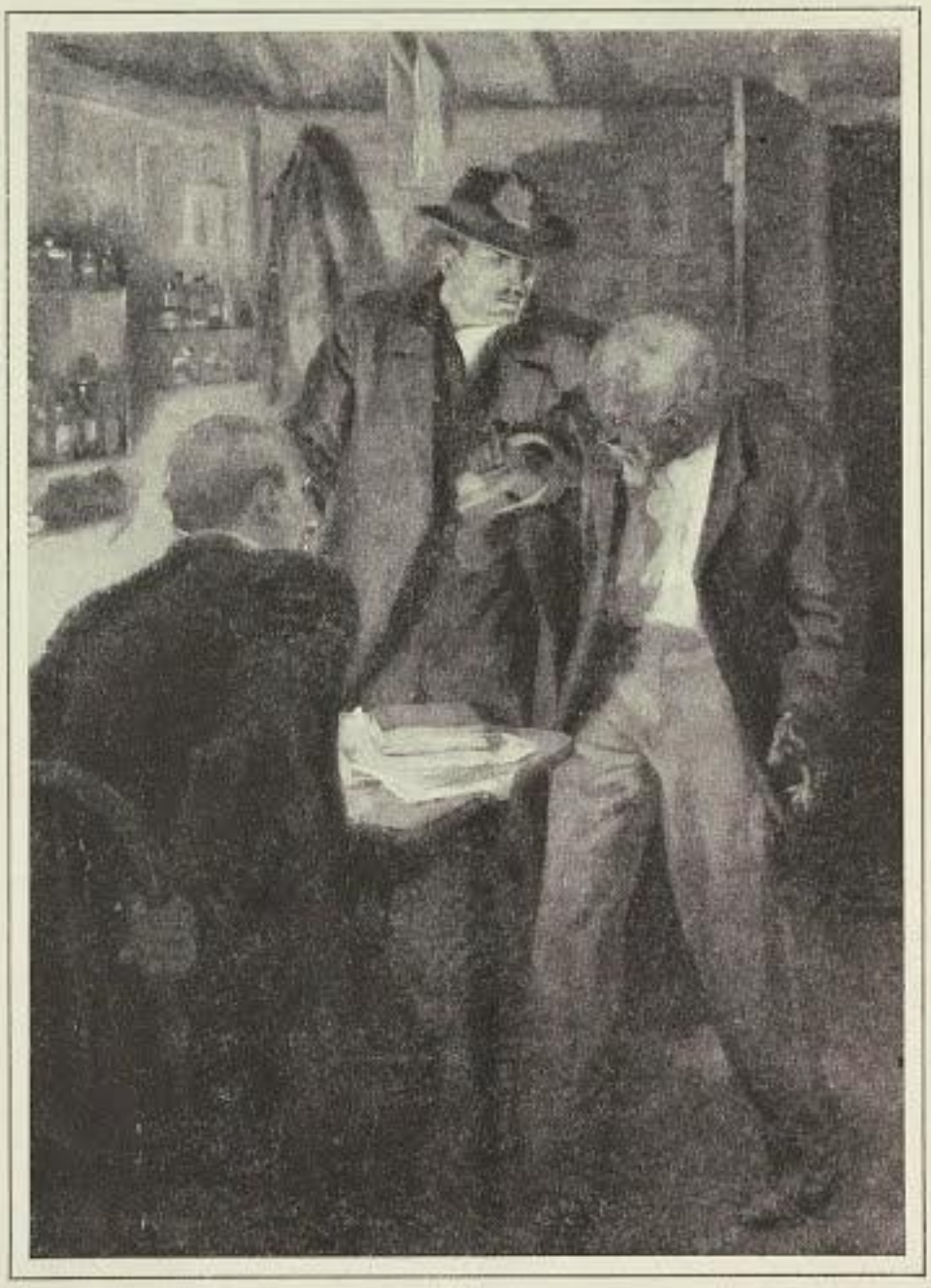
"Afraid of something and you don't know what it is!" he replied.

"No," replied the big man; "I don't know what it is. Nobody knows what it is."

"Hasn't it got a name?" said the doctor.

"Yes," said the man; "it's got a lot of names—none of them any good. You'd call it chance."

"Chance!" and the doctor laughed. "Why, Arkman, that's a word men invented to cover up their incompetency. Chance! That's a word that means lack of foresight. When you say you're afraid of chance, you simply say that you are afraid of yourself."



"What Can?" Cried the Doctor. "You'll Kill Somebody, You Fool!"

"There," said Arkman, "I told you the names were no good. Sure they're not worth anything—any of them. To give a thing a name, you've got to know what it is; but nobody knows what this thing is; so all the names you give it mean something else. Then when you get to going on one of these names, you're not talking about the thing—you're talking about what the name means. Try them all: There's Providence! You don't believe there's anything that fits that name, now, do you?"

"I do not," replied the doctor. "The term implies that an authority, which has got the universe going according to a fixed set of laws, capriciously interrupts these laws at its pleasure."

"Sure," said Arkman, "the name's no good. But the racetrack name's no better, now, is it? When you say 'luck,' you begin to talk about something else right away."

"You begin to talk about something that's rot," said the doctor. "You are assuming that there is an influence external to yourself that impels events to assist you or to destroy you."

"There you are!" said the big man; "you can't name it, but it's on the job, Charlie. And when it starts out to land you, all your precautions are not worth a whoop. There will be some little unforeseen accident that will put you to the bad."

The doctor made a gesture of disgust.

"Rot!" he said.

The big man chewed the end of his stogy.

"All right, Charlie—look where the boys are; look where they all end up: Sing Sing's full of them; Joliet's full of them; and look what they say."

"A man will say anything when he's soft," said the doctor.

"Was Vronsky soft?" replied the big man. "Was that old cockney Ponsford soft? I was with Vronsky the night he was hanged. He kicked the preacher out of the cell; and he sat there smoking a cigar, just as I am doing. And do you know what he said? 'The thing's crooked, Arkman; you can't beat it.' And Ponsford said the same thing—'T'int sife.'"

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. "The thing is probably only a per cent of accidents."

"But why is that per cent of accidents always against us?" replied Arkman; "that's what I want to know. I've thought about it often."

"Any preacher will tell you," replied the doctor; "step into a church."

"I did step into a church," said Arkman, "but it wasn't a preacher who told me. I was standing in the door one night downtown, in New York. It was raining, and a man who was waiting for a car came in and stood beside me. He didn't belong in the crowd; you could tell that by everything about him. He listened a moment and then he said to me:

"'That's all folderol. Nature is laboring at some great work; those men who are useful to her purpose, who assist her, who aid her, she endeavors to preserve; and those who are useless or harmful, she endeavors to destroy—it's a law.' And he went out.

"Wait a minute, Charlie—isn't that about the size of it? We're on the wrong side; we're not helping anything along; we're against it; we're not useful to the thing; we're in its way. And it's a-trying to get rid of us! Now that's what Vronsky meant when he said the thing was crooked; he meant that our side wasn't getting a fair deal—that there was something working against us. He didn't understand what it was; but he was a Slav with a head full of brains and he could see the thing at work. I've been watching it, Charlie, and I know it's picking us off! That's what makes me afraid. And there's another thing Vronsky said—'You can't beat it,' and you can't. Try to think of anybody that it didn't finally land. They've all got theirs, sooner or later. Count them on your fingers!

"Say! Charlie, anybody can see results. Even old Ponsford saw results—'T'int sife!' Sure it's not safe! I saw that just as well as Vronsky, just as well as Ponsford, but I didn't understand why until that stranger told me.

"Charlie, what the deuce do you think we've been trying to do? We've been going up against the Thing that runs the whole universe—and we've been trying to beat it at its own game. See! It's playing all the time—all the time, day and night, morning and evening—to advance, advance, and to keep everybody and everything that helps it, and to get rid of everybody and everything that hinders it. And it knows everything, and it sees everything, and it understands everything. And us bucking a layout like that! The nerve of it!"

At this moment the latch of the door clicked.

The doctor arose and threw the door open. An old negro stood there. The doctor was angry.

"Didn't I tell you to clear out?" he said. "What's wrong with you—what are you hanging around for?"

The negro was frightened and he stammered.

"Yes, Doc," he said, "I'm goin', Doc, yes, sah;" and he shuffled away through the mud.

The doctor closed the door.

"Who was it?" said Arkman.

"A worthless nigger who sweeps out the office," replied the doctor. "He's a nuisance. He's always breaking something and he's always in the way, but somebody has to keep him."

The doctor stopped by Arkman and took hold of his wrist. The man's skin was cool and his pulse was deep and placid.

(Continued on Page 32)

Irene, the Single-Cylinder Kicker

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

IT'S nothing to me, of course, whether you believe it or not; but there was only one reason why I ever bought a motor boat.

It was Bertie Misch.

There ought to be a law against naming any one of the name of Misch "Bertie"—especially when the Misch in question runs entirely to length and nothing else. At all events, though Bertie stood six feet two in his shirt-sleeves, his bust development resembled that of a hop-pole or a section of lawn, ladies' or fire hose, Boston sizes indicated.

However, I leave it to you now whether any one with a shape like that has a right to play the mandolin. Misch did, anyway. Moreover, he played it at any hour of the day or night the fit took him—usually at night, though, which is the habit of most mandolin players that infest flathouses. And then, again, he was in love. You may take it from me, however, this had nothing to do with his shape.



"You Perishing Pirate! You Bring Me Back My Clothes!"

The contrary, rather. I say this deliberately because, if there was any worm-i'-the-bud business about either his love affairs or his cheek, it was not perceptible to the naked eye. Before the finish, in fact, there was so little concealment about the matter that the entire neighborhood not only knew he loved but could lay you ten to one and show inside the money that the name of his love was Irene.

There were others too.

Not that I care to speak of myself, of course. Furthermore, when I get down to including Binkey in the business, there is almost anything else I'd rather talk about—even motor boats, if necessary.

Let me say here that Binkey knew all about motor boats. I might add, too, that the world is filled with such people. When they are not running motor boats they invariably occupy themselves by pulling apart some other sort of machinery—say, the plumbing or the kitchen clock. Failing these, however, they take kindly to anything else that may be opened with a screwdriver—the insides of a bicycle, for example—though occasionally, of course, some relative leaves them enough to buy a second-hand automobile—when they retire under it for the rest of their lives.

Such was Binkey—only motor boats were his specialty. At any rate, so Binkey told us. I'd like to remark, though, that it doesn't do always to believe all you hear.

Ours naturally was also named Irene. And Irene was twenty-two and a half feet over all—the boat, you understand, not the girl—and a neat five feet in the beam. In addition, she had a full inventory of galvanized salt-water fittings, among which was an alleged four-hoss, two-cycle, jump-spark, single-cylinder kicker, warranted to propel any craft of her inches at the almost breathless speed of nearly six miles an hour—that is to say, one anticipated something like this after reading the library of choice popular fiction which the engine company issued as a catalog with each sample of its handicraft. However, in justice to the makers I may add that at such times as the motor could be induced to go at all we maintained a speed frequently in excess of three and a half miles, sometimes close to the three-quarters and occasionally even four.

Still, there was no denying that the Irene was—as the old salts say—"all boat!"—a staunch, seaworthy little craft, ably designed to ride out the heaviest weather ever encountered on the ground-floor of a department store. Of her seagoing abilities we were, in fact, assured by the bluff, hearty seadog out of the mackintosh department who sold her to us. "S' help me, gents!" the old shellback swore roundly. "Your money returned and no questions asked if that there goods ain't genooine custom-made!"

That settled it. Then and there we bought the Irene. We took her as she stood, riding at anchor in the channel between the shoe and grocery departments, just abaft a sale of marked-down canned asparagus. A nobby, stylish article, the old seadog called her—"Natty; our own make!" as he further affirmed—and, what is more, a bargain. Price, two hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-nine cents; a drive all the way from three hundred dollars—though, if I remember rightly, the captain knocked down the change.

As I recall it now, it was some time early in the bank's vacation season when this affair began. Anyway, the windows of our three-rooms-with-a-bath-and-kitchenette flat were open, so that the family across the airshaft began to complain bitterly when Misch started in again on Say, Darling, Say; When I'm Far Away—with one finger, too, and mostly on the E string besides. But, as I was about to say, until the moment motor boats hadn't even been mentioned.

Personally I had no wish for a motor boat. I was debating rather whether I'd spend my vacation money on a white flannel yachting suit and two weeks in the Catskills, or whether I'd give up the yachting suit and go to the seashore instead. Irene's family had, in fact, said something about Asbury Park; besides, until I took up boating, I was very fond of the sea. Binkey, however, was unsettled in his plans. Asbury, of course, was also his choice; though, if he went to Ocean Grove, he would have enough left over to buy a jigsaw or one of those light-housekeeping toolchests you read about in the subway—the sort, you know, that contain about everything there is in the tool line except a wheelbarrow or sugar tongs. However, as I was saying, the family next door was just getting ready to throw something at Misch and his glee-club Spaniard when all at once Binkey had another swell idea.

Binkey was always having ideas. He had them, so to speak, in the way you have fits or the ague—hot and cold by turns. "If we threw out some of this rotten furniture," he said, "there'd be plenty of room for a jigsaw."

If I'm not mistaken Binkey referred to Misch's easychair and sofa, which had always been in our way. However, as I had already planned to get rid of them so that I could make room for my college cozy corner, naturally I protested. "Yes, but look here, old chap," I warned him pleasantly, "if you get a jigsaw I'm afraid you'll have to use it in the kitchenette."

Misch slept in the kitchenette, the bedroom being mine, while Binkey had the dining room; but by putting Misch's washbasin on the stove there would be plenty of room in the kitchenette for a jigsaw.

"Yes, I know," rejoined Binkey; "only when I wanted to work quietly he'd be in there snoring."

It was at this point that Misch showed signs of returning consciousness. "What say?" he dreamily inquired. As no one bothered to answer he hit the mandolin another wallop, and leaving his dear old college Spaniard somewhere in midair announced suddenly he was a jolly good fellow and would hang his harp on Aunt Dinah's quilting party.

"Oh, for the land's sake!" Binkey disgustedly exclaimed. "Say, don't you know we're talking?"

"That's all right," aimlessly answered Misch; "it ain't bothering me any!"—as if any one cared whether it was or not.

However, after an argument, Misch put down the mandolin and, with a grunt, stretched himself out on my best sofa cushion, embroidered in the varsity colors with "'Tis a way we have at old Rutgers." That was like his nerve. "Say," he drawled, after I'd snatched it away, "what's all the megellup I heard about toolchests and Ocean Grove? I thought all you needed for a vacation, Bink, was my alarm clock and the icepick or a screwdriver."

Somehow, it took Binkey quite a while to understand just what the fellow meant. When it dawned on him, though, I wish you could have seen the look he gave Misch. Besides, he snapped out pretty sarcastically:

"Aw, you make me tired, Misch!"

"Yes, I know that," Misch vacantly answered; "only if I were you and Rollo here, the professional Rutgers man"—meaning me, if you please—"I'd cut out all the bunk about flannel yachting suits and jigsaw picture frames. What you two want to drive all the girlies crazy is, say, a red canoe with a phonograph in it. Or why don't you get a motor boat?" inquired Misch. "You two shirtwaists would look real sweet in a putt-putt."

For a moment I thought Binkey was about to say something really sharp. Probably he couldn't think of it in time, though he did scowl rather savagely.

"A motor boat would sure be swell," added Misch, as he unkinked himself and arose. "If you moved out my trunk and the bed, next winter, you could store it here in the flat and I'd sleep in it. Besides, Bink, it'd keep you happy doing picture puzzles with the engine."

As absurd as it all sounded, however, it was, in the light of later events, by no means so ridiculous. Anyway, after remarking that he was going out to get a clean shave and a shine, Misch inquired whether I'd mind if he removed my windowbox with the tulips from the bathtub, as he wished also to take a bath.

Naturally I minded a great deal, but before I could say anything Binkey gave a sudden exclamation. "Look here, you!" he demanded sharply. "Where are you going with that bath and a clean shave?—this evening, I mean."

I suppose by now you'll have seen that Misch was a bit of an ass. Whatever the case, he began to grin mysteriously. "It's a secret, Bink," he answered vacantly; "but seeing it's you I don't mind stretching a point. I'm going to call on Irene."

Irene! Why, not even Binkey and I yet presumed to address Miss Jones by her given name. But that isn't what I meant to tell about. What I have in mind is the crusher Binkey handed back to him. "You've got another guess, young fellow!" he remarked, more sarcastic than ever. "We're going there ourselves tonight—and somehow," he added ironically, "I don't remember inviting you!"

"No, but Irene has," answered Misch; and, with another of his asinine grins, he went out and closed the door.

Well, that started it. It was the beginning of the end. I'm bound to say, however, that at the time neither Binkey nor I realized how bad it really was. Still, it was bad enough, especially as we'd intended our call on Irene to be in the nature of a little surprise; in fact, we had said nothing of our pleasant little intention when we'd finished calling on her the night before. "Of course," said Binkey, the moment he had caught his breath, "that fellow's just



Cut Off Right in the Middle of the Interesting Talk I Was Giving Irene on the New System of Double-Entry Bookkeeping We'd Just Adopted at the Bank

invited himself to call. Nobody can make me believe she'd ask him to sit out on the steps with her."

Irene, you know, lived in West End Avenue, where all the best families prefer the front stoop whenever the weather's fine.

"Well, we'd better hurry, I guess," advised Binkey, after a moment's thought; "if we get there ahead of him we can mooch all the best sofa pillows anyway."

Binkey and I always called on Irene together. It was part of the bargain we'd made months before, in order that neither should have an unfair advantage of the other. Besides, it was a part of the agreement that, if one took her, say, a paper of gumdrops or chocolate creams, the other could, for example, ask her around to the drug store for a college ice.

Until now, Misch had not even been considered in the arrangement, it being preposterous to believe that Irene or any other of our girl friends would care to have the fellow about; but the night before, just as Irene was feeding her fox terrier the checkerberry wafers Binkey had brought from the corner fruitstand, Misch had hove into view. Under his arm was a four-pound box of bon-bons—the kind, too, that come with a ribbon around them and a picture on the cover; so that I was not only incensed at his ostentation but was further annoyed at being cut off right in the middle of the interesting talk I was giving Irene on the new system of double-entry bookkeeping we'd just adopted at the bank.

You're mistaken, however, if you think either Binkey or I was going to let that fellow keep on following us around like that. "Oh, well," remarked Binkey negligently, "it won't be for long. We're going on our vacations pretty soon."

I could hardly wait until he'd finished. "Heavens, Binkey!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean you're going on a vacation and leave him behind? Great Cæsar's ghost, man!" I protested. "Why, by the time we get back he'll think he owns the place!" He would too—that is, unless we were there to call him down.

"Gad! I hadn't thought of that!" Binkey ejaculated.

"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked. As I pointed out, Misch would be likely to pester the life out of any girl that gave him the least encouragement.

Binkey didn't know. He suggested, though, that we might warn Mr. Jones we didn't consider Misch a proper associate for his daughter. Though this might have availed, when Binkey and I tried to think of something scandalous enough to indorse the scheme all we could rake up out of Misch's past was the mandolin and that he was nothing but a pencil-pusher in the bank's A to F department. For that matter, so were we—that is to say, I was on the N to Z books, while Binkey stoked one of the automatic adders in the clearing-house division.

"Dash it, anyway!" Binkey swore hopelessly. "If he'd only done something queer we could fix him!—drank, or run around with stockbrokers or an actor." In fact, Mr. Judsett, the cashier, was always warning us against Wall Street and the stage; but, as none of Misch's companions were any more scandalous than his habits, we had to cancel the effort to wreck the fellow's character.

To tell the truth, we were well-nigh hopeless, when all at once Binkey let out a joyful cry.

"I've got it!" he exploded. "My idea's a regular corker besides."

They always were. Binkey, in fact, never had one that wasn't—that is, until you tried them with the acid. "It's exactly what he himself suggested; and —— Good Heavens, man!" exploded Binkey heatedly. "Don't you see it now?"

I certainly did not. Until he explained it further, I couldn't have seen it had I been looking through a telescope.

"What I mean," answered Binkey enthusiastically, "is that we'll buy a motor boat and then go off on a cruise."

"What!—and leave him behind us?" I asked of Binkey.

"Say! Do you need a map?" remarked Binkey, with what I fear was rudeness. "You bet we won't leave him behind! When we go on our cruise we'll shanghai the brute and take him with us!"

Well, I fell for it. I fell for it, I may state, like any other lamb that's all wool and a yard thick. Together, Binkey and I planned and plotted. It was very neat. We had not only settled the summer problem but had settled Misch as well. Afterward we shook hands in high feather and loafed up the street to Irene's.



"If They'd Only Told Me They C'd Have Had the Swellest Wedding in West End Avenue That Me or My Money C'd Buy 'Em!"

As I've said, our call that night was intended to be a surprise. Unfortunately, however, the surprise was largely on us. It was so because, when we finally arrived at Irene's, we found the house entirely dark and all the windows closed. Nothing daunted, Binkey tackled the doorbell, though without result—that is, nothing happened except that the family next door came out and asked Binkey to stop disturbing the neighborhood. The Jones family had gone to the country, we were informed; but where they had gone our informants couldn't tell. All they knew was that Binkey had better stop his racket and go away from there.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" remarked Binkey as we slowly returned to our flat. "Kind of queer, though, wasn't it, that Irene didn't tell us?" Then he began to scowl thoughtfully—savagely too. "Say!" he exclaimed. "I wonder if that fellow Misch knows about this?"

It hardly seemed probable. If Irene had forgotten to tell us it was hardly likely she'd think of telling Misch.

It was about eleven P. M. when Misch came in. Then, the moment he opened the door, Binkey and I saw at a glance something must have happened to him.

"Hello, straight front!" Binkey cried out hopefully. "What's the trouble?"

Misch closed the door and walked over toward him. "Trouble? None at all—unless you want to start some," he announced darkly; but, as he came into the light, I saw suddenly there was mud on his boots, while a couple of cockleburs were stuck in his trousers—not that I am any Sherlock Burns; but you don't pick up mud and cockleburs in West End Avenue. Without mincing matters, I asked Misch where he'd been.

"Oh, just out on the trolley," he answered evasively.

There are a good many trolleys in and around New York. Misch, however, remarked carelessly that I could pick whichever one I chose. The argument, in fact, was growing quite spirited, when Binkey nudged me cautiously and at the same time gave Misch his best Y. M. C. A. glad hand.

"That's all right, Mischy, old chap," he said, beaming pleasantly. "You don't have to say if you don't want to."

"It's a one safe bet I don't!" agreed Misch heartily. "Only don't you give me any of your smoochy grins," he added, "or I'll swat you! I ain't feeling well."

I would have liked to know why, but Binkey left me no chance to ask. "Bertie, old boy," said Binkey enthusiastically, "you'll be glad to hear, I know, that we've got a nice little surprise for you. Now don't say a word till I've finished—but how would you like to go cruising in a motor boat?"

Misch cautiously regarded him for a moment. "Oh, I dunno," he answered briefly. "Depends a good deal on who's going on the cruise."

Rather rude, I'd remark, after so kind an invitation. "Why, we are," responded Binkey. "After talking it over, we've finally decided to ask you."

Again Misch absorbed himself in thought. "Well, I might stand the strain," he observed presently; "only I want to know where you two armchair sailors are bound for."

In planning it out, Binkey and I had figured on the Hudson. There are plenty of good harbors on the Hudson where yachts can run in when the weather on the river is unsafe—but Misch gave a grunt.

"The Hudson?—nothing doing!" he announced flatly. "I couldn't see it now, not if the tide rose up as high as Broadway."

"Why not?" demanded Binkey haughtily. Naturally it hadn't entered our heads that Misch might decline any invitation we would give him.

"Oh, I dunno," he drawled again. Afterward, however, he remarked that, whenever it was filled up with tin cans and corset signs, scenery always hurt his eyes. "I'll tell you what, though!" he exclaimed suddenly, as if a thought had struck him. "If you two soda-water yachtsmen will make it Long Island Sound, I'm dinged if I won't go."

It was too easy. Binkey and I exchanged a swift, secret look. "All right!" snapped Binkey shortly. "Say you'll go with us and we'll make it the Sound instead."

At the words, Misch slapped himself on the knee. Then he slapped Binkey on the back so that Binkey began to cough like a taxicab. "You're on!" cried Misch; and with a loud, elated laugh, he swore that the first thing in the morning he'd go downtown and buy himself a yachting cap and a life-preserver.

. . . . . .

The ten days preceding our vacation passed pretty swiftly. Time was short and much must be done. Frankly, I knew very little of the technical side of sea life, so that I saw I must do a lot of reading. Binkey, too, was equally engaged; but of Misch we saw little. Apparently, in anticipation of the cruise, he spent most of his time in packing. Then, too, at other times he disappeared for hours, returning ultimately with his shoes again covered with mud. It was quite puzzling. However, I gave up bothering about the fellow, as we had already bought the Irene. Too many other things were on my mind.

The cruise, as charted by Binkey, contained many pleasant possibilities. It involved a six days' sail to the eastward and return.

"See, this is the course," said Binkey; and, laying down the levantine copy of Byron's Corsair I was studying, I peered over his shoulder. "Simplest thing you know," Binkey observed, as he drew his pencil over the chart. "We'll just run down the coast, spend a day or so ashore; then cross the Sound and home along the upper beach."

"Yes, but when you're in only a boat," I remarked, a little thoughtfully, "that's a good deal of water to cross." Besides, as I saw from the chart, it was over a hundred feet deep in some places.

"Well, we'll go to Shelter Island anyway," answered Binkey. "All the yachts do, you know."

I had never seen Shelter Island. Let me add, I haven't seen it yet. There are other parts of the Sound, however, about which I know all there is to know. One of them is Whitestone. According to my information on the subject, Whitestone is just where the river ends and the Sound begins—or, as you make it by the carlines, about thirty minutes from Broadway. I know this. I am quite sure of it, in fact, because the cruise of the Irene ended there. We got no farther. Binkey and I came home by the trolley; and he had a bathrobe over what was left of his yachting suit, while I sat far enough away from him to avoid being considered in his company.

Why we two weren't brought back in the baggage car ahead is really what keeps me awake at nights—which is to say, you know, that the Irene, to the best of her abilities and purpose, very nearly fulfilled the destiny of all her kind as a destroyer of youth and innocence.

However, here are the facts, and I leave you to judge for yourself.

Ordinarily, in a motor boat, the first trouble you have is with the motor. Either it back-fires spontaneously and



Its Flywheel Bucked to and fro for a Moment: Whereupon it Laid Down and Died

breaks several of your arms and legs, or, on the other hand, it does nothing—that is, I recall that Binkey cranked it several hours on a stretch without anything occurring—anyway, not so's you'd notice it; but, apart from this, the first of our troubles with the Irene was when a delivery wagon from the department store tried to deliver the boat at the front door of our flat. Moreover, it might have succeeded if the janitor hadn't ordered that all goods must be sent up on the dumbwaiter. In consequence, it was well on toward afternoon, the first day of our cruise, before the Irene took the water.



"I'll Call it Quits if Only You Two Will Stand up With Me"

We launched her in the Hudson at the foot of West Ninety-sixth Street. It is a spot I can never forget. Binkey chose it on account of its associations. Right alongside was the old United States frigate, Granite State, the large floating Saratoga trunk that is the home of the New York Naval Reserves. I can never forget this, either, inasmuch as a bo'sun's crew of her tarry old bank clerks hung over the rail to offer us encouragement and expert advice. However, between the combined efforts of Binkey and myself, as well as the wagon-driver, his delivery boy and a couple of dockwallopers loafing around the near-by coal wharf, we finally got the Irene off the wagon and into her natural element.

Instantly a cheer from the warship's battered rail rewarded us, each of the barnacled Wall Street heroes vying with his mates. In the midst of this Misch arrived. He was without bag or baggage, omitting the toothbrush in his upper right-hand waistcoat pocket; and, besides, I have my opinion of a man who goes on a two weeks' yachting cruise in a stiff shirt and a derby hat. Moreover, after he had looked at the Irene, Misch leaned up against a spile-butt and breathed hard. "Say, my heart ain't strong," he remarked; "but did you fellows pay real money for that boat or have you been saving up the wrappers?"

By this time Binkey and I were too warm and tired to fling him more than a glance of scorn. After he'd unwrapped the crank from its neat paper covering, Binkey demanded of Misch where he'd been all the time.

"Me?—Oh, I've been checking my trunks," Misch answered idly. "After I get through cruising with you ginks," he added carelessly, "I'm going to Niagara Falls."

I don't know which of us was the more bewildered—Binkey or I. "Niagara Falls!" we echoed together.

"Sure. It's a health resort," answered Misch casually. "My grandmother went there when she was married; only I haven't heard of the place since. But, first off," added Misch, "I'm going to drop in on Irene at Whitestone."

You could have knocked me down with a feather. At the same time, though, a great light dawned suddenly in my mind. It explained fully where the mud had come from I had seen on Misch's shoes. All the time we had been preparing to take him on a cruise the rufflan had been taking a dishonest advantage of us.

Before I could speak, however, Binkey broke in bruskly.

"So that's where you've been going, is it?" he remarked threateningly; in fact, for a moment I felt sure he was going to cancel the attempt to shanghai Misch and forthwith order him ashore.

"Sure, it was Whitestone," replied Misch, adding impatiently: "What's more, Bink, if you don't hurry up with that engine I won't get back there this week!"

Binkey picked up the crank. "If you get back this week—or the next one, either," he snapped viciously, "you'll know it!"

Then, grimly, he went to work at the engine.

I think another half-hour or so passed after that during which nothing happened—that is to say, nothing much but Binkey's continuous cranking. Once, if I remember rightly, the Irene also coughed one brief cough, whereat the Granite State's embattled paying tellers raised another sturdy cheer. "If you'd let me suggest," began Misch for the fourth or fifth time—but at this point all of Binkey's repose of manner had left him. "Aw, who's running this engine?" he snapped back viciously.

Misch had the nerve to laugh. "It's a cinch you're not!" he answered insolently; "but you might if you turned on the gasoline."

Personally I detest any one who interferes. I do it myself only when I feel it's necessary. At Misch's remark both Binkey and I gave a conscious start. Rule number one in the printed directions had been explicit about turning on the gasoline. Not only had we forgotten to do so, but, in fact, we had forgotten, further, to put any in the tank. Worst of all, though, I recall the hubbub aboard old Granitesides when I returned with a can from a near-by garage and began to pour it through the funnel. They, in fact, cheered us to the echo; and, but for the fact that both Binkey and I menaced him with a pipe wrench and a spanner, I think Misch might have responded with a public address. At any rate, he seemed to regard the uproar as in the nature of an ovation.

At four-fifteen or thereabouts, however, amid renewed excitement in seafaring financial circles, the Irene coughed again. Then she coughed once more and still again—the motor, in truth, beginning to bark almost as loudly and continuously as a dog in the flat next to yours. "Cast off! Lively now!" roared Binkey, in his roughest deep-sea voice; and such was the excitement of the moment that I must have untied the wrong end of the painter. However, no one but the Granite State's fo'castle sea-clerks noticed we'd gone away from there and left it hanging to the wharf.

I forget now which course we took. I was too much occupied with the steering to notice. However, it was unquestionably northward, as in the vicinage of Spuyten Duyvil we bore east by south through the fairway of the Harlem Ship Canal. Be that as it may, it is not my purpose to dwell upon the scenery. Too much else occurred—and in too little time besides.

Let me say, though, that when we reached the canal tranquillity, so to speak, once more had returned among us—that is, Misch had lapsed into silence and was yawning widely, while, just abaft of him, Binkey sat with one eye on the engine, the other glued firmly to the catalog's list of directions. By now, I'd found I could steer quite well with one hand; so I turned round to watch him.

It was very interesting. As I had memorized the directions, learning each by rote, I was able to identify a number of the engine's parts. For example, when Binkey came to rule number sixteen, which was something or other about the feedpump, I knew intuitively which was the feedpump, as he at once went at it with the oil can. It was likewise easy to tell the cylinder head, Binkey getting his knuckles burned when he tried to tighten up the bolts, as suggested by rule thirty-two. In the midst of this, or just when I was about to learn from rule sixty-one just what a baffle-plate really is, Misch broke in on us. "I say, Bink," he drawled wearily, "can't you give this hearse just a little more juice?"

Before replying, Binkey turned over the pages to the index and ran his finger down the J's. It must have shown him instantly that Misch didn't know what he was talking about. "Juice!—Aw, what're you driving at?" he retorted. I'd have been pretty cocky myself, too, if I'd been able to run that engine like him.

In reply, Misch got off a lot of jargon about mixtures, carburetors and throttles—whatever he meant by that. Anyway, it was enough to give you the headache. Binkey called him pretty sharply, of course. As he said, he had the safety-valve screwed up as tight as it'd go—and he wasn't going to take any risks for any one, much less for Misch—that is, I believe it was the safety-valve. At any rate, you should have seen Misch's face! "Safety-valve? Say, you must think you're running a sewing machine!" he exclaimed. Then, remarking that at this rate we'd be growing a full set of cabinet-size whiskers before we got to Whitestone, Misch leaned over and tried to do something to the machinery.

For a moment, I thought Binkey was going to clout him with the wrench. "Don't do that!" exclaimed Binkey. "Do you want to stop her?"

Naturally, once your engine is going, you must never even touch it. All authorities agree in this. Rule number seventy-eight says, in fact—but never mind about that. Just at this point a babel of shouts burst upon us; I was snatched suddenly from the wheel. Moreover, it was just in the nick of time. Almost on top of the Irene was a carfloat, towed by a tug and laden with some of the largest railroad cars I ever remember having seen. However, the Irene managed somehow to claw out from under, though, as I still recall, it was amid a flow of language such as I would not care to repeat in the presence of ladies and children.

It was the rough hand of Misch that had so rudely snatched me from the wheel.

"You may wish to die for your country or dear old Rutgers," he remarked profanely, "but I'm dinged if I do! Not even for dear old C. C. N. Y.," he added, with conviction.

What is worse, when I offered to resume the wheel Misch told me to get back to my dog biscuit. To tell the truth, our recent peril had set the nerves of all on edge.

Yet, what happened afterward was even worse. Somehow, Misch seemed to have grown both savage and overbearing. "Say, you!" he growled, as he turned suddenly to Binkey. "You get away from there till I see what ails that scrapheap." Upon this, when Binkey menaced him with the spanner, he took the spanner away from him. Then he did what he wanted to the engine, and—so help me!—I nearly fainted with astonishment. The wretched little junkheap seemed inspired. With a grunt and a kick it stopped coughing like a man with a wooden leg, and actually began to whir! Forging ahead, the Irene breasted the briny like a thing alive; and—— "Why, Binkey, watch how we're going!" I exclaimed.

You should have seen Binkey when I said it. I refrain from repeating, however, where Binkey told me to go.

Of course, whatever Misch had done to the engine we set down as nothing but a fluke. Personally I'd never have dared to touch it again; but, though the result had been in a measure marvelous, Misch seemed still to be filled with disgust. "My hat!" he snorted acidly. "Whoever landed you two with this milkshake mixer ought to be arrested for cruelty to children."

It was then that Binkey's manhood again asserted itself. "If this boat doesn't suit you," Binkey demanded ironically of him, "why don't you get out and walk?"

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"You May Wish to Die for Your Country But I'm Dinged if I Do!"

Producing a Play on a Shoestring

By MARY SHAW

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

THE first thought in producing a play is: What will it cost? The items are principally the salaries of actors, cost of scenery, properties, costumes, transportation and printing.

Next comes the question of securing the theater. As the business is now conducted, the lessee of the theater often joins the producing manager in the gamble. He takes a percentage of the receipts, with an agreement or guaranty that these must be kept up to a certain figure. Sometimes the producer must give up "first money"—all that comes in at the box office up to a certain sum—after which the percentage arrangement begins. Often the theater must be rented outright, which adds heavily to the producer's risk. Roughly speaking, in this country three-fifths of all the money earned by theaters is paid out to real-estate owners, railroads, newspapers and printers. Only two-fifths is left for the people directly concerned in the business. The great distances to be traveled in the United States and the practice of building theaters on the main streets of the cities, where rentals are high, have increased the cost of running the theater business here far beyond what it is in Europe. Such a state of things makes theater trusts inevitable. If there were general competition it would be a case of "dog eat dog," with no canines left as evidence of the slaughter. The cost of producing most plays is carefully worked out in detail. Plans are made for their long or short life and for their financing. There are, however, plays that are produced when there is no money to back them and no general confidence in their worth, except the optimism of the producer, who has all to gain and nothing to lose. If any of his many ways of getting things "on trust" falls through, or the first week's receipts come far short of the mark, and some "ready-money angel" does not drop from the skies, "the drama of the century" sinks into oblivion. On the other hand, if things come his way and the play wins out, at once he is regarded as an astute manager and judge of plays.



The Harder He Tried, the Harder the Lion Tore Away at the Tunic

When a producer makes a venture of this kind he is said to be "producing a play on a shoestring." Some of the biggest financial successes of our stage have been put through in this way. I have in mind the career of a musical play put on a number of years ago by one of the most reputable and enterprising firms in New York. This play was called Fifty Miles from Boston. In it were eight girls, whose costumes averaged four dollars each, and eight boys with ten-dollar suits. The scenery cost Messrs. Cohan and Harris practically nothing. The play ran for six months in Chicago and cleared during its career something like a third of a million dollars.

How does the penniless genius of a producer, who is usually glib, enthusiastic and audacious, go about his work? He knows well that every idle actor is looking for a job; that every manager is looking for a play that draws. So he endeavors to convince both the actor and the manager that he has just what they want.

One who has not tried the experiment would hardly believe how easy it is to get a cast of actors who will rehearse and act a play for a single performance, or a week of performances, on the chance of its turning out a winner and giving them a season's work. Having secured the actors' promises of coöperation, your producer next besieges a manager and succeeds in getting the use of a theater for an afternoon performance, with the promise of a week's booking in out-of-town houses if the play looks promising.

And now for the scenery. In all large cities there are lofts where scenery is stored. In such places there is always a lot of stuff forfeited on account of unpaid storage dues. This can be bought very cheap. Often the storehouse man will loan it on the chance of a sale if the play goes, but, if he demands cash down and is inexorable, it is almost always possible to borrow scenery from other theaters. I took part in a fake production in Los Angeles, where all the scenery and properties—two elaborate, costly interiors, with pictures, furniture, rugs and bric-à-brac—were collected free of charge from two stock theaters in the town. The newspapers will always comment on anything new that is about to be tried out, and the necessary printing is limited to the programs and a few "fliers," as the extra sheets scattered about are called.



He Was Supposed to Enter With Dignity and Ease

Why Actors Take Long Chances

THE play, produced without capital, comes off; the audience—mostly invited—is pleased; the critics praise it and predict a long run. Now the theater manager, who has risked nothing but the cost of his electric lights for one performance, feels justified in taking a financial interest in the piece. Thus the play has got its start.

This is the extremest case of shoestring production. This class of production varies all along the line, from plays that cost little or nothing beforehand to those that have invested in them about half as much money as is needed to make a proper production. Two cases of "shoestring" dramas that have made fortunes in the last five years come instantly to mind. The first one had been refused by every big manager in New York. At last one manager, hard up for attractions at his theater, consented to an afternoon performance. The initial tryout cost seventy-five dollars, it is said. Although none of the actors taking part in it felt any confidence in the play, the manager of the theater decided to try it in a few towns and in a large city outside of New York. It hung fire and seemed doomed, but the manager had the nerve to risk it in New York. It ran two years to capacity business; and is still, after five years of life, a moneymaker.

Another great New York success that is only in the second year of its life was literally thrown on for an "off" afternoon production, with "faked-up" scenery, and was rehearsed and played for nothing—as a favor—by the actors associated with the leading man in a regular attraction at a Western theater. It scored an instant and overwhelming hit. With such instances to its credit, it is small wonder that the lure of shoestring production of plays haunts the impecunious mind.

Even when a production of this haphazard kind does not result in immediate financial gain to the actors, they frequently win substantial reputation in this way because they get fine parts to play that otherwise might not come their way for years—if ever. Arnold Daly rose to prominence by an afternoon presentation of Bernard Shaw's Candida, in which the actors—who had been playing with him in a failure—took part on some sort of sharing terms. Every actor in that small cast made a personal impression that stimulated his professional reputation. The long list of stage reputations made in shoestring productions explains why actors are willing to chance them.

It's all very well for plays requiring small casts and little scenery to be put on in this way; but the question naturally arises, can a more elaborate production, requiring a large cast of competent artists and supernumeraries, be made with little or no money?

Yes, it can be done.

I know the inner facts of a shoestring production of this sort made at a leading New York theater for one week. A cast of twenty-two actors was employed. The dressing was expensive and up to date. There was a great mob scene in the play, requiring over a hundred and fifty people on the stage. The only scenery paid for was a Nelson Monument and a little daub of a back drop, which was supposed vaguely to suggest Trafalgar Square, London. Eighty "supers" were paid a week's salary. The rest of the people were actors—many of them good. All rehearsed and played on an agreement that they were to be paid if the money came in at the box office. It was the best mob scene I ever saw on the stage. The production was as good as the one in London, where the play had a four months' run. If anybody had backed it with a thousand dollars it might have won out; but the manager of the theater, who was sharing the receipts, got "cold feet" the third day. The actors got wind of the fact that he wanted "first money" after one week—and a really good thing



Every Idle Actor is Looking for a Job

was spoiled by a senseless panic. The man who had the persuasive power to get all those people to give their labor and time for nothing, and could compass a heavy production on a few hundred dollars, could not dominate the situation at a critical moment. Many far less promising plays, backed by capital, are propped up and boosted into long runs in New York to give them a fictitious value on the road.

Surely producing a play for nothing—or next to nothing—is a most valuable experience. It develops every particle of resourcefulness in one—at least, it did in my own case. I was stage manager at the Lyceum stock company theater, in Baltimore. The manager's idea was to give a few Shakspearean plays every season, and I suggested that we play A Midsummer Night's Dream. To be effective, this play must be well done as to acting and scenery. As it required an elaborate production, Mr. Fawcett thought it would be too expensive. I, however, agreed to produce it with the material at hand. I did not know how many difficulties lay in my way until I had actually begun work, but I determined to surmount them. A very beautiful production of the play had been made in the same theater by the Albaugh stock company, which had afterward been taken over the whole country. It seemed desperate to attempt, with the resources at hand, to compare with this in any way; but I had made up my mind.

The entrance of Theseus and Hippolita, betrothed, I planned to make fairly elaborate. I decided to use a lot of Greek flower girls in a procession preceding the couple; but when I asked for the money for the flowers I was told that I couldn't have it. So I went to the different members of the cast—the women—and asked them if they would help make the flowers, providing I got the paper. They seized on the idea with great enthusiasm, and it was a pretty thing to see them, during rehearsals, eagerly cutting out and putting together roses of all hues and sizes. They became so interested that there was danger of their neglecting the important work of the play. With very little expense, therefore, I was able to beautify the Greek costumes of the maidens in the bridal train. Besides this we had twelve arches of flowers, through which the pair marched to the throne, flower girls strewing roses in their path.

Puck's Flight

THE idea then occurred to me to introduce some Greek dancing; but this meant that I must have some dancers, and, as there were none at hand and I could go to no expense, I decided to take some of the women and "fake up" an Amazon dance—a very easy thing to do. The girls taking part in it were not dancers at all. But with the aid of helmets, shields and swords a local dancing master arranged an effective dance which proved very popular with the public.

When it came to the scenes in the enchanted wood the difficulties increased. I chanced to have in the company a young man who was playing a very small part—no other than Hale Hamilton, now so successful in Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. Hamilton told me that he'd been in a big production of A Midsummer Night's Dream with Mr. Louis James and Miss Kathryn Kidder. I told him what effects I wanted and he volunteered to help me out. It was a very excited and doubtful set of stageworkers that we called on to plan for banks of turf that would become transparent, showing the spirits of the wood sleeping within them when summoned by the fairy queen. From the old, ordinary banks which had for years been used for woods representations we made them cut out the part exposed to the audience, tack wire over this space and paint it to represent moss and earth. We then got them to make a curtain that could be adjusted and dropped, hang the interior of the aperture with small electric bulbs and prepare for the fairy transformations. One thing I felt most anxious to elaborate on was the first appearance of Puck. There were only one or two traps in the theater, and these were not placed so that they could be made available. The management positively refused to allow any traps to be cut in the stage for a week's performance. I puzzled my brain over this and had many a conference with the manager. Finally he came to me with a glowing face and said he had devised the very scheme. There was a tall, heavy stump of a tree, and in it the carpenter planned to build a dumbwaiter to be operated by ropes extending to the wings. By putting Puck on this shelf before the opening of the scene, it was arranged that at the given moment the elf should appear in a mysterious way as if he'd been brought there through some impossible medium.

It was wonderful to see what a good stage effect we got from this very crude arrangement. There was the wood; the fairy wandering about looking for Oberon among the shadows; the strong, flooding moonlight from the left proscenium entrance—and suddenly at the top of this jagged stump appeared the little, strange, good-fellow Puck, with his pointed ears and mysterious face, squatting in the moonlight. The effect upon the audience was as weird and surprising as possible. The feat of getting Puck off the stage, swirling through space, at the end of the line, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," was achieved by means of a suspended wire attached to a hook at his back and worked from the flies.

The lighting arrangements of the Lyceum were not up to date in any way. When I began to consider lighting effects I found that there was not power enough to do the many things that I had planned. The management would not increase the supply; and this time I had conferences with the electric-light man. I pointed out what great credit would come to him if he could devise a way to carry out the plans that Mr. Hamilton had worked out so cleverly. He entered into the spirit of the thing, made tables, and arranged to carry his light to other centers upon the stage, which he could manipulate from the switchboard. By this arrangement and an elaborate network of wires stretching across the top of the stage, from which our friend strung the smallest size of electric bulb, I was able during the dance of the fairies in the black night in the enchanted wood, where nothing was visible but their forms clothed in gossamer, to have glowworms dancing in and out of the scene. On each side of the stage was a table attended by a man who, during this scene, alternately put on and shut off the current in the bulbs, giving a perfect illusion of glowworms.

When the fairy queen, enthroned upon a bank, summoned Mustardseed, my bank became suddenly transparent; and there, reposing on the grassy bed, apparently inside of the bank itself, was the sleeping figure of that little sprite.



The Manager Had the Nerve to Risk it in New York

The Mendelssohn music of this play is very beautiful and consists of solos and choruses. I had no singers and no choruses, and the orchestra was not large enough to give the concerted music. And now I began to confer with the leader of the orchestra. I suggested that the solos should be played by a violin and a flute in such a way as to suggest the human voice. He arranged his music to do this effectively. The choruses I introduced during the dances or movements of the woods people, the queen and her fairies, and Oberon and his followers.

During the week of the play the visiting actors in Baltimore came to a matinée and were greatly surprised at its beauty and effectiveness. Mr. John Mason and Mr. Nat Goodwin came behind after the performance and asked me what the whole thing had cost and whether it was worth while for a week's run. When I told them that it was a question of a few bunches of crêpe paper and a few yards of wire they were simply amazed. The production was such a success that it ran for three weeks—an unprecedented thing in that theater.

A very funny thing happened during the run of the play. The part of the lion was taken by a young man who had some fame as a local pugilist. He was very big and strong, but nearsighted, and was unable to do anything without his glasses on. And, as he could not wear these when he was incased in the lion's head, he had to depend entirely on the sense of feeling. When Thisbe comes in to keep her appointment with Pyramus, she meets the lion, who tears the scarf from her. This scarf is found by Pyramus upon the stage and he thinks that Thisbe has been slain by the lion. The man who played the part of Thisbe had on only a light green tunic over a set of full fleshings. The pugilist inside the lion's head, not being able to see the scarf, reached out, grabbed the end of the tunic and began to pull on it. The frightened actor attempted to get off the stage; but the harder he tried the harder the lion tore away at the tunic. The result was that the astonished spectators in front and the mimic audience on the stage were horrified to see the entire tunic left in the mouth of the lion, while the poor actor, apparently nude, rushed madly off the stage.

Too Literal

THERE also occurred an incident that shows the literalness with which youthful actors take things. A young actor in the company was very much interested in his makeup. As is usual with beginners, he was given an old man's part to play, because it was so small. On the night of the dress rehearsal he appeared on the stage looking like a shrouded corpse that had risen from the grave. There was a sort of ghastly white upon his face, and his eyes were sunken and lined heavily. The actor who was playing with him was struck so dumb that he could not articulate a word.

"What is the meaning of this makeup?" I demanded from the auditorium.

"Why," said he, much dashed at not being praised for his makeup, "doesn't he call me a 'whited sepulcher'?"

My experiences while staging A Midsummer Night's Dream taught me things that I had long suspected and now know to be true: namely, that one of the great secrets of efficiency in stage representation is to think of effects and work for them as inexpensively as possible; and that a still more important one is to enlist the enthusiasm and sympathy of everybody connected with the theater. When this plan is followed strange suggestions and invaluable help of all kinds come to the person who is directing the production of a play. Some of the greatest stage directors have the faculty of getting, from young and enthusiastic people connected with the theater, fresh and original ideas. Many of the great geniuses of the dramatic profession of today could tell, if they would, very

(Concluded on Page 40)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

III

I AM free to confess that the ease with which Counselor Gottlieb had deprived my friend Toby of the ill-gotten proceeds of his check—or, for his sake putting it more politely, had earned his fee—was the chief and inducing cause that led me to adopt the law as a career. I shall not pretend that I had any lofty aims or ambitions, felt any regard for its dignity or fascination for the mysteries of its science when I selected it for my profession. My objects were practical—my ambition to get the largest financial return consonant with the least amount of work. My one concrete experience of the law had opened my eyes to its possibilities in a way that I had never dreamed of, and I resolved to lose no time in placing myself in a position to rescue others from harm on the same pecuniary basis as did Mr. Gottlieb.

Of course I realized that I must serve an apprenticeship, and indeed the law required that were I not a graduate of a law school I must have worked as a clerk for two years before I could be admitted to the bar. Accordingly I began to make inquiries as to what were the best law firms in the city, and before long had acquired pretty definite information as to who were and who were not in high standing. Now I had no letters of introduction and nothing to recommend me except a certain degree of maturity and a cultivated manner of speaking, and I might and probably should have been trying to this day to break into some sedate and high-toned old fogy office had it not been for one of those accidents with which my career has been replete.

I had visited all the firms on my list without finding any that wanted to take in a student. Indeed, all the offices seemed filled if not crowded with studious-looking young men whose noses were buried in law books. In one or two, to be sure, I might have secured admittance and been given desk room in exchange for the services of my legs as a runner of errands and a server of papers, but none had any idea of paying anything. The profession at the bottom was more overcrowded than the gallery of the Academy of Music when they ran Rosedale. Each night as I returned to my lodgings I felt more and more discouraged. Its smell of cabbage came to have for me an inexpressible sensation of relief, of protection, even of luxury. Here at any rate, even in an actors' boarding house, I was as good as anybody, and not regarded as if I were a beggar on the one hand or a questionable character on the other.

How long this might have continued I have no means of knowing, but one afternoon as I was trudging uptown, still holding in my hand a copy of a legal journal, the advertisements in which I had been engaged in sedulously running down, my attention was attracted by a crowd gathered in the street around a young man who had been so unfortunate as to be run over by a stage. There was nothing external to indicate the extent of his injuries, and as I drew nearer two persons assisted him to his feet and began to lead him toward the nearest store. Having nothing better to do I walked along with them and after they had gone inside remained looking curiously through the window. While I was thus engaged a stout, bustling man of about forty years of age came hurrying down the sidewalk and turned to enter the store. As he did so he observed me apparently waiting there, and his eye with a quick glance took in the title of the paper in my hand. Instantly he stepped up beside me and tapping me on the arm said in a low tone:

"Whom do you represent?"

I was somewhat taken aback by this inquiry, not seeing at the moment its immediate relation to the business in hand; but for want of a better answer I replied in much the same spirit:

"Quibble."

"Oh, Quibble, eh! I've heard of him. But look here, my young friend, there is no reason why honest men should cut one another's throats. Tell my friend Quibble I was here before ye, and keep this for yourself."

And with that he peeled a twenty-dollar bill from the top of a heavy roll that he produced from his pocket and placed it within my palm.

"Very good," said I. "It will cost me dear if Quibble hears of it; but a man must live and I work at starvation wages."

I placed the bill in my breast pocket and made way for him to enter the store, which he did without more ado. Why this busy gentleman should gratuitously present me with twenty dollars did not at the moment occur to me. I continued on my way northward, pondering upon the question, and passed the street upon which the police court was located and Counselor Gottlieb had his office. The thought came into my mind that here was the very person to shed light upon the subject and I turned the corner and opened the door. Gottlieb was in his customary position with his feet elevated upon the table before him.

"Well," he said, "I didn't expect you back so soon."

"I've come for free advice this time," I answered, smiling.

"Oh!" he grunted. "Well, in that case perhaps you won't get it."

Somehow I had taken a shine to the fellow, for all his robbery of poor Toby, and I admired his quickness of perception. Perhaps he, too, felt not unkindly toward me. At any rate I told him my story.

"Now," says I, "what d'ye make of it?"

Gottlieb laughed.



"Whom Do You Represent?"

"Was he a fat little turkey with gray eyes?" he inquired.

"The same," I replied.

"Then it was Tom Kelly," he answered. "On his daily still hunt for the maimed, the halt and the blind. You say the chap had been run over by the stage? Well, Tom'll take his case on a contingent fee—fifty per cent to Tom and fifty per cent to the client of all that comes of it—bring an action against the stage line and recover heavy damages. Oh, it's terrible to think what that poor injured young man will suffer! Today he may feel quite well, but tomorrow he will have all kinds of pains in his head and eyes, his spine will ache, he will experience symptoms of a nervous breakdown. He will retire to bed and not emerge for six months, and when he does he'll be a hopeless and helpless cripple for life. Tom is an artist, he is, in his own line. They tell me he made sixty thousand last year out of his accident practice alone. Why, the case he gave you twenty to keep out of may net him five thousand!"

"If I'd known that it would have cost him fifty!" I said, feeling that an unjust advantage had been taken of me.

"Twenty is the regular rate," answered Gottlieb. "There are too many chances to make it worth much more merely to get the other fellow out of the way. Sometimes, though, I've paid as high as fifteen hundred for a case."

"Fifteen hundred!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, and got a verdict of nineteen thousand, of which I pocketed ninety-five hundred and four hundred dollars costs besides."

"Whew!" I whistled.

"Oh, there's pretty good pickin's on occasion even for a police-court lawyer," he continued; "but it's nothin' to the return from what I might call legitimate practice. Now there's old Haight, of Haight & Foster, for instance. He gets half a dozen twenty-thousand-dollar fees every year, and all he has is a strictly old-fashioned probate and real estate practice and a little of this newfangled railroad business. My great regret is that I didn't stick to regular trade instead of going after easy money. Who's Gottlieb now? Just a police-court lawyer, when he might be arguing before the Supreme Court of the United States! My brain's just as good as Haight's. I've licked him many a time in my young days. And then I get tired of all this hogwash! I tell you it's dirty business, most of it!"

"Well," I answered, remembering "*scienter*," "I've no doubt that you could beat them all. But I fancy you have nothing to complain of in the way of returns, yourself. What worries me is how to get any start at all. I've tried half the law offices in town."

Gottlieb listened with some interest as I outlined my experiences.

"But," he exclaimed, "you didn't go to the right person. You should have tackled the head of the firm himself. Find some sort of an introduction. Flatter him. Offer to work for nothing—and trust me, he'll have you. Now my advice is to go straight to old Haight and make up your



Many a Client Was Attracted to My Office by His Refined and Intellectual Old Face

mind to get into his office, willy-nilly. It'll be worth three thousand a year to you to graduate from there. It'll give you the tone you need in the profession. There are two qualities that make for the highest success in the law—honesty and dishonesty. To get ahead you must have one or the other. You must either be so irreproachable in your conduct and elevated in your ideals that your reputation for virtue becomes your chief asset, or on the other hand so crooked that your very dishonesty makes you invaluable to your clients. Both kinds of lawyers are equally in demand. Some cases require respectability and some dirty work. But the crooked lawyer has got to be so crooked that everybody is afraid of him, even the judge. Now the trouble with me is that I'm too honest. Sometimes I wish I were a crook like the rest of them!"

He sighed deeply and slowly drew down his left eyelid.

"Thank you, Mr. Gottlieb," said I, suppressing an inclination to smile, "I'll take your advice. Perhaps you'll let me talk to you again later on."

"Come as often as you like," he replied. "And look you, young-feller-me-lad, I'll give you half of all the profits I make out of any business you bring me. You don't have to be a lawyer to get clients. Hustle around among your friends and drum up some trade and you'll do almost as well as if you could try cases yourself. For every dollar I earn, you get another. Is it a go?"

"Surely!" I cried. "And if I'm not very much mistaken I'll not be long about it, for I have an idea already."

The next day I again presented myself at the office of Haight & Foster where I had already applied for a position to the chief clerk. This time I asked for the head of the firm himself, and I was amused to see that, whereas before I had been almost kicked out of the office, I was now treated with the respect due to a possible client. After a wait of some twenty minutes I was ushered into a large sunny office lined with books and overlooking the lower East River. Mr. Haight was a wrinkled old man with a bald scalp covered with numerous brown patches about the size of ten-cent pieces. A fringe of white hair hung about his ears, over one of which was stuck a goose-quill pen. He looked up from his desk as I entered and eyed me sharply.

"Well, Mr. Quibble," he began gruffly—as if he were about to add, "Out with what you have to say, young man, and begone as soon as possible!"

"Mr. Haight," said I, with great deference, "I have called on you at the suggestion of my guardian and trustee, Mr. Tuckerman Toddleham, of Barristers' Hall, Boston, to inquire whether I may not be allowed the great privilege of a desk in your office. I am a Harvard man, born in Salem, and of an old Massachusetts family. Ever since I made up my mind as a boy to enter the law it has been my ambition to study in your office; and, I may add, it is also the earnest hope of my guardian, Mr. Toddleham."

"Do you refer to the Mr. Toddleham of 'Toddleham on Perpetuities'?" he asked with some interest.

"The same," I answered, for although I had never heard of the work in question it seemed just the sort for old Toddleham's production.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Quibble," he exclaimed, extending his hand. "I have often wished that I could meet your guardian and ask the great Mr. Toddleham face to face what he really thinks of the Rule in Shelley's Case—what do you think of it? What *was* the Rule in Shelley's Case, may I ask?"

Now I had never heard of the rule in question, so for want of a better answer I replied:

"The law is no respecter of persons—I suppose the rule was *the same in his case as in any other.*"

Mr. Haight looked at me strangely for a moment and suddenly began to chuckle. Then he eyed me again and chuckled still more. Finally he laid aside all modesty and hugged himself with delight.

"I see that you are a man of *esprit!*" he remarked between spasms. "I shall be glad to take you into my office. You may go and introduce yourself to Mr. Spruggins, the chief clerk."

Thus it was that I secured my first slender foothold at the bar of New York; and it was not for several years that I discovered that the Toddleham who had written the book on Perpetuities was an entirely different person, belonging to another branch of the family.

Of course I received no compensation for my services at Haight & Foster's, but that was the customary rule with all students. As a result we were not strictly tied down in our attendance at the office. I really believe it would have been cheaper for the firm to have paid a small salary to their clerks, for it would then have been in a position to demand much more of them in return. As it was I found myself able to come and go about as I chose, and being obliged to support myself in some way my attendance at the office was quite irregular. But I was started at last and belonged somewhere. No longer was it necessary for me to wander about the streets looking for a place to hang my hat, and I already had schemes in mind whereby I was soon to become rich.

My associates in the office were all scholarly, respectable young men, most of them law-school graduates and scions of well-known families, and I was not insensible to the advantage to me that my connection with them might be later on. It was essential that I should impress them and the firm with my seriousness of purpose, and so I made it a point, unpleasant as I found it, to be on hand at the office every morning promptly at eight-thirty o'clock, ready to arrange papers or serve them, and to be of any assistance no matter how menial to Mr. Spruggins, whose sense of dignity I took pains to flatter in every way possible. In the afternoon, however, I slipped away on the pretext of having to go uptown to study, but in point of fact in order to earn enough money to pay for my board and lodging.

I had been cogitating several ideas since I had visited Gottlieb, and the one that appealed to me the most was that of procuring business for other lawyers upon a percentage basis. I reasoned that there must be several hundred thousand people in the city who had no acquaintance with lawyers and would be as ready to consult one as another. Reputable lawyers did not advertise, to be sure, but I was not yet a lawyer, and hence many courses were open to me at this stage in my career that would be closed later on. I had considerable confidence in my own persuasive ability and felt that it was only a question of time before I could drum up a substantial amount of business. Accordingly I had a few cards neatly printed on glossed board reading:

MR. ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, BROADWAY
OF
HAIGHT & FOSTER
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
10 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY
CONTRACTS MORTGAGES TAX MATTERS GENERAL ADVICE

The Haight & Foster end of the card was done in very heavy type, while my own name was comparatively inconspicuous. Further to assist my plans I rented a tiny office not far from Madison Square for the sum of two dollars a week, and furnished it with a table, two chairs and an ink pot. The door bore the inscription:

OFFICE OF
ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, Esq.
COUNSELOR

The reader will observe that not being authorized as yet to practice as an attorney I was scrupulous not to hold myself out as one. "Counselor" might mean anything. Certainly I had the right to give counsel to such as desired it. Here I might be found at and after half past one of every day, having already done five hours' work at the office of Haight & Foster. I still had enough funds to carry me for some three weeks and so felt no immediate anxiety as to the future, but I realized that I must lose no time in getting out my tentacles if I were to drag in any business. Accordingly I made myself acquainted with the managers and clerks of the neighboring hotels, giving them the impression, so far as I could, that Haight & Foster had opened an uptown office and that I was in charge of it. I made friends also with the proprietors and barkeepers of the adjacent saloons, of which there were not a few, and left plenty of my cards with them for distribution to such of their customers as might need legal assistance, in each case promising that any business which they secured would be liberally rewarded. In short I made myself generally known in the locality and planted the seed of cupidity in the hearts of hundreds of persons. It was necessary for me to net ten dollars a week to live, and it seemed reasonable to believe that I could do so.

Almost at the outset I had a piece of luck, for a guest at a Fifth Avenue hotel was suddenly stricken with a severe illness and desired to make a will. It was but a few days after I had called upon the manager and, having me fresh in his mind, he sent for me. The sick man proved to be a wealthy Californian who was too far gone to care who drew his will so long as it was drawn at all, and I jotted down his bequests and desires by his bedside. I had originally intended to go at once to Mr. Haight and turn the matter over to him, but my client seemed so ill that it appeared hardly necessary. I persuaded myself with the argument that the affair required a more immediate attention than the office could give, and accordingly decided to draw the will myself and incidentally to earn the whole fee. The proceeding seemed honest enough, since, although I had been introduced as representing Haight & Foster, the sick man had never heard of them before and obviously did not care one way or the other.

I had never drawn a will or any other legal paper, but I



"I See That You are a Man of Esprit! I Shall be Glad to Take You Into My Office"

lost no time in slipping around to Gottlieb's office and borrowing a work on Surrogate's practice, including forms, with which under my arm I hurried back to my office. Here after a good many unsuccessful attempts I produced a document sufficiently technical to satisfy almost any layman and probably calculated to defeat every wish of the testator. Of this, however, I was quite ignorant, and do myself the justice to say that, had not that been the case, I would not have attempted what I now know to have been an impossible task for one of my lack of legal education. I carefully engrossed the will in long hand on fresh foolscap, ornamented it with seals and ribbons and, returning to the hotel, superintended its execution. My client asked me how much was my fee and I modestly replied—as I never expected to see him again this side of the grave—that my charge would be one hundred and fifty dollars. He nodded, and indicating his pocket-book told me to help myself, which I did, regretting not having asked for more. That night he died, and my impromptu will was forwarded to California and became the subject of a litigation lasting over eleven years and costing several hundred thousand dollars.



Returning to the Hotel, I Superintended its Execution

It thus happened that my eagerness to begin to build up my material fortunes, coupled with the necessity of having a technical connection with a regular firm of lawyers, resulted in my leading a sort of double legal existence. In the morning I was a mere drudge or office devil—in the afternoon I was Counselor Quibble, head of my own office and my own master. Having now a capital of one hundred and fifty dollars I was in a position to put one of my schemes into practice, and accordingly I drew up with great care the following instrument, copies of which I had struck off by a theatrical job printer near by:

This Agreement made this..... day of .....1878, between....., of the City and County of New York, party of the first part, and Artemas Quibble, Esquire, of the same, party of the second part, WITNESSETH:

That the said party of the first part in consideration of one dollar to him in hand paid upon the first day of each month by the party of the second part, hereby covenants and agrees to employ at a reduced rate the said party of the second part to look after all legal matters that may arise in his business and to recommend said party of the second part to his friends and acquaintances as a suitable person to

(Continued on Page 36)

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XV

CLEMENTINA sat in the vestibule and fanned herself with the telegram. It was from Marseilles and had been telegraphed on to her from London. It ran:

Doctors say I am dying. Come at once here—Hotel Louvre. Matter of life and death. Am wiring Quixtus also. For Heaven's sake, both come. WILL HAMMERSLEY.

It was a shock. Hammersley's letter of a few weeks ago had prepared her for his indefinite advent; but the thought of death had not come to her. Will Hammersley was dying, apparently alone, in a hotel at Marseilles; dying, too, in an atmosphere of mystery, for he must see her and Quixtus too before he died. The message was urgent, the appeal imperative.

"Oh, Clementina, I hope it's not bad news!" cried Etta.

Clementina handed the telegram to Tommy.

"It's from the sick man of Shanghai who pined for the English lanes."

"Poor chap!" said Tommy, very gently. "Poor chap! I remember him well. A fine, upstanding fellow—one of the best. Once he gave me a cricket bat." The artist in him shivered. "It's awful to think of a man like that dying. What are you going to do?"

"What do you think?"

"Take the night train to Marseilles," replied Tommy.

"Then why did you ask?" said Clementina.

"But what shall we do?" cried Etta.

"Oh, you and Tommy can stay here till I come back."

Etta gasped and blushed crimson. "That would be very nice; but—but—I don't think dad would quite like it."

"Oh, of course!" cried Clementina. "I was forgetting these confounded conventions. They do complicate life so. And I suppose I can't send you away with Tommy in the motor either. And, now I come to think of it, I can't go away tonight and leave you two to travel together to London tomorrow. What on earth are women put in the world for—especially young ones? They're more worry than they're worth. And if I left Tommy here and took you with me to Marseilles you'd be as handy to travel with, in the circumstances, as a wedding cake. I don't know what to do with you."

Etta suggested that the Jacksons—the friends whom she had visited the previous day—might take her in until Clementina came back. Indeed, they had invited her to stay with them.

"Go and telephone them at once," said Clementina.

"You'll have Uncle Ephraim as a traveling companion," Tommy remarked as Etta was leaving them.

Clementina rubbed a distracted brow, not to the well-being of her front hair.

"Lord save us! He'll be worse than Etta."

"Poor dear Clementina!" he said, and turned away to administer help and counsel to his beloved in the complicated matter of the telephone.

Suddenly Clementina started to her feet. Perhaps Quixtus' telegram had not been forwarded as hers had been. In this contingency it was her duty to let him know the unhappy news; and she must let him know at once. An ordinary woman would have sent Tommy round with the telegram; but Clementina, accustomed all her life long to act for herself, gave no thought to this possibility. She bolted out of the door of the hotel and made her way back to the tearoom.

The crowd had thinned, but Quixtus and his friends still lingered. Mrs. Fontaine, her elbows on the table, leaning her cheek against her daintily gloved hands, was engaged in earnest talk with Quixtus to the exclusion of the other pair. Lady Louisa Malling was eating pastry and drinking chocolate with an air of great enjoyment, while Huckaby, hands in pockets, leaned back in his seat, a very bored Mephistopheles. He had exhausted his Martha's conversation long ago and he was weary of the eternal companionship. Why should not Faust have a turn at Martha now and again? Decidedly it was an unfair world. To add also to his present discomfort, the confused frame of mind in which he had originally introduced his patron to Mrs. Fontaine had gradually become more tangled. Clean living had grown more to his taste; abstinence from whisky much more simple to accomplish than his most remorseful dreams of reform had ever conceived. And that morning a letter from Billiter had filled him with disgust. Billiter upbraided him for silence, wanted to know what was going on, hinted that a dividend ought to be due by this time and expressed, none too delicately, a suspicion of his partner's business integrity. The cheap tavern-supplied notepaper offended against the nicety of Huckaby's refined surroundings. The gross vulgarity of Billiter himself revolted him. A week had passed and Mrs. Fontaine had shown no signs of having accomplished her ends. He had not dared to question her. He had begun, too, to loathe his part in the sordid plot. But that morning he had summoned up courage enough to say to Mrs. Fontaine:

"I've just had a letter from Billiter."

Whereupon her pale cheeks had flushed red and her alluring eyes had gleamed dangerously.

"I wish that I had never seen that brute in all my life!"

And he had said: "I wish that I had never done so either!"

She had looked at him full, searchingly, inscrutably for a long moment and, saying nothing, had turned away. What was to be the outcome of it all? Huckaby was perplexed. The week had passed pleasantly. Even his enforced and sardonic attendance on Martha had not been able to spoil the charm of the new life, bastard though it was. Mrs. Fontaine had continued not to let her friends in Paris know of her presence in the city, and the week had been a history of peaceful jaunts—to Chantilly, Fontainebleau, Sèvres—where Monsieur Sardanel had spread before their ravished eyes his collection of Mexican rattles and masks and obsidian-edged swords; to "Robinson," on the island in the Seine, where they had lunched in the tree restaurant—in a word, to all sorts of sweet summer places where the trees were green and the world was bathed in sunshine and innocence. The week had evidently passed pleasantly for Quixtus, who had given no intimation of the date of his return to London. He was lotus-eating; obviously, too, under the charm of the sorceress—wax in her hands. Of his fiendish purpose Huckaby still had no suspicion. As far as Huckaby could see, Mrs. Fontaine had made an easy conquest of his patron; and why she had up to now forborne to carry out the essential part of the plot he could not understand. Perhaps she loathed the idea as much as he did. Her outburst against Billiter gave weight to the theory. It was all very complicated. And here were these two engaged in a deep and semi-sentimental conversation while Lady Louisa stuffed herself with chocolate and he, Huckaby, was bored to death. What was going to happen?

The thing that did happen was Clementina's inrush. She marched straight up to the table and, disregarding startled eyes, thrust the telegram into Quixtus' hand.

"Read that. You may find one like it at your hotel or you may not. I thought it right to bring it."

Mrs. Fontaine kept her elbows on the table and regarded Clementina with well-bred insolence. Lady Louisa finished her chocolate. Quixtus read the telegram; his face grew a shade paler and his fingers trembled a little. Huckaby arose and, drawing a chair from another table, offered it to Clementina. She waved it away with a curt acknowledgment. Quixtus looked up at her.

"This is terrible!—Will Hammersley dying ——"

He made an attempt to rise, but Clementina put her hand on his shoulder. "Don't get up. I'm going."

A sudden hardening change came over Quixtus' features.

"Stay," said he. "It was very kind of you to bring this, but I'm afraid it has nothing to do with me."

"Nothing to do with you?" She regarded him in amazement. "Your lifelong friend is dying and implores you to come to him—and you say it's nothing to do with you!"

"He was a villain!" said Quixtus with quivering lips.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Clementina indignantly.

Had the man gone absolutely crazy after all?

"I am saying what I know," he returned darkly. "He was no friend to me."

"And he wants you to go to his death-bed?" asked Mrs. Fontaine, taking her elbows off the table. "How very painful!"

"You had better put such lunatic ideas out of your head and take the night train to Marseilles," said Clementina roughly.

Quixtus bit his knuckles and stared at the litter of tea in front of him. The orchestra, for their last number, played a common little jiggety air.

"Are you coming?" asked Clementina.

"Why should Doctor Quixtus," said Mrs. Fontaine, "travel all the way to Marseilles to witness the death of a man whom he dislikes? I think it's unreasonable to ask it."

"Yes, yes," said Quixtus. "It's unreasonable."

"And it would break up our pleasant little party," pleaded Lady Louisa.

"Confound your party!" exclaimed Clementina—whereat Lady Louisa withered up in astonishment. "I'm telling him to perform an act of humanity."

"He was my enemy," said Quixtus in a low voice.

"And so you can hardly ask him to go and gloat over his death," said Lady Louisa stupidly.

"Eh? What's that?" cried Quixtus, straightening himself up.

"We're dealing with Christian gentlemen and not devils," Clementina retorted.

"No, not devils—oh, certainly not devils!" said Quixtus, with a chuckling catch in his voice.

Clementina plucked him by the sleeve.

"I can't stand here all the afternoon arguing with you. Even if you have got it into your head that the man offended you, you did care for him once; and it's only common charity to go to him now that he's at the point of death. Are you going or not?"

Quixtus looked helplessly from one woman to the other.

"There's such a thing as straining Quixotism too far, my dear Doctor Quixtus," said Mrs. Fontaine. "I see no reason why you should go."

"I'm a decent woman and I see every reason," said Clementina, infuriated at the other's intervention. "I'll see that he goes. I'll get tickets now and come round to the Continental in a taxi and fetch you."

Quixtus rose and extended his hand to Clementina.

"I shall go. I promise you," he said with all his courtliness of manner. "And I shall not trouble you to get my ticket or call for me. *Au revoir.*"

He accompanied her to the door. On parting he said with a smile:

"I have my reasons for going—reasons that no one but myself can understand."

And when he returned to Mrs. Fontaine, who was biting her lips with annoyance at Clementina's apparent victory, he repeated the words with the same smile and the curious gleam of cunning that sometimes marred the blandness of his eyes. He had his reasons.

"After all," said the lady, during their Faust and Marguerite walk to the hotel entrance in the Rue Castiglione, "I can't blame you. It's an errand of mercy. Doubtless he wishes to absolve his conscience from the wrong—whatever it was—that he did you. Your *pétroleuse* friend was right. It is a noble action."

"I have my reasons," said Quixtus.

"We have become such friends," she said after a little pause—"at least I hope so—that I shall miss you very much. I have very few friends," she added with a sigh.

"If I am one I esteem it a great honor," said Quixtus.

"I wonder whether you'll care to see me when you get back to Paris?"

"Will you still be here?"

"If you promise to stay a little while and finish up our holiday."

He met her upturned, alluring eyes. For all his visionary malignancy, he was a man—and a man who never before had been in the hands of the seductress; an unaccustomed thrill ran through him, causing him to catch his breath.

"I promise," said Quixtus huskily, "to stay here as long as it is your good pleasure."

"Then you do care to see me?"

"You ought to know," said he.

"What signs have you given me?"

"Signs that every woman must read."

She laughed. "Every man to his method. I like yours. It's neither Cinquecento, nor Louis XV, nor Directoire. The nearest to it is Jane Austen. But it's really Quixtine."

Now nothing can flatter a man more than to be assured that he has an original method of love-making. Quixtus glowed with conscious idiosyncrasy. He also felt most humanly drawn toward the flatterer.

"You may count on my returning to you at the earliest possible moment," said he. "May I be commonplace enough to remark that I shall count the hours?"

"Everything beautiful on the earth," she replied with sweet sentimentalism, "is but the apotheosis of the commonplace."

The shrieking siren of a passing motor car drowned this last remark. He begged her to repeat it and bowed his ear to her lips. Her breath caught his cheek and made his pulses throb.

"I have a plan," she said, as they entered the hotel. "Why shouldn't we have a little dinner to ourselves? Your train doesn't go until 9:35. I'm learned in trains, you see; and I'm also learned in Paris restaurants."

"Nothing could be more delightful," said Quixtus.

It was only when he found himself alone in his room and reflected on the "reasons" for his journey to Marseilles that the crazy part of his brain summed up his amatory situation. He laughed sedately. He held the woman's heart in his hands. At any hour he could dash it on the pavement of Paris, whereon so many hearts of women had been broken. At any hour could he work this great wickedness. But not tonight. Tonight he would take the heart in a firmer grip. He would dally with the delicious malignity. Besides, his fastidiousness forbade an orgy of pleasure. One wickedness at a time. Was he not bound even now for Marseilles on a merciless errand? This deed of darkness must be accomplished swiftly. The other could wait. As a crown to his contentment came the realization that these, his supreme projects of devildom, lay hidden in his own heart; secret from Huckaby and his fellow minions. They were futile knaves, all of them —— Well, perhaps not Huckaby. Huckaby had more than once expressed the desire to reform. . . .

By the way, what should be done with Huckaby during his absence in Marseilles? He was useless in Paris. Why not send him back to London?

He summoned Huckaby to his room and, whilst packing, laid the question before him.

"For God's sake, don't!" said Huckaby, almost in terror.

"Why shouldn't I?"

"I can't go back," said he, tugging at his beard—no longer straggly, but neatly cut to a point. "I can't go back to it all—to the squalor and drunkenness! It's no use mincing words with you—I can't do it! You've set me on the clean road and, by Heaven! you've got to see that I keep there. You've given me chances in the past and I abused them. You have the power to give me another—and I won't abuse it. I swear I won't! To kick me back again would be hellish wickedness."

"You're quite right," replied Quixtus gravely, balancing in his hand an ill-folded pair of trousers which he was about to put into his suit case. "I appreciate your position perfectly. But, as I have implied to you before in a similar conversation, hellish wickedness is what I—what I, in fact, am devoting my life to accomplish."

He packed the trousers and walked up and down the room, pondering darkly. It was a tempting piece of villainy to kick Huckaby back into the gutter. In a flash it could be done. But, as in all his attempted acts of vileness, the coördination between brain and will failed at the critical moment. A new aspect of the case flashed upon his disordered mind, showing an even more diabolical way of achieving Huckaby's ruin than throwing him back into the gutter. By a curious transmogrification it was he, Quixtus, who now blazed luridly as the master of mischief, and Huckaby as the shrinking innocent. The enforced association of the shrinking innocent with the master of mischief could have no other result than the constant sapping of the victim's volition and the gradual but certain degradation of his soul. To accomplish this was a refinement of deviltry far beyond the imagination of his favorite fiend, Macathiel. He decided promptly and halted in front of his former myrmidon. It was once more necessary for him, however, like the villain in the old melodrama, to dissemble. He smiled and laid his hand on Huckaby's shoulder.

"All right," said he, in the old, kind voice that in the past had so often stabbed Huckaby's conscience. "I'll give you the chance. Just stick loyally to me. Stay with the ladies in Paris; and when I come back we can talk about things."

Huckaby gripped his hand.

"Thank you, Quixtus. I wish I could tell you—I've known all along ——" he stammered in a hoarse voice. "Oh, I've played the devil with everything!—and I don't know which is the damneder fool of us two."

"I am quite certain," said Quixtus with a conscious smile, which he assumed was Mephistophelian—"I am quite certain, my dear Huckaby, that you are."

In spite of the exultation that he felt—or deluded himself into feeling—at the triple wickedness wherewith he purposed to burden his soul, Quixtus dined with Mrs. Fontaine in a subdued frame of mind. It was not the fault of the dinner, for it was carefully selected by Mrs. Fontaine, who smiled pityingly at Quixtus' gastronomic ignorance; nor was it that of the place, a cozy little restaurant in the Passage Jouffroy; nor that of the lady, who appeared bent on pleasing. Deep down in his soul were stirrings of pity which his clouded brain could not interpret. Their effect, however, was a mild melancholy. Mrs. Fontaine's trained senses quickly noticed it and she tuned her talk in key. She prided herself on being a sympathetic woman. By this time she had learned to discount



"It's Boofal!" She Cried, Clambering on Both Knees on to His Lap

his pessimistic utterances that she knew proceeded from the same psychological source as the lunatic desire to break a woman's heart, which had been the inspiration of the plot. She discerned the essential gentleness of the man, his tender impulses, his integral innocence, and established him in her own eyes as a pathetic spectacle. As to the heartbreaking she felt secure. It was the only element of humor in the ghastly game which day by day had grown more repulsive. It was in this chastened mood that she met Huckaby on their return to the hotel. Quixtus went up to his room by the lift and left them standing in the lounge.

"I can't do it," she said hurriedly. "Billiter and the whole lot of you can go to the devil! I'm out of it. With a man who can take care of himself, yes. I've no compunction. It's a fair fight. But this is too low down. It's like robbing a blind beggar. It revolts me. Understand—this is the end of it!"

"Will you believe me," said Huckaby, "when I say that it's more than I can swallow either? I'm honest. I'm out of it too. Billiter can go to the devil!"

She looked at him as she had done before that day, long and searchingly, and her hard eyes gradually softened.

"Yes; I believe you."

Huckaby bowed. "I thank you, Mrs. Fontaine. And, as we are on this painful subject, I should like to be frank with you. You know how this thing started. I began it in the first place as a joke, a wild jest, to humor him in his madness. The idea of Quixtus breaking a woman's heart is comic. But—God knows how!—it developed into our—our association. The important part now is this: If you think you have been fooling him to the top of his bent, you're mistaken. When it came to the point of beginning his heartbreaking career he shied at it. Moreover he told me the whole thing was profoundly distasteful and I must never mention the matter to him again."

"Well?" asked Mrs. Fontaine. "What does that mean?"

"It means," said Huckaby, "that you've succeeded in making him fond of your society for its own sake."

She drew a deep breath. "Thank goodness, this nightmare of a farce is over!"

"Now, I suppose, you'll go back to London," said Huckaby.

She looked away from him, unseeing, down the long lounge—and her gloved hands unconsciously gripped each other hard; her bosom heaved. In the woman's dark soul strange things were happening—a curious, desperate hope was dawning. She remained like this for a few moments, while Huckaby selected and lit a cigarette.

"No, I shan't go to London," she said without turning her head. "I'll stay in Paris. I owe myself a holiday."

Ten minutes afterward Quixtus had gone. They watched the wheels of the taxi that was carrying him to the Lyons Station disappear beneath the great archway and, with something like a sigh, they returned slowly to the lounge. Lena Fontaine threw herself on a seat, her hands by her side, in an attitude of weariness.

"Oh, but I'm tired!" she whispered.

Huckaby suggested bed. She shrugged her shoulders. It was not her body that was tired, she explained, but the ridiculous something that people called a soul. That was dead beat. She looked up at him as he stood before her wondering to hear her talk so frankly.

"What was it that played the devil with you—a woman?"

"Drink," replied Huckaby laconically.

"I hadn't even that excuse," said Lena Fontaine. She laughed mirthlessly. "Don't you wish you were good?"

He sat down by her side.

"Why shouldn't we try to be?"

"Because the world isn't a Sunday-school, my dear friend."

Huckaby ventured to touch her hand with the tip of his finger.

"Let us try," said he.

She smiled—this time only in half derision.

"Let us," she said.

A great silence fell upon them and they sat there side by side for a long, long time, pretending to watch, like many other couples and groups in the lounge, the shifting life of the great hotel, but really far away from it all, feeling drawn together in their newfound shame like two dreary souls who had escaped from Purgatory and were wandering through darkness—they knew not whither.

XVI

THE great train thundered on straight down through the heart of France. Almost the length of it separated Quixtus and Clementina. They had seen each other only for a few moments amid the bustle of the hurrying platform—just long enough for her quick vision to perceive, in the uncertain blue light of the arc lamps, a haunted look in his eyes that was absent when she had first met him that afternoon. He had spoken a few courteous phrases; he had inquired whether Tommy and Etta, who clung to her to the last, were to be fellow travelers, whereon Clementina had very definitely informed him that Etta was staying with friends in Paris, while Tommy had arranged to visit a painter chum at Barbison; he had expressed the hope that when they arrived at Marseilles she would command his services; and, after a bareheaded leave-taking of the two ladies, which caused Etta afterward to remark that it was only her short skirt that had prevented her from making her court curtsy, he had gone in search of his own compartment.

Etta had flung her arms round Clementina's neck.

"Oh, Clementina darling, do come back soon! The Jacksons are kind, but, oh, so stuffy! And Tommy is going to Barbison and I shan't see him; and if you don't come back soon he'll have forgotten all about me."

Tommy had given her a great hug and kissed her.

"Goodby, dear. God bless you! Come back soon. We can't do without you."

And Clementina, pausing on the first step of the railway carriage, had turned and raised her hand—the unfilled finger-ends of her cotton gloves projecting comically—and cried:

"Goodby, you dear, selfish, detestable, beloved children!"

And neither of the twain had known what in the world she meant.

The great train thundered on through the country that Clementina had traversed a month before with Tommy: Dijon, Mâcon, Lyons. . . . Things had changed since then. Then a sweet rejuvenescence had crept through her veins; then she had amused herself with the idea of being a lady. The towns whose names, shouted through the awful stillness of the stations otherwise only broken by the eerie clank of the wheel-testers' hammers, were now but abstract stages on her journey, then had a magical significance. . . . That must be Vienne through which they were dashing. . . . If the bitter-sweet, the tragi-comedy, the cardiac surgery of Vienne had not brought a smile to Clementina's lips in the dark solitude of her compartment, would she have been the sturdy, humorous Clementina who had cried her farewell to the children? Things had changed since then, she assured herself. She was just Clementina again, fighting her battles alone, impatient, contemptuous, unfeeling; no longer a lady—merely a female dauber, ready once more to paint elderly magnates' trousers at so much a leg. . . . She sighed and laughed. Those had been pleasant times. . . . That she should be going over the same ground now with Quixtus seemed a freakish trick of destiny.



"It's Like Robbing a Blind Beggar. Understand—This is the End of It!"

At nine o'clock in the morning the train entered Marseilles Station. Quixtus came speedily up to Clementina as she stepped on to the platform and offered his services. He trusted Clementina had slept well and had a comfortable journey.

"Didn't sleep a wink," said Clementina. "Did you?"

Quixtus admitted broken slumbers. The strangeness of the adventure had kept him awake.

"You're looking ill this morning," said Clementina, glancing at him sharply. "What's the matter with you?"

He seemed careworn, feverish, and an unnatural glitter had replaced the haunted look in his eyes. Clementina did not know how the approaching consummation of a deed of real wickedness terrified the mild and gentle-natured man. Hitherto his evil doings had been fantastic, repaired almost at once, as if mechanically, by the underlying instinct of generosity; his visions of sin had been fantastic, too, harmless, unpractical; but this sin of vengeance that he had intellectually conceived and fostered loomed great and terrible. So does the braggart, who has sworn to eat up a lion alive, totter at the knees when he hears the lion's roar. His night had been that of a soul on fire.

"Something's wrong. What is it?" asked Clementina.

He answered vaguely. This summons had upset him. It had set him thinking, a tiring mental process. He remembered, said he, how Hammersley, when they were boys together, had called him to see a dying butterfly on a rosebush. The yellow wings were still flapping languidly; then slower and slower; then strength gave out and they quivered in the last effort; and then the hold on the rosebush relaxed and the butterfly fell to the earth—dead!

"What does monsieur wish done with the baggage?" asked the attendant porter, who had listened uncomprehendingly to the long and tragical tale. Quixtus passed his hand across his forehead and looked at the porter as if awakening out of a dream.

"What you like," said he.

So forlorn and hag-ridden did he appear that a wave of pity swept through Clementina. The deadly phrase of the judge in the Marrable trial occurred to her: "Such men as you ought not to be allowed to go about loose." The mothering instinct, more than her natural forcefulness, made her take charge of the situation.

"The omnibus of the Hôtel du Louvre," she said to the man; and, taking Quixtus by the arm, she led him like a child out of the station.

"Get in," she said with rough kindliness, pushing him toward the step of the omnibus; but he moved aside for her to precede him. Clementina said "Rubbish!" and entered the vehicle. She was no longer playing at being a lady. Quixtus followed her, and the omnibus clattered down the steep streets and jolted and swayed through the traffic and between the myriad tramcars that deface and deafen the city. The morning sun shone fiercely. The pavements baked. The sun-drenched buildings burned hot to the eye, and the very awnings in the front of shops and over stalls in the markets suggested heat rather than coolness. Far away at the end of the Cannebière the strip of sea visible glittered like a steel blade.

"Whew," gasped Clementina—"what heat!"

"I feel it rather chilly," said Quixtus.

She stared at him wiping a damp forehead. What was the matter with the man?

When they entered the fairly cool vestibule of the hotel the manager met them and assigned the rooms. They asked for Hammersley. Alas, said the manager, he was very ill. The doctor was with him even now. An elderly man in thin, sun-stained tweeds, who had been sitting in a corner playing with a child of five or six in charge of a Chinese nurse, came forward and greeted them.

"Are you the friends Mr. Hammersley telegraphed for—Miss Wing and Doctor Quixtus? My name is Poynter. I was a fellow passenger of Mr. Hammersley's on the Moronia. He was a sick man when he started and got worse on the voyage. Impossible to land at Brindisi. Arrived here, he could go no farther, either by boat or train. He was quite helpless; so I stayed on until his friends could come. It was I who wrote out and sent the telegrams."

"That was very good of you," said Clementina.

Quixtus bowed vaguely, but spoke not a word. His lips were white. He held the front edges of his jacket crushed in a nervous grip. Poynter's voice sounded far away. He barely grasped the meaning of his words. A dynamo throbbed in his head instead of a brain.

"Is he dying?" asked Clementina.

Poynter made an expressive gesture. "I'm afraid so. He collapsed during the night and they've been giving

him oxygen this morning. Yesterday he was desperately anxious to see you both."

"Is it possible or judicious to go to him now?" asked Clementina.

"You may inquire. If you will allow me I'll show you the way to his room."

He led the way to the lift. They entered. For Quixtus, his companions had ceased to exist. He was conscious only of going to the dying man; and the dynamo throbbed, throbbed. During the ascent Clementina said abruptly to Poynter: "How long is it since you've been home?"

"Twenty-five years," he replied with a grim smile. "And it has been the dream of my life for ten."

"And you've stopped off in this Hades of a place for the sake of a sick stranger? You must be a good sort."

"You would have done the same," said Poynter.

"Not I."

He smiled again and looked at her with his calm, certain eyes. "A man does not live in the far Orient for nothing. I know you would. This way," he said as the lift door opened. He led them down a corridor, Quixtus following a step or two behind like a man in a trance.

The awful moment was at hand—the moment which in the teashop and in the hotel had seemed far, far distant, hidden in the mists of some unreal devil-land; which at dinner had begun to loom through the mists; which all night long had seemed to grow nearer and nearer with every rhythmic thud of the thundering train until at times it touched him like some material horror. The moment was at hand. At last he was about to fulfill his destiny of evil. His enemy lay dying—the spirit faintly flapping its wings like the butterfly. In a moment they would enter a room. He would behold the dying man. He would curse him and send a blackened, anguished soul into eternity.

The dynamo in his brain and the beating of his heart made him fancy that they were walking to the sound of muffled drums. Nearer, nearer! This was real, actual. He was a devil walking to the sound of muffled drums.

Poynter and Clementina stopped before a door. Quixtus stood still, shaking all over like a horse in front of a nameless terror.

"This is his room," said Poynter, grasping the handle.

Quixtus gave a queer cry and suddenly threw himself forward and clutched Poynter's arm convulsively, his features distorted with terror.

"Wait! Wait! I can't do it! I can't do it! It's monstrous!"

He leaned up against the wall and closed his eyes.

"Overwrought nerves," whispered Poynter.

There happened to be a bench near by, placed there for the convenience of the chambermaid of the floor. Clementina made him sit down.

"I don't think you're quite up to seeing him just now," she said.

He shook his head. "No. Not just now. I feel faint. It's death. I'm not used to death. You go in. Give him my love. I'll see him later. But give him my love."

"Very well," said Clementina.

She rapped gently at the door. It was opened, and a Sister of Charity in a great white coif appeared on the threshold.

She looked at the visitors sadly.

"*C'est fini*," she whispered.

Quixtus staggered to his feet.

"Dead?"

"*Oui, monsieur*."

The sweat broke out in great drops on his forehead.

"Dead!" he repeated.

"*Vous pouvez entrer si vous voulez*," said the Sister.

Then Quixtus reeled as if some one had dealt him a crushing blow. Poynter saved him from falling and guided him to his seat. For a long, long second all was darkness. The dynamo stopped suddenly. Then, as had happened once before, a little thread seemed to snap in his brain. He opened his eyes, feeling sick and giddy. The Sister quickly disappeared into the room and returned with some brandy. The others stood anxiously by. Presently the spirits took effect and enabled him to coördinate his faculties. With an effort of will he rose and straightened himself.

"I am better now. Let us go in."

"Wiser not," said Clementina, a thousand miles from suspecting the psychological phenomenon that had occurred.

Quixtus slightly raised a protesting hand.

"I assure you there is no reason why I should not go in," he said in a shaky voice.

"All right," said Clementina. "But you can't go tumbling all over the place."

Once more she took his arm in her strong grip and, leaving Poynter outside, they entered the death-chamber together. The windows were flung wide, but the outside shutters were closed, darkening the room and cooling it from the baking sun. A man in a frock coat and narrow black tie—the doctor—was aiding his assistant in the repacking of the oxygen apparatus. On the bed—gaunt, hollow-cheeked and pinched—lay all that was left of Hammersley. Only his blond hair and beard, with scarcely a touch of gray, remained of that which was familiar. The laughing eyes, which had charmed men and women, were hidden forever beneath the lids. Clementina's hand crept half mechanically downward and clasped that of Quixtus, which returned the pressure. So, hand in hand, they stood in silence by the deathbed.

At last Clementina whispered:

"Whatever may have been the misunderstanding between you, all is over now. May his sins be forgiven him."

"Amen!" said Quixtus.

A few tears rolled down Clementina's cheeks and fell on her bodice. The dead man had belonged to her youth—the dreary youth that had taken itself for grim, gray eld. He had brought into it a little laughter, a little buoyancy, much strength, much comfort—all so simply, so kindly. At first, in her fierce mood of revolt, she had rebuffed him and scorned his friendship. But he was one of the gifted ones who could divine a woman's needs and minister to them; so he smiled at her rejection of his offerings, knowing that she craved them, and presented them again and again until at last, worn out with longing, she clutched at them frantically and hugged them to her bosom. A generous gentleman, a loyal friend, a very help in time of trouble, he lay there dead before her in the prime of his manhood. She let the tears fall unchecked until they blinded her.

A dry, queer voice broke a long silence, whispering in her ear:

"I told you to give him my love, didn't I?"

She nodded and squeezed Quixtus' hand.

The doctor stood by waiting until their scrutiny of the dead should be over. Clementina was the first to turn to him and to ask for information as to the death. In a few words the doctor told her. When she entered the room he had been dead five minutes.

"Who, madame—you or this gentleman—is responsible for what remains to be done?"

"I am. Don't you think so, Ephraim?"

Quixtus bowed his head.

"I sent him my love," he murmured.

"And now," said the Sister of Charity, "we must make the *toilette de mort*. Will you have the kindness to retire?"

She smiled sadly and opened the door.

"There is a packet in the drawer for this lady and gentleman," said Poynter, who had stood waiting for them in the corridor.

"*Ah! bon*," said the Sister. She crossed the room and returned with the packet, which she handed to Clementina. It was sealed and was addressed to them jointly: "To Ephraim Quixtus and Clementina Wing. To be opened after my death." Clementina stuffed it into the pocket of her serge skirt.

"We'll open it together by-and-by. Now we'd better go to our rooms and tidy up and have some food. Only a fool goes through such a day as is before us on an empty stomach. What's your number? I'll tell them to send you up some coffee and rolls."

He thanked her dreamily. She arranged a meeting at noon in order to go through the packet. They walked along the corridor, Poynter accompanying them. He proposed, it being convenient to them, to take the night train to Paris and home. Meanwhile his services were at their disposal.

"I wish I could pack you off to Piccadilly by Hertzian wave right away," said Clementina.

"It's Devonshire I'm longing for," said he.

They arrived at the lift door.

"You'll love it all the better for having played the angel in Hades," said Clementina with moist eyes. "Goodby for the present."

She extended her hand. He took it and held it in a hesitating way. An expression of puzzledom came over his tanned, lined features.

"Are you going to your room now?"

"Yes," said Clementina.

"Pardon my presumption," said he with some concern; "but—but aren't you going to see the child?"

"Child!" cried Clementina. "What child?"

"Why—Mr. Hammersley's, you know. She's here."

"Here!"

"When you came into the vestibule didn't you notice a little girl I was playing with—a Chinese nurse——"

"Have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Clementina. "Do you hear that, Ephraim?"

"Yes; I hear," said Quixtus tonelessly. The conflict within him between Mithra and Ahriman had left him weak and non-recipient of new impressions. "Hammersley has a little daughter. I wasn't aware of it. I wonder how he got her. She must have a mother somewhere."

"The mother's dead," said Poynter. "From what I could gather from Hammersley, the child has no kin in the world. That was why he was so anxious for you to come."

Clementina peered at him with screwed-up monkey face—as if he were sitting for his portrait.

(Continued on Page 26)



"I Told You to Give Him My Love, Didn't I?"

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Referendum in New Jersey

ANY city in New Jersey may now, at a special election, adopt the commission form of government, so that responsibility for running the town will be squarely vested in only three or five men instead of being scattered and hidden among twenty; but the enabling act grieves some staunch friends of "representative" government by providing that the commission scheme shall include initiative, referendum and recall. A stock argument against referendum is this: If a given body of voters is not intelligent enough to choose a faithful representative it cannot be sufficiently intelligent to pass upon proposed laws.

This is like arguing that if a farmer hires a hand who lets the pigs into the garden he cannot be wise enough to decide whether or not he needs a garden. Any voter may have sound ideas upon important public measures and still not know whether a candidate whom he never saw, and concerning whom his information is vague and contradictory, will faithfully represent him. Often astute bankers find they have been fooled about the character of subordinates who are constantly under their eyes and whose occupation they thoroughly understand. No body of voters ever knowingly chooses a faithless representative. Such bodies frequently get fooled. Opponents of initiative, referendum and recall think it is their duty, in such cases, to stay fooled.

The Moral of Madison Square

NEW YORK, it seems, cannot have Madison Square Garden as a publicly-owned place for indoor assemblages and recreation—a sort of roofed public park.

That such a roofed park would be an exceedingly pleasant and valuable thing for the people to possess is quite obvious; but they cannot have it because the tremendous growth in the city's population—which is exactly what makes the Garden so desirable as a public place for indoor gatherings—also makes the land so enormously valuable that the city cannot afford to own it.

The people of New York created this tremendous land-value by coming to the city and living there. Having created the value, they must turn the Garden over to Mr. Morgan or somebody else who can afford to pay the price, which is quite beyond their reach. Meanwhile, in rainy weather, they can assemble in small bunches in the subway entrances or under awnings—if the police will let them. Everybody has heard of the sumptuary laws of long ago which judiciously forbade mere artisans to wear the cloth that their own hands had made because it was too expensive for them. We get the same admirable result in a different way.

Private Pension Bills

DURING the first two months of this extra session of Congress fourteen thousand bills were introduced—mostly private pension bills. They went to the Pension Committees of the House and Senate. The former comprises fifteen members, each of whom sits on at least one other committee. The Senate committee has fourteen members. Its chairman sits on seven other committees, and that is not far from the average. These two committees virtually pass the private pension bills. That they can devote any extensive consideration to them is, of course, out of the question. There are certain requirements and limitations of a general nature. A bill granting a hundred dollars a month to an ex-private, for example, would doubtless be held up; and it is not considered good form for any one Representative or Senator to bring forward an excessive number of claims.

We don't see why the general requirements that would satisfy the Pension Committees cannot be embodied in a statute; why the claims cannot be examined as well by a clerk in the Pension Office as by a committee clerk; why, in short, the Government's obligation to former soldiers cannot be expressed in a general pension law, so that this deluge of private pension bills may cease!

Progressive Texas Lawyers

"THE first person who wore stockings in England," observes Adam Smith, "is said to have been Queen Elizabeth. She received them as a present from the Spanish ambassador."

And nearly everywhere in the United States today the criminal code requires indictments to be framed substantially as they were at that memorable time. Our comment upon this fact has inspired a Texas judge to send us a sample indictment for that state. It reads: "The grand jurors for the county of Midland, state aforesaid, duly organized as such at the February term, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and eleven, of the district court for said county, upon their oaths in said court, present that John Doe, on or about the first day of January, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and eleven, and anterior to the presentment of this indictment, in the county of Midland and state of Texas, did then and there unlawfully with a gun and a pistol kill Richard Roe."

Compare this simple yet sufficient statement with the maze of archaic, tautological and meaningless phraseology which most states require. In respect to indictments, at least, Texas law has certainly dug itself out of the Dark Ages, where the law of many other states still complacently lingers. The Kansas code also exhibits enlightenment in respect to indictments; but the criminal codes generally have not yet reached the age of stockings.

Why is it that the law, which is said to enlist the best brains of the country, is the one calling in the United States in which progress seems almost impossible?

A New Parcels Post Bill

THE average charge by railroads for handling a ton of freight is a dollar and eight cents; the average charge by express companies for handling a ton of matter is thirty dollars and eighty cents. The most profitable asset of an express company consists of its exclusive contracts with railroads which enable it to maintain a monopolistic schedule of rates.

One of the parcels post bills before Congress provides that the Government shall buy the contracts or franchises of the express companies at their market value. Taking the current quotations for the stocks of the four express companies whose shares are listed on the Exchange and the tangible assets of those companies as shown by the balance-sheet in the Interstate Commerce Commission's report, the market value of express-company contracts or franchises, based upon existing conditions, can hardly fall short of a hundred million dollars.

Is the Government under any moral obligation to pay some such amount to the express companies as a bonus before it enters into competition with them through the Post-Office Department? The great value of the contracts or franchises arises from the fact that they give the companies a monopoly of an important public service and enable them to charge the public more than the service is fairly worth. If the express companies had gouged the public twice as hard their monopolistic contracts obviously would be twice as profitable, and the Government, under the theory mentioned, would be obliged to pay two hundred millions for them. It seems quite clear that no "property right" which the Government is bound to recognize can arise under any such arrangement.

Paper Debates in Congress

RECENTLY, the House having resolved itself into Committee of the Whole for further consideration of the bill to reduce wool duties, the gentleman from Maryland was given the floor for one minute. His speech, with various appendices, occupies thirty-nine solid columns of the Congressional Record. To have delivered the speech proper would have required at least two hours longer than the one minute during which the gentleman occupied the floor. Moreover, the speech contained not a word about wool duties, but was altogether about a quite different subject.

A little later the gentleman from Mississippi, the gentleman from New York and the gentleman from Georgia were given the floor for one hour each. In each case the entry in the Record is as follows: "(Mr. —— addressed the committee; his remarks will appear hereafter.)"

Thus we have one minute of oratory occupying thirty-nine columns and three hours of oratory occupying six lines. The meaning is, of course, that a great part of the "debates" in the House are intended primarily for circulation, under frank, among the speakers' constituents. After the House had passed the Canadian reciprocity treaty, for example, the Record was embellished with eloquent remarks upon that subject which members had withheld and revised for home consumption, while, under the "leave to print" custom, many speeches appear in the Record that are never delivered in the House.

We don't see why a member should expect constituents to read a speech which his fellow members will not give him leave to deliver to them; and if a member's remarks are not sufficiently digested to go into the Record as he utters them he ought to wait a few days. The proceedings of the House would certainly gain in interest and importance if the "debates" consisted of arguments actually addressed to the House and referring exclusively to the subject in hand.

On The Anxious Seat

IMMEDIATELY after President Taft's election, nearly three years ago, a conservative financial review observed: "The only unfavorable occurrence of the week was the decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in the Tobacco Trust case." In the third week of November the year following the same review records that the market declined on the Circuit Court's decision in the Oil Trust case.

The Government's suit against the Oil Trust was begun on November 15, 1906; that against the Tobacco Trust on July 19, 1907. Scattered through the trade reviews from the first of those dates to the present time you will find these cases referred to as exerting an unfavorable or retarding influence upon business. Business can adjust itself to almost any stable conditions. Uncertainty is what checks it.

The same uncertainty exists today. The reviews are filled with speculations as to how the Oil and Tobacco Trusts are going to reorganize; as to what other Trusts may be brought into court; as to what the court will say about them if they are brought in. No man can answer these questions. The whole problem is as high in the air as ever.

Three years and a half after the Government began suit against the Oil Trust—in May, 1910—another problem belonging in the same category, and of quite as great importance, was raised—that is, the railroads proposed to put into effect a wholesale advance of freight rates. That problem was at once taken in hand by the Interstate Commerce Commission. In February of this year the Commission gave its decision against the roads. The whole matter was definitely disposed of—every doubt removed.

Which is the intelligent course—the one the Government pursues with regard to the Trusts, or the one it pursues with regard to the railroads? How long will it be before we have an Interstate Trust Commission?

The Lonesome Old Guard

OUT of ninety-one members of the Senate, twenty-four voted against submitting a Constitutional amendment for direct election of Senators by the people, and one—Tillman—would have voted against it if present. Ten of these twenty-five negatives were Southerners who may, like Tillman, have been opposed merely to the Bristow amendment and not to the general principle of direct election. That leaves fifteen grand and lonesome old guard, die-in-the-last-ditch, all-lost-save-honor conservatives.

All but three of them come from the North Atlantic seaboard. The two Senators from Pennsylvania and the two from Rhode Island voted nay—which is quite a matter of course considering the powers that elect Senators in those commonwealths. The two from Massachusetts, the two from New Hampshire, the two from Vermont and one from Connecticut also voted nay; but it would be difficult to say in just how far they were merely survivals rather than representatives of current political conditions in New England. The senior Senator from New York voted in the negative. There is a theory that Mr. Root might be almost progressive at times if he did not have insurmountable constitutional scruples against it. The net result is that pretty often, as in this case, he votes with Senator Heyburn, who was excavated by some political inadvertence in the progressive state of Idaho. There remain Lorimer, of Illinois—who needs no other explanation than the one which a committee of the Senate is now supplying to the country—and Smoot, of Utah.

This by no means comprises the roll of conservative Senators. Quite a number of others, in fact, voted for the resolution after having voted for the Bristow amendment, in a pious hope that it would defeat ratification of the proposal. It comprises only the most hopeless and heroic wing.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Little Acorn

NEVER—never!—"while memory holds a seat in this distracted globe"—distracted globe being slang for buzzing bean, as Hughie Keough would say, and the sentiment occurring originally to Mr. Mel D. Hamlet, late of Denmark, who was the original roundhead—never can those of us who were present on that auspicious occasion forget the evening when Joe Johnson opened his Subway Tavern in New York, assisted by Bishop Potter, and the hardy longshoreman, also present, turned to the bishop and asked genially: "What'll you have, Bish?"

The bishop took a prudent and churchly seltzer and lemon, and the ceremonies of dedication proceeded smoothly. It was a grand scheme of Joe's. Long had he been impressed with the sad lot of the toilworn workingman who, returning from his labor with a dime and a thirst, was compelled to visit a groggery to spend the one and assuage the other. "Why not give him a neat, comfortable, uplifting place to spend his dime in?" asked Joe. Being a guileless Georgian, however, he broached the plan to various friends of humanity resident in the metropolis before he broached anything in the tavern, and secured their hearty moral support.

The idea was this: Inasmuch as the workingman would spend his daily dime for malt or other similar refreshment anyhow, would it not be humanitarian to provide a place for him where he would not come in contact with degrading associations and where he would get good stuff? So it seemed to all concerned; and Joe opened his tavern at Bleecker and Mulberry Streets, if I remember correctly, and furnished it with originals contributed by the cartoonists of the period—tables, chairs and an assorted stock of those liquids tired workingmen are supposed to fancy.

Joe had been a newspaper reporter and he knew the kind of stuff the newspapers will print. He knew that an opening of the Subway Tavern that was merely an opening would mean a paragraph, but that an opening that was an event would mean a column. So he provided the event. Bishop Potter was interested in the plan, and Joe asked him to come down to the opening and say a few words by way of dedication. Much to the astonishment of everybody, including Joe, the bishop came, and the Subway Tavern had the story of its start on the first page of every New York paper the next morning and on the first pages of almost all the other papers in the country. Joe did his part, but the tired workingman failed to respond. He didn't want to drink his beer surrounded by originals from the cartoonists of the period—and he didn't drink it there either. So the Subway Tavern languished and died; but the scheme was good. Joe insists on that.

Our Hero Becomes a Great Oak

THIS was in 1905; but, four years before that, Joe had undertaken another humanitarian movement, which was, in short, the elimination of the corrupt boss in politics and the political regeneration of the city. He and Ike White and a few others organized the Order of Acorns, on the poetical theory that "great oaks from little acorns grow," the said political regeneration being the great oak that was expected to ensue. Most of the organizers were wise and clever reporters, and there never was a political movement in New York that got so much notice in so short a time as the Order of Acorns. They hired a hall on Broadway—or a vacant store rather—and had noonday meetings, and William Travers Jerome and Mark Twain and Seth Low and many others made noonday speeches, while Joe, who had been elected Great Oak, presided with becoming and acorned dignity.

Meetings over, the clever newspaper chaps who were engineering the movement hurried back to their offices and wrote enthusiastic pieces about the uprising of the people as typified by the success of the Acorns, and the whole town was agog about it—agog?—yes, agog is what New York is whenever a novelty comes along; and this surely was a novelty. The Acorns were for Seth Low and fusion that year, and Seth and fusion won. Wherefore the Acorns were very important for a time, but most of them stayed on at reporting.

From year to year the Acorns appeared at election time, but not again for Seth Low and fusion. Tammany reached out and gathered the crop, Great Oak and all; and presently we find Johnson in the Department of Finance, reminding us of Lord Bacon's quip that acorns were good until bread was found. Johnson remained acorned to his post until a new comptroller came in, and then he severed his connection, or was severed from his connection; and for the moment the Great Oak was naught but a Great Oak, with no nourishing bark in the way of salary attached. However, Mayor Gaynor, being an expert forester, soon remedied that, and Johnson went to the Fire Department as assistant commissioner. Then, not long ago, the mayor played it low down on Fire Commissioner Waldo by making him Police Commissioner and promoted Johnson to the vacant fire place—which again teaches us, dear children, that good jobs from little acorns grow.



Good Jobs From Little Acorns Grow

There is more to this appointment than appears on the surface—unless, indeed, we are referring to the hirsutocinereous surface, which we are. It has long been the contention of students of municipal affairs that a fire commissioner should look the part—that is, we have suffered from a surplusage of black-haired and gloomy fire commissioners, and light-haired and volatile—to say nothing of baldheaded and forlorn. What has been needed is a red-haired fire commissioner, which the same is now secured. Speaking rufously, Joe Johnson is as redheaded a fire commissioner as could be desired by the most fastidious. He has much redheaded merit, being neither hispidulous, as claimed by some, nor yet birtellous, but topped by a thatch of good, serviceable, ignescent hair that changes rapidly to meet fire conditions. When he goes to a fire in an oil tank his hair is lurid; but when he drops over to see a skyscraper blaze merrily it is a bright vermilion. Likewise he rides in a red automobile, has a ruddy complexion, has a red mustache and fits in with the fire-escape, as the Municipal Art Commission insists every fire commissioner should. Every time he elects to go to a fire—as he may at times, being commissioner and doubtless desiring to see how the brave fire-laddies are working—he will look like a high-geared meteor, especially if he has a sense of the proprieties and the picturesque, and gets himself a neat red hat to wear.

Oaks are slow of growth, even when springing from political acorns, and it took Joseph some time to get out of the sapling class. He was born in Griffin, Georgia, and graduated from the University of Alabama, being, in both instances, true to a long line of Southern ancestors. Still, he early felt the call of the North and was hired as a teacher of English in the Lebanon, Ohio, Normal School, where it occurred to him that, if he could teach English, mayhap, he could write it—very rarely the case; but sometimes there is an exception. So he hastened back to his beloved Georgia and acquired a place as reporter on the Atlanta Journal, and there had his ideas of the English language reconstructed and broadened until he came to be city editor, when he handed out some of that same line of reconstruction and argument to his men.

The North needed him. He could not resist the importunities of New York editors, who besought him to come up to Park Row—and he came. For a period of time he wondered why the New York editors had been so eager, but presently he began to get into things and became a good reporter. Politics was his bent and he saw possibilities with the Order of Acorns. Remaining in journalism for a space, he developed his acorns into his present job—no small feat for a young man just turned forty and not long ago teacher of English in a normal school—the fire commissionership of New York being a man's employment in every sense.

Johnson is ambitious, clever, earnest, energetic and has a fine eye for the spectacular. He'll load J. Pierpont Morgan or John D. Rockefeller, or some other distinguished and eminent and leading citizen, into that red automobile some day and take his chattering guest to some fire at seventy miles an hour. Of course he doesn't have to go to fires, but he'll go; and he'll probably use a scaling ladder on some convenient occasion or climb up the watertower to see how it works. He'll make a good fire commissioner too—see if he doesn't; and it will not be hard to keep track of him. There'll be plenty in the papers. Any man who can get Bishop Potter to dedicate a Subway Tavern can be relied upon to do things as fire commissioner—especially if he is redheaded.

A Harvard Hero

MANY years ago a section of a celebrated class at Harvard was regaling itself in a Boston restaurant. The talk fell on feats of eating and drinking, and one member of the class, since become a very staid and very well-known statesman, offered to bet five dollars he could drink a bottle of tabasco sauce. There was some discussion over this, many holding the feat could not be done; but the wager was finally made. The man who bet took a bottle of tabasco sauce, put it into a salad dressing he concocted and got away with it. The others present were much impressed.

Later, this same man offered to bet ten dollars he could drink a bottle of champagne without taking the bottle from his lips, which is a difficult feat but can be done. Anyhow, he did it, to the great amazement and admiration of his classmates and with the addition of ten dollars to his supply of money.

"Now," said the man who had won both bets, "just to show you people how good I am, I'll bet you twenty-five dollars I can eat those lace curtains."

And nobody had the nerve to take him up. They thought he could.

Bloody Mary

HENRY N. CARY, the secretary of the Chicago Publishers' Association, has a negro cook he took with him to Chicago from St. Louis. The cook is very religious and immediately joined a church in Chicago.

Cary saw the cook going out of the house one evening with a large carving knife in her hand.

"Where are you going, Mary?" he asked.

"I's gwine t' church."

"Well, what are you going to do with that knife?"

"They's a religious dispute goin' on down there," said Mary, "an' I wanter see my side gits de best of it."

A Game State

BOB DAVIS, the celebrated bass fisherman, who argues that the way to catch bass is to throw a stick of wood at them—the wood being attached to a clothesline or any convenient cord—was in Maine not long ago, concerned in his favorite pastime, when he met an old man who seemed quite spry.

"How old are you?" asked Davis.

"Ninety-two," the man replied.

"Ninety-two? Well, well! And you've never been sick, I suppose?"

"Not to speak on. Laid up a spell last winter. Nuthin' much, though."

"What was it?"

"Oh, nuthin' but a touch of pneumony."

When Davis inquired he found the old man had been in bed six weeks with double pneumonia and had recovered; from which he concluded the inhabitants of Maine are as hard to kill as bass.

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS
Announcement of 1912 Models

Chalmers "30" Touring Car, 5-passenger, $1600.
Regular equipment: Magneto, gas lamps and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top, windshield, speedometer, full set of tools, horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit.

Chalmers "30" Torpedo, 4-passenger, $1600.
Regular equipment: Same as "30" Touring Car.

Chalmers "30" Torpedo Runabout, 2-passenger, $1500.
Regular equipment: Magneto, gas lamps and tail lamp, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top, windshield, horn, pump, etc.

Chalmers "Thirty-Six" Touring Car, 5-passenger, $1800.
Regular equipment: Chalmers self-starter, Continental demountable rims, Rush sheet lighting system, Solar gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Prest-O-Lite tank, Stewart 6-inch horn, fore-door, quick action, rain vision, long grain mohair—41-inch tops, 54-inch wide, Chalmers full-elliptic, tire irons, tools, horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit. Top and glass front, $100.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Torpedo, 4-passenger, $1800.
Equipment same as "Thirty-six" Touring Car.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Berlin Limousine, $3250.
Including full equipment.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Coupe Side Limousine, $3000.
Including full equipment.

Chalmers "Forty" Touring Car, 7-passenger, $2750.
Regular equipment: Rush sheet ignition system, Solar gas lamps, oil lamps, oil lamps, mohair tops, Prest-O-Lite tank, auxiliary seat, windshield, five doors, Chalmers mohair top, automatic windshield, 41-inch by 54-inch tops, one rear seat, horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit.

Chalmers "Forty" Torpedo, 4-passenger, $2750.
Regular equipment: Same as "Forty" Touring Car.

Chalmers "Forty" Detachable Four Touring, $2750.
Regular equipment: Same as "Forty" Touring Car.



"Thirty-six"—$1800. *Long stroke motor, Chalmers self starter, four demountable wheels, Rush sheet lighting system, Solar gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite tank, mohair top, 54 x 54 inch tires, Continental demountable rims*

HERE are the motor car pace makers for 1912—the Chalmers "30," $1500—the Chalmers "Thirty-six," $1800. These cars win their way to your approval by sheer merit. They set new standards of motor car values.

When the Chalmers "30" was first announced four years ago, the words "astounding value" were used to describe it. It set a new standard.

Each season since, by better factory methods, by improvements and refinements, we have greatly increased the value of the car without increasing the price. Each year the verdict on Chalmers cars has been "best value at the price."

Our Astounding Values

And now for 1912 we say to you, the motor buying public, with perfect assurance, that this year's car has more value before and after you "astounding values."

The "30" remains the leader among $1500 cars. The new "Thirty-six" at $1800 represents a further development along the lines of greater size and increased power. The 36-inch, standard-tread, powerful "Forty" is continued for those requiring a car of unusual power and 7-passenger capacity.

In our days of business, your interests and our own are mutual. Greater value at the price—not price to sell—and service guaranteed—is our policy. We have every reason to feel that any brand of automobile worthy alone to qualify in the goods, as any special advertising can help us effective as good word spoken by those who know the merit of Chalmers cars.

The inspiration to make extravagant claims is strong. But in our advertising we try to make understatements rather than overstatements. We ask you to bear this in mind in reading our 1912 announcements.

"30" Fully Equipped $1500

We ask you to remember these facts: The Chalmers "30" was the first standard touring car to sell at a moderate price. Its test of equal value ever has sold for the same price or for less.

Remember that this is the car which was driven 208 miles a day for one hundred days in succession; that made the trip from Denver to Mexico City; that for two years won more contests in proportion to the number entered than any other car; that has never been defeated for a test of its price and power; that holds the world's light car speed record; that won the hardest Middle Tour ever held.

Please remember further that this is the car with the most advanced design, the car that has been so widely copied.

Buy a Beautiful Car

Remember this car has a grace of line and beauty of finish which the over-later cars do not excel; that it has given satisfactory service to 15,000 owners; that it is backed by the Chalmers guarantee.

Last year this car sold for $1750, equipped with magneto, gas lamps, top and windshield. Most of it this year—refined and improved in every possible way, with thoroughly ventilated four-door bodies, handle control, magneto, gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, and including also Chalmers self-starter and automatic windshield—for $1600!

If you have your choice of four or five passenger bodies, and four color schemes. We will ask you to see these cars at our dealers. They are now on show. Deliveries to customers begin at once.

New Model "Thirty-Six" $1800

When we considered bringing out a new model, the Chalmers "Thirty-six," we instructed our engineers to build a four cylinder, five-passenger car that would have absolutely nothing to be desired. We told we would be the price when the car was ready. We think that in the Chalmers "Thirty-six" we are selling a car that leaves nothing to be desired.

What more could you ask in a car than you can obtain in the car?

More power, perhaps? The really could not use more than the splendid long stroke motor will develop. With large cylinders and long stroke (4½" x 6¼"). the new motor is a great puller at high speed, a wonderful hill-climber, and will give you all the speed you want. Though rated at 38 h. p. according to the engineers' formula, it actually develops 40 h. p.

Four Speed Transmission

Greater flexibility? The four forward speed transmission—a feature still rare found only on the highest priced cars—gives a flexibility of control hitherto unknown on medium priced cars. Direct drive is on the fourth speed. A third speed is provided which will carry you over the hardest grades without loss of time. If a very steep hill is encountered, you can still drop back to second, which is powerful enough for the steepest grade and yet much faster than first speed of an ordinary car.

Do you not crave ease in the body? The body is as roomy as any five-passenger car built. It is a big body. If it were any larger, it would become awkward and less comfortable.

More comfort? We honestly believe that it is not possible to buy a more comfortable car at any price. The big wheels and tires—36 x 4—the long wheel base, semi-elliptic rear springs, tilted, luxuriously upholstered seats, afford the passengers the acme of riding comfort.

Chalmers Self-Starter

Greater convenience? The new Chalmers compressed air self-starter does away with the last of the original inconveniences of automobiling.

This starting device is built in the Chalmers factory. It is not an accessory added to the car, but an integral feature. With it there is no need of cranking. Any woman can now drive a Chalmers car. The compressed air of the self-starter can also be used for inflating tires.

Under These Details

As to minor details, we ask you to examine the "Thirty-six" and our selling up to $4500.

Body features of the handsome type found only in high priced cars. Rush enamel finish instead of lesser to weather-proof paint, rush on door handles, coat rail, robe hooks, etc. An option of nickel plating, at extra cost of $50, is offered.

The upholstering is covered on the inside with leather. The driving seat is covered with same cloth. The tilted front and the running boards are covered with dark gray leather.

Other features of construction, which show the care expended on such things are: The beautiful doors, two locks on each door, permitting opening from inside only; roof plate on the leather sheet. It joins the cowling board; large compartment equipped with locks; the cowling board is covered with enamel and cloth, all other leads being entirely concealed; ground Mercedes type front-mesh radiator core; you feel on the high priced cars. Many other refinements before you will note when you examine them.

"Thirty-Six" Already Proved

Do you appreciate reliability in a motor car? Probably every model has ever received more thorough tests before being offered to the public.

Months ago, in November, 1910, we completed the first model of the "Thirty-six" type. One of these was sent to Connersville, Pa., where, for four months, it was driven day in and day out, up and down. The other, delivered in Denver, has since done more than its share of hill-climbing work.

The second of these cars was sent to Florida, where, for [illegible] was driven through heavy sand in the [illegible] weather. The third car, driven through the [illegible] West, averaged 200 miles a day for 30,000 miles.

The reasons for the new models were tested on the track, running 1500 revolutions per minute, 24 hours a day for weeks at a time.

It seems almost incredible, but it is the absolute truth, when we tell you that in all of our testing of this car and its motors we have never broken down a single motor, transmission, or other vital part.

We have tested not only one car, but a number of them; we have tested not only one motor, but many. We have not driven a few hundred miles, but tens of thousands of miles; and we have done all this so that we might be able to stand behind an absolute guarantee of all of the parts of this car for one year and a further guarantee of Chalmers service.

1911 Our Best Year

The Chalmers Company finished, on June 30th, the most successful year in its history. We announced at the beginning of the 1911 season that we would build 6250 cars. We built this number and sold them. We could have sold more, but adhered to our policy of putting quality ahead of quantity.

Our 1912 line represents the evolution of Chalmers supremacy. It is the achievement of a highly trained organization, guided by an ideal—to build the highest class motor cars possible at a medium price. We are proud to announce our 1912 cars as the best we have ever turned out.

Our Cars Fully Guaranteed

We guarantee Chalmers cars to be free from defects in material and parts. For one year from date of delivery we will replace free any defective part, if returned to our factory for inspection.

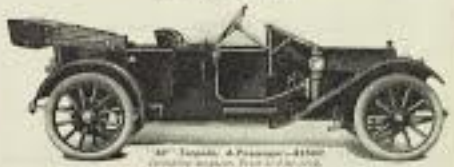
The parts of Chalmers cars are made from the best materials obtainable, and they are built, factor must part, in our own factory. Hence we are perfectly safe in guaranteeing them. Chalmers Dealers as well as the Chalmers Company, guarantee service at all times.

We really believe, whether you buy a Chalmers or not, it is worth your while to see the new cars.

We shall be very glad to send you our new catalog, and an introduction to our dealer nearest to you.



"30" Touring Car, 5-passenger—$1600
Equipment: Magneto, gas lamps and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, mohair top, windshield, speedometer, full set of tools, horn, pump, jack and tire repair outfit.



"30" Torpedo, 4-Passenger—$1600
Equipment: Same as "30" Touring Car.



"Forty" Touring Car, 7-Passenger—$2750
Regular equipment: Rush sheet ignition system, Solar gas lamps, oil lamps, oil lamps, mohair tops, Prest-O-Lite tank, auxiliary seat, windshield, five doors, 54 x 54 inch tires, Continental demountable rims

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

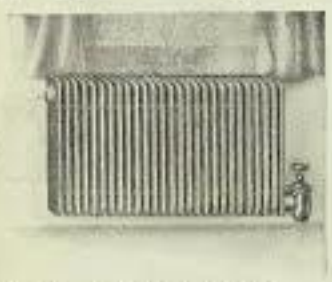
Kindly Look Into Suspended Radiation

SEND your name and investigate how, with Kinnear Pressed Radiators, you can wipe clean underneath—unhealthful dust and dirt cannot accumulate—no holes or pockets to catch dust—the sanitary radiators. For bath-rooms the one satisfactory method possible for heating, and so enjoyable everywhere.

Don't think of considering *cast-iron*, heavy, unsanitary, dirt-collecting radiators before thoroughly investigating Kinnear Pressed Radiators—either for steam or hot water heating.

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Cost No More—Unlimited Guarantee—Save Nearly Half Space and Two-Thirds on Weight—Strong—Most Permanently Durable—Sanitary—Quick Action On or Off—Highly Artistic



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So beautifully artistic, yet "out of the way." Kinnear Pressed Radiators are now demanded by owners or builders of modern homes and, in fact, are practically required by all latest principles of heating for buildings of every character.

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Irene, the Single-Cylinder Kicker

(Continued from Page 9)

Misch shrugged himself disgustedly. He said he'd do it in a minute, only he didn't wish to get to Whitestone ahead of time.

There was some other conversation then which was also strictly personal.

"I've told you before," remarked Binkey, "we're not going to Whitestone."

"Aren't we?" rejoined Misch. "Well, Bink," he added carelessly, "I'm not looking to disappoint you; but I've got inside information that off Whitestone something's going to happen."

Moreover, it did. What it was, though, I cannot tell you to this day. Nor can Binkey either, though Binkey knew all about machinery—that is to say, he knew, or he thought he knew, up to that particular moment. At sunset, just off the village pier at Whitestone, whatever it was that happened, happened according to schedule. First of all, the perishing little clothes-wringer gave a grunt and then a wheeze. Afterward, its flywheel bucked to and fro for a moment; whereupon it lay down and died. In consequence, there we lay rocking slowly to and fro, adrift on the tide—a derelict on the vasty bosom of the deep.

It seemed to me, though, that when it happened I saw Misch get up from beside the engine and put something in his pocket.

At this time of day, the Sound steamers come up out of Hell Gate and go trooping to the eastward, past Whitestone. I do not like Sound steamers. I especially dislike them when they appear in regattas. They, in fact, seem exceptionally objectionable when one is drifting among them in a mere cockleshell like the Irene. Misch, however, seemed unimpressed. Lighting a cigarette, he advised Binkey and me to remain calm. He also suggested we hoist our ensign upside down at the masthead. As we had no mast this was, of course, ridiculous. Besides, the only ensign aboard was a baby-blue pennant inscribed with Binkey's class numerals at the business college he'd attended. "What!—no mast?—no ensign?" exclaimed Misch, remarking, however, we had everything else for a deep-sea cruise, campstools included. "Why not hoist a campstool?" he suggested, with what was perhaps irony. Binkey, however, ignored him and in scornful silence began overhauling the engine. "What's that dinky little whistle for?" Misch inquired, as he nonchalantly crossed one knee upon the other. "Some one might hear you if you set it squeaking." He was almost insulting, in fact.

Why prolong it? Ultimately, when I had shouted myself hoarse, a boat set out from the shore manned by a seafaring person in a linen duster and derby hat. As there was a tin badge upon the hat I suspected that besides his marine calling he had also something to do with the village hack; but what seemed most surprising was that Misch not only seemed to know him but seemed furthermore to expect the person's coming.

There appeared between them, in fact, some secret understanding.

"Waal, I see you got here," remarked Linen Duster as he hove to alongside. Afterward, with a nod, he indicated Binkey and me. "Friends of yourn?" he inquired.

"Not so's it need bother you," Misch responded, and added hurriedly: "Did you get the things in time?"

Get them? Get what?—I wondered. "Yaas; they went out on the six-eighteen," said Derby Hat indulgently. "Four pieces—three large and one hand-carry," he added mysteriously. Even Binkey wiped the oil out of his eyes and stared. "Not pulling the ingyne apart, be ye?" he inquired—and observed: "Surprising, now; but no one ever stops at Whitestone unless they be." Afterward, Linen Duster inquired whether he couldn't give us a tow.

Misch said no. The tide, he remarked, was doing very nicely; and, besides, we couldn't be towed, as the drygoods people apparently had failed to supply us with a painter. "We might rip the tape off one of those cretonne locker cushions, though," he suggested.

I hadn't noticed the tide. As I saw now, however, all the time the current had been rapidly sweeping us shoreward. A few minutes later, anyway, we drifted up to the village wharf, when, in readiness to grapple, I stood by with the boathook. "Look out, you'll scratch the nickel-plating!" warned Misch; and shoving me aside he dexterously caught the string-piece as we floated past.

By this time Binkey had the engine open and was taking out the pieces.

"Now don't get any spots on your suit, Bink," advised Misch as he climbed upon the pier. In addition, he observed he would be back presently, as he merely wished to inform Irene of our safe arrival. "She'll be worried, of course," he explained, though I forget what it was Binkey answered. Anyway, I'm sure it wouldn't look well in print. However, when Misch had gone up the pier whistling, what Binkey said to me was significant enough. "Just wait—I'll fix the fellow!" he swore grimly. "I'll show him if he can come aboard here and run things to suit himself!"

If Binkey referred to the engine, there was, of course, reason for his rage. I have never seen any one try to run some one else's engine without raising trouble. It was Binkey's tone rather than his words, however, that gave me an inkling of what he meant. "Binkey!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean you're going to run off and leave the brute?—sail away and leave him!"

Binkey raised an oil-soaked face that was tragic as that of Hamlet, the melancholy Swede. "You wait and see!" he promised viciously. "Or I am, anyway, as soon as I can get this engine to work. First of all, though," he added venomously, as he yanked out the motor's remaining insides, "I'm going to 'phone Mr. Jones he'd better keep an eye on that daughter of his!"

"Binkey!" I exclaimed, stupefied.

"If you weren't such a simpering ass," rejoined Binkey, with what I fear was not politeness, "you'd know what that fellow meant when he said his trunks were checked to Niagara."

Then I saw it. Then, for the first time, it all dawned upon me. There are two reasons only why one goes to Niagara. It is either as an absconder or as a bridegroom.

In either case my duty was plain. I must telephone to Irene's father.

Binkey said no more. He had immersed himself in the engine; and such was his preoccupation that I saw him wipe his hands on his new flannel yachting suit.

Presently he began to reassemble the engine. Then he began to speak. I dare say it was justified. Whereas the catalog expressly stated there were only eleven parts to the insides of our simple little motor, both Binkey and I again and again counted anywhere from four to six extra pieces for which there seemed to be no place in which to put them.

It was at this point that a voice broke in on us.

"Oh, that's all right," it said. "The trouble isn't that you have too many pieces. You two ginks have been counting in the spanner, an oil can, an extra spark plug and the oil cup on the cylinder head."

It was Misch, of course. He had returned and was eying us with interest. However, neither Binkey nor I deigned to notice him. "Anyhow," observed Misch, as he lowered himself aboard, "you couldn't have started the engine. When I went ashore I took precautions so you wouldn't run off and forget me."

Afterward he removed something from his pocket. It was the spark coil, I believe; anyway, it was something you attach to the feedpump so that the flywheel will turn round.

"Now just get out of that, you two," said Misch abruptly. "I'm in a hurry—and I've got to see whether you've wrecked the engine or not."

Then Binkey got all red in the face and I wish you could have been there to see him.

"Don't you dare to touch that engine!" he ordered. "You've about ruined it now, as it is."

"Yes—and what's more," I added bluntly, "we're on to you, Bertie Misch. We've tumbled to the way you tried to trick and fool us when we invited you off on this cruise."

I wish, too, that you could have seen the fellow then. He began to grin, and it was a grin as guilty as if we'd caught him red-handed in something. "Well, fellows," said Misch uncomfortably, "the fact is I overheard you two plotting to shanghai me away from Irene." Then he held out a hand to Binkey and me. "Boys," said Misch humbly, "I'll call it quits if only



"That fetches me!"

IT IS *always* the right season to enjoy our Tomato Soup.

In the "lazy" summer days when so many people hardly know what they want to eat—or whether they want to eat at all—you'll find this is one of the most inviting and satisfying delicacies you can have on your table.

The weather is never too hot for

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It has a tonic quality that tempts the jaded appetite; aids digestion; and invigorates the entire constitution.

There is no end of inviting ways to serve it. And you can prepare it in almost no time; and with no bother nor fuss.

You'll be surprised at how much every one enjoys this delicious soup even in the sultriest weather; and at the real good it does them.

Try it today and see.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
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Clam Chowder	Printanier
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Become a blushing bride.
All because he
Has promised me
Those fine soups to provide."



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STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(Incorporated)

you two will stand up with me and Irene tonight. We're going to elope, you know."

We knew all about it! I looked at Binkey and Binkey looked at me. Meanwhile Misch still held out his hand.

"I'll see you laid out in the parlor first!" said Binkey; and after that I do not care to dwell too much on what occurred.

"Git!" said Misch. "All ashore that's going ashore!" When Binkey and I protested at his roughness, Misch took the most convenient grip he could get on Binkey's flannel yachting suit and gently but firmly assisted him ashore. Then he turned toward me; but needlessly, as it proved, for I'd already saved him the trouble. I was, in fact, then on my way to a telephone.

In times like this Jones is a very inconvenient name to deal with. It is especially inconvenient when you have forgotten the Mr. Jones' initials. I know, anyway, that the first Mr. Jones who answered grew almost personal when I insisted he had a daughter Irene who was about to elope with Bertie Misch.

"You're another!" he answered over the wire. "I was only married last month, and ——"

I rang off and hurriedly tried another.

"Yaszah, Ah'm Misto' Jones," the next one replied. "No, sah; Ah ain't got no daughter named Kalsomine."

Subsequently, when I got down the list as far as the Q. Joneses, the operator cut in on me. "If you don't know the initials," she announced, "I'm not going to ring up the other sixteen Jones families to ask."

In desperation I described Mr. Jones and asked her whether she didn't know him. The situation was desperate, I explained, whereat she evinced interest. "Is his daughter," she inquired promptly, "the Miss Jones girl that walks out evenings with a tall, handsome colleger?—a swell, slender city feller?"

Without disputing either her taste or the description, I said it probably was. Furthermore, I begged her to hurry and ring up Mr. Jones.

"Sorry," said the operator deliberately—so deliberately that in the pause between the words I could hear her snap her chewing-gum—"Sorry, but their 'phone's out of order."

She gave me the address, however, and I dropped the receiver and ran.

Just as I got to the house I saw a slim female figure dart out the back way and slip hurriedly through the shrubbery. There was no time to waste. A moment later there was a sound of wheels and the village hack dashed swiftly by in the gloom. Panting with exertion, I raced up the steps and rang.

Then I rang again. After I had done so—not twice, but four or five times handrunning—I heard steps within.

"Well?" a deliberate voice inquired of me.

It was Mr. Jones; and, with what calmness I could muster, I begged him to hurry and let me in.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Jones benevolently. "If it ain't one of those two young fellers!" Then he chuckled—why, I cannot say. "Well, sonny?" he observed.

There is little more to tell. I'm bound to say, however, though I say it myself that shouldn't, I was as calm as could be under the circumstances. Presently, when I'd caught my breath, I broke the news to Irene's father. I told him all. I told him how we'd tried to save Irene for her parents by shanghaing that ruffian, Misch. Indeed, I spared nothing. I even warned him that Misch was only a clerk in the bank's A to F department. "So are we, Mr. Jones," I confessed, showing that, to rescue his daughter, we were willing even to sacrifice ourselves. "But you must hurry!" I begged. I knew that Binkey, at any cost, would try to hold the Irene, but that, unless we hurried, there was no telling what might happen.

Irene's father must have been a very deliberate person. He waited until I had finished before he so much as said a word.

"Say," he then remarked deliberately, "you don't mean she's really going to elope?"

I certainly did. "But you must hurry, Mr. Jones," I insisted. "You certainly will have to hurry!"

Mr. Jones suddenly sat down. "Well, wouldn't that beat you!" he exclaimed in utter astonishment and dismay.

Then, to my inconceivable surprise and stupefaction, Mr. Jones did something I shall never forget. He pulled out a cigar and ponderously bit off its end!

"Elope?" he echoed. "Now why did that pair elope? Why?" protested Mr. Jones, as he slowly looked me over. "I c'd have stood for him. I was getting real fond of the young fellow; and if they'd only told me they c'd have had the swellest wedding in West End Avenue that me or my money c'd buy 'em!"

What's the use? When I came back to my senses Mr. Jones had already lighted his cigar and was breaking the news to mother.

"Guess you'd better let them go," said mother, and added: "I suppose I ought to cry or something, only all I can think of is how a wedding does muss up the carpets."

So I went slowly back to the wharf. On the way I looked for a policeman or a constable—some one, anyway, to enjoin Misch from running off with our property. Naturally the Irene must have foiled him, as I felt sure none but a skilled mechanic could ever put her in order again.

However, I found no constable. What is more to the point, when I got to the wharf I could find no Irene either.

Then I knew what had happened. They had taken Binkey with them and I was left marooned in Whitestone.

"Binkey!" I yelled.

To my utmost stupefaction, I was answered by a voice almost directly under my feet. It was Binkey's voice, besides, but so strained that for the moment I could hardly recognize it.

"Are there any women or children there?" asked Binkey; and, when in astonishment I said no, Binkey begged me to make sure I was not mistaken.

Only darkness was around us—nothing else; and there crept out from under the wharf a chilled and dripping figure minus the flannel yachting suit and clad in a toweling dressing gown.

"I was ruining my suit," he explained, and hung on to me while a sudden chill set him shaking from feet to teeth. "I had spots on it already; so I took it off. Then, when I was putting the engine together, Misch came. She was with him and I didn't have time to get into my clothes again. Shay, oo-ol-old man," said Binkey, and chattered with another set of the shakes, "you oughter have seen him! I'll bet he's nothing but a low mechanic anyway. He just dumped the pieces back in the engine and gave the thing a kick. Afterward he whistled and she came down to meet him."

"Then they did get away!" I exclaimed anxiously.

"Listen!" said Binkey—or, rather, it was, "L-l-lhis-tt-t-en!"

From far out on the still, darkening waters of the Sound there came to me the staccato coughing of a motor boat. It ran smoothly and surely, speeding far away into the night. That it was the Irene, I doubt not—nor that it bore away from us the other Irene.

"You perishing pirate!" Binkey screamed after it into the night. "You bring me back my clothes!"

As I feared his shouts might attract others, I stilled him; and in the darkness Binkey and I came away from there. Since then I have not seen either of the two Irenes.

Nor do I care to either.



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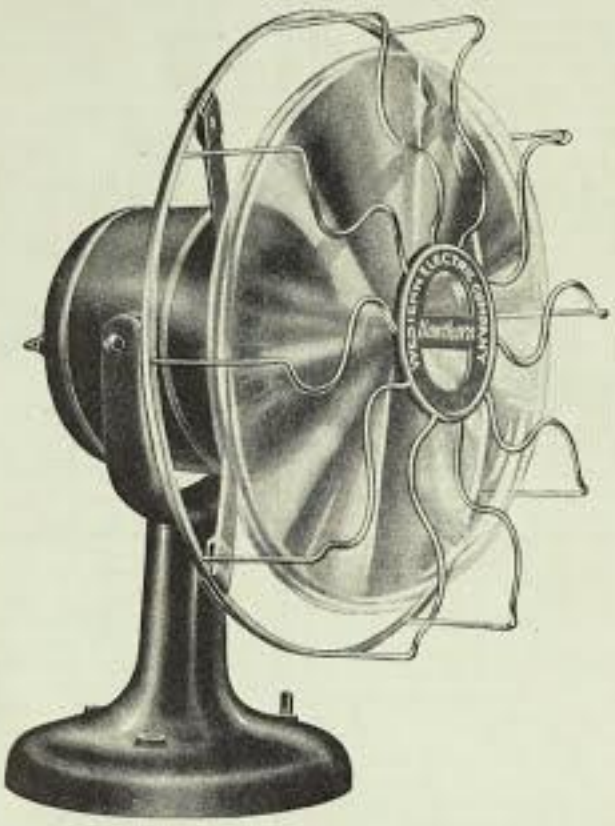
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"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"

"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

LA FOLLETTE'S IDEAS

(Continued from Page 4)

"Mark the inevitable result! Senators are elected to represent their states. They delegate their authority to the chairman of a caucus, and that authority is redelegated and delegated again until it works out finally in the selection of committees controlled by a few bosses who dominate all the legislation of the United States Senate. The power of these bosses is felt in every home—its strong hand laid upon every business. It wipes four-fifths of the states off the map and makes mere dummies of their representatives in the Senate.

"And it is a bipartisan control. Whenever there is a legislative question before the Senate which is not purely political in its nature—for instance, a tariff schedule—it is possible for privilege to combine its Senators of both parties. Whenever Senator Aldrich found himself in a tight place he could reach across the aisle and secure sufficient Democratic support to sustain him. A notable illustration of this was the vote to reduce the duty upon sawed lumber. The Democratic platform had declared for free lumber, yet eleven of the twenty-three Democrats who voted upon this question—nearly one-half—stepped across the aisle and voted with Mr. Aldrich against lowering the duty; whereas, if they had taken a stand with the progressive Republicans, the vote would have stood thirty-seven in favor and thirty-three against, and would have resulted in a lower duty on lumber.

"Now take the vote upon the question of seating William Lorimer. Had it not been that eleven Democrats joined with the reactionary Republicans there would be no necessity to consume the time of the Senate at this session with a discussion of this case. The vote upon the resolution to declare the Lorimer seat vacant was: yeas, forty; nays, forty-six; and of the eleven Democrats who helped to make the majority, five were of the same group that aided Mr. Aldrich in defeating the effort to lower the duty upon lumber.

"This bipartisan combination exists—it operates in the Senate. It is more important to the people of the country that they study closely this combination at the present time than it has ever been in the past.

"This bipartisan control will be broken. The United States Senate, now dominated by the bosses, who themselves are dominated by privilege, will be democratized. The states will demand equal representation. Caucus-made committees will be supplanted with committees elected by direct vote in open Senate under the Australian or some similar form of ballot. Once the citizen understands, he may be relied upon to protect and maintain his heritage of real representative government."

"The legislature of Wisconsin has recently submitted to the people of the state a Constitutional amendment providing for woman suffrage. Do you believe in it, Senator, and to what extent?"

La Follette on Woman Suffrage

"I have always believed in woman suffrage to the same extent as man suffrage, for the reason that the interests of men and women are not superior or antagonistic one to the other, but are mutual and inseparable.

"Cosuffrage, like coeducation, will react not to the special advantage of either men or women, but will result in a more enlightened, better balanced citizenship and a truer democracy."

"Senator, I remember your speech of introduction when Mr. Taft visited Madison in the campaign of 1908. I can hear your words as they rang out in the university gymnasium: 'Taft is progressive.' Immediately the correspondents telegraphed their papers: 'Put Wisconsin in the Republican column—and keep it there.' Now, Senator, has Mr. Taft proved himself progressive?"

"In the campaign I really believed that Taft was progressive. That President Roosevelt so believed, no one can doubt. Otherwise he would not have chosen him to carry forward the progressive policies that had so signalized the Roosevelt Administration.

"After Taft's nomination and before his election he discussed openly and frankly, in my presence and that of others, his disapproval of the Republicanism of the reactionaries of the party, generally and specifically, in the most vigorous and pronounced fashion. I am certain that he impressed every leading Progressive who met him during the campaign as he impressed me in this regard.

"Yes, I really believed Mr. Taft was progressive. And the country so believed. I expressed my honest conviction on the morning following his election when I said in a published interview:

"'The overwhelming Republican victory is manifestly an expression of approval of President Roosevelt and a demand that the Roosevelt policies, as the public affectionately terms them, shall be carried forward by the man to whom the President most desired to intrust them for fulfillment. The people were for the President. They accepted Mr. Taft because the President stood for him and they believed he stood for the President and all the President represents. He was nominated. He came into the campaign, and his strength and sincerity impressed them. He grew every hour of the campaign after he came to the people. He will go to the Presidency strong in the confidence of the people. He has a great work before him. Roosevelt has prepared the way for the constructive work which President Taft must build into the structure of our Government. He has had the legal training to fit him for the task. He will not fail.'"

"And yet he failed?"

"He failed from the outset," replied La Follette; "though for a long time I hoped against hope, 'suspended judgment' and held up his hands in every way I could."

Is the President Progressive?

"Taft dismissed a progressive Cabinet and appointed an ultra-conservative one. That was the first shock. He had been associated with the Roosevelt Cabinet in which, it was supposed by the public, he had been doing good teamwork. That Cabinet was composed of men who had their departments well in hand. For example, Garfield, the head of the Interior Department, had become thoroughly familiar with his field. He knew the weak places in the laws regarding the public domain—the vulnerable spots where the raiders had broken through in the past. He had become thoroughly acquainted with the army under him—knew the value of every man and had the most important investigations under way. Moreover, Mr. Garfield had been a loyal friend to Mr. Taft, just as Mr. Pinchot and other warm friends of Mr. Roosevelt had been.

"For the head of the Cabinet, Knox was selected—Knox, who had been attorney for the Steel Trust—Knox, who was elected to the Senate on the 'nomination' of President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Henry C. Frick, the Pennsylvania's largest stockholder and a director in the Steel Trust, 'by and with the advice and consent' of Senator Penrose.

"For Secretary of War, Dickinson, ex-attorney for the Illinois Central—a Harriman road.

"And, to enforce the Sherman law, Wickersham was selected—Wickersham, one of Morgan's attorneys—Wickersham, who had taken large fees from the Steel Trust and from the Sugar Trust."

"But Wickersham, as Attorney-General, has successfully prosecuted Standard Oil and the Tobacco Trust, Senator."

"Those suits were begun under the Administration of Mr. Roosevelt," said La Follette, "and the major credit belongs to him and to Attorney-General Bonaparte. The Roosevelt Administration had instituted another most important suit—I refer to the suit against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. The purpose of that suit was to prevent the monopolization of transportation in New England, and the Government had a remarkably good case. What happened? Without any reasonable explanation Wickersham had this suit discontinued. Now New England is in the grip of a transportation monopoly. Steam roads, trolley lines and water routes are all dominated and controlled by the New York, New Haven & Hartford."

"But many people seem to believe, Senator, that Mr. Taft is to be credited with much constructive legislation."

"Mr. Taft is entitled to no credit for progressive legislation," insisted La Follette.

"The first test of Mr. Taft came when Congress was convened in extraordinary session to revise the tariff. If the tariff was to be honestly revised, in compliance with the platform pledges of the Republican party, such revision was bound to be 'upon the basis of the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad'—as interpreted again and again by Mr. Taft during the campaign. This meant the most searching investigation of production costs, item by item, from the beginning to the end of each schedule, or it meant that the voters had been fooled in 1908. There can be no pretense that any such investigation was undertaken. Even the report of the German Government on wages in various occupations was deliberately suppressed.

"In furtherance of revision downward, it was Mr. Taft's first privilege under the Constitution and his grave duty to present to Congress his views of the serious and important character of the work, to perform which the extraordinary session had been called. Congress was convened on March fifteenth. On the sixteenth the Senate and House assembled to receive the message of the President. Expectation was keen the country over. Everywhere thoughtful men were anticipating a great state paper, discussing the changes in economic and industrial conditions in the face of which, for the first time, tariff revision was to be undertaken.

"Senators and Representatives sat with fixed attention as the secretary began to read President Taft's first message to Congress. At the end of two minutes the secretary stopped. It was all over. Men looked into each other's faces with amazement. The one thing especially emphasized in the brief executive note was that, out of regard for the business interests, the tariff bill should be passed with dispatch."

The Best Tariff Law Ever

"When the tariff bill passed the House," continued the Senator, "it was condemned the country over as a betrayal of platform pledges. There was still opportunity for the President to act. Progressive Senators urged him to send to Congress a strong expression of his views as to the character of revision which the country expected and which it was entitled to receive. His invariable answer was that, as Executive, he would pass upon the work when Congress had finished its legislative duties, and if the bill was not a full compliance with the pledges in the platform upon which he had been elected it would be vetoed promptly. It violated platform pledges—nevertheless it received his approval."

"But the amendments to the rate law, Senator—surely the arm of the Interstate Commerce Commission has been materially strengthened in Mr. Taft's Administration?"

"In Mr. Taft's Administration—but despite Mr. Taft and his Attorney-General," insisted La Follette. "The rate bill drawn by Mr. Wickersham, which Mr. Taft asked Congress to pass, was the boldest raid upon public rights in the form of legislation that privilege ever succeeded in forcing upon the serious consideration of Congress. The bill was rewritten on the floor of the Senate after twelve weeks of debate. In the face of strong opposition and continued criticism emanating from the White House the Progressives of the Senate determined to make and did make that piece of legislation of real value to the people. The only thing which Taft and Wickersham put into the bill was the Commerce Court provision; and that court has failed so far to demonstrate its usefulness.

"Cannonism, Mr. Taft said to many Progressives in the Presidential campaign, was the 'greatest load' he had to carry; and yet at the outset of his Administration he gave his support to Cannon—not passively, but actively. He elected Cannon to the Speakership when he was certain of defeat; he stifled the attempt to modify the House rules; and he is responsible for the Cannon-Tammany Hall alliance which foisted Cannonism on the Republican party and, with the tariff law, brought about party defeat in the Congressional elections.

"The Democratic party owes much to Mr. Taft. That debt cannot entirely be liquidated by Democratic support for the President's so-called reciprocity.

"I believe in reciprocity. I believe in reciprocity with Canada—reciprocity of the kind advocated by Blaine and McKinley; but I protest against Mr. Taft's proposed revision of the tariff by executive mandate. I protest against this diplomatic bargain that is masquerading in the guise of reciprocity. It is not reciprocity. It is a tariff trade, conceived in special-interest selfishness, negotiated in secret and brought into the open with the attractive label of reciprocity as a bid for the favor of the American public.

"It is not the farmer, it is not the consumer for whom these negotiations were made. They were made to benefit the railroad, the miller, the packer, the newspaper publisher. If agriculture is to be legislated out of sixty to seventy million dollars to help Jim Hill's railroad to larger dividends, the millers and packers to greater profits, and the newspapers to free themselves from the extortion of the Print Paper Trust, then we should avail ourselves of this opportunity to reduce in some reasonable measure the excessive tariff burden and the high prices which the farmers and all other consumers are now required to pay for all the articles they buy.

"I shall offer amendments to the bill providing for a complete revision of the wool and cotton schedules of the present Payne-Aldrich tariff law, revision of the rates on structural iron and steel, and certain other paragraphs of that schedule; also amendments revising the sugar schedule. Such revision downward, while reducing our Government revenues less than ten million dollars annually, will effect a reduction in the cost of living by lowering prices to the consuming public, aggregating more than two hundred million dollars a year.

"But to continue," said La Follette. "There is the subject of conservation—perhaps Roosevelt's greatest policy. No honest citizen need be reminded of the chapters in that scandal—the dismissal of the fearless Glavis—and then the disclosure that the Attorney-General of the United States had wilfully antedated his opinion on the Glavis charges; the admission by Mr. Taft that he had authorized Ballinger's man, Lawler, to write, 'as if he were President,' a letter exonerating Ballinger. And that is not the whole record. By executive order Mr. Taft threw open to public entry twelve thousand eight hundred acres, part of the Chugach National Forest, on the waterfront of Controller Bay, Alaska. This land is practically the key to the Cunningham claims, and their outlet, the sea. Now it is said, which the White House denies, that already dummies of the Guggenheims have filed on this waterfront."

The Alaskan Muddle

"The President's action was not taken by proclamation—the usual way—but by executive order, made known to a certain few Government officials. And the executive order was made in October last; but six months elapsed before the press and the public had any notice of it!

"If the Guggenheims succeed in securing this water outlet it will not greatly matter should the Cunningham claims be disallowed; for the Morgan-Guggenheim railroads will have their outlet to the sea, and they can monopolize transportation and lay such tribute as they please on the developers of natural resources who are not in their combination.

"Mr. Taft resorted to old political practices, now generally relegated to ward politics—namely, withholding patronage to force Senators and Representatives to surrender their convictions and vote for legislation hostile to the public interest. The famous letter, written by Secretary Norton at the President's dictation, saying that patronage had been 'restored' to the Insurgents, is the documentary proof of this charge.

"In the campaign of 1908 Senator Beveridge spoke for Taft from one end of the country to the other, but Beveridge voted against the Taft bill; and from that time on Mr. Taft recognized and gave encouragement to the old Fairbanks-Hemenway-Watson machine, which worked successfully to defeat Senator Beveridge for reelection.

"After his election, Mr. Taft began to throw over his friends—the friends of Roosevelt. Now, desiring reelection, Mr. Taft seems—I say seems—to be throwing over a few of his reactionary friends. In other words, he is turning against those new friends for whom he turned against his old friends.

"No; Taft is not progressive.

"Taft is reactionary."





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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

"It's the most amazing thing I've ever heard in my life!" She clapped her hand to her pocket. "And this sealed envelope—do you know anything about it?"

"I do," said Poynter. "It contains a letter and a will. I wrote them both at his dictation ten days ago. The will is a properly attested document appointing Doctor Quixtus and yourself his executors and joint trustees of the little girl. A dear little girl," he added, with a touch of wistfulness. "You'll love her."

"God grant it!" cried Clementina fervently. "But what will an old maid like me and an old bachelor like him do with a child between us?"

Yet, as she spoke, the picture of the child—in spite of her preoccupation on entering the hotel, her sharp vision had noted the fairy fragility of the English scrap contrasting with the picturesque materialism of the fat Chinese nurse—the picture of the child enthroned on cushions—a feminine setting!—in the studio at Romney Place, flashed with acute distinctness before her mind, and some foolish thing within her leaped and stabbed her with a delicious pain.

Quixtus brushed his thinning hair from his forehead.

"I understand," said he faintly—"I understand that I am a trustee for Hammersley's daughter. I wasn't expecting it. I hope you'll not think it discourteous if I leave you? I'm not quite myself today. I'll go and rest."

He entered the lift, which had been standing open for some time. There is not a feverish hurry in Marseilles hotels between steamers in June. Clementina, with a gesture, checked the lift-boy. The man must be looked after at once. She turned to Poynter.

"Like a dear, good soul," she said in her frank way, "go down and prepare the child for such a rough-and-tumble stepmother as me. I'll be with you in a few minutes. What's your number, Ephraim?" He showed her the ticket. "Two hundred and seventy?"

"*Au troisième*, madame."

The lift-gate clicked. They mounted a couple of floors. The chambermaid of the *étage* showed them into number two hundred and seventy. Then Clementina took command. In less than two minutes windows were opened and shutters adjusted, the waiter was dispatched for coffee, the valet was unpacking and arranging Quixtus' personal belongings and the chambermaid spreading the bed invitingly open. When Clementina was a lady she behaved in the most self-effacing and early Victorian, ladylike way in the world; but when she was Clementina, and wanted to do things, she would have ordered the devil about like a common lackey and boxed the ears of any archangel who ventured to interfere with her.

Quixtus, unprepared for this whirlwind ministration on the part of Clementina, whom he had hitherto regarded rather as an antagonistic principle than as a sympathetic woman, sat bolt upright on the edge of the sofa and looked on with an air of mystification. Yet, feeling weak and broken, he was content to let her tend him.

"Take off your clothes and go to bed!" said Clementina, standing, hands on hips, in front of him. "For two pins I'd undress you myself and put you to sleep like a baby."

A wan smile flickered over his features.

"I'm very grateful to you for your kindness. Perhaps a little rest will bring mental adjustment. That's what I think I need—mental adjustment."

He repeated the words several times and sat staring in front of him.

On the threshold Clementina turned and crossed the room again.

"Ephraim," she said, "I think if you and I had been better friends all these years there wouldn't have been so much of this adjusting necessary. It has been my fault. I'm sorry. But, now that we have a child to bring up, I'll look after you. You poor man!" she added, touching his arm very kindly and feeling ridiculously sentimental. "You must be the loneliest thing that ever happened." She caught up his suit of pajamas and threw them by his side on the sofa. "Now, stick on these things and go to bed."

Downstairs, in the vestibule, she found Poynter, with the little girl on his knees. The Chinese nurse sat like a good-tempered idol a few feet away.

"This is your new auntie," said Poynter as Clementina approached.

The child slipped from his knees and looked up at her with timorous earnestness. She was fair, with the transparent pallor of most children born and bred in the East—a creature of delicate fragility and grace. Clementina saw that she had her father's frank hazel eyes. The child held out her hand.

"Good morning, auntie," she said in a curiously sweet contralto.

Clementina took the seat vacated by Poynter and drew the child toward her.

"Won't you give me a kiss?"

"Of course."

She put up her little lips. The appeal to the woman was irresistible. She caught the child to her and clasped her to her bosom—and kissed her and said foolish things. When her embrace relaxed as abruptly as it had begun the child said:

"I like that. Do that again."

"Bless you, my darling; I could do it all day long!" cried Clementina.

She held the child with one arm, the little face pillowed on her bosom, and with her free hand groped in her pocket for her handkerchief. This found, she blew her nose loudly and glanced at Poynter, who was surveying the pair with his grave, wise smile.

"I'm sure you don't mind if I make a fool of myself," she said. "And I'm sure I don't."

XVII

FOR as much of the day as she could spare from the miserable formalities and arrangements attendant on the death of a human being, Clementina made a fool of herself over the child. It was a feminine scrap hungering for love, kittenlike in its demand for caresses. Contentedly nestling in Clementina's arms, she related piecemeal her tiny history. Her name was Sheila and she loved her father, who was very ill—so ill that she had only been able to see him once since they had come off the ship. That was yesterday; and she had been frightened, for he said that he was going to mummy. Now mummy had gone to Heaven; and when people go to Heaven you never see them again. With a pang Clementina asked her if she remembered when her mummy went to Heaven. Oh, yes. It was ever so long ago—when she was quite little. Daddy cried, cried, cried. She, too, would cry if daddy were to go to Heaven. . . .

Clementina thought it best to wait and accustom the child both to the idea of the eternal parting and to herself, before breaking the disastrous news. But her heart was wrung. Sometimes Sheila revolted and clamored to see him; but, on the whole, she showed herself to be reasonable and docile. She hugged to her side a shapeless and very dirty white plush cat, her inseparable companion. . . . They had lived in a big house in Shanghai, with lots of servants; but her father had sold it and sold all the furniture, and they were going to live in England forever and ever. England was a place all full of green trees and grass and cows and flowers. Did Clementina know England?

"Suppose daddy goes to Heaven, would you like to come and live with me?" asked Clementina.

Sheila replied seriously that she would sooner live with her than with Na. Na was a new Na. Her old Na was in Shanghai. Her husband wouldn't let her come to England. Only Clementina would have to cuddle her to sleep every night, like her daddy. Na didn't cuddle her to sleep. She thought she didn't know how. Daddy, she repeated like a young parrot, had said that was the worst of getting a nurse who had never had children of her own. They were so darned helpless. Clementina winced; but she put her arm round the child again.

"You're not afraid of my not being able to cuddle you, Sheila?"

"Oh, you—you cuddle lovely!" murmured Sheila.

Who was her mother? Clementina had no notion. Hammersley had never announced the fact of his marriage. The last time she had seen him was six years ago. The child gave herself out to be five and a half. Hammersley must have married just before leaving England. He had



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breathed not a word to anybody—but so had Will Hammersley acted all his life. He was one who gave and never sought; a man who received the confidence of all who knew him and kept the secrets, both of joy and sorrow, of his own life hidden behind his smiling eyes.

One of the secrets—the dainty secret that lay in her arms—was out now; a fact in flesh and blood. And for the guidance of this sensitive wisp of humanity to womanhood she, Clementina, and Ephraim Quixtus were jointly responsible. It was a Puckish destiny that had brought their lives to this point of convergence. With the dead man lying cold and stark upstairs, the humor of it appeared too grim for smiles. She wished that the quiet, capable man of wise understanding and unselfish heart, who had missed the express train at Brindisi that would have sped him swiftly to his longed-for Devonshire, and had come on to Marseilles with the sick stranger, had been appointed her coadjutor. Poynter could have helped her mightily with his kindly wisdom and his knowledge of the hearts and the ways of men, as he was helping her that day in the performance of the dreary duties to the dead. But Quixtus! He was as much of a child as the one confided to his care. Anxious, however, that Sheila should be prepossessed in his favor, she drew a flattering picture of the new uncle that would shortly come into her life.

"Is he your husband?" asked Sheila.

"Oh, no!" cried Clementina, aghast at the grotesque suggestion. "What ever put that into your head, child?"

It appeared that Dora Smith, one of her little friends in Shanghai, had an uncle and aunt who were married. She thought all uncles and aunts were married.

"Do you think he'll like my frock?" asked Sheila.

The vanity of the feminine thing! Clementina laughed for the first time that dismal day.

"Do you think he'll like mine?"

Sheila looked critically at the soiled, ill-fitting blouse and the rusty old brown skirt—and reddened. She paused for a moment.

"I'm sure he'll say that he does," she replied sedately.

Clementina caught a whimsical gleam in Poynter's eye.

"Oriental diplomacy!" she remarked.

He shook his head. "You're wrong. Go deeper."

Clementina flushed and stroked the child's fair hair.

"I'm afraid I've got to learn a lot of things."

"In the most exquisite school in the world," said Poynter.

Quixtus came downstairs about four o'clock, pale and shaky, and found Clementina in the dark writing room of the hotel. She had petted the child to her afternoon sleep about half an hour before and had left her in the joint care of the Chinese nurse and the dirty white plush cat tightly clasped to her breast. She had just finished a letter to Tommy. Either through the fault of the deeply incrusted hotel pen or by force of painting habit a smear of violet ink ran a comet's course across her cheek. She had written to Tommy:

"If you don't want to know what has happened you ought to. I find my poor friend dead on my arrival. Elysian fields for him, which I'm sure are not so beautiful as the English lanes his soul longed for. To my amazement, he has left a fairy child to the joint guardianship of your uncle and myself. Your uncle's a sick man and needs looking after. What I'm going to do with all you helpless chickens, when I ought to be painting trousers, God alone knows! I once was an artist. Now I'm a hen. Your Clementina."

She had also written to Etta in a similar strain and at the same inordinate length, and was addressing the envelope when Quixtus entered the room.

She wheeled round.

"Better?"

"Thank you," said he. "Though I'm ashamed of myself for sleeping all this time."

"Jolly good thing you did go to sleep," replied Clementina. "It has probably saved you from a breakdown. You were on the verge of one."

"Can I help you with any of the unhappy arrangements that have to be made in these circumstances?"

"Made 'em," said Clementina. "Sit down."



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Quixtus obeyed meekly. He wore an air of great lassitude, like a man who has just risen from a bed of sickness. He passed his hand over his eyes.

"There was a sealed packet, if I remember rightly, and a child. I think we might see now what the packet contains."

"Are you fit to read it?" she asked. He smiled vaguely, for her tone softened the abruptness of the question.

"I am anxious to do so," he replied.

Clementina opened the envelope and drew out the two documents—the letter and the will—and read them aloud. Neither added greatly to the information given by Poynter. Hammersley charged them, as his two oldest, most loved and trusted friends, to regard themselves as the parents and guardians of his orphaned child, to whom he bequeathed a small but comfortable fortune, to be administered by them jointly in trust until she should marry or reach the age of twenty-five years. No mention being made of the dead wife, her identity still remained a mystery. Like Clementina, Quixtus had not heard of his marriage—could think of no woman whom, six years ago while he was in England, he could have married.

But six years ago! Quixtus buried his face in his hands and shuddered. Had the man been false to every one—even to the wife of the friend he had betrayed?

Suddenly he rose with a great cry and a passionate gesture of both arms.

"I am lost! I am lost! I am floundering in quicksands. The meaning of the earth has gone from me. I'm on a land of grotesques—shapes that mop and mow at me and have no reality. The things they do the human brain can't conceive. It has been driving me mad—mad!" he cried, beating his head with his knuckles. "And yet I am sane now. Did you ever know what it was to be so sane that your soul was tortured with sanity? Oh, my God!"

He walked about the room, quivering from the outburst. Clementina regarded him with amazed interest. This was a new, undreamed-of Quixtus—a human creature that had passed through torment.

"Tell me what is on your mind," she said quietly. "It might ease it."

"No," said he, halting before her. "Not to my dying day. There are things one must keep within oneself till they eat away one's vitals. I wish to Heaven I had never come here!"

"You came here on an errand of mercy; and, so far as you were concerned, you performed it."

"I came here with hate in my heart, I tell you. I came here on an errand of evil. And outside the door of his room my purpose failed me—and I sent him my love. And then I went in and saw him—dead."

"And you forgave him," said Clementina.

"No; I prayed that God would."

He turned away. Clementina rose from her chair by the writing table and followed him. "What was between you and Will Hammersley?"

For an instant he had an impulse to tell her—she looked so strong, so honest; but he checked it. Confidence was impossible. The shame of the dead must be buried with the dead. He pointed to the documents lying on the table.

"He thought I never knew—I never knew!" said he.

"I give it up," said Clementina.

A memory smote him. He bent his brows upon her. His eyes were sad and clear.

"You have no inkling of the matter?"

"None in the least," she broke out impatiently. "If I had do you suppose I'd be cross-questioning you? I'd be trying to help you, as I want to do."

He threw himself wearily into a chair and leaned his head on his hand.

"I've had queer experiences of late," he said. "I've learned to trust nobody. How can I tell that you're sincere in saying you want to help me?"

Clementina puckered up her face.

"What's that? Here am I, who have been abusing you all your life, now doing violence to my traditions and saying, Let us kiss and be friends—just at the very moment when you want friends more than you ever did in your born days—and you ask me if I'm sincere! Did you ever know me to be even decently polite to creatures I didn't care about?"

Clementina was indignant. The faint shadow of a smile passed across Quixtus' face.

"You've not always been polite to me, Clementina. This change to solicitude is surprising. *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.* Which means ——"

"Do you suppose you're the only person who knows tags out of the Latin grammar?" she snapped. Then she laughed in her dry way. "Don't let us begin to quarrel. We've got a child—you and I. I hope you realize that. If we were its real father and mother we might quarrel with impunity. As we're not, we can't. What are we going to do?"

Quixtus thought deeply for a long time. His sensitive nature shrank from the duty imposed. If he accepted it he would be the dead man's dupe to the end of the chapter.

"You have seen the little girl?" he inquired at last.

"Yes—been with her most of the day."

"Do you like her?"

She regarded him with whimsical pity.

"Oh, yes; I like her," she said.

"Then why not keep her to yourself? I am not bound by Hammersley's wishes. All I have to do is to decline to act either as executor or trustee."

Clementina's heart leaped in the most unregenerate manner. To have Sheila all to herself, without let or hindrance from her impossible co-trustee! She was staggered by the sudden, swift temptation that struck at the roots of her unfulfilled womanhood. For a while she dallied with it deliciously.

"If it's agreeable to you I'll decline to act," said Quixtus after a spell of silence.

Clementina strangled the serpent in a flash and cast it from her. To purchase happiness at the price of human infirmity? No! She would play squarely with life. Feminine instinct told her that the care of the child was needful for this weary man's salvation. She attacked him with more roughness than she intended—the eddy of her own struggle.

"What right have you to shirk your responsibilities? That's what you've always done—and see where it has landed you! I'm not going to be a party to it. It's pure and simple cowardice, and I have no patience with it."

"Perhaps I deserve your reproaches," said Quixtus mildly. "But the present circumstances are so painful ——"

"Painful!" she interrupted. "Man, what does it matter whether they're painful or not? Do you suppose I've gone through six-and-thirty years without pain? I've had awful pain, hellish pain—as much pain as a woman and an artist and a scarecrow can suffer. That's new to you, isn't it? But you've never seen me making a hullabaloo about it. We've got to bear pain in the world; and the more we grin, the better we bear it, and—what is a precious sight more useful—the more we help others to bear it. Who are you, Ephraim Quixtus, that you should be exempt from pain?"

She turned to the marble mantelpiece and rolled a cigarette. Quixtus said nothing, but sat tugging at his scrubby mustache.

"That child," she said—and she paused to lick the cigarette—"that child of five is doomed to pain. Some of it all the love in the world can't prevent. It's a law of life. But some it can. It can shield her from the tortures of the damned. That's another law of life, thank God! By taking pain upon us, we can also save others pain. That's another law. I suppose we have to thank Jesus Christ for that. And Fate has put this tender thing into our hands to save it, if possible, from the pain that both you and I have endured. To reject the privilege is the act of a cowardly devil, not of a man!"

As she stood there in her slatternly blouse and tousled hair, brandishing the wetted cigarette yet enunciating, as she had seldom condescended to do to a fellow creature, her ruggedly tender philosophy of life, she looked almost beautiful in the eyes of the man who had awakened from a nightmare into the sober grayness of an actual dawn.

She lit the cigarette with fingers unwontedly trembling and feverishly drew in the first few puffs.

"Well? What are you going to do?"

Quixtus breathed hard with parted lips and stared at the future. It is difficult, after a nightmare madness, to adjust the mind to the sane outlook. But she had moved him to the depths—the depths that through all his madness had remained untroubled.

"You are right, Clementina," he said at last in a low voice. "I will share with you this great responsibility."

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She blew out a puff of smoke. "I don't think it ought to turn our hair white anyhow," she said, sitting on the arm of the sofa. "The child's past teething; so we sha'n't have to sit up at nights over Advice to Mothers and our common-sense will tell us not to fill her up every day with *pâté de foie gras*. When she's ill we'll send for a doctor and when we want to do business we'll send for a lawyer. It strikes me, Ephraim, that having another interest in life besides dead men's jawbones will do you a thundering lot of good!"

"Would you like something to do me good?" he asked, with a touch of wistful banter.

Clementina, as she afterward confessed, felt herself to be on such a sky-high plane of self-abnegation and altruism that she thrust down, figuratively speaking, angelic arms toward him. Really, the mothering instinct again clamored. She threw her half-smoked cigarette away and, standing over him, clutched his shoulder.

"My good Ephraim," she said, "I would give anything to see you a happy human being."

Then, in her abrupt fashion, she sent him out to take the air. That also would do him good. She stuck his hat and stick in his hand.

"What are you going to do, Clementina?" he asked.

"A thousand things. First, I must go upstairs and see whether the child's awake. I hate trusting her with that heathen imbecile."

"*Au revoir*, then," said Quixtus, moving away.

"Come back in good time to make the child's acquaintance," she shouted after him.

He paused on the threshold and looked at her irresolutely. He had a nervous dread of meeting the child.

He walked through the sun-filled streets, down the Cannebière, absently watched the baking quays and then, returning to the main thoroughfare, sat down beneath the awning of a café. An hour passed. It was time to go back and see his ward. He shrank morbidly from the ordeal. With a great effort he arose at last and walked to the hotel.

Clementina, Poynter and the child were in the vestibule—the two elders seated in the wickerwork chairs, the little one squatting on the ground at their feet and playing with the mongrel and somewhat supercilious dog of the hotel. Quixtus halted in front of the group. The child lifted her flowerlike face to the newcomer.

"Is this ——" he began.

"This is Sheila," said Clementina. "Get up, dear, and say how do you do to your new uncle."

She held out her hand with shy politeness—he looked so long and gaunt, and towered over her tiny self.

"How do you do, Uncle—Uncle ——" she turned to Clementina.

"Ephraim," she prompted.

"Uncle Ephraim?"

"No wonder the poor little innocent doesn't remember such a name," remarked Clementina.

He bent and solemnly wagged the soft hand for some time; then, not knowing what to do with it, he let it go.

"Do you know Bimbo?"

"No," said Quixtus.

"Bimbo—*patte!*"

The mongrel lifted his paw.

"You must shake hands with him and then you will know him," she said seriously.

Quixtus, with a grave face, bent lower and shook hands with the dog.

"And Pinkie!"

She lifted the dirty white plush cat. In an embarrassed way he wagged a stumpy forefoot.

Sheila turned to Clementina. "Now he knows everybody."

Clementina kissed her and arose from her seat, Poynter rising also.

"You'll be a good girl if I leave you with Uncle Ephraim for a while?"

"My dear Clementina!" cried Quixtus aghast. "What do you mean?"

A gleam of kind malice flickered in her eyes.

"I find I must have some air, in my turn. *Au revoir!* I sha'n't be long, Sheila dear."

She moved with Poynter toward the door.

"But, Clementina ——"

"If she bites you've only to call that lump of celestial idiocy over there," pointing to the fat Chinese nurse who sat smiling in her dark corner. "You're protected! And, by the way," she added in a whisper,



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"she doesn't know her father's dead yet. Leave it to me to break the news."

She was gone. Quixtus sank, a perspiring embarrassment, into one of the wicker chairs. A scurvy trick, he thought, of Clementina to leave him in this appalling situation. Yet shame prevented flight. He sat there, bending his mild china-blue eyes on Sheila, who had returned unconcernedly to Bimbo, putting him through his tricks. He gave his paw and sat up on end and while doing so yawned in a bored fashion. During this latter posture Sheila sat up on her little haunches and held her hands in front of her and yawned in imitation. Then she set Pinkie on end facing the dog. Lastly she looked up at her new uncle.

"You do that too. Then we'll all be doing it."

"God bless my soul!" said the startled man. "I—I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm too old."

She seemed, for the moment, satisfied with the reason and resumed her game with Bimbo. After the yawn he grinned with doggy fatuity and his long red tongue lolled from the corner of his mouth. Sheila stuck out her little red tongue in droll mimicry.

"Don't wag your tail, Bimbo. It isn't fair, because I've got no tail. Why haven't I a tail, Uncle Eph—Eph—Uncle Eph'im?"

"Because you're a little girl and not a dog."

At that moment the plush cat, insecurely balanced, toppled over.

"God bless my soul!" cried the little parrot. "You're too old, Pinkie."

"Sheila," said Quixtus, realizing in a frightened way his responsibility, "come here!"

With perfect docility she rose and laid a hand on his knee. Bimbo, perceiving himself liberated from the boredom of mountebank duty, twisted himself up and snarled comfortably at fleas in the middle of his back.

"You mustn't say 'God bless my soul!' my dear."

"Why not? You said it."

There are instinctive answers in grown-ups—just as there are instinctive questions in children.

"Old people can say things that little girls mustn't—just as old people can sit up later than little girls."

She regarded him with frank seriousness.

"I know. Daddy says 'damn,' but I mustn't. I never say it. Pinkie said it once—and I put her in a dark, dark hole for twenty million years. It wasn't really twenty million years, you know—it was only ten minutes—but Pinkie thought it was."

"She must have been very frightened," said Quixtus involuntarily—and the echo of the words after passing his lips sounded strange in his ears.

"She got quite white," said Sheila. She picked up the shapeless animal. "She never recovered. Look!"

"She also lost one side of her whiskers," said Quixtus, inspecting the beast held within two inches of his nose.

"Oh, no," she replied, getting in the most entangling way between his legs. "Pinkie's a fairy princess; and one day she'll have a crown and a pink dress and a gold sword. It's a wicked fairy that keeps her like a cat. And it was the wicked fairy, in the shape of a big rat—bigger than twenty million, billion, billion houses—that bit off her whiskers. Daddy told me."

Quixtus could not follow these transcendental flights of faerie, but he had to make some reply, as she was looking with a straight challenge into his eyes. To his astonishment he found himself expressing the hope that, when Pinkie came into her own again, the loss of one set of whiskers would not impair her beauty. Sheila explained that princesses didn't have whiskers; so no harm was done. The bad fairy in the form of a rat wanted to bite off Pinkie's nose, in which case her beauty would have been ruined; but Pinkie was protected by a good fairy, and just when the bad fairy was going to bite off her nose the good fairy shook a pepper-pot—and the bad fairy sneezed and was only able to bite off the whiskers.

"That was very fortunate for Pinkie," said Quixtus.

"Very," said Sheila. She stood against him on one leg, swinging the other. Conversation came to a standstill. The man found himself tongue-tied. All kinds of idiotic remarks came into his head. He dismissed them as not being suitable to the comprehension of a child of five. His fingers mechanically twisted themselves in her soft hair. Presently came the eternal command of childhood:

"Tell me a story."

"Good gracious!" said he. "I'm afraid I don't know any."

"You must know Little Red Riding-Hood," she said, with a touch of scorn.

"Perhaps I do. I wonder," said Quixtus. He clutched eagerly at a straw. "But what's the use of my telling it to you if you know it already?"

She ran and picked up the sprawling cat and calmly established herself on his knees. Bimbo, neglected, uttered a whining growl and, curling himself up with his chin by his tail, dropped into a morose slumber.

"Tell it to Pinkie. She's stupid and always forgets the stories. Now begin."

Quixtus hemmed and hawed and at last plunged desperately: "There was once a wolf who ate up Red Riding-Hood's grandmother."

"That's not it," interrupted Sheila. "There was once a sweet little girl who lived with her grandmother. That's the proper way."

Quixtus floundered. Let any one who has never told a tale to a child, and has never heard of Red Riding-Hood for at least five-and-thirty years, try to recount her tragical history. Quixtus had to tell it to an expert in the legend—a fearsome undertaking. At last, with her aid he stumbled through. Pinkie, staring at him through her bead eyes, evidently couldn't make head or tail of it. Being punched in the midriff by her young protectress, she emitted a wheezy squeak.

"Pinkie says 'Thank you'!" Sheila remarked politely.

"And what do you say?" asked the blundering elder.

Now what had been good enough to merit Pinkie's thanks had not been good enough to merit hers. Besides, such as it was, she had told half the story. With delicate diplomacy she had handled a difficult situation. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Good gracious!" murmured Quixtus in terror. "She is going to cry! What on earth can I do?"

His wits worked quickly. He remembered a recent sitting in the folk-lore section of the Anthropological Congress.

"I suppose, my dear, a story current among the aborigines of Papua wouldn't interest you?"

Her eyes dried magically. She snuggled up against him.

"Tell me."

So Quixtus began a story about serpents and tigers and shiny, copper-colored children; and, knowing the facts of the folk-tale, he gradually grew interested and unconsciously discovered a new talent for picturesque narration. One story led to another.

He forgot himself and his wrongs, and pathetically strove to interest his audience and explain to her childish mind the significance of tribal mysteries that were woven into the texture of the tales. Their explanation left her comparatively cold; but, so long as there were tigers whose blood-curdling ferocity she adored, she found the story entrancing.

"There!" said he, laughing when he had come to an end. "What do you think of that?"

"It's booful!" she cried; and clambering on both knees on to his lap she put both hands on his shoulders and held up her mouth for a kiss.

In this touching attitude Clementina and Poynter discovered them. The newcomers exchanged a whimsical glance of intelligence.

"Wise woman!" Poynter murmured.

"Obvious to any fool," she retorted; and advancing farther into the vestibule, "Feeling decidedly better?"

Quixtus blushed in confusion. Sheila climbed down from her perch and ran to Clementina.

"Oh, Auntie, Uncle Eph'im has been telling me such lovely stories!"

She turned on him. "What do you know about stories?"

"They were tribal legends of Papua," he confessed modestly.

"And what else have you been doing?"

Quixtus made her one of his old-world bows.

"I've been falling in love."

"You're getting on!" said Clementina.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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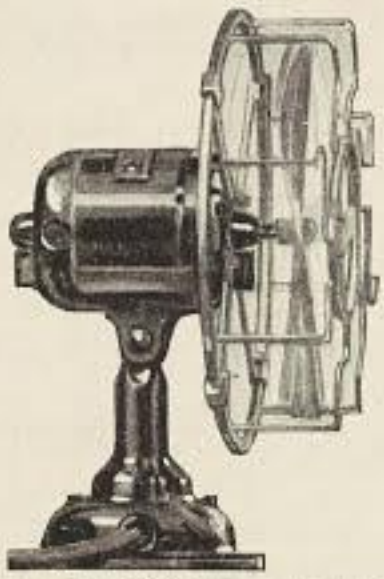
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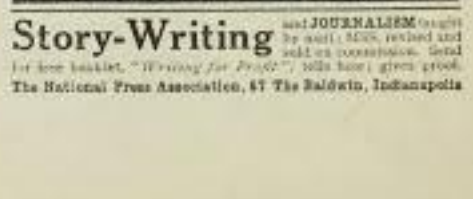
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THE NAMELESS THING

(Continued from Page 6)

The big man smiled. "Did you think I was losing my nerve, eh, Charlie?" he said.

"Judging from the gait you were hitting up that rotten line of talk, I did," replied the doctor.

"The talk's all right, Charlie, believe me."

The doctor laughed.

"Then your mysterious influence ought to be on my side," he said; "I've been doing its work for a couple of years."

The big man took the stogy out of his mouth.

"Sure, Charlie," he said, "I hadn't thought of that."

The doctor continued to smile. "Well," he said, "we shall see if it is."

"And if it is, you stay on the job?"

The doctor sat down; his face lengthened into an ironical smile; he put out his legs and thrust his hands into his pockets.

"I'm willing to back my own intelligence," he said; "I've worked the thing out. I've considered everything and provided for every contingency—I'm not taking any chance. If your mysterious influence can trip me O. K.; I'll stay on the job." Then he jerked himself up.

"What drivel!" he said. "An incompetent jackass makes a rotten plan, and when it goes to pieces he says some supernatural agency threw him down; or some lotos-eater blows a big shiny bubble, and when it collides with the sharp edge of a fact he says that Heaven's against him! Or some old stiff forgets the part he's playing.

"Look at the men you've been talking about: Take Vronsky. He planned to kill Gates. He found out that the old man worked in his library with the window open. It was summer, and the library looked into the garden. Vronsky reasoned that he could go into that garden on a dark night, shoot Gates, and that under cover of the darkness no one would know who it was that had done it.

"Vronsky was right about several things: He knew that he could get away. He knew that no one would suspect him unless he was seen, because he was believed to be in Australia; and with his skill with a gun he knew that he would not miss. Moreover, he knew that, he being in the dark and Gates in the light, Gates could not see his assassin even if he were not instantly killed.

"Now that was all sound. Everything that Vronsky thought about, he figured out right—but there was one thing that Vronsky didn't think about. Well, he pulled it off the way he planned—and what happened? Gates saw Vronsky's face by the flash of the pistol and shouted his name as he fell. Now, what had Heaven to do with that?

"Take Ponsford: What did he do? He'd cracked the Empire Bank and the whole country was looking for him. He was hiding over on the East Side, and he was safe; but he got lonesome one night, put into his pocket the small tool with which a burglar forces a window, and went down on Long Island to rob a house. The village police picked him up. When he saw them coming he threw his tool into the gutter. The police asked him what it was he threw away and he said it was a stogy.

"That was all right. The police believed him. They took him to the station-house, looked him over and told him he could go. Well, what did the old fool do? He sat round and got chummy with the police, and finally, when one of them offered him a cigar, he said that he didn't smoke!

"Was that Providence, or luck, or chance? Nonsense! The thing is to make your plan exclude these contingencies."

"Man," said Arkman, "you've got to take a chance."

"No, you haven't," replied the doctor; "there's where your brains come in."

"Why, Charlie," said Arkman, "you're taking a chance right here. Suppose your watchman doesn't swallow his dope; there are a dozen things that might keep a man from taking a dose of medicine."

"There's nothing that will keep that man from taking his," said the doctor.

"Why?" said Arkman.

"Because he has already taken it," replied the doctor. "Damn it, man, do you think I'm a fool! I planned his medicine to run out today, and when he came here at nine o'clock for some more I gave him the tablets myself. I had to be sure of him; he'd shoot you to death before you got the key in the lock."



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Again the big man whistled low and softly. He turned around in his chair; he put his hands together on the table. He looked at the doctor with a quiet smile.

"Charlie," he said, "you're a wonder!"

The doctor took out his watch. "It's about time we were getting the traps together," he said, and he rose. He started to go behind the calico curtains, when a sound reached him and he stopped. It was the sound of horses plunging in that canal of batter, and a minute later a voice called. The doctor went to the door. The night was black as ink and the rain pattered on the soft mud. A man riding a horse and leading another was there in the road.

"Is that you, Doc?" he said.

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Then git in this saddle quick. A scantlin' fell at the Jones No. 1 and cut the driller's head open. The blood's spurtin' like a gusher."

"Damn it!" cried the doctor, "was there no one to put his finger on the artery?"

"Yes," said the man; "Hinkle's got his thumb on it, but he can't hold it there all night. Hurry, for Heaven's sake!"

The doctor sprang for his saddle-pockets.

Arkman got up. "Charlie," he said, "you're not going, are you?"

The doctor did not seem to hear him. He was jamming his arms into the sleeves of his greatcoat; the muscles of his face were stern and rigid.

Arkman went up close to him. "Come, Charlie," he said, "you're sure not going to throw the job?"

The doctor replied with an oath—and he was gone. The door banged behind him and the horses galloped in the flying mud.

The man went over to the little dingy window and looked out into the vat of ink. He stood there for a long time with his hands behind him. Finally he sat down, fingered the box of stogies, at last took one out, carefully cut the end of it and lighted it at the candle. The end of the cigar glowed and he sat motionless. Two hours passed. The man's face seemed to have lengthened and grown old.

Then the door opened and the doctor entered. Arkman looked up. The doctor flung his soaked coat into a corner, wiped the mud from his face with a dirty towel, jerked the calico curtain aside, and began to empty the contents of his saddle-pockets out onto the bed.

"Get up, Arkman," he said, "we've got to hurry."

The big man did not move.

"Hurry for what?" he said.

The doctor turned sharply.

"Are you asleep?"

"No, I'm not asleep," he said; "but you're not going to risk the job after that, are you?"

"After what?" said the doctor.

"After that—that—warning."

The doctor looked at the man a moment in astonishment, then he began to curse.

"Warning! Are you that big a fool? Don't things happen all the time; don't men come for the doctor at all hours of the night? Don't be an idiot."

"But, Charlie," replied the man, "you said ——"

The doctor interrupted him with an oath.

"Are you still harking on that drivel?" Then he turned savagely. "If you're going with me, come on."

"And if I don't go?" said the man.

"Then," cried the doctor, "I'll do it myself!" And he caught hold of the door. When his fingers touched the latch the door swung, and the old negro fell into the room. The doctor caught him by the collar and jerked him to his feet.

"You back here again!" he cried.

"Don't, Doc," the negro whined; "I want to tell you somethin'."

"Then why didn't you tell it when you were here before?" said the doctor.

"I . . . I . . . was 'fraid to," the negro stuttered.

The doctor shook him.

"Out with it; what is it?"

"This mornin', Doc, . . . when I was sweepin' . . . I spilled all the stuff out of one of them little bottles into the water bucket, an' I filled it up out of one of them cans."

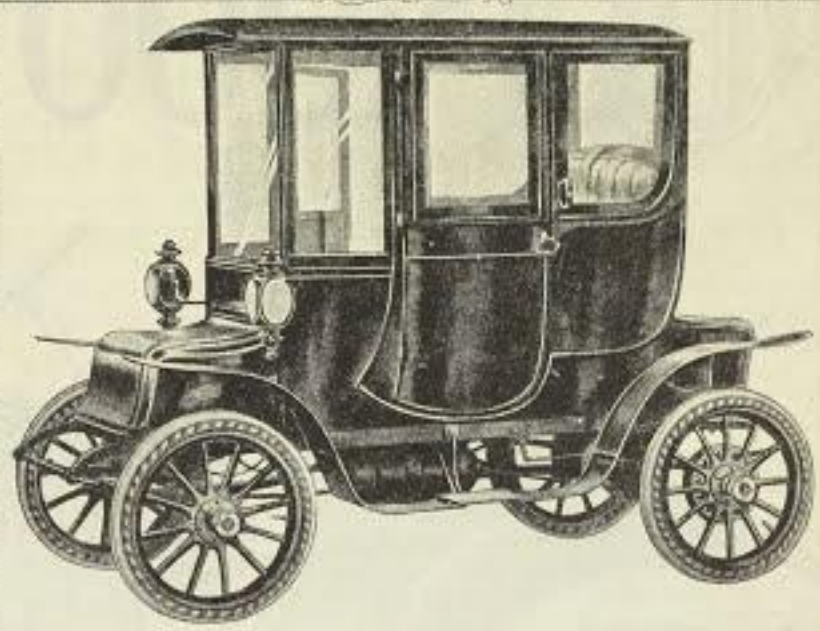
"What can?" cried the doctor. "You'll kill somebody, you fool!"

"That can," replied the negro.

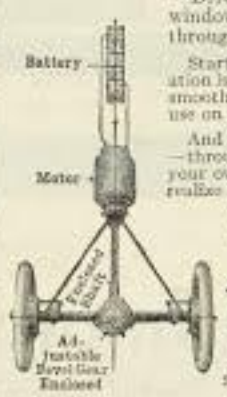
The doctor seized it. His face changed.

"That wouldn't hurt anybody," he said, "that's soda—now what bottle did you knock over?"

And the negro pointed to the bottle of morphine.



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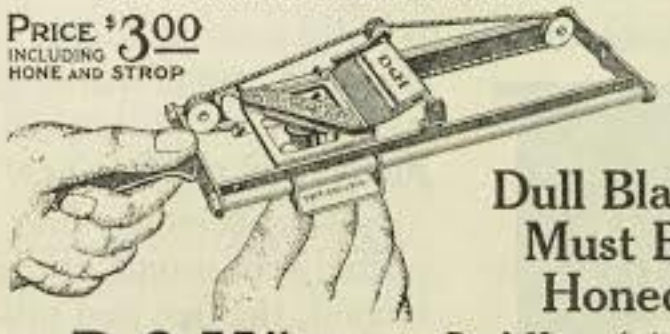
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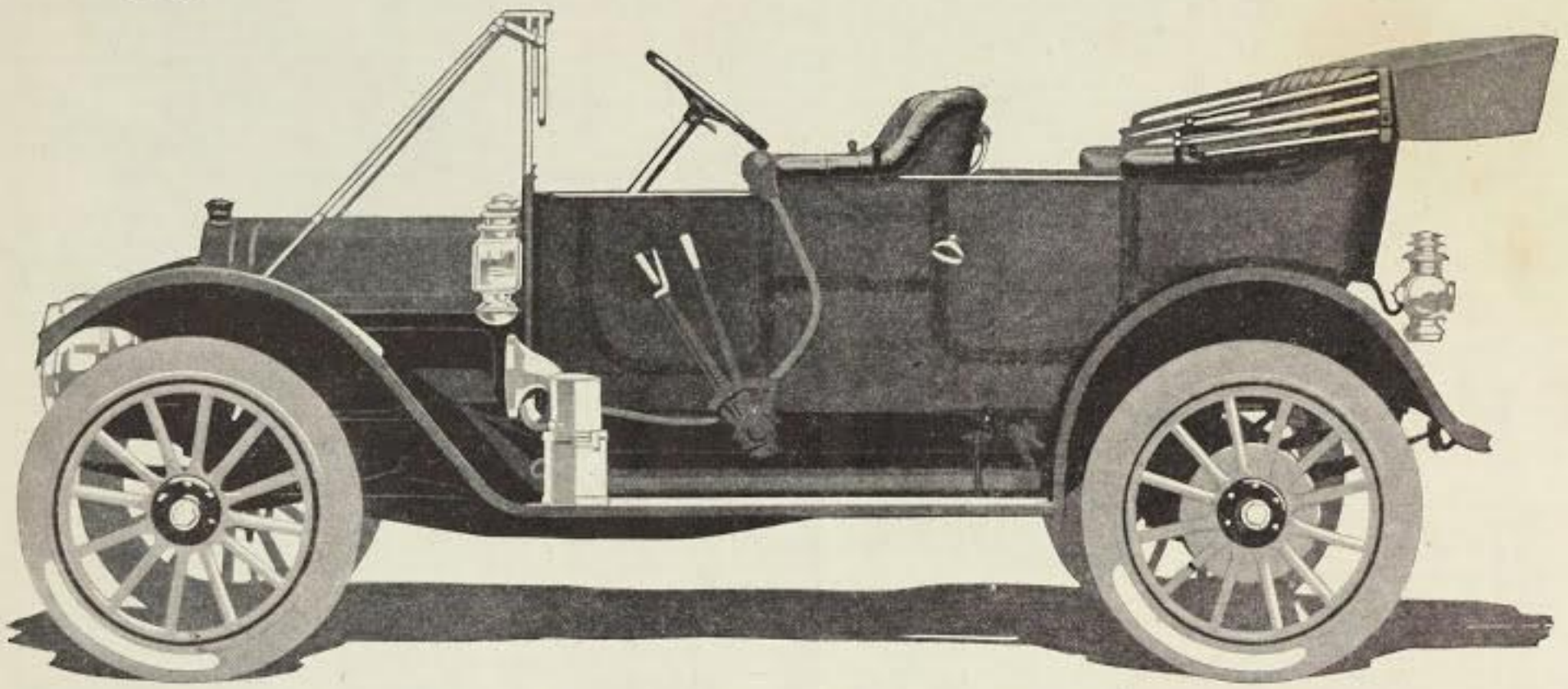
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Here is news of vital interest to the man who buys with both sides of his dollar and the woman who wants a car that is, above all things, comfortable, handsome, safe, and reliable.

From the very beginning the Reo has led in the manufacture of high grade light weight cars at moderate price. Any one familiar with the history of the automobile business knows that this is so.

In 1904 the Reo was the first high grade two cylinder touring car at $1250.
In 1908 the Reo was the first high grade single cylinder runabout at $500.
In 1908 the Reo was the first high grade two cylinder touring car at $1000.
In 1910 the Reo was the first high grade four cylinder touring car under $1500.

And Now For 1912

The time has come when the public has a right to a big, high grade, luxurious, roomy, four cylinder, fore-door touring car with big wheels and liberal tires for $1000, and as usual the Reo is on hand with the goods.

By high grade we mean: with all the essential elements of quality found in the best and most costly cars of America and Europe.

It is easy enough to build a car at $1000, or indeed at almost any price, if you will accept a spindling, cramped, rough working, badly finished, more or less unreliable and unsafe car. But to build a car of Reo quality at $1000 is an entirely different matter and its accomplishment truly marks a new era in the motor-car industry.



The secret is: first, appreciation of the fact that light weight and strength are entirely consistent, if the car is properly designed and the right materials are used; and second, the free and unlimited use of those features which really give service, and the rejection of those which are mostly pretense.

Now let's look at the car, and keep our minds upon quality as we go along; and don't forget that quality can be made or unmade by good or bad designing as well as materials. Compare this car, point by point, with the highest priced cars in the world, as well as with cars at or near its price.

Motor Car Industry REO $1000

The Motor Cylinders and pistons are of the closest possible grain cast iron; that means strength, hardness, and smoothness. The cylinder and the pistons and rings are subjected to such tests as are not required in many of the most costly cars: chemical tests, tests for hardness, for accuracy to a fraction of a thousandth of an inch.
(This is true of every part of the Reo requiring such tests to make sure of quality; so that we needn't mention it again.)

The cylinders are cast in pairs, which is the best practice known, combining lightness with ample space for adjustable bearings.

4-inch bore and 4½-inch stroke with a long connecting rod which reduces side thrust of piston on cylinder, thereby avoiding loss of power, wear on pistons and improving lubrication. This is found in only the best cars and has always been a Reo feature.

Large valves. The inlet valve is at top of cylinder, instead of dividing the available space between two necessarily smaller and less efficient valves for both exhaust and intake. The exhaust valve is on the side of the cylinder, of which the valve-seat is actually a part, so that it can be thoroughly water-jacketed. The cooling water goes direct from the radiator, while the water is at its coolest, to the exhaust valves, which is the hottest part of the cylinder. This means the most efficient cooling making it impossible for the valve to overheat or warp.

The connecting-rods are easily adjusted through hand-holes in the side of the crank-case; and the main-bearing adjustments are made on the outside without opening or dismantling the motor. This last and most important adjustment can be made by an inexperienced person in fifteen minutes; in all other cars it must be done by an expert taking a couple of days.

The cam-shaft is of large diameter, running in three bronze bearings and is easily taken out without removing the cams. The cam-gears are spiral; they roll into each other like screws and are noiseless. The cam-shaft is offset, allowing quick opening of valves and avoiding the side-thrust and wear upon the valve-lifters. The cams are quiet.

The oiling system delivers oil direct to the main bearings, and the face of the cam-gears. The oil then gravitates to partitioned reservoirs in the bottom of the crank-case, whence it is distributed under perfect control in a fine spray to the working side of the cylinders and pistons. The oil can't get dirty. The pump can't clog and stop the supply of oil. It is perfectly self cleaning.

Throughout the whole Reo mechanism there is never any leakage of oil or any admission of dirt into working parts.

Carburetor The Reo carburetor is extremely efficient, which is highly important in these days of inferior gasoline.

People do not realize that it is almost impossible nowadays to buy gasoline of such quality as was regularly sold a few years ago. The Reo carburetor, with its hot air intake and other efficient means of vaporizing, neutralizes this evil.

Ignition Dry battery and magneto, with the simplest sort of dash control. The Reo laboratory test insists not only on perfect sparking under high compression but requires that the magneto shall be run continuously under the most trying conditions at a very rapid speed for several days at a time ten hours a day.

Perhaps this test is too exacting; but is any test too exacting when you consider that if you have no spark the car will not go?

The Clutch Practice differs. Some of the best cars use cone or band clutch, the oldest forms. Some use the multiple disc, alternate plates of bronze and steel. The Reo prefers the multiple disc because it wears better and prevents grabbing, which is unpleasant for the passengers and strains the transmission and axles. The discs in the Reo are of ample surface for effectiveness and wear, and very numerous, which allows the use of light springs. The clutch takes hold gradually and smoothly and lets go positively when released; the plates are not merely allowed to come apart, they are pulled apart. The Reo clutch is easily removed without disturbing the transmission or motor, all parts are easily accessible, the entire clutch mechanism is self contained. The clutch is connected with the transmission with universal joint to preserve the alignment.

The Transmission The transmission is of the selective type, with three speeds forward and reverse. The important thing here is quality—hardness and strength of material. The Reo laboratory tests the gears by a crushing machine, exerting at least 27½ tons pressure on the pitch line of the gear exactly and uniformly. This costs more than the usual inexact and unscientific hammer test, but is well worth the money.

Drive Shaft Nickel steel bar hardened and heat-treated with Timken roller bearings at each end and connected with the transmission by universal joint which is packed in a lubricant fed to it from the transmission case. Remember: no leakage of oil from any part of the Reo.

Rear Axle The Reo rear axle is of the best material known for the purpose and like every other part of the Reo mechanism is subjected to the complete laboratory test: chemical analysis, crushing, gear test and tensile test. The axle is of semi-floating type and has Timken roller bearings on each side of the compensating gear and Hyatt High Duty roller bearings with removable sleeves at the wheel end of the axles. As you know, there is no higher grade of construction than this.

Front Axle I-Beam drop forged with four Timken roller bearings, two on each hub.

Brakes Two large 14-inch brakes on each rear wheel, where they belong. A transmission brake puts wholly unnecessary strain upon the mechanism. A foot-lever operates the exterior band brakes, a hand-lever operates the interior expanding brakes.

Tires 34-inch x 3½-inch quick detachable tires with Goodyear rims. This is a very generous tire equipment and will last very much longer than the tires used on heavy cars; for you must bear in mind that the light weight Reo is very easy on tires. Reo tire bills are very low.

Springs The front half-elliptic and the rear three-quarter elliptic are of the highest quality, and as the Reo is very light they can be made very easy riding. In all motoring there is nothing equal for comfort to the Reo light weight and resilient spring construction.

Steering The Reo control is on the left hand side of the car where it ought to be. Think of any road situation and you must see that this is so. Stopping at the right hand curb (prescribed by law in most large cities, and common sense and safety everywhere) the front seat passenger can dismount direct to the pavement; so can the driver. Meeting other cars in the road, the driver is close to the car he is meeting. Turning into another road at the left (which is the dangerous turn) the driver can see better where he is going and what is coming back of him. And so on. Think of any emergency without prejudice and the common sense of left hand control will be apparent.

The steering wheel is aluminum and hard rubber, costing about three or four times as much as the usual wooden steering wheel. The steering gear is exceedingly simple and strong. One adjustment, which is easily accessible, takes up all lost motion that is caused by wear. The steering gear is set so that the car always works straight ahead except when it is in a rut, in which case it follows the rut. This makes driving very easy.

And Now Why $1000?

Because the time has come when we can do it—that's all. The Reo car has become standardized; the factory has got into such system and discipline that it works to the limit of economy and efficiency; same with the Sales Department. And this better price for a better car will increase the sales of the Reo to such an extent as to make possible further economies throughout the whole organization.

No catalog yet but your Reo dealer has the car. Write to us if you have any trouble getting "next to" a Reo.

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(Continued from Page 14)

perform the like services for them; in the latter event the said party of the first part to receive as a further consideration a commission of one-third of the fees of the party of the second part procured therefrom.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands and seals the day and year above named.

.....( )

.....( )

Armed with these insinuating documents I procured a fresh roll of one hundred one-dollar bills and set forth to interview all whose acquaintance I had made in the course of my brief residence in the city. My argument ran thus: Almost anybody would be willing to receive a dollar every month in return for a service that would cost him nothing. With an outlay of one hundred dollars I could have a hundred persons virtually in my employ trying to get me business. After the first month I could discontinue with those who seemed likely to prove unremunerative. Almost any case would return in fees as much as my original disbursement. On the whole it seemed a pretty safe investment and the formal-looking contract would tend to increase the sense of obligation upon the contracting party of the first part. Nor did my forecast of the probabilities prove at all wide of the mark. Practically every one to whom I put the proposition readily accepted my dollar and signed the agreement, and at the end of a week my one hundred dollars had been distributed among all the cab drivers, conductors, waiters, elevator men, clerks, bartenders, actors, hall boys and storekeepers that I knew or with whom I could scrape an acquaintance. All of them welcomed with delight the idea of profiting by the misfortunes of their friends.

I had often lost or won at a single sitting at cards a much larger sum than the one I was now risking in what seemed an excellent business proposition, so that the money involved caused me no uneasiness. Besides I had fifty dollars left in my pocket. Meantime I spent my evenings in my office reading Blackstone and such textbooks as I cared to borrow.

Business came, however, with unexpected promptitude. At the end of the first week I had received calls from two actors who desired to sue their managers for damages for breach of contract, five waiters who wished to bring actions for wages due, an actress who wanted a separation from her husband, a bartender who was charged with assault for knocking the teeth of an unruly customer down his throat, and a boy whose leg had been crushed under an elevator. Each of these I made sign an agreement that I should receive half of any sum recovered for seeing that they received proper legal advice and service, and each of them I sent over to Counselor Gottlieb, with whom I executed a mutual contract to divide evenly the fees received.

The reader will notice that I did not technically hold myself out as a lawyer in these contracts and merely agreed to furnish counsel. Thus I flattered myself I was keeping on the lee side of the law. Gottlieb settled the case of the boy for twelve hundred dollars and we divided six hundred between us, and the other cases that came in the first month netted us three hundred dollars apiece more. The future began to look bright enough, as I had to distribute as commissions only two hundred dollars, which left me a gross profit of four hundred dollars. With this I secured fifty new contracts, and after paying the second installments upon all the first I pocketed as a net result two hundred and fifty dollars cash. I now had a growing business at my back, finding it necessary to employ an office assistant, and accordingly selected for that purpose an old actor who was no longer able to walk the boards but who still retained the ability to speak his part. For a weekly wage of ten dollars this elderly gentleman agreed to sit in my office and hold forth upon my ability, shrewdness and learning to all such as called in my absence. In the afternoons I assumed charge myself and sent him forth armed with contracts to secure new allies.

My business soon increased to such an extent that it bade fair to take up all my



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time, and the bookkeeping end of it, with its complicated division of receipts, proved not a little difficult. The amazement of my friend Gottlieb knew no bounds, but as it was a profitable arrangement for him he asked no questions and remained in ignorance as to the source of my stream of clients, until one of his friends, to whom my assistant had made application, showed him one of the contracts. That night he sent for me to come to his office, and after offering me a very large and exceedingly good Havana cigar delivered himself as follows:

"Harkee, Quib, you are more of a fellow than I took you for. You have more cleverness than any man of your years in my acquaintance at the bar. This scheme of yours, now, it's a veritable gold mine. Not but that anybody could make use of it. It can't be patented, you know. But it's excellently devised, no one will deny that. What do you say to a partnership, eh? On the same terms?"

Now I had more than once thought of the same thing myself, but the idea of associating myself in business with an out-and-out criminal attorney had to my mind serious drawbacks. We discussed the matter at length, however, and Gottlieb pointed out very wisely that I was running a great risk in distributing broadcast cards upon which appeared the unauthorized name of Haight & Foster, as well as in conducting an office under my own name, when in fact I was but an attorney's clerk downtown. My connection and association with such a reputable firm was an asset not to be jeopardized lightly, and he advised my withdrawing so far as I could all my cards from circulation and conducting my business *sub rosa*. In the end we came to an understanding which we reduced to writing. I was to become a silent partner in Gottlieb's business and my office was to become a branch of his, my own name being entirely in abeyance. This arrangement pleased me very well, as under it I ran practically no risk of having my activities discovered by my employers.

It is somewhat difficult to know just in what order to present these memoirs to the reader, for from this time on my life became a very varied one. Had I the time I should like nothing better than to paint for my own satisfaction an old-fashioned law office as it was conducted in the seventies: its insistent note of established respectability, the suppressed voices of its young men, their obvious politeness to each other and deference to clients, their horror at anything vulgar, the quiet, the irritating quiet, Mr. Wigger's red wig—he was the engrossing clerk—the lifelessness of the atmosphere of the place as if nothing real ever happened there, and as if the cases we prepared and tried were of interest only on account of the legal points involved. When I was there, filing papers in their dusty packages, I used to feel as though I were fumbling among the dust of clients long since dead and gone. The place stifled and depressed me. I longed for red blood and real life. There I was, acting as a clerk on nothing a year, when uptown I was in the center of the whirlpool of existence. It was with ill-concealed gratification that I used daily at one o'clock to enter the library, bow to whatever member of the firm happened to be there, remove a book from the shelves and slip out of the door. A horse car dropped me in half an hour at a hotel near my office. After I had snatched a sandwich and cup of coffee in the café I would dash up to my office, the door of which now bore the lettering:

ABRAHAM GOTTLIEB
ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW
BRANCH OFFICE
SIDDONS KELLY, MANAGER

Siddons Kelly was the superannuated actor of whom I have already spoken, and when he was not, so to speak, in drink he was an invaluable person. He had followed the stage all his life, but he was of the sort that tears a passion to tatters and he had never risen above third-rate parts. In every respect save declamation he had all the elegances and charm of manner that the stage can give, and he would receive and bow out a scrubwoman—who had fallen down a flight of backstairs and wanted to make the landlord pay for her broken head—with a grace truly Chesterfieldian. This was all very fine until he had taken a



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drop too much, when his vocabulary would swell to such dimensions that the confused and embarrassed client would flee in self-protection unless fortunate enough to be rescued by Gottlieb or myself. Poor Kelly! He was a fine old type. And many a client then and later was attracted to my office by his refined and intellectual old face with its locks of silky gray. An old bachelor, he died alone in his little boarding-house, with a peaceful smile on his wrinkled face. He lies in Greenwood Cemetery. Over him is a simple stone—for which I paid—bearing, as he had requested, only the words:

SIDDONS KELLY
AN ACTOR

As may well be supposed, my professional career uptown was vastly more entertaining than my experiences at Haight & Foster's. My afternoons were filled with a constant procession of clients of all ages, sexes, colors and conditions. As the business grew and greater numbers of persons signed our contracts and received their honorarium of a dollar a month, a constantly increasing percentage of criminal or semi-criminal business came to the office. Of course there was no better criminal lawyer than Gottlieb in the city, and before long the criminals outnumbered our civil clients. At the same time I noticed a tendency on the part of the civil business to fall off, the reason for this probably being that my partner was known only as a criminal attorney. Now I began to dislike the idea of paying a dollar a month to induce people to refer business to us, and indeed I found that the disbursement of five or six hundred dollars every four weeks for this purpose was no trifling matter. Accordingly I decided to try letting them go for a month or so, but business fell off to such an alarming extent that I almost immediately resumed the contract system, merely reducing its proportions.

In addition to our "dollar-a-monthers," as we called them, Gottlieb employed half a dozen professional "runners," whose sole occupation it was to hunt down unfortunate persons injured accidentally and secure their cases. These employees made a business of joining as many social clubs, labor and other organizations as possible, and swinging the business in Gottlieb's direction. At one time the competition for accident cases became so fierce that if a man were run over on Broadway the rival runners would almost tear him limb from limb in their eagerness to get his case; and they would follow a dying man to the hospital and force their way on one pretext or another to his bedside. There used to be a story, which went the rounds of the clubs and barrooms, of a very swell old buck who owed an enormous amount of money and who happened to be knocked down and rendered insensible by a butcher's wagon. He was taken to the hospital and did not regain consciousness for several hours. When at last he opened his eyes he saw several dozen cards plastered upon the ceiling directly above his head, reading:

GO TO LEVY & FINKLESTEIN ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW WE GET YOU MONEY!	TRY YOST & JOHNSON IN THE BUSINESS 30 YEARS
SIMMONS & RILEY ATTORNEYS CAN GET YOU $5000 FOR A LEG	$10,000 FOR A LIVER
MOSES BLOOM THE HONEST LAWYER	SAMUEL SHARP COUNSELOR AT LAW

"Ah!" he murmured, rubbing his eyes and turning to the nurse; "I thought I was in some strange place, but I see that all my friends have been to call already!"

Our criminal business, however, was so extensive that it took practically all of Gottlieb's time, and he found it necessary to hire a couple of clerks to attend to the civil cases that came to us. My partner was obliged to spend the whole of almost every day in attendance at the criminal courts. Frequently he remarked jestingly that under the circumstances, as he had to give all his time to it anyway, he could as easily attend to all the criminal business of the city as to the small part of it that came to him.

"Well," I said to him one day, "why don't you?"

"Why don't I what?" he retorted.

"Get all the criminal business there is," I answered.

"Quib," he exclaimed excitedly, "have you got another of your ideas?"

"I think so," I returned. "How does this strike you? Why not issue a policy, like life or accident insurance, in which for a moderate sum you agree to defend *free of charge* any man accused of crime. You know that every criminal is always trying to save up money against the time when he shall be caught and have to hire a lawyer. Now it is true that these fellows pay very well, but there are not many that can pay a large fee. If you could get enough crooks to take out a policy at ten dollars each per year you might make a good thing of it."

"But how would we get our scheme going?" inquired my partner, with a gleam in his eye. "It certainly is a gold mine, if it will work."

That evening I drew up with great care a policy of insurance against the loss occasioned by having to employ counsel if arrested for crime. On its back was indorsed the following insidious philosophy:

"Innocent men, as well as guilty, are frequently arrested for violating the law. This costs money. Lawyers are notorious extortioners. For ten dollars a year we guarantee to defend you *for nothing* if charged with crime. Twenty-five dollars insures entire family. We make no distinction between ex-convicts and others."

My next task was to boom my scheme by successful advertising, and with this in view I persuaded Gottlieb to issue free policies to a dozen or so of the worst rascals that he knew. Naturally it was not long before one of them was arrested for some offense and Gottlieb as naturally succeeded in getting him off, with the as natural result that the fellow went all over town telling how one could be a burglar with impunity for ten dollars a year. At about the same time I heard of a man who was in the Tombs charged with murder, but who was almost certain to get off on account of the weakness of the case against him. I therefore visited the defendant and offered to give him a policy for ten dollars, in spite of the fact that he was already in jail. He snatched readily enough at the chance of getting as good a lawyer as Gottlieb to defend him for ten dollars, and when he was acquitted made so much of it that there was hardly a prisoner in the Tombs who did not send for one of our policies to guard against future legal difficulties. To all of these we offered free advice and a free trial upon the charges pending against them, as a sort of premium or inducement to become policy holders, and in six months had over two hundred subscribers. This meant in cash about two thousand dollars, but it necessitated defending any or all of them whenever they were so unfortunate as to run foul of the police; and, as luck would have it, out of the two hundred policy holders forty-seven of them were arrested within the first six months—fifteen for burglary, eleven for robbery and assault, sixteen for theft and five for murder. These latter cases took all of Gottlieb's working hours for some seven and a half weeks, at the end of which time he threw up his hands and vowed never to insure anybody against anything again. The end of the matter was that we returned the premiums and canceled the policies of the remaining one hundred and fifty-three insured. This done, Gottlieb and I heaved sighs of relief.

"You are a clever fellow, Quib," he acknowledged good naturedly, "but in some ways you are ahead of your time. You ought to have gone into life insurance or railroading. Your genius is wasted on anything that ain't done wholesale. Lets you and me just stick to such clients as come our way in the natural course of events. There isn't any one born yet big enough to do all the criminal law business in this little old town all by himself."

And in this I with some regret agreed with him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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Lucky Strike is produced from the choicest, selected Burley tobacco, matured for years under the most favorable climatic conditions, and treated by the Patterson Process which was discovered by Dr. R. A. Patterson. This process is one of our company's commercial secrets. It is one of the basic reasons why you will find in no other tobacco such

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CHICAGO
NEW YORK - DETROIT

Producing a Play on a Shoestring

(Concluded from Page 11)

amusing things of that part of their success that is due to the assistance of young and inexperienced persons working with the ardor of a new interest in stagework.

No modern "faking" of properties, scenery and costumes can compare with the "faking" perpetrated in the early days of the drama in America, as we learn from stories told by old actors. In those days shiny cambric with chintz flowers cut out and sewed upon it did duty for flower-brocaded satin. Madras lace, diligently brushed the wrong way to raise the nap, was accepted as heavy, uncut velvet. Canton flannel, embroidered with spangles, was splendidly effective as the royal gown that decked the stage queen. Outside of Shaksperean costumes the wardrobe of the footlight favorite contained little more than a black velvet gown, a white satin gown and a white muslin. All fluctuations of time and style were indicated by outside touches added to such standard clothes.

Among what were called provincial actors—or, in this country, barnstormers—the costuming of Shakspere plays, for instance, consisted of a black doublet and hose suitable for Hamlet and many other sentimental parts, and a gay cavalier dress suitable for any occasion that was free from gloom. The facial makeup was a little rice powder in a paper, a dash of carmine in another paper, and a bit of blackened china—the carbon coming from the candle or gaslight over which it was held.

Mr. Jefferson used to tell of one of those old provincial actors who often did not even take the trouble to inquire what play was to be given until just before the performance. And why should he? He knew all his rôles, he had only two costumes and his makeup was elaborately simple. He might be seen, shortly before a performance was to take place, coming into the dressing room, beautifully saluting the actors who shared his quarters, inquiring for their health, speaking of the incidents of the day while he disrobed. And then, in a light, airy manner, just as he was ready to proceed with his change of costume, he would ask: "By the way, what do we play tonight?"

"Richard," would be the answer; for you must know the actor never says Richard the Third.

A Modest Wardrobe

"Ah!" the old actor would ejaculate. He would then rub his fingers over his blackened saucer, smear his eyes and part of his face, take another finger to administer a little carmine to his cheeks and over the whole dust some rice powder. Next he would draw on one of his two wigs—the one that indicated tragedy—and his makeup was complete. Presently he would go to the wall, take down his customary suit of solemn black—and in a jiffy he was ready for the performance. If the play chanced to be Taming of the Shrew, our friend would put on a little more carmine, a shade more of white—no black at all—his comedy wig and his cavalier suit.

Up to fifteen or twenty years ago, all theaters had practically the same traditional sets of scenery that a traveling company could rely on. These were: the palace arch, suitable for all elaborate interior scenes; the Gothic chamber, a nondescript affair that did equally well for the closet scene in Hamlet and the modern library effect; the fancy chamber; the plain chamber; and the kitchen. These, with three or four exteriors, a garden, a wood scene, a plain landscape and a few set pieces—such as a castle, a church front, a fancy cottage and a plain cottage—sufficed for all plays, ancient and modern. They were used in the same theater for years and years, and were as familiar to the habitués of the house as the faces of the actors, who often played a lifetime on the same stage. They served equally well for Hamlet or Camille, Macbeth or East Lynne. The royal court of Denmark assembled in the palace arch one week, and the next week it was the parlor in which the Parisian *demi-mondaine* received Armand and her questionable companions. It must have been very easy to produce new plays then; but the craze for novelty on the stage had not set in. There was seemingly no great demand for new plays or new actors.

The supernumeraries of those days, in ill-fitting clothes, with slouching figures and gaits and vacuous faces, were barbarians one night, a Roman rabble the next, courtiers or soldiers the next, or elegant loungers of leisure in modern drawing rooms. Equally bizarre in all, they apparently did not disturb the illusion of the play. There is a story of a happening during the tour of an actor who in those days was a great star. A victorious army, assembled on the stage when the curtain rose, consisted of a mere dozen of the derelicts. That was the largest army employed by the theater. It varied in each city, sometimes getting down to a half dozen conquerors. The valiant soldier, the star, addressed this handful of tatterdemalions with as much ardor as if there had been hundreds of them. An officer replies to his peroration thus: "Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our men, who looked, methinks, but coldly now, dismayed by the unequal numbers of the foe!"

There came a night in a small town when only one "super" was available to represent the army. Undaunted, the valiant soldier delivered his famous speech to the officer and one "super." Then this from the officer: "Your words have fire, my lord, and warm our man, who looked, methinks, but coldly now, dismayed by the unequal numbers of the foe!"

No one would dare to do that sort of thing now. Yet those audiences knew and loved the drama far better than we.

People had to be educated up to correctness in stage details. The first of those who undertook to improve the traditional costuming of Shakspere met with disaster.

The Comic Britons

Madame Modjeska, for instance, made a production of Cymbeline that was artistically right in every way. The most striking feature of it was the makeup of the ancient Britons. Their hair was long and dyed a strange red tint; and when they went to war they glued it together so that it stood upright and tapered to a point over their heads. When these properly gotten-up Britons surged in on the Roman soldiers in the third act there were shrieks of laughter from the auditors, and finally pandemonium. The modern comedians with their green hair and magenta whiskers were familiar figures. The spectators thought, therefore, that the fierce and warlike Britons "were cutting capers," and the curtain had to be rung down amid shrieks of merriment. The next night a sadder and wiser manager arrayed his Britons in the traditional barbarian getup—skins, long, dark hair, and thonged boots.

How odd it is to reflect that for a century or more there was no door leading on to the stage that did not have a piece of wood several inches high across the bottom of the opening, over which the actors had to step as they entered on the stage. It was a part of the framework of the scenes, was called the "batten" and has only been dispensed with a few years. For a time some doors had battens and some had not, and the constant cry of the stage manager was: "Look out for the batten!" The hapless actor who flourished during the use of this obstruction would often stub his toes against it and be precipitated head first into the room he was supposed to enter with dignity and ease; or, vice versa, a haughty dame would get to her point of exit and deliver a cutting speech, only to forget the batten and be ignominiously hurled outward through the door on her hands.

At Madame Modjeska's first appearance in Boston she was painfully hurt by forgetting the batten in the doorway. The play was Adrienne Lecouvreur. Adrienne does not appear until the middle of the second act. The excitement to welcome the new star was great and was augmented by the long wait before she came on. The scene is the greenroom of a theater. Adrienne, an actress in the play, enters in Turkish costume, holding a book and declaiming the lines she is to speak a little later on the adjoining stage. On the night in question there was the hush of expectancy as her voice was heard outside. She appeared at the door and the next instant fell violently forward on her face, with a terrible thud. She did not move. After being lifted to her feet she was placed in a chair and played most of the scenes seated, limping off the stage painfully at the close. Madame carried the scars of those barked shins for many a day.



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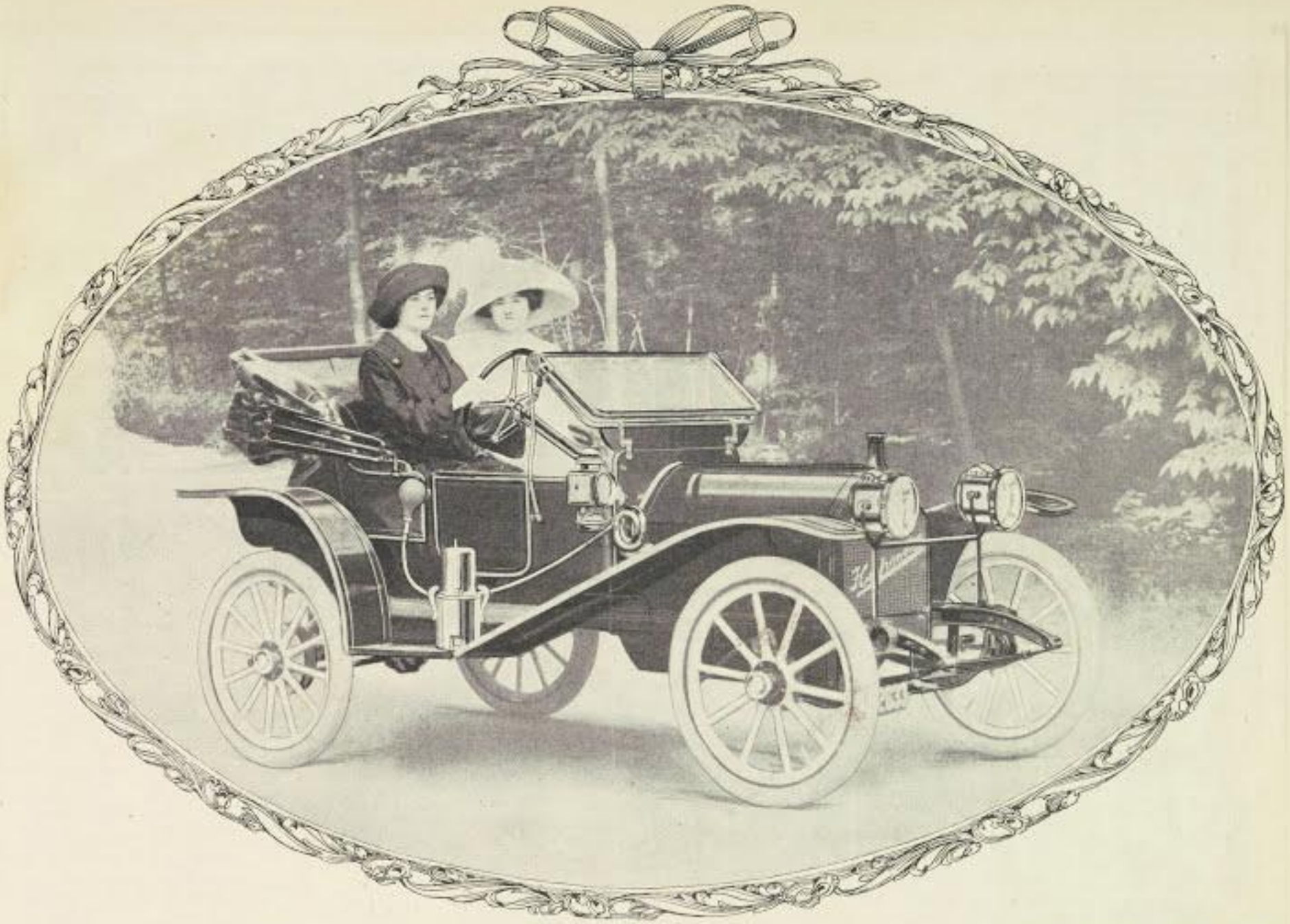
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A car which seats its occupants with more luxury and ease and 'leg room' than any other of its type and class—and which speeds smoothly away at the touch of one lever and two pedals.

A car which appeals alike to the masculine and feminine members of the family because it so completely satisfies the practical demands of the one; and the artistic tastes of the other.

The Hupmobile for 1912 is sold completely equipped.

Thus, $750 buys a Runabout fitted with doors, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps for the dash and rear, a complete set of tools, and horn; $900 includes similar equipment on the touring car, etc.

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From the first the Hupmobile presented excess value, which you can readily see is greatly increased in the 1912 cars by reason of the added equipment and improvements.



Touring Car—$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, lamps and generator, shock absorbers in front, 32 x 3½ inch rear tires, three oil lamps, tools and horn.



Coupe—$1100

F. O. B. Detroit, including electric headlights, combination oil and electric dash and tail lamps, shock absorbers in front, 32 x 3½ inch rear tires, folding dash seat for third person, tools and horn.



Torpedo—$850

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DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly

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Oft-Proved Supremacy Among the World's Best

The Marmon won the world's championship by going 500 miles at the savage, record-breaking pace of 74.61 miles per hour. Had the Marmon won but this race, it might be attributed to chance, but when one make of car, repeatedly wins the lion's share of the great races, it may justly claim the credit due to correct design, intelligent selection of materials and unsurpassed workmanship.

The Speed Combat of the Ages

The flower of motordom gathered on the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30th, to participate in the greatest speed tourney in history. Among the forty cars that faced the starter were the finest creations produced by the world's foremost motor manufacturers, driven by the most famous of drivers. Among them were:

Car	Driver	Car	Driver	Car	Driver
Benz	Bruce	Pope-Hartford	Fox	Simplex	De Palma
Benz	Knipper	Pope-Hartford	Disbrow	National	Aitken
Fiat	Bruce-Brown	Knox	Belcher	National	Metz
Fiat	Bragg	Lozier	Tetzlaff	National	Wilcox
Fiat	Hearne	Lozier	Maitland	Marquette-Buick	L. Chevrolet
Mercedes	Wishart	Simplex	Bruce-Kirby	Marquette-Buick	A. Chevrolet
Alco	Grant				

Two Marmons participated, one (Harroun driving) winning first and the other (Dawson driving) taking fifth place. How fierce the competition was may be judged when it required almost 75 miles per hour for 500 miles to win. The Marmon system of lubrication, perfect ignition, efficient cooling, entire absence of mechanical trouble and remarkable ease on tires due to well balanced, easy riding qualities, were factors in the Marmon success. Harroun made

500 Miles in 402 Min. 8 Sec.

Do you realize that this is *faster than the world's fastest trains*; though they move on smooth steel tracks with flanged wheels to hold them on? In other words, to paraphrase Arthur Brisbane, the noted editorial writer: Harroun, driving his Marmon "Wasp" at the same rate of speed on the open road, would have run from New York to Chicago in thirteen hours, cutting five hours off the best time the finest and fastest trains make. From New York to San Francisco his time at this rate would have been 44 hours. The best railroad time is 105 hours.

And at that the Marmon "Wasp" was never pushed to the limit of its speed at any stage of the race. Think of the marvelous perfection of machinery that will endure this terrific pace for 500 miles. Think of the wonderful tire economy. Only four tire changes. Three of the original tires lasted through the entire race. And then remember that *every Marmon* is as well and as carefully made, as easy on tires, as the winning Marmon "Wasp."

The Long Distance Records

Among the many records held by the Marmon car are:

500 Mile—World's Speedway Record—Regardless of Class—402 min. 8 sec.

400 Mile—World's Speedway Record—Regardless of Class—323 min. 35 sec.

300 Mile—American Speedway Record—Regardless of Class—241 min. 25 sec.

Some of the Other Marmon Victories

The victorious Marmon won more long and important races during the season of 1909-10 than any other make of car. Among them were: the Cobe Trophy Race—200 miles in 163½ minutes; the Wheeler-Schebler Trophy Race—200 miles in 166½ minutes; Atlanta Speedway Trophy—200 miles in 182½ minutes; Atlanta A. A. Trophy—120 miles in 109½ minutes; Los Angeles Motordrome—148 miles in 2 hours; Los Angeles Motordrome—100 miles in 85⅓ minutes; Savannah Challenge Race—276.08 miles in 263⅔ minutes; City of Atlanta Race—200 miles in 171 1-5 minutes; Kane County, Elgin Road Race—167 miles in 184¾ minutes; Los Angeles Motordrome—100 miles in 76⅛ minutes; Vanderbilt-Wheatley Hills, 1909—189.6 miles in 190⅓ minutes; Vanderbilt 1910, Second place (Donor's Trophy) only 25 seconds behind first car—278.08 miles in 256⅓ minutes.

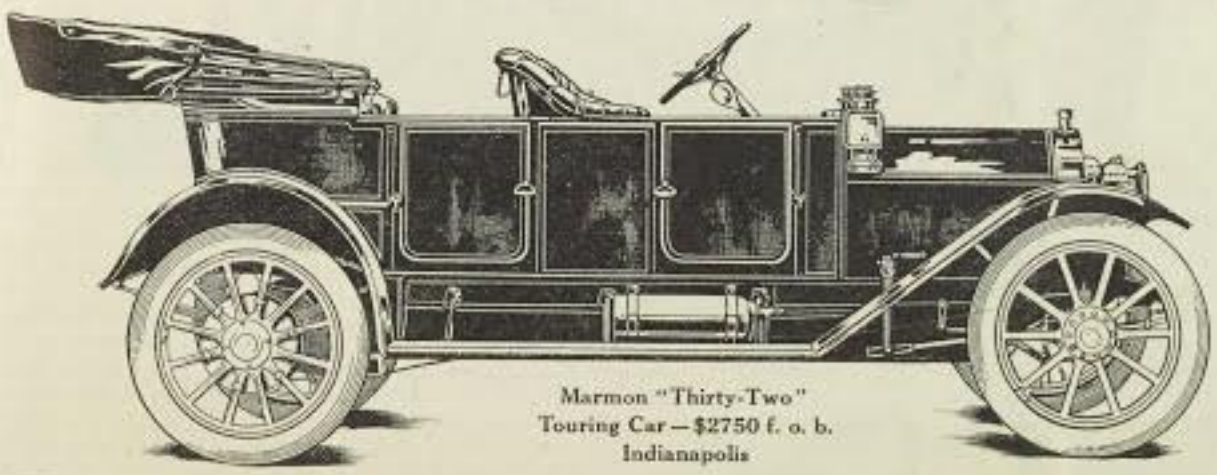
The Severest Test of All

Automobile racing, clean and attractive sport though it be, has a higher purpose than mere sport. No other test will search out a weakness of construction, a flaw of material or a mistake of design so surely, so quickly as the terrific strain of top speed. Racing, more than any other factor, has brought about the marvelous mechanical perfection of the motor car within a decade.

The car that will endure the tremendous strain of speed above 70 miles per hour, not merely for a few miles but for hundreds of miles, *must* be *good*—and a dozen cars proved good enough to finish in this great race. All honor to their makers! Even had the Marmon lost, instead of winning, this institution would still have been proud to be classed in such company.

What It Proves

Most of the Marmon's victories in long races have been won without a stop from any cause. Nearly all of them have been won by regular four-cylinder motor stock chasses. The Marmon "Wasp" winning this great International Sweepstakes race and also the Wheeler-Schebler Trophy Race was a six cylinder car of only 48 H. P. The chassis, with very slight alterations, and the motor, aside from the crankshaft and crankcase, were made up of the regular Marmon production of parts. Therefore, its performance, in conjunction with the numerous victories of the Marmon stock chassis in long races, affords most convincing proof of the thorough correctness of Marmon design, the superiority of Marmon materials and the uniform excellence of Marmon construction throughout.



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How I Learned to Run a Motor Boat

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING



"You Go to Thunder!" Said I. "She May Start Again"

ONE June evening, a few years ago, when I was sitting on my porch with peace in my soul and nothing to do in the golden future but work and rest and ride the whirling earth contentedly on into old age, a friend of mine, Doc Wright by name, came around and persuaded me to buy a half-interest in the motor boat "Imp."

Doc Wright, by the way, is absurdly named. He is a human compendium of misinformation on everything worth talking about. He has never been anything but wrong on everything we have discussed. This has been our only disagreement in an otherwise perfect friendship. I like Doc through and through. I like him so well that I would lend him money and dodge him if I felt that he couldn't afford to pay it back. We agree perfectly on everything but the simple fact that he is never right on anything. When it comes to this he is as stubborn as a mule. He won't admit it. We have argued it for hours. Time and again I have pointed out to him the utter pifflishness of his political views, his taste in art, his opinions on short stories and his theories on putting. But you can't tell a chap of this sort anything that will stick. All the thanks I have ever got from him have been in the shape of gratuitous insults regarding my own opinions. I never saw such a man.

When Wright asked me to go in with him and buy a motor boat which the owner was willing to part with for three hundred dollars, including tools, good-will and all the language necessary to run her, I laughed in his face.

"You'd make a fine motor-boat skipper," I said to him. "Nature designed you intellectually to chauffeur a vacuum cleaner. If you ever got into a motor boat you'd get confused and drown yourself in gasoline."

Just as usual, Doc couldn't take a friendly suggestion. He flared up in a minute. "That's a nice thing to take from you," he snorted. "I want you to know that when I want any information about motor boats I'll not come to you. I'll go to my little boy. He's never seen one, but he's a better authority than you. Why, man, kitchen pumps are beyond your mechanical horizon. What I want you to do is to pay half the cost of this boat and watch me run it. If you show aptitude I'll let you hold the steering wheel sometimes. But I doubt if you'll ever be equal to the job."

"Thanks," I said grimly. "I'll run that boat myself. I happen to know something like forty times as much about motor boats as you do. You give me a good easy boat with a two-phase rudder and I'll get as much speed out of her as the next fellow."

I could see that that impressed him, but he wouldn't admit it. "Rats!" he snorted. "You'd starve to death in a motor boat fifty feet from shore. If any one gave you a cross-compound spark plug you'd try to shave with it. I tell you I'll run the boat. Boats are a bore to me, but I want to get out in the air more. And I want you to get out too. Mooning around the library as you do, trying to look up all the words I stick you on from day to day is making you hump-shouldered."

We had a good deal of conversation along this line and, though I had never been near enough to a motor boat to hit it with a brick, I flattered myself that I bluffed him pretty well off his feet. That's a sad thing about Doc. When he does know something you can persuade him in half an hour that he doesn't. I was so well pleased with myself after he had shut up that I gave him a check for one hundred and fifty dollars and told him to go and buy the boat—which he did the next day.

During the following week I also gave my checks for various amounts for a gallon of paint and a bushel of fittings; for new batteries and a caulking bill; for hauling the boat down to the water and tying her up to a stout float; for polishing her brass, and putting new engines in, and replacing the hull, and enlarging the lake on the east side, and varnishing the fifth congressional district and soaking Pike's Peak in gasoline. I had worn out one checkbook and had started on another when Saturday a terrible thing happened. The docktender, who was doing the spending for us, was seized with emotional insanity. It was a sad case. They told me afterward that he was determined to break all his previous records for stuffing repairs into a boat, but that just as success was in his grasp his mind gave way under the strain and he declared that she didn't need a single thing for years to come. Then, of course, they knew he was crazy and took him away.

This threw a gloom over the whole affair; and, as there was no use of waiting for any more repairs, we decided to run the boat. I didn't know any more about motor boats than I did about Sanskrit, but I thought I could let Wright start the thing and I could pick up the necessary points while criticising him. We got away early on Saturday afternoon and went down to the dock to take the Imp out and run her up the lake about twenty miles for a duck supper.

I had never seen the Imp up to this time and I must confess I was a little disappointed. From the repairs we had put into her I had got the idea that she had been an ocean liner cut down a little to fit the river. But she wasn't at all. She was a sharp-nosed little affair about twenty-five feet long, with a sort of roof over the engine and an automobile steering wheel with seats for two behind it. She didn't look big enough by about three hundred tons to me, but I never express any doubts to Wright. It doesn't pay. He sits on them and hatches them into panics. We found the Imp lying alongside the dock, and while Wright was casting off the ropes I sat down and took the wheel in my hands.

"Where's the brake?" I asked of the dockkeeper's assistant, who was standing on the dock with a hand of crêpe on his arm.

"The brake?" he repeated.

"Yes, the brake," I said. "You don't suppose I want to run this boat full tilt all over the lake in a crowd without a brake, do you?"

"You don't need a brake," he said after some time. "You need a nurse."

I got up to step ashore and kill him, when I noticed that we had left the dock. Wright had untied the boat and was now crawling toward the engine over the deck ahead. I grasped the wheel, pulled my cap down over my eyes to get ready for the rush of wind, and called to Wright to crank her.

"All right," said Wright in a sort of moody voice, "as soon as I find the crank."

He squeezed his way past the engine into the cubby-hole in which it was located and pawed about in a manner that was exasperating to me. When I issue an order on board ship I want it to be carried out, and right away at that. I made a lot of trouble on a Mississippi River steamboat once because an order of mine was neglected. I wanted a cup of coffee. When the waiter forgot it I carried the case clear to the captain. I'm a stern man in many ways, and it's dangerous to cross me.

I sat with that wheel in my hands while we tossed gently in the ripples and Wright looked in the tool box, the oil can, the lantern and in other unlikely places for that crank. I stood it for about three minutes. Then I unlimbered.

"You misplaced deckhand," said I kindly, "will you please start that engine? Or perhaps you didn't know it was an engine. Perhaps it isn't. You'd be just the man to have a cream separator palmed off on you for an engine. If you think you're going to find that crank in your vest pocket I can tell you now you're mistaken. A crank is a long crooked thing that you use to turn an engine over. An engine is a thingumajig that runs the boat. A boat is something that floats on the water like a duck. If you

think you can make a boat go by messing around the oil cans and wiping your hands on your pocket handkerchief, you've got another think coming."

"Shut up," said Wright, with what seemed to me to be very little spirit. "I never ran a boat with a poll parrot in it yet and I don't want to now. If you have to talk, go and talk in the gasoline tank. That will be cheaper than buying gas."

"Are you going to start this engine?" I asked politely.

"How do I know?" said Wright. "If a sneak thief wants to come along and steal this crank, how am I going to help it? There's no crank here. Did you do anything with it?"

"There was a thing that looked like the handle of an ice-cream freezer here on the seat when I got in," I said; "I threw it out on the dock. It was taking up room that I needed to sit on."

Wright crawled out and waved his arms in the air until I counted as many as half a dozen of them at a time. "Of all the triple-expansion prehistoric lunatics in captivity you are the prize," he shrieked. "That was the crank. I remember now, I put it there myself. Why didn't you throw yourself out and leave the crank in the boat? That crank has more sense than you'll ever have."

This irritated me, and besides I didn't believe it was the crank. I know a crank when I see it. It is a pendulous affair that hangs from the lower lip of an automobile. It is carnivorous and hits beginners on the head when they trifle with it, but it doesn't roam around hunting for them. At any rate, I wasn't going to take anything from Doc Wright. So I braced right up and fired back at him.

"I suppose you aren't man enough to start it without a crank," I said sarcastically. "Some skippers have to have a crank and a lever and a team of horses and a legal adviser to start a motor boat. Others use a pinch of brains. Can you spare any?"

Wright stood up and looked at me with perfectly annihilating scorn. "Some people don't know the difference between a bi-cycle and a tri-cycle engine," he hissed. "But that doesn't prevent them from giving advice. Have you any more ignorance to display?"

I considered a minute. I can almost always tell when Wright is bluffing, but I didn't want to go wrong this time. Finally I decided to call him. "Well," said I, "this is the first bi-cycle engine I ever saw with the flywheel in front. But then, perhaps they make them different at your house."

"'Tain't a bi-cycle engine, it's a tri-cycle engine," said Wright viciously.

"Then," said I triumphantly, "why has it got two cylinders? Bi, my boy, is Sanskrit for two—*zwei*, you know." I held up two fingers.

It was a glorious victory. Wright wiped off his hand again in silence. "If you know so much about engines, come and start this one," he said. "Some people could run a gasoline engine a thousand miles an hour if their tongues could stand the strain. If you don't need a crank come and start this one with your fountain-pen."

"Certainly," said I, feeling just as confident as a man who has been billed to swim up Niagara Falls. "It gives me pleasure to accommodate you. I thought that after a while you'd get tired of exposing your ignorance and would turn the job over to a man who knows a gasoline engine from a gasoline stove. You just come right back here and sit down. And don't touch the steering wheel either. A good many lives are lost because children and women and things like you get to fooling with steering wheels."

Wright glared at me in a way that was warming to my soul. I didn't have the slightest idea how to start the fool thing, but now that I had him on the run I proposed to keep him there as long as possible. After I had worked a while I could sprain a wrist or something and then he could start it.

Anyway I had bluffed out a man familiar with machinery and had made him go back to the stern and hold on with both hands, and I felt as proud as a brand-new Democratic congressman. I squeezed in past the engine and cleared things around in a businesslike manner. Did you ever see the engine of a motor boat at rest when you didn't know how to start it? It is the coldest, deadest, most dishearteningly indifferent piece of machinery that was ever invented. This one had two cylinders, with a hedge of wires, pipes, hose, springs, nuts, elbows, oilcups and other débris around it. It stood in a small lake of grease. Half a wagonload of tools, fittings and rope were piled around where you couldn't help falling over them. I would just as soon have tried to start a pyramid. But the worst of it was that I was afraid, if I fooled around it too much, I might start it. What to do with it after it once started was a paralyzing puzzle to me. I cleared the junk away while Wright sat in the stern and sulked. "It's lucky you didn't start this thing," I called out, just to keep him under my feet. "You've piled tools all over it. Some people like to have a flywheel throw wrenches and things through their legs, but I've got a prejudice against it."

"Aw, shut up and start it!" said Wright in his most satisfactory tones. There was an oil can handy, and I squirted some oil wherever I thought it would do the most good. I unscrewed everything that would unscrew and then screwed everything up again very carefully. I twiddled a couple of levers and went back to the steering wheel and set the levers I found there exactly on the spot. What spot it was I didn't have the slightest idea. I could see, however, that Wright was immensely impressed. Up to a certain point I believe I could handle even a locomotive in an expert-appearing manner. But I wouldn't tackle it unless the engine was chained to the track.

After I had adjusted the steering wheel and looked over the side of the boat, and had coiled up the ropes and looked in the gasoline tank I run out of things to do and began unscrewing the bolts again. Presently I found Wright glaring at me.

"Some people use an engine to run a boat and some people use it to practice on with a monkey-wrench," he said sarcastically. "After you've screwed all those screws up once more you might take the flag off and nail it on again. We're in no hurry. We're making pretty good progress anyway."



Go Home Backward We Did

I looked at the shore. We had drifted down a quarter of a mile. A skiff with a one-lunged engine in it was bearing down on us. "Want a tow?" the owner asked.

"No," I answered, "we're just resting."

The navigator looked at me curiously and went on. I turned to Wright. "Now, if you will get out of the way," I said, "I'll start this boat. Some potato raisers would start an engine without going over the bolts, but no one who has ever seen a piece of machinery except in the back of a dictionary would think of doing it."



"At the Rate You're Moving Us," Said Doc, "I Figure That We'll Get to Shore Just in Time to Vote Next November"

"Slush," said Wright. "Go ahead and start it. We'll drift out of this state if you don't stop talking and get busy."

I had a wild idea that maybe I could turn the flywheel over by hand fast enough to start the engine. I rolled up my sleeves, wiggled everything movable in a businesslike manner and gave a mighty heave at the wheel. It moved over about six inches. I gave another and got it halfway over. I braced myself sideways, took hold of it with both hands and put all the vim of my vigorous young nature into a titanic pull. There was a snapping, ripping sound. For a minute my heart stood still for fear the thing had started. But no. It was only two suspender buttons. I got up to repair the damages.

"Some people try to start a motor boat as if they were moving a piano," said Wright meditatively. "You better wait until I screw that engine down tighter. You'll yank it clean out, first thing you know."

I didn't say much. My inning was about over. I went back to the steering wheel, turned the levers over the other way and gave one of them a quick jerk. Nothing happened. The entire universe remained absolutely quiescent.

"Try winding your watch," said Wright.

"Who's running this boat?" I barked back.

"Nobody," said Wright. "But an eminent young safety-razor artist is making an awful ass of himself trying to."

I found a piece of waste, swabbed myself off and crawled out, laved in perspiration. "Well, I give up," I said to him. "Go ahead and start her. I won't bother you any more."

"Me?" said Wright. "I can't start her."

"You can't!" I said scornfully. "Why not? Don't you know enough about motor boats to start an engine?"

"I never was in a motor boat in my life," said Wright calmly.

I looked at him for about half a minute. "Oh, well," I said, getting up and looking longingly at the shore, "you haven't any the better of me. This is the first time I've ever been in one."

"The deuce you say!" said Wright. "Why, I thought you ——"

"And I was fool enough to believe you," I broke in bitterly.

"Can you row, you landlubber?" said Doc after a long pause.

"I did once in the park," I said, "but I'm no steam engine."

"Besides," said Wright, looking hastily around, "there don't seem to be any oars in the boat."

I stood up and looked around the horizon. We had drifted around the bend below the town and were far out on the broad bosom of the river, peacefully headed for the Gulf of Mexico.

. . . . . .

"This is what comes of associating with a man who never learned to drive anything but a baby buggy," said Wright finally with some emphasis.

"Sure," said I; "this is also what comes of buying a boat on the recommendation of a man who puts on a life preserver when he gets into a bathtub."

(Continued on Page 24)

THE WRONG HAND

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

ABNER never would have taken me into that house if he could have helped it. He was on a desperate mission and a child was the last company he wished; but he had to do it. It was an evening of early winter—raw and cold. A chilling rain was beginning to fall; night was descending and I could not go on. I had been into the upcountry and had taken this short cut through the hills that lay here against the mountains. I would have been home by now, but a broken shoe had delayed me.

I did not see Abner's horse until I approached the crossroads, but I think he had seen me from a distance. His great chestnut stood in the grassplot between the roads, and Abner sat upon him like a man of stone. He had made his decision when I got to him.

The very aspect of the land was sinister. The house stood on a hill; round its base, through the sodded meadows, the river ran—dark, swift and silent; stretching westward was a forest and for background the great mountains stood into the sky. The house was very old. The high windows were of little panes of glass and on the ancient white door the paint was seamed and cracked with age.

The name of the man who lived here was a byword in the hills. He was a hunchback, who sat his great roan as though he were a spider in the saddle. He had been married more than once; but one wife had gone mad, and my Uncle Abner's drovers had found the other on a summer morning swinging to the limb of a great elm that stood before the door, a bridle-rein knotted around her throat and her bare feet scattering the yellow pollen of the ragweed. That elm was to us a duletree. One could not ride beneath it for the swinging of this ghost.

The estate, undivided, belonged to Gaul and his brother. This brother lived beyond the mountains. He never came until he came that last time. Gaul rendered some accounting and they managed in that way. It was said the brother believed himself defrauded and had come finally to divide the lands; but this was gossip. Gaul said his brother came upon a visit and out of love for him.

One did not know where the truth lay between these stories. Why he came we could not be certain; but why he remained was beyond a doubt.

One morning Gaul came to my Uncle Abner, clinging to the pommel of his saddle while his great horse galloped, to say that he had found his brother dead, and asking Abner to go with some others and look upon the man before one touched his body—and then to get him buried.

The hunchback sniveled and cried out that his nerves were gone with grief and the terror of finding his brother's throat cut open and the blood upon him as he lay ghastly in his bed. He did not know a detail. He had looked in at the door—and fled. His brother had not got up and he had gone to call him. Why his brother had done this thing he could not imagine—he was in perfect health and he slept beneath his roof in love. The hunchback had blinked his red-lidded eyes and twisted his big, hairy hands, and presented the aspect of grief. It looked grotesque and loathsome; but—how else could a toad look in his extremity?

Abner had gone with my father and Elnathan Stone. They had found the man as Gaul said—the razor by his hand and the marks of his fingers and his struggle on him and about the bed. And the country had gone to see him buried. The hills had been afire with talk, but Abner and my father and Elnathan Stone were silent. They came silent from Gaul's house; they stood silent before the body when it was laid out for burial; and, bareheaded, they were silent when the earth received it.

A little later, however, when Gaul brought forth a will, leaving the brother's share of the estate to the hunchback, with certain loving words, and a mean allowance to the man's children, the three had met together and Abner had walked about all night.

. . . . . .

As we turned in toward the house Abner asked me if I had got my supper. I told him "Yes"; and at the ford he stopped and sat a moment in the saddle.

"Martin," he said, "get down and drink. It is God's river and the water clean in it."

Then he extended his great arm toward the shadowy house.

"We shall go in," he said; "but we shall not eat nor drink there, for we do not come in peace."

I do not know much about that house, for I saw only one room in it; that was empty, cluttered with dust and rubbish, and preëmpted by the spider. Long double windows of little panes of glass looked out over the dark, silent river slipping past without a sound, and the rain driving



"Martin, Get Down and Drink. It is God's River and the Water Clean in It"

into the forest and the loom of the mountains. There was a fire—the trunk of an apple tree burning, with one end in the fireplace. There were some old chairs with black hair-cloth seats, and a sofa—all very old. These the hunchback did not sit on, for the dust appeared when they were touched. He had a chair beside the hearth, and he sat in that—a high-backed chair, made like a settle and padded—the arms padded too; but there the padding was worn out and ragged, where his hands had plucked it.

He wore a blue coat, made with little capes to hide his hump, and he sat tapping the burning tree with his cane. There was a goldpiece set into the head of this black stick. He had it put there, the gossips said, that his fingers might be always on the thing he loved. His gray hair lay along his face and the draft of the chimney moved it.

He wondered why we came, and his eyes declared how the thing disturbed him; they flared up and burned down—now gleaming in his head as he looked us over, and now dull as he considered what he saw.

The man was misshapen and doubled up, but there was strength and vigor in him. He had a great, cavernous mouth, and his voice was a sort of bellow. One has seen an oak tree, dwarfed and stunted into knots, but with the toughness and vigor of a great oak in it. Gaul was a thing like that.

He cried out when he saw Abner. He was taken by surprise; and he wished to know if we came by chance or upon some errand.

"Abner," he said, "come in. It's a devil's night—rain and the driving wind."

"The weather," said Abner, "is in God's hand."

"God!" cried Gaul. "I would shoestrap* such a God! The autumn is not half over and here is winter come, and no pasture left and the cattle to be fed."

Then he saw me, with my scared white face—and he was certain that we came by chance. He craned his thick neck and looked.

"Bub," he said, "come in and warm your fingers. I will not hurt you. I did not twist my body up like this to frighten children—it was Abner's God."

We entered and sat down by the fire. The apple tree blazed and crackled; the wind outside increased; the rain turned to a kind of sleet that rattled on the window-glass

*Referring to the custom of flogging a slave with a shoemaker's strap.

like shot. The room was lighted by two candles in tall brass candlesticks. They stood at each end of the mantelpiece, smeared with tallow. The wind whooped and spat into the chimney; and now and then a puff of wood-smoke blew out and mounted up along the blackened fireboard.

Abner and the hunchback talked of the price of cattle, of the "blackleg" among yearlings—that fatal disease that we had so much trouble with—and of the "lump-jaw."

Gaul said that if calves were kept in small lots and not all together the "blackleg" was not so apt to strike them; and he thought the "lump-jaw" was a germ. Fatten the bullock with green corn and put it in a car, he said, when the lump begins to come. The Dutch would eat it—and what poison could hurt the Dutch! But Abner said the creature should be shot.

"And lose the purchase money and a summer's grazing?" cried Gaul. "Not I! I ship the beast."

"Then," said Abner, "the inspector in the market ought to have it shot and you fined to boot."

"The inspector in the market!" And Gaul laughed. "Why, I slip him a greenback—thus!"—and he set his thumb against his palm. "And he is glad to see me. 'Gaul, bring in all you can,' said one; 'it means a little something to us both.'" And the hunchback's laugh chucked and chuckled in his throat.

And they talked of renters, and men to harvest the hay and feed the cattle in the winter. And on this topic Gaul did not laugh; he cursed. Labor was a lost art and the breed of men run out. This new set were worthless—they had hours—and his oaths filled all the rafters. Hours! Why, under his father men worked from dawn until dark and cleaned their horses by a lantern. . . . These were decadent times that we were come on. In the good days one bought a man for two hundred eagles; but now the creature was a citizen and voted at the polls—and could not be kicked. And if one took his cane and drubbed him he was straightway sued at law, in an action of trespass on the case, for damages. . . . . Men had gone mad with these newfangled notions, and the earth was likely to grow up with weeds!

Abner said there was a certain truth in this—and that truth was that men were idler than their fathers. Certain preachers preached that labor was a curse and backed it up with Scripture; but he had read the Scriptures for himself and the curse was idleness. Labor and God's Book would save the world; they were two wings that a man could get his soul to Heaven on.

"They can all go to hell, for me," said Gaul, "and so I have my day's work first."

And he tapped the tree with his great stick and cried out that his workhands robbed him. He had to sit his horse and watch or they hung their scythes up; and he must put sulphur in his cattle's meal or they stole it from him; and they milked his cows to feed their scurvy babies. He would have their hides off if it were not for these tender laws.

Abner said that, while one saw to his day's work done, he must see to something more; that a man was his brother's keeper in spite of Cain's denial—and he must keep him; that the elder had his right to the day's work, but the younger had also his right to the benefits of his brother's guardianship. The fiduciary had One to settle with. It would go hard if he should shirk the trust.

"I do not recognize your trust," said Gaul. "I live here for myself."

"For yourself!" cried Abner. "And would you know what God thinks of you?"

"And would you know what I think of God?" cried Gaul.

"What do you think of Him?" said Abner.

"I think He's a scarecrow," said Gaul. "And I think, Abner, that I am a wiser bird than you are. I have not sat cawing in a tree, afraid of this thing. I have seen its wooden spine under its patched jacket, and the crosspiece peeping from the sleeves, and its dangling legs. And I have gone down into its field and taken what I liked in spite of its flapping coattails. . . . Why, Abner, this thing your God depends on is a thing called fear; and I do not have it."

Abner looked at him hard, but he did not answer. He turned, instead, to me.

"Martin," he said, "you must go to sleep, lad." And he wrapped me in his greatcoat and put me to bed on the sofa—behind him in the corner. I was snug and warm there and I could have slept like Saul, but I was curious to know what Abner came for and I peeped out through a buttonhole of the greatcoat.

Abner sat for a long time, his elbows on his knees, his hands together and his eyes looking into the fire. The hunchback watched him, his big, hairy hands moving on

the padded arms of his chair and his sharp eyes twinkling like specks of glass. Finally Abner spoke—I judged he believed me now asleep.

"And so, Gaul," he said, "you think God is a scarecrow?"

"I do," said Gaul.

"And you have taken what you liked?"

"I have," said Gaul.

"Well," said Abner, "I have come to ask you to return what you have taken—and something besides, for usury."

He got a folded paper out of his pocket and handed it across the hearth to Gaul.

The hunchback took it, leaned back in his chair, unfolded it at his leisure and at his leisure read it through.

"A deed in fee," he said, "for all these lands . . . to my brother's children. The legal terms are right: 'Doth grant, with covenants of general warranty' . . . It is well drawn, Abner; but I am not pleased to 'grant.'"

"Gaul," said Abner, "there are certain reasons that may move you."

The hunchback smiled.

"They must be very excellent to move a man to alienate his lands."

"Excellent they are," said Abner. "I shall mention the best one first."

"Do," said Gaul, and his grotesque face was merry.

"It is this," said Abner: "You have no heirs. Your brother's son is now a man; he should marry a wife and rear up children to possess these lands. And, as he is thus called upon to do what you cannot do, Gaul, he should have the things you have, to use."

"That's a very pretty reason, Abner," said the hunchback, "and it does you honor; but I know a better."

"What is it, Gaul?" said Abner.

The hunchback grinned. "Let us say, my pleasure!"

Then he struck his bootleg with his great black stick.

"And now," he cried, "who's back of this tomfoolery?"

"I am," said Abner.

The hunchback's heavy brows shot down. He was not disturbed, but he knew that Abner moved on no fool's errand.

"Abner," he said, "you have some reason for this thing. What is it?"

"I have several reasons for it," replied Abner, "and I gave you the best one first."

"Then the rest are not worth the words to say them in," cried Gaul.

"You are mistaken there," replied Abner; "I said that I would give you the best reason, not the strongest. . . . Think of the reason I have given. We do not have our possessions in fee in this world, Gaul, but upon lease and for a certain term of service. And when we make default in that service the lease abates and a new man can take the title."

Gaul did not understand and he was wary.

"I carry out my brother's will," he said.

"But the dead," replied Abner, "cannot retain dominion over things. There can be no tenure beyond a life estate. These lands and chattels are for the uses of men as they arrive. The needs of the living overrule the devises of the dead."

Gaul was watching Abner closely. He knew that this was some digression, but he met it with equanimity. He put his big, hairy fingers together and spoke with a judicial air.

"Your argument," he said, "is without a leg to stand on. It is the dead who govern. Look you, man, how they work their will upon us! Who have made the laws? The dead! Who have made the customs that we obey and that form and shape our lives? The dead! And the titles to our lands—have not the dead devised them? . . . If a surveyor runs a line he begins at some corner that the dead set up; and if one goes to law upon a question the judge looks backward through his books until he finds out how the dead have settled it—and he follows that. And all the writers, when they would give weight and authority to their opinions, quote the dead; and the orators and all those who preach and lecture—are not their mouths filled with words that the dead have spoken? Why, man, our lives follow grooves that the dead have run out with their thumbnails!"

He got on his feet and looked at Abner.

"What my brother has written in his will I will obey," he said. "Have you seen that paper, Abner?"

"I have not," said Abner, "but I have read the copy in the county clerk's book. It bequeathed these lands to you."

The hunchback went over to an old secretary standing against the wall. He pulled it open, got out the will and a pack of letters and brought them to the fire. He laid the letters on the table beside Abner's deed and held out the will.

Abner took the testament and read it.

"Do you know my brother's writing?" said Gaul.

"I do," said Abner.

"Then you know he wrote that will."

"He did," said Abner. "It is in Enoch's hand." Then he added: "But the date is a month before your brother came here."

"Yes," said Gaul; "it was not written in this house. My brother sent it to me. See—here is the envelope that it came in, postmarked on that date."

Abner took the envelope and compared the date.

"It is the very day," he said, "and the address is in Enoch's hand."

"It is," said Gaul; "when my brother had set his signature to this will he addressed that cover. He told me of it." The hunchback sucked in his cheeks and drew down his eyelids. "Ah, yes," he said, "my brother loved me!"

"He must have loved you greatly," replied Abner, "to thus disinherit his own flesh and blood."

"And am not I of his own flesh and blood too?" cried the hunchback. "The strain of blood in my brother runs pure in me; in these children it is diluted. Shall not one love his own blood first?"

"Love!" echoed Abner. "You speak the word, Gaul—but do you understand it?"

"I do," said Gaul; "for it bound my brother to me."

"And did it bind you to him?" said Abner.

I could see the hunchback's great white eyelids drooping and his lengthened face.

"We were like David and Jonathan," he said. "I would have given my right arm for Enoch and he would have died for me."

"He did!" said Abner.

I saw the hunchback start, and, to conceal the gesture, he stooped and thrust the trunk of the apple tree a little farther into the fireplace. A cloud of sparks sprang up. A gust of wind caught the loose sash in the casement behind us and shook it as one, barred out and angry, shakes a door. When the hunchback rose Abner had gone on.

"If you loved your brother like that," he said, "you will do him this service—you will sign this deed."

"But, Abner," replied Gaul, "such was not my brother's will. By the law, these children will inherit at my death. Can they not wait?"

"Did you wait?" said Abner.

The hunchback flung up his head.

"Abner," he cried, "what do you mean by that?" And he searched my uncle's face for some indicatory sign; but there was no sign there—the face was stern and quiet.

"I mean," said Abner, "that one ought not to have an interest in another's death."

"Why not?" said Gaul.

"Because," replied Abner, "one may be tempted to step in before the providence of God and do its work for it."

Gaul turned the innuendo with a cunning twist.

"You mean," he said, "that these children may come to seek my death?"

I was astonished at Abner's answer.

"Yes," he said; "that is what I mean."

"Man," cried the hunchback, "you make me laugh!"

"Laugh as you like," replied Abner; "but I am sure that these children will not look at this thing as we have looked at it."

"As who have looked at it?" said Gaul.

"As my brother Rufus and Elnathan Stone and I," said Abner.

"And so," said the hunchback, "you gentlemen have considered how to save my life. I am much obliged to you." He made a grotesque, mocking bow. "And how have you meant to save it?"

"By the signing of that deed," said Abner.

"I thank you!" cried the hunchback. "But I am not pleased to save my life that way."

I thought Abner would give some biting answer; but, instead, he spoke slowly and with a certain hesitation.

"There is no other way," he said. "We have believed that the stigma of your death and the odium on the name and all the scandal would in the end wrong these children more than the loss of this estate during the term of your natural life; but it is clear to me that they will not so regard it. And we are bound to lay it before them if you do not sign this deed. It is not for my brother Rufus and Elnathan Stone and me to decide this question."

"To decide what question?" said Gaul.

"Whether you are to live or die!" said Abner.

The hunchback's face grew stern and resolute. He sat down in his chair, put his stick between his knees and looked my uncle in the eyes.

"Abner," he said, "you are talking in some riddle. . . . Say the thing out plain. Do you think I forged that will?"

"I do not," said Abner.

"Nor could any man!" cried the hunchback. "It is in my brother's hand—every word of it; and, besides, there is neither ink nor paper in this house. I figure on a slate; and when I have a thing to say I go and tell it."

"And yet," said Abner, "the day before your brother's death you bought some sheets of foolscap of the postmaster."

"I did," said Gaul—"and for my brother. Enoch wished to make some calculations with his pencil. I have the paper with his figures on it."

He went to his desk and brought back some sheets.

"And yet," said Abner, "this will is written on a page of foolscap."

"And why not?" said Gaul. "Is it not sold in every store to Mexico?"

It was the truth—and Abner drummed on the table.

"And now," said Gaul, "we have laid one suspicion by looking it squarely in the face; let us lay the other. What did you find about my brother's death to moon over?"

"Why," said Abner, "should he take his own life in this house?"

(Concluded on Page 40)



"The Hand That Wrote This Will Shook. See How the Letters Wave and Jerk!"

THE BILLYAD

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



Book I

JUPITER BEHOLDETH SIGNS OF TROUBLE AND DROPPETH A FLEA INTO THE TAFTONIAN EAR

'Twas Mount Olympus. On a ridge
Of clouds sate Jove and puffed cigars
What time he played at auction bridge
With Venus, Mercury and Mars,
Till, glancing down on Washington,
He saw outstretched on Nature's face
A sight which gave him such a stun
He nearly trumped his partner's ace.

For, bouncing in from many a state,
He saw a thousand warriors fly,
Each labeled "I'm a Candidate."
Ambition blinded many an eye
As many a campaign sloganette
They shouted in perfervid joy—
E'en so the Argive hosts beset
The topless towers of ancient Troy.

"Apollo!" thundered Jove, sore het,
"Who now attempts Our Bill to shelve?
For nigh four years he's been our pet
And must again in Nineteen Twelve.
Go, Phoebus of the shining crest,
Descend at once to Washington,
Poke William in his globelike vest
And bid him get a wiggle on.

"For if some vile Insurgent wight
Should gain the Presidential chair,
Or if some Democratic blight
Should settle on the White House fair,
We gods, who cannot bribe the Fates,
Must pack our lugs and hustle hence;
And Heaven must close its golden gates
For lack of business confidence."

Apollo heard A slight disguise
He donned, of U. S. Army plan,
In which the world might recognize
A Certain Military Man.
Time's loud alarm clock next he took,
And this at 1912 he set;
And being thus equipped, he snook
Earthward to warn Jove's Special Pet.

TAFTONIS HEARETH THE FATAL NUMERALS AND AWAKENETH TO THE BIG SIEGE

"Awake, Taftonis! Broadening Bill, arise!
O'er thy White Home the orb of day 'gins rise—



Our Hero Heard the Sound That All Men Dread—
Tedysses Rumbling From the Outlook Desk



"Who are the Chiefs of This Madero Horde,
These Almost-Near-Prospective-Candidates?"

The Dove of Peace is cackling in her nest
And picking buckshot from her snowy breast.
Why dost thou lie in Dreamland's idle clutch,
Dreaming of batting averages and such,
Or Gridiron dinners, where the comic crew
Come stuffed with pillows, imitating You?"
So spake Apollo, poising on the floor
Nigh to the couch where the Taftonian snore
Mimicked old Ocean with its rumble deep.
"Gee!" said the god, "how these fat heroes sleep!
While gaunt Insurgents rise at morning's dew
Bill pounds his ear—and gains a pound or two."
The god of day no doubt had further said,
But broad Taftonis raised his kingly head
And to Apollo spake, with eyes half shut:
"Well, what's the row this morning, Archie Butt?"
The Heavenly Archer, militant as starch,
Was hard, indeed, to tell from Heavenly Arch,
And so replied: "Thy foes their arts employ
To storm the gates of Washingtonian Troy.
Full many a Seeker for thy Job has riz,
Intending for to put thee out of biz:
Full many feet yearn in thy shoes to delve
And nail thy throne for Nineteen Hundred Twelve."

E'en as a wounded hippo spurns the sod,
Punctured from ambush by stern Teddy's wad,
So leaped Taftonis in majestic pride,
Tall as a god—and several times as wide—
Seized his bright opera glasses and looked down
Upon the heroes who besieged the town.
From every stone a champion seemed to jump;
Thundering loud defis from every stump;
They flocked from Texas and they soared from Maine
By motor car, by mule, by aeroplane,
Aiming their fusils at the Tariff's height,
With slugs of oratoric dynamite.
And when our Hero full an hour had gazed,
His mustache drawn with pain, his features glazed,
To Archibald Apollo spake the lord:
"Who are the chiefs of this Madero horde,
These almost-near-prospective-Candidates,
Who hammer at my well-protected gates?"
Apollo from his belt, with nimble wrist,
Pulled forth a lengthy alphabetic list.

TAFTONIS SURVEYETH THE NEAR-CANDIDATES WHILE APOLLO-BUTT TELLETH OF THEIR DEEDS OF ARMS AND LEGS

"Oh, who's that sawed-off feller with the rising pompadour?"
"Why, that's Wisconsin Bobbie," answered Archie, with a sigh.
"He's a homeopathic Dreadnought, with a record target score.
In the words of Abr'am Lincoln: 'He is little—but, Oh, My!'
He's four feet seven in his socks and half of him is hair;
He can nominate directly or recall or referend.
He protects the farmer's hay, sir, and he's death on Schedule K, sir;
While the faithful thus address him as his bulwarks they defend:

"'Here's to you, Fuzzy Wuzzy, from your home in Madi-san;
You're a chronic darned Insurgent and a first-class fightin' man;
You're the only doggoned fetish that could urge us to declare
For an Independent Ticket—for you've broke the Solid Square.'"

"Say, who's that gawky pedagogue, with glasses on his nose?"
"Why, that's the Wondrous Woodrow," answered Archie.
"Ain't he grand?
Though a Princeton tiger sired him, don't be careless and suppose
That the Jungle-Cat of Tammany laps butter from his hand.
He's a blend of Doctor Syntax, Grover Cleveland, Henry George;
He can scold a Plutocrat in Greek or beat him to a jell,
While the low-browed son of tillage bids him welcome to the village
With a sort of Labor-Union-Democratic-Princeton yell:

"'Woodrow, Woodrow, who is he?
Progress and Princeton with a capital P.
None o' yer flimflams!
Give 'em the jimjams!
Smash the Trusts with yer football slimslams!
Right hand, left hand, one-two-three!
Land another on the G. O. P.'"

"Gosh! Who's His Regal Whiskers, riding madly down the course?"
"Why, that's Supreme Court Charley," Archie cried, with trembling voice.
"He's a Standard Oil dissolver and a brother to the horse,
And he's cheered at Saratoga as the Sporting Public's choice.
If he cops the Nomination—and, of course, I think he will—
All the rottenness of Denmark will be dragged from out cold storage;
Wrong will get it in the koko while the angels sit *in loco*
Warbling Hughes' Reformed Selections as they sip celestial porridge:

"'Foe of Senatorial Shylocks,
Saint in heart as well as li-locks,
Who'll comb out Columbia's wry locks?
Charley? Charley?



What Pen Can Limn the Oriental State
Through Which They Passed!

Champion of long endurance,
Payer of enormous pew-rents—
Keep an eye on Life Insurance
When you vote for Charley!'"

So, o'er the plain Taftonis cast his orb,
Beholding the ambitious heroes come,
Bearing the seeking look of Candidates.
Some were Progressives, others favored sons;
Yet some there were who had no good Excuse
Except old P. T. Barnum's favorite maxim:
"It does no harm to get your Name in print."
Harmon, of Cincinnati, safe and sane,
Flourished his sword of well-protected steel,
Bidding his men be wise, but not too wise.
Hearstus, the King of Willies, strode amain,
Bearing a sheaf of fireworks in his pocket,
And now and then he lightly touched one off—
So stood he in the midst of sparks and noise,
All-glorying in his self-created boom.
And see! the champion of all the Champs!
Champing his bit and calling loud for war,
Trying to roar the way that Uncle Joseph
Did in those sad, bad sessions when the Speaker
Was something more than Servant in the House.
And in the distance, scowling o'er the host
While flourishing a tarnished cross of gold,
Stood Bill of Lincoln, with an air detached.
"Ye gods!" he murmured. "Can it truly be
That I, the Tireless Orator, must quit?
Oh! hath Perpetual Motion quite run down?
Ain't there some way to wind the darned thing up,
So I and It can make a farewell run?"

These things Taftonis saw. And o'er his chest
He girt nine ells of armor roundabout;
While distant, rumbling like a sportive bull
Taking high hurdles through a china shop,
Our Hero heard the sound that all men dread—
Tedysses rumbling from the Outlook desk.

TAFTONIS, GIRT FOR BATTLE, FARETH TO SEE THE ADMINISTRATION ORACLE; THE FAITHFUL HILLES SINGETH A SECRETARIAL ODE

"Charley Hilles, faithful Hilles, don thy coat and come with me;
For I'm going to see the Oracle who all things knows, and more.
There is bound to be a battle;
And before the javelins rattle,
Faith, I want to get the inside dope upon the final score."

So the faithful Charley Hilles donned the ceremonial coat,
And he helped his Kingly Master in the chariot of gas;
Then, by many Babylonian
Halls and temples Washingtonian,
Toward the Grotto of the Oracle the gloomy twain did pass.

Past the Temple of the Navy, where the Steel Trust comes to pray;
Past the Temple of the Army, where excitement comes so slow
That the embryo Napoleons,
As they count their sparse simoleons,
Famish for a fight with some one—if it's only Mexico.

Past the Sacred Hall of Whitewash, where the faithful toil by day
Kalsomining smutty sinners from the snow-producing pond;
Where the vocal Joseph Bailey
Holds forensic classes daily,
Now excusing, now abusing, many a jackpot-blackened blond.

Such they passed. At length Taftonis to the faithful Hilles cried:
"Smite thy harp, O Charles! I would a song to speed us on our way."
So the genius secretarial
Plucked a dozen chords funereal
And delivered in a hag-rid voice this executioner's lay:

SONG

"Secretaries come and go—
Hi! Ho! Look at me!
Doubtless I'm the April snow
Or the sand beside the sea.
Permanency is a fable;
Nothing's really very stable.
Carpenter departed snortin'
And was followed by a Norton.
All too rashly Charley vaunted—
Soon appeared the sign, 'Boy Wanted.'
Now another happy face
Smiles in the accustomed place
Where a Loeb or Cortel-you
Gave official How-de-doo?
As for me—
Who can tell?
Though I be
Doing well,
All too soon I may be flittin', like a wet and wounded kitten, with the Pink Slip in my mitten, and my soul profoundly smitten with a fund of thoughts unwritten;
And upon my chest tomorrow
They may hang this tag of sorrow:
'Such is fame;
Quickly spent.
He has came—
He has went.'

(Continued on Page 24)

How the French Do Business

The Ways of Paris—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

IN PARIS it is often difficult for the stranger to find the firm he is looking for. He has the street number, to be sure; but that merely designates the entrance to a large courtyard. The door is big enough for automobiles to go in, and horse cabs, which take away boxes and crates of bonnets and even machinery, by the only quick delivery service that Paris seems to know in this line.

The stranger walks into this court. At one side he sees an ornamental fountain, formerly a pump over the well from which tenants get water. Even now, though connected with the Paris mains, it may be the sole supply for the unpiped flats and offices. Various kinds of work are going on in this courtyard. Knives and scissors are being ground; goods are being packed. New covers are being put on mattresses in sight of owners, so that there may be no trickery with the valuable wool filling—which suggests to the American a market for cotton-fiber mattresses.

There are many doors and alleys, with few signs or nameplates. Through a door the stranger sees an elevator. He walks in. Nobody in sight. But there is a button. He pushes it, thinking the janitor will answer. The empty elevator starts upward all by itself—it is automatic. He sees another button, labeled "*Descente*," and pushes that. But the elevator still rises grimly. He concludes that he had better get out of the place before the thing goes through the roof, and he slinks into the courtyard again, hoping that nobody has seen him. Then, probably, the *concierge* or his wife comes out of a dark lodge and helps him find the firm he wants. Not always, though, for sometimes even the *concierge* is at a loss.

One day the Paris representative of an American locomotive-building concern was asked over the telephone to call for an order. On arriving at the street address given he could find no sign bearing the name as he had caught it on the wire, and the *concierge* did not recognize it. The customer was there, undoubtedly; but that order is still unfilled. It was only for a two-dollar lamp, to be sure. Yet had the lamp been satisfactory it might have led the customer to buy a railroad locomotive.

The Paris business man, when finally located, is found doing business among velvet upholstery, lace curtains and other feminine fittings not known in our business establishments. But he is kindly and accessible, and rather partial to Americans.

More Americans do business in Paris than in either London or Berlin. Many of them are buyers of French goods for export. The artistic and luxurious nature of French products generally leads the Frenchman to worry less about price competition than the Englishman or the German, so that he is not inclined to be resentful when he sees Americans selling in his market.

Then it might be said that the Frenchman and the Yankee understand each other because they are both men of ideas in greater degree than the German or Englishman. The German feels more at home in copying than in originating, outside of scientific research; while the Englishman will usually value a precedent before an idea.

Again, the Frenchman's conservative scheme of business leads him to like American energy and daring. When the Yankee department-store buyer rapidly sorts the Frenchman's samples into three piles, says that those in the first he does not want at all, those in the second he will order, and those in the third pile he wishes to consider again tomorrow, the French brother is full of admiration at his decision. Nowadays it is considered wise to put French lads into business houses managed by Americans in Paris, so that they can catch some of this spirit.

The French scheme of business demands considerable study and experience before the stranger is at home in it. An American is somewhat at a loss for a time in a land where checks are seldom used, and large sums in cash must always be kept in the office safe with, perhaps, ten or twenty thousand dollars in bonds as security for more cash in an emergency.

When goods are sold to the trade, in France, a bill is sent at the end of the month. Instead of the customer paying by check, however, the seller waits until the following month, to give the buyer time to correct any errors, and then draws upon the buyer through his bank.

A very large proportion of the banking business of France is done through a few large financial institutions having branches in every important center. The manufacturer in Paris has sold goods to the merchant in Lyons, for example. He makes out a draft for the amount, sends it to his own bank in Paris, and the bank forwards it to Lyons. There a collector brings the draft to the merchant and it is paid in cash, which is then transferred and credited to the manufacturer in Paris. In many cases, though, the merchant keeps his funds in the local branch of the manufacturer's bank, in which event the merchant merely accepts the draft and the bank transfers the cash. Much of the business of the country is so conducted.

Yet large sums in cash are also passing from hand to hand all the time. Around the first of each month millions of francs are drawn from the banks to pay bills, and are returned in a few days. The landlord and small tradesmen want cash and distrust a check. Checks are little used. The banks make heavier charges for collecting them than they do for drafts, and assume no responsibility for paying the money to the proper person, so that checks do not give the security we associate with them. No identification is asked for, nor can checks be crossed as on the English system. A check will be paid by the bank to whatever person presents it; and French banks keep the canceled checks when paid, so that they do not come back to the depositor as receipts.

Where longer credit is given the buyer of goods, or where the seller needs cash immediately, a bill of exchange is drawn for the amount of the purchase, signed by both parties, indorsed by a third business firm to make it "three-name paper," and then sold to a bank. The seller of the goods pays the discount, which is probably smaller in France than in any other country. French caution is satisfied with a low rate of interest on extremely safe securities. Many people are glad to leave money with the banks on time deposit for as little as one per cent. So the French banks always have vast sums of cheap money with which to buy good commercial paper.

Perhaps the most interesting form of commercial paper in France is the kind that is too small to get into the banks at all. The small merchant in the provinces buys a modest order of goods and wants three months' credit. The wholesale merchant from whom he purchases cannot tie up capital that long. But the goods are sent, and the country merchant makes out a bill of exchange for the amount, which is virtually a promise to pay three months from date. He signs it, the wholesaler signs it, and then a third signature is secured as further assurance—a thing easy to get in a country where everybody is used to doing business in this way. But, instead of taking the bill to the bank, the wholesaler puts it in his cash box and treats it as so much money. These "little bills" are in sums so small that the banks would not discount them—they are often drawn for as little as five dollars. By-and-by the wholesaler, in turn, wants goods from a manufacturer. He purchases, and sends sufficient of these little bills to meet the cost. The wholesaler adds his signature to each bill, thus binding himself in turn to pay the amounts if

the three names on each should prove worthless, and deposits them in his bank, to be collected when the dates fall due. Then the bank sends them to the original makers, who liquidate them in cash. If the maker of a bill cannot take it up, he is declared bankrupt and the wholesaler is responsible. If the latter has become bankrupt, too, the third signer pays. If he were also bankrupt, the manufacturer would pay, and so on. These little bills often pass from hand to hand many times during their three months of existence, gathering a new signature every time they are handed to a new person in payment for goods. When their backs are not large enough for all the signatures more are added on a piece of paper pasted to the margin. Each new signature means just so much security. Before anybody could possibly lose through a little bill bearing half a dozen signatures it must necessarily follow that half the mercantile trade of France had been thrown into bankruptcy by some great catastrophe.

The excellent credit system of French commerce is also behind this bill machinery. Every business concern is kept track of by the banks or merchants, who keep a *dossier*, or portfolio of data, relating to its commercial history. Each time it has refused payment of a bill, even for a technical cause, or done anything in any way reflecting on sound credit, the record goes into its *dossier*, to turn up twenty or thirty years later if wanted. When a business man's standing is such that his bills of exchange will be discounted by one of the big banks he is extremely solicitous about what may go down in the *dossier;* for he knows that in a matter of the slightest irregularity he will hear from the bank, not within a few days or hours, but within a few minutes. So France has been truly described as a country where the sheer goodwill of a business is seldom worth anything when one comes to sell out, and yet at the same time a land where there is the most liberal margin in which to do business on credit.

Long credit goes hand in hand with the French cash payment system to such an extent that too prompt settlement of a bill may cause alarm. An American called in a Paris doctor for one visit. As treatment went no farther than a single prescription, he sent the usual fee by messenger next morning. The doctor was not at home. His wife did not want to accept the money. The messenger left it. Two hours later the doctor hurried in to ask what was wrong. This prompt payment was so irregular that he feared there was some dissatisfaction with his services. If one insists upon paying a bill before the customary time, a second bill will often be sent at the end of the month, as though the amount were still due; for payment out of the regular routine seems to disorganize the French accounting system. Some American corporations doing business in France insist upon using checks to pay their bills, for the sake of having uniform accounts. But it takes months of explanation to bring French business houses to accept such a method.

The general scheme of French finance is amusingly illustrated in the restaurant waiter. The French waiter is a veritable cornerstone of the national life. He has his regular customers, and calls them "clients." They sit in the same places at the same hour every day; and if a stranger takes one of the seats sacred to a client, he is promptly moved down to some obscure corner of the restaurant. The strange customer has so little standing that he is often neglected until he shows that he is going to be a fixture. When its regular clients get old enough to die off, a restaurant often goes out of business.

The waiter knows when the client's digestion is good and when it is bad, and he knows how things are running at home or in the office. He can tell him which dishes are well cooked today and condemn those that are not by a French shrug that says everything. He is the client's friend and confidant, and when funds are low he will extend him credit for a week or a month, paying the bill out of his own pocket each day and accepting a double tip for interest when the client is in funds again.

Because checks are little used the bill collector is another important figure in France. Occasionally one of these men is murdered for the large sum he is carrying around. Such a murderer was recently guillotined at Lille; and when efforts were made to secure a reprieve after his sentence the united bill collectors of the town threatened a demonstration against the authorities.

A Collector Who Collected

AN AMERICAN woman, new to French ways, had an amusing controversy with a bill collector. She had bought garments to the value of a hundred dollars from a large Paris department store, but had sent them back for minor alterations. When they came home again they were brought by the store's bill collector, who stated that there was a charge of some eighty cents for the alterations. The American woman, not accustomed to the French system of petty charges, retained the goods and refused to pay. The collector entreated. She walked away from the door. He followed. She shut herself in the bathroom. He hammered at the door and begged her to pay. He argued that he had no authority to adjust the matter; but that she could submit it to the store. She, however, held the fort like a woman, and finally the collector went to her kitchen, took the largest saucepan there, and bore it triumphantly away as security. It was his business to collect.

French commercial affairs are full of petty detail, chiefly because the laws are very strict. The tradesman must keep strict account of all purchases, sales and extensions of credit. Even the large department stores enter small sales items with an exactness unknown in the United States. Books must be kept without blanks, erasures or marginal additions, and signed once each year by a special commercial judge. When a merchant marries, he must publish his marriage contract, so that those who sell him goods may know just what his wife's interests are and how far her dowry is involved in the business. All letters must be filed and all records preserved for ten years. These precautions protect creditors in case of bankruptcy, but they involve an enormous amount of small detail.

A Chicago company leased offices in Paris. Some alterations were necessary. An architect drew up a plan and a builder estimated that the work could be done for five hundred dollars. He was given the job. When the work was completed he brought in a long bill, the total of which was more than one thousand dollars. Practically every screw was charged for separately. The manager spread it out before the architect.

"Is that the way Frenchmen do business?" he asked hotly. "What sort of deal do you call that—asking one price and charging twice as much?"

"Oh, Monsieur does not comprehend," said the architect. "It is not intended that you pay this bill—no, no! I am to go over it and determine the proper charge."

He did so, cutting down each item. When he had finished the total was just about what the builder had originally estimated, and the latter was thoroughly satisfied. It is said that the work of auditing the minutely detailed bills for some of the public buildings in France often takes years.

The Frenchman loves to bargain. Prices in the shops probably include a percentage that will allow of a reduction if the customer urges it, as most French people do, and in wholesale business and manufacturing bargaining is universal.

An American who has had long experience in Paris, however, says that French people bargain pretty much according to the persons they are dealing with, and that if one chooses to establish an absolutely fixed price, thus cutting out the delays and waste of bargaining, it is easy enough to do so, even in France. When he first began doing business in France the chief difficulty was to persuade the people that he was in earnest—*au sérieux*, as the French phrase it. Americans are regarded there as spendthrifts. Just as the tourist from this country, visiting the allnight cafés of Montmartre, comes home confirmed in the belief that the French people are without industry or morals, so the Frenchman, seeing the Yankee tourist spending his money with a free hand in such resorts, thinks of him as a *barnum*, a slang noun that has become fixed in the French language and is synonymous with our "boomer" or "bluffer."

By scrupulous care to make no promises that he did not fulfill, and by purposely underrating his goods so that they always turned out even better than he had said they would, this American soon got the Frenchman's confidence. But after the latter had bought a lot of goods and found them satisfactory, and wanted some more, he was certain to come back with complaints.

"I am greatly disappointed," he would begin. "Your goods attract, they interest, they persuade the careless. But only for a time. My customers buy—yes. But later they regret. Your goods are showy—clever—very American. But, my friend, they do not last!"

This little line of argument is the French brother's standard attack when he wants a reduction or bonus on his next purchase.

The French way of meeting this attack is heatedly to defend the goods, insist that they are without parallel, and so forth.

The American, however, never took the French line of defense. Instead, he laughed at the objections, admitted that everybody said his goods were made of the cheapest stuff that could be bought, declared that the Frenchman's customers were quite right, wonderfully wise people, that the Frenchman himself was a man of discernment, and the like. After thoroughly chaffing the customer, he added:

"But if you have any of that last lot in your store, and are not satisfied, send the goods back. We will let you select brand-new goods to the same value. If you want your money instead, we'll give you that. If any of your customers complain of our goods, give them their money back and send the stuff here. We'll redeem it. That's where we stand."

Without exception, when met with this unusual counter argument, the French customer would order more stock at the old price, and within a year all the people who did business with that American concern had stopped bargaining. They knew that what was said to one was said to all, and that bargaining was unnecessary.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last in a series of articles on French business methods, by James H. Collins.





Inflated Prices for Old Masters

By AUGUSTUS KOOPMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



The Laughing-Stock and a Wee Bit the Terror of Europe

ASSUME a million people to be the sole survivors of a dying world, with but ten loaves of bread as the only foodstuff left; he who could pay five hundred thousand dollars, five million—or any price—for a loaf would be getting full value; it keeps him alive—and there would be no one to remark: "But why the necessity?"

No painting, however, will ever reach that preciousness; nor could those recently put on the market, or those that in the natural course of events may be put on the market, ever be worth intrinsically the huge prices recently paid. These sums are often inflated, fictitious and out of proportion to the worth of the canvas, offering an opportunity for self-advertisement on the part of the purchaser by associating his name with the announcement of "a fortune for an 'old master.'" And so, when the newspapers announce in sensational headlines the purchase of a newly discovered or obtainable old master, by Mr. Moneybagus Americanus for the trifling sum of from three to five hundred thousand dollars, we are filled with amazement; and we naturally ask the question: Does the "lucky" purchaser get so many dollars' worth of pleasure from this work of art or is it purely a matter of pride in being able to pay such a sum?

Now a production by a great old master is a very fine and precious thing to possess if it be in good condition and at the particular master's best period, and a good example of that period; but few, if any, of the best are put on the market. When you hear a man say, "I wouldn't give ten cents for all the old masters in the world—they made my feet so tired walking through the Louvre!" or, "They are all dark and old things, anyhow; give me something bright and new!" you know at once he would like nothing good even from the modern masters.

The possession of good pictures or sculptures by old masters gives prestige to a collection; and, as *rara aves*, they are devoutly desired.

There are collectors, even in America, who for years have quietly watched their chances, have competed with museums abroad and, without the general public's knowledge, have acquired a worthy collection. There are many like a gentleman from Philadelphia who started a collection years ago, when he knew little of art, somewhat in the spirit of the old lady who remarked to Winslow Homer:

"I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like."

"Madam," replied that painter, "your tastes are shared by all the lower animals."

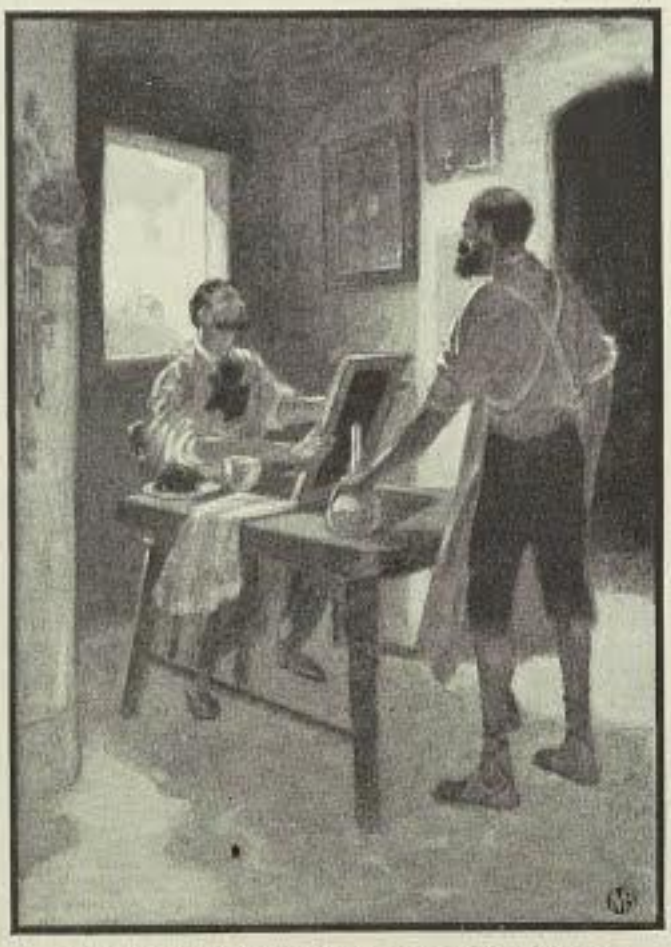
This gentleman now possesses only one picture of his first collection, bought when he was acquiring the A, B, C of art. He sold his first collection—bought another and sold that; and so on until he became a real connoisseur, but the prices of the works he acquired never became public property.

Napoleon was the only man who had the power in the last hundred years to make a really great art collection. With his armies he conquered nations and brought their greatest treasures to France. Most of the great works of the past had for hundreds of years been acquired by the cultured nations of Europe for their public museums, their palaces and churches—with the exception of a few great private collections that were almost impregnable.

Napoleon entered on the scene, conquered and built up the country; but calmly stole—or shall we say "looted"?—the finest pictures and sculpture, and sent them home to France. True, many have been since returned to their rightful owners; but Paris still owns the greatest examples—and "for keeps."

Napoleon's was the only way. How, then, can the American, with his millions, hope to compete with Napoleon and his armies?

We have heard the Spread Eagle's remark: "Oh, we will buy up all the old pictures and stuff in Europe yet!" The Eagle forgets that those nations, with their present national pride, will first have to be conquered.



A Living Painter Shared the Profits of the Discoveries of a Dead One

The dealer can hardly be blamed for this mania of the American millionaire, or for exploiting it when a work of a great master is to be had. The temptation is irresistible. A great price looms up before the seller, for the purse and gullibility of Americans seem to be unlimited especially if the would-be purchaser is a multi-millionaire, if he wants old masters and has confidence in the agent. There are no standards of value in these days of hysteria, and the prices received depend very largely on the spending power of the buyer and the keenness of his desire for the picture.

True, there are picture dealers above all suspicion, honorable men who handle old masters because their patrons demand them, but seem content with modest profits—at times. In a recent sale an American dealer was forced to pay an excessive figure in open competition with foreign dealers and collectors; he sold his purchase in a few days for a small profit; but we wish to disparage only the very greatly inflated prices recently secured—often by methods that smack of the "flimflam."

Here are a few prices obtained in the last two years, which we consider absurdly exaggerated:

	PAID	SUGGESTED VALUE EVEN NOW
Corot's Fisherman	$127,000	$ 35,000
Frans Hals' Old Woman . . .	137,000	40,000
Turner's Pas de Calais . . .	200,000	120,000
Frans Hals' Family Group . .	400,000	150,000
Velasquez' Portrait of D'Alvares	400,000	60,000
Rembrandt's The Mill . . .	475,000	35,000

At least these are the advertised prices procured—and, true or not, the harm done is the same.

To prove that such prices paid in recent years for old masters or dead recent masters are inflated, often fictitious values—out of all proportion to their intrinsic worth—often worked up by a group of speculators just as stock is now and then skyrocketed, and that they do harm and not good, is the object of this article.

An amusing story was told of how the famous Peachblow Vase achieved its high price in a private sale some twenty-five years ago. We mention it as a case in illustration.

"What is the price of that charming vase?" inquired an old lady of the attendant in charge of the exhibition.

"Ah, let me see." And being near-sighted he misread the ticket and by mistake added a cipher. "Yes, yes—the great Peachblow—thirty thousand dollars, madam."

The price marked was three thousand dollars; but the lady's admiration grew tenfold, and soon every one heard of the miracle of beauty to be sold and of its great value.

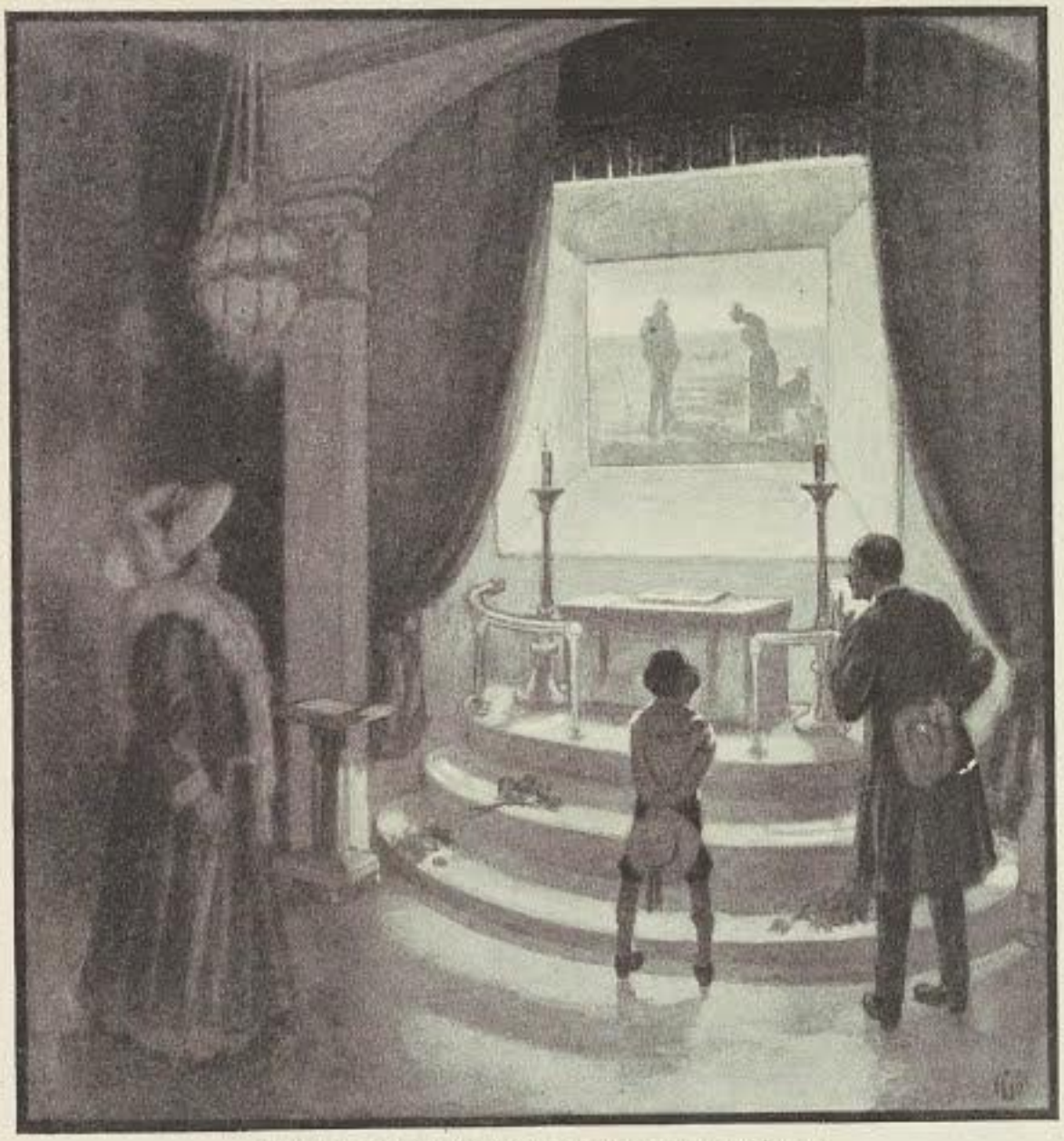
The vase brought twenty-four thousand dollars at the sale, and the attendant little knew how long-sighted he was. This has given the tip to the boomer, and has served, possibly unconsciously, as the

leitmotif of later big prices; for the greater the price asked the greater seems to be the appreciation and the quicker the sale.

A certain class of buyer would look twice at an object if thirty thousand dollars were asked. "By Jove! It must be fine!" Another class would look twice if it were marked thirty dollars. "Hello! That looks like a good thing going cheaply!" The latter class is in the minority.

The next modern "startler" came when that famous picture, The Angelus, by Jean François Millet, brought the then unheard-of price of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Its history is not irrelevant here—the price paid the painter, the picture's subsequent wildcat career and its present resting-place, where it can be seen in its true relation and value. This is one of the strongest examples of the false boom.

The world let Millet and his large family practically starve. M. Sensier, who has written a book on Millet, was the artist's lifelong friend and supporter, impoverishing himself to help Millet live and work. This loyal friend tells how The Angelus having brought only four thousand francs—eight hundred dollars—to Millet himself, immediately after the artist's death his pictures brought enormous prices, as then the world wanted to buy. The mystery of the painter's life and poverty and the religious sentiment of the picture, with proper advertisement, eventually brought it to America. Many remember when the great one-hundred-thousand-dollar picture, The Angelus, was exhibited in this country. The exhibition rooms were arranged like chapels of prayer; one was asked not to speak loud; there was a hush and devotion before the picture worthy of a better cause; and from fifty cents to a dollar admission was charged.



The Exhibition Rooms Were Arranged Like Chapels of Prayer

Hocus-Pocus

THIS hocus-pocus suited the game and brought many ducats into the pockets of the owners; but no buyer appeared for the great picture, though it had been bought as an investment at a large price. The owner was unable to "plant" the picture here and had a white elephant on his hands. Happily for him, there lived in Paris M. Chauchard, the wealthy owner of the Magazin du Louvre, who bought only high-priced pictures—the higher the price the better, only those of the French school. Actuated by patriotism he deserves greater credit than his American *confrères*. Hearing of the fate of The Angelus, an art dealer got into touch with its owner, saw Chauchard and worked up his enthusiasm to save this masterpiece for France at any price. Ah, the patriotism of it! M. Chauchard was only too willing and fell easily, giving a hundred and twenty thousand dollars to overbid the supposed American purchaser, thus saving The Angelus to France and incidentally enriching the seller and the go-between.

At his death, M. Chauchard bequeathed his fine collection to the Louvre—the museum; and we have lately seen The Angelus in its place. It is a wonder to many that this inferior work of Millet—not in a class with his best pictures—should bring such a fabulous price, for by the consensus of expert opinion it is not worth more than twenty thousand dollars, comparing it with prices received for better works of Millet at recent auctions. The art world in Paris had great amusement this year, when The Angelus was exhibited in the Louvre, over the story of the picture.

Even this sale has lost its prestige; there has arisen the "duffer," the multimillionaire with a thirst for the fame that accompanies the purchase of old masters. The champagne taste for the Velasquez-Rembrandt order can be met and naturally paid for, to the delight of the dealer, the delectation of the press and the wonder of the people.

Does art profit by all this? Not a whit! Harm is the outcome—not good.

The value of an old master—and all pictures by old masters are not necessarily masterpieces—depends, first, on its being a fine example of the best period of that particular painter; second, on the rarity of his work; and third, on his position as a great painter. The fashion for any particular painter's work may arise and create inflated prices for the moment.

How Rembrandt, that titanic genius, would have laughed could he have known that a modest little canvas of his, produced when he was "thrown down" by the connoisseurs of his time after he had lost his reputation among them—and while doing his greatest work—which probably had been sold for a few hundred dollars to his friend, Burgomaster Six, was holding the attention of the civilized world—not for its greatness, beauty, quality or conception, but because an American had paid four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for it!

This is a good example of an inflated value. The Mill is a good example of Rembrandt's landscape work—a modest-sized picture; great, if you will; for Rembrandt was not of the modern tendency, for he could paint portraits, figures, landscapes or marines, and paint his greatness into all of them. The Mill is not Rembrandt at his best, however; his portraits and figure-compositions—such as The Rabbi, at the Metropolitan Museum; his Draper's Syndicate, in Amsterdam; his Christ at Emmaus, and The Bath, in the Louvre—are a few great examples of this master's work. Judging by what was paid for his greatest pictures, twenty-five to fifty thousand dollars would be a very high price for The Mill even in these days. When this hysteria has passed prices will sink to their natural level. A far more important example of Rembrandt, a figure-composition, David Playing Before Saul, lay for some time at a dealer's in Paris. It was then sold to another dealer and eventually to The Hague Museum, where it now is. This brought about twenty thousand dollars not more than twenty years ago.

Rembrandt's Best

IT MAY be of interest to the general public to know how unreasonable is the rise and fall in price of a master's work during his lifetime and after his death; and Rembrandt's case is a particularly sad and interesting one. Unlike Millet, he met success at once, when painting his more popular but less mature work, and rose to fame and fortune about the time of marrying Saskia, his first wife. This was during the hard, realistic production of his first period. At the height of his fame and prosperity he received a commission to paint a society of sharpshooters. Realizing his power in light and shade, he determined to depart from the rather conventional portrait group then in vogue—all painted in full light and full face—and he produced his great picture, The Night Watch. As each individual did not appear in the foreground in full light and full face the public raised a hue and cry, and the picture was refused; it really cost him his reputation, but marked the beginning of his great painting. From that time on he lost favor with the public, lost his fortune, and had but one friend, Burgomaster Six, who was a steadfast patron and constant admirer. His greatest masterpieces both in etching and in painting followed; but he was poorly paid for them, being twice sold out for debt, and he died practically in poverty. Today these pictures of Rembrandt's last period are the most admired and of the highest value. Such is fame!

This treatment of Rembrandt by his countrymen brings to mind the remark recently made by a dealer, when astonishment was expressed by a buyer at the high prices asked for an indifferent old master and some third-rate old paintings. "Why," replied the dealer, "that's low, when even Americans are now getting twenty thousand dollars!" He was referring to the recent sale of the work of a late American painter. *(Continued on Page 28)*



"By Jove! It Must be Fine!"



"Hello! That Looks Like a Good Thing Going Cheaply!"

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

IV

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



AS I HAVE already taken some pains to indicate, I was fully persuaded of the practical value of a professional connection with a legal firm of so eminent a standing as that of Messrs. Haight & Foster, and for this reason the reader may easily appreciate the shock with which I received the information that my presence was no longer desired in the office.

Mr. Haight had unexpectedly sent me word that I was wanted in the library and I had obeyed his summons without a suspicion that my career as a civil attorney was to be abruptly terminated. As I closed the door behind me I saw the old lawyer standing near the window, his spectacles poked above his eyebrows and his forehead red with indignation. Between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand he held a card.

"So," he exclaimed, vainly trying to appear collected, "I find that my firm has been conducting an uptown office for criminal business! This is one of your cards, I believe?"

He tossed it from him as if it were infected with some virulent legal disease, and I saw that it was one of the unfortunate cards that I had had printed before forming my partnership with Gottlieb. It was no use denying anything.

"Yes," I answered as quietly as I could, "it is one of my cards."

"I am also informed," he continued, his voice trembling with suppressed wrath, "that while you have been masquerading as a student in this office you have been doing a police court law business in association with a person named Gottlieb."

I turned white yet made no traverse of his indictment. I was going to be kicked out, but I felt that I could at least make my exit with a dignified composure.

"Young man, you are no longer wanted here," continued Mr. Haight with acerbity. "You have found your own level without assistance and you will no doubt remain there. You obtained your position in this office by means of false pretenses. I do not know who you really are or whence you really come, but I have no doubt as to where you will eventually go. This office does not lead in the right direction. You ought to be locked up! Get out!"

I went.

Glib as I was in the defense of others I found it difficult to argue in my own behalf. At any rate it would have availed nothing. I had been tried, convicted and sentenced in my absence, and it was vain to hope for pardon. There is something in righteous indignation that inevitably carries respect with it. I fully sympathized with Mr. Haight. I had cheated and outraged his firm and I knew it. I had no excuse to offer and he was entitled to his burst of excoriation. Morally I felt sure that the worm that had worked deepest into his bone was the fact that my guardian, whose name, as the reader may recall, I had made use of as an introduction, had not in fact written "Toddleham on Perpetuities" at all.

Thus I passed out of the office of Haight & Foster much as I had slipped in—quite unostentatiously. All hope of success along the slow and difficult lines of legitimate practice faded from my mind. Whether I willed it or not, as a criminal attorney I was destined to make my bread.

There was now no reason why Gottlieb and I should any longer conceal our partnership, and we decided, therefore, to go into things on a much larger scale than theretofore and hired a suite of offices on Center Street near the Tombs, where we could be within easy reach of the majority of our clients. A sign some forty feet long and three feet wide ran along the entire front of the building, bearing the names Gottlieb & Quibble. Our own offices were in the rear, the front rooms being given over to clerks, runners and process servers. A huge safe bought for a few dollars at an auction stood in the entrance chamber, but we used it only as a receptacle for coal, its real purpose being simply to impress our clients. We kept but few papers and needed practically no books; what we had were thrown around indiscriminately upon chairs, tables—even on the floor. I do not recall any particular attempt to keep the place clean and I am sure that the windows were never washed. But we made money and that was what we were out for—and we made it every day—every hour; and as we made it we divided it up and put it in our pockets. Our success from the start seemed in some miraculous way to be assured, for my partner had, even before I knew him, established a reputation as one of the keenest men at the criminal bar.

As time went on our offices were thronged with clients of all sexes, ages, conditions and nationalities. The pickpocket on his way out elbowed the gentlewoman who had an erring son and sought our aid to restore him to grace. The politician and the actress, the polite burglar and the Wall Street schemer, the aggrieved wife and stout old clubman who was "being annoyed," each awaited his or her turn to receive our opinion as to their respective needs. Good or bad they got it. Usually it had little to do with law. Rather it was sound, practical advice as to the best thing to be done under the circumstances. These circumstances, as may be imagined, varied widely. Whatever they were and however little they justified apprehension on the part of the client we always made it a point at the very outset to scare the latter thoroughly. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all." But a lawyer is a close second to conscience when it comes to coward making; in fact, frightening people, innocent or guilty, became to a very large extent our regular business.

Most of the sinners live in daily terror of being found out and the virtuous are equally fearful of being unjustly accused. Every one knows how a breath of scandal originating out of nothing can wither a family and drive strong men to desperation. The press is always ready to print interesting stories about people, without inquiring too closely into their authenticity. Curiously enough we found that an invitation to call at our office usually availed to bring the most exemplary citizens without delay. I can remember not more than three who had the courage to refuse. Most came, as it were, on the run. Others made a bluff at righteous indignation. All, in the end, paid up—and paid well. Our reputation grew, and in the course of a few years the terror of us stalked abroad through the city.

Our staff was well organized, however disordered may have been the physical appearance of our office. In the first place we had an agent in every police court, who instantly informed us whenever any person was arrested who had sufficient means to make it worth our while to come to his assistance. This agent was usually the clerk or some other official who could delay the proceedings in such a way as to give us time to appear upon the scene. We also had many of the police in our pay and made it a practice to reward liberally any officer who succeeded in throwing us any business. In this way defendants sometimes acquired the erroneous idea that if they followed the suggestion of the officer arresting them and employed us as their attorneys, they would be let off through some collusion between the officer and ourselves. Of course this idea was without foundation, but it was the source of considerable financial profit to us, and we did little to counteract the general impression that had gone abroad that we "stood in" with the minions of the law and were *persona grata* to the judges of the police courts.

After the telephone came into general use Gottlieb employed it in many ingenious ways. He even had an unconnected set of apparatus hanging on the wall of the office, through which he used to hold imaginary conversations with judges and city officers for the benefit of clients who were in search of "influence." It is a common weakness of the layman to believe that more can be accomplished through pull than through the merit of one's cause. Even litigants who have the right on their side are quite as apt to desire an attorney who is supposed to be "next" to the judge as are those whose only hope is through judicial favor. Gottlieb's relations to the lower magistrates were in many instances close, but he professed to be on the most intimate terms with all who wore the ermine, whether in the police courts or on the supreme bench. Time after time I have overheard some such colloquy as the following: A client would enter the office and after recounting his difficulties or wrongs would cautiously ask Gottlieb if he knew the judge before whom the matter would come.

"Do I *know* him?" my partner would cry. "I lunch with him almost every day! Wait a minute and I'll call him up."

Vigorously ringing the bell attached to the unconnected instrument upon the wall Gottlieb would indulge his fancy in some such dialogue as:

"Hello—hello! Is this Judge Nemo? Oh, hello, Jack, is it you? Yes, it's me—Abe. Say, I want to talk over a little matter with you before I go into court. How about lunch? Sure—any time will suit me. One o'clock? I'll be there. Thanks. So long, old man. See you later!"

The client by virtue of this auricular demonstration of our friendly relations with the Bench would be instantly convinced that his success was assured and that Gottlieb & Quibble were cheap at any retainer they might name.

For the most part the routine office work fell to me and Gottlieb attended to the court end of the business. For there was no more adroit or experienced trial attorney in the courts than my little hook-nosed partner. Even downtown attorneys with almost national reputations as corporation lawyers would call him in as associate counsel in important cases in which a criminal element was involved. Thus we frequently secured big fees in what Gottlieb was pleased to call legitimate practice, although I am inclined to believe that our share was small compared with that of the civil lawyers who had retained us. On one occasion where Gottlieb had been thus called in the regular attorney of record, who happened to be a prominent churchman, came to our office to discuss the fee that should be charged. The client was a rich man who had sued successfully for a divorce.

"How much, Mr. Gottlieb," inquired the attorney, stroking his chin, "do you think would be a fair amount to ask for our services?"

My partner hesitated a moment and mentally reviewed the length of time the case—a very simple one—had occupied.

"Do you think five thousand dollars would be too much?" he finally asked with some hesitation.

"Five!" cried the lawyer in astonishment. "It should be twenty thousand—at the least!"

It is not my intention to give a history of the firm of Gottlieb & Quibble, but rather a description of the work of many criminal law offices. Its object is precisely the same as that of the best offices where civil law is practiced—that is, to make money out of the client. But inasmuch as the client who seeks the aid of a criminal attorney is usually in dread of losing not merely money but liberty, reputation and perhaps life as well, he is correspondingly ready to pay generously for any real or fancied service on the part of the lawyer. Thus the fees of a criminal practitioner—when the client has any money—are ridiculously high, and he usually gets sooner or later all that the client has. Indeed, there are three Golden Rules in the profession, of which the first has already been hinted at—namely, thoroughly terrify your client. Second, find out how much money he has and where it is. Third, get it. The merest duffer can usually succeed in following out the first two of these precepts, but to accomplish the third requires often a master's art. The ability actually to get one's hands on the coin is what differentiates the really great criminal lawyer from his inconspicuous brethren.

The criminal attorney, therefore, whether he be called to see his client at the Tombs or in the police station, or is consulted in his own office, at once informs the latter that he is indeed in a parlous state. He demonstrates to him conclusively that there exist but a few steps between him and the gallows, or at the least state's prison, and that his only hope lies in his procuring at once sufficient money to—first, get out on bail; second, buy off the witnesses; third, "fix" the police; fourth, "square" the judge; and lastly, pay the lawyer. Even where the prisoner has no money himself, his family are usually ready to do what they can to get him off, in order to save themselves from the disgrace of being related to a convict. It is not what may actually happen to your client, but what he thinks may happen, that makes him ready and anxious to give up his money. Thus, the more artistic the practitioner in painting the dire consequences which will result if the family of the offender does not come to his rescue the quicker and larger will be the response. Time also is necessary to enable the ancestral stocking to be grudgingly withdrawn from its hiding-place and its contents disgorged, or to allow the pathetic representations of his nearer relatives to work upon the callous heart of old Uncle John who once held a city office and so has plenty of money. The object of the lawyer being to hang on to the client until he has got his money, it follows that if the latter is locked up in jail it is all the better for the lawyer, unless it be expedient to let him out to raise funds. Thus criminal attorneys are not, as a rule, particularly anxious to secure the release of a client from jail. Solitary confinement increases his apprehension and discomfort and renders him more complacent about paying well for liberty. The English King, who locked up the money-lender and had one of his teeth drawn out each day until he made the desired loan, knew his business. Once the fellow is out of jail—pfft! He is gone, and neither the place nor you knows him more. Very likely also he will jump his bail and you will have to make good your bond. One client in jail is worth two at large.

Lawyers exercise much invention in keeping their clients under control. I recall one recent case where a French chauffeur, who had but just arrived in this country, was arrested for speeding. The most that could happen to him would, in the natural course of events, be a fine of fifteen or twenty dollars. But an imaginative criminal practitioner got hold of him in the police court and drew such a highly colored picture of what might happen to him that the Frenchman stayed in jail without bail under an assumed name, raised some three hundred dollars by means of a draft on Paris, handed it over to his counsel, and finally after a delay of two weeks was tried in the Special Sessions, found guilty, and let go on a suspended sentence. He is now looking for the lawyer with a view to doing something to him that will inevitably result in his own permanent incarceration.

Another practical distinction between civil and criminal practitioners is that while the first are concerned for the most part with the law, the second are chiefly occupied with the facts. In civil cases the lawyers spend most of their time in trying to demonstrate that, even assuming their opponents' contentions as to the facts to be true, the law is nevertheless in their own favor. Now this is a comparatively easy thing since no one knows what the law in most civil cases is—and in truth it might as well be one way as the other. A former member of the Supreme Bench of the United States is reported to have said that when he was chief justice of one of the state courts, and he and his confrères found themselves in a quandary over the law, they were accustomed to send the sergeant-at-arms for what they called "The Implements of Decision"—a brace of dice and a copper cent. Thus the weightiest matters were decided without difficulty.

Now the taking of a purse out of a lady's reticule does not present much confusion as a legal proposition. It would be somewhat difficult to persuade a judge or a jury that picking a pocket is not a crime. It is far easier to demonstrate that the pocket was not picked at all. This is generally only a question of money. Witnesses can easily be secured to swear either that the lady had no reticule, or that if she had a reticule it contained no purse; or that some person other than the defendant took the purse, or that she herself dropped it, or that even if the prisoner took it he had no criminal intent in so doing, since he observed that it was about to slip from the receptacle in which it was contained and intended but to return it to her. Lastly, if put to it, that in fact the owner was no lady, and therefore unworthy of credence.

Few persons realize how difficult it is for an outsider, such as an ordinary juryman, to decide an issue of fact. A flat denial is worth a hundred ingenious defenses in which the act is admitted but the attempt is made to explain it away. It is this that gives the jury so much trouble in criminal cases. For example, in the case of the pickpocket the lawyers and the judge may know that the complaining witness is a worthy woman, the respectable mother of a family, and that the defendant is a rascal. But each comes before the jury presumably of equal innocence. She says he did, he says he didn't. The case must be proved beyond a reasonable doubt. Generally the defendant's word, so far as the jury can see, is as good as his accuser's. If there are other witnesses it is usually not difficult, and certainly not impossible, to show that they have poor eyesight, bad memories, or are undesirable citizens in general. The criminal lawyer learns in his cradle never to admit anything. By getting constant adjournments he wears out the People's witnesses, induces others to stay away, and when the case finally comes to trial has only the naked accusation of the complainant to disprove. Or, to put it in more technically correct fashion, the complainant has only his own word wherewith to establish his case beyond a reasonable doubt. A bold contradiction is often so startling that it throws confusion into the enemy's camp.

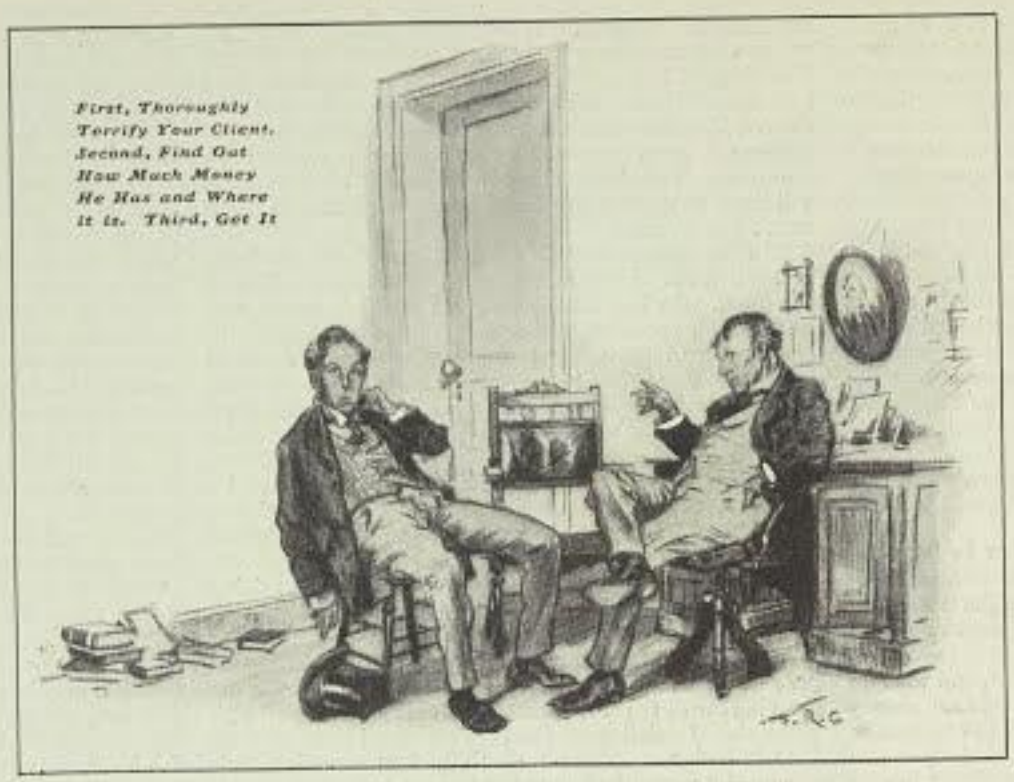
I once defended a worthy gentleman named Cohen on a charge of perjury, alleged to have been committed by him in a civil case in which he, as defendant, denied that he had ever ordered a set of stable plans from a certain architect. The latter was a young man of very small practice who had an office but no clerks or draughtsmen. He certainly believed with the utmost honesty that my client had come to his office, engaged him to design a stable, and approved an elaborate set of plans that he had drawn. When it came to paying for them Mr. Cohen declined. The architect brought suit, and at the trial swore to the dates and places of the interviews between Cohen and himself, and to all the surrounding circumstances and details connected with the execution of the plans in question. His lawyer expected that the defendant would interpose the defense that the plans were inferior, defective or worthless. Not at all! Mr. Cohen swore that he had never ordered the plans and in fact had *never seen the architect in his life!* He alleged that until the suit



Our Offices Were Thronged With Clients of All Sexes, Ages, Conditions and Nationalities

was brought he had never even *heard* of him—and that either the architect was demented or a liar, or else some other Cohen had given the order. The architect and his lawyer were thunderstruck, but they had no witnesses to corroborate their contentions, since no one had ever seen Cohen in the other's office. The jury disagreed and the architect in some way secured Cohen's indictment for perjury. But during the criminal trial at which I defended him Mr. Cohen calmly persisted in his denial that he had ever enjoyed the honor of the architect's acquaintance, and after two prosecutions, in each of which the jury hopelessly disagreed, the indictments against him were dismissed. From this it may easily be inferred that no fact is too patent to be denied. Frequently the more heroic the denial the greater its verisimilitude to truth. The jury feel that no prisoner would *deny* a fact that it would be much easier to *explain away*—and believe him.

I once represented an Italian called The Bravest Man, who was charged with having deliberately



shot in the head and killed a respectable dealer in olive oil against whom he held no grudge whatsoever. This fellow was just an egotistic little man who liked notoriety and admiration. He was wont to refer to himself simply as The Bravest Man—without reference to time or place—just The Bravest Man. He was accustomed to demonstrate his bravery by shooting inoffensive people whenever the idea seized him. He never killed anybody save quiet and law-abiding fellow citizens who made no resistance, and the method he selected was to shoot them through the head. He seemed to feel that it was essential to his dignity thus to execute at least one human being every six months, and the extraordinary feature of his history was that he had never been convicted.

The case that I was called upon to defend was this. Not having killed anybody for nearly a year and fearing to jeopardize his title of The Bravest Man, he put a forty-four-caliber pistol in his pocket, donned his Sunday clothes and took a walk.

(Continued on Page 36)

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XVIII

LET us take the case of a refined and sensitive man who has fallen, as many have fallen, under the influence of drink. Let us suppose him to have sunk lower and lower into the hell of it, until delirium tremens puts a temporary end to his excesses. Let us suppose him to be convalescent, in sweet surroundings, in capable hands, relieved—for the time, at least—by the strange gold drug, of his craving for alcohol. His mind is clear, his perceptions are acute, he is once more a sane human being. He looks back upon his degradation with wondering horror. It is not as though he has passed through a period of dark madness of which the memory is vague and elusive. He remembers it all—all the incidents, all the besotted acts, all the benumbed, enslaved surrender of his soul. His freed self regards perplexedly the self that was in bondage. They are two different entities—and yet they are unquestionably the same. He has not been mad, because he has felt all the time responsible for his actions; and yet he must have been mad so to dishonor the divine spirit within him. The latter argument prevails. "I have been mad!" he says, and shivers with disgust.

In some such puzzled frame of mind did Quixtus, freed from the obsession of the Idea, regard his self of the last few months. He remembered how it had happened. There had been several shocks: the Marrable disaster, the discovery of Angela and Hammersley's betrayal, that of the disloyalty of his three pensioners, the cynical trick of his uncle. He remembered toying with the Idea on his homeward journey, the farcical faithlessness of the drunken housekeeper—and then, click! the hag Idea had mounted on his shoulders and ridden away with him, as Al Kohol—the very devil himself—rides away with the unresisting drunkard. Every action, every thought of this strange period was clear in his memory. He could not have been mad—and yet he must have been.

To strain the analogy a trifle, the nightmare in the train and the horror of the morning had been his delirium tremens; but here the analogy suffers a solution of continuity. From that climax of devil-work the drunkard descends but slowly and gradually through tortures innumerable to the normal life of man. Shock is ineffective. But in Quixtus' case there was a double shock—the seismic convulsion of his being at the climactic moment and the sudden announcement of that which, to all men born, is the only absolute, final, immutable.

And then, click! the hag that had ridden him had been thrown from his shoulders and he had looked upon the dead through the eyes of a sane man. And now, through the eyes of a sane man, he regarded the incredible spectacle of his self of yesterday. He turned from it with shivers of disgust. He must have been mad. A great depression came upon him. He had suffered grievous wrongs, it is true; no man since Job had been more sorely afflicted; the revelations of human baseness and treachery had been such as to kill his once childlike faith in humanity—but why had loss of faith sent him mad? What had his brain been doing to allow this grotesque impulse to overmaster it? At the present moment, he assured himself, he had neither more nor less faith in mankind than when he had walked a maniac through the London streets or during last night's tortured journey in the train. Yet now he desired to commit no wickedness. The thought of evil for evil's sake was revolting. . . . The self he had striven to respect and keep clean all his life had been soiled. Wherein lay purification?

Had he been mad? If so, how could he trust his memory as to what had happened? By the grace of God those acts of wickedness, the contemplation of which he remembered, had been rendered nugatory. Even Tommy had not materially suffered, seeing that he had kept the will intact and had placed two thousand pounds to his banking account. But could he actually have committed deeds of wickedness that he had forgotten? Were there any such which he had committed through the agency of the three evil counselors? He racked his memory in vain.

The days at Marseilles passed gloomily. Poynter, the good Samaritan, started the first evening for Devonshire to satisfy his hungry soul with the unutterable comfort of English fields. Clementina and Quixtus saw him off at the station and walked back through the sultry streets together. The next day he was left much to his own company, as Clementina broke the news of death to the child and stayed with her for comfort. He wandered aimlessly about the town, seeking the shade and wrapping himself in his melancholy. When he saw Sheila in the afternoon the child was greatly subdued. She understood that her father had gone to Heaven to stay with her mother. She realized that she would never see him again. Clementina briefly informed Quixtus of the child's grief—how she had cried and called for him most of the morning; how she had fallen asleep and had awakened more calm. To distract her mind and to give her the air, they hired a taxicab and drove on the Corniche Road past the Restaurant de la Réserve. Sheila's tiny body easily nestled on the seat between them and she seemed comforted by the human contact. From Pinkie she also derived great consolation. Pinkie was stupid, she explained, and she couldn't talk; but really she was a fairy princess, and fairy princesses were always affectionate. Pinkie was stuffed with love as tight as she could hold.

"Have you ever been in a motor car before?" asked Quixtus.

"Oh, yes. Of course I have," she replied in her rich little voice. "Daddy had one in Shanghai. He used to take me out in it."

Then her lips quivered and the tears started and she flung herself weeping against Clementina.

"Oh, daddy! I want my daddy!"

The essential feminine in Clementina sprang to arms.

"Why did you start her off like this by talking of motor cars?"

"I'm dreadfully sorry!" said Quixtus. "But how was I to know?"

"Just like a man!" she retorted. "No intuition worth a cent."

At dinner—a melancholy meal—theirs was the only table occupied in the vast, ghostly *salle à manger*—she apologized in her gruff way. "I was wrong about the motor car. How the deuce could you have known? Besides, if you talk to the child about anything, her daddy is sure to have had one at Shanghai. Poor little mite!"

"Yes, poor little mite!" said Quixtus meditatively. "I wonder what will become of her."

"That has got to be our lookout," she replied sharply. "You don't seem to realize that."

"I don't think I do, quite—even after what you said to me yesterday. I must accustom myself to the idea."

"Yesterday," said Clementina, "you declared you had fallen in love with her."

"Many a man," replied Quixtus, with a faint smile, "has fallen in love with one of your sex and has not in the least known what to do with her."

The grim setting of Clementina's lips relaxed.

"I think you're becoming more human. And—talking of humanity—there's a question that must be cleared up between us before we settle down to this partnership: Are you intending to keep up your diabolical attitude toward Tommy Burgrave?"

The question had been burning her tongue for over twenty-four hours—from the moment that he had appeared in the vestibule the day before, after his sleep, and seemed to have recovered from the extraordinary nervous collapse which had aroused her pity. With considerable self-restraint, she had awaited her opportunity. Now it had come—and when an opportunity came to Clementina she did not go by four roads to take it. Quixtus laid down his knife and fork and leaned back in his chair. Knowing her attachment to the boy, he had expected some reference to his repudiation, but the direct question disconcerted him. Should he have to render equally sudden account of all the fantastic iniquities of the past? Then something he had not thought of before entered his amazed head. He had never countermanded the order whereby the allowance was automatically transferred from his own banking account to Tommy's. He had intended to write the letter after having destroyed the will, but his reflections on plagiarism in wickedness, which had led to the preservation of that document, had also caused him to forget the other matter entirely. And he had not thought of it from that day to this.

"As a matter of fact," said he, looking at his plate, "I have not disinherited Tommy; I have not discontinued his allowance, and I have placed a very large sum of money to his credit at the bank."

Clementina knitted her brows and stared at him. The man was a greater puzzle than ever. Was he lying? If Tommy had found himself in opulence he would have told her. Tommy was veracity incarnate.

"The boy hasn't a penny to his name—nothing except his mother's fifty pounds a year."

He met her black keen eyes steadily.

"I am telling you the facts. He can't have inquired as to his bank balance recently." He passed his hand across his forehead as realization of the past strange period came to him. "I suppose he can't have done so, as he has never written to acknowledge the—the large amount of money."

The man was telling the truth. It was mystifying.

"Then why, in the name of Bedlam, did you play the fool with him like that?"

"That is another matter," said he, lowering his eyes. "For the sake of an answer, let us say that I wanted to test his devotion to his art."

"We can say it, but I don't believe it."

"I will ask you, Clementina," said he courteously, "as a great personal favor, to let it pass at that."

"All right," said Clementina.

He went on with his dinner. Presently another thing struck him—he was to find a plaguy lot of things to strike him in connection with his lunacy.

"If Tommy was penniless," said he, "will you explain how he has managed to take this expensive holiday in France?"

"Look here; let us talk of something else," she replied. "I'm sick of Tommy!"

Visions of Tommy's whooping joy, of Etta's radiance, when they should hear the astounding news, floated before her. She could hear him telling the chit of a girl to put on her orange blossoms and go out with him at once and get married. She could hear Etta say: "Darling Clementina, do run out and buy me some orange blossoms." Much the two innocents cared for darling Clementina! There were times when she really did not know whether she wanted to take them both in her arms in a great, splendid hug or to tie them up together in a sack and throw them into the Seine.

"I'm sick of Tommy!" she declared.

But the normal brain of the cultivated man had begun to work.

"Clementina," said he, "it is you who have been paying Tommy's expenses."

"Well, suppose I have?" she replied defiantly. She added quickly, womanlike, divining the reproach to Tommy underlying Quixtus' challenge: "He's a child and I'm an old woman. I had the deuce's own job to make him accept. I couldn't go careering about France all by myself—I could, as a matter of practical fact—I could career all over Gehenna if I chose—but it wouldn't have been gay. He sacrificed his pride to give me a holiday. What have you to say against it?"

A flush of shame mounted to Quixtus' cheek. It was intolerable that one of his house—his sister's son—should have been dependent for bread on a woman. He himself was to blame.

"Clementina," said he, "this is a very delicate matter and I hope you won't misjudge me; but, as your great generosity was based on a most unhappy misunderstanding ——"

"Ephraim Quixtus," she interrupted, "go on with your dinner and don't be a fool!"

There was nothing for it but for Quixtus to go on with his dinner.

"I tell you what," she said after a pause, in spite of her weariness of Tommy as a topic of conversation, "when Tommy met you at the tea-room he didn't know what you've just told me. He thought you had unreasonably and heartlessly cut him adrift. And yet he greeted you as affectionately and frankly as if nothing had happened!"

"That's true," Quixtus admitted.

"It proves to you what a sound-hearted fellow Tommy is."

"I see," said Quixtus. "Well?"

"That's all," said Clementina. "Or, if it isn't, it ought to be."

Quixtus made no reply. There was no reply possible, save the real explanation of his eccentric behavior—and that he was not prepared to offer. But Clementina's rough words sank deep in his mind. Judged by ordinary standards, his treatment of Tommy had been unqualifiable—Tommy's behavior all that was most meritorious. In Tommy's case, wherein lay the proof of the essential depravity of mankind? His gloomy faith received a shock that caused him exceeding discomfort. You see, if you take all the trouble of going mad for the sake of a gospel, you rather cling to it when you recover sanity. You are rather eager to justify to yourself the waste of time and energy.

After dinner she dismissed him. He must go out to a café and see the world. She had to look after the child's slumbers and write letters. Quixtus went out into the broad, busy streets. The Cannebière was crowded with gasping but contented citizens. On every side rose the murmur of mirth and cheerfulness. Solid burgesses strolled arm in arm with their solider wives. Youths and maidens laughed together. Swarthy workmen, with open shirt-collars showing their hairy throats; bare-headed workgirls, in giggling knots; little soldiers, clinging amorously to sweethearts—all the crowd wore an air of gayety, of love of their kind, of joy in comradeship. At the thronged cafés, too, men and women found comfort in the swelter of gregariousness. Night had fallen over the baking city and the great thoroughfare blazed in light—from shop-windows, cafés, street lamps; from the myriad lamps of whirling trams and motors. Above it all, the full moon shone splendid from the intense sky of a summer night. Quixtus and the moon appeared to be the only lonely things in the Cannebière.

He wandered down to the quay and back again in ever-growing depression. He felt lost—an alien among this humanity that clung together for mutual happiness; he envied the little soldier and his girl, gazing hungrily, their heads almost touching, into a cheap jeweler's window. A sudden craving, such as he had never known in his life, awoke within him, insistent, imperious—a craving for human companionship. Instinctively he walked back to the hotel, scarcely realizing why he had come until he saw Clementina in the vestibule. She had stuck on her crazy hat and was pulling on her white cotton gloves, evidently preparing to go out.

"Hello! Back already?"

"I have come to ask you a favor, Clementina," said he. "Would it bore you to come out with me—to give me the pleasure of your company?"

"It wouldn't bore me," replied Clementina. "Precious few things do. But what on earth can you want me for?"

"If I tell you, you won't mock at me?"

"I only mock at you, as you call it, when you do idiotic things. Anyhow I won't now. What's the matter?"

He hesitated. She saw that her bruskness had checked something natural and spontaneous. At once she strove to make amends and laid her hand on his sleeve.

"We've got to be friends henceforward, Ephraim, if only for the child's sake. Tell me."

"It was only that I have never felt so dismally alone in my life as I did in that crowded street."

"And so you came back for me?"

"I came back for you," he said with a smile.



He Could Not Escape a Great Splash of Coffee Over His Waistcoat

"Let us go," said Clementina; and she put her arm through his and they went out together and walked arm in arm, like hundreds of other solemn couples in Marseilles.

"That better?" she asked after a while, with a humorous and pleasant sense of mothering this curiously pathetic and incomprehensible man.

The unfamiliar tone in her voice touched him.

"I had no idea you could be so kind, Clementina. Yesterday morning, when I was ill—I can scarcely remember—but I feel you were kind then."

"I'm not always a rhinoceros," said Clementina. "But what am I doing that's kind now?"

He pressed her arm gently. "Just this," said he.

Then Clementina realized, with an odd thrill of pleasure, how much more significance often lies in little things than in big ones.

They walked along the quay and looked at the island of the Château d'If standing out grim in the middle of the moonlit harbor, turned up one of the short streets leading to the Rue de Rome, and so came into the Cannebière again. A table, just vacated, on the outer edge of the terrace of one of the cafés, allured them. They sat down and ordered coffee. The little sentimental walk arm in arm had done much to dispose each kindly toward the other. Quixtus felt grateful for her rough yet subtle sympathy; Clementina appreciated his appreciation. The atmosphere of antagonism that had hitherto surrounded them had disappeared. For the first time since their arrival in Marseilles they talked on general topics. Almost for the first time in their lives they talked on general topics naturally, without constraint. Hitherto she had always kept an ear cocked for the pedant—he for the scoffer. She had been impatient of his quietism; he had nervously dreaded her brutality. Now a truce was declared. She forbore to jeer at his favorite pursuit—it not entering her head to do so; Quixtus, a man of breeding, never rode his hobby outside his ring except in self-defense. They talked of music—a band was playing in the adjoining café. They discovered a common ground in Bach. Desultory talk led them to modern opera. There was a little haunting air, said he, in *Hona Joueur de Flûte*.

"This?" cried Clementina, leaning across the table and humming it. "You're the only English creature I've come across who has ever heard of it."

They talked of other things—of travel. Her tour through France was fresh in her mind. Sensitive artist, she was full of the architecture. Wherever she had gone Quixtus had gone before her. To her astonishment, for she was too much interested in the talk to consider it at the time, he met her sympathetically on every point.

"The priceless treasures of France," said he, "are the remains of expiring Gothic and the early Renaissance. Of the former you have the Palais de Justice at Rouen—which everybody knows—and the west front of the Cathedral at Vendôme."

"But I've just been to Vendôme!" cried Clementina. "That wonderful flamboyant window!"

"The last word of Gothic," said Quixtus. "The funeral pyre of Gothic—that tracery—the whole thing is on fire—it's all leaping flame!—as if some god had said: 'Let this noble thing that is dead have a stupendous end!' Vendôme always seems to me like the end of the Viking. They sent the hero away to sea in a blaze of fire."

Richelieu, the little town not far from Tours where every one goes, yet so unknown—built by the great cardinal for his court and today standing with hardly a change of stick or stone, just as Richelieu left it—Quixtus had visited.

"But that's damnable!" cried Clementina. "I thought we had discovered it."

He laughed. "So did I. And I suppose everybody who goes there views it with the eyes of a little Columbus."

"What did you like best about it?"

"The pictures of the past it evoked. The cavalcade of Richelieu's nobles—all in their Louis-Treize finery—the clatter of the men-at-arms down that broad cobble-paved central street. The setting was all there. It was so easy to fill it."

"That's just what Tommy did," said Clementina. "Tommy made a fancy sketch on the spot of the

cardinal entering in state, in his great, heavy *carrosse*, with his bodyguard around him."

This led them on to pictures. She found that he was familiar with all the galleries in Europe—with most of the works of the moderns. She had never suspected that he had ideas of his own on pictures. He hated what he called the "nightmare of technic" of the ultra modern school. Clementina disliked it also.

All great art was simple, he remarked. Put one of Hobbema's sober landscapes, the Saint Michael of Raphael, amid the hysteria of the Salon des Independents—and the four walls would crumble into chaotic paint.

"Which reminds me," said he, "of a curious little experience a good many years ago. It was at the first International Art Exhibition in London. Paris and Belgium and Holland poured out their violences to unfamiliar eyes—mine were unfamiliar, at any rate. There were women sitting in purple cafés with orange faces and magenta hair. There were hideous nudes with muscles on their kneecaps, writhing in decadent symbolism. There were portraits so flat they gave you the impression of insects squashed against the wall. I remember going through, not understanding it one little bit; and then, in the midst of all this fever, I came across a little gem—so cool, so finished, so sane, and yet full of grip—and I stood in front of it until I got better and then went away. It was a most curious sensation, like a cool hand on a fevered brow. I happened not to have a catalog, so I've never known the painter."

"What kind of a picture was it?" asked Clementina.

"Just a child in a white frock and a blue sash, and not a remarkably pretty child either. But it was a delightful piece of work."

"Do you remember," she asked, "whether there was an old mother-of-pearl box on a little table to the left of the girl?"

"Yes," said Quixtus. "There was. Do you know the picture?"

Clementina smiled. She smiled so that her white, strong teeth became visible. Quixtus—and many other people—had never seen Clementina's teeth.

"Painted it!" said Clementina, throwing forward both her hands in triumph.

One of her hands met the long glass of coffee and sent it scudding across the table. Quixtus instinctively jerked his chair backward, but he could not escape a great splash of coffee over his waistcoat. Full of delight, gratitude and dismay, Clementina whipped up her white cotton gloves—and, before waiters with napkins could intervene, she wiped him comparatively dry.

"Your gloves! Your gloves!" he cried, protesting.

She held up the unspeakable things and almost laughed as she threw them on the pavement, whence they were picked up carefully by a passing urchin—for nothing is wasted in France.

"I would have wiped you clean with my—well, with anything I've got, in return for your having remembered my picture."

"Well," said he, "the compliment, being quite unconscious, was all the more sincere."

The waiter mopped up the flooded table.

"Let us be depraved," said Clementina in high good humor, "and have some green chartreuse."

"Willingly," smiled Quixtus.

So they were depraved.

And when Clementina went to bed she wondered why she had railed at Quixtus all these years!

XIX

CLEMENTINA went to bed a happier woman than she had been for many a day. Distrusting the ministrations of the Chinese nurse, she had set up a little bed for Sheila in her own room. The child lay there fast asleep, the faithful Pinkie projecting from a folded arm in a staring and uncomfortable attitude of vigilance. Clementina's heart throbbed as she bent over her. All that she had struggled for and had attained—mastery of her art, fame and fortune—shrank to triviality in comparison with this glorious gift of Heaven! She remembered the scornful words she had once spoken to Tommy: "Woman has always her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit!" She recognized the truth of the saying and thanked God for it. She undressed very quietly and walked about the room in stocking-feet, feeling a strange sacredness in the presence of the sleeping child.



"Eustace Huckaby, are You or are You Not My Friend?"

She was happier, too, in that she had forgiven Quixtus; for the first time since she had known him she felt a curiosity regarding him, a desire for his friendship; scarcely formulated, arose a determination to bring something vital into his life. As the notable housewife, entering a forlorn man's neglected house, longs to throw open windows, shake carpets, sweep down cobwebs, abolish dingy curtains and fill the place with sunlight and chintz and other gayety, so did Clementina long to sweep and garnish Quixtus' dusty heart. He had many human possibilities. After all, there must be something sound in a man who had treasured in his mind the memory of her picture! Sheila and herself, between them, would transform him into a gaunt angel. She fell asleep smiling at the thought.

Clementina did not suffer fools gladly. That was why, thinking Quixtus a fool, she had not been able to abide him for so many years. And that was why she could not abide the fat Chinese nurse, who showed herself to be a mass of smiling incompetence. "The way she washes the child makes me sick!" she declared. "If I see much more of her heathen idol's grin I'll go mad and bite her!" So the next day Clementina, with Quixtus as a decorative adjunct, hunted up consular and other authorities and made with them the necessary arrangements for shipping her off to Shanghai, for which she secretly pined, by the next outwardbound steamer. When they got to London she would provide the child with a proper Christian nurse, who would bring her up in the fear of the Lord and in habits of tidiness; and meanwhile she herself would assume the responsibility of Sheila's physical well-being.

"I'm not going to have a flighty young girl," she remarked. "I could tackle her, but you couldn't."

"Why should I attempt to tackle her?" asked Quixtus.

"You'll be responsible for the child when she stays in Russell Square."

"Russell Square!" he echoed.

"Yes. She will live partly with you and partly with me—three months with each of us alternately. Where did you expect the child to live?"

"Upon my soul," said he, "I haven't considered the matter. Well—well——"

He walked about the vestibule, revolving this new and alarming proposition. To have a little girl of five planted in his dismal, decorous house—what in the world should he do with her? It would revolutionize his habits. Clementina watched him out of a corner of her eye.

"You didn't suppose I was going to have all the worry, did you?"

"No, no," he said hastily. "Of course not. I see I must share all responsibilities with you. Only—won't she find living with me rather dull?"

"You can keep a lot of cats and dogs and rocking-horses—and give children's parties," said Clementina.

Sheila, who had been apparently absorbed in the mysteries of the Parisian toilet of a flaxen-haired doll which Clementina had bought for her at an extravagant price, cheerfully lifted up her face. "Auntie says that when I come to stay with you I'm to be mistress of the house."

"Indeed!" said Quixtus.

"And I'm to be a real lady and sit at the end of the table and entertain the guests."

"I suppose that settles it!" he said with a smile.

"Of course it does," said Clementina; and she wondered whether his masculine mind would ever be in a condition to grasp the extent of the sacrifice she was making.

That day the remains of Will Hammersley were laid to rest in the little Protestant cemetery. The consular chaplain read the service. Only the two elders stood by the graveside, thinking the ordeal too harrowing for the child. Clementina wept, for some of her wasted youth lay in the coffin; but Quixtus stood with dry eyes and set features. Now he was sane. Now he could view life calmly. He knew that his memory of the dead would always be bitter. Reason could not sweeten it. It were better to forget. Let the dead past bury its dead. The dead man's child he would take to his heart for her own helpless, sweet sake. Should she, in years to come, turn round and repay him with treachery and ingratitude, it would be but the way of all flesh. Meanwhile he would be loyal to his word.

After the services came to a close he stood for a few moments gazing into the grave. Clementina edged close to him and pointed down to the coffin.

"He may have wronged you, but he trusted you," she said in a low voice.

"That's true," said Quixtus. And as they drove back in silence he murmured once or twice to himself, half audibly: "He wronged me, but he trusted me."

That evening they started for Paris.

Undesirous of demonstrative welcome at half past eight in the morning, Clementina had not informed Tommy and Etta of the time of her arrival and Quixtus had not indulged in superfluous correspondence with Huckaby. The odd trio, now so closely related, stood lonely at the exit of the Lyons Station, while porters deposited their luggage in cabs. Each of the elders felt a curious reluctance to part—even for a few hours—for they had agreed to lunch together. Sheila shed a surprised tear. She had adjusted her small mind to the entrance of her Uncle Ephraim into her life. The sudden exit startled her. On his promising to see her very soon, she put her arms prettily round his neck and kissed him. He drove off feeling the flowerlike pressure of the child's lips to his—and it was very sweet.

It helped him to take up the threads of Paris where he had left them—a difficult task. Deep shame smote him. What could be henceforward his relations with Huckaby whom, with crazy, malevolent intent, he had promised to maintain in the path of clean living? With what self-respect could he look into the eyes of Mrs. Fontaine—innocent and irreproachable woman—whose friendship he had cultivated with such dastardly design? She had placed herself so frankly, so unsuspectingly in his hands! To him now it was as unimaginable to betray her trust as to betray that of the child whose kiss lingered on his lips. If ever a woman deserved compensation, full and plenteous, at the hands of man, that was the woman. An insult unrealized is none the less an insult; and he, Quixtus, had insulted a woman. If only to cleanse his own honor from the stain he must make compensation to this sweet lady. But how? By faithful and loyal service. When he solemnly reached this decision I think that more than one angel wept—and at the same time wanted to shake him.

And behind these two, whom he would meet in Paris, loomed the forbidding faces of Billiter and Vandermeer. He shivered as at contact with something unclean. He had chosen these men as ministers of evil. He had taken them into his crazy confidence. With their tongues in their cheeks, these rogues had exploited him. He remembered loathsome scenarios of evil dramas they had submitted. Thank Heaven for the pedantic fastidiousness that had rejected them! Billiter, Vandermeer, Huckaby—the only three of all men living who knew the miserable secret of his recent life! In a rocky wilderness he could have raced with wild gestures like the leper, shouting: "Unclean! Unclean!" But Paris is not a rocky wilderness and the semi-extinct quadruped in the shafts of the modern Paris *fiacre* conveys no idea of racing.

Yet, while his soul cried this word of horror, the child's kiss lingered as a sign and a consecration.

The first thing to do was to set himself right with Huckaby. Companionship with the man on the recent basis was impossible. He made known his arrival; and an hour afterward, having bathed and breakfasted, he sat with Huckaby in the pleasant garden of the hotel. Huckaby, neat and trim and clear-eyed, clad in well-fitting

blue serge, gave him the news of the party. Mrs. Fontaine had introduced him to some charming French people whose hospitality he had ventured to accept. She was well and full of plans for little festas for the remainder of their stay in Paris. Lady Louisa had found a cavalier, an elderly French marquis, of deep gastronomic knowledge.

"Lady Louisa," said he with a sigh of relief and a sly glance at Quixtus, "is a charming lady but not a highly intellectual companion."

"Do you really crave highly intellectual companions, Huckaby?" asked Quixtus.

Huckaby bit his lip.

"Do you remember our last conversation?" he said at last.

"I remember," said Quixtus.

"I asked you for a chance. You promised. I was in earnest."

"I wasn't," said Quixtus.

Huckaby started and gripped the arm of his chair. He was about to protest when Quixtus checked him.

"I want you to know," said he, "that great changes have taken place since then. I left Paris in ill health; I return sound. I should like you to grasp the deep significance underlying those few words. I will repeat them."

He did so. Huckaby looked hard at his patron, who stood the scrutiny with a grave smile.

"I think I understand," he replied slowly. "Then, Billiter and Vandermeer?"

"Billiter and Vandermeer I put out of my life forever; but I shall see they are kept from want."

"They can't be kept from wanting more than you give them," said Huckaby, whose brain worked swiftly and foresaw blackmail. "You must impose conditions."

"I never thought of that," said Quixtus.

"Set a thief to catch a thief," said the other bitterly. "I'm telling you for your own good."

"If they attempt to write to me or see me their allowance will cease."

He covered his eyes with his hand, as though to shut out their hateful faces. There was a short silence. Huckaby's lips grew dry. He moistened them with his tongue.

"And what about me?" he asked at last.

Quixtus drew away his hand with a despairing gesture, but made no reply.

"I suppose you're right in classing me with the others," said Huckaby. "God knows I oughtn't to judge them! I was in with them all the time"—Quixtus winced—"but I can't go back to them."

"My treating you just the same as them won't necessitate your going back to them."

Huckaby bent forward, quivering, in his chair. "As there's a God in Heaven, Quixtus, I wouldn't accept a penny from you on those terms."

"And why not?"

"Because I don't want your money. I want to be put in a position to earn some honorably for myself. I want your help as a man, your sympathy as a human being. I want you to help me to live a clean, straight life. I kept the promise, the important promise I made you, ever since we started. You can't say I haven't. And since you left I've not touched a drop of alcohol—and, if you promise to help me, I swear to God I never will as long as I live. What can I do, man," he cried, throwing out his arms, "to prove to you that I'm in deadly earnest?"

Quixtus lay back in his chair, reflecting, his fingertips joined together. Presently a smile, half humorous, half kindly, lit up his features—a smile such as Huckaby had not seen since before the days of the hostless dinner of disaster; and it was manifest to Huckaby that some at least of the Quixtus of old had come back to earth.

"In the last day or two," said Quixtus, "I have formed a staunch friendship with one who was a crabbed and inveterate enemy. It is Miss Clementina Wing, the painter, whom you saw in somewhat painful circumstances, the other day at the tearoom. I will give you an opportunity—I hope many—of meeting her again. I don't want to hurt your feelings, my dear Huckaby, but so many strange things have happened of late that I for the present mistrust my own judgment. I hope you understand."

"Not quite. You don't mean to tell ——"

Quixtus flushed and drew himself up.

"After twenty years, do you know me so little as that?"

"I beg your pardon," said the other humbly.

Again Quixtus smiled—at a reminiscent phrase of Clementina's.

"At any rate, my dear fellow," said he, "even if she doesn't approve of you she will do you a thundering lot of good."

At the smile Huckaby took heart of grace; but at the same time the memory of Clementina, storming over the tea-table for all the world like a French Revolutionary general, filled his soul with wholesome dismay. Well, there was no help for it—he must take his chance; so he filled a philosophic pipe.

A little later Quixtus met the spotless flower of womanhood whom he had so grievously insulted. She greeted him with both hands outstretched. Without him Paris had been a desert. Why had he not sent her the smallest, tiniest line of news? Ah!—she understood. It had been a sojourn of pain. Never mind. Paris, she hoped, would prove to be an anodyne. Only if she would administer it in the right doses, said Quixtus gallantly.

Dressed with exquisite demureness, she found favor in his sight. He realized, with a throb of thanksgiving, that henceforward he could meet her on equal terms—as an honorable gentleman—no grotesque deviltry haunting the back of his mind and clouding the serenity of their intercourse.

"Tell me what you have been doing with yourself," she said, drawing him to a seat. The little air of intimacy and ownership, so delicately assumed, captivated the remorseful man. He had not realized the charm that awaited him in Paris.

He touched lightly on Marseilles happenings; spoke of his guardianship; of Sheila—of her clinging, feminine ways; drew a smiling picture of his terror when Clementina had first left him alone with the child.

Mrs. Fontaine laughed sympathetically at the tale and then, with a touch of tenderness in her voice that perhaps was not deliberate, said:

"In spite of the worries, you have benefited by the change. You have come back a different man."

"In what way?"

"I can't define it."

"Try."

A quick glance met questioning in his eyes. She looked down and daintily plucked at the sunshade across her lap.

"I should say you had come back more human."

Quixtus' eyelids flickered. Clementina had used the same word. Was there then an obvious transformation from Quixtus *furens* to Quixtus sane?

He remembered the child's kiss. "Perhaps it's my new responsibilities," he said with a smile.

"I should so much like to see her. I wonder if I ever shall," said Mrs. Fontaine.

"She is coming here to lunch with Miss Wing," replied Quixtus, eager now that his good friends should know and

(Continued on Page 30)



She All But Snatched the Child Out of the Other's Arms

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Old-Time Kinglets

THE founder of the House of Hanover lived in and reigned over a German town about one-third as big as Kalamazoo and probably about one-thirtieth as wealthy. He had eight daughters and seven sons, but the family fortune was so meager that the sons drew lots to see which of them should marry. Thackeray quotes the following regulations for the ducal household:

"None of the servants, unless it be a knave who has been ordered to ride out, shall eat or drink in the kitchen or cellar. When the meal is served in the courtroom a page shall go around and bid every one be quiet and orderly, forbidding all cursing, swearing and rudeness; all throwing about of bread, bones or roast, or pocketing of the same. Every morning at seven, the squires shall have their morning soup; every evening they shall have beer. The butler is specially warned not to allow noble or simple to go into the cellar. Wine shall be served only at the prince's or councilor's table."

Which reminds us that coronations are badly stage-managed. Introducing a few bejeweled articles said to be copied from those of the time of Edward the Confessor conveys no idea of the beginnings of kingship. It conveys rather the notion that a king's ancestors were always fine gentlemen; whereas, in every case, the family was originally in very modest circumstances. The birthplace of the Hohenzollerns, for example, contained the medieval equivalent of a parlor, bedroom, bath and kitchenet.

It would be more significant and more truly symbolical to introduce at the coronation as accurate a reproduction as possible of a Saxon or Norman court—with the nobles muzzled, out of consideration for the ladies in the audience.

The Credit of the United States

UNCLE SAM began business with a debt of seventy-five million dollars, resulting from the Revolutionary War, and the six per cent bonds which Hamilton floated abroad netted about ninety-five cents on the dollar. Two years later, under a warcloud, the Government paid eight per cent on small loans. Before 1812, thirty-eight million dollars of the debt had been paid off; but the war of that year increased it to a hundred and twenty millions, and six per cent bonds sold as low as sixty-five cents on the dollar.

Before the Revolution, British three per cent bonds sold at ninety. At the end of the war, the British debt had risen by five hundred million dollars, and, when Cornwallis surrendered, her three per cent bonds fell to fifty-four cents on the dollar. Twenty years later—not far from the time when our six per cents were down to sixty-five—British three per cents were selling at forty-seven cents on the dollar; and when the struggle with Napoleon finally ended the British debt was up to three and a half billion dollars.

The Mexican War increased our public debt by forty-nine million dollars, but, as it never threatened to be a very serious conflict, all the loans bearing six per cent interest were floated at par or above; by 1860 the public debt was under sixty-five million dollars. Then came a new war and a new debt.

Last month, for the first time since the Civil War, the Government floated a large issue of bonds on a strictly investment basis. The bonds bore three per cent interest and sold at a premium. This flourishing state of public credit means, first of all, presumed immunity from war. French three per cents sell at ninety-four; German three per cents at eighty-two—partly, no doubt, because the war risk in those nations is higher than with us.

An Exploded Fallacy

FROM 1850 to 1900 the population of the United States increased a little more than threefold, while consumption of manufactured articles increased thirteenfold. This conclusion is based on the census reports of American manufactures, the imports and exports. Industries employing hundreds of thousands of hands, which were unheard of not many years ago, will readily come to mind—for example, those growing out of electrical inventions. Probably the consumption of manufactured articles will increase four times as fast as population in the next fifty years also.

To regard consumption as a fixed quantity leads to many errors—for example, a memorial recently addressed to Congress recites that "every dollar's worth of competitive imports entering the ports of the United States displaces that amount of products manufactured in American factories by American workmen"; which is plausible, but not true. In the early days of the automobile, use of those pleasant machines in this country was doubtless stimulated by the importation from France of cars and parts of cars. That industry—a creation of only a few years—now employs thousands of American workmen. The importation of a competitive article may result in directly increased employment for American labor. Wool is an example, wages amounting to seventy million dollars a year being paid partly for the manufacture of the imported material.

If a thoughtful liegeman of Edward III had been told that thirty million people would one day be counted in England—which then contained only two and a half million population—he would have concluded that about nine-tenths of them must starve. The thirty millions are there and only a few, comparatively speaking, do starve.

Broadly speaking, nothing but hard times displaces labor—and hard times is a preventable disease.

Sporting Chances at Law

ALL States except five retain the death penalty for murder. Illinois is not one of the five exceptions. The Chicago Tribune finds that capital punishment was last inflicted in Chicago in October, 1909, and since then two hundred and twenty-eight murders have been committed in the county. At the time the Tribune wrote, thirty-four persons charged with murder were in the county jail.

Some time before, replying to a demand for more judges, the Tribune pointed out that Illinois, with less than one-sixth the population of England and Wales, had over two and a half times as many judges, not counting those on the Federal bench or justices of the peace. If Illinois requires more than fifteen times as many judges as England, according to population, the administration of law there must be correspondingly slow and complicated. To impanel a jury in Illinois often takes as long as to dispose of half a dozen murder trials in England. If the defendant has money or influence a verdict of guilty means only that he has lost the first lap of the race. A word may have been omitted from the indictment or the trial judge may have admitted some evidence that was not strictly according to the rules of the game as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

The trouble goes further back than the courts, however. In a "gamblers' war" some thirty dynamite bombs were exploded in various parts of the city over a period of many months. As an incident of "labor wars," known thugs and "gunmen" go abroad in perfect freedom. Both facts reflect upon the police.

In short, there may be a failure on the part of the police. If not there may be a failure on the part of the courts. Between the two a murderer has a fine sporting chance to escape. And conditions in Illinois, of course, are not exceptional. They are rather typical of most states.

An Endless Chain Broken

THE Canadian trade agreement calls upon the farmers of the United States to step into the breach. It means free trade in farm products with our most important competitor. The agreement gives the farmer nothing whatever in the way of direct or immediate return. Its direct, immediate benefits accrue entirely to manufacturing interests.

All the benefits to the farmer are indirect and implied. For a generation the average rate of duty has been forty per cent or rather more. The Democrats revised the tariff in 1894 and under their bill the average rate of duty was forty-two per cent. The Republicans revised it the last time in 1909 and under that bill the average rate has been forty-one per cent. Whoever was in power and whatever the platform, the same old ring put over the same old job. To break the ring, somebody had to move first. Under the Canadian agreement the farmers move first. They can well afford to do so.

Canadian reciprocity, however, implies further tariff revision. Certain motions in the interest of such further revision recently inspired one stalwart Senator to declare that, if friends of revision forced the issue, Congress would be kept in session until October. What if it is? If we were a Senate and had passed the Canadian reciprocity bill we would much rather stay in Washington until October than to drop further tariff revision and retire into the country, where a farmer could reach us with a pitchfork!

Big Business for a Bad Year

IN THIS dolorous year—the fiscal year ended June 30, 1911—the foreign trade of the United States broke all records. The imports were no larger than in the preceding year, but exports reached two billion dollars.

Nineteen years ago our exports, for the first time, amounted to one billion dollars; but five years elapsed before they again reached that figure. The increase since 1897 has been nearly continuous and now amounts to one hundred per cent. Imports, also, have doubled.

Since 1897, a good deal has happened and a good deal has been said about it. All sorts of radical, revolutionary and destructive notions have spread abroad in the land—even down to a notion that consumers might have something to say about the tariff and about railroad rates. A few of these notions, also, have managed to get themselves enacted into law. In consequence, an appalling quantity and quality of ruin have been predicted for the country; but the country, in fact, is still doing quite a lot of business.

A year ago we were buying rather too much abroad; but in this last year the excess of sales over purchases was half a billion dollars, which about trims the ship for the two years together.

The Last Secret Exposed

AS A NATION we are not at all sensitive about our domestic affairs. If anything disgraceful happens in the family we quite expect the newspapers to publish all the details they can discover and to invent as many more as may be necessary to make a good story. The son of our dearest friend having eloped with the cook, we hardly resent it when a reporter calls and asks us to inform him for publication if it's true the young man had delirium tremens, and whether anything is known against the character of the young lady to whom he was engaged—who happens to be a niece of our wife. With the greatest good nature we endure any exposure of mere family affairs, and if we are ambitious to shine in the "society column" we even court exposure of some family affairs.

When it comes to business, however, our modesty is extreme. A horrified groan, for example, greeted that feature of the corporation tax law which requires a man to write down the details of his business so that an inquisitive Government official may examine them. This feature of the law provoked far bitterer opposition than any other. In at least two states that have inheritance tax laws, it has been decided that a public functionary may open a deceased person's safety-deposit box and finger over the contents thereof. To many indignant minds this seems the ultimate outrage. A safe-deposit box is the quintessence of business secrecy. If a stranger can go poking about there when a man is dead conservative men will almost hesitate to die.

High at Any Price

CONGRESSMAN REDFIELD, of New York, has been engaged in manufacturing for many years and has traveled much abroad, selling American manufactures. In a speech on the bill to reduce wool duties he gave a number of his own personal experiences. The following are samples:

Wages in a Japanese locomotive plant were only one-fifth of the American scale; but comparison of the cost-sheets showed that "the labor-cost for locomotives on the same specifications was three and a half times greater in the Japanese shop than in the American shop."

"I saw them driving piles in Japan—twenty women, each with a rope, lifted the pile; they were paid twenty cents a day in our money." Yet it cost four times as much to drive those piles as it would have cost in New York.

"I was in a brickyard at Singapore. Their rate of pay was thirty-five cents a day in our money." But a comparison of the books at that Singapore brickyard and at one in an Eastern city of the United States showed that the labor-cost in America was no higher than in China.

The debate on the wool bill is embellished with long tables showing wages paid in American mills and those paid in foreign mills; but every schoolboy should know by this time that a comparison of wage scales means nothing. The cost of production may be less with the highest-priced labor than with the cheapest labor.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Remembering Expert

THE revolving door of a large and imposing New York hotel spun rapidly, projecting into the lobby a large and imposing railroad president, followed by a flock of secretaries, first vice-presidents and such.

"Ah," said one of the *entourage*, "there is Congressman Cox, of Ohio. Mr. President, you would like to meet Congressman Cox?"

Of course, the way the speaker put it to his esteemed chief, it was merely an inquiry; but in reality it was a statement of fact. The large and imposing railroad president, being aware of the subtleties of expression, knew it was up to him to meet Congressman Cox.

"Mr. President, may I have the pleasure of presenting Mr. Cox, of Ohio, Representative in Congress from the Third District? Mr. Cox—Mr. President."

"Delighted, Mr. Cox—delighted to meet you! I have often heard of you and I am very glad to have this opportunity of making your acquaintance." The president was liberal with the salve.

The handsome, boyish face of Representative Cox hardened a bit—hardened perceptibly, one might say.

"I think," he said calmly, as if not too much puffed up over the honor being done him—"I think, if I am not mistaken, that we have met before."

"Ah, indeed!" burbled the president. "I am sorry I do not recall the circumstance. When did I have the honor of meeting you, Mr. Cox?"

"Some years ago," replied Cox; and his voice was as hard as his face—"Some years ago. You had me fired from my job as railroad editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer."

"I had you discharged?"

"Fired, I said," corrected Cox—"thrown out in the street because I printed a true story about the twin streaks of rust you were receiver of at the time!"

"Well—of course—Mr. Cox—I can hardly be expected to remember so trivial a circumstance; however—I may say—it does not seem—I regret ——"

"I recall the circumstances distinctly," broke in Cox. "I recall that you went out of your way to separate me from my means of getting a living—and I recall that the story I printed was true. This is the first opportunity I have had since that time to tell you exactly how I viewed your proceeding on that occasion. I shall tell you now, not having changed in my viewpoint, by the way."

Which he did. He told the large and imposing railroad president how he viewed him and how he views the railroad-president class in general—told him with a simple directness that left no shadow of doubt in the mind of the large and imposing railroad president; and wound up with the broad and inclusive statement that, though railroad presidents at that time seemed of some consequence, he, at the present writing, wouldn't pay four dollars a dozen for them, hand-picked and assorted—and the meeting came to a sudden close, for they led the large and imposing railroad president away for fear he would disintegrate into a mass of purple pulp.

Cox Discovers a Great Truth

YOU see, the Representative was a reporter once, having entered that distinguished field of labor when a mere lad in the city of Middletown, Ohio, near which he was born. As is the case with most budding journalists in Ohio, he hurried to Cincinnati as soon as he could get any encouragement from a city editor there; and presently he rose to the dignity of being railroad editor of the Enquirer. He knew all the railroad presidents and other genial persons who in those days gave out the railroad items and the passes. He was a hustler and put over railroad scoops on the opposition with great regularity. Then came the event to which Mr. Cox referred so positively in the lobby of the New York hotel. At the behest of the railroad person they stopped James' pay; and, as being a reporter without pay is nothing in particular in the way of employment, James took a hurried look around and his eye lighted on the late Paul Sorg, who had become very rich making tobacco and desired to be a statesman.

To this end Sorg had secured a nomination to Congress. He was from Middletown and James knew him. It only took Cox four minutes to show Sorg how essential to the welfare of the Sorg machine Cox, a rising young journalist, would be; and Sorg hired him. Sorg was elected and Cox went to Washington with him as private secretary. Cox knew his business. He took care of everything—and Sorg didn't have to do anything but sorg.

All this time Cox had an idea—a good idea—that the person in the newspaper business who gets the long end of it is the person who sits where the money comes in, instead of sitting on the tripod where the news goes out. Having acquired a rich patron, Cox put him to work. There was a newspaper in Dayton—the News—owned by a banker named Simms. The banker didn't want the paper and Cox did. So he got an option and, with Sorg as his security, bought the paper. Dayton was then at the beginning of its present high prosperity.

Cox didn't seem to care whether he worked twenty-four hours a day for seven days each week or only twenty-three. He built up the paper, made good investments, joined the Dayton Club; and it wasn't long before he was referred to as "Mr. Cox, who owns the Dayton News and the Springfield News—and is a comer!" Pretty fair for a mere reporter!

Cox is a Democrat. Harking back kindly to his old Washington days, when he was sorging around, he reached out two years or so ago and took the Democratic nomination for Congress in his district. Since Sorg's day the district had become Republican and Cox seemed to be personal conductor of a foolish and forlorn hope. However, the Republicans got into a row over Taft and Foraker and named two candidates—and Cox blew gracefully in on election day.

When he got to Washington Cox wiped the joints and oiled the bearings of the machine he used in his days as private secretary—and the result was that he got a big majority last fall for his second term. They still speak in whispers—that is, the Republicans do—and awed whispers, at that, of his feat in carrying the National Soldiers' Home, at Dayton, which contains some five thousand old soldiers, supposed to be mostly Republicans.

If you are looking for a synonym for indefatigable, use Cox. He never stops. He works all the time. Likewise, as I have shown, he rarely forgets. When he first began to fuss in politics he couldn't say the alphabet out loud without stuttering and stammering; but he kept at public speaking grimly and now he is as clever on his feet as any man on his side. His district, containing Dayton, with its many agricultural implement and tool factories, is one of the largest—if not the largest—in manufacturing exports in the country; and the business men all cheer for Cox, while the working men hail him as their bosom friend.

He has built a newspaper office in Dayton that is undoubtedly one of the models of the country in all that a newspaper plant should be, and he runs two strong, influential, sprightly papers—one located in Dayton and the other in Springfield.

Cox has a remarkable mind. He is a figure sharp. When it comes to knowing and using statistics he has that other famous Ohio figurer, General Charles Grosvenor, looking like an adding machine that has been hit by a trip-hammer. The Ohio delegation say he memorizes the treasury reports. At any rate, he has the accurate information on tap and he imparts it at the right time. Though he has been in Congress but one term, he is a man of much consequence on the Democratic side, now the majority side, and is a level-headed, industrious, clear-minded young chap—he is only forty-one—with much good stuff in him and a future that holds many possibilities.

There was talk of sending him to the United States Senate last winter, but he stuck stoutly to his own candidate, E. W. Hanly. There is now some talk of running him for governor next time. Whatever may happen to him he will be a big factor out there in Democratic politics for many years. And the refreshing thing about him is that he is entirely frank and open and aboveboard. Having something to say, he says it—clearly and distinctly. Have I mentioned before that he does not forget? Oh, yes; well, some day he will land on certain Democratic statesmen in this present House who defeated him for membership on the Ways and Means Committee by getting up a fake fight among the Ohio Democratic members. And when he does land he will land—as the saying is—with both feet.



The Dayton Synonym for Indefatigable

A Tactful Trusty

FRED C. KELLY, the Cleveland writer and story-teller, drifted down to look over the Ohio penitentiary a time ago, when it seemed probable that the institution would soon be the address of numerous members of the Ohio legislature.

He was sitting in the warden's office, talking to some of the officers and two trusties, and told a story he thought was new, neat and nifty. Everybody laughed, but one of the trusties didn't seem to be so much amused as the others and remarked he had heard it before in Kansas City. Later in the afternoon, after the trusties had gone, Kelly casually asked the warden how long the trusty who had heard the story before had been in the prison.

"Twelve years," the warden replied.

"Then," said Kelly, "when he spoke of hearing my story—my story that I thought was new—out in Kansas City, I suppose he must have meant that it was at least twelve years old."

"That's Bill for you!" exclaimed the warden enthusiastically. "Bill is the politest man in this whole prison!"

Facetious Fassett

J. SLOAT FASSETT, who was one of the many Republicans defeated for Congress last fall, met John Dwight, the Republican whip, who squeezed back. Fassett and Dwight are from neighboring districts in New York.

"John," said Fassett, "I hear you fellows are going to reduce the salary of Representatives from the present seventy-five hundred dollars to the old five thousand dollars a year."

"No," replied Dwight; "I guess not."

"Well, you ought to."

"What for?"

"Why, the seventy-five-hundred-dollar men have quit!"

Not in Trigant

WHEN William F. Sheehan was a candidate for the United States Senatorship in New York one of the papers opposed to him printed the statement: "Sheehan is a born intrigant."

"He is not!" wrote an indignant friend of Sheehan from Buffalo. "He's Irish and he was born right here in the First Ward!"

The Hall of Fame

℃ William Randolph Hearst lives in a flat in New York that has forty-eight rooms.

℃ President Taft has about decided to give up horseback riding. He prefers walking and golf.

℃ Secretary Fisher, of the Interior Department, can give Secretary Knox, of the State Department, a stroke a hole and beat him at golf—and does.

℃ John Sharp Williams, Senator from Mississippi, smokes a pipe. So do other Senators smoke pipes—but John Sharp smokes his in the cloakroom.

℃ They never lose the bug. Former Senator Henry M. Teller, who was born in 1830, has an idea the Colorado legislature might solve its problem by sending him back to the Senate.

℃ John G. Milburn, the big New York lawyer, and father of Devereux and Jack Milburn, famous polo players and athletes, does not believe in exercise. He never walks when he can ride.

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The Engine That Supplanted the Finest in the World

A new factor has entered the automobile world. A factor of such vital importance—of such dominant force—that it is recognized as a revolution in motor car history. That factor is the Silent Knight engine.

In the world's best cars this new type engine has displaced the power plants which made those cars prominent. The finest engines the world has ever known have been supplanted by the Knight.

In England, France, Germany and Belgium—always the cradles of motor car development—the leading makers have admitted the supremacy of the Knight. And now the Stearns adopts it in this country.

The Choice of Royalty

Cars equipped with this motor are everywhere the choice of Kings—Emperors—Governments—of those acclaimed to be the best the world affords. In every country the greatest car stands upon the Silent Knight—the Daimler in England, the Mercedes in Germany, the Panhard in France, the Minerva in Belgium and in America the Stearns.

Silence—power—simplicity. The elimination at one stroke of all the shortcomings of other engines. The ability to steadily improve with use. In short, that is the new Stearns Knight.

Where it Excels

Power far greater than is possible in other engines is produced. All complications are done away with. In their place is a silent sweet running engine—an engine whose action is so gentle so silky that a spin behind the wheel is a revelation.

It gives the owner an engine far in advance of anything before produced—an engine that is always silent and vibrationless that takes a sharp hill at slow speed or rushes it with quiet, irresistible power. An engine that runs silently along on high, barely turning over, yet with a touch of the throttle leaps eagerly to any speed desired. It offers an engine that never complains that answers instantly to the throttle—an engine that is silent, quick and willing—that is never slow nor sluggish. An engine that minimizes gear shifting.

Stearns

THE ULTIMATE CAR

(Knight Type Motor)

It gives the owner an engine that takes him 'cross country at an even, tireless gait—that spares hills without falter or tremor—that moves silently through crowded streets or leaps willingly to the call of the open road. The "feel" of the engine—the touch—the response—all furnish a new sensation to the motorist—a sensation of lightness—of eagerness.

And above all, the Stearns-Knight grows better with the years. The longer it is run, the smoother its operations, the more power developed. It is simplicity itself—nothing complicated, nothing exposed, nothing to adjust. Power is produced in a quiet, steady flow—produced in an engine so silent and vibrationless that experts often cannot tell when it is running. Not only when the car is new, but after years of service.

Where it Differs

In the Stearns-Knight, action is not dependent upon ordinary valves such as used in all other 4-cycle American cars, with cam shafts, springs, timing gears, etc., and the attendant complications, trouble, noise and loss of power. Instead, in each cylinder are two thin cylindrical shells or sleeves—called "sleeves"—one inside the other, sliding smoothly up and down in a film of oil. These sleeves have ports in the sides and as they pass each other produce positive valve openings impossible to secure in any other way.

The action of these sleeves is silent and must always remain so. There is no noise and nothing to get noisy.

The valve openings are certain and positive. Valves cannot carbonize or seat improperly.

The entire movement is positive. No dependence is placed upon springs.

Briefly, the new motor is—
Silent, vibrationless, flexible, powerful and simple.

There are no complications—
No timing gears, cam shafts, poppet valves, springs or stems.

There is no loss of power—
Valves do not wear, compression does not leave, power is not wasted.

There is no guesswork—
Action is not dependent upon springs—it is absolutely positive.

Efficient in the extreme—
More power is developed—all gas is utilized—cooling is much easier.

Send for the Story

The story of the Stearns-Knight has been told in booklet form. It is a story of gripping interest—a story of the bitter fight of Chas. Y. Knight of Chicago to win recognition for his motor. The telling of that story—how, beginning with an unrecognized invention, Knight is conquering the automobile world—is one of the most interesting bits of motor car reading matter ever published.

We have told, too, of the wonderful trial of the Knight motors by the Royal Automobile Club of England. How rival manufacturers demanded a test, certain of the failure of the Knight—how the engines went triumphantly through the tests (voluntarily made the severest ever attempted). We have told how, after weeks of day and night testing in the laboratory and on the famous Brooklands track a test equal to two years of service, these wonderful engines developed more power at the finish than at the beginning, and showed no sign of wear! We have told why no maker of poppet valve engines dare attempt to equal this showing.

These booklets and "A Ride With The Chief"—telling the story of the Stearns-Knight in the words of our Chief Engineer—will be sent upon request. Clip the coupon and mail it to us or drop us a postal. The booklets will be mailed by return mail to any address.

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Marquis de Fayal of Portugal
Duke Louis Cassano of France
Baron Gon Caccia Dominioni, Count of Angadora
Signor Gino Ramoni de Sa Santa of Spain
Signor de Ramoni of France
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The nearest grocer will supply you with this savory and satisfying provision.

It is in the handiest shape to carry. It keeps perfectly. You can prepare it in three minutes with no fussing nor messing. And you find it as fine and palatable as if served at your own home table.

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Give sugary joys
to sissy boys
But "*Campbell's Soup!*"
say I.
Better the loss
of a bowl like this
Than a bake-shop
full of pie.

How's Business and Why

MR. JAMES J. HILL, the "Empire Builder" of the Northwest, is quoted by an interviewer as saying: "The country is all right. The trouble is with the people. They are lazy." Certainly no one will retort in kind to Mr. Hill, whose activities of mind and body keep people wondering what he will do or say next and where he may be seeking a new opportunity for usefulness. What Mr. Hill presumably means to say is that there are too many drones and non-producers in the country—too few who give an equivalent for what they receive. And there is doubtless much of truth in this idea. The United States is essentially a business country, a country that has grown rich as no country has done before it, and has grown rich so fast that it has a host of idlers—men and women who exhaust the mental resources of themselves and others in the endeavor to outshine one another by lavish expenditures for novel entertainment. As producers of a certain sort of employment for those who cater to their tastes, they are in a sense useful. As consumers, their utilitarian service is most strikingly exhibited. The talent expended by this class of the unemployed for social enjoyment and pleasure, if consecrated to practical service, would make an important contribution to business success.

The free and easy manner in which men have gained a livelihood and amassed a competence has led to lax economic practice and wasteful outlay for those things that make for pleasure, but which add nothing to the prosperity of the people or the development of civilization on progressive lines. The country is all right, but it has been abused in many ways and the number of unproductive citizens is very large.

Steel Men Uneasy

Speaking of Mr. Hill, the latest regarding his supposed plans for enlarging the "empire" that he is credited with building is especially interesting—nothing less than the extension of his railroad lines into the rich farming lands of the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Hill takes a long look ahead and foresees, no doubt, the success of the reciprocity measure as a business factor; and he purposes to have a share of the transportation to and from the promising farming country north of the border. In planning new railroad construction Mr. Hill is doing something to remove the handicap under which the iron and steel industry of his own country is operating. One of the abler writers upon financial and business topics traces the crippling of the steel industry to the amendments of the interstate commerce act by Congress last year, the amendments very seriously affecting the railroads, the best customers of the steel manufacturers. It is for this reason that any plans Mr. Hill and others may have for the extension of railroad mileage are of considerable moment in contemplating business conditions. The assumption is that, when the railroads are in position to spend freely, they will be liberal buyers of construction material and general supplies as well as of equipment. The railroads can, of course, begin to spend freely when credit is restored to an easy borrowing basis and when transportation again becomes abundant at remunerative rates. Railroad credit is variable at present, but good enough in case of the better systems. It is but a few days since Wall Street was urging a revival of speculation upon the fact that the aforenamed Mr. Hill had announced a broad refunding plan, perhaps the most ambitious ever announced by an American railroad company, which means by any similar company whatever.

Incidentally it may be well to remark, as of interest to Americans, that of the railroad mileage of the world, as reckoned by a foreign publication—625,698 miles in 1909—the New World—North and South America and Australasia—had 338,185 miles, or fifty-four per cent; while North America alone had 277,015 miles, or as much as the countries of the Old World combined, lacking a little over ten thousand miles, the exact figures given being 277,015 for North America and 287,513 for Europe, Asia and Africa. Other statistics given by the authority quoted showed that in the four years ending with 1899 the new mileage in North America did not increase in proportion to that of the Old World countries; and, since later statistics would probably sustain this position, the suggestion will doubtless be pardoned that it is to an export outlet for steel products that the manufacturers of railroad supplies may profitably look if they would enjoy a revival of activity in their industry. As a matter of fact, it is to be said that the largest of the manufacturers of railroad supplies in the United States is doing considerable in the way of cultivating foreign trade in its products.

As to the state of the steel and iron industry, the decrease of rising one hundred and five thousand tons in the orders on the books of the United States Steel Corporation during May is offset by the orders booked in May exceeding those booked the previous month, the increase in deliveries in May accounting for the poor return at the close of the month. Later advices from the trade are that the recent cut in prices of steel products did not stimulate sales to the extent hoped for, buyers continuing to order sparingly as if expecting further cuts. The best demand is reported in steel rails, well over one hundred thousand tons having been taken since June came in, and contracts for nearly twice—one report says four times—as many more tons are said to be pending. The rails sold are in part to be shipped out of the country. The price of rails has not, of course, been cut, the steel corporation and outside manufacturers coöperating in the maintenance of the price of this product. There is an intimation that the twenty-eight-dollar price will be advanced before January 1, 1912.

This coöperation of steel-rail manufacturers calls to mind the remarkable address of Chairman Gary, of the steel corporation, to the Stanley committee of Congress, which has had that corporation under investigation. It was made as plain as plain could be that the "harmony" or "Gary" dinners, so called, had for their object the assurance of harmonious action by the steel manufacturers touching prices; and the effort of Mr. Gary to justify the dinners only demonstrated that they resulted in what may be termed an "understanding" in restraint of trade. It is not, of course, certain, under the late ruling of the United States Supreme Court, that such restraint would be looked upon as unreasonable and therefore unlawful. It is obvious that the steel corporation is annoyed excessively in the conduct of its business by fear of interference by the Federal Government, including the judiciary. It is likewise obvious that members of Congress are unable to see why the steel corporation should have been immune to attacks that other great corporations were subjected to, so that there is small chance of the annoyance being removed until all the facts touching the past of the corporation have been laid bare and it shall be authoritatively determined whether the corporation has been specially favored, and whether its acts or the acts of those prominently identified with the concern have been lawful. If the management were not being harassed it would scarcely have been expected that the chairman of the board of the steel corporation would practically advocate Government regulation in the steel manufacturing business, even to the determining of prices and profits.

The Trust Decisions

When the highest court decided the status of the Standard Oil and American Tobacco companies, under the Sherman act, it was assumed by Wall Street, at least, that there would be comparative freedom from further Federal disturbance of the large corporations. This appears to have been premature—indeed, a mistake—as witness the steel and sugar inquiries by Congress and the threats of the Federal judiciary to proceed under the criminal code against individuals connected with the corporations. If this course is to be pursued—and some members of Congress are urging it by resolution—and if there is to be regulation of corporation affairs to the extent of fixing prices and profits of products, or even an attempt to bring this about, there is no saying how long the disturbance of business will continue.

Confidence cannot be built on uncertainty and the political factor must continue to be among the most important affecting



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You can put out the fire in the kitchen range, because the "American" Electric Iron generates all its own heat within itself.

This means cool comfort and a double economy.

You save all fuel-cost except that for the little current required to heat the one iron that does all the work—and users will tell you that the "American" does all the household ironing without any appreciable increase in the bills for electric current.

Moreover, you save time and energy. With the "American" an ordinary all-day ironing can be turned out by three o'clock. One iron, evenly heated all the time, makes the work better, quicker and cleaner. The ironing is finished in time to do other things—no more late dinners on ironing-days.

But to assure all these advantages, you must get the "American" Electric Iron—Beauty type—which is the latest development of the experience of the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of electrical heating-appliances.

The "American" utilizes the heat directly upon the work, without appreciable loss through sides or top. It can be attached to any ordinary electric lamp socket. It weighs 6½ pounds—the most practical weight for all the household work. It has a point that will work into small corks. And it is so durable that it is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States:

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For sale by electric and hardware dealers and department stores.

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HEAT

business. This is said without reference to tariff agitation as a factor in the case. That tariff agitation is to continue is not open to question and the effect must prove deterrent to business revival, though business may be fair in spite of this disturbing force. Business is fair in certain—not to say in many—directions. To house, feed and clothe, and entertain ninety-odd millions of people will necessitate a fair condition of business at all times; and it is a fact that the supply of materials in numbers of instances is frequently found short of demand, and this fact accounts for high prices of sundry commodities.

John Stevenson, Jr., president of an ordnance corporation in the Middle States, after remarking that the plant was running fairly well and had orders on hand to keep the five hundred men employed quite busy for some time, observed lately that there would, in his opinion, be a general revival of business in September if the crops should prove good. Should the crops prove a failure, he believed that the present business depression would continue until after the next national election. In the opinion of others, as well as of Mr. Stevenson, the crop factor is the major factor in the general situation as affecting business. The deficiency of the 1910 crops in certain districts was an adverse factor in those districts, particularly in the Northwest. But the Government report for those districts in the current year is more promising than for most other districts. The condition of spring wheat at the beginning of summer was better than last year and better than the ten-year average, and the acreage was reported enough larger to suggest likelihood of a grand crop if nothing happens to cause deterioration before the harvest. Just there lies the difficulty. With vagaries of climate and vermin to be faced, there is no forecasting with accuracy the autumn harvest. Nevertheless, the spring-wheat outlook at the early stage of growth is fine. Of winter wheat less can be said of a favorable character. The promise of the crop in the last spring month was not sustained a month later, and the harvest, hastened by dry weather and other causes, is disappointing. Weekly Government reports issued subsequent to the last monthly report point to a further decline in the condition of winter wheat and of nearly all vegetation in the winter-wheat districts. Oats show a materially poorer condition than last year and a deficient harvest is in prospect, except in some of the Northern districts, where rain has stimulated excellent growth.

Our Diminishing Crops

A rough estimate of the indicated yield of wheat, oats and rye in 1911 on about ninety million acres is slightly under a billion eight hundred million bushels, compared with a final yield of about a billion nine hundred million bushels last year. The necessity exists for basing this yield upon a materially larger acreage at present than last year, a not very encouraging consideration and certainly not flattering to future farming prospects or to prevailing methods of agriculture. The diminishing yield of certain products suggests exhaustion of soil and readily explains, without recourse to other causes, the exodus of farmers from the worn soils of parts of the West to the virgin soils beyond the British-American boundary. It is not to be wondered that Mr. Hill and other pioneer railroad men should look with covetous eyes to the traffic incident to the transportation of people and merchandise to the new country in the north and to the return traffic in products of the farms. The present outlook for the 1911 crops on Northern and Western farms does not guarantee the business revival to be desired, but there is time left for a great change in condition before the major portion of the crop in the several states is gathered.

The cotton crop is, perhaps, quite as promising as any of the agricultural products of the year, the increase in acreage being induced by the acceptable prices received for the last crop. The indicated yield of the early season is next to record, though subject to modification as the season grows older. Given another good cotton crop and prices even less than those of last season, and the South will be specially favored in this and in a general business way. The weather question is all important in the case of cotton. Late advices note at least partial relief of the drought in the coast states of the cotton belt and continued drought through the rest of the belt. Conditions will, of course, be modified if rain shall fall seasonably. Therefore the weather map will be studied with concern as the season advances.

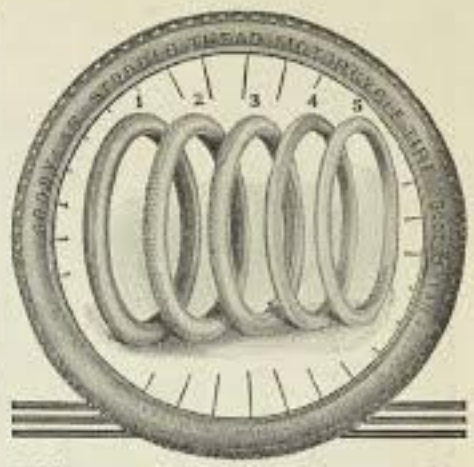
At the beginning of June domestic commodity prices showed a hardening tendency, being about one per cent higher than a month earlier, and about ten and a half per cent higher than at the beginning of the same month in 1908, which marked the low point of recent years. Compared with prices on June 1, 1909, those this year denote an increase of about one and a half per cent. They fall about four and a quarter per cent below those of the corresponding date in 1910. Prices now are about five per cent less than at the corresponding date in 1907. To what extent a hardening price tendency will affect general business is an open question. If liquidation is over, which is doubtful, rising prices, if they reflect improving demand, are likely to stimulate enlarged consumption.

The Balance of Trade

The preliminary foreign-trade statement of the United States for the eleventh month of the governmental year was surprisingly good as to both exports and imports, new records being made in each instance for that particular month. The value of exports for eleven months of the fiscal year—one billion nine hundred and seven million dollars—indicates that the two-billion-dollar mark will be passed by the exports for the twelve months. This is an increase of some three hundred million dollars over the total for the previous year. Imports for the eleven months—one billion four hundred and five millions—were about thirty-one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars less than for like months of 1909-10. The excess of exports over imports for eleven months already exceeds half a billion dollars by a slight margin, assuring a larger margin above imports for the twelve months than for any fiscal year since 1907-8.

The chief importance of these facts is their bearing upon the foreign credits of this country. The apparent balance of foreign trade does not, of course, show the real standing of the account between this and other countries, since there are many items in the account that do not figure in the foreign-trade exhibits. These include, among others, the expenditures of tourists from this country, sales of securities by American bankers, interest and dividends on American securities held abroad and ocean freight accounts, the total of all of which nobody knows, though it is known to be very large. It is declared to be a fact that American bankers do not now find it necessary, as has often happened, to sell exchange short at this time of the year, depending on bills to be drawn against fall exports to cover the short sales. With large credits abroad, it will be comparatively easy to import gold if the necessity shall exist or if there may seem to be an advantage gained by such a course, whether speculative or of other sort. The ability to take gold from abroad may be found of use in connection with the moving of the season's crops.

The present indication is that there will be plenty of money for crop-moving and for general use the rest of the year. So large is the bank surplus that it is inconceivable that anything like stringency can arise in the autumn, unless the large bankers shall devote unexpected millions to foreign subscriptions and unless there shall develop extraordinary activity in the security markets, a thing quite unthinkable at present. The attitude of money-lenders toward the latest Panama loan witnesses to the plethora of funds seeking secure investment, though it is not true that the total of proposals to take such loans is a true index to the liquid condition of investment funds. Many bids are designed to get something to sell again, and it frequently happens that bidders apply for many more securities than they expect to be awarded them in the hope that they will get a fair amount. All things considered, it is certain enough that general business will not be hindered by lack of money where the bank balance or the credit of the borrower is good. The evidence at this writing is that business men are proceeding cautiously and not counting upon a distinct revival of demand for the remainder of the calendar year.



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You can now ride on a road **specialist**—on a **professional** tire specially built to meet the peculiarities of the road most frequently ridden—a tire that guarantees bigger and better service than any other motorcycle tire because built with **one** purpose in view.

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Five different types of motorcycle tires. Each type is designed and built by the world's greatest tire experts. These experts have boiled down and crystallized in Goodyear Motorcycle Tires the golden knowledge gained from over 12 years of exhaustive research and experiment in the perfection of the now famous Goodyear **No-Rim-Cut** Auto Tire.

Goodyear Motorcycle Tires are built by a process used by no other tire maker—by a process which completely does away with all possibility of blisters, air cavities and weak spots—faults responsible for 90 per cent of all tire troubles.

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—Record-breaking because each of the Goodyear Quintette of Motorcycle Tires is as perfect for its purpose as the Goodyear **Blue Streak** Racing Tire, which has just captured the World's Amateur and Professional Motorcycle Records.

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THE BILLYAD

(Continued from Page 8)

"Secretaries come and go—
High-low!—hully gee!
If you think that isn't so
Look at R. Achilles B.
Now the forest's kindest wisher
Finds the simple name of Fisher
On the quaint Interior portal—
No, Achilles ain't immortal.
Then behold another one—
Secretary Dickinson;
See within his warlike place
Stimson of Rooseveltian race.
Listen! In the stately box
Occupied by Phillie Knox
There's a quake
And a thrill—
Mercy's sake!
Is it Phil?
Those for Cabinet jobs intended, just like servants recommended, work a while, then Crash!—it's ended! But there's One, by Heaven defended, still remains, serene and splendid—
Unc' Jim Wilson, Nature's pardner—
Hoes right on, the faithful gard'ner.
Such a tame
Rural gent
When he's came
Will not went."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW I LEARNED TO RUN A MOTOR BOAT

(Continued from Page 4)

"I might have known that anything you said about knowing how to run a boat was two hundred per cent exaggeration," said Wright.

"You would have if you had known the difference between a boat and a cornerib," I retorted. "And only a few days ago you were talking about cross-compound spark plugs."

"I knew you'd swallow that," said Wright, chuckling. "And was that remark of yours about two-phase rudders out of a perfectly empty head too?"

"Say, Doc," I asked, "what is a phase anyway?"

"But the question is," said Doc, getting up to view the horizon again, "how are we going to get home? Home never was so dear to me before."

"We might paddle in," I suggested. I took a small board that was the likeliest object in sight and paddled industriously for five minutes.

"At the rate you're moving us," said Doc, "I figure that we'll get to shore just in time to vote next November."

"There's only one way out of it," I said. "We've got to start that engine."

"I hope we don't," said Doc plaintively. "I'm afraid of it."

I considered a bluff for a minute, but resisted. "So am I," I admitted. "I was afraid all the time I was fooling with it that it would go off."

"Oh, never mind," said Doc soothingly. "The exercise did you good anyway. Besides, we haven't any time to quarrel. We've got to get this boat started."

We hunted diligently for the switch that turned on the batteries. I could tell a battery when I saw one, and Doc developed a Holmes-like genius by which he tracked the switch down by means of following the wires from the engine. After getting on two or three false scents, one of which led him to the searchlight, he located the switch and turned it on. An ominous hum arose.

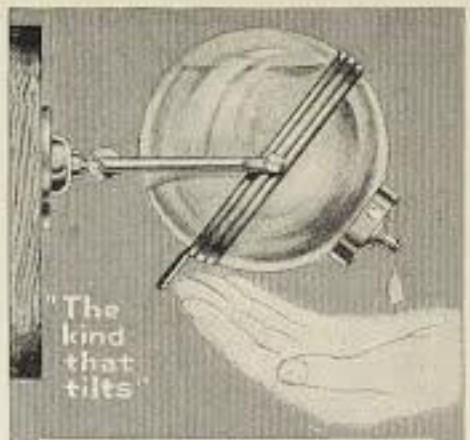
"Look out!" said Doc. "She may start."

I hustled back and grabbed the steering wheel so as to give the engine plenty of room. But nothing happened.

We sat and looked at the engine doubtfully, while the boat floated around another bend in the river. "It isn't going to start," said Doc finally. "I believe I'll go up and turn that wheel over."

"Amuse yourself," said I. "I would be the last man in the world to deprive you of any innocent pleasure."

Doc heaved a little and finally got the hang of the job so that he could pull the flywheel clear over in two jerks. He was as proud as if he had lifted an elephant. I figured that he had turned the propeller over fifty times and that every turn had sent us ahead probably six inches. At that



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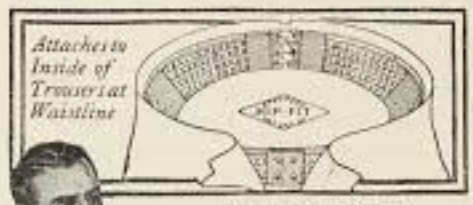
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Made of light gauze, with durable *silk elastic over hips and in back—conforms to body IN ANY POSITION*, and supports trousers *evenly all around*. Prevents trousers from sagging down and *shirt from "working up."* Cool, serviceable, durable. Belt may be worn *for appearance only.*

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Thermos pays for itself in a week, and when you have once learned what it is in Thermos for you, you will wonder how you ever did without it.

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rate we would get home before Christmas. But no! I had forgotten to figure in allowances for the current. Drifting two miles an hour and going ahead twenty-nine feet in the same time would land us somewhere below the Tropic of Cancer at the time when theoretically we should have gotten home. It was discouraging.

Doc was all in a lather. And, besides, he had wiped his greasy hands on his shirt and his face, which gave them a weird appearance. "I tell you, there's nothing like science," he said. "Now you would have turned this wheel over about twice in all this time and would have fallen overboard into the bargain. It's just as I've said all along. In a street car you are comparatively at ease. You can ride it without difficulty. But you have no business trying to master—who pulled that switch out?"

"Why, I did," I said. "It was making too much noise."

Wright came out and sat close to me. He was quiet for a minute. Then he turned around, ate up about a barrel of hot July air and addressed some remarks to me personally. I don't remember them all, but in the peroration he declared that if he had a pet grasshopper that was suffering from paresis and was out of a job, he'd pay it a good salary to act as my nurse.

I felt hurt. There was no need of wasting all that fine language on a friend, I said, when there was a gasoline engine in the boat that needed it all.

"But see what you did!" howled Wright. "You've made me work myself almost into apoplexy for nothing at all."

"Oh, well, as far as that goes," said I, "the exercise has done you good. And, besides, I've been thinking over the way Robbins starts his automobile, and I remember that he always turns on the gasoline first."

"When did you think of that?" demanded Wright menacingly.

"None of your business," said I calmly. "Let's stop debating and find that gasoline pipe."

I was really proud of the way we cornered that pipe and found the rinctum that lets the gasoline into the engine. It didn't take us five minutes. We opened it and turned on the electricity again. Then Wright balked, and I had to tackle that confounded flywheel. This time I was good and nervous. At any moment the thing might start. I believe I would as soon have touched off a cannon by holding a match to the muzzle. I went up there in the oil and grease, breathed a short prayer that went wrong before the end, owing to the fact that I got a pair of seven-dollar pants against a particularly oily place. Then I grabbed that wheel and gave it a yank.

"Bang!"

I thought the universe had exploded. But when I got up from the corner where the flywheel had thrown me everything was quiet except Wright. He was dancing and waving his hat.

"She started! She started!" he yelled. "She turned clean over. Give her another whirl."

"You go to thunder!" said I. "She may start again."

The idiot actually wanted me to go back there and deliberately encourage that engine to do it all over again. I told him what I thought of him. But it was getting late and we had drifted around two more bends, and in the end we drew lots. I lost. With a harrowing "Just-before-the-battle-mother" feeling I went back into that hell-hole and began turning that wheel over. Horrible things happened. Once the engine exploded again. Once the carbureter exploded and spat blue smoke all over me. Once I slipped and grabbed a wire. It was chock full of bumblebees. I gave a howl and threw up my other arm. A wrench that I happened to be holding sailed out through a porthole and disappeared with a splash.

"Hooray! Try your pocketbook next time," yelled Wright with that unfailing brutality that is his distinguishing feature. "I'll bet you could throw that twice as far."

I let him have the oil can right in the lap, and while he struggled with the oil and his rhetoric I hauled the wheel over again.

There is something awful in the suddenness with which a deceased gasoline engine leaps into volcanic fury. A second before we had been doddering hopelessly in a logy craft with five hundred pounds of mistreated junk in it. Now we were contemplating a shrieking, roaring, spitting and banging piece of machinery, revolving



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a million times a minute, leaping up and down on its base and shouting for gore. Perhaps this is exaggerated, but that's what that engine looked like to me when I picked myself up.

I wiped my hands on a piece of waste, crawled past the monster and sat down beside Wright. "It sometimes takes an expert a few minutes to start the antiquated teakettles that dubs like you buy," I shouted in his ear. "But it can always be done. Steer us up the river."

"She won't steer," said Wright, twirling frantically one way and the other. "Say!" he yelled, looking at the shore. "Does an expert always start an engine backward?"

There wasn't any use of arguing. The boat was running backward and in a circle. That is, she was trying to run in a circle, but every time the poor patient thing got one almost completed Wright would yank her around and start a brand-new one.

"Sh-shall we stop her?" he panted, as he spoiled the ninth circle and missed a sand bar by the width of an old-time Baptist deacon.

"Not on your life!" I yelled back. "Let good enough alone. Head her up stream and we'll go home backward."

Go home backward we did. It was a nervous performance too. The Imp backed about as well as a skittish colt, and we covered all parts of the river in a thorough and painstaking fashion. The engine cried and whined. She exploded in the carbureter and yelled for attention in every joint, but you didn't catch me touching anything. She was running, and I was taking no risks. I stood with an oil can and squirted oil at everything that moved, receiving most of it back on my seven-dollar pants, while Wright ballet-danced the Imp all over the bosom of the Illinois.

We banged and roared and putt-putted and limped and staggered around four bends and up toward the dock. There was a railroad bridge to pass under with a draw one hundred feet wide. Our boat was four feet wide, but we couldn't hit the draw. We missed it by two spans. Wright confessed afterward that he steered straight for a stone pier, which looked as big as St. Peter's Cathedral, and thus managed to miss it by fifty feet. I aged visibly before we got past that bridge.

We hated to go up to the dock stern-foremost and I guess the Imp did too, for she insisted on taking a stroll up the river and through the motor boat fleet anchored above before she came around and took Doc's suggestion. She was hiccoughing badly, and once or twice she almost stopped. We decided to go above the dock, stop and drift down, smashing the engine with a wrench if necessary. A hundred feet from the dock I kicked the carbureter with all my might and shut off the gasoline. Doc turned all the levers he could find the wrong way, knocked the batteries off the shelf and began scooping water on the engine with a pail. The result was satisfactory. The Imp barked, exploded, started forward, puffed blue smoke, and then died with surprising suddenness.

We drifted in to the dock and received the congratulations of all present, including the docktender's assistant, who was visibly moved. He said he had never seen anything like it before and hoped never to again. He said he had read of men like us, but that he had always had a great horror of asylums and had never got the nerve to go and see them. I told him that we always ran our boat backward so that we could step out of it more readily when it hit the dock. He said he had heard that some of us wore our clothes wrong side out and went to sleep under the beds too. He seemed to be suffering from a delusion of some kind.

A number of boat owners with ropes were present when we landed. I supposed they were waiting for a chance to haul us in, but I found afterward they had intended to lynch us if we had hit any of their precious boats on our way in. There was no danger of that; if we had got through a railroad bridge without hitting it we could be depended on to miss a little thing like a motor boat.

We went home that night more or less triumphant, and the next day it took an expert four hours at eighty cents an hour to start that boat. We did it in three hours and fifty minutes. I don't call that bad for amateurs—and a first attempt at that.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by George Fitch, relating experiences with a motor boat. The second will appear in an early number.

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INFLATED PRICES FOR OLD MASTERS

(Continued from Page 11)

Any work of art of the past seems to possess an enchantment to the collector—a halo that only the death of the artist can bring. This is not a modern sentiment. Michelangelo had to contend with it. He became infuriated at the praises of the cultured *literati* and connoisseurs of his time over ancient art. The Florentines in particular claimed that nothing contemporaneous could equal what had been done previously and that great art was produced by the ancients. In retaliation, Michelangelo carved a Cupid out of marble, broke off a leg and an arm, hid these in his studio, and buried the statue, after having stained it to make it appear old. Later he instigated a search for new treasures. Great was the joy in Florence among the *cognoscenti* and *literati* when this statue was unearthed. No praise was great enough for this wonderful masterpiece of the past. A new treasure was discovered; but, when Michelangelo came among the admiring group with the missing leg and arm and fitted them into place, they had to admit that there were other artists besides the ancients.

A certain class of rich buyers dearly love to pay a large price for a work of art if it be properly advertised. They have found the old-master craze a great boon, having had a sad experience with former favorites among recent painters, such as the Bouguereaus, Gérômes, Meissoniers and those of that day, whose pictures have dropped considerably in price since their death. The men who painted the old pictures or sculped this or that ancient statue have been dead so many years that their work has stood the test of time. Why, therefore, ask certain dealers, should they make but a moderate commission on a living painter when they can make a larger one on an old master? Why bother with pictures of moderate price when they can sell an old master at from fifty thousand dollars to almost any price? Exit the modern painter; enter the old master and the many forgeries that masquerade under that name. Dealers with this viewpoint now handle only old masters.

The Rise of Il Greco

There is a fashion, too, even in old masters. Sometimes a painter's work, forgotten for several hundred years through one of two reasons, is brought to light and a boom is started. The prices naturally soar to the first magnitude.

The first and legitimate cause for resuscitation is when some painter, or group of painters who are ever willing to discover the good, visits a far-away gallery in the home of some great master and practically rediscovers him; as when Manet and Whistler revived the interest in Velasquez after visiting Madrid, or when the artistic tendency of the time finds itself in sympathy with the works of former painters who for years have slept, peacefully forgotten. The rediscovery of Il Greco, the Spanish master, and his subsequent jump into fame and high prices, is a case in point. Now no museum or collection is complete without its Il Greco, when but twenty years ago the writer, then in Spain, could have bought Il Grecos for a song. Painters even in Paris were then unaware of the quality and sincerity of this master's work. The recent artistic regeneration of the works of that subtle master, Von Meer—whose limited production and exquisite vision and finish have made his pictures priceless, and rightly so—is another example of artistic appreciation and resuscitation, always to the dealer's profit.

The second cause for resuscitation is when a dealer or group of dealers routs out some undiscovered example of one of the masters, or collects the works of some little known or second-rate old master, forms a pool and creates a boom for his works. The dealer reasons that, as all the greatest pictures are owned by foreign museums or are in closed collections, he must search the country homes for new finds. England, with her great old heirlooms, now seems to be the land of promise. The enterprising agent discovers that a certain lord or lady possesses a canvas by a high-priced master, sometimes an indifferent one; he gets into communication with the owner and informs him or her that the agent can procure a fabulous price for the picture. There are

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lands to be improved, estates to be freed, and—well, the older the title, generally the needier the lord; so a princely price is named. But how to get it!

A story is circulated that an American desires to buy a certain picture. The nation is at once up in arms to save the great treasure—for it is generally offered to the nation first; but the immense price is never reached by popular subscription. The unknown American, for whose benefit the plot has been laid, always falls. After the purchase, it would be rather an enlightening spectacle to glance into one of the rich London clubs and see the knowing wink that passes between the late owner and the go-between. And so a masterpiece is lost to England. The picture had been for centuries locked away from the people in England and often it will share a like fate in America.

The Gold of Brass

There are, now and then, lucky finds of some old master's work, buried away for centuries, unknown to biographer or historian and of great value. These are now and then unearthed, but generally by one who knows a good work of art.

Italico Brass, a poor Venetian painter—and, glory to the powers that be! a living painter shared the profits of the discoveries of a dead one—while sketching in the Italian Alps discovered in an old inn four Titians. They had been there for generations.

"*Quanto?*" asked Brass.

"*Due mille lire,*" replied the innkeeper, never expecting to realize such a fabulous sum. Concealing his great excitement, Brass returned to Venice, sold his own pictures for any price they would bring and borrowed the remainder of the two thousand lire. At last he managed to scrape together the modest sum demanded by the innkeeper, which was a large one to Brass at the time. Italico then brought the pictures to Venice. They proved to be genuine examples of Titian, and, as is the custom in Italy, the Government had the first opportunity to buy them. Two were sold, however, for forty thousand dollars to a rich collector, said to have been one of the Rothschilds, who overbid the Italian Government.

Signore Brass, who for years enjoyed that parlous state of poverty supposed to be a necessary and rather amusing state for a painter, is now quite the grand gentleman in Venice; he is able to devote his entire time to painting and is doing good work. This is the only incident known to us in which the work of a dead master has brought an income to a living painter. The lordly Titian, who painted to the ripe age of ninety-nine and then died of the plague—or, perhaps, would still be painting—must have felt a joy in the nether world to know that a poor Venetian painter had profited by a few forgotten works of his!

This was a case of a legitimate find and a reasonable price for the pictures. The former owners did not even enjoy their possession, much less appreciate their value.

A Reynolds recently discovered in a junkshop in London was secured for fifteen dollars and sold for eighteen thousand.



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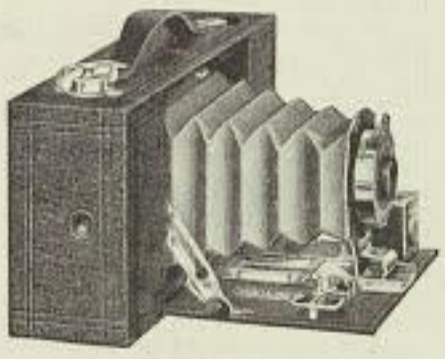
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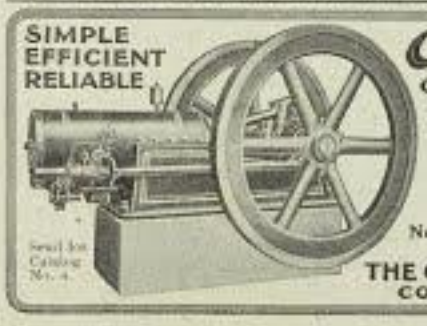
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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

appreciate each other. "Won't Lady Louisa and yourself join us?"

"Delighted," said Mrs. Fontaine. "Miss Clementina Wing is quite a character. I should like to see more of her."

Quixtus, his mind full of sweet atonement, did not detect any trace of acidity in her words.

On the stroke of one, the time appointed for luncheon, Clementina and Sheila appeared at the end of the long lounge, Tommy and Etta straggling in their wake. Quixtus rose from the table where his three friends were seated and advanced to meet them. Sheila ran forward and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You didn't ask these children to lunch, but I brought 'em."

"They're very welcome," said Quixtus, smiling.

Tommy, his fair face aflame with joy, wrung his hand. "I told you I would look you up in the Hotel Continental. By Jove! I am glad to see you. I've been an awful ass, you know. Of course I thought——"

"Hush! Hush!" said Quixtus. "You introduced me before to this young lady; but I most unfortunately have forgotten her name."

"Miss Etta Concannon," said Tommy proudly.

Clementina jerked her thumb toward them:

"Engaged. Young idiots!"

"My dear Miss Etta!" said Quixtus, taking the hand of the furiously blushing girl. "My friend Tommy is an uncommonly lucky fellow." He nodded at Sheila, who hung on to his fingertips. "Have you made friends with this young lady?"

"She's a darling!" cried Etta.

"Clementina," said Tommy, "you're a wretch! You shouldn't have given us away."

"You gave yourselves away, you silly geese! People have been grinning at you all the time you were walking here!" Then her glance fell upon the expectant trio a little way off. "Oh," she said—"those people again!"

"They're my very good friends," said Quixtus, "and I want you to meet them again in normal circumstances. I want you to like them."

He looked at her in mild appeal. Clementina's lips twisted into a wry smile.

"All right," she said. "Don't worry. I'll be civil."

So it came to pass that the two women again faced each other: Mrs. Fontaine all daintiness and fragrance in her simple but exquisitely cut fawn costume, the chaste contours of her face set off by an equally simple ten-guinea black hat with an ostrich feather; Clementina rugged, powerful, untidy in her ill-fitting clothes and heavy, businesslike shoes; and again between the two pairs of eyes was the flicker of rapiers. And as soon as they were disengaged and Clementina turned to Lady Louisa, she felt the other's swift glance travel from the soles of her feet to the rickety old rose in her hat. There are moments when sex gives a woman eyes in the back of her head. She turned round quickly and surprised the most elusive ghost of a smile imaginable. For the first time in her life Clementina felt herself at a disadvantage. She winced; then mentally, so to speak, snapped her fingers. What had she to do with the woman—or the woman with her?

All the presentations having been made, Quixtus led the way to the restaurant of the hotel.

"Clementina," said he, "may I ask you to concede the place of honor for this occasion to my unexpected, most charming and most welcome guest?"

He indicated Etta, still blushing, into whose ear Tommy whispered that his uncle always spoke like a penny book with the covers off.

"My dear man," said Clementina, "stick me anywhere, so long as it's next the baby and I can see that nobody feeds her on anchovies and lobster salad."

She understood perfectly. The second seat of honor was Mrs. Fontaine's. She confounded Mrs. Fontaine. But, anyway, what was Mrs. Fontaine to her or she to Mrs. Fontaine?

They took their places at the round table laid for eight. On Quixtus' right, Etta; on his left, Mrs. Fontaine; then Sheila, somewhat awed at the grown-up luncheon party and squeezing Pinkie very tight so as to give her courage; then Clementina, with Huckaby as left-hand neighbor; then Lady Louisa; and Tommy next to Etta.

Clementina kept her word and behaved with great civility. Tommy politely addressed Lady Louisa, to the immense relief of Huckaby, who, thus temporarily free from his Martha, plunged into eager conversation with Clementina about her picture in the Salon, which had attracted considerable attention. He did not tell her that, in order to refresh his memory of the masterpiece, he had revisited the Grand Palais that morning. He praised the technic. There was in it that hint of Velasquez which so many portrait painters tried for and so few got. This pleased Clementina. Velasquez was the god of her art. One bright space in her dreary youth was her life with Velasquez in Madrid.

"I, too, once tried to know something about him," said Huckaby. "I wrote a monograph—a wretched compilation only—in a series of Lives of Great Painters for a firm of publishers."

Hackwork or not, the authorship of a Life of Velasquez was enough to prejudice her in Huckaby's favor. She learned, too, that he was a sometime fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and a university contemporary of Quixtus. Huckaby, finding her not the rough-tongued virago from whom Quixtus had always shrunk, and of whom, at their one meeting at the tea room, he himself had not received the suavest impression, but a frank, intelligent woman, gradually forgot his anxiety to please and talked naturally as became a man of his scholarship. The result was that Clementina thought him a pleasant and sensible fellow, an opinion which she expressed later in the day to Quixtus.

With regard to Mrs. Fontaine, her promise of ladylike behavior was harder to keep. All through the meal her dislike grew stronger. That Quixtus should bend toward Etta in his courtly fashion and pay her little gallant attentions was but natural; indeed, it was charming courtesy toward Tommy's betrothed; but that he should do the same to Mrs. Fontaine and add to it a subtle shade of intimacy was exasperating. In the lady's attitude, too, toward Quixtus, Clementina perceived an air of proprietorship, a triumphant consciousness of her powers of fascination. When Quixtus addressed a remark across the table to Clementina, Mrs. Fontaine adroitly drew his attention to herself. Her manner gave Clementina to understand that, although a frump of a portrait painter might be an important person in a studio, in the big world outside the attractive woman had victorious preëminence. Now Clementina was a woman—and one whose nature had lately gone through unusual convulsions. She found it difficult to be polite to Mrs. Fontaine. Only once was there a tiny eruption of the volcano.

Sheila's seat at the table being too low for her small body, Clementina demanded a cushion from the *maître d'hôtel*. When, after some delay, a waiter brought it she was engaged in talk with Huckaby. She turned in time to see Mrs. Fontaine about to lift Sheila from her seat. With a sudden rough movement she all but snatched the child out of the other's arms and herself saw to Sheila's sedentary comfort.

She didn't care what Quixtus or any one else thought of her. She was not going to have this alien woman touch her child. The flirtation with Quixtus she could not prevent; but no woman born of woman should come between her and the beloved child of her adoption.

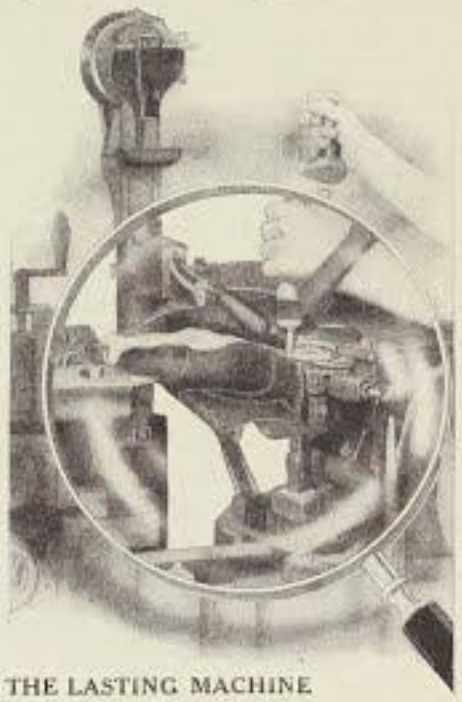
The incident passed almost unnoticed. The meal ended pleasantly. With the exception of the two women in their mutual attitude, everybody was surprisingly delighted with everybody else. Etta thought Quixtus the very dearest thing, next to Admiral Concannon, that had ever a bald spot on the top of his head. Clementina, in a fit of graciousness, gave Huckaby the precious freedom of her studio. He could come and look at her pictures whenever he liked. Sheila, made much of, went away duly impressed with her new friends. Quixtus rubbed his hands at the success of his party. The apparently irreconcilable were reconciled, difficulties were vanishing rapidly, his path stretched out before him in rosy smoothness.

But Tommy's quick eyes had noticed the snatching of Sheila.

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"Etta," said he, "I've known Clementina intimately all these years and I find I know nothing at all about her."

"What do you mean?" asked the girl.

"For the first time in my life," said he, "I've just discovered that the dear old thing is as jealous as a cat."

xx

"MY GOOD children, I tell you we'll go by train," said Clementina, putting her foot down. "I don't care a brass button for the chauffeur's loneliness and the prospect of his pining away on his journey back to London leaves me cold."

She had exhausted the delights of the car of thirty-five-million-dove-power and was anxious to settle Sheila in Romney Place as quickly as possible.

"As for you two," she added, "you have had as big a dose of each other as is good for you."

Only one thing tempted her to linger in Paris—curiosity as to the sentimental degree of the friendship between the lady of her disfavor and Quixtus. That she was a new friend and not an old friend the exchange of a few remarks with the ingenuous Lady Louisa had enabled her very soon to discover. Clementina looked askance on such violent intimacies. Quixtus, for whose welfare now she felt herself in an absurd way responsible, had not the constitution to stand them. The lady might be highly connected and move in the selectest of circles, but she had a hard edge, betraying what Clementina was pleased to call the society hack. She was shallow, insincere; talked out of a hastily stuffed memory instead of an intellect; she had the vulgarity of good breeding, as noticeable a quality as the good breeding of one in lowly station; she was insufferable—an impossible companion for a man of Quixtus' mental equipment and sensitive organization. There was something else about her that baffled Clementina and further whetted her curiosity.

Neither was Clementina perfect nor did she look for perfection in this compromise of a world. As an artist she demanded light and shade. "I wouldn't paint an angel's portrait," she said once, "for fifty thousand pounds. And if an angel came to tea with me the first thing I should do would be to claw off his wings." Now, no one could deny the light and shade in Lena Fontaine; but there is such a thing as false chiaroscuro, and it offends and perplexes the artist. Lena Fontaine offended and perplexed Clementina.

Again, Clementina, with regard to the chambers of her heart, was somewhat house-proud. Very few were admitted; but, once admitted, the favored mortal was welcome to stay there forever. Now, behold an exasperating aggravation: Here was Quixtus, just received in the very best guestroom—and, instead of admiring it and taking his ease in it, hanging halfway out of a window, all ears to a common hussy. If she had an insane desire to pull Quixtus back by the coattails who could blame her?

No sensible purpose being attainable, however, by lingering in Paris, she gruffly sent temptation packing and, with her brood under her wing, took the noon train from the Gare du Nord the next day.

Quixtus was there at the station to see them off, his arms filled with packages. As he could not raise his hat when the party approached he smiled apologetically, looking, according to Tommy, like Father Christmas detected in midsummer. There was a great bouquet of orchids for Clementina—such a handy, useful thing on the journey from Paris to London!—an enormous bonbonnière of sweets for Etta; a stupendous woolly lamb for Sheila, which, on something being done to its anatomy, opened its mouth and gramophonically chanted the jewel song from Faust; and a gold watch for Tommy.

The singing of the lamb, incautiously exploited on the platform, to Sheila's ecstasy, caused considerable dislocation of railway business. A crowd collected to see the gaunt, scholarly Englishman holding the phantasmagorical beast in his arms, all intent on the rapture of the tiny flower-like thing standing open-mouthed before him. Even porters forgot to say, "*Faites attention!*" and stopped their barrows to listen to the magic song and view the unprecedented spectacle. It was only when the lamb bleated its last note that Quixtus became conscious of his surroundings.

"Good Heavens!" said he.

"Do it again!" said Sheila in her clear contralto, whereat the bystanders laughed.

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"Not for anything in the world, my dear. Tommy, take the infernal thing. My dear," said he, lifting Sheila in his arms, "if I know anything of Tommy he will have that tune going for the next seven hours."

She allowed herself to be carried in seraphic content to the entrance of the car in which was the compartment reserved for the party. Tommy carried the lamb, and Clementina and Etta followed.

"That kid," said Tommy, "would creep into the heart of a parsnip."

Clementina, to whom the remark was addressed, walked three or four steps in silence. Then she said:

"Tommy, if I hear you say a thing like that again I'll box your ears!"

He stared at her in amazement. He had paid a spontaneous and sincere tribute to the child over whom she had gone crazy. What more could she want? She moved a step in advance, leaving him free to justify himself with Etta, who agreed with him in the proposition that Clementina for the last two days was in a very cranky mood. Very natural, the proposition of the two innocents. How could they divine that the moisture in Clementina's eyes had nothing whatsoever to do with Sheila's appreciation of the vocal lamb or her readiness to be carried by Quixtus? How could they divine that at the possibility of which the cruelty and insolence of youth would have caused them both to shriek with inextinguishable laughter? And how was Tommy, generous-hearted lad that he was, to know that this one unperceptive speech of his sent him hurtling out of the land of romance down to common earth? Henceforward Tommy, though retaining his chamber in Clementina's heart, was to walk in and out just as he chose. Not the tiniest pang was he again to cause her. But what could Tommy know—what can you or I or any other male thing ever born know—of a woman? We walk—good, easy men—with confident and careless tread, through the familiar garden; and then, suddenly terra firma miraculously ceases to exist—and, head over heels, we go down a precipice. How came it that we were unaware of its existence? *Mystère!* Who could interpret the soul of La Gioconda? Leonardo da Vinci least of all. It is all very well to give a man a vote; he is a transparent animal and you know the way the dunderhead is going to use it; but the incalculable and pyrotechnic way in which women will use it will make humanity blink. Let us, therefore, pardon Tommy for staring in amazement at Clementina. He sought refuge in Etta. From Scylla, perhaps, to Charybdis; but, for the present, Charybdis sat smiling, the most innocent and bewitching monster in the world.

Leaving the three children in the compartment, Clementina and Quixtus walked, for the last few moments before the train started, up and down the platform.

"I suppose you'll soon be coming back to London?" said Clementina.

"I think so," said he. "Now that the Grand Prix is over, Paris is emptying rapidly."

"Parrot!" thought Clementina, once more confounding the instructress; but she said blankly: "What difference in the world can it make to you whether Paris is empty or not?"

He smiled good-naturedly. "To tell the honest truth, none. Yes. I must be getting home again."

"Of course there'll be a certain amount of worry with Hammersley's affairs," she said; "but I hope you've got something else to do to occupy your mind."

"I want to settle down to systematic work," replied Quixtus.

"What kind of work?"

"Well," said he, with an apologetic air, "I mean to extend my little handbook on The Household Arts of the Neolithic Age into an authoritative and comprehensive treatise. I've been gathering material for years. I'm anxious to begin."

"Begin tomorrow," said Clementina. "And whenever you feel lonely come and read bits of it to Sheila and me."

And thus came about the surprising and monstrous alliance between Clementina and prehistoric man. Dead men's jawbones had some use after all!

"*En voiture!*" cried the guard.

"Goodby, my dear Clementina!" said Quixtus. "We have had a memorable meeting."

"We have, indeed. You are sending away three very happy people."

"Why not four?"

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But she only smiled wryly and said: "Goodby. God bless you! And keep out of mischief!" And she clambered into the train.

The train began to move to the faint strains of the jewel song in Faust, and Sheila blew him kisses from the carriage window. He responded until the little white face disappeared. Then he thought of Clementina.

"The very best but the most enigmatic woman in the world!" said he. Which was a very sweeping statement for a man of his scientific accuracy.

Entirely unsuspecting the word of the enigma, he went back to the spotless flower of insulted womanhood, who took him off to lunch with her French friends. She welcomed his undivided homage. That fish-fag of a creature, as she characterized Clementina in conversation with Lady Louisa, made her feel uncomfortable. Even now that she had gone, the problem of Quixtus' removal from her sphere of influence remained. The child was the stake to which he was fettered within that sphere. Could she break the chains? Therein seemed to lie the only solution—unless by audacity and adroitness she uprooted the stake and carried it, with Quixtus, chains and all, into her own territory.

She had a talk after lunch with Huckaby. The luncheon party had broken up into groups of two or three, who wandered about the cool inclosure of the Bois de Boulogne restaurant, where the feast had been given; and half by chance, half by design, the two had joined company. Their conversation on the evening of Quixtus' departure from Paris had deeply affected their mutual relations. Each felt conscious of presenting a less tarnished front to the other; and each, not hypocritically, began to assume a little halo of virtue in the pathetic hope that the other would be impressed by its growing radiance. During the few days of Quixtus' absence they had become friends and exchanged confidences. Huckaby convinced her of the sincerity of his desire to reform. He described his life. He had worked when work came his way—but work has a curious habit of shrinking from a drunkard's way—a bit of teaching, a bit of free-lance journalism, a bit of hack compilation in the British Museum; he had borrowed far and wide; he had not been overscrupulous on the point of financial honor. Hunger had driven him.

Lena Fontaine shivered at the horrors through which he had struggled. All he desired was cleanliness in life and body and surroundings. She understood. Material cleanliness had been and would be hers; but cleanliness of life she yearned for as much as he did. But for him, the man, with the given boon of honorable employment, it was an easy matter. For her, the woman, tired and soul-sick, what avenue lay open? She, in her turn, told him of incidents in her career at which he shuddered. "Throw it up! Throw it up!" he counseled. She smiled bitterly. What could be the end of the bird of prey who assumed the habits of the dove? She could marry, he replied, before it was too late. Marry, ay! But whom? She had not dared confide to him her hope. So close, however, being their relations, Huckaby had not failed to acquaint her with the important scope of his conversation with Quixtus the day before.

Quixtus' changed demeanor, obvious to her at once, confirmed his announcement. She welcomed it with more joy than Huckaby could appreciate. For, behind the pity that had paralyzed beak and talon, the newborn hope and the curious liking she had conceived for the mild, crazy gentleman, stalked the instinctive aversion which the sane feel toward those whose wits have gone ever so little astray. The news had come as an immense relief. Now she could meet him on normal ground. All was fair.

They found two chairs by a little table under a tree, at the back of the Châlet Restaurant and secluded from the gayety and laughter of the front. Nothing human was in sight save, through the tall masking acacias and shrubs, the white gleams of cooks and hurrying aproned waiters.

"Let us sit," she said. "How good it is to get a little cool and quiet! This *vie de cabaret* is getting on my nerves. I'm weary to death of it!"

Huckaby laughed. "It's still enough novelty to me to be pleasant."

She accepted a cigarette. They smoked for a while.

"How's goodness getting on?" she asked.

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"I'm going to collaborate with our friend in the new book he's talking about," replied Huckaby, with a surviving touch of boastfulness. "There is also a possibility of my taking over the secretaryship of the Anthropological Society."

"You're lucky!" said Lena Fontaine.

"How's goodness with you?"

"The usual slump. Shares going dirt cheap. No one seems to have any use for virtue in a woman."

"Husbands seem to have, as I've already suggested to you."

"Have you any particular husband to suggest?"

He cast on her a glance of admiration, for in her outward seeming she was an object for any man's forgivable desire; and he said in a tone not wholly of banter:

"The humble individual in front of you would have no chance, I suppose?"

She laughed. "None whatever."

"You'll pardon my presumption in making the offer; but could I, *en galant homme*, do otherwise?"

"No," she replied good-humoredly, "you couldn't. If you had five thousand a year it would pay me to think, for you're not unsympathetic. But, as you haven't, I've no use for you—as a husband, *bien entendu*."

It was a jest. They laughed. Presently a cloud obscured the sunshine of her laughter. She leaned over the table.

"Eustace Huckaby, are you or are you not my friend?"

For once in her dealings with a man whose good will she desperately craved, she was sincere. She dropped the conscious play of glance and tone; but she forgot the liquid splendor of her eyes and the dangerous nearness of her face to his.

"Your friend!" he cried, laying his hand on her wrist. "Can you doubt it? I am, indeed. I swear it!"

"Do you know why I'm staying here—apparently wasting my time?"

"I've supposed something was up; but my supposition seemed too absurd!"

"Why absurd?"

"Quixtus as a husband?"

"Yes. Why not?"

He released her wrist and fell back in his chair. He frowned and tugged at his beard.

"Do you care for him?"

"Yes—in a way—I sincerely do. If you mean—have I fallen desperately in love with him?—well, I haven't. That would be absurd. It's not my habit to fall in love."

"What would you get out of it?"

She made an impatient gesture. "Rest. Peace. Happiness. He's a wealthy man and would give me all the comfort I need. I couldn't face poverty. And he would be kind to me."

"And he—pardon the brutality of my question—what would he get out of it?"

"I'm a lady, after all," she said, "and I know how to run a large house; and as a woman I'm not unattractive. And I'd run straight. Temperamentally I am straight. That's frank. Whatever impulses I've had within me with regard to running off the rails have been the other way. Oh, God! yes!" she added, with a little shiver and averted eyes. "I'd run straight."

"What about ghosts of the past rising up and queering things?"

"I'd take my chance."

Huckaby lit another cigarette. "He looks on you as a spotless angel of purity," said he. "If he married you on that assumption and learned things afterward there would be the devil to pay. He's been hit like that already and he went off his head. I shouldn't like him to have another experience. Why not tell him something—just a little?"

She raised both hands in nervous protest. "Oh, no, no! The woman who does that is a fool. It never comes off. Let him take me for what he thinks I am and I'll see that I remain so. Trust me. It will be all right. You're the only impediment."

"I?"

"Of course. You have it in your power to give me away at any time. That's why I asked you whether you were my friend."

Huckaby tugged at his beard and pondered deeply. He meant, with all the fresh energy of new resolve, to be loyal to Quixtus. But how could he stand in the way of a woman seeking salvation? Lena Fontaine held out her hand across the table.

"Speak!" she said.

He took her hand and pressed it.

"I'll be your friend in this," said he.

She thanked him with her eyes and rose.

"Let us go back to the others or they'll think we're having a horrible flirtation."

On this and on the succeeding days she discovered a subtle change in Quixtus' attitude toward her. His manner had grown, if possible, more courteous, t betrayed a more delicate admiration, a more graceful homage to the beautiful and charming woman. Before his Marseilles visit she had found it an easy task to appeal to the fool that grins in every man. A trick of eyes and voice was enough to set him lovemaking in what she had termed the Quixtine manner. Now the task was more difficult. She found herself confronted by a greater sensitiveness that did not respond to the obvious invitation. He was up in the clouds, more chivalrous, more idealistic. With a sigh she gathered her skirts together and climbed to the higher plane.

And all this on Quixtus' part was sheer remorse—atonement for the unspeakable insult. The thought of having dared to make coarse love to this exquisite creature filled him with horrified dismay.

So began the little comedy of the seductress seeking to captivate the man who shrank with horror from playing the part of the seducer.

The fine weather broke. Torrential rains swept Paris. Lena Fontaine began to reflect. Summer Paris in rain is no place for junketing, even on the high planes. She knew the elementary axiom of sex relations, that the woman who bores a man is lost. The high planes were all right when you looked down from them on charming objective things; but, after all, a man has to be amused, and fun on the high planes is a humor dangerously attenuated. She announced an immediate departure from Paris.

"If you would accept the escort of Huckaby and myself, we should be honored," said Quixtus. "Unless, of course, we should be in the way."

She laughed. "My dear friend, did you ever hear of men being in the way when women were traveling? A lone woman is never more conspicuously lonesome than *en voyage*. All the other women around who have men to look after them look at one with a kind of patronizing pity, as though they said: 'Poor thing, that can't rake up a man from anywhere!' And it makes one want to scratch!"

"Does it, really?" smiled Quixtus.

"It does." She laughed again and sighed. "A lone woman has much to put up with—malicious tongues not the least."

"My dear Mrs. Fontaine," said he, "what tongue could be so malicious as to speak evil of you?"

"There are thousands in this gossipy world. Our little friendship and *camaraderie* of the last fortnight—sweetness and innocence itself!—who knows what misinterpretation slanderers might put on it?"

Quixtus flushed and drew his gaunt body to its full height. "I'm not pugilistic by habit," said he; "but if any man made such an insinuation I should knock him down."

"It would be more likely a woman."

"Then," said he, "I think I could manage to convey to her, without brutality, that she was a disgrace to her sex."

She fluttered a glance at him. "I should like to have you always as a champion."

"If I understand the word gentleman aright," said Quixtus, "he is always the champion of the unprotected woman."

"I happen to be a woman," she said, "and seek the particular rather than the general. I said my champion, Doctor Quixtus. Now don't say that the greater includes the less, or I shall fall through the floor."

He was too much in earnest to smile with her in her coquetry.

"Mrs. Fontaine," said he, with a bow, "no one will ever dare speak evil of you in my presence."

She rose—they were sitting in the lounge.

"Thank you," she said, falling in with his earnest mood. "Thank you. I shall go back to London with a light heart."

And, like a wise woman, she cut short the conversation there, and went upstairs to dress for dinner.

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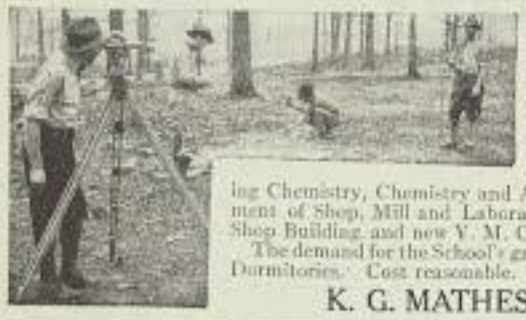
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Three years' course leading to degree. Doctor Dental Medicine. Modern equipment. Large clinic. **Certificate from recognized preparatory schools accepted.** Catalog.

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"A thorough and honest school, the kind of school to which notable parents desire to send their sons."—EDGAR WHITAKER.

ST. LUKE'S SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Wayne, Pa., 14 miles from Philadelphia

For forty-eight years (37 years under present headmaster) St. Luke's has been eminently successful as a school for boys. Attractive home life, careful individual instruction promote contentment and high scholarship. Buildings are new, specially planned to meet every requirement. Gymnasium, swimming pool and shower baths. *Loyalty* remarkable for *health, happiness,* natural beauty and freedom from undesirable influences. *Grounds* of 30 acres, including large athletic field with quarter mile cinder track and facilities for outdoor games. Boys prepared for any college or for business. For illustrated catalogue address

CHARLES HENRY STROUT, A. M., Headmaster.

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 14)

The thoroughfare was crowded, the day bright and fair, the time twelve o'clock noon. Presently the oil merchant approached and the bravo, first glancing about him to make sure that he had a "gallery," went up to him, placed the pistol at his head and fired. He was immediately arrested and indicted for murder.

Now twenty witnesses had seen him fire the fatal shot. Yet there was not the slightest reason in the world why he should have done such a thing. Upon the trial my client insisted on simply denying that he had done anything of the kind. I had naturally assumed that he would either claim that the shooting had been accidental or that he had fired in self-defense, after he had first been attacked by the deceased. But no—he had had no pistol, did not know the man and had not killed him. Why should he have killed him? he inquired. No one could answer the question, least of all the jury. The twenty witnesses were positive that he had done so, but he was equally positive that he had not. No one could offer the slightest explanation of the deed—if it had in fact taken place. The jury puzzled over the case for hours, at one time, I am informed, being on the point of acquitting the prisoner for lack of proof of any motive. They reasoned, with perfect logic, that it was almost if not quite as improbable that the defendant should in broad daylight on a public street have shot down a man against whom he had not the slightest grudge, as that twenty commonplace citizens should be mistaken as to what they had seen. Whether they were aided in reaching a verdict by "the implements of decision" I do not know, but in the end they found my client guilty and in due course he paid the penalty upon the scaffold. The plain fact was that the man was a "bravo" who took a childish and vain pride in killing people. He killed for the love of killing, or rather for the egotistic satisfaction of being talked of as a killer. At any rate there are many like him. While his defense was unsuccessful, he came near enough to escaping to point out the value of a bold denial in many a criminal case.

Our clients consisted, for the most part, of three clearly defined classes of persons: Criminals, their victims, and persons involved in marital or quasi-marital difficulties. These last furnished by far the most interesting quota of our business and, did not professional confidence seal my lips, I could recount numerous entertaining anecdotes concerning some of what are usually regarded as New York's most respectable, not to say strait-laced, households. A family skeleton is the criminal lawyer's strongest ally. Once you can locate him and drag him forth you have but to rattle his bones ever so little and the paternal bank account is at your mercy. New York is prolific of skeletons of this generic character, and Gottlieb had a magnificent collection. When naught else was doing we used to stir them up and revive business. Over this feature of the firm's activities I feel obliged, however, from a natural feeling of delicacy, to draw a veil. Our function usually consisted in offering to see to it that a certain proposed action, based on certain injudicious letters, should be discontinued upon the payment of a certain specified sum of money. These sums ranged in amount from five to twenty thousand dollars, of which we retained only one half. I understand that some lawyers take more than this percentage, but for such I have only contempt. A member of a learned and honorable profession should be scrupulous in his conduct, and to keep for oneself more than half the money recovered for a client seems to me to be bordering on the unethical. But perhaps I am over-squeamish.

Of course we had a great deal of the ordinary "knockdown-and-drag-out" variety of assault, robbery, theft and homicide cases. Most of these our clerks attended to, but the murder cases Gottlieb defended in person, and in this he was so singularly successful that there was hardly a celebrated trial in which he was not retained in some capacity or other. For he was an adept in all those little arts that make a jury feel well disposed toward a lawyer, and as a word artist he was unsurpassed. Gottlieb could, I believe, have wrung tears from

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

The Bingham School



Orange County, near Mebane, North Carolina

Established 1793.

A busy and lovable home for boys, on Southern Railway, in the country. A location famous for safety, health and beauty. Strong graduate faculty of Christian men, giving constant and individual attention. Military discipline, firm yet affectionate. Outdoor life, with Tennis and other healthful sports. Hazing abhorred. Bible, Physical Culture and fine Penmanship specialties. Full Classical, Commercial, Scientific and Music Courses. Small classes. Terms reasonable. For illustrated catalogue, address

PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, B. L., Principal, Box 5

Your boy needs Western training to widen his scope of practical knowledge, to develop broad ideas of business and life. The sky, invigorating climate and cool, bracing air of New Mexico form an unequalled health-producing combination. The sun shines every day, and outdoor work is always pleasant at



New Mexico Military Institute

Your son will receive thorough military training. We are classed as "Distinguished Institution" by U. S. War Dept., and rank among 10 best Military Academies of America. Elective business course. One year of college work. Graduates prepared for duty as army officers, for business life or for universities. Send for catalogue.

Col. JAMES W. WILLSON, Supt.
Box F, Roswell, N. M.



ORNER MILITARY SCHOOL

For over 60 years this school has trained young men to be of strong body, active minds and high ideals. Character first here. Our graduates are our best recommendation. Our location is remarkable for healthfulness, natural beauty and freedom from bad influences. While the discipline is military, a strong home atmosphere prevails. Every boy receives individual attention. Athletics encouraged.

This school is endorsed by Governor Kitchin, Ex-Governor Glenn, Ex-Congressman Skinner, Gen. John S. Carr, Chief Justice Walter Clark of North Carolina.

For handsome catalog, write

COL. J. C. HORNER, Oxford, N. C.

COLUMBIA MILITARY ACADEMY



In the famous Blue Grass region of middle Tennessee. Healthful climate. Not a serious case of sickness in the history of the school. Large and experienced faculty. Careful personal instruction and supervision. High moral tone.

$400,000 equipment. Every means provided for development, comfort and pleasure.

Ranked by U. S. Government as one of the "A" grade schools. Prepares for any University and for West Point and for Annapolis. Under supervision of U. S. Government.

For catalog, address

HARDY and EDGERTON, Principals, Columbia, Tenn.

Wenonah
Military Academy

10 miles from Philadelphia.

Preparation for all colleges, technical schools and business. Military training in **Artillery, Cavalry** and **Infantry.** Largest gymnasium and athletic field in New Jersey. **Rural life. No Saloons or factories in the town.** Beautiful and healthful location. Junior school for younger boys.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of Princeton University, during a recent visit said: "Wenonah is a growing school and is doing a good and great work."

Opens Sept. 20th, 1911. Send for catalogue and year book.

Major JOHN R. JONES, Supt., Box 114
Wenonah, Gloucester Co., N. J.

Missouri Military Academy

A thoroughly modern military home school. University or Business Preparatory. School work of highest order. Fine equipment, beautiful campus, delightful situation, healthful climate all year round. Military and athletic training. Character development. Teaches for every-day boys. Number limited. Terms $325.



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Col. Walter Kohr, Pres.
Box 182, Mexico, Missouri.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Certificate admits to all Colleges.

The Misses Spaids' School

FOR GIRLS—CHICAGO

Beautiful! Exclusive! All-inclusive! A magnificent manoir on this famous city's most fashionable boulevard. Unusual social advantages. The highest degree of mental, moral, social and physical culture, directed by a faculty of specialists. Individual tutoring. Supplemented by frequent visits to the city's musical, art and pleasure centers. Careful chaperonage and loving home care. 21st year.

Both boarding and day pupils. Inquiries from parents will receive personal attention.

MISS KATE LOUISE SPAIDS, 3138 Michigan Avenue.

Margaret College FOR GIRLS

A thoroughly modern home school. Endowed. Preparatory or junior collegiate training. Extensive grounds. Healthful community. New building. Faculty of college Graduates. Gymnasium.

Address Rev. Jas. M. Maxon, Prest., Versailles, Ky.

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For Women *In Continuous Existence Since 1831*

A strong, up-to-date institution with high standards. Junior College Courses. Music and Art; excellent Preparatory Department in College atmosphere. Only 53 minutes from St. Louis. Delightful climate the year round; 93 acres woodland; modern buildings.

Terms, $300 per year

For catalog and full particulars address the President.

Rev. George Frederic Ayres, Ph.D., Box 286, St. Charles, Mo.

Study Dentistry at the INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE

YOUNG men and women, here is an exceptional opportunity for you to study dentistry at an extremely moderate cost for tuition and living expenses. The course is three years. The faculty able and experienced. Clinic facilities unexcelled. Write for catalogue. Address

INDIANA DENTAL COLLEGE
123 E. Ohio St.
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Elmhurst Connersville, Ind. One of the highest grade, non-sectarian schools for girls in the Middle West. Preparatory, Academic and Advanced courses. Music. Only school in the United States with Mensendieck Physical Training. Estate of 130 acres. Private lake, coasting, golf, tennis. Address ELMHURST SCHOOL, Box 9, R. D. 6.

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A home school for girls with high standards of work. College preparatory and elective courses. Certificate privileges. Fine Gymnasium. Household Economics. Graduate course in music. Send for catalogue.

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Founded by Elizabeth B. Mead, 1883

A school for girls, one hour from New York City. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith or Mt. Holyoke. General and Special Courses.

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CHRISTIAN COLLEGE and CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

FOR YOUNG WOMEN. Columbia, Mo. 61st year. Located in "the Athens of the Southwest"—25 college-trained instructors, 6 large buildings, 20 acre campus for outdoor sports. Degrees B. L. and A. B. conferred. For year book address

MRS. LUELLA WILCOX ST. CLAIR, President, 80 College Place

BUFORD COLLEGE

Nashville, Tenn. Limited, Select Home College. Higher Culture of Women. Splendid location, equipment, opportunities. Four years' College Course. Conservatory advantages in Art, Music, Expression. Corresponding degrees. Re-opens 1921-9-21. Year-book M free.

MR. E. G. BUFORD, Regent. MRS. E. G. BUFORD, President.

WESTBROOK SEMINARY

366 Stevens Ave., Portland, Maine.

Especial advantages for young men and women who wish thorough preparation for college or professional school; for teaching; or for the work of everyday life. Courses for advanced students. 61st year opens Sept. 13th. Gymnasium. Wholesome athletics. $300. Catalog. Arthur C. Yeaton, President.

Oxford College for Women

"Seven Points—Oxford College" tells some features of this delightful home-school. In University town; one hour from Cincinnati. College course leading to B. A. Music, Art, Expression, Business and Domestic Science. Tuition $100. Address the President,

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Perry Kindergarten Normal School

Prepares for Kindergarten, Primary and Playground positions.

MRS. ANNIE MOSELEY PERRY, Principal.

BOWLING GREEN SEMINARY for Girls and young Women

Bowling Green, Virginia. Term, including tuition and board, $167.50. 47th year. Pioneer of the Southern Seminary System. In one of the beautiful and historic town of Virginia. Careful work. Healthful grounds. Experienced faculty. Address Rev. C. K. MILLICAN, A.B., Prin., Box 461.

Wheaton Seminary for Young Women Norton Mass.

77th year. Large endowment permits moderate terms. Certificates to College. Advanced courses for high school graduates and others. Art and Music. Ample grounds and buildings. Modern gymnasium. Sports. 20 miles from Boston. Catalogue and views. Rev. Samuel V. Cole, A. M., D. D., Pres.

Abington Friends' School

10 miles from Philadelphia. Co-educational. Prepares for leading colleges. Art and Music. Athletic field. Rate $280. Endowed. Homelike surroundings. Careful moral training. Address

Principal Abington Friends' School, Jenkintown, Pa.

a lump of pig iron, and his own capacity to open the floodgates of emotion was phenomenal. He had that rare and priceless gift shared by some members of the theatrical profession of being able to shed real tears at will. His sobs and groans were truly heartrending. This, as might be expected, rendered him peculiarly telling in his appeals to the jury, and he could frequently set the entire panel sniveling and wiping their eyes as he pictured the deserted home, the grief-stricken wife and the starving children of the man whom they were asked to convict. These unfortunate wives and children were an important scenic feature in our defense, and if the prisoner was unmarried Gottlieb had little difficulty in supplying the omission due to such improvidence. Some buxom young woman with a child at the breast and another toddling by her side could generally be induced to come to court for a few hours for as many dollars. They were always seated beside the prisoner, but Gottlieb was scrupulous to avoid any statement that they belonged to the client. If the jury chose to infer as much, that was not our fault. It was magnificent to hear (from the wings) Gottlieb sum up a case, his hand, in which was concealed a pin, caressing the youngest little one.

"Think, gentlemen, of the responsibility that rests upon you in rendering this woman a widow and depriving this poor innocent babe of a father's protecting love!"

Here Gottlieb would hiccough out a sob, sprinkle a few tears upon the counsel table, and gently thrust the pin into the infant's anatomy. Sob from Gottlieb—opportune wail from the baby. Verdict—not guilty.

There was a certain class of confidence men for whom we soon became the regular attorneys. They were a perennial source of delight as well as profit, and much of my time was given up to the drafting of circulars and advertisements for the sale of stock in such form that, whereas they contained no actual misstatement of an existing fact, they nevertheless were calculated to stimulate in the most casual reader an irresistible desire to sell all that he had and invest therein.

Originally the dealers in valueless securities did not take the trouble to purchase any properties, but merely sold their stock and decamped with the proceeds. Of course such conduct was most ill-advised and unnecessary. It was obviously criminal to sell stock in a concern that had no existence, and several of my clients having been convicted of grand larceny for this reason I took it upon myself to advise the others actually to purchase lands, mines or other property and issue their stock against it. In this way their business became absolutely legitimate—as strictly honest and within the law as any of the stock-jobbing concerns of the financial district. To be sure the mine need not be more than the mere beginning of a shaft, if even that, the oil well might have ceased to flow, the timber land might be only an acre or so in extent, but at any rate they existed. Their value was immaterial, since the intending purchaser was not informed in the advertisement as to the amount of gold, silver or copper mined in any specific period, the number of gallons of oil per minute that flowed from the well, or the precise locality of the timber forests, but merely as to the glorious future in store for all who subscribed for the stock.

This vital distinction has always existed in civil as well as criminal law between what is fraud and what is legitimate encouragement to the buyer. To tell the prospective vendee of your old gray mare that she is the finest horse in the county is no fraud even if she is the veriest scarecrow, for it merely represents your opinion—perhaps colored in part by your desire to sell—and is not a matter of demonstrable fact.

To assure him, however, that she has never run away, had blind staggers or spring halt, when these assertions are not true, is "a false statement as to a past or existing fact," and as such constitutes a fraud—if he buys your horse.

Now it frequently has happened in my experience that gentlemen desiring to find purchasers for securities or property of little value have so carelessly mingled statements of fact with opinions, laudations and prophecies as to their goods, that juries have said that they were guilty of fraud in so doing. Thus the lawyer becomes at every turn indispensable to the business man. The following circular was drawn

SEALPACKERCHIEF

You select from a sample: your handkerchief has not been pawed over



THE SEALPACKERCHIEF WAY

FOR MEN and WOMEN ALL PRICES



THE PAST WAY

This imprint on the package means SEALPACKERCHIEF *no finger prints on the handkerchief.*

THERE'S nothing more *personal* than a handkerchief, yet before SEALPACKERCHIEF was known, handkerchiefs were sold *loose* and everybody could handle them. SEALPACKERCHIEF has modernized and standardized the buying of handkerchiefs. You *select* from the samples which hang on the counter case (see illustration above), but you *buy a sealed package*, guaranteed to contain the same quality as the hanging sample.

SEALPACKERCHIEF

insures absolute cleanliness. The quality of the handkerchiefs at the various prices stands the most rigid comparison. They come to you white, soft-laundered and ready for use and they re-launder equal to new.

Men's Packages		Ladies' Packages		
	Containing	Pure Irish Linen		
		Cambric	Sheer	Containing
Banner	—1 for 10 cts.	No. 7	No. 8	1 for 10 cts.
Pioneer	—3 for 25 cts.	No. 1	No. 2	3 for 25 cts.
True Blue	—2 for 25 cts.	No. 3	No. 4	2 for 25 cts.
Challenge, Pure Irish Linen	—3 for 50 cts.	No. 5	No. 6	3 for 50 cts.
Gilt Edge, Pure Irish Linen	—1 for 25 cts.	No. 9	No. 10	1 for 25 cts.

You will find it worth while to insist upon SEALPACKERCHIEF. Look for the name. Refuse substitutes. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send, prepaid, on receipt of price.

Simply address

SEALPACKERCHIEF, 137th Street, New York



5 ROOMS $1500.



5 ROOMS $2000.



6 ROOMS $2500.



7 ROOMS $3000.

"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS" of Southern California

Complete book of

100 HOMES

Suited to any climate. One and Two story.

128 Pages, 270 Illustrations. Handsome 5-color cover. Plans—Descriptions, Photos. Reliable Cost Prices.

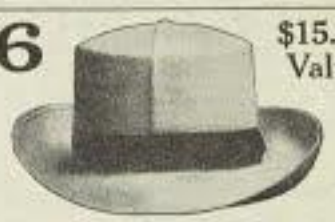
We have built 1600 houses and WE KNOW.

Price 50 cts.

Check, Order or Stamps.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.
Fourth near Hill, Los Angeles, Cal.

$6 **$15.00 Value**



Genuine Panama $6

Light, cool, dressy, made of fine quality **genuine Panama straw**, very closely woven, with neat silk band and leather sweat band, shapable to any shape. **A genuine $15.00 value. South American Panama, sent express prepaid for $6.00.** We import thousands of Panamas yearly direct from South America through the Port of Galveston. **This saves you two profits.** Order to-day. State size and whether the above style or Fedora, Telescope or Peak style is wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Address

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A
"Panama Hat Kings" Houston, Texas

Here's summer comfort for you—

One ounce per pair!

Can't you imagine how comfortable, cool and contented your feet will be in this Iron Clad No. 598—a sock practically without weight; only *one ounce per pair*, and so light and sheer that every breeze goes through.

IRON CLAD No. 598—only 25c

is the silkiest, handsomest gauze sock you ever saw at anything like its price; and the most *durable*. Light as it is, it wears as well as much heavier hose because the heels and toes are double-knitted of Iron Clad's strongest "extra twist" yarn.

The "sizzling" hot weather is with us now—and, my, how delightful these cooling, featherweight Iron Clad socks would feel. Why not provide yourself *some?* If your dealer cannot supply you, just send us 25c direct for each pair wanted, stating size and colors (Colors: White, light and dark grey, lavender, navy blue, heliotrope, tan, champagne, black). Sizes 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½. We mail *prepaid*.

Send for our handsome catalogue, in colors, showing Iron Clads for the whole family. Mailed free.



Iron Clad

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY
212 Vine Street, St. Joseph, Mich.



Delightful Breezes for Your Home!

Enjoy the Good Old Summer Time as You Should—Keep Cool

It is easy enough when you have a Robbins & Myers **"STANDARD"** Fan in your home. It circulates cool, fresh, invigorating air—**turns your own** home into an **ideal summer resort.** We have a special 8-inch **"STANDARD"** Fan for home use. Beautiful in design and finish. Light and can be moved wherever there is an electric light socket. No noise. Requires no attention. Easily regulated to any speed. Costs half as much to operate as a small electric light.

But be sure you get a Robbins & Myers **"STANDARD"** Fan. Our fans are backed by sixteen years of specializing in manufacture. They have won a world-wide reputation for highest efficiency and durability—greatest economy of power. To be sure of real fan satisfaction ask your dealer for

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Fans

Ceiling, Desk, Bracket, Oscillating, Ventilating Fans—for Office, Factory and Home. Direct or Alternating Current. **Select the Fan You Want From Our Handsome Fan Book.** Shows our complete line. A postal brings it. **Write for it.**

"STANDARD" Fans are sold by leading electrical dealers everywhere.

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1305 Lagonda Avenue SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Rochester and Atlanta.

We Are Also the World's Largest Manufacturers of Small Motors—1-30 to 15 H. P.—for All Purposes

(33)



"LINANE" Makes Old Straw Hats as Good as New

at a cost of 3 cents each

"Linane" will make a tarnished straw hat as bright as new in about 5 minutes. Removes all spots and stains, and restores original color of the straw. Will not turn it yellow. Also cleans cane chairs, baskets, matting, etc. Sold in 10c and 25c packages (enough for 3-4 hats) at Drug and Department stores, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price.

Higgins Drug Co., 1 Arcade, Springfield, O.

Salesmen Wanted

An Exceptional Opportunity for Bright Men

In our representative; sell our new accident insurance policy; simple, comprehensive, everybody needs one; commissions liberal. Agents make big money and establish themselves in good permanent business; fine chance for an energetic man to handle in spare time. WRITE AT ONCE.

North American Accident Ins. Co., Dept. T, 217 La Salle St., Chicago

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write **today** for current rates and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
29 Broadway, New York.

The right hat for your vacation

Superior to straw hats in lightness, comfort, style and service. By our direct-from-plain we cut the retail price from $3.00 to

$2 French Pocket Hat

("The Hat that won't Blow off")

Shape it to suit yourself. Soft as chamois skin; "light as a feather." Made of rarest felt in fashionable new trimmed. A 50c Welt fancy band adds wonders to a boy's hat.

Colors—white, cream, light grey, dark grey, teal brown, black and red (for the big game hunters).

Send us $2.00 and the size and color desired—we'll do the rest.

Money back if you don't like the hat.

We'll make your old Panama like new for $2.00.

Write for Style Book, Free

French Pocket Hat Co.
38 So. 8th St., Philadelphia.



The RANCHER



The COLLEGIAN



The GOVERNOR

Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail; 30th year; prospectus sent free on completion. Send for free booklet, *"Writing for Profit"* (tells how) gives proof.

The National Press Association, 81 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Look for the name **PARIS** *on every Garter*

A. STEIN & CO., MAKERS - CHICAGO, U.S.A.



25¢ and 50¢

The Choice of the Tennis Court

up for one of our clients and is an excellent example of a perfectly harmless and legal advertisement that might easily become fraudulent. We will suppose that the corporation owned one-quarter of an acre of wood lot about ten miles from a region where copper was being mined.

SAWHIDE COPPERS

YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY THIS STOCK AT PRESENT FIGURES!

The Company's lands are located near the heart of Copper district, not far from properties now paying from forty to sixty per cent a year. There is no reason in the world why Sawhide should not do as well if not better. With immense quantities of ore just beneath the surface, when our new smelter is completed Sawhide will undoubtedly prove one of the best dividend payers in the country! As the Rosensteins and other well-known financiers are largely interested in the stock, it is only a question of time before it will be marked up out of sight. The properties have great surface value and are rolling in timber and mineral wealth.

This is a fair example of a perfectly safe variety of advertisement that does not commit the author to anything. As long as there is a piece of land somewhere and an actual incorporated company the stock of which, however valueless, is being offered for sale, the mere fact that the writer indulges himself in rosy prophecies does not endanger him so far as the criminal law is concerned. It is only when he foolishly—and usually quite as unconsciously—makes some definite allegation, such as, for instance, that the company "owns six hundred acres of fully developed mining property," or has "a smelter in actual operation on the ground," or "has earned sixty-five per cent on its capital in the past year," that the financier runs the slightest risk. It may be that a purchaser would find it so difficult to prove the falsity of any of the statements upon which he had relied in purchasing the stock that the vendor would practically be immune, but in these days of muckraking and of a hysterical public conscience prosecutors sometimes go to the most absurd lengths and spend ridiculous amounts of money out of the county treasuries to send promoters to jail.

They are apt to have a hard time of it, however. I recall one scheme in which a client of mine was interested, involving the flotation of about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of railroad stock. The circulars, printed by a famous engraver and stationer, were twenty pages in length and contained the minutest description of the company's board of directors, rolling stock, capitalization, bond issues, interests in other railroads, government grants of land, and the like. They were embellished with beautiful photogravures of deep cuts, suspension bridges, snow-sheds, railroad yards and roundhouses. The promoter did a mail-order business and sold the stock by the bagful to elevator men, trained nurses, policemen, porters, clerks and servant girls.

After he had salted away about forty thousand dollars some of the purchasers began to get anxious about their dividends. None were forthcoming, and as the promoter was inclined to be indefinite as to future prospects he was presently arrested. But when the case came to trial I pointed out a fact that, strange as it may seem, practically no one of the multitude of stockholders had previously noticed, namely, that the circulars made no actual statement as to *where the railroad was located.* By inference it might well have been supposed to be somewhere in Canada; but there was no such fact clearly alleged. Of course it was impossible for the prosecutor to prove that my client did not own a railroad *somewhere* in the world, and the indictment had to be dismissed. Negations are extremely hard to establish, and therein lies the promoter's safety. If he sticks to generalities, no matter how they glitter, he is immune. Had my railroad promoter inserted a single word descriptive of the location of his franchise or his terminals he would now be in Sing Sing instead of owning a steam yacht and spending his winters in Florida.

From the foregoing the reader will observe that the first-class criminal lawyer by no means devotes his time to defending mere burglars and "strong-arm" men. The élite of the profession do as gilt-edged an office practice as the most dignified corporation attorneys. Indeed, in many respects their work is strictly identical.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

CASCADILLA

Has prepared over 1000 Boys for Cornell University

"One of the best preparatory institutions in the country." —PRESIDENT SCHURMAN.

Send for Catalog

Able faculty; thorough instruction. Health conditions perfect. Farm of 250 acres. Every facility for indoor and outdoor sports. Gymnasium; navy outfit of shells, coaching launch, etc. Terms $600 to $750.

C. V. Parsell, A.M., Principal, Ithaca, N. Y.

Practical Electricity Steam Engineering School

Qualify as an expert electrician or high paid steam engineer. References: any of our 3000 graduates. Our students learn by actually running our great plant of boilers, engines, dynamos and electrical apparatus. If you have the least interest in machinery, write for catalog.

Hawley School of Engineering, Boston, Mass.



Electricity in One Year

Complete—Thorough—Practical—Authoritative. No superfluous or non-essentials. Actual construction, installation and testing. Admits only young men of character and stickability. Its graduates are "making good" all over the world. Write for new illustrated catalogue. *Opens Sept. 20*

Largest and Oldest Teaching Electricity Only

RUSS ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, 75 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.

YEATES SCHOOL.

Endowed. Established 1854. Calls out the best in every boy by its high standard of honor and endless sympathy. Canoeing, swimming, skating, etc., and all regular field and track sports. New gymnasium and pool. Only a limited number taken.

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THE WRONG HAND

(Concluded from Page 6)

"I do not know that," said Gaul.

"I will tell you," said Abner; "we found a bloody handprint on your brother!"

"Is that all that you found on him?"

"That is all," said Abner.

"Well," cried Gaul, "does that prove that I killed him? Let me look your ugly suspicion in the face. Were not my brother's hands covered with his blood and was not the bed covered with his fingerprints, where he had clutched about it in his death-struggle?"

"Yes," said Abner; "that is all true."

"And was there any mark or sign in that print," said Gaul, "by which you could know that it was made by any certain hand"—and he spread out his fingers—"as, for instance, my hand?"

"No," said Abner.

There was victory in Gaul's face.

He had now learned all that Abner knew and he no longer feared him. There was no evidence against him—even I saw that.

"And now," he cried, "will you get out of my house? I will have no more words with you. Begone!"

Abner did not move. For the last five minutes he had been at work at something, but I could not see what it was, for his back was toward me. Now he turned to the table beside Gaul and I saw what he had been doing. He had been making a pen out of a goosequill! He laid the pen down on the table and beside it a horn of ink. He opened out the deed that he had brought, put his finger on a line, dipped the quill into the ink and held it out to Gaul.

"Sign there!" he said.

The hunchback got on his feet, with an oath.

"Begone with your damned paper!" he cried.

Abner did not move.

"When you have signed," he said.

"Signed!" cried the hunchback. "I will see you and your brother Rufus, and Elnathan Stone, and all the kit and kittle of you in hell!"

"Gaul," said Abner, "you will surely see all who are to be seen in hell!"

By Abner's manner I knew that the end of the business had arrived. He seized the will and the envelope that Gaul had brought from his secretary and held them out before him.

"You tell me," he said, "that these papers were written at one sitting! Look! The hand that wrote that envelope was calm and steady, but the hand that wrote this will shook. See how the letters wave and jerk! I will explain it. You have kept that envelope from some old letter; but this paper was written in this house—in fear! And it was written on the morning that your brother died. . . . Listen! When Elnathan Stone stepped back from your brother's bed he stumbled over a piece of carpet. The under side of that carpet was smeared with ink, where a bottle had been broken. I put my finger on it and it was wet."

The hunchback began to howl and bellow like a beast penned in a corner. I crouched under Abner's coat in terror. The creature's cries filled the great, empty house. They rose a hellish crescendo on the voices of the wind; and for accompaniment the sleet played shrill notes on the windowpanes, and the loose shingles clattered a staccato, and the chimney whistled—like weird instruments under a devil's fingers.

And all the time Abner stood looking down at the man—an implacable, avenging Nemesis—and his voice, deep and level, did not change.

"But, before that, we knew that you had killed your brother! We knew it when we stood before his bed. 'Look there,' said Rufus—'at that bloody handprint!' . . . We looked. . . . And we knew that Enoch's hand had not made that print. Do you know how we knew that, Gaul? . . . I will tell you. . . . The bloody print on your brother's right hand was the print of a right hand!"

. . . . . .

Gaul signed the deed, and at dawn we rode away, with the hunchback's promise that he would come that afternoon before a notary and acknowledge what he had signed; but he did not come—neither on that day nor on any day after that.

When Abner went to fetch him he found him swinging from his elm tree.

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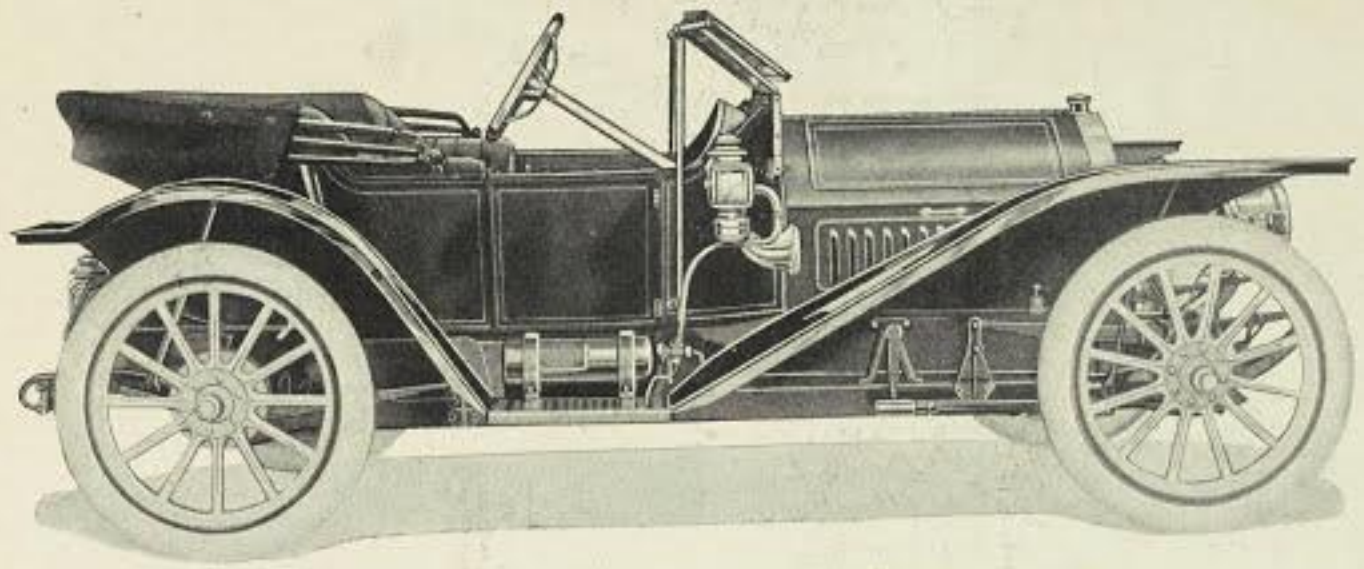
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SPEED—The Regal "20" Underslung is even faster than it looks. Every man likes a tilt once in a while against distance and time. We call the horse power "20," but the motor develops a lot more than that. This car won't take any cars' dust if you care to open the throttle. And it "sticks to the road" under any and every condition.

DESIGN—The frame is slung below the axles—every ounce of weight being well between the wheels, giving an ease of suspension that means long life to the chassis and an accessibility to motor and transmission that is exceptional.

BEAUTY—The Regal "20" Underslung is an exceptionally beautiful car. Wherever it is operated people turn to look at it. It is so conspicuous because it's so unique. The illustration at the top of this advertisement only gives an outline of its *real* beauty. Every line about it is attractive and masterful—7500 owners are each and every one proud of their Regal "20." To *see* it is to *covet* it. To *ride* in it is to *buy* it.

SALES—So great is the demand for the Regal "20" Underslung Roadster that we have had to treble our manufacturing facilities to satisfy our customers. The more prospective purchasers *compared* it the more reasons the car gave them to *buy* it. It sold itself.

REPUTATION—We have carried on our business in a quiet and unostentatious way, and the *bigness* of our business is an overwhelming argument of the *quality* of our business. The reputation the Regal "20" Underslung has won for itself is your guarantee of satisfaction.

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Regal Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

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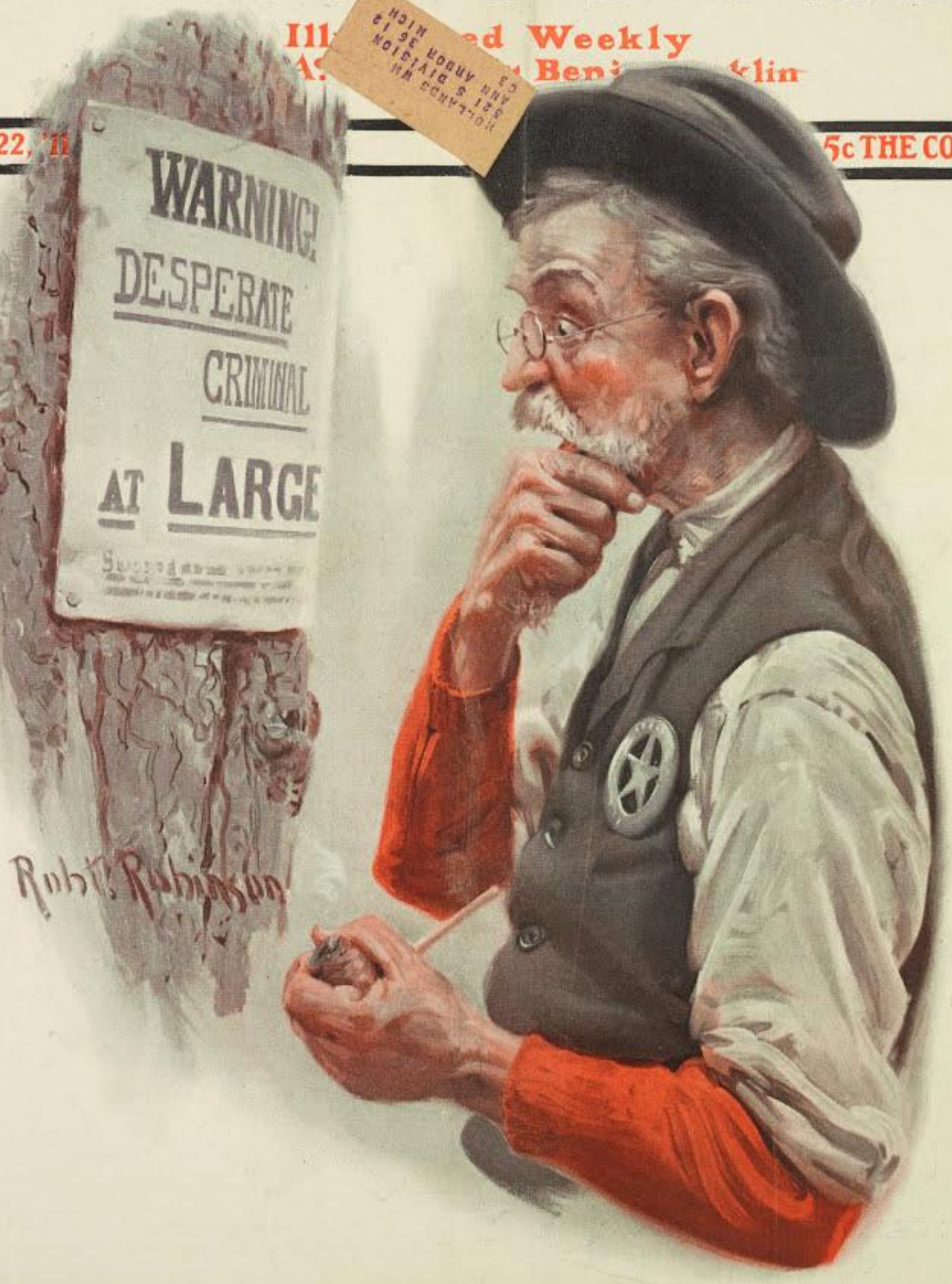
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Contrary to general custom, not one of them is on probation, consignment, or trial.

They are sold—sold outright—without quibble or qualification—and are implicitly accepted by every Gramm buyer—not because of what we say; but because of what the Gramm owner is quick, and ready, and glad, to say of the service he is getting.

No man who has ever seen the great Gramm plant—a small sized industrial city in itself—could hesitate about his choice.

THE Gramm

Gramm Trucks are in as great demand, proportionately, in small cities as in large. Our distribution covers, approximately, all cities of largest size, like New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, etc. Valuable representation can still be secured by men of the right calibre.

If you are interested in establishing an attractive business of immense possibilities, to which you can devote all your energies, arrange with our sales department, either by letter or wire, for open territory.

No man who has been properly told the Gramm story can fail to see *how secure he is in the Gramm reputation.*

By the Gramm story we mean the building of the first trucks in America by a man who refused to be tempted away from the more permanent possibilities of the commercial field by the allurements of pleasure-car popularity.

We mean ten years crowded with hard, practical, progressive experience; which solved for the Gramm all the worst problems of the commercial truck *before most manufacturers had confronted them.*

The astonishing sales of the Gramm today are not a sudden freak of public demand; but the natural heritage of these ten years of heart-breaking research when no adequate reward was in sight.

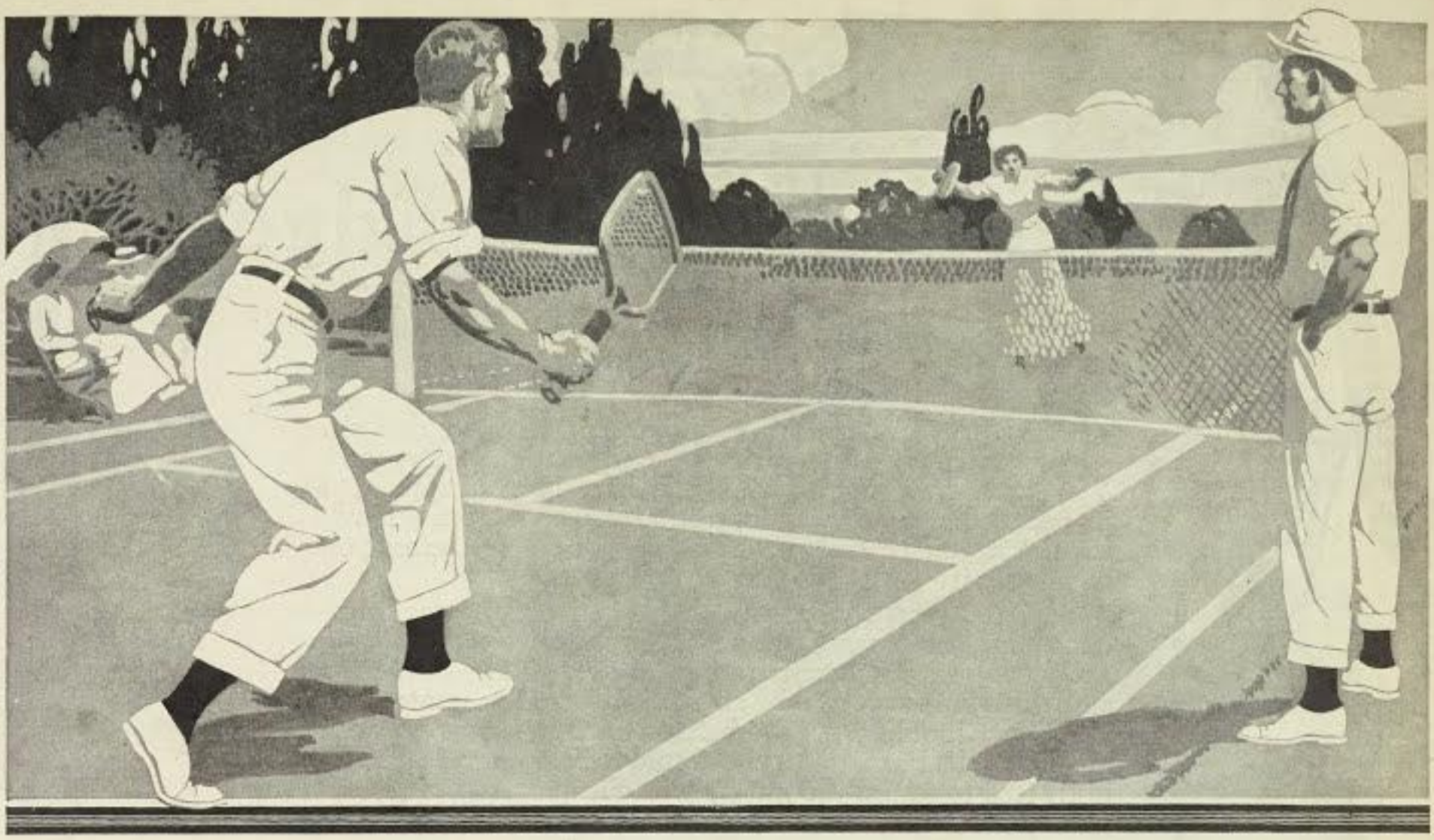
The Gramm is selling today because, of all motor trucks, *it most deserves to sell.* Ten years of devotion to an ideal have culminated in this magnificent plant and are receiving a magnificent expression in the Gramm Truck.

The long and impressive list of Gramm owners, more than one hundred of whom have repeated their orders; the detailed and unsolicited reports from business houses of records made in service and economy—all these offer precisely the sort of conclusive evidence for which the truck buyer has been looking.

We want you to know both the technical and practical features of the Gramm. Write today for full information

THE GRAMM MOTOR CAR COMPANY **114 South Lima Street, LIMA, OHIO**

Canadian Manufacturers: THE GRAMM MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Walkerville, Ont.



These Smart Summer-Weight Hose Stand Hard Usage Six Pairs Guaranteed Six Months

Just SIX PAIRS of "Holeproof" will last through the summer and into the winter without any need of darning. That's because we pay 70c a pound for yarn. It's due to the spending of $55,000 a year for inspection. It results from our 38 years of experience. There are no other hose so soft and light weight. Try them and see.

The genuine "Holeproof," without any exception, are the finest hose made today in America. They are light, soft and attractive. The guarantee doesn't mean that they are heavy or coarse. It means only one thing: that the wear that we claim for the hose is a fact. We were the first to guarantee hose. But the guarantee idea came after the quality. Therein lies the difference between our guarantee and the guarantees of other hose.

We spend $55,000 a year for inspection—just to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is made right. We know of no better way to be sure that the hose will outlive the guarantee. If we did we'd employ it. We spend this money to protect what we spend for the quality. We cannot afford to replace many pairs of "Holeproof."

Carl Freschl, Pres.

You want the genuine "Holeproof" if you want the hose that are guaranteed, because *they are worth it*. You don't want an amateur brand made with cheap yarn. The genuine bear the name "Holeproof" on the toe. Also the signature—Carl Freschl, Pres.

"Holeproof" are made for men, women and children. For men in twelve colors, ten weights and five grades. For women in seven colors, three grades and three weights. For children in two colors, two weights and three grades. The prices are $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight—six pairs guaranteed six months.

We guarantee *three* pairs of *silk hose* for *three* months, at $2 for three pairs of men's and $3 for three pairs of women's.

No one knows 'til he, or she, wears the genuine, how good these hose can be made or how long they will wear when so made.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." It tells all about "Holeproof." You'll always wear these excellent hose once you really know what they save in time, trouble and comfort. Get them today and try them. Don't put it off.

Summer Sports "Show Up" Poor Hose

Ordinary 50c hose will not stand tennis, golf or baseball. It takes but a few plays to weaken them and a few more to bring holes. The "Holeproof" guarantee covers *six months' wear* and doesn't stipulate ordinary wear. Wear them at your games. They will last or we'll give you new hose free.

Here are a few of the facts about "Holeproof"—

We pay an average of 70c per pound for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn—the top market price. There is no better yarn produced. If there was we would buy it. The part that yarn plays in the *wear* of hose is played in "Holeproof" to the limit.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

From the day the first Holeproof Hose were sold our replacements have been less than 5%. 95% of the "Holeproof" output has always *outlasted* the guarantee. "Holeproof," costing four times to make what some hose cost, must keep up that standard or we must go out of the business.

We have had 38 years of experience. 26 years of it went into the very first pair of "Holeproof."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY, 899 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada

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To Dealers There are a few territories in which the demand for "Holeproof" is waiting only for a live dealer. Perhaps you are located in one of them. Write for the "Holeproof" proposition. Learn the several unique features of our arrangement with dealers.

Are Your Hose Insured?

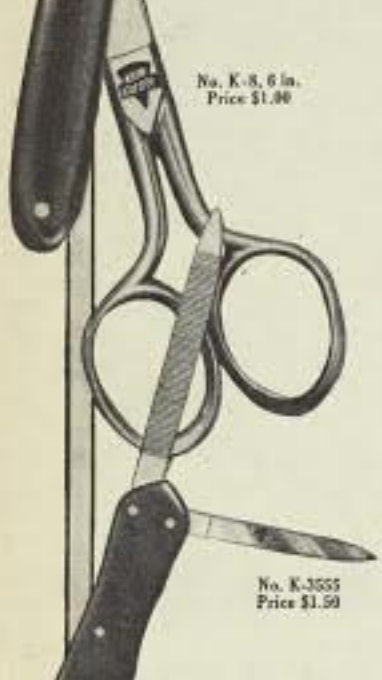
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Carl Freschl Pres



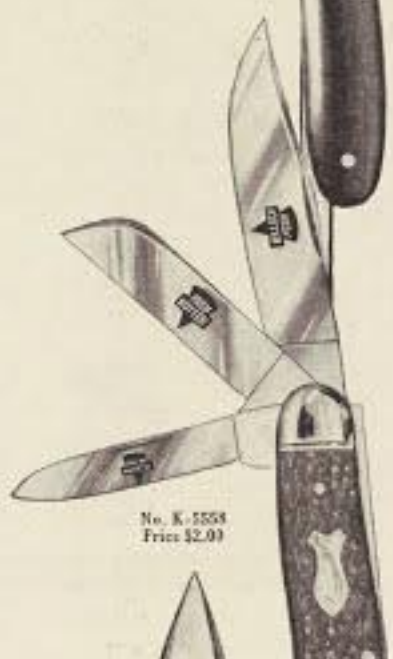
Famous E. C. SIMMONS KEEN KUTTER Edges

TRADE MARK REG. CUTLERY AND TOOLS U.S.PAT.OFF.



CUTLERY is one of the most difficult things to buy if you depend merely upon your own examination of the goods. You know how many times you have been disappointed in pocket knives, carving knives, razors or scissors. How, then, can you be sure of the quality of cutlery before you buy or try it?

Over 40 years ago a line of tools and cutlery was introduced in whose manufacture quality, perfect temper and perfect adjustment were the constant aim. This line of tools and cutlery was covered by an unconditional guarantee that if any edge should prove too hard or too soft, if any defect in quality of steel or adjustment should develop, the dealer was instructed to return the money without question. It is this quality and this guarantee that has made famous the name



KEEN KUTTER



Each article bearing the Keen Kutter trade mark is not only of the highest quality, but is perfected in every possible detail.

Keen Kutter scissors and shears, for example, are so accurately adjusted at the point that they require no side pressure to make blade meet blade throughout their entire length.

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The Keen Kutter Junior razor, at $1.00, is the latest addition to the Keen Kutter line. In spite of its low price, the quality must be there, or it would not be covered by the Keen Kutter name, trade mark and guarantee.

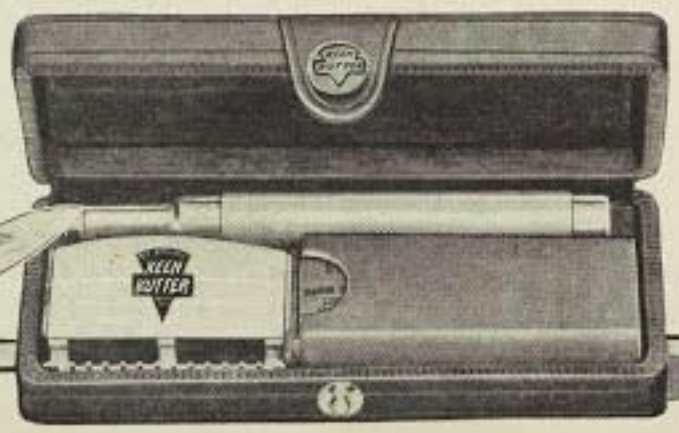
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THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

And Why She Won't Stay in the House

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



They Have Picked Up the American Habit of Extravagance in Clothes

WHEN half a dozen middle-class women meet together for intimate social discourse they usually fall upon two subjects of perennial interest: their children and their servants. When they arrive at the latter, these are some of the remarks that burst forth:

"My dear, I don't know what we're coming to! Maids nowadays have the one object of getting all they can out of you and doing as little as they can. Mine insists on going out every night of the week, although when I engaged her I distinctly said three nights. But she asked why she should have to stay in if I am home. Callers are not likely to come, and if they do they understand my going to the door myself. She says that as long as she doesn't stay out so late that she's unfit to do her work next morning she sees no reason why she should be shut up after she has been working all day. I do see her point of view—and besides, she'd leave if I didn't let her out every night."

"Mine is just saving up money for a chance to leave. As soon as she has enough she's going to take lessons in manicuring and massaging, just as if housework were not nicer than people's hair and nails! She'd earn only ten dollars a week even if she got a place—which doesn't follow—and she'd have to pay board too. When I pointed out how much more she'd make with me she said that if she took up manicuring her work would be over at half-past five, for one thing, and for another she wouldn't be a servant girl! And I am always telling her about the dignity of labor too. It ought to be put in their religion somehow."

"And the way they make the linen disappear! They'd just as soon use your best towels for dustrags as not. And so careless about ordering more cream than you need, and forgetting the most important item for the grocer, even when you write it down."

"And it's not only what you lose through their carelessness, but each new one has to have some special kind of a strainer, or sleeve ironer, or some article she can't manage without. And whatever is missing they all say the last girl destroyed."

"I engaged a new one yesterday, and the first thing she asked was where I put the broken dishes!"

"Oh, mine is worse than that. I showed her a family spoon, which is my pride, and told her it was a hundred and fifty years old. This morning I found her scraping the porridge pot with it—it was so old she thought it didn't matter."

"I've got a new-fangled English atomizer in which I keep perfume. I have noticed that with the arrival of each new girl it gets broken, so I showed the last one how it works. Of course the perfume soon vanishes, but anyway I don't have to repair the bottle."

More Tales of Woe From Mistresses

"MINE doesn't take things; but she'll go out on her day off and then one of her friends telephones me about six o'clock that she has a bad bilious attack and can't return home to get dinner. It's some party, of course."

"I had one girl—terribly incompetent and very affectionate. My husband got hopelessly cross over the bad cooking; and yet she wouldn't leave and she would cling. I paid her five dollars to go away."

"Mine stayed on full wages while we were all on a two weeks' vacation; and the minute we came home and paid her she left. Then I found she hadn't been cleaning the pantries and closets as I told her."

"They don't care anything about us. Even the incompetent ones have a sense of power over us, for they realize that however worthless they are some desperate woman is always willing to try them. They are good-natured enough, for they know they tax one's patience day by day; while the really competent ones who can do the work are so cross and sulky that it makes one shiver to go into one's own kitchen. They are exactly like successful actresses; they arrogate to themselves all privileges and outrageousness of temperament. I wish we could get automatons and be done with them all forever more."

What is said on the other side of the question is harder to learn, but it sifts to the ears of the mistresses through conversations overheard on trains and street cars, and through statements delivered second hand.

"And the boss came into the kitchen at ten o'clock, when I was entertaining company, and asked me to bring in some coffee and sandwiches. *She* wouldn't 'a' dared. I did it, but I told her next morning what I thought, and that I couldn't stay if it happened again. I guess she told him, for he ain't peeped since. Some men think all a girl is in the house for is to work all the time."

"My lady seems to think I like her to have company twice a week. She comes in and says smiling: 'Oh, Katie, isn't it nice! The Martins and their cousins are coming to dinner on Thursday. They are such pleasant people that I want to have a real nice dinner.'

"There's no use smiling back at her—if I did she'd bring company down on me three times a week—so I just say: 'Well, I don't see how I can get ready and serve more than three courses.' I know well she'll make it five, but I might as well let her see I won't stand for too much. It isn't as if it was my company."

Some Witnesses From the Kitchen

"MY LADY don't have much company, but she's always asking me to sew on a skirt braid or fix over a sleeve. Wasn't I the big fool to let her know I could sew? I should have said my machine belonged to my sister. I must say, though, she sometimes makes me a present."

"The woman I work for hangs around the kitchen too much, showing me how she wants things done. I want to do them my way—and, of course, I do when her back is turned. It'll be all the same in a hundred years. I told her one day, I says: 'The kitchen's my place and the parlor's yours.' I thought that would make her feel good and get her out from under my feet."

"Mine is real nice when I'm sick, and I'd like to 'a' stayed; but when I found I could get more money and be in the same neighborhood where all the other girls are, why then I decided to move, and she don't seem to think I treated her right at all."

"Oh, well, there's always something. I hate to be scolded when I'm doing my best. You'd think they'd make allowance when we're all working girls and they all have money."



"The Boss Came Into the Kitchen at Ten o'Clock, When I Was Entertaining Company, and Asked Me to Bring In Some Coffee and Sandwiches"

When mistress and maid, intent on choosing each other, meet together in countless homes and employment agencies and philanthropic associations all over the country the following conversation takes place. The tone and phrasing of it may differ, but the substance is the same:

MISTRESS: Can you cook?

PROSPECTIVE MAID: Sure I can. (Or—Yes, madam.)

MISTRESS: I help with the upstairs work myself and I send most of the washing out, but there are a few things I have done in the house, I suppose you can manage them?

PROSPECTIVE MAID (dubiously): If there weren't too many of

them I could; and, of course, I wouldn't get lunch any day I had to wash.

MISTRESS (hastily): Of course not, though if I got the lunch that would give you time enough to wash all the things I didn't give the laundryman. (Hurrying on before the maid can turn this over in her mind.) We have a family of five; but the work is very light for we have simple meals, though my husband insists on having his food well cooked. He likes maids of your nationality. You are—er—Scandinavian?

PROSPECTIVE MAID (firmly): Norwegian.

MISTRESS: Norwegian, to be sure. Of course you'd have Thursday off, and Sunday afternoons—unless we were having company.

PROSPECTIVE MAID (decidedly): I have to have Sunday afternoons off.

MISTRESS (hastily): Of course, as a rule. I hope you don't stay out late at night, and some nights I'd need you to stay home while my husband and I went out.

PROSPECTIVE MAID (suspiciously): Are your children small ones?

MISTRESS: Not too small. What wages do you expect?

PROSPECTIVE MAID (quickly summarizing the situation): Six dollars and a half (she sees a lightening in the face of her prospective mistress)—without washing.

Sometimes it is the maid who is the aggressive party, divining that the mistress is delicate or meek-spirited, or has not been able to find any one to help her.

MAID: Do you live in a house or a flat?

MISTRESS: A flat—seven rooms.

MAID: That's all right. I'd not work in a house; it's too hard.

MISTRESS: Your room has a private bath attached.

MAID: Sure. Any children?

MISTRESS: Two.

MAID: You have your washing done out, I s'pose? I have been in places where they said "Washing done out all but a few little things." You'd s'pose "little things" meant a towel or two or maybe a dolly, but no, it meant about all the children's clothes.

MISTRESS (with a little spirit): If I say "no washing" I keep my word.

MAID: Sure. Only it's so easy to tell a girl just to wring out these little things for you. How much do you pay?

MISTRESS: Seven dollars.

MAID: I couldn't go under seven and a half. Not with two children in the house, I couldn't.

Why Americans Avoid Domestic Service

SUCH conversations would seem to show that the problem of the servant in the house is an individual problem, though it has also to do with a class. There are two classes of people untroubled by the servant question: the very rich, who deal with it vicariously through housekeepers whose business it is to see that the problem is kept out of sight, and the very poor, for whom it does not exist, since they wait on themselves. The people most deeply affected by it are those belonging to the various strata of the middle classes—from the wife of the hundred-dollar-a-month man, who tries to get a young girl to work for a home and a very little money, up to the woman whose husband can allow her a cook, a second girl and a laundress.

This is the class that should be most democratic, but it does not always seem to be so. It may be due to a lack of democracy that the servant question has largely ceased to relate to the American-born girl and is chiefly concerned with the foreigner, or it may be due to mere carelessness. But it is a fact that in the early days of America the servant in the house was looked on as part of the family, with her share in the family interest and with little if any sense of social isolation. Even today an occasional American girl, coming in from the country and taking a place with a city family, is surprised to find that she cannot sit at meals with the family, and that she is not expected to join in the conversation that goes on at table while she is serving. She learns that the average household helper in the city suffers from isolation; from lack of freedom, in that she is never sure when her work is really done; and from the social stigma. The circumstance that she receives good food and good wages does not atone for all this. The native-born American girl turns aside from the house as completely as she does from the factory, preferring the shop or the office. She gladly gives way to the foreign-born servant.

Most of the foreigners come from countries where service has an honorable distinction of its own and where, if the financial rewards are small, the human rewards are high. In Scandinavia, if a maid falls ill she is cared for in the home of her mistress and is not sent to some hospital. In Germany, if a maid marries her mistress is likely to do a great deal toward furnishing her marriage chest, with much of the interest she would feel in her own daughter's affairs. Such maids come to this country and soon learn our democratic—or undemocratic—ways. Sometimes they are well treated and sometimes badly treated; sometimes they are grateful and sometimes ungrateful—here again enters the individual problem of mistress and maid. But whatever their nationality and individual circumstances, in a few months they have forgotten their home traditions. They have picked up the language, if they did not know it in the beginning, and above all they have picked up the American habit of extravagance in clothes. They may or may not do their work faithfully, but they are rather likely to feel that it is the work of their mistresses and not their own, and to take for granted that the hours of real interest for them come in the evenings and on their days out.

Not all foreign girls are prone to enter domestic service. It is very rare to find an Italian girl at work in a home. She must be sheltered in her father's household, for the man who marries her expects her father to say truthfully that she has never been for a day from under careful supervision. If she works outside the home she goes to a clothing shop, escorted by other women, and is usually under the management of a woman overseer. The Jewish girls also rarely go out to service, because their sense of the family tie is so strong that they do not wish to be away from home in the evenings. If they are servants it is inevitably in the households of other Jews. Otherwise, like the Italians, they seek the tailor shop or the factory. The few French girls usually become lady's maids or else they emigrate with French families for whom they have already worked, who keep them as long as possible away from those American influences that would be destructive to the family comfort. Polish girls as a rule seek the factory. They often are unable to do housework well and are unaffected by the monotony of the factory work. Bohemians, too, enter the factory.

Our domestic servants are the Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Germans, Austrians, Swiss, Scotch, English and Irish, trained in their own country to housework. The Scandinavians seem to lead the household profession. In Chicago and its suburbs there are fifty thousand of them in service; in New York, however, there are not many more than sixteen thousand. These Scandinavians have a rather definite system of planting themselves in our country.



The Good-Natured Girl, Who Smashes the Best China With a Shriek of Amusement

In their own land they hear of our opportunities through newspapers and through letters from friends. They flock over here quite ignorant of the language and are led by their friends to registration offices. Plenty of mistresses can be found who will accept a beginner at three dollars a week and undertake to teach her to cook. The girl may be stupid or bright, but because she is ignorant of the language she acts as if she were stupid. Yet usually she learns the language rapidly, absorbs the American spirit even more rapidly, and by the time she acquires her first tailor-made suit she asks her mistress for a raise in wages, and, failing to get it, seeks another place.

The dullness she may have had to endure in her own sober country she atones for here by going to dance halls and shows. She usually marries one of her own countrymen, but not so early as if she were an American, for, like her countrymen, she wants to pay for her ticket, to send money home, to get plenty of splendid clothes, and finally to pay a visit to Scandinavia and impress her relatives and old friends. Then she is ready at twenty-eight or thirty to settle down with a man of from thirty to thirty-five. As a servant she generally cooks well, is clean and honest, true to what she considers her bargain, polite but impersonal, and in most cases without any deep attachment to the family she is serving. She looks at life from a hard, practical standpoint; her business is to get on, and she has no room for an emotion that might mean monetary loss. Except in the second generation, Scandinavians are not likely to enter a shop or an office, for they do not like to serve over a counter and they have no natural taste for typewriting.



A Two-Dollar-a-Week Young Girl in a Boarding House Breaks an Alarm Clock and Her Mistress Deducts the Sum From Her Wages

German Maids Most in Demand

GERMAN, Austrian and Swiss girls are slower to learn the language and customs of this country than the Scandinavian girls, but even they become acclimated by degrees. They keep a strong regard for their own country, just as the Scandinavians do, but it is more sentimental than practical. They really prefer the American way. The Germans, indeed, cling if they can to German cooking, which is a different thing from American cooking; the Swiss are slow to give up the practice of doing their own sewing. The Austrians hold for some months their habits of putting their employers' personal inclinations before their own. But presently the German forgets that in her own country a record was kept by the police of her character and efficiency; the Austrian forgets the long hours of labor in her own land; the Swiss no longer remembers that at home she frequently did a man's work, and for all her virtues she is as cold as the Scandinavian. The girls of these nationalities are clean, honest, sometimes clumsy and sometimes not; they can learn to be good cooks if they are not good cooks already, and some of them take a pride in their housewifery. The Germans are most in demand, for to the Scandinavian, Austrian and Swiss virtues of cleanliness, honesty and adequacy they add the crowning virtue of an instinctive economy. But the day comes when they all buy tailor-made clothes and scorn to trim their own hats; they all make a study of how much the mistress will permit in regard to evenings off, free lunches for friends and the use of the telephone.

The English, Scotch and Irish come to us equipped with a knowledge of our own tongue. The English girl assimilates the American customs more slowly than the girls of any other nationality. For one thing, she keeps her agreeable English voice with its respectful intonation, and even when she is standing on her own rights she does so pleasantly. Her mistress can generally rely on the national sense of fair play; if she grants a favor she is pretty certain to receive one in return. Naturally, the English maid has an eye to her own advantage, but she is able to see better than some of the other foreigners exactly in what that advantage consists.

As a servant the Scotch girl has much the same characteristics as her English sister. She is equally grateful for kindness and is willing to do heavy work, though she likes to have her duties strictly defined before she undertakes them. Both types have little moral and practical axioms by which they guide their domestic and business lives, much as they used to in Great Britain. They want everything that is their due, with as many privileges as possible thrown in; but they scarcely ever fail to give *quid pro quo*.

The Irish type is variable but never lacking in Celtic atmosphere. There is the maid with bad luck and grievances who spins long tales of how cruelly her own family has treated her; whose friends are always losing their money or dying, or meeting tragedy with an indissoluble embrace. She always sees the headlines in the newspaper that shout out accident and disaster.

There is the good-natured girl, who smashes the best china with a shriek of amusement and thinks it a splendid joke if she has forgotten to cook the roast. Sometimes both types have absorbed the American ideal of order and cleanliness, but frequently they keep the ideal of a "lick and a promise." In general, the Irish maid is quicker to assimilate American ways than any other kind of girl. She is the first to object to wearing caps; and when she has been in America two months she speaks patronizingly of new arrivals as "them poor greenhorns." If one of the greenhorns is a relative she will take her first day off to fit out the newcomer with American clothes, and will usually spend her own money doing it. For with all her natural sense of superiority and determination to get on, she is even more clannish than the Scandinavians; she wants all her Irish brethren to rise with her.

In a big way she is loyal and loving; if life could be a series of great crises the Irish would be the race to see them through. An Irish girl will rarely desert a family in time of sickness or of sorrow. She rejoices in time of joy, and takes a keen interest in all the family happenings. She really feels that she belongs.

These foreign-born servants seem adapted to the purse and disposition of almost every mistress, if one may judge from the number and variety of registration offices, varying from the very exclusive ones, which charge both mistress and maid a high fee, to those connected with charities and philanthropies, which not only charge nothing but try to be sure that the girl they are sending to a certain home is decent, and—what is more important—that the home she is being received into is decent. In the very exclusive registry the manager is likely to be a dignified person who treats both mistress and maid with distinguished courtesy. She will supply cooks for fifty dollars a month and up. She finds lady's maids from ten dollars a week up and parlor maids and upstairs maids at the same price. The mistresses who come to her rarely employ less than four servants. They are beautifully dressed, competent women, with so much money that they can afford to organize their houses almost perfectly by definitely subdividing the work. They or their housekeepers bring to the problem, if not trained minds, at least a definite understanding of what they want and the ability to pay well for it.

The maids have a professional air. They know that their work requires brains and they have brought their brains to bear upon it. That is why they get good wages. They have soft voices and respectful manners. They are going into houses where it will not do to shriek a question upstairs in order to save energy, and where loud laughter is as impossible in the servants' hall as in the drawing room. They dress simply and quietly, either in black or dark blue. It is in the two-dollar registry offices that big gay hats and violet or pink suits are to be seen. The high-priced maids have learned from their mistresses that well-cut clothes give them more distinction than a cheap cut and bright colors. They like to resemble their mistresses as closely as may be. With their work they are well content, because it brings them perquisites, an opportunity to save money, and practically as much chance for advantageous marriage as if they were in shops or offices.

At the other extreme are the free registries. Here service can be had as cheaply as a dollar and a half a week. It is very rare that any girl will work for a home and clothes merely; she always wants a few pennies between herself and the grave. To the free registries come the derelicts, old women who have earned a rest, but who must use the

(Continued on Page 29)

THE WAYS OF THE FATHERS

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

"ICH habe etwas zu sagen."

Magnificent in black broadcloth, uncomfortable in a stiff collar, Hans Heckendorn, successful baker, respected holder of property in the borough of Manhattan, laid his hand heavily on the chenille-covered table that separated him from his wife. Once they had lived in a little house and shop on Elliger Street; now their tremendous bakery was on Elliger Street, their shop was on Madison Avenue and they lived uptown.

Margaretta, equally gorgeous in black silk, laid down the book over which she was nodding. She was not fond of reading and she welcomed a discussion. When Hans announced in that tone and in German that he "had something to say," his remarks were sure to need opposition.

"My children," went on Heckendorn, still in his mother tongue—"my children are to be married."

"So?" answered Margaretta. The monosyllable began deep in her throat and ended against the roof of her mouth. She had provoking ways, had Margaretta.

"How many of them?"

"Hans"—he would never call the boy John—"Hans is twenty-seven, Elsa is twenty. They are to marry this winter."

"So?" responded Margaretta again. "And with whom shall they marry?"

Hans folded his hands over his gold watch-chain. It was as though he said: "Tomorrow we will bake rye bread."

"Hans is to marry Maria Nickisch from Berlin, and Elsa is to marry Heinrich Grimmelhausen from Berlin. I gave my word to Grimmelhausen that I would take his boy in my business. He can come out and he can bring Maria with him, and we can have a double wedding."

"So?" said Margaretta again. "And suppose John will not?"

"He will."

"Suppose he sticks to Lucia Maniago?"

Hans struck the table with all the weight of his great hand. He had been furious when he discovered that his son and daughter had kept up a friendship with the Italian Maniago family who had been their kindly neighbors in Elliger Street poverty. He descended suddenly to the plainest of English vernacular.

"She is a dago."

"She is not—she is an American."

"She would feed him on Italian mush!"

"He likes it better than sauerkraut. And Elsa—the young Maniago has admired her this long time. What if she won't give him up?"

"He does not work. He paints pictures. That is no work for a man. He ——"

Margaretta interrupted him. "He got a hundred dollars for a picture that he painted for a church window."



"He Does Not Work. He Paints Pictures. That Is No Work for a Man"

"Be still!" cried Hans, again beating the table. "Their skin is dark, their eyes are too big, their hair is like that of Indians."

"That," said Margaretta, "is the young folks' business."

Hans rose. He had never been so angry with Margaretta in his life, not even when she refused to cut his hair because he would not carry up the coal.

"It is my business!" he shouted. "It was my father's business to marry me and it is my business to marry my children. I have made them what they are!"

"So?" Margaretta rose also. "I always thought I had a little to do with it."

"You have spoiled them!" cried Hans. "Now they shall go back to the old German ways."

"So?" said Margaretta again.

She went lightly upstairs to bed, expecting Hans to follow. But Hans sat heavily down at the secretary and began to write. She was tired, the idleness of Sunday always made her tired, and she did not realize that it was an hour before he lay down beside her. In that time he had carried two letters to the post-box across the street.

When she arose the next morning she hardly remembered their discussion. She and Hans had many such—they were the wine of life. And Margaretta won with a regularity that was monotonous. It was like playing a game day after day with an unskilled opponent. She said nothing about their conversation to young John, tall, blond, good-looking, who breakfasted with his father and mother. John was the brains of his father's business. Still less did she say anything to pretty Elsa who came down an hour later. Could she have chosen her son-in-law and daughter-in-law, she might not have taken the young Maniagos, but rather they a thousand times than the Grimmelhausen and the Nickisch! She and Hans had gone back to the fatherland once to visit. She remembered the children perfectly, the fat, homely Maria and the short, stolid Heinrich. She remembered also how their fathers and Hans had laughed and shaken hands when Hans had said, "The old stock for me!"

The old stock indeed! She had looked back at the little street where they had once lived between the Grimmelhausens and the Nickisches in a little, narrow house with a porcelain stove and one bedroom, where they had eaten black bread and had had meat but once a week! No old stock for her!

And the Maniagos were good young people. Lucia had learned to be a stenographer so that all the money might go to help her talented brother, and she had risen until she was head of all the stenographers in a large office. And Gabriele was honest and hardworking. He had already paid back the money that his parents had advanced him. Margaretta was hysterically amused at the thought of the Grimmelhausen and the Nickisch.

But her amusement did not last. That evening her husband told John and Elsa that he had selected partners for them, and there was a fearful scene. Good-natured, respectful John told his father that he was mad, at which the old man grew pale. Margaretta realized for the first time that he was an old man and she almost an old woman. Gentle Elsa omitted the good-night kiss for the first time in her life and was not reminded of it. No mention was made of the Maniagos. John had merely said that he would no more marry a Maria Nickisch than he would cut off his right hand; and pretty, delicate Elsa said that she would go and work in a factory rather than

look at a Grimmelhausen. It was late at night, but John went out, slamming the door. Poor Elsa cried until morning.

There had not been such trouble in the Heckendorn family since twenty years ago, when they had hid in the Elliger Street house for two days waiting for the officer to arrest Hans because he had said that the President was no good.

And that was not nearly so serious as this. Even if there had been an American law against *lèse-majesté*—she had discovered since that one had the blessed privilege of saying anything against anybody—they could have worked out their time in prison. But this war of father against children and children against father could never become peace. They had always been a devoted family and they loved each other and needed each other, all of which made the quarrel more cruel and bitter.

Young John showed his resentment by staying away from home. Occasionally he slept in the house and ate his breakfast there, but that was all. There was a room in the great baking establishment that had been fitted up for his use when times were busy; now he occupied it steadily. He got both lunch and dinner downtown, though the family car would have brought him home in ten minutes.

Elsa sulked. When her father was at home—and he was at home nearly all day—she kept her room. Margaretta said to herself that they were like three sullen children.

"You needn't think you can hold to such a thing, Hans," she protested. "Let them do as they like, Hans! Come, now!" Never had Margaretta coaxed like that before.

"They'll do as I say," answered Hans grimly, "or John can find another place and Elsa can work in her factory." His face was white, his gleaming eyes said that he was not to be reasoned with.

"But John can easily find another place," argued Margaretta. "John is a smart boy. And the young Maniago will not let Elsa work in any factory, of that you may be sure."

"Be still!" commanded Hans. "Would that we had never come to this country where children are taught to disobey! Not a word! Get thee to thy work! Christmas is next week."

Margaretta said to herself that it would be a gloomy Christmas. As she ordered the wreaths, and gave particular orders to the new cook about the roasting of the geese, and planned gifts for the family and the servants and the scores of employees, she began to grow impatient with Elsa and John. They knew perfectly well that their father could not compel them to marry the far-away Maria and Heinrich; this pose of offended dignity was ridiculous. She would tell them so. She did not often scold, but she would scold them now and persuade them to be patient with their father. Then they would all have a merry Christmas together and Hans' stern heart would soften.

But all her persuasions were in vain. John still did not come home; he said he was too busy. The larger part of the German population of New York depended upon the Heckendorn bakery for a certain delicious coffee-cake, and good, practical John attended to the mixing himself. His mother talked to him over the telephone, but the telephone is not a successful transmitter of motherly pleading. Elsa listened and wept and grew more and more unhappy, and Hans grew crosser and crosser.

It was on Christmas Eve that Hans made his astounding announcement. Young John had promised his mother faithfully that he would come home, but it was eight o'clock, nine, ten, and still he did not appear. Margaretta was amazed when her husband announced that he was going to bed, that they would not wait for John.

"But it is Christmas Eve!" she wailed. "We have not had our gifts! He is attending to your business, he ——"

"It makes no difference what eve it is," said Heckendorn in the doorway. "Tomorrow, at three o'clock in the afternoon, Heinrich and Maria are coming on the ship."

"Heinrich!" gasped Margaretta. "Maria! Maria who?"

"She that is to be Maria Heckendorn," said Hans; "and Heinrich whom Elsa is to marry."

"I will not marry him!" said Elsa.

"Then," said her father, "you will leave my house."

It was not until that moment that Margaretta and Elsa realized thoroughly that he meant what he said. Until now they had never believed that he would not relent. He seemed suddenly an alien to them both. Weeping, Elsa broke the news to John when he came in ten minutes later.

"So?" he said, like his mother. His engagement had been announced to his mother and sister; shy Elsa's was as yet only suspected. "Father must be losing his mind." At breakfast time he was gone.

At one o'clock he walked in breezily. Hans sat stern and white at the head of the table, Margaretta with tear-filled eyes at its foot. Between them Elsa wept silently. Across from her, her brother's place waited.

"Merry Christmas!" said John cheerfully.

"The same to you, my son," said Hans. "You are to go with me when dinner is over to meet Heinrich and Maria."

"Now, father"—John thrust aside the array of silver so carefully placed beside his napkin and planted his elbows on the table—"let us talk this over."

"That is right, John!" approved his mother. Her two best beds had been put in readiness for the visitors whom she hated already with her whole heart.

But Hans did not respond to friendly overtures.

"There is nothing to be talked about," he said. "You go with me to meet them in the automobile. I have given my word to Grimmelhausen and Nickisch. I did it years ago. I will not go back on it. If you do not like to stay here with Maria you can go away. And if Elsa does not wish to stay with Heinrich Grimmelhausen she can go away."



"She is Not Your Woman," Answered Young Grimmelhausen

"Father!" cried John.

Heckendorn raised his hand.

"Be still!" he commanded. "You are not to bring any Ital——"

"Hans!" warned Margaretta. "Hans!"

"You are mad!" began young John.

"Hänschen!" cried poor Margaretta to her son. "It is Christmas!"

Young John sprang to his feet.

"I don't care what day it is!" he shouted. "I am not a child! Now I have something to say. I ——"

"Listen!" said Margaretta sharply. There was a noise in the hall and a rap on the door. The Heckendorn servants were the sons and daughters of employees; they were devoted and tactful. Pretty Rosie always knocked very loudly when household discussions were in progress. But this was the first quarrel the Heckendorns had ever had on Christmas Day. Rosie was quite pale.

"Here are the people from Germany," she said. Her amazement at her master and mistress gave place suddenly to uncomfortable, uncontrollable amusement.

"What!" cried Hans, as he sprang up. Then he fell back into his great armchair.

Standing in the doorway was Heinrich Grimmelhausen, gazing about him with stern blue eyes. His hair was long, his coat sleeves and trouser legs were short, he wore a tiny little cap. Behind him, clutching frantically at his coat tails with one hand, lugging a great bundle with the other and bearing on her head a small trunk, came Maria Nickisch, terrified far beyond the point of tears. If Heinrich had been tall and Maria had had a bright face they might have been Hans and Margaretta themselves twenty years before. Only one cannot believe that the neat Margaretta or any one who belonged to her could ever have looked so travel-stained, so unwashed, as did the newcomers. And facing them stood young John, tall as his father, immaculately clad in frock coat and the proper shade of gray trousers; and pretty Elsa, slender, exquisite in her blue dress, frightened also beyond the point of tears.

Stammering, appalled, Hans and Margaretta tried to welcome their guests. Suddenly John went forward.

"Here!" he said sharply in German. "Let me take that trunk!"

Heinrich Grimmelhausen put out his hand.

"Don't touch her!" he said with equal sharpness.

"Are you going to let a woman stand there with that thing on her head?" demanded John. "How dare you!"

"She is not your woman," answered young Grimmelhausen.

"How did you get to my house alone?" faltered Heckendorn senior. He sat still in his great armchair, his hands lying on the table. "When did you come?"

"The boat got in early this morning," answered Heinrich. "We found our way. Now we want to be married."

"Married?" repeated Hans.

"Oh, what shall we do!" wailed Margaretta in English.

"Nonsense!" said John.

Elsa gasped, then she crossed the room and took John's hand.

"Married?" repeated Hans again.

"Yes, married!" shouted young Grimmelhausen. It was evident that, however parental discipline might have ground him down, he retained a bit of temper.

"I gave my word," groaned Hans; "and I will keep it. But let us wait—let us wait just a few days."

"Not a day!" blazed forth young Grimmelhausen. "This is the land where we do as we please. We have never done as we please; we have obeyed our fathers and mothers. They said to us: 'You are to marry with the Heckendorns'; they sent us here. But we are not going to marry with the Heckendorns. We are going to marry each other. We don't care anything about your money. We don't care anything about you. We are tired of hearing about you. He looked at John, whose eyes rested for the moment on little Maria. Maria was a curious figure, with her trunk and her bundle. "You can't have her!" And then at Elsa, trembling within the circle of her brother's arm. "And you can't have me, you in the blue dress. I—I scorn you!"

"What!" Hans rose like Thor himself. "You dare to scorn my children, you, the son of a shoemaker ——"

Margaretta was laughing and crying.

"Listen to me!" she said. "Of course you shall be married. The first thing in the morning, as soon as we can get the license. Put down that trunk, Maria."

"Be still!" called Hans. "They have dared to scorn my children. They ——"

John seized one great arm and Elsa the other.

"Oh, my dear father!" began Elsa bravely; "I ——"

"They cannot scorn us, father," said John; "I was married to Lucia this morning."

"And I," faltered Elsa—"I am promised to Gabriele."

For an instant Hans stared at them. He looked sternly at young Grimmelhausen.

"Of course you are to stay here," he said. "I owe it to your fathers, who are my old friends. You may be playing a trick on them and on yourselves, but do not think you are playing one on us. It is my children who have scorned you." His German heart told him suddenly that this was no way to speak to guests. "Come," he said heartily; "let every one sit down. We will eat together. A good goose is a gift of God."

"A cold goose is not a gift of God," Margaretta said; "nor yet cold potatoes. We will have fresh things. And these young people must wash. And now, John, how soon can you fetch your Lucia in the automobile?"

"In twenty minutes," answered John promptly.

"Well, then, go fetch her," said Margaretta. "And Elsa ——"

Her husband took the words out of her mouth. He spoke sternly, but the sternness was rather for young Grimmelhausen, upon whom his eyes were fixed, than for his dearest child:

"Elsa can go too," he said; "and she can fetch her painter."

THE BILLYAD

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



For Well Our Hero Knew His Party's Tissue
Was Simply Freezing for a Burning Issue

Book II

OUR HERO CONSULTETH THE AWFUL ORACLE OF SECOND-CLASS MATTER

Hush! In a sacred grove of slippery elm
There stands a temple by Potomac's flow.
Dark are its doors and dim,
Plain is its purpose grim,
For Politics there guides a troubled helm.
And in the floor below
A gaunt, gray Postman, with a tireless flail,
Thrashes the sacred bag marked U. S. Mail.
Smelled you yon fragrance from its cryptic damp?
The gummed aroma of the two-cent stamp
Proclaims its awful purpose, and you know
'Tis the Department of the great P. O.

Not e'en Doc Wiley's rankly chemic lair,
Acrid of saccharin and benzoate
And arsenated jellies, till the air
Resembles tar and tanbark saturate—
Not e'en Doc Wiley's den so 'whelms the sense
With thoughts, if not sublime, at least intense,
As this Department of the Postal Rate,
Where, owlish-wise beyond the Inner Gate,
Sitteth the Oracle of lofty rank—
The close-mouthed Hitchcock, whom the gods
call Frank.



But Look! On the Turrets of Troy Stands Revealed
A Whale of a Man With a Whale of a Shield

So hitherward, forgetful of his pride,
His eyes all downward thrust,
Robes trailing in the dust,
Came vast Taftonis with his careful guide.
What pen can limn the Oriental state
Through which they passed! Circassian walnut
walls—
Which jealous Congress would investigate—
Gobelin tapestries enriched the halls;
And in each niche amazed Taftonis saw
The fairest art e'er fashioned out of straw:
Stately, gold-crusted, cunningly designed—
Waste-baskets of the Thirty-Dollar kind!

Lo, from a shrine in murky velvet cloaked
Rose a mysterious vapor, such as throbs
From campaign stogies passionately smoked
By office-seekers famishing for jobs.
And through the mist an awful head appears,
Pallid of eyes and rather pink of ears.
See! 'tis the Oracle, who fates can tell
By a card-index tab on Heaven and Hell!
"All-seeing Frank," Taftonis thus began,
"Getter of contributions safe and sane,
Thou who canst gauge a Presidential span
Or help the prophet Moore to forecast rain,
Into thy fateful mailbag deftly delve—
Give us a hunch on Nineteen Hundred Twelve."

Three rather decent earthquakes jarred the stones
As Delphic Hitchcock spake, midst horrid groans:
"How long shall periodicals go through—
The Long-Haul Boys—for less than postage due,
Raking the muck of Empire as they lope
And waxing fat on advertising dope?
O Magazines, so deep I hate thy race
I cannot look a news-stand in the face!
Now Bournes and Bristows on committees sit,
Hand me the gaff and throw the nimble fit—
How long, O Bill?——"
Whereat Taftonis cried:
"Cheese thy divine lament, O Party Pride!
More pressing things impend. I bid thee delve
Into the future. What of Nineteen Twelve?"

Friend Hitchcock sought the customary trance
And cleared his throat for weighty utterance;
Then, from his Delphic Dope Sheet on his knee,
Pulled forth this cloud-compelling prophecy:

"Bill, if the Party you'd save from destruction,
Go make a noise like a Tariff Reduction.
Little Boy Bill, go blow your own horn;
Let the steel tariff stand, but reduce it on corn;
Kick a large hole in the old Tariff Wall
In a place where a hole doesn't matter at all—
And thus you will prove what a popular thing
Is the popular move of a Popular King."

Thus spake the Oracle and turned away,
Pulled down the blinds and closed up for the day.
William, departing, said: "I see! I see!
Those Delphic words mean Reciprocitee!
Hilles, the whetstone! Grind my snickersnee—
And watch the Big War Drama played by me!"

TAFTONIS MEETETH SIR WILFRID AND SHAKETH THE RECIPROCAL SHAKE

Ere morning's rosy beam
Had crossed Potomac's stream
And tipped with light Nick Longworth's marble
dome,
Taftonis sped away
To far-off Canaday,
To meet the great Sir Wilfrid in his mystic border
home.
For well our Hero knew his Party's tissue
Was simply freezing for a Burning Issue,
And plainly he had seen
That the G. O. P. Machine
Required, for deeds of conquest and avengin',
Some mechanical improvements
In the way of campaign movements
And the latest style Reciprocating Engine.

'Midst the Canadian Border's lofty trees
Taftonis paused and whistled to the breeze.
He whistled twice,
He harkened thrice—
An answer came
As clear as ice—
As clear as ice which, 'midst Kentuckian grasses,
Tinkles athwart the early julep glasses:



He's Nearest to Perfection in That Season of
Probation Which Precedes the Next Election

And from the English side across the wall
Sir Wilfrid loomed, baronial and tall.

Taftonis cried, Ohio-wise: "Hullo!"
Sir Wilfrid called: "I say, old top—what ho!"
Whereat the noble pair
Struck hands with furtive air,
And o'er the boundary line spake long and low
Such words of dark import
As pallid comets snort,
Or such as, big with fate, with thought immense,
Janitors whisper o'er the back-yard fence.

So soft they muttered in secretiveness
That gents of the Associated Press,
Who lurked, disguised as fauns, by rocks and trees,
Had to lean forth and murmur: "Louder, please!"
Such scraps as "This goes up!" and "That goes free!"
"God bless the farmer!" "What of Schedule G?"
Rose dimly now and then
To those news-hungry men
Who listened, eager, with uplifted pen.

They spake of kings and cabbages and flax,
And carded wool and art and sealing-wax—
The usual batch of undigested stuff
With which the Tariff Fans adorn their guff.
At last the talk was over and the twain
Clasped in the Clutch of Peace with might and main.



"As Guard Against all Harm, I Give to Thee
This Magic Shield of Reciprocitee!"

And this to Buxom Bill
Exclaimed the good Sir Wil:
"As guard against all harm, I give to thee
This Magic Shield of Reciprocitee!"
(The very heavens shivered
As this Emblem he delivered.)
"Promise you won't annex us, O my friend,
And Canada is with you to the end."

Bill promised and departed. In a tree
A melancholy jaybird murmured: "Chee!
Canada's with him—but, by all the goats,
If William cops the pennant
As the future White House tenant
He'll never get there on Canadian votes!"

IRRELEVANT POEM FOUND PINNED TO THE SHRINE OF TRUTH, JUST BACK OF THE TREASURY BUILDING

A Constructive Politician is a noble man indeed!
To Wrong he's scarcely civil and for Righteousness he'll bleed;
But I've very often noticed that he's nearest to perfection
In that season of probation which precedes the Next Election.

TAFTONIS SEEKETH TO RECIPROCATE WITH THE INSURGENTS, BUT THEY INSURGE THE OTHER WAY

With greatest strenuosity
Taftonis homeward heeled,
With the legend "Reciprocity"
Loud-burnished on his shield.
That legend, "Reciprocity,"
Caused scads of curiosity.
The skies rained ink around that word which Buxom Bill did wield.
Some yelled: "Hurrah!"
Some spluttered: "Pshah!"
Yet others simply squealed.

"Disciples of Progressiveness,
Come hitherward, I pray—
Done is the dank oppressiveness
Which held us once in sway.
Behold! this Reciprocity
Shall strangle animosity—
Insurgent bands, come join us 'neath the sacred sign today!"
So Bill did urge;
But no Insurge
Came surging William's way.

"Come hither, Clapp and Murdock!
Why do ye still abide
Beneath the shady burdock,
Nor linger at my side?
Doth not my Reciprocity
With thrilling strenuosity
Reduce the rate on lima beans from off the Tower of Pride?"
"Who wants to bust
The Farmer Trust?"
Those Insurrectos cried.

"Come hither, mighty Cummins,
And harken to my lay!
This is our final summons—
The last call to the fray.
The Tariff, which you think a bit
Too fat, we're going to shrink a bit—
We'll cut it down from A to Z, with stress on Schedule K."
But the Senator responded: "Humph!
You once defended on the stump
That wild and woolly schedule which you persecute today."

(Continued on Page 27)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

V

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE firm of Gottlieb & Quibble had not been long established before—quite by chance—a new vista of opportunity opened before us. My partner had a wretched client who, not unlike many others, would go to more pains and trouble to steal a dollar than it would have taken him to earn twenty. This, I have noticed, is a general peculiarity of lawbreakers. The man's name was McDuff and my partner had defended him on several occasions and had got him off, with the result that he was always hanging about the office and asking if this or that were "within the law." One fine day he was arrested on the charge of having obtained money by false pretenses in a unique manner.

It appeared that he had learned through a certain bartender that one Jones, a patron of the place, had but recently come into a legacy of a couple of hundred dollars and, in connection therewith, had imbibed so freely that he had become involved in a fist fight with a gentleman by the name of Holahan and had done the latter considerable facial damage. McDuff pondered upon these facts for some time over his beer and then set out to find Jones—not a difficult task, as the legatee was making a round of all the near-by saloons and endeavoring to drink up his good fortune as rapidly as possible. Overtaking him in a side street, McDuff grasped him roughly by the shoulder.

"Look here, Jones," says he, pretending to be an officer; "I have a warrant for your arrest for committing a battery upon Thomas Holahan. You must come along with me to the station house."

"What! For me!" cries Jones in an agony of dismay. "Sure, I did nothing to the man. You're not going to lock me up for that!"

"It's my unpleasant duty," answers McDuff. "An officer has no choice in the matter. You must step along."

"Come, come!" replies Jones, pulling his money from his pocket. "Here's a hundred and fifty dollars. Say you couldn't find me!"

"I would be taking a great risk," responds the supposed officer. "Have you no more than that?"

"I have my gold watch and chain," returned Jones. "You can have them and welcome—only let me go!"

The bargain was struck then and there and the transfer from Jones' pockets to those of McDuff effected. Unfortunately, however, Jones next day discovered that Holahan harbored no ill will against him and that the supposed officer was nothing of the kind. Rising in his wrath, he in turn procured a warrant for McDuff and caused his arrest and indictment. The trial came off and despite Gottlieb's best efforts his client was convicted by the jury of stealing Jones' watch, chain and money by falsely representing himself to be an officer of the law. The case went on appeal to the Supreme Court, which affirmed the conviction, and there seemed no escape for McDuff from a term in prison.

One evening Gottlieb and I got talking about the case among other things.



"I Have a Warrant for Your Arrest. You Must Come Along With Me to the Station House"

"How is it," said I, "that the criminal law will step in and give a man back his money when, under precisely the same circumstances, the civil law will let him whistle?"

"What mean you by that?" asked my partner.

"Why," answered I, "the civil law will not settle disputes between thieves, it will not enforce an equitable division of stolen property, and it will not compel rogues to keep a dishonest contract between themselves. Now this fellow, Jones, it seems to me, was almost as bad as your friend McDuff. He tried to induce a man he thought was a sworn officer of the law to violate his oath and disregard his duty. Why should the criminal law do anything for him? Why should it hand him back his money as if he were an innocent and honest man?"

"It is an ingenious argument," replied Gottlieb, scratching his ear; "and yet it is poppycock for all that. The criminal law is to punish criminals. According to your reasoning, two wrongs would make a right and two thieves one honest man. Would you let McDuff go unpunished simply because he was clever enough to induce Jones to try to break the law as well as himself? Why, any judge would laugh you out of court on such a proposition."

"But," I retorted, "surely, if I gave you a hundred dollars for the purpose of bribing a judge and you failed to accomplish your purpose, no court would assist me to recover the money. 'Twould be against public policy and *contra bonos mores*."

"Even so," answered my partner, "would it not be more *contra bonos mores* to let a thief go unpunished, once he had been arrested? Take my word, Quib, there's nothing in it," insisted Gottlieb warmly. "For instance, there is the crime against usury—a very foolish law to be sure, but there it is. No one can commit usury unless some one else participates in the offense by paying the unlawful interest; but the usurer does not escape on that account. Why, then, should the false pretender in our case?"

"I admit the force of your analogy," said I, "and I could easily suggest others myself. Bribery, for instance; extortion and many other offenses, where the law does not refrain from punishing the one because the other is equally guilty. But the cases differ in that, in bribery, the briber is seeking to influence the acts of an official; and, in extortion, the law imputes an element of force which is supposed to overcome the will of the person paying the money. I am not so clear on your usury. Still, I believe there is a fair fighting chance to win the case on my theory."

"If you think so," grumbled Gottlieb, "you had better argue it yourself before the Court of Appeals."

"Very well," said I. "Nothing will give me greater pleasure."

It was with some trepidation, however, that I went to Albany to argue, before so august a body of judges, a proposition of law that had in reality so little to commend it, particularly as I was opposed in person by the district attorney of New York County—a man of great learning and power of sarcasm. However, I found the Court of Appeals much interested in my argument and had the pleasure of hearing them put many puzzling questions to my opponent, in answering which he was not always altogether successful.

Pending the opinion of the Court, which was not handed down for several months, an incident occurred in our practice that may serve to amuse the reader if not to illustrate the dangers of ignorance. We were engaged in a litigation in the United States District Court, where the subpœnas for the witnesses are issued by the clerk to the deputy marshals for service. Our opponent in the case was a testy old member of the bar over sixty years of age and of the very highest respectability and standing, who had several times refused elevation to the bench and who was regarded as the personification of dignity and learning.

Unfortunately his appearance belied his position, for he was almost totally bald and his face was as weazened and wrinkled as that of a monkey.

It so happened that we desired to have in court the following day certain papers that were in his possession; and, in order that we might be in a position to introduce copies of them in case he failed to produce the originals, we secured what is called a *duces tecum* subpœna for him—that is to say, a subpœna directing him to bring with him—*duces tecum*—"bring with you"—the papers in question. There had recently been appointed as a deputy marshal a very honest and enthusiastic but exceedingly ignorant Irishman named Hennessey, who, prior to his advent into officialdom, had been employed at heaving coal at a dollar and eighty cents a day. The clerk called him into his office and handed to him our subpœna.

"Mike," he said, "here is a subpœna for Winthrop Van Rennsellaer"—our worthy opponent. "It is a *duces tecum*. Understand?"

"Shure I do!" answered Mike, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and taking the paper; for, though he had no idea what *duces tecum* meant, he had no intention of disclosing that fact.

"It's important," continued the clerk. "Be sure and attend to the matter at once."

"Lave that to me!" Mike assured him.

"Don't forget that it's a *duces tecum*," admonished the clerk as Mike passed out of the door.

"Not on yer life!" replied the newly appointed deputy.

Outside, he found a fellow deputy, also newly appointed.

"Pat," said Mike, holding out the subpœna, "phat is the meanin' o' thim two wurrds?"

His friend carefully examined the paper.

"'*Duces tecum*,'" he repeated thoughtfully. "'*Dooces taycum*.' They be Latin wurrds meanin' 'take him alive or dead.'"

"Thanks," said Mike. "Trust me!"

And he started forthwith for Wall Street, where Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer's office was located. Having ascertained by inquiry that his quarry was in, Mike pushed by the clerks and scriveners in the outer offices and, armed with the majesty of the law, boldly forced his way in to the lawyer's sanctum. Marching up to him, he demanded in a loud voice:

"Are you Van Rennsellaer?"

The lawyer, exceedingly astonished, replied with what dignity he was able to assume under the circumstances:

"I am Mister Winthrop Van Rennsellaer."

"Come wid me!" ordered Mike.

"I shall do nothing of the kind!" retorted the lawyer, getting red in the face.

"Y' won't, eh?" exclaimed the deputy; and, grasping Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer by his linen collar, he yanked him out of his chair and, to the horror of the servile supernumeraries in the lawyer's employ, dragged that eminent member of the bar through his own offices, down the stairs and into the street.

The lawyer protested loudly at the indignities to which he was being subjected and a large crowd gathered, which for the time being blocked Broadway. Mike, confident that he had the authority of the United States Government behind him, exhibited his badge, called upon the police to assist him in the exercise of his duty, and proceeded triumphantly to march Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer, hatless, up the street at the head of a large and enthusiastic procession of interested citizens. From time to time Mike would turn and call upon the crowd to disperse, at the same time announcing in a loud voice that he had arrested his prisoner by an order of the Government to take him alive or dead.

By this time the lawyer's little round head was glowing a bright red and his legs almost refused to carry him. Once they had arrived at the Post-office Building the mistake was quickly discovered and Mr. Van Rennsellaer was set at liberty; but each and every United States judge had to descend in his robes from the bench and implore his pardon before the furious little lawyer would consent to call a cab and return to his office.

I understand that he always believed that the whole thing was a trick of Gottlieb's to humiliate him; and, indeed, some members of the bar have suspected me of the same thing—entirely without justification, of course. During the rest of his exceedingly distinguished career one had only to mention the words *duces tecum* in the presence of Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer to deprive him instantly of his composure; in fact, for a long time he abandoned appearing in court and contented himself with nursing his dignity in his office. I should add that the incident so affected his confidence the next day in court that we won our case without difficulty.

But to return to the unfortunate McDuff. To my great astonishment, and still more so to that of my partner, the Court of Appeals handed down an opinion sustaining my contention and holding his client's conviction to be illegal. That night Gottlieb and I, sitting in his office, shook our sides with laughter at the idea of having hoodwinked the greatest court in the state into a solemn opinion that a rogue should not be punished if at the same time he could persuade his victim to try to be a rogue also! But there it was in cold print. They had followed my reasoning absolutely and even adopted as their own some of the language used in my brief. Does any one of my readers doubt me, let him read the report of a like case in the forty-sixth volume of the reports of the Court of Appeals of New York, at page four hundred and seventy.

Said the Court: "The prosecutor"—Jones—"parted with his property as an inducement to a supposed officer to violate the law and his duties; and if in attempting to do this he has been defrauded the law will not punish his confederate, although such confederate may have been instrumental in inducing the commission of the offense. Neither the law nor public policy designs the protection of rogues in their dealings with each other, or to insure fair dealing and truthfulness, as between each other, in their dishonest practices. The design of the law is to protect those who, for some honest purpose, are induced upon false and fraudulent representations to give credit or part with their property to another, and not to protect those who, for unworthy or illegal purposes, part with their goods."

"Why, Quib," quoth Gottlieb, "you are the discoverer of a new legal principle. You will inaugurate a new field of human activity. Generations yet unborn will profit by your ingenuity. From now on every rascal in the land will set his wits to work trying to bring his schemes within the scope of this beneficent opinion."

"Indeed," I replied, "however fine it may be for McDuff, I can easily see that I have unloosed as many troubles as ever flew out of Pandora's Box."

"Yes—but to our profit," he retorted, with a grin. "Don't forget that. The inventors will all come flocking straight to us to get them out of their difficulties—you may be sure of it!"

"'Tis extraordinary," I said, "what a multitude of opportunities this new principle enunciated by the Court of Appeals affords to a man of an inventive turn of mind. As I take it, all one has to do is to induce another to part with his money in the belief that he is going to take a sharp advantage of some one else. For example, let us suppose that I go to some person and falsely tell him that I have a client serving a term in Sing Sing for burglary who has confided to me the whereabouts of the secret hiding-place of his loot. All that is necessary is some one to put up sufficient money to cover the expense of transportation and excavation—and it can be divided between us. For this purpose he intrusts me with several hundred dollars, with which I make off. I have stolen the money fast enough, but I can never be punished for it."

"Exactly!" exclaimed my partner. "And here is another idea that is well calculated to appeal to almost anybody. It has just occurred to me quite involuntarily while you were speaking. Many of our clients want to know if they cannot send the judge who is trying their case a present of some sort, or maybe loan him a little money; and it is always distressing to be obliged to tell them—usually—that it is quite out of the question; that it would only get them into trouble. Of course occasionally we let them send the judge a box of cigars, *but always with the compliments of our adversary—never our own.* Now this shows how readily persons who are mixed up in lawsuits or other difficulties would be ready to put up their money if they supposed the judge were going to get it. All you need is some unscrupulous fellow to go to one of our clients and mention the fact that he is the judge's brother-in-law and is in dearth of ready money. Can't you see the client digging up the needful? He'd be stuffing it down our friend's pockets before he got through speaking; and the whole thing could be done quite openly, you observe, because, even if the client found out later that he had made a mistake, the law would not help him."

"An excellent illustration," I answered, "of the uses to which a legal decision may be put."

"Indeed, though," continued Gottlieb, "the scheme need by no means be as raw as all that. It is enough if there be merely an immoral or improper motive that induces the victim to part with his money. For example, if he but thinks that he can do a sharp trick to some one else. Let us suppose that I pretend to have secret information to the effect that certain property is really much more valuable than the owner supposes it to be. I propose to another that—if he will put up the money for that purpose—we shall buy the property, leading the owner to suppose that he is getting full value for it. Now if, to induce the latter to make the sale, it is agreed between us that we make false or misleading statements as to the real value of the property I do not see but that I would be perfectly safe."

"Safe?" I queried. "I don't understand. You would have bought the property, that is all."

"My dear Quib," returned my partner, "you seem singularly dull this evening for one of such brilliant parts. The point is that the property really isn't worth anything. I am in cahoots with the man who sells it, and we divide even!"

"Yes," I answered; "a dozen similar schemes could be worked like that."

"A dozen!" cried Gottlieb, bounding enthusiastically out of his chair and commencing to stalk up and down the room. "A hundred! Why, there are endless ways in which it can be worked—and I know the man to work them too!"

"Eh!" I exclaimed.

"I mean, who will undoubtedly avail himself of some of them," he corrected himself. "Take this case: It is a crime under the law to give back or rebate part of the premium on a life insurance policy. Now many a man could be induced to insure his life if he could get back the first year's premium. All you have got to do is to tell him that you are an insurance agent and will give it back—and then put the money in your own pocket, for he will have given you the premium for an illegal purpose—that is to say, with the idea of having it paid back to him contrary to law. Under this beneficent decision he will have no chance to get you arrested."

"Never say that you are not a man of ingenuity yourself," said I.

I bade my partner good night and walked slowly homeward meditating upon the wonders of the law, but totally unconscious of what a harvest was to be reaped from the seed I had sown so innocently.

It was but a short time after this that, happening to enter the office somewhat unexpectedly one evening, I discovered Gottlieb in animated converse with a stockily built man of about forty years of age, whose coal-black hair—by far his most conspicuous feature—had been suffered to grow quite long and was parted evenly in the middle, so that it gave him somewhat the appearance of the hooded seal that was then on exhibition at P. T. Barnum's museum. He had a good-humored face, jet black eyes and a familiar, easy way with him that put one on a friendly footing at once.

"Hello, Quib!" exclaimed my partner. "I want you to meet my friend, Charlie Billington."

"Delighted to meet you, Mister Quibble," cried the stranger, grasping my hand. "Our friend Gottlieb

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Grasping Mr. Winthrop Van Rennsellaer by His Linen Collar, He Yanked Him Out of His Chair

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

The History of a Railroad Triumvirate

By ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

THE United States had about forty million people before it had a single transcontinental railroad—and that extended only from Omaha to the Pacific. It was made transcontinental only by connections.

Yet, when Canada had less than five million people she had a complete transcontinental line running from ocean to ocean. Today, with only about seven million five hundred thousand people, Canada has another great transcontinental line almost completed and still a third one in process of speedy construction.

Within two years—or, at the very outside, within three years—Canada will have three great railway systems connecting her Atlantic and Pacific ports and pouring into the markets of Europe and the Orient the great and ever-swelling products of her fields and forests, her factories and her mines.

What incredible boldness for a people so few in numbers to undertake so mighty a task! What a high and daring faith in the future! What a firm and courageous trust in their country, still little occupied! What a certainty that their Canada soon and surely will be peopled with abundant millions of strong, industrious, honorable and patriotic men and women!



Lower Kicking Horse Cañon Near Golden, on the Canadian Pacific Railway

I speak of this Canadian railway building, unparalleled in history under such circumstances, as being the undertaking of the Canadian people; for, at bottom, it is that. The story of the plans for and the building of Canadian railways is epic in its bigness. In its vast hazard it has something of the heroic. And in the final analysis it is the plan and deed of the Canadian people.

For Canadian railway building is a part of Canadian nation building—and this not only in the commercial and material sense but in the political sense. In Canada's resolve to make of herself a nation she encountered some of the difficulties the fathers of our Republic faced in getting our various states to come into the Union.

Bridging a Vast Wilderness

THE political Canada of today began by the passage through the British Parliament of the British North America Act, which is Canada's written Constitution. Broadly speaking, it provided for a union of all the independent Canadian provinces into one supreme National Government; but these provinces, like our states, were afflicted by that small, shortsighted unwisdom that always holds back from every great and simple thing.

So Canada's new National Government had to agree to many things, such as the assumption of the debts of the separate provinces, the payment to each one of a bounty of so much a head for every inhabitant, and so forth. By far the most important was the building of railways.

One condition that the provinces bordering on the Atlantic exacted from the new National Government was the building by the National Government of a railway that should connect the Atlantic ports with the great and more populous regions of Ontario and Quebec. This is the region traversed by the Intercolonial Railway, now more than two thousand miles long—including sidings—built, owned and operated at this moment by the Canadian Government.

In exactly the same way the building of the Canadian Pacific was the great consideration that induced British Columbia to come into the Canadian union in 1871—and how this road was built succeeding paragraphs will tell.

So we see that, from the very first, Canadian railway enterprise was, in the heart of it, a political affair. In a broader way Canada's other great railway projects also have been matters of statesmanship as well as of business. This is true even of the Canadian Northern, which is most nearly a private road in our American sense of the term—and, as you shall see, strikingly true of the National Transcontinental, now being constructed with feverish haste.

Literally Canada is being bound together with bands of steel. She is determined that transportation and commerce shall give to her widely separated people the unity and solidarity of a smaller country. Rightly or wrongly, she feels that she is the natural highway of the world's commerce from east to west.

Her route from the Atlantic to the Pacific by way of Vancouver is a week or ten days nearer the Orient than our American routes via San Francisco; and the distance from the eastern ports to the Orient by way of the National Transcontinental is much shorter than the Canadian Pacific route.

Then, too, in the binding together of her people Canada has a physical obstacle to overcome as unique as it is tremendous. Coming right down through the middle of the Dominion, separating her eastern half from her western half, is an enormous territory as yet unpeopled and most of which probably never can be peopled.

From the Great Lakes on the south clear through to Hudson Bay and the Arctic Circle on the north, and from within two hundred miles of Ottawa on the east and at least the same distance from Winnipeg on the west, extends a region of rock and water, of swamp and morass. Though bold dreamers prophesy that some day physical changes may occur that will render this wilderness habitable, it is not so now and cannot possibly be for scores of years to come.

If this is not bridged, of course, these two halves of Canada are more perfectly separated than as if a mighty arm of the sea a thousand miles wide stretched from the Arctic Ocean to the Great Lakes. But Canada says that this shall be bridged.

Indeed, already it has been bridged and perfectly by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian Northern; and now an even better bridging of it is being accomplished in the National Transcontinental, which runs over what at the present time are the only portions of it that at places are habitable and productive.

So we can see how thoroughly political considerations, in the great sense of that term, enter into Canadian railway construction.

Bearing this in mind, we can understand the immense governmental aid of various kinds that Canadian railway building has received. Indeed, this important phase of the subject goes back to earlier times. Before the present Dominion was formed, railway building began in the eastern provinces. The governments of one or two provinces built roads themselves.

All but one of them granted lavish subsidies of money and land to railway enterprises. In the eighteen years before the present Dominion was formed in 1867, these eastern provinces spent sixty-one million dollars in developing two thousand two hundred and twenty-four miles of railway.

They went through the same process, you perceive, that our states passed through in the reckless early days of American railroad building.

There was no difference, except that our plunging was more extensive and indifferent of consequences than that of the Canadian provinces. Yet, though in public aid of all kinds we have spent ten dollars to Canada's one dollar, Canada has spent, for each person, twenty dollars to our one in aiding and building railways.

All Americans, of course, know the unpleasant history of the building of our first so-called transcontinental road, the Union-Central Pacific—the astounding land grants and guaranties, the amazing privileges, the shocking scandals. All this was contemporaneous with the formation of the present Dominion of Canada.

Who does not remember the "Crédit-Mobilier" year, when lifetime reputations were blasted? Government aid, in land grants and other forms hitherto unheard of in history, had been given to the railway company for the building of this transcontinental line.

The railroad company gave the contract for building it to men who really constituted a company themselves; and the American public yet remembers the millions of dollars between the actual cost of construction to the construction company and the amount which the construction company charged and received.

The Union Pacific scandals entered into national politics, though not in the way by which the Canadian Pacific scandal entered into Canadian politics. With us it was influential public men whom the promoters of this enterprise sought to involve and some of whom were involved by actual "purchase" of stock.

Indeed, the period of American railroad building was at that time, and for years and even decades after, a period of corruption and scandal. And the beginning of this was the immense Government aid of one kind or another, from nation, state and municipality, that was accorded to railroad projects.

The Story of the Canadian Pacific

CONSIDER, then, the practical part which Canada's governments, national and provincial, have played in Canadian railway construction. The story shall be merely a brief outline, although it is dramatic enough for a volume by itself—and a picturesque volume at that. I weary you even with this brief outline only that we may more perfectly understand how Canada is handling the railway problem today—only that we may know whence spring the roots of the almost unlimited powers and direct, simple and effective operation of the Canadian Railway Commission at the present time.

First, then, of the Canadian Pacific. The Canadian Government at first tried to induce the Grand Trunk, at that time the most considerable road in Canada, to build this line to the Pacific Ocean.

The Grand Trunk, however, would not do it. Its directors and managers appear to have lacked that youthful faith, imagination and daring which through all history have been the elements that have done things—builded nations, fought wars, constructed railroads.

So the new Dominion Government began the work itself. It built seven hundred miles of this road which had been promised to British Columbia; but it was not an easy matter to go forward with the thousands of miles yet to be constructed.

For years before the final agreement was made between the Canadian Government and the Canadian Pacific syndicate in 1881, under which the Canadian Pacific Railway finally was built, the Government was trying to induce private persons or corporations to construct it.

Also, it developed that private persons and corporations were quite as much trying to "induce" the Government to let them build the road on terms resembling those granted by our Government to the Union-Central Pacific venture. Out of this grew Canada's transcontinental railway scandal. The Canadian Pacific scandal is as well remembered in the Dominion as the Union Pacific scandal is remembered in the Republic.

For, though our Union Pacific scandal blasted reputations and even sent men to their graves, the Canadian Pacific scandal overthrew a Government.

From the birth of the Dominion of Canada in 1867 to 1896, Sir John Macdonald, at that time Canada's ablest but also most "practical" statesman, was the Canadian Premier, at the head of Canada's Government, except for only five years. The downfall of himself and his party during these five years was caused by the Canadian Pacific scandal.

In 1872 occurred the first general regular election under Canada's new form of government. The party in power was stoutly attacked in that campaign, but great money resources appeared in its behalf. It was successful. And the following year the Canadian Pacific Railway secured a charter from Parliament, with assurance of Government aid running into the millions.

Then came the exposure. It was discovered that the president of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company had given three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Premier Macdonald's campaign fund. Macdonald's resignation instantly followed and for five years he and his party were in eclipse. Only his immense ability, daring and resourcefulness ever brought him to the front again. Had Macdonald not been a Disraeli—whom he resembled—a genius, he would have been destroyed.

So you see that in the arrangements for her first transcontinental line Canada had her railway scandal, just as we had ours in the building of our first transcontinental line.

British Columbia, however, had been promised the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. She insisted on that promise. Finally she threatened to withdraw from the Canadian union if that promise were not kept.



Mount Wapta and Yoho Valley From the Kicking Horse

How the Monopoly Clause Worked Out

SO IN 1881 the new Dominion Government made the historic agreement with the famous Canadian Pacific syndicate by which the latter undertook to build and operate the road, and because of which that same syndicate owns and operates this imperial property now.

It was stated both in the Dominion Parliament in Ottawa and in the British Parliament at London that "that road will not earn enough to pay for axle-grease." From the time the Canadian Pacific was built it has passed dividend only once.

The Government first of all turned over to the Canadian Pacific syndicate the seven hundred miles that the Government already had constructed. This seven hundred miles had cost the Government thirty-one million dollars.

Next the Government agreed to pay, and actually did pay to the Canadian Pacific syndicate, twenty-five million dollars in cash and loaned the syndicate twenty-nine million dollars, which afterward, of course, was repaid; but this made eighty-five million dollars. And this was not all.

The Government granted the syndicate over twenty-five million acres of land in what are now among the richest regions of all Canada.

Nor was this all. The Government also agreed that for a period of twenty years no railroad should be authorized by the Dominion Government south of the line of the Canadian Pacific. This section of the law was called the "monopoly clause."

This caused the first serious trouble the new National Government had with any of its provinces. Manitoba and especially Winnipeg needed railway connections with the United States. This monopoly clause of the Canadian Pacific agreement prevented that. The story of this struggle deserves a chapter, but the limits of this paper will not permit even its outline.

Although the Canadian Pacific syndicate had received aid of various kinds far in excess of a hundred million dollars, yet it insisted on the letter of this monopoly clause as well. It demanded its pound of flesh. Canada's National Government was bound legally and morally by the agreement. Yet the demands of the Province of Manitoba were just and reasonable; and her citizens would not be silent.

So finally the National Government bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company a relinquishment of this monopoly clause by guaranteeing fifteen million dollars of the company's fifty-year bonds, bearing three per cent interest.

Thus the Canadian Pacific Railway has been built and now has become a fabulously rich concern.

Considering the number of Canada's people at that time—only a little over four million all told—the burden of the aid they gave to create this transcontinental line remains to this day unparalleled in any other country.

Even estimating that they aided the Canadian Pacific Railway to the extent of only a hundred million dollars, upon the basis of comparative population of the two countries it is as if the American people would aid a single railway enterprise to the extent of two billion dollars.

And, of course, taking into account the increase in the value of the tremendous land grant given the Canadian Pacific, as well as all other aids that the people afforded that road, the Canadian nation has presented the railroad, first and last, with far more than a hundred million dollars.

Out of this road vast individual fortunes have been made. All this is said not in the way of criticism but as a mere statement of facts. From the exclusively railway point of view a very great deal can be said for the Canadian Pacific.

And, indeed, this also may be said from the public point of view. Although, of course, in doing so it was buttering its own bread, yet the fact is that this concern has been almost patriotically Canadian. It has advertised Canada abroad; it has pushed Canadian interests everywhere. Its defenders say that it is better known in other countries than in the Dominion itself. It is superbly equipped and ably managed.

After all, its grades were built, rails laid, spikes driven and trains run by the sweat and toil of Canada's meager millions in their passionate desire to make of themselves a consolidated and continental nation. Yet this was only the beginning of the Canadian people's sacrifices for their future.

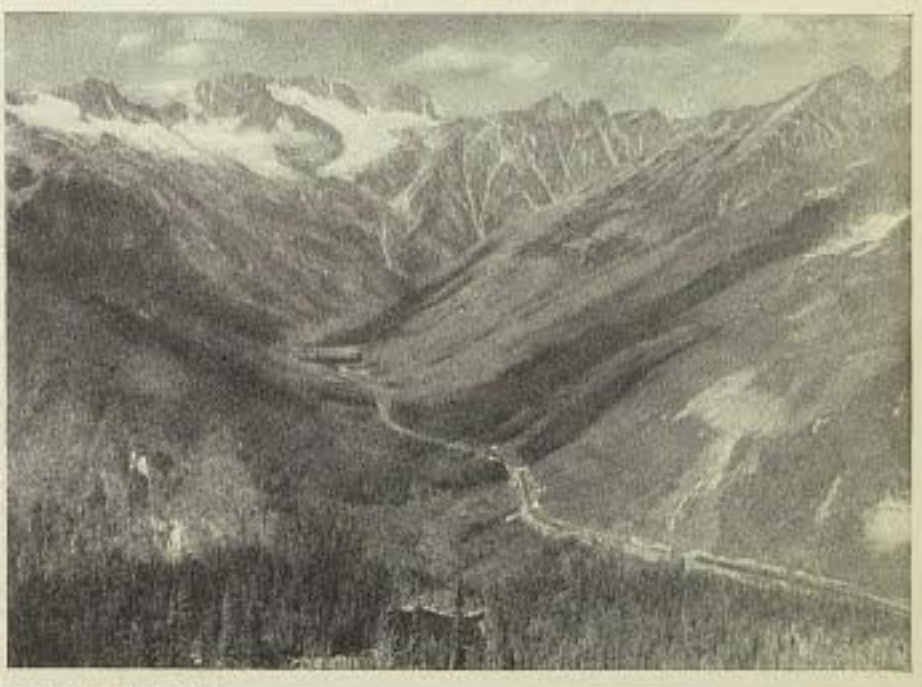
Subsidies to the Canadian Northern

NOW we come to the Canadian Northern. This road already has a considerable network, reaching from the manufacturing districts of eastern and central Canada to western Alberta—that is, almost in sight of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. The remainder of the line—transcontinentally speaking—already is surveyed; and it, too, will have its outlet on the Atlantic and Pacific, and that speedily.

What aid has Canada's people given the Canadian Northern? In the first place, the Province of Ontario gave it land grants and large cash subsidies. Manitoba guaranteed the bonds for its mileage through that imperial province. Alberta and Saskatchewan guaranteed its bonds for any extensions—feeders—north or south of the main line. Then, when the Canadian Northern reached



Illecillewaet Valley and Loop From Mount Abbott



Illecillewaet Valley

the Province of British Columbia, that province also guaranteed its bonds for the mileage within its vast, rich, but mountainous area.

Also, the Dominion Government aided the Canadian Northern. It was built through the far stretches of farmland of what now is the Province of Saskatchewan and into Alberta before they were provinces and while they were territories. So, while they were yet territories, these two provinces could not guarantee anything.

Therefore the Dominion Government guaranteed the bonds of the Canadian Northern Railway to the extent of thirteen thousand dollars a mile through these two Dominion territories. Thus the heroic generosity of the Canadian people once more poured its golden largess into a great railway system.

Let us now come to the last and most daring railway undertaking of the Canadian Government—the National Transcontinental. This road is being built hundreds of miles north of the original Canadian Pacific. Its real eastern terminus is Halifax, the best Nova Scotian port; its western terminus is Prince Rupert, in British Columbia, hundreds of miles north of Vancouver, where the Canadian Pacific has, and the Canadian Northern must have, its terminus.

Prince Rupert is four hundred miles nearer Japan than Vancouver. The National Transcontinental Railway, as far as from Moncton, within the sound of the waters of the Atlantic, to Winnipeg, is being built by the Canadian Government—being built as I write.

This National Transcontinental Railway, which the Government now is building just as we are building the Panama Canal, for a thousand miles or more goes over the northern portion of the so-called Canadian desert of which I have spoken. Unquestionably it goes over the best portion of that region; but that is not saying much.

At Winnipeg the National Transcontinental connects with and becomes a part of the Grand Trunk Pacific, which then builds the road on—and already has built a great deal of it—through what we Americans would think is the northern part of the "prairie provinces," but what in reality is in their middle.

When that part of this road which now is being built by the Dominion Government is finished it is to be leased to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years, at three per cent of the actual expenditure which the Government has made.

No wonder Canada's Railway Commission has far-reaching powers. Lucky for Canada that her Constitution gives her National Congress unlimited authority over these mammoth, these leviathan, corporations. And the wise and fearless use of that national authority in behalf of the Canadian people on the one hand, and the good sense, patriotism and gratitude to the Canadian people of these great railway companies on the other hand, will determine whether they shall prove to be destroying monsters or strong and grateful sons to the power that created them.

When one considers their far-flung influence, their enormous present resources and their certain future wealth; when one further considers their necessarily intimate relations with the great and compact brotherhood of Canadian banks; their close connection through their directors of the already large and ever-growing organizations of industrial capital—the admirer and well-wisher of Canada almost trembles at the malign possibilities which these mammoth enterprises of her own creation hold for the future of Canada's Government and people.

Also, so vast and so ramified are these three master railway systems that they hold the railway situation in Canada in the hollow of their hands. It would be a lucky man, indeed, or else one so superlatively able as to be a genius, who could get into the Canadian railway field with a new railway enterprise without the consent of Canada's railway triumvirate. Already, indeed, there are dark suggestions of a new railroad in one of the prairie provinces having been bound, gagged and sent out of the country by one of the triple-crowned arbiters of Canada's railway destiny.

I do not mention this in criticism, but only as an illustration of the incalculable power which these great transportation systems and their associated interests can

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How I Learned to Run a Motor Boat

By GEORGE FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBERT LEVERING

AMONG all the veteran boat owners who stood on the dock and jeered Doc Wright and myself when we backed the Imp home to the dock on our first trip and tried to stop the engine by pouring water on it, Alfred DeCorsay Greene was the most offensive. He was so amused that it would have taken two strong men to shut him off. If we had been a little stronger we would have tackled the job ourselves.

Greene is a motor-boat crank. He builds one every winter in his barn—hammers his fingers and freezes his toes when he should be in bed dreaming of a raise in salary—spends all of his savings for new-fangled aggravations to inflict on the engine; completes his boat, launches it and then is miserable. Life is too dull for him. He messes around the river a few weeks and then sells his boat for half what it cost him and starts a bigger one. Even when he has a boat he doesn't demean himself by running it. He works on it. He comes down early on Saturdays and spends the day scouring the engine, tightening up the cockpit, rewiring the shell ejectors, putting goose grease on the pylorie valve and doing other technical stunts. That is joy enough for him. His engine is always in pieces. At any time if you turn him upside down and shake him half a peck of parts will drop out of his pockets. He is so much of an engine expert that at night he exhausts instead of snoring. And he talks the gasoline language so fluently that we call him "DeCurses," for short. Naturally Greene was amused when we crawfished up the river and landed sideways against the dock, with Wright industriously soaking the engine in river water to keep it from starting again and kidnapping us. He was hideously amused. He howled and shrieked with mirth, until most of the population of that section came down to the river bank and listened while he guyed us. And Greene is one of the most accomplished guyers I ever knew.



There Was Just Room in That Boat for an Expert and a Deck-Hand, and One of Us Was Going to be the Deck-Hand

"Backed a boat home because you didn't know how to run her forward!" he gasped between explosions. "Say, that ought to be written up in history. Of all the kid-finished, baby-ribboned, lace-handkerchiefed land-lubbers I ever heard of, you two are the kings. Whee—oo—! I want to start a museum with you fellows. Whatever made you leave your hammocks and get into a motor boat? Who started her for you anyway?"

I explained with some dignity that we had started her ourselves, and that we would have done a better job if we had had the crank along.

"The crank," said Greene, going off again. "Left the crank behind, did you? Let me give you a tip. Next time leave the engine and take the crank. You'll understand a crank better than you do an engine. Left the crank and backed her home. Oh, mama! Say, boys, you better give this game up and sail shingles in a bathtub. You'll get into all kinds of trouble out here on the river. You may get your feet wet."

We had intended to give the thing up without Greene's advice. But any one hates to quit under fire. I stiffened up. "Thanks," said I, "we're going to run this boat all summer, and we're going to run her ourselves too."

"Don't try it, boys," said Greene anxiously; "you're not cut out for this game. Get a good horse and let him tow you along the bank, but don't fool with machinery. Let me run it for you. It takes a man with some natural talent to run a gasoline engine. You just let me run your boat, and you fellows sit in the stern and keep the sofa-pillows dry. I'll run her forward for you. Ha-ha! Hoo-hoo! Wow!"

The whole neighborhood joined. What would any one have done under the circumstances? Wright told Greene that with his mouth wide open one would mistake him for a catfish if it weren't for his long, furry ears.

Then I declared once more, solemnly and swearfully, that we were going to run the Imp forward, backward and whenever we pleased, so help us Beelzebub, the patron saint of gasoline.

We went home by the alleys, because we enjoyed our greasy clothes more that way and because we had to finish that quarrel about the crank. That night I went downtown and returned with a neat compact book about a foot square, entitled The Gasoline Engine for Beginners. Turning over to the section marked "How to start a gasoline engine," I read the following:

See that the timing lever is so placed as to deliver the spark when the compression is greatest; admit the gasoline to the carbureter and press down the needle valve until the carbureter floods. See that the oil cups are so adjusted as to deliver about ten drops of oil a minute to each cylinder. Be sure your mixture is not too rich at the start, as a rich mixture is hard to fire. Work the flywheel gently backward and forward until you have rocked a charge into the base. Then turn on the battery switch and give the flywheel a quick pull.

There the whole business was as plain as the tariff question. It would be no trick at all to run that boat now. All I had to do was to discover what the needle valve was, and what a carbureter does when it floods, and how to impoverish a wealthy mixture, and how to regulate the flow of oil, and what compression might be, and how to discover when there was enough of it. Wright came over the next night and we looked all of these points up as well as we could. But in reading about these we discovered about forty-five additional points to be looked up, and these involved about three hundred technical terms and descriptions that needed a rich, bright light thrown upon them. So I put the book behind the cellar door to prop it open—it proved to be a most useful work in that capacity—and as soon as Wright and I had forgotten what we learned we decided to run the Imp by experience.

People who own automobiles will not take this task seriously. Automobiles nowadays are made to run. You turn on a switch, yank the crank, and then sit up and drive them as long as the gasoline lasts. Their builders are so confident of their reliability that they hide the engine under a hood, as if it were none of the owner's business. But motor-boat engines aren't made to run. They are made to be run. Under some presidents the United States runs itself. Under T. Roosevelt it was run. A mere child could tell the difference. I am convinced that in the time it took me to learn to run a motor-boat engine I not only could learn to run an automobile but I could pay for the thing too.

Wright and I went down to the dock the next Saturday, and after we had learned where to set the dingus on the steering-wheel that jiggled the little contraption in front of the engine, and how to work the little doofticker on the carbureter that spilled gasoline all over our shoes when we pressed it, we didn't have any trouble persuading the Imp to go. She started with a rush, as if it was a positive pleasure, and we headed up the river with both cylinders leaving a trail of beautifully uniform pops on the still summer air. We were dizzy with pride. Took genius to run a motor boat, did it? Well, then we were it—or them. We sat back and drank in the cool river air and the hot engine gas with equal delight. Motor boating was magnificent. We had decided to run all night when the engine missed a pop or two. It coughed once or twice. It changed its tune from "put-put-put-put" to "kapup-kapup-kapup." Then it stopped a few seconds, started again, said "kapeteer" a couple of times in doleful tones and went out of business firmly and finally. We were about ten miles from home by that time. There were signs of rain in the sky and not a

single sign of lunch in the boat. We had before us the job of persuading that engine to forget its wrongs and sing again.

When an automobile stops the automobilist gets out in some disgust, walks around the machine, cranks it a few times, messes around under the hood, does something to the cylinders, fiddles with the levers, cranks a few more times and then telephones for a horse. We couldn't do that. There was no telephone handy and no livery stable available. We couldn't even get out and walk around the boat. We didn't know why the engine had stopped any more than we knew why it had started in the first place. But we had to find out if we wanted to get home.

It was embarrassing. We sat and looked at the surly thing for as much as ten minutes. Ask a newly-installed father to make his baby stop crying and smile immediately, and he will feel about as hopeful and intelligent as we did. I got under the cover and cranked a while and then Wright crawled under and cranked a while. Then I got a wrench and took off a lot of parts, being careful to put them back exactly as I found them. Then we cranked some more. After that we sat until evening, when a clam fisher came along in his flat-bottomed chug boat. He looked us over, loaned us a gallon of gasoline and we came home. All the way back I told Wright what I thought of his mechanical ability and he tried to excuse himself by declaring that association with me was equivalent to contracting paresis. It is a great comfort to have a partner in the motor-boat game. It gives you a chance to forget your own limitations while you are discussing his.

We tied the Imp up and went home in silence. I don't know now what Wright was thinking about, but I was planning a crushing blow. I was tired of his sarcasm. The next Saturday I went down to the boat early and hid a gallon-can of gasoline in a locker. I counted on Wright's chicken-headed absent-mindedness, and I was correct. He climbed into the boat without even suggesting that we put some more gasoline in the tank, and before we had gone two miles the engine went into a comatose condition.

I am still proud of the timid way in which I asked Wright to start it. "You know more about machinery than I do," I said; "and I'm willing to admit it. You can start that misshapen brute in half the time it would take me."

"Right you are," said Doc cheerfully. "You're beginning to get onto this motor-boat game. The first thing that is necessary is to find out that you don't know anything at all about it. I found that out a week ago and I've been paying a chap eighty cents an hour to teach me things. You would never have thought of that, but then what can you expect of a man who puts on cotton gloves when he fools with an engine?"

With that stinger Wright went up and twiddled the fly-wheel around with the grace of an expert.

"She's probably a little off her feed," he remarked. "I'll listen to her, and if she doesn't sound right I'll adjust the carbureter." He turned the wheel over and laid his large expressive ear on the cylinder. "Pretty bad," he said; "you've probably been fooling with this boat on the sly. I hate to have a dub around." So saying he began to adjust the carbureter. He continued to adjust it all afternoon. Part of the time he used a wrench and part of the time he used the highly inflammable cuss word so frequently found in the mechanical world. I watched him adjust and learned a great deal about carbureters. A carbureter is a highly ingenious thing by means of which you adulterate your gasoline with air. It is a little brass pot with a jigger on the top and two or three thingumbobs and other things sticking around on it. You get the gasoline into the pot and the air comes in through a porthole, and a piece of cork with a taradum on the end churns the gasoline until the fumes intoxicate the air. It's plain as day. All you have to do is to get your air drunk enough and your engine will run until it wears out.

I learned all this from Wright, but when he had put the carbureter together the boat didn't go. So I asked him if he had got his information about motor boats from the grocery store. This made him pleasingly peevish and he referred to me in quick succession as a grinning chimpanzee, a compendium of ignorance and a puttyhead.

"All of which may be true," I said, "but if you'll go back in the stern and try to repair that broken shoe-lace of yours, which is just about your limit of ability, I'll start this engine."

Wright booted. "You couldn't start a lawnmower," he said. "No," said I, "but my grandmother taught me long ago always to look in the gasoline tank of a motor boat before I took the engine apart."

You should have seen Wright's face. The bottom fell out of it completely. "The gasoline tank," I explained kindly, "is the place where you keep the gasoline that isn't exploding. It is connected with the carbureter by a pipe, and when you turn the jigger on the pipe it lets the gasoline run into the engine. You had better go back and get about seven hundred and eighty-nine dollars' worth of lessons on gasoline tanks from your expert."

That was cruelty to children. He didn't have a word to say. I looked in the tank. It was as dry as a bone. Then I fished out my gasoline can.

"When I was a very little boy in kindergarten I learned to carry an extra gasoline can," I said cheerfully. "You had better write this down and study it nights. I'll undertake to teach it to you for sixty cents an hour."

"You'd confer a favor on me by jumping in the lake!" said Doc. He was certainly a sick man.

I poured in the gallon, opened the pipe and went up to crank the engine. "Hold on tight, little boy," I said, "and don't shriek when the engine goes off. I'll take care of you."

But the engine didn't go off. Two hours later another clam fisher found us, and after he had turned the engine a minute or two he turned on the battery switch that had jarred out. Doggone it all, why can't a man remember more than one thing at a time in a motor boat?

When we got home that night the war cloud was very thick. Doc and I hadn't severed diplomatic relations, but it was plainly understood that one of us was going to learn to run that boat first and that the other one need not expect any mercy from him. There was just room in that boat for an expert and a deck-hand, and one of us was going to be the deck-hand.

I spent the next six evenings studying the carbureter, in all its moods and tenses, in a book that I got in the library. It was a beautifully illustrated book and was full of plates showing the viscera of various breeds of carbureters in a healthy and diseased condition. Before the end of the week I could tell the make of a carbureter in a passing automobile by the look on the owner's face. I was loaded, congested, clogged with carbureter wisdom. Give me a stout knitting needle and a sheet of porous plaster and I could have repaired any carbureter that ever carbered. Just one thing bothered me. I couldn't understand why it was necessary to mix air with the gasoline. The book was a scientific affair and it didn't start as low down as that. I decided that it was probably from economical reasons and determined that when my turn came I would take the carbureter off altogether, connect the tank direct with the engine and run her regardless of expense. I tried this afterward, but it didn't work. That's the worst thing about theories. The more logical they are the worse they work.

It was my turn to run the boat the next week. We had to agree on an arrangement of that sort. Doc was to run it one week and I was to run it the next. The man who ran the engine was to have first chance at fixing it and the other man was to take the second hour. And there was no lid on the comments by the bystander.

It was a pleasant day and there was a large crowd present to see us off. For some reason or other we always got good audiences. I hate to start a motor boat in the middle of a mob—that is, I hate to begin to start it. I always forget some essential thing and then some rude loafer on the dock snickers and Wright explains elaborately to him that I am a pie-maker whom he is taking out for a little fresh air, and that he is letting me fool with the engine because I think it is an automatic pie foundry. It makes me nervous. I never was a public speaker, and when I stand up and tell an engine what I think of it before a big audience, I make a mess of it every time. I can't think fast enough. On this particular day I had bad luck. I turned the fly-wheel over thirty times before the engine caught. Then it only gave a meditative puff or two and relapsed again.

"He does that for exercise," Wright said to the crowd. "He can do it lots faster than that too."

I sprayed the engine's throat with gasoline, greased its joints and heaved away some more. The engine spat oil on my shirt in a disdainful manner and declined to become interested.

"After he does that half a day he thinks he is running a motor boat," said Wright. The crowd giggled thunderously.

I went over and spent fifteen minutes with the carbureter. The fool thing didn't look a bit like the prints in the book and I didn't dare tamper with it, but I was tired of grinding the engine around.

"He thinks that carbureter is a hot-water faucet," said Wright to his gang. "He'll try to wash his hands under it in a minute."

I decided I might as well be turning the engine around as listen to that sort of foolishness. I put some cold water on my ears—they were red hot—and turned the flywheel over again. To my great surprise the engine started.

A great cheer arose. I ran to the steering wheel, grabbed it and turned on all the roar the engine had. I wanted to get away from the dock. The cheering continued, but it didn't seem to fade away into the distance as it should have done. I looked over to the side. The engine was running great guns, but we weren't progressing. Wright came up and sat down beside me.

"Something's wrong," he said anxiously.

"What is it?" I asked excitedly.

"Maybe the propeller's off," said Wright.

Just then a new uproar arose behind me. It was the dock owner. "You let go of my dock, you idiot," he shrieked. "I don't want her towed all over the river."

I stopped the engine, got up and looked around. I always tie a boat up good and securely when I am fooling with an engine, and I had forgotten to untie the stern line.

When I finally got away that afternoon and ran the Imp up the river, Doc sat beside me and talked all the way in friendly tones. "You must never tow a dock around the river," he said; "it isn't considered etiquette. You must always untie your boat before starting her. Try to remember this, because it makes me feel ridiculous to see you trying to pull a fat piling out of the bottom of the river with a little boat. And you must never sit down on the engine when it is working. Women do that sometimes and you're likely to, so I just give you this tip. It isn't safe. The engine might bite you. Engines are awfully bitey. I knew one once that ate up a fisherman. If the engine gets off its base and comes at you with its mouth open, cross your fingers and say 'scat.' That scares them. And here's another thing you ought to know. Never step out of the boat onto the water. It wouldn't hold you and you would get your feet all wet. Unless you steer this boat to the right now we're going to run ashore. Turn the round thing you're holding—the steering wheel—a little—that's it. You see that turns the rudder. The rudder is what steers the boat. You'll learn all these things in time. Trouble with you is you're too ambitious. It was mighty plucky of you to attempt to tow that big dock up the river, but it wasn't sensible."

I endured three hours of this and did not commit murder. One never knows what he can endure until he tries.

But next Saturday I got even with Doc. The boat stopped away up in the lake and after he had mauled away for an hour on the timer—he had been studying timers



I Hid a Gallon-Can of Gasoline in a Locker



"He Can Take Things Apart Faster Than Any One I Ever Saw"

that week—I picked up a loose wire that seemed to be in distress and stuck it into a hole that seemed to be made for something of the sort. The Imp not only started but seemed grateful for being allowed to go. I ran the boat home and spent the time explaining the first principles of electricity to my deck-hand.

"Electricity is what makes a doorbell go," I said, using small words and speaking distinctly. "What you ought to do, Doc, is to buy a simple doorbell and spend the winter dissecting it. After you are familiar with its anatomy you might practice turning on an electric light. When you can do that successfully, two times out of three, I'll let you come along with me in this boat and work the anchor. All you have to do is to dump it overboard when I tell you to. I'll write the directions out for you."

Wright almost went crazy. It was a real joyful occasion. I forgot all about the catastrophe at the dock and fell in love with motor boating all over again. But the next Saturday, when the Imp went to sleep on me, I took the carbureter apart and monkeyed with the battery until I filled myself full of hornet juice and emitted dismal howls. Then Doc began messing around with the pump—he had discovered in his lessons that week that a gasoline engine has a pump. And when he had found a small seed and had fished it out and had cooled the feverish cylinders by pouring water on them, he ran the boat home and insulted me once for every revolution of the wheel. You would have thought he was the inventor of the gasoline engine. The airs he put on were unbearable.

All summer long we gave and took every Saturday afternoon. One week the engine would develop a disease that I was ready to recite on and the next week it would switch over into Doc's compartment of knowledge. Occasionally it flunked us both. But by the latter end of the summer we began to realize that the Imp was our servant. I don't mean to say that we could run the engine all the time, but our batting average was very creditable. Four times out of five when it balked it came down with some old familiar complaint. It was no longer a mystery to us. We understood its temperament. We knew when to flatter it, when to encourage it, when to soak it with a monkey-wrench and when to jab it with a short, swift cuss word and get results. And when we got to that proud eminence we began to look for A. DeCorsay Greene with malicious intentions. We wanted to see him start that engine.

Greene was perfectly willing to go out with us when we pled with him to come and diagnose our woes. "I knew you'd come to it," he said. "You might have had me before, instead of wasting the summer. I'll go down and look her over right now."

We went down to the dock and rowed out to the Imp. Like all the other experts he began to shake his head when he saw her. Experts are always pessimistic, like great musicians. They know so much that they are constantly pained by the evidences of ignorance on all hands. A motor-boat expert is a born pessimist. There was a reasonably healthy engine—stout enough to yank a fat boat all over the river. But Greene couldn't see anything but a tottering ruin that was ready to shed its flywheel and collapse into old iron within half an hour. The more he looked, the more he groaned. The carbureter was a joke, the timer was a crime; the hull was a sieve, the dingbat was anemic; the jimswinger was a death-trap, the parallax would certainly explode unless we put hoops around it at once. "Call that an engine?" he wailed. "I could make a better one out of a wash-boiler. I can't see why men trust their lives in seagoing cornshellers when they might travel comfortably in a dug-out."

Greene almost cried before he got through looking us over. I would hate to be an expert and nurse a great and bursting sorrow in my breast every time I saw a piece of wheezy machinery.

"Start her up," he finally moaned, "and I'll see what's worst about her." He took the wheel and I turned the engine over. It started of course. The Imp never misses a chance to take you a long ways off. She prefers to do her breaking down out of reach of the trolley lines. We waddled up the river eight miles an hour, Greene moaning at every revolution. It was inspiring to sit there and soak in the new engine diseases that he discovered in that chunk of cast iron. Rheumatism of the crank shaft was her simplest complaint. But after half an hour he got more cheerful. That was when he began to outline the cure. As near as I could understand it we would have a good boat if we replaced the engine in a new hull and had the river renovated. As soon as he had roughly sketched in the plan of treatment, I kicked the little handle on the carbureter around and the Imp stopped with an indignant snort.

Nothing makes the Imp so mad as to have her carbureter fooled with when she is running. She resents it with her whole being. It took us two days to start her when we first tried to throttle her down a little the way the automobilists do. Finally, however, we discovered a simple way of mollifying her, after we had insulted her in this way. If you drained the carbureter, set the spark lever until it pointed toward the flag-staff, put some oil and gasoline in the cylinders through the holes the spark plugs were screwed in, wrapped a life preserver around the batteries and turned the flywheel backward, she would go every time. I don't know what the life preserver had to do with it, but she went the first time we used it and we always let good enough alone in our scientific investigations.

When the Imp stopped Greene looked at the engine reproachfully for a minute. Then he crawled around in front and cranked it a couple of times in an incredulous way. He seemed pleased when it didn't start. Nodded at us as much as to say: "I told you so. It will take a genius to start this thing." Then he removed his coat and went to work.

It was beautiful to watch him. He was scientific from start to finish. No guesswork for him. He knew the principle and theory of gasoline engines, and what things that were opaque mysteries to us were simply little axioms to him. We watched him with the utmost enjoyment while he tested the spark and the mixture and a lot of other things with fancy names. It was just like seeing that good book, The Gasoline Engine for Beginners, illustrated with moving pictures.

Greene tested our engine from stem to stern and announced cheerfully that it was all right and that any man of intelligence could start it on the first try now, for he had found that we had been running with the mixture abnormally rich. He adjusted things all around with much care, set the spark and gave the flywheel a confident yank. We tried to look surprised when the Imp responded just as the Sphinx would if you kicked her in the ribs.

Greene yanked once or twice more. Then he stood up and rubbed his hair.

"She's all right now and she's got to start," he said confidently. "Oh, I see. You yaps have got this timer so loose that she slips out of adjustment. Never run around with a loose timer. It will get you into trouble some day."

We thanked him while he took our timer apart and rebuilt it. After he had cranked some more—quite a while this time—he stopped suddenly, glared at us and asked us if we didn't know any better than to let water get into our gasoline.

"Not guilty," I said.

"But you are," said Greene severely. "This engine's in perfect order—as perfect as the old ruin can be. It ought to run on the first turn over, and if it doesn't it's a sign that your gasoline is bad. Now I've got to stop and test it for you. You'll never make boatmen if you're as careless as all this."

Greene stopped and tested the gasoline. He not only tested it but he analyzed it in a rude way, and found traces in it of everything from water to hops. He was shocked beyond expression and cleaned out the carbureter carefully, after which he filled it with some virgin gasoline from our storage can, strained through his pocket handkerchief. Then he grabbed the crank again. "Look out now," he said, "she'll go this time." When she didn't he was so pained that he swore—at us. He demanded in bloodthirsty tones to be told what we had been doing with that engine.

We cringed silently, and Greene began to test the batteries. Then he messed around in the thorax of the engine and tested something down there. After that he took an oar and fished around the stern of the boat to find out whether or not the propeller had collided with the rudder. After all this he cranked some more. Then he glared at us with an accusing expression and began to dissect the engine.

It was most educational. The ease with which Greene unhitched various parts that I always imagined had grown up together was wonderful. Never had I seen such cleverness. If I had Greene's mechanical genius I would study in a theological seminary, and then go as missionary to the desert of Sahara where I would be quite safe from it.

Wright and I sat in the stern and smoked placidly, while we admired Greene's work.

"Marvelous, isn't it?" I asked.

"It certainly is," said Wright. "He can take things apart faster than any one I ever saw."

"Wonder if he always starts a boat this way," I mused.

"No," said Wright. "Sometimes he ties it to a row boat. That's a sure system."

I saw Greene begin to get nervous. It was blazing hot down there under the deck, and that didn't help his temper.

"This old boat had better start, though," said Wright, "because he'll take her keel out and analyze it if she doesn't."

"You're getting pretty gay with that talk," said Greene, straightening up and glaring at us. "If I owned this sausage grinder you think is an engine, I'd put it back at its real job."

"That proves he's an expert," said Wright. "An expert always blames the engine when he can't start it."

"Pshaw! He can start it," I protested. "Give him time. He hasn't monkeyed with the flagstaff yet."

"You fellows make me sick," said Greene. "All you know about an engine I could write out on paper and put in my eye."

"He's right too," said Wright solemnly. "We never could do what he's doing in the world. We have to start her without taking anything apart at all."

"I wish I were an expert," I said; "it must be lots of fun. I suppose he uses a pair of tongs and a vise and three pickaxes when he winds his watch."

It was all very enjoyable. After half an hour Greene tried to kill us by throwing parts of the engine at us. So we shut off the conversation until he had put it together and had cranked a while. Then Wright got up and yawned. "Well, old man, we've got to go home now," he said. "I'm getting hungry. Children will want to see papa pretty soon. If you've finished with that engine, I'll start it and we'll go home."

"Yes you will," Greene said, "if you get a tow. Not otherwise. That engine will never run again. I've tested it out from every angle, and as nearly as I can tell the metal is so crystallized that it absorbs the gasoline vapor before it can be fired. It must come on suddenly too."

"Yep, and it's going away very suddenly too," said Wright rudely. "Sure you put this engine together right, sonny?" he asked.

Greene was perfectly insulted. "I could take that engine apart headed up in a tar barrel and put it together so she'd run first pop—if everything was right," he declared.

"All right," said Wright. "Stand back, children and spectators. Here goes the Imp."

He drained the carbureter. Greene was horrified. He switched the lever around. He dumped oil and gasoline into the cylinders. Greene caught his arm in agony. "Now we'll never start her."

"Keep your shirt on," said Wright pleasantly. He put the life preserver on the batteries and Greene shouted aloud for an insanity commission. Then he turned the flywheel the wrong way and the Imp started home.

Greene fainted.

That was our graduating thesis with the Imp. We now hold a degree in the handling and hypnotism of gasoline engines. Greene says that there is no sense in the things we do to make our engine run. But we don't care. They do the work.



"You Let Go of My Dock, You Idiot," He Shrieked

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



"And in Spite of Everything, He is as Tender to Hammersley's Little Daughter as if She Were His Own"

XXI

JULY brought in halcyon days for everybody. They were halcyon days for Clementina. There were neglected portraits to complete; new sitters for whom to squeeze in appointments; a host of stimulating things, not the least of which was the beloved atmosphere—half turpentine, half poetry—of the studio. Only the painter can know the delight of the mere feel of the long-forsaken brush and the sight of the blobs of color oozing out from the tubes on to the palette. Most of us returning to toil after a holiday sigh over departed joys. To the painter the joy of getting back to his easel is worth all the joys that have departed.

Clementina plunged into work as a long-stranded duck plunges into water. By rising at dawn, a practice contrary to her habit, she managed to keep pace with her work and to attend to the various affairs that her new responsibilities entailed. Her days were filled to overflowing and filled with extraordinary happiness. A nurse was engaged for Sheila, a kind and buxom widow who also found herself living in halcyon days. She could do practically whatever she liked, as her charge was seldom in her company. The child had her being in the studio, playing happily and quietly in a corner—thus realizing Clementina's dream—or watching her paint with great, wondering eyes. The process fascinated her. She would sit for an hour at a time, good as gold, absorbed in the magic of the brush-strokes, clasping the dingy Pinkie tight against her bosom.

Tommy appeared one day with a box of paints, a miniature easel and a great mass of uncolored fashion plates of beautiful ladies in gorgeous raiment. A lesson or two inspired Sheila with artistic zeal, so that often a sitter would come upon the two of them painting breathlessly—Clementina screwing up her eyes, darting backward and forward to her canvas; and the dainty child seated on a milking stool and earnestly making animated rainbows of the beautiful ladies in the fashion plates.

Then there was the tedious process of obtaining the probate of Hammersley's will. Luckily he had wound up all his affairs in Shanghai to the common satisfaction of himself and his London firm, so that no complications arose from the latter quarter. Indeed, they gave the executors their cordial assistance. They, however, had to be interviewed, and lawyers had to be interviewed, and Quixtus and all kinds of other people; and papers had to be read and signed, and affidavits to be made, and head-splitting intricacies of business and investments to be mastered. All this ate up many of the sunny hours.

Tommy and Etta had halcyon days of their own which, but by curmudgeonly roughness, would have merged into Clementina's. Etta had cajoled an infuriated admiral raving round the room after a horsewhip into a stern parent who consented to receive Tommy, explicitly reserving to himself the right to throw him out of the window should the young man not take his fancy. Tommy called and was allowed to depart peacefully by the front door. Then Quixtus, incited thereto by Tommy, called upon the admiral with the awful solemnity of a father in a French play, with the result that Tommy was invited to dinner at the admiral's and given as much excellent old port as he could stand. After which the admiral called on Clementina, whom he had not met before. During the throes of horsewhip hunting he had threatened to visit her there and then and give her a piece of his mind—which at that moment was more like a hunk of molten lava than anything else; but the arts and wiles of Etta had prevailed so that the above-scheduled sequence of events had been observed. Clementina, caught in the middle of a hot afternoon's painting, received him bedaubed and bedraggled in the studio, whose chaos happened to be that day more than usually confounded. The admiral, accustomed to the point-device females of his world, and making the spick-and-span of the quarterdeck a matter of common morality in material surroundings, went from Romney Place an obfuscated man.

"I can't make your friend out," he said to Etta. "I don't mind telling you that if I had seen her I should never have allowed you to visit her. I found her looking like a professional rabbit-skinner rather than a lady; and when I went to sit down I had to clear away a horrid plate of cold pie—by George!—from the chair. She contradicted me flatly in everything I said about you—as if I didn't know my own child—and filled me up with advice."

"And wasn't it good, dear?"

"No advice is ever good. Like Nebuchadnezzar's food, it may be wholesome, but it isn't good. And then she turned round and talked the most downright common-sense about women I've ever heard a woman utter. And then, by Jove! I don't know how it happened—I never talk shop, you know ——"

"Of course you don't, dear, never!" said Etta.

"Of course I don't—but somehow we got on to the subject and she showed a more intelligent appreciation of the state of naval affairs than any man I've met for a long time. As for those superficial, theoretical donkeys at the club ——"

"And what else, darling?" said Etta, who had often heard about the donkeys, but now was dying to hear about Clementina. "Do tell me what she talked about. She must have talked about me. Didn't she?"

"About you! I've told you." He took her chin in his hand—she was sitting on a footstool, her arms about his knee.

"You can't have told me everything, dear."

"I think she informed me that her selection of a husband for you was a damned sight better than mine—I beg your pardon, my dear; she didn't say 'damned'—and then the little girl you're always talking of came in; and the rabbit-skinner seemed to turn into just an ordinary woman and took me up and, in a way, threw me down on the floor to play with the child."

"What did you play at, dad? When I was little you used to pretend to swallow a fork. Did you swallow a fork?"

The iron features relaxed into a smile.

"I did, my dear—and it was the cold pie fork, wiped on a bit of newspaper. And, last of all, what do you think she said?"

"No one on earth could guess, dear, what Clementina might have said."

"She actually asked me to sit for a crayon sketch—said my face was interesting to her as an artist and she would like to make a study of it for her own pleasure. Now what pleasure could anybody on earth find in looking at my ugly old mug?"

"But, dear, you have a most beautiful mug!" cried Etta. "I don't mean beautiful like the photographs of popular actors, but full of strength and character—just the fine face that appeals to the artist."

"Do you think so?" asked the admiral.

"I'm sure." She ran to a little table and brought a Florentine mirror. "Look!"

He looked. Instinctively the man of sixty-five touched the finely curving grizzly hair about his temples.

"You're a silly child," said he.

She kissed him. "Now confess. You had the goodest of good times with Clementina this afternoon."

"I don't mind owning," said the admiral, "that I found her a most intelligent woman."

And that is the way that all of us sons of Adam, even admirals of the British fleet, can be beguiled by the daughters of Eve.

Halcyon days were they for Quixtus, for whom London wore an entirely different aspect from the Aceldama he had left. Instead of its streets and squares stretching out before him as the scene of potential deviltry, it smiled upon him as the center of manifold pleasant interests. He had the great work to attack, the final picture that mortal knowledge could draw of that far-off, haunting phase of human life before the startling use of iron was known to mankind. It was not to be a dull catalogue of dead things. The dead things, a million facts, were to be the skeleton on which he would build his great, vivid flesh-and-blood story—the dream of his life, which only now did he feel the vital impulse to realize. He had his club and his cronies, harmless folk beneath whose mild exterior he no longer divined horrible corruption. From them all he received congratulations on his altered mien. The change had done him good. He was looking ten years younger. Some chaffed him after the way of men. Wonderful place, Paris!

He found a stimulating interest in his new responsibilities. Vestiges of his perfunctory legal training remained and enabled him to unravel simple complications in the Hammersley affairs, much to Clementina's admiration and his own satisfaction. He discovered a pleasure once more in the occasional society of Tommy and concerned himself seriously with the latter's love-making and painting. He spoke of him to Dawkins, the rich donor of the anthropological society portrait, to whom Tommy had alluded with such disrespect to Clementina. Dawkins visited Tommy's studio and walked away with a couple of pictures after having paid such a price as to make the young man regard him as a fairy godmother in vast white waistcoat and baggy trousers. Quixtus also entertained Tommy and Etta at lunch at the Carlton, Mrs. Fontaine completing the quartet.

"I should have liked it better," said Clementina, when she heard—as she heard all that happened to the lovers—of the incident, "I should have liked it better if he hadn't brought Mrs. Fontaine into it." Whereat Tommy winked at Etta, unbeknown to Clementina.

Quixtus' friendship with the spotless flower of womanhood continued. He had tea with her in her prettily furnished little house in Pont Street, where he met several of her acquaintances, people of unquestionable position in the London world, and attended one or two receptions—and even a dance at which she was present. Very skillfully she drew him into her circle and adroitly played him in public as a serious aspirant to her spotless hand. There were many who called him the variegated synonyms of a fool, for to hard-bitten worldlings few illusions are left concerning a woman like Lena Fontaine; but they shrugged their shoulders cynically and viewed the capture with amused interest. Only the most jaded complained. If she wanted to give them a sensation, why did she not go a step farther and lead about a bishop on her string? But these uncharitable remarks did not reach Quixtus' ears. The word went round that he was a man of distinguished scientific position—whether he was a metallurgist or a brain specialist

no one at the tired end of the London season either knew or cared to know—and, his courtly and scholarly demeanor confirming the rumor, the corner of Vanity Fair in which Lena Fontaine fought to hold her position paid him considerable deference. The flattery of the frivolous pleased him, as it has pleased many a good simple man before him. He thought Mrs. Fontaine's friends very charming, though perhaps not over intellectual. He went among them, however, scarce knowing why. A card of invitation would come by post from Lady Anything, whom he had once met. Before he had time to obey his first impulse and decline, Lena Fontaine's voice would be heard over the telephone. "Are you going to Lady Anything's on Friday?"

"I don't think so."

"She has asked you, I know. I'm going."

"Oh!"

"Do come. Lady Anything tells me she has got some interesting people to meet you; and I shall be so miserable if you're not there."

Who was he to cause misery to the spotless lady? The victim yielded and, blandly unconscious of her guile, was paraded before the interesting people as the latest and most lasting conquest of Lena Fontaine's bow and spear.

August plans were discussed. She was thinking of Dinard. What was Quixtus proposing to do? He had not considered the question—had contemplated work in London. She held up her hands. London in August! How could he exist in town? He needed a real holiday.

"To tell you the truth, I don't know where to go," said he.

Very delicately she suggested Dinard. He objected in his shy way. Dinard was the haunt of fashion and frivolity.

"I should walk about the place like a daw among peacocks," said he.

"But why should you be a daw? Why not do a little peacocking? Color in life would be good for you. And I would undertake to keep your feathers trim."

He smiled, half allured, half repelled by the idea of strutting among such gay birds. To refuse the spotless lady's request downright was an act of discourtesy of which he was incapable. He gave a vague and qualified assent to the proposal, which she wisely did not then tempt him to make more definite. Content with her progress, she bided her time.

Quixtus had little leisure to reflect on the skeptical attitude toward humanity that theoretically he still maintained. In addition to these hour-absorbing interests, Sheila began to occupy a considerable place in his life. Sometimes he would call at Romney Place; sometimes Clementina would bring the child to Russell Square; sometimes, when Clementina was too busy, Sheila came in the nurse's charge. He cleared out a large room at the top of the house, which was to be Sheila's nursery when she took up her quarters there. It needed repapering, recarpeting, refurnishing, he decided. Nothing like cheerful surroundings for impressionable childhood! With this in view he carried off Sheila one day to a firm of wallpaper dealers, so that she could choose a pattern for herself. Sheila sat solemnly on the sofa by his side while the polite assistant turned over great strips of paper. At last she decided. A bewildering number of parrots to the square yard, all with red bodies and blue tails, darting about among green foliage on which pink roses grew miraculously, was the chosen design. Quixtus hesitated; but Sheila was firm. They proudly took home a strip to try against the wall. Clementina, hearing from Sheila of her exploit, rushed up the next afternoon to Russell Square and blinked her eyes before the dazzling thing.

"It's only you, Ephraim, that could have taken a child of five to select wallpaper!"

"I will own that the result is disastrous," he said ruefully; "but she set her heart upon it."

She sighed. "You're two babies together. I see I've got to fix up that nursery myself." She looked at him with a woman's delicious pity. What could a lone man know of the fitting up of nurseries?

"You hear what your auntie says?" he asked—the child was sitting on his knee—"We're in disgrace."

"If you're in disgrace you go in the corner," said Sheila.

"Let us go in the corner, then."

"If you hold me very tight," said Sheila.

Clementina, however, came up and forgave them and kissed the little face peeping above Quixtus' shoulder.

"It does my heart good to see you with her!" she cried, with rare demonstrativeness.

It was true. Sheila's sweet ways with Tommy and Etta caused her ever so little a pang of jealousy. Her increasing fondness for Quixtus made Clementina thrill with pleasure. You may say that Clementina, essentially just, was scrupulous not to encroach upon Quixtus' legal half-share in the child's esteem—but a sense of justice is not an emotion. And it was emotion—silly, feminine, romantic emotion that she did not try to explain to herself—that filled her eyes with moisture wherein she saw the two happy together.



"Look at You and Look at Us! Who's Been Getting All the Fat and Who All the Lean?"

She laid her hand upon the fair hair.

"Do you love your Uncle Eph'im?"

"I adore him," said Sheila.

"Your uncle fully reciprocates the sentiment, my dear," said Quixtus, his hand also instinctively rising to caress the hair.

So the hands of the guardians touched. Clementina withdrew hers and turned away quickly so that he should not see the flush that sprang into her face.

"We must be getting home now, dear," she said. "Auntie is wasting precious daylight." And with her old abruptness she left him.

He followed her down the stairs. "My dear Clementina," said he, standing bareheaded at his front door, "I wonder whether you realize how Sheila and yourself light up this dull old house for me."

She sniffed scornfully. "I light up?"

"You," said he, with smiling emphasis.

She looked at him queerly for an instant and then went her way.

When he saw her again, a few days afterward, one late afternoon when she was tired after a heavy day's painting, she railed at him with a return of her old biting manner. He looked surprised and pained. She relented.

"Forgive me, my good Ephraim," she said, "but I've the rough luck to be a woman. No man alive can ever conjecture what a devil of a thing that is to be."

He smiled. "You mustn't overwork," said he. "A woman hasn't the brute strength of a man."

"You're delicious!" she said.

But she was kind—exceedingly kind—to him thereafter and fitted up the nursery in a way that made the two babies beam with delight. So Quixtus lived halcyon days.

In spite of qualms of conscience, these were halcyon days for Huckaby. He had already entered on his duties as Quixtus' assistant in the preparation of the monumental work on The Household Arts of the Neolithic Age. There were hundreds of marked passages in books to transcribe, with accurate notes of reference; hundreds of learned periodicals in all languages, with articles bearing on the subject to be condensed and indexed; thousands of notes of Quixtus to be collated; thousands of photographs and drawings to be classified. Never having been admitted into the inner factory of his patron's work, he was astonished at the enormous amount of material, the evidence of the unsuspected patient labor of years. He began to feel a new respect for Quixtus, whom hitherto he had regarded as a dilettante. Of course he knew that Quixtus had a European reputation. He had not taken the reputation seriously. Like Clementina, he had been wont to scoff at prehistoric man. Now he realized for the first time that a man cannot gain a European reputation in any branch of human activity without paying the price in toil; that there are qualities of energy, brain and will inherent in any man who takes front rank; that there must be a calm, infinite thoroughness in his work that is beyond the power of the smaller man. No wonder his French colleagues called Quixtus *cher maître* and deferred to his judgment. In his workroom Quixtus was a great man; and Huckaby, seeing him now in his workroom, recognized the fact.

The prospects of his appointment as secretary to the Anthropological Society were also fair. Hitherto, the responsibilities of that position had been borne by one of the members in an honorary capacity, a paid and unimportant underling performing the clerical duties; but for the last year or so, the operations of the society having extended, the secretaryship had become too great a tax on the time of any unpaid and no matter how enthusiastic gentleman. The council, therefore, had practically determined on the appointment of a salaried secretary and were much impressed by the qualifications of the president's nominee. A secretary who can print below his name on official papers the fact that he is a master of arts and late fellow of his college lends distinction to any learned society. A snuffy, seedy and crotchety member had been put forward as an opposition candidate, but his chances were small. Huckaby's star was in the ascendant.

It was a happy day for him when he moved his books and few other belongings from the evil garret where he had lived to modest but cheerful lodgings near Russell Square. He looked for the last time around the room that had been the scene of so many degradations, of so many despairs, of so many torturings of soul. All that was a part of his past life: the greasy wallpaper; the rickety deal furniture; the filth-sodden, ragged carpet; the slimy soot on the window-sill that had crept in from the circumambient chimney stacks through the ill-fitting windowsash; the narrow, rank bed. All that had been part and parcel of his being. The familiar smell of uncared-for, unclean human lives saturated the house. He shuddered and slammed the door and tore down the stairs. Never again! Never again, so help him God! A short while afterward he was busy arranging his books in the bright, clean sitting room of his new lodgings; and a neat maid in white cap, cuffs and apron brought in afternoon tea, which she disposed in decent fashion on a little table. When she had gone he stood and looked down upon the dainty array. He realized that henceforward this was his home. He picked up from a plate a little three-cornered watercress sandwich; but, instead of eating it, he stared at it—and the tears rolled down his face.

One day, however, toward the end of July, was marked by a black cloud. His day's work being over, he was walking with light step to his lodgings when he saw in the distance awaiting him, on his doorstep, the sinister forms of Billiter and Vandermeer. His first impulse was to turn and flee; but they had already caught sight of him.

"Hello, old friend!" said Billiter in a beery voice. "So we've tracked you down, eh? We called at the old place and found you had gone and left no address. Thought you would give us the slip, eh?"

His linen was of the dingiest. His face had grown more bloated. Vandermeer, pinched, foxy and rusty, thrust his hard felt hat to the back of his head and, hands on hips, looked threateningly at Huckaby.

"I suppose you know you've been playing a low down game."

"I know nothing of the sort," said Huckaby.

"Oh, don't you?" said Billiter. "Look at you and look at us! Who's been getting all the fat and who all the lean? We have something to say to you, old friend; so let's get indoors and have it out between us."

He made a move, accompanied by Vandermeer, toward the front door; but Huckaby checked them, stricken with sudden revolt. His past life should not defile the sanctity of his new home. He would not admit them across his threshold.

"No!" said he. "Whatever we've got to say to one another can be said here."

"All right," said Vandermeer sulkily. "There's a quiet pub at the corner."

"I've chucked pubs," said Huckaby.

"Come off it!" sneered Billiter. "At any rate, you can stand a round of drinks."

"I've chucked drink too," said Huckaby. "I've sworn off. I'll never touch a drop of liquor as long as I live—and I advise you fellows to do the same."

They burst out laughing, asked him for tickets for his next temperance lecture, and then began to abuse him after the manner of their kind.

"This is a decent street," said Huckaby; "so please don't make a row."

"We're not making any row," cried Billiter. "We only want our share of the money."

"What money? Didn't I write and tell you the whole thing was off? She couldn't stick it out and neither could I. Quixtus hasn't given her one penny-piece."

"We'll see what the lady has to say about that," growled Billiter.

"You're going to leave that lady alone henceforth and forever," said Huckaby with a new ring in his voice.

The others sneered. Since when had Huckaby constituted himself squire of dames? Billiter, with profane asseveration, would do exactly what he chose. Wasn't it his scheme? He deserved his share. Vandermeer gloomily reminded him that he had cast doubts from the first on Huckaby's probity. He had put them in the cart in fine fashion. They refused to believe in Lena Fontaine's squeamishness. Huckaby grew impatient.

"Haven't you each received a letter from Quixtus' solicitors? Haven't you each signed an agreement not to worry him—on forfeiture of your allowance? Now I swear that, if either of you molests her, you'll be molesting Quixtus. I'll jolly well see to that. She'll tell me and I'll tell him—and bang! goes the monthly money."

Vandermeer's shrewd wits began to work.

"Molest her and we molest Quixtus? Oho! Is that the little game? She's going to marry him, eh?"

"If she does, what the blazes has that got to do with you?" Huckaby cried fiercely. "You just let the woman alone. You've got a sight more out of Quixtus than you ever expected, and you ought to be satisfied."

"We ought to get more," said Billiter, "considering what we've done for him."

"You won't," said Huckaby; and, seeing that they both still regarded Quixtus as a subject for further exploitation, "Let me tell you something," said he—"a few simple facts that alter the situation completely. Let us take a turn down the street."

And as they walked he told them briefly of Hammersley's death and the Marseilles visit and the return of Quixtus, a changed man, with Clementina and the child. The bee, on which they had reckoned for honey, had left Quixtus' bonnet. There was no more bedlamite talk about wickedness. Their occupation as evil counselors had gone forever. They had better accept thankfully what they had and disappear. Any action directed against either Quixtus or Lena Fontaine would automatically bring about the demise of the goose with the golden eggs. At last he convinced them of the futility of blackmail; but they parted from him each with a burning sense of wrong. Lena Fontaine and Huckaby had put them in the cart. They were left. They were done; they were—they were all things that slang has invented to describe the position of men deceived by those in whom they trusted.

"And she's going to marry him!" said Vandermeer.

"Huckaby didn't say so," replied Billiter.

"He didn't contradict it. She's going to marry him—and you bet that son of a pawnticket will get his commission!"

"Well, we can't help ourselves," said Billiter.

"H'm!" said Vandermeer darkly.

Huckaby, conscious of victory, went home; and taking an old school-text of the Phædo from his shelves he abstracted his mind from the sordid happenings of the modern world.

It was a day or two after this adventure of Huckaby's that Quixtus informed Clementina of his intention of giving a dinner party in honor of Tommy and Etta's engagement. She commended the project—a nice little intimate dinner ——

"I'm afraid I'm planning rather a large affair," said he apologetically. "A party of about twenty people."

"Lord save us!" cried Clementina. "Where are you going to dig them up from?"

He stretched out his long, thin legs. They were sitting on a bench in the gardens of Russell Square, Sheila having strayed a few yards to investigate the contents of a perambulator in charge of a smiling and friendly nursemaid.

"There are people to whom I owe a return of hospitality," said he with a smile, "and I think a certain amount of formality is due to Admiral Concannon."

"All right," said Clementina; "who are they?"

"There are the admiral and yourself and Tommy and Etta, Lord and Lady Radfield, General and Mrs. Barnes, Sir Edward and Lady Quinn, Doorly—the novelist, you know—Mrs. Fontaine and Lady Louisa Malling ——"

Clementina stiffened. The blood seemed to flow from her heart, leaving it an intolerable icicle. "Why Mrs. Fontaine?"

"Why not?"

"Why should Mrs. Fontaine be asked to Etta's party?"

"She's a charming woman," said Quixtus.

"Just a shallow society hack," said Clementina, to whom Quixtus had not confided his adventures in the gay world—not through conscious disingenuousness, but assuming that such chronicles would not interest her.

"I'm afraid you do her an injustice," he said warmly. "Mrs. Fontaine has very brilliant social gifts. I'm sorry, my dear Clementina, that we disagree on the point; but, anyhow, she must be invited. As a matter of fact, it was she who suggested the party."

Clementina opened her lips to speak and then closed them with a snap. Mother Eve sat at her elbow and murmured words of good counsel. Not by abuse is an infatuated and Quixotic man weaned from seductresses. She swallowed her anger and fierce jealousy.

"In that case, my dear Ephraim," she said with mincing civility, "there is no question about it. Of course she must be invited."

"Of course," said he.

"Who else are to come?"

He ran through the list. One or two of the prospective guests she knew personally, others by name; as to the personalities of those unknown to her she made polite inquiries. So unwontedly sugared were her phrases that Quixtus, simple man, forgot her outburst.

"You haven't given a dinner party like this for a long time."

"Not for many years. Of course I have had men's dinners—chiefly my colleagues in the Anthropological Society; but this is a new venture."

"I wish it every success," said Clementina mendaciously. "The only wrong note in it would be myself. Oh, yes, my dear Ephraim," she said, anticipating his protest, "I'm not made for such a galaxy of fashion. I tread upon daintily covered corns. I'm a savage—all right in my wigwam, with those I care for—but no use in a drawing room. You must leave me out of it."

Quixtus, shocked and hurt, turned and put out both hands in appeal.

"My dearest friend, how can you say such things? You positively must come."

"My dearest friend," she replied, forcing her grim lips into a smile, "I positively won't!"

And that was the end of the matter. She parted from him cordially—and went home with more devils tearing her to pieces with red-hot pincers than had ever been dreamed of in Quixtus' demonology.

XXII

ROMNEY PLACE slumbered in the afternoon sunshine. Most of the blinds of the Early Victorian houses were drawn, symbols of quietude within. A Persian cat walking across the roadway stopped in the middle, after the manner of cats, and leisurely made her toilet. A milkcart progressed discreetly from door to door, and the milkman handed the cans to hands upstretched from areas with unclattering and non-flirtatious punctilio. When he had finished his round and disappeared by the church the street was empty for a moment. The cat resumed her journey and sat on a doorstep, blinking in the sun. Presently a foxy-faced man, shabbily clad, entered this peaceful scene and walked slowly down the pavement.

It was Vandermeer, still burning with a sense of wrong, yearning for vengeance yet trembling at the prospect of wreaking it. At Tommy's door he hesitated. Of his former visit to the young man no pleasant recollections lingered. Tommy's manners were impulsive rather than urbane. Would he listen to Vandermeer's story or would he kick him out of the house? Vandermeer, on starting out on his pilgrimage to Romney Place, had fortified himself with the former conjecture. Now that he had come to the end of it the latter appeared inevitable. He always shrank from physical violence. It would hurt very much to be kicked out of the house, to say nothing of the moral damage. He hovered in agonizing uncertainty and took off his hat, for the afternoon was warm. Now, while he was mopping the brow of dubiety, a front door lower down the street opened and a nurse and a little girl appeared. They descended the steps and walked past him. Vandermeer looked after them for a moment, then stuck on his hat and punched the left-hand palm with the right-hand fist, with the air of a man to whom has occurred an inspiration. Miss Clementina Wing also lived in Romney Place. That must be the child—Quixtus' ward—of whom Huckaby had spoken. It would be much better to take his story to Clementina Wing, now so intimately associated with Quixtus. Women, he argued, are much more easily inveigled into intrigue than men and they don't kick you out of the house in a manner to cause bodily pain. Besides, Clementina had

(Continued on Page 35)



She Waved Both Hands at Him Blindly. "Go Away! Go Away!" She Said in a Hoarse Whisper

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 22, 1911

Our Express Friends

BE IT enacted, etc., That no higher postage rates shall be charged for the transmission of mail entirely within the United States than is charged for the transmission of mail partly within and partly without the United States," says a little bill recently introduced by Senator Bourne.

The Senator explained: "Within the United States, the rate of postage on fourth-class matter is sixteen cents a pound, with a limit of four pounds to a package; but the United States is party to a treaty under which residents of twenty-nine foreign countries may send fourth-class matter through the United States mails at twelve cents a pound with a limit of eleven pounds. In other words, a man may send an eleven-pound package from San Francisco to Rome at twelve cents a pound; but if he wishes to send the same articles to New York he must divide them into packages not exceeding four pounds in weight and pay sixteen cents a pound."

The difference is simply this: The twenty-nine foreign countries referred to have parcels-posts—the United States has express companies.

Two Views of Reciprocity

THIS Canadian tariff bill, passed just as the President desires it," said Senator La Follette, "will benefit nobody but Canada, the railroads, a few trusts and the newspapers."

On the same day, Senator Dixon, of Montana, said: "I have always counted myself a pretty good protectionist. I voted for the Payne bill without any apology. . . . Do not be mistaken, gentlemen. Whenever you deliberately, under whatever pressure, destroy the measure of protection that the farmers of this country have enjoyed, that minute the death-knell of protective tariff is rung. . . . When reciprocity passes I am ready to start revising the tariff, and it will not be confined to the wool schedule and the farmers' free list. I am ready to take the whole thing from A to Z; and so far as I am concerned, I am ready to give it a revision that will not be a homeopathic one."

We submit that to bring a statesman who voted for the Payne bill without apology into that frame of mind is beneficial to somebody besides the railroads, a few trusts and the newspapers. It is immediately beneficial to the statesman and it promises large future benefits to a great many others.

The Rule of Reason

IN 1903 the United States Circuit Court at St. Louis ordered a dissolution of the Northern Securities Company, holding it to be in violation of the Sherman Act because it virtually effected a consolidation of the Great Northern and the Northern Pacific railroads. Last month the same court decided against the Government in a suit to dissolve Mr. Harriman's virtual consolidation of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific railroads.

If the northern merger was really objectionable on any sound ground of public policy the same objection obviously would lie against the southern merger. In both cases the two roads involved were parallel and theoretically competitive. For several years Mr. Harriman was president of both the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific; his successor, Mr. Lovett, is now president of both roads. For all practical purposes the two are, and long have been, managed as one property just as much as the Northern Pacific and the Great Northern were managed as one property under the Hill combine.

The Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific are farther apart than the two northern roads; control of them is unified under a different plan. If the law's object, however, should be to prevent suppression of competition between roads that are physically in a state to compete, both combines stand on the same footing; and a good many others—for example, the virtual merger of the Lake Shore and the Michigan Central; of the New York Central and the West Shore—would fall under the ban.

As long as the Government has control over railroad rates and service there is no valid objection to a merger of parallel roads. The Circuit Court's later decision shines with the light of reason.

An Imperiled Right of Man

WE ARE reminded by a learned contemporary that reticence in males is commonly classed with tuberculosis as a preventable disease which society at large should do its best to eliminate. The adult male, not visibly afflicted with a contagious ailment, who keeps to himself on an extended journey by land or sea is supposed to be suffering from shyness. Everybody knows how to cure shyness, and what compassionate person can see a fellow mortal pine and wither under a curable disorder for which he—or, rather oftener, she—has a specific right at hand? No doubt many reticent men have gone insane as a result of sympathetic treatments for supposed shyness.

Differences in taste in some respects are allowed for. If a man orders fish instead of flesh it is generally assumed that he prefers fish. If he takes tea at breakfast no kind lady who doesn't know his name thinks of going over and informing him that he can have coffee at the same price. He may wear a bow tie and turndown collar every day in the week without having sociable strangers offer him four-in-hand ties and standing collars; but if he doesn't talk there is by no means the same general disposition to assume that he actually prefers silence to conversation. A commoner assumption is that he must be aching to converse and the longer he abstains the worse he is supposed to ache. When the bill of rights was added to the Federal Constitution it should have contained the following: "Article XI. A male citizen may keep his mouth shut if he wishes."

The Way to Argue

HERE is a fine argument for dogdays: Secession, in 1860, proposed to take eleven states out of the Union, but direct election of Senators by the people will obliterate all state sovereignty, thereby taking forty-six states out of the Union; hence, direct election of Senators is four times as dangerous as secession.

One of New York's most eminent lawyers leads us to the above distressing conclusion. Direct election of Senators by the people, he says, "is the most dangerous innovation ever attempted since the formation of the Government." He has discovered that "a nation with one legislative house, chosen by popular vote, cannot live long." But two houses chosen by direct popular vote amount, he thinks, to the same thing as one house, for both derive their being from the same source in the same way. Therefore, if Senators are directly elected by the people the United States cannot live long. It might endure for ages with a Senate full of Lorimers; but with a Senate directly elected it would have one foot in the grave and the other slipping over the edge.

Now this is really fine arguing. If you want to persuade a man to plant beans instead of corn don't tell him merely that he can make eight per cent more on beans. Tell him Daniel Webster was nourished on beans, while corn is used to fatten pigs which develop trichina, which is fatal to human beings; then ask him whether he wants his children to grow up and be ornaments of the Senate or to suffer untimely and painful death. If that doesn't daze him so that he is unable to detect a flaw in the argument think up something worse. In simpler times when A wished to persuade B he selected the largest stone he could manage and projected it against B's skull with all the force of which he was capable. Thereafter he had the argument all to himself. The same method, but with different projectiles, is still in high favor.

Accidents to Workmen

THE compulsory accident insurance system of Germany embraces ten million workmen. A recent elaborate report by the Imperial Insurance Office shows that, in a year, almost one workman out of every hundred meets an accident that causes death or disability extending for thirteen weeks or longer. Practically half the workmen so disabled were still suffering some degree of disability at the end of five years after the accident.

Taking all cases of death or serious disability—that is, disability extending over thirteen weeks—six per cent of the accidents were due to the fault of a fellow workman, thirteen per cent were due to the fault of the employer, thirty-eight per cent were due to the general hazard of the industry and forty-one per cent to the fault of the person injured, leaving two per cent unassigned; but it is found that workmen who have been employed in an industry or in an establishment but a short time are more liable to injury than those who have been employed a longer time. More than one-quarter of all the persons injured had been employed less than three months in the establishment where the accident occurred. Many of the accidents due to the workman's own fault doubtless resulted from ignorance and inexperience. Also, more accidents occurred on Monday forenoon and on Saturday afternoon than during any other portion of the week—when the men were getting settled down to their new week's work—and at the end of it, when they were anxious to quit.

If one out of a hundred German workmen is killed or seriously injured in industrial accidents during a year, we wonder what the workmen's accident rate really is in this country, where we take much less care to prevent industrial accidents, where the pace is generally faster and where hordes of raw immigrants, inexperienced in any sort of factory employment, are annually drawn into some of the most hazardous industries.

Are Married Women Ciphers?

ON A FRIDAY in June a formidable deputation of female representatives of various trade and social organizations waited upon the Chancellor of the British Exchequer for the purpose of propounding the most puzzling economic problem of the times—to wit, What is a married woman who merely keeps house?

According to the practice of nearly all nations she is, economically speaking, only a cipher. Our census does not regard her as being engaged in a gainful occupation and vested with economic significance. In any statistical study of the country's bread-winning power she figures as a row of naughts. Chancellor Lloyd-George's scheme of Government-aided insurance against sickness and disability makes no provision for the married housekeeping female.

It was pointed out, with considerable vigor, that working girls in England usually commence wage-earning when they are about sixteen; and a majority of them marry by the time they are thirty. Under the Lloyd-George plan they are compelled to contribute to an insurance fund during the healthiest years of their lives; but when they marry they are cut off from all benefits accruing from the fund—the Government practically confiscates their insurance-savings.

The theory is that their husbands will support them. It is easy enough to prove by records of divorce courts, police courts and charitable organizations that many husbands take exception to this theory; still easier is it to prove that if the housewife is sick the husband's ability to support her is often seriously impaired. Incapacity on the wife's part may often involve greater economic injury to the family than incapacity on the husband's part.

The economic status of wedded females ought to be settled; but we have no faith in man's ability to settle it satisfactorily. Man has never been able to settle anything about women satisfactorily. The problem is up to the married females themselves.

Financing the Cotton Crop

COTTON is far and away the most important item among our exports, fetching well toward half a billion dollars annually and constituting nearly one-quarter of our total exports. The exportation of cotton is financed mainly with foreign money. A year ago in April it was discovered that forged bills of lading for cotton had been issued to the amount of several million dollars. The loss fell largely upon foreign bankers. Naturally they didn't like it. Since then many conferences have been held for the purpose of devising a bill-of-lading system that would be satisfactory to the foreign bankers; but, so far, the conferences have not solved the problem.

The importance of solving it arises from the fact that the foreign money which is available for financing cotton exports costs only about half as much as American money; but undoubtedly the South could have American money for the purpose of financing cotton shipments at a lower rate of interest than she now pays if we only had a discount market like the discount markets of Europe. In that case, a bill drawn against a shipment of cotton and indorsed by a bank of standing, according to the European practice, could be discounted for about the same rate that is now paid in New York for loans on stock-exchange collateral, and that rate is almost invariably much below the rate for commercial loans.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Gentleman from Mississippi

WHEN John Sharp Williams stuck his head through the door of the Democratic cloakroom in the Senate the other day and took a calm and contemplative look around, with a corncob pipe in his teeth the while and little rings of smoke festooning themselves on the tattered remains of what was once his curly hair, and then dodged back to his chair in the cloakroom to continue his narrative, we all knew everything was all right.

For a time we had been a little uncertain of John Sharp. We had doubts as to whether he would run true to his old House form, or would be impressed with his dignity as a Senator and have his toga valeted every morning. However, the fears were groundless. John Sharp wears his dignity as a Senator with the same nonchalance with which he wears the bow of his black tie around under his left ear—and all is well.

You see, John Sharp had been away from our seething midst for quite a spell. They are wise in Mississippi; and they fixed it so their legislature meets but once in four years or six—or something like that. At any rate, their legislature does not get to pestering around every year as legislatures do in most other states; and the result is that when they elect a Senator down there they elect him far enough in advance of the beginning of his term to give him ample time to appreciate what has been done for him, and to allow him a period for rest, reflection and resolve. Thus, though John Sharp was chosen in the Senate primaries on August 1, 1907, and elected to the Senate on January 23, 1908, he didn't begin to be a Senator, in the strict sense of being on the payroll, until March 4, 1911.

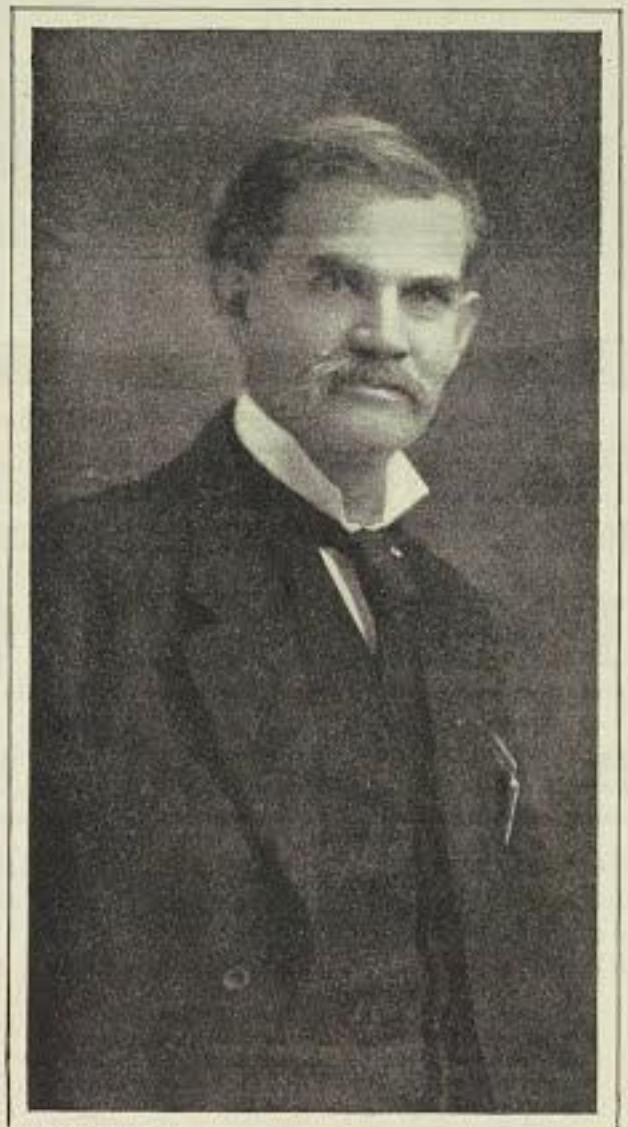
Meantime John Sharp, after leaving the House of Representatives at the close of the Sixtieth Congress, lived on Cedar Grove Farm, in Benton, Mississippi, which is on Rural Free Delivery Route Number One, following the varied pursuits of a planter, which include the scholarly and reverent cultivation of a mint patch, the higher education of some hounds, calm contemplation with Epictetus, communion with Marcus Aurelius, occasional excursions with Empedocles, Horace, Seneca and others of the restful old boys, and the consumption of hot bread for breakfast. Two years of this agricultural labor and John Sharp came back to Washington, his hair a little grayer, his mustache a little scraggier, but his eye just as bright and his mind just as clear and his trousers needing to be pressed just as much.

Still, he said nothing. When the Senate finally decided to fix up its committees they put John Sharp on Finance and Military Affairs among others, and he sat for hours in the reciprocity hearings held by Senator Penrose's bunch of loyal and loving friends of that great Administration measure—that is, as loyal as they are loving, both of which they are neither, as Coe I. Crawford would say—and listened to various delegations and deputations tell how reciprocity would ruin them, on the one hand, and enrich them, on the other hand; but he didn't sparkle a single spark on the floor of the Senate, where practically every other new Senator had increased the wonder as to how he got there by making a public address—and some of them seven or eight.

An Ample Field for the Hide-Remover

JOHN SHARP said nary a word. Then, on May twenty-fifth, when Senator Root was pointing out how gravely the foundations of the Republic are threatened by the incendiary scheme of electing Senators by the direct vote of the people—and his own foundations too, by the way—John Sharp climbed aboard of Mr. Root for a brief space. And just as he began to mount he explained it all. "Mr. President," he said, "I had not intended to open my mouth at this session of the Senate of the United States, but it seems to me it is necessary that my own position should be made clear on this question." Then he made it clear in about five hundred words, not only to the Senate but to Senator Root. Making things clear is one of John Sharp's specialties. After that he retired to the cloakroom and his corncob pipe; and, save for a question or two, he has said nothing up to the moment of writing.

Presently, however, we shall hope to see and hear John Sharp in action. What the Senate of the United States needs more at the present time than any one thing is the presence of somebody who has a sense of humor. It takes itself so seriously these days that it creaks with dignity. Admitting that it is a great and solemn thing to be a Senator, it must also be admitted that many solemn if not great things are Senators. Never a ray of sunshine



He is the Same Whimsical, Delightful, Brilliant Chap He Always Was

penetrates that turbid assemblage. First Heyburn talks and then Bacon talks, and then Bacon talks and Heyburn follows; and even the bronze lady on the dome weeps dolorously every minute they are in session. So, if John Sharp isn't scared of his surroundings and hasn't left that pretty wit of his down on the plantation, we shall live in palpitating anticipation that some day he will cut loose and give the presiding officer the chance to say, for the first time this session: "The Senator will suspend while the chair informs the galleries that laughter and other evidences of approval and disapproval are forbidden by the rules of the Senate."

Not that John Sharp is a jokesmith or a humorist, but that he has concealed about him ideas that can be clothed otherwise than in the usual cerementitious language that prevails and not lose any of their force or appositeness at that. When he was in the House it was a joy to hear him speak, especially when he was removing the hide of General Grosvenor or ex-Uncle Joe Cannon or the melancholy John Dalzell. Heaven knows he has ample field for his hide-remover where he is now; and its advent will be hailed with loud cheers by all and sundry, and particularly by those unfortunates who make their living by observing what the Senate does and how the Senate does it.

John Sharp doesn't seem a day older than when he was with us before. He isn't any more impressed apparently with the sacred traditions of the Senate than he was with the scared traditions of the House. What he is doing, most likely, is studying his associates in that select body—watching them work out—with an eye cocked to one side and a chew of tobacco in the right place, fixing them in his mind and getting them sized up, so he can tell where to begin when it seems necessary to let a little light into the skull of a benighted but dignified brother. Well, John Sharp is somewhat of a light-letter when he gets at it. He sure knows how.

He hasn't changed any. He is the same whimsical, delightful, brilliant chap he always was—absent-minded, preoccupied, unimpressed by any but the essentials, careless, happy-go-lucky and smarter than a steel trap. Did you ever hear of the time when he was living down at the old hotel on the Avenue and was going to dine at the White House? His wife was not here at the time and John had to look out for himself in the way of sartorial embellishment. He began work on his toilet at half after six—the dinner was at eight—and he made heavy weather of it. From time to time he went to the room of his neighbor, Cooper, of Texas, to consult about details.

"I suppose I've got to wear a high collar and one of those dadbinged white ties?" he suggested to Cooper.

"Sure you have, John Sharp—and tie the tie yourself."

John Sharp went back and struggled with the tie. Finally he got it in shape.

"Shall I put on a black waistcoat or a white one, Cooper?" he asked plaintively. "You know I don't bother my head about these things."

"Put on a white one, John Sharp," counseled the friendly Cooper.

John Sharp went back to his room and fussed around some more. Then, complete and superb, as he thought, he went in to have Cooper take a final look at him. He burst in and struck an attitude.

"Observe me, Cooper!" he shouted. "Observe the sartorial model from Yazoo, Mississippi! Take a look at the mold of fashion and the glass of form! How do I look, Cooper? How do I look?"

"Well, John Sharp," replied Cooper mildly, "I think you would look a leetle mite better if you went back to that room of yours and put on your pants!"

A Jockey's Judgment

J. W. COLT, the horseman, had a jockey who was sick. He told the boy to go to town to a certain doctor for some medicine.

When the jockey got back Colt asked him: "Did you go to that doctor?"

"No, sir. When I got there I found it said, 'Hours, one to two,' on his door."

"Well, what difference did that make?"

"Why, Mr. Colt, just across the street there was another doctor that had on his door, 'Hours, twelve to one'; and I took the long odds."

An Unknown Celebrity

VICE-PRESIDENT SHERMAN went to a New York theater a time ago to see Frank Daniels. Between acts the party, which occupied one of the boxes, went out into the lobby. One of the friends of the Vice-President spoke to the doorkeeper.

"See that man over there—that stout one, with the florid face?"

"Yep."

"That's the Vice-President of the United States."

"You don't say!"

"Yes; that's the Vice-President. Now, we're in Box A. Send back word to Frank Daniels that the Vice-President is in that box and have Daniels kid him a little."

"Sure," said the doorkeeper. "Fine idea! Now, let's see—what's his name? Oh, yes; I remember now—it's Fairbanks."

Advertising Adam

MEMBERS of Congress write the sketches of their lives that appear in the Congressional Directory, though not many outside of Washington know that.

In the present directory, Representative Adam Littlepage, of West Virginia, has an autobiography that lays over anything ever printed in that book.

They were talking about this in Charleston.

"Adam laid it on pretty thick," said one man. "He shouldn't have done that."

"Why not?" asked another. "He knew what he was doing. Why, you can't beat him for Governor next time! He's already sent out two thousand copies of that book to show the folks back home what the Government thinks of him."

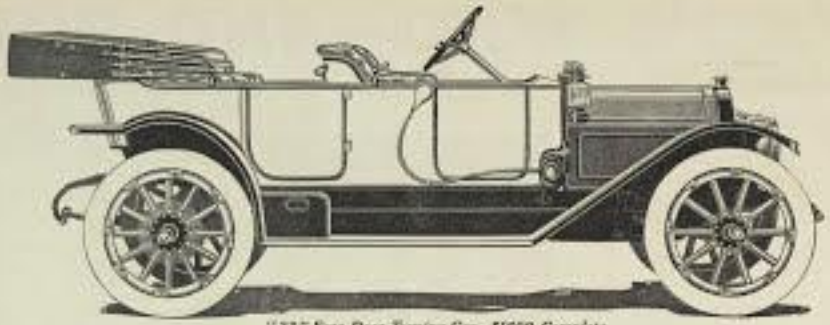
The Hall of Fame

℄ Senator Brandegee, of Connecticut, is the most enthusiastic automobilist of the Senate.

℄ Senator Lippett, of Rhode Island, raises fancy chickens for fun and for the tables of his friends.

℄ Henry Blossom, the playwright, broke into dramatic art by way of a clerkship in an insurance office.

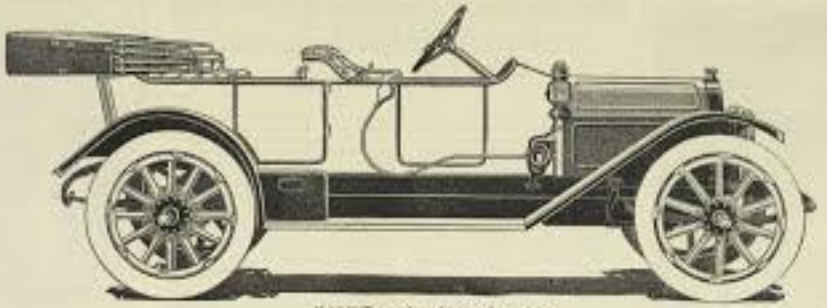
℄ M. E. Ingalls, the railroad president, was a member of the Massachusetts State Senate away back in 1867.



"33" Fore-Door Touring Car—$1050 Complete

A large, handsome car, which accommodates five passengers without crowding; is finished with Rudy nickels and plenum lamps; provides ample top, plate windshield, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons, bodies painted, and long equipment with Prest-O-Lite tank, bla, beautiful lamps enameled black. Robe and foot rails, extra floor mat. Tool box in running board. Tools, license number holders. Dry-mount kit, etc.

See the angle on the gator



"33" Torpedo—$1600 Complete

A smart car, short coupled with long, low, rakish lines and high-back roadsterlike body. It is equipped with Rudy nickels, and electric battery, provides ventilated top, plate windshield, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons. Handy compartment. Full lamp equipment with Prest-O-Lite tank, bla beautiful lamps enameled black. Robe and foot rails, extra floor mat. Tool box in running board. Tools, license number holders, etc.

The 1912 HUDSON "33"
Now on Exhibition Everywhere

You can see the 1912 HUDSON "33" TODAY at any HUDSON salesroom. It has many improvements, many refinements and much additional equipment that make it an even greater value than was the HUDSON "33" of 1911. No extra charge is made for equipment.

Since you are familiar with the 1911 car, then you must be curious to know how it has been possible to increase its value.

HOWARD E. COFFIN'S latest car—the HUDSON "33"—was delivered in the first hours less than a year ago. All greatness, for its value, its simplicity, its beauty and its power up to that time could necessarily be no more than a claim.

In crediting with any performance that we were accused of having extravagant. But we knew what the HUDSON "33" would do, for it was Mr. Coffin's latest design. He had already built four famously successful cars. They were the leaders of their types. Each had marked a distinct advancement toward simplicity and service value and had established a new basis of price based on that quality.

The experience that built all the cars Mr. Coffin ever designed and it therefore realizes the value of the "33."

To-day, and the ready makers, engineers and dealers—this know, just how could be unappreciating in the work of Howard E. Coffin. Of course some looked on it as crying all to-mid. Similar statements arose. What car had been made before and experience had shown that performance did not always meet the estimates.

But many personally know Howard E. Coffin's ability and therefore endorsed our conservativeness of our claims. As a consequence, when the dealers showed the "33"

They Sold 687 HUDSONS the First Day

The majority of those who bought had owned cars of Mr. Coffin's earlier designs. They knew the character of his work. But the continued demand which left us at the end of the season with some 2,000 more orders than we could fill was due to the performance the car was certain to give on the road in the hands of every possible type of automobile user.

These drivers were showing and proving positively the correctness of our claims. Hundreds had owned many cars of different makes and therefore could make comparisons. They therefore chose the HUDSON "33." Hundreds who were having their first experience, chose the HUDSON "33." Professional men, lovers of sport, a limited classes buying one of the most powerful, simplicity and ease of handling. Conservatorsists chose the HUDSON "33" for they recognized the soundness of all the basic improvements in its construction. And hundreds who demanded a high standard of comfort and luxury, as well as mechanical excellence, also chose the HUDSON "33."

We pointed out that the HUDSON "33" had fewer parts than other cars of similar size and power, and others argued that our friendly sacrificed strength. But a year's usage has shown such fears to be groundless.

We claimed that the HUDSON "33" to be the most advanced car in the past two years, that other makers would adopt its features as early as possible. That statement, too, is verified by the changes that have been made by those makers whose models would permit the abandonment of their plans.

Other changes embracing the features now found only on the "33" will appear a year hence when models have had an opportunity to adopt them were advanced ideas.

Value of the Dust Proof Features

Much was said about the dust proof features of the HUDSON "33." The valve mechanism is inclosed. Dust proof. It lasts that and need which an other cars article on the majority and wear away for adjustments at length entirely and had been made.

The HUDSON "33" is so quiet in operation an any car that has been built, no matter what its cost. Its motor when running idle can scarcely be heard. In pulling a load, it does so without effort and without noise.

Many motors and cars operate quickly, when new but soon become noisy.

Dust and mud are large factors in the destruction of motor-car mobility.

The grit wears away adjustments. It grinds out bearings. A few grains of sand or mud will do more damage than thousands of miles of service.

These disadvantages in other cars were pointed out and we proved how they had been corrected in the HUDSON "33."

Greater Value This Year Than Last

Our year's experience with thousands of cars, in addition to establishing the correctness of design and sufficiency of materials, has shown us how to add to the comfort, simplicity and value of the car.

A luxurious practice in our workmen with the result that they do their work more skillfully. This means greater operation and longer service for the car.

In the matter of tires, for instance—the most costly single item entering into the operation of an automobile—we have in the 1912 model secured greater economy.

Last year we furnished 34 x 4½-inch tires, a size that makers say is large enough for a car of the weight of the HUDSON "33."

You can see, however, by a mere glance, that a better quality of equipment is furnished than you ordinarily find on cars selling under $2,500. The lamps are the same as are used on cars of the highest priced American cars. The upholstering is carefully selected. The paint is of highest quality. All the details that count much to comfort, long, inexpensive service are there. We have a perfected system of carburetion by which greater mileage is secured from each gallon of gasoline. The superlative results lower operating cost.

Comfort has been the ideal at which we have worked. The 1911 HUDSON "33" is well known as a silent, easy riding car. It does not jolt. There is no vibration. In the new model these qualities have been increased. The springs are longer and more flexible; the seats are wider, the backs higher and the cushions are softer. These things are more than mere matters of new selling under $1000 are willing to pay.

Equipment Is Included

You can control the car endpoint, selling equipment, and Prest-O-Lite tank as required. You your three things with the HUDSON "33" you get the 1912 HUDSON "33," it is all ready for complete and satisfactory service. Screen protector holders and mirror is extra.

We Have Spent Lavishly

[illegible] to improvement parts the as well as [illegible] and the way they are manufactured we have been added to the [illegible] to the world's standard of the car.

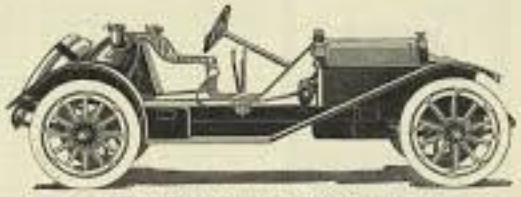
See the New Model before it is Sold

At no time from March to July, 1911, HUDSON dealers able to meet the demand. A majority could not even [illegible] their obligations for buyers looked upon having the "33" whether or no.

The close of the production season of the 1911 model left us with 2,000 unfilled orders. You having advice from the 1911 model, Sudden have increased a production of many of these orders to cover 1912 cars. Delivery is limited somewhere to being made now. If you are interested and prefer to see the car before you can see it will save time, ink and worry and have a car next year that will be up-to-date in day. The earliest reminder suggested. Then you have as by us. The HUDSON "33" is wanted by more than we can supply. Therefore you should go to your dealer's at once and see this new model at "33" the substantial car of the year three years.

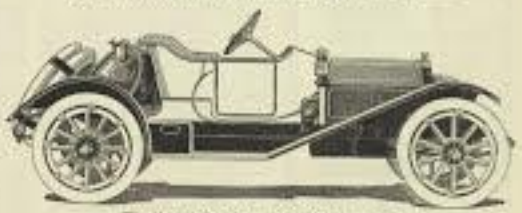
It don't is not car-evident, what for [illegible].

HUDSON MOTOR CAR CO.
7022 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.



Mile-A-Minute Roadster—$1600 Complete

Faster than its name implies. Completely equipped with Rudy nickels, electric horn, demountable Rims, extra rim and tire irons, luggage carrier, tonneau, Prest-O-Lite tank, etc. Fuel capacity 30 gallons gasoline, 10 gallons oil. So balanced that it will travel over 60 miles an hour when most cars. Produces running boards, etc., easily removable. We'll make satisfactory showing at any moment saved or left standing empty.



The "33" Roadster—$1600 Complete

Seats chosen as used for the Mile-A-Minute Roadster. Comfort in most automobiles of this type, this is a comfortable car. The weight is so distributed that roads seem very level and spring as a small barrel and without discomfort to the passenger. Inside control. Equipped with gasoline gasket top, plate windshield, Rudy nickels and dust pan holders, 34 x 4 inch tires on Demountable Rims with extra rim and tire irons, luggage carrier. Thirty gallon gasoline and 10 gallon oil tank capacity. Some lamps and other equipment as no longer sure.



This, the most modern automobile plant in existence (two city blocks [illegible]) erected especially for the manufacture of the HUDSON "33"



All day long

ONE cigar after another. The last as enjoyable as the first. And at the day's end—*quiet nerves*. The cigar? Flor de Mendel. A fragrant bundle of the finest Havana leaf. Wrapped in Sumatra to keep it mild and soothing. A cigar that adds to the joy of smoking.

FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—that's enough. 3 for 25c., 10c. straight, 2 for 25c.,—according to size. Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel Cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $1.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

Mendel & Company
202 E. 100th St., New York

Municipal Bonds That are Not Municipal Bonds

By ROGER W. BABSON

MY ARTICLE a few weeks ago closed with the story of a certain city which defaulted on its straight municipal bonds; and, to avoid having readers write me that such events are impossible, I will begin this article by giving two other illustrations. Let me tell a story concerning the first:

I well remember sitting at dinner in a hotel in Brunswick, Maine, one day when the morning papers came in from Boston, and finding on the first page of the Herald an account of the breaking of a great dam, which, at the time it was constructed, was, I believe, the largest in the world. This dam was erected by a city at an expense of about one million dollars, damming the river which runs through the city for the purpose of generating electric light and power and for supplying the city with water. It was a great municipal improvement and the city was well justified in issuing bonds in payment therefor.

As I read this newspaper account and looked at the illustrations, down there in that small Maine town, I little thought that within a short time these bonds would be defaulted and that I should be sent there to represent the bondholders. Nevertheless, such was the case; and I well remember my experiences there. There was no attempt on the part of the city officials to dispute the legality of the issue. There were no indications of graft, nor were any real reasons given for the non-payment of the interest. Moreover, the city was not dependent on any one industry. Nevertheless, this city flatly defaulted the interest on its bonds and pretended to refuse considering even the payment of the principal. In short, its officials did not attempt to make any excuse, but simply said: "What are you going to do about it?"

After considerable coaxing, I finally, on my last day, ventured the assertion that there was one thing the bondholders could do as a last resort—namely, "to come down here and foreclose on the houses and stores, selling the same at auction, and so obtain the necessary money for the payment of these bonds—principal and interest." The reply to this, however, was very brief and to the point. Said they: "Let them come if they will—but if they do we will shoot every blasted one of them; in fact, the best thing you can do, Babson, is to get out of town yourself—and the sooner the better!" It is needless to say that I did not take the next train, as this was not the sentiment of the best element of the community; in fact, the leading bankers of the town did everything possible to aid me in arranging a fair and just settlement. This "What-are-you-going-to-do-about-it?" spirit did, however, represent the position of the average citizen.

The Bondholders' Compromise

Though there is no doubt the bondholders could have carried out my threat, yet they would have needed to call out the United States Army to do it, and considerable blood would have been shed before the bondholders received their money. The dam had broken; the city's supply of water and light had been temporarily cut off; there was no money in the treasury to pay the interest on these bonds; taxes were already fairly high, and the citizens simply lay down and insisted that the bondholders must meet them halfway and share with them the loss—although, as above stated, there was no legal, moral or business reason why the bondholders should compromise in any way. As to the final settlement, an adjustment of this debt on the basis of new bonds bearing three per cent for five years, four per cent for the next ten years and five per cent for the final fifteen years was reached between the city and the bondholders' committee. All these bonds have been refunded and interest is being regularly paid.

Bonds issued in anticipation of special assessments, levied to provide for improvements upon adjoining lands, are known as special assessment bonds. Certain of the paving and sewer bonds issued by many western cities, towns and counties may be classed under this head. Legal decisions have been somewhat at variance as to whether such bonds are binding upon the whole city or county, in addition to the portion specially benefited; but it is now generally conceded that they are not. In an Ohio case the Supreme Court held that when between the county and benefited district and the bondholder the whole county is liable. This decision was in substance paralleled in one case wherein the Supreme Court affirmed that, inasmuch as the special assessments upon the property directly held had proved insufficient to meet principal and interest on the bonds, the holder was entitled, in case of the city's default, to a writ of mandamus compelling the levy of necessary taxes on the entire city property.

Issues of Doubtful Legality

Still again, in another case, in 1884, the Federal Court held that certain gravel-road bonds, though payable primarily from the assessments of the adjoining lands on each side, were nevertheless obligations of the whole county as well and should be considered as such in reckoning its indebtedness in reference to the two-per-cent borrowing limit imposed by the state constitution. Three years later, however, the Supreme Court of the same state, perhaps influenced by the narrow debt restriction just cited, gave an opposite opinion upon gravel-road bonds. Ignoring the earlier ruling, this court held that the funds raised by special assessments on the adjacent lands were, by the statute, for the express purpose of meeting principal and interest on the bonds and for this alone—though no other provision had been made for their payment; that the evident purpose of the legislature was to place the burden of the entire cost of the improvements upon the owners of the contiguous lands, to which the bondholders' claim thus became limited. This view, while correct so far as it goes, takes no cognizance of the fact that the enabling act authorizes the issue of "bonds of the county," which, being empowered to collect the assessments for their payment, may perhaps be construed to loan its credit as well.

A Wisconsin city once issued special assessment paving bonds, which, added to its regular indebtedness, exceeded the five-per-cent constitutional limitation. The real status of the bonds thus became problematical; for, upon the theory that they were a direct liability of the city, all those issued in excess of the restriction would be illegal, though otherwise they must be looked upon as special assessment bonds pure and simple, without redress from the city and binding only upon the particular property benefited, in case of default. In spite of this case, it is still held by many able lawyers that, where there is nothing to the contrary expressed either in the act or the bond itself, the security may be considered a general municipal liability, though primarily collectable by the county or city from special assessments. I do not agree with these "able lawyers," however, but rather believe that the holders of special assessment bonds must look wholly to the adjoining property for principal and interest, and cannot hold the entire municipality liable.

At any rate, until the final settlement of this question a difference in market price at which this class of security rules, as compared with the regular issues of the same city, will continue to exist. Thus we see Tacoma, Washington, floating its four-and-a-half-per-cent bonds at a premium when issued for strictly municipal purposes, though its late sale of seven-per-cent special assessment bonds brought the city barely any premium; and Seattle easily floated a four-and-a-half-per-cent bond for regular municipal purposes at a time when its seven-per-cent special assessment road bonds were seeking a market at par. The ease with which money can be borrowed by means of this "contingent liability" has led some young cities, ambitious of growth,



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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"Though gone is my candy
And lost is my pet
That can is so handy
I'm not forlorn yet."

to pave their streets out into the adjoining fields. It thus becomes doubly important for the holder of special assessment bonds to know whether his claim is limited merely to the property abutting or is binding upon the whole city.

I was sent about six years ago to a Western city by bondholders who had bought special assessment bonds—or improvement bonds, as they are sometimes called—issued by said city; in fact, the holders whom I represented did not know that the bonds were not a regular obligation of the whole city, the bond salesman having done a distinct wrong by not so telling them. The city is a wide-awake, growing city, and its regular bonds should be absolutely safe. To begin with, I had hard work to find the streets called for on my bonds—improvement bonds generally state on the face of the bonds to what streets they refer; but, after finding these streets, the next feat was to find the adjoining land given as security! In short, I found an outlying section of the city, laid out with wide streets, paved and finished as are those in the very busiest sections of our largest cities. Of course the city officials were probably honest in their belief that these improvements were needed and that the city was shortly to double or quadruple in population. If so they must have been either tremendously conceited over the prospects of their city or else crazy.

When I visited the city, some years after the bonds were issued and these improvements had been made, the grass was growing between the pavement blocks and the birds were building nests on the signboards and lampposts. As to the property improved, it might have been of value for a cranberry bog, but it certainly was not worth the cost of the improvements. As a result, I think these bondholders settled for about sixty cents on the dollar, after giving up some years of interest. Straight municipal bonds of established cities of over forty-five thousand population should be absolutely good; in fact, I know of nothing better, but give me an underlying railroad or public utility bond every time in preference to special assessment bonds or second-grade municipals.

Special Assessment Bonds

Even our largest cities resort to these special assessment bonds. In Chicago, for instance, when a street is improved, the cost of improvement is often met by an issue of special assessment bonds, the interest and principal of which are supposed to be paid by the owners of property abutting on the street which is being improved. These assessments rank after the assessments for general taxes, which are used for the payment of the principal and interest of the regular Chicago bonds. In other words, a special assessment bond comes between a straight municipal bond and an ordinary mortgage, which, of course, is subject to all taxes and assessments.

Special assessment bonds usually recite on the face that they are issued for improvements on a given portion of a given street, and that they are payable out of taxes levied upon that particular property. In Illinois these bonds run for five years, drawing interest—the interest and one-fifth of the principal being payable each year. Though Benjamin Franklin showed his good judgment in omitting to include municipal bonds with "death and taxes," yet in reality there is very little uncertainty about straight municipal bonds, most of the trouble coming from these special assessment or improvement bonds. In addition to the legal difficulties and the fact that the land frequently does not equal the amount of the bonds, there are other reasons why these bonds are often unattractive. For instance, when a street is improved in Chicago a contract is made with some contracting company; and sometimes, before the work is completed over the entire district the first installment of the assessment falls due.

In such cases the taxpayer whose land has not been improved says to the treasurer of the city of Chicago: "You have not improved my street and I do not propose to pay my tax until the work is fully completed." Moreover, such cases are in addition to the instances where improvements have been made in outlying districts for work that was never needed, when the taxpayer goes to court and fights the bondholders. If the bonds have been legally issued, and if the bondholders have the courage to fight the case, they may win, although in some cases it costs more than the bonds are worth. There are, however, many instances where the actual value of the property is not worth the improvement; and I know of many cases where streets have been paved and sewers installed throughout prairie districts, where the value of the lots actually did not equal the assessment; so that if the bondholders took the lots they would still lose money.

Therefore, when purchasing municipal bonds one should know whether they are "straight municipal bonds" or "special assessment bonds"; and, if the latter, they should be most carefully studied. If they are special assessment bonds, issued by the city in which the reader lives, and if he can drive through the streets and see for himself that the property well deserves the improvement, and is worth very much more than the cost of said improvements, he is justified in buying these special assessment bonds provided the legality has been approved by leading attorneys. If, however, an investor is unable to see the property I strongly advise against the purchase of such bonds.

A Good Rule for Investors

The number and variety of factors which determine the value of municipal bonds make this, perhaps, the most difficult class of securities for the investor to appraise. In the case of corporation bonds he can turn to the reports of the issuing company and study the earnings and the surplus over interest charges. A comparison of one company with others in the same field enables one to form a judgment as to the worth of its bonds. It is, however, much harder to determine the standing of a "municipal." Of two cities of equal population and net debt, one may have a much better credit rating than the other; but, even when he knows that the credit of a municipality is good, the investor cannot take it for granted that all its bonds are good investments. Each issue should be analyzed by itself to determine that it is legal.

A short rule which I give my friends for selecting an issue is as follows: Endeavor to select such municipals as are legal for the savings banks of the state of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, or some other conservative state. Though the laws of Massachusetts are very satisfactory, yet the laws regulating the investments of New York savings banks are most often given as a guide. Such laws provide that banks can buy only the bonds of a city having at least forty-five thousand population and which has been incorporated at least twenty-five years. Moreover, the city must be located in a state admitted into the Union before 1896. The total debt of the municipality must not be more than seven per cent of the entire valuation of the taxable property and the city must not have been in default on principal or interest since 1861.

The Safest Municipals

I have before me a list of all the cities of the country which this includes and the following are a few of the more prominent. Of course the first city of importance is New York, though it is interesting to note that Massachusetts savings banks are not allowed to invest in New York city bonds. Other cities in the state of New York are as follows: Buffalo, Troy, Syracuse, Albany, Binghamton, Elmira and Jamestown. Cities outside of the state of New York whose bonds are held in numbers are: Portland, Maine; Boston, Cambridge, Lowell, Worcester and Springfield in Massachusetts; Providence, Rhode Island; Bridgeport, Hartford and New Haven in Connecticut; Newark, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Allegheny, Harrisburg, Reading and Scranton in Pennsylvania; Baltimore, Cincinnati, Dayton, Louisville, Indianapolis, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Des Moines, Omaha, San Francisco, Los Angeles, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Therefore it will be well for the small investor who desires to buy municipal bonds—and I frankly say there is nothing more secure for the small investor to purchase—to confine his purchase to such "straight" bonds as a reputable bondhouse will state are legal investments for the savings banks of Massachusetts, Connecticut or New York—and then divide his money among many different issues, purchasing only one or two bonds of each.



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The Senator's Secretary

REVERTING pleasantly to the entire bogusness of the Congressional Record as a portrayer of what actually happens and is said in the House of Representatives and the Senate, let us examine that mendacious journal's account of the proceedings of June eighth last in the House.

On that day the House met at noon, the Record states, and the chaplain prayed for fifty seconds. Thereupon Mr. J. Kuhio Kalanianaole, a delegate from Hawaii, blew gracefully in, as befits his *nom de* politics, "Prince Cupid," and was sworn in, this being the first time the prince had honored the House with his presence this season. Immediately following this interesting ceremony, Mr. Underwood moved that the House resolve itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the further consideration of the bill—House resolution 11,019—to reduce duties on wool and manufactures of wool. The motion was agreed to. The House resolved itself into said committee. Chairman Anderson took the seat then vacated by Speaker Clark and Mr. Underwood, who had remained on his feet, said: "Mr. Chairman, I yield one minute to the gentleman from Maryland, Mr. Lewis."

Mr. Lewis arose, spoke a minute and sat down. Next day there appeared in the Congressional Record, as the faithful report of that speech, which those who do not see the Record will imagine was delivered in one minute by the rapid Mr. Lewis, nineteen pages of large and small type, divided into nine pages of large type, or speech, and ten pages of small type, or appendices, the whole comprising about fifty thousand words—and all apparently spoken by Mr. Lewis, of Maryland, in one minute. Of course, however expeditious as a talker Mr. Lewis, of Maryland, may be, he couldn't talk fifty thousand words in one minute, and he didn't try to. He used up his minute by apologizing for what he was about to do—namely, load down nineteen pages of the Congressional Record with his ideas as to why it would be only fair and just for the Government to buy out the express companies and establish a parcels-post. He didn't think it would be right for the Government to take any steps along the lines of a parcels-post without buying out the express companies; and he used his minute in saying so, to the extent of his fifty thousand words.

He got "leave to print," explaining that this was necessary for initiatory discussion of his proposition, so the committee and the country might be informed, preparatory to the consideration of his bill providing for the purchase of the express companies. Inasmuch as the franking privilege is still retained and all matter published in the Congressional Record can be franked, it is quite likely that this one-minute production of the member from Maryland will be circulated sufficiently for the purposes of the initiatory consideration desired.

Will the Public Bite?

Meantime the plan is discussed to reduce the price of this sterling journal to one dollar a year so all may learn what does not happen and what is not said in the halls of Congress. At present the Record costs four dollars and a half a year, which is too much. Not many subscribe. There is no doubt in the minds of the proponents of this proposition that the country will grab eagerly at the Record at one dollar a year. Still, it may be that the country will be well enough informed as to the genuineness of the contents of the Record not to bite, even at that extremely low price.

Oddly enough, there has been a disposition on the part of some members—Victor Murdock and Jim Mann, for example—to make the Record a real record—not a revision of what happens in the House. Several things have brought this about. A lot of new members, anxious to get something back home to show how hefty they are in debate and how learned on such abstruse propositions as the tariff, state rights, the initiative, and what-not, have rather pressed the limit of the leave-to-print privilege and the further and more important privilege of revision. A budding statesman, who quoted some Scripture in a speech or stuck the Scripture in when he was revising—nobody knows which he did for nobody listened to his speech—put after his Scriptural quotation, "Loud and continued applause," in order, no doubt, to prove to his constituents his familiarity with the Bible and the further and most gratifying fact that the House knows a good thing when the House hears it. Another new member, revising his speech, put in "Applause," "Loud applause," "Applause and laughter" about fifty times; and at the end wound up with: "Loud and tumultuous applause; cheers and handshaking!" He spoke to not more than ten persons that day, and not one of them made a peep or grabbed him by the hand, either during or after his effort.

It isn't so long ago that a member from the West called one of the official reporters aside and said: "Say, I've been here almost a year and I'm pretty fairly regular in attending the sessions of the House; but day after day I see stuff in the Record that I never heard on the floor and that I know was never spoken on the floor. Now my people back home are getting kind of nervous about me not making a speech. How do these fellows do it?"

The official reporter, being a kindly soul, told the man from the West of the leave-to-print deception and explained how it was done. "All you have to do," he said, "is to get the chair to recognize you for a minute, or the member in control of the time on any debate to yield to you, talk a minute and ask for permission to extend your remarks. Then go to it; supply the clerk in charge of the Record with a ton of manuscript and it will all come out in the Record, and you can frank it back home and show the folks what a chap you are."

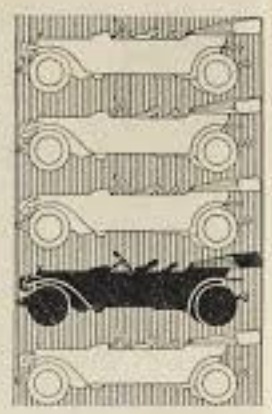
Inky Cheers for Inky Speeches

The man from the West was delighted. He completed the preliminaries and prepared his speech, which was about seventy-five thousand words long and touched on every topic, from protection to paternalism, from railroads to the proper cultivation of fustic wood. Also, he sprinkled it liberally with "Applause" and "Laughter"; and then, thinking there could not be too much of a good thing, he fixed up several colloquies with friends in the House, which made it appear that these members had interrupted him and that in the colloquies that ensued when he was making his speech he had neatly turned the tables on these interrupters—made them look like chunks of cheese so far as apt repartee and quickness of the vocal trigger went. It was a fine piece of work, and the man from the West franked out a lot of the speeches to his district and received much admiring comment from the friendly press. Then some wicked correspondents found out what he had done, sent back stories about it—and the man from the West didn't get back. He overplayed his hand.

The present session of Congress has been more prolific of this sort of fraud than any of recent years. Generally, in the session that concludes just before a national campaign, the boys on both sides get extensive leave to print for all sorts of junk that is to be used later for campaign arguments—and franked out, of course. This saves postage for national and state committees and is an old swindle, resorted to by both Democrats and Republicans. This year there are a great number of new statesmen, all desirous of shining at home as orators, students of large problems and active participators in the work of the Senate and House. The way they have grabbed at the extension of remarks and the revision privileges has been the wonder of all old-timers. Not only have they stuck into the Record miles and miles of speeches that never were delivered anywhere but they have made it appear by the interjected "applauses" and "laughters," and all that, that the House—especially the House members have done this—was a cheering, frenzied mob of admirers while they were delivering their respective philippics against whatever they were philippicking against at the moment.

Some day, no doubt, they will stop this petty swindle, this falsifying of the Record; but they never will stop declaiming against the press—never, so long as they have breath left in their bodies. The press, you know—whether daily, weekly, monthly or what-not—is a vast engine of misinformation that deliberately colors what is written—especially anything reflecting on these pure and noble patriots. The press prints so much that is untrue, that never

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ONE car in five goes out of commission every year. Why?

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happened, they say! A fine collection of critics of any publication are these revisers and leave-to-printers who every day print in the Record more stuff that isn't a record and is a falsification than even the wildest and most unreliable publication would or could crowd into an issue!

Meantime, speaking about subterfuge and the like, that little episode of the raised voucher for the portrait of Secretary Day, of the State Department, has had the State Department standing on its head for quite a time. So far as subterfuge is concerned the State Department is a coarse worker along those lines. When the artist originally made his plea that he got only about eight hundred dollars for his portrait of Mr. Day and signed a voucher calling for some twenty-four hundred dollars, the committee investigating the State Department asked what became of the other money. Naturally a committee would ask that question. However, it did not appeal to the intellectual heavyweights of the State Department that the question should or would be asked these gentlemen, who usually style themselves "clarks in the Foreign Office," laboring under the impression that the State Department is some sort of holy of holies whose operations must be cloaked in secrecy and whose motives must never be questioned. They are diplomatists over there, you know, and mysterious and secretive as the dickens in carrying out their delicate adjustments of our relations with the rest of the world. Also, they are very important.

Official Ingenuousness

Thus, when a committee of curious Representatives inquired what became of the rest of the money, instead of saying promptly that they used the rest of it for some legitimate but necessarily confidential purpose, they began quibbling and obfuscating and running around in circles and mystifying—and making the thing worse every time they made a lap around it. Presently the thing got too strong and then they came marching to the front with the missing voucher that had been mislaid for five years. Oddly—almost supernaturally, it seems—the voucher that had been missing for five years had been found on the floor, near the desk of a clerk. Queer circumstance, wasn't it? But here was the voucher. A negro messenger picked it up on the floor, where, no doubt, it had lain for five years—though the floor is swept every day—and handed it to the clerk, who gave it to the chief clerk, who gave it to the Secretary, who explained it to the committee—and there you are. Now isn't that a kindergarten proceeding for this crafty and powerful and diplomatic State Department of ours? It wouldn't fool a three-year-old child! If they had told the truth about the affair in the first place there would have been no fuss and little comment.

The Mexican war maneuvers—or the Texas war maneuvers—furnish another case of bad judgment. Instead of coming out frankly and saying the soldiers were sent to the border because of the threatening aspects of the revolution in Mexico, the imminence of danger to the many Americans living in Mexico and for the protection of American property, they tried to cover up the movement of troops with a fairy story about a big war game down there in hot weather. It was a stupid attempt. The people would not stand for it. So presently they had to come out and tell the truth, which they would much better have told in the first instance.

As this is written, it is the idea of the Senate that there will be about thirty or forty days of reciprocity talk. Then it is thought the game can be so arranged that the reciprocity measure will pass without amendment. Meantime the House will pass the wool reductions and send the bill to the Senate, where the Finance Committee will mull it over for a time and either report it out or be compelled to. The Democrats are solidly for the wool reductions. They hope to get five or six Insurgents to vote with them, which is all they need, and thus put the question squarely up to President Taft, giving him the privilege of signing a big tariff cut, when most of the Republican states that will send delegates to renominate him next June are standpat states—or to veto it and revoke his statement at Winona, Minnesota, that "the wool schedule is indefensible." Either way, they are preparing to make it interesting for Mr. Taft.

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Paper From By-Products

By RENÉ BACHE

THE problem of turning crop-wastes into money by utilizing them as materials for papermaking has engaged for some time past the attention of the experts of the Department of Agriculture. As a result, certain definite and interesting facts have been ascertained.

Experiments have shown that cornstalks will yield twelve to eighteen per cent of long fiber, which, on account of its strength and good felting quality, is suitable for book, writing and other papers of the better class. In addition, from the same stalks, moisture-free, can be obtained from fifteen to thirty per cent of pith pulp, suitable for pie-plates, fiber boxes, grease-proof wrappers and possibly bottles.

Very important is the fact that the food substances contained in the stalks may be extracted by shredding the stalks and boiling them in a steam digester, preliminary to converting the residue into paper. A ton of cornstalks will yield from two hundred to three hundred pounds of soluble solids, representing the bulk of their nutritive elements. Such an extract, of molasseslike consistency, is now being fed to animals experimentally.

Cornstalk Extract

The new Year Book of the Department of Agriculture—from advance proofs of which these data are obtained—states that cornstalks represent our greatest unused crop by-product. Over one hundred million acres are devoted annually to maize in the United States. Taking one ton as the yield of stalks to the acre, there are produced at least one hundred million tons of stalks each year, not more than one-third of which is put to paying uses. A great addition to farm wealth would result if this enormous supply of raw material could be made into paper and pulp products.

If cornstalk extract proves available as food for farm animals, when mixed with roughage, an important step in conservation will have been taken, inasmuch as the removal of the raw material from the farm need not then involve a serious subtraction from the resources of the soil. Indeed, as broom-corn and sorghum stalks and rice straw yield a similar extract, the possibility of reclaiming the food elements is likely to have an important bearing upon the question whether or not the wastes of crop plants can be profitably utilized for papermaking.

On the whole, broom-corn seems to promise even better as a paper material than maize. Its stalks contain a higher percentage of long fiber than do cornstalks—forty-two per cent being obtained in actual trial—and the proportion of pith in the pulp is so low that it could be made directly into a fair quality of white paper; in fact, it is declared that this material is suitable for immediate use in papermaking. A combination of the crude pulp with poplar woodpulp, half and half, produced what was pronounced by practical paper men to be a merchantable quality of book paper.

The harvesting of the stalks for pulp does not interfere at all with the harvesting of the brush for brooms. Apparently the only serious disadvantage of broom-corn for papermaking is that the production of raw material is somewhat limited, only about a hundred and eighty thousand acres being devoted to this crop. Many states grow small quantities of broom-corn, but Illinois, Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri produce two-thirds of the total crop. The yield of stalks to the acre is approximately three tons, so that the quantity produced would be over five hundred thousand tons.

Rice straw is regarded by the Government experts as one of the most promising crop materials for papermaking. In China it has been employed for such purposes for many years. Excellent qualities of book and writing papers are obtained from it. Though it does not give as high a yield of fiber as broom-corn, it is grown within restricted areas, so that a pulp or paper mill located in any good rice-producing section could obtain its supplies from near at hand. At the present time, in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas and South Carolina—the four great rice-growing states—there are only four paper mills.

About seven hundred and twenty thousand acres of rice are harvested in the United States annually. Growers state that the yield of straw is more than two tons an acre, so that the total output must be at least about fifteen hundred thousand tons. Mostly it is a waste product, though a small part is fed to stock. If the price of wood continues to advance, rice straw—say the Government experts—should be one of the first crop materials put to use for papermaking. Its fibers, though comparatively short, are strong and "felt" well.

Yet another possible material is cotton-hull fiber—that is, the lint which remains adhering to the hulls after the fiber has been removed by the gins. It is not strong enough to be suitable for papermaking in a pure state, but, cooked in the same digester with cornstalks, broom-corn or rice straw, it lends softness to the paper. One of its disadvantages is that it is expensive; but, when treated by special processes, it may prove suitable for the particular grades of paper which command high prices.

Tow From Flax

Cotton stalks were among the first crop-wastes tested. The quantity of them annually produced in the United States is estimated at ten million tons—notwithstanding the fact that the yield to the acre does not exceed one thousand pounds. Inasmuch as the percentage of fiber—which is short and inferior in strength—is lower than that of maize, five acres of stalks would be required to make a single ton of pulp. Difficulties are also encountered in connection with bleaching; so that, on the whole, this material does not seem to be very promising.

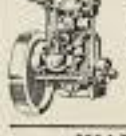
Flax, in the United States, is grown almost exclusively for seed, the annual output of which amounts to more than twenty-five million bushels. The number of acres harvested is about twenty-five hundred thousand; and, on an average, each acre produces twenty-two hundred and fifty pounds of straw. Thus the total production of straw is three million tons yearly, of which enormous quantity not more than one-tenth is turned to any useful account.

Flax straw is regarded by the Government experts as one of the most promising materials for papermaking. As yet there is no mill in this country that uses it. Recently extensive experiments have been undertaken with a view to producing paper from this source suitable for cement bags—an extremely difficult requirement, inasmuch as paper for such purposes must have extraordinary strength. The results, as a whole, were encouraging. In these tests tow was used, however, and not the flax straw as it comes from the threshing machine. Three to four tons of straw are needed to make one ton of tow, which is worth twenty dollars at the mills.

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THE BILLYAD

(Continued from Page 8)

Yet, forth with thrilling urgency
Taftonis sent his call—
But never from Insurgency
One helpful word did fall;
In fact, his Reciprocity
Was greeted with ferocity.
A thumb upon each Grecian nose,
stood the Progressives all
As sharply spake those sassy elves:
"We'll fix the Tariff rates ourselves—
O Bill, remove your Campaign Ad
from off the lofty wall!"

THE ARMIES ADVANCE

Historians say, in a manner of spite,
That battles are always a nuisance to write;
That there's always such charging and booming and braying
You can't hear a word that the heroes are saying—
While the deeds of the warriors you scarcely can judge,
Because they're obscured by the smoke and the smudge.
But the Big Battle Scene
Here pops into my song;
So you'll guess what I mean—
If I get it all wrong,
Well, it can't be more punk than accounts that you read
Of Waterloo, Leyden or dank Runnymede.

The Candidates rose at the first flush of dawn.
They whetted their axes and tested their brawn.
Then Charles Evans Hughes, of the chin-hanging tassels,
Mounted his racehorse and summoned his vassals;
Strong men were they, swift smiters, quick scramblers—
All of them heroes and none of them gamblers;
And their blood-curdling cry
Split the roof of the sky:
"Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances;
He never plays cards, chews tobacco or dances.
His victory's sure—for he scorns to play chances!"

And out of the West, with a shout and a song,
Came the Wisconsin Bobbies abouncing along;
And in strident responses to Liberty's strain
The Rough Referendum Boys raised the refrain:
"Dumply William sat on a wall;
Dumply William had a great fall.
All the Trust's horses and all the Trust's men
Couldn't patch William together again!"

Then Woodrow of Jersey rode over the lot,
His hobby reined in to a dignified trot;
And firm at his back came his henchmen, advancing,
Snorting, cavorting, disporting and dancing—
Footballers, baseballers, snowballers, drummers,
Working girls, chorus girls, shopgirls and plumbers;
Grocers, geographers,
Students, stenographers;
In fact, that re-markably various throng
Which Woodrow's strange eloquence coaxes along—
As spellbound as Hamelin's infantile snipes
When Edith Wynne Matheson plays her pied pipes.

And out of Ohio, in harmony reared,
Judge Harmon's Harmonious Cohorts appeared,
All chortling this harmlessly Harmonized air:
"Harmon's the Leader to lead us—but where?
We ain't got no Issues to any extent;
But we think Mister Harmon's a very fine gent."

Now ho! for the battle! The skies open wide
And Jove of the Thunders looked down in his pride
As he cried with a will:
"Sick 'em, Bob! Sick 'em, Bill!
I don't care who beats if you only git in!
Let the battle begin! May the best feller win!"
(Which shows that the gods, though celestially blent,
Warm up pretty well to a sporting event.)

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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The picture on the right shows the interior of a Parker Fountain Pen. It contains a curved feed tube, an air space, and ink, as you see.

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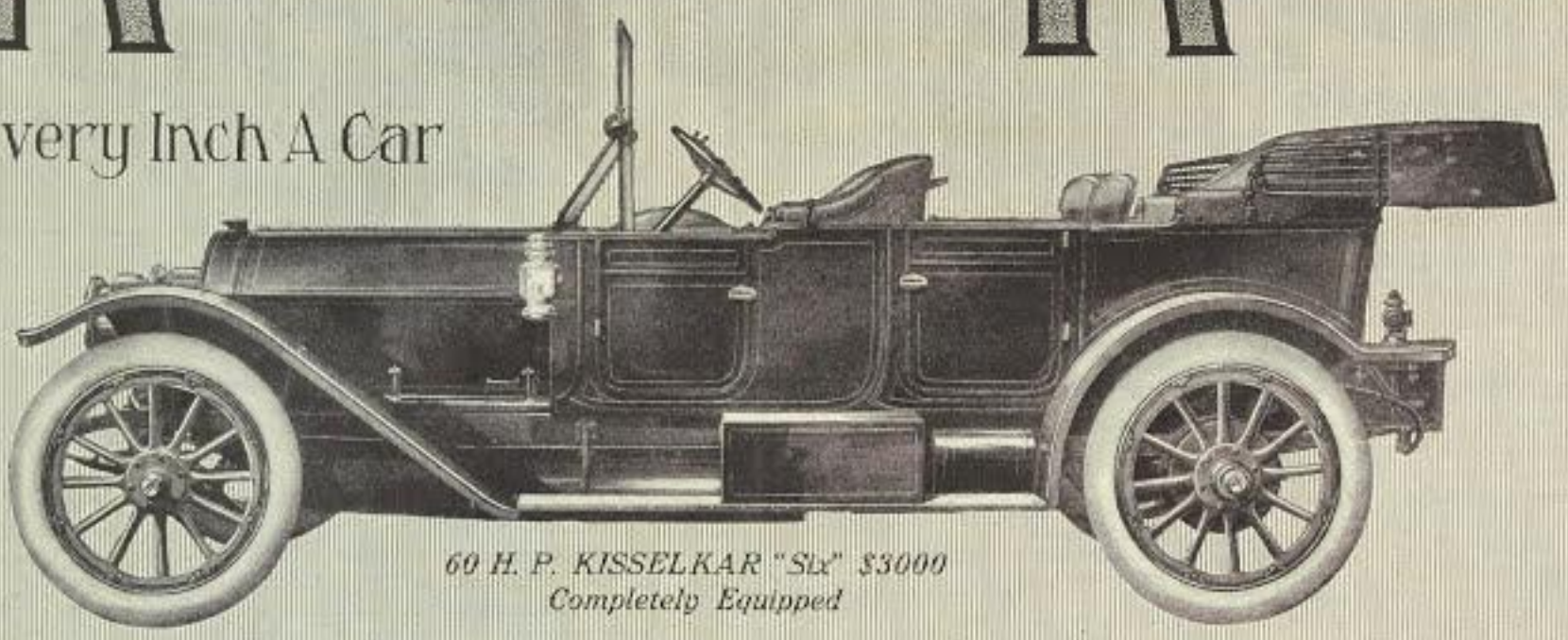
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THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 8)

last of their little strength in housework. Here come young girls, without homes and unskilled, who must get some practice in housework. Here come deserted wives and unmarried mothers, willing to exchange their services for small wages for the sake of keeping their babies.

The women who come to employ them are of all sorts. There is the extravagant wife of a man who earns perhaps twenty-five dollars a week. She has no right to have a maid at all, but she wants to keep up appearances. She is probably living in a flat that is too large and expensive, and naturally she feels she cannot do her own work; so she takes some young girl who costs much more in energy than the weekly two dollars and a half she receives. There is the mother of a large family, not strong enough to do all her own work and too poor to pay an adequate wage; the poor creature, who wants all she can get for her money, offers, nevertheless, an alluring picture of her home, saying that the flat is small and the children little trouble, and that she does all the cooking herself. There is the cheap boarding-house keeper whose boarders pay her only six dollars a week; as she cannot have skilled labor she must engage a strong young girl to make beds, sweep and wash the dishes. There are the young married people who both work downtown to make ends meet, and yet have children at home to be cared for. Such a couple will almost invariably choose an old woman, feeling sure she will be responsible for the children and will not lock them in while she runs up to the park to meet a young man. The widow who must leave her children all day likewise searches for the faithful old woman.

In all such cases there must be much patience on both sides. If these servants were worth more they would be receiving more; they are not likely to be very competent. What the mistress cannot give in money she must give in tolerance. A young girl is most trying, because she is not only unskilled but also irresponsible and desirous of a gay time. Nowadays, with the growing number of trade and industrial schools, she is getting her training before she goes out to service. The old woman, the deserted wife and the unmarried mother are likely to put up rather patiently with the trials that come to them, for one has the irremediable handicap of old age and the others the handicap of a limited chance to work. The latter will endure almost anything to keep the children in a good home, and conversely it sometimes happens that a mistress becomes so attached to a baby that for its sake she will suffer much carelessness and stupidity on the part of the mother.

Typical Disputes

The problem of mistress and maid is always the problem of two. The average mistress has for her interpretation of the ideal servant one who combines the perfection of a machine with the faithfulness of a dog. The average servant expects her mistress to have the patience and sweetness of an angel and the munificence of a fairy godmother. Both suffer from the very heterogeneousness of housework, which consists of countless little details, many of them unrelated and of such variety that it requires a woman of real brains to succeed. The mistress is often exasperated because the maid does not do so well as she herself could. The maid does not always appreciate the energy involved in teaching her.

That there is plenty of human nature on both sides is shown by the conferences held in the legal aid bureaus. The maids go there with complaints that wages are owed them by mistresses who refuse to pay. The mistresses are of all sorts, from hard-bitten lodging-house keepers to ladies of distinct social standing. Sometimes the mistress refuses to attend the conference. She remarks pleasantly enough over the telephone that she has already said all there is to say and that for her the subject is closed. But if she can be induced to meet the maid in the presence of the officers of the bureau the matter can usually be adjusted. The reasons generally given for non-payment of the claim is that the maid has broken articles in excess of the wages due, or that she has left without notice. Very often injustice is worked in this manner. A six-dollar-a-week servant dusts carelessly and breaks a fifty-dollar vase. She has been given a responsibility out of all proportion to her worth, and it scarcely seems as if she should be expected to pay the full value of what she has destroyed. A quiet discussion will often result in a satisfactory settlement.

All sorts of accusations are made and many of them show how vague the oral contract has been. A maid has been taken to Florida, found incompetent and dismissed. She says it was agreed that her fare should be paid to and from New York; her employer says that no such arrangement was made. A two-dollar-a-week young girl in a boarding house breaks an alarm clock and her mistress deducts the sum from her wages. It appears that the clock belonged to the star boarder, who slept with it wedged inside his pillow slip. The girl not knowing this in making the bed dropped the clock. The mistress says the boarder is a perfect gentleman and would pay for the clock; only he'd get angry and go somewhere else, and she cannot afford to lose him. Frequently a mistress will contend that she was to give the maid part of her wages in clothes, while the maid asserts that the clothes were presents. Often a girl will complain that her mistress gave her clothes for a Christmas present and then took them back. A motley comedy!

What Men Don't Understand

The untroubled listener is apt to underrate the magnitude of the servant problem precisely because he hears so much about it. It is a problem that no man, however well intentioned, can fully understand or cope with, just because it deals with the kind of human relationship and intricate duties that cannot be fully systematized. A man is used to a stenographer who receives so much a week and does so much work. If he dislikes her work or her ways he can let her go and get some one else better or just as good the next day. He does not understand the shiver his wife gives when he says:

"Let that cook go after breakfast tomorrow and get some one else by dinnertime."

There is no use trying to explain to him the danger of getting some one else who will be worse, and the strain involved in breaking in a new one, even if she proves to be no worse.

"Let me show you how to do it," he says, when his wife is afraid to ask Sarah to stay in when unexpected company comes on Sunday for whom a supper must be provided. He goes out and gives the order, and Sarah yields because he is a man—and most women do yield to men—but she takes it out of her mistress the next day and for several days afterward. A man cannot understand because he does not know how difficult housekeeping is. It is not only the unrelatedness of so many of the details, but the chances of accident and delay, and the relations of two women living intimately and yet not on an equality, that create difficulties that could never arise in a business office.

Some of the difficulties of the situation would be minimized if a definite contract were made between mistress and maid before they take each other on. They go through the motions of asking each other a few questions, but at heart they know that such questions are purely experimental. Though each can make a few surface generalizations about each other, the real test of their fitness to be associated can come only when they live together. Nevertheless, what each expects of the other ought to be clearly stated; the bargain should be made before the work is undertaken, and no modification should be permitted without express understanding. If the compact be oral, each girl and each mistress should have witnesses. There is no other certain way of settling disputes. The law itself has very little to say on the subject. It does specify that in a claim for wages any breakage due to the maid's carelessness may be offset against the claim. But courts do not agree that in case of dismissal or of leaving without notice in the middle of a week the employer has to pay for the unexpired term, or the employee should be paid for the part of the week she has served.

There are constant attempts to solve the servant problem. One theory is that the girl should have fixed hours of work. A

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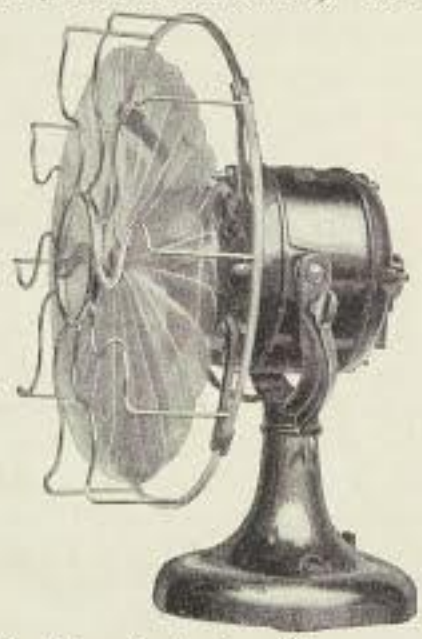


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rich woman has tried the plan of having her maids work in eight-hour shifts, but only a person able to afford plenty of help could undertake such an experiment. Another theory is that girls should work by the day and live outside in rooming houses, where they can have parlors and opportunity for social intercourse. But the average mistress asks how, under such circumstances, could one depend upon having breakfast on time every morning?

For the family in moderate circumstances there seems no way of absolutely limiting a girl's hours of labor. Certain things have, especially in flats, to be done on certain days; every mistress must have her own washing day. If she has a helper from outside to come in and clean, the day must be definitely arranged for. Nearly every family puts the great cleaning day on Friday, and baking days on Wednesday and Saturday; but every day brings unlooked for emergencies. So long as mistress and maid have to depend on butcher and grocer and baker and janitor they must allow for a certain amount of elasticity. There is something in the old proverb that a woman's work is never done. A mother may expect a good night's rest, and may have to sit up all night with a fretful baby. The maid may have made all her plans to go out for the evening, but may be asked to stay at home because some one has suddenly fallen ill. In a household exigencies are bound to occur that go outside all definite rules and planning.

For the most part the question, where it is solved, is solved individually. The mistress tries maid after maid until she gets the "right one"—which means the one who is congenial to her and moderately competent and faithful. The maid moves on until she gets the "right place"—she doesn't say "right home"—which means a household where the mistress pays good wages and is not too exacting. And everywhere peeps up the hydra head of the social inequality between two women thrown into close personal relation. Sometimes it shows in an unwise intimacy where the maid takes liberties. Sometimes it shows in a determination on the part of the mistress that the maid shall keep her place, which leads to antagonism and neglected work. The woman with one maid who has no servant problem is probably a woman who has made concessions that put her servant on an equality, to a certain extent, with herself.

"My maid and I are friends," said a tactful mistress. "She came from a country town where she belonged to the Christian Endeavor League and the Book Club, and did housework for her friends, sitting down with them for meals. When she came to me I did not call her a servant or a maid; I made use of the word 'helper.' I made it clear that, though I did not expect her to sit down at the table for meals with my family, it was not because of lack of equality with us; it was because neither she nor I would be doing our work adequately unless we had a well-ordered table. A table cannot be well ordered if one person is continually jumping up to serve the others. I made her see that the service must be carried on inconspicuously by the person best qualified to manage it."

Not Servant But Helper

"In the same way I showed her that when she was waiting on us at dinner I did not expect her to join in the conversation. That hour is perhaps the most intimate time of family communication; the father is back after an absence of eight or ten hours; the children are full of the experiences they wish to tell him; it is the hour for the family alone, not for friend or helper or any one outside of their intimate circle. But at luncheon, when the children and I are alone, I encourage her to join in our talk. Sometimes when the children are all away I have her sit down to a simple luncheon with me. At least once a year I give a little party to her and three or four of her friends, and I wait on them myself.

"Moreover, I never expect her to come in and go out by the back door. It is hard enough for a self-respecting woman to have her meals alone in the kitchen. Why should she have to go up and down a back stairway and in a back door? And if the family arrangements allow it, why shouldn't she sit on the front porch occasionally on summer evenings? It is little human attentions such as these that tend to make a helper feel she is part of the family and not a hireling and outsider in the home where she spends most of her hours."

Such a wise woman, who assumes the right to interpret life in her own household, who has found that by our very phraseology we have done much to degrade housework, and who realizes that a helper in the home is no more a servant than a shop girl or a nurse—such a woman is sure to command faithfulness and devotion. She is not the sort of woman who asks:

"Why do these girls go into shops and the cheaper offices where they don't get a living wage and can scarcely be decent, when we would be glad to have them work in our homes?"

It is surprising the value that a woman of this sort puts on her home. Whenever a pathetic newspaper article appears about individual girls who can find nothing to do, the philanthropic societies receive many letters offering such girls good homes in return for work. Sometimes there is no question of wages. There is the assumption that the privilege of remaining respectable by working fourteen or sixteen hours a day in a large family should be embraced with gratitude. Many of these women are well meaning; some, of course, see an opportunity to get a large amount of work with small monetary return; doubtless they are themselves hard pressed for money. The point is, it is their home and not the home of the girl.

The Right of Choice

Why should girls be blamed for choosing shop and office? Work in the shop, and office work of the unskilled sort, take far less brains than the skilled housework. Yet that does not guide the girl in her decision; she simply chooses what responds to her needs. The woman who blames her has made her own choice in life, has married the man she wanted and selected the neighborhood she likes to live in. The girl who likes plenty of society instead of isolation, definite hours of work and freedom for her evenings and Sunday, and above all the escape from the stigma of domestic servitude, has the same right of choice, even if she pays for it in loss of money and in poor food. It is unfortunate that they should make such choice, but they are only exercising the same right as the woman higher up.

Many servants are themselves longing to escape from housework; some of them do by marriage, and then they develop ambitions for their daughters. The average mother who has been a servant feels keenly the degradation of the position. Very often she refuses to allow her daughters to learn anything about housekeeping, partly for fear they would have to do it in some one else's home, and partly because it is easier to do it herself than to show them how. It is her ambition that they shall work in an office or a shop and marry young men that can afford to have the housework done for them. So she rears up incompetent wives; and often in the end they turn out to be deserted wives because they have not known how to be home-makers.

All mistresses will have to learn what the wisest know already, that until the isolation of the maid is tempered, until all freedom possible is allowed her—although really she suffers less than she supposes—and until every other class of working women and women of leisure cease to regard her kind of work as the most socially degrading—until then the servant question will continue to be almost insoluble. Many women who used to keep maids are solving the problem by doing their own work. They plan it in the most intelligent manner, and are surer it will be done better by their own two hands than by the two hands of a second person whose interest is superficial. Moreover, it will be economically done; no left-overs will sour in the ice-box or be prematurely thrown out. Such a housekeeper is likely to have many more domestic appliances for lightening her work than she would have if she kept a servant.

Nothing is so cheap as human energy—some one else's. When a woman is going to be mistress and maid in one she wants every kind of labor-saving device. She calls in outside help, perhaps, for the heaviest work, and here she is rarely at a loss, for as the number of maids grows relatively smaller the number of women who work by the day is increasing. They like the fixed hours, the freedom, the higher pay and, on all these accounts, the slightly superior standing that is theirs in the world of workers.

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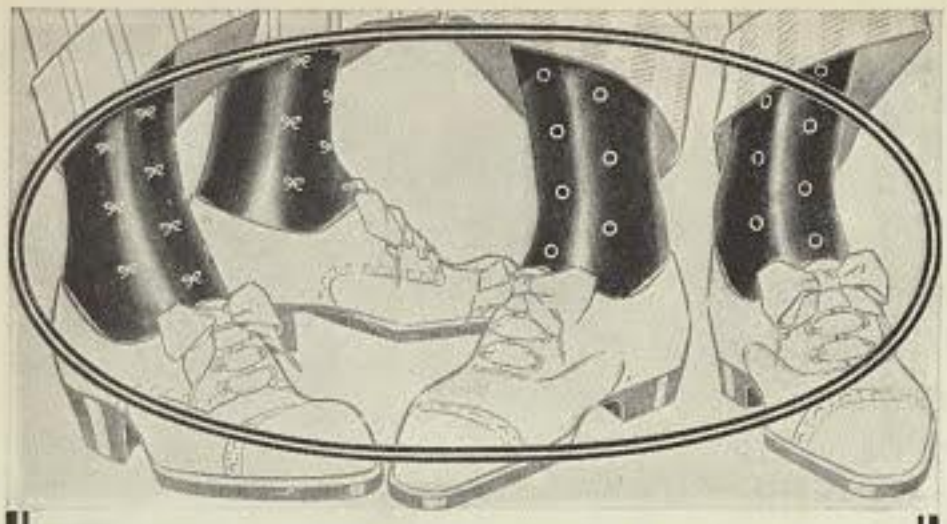
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Socks

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Continued from Page 12)

wield if they like and whenever they like. If the directing minds of this combination shall prove moderate, honest, patriotic, theirs is the opportunity to be the benefactors of a country and a people such as seldom has come to any men in any land.

The fundamental question is whether Canada's railways will be the giant servants of the people, earning and receiving for that service a generous reward, or whether they will be the mighty masters of the people, absorbing the people's substance.

So great is the confidence of Parliament and the Canadian people in the Canadian Railway Commission, and so broad and sweeping is the authority of Canada's National Parliament, that if the Canadian Railway Commission tomorrow were to ask increased powers they probably would be given promptly, generously and fully.

And, indeed, into this question enters that intangible but powerful influence of public opinion. In a sense, the political origin and government aid in the building of these roads give them a public quality which our American railroads do not have. The people feel that they have a very great interest in those roads as a public matter.

"We helped to build these roads," think the people, "and we have a definite money concern in them."

Also, as I have tried to show, they were constructed quite as much as a matter of national necessity from a political point of view as a commercial necessity from an economic point of view.

Yet these railways, thus planned and built, took on quite readily many of the methods and practices of our American roads which caused the agitation for railroad reform among our people. So, when we began to give our railroad commission some real vitality and power to correct railway abuses, the Canadian people again showed that they watch us with care and intelligence.

For, as yet, they had no railway commission themselves. So, to correct such evils as were appearing and to prevent that tropical growth of railway abuses which has so oppressed us Americans in the past, the Canadian people thought a Canadian Railway Commission should be established.

The Powers of the Commission

Out of all this, then, has grown the Canadian Railway Commission with its broad and vital powers.

What are those powers? Let us take railway rates for the first example. The Canadian Railway Commission, then, as a matter of mere power, can tell any Canadian railway just what rates it shall charge and what it shall not charge. It can do this on application from a shipper, or the commission can do it on its own motion.

As a matter of sheer power, the Canadian Railway Commission can put its experts at work and some day notify the Canadian Pacific—subject to one provision in its charter—or any other Canadian road—subject to no provision—that thereafter its rates shall be so and so throughout the thousands of miles of its lines.

Then comes classification. Every shipper and railroad man will know what that means. The Canadian Railway Commission can do just exactly as it likes about the classification of shipments.

Nor is this all. Suppose, for example, a man comes to the Canadian Railway Commission and says:

"I have traveled a good many times over this or that line of road. The bridge at such a place is unsafe. I felt it tremble under me. Not only do I travel myself but my wife and children travel with me. Also, I send my agents over this line. There must be a better bridge."

Very well. The Canadian Railway Commission can tell that railway company it must make a better bridge—a bridge of stone or steel, or whatever the commission likes.

Or, suppose there is a question in some Canadian town of the safety of a crossing. Some citizen, then, brings this question to the attention of the railway commission, or the commission hears of it in any way; as a matter of power, the Canadian Railway Commission can order that railway to do anything the commission thinks wise as to that particular crossing.

Or, suppose some Canadian shipper says: "The railroad will not furnish me cars." The Canadian Railway Commission looks into that and finds out whether this man is merely a chronic grumbler or whether he has just cause for complaint. Under the law, the commission can compel the road to furnish this man cars; and the road has got to furnish that man cars—that is all there is to it. Its orders are autocratic.

Pretty wide powers, would not you say? And yet this is only the beginning. The commission, on its own motion or on the information of anybody, can tell the railways that the latter must have certain safety appliances; and thereafter the railways must put those appliances in or suffer the penalties of the law.

For example, it appeared that certain railway companies loaded their cars with heavy materials, such as logs, lumber, rails and the like, and that the lives of the employees were in constant danger. Many of them were hurt; some killed. This came to the attention of Canada's railway commission.

Forthwith it ordered every railway company in Canada subject to the authority of Parliament thereafter to observe rigid regulations in this matter. And the commission ordered a penalty—a money fine—for every violation of the order by a railway company, shipper or employee—for to prescribe penalties is one of the powers of Canada's railway commission.

A Sheer Matter of Power

Another recent example: It appeared that a certain improved safety appliance was not in use. This came to the attention of the railway commission. Forthwith every railway in Canada was ordered to make this improvement in its freight cars by a certain day. Almost one of the first acts of the commission was to order the railways to equip their passenger cars with fire-extinguishers.

Nor is this all. Suppose some railway workman—engineer, brakeman, conductor, fireman or what-not—complains to the commission that there are not enough men on the railway crew in the runs of that railway. The commission can say to the railway: "Your crews are undermanned. Hereafter you must have this or that number of men to a railway crew of so many cars." On go the additional men, without any "ifs and ands."

As a sheer matter of power, the Canadian Railway Commission can say to a Canadian railway: "You will work all your men one hour a day and no longer." Of course the Canadian Railway Commission does nothing so silly. It does not even tell the railways how many hours their men shall work, but it has the power to do so. And the day surely is coming when it will do so.

In short, there is not a single practical phase of the railway problem with which the Canadian Railway Commission cannot deal amply and comprehensively. And the railway's knowledge that the commission has this power—and will exercise it—is a weighty preventive of railway abuses.

Our American railroad lobbyists and "constitutional lawyers" will say: "What in the world would become of our own American railroad traffic under like conditions? Do not the Canadian railways have any protection?"

Yes; the Canadians think they have all they need. A railway company in Canada can appeal on any question of fact from the Canadian Railway Commission to the "governor in council"—but this carries the whole case up with it. This governor in council merely means that the Canadian railway can appeal to the Canadian Cabinet—that is to say, at the present moment, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his ministers; but this, mind you, only as to matters of fact. On such an appeal the railways say: "The railway commission was wrong on its facts. So we appeal to you on the fact itself."

What about matters of law? In Canada that is a very simple thing. The railways may appeal to the Supreme Court of Canada on a matter of law—but this, mind you, only as a matter of the railway commission's grace and not as a matter of right.

For example; suppose what we in America think is a matter of "law" should come up in Canada. The Canadian Railway

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Commission may say: "Gentlemen, this is not a matter of law. We deny your appeal." Whereupon the railway company could not appeal.

There is only one question on which Canadian railways may appeal as a matter of right—and that is the question of jurisdiction. Suppose, for example, to illustrate this question, the Canadian railway says: "This commission has exceeded its powers. What it has decided is not within the powers given it by the law. So as a matter of right we, the railway company, appeal from it because the commission has exceeded its jurisdiction."

For example, a case recently came before the Canadian Railway Commission where a power company asked to cross the right-of-way of a railway company. The commission said to the power company: "Certainly; go ahead and use the right-of-way of the railway company. It is for the general welfare."

The railway company said to the power company: "To be sure—go ahead; but pay us for the privilege. This right-of-way is our property. We, the railway company, are entitled to compensation from you, the power company, for using our property."

However, the commission said to the railway company: "No; this is a public matter. You got your own rights from the public. The people gave you what you call your right-of-way. Therefore you own it subject to the public welfare, and the public interest demands that this power company shall use your right-of-way. Therefore we, the railway commission, grant the power company the right to go across your right-of-way without any compensation whatever."

The Rarity of Appeals

Whereupon the railway company appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada on the question as to whether its property rights were infringed upon; but it failed to make out its case.

The appeal to the governor in council—that is, literally, to the Prime Minister and his Cabinet—may, of course, be taken from the whole order of the commission. More than that, the Government—the Prime Minister and his Cabinet—may intervene on its own motion, overrule the decision of the commission and, in short, say just what shall be done. In other words, the Government—the Premier and his Cabinet—stand over the railway commission all the time. The Government can do just as it pleases. This, of course, is a matter of power. As a matter of fact, the Government does no such thing, practically speaking.

To sum this whole thing up—up to the end of March, 1910, two thousand one hundred and seventeen complaints were made to the Canadian Railway Commission, and of this number two thousand one hundred and seventeen decisions were rendered. Out of this total number of decisions only twenty-two appeals were made—some of them permitted by the commission as a matter of grace; for, of the total twenty-two appealed cases, only three were on matters of fact.

Very well, then. Of these twenty-two appeals to both the Supreme Court and to the governor in council only four were reversed. Think of that! Out of two thousand one hundred and seventeen decisions only twenty-two appeals were made; and of these only four were reversed and one was reversed in part!

What about matters of fact and not of law? Of the twenty-two appeals—all appealed cases—only three were on matters of fact.

And, of course, in all these questions of fact the Premier and his Cabinet usually decide in favor of the Canadian Railway Commission. Why should they not? The Cabinet does not know the least thing about the facts and the railway commission knows everything about them.

So the American reader will say that the powers of the Canadian Railway Commission are far simpler and more autocratic than our own—first, because of the history of the building of the Canadian railways; second, because they have carefully studied our own experience and mistakes, and are profiting by them.

Why, then, should we Americans not do the same?

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles on Canada by Mr. Beveridge. The next paper will appear in an early number.

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Guerin Auto Transfer Company, Portland, Ore.
November 16, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
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Read Angell Auto Transfer Company, Portland, Ore.
February 17, 1910 Bought 1 Packard truck
June 25, 1910 . . Bought 1 Packard truck
February 17, 1911 Bought 3 Packard truck

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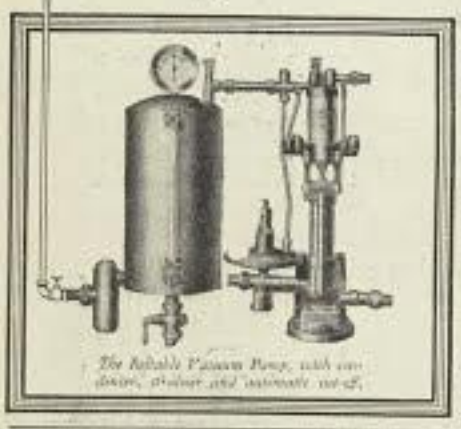
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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 9)

knows me almost better than I know myself—eh, Gottie? Between us we have turned many a trick."

"You mean that I have pulled you out of many a bad hole," retorted Gottlieb.

"As you please," answered Billington good temperedly. "But in any event you are a splendid fellow at all times—and especially in times of need."

"May I inquire your business, Mr. Billington?" I asked, curious to identify my new acquaintance.

Billington winked at Gottlieb.

"How would you describe it, Mr. Lawyer?" said he.

Gottlieb laughed and shifted his cigar.

"Our friend Charlie lives by his brains," he replied. "He is an inventor, a promoter, an artist. He has earned many a small fortune by the simple use of a postage stamp. Incidentally he is of a scientific turn of mind and can rattle off the Morse alphabet as deftly as any operator in the business. Occasionally he has, in the interest of finance, tapped a wire."

"Tapped a wire!" Instantly I regarded Billington with new interest. So at last I had met one of those famous gentry of whom I had so often heard!

"Never again, I fancy!" laughed Charlie. "My friend, you have saved a lot of poor devils a deal of trouble. From this time on none of us will ever need to tap wires. After this we shall only *pretend* to tap 'em."

"How so?" I inquired, dropping into a nearby chair.

"Why, under the new law," responded Billington—"the law of which, I may say, you are the creator—we shall only have to induce some innocent countryman to believe that he has heard the result of a horse-race being sent over the wire in advance of the poolrooms, and persuade him to turn over his roll for the purpose of betting it on a horse that is presumably already cooling off in the paddock and we can keep his money; for he has parted with it for an illegal or an inimical purpose—to wit, cheating the bookies."

After Billington bade us good night, Gottlieb said to me:

"Quib, the more I think of it, the more astounding is the result of this new doctrine of yours that has been sanctified by the Court of Appeals. I do not for the life of me see how a seller of 'green goods' can be prosecuted. The countryman comes to the city for the purpose of buying counterfeit money at a ridiculously low figure. He puts up his money and gets a package of blank paper with a genuine one-dollar bill on top of it. What good will it do him to appeal to the police? Has he not parted with his money avowedly for a most wicked purpose—that of uttering counterfeit bills?"

"I quite agree with you," I answered. "There seems to be no escape from your result: and I, for one, do not see what is to prevent New York from becoming the Mecca of all the thieves and rogues in the country."

And such, indeed, it became. From this time on, until very recently, the metropolis was the stamping ground of all the rogues who could not earn a dishonest living elsewhere. With our friend Charles as their sponsor, there sprang into being herds of "sick engineers," fake "wire-tappers," "green-goods" swindlers and confidence men of all sorts, who flourished safely under the protection of the decision of the Court of Appeals in McDuff's case.

It was but shortly after this that one of Billington's friends found himself in the toils of the police for having pretended to sell a package of "green goods" to a yokel from the rural part of the state. Larry at once engaged me to defend him, asserting that as I was responsible for the law it was my duty to apply it for the benefit of our clients. So once again I entered the arena in behalf of a principle that at heart I believed to be vicious and even absurd, and once again, to my surprise and the delight of my new clients, I triumphed. The Appellate Division reversed the conviction that had followed the arrest and discharged the prisoner, asserting that there was no longer any authority for holding him if the McDuff case was to be taken as law.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

once befriended him. Why had he not thought of her before? He walked boldly up the steps and rang the bell.

Clementina was fiercely painting drapery from the lay figure—a gray silk dress, full of a thousand folds and shadows. The texture was not coming right. The more she painted the less like silk did it look. Now was it muddy canvas; now fluffy wool. Every touch was wrong. Every stroke of the brush since her yesterday's talk with Quixtus was wrong. She could not paint. Yet, in a frenzy of anger, she determined to paint. What had the woman invited to Quixtus' dinner party to do with her art? She would make the thing come right. She would prove to herself that she was a woman of genius—that she had not her sex hanging round the neck of her spirit. If Quixtus chose to make a fool of himself with Mrs. Fontaine, in Heaven's name let him do so. She had her work to do. She would do it in spite of all the society hacks in Christendom. The skirt began to look like a blanket stained with coffee. Let him have his dinner party. What was there of importance in so contemptible a thing as a dinner party? But this infernal woman had suggested it. How far was he compromised with this infernal woman? She could wring her neck. The dress began to suggest a humorously streaky London fog.

"Darn the thing!" cried Clementina, wiping the whole skirt out. "I'll stand here forever until I get it right."

Her tea, on a little table at the other end of the studio, remained untouched. Her hair fell in loose strands over her forehead and she pushed it back every now and then with impatient fingers. The front-door bell rang and soon her maid appeared at the gallery door.

"A gentleman to see you, ma'am."

"I can't see anybody. You know I can't. Tell him to go away."

The maid came down the stairs.

"I told him you weren't in to anybody—but he insisted. He hadn't a card, but wrote his name on a strip of paper. Here it is, ma'am."

Clementina angrily took the slip: "Mr. Vandermeer would be glad to see Miss Wing on the most urgent business."

"Tell him I can't see him."

The maid mounted the stairs. Vandermeer? Vandermeer? Where had she heard that name before? Suddenly she remembered.

"All right. Show him down here," she shouted to the disappearing maid.

She might just as well see him. If she sent him away the buzzing worry of conjecture as to his urgent business would flitter about her mind. She threw down her palette and brush and impatiently rubbed her hands together. Into what shape of mortal flaccidity was she weakening? Five months ago all the urgent business of all the Vandermeers in the world could go bang when she was painting and could not get a thing right. Why should she be different now from the Clementina of five months ago? Why—why—why? With exasperated hands she further confounded the confusion of her hair.

The introduction of Vandermeer put a stop to these questionings. She received him, arms akimbo, at a short distance from the foot of the stairs.

"I must apologize, Miss Wing, for this intrusion," said he; "but perhaps you may remember ——"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted. "Ham and beef shop, which you transmogrified into a restaurant. Also Mr. Burgrave. What do you want? I'm very busy."

The sight of the mean little figure, holding his felt hat with both hands in front of him, with his pointed face, ferret eyes and red, crinkly hair, did not in any way redeem her remembered impression.

"A very grave danger is threatening Doctor Quixtus," said he. "It is impossible for me to warn him myself, so I have come to you, as a friend of his."

"Danger!" cried Clementina, taken off her guard. "What kind of danger?"

"You will only understand if I tell you a rather long story; but first I must have your promise to secrecy so far as I am concerned."

"Don't like secrecy," said Clementina.

"You can take whatever action you like," he said hastily. "It's in order that you may act in his interest that I'm here. I only want you to give your word that you won't compromise me personally. I assure you, you'll see why when I tell you the story."

Clementina reflected for a moment. It was a danger threatening Quixtus. It might be important. This little weasel of a man was of no account.

"All right," she said. "I give my word. Go ahead."

She took a pinch of tobacco from the yellow package, and a cigarette paper; and, sitting in a chair in the cool draft of the door opening on to the garden, with shaky fingers she rolled a cigarette.

"Sit down. You can smoke if you like. You can also help yourself to tea. I won't have any."

Vandermeer poured himself out some tea and cut an enormous hunk of cake.

"I warn you," said he, drawing a chair within conversational distance, "that the story will be a long one—I want to begin at the beginning."

"Go ahead, for Heaven's sake!" said Clementina.

Vandermeer was astute enough to conjecture that a sudden denunciation of Mrs. Fontaine might defeat his object by exciting her generous indignation; whereas, by gradually arousing her interest in the affairs of Quixtus, the climactic introduction of the execrated lady might pass almost unrecognized.

"The story has to do, in the first place," said he, "with three men—John Billiter, Eustace Huckaby and myself."

"Huckaby?" cried Clementina, startled. "What has he to do with you?"

"The biggest blackguard of us all," said Vandermeer.

Clementina lay back in her chair, her attention caught at once.

"Go on," she said.

Whereupon Vandermeer began; and, with remorseless veracity—for here truth was far more effective than fiction—told the story of the relations of the three with Quixtus in the days of their comparative prosperity, when he himself was on the staff of a newspaper, Billiter in possession of the fag-end of his fortune and Huckaby a coach at Cambridge. He told how one by one they sank; how Quixtus held out the helping hand. He told of the weekly dinners; the overcoat pockets.

"Not a soul on earth but you three knew anything about it?" asked Clementina in a quavering voice.

"So far as I know, not a soul."

He told of the drunken dinner; of Quixtus' anger; of the cessation of the intercourse; of the extraordinary evening when Quixtus had invited them to be his ministers of evil; of his madness; of his fixed idea to work wickedness; of his own suggestion as regarded Tommy.

"You infamous devil!" said Clementina between her set teeth. In her wildest conjectures she had never imagined so grotesque and so pitiable a history. She sat absorbed, pale-cheeked, holding the extinct stump of cigarette between her fingers.

Vandermeer paid no attention to the ejaculation. He proceeded with his story; told of Billiter and the turf; of Huckaby and the heartbreaking adventure.

"Oh, my God!" cried Clementina. "Oh, my God!"

He told of the meetings in the tavern; of the hunger and misery of the three; of the plot to use a decoy woman in Paris, who was to bleed him to the extent of three thousand pounds.

"What's her name?" she cried, her lips parted in an awful surmise.

"Lena Fontaine," said Vandermeer.

Clementina grew very white and she fell back into her chair. She felt faint. She had worked violently; she had felt violently since early morning. Vandermeer started up.

"Can I get you anything? Some water—some tea?"

"Nothing," she said shortly. The idea of receiving anything from his abhorrent hands acted as a shock. "I'm all right. Go on. Tell me all you know about her."

He related the unsavory details that he had gleaned from Billiter, scrupulously explaining that these were at second-hand. Finally he informed her with fair accuracy of Huckaby's latest report—giving, however, his own interpretation of Huckaby's conduct—and laid the position of Billiter and himself before her.

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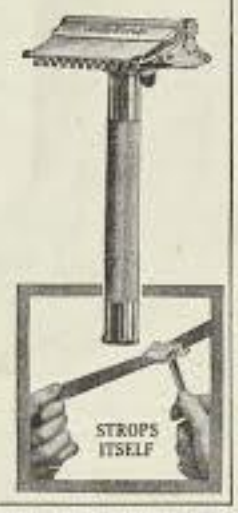
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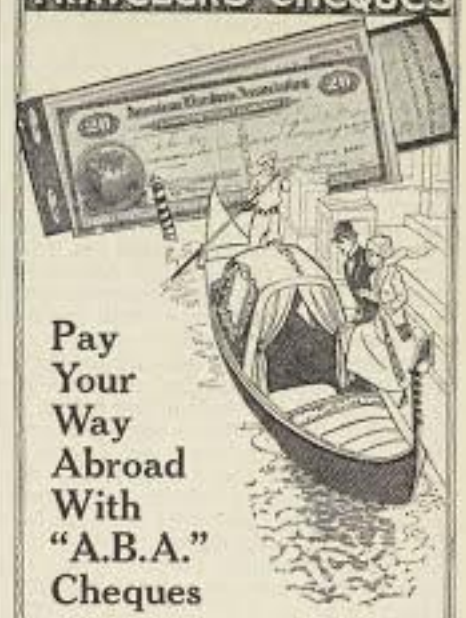
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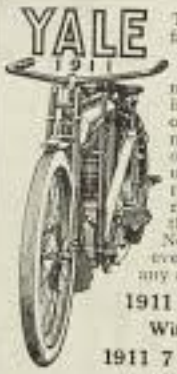
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"You see," said he, "how important it was for me to obtain your pledge of secrecy."

"And what do you get out of coming to me with this story?"

Vandermeer rose and held his hat tight. "Nothing except the satisfaction of having queered the game for both of them."

Clementina shrank together in her chair, her hands tight over her face, all her flesh a shuddering horror. Then she waved both hands at him blindly.

"Go away! Go away!" she said in a hoarse whisper.

Vandermeer's shifty eyes glanced from Clementina to a stool beside his chair. On it lay the great hunk of cake which he had cut but had not been able to eat during his narration. She was not looking. He pocketed the cake and turned—but Clementina had seen. She uttered a cry of anguish and horror.

"Oh, Lord! Are you so hungry as that? You'll find some money in that end drawer"—she pointed to an oak dresser against the gallery wall. "Take what you want to buy food with and go. Only go!"

Vandermeer opened the drawer, took out a five-pound note and, having mounted the stairs, left the studio.

Clementina staggered into the little garden, her brain reeling. She, who thought she had fathomed the depths of life and, scornful of her knowledge thereof, rode serene on the surface, knew nothing. Nothing of the wolf instinct of a man when hunger drives. Nothing of the degradation of a man when the drink fiend clutches at his throat. Lord! How sweet the air, even in this ridiculous little London garden, after the awful atmosphere of that beast of prey!

Quixtus! All her heart went out to him in fierce love and pity. Generous, high-souled gentleman at the mercy of these ravening wolves! She walked round and round the little garden path. Things obscure to her gradually became clear but many remained dark—maddeningly impenetrable. Something had happened to throw the beloved man off his balance. The Marrable trial might well be a factor. But was that enough? Yet what did the past matter? The present held peril. The web was being woven tight around him. She had hated the woman intuitively at first sight—had dreaded complications. It was a million times worse than she had in her most jealous dreams conceived. If he were lured into marriage what but disaster could be the end? And Sheila! Her blood froze at the thought of her darling coming into contact with the woman. All her sex clamored.

Before she acted, every dark corner must be illuminated. There must be no groping—no false movement. One man would certainly be able to throw light—Huckaby, the trusted friend of Quixtus. The more she thought of him the more was she amazed. Here was one of the ghastly band—an illimitable scoundrel—the one who had openly suggested to Quixtus the most despicable yet the most fantastic wickedness of all—now the confidential secretary, the collaborator, the *fidus Achates*, of the sane and disillusioned gentleman.

With sudden decision she marched into the studio and took up the telephone and gave a number. Quixtus' voice eventually answered. Who was there?

"It's me—Clementina. Is Mr. Huckaby still with you?"

Huckaby had left half an hour ago.

"Can you give me his address? I want to ask him to come and see me—to come to tea. I like him so much, you know."

The address came through the telephone. She noted it in her memory. Quixtus inquired for Sheila. Clementina gave him cheery news and rang off. All this was arrant disingenuousness and duplicity; but Clementina did not care. What woman ever does?

She ran up to her bedroom, thrust on a jacket, pinned on the hat with the wobbly rose and went out. In the King's Road she found a taxicab. A quarter of an hour brought her to Huckaby's lodgings.

He had spent a happy and untroubled day and was finishing the Phædo with great enjoyment when Clementina burst into the room. He leaped from his chair in amazement.

"My dear Miss Wing!"

"You infernal villain!" said Clementina.

Huckaby staggered back. To such a sallutation it is difficult to respond in the ordinary terms of hospitality.

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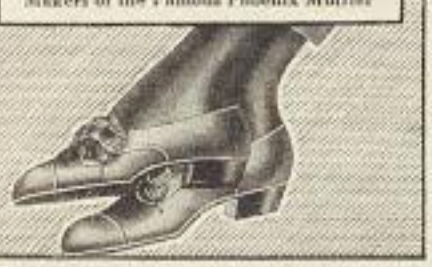
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"Will you take a seat," said he, "and explain?"

He drew a chair to the open window. She plumped herself down.

"I think it's for you to explain," she said.

"I presume," said Huckaby, after a pause, "that something in connection with my past life has come to your ears. I will grant that there was in it much that was not particularly creditable. But my conscience now is free from reproach."

Clementina sniffed. "You must have a very accommodating conscience. What about Doctor Quixtus and Mrs. Fontaine?"

"Well, what about them?"

"You know the kind of woman Mrs. Fontaine is—you introduced her to him—and yet you are allowing her to inveigle him into marriage. Oh, don't deny it! I know the whole infamous conspiracy from A to Z."

Huckaby stifled an oath. "Those brutes Vandermeer and Billiter have been giving the woman away to you!" He clenched his fists. "The blackguards!"

"I don't know anything about Van-what's-his-name or the other man. I only know one thing—this marriage is not going to take place. I might have gone straight to Doctor Quixtus; but I thought it best to see you first. There are various things I want cleared up."

Huckaby looked at the woman's strong, rugged face and then his eyes wandered round the little cool haven that was his home—and a great fear fell upon him. If Quixtus learned the truth now about Mrs. Fontaine he would never be forgiven. He would be put on the same footing as the two others; and then the abyss. Of course he could lie and Mrs. Fontaine could lie. But what would be the use? The revelation of the true facts to Quixtus would fit in only too well with his past disingenuousness and with his urgent insistence on the heartbreaking adventure. And his iron-faced visitor would soon see to it that the lies were swept away. His face grew ashen.

"You have me in your power," he said humbly. "Once I was a gentleman and a scholar. Then there were years of degradation. Now, thanks to Quixtus, I'm on the way to becoming my former self. If you denounce me to Quixtus I go back. For sheer pity's sake, don't do it."

"Let me hear what you've got to say for yourself," said Clementina grimly.

"What Quixtus' feelings are with regard to Mrs. Fontaine, I don't know. He has never spoken to me on the subject. But he certainly admires her for what she really is—a charming, well-bred woman."

"Umph!" said Clementina.

"Suppose," continued Huckaby—"Suppose we were drawn into this conspiracy. Suppose, when we came to put it into practice, both our souls revolted. Suppose she began to like Quixtus for his own sake. Suppose her soul also revolted from her past life——"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Clementina.

"I assure you it's true," he said earnestly. "Let us suppose it is, anyhow. Suppose she saw in a marriage with a good man her salvation. Suppose she was ready to make him a good wife. Suppose I thoroughly believed her. How could I, clinging to the same plank as she, do otherwise than I have done—keep silent?"

"Your duty to your benefactor should certainly outweigh your supposed duty to this worthless creature."

Huckaby sighed. "That's the woman's point of view."

Clementina made an angry gesture. "I suppose you're right. Always the confounded woman's point of view!—when one wants to look at things judicially. Yes. You couldn't give the woman away—a man's perverted notion—I see. Well—let us take it, for the sake of argument, that I believe you. What then?"

"I don't know," said he. "Mrs. Fontaine and myself are at your mercy."

"Umph!" said Clementina again. She paused, glanced shrewdly at his face as he sat forward in the chair on the opposite side of the window, twisting nervous fingers and staring out across the street.

"Tell me your story—frankly—of Doctor Quixtus," she said at last—"from the time of the Marrable trial. As many details as you can remember. I want to know."

Huckaby obeyed. He was, as he said, at her mercy. His story confirmed Vandermeer's, but it covered a wider ground and, told with truer perception, cast the desired light on dark places. She learned

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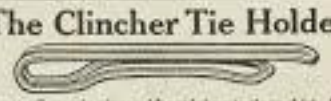
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for the first time—for hitherto she had concerned herself little with Quixtus' affairs—the fact of his disinheritance, Quixtus having, one raging day, revealed to Huckaby the history of the cynical will. She questioned him about Will Hammersley. His account of Quixtus' half given and hastily snatched confidence was a lightning flash.

Clementina rose, aghast, and walked about the room. The idea of such a horror had never entered her head. Hammersley and Angela—it was incredible, impossible. There must have been some awful hallucination. That Hammersley, Bayard without fear and without reproach, and Angela, quiet, colorless saint, could have done this thing baffled all imaginings of human passion. It was inconceivable, ludicrous, grotesque. But to Quixtus it was real. He believed it. It lay at the root of his disorder. Even now, with his disorder cured, he believed it still. She was rent with his anguish.

"My God! How he must have suffered!"

"And, in spite of everything," said Huckaby, "he is as tender to Hammersley's little daughter as if she were his own."

"Thank you for that. You've got a heart somewhere about you."

She sat down again. "When do you think this suspicion, or whatever it was, crossed his mind? Let us go back."

They talked long and earnestly. At length, Huckaby having ransacked his memory of things past, they fixed as a probable date the day of the hostless dinner. Quixtus had sent down word that he was ill. The excuse was entirely false. Nothing but severe mental trouble could have stood in the way of his taking the head of the table. Obviously something had happened. Huckaby had a vague memory of seeing Quixtus, as he entered the museum, crush a letter in his hand and stuff it into his jacket pocket. It might possibly have been a letter incriminating the pair.

Whether the conjecture was right or wrong did not greatly matter. Clementina felt now that she held the key to Quixtus' mad conduct. Blow after blow had fallen on him. Those whom he trusted had betrayed him. He had lost faith in humanity. The gentle nature could not withstand this loss of faith. There had been shock. He had set out to work devildom. The pity of it!

She uttered a queer, choking laugh. "And not one piece of wickedness could he commit!"

The summer twilight began to creep over the quiet street and the darkness deepened at the back of the room. A long, long silence fell upon them. Clementina sat as motionless as a dusky sphinx, absorbed by strange thoughts and wrung by strange emotions that made her bosom heave and her breath come quickly. A scheme—audacious, fantastic, romantic—began to shape itself in her mind, sending the blood tingling down to her feet, to her fingertips.

At last she made an abrupt movement.

"It's getting dark. What can the time be? I must go home."

She rose.

"Before I go," she said, "we must settle about Mrs. Fontaine."

"I suppose we must," groaned Huckaby. "All I ask you is to spare her as much as you can."

"We must think first of Quixtus," she replied shortly. "What we've got to do for him is to build up his faith in humanity again—not to give the little he has left another knockdown blow. See?"

Huckaby raised his head with swift hope.

"Do you mean that he must not know about her?"

"Or about you. That's what I mean."

"God bless you!" gasped Huckaby.

"All the same, this precious marriage project has got to be put a stop to—forever and ever, amen. I hope you realize that thoroughly."

Huckaby could not meet her keen eyes. He hung his head.

"I suppose you mean me to break it gently to her that—that the game is up."

"I don't mean anything of the kind," she snapped. "Now, look here. Pay strict attention. If you obey me implicitly and scrupulously I'll still see whether I can't be your friend—and I can be a good friend; but if you don't—God help you! You're not to let those two blackguards suffer on my account. Promise."

"I promise," said Huckaby.

"Then you're not to breathe a single syllable to Mrs. Fontaine. Best keep out of her way. Leave me to deal with her. I'll let her down gently, I'll give you my word on it. Is that a bargain?"

"Yes," said Huckaby.

She put out her hand frankly.

"Goodby."

He accompanied her to the front door.

"Can I get you a taxi?"

"Lord, no! When I'm a lady you can. I'll walk till I find one."

Clementina sped to Romney Place with shining eyes and a smile lurking at the corners of her lips. The first thing she did on arrival was to rush down to the telephone.

"Is that you, Ephraim?"

"Yes," came the answer.

"I've changed my mind and I'm coming to your dinner party."

"Delighted, my dear Clementina."

"Goodby."

She rang off and rushed upstairs to make a fool of herself over Sheila, who, already put to bed, lay awake in anticipation of Clementina's good-night cuddle.

"When you go to stay with your uncle I wonder whether he'll spoil you like this."

"You'll come too," said Sheila sedately, "and then you can go on spoiling me."

"Lord preserve us!" cried Clementina. "What a scandal in Russell Square!"

Toward ten o'clock Tommy made his appearance. The daily calls to inquire after her health and happiness had grown to be a sacred observance; but, as the studio was rigorously closed to him during the daylight hours, his visits were vespertinal. If she wanted him she told him to stay. If she didn't she sent him about his business. He had got into the habit of kissing her, nephew fashion, when they met and parted. She liked the habit now, for she felt that the boy loved her very dearly. And in an auntlike and comfortful way she, too, loved him with all her heart.

"Can I stay?"

She nodded.

"What have you been doing with yourself?" Clementina asked.

He entered upon a long story. Some picture or other was shaping splendidly. His uncle had taken Etta and himself out to lunch.

"Said he was thinking of going to Dinard for August. Rum place for him to go, isn't it?"

Clementina repressed a manifestation of interest in the announcement, but it set her pulses throbbing.

"I suppose he can go where he likes, can't he?" she snapped. "What kind of a lunch did you have?"

Tommy ran through the menu. It was his own selection. He had given the dear old chap some hints in gastronomy. It was wonderful how little he knew of such essential things! Seemed to have set his heart on giving them pheasant—in July! After that they had gone to see the New Futurists. His uncle seemed to know all about them. Wonderful work; but they were all erring after false gods. He thanked Heaven he had her—Clementina—to keep him orthodox. It was all absinthe and morphia. He rattled on. Clementina, leaning far back in her chair, watched the curls of cigarette smoke with shining eyes and a Leonardesque smile lurking at the corners of her lips.

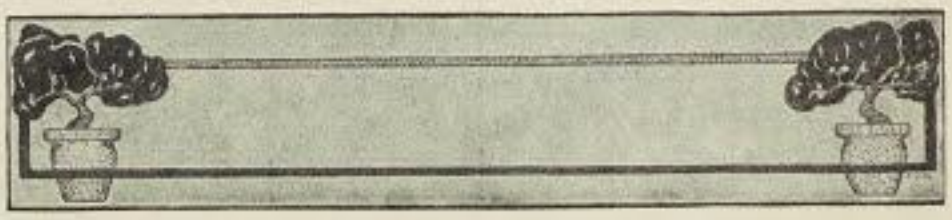
"Why, Clementina!" he cried, with sudden indignation. "You're paying not the slightest attention to me."

"Never mind, Tommy," she said. "You go on talking. It helps me to think. I'm going to have a devil of a time—the time of my life!"

"What in the world are you going to do?"

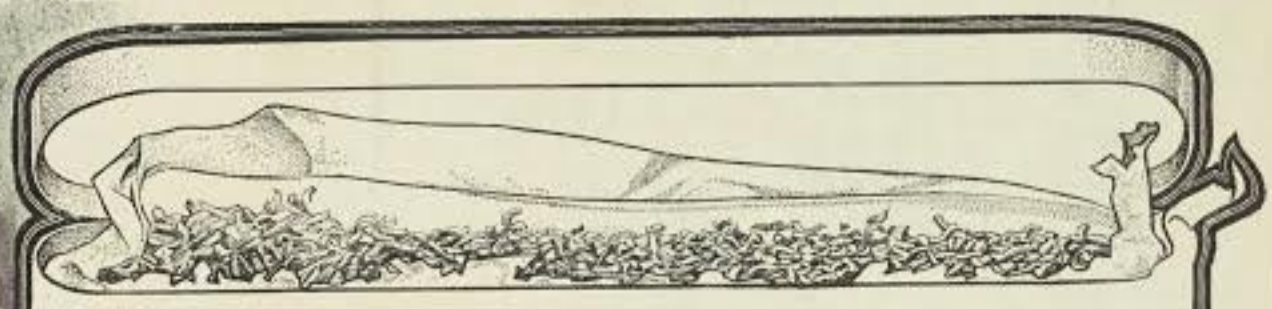
"Never mind, Tommy. Never mind. Oh, what a fool I was not to think of it before!"

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Miss Glad Iron:—You know, Sadys, mistress uses me from morning to night with never a thought of protecting her hand. And the heat that is saved keeps the point always hot, too. Your mistress certainly ought to get a Hotpoint iron, and enjoy these advantages this summer.

Miss Sad Iron:—Well from what I heard her say last ironing day, it will sure be me for the junk pile before long. When mistress sees other women ironing in such comfort—saving time, energy and trouble, I don't blame her, either.

Heat is put into an electric iron for just one purpose—to heat the sole plate to ironing temperature and keep it hot. Every particle of heat used otherwise, is lost—wasted.

Unless prevented, the whole iron will become equally hot—the top will radiate (and **waste**) as much heat as the bottom uses. And the operator must protect her hand from this radiated heat and the hot handle.

The *Hotpoint* iron is different. There is a heavy heat insulation in the top that holds the heat where it is needed. This makes the iron more comfortable to use **(no holder or protection needed)**—more efficient **(it will do heavier work and iron continuously)**—more economical **(all the electric current you pay for is used in the actual ironing).**

To prove this, pick up a *Hotpoint* iron after it has been in service an hour. That cool handle and top will be a revelation. The easily removable plug cuts off the current and stops the expense as soon as the iron is heated.

Then there is the attached stand—no lifting, simply tip it up, and the iron is so nicely balanced it requires scarcely any effort. Guaranteed two years. Price $5.00.

Dealers in most towns sell Hotpoint Irons

In most towns there is a dealer or lighting company that sells Hotpoint appliances. Buy of him if you can. But do not accept anything else. And if they will not get them for you, send your check to our nearest office and we will gladly pay the express charges. We cannot fill the order unless you give voltage.

Hotpoint

QUALITY

Household Iron —the iron that will do all the household ironing—do it quicker, easier, better and cheaper than any other method. 3 pound is narrow, for sleeves, etc.; 5 pound will do all ordinary work; 6 pound does the heaviest work as well as the light pieces. It is the most popular size. Either size, express paid, $5.00.

Utility —the handy little outfit—iron, stove and curling-tong heater, all in one—see description at right. $6.00.

El Tosto —the sturdy little electric toaster cheers the morning meal. Makes delicious golden brown toast right on the table. Keeps the coffee hot, too. If your dealer hasn't it we express for $4.00.

El Stovo —an attractive electric disc stove makes summer cooking easier. Handsomely finished in nickel—so handy for little spreads—fine for the chafing dish or use on the veranda. $5.00 express paid.

El Boilo —a neat little immersion heater—heats liquids hot in a hurry. Boudoir size $3.00. Kitchen size $4.00.

El Perco —the attractive electric percolator. Brews delicious coffee without boiling—right on the table. Made of heavy copper—two sizes, 5 and 7 cup—finished in either nickel or burnished copper. $7.50 and $8.00, express paid.

Put a Utility into your Grip

These days, wherever you go, there will be times when an available electric light socket will offer conveniences and comforts galore—*provided* you had the forethought to put a Utility Outfit into your grip.



A perfect little 2½ pound electric iron, highly nickel plated and efficient for all light work. Or, invert it on the stand that is furnished, put the dish in place and you can quickly boil a couple of cups of water—also an opening where the curling tong can be heated without additional current.

The daintiest little combination yet produced—and thoroughly practical, too, for travelers—students—apartment dwellers.

The whole outfit: iron—stand—cooking dish with cover and handle—telescopes and packs into an attractive ooze leather shopping bag. Total weight 3¼ pounds. Price, $6.00. If you don't find it easily, we will be glad to send you one, express prepaid, from our nearest address.

Like all of our products, the Utility is guaranteed 2 years.

Dealers and Lighting Companies—If these goods are not sold in your town this is the time for you to order samples on our special proposition and test them out. Ask for our selling plan.

Pacific Electric Heating Co.

Main Office and Factory, Ontario, Calif.
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STANFORD
"HIP-FIT"
THE INVISIBLE
Trouser Support

At last, a *perfect* Trouser Support, that insures both *neat appearance* and *absolute comfort!* No more unsightly suspenders, or tight "pulling-in" of belts and "bunching" of trousers.

Made of light gauze, with durable *silk elastic over hips and in back—conforms to body IN ANY POSITION*, and supports trousers *even if all around.* Prevents trousers from sagging down and *shirt from "working up."* Cool, serviceable, durable. Belt may be worn *for appearance only.*

If your haberdasher or tailor cannot supply you, send us $1.00 and your waist measurement (taken *snugly just above hips and under trousers*), and we will send you a Stanford "Hip-Fit" by mail, postpaid. *Learn what "Hip-Fit" comfort is, and you will never again wear suspenders or attempt to hold your trousers up with a belt. If not entirely satisfactory, send it back and we will refund your money.*

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Complete book of
100 HOMES
Suited to any climate. One and Two story.

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San Francisco, Cal.



Motor Trucks Reliable—
The Evidence

THESE groups of trucks are concrete evidence—specific instances of the reliability of motor trucks. These illustrations show a portion of the equipment of two of the most modern department stores of Pittsburg—firms whose hard-headed business judgment is recognized in every market in the United States—whose judgment cannot be warped by hearsay nor prejudiced by unfounded claims. These firms and hundreds of others like them, have tested the White gasoline motor trucks and found them the most efficient form of delivery. In some cases the trucks are used to make house-to-house delivery—in others, to make the long hauls to distributing points; but however used, if properly employed, these motor trucks are big factors for economy.

White Trucks—Why?

WHITE trucks get the verdict always, whenever the evidence is submitted, because the evidence is only the story of splendid performance, and this performance is the direct result of the design of the White engine—of its simplicity—of its accessibility—and of the long-stroke, medium-sized cylinders. This supremacy of design is backed by a similar supremacy in manufacture—the best materials that modern science has yet produced are found in these White trucks—the latest scientific alloys of steel, heat-treated. White trucks are made in three sizes, with the engine standardized in all types to simplify the mechanical problem. This flexibility of sizes, which permits the White truck to be adapted to almost any business, allows it to solve any delivery problem, even if there are special or unusual requirements; and it does the work economically.

Let us submit a solution of your delivery problem—also catalogues and testimonials of the world's largest users.

The White Company

889 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



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Fresh—Crisp—Delicious
Won its Favor Through its Flavor.
Made from Selected White Corn

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W. K. Kellogg

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MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



Like Toasted Nuts



Like Fairy Wafers

Two Royal Foods

Prof. Anderson's Inventions — Grains Exploded by Steam Puffed to Eight Times Normal Size

One is durum wheat, selected kernels. One is white, plump, luscious rice.

The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

Thus the moisture in the grain is converted to steam, and brought to terrific pressure. Suddenly the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so that digestion acts instantly.

The grains which shoot out are eight times normal size. They are crisp and brown and porous. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Never were cereals made half so enticing — never half so digestible — as these gigantic grains.

We conducted a lunch room in the heart of New York when Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were new. And we watched hundreds of people, day after day, flock there to get these foods.

Since then we have seen the home demand grow until 20,000,000 dishes are now consumed monthly.

Every two minutes, night and day, a gun filled with these foods is exploded.

This appeal is directed to you who don't know them — you who don't know what you've missed.

We ask you to buy just one package of each. Serve them in one of the ways we suggest. Do it now — while the weather is hot — for these are the summer foods.

One dish will tell the whole story. It will open the way to endless meals, more delightful than any without it.

Seven Ways to Serve

For breakfast, serve Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with sugar and cream, like any other cereal.

Or mix the Wheat and the Rice together. Some folks like the blended foods better than either.

Or mix the puffed grains with your berries. They go well with the tart of fruit.

For luncheon or supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. The puffed grains are crisper than crackers, and four times as porous as bread. They are whole-grain foods.

For dinner, use Puffed Rice as a garnish to ice cream. 'Twill suggest to you toasted nuts.

Use Puffed Rice in candy making — just as you might use nuts. Directions on the package.

Between meals, children like to eat the puffed grains dry, sprinkled with a little salt. Boys like to have a pocketful at play. The puffed grains are ideal for between-meal foods, for nothing else so easily digests.

These two distinct foods, served in these many ways, offer a wide variety. Telephone your grocer for a package of each and try some of these suggestions.

Puffed Wheat, 10c

Except in Extreme West

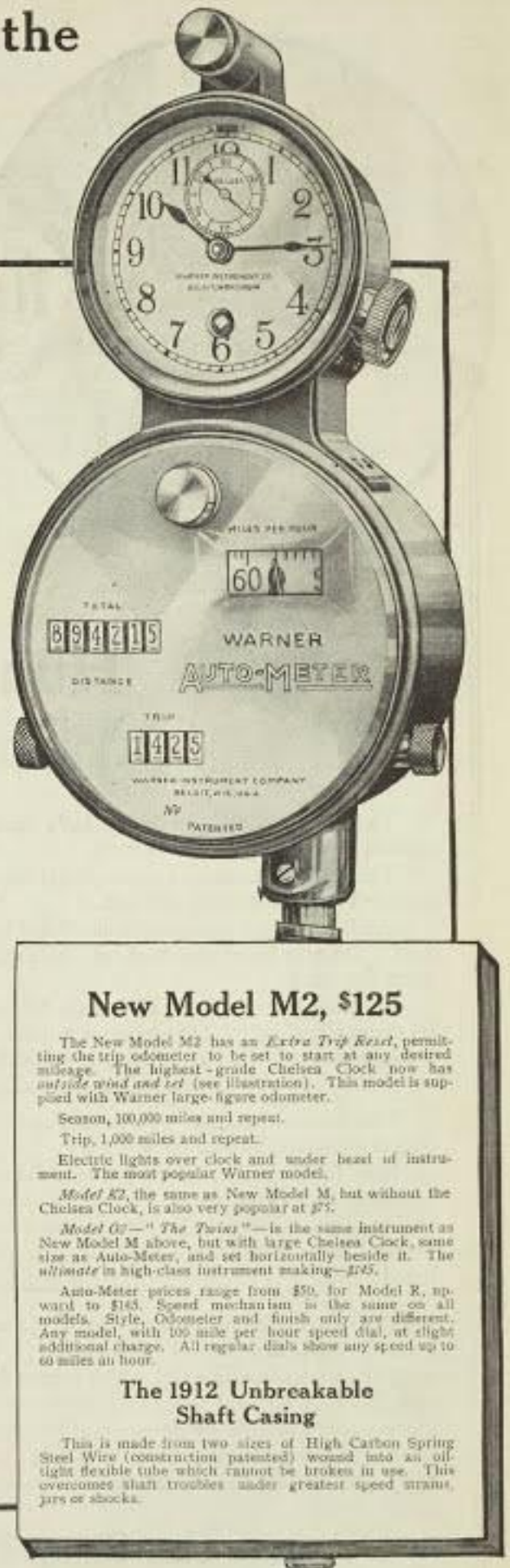
Puffed Rice, 15c

The Quaker Oats Company — Sole Makers

CHICAGO

(197)

The Warner Auto-Meter is Recognized as the "Hall-Mark of QUALITY" on an Automobile



PROSPECTIVE buyers and those in doubt decide on the quality of the car from the speed indicator it carries.

Note Why This Is True—

The speed indicator is the most looked-at thing on a car. The driver refers to it constantly every instant the car is in motion. Aside from indicating speed and distance it is used to check up every important operation of the car—to determine the efficiency of tires, how much gasoline per mile is being used, and in many other ways *it audits the car's performance.*

Because of its marvelous sensitiveness and accuracy and its ability to *continuously* give perfect service during the life of *many cars*, the Warner Auto-Meter is the speed indicator used on the choicest and best cars everywhere.

The Warner is so generally used on Quality cars that its presence on an automobile is accepted by the motoring public as evidence that the car itself is good and reliable.

It is an everyday occurrence to hear one motorist say to another: "I don't see the name of the car, but it *must be a good one*, for it has a Warner on it."

It is logical that it should be so.

Car designs are so uniform that it is difficult to tell one car from another—or the poor from the good by looking at them. For the points which make one car better than another are concealed under the hood—or the floor—or are covered with paint and varnish.

The Warner Auto-Meter is always in plain sight. Its supreme quality is generally known. It implies the same quality throughout the car.

Of course there are the uncaring in the automobile world as elsewhere. Anything that runs is to them a "good automobile." Any speed indicator is "good" if the hand moves. The term "sweet running motor" has no meaning to them and "accuracy and exactness" in the speed indicator is a secondary consideration to *price.*

We cannot sell—nor do we want to—the man content with inferiority and who puts price before performance.

One part of our trade is drawn from the *car manufacturer* who makes a good, reliable car—and who refuses to be influenced by the fact that "he does not make it and is thereby not responsible," to equip his good car with an inferior and unreliable speed indicator.

Such manufacturers either equip with the Warner or insist that their dealers and agents recommend it as of even quality with their car.

The other part of our trade comes from the car buyer who purchases a good car and desires every item of equipment to be in harmony with it. **Those who care, specify and insist on the**

New Model M2, $125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer.

Season, 100,000 miles and repeat.

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at $75.

Model G7—"*The Twins*"—is the same instrument as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—$105.

Auto-Meter prices range from $50, for Model R, upward to $145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model, with 100 mile per hour speed dial, at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles an hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Company

Main Offices and Factory

1159 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta	Chicago	Denver	Kansas City	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Boston	Cincinnati	Detroit	Los Angeles	Pittsburg	Seattle
Buffalo	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New York	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis



In the Country



In the Woods



In the City

Hungry People Everywhere Want Van Camp's in August

These are the days when we don't need to argue—the summer months when nobody wants to cook.

The outdoor months when people get hungry. And what else satisfies the hungry as do pork and beans?

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment. They have greater food value than beef. Do you know any food, at any cost, which people in general enjoy like this?

Millions of people now let us do the baking. They carry their meals on the pantry shelf, ready to serve in a minute. They buy Van Camp's a dozen cans at a time, and often serve them daily.

Everywhere in summer—in country and city, outdoors and indoors—people are eating Van Camp's.

Now, for the first time, many thousands are learning how good baked beans can be. They are proving that beans, when properly baked, are easy to digest. They are learning the need for steam ovens.

And never again will those people be satisfied with indigestible, half-baked beans.

They are finding Van Camp's nut-like, mealy and whole. They find them all of one size, and all baked alike.

They are learning the zest which tomato sauce has, made of whole, vine-ripened tomatoes. And they always will want it baked with the beans—baked into the beans—as they find it in Van Camp's.

And we have learned this: When hot weather is over those folks don't go back to home-baked beans, to the mushy and broken, the hard-to-digest. Every summer season brings Van Camp's a myriad new, permanent users.

When you want ready-baked beans, and want them right, insist on getting Van Camp's. You'll get Michigan beans then—the whitest and plumpest, picked out by hand. You'll get a sauce made from Livingston Stone tomatoes—from the whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines.

You'll get beans baked in steam ovens, at 245 degrees. Not a bean will be crisped, not one will be broken. Yet the beans will be baked five times as well as the usual home-baked beans.

The dish will come to your table with all the rich savor it had when it came from our ovens. Yet you can serve it cold in a minute, or hot in ten minutes. It is always ready.

Get Van Camp's once and you'll always demand them. They command by far the largest sale in the world because no other beans are like them. And not many people want any but the best in such cheap, delicious food.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Ind.**



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EATING FOR EFFICIENCY

Fueling the Bread-and-Butter Motor for Ages and Occupations

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



The Poor Youngsters Could Hardly Have Grown Up Had it Not Been for What They Begged From the Cook

MAN, biologically considered, is nothing but a stomach and its appendages—a thickish cast of his food tube. The only great organ in our interior, neither paired nor made in halves, is the stomach. It is the center of our universe, our only one and indivisible ego. To paraphrase the Grand Monarque, "*L'estomac; c'est moi*—the stomach; that is I." If you would hit a man's heart aim at his stomach. It is the real seat of the emotions and the physiological home of the soul.

Man is wonderfully proud of his erect position, but practically still, as Napoleon said of his army, he travels on his stomach like a serpent.

No mental triumph or moral uplift will be permanent unless it results in an improvement of the food supply. The Renaissance unlocked the granaries of a new world and the Victorian resurgence harnessed the elements themselves to the plow and the mill. As Ferrero puts it: "The only durable conquests are conquests made with the plow." He was a wise king of France who, when asked what was his ideal of prosperity for his people, replied that "Every peasant should have a fowl in the pot."

Neither body nor brain will work unless well fed, any more than an engine will run without coal; and the better they are fed, the better work they will do. Plain living and high thinking may go together, but the coincidence is purely accidental, like that between poverty and the virtues. The more pennies the high thinker can get for his thoughts, the better. The bread-and-butter motor which we call man has taken ten million years to make. It were a shame to run it at half speed for the sake of saving mere fuel. We are of more value than many butchers' bills; and of all false economies the falsest is economy in food. Let that be rich and abundant and you can live out-of-doors and go half naked with impunity.

Keep up a good head of steam pressure in your boiler and you are ready for any emergency, armed against any attack. Let it run low and you can neither fight nor run. Starvation will make cowards of us all.



"Pack and Trifle With Their Appetites All Day Long"

We are what we have eaten. We are galvanized into that series of jerks which we term life by a current of sun-energy flowing through us; and the slot for the plug of the switch that connects us with the great sun-dynamo is the mouth. Pull out that plug, cut that wire—and our vital spark begins to flicker; and when the small supply of sun-current stored in our body-batteries is exhausted out it goes like an arc-light when the current is cut off. We literally hang on to life with our teeth. It is far better to be born with the germs of a good set of teeth in our mouths than with the proverbial "silver spoon."

It is one of the most merciful dispensations of Providence, one of the most convincing proofs of the kindness of Nature, that we actually enjoy chewing our end of the food-wire every time our body-battery is recharged, though we repeat it three times a day, every day in the week and every month in the year, all our lives long.

Happiness at Mealtimes a Sterling Virtue

THINK what a ghastly treadmill, what a weariness to the flesh, life would become if it were not so! In the aggregate, the joy of eating is the greatest and most enduring of the joys of life; like the mercies of Jehovah, it is "fresh every morning and renewed every evening." Yet most of us would be ashamed to admit it in public. We hurry to the table at the stroke of the clock, fall with silent and sawmill-like voracity upon our food; and if we spend more than twenty minutes in ingulfing it we think we are wasting our time!

Eating is a sacrament of Nature; and the most wholesome ceremonial rite ever invented by the ethnic religions was the feast. Why not frankly recognize it as such and elevate cookery to a fine art and the serving of tables to a profession of priestly honor and dignity—and make happiness at mealtimes a virtue and a part of our religion?

There is no such thing as menial service in this world if we only had the wit to see it. Put brains into it and it becomes a profession equal to any in dignity and far superior in importance to most. A cook may look at a king. Let me spread the tables of a people and I care not who makes their laws. Feasting excels fasting in wholesomeness as much as it does in popularity.

Enjoyment from a biologic point of view is Nature's mark of approval, her "pure food" label; and in order to enjoy what we eat we must eat what we enjoy. Appetite is not merely a whim or caprice, a mere preliminary flourish to the grand overture of feeding, which may be omitted or disregarded at pleasure; but it is the one and only solid foundation for a good digestion. "May good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," is a wish pretty safe to be fulfilled. "Good is as good tastes" is a safe and reliable rule in dietetics.

We have not been experimenting for half a million years as human beings—and ten million years before that as animals—for nothing. What we like is pretty apt to like us, with a few occasional exceptions; and when we have an instinctive liking for a food it usually means that it is good fuel—clean-burning, free from clinkers and excess of ash, and neither likely to clog our flues with soot nor burn holes in our boilers.

Nature herself today regards an appetizing flavor or smell as of such fundamental importance that she will not start up her digestion-factory without it. We all know how the smell or even sight of savory food will start our mouths to watering, as we say—in other words, our salivary glands to secreting. Pavloff showed, years ago, that, unless this preliminary reaction occurs and this mouth-watering saliva be swallowed, the stomach will fail to secrete in advance of the coming of the food a certain preliminary form of gastric juice—the now famous appetite juice; and if this juice fails to be secreted the food may lie in the stomach for hours before it begins to digest.

Simply to "poke things down" when mealtime comes, whether you have any relish for them or not, is almost as bad for the digestion as it is for the enjoyment of the meal.

How Appetite Aids Digestion

IF YOU haven't a good appetite go out and get one by exercise in the open air, or change your boarding house or your cook. The same sort of long-distance telephone which sets the eating and digesting machinery going continues all through the meal—each particular kind of food taken sending down its message to the stomach, or the pancreas, or the liver—and they as promptly sending messages back when as much of each kind as they are able to dispose of has been taken in. So that the same mentor which told you when to begin and what to choose tells you how much of each sort to eat and when to stop, in tones that can scarcely be mistaken.

No one of his own accord would make a meal entirely on dry bread or gorge himself solely upon beefsteak, or endeavor to satisfy his hunger with chunks of pure butter or with sugar by the tablespoonful. All we know is that we get tired of or quickly lose our appetite for any one of these single foods alone, no matter how nutritious or digestible it may be. The real reason, however, is that Nature has provided digestive capacity for only such amounts of each of these as she can utilize in the body; and when this limit has been reached we loathe that particular kind of food. We always crave or "jest naturally hanker for" butter on our bread, potatoes with our meat, sugar and cream with our mush, and pudding, pie, dessert or fruit at the end of every meal.

All attempts to regulate our dietary by limiting ourselves to one dish of the meal—or, indeed, to any number under four or five—are simply forms of starvation, useful, perhaps, in getting rid of fat, but incapable of sustaining



The Warden Declared That He Always Had Hopes of the Reformation of a Criminal Who Had Retained His Taste for Apple Pie!

good working power and health. The ancient article of faith that it was a virtue to always leave the table feeling as if we could have eaten a little more is pure superstition, based on the Puritanic assumption that anything we don't like to do is sure to be good for us. Eat until you feel satisfied is the safest rule for health. Very few human beings have the appetite of pigs—even when they "let go" completely; when they have they had better indulge it; they'll probably survive it—worse luck! Some of those who have made more money than they ever earned spend it as foolishly and unwholesomely as they made it; but the sooner they are dead the better, so that the rule, "Eat till you feel you've had enough," still holds.

There is just one kind of good food—and that is every kind. After millions of experiments and thousands of analyses; after elaborate measurements and most delicate balancings of calories taken in and heat and work given out; after checking nitrogen intake against nitrogen outgo—the physiologist has finally come to a conclusion about foods closely resembling that of the Kentucky colonel on whisky. Some one had spoken in his presence of a certain brand as "bad whisky." "Suh," said the colonel in his politest but most positive tones, "there is no such thing as bad whisky. Some kinds are better than others and others are poorer than some; but they are all good, suh!"

The worst fault that any food can have is that there is not enough of it. The advice of "old Mis' Means," in the Hoosier Schoolmaster: "Git a plenty while yer a-gittin'!" is an admirable and fundamental dietetic maxim. One of the consolations of our increasing knowledge is that it has become so enormously complex as to show signs of becoming simple again. After trying every imaginable patent substitute and fancy cookery improvement and laboratory "demnition product," we have finally reached the conclusion that, after all, there is nothing to eat but food. And the only foods that will fill the bill and supply the energy, and stand the wear and tear of three meals a day, seven days out of the week, are the good, common, old-fashioned, every-day foods, fresh from Nature's laboratory, just as they grow or come on our tables—bread and butter, and meat, and cake and cheese, and fruit and pie, and sausages, and buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, and coffee with cream in it—the kinds "that mother used to make."

The Richest Foods the Best

EVEN our sick-room dietaries are now made to resemble every-day diets as closely as possible. No laboratory has ever yet been able to improve upon Nature. For teas and gruels, and panadas and jellies, and pulps and slops of every description, we now substitute pure milk and fresh eggs, and beef and fresh fruits of all sorts, and sugar, and bread and biscuits, and ice cream, much to the advantage of our patients in every way. And there is scarcely a single disease, except inflammatory conditions of the digestive tract, for which starvation, even in the form politely termed "low diet," is considered a remedy. Even strictly to limit food intake in cases of chronic digestive disturbance is no longer invariable. A "dose" of good, wholesome food is often one of the best intestinal antiseptics.

There is not even one food for childhood, and another for manhood, and another for old age—but only different-proportion amounts of the same seventy or eighty different common foods; and the best guides to these various proportions and amounts are our own natural preferences at these different ages. Children, contrary to the general impression, need the richest and most expensive and nutritious kinds of food, of all the ages and of a somewhat less varied range. Like the young of all birds and animals, no matter what their adult diet may be, we start as carnivora-eaters of liquid flesh, called milk. The nitrogen-containing foods—meat, eggs, milk, with fat in the form of butter and cream—should form the backbone of the dietary in childhood, supplemented, but never supplanted, by the starches and sugars—bread, biscuit, puddings, cake, candy and sweet fruits—and, last and poorest of all, mush.

Acid fruits and a moderate amount of fresh vegetables are also wholesome, but for these children as a rule have only a limited appetite.

Here, again, the wisdom of babes is superior to that of Solomon, for the sour fruits and the green vegetables are the very poorest and lowest in fuel-value of all our foods, being ninety-five per cent water and fiber; and the child's stomach is really so small that he has no room for such shavings in his firebox; while the acids, alkalies and salts which they contain, though valuable in adult and later life, are present in abundance in his milk, meat, eggs, bread and sweet fruits. Of all the starches and grain, wheat in some form is king in childhood, as in every age of life, because it contains most of the life-building nitrogen combined with its starch. Children love good bread and butter, or biscuits, or toast, or wheat cereals, but take only a languid interest in rice, potatoes, oatmeal or cornmeal. And they know not only on which side their bread is buttered but what color it should be and how thick—just thick enough to carry the butter properly.



If We Spend More Than Twenty Minutes in Ingulfing it We Think We are Wasting Our Time

It is not best to force children's tastes for fear they will not be able to eat everything that comes on the table later in life. They really have rather a limited range of likings up to ten or twelve years of age. Milk and bread and butter, and eggs, and bacon and fresh meat, and plain cake, and sugar and home-made candy, and plenty of sweet fruits, and a few nuts and green vegetables cover most of their requirements. To their fresh and unblunted palates many articles of diet which adults appreciate highly taste strong and rank, and even nauseating—in their direct and simple phrase, "Nasty!" Though there are exceptions, as a rule these articles of diet are not very nutritious and are quite unnecessary for them; and there need be little fear but that they will develop a taste for them later in life, just as they do for many other things for which they care little in childhood. Nature never provides an instinct ahead of its time.

To compel children to eat whatever is put on their plates or some of everything on the table is both foolish and unnecessary, though it is entirely of a piece with many other things that are done in the name of education and training. You cannot put old palates into young mouths any more than you can put old heads on young shoulders, and the combination would be as ridiculous as impossible in both cases. Old heads and toughened palates are bad enough in the old, without endeavoring to impose them upon the young before their time. Much of the so-called wisdom of advancing years is little better than a more pompous kind of foolishness. And the sapience which lays down children's dietaries is emphatically of this order, for these are usually constructed upon the plan of containing as much as possible of things which are cheap and easy to prepare. "Oh, that will do for the children and servants!" is a common Old World phrase. What the children really needed physiologically did not enter into consideration at all, any more than what they personally preferred. Many of the old-fashioned "plain and simple" dietaries for children were so outrageously deficient in both nitrogen and fuel-value that the poor youngsters could hardly have grown up on them had it not been for what they "commandeered" from the jam closet and the pantry, or begged from the cook—just like the educational menus upon which the young minds of the rising generation are expected to nourish themselves.

Children usually have little liking for dishes of strong, burning or pungent flavor, or for foods that have been heavily salted or peppered, or otherwise highly seasoned; and this repugnance is a real protection, and should be respected and even encouraged instead of attempting to overcome it at the earliest possible age. The simple, natural flavors of the two or three dozen most common and most nutritious foods are really better and more enjoyable than any amount of seasonings and spicings; and the later in mature life we can retain these simple tastes of childhood the longer it will be before we begin to grow old—and wicked. The warden of Millbank Prison declared that he always had hopes of the reformation of a criminal who has retained his taste for apple pie! No small share of the function of spices and pungent flavorings is either to stimulate the jaded palate of middle age or to disguise the faded and musty flavors of cheap and decaying scraps. The skill of the culinary artist is too often wasted in making palatable that which is not fit to eat.

Hash, for instance, is an onioned sepulcher; and if we never ate anything except those things which are appetizing and palatable, without being highly flavored or smothered in sauces and rich gravies, we should avoid many an attack of indigestion and of ptomaine poisoning. Children often have a distaste



A "Dose" of Good, Wholesome Food is Often One of the Best Intestinal Antiseptics

amounting almost to disgust for rank and coarse vegetables like cabbage, turnips and onions, or for beans or strong cheese, or for the coarser or oily kinds of fish, and for salt fish and salt meats. For most of these they will naturally develop an appetite and liking in after life—but, even should they not, these vegetables have exceedingly little food value; and beans and salt meat and dried fish, unless very carefully prepared, are so likely to upset the digestion that their high nutritive value is heavily discounted by this fact.

It is relatively seldom that children have a dislike for any food which is nutritious, digestible and free from any objectionable character. It is much better to let them take their food supply from a few simple, nutritious and digestible articles of diet, and to let these unessential tastes develop later, either from natural growth or from the pressure of necessity.

Many of these coarser vegetables, particularly cabbage and turnips, belong to the bygone Dark Ages of dietetics, when it was impossible to secure fresh foods for about six months in the year, and when dried or salted foods were the only resource in the seasons of scarcity and famine that were of decennial occurrence.

Though children are exceedingly fond of fat in the shape of butter or cream, or the more delicately flavored nuts—such as almonds, English walnuts and pecans, and these form a small but very necessary part of their diet—yet they often have an equally decided distaste for the somewhat ranker and slightly musky flavors of the fat of mutton, beef and pork. Those of us whose memories go back to the period when children were brought up strictly and compelled to eat everything that was put on their plates can remember that the morsels that most frequently survived in tallowlike isolation upon that greasy surface were pieces—or, in the downright phraseology of childhood, "gobs"—of fat meat which, like Banquo's ghost, would not down.

The Surest Way of Wasting Food

IN THOSE days this distaste was regarded as pure perversity; and as the principal purpose of education and training was to teach children that no nonsense of any sort would be tolerated, and that they must learn to do what they did not like just because they did not like it, the unfortunate youngster had to swallow his lump of fat or take the consequences. His vindication has come at last, however, for careful experiments on both children and grownups have shown that the fat of meat, and still more the fatty flesh of the richer fishes, are far less digestible than butter and cream, and when they do fail to digest give rise to some of the most dangerous and poisonous products that are formed in the alimentary canal. One little piece of fat that has undergone the rancid butyric-acid fermentation will upset the entire digestive tracts and system.

Let the child cut most of the fat off his meat and pile the butter on his bread half an inch thick if he wants to. Nature knows what she is about when she urges him to do both of these. Incidentally it might be remarked that the most effective way of wasting a piece of food is to compel any one to swallow it who does not want it, or to eat it yourself, "just to keep it from being wasted."

I knew an old guide in the Canadian wilderness who was not altogether of this opinion, for it was his habit when camp was being broken up to put on the bark table for the last meal every particle of food which was not in shape to be packed into the baskets or canoes, and he would sit down and devour it to the last crumb. When we remonstrated with him that he had better throw the stuff away than cram himself like that he would shake his old head and reply: "Petter that the pelly should pust than the good grub should go to waste." I fancy that even the most rigid economist in the matter of eating would hardly be prepared to go as far as that.

Unfortunately many of the so-called cheap foods and economic dietaries recommended to the poor by diet kitchens and schools of domestic economy, though they may serve to support life and furnish a fair degree of working power for adults, are exceedingly ill-suited to

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THE LAST EDITION

By Svetozar Tonjoroff

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

JOHN BOLAND sat at his desk with shoulders humped forward, looking over the proofs of the morning's issue of the Standard and nervously tearing each slip into bits after he had read it. The shaded light overhead showed a thin, oddly lined face, with firm lips, scant gray hair and the wrinkled forehead of a man who has lived in perpetual anxiety. The pile of torn paper on the floor by his chair indicated that he had been through most of the night's proofs and that presstime for the last edition was near. Yet he continued to tear those ink-smutted strips with a steady, conscientious movement of the fingers, as if much depended upon the thoroughness of his destructive work.

Suddenly a two-line "head" caught those penetrating gray eyes that had seen with a swift, trained glance through many a questionable affair. He read the matter over twice, with a mildly curling underlip, arose, walked in a leisurely way to the brass rail that cut off his desk from the remainder of the large, dingy room and called to the night editor:

"Henry, take a good look at galley twenty-nine—the story slugged 'Page One.'"



"Boland, You're the First Man Who's Ever Stood Up to Me in All My Life"

"Yes, sir," responded the night editor from the hollow of the horseshoe desk, fingering the long, narrow slips that hung from the spike at his elbow.

"Kill it," ordered the managing editor, in that quiet voice that nobody had ever heard him raise.

"But—but, Mr. Boland ——"

The night editor shoved his chair back with a clatter from the opening of the horseshoe, approached the rail and began to explain to his chief in an embarrassed undertone:

"I ran that at the personal request of William B. Hansford."

"I don't care if you ran it at the personal request of the Sultan of Sulu, or the Metropolitan of Philippopolis. Consolidated Coal isn't getting any advertising in this paper unless it's run in the advertising columns."

The night editor hesitated. He lowered his voice.

"You know Hansford is chairman of the executive committee of Con. Coal ——"

"Con. Coal is good. It's a 'con' all right!"

"And you've heard that he's negotiating for ——"

"Yes; but he hasn't got the Standard yet. Kill it dead. This paper isn't in the business of cracking up rotten corporations—not yet anyway!"

When the night editor had turned away, slowly shaking a doubting head, Boland resumed his seat, ran his eyes down the last of the proofs, tore the paper reflectively into bits, sat back in his chair, clipped off the end of his cigar and put the weed between his teeth without lighting it. The dry smoke was the outward sign of heavy thinking with John Boland—and he was doing some heavy thinking now. For it was an office secret that William B. Hansford, of Cincinnati, whom the "Row" knew as a successful speculator in moribund newspapers, had been trying to get control of the Standard. What would happen if the deal were to go through Boland surmised at this moment with a wince. For Hansford was the high priest of the saffron cult and the traditions of the Standard were staid and sober in the extreme. Boland had come to the Standard twenty years before, with glowing ideas of what a newspaper should be. Gradually, under the repressive influence of a management consisting mainly of two old maids, he had subsided to the drab level of what was required of him. He recalled now that his fiftieth birthday would arrive in six days; and he turned over in his unquiet mind the dictum of the "Row," that at fifty a newspaper man has ceased to be useful, and that it behooves him to look around for a suitable old men's home in which to end his days with a minimum of discomfort.

And then he fell to thinking of his two daughters at the finishing school in West One Hundred and Twentieth Street and of what would become of them in the event of the sale of the paper to this man Hansford, who had the name of a bully. Ten years earlier the problem would have been easy of solution, but now, when Boland was all but fifty, with a well-established reputation for the sort of journalism at which the "Row" had been scoffing, it would be quite another matter.

His forehead became unmistakably moist and the wrinkles grew deeper upon it as he surveyed the gloomy prospect. He pulled out his check-book and summed up his balance in bank. He shook his head as he contemplated the flimsy thinness of the barrier that lay between those girls and distress. A rapid apportionment of the modest total showed him that, in the event of the loss of his employment, chaos would come in two months—yes, in six weeks. His adventurings into the higher mathematics were interrupted by the awed voice of Eddy, the office-boy:

"Mr. Hansford, Mr. Boland!"

The mention of the name gave Boland a start; yet he replied with his habitual outward calm:

"Show him in."

The next moment a huge bulk in evening clothes, his overcoat open and displaying an unnecessary amount of white shirt-front, his opera hat tilted jauntily back, strode in, and the brass gate swung behind him with a creak.

"Are you Mr. Moreland?" he asked in a slightly asthmatic voice, his hat maintaining its position firmly on his oddly shaped long head.

"No; my name's Boland," replied the managing editor, nettled by the aggressive atmosphere that surrounded the personality of the speculator in moribund newspapers.

"Oh, yes—Mr. Boland!" the other corrected himself, as he advanced with a heavy thump of heels. He waved a fat gloved hand in a deprecating way, as if he really meant to say: "Well, Moreland or Boland, it's all the same. What's the use of splitting hairs?"

He settled himself massively into the armchair beside the managing editor's desk, adjusted his hat at a slightly forward angle, crossed his elephantine legs with an effort and began to set forth his business with simple directness:

"My name's Hansford—W. B. Hansford, of Cincinnati—and I've come to take over the paper."

He said it with a long, sharp face thrust forward, and close-set, disagreeable eyes flickering with an unpleasant light. The man at the desk caught his breath, then quickly recovered himself.

"You've put the deal through, then, Mr.—Mr. Bamford?" he asked, in that gentle voice that concealed much dynamic force. He could not resist the retort in kind.

"Hansford—Hansford!" rejoined the other testily, with a look of doubt. Then he waived the digression as unworthy of the time and the place and went on unfolding a paper, which he laid on the desk before the managing editor.

"Run your eyes over that. I take charge of the property at noon today. And I want to begin getting ready now."

Boland, as he bent over the sealed and signed paper with a queer fluttering sensation in the region of his heart, heard the click of closing jaws, like the click of a sprung trap. He became aware that his own lips were quivering never so slightly; that a hot wave over his body was being fast pursued by a cold one. He found himself cursing his chief and mildly censuring the two old maids who had got from under and left him to deal with this situation. Finally he raised his head from the scrutiny of the document and nodded his assent with the casual air of a man who has been examining an innocuous account of a Saint Patrick's Day dance. His unruffled manner seemed to disappoint the ponderous man opposite him.

"Well, what do you want me to do about it, Mr. Hansford?"

The hand that passed the paper back showed no tremor.

"I want you to fire the staff. They've got to be out here by eleven fifty-nine A. M. today."

"It's customary to give a week's notice. We've been in the habit of giving a month."

"Fire 'em—fire 'em now! It might as well be now as later," blurted Hansford.

For a moment the two men sat taking one another's measure with their eyes. Boland had been accustomed to dismissals and rumors of dismissals by the lightning method. It was the practice in most of the metropolitan newspaper offices. For one whole hour, only three days earlier, the "Row" had discussed the story of the managing editor, only a block down the street, who had arrived at his office at the usual time to find the star reporter installed at the desk of authority and to be greeted with the information that he himself no longer was connected with the paper. But in the Standard office things had been different, thanks to the innate decency of John Boland. Consequently it went much against his finer grain to do the thing that this buccaneer of the journalistic main wished him to do. And yet Hansford's argument commended itself to his reason. They were all fired, surely enough—all these men whom he had sworn by much oftener than he had sworn at—and they might as well know it without unnecessary loss of time. Hansford went on in a belligerent tone:

"I've got my own staff—an all-star aggregation from Cincinnati—and they'll be in this office at twelve noon today—on the dot."

The new owner's manner reminded Boland, without much subtlety, of the flamboyant personality of a circus barker in action.

"Not so loud—not so loud," he protested.

Boland glanced into the dingy region beyond the brass rail and saw heads turned toward the storm-center at his desk.

A picture of unemployed men, pacing the sidewalks of Park Row, arose before his mind. One of the aimless wanderers looked very much like himself. Finally he lifted himself heavily from his chair, feeling his age—that age which relegated men to the junk-heap of the "Row"—crossed to the rail and began:

"Gentlemen ——"

A score of heads bobbed up from half a dozen desks. A score of faces, pasty-white in the shaded glare, turned expectantly to him. The entire rear guard of the night force was there, except the night editor, who had gone up to the composing room to send the last pages to press. Boland cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he resumed, "I've been asked by Mr. Hansford—W. B. Hansford, of Cincinnati—to inform you that the paper has changed hands ——"



He Shook His Head as He Contemplated the Flimsy Thinness of the Barrier That Lay Between Those Girls and Distress

He hesitated and stopped. Something seemed to stick in his throat. In the interval of profound silence he heard the creak of the shaver in the stereotype room. In a moment, he calculated, the vibrating roar of the presses would begin and the last edition of the Standard would be out—the last that would come from his hands. He mastered himself and made a fresh start:

"——and that your connection with the Standard ceases this morning!"

He drew his breath in relief. It was over and done with. It struck him that a stillness had descended upon the large room, with its dark corners unexplored by the light—a stillness so tense that it could be heard like a shout. Even the shaver had stopped its tenuous, metallic shrieking. Then an audible spoken response came to his declaration. It proceeded from the desk of the "rewrite" man—who recently had announced his engagement to the belle of Bronxville—and it sounded suspiciously like "Oh, hell!"

When Boland returned to his desk he found Hansford standing, his hands thrust deeply into his trousers pockets, his opera hat tipped back, a greater expanse than ever of shirt-front showing, an enigmatic smile shadowing mordant features. "Fired 'em all, Mr. Boland?"

The question, asked in an idle, bantering tone, seemed singularly unnecessary to the managing editor. He answered curtly:

"You heard me."

"Then fire yourself," came the rejoinder, like the snap of the jaws of a vicious dog.

Boland chewed on his unlit cigar for relief to his emotions, and settled himself in his chair with a sensation of unsteadiness, as if he were on the back of a bucking horse. He surveyed the sharp face that lowered upon him in gratuitous menace and found his words again:

"I have fired myself, Mr. Hansford. I fired myself the minute I saw you coming into the room. But I didn't expect you'd be in such a hurry. I had an idea ——"

"You had an idea!" echoed Hansford, straightening his back with a jerk, as if he had been galvanized into action by an electric shock. "Did I understand you to say that you had an idea?"

"Yes. I got it canned from Cincinnati," answered Boland. Then he resumed his dry smoke.

Hansford stared at him and a blue vein swelled out on his forehead. His manner began to shrink gradually, like the feathers of a mollified turkey-cock. He resumed in a calmer tone, his astonishment showing in a slight stutter:

"Wh-why, Mr. B-Boland, I didn't think an idea could have sneaked into this God-forsaken old shop when nobody was looking. There hasn't been a sign of one in the Standard for a year, to my knowledge. I've been through the files in the public library with a fine-tooth comb."

The new owner resumed his seat with the air of a man who is buckling down to business after meandering far afield in useless speculation.

"Look here, Boland," he began with a confidential air, "you've heard of me. I'm the original bad man from Badville. Now Badville happens to be in Missouri. Therefore, by the simple accident of birth, I'm willing to be shown. You've acted pretty cocky for a man who's just lost his job, and I w-want to find out if there's anything back of it—to call your b-bluff, in other words. Give us a sample of the ideas you've got—canned from Cincinnati."

Boland saw his advantage. He pressed it hard.

"Haven't any time," he retorted carelessly.

"Haven't any t-time!"

"No; I've got to clean out my desk."

Hansford brought his huge, beefy fist down on the arm of his chair with a bang.

"I m-mean it," he snorted—"on the level!"

The managing editor took swift thought of two girls on the platform at the commencement day exercises in their last year's frocks. He pulled himself together with new finesse to the game he was playing, and eyed the other man with cool eyes bordering upon insolence.

"To begin with," he vouchsafed grudgingly, "I'd close up the London office and open one in the Tenderloin, one in Newark and one in the Bronx. They're nearer home by a few thousand miles."

"Why didn't you do that before?" snapped Hansford.

"I haven't had the chance."

"Oh, on account of that moth-eaten chief of yours and the two old maids who've been bossing him, I suppose?"

Boland frowned forbiddingly. He glanced with swift indignation into the close-set, singularly cold eyes of his interlocutor.

"Go ahead," commanded Hansford, with a face like a mask.

"Well, if you really want to know, Mr. Hansford, I'd put some gimp into the paper all around. In the first place, I'd give the women something to read every morning, including Sundays. Something about new desserts, and how to make a pretty and capacious catch-all out of an old overshoe, or a swell party dress out of a pair of cast-off lace curtains. And I'd cut the debate in Congress down to a stick, unless the proceedings had to do with the poor man's table or his wardrobe, or unless they slopped over into the sporting column because of an argument of fists. And, speaking of sports, I'd expand the sporting department into two pages every morning, four on Sundays."

"You would, eh?"

"I'd dump the heavyweight intellectual editorials and I'd hand out a bunch of light, biffy stuff that would be stronger on argument than on grammar. On top of that I'd adopt a healthy tone of belligerent Americanism, wide-awake and on the job. I'd give the British lion's tail a stiff tweak about once a week, to raise a shout from our Irish and German friends; and I'd turn around and pull a bunch of feathers out of the right wing of the German eagle, to make the Johnny Bulls shout 'Ear—'ear!' But, first, last and all the time ——"

Boland got up and drew a long, eager breath. It seemed good to be talking to a real human being—even if he was the bad man from Badville. His eyes shone; his voice vibrated; the thought flashed through the back of his brain that the theory that consigned the man of fifty to the junk-heap was a singular piece of folly. He went on, nailing each point to the open palm of his hand with resounding blows with his fist:

"First, last and all the time, I'd cater to the women. It's the women who make or break a paper. It's the women who talk about what they see in the paper; the men are too busy. Get the women to reading the paper and rooting for it, and the advertising managers will come tumbling over each other with contracts—on our own terms and no favors asked."

The managing editor paused as if he were out of breath and sank into his seat, suddenly abashed by his flight of oratory—the wildest he ever had taken. Hansford looked him over with a leisurely sweep of the eyes, an enigmatic smile expanding his lips, strangely thin for such a mountain of a man. At last he rejoined in his trifling manner:

"Say, Boland, you talk just like Henderson."

"Who's Henderson?"

"You don't mean to tell me that you don't know Henderson—James McGiffert Henderson—Tabasco Jim, the thrashing live-wire from Cincinnati? Why, he's the man who's coming to take your place."

"Oh," commented Boland non-committally.

"Don't know Henderson, eh—the man who made Cincinnati famous? Boland, I want to tell you about Henderson. You've given me some pretty good conversation, and I want to tell you about Henderson. He's a good deal on my mind just now."

Hansford drew his chair nearer to the desk and went on in a lowered voice, as if he suspected there might be eavesdroppers around:

"Henderson's the keenest proposition in the business—the champion blue-ribbon dog in the All-America bench show—and we call him Tabasco Jim, because of his all-round hot-stuff disposition. Henderson can dig a dead paper out of its grave and make a screaming success of it in less time than it takes the average man to find his way to the cashier's window. I've known Henderson to walk into an office at noon, take hold with a gang of men who never saw the town before, and turn out a paper the next morning that had the oldest subscriber with a high-power reading-glass fooled to a standstill. On the other hand, he could borrow the Sunday-school Herald overnight and make it look like the twin brother of the Sporting Record by going-to-press time the next day. There isn't a thing that ever makes a getaway from Henderson. Why, that fellow could dig a hot scandal in high life out of the morning's quotations on Winter Red, f. o. b. That's the kind of man Henderson is!"

"Henderson must be a hypnotist on top of all that," observed Boland dryly, watching a flicker of mental reservation in the face of the speculator in moribund newspapers—a shadow of doubt and dislike, strangely at variance with the enthusiasm of his eulogy. "It looks to me as if he had you laid away to sleep for keeps."

The other raised his voice to a querulous pitch.

"To sleep? Me? No, he hasn't—not by a few hundred miles and then some. Tabasco Jim's an all-fired smart fellow on the job ——"

The new owner looked behind him with a furtive glance, as if he wished to make sure that nobody else was listening, and then he concentrated his gaze upon the man who sat opposite him, chewing the end of his cigar with a mild expression of ridicule in his face.

"But he's a crook!" he concluded, snapping his opera hat shut and slamming it on the desk with a bang. "He's a crook and he knows it. Why, you've got to watch that fellow twenty-four hours in the day to make sure he doesn't walk off with the paper, presses and all. He'll slip one over while you're looking on with both eyes, and when you start in to call the trick he'll engage you in a line of conversation that'll make you blush for your suspicious nature. Now, don't get the wrong idea on that. Henderson wouldn't steal the stub of a pencil. No, sir! He's for the higher forms of graft. He's for Hendersonizing the universe, starting out with the office. There isn't a thing that he does for the paper that doesn't carry something on the side for James McGiffert Henderson, Esquire. When you pick up the sheet in the morning you feel like handling it gingerly and turning it over to the bureau of combustibles in a hurry, for fear it might be loaded and go off in your hands. You're so busy trying to figure out just where Henderson has put one over you without your knowing it that you've got no time left to read what Pro Bono Publico has written about the cussedness of Schedule K. And the closer you look the more the name of Henderson sticks out between the lines—Henderson, Henderson, Henderson—confound his hippopotamus hide! And, by the way, Mr. Boland, would you mind telling me why you are tearing up all that paper?"

The managing editor glanced confusedly at his fingers, which were piling up scraps of manila pad in a neat little heap on the desk before him.

"Oh, I was thinking," he answered evasively, sweeping the litter off with his hand.

"Thinking, eh? Henderson would set anybody to thinking. He's had my intellect working overtime for quite a spell. Do you know, Mr. Boland, I ——"

The conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the office boy with an unusually brisk step. True to the

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"First, Last and All the Time, I'd Cater to the Women. It's the Women Who Make or Break a Paper"

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

VI

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



That is the Only Time That the "General" Ever Got His Real Deserts

AS I JOT down these random reminiscences I am impressed in a singular fashion with the fact that my career consisted entirely in the making, or rather getting, of money and the spending of it. I had no particular professional ambitions and never but once sought distinction as a constitutional lawyer; and, however unworthy of an officer of the court such a confession may be, I am quite ready to admit that a seat upon the bench would have afforded me neither amusement nor sufficient compensation to satisfy my desires. Let other men find their gratification and emolument in the supposed honor of wearing the ermine! I have never found that a judge became any the less an erring human being after his elevation to the dais, and I could rake out of one good semi-criminal case twice the salary of any judge on the Supreme Bench. I felt that what is popularly regarded as respectability is oftimes—if the truth were known—merely stodginess and stupidity.

I am compelled to admit that in my early days, before I had formed my affiliation with Gottlieb, I had different ambitions, although they were none the less worldly. Then I wanted to be a judge because I supposed a judge was the king-pin of the profession. Now, as Pat Flanagan says, "I know different." The judge is sometimes no less a tool of the boss than any other public officer elected by the suffrages of a political party. He is merely less obviously so. There are a few men in Wall Street who can press a button and call for one of these boss-made judges—and he will come—and adjourn court if necessary to do so—with his silk hat in his hand. And if any young aspirant for legal honors who reads these fugitive memoirs believes that the road to certain judgeships leads via Blackstone, and is lighted by the midnight oil of study, let him disabuse himself of that idea, and seek rather the district leader; and let him make himself useful in getting the boys that are in trouble out of it. Under our elective system there is no more honor in being a judge than in being a sheriff; but, when one is young it may seem otherwise.

If any of my lay readers believes that the practice of the law is a path of dalliance, let him but hazard his fortunes for a brief space on the good ship Jurisprudence. He will find the voyage tedious beyond endurance, the ship's company but indifferent in character and the rations scanty. I make no doubt but that it is harder to earn an honest living at the law than by any other means of livelihood. Once one discovers this he must perforce choose whether he will remain a galley slave for life or hoist the Jolly Roger and turn freebooter, with a chance of dangling betimes from his own yardarm.

Many a man has literally starved at the law. And most of the profession nearly do so; while some, by merest luck, have managed to struggle on until they stumbled upon some professional gold mine. I have heard many stories of how some young men managed to pull success out of disaster when the odds seemed overwhelming. One which has particularly appealed to me I shall call the anecdote of A Capable Young Lawyer.

Some years ago there came to the great city a young fellow who had always lived in a country town where the neighbors were all such good friends that they never went to law. He was able and industrious, but in his native place found it almost impossible to earn a living; and when by chance he met a well-known and prosperous attorney from the city who advised him to seek his fortune in the whirlpool rather than in the back eddies of life, he decided to follow the suggestion.

"I will endeavor to throw you something from time to time," said the prosperous lawyer, for it made him feel his own success to see such a poor young man, and it tickled his vitals into benignity.

The country boy sold all his possessions for a few hundred dollars and came to the city. His friend was very kind in his manner and prolific of advice, but unfortunately he had no room in his own office for a junior or even an errand-boy. So Peters, for that was the young man's name, dragged himself up and down the city trying to find an opening, no matter how small. He was too old to begin as a clerk and too much of a bumpkin for anything else, and he found that nobody had any use for a young man of his particular type and training. At last, in despair, he hired desk-room in an office, shared jointly by half a dozen young men like himself, and waited for something to turn up; but nothing came. His bank account fell lower and lower, and he became more and more shabby. Moreover, he was eating his heart out with disappointment, for he could not return to his native town and confess himself a failure.

From time to time he would drop into his prosperous friend's offices, but the latter never had anything to turn over to him and he would return dejectedly to his own solitary desk. At last he was forced to give up lunch and get along as best he could on two scanty meals a day; he grew thin and haggard, his Adam's apple projected redly above a frayed collar, his trousers grew wrinkled and shiny, and he looked ready to take his place in the "bread line." Finally he spent his last cent on a pretzel and made ready to "turn in his checks."

At this point Peters paid a last visit to his friend, who was visibly shocked at his emaciated appearance; for his eyes burned with the fever of starvation and his jaw was set in a pitiful determination to keep going until he dropped.

"Mr. Banks," said he grimly, "unless you give me something to do I'll go under. The fact is, I'm starving!"

Mr. Banks looked at him critically.

"Pretty near ready to give up, eh?" he remarked. "Better chuck it and go back! I guess I was wrong when I told you to come down here."

"Not yet," answered Peters doggedly. "When I go back it'll be in a wooden box."

"Well," replied Mr. Banks, "I'm sorry; but there isn't a thing in this office I can give you." He pondered a minute. "I've got a lot of old judgments against a fellow named Rosenheim—in the cigar business; but he's no good—judgment proof—and they aren't worth the paper they're written on."

"Give them to me!" almost shouted Peters.

Mr. Banks laughed.

"You can have ninety per cent of all you collect," said he as he bent over and, pulling out a lower drawer, removed a bundle of soiled documents. "Here they are. My blessing to you!"

Peters grabbed the transcripts and staggered down the stairs. It took him less than ten minutes to find Mr. Simon Rosenheim, who was sitting inside a brass fence at a mahogany desk, smoking one of the best of his own cigars.

"Mr. Rosenheim," said Peters, "I have some judgments here against you, amounting to about three thousand dollars."

"Yes?" remarked Rosenheim politely.

"Can you let me have the money?" inquired Peters.

"My dear fellow," retorted Rosenheim with an oily sneer, "I owe the money all right, but I don't own a thing in the world. Everything in this room belongs to my wife. The amount of money I owe is really something shocking. Even what is in the safe"—he nodded to a large affair on the other side of the room—"belongs to somebody else."

Rosenheim had been through this same performance hundreds of times before, but not with the same dénouement.

Suddenly he saw a lean young man, with hollow cheeks and blazing eyes, leap over the brass railing. In another instant horny hands grasped him fiercely by the windpipe and a voice hissed in his ear:

"Pay me those judgments or I'll strangle you here and now!"

With bursting veins and protruding tongue Rosenheim struggled helplessly to escape as his assailant dragged him toward the safe.

"I mean what I say!" half shrieked Peters. "I'm starving! I'd as lief die one way as another; but before I die you'll pay up those judgments—every cent!"

Rosenheim was on his knees now before the safe, his eyes starting from his head.

"Open the safe!" commanded Peters.

Rosenheim, the sweat of death on his brow, fumbled with the combination; the tumbler caught, the door swung open. Peters lifted his captive enough to permit him to reach in and take out the bills.

"Count 'em out!" he ordered.

Rosenheim did as he was told, shaking with fear. Peters stuffed the money into his pocket.

"Now do your worst!" he shouted. "I've had one piece of law business before I died! Good afternoon!"

Rosenheim crawled back to his desk, relit his cigar and endeavored to pull himself together. He had a half-scared, half-puzzled look on his face and once in a while he scratched his head.

Meantime Peters repaired to the nearest hotel and ordered a dinner of steak and fried potatoes, washed down with a pint of champagne. He then purchased a new suit of clothes, a box of collars, a few shirts and a hat. When he entered Mr. Banks' office a little later the latter with difficulty recognized his visitor.

"I owe you three hundred dollars, I believe," remarked Peters, laying down the bills.

"Owe—me —— What? You didn't get that money out of Rosenheim?" stammered Banks.

"Why not?" asked Peters casually. "Of course I did. Every cent of it."

Banks looked at him in utter amazement. He, too, scratched his head.

"Say," he suddenly exploded, "you must be quite a feller! Now, look here, I've got a claim against the

Terminal Company for two million dollars that I wish you'd come and give me a little help on. What do you say?"

Peters hesitated and pursed his lips.

"Oh, I don't mind if I do," said he carelessly.

You may have heard of the celebrated law firm of Banks & Peters—who do a business of about four hundred thousand a year? Well, that is Peters. Banks says he's "the most capable young lawyer in the city."

Peters, however, does not deserve the same credit as another young fellow of my acquaintance, since in Peters' case necessity was the parent of his invention; whereas in the other the scheme that led to success was the offspring of an ingenuity that needed no starvation to stimulate it into activity.

Baldwin was a youth of about thirty, who had done pretty well at the bar without giving any evidence of brilliancy and with only moderate financial success. He perceived the obvious fact that the way to make money at the law is to have moneymakers for clients, but he had no acquaintance with financiers and had no reason to advance to himself why he should ever hope to receive any business from such. Reading one day that a certain young attorney he knew had received a large retainer for bringing an injunction in an important railroad matter, it occurred to him that, after all, it was merely chance and nothing else that had sent the business to the other instead of to himself. "If I'd only known Morgan H. Rogers I might have had the job myself," thought he.

So he pondered deeply over how he could get to know Mr. Morgan H. Rogers, and at last conceived the idea of pretending that he had a client who—without disclosing his name for the time being—desired to create a trust for the benefit of a charity in which the railroad magnate was much interested. With this excuse he found no difficulty in securing an interview and making an agreeable impression. The next step was more difficult.

Finally, having learned through a clerk in the banker's office with whom he had cultivated an acquaintance that Mr. Morgan H. Rogers was going to Boston at a certain hour that very afternoon, he donned his best funeral suit and boarded the same train himself. As he passed through the drawing-room car he bowed to the great man, who returned his greeting with the shortness characteristic of him, and passed on to the smoker, where he ensconced himself in a chair near the door, depositing on the seat next to him a pile of magazines and his coat. Half an hour passed and the car filled up, save for the seat next the young lawyer. Presently the bulky form of Morgan H. Rogers filled the doorway. He already had a black unlit cigar in his mouth, and he scanned the rows of seats with ill-concealed disappointment. Then his eye caught the one occupied by our friend's coat.

"Let me have this seat!" said he abruptly.

"Oh, how are you, Mr. Rogers?" exclaimed the young lawyer. "Certainly! Allow me to give you a light."

"Your name's Baldwin, isn't it?" inquired the banker as he took up a magazine. "Saw you about that trust matter last week, didn't I?"

"Yes," answered Baldwin. "Nothing has occurred in connection with it since then." And he returned to his paper without paying any further attention to his companion. At Bridgeport a telegraph boy rushed into the car and yelled: "Baldwin! Mr. Baldwin!"

Mr. Baldwin held out his hand, in which lay half a dollar, and without much apparent interest opened the envelope and scanned its contents.

"H'm!" he remarked, half inwardly, and thrust the paper into his pocket.

At New Haven another boy boarded the train, calling anxiously for Everitt P. Baldwin—this time there were two telegrams; and just as the train pulled out a third arrived.

Mr. Baldwin read them all with the keenest interest and could hardly conceal an exclamation of satisfaction; but the magnate gave no sign. At New London there was another flurry and, in spite of himself, Mr. Baldwin slapped his knee and muttered: "Good enough!"

As the train started again Morgan H. Rogers let fall his magazine and growled half-facetiously:

"What the devil are all those telegrams about?"

"Just a little injunction suit," the young man answered modestly, "in which my firm has been quite successful." And, without giving any names—for, indeed, there were none—he sketched rapidly a hypothetical situation of the greatest legal delicacy, in which he had tied up an imaginary railroad system with an injunction, supposedly just made permanent. Morgan H. Rogers became interested and offered Mr. Baldwin a remarkably big cigar. He had been having a few troubles of his own of a similar character. In a few moments the two were deep in the problems of one of the financier's own transcontinental lines, and a week later Baldwin was on Rogers' regular staff of railroad attorneys.

It is pleasant to reflect upon such happy incidents in the history of a profession that probably offers more difficulties to the beginner than any other. Yet the very obstacles to success in it are apt to develop an intellectual agility and a flexibility of morals which, in the long run, may well lead not only to fortune but to fame—of one sort or another. I recall an incident in my own career, upon my ingenuity in which, for a time, I looked back with considerable professional pride, until I found it a common practice among my elders and contemporaries of the criminal and even of the civil bar.

It so happened that I had an elderly client of such an exceedingly irascible disposition that he was always taking offense at imaginary insults and was ready to enter into litigation of the fiercest character at the slightest excuse. Now, though he was often in the right, he was nevertheless frequently in the wrong—and equally unreasonable in either case. He was turned over to me in despair by another and older attorney, who could do nothing with him and wished me joy in my undertaking. I soon found that the old gentleman's guiding principle was "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute." In other words, as he always believed himself to have been imposed upon, he litigated almost every bill that was presented to him, with the result that three times out of five judgment was given against him. He himself had studied for the bar and had a natural fondness for technicalities; and he was quite ready to pay handsomely any one he believed to be zealously guarding his interests.

He was, at the time I became acquainted with him, nearly seventy years of age and his chief diversion was to sit in my office and harangue me upon his grievances. Being a sort of sea-lawyer himself he was forever devising quaint defenses and strange reasons why he should not pay his creditors; and he was ever ready to spend a hundred dollars in lawyers' fees in order to save fifty. This is the most desirable variety of client a lawyer can have.

One trifling weakness, common to mankind in general, gave him much encouragement; for he soon discovered that, rather than incur the trouble of hiring lawyers and going to court, his creditors would usually compound with him for considerably less than their just claims. This happened so frequently that he almost never paid a bill in the first instance, with the natural result that those who had sent him honest bills before, after one or two experiences with him, made it a practice to add thirty per cent or so to the total in order that they might later on gracefully reduce their demands without loss. Thus my client, by his peevishness, actually created the very condition regarding which, out of an overactive imagination, he had complained originally without just cause.

It so happened that the first matter in which he required my services was a dispute over a tailor's bill that he regarded as excessive. He had ordered a pair of trousers without inquiring the price and was shocked to discover that he had been charged three dollars more than for his last pair. The tailor explained at great length that the first had been summer weight and that these were winter weight; but to no purpose.

"You think you can take advantage of me because I'm an old man!" he shrieked in his rage. "But you'll find out. Just wait until I see my lawyer!"

So down he came to my office and fumed and chattered for an hour or more about the extra three dollars on his trousers. If he had been less abusive the tailor might have overlooked the matter; but even a tailor has a soul, and this time the man swore to have the law on his cantankerous customer.

"Fight to the last ditch!" shouted the old man. "Don't yield an inch!"

A day or two later the tailor served my client, whose name was Wimbleton, with a summons and complaint; and I was forced to put in an answer, in which I took issue upon the reasonable value of the trousers. By the time I had drawn the papers and listened to my client's detailed history of the transaction, as well as his picturesque denunciation of his opponent, I had already put in about a hundred dollars' worth of my time without any prospect of a return. I knew that if the case were tried it would mean a day lost for myself and a judgment against my client. The old fellow had a large amount of property, however, and I was willing to take a loss if it meant future business. Yet the time involved and the trifling character of the suit annoyed me and I resolved to take it upon myself to settle the matter over my client's head.

On my way home I stopped in at the tailor's and told him to take his three dollars and discontinue his action, which he was glad enough to do. The next day I wrote Mr. Wimbleton that I had forced his enemy to capitulate—horse, foot and dragoons—and that the suit had been withdrawn. My embarrassment may be imagined when my client arrived at the office in a state of delirious excitement and insisted not only on inviting me to dinner but on paying me fifty dollars for services in giving him the satisfaction of beating the tailor. Instantly I saw a means of entirely satisfying the old man and earning some good fees without the slightest exertion.

The same method—although for another purpose—will be recalled by my readers as having been invoked by the unjust steward who called his lord's debtors to him and inquired how much they owed. One, if I remember correctly, said a hundred measures of oil.

"Take thy bill," said the steward, "and sit down quickly and write fifty."

Another, who confessed to owing a hundred measures of wheat, the steward let off with eighty. On discovering what he had done his lord commended him for having done wisely, on the ground that the children of this world are wiser than the children of light.

Thus, it will be observed, my early Biblical training stood me in practical stead; and the only difference



"You Think You Can Take Advantage of Me Because I'm an Old Man!"



He Was a Familiar Sight and a Bugbear to the Police

between the unjust steward and myself lay in the manner in which we were each eventually treated by our respective masters.

Some one would commence a suit against my client for breach of contract amounting to a couple of thousand dollars, where he thought he ought to pay only fifteen hundred, but where he really had no defense. I would file an elaborate answer setting up all sorts of defenses, move for an examination of the plaintiff and of his books and papers, secure a bill of particulars and go through all sorts of legal hocus-pocus to show how bitterly I was contesting the case as a matter of principle. Before the action came to trial, however, I would settle it for one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars, telling my client that we had brought the other side to his terms, and charge him seven hundred and fifty dollars for my services—thus netting five hundred dollars in fees.

Often, when the amount sued for was small—say, fifty or one hundred dollars—and where my client had absolutely declined to pay anything, I paid the claim in full, simply for the satisfaction of leading him to believe that he had been successful in resisting what he regarded as an unjust or excessive demand.

This went on for several years, until, quite by chance, one of his creditors, with whom I had settled over his head, either out of forgetfulness or an evil wish to do me a bad turn, wrote him a letter thanking him for his generosity. The next day he appeared, purple with rage, and for some unaccountable reason, instead of "commending" me, denounced me for a shyster. And this in spite of the undoubted fact that my pacific methods had probably saved him hundreds of dollars!

It was about this time that Gottlieb devised a truly brilliant scheme, which had to commend it the highly desirable quality of being absolutely safe.

There is a very wise provision of our law to the effect that, where a wife desires to bring an action against her husband for divorce and is without means for the purpose, the courts will allow her a counsel fee and alimony *pendente lite*. The counsel fee is to enable her to pay a lawyer and prepare for trial.

One morning my partner came grinning into my office and showed me a very soiled and wrinkled paper.

"What d'ye think of that?" he laughed.

The document, which turned out to be an affidavit executed in Chicago, read as follows:

STATE OF ILLINOIS, }
COOK COUNTY, CITY OF CHICAGO } *ss.*

LIZZIE YARNOWSKI, being duly sworn, deposes and says that she is over twenty-one years of age and engaged in the employment of making artificial flowers; that in the year 1881 the defendant induced her to leave her home in New York and to journey with him in the West under a promise of marriage, representing himself to be a traveling salesman employed by a manufacturer of soda fountains; that they were married on July 5, 1881, in the town of Piqua, Ohio, by a justice of the peace under the names of Sadie Bings and Joshua Blank, and by a rabbi in Chicago on August 17, 1881; that two weeks thereafter defendant deserted plaintiff and has never since contributed toward her support, and that she has since learned that defendant is a banker and broker, doing business on Wall Street in the city of New York.

The affidavit then went on to state that the defendant had given the plaintiff good grounds for seeking for a divorce and that she was without means to engage counsel or prepare for trial. The contents of the paper was skillfully worded so as to convey the impression that the deponent was a woman of somewhat doubtful character herself, but that on the other hand she had been tricked by the defendant into a secret—and what he intended to be a temporary—marriage. Attached thereto was another affidavit from the justice of the peace to the effect that on the date in question he had united in the holy bonds of matrimony a man and a woman who had given the names of Sadie Bings and Joshua Blank.

"Well, Gottlieb," said I, "this is interesting reading, whether it be fact or fiction; but what is its significance to us?"

"Why," answered my associate, "these are the papers I propose to use on a motion for counsel fee and alimony in a divorce action brought against Mr. Chester Gates, a broker downtown—and, I may add, a very rich and respectable young gentleman. Of course I have no personal knowledge of the matter, as the case has been sent to us by one of our legal friends in Chicago; but I am quite sure that the court will grant me a counsel fee in order to enable the poor woman to prepare her case and bring it to trial."

"But," I replied, "we have made just such applications a thousand times before, have we not?"

Gottlieb gave me one of his long, slow winks.

"Not just like this," said he, and went back to his room, while I pondered on what I had read.

A few days later Gottlieb served the complaint in an action for absolute divorce upon Mr. Chester Gates, to the young man's great indignation and annoyance; and shortly thereafter a very respectable and prosperous old family lawyer called upon us to explain that the whole matter was a mistake and that his client had never, never been married and knew no Miss Lizzie Yarnowski, either as Sadie Bings or under any other name.

Gottlieb and I treated him with the greatest deference, explaining that we had no option but to go on with the matter, as we were only acting for our Chicago correspondent. At this the old lawyer grew very indignant and muttered something under his breath about perjury and blackmail, to which, however, neither Gottlieb nor I paid any attention. A week or so later we made our motion for alimony and counsel fee *pendente lite*, and in spite of the vehement affidavit of Chester Gates, Esquire, that he had never seen or heard of the plaintiff nor been married to anybody in his life, the court granted us two hundred and fifty dollars as counsel fee.

This was made payable at our office, as the attorneys for the plaintiff; and a day or two later Mr. Gates himself called and asked to see us. He was a rosy-cheeked, athletic young fellow who could, I fancy, have knocked both our heads together had he chosen to do so.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said he, closing the door and seating himself at Gottlieb's invitation. "This is a very interesting experience you are putting me through. I am made the defendant in a divorce action and ordered to pay you two hundred and fifty dollars on affidavits that I know to be perjured from start to finish. Well, if that's law I have nothing to say. Of course you can't win your case, because you can't prove that I ever married anybody—which latter fact, of course, you very well know. I would never pay you a cent to settle this or any other unfounded suit, and I never did anything for which you or any other scoun—beg pardon, I mean lawyer—could blackmail me. But this is a new one on me. You have got a court order that I am to pay you two hundred and fifty dollars to bring a bogus action against myself. Well, here's my check for it. I congratulate you. Now I'm amused to see what you're going to do next. I want to get something for my money."

Gottlieb took the check and rang a bell for the office-boy.

"Take this over to the bank and cash it," he directed. "That's the first thing I'm going to do," turning to Gates. "The next is this." He opened the top drawer of his desk and took out a legal paper. "Here," said he, "is a discontinuance of the action, which I received this morning from Chicago. I suppose you have no objection to having the matter disposed of in that way? You'll take it?"

Mr. Gates looked at him for a moment and then burst out laughing.

"By George!" he exclaimed. 'Take it? Of course I'll take it. I have no particular desire to go on with the litigation, I assure you. I fully expected to be adjudged the father of a large family of little Yarnowskis. But, now that the matter is settled, would you mind telling me who the lady really is?"

Gottlieb looked at him very solemnly and to my horror gave an imperceptible wink.

"All I can tell you, sir," he replied, "is that her name is Lizzie Yarnowski and that you married her under the name of Sadie Bings before a justice of the peace at Piqua, Ohio."

Quite naturally our firm attracted a number of strange wastrels in the way of clients, all of whom were picturesque and many of them profitable. Among these was a gentleman known as the "Human Dog," who frequented the main thoroughfares during the crowded hours and simulated the performances of a starving animal with a verisimilitude that I believe to have been unsurpassed in the annals of beggary. He would go on all fours snuffling along the gutters for food and when he came to a morsel of offal he would fall upon it and devour it ravenously. If he found nothing he would whine and sit on his hind legs—so to speak—on the curb, with an imploring look on his hairy face. If a police officer approached the "Human Dog" would immediately roll over on his back, with his legs in the air, and yelp piteously; in fact, he combined the "lay" of insanity with that of starvation in a most ingenious and skillful manner. He was a familiar sight and a bugbear to the police, who were constantly arresting him; but, as he never asked for money, they had great difficulty in doing anything with him. Usually the magistrate sent him to the "Island" for thirty days and then Gottlieb would get him out on a writ of habeas corpus. Some of these writs attracted the attention of the bar and several appear in the reports. I am under the impression that we secured his release some twenty-nine separate times. At last he died in a fit of apoplexy caused by overeating; and when we administered his estate we found that he had already laid by, in a comparatively brief career, the very creditable sum of forty-one thousand dollars.

The "Human Dog" was but a clever variation of the "Crust Thrower"—the beggar who throws a dirty crust of bread into the gutter when no one is looking and then falls upon it with a cry of fierce joy. These "crust throwers" have plied their trade for over six hundred years and were known in England and Flanders long before the discovery of America. Gottlieb was very

(Continued on Page 33)



"Pay Me Those Judgments or I'll Strangle You Here and Now!"

HUNTING THE FASHIONS



Whose Religion it is to Keep Their Weight Between a Hundred and Twenty and a Hundred and Forty Pounds

By Maud Weatherly Beamish

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

IT IS a far cry from the Place Vendôme to Oskaloosa. It is a long way from the Grand Prix at Longchamps to a garden party at Sewanee. The stretches of time and land and sea, however, are bridged by a little woman whose eyes are cameras that catch the fashions before they appear in Paris, and whose brain is a dressmaking shop that transforms the creations of Paquin into the simplicity of modes that will "go" in America.

The achievements of a Sherlock Holmes are eclipsed by the women who search the ateliers of Paris for styles of the coming season and whose intelligence wrests the secrets from the most exclusive and most vigilantly guarded shops. It was with such a woman, Mrs. Long—fashion editor and fashion hunter—that I went to the fashion center of the world on her quest for styles. She needed some one to look after the photographic end of the work and to sketch roughly. As I could do both, I was employed. Two artists, who were to make the finished drawings, completed the party.

I expected to find Mrs. Long hard and aggressive. Instead, she was small and exquisite, with a whimsical turn of mind and a keen business sense. Her greatest asset was her personality.

She descended or rose to the level of each person who possessed some quality of which she could make use. I have known her to give up a dinner party with one of our foremost American financiers to dine with one or more of the dictators of fashion. With engaging grace she laid out her campaign like a general, asking a question here and there and making suggestions, with the result that she obtained all their plans and schemes. She played with them in her naïve way, visited them frequently, and left them so entirely enthralled that, by mere suggestion, which at no time could be remembered, every other fashion writer was debarred from the inner circle.

In Paris, as at home, she went into the most exclusive society. Her complexion and clothes were the despair of many women and in consequence she brought a great following to the houses she patronized. Her hats and costumes were renowned for their beauty and wonderful simplicity.

She spent money lavishly. During our two months' stay at an expensive hotel in the Rue de la Paix she lived like a princess. She had the entire second floor, her private dining room and a luxurious bathroom, which alone mounted up to the sum that the average traveler would spend on a summer tour.

The Ceremonial Morning Drive

MRS. LONG was a decided personage at the hotel. Her morning drive was as much of a ceremony as that of the German princess who occupied the third floor. A maid carried her wraps to the foot of the stairs, where the clerk gathered them reverently and handed them in turn to the secretary, who waited her coming at the great doors that shut in every French house. With bared head, the secretary, in turn, passed the wraps to the footman, who followed her obsequiously to the curb, where the smartest of traps stood.

In the morning the trappings and uniforms of her equipage were blue and silver. In the afternoon she used a luxurious victoria in tan and gold. Everything was expensive and correct. I secretly wondered what this little necessary to successful business cost!

On the morning after our arrival in the French capital we drove out upon the beautiful Champs Elysées. It was eleven-thirty and society was taking its morning drive.

At twelve we stopped at X——'s, in the Place Vendôme, where Mrs. Long was on intimate terms with the proprietor; and for the first time I saw the machinery of a great atelier. Everything about the shop was exquisite and expensive. We went through aisles lined with gilt chairs piled high with delicate lingerie, any piece of which would have run into hundreds of francs. White wood and soft hangings of pale gold satin made a fitting background for the billowy masses.

The second floor was given over entirely to showrooms running off from a luxurious waiting room. We went back of a pair of heavy velvet curtains which cut off one end of the waiting room. There I saw the lithe-bodied *mannequins*, or models, whose religion it is to keep their weight between a hundred and twenty and a hundred and forty pounds. They seemed very beautiful to me, with their marceled heads and cleverly madeup faces. Each one wore the tight, scant combination of black satin with the low-cut bodice and knickerbockers. Over this some wore a one-piece covering. Others sat negligently and gracefully in this startling bit of attire, their slender limbs incased in silken hose, their feet in dainty slippers, and their beautifully coiffured heads giving them the appearance of masqueraders without their masks.

A promising customer was waiting in the big salon and I watched the *mannequins* as they put on the many costumes for her inspection.

When a customer arrives at the shop—and in nine cases out of ten she has been "spotted" and her rating looked up—these *mannequins* are sent flying to don the best models, while the enterprising saleswoman explains that "a different dress is absolutely necessary for every occasion if one would do the right thing." One after another the *mannequins* file into the room, regal and lovely in frocks for every possible use, from the severely tailored street suit to delicate evening gowns of such sheerness that the entire garment could be pulled through a curtain ring.

Out of the mass the customer chooses one or more models worn by the *mannequins*. The materials are then selected, measurements are taken in the twinkling of an eye, and—yes, madame can have her dress in two days—or even one, if the case is urgent—and profitable.

I found that the French modistes do not cut from patterns. They build upon the human form, as an artist paints a portrait. First of all, a lining is fashioned upon the purchaser and pinned into shape until it fits as though she had been poured into it. It is then placed on a pneumatic form and filled with air. In this manner exact measurements are obtained. When the customer is a "regular" this form is kept and carefully numbered, so that dresses can be ordered at any time from any corner of the globe; and in nine cases out of ten, unless the person has grown fat or thin, the production will be as satisfactory as though she had been in Paris during the making and had had the customary number of fittings.

That I might obtain an idea of the method of construction, I was permitted to watch a gown being "built."

The long, inanimate "form" of one of our New York belles was in the process of metamorphosis. Upon this figure a foundation for the gown was made. A bolt of material was placed on the floor and drawn up over the dummy. It was plaited and tucked, gathered and shirred, as the design called for—all by hand—and constructed so quickly that my eye could scarcely follow. Then the goods proper were worked up from another bolt and molded as a sculptor molds his clay. A bit of lace or embroidery, a tuck here or there, done with that incomprehensible art which the French alone know—and it was finished, at a price that seemed exorbitant in comparison with the amount of material and time used in the making, but that was small, indeed, when measured with the nervous energy and fever of creation used up in the making.

After Mrs. Long had exchanged greetings with all and pleased the *mannequins* with her flattering remembrances, we were taken down to the office of Monsieur X——. "He is getting up a new color scheme," we were told, "and may be in a bad humor."

He was in a bad humor, and the white face of the *mannequin*, on whom he had heaped yards and yards of colored gauze, showed harassment and fatigue. Around the room were five or six women, each poised for the next order of her irate employer—each with her eye and brain alert to his slightest question or demand. He was trying to obtain "the gleam of gold through seafoam," as he expressed it. And his efforts had evidently been arduous. Strewn on the tables were pieces of embroidery from the East, showing that harmony and blend of coloring for which the Orient is famous. Heaped kneehigh on the floor were yards and yards of shimmering material in every shade of blue and green and purple, which the artist had discarded in his hunt for the "divine color." In the midst of it he stood, with his face of thunder, looking at the lovely combination of colors that swathed the *mannequin*.

With a shrug of his shoulders and a wave of his hand he sank into a chair and covered his face tragically with his hands. In a moment he had started up again and pointed to the weary girl who bore the vivid stuffs.

"Take her away!" he cried; "one can get nothing but death from that face. And I want life—sunlight! Get me a live woman, you see—alive! Pink—not green! Bah!" And he shuddered.

All Rose, With a Glint of Gold

THEN for the first time he saw Mrs. Long. His face lighted up and he came over to her, dragging a wave of sea-green chiffon with reckless feet.

"My friend!" he exclaimed tenderly, putting out his hands. "My dear friend!" Bending, he kissed her palms. "When you come? And how are? So beautiful as ever! Ah, you are here at the right moment. I am sick. Yes, I am sick!" He lifted his shoulders high in a despairing shrug and stood dejectedly, with limp arms. In a moment his face and figure changed. They fairly radiated with enthusiasm. "I have found a beautiful hue—so exquisite, so delicate, so elusive! Ah!"—he blew a kiss in ecstasy from his fingertips—"I will show you." Turning, he cried shrilly to the women: "Get me Yvonne. Quick!"

While he was waiting, he explained to Mrs. Long his latest color scheme and how "it would make of woman a goddess!"

"I shall make, for the blonde, all rose, with a glint of gold to match her hair and her skin. And for you, my friend, it would be violet and a hint of the rose—just a hint—ah, so infinitesimal. What you think?"

He asked the question eagerly and then went on without waiting for her answer: "And this gown will be all chiffon. I will suggest the figure while I hide it. I will blend the meeting of that chiffon and the skin with so pale a gauze that you say they are one. She shall be all soft and all woman—this new gown of mine. No hard lines; no interruptions—all one. And all light, like a pink cloud."

So he described his opalescent evening dress, which later started the vogue for translucent gowns.

Meanwhile the tired, white *mannequin* had been replaced by Yvonne, and we watched Monsieur X—— weave upon her rainbow shades in which the red predominated.

First, he gathered the soft tissue high under the bust and let it flow as in the draperies of Madame Récamier. Then a soft knot was tried in the center of the back, which suggested the Watteau. A semifitting waistline melted in the twinkling of an eye into the Directoire. And so he worked, trying first this style and then that, suggesting many periods and at last making a beautiful underdress, incrusted with a jeweled trimming, and shrouding the whole with a cloud of pale chiffon.

He stood a moment looking at this last effect and then turned to Mrs. Long with a radiant smile.

"So," he said, "you see, it is finished. It is the most beautiful thing that I have yet done. How you like?" he asked Mrs. Long.

"It is perfect!" she declared—and it was, even in its half-finished state.

Then I looked at Yvonne. Though straight and willowy as ever, her face was taking on a gray tinge beneath its rouge; and glancing at the clock I realized that she had been standing three hours!

Later we heard that the first *mannequin*, on whom the scheme of colors had been originated, had stood since early morning until we saw her dismissal, five hours later.

The gown made a great furor some weeks later when it was placed on view in the fall opening of the ateliers and it still has a tremendous vogue.

All Periods Ransacked for Styles

WHILE in Paris and visiting the many exclusive shops to which Mrs. Long had *entrée* I had a chance to watch the making of new modes. Sometimes a mere suggestion will cause a style that will set the whole world back several centuries or strike a new and startling note. Often the natural sequence will produce a change, as in the *jupe-culotte*. After the hobble the only thing, to my mind, was either to revert to fullness or to retain the tightness and yet permit more action by a slit in the skirt. As the sheath skirt was *passé* and the tendency was to gathers held in around the feet, the Turkish pantaloon very aptly suggested itself.

The French modistes are marvels of ingenuity. They realize that the world is ever on the hunt for the new and the daring; and, since these adjectives suggest Paris to many persons, the fashion-makers live up to the full extent of the meaning. They will often sacrifice beauty to the bizarre, for they have found that many Americans prefer this. As a clever little Frenchwoman said to me: "Why not? If Madame Millionaire takes home a simple dress her friends would not believe she bought it in Paris."

Planning the modes is a matter of the greatest importance and takes a vast amount of time and patience. In the winter preparation is made for the spring and even the fall styles. The dictators go carefully over the various points of the current fashion. They consult books and plates, showing the evolution of dress, back to the beginning of apparel. The head of the atelier, with her mind keenly alert to the taste of the feminine and the influence of the moment, selects portions of many periods either bearing on the present style or striking an entirely new note. These are given to the staff of artists, who work them into designs combining the various sections. Take, for instance, the Roman tunic, the short waist of the Empire period, the wide revers of the Directoire, the rich trimming of the Byzantine age and the Grecian flow of drapery—combined by the craft of France—and we have the dress of today.

The modistes are secretive in the evolution of their ideas. They work over the designs and the models made from them for months, changing here and adding there; while the artists are busy making sketch after sketch that might suggest a novelty.

I discovered that each house has its individuality and, though new dictators are constantly coming into the field, the old favorites hold their own. Mrs. Long divided the establishments into classes. For instance, though any kind of costume can be got from a famous firm of sisters—perhaps the best all-round house for buying—we went to them principally for their evening gowns.

These women are very versatile. They create every kind of costume for every kind of person. A fat or ungainly woman will be reduced in the twinkling of an eye to the essence of smartness under their clever fingers. While other dressmakers would leave such a customer to the *première* or a subordinate, they make a personal study of her; and the result has helped to make the reputation of that house. These sisters are marvels of energy and intuition, and think nothing of spending days locked up in a room with a form, trying to solve the problem of making embonpoint attractive.

One story was told me of how the elder sister spent two days and nights on a wedding dress for a woman weighing far over the hundred-and-forty mark. On the morning of the third day she was found asleep on her studio floor surrounded by hundreds of dollars' worth of satins and laces which she had discarded in her efforts; but on the dummy was a wonderful creation of simplicity and elegance which, by a trick of ingenuity, reduced the corpulence of the figure considerably. They never overdress their patrons—these sisters. If a dress of this sort is desired in any instance, the customer is recommended to another shop, where art is a matter of dollars and cents. They may lose a bit of money through their independence, but they have also increased their reliability and reputation.

Another establishment in the Rue de la Paix, which is run very much on the same lines, owes a great deal of its success to the beauty and charming personality of the proprietress; and women of fine tastes from all over the world order their costumes from this house.

We went to a smart shop in the Rue Royal for unusual coat suits and to a brilliant atelier in the Avenue de l'Opéra for dinner dresses and afternoon frocks. There is still another, in the Place Vendôme, but Monsieur —— up to the present has not proved popular with Americans. He is too extreme, too daring in many cases, for any except the eccentric matron or the French, who adore him; but they adore his rivals with the same ardor. His wife, who is lovely in a cold, patrician way, never wears the models created by the house. She has special designs made for herself; and in many cases her gowns of exquisite plainness bring more patronage to the establishment than the carefully prepared exotic styles. Monsieur, on the other hand, loves richness. He revels in the languorous brunette on whom he can hang purples and rare reds, incrusted with gems and heavy laces. He prefers, if possible, to design the costume for the individual. Like a painter, he dreams over it and tries to weave in the personality. As a result of the combination of his eccentric taste with the simple taste of his wife, this house turns out some of the loveliest morning and afternoon frocks in Paris.



"Her Majesty Would Not Like it if We Have Not Obeyed Her Order to Have the Shop Empty for Her Royal Pleasure!"



"I Have Found a Beautiful Hue—So Exquisite, So Delicate, So Elusive! Ah! I Will Show You"

I was greatly surprised when Mrs. Long told me that I could not sketch at any of the ateliers, but that I must train my mind to remember what I had seen and to jot it down as soon as we were in the street. This information was staggering at first, but I soon found that remembering was not at all difficult and tremendously interesting. Of course the gowns that she bought were sketched when they arrived at the hotel. The most important thing was to catch at a glance the new touches, which are the trademarks of Paris. Just how a sleeve was tucked or a novel cutting of a skirt—these and a hundred little things that would have escaped the casual observer were pointed out to me by Mrs. Long as most important. Dresses, as a whole, are easily photographed on the brain; and, after I grew accustomed to the methods of the different houses, memorizing the main points became second nature.

When Sketching Came High

I WAS permitted to sketch openly only on one occasion and that was at X——'s. Mrs. Long received a cable for an extra page of fashions, to be sent on the next steamer. As it would have taken several days to go the rounds and select the styles and simplify them, she obtained permission to sketch direct eight dresses, exactly as they were. For this privilege she paid five hundred dollars. The price seemed huge, as Mrs. Long had dealt with this house for years and was a great friend of the proprietors; but I learned that these dresses could not be used as new models since they would appear in America simultaneously with the showing of them in the summer exhibit in Paris, and therefore would have to be sold at a reduction.

The French houses must protect themselves against the American buyer and the American fashion editor. Dresses that are bought are, of course, the property of the purchaser and can be used as the latter sees fit. As fashions are usually published three months after they are sketched in Paris, the originators are protected for that length of time at least; and buyers and editors are usually obliged to give their word that the styles will not be shown before that period expires. For one can very readily see that the French shops would suffer if expensive gowns were sold to good customers as exclusive and the duplicates should appear in America at the same time.

It would be possible to get very good ideas by merely buying so much from each house; but Mrs. Long had the advantage over many workers in this line through her unusual personality and her forethought in becoming affiliated with X——'s.

This house was absolutely at her disposal, with a very few exceptions. She had known Madame X—— when the latter was a saleswoman and she let no occasion pass that would increase the indebtedness of both Monsieur and Madame X——. When their shop was small and obscure Mrs. Long sent them many customers, for her eye saw far into the future, when they would be of use to her.

When they did open their famous shop and simultaneously became the rage, Mrs. Long doubled her forces by sending them titled acquaintances and enthusiastic Americans, who spread their fame broadcast.

(Continued on Page 29)

THE GOAT MAN OF FUATINO

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

OF HIS many schooners, ketches and cutters that nosed about among the coral isles of the South Seas, David Grief loved most the Rattler, a yachtlike schooner of ninety tons, with so swift a pair of heels that she had made herself famous, in the old days, opium-smuggling from San Diego to Puget Sound, raiding the seal-rookeries of Bering Sea and running arms in the Far East. A stench and an abomination to Government officials, she had been the joy of all sailormen and the pride of the shipwrights who built her. Even now, after forty years of driving, she was still the same old Rattler, forereaching in the same marvelous manner that compelled sailors to see in order to believe, and that punctuated many an angry discussion with words and blows on the beaches of all the ports from Valparaiso to Manila Bay.

On this night, close-hauled, her big mainsail preposterously flattened down, her luffs pulsing emptily on the lift of each smooth swell, she was sliding an easy four knots through the water on the veriest whisper of a breeze. For an hour David Grief had been leaning on the rail at the lee fore-rigging, gazing overside at the steady phosphorescence of her gait. The faint back-draft from the headsails fanned his cheek and chest with a wine of coolness, and he was in an ecstasy of appreciation of the schooner's qualities.

"Eh! She's a beauty, Taute, a beauty," he said to the Kanaka lookout, at the same time stroking the teak of the rail with an affectionate hand.

"Ay, skipper," the Kanaka answered in the rich, big-chested tones of Polynesia. "Thirty years I know ships, but never like this. On Raiatea we call her Fanauao."

"The Dayborn," Grief translated the love phrase. "Who named her so?"

About to answer, Taute peered ahead with sudden intensity. Grief joined him in the gaze.

"Land," said Taute.

"Yes; Fuatino," Grief agreed, his eyes still fixed on the spot where the star-luminous horizon was gouged by a blot of blackness. "It's all right. I'll tell the captain."

The Rattler slid along until the loom of the island could be seen as well as sensed; until the sleepy roar of breakers and the blatting of goats could be heard; until the wind, off the land, was flower-drenched with perfume.

"If it wasn't a crevice she could run the passage a night like this," Captain Glass remarked regretfully, as he watched the wheel lashed hard down by the steersman.



The Joy of All Sailormen and the Pride of the Shipwrights Who Built Her

The Rattler, run off shore a mile, had been hove to to wait till daylight ere she attempted the perilous entrance to Fuatino. It was a perfect tropic night, with no hint of rain or squall. For'ard, wherever their tasks left them, the Raiatea sailors sank down to sleep on deck. Aft, the captain and mate and Grief spread their beds with similar languid unconcern. They lay on their blankets, smoking and murmuring sleepy conjectures about Matuara, the Queen of Fuatino, and about the love affair between her daughter, Naumoo, and Motuaro.

"They're certainly a romantic lot," Brown, the mate, said. "As romantic as we whites."

"As romantic as Pilsach," Grief laughed, "and that is going some. How long ago was it, captain, that he jumped you?"

"Eleven years," Captain Glass grunted resentfully.

"Tell me about it," Brown pleaded. "They say he's never left Fuatino since. Is that right?"

"Right-O," the captain rumbled. "He's in love with his wife—the little hussy! Stole him from me, and as good a sailorman as the trade has ever seen . . . if he is Dutch."

"German," Grief corrected.

"It's all the same," was the retort. "The sea was robbed of a good man that night he went ashore and Notutu took one look at him. I reckon they looked good to each other. Before you could say scat she'd put a wreath of some kind of white flowers on his head; and in five minutes they were off down the beach, like a couple of kids, holding hands and laughing. I hope he's blown that big coral patch out of the channel. I always start a sheet or two of copper warping past."

"Go on with the story," Brown urged.

"That's all. He was finished right there. Got married that night. Never came on board again. I looked him up next day. Found him in a straw house in the bush, bare-legged, a white savage, all mixed up with flowers and things and playing a guitar. Looked like a bally ass. Told me to send his things ashore. I told him I'd see him damned first. And that's all. You'll see her tomorrow. They've got three kiddies now—wonderful little rascals. I've a phonograph down below for him and about a million records."

"And then you made him trader?" the mate queried of Grief.

"What else could I do? Fuatino is a love island and Pilsach is a lover. He knows the native, too—one of the best traders I've got or ever had. He's responsible. You'll see him tomorrow."

"Look here, young man," Captain Glass rumbled threateningly at his mate: "are you romantic? Because, if you are, on board you stay. Fuatino's the island of romantic insanity. Everybody's in love with somebody. They live on love. It's in the milk of the cocoanuts, or the air, or the sea. The history of the island for the last ten thousand years is nothing but love affairs. I know. I've talked with the old men. And if I catch you starting down the beach hand in hand ——"

His sudden cessation caused both the other men to look at him. They followed his gaze, which passed across them to the main rigging, and saw what he saw—a brown hand and arm, muscular and wet, being joined from overside by a second brown hand and arm. A head followed, thatched with long elfin locks, and



"We Might Have Been Fighting for Empires a Hundred Years Ago"

then a face, with roguish black eyes, lined with the marks of wild wood's laughter.

"My stars!" Brown breathed. "It's a faun—a sea faun."

"It's the Goat Man," said Glass.

"It is Mauriri," said Grief. "He is my own blood brother by sacred plight of native custom. His name is mine, and mine is his."

Broad brown shoulders and a magnificent chest rose above the rail, and with what seemed effortless ease the whole grand body followed over the rail and noiselessly trod the deck. Brown, who might have been other things than the mate of an island schooner, was enchanted. All that he had ever gleaned from the books proclaimed indubitably the faunlikeness of this visitant of the deep. "But a sad faun," was the young man's judgment, as the golden-brown wood's god strode forward to where David Grief sat up with outstretched hand.

"David," said David Grief.

"Mauriri, Big Brother," said Mauriri.

And thereafter, in the custom of men who have pledged blood brotherhood, each called the other, not by the other's name, but by his own. Also, they talked in the Polynesian tongue of Fuatino, and Brown could only sit and guess.

"A long swim to say *talofa*," Grief said, as the other sat and streamed water on the deck.

"Many days and nights have I watched for your coming, Big Brother," Mauriri replied. "I have sat on the Big Rock where the dynamite is kept, of which I have been made keeper. I saw you come up to the entrance and run back into darkness. I knew you waited till morning, and I followed. Great trouble has come upon us. Mataara has cried these many days for your coming. She is an old woman, and Motuaro is dead and she is sad."

"Did he marry Naumoo?" Grief asked, after he had shaken his head and sighed by the custom.

"Yes. In the end they ran to live with the goats, till Mataara forgave, when they returned to live with her in the Big House. But he is now dead and Naumoo soon will die. Great is our trouble, Big Brother. Tori is dead, and Tati-Tori, and Petoo, and Nari, and Pilsach, and others."

"Pilsach too!" Grief exclaimed. "Has there been a sickness?"

"There has been much killing. Listen, Big Brother. Three weeks ago a strange schooner came. From the Big Rock I saw her topsails above the sea. She towed in with her boats, but they did not warp by the big patch and she pounded many times. She is now on the beach where they are strengthening the broken timbers. There are eight white men on board. They have women from some island far to the east. The women talk a language in many ways like ours, only different. But we can understand. They say they were stolen by the men on the schooner. We do not know, but they sing and dance and are happy."

"And the men?" Grief interrupted.

"They talk French. I know, for there was a mate on your schooner who talked French long ago. There are two chief men, and they do not look like the others. They have blue eyes like you, and they are devils. One is a bigger devil than the other. The other six are also devils. They do not pay us for our yams and taro and breadfruit. They take everything from us, and if we complain they kill us. Thus was killed Tori and Tati-Tori and Petoo and others. We cannot fight, for we have no guns—only two or three old guns.

"They illtreat our women. Thus was killed Motuaro, who made defense of Naumoo, whom they have now taken on board their schooner. It was because of this that Pilsach was killed. Him the chief of the two chief men, the Big Devil, shot once in his whaleboat, and twice when he tried to crawl up the sand of the beach. Pilsach was a brave man, and Notutu now sits in the house and cries without end. Many of the people are afraid and have run to live with the goats. But there is not food for all in the high mountains. And the men will not go out and fish, and they work no more in the gardens because of the devils, who take all they have. And we are ready to fight.

"Big Brother, we need guns and much ammunition. I sent word before I swam out to you, and the men are waiting. The strange white men do not know you are come. Give me a boat and the guns, and I will go back before the sun. And when you come tomorrow we will be ready for the word from you to kill the strange white men. They must be killed. Big Brother, you have ever been of the blood with us, and the men and women have prayed to many gods for your coming. And you are come!"

"I will go in the boat with you," Grief said.

"No, Big Brother," was Mauriri's reply. "You must be with the schooner. The strange white men will fear the schooner, not us. We will have the guns, and they will not know. It is only when they see your schooner come that they will be alarmed. Send the young man there with the boat."

So it was that Brown, thrilling with all the romance and adventure he had read and guessed and never lived, took his place in the stern-sheets of a whaleboat loaded with rifles and cartridges, rowed by four Raiatea sailors, steered by a golden-brown, sea-swimming faun and directed through the warm tropic darkness toward the half-mythical love island of Fuatino, which had been invaded by twentieth-century pirates.

II

IF A LINE be drawn between Jaluit, in the Marshall Group, and Bougainville, in the Solomons, and if this line be bisected at two degrees south of the equator by a line drawn from Ukuor, in the Carolines, the high island of Fuatino will be raised in that sun-washed stretch of lonely sea. Inhabited by a stock kindred to the Hawaiian, the Samoan, the Tahitian and the Maori, Fuatino becomes the apex of the wedge driven by Polynesia far to the west and in between Melanesia and Micronesia. And it was Fuatino that David Grief raised next morning, two miles to the east and in direct line with the rising sun. The same whisper of a breeze held, and the Rattler slid through the smooth sea at a rate that would have been eminently proper for an island schooner had the breeze been thrice as strong.

Fuatino was nothing else than an ancient crater, thrust upward from the sea-bottom by some primordial cataclasm. The western portion, broken and crumbled to sea level, was the entrance to the crater itself, which constituted the harbor. Thus Fuatino was like a rugged horseshoe, the heel pointing to the west. And into the opening at the heel the Rattler steered. Captain Glass, binoculars in hand and peering at the chart made by himself, which was spread on top of the cabin, straightened up with an expression on his face that was half alarm, half resignation.

"It's coming," he said. "Fever. It wasn't due till tomorrow. It always hits me hard, Mr. Grief. In five minutes I'll be off my head. You'll have to con the schooner in. Boy! Get my bunk ready! Plenty of blankets! Fill that hot-water bottle! It's so calm, Mr. Grief, that I think you can pass the big patch without warping. Take the leading wind and shoot her. She's the only craft in the South Pacific that can do it, and I know you know the trick. You can scrape the Big Rock by just watching out for the main boom."

He had talked rapidly, almost like a drunken man, as his reeling brain battled with the rising shock of the malarial stroke. When he stumbled toward the companionway his face was purpling and mottling as if attacked by some monstrous inflammation or decay. His eyes were setting in a glassy bulge, his hands shaking, his teeth clicking in the spasms of chill.

"Two hours to get the sweat," he chattered with a ghastly grin; "and a couple more and I'll be all right. I know the damned thing to the last minute it runs its course. Y-y-you t-t-take ch-ch-ch-ch ——"

His voice faded away in a weak stutter as he collapsed down into the cabin and his employer took charge. The Rattler was just entering the passage. The heels of the horseshoe island were two huge mountains of rock a thousand feet high, each almost broken off from the mainland and connected with it by a low and narrow peninsula. Between the heels was a half-mile stretch, all but blocked by a reef of coral extending across from the south heel. The passage, which Captain Glass had called a crevice, twisted into this reef, curved directly to the north heel and ran along the base of the perpendicular rock. At this point, with the main boom almost grazing the rock on the port side, Grief, peering down on the starboard side, could see bottom less than two fathoms beneath and shoaling steeply. With a whaleboat towing for steerage and as a precaution against back-drafts from the cliff, and taking advantage of a fan of breeze, he shook the Rattler full into it and glided by the big coral patch without warping. As it was, he just scraped, but so softly as not to start the copper.

The harbor of Fuatino opened before him. It was a circular sheet of water, five miles in diameter, rimmed with white coral beaches from which the verdure-clad slopes rose swiftly to the frowning crater walls. The crests of the walls were saw-toothed volcanic peaks, capped and haloed with captive trade-wind clouds. Every nook and crevice of the disintegrating lava gave foothold to creeping, climbing vines and trees—a green foam of vegetation. Thin streams of water, that were mere films of mist, swayed and undulated in sheer descents of hundreds of feet. And to complete the magic of the place, the warm moist air was heavy with the perfume of the yellow-blossomed *cassi*.

Fanning along against light, vagrant airs, the Rattler worked in. Calling the whaleboat on board, Grief searched out the shore with his binoculars. There was no life. In the hot blaze of tropic sun the place slept. There was no sign of welcome. Up the beach on the north shore, where the fringe of cocoanut palms concealed the village, he could see the black bows of the canoes in the canoe houses. On the beach, on even keel, rested the strange schooner. Nothing moved on board of her or around her. Not until the beach lay fifty yards away did Grief let go the anchor in forty fathoms. Out in the middle, long years before, he had sounded three hundred fathoms without reaching bottom, which was to be expected of a healthy crater-pit like Fuatino. As the chain roared and surged through the hawse-pipe he noticed a number of native women, lusciously large as only those of Polynesia are, in flowing *ahus*, flower-crowned, stream out on the deck of the schooner on the beach. Also, and what they did not see, he saw from the galley the squat figure of a man steal for'ard, drop to the sand and dive into the green screen of bush.

While the sails were furled and gasketed, awnings stretched and sheets and tackles coiled harbor fashion, David Grief paced the deck and looked vainly for a flutter of life elsewhere than on the strange schooner. Once, beyond any doubt, he heard the distant crack of a rifle in the direction of the Big Rock. There were no further shots, and he thought of it as some hunter shooting a wild goat.

At the end of another hour, Captain Glass, under a mountain of blankets, had ceased shivering and was in the inferno of a profound sweat.

"I'll be all right in half an hour," he said weakly.

"Very well," Grief answered. "The place is dead, and I'm going ashore to see Mataara and find out the situation."

"It's a tough bunch; keep your eyes open," the captain warned him. "If you're not back in an hour send word off."

Grief took the steering-sweep and four of his Raiatea men bent to the oars. As they landed on the beach he looked curiously at the women under the other schooner's awning. He waved his hand tentatively, and they, after giggling, waved back.

"*Talofa*," he called.

They understood the greeting, but replied "*Iorana*," and he knew they came from the Society Group.

Huaheine, one of his sailors unhesitatingly named their island. Grief asked them whence they came, and with giggles and laughter they replied Huaheine.

"It looks like old Dupuy's schooner," Grief said in Tahitian, speaking in a low voice. "Don't look too hard. What do you think, eh? Isn't it the Valetta?"

As the men climbed out and lifted the whaleboat slightly up the beach, they stole careless glances at the vessel.

"It is the Valetta," Taute said. "She carried her topmast away seven years ago. At Papeete they rigged a new one. It was ten feet shorter. That is the one."

"Go over and talk with the women, you boys. You can almost see Huaheine from Raiatea, and you'll be sure to know some of them. Find out all you can. And if any of the white men show up don't start a row."

An army of hermit crabs scuttled and rustled away before him as he advanced up the beach, but under the palms no pigs rooted and grunted. The cocoanuts lay where they had fallen and at the copra-sheds there were no signs of curing.

Industry and tidiness had vanished. Grass house after grass house he found deserted. Once he came upon an old man, blind,



Captain Glass Was Overborne and Trampled on by the Rush

toothless, prodigiously wrinkled, who sat in the shade and babbled with fear when he spoke to him. It was as if the place had been struck with the plague, was Grief's thought, as he approached the Big House. All was desolation and disarray. There were no flower-crowned men and maidens, no brown babies rolling in the shade of the avocado trees. In the doorway, crouched and rocking back and forth, sat Mataara, the old queen. She wept afresh at sight of him, divided between the tale of her woe and regret that no follower was left to dispense to him her hospitality.

"And so they have taken Naumoo," she finished. "Motuaro is dead. My people have fled and are starving. And there is no one to open for you even a drinking cocoanut. Oh, Brother, your white brothers be devils."

"They are no brothers of mine, Mataara," Grief consoled. "They are robbers and pigs, and I shall clean the island of them ——"

He broke off to whirl half around, his hand flashing to his waist and back again, the big Colt's leveled at the figure of a man, bent double, that rushed at him from out of the trees. He did not pull the trigger, nor did the man pause till he had flung himself headlong at Grief's feet and begun to pour forth a stream of uncouth and awful noises. He recognized the creature as the one he had seen steal from the Valetta and dive into the bush; but not until he raised him up and watched the contortions of the hare-lipped mouth could he understand what he uttered.

"Save me, master, save me!" the man yammered in English, though he was unmistakably a South Sea native. "I know you! Save me!"

And thereat he broke into a wild outpour of incoherence that did not cease until Grief seized him by the shoulders and shook him into silence.

"I know you," Grief said. "You were cook in the French hotel at Papeete two years ago. Everybody called you Hare-Lip."

The man nodded violently.

"I am now cook of the Valetta," he spat and spluttered, his mouth writhing in a fearful struggle with its defect. "I know you. I saw you at the hotel. I saw you at Lavina's, I saw you on the Kittiwake. I saw you at the Mariposa wharf. You are Captain Grief and you will save me. Those men are devils. They killed Captain Dupuy. Me they made kill half the crew. Two they shot from the cross-trees. The rest they shot in the water. I knew them all. They stole the girls from Huaheine. They added to their strength with jailmen from Noumea. They robbed the traders in the New Hebrides. They killed the trader at Vanikoro and stole two women there. They ——"

But Grief no longer heard. Through the trees, from the direction of the harbor, came a rattle of rifles, and he started on the run for the beach. Pirates from Tahiti and convicts from New Caledonia! A pretty bunch of desperadoes that even now was attacking his schooner. Hare-Lip followed, still spluttering and spitting his tale of the white devils' doings.

The rifle-firing ceased as abruptly as it had begun, but Grief ran on, perplexed by ominous conjectures, until, in a turn of the path, he encountered Mauriri running toward him from the beach.

"Big Brother," the Goat Man panted, "I was too late. They have taken your schooner. Come. For now they will seek for you."

He started back up the path away from the beach.

"Where is Brown?" Grief demanded.

"On the Big Rock. I will tell you afterward. Come now."

"But my men in the whaleboat?"

Mauriri was in an agony of apprehension.

"They are with the women on the strange schooner. They will not be killed. I tell you true. The devils want sailors. But you they will kill. Listen!" From the water, in a cracked tenor voice, came a French hunting song. "They are landing on the beach. They have taken your schooner—that I saw. Come."

III

CARELESS of his own life and skin, nevertheless David Grief was possessed of no false hardihood. He knew when to fight and when to run, and that this was the time for running he had no doubt. Up the path, past the old man sitting in the shade, past Mataara crouched in the doorway of the Big House, he followed at the heels of Mauriri. At his own heels, doglike, plodded Hare-Lip. From behind came the cries of the hunters, but the pace Mauriri led them was heartbreaking. The broad path narrowed, swung to the right and pitched upward. The last grass house was left, and through high thickets of *cassi* and swarms of great, golden wasps the way rose steeply until it became a goat-track. Pointing upward to a bare shoulder of volcanic rock, Mauriri indicated the trail across its face.

"Past that we are safe, Big Brother," he said. "The white devils never dare it, for there are rocks we roll down on their heads, and there is no other path. Always do they stop here and shoot when we cross the rock. Come."

A quarter of an hour later they paused where the trail went naked on the face of the rock.

"Wait, and when you come, come quickly," Mauriri cautioned.

He sprang into the blaze of sunlight, and from below several rifles pumped rapidly. Bullets smacked about him and puffs of stone-dust flew out, but he won safely across. Grief followed, and so near did one bullet come that the dust of its impact stung his cheek. Nor was Hare-Lip struck, though he essayed the passage more slowly.

For the rest of the day, on the greater heights, they lay in a lava glen where terraced taro and *papaia* grew. And here Grief made his plans and learned the fullness of the situation.

"It was ill luck," Mauriri said. "Of all nights this one night was selected by the white devils to go fishing. It was dark as we came through the passage. They were in boats and canoes. Always do they have their rifles with them. One Raiatea man they shot. Brown was very brave. We tried to get by to the top of the bay, but they headed us off and we were driven in between the Big Rock and the village. We saved the guns and all the ammunition, but they got the boat. Thus they learned of your coming. Brown is now on this side of the Big Rock with the guns and the ammunition."

"But why didn't he go over the top of the Big Rock and give me warning as I came in from the sea?" Grief criticised.

"They knew not the way. Only the goats and I know the way. And this I forgot, for I crept through the bush to gain the water and swim to you. But the devils were in the bush, shooting at Brown and the Raiatea men; and me they hunted till daylight, and through the morning they hunted me there in the low-lying land. Then you came in your schooner, and they watched till you went ashore; and I got away through the bush, but you were already ashore."

"You fired that shot?"

"Yes; to warn you. But they were wise and would not shoot back, and it was my last cartridge."

"Now you, Hare-Lip?" Grief said to the Valetta's cook.

His tale was long and painfully detailed. For a year he had been sailing out of Tahiti and through the Paumotas on the Valetta. Old Dupuy was owner and captain. On his last cruise he had shipped two strangers in Tahiti as mate and supercargo. Also, another stranger he carried to be his agent on Fanriki. Raoul Van Asveld and Carl Lepelus were the names of the mate and supercargo.

"They are brothers, I know, for I have heard them talk in the dark, on deck, when they thought no one listened," Hare-Lip explained.

The Valetta cruised through the Low Islands, picking up shell and pearls at Dupuy's stations. Frans Amundson, the third stranger, relieved Pierre Gollard at Fanriki. Pierre Gollard came on board to go back to Tahiti. The natives of Fanriki said he had a quart of pearls to turn over to Dupuy. The first night out from Fanriki there was shooting in the cabin. Then the bodies of Dupuy and Pierre Gollard were thrown overboard. The Tahitian sailors fled to the forecastle. For two days, with nothing to eat and the Valetta hove to, they remained below. Then Raoul Van Asveld put poison in the meal he made Hare-Lip cook and carry for'ard. Half the sailors died.

"He had a rifle pointed at me, master; what could I do?" Hare-Lip whimpered. "Of the rest, two went up the rigging and were shot. Fanriki was ten miles away. The others went overboard to swim. They were shot as they swam. I only lived, and the two devils; for me they wanted to cook for them. That day, with the breeze, they went back to Fanriki and took on Frans Amundson, for he was one of them."

Then followed Hare-Lip's nightmare experiences as the schooner wandered on the long reaches to the westward. He was the one living witness and knew they would have killed him had he not been the cook.

At Noumea five convicts had joined them. Hare-Lip was never permitted ashore at any of the islands, and Grief was the first outsider to whom he had spoken.

"And now they will kill me," Hare-Lip spluttered, "for they will know I have told you. Yet am I not all a coward, and I will stay with you, master, and die with you."

The Goat Man shook his head and stood up.

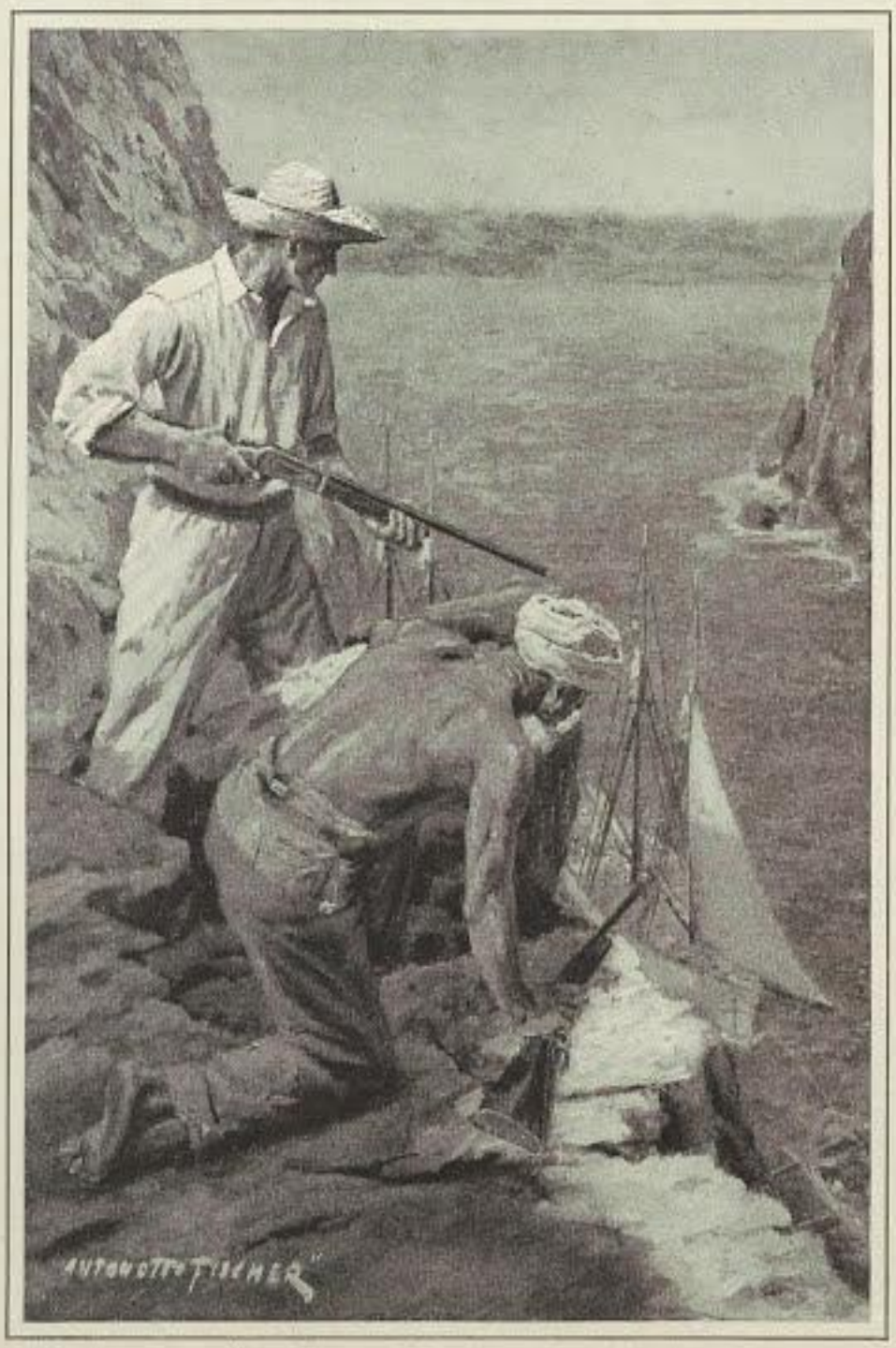
"Lie here and rest," he told Grief. "It will be a long swim tonight. As for this cookman, I will take him now to the higher places where my brothers live with the goats."

IV

"IT IS well that you swim as a man should, Big Brother," Mauriri whispered.

From the lava glen they had descended to the head of the bay and taken to the water. They swam softly, without splash, Mauriri in the lead. The black walls of the crater rose about them till it seemed they swam on the bottom of a great bowl. Above was the sky of faintly luminous star-dust. Ahead they could see the light that marked the Rattler, and from her deck, softened by distance, came a gospel hymn played on the phonograph intended for Pilsach.

The two swimmers bore to the left, away from the captured schooner. Laughter and song followed on board after the hymn, then the phonograph started again. Grief grinned to himself



"Turn Back, or I'll Blow Your Schooner Up!"

at the appositeness of it, as Lead, Kindly Light, floated out over the dark water.

"We must take the passage and land on the Big Rock," Mauriri whispered. "The devils are holding the low land."

Half a dozen rifle-shots at irregular intervals attested that Brown still held the Rock and that the pirates had invested the narrow peninsula.

At the end of another hour they swam under the frowning loom of the Big Rock. Mauriri, feeling his way, led the landing in a crevice, up which for a hundred feet they climbed to a narrow ledge.

"Stay here," said Mauriri. "I go to Brown. In the morning I shall return."

"I will go with you, Brother," Grief said.

Mauriri laughed in the darkness.

"Even you, Big Brother, cannot do this thing. I am the Goat Man, and I only, of all Fuatino, can go over the Big Rock in the night. Furthermore, it will be the first time that even I have done it. Put out your hand. You feel it? That is where Pilsach's dynamite is kept. Lie close beside the wall that you may sleep without falling. I go now."

And high above the sounding surf, on a narrow shelf beside a ton of dynamite, David Grief planned his campaign, then rested his cheek on his arm and slept.

In the morning, when Mauriri led him over the summit of the Big Rock, David Grief understood why he could not have done it in the night. Despite the accustomed nerve of a sailor for height and precarious clinging, he marveled that he was able to do it in the broad light of day. There were places, always under minute direction of Mauriri, that he leaned forward, falling across hundred-foot-deep crevices, until his outstretched hands struck a grip on the opposing wall and his legs could then be drawn across after. Once there was a ten-foot leap above half a thousand feet of yawning emptiness and down a fathom's length to a meager foothold. And he, despite his cool head, lost it another time on a shelf a scant twelve inches wide, where all handholds seemed to fail him. And Mauriri, seeing him sway, swung his own body far out and over the gulf and passed him, at the same time striking him sharply on the back to brace his reeling brain. Then it was, and forever after, that he fully knew why Mauriri had been named the Goat Man.

V

THE defense of the Big Rock had its good points and its defects. Impregnable to assault, two men could hold it against ten thousand. Also, it guarded the passage to open sea. The two schooners, Raoul Van Asveld and his cutthroat following were bottled up. Grief, with the ton of dynamite, which he had removed higher up the rock, was master. This he demonstrated, one morning, when the schooners attempted to put to sea. The Valetta led, the whaleboat towing her manned by captured Fuatino men. Grief and the Goat Man peered straight down from a safe rock shelter three hundred feet above. Their rifles were beside them, also a glowing fire-stick and a big bundle of dynamite sticks with fuses and detonators attached. As the whaleboat came beneath, Mauriri shook his head.

"They are our brothers. We cannot shoot."

For'ard, on the Valetta, were several of Grief's own Raiatea sailors. Aft, stood another at the wheel. The pirates were below, or on the other schooner, with the exception of one who stood, rifle in hand, amidships. For protection he held Naumoo, the Queen's daughter, close to him.

"That is the chief devil," Mauriri whispered, "and his eyes are blue like yours. He is a terrible man. See! He holds Naumoo that we may not shoot him."

A light air and a slight tide were making into the passage and the schooner's progress was slow.

"Do you speak English?" Grief called down.

The man, startled, half lifted his rifle to the perpendicular and looked up. There was something quick and catlike in his movements, and in his burned blond face a fighting eagerness. It was the face of a killer.

"Yes," he answered. "What do you want?"

"Turn back, or I'll blow your schooner up!" Grief warned. He blew on the fire-stick and whispered: "Tell Naumoo to break away from him and run aft."

From the Rattler, close astern, rifles cracked, and bullets spatted against the rock. Van Asveld laughed defiantly and Mauriri called down in the native tongue to the woman. When directly beneath, Grief, watching, saw her jerk away from the man. On the instant Grief touched the fire-stick to the match-head in the split end of the short fuse, sprang into view on the face of the rock and dropped the dynamite. Van Asveld had managed to catch the girl and was struggling with her. The Goat Man held a rifle on him and waited a chance. The dynamite struck the deck in a compact package, bounded and rolled into the port scupper. Van Asveld saw it and hesitated, then he and the girl ran

(Continued on Page 35)

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XXIII

THE next morning Clementina put off a sitter—a thing she had never done before—and, letting her work go hang, made an unprecedented irruption into Russell Square.

"It's about this dinner of yours," she said as soon as Quixtus appeared. "I telephoned you yesterday that I was coming."

"And I said, my dear Clementina, that I was delighted."

"It was the morose wart-hog inside me that made me decline," she said frankly. "But there's a woman of sense also inside me that can cut the throat of the wart-hog when it likes. So here I am, a woman of sense. Now will you let a woman of sense run this dinner party for you? Oh, I know what you may be thinking!" she went on hastily, without giving him time to reply. "I'm not going to suggest liver and bacon and a boiled potato. I know how things should be done, better than you."

"I'm afraid I'm inexperienced in entertainments of the kind," said Quixtus, with a smile. "Spriggs generally attends to these things for me."

"Spriggs and I will put our heads together," said Clementina. "I want you to give a rather wonderful dinner party. What kind of table decorations have you?"

Spriggs was summoned. He loaded the dining-room table with family plate and table centers and solid cut glass. His pride lay in a Mid-Victorian épergne that at every banquet in the house proudly took the place of honor, with a fat load of grapes and oranges and apples. Clementina set apart a few articles of silver and condemned the rest, including the épergne, as horrors.

"You'll let me have the pleasure, Ephraim," she said, "of providing all the flowers and making out a scheme of decoration. Anything I want I'll get myself and make you a present of it. I'm by way of being an artist, you know; so it will be all right."

"Could any one doubt it?" said Quixtus. "I am very much indebted to you, Clementina."

"A woman comes in useful now and then. I've never done a hand's turn for you and it's time I began. You'll want a hostess, won't you?"

"Dear me," said Quixtus, somewhat taken aback. "I suppose I shall. I never thought of it."

"I'll be hostess," said Clementina. "I'm a kind of aunt to Tommy and Etta, for whom you're giving the party. I'm a kind of connection of yours—and you and I are kind of father and mother to Sheila. So it will be quite correct. Let me have your list of guests and don't worry."

Clementina in her sweeping mood was irresistible. Quixtus, mild man, could do no more than acquiesce gratefully. It was most gracious of Clementina to undertake these perplexing arrangements. New sides of her character exhibited themselves every day. There was only one flaw in the newly revealed Clementina—her unaccountable disparagement of Mrs. Fontaine; but even this defect she remedied of her own accord.

"I take back what I said about Mrs. Fontaine," she said abruptly. "I was in a wart-hoggy humor. She's a charming woman, with brilliant social gifts."

Quixtus beamed, whereat Clementina felt more wart-hoggy than ever; but she beamed also, with a mansuetude that would have deceived Mrs. Fontaine herself.

Clementina, after an intimate interview with a first resentful, then obfuscated and finally boneless and submissive Spriggs, went her way, a sparkle of triumph in her eyes. And then began laborious days during which she sacrificed many glorious hours of daylight to the arrangements for the dinner party. She spent an incredible time in antique shops and schools of art needlework, and even haunted places near the London docks hunting for the glass and embroideries and other things she needed. She ordered rare flowers from florists. She wasted her evenings over a watercolor design for the table decoration and over designs for the menu and namecards.

"It's going to be a dinner that people shall remember," she said to Etta.

"It's going to be splendid," said Etta. "You think of everything, darling, except the one thing—the most important."

"What's that, child?"

"Have you got a dress to wear, darling?"

"Dress?" echoed Clementina, staring at the child. "Why, of course. I've got my black."

Etta stood aghast. "That old thing you took with you, packed anyhow, on the motor trip?"

"Naturally. Isn't it good enough for you?"

"It's not for me," said Etta, growing bold. "I love you in anything. It's for the other people. Do go and get yourself a nice frock. There's still time. I've never liked to tell you before, dear, but the old one gapes at the back"—she paused dramatically—"gapes dreadfully."

"Oh, Lord! Let it gape!" cried Clementina impatiently. "Don't worry me."

Etta continued to worry, however, with only partial success. Clementina obstinately refused to buy new raiment, but consented to call in Miss Pugsley, the little dressmaker round the corner in the King's Road, who fashioned such homely garments as Clementina deigned to wear, and hand over the old black dress to her for alterations and repairs. Etta sighed and spent anxious hours with Miss Pugsley and forced a grumbling and sarcastic Clementina to stand half clad while the frumpy rag attained something resembling a fit.

"At any rate, there are no seams burst and it does hook together," said Etta, dismally surveying the horror at the final fitting.

"Humph!" said Clementina, contemplating herself wryly in the mirror. "I suppose I look like a lady. Now I hope you're satisfied."

Meanwhile such painting as she did in the intervals of her daily excursions abroad progressed exceedingly. Tommy, coming into the studio one evening, caught sight of the lady in the gray dress standing on its easel.

"Stunning!" he cried. "Stunning! You can almost hear the stuff rustle. How the dickens do you get your texture? You're a holy mystery! By Jove, you are! All this"—he ran his thumb parallel with a fold in the drapery—"All this is a miracle." He turned and faced her with worshiping eyes in which the tears were ready to spring. "By Jove, you're great!"

The artist was thrilled by the homage; the woman laughed inwardly. She had dashed at the task triumphantly and as if by magic the thing had come out right. She was living, these days, intensely. There was no miracle that she could not work.

A morning or two afterward she issued a ukase to Tommy and Etta that they were to accompany her on an automobile excursion. Tommy, to whom she had constituted herself taskmistress, boyishly glad of the holiday, flew down Romney Place and found a great, luxurious hired motor standing at her door. Presently Etta arrived and then Clementina and Sheila and the young lovers started. Where were they going? Clementina explained. As she could not keep Sheila in London during August, she had decided on taking a furnished cottage in the country. Estate agents had highly recommended one at Molehamon-Thames. She was going down to have a look at it and wanted their advice. The motor plowed through the squalor of Brentford and then sped along the Bath Road, through Colnebrook and Slough and Maidenhead, and through the glorious greenery in which Henley is embowered; and on and on, by winding, shady roads, with here and there a flashing glimpse of river, by fields lush in golden pasture, up and down the gentle hills, through riverside villages where sleeping gayety brings a smile to the eyes, between the high hedges of Oxfordshire lanes, through the cool, verdant mystery of beech woods, until it entered a gateway and proceeded up a long avenue of elms and stopped before a red-brick manor-house.

"This the cottage?" asked Tommy.

"Do you think it's a waterfall?" asked Clementina.

They alighted. A caretaker took the "order to view" given by the estate agents and conducted the party over the place. The more Tommy saw the more amazed did he grow. There was a park; a garden; a pergola of roses; a couple of tennis courts; a lawn reaching to the river. The house, richly furnished throughout, contained rooms innumerable—four or five sitting rooms, a large dining room, billiard room, countless bedrooms, a magnificent studio; in the grounds another studio.

"I'll take it," said Clementina.

"But, my dear," gasped Tommy, "have you considered? I don't want to be impertinent—but the rent of this place must be a thousand pounds a minute."

She drew him apart from Etta and Sheila.

"My dear boy," she said, "for no reason that I can see I've lived all my life on tuppence a year. It's only quite lately I've realized that I'm a very rich woman and can do anything more or less I please. I'm going to take this place for August and September and hire an automobile, and you and Etta are coming to stay with me; and

you can each bring as many idiot boys and girls as you choose, and I shall paint and you can paint, and Sheila can run about the garden—and we're all going to enjoy ourselves."

Tommy thrust his hands into the pockets of his gray flannels and declared she was a wonder. Whereupon they proceeded to Moleham and, after lunch at the Black Boy, motored back to Chelsea.

These were days filled with a myriad activities. The dinner party engaged her curious attention. She sent back proofs of the menu and namecards time after time to the firm of art printers before she was satisfied. Then she took them to Quixtus. He was delighted.

"But, my dear Clementina, why are you taking all this ridiculous trouble?"

She laughed in her gruff way and summoned Spriggs to another dark and awful interview.

A day or two before the dinner Mrs. Fontaine, who, although she had suggested the idea, did not view a dinner party as a world-shaking phenomenon, bethought her of the matter. A pretty little note had summoned Quixtus to tea. They were alone.

"I have been wondering, my dear Doctor Quixtus," she said sweetly, her soft eyes on his, as soon as she had heard of the acceptances of the people in whom she was interested—"I have been wondering whether we are good enough friends for me to be audacious."

He smiled an assurance.

"If I brought you a few flowers for the table would you accept them? And, if you did, would you let me come and arrange them for you? It would be such a pleasure. Even the best-trained servants can't give the little touch that a woman can."

Quixtus flushed. It was difficult to be ungracious to the flower of womanhood; yet the flower of womanhood had come too late in the day with her gracious proposal. He explained, wishing to soften the necessary refusal, that he had already called in the help of his artistic friends, Miss Clementina Wing and Tommy Burgrave.

"Why didn't you send for me?"

"I did not venture," said he.

"I have been deluding myself with the fancy that we were friends." She sighed and looked at him with feminine significance. "Nothing venture, nothing win."

Quixtus, simple soul, was too genuinely distressed by obvious happenings to follow the insidious scent. With great wisdom, Clementina had shown him her watercolor design, and he knew that Mrs. Fontaine, with all her daintiness, could not compete with the faultless taste and poetic imagination of a great artist. He wondered why so finely sensitive a nature as the flower of womanhood did not divine this. Her insistence jarred on him ever so little. And yet he shrank from wounding susceptibilities.

"I never thought you would be interested in such trivial domestic matters," he said.

"It is the little things that count."

For the first time in his intercourse with her he felt uncomfortable. Here was the lady maintaining her reproach of neglect. If she took so much interest in this wretched dinner party why had she not offered her services at once? Unwittingly he contrasted her inaction with Clementina's irresistible energy. In answer to her remark he said, smiling:

"I'm not so sure about that, although it's often asserted. We lawyers have an axiom: *De minimis non curat lex.*"

"Pity a poor woman. What on earth does that mean?"

He translated:

"The law is one thing and human sentiment another."

With all her rough contradiction and violent assertion Clementina never pinned him down to a fine point of sentimental argument. There was a spaciousness about Clementina wherein he could breathe freely. This close atmosphere began to grow distasteful. There was a slight pause, which Mrs. Fontaine filled in by handing him his second cup of tea.

"Miss Clementina Wing," said he, dashing for the open, "is so intimately associated not only with the objects of our little entertainment but also with myself in other matters that I could do no less than consult her."

Lena Fontaine bent forward, sugar-tongs in hand, ready to drop a lump into his cup—a charmingly intimate pose.

"Of course I understand, dear Doctor Quixtus. And is she really coming to the dinner?"

"Why not?"

"She's so—so unconventional. I thought she never went into society."

"She is honoring me by making an exception in my case," replied Quixtus, a little stiffly.

"I'm delighted to hear it," she said sweetly; but in her heart she bitterly resented Clementina's interference. She would get even with the fish-fag for this.

On the morning of the dinner party, Clementina sent for Tommy. He found her, as usual, at work. She laid down her brush and handed him the watercolor design.

"I'm too busy today to fool about with this silly nonsense. I can't spare any more time to it. You can carry out the scheme quite as well as I can. You'll find everything there. Do you mind?"

Tommy did not mind; in fact, he was delighted with the task. The artist in him loved to deal with things of beauty and exquisite colors.

"Shall I give an eye to the wines?"

"Everything's quite settled. I saw to it yesterday. Now, clear out. I'm busy. And look here," she cried, as he was mounting the staircase, "I'm not going to have you or Etta fooling round the place today. I'm going to paint till the very last minute."

She resumed her painting. A short while afterward a note and parcel came from Etta. From the parcel she drew a long pair of black gloves. She threw them to the maid, Eliza.

"What shall I do with them, ma'am?"

"Wear 'em at your funeral," said Clementina.

. . . . . .

A few minutes before eight, Quixtus stood in the great drawing room waiting to receive his guests. On the stroke came Admiral Concannon, scrupulously punctual, and Etta, followed by Tommy who, having given the last touches to the table, waylaid her on the stairs. Then came Lady Louisa Malling and Lena Fontaine, demure in pale heliotrope. After them Lord and Lady Radfield, he tall and distinguished, with white mustache and imperial; she much younger, dumpy, expensively dressed, wearing a false air of vivacity. Then came in quick succession General and Lady Barnes; Griffiths, Quixtus' colleague in the Anthropological Society, and his wife; John Powersfoot, the Royal Academician; Mr. and Mrs. Wilmour-Jackson, physically polished, vacant, opulent—friends of Mrs. Fontaine. Gradually the party assembled and the hum of talk filled the room. During an interval Quixtus turned to Tommy. What had become of Clementina, who had promised to play hostess? Tommy could give no information. All he knew about her was that he had stopped at her door and offered a lift in his cab, and Eliza had come down with a verbal message to the effect that he was to go away and that Miss Wing was not coming in his cab. Tommy opined that Clementina was in one of her crotchety humors. Possibly she would not turn up at all. Etta took Tommy aside.

"I'm sure that old black frock has split down the back and Eliza is mending it with black thread."

Only the Quinns and Clementina to arrive; and at ten minutes past came the Quinns—Sir Edward, member of Parliament, and Lady—genial, flustered folks, with many apologies for lateness. The hands of the clock on the mantelpiece marked the quarter. Still no Clementina. Quixtus grew uneasy. What could have happened? Lena Fontaine turned from him and whispered to Lord Radfield:

"She has forgotten to put on her boots and is driving back for them."

Then Spriggs appeared at the door and announced:

"Miss Clementina Wing."

And Clementina sailed into the room.

For the first and only time in his life did Quixtus lose his courtliness of manner. For a perceptible instant he stood stock-still and stared open-mouthed. It was a Clementina that he had never seen before; a Clementina that no one had ever seen before. It was Clementina in a hundred-guinea gown, gold silk gleaming through ambergris net; Clementina exquisitely corseted and revealing a beautifully curved and rounded figure; Clementina with a smooth, clear, olive skin, with her fine black hair coiled by a miracle of the hairdresser's art majestically on her head—and set off with a great diamond comb; Clementina wearing diamonds at her throat; Clementina perfectly gloved; Clementina carrying an ostrich-feather fan; Clementina erect, proud, smiling, her strong face illuminated by her fine eyes, a-glitter with suppressed excitement; Clementina a very great lady and almost a beautiful woman. Those who knew her stared like Quixtus; those who did not looked at her appreciatively.

She sailed across the room, hand outstretched to Quixtus.

"I'm so sorry I'm late and so sorry I could not run in today. I've been up to my ears in work. I hope Tommy has been a satisfactory lieutenant."

"He has most faithfully carried out your instructions," said Quixtus, recovering his balance.

Clementina smiled on Mrs. Fontaine. "How d'ye do? How charming to meet you again. But you're looking pale tonight, my dear—quite fagged out. I hope nothing's the matter."

She turned round quickly, leaving Lena Fontaine speechless with amazement and indignation, and shook hands with the astonished admiral. Was this regal-looking woman the same paint-daubed rabbit-skinner of the studio? He murmured vague nothings.

"Well, my dears?"

Tommy and Etta, thus greeted, stood paralyzed before her, like village children at a school feast when they are addressed by the awe-inspiring squire's lady.

"Pinch me! Pinch me hard!" Tommy whispered when Clementina had turned to meet Lord Radfield, whom Quixtus was presenting.

"I believe I have the pleasure of taking you down to dinner," said Lord Radfield.

"I'm a sort of brevet-hostess in this house," said Clementina. "A bad one, I'm afraid, seeing how late I am."

Spriggs announced dinner. Quixtus led the way with Lady Radfield; Clementina on Lord Radfield's arm closed the procession. The company took their places in the great dining room. Quixtus, at the end of the table by the door, sat between Lady Radfield and Lady Louisa; Clementina, at the foot, between Lord Radfield and General Barnes. Lena Fontaine had her place as near Clementina as possible, between Lord Radfield and Griffiths, a dry, splenetic man, who had taken her in. Clementina had thus arranged the table plan.

The scheme of decoration was too striking in its beauty not to arouse immediate and universal comment. It was half barbaric. Rich Chinese gold embroideries on the damask; black-and-gold lacquer urns; a great black-and-gold lacquer tray; black irises with golden tongues in gold-dust Venetian glass; tawny orchids flaring profusely among the black and gold. Here and there among greenery the glow of golden fruit; and insistent down the long table the cool sheen of ambergris grapes. Glass and silver and damask; black and gold and ambergris—audacious, startling—then appealing to the eye as perfect in its harmony.

Quixtus and Tommy each proclaimed the author. All eyes were directed to Clementina. Attention was diverted to the name and menu cards. Lord Radfield put his namecard into his pocket.

"It is not every day in the week that one takes away a precious work of art from a London dinner party."

Clementina enjoyed a little triumph, the flush of which mounted to her dark face. With the flush and in the setting she had prepared for herself, she looked radiant. Her late entrance had produced a dramatic effect; the immediate concentration of every one on her work, added to the commonplace of her reputation, had at once established her as the central figure in the room; and she sat as hostess at the foot of the table, a symphony in ambergris, gold and black. Woman, in the use of woman's weapons, has evolved no laws of fence.

"One might almost have said she did it on purpose," murmured the ingenuous Tommy.

"Did what?" asked Etta.

"Why, used the table as a personal decoration. Don't you see how it all leads up to her?—leads up, by Jove! to her eyes and the diamonds in her hair! And, I say, doesn't it wipe out Mrs. Fontaine?"

Tommy was right. Lena Fontaine's pale coloring, her white face and chestnut hair faded into nothingness against the riot of color. The pale heliotrope of her dress was killed. She was insignificant to the eye. Conscious of this eclipse, hating herself for having put on heliotrope, and yet wondering which of her usual half-tone costumes she could have worn, she paid her tribute to the designer with acid politeness. She wished she had not come. Clementina as fish-fag and Clementina as princess were two totally different people. She could deal with the one. How could she deal with the other? The irony in Clementina's glance made her quiver with fury; her heart still burned hot with the indignation of the first greeting. She felt herself to be in the midst of hostile influences. Griffiths, a man of unimaginative fact, plunged headlong into a discourse on comparative statistics of accidents to railway servants. She listened absently, angry with Quixtus for pairing her with so dreary a fellow. Griffiths, irritated by her non-intelligence, transferred the lecture to his other neighbor as soon as an opportunity occurred. Lena Fontaine awaited her chance with Lord Radfield; but Clementina held him amused and interested and soon drew General Barnes into the talk. With the slough of her old outer trappings Clementina had cast off the slough of her abrupt and unconventional speech. She was a woman of acute intellect, wide reading and wide observation. She had ideas and wit, and she had come out this evening flamingly determined to use all her powers.

Her success sent her pulses throbbing. Here were two men, at the outset of her experiment, hanging on her words; paying indubitable homage, not to the woman of brains, not to the well-known painter, but to the essential woman herself. The talk became subtle, personal—a quick interchange of hinted sentiment that makes for charm. When Lord Radfield at last turned to Lena Fontaine she could offer him nothing but commonplaces: Goodwood, a scandal or so, the fortunes of a bridge club. Clementina adroitly brought them both quickly into her circle and Lena Fontaine had the chagrin to see the politely bored old face suddenly light up with reawakened interest. For a moment or two Lena Fontaine flashed into the talk, determined to offer battle; but after a while she felt dominated, cowed, with no fight left in her. The other woman ruled triumphant.

Tommy could not keep his eyes off Clementina and neglected Etta and his left-hand neighbor shamefully. An unprecedented rosiness of fingernails caught his eye. In awe-stricken tones he whispered to Etta: "Manicured!"

"Go on with your dinner," said Etta, "and don't stare, Tommy. It's rude."

"She should have given us warning," groaned Tommy. "We're too young to stand it."

The exquisitely cooked and served meal proceeded. The French chef whom Clementina had engaged, and to whom she had given full scope for his art, had felt like an architect unrestricted by site or expense, who can put into concrete form the dreams of a lifetime. John Powersfoot, the sculptor, sitting next to Lady Louisa, cried out to his host:

"This is not a dinner you're giving us, Quixtus—it's a poem."

Lady Louisa ate on, too much absorbed in flavors for articulate thought.

Quixtus smiled. "I'm not responsible. The mistress of the feast is facing me at the other end."

Powersfoot, who knew the Clementina of everyday life, threw up his hands in a Latin gesture that he had learned at the Beaux Arts and of which he was proud.

"The most remarkable woman of the century!"

"I think you're right," said Quixtus.

He looked down the table, caught her eye and exchanged smiles. Now that he could adjust his mind to the concept of Clementina transfigured, he felt conscious of a breathless admiration. He grew absurdly impatient of the social conventions which pinned him in his seat, leagues of lacquer and orchids away from her. Idiotic envy of the two men whom she was fascinating by her talk entered his heart. She was laughing, showing her white, strong teeth, as only once before she had shown her teeth to him. He longed to escape from the vivaciously inane Lady Radfield and join the group at the other end of the table. Now and then his eye rested on Lena Fontaine; but she had almost faded out of sight.

At the end of the dinner he held the door open for the ladies to pass out. Clementina, immediately preceded by Etta, whispered a needless recommendation not to linger. The door closed. Etta put her arm around Clementina's waist.

"Oh, darling, you look too magnificent for words! But why didn't you tell me? Why did you make a fool of me about the old black dress?"

Clementina disengaged the girl's arm gently. "My child," she said, "if I have the extra pressure of a feather on me I'll yell! I'm suffering the tortures of the damned."

When the men came upstairs she again enjoyed a triumph. Men and women crowded around her and ministered instinctively to her talk. All the pent-up emotions, longings, laughter of years found torrential utterance. Powersfoot, standing beside her, was amazed to discover how shapely were her bare arms and how full and graceful her neck and shoulders.

Quixtus talked for a few moments with the spotless flower of womanhood. In the stiff formality of the drawing room she regained her individuality. With a resumption of her air of possession she patted a vacant seat on the couch beside her and invited him to sit down. He obeyed.

"I thought you were going to neglect me altogether," she said.

He protested courteously. They sparred a little. Then Wilmour-Jackson, polished and opulent, eyeglass in eye, crossed over to the couch, and Quixtus, rising with an eagerness that made Lena Fontaine bite her lip, yielded him the seat and joined the charmed circle around Clementina. A little thrill of pleasure passed through him as she glanced a welcome. He gazed at her, fascinated. Something magnetic, feminine, he was too confused to know what, emanated from her and held him bound. Never in all the years of his knowledge of her had she appealed to him in this extraordinary manner. Why had the perfect neck and arms, the graceful figure, been hidden under shapeless garments? Why had the magnificence of her hair never been revealed? Why had grim frown and tightened lips locked within the features the laughter that now played about them? Once he had seen her face illuminated—at the hotel in Marseilles—but then it was with generous and noble feeling, and he had forgotten the disfiguring attire. Now she had the stateliness of a queen and men hung around her, irresistibly attracted. . . .

At last Lady Radfield disentangled her lord and departed. Others followed her example. The party broke up with the curious suddenness of London. In a brief interval between adieux Quixtus and Clementina found themselves alone together.

"Well?" she asked. "Are you pleased?"

"Pleased? What a word! I'm dumfounded. I've been blind and my eyes are open. I never knew you before."

"Because I have a decent gown on? I couldn't do less."

"Because," said he, "I never knew what a beautiful woman you were."

The blood flew to her dark cheeks. She touched his arm and looked at him.

"Do you really think I look nice?"

His reply was cut short by the Quinns coming up to take leave, but she read it on his face. The room thinned. Lena Fontaine came up.

"It's getting late. I must rescue Louisa and go. Your dinner party was quite a success, Doctor Quixtus."

"So glad you think so," said Clementina; "especially now that I hear you were originally responsible for it. It was most kind of you to think of our dear young people. But don't go yet. Lady Louisa is quite happy with Mr. Griffiths. He is feeding her with facts. Let us sit down for a minute or two and chat comfortably."

She moved to a sofa near by and motioned Mrs. Fontaine to a seat. Quixtus drew up a chair.

"I've done a desperate thing," said Clementina. "I've taken the old manor-house at Molcham-on-Thames for August and September. It's as big as a hotel and, unless I fill it with people, I shall be lost in it. Now every one who wants to paint can have a studio—I myself am going to paint every morning—and any one who wants to write can have a library. Sheila has picked out the library for you, Ephraim—takes it for granted that you're coming. I hope you will. You'll break her heart if you don't—and there'll be a room for Mr. Huckaby too. There'll be Etta and Tommy, of course—and the admiral has promised to put in a week or two—and so on. And if you'll only come and stay August with me, my dear Mrs. Fontaine, my cup of happiness, unlike my house, will be full."

Lena Fontaine gasped for an outraged moment. Then a swift, fierce temptation assailed her to take the enemy at her word and fight the battle; but, glancing at her, she saw the irony and banter and deadly purpose behind the glittering eyes, and her courage failed her. She was dominated again by the intense personality, frightened by her sudden and unexpected power. To stay under the woman's roof was an impossibility.

"I'm sorry I can't accept such a charming invitation," she said, with a smile of the lips, "for I've made an engagement with some friends to go to Dinard."

(Continued on Page 40)



And Clementina Sailed Into the Room

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The Cotton Outlook

COTTON entered midsummer in the best condition since 1898 and on decidedly the largest area ever planted in this country. If the July condition is maintained to harvest the crop should reach fourteen million bales, breaking all records.

The most remarkable fact, however, in this connection is that, after the Government's condition report was published suggesting a record crop, middling uplands cotton in New York sold only a fraction under fifteen cents a pound.

The July condition in 1898 was ninety-one and a fraction against eighty-eight and a fraction this year; but the acreage then was thirty per cent smaller than now. The crop of 1898 exceeded eleven million bales, breaking all records to that time; but the average price of middling uplands cotton in New York that year was under six cents a pound and the farm value was barely five cents. If a cotton shark had then been told that the commodity would hold near fifteen cents a pound in face of the prospect of a fourteen-million-bale crop in this country, and some increase in production elsewhere, probably he would have judged his informant crackbrained.

In the decade preceding last year the world's consumption of cotton increased from below fourteen million to above seventeen million bales. Last year high prices brought a decline in consumption of nearly eight per cent; but the experience of that year leaves no doubt that the world will now use more cotton at fourteen cents a pound than it would have used a dozen years ago at six cents a pound. Which is an excellent thing for the American cotton planter.

The Print-Paper Duty

THE Payne-Aldrich bill fixes a protective duty of three dollars and seventy-five cents a ton on print paper. A report by the tariff board shows that it costs less to manufacture print paper in the United States than in Canada, notwithstanding the higher cost in this country of the ground woodpulp from which it is made.

This lower cost of production, however, is obtained only in the best mills. Taking all the mills in this country and all those in Canada, the average cost of production here is five dollars a ton higher. Some of our mills are situated so far from the supplies of raw material that transportation charges increase their cost of production about five dollars a ton. "Canadian mills," says the tariff board report, "are, as a rule, equipped with the latest and most improved machines made in the United States." A third or more of our mills, however, are equipped with old, comparatively out-of-date and inefficient machines. Thus, while the average daily capacity of Canadian machines is thirty-one tons of paper, the average capacity of more than two-fifths of our machines is only twenty-two tons. It is not labor cost but this out-of-date equipment that makes our average cost of production higher than that in Canada. A protective tariff is what keeps this old, inefficient equipment in use.

Something besides a protective tariff, however, is necessary to enable a manufacturer to continue in business with antiquated machinery. The best American mills, with thoroughly modern equipment, can produce paper much cheaper than those whose equipment dates back thirty years. Obviously, if there were free competition, the new mills would drive the old ones out of business or, at least, compel them to put in modern machinery. Print paper is a strictly typical example of the workings of high protection.

Killing the Scarecrow

WISCONSIN has La Follette—or, if you prefer to put it that way, La Follette, politically speaking, has Wisconsin. What this progressive spirit would do to the state has been freely predicted by some of Wisconsin's most eminent citizens. In 1903, for example, a large number of leading business men joined in protesting to the legislature against La Follette's railroad commission bill. They felt that it would jeopardize the agricultural and manufacturing interests whence the state derives its wealth and greatness. "If those who are in charge of the business interests of the state are satisfied with the present rates of transportation," they cogently argued, "it would seem that those who manage the politics of the state ought to be satisfied and not attempt to interfere in our business affairs." During the next year leading business men renewed the warning in even more solemn terms. The railroad commission law was enacted, however, and put into effect.

In the five years after that calamitous event revenues of railroads in Wisconsin increased from fifty million dollars to sixty-five million dollars. The Census Bureau reported the other day that in five years the value of products manufactured in Milwaukee had increased fifty-one per cent, the amount of salaries and wages paid in the manufactories had increased fifty-three per cent and the average number of wage-earners employed had increased thirty-seven per cent. Though Wisconsin is not one of the chief grain states, the value of her farm crops increased fifty-three per cent in the last census period.

Such are the dire results of progressive legislation in Wisconsin. It is a disheartening fact, indeed—applicable to the entire country—that no sooner do leading citizens get some fine bogy-man propped up on his lath-pins than out comes a census bulletin and bowls him over.

An Example From Albany

FIVE hundred million dollars or so of the money of outside banks is deposited in New York City, where the country's main banking reserve is located. The country's best security in respect of this immensely important reserve is to be found in a proper organization of the New York banks—enabling them to exert a united power both to enforce conservative banking practices and to meet a crisis should one arise—and in adequate cash holdings. When the trust companies were required to keep fifteen per cent of their deposits on hand in cash, and later when a number of them joined the New York clearing house, every intelligent observer felt that the banking position in New York had been decidedly bettered, because the total cash reserve would be increased and the banking organization strengthened.

Recently, however, an attack, both upon the cash reserve and upon the banking organization, has been blithely launched in the state legislature. First a bill was passed providing that state institutions might deduct the amount of state or of New York City bonds held by them from the amount of deposits in respect of which they were required to keep a cash reserve—the net effect being, of course, to lower their cash reserve requirement. This lower reserve would not meet the requirements of the New York Clearing House Association; so another bill was introduced providing that no state institution should belong to an association which required a higher reserve than that prescribed by the first bill. Having attacked the reserve, in short, sapient Tammany legislators next proposed to disrupt the banking organization in New York.

It may be added that the state banks themselves vigorously protested against the bill. This example is one among a million that almost make us ask: Why is a state legislature, anyway?

Burning Up Labor

PLANTERS have been urged to burn part of their cotton crop in order to enhance the market value of the remainder. With the same object, part of a coffee crop has been burned; and we believe there are other instances of deliberate destruction for the purpose of converting an oversupply into an undersupply and boosting prices, for it is a regrettable fact that the world will pay you more for producing a little less than it wants of a given commodity than it will for producing a little more than it wants.

Burning good cotton or good coffee, or any other thing the production of which costs much effort and the use of which is profitable to man, goes against the grain of human nature, however. It seems essentially immoral and a rank flying in the face of bountiful Providence. So far as we remember, labor is the only good commodity which habitually burns itself up in order to maintain a remunerative market price. A report happens to be at hand containing official returns of strikes and lockouts in various European countries. The statistics for Great Britain, France and Austria are made up in much the same form. A four-year average shows that about eight million days' work are annually lost in those three nations through strikes. That much labor is burned up every year. With three hundred working days in the year, we have the equivalent of twenty-seven thousand workmen perpetually idle from this cause.

To an impartial observer, it would seem that labor is the very last commodity that should be burned up.

Scientific Management for All

ANYBODY who can make anything go at all, from a peanut stand to a rail mill, is apt to fall into a complacent state of mind and regard himself as a good deal of a success. The valuable thing about "scientific management" is its insistence upon a constantly critical attitude toward your work, whatever the work may be. Posit yourself before your work and repeat with heartfelt conviction: "Probably I'm not doing this in the right way at all; probably my way of doing it is full of error. Let me look it over carefully from end to end and see how many faults I can discover."

As several eminent exponents of the system have pointed out, there is nothing fundamentally new about scientific management and it is by no means a sort of patent medicine that you can take twelve doses of according to directions and be cured. The new thing is the general agitation of the subject and the consequent impression upon the popular mind that, by a persistently critical attitude, faults and wastes may be discovered almost anywhere. One college, at least, has already announced an important conference to further this agitation. We trust the discussion will continue.

The Old Grammatical Error

THE most celebrated scholar of his time described grammar as consisting of twenty-six parts—to wit: "Words, letters, syllables, clauses, dictions, speeches, definitions, feet, accent, punctuation, signs, spelling, analogies, etymologies, glosses, differences, barbarisms, solecisms, faults, metaplasms, schemata, tropes, prose, meter, fables and histories."

The time, to be sure, was that of Charlemagne, when scholarship was not in a flourishing state; and Alcuin, whom the emperor set up to be schoolmaster of Europe, could hardly "pass" in the second grade of a country district school nowadays.

For all that, a majority of our public schools still teach grammar pretty much as Alcuin taught it. We still tell our youths that language consists of metaplasms, tropes, prose, meter, some fifteen or twenty different sorts of verbs, adjectives and adverbs—each nicely distinguished from the others by rules having exceptions which apply to more cases than the rules themselves apply to. Our bin is of a different shape and contains a somewhat different assortment of dry bones, but it is just about as appetizing as Alcuin's.

The best grammatical definition was written by Heine, who said that the important difference between regular and irregular verbs is that the latter cause youngsters more whippings. Probably this is the only difference that any college graduate not professionally engaged in teaching grammar was ever able to remember when he had been ten years out of school.

A Senatorial Suggestion

THE Senate sat in extraordinary session more than three months without transacting a solitary piece of business of wide importance except the passage of the joint resolution for direct election of Senators—with an amendment that required further consideration of the measure by the House.

Under the rules of the Senate, any single member can delay legislation upon any subject as long as he pleases, provided his wind holds out. As to a considerable amount of business, unanimous consent must be obtained; a solitary objection causes postponement.

This system, of course, heightens the personal power of every Senator. To be so situated that your solitary voice will stop legislation for the United States is rather alluring. Obviously it makes you a great personage. Quite as obviously it is not favorable to the dispatch of public business. It is a sort of graft, because it sacrifices the public interest for the personal aggrandizement of ninety-odd gentlemen who are supposed to be public servants.

Naturally no Senator likes to give up the personal power that accrues to him through "senatorial courtesy." A motion to amend the Senate rules would undoubtedly be the most unpopular one that could be presented to the upper house; but, in view of public sentiment on the subject, we think a sufficiently devoted band of senatorial martyrs could put such a motion through.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Bred in Old Kentucky

ONCE or twice a year, when the Honorable Augustus Owsley Stanley is strolling down the busy marts of trade, either in Henderson, Kentucky, or Washington, D. C., as it happens, he observes in the window of a clothing store a concoction labeled, "Neat and Nobby!—Take Me Home for Eight-seventy-five!" and goes in and procures it, wearing the same from the store with the label on it—unless, so he, it should occur to the gentlemanly purveyor to remove it.

Once or twice a year he does this, from which it may be gathered that Augustus Owsley Stanley doesn't give much time to the consideration of his personal sartorial embellishment. Nor does he. A suit of clothes is a suit of clothes with Stanley, contrived for the utilitarian purpose of covering the body, not for purposes of plumage or parade.

"A. O.," said a friend who observed Mr. Stanley sitting at the head of the House committee that is investigating the Steel Trust, "you ought to spruce up a little. For Heaven's sake, go and get you another suit of clothes!"

"What's the matter with these?" inquired Stanley. "I've only worn them a year or so."

"You ought to get a new suit," persisted the friend.

"All right," replied Stanley genially. "If you say so, old man, I'll do it." And he went and bought a fine layout for seven-sixty-two.

Clothes are the least of Stanley's concerns. He is of an inquiring turn of mind. For several years he has been crusading against the Steel Trust and desiring to know about the inner working of that beneficent—as Judge Gary says—organization. Inasmuch as he is a Democrat and every House of which he has been a member—until the present one—has been Republican, Stanley's thirst for information has not been supplied with an official assuager. The Republican majority wanted no investigation of the Steel Trust, or, if they did want one, restrained themselves with marvelous and stoic heroism. Furthermore, they couldn't see where a Democrat from Kentucky could put one over anyhow. Nor did they. However, it so happened that, for this and for many other reasons, the present House is Democratic; and no sooner had it organized than Stanley raised the long yell for his cherished investigation and got it, being made chairman of the special committee that is now inquiring into that billion-dollar enterprise, where the witnesses invariably speak of Andrew Carnegie as "Andy," thus showing scant reverence for that busy promulgator of libraries and universal peace.

He is full of curiosity, is Stanley. He goes around asking: "Why?" One day he said: "Comparing men to dogs, if I do not malign the dogs, men naturally divide into the same classes as dogs. Now there is the bird-dog—he's an investigating chap, going about to find out what is going on; and there's the bulldog, who wants to fight; and the hound, who is good for speed—and so on. Taking my own case, I'm of the bird-dog type. I'm an investigator. I want to know what's going on."

And, by the same token, that is what he is doing now—wanting to know what's going on and what has been going on in the Steel Trust—being reasonably successful in finding out too.

Those Pearly Parapets Hit

STANLEY was born in Shelby County, Kentucky, of one of the bluest of the blue-grass families, but moved over to Henderson after he began the practice of law. He is a gregarious citizen and would just as lief meet up with night-riders as with preachers—perhaps liefer. At any rate, pursuing his studies of the varied human nature of western Kentucky, he came to be acquainted not only with the high and eminent but also with various other classes of society; and he defended a lot of those various other classes when it happened they were in contravention of the statutes in numerous cases made and provided. He was successful at the bar, being a pleader for fair; and the result was that the various other classes all became his devoted followers. He is a spellbinder who can reach up and yank the burning stars from the everlasting heavens too; and he put in a good deal of time making speeches for various candidates.

Discussing his political activities with his wife one day, he said: "I believe I could be elected to Congress."

"Pshaw!" replied his wife. "I don't believe you could."

"I reckon I could," asserted Stanley.

"I dare you!" exclaimed his wife.

Stanley took the dare and went out and was elected to the Fifty-eighth Congress, and has been coming back regularly every two years since. Three or four years ago he began his series of attacks on the Steel Trust in strong, able, analytical speeches; for, with all his occasional extravagance of rhetoric, Stanley is a digger and a student, and he had facts at his control.



"A. O."

Politically he is one of the coming men in Kentucky. He is widely known and very popular in the state, where he is always referred to as "A. O." They wanted him to be a candidate for governor a time ago, but he declined; and it is more than probable that eventually he will get to the Senate. Indeed, that is probably his ambition. He is not only good at sustained effort in political speaking but he is quick and ready in rough-and-tumble debate, either on the floor of the House or on the stump.

"I don't say Stanley is a night-rider," asserted an opponent; "but if he is nominated all the night-riders will vote for him." "And," Stanley retorted, "I don't say he is a negro; but all the negroes will vote for him!"—which made a tremendous hit with the crowd.

Naturally Stanley reverences all the Kentucky standbys and dilates with much eloquence on those favorite topics of Kentucky's silver-tongued—to wit, the state's beautiful women, wonderful horses and unparalleled whisky. There came a discussion in the House of Representatives a time ago about cavalry remounts, and it was suggested by Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, that the best place to get cavalry horses was in his state, where, he asserted, the horse was found in the full flower of its perfection. Stanley arose and said he had heard Mr. Mondell with amazement. He was shocked that any person should talk about going to the mountaintops of Wyoming or elsewhere for a horse.

"Why, it would be as reasonable, Mr. Chairman," he shouted, "to leave the Garden of Eden and send an expedition to the North Pole in search of fruits and flowers, or to dispatch a cordon of guardian angels from the pearly parapets of Paradise to the region of the damned for good society, as to leave Kentucky in the hunt for a horse! You cannot depend on any of your finespun theories about the developing of a running horse in a rarefied atmosphere. A horse does not run on his lungs; a statesman can!"

They laughed and applauded so much at that it was several minutes before Stanley could continue.

"A horse must have something more than a capacity to blow in order to get there," he continued. "He must have bone as hard as flint, sinews of steel, a heart that will not brook defeat; he must possess compactness of body, splendid endurance, pride and strength, with audacity and docility. In a word, he must be of that regal line found first on the plains of Arabia and then on the green fields of Kentucky. The history of Kentucky comprises the history of the horse."

He had them going then, and the Kentuckians were cheering like a lot of undergraduates at a football match.

"You will next be telling me—you who think the world has gone west—that you will have to put a woman in cold storage on the top of a mountain in order to improve her complexion and that beautiful women are no longer indigenous to Kentucky. You will be telling me it takes that rarefied atmosphere to make a proper brand of moonshine. Now you may claim what you will for the West, for the North, for the East or for the South; but for women and for the horse I challenge the world for Kentucky!"

Then he went along and made a serious speech telling them what they should do to get the right sort of cavalry horses. That is a fair sample of Stanley's line of spellbinding goods. He has an excellent voice and a skillful delivery; and in some parts of Kentucky they think "A. O." is the greatest orator since the first flock of Kentucky's silver-tongued ones scattered rhetoric in those parts. "Pearly parapets of Paradise!" isn't so bad either. When he gets to the Senate and lets go a few of those they will all sit up and take notice.

Valuable Reading

"I CONTEND it pays to read the Bible," said Dave Leahy, secretary to Governor Stubbs, of Kansas. "It is good for the morals of every man and woman—and it is great literature. Also, it pays in other ways.

"A good many years ago I was running a paper in a small town in the southern part of the state. My partner was a young fellow who knew about the business and mechanical ends of the plant. I was the editor. It was tough going. One day we got to a place where we had to have ten dollars to get some paper out of the express office or we could not issue our palladium of the liberties of the people thereabout. I had no ten. My partner had no ten. There wasn't a dime between us. However, that was his lookout. I was writing a powerful editorial article and I wanted to use a quotation from the Bible. I looked around the office for one. There was none. So I yelled out to my partner to go and buy a Bible at the bookstore near by. He told me he couldn't buy a sandwich—much less a Bible.

"'Well,' I said, 'I've got to have a Bible so I can round out this gem of English prose I am composing. Go out and rustle for one.'

"He started out; and while browsing around, trying to borrow one, he remembered his mother had given him a nice new Bible when he left home. He galloped up to his boarding place, found the Bible and brought it back to the office.

"As I was running through the leaves to find the verse I wanted, what do you think I found? A ten-dollar bill his mother had put there when he left home! That was just enough to take our white paper out of the express office; and the people were thus providentially not deprived of their weekly message of cheer, instruction, admonition and advice—which would have been disastrous, for that was a whale of an editorial!"

His Modest Job

THEY were discussing a United States Senator who had been a railroad attorney before he became a statesman, and who, many thought, had not given up his job when he assumed his toga.

"It's all rot!" said a man who knows the Senator. "He never was a railroad attorney except to go out and try damage cases. Why, all that man ever was was a cow-coroner!"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Alf Ringling, the circus man, could make a good living as a cornet soloist if he had to—but he hasn't.

¶ Representative George A. Loud, of Michigan, was paymaster on the revenue cutter McCullough when that ship was at the battle of Manila Bay.

¶ One of the sacred possessions of Augustus Thomas, the playwright, is a hat that was worn by William Jennings Bryan during the 1896 campaign.

¶ Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, just elected to the Senate, will be the fairhaired boy of that organization. He is yellow-haired, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked.

¶ Henry Clews, the New York banker, was born in England and studied for the ministry, but heard Wall Street calling when his father brought him on a visit to this country, and refused to go back, either to England or to his studies.

Overland 30 H.P.

The Most Progressive Step in the History of the Industry

Five-Passenger Touring Car $900

THE introduction of our new five-passenger fore-door touring car (Model 59) at $900 is probably the greatest single manufacturing stride ever made in this or any other industry. It is an industrial leap directly due to the remarkable and economical progress of a giant institution.

¶ To start with, this car is a real automobile—not a little, frail, cramped machine, but a good, big, roomy car that is ample for five passengers. And as a matter of fact it has more power than you will probably ever care to use. The motor is the famous Overland type—4 x 4½—and will develop greater power than any other of a similar bore and stroke. In fact the automobile has been designed with the idea of [illegible] and [illegible] that will [illegible] and [illegible] that will [illegible] and [illegible] that will



If you are one of the "Sleepless Squad," suppose you avoid all other beverages and take a cup of hot well-made

POSTUM

on going to bed.

It has lulled the tired nerves to peaceful sleep in many, many cases.

Perhaps it may solve your problem.

DURING SLEEP

Nature Repairs the Human Engine.

The activities of the day cause more or less waste of tissues which is repaired at night during sleep.

The man or woman who can sleep well at night is sure of the necessary repairs, other things being right, to make each day a time of usefulness and living a real joy.

But let insomnia get hold of one and the struggle begins of trying to work with a machine out of repair. A Nebraska woman's experience is interesting:

"I used to be so nervous I could not sleep well at night.

"Finally my father got me to try Postum which he said had done wonders for him.

"Since I have been drinking Postum, in place of other hot table beverages, I can sleep sound any time I lie down, and I feel I owe everything to Postum."

Remember there are no drugs of any kind in POSTUM. It is simply a hot liquid food made of grain.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

THE BILLYAD

By WALLACE IRWIN

Book III

TAFTONIS SPRINGETH THE MAGIC EMBLEM

But look! On the turrets of Troy stands revealed
A whale of a man with a whale of a shield—
A shield so enormous it shines in the sun
Like forty tin roofs all combined into one;
And over the front of that armor-plate targe
A Magical Word is emblazoned, so large
That the foemen who see it grow pale with ferocity,
For the word—aw, you've guessed it!—is this:

"RECIPROCITY"

And you also have guessed it—unless you're plumb daft—
That the Fat Party, wielding the emblem, is Taft.
"See!" he shouts in his pride:
"Behold me and dread!
Truth's on my side—
I've shook hands with Ted!"
Toot the hazoo!
On to the Wall
Pour, two by two,
His followers all—
The trust-hating Penrose, the lofty McCumber,
Eager to throttle the duty on lumber;
And Cullom and Stone bare their lances of steel—
And each holds a shield with a duplicate spiel,
Which they shake at the foe with suppressed animosity,
Showing the Magical Word "Reciprocity."

Then hey! for the carnage and ho! for the scrap!
The Candidates charge o'er the face of the map;
They storm the steep heights toward the shield-bearing ranks,
Their armor resounding with furious clanks,
Their fists firmly clenched for a tough strangle-hold
And their lances in rest for a terrible jolt.
Then crash! on the shields with the Magic Device
They strike e'en as eggs smite a carload of ice!
And e'en as the egg in that thoughtless transaction
Splatters away in a decimal fraction,
So the spears of the Candidates, shoved with velocity,
Smite on that Taft-blessed word, "Reciprocity"—
Smite and fall, scattered, tattered and shattered;
Bended their points and their shafts badly battered.
Many a Candidate, writhing in pain,
Shrivels right up and expires on the plain;
And Bill, as he stands 'midst his party's huzzah,
Makes his world-famous utterance—namely: "Ha-ha!"
But Madison Bob, as he views the remains,
Speaks softly in Limericks. These are his strains:

LA FOLLETTE DELIVERETH AN ODE IN LIMERICKS

"Though at first I opined 'twas a bluff,
Now I see it has ginger enuff;
And I'll have to admit
Bill's making a hit
With that noisy Canadian stuff.

"Though it's only a Party excuse
To cover a chronic abuse—
A heated-air suction
On Tariff Reduction
That thrills—though it doesn't reduce.

"And look at him! Jousting at graft
And soaking King Wool fore and aft,
So that unthinking men
Holler: 'Hit 'em again!
O you Super-Insurgent, Bill Taft!'

"He swears that all Trusts he will end 'em
And the magnates to prison he'll send 'em—
I suppose before Fall
He'll be boosting Recall
And swiping my pet Referendum!"

ENTER: THE OLD SUPREME COURT COMEDY QUARTET

And while the horrid carnage raged again,
The Magic Issue making strange companions—
Great Cummins taking sides with Lofty Lodge;
Many Insurgents with the Patters standing;
Jonathan Bourne, the Oregonian Fury—
That Bourne from whence no caviler returns—
Lined up 'longside of crafty Elihu,
The Root that never once was radical!—
Thus, while the carnage raged, there did appear
Upon the walls of Troy four black-robed figures—
Seniors, but far from senile. In their hands
They bore enormous books marked "Precedents,"
From which they took the key—do, mi, sol, do;
Then from the heavens, sitting on a cloud,
Phœbus Apollo of the silver bow
Leaned forth and spake: "I ask your kind attention!
Gents, ye have wrought too long in deeds of war—
Now rest and take a little light amusement;
For comic songs refresh the hero's mind
And stimulate the Ti-erd Business Man.
We have with us tonight—attention, please!—
The Old Supreme Court Comedy Quartet."
(Applause, confused with cries of "What, again!")
Then forth the black-robed songsters deftly step,
Close-harmonize the key and thuswise spiel:

SONG

We're fatherly old gentlemen, with children of our own;
Yet the cunning Infant Industries we crush with hearts of stone—
For they go around asticking of their tongues into their jaws,
Illegally combining and resisting of the laws.
But we do not like to hurt them; for, to tell the honest truth,
Their deeds are oft resulting from ex-u-berance of youth;
So, in order to remind them of their faults, we drop like lead
The following Opinions on each cunning little head:

"Trust, Trust, you naughty, naughty Trust!
You're just as predatory as can be;
Your deeds are quite involved and you ought to be dissolved
And we've half a mind to take you 'cross our knee.
Trust, Trust! Be reasonable you must,
And upon your smart evasions don't insist,
Smack, smack, smack! Be careful or we'll whack
You very, very briskly on the wrist."

We've caught the baby Standard telling horrid, horrid lies,
And the forward kid Tobacco blowing smoke in people's eyes;
We've found the tender Sugar Trust astealing all the candy,
And the Glue Trust's sticky fingers touching everything that's handy;
Oh, the wicked little Steel Trust! How he played around the streets,
Abegging sums of money from the magnates that he meets!
While indulgent Father Gary says: "He won't do so no more!"
Which is just about the song and dance he handed Theodore.

"Trust, Trust, you armor-plated Trust!
We're afraid that you are wicked to the core,
For you romp through every state quoting steel at twenty-eight
Which you sell in foreign lands at twenty-four.
O Trust, be warned in season; for here comes the Reign of Reason,
When we won't endure your whimsies as they rankle.
Tut, tut, tut! Walk the straight and narrow rut,
Or we'll have to whisk you briskly on the ankle!"



So comfortable!

NO trouble to prepare our nourishing Tomato Soup, even on the hottest day.

You don't have to heat up the house nor yourself.

All you need is boiling water, and three minutes time for

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

It's as easy as getting a cup of tea. And far more satisfying.

A plate or two of this palatable wholesome soup with croutons or biscuit makes a sufficient light luncheon for a warm day.

And for a heartier meal—dinner or supper—make this the first course with everything else served cold if you like. See what a tasty relish it gives to the whole meal and how much more good it does you.

Why not try it *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"A friend to dine!
O Hubby, mine,
Whatever shall I do?
But never mind,
A *Campbell* 'kind'
Will see us nicely through."



(In Gold Brown Only)

Milk Chocolate Almonds

—a Delightful Summer Candy

Candy that's specially welcome during the warm weather. Fresh, brittle almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness.

Because Johnston's come to the dealer in *small* quantities *often*, you get them always fresh.

It will pay you to know the Johnston dealer near you.

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps, to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.

(29)



Dear! Dear!

Can some tooth brushes be ashamed of their bristles?

There are so few in them.

Confidentially, we make the sparse-bristled kind ourselves—for folks that prefer them. But if you want your money's worth we have many other styles. They are rich in flexible Russian bristles that *stay in.*

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prices offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

THE OLYMPIAN GODS ATTEMPT TO DOPE OUT BILL'S FUTURE, BUT QUIT ON A ROUGH GUESS

The evening meal was spread before the gods;
And Jove, who sate, as usual, at the head,
Scowled gruffly at his plate and said to Juno:
"Furies! This darned ambrosia's tough to-night!
There's nothing fit to eat here any more!"
"It's the high cost of living, dear," said Juno.
"Come off!" chirped Cupid, Venus' petted brat;
"That's just the good old boardin'-house excuse."
But Mercury, that smooth arch-diplomat,
Sidetracked the conversation, speaking thus:
"Say, on the dead, who's going to win out
In this here coming Presidential Scrap?
Will Bill nose in for Nineteen Hundred Twelve?
Or will it be Wise Woodrow or Bold Bob—
Whom do you pick as Darling of the Gods?"
"The gods," said Jove, "can never pick a winner
In big events like Presidential Races.
In Politics there's no such word as Cinch.
I'll bet my thunderbolts the Fates themselves
Couldn't dope out a mixed-up field like that.
I'd like to see Bill win, for I'm, of course,
Solid Republican unto the core;
But even I can't make Bill President—
For, after all, I'm nothing but a god."
Then Vulcan spake and raised the awful Hammer
Which Knockers love: "Ain't there, in Heaven or Earth,
Some factor that is greater than the gods,
Who can make things so disagreeable
That folks will have to vote for Bill or quit?"
"There is Just One," great Jove responded, pointing
Down through the cloudland carpet toward New York,
Where, gazing earthward, the Celestials saw,
Athwart a desk behind a glassy door,
A gnarled and knotted Human with a pen,
Who jabbed terse statements in the shrinking pad,
Then bared his teeth and chortled: "Bully!" thrice—
Whenever the Chief Compositor hollered: "Copy!"
Anon—because he thought that no one saw him—
This Human sighed and raised his crystal specs
To the black-letter sign above his desk—
"Don't Bother Me—I'm Out of Politics."

Mars, who in secret always loved this Wight,
Brushed a swift tear from his celestial sight.
"How can a fight be fit
With Teddy out of it?
Bless me, if I know how to place my odds—
I guess we've struck the Twilight of the Gods!"

(THE END)

Feet and the Nerves

NERVOUS troubles frequently come from ill-fitting and badly made shoes, in the opinion of Dr. Irvin O. Allen. He thinks them accountable for much matrimonial haggling and discord.

It is a mistake, he says, to teach the child—as is commonly done—to toe out. In the beginning, the boy or girl, in obedience to an unerring instinct, points the foot straight ahead, which is the proper way for walking. All shoeless peoples walk with parallel feet—our own Indians, for example.

Doctor Allen explains that the sole of the shoe should be the shape of the foot. To determine this shape, one should stand barefoot on the ball and toes upon a sheet of paper, allowing the great toe to assume its normal position—separated somewhat from the other toes. Make a mark around the toes with a pencil and then let the heel come down to the paper. Now place the weight of the body upon the outer side of the foot and complete the outline in that position.

A shoe made with a sole of this shape, and with a reasonably high vamp, will certainly be comfortable and will insure a healthy foot, incidentally doing away with "shoe nervousness." If worn in winter, however, it should have no metal nails in it. The feet are not easily kept warm during cold weather in shoes with metal nails, because they tend to conduct the heat out of the body.



The Howard Watch

When the U. S. Battleship "Maine" was sunk in Havana Harbor, Admiral Sigsbee's HOWARD Watch went down with it.

It lay in sea water for five days—was recovered by a navy diver—and *today it varies less than ten seconds a month,* which is a ratio of one second in 260,000. Admiral Sigsbee has carried his HOWARD Watch since 1868.

It has cruised in eighteen vessels of the U. S. Navy—over a distance of Two Hundred and Eighty-eight Thousand miles.

It has set the *standard time* in taking observations for navigating—where a few seconds' error may spell disaster to the ship. A service so exacting that even the ship's chronometers have to be checked up in every port.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel *(double roller escapement)* in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at $40, to the 23-jewel in a 14K solid gold case at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," relating to the history of his own HOWARD. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. N, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS, Boston, Mass.

Canadian Wholesale Depot: Lumsden Building, Toronto



DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

Chiclets are the refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. Served at swagger luncheons, teas, dinners, card parties. The only chewing gum that ever received the unqualified sanction of best society. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.



For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK

The *Butter* Way to Health and Wealth

WHEN you BUY your next Butter ask for Blue Valley. *Insist* upon it—because use it once and you get the Blue Valley *Habit*. That means *health*. For Blue Valley is *wholesome*—the richest, most appetizing and delightfully flavored butter you ever spread on bread or biscuit. *And every package just alike.*

Blue Valley The National Butter

is *pedigreed* butter. Every ounce is of *known origin*. No cut-up butter—no tub butter—nothing but just Blue Valley through and through; and made out of rich, pure cream ripened and *pasteurized* by the famous Blue Valley process; then sold in the original, full-weight, Blue Valley registered trade-marked package.

Extra Goodness; No Extra Cost

Yet with all its bounty of extra goodness you don't pay extra for it. That's because of an unending supply, a steady demand, and a unique system of *distribution* that spells economy all down the line.

Ask Your Dealer for Blue Valley

If he can't supply you tell us his name and *let us arrange it*. Your name and address will bring a booklet giving in detail the reasons for Blue Valley *Wholesomeness*.



TRADE-MARKS REGISTERED

Mr. Butterman:

WHY the "*Butter Way to Wealth*"? Because anything that stimulates *trade* increases *profits*. Blue Valley does both!

It costs the consumer no more than other butter but *you sell more of it—and it stays sold*. Blue Valley customers bring, not "kicks," but other customers. That means business growth.

Letters by the hundreds from delicatessens and dealers to *wholesaler*, and from these wholesalers to *us*, say that Blue Valley is the *one* butter that *needs no pushing*.

You don't have to be an expert Butterman to build up a successful Blue Valley business.

Introduce it. Write us tonight for exclusive territory.

Orders filled at any one of our six creamery plants below.

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago, Ill. — St. Joseph, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind. — Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich. — Hastings, Neb.

(8)

THE LAST EDITION

(Continued from Page 6)

instinct of self-preservation, the youngster handed the first copy of the edition fresh from the press to the new owner. The rest of the pile he laid on the draw of the managing editor's desk. Boland laid a paper out flat before him, glanced over the first page, then turned to the region beyond the brass rail and looked over the remnant of the staff. He smiled faintly with satisfaction as he saw that each man was bending over a copy of the Standard, reading it with evident care for errors of makeup. A lump rose slowly to his throat at the realization that, even at this moment of ultimate demoralization, the immutable law of the morning was working without a hitch; that the machine he had built up with so much care was doing its work well to the last. He could not keep back the final good word—this man whose eyes always had been so keen to note the good work his men had done. He got up, cleared his throat and called out cheerfully:

"That's right, boys. We'll keep it up to the last minute. The Standard hasn't been handed over yet."

Then something quite extraordinary happened. A rattle of applause broke from the horseshoe desk. The telegraph and cable men took it up. Then the sporting desk joined in. Next came the rewrite men, and the operator cut in with a vigorous slap-slap-slap. Boland's teeth were grinding hard on his cigar as he resumed his seat. He found Hansford eying him with an oddly screwed-up face and close-drawn brows.

"That isn't the way Henderson would have done it," he observed gruffly.

"Well, it's my way," retorted Boland, grown suddenly irritable under the provocation conveyed by too much mention of the name of Henderson. He bent anew to the outspread page. But somehow he could not see clearly. He became aware that his eyes were tired; that he was strangely faint, as if he had not eaten; that his knees were weak. Hansford's strident voice recalled him. He was saying, with a high-pitched querulousness:

"I don't see that notice about Consolidated Coal on the first page. We're working a big coup on the Street today and I was anxious to get all the publicity——"

"I killed it," announced Boland calmly, raising his head and looking the other between the eyes.

"You k-killed it . . . after I had made a special request!"

"Yes."

Boland's hands sought the arms of his chair, as if he were trying to make sure of his seat. A white flame was blazing in the eyes opposite his own.

"And wh-what in hell did you kill it for?" asked the massive person in a rising voice. The seething temper in his ponderous antagonist seemed to steady Boland. He replied in an ordinary tone:

"Because I refuse to promote a confidence game in the paper."

"A confidence game? What c-confidence game?" gasped the new owner, his eyes closer together than ever, his face a purplish white.

"Look here, Mr. Hansford," rejoined the managing editor with deepening calm, "you know better than I do that Consolidated Coal is on the verge of a receivership and that it's rotten from top to bottom."

His teeth closed with a snap of finality. He returned the tempestuous gaze of the man opposite him with level-fronting lids. Hansford seemed to be gasping apoplectically with supreme amazement. His fat fingers, stripped of gloves, were twitching; the heel of a patent-leather pump was beating a ragged tattoo on the floor; he appeared to be holding himself with a doubtful grasp from an outbreak that might blow the roof off the building. Finally he spoke hoarsely:

"I want to get this thing straight, Boland. Did you know that I was negotiating for the purchase of this paper when you killed that notice?"

Boland nodded in assent.

"W-well, I'll h-be——"

But the theme proved too great for utterance. Hansford stuttered, gasped, cleared his throat, and with a loud snort gave up the attempt to put into mere words his astounding opinion of this man, whose name might be Moreland or Boland, for all he cared, and who had landed a smashing blow on the solar plexus of his soul. The managing editor bent to the paper again, determined that no "bull" should mar the last edition of the Standard for which he would be responsible. Presently he heard Hansford struggling audibly with his emotions. He looked up and saw that keen face close to his own.

"Boland, you're the first man who's ever stood up to me in all my life. You've knocked the wind clean out of me. You've——"

He stopped short, coughed, and turned away with the baffled expression of a man who is saying to himself: "Oh, well, what's the use!"

"You'll have to excuse me now, Mr. Hansford," spoke up the managing editor briskly. "I've got to clean my desk out, so as to leave things in shipshape for—Tabasco Jim."

"Oh, yes," rejoined the other, glancing at his watch with an air of having been recalled to a subject that he had almost forgotten. "Yes; he'll be here in just seven hours and a half, and there'll be things doing with a tall scream from the start-off."

"I suppose so," assented Boland dryly, setting methodically about the business of collecting his personal belongings. He pulled out a drawer, dumped its nondescript contents on the desk before him and began to sort out the papers. Some he threw on the floor after a brief glance; others he laid aside for preservation. His task was like the stupendous undertaking that confronted a famous personage in mythology who had taken the contract to clean up a gentleman's country place. Yet through it all the man of fifty, who was headed straight for the junk-heap, moved with a certain imperviousness to his immediate surroundings. He was thinking of Alice and Lucy, who would awake tomorrow, or in a week or a month, to the knowledge that their father was—well, not much better than an aimless wanderer on the "Row"; one of those shadows of men who this very morning were doubtless shuffling up and down the pavement, furtively watchful with ferret eagerness for the sight of a former associate in present opulence who might be prevailed upon to lend a small coin.

He became uncomfortably aware, by degrees, that Hansford was watching him. He could see without looking that the new owner's face wore that quizzical expression that, for the lack of a more precisely descriptive word, Boland had called a smile. Suddenly he heard a dry, hoarse cackle, which mentally he designated as a laugh. He glanced up and saw Hansford rubbing his smooth chin with a hand that looked curiously like a ham. His face was wrinkled in a grin; his eyes gleamed with malicious amusement.

"Boland," he chuckled, "I've got a joke on Hot-Stuff James McGiffert Henderson—a good one—a crackerjack!"

"H'm!"

"Henderson thinks he owns the paper I hire him to run, and he has a funny way of making other people think so. I'll tell you of a joke he put over me in Cincinnati. Last spring a delegation of financiers called on me with a proposition that the Advertiser help out in a scheme to shut out the B. & T., which was trying to get the right of way into the city. I happened to be in a public-spirited frame of mind that day and I turned the delegation down cold. The spokesman got mad as a bullpup that's had a lighted cigar held up to its nose—and how do you suppose he came back at me? Can't guess? Why he told me, confidently as you please, that they'd put the thing up to Mr. Henderson—Mr. Henderson! I was so tickled at the preposterousness of the idea that I hadn't the strength to laugh. I made the mistake of not mentioning the matter to Tabasco and making sure that he was bound and gagged. The next morning when I picked up the paper I found the front page plastered over with the movement to block the robber B. & T. from our beloved city, with headlines stretching clear across the page, and the names of the citizens' committee of defense in Gothic caps, in a three-column box with turned-rule border. And the name of the chairman stuck out like a scarehead—James McGiffert Henderson! What do you think of that for a joke on me?"

"Pretty breezy," admitted Boland, smiling despite himself.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Taste this *Delicious Stuffed Egg*

—FOR OUTINGS

IT'S filled with Underwood Deviled Ham just mixed with the boiled egg yolk. It's so good that you'll eat another one, *quick*.

This is only one of the hundreds of mouth-watering ways to serve Underwood Deviled Ham for meals outdoors and meals in.

TASTE THE TASTE

It's the taste of good boiled ham, full of the flavor of salt and sugar and hickory smoke. Flavor that's kept in by *casserole* cooking, and is given piquancy by the addition of the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices.

Try it. Good in omelets for breakfast, croquettes for luncheon, salads for dinner. For picnic sandwiches—great!

Our book "Taste The Taste And Some Cookery News" describes dozens of new, appetizing Underwood Deviled Ham dishes. Send us your grocer's name and receive a copy, free. Or for 15c and your grocer's name we'll send you a can to try.

Economical. Small can makes 12 large or 24 small sandwiches.

Not a packing house product, but made in a white, clean, sunlit Yankee kitchen. Genuine Deviled Ham always bears the "Little Red Devil" trade-mark.

Ask your grocer for Underwood Deviled Ham and order some today. William Underwood Company, 52 Fulton Street, Boston, Mass.

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

EXPERT SHOE MAKING

Under the Magnifying Glass

THE genteel appearance of a shoe—your shoe—depends upon the shaping and finishing of the heel.

White House heels are a delight to the eye because of their symmetry of line and appearance until the shoe is worn out.



The picture shows the trimming operation on which these simple and elegant heel lines depend.

Examine a pair of White House Shoes at your dealer's. Ask him what White House heels mean to you. Get the evidence at first hand. If your dealer has not got them write us and we will see that you are supplied. You will then appreciate another of the many good qualities peculiar to

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men — For Women

$5.00 — $4.00 — $3.50



A2053½—Women's "White House," Black Velvet, Two-Strap Pump, Avon Last

Buster Brown Shoes

For Boys
For Girls



$1.50 to $3.50

According to Size And Style.

Our expert shoemaking is very evident in Buster Brown Shoes. Ask your dealer to show you why. Our Style Book will be sent free on request.

The Brown Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

"Breezy? Cyclonic, I call it. And when I put Tabasco on the mat about it what kind of a bunk do you suppose he handed me out? Why that fellow made me humbly ashamed of myself for harboring unjust thoughts—he was so apologetic about it and so infernally sorry he didn't know I'd put the kibosh on the proposition! That was a good joke on me, all right. But I've got a joke on him this time—a joke that'll make him laugh himself into a foolish fit."

Hansford seemed to be turning the morsel about in his mind as he might have turned about an oyster in his mouth. Then he resumed with a dry chuckle:

"I'll fire Henderson—fire the owner, by Jupiter Christmas!—the way I fired you a minute ago."

Boland stared at the man opposite him in stark bewilderment. Hansford resumed, after a ruminative pause:

"I've been watching you since I came in, Boland. I laid it on thick to see how you'd take it—and, by gad, you've shown me. So I'll fire Henderson and hire you in his place."

The rest of it seemed to beat upon Boland's ears confusedly from a distance:

"I'll double your salary and I'll back you to the limit—just for a joke on Tabasco Jim!"

The managing editor found himself sitting bolt upright with a sudden galvanic movement. He gulped at the lump in his throat and his hand stole feverishly out for something to tear. Two thoughts came swiftly to his tumultuous brain: the first was of two girls who would have new frocks for commencement, regardless of expense; the other ——

He arose lightly from his chair, stepped to the rail with an elastic tread and announced resonantly:

"Gentlemen, please report at the usual time tonight. It was all a mistake about your being discharged."

A Wandering Whistler

THE queer ups and downs of a picture are illustrated by the history of the portrait by Whistler of Henry Irving as Philip II of Spain, now hanging in the Metropolitan Museum. Whistler, at a precarious period of his career, asked his friend Irving to sit to him for a portrait in the character in which Irving was then playing—Philip II. The portrait was painted, and Irving, much pleased, requested Whistler to let him buy it and to name a price not too high for his slender purse. Having had the pleasure of Whistler's acquaintance, the writer can imagine the following conversation:

"Not too high, Jimmy! You know, aha! that actors—now modestly, Jimmy!"

"My dear Irving, 'tis a masterpiece; but you shall have it for a song—let us say a thousand pounds."

"Too much, Jimmy—too much!"

Whistler kept the portrait. Soon after, in one of those unpleasant experiences, which he shared with his great master, Rembrandt, he was sold out for debt. Rembrandt was sold out only twice. The "Butterfly" underwent three such forced sales.

Irving heard of the sale. Unknown to Whistler he was able to buy his portrait at the auction for a song; and then in a spirit of friendly retaliation he invited the "Butterfly" to dinner. After the coffee and cigars, he remarked: "Aha! my dear Jimmy, you must see my latest acquisitions!" and invited him in to see his pictures, not mentioning the fact that he had bought the portrait. Whistler went from one picture to another, criticising, admiring, with that subtle, biting wit of his; and coming in front of the portrait he gayly remarked: "Aha! What have we here? My congratulations, Henry—the best picture in your collection!" He never turned a hair. This picture, after Irving's death, brought twenty-five thousand dollars at auction in London recently—and we are lucky to have it here now. This was a legitimate advance in price and the picture is worth it. The few pounds that Irving paid was one of those fortuitous hazards of the auction room.



Mr. Eastwein

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The Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) make such good pictures, are so convenient, so simple to operate and so inexpensive, that they put picture making within reach of everyone. They use daylight loading Kodak film cartridges and no dark-room is necessary for any part of the work. *You can make good pictures with a Brownie.*

No. 2 Brownie for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, $2.00; No. 2A Brownie (see cut) for 2½ x 4¼ pictures, $3.00; No. 3 Brownie for 3¼ x 4¼ pictures, $4.00. Folding Brownies, $5.00 to $12.00.

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THIS little metal contrivance, *The Diamond Foot Support*, is simply wonderful in its ability to banish foot troubles. The quickness with which it relieves aching, tired feet and ankles, remedies the dreaded "broken arch" and makes nervous people forget their nerves, is truly remarkable.

The Diamond Foot Support

Braces the whole shoe, prevents its "running over," adds buoyancy to your step, and will more than pay for itself in added wear and appearance of the shoe.

50c At All Dealers Diamond Foot Supports cost you only 50c attached to your shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 50c (stating size, height of heel and whether for man or woman) and we will send you a pair, prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Endorsed by leading physicians. Thousands of testimonials from grateful users.



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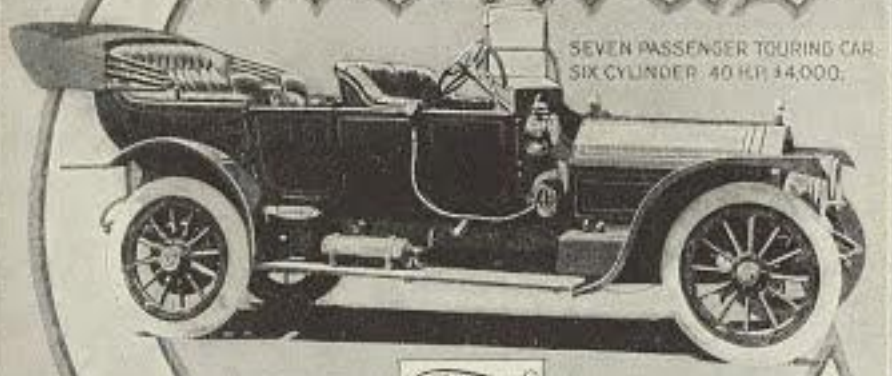
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The chief aim of the Thomas Company is to give the purchaser of the 1912 Model MC 6—40, a six cylinder car as large and powerful, as luxurious, as refined, as characteristic and altogether as desirable, as any other manufacturer can offer for a higher price.

The result is shown in four new and distinctive types of open cars.

Touring Car	7 passengers	wheel base, 134 inches	$4000
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Limousine and Landaulet Bodies of exclusive design are built on special order for the chassis of Touring Car and Phaeton types.

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EATING FOR EFFICIENCY

(Continued from Page 4)

the needs of children in their rapid growth and development. Cornmeal, oatmeal, rice and beans, cheese and soups, and the coarser vegetables, and cheap cuts of meat, containing large amounts of filling but unnutritious gelatin and cartilage and fiber are utterly lacking in that concentration and abundance of nitrogen and fat and sugar which are absolutely indispensable for the full and proper development of the young human animal.

No form of diet upon which children grow up gaunt and pale and slack-muscled, even though only ten or fifteen per cent below their full possibilities of vigor and efficiency, can be regarded as in any sense an economical one from the point of view of the community. If a child is worth raising at all it is worth feeding upon the best and most nutritious food that can be got, and plenty of it. It is the poorest economy imaginable to stunt and warp a human machine for its whole thirty years of working life, merely for the sake of an extra five-dollars-a-month's worth of food while it is getting its growth.

If the state is to feed the child let it provide the best food to be found on the market. If the parents themselves cannot afford this then they should be encouraged to organize and demand better wages, so that they can do better work and feed their children properly, instead of being given good advice and lectures on scientific nutrition and the polite methods of starvation, and advice on how to make the little they have go as far as possible. This latter simply means, nine times out often, the purchase of foods whose sole virtue is that they are cheap and filling. If you want to raise cheap men give children cheap foods.

In the adult the amount and kind of food is simply a question of coal and steam power—the more work we do, the more fuel we need; and muscle calls for more expenditure of horsepower than brainwork.

The Best Food for Hard Workers

There is not, however, so great a difference between the diets for the sedentary and active occupations as was at one time believed, because the man of sedentary occupation, in order to do his mental work properly, ought to take enough active exercise in the open air to call for the consumption of large amounts of food. Navvies on the railroads and farmhands in summer take, of course, much larger amounts of food than bookkeepers or clerks in stores; but this is really due not so much to the fact that one group works chiefly with muscle and the others with their nervous systems, but that the navvies and the farmhands are straining all their powers, both muscular and nervous, to the utmost all day long—and their day is from twelve to fourteen hours—while the indoor workers have a shorter day and usually at no time during the day exert anything like their full powers of either body or mind.

In somewhat similar manner a misapprehension has arisen in regard to the amounts of food required in hot and cold climates. Part of the difference is due to the necessity of keeping up bodily heat in the north, but more of it is due to the fact that the man who lives in the cold and stimulating climate of the north is able, as a rule, to do a great deal more work in a day than the one who swelters in the tropics. Whenever men are either compelled or inclined to work hard and continuously in the tropics they require large amounts of nutritious food, with plenty of nitrogen and fat, no matter what the temperature.

The popular and widespread impression that it is best for Europeans and Americans who go to live in the tropics to try to imitate the diet of the natives about them, and live cheaply on rice and fruit and green vegetables, is a mistake and does not stand the stern test of actual experience. A white man should cut down his food intake in the tropics only in proportion to the amount that his bodily exercise is interfered with by the heat or other unfavorable surroundings.

The impression was based on two assumptions, both of which have turned out to be false: first, that the native in his own climate is a healthy, vigorous child of Nature, when, as a matter of fact, his death-rate and disease-rate are double those of the white races and his average length of life a little less than half; and second, that, instead of his living upon this simple, blameless and cooling diet because he has found it adapted to the climate, his only reason for living on it is that he has neither the money nor the brains to get anything better. Troops who are campaigning actively or men engaged in railroad or bridge building, even under the most tropical of suns, need almost full northern rations in order to keep in good health. Indeed, in some cases they require more than they would ordinarily require in a cold climate, to compensate for the well-known tropical depression, due to the intense heat and the perpetual glare of light pouring through their unprotected and unpigmented skins.

Diet for the Tropics

It is advantageous to combine with this plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits, when these can be had in good condition, on account of the large amounts of water as well as acids and alkalies which they contain; but men who have heavy work to do require plenty of beef and bacon, and bread and butter, just as a mogul requires so many pounds of coal for every ton of freight that she has to haul up a heavy grade. Put all the trimmings and kickshaws that you like on your diet in the tropics, but let there be an abundant foundation of real foods, the solid, substantial, regulation standbys of the home table, when there is real work to be done. Much of the lamentable over-indulgence in alcohol which has been the curse of the white man in the tropics must in fairness be attributed to the cravings of an empty and exhausted stomach, fed but not filled with the husks and trash of tropical diets or the unappetizing foods brought from Europe and held in storage for years. The better men at work are fed, the less liquor they crave.

Most of the enlarged livers and ruined digestions of returned Indian and other colonial officials, which were supposed to be due to eating too much meat, fat and other rich foods in a climate where only rice and vegetables were called for, are now known to be due to perfectly definite infections, both by bacteria and by the animal parasites which swarm in the tropics—particularly malaria, dysentery, typhoid and the intestinal worms.

With the food clean, the water pure and the mosquitoes destroyed, the tropics will become as inhabitable and almost as healthy for white men as the temperate zones. It was never the kind or the amount of food that caused the notorious unhealthfulness of the tropics, but the disease germs, filth and parasites swallowed with it. The food was not to blame—only the bad company it was in.

For some reason or other, which we do not as yet clearly understand, it appears desirable, or at least grateful, in the tropics to add to most dishes a surprising amount of peppers, curries, spices and hot stuff of all sorts and descriptions. This is probably due partly to the fact that they are good germicides and intestinal antiseptics, not interfering with the action of the digestive ferments. While unable actually to burn up the bacteria—though from their taste one is ready to believe them capable of anything—yet they powerfully discourage the growth of bacteria and reduce their billions to millions—or even thousands.

It is really astonishing, to those who have had no previous experience in such matters, to see how rapidly vigorous, healthy natives of the tropics will improve, not only in working power but also in health, when taken off their much-praised blameless and cooling diet of rice or yams and vegetables and placed upon full northern or army rations of bullbeef, fat bacon and bread. The Japanese coolies, for instance, who come to our Pacific Coast, when they first land and are "eating Japanee," as they express it—living on rice, coarse vegetables and a little fish—are not worth to any contractor or employer more than seventy-five cents to a dollar and twenty-five cents a day. When, however, they have adapted themselves to civilization and learned to "eat American"—which they do as soon as they have begun to earn a little money—then their working power rises rapidly until it becomes almost equal to that of a white man of the same height and weight; and the same contractors will gladly pay from two dollars to two dollars and fifty cents for the same man for his practically unskilled labor.

At the same time they also become immune to beriberi, that scourge of the Orient,

which upon their old diet is exceedingly frequent and fatal among them. So prevalent and severe was this disease in Japan up to ten or fifteen years ago that the Japanese Government, in order to check it, put the army and navy upon almost the full European army diet, after the German standard of some twelve years ago with the result that the disease has now been almost wiped out. So that the famous victory of Japan over Russia was not won upon rice, vegetables and a little fish, as our vegetarian friends would have us believe, but upon American beef, flour and pork—for all of which Japan has been one of the best customers of our Pacific states for years past.

Southern Races on Northern Foods

A similar transformation takes place in the Jamaican and other West Indian negroes who come to work on our Panama Canal. With characteristic brutal indifference to the welfare of the weaker races these simple and unspoiled children of Nature, who have lived chiefly upon yams, sugarcane and fruit, are placed at once upon full rations of the savage, overheating, bloodthirsty flesh diet of the north, with the lamentable consequence that their working power increases from twenty-five to forty per cent. They grow fat and sleek, and their deathrate and disease-rate decrease in the same proportion as their horsepower goes up.

Roughly speaking, there is as much difference between meat-fed men and vegetable-fed men as there is between corn-fed and grass-fed horses. The bronco of the plains is an astonishingly tough, plucky and speedy little animal; but every cowboy when riding the range actively, demands a string or remuda of from eight to ten grass-fed horses to do the work that three or four corn-fed ones would do with ease.

Our diets for winter and summer should be adjusted almost wholly with reference to the amount of work that must or can be done. Where the work is muscular, summer is often the season of greatest activity and strain; and every one knows what quantities of hot and substantial food-fuel harvest hands will shovel into their cavernous interiors three times a day, to say nothing of lunches in the field. For those of sedentary occupation, the long, light evenings of summer give an opportunity for agreeable exercise in the open air, which on no account should be neglected. If you make a regular habit of getting away from the office or shop fairly early, taking a light afternoon tea, then walking or rowing, or swimming or gardening, or playing golf or tennis, as long as it is light enough to see, coming in at dusk to a substantial supper out on the porch or veranda, you will be surprised to find how much better you can stand the heat and how quickly and pleasantly the summer will pass. Such methods of life, combined with sleeping in the open air, will make all save a few of the worst days and most sweltering nights of even a hot summer comparatively tolerable. If, in addition, you kill all the mosquitoes by draining their breeding pools, and exterminate all flies by cleaning the filth-heaps in which they breed, summer will become not only the healthiest but the most enjoyable season of the year.

For men engaged in laborious occupations, whether on the farm, in the mill, the factory or the mine, the supply of well-cooked, nutritious food can hardly be too abundant. The well-known superiority of the American workman, his steadily increasing height and weight and improving physique, his remarkable efficiency—making the labor cost of American products the lowest in the world—have been due largely to his abundant and varied food supply.

There are just two cycles in the economy of labor: the cycle of success and progress, which runs, "Good food, which means better work, which means more pay—which again means better food," and so on *ad infinitum;* and the famous "vicious cycle" of Rowntree, which runs, "Poor food, which means poor work, which means low wages, which means poorer food," and so on *ad infernum.*

When it comes to men of sedentary occupations, then the fuel problem is not so clear; and one very frequently hears the advice given, with great confidence, that when the farmer's boy, for instance, becomes a student, a bookkeeper or a clerk, he should deliberately "put a knife to his throat," as the saying is, and cut down the amount of food, which his vigorous outdoor appetite calls for, thirty to fifty per cent. So far as his new occupation calls for or demands less muscular effort in the open air, this is judicious and necessary, but it is by no means the final solution of the problem; for even brainwork involves the expenditure of energy and calls for the intake of a corresponding amount of fuel-value in the form of food—and many brainworkers, who take relatively little exercise, either forced or voluntary, have excellent appetites and require large amounts of food.

Moreover, the overwhelming verdict of experience, after thousands of years of trial, is that the brainworker will do his work faster and better, and more efficiently, if he limits the hours devoted to it and, for every hour he is engaged in it, spends at least a quarter or, better still, half an hour in the open air. It would seem almost as if part of our food supply must be prepared in the muscles for the use of the brain and the nerves. At all events, this combination of muscular work with mental, and indoor with outdoor, gives far and away the best results, both as to work done and health maintained.

Where this ideal state of affairs can be reached—or, if this be impossible, as near an approach to it as may be secured—it will be found that the brainworker's fuel demands, and therefore his health requirements, call for within ten or fifteen per cent of the same amount of food as the muscle-worker. For the wisest and most healthy course for men of sedentary occupation is not to cut down their food supply but to increase their exercise. As is a matter unfortunately of all too common experience, many men who work hard and energetically with their brains develop and maintain such vigorous appetites that they get into the habit of eating larger amounts of foods than their muscles and livers can burn properly, with distressing results to the liver and kidneys. The remedy for these men again is not less food but more exercise. No human being can maintain his proper standard of health on less than three hours a day in the open air—and four would be better.

The Best-Fed Women

The difference in food requirements between men and women is not much greater than can be accounted for by their difference in weight and muscular activity, and by the somewhat more confining and sedentary occupations in which women are, for the most part, engaged. Whatever may be held as to the tendencies of men in respect to eating, the vast majority of women certainly tend to eat far too little for their own best good.

This is due partly to the fact that their appetite is not the same fierce devouring impulse as in man, and partly because women, having the preparation of food in their own hands, are more likely to be tempted to "scrape up" hastily some tasty but trifling dish of little or no food-value whenever they begin to feel hungry, and "peck and trifle with their appetites all day long." More potent than either of these, they hate the bother and labor and "muss" of cooking, dishing and cleaning up after a full, regular meal. Indeed, if it were not for their having to live in the same house with the everlastingly hungry male, they would never get any real food to eat at all, but content themselves with tea and bread and butter, and cake and pickles, and jam and cookies. It is a notorious fact that, when the men of the house go out for the day or on a visit, the women will scarcely have a regular meal until their return, but will just keep on "piecing" upon one silly subterfuge for real food after another.

Much of the "nerves" and irritability and sense of depression and discouragement which often characterize the overworked housewife and mother of a family is due not only to the perpetual strain and anxiety but even more to the fact that she can never settle down comfortably to a full, regular meal; in fact, she actually often does not get enough to eat. She has either completely tired herself out in its preparation and thoroughly cooked herself in cooking it, or she is disturbed so perpetually during its progress by attending to the wants of the children and the exigencies of the service that she is quite apt to make the bulk of her meal upon tea or coffee and scraps, and bread and butter. The invention, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of the now famous rest and overfeeding cure for nervous patients of this sort was one of the greatest practical triumphs of American medicine.

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To set one of the new Macey Book Cabinets in your home is to set before your children an example of such good taste that throughout all the days of their lives they will feel its refining influence.

Macey Book Cabinets are the first sectional bookcases ever built after the designs of the old masters. These old masters, Sheraton, Chippendale, Robert Adam and Fra Junipero, were as great in Furniture as Shakespeare in Literature, as Mozart in Music, as Michael Angelo in Painting.

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Macey old master designs harmonize with any furniture you now have, and are made in such variety of popular prices, sizes, woods and finishes, that they fit any requirement of space or purse.

Macey Sectional Book Cabinets are built under the direction of Mr. O. H. L. Wernicke, the father of sectional bookcases and President of The Macey Company. Mr. Wernicke's name is still used in the corporate title of a competing firm, with which he has long since had no connection.

If you wish to give your home and your children the most inspiring influence you ever gave them, you will go to a furniture store and see these new Macey Book Cabinets before you forget it.

Or send for the new Macey Style Book and price list. It is the most complete and extensive work published on the subject of sectional bookcases, giving the history of their invention, manufacture and development, as well as suggestions on library decoration and arrangement. It also contains the following original articles by the "Father of Sectional Bookcases," O. H. L. Wernicke—"Get Acquainted With Your Furniture;" "What Constitutes Good Furniture;" "The Forces Which Govern Furniture Development;" "Origin of the Unit Idea."

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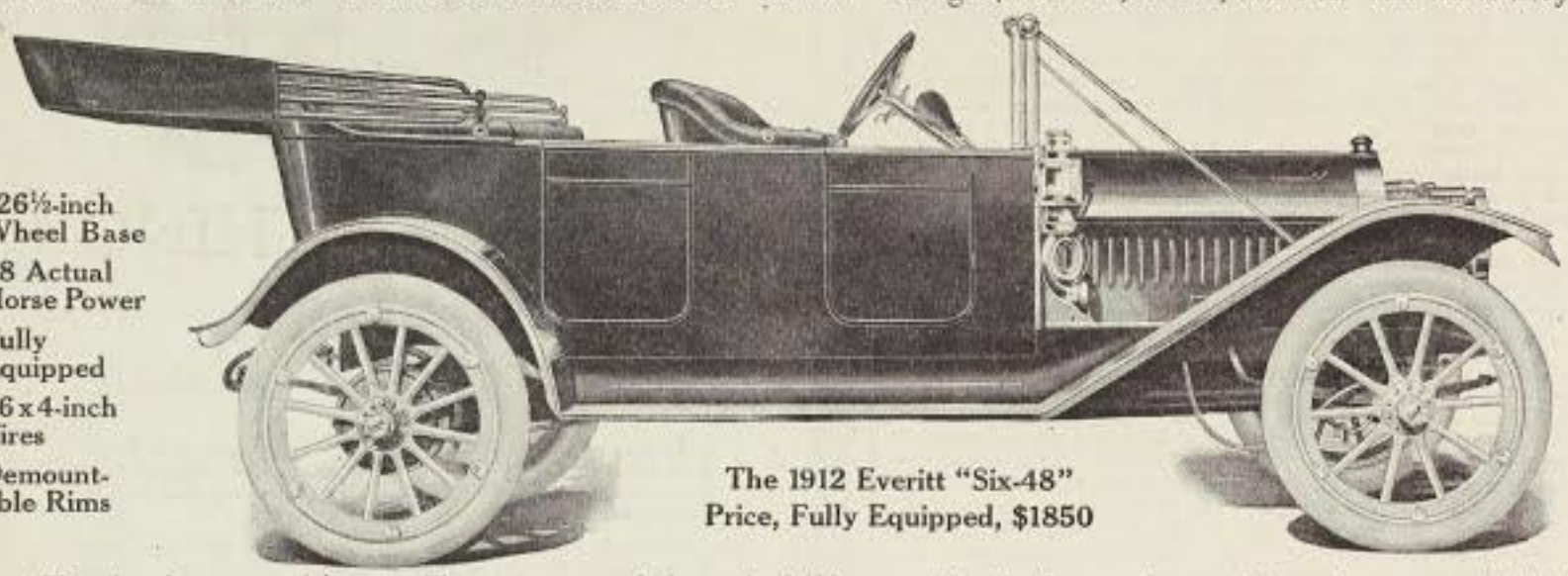
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And Now, In The 1912 Chrome-Nickel Everitt, Is At Last Obtainable The Crowning Triumph Of Automobile Perfection

The Car That Starts Itself

IN *The Saturday Evening Post* of June 24th, there appeared a remarkable automobile announcement. The story of "the car that bridged the gap between the $1500 price and the $4000 quality," has since been read and wondered at by millions. Thousands have responded. That an All-Chrome-Nickel Steel car of the highest character could be bought for less than $4000 was astounding; that the costly equipment specified could be included was unbelievable—but there was *more* to come. It was stated that a later announcement would tell of still another startling innovation. Here is the final chapter of that great story. *The New Everitt Four And Six Are Positively Self-Starting!* No more tedious "cranking"; no more hard work and uncertainty; no more bruised knuckles and broken arms—for a touch on a button starts the new Everitt. Thus, in this marvelous car, is swept away the last element of brute strength, of doubt and of danger; for here, at last, is *the car that starts itself!*

126½-inch Wheel Base
48 Actual Horse Power
Fully Equipped
36x4-inch Tires
Demountable Rims



Self-Starting
Chrome-Nickel-Steel
Finest Construction
Six Cylinders
$1850

The 1912 Everitt "Six-48"
Price, Fully Equipped, $1850

"Touch a button and it starts!"

That is the final, *compelling* chapter of the marvelous 1912 Everitt story that has swept across the country like a flood; that has brought us thousands upon thousands of inquiries; that has almost buried our Sales Department under orders and requests for territory, and that is now the talk of the industry from Maine to California.

If you know automobiles at all; if you are in the least acquainted with motor car values, — you know it is literally true, that

There Never Was a Car Like This

Consider for yourself the unheard-of value offered in this matchless Six!

Its construction throughout of Chrome-Nickel-Steel, three times better than "good" automobile material—the one steel used in battleship armor—never before used except in a few of the finest $4000 cars.

Its manufacture — complete in one factory — by automatic "jigs and fixtures," absolutely unvarying, and accurate to a fraction of a hair's breadth.

Its design and supervision by a world-famous engineer, and three automobile manufacturers of eleven years' experience.

Its every detail the result of long experiment and thousands of successful cars.

Its size big and impressive, with long, graceful lines and sweeping curves.

Its power a whirlwind of energy furnished by a Six-Cylinder Motor of the latest type; *forty-eight* actual horse-power at instant command.

Its building and inspection by the most thorough system known.

Its wheels and tires big, massive, easy-riding, with 25% factor of safety, ensuring extraordinary tire economy; 36 by 4 inches in size; and Demountable Rims.

Its Equipment Complete, with Top, Windshield and Speedometer included.

Its price $1850—moderate, even for a good "Four."

And now the Self-Starter—"Touch a button and it starts!"

Here is at once effected a complete change in motoring. The Self-Starter removes an element of actual danger, and eliminates the last factor demanding brute strength.

That such a device had long been needed was fully realized yet famous designers have failed utterly to solve the problem. Our own experimental force has been working on this detail for years. Its announcement was not made until reliability had been proven beyond the shadow of a doubt.

This is no mere clap-trap arrangement of springs and "cogs"; there is no hand pump to labor with; the principle is as certain and its operation as automatic as the air brakes on the "20th Century Limited." You press a button,—and go!

Two-Thirds the New Everitts Already Sold

Except in size, the New Everitt "Four" is practically a duplicate of the "Six." The general type is similar; the same Chrome-Nickel-Steel is used throughout; the same generous equipment of Top, Windshield and Speedometer is included; and the same positive Self-Starter is built into the car. Were there no "Six" in the new Everitt line, this magnificent "Four" at $1500 would alone mark out the Everitt as the car of the year.

But there is still another Everitt of unique value and desirability — the "30" at $1250. This splendid fifteen-hundred-dollar car has won to the highest standard of efficiency, reliability and satisfaction-giving qualities during the past two years. Except for the new Everitt "Four" and "Six," there are few, if any, cars within five hundred dollars of its cost that offer near as much to the actual user. This year the car is better than ever, and full Equipment, with Top and Windshield, is included at the new price of $1250.

With cars like this, is it any wonder that the best dealers are everywhere competing for the privilege of selling the Everitt? In representative cities like Detroit, Boston, New York, Seattle, and scores of others, big sales establishments are daily discarding well-known lines to take over these wonderful cars.

One dealer came 4,000 miles to go through the Everitt factory and test the new cars. He stayed a week, and ordered 500. Another, one of the best known in the East, demanded a severe road-trial. He drove 600 miles in the "Six," through the Berkshire Hills, *without changing a gear*, in just over twenty hours, and placed his order for 500 cars. These are representative cases; every man who has seen the new line has tried to get it.

The first announcement of the 1912 Everitt was made on June 24th. At this writing, two weeks later, there are dealers' orders in the factory for *twenty-four hundred* 1912 Everitts. This represents two-thirds the next year's output. You can see for yourself how the country's keenest judges regard these cars.

Get An Everitt if You Can

You begin to see now the wonderful values offered in the 1912 Everitt. Take any one of the three models—the Six, for instance. Consider what you are *getting* for $1850!—$4000 quality; Chrome-Nickel-Steel construction; all the advantages of the Six-Cylinder type; Whirlwind power; Long Wheel Base; Big Wheels; Demountable Rims; Full Equipment;—and a car that *Starts on a Push-Button!* And the new "Four" and "Thirty" are but little less desirable!

Don't be content with a mere *car*, when you can have an Everitt! Don't tug and grind on a crank, when an Everitt starts at will! Don't take chances on a broken arm — there are hundreds every month — when the Everitt's push-button starts the motor from the seat! Don't deny your wife and family the pleasure and convenience of driving, when ease and safety are *certain* in an Everitt!

Remember, these advantages are only to be had in Everitt cars. Many are completely covered by Everitt patents. You cannot get them elsewhere at any price.

And, if you want a car like this, you must order *now*. The Everitt factory production is limited. Good cars are always built slowly. There will be only 3,600 Everitts for 1912, for cars like these cannot be built in quantity.

See the nearest Everitt Dealer today. He is now taking advance orders. He can only get a certain number of 1912 Everitts. Reserve yours before it is too late. You take no chances. This car carries the most liberal factory guarantee ever offered. Send the coupon for the details.

TO AUTOMOBILE DEALERS — There is still a small amount of Territory unallotted for 1912. If there is no Everitt Representative in your city, write us immediately. It is possible, if you are the sort of high-grade dealer we want, that you can arrange to handle this wonderful line. Write today — or better, WIRE NOW—to our Sales Department.

Metzger Motor Car Co.

Milwaukee Avenue

Detroit Michigan

COUPON B

Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit, Michigan:
Send your 1912 Advance Catalog and Dealer's Name.

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This is the Point

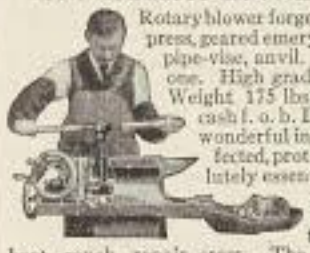
Many lead-pencils are whittled into waste-baskets because the graphite falls out of the cases in short bits.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

sharpen to a *writing* point every time and that is their strong talking point. Made in America for all the world, and made *good* by

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE COMPANY
Jersey City, New Jersey

The Detroit Combination Tool
A TOOL-SHOP IN ONE TOOL



Rotary blower forge, geared drill press, geared emery wheel, vise, pipe-vise, anvil. Six tools in one. High grade. Portable. Weight 175 lbs. Price $50 cash f. o. b. Detroit. This wonderful invention, perfected, protected, is absolutely essential for automobile owner, farmer, driller, thresher, mine, boat, ranch, repair crew. The best selling article since the sewing machine. **We Want Agents.** Responsible men can secure exclusive agencies yielding from $50 to $500 per week.
DETROIT TOOL COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

Do you want a business? Here's one for you—Ten-Pinnett, the invention of the times. A healthy, uplifting bowling game—a fun-producing exercise that old and young, rich and poor, go wild over when there's a chance to play. Owners of Ten-Pinnett alleys are making $150.00 to $300.00 a month on an original investment of $200.00, and no operating expenses other than rent. It's the game that pays for itself in a fifty. You have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!



You have sighed hundreds of times to be in business for yourself. Grasp the opportunity—one without the responsibilities of the everyday business man. Our pay-as-it-earns plan is the most above-board, original and liberal ever devised. If you want that **eager money** in your locality send for our plan tonight—before someone beats you to it. (39)
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401 Draper St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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A wonderful opportunity to make big money entertaining the public. Large profits, showing in churches, school houses, lodges, theatres, etc. We show you how to conduct the business, furnishing complete outfit. No experience whatever is necessary. If you want to make $35.00 to $125.00 a night write today and learn how. Catalogue Free. Distributors of Moving Picture Machines, Post Card Projectors, Talking Machines, etc.
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AGENTS! 100% PROFIT



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A. Brandt Cutlery Co., 84 W. Broadway, N.Y.

FILMS DEVELOPED
10 CENTS PER ROLL
ALL SIZES
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c;
3½ x 3½, 3¼ x 4¼, 4c; 4 x 5, 3a, 5c.
Send us two negatives and we will print them without charge as a sample of our work; we are film specialists and give you better results than you have ever had.
COLE & CO., Asbury Park, N. J.

HUNTING THE FASHIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

From X——'s I hired the girls who posed for the photographic work. This included hats, waists, lingerie, styles for elderly women and for mourning. This work wss an expensive item, for Yvonne and Marie went with me every morning to the photographer, and I paid them ten francs each a day.

Besides the costumes, I had all kinds of accessories to arrange for reproduction. X—— provided most of this material, as well as the lingerie. Then, too, there were the gorgeous layettes, table linen, rich pillows and scarves, which had to be photographed and returned quickly to X——'s. The material they loaned me for the photographic work was worth thousands of dollars.

Though Mrs. Long saved a large sum on these things, other needs ate big holes in the money allowed her.

Photographing hats cost a great deal, though not so much as if Mrs. Long had not stood in well with the milliners.

Most of the smart milliners were her friends and from them I borrowed hats for every conceivable use and age—from the baby to the grandmother—all lovely, and all adaptable for American use.

Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday the hats were photographed; and for this privilege the milliners were paid five dollars a hat. Sometimes there were five hats, sometimes more. Frequently Mrs. Long bought a few for her own use, but more often she made her purchases where she could not hire them for reproduction.

The hire was not the only expensive end of the photographic work. The photographer, who did excellent work, had an overdeveloped sense of thrift and never made any reduction for poor negatives. He charged two dollars a print—good, bad or indifferent. It was little wonder that he and his little wife were obsequious, when his weekly bill aggregated two hundred dollars—and he received the check immediately.

French Models the Best

Most French girls make splendid models for photographic work. Born with an artificial edge and the love of the dramatic, the art of posing, with them, is an instinct rather than a development. In many cases they are unutterably stupid, but they never fail to fall into lovely attitudes and produce all the elusive beauty of the costume, which would be absolutely lost through the gaucherie of Anglo-Saxon models.

It is difficult to obtain an American or English model for photographic work in Paris. They are all supersensitive about having their countenances reproduced, except in the salons and the Beaux Arts. They are, as a rule, unreliable and exorbitant in their demands; while the French girls, on the other hand, are pleased at having been chosen and eager to pose for the very love of being admired by the attendants of the gallery and the envy of their less fortunate friends.

There is very little actual waste of money in getting fashions if one is careful and systematic. Aside from her personal bills, Mrs. Long spent about three hundred dollars at each big house and bought twelve or fifteen costumes. As she had the privilege of rebuying anything purchased for the fashion work at half price the ultimate cost was moderate.

The buying and selecting are but the beginning of the fashion hunter's work, particularly if her clientèle is conservative. She must use the French styles merely as a background. She must Americanize the French methods for home use. For how many women who read the fashion sections of a magazine could make a Paris gown if its construction were strictly adhered to? Or how many women who depend upon this section would wear a Paris dress unless simplified?

The word "Paris" attracts, but in nine cases out of ten the unadulterated French styles are put down as vulgar and impossible, not only by magazine readers but by a large majority of the feminine public. It is then up to the ingenuity of the fashion editor to tone down these extreme dresses.

The process of elimination and reconstruction is difficult, though it is greatly helped by a keen knowledge of the feminine



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Out on the porch where it's cool and comfortable—bring out the Edison Phonograph! Why the Edison in particular? Comfort! No changing needles—the sapphire reproducing point is permanent and lasts forever. Amberol Records—play twice as long—only change half as often. And besides, the Edison has exactly the right volume of sound for the front porch—without disturbing the neighbors!

Wherever you go this summer, take an Edison Phonograph with you—pack it in your trunk or send it by express. Or if you're going to stay in town, you'll want it all the more.

All the best music that ever was written—and the best talent that ever produced it, right there on your own front porch. And remember when you go to pick out your Edison Phonograph, that it is only the Edison on which you can make and reproduce your own records, just as true to life as the records made in our laboratory. Be sure you get *recording equipment* with the Edison you purchase.

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There is an Edison Phonograph at a price to suit everybody's means, from the Gem at **$15.00** to the Amberola at **$200.00**, sold at the same prices everywhere in the United States. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

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$5000 insurance for $5 a year

The Tourists, Travelers and Commuters Special Accident Policy issued only by this company insures you

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Against loss of life, limbs, eyes, speech and hearing	**$5,000**
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Franklin Pneumatic-Tired Trucks



THE LIQUID CARBONIC COMPANY
Chicago, May 26, 1911

Franklin Automobile Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Our Franklin one-ton truck, put in service Dec. 12, 1910, has covered 8,000 miles, and we are still using the original set of tires.

In our estimation there is no other one-ton truck on the market that will give the satisfaction in our kind of work that the Franklin has. We have tried out from fifteen to eighteen different makes and have found none which will do the work with the same speed and minimum delay and expense. We heartily indorse pneumatic tires for light delivery work.

Liquid Carbonic Company.

Detailed analysis of the cost of fuel and oil for this work shows the following averages:

Average mileage per day	52.46
Average mileage per gallon gasoline	9.8
Average mileage per gallon oil	191.2
Average cost per mile, gasoline and oil	$ .019
Average cost per mile of tires (based on 10,000 mile service)	.014
Average cost per mile for tires, gasoline and oil	.053

Light, strong, resilient construction, large pneumatic tires and an air-cooled motor make the Franklin the most efficient and economical motor truck built.

Resilient construction absorbs all the jolting and jarring of driving over rough streets and greatly reduces wear and tear; large pneumatic tires cushion road shocks and allow much more rapid delivery than can be maintained with safety by a truck using solid tires; the air-cooled motor assures absolute dependability in every climate.

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Full details 1000-lb. Light Delivery sent on request

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"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
of Southern California
Complete book of
100 HOMES
Suited to any climate. One and Two story.
128 Pages, 200 Illustrations. Handsome 5-color cover. Plans—Descriptions, Photos. Reliable Cost Prices.
We have built 1600 houses and WE KNOW.
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LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT CO.
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5 ROOMS $1500.
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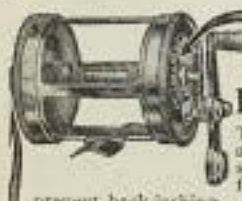
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All Sizes.

THE IDEAL HAT for Motoring, Boating, Golfing and all general wear. Especially adapted for office, home and traveling use. Practical. Dressy. Light. Made of best quality PURE Silk, strictly hand tailored, oiled silk sweat band, weighs one ounce. Colors, Black, Navy Blue, Brown, Gray and White. Price $1.50—worth every cent of it. State size and color. (NOTE—Ties to match hats, same quality silk, four-in-hands and bows, 50c.)

Satisfaction Guaranteed. GILBERT & CO., Decatur, Ill.



"Takapart" Fishing Reels

The reel that spins like a top. Light, strong, serviceable—with a fine friction adjustment to prevent back-lashing. Built on a one piece frame. Comes completely apart with a few turns of the wrist.

Guaranteed for Life

Repairing free if ever it's needed. Handle and click transferable to any position. Write us if your dealer can't supply you. Catalogue upon request.

"Takapart" Reels (capacity 100 yards) $4.00
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Look for the name on every reel.

A. F. MEISSELBACH & BRO., 21 Prospect St., Newark, N. J.

No better finishing touch for the finest dinner ever cooked than these dainty mint-flavored creams.



·U-ALL-NO·
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Sold only in two hours. Never sold in bulk

We also manufacture
U-ALL-NO Mint Chewing Gum
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WHY were 65,000 quarter-sections of public land filed on in Montana during the past three years? Send name and address to J. H. Hall, Commissioner Bureau of Agriculture, Helena, Mont., and learn why homeseekers are thronging to Montana.

3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. Fenton Label Co., Philadelphia, Pa. $1.00

gender. In the first place, the editor must never overlook the new touches. If it is a sheath skirt she gives the public the sheath skirt, but with the naughty sheath so cleverly constructed with an insert that the public likes it. She modifies the hobble with cunningly concealed plaits that give respectable width. If Paris builds an effective evening dress, with a mere waistline for a bodice, Madame Fashion Editor fills up the shocking gap to a discreet round neck and puts a substantial lining where chiffon was used.

She makes the styles graceful and not too clinging; yet she gives the touch of Paris to each model. She makes the practical American fashions worn by the real Americans out of the flimsy extreme French styles.

Getting the fashions is not merely confined to buying and sketching at the shops.

Nearly every day I visited some rendezvous of the élite. Many of the unusual clothes I saw at the opera, where gorgeous women vie with one another for supremacy in the art of dress. At Auteuil and Longchamps, while the races were at their height, I saw the most marvelous conglomeration of exotic taste in street and even semi-evening dress. Many times I took tea at a fashionable teahouse, where I saw some of the crowned heads of Europe looking anything but Parisian. There I also saw world-famous women wearing exclusive gowns made by the greatest dressmakers, not only of Paris but London, Vienna and the other big fashion centers.

At the Pré Catalan, in the Bois, gather the most interesting disciples of the little god "Clothes." There one sees not only all that is French but all that is everything else, attired in costumes and hats that have no duplicates.

Suspicious Shopkeepers

At the end of each day Mrs. Long held a conference with the artists. As they sketched with full knowledge of the necessary eliminations and the picture of the finished drawing in their minds, the result was generally ready for the approving O. K., with but a slight change here and there made by Mrs. Long.

Some nights, however, we would work until midnight over a seemingly simple dress, the very plainness of which was more difficult than any number of elaborate or intricate gowns.

Then, again, Mrs. Long would tear up sketch after sketch and work up a suit or frock from her own observations and our suggestions.

"Who's got a good sleeve?" she would call. "I want a semitailored one, with a smart cuff and undersleeve." Or, "Did any one see anything particularly nice in girdles today? I must have a new wrinkle in girdles."

We would scurry through our notebooks for the wanted touch, and if none suited the drawing would be held over to the next day, when a special hunt would be instituted.

The dresses that Mrs. Long bought were sketched on a model under the supervision of the owner, who directed what was to be left out and just what was to be simplified.

Though we were always busy, the real rush was at the end of the week, when the big colored drawings were ready for shipment. That was a nerve-racking moment for every one. The artists, whose temperaments resented any suggestion or change in arrangement or color, were always keyed up to a high pitch and frequently dissolved in tears and rage if Mrs. Long failed to appreciate the productions. The wrapping and addressing were things of great moment, and every one sighed with relief when the big parcels were driven off to the packing house.

It was my duty the second week to go to the packer, where the drawings were boxed for transportation.

"Tell the woman to be very careful," directed Mrs. Long. "She knows me; and the English saleswoman will interpret for you."

When I arrived at my destination I found that all hands were out to lunch and that the proprietress, who didn't understand a word of English except "for Mrs. Long," presided.

I tried to make her understand by gesticulating that the parcels were very precious and must be wrapped carefully. I held them lovingly to my breast and made a sign of infolding them; but she stared at me and evidently summed me up as a mad artist who was saying goodby to my work. I thought over every word that might mean rare or valuable. In a flash *rara avis* leaped to my mind.

Of course! *Rara* meant rare. The very thing! I went close to her. "*Elle est très rara,*" I explained radiantly. The woman gazed at me stupidly, and I could see the word wiggling in and out among the folds of her brain. "*Ra-ra,*" she repeated dully. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est ra-ra?*" Then, with a shake of her head, "*Je ne comprends pas!*" she said, and went on with her work.

When the boxes were ready and the driver had put them in the carriage she stood with her hands on her hips, watching me as I got in. Once or twice her lips moved; and then, with a shake of the head and a shrug, she went into the shop.

The French saleswoman is all suspicion under her suave exterior. She has intuitive powers that are worth hundreds of dollars to her employer. She can tell at a glance, when a customer enters the shop, whether she is a trifler or a purchaser.

This saleswoman appraises the prospective buyer—first, by her clothes; second, by her appearance; and third, by her assurance.

If one has assurance the entire shop will give its undivided attention, which is uncomfortable and is apt to be very costly.

It is next to impossible to get out of the small French shops without buying; and if one is so unfortunate as to drop the name of one's hotel or pension, when "just looking," she will find a line of tradespeople at her chamber-door the next morning with the things at which she was looking and a bill for them—for the French working classes are employed to sell—and sell they will, whether or no. The C. O. D. is absolutely collect on delivery or have the magistrate after you. There is no sending back or "a change of mind."

There is no loss of money in Paris through fraud, for the article is not delivered until the money is paid and the bill receipted. Sometimes goods are bought and sent to the hotel, where payment is made by the clerk. If the guest is honest she pays this item with her weekly bill. If she is not she leaves the city suddenly and changes her identity before returning to Paris.

The American merchants frequently joke the Frenchman on his antiquated methods of doing business, but the loss in the foreign stores is small in comparison with the loss in our American ones.

How Royalty Shops

Then, too, the French shopkeeper knows quite as well as his American cousin the value of high-grade advertising. Your Parisian obtains his profitable publicity largely through the patronage of nobility—and sometimes royalty. The occasions of such patronage are real state affairs. I recall one that caused me much inconvenience.

One morning, during the height of the season, a friend and I made our way to an exclusive little hat shop. The fact that the lace shade in the window was lowered halfway meant nothing to us and I turned the low handle of the door. Before we could get into the shop, the première fluttered in front of us like a nervous bird, barring our entrance with an excitable "*Bonjour, mademoiselle!*" yet making no effort to let us pass the door.

"You are not closed?" I asked in astonishment, as the hour was not yet eleven.

"*Mais non!*" she replied hurriedly. "But we cannot let you in just now. We are expecting Her Majesty, the Queen of Sweden—this very moment, dear mademoiselle. She has set the hour for eleven—and we dare not keep her waiting. We hope you will return this afternoon—yes? And then we will wait upon you for so long!"—expressing an indefinite length of time with a gesture. "You understand? And now you will excuse me if I close the door? Her Majesty would not like it if we have not obeyed her order to have the shop empty for her royal pleasure! *Bonjour! Bonjour!*" And the door was closed.

So we were left to go our way, fuming in our American independence, which knows no waiting for the pleasure of crowned heads, and vowing that we would buy where money alone was king.

This bit epitomizes Paris. She is queen of fashions, the sole arbiter of the world of style. You can enter her shops when she pleases. She is supreme and all-confident in her supremacy.

Not only does she dictate to Oskaloosa and Sewanee, but with the same finality she makes the laws of dress for Mayfair and for the court of the Romanofs.

1895 Seventeenth Annual Announcement 1912

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BELIEVING that the Knight Motor supplies the greatest measure of Power, Flexibility and Silence in gasoline engines of high power as evidenced by its successful use by the foremost builders of Europe including, among others, the ENGLISH-DAIMLER, MINERVA, PANHARD-LEVASSOR, MERCEDES, we are now pleased to announce that we have secured for America, license to build Columbia cars equipped with this now world famous

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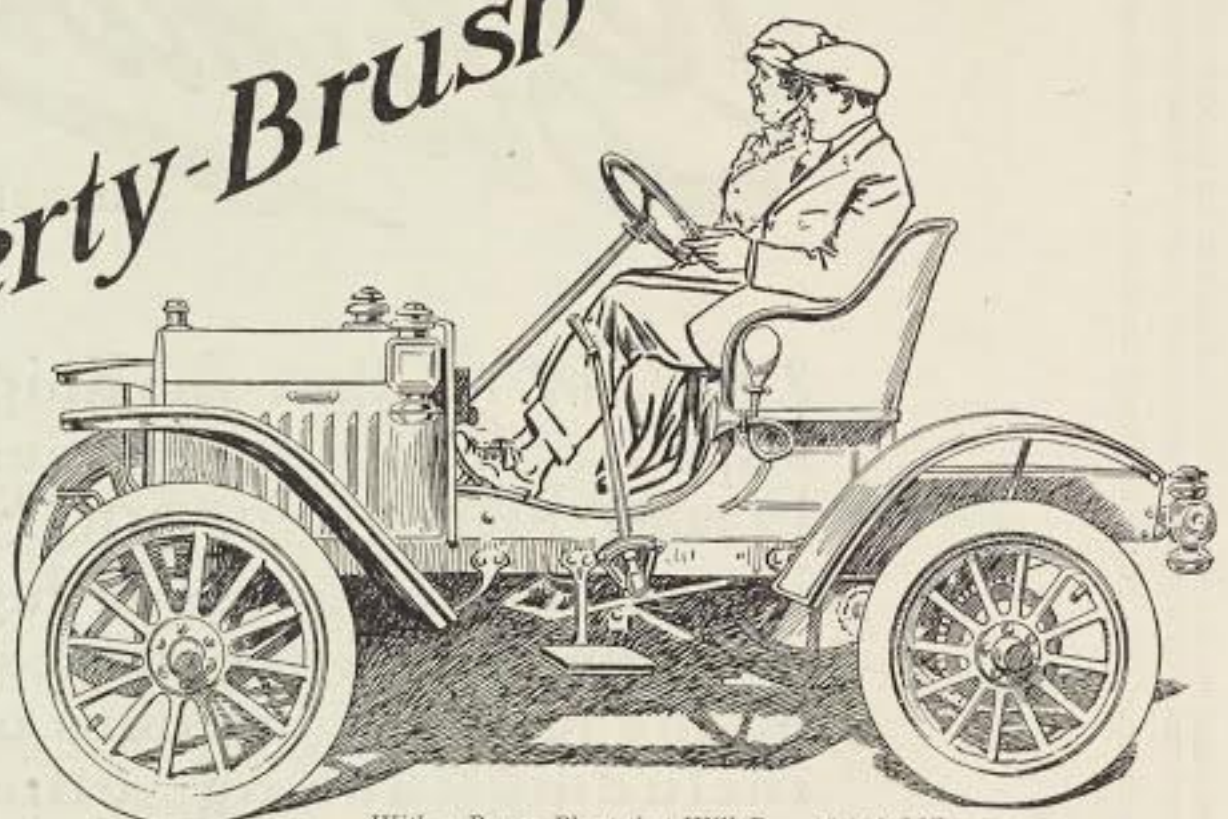
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A Guaranteed Efficient Automobile for $350

The Biggest gun ever fired in the Automobile Industry

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With a Power Plant that Will Run 35,000 Miles

The Car that Frees the Horse

As a declaration of independence for the horse, we announce a new model Liberty-Brush car which will occupy the same position in its class as the famous Brush Runabout does among the thousands who satisfactorily use it.

The $350 Liberty-Brush is the result of long experience in manufacturing a car of this type. It insures:

LIBERTY to go where you will, when you will, without dependence on the movements of others whom you cannot control.

LIBERTY to go anywhere easily and comfortably without regard to steel rails or the ordinary limitations of travel.

LIBERTY to go to your destination directly and quickly without delays, with a minimum expenditure of time on the way and to do more work in less time and at less cost.

The new Liberty-Brush car means for you:

FREEDOM from crowded street cars and the discomforts and delays of street car travel.

FREEDOM from the necessity of catching trains or waiting for connections.

FREEDOM from failure to keep appointments, loss of time traveling from one customer to another and the loss of money that such failure means.

Everybody has wanted a motor car, and has waited for the time when it would be within his means. The Liberty-Brush fills the want.

The Liberty-Brush, built on standard lines, and a thoroughly capable car, is made possible by our tremendous manufacturing facilities and the fact that we are willing to manufacture for a small profit on each car.

It is a car for salesmen, collectors, solicitors, canvassers, and for anyone who must get quickly from place to place. It is an ideal car for family use, as a boy or girl of fourteen can drive and care for it.

Most important of all, it is the product of the United States Motor Company, which immediately assures its position and its worth.

It is an epoch in the automobile industry, marking as it does a response by a standard manufacturer to the demand for a motor car that any man can buy and maintain.

We have 1800 dealers throughout the country selling our various products, but shall need more dealers to handle this car. We require a representative in every county and a rare opportunity is offered for men of energy who wish to enter a business with a great future. Write or wire for our proposition to dealers.

We shall continue to manufacture the Standard Brush Runabout at $450.00, the success of which is attested by the thousands in service.

For catalogue and booklets describing the car in detail, address the Sales Manager, Liberty-Brush Car, at the New York headquarters.

The Brush Runabout Company Broadway at 61st St. New York

Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

KEISER CRAVATS

Grand Prize, St. Louis World's Fair



The New King's Blue and over 60 other PLAIN COLORS in

KEISER BARATHEA

all bright silk

These silks crease less because not over-weighted in dyeing.

Three qualities, $1.50, $1.00 and 50c.

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Novelties in Silk and Knitted Cravats
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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 9)

shrewd at devising schemes that came just within the law and used to amuse himself by so doing in his leisure moments. One of the best—the idea for which he sold for three hundred dollars and which is still being used in New York, Chicago and elsewhere—is the following:

An old man, with a square of plate glass in a newspaper and a bundle of glass-cutter's tools by his side, is seen sitting dejectedly on a curb, with his head in his hands. He has no coat and the icy wind blows through his straggling locks of gray hair—a pathetic picture! He seems utterly discouraged, but no word of complaint passes his lips. Presently a well-dressed woman approaches and her pity is instantly aroused. She accosts him, and the aged one informs her in a faint voice that he works in Harlem and has been sent by his boss to set a pane of glass on Varick Street; but, not knowing exactly where Varick Street is, he has got off the elevated at Fifty-ninth Street and finds that he is still several miles from his destination. What woman, unless she had a heart of granite, would not be moved by such a tale? She opens her purse and pours its contents into his lap; for it is a psychological truth that, if you can once get a woman up to the point of giving anything, she will give all that she has. How often have I seen these old men—the children of Gottlieb's brain—sitting patiently and silently on the streets! And how often have they paid us handsome fees to get them out of the "jug"!

Banana Anna's Game

In this catalogue of clients I must not forget "Banana Anna," who recently, I am sad to say, met her Waterloo. Anna was a lady so peculiarly gifted by Fortune that she was able at will to simulate a very severe physical mishap. I shall not describe with any greater degree of particularity what her precise affliction was, save to say that, if genuine, it would have entitled her to the sympathy and generosity of mankind. It was the kind of thing that might easily result from a fall, but which, in fact, under ordinary circumstances gave her no inconvenience whatever.

Anna would conceal a bit of banana peel in her muff and, dropping it upon a station platform, would put her heel upon it and fall prostrate, uttering a groan of pain. The guard would come hastily to her assistance and find, to his horror, a woman with every mark of respectability suffering terrible agony from a condition obviously the result of a fall caused by a bit of banana skin carelessly left lying upon the premises. An ambulance would be summoned, but she would insist upon being taken to her own home—an imposing mansion—and calling her own physician. In due course the railroad would send its doctor, who would report that her condition was serious; and, as the leaving of banana peel upon a public platform is in its very nature "negligent," the company's lawyers would recommend settlement. Thus "Banana Anna" was able to live in comfort if not in luxury; and an infirmity that might, under other circumstances, have been a curse became, in fact, a blessing. Of course she took a new name and hired—temporarily—a new residence for each accident; but, as she moved from city to city, she was able to keep up the same old ruse for years.

Perhaps our most interesting client was the one who made his living by supplying "to the trade" all kinds of corporate bonds and certificates of stock. Some of these bonds had originally been issued by corporations in good standing, but had been exchanged, canceled, outlawed, or in some other way become valueless. How our client secured them I never discovered. He also dealt in the repudiated bonds of some cities and states, which can be purchased for practically nothing almost anywhere.

His principal line of goods, however, was the bonds of companies that he incorporated himself and disposed of at cut rates to a clientèle all his own. These companies all bore impressive names, such as the Tennessee Gas, Heat and Power Company, the Mercury-Panard-Charon Motor Vehicle Supply Company, the Nevada Coal, Coke, Iron and By-product Company, the Chicago Banking and Securities Company, the



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Farmers' Loan and Credit Company, the Southern Georgia Land and Fruit Company, and so on. He had an impressive office in a marble-fronted building on Wall Street, doors covered with green baize inside and gold lettering outside; and he wore a tall hat and patent-leather shoes. He also had a force of several young lady stenographers and clerks, who acted as the officers and directors of his various concerns, all of which were legally incorporated under the laws of West Virginia and New Jersey. His clients were the gilt-edged "con" men of Wall and Nassau streets, who, when they needed them, could purchase a couple of hundred engraved one-thousand-dollar bonds of imposing appearance, in a real corporation, for a few hundred dollars in cash.

Our client did not act as an officer of these himself, but merely took a power of attorney from the president, secretary and treasurer, authorizing him to sign their names to these bond issues. Yet no one ever saw these officers, all of whom had names connotative of wealth and financial responsibility. The Gates, Morgan, Rogers and other families multiplied and brought forth at the mere wave of his pen. If you wished a half-million bond issue you simply called him up on the telephone and some "light and power company" would hold a directors' meeting and vote a fifty-year debenture gold seven-per-cent security that you could peddle around at fifty-eight and one-eighth to unsuspecting investors, so as to net them nearly thirteen per cent on their money—when they got it. You could buy a million in these bonds for about three hundred and seventy-five dollars and fifty cents; but they were real bonds in real companies and legally issued against some form of property, even if it had no market value. Sometimes, I am told, these securities paid interest for a year or so, and the suckers got their friends in while there were a few left—bonds, I mean, there are always suckers.

Like all egotists, our client became careless as time went on and one day took it upon himself to issue a few hundred bonds in a company without holding a directors' meeting. He should not be severely blamed for neglecting a detail of this sort when he was so well aware of its purely formal if not farcical character. Still, it was one of those little slips that even the most careful of us will sometimes make, and the district attorney took an underhand advantage of our friend and indicted him for forging the names of the officers of the company to an unauthorized issue of bonds. Gottlieb and I had, perforce, to defend him; but, unfortunately, his real defense would have been even worse than the charge. He could not say that there was no real company and that there were no such human beings as the persons whose names he had written across the back of the bonds in question.

Poor fellow! He was an absolutely innocent man. Yet he went to Sing Sing for seven years—for committing no crime at all. How could he forge the names of persons who did not exist? However, he had invented these financial entities and they finally overwhelmed him. Somewhere lying around I have my share of the fee in this case—I forget just where. It consists of fourteen millions in the securities of the National Mortgage and Security Company—of Jampole, Mississippi.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE GOAT MAN OF FUATINO

(Continued from Page 15)

aft for their lives. The Goat Man fired, but splintered the corner of the galley. The spattering of bullets from the Rattler increased, and the two on the rock crouched low for shelter and waited. Mauriri tried to see what was happening below, but Grief held him back.

"The fuse was too long," he said. "I'll know better next time."

It was half a minute before the explosion came. What happened afterward for some little time they could not tell, for the Rattler's marksmen had got the range and were maintaining a steady fire. Once, fanned by a couple of bullets, Grief risked a peep. The Valetta, her port deck and rail torn away, was listing and sinking as she drifted back into the harbor. Climbing on board the Rattler were the men and the Huaheine women who had been hidden in the Valetta's cabin and who had swum for it under the protecting fire. The Fuatino men who had been towing in the whaleboat had cast off the line, dashed back through the passage and were rowing wildly for the south shore.

From the shore of the peninsula the discharges of four rifles announced that Brown and his men had worked through the jungle to the beach and were taking a hand. The bullets ceased coming, and Grief and Mauriri joined in with their rifles. But they could do no damage, for the men of the Rattler were firing from the shelter of the deckhouses, while the wind and tide carried the schooner farther in. There was no sign of the Valetta, which had sunk in the deep water of the crater.

Two things Raoul Van Asveld did that showed his keenness and coolness and that elicited Grief's admiration. Under the Rattler's rifle-fire Raoul compelled the fleeing Fuatino men to come in and surrender. And at the same time, dispatching half his cutthroats in the Rattler's boat, he threw them ashore and across the peninsula, preventing Brown from getting away to the main part of the island. And for the rest of the morning the intermittent shooting told to Grief how Brown was being driven in to the other side of the Big Rock. The situation was unchanged, with the exception of the loss of the Valetta.

VI

THE defects of the position on the Big Rock were vital. There was neither food nor water. For several nights, accompanied by one of the Raiatea men, Mauriri swam to the head of the bay for supplies. Then came the night when lights flared on the water and shots were fired. After that the water side of the Big Rock was invested as well.

"It's a funny situation," Brown remarked, who was getting all the adventure he had been led to believe resided in the South Seas. "We've got hold and can't let go, and Raoul has hold and can't let go. He can't get away, and we're liable to starve to death holding him."

"If the rain came the rock basins would fill," said Mauriri. It was their first twenty-four hours without water. "Big Brother, tonight you and I will get water. It is the work of strong men."

That night, with cocoanut calabashes, each of quart capacity and tightly stoppered, he led Grief down to the water from the peninsula side of the Big Rock. They swam out not more than a hundred feet. Beyond, they could hear the occasional click of an oar or the knock of a paddle against a canoe, and sometimes they saw the flare of matches as the men in the guarding boats lighted cigarettes or pipes.

"Wait here," whispered Mauriri, "and hold the calabashes."

Turning over, he swam down. Grief, face downward, watched his phosphorescent track glimmer and dim and vanish. A long minute afterward Mauriri broke surface noiselessly at Grief's side.

"Here. Drink!"

The calabash was full, and Grief drank sweet fresh water that had come up from the depths of the salt.

"It flows out from the land," said Mauriri.

"On the bottom?"

"No. The bottom is as far below as the mountains are above. Fifty feet down it flows. Swim down until you feel its coolness."

Several times filling and emptying his lungs in diver fashion, Grief turned over and went down through the water. Salt it was to his lips, and warm to his flesh; but at last, deep down, it perceptibly chilled and tasted brackish. Then suddenly his body entered the cold subterranean stream. He removed the small stopper from the calabash, and, as the sweet water gurgled into it, he saw the phosphorescent glimmer of a big fish, like a sea ghost, drift sluggishly by.

Thereafter, holding the growing weight of calabashes, he remained on the surface, while Mauriri took them down, one by one, and filled them.

"There are sharks!" Grief said, as they swam back to shore.

"Pooh!" was the answer. "They are fish sharks. We of Fuatino are brothers to the fish sharks."

"But the tiger sharks? I have seen them here."

"When they come, Big Brother, we will have no more water to drink . . . unless it rains."

VII

A WEEK later Mauriri and a Raiatea man swam back with empty calabashes. The tiger sharks had arrived in the harbor. The next day they thirsted on the Big Rock.

"We must take our chance," said Grief. "Tonight I shall go after water with Mautau. Tomorrow night, Brother, you will go with Tehaa."

Three quarts only did Grief get, when the tiger sharks appeared and drove them in. There were six of them on the Rock, and a pint a day, in the sweltering heat of the mid-tropics, is not sufficient moisture for a man's body. The next night Mauriri and Tehaa returned with no water. And the day following, Brown learned the full connotation of thirst, when the lips crack to bleeding, the mouth is coated with granular slime, and the swollen tongue finds the mouth too small for residence.

Grief swam out in the darkness with Mautau. Turn by turn, they went down through the salt to the cool, sweet stream, drinking their fill while the calabashes were filling. It was Mautau's turn to descend with the last calabash, and Grief, peering down from the surface, saw the glimmer of sea ghosts and all the phosphorescent display of the struggle. He swam back alone, but without relinquishing the precious burden of full calabashes.

Of food they had little. Nothing grew on the Rock, and its sides, covered with shellfish at sea level where the surf thundered in, were too precipitous for access. Here and there, where crevices permitted, a few rank shellfish and sea urchins were gleaned. Sometimes frigate birds and other sea birds were snared. Once, with a piece of frigate bird, they succeeded in hooking a shark. After that, with jealously guarded shark-meat for bait, they managed on occasion to catch more sharks.

But water remained their direst need. Mauriri prayed to the Goat God for rain. Taute prayed to the Missionary God, and his two fellow islanders, backsliding, invoked the deities of their old heathen days. Grief grinned and considered. But Brown, wild-eyed, with protruding, blackened tongue, cursed. Especially he cursed the phonograph, that in the cool twilights ground out gospel hymns from the deck of the Rattler. One hymn in particular, Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping, drove him to madness. It seemed a favorite on board the schooner, for it was played most of all. Brown, hungry and thirsty, half out of his head from weakness and suffering, could lie among the rocks with equanimity and listen to the tinkling of *ukuléles* and guitars, and the *hulas* and *himines* of the Huaheine women. But when the voices of the Trinity Choir floated over the water he was beside himself. One evening the cracked tenor took up the song with the machine:

Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon.
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon,
I shall be soon.

Then it was that Brown rose up. Again and again, blindly, he emptied his rifle at the schooner. Laughter floated up from the men and women, and from the peninsula came a spattering of return bullets;

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but the cracked tenor sang on, and Brown continued to fire until the hymn was played out.

It was that night that Grief and Mauriri came back with but one calabash of water. A patch of skin six inches long was missing from Grief's shoulder in token of the scrape of the sandpaper hide of a shark whose dash he had eluded.

VIII

IN THE early morning of another day, before the sun-blaze had gained its full strength, came an offer of a parley from Raoul Van Asveld.

Brown brought the word in from the outpost among the rocks a hundred yards away. Grief was squatted over a small fire, broiling a strip of shark-flesh. The last twenty-four hours had been lucky. Seaweed and sea urchins had been gathered. Tehaa had caught a shark, and Mauriri had captured a fair-sized octopus at the base of the crevice where the dynamite was stored. Then, too, in the darkness they had made two successful swims for water before the tiger sharks had nosed them out.

"Said he'd like to come in and talk with you," Brown said. "But I know what the brute is after. Wants to see how near starved to death we are."

"Bring him in," Grief said.

"And then we will kill him," the Goat Man cried joyously.

Grief shook his head.

"But he is a killer of men, Big Brother, a beast and a devil," the Goat Man protested.

"He must not be killed, Brother. It is our way not to break our word."

"It is a foolish way."

"Still it is our way," Grief answered gravely, turning the strip of shark-meat over on the coals and noting the hungry sniff and look of Tehaa. "Don't do that, Tehaa, when the Big Devil comes. Look as if you and hunger were strangers. Here, cook those sea urchins, you; and you, Big Brother, cook the squid. We will have the Big Devil to feast with us. Spare nothing. Cook all."

And, still broiling meat, Grief arose as Van Asveld, followed by a large Irish terrier, strode into camp. Raoul did not make the mistake of holding out his hand.

"Hello," he said. "I've heard of you."

"I wish I'd never heard of you," Grief answered.

"Same here," was the response. "At first, before I knew who it was, I thought I had to deal with an ordinary trading captain. That's why you've got me bottled up."

"And I am ashamed to say that I underrated you," Grief smiled. "I took you for a thieving beachcomber, and not for a really intelligent pirate and murderer. Hence the loss of my schooner. Honors are even, I fancy, on that score."

Raoul flushed angrily under his sunburn, but he contained himself. His eyes roved over the supply of food and the full water-calabashes, though he concealed the incredulous surprise he felt. His was a tall, slender, well-knit figure, and Grief, studying him, estimated his character from his face. The eyes were keen and strong, but a bit too close together—not pinched, however, but just a trifle near to balance the broad forehead, the strong chin and jaw, and the cheek-bones wide apart. Strength! His face was filled with it, and yet Grief sensed in it the intangible something the man lacked.

"We are both strong men," Raoul said, with a bow. "We might have been fighting for empires a hundred years ago."

It was Grief's turn to bow.

"As it is, we are squalidly scrapping over the enforcement of the colonial laws of those empires whose destinies we might possibly have determined a hundred years ago."

"It all comes to dust," Raoul remarked sententiously, sitting down. "Go ahead with your meal. Don't let me interrupt."

"Won't you join us?" was Grief's invitation.

The other looked at him with sharp steadiness, then accepted.

"I'm sticky with sweat," he said. "Can I wash?"

Grief nodded and ordered Mauriri to bring a calabash. Raoul looked into the Goat Man's eyes, but saw nothing save languid uninterest as the precious quart of water was wasted on the ground.

"The dog is thirsty," Raoul said.

Grief nodded, and another calabash was presented to the animal.

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Again Raoul searched the eyes of the natives and learned nothing.

"Sorry we have no coffee," Grief apologized. "You'll have to drink plain water. A calabash, Tehaa. Try some of this shark. There is squid to follow, and sea urchins and a seaweed salad. I'm sorry we haven't any frigate bird. The boys were lazy yesterday and did not try to catch any."

With an appetite that would not have stopped at wire nails dipped in lard Grief ate perfunctorily and tossed the scraps to the dog.

"I'm afraid I haven't got down to the primitive diet yet," he sighed, as he sat back. "The tinned goods on the Rattler, now, I could make a hearty meal off of them; but this muck ——" He took a half-pound strip of broiled shark and flung it to the dog. "I suppose I'll come to it if you don't surrender pretty soon."

Raoul laughed unpleasantly.

"I came to offer terms," he said pointedly.

Grief shook his head.

"There aren't any terms. I've got you where the hair is short, and I'm not going to let go."

"You think you can hold me in this hole!" Raoul cried.

"You'll never leave it alive except in double irons. I've handled your kind before. We've pretty well cleaned it out of the South Seas. You're a throw-back, and we've got to get rid of you. Personally, I would advise you to go back to the schooner and blow your brains out. It is the only way to escape what you've got coming to you."

The parley, so far as Raoul was concerned, proved fruitless, and he went back into his own lines convinced that the men on the Big Rock could hold out for years—though he would have been swiftly unconvinced could he have observed Tehaa and the Raiateans, the moment his back was turned and he was out of sight, crawling over the rocks and sucking and crunching the scraps his dog had left uneaten.

IX

"WE HUNGER now, Brother," Grief said, "but it is better than to hunger for many days to come. The Big Devil, after feasting and drinking good water with us in plenty, will not stay long in Fuatino. Even tomorrow may he try to leave. To-night you and I sleep over the top of the Rock, and Tehaa, who shoots well, will sleep with us if he can dare the Rock."

Tehaa, alone among the Raiateans, was craftsman enough to venture the perilous way, and dawn found him in a rock-barricaded nook a hundred yards to the right of Grief and Mauriri.

The first warning was the firing of rifles from the peninsula, where Brown and his two Raiateans signaled the retreat and followed the besiegers through the jungle to the beach. From the eyrie on the face of the rock, Grief could see nothing for another hour, when the Rattler appeared, making for the passage. As before, the captive Fuatino men towed in the whale-boat. Mauriri, under direction of Grief, called down instructions to them as they passed slowly beneath. By Grief's side lay several bundles of dynamite sticks.

The deck of the Rattler was populous. For'ard, rifle in hand, among the Raiatea sailors stood a desperado who, Mauriri announced, was Raoul's brother. Aft by the helmsman stood another. Attached to him, tied waist to waist with sluck, was Mataara, the old Queen. On the other side of the helmsman, his arm in a sling, was Captain Glass. Amidships as before was Raoul, and with him, lashed waist to waist, was Naumoo.

"Good morning, Mister David Grief," Raoul called up.

"And yet I warned you that only in double irons would you leave the island," Grief murmured down with a sad inflection.

"You can't kill all your people I have on board," was the answer.

The schooner, moving slowly, jerk by jerk, as the men pulled in the whaleboat, was almost directly beneath. The rowers, without ceasing, slacked on their oars, and were immediately threatened with the rifle of the man who stood for'ard.

"Throw, Big Brother!" Naumoo called up in the Fuatino tongue. "I am filled with sorrow and am willed to die. His knife is ready with which to cut the rope, but I shall hold him tight. Be not afraid, Big Brother. Throw, and throw straight, and goodby."

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Grief hesitated, then lowered the fire-stick which he had been blowing bright.

"Throw," the Goat Man urged.

Still Grief hesitated.

"If they get to sea, Big Brother, Naumoo dies just the same. And there are all the others. What is her life against the many?"

"If you drop any dynamite or fire a single shot we'll kill all on board," Raoul cried up to them. "I've got you, David Grief. You can't kill these people, and I can. Shut up, you!"

This last was addressed to Naumoo, who was calling up in her native tongue and whom Raoul seized by the neck with one hand to choke to silence. In turn, she locked both arms about him and looked up beseechingly to Grief.

"Throw it, Mr. Grief, and be damned to them," Captain Glass rumbled in his deep voice. "They're bloody murderers and the cabin's full of them."

The desperado who was fastened to the old Queen swung half about to menace Captain Glass with his rifle, when Tehaa, from his position farther along the Rock, pulled trigger on him. The rifle dropped from the man's hand, and on his face was an expression of intense surprise as his legs crumpled under him and he sank down on deck, dragging the Queen with him.

"Port! Hard a-port!" Grief cried.

Captain Glass and the Kanaka whirled the wheel over, and the bow of the Rattler headed in for the Rock. Amidships Raoul still struggled with Naumoo. His brother ran from for'ard to his aid, being missed by the fusillade of quick shots from Tehaa and the Goat Man. As Raoul's brother placed the muzzle of his rifle to Naumoo's side Grief touched the fire-stick to the match head in the split end of the fuse. Even as with both hands he tossed the big bundle of dynamite the rifle went off, and Naumoo's fall to the deck was simultaneous with the fall of the dynamite. This time the fuse was short enough. The explosion occurred at the instant the deck was reached, and that portion of the Rattler, along with Raoul, his brother and Naumoo, forever disappeared.

The schooner's side was shattered and she began immediately to settle. For'ard, every Raiatean sailor dived overboard. Captain Glass met the first man springing up the companionway from the cabin with a kick full in the face, but was overborne and trampled on by the rush. Following the desperadoes came the Huaheine women, and as they went overboard the Rattler sank on an even keel close to the base of the Rock. Her crosstrees still stuck out when she reached bottom.

Looking down Grief could see all that occurred beneath the surface. He saw Mataara, a fathom deep, unfasten herself from the dead pirate and swim upward. As her head emerged she saw Captain Glass, who could not swim, sinking several yards away. The Queen, old woman that she was, but an islander, turned over, swam down to him and held him up as she struck out for the unsubmerged crosstrees.

Five heads, blond and brown, were mingled with the dark heads of Polynesia that dotted the surface. Grief, rifle in hand, watched for a chance to shoot. The Goat Man, after a minute, was successful, and they saw the body of one man sink sluggishly. But to the Raiatean sailors, big and brawny, half fish, was the vengeance given. Swimming swiftly, they singled out the blond heads and the brown. Those from above watched the four surviving desperadoes, clutched and locked, dragged far down beneath and drowned.

In ten minutes everything was over. The Huaheine women, laughing and giggling, were holding on to the sides of the whaleboat that had done the towing. The Raiatean sailors, waiting for orders, were about the crosstree to which Captain Glass and Mataara clung.

"The poor old Rattler," Captain Glass lamented.

"Nothing of the sort," Grief answered. "In a week we'll have her raised, new timbers amidships, and we'll be on our way." And to the Queen: "How is it with you, Sister?"

"Naumoo is gone, and Motuaro, Brother, but Fuatino is ours again. The day is young. Word shall be sent to all my people in the high places with the goats. And to-night once again, and as never before, we shall feast and rejoice in the Big House."

"She's been needing new timbers abaft the beam there for years," quoth Captain Glass. "But the chronometers will be out of commission for the rest of the cruise."

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE
East Washington Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

(Continued from Page 17)

"Oh!—you're going to Dinard too?" cried Clementina.

"What do you mean by 'too'?" asked the other shortly.

"I heard a rumor that Doctor Quixtus was going there. It seemed so silly that I paid no attention to it. Are you really going, Ephraim?"

It was a trap, deliberately laid. It was a defiance, a challenge. From the corner of the sofa she stretched out her bare arm at full length and laid her hand on his shoulder. The other woman looked white and pinched; her eyes lost their allurement and regarded him almost with enmity.

"You promised."

The words were snapped out before she could realize their significance. The instant after she could have thrust hatpins into herself in punishment for her folly. The manhood in Quixtus leaped at the lash. He knew, then, with a startling clarity of assurance, that nothing in the world would induce him to strut about casinos with her in Dinard. He smiled courteously.

"Pardon me, dear Mrs. Fontaine. I made no promise. You must remember my little—my little trope of the daw and the peacocks."

Clementina, satisfied, withdrew her hand.

"Of course, dear Ephraim, if you prefer to go to Dinard with Mrs. Fontaine ——"

Lena Fontaine rose. "Doctor Quixtus is obviously free to do what he chooses. I wish you would kindly leave me out of it."

Clementina rose, too, and held out her hand. "I will, my dear Mrs. Fontaine," she said sweetly, "if I can. Goodby. It has been so delightful to have had you."

Lena Fontaine's exit with Lady Louisa was confused with that of other stragglers. The admiral, Etta and Tommy remained. They all went down to Quixtus' study—the little back room of the adventure of the drunken housekeeper, now cheery with decanters and siphons and cigarettes, and chatted intimately till the admiral reminded Etta that the horses—"Such fat horses!" murmured Etta—had been standing for nearly an hour. Tommy accompanied father and daughter to the carriage. Quixtus and Clementina were left alone.

"Can I tell Sheila tomorrow that you're coming down to Moleham?"

"I think you can," said Quixtus. "I think you can quite safely."

"I'm sorry Mrs. Fontaine wasn't able to join us."

"Now why?" he asked, vaguely conscious of outstretched claw and flying fur.

"Because she has such brilliant social gifts," replied Clementina.

There was a span of silence. Clementina inhaled a puff of the Turkish cigarette she had lit and then threw it into the grate.

"For Heaven's sake, my dear man, look in that drawer and give me some tobacco I can smoke! I smuggled it in yesterday."

Quixtus gave her the yellow package and papers, and she rolled a cigarette and smoked contentedly. Tommy came in.

"Will you and these infants lunch with me tomorrow at the Carlton?"

"With pleasure," said Quixtus.

"Do you know," she said, "I've never been inside the place? It will be quite an adventure."

A few moments later, Tommy and herself were speeding westward in a taxicab. The boy spoke little. All his darling conceptions of Clementina had been upheaved, dynamited, tossed into the air and lay around him in amorphous fragments. Nor was she conversationally inclined. Tommy now was a tiny little speck in her horizon. Yet, when the motor drew up at her house in Romney Place and he opened the gate for her, something significant happened.

He put out his hand. "Good night, Clementina."

She laughed. "Where are your manners, Tommy? Aren't you going to kiss me?"

He hesitated—just the fraction of a second—and then kissed her. She ran up to her room exultant—not because she had been kissed; far from it—but because he had hesitated. Between Clementina fish-fag and Clementina princess was a mighty gulf. She knew it. She exulted. She went to bed, but could not sleep. She had a headache—such a headache; a glorious headache; a thunder-and-lightning of a headache!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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It is the QUALITY of the blade that counts —read what this man says. We have thousands of similar letters.

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Gentlemen:—I didn't see how you could improve much on the Gem Junior Blades, but your new "Gem Damaskeene Blade" is a corker.

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The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

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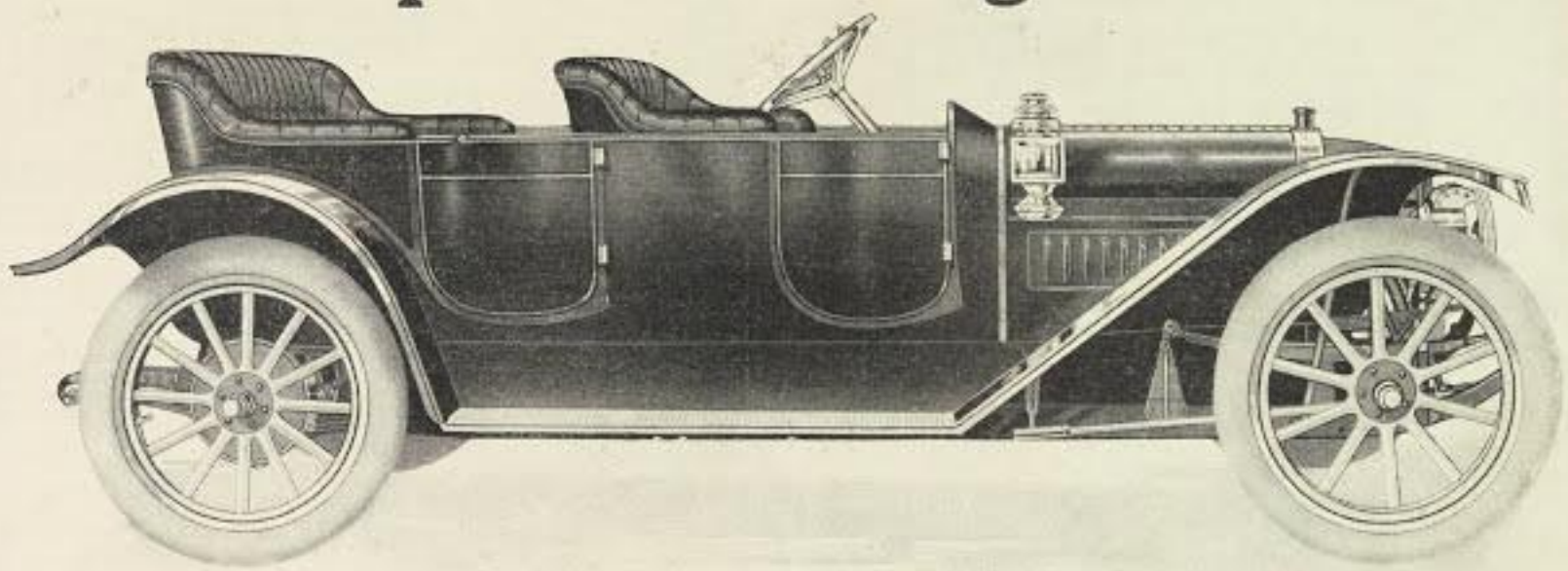
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Announcement

1912 *of an* 1912

Epoch Making Car



Regal "35" "Underslung" Touring Car $1400

THE SPIRIT OF PROGRESS is in the air. In every department of life the slogan is "*forward.*" The *ideals* of yesterday are forgotten today. The *old* gives place to the *new*. Men are everywhere, always seeking *perfection*.

THIS IS SUPREMELY TRUE in the Automobile Industry. There is the same wonderful example of *evolution* between the *first horseless vehicle* with its noisy little motor and crudity of design and the *latest example* of Motor Car perfection *as there is* between Stephenson's "Rocket" and the great Locomotive monster that now hurls a heavy train at sixty miles an hour.

ANOTHER MILESTONE has been erected. Another *degree of excellence* attained. In announcing the **Regal "35" 5-Passenger "Underslung" Touring Car at $1400,** the Regal Motor Car Company *have the honor* to be the *first* to offer the great buying public the *remarkable* and many *advantages* of the Underslung Type of motor car construction at a price that is at once a *new standard of value* and a *sensational opportunity* of purchase.

WHAT DOES "UNDERSLUNG" MEAN? First and last it means a car built mechanically right. A perfect principle of suspension that is *old* in engineering practice yet *new* as applied to automobiles. The only objection to it has been its *cost*, for hitherto the "Underslung" has been the millionaire's car, but *now* for *the first time* as a Touring Car it is offered at a price that will be the sensation of the year.

THE ADVANTAGES ARE LEGION. The "Underslung" emphasizes *all* the *essentials* that, as a unit, make a perfect car. It's the *safe* car. The weight is "slung" *below* the axles instead of being "*balanced*" *above* them. The center of gravity is so *low* that this car *hugs the road*. "Turning Turtle" causes 75% of all automobile accidents, and *skidding* is responsible for a lot more, but a Regal "Underslung" keeps on four wheels, meeting superbly every dangerous moment and always driving forward.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE. The "Underslung" saves you money. It is preeminently the *economical* car. Every ounce of weight is carried well within the wheels, hence, *vibration*, that destructive *axle lash* on springs and tires is *banished*. The power, too, is delivered *direct* by a straight line drive from motor to rear wheels *saving* in the course of time a big gasoline bill, while the *level* motor *suspension* ensures a *perfect lubrication*, adding to the *long life* of the car.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE. The "Underslung" is the most *comfortable* car in the world. It gives you a *new* experience of motoring pleasure. It's the one car that harmonizes with any kind of a road. No side swaying, no sensation of parting company with the car when you come to the "sharp turn," no tilting, no catapulting in the air, for the springs on a Regal "35" are *shock-absorbing*. You do not *ride* in this car. It's a *new* motion, indefinable, until you experience it, *velvety*, *birdlike*—a constant gliding forward. Being a big, roomy car, passengers are *rested* at the end of any kind of a trip.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE. The owner of a Regal "35" "Underslung" is a *connoisseur* of "beauty." Here is a car that welcomes comparison. It possesses a beauty that goes deeper than paint. It's conspicuous because it's so unique. It is a composite of perfect *line*, *curve* and *proportion*. Trim and rakish, the long, low body impressively suggests *power* and *speed*. You must see this car to appreciate its *good looks*.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE. The 10 inches of *road clearance* is *uniform*. Under a Regal "35" "Underslung" is a perfectly flat dust pan. Go as fast as you like and you simply can't kick up the dust swirls under the car that destroys so much of automobiling pleasure. **The dust is left in the road where it belongs.** As 80% of all types of cars have but a maximum clearance of ten inches and curved dust pans, the *superiority* of the "Underslung" is apparent.

ANOTHER ADVANTAGE. The price too is epoch making. The Regal "35" 5-passenger "Underslung" Touring Car at $1400, is the *first* "Underslung" Touring Car ever offered to the public under $4000, hence there are no existing comparisons. We have anticipated a huge demand, because it is the *one* car a year ahead. It offers more in actual essentials than has hitherto been thought possible at *any figure* below the thousands. Consequently it is *the car* the public *will buy* because it is *the car* that meets supremely not only what the public desires but what the public should have.

AN EPOCH MAKING CAR. It is built by men who have faith in their product, faith in the present and the future of the great automobile industry and who enshrine their ideas in every Regal motor car that leaves the factories at Detroit. The Regal "35" "Underslung" Touring Car offers assets of Safety, Economy, Comfort and Beauty that are excelling. After you have seen and "demonstrated" this car you will *buy* it because you will *agree* it is a **Supreme Achievement.**

THE REGAL "35" "UNDERSLUNG" TOURING CAR is furnished with *demountable rims* (one extra demountable rim included). It is the *complete* car.

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS. Wheel Base, 118 inches—Tires 34x4 in. Demountable Rims. Three Speed and Reverse; Selective Sliding Nickel Steel gear transmission. Four cylinders (in pairs) 35-H. P. Motor. Bore, 4½ in., stroke 4½ in. Dual ignition—with magneto. Transmission—Hyatt Nickel Steel roller bearings. Standard equipment, Gas searchlight, etc.

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Regal Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

ON GUARD!



Constant vigilance on the part of parents is the price of bodily vigor and health in children. How closely are you guarding the food for the little ones? Sturdy boys and girls cannot be built out of soggy pastries.

Nearly all children have wheat-hunger—a craving for the body-building elements found in the whole wheat, the most perfect food given to man—his "staff of life" for four thousand years.

The whole wheat contains all the elements needed to build the perfect human body. It is through the cooking and shredding process used in making

SHREDDED WHEAT

that the whole wheat is prepared in its most digestible form.

By this process all the tissue-building elements in the whole wheat are retained, while the outer bran coat is scattered along the shreds in infinitesimal particles in such a way as to stimulate peristalsis (bowel exercise) in a natural way.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit, heated in the oven to restore crispness and served with milk or cream, makes an ideal food for growing children and supplies all the nutriment needed for study or play. Being made in Biscuit form it also makes very wholesome and delicious combinations with fresh or stewed fruits.

The only Breakfast Cereal made in Biscuit Form

Made only by **THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY,** **Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HOLLANDS MICH
DIVISION
SEP 25 1911
ANN ARBOR MICH

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 by Benj. Fran.

AUG. 5, 1911

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DRAWN BY,
HARRISON FISHER

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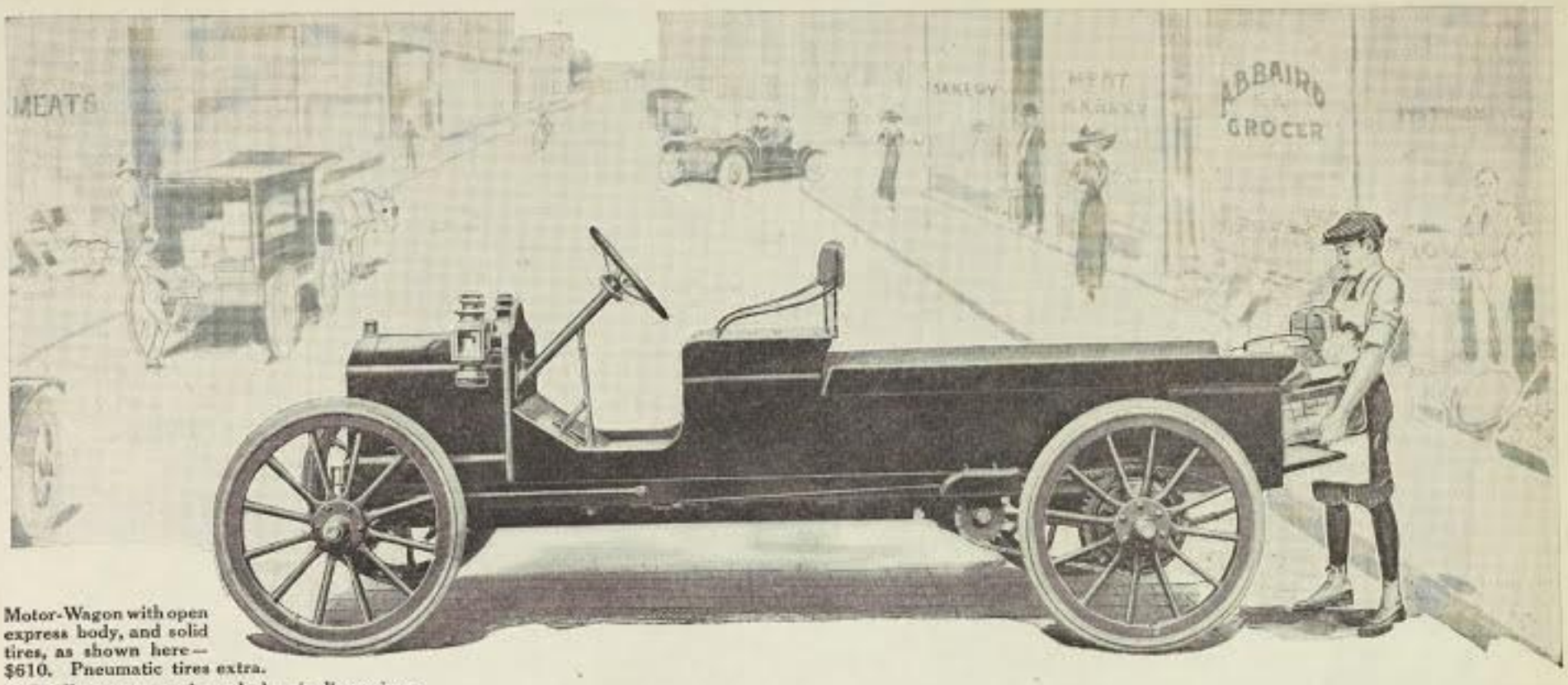
Eventually



Why Not Now?

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Washburn-Crosby Co., Largest Millers in the World, General Offices Minneapolis, Minn.



Motor-Wagon with open express body, and solid tires, as shown here—$610. Pneumatic tires extra.
Body allowances made and chassis dimensions furnished to those requiring special bodies.

Motor delivery now so cheap that every merchant can afford it

Motor delivery, now down to a common sense, economical basis, has been brought within reach of the average retail merchant.

The Motor-Wagon has done this!

The retailer wants motor delivery. He needs it; and he keenly recognizes his need.

But he never before could think seriously of adopting it.

Because nobody built a motor for him until we built the Motor-Wagon.

What is the Motor-Wagon?

Exactly what its name says it is—a motor-wagon.

Not a big heavy truck, too cumbersome for quick delivery, and expensive to buy and to keep; not a converted touring car, unfit to stand the strain of continuous delivery service.

But a stout, sturdy wagon, with a motor to make it go.

The Motor-Wagon is built essentially, and primarily, and expressly, for the delivery service of the grocer—the butcher—the baker—the drygoods store—the confectioner—the supply house—the laundry—the dairyman—in two words, for *retail delivery*.

The Motor-Wagon—$610

It will carry 800 pounds over all sorts of roads in any kind of weather at 15 miles an hour.

The Motor-Wagon now points the way to better and cheaper delivery service than ever before with greater satisfaction to customers and owners.

For one Motor-Wagon will do more work than a two horse, two wagon outfit, in less time, at less cost; and it costs less to buy.

It is so simple your boy—the young lad who has never driven anything but a horse and wagon—can be trusted to manage and care for it.

Its motor simply can't get out of order, for it has nothing but two cylinders, two pistons, two connecting rods, a crankshaft and a flywheel. No valves, no gears, no cams or camshaft, no springs or rollers.

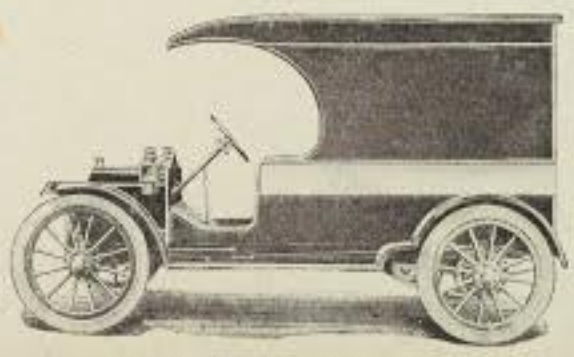
Your boy can't "drive it to death" because the speed is governed to a sensible limit.

He can't smash fragile goods—eggs and the like—because its spring action is that of an easy-riding pleasure car.

He can load it with ease and without help because the loading platform is only 24 inches from the ground.

The Motor-Wagon will actually be a source of business; for people will soon learn that your deliveries are quicker and more prompt than Smith's or White's, and that goods reach them in better condition.

We want every retailer who reads this to write to us or our nearest agent.



Motor-Wagon with Full Panel Body, $695
Pneumatic tires extra

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Extra Seats, $10 each



"Thank Goodness—it floats!"

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GETTING A START AT SIXTY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

MY STORY is meant to help the man who has held a clerical position for forty years and been turned out at last—too old for his work, too young to die, with a wife to support, less than three hundred dollars saved up, and a life expectancy of fifteen and forty-five hundredths years.

Before I was twenty years old I drifted into bookkeeping, which I had learned by helping the bookkeeper at the store where I was clerking at five dollars a week. I worked early and late and at nights with him; and finally, when he left for a better position, I thought myself lucky to take charge of the books at forty dollars a month. Perhaps I was lucky. In addition to the increase in salary the work appealed to me. It called for exactness, neatness, precision, and it was clean work—"a gentleman's work" it then seemed to me. I don't classify work now as I did then.

Moreover, I had some aptitude for figures and was fitted to the work. I am a small man, five feet three inches, and have never weighed over one hundred and thirty-five pounds. I was inclined to be a dapper young fellow and I dressed carefully. Though at first I had some ambition it did not last. Looking back over the years, I can see that I had only average ability, no strong purpose, not much initiative; and without any ambitious stimulating influence at home I fell into an easy-going rut and stayed there.

By the time I was twenty-five I was earning eighty dollars a month and was married. I married a girl I had known a long time—a sweet, good, pretty girl—who has been a loyal and patient wife, a kind mother and a pleasant companion during all the years—God bless her!

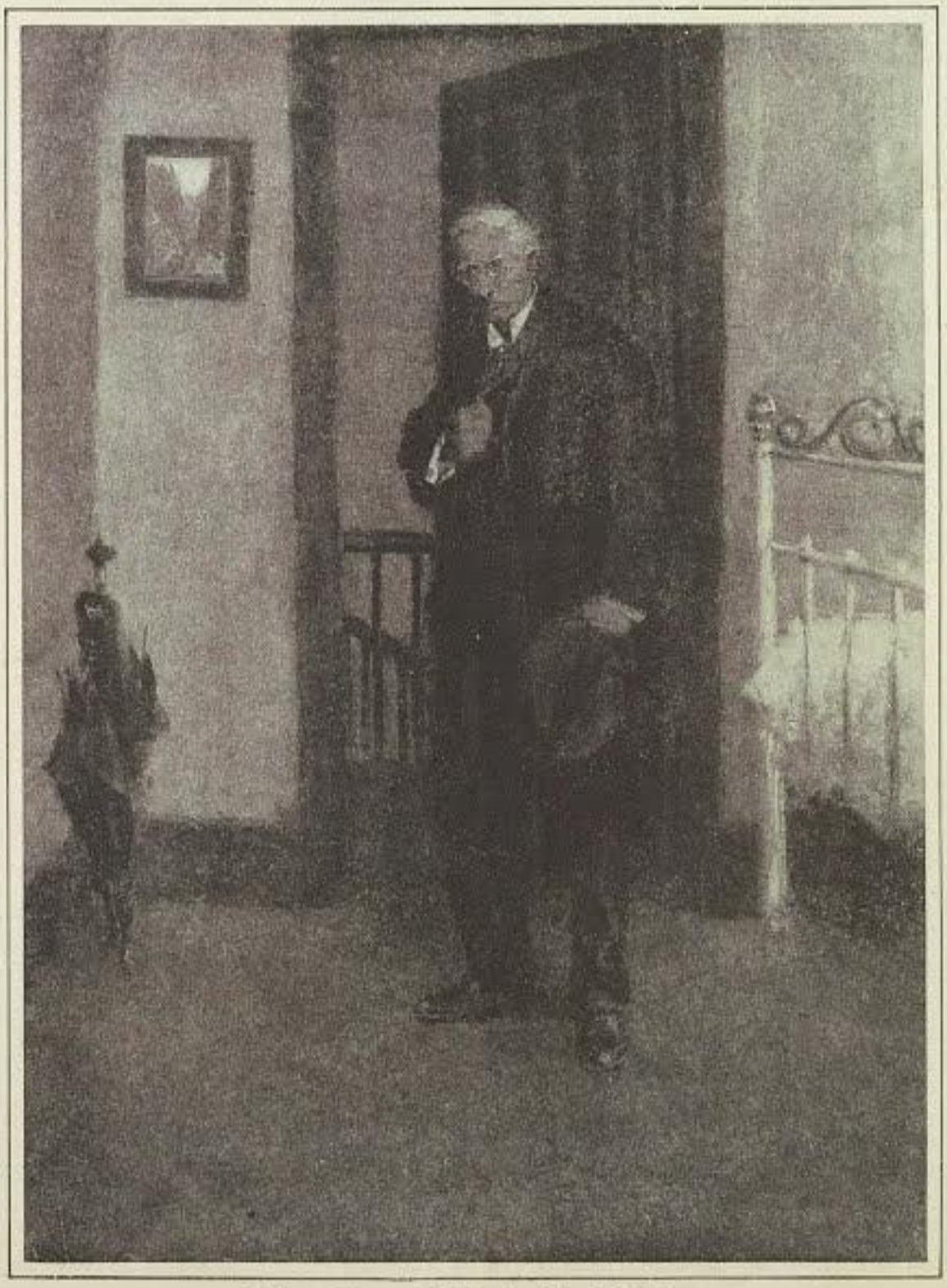
My Wife and I

AS I AM writing without revealing my name, so that no possible embarrassment can follow, and as it is necessary for me to be perfectly frank if I am to be helpful, I may say that my wife is just an average woman in ability, not at all brilliant, fairly well educated, without much ambition or executive ability. We were well matched—if that means evenly matched. I think I fell in love with her because she was pretty and good-humored, and seemed to like me. She dressed attractively, and in those days I was proud of that. Neither of us had any money.

After our marriage we lived simply for years in a cottage in one of the suburbs. There we had no great social position but we had many pleasant friends. At first I began to save to buy a home; somehow I had not done this before we married. But I liked good clothes and liked to see my wife well dressed; liked to have our house furnished as well or a little better than the houses of our young married friends. Then there was the boy at the end of the first year, and doctors' bills, and for a time a nurse and a cook. All these things made the savings fund a theory rather than a reality.

At thirty years of age I was getting one hundred dollars a month, and we were living comfortably in an attractive, well-furnished little house—but it was rented. There were then the two girl babies besides the boy, and living was more expensive. I had not saved anything except about two hundred dollars; I always tried to keep that much ahead for emergencies. But I had a good position, was highly thought of by my employers, and life seemed secure and easy.

I did not worry about getting rich; we were doing well and were happy in the present. Besides, I had never expected to be really rich and had never troubled myself about it. My standards were standards of living, measured by my clerical and church friends, and did not demand reserve of capital.



I Was a Failure and Had Involved Her in My Failure

At forty I was earning my largest salary—eighteen hundred dollars a year—and was proud of it. Somehow our expenses had kept up with our income. The boy was fourteen now and in the High School. We had lost our second little girl—she had died three years before; but the other was twelve, pretty like her mother, and we planned for her to have every advantage we could give her. She had a piano and music lessons even then.

My hair was beginning to get gray; premature grayness ran in our family. The gray mixed with my dark hair made an iron-gray combination that my wife said, and I thought, was handsome and becoming. In the next few years this grayness increased rapidly, perhaps due to worry; and by the time I was forty-six my hair was white. This caused me uneasiness; for lines had begun to show in my face and about my eyes, and I looked at least ten years older than I really was. Old men are at a discount in clerical positions.

My Salary Cut

ABOUT this time a change in the firm for which I had worked for the past nine years—a consolidation and incorporation—made a change in my position. I was still retained, but in a slightly different position, at one hundred dollars a month. This hurt me a good deal, though I saw that the matter was purely one of business policy and that I had no right to complain.

The next morning when I looked at myself closely in the glass after shaving I realized, underneath the hurt and uneasiness and incipient dismay, that I was fortunate in still having the hundred-dollar job. Then, too, my boy was

out of school now and getting a good start in a manufacturing concern. His wages made up the difference between my former and present salary, and he was in line for rapid promotion.

I was glad of this, for the daughter was nearly through school and we needed the money to give her the extras that a young lady in the family demands. She was a good musician, pretty, as her mother had been, and a nice girl. If she was too self-centered it must have been the fault of our training.

The boy, also, though he now cheerfully added his salary to the general fund, was already talking of the time when he would be twenty-one and saving his earnings for himself. That made his mother and me feel a little uncomfortable, for it almost seemed as though he considered his obligation to us only a legal one; but we were sensitive and never discussed the subject with him—or, in fact, with each other. I could see her wince sometimes when he spoke in that way, and I knew how she felt. After living happily with a wife for twenty years you can understand how things affect her.

In the next few years there were other changes. I kept my position at twelve hundred dollars; but our daughter married two years after finishing school—married a good-looking, affable, easy-going clerk for a large insurance firm.

We had known him well; his family were old neighbors of ours. He had good habits and we could hardly object to the match, as the young people loved each other very much. But he was of a restless disposition, and not of a money-making or money-saving nature; and looking back over the years from under my small white head at forty-nine those absent qualities loomed large, like virtues.

After all the care and money we had spent on her we somehow had expected, or at least hoped, that this pretty, accomplished young girl would make a better match, a more brilliant one, despite the fact that we had never been able even to attempt the outskirts of Society—spelled with a capital. My wife and I were frankly disappointed, and showed it to each other when alone; but we hid our disappointment as well as we could from the children and all others. Shortly after the wedding the young couple moved to Texas, where my son-in-law still occupies a clerical position and has never saved anything except money enough to pay his insurance premiums.

Even the simple wedding of our daughter cost money. She was an only daughter and we wished to gratify her. She had in a sweet manner always demanded the gratification of her desires, had seemed to think it a matter of course that we should give her what she wished—"for father makes a good salary." It took eight months for me to pay the wedding debts, even with the generous board our son paid.

Misfortunes Never Come Singly

WE WERE just beginning to feel easy once more, when Tom, our boy, announced that he was going to get married the next month. He was twenty-four and was earning almost as much as his father. His bride-elect was from another state, a recent guest of old friends of ours. We felt the announcement as a shock, but did not openly object—it would have done no good if we had. We urged him to bring his wife home to live with us, but he preferred a little flat, and so did she; consequently a little flat it was, in another part of the city. My wife and I felt lonely after Tom was gone; there seemed nothing more to plan for. We ought doubtless to have moved at once into smaller, less expensive quarters; but, as I said in the beginning, we had got into a rut, and it seemed more homelike to live on just as we had done when the children were with us. So my wife did the household work and we continued as before; I still had my hundred dollars a month.

We lived in this way for about two years, until one winter my wife had a serious illness. She was in the infirmary five weeks and later needed watchful care and nursing. The infirmary and doctors' bills were heavy and it was impracticable for us to attempt to continue keeping house; we simply could not afford it, as we should have had to hire a servant and a nurse. So we sold off our things, giving Tom a few of the nicest that he wanted, and boarded with old acquaintances of ours in a quiet part of the city. At the end of that year we were still eighty-six dollars in debt. I have always kept my own books carefully, as well as my employers'.

Shortly after the new year a younger man, perfectly capable and a cousin of one of my employers, took the position I had held for several years. The firm treated me nicely about it, gave me time, helped me to find another place and retained me in my former position until I did. But the new place was only a seventy-five-dollar-a-month job. However, at the end of that search for a position for a small white-haired bookkeeper—my hair was perfectly white by this time—I was glad and thankful to get the job for seventy-five dollars. I felt discouraged and looked it. My new employers pitied me, and that made me feel more hacked. But I plodded along and there was nothing else, it seemed, for me to do.

When I was fifty-six our son died, leaving two little children. His wife went back with them to her parents in her home state. We missed our son very much. Though he had done nothing to help us since his marriage, having his own family and expenses to attend to, we had seen him from time to time, and took pride in him and in his being ours. Now we felt doubly desolate—bereft with the desolation of those without children to turn to, and without the support and friendship of capital back of them.

My wife was entirely well by this time, but we never tried to keep house again. She did not fancy the drudgery and had never been domestic by choice, so we boarded. In those years we drifted from one cheap boarding house to another. We had not stayed long at our first place, since it was so located that I had to pay out carfare



After Much Searching We Found a House That We Decided Would Do

morning and evening and at least ten cents each day for lunch. I still had my seventy-five dollars a month, but after board, laundry, clothes and incidentals had come out of it little was left. I always had hanging over me the fear of another illness on my wife's part or my own, and the fear of losing my position.

I took the grippe the winter I was fifty-nine and was away from work a week. It happened to be a busy season, and I tried to go to work too soon and to do too much before I was well again. The result was that my employers got impatient at results and I saw they were watching me closely and with dissatisfaction.

I tried to keep up with my work, putting in extra time at nights; but even so the slow-walking little white-haired old man, with the care lines in his face, did not fit in with their ideas of a hustling young firm's force.

I managed to hold on until spring, although I knew that my employers would have preferred another man; they intimated several times, from week to week, that I needed an easier place. I feared what was coming and looked around quietly for another position. But there seemed openings only for young bookkeepers—many of the places were filled from business colleges and others through business friends and relatives. I found nothing, and clung desperately to my job, which looked princely to me in the light of the alternative. The alternative came, nevertheless. On February fifteenth I was notified that my services would not be needed after the first of the month.

I kept the news from my wife as long as I could, for she had been rather blue all winter, after coming back from a visit to our daughter in Texas. I tried every opening I heard of and I besieged my friends to help me to secure another position as bookkeeper at any price; but the first of March found me still unsuccessful.

I quit the firm unemployed, a small man sixty years old, with white hair and lined face, having a total fortune of two hundred and eighty-seven dollars in the savings bank, a wife to support, and an expectancy, according to the life tables, of fifteen and forty-five hundredths more years to live. That expectancy made me realize in a dull, hopeless fashion that sixty is not absolutely, only relatively, old. But the thought of all those probably future years gave no satisfaction, but rather added dismay.

My place had been given to a young man of twenty, fresh from a good business college, with a thorough knowledge of stenography, typewriting and bookkeeping, ready and eager to use all three to the best advantage of the firm for a beginning salary of fifteen dollars a week.

He was energetic and reliable, and for years was a valuable man. I could not blame the firm for making the change; they needed just such a man. The firm was young and hustling, but doing business on small capital in those days. It could not afford a stenographer and a bookkeeper both, even if it had needed them; so I was down and out.

That was eight years ago, but I remember, as if it had all taken place this morning, the desolate hopelessness with which I turned over my books, all neatly balanced, to my successor. Those books had become like children to me; I had spent more waking hours with them than with my wife.

Only Young Men Wanted

I FELT the desolation of failure. It seemed to me as though I were a piece of shopworn, useless goods thrown aside on the junk-heap, no longer fit to cumber up the store. The sharp pain and the dizziness seem to come over me now as I write about it, the weakness I felt as I reached for my hat and slouchy brown overcoat and shook hands all round, trying to laugh a little to hide my feelings so that they would not show their pity for me.

At last I got out on the street and went home to my wife, to the little back room of the second-rate boarding house where we were then living. She, dear soul, was patient as usual, and tried hard to be cheerful; but neither of us succeeded at that. However, she had no word of complaint or upbraiding, no suggestion that I was a failure and had involved her in my failure. She was loving and sweet and uncomplaining, and made an effort to be cheerful—bless her dear heart! Oh, these wives—how patient, how wonderfully patient, they are with us poor men!

"Never mind; you'll find some other place where they will appreciate faithful, competent service, dear," my wife would repeat; and I would kiss her for saying it. It was good to feel we had each other, we partners of long standing through all those married years. Now our trouble, our uncertainty, our incipient dismay seemed to draw us even closer together.

We decided to watch the papers and see what we could find in the advertisements. The next morning's paper, however, advised us of only two classes of men wanted, experienced salesmen and agents to solicit on commission. I knew I could not fill either of those wants. My life had been too quiet, my business efforts too retired. I who had lived back among my books for forty years could not hope to step out and compete with young men full of strength and assurance and hopeful of success. Even my wife understood at a glance that those advertisements were not for me.

We looked eagerly in the afternoon papers and found a longer list of "Help Wanted—Males": "Ambitious young men"—to become traveling salesmen; "Boy"—to work in drug-store; "Boy"—apply at once; "Houseboy—at once"; "Salesman"—fine clothing and shoes; "Barber"; "Young man—to solicit; must have wagon"; and so on. The only possibility seemed "Furniture duster—experienced; apply at Emporium Furniture Company." Most of the other positions called for boys or young men, except three porters and two tinners that were wanted. I was not strong enough to do a porter's work and knew nothing of tinning, so I started out at once for the furniture duster's place.

I found it had been filled twenty minutes before I got there by a reliable-looking old German; it paid seven dollars a week.

We searched the papers from day to day, but they had little for us: Men for the United States Army; auto hands; "a live-wire as assistant to the manager of a men's furnishing department"; three young men for traveling salesmen; competent wood-pattern makers; first-class rapid stenographer; first-class coatmakers; a copper-plate engraver; handy men on concrete forms; five harnessmakers, and a good tailor, were all badly wanted, it seemed; but those advertisements caused me no thrill of hope.



I Found a Young German to Cook for Us

However, shortly afterward, in another paper, I found "Bookkeeper wanted; give experience, salary expected, etc. Address H. H. 72, this office"; and "General office assistant"; and "Bank teller," each asking for experience, salary expected, etc., and each calling for letter replies, "this office," which prevented a personal interview unless advertiser so desired. I answered each of these as well and promptly as possible, leaving the amount of salary to be determined upon interview. I never got even an interview.

So it went on, day after day. I investigated industrial insurance, but found even there the young and semi-young men were to the front. They looked significantly at my white head, deprecatingly at my small size, and politely informed me there was no opening at present. The regular collection routes and territory had been apportioned and were held by men ranging in age from twenty to thirty-five.

At the end of the first week I was very uneasy and not sleeping well; at the end of the second week I felt sick. My wife never complained, but used to say constantly, "Well, never mind; perhaps you'll find something tomorrow." It was a little balm to our heartsick spirits and raw nerves to hear that, although neither of us thought it likely.

Our surroundings also were depressing. After my ousting we had taken to the cheapest quarters we could find—a furnished room, second-story back, in a dingy rooming house, in a fairly good run-down section of the city. We paid ten dollars a month for this abode, lamps and fire included; and we took our meals at a near-by restaurant—fifteen cents a meal, or a ticket for twenty-one meals for two dollars and fifty cents.

A Gleam of Hope at Last

HERE I began to study afresh the food problem. The fare was reasonably good at times for the money; the wonder was that meals, regular meals, could be furnished at all for that price. But our long boarding-house life had made us critical or faultfinding, or both. We thought that the biscuit need not have been burned and that the coffee grounds might have been strained out; that the soup should have been boiled enough to get a blend of vegetable and meat flavors, instead of being a watery, insipid slop; that the macaroni ought at least to have been cooked soft, and so on. The food seemed to be prepared haphazard, in large quantities, the results being sometimes good, more often indifferent, always uncertain. The service also was unappetizing; but what could you expect at the price?

What with my constant failure to get employment, our questionable food and our dingy little back room—where we felt in a measure degraded—we became very low-spirited. Troubled and anxious as we were, we grew to hate our meals instead of enjoying them. The only way that we could calm ourselves was by repeating continually the question, "What can you expect at the price?" After many days of this it suddenly occurred to me to try to answer the question as a possible solution of the difficult problem of our future existence: I might start a cheap, clean boarding house for respectable people who had little money.

At first the idea seemed preposterous. We had never had any experience in that line; my wife was not domestic in taste or an especially good housekeeper. As for myself, I had only a sense of finished values, not of processes in home management, cooking and housekeeping. I thought over the matter for two days before deciding to attempt it if my wife would consent. I was getting desperate. I knew something must be done soon. So I told her what had occurred to me and asked her what she thought of it.

Her look of utter amazement and incredulous dismay, as she stared at me upon hearing this suggestion, made me laugh. Perhaps it was half hysterical from the nervous strain and reaction from tension, but I laughed and laughed uncontrollably, until she finally gasped: "Are you absolutely crazy, David, or just joking?" and joined in my laughter.

At last I managed to sober down and convince her that I was sane and in earnest. I laid the possibility before her as hopefully and attractively as I could, and we discussed the matter seriously.

The more we talked of it the more possible it seemed. That may have been the result of our years of criticism; at any rate, we thought we knew "how not to do it." My lifework had made for neatness and a certain precision, which proved of great value to me.

At length we grew enthusiastic, and we spent the whole afternoon in discussing general plans and dozens of seemingly unimportant details. We have learned since to respect every little point; it is often impossible to say which are the important and which the unimportant details.

By the next morning the enthusiasm of a young married couple was upon us. It was the hope of a new life—the relief from the enveloping despair of the past weeks. We started forth expectantly, almost gleefully, a plainly dressed middle-aged woman and a white-haired man, looking up houses by the rent signs as we walked the more central streets, and later calling on house agents. What a relief it was from the past strain to see a possible opening, to get back to hope and action, to be doing something worth while!

We determined that we must have a house centrally located, accessible to the business section in a few minutes' walk, with sufficient rooms to make a living possible. We realized that only by having a number of boarders can a cheap boarding house be made self-supporting.

After much searching we found one that we decided would do. It was close to the business quarter, a rather well-built house long abandoned by its builder, and heretofore used as a rooming house. It was on a fairly good street—three business houses and a laundry were on the same block, and an old church stood at the corner. We liked that church; it seemed to improve the neighborhood.

The house was a three-story building, with four rooms and pantry on the first floor; four rooms, besides hall room and bathroom, on the second floor; and two large rooms and a hall room on the third floor. It was one of those tall, straight houses, standing alone, with long halls and straight stairways up one side.

It was of a fairly good-looking red brick outside, and dingy and dirty within; but it had certain advantages for which we had looked carefully. The house stood on the west side of the street, facing east. This made it very desirable for summer, when the boarders would come home hot and tired to supper and see its restful cool frontage, and later sit out in the twilight.

The long, straight hall was on the north side of the house, which gave the side rooms southern exposure. The house immediately south of it was a small, old-fashioned one standing well back in its yard. Therefore, not only did our side rooms have a wealth of sunshine and air pouring into them, but even the second rooms on each floor had a good view of the street. We realized the importance of light and air and a street view to persons—especially women—whose home consisted of one room.

We found that the house could be rented for fifty dollars a month, payable in advance. The agent allowed us half a month's rent for fresh papering; we were to select it and apply it as we wished. That was the best we could do then, although the house was in very bad condition, for the agent realized we could not command but only request. We took the house promptly: it suited us too well to risk losing it.

We deprecated the fact that the neighborhood was not more unquestionably good. However, we knew that there were some respectable old residents on the block, and we had found by experience that many better located and rather well-kept boarding houses had in them persons whom we did not admire and with whom we did not care to associate.

After paying the month's rent in advance we had still something over two hundred dollars left. I decided—for I had to take the initiative throughout and plan for the faithful wife—that we had best move in at once and take our time cleaning the house, furnishing it and getting everything into condition. I realized that while just we two were there, without boarders or servants, I could do work that otherwise I could not do so well—such as scrubbing floors and woodwork, spraying cracks in walls to kill insects, painting floors or staining and varnishing them, and repairing and cleaning the second-hand furniture with which we proposed furnishing the house.

We bought a few necessary pieces of second-hand furniture, a kitchen range and some dishes, and moved in. We got new mattresses, but practically everything else was very second-hand. Much of the furniture seemed hopelessly dilapidated when we got it, but when cleaned, repaired and revarnished did very well. The agent had allowed us ten days' free rent, to give time for the papering, and we decided that we could take another ten days to get everything in order.

We set about our new housekeeping with something of the inspiring spirit of homemaking, and of trying to make a dollar do the work of three in housefurnishing—a fascinating thing to a certain type of mind. In fact, I may here say that we made one dollar do the present work of fifteen. I carefully inspected the most worn stock of some five installment houses, the second-hand stock that they had sold and taken back again and again. It could be had for a trifling sum. My capital was so small that I did not dare use it all, though I might have got better bargains in better grades of goods could I have done so.

Our Enthusiastic Preparations

I FOUND I was able to buy this old worn stock, which had passed through unknown and questionable surroundings, for a very small sum. The terms were one dollar down on every fifteen dollars' worth of goods, the balance to be paid in weekly payments of fifty cents on each fourteen dollars' balance of goods. The amount of seemingly hopeless furnishings thus bought—which were really selected with great care—was astonishing. But first I must tell a little more about the house itself.

We had to select the cheapest paper and plan with care to put it where most needed. We determined that we must have a clean, attractive front hall and a parlor. Most boarding houses, even cheap, shiftless ones, have a parlor. We decided that our house must be as good as we could make it from the very first. We looked forward to gradually improving our furniture and surroundings in every way as we got a start and made a success of our venture. We felt we could make a living, at any rate; that meant success to us then, when we were almost at the end of our resources.

We decided on a light yellow paper, with a dainty white scroll in it, for the halls of the first and second floors. It was only a six-cent paper, but the result was tasteful and surprisingly good. The hall was no longer the same dingy



Made Plenty of Comfortable Places for the Tired Boarders

place. As soon as the front door opened the visitor was surprised to see so much gathered sunlight in the buff and white paper, which radiated a cheerful, clean atmosphere. The parlor we papered in an unobtrusive pattern of two-toned green, something very pretty at eight cents, which emphasized the clean, dainty impression of the halls. There is much in a good beginning.

The dining room we papered in a tiny checked golden brown, so attractive that we ourselves wondered how it could be got so cheap and why it should be manufactured expressly for kitchen use. The rooms were large, and we had not sufficient money to do any more papering, but we felt that we had done the most essential, and bedrooms could be papered later. Meantime my patient efforts with three dollars and seventy cents worth of wall-paper cleaner and a stepladder vastly improved the soiled paper on the remaining rooms.

We bought a quantity of corrosive sublimate, a sprayer, carbolic acid, ammonia, soap, a good scrubbing brush, and a mop, and did a vast deal of spraying and scrubbing, of washing of paint and floors, until we had the house in a state of cleanliness that was a delight. My good wife heated the water and did the lighter work. It was not easy, and the hard menial work was often depressing; but it was our last chance—we simply had to save every cent we could to get a start—and there was satisfaction in seeing the dingy, unsightly surroundings become fresh, clean and inviting as a result of our honest efforts.

The buying of the furniture was only a small part of that branch of our work, as we carefully selected the cheapest old stuff we could see possibilities in when cleaned and revarnished. Second-hand carpets that looked hopeless at first glance often proved veritable treasures—old partly-worn Brussels that could be ripped, planned to fit, resewed and made into rugs, then thoroughly scrubbed. We got several rolls of new cotton-padded paper to go under the rugs; it was cheap, and three thicknesses underneath the carpet made it like velvet to walk upon and greatly added to the wearing life of the carpet.

We also got several gallons of walnut stain, and made borders of stained floor along each side of the halls and around the rooms, covering the stain afterward with a hard floor varnish. This saved much carpet, and the wood-stained borders were effective, sanitary, and easily kept clean with a long-handled hair dustbrush.

A small-patterned good green carpet, by the time it had been ripped to pieces, scrubbed and sewed up again, best parts to the front, and put down over three thicknesses of new cotton-padded paper, made a softly impressive, rich entrance hall carpet. I did not have the same pattern for the steps, but used some second-hand green stair carpet, also splendidly padded, that blended well.

The parlor boasted an old-style red velvet, in fairly good condition and reworked into a rug, with the border of walnut-stained floor well varnished. In the dining room was a Brussels rug also, a nondescript and somewhat worn Brussels that I had got for almost nothing. All these were prepared and put down with the same care, and the results were most encouraging.

The parlor had little furniture at first, except chairs, an old marble-topped table and an ancient ten-dollar square piano. This latter was bought largely to fill up. We kept the top raised and it looked very well—had something of the grand piano effect and added much to our simple furnishings.

The dingiest and worst scratched chairs we scrubbed with ammonia and water, and then revarnished with one coat of furniture varnish. The result was not of the best, but it was a great improvement and would do for a while at least, we decided. We got a quantity of second-hand bedding also, which we gave a thorough washing with disinfectants.

We found that it was taking us longer than we had anticipated to get our house and household goods in order; but, considering the amount we saved by doing our own planning and fixing, we decided it would pay us well to wait and get things in good condition before we engaged a servant and opened to the public. Instead of twenty days, we were in fact twice that long in getting everything ready, for neither of us was young. The hard work often made it necessary for me to lighten up a little after one strenuous day. I learned to plan the work for alternately hard and easy days—a day of scrubbing and bedclothes washing to be followed by a day of carpet sewing, planning, or furniture varnishing.

The amount of pleasure we got out of our work was surprising—the new ideas and the inspiration of anticipated success. We felt like artistic creators as we saw the dingy and dirty and cast-off remnants becoming useful household furnishings again, and our house beginning to look clean and attractive, ready for boarders.

We picked up a few old pictures, refined and good, for hall and parlor—five in all—and two more for the dining room. We chose these to give an atmosphere. We felt that pictures were an index to the house and the dwellers in it, and had always judged a new boarding place or a new acquaintance's home and the new acquaintances themselves, in part at least, by the pictures. To express taste they need not necessarily be expensive. So we chose a few good old pictures in our second-hand shops—to represent us, as it were. The hall, with its fresh paper and freshened

(Continued on Page 34)

TWO MEN AND A CHANCE

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

THE two men who were on trial had the vice-president's room to themselves. It measured fifteen feet by twenty and was furnished with that expensive simplicity which characterized all the offices of the big bank. Through the closed door to the president's room they could hear indistinctly the voices of those who were about to decide their fate.

Sturtevant Byron, the older and larger of the two, was on his feet, moving restlessly—a big man in all dimensions. Twenty-five years earlier he had been a noted college athlete. Now his waist measure exceeded his chest by a foot and a half; when he held his head erect a little roll of fat appeared at the back of his neck; and there were white threads in his dark red beard and darker hair—both curly and most carefully tended. He was, however, still a handsome man. As he paced the floor his large, shapely, beautifully manicured hands moved nervously—now to his beard, now stroking down his hair, now to a pocket. At the back of his troubled head he resented the situation with a wrath essentially childish. All his life he had been accustomed to having just about what he wanted just about when he wanted it; and it seemed something like a lapse in a law of Nature that at this present moment he should be pacing the floor while the gods of finance deliberated whether he should survive or perish.

Wesley Graine sat over in the dimmest corner, by the fireless grate, in an armchair that was several sizes too large for him. He was forty-two—four years younger than Byron—and his appearance was quite undistinguished. He also wore a beard, but it was a mere neutral dust-color, trimmed and tended with as little imagination as though it had been a whitewash brush. He was still as a mouse, except that his light gray eyes steadily followed Byron's moving figure. All his life he had been used to having only what he could dig out with his own teeth and claws; and, whereas Sturtevant Byron was not thinking of him at all, he was constantly thinking of Sturtevant Byron.

They were rather in the same boat. They had plunged on some of the same unlucky speculations, dragging their respective banks after them. At this eight-forty o'clock of a Thursday evening in October their respective banks—the Transit National, of which Byron was president, and the Subway Trust, of which Graine was president—were in a painfully dubious condition.

At ten o'clock next morning one or both of the banks might fail. It was a situation likely to make any bank president nervous; for, only a fortnight before, Mosler, of the ruined Marginal National Bank—after exhausting every resource that his able lawyers could think of—had departed for the penitentiary to serve a fifteen-year sentence, and last week the Appellate Court had refused a new trial to Cabot, of the looted Kiters' Trust Company, who was under a ten-year sentence.

The failure of two banks might stir up a commotion that would prove highly unpleasant to the gods of finance next



He Was Glad He Had Come There

door; but they could face the failure of only one bank with considerable assurance. In fine, if the gods saved the Transit National that would be one big reason the less for saving the Subway Trust. If they saved the Subway Trust they would be decidedly less concerned about saving the Transit National. The two were in the same boat—a mere leaky, rudderless derelict—tossing in mid-Atlantic; but there was a strong probability that the lifeboat at hand would take off only one of them, letting the other sink.

The door to the president's room slid back. The stocky, ruddy, rolypoly figure of Benny Westbrook stood revealed in the stronger light from the next room. He looked at Byron and said gravely: "Come in, Stur."

The tone and the name constricted Wesley Graine's heart. Not only was Byron going in first but to the most powerful of the men Byron was "Stur."

Hastening into the president's room, the big, hearty, self-indulging man closed the door behind him—but not quite; he left a crack the eighth of an inch wide. That was his headlong, careless way. After listening intently for a minute with one ear cocked up, Mr. Graine slipped noiselessly across the room and applied the cocked ear to the crack. He was in time to hear a voice, peremptory but not unkind, say: "Well, Sturtevant, where do you stand? Out with the whole story now."

Again his heart was constricted. That was the voice of Milo H. Connolly, for many years president of the big bank—its creator, in fact, but now retired with so much money that it sounded like something out of The Arabian Nights, and pleasantly devoting himself to art, travel and philanthropy. Sturtevant Byron had married the daughter of one of Connolly's early partners—was at the great man's house often. Mr. Graine was very much aware that no solicitude for himself—son of an indigent and unadmirable West Side mechanic—had brought Milo H. Connolly down to a bank meeting in the financial district after dinner.

The whole story took a long while in telling. There were many things to be probed. Indeed, Mr. Graine, listening at the crack, more than once softly shifted his position to ease tired muscles. It was by no means a nice story. Byron had to confess things which, under the pitiless analysis of a United States district attorney, would certainly wear an ugly look. The Transit National Bank was obviously in a condition so shaky that it could not survive twenty-four hours without help.

Chairman Bronson, of the Clearing House committee, who sat at the head of the table opposite the culprit, looked very grim and unhappy, and tugged at a muttonchop whisker. Benny Westbrook, of the big bank, frowned at the floor. Thomas Littleton, of the Bullion National, who sat at the chairman's left and had done most of the cross-examining, took off the big, round, gold-rimmed spectacles which made his fleshless face look all eyes and bushy mustache, and began polishing the lenses with his handkerchief, as though it were a sort of funereal rite. Milo H. Connolly sat at the chairman's other hand, regarding Sturtevant Byron mournfully, his finely wrinkled face, like a piece of mellow old ivory, full of reproach and grief.

Byron, at the foot of the table, not only felt that his fate trembled in the balance but had a rather sickening sensation that the scale was tipping against him. Hitherto he had regarded himself simply as an able man in bad luck. Under the rasping cross-examination of his friend Littleton he perceived for the first time that, to an unsympathetic, rule-of-thumb sort of eye, he might really look like very much of a fool and not a little of a rascal. For the first time fear really struck into his vitals. He looked slowly

around the table and the look was very much as though a great, genial, blundering boy unexpectedly found himself in a grave fault and stood baffled before his judges. His distressed look rested a moment upon Milo H. Connolly's finely wrinkled old face; then he dropped back into the chair and his chin sank until the curly red beard spread across his shirt-bosom.

"I can turn in four hundred and fifty thousand dollars, fresh money, or fresh securities," he said, in a low voice that was not quite steady. "It isn't much, but it will help. It's my wife's. She'll stand by me."

The bankers, much embarrassed, averted their eyes. The constrained little silence was broken by Milo H. Connolly.

"You fetch the stuff up to my house at a quarter to nine in the morning," he said, "and I'll advance you a million in cash on it." The old man looked down the board, smiling. "The margin is pretty slim; but I'll take a chance on Sturtevant."

The bankers laughed—not because the joke was good, but because they felt relieved. All of them liked Byron; three of them sat often at his board, broke bread and clinked glasses with him. A million in cash would by no means put the Transit National in good condition—it would require more help; but Jupiter Connolly had thrown his weight in Byron's scale. Protected, so to speak, by his prestige, the other gods were glad to be merciful.

The laughter struck cold to the pit of Wesley Graine's stomach. He calculated that after this sentimental and unbusinesslike indulgence in generosity the gods were pretty likely to suffer a reaction. Then he heard Chairman Bronson say dryly: "Well, let's have in the other man."

He was not "Stur." He was merely "the other man."

He took the chair Byron had vacated and made out the best case he could for himself. His conduct had been much the same as Byron's—possibly the shading was a little darker here and there. His bank was in much the same condition as Byron's—perhaps a trifle shakier. The difference, however, was not there. Among these gods there was none to toss a featherweight into the scale in his favor. He was by no means popular. Whatever he got came by nobody's indulgence, but by his own unaided teeth and claws.

Presently a nod of Chairman Bronson's head relegated him again to the vice-president's room while the gods prepared their judgment. The deliberation was brief. Byron was called in to the synod—leaving the door open a foot this time. So Graine easily overheard that the popular, genial, self-indulging man was to call at Mr. Connolly's house with his securities promptly at a quarter to nine in the morning, then meet the Clearing House committee downtown at half past nine. Byron was saved. Also Mr. Graine heard Benny Westbrook laugh and slap his friend "Stur" on the back; heard a scraping of chairlegs, a putting on of hats and coats. Three men went out, as though the business of the meeting were over.

When Graine entered the president's room Chairman Bronson and Mr. Littleton were standing at the head of the table as though they, too, were about to leave. Mr. Connolly was at the door, beaming and joking with Benny Westbrook, who was helping him into his overcoat. For an instant he and Graine looked at each other; and the old man's heart quailed, as any one's heart might when looking into the eye of a fellow mortal about to be hanged.

Graine's glance shifted to the chairman—encountered the chairman's grim, forbidding eye.

"We see nothing whatever for the Subway Trust Company except a receiver," said Mr. Bronson.

Mr. Graine understood that to protest would be as futile as argument with a judge who has pronounced sentence. He put his hand to the undistinguished beard and looked at the floor. Two minutes later he was on the steps of the big bank, staring up the empty street, for it was now half past twelve and the financial district was as void of life as though it had lain a thousand years in the desert, waiting for an explorer to discover it. His own prospect was as dismal as the street. The gods had spoken; he stood naked.

About the same time Sturtevant Byron was hastening down the steps to the subway. To him, also, the gods had spoken—but with an omnipotent promise of safety. It was fine, after all this harrowing uncertainty, to find himself in a pleasant and impregnable castle, with the adamantine walls of the Clearing House between himself and unmannerly Fate. His mind swiftly warmed and uplifted. The blood sang happily in his veins. Riding uptown, he smiled to himself, like a man through whose brain agreeable thoughts are racing. He got out at the Grand Central Station. It was now one o'clock and he had eaten only a hasty dinner. His large, robust, much-indulged body craved some happiness too. So he walked toward the nearest of his clubs, on Fifth Avenue, where he could get supper.

It was a fine, clear, crisp October night. Before he had walked a block he was smiling up at the moon. The unquenchable youth in him bubbled up more headily than ever. He felt through and through the immense pleasure of being alive.

At one o'clock Fifth Avenue was hardly more sympathetic to his expansive mood than the financial district had been. It was mostly shut up, with just enough pedestrians and vehicles in it to look lonesome. He glanced toward the club that he had in mind—a staid club which at that hour was as likely as not to be mostly deserted, stodgy, lonesome. The thought of taking supper there was unpleasant. Then he looked ahead, toward Broadway, and subtly felt its atmosphere—the brilliant lights, the moving crowds, a big, full pulse of life that was all the more piquant for its flavor of license. He hesitated an instant, then strode that way, smiling a little to himself. Again he smiled a little as he turned into the street's bright turmoil. There were many girls in the moving crowd; some of them were quite pretty; some of them smiled at him, and he could almost have laughed at them just as at the moon. He had no particular restaurant in mind, but finally remembered a new one that had been described to him as the most showy of all.

The big dining room was still filled to its capacity when he entered it. The gorgeous, incongruous decorations amused him exactly as the moon and the girls outside had. There were plenty of girls here, too, with their escorts; and the small, shaded electric lamps on the tables gave each couple a kind of theatrical illusion of privacy.

After a little delay he got a table next the wall and sat down delighted. It had been a good while since he had eaten a one o'clock supper in a place like this and the mild lark itself tickled him hugely. It seemed to him exactly what he needed after the worry of the last two months. He felt again to the full the pleasant sense of being able, through money and prestige, to command all the agreeable things there were going. He was not only happy but thoroughly amused.

He ordered a cocktail at once, which no doubt he would have done anywhere. Having drunk it, he ordered a more elaborate supper than he had intended, consulting the waiter and picking out the dishes with experienced care. When the food was selected the waiter paused a moment deferentially, pencil in hand, for obviously this was not a guest whose suppers consisted simply of food. Byron also paused a moment, then added to the order a quart of champagne. Left to himself, he lit a cigarette and surveyed the room with leisurely, amused satisfaction, a friendly twinkle in his brown eyes, a smile lurking under his mustache. He was glad he had come there.

Meanwhile Wesley Graine had not thought of going uptown. To him the empty gloom of the financial district was all one with a thronged court ballroom. He turned toward the Subway Trust Company. Answering his three rings at the side door, a watchman let him in. The watchman was quite used to those three rings at all hours. Graine crossed the banking room without being quite aware of its existence and let himself into a small, automatic electric elevator. Almost as automatic as the elevator itself, he pushed the proper button and the cage slowly rose to the top story.

Only two or three persons besides himself and the maid ever entered the small living suite up there—an office fifteen feet square, a bedroom not so large, a bath. A curtain hung across one corner of the office. Behind it was a tiny gas stove, a small icebox, a cupboard that cost four dollars, with a few dishes in it. The banker had also a bachelor apartment off Eighth Avenue, up near the Park, where he nominally lived; but he was almost as apt to be found, out of business hours, in this little den at the top of the bank as in his apartment.

He, too, had eaten a hasty dinner, and he was well aware that to nourish the body properly is good economy. Mechanically he lighted the gas stove, put some water in the teakettle and set it on to heat. Then he took from the icebox a bottle of malted milk and measured two heaping teaspoonfuls of the compound into a tumbler. Replacing the milk, he took out a pasteboard package half full of crackers. When the water was hot he poured it on the milk and stirred it up. Then he sat down at the desk by the window, munching the crackers, sipping the hot milk and thinking.

Especially thinking. No case could well be more desperate. Without help, his bank could not live out the day. If the Clearing House banks turned their backs upon him he must sink inevitably—and they had already turned their backs. He had no comforting illusions as to what would most probably happen if his bank failed in its present condition. There were Mosier, Cabot—a whole procession of law-breaking bankers inexorably ticketed to the penitentiary.

If he could gain only a little grace—sixty or ninety days, say—his ingenuity would be capable of dragging his affairs into much better order. With only a month's grace he might hope to pull through. The grand problem was how to get by the next twelve hours!

Various expedients occurred to his fertile mind. They were all desperate expedients, but no more desperate than his present state. They might well be called criminal; but, if the penitentiary already confronted a man, why should he bother with scruples? He had nothing more to lose. The trouble was that none of the expedients stood the test of his careful analysis. As he turned them over with a steady, intent mind it did not seem at all likely they would work.

Mr. Graine did not pace the floor. Having eaten, he sat very quietly by the desk, his chin down, his hands folded in his lap. Now and again he shifted his attitude slightly to ease his muscles; but he did that gently, as though afraid of spilling something. Only his brain worked ceaselessly.

He had not the least idea of throwing up his hands until the clock ticked off the last second of the last minute. In spite of his situation he had a dumb, stubborn sort of faith in himself. Among the billion chances at large in life there must somewhere, somehow,



Mr. Graine Heard Benny Westbrook Laugh and Slap His Friend "Stur" on the Back

be a chance for him—and he meant to capture that chance. He crouched, waiting and watching for it like a hungry tiger. Deep in him there was a blind sort of faith that the chance simply couldn't get by him, as though the ferocity of his desire could compel it his way.

At length a plan grew up in his mind. In the vault of the Subway Trust Company were many bonds and stocks that belonged to other people and were pledged to the concern as security for loans. Graine's plan was simply to raid these hypothecated securities, taking a few here and a few there; then abruptly, at the last moment, to descend upon the Clearing House committee with his bundle of sequestrated securities, saying he had raised them among his friends during the night. He knew very well that, as the moment for his bank to fail approached, the committee would be nervous, dreading the impending shock, not knowing whether it would precipitate runs on other banks. If he unexpectedly descended upon them in that nervous moment, when there was no time for investigation and deliberation, offering his bundle of other people's securities and again asking help, they might rise to the bait. Gossip had already been busy with the name of his bank and of Byron's. If his bank were to be saved the gossip about it must be quieted. So, to quiet gossip, the committee might publicly announce that it would support his bank. That would commit the Clearing House irrevocably. Having publicly pledged support, it could not withdraw that support—even though it detected his trick ten minutes later—without destroying its own prestige with the public.

Such was the plan that shaped itself in his mind. It looked so wild that again and again his reason started back from it. He told himself it wouldn't work—the committee would discover at once that he had abstracted the securities from his own bank; even if they didn't discover that, they wouldn't, on the strength of only four or five hundred thousand dollars of fresh securities, advance him the two million or more that he needed. His reason rejected the plan. Not only, however, was it the least unpromising plan he could think of, but something blindly urged him on to try it—as though, somehow, there lay his chance.

The timelocks on the vault let go at eight o'clock in the morning. They were set early in Graine's bank, for he was as apt to be ready for work at eight in the morning as at eight in the evening. His watch now showed ten minutes past three, and, until he could get into the vault, there was nothing more to be done at the bank; but there was something to be done elsewhere—at his bachelor apartment.

He wasn't by any means going altogether on instincts, feelings and like blind guides. As a reasonable man he knew it was impossible to foretell what the next twelve hours might bring forth.

At the bachelor apartment were some private papers to be destroyed—other matters to be put in order.

He let himself down in the electric elevator and went out on the empty street. The moon had set now, but he didn't notice it. He took the subway to Times Square and started north in Broadway, making for his apartment. The gay street had grown drowsy, giving itself up to the brief nap before sunrise. The slight, rather round-shouldered man trudging along its deserted flagging looked like some patient clerical or journalistic drudge going home after the night's work. A stout, leisurely policeman who glanced at him in passing would have been astonished to learn that he was a crouching tiger.

Graine himself was hardly aware of the policeman—only vaguely aware of the drowsy street. Mechanically, however, he did notice a splotch of light and color just ahead—the gaudy, bejimcracked façade of the Café Babylon. Two or three taxicabs and a touring car stood at the curb. Trudging on, Graine glanced indifferently into the first of the lighted windows, cunningly obscured by plants and draperies so as to give only a glimpse of the gorgeous dining room. Just then four guests issued noisily from the café.

The scale of their expenditures within was indicated by the fact that three servants bustled out in their wake—one carrying a stick, another an overcoat, the third running to open the door of the touring car. Graine recognized the two men who stepped out first and slackened his pace. They were flourishing young brokers, celebrated for sporting proclivities. The third man was a stranger. The fourth was Sturtevant Byron—and Graine came to a dead stop in the darker spot between the first and second windows.

It was Byron's coat that the servant was carrying. The banker paused on the sidewalk to put it on, but in spite of the servant's dexterity twice missed getting his arm into the sleeve. All four men were talking and laughing at once. The stranger declared the stick that the servant was offering wasn't his. It proved to be his, however, and one of the brokers pounded him on the back while all the men laughed as though the mistake were immensely funny. They piled into the car pellmell, as though there were not an instant to spare. The big machine sped away northward into the dark.

Northward—that might mean anything; but Graine, himself a most abstemious man, understood that, at least, it didn't mean home. Sober men go home and really drunken men go home; but these men were neither. Graine's watch showed twelve minutes to four. He remembered distinctly that the appointment at Mr. Connolly's house which he had overheard was for a quarter to nine sharp—an early hour for Sturtevant Byron at best.

The servants had gone inside. The street was empty again. Graine trudged on, but more slowly, his eyes to the north—in the direction taken by the car. His heart beat higher and warmer. A faint, slow smile appeared on his lips. "Stur," he thought, mocking the nickname, "you're going to spill your chance and I'm going to pick it up!"

At ten minutes to eight he was back in the Subway Trust. At two minutes past eight he was in the vault, rapidly yet carefully selecting securities that belonged neither to himself nor to the bank, but were held there in trust, and dropping them into a japanned tin box, fastened with a small padlock. At eighteen minutes past eight he was climbing into a taxicab, with the box under his arm. The subway might be quicker, but he didn't care to go along the street lugging that box. In view of his promise of a five-dollar tip, however, the driver suspended the speed laws. They went up Madison Avenue and reached the corner of the cross street upon which Mr. Connolly's residence stood at seventeen minutes to nine.



"I've Raised Four Hundred and Thirty-Two Thousand Dollars in Good Stuff. With a Little Help From You I Could Pull Through"

Graine, sitting in the cab with his watch in his hand all the way, had calculated, four blocks below, that they would make the corner before a quarter to nine; so he called the driver to stop in the cross street. Standing at the curb, the cab trembled a little to the pound of the engine; and for once Wesley Graine's hand trembled a little also.

In a very few minutes now he was to take as desperate a chance as a man in his walk of life ever took. His eyes held steadily to the creeping hands of the watch—sixteen minutes to nine—fifteen minutes. From there to the hall of Connolly's house would take him two minutes, or three if the footman was slow—fourteen minutes to nine—thirteen—twelve. Yet he waited. Eleven minutes to nine—ten and a half. He tapped sharply on the glass and nodded, putting the watch into his pocket. The cab rolled forward to Fifth Avenue, turned, drew up at Connolly's door. Graine sprang out, the box under his arm.

In a humble and undistinguished way he was known to the house. The servant bowed, therefore, and admitted him, although eying the tin box with almost open disfavor.

"Mr. Byron hasn't come?" Graine asked.

"No, sir," the servant replied—and a joyous thrill titillated the banker's straining nerves.

"Mr. Connolly is expecting him," said Graine, guessing the man would have been so instructed. "I wish to see Mr. Connolly. I have seen Mr. Byron."

"Yes, sir," said the man, and disappeared. Hardly more than a minute later Graine was shown into the virtuously plain office, off the library, where Milo H. Connolly, in a dressing gown, stood by the grate. It was then seven minutes to nine—eight minutes after Sturtevant Byron should have been there to receive salvation at the philanthropist's hands. Mr. Connolly's lean, finely wrinkled, old-ivory face showed perplexity and concern, and Mr. Graine's alert brain buzzed with the consciousness that at any second Byron might ring at the door or call on the telephone; but he deposited his tin box on the corner of the table and said abruptly:

"Byron has given it up."

Connolly plainly winced, his brow contracting and the wrinkles around his eyes deepening as though something hurt him. He stepped toward the caller, his white head bent forward in an intent, questioning attitude.

"You've seen him?" he inquired.

"He's given it up," Graine repeated. He did not attempt a sympathetic tone, yet he spoke with respect, as of the cherished dead.

Questions of a painful nature arose in Mr. Connolly's mind. If Sturtevant had given it up, then his situation must be worse than he had represented it the night before; or else—he was to get his wife to turn over her fortune. Could the fatal hitch be there?

Now Milo H. Connolly did not like Wesley Graine, whom he considered frankly as only a sort of human rat. To discuss with him intimate things about Sturtevant Byron, whom he did like, was distasteful; but what did Connolly know? He ventured to say:

"Sturtevant was to have brought some securities here this morning."

"Yes," Graine replied, promptly and respectfully; "he was to have brought four hundred and fifty thousand dollars from Mrs. Byron." He wondered whether it would occur to Connolly that he might have overheard the arrangement while sitting in the vice-president's room. He made a decent little pause, glanced modestly at the floor and added in a lower tone and even more respectfully: "I'm not commissioned by him to go into it—to discuss it; but I'm afraid his personal habits haven't—been quite right."

Under his eyebrows he saw the old man's face harden and the muscles about his jaw settle rigidly. Mr. Connolly was fond of his old partner's daughter; he'd had some suspicions before; now he thought bitterly: "So that's it! Sturtevant has been up to things of that sort!" He walked back to the grate with bent head.

Watching him, Mr. Graine's heart leaped. Again, however, he made a decent little pause—small time as he had to spare. Then he spoke calmly, as a man respecting himself and his auditor:

"Mr. Connolly, why won't you help me? Except for seeing Byron, I've been at work all night among my personal friends." He threw back the lid of the tin box and turned it upside down, dumping the contents in a promiscuous heap upon the table. "I've raised four hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars in good stuff. With a little help from you I could pull through."

The idea that Graine had personal friends was novel and surprising to Mr. Connolly. His face showed it.

Regarding the banker curiously and questioningly, as from a quite new point of view, the old man stepped over to the table, where he stood a moment surveying the promiscuous heap of neatly folded, engraved papers.

"You can see what it is," said Graine simply, with a little gesture toward the heap. "I've had my own way to make in the world single-handed. The men I could go to for a strictly personal favor are not men of wealth. It was just five thousand here and ten there, among people who have known me all my life and haven't very much to give."

Mr. Connolly, with a solemn face, poked his finger into the heap. It was made up of many small lots of different securities; as Graine said, just five thousand here and ten there. Looking down at it solemnly, the old man translated it into human terms. He imagined the industrious West Side butcher who had dug up this five thousand dollars in gas bonds—the savings, perhaps, of a lifetime; the petty landlord who had supplied that ten thousand. He imagined, in short, some forty or fifty humble, obscure, hardworking people who, upon a sudden summons in the night, had placed their little all at Wesley Graine's disposal. He imagined Graine as the great man of his humble neighborhood, to whom these obscure, thrifty folks looked up and whom they trusted. From the bonds he looked at Graine and saw him anew—a rat, no doubt, yet human; a poor, struggling devil of a human rat, who had so attached to himself a lot of humble, honest, industrious folks that

(Continued on Page 31)

NIL NISI BONUM

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MEANING: ABOUT DEAD MEN, DON'T TELL NO TALES



"Go Ahead With Your Lies, Immerglaub, They Don't Disturb Me None"

THE people which they really got money, understand me, gets *gestorben* very plain with the most one doctor," B. Immerglaub commented, "while an old feller which ain't got a cent to his name, Mr. Rochmonitz, must got to die fancy *mit* operations yet, and stick his relations for professors and trained nurses. That's the way it goes, Mr. Rochmonitz. Me I am paying out on account of my Uncle Wolf's last sickness a couple of hundred dollars already, and what does that feller leave me, Mr. Rochmonitz? *Oser* a cent! I assure you all my life I acted toward him like a son."

Hyman Rochmonitz, who sat opposite to Immerglaub in Wasserbauer's café and preserved the attitude described in prompt-books as "business of intent listening," made inarticulate noises through his nose and wagged his head from side to side.

"I always thought the feller had money," he said.

"Me too, for my sorrows," B. Immerglaub rejoined, "and that's the way he fooled me. All he leaves behind him is a bunch of keys and some papers. The papers got onto 'em figures—a whole lot of figures—and you know what I think, Mr. Rochmonitz? I think the feller plays the *Lotterie* yet."

"You *dunt* say!" Rochmonitz exclaimed, and changed the sideway motion of his head to a rapid nodding. He stopped only long enough to accept a cigar from Immerglaub—a perfectly good cigar save for a slight break in the wrapper, and to remedy this Rochmonitz tore a piece of the gummed flap from an old envelope and pasted it over the fault in the cigar wrapper. Then, throwing the remainder of the envelope on the floor, he resumed his head-nodding.

"And furthermore," B. Immerglaub went on, "though it's an old saying and a true one, 'About dead men, don't tell no tales,' understand me, what d'ye think that sucker done? Made a will on his deathbed yet and leaves everything to me, Mr. Rochmonitz. A bunch of keys and some *Shabbas Deckel* is all he got except an old suit, which honestly, Mr. Rochmonitz, I expected every minute the Board of Health comes down on me, till I sold it to a paddler for fifty cents."

"You *dunt* say!" Rochmonitz cried again. As Immerglaub's indignation rose Rochmonitz' sympathy mounted with it, and he grew fairly palsied with commiseration. "And don't the keys fit something?"

Immerglaub made a wide, expressive gesture with both hands.

"*Yow*, they fit something!" he said. "That old *Schnorrer* carries them keys around with him for years already and knocks them together in his pocket so people would think he's got money. Why, the advice that feller gives me, Mr. Rochmonitz, you wouldn't believe at all. Actually to hear him talk you would think he was the only person in the world which knew anything at all about investments. That old gambler said to me—not once, but a hundred times already—I shouldn't monkey with real estate. Real estate, that *Lotterie Spieler* tells me, that's an uncertain proposition. Even when I bought that house of yours, Mr. Rochmonitz, he tells me I am getting stuck."

"What a *Rosherhr!*" Rochmonitz cried.

"Yes, siree, sir," Immerglaub continued. "He says to me, 'You will see,' he says, 'comes three years from now,' he says, 'and the second mortgage falls due,' he says, 'do you think that dawg Rochmonitz will extend it for you? *Oser* a *Stück*,' he says."

Rochmonitz' sympathy seemed to be diminishing *poco a poco*, as the musicians say; and before Immerglaub had concluded the quotation of his late uncle's prophecy the head-nodding ceased altogether.

"What d'ye think for that old devil?" Immerglaub asked. "Calls you a dawg yet."

"Well, I tell you, Immerglaub," Hyman Rochmonitz commented, "when it comes to talking about second mortgagees, understand me, most of 'em, even if they ain't dawgs, must got to act like dawgs, especially when some one asks 'em an extension. *Mit* second mortgages, Immerglaub, extensions is nix."

With this ultimatum Rochmonitz appeared suddenly to doff the mantle of sympathy.

"Furthermore," he said, "if you was telling me this hard-luck story about your uncle with the idee that I am going to give you an extension of that mortgage on 1101 and 1103 Ammerman Avenue, Immerglaub, let me tell you you are making a big mistake. Instead you should be expecting your uncle to die to leave you enough money so you could pay off the mortgage, y'understand, you should ought to been hustling around to raise a new mortgage. It's always the case if you are waiting for dead men's shoes, Immerglaub, when the feller dies, understand me, you find out he was walking around on his uppers."

He pulled back his chair with a scraping noise and rose to his feet.

"So all I could tell you is this," he declared. "The mortgage is due tomorrow; so comes Monday morning, ten o'clock, and you couldn't show me an acceptance of a new loan to take it up, Immerglaub, I would right away foreclose on you, so sure as my name is Hyman Rochmonitz."

Hyman's sudden transition from a warm sympathizer to a cold, uncompromising second mortgagee left B. Immerglaub so dazed that for quite ten minutes after Rochmonitz' departure he sat at the table with a cup of coffee untasted before him. He was still in a condition bordering on coma when a tall, lanky personage who sat at the next table hailed him cordially.

"How do you do, Mr. Immerglaub?" he said as he approached Immerglaub's chair. "You don't remember me, ain't it? My name is Mr. Hilk."

"Your name is familiar, but I couldn't remember your face so good," Immerglaub replied.

"Might this would help you maybe," Hilk said, as he laid a card on the table in front of Immerglaub.

It read as follows:

INSURANCE — REAL ESTATE

CHARLES HILK

PRIVATE DETECTIVE

1784 EAST HOUSTON STREET

SHADOWING — INFORMATION

MONEY TO LOAN ON BONDS AND MORTGAGES

Mr. Hilk sat down at Immerglaub's table while the latter was still examining the card, for Immerglaub's knowledge of the written tongue was such that he rarely went beyond the real-estate notes in the daily journals; and if the transactions there recorded were unusually heavy one paper supplied him with reading matter for several days.

"I used to was *filer* in Rambam Lodge, four twenty-two, I. O. M. A.," Hilk said, by way of assisting Immerglaub's mental processes; "and I seen you there once or twice."

Immerglaub nodded.

"I used to look in there once in a while," he admitted, "but I ain't connected with the Mattai Aaron no longer."

"I didn't want to talk lodge to you, Mr. Immerglaub," Hilk said, "but I couldn't help hearing what you and that *Rosher* Rochmonitz was talking about, and I thought might there was no harm if I would ask you do you want to try and raise a new second mortgage on that Ammerman Avenue house between now and Monday?"

Immerglaub shrugged despairingly.

"I want to raise it," he said, "but what is the use wanting? Ammerman Avenue is a dead neighborhood, Mr. Hilk, and second mortgages in that neighborhood you couldn't raise no more as you could raise a corpse out of the grave. I know, Mr. Hilk, because I tried every second-mortgage shark from the Battery to Yonkelers, and they wouldn't consider it with a bonus of fifty per cent."

He shook his head sadly.

"For that matter," he concluded, "Rochmonitz could foreclose till he is blue in the face, y'understand, and it wouldn't bother me none. I only got an equity of fifteen hundred dollars in the house when I bought it in boom times already, and I would willingly give him a deed of the



"Stop!" Immerglaub Cried. "I Was Only Fooling With You, Hilk"

property in full payment of the mortgage; but that highwayman knows that I am good for a deficiency judgment up to a couple thousand dollars, and he wouldn't let up on me till he ruins me."

Hilk wasted no sympathy on Immerglaub.

"*Na*," he said, "a feller which buys real estate in boom times must got to sell in boom times, otherwise he's a dead one. So what is the use talking, Mr. Immerglaub? There's only one way to stop that sucker foreclosing and that is to get something on him."

"Get something on him?" Immerglaub exclaimed. "What d'ye mean—get something on him?"

"I mean this," Hilk explained. "Fifty men out of a hundred, if the truth was only known, ought to be in jail, Mr. Immerglaub—present company always excepted, Mr. Immerglaub, which I know you are in the silk jobbing line on Eldridge Street, and no one could say a word against you."

"I buy silk only from wholesalers," Immerglaub declared, "and if a cutter *oder* an operator from a garment factory comes in my place and wants to sell me silk piece goods I wouldn't deal with 'em at all. I'm very funny that way."

"I know it," Hilk said. "Nowadays you couldn't be too particular. *Aber* some people ain't so careful what they do, and while I ain't no blackmailer, Mr. Immerglaub, if we could get the goods on this here Rochmonitz, which he is a regular Haman, understand me, we might make him take a deed of the property."

"How could you get the goods on that feller?" Immerglaub asked. "He's a decent, respectable feller, even if he is a dirty dawg with a heart like a brick."

"Sure, I know," Hilk agreed, "but once in a while even a decent, respectable feller is got something on him. For instance"—here he paused and produced the torn envelope that Rochmonitz had cast away only a few minutes before—"For instance," Hilk went on, "here is an envelope which Rochmonitz just throws away. Ain't it?"

Immerglaub nodded.

"Now you take a simple little thing like that envelope, and when a feller is a detectiver he sees a whole lot more in such things as a citizen would," Hilk said. "A detectiver trains hisself he should watch out for the small things. Do you know why I picked up the envelope, Mr. Immerglaub?"

Immerglaub grunted by way of expressing his ignorance in the matter.

"Well," the detective continued, "just before Rochmonitz drops the envelope you was talking about the *Lotterie*, ain't it?"

Immerglaub nodded.

"And people which *spielt* on the *Lotterie*, Mr. Immerglaub, always puts down the figures on the backs of old envelopes. Ain't it?"

Once more Immerglaub nodded.

"And maybe you don't know it, Mr. Immerglaub, a feller which plays the *Lotterie* in the eyes of the law is a criminal, and he could go and sit in prison for it."

"*Schmoose!*" Immerglaub declared. "My Uncle Wolf plays for years the *Lotterie* and he never sits in prison once even."

"That's all right, Mr. Immerglaub," Hilk retorted. "I am a detectiver and you are a citizen, and I am telling you so sure as you got a cup coffee in front of you and I ain't, if Rochmonitz or anybody else plays the *Lotterie* he could sit in prison for it from six months to two years."

"Past!" Immerglaub called to Louis the-waiter; "bring us here two cups coffee."

He turned to the detective with a cynical smile:

"And do you suppose for one minute that a hard customer like Rochmonitz would play a sucker proposition like the *Lotterie?*"

"I don't suppose nothing," Hilk rejoined. "All I know is, on the back of this envelope is written something which you should please be so good and read."

He handed the dirty, crumpled envelope to Immerglaub, who with difficulty discerned the following tabulation:

S. A. L. 10472
S. A. L. 10473
S. A. L. 10474

"Do you know what means it, 'S. A. L.'?" Hilk inquired, and Immerglaub shook his head.

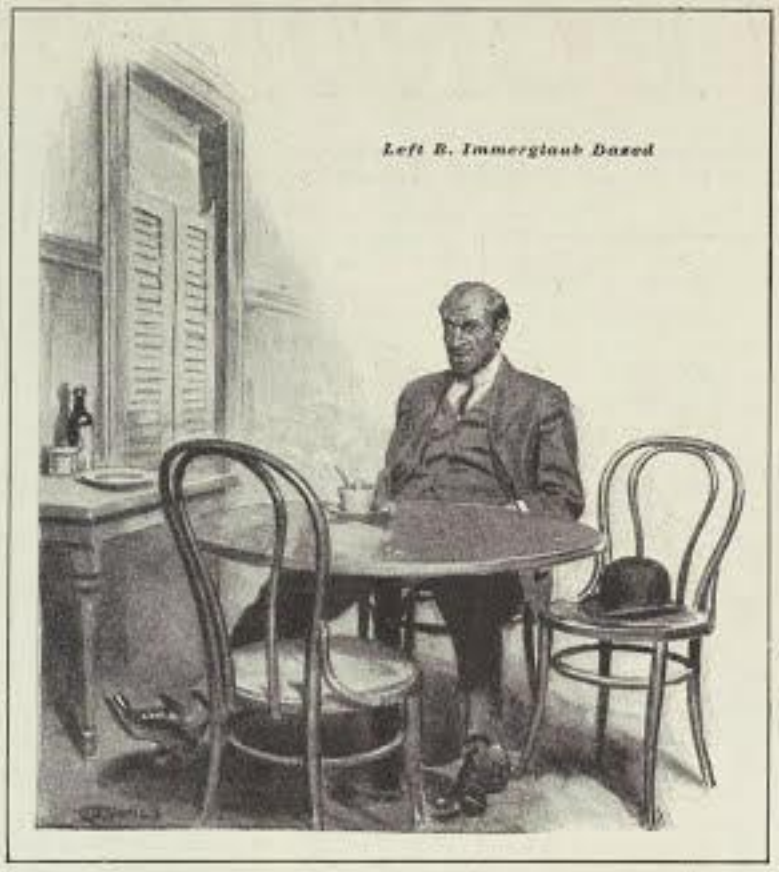
"Well, that means '*Stadt Altona Lotterie*,' and them numbers was in last month's drawing already."

Immerglaub sat back in his chair and grew white in sheer admiration.

"How did you know they was?" he asked.

Hilk disposed of his cup of coffee in long, gurgling inhalations before replying.

"Because," he said, putting down the cup, "I bought a piece of them same tickets myself, and they didn't come within a hundred thousand numbers of winning anything."



Left R. Immerglaub Dazed

Immerglaub tapped the table with his fingers, in deep cogitation.

"And does Rochmonitz know he could be made arrested for playing the *Lotterie?*" he asked.

"Sure he knows," Hilk replied. "He must know, because everybody what plays the *Lotterie* knows it."

"Then I tell you what we'll do," Immerglaub said, as he paid the waiter; "we shouldn't waste no more words about it. Let's go right over and see that sucker and spring it on him."

Hilk held up his hand like a traffic policeman halting a recalcitrant automobile.

"One moment, Mr. Immerglaub," he interrupted. "It don't go so quick as all that. First I want to ask you a few words something—just a simple little question, Mr. Immerglaub, but to me quite important, I assure you. Where do I come in on this deal?"

"You mean," Immerglaub asked, "how much would I pay you to get Rochmonitz he should take a deed of the house in satisfaction of the mortgage?"

Hilk nodded.

"Well, what is your idee?" Immerglaub asked.

The detective cleared his throat impressively before replying.

"Five hundred wouldn't be hardly enough, but I'll say four hundred and let it go at that," he said, and Immerglaub broke into a harsh guffaw.

"What d'ye think I am?" he demanded, "the *Stadt Altona Lotterie?*"

"I don't think nothing about what you are, Mr. Immerglaub," he said; "all I think is that I think you are good for a deficiency judgment if Rochmonitz forecloses on you. I also think that we got the goods on Rochmonitz, only because we got this here envelope to show him, understand me; because here in his own handwriting is the memorandum of the tickets. I know also the feller, Davod Polatkin, what sells these tickets; and if we got the envelope to spring on Rochmonitz, then and there we could tell him the name of the *Lotterie* agent, and putting two and two together, Rochmonitz would fall for us sure."

Here he paused and struck a match.

"Now then, Mr. Immerglaub," he said, "either you could give me five hundred dollars when the deal is through *oder* I would burn up the envelope and that's all there is to it. So, therefore, I am telling you—which is it to be?"

He held up the envelope by one corner 'twixt thumb and finger, and gradually moved the lighted match toward it.

"One," he said slowly, "two, thr——"

"Stop!" Immerglaub cried. "I was only fooling with you, Hilk. Keep the envelope, and if Rochmonitz agrees to take the deed I will give you a writing to pay you the five hundred when the deal is closed."

Hilk blew out the match.

"*Schon gut*, Mr. Immerglaub," he said, "and remember I am taking your word for it up to the time we spring it on Rochmonitz, because I am going to tell you right here and now, Mr. Immerglaub, with me it don't make no difference whether I am out to do a man *oder* not, understand me, if some one gives me their word I expect 'em to live up to it. I'm very peculiar that way, Mr. Immerglaub. A word is as good as a bond with me, so if you are through with your coffee let's beat it."

As they reached the sidewalk he paused and placed his hand on Immerglaub's arm.

"One thing I must got to warn you about," he said. "Keep calm, and even if you would get mad don't show it. It's a damn sight better to be gentle like a fly, Mr. Immerglaub, than sour like vinegar."

II

HALF an hour later they ascended two flights of stairs in an old-fashioned bank building on East Broadway, and without the formality of knocking Immerglaub opened a glass-paneled door bearing the inscription:

H. ROCHMONITZ
REAL ESTATE

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Rochmonitz!" Immerglaub cried in the cheery, surprised tones of a young man originally from Tioga County, who happens upon his old Sunday-school superintendent at the corner of Broadway and Forty-fourth Street.

Rochmonitz looked up, but neither by word nor sign acknowledged the presence of his visitors.

"This is a friend of mine by the name of Mr. Hilk," Immerglaub continued. "Might you know him, maybe? Give him your card, Mr. Hilk."

Hilk searched in his pockets for a card, but when at length he discovered one Rochmonitz waved it away.

"Save your cards, Mr. Milk," he said.

"Hilk," the detective corrected.

"Hilk *oder* Milk, it makes no difference to me," Rochmonitz said, "because I don't got to look at a card to know a bum real-estater when I see one."

"A bum real-estater!" Hilk cried. "Me a bum real-estater?"

"That's what I said," Rochmonitz continued, "and furthermore, Immerglaub, when I told you you must got to show me an acceptance of the loan by Monday, understand me, I didn't mean I would be content if you bring me a real-estater which he says he could get you an acceptance; because, Immerglaub, you know as well as I do, the way real-estaters talk, you would think that Jay Vanderbilt stands willing to loan a hundred million dollars just on their say-so, understand me, when all the time they couldn't borrow a toothpick from a waiter even."

At this juncture Mr. Hilk gave vent to his outraged feelings.

"You dirty, lowlife *Lotterie* bum!" he exclaimed. "Do you know to what you are talking?"

"Hilk!" Immerglaub protested, but it was impossible to stem the torrent of Hilk's indignation.

"I am a bum real-estater, am I?" Hilk cried. "And I couldn't borrow a toothpick from a waiter! *Schon gut*, Mr. Rochmonitz, I will show you. Wait, you *Lotterie Spieler* you, I will see you are sitting in prison yet. I got the goods on you, you faker you!"

"Hilk," Immerglaub cried, "what are you talking that way to Mr. Rochmonitz for? Are you crazy?"

"Never mind!" Hilk shouted. "You think because I am a detectiver that I ain't got no feelings too."

"But, Hilk," Immerglaub said, "you are breaking up my deal here."

"What do I care for your deal?" Hilk retorted. "I got the goods on this feller before I talked to you at all about the deal. For my part the deal is off."

Rochmonitz rose suddenly from his seat.

"Listen here to me, Immerglaub," he said. "Before I kick you both into the streets, tell me what this *Meshugganeh* is talking about."

"So!" Hilk yelled. "I am crazy, am I?"

"*Aber*, Hilk," Immerglaub pleaded, "do me the favor. You are ruining me."

"Never mind if I am ruining you," Hilk continued. "I would ruin that *Lotterie Spieler* there too. Calls me a bum real-estater! Sucker!"

"Say, lookyhere," Rochmonitz said. "What are you talking nonsense—*Lotterie Spieler?* Might you think I am stuck on being called that name?"

"I don't care whether you are stuck on it *oder* not," Hilk retorted. "I got the goods on you just the same."

"That's right, Mr. Rochmonitz," Immerglaub added. "He really has got the goods on you. A feller in your position, Mr. Rochmonitz, which if he would be made arrested and sits in prison for two years yet for playing the *Lotterie*, Mr. Rochmonitz, it is something which you could really say would ruin him for life."

"You mean," Rochmonitz exclaimed, "that I am buying lottery tickets?"

"Well, of course," Immerglaub replied, "some people sees no harm into it, Mr. Rochmonitz. For my part you could buy *Lotterie* tickets till you will go begging on the streets yet, and what do I care? That's your business,

Mr. Rochmonitz, not mine. *Aber* Mr. Hilk here is a friend of mine—a detectiver, Mr. Rochmonitz, which he knows all about your *Lotterie Spielerei*, and he made up his mind, on account he is such a good friend of mine, unless you would consent to take from me a deed of the Ammerman Avenue property in payment of your second mortgage, he would right away snitch on you."

Mr. Rochmonitz reseated himself. He appeared to be stunned by Immerglaub's ultimatum and he stared at his visitors with round-eyed vacuity.

"And mind you, Mr. Rochmonitz, for playing the *Lotterie* you could be sitting in prison for two years yet," Immerglaub repeated.

"You told me that before," Rochmonitz said, "and I don't know what the devil you are talking about at all."

"Hilk," Immerglaub cried, "give me here the envelope."

Hilk, who had nearly regained his composure, handed Immerglaub the envelope.

"Mr. Rochmonitz," Immerglaub said, "when it is written down here in black and white in your own hand, y'understand, you shouldn't throw us no bluffs. So take a deed of the property, Mr. Rochmonitz, and we wouldn't say no more about it."

Rochmonitz' blank stare became almost glassy, and he felt his senses reeling.

"Immerglaub, for Gawd's sakes don't make me crazy in the head," he cried; "tell me what you are driving into."

"You are a good theayter actor, Mr. Rochmonitz," Hilk interrupted, "but you couldn't fool us. On this envelope, which Mr. Immerglaub got it, is by yourself *geschreibt* '*Altona Stadt Lotterie*,' *mit* the numbers of the tickets."

Rochmonitz motioned to Immerglaub.

"Show me once the envelope," he said, and Immerglaub held it gingerly forward.

"No grabbing it, Mr. Rochmonitz," he said. "You could see very well from where you are sitting what it is written on the envelope."

"Why, that is an envelope which I got it in my pocket this morning," Rochmonitz exclaimed.

"Sure, I know," Immerglaub replied, "and you threw it on the floor in Wasserbauer's café, where Mr. Hilk picks it up."

"*Und?*" Rochmonitz said.

"*Und* on the back here," Immerglaub said, "is written in your own hand 'S. A. L.,' *Stadt Altona Lotterie*, ten four seven two, three and four. Ain't it?"

"*Stadt Altona?*" Rochmonitz repeated.

"*Lotterie*," Immerglaub concluded.

For a brief interval Rochmonitz continued to stare; and then his face became suffused and his lips trembled.

"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Rochmonitz," Immerglaub begged, but it was too late. For nearly five minutes the second mortgagee appeared to be on the verge of apoplexy, and then he gave way to his emotion. He slapped the desk with his hands and rocked to and fro in his chair, while peal after peal of uncontrollable laughter made the windows rattle and nearly broke the filaments in the electric-light bulbs.

"*Nu?*" Immerglaub exclaimed, looking at Hilk, who put his forefinger to his lips.

"Wait," he said; "it'll be all over in a few minutes. Sometimes they act that way."

Hilk's prophecy was substantiated a minute later when Rochmonitz wiped his streaming eyes and, rising from his chair, walked across the room to his safe. With trembling fingers, for he was still laughing at intervals, he unlocked the middle compartment and withdrew three documents. Then he returned to his desk and laid them down in front of Immerglaub.

"Look here, Immerglaub," he said; "here is the lottery tickets. They costed me exactly one thousand and thirty dollars apiece, and in forty years' time my children's children, if they don't dispose of these here lottery tickets—which as you see is numbered the same like you say it is—they will get exactly one thousand dollars apiece for 'em. But they wouldn't get the money from the *Stadt Altona Lotterie*, Immerglaub. They would get it from the Southwestern Air Line, Immerglaub, which it is a trunk line railroad, Immerglaub, and a damn sight better as lotteries *oder* second mortgages either."

He turned to Hilk.

"And as for you," he said, "if you wasn't such a big *dummer Ochs* yet, I would make you arrested, so either you would right away get out *oder* be kicked out."

Hilk searched his mind for some appropriate rejoinder, but he found none that even approximately suited the situation. Hence he turned on his heel and made for the door, where he paused with his hand on the knob.

"Are you coming, Immerglaub?" he asked.

"Am I coming!" Immerglaub said. "Am I coming, you big *Meshugganeh* you!"

By this time he had succeeded in working himself up to a high pitch of indignation.

"Out of here!" he roared. "Out of here before I murder you!"

"That'll do, Immerglaub," Rochmonitz cried. "This is my office, and if anybody does any murdering around here it wouldn't be you."

But the detective had already taken the stairs three at a jump, so that there was no further danger of bloodshed.

"That's a terrible character, that feller," Immerglaub said, "and you got to excuse me I am losing my temper, Mr. Rochmonitz. Actually the feller persuaded me I should try to make you take a deed of the property with this here *Lotterie* business. But I says to him: 'Hilk,' I says to him, 'Mr. Rochmonitz is a gentleman,' I says, 'and he's got a heart, understand me, and ——'"

At this juncture Hyman Rochmonitz jerked the receiver from his desk telephone and Immerglaub paused.

"Six-oh-nine-two Nassau," Rochmonitz said into the receiver, and then he turned to Immerglaub. "Go ahead with your lies, Immerglaub; they don't disturb me none."

Immerglaub was about to offer up his aged mother as a pledge of his veracity when Rochmonitz once more addressed himself to the telephone transmitter.

"Hallo," he said; "my name is Mr. Rochmonitz. Give me Mr. Feldman, please."

"Mr. Rochmonitz," Immerglaub pleaded, "my mother should never live to see me ——"

"Hallo!" Rochmonitz cried; "is this you, Mr. Feldman? Well, Mr. Feldman, about that Immerglaub foreclosure—never mind waiting till Monday. File the *lis pendens* this afternoon sure. I'll wait here till you send the complaint up."

He hung up the receiver and turned again to Immerglaub.

"Go ahead, Immerglaub," he said. "What's this you are telling me about your mother?"

Immerglaub flushed angrily and jammed his hat onto his head.

"Murderer!" he said, using the vernacular of the East Side. "You are shedding my blood!"

"'S enough, Immerglaub," Rochmonitz rejoined. "I heard enough from you already."

Immerglaub had started for the door, but he stopped short on the threshold.

"But you ain't heard the last from me," he declared threateningly, "because I am going right away into bankruptcy, and you could take your deficiency judgment and stick it in the safe with the other papers and maybe your children's children would get ten cents on it, Rochmonitz, but not from me, Rochmonitz, and don't you forget it!"

III

WHEN B. Immerglaub left Rochmonitz' office that afternoon he proceeded without hesitation to the nearest subway station, and boarded a train for that remote part of the Bronx wherein is situated Ammerman Avenue. He knew only too well the harsh provisions of the mortgage that was about to be foreclosed, and particularly the one that provided for an immediate appointment of a receiver of the rents of the Ammerman Avenue house for the benefit of the mortgagee. He determined, therefore, not only to collect all the rents in arrears, but also, by the offer of a generous discount, to collect in advance such rent as might fall due within the next month; and to this end he visited first the ground-floor tenant of number 1103 Ammerman Avenue.

"*Wie gehts*, Mister Solokow?" he said to the elderly person who answered the door. "How is the rheumatism today?"

"The rheumatism would be a whole lot better, Mr. Immerglaub, supposing you would get fixed that leak in the kitchen sink which I am all the time telling you about," Solokow replied. "I never seen nothing like the way you landlords is. The rent must got to be paid to the day, *aber* when the tenants asks you for repairs, Mr. Immerglaub, it's a case of *nix wissen* every time."

"That's where you make a big mistake," Immerglaub rejoined earnestly. "I am just this minute coming from the plumber, Mr. Solokow, and he would come up right away."

"*Schmooes!*" Solokow exclaimed. "You couldn't tell me nothing like that. I am twenty-five years working by the banking house of Moser & Kahnweil, and I looked after Mr. Kahnweil's houses all that time, understand me. And if I told a tenant once I told 'em hundreds of times already I am just coming from the plumber's and he would be up right away."

"Was you working for Moser & Kahnweil?" Immerglaub said by way of creating a diversion. "I never knew that before."

"Maybe you didn't," Solokow said, "but your uncle, Wolf Immerglaub, knows it. Many a rotten cigar that old *Rosher, olav hasholom*, gives me. He was pretty *spahn mit* his money, that feller."

"In some ways, yes," B. Immerglaub said, "but in others otherwise. Would you believe me, Mr. Solokow, that feller gambles every cent of his money before he dies?"

"Go away!" Solokow cried in shocked accents. "You don't tell me!"

"Yes, siree, sir," Immerglaub rejoined, "and for years he jollies me that I am to get all his money, mind you, and now when I really need the money I am in the hole for fair."

"*Yow*, you need money!" Solokow exclaimed. "I wish I had *your* money, Mr. Immerglaub, and the half even. Why, you must got in these two houses alone an equity of five thousand dollars."

"An equity of nothing!" Immerglaub cried. "I tell you what I'll do with you, Mr. Solokow, if you would take a deed of the houses and would promise to *guarantirt* me from the second mortgage bond which I am on, understand me, I would give you five hundred dollars to boot."

Solokow laughed aloud.

"You seem to got an idee I am well fixed, Mr. Immerglaub," he said. "Far from it, I assure you. Why, if I would *guarantirt* you against your second mortgage, Mr. Immerglaub, it would be like the mouse guarantees the lion that the tiger wouldn't hurt him. But I tell you what I could do, Mr. Immerglaub. Do you want a really a millionaire he should take a deed of the property and *guarantirt* you?"

"A question!" Immerglaub cried. "Does a starving man want bread?"

"Then if you would give me five hundred dollars and make a writing first, understand me," Solokow said, "I would take you down to such a feller this afternoon yet."

Immerglaub nodded.

"I am agreeable," he replied. "Give me pen and paper and I would write you down whatever you say."

Whereupon Solokow brought into play the fruits of his thirty years' experience as messenger and rent collector for Messrs. Moser & Kahnweil, the well-known bankers, and succeeded in dictating a brokerage

(Continued on Page 26)



"My Poor Uncle!" He Sobbed. "My Poor Uncle!"

Imagination in Making Sales

By A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



"You Wouldn't Dare Do That With Dynamite, Would You?"

A TWO-YEAR contract for supplying twenty tons of high explosive a month was something worth landing, but the chances for getting the order out of the T—— Iron Mining Company were not overbright for the powder people. For eight years, in spite of keen competition, the mine had gotten its dynamite from a certain mill; and for an outside concern to butt in and capture this business was no picnic. To make matters more difficult, the company anxious to secure this contract was a brand-new one, manufacturing a brand-new sort of high explosive, in many respects different from dynamite.

The president of the powder company was rehearsing these difficulties with the company's star salesman. "Butting in between that mine and its pet mill will be something like trying to wedge in between a newly married couple," he said. "I know the general manager of that mine by reputation. He's one of those hardheaded sort of men who wouldn't get off the track for a freight locomotive. When he's made up his mind that he's being treated squarely by a concern no argument on earth will cause him to listen to making a change.

"I know if you ever got within talking distance of him he'd wind up by giving us his contract; but you won't get the chance to mention powder before he'll have you out of the office and halfway down the hill.

"I'm not saying these things to discourage you, but I am saying them to forewarn you. If you can hatch up a ruse to get him to see what our stuff is like the rest will be easy. And remember what it would mean to us to be able to tell the trade: 'Here; we're supplying the powder for the daddy of you all—the T—— Iron Mining Company.'"

Preparing for the Attack

THERE are several kinds of expert salesmen. This was one of the quiet sort who saved his breath for the time when it would do most good. He listened attentively; said, "Yes, yes," or "Yes?" and finally, "Well, we'll see." And then he left the office. There was precious little doubt in his mind that he would land that order next day—at least, land it just so far as it is possible to land a contract of such magnitude at a single visit. He knew more in a minute about the grizzled old bullhead up at the mine than his president did in a week. He prided himself that he had handled such men before.

Next day, with an assistant, the salesman drove twenty miles in a surrey to the top of a mountain, where stood a town consisting of brown boxes that housed the families of the fifteen hundred men employed in the T—— Iron Mining Company's mines.

At the general store he alighted and entered the office of the general manager.

"I represent the D—— Powder Company; but I'm not here to try to sell you any powder," he said. "I came to ask a favor. As you know, our company has just turned out a very remarkable new powder. It's different from anything that has been made before—but I don't mean to take up your time telling about it. The point is, we've fired more than two thousand shots with this powder in quarries and in mines—in granite, blue stone, shale, coal and in zinc ores—but we've never seen just what it could do in a hard, tough iron ore of the sort you have here, and we'd like permission to load some holes at our own risk and expense to see just what we can do."

The general manager eyed the salesman up and down. "I don't see why we should drill holes into rock to have you experiment with them—do you? Suppose your powder misses fire; then I've got a batch of holes to draw—eh?"

Across the face of the salesman flitted the suggestion of a smile. "We're just two years beyond the experimental stage, sir," he said. "If there are any missed holes I and my assistant—outside there—will draw them. We certainly would not expect you to take any chances."

"Where have you got this powder?"

"Right outside, in the back seat of a surrey—two hundred and forty pounds of it."

The general manager thought for a minute, though he looked bored and weary. Then he scribbled a note on a pad and handed it to the salesman. "Take that to the head house of shaft number six and the superintendent will give you what you want," he said.

In the mine connected with shaft number six there were thirty ten-foot holes to be fired just after the second shift's quitting time. The salesman turned his four hundred and eighty half-pound cartridges over to the superintendent.

"That's only enough for eight pounds to the hole, and we never use less than ten," he protested.

"If you'd put ten pounds of this powder into those holes you'd come near blowing the roof of your mine off," the salesman answered. "You'll find eight pounds of this stuff equal to twelve of the strength of dynamite you use." The salesman turned as if to go away, but came back. "I forgot," he said. "Just tell that blasting foreman below to forget he isn't handling dynamite. Tell him to load just as usual—wet holes, dry holes or any old holes."

While the holes below were being loaded, the salesman and the superintendent adjourned to the blacksmith shop.

"It's really interesting stuff all right," the salesman said, casually producing a baking-powder can filled with loose powder. "It's the safest powder that chemistry will ever be able to devise. You simply can't make it go off unless by both percussion and fire, and then only when it's confined. Wait till I show you something." He set the canful of powder in a corner of the shop, drew a thirty-two-caliber revolver and, before any one could realize what he was up to, he had sent a bullet crashing through the explosive. "You wouldn't dare do that with dynamite, would you?" He stuck a forefinger through the jagged bullet hole and scooped up some of the powder that had spilled on to the floor. "Why, you can take that stuff and pound it with a sledge, and it won't go off."

He placed a teaspoonful or so of the powder on the anvil and hammered it until dispersed. "I'd pound up a whole cartridge of it like that, only I couldn't make you stay to look at it," he announced. He spoke without enthusiasm, as if stating a well-known fact—that you couldn't get hurt hammering so much table salt. "Light it with a match and it simply flares like so much flashlight powder—see! You wouldn't think it, but you could hurl a ton of that down one of your twelve-hundred-foot shafts and it would land and mush up like so much bran or Indian meal. Using that powder means that never again would you injure a man owing to accidental explosion."

The circus stunt with the powder had drawn out the miners as no amount of mere talking could have done. The superintendent, two blasting foremen and a couple of blasters stood in a circle eying samples of the mysterious grains, smelling them and rubbing them between their fingers while they listened with the rapt attention of so many American District Telegraph messengers taking in the stunts of a street faker.

"The best of all is," the salesman mentioned casually, "the stuff is so cheap we'll be able to undersell the strongest dynamite by ten dollars a ton; and as for strength—well, you'll see after they've fired down below."

The superintendent invited the salesman to the office near the head house and from there he called up the general manager on the telephone. "This new powder man up here has something you may want to see for yourself. What? Yes; worth looking at, all right. We're going to fire in about an hour."

When the general manager came the salesman had to repeat his experiments for his benefit; and finally, when the blast was fired, the men on top of the mine exchanged glances. The ground had lurched beneath their feet with a sharpness that was promising.

Right after the blast, the salesman and his assistant started for the bucket to inspect the execution; but the miners would not follow.

"You'll be overcome by fumes," a blasting foreman warned.

"Not with this powder. It has no fumes to it; nothing but a thin, light smoke," the salesman answered; but not until he and his man reappeared would the others venture down. When they saw they laughed, so satisfactory was the execution.

That evening the salesman let his assistant drive the surrey down the hill while he himself went home in the general manager's automobile, during which ride he spoke of prices, terms and discounts. Following dinner that night, the general manager came to the point.

"My present contract has another six weeks to run," he said. "After that I think I'll use your powder. Send me one thousand pounds of it for further trial; and if it behaves as it did today the contract is yours."

The Psychology of Selling

THE method which this powder salesman used to get his contract shows how the modern scientific salesman makes use of his imagination in making sales. He goes on the principle that, the instant the average prospect realizes that he is confronted by a man who is going to part him from his money, naturally he draws within a shell of caution; and in consequence the salesman has got to overcome the stumbling-block of prejudice in addition to stimulating a desire for goods in the mind of his man before he can effect a sale. He figures that one-half of the prospects a salesman fails to land are lost because the salesman introduces his purpose before he introduces his goods. He would no more think of approaching a prospect labeling himself as a salesman than he would expect to attract patients for a dental parlor by reproducing phonographic howls of victims having teeth drawn.

"The instant I approach a prospect like Mr. Soandso of the Suchandsuch Company it is equivalent to saying, 'Look out, old man!—I'm going to try to sell you something'; and I raise a barrier against myself which I have to tear down before I can succeed in doing business. Why erect this obstacle? Why implant, first of all, in the mind of my man the fact that I have come to attack his wad? Why not turn the old method around and concentrate interest on my goods first, leaving the plagued old firm to come in after I have my man interested? If I make my story strong enough I need never mention the word 'sale'—the prospect will turn himself into a buyer." This, in substance, is the argument of the salesman.



He Was Telling His Troubles

To the veteran who has spent half a lifetime approaching prospects by first introducing himself and his firm according to the old stereotyped method, it may seem impossible at first sight to apply the trick of the powder salesman to his own line; but to the man with imagination this is no more than an adaptation of the literary ruse to begin a short story in the middle in order to fetter attention at the jump-off, leaving necessary introduction to be woven into what follows. It makes no difference to him whether he is selling an article capable of vaudeville stunts, like a high explosive, or whether he is selling a typewriter or a piano or a sewing machine; he knows that the principle of flooring his prospect by interesting him from the very first remains always the same.

Of course there are hardly two lines that can be sold according to this method in exactly the same way—the man who sells staples, for instance, could not hope to use a

sledge and a revolver for putting through a sale, much as he might like to; but if a salesman has so little as a thimbleful of imagination in his gray matter he can invent a plan of campaign suited to the line he is handling.

If there is a line that will give a sales-method a more thorough tryout than any other it is that of selling shares in a new or an unknown company to men of responsibility. It makes no difference how convinced a salesman may be of the value of his proposition; unless he himself is a person of standing, the chances are a hundred to one that he will never get beyond the stage of introducing his purpose—at least, according to the ancient method.



A Salesman for a Big Men's Clothing Manufacturer

Not long ago there was in Wall Street a certain promoter who realized this. He was not the sort of man who could expect to send his card in to the richest man in Wall Street and hope to walk in after it; but he had a mighty good proposition in the shape of shares in an American development company that owned a tract of country down in Mexico. All he needed in his business, he figured, was the name of a certain wealthy man to start off with.

"If I could land that old codger for ten thousand dollars' worth of stock the rest would come like taking candy from a baby. The trouble is, if I went in and told him I wanted to sell him shares I'd come out sitting on the toe of a number ten custom-made. If I could only get him to listen to what I've got to say these fool shares would sell themselves! But how to get him to listen?"

For weeks the promoter schemed and pondered like a general on a board of strategy; then, sudden as the snapping of fingers, the solution of the problem came to him.

Into the office of the Wall Street man he went, bluffing his way past the private secretary. "I came to ask you for a big favor," he began. "I've got a big, fine investment that has millions of dollars in it and is certain as a Government bank. The trouble is I am a practical man. I can take hold of a proposition once it has been organized—and I don't care how long or how wide it is; but I'm green at financing a thing of this sort. I don't know any of the big men in the Street; but I've read and heard much about you and your enterprises, of course, and I wondered if you'd give me a little advice."

Up to this time, Mr. —— had sat at his desk without bothering to turn more than the side of his face toward the promoter; but, as the latter finished, the big man relaxed a scowl he had worn and turned his chair facing the visitor.

Here, evidently, was no one that had come to dun or to bother him with an investment. The matter was simply one of courtesy, of the sort any man of breeding might ask of another. Besides, nothing is so cheap as advice. Half the world can't get half enough chance to hand it out, and the big man was no exception.

"We own one hundred thousand acres of the finest grazing land, timber land and mineral land in the Republic of Mexico," the promoter continued. "Here are maps, prospectuses and reports of the ranching, the timbering and mining possibilities, as made by the most famous mining engineer in the East and the best-known timber expert of the West. Here is a report of fifteen thousand acres of hardwood timber ready to cut down and convert into dividends within two months after the first tree is felled."

Then the promoter launched into particulars, with a glowing account of what he himself had seen. He told of the waterpower available, of the railroad to be built through the property, of the copper mines that would be opened, of hundreds of thousands of cattle that would raise themselves in the fertile valleys, of wharves to be built and of fast steamships to carry the wealth of this tract to the northern markets.

The big man listened and examined—and the more he examined the more he became interested.

"That's enough," he snapped suddenly. "I've grasped the situation. This looks like a fairly good investment to me. Of course all you want now is money. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll just take a little block of twenty thousand dollars' worth of that paper myself. That's as much as I can do for you. My name ought to help you to the rest. You don't need advice now to handle this thing. Just go from one office to another and tell your story as you've told it to me. You're the best paper salesman in Wall Street—only, you don't know it."

One of the most difficult lines for the average salesman to succeed in is insurance. It makes no difference whether the policy be for fire, for accident, for life or for burglary; nine out of ten of the insurance man's prospects think they know all that is worth knowing about insurance and are gamblers enough by nature to take chances on misfortune. There are scores of different methods according to which insurance men work. Some, by following the newspapers, make it a point to work in the immediate locality where fire, death, burglary or accident has struck home an object-lesson in the sort of insurance they are trying to sell. Others join clubs and societies and political organizations in order to gain a wide circle of acquaintance among which to operate. Others make it a point to get one or more letters of introduction to new prospects from men whom they have just insured. And so on up and down the line; each man tries instinctively if not knowingly to remove the barrier that is raised against him the instant he shows the cloven foot of a salesman.



"He's the Man Brought Home the Other Day With a Broken Leg"

The Insurance Man's Lesson

IT REMAINED for the sales manager of an eastern accident insurance company to invent a simple remedy for insuring welcome to his men. As near as he could figure, his solicitors were landing only between four and five per cent of the prospects approached. From personal experience he knew that the ninety-five or ninety-six per cent that escaped his men did so only because they would not permit his canvassers to approach. The moment a canvasser mentioned accident insurance he was cut off; and in the majority of cases the more the solicitor argued, the firmer the prospect waxed in refusal.

"The long and short of it is, we don't half know how to sell insurance," he said to himself. "If I could only devise an approach that would make people want to listen to what I have to say!"

For a long time he pondered without result; then accident helped him to the solution. There was an adjuster of claims in the company, a bright, elderly man, who earned only twenty dollars a week and whose duty it was to visit the homes of claimants and see that the claims were not fraudulent—and then turn over the money. In order to help out his salary this man had gained permission to canvass during his own time on a commission basis. The wonder was that he was outselling any of the full-time canvassers five to four. For this man the sales manager sent in order to add him to his force; but the adjuster objected.

"I wouldn't be worth five dollars a week in your department," he protested. "You can see for yourself: I can walk into an injured man's house and pay him twenty-five dollars for his week; then I can walk into the house on one side and the house on the other side and the house opposite, and all the houses up and down the block, and I can say: 'I just came from paying John Smith, up the street here, twenty-five dollars. He's the man brought home the other day with a broken leg. Got it on the lid of a coalhole. I paid him twenty-five dollars and next week I'll pay him another twenty-five dollars, and the next week and the next—until he's better. It cost him just twelve dollars for me to do that for him; and there are ten or twelve different kinds of sicknesses he might have come down with and I'd have had to do the same. You see, I'm from the —— Accident Insurance Company. You know Smith. Run up and see him and ask him if what I'm telling you isn't so. The point is, How do you know you're not going to be down on your back with a broken leg next week? You don't—do you? And then who'll pay the doctor's bill and the butcher and the grocer? You may ——'"

The sales manager had heard enough. "There spoke the fellow who ought to have had my job!" he said, telling of the experience afterward.

Many a sales manager would have let the adjuster go back to his work and would have failed to see a lesson—not this man, awake to the chance of using imagination in making sales. The idea struck him: "Why not give a few of my solicitors chances for making their own adjustments? Then I'll see how this adjuster-solicitor plan works out on an extended scale."

He began by explaining the theory to two of his best men, at the same time posting them on the new method of selling. Two weeks later the plan was extended throughout his force. Business was more than doubled from the beginning. The most interesting point of the plan is a map of the city showing here and there a tiny red circle, and around each a group of black specks as thick as in flytime. The red circles mark claims paid for accidents. The groups of surrounding black ones show new policies picked up on the strength of each paid claim. The more red circles there are, the more black specks!

It may seem strange that a business so highly developed as is the insurance business should have anything to learn in its sales department. Yet the most obvious solutions of problems frequently are out of focus because they lie too near the eyes. Today some of the fire and a few of the life insurance companies are working along the lines to have solicitors rather than adjusters make a percentage of payments that fall due, and to grab off new business on the strength of the expenditures.



"Seems a Bit Early in the Season to Get a Farmer Interested About Fieldseeds"

The soft-pedal method of making sales may require a little ingenuity to make it fit a special case, but it surely is worth a little invention. There was a salesman for a farm-seed firm sent through rural districts to sell grass and grain seeds to farmers. Among the most satisfactory classes to sell to are the farmers; but when it comes to selling a farmer fieldseeds the case is different. As a rule, the farmer raises his own seed, which, he figures, costs him nothing. He knows what he may expect of this seed, and fears that if he takes chances with a strange seed he may be out not only the cost of so many bushels of seed but the cost of his labor as well on anywhere from twenty to thirty or more acres—all this on top of the loss of an average crop.

For an entire season the salesman had tried to make headway by talking the prejudices out of his prospects, but without more than moderate success. One evening, in a country hotel, he was telling his troubles to a salesman who was "doing the country" in a buggy, selling a new kind of oil lamp.

"Your case isn't so serious," the lamp man said. "You are in the same boat I am—that's all. I'd have a job driving into farms and saying: 'My lamp throws a light as bright as an electric light, and it burns no more oil than a stable lantern. Hand me over three dollars and fifty cents, please.' No one would believe me.

(Concluded on Page 28)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE fear that most people have of the criminal law has its origin in their ignorance of it. They are, luckily, most of them unfamiliar with bailiffs and constables, except at a distance. The gruff voice of authority has echoed but dimly for them. They have heard of the "third degree," "the cooler," "the sweat-box" and "the bracelets"—yet they have never seen the inside of a station house; and their knowledge of jails, if they have any at all, is derived from reading in their childhood of the miraculous escapes of Baron Trenck or the Fall of the Bastile. They picture officers of the law as human bulldogs, with undershot, foam-dripping jaws and bloodshot eyes. The bourne—from which so many travelers never return—bounded by the criminal statutes, is a *terra incognita* to the average citizen. A bailiff with a warrant for his arrest would cause his instant collapse, and a message that "all was discovered" would—exactly as in the popular saw—lead him to flee at once.

Upon this dread of the unknown some criminal attorneys play whenever possible. It is their strongest asset, their stock in trade. The civil lawyer, vaguely believing that there must be a criminal law to cover every obvious wrong, retains him to put the screws on the evildoer and bring him to terms. The man who has done a dirty business trick—in reality a hundred miles from being a crime—engages the shyster to keep him out of jail. The practical weapon of the criminal lawyer is the warrant of arrest. Just as at civil law any one can bring a groundless suit and subject his enemy to much annoyance and expense, so almost anybody can get almost anybody else arrested. Of course, if there is no justification for it a suit for malicious prosecution and false arrest may result; but most persons who resort to such tactics are "judgment proof" and the civil law has no terrors for them at all. At least fifty persons out of every hundred would gladly pay an unrighteous claim rather than be subjected to the humiliation of arrest, even if their confinement were of the most temporary character.

In New York the right of having the defendant arrested in certain classes of civil cases is a matter of statute. It is a preliminary remedy not half so much availed of as it might be. The young lady who brings a breach-of-promise action against her faithless follower has the right to put him under arrest and make him give bail; and the young gentleman who would laugh ordinarily at the mere service of papers may well settle her claim if a sheriff whispers in his ear that he has a warrant for his person.

In the early days, before Gottlieb and I practiced at the criminal bar, a judgment creditor could arrest and lock up his delinquent debtor. This was a most ancient and honorable form of redress; and the reader has undoubtedly read dozens of novels in which some of the scenes are laid in the Fleet. This locking up of people who owed other people money, but could not meet their just obligations, was sanctified by tradition and deeply rooted in our jurisprudence; but the law governing the procedure in such cases was highly technical and the wind of destiny was somewhat tempered to the shorn lamb in debt. Thus, a warrant for the arrest of a debtor could not be executed on the Sabbath and, of course, had no value outside of the state. Accordingly the neighboring cities of New Jersey harbored thousands of bankrupt New Yorkers who could not pay their bills and suffered a voluntary exile until they should be in funds again. Indeed, there were certain hostelries entirely given over to the accommodation of poor debtors.

The man who had defied his creditors simply converted his available property into ready cash and slipped across the river to Jersey City or Hoboken, where he remained six days in every week and returned to the bosom of his adoring family on the seventh.

Later on civil orders of arrest were limited by statute to certain classes of cases, such as, for instance, the conversion of money.

Among our clients there was a certain exceedingly attractive young lady of French extraction named Mademoiselle Valerie Carrell, who was a popular favorite upon the light opera stage when light opera was in swaddling clothes. Our fair client, like many another histrionic genius, had more charm than business ability and was persuaded by an unscrupulous manager to intrust to him a large sum of money for investment in his various enterprises. Time went on; and, although he seemed to be successful in his ventures, he insisted that he had no money and was absolutely unable to repay her. In utter desperation she came to Gottlieb and myself for assistance and we speedily secured judgment for the full amount—fifteen thousand dollars—after a hotly contested trial, in which the defendant perjured himself very unlike a gentleman. The only result was that Mr. Brown, the manager, gayly offered to settle for fifteen hundred, and, on receiving a curt refusal, transferred his residence to Hoboken, from which place he managed his business and paid furtive visits to the metropolis in the nighttime. On Sundays, however, he always appeared in full regalia on Broadway and could invariably be seen entertaining his friends lavishly in the restaurants.

Gottlieb suffered this course of conduct to become a habit and then informed me that he proposed to collect the full amount of Mademoiselle Carrell's judgment upon the following Monday. I expressed some incredulity at the idea, but later events proved that my partner was well justified in his prophecy. We had long before procured a warrant for Brown's arrest and the only difficulty lay in executing it upon a weekday. Sunday came and as usual Brother Brown, with his customary bravado, made his appearance in the city. That evening Gottlieb invited me to dine with him at the resort ordinarily frequented by our quarry. True to his invariable custom, Brown turned up there with a party of his cronies and spent the evening in merry feasting—presumably upon the money of our client. It was a clear moonlight night and when the glowworm showed the matin to be near—or, more correctly, when it neared twelve o'clock—Brown beckoned to the waiter, paid his bill out of a fat roll of greenbacks, winked good-naturedly at us and bade his friends good night. A moment or two later Gottlieb whispered to me to follow him and we stepped forth upon the street. Brown was strolling quietly down Broadway toward Twenty-third Street. A short distance behind followed a thickset man with a square-cut jaw whom I had frequently noticed in Gottlieb's office.

On the corner of the cross-town thoroughfare Brown paused, looked first at the moon and then at his watch, and proceeded on his constitutional toward the ferry. The street, save for a distant and presumably somnolent policeman, was deserted. The thickset man crossed to the other side of the way, quickened his steps, overtook and passed Brown, recrossed and sauntered toward him. A moment later there was a collision between them, voices were raised in angry altercation and presently Brown was rolling undignifiedly on the pavement, his calls for the police rending the stillness of the night. The officer hastily approached, whistling wildly for aid. Gottlieb and I took refuge in an adjacent doorway. Abruptly, however, Brown's outcries ceased. It is probable that a sudden vision of the consequences of an appeal to police protection came to him as he lay like an overturned June bug upon the sidewalk.

But the law had been invoked. The car of Juggernaut had started upon its course.

"What's the trouble here?" cried the policeman as he arrived panting upon the scene.

"This fellow here assaulted me!" instantly answered the man with the bulldog jaw.

"It's a lie!" bellowed Brown, climbing to his feet.

"Well, what have you got to say?" inquired the officer.

Brown hesitated. If he made a counter charge he realized that he would have to go to the police station to make the complaint. This would keep him in the city until after midnight.

"Well?" continued the policeman.

Still Brown paused, rapidly taking account of stock. If he did not deny the charge in terms he would be locked up, which was just as bad. But the bull-jawed chap spoke first.

"I want this man arrested!" he insisted. "He deliberately attacked me!"

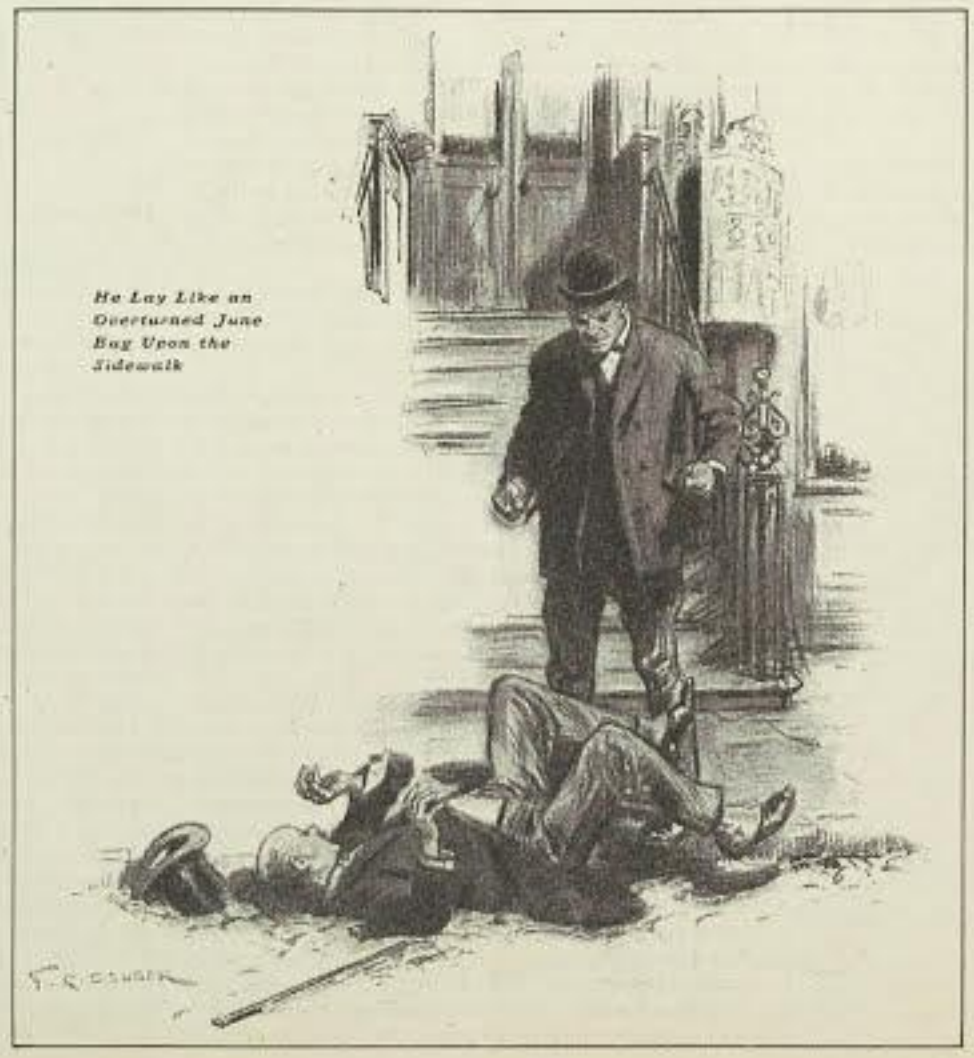
"I did no such thing!" shouted Brown. "He came at me without provocation and knocked me down."

"It took you long enough to say so," commented the officer. "I'll have to take you along to the house. Come on—both of you."

Grasping Brown by the arm, he marched him down the street. Suddenly the unfortunate manager began to pour forth a long explanation, quite incoherent so far as the policeman was concerned. He was the victim of a frame-up—it was a job to get him arrested. The officer remarked unsympathetically that he had heard that sort of thing many times before. Gottlieb and I skulked in the rear. When the police station was at last reached the thickset man made a charge of assault against the manager and Brown was compelled perforce to make a similar charge against his adversary. Then both were locked up to await a hearing the next morning in the magistrate's court, when, after a prolonged examination, Brown was discharged with an admonition against a too free indulgence in alcoholic liquors.

"Don't be hard on him, judge," said the bull-jawed man. "I had no trouble in defending myself. I think he has had lesson enough."

Much the worse for wear, Mr. Brown passed out of the courtroom only to be confronted on the sidewalk by a marshal with a warrant for his arrest. It was Monday morning. His period of immunity was over. His eye caught Gottlieb and myself standing on the corner.



He Lay Like an Overturned June Bug Upon the Sidewalk

"Well, boys," he exclaimed, "I'm caught. How much is it going to cost?"

"Fifteen thousand dollars," answered Gottlieb, adding after a moment's pause—"and disbursements."

I need hardly add that Mr. Brown lost no time in raising the necessary ransom and within the hour had paid his judgment in full and secured his discharge. The days are long since over, however, when judgment debtors had anything to fear; and now a beneficent bankruptcy law, merely for the asking, washes all their debts away. But the power to secure another's arrest is even more easily available now than in the days of my early practice owing to the great number of new crimes created by the statutes.

One of the most ingenious devices for extorting money that ever came to my attention was invented by a client of mine named Levine—a poor sort of character, to be sure, but cleverer than many a better man. In detail his method was as follows: He first bought at wholesale a large quantity of cheap watches covered with gold plate. To the inexperienced they looked as if they might possibly be worth forty or fifty dollars apiece. They cost Levine about two dollars and twenty-five cents each. His next step was to select some small shop belonging to a plumber, grocer or electrician, which was ordinarily left in charge of a clerk while the owner was out attending to his work or securing orders. Levine would find some excuse for entering the shop, engage the clerk in conversation, and having secured his attention would produce one of his watches and extol its merits at length, explaining what a great bargain it was and how—only owing to an exceptional concatenation of circumstances—he was able to offer it for the ridiculously low figure of thirty dollars.



"Ask Him Whether He Has Not Got the Watch in His Pocket at This Very Moment!"

Now it never made any difference to Levine whether the clerk wanted the watch or not. His procedure remained the same in all cases. He would first offer to let the fellow have it by paying one dollar a week on the installment plan. If this did not appeal to the clerk Levine would persuade him to keep it for a short time on approval, paying down a dollar "as security." Almost all of his victims would agree to this if only to be rid of him. In default of aught else he would lay the watch on the counter and run away.

Nothing more would occur for a couple of weeks, during which the clerk would hold the watch pending its owner's return, little suspecting what was going on meantime. Levine, having "landed" his watch, immediately swore to a verified complaint in an action at law for "goods sold and

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THE GLORY OF CLEMENTINA

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

XXIV

TOMMY, calling for Clementina the next morning, was confronted at the open door, not by Eliza but by a demure damsel in a black frock, black apron and a black bow in her hair, who said, "*Oui, monsieur,*" when addressed. Tommy, still bewildered, asked whether she was a new lady's maid. "*Oui, monsieur,*" said the damsel, and showed him into the Sheraton drawing room. He sat down meekly and waited for Clementina. She came down soon, a resplendent vision, exquisitely gowned, perfectly hatted, delicately gloved; and in her hand she jingled a small goldsmith's shop. She pirouetted round.

"Like it?"

Tommy groaned. "Clementina, darling, tell me, in Heaven's name, what you're playing at, or I'll go raving mad."

"I told you that one of these days I was going to become a lady. The day has come. Don't I look like a lady?"

"That's the devil of it," he laughed. "You look like an archduchess."

They picked up Etta and met Quixtus at the Carlton, where they lunched in the middle of the great, gay room. The young people's curious awe of the transmogrified Clementina soon melted away. The great, warm-hearted Clementina they loved was unchanged; but to her was added a laughter-evoking, brilliant, joyous personage whose existence they had never suspected. Quixtus went home stimulated and uplifted. He had never enjoyed two hours so much in his life.

And that was the beginning of the glory of Clementina Wing.

Day by day the glory deepened. The pyrotechnic—a flash, a bedazzlement and then darkness—was not in Clementina's nature. She had deliberately immolated the phenix of dusky plumage and from its ashes had arisen this second and radiant phenix incarnation. She suffered, as she confessed to herself, infernally, for a new, fire-born phenix must have its skin peculiarly tender; but she grinned and bore it for the greater glory—well, not of Clementina alone, but of God and her sex, and the happiness of those she loved and the things that stood for the right.

She was fighting the interloping woman with her own weapons. She, Clementina, the despised and rejected of men, was pitting her sex's fascinations against the professional seductress. She had won the first pitched battle. She had swept the enemy from the field. Sheer fierceness of love, almost animal, for the child; sheer pity, flaming white for the man grown dear to her; sheer sex; sheer womanhood—these were the forces at work. It would have been easy to denounce the woman to Quixtus, but that might have thrown him back into darkness. Easy, too, to have held her knowledge as a threat over the woman's head and bade her begone; but where had been the triumph? Where the glory? Whereas to scorn the use of her knowledge and conquer otherwise, therein lay matter for thrilling exultation. It was an achievement worth the struggle.

And the glory of the riot through her veins of the tumultuous thing she had kept strangled to torpor within her!—the thing that had been stirred by the springtide in a girl's heart; that had leaped at the parrot tulips in the early May; that had almost escaped from her grip on the moonlit night at Vienne—that had remained awake and struggling ever since—the glory to let it go free and carry her whithersoever it would! Art!—to the devil with it! What was art in comparison with this newfound glory?

It made her ten years younger. It took years from the man for whose fascination she brought it into play. Hers was a double conquest—the rout of the woman, the capture of the man. Daily she battled. Sheila, the lovers, a new portrait of him which she suddenly conceived the splendid notion of painting—all were pretexts for keeping the unconscious man within the sphere of her influence. Any impression the other had made on his heart or his mind should be deleted and her impression stamped there in its place; so that when he met the other out of her presence, as meet her he undoubtedly must, he would wear it as a talisman against her arts and blandishments. Twice, also, during the dying days of the season, late that year, she went out into the great world and gave her adversary battle in the open.

It was between these two engagements that she had a talk with Huckaby.

Huckaby, doing his best to act loyally toward both parties, led a precarious moral existence. The sight of Clementina queening it in dazzling raiment about Quixtus' house and the despairing confidences of Lena Fontaine had enabled him to form a fairly accurate judgment of the state of affairs. His heart began to bleed for Lena Fontaine. She would come to his lodgings and claim sympathy. To not a soul in the world but him could she talk freely. She was desperate. That abominable woman insulted her, trampled on her, poisoned Quixtus' mind against her. He had changed suddenly, seemed to avoid her; and when he found himself in her company he was just polite and courteous in his gentle way and smilingly eluded her. The Dinard intimacy, on which she had reckoned, had faded into the land of dreams. He was being dragged off before her eyes to some fool place up the river to be watched and guarded like a lunatic. What was she to do? Ruin would soon be staring her in the face. She had thought of upbraiding him for neglect, of reproaching him for having played fast and loose with her affections, of putting him through the ordeal of an emotional scene. Of that, however, she was afraid; it might scare him away for good and all. She wept, an unhappy and ill-treated woman; and Huckaby supplied sympathy and handkerchiefs and a mirror, so that she could repair the ravages of tears.

One day Huckaby and Clementina met in the hall of the Russell Square house.

"Well," she said, "have you seen Mrs. Fontaine lately?"

He admitted that he had.

"Taking it rather badly, I suppose," she remarked, with a reversion to her grim manner.

"She is miserable. As I told you, it means all the world to her—her very salvation."

Clementina caught the note of deep pleading in his voice and fixed him with her shrewd eyes.

"You seem to concern yourself very deeply about her."

Huckaby glanced at her for a moment hesitatingly; then shrugged his shoulders. Clementina was a woman to whom straight dealing counted for righteousness. He gave her his secret.

"I've grown to care for her—to care for her very much. I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it."

"Do you know anything of the lady's private affairs—financial, I mean—how much she has honestly of her own?"

"Four hundred pounds a year."

"And you?"

"When I take up the appointment of the Anthropological Society I shall have five hundred."

"Nine hundred pounds. Have you any idea of the minimum rate per annum at which she would accept salvation?"

"No," said Huckaby in a dazed way.

"Well, work it out," said Clementina. "Goodby."

Her second sortie into the great world was on the occasion of a garden party at the Quinns'. Lady Quinn had asked her verbally at Quixtus' dinner and had sent her a formal card. Knowing that Quixtus was going and more than suspecting that the enemy would be there, too, she had kept her own invitation a secret. Welcomed, flattered, surrounded by the gay crowd in the large, pleasant Hampstead garden, it was some time before she saw Mrs. Fontaine. At last she caught sight of her sitting with Quixtus at the end of the garden, half screened by a tree-trunk from the mass of guests. As soon as Clementina could work her way through, she advanced smilingly toward them. Quixtus sprang to his feet and seemed to take a deep breath, as a man does when he flings bedroom windows wide open on his first morning in mountain air.

"Clementina! I hadn't the dimmest notion that you were coming! How delightful!" He surveyed her for a

moment as she stood before him, parasol on shoulder. Clementina with a parasol! "Pray forgive my impertinence," said he, "but you're wearing the most beautiful dress I ever saw."

It was hand-painted muslin—a fabulous thing. She laughed, turned to Lena Fontaine, demure in a simple fawn costume.

"He's improving. Have you ever known him to compliment a woman on her dress before?"

"Many times," said Mrs. Fontaine mendaciously.

"It must be your excellent training," said Clementina. She turned to Quixtus. "I've seen Huckaby this morning and everything's quite arranged for the transportation of your necessary books and specimens down to Moleham. He'll do it beautifully, even though it takes a furniture van; and you won't be worried about it at all. He's a splendid fellow."

"He is rendering me invaluable assistance."

"Doctor Quixtus tells me he is quite an old friend of yours, Mrs. Fontaine," said Clementina. "What a pity you can't be persuaded to come down to Moleham!"

"Are you going to have a chaperon to your rather mixed house party?"

"I should if you would honor me by coming, my dear Mrs. Fontaine—a dowager dragon of propriety; but an admiral of the British navy is quite safeguard enough for me."

The hostess, coming through the edge of the crowd, carried off Quixtus. The two women were left alone. Lena Fontaine turned suddenly, white-lipped, shaking with anger.

"I've had enough of it!—do you understand? I'm not going to stand it. I'm not going to be persecuted like this any longer."

"What will you do?"

Lena Fontaine clenched her small hands. What could she do?

"Come, come," said Clementina. "Let us have a straight talk, like sensible women, and put the pussy-cat aside if we can. Sit down. Do. There's only one point of dissension between us. You know very well what it is—there's no use fencing. Give it up. Give up all idea of it and I'll let you alone. Give it all up. You can see for yourself that I won't let you do it."

"It's outrageous for you to speak to me like this," said the other half hysterically.

"I know it is," said Clementina coolly. "I'm an outrageous woman. Been so all my life. To do an outrageous thing is only part of the day's work. So I just say outrageously: Give it up!"

Lena Fontaine fluttered a glance at the strong face and caught the magnetism of the black, glittering eyes—and remained silent. She knew that she was no match for this vital creature. She was confronting overwhelming odds. The rough fish-fag of Paris who could walk straight into the mold of a great lady and carry everything contemptuously before her suddenly impressed her with a paralyzing sense of something uncanny, relentless, irresistible. She was less a woman than an implacable force. For the first time in her life of Hagardom, Lena Fontaine felt beaten. The nun's face grew drawn and haggard. Fright replaced the allurement of her eyes. She said nothing, but twisted one gloved hand nervously in the other. She was at the mercy of the victor. There was silence for some moments. Then Clementina's heart smote her. All this elaborate wheel to break a butterfly—a very naughty, sordid, frayed and empty little butterfly—but still a butterfly!

"My dear," she said at last, very gently, "I know how hard life is on a lone and defenseless woman. I know you have many reasons to hate me for preventing you from making that life softer and sweeter. But, perhaps, one of these days you mayn't hate me so much. I'm every infernal thing you like to call me; and when I'm interfered with I'm a devil. But at heart I'm a woman and a good sort. I won't outrage you by saying such an idiotic thing as 'Let us be friends' when you've every rational desire to strangle me; but I ask you to remember—and I've suffered enough not to be a silly fool going round saying serious things I don't mean—I ask you to remember that, if ever you want a woman to turn to, you can count on me. I'm a good bit older than you," she added generously. "I'm thirty-six."

"Oh, Heavens!" cried the other, bursting into tears. "I'm thirty-seven."

"Impossible!" said Clementina in genuine amazement. "You look nothing like it." She rose and touched the weeping woman's shoulder. "Anyhow," she said, "I've a certain amount of female horse-sense that might come in useful if you want it."

Whereupon Clementina made her way straight through the throng to her hostess and, after a swift farewell, left the garden party.

The enemy was finally routed; the confession of age was a confession of defeat. The victory had been achieved much more easily than she had anticipated. When she went home she looked with a queer smile into the hanging wardrobes with which she had been obliged to furnish her bedroom so as to accommodate the prodigious quantity of new dresses. Why all the lavish expenditure; the feverish preparation; the many hours wasted with great dressmakers, modistes and other venders of frippery; why the hairdressers, the face specialists; why the exquisite torture of tight lacing; why the responsibility of valuable jewels—her mother's—up till then safely stored at the bank; why the renting of the caravansary at Moleham; why the revolution of her habits, her modes of expression, her very life—why, in short, such fantastic means to gain so simple an end? Was it worth it? Clementina slammed the wardrobe door and glanced at herself in the long mirror thus exposed. She saw a happy woman—and she laughed. It was worth it. She had gained infinitely more than a victory over a poor sister of no account. Sheila came running into the room.

"Oh, what a beautiful auntie!"

She caught the child to her and hugged her close.

The legal formalities with regard to Will Hammersley's affairs were eventually concluded; but, in spite of all inquiries, the identity of Sheila's mother remained a mystery. No record of Hammersley's marriage could be found either at Somerset House or at Shanghai. No references to his wife appeared in the papers he had left behind him. At last, a day or two before her departure for Moleham, Clementina made a discovery.

A trunk of Hammersley's, merely containing suits of clothes and other wearing apparel, had remained undisposed of; and Clementina was going through them with the object of packing them off to some charitable association, when from the folds of a jacket there dropped a bundle of letters tied round with a bit of tape. She glanced idly at the outer sheet. The handwriting was a woman's. The few words that met her eyes showed that they were love letters. Clementina sat on an empty packing-case—all of Hammersley's personal belongings had been dumped into her box-room—and balanced the bundle in her hand. They were sacred things, belonging to the hearts of the dead. Ought she to read them? Yet she became conscious of a feminine intuition that they might hold a secret that would bring comfort to the living. So she undid the tape and spread out the old, crumpled pages; and, as she read, a tragedy, a romance as old as the world, was revealed to her. The letters dated from seven years back. They were from one Nora Duglade, a woman wretchedly married, breaking her heart for Will Hammersley. Clementina read on. Suddenly she gave a sharp cry of astonishment and leaped to her feet. There was a reference to Angela Quixtus, who was in her confidence. Clementina rapidly scanned page after page and found more and more of Angela. The writer, like most women, could not bear to destroy the beloved letters; she dared not keep them at home; Angela had lent her a drawer in her bureau!

Clementina telephoned to Quixtus to come immediately—on urgent business. In twenty minutes he arrived, somewhat scared. Was anything wrong with Sheila?

"I've found out who her mother was," said Clementina.

"Who was she?" he asked quickly.

She bade him sit down. They were in the drawing room.

"Some one called Nora Duglade. . . . I don't remember her."

Quixtus passed his hand over his forehead as he threw back his thoughts.

"Mrs. Duglade? . . ." he said in bewilderment. "Mrs. Duglade? . . ."

"A friend of Angela's," said Clementina.

"Yes. A school friend. They saw very little of each other. I saw her only once or twice. I had no notion Hammersley knew her. . . . Her husband was a brute, I remember—used to beat her. . . . I think I heard she had left him ——"

"For Will Hammersley."

"He died years ago—of drink. . . . Oh-h!" He shuddered and hid his face in his hands.

"Read these few pages," said Clementina, and she left the room very quickly.

About ten minutes afterward she came in again. He sprang up from his chair and grasped both of her hands. His eyes were wet and his lips worked tremulously.

"I found a letter from Hammersley in Angela's drawer—it had got stuck at the back. . . . It was for the other woman, my dear!" His voice quavered into the treble. "It was for the other woman."

She led him to the stiff sofa and sat beside him and held his hand. And she had the great joy of seeing a great, black cloud melt away from a man's soul.

. . . . . .

From that hour, when he had revealed to her the things deep and sacred, dark and despairing, of his heart, and had gone forth from her sympathy aglow with a newfound faith in humanity, the bond between them was strengthened a thousandfold. Quixtus found that he could obtain not only swift response to his thoughts from a keen intelligence but wide, undreamed-of understanding of all those subtle workings of the spirit—regrets, hopes, judgments, prejudices, shrinkings, wonderings, impulses—which are too elusive to be thoughts, too vague to be emotions. And yet she herself was never subtle. She was direct and uncompromising. As a shivering man enters a cozy room and warms himself before a blazing fire, so did he unquestionably warm his heart in Clementina's personality. And as the shivering man knows without speculating that the fire is intense and strong, so did he know that Clementina was intense and strong.

All through the idyl of the remaining summer he felt this more and more. She stood for something that he had missed in life, something that Angela, pale, passionless, negative reflection of himself, had never given him. She stood for richness, bigness, meaning. A simple man, not given to introspection or analysis of motive, new sensations and new realizations came to him as they come to a child and caused development. And among other impressions that deepened in his mind—and his was the mind of a scholar and dreamer, sweet and clean—was that of Clementina—now appearing to the world as God Almighty intended her to appear—as a physically fine and splendid creature.

And, during all the summer idyl in the manor house at Moleham-on-Thames, Clementina, in her uncompromising way, maintained the new phenix's plumage, preened and shiny. The old habit of clawing at her hair while she was painting she circumvented by tying her head in an Angelica Kauffmann handkerchief. Tommy made her a present of one, in cardinal red, in which she flamed gipsylike about the studio. Involuntarily, inevitably, the manner of all the men in her house party, Quixtus, Huckaby, Admiral Concannon, Poynter—who spent a week-end—Tommy and Tommy's cronies, who came and went as they pleased, was tinged with a deference and a homage that made life a thing of meaning and delight.

Sometimes a little scene like this would take place:

To Clementina, painting hard in the morning, enter the housekeeper.

"Please, ma'am, we'll soon be out of wine."

She would frown at the canvas. "Well, what of it?"

"The gentlemen, ma'am."

"Oh, let them drink ginger beer!"

"Very well, ma'am."

Then, with a laugh, she would fling down her brushes and go and attend to her cellar. To make the men in her house comfortable, the commonplace care of a hostess, gave her unimagined pleasure. Etta and her young friends could look after themselves, being females and therefore resourceful. But the men were helpless children, even the admiral—sometimes, she thought, especially the admiral. Their nourishment became a matter of peculiar solicitude. She invented wants for them which she forthwith supplied. Sometimes she summoned Tommy to consultation; but when he gravely prescribed a large bath powder-puff for his uncle she upbraided him for making a jest of solemn things and dismissed him from her counsels. Her painting suffered from these inroads on her time and thoughts; but Clementina cared not. The happiness of the trustful men around her was of more consequence than the successful application of paint to canvas. Sometimes, sitting at the head of her table she would feel herself a mother to them all—and her lips would twist themselves into a new smile.

Her happiest hours were those which she spent alone with Sheila and Quixtus. Since the cloud had been lifted from his soul he loved the child with a new tenderness, thus inarticulately expressing his gratitude to God for having put it into his heart to love her while the cloud hung heavy. And Clementina knew this, and invested his relations with the child in a curious sanctity. She loved to share the child's love with him in actual, physical presence. The late afternoon was Sheila's hour. Clementina would sit with them beneath the great cedar tree on the lawn and listen to the stories he had learned to pour into Sheila's insatiable ears. They were mostly odds and ends of folklore, but now and then she suspected heterogeneous strains; and one day she called out:

"Are you inventing all that, Ephraim?"

He confessed, with the air of a detected schoolboy.

"To hear you playing the deuce with folklore, which you regard as a strict and sacred science, amazes me. From you it sounds almost immoral."

Quixtus fingered the soft curls. "What," said he, "is all the science in the world compared with this little head?"

Clementina was silent for a moment. Then she said abruptly: "You feel like that, too, do you?"

Quixtus nodded and dreamed over the curls.

"But what happened to the princess and the Ju-Ju man?" demanded Sheila; and Quixtus had to pursue his immoral course.

August melted into September and September drew to its close. Admiral Concannon and Etta, and all the boys and girls save Tommy, had gone, and Huckaby was busy with the repacking of books and specimens. The weather had broken. The trees drooped with rain and the leaves began to fall. Mists rose from the meadows by the river and a blue haze, sweet and sad, enveloped the lowlying hills. In the garden the sunflowers, a week before so glorious, hung their heads with a dying grace. The birds, even the thrushes, were mute. The hour under the cedar tree had become the hour of deepening twilight by the fire. The idyl was over. London called. . . .

They had been sitting before the drawing-room fire for a long, long time without speaking. Sheila, with a toy shop and an army of dolls for customers, played on the floor between them, absorbed in her game. No one of the three noticed that darkness had crept into the room, for the fire leaped and flamed, throwing on them fierce lights and shadows.

"The day after tomorrow," said Clementina, breaking the silence and looking intently at the blaze.

"Yes," said Quixtus. "The day after tomorrow."

"I think you'll find I've made all arrangements for Sheila. Atkins understands." Atkins was the nurse. "I've seen about the nursery fender, which I had overlooked. . . . You mustn't let Atkins bully you or she'll get out of hand. . . . How these three months have flown!"

"If you didn't insist," said Quixtus, "I wouldn't take her from you. But you'll miss her terribly."

"So will you when my turn comes again," replied Clementina gruffly. "What's the good of talking rubbish?"

There was another silence. He glanced at her and a sudden flame from the fire lit up her face, and he saw that her brows were bent and her mouth set grimly tight, and that something glistened for a second on each cheek and then fell quickly. And each time he glanced at her he saw the same glistening drops fall.

"Uncle Eph'im," said Sheila, coming and insinuating herself between his legs, "Mrs. Brown wants to buy some matches and I haven't got any."

He gave her his silver matchbox and Sheila went away happy to her game.

Clementina choked a sob.

"My dear!" said he at last.

"Yes?" said Clementina.

"Why can't we have her always with us?"

"You mean ——" said Clementina after a pause, and still looking into the fire.

"Even with her I can't face that great, lonely house. I can't face my empty, lonely existence. My dear," said he, bending forward in his chair, "it has come to this—that I can't think a thought or feel an emotion without your becoming inextricably interwoven with it. You have become part of the texture of my life. I know I may be impertinent and presumptuous in putting such a proposal before you ——"

"You haven't put one yet," said she.

"It is that you would do me the honor of marrying me," replied Quixtus.

Again there was silence. For the first time in her life she was afraid to speak, lest she should betray the commotion in her being. She loved him. She did not hide the fact from herself. It was not the mad, gorgeous passion of romance; she knew it for something deeper, stronger, based on essentials. He lay deeply rooted in her heart, half child for her mothering, all man for her loving. When had she begun to care for him? She scarcely knew. Perhaps at Marseilles, when he had returned to her for companionship and they had walked out arm in arm. She knew that he spoke truly of his need of her; but the words that mattered, the foolish little words, he had not uttered.

"Do you care for me enough to marry me?" she asked at last.

He glanced at Sheila weighing out matches in her toy scales. It is difficult to carry on a love scene with conviction in the presence of a third party, even of that of a beloved child of five.

"Very, very deeply," he said in a low voice.

The dressing bell rang and Clementina rose. "Put up your shop, darling. It's time to go to bed." Then she crossed to Quixtus' chair and stood behind him and laid one arm on his shoulder. He kissed her hand.

"Well?" said he, looking up.

"I'll tell you presently," she said; and in withdrawing her hand she lightly brushed his cheek.

Quixtus dressed quickly and came down early to the drawing room; and soon Clementina appeared. She was wearing a red dress which she had bought during her wholesale purchasing of raiment, but had never yet worn, thinking it too flaring; and she had a light red dahlia in her hair.

Quixtus took both her hands and raised them to his shoulders; and she stood away from him at the distance of her bare, shapely arms, and she smiled into his eyes.

"Your answer?" said he.

"Tell me," she said. "What do you really want me for?"

"For yourself," he cried; and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

"If you hadn't said that," she remarked a few moments afterward, "I don't know what my answer would have been. At any rate," she added, touching her hair with uplifted hands, "it would not have been quite so spontaneous."

He leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece and a great light came into his pale blue eyes as he looked at her.

"Do you think, my dear," said he, "that I'm such a dry stick of a man as not to want you for your great self—your great, splendid and wonderful self? I want you with everything in me."

She turned half aside and said gently:

"That's all a woman wants, Ephraim."

"What?"

"To be wanted," said Clementina.

It was not till the next day that she told Tommy the great news. She took him for a walk and broke it to him bluntly. But he was prepared for it. Etta had foreseen and had prophesied to his skeptical ears. He murmured well-bred congratulations.

"But your painting?" said he after a while.

"It can go hang!" said Clementina. She laughed at his look of horror. "Art for the polygamous man and the celibate woman. A man can throw his soul into his pictures and also attend to his w fe and family. That's out of a woman's power. She must choose between her art on the



"I've Had Enough of it! I'm Not Going to be Persecuted Like This Any Longer"

one side and husband and children on the other—I'm telling you this, *mon petit*, for your education. I've chosen husband and children as any woman with blood in her veins would choose. It's the women without blood that choose art—don't make any mistake about it. Now and then one of 'em chooses the other—and, as she doesn't get any children and doesn't know what the deuce to do with a husband, she falls back on her art again and gives the poor devil soup with camel's-hair brushes floating about in it and a painting rag for a napkin. And then there are ructions; and she goes among her weary pals and says that their sex is misunderstood and downtrodden—and they must clamor for their rights. Bosh!"

She sniffed in her old way. Tommy insisted.

"But you're a born painter, Clementina—a great painter. It means such a tremendous sacrifice."

"You young men of the present day make me tired!" she exclaimed. "You all seem to think that larks ought to fall ready roasted into your mouth. There's not a blessed thing in this world worth having without sacrifice. The big people, the people who have the big things in life, are those who have paid or are prepared to pay the big prices for them."

"I don't see why you should round on me like that," said Tommy. "After all, a little while ago I made no bones about sacrificing the loaves and fishes for the sake of my art. I don't want to brag—but *fiat justitia*, at any rate."

"I know what you did," said Clementina, mollified; "and if you hadn't done it I shouldn't be talking like this to you. And you're a painter and my very dear Tommy, and you can understand. Of course I'll go on painting—I've got it in my blood. I could no more do without a paintbrush handy than a toothbrush. But it's going to be secondary. I'll be the gifted amateur. Clementina Wing, painter of portraits to the nobility, gentry, mayoralty and pork-butchery of Great Britain and Ireland, is dead. You can paraphrase the epitaph:

"'Here lies Clementina Wing, the married woman.' And, Tommy, my dear," she added in a softer voice, "you can add to it: '*Sic itur ad astra*.'"

"I do hope you'll be jolly happy," said Tommy.

On their way back it happened that the postman met them with the household budget. She took the letters into the hall and sorted them. Tommy went off with his precious epistle from Etta. Huckaby appeared in quest of his chief's correspondence and, seeing her alone, congratulated her on her approaching marriage. She thanked him and held out a letter addressed to him from Dinard.

"I've been dealing in quotations lately," she said. "And I find I've got one for you. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"

Huckaby sighed and laughed.

"One of these days, perhaps," said he.

So the idyl that seemed to be coming to an end had only just begun. They returned to London; and, while Clementina—in whose charge Sheila now remained—painted frenziedly to finish the work she had in hand, Quixtus, with her help, reorganized the great, gaunt house in Russell Square. The worm-eaten scarecrow of a billiard table was removed from the billiard room built by Quixtus' father over the garden at the back of the house, and the room, spacious and top-lighted, was converted into a studio for the bride-to-be. Tommy, enthusiastically iconoclast, being given authority, under Clementina's directions, to refurnish, condemned rep curtains, mahogany Mid-Victorian furniture—a dining-room sideboard disfigured by carvings of plethoric fruit had sent shivers down his back since infancy—Turkey carpets and all the gloom of a bygone age, and converted the grim abode into a bower of delight.

And toward the end of October the oddly mated pair were married and Clementina went to her husband's home; and the patter of the feet of the beloved child of their adoption was heard about the house—and great joy fell upon them.

One day in the early spring, Quixtus burst into the studio, a letter in his hand. The greatest of all honors that the civilized world has to give to the scholar had fallen on him—honorary membership of the Institut de France. She must know it at once.

She was sitting before the easel, a bit of charcoal in hand, absorbed in her drawing. What he saw on the drawing paper put, for the moment, the Institute of France out of his mind. Two arms came from the vague, headless trunk of a draped woman; one arm clasped Sheila, a living portrait, and the other something all chubby, kissable curves, such as Murillo has rendered immortal. As soon as she was aware of his presence she tore the sheet from the board and looked at him somewhat defiantly. He went up and put his arm around her.

"My dear," said he, "I saw. You're the only woman in the world that could have done it. Let me look. I can share it with you, dear."

She yielded. His delicate perception of the innermost sweetnesses of life was infinitely dear to her. She set the drawing upright on the ledge. He drew a chair close to her and sat down—and he forgot the crowning glory of his intellectual life.

"It's not bad of Sheila, is it?" she said.

"And the other?"

She kissed him. "The very image. It's bound to be."

Presently she laughed and said:

"I've been thinking of the good Saint Paul lately. He has a lot to say about glory. Do you remember? About the glory of celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial. 'There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars.' But there is one glory which that eminent bachelor never dreamed of."

"And what is that, my dear?" asked Quixtus.

"The glory of being a woman!" said Clementina.

(THE END)

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The Bread-and-Butter Attitude

AN ABLE and admirable woman expresses the wish that teachers in the United States may rise above a "bread-and-butter" attitude toward their profession. With no invidious intention whatever, we suggest that the wisher herself probably rises high above that attitude by virtue of possessing a very comfortable fortune.

The teacher's average wage is fifty dollars a month. An individual teacher, with fifty dollars in hand, finds himself or herself completely surrounded and engulfed, so to speak, in a bread-and-butter attitude. The landlady—an eminently worthy and respectable person—not only wants hard cash for board and lodging, but she wants exactly as much of it from a teacher as from a burglar.

The teacher, with an innocent desire to protect her cranium from the weather, visits a millinery shop. She finds that a perfectly hygienic headpiece can be procured for a dollar and ten cents, but the one that becomes her costs six dollars and a quarter; and if she hasn't the price the bonnet goes to the burglar's lady. How can she help thinking bread and butter when everybody with whom she deals treats her on a strictly bread-and-butter basis?

Saint Francis, to be sure, gave away all he possessed—even to his clothes. Other exceptional individuals have done the same; but the habit has never proved even mildly contagious, and only the very exceptional individual can persist in it alone.

Perhaps what we need is a big start; and if the half million school-teachers were just as willing to work for forty dollars a month as for sixty, because they could do just as much good to others, the landladies and milliners might begin to fall in line. When the general public, however, that employs school-teachers, is thinking so constantly and intently about bread and butter that it refuses to tax itself enough to pay them good wages, is there really much hope that the teachers will soar above a bread-and-butter attitude?

The Steel Trust's Strong Point

THE Commissioner of Corporations' exhaustive report on the Steel Trust would certainly have been sensational if the Trust itself had not wisely forestalled it. One point in the report, which has provoked considerable comment, for example, is the showing that Mr. Morgan's underwriting syndicate received, in round numbers, one million three hundred thousand shares of the Trust's stock, which was clear profit after deducting twenty-eight million dollars in cash that the syndicate advanced. The rake-off was colossal.

More than nine years ago, however, the Trust itself published a report showing in detail where every share of its stock went, including that issued to the syndicate. It stated explicitly that the proceeds of this stock, after deducting twenty-eight millions cash, constituted syndicate profits.

When raking off a ton or so of money some men go into a back room, lock the door, turn down the lights and solemnly declare afterward that they were merely playing pinocle. The Steel Trust syndicate, on the other hand, went into the middle of the road in broad daylight, shouted, "Hear ye all!" and addressed the crowd as follows: "You see before you exactly one million nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and seventy-five shares of the Trust's stock. Any gentleman who wishes may step forward and count 'em. Now pray look closely and you will see us transfer this stock to our right-hand trousers pocket."

So with the second bond syndicate—the acquisition of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company and other matters that short-sighted persons would have tried to hide. The Steel Trust did it openly and published the details. This judicious openness has always been the strongest point in the Trust's position.

Government by Party

THAT you cannot work a republican form of government except through great political parties has been repeated, as though it were self-evident, for generations; but France seems to prove the contrary. Since June, 1899, France has been ruled by eight ministries. The longest to endure—that of Waldeck-Rousseau—lasted three years; the shortest—that of Monis—lasted three months. The average duration of a ministry has been somewhat less than two years.

The proximate cause of these rapid changes is, of course, that no political party has anything like a preponderance of power. At the last general election nine parties were in the field, and the one that assumed direction of the government elected only two hundred and forty-six out of five hundred and eighty-six deputies. Thus, a premier's own party is always hopelessly in the minority, and he can retain power only by combination with other parties. A single tactless speech—as in the case of Monis and still more strikingly in the case of Clemenceau—may cause a ministry's overthrow with all the disconcerting suddenness of a bolt from the blue. Throwing out a ministry and nominally changing the government is the merest incident in French politics.

Nevertheless, actual government goes on in France as steadily as in England and the United States. The bonds of social order are not broken or even loosened. Moreover the government is republican in form and spirit. The *bloc* system, as contrasted with our party system, gives every important minority a chance to be heard, because its vote may be crucially important to a ministry any day. French experience, in short, confirms the opinion of the Fathers that it is quite possible to have a free republican government that is not a government through party on the English model.

European News

A LONG cablegram from London raises a question of considerable importance. It alleges that a certain American lady is not cutting a great swath in the élite society of England—or any swath at all; that she has not been smiled upon by the queen; has no standing whatever at the palace, unless it be with some of the under servants, and was not present at the coronation unless she crawled in through the coal cellar.

We hardly expect to find in our daily paper a coherent account of any European event other than an earthquake, the assassination of a great personage, or a king's coronation. If it were not for some other sources of information we should suppose that nothing else which was of interest to the inhabitants of the United States ever happened over there—with one notable exception. We do find periodically a long cablegram describing how this or that opulent American lady is making a tremendous figure in the élite society of the Old World.

In view of this practical monopoly—believing, also, the ladies must have the good of their native land at heart—we were thinking of getting up a petition praying them to instruct their press agents to smuggle in a few lines now and then about politics or commerce.

The cablegram referred to, however, raises a doubt whether a lady may not sometimes neglect to pay her press agent or otherwise lose control of him. In that case, our petition apparently should be directed to the press agents rather than to the ladies.

We wish Ambassador Reid would set us right on that point. We want to arrange it some way so that European news will not consist mainly of silly rot.

Watching the Money Power

SUSPECTING that somebody in his store might tap the till, a prudent merchant resolved to dispense with the till and to hide his money in various receptacles—some in the sugar barrel, some in the flour bin, some in nail kegs and some in teacaddies. The only defects of this plan were that all the clerks who were under suspicion knew exactly where the money was hidden, while the merchant himself never, to save his life, could find it when he needed it. A neighbor tried to show him that the better plan would be to keep his money in one place where not only he could watch it himself but get at it in case of need. He denounced the neighbor, however, as a secret ally of the peculative clerks.

Later on, this merchant was elected to Congress and became a passionate opponent of the centralized banking plan on the ground that if the bank reserves of the country were centralized Wall Street would undoubtedly get control of them.

Two thousand million dollars are loaned by the national banks on stocks, bonds and other collateral security. At least half of this, no doubt, consists of New York Stock Exchange loans, for the national banks in the city of New York alone carry five to six hundred millions of such loans. The centralized plan, by creating a discount market, would make commercial paper a competitor with the Stock Exchange for low-rate, quickly convertible loans, thereby loosening instead of strengthening Wall Street's hold upon the banks.

The only control over the country's banking power on behalf of the Government is that exercised by the Comptroller of the Currency, and his authority is practically limited to violations of law. A bank's policy is none of his business unless it runs or tends to run contrary to certain general statutory inhibitions. It is true the centralized plan, as originally drawn, would give the Government only a minor voice in the management of the country's central banking association, but, whenever such an association is created, the Government—in fact and almost of necessity—will have a controlling voice.

For those who fear the money power, choice lies between scattering and trying to hide the country's bank reserve and putting it in one till, with the Government itself sitting in front of the till.

The Farmers' Balance Sheet

PROBABLY farmers have benefited more than any other great class in this cycle of prosperity. In ten years, according to the Bureau of Labor, the price of farm products advanced sixty-five per cent, while the price of all leading commodities, taken together, advanced only twenty-one per cent.

According to the Department of Agriculture, the farm value of an acre of the chief crops increased seventy-three per cent in a decade; and a long table containing prices of most of the articles which farmers buy shows that with the proceeds of one acre a farmer can buy fifty-four per cent more of the things he commonly uses than he could ten years ago.

There is, however, another side to the account. In 1895 the price of metals had fallen twenty-five per cent below the level of 1890; and the output of pig iron—the basic material—had decreased twenty-five per cent also. As to other products, during hard times the manufacturer simply shut up shop, turned his labor adrift and waited for better conditions—not that this wasn't the sensible thing for him to do, but the farmer was not in a position to do it. In 1896 the price of farm products had fallen thirty-five per cent below the level of 1891; but the farmer was cultivating as many acres and producing as many bushels of grain as in the former year—incidentally wearing his summer clothes in winter, burning corn for fuel and mortgaging himself up to the eyebrows to keep afloat. Broadly speaking, he has to keep his shop open and stick to his job whether he gets any pay for it or not.

Criticism of Courts

SOME years ago a citizen of New York was tried for murder and convicted. The trial court, however, neglected to ask him if he had any reason to advance why sentence should not be pronounced against him, and because of that omission the court of appeals granted the murderer a new trial. Recently the same situation was presented to the same court, but the court did not grant a new trial. It simply, in effect, directed the trial court to erase its sentence, ask the prisoner whether he had anything to say, listen to his statement and then re-sentence him. No error had been committed in the trial itself. The verdict of guilty had been duly reached and entered. The error occurred after the verdict, so there was no good reason for setting aside the verdict itself and going through a new trial.

Commenting upon this, the New York Law Journal says: "The court has felt the pressure of professional and popular opinion against treating a criminal defendant as an extraordinarily privileged character, for whose escape any species of legal error or irregularity, no matter how artificial and insubstantial, must be utilized." And, as evidence of growing reform, the American Law Review cites a number of recent cases in which appellate courts have refused to set mere technicality above substantial justice.

A good many valued correspondents have asked us, in effect, whether we don't think it wrong for a mere lay publication to criticise courts. Our answer is to be found above. It is only the "pressure of professional and popular opinion" that brings reform.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Elmer Eleutherios

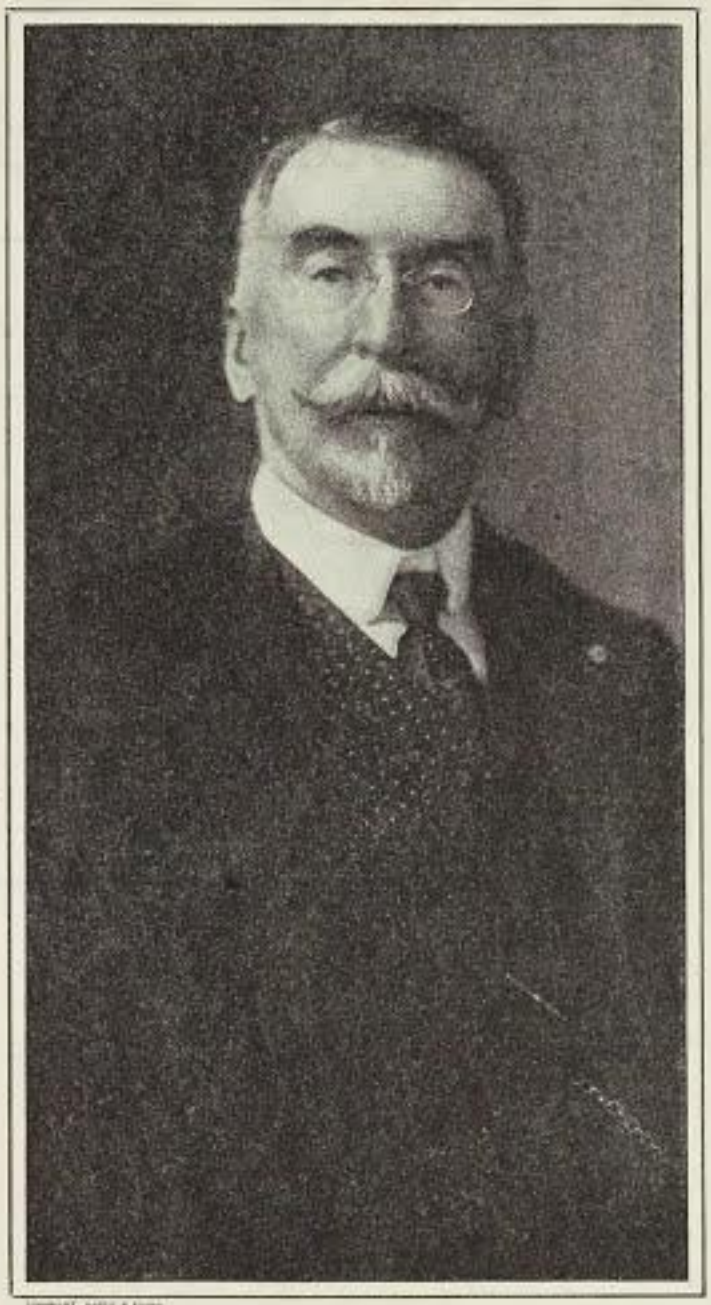
SOMETIMES our coy and elusive friend, Colonel Fitness O'Things, comes through with chimes—not to say *carillons*—on. Ordinarily, of course, things never fit and you have fits about the things; but here is a case where there is a harmonious correlation.

Take birthplaces, for example. Always the man with the flossiest name is born in the place nomenclaturally most prosaic. Proof is easy. Richard Montmorency Le Gallienne was born in Liverpool—think of a poet being born in Liverpool! Senator Atlee Aristobulus Pomerene first pomerened in Berlin, Holmes County, Ohio; and Daniel Joseph McGillicuddy arrived in Lewiston, Maine.

So it goes—that is, so it goes for the multitude; but allow me to point out one glittering exception. Any open-minded person will concede that a man named Henry Algernon du Pont de Nemours was entitled to be born in a place that would ripple musically from the tongue when named. And so he was. Henry Algernon du Pont de Nemours, who is by way of being our present hero, was born in Eleutherian Mills, Delaware. Do you get that? Eleutherian Mills! Henry Algernon du Pont de Nemours d'Eleutherian Mills! It certainly listens well, as they say on Broadway. Why, one could play it on a concertina!

To be sure, for business and senatorial purposes the Senator shucked off the De Nemours end of it, which was all right in a way, for he isn't De Nemours at all, you understand—some of his ancestors were; but it is his name, just the same, and is retained simply for use on crests, automobile doors, stationery, shirt-tabs and the like. Yes, sir; he is De Nemours all right, and De Delaware too; and De —— Oh, well—what's the use? Such a lot of words begin with "De."

Really, when it comes to names, the Senator from Delaware makes the ordinary run of senatorial Smiths and Joneses and Clarks and the like seem almost anonymous. He had the materials. I'll bet, if they put his full name on the Senate rollcall, the reading clerk would sing it. And a fine old name too, originally De Nemours and then De Delaware—and identified for years and years with the Powder Trust; and in this connection I desire to deny, with all the strength that is in me, that the Senator ever introduced a bill in the Senate requiring a hundred sunrise and a hundred sunset guns to be fired at every fort and on every battleship every day. He did no such thing! So that lie is nailed! Reverting from statesmanship to poesy, however, did you ever hear anything more musical than Eleutherian Mills? Great, isn't it? Right along in the procession with Elysian Plains, Ambrosial Heights, Hyperborean Fields and all the other subdivisions, with all ancient improvements, where the gods used to take flyers in real estate. And naturally you all can see at a glance whence it is derived. Greek, isn't it? Certainly—*eleutherios*—freely giving—frank. Isn't it remarkable how easily it all comes back?



One Could Play His Name on a Concertina!

Affairs, Actions and Battles

AND here, at this point, it is necessary to re-remark that in the case of our hero, the senior Senator from Delaware, Colonel Fitness O'Things certainly worked overtime. If ever there was anybody who is frank it is Henry Algernon. One need go no farther than his biography in the Congressional Directory to ascertain this. Frank? Why, he is positively unrestrained. He is little Elmer Eleutherios himself!

Many a man has been Senator who fought in the great war; and many a one, not having been born under eleutherian auspices, has referred to that fact in his biography with scantness of detail and an evident determination to suppress all save the basic fact. Not so with Henry Algernon. He was in the great war; and apparently when he was not fighting he was busily engaged in jotting down memoranda of his battles in his diary, for we find in the directory a page or so reciting, with great particularity, just how every minute of his time was occupied from Sixty-one to Sixty-five.

The Senator graduated from West Point on May 6, 1861, at the head of his class and entered the Corps of Engineers. After various details he fought all over the place. I quote: "Commanded the artillery during Hunter's Lynchburg campaign at the battle of Piedmont, June 5; engagement at Lexington, June 11; affair near Lynchburg, June 18; battle of Lynchburg, June 18, and affairs at Liberty, June 19, and Mason's Creek, June 21." And again: "Served in Sheridan's campaign in the Valley of Virginia, commanding artillery brigade of Cook's Corps, taking part in affairs with the enemy at Cedar Creek, August 12; Halltown, August 23, 25, 27; action at Berryville, September 3; battle of Winchester (Opequan), September 19; battle of Fisher's Hill, September 22; affair at Cedar Creek, October 3"—et cetera and so forth.

From all this we learn the Senator was a busy little cup of tea during the late unpleasantness and has forgotten none of his activities; and we further learn that the real military person divides passages at arms into three classes—affairs, actions and battles. We here pause to remark that, of all the Johnnies-on-the-spot who helped to make the South Democratic up until the present time, the Senator seems to have been not only Johnny but Jerry.

Following the war, the Senator remained in the army until 1875, having been brevetted a couple of times, and received a Congressional medal of honor. In 1875 he forsook war and went into business. He was president and general manager of the Wilmington and Northern Railroad Company from 1879 to 1899 and retired a few years ago to take up farming and senatoring. He tried for a toga first in 1895 and ran into one of the customary deadlocks so much affected by Delaware legislatures on senatorial questions. On May fifth of that year he received fifteen of the thirty votes cast. His election was contested on the question of the right of the ex-speaker of the Delaware Senate, then acting as governor, to vote. Without this vote, Du Pont had a majority of one. The committee on privileges and elections reported in his favor, but the Senate, by a party vote, refused to seat him.

However, this did not discourage him, for he kept a Senatorship in mind during the days when Addicks was making his effort and such giant intellects as Allee, Ball and Richardson were chosen. In 1906 he made the riffle, being elected to serve out an unexpired term; and in 1911 he was reelected for a full term. Since his service in the Senate began, he has risen from the chairmanship of the Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics to be chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, which is one of the best chairmanships we have and was acquired by Du Pont through the transfer of Senator Warren to the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations and the transfer of Senators Scott, Bulkeley and Warner to the discard.

Senator Du Pont rarely makes a speech, but he is just as busy around the Senate as he was during the war. One of his principal concerns is patronage. He can scent a job into which a sterling Republican of Delaware might fit farther than a darky can smell fried chicken. Likewise, having scented said job, he never hesitates about going out after it, but goes out and lands on the senatorial purveyors of patronage with the expressed determination to claw off that job or know why he doesn't get it.

The Chicken Won

JOE RODGERS runs some of the politics of Philadelphia and used to be file clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington. Last fall the exigencies of the political situation compelled Joe to nominate a colored brother for the Pennsylvania legislature, who duly ran and was elected.

Senator Oliver was to be reelected and they passed the word to all Republicans to be on hand. It was a great day for the colored brother, for Joe's selection was the first one in a long time to attain legislative honor in Philadelphia. Wherefore, a colored marching club went up to Harrisburg from Philadelphia to celebrate on the day set down for the triumphant reëlection of Senator Oliver.

The club gave a fine parade. Meantime the ballot was held and the colored legislator was not there to vote. Two or three hours afterward he showed up.

"Where've you been?" demanded Rodgers fiercely. "Why were you not here to vote for the Senator?"

"'Deed, Mr. Rodgers," replied the legislator, "I couldn't come—'deed I couldn't. They give me a chicken dinner after the parade an' I couldn't come any sooner—now, could I?"

A Crowded Diamond

WHEN the New York Giants were in the South on their training trip last spring they played a game with a local nine. A business man from the town where the game was played was chosen as umpire, and he was visibly swelled up over the honor conferred on him.

He was pretty vague concerning the rules, but he meant to do what was right and gave his bad decisions impartially.

In the sixth inning the Giants had three men on bases and no one out. The local pitcher gave the next man four balls.

"Four balls," said the umpire, as the fourth bad one came over. "Take your base."

Then, looking at the filled corners of the diamond in some perplexity, he shouted: "No, that ain't right! Come on back here! I ain't got no place to put you."

The Hall of Fame

¶ When W. S. Bennet, of New York, left Congress he took with him the proud knowledge that his is the worst signature the House of Representatives has ever known. It looks like an inebriated squiggle.

¶ Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, walks from his home, at Sixteenth and P Streets, to the Capitol and back each day. That is about three miles. No automobiles for him!

¶ Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the pure food man, is a sworn foe of smoke and smokers.

WINTON SIX

Free From Experimental Faults

Day after Day, for Four Straight Years, this Car has Satisfied its Users and Proved its Super-Worth

MORE than half of the attempts of American makers to produce six-cylinder cars have *failed*.

We have a list of 32 makers whose sixes went wrong and dropped from the market.

Among these 32 makers are companies of good reputation, concerns that are still in business and prospering—but, with a single exception, they have all abandoned the six as a bad job.

One maker, whose fame is international, tells us that the worst mistake he ever made was his attempt to build a six.

One Great Six Success

On the other hand, the greatest success in the long history of the Winton Company (dating from the first bona fide sale of an American-made motor car, March 24, 1898) is the direct result of producing the six-cylinder Winton Six.

And this success has been so tremendous that practically the whole industry (barring those concerns included in the 32 failures) is now preparing to make sixes for the 1912 market.

Winton Six success has proved that the six-cylinder car *can be superior* to all other types.

The Winton Motor Car Co.
Sixes Exclusively Since 1907
CLEVELAND, Sixth City
Winton Branch Houses

Invitation to Automobile Makers

AS YOU know, this company has advocated and manufactured six-cylinder cars exclusively since June, 1907.

The present popularity of Sixes is largely due to the success of the Winton Six in making good on every claim of Six Superiority.

Naturally we are anxious that public confidence in the Six may never be shaken by the marketing of *any* Six that falls short of excellence.

Therefore, to facilitate the production of worthy Sixes, which shall still further strengthen public confidence in the Six, this company is willing to place its experience in designing and building Sixes exclusively at the call of companies having established reputations as motor car makers.

Any such company desiring to accept this proffer may send its mechanical engineer to our plant. There we will show him everything we have and everything we do. We shall be pleased to give him any information arising from our experience as to the engineering problems involved and methods of six-cylinder manufacture.

This invitation is extended in absolutely good faith.

The Winton Motor Car Co.



Success Not Easily Grasped

And these 32 failures go to prove emphatically that success in making sixes is not within the grasp of every maker who tries.

You will find this truth echoed in current six-cylinder advertising. Makers are taking particular pains to inform you how many years they have been experimenting with sixes, and how exhaustively they have been testing their sixes, before deciding to market sixes. Could anything more conclusively show that six-cylinder success is elusive and hard to capture?

Makers changed from two-cylinder to four-cylinder models over night, almost, and were as successful with the four as with the two. That was because the proposition were much the same.

Six is a Different Proposition

But in the six-cylinder car the proposition are radically different. The six is distinctive and peculiar, involving engineering and manufacturing problems that are not met in four-cylinder manufacture.

And these peculiar problems must be met and solved, and mastered before it is possible for a maker to produce a six-cylinder car possessing that unity, balance, and matchless beauty of performance without which no six-cylinder car would have no reason for existence.

WINTON SIX



Self-Cranking Motor and Electric Lights

THE Winton Company's aim has always been to give the buyer the greatest possible value for his money. Accordingly, for 1912 we are offering *more car* than before at no increase in price.

The wheel base has been lengthened to 130 inches, and the body is more spacious than previously. Cushions and upholstery represent the very best of luxury. Four side doors are regular equipment, and it will be noted that the operating levers are *inside the driver's door*, not outside.

No extra charge is made for electric dash and tail lights. Dash lights are useless, adding greatly to the car's beauty.

Bosch Dependable rims are regular equipment. Tires are 36 x 4½ inches all around.

As in previous seasons, the Winton Six *motor stands itself*. This is unquestionably the most convenient and agreeable feature that a gasoline car owners could desire.

The price remains unchanged at $3000.

And the entire car, from radiator to gasoline tank, is an absolutely safe and satisfying purchase.

When the Six is Best

It amounts to just this. When a six-cylinder car is designed and built *right*, it is a greater car to the world. But if it is not, it is pitiable.

The six-cylinder car was not a new idea when the Winton Company took it up. Other makers had endeavored to make sixes, but not one of them, the world over, thought well enough of the six to dedicate it as the best of all types and to abandon four-cylinder cars in favor of the six.

The Winton Company was the first company in the world to recognize Six supremacy by discarding all other types and devoting its entire resources to the development and manufacture of *sixes exclusively*.

Solving Six Problems

It was this policy of not trying to serve two masters, but of centering attention, thought, and action upon sixes to the exclusion of all else that served to teach us the solution of six-cylinder problems, and to bring the Winton Six to such early perfection that this car has not required a single radical change since its introduction to the public in June, 1907.

The Winton Six—the car that converted the industry to six cylinders—long ago ceased to be an experiment.

Individual Service the Only Test

The Winton Six has withstood the most strenuous tests of service in the hands of individual owners. And, after all, individual service is the only real test of a car's worth.

Tests made by factory experts are commendable, and would be sufficient if all car owners were as skillful as factory experts. Hence it amounts to a maxim among car makers that a new model is never an approved success until it has been given at least a year's work in the hands of individual owners.

The Winton Six has had, not simply one year's test, but *four continuous years* of testing in the hands alike of expert chauffeurs and of inexpert owners, and has won the unqualified approval of both.

World's Lowest Expense Record

In the service of individual owners, the Winton Six has year after year established the world's lowest repair expense record. Today that record stands at 43 cents per 1000 miles—a record based on the *sworn reports* of individual users, whose names, addresses, and performance reports we shall be glad to send to any address upon request.

In every feature that makes the six-cylinder car *at its best* the one ideal car, the Winton Six is an approved success. When you buy a Winton Six, you escape all the unpleasant possibilities that go with experimental cars, and are assured of a quantity and quality of car service that will make you more enthusiastic about motoring than you have ever been before.

Send catalog mentioned in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Clip the coupon and mail it today.

To The Winton Motor Car Co.
Cleveland, Ohio



"Gee! I'm hungry!"

OF course he is—right from the salty buffetings of the tumbling, racing surf. And that's just the time when a plate of our nourishing Tomato Soup goes right to the spot.

That's one time when the ravenous, clamoring youngsters—and *you*, too—realize that every day is a good day for

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

You can get this perfect soup anywhere at any season.

You have it ready in three minutes. You find it as fresh and full of natural flavor as if you had just picked the tomatoes in your own garden. And it is so wholesome and sustaining, and so full of tonic food-value that you feel its invigorating effect almost as soon as you eat it.

Just try it *today*—and see how good it is!

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"With *Campbell's Soup*
I aimed to humble
Every cook that went
before;
But with a stumble
Took a tumble
Then my pride was
on the floor."

INVESTING IN NEW PROPOSITIONS—By Roger W. Babson

A SHORT time ago a well-known civil engineer came to my office and asked advice relative to some investments that he holds. He stated that the investments had been very unfortunate and, though his professional income had been large for a number of years, he had succeeded in saving only a comparatively small amount of money. Knowing that this man is supposed to have splendid judgment and is himself consulted on very important problems, I was astounded at his story and immediately asked him for a list of his holdings. Upon looking at this list, however, the reason was immediately apparent, as it consisted mostly of stocks of mining companies, oil companies, land development companies, together with "securities" of corporations organized to promote new patents which promised to revolutionize the world. In short, he had "invested" during the past ten years exclusively in new companies and untried propositions of which he really had very little knowledge. Truly he could say that "investing is only one form of spending."

Now, of course, it is easy to advise a man to invest only in high-grade, seasoned securities; and when such securities can be purchased to yield five per cent or more they are the best investments. On the other hand, if every one immediately followed this advice these good securities would soon increase to such abnormally high prices that their yields would be very unattractive. Moreover, it would be impossible for legitimate new enterprises to obtain new money for important and useful development work. For this reason it is both unwise and selfish always to advise a man never to invest in new enterprises, though one might so advise a man at the present time, when high-grade seasoned securities may be purchased to yield a satisfactory rate of income; in fact, one of the most remarkable features which becomes evident to students of finance is that the rate of interest, if allowed to work naturally, has the same effect in regulating the flow of money into new enterprises as has the "float" in regulating the flow of gasoline into the cylinder of a gas engine.

Four Tests of New Enterprises

If high-grade standard securities can be purchased to yield approximately five per cent, this shows that the country is in no need of new developments and that you and I would better loan our money to concerns now in successful operation. On the other hand, if these high-grade seasoned securities are selling at prices causing the yields to be abnormally low and said high prices are not due to manipulated speculation, this shows that sufficient capital is not being appropriated for the development of new enterprises and that an investor is justified in looking up new fields of investment. Therefore, though I prefer to advise clients to confine their investments to high-grade listed securities of established railroad and industrial corporations, yet I realize that men are justified in investing a portion of their capital in new propositions and that, under some circumstances, the latter course would be necessary. When, however, one is to invest in a new proposition, there are four tests which should be employed; and, instead of criticising new propositions, this article will be confined to a discussion and explanation of these four tests.

When discussing with a banker the other day a leading manual on railroad and corporation securities—a publication which gives investors the full details relative to corporations whose securities have been offered to the public, including capitalization, earnings, property owned and various other matters—the banker said: "The publication to which you refer is a very valuable work; but it sorely needs a supplement, fully as large as the manual itself, which will tell me about the character of the men operating said corporations. In other words, when asked to purchase the note of an industrial corporation, though I like to have a statement of said company, I am much more interested in knowing about the personal life of the men who operate it. Therefore, if, when looking up a certain corporation, I could see a photograph and read an honest biography of each of the officers and members of the executive committee of said corporation, I could immediately make up my mind whether or not I wished to buy its paper."

"What would you like to know about these men?" I asked.

Said the banker: "I would want to know in what town or city they were born and who their ancestors were. I would want to know where they went to school—whether they worked their way through and appreciated all their opportunities, or whether they simply got through 'by the skin of their teeth' and wasted most of their time in social life. I would like to know in what line of work they have been; how many different positions they have occupied; how they made their money; where they live today; of what their families consist; whether they take an active interest in church work; who their associates are and how they are regarded by their neighbors and townspeople."

In short, this well-known man emphasized strongly the necessity of loaning money to and purchasing securities from only those corporations which are operated by high-grade men of integrity and whose business relations record straightforwardness, perseverance and true success. Therefore, the first test to apply to any new proposition which is offered for investment is the question: "Are the promoters clean, honest men?"

Only the Best Good Enough

If they are clean, straightforward men, the proposition is worthy of consideration and the second test may be applied; but if otherwise the proposition should be let alone. Of course men who are not straightforward apparently succeed and men who have not clean personal records apparently make money; but, as a matter of principle, I think that a self-respecting man should take a firm stand to be in business only with men of his class; and certainly, when one buys stock in a company, he is practically entering into partnership with the other stockholders. For, as I have explained before, stocks are entirely different from bonds, and stockholders should hold a much more personal relation one to another than bondholders.

Moreover, there are enough good propositions about and there are so many opportunities where one can invest his money that he can afford to discriminate and eliminate without consideration all propositions which are not operated by men who are his equals, and refuse to consider securities which are offered for sale by men who do not stand for integrity and righteousness.

Not only should men be upright, but they should also have experience in the line of business which they are promoting. I know of a New England man who is today promoting a company for the manufacture of automobile trucks. This man is an honest, intelligent fellow, but such money as he has he "made through the wise choice of a grandfather" and, to my knowledge, has never earned anything himself. Today he is about fifty years old, is a prominent citizen in the small town in which he lives, is respected by his neighbors and loved by his friends; but thus far he has done nothing but cut off coupons, with the exception of holding unimportant positions in companies in which his father had large interests.

This man has always desired to go into business of some kind, and he is sure that the "coming business" is to be automobile trucks; consequently he has organized a company to manufacture and sell such trucks. Not only is this man honest in his intentions, but he is putting considerable of his own money into the business, and would put more in were it not for his sensible Yankee wife, who shrewdly insists that the remainder of the money be raised by selling stock. Now, of course, this company may be very successful and he may make a fortune for himself and his friends; but the chances are very much against it. Not only is he handicapped by the established concerns already in the business, which are now supplying more trucks than are demanded, but he has had no experience in the automobile business; and the only men

Look for the triangle on the iron or tag

AMERICAN
ELECTRIC HEAT

You'll have the satisfaction of good work—quickly, easily and economically done—when you use

"AMERICAN" ELECTRIC IRONING

Making its own heat within itself, without fire or flame, one iron does the work. It stays evenly and continuously hot till you have finished.

It saves running to and from a range—for there is no "cooling" or "changing" of irons. All those countless times of cleaning the bottom of the iron are done away with.

Thus time and effort are saved. With an "American" Electric Iron, an all-day ironing can be turned out in cool comfort by three o'clock.

And users find no appreciable increase in the bills for electricity. You pay only for the heat you're using.



To insure all these advantages you must get the "American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type. It utilizes the heat directly upon the work, without loss from the sides or top. Notice how the point is cut away so that it is easy to get into tucks, plaits and gathers. The iron can be attached to any electric lamp socket. It is finished entirely in polished nickel, and weighs 6½ pounds—the most practical weight for all-around work. And it is so durable that its life is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States

"Beauty" type, 6½ lbs., $5.00
Other types, $6.00 to $7.00

Prices higher in Canada

For sale by electric and hardware dealers and Dept. stores.

If your dealer hasn't the "American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type—we will ship it, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Write today for free booklet—"*Heat Without Fire*." It explains the reasons for "American" efficiency, and describes many electric heating appliances for the home.

AMERICAN ELECTRIC HEATER CO.
1349 Woodward Avenue
Detroit, U. S. A.



For a Bright Future

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ARCO SPOTZOFF

FOR RAPID POLISHING
of Brass, Nickel, Copper, Aluminum and Other Metals

It produces maximum brilliance in record time.

No more of the fatigue and drudgery of hard rubbing with old-fashioned polishes!

Go to your dealer and get a can for trial. Five sizes, from half-pints to gallons. There is a great economy in the gallon size—Arco Spotzoff will keep in perfect condition in any climate—no deterioration with age.

Sold by hardware, grocery, drug and sporting-goods stores and by auto supply houses and garages. If not found in your town, send us 10 cents and we'll forward you a sample can, charges paid.





Write for interesting booklet, "The Care of Metal Surfaces."

The Atlantic Refining Co.
Spotzoff Dept.
6400 Euclid Ave.
CLEVELAND

1898-1911

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Odd Lots

Of Stock

We execute orders for any number of shares of stock, thus permitting the man who usually buys 100 share lots to diversify his investments and to average his costs.

Send for Circular A—"ODD LOTS."

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

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Summer Pleasures

are enjoyed by thousands of women who are immune from complexion worries. They are the users of LABLACHE and are recognized by faces free from wrinkles—that are never shiny or disfigured by exposure to the elements, and a skin always smooth and velvety. It is cooling, refreshing, pure and harmless.

Refuse substitutes. They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*



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Dept. 42, 125 Kingston Street
BOSTON, MASS.

he has employed as his advisers are men whom the established manufacturers find it not worth their while to retain. Therefore there is no doubt in my mind that this man will lose considerable of his own money as well as that of his friends who are buying stock in his company—and my office will have one more name to add to its list of over thirty thousand worthless concerns, the securities of which have been offered for sale to small investors throughout the country.

Not only is it necessary to purchase stock of companies whose promoters are men of experience in their respective lines, but also these companies should be operated by men of good judgment. There are many men who are splendid mechanics, who have an extra good education and who have worked for years in the manufacture of some article, yet who have had little experience in financial matters, who are literally unable to operate a large company and especially unable to sell its output. There are two distinct departments to all industrial concerns—namely, the manufacturing end and the selling end. Many companies are promoted by men of integrity who have had good experience along the mechanical lines of the business, but are utterly unable to sell goods after they are manufactured. As mentioned in a previous article on The New Profession, it is much easier to obtain men with a thorough technical training to have charge of great manufacturing plants than to obtain men to have charge of the business end and dispose of the output of industries. Today it is the man who has the ability to dispose of the output who controls the situation in most industries.

This applies not only to manufacturing companies but also to certain industries which are absolutely dependent on the producing end, such as coal companies and even railroad companies. As an example of this, I know of a coal company the preferred stock of which was purchased by very able New England people as a choice investment which is now paying no dividends whatever and selling at a very low price, while the first mortgage five-per-cent bonds are selling in the vicinity of seventy-five. This company has splendid coal properties and the technical end of the business is being cared for in a most economical and scientific manner; but the selling end lacks organization, because the men who promoted it, though good mining engineers and good bankers, know nothing about coal as a business, and are unable to distribute their output at a profit. It is therefore evident that, when applying this second test—namely, "Are the men experienced in the line of work?"—we should consider both technical experience and business ability.

Physical Conditions

As a third test, one should ask the question: "Are the physical conditions, upon which the new company is dependent, satisfactory?" Many new propositions that have passed successfully the first test fail on this. For instance, it would be useless to build a Waldorf-Astoria on the plains of Kansas or an artificial ice-plant in Quebec, or attempt to sell furs in cities of the torrid zone; yet many promotions which come to me are of similar aspect. Among the papers now lying on my desk is the prospectus of a coal company in a New England state where coal has never been found; one of a copper company in a part of the country where geologists claim it is impossible for copper to be deposited; of a new gas company in a city with wonderful undeveloped waterpower; and of a railroad company between two cities which now have a most excellent deep-water steamship connection. All of these companies are being promoted by honest men and men who have been trained in their respective lines of business; but for some reason or other they have certainly "gone off at a tangent" regarding these promotions. In some cases they are promoting the company as a matter of pride or to develop their home towns. Sometimes there are other reasons for their interest in these propositions that are bound to be unprofitable; while in one case I believe the stock is being sold simply with the idea of making a profit on the stock without any expectation of developing the property.

The most pitiful case of all is that of a retired clergyman of my acquaintance who is selling the stock of a plantation on one of the islands which the United States acquired during the Spanish War. This man is an absolutely honest man and has been a preacher in a city not far from New York



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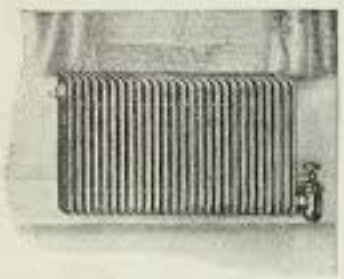
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for a long number of years; in fact, he was preaching up to within a year, and I have had the pleasure of hearing him several times. On one of my travels a while ago I passed through the place where he summers, and a gentleman living there asked what I knew relative to a certain plantation company. I told him I knew nothing about the company itself, but, from reports on that part of the country, I should much prefer to keep my money in the savings bank.

"Well," he said, "it ought to be all right, as Reverend Mr. ——— was down here last week offering the stock to the townspeople." Upon further inquiry I found that this well-known preacher had broken down in health and decided to give up the ministry, as he needed outdoor work; and, having a persuasive manner, he was urged to sell stocks in these new promotion schemes. Believing that the brokers advertising this stock are honest, he is peddling it among his former friends, knowing nothing about finance, nothing about business, nothing about that part of the country in which the property is located, and nothing about the character of the brokers. Though I sympathize with this preacher, knowing that his intentions are the very best, yet he is making a great mistake in selling these stocks, and unfortunate are the people who purchase them from him; in fact, when such a man comes to sell you stocks, instead of buying the stocks ask what his commission would be and give him a check for the commission if you wish to help him; but do not buy the stocks.

In addition to making sure that the promoters are acquainted with the character of the business they are promoting, the investor should also, when buying securities in new propositions, confine himself to lines of business with which he is acquainted. Therefore the fourth test to apply is to ask the question: "Am I thoroughly acquainted with this line of business, upon the success of which my investment depends?"

When You Take a Flyer

When a man invests in high-grade seasoned securities he is free to purchase securities of railroad corporations, public-utility corporations and industrial companies, even though he has no personal acquaintance with the line of business in which he is investing; but the same rule should not be allowed when investing in speculative or unseasoned securities. For instance, let us assume that the reader is a coal dealer in a small western town and that by prudence and hard work he has saved thirty thousand dollars or more, all of which is invested in high-grade securities. Now it is not necessary that this man should be acquainted with the operation of railroads or steel companies in order to have his money safely invested in bonds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the New York Central & Hudson River, the Illinois Central or the Southern Pacific, or in the preferred stocks of such corporations as the American Sugar Refining Company, the Virginia-Carolina Chemical Company or the United States Steel Corporation. These are established enterprises, run by men who thoroughly understand their business; and, even though the reader's personal business training has been confined wholly to buying and selling coal in this small western town, he is fully justified in having his money invested in the securities of these and similar corporations.

We will now assume, however, that this man is not fully satisfied with the average yield of about five per cent which he receives from his present investments and desires to "take a flyer"—or, in other words, to invest twenty-five hundred dollars in the stock of some new enterprise, with the hope of doubling his money. He has read about the development of oil companies, gold-mining companies, wireless telegraph companies, cotton-picking companies and a host of other new enterprises; so he is very anxious to buy a little stock in some of these new propositions and comes to me for advice.

Cases of this kind I invariably treat as follows: My first inclination is to advise such men to let all these new propositions alone and continue to invest simply in high-grade seasoned securities; but I know that such advice would not be heeded, and therefore I say: "Look for a proposition that passes certain tests and that is based on your own line of business. In your case, this means to confine your speculative ventures to coal-mining propositions." Now this advice is fundamentally sound, and the great value of such a test is exceedingly evident when the investor invariably replies: "Mr. Babson, your advice may be very good, but I know a great deal about the coal business and it is not a very satisfactory kind of business. I have no money invested therein other than in the coal which I have on hand and I do not wish to become tied up in any coal-mining investments."

If the only people whom I interviewed were men in the coal business I might take more stock in this excuse; but, whatever may be the business in which a man is engaged, he seems to dread investing money therein and invariably desires to invest in something about which he has no knowledge!

Staying on Your Own Beat

If you are in the steel business confine your speculation to steel stocks; if you are in the lumber business confine your speculation to stocks like those of the International Paper Company, the Union Bag and Paper Company, and similar propositions; if you are in the boot-and-shoe business confine your speculation to stocks like the Central Leather, American Hide and Leather, etc.; if you are in the drygoods business confine your speculation to the securities of the United Dry Goods Company, the American Woolen Company or the United States Worsted Company. If you are in the paint business look up National Lead Common and Preferred; if you are in the grocery business study National Biscuit, American Sugar, Standard Oil and a host of other companies, of a similar nature; and so on down the list.

Whatever the character of your regular business, you should, when "taking a flyer," confine your investments to securities in a similar line.

Of course I do not necessarily recommend "taking a flyer" in any of the stocks in the above paragraph; in fact, some of them I would not buy under any circumstances. I do say, however, that, when purchasing securities other than high-grade standard investments, they should be of a class of business with which you are thoroughly familiar.

. . . . . .

In conclusion, therefore, it will be seen that, when one invests in a new proposition, great care should be taken to apply four tests by asking these four questions—namely:

(1) Are the promoters clean, honest men?
(2) Are the promoters experienced in the line of work which the new company is to undertake?
(3) Are the physical conditions and opportunities surrounding the new promotion reasonable?
(4) Is it a line of business with which you—the investor—are fully familiar?

Of course there are other tests that also are important and which must be complied with to insure success, but these cannot be considered in this elementary article. It can, however, be stated with certainty that any new proposition which fails to pass these four tests should be rejected.





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THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

"Just Right" for Your Pipe

and "just right" means a great deal. It means, first, Velvet packs well in your pipe. It means the draw is perfect, easy and smooth. It means a cool smoke, free from "bite," burn or dryness. And it means a delicious flavor, richness—everything you expect. Only the choice middle leaves of Burley will give all this—mellowed to a point of perfection in their native Kentucky climate.

Selected by experts who were born there and *know* which to buy. In smoking tobacco "smoothness" is paramount. Velvet is the "Smoothest Tobacco."

"Ask the man who smokes it"

At all dealers, but if yours is out we'll send you a can for a dime if you live in the U. S. A.

Spaulding & Merrick
Chicago, Ill.

A straightforward talk by laundrymen about Modern American Laundries

Speaking broadly, the women of this country are informed only to a limited degree about modern American laundries and the progress they are making and have made.

The purpose of this advertisement—and those to follow—is to implant the right idea about modern American laundries in the minds of as many women as possible.

We mean to do this by telling you what a good laundry is and how it is conducted; how it does its work and what kind of work it sends home to you.

If we succeed, the end of this year will see thousands of women availing themselves of the economy and convenience afforded by the good laundry or laundries that every community possesses.

But this will be merely an incidental result.

Our real purpose is to add to the number of good laundries the country over; and this we shall do if we can enlist the aid of the women of the country.

You did not know that a mighty movement is well under way for the improvement of laundries.

It has the earnest support of every laundry represented in this Association and of many not represented.

The owners of these laundries—some thousands of men—are striving constantly and conscientiously to better their service in scores of ways.

Their desire for the greater good and satisfaction of their customers is so strong upon them that they do not hesitate at the lavish expenditure of money.

If you should go into a laundry, representative of the ideals held by the members of this association, you would marvel at the things you would see.

You would find the air as pure and sweet as outside the building—the steam and odors carried off and fresh, cool air supplied by a highly efficient ventilating system.

You would see that the floors are dry and clean, for the progressive laundry owner is a student of sanitation and hygiene.

Machines nearly human in their dexterity and their light touch and careful handling of the clothes, would astonish you.

The building itself doubtless would be planned and built to meet the particular needs of the modern laundry.



We are speaking now of the better laundries.

There are thousands of them, each managed with care and wisdom; and fit to relieve you of the entire burden and much of the cost of having the family washing done at home.

Your own town, without doubt, has at least one such laundry.

If you are interested in our mission of reform, you will search it out; and when you have found it, we have no doubt about what you will do with the weekly wash.

This talk may have given you some new ideas about the extent to which you can use the modern American laundry; but the whole story cannot be told here.

We have put it into a booklet, which tells, too, of what laundry owners have done to prepare themselves to render efficient service to the American housewife.

We know you will be interested in reading it, and will mail you a copy free if you will send us your name and address.

What the women who patronize the better laundries have found

That the wear and tear on the clothes is less than in the home laundry.

That the modern American laundries' scientific processes and methods are not ruinous to colors.

That the white things—table cloths, napkins, towels, sheets, bed spreads, curtains, etc.—come home with a good color.

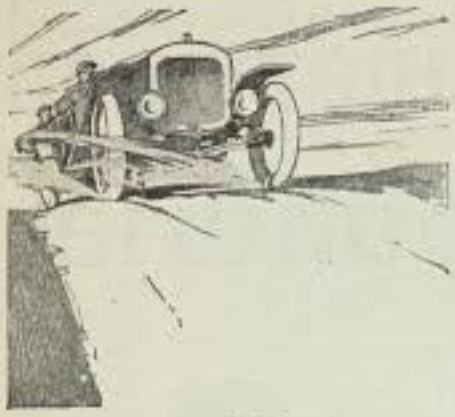
That the starching of the "rough dry"—the calicoes, ginghams, etc.—is uniform and is really a help in the ironing at home.

That the better laundries are thoroughly trustworthy in the handling of delicate fabrics.

That the laundries are less expensive and relieve the household of a vast amount of inconvenience and bother.

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The Laundrymen's National Association of America.
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Does Your Engine Pound?

Pounding, misfiring, backfiring and premature explosions warn you to look for the hard carbon deposit caused by unsuitable oil.

In producing Polarine Oil we have practically eliminated the carbon-forming elements.

At the same time we have preserved its lubricating qualities.

Polarine does not break up or lose elasticity under severe friction.

It holds its "body" under extreme heat. It flows freely at zero.

Before the final product leaves the plant it must test up to the most rigid standards ever set for a gas engine lubricant.

On the road it has already demonstrated its high efficiency.

Polarine

The Polarine brand covers:

Polarine Oil (in gallon and half gallon sealed cans, in barrels and half barrels), *Polarine Transmission Lubricants, Polarine Cup Grease and Polarine Fibre Grease.*

These lubricants cover the needs of every part of the car.

Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers" which includes hints on the care of motor cars.

Standard Oil Company
(Incorporated)

NIL NISI BONUM

(Continued from Page 11)

contract which in brevity and strength would have been a model for Henry D. Feldman himself.

"And now, Mr. Immerglaub," he continued, "let's go downtown."

For the second time within an hour Immerglaub settled himself in one of the hard seats of a subway express, while Solokow regaled him with pointless stories about his Uncle Wolf.

"He was a funny customer, that feller," Solokow commented, after he had concluded a train of anecdotes illustrating the late Wolf Immerglaub's economy. "An old man like him should throw away his money on the *Lotterie!* That's something which I couldn't understand at all."

B. Immerglaub nodded.

"Nothing surprises me about nobody nowadays," he said. "If some one tells me that this here Abraham Carnegie is shipping his goods to auction houses and fixing up them libraries with the proceeds, understand me, I couldn't be surprised neither. I pretty near lost all confidence in everybody. But tell me, Solokow, how much farther downtown are we going on this here train?"

For answer Solokow rose to his feet.

"Here we are at Wall Street," he announced, and Immerglaub followed him out of the car. Thence Solokow led him through the maze of Wall Street, Broad Street and Exchange Place down to an obscure building on Beaver Street, on the ground floor of which appeared the modest brass sign of Moser & Kahnweil.

"Come right in," Solokow said, "and we'll talk to Mr. Kahnweil."

A moment later they stood in the private office of the junior member, who greeted the half-pay messenger so cordially that Solokow broke into a copious perspiration of mingled pride and affection.

"Mr. Kahnweil," he said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine by the name Immerglaub."

"Immerglaub?" Mr. Kahnweil repeated. "The name sounds familiar. No relation to Wolf Immerglaub?"

"That's from mir an uncle," Immerglaub said huskily.

"You don't say so!" Kahnweil commented. "And how is Mr. Immerglaub? He hasn't been round here for some weeks now."

"No?" B. Immerglaub rejoined. "Well, the fact is, Mr. Kahnweil, he couldn't very well get around here on account he is dead."

"Dead!" Kahnweil exclaimed. "Why, that's strange. He never told us he was ill."

His manner implied that he resented Wolf Immerglaub's dying without advance consultation with Moser & Kahnweil.

"How long is he dead?" he asked.

"Pretty near a month now," B. Immerglaub replied. "He comes to me one afternoon and gives me some keys and papers and says he wants I should take care of 'em for him, and then right away he puts his hand on his stummick and falls down on the floor. Would you believe it, Mr. Kahnweil, I hired two trained nurses and a professor and they took him on a sanitarium and operated that afternoon yet; and when the whole thing is over I got to pay to the sanitarium two hundred dollars, to the nurses twenty-five dollars and to the professor seventy-five dollars."

"I'm glad to hear he had such good care," Kahnweil said.

"Me too," Immerglaub agreed, "*aber* if I would know then what I know now, Mr. Kahnweil, I would call right away an amburlance and let it go at that."

"Surely," Mr. Kahnweil commented—"surely you don't begrudge three hundred dollars out of your uncle's estate."

"*You*, my uncle's estate!" Immerglaub exclaimed. "You would think, Mr. Kahnweil, that an old *Rosher* like him would really got an estate to leave behind him, considering he lives for years in one room on Third Street."

"By the way," Kahnweil said, "we inquired at the Third Street address and no one could give any information about him there."

"Sure, I know," Immerglaub said. "He keeps everything to himself. Even his will he got drawn up by a notary public on Avenue B, and all the notary could tell me is that the old man knocks him down to three dollars for it. Afterward I am going around to Third Street and with one of the keys he gives me I opened his room door. All he is got there is some *Shabbas Deckel* and a lot of scraps of paper *mit* numbers onto 'em. The way I figure it he plays the *Lotterie*, Mr. Kahnweil, and so I didn't even bother myself I should go to the court with the will."

"And who takes the estate under the will?" Kahnweil asked.

"No one takes the estate," Immerglaub said, "because there ain't nothing to take; *aber* the old *Rosher* leaves everything to me and me also he appoints the executor."

Kahnweil rose from his revolving chair.

"Then, Mr. Immerglaub," he said impressively, "I have something quite serious to tell you."

Immerglaub flapped his right hand vigorously.

"You couldn't get nothing out of me, Mr. Kahnweil," he cried, "because even if that old gambler did owe you money, it ain't none of my business."

He turned appealingly to Solokow.

"Mr. Solokow will tell you," he continued, "even the two houses which I got it the second mortgagee is foreclosing on me. That's why I am coming here, Mr. Kahnweil."

"We don't lend money on bonds and mortgages, Mr. Immerglaub," Kahnweil said, "and even if we did, it oughtn't to be necessary in your case."

He proceeded to a large wall safe as he spoke and extracted from its inner depths a japanned tin box, which bore on its cover in white letters the name

WOLF IMMERGLAUB

"Have you your uncle's keys with you?" he asked, and B. Immerglaub shook his head.

"I got keys of my own to carry," he said, "and that old bum's keys I got in my safe at my store on Eldridge Street."

"Then," Kahnweil announced, "there's only one thing for us to do, and that is to go right up to Eldridge Street."

"What is the hurry, Mr. Kahnweil?" Immerglaub pleaded. "First let us fix up about what we come here for. That box can wait, Mr. Kahnweil, because I know what's into it just as good as if it was opened already. *Lotterie* tickets, Mr. Kahnweil, so sure as can be."

Mr. Kahnweil smiled and put on his hat.

"Nevertheless, we'll go up to Eldridge Street first," he said; "and then if you still want to put through your second mortgage loan I'll consider it. Come, Solokow."

For the third time that day Immerglaub sought the subway, but this time he alighted at Canal Street and conducted Kahnweil and Solokow to his silk store on Eldridge Street.

"Sit down, gentlemen," he said as soon as they entered, "and I'll get the keys."

He turned the knob of the combination with weary fingers, and after a short search in the top drawer of the safe he produced an old manila envelope that contained, in addition to the keys, one or two slips of paper and the last will and testament of Wolf Immerglaub.

"You see, Mr. Kahnweil," he said as he opened the envelope, "here it is."

He spread the slips of paper on the desk.

"Here it is, Mr. Kahnweil," he continued, "the numbers of the tickets is on the paper. Here, for instance, is ——"

But as his eye sought the scribbled page he stopped short and gasped. Moreover, he grew suddenly pale.

"Open it," he cried hoarsely. "Open it—the box."

With trembling fingers he shoved the bunch of keys toward Kahnweil, for a train of recollection had been started by the following inscription in Uncle Wolf's sprawling hand:

S. A. L. 11292
S. A. L. 11293
S. A. L. 11294
S. A. L. 11295
S. A. L. 11296

There was the calmness of long practice about the manner in which Kahnweil selected a key from the bunch and inserted it into the lock of the japanned tin box, and the next moment he threw up the lid and extracted several bundles of engraved documents.

"First," he said impressively, "here are one, two, three, four, five bonds of the

Cool and Comfortable for the Warm Days—

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Ask your haberdasher to show them to you



THE FLIER—a special shape giving the smart high-effect, but it's really low-setting and comfortable.

1/4 Sizes — Silver BRAND Collars — 2 for 25¢

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THE SKY-MAN—fashioned like our famous BI-PLANE but don't go so high.

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YALE 1911



The Yale Team (3) won the Manufacturers' Trophy Cup in the New Jersey Motorcycle Club's Decoration Day Contest, covering 310 miles in 24 hours' continuous riding, with sealed motors—stopping only for food and supplies. Team members captured first and second prizes for consistent individual riding, and unattached Yale riders finished with perfect scores, receiving, with the team members, the gold medals of the event.
No more convincing clean-up was ever made by any motorcycle in any contest.

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Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 per cent. We have 10,000 satisfied customers. The well-known **Regal Rug**, 8 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. **Our Brussels Rug**, 6x9 ft., greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9x12 ft., $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9x12 ft., $16. Standard **Axminsters**, 9x12 ft., $18.50. Fine quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at mill prices.
Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.



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VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Southwestern Air Line, one thousand dollars apiece. Next ——"

But he proceeded no farther, for at this juncture B. Immerglaub buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

"My poor uncle!" he sobbed. "My poor uncle!"

It was some moments before B. Immerglaub recovered his composure, and Kahnweil had proceeded in the meantime to assort the bonds.

"In all," he announced, "there are seventy-eight thousand dollars' worth of gilt-edge bonds."

"Mr. Kahnweil," B. Immerglaub protested, "ain't you got no heart at all? What do I care how much there is?"

He commenced to weep anew.

"My poor Uncle Wolf!" he wailed; "all his life he denied himself, and the interest amounts to thirty-four hundred and fifty a year. At five per cent it would be more yet."

For ten minutes longer he allowed his emotions free play, and during that time Solokow engaged Kahnweil in earnest conversation. At length Immerglaub wiped his eyes, for Solokow, who was growing more and more impatient, rose suddenly to his feet.

"Mr. Immerglaub," he said, "while you was so upset just now I am speaking to Mr. Kahnweil, and he says sure he would take a deed of them Ammerman Avenue houses, and give you a *guarantirt* against the second mortgagee coming back on you on your bond. Ain't that right, Mr. Kahnweil?"

Mr. Kahnweil nodded.

"What d'ye mean?" B. Immerglaub shouted. "Do you think I would want to do that now that I am coming into all this money?"

"I don't know whether you want to *oder* you don't want to," Solokow replied, "but I got here a paper writing which you are agreeing to give me five hundred dollars in case I get some one to take the deed, so all I got to say about it is—Good afternoon, Mr. Kahnweil, give my regards to Mr. Moser."

He walked slowly toward the store door, while Immerglaub bit his lip.

"Stop!" he called; "before you go I want to ask Mr. Kahnweil something a question."

Solokow returned hastily and sat down again.

"Show it Mr. Kahnweil the paper writing," Immerglaub said, and Solokow handed the brokerage agreement to his former employer.

"Could he do me something on that agreement?" Immerglaub asked, and Kahnweil nodded.

"He's procured you a person willing to take the deed and so he's earned his five hundred," he declared. "Moreover, speaking as one man to another, Immerglaub, you ought to pay it to him willingly."

Immerglaub replaced the bonds in the box and locked it.

"*Schon gut*," he said. "If I moost, I *moost*. And now, gentlemen, before we put this box in a safety deposit, might you would come out and take a cup coffee with me."

. . . . . .

A month later B. Immerglaub sat at a table in Wasserbauer's Café. He was clad in black from head to foot, and the silk hat that hung above his chair showed only an inch of glossy margin above its wide encircling band of broadcloth.

Nevertheless, with every appearance of enjoyment, he was consuming a large portion of *Schnitzel naturel* in huge knifefuls when Hyman Rochmonitz passed in front of him.

"Hello, Hyman, how's the rush?" Immerglaub said airily.

"So, so, Mr. Immerglaub," Rochmonitz replied. "How's things with you?"

"I couldn't complain none," B. Immerglaub replied. "You see, Hyman, I got my money all invested in gilt-edge railroad bonds. They don't pay much, Hyman, but my poor Uncle Wolf, *olas hashalom*, a saint in Heaven if ever there was one, Hyman, used to say, 'big interest, bigger worries.'"

He balanced a quarter of a pound of *Schnitzel* on the end of his knife.

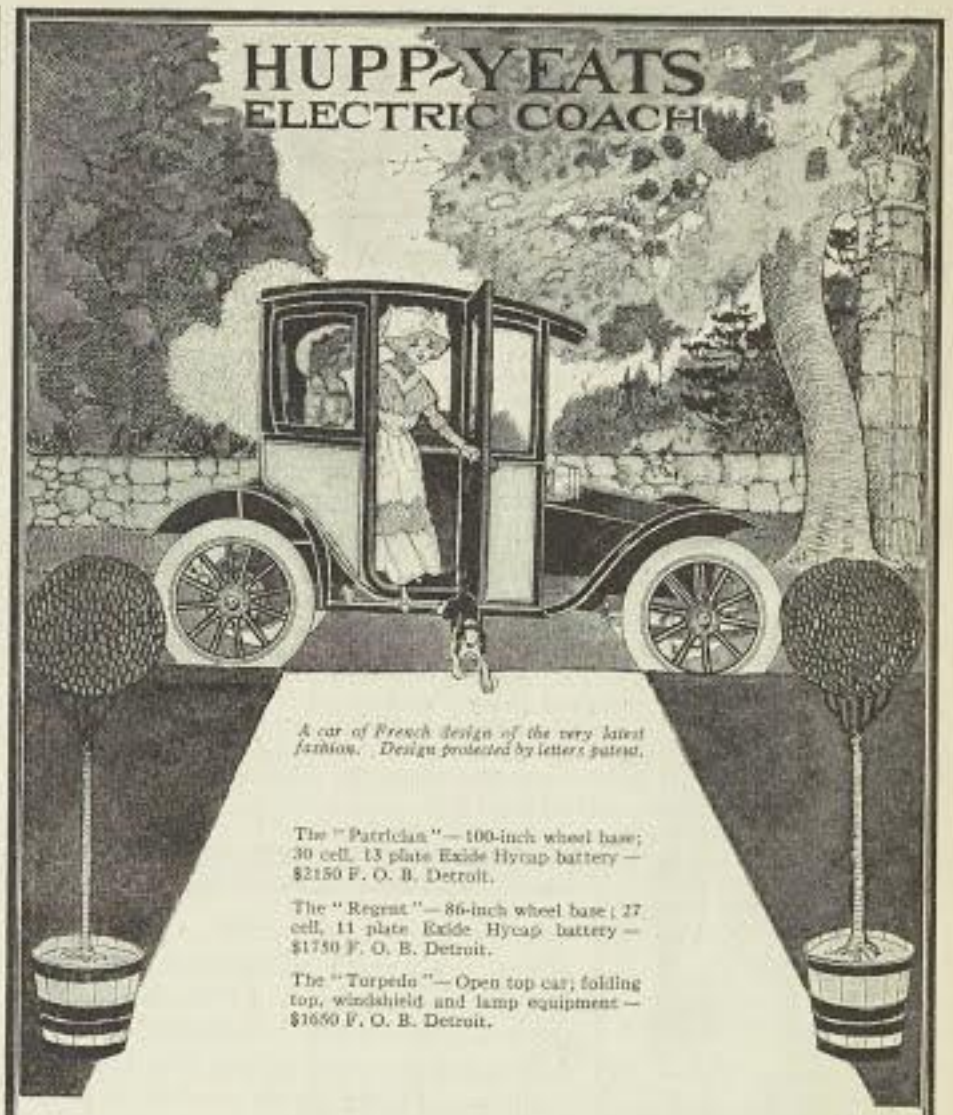
"Ain't it a pity such a feller must got to die, Hyman?" he said.

"*Na?*" Rochmonitz answered; "that all depends on how you look on it. Sometimes it is and sometimes it ain't."

B. Immerglaub nodded smilingly.

"Just like S. A. L.," he said.

HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC COACH



A car of French design of the very latest fashion. Design protected by letters patent.

The "Patrician"—100-inch wheel base; 30 cell, 13 plate Exide Hycap battery—$2150 F. O. B. Detroit.

The "Regent"—86-inch wheel base; 27 cell, 11 plate Exide Hycap battery—$1750 F. O. B. Detroit.

The "Torpedo"—Open top car; folding top, windshield and lamp equipment—$1650 F. O. B. Detroit.

In the past six months the Hupp-Yeats has shown that the public was ready to welcome a new type of electric car.

With its low-hung body, its curve of roof and slope of hood—radical changes from accepted design—it presents rare beauty.

Moreover, the new construction gives to the user an electric proof against the common danger of skidding and overturning.

That buyers of electric cars were quick to perceive and appreciate the advantages and the safety of the Hupp-Yeats is evidenced by the fact that, in practically the half year of its existence, more than 300 of these cars have gone into owners' hands.

Thus the Hupp-Yeats has earned a distinction which, we believe, has come to no other electric in substantially the first six months of its production.

HUPP CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES

Buffalo, 1225 Main Street
Chicago, 2615 Michigan Avenue
Cleveland, 1992 East 13th Street
Denver, 1620 Broadway
Detroit, Woodward and Warren Avenues
Kansas City, 34th and Broadway
Los Angeles, 816 South Olive Street
Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Avenue
Philadelphia, 330 North Broad Street

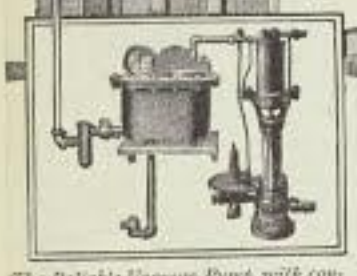


SAVE A FOURTH OF YOUR FUEL COST AND HAVE MUCH BETTER HEAT IN COTTAGE OR SKYSCRAPER

That's what you can accomplish with any modern steam heating plant—old or new—if you install

The Reliable Vacuum Pump

It automatically pulls out the air from radiators and piping. With no air to overcome, steam instantaneously reaches all parts of the system. There are no slow-heating or dead radiators; no hissing, pounding or leaking. Thus you have better heat.



The Reliable Vacuum Pump, with condenser, strainer and automatic cut-off.

With no air to overcome, a smaller head of steam will reach all parts of the system. You require less fire, and thus save fuel. All these advantages can be absolutely assured. Any competent steam-fitter can install the pump—and there are no royalties to pay.

THE Reliable Vacuum Pump is furnished in two types—one operated by city water-pressure, the other by electricity. The whole operation is automatic. Air in the system will start the pump; air out, pump stops—and so the cost of operation is trifling.

Write today for booklet, "Better Heat at Less Cost," stating the size and character of your building.

The Bishop-Babcock-Becker Co.

General Offices, Garfield Bldg., CLEVELAND Twenty Branches in the United States

"THE SILENT GRAY FELLOW"

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



A HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTORCYCLE will not only save you car fare and time, but it will furnish you with a pleasant pastime and access to all outdoor sports. The Harley-Davidson Motorcycle is the one best buy at any price. Because

IT IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

The Harley-Davidson holds the world's record for economy, traveling 50 miles on one quart and one ounce of gasoline (four cents' worth).

IT IS THE MOST RELIABLE

The Harley-Davidson is the only machine which has ever been awarded a dismond medal and a 1,000 plus 5 score, in an endurance contest. (The plus 5 was for its super-excellent performance.)

IT IS THE MOST DURABLE

The first Harley-Davidsons, made nine years ago, have covered thousands and thousands of miles and are still giving perfect satisfaction.

Every Harley-Davidson is covered by an absolute guarantee, which is backed by *the largest exclusive motorcycle factory in the world.* Send for booklet.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO. 795 L Street, MILWAUKEE

ORIGINAL—GENUINE Delicious, Invigorating

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages. Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

IMAGINATION IN MAKING SALES

(Concluded from Page 13)

"But I go to a woman and say: 'Here's a brand-new sort of lamp that will light your house bright as day. It burns no more oil than the little, dingy, smoky lamp you are toting from one room to another. I'd like you to let me hang this lamp up in your house and let you see for yourself what a fine, cheery thing it is to have sunlight in your rooms at night. It won't cost you a cent in the end if you don't want to buy the lamp.' Then I begin to go into the details of the wonders of the lamp; but only after I've gotten my lady interested in the lamp do I mention the price and in the same breath tell her I sold one to Mrs. William Jones, on the farm adjoining. Before she knows it she's so anxious to get that lamp she's forgotten all about my offer to hang it up for the night. The mere offer of a trial is enough, so long as you push your line into the foreground at the start."

Next morning, when the seed salesman started on his route, he had a score or so of one-pound packages of oats, clover and corn seeds, to be used in conjunction with a new selling plan. "Seems a bit early in the season to get a farmer interested about fieldseeds when the snow lies thick, but we're up to our necks in work distributing free samples of oats, clover and corn," he said to his first prospect. "Of course you don't want to buy seeds before you have seen for yourself what they'll do; but we have just enough confidence in these seeds to give you a great big sample of each, providing you promise to plant them. Naturally that means we'll have to wait until after your next harvest before we can get your order for next year—but if you can afford to waste a year planting your old seed instead of this splendid seed of ours, why, we shan't kick. You see, if you planted twenty acres of our oats this spring, for instance, you'd come pretty near selling your whole crop for seed at seed prices next year—for there's sure to be a tremendous demand. You'd be selling seeds in opposition to us! So, you see, we're not overanxious to sell in quantities just yet. We'd rather have you for a customer next year."

Then followed exciting descriptions of the bumper crops raised from these seeds and a clever suggestion that, by selling the grain the farmer was keeping for seed—even at ordinary mill prices—the difference in outlay for the seeds offered would not amount to more than a very few dollars.

Before the seed salesman left the farmer he had taken an order for eighty dollars' worth of seed. From the farm adjoining he took in sixty-five dollars; from the second one beyond this one, fifty-five dollars, and so on.

Selling by Sample

Among the lines where the method of creating a demand before offering a sale is successfully employed are pianos, typewriters and sewing machines. Of course these wares are widely sold on the strength of "leads," in the form of answers to advertisements, and also by sales due to customers who buy direct from stores and agencies; but a tremendous business in these branches is done by a house-to-house canvass, where doors are apt to be slammed shut in salesmen's faces by the very people who would buy were it possible to make them listen to the salesman.

The sales manager of a branch of a big typewriting company devised for his men a novel method of selling machines. Throughout the town where this branch operated, business houses had been pretty well supplied with machines; but the branch was doing a fair to middling business among smaller merchants, selling new typewriters and taking old ones in part payment.

From his own experience as a canvasser, the sales manager knew that, no matter how expert a salesman was, there was a discouraging percentage of prospects who cut his men off short as soon as they got the gist of what their visitors had come for. The manager knew, of course, there was such a thing as a trick of creating a demand before a prospect had time to make up his mind that he was not in the market; but, for the life of him, he could not see how he could adapt the method to typewriter selling.

Every Saturday morning there was a meeting of all the canvassers of the branch, during which time the men tried to hatch selling plans and exchanged experiences. On one of these occasions the manager took his staff into his confidence, outlined what he wanted and offered a premium to any one who succeeded in evolving a plan.

"That's easy," said a canvasser promptly. "The only question is, Will you try my scheme after I've outlined it? Did it ever strike you that we are practically in the class of those who are selling goods without samples? That is being done, of course, successfully; but why do we not utilize the pulling force of samples? A month ago I was on my way down the street with a porter who was delivering a typewriter to a customer. On the way we passed the door of a prospect I had been working on for a long time. 'If I could show this fellow this brand-new, shiny, glittering machine I think I'd land him,' I thought—and I did. That's nothing new, of course. It's well known that, once we can get far enough to get permission or excuse to bring a machine into a man's shop, the sale is half made. But it struck me since: 'Wouldn't it be a fine thing if, on my rounds, I had some husky kid to carry a sample machine for me in visiting new prospects?' I think I'd come pretty near doubling my sales. A new typewriter is a mighty pretty thing to look at, remember; and just think—if I were to walk into a man's office with one of those things and say: 'I was just delivering this thing in the next block to a customer and thought I'd drop in to show you this machine. That's the latest model of the finest typewriter manufactured. Here's an adding device. Here's'—etc. Do you suppose that man could fail to be interested? Do you think he'd give me a chance to talk and to show him? Or do you think he'd keep right on stooping over his desk, as if I were trying to talk him into buying city lots on the moon?"

The Canvasser's Catchline

The experiment was tried as suggested for two days with the salesman who invented the method; then boys were hired to lug samples for all the canvassers. The sales average for the branch was increased by more than a hundred and forty per cent.

The same difficulty the typewriter canvasser has in getting people to permit him to tell his story is one that confronts the man who sells pianos on the installment plan by calling from house to house. The inducements which some of these companies offer are almost irresistible for people of even moderate means, with a taste for music; but, as in the case of the typewriter man, the patients refuse to hold still while they're operated upon.

The branch manager of a certain company that makes a specialty of selling these instruments on the installment plan set out to solve the problem of getting past the stumbling-block of early objection.

He analyzed the situation this way: "Buying a piano involves such a handful of money that people do not want to be tempted, as a rule. That's the chief difficulty I've got to overcome.

"The talk of a canvasser is founded on the same principle as the 'ad' writer's advertisement. When an 'ad' writer sits down to work his first most important problem is his catchline. My canvassers ought to have a catchline to throw at their prospects—one that will lift them right off their feet! Now it's a fine catchphrase to say: 'I'm Bill Brown, of the ——— Piano Company!' Wouldn't it vex any woman to brush off the flour and put on a clean apron and smooth down her hair and come bustling up a flight of stairs and open the door, filled with expectations, only to be told that? Hereafter Bill Brown starts with an advertisement catchline. As the door opens he says:

"'Madam, would you mind if we put a piano into your house free of all charge?' There, that will get my lady in the solar plexus. It will open the subject wide enough for conversation long enough to tell all about our fine instruments and the easy terms on which we sell them."

What that simple catchline was worth to this manager it would be difficult to estimate. Formerly the manager had estimated a hundred doorbells as the average work of each canvasser. Before the new sales method was a week old he had to come down to seventy and finally to sixty calls—and sales were according.

Marion

Nineteen Twelve Announcement

WE HAVE just closed a splendid season. Not a car left. Every owner happy and satisfied. Every dealer asking for more cars, which we are absolutely unable to supply.

We are pleased to announce six handsome new body styles and two new chasses for 1912. Horse power 30 to 45. Prices will range from $1150 to $1750.

The following description of the new "33" at $1150, and "35" at $1285, will be of value and interest to anyone who wants a very good motor car at a mighty reasonable price. Read each item carefully. It will be well worth your while. These new models are ready for immediate delivery.

"THIRTY-THREE"—$1150

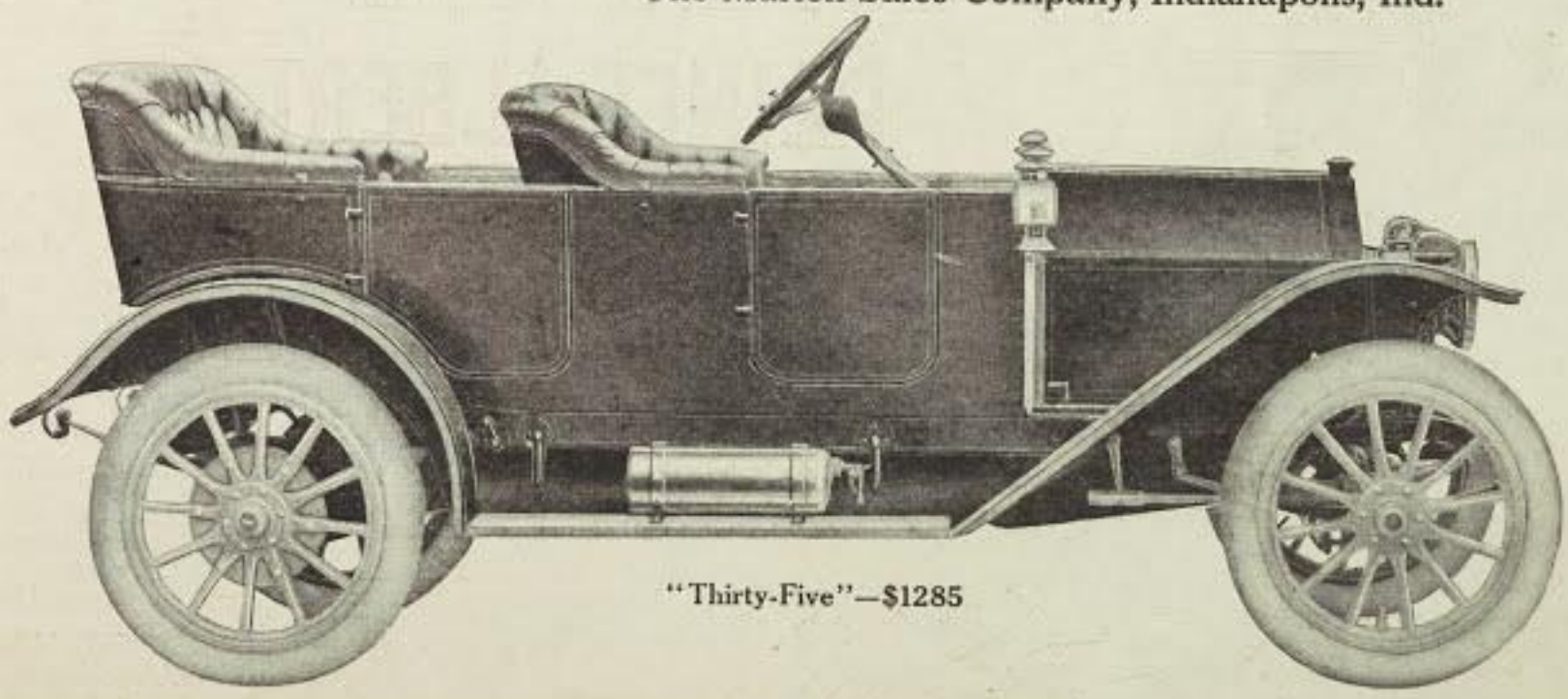
Body Types—Two passenger Open Roadster. Two-passenger Torpedo Roadster.
Colors—Green body with cream wheels, black fenders and radiator. "Black and brass" lamps. Option fall gray.
Horse Power—Thirty.
Wheel Base—111 inches.
Center Control.
Frame—Pressed steel drop. "In sweep" 2 inches in front.
Cylinders—4 cylinders cast singly, 4 inch bore, 4½ inch stroke.
Cooling System—Water-cooled, thermo-siphon system.
Lubrication—Mechanical constant level splash system.
Radiator—Cellular type.
Carburetor—Schebler, Model "L."
Ignition—Splitdorf high tension magneto and battery, concealed coil, switch on dash.
Clutch—Cone, faced with rawhide, with adjustable relieving springs under fabric.
Transmission—Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse.
Upholstery—Hand tufted black leather over genuine curled hair, deep coiled springs.
Brakes—Large surface, internal expanding and external contracting.
Wheels—Artillery type, 32 x 3½ tires.
Front Axle—I-beam drop forged.
Rear Axle—Semi-floating, double trussed.
Springs—Front, semi-elliptic. Rear, full elliptic.
Steering Gear—Adjustable worm and segment type, 16 inch steering wheel.
Tread—Fifty-six inches.
Tires—32 x 3½. No-Rim-Cut type, 32 x 4 tires, $90.00 extra.
Equipment—Two gas lamps, three oil lamps, and generator; all black enamelled with brass fronts, Magneto, horn, tool kit, oiler, jack, tire repair kit and pump. Large linen bound Tool Box in rear.

"THIRTY-FIVE"—$1285

Body Types—Five passenger flush sided Four Door with Torpedo style dash.
Color—Marion blue with gray running gears. However, the hause and the upper half of the rear spring will be painted blue instead of gray, as has been the custom this year.
Horse Power—Thirty.
Wheel Base—123 inches.
Center Control.
Frame—Pressed steel drop hause. "In sweep" 2 inches in front.
Cylinders—4 cylinders cast singly, 4 inch bore, 4½ inch stroke.
Cooling System—Water-cooled, thermo-siphon system.
Lubrication—Mechanical constant level splash system.
Carburetor—Schebler, Model "L."
Ignition—Splitdorf high tension magneto and battery, concealed coil, switch on dash.
Clutch—Cone, faced with rawhide, with adjustable relieving springs under fabric.
Transmission—Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse.
Upholstery—Hand tufted black leather over genuine curled hair, deep coil springs.
Brakes—Large surface, internal expanding on both brakes.
Wheels—Artillery type, 32 x 4 rims.
Front Axle—I-beam drop forged.
Rear Axle—Live axle, double trussed.
Springs—Front, semi-elliptic. Rear, ¾ elliptic.
Steering Gear—Adjustable worm and segment type, 18 inch steering wheel.
Tread—Fifty-six inches.
Tires—32 x 4.
Equipment—Two gas lamps, three oil lamps, all black enamelled with brass fronts, Magneto, horn, tool kit, oiler, jack, tire repair kit and pump.

Write for a catalogue to-day.

The Marion Sales Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



"Thirty-Five"—$1285

Superb in Appearance Superior in Performance

KISSELKAR

To look at—to ride in—the KisselKar embodies every factor essential to the satisfaction of the automobilist seeking a car of prepossessing elegance and superior riding comfort.

The straight line effect of the fore doors, the slope of forward fenders, the tilt of the steering column, seat backs and top, combine in a striking harmony of line and proportion, while the unskimped depth of seats and roominess in both forward and rear compartments classify the KisselKar at a glance as the car of unusual commodious comfort. Exceedingly liberal wheel base, big wheels, big tires, and exceptional spring action nullify road shocks and carry the occupants in luxurious, exhilarating comfort.

Write for portfolio elaborately picturing and describing the entire KisselKar line—60 H.-P. "Six" $3,000; four cylinder "Thirty" $1,500; "Forty" $1,850; "Fifty" $2,350—Completely equipped.

KisselKar Trucks

KisselKar 5, 4, 3, 2-ton Trucks and Light Delivery Wagons minimize haulage costs. Write for Truck Catalogue.

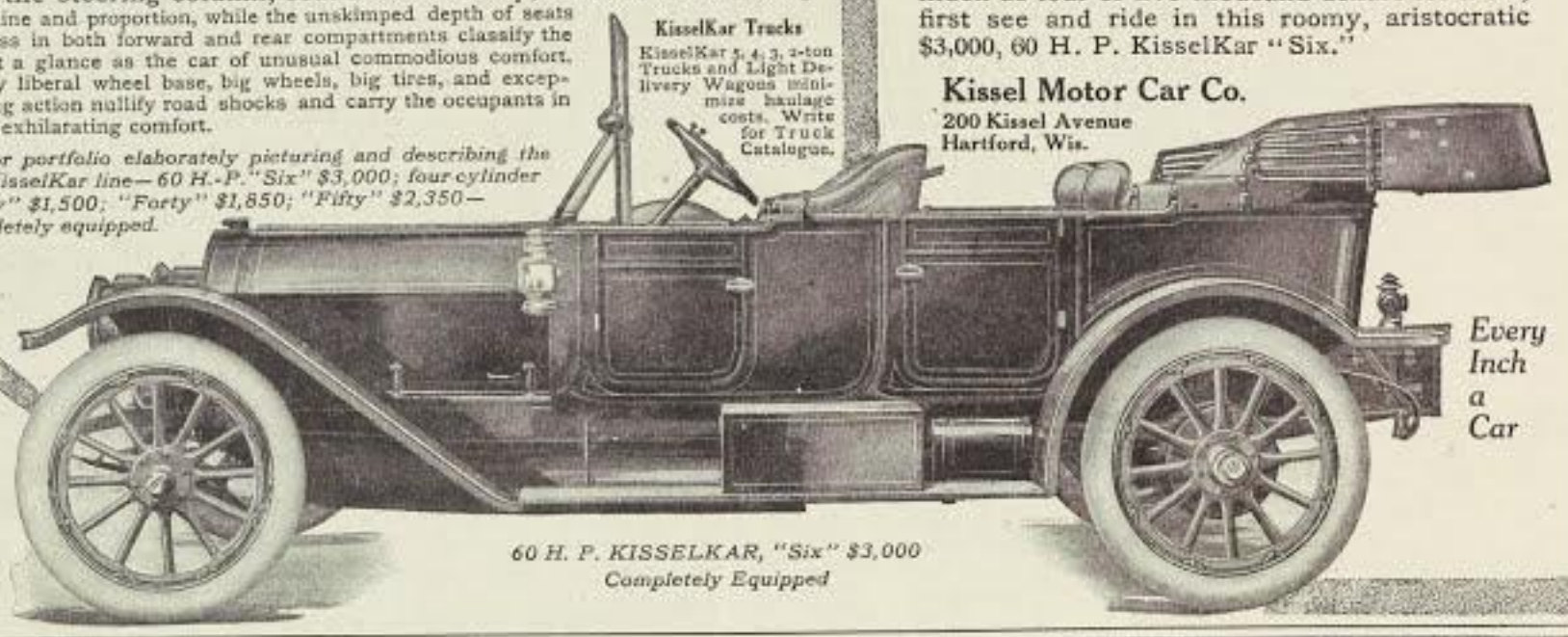
The 1912 Sixty H. P. KisselKar "Six" $3,000, fully equipped, is unexcelled by any car at any price.

It is the maximum automobile value. In construction, finish, appointments, comfort, ability, and dependability, you cannot get a car to surpass it, no matter how liberal you are willing to be in price-paying.

We believe the high standing of the KisselKar is best conserved by basing price on the cost of production, rather than on the purchasing power of any certain class of buyers. That is why this commodious, aristocratic 60 H. P. KisselKar "Six" sells for $3,000.

Even if you have had in mind paying as much as four or five thousand dollars for a car, first see and ride in this roomy, aristocratic $3,000, 60 H. P. KisselKar "Six."

Kissel Motor Car Co.
200 Kissel Avenue
Hartford, Wis.



60 H. P. KISSELKAR, "Six" $3,000
Completely Equipped

Every Inch a Car



Jus' smokin'

Jus' sittin' in a boat, driftin' along, enjoyin' the little wavelets all aripple, the sunlit sea and the cool, delightful flavor of good tobacco smoke.

Vacation days. Happy days. Days at the sea or mountains, with your good old jimmy pipe and a tin of Prince Albert for company. Say, Old Omar didn't know it all, did he?

PRINCE ALBERT

"the national joy smoke"

The tobacco that can't bite your tongue. Honest, now, I'm telling you. Here's the tin. Go to it yourself. Smoke it hot. Smoke it long. Enjoy its wonderful flavor and fragrance without comeback. Prince Albert is made by our patented process—there is only ***one*** Prince Albert. Duck substitutes.

Prince Albert is now the standard of comparison and all live dealers sell it.

10c is the tax for a good-sized tin, a nickel for a weather-proof bag. It comes also in half-pound and pound humidors.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

One Year FREE TRIAL

Protect Your Wife and Children From Breathing Dust Laden Air



Dust is Deadly, Costly and Disagreeable

You can have a perfectly cleaned, dustless home with little labor and expense if you use the newly-invented, wonderful **Simplex Vacuum Cleaner.**

It is absolutely unlike any and all other cleaners; as different as black and white, and better than any other.

Easiest to use; weighs but 5 pounds; no wheels, gears, belts, hose, levers, nor electricity.

Portable, practical, efficient, simple, elegantly finished (oxidized copper); nothing to get out of order. Cleans perfectly carpets, rugs, draperies, mattresses, upholstered furniture, clothing, etc.

A child can use it. Does same work as high-priced motor driven cleaners. **Price $5.00. Guaranteed Five Years.**

Our Faith

Mail us $5 or $4 and we will send you a complete **Simplex Vacuum Cleaner,** ready for instant service. Use it for one year. If pleased, remit us balance. If not, return and get your money without question or quibbling. Fair, isn't it? Send today.

Agents and Dealers Wanted.

Simplex Vacuum Cleaner Co.
1741-1751 Berwyn Ave., Chicago, Ill.



Copyright 1910 by H. L. Nelke & Co.

The last word in foot-comfort, cleanliness and economy is

Togards

They protect hosiery at its most vulnerable point. With "Togards" slipped over your toes before you put on your stockings, you can be sure there will be no holes at night-fall.

Washable—Sanitary—never conscious you're wearing them.

Every pair in a sealed, transparent packet bearing the Togard trade-mark.

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair; $2.75 per dozen pairs

Sold by Dealers in Men's and Women's apparel all over the Globe.

Should your dealer not happen to have Togards, we will send you, postage prepaid, on receipt of price. In ordering be sure to state size stocking you wear.

H. L. NELKE & CO.
Tenth and Norris Streets, Philadelphia

D&M Baseballs

Our sellers at home and on foreign shores win their ball games with the D & M Baseball. The U. S. Navy selected the D & M Ball after the most critical test for superiority.

Every ball, bat, suit, glove or uniform which bears the D & M trade mark is guaranteed to be equal or superior to other makes and backed by our unconditional guarantee to give satisfaction.



Ask your dealer for our 1911 catalog of Athletic Goods and a copy of "Official Base-ball Rules for 1911" *free.* If he hasn't them, write to us.

The Draper & Maynard Co.
Dept. P
Plymouth, N. H.

D&M

500% Saved Buy *Ink*—not water

In buying *liquid* ink, you pay mostly for water. Get Empire Ink Crystals—*actual ink solids*—add water and make your own ink, or let the office boy do it. Save 500%. Send 10c for trial package—makes pint of perfect ink.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY—ASK US HOW
HOWARD CHEMICAL CO., Minneapolis, Minn.



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, factory-rebuilt and all other makes sold or rented anywhere at ¼ to ½ sales prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D.
Typewriter Emporium, 95-94 Lake St., Chicago.

TWO MEN AND A CHANCE

(Continued from Page 8)

they would risk everything to help him in his struggle. Mr. Connolly was astonished and thoroughly ashamed of himself.

"There oughtn't to be two bank failures this morning," said Graine simply. "Nobody can tell what that might lead to."

That, also, was perfectly true.

The lean old gentleman in his dressing-gown sat down at the table, took up pen, notepaper, envelope, and wrote briefly. He put the note in the envelope, addressed the latter, but did not seal it. He held the message out to Graine, looking the banker in the eye, man to man. "As for this stuff," he said, nodding toward the heap of securities, "take it back to the people you got it from."

The moment he got into the cab, Graine looked at his watch. It was five minutes past nine. Upon taking the envelope he had noted that it was addressed simply: "John Bronson, Esq." He now drew out the note. It read: "Byron has failed to make the necessary arrangements. I have agreed to advance Subway Trust immediately one million dols. Two bank failures would be most unfortunate." The introduction was, "Dear Bronson"; the signature, "M. H. Connolly." Having replaced the note in the envelope, Mr. Graine looked at the japanned tin box on the seat beside him and smiled.

He was not quite so lucky in the southbound trip as he had been in going north. There were three annoying delays at corners. So it was twenty-one minutes of ten when the secretary carried his hastily scribbled note in to Mr. Bronson and the Clearing House committee, and there was a delay of two minutes before he was admitted. Meanwhile Milo H. Connolly sat by the table in his office deeply engaged in thought.

The committee was, indeed, very nervous. Sturtevant Byron should have been there promptly at half past nine, and every minute that elapsed after that time brought cumulative distress. Mr. Littleton openly fidgeted and compared his watch with the clock. Benny Westbrook speculated as to whether "Stur" hadn't foolishly attempted to come down in his car instead of trusting to the speedier subway and so got caught in a traffic tangle. Bronson was taking down the receiver to call Mr. Connolly's house when Graine's note was brought in. The note was so surprising that they were indefinitely suspicious and deliberated upon it a moment; but there were very few moments to spare now.

The eyes of the committee were upon Graine as he stepped into the room—and in the eyes he read nerves. His statement was very brief and simple. Byron, he said, had failed to make the arrangement mentioned the night before. Mr. Connolly thought there should not be two bank failures if that could possibly be avoided, and so had agreed to assist the Subway Trust. He laid the great man's note before Mr. Bronson. Having read it, the chairman silently handed the note around. Naturally the committee was astonished; but after an instant's silence Littleton spoke its collective mind.

"Of course, there's only one thing to do," he rasped out rather angrily. "And we haven't got much time to do it," he added, again comparing his watch with the clock.

"Will you step into the next room a minute, Mr. Graine?" the chairman suggested, with a kind of reluctant respect.

As the door closed behind him, Graine heard the tinkling of the telephone at the chairman's right hand. In the whole wide world, he calculated, there was just one solitary chance out against him—namely, that Sturtevant Byron might wake up and get to a telephone in the next ten minutes. That might be Byron at the telephone now. He could only wait.

It was not Byron, however. It was Mr. Connolly.

At eight minutes to ten Chairman Bronson himself opened the door and summoned Mr. Graine back to the committee. Graine noted that the chairman's face was excessively grim—that the chairman regarded him for an instant with a lackluster and deadly eye. He took the chair at the table which Mr. Bronson's finger indicated.

"The reporters are waiting," said Mr. Bronson. "We are prepared to give out this." He pushed in front of Mr. Graine a



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½ mile — 0.20⅘
1 mile — 0.41⅕
2 miles — 1.24⅕
3 miles — 2.05
4 miles — 2.47
5 miles — 3.29⅕
6 miles — 4.11⅘
7 miles — 4.54
8 miles — 5.35⅕
9 miles — 6.18⅘
10 miles — 7.01⅘
11 miles — 7.44
12 miles — 8.26⅘
13 miles — 9.10
14 miles — 9.53⅕
15 miles — 10.35
16 miles — 11.18⅘
17 miles — 12.01
18 miles — 12.43⅘
19 miles — 13.26⅘
20 miles — 14.10
21 miles — 14.51
22 miles — 15.15
23 miles — 16.18⅘
24 miles — 17.01⅘
25 miles — 17.44⅘
26 miles — 18.27⅘
27 miles — 19.10⅘
28 miles — 19.53⅘
29 miles — 20.36⅕
30 miles — 21.19⅘
31 miles — 22.02⅘
32 miles — 22.45
33 miles — 23.28⅘
34 miles — 24.12⅘
35 miles — 24.54⅕
36 miles — 25.37⅘
37 miles — 26.21
38 miles — 27.04
39 miles — 27.47
40 miles — 28.10⅘
41 miles — 29.13⅘
42 miles — 29.57
43 miles — 30.40⅘
44 miles — 31.23⅘
45 miles — 32.06⅘
46 miles — 32.49⅘
47 miles — 33.32⅘
48 miles — 34.16
49 miles — 34.59
50 miles — 35.41⅘
51 miles — 36.25⅘
52 miles — 37.08⅘
53 miles — 37.51⅘
54 miles — 38.34⅘
55 miles — 39.18⅘
56 miles — 40.01⅘
57 miles — 40.44⅕
58 miles — 41.28⅘
59 miles — 42.12
60 miles — 42.55⅘
61 miles — 43.38⅘
62 miles — 44.21⅘
63 miles — 45.07⅘
64 miles — 45.51⅘
65 miles — 46.35⅘
66 miles — 47.19⅘
67 miles — 48.04⅕
68 miles — 48.48⅘
69 miles — 49.32⅕
70 miles — 50.17⅘
71 miles — 51.02⅘
72 miles — 51.46⅕
73 miles — 52.31
74 miles — 53.15⅘
75 miles — 54.00
76 miles — 54.44
77 miles — 55.28
78 miles — 56.13
79 miles — 56.57
80 miles — 57.41⅘
81 miles — 58.25⅘
82 miles — 59.10⅘
83 miles — 59.54⅘
84 miles — 60.38⅘
85 miles — 61.23
86 miles — 62.07
87 miles — 62.51⅘
88 miles — 63.15⅘
89 miles — 64.19⅘
90 miles — 65.05
91 miles — 65.49
92 miles — 66.33⅘

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narrow, typewritten strip of paper—a statement in the fewest possible words that the associated banks had agreed to support the Subway Trust. It meant, of course, salvation.

Glancing over it, Graine looked up at the chairman and nodded approvingly. Whereupon Mr. Bronson pushed in front of him a larger typewritten sheet, laid the tip of a thick forefinger at the bottom of the sheet and said grimly: "Sign here."

This larger sheet was Graine's resignation as president and director of the Subway Trust Company. It meant that, though the bank was to be saved, he personally was to be summarily kicked out. He hadn't thought of that, and it turned him rather white. He drew back from the sheet, stared up malevolently at the chairman and declared: "I refuse."

Mr. Bronson's deadly eye met his malevolent gaze firmly. "It's six minutes to ten," he said. "We shall immediately give out this." He exhibited another narrow, typewritten slip—a statement that the Subway Trust's clearing-house correspondent refused any longer to clear for it. Publication of that meant instant ruin not only for the bank but for himself personally. The chairman pushed a button on the table.

"Mr. Connolly ——" Graine began.

"I've just been speaking with Mr. Connolly," Bronson interrupted. "This is his own suggestion."

The secretary, answering Bronson's ring, stepped in from the anteroom and stood waiting. The two narrow slips were in the chairman's hand. Mr. Bronson waited perhaps twenty seconds, then held out the slip of ruin and said, "Give this to the reporters."

"Wait!" said Graine. Bending quickly to the table, he seized a pen and signed the resignation. Mr. Bronson prudently picked it up, then handed the secretary the other slip. Mr. Littleton coughed gently behind his hand and the tense muscles of his face relaxed. Mr. Westbrook openly breathed a sigh of relief. Mr. Graine merely stared at the table—realizing that, though the bank was saved, he personally was stripped.

It then lacked only four minutes of ten. Just five minutes later Sturtevant Byron woke up—to a pervading sense of bodily misery. His brain barely realized this bodily distress, however, before something else crashed in upon it. He sat up galvanically in bed and looked at the little clock on his dressing table. He could see that the hands showed just past the hour of ten; and he leaped from the bed. At the same moment the "broad-tape ticker" in brokers' offices—a wheezing, convulsive little instrument—was spelling out the message: "Transit National Bank Fails."

Guessing and Knowing

WHEN Von Liebig, the young chemist, devised his method of organic analysis eighty years ago there was hardly an experimental laboratory in Europe open to a student. The chemical instructors taught by lectures and disdained experiment. Chemistry was largely a mental exercise, and there were many beautiful theories as to what ought to happen when substances were mixed or disintegrated. By actually mixing and disintegrating substances, Liebig overthrew all the philosophical speculations.

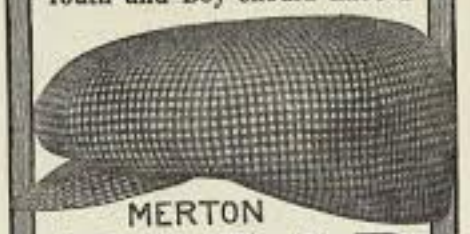
Not long ago an American publisher planned a work that called for more binders' leather of a certain kind than had ever been needed in this country before. Going to foreign tanners, he got it at a price so much below the price paid by importers of small quantities that Uncle Sam's customs officers thought he was trying to evade duty through undervaluation. He showed his bills. They considered the case and finally said:

"This seems to be what you paid, but you will have to enter it twenty-five per cent higher and pay duty accordingly. What the smaller importers have to pay is the official market value."

The present state of our tariff is somewhat like the state of chemistry when Von Liebig began his experiments. It has been a matter of economic theories so long, and the doctors have advanced so many philosophical speculations as to what will really happen if certain schedules are lowered or abolished, that a good many practical Americans are curious to try the experimental method, revise a few schedules downward and check up the authorities.

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Each "PACAP" is packed separately.



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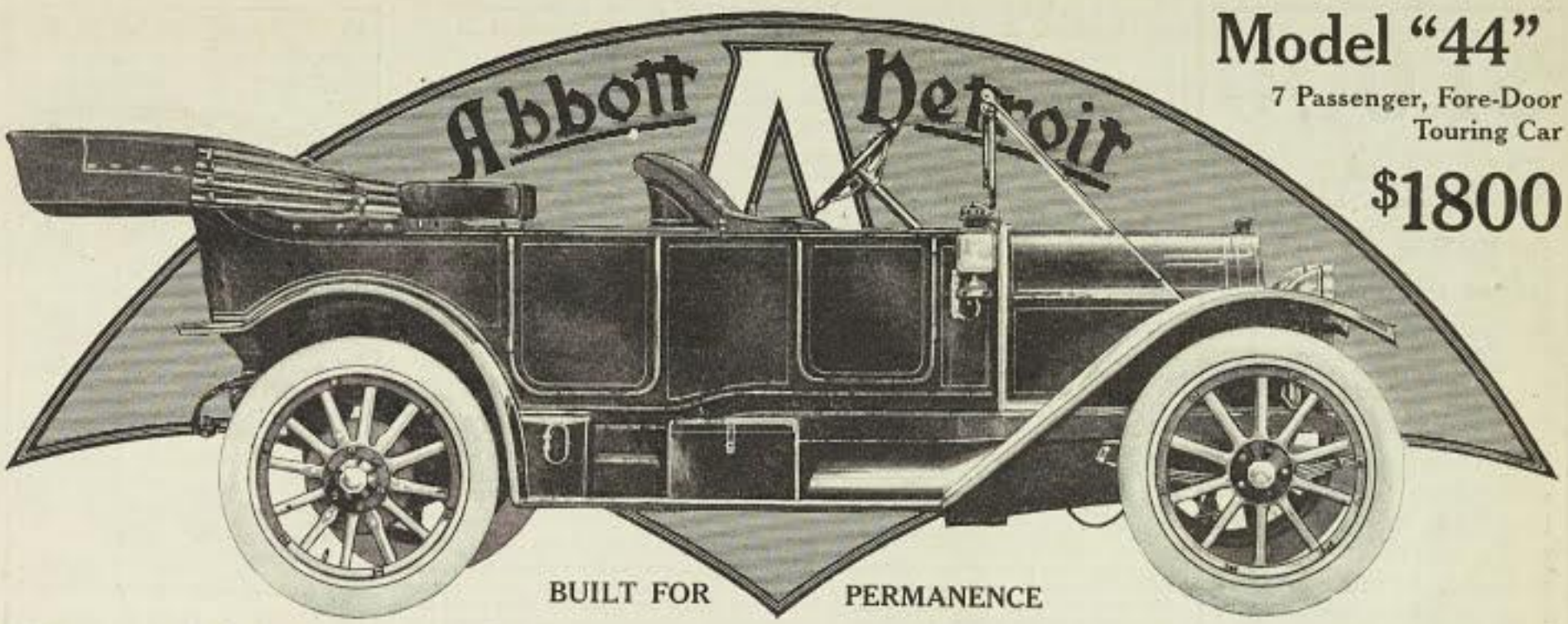
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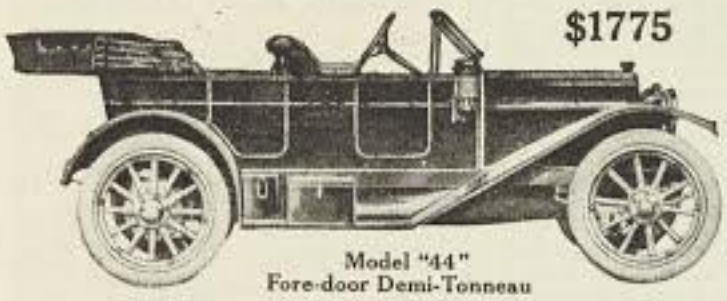
Model "44"

7 Passenger, Fore-Door Touring Car

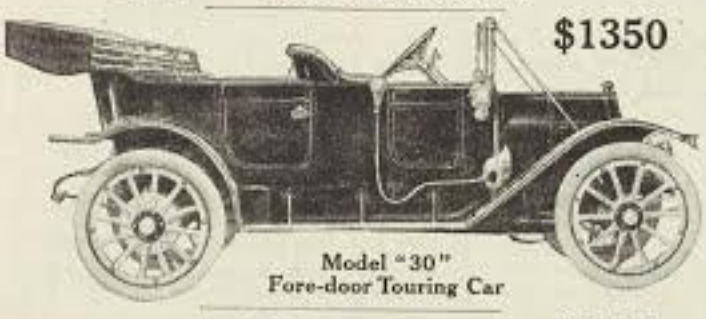
$1800

The Abbott Motor Company Announce

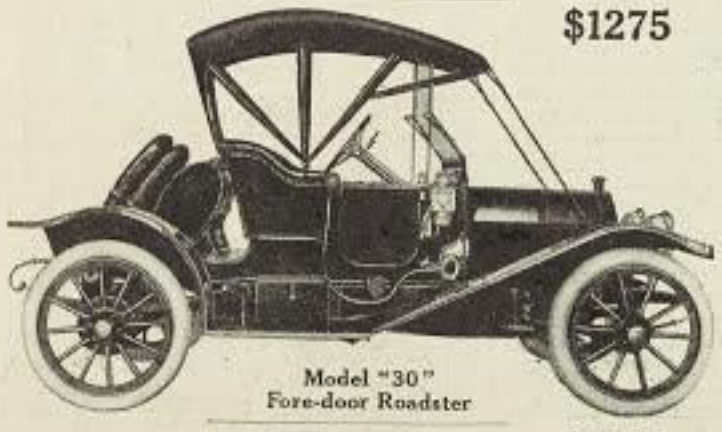
for the season of 1912, in addition to their well known "30" which this year will be sold for $1350, a new model to be known as the Abbott-Detroit "44"— a seven-passenger fore-door touring car—the price of which will be $1800



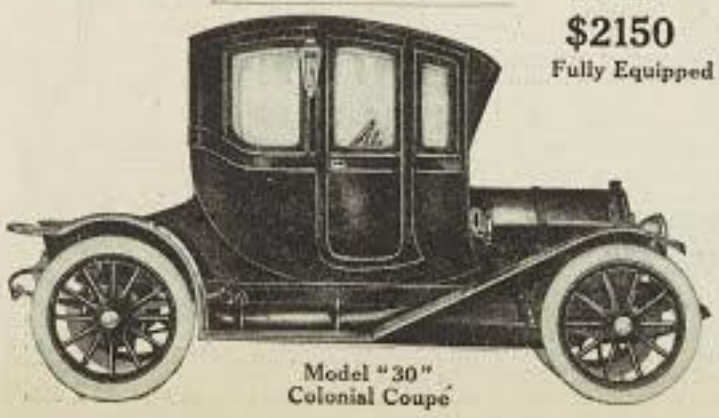
$1775
Model "44"
Fore-door Demi-Tonneau



$1350
Model "30"
Fore-door Touring Car



$1275
Model "30"
Fore-door Roadster



$2150
Fully Equipped
Model "30"
Colonial Coupé

¶ The low prices announced have been made possible by the increased efficiency of our organization; the keen competition among material and parts makers, the larger production with its consequent increased purchasing power, coupled with many important labor-saving devices which we have installed during the past year.

¶ The same excellent quality of product, as regards its mechanical construction, its style, finish and refinement of details will be maintained.

¶ Several important refinements, however have been added which will greatly enhance its appearance and value.

¶ So well has our policy of permanence been established and our methods of manufacture standardized, that we are not only able to guarantee our cars for life, but have also added to our organization a service department of 12 divisions—covering all parts of the United States—which is ready at a moment's notice to co-operate with the dealer and owner in the production of universal satisfaction.

¶ Back of all this is a feeling of strong moral obligation and a sincere desire to instill in the minds of Abbott-Detroit owners that feeling of confidence which should and must always be the basis of honest business relations. Read our guarantee below.

¶ Enumerated here are some of the high grade features which, while frequently embodied in cars of the four or five thousand dollar class, are seldom incorporated in cars selling for these prices.

- Exceptionally large and roomy bodies.
- Hand buffed leather upholstery, with thick cushions.
- Circassian walnut dash and trimmings.
- Highest class finish—24 painting operations.
- Three-quarter elliptic springs in rear, giving exceptionally easy riding qualities.
- Full floating type rear axle.
- Chrome nickel steel drive shafts.
- Multiple disc clutch.
- Three-bearing crank shaft.
- Unusually large valve openings.
- Timken roller bearings throughout.
- Extra Large Tires — Reducing tire expense.
- Gear Shifting device noiseless, easily handled.
- Large, strong wheels.
- Latest type of fore-door bodies with inside control.

SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES

ABBOTT-DETROIT "44"

4½" x 5½" long stroke motor; Dual Ignition System with Magneto; Bullet Electric headlights—180 ampere hour lighting battery—Tungsten lamps—body of lamps, black enamel with nickel plated trimmings; Combination oil and electric side and tail lights; Horn, Tire Irons and Tools; Tires 36"x4"; Universal Demountable Rims; Three-Speed Transmission; Two-Pedal Control, Clutch and Brake; Wheel Base 120 inches; Ventilated Fore-door Bodies.

Seven Passenger, Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, less top, windshield and extra seats	$1800	Fore-door Demi-Tonneau, fully equipped, less top and windshield	$1775
Seven Passenger, Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, including top, windshield and speedometer	$1925	Fore-door Demi-Tonneau, fully equipped, including top, windshield and speedometer	$1900
Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped	$3000		

ABBOTT-DETROIT "30"

4" x 4½" four cylinder motor; Splitdorf Dual Ignition System; Electric headlights—combination oil and electric side and tail lamps; 100 ampere hour lighting battery—Tungsten Lamps; Horn, Tire Irons, Tools; Tires 34" x 3½" Quick Detachable Rims; Three-Speed Transmissions; One-Pedal Clutch and Brake Control—simple, safe and sure; Wheel Base 110 inches; Ventilated Fore-door Bodies.

Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, less top and windshield	$1350	Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, less top and windshield	$1275
Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, including top and windshield	$1450	Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, including top and windshield	$1375
Colonial Coupé, fully equipped	$2150		

GUARANTEE

This is to certify that the Abbott Motor Company will fully warrant and guarantee the Automobile covered by this certificate for its entire life, from the date of the original sale by the dealers. This guarantee also includes all material and all equipment, with the exception of tires, magneto, lamps, etc., which are warranted by their respective makers, used in connection with construction of said automobile. If any parts of this car break or prove defective from any cause whatsoever, and the customer shall forthwith communicate the fact to the Abbott Motor Company or one of its authorized dealers, giving the number of car and the name of the dealer from whom the car was purchased and the date of purchase, and it shall appear that such breakage was not in fact due to misuse, negligence, or accident, the Abbott Motor Company will furnish such new parts either through its dealer or at the factory in Detroit, Michigan, free of charge to the owner. This guarantee does not apply directly or indirectly to consequential damage of any nature whatsoever or to the replacement of tires, which are guaranteed by the makers thereof.

Abbott Motor Co.

601 Waterloo Street

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$1,000 Given Away

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"Use like a Blotter"

We want opinions from every housewife, every factory and office employé, every one who uses towels at home, in office or factory, at school or in public places, on the advantages of the **ScotTissue Paper Towels.**

For the best hundred letters we will give $1,000 in prizes divided as follows:

1 of	$100	. .	$100
2 "	75	. .	150
3 "	50	. .	150
4 "	25	. .	100
5 "	20	. .	100
8 "	15	. .	120
10 "	10	. .	100
14 "	5	. .	70
15 "	3	. .	45
18 "	2.50	.	45
20 "	1	. .	20
100			$1,000

What to Write About

Your letter must not exceed 200 words, and should treat of

1st The Sanitary features.

2nd The advantages to skin and complexion due to lack of irritation of the skin.

3rd If a shaver, condition of skin after shaving.

4th The fewest number to properly dry.

5th The absorbent quality as compared with the fabric towel.

6th The cost in comparison to fabric towels.

7th The condition of hands after using.

Not Necessary to Buy

While it is not a condition of this contest that you should buy ScotTissue Towels if you desire to try them before writing your letter they may be obtained from your dealer at a cost of 35 cents for roll of 150 towels and 25 cents extra for fixture. If your dealer hasn't ScotTissue Towels in stock send us $2.00 ($2.50 if west of Mississippi River) and we'll send you by express prepaid a carton containing 5 rolls and a fixture.

ScotTissue Towels are of the heaviest, white absorbent paper made from clean wood pulp. Every towel carries the **ScotTissue** water mark.

Your letter must be received at this office prior to September 15th, 1911. For any further information write

SCOTT PAPER CO.,
664 Glenwood Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

GETTING A START AT SIXTY

(Continued from Page 6)

carpet, two pictures, a hanging mirror hatrack, and table underneath, and a couple of small carved hall chairs, presented an inviting appearance to all comers.

In arranging our house we always kept before us as essentials, first, cleanliness, and next, good taste. We had a theory—which is now a conviction—that the average boarder who is without a desire to keep his or her room clean and without capacity to plan things effectively is nevertheless susceptible to cleanliness and good taste, and has a satisfaction in such surroundings that helps to create a home feeling and makes much for contentment.

Some of the bedrooms boasted a complete set, wardrobe included, of old furniture, cleaned, repaired and revarnished by us. What did it matter if a once mirrored washstand had lost its mirror? It was easy to take off the damaged back and let the remainder present a plain, substantial effect; while a white splasher against the wall back of the washbowl and pitcher gave a clean, finished appearance.

More often the bedroom sets in those beginning days were made up of odds and ends of furniture originally belonging to different sets that had been bought in much dilapidated, cheap, odd lots. But even so, we never put an oak bedstead with a walnut wardrobe, a rosewood bureau and a mahogany washstand. The oak found other oak pieces, and the walnut matched-up sets were entirely of walnut, except for repainted iron bedsteads that went well with anything.

We found that enough cheap second-hand lace curtains for the entire house were of trifling expense, and when carefully mended by my wife added wonderfully to the finished appearance. We secured at a ten-cent store a few especially good colored prints of flowers and spring and fall landscapes in light colors, dainty and attractive, on white mats about twenty-four by thirty-six inches in size, and put two or three in each of the bedrooms. They broke the staring bareness and brightened the walls. Many of the carpets in the bedrooms were ingrain, but all were scrubbed and neatly sewed into rugs, with borders of floor walnut-stained and varnished showing beyond. When the rooms were finished, and the old wall-paper had been carefully cleaned, they looked very inviting.

Cleanliness the Keynote

There was at least one stout rocking-chair in each bedroom to give a restful, homelike welcome to the tired boarder. From the beginning we watched the beds constantly and insisted on their being kept clean, with clean sheets and pillowcases and spreads. We allowed no carelessness in regard to beds and bedding.

We also watched the sanitary items throughout the house. The rugs and varnished bare borders and corners made it easier to keep things clean. I cleaned out and whitewashed the cellar, sprinkled lime in the corners, and put about a bushel of unslaked lime underneath the house. It was not pleasant work, but no one ever complained of any mustiness or bad odors, even on the first floor.

The bathroom was always kept in good order, washstand tidy, tub well scrubbed and closet clean. Chloride of lime, copperas, crude carbolic acid and other disinfectants we used from time to time, and the room was kept as far as possible odorless, or antiseptically odorous, with fresh half-curtain and dark shade at window.

Of course our efforts with limited capital left much to be desired, but we did the best we could, and the result was surprisingly good. It is what any couple, even an old couple, can accomplish with careful planning and painstaking work.

My wife sewed neatly, and she made dozens of table napkins out of old second-hand tablecloths. We always had plenty of napkins, a clean one being available at any time. Other second-hand tablecloths were carefully mended, when necessary, and answered very well at the start when we could not afford better. A clean mended cloth, with a centerpiece over the patch or a plate of bread hiding it, is appreciated more than a new soiled cloth used three meals too long.

It was nearly the end of May before we were ready to open our house for boarders, and at once the servant question became a problem. We felt obliged to have at least servants—a good cook, and a good housemaid who could clean up, wait on the table, wash dishes, and so forth. We decided that we could get a boy or a man to scrub sidewalks and steps, and do other chores when needed. The next fall we had a boy regularly to do such work, in addition to carrying coal and making fires. The house did not have a furnace.

Although we paid good wages, we had our troubles with the cook and maid, as we might have expected. We felt that it would be cheaper to get good servants and pay them well, with a promise of raise in wages if they suited, than to try to economize in the quality of our help. We had several cooks, however, during the first four months, before we secured a really satisfactory one who was strictly honest and who combined ability with a desire to save and a willingness to be taught what she did not know. A good maid, an energetic middle-aged woman, we found easier to get.

We had the front and side yards sodded. I painted the front fence a fresh black, and washed the stone underneath and the front steps with stone dust and drier early one morning. I cleaned up the back yard also and whitewashed the fences. The entire premises took on a fresh "kept-up" appearance—a valuable factor in the success of a boarding house.

Making the Table Pleasant

From the beginning I found I had to plan the table, make out bills of fare and do the marketing. As I said before, my wife was not a manager, and it was up to me to make our last hope a success. But the wife, bless her dear heart, was a great help in other ways. She was always uncomplaining and making the best of things; and if not always hopeful, she was never discouraging. She took an interest in all of our boarders, without intruding on their personality or affairs, and they appreciated it. It tended to create an atmosphere of friendly interest, something approaching a home atmosphere in our house.

My wife presided nicely at table also, seeing that the wants of our boarders were quietly and promptly supplied, smoothing over any little scrappy remarks, and starting conversation to lighten the silent periods. She made what one of our boarders praised as a "pleasant table." A pleasant table, where the atmosphere is easy and kindly, is a great asset in any boarding house. My wife has something of the social instinct, without having social brilliancy—or perhaps it is only that she is a good woman with a cheerful, kind heart.

We learned the art of seating boarders at table—my wife has more aptitude for that sort of thing than I. We had two tables, and scattered the boarders so that one or two refining influences would be felt at each table—some persons are a natural check against carelessness. Then we placed two talkative and congenial persons near enough together so that they would converse and start things going, with the more silent persons sandwiched in between. We did not place congenial spirits side by side; when they were placed across the table from each other the effect on the other boarders was better.

We advertised for boarders, and we placed a neat sign in the front window on the day we were ready; put it in with eager, anxious hearts and the fluttering expectation of two children—for we had planned so carefully, had worked so hard, and success meant so much to us now!

But our best advertisement was the neat, attractive appearance of everything. All comers seemed impressed with it, and we felt that those days of preparation had not been wasted. We determined on moderate prices and a good class of boarders; we could not have attempted high prices with those furnishings and in that neighborhood, even had we been experienced in the business of keeping boarders. Also, a cheap boarding house has this advantage—its boarders are practically permanent all the year round, as they cannot afford to migrate in summer.

We had many applicants and we examined prospective boarders carefully. We demanded references and got them; but in the end we trusted a good deal to our judgment of people, personality and character,

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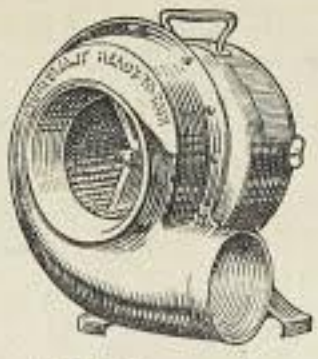
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To many I said that I would consult with my wife and let them know the next day what we could do. This gave us time for further investigation. As far as possible we took only persons who were church members, and made a point of the young men sent us by the local Young Men's Christian Association—which had investigated our house and agreed to recommend us. I mention this because it is part of our plan; we have a religious atmosphere in our boarding house, the non-churchgoer being the exception instead of the rule. It gives a more assured respectability to our house, and makes much for congeniality between ourselves and the boarders and among the boarders themselves. I feel sure that much of the shifting restlessness among boarders and much of the lack of home atmosphere in boarding houses comes from the absence of similar standards.

The young men we selected for steadiness and gentlemanly behavior, honesty and good habits, rather than for style; and throughout we tried to avoid not only all questionable characters but also those who were disagreeable and faultfinding.

Sufficient stress cannot be put upon the fact not only of the need for the high-standard, low-priced, thoroughly clean and cheap boarding house, but also of the need in such houses for the best atmosphere—that intangible something that makes life pleasant and easy, not aggressive and disagreeable, in relaxing hours. A man wishes an atmosphere where he feels he fits in, even in a boarding house. Nothing produces this like a community of interest; and no community of interest is so helpful as that of Christianity. There are enough Christian persons in every large city to fill many nice, cheap boarding houses; and our experience has been that such persons are more agreeable to live with and more appreciative of what is done for them.

From the start we conducted our venture with the greatest care, and endeavored always to give the best possible board for the very low price we asked; and our efforts were appreciated. Our prices, accommodations and table soon earned a reputation, and we found ourselves with a waiting list. This enabled us to pick and choose among the applicants, and gradually to improve the class of our boarders without raising our prices. During the last few years we have usually taken boarders on trial without their knowing we were doing so, telling them we could let them have a room for a month. In that time we could determine something about them—whether they suited us and fitted in our circle.

We Make a Beginning

In a week we had our house filled. The front room in the second story was taken by a railroad conductor and his wife, a nice plain old couple, at fifty dollars a month. The next room on the second floor we rented to a young married couple at forty-five dollars a month, including board. The young man was working in a railroad office at seventy-five dollars a month. An old-maid school-teacher took the hall room on that floor for twenty dollars a month.

The room over the dining room, which had no street outlook, we rented at forty dollars a month to a middle-aged lady, who sewed in season in one of the dressmaking establishments, and her mature daughter, who clerked in a store. They had a little income from two cottages, but not enough to support both of them without working. On the third floor we put only men, mostly young men, three in a room in single beds in the front and second rooms at eighteen dollars apiece, and one in the hall room at twenty dollars.

Where our boarders were paid by the week we had them pay us by the week. This was necessary, at first, and as a rule proved satisfactory. With this plan of payment and with carefully chosen boarders we have lost very little in unpaid board bills.

My wife and I took the back parlor at first as more convenient, intending to move up over the kitchen when the rooms got filled. However, we only kept that super-kitchen room two months; we found that it paid us to keep the back parlor on account of the saving in steps and the closer attention to details that it made possible, and the prestige it gave us with our boarders.

Speaking of prestige, I may say that from the beginning we dressed carefully and as well as we could. This gave us an added dignity in the eyes of both servants



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and boarders, and helped us with both. For the last few years my wife has worn with her silk dress in the evenings a beautiful cluster diamond ring; and I wear an excellent old gold watch, with a diamond-studded Maltese cross as a charm.

From the beginning my wife and I made it a rule to talk over each evening the mistakes of the day and the things to be improved, telling each other also the encouraging items we had observed. We found those talks most helpful; and our partnership interest in the business drew us closer together, linked our lives on the business side as well as on the social and religious.

We determined from the start that the kitchen and the preparation of food should be as clean as possible, and that the food should be as good as we could afford at the price—well cooked and attractively served. We always kept the table looking as fresh as possible, and we watched details. Tablecloths and napkins were properly starched to give character; and in the center of each table we kept a clean centerpiece and a small vase of greenery—green sprigs of trees, or rose branches, or even pine and cedar in winter, if we had no flowers. The bit of dainty green gave a home touch and an air of refinement.

Studies in Cookery

I studied carefully what could be done with cheap meats and cheap foods in general. By careful reading of cookbooks and consultations with butchers and the cook, and cautious experimenting, I learned undreamed-of possibilities of lean soup meat, brisket, round steaks, and other cuts. The meat was always perfectly fresh and sweet; and undesirable parts when parboiled, stuffed, baked, garnished with fat, cooked just to a turn, and served with brown gravy or tomato sauce, made the mouths of the boarders water. Baked hash flavored with oysters, croquettes with a touch of spice—German fashion, country sausage and backbone and spareribs, and such things, were served often enough to prove acceptable and to be relished.

The cheapest vegetables were prepared with greatest care, and variety was constantly sought—variety in vegetables, meats and desserts, and variety in preparing each; for most vegetables, even, can be prepared in at least half a dozen ways without great expense.

All details I watched and planned with care. I studied cookbooks as a business man studies trade journals. This was my business, and even household hints in the newspapers and magazines I pored over in private as a merchant or salesman reads catalogs. Many little points I learned in this way—as for instance, in scrambling eggs that a tablespoonful of milk added for each egg makes them better and makes them go twice as far in serving. This hint enabled us to have scrambled eggs twice as often as we could otherwise have had them, and such things count.

I cannot emphasize too much the necessity of exactness and care in cooking and seasoning all food—that is half the difference between the average fourth-rate boarding-house table and the first-class one. Our meals were always good and we always served dessert at dinner, even though it was only rice pudding with a few raisins in it, bread pudding with a top layer of tart plum preserves, dried apple turnovers with clear sauce, or similar plain dishes.

We frequently economized on food for two meals and then served some extra dainty, such as strawberries in advance of the season; or strawberry shortcake—which was cheaper; or ice cream; or asparagus on toast; or chicken pie. We made our own ices and served them often in summer; they were inexpensive and much appreciated, and we got them up in endless cheap combinations. Such things helped to establish our reputation for an excellent table.

We managed from time to time to serve things that are not usually had in cheap boarding houses: chocolate, salads, whole wheat biscuit, graham muffins and rolls, apricot cream, cracknel bread, toasted English muffins, hominy with chicken gravy, and other things. As far as possible, also, we catered to individual tastes, and tomato soup, bean soup, turnip greens and jowl, mustard pickle, meat pies and stuffed roast were served at intervals, because we knew some of our boarders especially liked them.

As a rule, we had certain staples, but we avoided as much as possible getting into a rut; and even the staples appeared in a variety of differently prepared forms. From the start I kept books carefully—that had been my former life business. I not only kept books of accounts but I preserved the daily menus, with comments on how the several dishes had been enjoyed. This gave valuable indications of the composite taste of our boarders, which influenced our ordering at another time.

I watched the buying carefully and saved much by buying wholesale, with discount for cash, sugar, canned goods, oatmeal, grits, dried fruit, and such things. Even that first summer we put up a few preserves and homemade pickles—put them up with greatest care and exactness, though we did not then have the highest-priced fruit. Later we put up great quantities each summer; we found it paid well to do so.

We had a fixed time for meals, and meals were always served promptly—to the minute, as nearly as possible. All boarders approve of that; it prevents waits, loss of time and consequent dissatisfaction. We have always tried to have the service at table as good as we could make it.

After many months and many changes in cooks I found a young German, who had worked in a restaurant and knew something of cooking, whom I secured to cook for us. He made us an exceptionally fine servant for four years. He had married a domestic, an intelligent, good girl, and their ambition was eventually to have a boarding house of their own. Meanwhile they wished to save money for the venture and learn all about the business. With her as housemaid and her husband as a willing cook—eagerly and intelligently learning all he could from me and my cookbooks and other sources concerning cooking and saving and planning efficiently—we were fortunate indeed. We paid them well, of course, but even so they were worth to us all we paid. As I had to be so much in the kitchen in those days I much preferred a man cook.

The work was wearing, but grew easier as we learned more about it and got things in better running order. Often the work palled upon me, the pettiness of it, the endless details and small economies, the constant planning for variety and wholesome palatableness at low cost.

Often I felt the work beneath me, felt humiliated at this woman's work. Then I fiercely told myself that I had to do it, woman's work or not—that I could do it and had to. It was honest work; I found I was making a living at it for my wife and myself, and a little more than a living; and "all honest work is honorable," I repeated to myself time and time again. Then I would buoy myself up with the thought that I was a hotel manager in a small way, and that the position of a successful hotel proprietor was not beneath me. Moreover, I kept telling myself that I was actually a benefactor of mankind, in raising the standard of the cheap boarding house.

Assembling a Better Equipment

We constantly improved the appearance of the house—a picture here, a better chair there, new curtains somewhere else. We also improved our plated table silver, china and glassware. As we got a little ahead, I frequented auction sales of very nice household goods. I rarely let an auction sale in the fashionable district go by without inspecting carefully and doing some buying. We found that in this way most excellent and comparatively costly things could be had at a third or a fourth of their original value, sometimes even less; could be had more cheaply than indifferent new goods, although these beautiful auctioned goods were often almost as good as new. Carpets and curtains, as well as furniture, obtained in this way soon vastly improved the appearance of our house.

At the end of the first year we had made a living, finished paying for our first furniture and even added to it a little. At the end of the second year we had greatly increased the value of our housefurnishings, had bought a good second-hand piano, and had three hundred dollars saved up in bank.

We were beginning to have the confidence born of success, but we were cautious and stayed on in the same location for another year. Then we had seven hundred dollars in bank, and we were both anxious to get into a better neighborhood and to improve our boarding house in some details.

I had been studying this problem for a year and had been quietly looking for a house. We found one that spring, a



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well-built old house, very dirty and out of repair, but on a good square only one block farther from the business district. It was in a better neighborhood than our first house.

The new house had much more room in it, with six rooms on the first floor, the rooms being situated on both sides of a central hall that went up full three stories. There were bay windows in the second rooms on both sides, and there were a few feet of side yard which at first was sooty and bare-looking, but which had possibilities.

The place had been used for years as a third-class boarding house and was in wretched condition; the agents had lost rent on it each year from successive shiftless tenants. The owners would not repair—in fact, they could not do much had they wished to, I learned. I got a three-year lease on the property at seventy-five dollars a month, I to do whatever repairing I wished done, except the roof, which they were to keep in repair.

There was much to be done in our new location, but when cleaned and put in order the place suited us admirably. We cut a bathroom out of one of the rooms in the third story, and put a toilet and a shower bath in separate compartments.

That third floor was for men only; and we fitted up the third-story hall as a men's reading and smoking room, making it as refined and attractive as possible. It had a large back window, and we put up a small stove, two small tables with reading lamps and books and magazines, papered and carpeted it nicely, hung some good pictures and put in six or eight rockers and other easy chairs. The total expense of this fixing was not great, and it was a most attractive feature of our new house.

Real Success at Last

We kept our prices low, although we raised them slightly. The front room in the second story for a couple was fifty-five dollars; the second rooms fifty dollars. In the third story two men in the large rooms paid us twenty-two dollars each, and the hall room and small room left after the bathroom had been cut off brought us twenty-two dollars each. Having established our reputation, we carried many of our boarders with us, and filled the rest of the rooms easily from our waiting list.

The place was most satisfactory when we had it in order. We papered the house throughout, though the bedrooms were done inexpensively. We had much excellent furniture, thanks to three years of auctions, and furnished the house well. We painted the outside of the house, put the yards in thorough order, built a rustic summer house in the side yard halfway back, placed a double swing under a tree a little farther to the front. These spots, together with the front porch, made plenty of comfortable places for the tired boarders, even on hot summer evenings.

We have not made a fortune, but we have made a success. We still have a waiting list. We renewed our lease, at a slight advance in rent, at the end of the three years, and have been in this house five years in all. It is eight years since I faced the world, discouraged, dismayed, and turned to this venture as a last hope.

There have been many problems to work out, many disagreeable things of minor importance; but where is the work or calling without them? We have found our work infinitely easier since we have had experience, a little capital, and established success in a small way. We have a good, prosperous business and have supported ourselves well during these years.

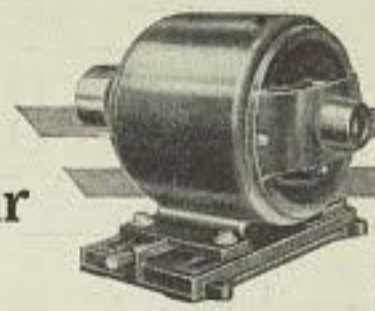
We now have two thousand dollars invested in two cottages, and could probably sell out our business for eight hundred or one thousand dollars more. We no longer feel hopeless or harassed.

I have written frankly. What we have done others can do. There is no great secret about our moderate success, though it has been the result of careful planning and much work.

After a while—possibly in three or four years if we both live—we may sell out and buy a little cottage in one of the suburbs, with one hundred feet of ground for a garden. There, with a few hens, a garden, and rent from our other cottages equaling a pension, we may end our days in quiet peace without working. We may; who knows?

Meantime we are thankful and happy in our work and our success. There is room for many other houses like ours.

Our Motors Will Cut a Big Slice Out of Your Power Bills



Robbins & Myers Motors are saving thousands of dollars for power users everywhere by operating individual machines with greater efficiency, more reliability and at a lower cost.

"STANDARD" Motors are now used in more than 2,000 different classes of mechanical work.

There is a place in YOUR business where our motors will lower operating cost or gain in output. Write us as to your power uses and let us prove this claim to you.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

1-30 to 15 Horse Power

We have specialized on small motors for sixteen years and have won a world-wide reputation for Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors for highest efficiency and reliability. Prices lowest consistent with superior quality.

The Robbins & Myers Co. 1305 Lagonda Ave. Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester.

We also manufacture a complete line of direct current and alternating current fans—desk, wall, ceiling, oscillating and ventilating—for home, office and factory. (39)



PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Look for the name **PARIS** *on every Garter*

A. STEIN & CO., MAKERS - CHICAGO, U. S. A.



25¢ and 50¢

The Choice of the Tennis Court

CHEER UP!

Get a **50c** bottle of LIQUID VENEER anywhere. Dust with it. If you're not positively delighted with the wonderfully beautifying results, take it back and get your money back. We'll pay the dealer. Dust ***everything*** with

LIQUID VENEER

TRIAL BOTTLE FREE ON REQUEST

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 71 Liquid Veneer Building, BUFFALO, N.Y.

We Start You in Well-Drilling Business!



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For the right man with a little cash it's the greatest, solidest kind of business opening, with quick returns. Drilled wells demanded everywhere. **We have money-making locations for Well Drillers now.** Many drillers' time booked 6 months ahead. Two South Dakota men made over $100,000 in ten years drilling wells. **Write at once for 128-page FREE illustrated book.** Explains everything about the well-drilling business.

ARMSTRONG MFG. CO., 1545 Chestnut St., Waterloo, Iowa

SILENCE PEERLESS COMFORT

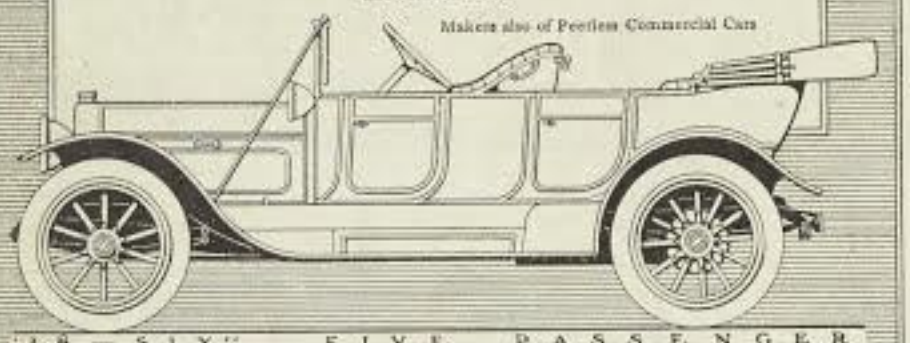
ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

The mechanism of a motor-car should be as far removed from the mind of the occupant as is the locomotive from the mind of a passenger in a Pullman. His consciousness of it should be limited to confidence that he may absolutely rely upon it; and, should he choose to turn his thoughts to it, he should always find complete enjoyment in its quiet effectiveness.

An engine-driven Electric Lighting System that supplants the gas tank and oil lamp, affording a brilliant, effective light for every lamp on the car, and an engine-driven Tire Pump with which tires may be cleanly and quickly inflated, are parts of the standard equipment of the 1912 Peerless. They realize service from the motor that would otherwise be unavailable, and are instances of Peerless completeness.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland Ohio

Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars



"38—SIX" FIVE PASSENGER

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

Save Money, Time and Labor in Building

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than lath and plaster. Easily nailed to studs. Applied dry, it is ready at once for paint, paper or burlap—inexpensive or artistic decoration. Made of kiln-dried, dressed laths imbedded in Asphalt Mastic, insuring a solid, substantial covering for



Walls and Ceilings

Will not shrink, warp or crack. Clean, odorless and sanitary. Guaranteed proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin. Used for finishing new buildings of every description; also for partitions, attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

It is the original Wall Board, construction patented.

BISHOPRIC SHEATHING is made of same materials as Wall Board, but is nailed smooth side to studs with laths and asphalt exposed.

SAVES 75 PER CENT

in material and labor. Does away with building paper. Makes smooth, solid job. Proof against heat, cold, dampness and vermin. *Used under weather boards, flooring and ready roofing or cement;* also as lining for barns, poultry houses and other out-door buildings. Houses finished with Bishopric Wall Board and Sheathing are ready for immediate occupancy. Write today for prices and

FREE Booklet and SAMPLE of { *Bishopric Wall Board* / *Bishopric Sheathing* / *Bishopric Ready Roofing*

Dealers Write for Attractive Proposition

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CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR

Made by The American Sugar Refining Co. SOLD BY GROCERS—2lb and 5lb Boxes!

Gasoline Engine

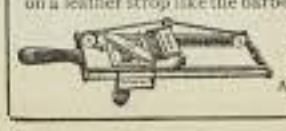
Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine, 3 h. p. Absolute Free Trial. If you keep it send only $7.50. Takes long time on the balance. Price same as to dealers. Only engine with a Chilled Cylinder, the marvelous improvement in gasoline engines. Five years' guarantee. Free book, "How to Use Power on a Farm." Just send your name and address and get books and all particulars free on this amazing offer.

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SCHMIDT BROS. CO. Engine Works. Dept. 401 Z. Davenport, Iowa

THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Honer and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. At all dealers.



Price, $3.00

Complete, prepaid
Send for catalog

A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
BROCKTON, MASS.

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

(Continued from Page 15)

delivered," setting forth that on the date in question he had sold—not to the clerk, but to his *employer*—a gold watch for the sum of fifty dollars, which the latter had then and there promised to pay for at once. The complaint further recited that the money had been duly demanded and payment refused, and asked judgment for fifty dollars and the costs and disbursements of the action. Levine would then procure from some irresponsible person an affidavit that the latter had personally served a copy of the complaint in question, together with a summons upon the defendant, and place the case on the calendar for trial. Of course no papers were in fact served on anybody and Levine would in due course secure judgment by default for sixty-odd dollars. Armed with a certified copy of the judgment and a writ of attachment, and accompanied by a burly deputy marshal selected for the ferocity of his appearance, Levine would wait until some opportune time when the owner of the shop was again absent and the shop had been left in charge of the same clerk or a member of the family. Bursting roughly in, he would demand whether or not it was the intention of the owner to pay the judgment, while at the same moment the deputy would levy on the stock in trade.

The owner of the shop, having been hastily summoned, would return to demand angrily what the rumpus was all about. By this time the clerk would have recovered his wits sufficiently to denounce the proceeding as an outrage and the suit as baseless. But his master, who saw judgment against himself for sixty dollars and his goods actually under attachment, was usually in no mood to listen to, much less believe, his clerk's explanations. At all events they availed naught when Levine, with an expression of horror at such deliberate mendacity on the part of the clerk, was wont to say:

"Ask him, pray, whether he has not got the watch in his pocket at this very moment!"

Usually this was indeed the fact, as the clerk had no idea what else to do with it until Levine should return.

"So-ho!" his master would shout wrathfully. "What do you mean by saying that you did not agree to buy the watch? Why, you have kept it all the time! What's more, you've pretended to buy it in my name! And now my shop is turned into a bear garden and there is a judgment against me and my goods are attached! A fine result of your extravagance!"

"But I never agreed to buy it!" insists the clerk. "This man left it here on approval!"

"Pish!" answers the employer. "That is all very well; but what have you to say to the judgment of the court? Now, my fine fellow, you will either pay up this money that you owe or I'll advance it myself and take it out of your wages."

In every case, despite the protests of the clerk, the money would be handed over and the shop released from levy. Unfortunately, after working the game for several years Levine came a cropper by carelessly trying it on one of the same clerks that he had victimized some time before. The clerk, being of an unusually vindictive disposition, followed the matter up. Having first arrested the man who made the false affidavit of service, he induced him to turn state's evidence against my client and landed the latter in jail. Being a great reader, however, Levine did not find his incarceration particularly unpleasant; and, hearing of the Court of Appeals decision in the McDuff case, he spent his time in devising new schemes to take the place of his now antiquated specialty. On his release he immediately became a famous "sick engineer," and for a long time enjoyed the greatest prosperity, until one of his friends victimized him at his own game by inducing him to bet ten thousand dollars on the outcome of a prize fight that he was simple-minded enough to believe had already been fought and won.

This was an elaborate variation of the ordinary wire-tapping game, where the sucker or lamb is introduced to a person alleged to be an inside official of a large telegraph company, who is ready to sell advance information of the results of sporting events in return for a share in the profits. The victim is taken to a supposed "branch office" of the company and actually hears the results of the races coming in over the wires and being telephoned to the poolrooms. Of course the whole place is merely a plant fitted up for his benefit. He is then taken to a supposed poolroom and gives up his money for the purpose of having it placed as a wager on a horserace already won. Under the McDuff case, it had been held by the courts that he had parted with his money for an illegal and dishonest purpose—to wit, in an attempt to win money from another who was wagering his own money in good faith—and the rogue who had seduced his conscience and slit his purse went free. This was Levine's favorite field of operations.

But his friend went him one better. Knowing that Levine had salted away a lot of money, he organized a gang of "cappers" and boosters, who made a great talk about the relative merits of two well-known pugilists. It was given out that a fight was to be "pulled off" up the Hudson and a party was made up to attend it. A private car was taken by the friend in question and Levine was the guest of honor. Champagne flowed freely. The fight came off in a deserted barn near a siding above Poughkeepsie; and Levine wagered all of his money, with other prosperous-looking guests in the car, under the assumption that a bargain had been made between the "pugs" that his man should win. But the supposed sports were all "boosters" in his friend's pay and the other man won after a spirited exhibition which, although exciting, hardly consoled Levine for the loss of his money.

Those of my clients who made great sums from time to time in ways similar to these rarely had any money; most of them died in abject poverty.

When at last an over-credulous dealer in automatic musical instruments was "trimmed" out of sixty-five thousand dollars by various schemes of this character, the tardy legislature finally amended the penal code in such a way as to do away with the farcical doctrine of the McDuff case and drove all our erstwhile clients out of business.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dressing a Part

A QUARTER of a century ago it was much easier to produce a play with "faked-up" scenery and costumes than it would be today, when the public has been educated up to a sense of the proper thing in the proper place. In the Comic History of England, I believe, is a picture showing the Romans wading ashore with their costumes rolled up close under their armpits, wearing high plug hats and beating their foes over the head with gingham umbrellas. There was a time in the not very remote past when the auditor was so absorbed in the action of the play that he swallowed incongruities almost as glaring as this.

In the original production of Pudd'nhead Wilson the costumes were those of the early forties—"befo' de war." The changeling, Tom, who had been substituted for the real child of the "marsa" by his slave mother, Roxy, had been brought up as a white boy, educated at Yale, and was described in the play text as a dandy. The costume set down for him was the "correct dress for men" of that period—skintight pantaloons, flowered waistcoat, full-skirted coat and a bell-crown white hat, with full, rolling brim. Mr. E. H. Henley, who played the part originally, had the good actor's intuition of the difficulty of playing a highly emotional and melodramatic rôle in such a getup; but he was far too wise to argue beforehand with a manager bent on having a correct costuming of the play. On the night of the dress rehearsal he stated that his dress was not finished. The opening night he appeared before the amazed and indignant star, Mr. Frank Mayo, in a sort of picturesque Mexican dress—a widebrimmed soft felt hat, a bolero jacket over a white shirt with soft collar, and trousers tucked into the tops of long, spurred boots. Threats of dismissal failed to shake his determination not to imperil his impersonation by wearing the correct costume; and, as he made a great hit in the part, the matter was dropped.

There has been abundant opportunity during the long life of this play to dress the part correctly, but I notice that Tom is always costumed as Mr. Henley dressed him. His instinct was right.

The Best Mascot at the Game



LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO brings *good luck* to the *smoker all* the time. It adds to the joy of victory and soothes the sting of defeat.

And, speaking of stings—there's not a hint of harshness, or *edge*, in a carload of Lucky Strike. It simply can't bite. Mellow, mild and pure. The cool, dry, even, slow-burning smoke.

You now have *two* choices for your dime in Lucky Strike—the famous old Lucky Strike Sliced Plug that will *always* be the chosen smoke of *thousands*—

And Lucky Strike Roll Cut—*new* and a *winner*—the most convenient form—all ready for your pipe.

Lucky Strike is made of choice Burley, properly chosen and properly aged. Its flavor is perfectly developed by the famous Patterson Process—discovered by the founder of this business, Dr. R. A. Patterson, fifty years ago—and still a secret with us. That's why the special goodness of Patterson Tobaccos has not been even successfully *imitated*.

Try Lucky Strike Roll Cut today.

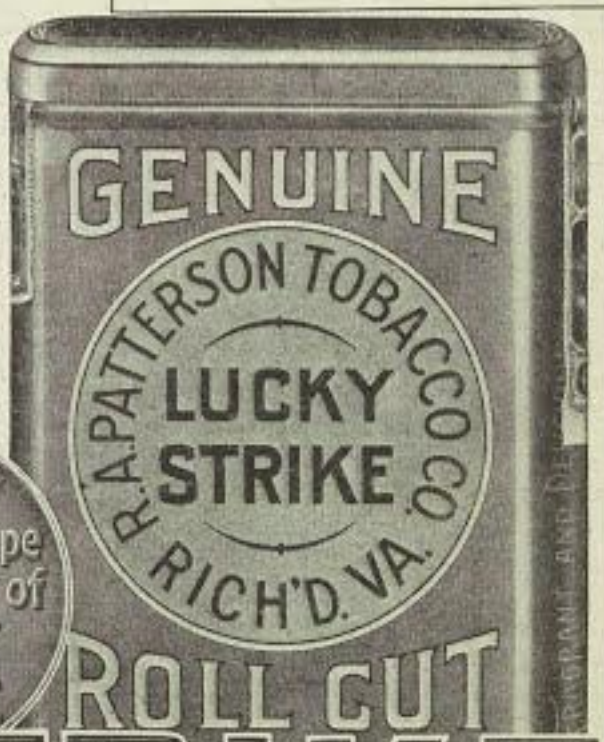
THIS CAR TO THE BALL GAME

At All Dealers 10c

To the Tobacco Trade:

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the recent big jump in the sales of our Tuxedo brand (the original granulated bottle) is taxing the facilities in our Tuxedo department to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had the hardest kind of work to keep pace with the demand. Today so much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Co.,
RICHMOND, VA.



Whenever You See a Pipe You'll Think of LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE



Miss Sad Iron:—"I am banged and slammed around so on my stand that my face is all scratched up. I can see where your attached stand is a fine thing for you."

Miss Glad Iron:—"Not only for me, Sadys, but for Mistress as well—she never has to hunt around for something to set me on. And no lifting."

Some woman is spending strength and time lifting an iron from board to stand, from board to stand—all through every hot-weather ironing day. (That is, **unless.**)

Unless she is using a *Hotpoint* Iron she will lift six pounds—say 200 times—1200 pounds doing a single ironing. And all so useless.

A stand is attached to the rear of the *Hotpoint* Iron—simply tip it up. It is balanced so that this requires scarcely any effort. The troublesome separate stand is a thing of the past. The *Hotpoint* Iron attaches to any light socket. Begins to heat instantly. Will iron the heaviest work continuously, the heat being held in the bottom.

Hotpoint QUALITY

Therefore with the Hotpoint Iron she eliminates—
- —lifting the iron onto the stand
- —tramping back and forth from stove to ironing board
- —the need of a holder and protection for the hand
- —scratching face by placing on metal stand
- —excessive heat in the room
- —waiting for the iron to reheat.

These things mean hot-weather comfort—and to many women they actually make ironing a pleasure.

In several thousand towns in United States and Canada there is a dealer or lighting company ready to show you just how a Hotpoint Iron will save time—strength—worry—money.

But, if you have any trouble in securing a Hotpoint—the iron with the two-year guarantee—send your remittance ($5.00) direct to our nearest address, and we will have a dealer deliver or ship at our expense. (Canadian customers pay duty.)

Don't Vacation Without a Utility

Anywhere there is a light socket you can take out your Utility set and in a jiffy have the iron hot to freshen up the wardrobe. Or use as a stove with the dish that is provided, and boil a couple of cups of water in short order. Iron—dish—stand, all complete in leather bag. Price, $6.00. Give voltage.

ASK YOUR DEALER

He probably has the Hotpoint Iron and our other appliances. But, if he doesn't, then order of us and we will deliver free—we want you to have the appliances with the two year guarantee.

Household Iron —the iron that will do all the household ironing—do it quicker, easier, better and cheaper than any other method. 3 pound is narrow, for sleeves, etc.; 5 pound will do all ordinary work; 6 pound does the heaviest work as well as the light pieces. It is the most popular size. Either size, express paid, $5.00.

Utility the handy little outfit—iron, stove and curling-tongs heater, all in one—see description at left. $6.00.

El Tosto —the sturdy electric toaster, cheers the morning meal. Makes delicious golden brown toast right on the table. Keeps the coffee hot, too. If your dealer hasn't it we express for $4.00.

El Stovo —an attractive electric disc stove makes summer cooking easier. Handsomely finished in nickel—so handy for little spreads—fine for the chafing dish or use on the veranda. $5.00 express paid.

El Boilo —a neat little immersion heater—heats liquids hot in a hurry. Boudoir size $3.00. Kitchen size $4.00.

El Perco —the attractive electric percolator. Brews delicious coffee without boiling—right on the table. Made of heavy copper—two sizes, 5 and 7 cup—finished in either nickel or burnished copper. $7.50 and $8.00, express paid.

Dealers and Lighting Companies

If these goods are not sold in your town this is the time for you to order samples on our special proposition and test them out. Ask for our selling plan.

Pacific Electric Heating Co.
Main Office and Factory, Ontario, Calif.
Chicago Office and Factory, 560 Washington Blvd.
136 Liberty St., New York Vancouver, B. C.

"Mum"

used regularly, insures the "sweetness" that is one of the greatest of personal attractions. Does not stop perspiring—which would be harmful—but

takes all odor out of perspiration

by neutralizing it. Preserves the soap-and-water freshness of the body "from bath to bath."

Applied in a moment. Very little is needed. Cannot injure skin or clothes—does not interfere with the most elusive perfume.

25c at drug and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum", send us his name and 25 cents and we'll send you a jar postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

STUDY LAW AT HOME

The Correspondence Course Studied by Famous Men

For 21 years bankers, corporation officials, prominent lawyers, educators, labor leaders, city, state and Federal officials, ministers, physicians and army officers, have been trained by a few hours' set efficiency. We can do it for you, if you've got the "stuff" in you. Complete course, backed up by personal help. Graduates practicing in every State. Takes only spare time, and little cash. Write for free catalogue and "evidence."

SPRAGUE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
927 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Keep Your Dog Healthy in "Dog Days" by giving him proper food



His disposition depends largely on his digestion. A dog fed on

AUSTIN'S DOG BREAD

will not mope and bite. A safe and sane food for pet dogs just when they need.

Sample Free. Send postal—State whether for Austin's Dog Bread or Austin's Puppy Bread, and give name of your dealer.

Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
307 Marginal St., Chelsea, Mass.

Stop! Read! and Consider!!

Which is the better off, the man who has a good trade, or he who belongs to the vast army of unskilled workers? The New York Trade School, founded in 1881, and endowed, provides practical instruction in various trades for young men. Full day courses, $25 to $45; evening classes, $12 to $16. Illustrated catalogue, showing trades taught and giving full particulars, mailed free on application. Address, 1250 First Avenue, New York City.



Steel Fireless Range

The latest, greatest innovation—the actual *Fireless Range* at wholesale prices to first buyers direct from factory—$6.00 and up. A real, full-sized, steel stove as high as other stoves and just as convenient. Full equipment of solid aluminum utensils. 30 Days' Free Trial on this special offer. Our free literature gives many Fireless Cooker recipes and explanation of 50% saving in fuel and time. Write for bulletin and special prices to quick buyers.

Johnston-Electric Co., Box 212, Caro, Mich.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal. Cannot spill or tip over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Of all dealers or sent prepaid for 20 cents.



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150 De Kalb Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

JENNER MEDICAL COLLEGE

Only NIGHT MEDICAL SCHOOL in existence. Fully recognized by Illinois and other State Boards of Health. Preparatory Department for those lacking High School Credits. 19 Annual session begins Sept. 5. Address Dr. John B. MacKellar, Secy., Box 1, 235 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

VACATION

At Sea Shore, Lake and Mountain. Get near to nature as an MM. As far and as last as you like. Send postal today for Illustrated literature.



American Motor Co., 800 Centre St., Brockton, Mass.

Kindergarten Training Froebel Training School

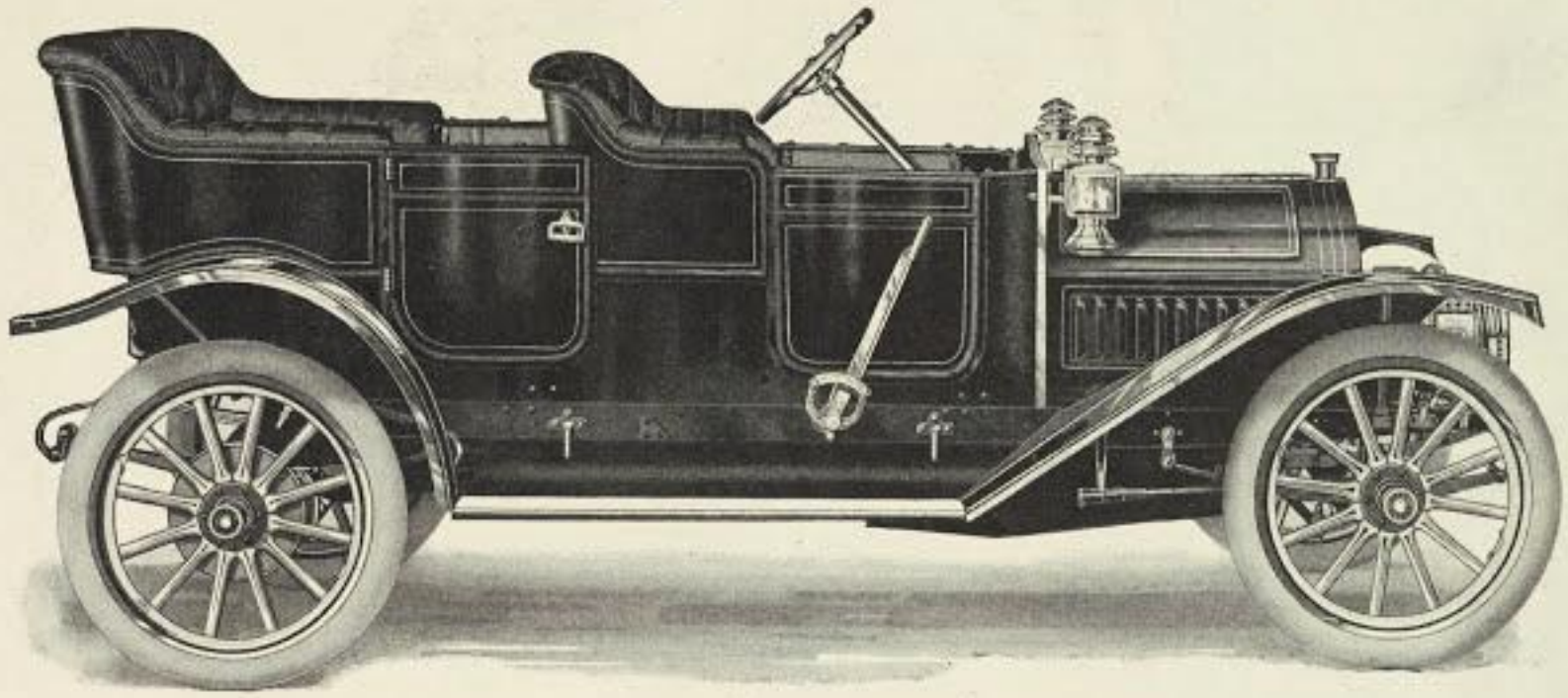
A Kindergarten Normal School. 15 year begins Sept. 18. Regular 2 yr., play ground, and special courses. Main office, Glos Bldg., opposite Auditorium, Chicago. West side class rooms at Chicago Commons. For catalog address

Mrs. B. H. Wagner, Supt., Box 6, West Chicago, Ill.

PATENTS Build Fortunes

Our free booklet tells how and will save you money. Read pages 15 and 22 before applying for patents. D. SWIFT & CO., 819 7th St., Washington, D.C.

The Best Way to Invest $1000



The Regal "30" Five Passenger Touring Car

OVER 10,000 MEN—shrewd business men—have made this particular *investment*. Men in varying walks of life whose incomes probably range from $1800 per annum up—but men who *know* the *value* of money because they had to *earn* it before they invested the $1000 which bought them their Regal "30".

MANY OF THESE MEN could well *afford* to pay a whole lot more than $1000 for an automobile but the fact that they *didn't* and the reasons *why* they didn't—if we could go to each one and ask him, would give us a lot of *valuable* information and open our eyes to motor car *values*.

COMMON BUSINESS SENSE, however, tells us that *steel* is *steel*, *brass* is *brass*, *rubber* is *rubber* and that the difference in price between *this* car and *that* car cannot be found in the absolute and necessary *essentials* of the car. The chasses of all automobiles are pretty well standardized. No car could long be sold that did not meet the modern requirements of *service* and *reliability* which are built into every *good* automobile.

OUR POLICY has always been to let a man do his own *reasoning* and *thinking*—to find out for himself the "*why*" and "*wherefore*" of this *difference* in *price* in the face of *uniformity* in *values*. We have succeeded in getting a pretty *large share* of the country's automobile *business* for the simple reason that the cars we have built have been built for Regal owners to *recommend*. After all—

THE CAR'S THE THING. You, naturally, want the *soundest* investment for your money—and the *best* investment, in this instance, means the best car you can get for the expenditure of a certain sum—as *low* a figure as is *consistent* with your *judgment* and your *need*.

WE MADE AN ASSERTION at the top of this advertisement that is also a *suggestion*. The Regal "30" five passenger touring car at $1000 (Fore-door $50 extra) is an *investment that pays*. That's proven. In 52 States this car is being operated (over 10,000 of them) giving *satisfaction* on every kind of a road, whether steep or flat, smooth or rough. Year in and year out *tested* to the utmost of *reliability*, performing the kind of *service* a good automobile should perform. Living up to the *reputation* that we have made it our *ideal* and *business* to build into every *inch* of it. A car that is proudly owned and more proudly "boosted". So—

WHY PAY MORE? That's the point. The *quality* of an automobile is in the *chassis*. You'll find *that* out no matter what you pay. And the hundreds of dollars you might have intended to spend over $1000 you can keep on the *right side* of your *bank book* as so much money *saved*—for here is a car that has over *10,000 recommendations* behind it—a car that toes the mark of *completeness* of *practicability*, *endurance*, *speed*, *comfort*, *economy*, and greatest of all—*reputation*—not only its own, but—

OUR REPUTATION. We have built and sold nearly *25,000 Regal Cars* of different models in the past five years. The *volume* of our business is a unanswerable *argument* for the *quality* of our business. When you buy a Regal automobile you become a *partner* with us in our *faith* in our product. It's something worth while to know that the men you are doing business with have proved *their right* in the arena of competition to claim your *confidence*.

BEFORE YOU BUY—see a Regal "30" 5 passenger touring car. For no car, however good, can be perfectly exploited by advertising. It must stand the *test* of *comparison*—it must be *examined*—*demonstrated*—*proved*. But after you have gone over it, *measured* it up to your ideals of what a *good* and *beautiful* car should be, we shall not miss the mark when we *affirm* you will *agree* with us it is indeed—

The Best Way to Invest $1000

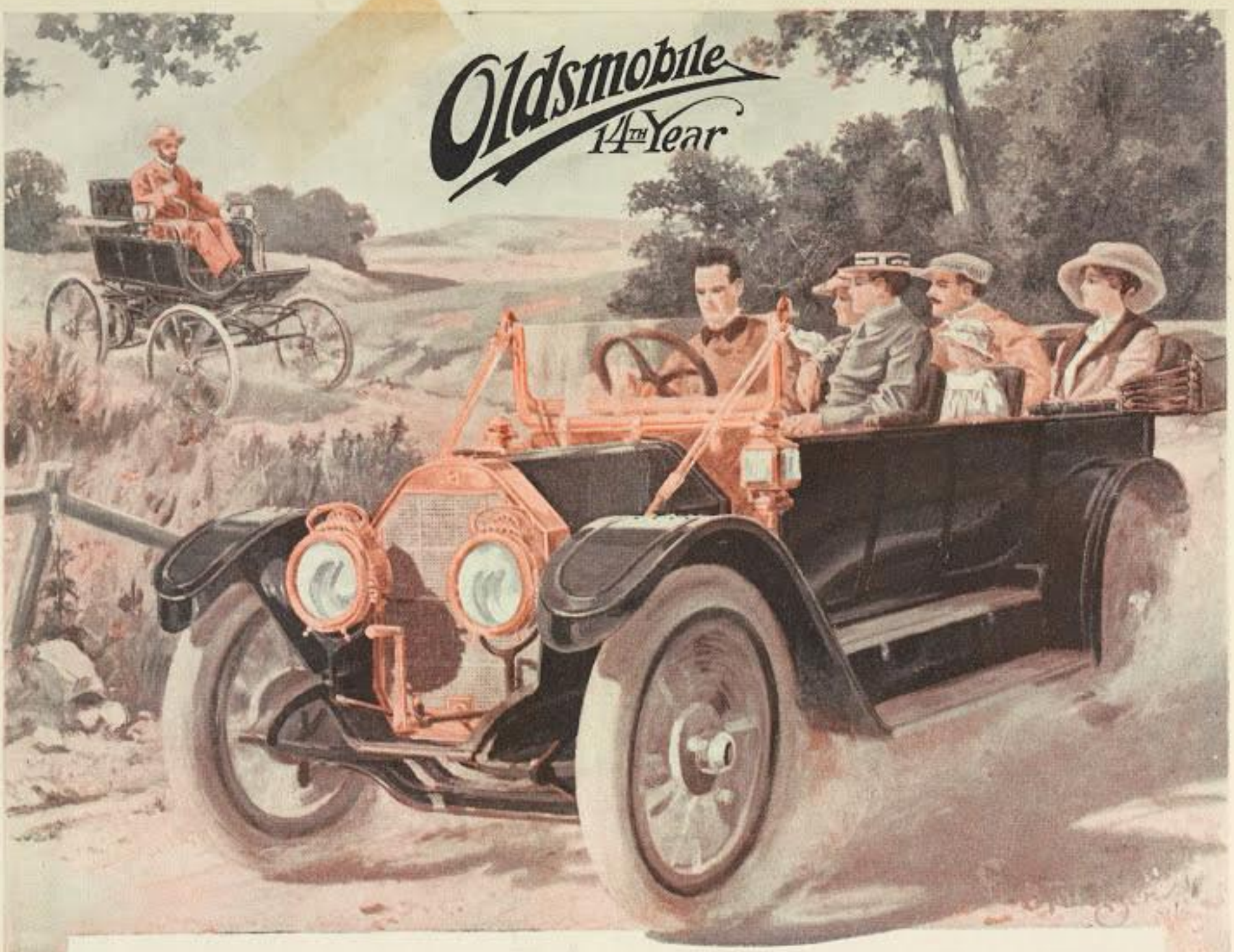
Regal dealers are everywhere—or, write us at the factory

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS: Tires 32x3½ in. Dual ignition. High tension magneto. Three speed and reverse selective sliding gear transmission. 30 H. P. motor. Cylinders cast in pairs. Bore 4¼ in. Stroke 4 in. Hyatt roller bearings in transmission and rear axle. Standard equipment—gas headlights; three oil lamps; generator; horn; tools, etc.

OTHER REGAL CARS—*Regal "20" Underslung Roadster, $900. Regal "35" Underslung, five passenger Touring Car, $1400.* Regal "40" seven passenger Touring Car, $1650. Regal "30" Demi-Tonneau, $1000—Fore door, $1050.

THE DEALERS who handle Regal Cars are especially chosen for a high standard of *service*. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the *foundation* of *service*. Their interest in customers does not *end* with the *sale* of a car but *begins* with the *purchase* of a car. We are always looking for the **"REGAL STANDARD"** among dealers. *Wire* or *write*.

Regal Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan



The Earliest and the Latest Oldsmobile

The oldest Oldsmobile and the Oldsmobile "Autocrat" of to-day, present an interesting picture of automobile development in America. The Oldsmobile was not only one of the first practical motor cars in this country, but the famous little "curved dash runabout,"—which succeeded the antiquity shown above,—did more to popularize motoring than any other car of the time.

Year after year, the Oldsmobile has been more than a car that conformed to accepted standards; it has created new standards. Each year its most severe critics have been the engineers and designers of Olds Motor Works who have selected with almost unerring judgment those features which were destined to endure.

Changes, quite radical in early years, have become slighter and slighter, until at present only closest inspection reveals the difference between the "Autocrat" as improved to date and the "Autocrat" as first announced, the design of the power plant and the method of power transmission remaining practically unchanged.

The value to the owner of a car with this sort of history is twofold: first, many years of constant study insures the production of a car that has the *very latest improvements;* second, on account of the long experience of the makers, these *improvements are time-tried and not experimental.*

For example, the "Autocrat" and the "Limited" were the first seven-passenger cars to be regularly equipped with 38 and 42 inch tires, respectively. Exhaustive experiment has shown these sizes to be far superior in durability and riding qualities to the maximum of 36 inches used before.

The Oldsmobile was one of the first really quiet cars. Its long-stroke motor develops phenomenal pulling power, which is not dependent on fly-wheel speed and is quite free from vibration at any speed. These qualities, together with its stability of construction, make the car as a whole practically indestructible.

The "Autocrat"
four-cylinder—45 H. P.
38 inch tires—$3500

The "Limited"
six-cylinder—60 H. P.
42 inch tires—$5000

Touring, Roadster, Tourabout and Limousine Bodies

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICH.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

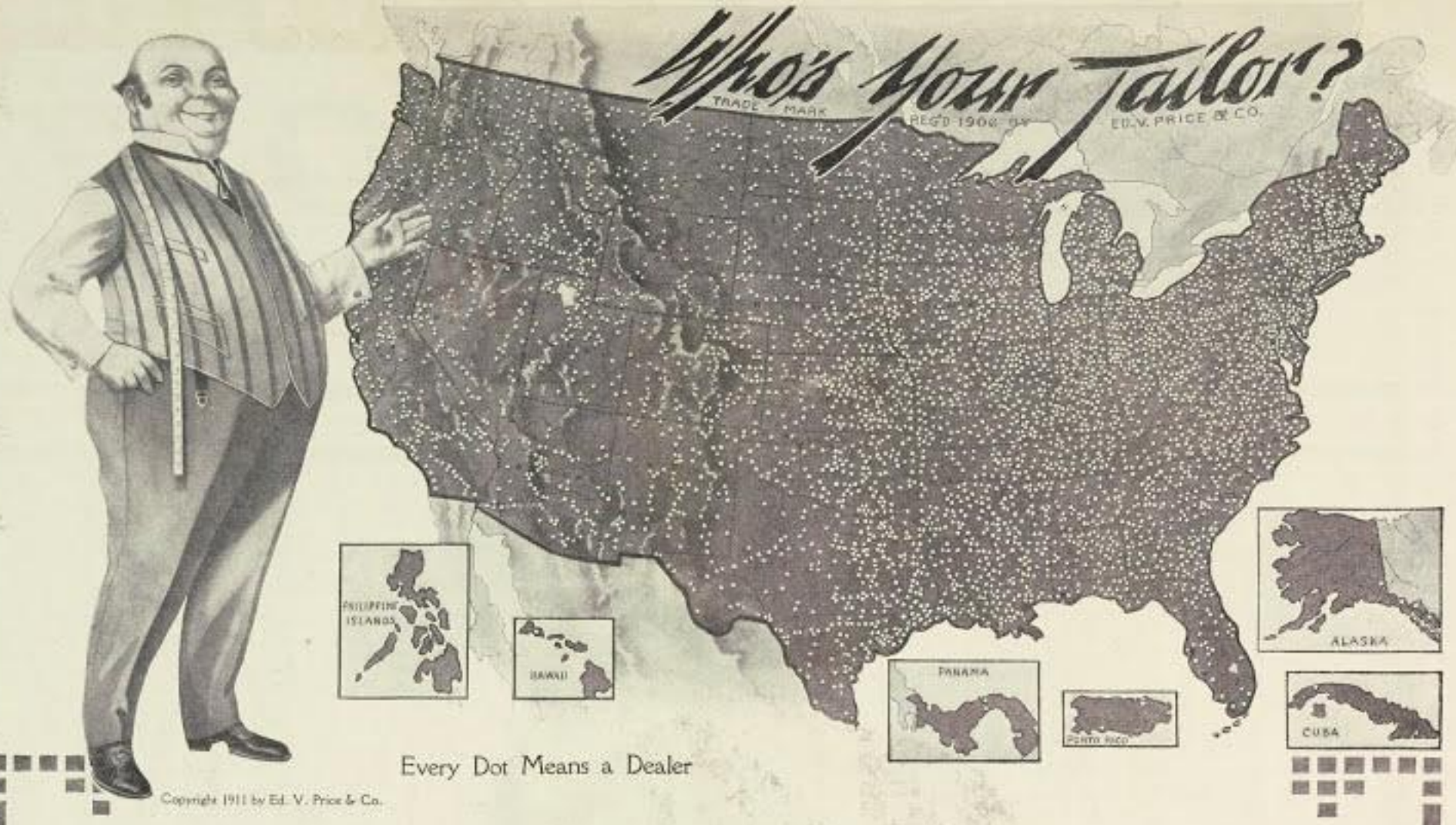
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An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A[illegible] Benj. Franklin

AUG. 12, 1911 5cts. THE COPY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



We Do Business Everywhere

No matter where you live, we can fit you correctly every season if we have your measure on file. If it isn't on file, get our dealer in your town to take it and send it to us.

If you don't know him, write us.

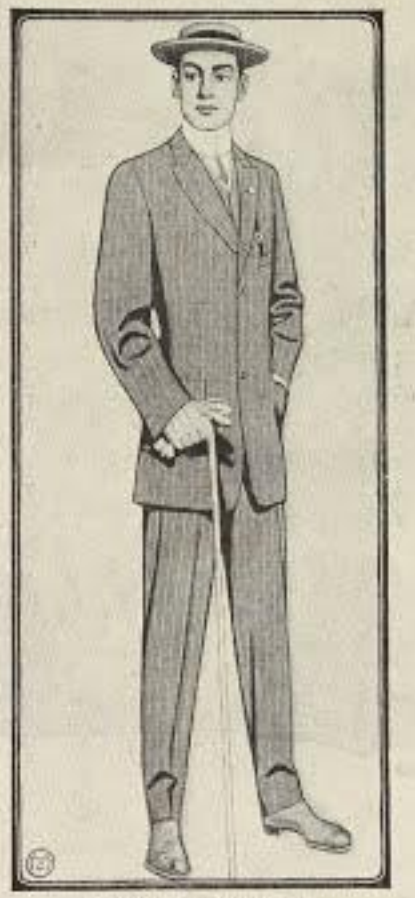
Over a quarter of a million men every year have us make their clothes to individual order because they prefer the excellent quality and workmanship we deliver for

$25 to $50

E. V. Price & Co.

Largest tailors in the world of
GOOD made-to-order clothes

Price Building Chicago, U. S. A.



The Master Suit



The Envoy Suit

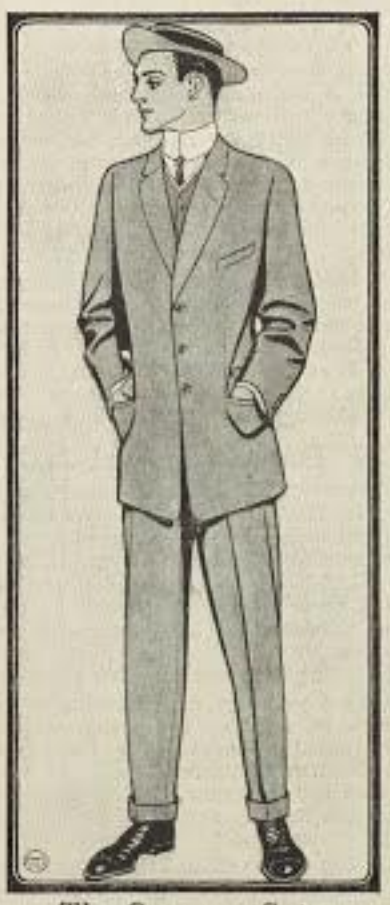


The Ritz-Carlton Suit

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

At the better clothiers. $20 to $40.



The Congress Suit



The President Suit

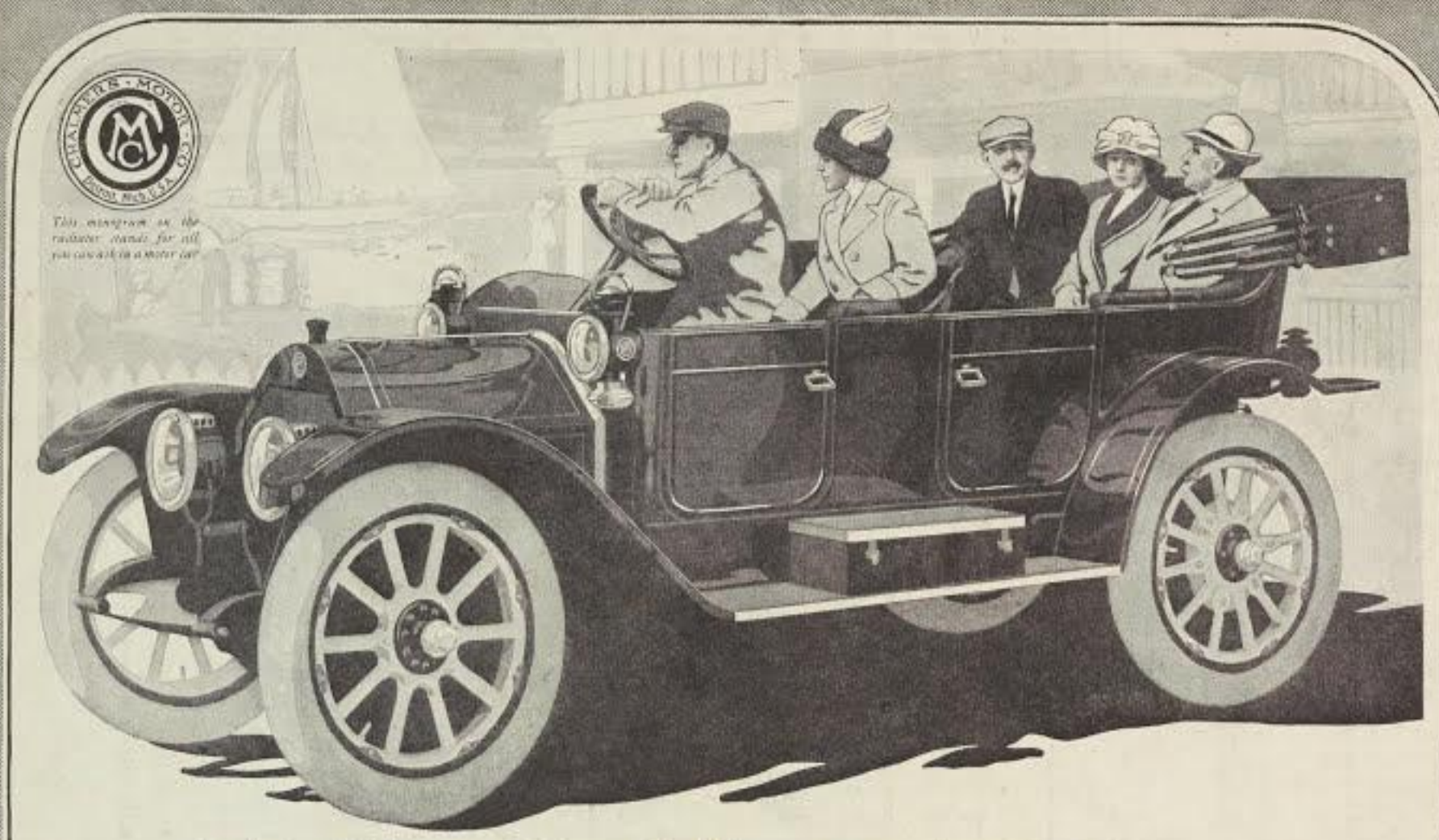


The Garden Suit

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS

Copyright 1911, Alfred Decker & Cohn



This New, Big, Self-starting Chalmers "Thirty-six"—$1800

THINK of a new, high powered Chalmers car with a Self-starter as regular equipment—for $1800! No more cranking, no more bother. Just push a button on the dash with your foot, and away goes your motor.

That isn't all. This car has a long stroke motor (4¼" x 5¼", developing 36 to 40 h. p.); four forward speed transmission; Bosch dual ignition; 36-inch by 4-inch tires; Continental Demountable rims; Mercedes type honeycomb radiator; dash adjustment for carburetor.

Furthermore, this car has bigness, strength, proved durability, beauty, fine finish, comfort. Still further, it is a *Chalmers* car. On the radiator is the famous blue and white monogram.

And the price, including all these unusual features of value, is $1800.

A man from the back country, at the circus for the first time, viewed in amazement the giraffe. After looking the animal over for some time and inquiring if it had a name, he turned shruggingly away saying, "There ain't no such animal."

Many motorists, hearing of the Chalmers "Thirty-six" for the first time, then learning the price, have felt much the same way.

But they are wrong. There really is such a car as the Chalmers "Thirty-six," with the features named above—for $1800.

You can see this car now at our dealer's store near you. And it will look better to you there than it does in this advertisement. See it. Ride in it. Place your order as early as you can because there is sure to be an over-demand.

A Car for the Many

This is an ideal car realized. A car perfectly adapted to the needs of the average user. The long stroke motor gives all the power and speed you can want, without useless burning of gasoline. The four forward speed transmission gives perfect flexibility for hills, sand, traffic and straightaway. Big tires, 36-inch by 4-inch, give riding ease and insure low tire upkeep bills.

The "Thirty-six" is heavy where weight means maximum strength, but there is no useless weight. We claim that this car is lighter than any other car of the same power, roominess and strength, and that it is stronger than any other car of the same weight.

This car overcomes the inconveniences of all preceding cars. The Chalmers Self-starter, air pressure type, does away with the trouble of cranking. Big tires and Continental Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors.

Given Severe Tests

While the "Thirty-six" has every up-to-the-minute improvement, still there is not a single untried principle or part in its makeup. In November, 1910, we started three of these cars on the road to test them—one in the mountains of Pennsylvania, one in the sands and heat of Florida, and one in the varied conditions of the Middle West. They were run an average of 10,000 miles each before we O. K.'d the model for manufacture.

Here is a big car—big radiator—big hood—big wheels and tires—big body with big roomy seats—big, strong frame—big axles—big all over, and yet it isn't a cumbersome, costly upkeep car.

Not only has this car all these unusual features of construction and convenience, but with them it has beauty. It is a *fine* car.

Compare With Many Cars

There are bigger cars than the "Thirty-six" and smaller ones. Cars of more power and of less. Heavier cars, lighter cars. There are higher priced cars and lower priced cars. And yet we ask you to consider this car on the basis that it is the most nearly ideal car, for the average user, of all that are made.

Take the size, the power, the conveniences, the construction, the comfort, the beauty *and the price* into consideration in comparison with the same features on all other cars, and see if you do not conclude that in the Chalmers "Thirty-six" we have come most nearly to realizing the ideal car for the greatest number of people.

A Vote of Confidence

Public announcement of this car was first made on July 6th. Prior to that date, dealers had signed contracts for all we can make. They were anxious to sign up for twice the number, but we had to allot just so many to each territory. Since our announcement appeared, the Sales Department has received requests from more than two hundred other dealers, asking for the privilege of handling the Chalmers line in their section.

We asked dealers this year for exclusive representation for Chalmers cars in their price classes. Not one dealer was unwilling to grant this request, dozens of them giving up other lines in order to hold the Chalmers. The vote of confidence which experienced dealers have given this new Chalmers car is one of the best possible guides for the individual buyer.

"30" Fully Equipped, $1500

The Chalmers "30" and Chalmers "Forty" are continued for 1912 and offer greater values than ever before because of the improved methods of manufacture and added equipment. The "30" sells for $1500, including magneto, gas lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top, and automatic windshield. Last year this car so equipped brought $1750. The "Forty" sells for $2750, including the same complete equipment.

More than a year ago, as a heading of an advertisement, we used an expression which was frequently heard in automobile trade circles: "This Is Another Chalmers Year." It was true then, and we repeat it now, for it is more apparently true now than in any other year. "This is another Chalmers year."

1912 catalog will be mailed on request.

Chalmers Motor Company

Detroit, Mich.

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Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1911 Number 7

LÉONTINE AND CO.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

YES, my friend, you shall have the whole yarn. You don't mind an ex-crook calling you "my friend"? Thanks. I'm glad of it. You have certainly been a good friend since that day you came to see me in my cell in the Santé. And you have certainly stood my friend since. It never occurred to me that possibly you might be acquainted with John and Edith.

I want to tell you the story, because in a few hours I am going to take a dive into the underworld—for how long I can't tell. It is very possible that I may go from there straight to Heaven. No, don't look pained. I'm not backsliding or out for any more crooked business. I'm going back to settle a score. Here I am at this moment, to all appearance a gentleman, lunching at the Automobile Club as though I hadn't a care in the world. This afternoon I am going out for a spin into the country. I want you to go with me. We will only get as far as the forest of St. Germain when I will ask you to bring the car back. Tomorrow there will be a bushy-whiskered, spectacled *prédicateur*—a sort of itinerant preacher—reading his breviary in the Parc Monceau.

It is sheer good fortune meeting you here. It is possible that our worthy *prédicateur* may need a safe asylum in a hurry. Your old studio in the garden would be perfect for that. When you have heard the story you may feel differently about it, especially as the friar is apt to come with blood on his muzzle. You don't look startled a bit! Well, here goes; and when I have finished you can tell me, if you like, where you hide the key.

. . . . . .

Let's go back to the time when Léontine and I entered John's house, and I got pinched so that the others could make their getaway in the car. You heard my story at the Santé, but I never thought of your going around and talking to John and Edith. John came to see me, as I told you. He came again a couple of days after your visit and told me of how you had talked to them. Listening to him, I wondered why it had seemed to me like looking into a mirror when I first sighted him over the barrel of Léontine's gun. Perhaps it was the nervous strain of the moment that made the resemblance between us so strong, for seen in the daylight my half-brother was a big, good-natured-looking chap and showed the signs of high living.



Suddenly Kharkoff Noticed the Rigid Expression of Her Face

"Look here, Frank," says he—I'd told him of our relationship the first time he came—"we must get you out of this."

"You're mighty good," I answered, "but there's nothing you can do. I'm an old offender—a *récidiviste*—all catalogued and Bertilloned. I've done my little trick in Cayenne and this time it's *au bat' d'Afrique* for mine."

"I'm not so sure," says he. "The prefect of police is an intimate friend of ours and I've got some other strong influence in official and diplomatic circles. Suppose I manage it—will you give me your word to live strictly on the square?"

"A thief's word?" I asked.

"My brother's word," says John. "That's good enough for me."

Say, my friend, would you think me capable of tears? Me, a postgraduate American crook and as hard as nails? I didn't shed them, but they were in my eyes and a lump in my throat, and I had to get up and walk to the grated window.

"Will you give it?" asked John.

"Yes," I muttered.

"Your hand on it," says he.

"A thief's hand?"

"My brother's hand."

My right arm was in bandages from his bullet, so I turned and held out the left.

"Here's the left," said I. "That's all right, though, seeing that I'm your brother on the wrong side."

"You're my brother on the right side from now on," says he, and gave me a hearty grip and then turned to the door.

"Now I'll get busy," says he, and went out without looking back.

Well, sir, how he managed it I don't know, but two weeks later I walked out with him a free man. His car was waiting at the door.

"Where now, John?" I asked.

"Home," says he. "You are to stop with us, Frank, until we make up our minds what you'd better do. Edith expects you, and we have sent for your things."

Now what do you think of that? Only three weeks before, Léontine Petrovski and I had broken into this man's house—not knowing who he was, of course—to steal his wife's jewels. He had surprised us, as I told you, and to save Léontine I would have shot him dead, only that his resemblance to me told me who he was. But I was masked, so he shot me through the arm, in spite of which I would have got away if I hadn't done a sacrifice play and tackled the *agent* to save the rest of the mob. But I'd left John senseless at the foot of his stairs, and the gash across his forehead wasn't yet healed. In spite of this, here was the man that I'd gone to rob going my bond, getting me out of a life sentence, perhaps, and then, by gravy! insisting on my living at his house until I got a fresh start on the level. But I balked dead.

"That don't go, John," said I. "My nerve never failed me yet, but it ain't up to meeting your wife."

"Then get it up as soon as you know how," says he with his good-natured smile. "Edith is the one who's doing the whole thing."

"What's that?" I cried.

"Yes, old chap. She's the one you've got to thank. You see, Frank, Edith has all the money. Our father died bankrupt, otherwise you would never have been a burglar. I could never make a dollar to save my life—though I hope to pretty soon, and that's something I want to talk to you about."

But I shook my head. You see, I had thought all the time that John was a rich man in his own right; that he might have saved something from the wreck when the old man went broke and blew his brains out, and then made good investments and pulled out well off. Looking at it that way, it was all right if he wanted to pay up a score for the father of us both. But to be an object of charity to a woman who owed me nothing but the good chance of losing her jewels—that wouldn't do.

John saw what was passing in my mind and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Come, Frank," says he; "you'll feel differently about it when you've met her. She's not a usual woman, old chap; she's a sort of angel on earth. You want to thank her, anyway, don't you? Come, jump in."

So in I got, but as we moved off I said:

"What will your friends say when they know that your half-brother is—or was—a crook?"

"They will never know it," he answered; "I've taken care of that. These people at the Santé think it was a family scandal: an effort to get possession of some family jewels that you laid claim to. The prefecture knows, but that bureau knows lots of things that would set society by the ears if they ever got out. You are under bond and under observation, to some extent; but what does that matter since you've chucked the old game? I've got something in view for you now, but we'll discuss that later."

Before many minutes the car drew up in front of the same big gate that I had scaled that night while Ivan and Chu-Chu and Jeff and the girls waited in the motor to see a demonstration of snappy American methods—and came so near getting pinched doing it. We crossed the garden—and let me tell you, sir, my heart was beating a lot faster than it did the night I first laid eyes on that old Renaissance house.

"Madame is in the studio," said the *maître d'hôtel*, as he opened the door. He gave me a quick, curious look, for at first glance the resemblance between John and myself is almost that of twins. I was dressed like a swell, for John had brought me down some of his own things, I having been in evening clothes when pinched, the night of Léontine's supper party.

"Let's go out to the studio," said John. "Edith is at work on her Salon picture."

So out we went, and John rapped at the door of a pretty little vine-covered building, placed well clear of the big trees. From inside a clear voice called, "*Entrez.*"

My friend, I shall never forget that picture—not the one on the easel, but Edith as she turned to greet us. You know her, of course, and appreciate what a lovely creature she is, with her tall, queenly figure and wonderful great eyes. They are not woman's eyes; they are more the eyes of some splendid archangel guarding the gates of paradise—clear and steadfast and deep as heaven itself. She was in her paint-blouse, standing in front of a big canvas, a portrait; and posing in the middle of the studio was an uncommonly beautiful girl in evening dress and a great rope of gorgeous pearls.

Edith laid down her palette and brushes and came forward with a smile on her sweet mouth and a tinge of color in her cheeks.

"Welcome, Frank," she said, then glanced from me to her husband and laughed.

"You are like as two peas," she said. "I don't wonder that you got a dreadful start when you saw John."

She gave me her hand and I took it in a sort of daze. Then I looked at the girl who was posing. Edith smiled.

"Miss Dalghren is one of our family, Frank," she said. "She was here that night and knows the whole story. You are with your own people, Frank, so you are not to feel uncomfortable. Do you know what a bishop of London is said to have once remarked when he watched a man being led to the gallows? 'There, but for the grace of God, goes myself.' The grace of God has brought you to us, Frank, and all of the old dead past has got to bury its dead." Her lovely, sensitive mouth curved in the sweetest little smile that drew one corner lower than the other, and her big eyes grew dark and deep suddenly, and seemed to look through mine to see what was behind them. "The interment is already going on, Frank, but I don't see any mourners. Now you men must run out and let me make the most of my light. My picture is 'way behind." She looked at John. "Show Frank his room," she said, "and see that he has everything that he needs. You may come back for tea at five, if you like."

I got out of that studio like a man in a dream. John closed the door, then looked at me and laughed.

"How do you feel about it now, old chap?" he asked.

"I feel," said I in a shaky sort of voice, "a good deal as I imagine Jeanne d'Arc may have felt when the angel brought her the banner." I spun around and stared at him. "What did you ever do to deserve a wife like that?"

John laughed. "Nothing," says he, "and I don't."

He led the way to the house and I followed, still rather dazed. You see, the reception I'd had was so different from what I expected. It was so cordial and natural, even while not ignoring the real state of affairs. There was none of the fuss I'd dreaded being made over the reformed criminal—especially when it was a case of reform or penal servitude—and, on the other hand, there was no silly pretense that I was just like the rest of their sort. The sentimental mush that is served out to the ex-thief by a certain class of people is almost enough to keep the self-respectin' crook from turning honest, unless he's hard up against it; but there was nothing of that sort here. Some folks seem to think that a criminal is an entirely different sort of human being; but my experience in the underworld had been that there is a lot of honesty in most crooks, just the same as there is a lot of crookedness in many honest folk, and that the difference is principally in circumstance. But even then, you do find once in a great while what seems to be the unmixed bad, just as there is the unmixed good. This yarn is a story of both—and a few between.

John took me to his smoking room, and we sat down and each lit a cigarette. I noticed his furniture and pictures, and he seemed a bit surprised to find that I understood periods and art. He touched the bell and ordered whisky and soda. When it came I declined, never touching anything except a little wine with meals.

"You don't drink?" he asked, pouring himself out a pretty stiff one.

"Never hard stuff," I answered. "That was too risky in my old trade."

"It's always risky in any trade," said he, "and still riskier when you haven't any trade at all." And his face darkened a little. He set down his half-emptied glass and looked at me curiously.

"Now that you've met Edith," said he, "don't you see what I meant when I said that she was not like most women?"

"Yes, I see."

"And you don't feel the same way about taking help from her?"

"No," said I. "I'd take help from her just as I'd take it from God."

He raised his eyebrows a little.

"You believe in God?" he asked.

"Most people who carry their lives in their hands believe in God," I answered. "But the trouble is, my kind don't feel as if they had any great reason for loving Him."

John nodded, took another swallow, then gave me a quick, curious look.

"Did you notice the girl who was posing?" he asked.

"Yes. She is very beautiful."

"She is a Miss Dalghren," said John. "Her father was a promoter and made a big fortune in different schemes—mines principally. Then he took to stock gambling and lost it all and died bankrupt, just as our father did. All that she got after the smash were those pearls she was wearing—a magnificent string that she had from her mother. She gives music lessons here in Paris."

"Singing?"

"Yes, and the piano. She plays the harp very well also."

We talked for a while and then John took me to see his library. I noticed that he helped himself to another drink before leaving the room. There was nothing in this, of course, but his manner of doing it was queer—quick and furtive, as if he wanted to gulp it down before anybody came in. We spent the rest of the hour looking at his old volumes, and he was surprised to see that I knew books too. Then, says John:

"Come on, Frank. It's five. We can go back to the studio now."

Edith had finished her painting and was sitting on the divan, talking with Miss Dalghren. The old *maître d'hôtel* brought in the tea things and a decanter of whisky. Miss Dalghren poured the tea.

"How do you like it?" she asked me.

"Perhaps Frank would rather have whisky," said Edith.

"No," I answered, "I prefer the tea."

She handed me my cup and I stirred it slowly. Then I felt Edith's eyes on me and looked up. She gave her crooked little smile.

"Really, Frank," she said, "you and John are as like as you can be."

"On the outside, perhaps," I answered.

Her deep gray eyes looked into mine as if she were trying to see all that was inside. Usually, when a person goes prospectin' in my thoughts this way I pull the deadlights over my "lanterns of the soul." But there was something here that went through the shutter like radium. Perhaps it was because everybody else had always looked me in the eyes huntin' for something bad, while Edith seemed to be looking not for but at something that was good. It must have been that, for her sweet mouth seemed to soften and she smiled again.

"You are all right inside," she said quietly. "Your education has been wrong, that's all."

"I was educated for a thief," I answered in the same tone, "and as far as the education went I was always considered a credit to it."

Perhaps it wasn't a nice thing to say, but for some reason I wanted to justify myself. I wanted her to know how I came to belong to the underworld. Perhaps she understood and wished me to understand that no explanation was necessary, for she said:

"Whatever you set yourself to do you will do strongly and without fear. Weakness will never be your fault. How old are you, Frank?"

"Thirty-two," I told her.

"Six years younger than John," she said; "but you look to be the same age."

"Nobody ever discovered the fountain of youth at Cayenne," said I. "A year there is worth five anywhere else."

Miss Dalghren had not said a word, but I had felt her watching me closely. She was a beautiful girl, of the big, Diana sort, with a rather square face and blazing blue eyes—the sort of woman that looks as if she were meant to be the mother of good fighting men.

"What made you enter this house?" she asked.

I told them the story of how Jeff had taken me to Léontine's swell supper party—leaving out names and places, of course—and how I had offered to rob John's house, more to show off than anything else, and as a demonstration of American methods for Chu-Chu, le Tondeur and Ivan, the head of the mob. When I told them how Léontine had insisted on coming with me for the sheer excitement of the thing, although not a professional thief herself, Miss Dalghren's blue eyes sparkled.

"I can understand that," she said. "Is she very beautiful, this woman?"

"Yes," I answered. "She's a big, gorgeous sort of tigress."

"She rather fancied you, eh?" says John.

"Such women have fierce, sudden fancies," I answered. "No doubt hers may have rested on me for the hour. I never saw her until that night. It was her gun that I had when you fired. I never carry a loaded gun myself when doing a piece of work."

"Why not?" asked Miss Dalghren.

"It's not sportsmanlike. Besides, I wouldn't take the lives of people defending their property. I always felt that if I failed to pull off the job by skill I'd take the consequences. That makes the game all the more interesting."

"Then you burgled less for the goods than for the game?"

"I was out for both," I answered. "Mind you, I don't pose for a kid-glove burglar. Once or twice, when I've been interrupted, I've bluffed out the householder by the roughest sort of treatment. But I must say the game has always appealed to me as much as the loot. I might be compared to a big-game hunter: I liked the stalk and I liked the bag. Most men have got a plundering instinct—and some women too. Soldiers loot when they get the chance."

"From an enemy," said Miss Dalghren.

"Society and I were enemies," I answered. "Society declared war on me when I was a helpless little kiddy. I felt, when I grew up, that it owed me a lot. So I sailed in to collect."

Edith looked at me with a gentle smile.

"But the war is over now, Frank?" she asked.

"Yes," said I, "the war is over and peace is signed, and you may be sure that I shall never break it. You and your husband have paid society's war debt to me in full, and we are square. From now on I live within the law."

"Bravo!" said John. His hand went out to the decanter in a careless sort of way, but I noticed again that worried, furtive look in his eyes. Edith saw it, too, though she pretended not to, and a shadow rested on her lovely face. It passed quickly, but it struck me suddenly that here, perhaps, was the explanation for the note of sadness that showed in all of her work.

We were to go to the opera that night and at dinner Edith wore her magnificent pearl necklace—the one that Ivan had told me about. They were uncommon pearls, but it struck me that Miss Dalghren's were even finer. The girl noticed my eyes resting on them and asked, with a smile:

"Aren't they beauties?"

"Superb," I answered. "I doubt if I ever saw finer ones."

"Do they arouse your cupidity?"

"Not one bit," I answered. "No more than a stag in a man's park would arouse the cupidity of a sportsman."

"I suppose," said John in his easy voice, "that even when in active business there is a good deal of honor among thieves."

"A good deal," I answered, "but you can't always bank on it, any more than you can on honor among politicians or high financiers. Still, there's a certain amount. There is a man in this city who arranges for the theft of such jewels as these. He supplies the cracksman with the necessary information and details one of his mob to do the job. Very often the chief is not dead sure himself as to what other jewels there may be, or which are real and which imitations. Yet, when the burglar has made his haul he takes the lot straight to headquarters, where they are assayed in the laboratory and then turned over to a third party to dispose of. There's little doubt but that these transactions are practically always carried on strictly on the level. Moreover, there's a sinking-fund for protecting members of the mob that get nabbed and for tiding over others that are in a run of bad luck. Paris is a great town for organized crime."

John nodded and beckoned to the *maître d'hôtel* to fill his champagne glass, and again I saw that faint shadow cross Edith's face.

When we reached the opera the house was already filled. Edith and Miss Dalghren sat in the front of the box, of course, John behind his wife and I behind the girl; and, you may believe it or not, but those two magnificent pearl necklaces within the reach of my hand never gave me so much as a quiver. Tristan was being sung and my eyes and ears were all for the stage, for I love music.

About the middle of the first act there was a stir in the box beside us and Edith half turned and brushed my sleeve with her fan.

"Prince Kharkoff," she whispered, "and his beautiful Polish princess."

I swung about in my seat and looked straight into the wonderful amber eyes of Léontine.

II

IT WAS this same Prince Kharkoff, you remember, who got me shipped off to Cayenne. But that was three years before; and when I had been fool enough to get caught in that bear-trap grip of his, the day at the races, I was wearing a vandyke beard and mustache. But now I was smooth-shaven, and considering my surroundings and resemblance to John there was no danger of his recognizing me, especially as he and the Cuttynges had frequently met at dinners and receptions. Being with Léontine he did not bow.

Léontine had not seen us, and as she swung slowly in her chair to see who her neighbors were I turned as if to speak to John. There were a good many people looking, and I was not sure that the girl would be able to hide her feelings. You see, my play in getting myself collared to save the rest of the crowd had hit her pretty hard, especially as she knew that I would have pulled the job off all right except for her willfulness. As she saw it, she had cost me my liberty for life, so that when I tackled the *agent*, broken arm and all, and held him while the others got away in the car, she was horribly broken up. You see, we were already pretty well started on one of those swift, savage affairs that sometimes happen in the underworld, where people don't know at what moment they may find iron bars between them. Every day that I was in the Santé I had got a love message from her.

John was taking her in through his monocle.

"Gad, she is a beauty!" he whispered to me; then added: "What's the matter with her?"

I glanced carelessly about. Kharkoff and the girl had seated themselves. The Prince was staring around the house, but Léontine was straight in her chair, her face pale and her eyes fixed on the stage, while her bosom was heaving like that of a runner at the end of a race. Suddenly Kharkoff turned to say something and noticed the rigid expression of her face. His bushy brows came down and he leaned over so that his beard brushed her gleaming shoulder.

"*Qu'est-ce-que tu as—dis?*" I heard him ask.

Léontine pulled herself together and managed a smile.

"*Un vertige—ce n'est rien,*" she answered.

When I glanced at her again a few minutes later she was looking at the stage. Her cheeks were still pale, but there was a crimson spot in each. She felt my eyes on her and flashed me a quick look, which passed to Edith, then Miss Dalghren. I was watching her closely and saw her gaze fasten on both sets of pearls, and there was an unholy gleam in her tawny eyes. She took a deep breath, then turned to the Prince and whispered a few words.

John leaned over and said, with his lips so close to my ear that I caught the strong reek of liquor:

"Ain't she a wonder? All Paris is mad to find out who she really is—and what. Somebody asked Kharkoff about her at the Automobile Club the other night, just before they started to play. '*La femme du diable*,' he growled. That's the name she goes by now."

"She looks it," I whispered, wondering what he would say if he were to know that she was the woman who, a few weeks before, had shoved the gun into my hand while she hissed into my ear to shoot him dead.

Léontine was wearing a pale green chiffon gown and her black hair was drawn down under a gold band set with emeralds. Her neck and shoulders glowed like old ivory. Edith and Miss Dalghren were stealing sidelong glances at her. Then the girl turned to me and her blue eyes held a sort of inquiry, which made me wonder if she had noticed Léontine's expression when she first looked into our box.

Presently the curtain rose and the stage took everybody's attention—that is, everybody's but mine. I was doing some mighty hard thinking, you can bet.

Just before the curtain fell Léontine and Kharkoff left the box. Edith turned to me.

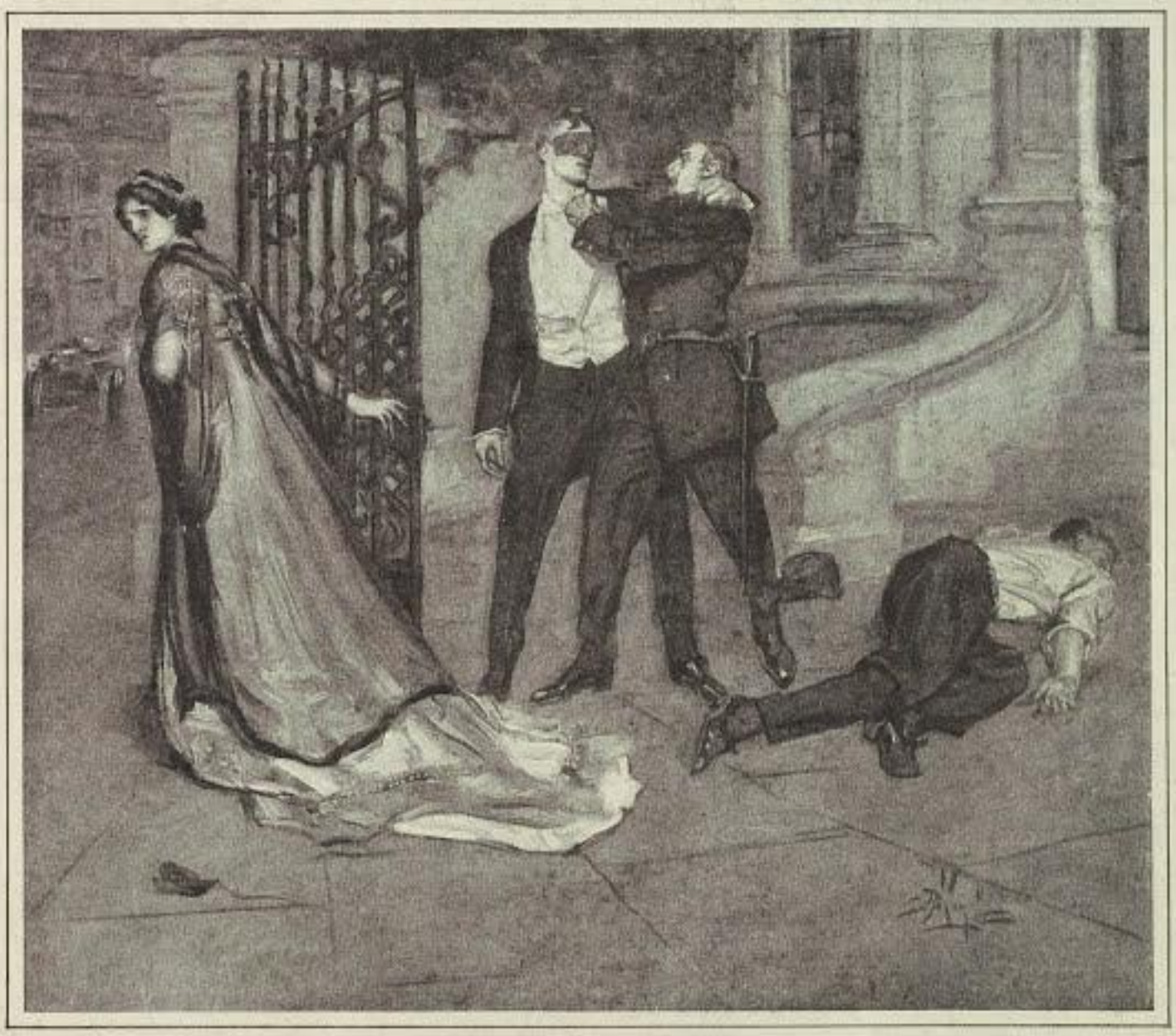
"Did you ever see so wonderful a creature?" she asked.

"Did you?" said Miss Dalghren.

"She's rather too exotic for my taste," I answered.

"Do you know who she is?" asked the girl.

"They call her 'the devil's wife,'" said John. "Let's go out and see if she's in the promenade."



I Would Have Got Away if I Hadn't Tackled the Agent to Save the Rest

So up we got and went out. As we left the box Kharkoff and Léontine passed, dressed for the street. I was talking to Miss Dalghren and Léontine's eyes avoided mine but rested for a moment intently on the girl. Miss Dalghren gave a little shiver.

"She's rather terrible, I think," said she. "Did you see the look she gave me? It was not agreeable. I wonder why?"

"Jealousy, perhaps," said John.

"Of what?" asked Miss Dalghren quickly.

"I fancy," said John, "that for all her dark beauty the Night is always a bit jealous of the Morning. Also, your pearls are finer than hers."

Miss Dalghren shrugged her handsome shoulders, but did not seem pleased. We started to walk through the press, talking of the music and the people, and presently returned to the box.

When the show was over and we went out into the crush a woman attendant brushed past me and slipped a piece of paper into my hand. I guessed what it was and shoved it into my pocket, fiercely angry for the second that Léontine should have taken a chance like that. But the attendant had glanced at the lapel of my coat, and I saw that Léontine had probably noticed John's decoration and told the woman to give the note to the one of us who did not wear the red ribbon. John had been decorated for some silly thing or other—assisting at the unveiling of a statue, I believe.

We went for supper, then home. As soon as I was alone in the pretty chintz bedroom where Edith had put me I took the note from my pocket and read:

How does it happen? *How, how, how?* Oh, my dear, are you your own man? Meet me in the rose garden at Bagatelle tomorrow morning at eleven. Don't dare to fail me. L.

Let me tell you, my friend, that I was not pleased with this note. Léontine was not for me. She belonged to the underworld—or at best, the halfworld; and I had put all thought of her away from me with the criminal life that I had passed my word to give up. Whether she was an *anarchiste*, a spy, or one of Ivan's organized mob, I did not know and had no wish to find out.

At first I thought that I would send her a line to say that my past and everything included in it was blotted out. Mind you, I had known Léontine for only about five hours, and then, except for the few minutes when we were in John's house, in the company of a gay crowd of high-rollin' thieves. So it seemed a little thick that she should bother me now when I had escaped a life sentence by a miracle—or, as Edith said, "the grace of God." I owed her nothing, but she owed me a lot; and I thought that the best way would be to write and claim that she pay me the debt by leaving me alone.

Thinking it over, however, I decided that this very payment was probably the only one that a woman like Léontine would refuse to meet, unless absolutely convinced that it was the only one that I would ever accept. Besides, I had a feeling that down underneath there was a lot of heart to Léontine, and a little good sense. So I decided to meet her and make things plain, when I thought that I could count on her to do her part and make no trouble.

When I came down the next morning I found John on the terrace, reading the papers over his coffee. He looked up with a nod and a smile.

We talked for a few minutes, then said John:

"Frank, do you know anything about motors?"

"Yes," I answered. "I've fooled around cars a good deal." I didn't add that I had once made a tour of New England in a motor car, working the different places we struck en route.

"Good," says he, then went on to tell me how for some time past he had been considering a new motor-car proposition. A few days before he came to see me in the Santé he had decided to take it up, backing it with quite a lot of capital. The concern had rented a place on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, but was at a standstill for lack of funds.

"You speak perfect French," says he, "and understand business methods over here. How would you like to take the managership of the Paris office?"

"That would suit me to the ground," I answered.

"Well, then," says he, "we'll go up there this afternoon and look things over. Have you anything to do before luncheon?"

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SENATE PRIMER



By
Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

Long recognizing the want of a handy, compact volume that shall give in the simplest language the essential facts concerning the Senate of the United States, now so importantly before the people, I have prepared the Senate Primer, in which are set forth concisely and with scrupulous regard for truth those details concerning that institution needed for a proper understanding of the great debates now in progress, on which the fate of the nation and the prosperity of all Americans may be said to depend—that is, you may say it if you like. Others have.



I

WHAT is the Senate?
The greatest deliberative body in the world.
Who says so?
The Senate.
How many members has the Senate?
Ninety-two.
Are there any vacant chairs?
Yes; one chair is vacant and others might as well be.
When does the Senate meet?
It meets on Monday and adjourns until Thursday; and meets on Thursday and adjourns until Monday.
Why does it adjourn?
To give the Senators some much-needed rest.
Where does the Senate meet?
In a large, rectangular room in the Capitol at Washington, which has a green carpet and a stained-glass ceiling.
Are the acoustic properties good?
Excellent; every Senator can hear himself, which is all that is required so long as the franking privilege remains.
How is it ventilated?
Cold air is forced through apertures in the floor.
Where does the hot air come from?
The Senators.
Are there galleries in the Senate?
There are.
Who sits in them?
People who have nowhere else to go, excursionists and the wife and family of any Senator who is going to make a speech.
What is the press gallery?
It is a place resorted to by hireling assassins of character when the reporters write anything unpleasant about the Senators; and the workshop of those busy, honest and brilliant disseminators of the news when they write pleasant things about the Senate.
What is a committee?
A committee is a number of Senators named to take charge of certain divisions of proposed legislation—and to investigate and report thereon for the information and guidance of the Senate.
Are there many committees?
Enough so each Senator can have a chairmanship, which gives him an office and a clerk to write his letters.
How many methods of procedure has the Senate?
Two: public and private.
What is the public procedure?
About half of what appears in the Congressional Record.
What is the private procedure?
Executive sessions.
Are executive sessions private?
They are—until the reporters can talk with the Senators.
How are the sessions opened?
With prayer.
Do the Senators pray?
No; they hire an expert to do it for them.

II

WHAT is a Senator?
A Senator is a statesman and a patriot whose motives are constantly impugned and whose actions are generally misunderstood.
If that is the case why do not Senators resign?
Most of them do not want to hurt the feelings of the disbursing officer.
Then the Senate can no longer be called the Millionaires' Club?
Not since buying votes ceased to be the register of the will of the people and became a crime.
How many kinds of Senators are there?
Ninety-one at present.
How may they be classified?
Those who talk all the time, those who talk most of the time, those who talk part of the time, those who do not talk at all and those who whisper.
How many do not talk at all?
Two: Wetmore and Richardson.
Why do those Senators remain silent?
They are afraid some one might ask them a question.
Give an example of a Senator who talks all the time.
Heyburn, of Idaho.
What does he say?
Nothing.
Who whispers?
Senator Crane has the whispering privileges; but Senator Stone infringes on his right frequently.
What is a debate?
A debate is a collection of speeches to which nobody listens, delivered for printing in the Record so they may be franked back home to the Senator's constituents to show how thoroughly he understands public questions.
Does debate influence the votes of Senators?
Never; although the votes of Senators frequently influence debates.
What is a colloquy?
A colloquy is a series of questions and answers between Senators who haven't had time to prepare themselves and which are always revised and made grammatical before they are printed in the Record.
Are colloquies interesting?
Sometimes on the floor, but never in the Record.
How is the Senate governed?
By parliamentary law and the Senate rules of procedure.
What is parliamentary law?
The usage that compels a Senator to say another Senator is misinformed when he thinks the other is a liar.
What are the Senate rules of procedure?
Drastic and un-American regulations for thwarting the will of the people by oppressing the helpless minority if a minority Senator refers to them; and wise and beneficent provisions for the orderly accomplishment of business if talked of by a majority Senator.
What is the morning hour?
A little fiction of the Senate's which usually lasts thirty minutes and is used for presenting petitions and memorials from the people and introducing bills.
What becomes of petitions from the people?
They are received and filed.
By whom?
The janitor.



III

WHO presides over the Senate?
The Vice-President of the United States.
Where does he sit?
In the third box on the lefthand side at the ball game.
What else does he do?
He gets a bulletin every day concerning the health of the President.
What is the majority?
Ruthless oppressors of the rights of the people from a minority viewpoint; and exalted patriots, trusted with the destinies of the Republic, from a majority viewpoint.
Then what is a minority?
The only guardians the people have against the domination of the Senate by the interests, as the minority phrases it; or the weak and puny relics of a discredited political party, without influence, and wrong in every principle, as held by the majority.
Does the Senate represent the interests?
No; the interests represent the Senate.
What is the organization?
An institution to which every majority Senator must remain loyal if he wants any patronage.
Is it powerful?
Not so powerful as it was two years ago, when the offices had not all been distributed.
Who runs the Senate at the present time?
They haven't found out yet.
What is the underlying motive for the votes and speeches and actions of Senators?
Reëlection.
Is a Senator ever independent?
Yes; for a few months after he has begun to serve a new term of six years.

IV

WHAT is an Insurgent?
An Insurgent is a Senator who won't vote with the organization.
Why does a Senator become an Insurgent?
Because he can't get what he wants.

What is a demagogue?

Any Senator who opposes the wishes of the regulars.

What is a regular?

A Senator who votes the way he is told to vote.

What is a reactionary?

A Senator who has no trouble in getting his postmasters appointed.

What is a Progressive?

A Senator who commits the political crime of thinking for himself.

Is it right for a Senator to have personal ambitions?

Not unless he is a regular; if he is a Progressive and has personal ambitions he is a demagogue.

What is a caucus?

A gag.

What is the difference between a conference and a caucus?

In a conference you are consulted without being bound and in a caucus you are bound without being consulted.

What is a vote?

Something that is never taken until the leaders know how they stand.

What is senatorial courtesy?

A proposition that lets one Senator get through his little jobs if he will let other Senators get through their little jobs.

What is unanimous consent?

Senatorial courtesy.

What is clôture?

Something that would decrease the size of the Congressional Record.

What is the Old Guard?

Senators who haven't come up for reëlection yet.

V

WHAT is a White House Democrat?

A Democratic Senator who votes for Republican measures from broad and patriotic motives.

How does he explain his votes?

He doesn't have to; the list of appointments credited to him does the explaining.

What is a lame duck?

A member of a commission.

What is a commission?

An organization of indefinite duration that has a payroll.

Who appoints commissions?

The Senate, with the House concurring.

Who serves on them?

Ex-Senators, mostly.

What is whitewash?

The result of an investigation.

What are appropriations?

Money provided for improvements that will help Senators in their states.

What is an assault on the integrity of the Senate?

An attempt to pare down appropriations.

What is extravagance?

The minority view of appropriations.

Is this view permanent?

No; it changes when the political control of the Senate shifts.

What is the pork barrel?

A coarse newspaper term applied either to the Public Buildings or the Rivers and Harbors bill—or to both.

How are extra battleships secured in the Naval Appropriation bill?

By starting a Japanese war scare.

What is a pension?

Something needed to hold the old-soldier vote in line.





Does the Senate favor temperance?

Undoubtedly; it does not allow the sale of liquor in the Capitol or in buildings owned by the Government; and it helped abolish the army canteen.

Then it is impossible to get a drink in the Senate end of the Capitol?

It is if you do not know a Senator well enough to ask him for one from his private stock.

VI

WHAT is a policy?

A policy is something a few Senators decide on and tell the others to carry out.

Does the Senate do anything without regard to politics?

Yes; it puts the flag at half-mast when a Senator or a Representative dies.

What is the tariff?

The greatest boon the men who set the type for the Congressional Record ever had.

Who write the best tariff speeches?

The secretaries of the Senators.

Who reads them?

The proofreaders.

Why are tariff speeches delivered?

Nobody knows.

Has any tariff speech delivered in the Senate changed a vote?

Not since 1846.

But tariff votes in the Senate have been changed?

Yes.

What changed them if not arguments in speeches?

Inducements in whispers.

What is an infant industry?

Any corporation that will put up to help a Senator's reëlection.

What is the pauper labor of Europe?

Something that has been used for forty years to keep the American labor vote right.

Does Protection protect?

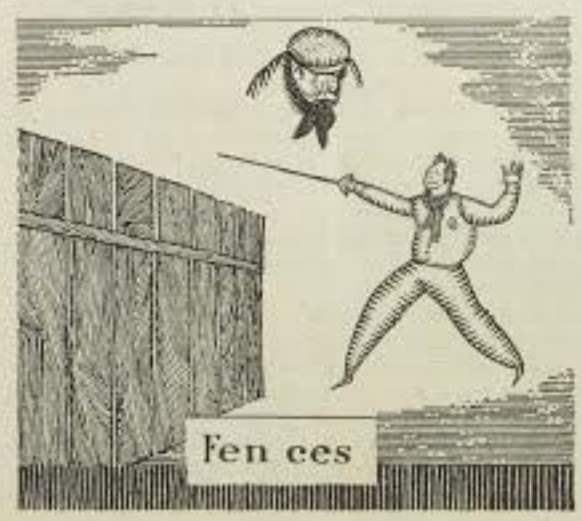
It protects the Republicans in the Senate—and some of the Democrats.

What is the difference between a Republican who believes in Protection and a Democrat who believes the tariff is a local issue?

There isn't any.

What is tariff for revenue?

Something that allows the Democrats to steer clear of free trade.



What is the senatorial opinion of free raw materials?

Every Senator thinks raw materials not produced in his own state should be free.

What is reciprocity?

A lovely theory every Senator is perfectly willing the neighboring states should try.

Has reciprocity any friends in the Senate?

No; but it has some supporters.

How does the Senate regard the President's reciprocity views?

It doesn't regard them; it disregards them.

When will the debate on reciprocity end in the Senate?

After a few weeks of hot weather.

What is Henry Cabot Lodge's position on reciprocity?

He stands between fish and duty to the Administration.

What is Senator Gallinger's position?

He favors the measure—they produce few fish in New Hampshire.

What is true tariff revision?

Taking care of the manufacturing friends of the organization.

VII

WHAT is a criminal trust?

Any corporation that will not come across for the organization.

What is a monopoly?

Any combination you are not in on.

Who will designate which corporations are reasonable and which unreasonable?

The treasurer of the Republican National Committee.

When is a corporation in restraint of trade?

When it shuts down on its campaign contributions.

What corporation is it perfectly safe for any Senator to attack?

The Standard Oil Company.

What is the most important work any Senator can do?

Look out for his fences.

What is a Constitutional amendment?

Something that puts off a reform several years.

What is the Constitution?

An interesting but somewhat archaic document which any Senator can discuss for hours and be perfectly sure there will be no political comeback from his state.

Costly Saving

TWO Japanese visitors to this country, men of high rank and speaking English very well, took a subway train at Twenty-third Street in New York to go down to the Brooklyn Bridge.

When the train reached Fourteenth Street they were herded out of the local they were on, shooed across the platform to an express that was waiting and that was crowded.

The hurrying New Yorkers stepped on the Japanese gentlemen's toes, banged down their hats and otherwise mussed them up. Presently the foreigners got out at the Bridge.

One of the Japanese, gasping from the crowding he had had, spoke to a guard.

"Will you please tell me," he asked, "what the object was in our getting off one train in this tube and getting on another, when both trains arrive at the same place?"

"Why, you got off a local and got on an express."

"But what was the object?" persisted the Japanese.

"Object?" snorted the guard. "My son, we saved three minutes."

"Ah, yes," said the Japanese. "Saved three minutes! And what were you going to do with the three minutes?"



TWO BUSINESS WOMEN

A Financial Fairy Story—By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI

THEY engaged themselves to be married when they were so young they couldn't tell anybody about it for fear of being laughed at; and if I mentioned their years to you, you would laugh at me. They thought they were full-grown, but they weren't even that. When they were finally married they couldn't either of them have worn the clothes they got engaged in. The day they got engaged they wore suits made of white woolen blankets, white knitted toques and white knitted sashes. It was because they were dressed exactly alike that they first got excited about each other. And Cynthia said: "You look just like a snowman." And G. G.—which was his strange name—said: "You look just like a snowbird."

G. G. was in Saranac for his health. Cynthia had come up for the holidays to skate and to skee and to coast, and to get herself engaged before she was full-grown to a boy who was so delicate that climate was more important for him than education. They met first at the rink. And it developed that if you crossed hands with G. G. and skated with him you skated almost as well as he did. He could teach a girl to waltz in five minutes; and he had a radiant laugh that almost moved you to tears when you went to bed at night and got thinking about it. Cynthia had never seen a boy with such a beautiful round head and such beautiful white teeth and such bright red cheeks. She always said that she loved him long before he loved her. As a matter of fact, it happened to them both right away. As one baby, unabashed and determined, embraces a strange baby—and is embraced—so, from their first meeting in the great cold stillness of the North Woods, their young hearts snuggled together.

G. G. was different from other boys. To begin with, he had been born at sea. Then he had lived abroad and learned the greatest quantity of foreign languages and songs. Then he had tried a New England boarding school and had been hurt playing games he was too frail to play. And doctors had stethoscoped him and shaken their heads over him. And after that there was much naming of names that, instead of frightening him, were magic to his ear—Arizona, California, Saranac, but, because G. G.'s father was a professional man and perfectly square and honest, there wasn't enough money to send G. G. far from New York and keep him there and visit him every now and then. So Saranac was the place chosen for him to get well in; and it seemed a little hard, because there was almost as much love of sunshine and warmth and flowers and music in G. G. as there was patience and courage.

The day they went skeeing together—which was the day after they had skated together—he told Cynthia all about himself, very simply and naturally, as a gentleman farmer should say: "This is the dairy; this is the blacksmith shop; this is the chicken run." And the next day, very early, when they stood kneedeep in snow, armed with shotguns and waiting for some dogs that thought they were hounds to drive rabbits for them to shoot at, he told her that nothing mattered so long as you were happy and knew that you were happy, because when these two stars came into conjunction you were bound to get well.

A rabbit passed. And G. G. laid his mitten upon his lips and shook his head; and he whispered:

"I wouldn't shoot one for anything in the world!"

And she said: "Neither would I."

Then she said: "If you don't shoot why did you come?"

"Oh, Miss Snowbird," he said, "don't I look why I came? Do I have to say it?"

He looked and she looked. And their feet were getting colder every moment and their hearts warmer. Then G. G. laughed aloud—bright, sudden music in the forest. Snow, balanced to the fineness of a hair, fell from the bowed limbs of trees. Then there was such stillness as may be in Paradise when souls go up to the throne to be forgiven. Then, far off, one dog that thought he was a hound began to yap and thought he was belling; but still G. G. looked into the snowbird's eyes and she into his, deeper and deeper, until neither had any secret of soul from the other. So, upon an altar cloth, two wax candles burn side by side, with clear, pure light.

Cynthia had been well brought up, but she came of rich, impatient stock, and never until the present moment had she thought very seriously about God. Now, however, when she saw the tenderness there was in G. G.'s eyes and the smile of serene joyousness that was upon his lips, she remembered the saying that God has made man—and boys—in His image—and understood what it meant.

She said: "I know why you think you've come."

"Think?" he said—"Think!"

And then the middle ends of his eyebrows rose—all tender and quizzical; and with one mitten he clutched at his breast—just over his heart. And he said:

"If only I could get it out I would give it to you!"

Cynthia, too, began to look melting tender and wondrous quizzical; and she bent her right arm forward and plucked at its sleeve as if she were looking for something. Then, in a voice of dismay:

"Only three days ago it was still there," she said; "and now it's gone—I've lost it."

"Oh!" said G. G. "You don't suspect me of having purloined ——" His voice broke.

"We're only kids," said Cynthia.

"Yes," said he; "but you're the dearest kid!"

"Since you've taken my heart," said she, "you'll not want to give it back, will you? I think that would break it."

"I oughtn't to have taken it!" said G. G.

And then on his face she saw the first shadow that ever he had let her see of doubt and of misgiving.

"Listen!" he said. "My darling! I think that I shall get well. . . . I think that, once I am well, I shall be able to work very hard. I have nothing. I love you so that I think even angels don't want to do right more than I do. Is that anything to offer? Not very much."

"Nobody in all the world," said she, "will ever have the chance to offer me anything else—just because I'm a kid doesn't mean that I don't know the look of forever when I see it."

"Is it really forever?" he said. "For you too?"

"For me—surely!"

"Ah," said he, "what shall I think of to promise you?"

His face was a flash of ecstasy.

"You don't even have to promise that you will get well," she said. "I know you will try your hardest. No matter what happens—we're final—and I shall stick to you always; and nothing shall take you from me, and nobody. . . . When I am of age I will tell my papa about us and then we shall be married to each other! And meanwhile you shall write to me every day and I shall write to you three times every day!" Her breath came like white smoke between her parted lips and she stood valiant and sturdy in the snow—a strong, resolute girl, built like a boy—clean-cut, crystal-pure and steel-true. A shot sounded and there came to them presently the pungent, acid smell of burnt powder.

"And we shall never hurt things or kill them," said G. G. "And every day when I've been good I shall kiss your feet and your hands."



G. G.'s Mother Was at Home



"What Does it Matter? Nobody's Going to Eat Me"

"And when I've been good," she said, "you'll smile at me the way you're smiling now—and it won't be necessary to die and go to Heaven to see what the gentlemen angels look like."

"But," cried G. G., "whoever heard of going to Heaven? It comes to people. It's here."

"And for us," she said, "it's come to stay."

All the young people came to the station to see Cynthia off and G. G. had to content himself with looking things at her. And then he went back to his room and undressed and went to bed. Because for a week he had done all sorts of things that he shouldn't have done, just to be with Cynthia—all the last day he had had fever and it had been very hard for him to look like a joyous boy angel—he knew by experience that he was in for a "time." It is better that we leave him behind closed doors with his doctors and his temperature. We may knock every morning and ask how he is, and we shall be told that he is no better. He was even delirious at times. And it is only worth while going into this setback of G. G.'s because there are miracles connected with it—his daily letter to Cynthia.

Each day she had his letter—joyous, loving, clearly writ and full of flights into silver-lined clouds and the plannings of Spanish castles. Each day G. G. wrote his letter and each day he descended a little farther into the Valley of the Shadow, until at last he came to Death Gate—and then rested, a voyager undecided whether to go on or to go back. Who may know what it cost him to write his letter, sitting there at the roadside!

His mother was with him. It was she who took the letter from his hands when he sank back into his pillows; and they thought for a little that he had gone from that place—for good and all. It was she who put it into the envelope and who carried it with her own hands to the post-office. Because G. G. had said: "To get there, it must go by the night's mail, Mumsey."

G. G.'s mother didn't read the letter; but you may be sure she noted down the name and address in her heart of hearts, and that for the girl who seemed to mean so much to G. G. she developed upon the spot a heavenly tenderness, mixed with a heavenly jealousy.

II

ONE day there came to G. G., in convalescence—it was after his mother had gone back to New York—a great, thick package containing photographs and a letter. I think the letter contained rouge—because it made G. G.'s cheeks so red.

Cynthia had collected all the pictures she could find of herself in her father's house and sent them to G. G. There were pictures of her in the longest baby clothes and in the shortest. There were pictures posed for occasions, pictures in fancy clothes and a quart of kodaks. He had her there on his knees—riding, driving, diving, skating, walking, sitting on steps, playing with dogs, laughing, looking sad, talking, dimpling, smiling. There were pictures that looked right at G. G., no matter at what angle he held them. There were pictures so delicious of her that he laughed aloud for delight.

All the stages of her life passed before his eyes—over and over—all day long; and, instead of growing more and more tired, he grew more and more refreshed. He made up his spotless mind to be worthy of her and to make, for her to hear, a name of which nobody should be able to say anything unkind.

If G. G. had had very little education he had made great friends with some of the friendliest and most valuable books that had ever been written. And he made up his mind, lying at full length—the livelong day—in the bright, cold air—his mittened hands plunged into deep pockets full of photographs—that, for her sake and to hasten that time when they might always be together, he would learn to write books, taking infinite pains. And he determined that these books should be as sweet and clean and honorable as he could make them. You see, G. G. had been under the weather so much and had suffered so much all alone by himself, with nobody to talk to, that his head was already full of stories about make-believe places and people that were just dying to get themselves written. So many things that are dead to most people had always been alive to him—leaves, flowers, fairies. He had always been a busy maker of verses, which was because melody, rhythm and harmony had always been delicious to his ear. And he had had, as a little boy, a soprano voice that was as true as truth and almost as agile as a canary bird's.

He decided, then, very deliberately—lying upon his back and healing that traitor lung of his—to be a writer. He didn't so decide entirely because that was what he had always wanted to be, but for many reasons. First place, he could say things to her through prose and verse that could not be expressed in sculpture, music, painting, groceries or drygoods. Second place, where she was, there his heart was sure to be; and where the heart is, there the best work is done. And, third place, he knew that the chances were against his ever living in dusty cities or in the places of business thereof.

"I am so young," he wrote to her, "that I can begin at the beginning and learn to be anything—in time to be it! And so every morning now you shall think of G. G. out with his butterfly net, running after winged words. That's nonsense. I've a little pad and a big pencil, and a hot potato in my pocket for to warm the numb fingers at. And father's got an old typewriter in his office that's to be put in order for me; and nights I shall drum upon it and print off what was written down in the morning, and study to see why it's all wrong. I think I'll never write anything but tales about people that love each other. 'Cause a fellow wants to stick to what he knows about. . . ."

Though G. G. was not to see Cynthia again for a whole year he didn't find any trouble in loving her a little more every day. To his mind's eye she was almost as vivid as if she had been standing right there in front of him. And as for her voice, that dwelt ever in his ear, like those lovely airs which, once heard, are only put aside with death. You may have heard your grandmother lilting to herself, over her mending, some song of men and maidens and violets that she had listened to in her girlhood and could never forget.

And then, of course, everything that G. G. did was a reminder of Cynthia. With the help of one of Doctor Trudeau's assistants, who came every day to see how he was getting on, he succeeded in understanding very well what was the matter with him and under just what conditions a consumptive lung heals and becomes whole. To live according to the letter and spirit of the doctor's advice became almost a religion with him.

For six hours of every day he sat on the porch of the house where he had rooms, writing on his little pad and making friends with the keen, clean, healing air. Every night the windows of his bedroom stood wide open, so that in the morning the water in his pitcher was a solid block. And he ate just the things he was told to—and willed himself to like milk and sugar, and snow and cold, and short days!

In his writing he began to see progress. He was like a musical person beginning to learn an instrument; for, just as surely as there are scales to be run upon the piano before your virtuoso can weave music, binding the gallery gods with delicious meshes of sound, so in prose writing there must be scales run, fingerings worked out and harmonies mastered. For in a page of *il bello stile* you will find trills and arpeggios, turns, grace notes, a main theme, a sub theme, thorough-bass, counterpoint and form.

Music is an easier art than prose, however. It comes to men as a more direct and concrete gift of those gods who delight in sound and the coördination of parts. The harmonies are more quickly grasped by the well-tuned ear. We can imagine the boy Mozart discoursing lovely music at the age of five; but we cannot imagine any one of such tender years compiling even a fifth-rate paragraph of prose.

Those men who have mastered *il bello stile* in music can tell us pretty clearly how the thing is done. There be rules. But your prose masters either cannot formulate what they have learned—or will not.

G. G. was very patient; and there were times when the putting together of words was fascinating, like the putting together of those picture puzzles which were such a fad the other day. And such reading as he did was all in one book—the dictionary. For hours, guided by his nice ear for sound, he applied himself to learning the derivatives and exact meanings of new words—or he looked up old words and found that they were new.

As for his actual compositions, he had only the ambition to make them as workmanlike as he could. He made little landscapes; he drew little interiors. He tried to get people up and down stairs in the fewest words that could make the picture. And when he thought that he had scored a little success he would count the number of words he had used and determine to achieve the same effect with the use of only half that number.

Well, G. G.'s lung healed again; and this time he was very careful not to overdo. He had gained nine pounds, he wrote to Cynthia—"saved them" was the way he put it; and he was determined that this new tissue, worth more than its weight in gold, should go to bank and earn interest for him—and compound interest.

"Shall I get well?" he asked that great dreamer who dreamed that there was hope for people who had never hoped before—and who has lived to see his dream come true; and the great dreamer smiled and said:

"G. G., if growing boys are good boys and do what they are told, and have any luck at all—they always get well!"

Then G. G. blushed.

"And when I am well can I live where I please—and—and get married—and all that sort of thing?"

"You can live where you please, marry and have children; and if you aren't a good husband and a good father I dare say you'll live to be hanged at ninety. But if I were you, G. G., I'd stick by the Adirondacks until you're old enough to—know better."

And G. G. went back to his rooms in great glee and typewrote a story that he had finished as well as he could, and sent it to a magazine. And six days later it came back to him, with a little note from the editor, who said:

"There's nothing wrong with your story except youth. If you say so we'll print it. We like it. But, personally and believing that I have your best interests at heart, I advise you to wait, to throw this story into your scrap-basket, and to study and to labor until your mind and your talent are mature. For the rest, I think you are going to do some fine things. This present story isn't that—it's not fine. At the same time, it is so very good in some ways that we are willing to leave its publication or its destruction to your discretion."

G. G. threw his story into the scrapbasket and went to bed with a brand-new notion of editors.

"Why," said he to the cold darkness—and his voice was full of awe and astonishment—"they're—alive!"

III

CYNTHIA couldn't get at G. G. and she made up her mind that she must get at something that belonged to him—or die. She had his letter, of course, and his kodaks; and these spoke the most eloquent language to her—no matter what they said or how they looked—but she wanted somehow or other to worm herself deeper into G. G.'s life. To find somebody, for instance, who knew all about him and would enjoy talking about him by the hour. Now there are never but two people who enjoy sitting by the hour and saying nice things about any man—and these, of course, are the woman who bore him and the woman who loves him. Fathers like their sons well enough—sometimes—and will sometimes talk about them and praise them; but not always. So it seemed to Cynthia that the one and only thing worth doing, under the circumstances, was to make friends with G. G.'s mother. To that end, Cynthia donned a warm coat of pony skin and drove in a taxicab to G. G.'s mother's address, which she had long since looked up in the telephone book.

"If she isn't alone," said Cynthia, "I shan't know what to say or what to do."

And she hesitated, with her thumb hovering about the front-door bell—as a hummingbird hovers at a flower.

Then she said: "What does it matter? Nobody's going to eat me." And she rang the bell.

G. G.'s mother was at home. She was alone. She was sitting in G. G.'s father's library, where she always did sit when she was alone. It was where she kept most of her pictures of G. G.'s father and of G. G., though she had others in her bedroom; and in her dressing room she had a dapple-gray horse of wood that G. G. had galloped about on when he was little. She had a sweet face, full of courage and affection. And everything in her house was fresh and pretty, though there wasn't anything that could have cost very much. G. G.'s father was a lawyer. He was more interested in leaving a stainless name behind him than a pot of money. And, somehow, fruit doesn't tumble off your neighbor's tree and fall into your own lap—unless you climb the tree when nobody is looking and give the tree a sound shaking. I might have said of G. G., in the very beginning, that he was born of poor *and* honest parents. It would have saved all this explanation.

G. G.'s mother didn't make things hard for Cynthia. One glance was enough to tell her that dropping into the little library out of the blue sky was not a pretty girl but a blessed angel—not a rich man's daughter but a treasure. It wasn't enough to give one hand to such a maiden. G. G.'s mother gave her two. But she didn't kiss her. She felt things too deeply to kiss easily.

"I've come to talk about G. G.," said Cynthia. "I couldn't help it. I think he's the dearest boy!"

She finished quite breathless—and if there had been any Jacqueminot roses present they might have hung their lovely heads in shame and left the room.

"G. G. has shown me pictures of you," said his mother. "And once, when we thought we were going to lose him, he used his last strength to write to you. I mailed the letter. That is a long time ago. Nearly two years."

"And I didn't know that he'd been ill in all that time," said Cynthia; "he never told me."

"He would have cut off his hand sooner than make you anxious. That was why he would write his daily letter to you. That one must have been almost as hard to write as cutting off a hand."



She Discovered That Her Available Munition of War Was Something Less Than Five Hundred Dollars—Most of It Owed to Her Dressmaker

"He writes to me every day," said Cynthia, "and I write to him; but I haven't seen him for a year and I don't feel as if I could stand it much longer. When he gets well we're going to be married. And if he doesn't get well pretty soon we're going to be married anyway."

"Oh, my dear!" exclaimed G. G.'s mother. "You know that wouldn't be right!"

"I don't know," said Cynthia; "and if anybody thinks I'm going to be tricked out of the man I love by a lot of silly little germs they are very much mistaken!"

"But, my dear," said G. G.'s mother, "G. G. can't support a wife—not for a long time anyway. We have nothing to give him. And, of course, he can't work now—and perhaps can't for years."

"I, too," said Cynthia—with proper pride—"have parents. Mine are rolling in money. Whenever I ask them for anything they always give it to me without question."

"You have never asked them," said G. G.'s mother, "for a sick, penniless boy."

"But I shall," said Cynthia, "the moment G. G.'s well—and maybe sooner."

There was a little silence.

Then G. G.'s mother leaned forward and took both of Cynthia's hands in hers.

"I don't wonder at him," she said—"I don't. I was ever so jealous of you, but I'm not any more. I think you're the dearest girl!"

"Oh!" cried Cynthia. "I am so glad! But will G. G.'s father like me too?"

"He has never yet failed," said G. G.'s mother, "to like with his whole heart anything that was stainless and beautiful."

"Is he like G. G.?"

"He has the same beautiful round head, but he has a rugged look that G. G. will never have. He has a lion look. He might have been a terrible tyrant if he hadn't happened, instead, to be a saint."

And she showed Cynthia, side by side, pictures of the father and the boy.

"They have such valiant eyes!" said Cynthia.

"There is nothing base in my young men," said G. G.'s mother.

Then the two women got right down to business and began an interminable conversation of praise. And sometimes G. G.'s mother's eyes cried a little while the rest of her face smiled and she prattled like a brook. And the meeting ended with a great hug, in which G. G.'s mother's tiny feet almost parted company with the floor.

And it was arranged that they two should fly up to Saranac and be with G. G. for a day.

IV

IT WASN'T from shame that G. G. signed another name than his own to the stories that he was making at the rate of one every two months. He judged calmly and dispassionately that they were "going to be pretty good some day," and that it would never be necessary for him to live in a city. He signed his stories with an assumed name because he was full of dramatic instinct. He wanted to be able—just the minute he was well—to say to Cynthia:

"Let us be married!" Then she was to say: "Of course, G. G.; but what are we going to live on?" And G. G. was going to say: "Ever hear of so-and-so?"

CYNTHIA: Goodness gracious! Sakes alive! Yes; I should think I did! And, except for you, darlingest G. G., I think he's the very greatest man in all the world!

G. G.: Goosey-Gander, know that he and I are one and the same person—and that we've saved seventeen hundred dollars to get married on!

(Tableau not to be seen by the audience.)

So far as keeping Cynthia and his father and mother in ignorance of the fledgling wings he was beginning to flap, G. G. succeeded admirably; but it might have been better to have told them all in the beginning.

Now G. G's seventeen hundred dollars was a huge myth. He was writing short stories at the rate of six a year and he had picked out to do business with one of the most dignified magazines in the world. Dignified people do not squander money. The magazine in question paid G. G. from sixty to seventy dollars apiece for his stories and was much too dignified to inform him that plenty of other magazines—very frivolous and not in the least dignified—would have been ashamed to pay so little for anything but the poems, which all magazines use to fill up blank spaces. So, even in his own ambitious and courageous mind, a "married living" seemed a very long way off.

He refused to be discouraged, however. His health was too good for that. The doctor pointed to him with pride as a patient who followed instructions to the letter and was not going to die of the disease which had brought him to Saranac. And they wrote to G. G.'s father—who was finding life very expensive—that, if he could keep G. G. at Saranac, or almost anywhere out of New York, for another year or two, they guaranteed—as much as human doctors can—that G. G. would then be as sound as a bell and fit to live anywhere.

This pronouncement was altogether too much of a good thing for Fate. As G. G.'s father walked uptown from his office, Fate raised a dust in his face which, in addition to the usual ingredients of city dust, contained at least one thoroughly compatible pair of pneumonia germs. These went for their honeymoon on a pleasant, warm journey up G. G.'s father's left nostril and went to housekeeping in his lungs. In a few hours they raised a family of several hundred thousand bouncing baby germs; and these grew up in a few minutes and began to set up establishments of their own right and left.

G. G.'s father admitted that he had a "heavy cold on the chest." It was such a heavy cold that he became delirious, and doctors came and sent for nurses; and there was laid in the home of G. G.'s father the cornerstone of a large edifice of financial disaster.

He had never had a partner. His practice came to a dead halt. The doctors whom G. G.'s mother called in were, of course, the best she had ever heard of. They would have been leaders of society if their persons had been as fashionable as their prices. The corner drugstore made its modest little profit of three or four hundred per cent on the drugs which were telephoned for daily. The day nurse rolled up twenty-five dollars a week and the night nurse thirty-five. The servant's wages continued as usual. The price of beef, eggs, vegetables, etc., rose. The interest on the mortgage fell due. And it is a wonder, considering how much he worried, that G. G.'s father ever lived to face his obligations.

Cynthia, meanwhile, having heard that G. G. was surely going to get well, was so happy that she couldn't contain the news. And she proceeded to divulge it to her father.

"Papa," she said, "I think I ought to tell you that years ago, at Saranac—that Christmas when I went up with the Andersons—I met the man that I am going to marry. He was a boy then; but now we're both grown up and we feel just the same about each other."

And she told her father G. G.'s name and that he had been very delicate, but that he was surely going to get well. Cynthia's father, who had always given her everything she asked for until now, was not at all enthusiastic.

"I can't prevent your marrying any one you determine to marry, Cynthia," he said. "Can this young man support a wife?"

"How could he!" she exclaimed—"living at Saranac and not being able to work, and not having any money to begin with! But surely, if the way we live is any criterion, you could spare us some money—couldn't you?"

"You wish me to say that I will support a delicate son-in-law whom I have never seen? Consult your intelligence, Cynthia."

"I have my allowance," she said, her lips curling.

"Yes," said her father, "while you live at home and do as you're told."

"Now, papa, don't tell me that you're going to behave like a lugubrious parent in a novel! Don't tell me that you are going to cut me off with a shilling!"

"I shan't do that," he said gravely; "it will be without a shilling." But he tempered this savage statement with a faint smile.

"Papa, dear, is this quite definite? Are you talking in your right mind and do you really mean what you say?"

"Suppose you talk the matter over with your mother—she's always indulged you in every way. See what she says."

It developed that neither of Cynthia's parents was enthusiastic at the prospect of her marrying a nameless young man—she had told them his name, but that was all she got for her pains—who hadn't a penny and who had had consumption, and might or might not be sound again. Personally they did not believe that consumption can be cured. It can be arrested for a time, they admitted, but it always comes back. Cynthia's mother even made a physiological attack on Cynthia's understanding, with the result that Cynthia turned indignantly pink and left the room, saying:

"If the doctor thinks it's perfectly right and proper for us to marry I don't see the least point in listening to the opinions of excited and prejudiced amateurs."

The ultimatum that she had from her parents was distinct, final and painful.

"Marry him if you like. We will neither forgive you nor support you."

They were perfectly calm with her—cool, affectionate, sensible and worldly, as it is right and proper for parents to be. She told them they were wrong-headed, old-fashioned and unintelligent; but, as long as they hadn't made scenes and talked loud she found that she couldn't help loving them almost as much as she always had; but she loved G. G. very much more. And having definitely decided to defy her family, to marry G. G. and live happily ever afterward, she consulted her checkbook and discovered that her available munition of war was something less than five hundred dollars—most of it owed to her dressmaker.

"Well, well!" she said; "she's always had plenty of money from me; she can afford to wait."

And Cynthia wrote to her dressmaker, who was also her friend:

My dear Celeste: I have decided that you will have to afford to wait for your money. I have an enterprise in view which calls for all the available capital I have. Please write me a nice note and say that you don't mind a bit. Otherwise we shall stop being friends and I shall always get my clothes from somebody else. Let me even know when the new models come. . . .

V

ON HER way downtown Cynthia stopped to see G. G.'s mother and found the whole household in the throes occasioned by its head's pneumonia.

"Why haven't you let me know?" exclaimed Cynthia. "There must be so many little things that I could have done to help you."

Though the sick man couldn't have heard them if they had shouted, the two women talked in whispers, with their heads very close together.

"He's better," said G. G.'s mother, "but yesterday they wanted me to send for G. G. 'No,' I said. 'You may have given him up, but I haven't. If I send for my boy it would look as if I had surrendered.' And almost at once, if you'll believe it, he seemed to shake off something that was trying to strangle him and took a turn for the better; and now they say that, barring some long names, he will get well. . . . It does look, my dear, as if death had seen that there was no use facing a thoroughly determined woman."

(Continued on Page 48)



Writing on His Little Pad and Making Friends With the Keen, Clean, Healing Air

IS RESTING RUSTING?

By BAILEY MILLARD

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



They Will Not Only Find a Reason for Living But They Will Live

IN THE life of nearly every business and professional man there comes a time when he says to himself: "When I am worth such and such a sum of money, or when I reach such and such an age, I'm going to slip off my harness, take my ease and let the other fellows do the work and the worrying." Often the age of self-retirement is fixed at fifty years, sometimes at sixty and in rare cases at seventy, while the competence to be acquired as the result of the man's cycle of activities varies according to the kind of work he is doing and his idea of what constitutes a sufficient sum of wealth.

On arriving at the age of fifty, the man who has promised himself that he will then retire is very likely to say: "Well, I'm in pretty good health and there's no reason in the world why I shouldn't keep in the game and make a little more money." And so he remains in harness. Still a great many do retire every year, though the self-fixed age limit seems to be advancing rather than decreasing.

Half a century ago it was a common thing to see merchants cease active business at fifty or fifty-five; but in these hustling times such men often take it out in thinking they are going to retire and then keep on in the same old grind at the same old stand. Now this should be taken as one of the most favorable signs of human progress; but it is not always so considered. The student, the poet and the philosopher insist upon it that a man, in the Stevensonian phrase, should not permit himself to keep on "moiling in the money mill"; that he should relax and give himself over to the contemplation of the beauties of Nature and of art. Let us see what happens in the case of the average man who stops moiling and goes to contemplating.

The Man Who Rested Himself to Death

HALF the people of northern New Jersey know the real name of the estimable citizen whose example I am going to cite; but let us call him Wilkers, which is near enough. Wilkers, who like many other men knew nothing but business, was one of the largest owners of real estate in Hudson County. When New York's population began to slop over upon the west side of North River a few acres of land that Wilkers owned along the lower Palisades doubled, trebled and then quadrupled in value. He sold this land and bought more right alongside of it. To divide into town lots and to sell off this property, and buy more and sell that, and occasionally to build a store or a dwelling which was also placed on the market, occupied the busy Wilkers for over thirty years, during which time his fortune kept piling up; but he had no serious intention of buying and selling the whole of Hudson County.

"I'm no hog," he assured his friends. "When I get a million dollars in money and bonds I'm going to retire and have a good time."

Now the real-estate game in the neighborhood of New York is a mighty brisk game in good times; and while Wilkers remained in it no man was more full of the zest of life. He slept little, he ate hurriedly and he was on the go from morning till night. He was a locomotive in trousers, and his fires were never drawn. His gait was that of a commuter making for the train; his face was florid and firm, and he had an eye at which you could have lighted your cigar. When at last his million was actually in hand, with thirty or forty thousand thrown in for good measure, he gave up business entirely at the age of fifty-two and retired to his estate near Tuxedo and settled down to enjoy the results of his labor. What happened? Well, he doddered around his grounds, telling his gardeners to do this and that, played a little golf, took a ride of an afternoon in his auto, smoked eight or ten cigars a day, sat a long time at his meals, had a nap every afternoon, idled about on the veranda in good weather, looked over at the trees and hedges—and was perfectly miserable.

"I saw him two years after he went out of business," said a friend of mine. "His face was flabby, his eye was dull, he had a listless air and he walked like a man of seventy-five. I told him I was sorry he had been ill.

"'I haven't been ill,' he declared resentfully. 'Never was ill a day in my life. All that's the matter with me is that I don't know what to do with myself. I tried traveling, but that was no good; I tried books, but I found I wasn't strong for them. Golf bores me, because the men I play with are younger and always beat me. Autoing is an old story. And, anyway, my doctor tells me I'll have to walk; but walking is the stupidest exercise in the world.'

"'Why don't you go back to work?' I asked.

"'What's the use?' he replied wearily. 'Nothing to it! I've got all I and my family want. I have protection against old age. Nothing can happen to me. I ought to be happy, but I'm not. Perhaps I'll get used to loafing and like it after all. That's about my only hope.'"

It was a very slim hope, however. He died of dry rot—the doctors called it heart failure—within six months.

Now the chief thing that ailed Wilkers is what ails thousands of other business men. They don't know anything but business. Worst of all, they don't know how to play. Unless one knows how to play or unless one knows how to keep his mental faculties alert, he had far better remain at work.

Any one who makes a study of this subject cannot fail to note the fact that the most successful business men are those least fitted to retire. That is one reason why the Sages, the Harrimans and the Goulds never let go until death seizes them.

Jay Gould! Why, he simply couldn't retire. He was caught in the whirlpool of his own activities and centered there, unable to swim out. There is no more pitiable figure in the history of finance than that of this man, rising at night, unable to sleep, and walking up and down the street in front of his big, gloomy Fifth Avenue residence, trying desperately to ease his mind by locomotion—and yet, in spite of himself, plotting, plotting, plotting.

I cite Gould's case at the risk of spoiling my story, which is to be an attempt to answer in the affirmative the question, "Is Resting Rusting?" I cite it so as to reply in advance to those who are fond of urging the overwork theory of early decline among men of business—those who declare that the "sword outwears the scabbard." Yes, the sword does outwear the scabbard. It did in Gould's case; for he died at fifty-six, an age when most of the big representative business men of this country are just getting their second wind. In the cases of the great majority of such men, however, the scabbard—which I take to be the body, while the sword is the spirit—is a long time wearing out. Surely it is safe to say that more rich men are killed by underwork than by overwork, and that the case of Gould is merely that of the oft-quoted exception which proves the oft-quoted rule.

Is this an unsupportable argument? Well, let's see. Suppose we look at the question "Is Resting Rusting?" from a life-insurance point of view. I asked the actuary of one of the biggest life-insurance companies of New York if he considered a man of sixty who had retired from business as good a risk as a man of the same age who kept at his accustomed work.

"By no means," was the prompt reply. "We don't keep any statistics covering that point, but an experience of forty years in the insurance game has proved to me conclusively that where a man in active business life suddenly drops out of it, even in good health, he is far more likely to die within the next five or ten years than the man that keeps on with his work, even though not very well in body. The only exceptions are these: the man who has a student mind and goes in for intellectual pursuits; and the man who has one or more hobbies to which he gives free play."

We get a little closer view of this matter if we look at it through the eye of the chief medical examiner of another life-insurance company. This official pointed out to me the undeniable though much overlooked fact that such introspection and such careful regard for one's physical symptoms as the average idle man of fifty or sixty is prone to are among the worst things that can happen to any human being. When a person has nothing to do but to look at his tongue in the glass, or to scrutinize his internal workings, it's all over with him. In other words, nothing is half so bad for a man as to get mixed up with his own anatomy. It's fatal, even for certain amateur medical men, whose dietetic writings, suggests the good Doctor Hutchinson, might well be entitled Little Journeys Through My Alimentary Canal; and it constitutes one big reason why so many men who have been dray-horses in the business world go under as soon as they are out of harness.

The Physical Handicap of Idleness

MY INSURANCE actuary told me the story of two men in his own line of business. One was sixty-eight and the other sixty-nine, and both had had about an equal share of work and reward. The man of sixty-eight, though still of active mind and able to hold his own, decided to retire and enjoy life. Within two years the dull monotony of an idle existence had nearly driven him insane, and he is now dying slowly. The man of sixty-nine, who stayed at his desk, is alive and well, although a year ago he suffered a stroke of apoplexy.

"If as a retired man he had had that attack," declared a medical examiner in the same office, "he probably would have died. As it is, he may live for years."

It is its own momentum that keeps the bicycle upright. It is the rigor of the game that keeps many a man alive and well. The struggles, the crosses and the rebuffs of business life are better tonics than can be found in any drug shop. In overcoming office difficulties, a man young or old overcomes his own distempers—by losing sight of them. It is thus that death is postponed.

Once a physician told Commodore Vanderbilt, who was quite ill, that he had better put his affairs in order, as he might drop dead at any moment.

"But, doctor," objected Vanderbilt, "I haven't got time to die."

And he didn't die until several years afterward.

Take work away from the average business man—the man who, like Vanderbilt, knows nothing but business—and you will find it a very dangerous experiment. Why? Because you take the incentive out of life—and a man who has no particular reason for living will soon be on



"But, Doctor, I Haven't Got Time to Die"

the road to the cemetery. What is true of men in this regard is true of women. Take half the rich, do-nothing women patients out of the sanatoriums and put them on short rations and up against the real thing, even to doing their own washing, and they will not only find a reason for living but they will live.

So, you see, we should not waste all our sympathy on the unemployed poor, but save some of it for the unemployed rich, who are in almost as bad a case—though, of course, they know where to look for the next meal, which is something.

Many men who have no surplus resources within themselves, nothing outside their moneymaking value to themselves and their families, realize what will happen to them if they retire; and they look forward to such an event with a shudder. For this reason bank presidents—who are generally men who have nothing but money—rarely make any complete move toward retirement. Such a man may drop his official title, but he retains the chairmanship of the bank's board of directors and hangs about his old office, acting in an advisory capacity.

Nothing but money! Is that merely a cynical fling? No, sir—not for a moment. If you doubt that the phrase rings true just watch the lives and the daily doings of the rich unemployed of this country—that large class who don't know how to read or how to play, and who travel all over the world and see nothing. Truly they are in a pitiable state. "Nothing but money" is a true phrase and it stands for ineffable boredom—such boredom as the man who is acquainted with Marcus Aurelius, Shakspere, Carlyle, Browning or Emerson can never know, for he has those great and stimulating minds and hundreds of others to turn to in his leisure moments; and they not only build him up mentally but also physically. That is where the scholar, though ever so poor, has a tremendous advantage over the unscholarly man, be he ever so rich.

Browning in the Pork Business

AND that is the reason why a young man going into the pork trade would find it to his advantage to study Shakspere and Browning as well as ham and bacon; for it is not enough that he prepare himself for the pork business, but he must also prepare himself for life. Life is more than pork. In this man's case it includes not only the pork period but the period beyond pork—the time when he will get tired of hams and shoulders and headcheese and want to lay aside such cloying things. If he knows nothing but pork he must keep his nose in the pork barrel, and he will die if he leaves it; but if he also knows Shakspere and Browning he can in his old age safely retire from the means by which he has made his money and enjoy that which no money could possibly buy for him. Browning will teach him how to live and how to die. Listen to his song:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be—
The last of life, for which the first was made.

Not only that, but both Shakspere and Browning will actually help our pork merchant in his business, for they will give him a better understanding of human nature, which is writ large on every page they have put forth; and a good knowledge of human nature is a splendid asset in the pork business—or in any business.

The ignorant rich unemployed! They afford the best examples of the rusting process that you will find anywhere. For a state of complete spiritual and physical oxidization, just look at those wealthy farmers of Long Island who owned land that was taken in by the extension of the boundary line of Greater New York. There was one who died the other day at Deepdale, Long Island, at the age of seventy. He was worth over a million dollars, though he could neither read nor write. He signed all his checks and hundreds of legal documents with a + mark. He was an Irishman who came to this country and bought a small farm near what is now East New York; and he made a good living at truck farming. Shortly after the annexation of his territory by Greater New York he sold his farm for three hundred thousand dollars, most of which he placed in the hands of a bank official for investment. In the last ten years of the old man's life that three hundred thousand dollars was more than trebled and he could sign his + mark for a million. Having accumulated all this money, he thought he was entitled to a residence in the millionaire colony; so he went and bought land adjoining Deepdale, the estate of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., at Lakeville. Vanderbilt didn't like this and tried to buy him out; but the Irishman couldn't see it. As for living alongside of a millionaire he said: "Oi'd like to know who have a betther roight!"

With all his new grandeur he was not a happy man, as he had no resources within himself. If he could have read the daily paper it would have been something, but even this was denied him—or rather he had denied it to himself. After some years of this profitless existence, during which he was for the most part listless, dreary and disconsolate, he went back to farming, became perfectly happy again and lived to be threescore and ten.

In this return to the soil, the old man showed more common sense than did many of his neighbors of the East New York section who, when the boom came, sold their holdings for fabulous prices, retaining only an acre or two upon which they are now living, rich and miserable. One Greater New York farmer, who is shrewd enough to see how little he would really profit by disposing of his homestead, will not sell although he has a standing offer of forty-two hundred dollars an acre for a farm of eighty-one acres; and this is not because he is holding out for a higher figure, but, as a wise neighbor of his explains, through a commingling of sentiment and indifference to wealth which could only purchase that for which he has no yearning. On the whole, there is hardly a more pitiable spectacle to be found in the suburbs of New York than is seen in the lives of some of the sellers of old estates in and about Flatbush, Gravesend and Jamaica—men who are too old to work and who are bewildered and bedeviled by the sudden acquisition of that wealth for which they were working the greater part of their lives, but which, now possessed, possesses them and robs them of the old relish of life which they felt when they followed the plow or flailed the beans.

The senior member of a big grocery store in Cleveland, Ohio, got tired of running over his accounts, sick of the sight of canned goods and barrels and boxes, and particularly sick of the telephonic screech of a certain Mrs. McGraw, who used to call him up and berate him roundly because that cake of yeast hadn't been delivered by nine A. M. So he sold his interest to the junior member and retired from business, bought half a dozen flats and settled down to rest upon his laurels—or, rather, upon his rents; but he missed the hurly-burly of getting in and getting out goods—and he even missed the harsh voice of Mrs. McGraw. He would go down to the old store and hang about and watch the clerks making up orders, and gaze in at his little old office behind the rail with a sad, hungry eye. At last, when he could stand it no longer, he made anxious overtures to his former partner and was allowed to buy in again. He went back to work with a joyous heart.

"Never in all my life," he declared, "did the odor of fresh-ground coffee smell so good to me. Never did the labels on the cans look so bright and tempting. The day-book and the ledger were better reading than any novel, and the voice of Mrs. McGraw, screaming her complaints over the 'phone about that cake of yeast, was as sweet as an angel's. Catch me quitting the grocery trade again! I tell you it's the most interesting business in the world!"



"I Was Almost a Nervous Wreck When I Retired, But I'm in Good Trim Now"

When I went to see a retired Wall Street man who lives in a fine house just across the Hudson from New York, to ask him if resting was rusting, I found him building a garage.

"No," said he, smiling, "it isn't if you can use a hammer and saw."

He spoke paradoxically, to be sure, but what he said was true, for occupation of some sort is as essential to the retired financier as it is to the retired farmer.

"I've got a fine set of carpenter's tools," he said, "and I use them. I was in the banking business in the days before the telephone. People don't appreciate it now, but those were hustling times. I was manager of a bank, treasurer of a railroad and of three manufacturing firms, and director in a lot of other concerns. I was almost a nervous wreck when I retired, but I'm in good trim now. I work about my grounds, stay out in the sunshine all I can, and at night or in bad weather I read. There's nothing that maintains a man's interest in life so much as keeping abreast of the times, and this I do not merely by reading the papers and periodicals but by studying them. If a man takes a keen interest, as I do, in this big forward movement that is going on in our country, writes encouraging letters to progressive Congressmen and state legislators, and does his share of the improvement-club work in his home village, he won't feel that he is rusting. He will feel that he is living as full and as round a life as anybody."

Old Men Drawn into Speculation

YOU see, if you know something besides business and have something besides money, you can get along in retirement and be as happy as the man in harness; but you must keep yourself occupied and not look at your tongue.

One of the great dangers to the retired man of finance or trade, in the absence of mental resources, is this: being dissatisfied with his idle life, he will take to speculating with the money he has saved up for his old age. This is fatal. Down on lower Broadway, New York, in a big skyscraper is a safe-deposit vault and near it a reading room maintained for the convenience of persons who rent deposit boxes. In this reading room you will see old merchants and financiers who are "out of it" so far as regular business goes. They have retired, but they like to be near their securities, so comfortably and safely reposing in the big vault, with the gray-coated guards constantly on watch over them. Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also; and your head and your legs and the rest of you are likely to be there too. These retired old fellows sit in the reading room and smoke and talk. Their talk is all about the big deals that are being pulled off by this man or that. There is a ticker in the room and they study the tape interestedly. A retired merchant who has kept out of the stock market all his life, and who knows that stock speculation is a dangerous business, is, under such circumstances, very likely to be drawn into the game. There is a good opening in coppers. He goes to his strongbox, takes out a bond or two, turns it into cash and buys a little stock on margin. The strange yet usual thing happens that in his first speculation he

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"The Man Who Has One or More Hobbies"

THE PENDLEBURY TREE

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON



"Dead?" He Interrupted. "I Wish to Heaven I Was Dead!"

IT WAS Winthrop Adams Beanblossom—which wa'n't the name the critter was launched under, but is nigh enough to the real one for him to cruise with on a short v'yage like this yarn—who started me paddlin' in the storekeepin' business. It was Jim Henry Jacobs who coaxed me into deeper water. And it was a combination of them two and Miss Letitia Lee Pendlebury who shoved me in all under, so 'twas a case of stickin' to it and swimmin' or drownin'—one or t'other. And I'd never cal'lated to do another hand's turn after I quit goin' to sea.

No, sir; that's what I vowed over and over again.

"Zebulon Snow," I says to myself—not out loud, you understand; for, accordin' to Scriptur' or the Old Farmers' Almanac or somethin', a feller who talks out loud to himself is either rich or crazy; and, though I was well enough fixed to keep the wolf from the door, I wa'n't by no means so crazy as to leave the door open and take chances—"Zebulon Snow," says I, "you're fifty-two year old. All your life you've been haulin' ropes or bossin' fo'mast hands or tryin' to make harbor in a fog. Now that you've got an anchor to wind'ard—now that the one talent you put under that copper-stock napkin has spread out so that you had to have a tablecloth to tote it home in—don't you be a fool! Don't plant it again, cal'latin' to fill a mains'l next time—'cause you won't do it. Take what you've got and be thankful—and careful. You go ashore at Ostable, where you was born, and settle down and be somebody."

And that's what I did. I hired a couple of rooms at the Poquit House—one room to sleep and smoke in and t'other to entertain the parson in when he called—and commenced to be a gent of leisure. Fust three months 'twas fine; toward the end of the third then it commenced to get a little mite dull; in about two more I found my mind was narrowin' down so that the little mean cat-talks about the neighbors at the boardin'-house table begun to seem interestin' and important. Then I knew 'twas time to doctor up; ossification was settin' in and I'd got to do somethin'.

I was feelin' that way and pretty desperate the night when Winthrop Adams Beanblossom told me the story of his life. All the rest of the bunch round the stove had gone home and I was fillin' my pipe and gettin' ready to go too. Winthrop was in behind the counter of his store, his funny little grizzly-gray head down over a whole pile of account books and papers, his spec's roostin' on the end of his thin nose and his pen scratchin' away like a stray hen in a flower-bed.

"Well, Beanblossom," says I, gettin' up and stretchin', "I cal'late it's time to shed the partin' tear. I'll leave you to figger out whether to spend this week's profits in Gov'ment bonds or trips to Europe, and go and lay my weary bones in the tomb, meanin' my private vault on the second floor of the Poquit House. Adieu, Beanblossom!" I says. "Remember me at my best—won't you?"

He didn't seem to sense what I was drivin' at. He lifted his head out of the books and papers, heaved a sigh that must have started somewhere down along his keelson, and says, sorrowful but polite—he was always polite:

"Er—yes? You were addressin' me, Cap'n Snow?"

"Nothin' in particular," I says. "I was just askin' if you intended spendin' your profits on a trip to Europe this summer."

Would you believe it?—that little storekeeper man looked at me through his spec's, his pale face twitchin' and workin' like a youngster's when he's tryin' not to cry; and then, all to once, he broke right down, leaned his head on his hands and sobbed out loud!

I looked at him. "For the dear land sakes," I sung out soon's I could collect sense enough to say anything, "what's the matter? Is anybody dead or ——"

He groaned. "Dead?" he interrupted. "I wish to Heaven I was dead!"

"Well!" I gasps. "Well!"

"Oh, why," says he, "was I ever born?"

That bein' a question I didn't feel competent to answer, I didn't try. My remark about goin' to Europe was intended for a joke, but if my jokes made grownup folks cry I cal'lated 'twas time I turned serious.

"What is the matter, Beanblossom?" I says. "Are you in trouble?"

For a spell he wouldn't answer, just kept on sobbin' and wringin' his thin hands; but, after consider'ble of such and a good many unsatisfyin' remarks, he give in and told me the whole yarn—told me all his troubles. They were complicated and various.

Picked over and b'iled down, they amounted to this: He used to have an income and he lived on it—in bachelor quarters up to Boston. Nigh as I could gather, he never did any real work except to putter in libraries and collect books and such. Then, somehow or other, the bank the heft of his money was in broke up and his health broke down. The doctors said he must go away into the country. He couldn't afford to go and do nothin', so he has a wonderful inspiration—he'll buy a little store in what he called a "rural community" and go into business. He advertises "Country Store Wanted Cheap," or words to that effect. Abial Beasley's widow had the "Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store" on her hands. She answers the ad and they make a dicker. Said dicker took about all the cash Beanblossom had left. For a year he had been fightin' along, tryin' to make both ends meet; but now they was so fur apart they was likely to meet on the back stretch. He owed 'most a thousand dollars, his trade was fallin' off, he hadn't a cent and nobody to turn to. What should he do? What should he do?

That was another question I couldn't answer offhand. It was plain enough why he was in the hole he was, but how to get him out was different. I set down on the edge of the counter, swung my legs and tried to think.

"Hum!" says I. "You don't know much about keepin' store, do you, Beanblossom? Didn't know nothin' about it when you started in?"

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid not, Cap'n Snow," he says. "Why should I? I never was obliged to labor. I was not interested in trade. I never supposed I should be brought to this. I am a man of family, Cap'n Snow."

"Yes," I says, "so'm I. Number eight in a family of thirteen. But that never helped me none. My experience is that you can't count much on your relations."

Would I pardon him?—but that was not the sense in which he had used the word "family." He meant that he came of the best blood in New England. His ancestors had made their marks and ——

"Made their marks!" I put in. "Why? Couldn't they write their names?"

He was dreadful shocked, but he explained. The Beanblossoms and their gang were bigbugs—fine folks. He was terrible proud of his family. During the latter part of his life in Boston he had become interested in genealogy. He had begun a "family tree"—whatever that was—but he never finished it. The smash came and shook him out of his branches—that wa'n't what he said, but 'twas the way I sensed it. And now he had come to this! His money was gone; he couldn't pay his debts; he couldn't have any more credit. He must fail—he was bankrupt. Oh, the disgrace of the thing! and likewise oh, the poorhouse!

"But," says I, considerin', "it can't be so terrible bad. You don't owe but a thousand dollars; this store's the only one in town and Abial used to do pretty well with it. If your debts was paid and you had a little cash to stock up with, seems to me you might make a decent v'yage yet. Couldn't you?"

He didn't know. Perhaps he could—but what was the use of talkin' that way? For him to pick up a thousand would be about as easy as for a paralyzed man with boxin' gloves on to pick up a flea—or words to that effect. No, no—'twas no use; he must go to the poorhouse—and so forth and so on.

"Now, hold on," I says. "Don't you engage your poorhouse berth yet. You keep mum and say nothin' to nobody and let me think this over a spell. I need somethin' to keep me interested and . . . I'll see you tomorrer some time. Good night."

I went home thinkin' and I thought till pretty nigh one o'clock. Then I decided that I was a fool even to think for five minutes. Hadn't I sworn to be careful and never to take another risk? I was sorry for poor old Winthrop, but I couldn't afford to mix pity and good legal tender. I was a fool!

Which was all right—only, after listenin' to the breakfast conversation at the Poquit House, down I goes to the store and afore the forenoon was over I was Winthrop Adams Beanblossom's silent partner to the extent of twenty-five hundred dollars. I was busy once more and glad of it.

This was in February. By early May I was twice as busy and not half as glad. You see I'd cal'lated that the store was all right—all it needed was financin'. Trade was just asleep, I figgered, and I could wake it up. I was wrong. Trade was dead; and, barrin' the comin' of a prophet or some miracle-worker to fetch it to life, what that shop was really sufferin' for was an undertaker. My twenty-five hundred was funeral expenses—that's all.

But the prophet come! Yes, sir, he come and fetched his miracle with him. One evenin' after all the reg'lar customers, who set around in chairs borrowin' our genuine tobacco and payin' for it with counterfeit funny stories, had gone—after everybody, as we cal'lated, had cleared out—Beanblossom and I set down to hold our usual



"The Pendlebury Family Tree Will be an Honor to Prepare"

autopsy over the remains of the fortnight's trade. 'Twas a small corpse and didn't take long to dissect. We'd lost twenty-one dollars and sixty-eight cents, and the only comfort in that was that 'twas seventy-six cents less than the two weeks previous. The weather had been some cooler and less stuff had sp'iled on our hands—that accounted for the savin'.

Beanblossom—I'd got into the habit of callin' him "Pullet," 'cause his general build was so similar to a moltin' chicken—he vowed he couldn't understand it.

"I think I shall give up buyin' so liberally, Cap'n Snow," says he. "If we didn't keep on buyin' we shouldn't lose half so much," he says.

"Yes," says I; "that's logic. And if we give up sellin' we shouldn't lose the other half. You and me are all right so fur as we go, Pullet, and I guess we've gone about as fur as we can."

"Please don't call me 'Pullet,'" he says, dignified. "When I think of what I once was it ——"

"Shh!" I broke in. "It's what I am that troubles me. I don't dare think of that when the minister's around—he might be a mind-reader. No, Pul—Beanblossom, I mean—it's no use. I imagined because I could run a three-masted schooner I could navigate this craft. I can't. I know twice as much as you do about keepin' store, but the trouble with that example is the answer, which is that you don't know nothin'. We might just exactly as well shut up shop now, when there's enough money left to square up with and pay the outstandin' debts."

He turned white and begun the hand-wringin' exercise.

"Think of the disgrace of giving up now!" he says.

"Think of my twenty-five hundred!" says I.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," says a voice astern of us; "excuse me for buttin' in, but I judge that what you need is a butter."

Pullet and I jumped and turned round. We'd supposed we was alone and to say we was surprised is puttin' it mild. For a second I couldn't make out who 'twas that had spoke—then, as he come across into the lamplight, I recognized him. 'Twas Jim Henry Jacobs, the livin' mystery.

Jim Henry was middlin'-sized, sharp-faced, dressed like a ready-tailored advertisement, and as smooth and slick as an eel in a barrel of sweet ile. Accordin' to his entry on the books of the Poquit House, he hailed from Chicago. He'd been in Ostable for pretty nigh a month and nobody had been able to find out any more about him than just that, which is some miracle of itself—if you know Ostable. He was always ready to talk—talkin' was one of his main holts—but when you got through talkin' with him all you had to remember was a smile and a flow of words. He was at the seashore for his health—that he always give you to understand. You could believe it if you wanted to.

He'd got into the habit of spendin' his evenin's at Pullet's store, settin' round listenin' and smilin' and agreein' with folks. He was the only feller I ever met who could say no and agree with you at the same time. Solon Saunders tried to borrow fifty cents of him once and when the pair of 'em parted Saunders was scratchin' his head and lookin' puzzled. "I can't understand it," says Solon. "I would have swore he'd have lent it to me. 'Twas just as if I'd had the fifty in my hand. I—I thanked him for it and all that; but—but, now he's gone, I don't seem to be no richer than when I started. I can't understand it."

Pullet and I had seen him settin' abaft the stove early in the evenin', but, somehow or other, we got the notion that he'd cleared out with the other loafers. However, he hadn't, and he'd heard all we'd been sayin'.

He walked across to where we was, pulled a shoebox from under the counter, come to anchor on it and crossed his legs.

"Gentlemen," he says again, "you need a butter."

Poor old Pullet was so set back his brains was sort of scrambled, like a pan of eggs.

"Er—er—Mr. Jacobs," he says, "I am very sorry, extremely sorry; but we are all out just at this minute. I fully intended to order some today, but I—I guess I must have forgotten it."

Jacobs couldn't seem to make any more out of this than I did.

"Out?" he says, wonderin'. "Out? Who's out? What's out? I guess I've dropped the key or lost the combination. What's the answer?"

"Why, butter," says Pullet, apologizin'. "You asked for butter, didn't you? As I was sayin', I should have ordered some today, but ——"

Jim Henry waved his hands. "Shh!" he says. "Don't mention it. Forget it. If I'd wanted butter in this emporium I should have asked for somethin' else. I've been givin' this palace of trade some attention for the past three weeks and I judge that its specialty is bein' able to supply what ain't wanted. I hinted that you two needed a butter-in. All right, I'm the goat. Now, if you'll kindly give me your attention, I'll elucidate."

We give the attention. After he'd "elucidated" for five minutes we'd have given him our clothes. You never



His Laughin' Made Me Mad Until I Commenced to See the Funny Side of the Thing

heard such a mess of language as that Chicago man turned loose. He talked and talked and talked. He knew all about the store and the business—and what he didn't know he guessed and guessed right. He knew about Pullet and his buyin' the place; about my goin' in as silent partner—though that nobody was supposed to know. He knew the shebang wa'n't payin', and, also and moreover, he knew why. And he had the remedy buttoned up in his jacket—the name of it was James Henry Jacobs.

"Gentlemen," he says, "I'm a specialist. I'm a doctor of sick businesses. Ever since my medicine man ordered me to quit the giddy metropolis and the Grand Central Department Store, where I was third assistant manager, I've been driftin' about, seekin' a nice, quiet hamlet and an opportunity. Here's the ham—and, if you say the word, here's the opportunity. This shop is in a decline: it's got creepin' paralysis and locomotive hang-backatia. There's only one thing that can change the funeral to a silver weddin'—that's to call in old Doctor Jacobs. Here he is, with his pocket full of testimonials. Now you listen."

We'd been listenin'—'twas by long odds the easiest thing to do—and we kept right on. He had testimonials—he showed 'em to us—and they took oath to his bein' honest and the eighth business wonder of the world. He went on to elaborate. He had a thousand to invest and he'd invest it, provided we'd take him in as manager and give him full swing. He'd guarantee—et cetery and so on, unlimited and eternal.

"But," says I, when he stopped to eat a throat lozenge, "sellin' goods is one thing; gettin' the right goods to sell is another. Me and Pullet—Mr. Beanblossom here—have tried to keep a pretty fair-sized stock, but it's the kind of stock that keeps better'n it sells. I don't know ——"

"Sell!" he puts in. "You can sell anything if you know how. See here; let me prove it to you. You think this over tonight, and tomorrow forenoon I'll be on hand and demonstrate. Just put on your smoked glasses and watch me. I'll show you."

He did. Next mornin' old Aunt Sarah Oliver come in to buy a hank of black yarn to darn stockings with. With diplomacy and patience the average feller could conclude that dicker in an hour and a quarter—if he had the yarn. Pullet was just out of black, of course; but that Jim Henry Jacobs stepped alongside and within twenty minutes he sold Aunt Sarah two packages of needles, a brass thimble and half a dozen pair of blue-and-yeller-striped stockin's, that had been on the shelves since Abial Beasley's time and was so loud that a sane person wouldn't dare wear 'em except when it thundered. She went out of the store with her bundles in one hand and holdin' on to her head with the other. Then that Jim Henry man turned to Pullet and me.

"Well!" he says, serene and smilin'.

It was well all right. At just quarter to twelve that night the arrangements was made. Jacobs was partner in and manager of the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store. Within two months it was a payin' proposition.

Don't ask me how he did it. Advertisin' in the papers, advertisin' on the fences, things set out in the windows, a new gaudy delivery cart, special bargain days for special stuff—they all helped. Of course, if we'd limited ourselves to Ostable, the cargo wouldn't have been so heavy that we'd get stoop-shouldered, but that Jim Henry was unlimited. He advertised in the county weekly and sent a special cart to take orders for twenty mile around. The early summer cottages was beginnin' to open and 'twas summer trade—rich city folks' trade—that the Jacobs man said we must have. And we got it—one way or another, we got it all. Most of the swell bigbugs had been in the habit of orderin' wholesale from Boston, but he soon stopped that. One after another Jim Henry landed 'em. When I asked him how—he just winked.

"Skipper," says he—he most generally called me that, same as I called Beanblossom "Pullet"—"Skipper," he says, "you can always hook a cod if there's any around and you keep changin' bait—ain't that so? Um! Well, I change bait—that's all. Every man, woman and sufferagette has got a weak p'int somewhere. I just cast around till I find that partic'lar weak p'int—then they swaller hook, line and sinker."

"Humph!" I says. "Miss Letitia ain't swallowed nothin' yet that I've noticed. Her weak p'ints all strong ones? Or what is the matter?"

He made a face. "Sister Pendlebury," says he, "is the frostiest proposition I ever tackled outside of an ice-chest; but I'll get her yet. You wait and see. Why, man, we've got to get her!"

Well, I could find more truth in that statement than I could satisfaction. We'd got to get her—yes; but she wouldn't be got. She was the richest old maid on the North Shore; lived in a stone-and-plaster house bigger'n the Ostable County jail, which she'd labeled "Pendlebury Villa"; had six servants, three cats and a poll-parrot; and was so tipped back with dignity and importance that a plumbline dropped from her after haircomb would have missed her heels by three inches. Her winter port was Brookline; summers she condescended to shed glory over Ostable.

To get the trade of Pendlebury Villa had been Jim Henry's dream from the start; and up to date he was still dreamin'. The other bigbugs he had caged, but Letitia was still flyin' free and importin' her honey from Boston, so to speak. Jacobs had tried everything he could think of: bribin' the servants, sendin' samples of fancy breakfast food and pickles free-gratis, writin' letters, callin' with his Sunday clothes on—everything—but 'twas "Keep Off the Grass" at Pendlebury Villa so fur as we was concerned. 'Twas the biggest chunk of trade under one head on the Cape, and it hurt Jim Henry's pride not to get it. However, he kept on tryin'.

One mornin' he comes back to the store after a cruise to the villa, and it seemed to me that he looked happier than was usual after one of them trips.

"Skipper," says he, "I think—I wouldn't bet any more'n my small change—but I think I've laid a cornerstone."

"With Miss Pendlebury?" says I, excited.

"With Letitia," he says, noddin'. "I haven't got an order, but I have got a promise. She's agreed to drop in one of these days and look us over."

"Well!" says I. "I should say that was a cornerstone."

"We'll hope 'tis," he says. "Ho-ho! Skipper, I wish you might have been present at the exercises. They were funny."

Seems he'd managed—bribery and corruption again—to see Letitia alone in what she called her "mornin' room." He said that if he'd paid any attention to the temperature of that room when he and she fust met in it he'd have figgered he'd struck the morgue; but he warmed it up a little afore he left. Miss Pendlebury just set and glared frosty while he talked and talked and talked. She said about three words to his two hundred thousand, but every one of hers was a "No." She didn't care to patronize the local merchants. The city ones were bad enough—she had all the trouble she wanted with them. She was not interested—and would he please be careful when he went out and not step on the flower-beds?

He was about ready to give it up when he happened to notice an ile portrait in a gorgeous gold frame hangin' on the wall. 'Twas the picture of a man, and Jim Henry said there was a kind of great-I-am look to it, a combination of fatness and importance and wisdom, same as you see in a stuffed owl, that gave him an idea. He started to go, stepped in front of the picture and begun to look it over, admirin' but reverent, same as a garter-snake might look at a boa-constrictor—as proof of what the race was capable of.

"Excuse me, Miss Pendlebury," he says, "but that is a wonderful portrait. I have had some experience in judgin' paintin's"—he was clerk in the Grand Central Store's framed-picture department once—"and I think I know what I'm talkin' about."

Would you believe it?—she commenced to unbend right off.

"It is a Sargent," says she.

Now I should have asked, "Sergeant of militia, or what?" and upset the whole calabash; but Jim Henry knew better. He bows, solemn and wise, and says he'd been sure of it right along.

"But any painter," he says, "would have made a success with a subject like that gentleman before him. There is something about him—the height of his brow and his wonderful eyes, et cetery—which reminds me ——

You'll excuse me, Miss Pendlebury, but isn't that a portrait of one of your near relatives?"

She unbent and almost smiled. The painted critter was her pa and it was considered a wonderful picture.

Well, that was enough for your Uncle Jim Henry. He settled down to his job then; and the way he poured gush over that painted Pendlebury man was close to sacreligion. But Letitia never pumped up a blush; worship was what she expected for her and her pa. He'd been a member of the governor's staff and a bank president and a church warden and an alderman—and land knows what! His daughter and Jacobs had a real sociable interview and it ended by her promising to drop in at the store and look our stock over. Course 'twa'n't likely 'twould suit her—she was very exactin', she said—but she'd look it over.

We looked it over fust. We put in the rest of that day changin' everything round on the counters and shelves, puttin' the canned stuff in piles where they'd do the most good and settin' advertisin' signs and such in front of the empty places where they'd been afore. Even Pullet worked, though he couldn't understand it, and growled because he had to leave the musty old book he was readin' and the "genealogical tree" he'd begun to cultivate once more. Jacobs was pretty well disgusted with Pullet—said he was an incumbrance on the concern and hadn't any business instinct.

All the next day and the next we hung around, dressed up to kill—that is, Jim Henry's togs would have killed anything with weak eyes—waitin' for Letitia Pendlebury to come aboard and inspect; but she didn't come that day or the next either. Jacobs was disappointed, but he wouldn't give in that he was discouraged. The fourth forenoon, when there was still nothin' doin', he and I went over to Bayport where we had some business. We left Pullet in charge of the store and when we come back he was lookin' pretty joyful.

"Who do you think has been here?" he says in his thin, polite little voice. "Miss Letitia Pendlebury called."

"She did!" shouts Jacobs.

"Did she buy anythin'?" I wanted to know.

No; it appeared that she hadn't bought anythin'. Fact is, Pullet had forgot he was supposed to be a storekeeper. When Letitia come in he was roostin' in his family tree—had the chart spread out on the counter and was fillin' in some of the twigs with the names of dead-and-gone Beanblossoms. He couldn't climb down to common things like crackers and salt pork.

"But she was very much interested," he says, his spec's shinin' with joy. "When she found out what I was busy with she was very much interested, really. She is a lady of family too."

"She is?" I sings out. "What are you talkin' about? She's 'an old maid and an only child besides; and ——"

"Hush up, Skipper," orders Jacobs. "Go on, Pullet—Mr. Beanblossom, I mean—go on."

So on went Pullet, both wings flappin'. Letitia and he had talked "family" to beat the cars. She had most everything in the villa except a family tree. She must have one right away. She simply must.

"And I am to help her in preparin' it," says Pullet, puffed up and vainglorious. "The Pendlebury family tree will be an honor to prepare. Of course it will require much labor and research, but I shall enjoy doing it. I told her so. Her father would have prepared one himself—had often spoken of it; but he was a very busy man of affairs and lacked the time."

My, but I was mad! I cal'late if I had had a marlin-spike handy our coop would have been a Pullet short. But Jim Henry Jacobs was so full of tickle he couldn't keep still. He fairly dragged me into the back room.

"Skipper," he says, "here it is at last! We've got it!"

"Yes," I sputters, thinkin' he was referrin' to Beanblossom, "we've got it; and, if you asked me, I'd tell you we'd ought to chloroform it afore it does any more harm."

"No, no," he says; "you don't understand. We've got the old girl's weak p'int at last. It's genealogy. Pullet shall give her a family tree if I have to buy a carload of fertilizer tomorrer. Think of it! Think of it! Why, she won't give him a minute's rest from now on!"

"But I can't see where the trade comes in," says I.

"You can't? With our senior partner head forester! My boy, if any other shop sells Pendlebury Villa a dollar's wuth after this I'll Fletcherize my hat—that's all!"

He knew what he was talkin' about, as usual. The very next forenoon Letitia was in to consult with Pullet about huntin' up her family records. Afore she left, Jacobs took orders for thirty-two dollars' wuth and I'd have bet she didn't know a thing she bought. After dinner Jim Henry sent Pullet up to see her. He stayed until suppertime. Next day he had supper at the villa. A week later he made his fust trip to Boston, to the Genealogical Society, to hunt for records. And Jacobs stayed in Ostable and kept the villa supplied with the luxuries of life. If the Pendlebury servants didn't die of gout and overeatin' it wa'n't our fault.

By August the whole town was talkin'. They had it all settled. 'Cordin' to the gossip-spreaders, there could be only one reason for Pullet and Miss Letitia bein' together so much—they was cal'latin' to marry. The weddin' day was prophesied and set anywhere from tomorrer to next Christmas! I thought such talk ought to be stopped. Jim Henry didn't.

"Why?" says he.

"Why!" I says. "Because it's foolishness—that's why. 'Cause there's no truth in it, and you know it."

"No; I don't know," says he. "Stranger things than that have happened."

"She marry that old, fossilized pauper!"

"Why not? He's got book-learnin' and treed ancestors—and she ain't. She's got money and he ain't. Both want what the t'other's best fixed in. If old Pullet had any sand I should believe 'twas a sure thing. I guess I'll drop him a hint."

"My land!" I sung out. "Don't you do it. The fat'll all be in the fire then."

"Skipper," says he, "you're a cagey old bird, but you don't know it all. There's some things you can leave to me. And, anyhow, whether the weddin' bells chime or not, all this talk is good free advertisin' for the store."

'Twa'n't long after this that the genealogical man begun to seem less gaylike. He and Letitia was together as much as ever; the Pendlebury tree and the Beanblossom tree—he worked on both at the same time—was flourishin', after the topsyturvy way of such vegetables, from the upper branches down toward the trunks; but there was a look on Pullet's face as he pawed through his books and papers that I couldn't understand. He looked worried and troubled about somethin'.

"What's the matter?" I asked him once. "Ain't your ancestors turnin' up satisfactory?"

"Yes," he says, polite as ever, but sort of condescendin' and proud; "the Beanblossom history is, if you will permit me to say so, a very satisfactory record indeed."

"And the Pendleburys'?" says I. "George Washin'ton was fust cousin on their ma's side, I s'pose."

He didn't answer for a minute. Then he wiped his spec's with his handkerchief. "The Pendlebury records are," he says, slow, "a trifle more confused and difficult; but I am progressin'—yes, Cap'n Snow, I think I may say I am progressin'."

The thunderbolt hit us out of a clear sky the fust week in September. Yet I s'pose we'd ought to have seen it comin' at least a day ahead. That day the Pendlebury gasoline carryall come buzzin' up to the front platform and Letitia steps out—grand as the Queen of Sheba, of course.

"Cap'n Snow," says she, and it seemed to me that she hesitated just a minute, "is Mr. Beanblossom about?"

"No," says I; "he ain't. I don't know where he is exactly. He was in the store this mornin' askin' about a letter he's expectin' from the Genealogical Society folks, but he went out right afterward and I ain't seen him since. I s'posed of course he was up to your house."

"No," she says, and I thought she colored up a little mite; "he has not been there since day before yesterday. Perhaps that is natural, under the circumstances"—speakin' more to herself than to me—"but . . . however, will you kindly tell him I called before leaving for the city? I am goin' to Boston on a shoppin' excursion," she adds, condescendin'. "I shall return on Wednesday."

She went away. Pullet didn't show up until night, and then the fust thing he asked for was the mail. When I told him about the Pendlebury woman he turned round and went out again.

Next day was Saturday and we was pretty busy—that is, Jim Henry and the clerk was busy. I was of about as much use as usual, which was mighty little; and as for Pullet, he was no use at all. A big green envelope from the Genealogical Society come for him in the morning mail and he grabbed at it and went out on the platform. A little while afterward I saw him roostin' on a box out there, with his hair—what there was of it—all rumpled up and an expression of such everlastin', world-without-end misery on his face that I stopped stock-still and looked at him.

"For the mercy sakes," says I, "what's happened?"

He turned his head, stared at me fishy-eyed and got up off the box.

"What's wrong?" I asked. "Is the world comin' to an end?"

He put one hand to his head and waved the other up and down like a pumphandle.

"Yes!" he sings out, franticlike. "It is ended already. It is all over. I—I ——"

And with that he jumps off the platform and goes staggerin' up the road. I'd have follered him, but just then Jim Henry calls to me from inside the store and in a little while I'd forgotten Beanblossom altogether. I thought of him once or twice more durin' the day; but 'twa'n't till almost shuttin'-up time that I thought enough to mention him to Jacobs. Then he mentioned him fust.

"Whew!" says he, settin' down for the fust time in two hours. "Whew! I'm tired. This has been the best day this concern has had since I took hold of it. We'll need another boy pretty soon, Skipper.

(Continued on Page 36)



She Was Not Interested—and Would He Please be Careful When He Went Out and Not Step on the Flower-Beds?

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL.B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

SHAKE hands with Mr. Dillingham, Quib," said Gottlieb as I one day unexpectedly entered the latter's office. "We have a matter on hand in which he is interested."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Quibble," quoth the client, extending a rather soft hand. "Your name is well known to me, although I have never personally had the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"The future will, I trust, remedy that," I replied, not particularly impressed with the stranger's features or expression, but conscious somehow of the smell of money about him. For he was short and fat and wore a brown surtout and a black stovepipe hat, and his little gray eyes peeped out of full, round, red cheeks. On his lower lip he wore a tiny goatee.

"As I was saying," he continued, turning again to my partner, "we all of us make mistakes and I made my biggest one when I annexed the present Mrs. D. I was a young fool hardly out of my teens and the sight of a pretty face and a tearful story of woe were too much for me. She was an actress. *Comprenez?* A sort of a Lydia Languish, la-de-da kind of a girl. Oh, she caught me fast enough, and it was only after I had swallowed the hook, sinker and all, that I found out she was married."

"Ho-ho!" remarked Gottlieb. "The old story."

"The same little old story," assented Dillingham. "Take a cigar?" He produced a well-filled case.

Decidedly interested, I dropped into a chair and hitched it toward them.

"Now the fact of the matter is," continued he, "she wouldn't look at me so long as she was tied to her husband, miserable rat though he was; and he was and is a rat! I could call and take her out to dinner, and all that, but—pst! nothing more! And she was always telling me how I was her good angel and inspired her to higher things! Gad! even then it bored me! But I could see nothing but her face! You know how it is! I was twenty-six and a clerk in a hardware house."

He laughed grimly.

"Well, as luck would have it, my Uncle James died just about that time and left me ten thousand dollars, and I started in to make her my own by getting her a divorce. Now this husband of hers was a wretched fellow—the son of a neighbor—who never got beyond being a waiter in a railroad station. Say, it is rather rough, eh! To think of me, Dillingham, of Dillingham, Hodges & Flynn, the biggest independent steel men in the state, tied up to a pale-faced woman who can't speak the King's English properly and whose first husband is a waiter—yes, a waiter today, understand, in a railroad restaurant at Baltimore! It makes me sick every time I go to Washington. I can't eat—fact! So I hired a lawyer for her—you know him, I guess—Bunce. Oscar Willoughby Bunce! And he prepared divorce papers —— Oh, we had cause enough! And the next time Hawkins—that was the husband's name, Arthur P. Hawkins—came over to New York, to borrow some money from his wife, Bunce slapped a summons on him. It makes me squirm to think how delighted I was to know we had actually begun our case! Hawkins hired a lawyer, I believe, and pretended he was going to put up a defense, but I bought him off and we got our decree by default. Then, gentlemen"—Dillingham paused with a wry face—"I had the inestimable privilege of marrying my present wife!"

He sucked meditatively on his cigar for a few moments before resuming his narrative.

"Curious, isn't it—the fascination of the stage? You, gentlemen, probably have observed it even more than I have; but when he sees a slim girl with yellow curls capering around in tights behind the footlights a young man's imagination runs riot and he fancies her the incarnation of coquetry and the personification of vivacious loveliness. I admit it—the present Mrs. Dillingham was a dancer. On the stage she used to ogle me out of my shoes and off it she'd help me spend my money and drink my wine and jolly me up to beat the cars; but once I'd married her she changed completely. Instead of a dashing, snappy, tantalizing sort of a little Yum-Yum, she turned religious and settled down so you wouldn't have known her. There was nothing in it! Instead of a peach I had acquired a lemon. I expected champagne and found I was drinking buttermilk. Get me? You would never have guessed she'd been inside a theater in her life. Well, we got along the best we could and she made a hit at the church as a brand plucked from the burning. Used to tell her experiences Friday nights and have all the parsons up to five-o'clock tea. Meanwhile I forgot my romantic dreams of flashing eyes and twinkling feet and began to get interested in business. Today I'm worth real money and am on top of the heap downtown; but socially —— Good Lord! the woman's a millstone! She's grown fat and talks through her nose, and ——"

"You want to get rid of her," finished Gottlieb.

"Exactly!" answered Dillingham. "How much will it cost?"

"I think you had better give me your check for ten thousand dollars to begin with," replied my partner. "Such a case presents great difficulties—almost insuperable without money. I am not even sure that what you want can be accomplished without running grave personal risks—not on your part, but on ours. Such risks must be compensated for. What you desire, I take it, is to have your marriage annulled. To do that it will be necessary to prove that the divorce procured by Mrs. Dillingham from her former husband, Hawkins, was improperly and illegally granted. We must knock out the decree in Hawkins *versus* Hawkins somehow or other. To be frank with you, it may cost you a large sum."

"It is worth it," answered Dillingham. "Free me from this woman and I'll give you twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Make it thirty-five thousand dollars," coaxed Gottlieb.

"Well, then, thirty-five thousand dollars," said Dillingham after a pause.

"But you must promise to do exactly what we tell you!" continued my partner.

"I expect to," replied the other.

"Very good, then," said Gottlieb. "In the first place, the original decree is no good unless the summons actually was served on Hawkins and the suit properly commenced. Now perhaps Bunce served the wrong man. He didn't know Hawkins. The latter was merely pointed out to him. Already I begin to feel that there is grave doubt as to whether the proceedings in Hawkins *versus* Hawkins were ever legally initiated."



I Marveled That Dillingham Could Have Sacrificed Such a Charming Little Daughter So Easily

"Hold on, Mr. Gottlieb!" remonstrated Dillingham. "You want to go easy there. After Hawkins was served he retained a lawyer. I know that because it cost me twenty-five hundred dollars to get rid of him."

"What was his name?" asked Gottlieb sharply.

"Crookshank—Walter E. Crookshank—down on Nassau Street."

Gottlieb gave a short, dry laugh.

"Luck's with you, Dillingham. Crookshank died three years ago."

None of us broke silence for the space of about two minutes.

"You see now why this sort of thing costs money?" finally remarked my partner.

Dillingham wiped his forehead with his handkerchief nervously.

"Say," he began, "isn't that taking a pretty long chance? I ——"

"It is taking no chance at all," retorted Gottlieb, his little eyes glistening like a snake's. "You have simply retained us to see if your wife's original divorce was regular—not to see if it was irregular—catch on? You tell us nothing. We ask you nothing. We make our investigation. Much to our surprise and horror, we discover that the defendant never was served—perhaps that he never even knew of the proceeding until years afterward. We don't know what you know. You don't need to know what we know. We simply advise you the divorce is N. G. and you ask no questions. We'll attend to all that—for our thirty-five thousand dollars."

"Well, you know your business," responded Dillingham hesitatingly, "and I leave the matter in your hands. How long will it take?"

"Everything now depends on our friend Hawkins," replied Gottlieb. "We may be able to hand you your manumission papers in three months."

When Dillingham had written out his check and bade us good day I no longer made any pretense of concealing from my partner my perturbation. I had, of course, known that from time to time we had skated on thin ice; but this was the first occasion upon which Gottlieb had deliberately acknowledged to a client that he would resort to perjury to accomplish his ends.

"Don't you think we're running entirely too close to the wind?" I asked, pacing up and down the office.

"My dear Quib," answered Gottlieb soothingly, "don't agitate yourself over so trifling a matter. The only living man who can prove that Hawkins was served is Bunce—and Bunce is a fool. At best it would simply be one swearing against the other. We have a perfect right to believe



I Left Him Sitting in a Red Plush Armchair, Moaning and Mumbling to Himself

Hawkins in preference to Bunce if we choose. Anyhow, we're not the judge. All we have to do is to present the evidence at our command—if we can get it. And, by Gad! we will get it if it costs us ten thousand dollars! Why, Quib, the thing is a windfall! Thirty-five thousand! Why, thirty-five *hundred* for such a case would be a good big fee!"

"I don't know!" I answered, for I felt a curious premonition in the matter. "Something tells me that we ought to take no chances."

"Come, come!" quoth Gottlieb, with a slight show of irritation. "Don't lose your nerve. You've done many a worse thing than this, to my own knowledge!"

I do not pretend to any virtue in the matter and yet I must admit to some feelings of compunction about Mrs. Dillingham. Truth to tell, I had taken a strong dislike to her husband, with his sleek confidence and cold-blooded selfishness. In addition, I was quite sure that there was some other fell reason why he wished to divorce her—probably he had another marriage in contemplation, even if he had not admitted it.

"I wish we could make the beggar do his own dirty work," I exclaimed.

"But what does he pay us for?" inquired Gottlieb innocently. "Quib!—Just think of the money!"

I had, in fact, been thinking of the money and it looked very good to me. Since my days in Haight & Foster's law office, a great, great change had come in my manner of life; and, though my friends to a great extent remained among the theatrical and sporting class to which I had received my first introduction on coming to New York, I now occupied a large brick house with stone trimmings in Washington Square, where I entertained in truly luxurious fashion. I had a French cook and an English butler, and drove a pair of trotters that were second to none except those of William H. Vanderbilt.

Though I had never allowed myself to be caught in the net of matrimony, I had many friends among the fair sex, particularly among those who graced the footlights; and some of my evening parties did not break up until dawn was glinting over the roofs of the respectable mansions round about me. It was a gay life, but it cost money—almost more money than I could make; and my share in the thirty-five thousand dollars offered by our friend Dillingham would go a long way to keeping up my establishment for another year. So I allowed my qualms to give me no further uneasiness and told myself that Gottlieb was clever enough to manage the business in such a fashion that there would be no "come-back."

A week or so later I encountered in our office a narrow-shouldered, watery-eyed, reddish-nosed party that I instantly recognized for Hawkins. There could be no doubt about the matter, for he had a way of standing at attention and thrusting his head forward when addressed that were unmistakable. He was waiting, it turned out, for Gottlieb, who had sent for him to come on from Baltimore; and the readiness with which he had responded could be better accounted for by the five hundred dollars which he had received at the hands of our emissary for traveling expenses than by any desire on his part to regain the society of the present Mrs. Dillingham.

"I suppose," began Gottlieb when he had retired to the seclusion of his inner office, "that you fully understand that the divorce secured by your wife is inoperative —— Tut! Tut! Don't interrupt me!"—for Hawkins had opened his mouth in protest—"for the reason—for the very good reason, I repeat—that you were never served with any summons or notified that the proceeding had been commenced. Am I correct?"

Hawkins grinned and turned his watery eyes from one of us to the other.

"Quite so, sir!" he stuttered. "Exactly, sir!"

"Now, on the contrary, if any one says you were served with such a paper, it was quite impossible, for the reason—by the way, what *was* the reason?"

Hawkins dropped one eyelid and pursed his lips.

"Quite impossible, sir! The fact is, sir, I was waitin' on a dinin' car that ran at the time between San Antonio and New Orleans, sir."

"You see, Quib!" exclaimed Gottlieb. "My suspicions in the matter were quite correct. This gentleman has been most outrageously treated! If you will kindly retire for a moment—I will then turn him over to you for the purpose of taking his affidavit."

A few moments thereafter Hawkins appeared in my office, apparently in the act of stuffing something into his pocket, and announced that he was ready to sign his "davy." Although I had no taste for the business, there was nothing for it but to do my part; so I called in a stenographer and dictated the following:

SUPREME COURT,
COUNTY OF NEW YORK
RUFUS P. DILLINGHAM, Plaintiff
—against—
LILIAN DILLINGHAM, Defendant
} ACTION FOR ANNULMENT OF MARRIAGE

CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK, ss:

ARTHUR P. HAWKINS, being duly sworn, deposes and says: that he is forty-three years old, a waiter by occupation, and resides in the city of Baltimore, Maryland; that he was married to the defendant herein on the eighteenth day of June, 187–, and thereafter lived with her as man and wife until the month of December, 1882, when for some reason unknown to deponent the defendant left his house and did not thereafter return; that he has recently learned that said defendant, in July, 1887, procured a decree of divorce against him in the county and state of New York, upon grounds of which deponent is totally ignorant, and that thereafter said defendant contracted a marriage with one Rufus P. Dillingham, the plaintiff herein; that deponent was never served with any summons or complaint in said action of divorce and had no knowledge or information that any such proceeding was pending against him; that he never appeared in such proceeding and until recently always supposed that the defendant was his lawful wife.

Sworn to before me this fourteenth day of September, 1894 } ARTHUR P. HAWKINS

ISAAC M. COHEN,
Notary Public, New York County.

There was something about this seedy rascal that filled me with disgust and suspicion, and he looked at me out of the corners of his evil eyes as if he knew that by some trick of fate he had me in his power and was gloating over it. Even while he was swearing to the paper he had a sickly sneer on his pimply face that sickened me; and when Cohen, my clerk, administered the oath to him he had the audacity to wink in his face and answer:

"It's the truth—*not!*"

Cohen, who knew a thing or two and had taken affidavits before, merely laughed, but the words sent a shiver down my spine and I snarled out:

"Be careful what you are saying! Do you swear that this affidavit of yours is true?"

"Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" he hastened to answer, chagrined at my not taking as a joke what he had intended for one.

"Very well," said I to Cohen. "Show the gentleman out. I'm very busy. Good day."

Afterward I would have given all the money I possessed to undo what I had done.

. . . . . .

The case of Dillingham *versus* Dillingham duly came on for trial, with Oscar Willoughby Bunce as the chief witness for the defendant. He had visited our office several times in an attempt to convince us that we were entirely misinformed in regard to the service of the papers in the original action and had insisted vehemently that he had personally delivered them to Hawkins in the office of the Astor House. Gottlieb had gently assured him that he must be mistaken and bowed him out, but Bunce for once in his little toy career was "all up in the air." He felt that his own integrity was, in some mysterious way, at stake, since it was upon his own testimony to the effect that he had made the service of the papers in question that the original decree had in part been granted. The case was sent to a referee for hearing, and on the morning of the day set Gottlieb called me into his office and said:

"Harkee, Quib! I've a plan that will put our little friend Bunce's nose out of joint for good. It is nearly seven years now since he has seen Hawkins."

"Well," said I, "what is your game?"

"Come along to the hearing and you'll find out, my lad," answered Gottlieb. "Don't fail to be on hand."

Curious to discover what trick Gottlieb would be able to play, I accordingly arranged my work so as to attend the hearing which was to be held in the referee's office in an old wooden building on Broadway. As I climbed the stairs I caught sight of Hawkins skulking on one of the landings, but he laid a finger on his lips and I passed on and up to the attorney's office. The room, like most old-fashioned lawyers' offices, was but dimly lighted, and on entering I found the other side, with the exception of Mrs. Dillingham, already there. The referee sat at one end of a large table, surrounded by his books, with the stenographer beside him; and to his left sat Bunce and a lawyer named Stires, the present "attorney of record" for the defendant. I took my seat opposite them, introduced myself to the referee, and waited. In a few moments the door opened noisily and Gottlieb entered with much bustle, accompanied by a clerk carrying books and papers and by a perfectly strange man, arrayed in very new clothes, who seemed much embarrassed and doubtful as to what he should do.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," exclaimed Gottlieb breezily. "I regret to have kept you waiting, but I was unavoidably detained. Shall I sit down here? Yes? Very good. Please take your seat beside me, Mr. Hawkins."

The stranger blushed, fumbled his hat and sat down bashfully in the place designated.

"Are you ready to proceed, gentlemen?" inquired the referee over his spectacles. "Call your first witness."

Bunce, who had been fidgeting in his eagerness to tell what he knew, instantly bobbed up and asked to be sworn.

After giving his name and age, he detailed how he had prepared the papers in the original case of Hawkins *versus* Hawkins and served them upon the defendant personally at the Astor House.

"I handed them to Mr. Hawkins myself and explained them to him. He was dressed very much as he is now," cried Bunce.

"Do you positively identify this gentleman on your oath as the person you served with the summons and complaint?" inquired Gottlieb as if the matter were merely one of routine.

"Absolutely!" retorted Bunce hotly. "I could identify him anywhere by the shape of his nose. I took especial pains to remark his appearance in case the service should ever be disputed."

"Thank you. That is all," said Gottlieb. Then turning to the stranger he directed him to take the stand.

"What is your name?" he asked sternly.

"Aaron Finklestein—as you know very well, Mr. Gottlieb," answered the stranger.

"Do you recognize this gentleman who has just testified?" indicating Bunce.

"As far as I know I never saw him in my life," answered Finklestein.

"Did he ever serve you with any papers—in the Astor House or anywhere else?"

"Never."

"What is your business?"

"I am an undertaker."

(Continued on Page 44)



"Did He Ever Serve You With Any Papers—in the Astor House or Anywhere Else?"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 12, 1911

The Fleece and the Fleeced

THE Census Bureau has issued its report on sheep. This shows that the total number of sheep and lambs in the United States has not increased in the last decade, and the number of wool-producing sheep has slightly decreased. In the North Atlantic division of states the decrease is a million head, or forty per cent. In the South there has been a decrease. In the North Central division the number has remained stationary. In the Far West there has been an increase of a million head, three-quarters of which occurred in Montana.

The association which speaks for ninety-seven per cent of the leading clothing manufacturers in the United States has declared that, under the beneficent operations of Schedule K, woolen clothes worn by the American people have deteriorated fully one-third in weight, though the price has materially advanced. Wool Senators declare we must endure Schedule K, with its duties of more than ninety per cent on manufactures of wool, in order to foster the sheep industry. During the last census period prices of sheep and wool were high—but the sheep industry refused to be fostered. It expanded in Montana, where there was a vast area of cheap, unimproved land. Almost everywhere else it stood still or receded. The total number of farms in the United States reporting sheep decreased in the decade by one hundred and fifty-five thousand, or twenty per cent. In the South Central division, where crop values increased one hundred and eleven per cent, the number of farms reporting sheep dropped forty-four thousand.

What is it that Schedule K's ninety per cent duties are really fostering?

Who furnishes the fleece for this shearing?

Swollen Government Revenues

NEARLY two hundred cities, located in twenty-seven states, have already adopted the commission form of government, the grand merit of which was recently described in the Senate as "complete centralization of power and responsibility in a small council or commission."

About the time this description was given, the Treasury statement showed that in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1911, revenues of the Federal Government exceeded all records, topping seven hundred million dollars. This is an increase of a full hundred million dollars in two years, and is almost double the largest revenue ever received by the Government from taxation in the period between the Civil War and the Spanish-American War. Special internal revenue taxes levied during the Spanish-American War caused receipts under that head to jump a hundred million dollars in a year. These special imposts have been repealed, and the only new impost is the corporation tax, which yielded thirty-two million dollars last year; yet internal revenue receipts last year exceeded the maximum of the Spanish-American War, while import duties now yield above three hundred millions yearly against two hundred millions in 1899.

Excluding the Panama Canal, expenditures last year were some forty millions less than receipts; but, in the main, outgo has kept pace with increased income. Much, undoubtedly, of this enormously increased revenue is well and profitably spent. The point is that nobody in particular is responsible for it. If the business of a city with an income of fifteen or twenty millions a year cannot be conducted efficiently when power and responsibility are scattered among thirty or forty aldermen and executives, how about the business of a nation spending nearly seven hundred millions a year, with power and responsibility scattered among about five hundred Senators, Representatives and executives?

We cannot, of course, have a ministry in which complete financial responsibility is centralized; but we could have a greater consolidation of fiscal authority and responsibility.

War and English Credit

IN 1899 the debt of England stood at the lowest point since the Napoleonic wars, and for four years Government bonds bearing two and three-quarter per cent interest had sold at a premium averaging about ten per cent. Then came the Boer War, increasing the debt by eight hundred million dollars and making the total nearly four billions. "This," the editor of the Economist recently observed, "was the highest point since 1867; so that the national savings of thirty-six years of peace were swept away by national borrowings during three years of war." And in April, 1903, interest on consols was reduced to two and a half per cent.

For a good while consols have been selling at a discount of about twenty per cent, and in the middle of July they dropped to seventy-eight and a quarter—the lowest price in eighty years. The drop was attributed to apprehension over the Morocco situation—which naturally raises a question as to what would become of consols if there were a real war scare.

Money cannot be had at two and a half per cent because there are too many competitors for the world's savings. The relative prices of British two and a half per cents and French three per cents suggest that investors do not like a very low-rate bond, even at a discount.

The more important point is that about a year of actual fighting with a handful of Boers caused England's debt to increase three-fourths as much as twelve years of fighting with Napoleon at the height of his power. That suggests the colossal destructiveness of modern warfare.

German in the United States

IN 1850 the population of this country was twenty-three millions, and in the next ten years nearly a million German immigrants arrived. Relatively to population this was our biggest consignment of any single foreign tongue. In the following thirty years we received nearly three million more Germans; but in the last twenty years German immigration has been comparatively small, and the German language in the United States has suffered a great relative decline. Carl Schurz' value to the Republican party as an orator was vastly enhanced by his ability to address German audiences in their native tongue. Long afterward it was the practice in Wisconsin and elsewhere to send German speakers into districts heavily settled by immigrants from the Fatherland; and in several cities having large German populations newspapers printed in that language were nearly as influential and prosperous as their English contemporaries. Relatively to population the German newspaper has greatly declined and the German political orator is rare. A recent report says, as to Wisconsin, that English is now understood practically everywhere. It is taught in all public schools, and in some of the parochial schools—formerly a stronghold of German—the teaching is entirely in English.

The children, of course, not only learn English but generally prefer the English newspaper and the English theater. The offspring of Teutonic parents whose German in range, construction and accent closely resembles that of his New England-born neighbor is by no means uncommon. Many Germans and non-Germanic lovers of that tongue grieve over this; but business is business. The language that is most widely useful will prevail.

Thackeray

THERE are two distinctly virtuous characters in Vanity Fair. One is a simpleton, the other is a bore. There is a more or less "happy ending," upon reading which one feels as though he had stepped back for a moment into a theater where he witnessed an overpowering drama, but which is now deserted by players and audience, with the curtain dropped and the lights turned down. The book doesn't tell one that if he is honest and industrious he is sure to succeed. It informs him, on the contrary, that, as he is a good deal of a fool anyway, he cannot expect very much, no matter what he does.

Thackeray's centenary naturally brings these things to mind. His fiction, perhaps, is the most vital in the English language—his total influence greater than that of any other of our novelists. He did not win this position by conforming to the view that fiction should be a form of flattering the feeble-minded—a weak soothing syrup to make flabby souls temporarily forget about death and taxes. There may be something in the world more banal than the "happy ending," "sunny side" doctrine of fiction. If there is it has been our good fortune to miss it.

Making Transportation Dear

THE first parcels-post difficulty that we recall occurred at the close of the fifteenth century. Arabs controlled the overland routes from India to the Mediterranean and so monopolized the spice trade, which they worked in partnership with the Venetians. Directly after Vasco da Gama reached India by sea, however, Portugal sent thither a fleet of trading ships. In spite of bitterest opposition on the part of the monopolistic Arabs the ships succeeded in securing cargoes of spices and other Oriental wares which they brought to Europe. The result was a panic in Venice, the price of spices there falling fifty per cent. That the Arabs had made thrifty use of their monopoly is indicated by the fact that, in spite of this fall in prices, the Portuguese are said to have sold their spices at a profit of six hundred per cent. Probably the Arabs argued, like our express companies, that they were really benevolent persons and engaged in trade mostly for their health.

The dearness of transportation at that time was a matter of small importance, for commerce was chiefly confined to articles of luxury. Only barons could buy spices anyway. Nowadays, when transportation enters into the cost of the necessaries of life, there seems decidedly less excuse for tolerating a monopolistic toll upon it.

Peers by Wholesale

AT FIRST blush it seems odd that English Conservatives should shrink from forcing the King to create some five hundred new peers in order to pass the veto bill through the House of Lords. In 1828 that body contained a hundred and twenty-eight Liberal members. Since then various Liberal ministries have created over two hundred peers. During the last thirty years, however, the Liberal party has been able to muster only about fifty votes in the upper chamber, while the Conservatives, upon occasion, have mustered more than four hundred. At the same ratio, five hundred new Liberal peers would presently be resolved into about seventy-five Liberals and four hundred and twenty-five rock-ribbed Conservatives.

Nor is there much force in the objection that old peers would lose caste by the creation of many new ones. Historically, there are no old peers to speak of. As Disraeli long ago pointed out, "The Wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen." Out of five hundred peers, only sixty can count as many as nine predecessors in the title.

The danger to Conservatism lies in another direction. Some eighty-five per cent of the new peers having become intensely Conservative, it might ere long be necessary to create a thousand new peers in order to prevent the House of Lords from blocking Liberal legislation; then two thousand, four thousand, eight thousand. Thus the ratio of increase in peerages would overtake and outrun the ratio of increase in millionaires, and England would be afflicted with a nobility which was not only very numerous but impecunious. No danger to Conservatism could arise so long as there was a fortune of a million pounds or so to go with each peerage; but a nobility that is broke usually furnishes the most violent and dangerous class of radicals.

A Courteous Example

IN AN absent-minded moment, one warm July morning, the Senate passed a little four-line resolution abolishing a couple of petty jobs. What immediately followed is thus set forth in the Congressional Record:

The Vice-President: Is there further morning business?

Mr. Martin, of Virginia: In connection with the resolution just adopted, I ask if it has any relation to the colored man who is employed in the stationery room.

Mr. Lodge: It covers his case and one other.

Mr. Martin, of Virginia: I ask that the vote by which the resolution was adopted be reconsidered. The Senator from Mississippi desires to be present when it is considered.

Mr. Lodge: I put it over several times. It is a small matter and I think it ought not to be put over again. It has been pending three or four weeks.

Mr. Martin, of Virginia: It will do no harm to let it go over until tomorrow. I am sure the Senator from Mississippi is interested. It is of no great importance that it should be disposed of this morning.

Senator Lodge was almost inclined to insist that the resolution, having finally been adopted, should stand. Senator Martin, however, stuck firmly to his point that the Senate must not detach the colored gentleman from his job in the absence of the Senator from Mississippi, who had some interest in the matter. After debate the resolution was held up until the Senator from Mississippi could be present.

Such is "senatorial courtesy"—under which it takes one month to get a vote on a colored brother's humble job and anywhere from four months to a year to get a vote on matters of larger importance.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Capper of Kansas

A FEW times every generation things work out according to story-book schedule. Now and then the poor boy who walks into the bank and asks for a job, picking up a pin the while and thereby attracting the attention of the bank president, gets the job and becomes president of the bank. Frequently, of course, the boy is refused the job and chided for stealing the pin, but not always. Occasionally a brakeman gets to be boss of the road, and once in a blue moon a legislative page becomes the powerful statesman in the body where he once ran errands.

Life, as the philosopher remarked, is but one concatenation of circumstances correlating continually—meaning, of course, it is but one dodgasted thing after another; and the story-book boy who gets the job as bookkeeper doesn't rise to be president of the bank one-tenth of one per cent of the times he stays along as bookkeeper, until they fire him because he is getting old. Therefore, when we find a real story that proves up with a story-book story concerning young America, it may not be amiss to call attention to it.

Here and there, scattered through the history of the graphic arts, we have tales of the country boy who came in, got a place as printer's devil and finally became owner and editor and a power in the community. The histories of the country boys who came in and got jobs and did not become owners and editors are rarely referred to. However, we have the word of many eminent observers, usually unsuccessful themselves, that success is the only thing that counts—though there are some poems, I believe, celebrating the chap who fails; but such sentiments are not worth much as collateral, and the case I have in mind hasn't a flaw in it.

Not far from the capitol in Topeka, and reasonably near to the Santa Fe offices and the new skyscraper, there is a big gray-stone building of considerable impressiveness and architectural beauty. The Topeka people tell you this is the finest commercial building in Kansas, and go a bit farther and say it is the finest building in the West devoted to the publishing business. When you ask, "Who owns it?" they pull that surprised-you-don't-know air and say: "Why, Arthur Capper, of course!"

Well, that's the story-book story. Back in 1884, Arthur Capper came into Topeka from Garrett, Kansas, aged nineteen, having some knowledge of typesetting, and got a job as compositor on the Topeka Capital. Now he owns the Topeka Capital, which is one of the best and brightest dailies in the West, half a dozen more publications with a combined circulation of about a million, the building which has been mentioned—owns them all himself—and is a candidate for Governor before the primaries to be held this summer or fall.

Perfect, isn't it? A story-book story in real life. Let me give you the details. After he had worked as a printer for a time, Capper was made a reporter. He got ten or fifteen dollars a week. He was a good reporter. People living out there say his pieces on the legislative sessions were the best they have had in Kansas. There was nothing flossy or funny or sensational about them. What Capper had in mind was to tell the people what the legislature had been doing the day before; and he told them—clearly, concisely and completely.

Lifting the Steer

HE WAS an earnest young chap and worked all the time. So the wise people who ran the Capital at that time, knowing how essential it is to have a city editor, especially in a small city, who can and will work, made Capper city editor. Presently he branched out a bit and went to Washington to be Washington correspondent for his paper; and, by way of getting experience, he went to New York and took assignments on Park Row.

There wasn't anything in that that Capper could see and he came back to Topeka and bought the North Topeka Mail, a weekly with a circulation of six or seven hundred. Here he had a full field for all the capacity for work he had—for running a weekly in Kansas or elsewhere, especially near a city, is no restful employment. Capper went at it and after a time bought and consolidated with the Mail a paper called the Kansas Breeze. This gave him his start and he went along and added the other papers, including the Capital, where he had his first job as a printer, to his string. Then the building came and as the business grew Capper grew with it. Today, if there is a more influential man in Kansas than Capper a reasonably good acquaintance with Kansas people does not identify him to me.

Tom McNeal wrote a piece about Capper when Capper announced himself for Governor. Tom is editor of one of the Capper papers and has known Capper always. He said the rise of Capper reminded him of the old story of the man who set out to lift a steer and began by lifting the calf when it was just born. Each day he lifted the calf, which was growing steadily, and kept lifting without noticing the increased weight until he lifted the two-thousand-pound steer without trouble. Tom McNeal says that is the way with Capper. He began lifting his publishing business when it was seven pounds lighter than a straw hat; and now that it has developed into an institution employing seven hundred people, with a big building of its own and all that, Capper handles it just as easily as he did the old North Topeka Mail, when you could tuck the circulation into a bushel basket.

The impressive thing about Capper is that he has come along without any fuss, without any bloviating, without any grandstanding, without any horntooting. He grew along with the business—sometimes faster—and now there isn't a detail with which he is not familiar, or any part of it all of which he is not master. Yet he is never in a hurry, never in a fret, never worried, but always calm, happy, imperturbable—but busy. Every man and every woman of the seven hundred who work for him swears by him. Everything he turns out is clean, decent and worth while. And personally he is modest and unassuming, but full of force and energy. He never thinks of using the great influence he has in Kansas for any but the best ends—a fine, clear-headed, high-minded young man.

He joined with the Progressives in Kansas when the movement to defeat the old railroad machine began and he has stood steadily for the real Kansas idea of state and national government ever since, fighting the Old Guard just as systematically and just as effectively as he does everything else. I don't think he had a political ambition six months ago other than the ambition to see his party in control of men who would govern it cleanly and creditably. Others had political ambitions for him, however, and Governor Stubbs and Bill White and Jackson and Dolley and the rest began to tell him the thing for him to do was to announce himself as a candidate for Governor before the coming primaries on a progressive platform. Capper hung back. He had much business and more in view. Then Charley Sessions came along and said: "Now, Arthur, you've just got to run. That's all there is about that!" Without aspersing the political judgment of the other eminent Kansans who urged Capper to run, let me say that Charley Sessions knows as much about Kansas politics and has as good judgment along those lines and as keen a sense of what is going to happen as all of them put together—a fact which Capper understood perfectly. So Capper came out and printed his platform. It is a good, strong, square-toed, progressive platform. He stands for the lowest taxes consistent with public efficiency, for war on all forms of graft, for a non-partisan administration of all the state's institutions, the strict regulation of public utilities, fair and equitable transportation rates, reasonable supervision of corporations, and for the enforcement of the laws—which means, in Kansas particularly, there will be no let-up in Governor Stubbs' enforcement of the liquor laws.

At the time this was written, no Old Guard candidate had been proposed against Capper. There may or may not be such a contestor. That has nothing to do with the present case. The proposition herewith set forth is that if the people of Kansas nominate and elect Arthur Capper for Governor they will do themselves the very great credit of selecting a man who is fitted in every way to be their executive—as clean, strong, able and progressive a young American as lives in their state—or in any other state, for that matter.

Also and incidentally it will be a great impetus to Kansas literature. I can see Dave Leahy and Charley Sessions now collaborating on the book. It will be called, From Printer to Governor, and Dave will do the rhetoric and Charley will supply the politics; and there will be about three-quarters of it devoted to the newspaper business, for both Dave and Charley have turned a few tricks themselves in that line of human endeavor.



The Next Governor of Kansas?

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Assisted by Carnegie

A CERTAIN congregation in a Western city built a new house of worship and wanted a new organ. Having heard that one of the philanthropic specialties of Andrew Carnegie was the giving of organs to worthy churches, the officials of this church applied for one.

The church was notified that a committee should be sent to New York to see Mr. Carnegie. The minister and one other person went. They saw Carnegie's secretary and explained the needs and merits of the church. They said they thought that a four-thousand-dollar organ would be about right.

"Very well," said the secretary; "but it is the invariable custom of Mr. Carnegie to require the churches to which he presents organs to raise half the price agreed upon. Go back home and raise two thousand dollars, and we will see what can be done."

The committee hastened home, filled with enthusiasm, and started a canvass. In two days the two thousand dollars was secured, placed in a bank, and Mr. Carnegie was notified of the success of the undertaking.

Presently this reply came back: "Mr. Carnegie is of the opinion that two thousand dollars is enough to expend for an organ for your church. Expend that sum wisely and you will have a fine instrument."

Cautious Culberson

IT IS not too much to say that Senator Culberson, of Texas, is a cautious and conservative man when it comes to making public utterances.

A reporter who went to interview him once gives this report of the interview.

The Philippine question being paramount at the time, the reporter started with the question:

"Senator, what do you think of the Philippine question?"

"As to that," the Senator replied, "I have not as yet formed a mature judgment. However, I can say that I am opposed to the retention or acquisition of undesirable territory by the United States."

"What about the Trusts?"

"That is another subject on which I have not yet arrived at such a conclusion as to warrant the discussion of the subject in print. I am engaged in looking into the matter thoroughly. However, I am against Trusts."

"What do you think of the Democratic state platform adopted yesterday by the state convention?"

"I have not read it, and so cannot discuss it."

"Well, Senator," the exasperated reporter asked, "here is a question that is very close to my heart. What do you think of the equator?"

"As to that," the reporter says the Senator replied, "I am not prepared to commit myself. There is, as you know, a north side of the equator and a south side; and I should hesitate to say anything concerning one to the disparagement of the other. However, you can quote me on the subject by saying I thoroughly agree with all the objects of the equator and have never said a word in disparagement thereof in all my public career."

THE LOBBY

By KATHERINE G. BUSBEY

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON



"Wouldn't I Pet it and Dress it Though—if it Were Mine!"

AT A WINDOW six stories up the cream-colored side of Washington's "remodeled and most up-to-date hostelry" stood the wife of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker screening her fashionably compact form behind the tiger lilies in the lace curtain. Her shapely, resolute hands supported steadily at the curtain's edge a ladylike pair of opera-glasses that were leveled at the sixth floor of the hotel across the street.

Mrs. Stryker was tall and of commanding appearance; her face had the freedom from lines of the much massaged woman, and still she looked worried. Her eyelids snapped nervously, and the three-ply burden of silk, gilt tissue and chiffon across her broad chest lifted and fell with her deep breathing.

She failed to hear her husband enter the room, though for that omission her absorption may be held accountable only in part, there being colleagues of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker in the House of Representatives who maintained that he could put on wooden shoes and walk over a tin roof, and make no more noise than a tabby-cat mincing over a Brussels carpet. The unusual detail in Congressman Stryker's appearance was the amount of emotion reflected over the large surface of his stern, consciously statesmanlike face. "Most folks take Stryker for cold," once remarked the campaign manager of his Middle West district; "but those people ought to lift one of his griddles; they would find him blazing inside." And, not to put too fine a point upon the homely metaphor, at this moment the top of the stove showed red.

"What are you doing now, Emma?" He addressed his wife or remarked on the weather with the heavy earnestness of public utterance, and Mrs. Stryker started; but she turned to him with the composed expression of a married saint.

"Now?" she evaded, with ostentatious indifference, and tried to achieve an abstracted gaze; but the opera-glasses thrust hastily behind her made an attitude slightly belligerent. The Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker, who had a particularly impressive manner of keeping silent, merely waited with patience and entire politeness.

"Well, J. P., I was looking over at the Arbuckles—not their own rooms, of course—you know I wouldn't do that; but his Exposition headquarters—and I can tell you of several men you think you've pledged to our side who've been over there in your rival's office," she ended darkly.

"But, Emma, what I just came upon you doing—that's shocking—my gracious, it's—it's discreditable ——" he struggled to overcome his usual niggardliness of adjective and expletive.

"But, J. P., we don't propose to have those Western Coast people capture this Exposition, do we?" There was the stillness of stern dignity about the corners of Mrs. Stryker's mouth when she used the term "we." This editorial banding to her husband's career made her feel herself a brief for all womankind in politics today, with the romantic touch of being in accord with Nature of the last régime when women ruled emperors. "You know," she continued, "getting the Exposition for our state is going to give you a big jog toward the Senate when our poor old senior Senator's term is up—or when he dies, as he's really quite likely to do. And then we ought to consider that having the Fair out there would boom our stock in the Interurban Electric." She spoke with creamlike propriety.

"You do put things so dreadfully, Emma! You shouldn't state it that way; you really mustn't!" There was a wide vein of caution in the Hon. Joseph Peabody's nature.

"Well, I'm not shouting it from the housetops, J. P., but it does seem as if we might be frank when we're alone. But you never did speak out and never will, I suppose. I always have to do all the talking."

The Congressman looked at the ceiling—at some moments one may claim sympathy from inanimate things.

"And at least, J. P., I haven't resorted to sordid trafficking"—she shot an injured and meaning look at her husband. "What about all those hams our headquarters has been sending to members whose votes were doubtful, and the crates of oranges the Arbuckle people have been distributing? If that isn't bribery!"

"And much good it did—not a vote!" The Congressman spoke bitterly, his wife's knowledge having surprised him into candor—but only for a moment.

"You must be very careful about charging people with bribery, Emma. Bribery is a very serious offense, very," he ended impressively.

Mrs. Stryker made an impatient movement with her free hand and lifted her head proudly.

"Well, I've been working in a perfectly straightforward way. I ask for votes for your bill candidly, as man to man ——"

"How's that?"

"Why, yes, I've talked to at least fifty Congressmen. I intended to surprise you with the results of my canvass ——"

The Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker may be said almost to have snorted, but he suppressed the snort. The result was a guttural cluck—one of his meager ways of expressing deep emotion.

"It's a surprise," he said grimly. "But now suppose you tell me whom you've approached."

"Why, I didn't keep a list, J. P. How could I, catching them just whenever I had the chance—as they came out of the dining room, at receptions, and all that? But they were all lovely about it—all but one." The expression in Mrs. Stryker's fine eyes made it evident that, a woman full of high purpose, she had been cruelly misunderstood. "That old Congressman Hutt—he's always so bearish!"

"There isn't a more honest man in Congress, or a more influential. Whoever gets him ——" There was a momentary glitter in Stryker's glance.

"Oh, I know you men hate to give women credit, but I just have helped. Now at the club I gave all the good committee places to the wives of members we want to get; and I gave a little talk." Noticing her husband's slow facial change from vague disapproval to shocked protest, Mrs. Stryker paused.

The Congressman shifted his position and snapped open the newspaper he had brought with him before he spoke:

"I should say you did." It was well said, with an almost austere quietness. He made another dramatic pause before he proceeded to read: "Wife of Congressman Stryker urges clubwomen to cease to be 'unawakened and rural.' Asks that their influence ——" The voice trailed off in a sonorous mumble as the Congressman tossed the paper aside and faced his wife: "How do you think that will strike my constituents, Emma?"

"Those farmers!" Mrs. Stryker inhaled deeply and arose to adjust her narrow skirt.

"But how often must I remind you, Emma, that I am a farmer. I represent an agricultural district. I own several farms, and fifteen years in Congress does not make me forget that I am a farmer—I am a farmer."

His wife coughed.

"I hear, and I quite understand, J. P. I am singularly quick to take a hint. You are a farmer. We've never lived nearer a farm than the hotel in Oil City, but—you are a farmer." Usually she was very tender with the harmless hypocrisies in her husband's career, and this agricultural pose was one of the traits that really endeared him. It was amusing, but it was so human. She knew that when, during campaigns for reëlection—which were the only times, thank Heaven! that they returned to the district—his voice took on the deliberate inflection of the countryside, deliberately assumed, he was convinced that his audiences heard through his words the whirr of a thresher, the whinny of a colt or the tinkle of a cowbell, as it were, and she would feel something akin to the "bless-his-heart" thrill of the mother whose small boy believes himself a redskin on the warpath. But today things rasped. "Perhaps, J. P., you want me to be like that simple little Arbuckle woman over there!" she cried, on her mettle and gesturing boldly with the opera-glasses.

"Well, I guess she doesn't interfere ——"

"Perhaps not. But, thank goodness, I don't sit around with my mouth screwed in one perpetual simper, looking religious and wondering whether my new gowns will fit ——" The concise line of Mrs. Stryker's lip wavered upward. "And what do you suppose she is doing now? She's sitting there idly, right in the midst of this Exposition lobby, holding a baby—some one else's baby!"

Here was opportunity for cutting rejoinder, but the Congressman stood looking at his handsome wife and something very like sympathy crept into his look. It had been terrible to watch Emma's suffering when their children had come—and died. This dabbling in his politics, all this new woman business—at least it made her forget. Perhaps she feared calmness that might bring recollection.

"Emma!" The blood poured back into his heavy face, swelling the veins on his temples and reddening the lobes of his thick ears. He couldn't go on. He had surprised himself with the sudden and unaccustomed compassion that had gone into that word. Yet—such is the contrariety between intentions and effects—his wife fancied expostulation in his voice, and she flurried into one of those piteously vain attempts at final self-defense that we spend our lives in making.

"Well, it just happened that for only one instant, while I was focusing, my glasses took in her room."

Thus what might have been a big moment was lost. His frown vanished but it left a scar, and she pressed on for sympathy a little querulously:

"Oh dear, my head aches badly enough to make me long for death or bedtime; but I must go up to the Puffers' rooms tonight to a bridge. I wonder whether I should be nice to the wife of that fat new member from the Northwest somewhere; whether he'd ——" Her voice trailed off vaguely; she had turned to pat and finger her marvelous coiffure before the mantelpiece mirror.

"My dear, it is almost as easy to do wrong for a good motive as it is to do right for a bad one." The Congressman could not resist the oracular, and this small flight had always been most effective in his speeches; but it did not prevent his wife's departing into the next room with a sort of sorrowful grace.

"Perhaps when we've won others will give me credit for all I've done," she rebuked him with restrained pride over her shoulder.

Across the street a chubby little woman sat placidly regarding the baby asleep on a pillow across her lap. She



"Well, a Fool and His Job are Soon Parted," the Congressman Finished Grimly

might have been an exquisite aquarelle, a well-known kind of Academy picture, she was so motionless, and the light from the window revealed such delicacy of grain in cheeks and throat. Hers was a singularly innocent face and characterless, except in so far as the gift of faithfulness gives an expression of lofty simplicity that amounts almost to strength. She was no more self-conscious than the very small child she held, and she had something of a child's charm—the appealing charm of trustfulness.

Fate is a stage manager with a quaint idea of cast, and apparently she never made a more haphazard selection than when she had sent the whirlwind spellbinder, young Martin Arbuckle, down into the Dutch section of his western city, where Lotta Stölpt presided demurely over her father's household. Yet without ever a rehearsal Fate threw this human antithesis into the opposite parts of a love drama.

Lotta's father, as ward boss, was prominent at the meeting that Arbuckle addressed with Celtic hilarity and American fury, and Lotta was sitting on the platform. Afterward they met, and if their first words were not exactly "strong lines," as modern stagecraft reckons, if the circumstances were ordinary, their hearts at all events were heroic—and it is the heart that makes the situation.

Lotta's father had said a great many many-syllabled expletives when he had found his daughter contemplated marrying that "Irish office-seeker," and further demonstrated his Teutonic ability to deal with the situation by locking Lotta in her room. So Lotta, who had always before been pliant as the coil of her long flaxen hair, broke the lock with her silver-handled buttonhook and was married at noon in the City Hall to big Martin Arbuckle, with his kind mouth, fierce chin and humorous eyes.

Later she took this hot-tempered husband home, literally hanging on his arm—her height was five feet nothing—and presented him to his bellicose father-in-law; and a year later Gustav Stölpt died of pneumonia, contracted one rainy night while marching in a parade with a transparency on which appeared the legend: "Martin Arbuckle for Congress—An Honest Man for the Twelfth." Arbuckle had dropped tears into the little German hymn-book at the funeral; he had been smoking a long pipe with the old man every evening for months.

After Stölpt's death it developed that he was a silent partner in the brewery where he had worked for years as bookkeeper, and Mrs. Martin Arbuckle, wife of Congressman-elect Arbuckle, came into a fortune.

Although she had spent all her life among politicians, Lotta Arbuckle's knowledge of politics was of the slightest. She did not even put to her husband those vague feminine questions most women ask. She accepted their life frankly and naturally as based on the primitive needs of the heart, with nothing from his political career required to explain or justify or confirm her complete happiness. She had a soft air of being passively adequate to their position in Washington. She wore just as elaborate frocks as Martin desired, but through complicated creations she still breathed a sweet odor of peace and good housewifery. They had had no children; the baby on her knees was, in truth—as the wife of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker had charged—a borrowed baby. She had heard it fretting in the next room and had gone in and taken it from a tired nurse. Now she heard her husband bringing some one into the sitting room of their suite; the hearty roll of his voice came to her through the closed door. The man with him answered in a sort of breath voice, no tone behind it; and she knew that it was the younger Senator from their state. He always spoke almost in a whisper; she wondered whether he had throat trouble. He was certainly very thin, and his thin hair brushed tidily back from his hollowed temples made him look thinner. Martin seemed to have great respect for him, but for her part she smiled as she thought of Martin's lionlike head and that splendid wavy lock of hair that had to be tossed out of his eyes continually when he was making a speech. Of course she must have loved Martin if he had been only a sausage seller, but how wonderful had been her fate—a Congressman, and the handsomest man in Congress!

Some light seemed gradually to strike up from the baby's face to her own; it was a light that dazzled her, and for a moment she closed her eyes.

"Wouldn't I pet it and dress it though—if it were mine!" she thought eagerly, flushing a little.

Then she gathered the baby close and made a careful progress across the room. She put her soft burden in a pillow nest in the center of her bed and stooped over to press a kiss in that crease in the back of the neck, but there was no sweet moisture there and the tiny hands started up nervously. Mrs. Arbuckle, the faintest of puckers across her smooth brow, sat down by the bedside to watch.

Away below, the afternoon torrent of taxicabs from the trains rolled by the hotel entrance, fretting and fizzing and hiccoughing, the grind and clang of electric cars came from both sides, carriages rattled and hard-tired vans brought groans from the block pavement, but it all blended into a distant rumble and the room was very still. Mrs. Arbuckle found herself overhearing even the Senator's words:

"That's well enough, Arbuckle," came in his strained, extinct voice, "but we haven't a look-in unless we can get Hutt with us." The Senator's mysterious whisper sounded cross. "Old Buzz-saw!" she heard Martin interject with spirit. "I haven't any use for him." The listening wife smiled approvingly—Martin never, in his own phrase, "fooled around the edge of an idea."

"Well, you better had—that's the point." The Senator's whisper came like a jet of cold water. "You know as well as I do that he's the bellwether of that sheep state—the whole delegation sneezes when he takes snuff—and you're



"Precisely, Madam. You Didn't Know Whose Child it Was. It Didn't Matter—You Just Went in and Saved its Life"

embarrassing us, Arbuckle, and going to lose the Exposition to the state, sure thing, because of that quarrel with him. Why, he says he'd vote against a pension for his own grandfather if you had charge of the bill!"

"Talk about making a specialty of revenge—wow!" But Arbuckle's robust voice carried an anxious undertone.

"That letter you wrote him would have been audacious from the powers above! And, anyway, the boys want me to put it up to you—you get Hutt or we smash!"

"Yes, it's quite likely I could, Senator, isn't it, with the vote coming up tomorrow at one o'clock!"

"Well, go out tonight with glucose and whitewash—only do something to plaster up things."

The dialogue rushed along until the little woman on the other side of the door had the bewildered sensation of sitting in a railway station, trying to distinguish the cars of an express train as it dashed by. But the nurse came for the borrowed baby and she busied herself with a calling list; proceeding to enhance her plump prettiness with some furs and a hat that would make "copy" for the young woman supplying the hungry public with "fashion notes from the Capital."

Her husband heard her moving about.

"Bunch! oh, Bunch!" he called.

Both men rose as Mrs. Arbuckle opened the door and came to where they had been sitting inclosed in the intimacy of their blended cigar smoke.

If Martin Arbuckle's life had shown him the inner ugliness of life, at least "the world's coarse thumb" had not as yet left its mark in his face; and today he looked not unlike a cherub who had talked long hours with Puck, his expression was at once so subtle, so artless and so shrewd. His beardless lips were pliant, and when he spoke to his wife a chuckle lurked in the deep recesses of his eyes.

"Where are you going, little woman?" he asked. "Say, but doesn't she sparkle some?" he finished with a flourish of his hand toward the Senator.

"Oh, Martin!" Mrs. Arbuckle still blushed as prettily as at eighteen.

The Senator bowed low over the hand she extended.

"Arbuckle has all the luck," he averred. "Think of me, a poor old bachelor!" Which, considering that the junior Senator was wealthy and in demand socially, he deemed worthy a deprecatory smile. "But tell me, Mrs. Arbuckle," he continued, his whisper again investing his utterance with a character of secrecy, "what kind of a speech is that hot-headed husband of yours going to make tomorrow?"

Mrs. Arbuckle was all lustrous smiles.

"Why, I don't know. Martin says ——" She had never spoken her father's tongue, but her voice, deep and throaty, was the voice for German poetry.

Martin Arbuckle perceived the admonition lurking in the Senator's playful colloquy with his wife, and he pinched her pink little ear. "Well, run along, Bunch, to your teas and parties. See you later," he urged; and Mrs. Arbuckle withdrew, much as an attractive, well-behaved child might have done.

It was about four o'clock the next morning when the borrowed baby's nurse again appeared at Mrs. Arbuckle's door.

"Seein' yer loight, mum, I made so bowld as to cum to ye f'r help." The girl's teeth were chattering.

"Not the baby?" Mrs. Arbuckle was a little dazed. She had been napping, although she had felt quite sure that she could not sleep until "poor tired Martin" should come in.

"'Tis f'r that I cum, mum. He do have a quare look, and that hot his shmall head is—the pore darlint. Wud yer, in the goodness of yer heart, mum, sthep in a bit?"

"Why, of course." Mrs. Arbuckle caught up handfuls of her soft negligee. "I'd better take my clinical thermometer." From her trunk she produced a first-aid case, shiny in unused orderliness. "But where's the poor little thing's mother?" she cried.

"His mother, mum, she'd a turrible fall this afthernoon; comin' down the sthepa back in a candy and sody-water store—her and some uf th' young ladies she used to go about wid whin she was here a gurl hersilf. She's been married but two year—we cum from Lancaster but yisterday to visit wid her father, though he cudn't git her a room near to his'n—bad cess to it!"

Mrs. Arbuckle had found the thermometer, and as they hurried along the corridor the girl continued her lamentations in a husky whisper:

"She broke her collard bone, she did, an' they tuk her to the horspital; and her father—'tis a widderer he is—has gone there to her. And now the pore babby—the pore babby!"

The room was in half darkness and the little form hardly rounded the coverlet on the bed at all; but Mrs. Arbuckle had nursed her father, and even in this scrap of humanity she recognized the struggling breath and stupor. She asked no questions but went to work, *Hausfrau* instincts defying the years of hotel life. Before the doctor could reach there she had made that room into a hospital ward.

As she bent over the mite with the first hot application there was a moment when faint consciousness seemed to flutter across the heavy eyes, then with a sigh of world-weary old age the little frame settled back against her arm. Her blue eyes became mother eyes, dark and cryptic and tender. Few artists have caught that look, but prosaic family physicians know it well.

The windows in the room lighted with the dawn before two trim, highly trained nurses arrived.

"Oh, no, I'm not its mother," she told them, blushing. "I'm just Mrs. Arbuckle from next door ——"

The doctor looked up quickly. "Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "Well, God is good and the race is strong, but this baby is going to pull through, thanks to you, Madam." At this the little blond missionary slipped away.

Back in her room her first glance was at her husband's untouched bed.

"Poor Martin! He's had to make a night of it; and I went off and forgot everything about the Exposition!" The contrition in this thought gave her placid little face a wistful look, which lasted as she moved softly about the room. Just as she was washing the clinical thermometer her husband strode in, the hue of wrath spread over his face. Thunder sat on his brow, and he stood before her, breathing hard like a powerful engine stuck on a grade.

"Why, Martin, has something gone wrong?" She wavered, and her voice was very sweet.

"Hurrumph! Hurrumph!" he growled, or words to that effect. "Hutt can throw the Exposition to the pork-packers if he wants to; and my constituents can elect some one who likes to be a messenger boy better than I do——"

"Oh, Martin!"

"Well, running around all night trying to get hold of a man who lives in the same hotel may sound funny ——"

"No, indeed it doesn't, Martin, dear. It's just a shame!" She had reached up to stroke his auburn hair standing out from his head in a porcupinish way, but her hand touched his cheek.

"Why, Martin, you're—you're feverish. Quick, let me take your temperature ——"

"This ish nonsense!" came thickly over the glass tube his wife had instantly thrust between his teeth.

"A hundred and four and four-fifths!" Mrs. Arbuckle's voice trembled, and the terror in her wide eyes absolved the tactlessness of her announcement.

Martin Arbuckle staggered to the bed and sat there, his hands nervously worrying at his throat. What had he eaten at dinner! He had heard, too, of such a thing as walking typhoid. Suddenly he felt very sorry for himself, but a little proud too. He shook his lowered head sadly.

"I've been feeling mean," he muttered.

"Giddiness?"

"Yes. Not at all well. But don't worry, don't worry, little woman."

There was heroic patience in his tone, and he seemed to his wife to be wearing a cassock and biretta, with a saint's nimbus plainly visible.

"Martin darling ——" She took his head from between his hands to press it fiercely against her bosom. After which exhibition of passionate defiance to his spiritual translation she proceeded with the placidity of an experienced wife. "You must go to bed right away. The doctor's just in the next room."

"I'll die before I'll have a doctor!" Arbuckle's voice was surprisingly militant for one approaching dissolution. "You brought one once"—Mrs. Arbuckle recalled her crime with a shudder—"and I'd rather die than have what he did to me done over again. Can't you let me be in peace?"

But as she was tucking him in he caught the plump little hand, and there was a moment's silence, moist and tremulous on her part, awkward and slightly drowsy on his.

"Good little Bunch!" Arbuckle's voice was muffled. "There's every reason why I should have loved you and none why you should have cared for a rough beggar like me."

"Why, Martin, it's just the other way," she quavered. "I often wonder why you didn't marry some smart woman like Mrs. Stryker. She's told me all she's done to help her husband's bill—she talks so well. I suppose if I tried I could say something, too, but it wouldn't sound a bit like the conversations in novels. I always think in such short words. But oh, Martin, I ——"

Despite the splash of tears upon the hand she held her patient had gone to sleep. Three hours later he still slept.

A devoted chambermaid helped Mrs. Arbuckle's stumbling fingers over a toilet hastily made in the drawing room so as not to disturb the invalid. With her lovable want of conceit there was not so much as a handglass in the process.

She ate the breakfast that had been sent up to her, tied the telephone into silence with the napkin, and sat down to the sad contemplation of a vision of a marble angel weeping over a broken column, which was none the less real because her husband's regular breathing heard through the closed doors continued to belie such premonition.

Suddenly a blast of music from the street below drew her to the window, a warning finger on her lips. Banners flaunting the claims of the rival Exposition city snapped and stiffened aggressively from the windows of the Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker's rooms; while at the curb a sightseeing van—a trireme manned by a red-coated band—and several automobiles gay with streamers waited.

She distinguished the stately figure of Mrs. Stryker entering the first car with her husband and two other men.

"They say she writes her husband's speeches for him. Poor Martin!" And in rueful humility Mrs. Arbuckle felt all hope of securing the Exposition crushed under the wheels of that triumphal procession as it swept down the cañon between the two hotels and out into the broad avenue flowing to the Capitol.

Later in the day Martin Arbuckle stirred; motion rippled jerkily up from his knees through his body and shoulders and there divided into three, one opening his mouth in a yawn and the other two sending his arms flying out in a gesture distinctly pugilistic. His wife bent over him anxiously.

"Why, Martin, you're perspiring!"

"Eh? What is it, Bunch?" He yawned again, but caught her hand.

"I say, you feel as if your fever were gone, dear, but I'm going to take your temperature."

Martin Arbuckle relaxed with closed eyes. He remembered now. He was a sick man. He endured the clinical thermometer with stoicism in which there was a touch of holy submission. Then he lay very still.

A sharp cry from his wife broke in upon his patient resignation. She was standing halfway across the room facing him, the thermometer poised tragically.

"Martin, Martin—I—oh, poor Martin!"

"Don't get frightened, girl—perhaps you'd better get a doctor after all."

He said it shakily; evidently the ravages of his disease had shocked her.

"Why, no, Martin; your temperature's normal! But when I went to shake it down—the mercury, you know—why, it all came over me that I hadn't shaken it down that other time—I'd just washed it. So, don't you see, you've probably been normal all the time—it was the baby's temperature."

"What baby?" Martin Arbuckle, suddenly alert, eyed his wife sharply, but there was not the least hint of hallucination in her transparent gaze.

"Why, a baby next door, Martin. It's sick, and I had been in there ——"

The Congressman sat up as if some one had touched a secret spring in his big body. His face was livid.

His wife sent him an imploring glance.



He Addressed His Wife or Remarked on the Weather With the Heavy Earnestness of Public Utterance

"They take a baby's temperature under its little arm," she vouchsafed, futilely seeking to mitigate that look of horror in Martin's face. "I'm so sorry, Martin."

Her husband received this with sublime if highly colored indignation.

"Sorry, Bunch, sorry! I suppose that's about the way you would have talked if I'd been actually sick—and had died. You'd have been 'so sorry.' Lotta, you imposed on me, deceived me!"

"But you said you felt sick," Mrs. Arbuckle whispered dolorously.

With one sudden movement her husband swung out of bed. He made a noticeable figure, clad in pink flannelet pajamas and wrath.

"What time is it?" he asked sternly.

"N-not quite two, I think," replied Mrs. Arbuckle, catching her breath.

"What? Two? Two o'clock?" He spoke with a devastating gesture that, however, ended in a violent raid on the chair that held his clothes. From the interior of the first garment he vociferated:

"And I was to speak first! This'll destroy me out home, all right—not even to go on record for the Exposition! Stryker's probably holding forth now."

"Shall I telephone to the Capitol and find out?" Mrs. Arbuckle offered droopingly.

"No, thank you. You've done enough. You've ruined my career, Lotta, that's what you've done."

His wife swallowed this terrifying statement with an audible gulp, and at once, as if it had been swift poison, sank limply in a sitting posture on the edge of the bed.

"Well, a fool and his job are soon parted," the Congressman finished grimly, reaching for his shoes. It was a long-established custom between them that he should call himself names while she expressed horror at the blasphemy. And now she offered dutiful, literal refutation.

"Why, Martin, you've been Congressman eight years already, and you're not a ——" But her husband was eying her with caustic reproach, and her voice wavered, her eyes with it. It was awful having suddenly to reckon with this stranger who looked at her coldly out of Martin's eyes. "Oh, don't!" she broke off incoherently.

His hand on the doorknob, the other arm yet struggling into his overcoat, his hat temporarily poised on the back of his head, he turned.

"I trust you are not going to get the habit of upsetting everybody's applecart, Lotta," he said, with what he felt to be sardonic dignity; but to the little pink woman he addressed his utterance was negligible—it was his look that set her down like a concertina on the nearest chair. That I-am-brave-in-defeat smile with which he closed was the last straw.

Mrs. Arbuckle never exhausted herself by restraining her emotions; tears now sprang to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks so softly and so sweetly that to see her one would have thought weeping was as easy as breathing. She sat there a long time, her sense of her desolation becoming more and more afflicting.

After a time, it is true, she felt sleepy, but the whole body of fiction bears witness to the fact that the female in mental anguish never is able to "close her eyes"; so, since one may not take a broken heart on a round of teas, she decided to visit her manicure.

As she sat at her dressing-table a moment putting on her hat she was surprised that her reflection was not more grief-stricken, and there fluttered through her mind the vague apologetic hope that her hair would show white in the morning. She decided to walk, eagerly embracing every opportunity for mortifying the flesh.

The manicure was a discerning person. She looked at Mrs. Arbuckle's eyelids and talked of "colds in the head." It was altogether a soothing experience, having one's nails done, and on the way back to the hotel the little woman left her thick veil up, her eyes cleared, her girlish color came back, and a vague excitement fought with the sadness that was itself a little vague by now.

The hotel lobby was seething with tall-hatted, frock-coated, badge-plastered humanity—a great press of people now and again forming into groups where some *raconteur* had the floor—a constant eddying to and fro and a flowing in and out through the revolving doors and elevator entrances. The noise was a roar with an undercurrent of buzzing, and was punctured now and then by some articulate note of "Howdy, Senator?" or the staccato call of liveried gnomes sliding about the marble floor with cards and telegrams. The superheated air was heavy with the fragrance of the flower-stand and pungent with stale tobacco smoke. The voting up at the Capitol must be over, Mrs. Arbuckle thought with a shiver, then the group before the elevator absorbed her and comment tossed back and forth above her head.

"Cute speech, that of Arbuckle," were the first words that came to her distinctly, and she drew in her soft lower lip to veil a tremor of surprise.

"I should say so!" The talk went on above her Gainsborough's brim. "Sort of 'Vote for my imperial city, and you may go there when you die if you're good in this Congress'—eh?"

"Yes; but parts of it were really rather fine—I didn't suppose Arbuckle had it in him."

"And coming after Stryker's venomous spluttering!"

"I should say! Why, what got into the old fellow suddenly to become what the old statutes call a 'common railer and brawler'?"

"Well, I heard there's bad blood out in his district—peanut politics over something Mrs. S. has said or done—and the poor duffer's been badgered by telegrams all the morning."

Little Mrs. Arbuckle had kept her eyes on the furry heads on her muff, her astonishment and mystification deepening at every word. She wanted to hear more, but just then she was swept forward into a waiting elevator. Anyway, Martin had had a chance to make his speech! He would forgive her now, she felt sure—oh, if she could only find him!

Just as she reached their door, however, a large figure intervened—a vast, square man who positively loomed. He checked her progress with a large gesture.

"You are Mrs. Arbuckle?" His voice had a dreadful, cavernous effect, but he took her hand, shook it, retained it for a moment in his great cushioned palm with unembarrassed friendliness, and Mrs. Arbuckle, rearranging her mental impressions behind the immobility of her pretty face, decided that after all he had a winning countenance in spite of the pucker between his eyes.

"I am Congressman Hutt," he announced, and the hotel corridor echoed it, "and that, madam, was my grandchild you nursed last night."

Mrs. Arbuckle quailed. Her thought was what would Martin say—his enemy! But she managed a smile.

"I—I didn't know," she stammered.

"Precisely, madam. You didn't know whose child it was. It didn't matter—you just went in and saved its life. Mrs. Arbuckle, this isn't a town where one makes many real friends and I know I've got the reputation for making as few as anybody. But when I meet a friend to humanity—a friend 'at large,' we might say—I generally find a way to show I appreciate the event; and I think your husband will agree that I've done my best today."

He paused, and little Mrs. Arbuckle tried to think of something to say. She wished to goodness Martin would come and "do the talking," and suddenly the door opened and Martin Arbuckle stood on the threshold. All the boyish sullenness was gone from his face. He stood very straight, but looking so moved, so jubilant, so full of life!

"I couldn't help hearing over the transom, Hutt, and indeed I am grateful!"

The big man allowed himself a half smile as he put out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right. You love to be funny, Arbuckle, and notice excites you, but those are the faults of youth, and I suppose we may accept them—there are no violets in public life. At any rate, if you're willing we'll pull together after this."

"I looked for you last night," said Arbuckle, drawing down his lip.

"So I heard."

"I was going to apologize——"

Congressman Hutt interrupted with his large gesture.

"Well, it wouldn't have done one bit of good! What did, was finding that Mrs. Arbuckle here"—he inclined his bulk slightly—"is a real woman, a great rarity these days." And he was gone.

"Phew!" Arbuckle relaxed completely. "I feel more than ever as if a thunderbolt had missed me by an inch!" His wife gave the laugh his brilliancy exacted.

"But he likes you now, doesn't he, Martin?"

"Seems ready to eat out of my hand."

"Martin, Martin, did you win after all? Why, Martin, you're smiling! Of course you did—you always do. I ought to have known."

She was growing fragmentary, and her husband drew her into the room; but the junior Senator, striding from the elevator, was on their heels.

"Congratulations! Congratulations!" he called huskily, shutting the door with a bang. "Can't you hear the steam whistles blowing out home! The Fair's ours—it will go through the Senate without a hitch after such a victory in the House."

"Oh, Martin, I'm so glad!" Mrs. Arbuckle breathed a comfortable sigh, but the presence of a little flaxen-haired woman was of small moment to victorious men.

The Senator grasped Arbuckle's square hand in both his fleshless ones.

"And Hutt lined up his delegation for you to a man?"

"He did."

"Well, I never! You're a wonder, Arbuckle! And the way you let old Stryker's vituperation fall flat—that was great! We'd have won with just Hutt for us, but they tell me the impression you made threw us the overwhelming majority. And to think our fellows had been losing sleep for fear you'd burn up what votes we did have by a hot speech of your own. For my part, I feel we owe you an apology. But how on earth, Arbuckle, did you manage to hold down that red-headed temper of yours?"

For three ticks by the clock Martin Arbuckle looked away in owlish pensiveness, then he shifted his feet uneasily, but at length he met the Senator's glance and returned it steadily:

"To tell the truth, Senator, I didn't know anything about Stryker's speech until afterward. I—I was here—in bed until two o'clock. I'd just rushed on the floor in time to be recognized, and I was going to make a scorcher of a speech—the way Stryker sneaked his bill in after he'd found out about ours made me mad. But I knew there were only a few minutes of our time left, so I just gave them my flowery peroration." Arbuckle felt the beautiful generosity of this confession and held his noble chest high.

"So—sick?" sibilated the Senator; "I hadn't heard. I was held up in the Senate and couldn't get over to see how things were getting along. But you look fine now."

Mrs. Arbuckle drew a long breath and flushed. The Senator turned toward her: "He had a good nurse, I guess." He swept cheerfully on, ignorant of houses of glass in the vicinity.

"Oh, no, no, I don't deserve any credit! I——" she stammered sweetly, then smiled helplessly and turned to the window. The winter twilight was folding down, but she saw a fair world.

She felt happy and at peace. Suddenly her attention was riveted!

The Hon. Joseph Peabody Stryker and his wife were entering their hotel. Not as they had departed that morning, with the glory of the conquering, but from the democratic depths of a street car they had issued heavily, and a spirit of dejection seemed to communicate itself even to Mrs. Stryker's clothes as they dragged over the sidewalk like old and tired things. At the edge of the awning they paused; he was evidently leaving her, but he stretched out a hand and clumsily replaced the fur scarf that was slipping from her shoulders, and whatever he said made her put back her head and look at him quite suddenly. Then she brushed something off the collar of his overcoat, and when he had lumbered away the woman stood with her hand at her throat, looking after him for a moment before she trailed in alone. Little Mrs. Arbuckle, watching, remembered how desperately at odds with fortune she herself had felt a few hours before; the memory of her lonesome misery came to her. She knew exactly how the under dog felt; and when, after an incredibly brief interval, Mrs. Stryker's handsome figure leaned out of their windows and pulled in the banners with quick, vexed tugs, Lotta Arbuckle's blue eyes grew black with a tender human look of sympathy.

As she turned back into the room the Senator was speaking.

"Well, I'm off now, but some time I want to hear all about how you won over old Hutt. You're a wonder, Arbuckle!" he repeated with conviction.

For a moment the flicker of a self-laudatory smile invested Martin Arbuckle's round face with an expression seraphic and bland. Then a doubt came. For the first time he began to mistrust this gratuitous and accidental success of his, just because it had been thrust upon him. "A wonder," he repeated speculatively, looking not at the Senator but at that blond child who was his wife. A humorous idea seemed dawning. "Hutt—the thermometer," he murmured. His lids wrinkled with amusement and finally the measure of his enjoyment overflowed in his big laugh. He let his great hands fall on his wife's shoulders.

"I'm thinking myself," he said slowly, "that Mr. and Mrs. Arbuckle have run a pretty successful lobby. I came right up here as soon as ever I could, looking for you, girl. You're all right, and a cracker-jack of a lobbyist, that's what! I'm not caring, either, who hears me say it——"

"Oh, Martin!" Mrs. Arbuckle's voice betrayed ecstasy out of all proportion to the intrinsic value of his words. For a long moment Martin Arbuckle looked at her face, pink like the dawn, at the fineness of her cheek, the clarity of her blue eyes, the glory of her yellow hair.

"Oh, Martin!" she said in the serious wistfulness of wonder. She hadn't quite grasped the situation, but the why and the wherefore and the psychological meaning did not trouble her in the least.

Their faces turned toward each other reflected but one light. It pierced with a thrill. Something had linked them closer. Martin's love was inalienably assured.

"Oh, Martin!" she echoed, this time out of a deep-breathed tranquillity of happiness. "Isn't it wonderful how everything happened for the best?" Her voice continued in its lyric rise and fall. And the bachelor Senator drew his brows together and went out, leaving them standing there.



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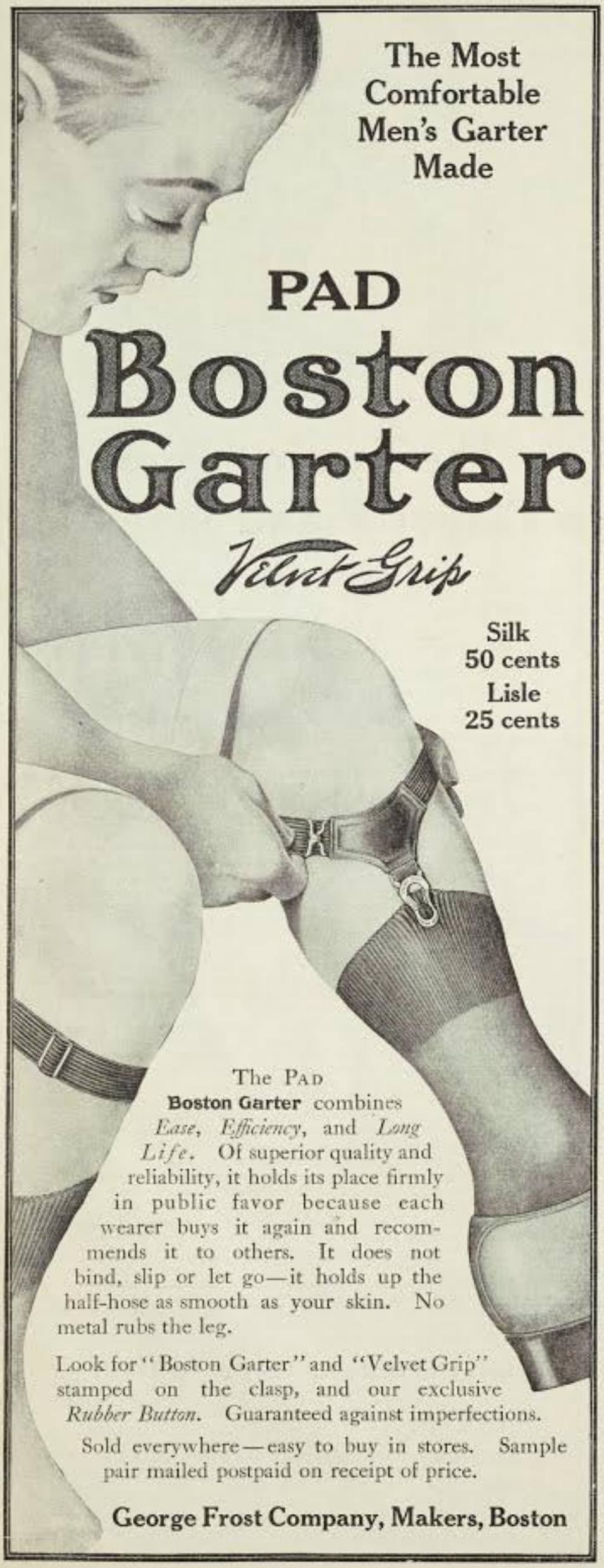
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Uncle Zebe's Cemetery

By BLANCHE GOODMAN

DEN you-all don' want me to work fo' you no mo'?" Uncle Zebe, one hand upon a tombstone, the other resting heavily on his rake, tremulously put the question to Mrs. Warren. As chairman of the cemetery committee she had come to inform Uncle Zebe that at the end of the month his services would be no longer required; and her task was a more difficult one than she had anticipated.

For a long term of years the old man had been sexton; but of late numerous sick spells and a "miz'ry" in the side had interfered seriously with his duties, and neglect had wrought havoc in the cemetery—usually so well kept and the source of much pride to the Aid Society.

"It isn't that we have any hard feelings against you, Uncle Zebe," said Mrs. Warren in as kindly a manner as possible. "You've done your work splendidly as long as you were well." She paused for a moment, hesitating to hurt him more than necessary. "You're not quite so strong as you used to be; and the work, especially since the spring rains, is more than you can manage."

"Who, me? Why, Mis' Mary, I's s'prised at you!" Uncle Zebe straightened up. "I has mighty nigh got de place back into shape agin, honey—'cep'in' de walks an' de driveway an' some o' de trees what was blowed down by de storm yistiddy. You see, I's done got my stren'th back, all right; but I cain't use all of hit at oncet jes yet, Mis' Susie!" It was Uncle Zebe's habit to address his hearer by various names. "An' as fo' bein' able to ten' to de place all alone, why, I has been doin' hit all dese yeahs an' you-all's been sa'sfied. An' now, all of a suddent, Mis' Annie, you's tuck a notion in yo' haids dat Uncle Zebe ain't fitten fo' to do de work."

Mrs. Warren bit her lip and the desire to temporize possessed her. She regretted that this disagreeable errand had fallen to her lot and wondered if, now that the summer months were at hand and the chances of illness lessened, the society could not be made to reconsider its original intention and retain its old sexton for a while longer.

As she cogitated the matter, her question, "How old are you, Uncle Zebe?" was put somewhat absent-mindedly.

"I'll be eighty-fo' yeahs ol' nex' November ef I lives an' nothin' happens," said Uncle Zebe proudly. "When I tol' Cunnel Slocum how ol' I is, de udder day, he say: 'Well, Uncle Zebe, you's a octogeranium sho' 'nuff, now—dat's what you am!' An', ef de cunnel say I is all o' dat, I reckon I kin stan' up under de cim'tery work yet a while. I has fo' chillens an' seventeen gran'chillens—an' dey ain't none of 'em as spry fo' dey age as I is. One er my gran'sons is down at de Tuxedo school, what Booker Wash'n'on runs; an' he's de onlies' one what bezimbles his gran'daddy in smahtness."

There was a moment of silence. Suddenly Uncle Zebe brought himself up with a jerk.

"Who is you gwine to put in my place?" he asked, peering sharply at Mrs. Warren from under his bushy gray brows.

"It hasn't been quite decided," she answered. "The matter is to be settled at tomorrow's meeting."

"Hit's dat no-'count Ike Moulton dat you's fixin' to give my job to, Mis' Sadie—now, ain't hit?" questioned Uncle Zebe. "'Cause now hit comes to my min' how he's been mosyin' roun' heah axin' me questions 'bout dis an' dat, an' talkin' 'bout de work—an' all de time me not bein' a bit sup'stitious dat he was figgerin' to git me turned loose. Dat's de way hit is," he went on bitterly; "when you gits ol' you ain't fitten to hol' a job no mo', an' dey hustles you outen de way ez quick ez dey kin."

"Now—now, Uncle Zebe, you mustn't talk like that!" said Mrs. Warren as soothingly as possible. "It isn't absolutely certain that a change will have to be made—for the present, at least." She was in hopes that something might intervene at the meeting that would turn the tide in his favor; and, with the desire to end the interview and think the matter over, she left Uncle Zebe to his work.

For a long time after her departure he stood motionless by the tombstone. Then, turning to a small cedar tree near by, he said: "You's a ol' no-'count hoss—dat's what you is; an' de buzzards has begun circlin' roun' an' roun', waitin' fo' de chanect to git yo' carcass!" Slowly he bent to his task of raking the gravel, muttering as he worked.

It was three o'clock of the following afternoon and the Aid Society was in full session. The report of the cemetery committee had just been read. The president rose. "Ladies," she said, "you have heard the report of the committee recommending that a new and efficient sexton be appointed. What is your pleasure concerning it?" Mrs. Warren rustled uneasily in her seat, then made a movement as though to rise.

At this juncture the door of the vestry room opened and Uncle Zebe, a shapeless object in his hand battered out of all resemblance to a hat, stood upon the threshold. In honor of the occasion he had increased his girth considerably by the addition of his entire wardrobe, put on over his usual workday clothes, the whole surmounted by an old frock coat which seemed in danger of bursting from the extra strain put upon its seams. With a courtly bow he advanced to the center of the room.

"Ladies, 'scuse me," he began. "I wouldn't acome up heah to you-all's meetin', 'cause I knows I ain't got no business at such; but hit was de onlies' 'petunity I's gwine to git to talk to you when you's all togedder; so I tuck hit." He cleared his throat. "Ladies, I un'stan's you-all thinks I's too ol' an' puny to ten' to de cim'tery fo' you an' dat you is aimin' to git a man what's mo' spry to take my job.

"Now, ladies, jes 'cause I has been a little po'ly dis winter, hit ain't no sign dat I ain't as good as I ever was. No, suh. You-all knows dat yo' helf gives out now an' den, an' you sorter has to set back a spell an' ketch yo' breff. Dese ol' ahms"—and he held up two bony specimens—"is as strong as dey evah was; an' I'm as peart.

"Hit'll be thirty-five yeahs dis very monf dat yo' ma, Mis' Fanny," and he turned to the chair, "got me dat cim'tery; an' I has been workin' at hit faithful evah sence.

"Dey ain't a blade o' grass, er a flower sca'cely, dat don' nod 'Howdy?' to ol' Uncle Zebe when I comes in de gate. Dey ain't a tree on dat groun' dat I ain't tended to lak hit was a baby. I knows dem graves lak I knows myself. Dey ain't one o' dem folks what's been laid away dat I ain't he'ped to put 'em in dey las' home. You-all knows I has looked after 'em lak dey was my own chillens. Hit jes seems lak dat place an' dem folkses is a part o' my ol' body.

"Why, when I walks in de gate of a mawnin' an' stahts fo' to ten' to things"—a far-away look came into Uncle Zebe's eyes and he seemed to forget his audience—"hit's 'Howdy, ev'ybody? How is you comin', dis mawnin'? Looks lak we's agwine to have some rain today, don't hit? Good mawnin', Mis' Clara. Lawd, how sweet dem vi'lets round you do smell! Howdy, Majah Brown? I hopes you's well today, suh. I reckon I'll have to put a piece o' sod ovah dat bal' place by yo' haid—de grass am so thin whar de shade is. Heigho! li'l' Mis' Bessie! Well, bless my soul! Ef dat syc'mo' tree don' jes love to kiver you up wid a blanket o' leaves ovah night. An' de tea rose on you's gittin' ready to bloom too! Hit jes bents my time how peart dat rose is 'bout bein' de fustes' one to say "Howdy?" to June ev'y yeah!'

"I stops at Mis' Martha's grave, what died endurin' de yeller fever nussin' de sick, an' I gives hit a lovin' pat. Den I stops to pick off a daid leaf fum de ivory vine on Jedge Wilson's grave, what I raised fum a slip. 'Cross de way is Mis' Ev'lyn an' Mistah Will, what was drownded in de rivah; an' 'tween de two graves is de moss rose what come outen Mis' Ev'lyn's yahd. I 'members how she use' to love dat rosebush—an' dat's how come me to plant hit.

"I has put flowers on ol' Mis' Allen evah sence her daughter had to go 'way off to



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YOU know how delicious and satisfying our Tomato Soup is; and how it saves your time and effort—to say nothing of the money it saves you. But how often do you get the benefit of all this?

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Have him bring you a regular weekly supply; just as he does with any other staple necessity.

Almost every day in the year there is at least one meal where this wholesome nourishing soup is exactly what you want.

There are so many inviting ways to serve it; and it is always so pure and refreshing that it never wears out its welcome. And you are the gainer every time you use it.

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21 kinds 10c a can

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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"I love to maul
The bounding ball;
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And *Campbell's Soup* is why."

Texas, 'cause I knows how she use' to come out heah on de university of her ma's death an' lay a bunch down ev'y yeah.

"I keeps Mis' Bar'bry's gravestone washed as clean as ef hit was her own kitchen flo', 'cause I knows she kin res' happier—she was dat clean on dis heah sinful earf.

"An' dat's de way hit goes—waterin' a flower heah, fixin' a grave dere; twel by-an-by de sun commences drappin' down an' de shadders o' de tombstones gits longer and longer; an' I takes my shovel an' rake an' hoe, an' stops fo' a minute to look all roun'.

"'Good night, chillens,' I says. 'Good night, ev'ybody. Yo' Uncle Zebe's agwine to see you in de mawnin'.' An' den I goes on home."

He paused for a moment and looked about, as though just realizing the presence of an audience. The room was quite still. There was scarcely one present whom he had not known almost from infancy or whose history was not intimately bound up with that of the little town.

"White folks," said Uncle Zebe, "don' you see how hit is? Why, you-all jes nachully cain't take dat cim'tery away fum me. Why, dem folkses an' de flowers an' trees is so plumb use' to ol' Uncle Zebe's han' dat hit 'ud be lak givin' 'em a step-daddy to 'low anudder nigger roun' 'em. What's a no-'count young coon, wid gals on de brain an' yaller shoes on his feets, gwine to keer 'bout dat place ez long ez he draws his pay? Co'se he mought keep hit middlin' clean, but what's he gwine to keer 'bout dem graves er de peoples what's in 'em?

"Ladies, I ain't wo' out yit, nohow. An' ef I does git a li'l' miz'ry in de side off an' on, why, some er my gran'chillens, er dey mammy, 'll come ovah an' look arter de place—'cause, nex' to me, dey knows hit an' loves hit better'n any one." He bowed once more. "Dat's all I got to say, ladies; an' I hopes you'll scuse me fo' breakin' into de meetin'. Thanky."

He stepped back, closing the door after him.

A long sigh swept over his audience. Then a sudden hum of excited whispering rose and disorder held sway for a moment, until the rapping of the president's gavel. Once more the voices subsided to quiet as she rose.

"Ladies," said Mrs. Slocum, striving to make her tones as official as possible and not succeeding in the least, "you have heard Uncle Zebe's appeal. What is your pleasure concerning his retention?"

Mrs. Warren was the first one on her feet.

"Madam President," she said, "I move that we indefinitely postpone his removal."

"I second that motion," said another member excitedly.

And the reëlection of Uncle Zebe was made unanimous.

Painless Sales

WHETHER selling to prospects that are strangers or whether selling to customers visited at regular intervals, always the principle remains the same—approach the prospect by focusing his eyes on the goods and away from the idea that he is going to be asked to buy. Many expert salesmen invent new plans from time to time to enable them to make their sales without pain.

A salesman for a big men's clothing manufacturer came into the shop of a well-known retailer.

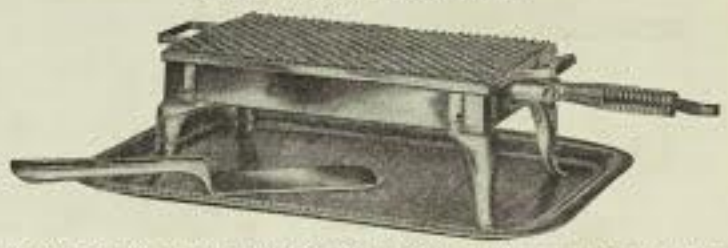
"I haven't come to sell you anything, Mr. L——," he said. "We're sold out to our full capacity. But I was going by and thought, if you had time, you might care to look at some of our latest numbers. They're dandies and I'm proud enough of them to want you to see them."

Gravely the dealer went through the line, now and then picking out a pair of trousers to lay aside on a separate heap. "I'm sorry you didn't come in sooner with some of them. There are some numbers there I'd like mighty much to have," he said.

The salesman looked pitifully perplexed. "Honest to goodness, if I had known you were buying I'd have called here first thing, Mr. L——," he said. "Tell you what I'll do: I'll rob some of my other customers. I'll take a dozen here and a dozen there off an order. You just fire away and leave it to me."

"Only Heaven knows why men like to be fooled like that!" the salesman said, referring to this experience afterward. "I wonder whether they are fooled or if they only pretend to be."

The Latest Electric Devices For the Home



WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC TOASTER-STOVE. This is a complete electric stove. You use it with your breakfast or tea things. Attach it to any electric connection and it is ready to cook. Will fry an egg, make toast or broil a chop. You can save a great deal of hot kitchen work and serve things greedily, at first hand, dainty and hot on the table at the turn of a button. The price with attachments is Six Dollars upward.

WHY put it off another day?

If your house is wired for electric light investigate these Westinghouse conveniences immediately.

Women in all sections of the country are writing us letters of inquiry. To all of them, and the many other readers of *The Post*, we wish again to say,—yes, these Westinghouse devices are intensely practical. They are not mere novelties or luxuries. They have back of them the Westinghouse reputation for thoroughness in everything electrical and the Westinghouse guarantee of efficiency.

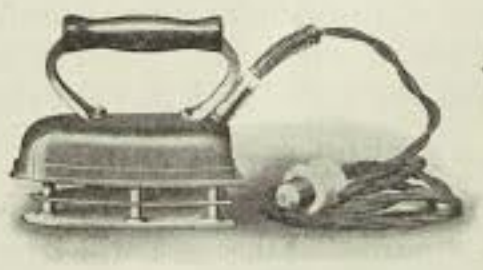
They are so made as to work perfectly with the electric connections now in your house. Dealers furnish them with cord and socket attached, all ready to slip into the electric light fixture.

For your protection and ours remember there is a great difference in electric devices. The slight extra cost of a Westinghouse appliance will mean everything to you in the using.

A cheaply-stamped-out appliance instead of giving honest service becomes only an annoyance, using up current far in excess of the value of the work it does.

In buying your electric iron, your toaster-stove, and your electric fan, you are as expert *for practical purposes* as the best electrical engineer if you only remember this—see that the electric device bears the name—

Westinghouse Electric





WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC IRON. If you once start to use this iron you'll never go back to the old-fashioned stove-heated method. Saves steps. Saves the changing and lifting of heavy irons. Move the ironing to the coolest part of the house. The heat is all in the iron itself—at the turn of a switch. One gets through a big ironing in ⅓ less time and does infinitely better work. Absolutely safe. Lasts a lifetime. You'll find it easier to keep help if you let your maid iron on the back porch with a Westinghouse Electric Iron. The price is Four Dollars upward.

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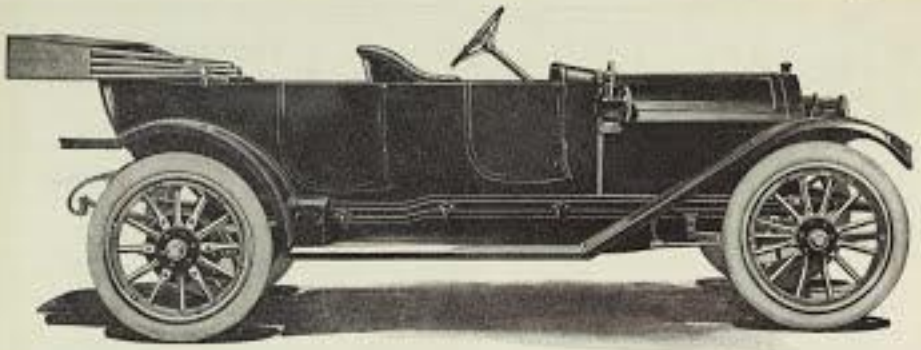
The better class of dealers and most lighting companies carry Westinghouse goods in stock.

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We have taken these two pages to claim three minutes of your time

If, after reading what we have to say about the 1912 COLE 30-40, you are not deeply interested in this wonderful car, it is because we know better how to build an automobile than we know how to tell you about it

Our 1912 Announcement, like that of last year, is a story of improvement. And of an increase in price; for in improving the 1911 Cole, we have had to raise the price from $1,650 to $1,800.

A better car than the 1911 Cole cannot be sold for $1,650.

If we were building cars to fit a price, we would continue the 1911 Cole for 1912. But we are building cars to meet a standard—the best car for the average man at a reasonable price. This, in a word, expresses our ideals.

When our Engineers proved they could substantially improve the Cole, both as a machine and as a vehicle, we told them to forget price and to go ahead. The result is a bigger, stronger, handsomer, more comfortable car—and a $150 increase in the price. Every cent of price increase is put into the car—and the car shows it.

You will pay $2,500 for its equal

The 1912 Cole is actually a better value at $1,800 than was the 1911 Cole at $1,650. It is our belief that you will have to pay $2,500 for its equal.

The 1910 Cole sold for $1,500. It was one of the value sensations and big sellers of that year.

In 1911 the price was increased to $1,650, and the Cole scored even a greater success. It was one of the very few cars whose production was actually oversold.

The 1912 car bespeaks its own future.

The Cole has made friends everywhere. Its numerous victories and triumphs in speed, endurance and economy runs, and its splendid service to users are the talk of motordom.

Our old customers are the backbone of our business. Hundreds of them buy new Cole cars every year. Already many Cole owners have spoken for their 1912 Cole without even seeing the car.

Frankly, that is because they believe in us, and they know that the Cole is perfect in mechanical principles.

Basic principles are unchanged

The 1912 Cole adheres to the basic principles of the 1911 car. It has the same wonderfully efficient, silent, dust-proof, unit power-plant; the same Bosch dual ignition; the same sturdy construction; the same smart design.

But the 1912 model is a bigger, longer, more roomy car. Its wheel-base is 122 inches instead of 118 inches.

It has 36-inch wheels, instead of 34, which makes for greater tire economy and riding comfort. The wheels are equipped with Demountable Rims, which makes it possible to change a tire on the road in two minutes.

Instead of brass trimmings, the 1912 car has Nickel Trimmings, like all high-priced machines.

Timken axle equipment, front and rear

The most important new specification of the Cole is the Timken Axle Equipment—the most durable and most satisfactory axle equipment known. This equipment greatly increases the power delivered to the driving wheels, because it reduces friction to a minimum.

Electric lighting system and self-starter

These devices have not yet been definitely settled upon for the new Cole. But as soon as we are sure which of those now under test

Henderson Motor Sales Co.
Indianapolis Indiana

COLE 30-40

$1800

1912 Features:

Cole unit power-plant
Enclosed valves—dust-proof, silent
Bosch Dual ignition
Timken axle equipment
36 by 4 inch wheels
Demountable rims
122 inch wheel-base
Nickel trimmings

are best suited to the Cole standard, they can be added, as the motor provides facilities for adding this equipment.

One chassis—seven models

The 1912 bodies are more roomy and more luxuriously appointed. All models are constructed on one chassis, with bodies interchangeable. It is this concentration on the production of one chassis that has brought the Cole to its high state of perfection. The lines of the car have been simplified, giving a long, low, rakish appearance to all models.

The five-passenger touring car has ventilated fore-doors, and control levers on the inside. It has two seat-sockets in the large tonneau which make it convertible into a comfortable seven-passenger car.

A smart Toy Tonneau, a Torpedo Roadster, a rakish Speedster and three distinctive types of enclosed bodies make up our 1912 line.

The Cole enclosed cars represent the highest development of the motor coach-builder's art. The London Limousine and Colonial Coupe have inside drive, which will appeal to the man who prefers to drive his own car.

The 1912 Cole models are priced as follows:

Fore-Door Touring Car (Illustrated)	$1,800
Fore-Door Toy Tonneau	1,800
Torpedo Roadster	1,800
Special Speedster	1,800
Limousine	3,000
London Limousine (Inside Drive)	3,250
Colonial Coupe (Inside Drive)	2,500

Equipment: Standard equipment includes Bosch magneto, Firestone demountable rims with one extra rim holding one pair large Solar gas lamps with generator, one pair side and tail lamps fitted with sockets for electric lights, horn, large metal tool box, complete set of tools, tire jack and tire kit, robe and foot rail. Special equipment on enclosed cars.

Motor Specifications: Unit Power-Plant. Vertical cylinders. 4 cylinders 4½" x 4½" valves enclosed by silence. Bosch dual ignition. Cellular Radiator. Pump Circulation. Timken Roller Bearings, front and rear. Full Floating Rear Axle with two Universal Joints and Spiral Bevel Drive Pinion. 40 x 4" Tires, with Quick Detachable, Demountable Rims. Wheel base 122". Nickel Trimmings throughout.

General Sales Agents for Cole Motor Car Co.

A quality car straight through

The Cole differs not only in specifications from other moderately priced cars. It is superior to them in quality. It is quality—quality in workmanship, materials and refinements—that makes the Cole a high grade car.

Not all quality can be seen in a car, but it proves itself in the car's performance, in its reliability and durability. It is quality that has seen the Cole through each of the many Twenty-four Hour Races it has entered, with splendid scores—though the pick of the terrific pace put many more expensive cars out of the race.

A stranger to the repair shop

It is quality that makes the Cole a stranger to the repair shop. It is quality that has kept in commission every Cole ever built. It is quality that makes the Cole stand up—not only the first year, but many years.

All Cole owners speak of the fine luck they have had with their cars. It is our luck. It is simply the regular Cole service—the result of quality materials and quality construction.

The experienced motorist accepts Cole silence as a proof of quality. To him it means refinement in construction, perfect alignment of moving parts and soundness and stability of other parts. It indicates minimum friction and absence of lost power. It means things are running right and likely to continue to run right.

The silent car is the only one an experienced motorist will buy. That is a good tip for any buyer. The inexperienced will do well to buy accordingly. But remember—there are mighty few silent cars at the Cole price.

The wonderful Cole power-plant

And it is quality that makes the wonderful Cole power-plant deliver power far in excess of its A. L. A. M. rating. By actual brake test, every Cole motor will deliver 40 H.P. The Cole is really a 40 H.P. car.

The attractiveness, roominess and luxurious appointment of the inside of a Cole car suggest perfect taste and utmost quality. In fact, Cole body comforts and seat comfort are unmatched, except in high-priced cars.

Write for advance catalog

Its complete construction details—told by word and illustration—will substantiate our claims that the Cole at $1,800 is the rival of many cars selling at $2500 and more.

To Agents: While not seeking new agency arrangements for 1912, we are anxious to improve our agency connections in certain localities, just as we see any part of our business or manufacturing organization. We would like to hear from responsible Agents who can give good service to Cole cars and proper attention to Cole cars.

Cole agents have received their 1912 demonstrating cars. See them

---

Henderson Motor Sales Co., Indianapolis, Indiana

Please send copy of your Advance Catalog for 1912.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

A Document In Evidence

We have a bulging box of "Bouquets" and from near the top picked out this voluntary expression from a valued customer. It speaks for itself and is typical of the experiences which Farm Journal advertisers are constantly reporting.

West Chester, Pa., June 24th, 1911.

The Farm Journal stands first upon our list, among nearly all the prominent agricultural publications of the United States and Canada, in keyed inquiries received per dollars expended, for the year ending February 1st, 1911. The same condition is true for the years ending February, 1910, and February, 1909. In all the years in which we have used the Farm Journal it has always been a leader in service, and mostly first in both number of traceable inquiries and in lowest average cost per inquiry, although space used in the Farm Journal has been conservative. With cordial acknowledgment of the good and continuous service of the big little paper, and hearty good wishes for its future, we are

Yours very truly,

The Sharples Separator Co.

Farm Journal is just as resultful a medium for selling sox as separators—or anything else that farmers use, wear or enjoy. It has more than volume of circulation—it has *quality* circulation—and, most important of all, it has the confidence of its readers.

Farm Journal is at once the Oracle, Optimist and Purchasing Guide in hundreds of thousands of prosperous country homes.

Maybe you haven't considered the vast possibilities in advertising to the farmer—then you need our Book "Tests and Testimony." Full of facts about agricultural conditions, information about the tastes of the farmer and his purchasing ability and lots of other valuable data that you really ought to have handy. The book is free for a request on your business letterhead.

The October number of Farm Journal will go to press September 5th. It is none too soon to take steps to get in.

Wilmer Atkinson Company, Publishers

Farm Journal

Philadelphia

How's Business and Why

THE business of a country possessed of a population of ninety million souls and having commercial dealings with the rest of mankind must be of large dimensions when at the minimum and very large when at the normal average. Could the people of this country acquire the habit of comparing existing business with the normal average instead of with the maximum, and be content with something less than the max mum of the so-called "boom" times, they would probably be happier and, on the whole, quite as successful as at present. If the business of the United States today were compared with the normal average of the past, occasion would be found for considerable satisfaction. The truth is that the country has developed capacity for a maximum business; and as the volume has decreased to something like normal—it may have been a little below that a short while ago—the fact of an unused capacity stares people in the face and excites an uneasy feeling.

It is a trite remark that there is compensation in this unrest, arising from the excess of productive capacity, in that it tends to correct price excesses and finally stimulates a search for broader markets for the country's products. An amount of discontent is useful to the human race, albeit there appears to be too much sometimes in people like those inhabiting this country. The present is one of the occasions when it would seem better to accept conditions as they are and deal with them understandingly. To discover these conditions is the present purpose, and it is certain that an interesting general situation will be revealed as the task is proceeded with.

Favorable Features of Trade

The community at large is as busy as the excess of heat will permit it to be. What idleness there is, except among the shiftless, is rather forced by climatic conditions than by lack of employment and is temporary. The farming class is already engaged in harvesting the 1911 crops and will not cease until winter shall put an end to outdoor employment. The producers of certain raw materials and of certain manufactured goods have all they can do to supply the current demand, while in many lines of industry improving conditions are noted. The United States Steel Corporation is operating at least seventy per cent of its capacity, according to oft-repeated report; and seventy per cent of the capacity of this concern quite exceeds the full capacity of not many years ago. Joplin, Missouri, advices are that the local zinc market is in the healthiest position it has occupied this year. Certain of the electrical manufacturing concerns, notably those supplying the trade with electric fans or other seasonal necessities, are wholly unable to fill the demand.

The manufacturers of newspaper print made a new record of production in May, when 110,165 tons were produced and 107,242 tons were shipped. The month's production was ninety-eight per cent of normal, computed on twenty-seven working days. There were gains in other grades of paper, particularly in wrapping, book and writing papers; so that, on the whole, the situation in the pulp and paper trade is looked upon as good. The United Fruit Company finds it necessary to meet its growing trade in tropical fruits by adding three new and powerful steamers to its fleet. Other evidence of the growth of that business is seen in the organization of a competing company in New York.

The foregoing are but examples of pronounced trade activity, and are offset by other and less pleasing examples. The United States Rubber Company has closed its great plants in eastern Massachusetts for an unusually long summer rest, because the demand for its goods is so light. The curtailment of operations in the textile mills of the country is declared no less than epoch-making, so extensive is the shutdown; and this is but the culmination of trade conditions that have existed nearly two years. Upward of seventeen million spindles or sixty per cent of the country's cotton spindleage became idle in early July. This is especially felt in New England, the great center of the textile industry. Fall River mills are curtailing about thirty per cent, New Bedford some ten to fifteen per cent, and other Massachusetts mills in a similar ratio. So is it in other eastern states, while in the South the curtailment among the larger mills has been about forty per cent for some time. Every mill in North Carolina was closed for a couple of weeks at the beginning of July. Though these stoppages are in most instances temporary, it is said there is apprehension that they will have to be repeated. How much this condition is due to fear of tariff changes is unknown, but it is clear that the prices of raw cotton and manufactured goods have been too close to admit of a satisfactory profit in the manufacturing end of the industry. The lower price for raw cotton, consequent on the promise of an almost record-breaking crop in 1911, may afford some relief to the textile industry, unless the manufactured article shall fall in greater ratio than the crude article. Nevertheless, the textile trade beholds with satisfaction the prospect of a cotton crop this season exceeding fourteen million bales.

The very recent rains in the western part of the cotton belt are assuring in this connection. The condition of the woolen industry is scarcely more satisfactory than that of cotton, and anxiety is felt regarding the matter of possible tariff changes that appear to seriously threaten. The wool trade is affected somewhat by the weather which has militated against activity in nearly all lines of trade since July came in. Many eastern manufacturers, jobbers and retailers suspended operations partially or fully in the torrid weather of early July.

The copper industry has felt some encouragement from recent large sales for home consumption and export. Deliveries, home and foreign, were quite the best for any month this year—no less than one hundred and thirty-three million pounds in round numbers, against one hundred and twenty-six million five hundred thousand pounds as the next best month—in May. The foreign demand was excellent, the seventy-one million four hundred thousand pounds sent abroad outranking by over nine million pounds the exports of any previous month this year. The price of the metal improved fractionally on the good June buying and was close to thirteen cents a pound before the buying ceased. The metal went into July and continued at about twelve and three-quarters cents, demand falling off. The foreign demand is the more promising, it not appearing that any unusual inquiry will be made for the metal to be used in this country until the electrical equipment of the railroads, now operated chiefly by steam, shall become more general, which it is fancied will be the case in time. The huge item of cost militates against providing the public with electric equipment for the present; but, as competition of electric roads increases and the traveling public becomes more exacting, it can but happen that the steam roads will be compelled to meet the competition regardless of expense by doing away with the discomforts incident to the use of coal for fuel.

Squaring Business With the Law

These discomforts and the comforts of electric propulsion were never more appreciated than in the hot, stuffy weather during July. Whether the production of copper will increase faster than the uses multiply is necessarily debatable. There is a desire, still to a considerable extent latent, to place the production and sale of copper where it will be directed by a central body. In other words, the ambition is present to constitute a monopoly of the copper industry so far as it can be lawfully done under the antimonopoly provisions of the Federal statutes. It has frequently been declared in stock-market and mining circles that bankers were ready to proceed with the organization of the copper monopoly as soon as the courts had made it plain, in the American Tobacco and Standard Oil cases, how the thing could be done.

It has been hinted that the new financial company organized by the National City Bank of New York suggests a model or principle under which the tobacco and oil companies can successfully reorganize. The national bank in question has devised a method of practically accomplishing indirectly what it may not lawfully do as a

Your Brain is Your Capital

Unnecessary jars and shocks disturb the brain's delicate balance.

The Cushion Insoles used in Dr. Sawyer's Cushion WHITE HOUSE SHOES, take up all the jar and shock, leaving your brain free to do its work.

Study the cut below and learn WHY.



"A" shows a Genuine "Piano Key" Felt Insole extending from heel to toe, producing the most permanent cushion yet devised in shoe construction, which costs three times the price of the leather insole used in other cushion sole shoes.

"B" shows the perspiration-proof chrome leather covering for "Piano Key" Felt Insole.

"C" shows cork filling which lies between the "Piano Key" Felt Insole and Slipsole.

"D" shows the Slipsole below the cork filling next to the Outersole.

DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

For Men **For Women**

PATENTED JULY 2, 1907, U. S. Register No. 858,358.

Combine Comfort, Style and Wear. Made in a variety of styles and leathers.

Prices, $5.00 and $6.00



B-278½—Men's Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House, Glazed Kangaroo Blucher half Double Sole Welt. Last Form Last, 5-11. **$5.00**

B-278.—Same as above, single sole. **$5.00**

Ask your dealer for them. If not found in your town, write at once to "Department A" for Style Book and we will see that you are supplied.

The Brown Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

ALSO MAKERS OF

Buster Brown Shoes

For Boys **For Girls**



$1.50 to $3.50

According to Size And Style.

commercial banking institution—that is, buy and sell securities and perform acts not contemplated when the national bank act was passed. It may be recalled that the capital stock of the new concern is really provided by the national bank through the declaration of a dividend of ten million dollars cash; and shareholders of the bank are permitted to obtain a "beneficial interest" in said new concern by applying the dividend to payment for the shares. The bank will give recognition to such beneficial interest by stamping the fact upon the shares of the bank, thus definitely branding the speculating company as the child of the bank.

The application of the principle to the tobacco and oil companies lies here: Let the parent organization declare a dividend to its own shareholders in an amount equal to the stock of the several companies which it must form under the decree of the United States Supreme Court. Then apply the dividend to the acquisition of the shares of the subsidiary companies and stamp the beneficial interest in said shares upon the certificates of the parent organization. The parent organization would thus maintain its monopoly and perhaps comply with the command of the court. "Perhaps comply" is said because there is some doubt whether the Federal court having jurisdiction in the matter would approve of such a plan as this. The parent organization itself thus really becomes and controls a holding company, an institution which the courts have seemed disposed to frown upon.

Pessimistic Mr. Guggenheim

When Mr. Daniel Guggenheim sailed for Europe recently he spoke in condemnation of the attitude of the National Government of this country toward the business interests of the country and contrasted it with the favorable attitude of Germany toward business interests there. The decision against the Guggenheim coal exploits in Alaska had just been given by Federal officials when the gentleman sailed for Europe, and he was presumably smarting from the effect of that decision—forgetting, perhaps, that the United States did not furnish the conditions under which the Federal authorities were compelled to act. Mr. Guggenheim and his associates were the authors of those conditions, and public policy, as determined by Congress, led to Government interference. If the capitalists of this country are to continue shaving as close to the line of prohibited action as they can in disregard of public rights, whether it be in exploiting coal lands in Alaska or establishing branch banks or speculating machines in the United States proper, then it ought to be expected that the Federal Government will continue to perform acts more or less disturbing to business. There is no indication of any modification of aggressive purpose on the part of the Federal Government in these matters. The suit begun against the Lehigh Valley Company for alleged violation of the commodities clause of the Hepburn act in the conduct of the coal business suggests that the Government intends that the spirit as well as the letter of the law shall be regarded.

Among the more interesting foreign financial publications is the monthly letter of the Swiss Bankverein, which in its latest issue reviews the decisions of the United States Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco cases. This publication commends the reception of those decisions accorded by American interests and says it becomes the question, from now on, to look for means by which an adaptation to the requirements of the law will be possible without endangering the basis of national prosperity. The foreign critic is certain that the great companies will not have insurmountable difficulty in adapting their organization to the actual law—but this, it says, cannot be done without transforming, from the bottom, their general fundamentals; and the reconstruction of these corporations will, on account of the almost omnipotent position they hold, quite naturally exercise an unfavorable influence upon general trade and hinder an immediate revival in business. No considerable expansion of industrial enterprise is looked for by the foreign critic pending the reconstruction of these great companies.

However, it is quite within the power of the corporations to disarm the so-called hostile Government by adopting, as some are doing, a course of sincere and willing

Why inch along like an old inchworm with that antiquated hand spacing of the typewriter carriage when you can go right to the spot with a single touch on a Column Selector key of the model 10

Remington

The Remington Column Selector is the greatest of all recent typewriter improvements. It enables the operator instantly to place the carriage where she wills, *skipping as many columns as she wills.* By eliminating the hand spacing of the carriage it saves from ten to twenty per cent. of labor according to the work to be done.



And this is only one of a score of notable improvements on the model 10

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New York and Everywhere

"HERE ARE THE FIVE COLUMN SELECTOR KEYS"



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built on a principle that has common sense sprayed on it. It preserves fruits and vegetables instead of spoiling them. It seals absolutely air-tight. The all-glass cover clamps down with a grip like steel—by light finger-pressure—and it lets go as easily by another light pressure. It hasn't any crevices or crimps. There's nothing to twist, turn, screw or unscrew. Construction, simple and sensible. Put your fruits and vegetables in the wide mouthed

ATLAS E-Z SEAL

fruit and vegetable jar—peaches, pears, plums, cherries, corn, peas, beans, tomatoes, beets, onions—all will be fresh, flavory and summery-sweet all winter in Atlas E-Z Seal Jars. Preserve them yourself and you'll have better food in your pantry than you can buy at any price. Finally, be *sure* to ask your grocer for Atlas E-Z Seal Jars. And be just as sure that you *get* them.



Send for our booklet of Famous Preserving Recipes. Tells what to preserve, and just how. No charge to you. Write now.

HAZEL ATLAS GLASS CO.

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Packard

MOTOR TRUCKS

THIS truck has never missed a trip in the 15 months it has been in use on the hilly streets of Pittsburgh. It is on the job every day, 304 working days to the year. It replaces three horse teams. After Arbuckles & Company had used this truck 10 months and knew exactly what it would do they bought another just like it.

Forty per cent of the sales of Packard Trucks are orders from previous purchasers for additional trucks

Ask the man who owns one



Packard trucks are used in 126 lines of trade and in 174 cities

Packard Motor Car Company Detroit

Saves the Gums, Cleans the Teeth

"A Clean Tooth Never Decays"

This *flexible* curved handle instantly adjusts itself to the shape of the gums, passing over them gently but firmly.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Flexible Handle Tooth Brush

It gives a new sensation and preserves the gums—keeps them in a healthful condition.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic (rigid or flexible handle) thoroughly cleans *all the teeth* back and front alike. It's the one tooth brush with a well defined purpose.

Packed in an individual yellow box which protects against handling before the brush gets to you.

Prices: 25c., 35c., 40c.

Our interesting booklet "Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth?" is yours for the asking. Send for it.

Florence Mfg. Co., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

The Original

SHIRLEY PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

The public's confidence in Shirley MERIT is proved by our constantly increasing sales during a period of over ten years.



Our own confidence in Shirley MERIT is proved by our Money Back Guarantee. Insist on our Shirley Guarantee when buying suspenders.

Price 50c from all dealers or from factory; light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.

SHIRLEY GUARANTEED SUSPENDERS

718 Main Street Shirley, Mass.

compliance with the statutes of the country touching these matters. Until compliance shall be general it must be expected that business will be interrupted at intervals by the manifestation of the restrictive power of the Government. The reason that tariff agitation hurts is because business people have enjoyed unjust privileges of taxation conferred by the tariff, which taxation has become burdensome. Nor will business become immune from disturbance by tariff-reform agitation until it rests upon other than the basis of protective duties.

Prominent among the factors affecting business, therefore, are the insistence of monopoly upon its alleged rights, the determination of the Government to combat that position, the effort of business men and corporations to restore former conditions of commercial and industrial activity in a legitimate way, the crops of 1911 as a stimulating or deterrent force, and the position of money. The least important of these factors is that last named, for money is in large supply, though somewhat concentrated in the big institutions, and is to be readily had where credit is deserving. Credit is at present closely related to the crops, in which much money is locked up to await the harvest. Should this be fair and should all sections of the country share the benefits, there ought to be no trouble anywhere in borrowing what is needed. Unhappily, the sections which were poorly served with rain last season are again in ill luck, and the baneful effect of deficient moisture and high temperature is somewhat generally felt in the country. The winter-wheat regions have been favored more than other regions, barring the cotton districts of the South; and even there, and more particularly in Texas and Oklahoma, droughty conditions of soil and hot climate have had to be faced. Lately there have been showers in that region, which have ameliorated conditions somewhat.

The Doubtful Crop Outlook

Spring wheat has possible trials before it, but it is hoped that the spring and winter varieties of wheat combined will make a large, though not record, crop. Corn is in an uncertain position, its condition in midsummer being materially below what had been looked for; and it is only by dint of unprecedented acreage that there is hope of a crop exceeding two billion nine hundred million bushels. After two fairly bountiful oats crops, that grain again has poor prospects, the outlook favoring about eight hundred million bushels, against over one billion one hundred million bushels last season and an even billion bushels in 1909. The hay crop of the country this year is poor, hardly exceeding—if it equals—two-thirds of last season's crop; and the loss extends all over the country. The potato crop has not been so unpromising in more than twenty years at this time of the year, and there is certainty of a light yield of the tubers. Other crops are variable, but make fair promise as a whole. These things are recited for their bearing upon the business situation—broadly considered—and upon credits. Where crops are good, as they promise to be in the eastern section of the South, credits and business should be good, save as they are affected by conditions elsewhere.

The outlook in the Southwest and in the Northwest is far less cheerful. The outlook in the eastern and middle states is none too good, because of the unsatisfactory condition of the textile industry and the poor condition of the potato and hay crops. The drought in those sections has been quite severe. As illustrating the extremely high temperature of the eastern as well as western districts of the country in early July, it is to be incidentally remarked that some small fruits, notably currants and gooseberries, baked upon the bushes and, unless heavily protected by leaves, were a total loss.

Broadly speaking, the crop outlook at this juncture does not suggest that business will receive a material fillip from the products of the soil in 1911; neither do traffic receipts nor bank clearings suggest anything like a spurt of business activity. Bank clearings do, nevertheless, demonstrate the presence of the large volume of business mentioned at the beginning of this article. The bank clearings of the cities of the United States for May and June record a gain of one per cent over the same months of last year, which is cheering so far as it goes, though it does not point to large development of activity. It is, at least, better than the showing of the country for the half-year ended with June, which was a decrease of a little more than seven per cent compared with 1910.

Looking outside of the city of New York, where the speculative factor is frequently the determining one, the decrease was only one-half of one per cent for the six-month period. The best showing for June was a 9.3 per cent increase in New England, 3.7 per cent increase in the South, 0.6 per cent increase in the Pacific states, and 0.3 per cent increase in the middle western states. Elsewhere there was a decrease in clearings for June; and for the whole country there was a decrease of 0.2 per cent for the single month, against an increase of 2.5 per cent in May, a decrease of 11.8 per cent in April, a decrease of 10.6 per cent in March, a decrease of 6.7 per cent in February, and an increase of 15.8 per cent in January. It thus appears that the tendency of clearings is in the direction of improvement, barring the first month of the year—though not so distinctly so as to encourage hope of anything like extraordinary expansion, a thing not to be looked for and not desirable until liquidation and readjustment shall have completed their work.

It is ease and abundance of money, following liquidation and readjustment, that will promote constructive and expanding enterprises when conditions shall be ripe for the event, which they as surely will be as that the agricultural harvest will take place, though not, perhaps, at the same time.

Alkali Water

MOST people, if asked what they would think of the idea of drinking molten rock, would be horrified at the suggestion. Yet all of us do this very thing every day of our lives. If we did not we would soon die. What we call ice is merely a kind of rock, which becomes molten at a relatively low temperature; and in its molten state we drink it.

We call this molten rock "water," and chemical analysis discloses the presence in it of perceptible quantities of lime, magnesia, soda and various chlorides, sulphates and carbonates.

Water, however, varies a good deal in its makeup; and it often happens that some of the mineral ingredients are present in such quantities as to render it unfit for drinking—and even for consumption by plants. When such is the case the fluid is called "alkali water." Sometimes this alkali water is so heavily loaded with objectionable mineral constituents that the camper cannot even cook beans with it, inasmuch as it hardens their outer coats, making them like so many bullets and preventing the saturation of the interior.

From the viewpoint of the average Western man, alkali water is always alkali water—and, as such, damnable; but, as a matter of fact, some such waters are much worse than others. It all depends upon what sort of stuff they have in them and how much. All of them are bad for plants, but those which hold in solution considerable quantities of sodium carbonate are worst. Roughly speaking, sodium carbonate is ten times as bad as sodium sulphate.

The undesirable chemical ingredients in alkali water come from rocks. Rain falls upon mountains and, making its way into and through the rocks, takes up in solution from them more or less of the substances of which they are composed. One of these substances is gypsum, which yields calcium sulphate. From other rocky materials the percolating water carries away magnesium sulphate, which is Epsom salts, and sodium sulphate, which in its commercial form is known as Glauber's salts. As everybody knows, these are medicinal.

The dependence of such matters upon the composition of rocks is strikingly illustrated in the San Joaquin Valley, lying between the Sierras and the Coast Range, the east side of which is one of the most fertile districts in the world. Many streams flow down into this district from the Sierras, bringing soft and pure water, suitable for irrigation; but on the west side conditions are entirely different—the waters, derived scantily from the Coast Range and pumped from wells, being heavily loaded with mineral stuff. The good water flows westward underground and the bad water makes its way eastward in like manner. Doubtless the two mingle to some extent in a sort of dividing line which runs along the middle of the valley.

Butter of *Certified* Purity

THERE'S a big difference in guaranteeing what someone *tells* you is good and wholesome, and what you *know* is good and wholesome, because you *made it yourself.*

That's the difference between *Blue Valley* Butter and other brands; scores of which are bought in bulk, worked over, cut up, then sold by packers under a guarantee of purity based on the *say-so of somebody else.*

Blue Valley The National Butter

EVERY ounce of *Blue Valley* Butter originates at one of the *Blue Valley* Creameries. And they are the sweetest, the most sanitary and best equipped creameries in the world.

Blue Valley experts *buy* the cream. They *test* it—inspect it—*pasteurize* it—*ripen* it—*churn* it—*ship* it. And when it reaches you in the original Blue Valley package, you are as *sure* of what you are *eating* as the Blue Valley Creamery Co. is *sure* of what they are *guaranteeing.* For they know this butter from the *ground up.*

In the last 12 months it has taken over 18,000,000 packages of *Blue Valley* to satisfy *satisfied users* of Blue Valley Butter.

Ask *your* butter man for



TRADE-MARKS REGISTERED

IF your dealer doesn't carry Blue Valley, send us his name and *yours.*

An attractive booklet describing this famously fine butter and giving the reasons why it excels all other butters in wholesomeness and nourishment will be sent you by return mail.

Mr. Butter-man:

Blue Valley is a great *trade stimulator. One* customer brings *another.* It doesn't have to be *pushed,* and it doesn't have to be handled by an *expert Butter-man* to grow into a successful butter business.

Introduce it! Write for Free descriptive booklet telling all about *Blue Valley* Butter, its distribution and how, if you are a wholesaler or retailer, you can capture the lion's share of the butter business in your territory.

Orders filled at any one of our six creamery plants below.

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago, Ill.	St. Joseph, Mo.
Indianapolis, Ind.	Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Hastings, Neb.

(9)

BUSINESS HELPS

"THE most valuable asset that a store can have," said a prominent business man to me some time ago, "is the confidence and loyalty of its customers. If people feel proud to have their friends know that they buy of a store the prosperity of that store is assured. There are stores—and some of them are big ones too—that a great many people feel a little ashamed to be seen in; if they buy there they do it almost furtively and take the label off the goods so that no one shall discover where they were bought! It is only by years of effort that a firm gains the other kind of standing—the desirable kind that makes people proud to deal with it; and the efforts not only must be along the line of fair prices and good quality but must also aim at a certain exclusiveness and at maintaining personal relations with its customers."

I was reminded of this talk just a few days ago when walking through the establishment of a firm that has precisely this kind of reputation; for its general manager said, as we went through an office lined with long rows of index-files:

"You see here one of our principal means of keeping in personal touch with our customers. In these files are the names and addresses of over thirty thousand of them. For each customer there is a separate card, divided into spaces for the several large departments of our store; and every time he makes a purchase the fact is noted there, with the date. See, this is the way—so that we can tell at a glance, in regard to any customer, just when he bought of us last and in which department. The reports are kept noted up every day, for every clerk and mail-order employee understands the importance we attach to the record and keeps sending in memoranda for it. Through this record as a basis we send out a constant succession of circulars and circular letters. The customer who buys steadily and in a variety of departments gets one kind; the customer who buys, say, in suitings but not in anything else, gets circulars regarding steamer rugs or shoes or leather goods. The man who has been buying only underwear or haberdashery is reminded that we have other departments as well. And those who have fallen away for a while—perhaps for a year or two—are tempted to come back by circulars that we try to make alluring."

Successful Follow-Up Methods

"The out-of-town buyer and the man right here in the city are treated in just the same way, and the cash customer is treated precisely like the one with an account. Of course many sales are made right over the counter of which we can keep no record, as we don't know the names; but whenever the clerk knows the name, from remembering the customer or getting his address for delivery, the record of the sale goes to this file.

"It costs something, but very little compared with the results we get; for it pays for itself many times over. It takes several clerks to keep it going and they are mostly young women chosen for intelligent discrimination. It is a matter of daily record and of constant watchfulness and judgment. We keep up quite a number of kinds of printed form-letters which have been prepared by our regular advertising writers, and we keep changing to new forms; and every effort is made to have them attractive and even unique in appearance, always with an effect of artistic restraint and with just the right touch of cordiality.

"The kind of circulars that a good many houses use, shoved into envelopes at random—along with bills or notices of shipment, or merely for general advertisement—is apt to be merely annoying. A man takes out a bunch of the things and tosses them angrily away. You know the kind—just haphazard; put into an envelope for Jones just the same as for Smith, and with no thought or knowledge of the individual circumstances. Our aim—and the results show that it is a good one—is as different as possible from that random sending of circulars; for I may almost say that no two customers get precisely the same treatment. The carefully prepared things that we get up and the carefully



"My Wife"

The pride a man puts into those two words! Or the apology. It most depends upon her beauty. Or her plainness.

Beauty is more a matter of complexion than of features, and a good complexion can be won by almost any woman.

Sometimes it is a matter of exercise; sometimes care of digestion; but more often it is a matter of personal care of the skin. Palm and olive oils combined in Palmolive Soap—from the very nature of these oils—must necessarily benefit any skin. Is *your* wife taking advantage of this fact? Many women in every community are. A little inquiry among your friends will reveal this. Ask them about Palmolive, then buy a cake from your dealer and convince yourself. Aside from the real benefit, note how Palmolive softens any water; note how smooth and pleasant it is to use. Palmolive Cream is especially prepared to supplement Palmolive Soap.



Palmolive

Experience the comfort of Palmolive Cream after motor trips or exposure of any kind. These two dainty products mean "Perfection in Complexion" if used together every day. Ask your dealer.

B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
382 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

15c per Cake *50c per Jar*





Go to the store that shows the sign and buy the package that gives delight

Whitman's CHOCOLATES CONFECTIONS

An appropriate gift for any occasion where good taste decrees simplicity and elegance. Whitman's

Pink of Perfection Package

CHOCOLATES OR CONFECTIONS

$1.00 a pound package, sold everywhere by our special agencies. Sent postpaid if our agent is not convenient.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's *Instantaneous* Chocolate



A cardinal consideration in your luggage is *Safety.*

You have safety *plus*, if you rely on Indestructo quality.

Indestructo Trunks and Hand Luggage are made to withstand the *usual* and the *unusual*—the *incidents* and *accidents*—of *ordinary* and *extraordinary* travel.

It has *style* as well—that *class* that stamps you as a thoroughbred traveler. With

INDESTRUCTO LUGGAGE

you can always have full faith in certain service. The Indestructo Trunk this year is canvas covered—doubly reinforced corners—Government bronze finish. Only trunk on the market with *all* corners and edges *round.* Interior finish tan linen lining, full paneled with cedar. All raw edges finished with brass valance. Indestructo Trunks are sold north, east, south and west.

Remember the name and insist!

You'll be proud to carry Indestructo Hand Luggage anywhere. No finer frames, hardware and leather used. Made in Bags, Suit Cases, Hat Boxes, Thermal Cases, Golf Bags, etc. Ample variety—specially constructed veneer bottoms. If you can't secure Indestructo Hand Luggage from your local dealer, address our mail order department. We'll gladly send catalog and full information and the name of a nearby merchant who sells our goods.



No. 451 DeLuxe Men's Bag



Woman's Bag No. 775

National Veneer Products Co.

Station H-5 Mishawaka, Ind.

studied conditions of each customer's case give us our advantage. A customer is apt to feel interested, for the chances are that we are not only telling him something interesting about our store but something that he recognizes as applicable to himself personally. He will probably feel mildly flattered, too, by being individually remembered, and especially so if he has been away from us for a while; and he is likely to drop in on us or to mail an order or an inquiry, for people have a liking for stores where they are kept in mind and made much of. Cash customers are especially surprised and pleased, for they don't expect to be remembered, not having accounts on our books and never suspecting the existence of a system of this kind. The cash customer usually feels so neglected by most stores that it gratifies him to know that there is somebody who remembers him and caters to him, and really wants his trade."

. . . . . .

This remark about cash customers touches upon a curious condition of modern business—that of the depreciation in importance of the cash customer as compared with the increased importance given to the customer with a charge account. In theory and in popular belief the cash customer is the one who is most courted, most desired, most coveted and wished for; with him there is no risk of bad debts, no expense of bookkeeping and collection, none of the loss that comes from not having the use of money. Theoretically the buyer with cash in his hand is the one most keenly desired.

"But, as a matter of fact," said one of the heads of a large department store when I spoke of this point to him, "the cash customer is not at all the one we like best. We like the customer who runs an account—the one who says: 'Charge it.' The cash customer will not buy nearly so many goods in the course of a year as will the charge customer, for the reason that it is much harder to take money out of one's pocket and count it and hand it over than it is to tell the clerk airily to 'add it to the account.' Not only will the charge customer buy more in quantity than does the man with cash but he will also average a more expensive quality."

How Liberal Credit Pays

"And it touches people's pride too. There is scarcely a man or a woman who, when the clerk asks suavely, with pencil poised in air, 'You have an account?' would not rather answer 'Yes.' It makes a customer feel bigger—feel of more importance. This feeling may be absurd or unnecessary, but it certainly exists. And so, for all these reasons, we cater to the charge customer more than to the cash one, and in various ways that the cash customers never think of as intentional make the treatment of one class better than the other. The charge customer finds nothing to delay him in transferring from one department to another—in each department he merely says 'Charge it,' and we do all the work; while the cash customer, with a transfer card in her hand, goes along much more slowly. In questions of mistake or supposed overcharge the customer with an account also has the advantage by virtue of his position; and he also has the better position when there are goods to be returned. Suppose a customer isn't quite sure of the amount of material wanted—say, in upholstery goods—if it's a charge customer we often send out a whole piece, let her use what she wants and return the rest. And the customer feels mightily pleased—she has been granted a favor; but with a cash customer we couldn't do this. I know all this doesn't seem right, but we have to do the best we can to get practical results.

"We make it also a point to get people on our books with very little formality or investigation; we don't want to drive the cash customer away, but would make him a charge customer. We aren't reckless; but if they can make—as most people can—a fairly reasonable showing as to honesty and responsibility, we are glad to get them on our books. Our losses through poor accounts are very far from totaling up to what we make in increased business through our liberal policy in passing on our customers' credit."

And I thought, as he said this, of a department store in another city that, in a determined effort to get more credit customers, announced that any one who was a telephone subscriber in that city could, on the strength of that alone, open an



An Enthusiastic Habit

No halfway measures to Sanitol—it's thorough—its use is an enthusiasm. No taking it on faith—you see, feel and taste results. The tooth whiteness and mouth purity of it—the healthfulness—the brisk, refreshing joy in its use; these are the things that make

SANITOL POWDER OR PASTE

Clean, White Teeth

Oral Hygiene means nothing more nor less than keeping your teeth and mouth in a pure, healthy condition. Keeping them free from germ life—preventing and overcoming acidity in the mouth. The result of careful attention to oral hygienics is bound to be white, sound, clean teeth—a fresh, clean mouth taste—a nice breath. Sanitol Powder or Paste (and semi-annual inspection by your dentist) is your surest guarantee that you are observing all the rules of oral hygiene.

the prime dentifrice—a thing of science rather than a bare commercial product.

White teeth follow its use. Destroys unhealthful germs. An acid mouth becomes sweet, clean and pure.

An Individual Package

of any of the Sanitol Tooth or Toilet Preparations sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Mildness



IT'S a *mild* cigar for the all-day smoker. And it's Flor de Mendel for a mild cigar. Has the fully developed taste of rich, ripe tobacco. A smooth, aromatic, won't-hurt-you smoke from fire-up to finish. Pure Havana inside. Fine Sumatra outside. The exact combination for the appreciative smoker



FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—that's enough. 3 for 25c, 10c straight. 2 for 25c,—according to size.

Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel Cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $5.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY

202 E. 100th Street, New York



The Master Hand

knows no compromise in results—hence makes no compromise in the choice of tools.

The masters choose **IRWIN Auger Bits** for the truer, cleaner work they do.

The better the Auger Bit the better the work—master *or* novice.

Imitations of the Irwin are so in *name*, imprint and general appearance only—not in quality—not in results.

The Irwin is the *only* solid-center-stem Auger Bit made in all styles and sizes for every purpose—50 to select from.

Every one is guaranteed to satisfy or price is refunded.

Whether for home, farm, factory, or shop work determine on an Irwin—and *hold* to your determination. If not at your dealer's, write us.

The Irwin Auger Bit Co.
Largest in the World
Sta. H1,
Wilmington, Ohio

The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

account—and that was one of the old and conservative stores!

. . . . . .

The problem of the cash customer, so vitally important to every business man, is met in one of the great houses by an ingenious system, under which, though every sale is for ready money, any one may be not only a cash customer but at the same time, in spite of the apparent contradiction, a customer with a charge account! For the house runs a bank as one of its departments under the same roof as all the rest of its business; and any one who has an account with that bank need merely have the amount of a purchase deducted from the balance to his credit. Of course an important part of the system is that no one may buy beyond the amount of that balance. And, to make the plan attractive and draw people's money, the company pays four per cent interest on deposits; and this is a vital feature, for without it the public would be very unwilling to leave money there just to lie idle and not earn anything.

A curious point is that no one in the establishment claims credit for the inception of the idea. It was a natural outgrowth of the conditions and needs of a great establishment that insisted on selling only for cash, and it really came about through the sending in of money from time to time by out-of-town customers, with the request to take out the pay for goods ordered and hold any balance to their credit.

. . . . . .

It is impossible to talk long with a successful business man without finding that his mind keeps running to the general influence of human nature on business plans and schemes. Business, in fact, seems to hinge largely upon psychology! A good business man must from necessity be a good student of human nature; and this does not mean that he must be able to read the character of specific individuals, but that he must have a wise understanding of the general springs of human action. He must not only understand how to act upon parsimony and prodigality, and draw both the parsimonious and the prodigal to his store, but he must understand how to work upon people's pride, how to make them feel flattered, how to please and interest them; and he must understand that the appeal to woman is a very different thing from the appeal to man.

Men, Women and Bargains

"There is a great deal of talk, these days," said a Broadway dealer, "about the equality of the sexes. Well, maybe they are equal—though, when the women say that, what they really mean is that the men are decidedly inferior—but, whether equal or not, they are mighty different."

Perhaps nothing so shows the difference between the sexes as their attitudes toward bargains and bargain sales.

"The majority of men who go to a bargain sale go because they really want the particular thing they have seen advertised. The majority of women go because they see a splendid chance to do triumphant shopping." Thus said one of the proprietors of a big department store. "The woman may wonder, when she gets her bargain home, just how she is ever going to use it—but there, again, is an important difference, for a woman's ingenuity will twist and adapt a thing to make use of it in some entirely different way, if necessary, from the obvious one; while a man, on the contrary, if he can't use a thing in the obvious way, will merely toss it aside and put the cost of it down to profit and loss.

"We make it a rule never to offer a bargain sale of things for men unless we have an actual overstock or want to close out some line that is threatening to go out of fashion or that hasn't caught hold. Bargain sales for men don't pay as do similar sales for women; and so it is good policy to make up a bargain sale for women as often as we can make or find an opportunity.

"And here is the reason for it: A man, though he prides himself on getting a bargain, generally holds it as a matter of private pride. If he gets a thirty-dollar article for twenty he is glad of it, but he would rather have his friends think he paid forty. It sort of touches his self-esteem, his vanity, for he wants his friends to think him a buyer of expensive things; he wants to be thought both freehanded and prosperous. Of course there are different kinds of men, but I am speaking of the average.

Do This—
Watch the ink scoot down



That's Why *it* Won't Leak

THE inside of a fountain pen, sitting point up, consists of a tiny feed tube running from pen point straight down into a space of air. Below the air is the ink.

In an ordinary fountain pen ink stays in the feed tube even when the pen is point up.

The body heats the air in the air space. Then the warm air expands, pushes up through the feed tube, pushes out the ink hanging there, pushes it out over the writing end of the pen. Result, the writer's fingers are smeared when he removes the cap to write.

The Parker Fountain Pen has abolished leaking by curving the feed tube over against the inside wall of the barrel. The touching of the end of the tube to the wall sucks the tube empty the instant you set the pen in your pocket. So no ink is forced out when the warm air expands through the tube.

This suction is caused by capillary attraction, that peculiar Force of Nature which makes a dandelion stem suck water, or a lamp wick suck oil, or a lump of sugar suck coffee.

Unscrew any Parker Fountain Pen; fill the feed tube with ink; touch the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall, as in above picture; watch the ink scoot down, and thus prove to yourself that there is no ink to leak out and no chance to smear your fingers.

There's never a hitch or skip in flow of ink from a Parker Pen. Made in Self-filling, Safety, and Standard styles; plain, gold or silver mounted; 14-K gold pen, iridium point; prices $1.50 to $250.00. The only pocket clip that recedes out of the way when you slip cap off to write.

Get one today. If unsatisfactory, dealer refunds cheerfully, as we protect him from loss.

If dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name, and we'll send you our artistic catalogue and fill your order direct.

Address, The Parker Pen Company, 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wis.
The New York Retail Store is at 11 Park Row and Broadway, opposite the Post Office

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN



REMEMBER THE NAME
Shur-on
EYEGLASS MOUNTINGS

If You Need Eyeglasses You Need Shur-ons

Properly adjusted, they hold the lenses in the optically correct position and *They Won't Fall Off*

\$3 and \$5 without Lenses

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO., Est. 1864
Avenue B Rochester, N. Y.

Icy-Hot

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

You can have hot or cold drinks while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, etc., keep warm milk for baby, cold water for child or invalid at bedside without bother.

Icy-Hot Jars—one and two quarts—keep meats, vegetables, etc., hot without fire—desserts or ice cream cold without ice.

Many New Exclusive Features

Pints $1 up; quarts $2.50 up. See at dealers—look for name *Icy-Hot*—write for book.



ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.
Dept. B. Cincinnati, Ohio



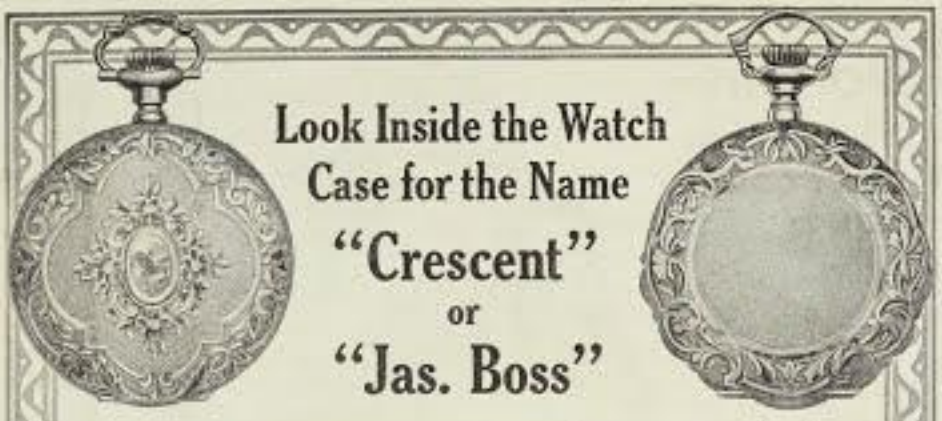
How About Your Fall Suit?

OUR 5000 DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE U.S. ARE READY TO TAKE YOUR ORDER

500 STYLES

Strauss Brothers MASTER TAILORS CHICAGO

\$20 TO \$40



Look Inside the Watch Case for the Name "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss"

The cheapening process that has crept into the watch-case business has hurt the legitimate jewelry store.

Too often the jeweler himself has been blinded by the "*guarantee*" stamped inside a low-grade case.

You are partly to blame because you inquire about the *movement* of a watch and pay little attention to the case.

Thousands of filled cases are sold every day with the layers of gold so thin that the engraving or engine-turning can not be done with a diamond-pointed tool. It is merely burnished on. Such a case may be stamped "guaranteed for 20 years" when it will not wear twenty weeks.

You can be sure of legitimate value if you will insist on a "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" gold-filled case and look for our trade-marks. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade, and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia



"With a woman, however, the whole thing is different. In the first place, she actually loves to shop—loves to look into windows and go into store after store, and have clerks show her interminable variety. There is hardly a man who likes to shop, but there is hardly a woman who doesn't—hardly a woman who doesn't find a positive happiness in it. Being a man myself, I don't pretend to understand it; I merely recognize it as a fact that every business man must constantly have in mind.

"A man wants to be shown things in the briefest and most direct way, whether it is a bargain sale or just a matter of everyday buying; and he wants a clerk to understand at once what it is he wants and show him nothing else. But a woman, unless she is in a hurry to catch a suburban train for home, never feels annoyed at having everything possible shown to her. She will grasp quickly, if need be, at some particular bargain, and then wants to go on looking at one thing after another. She loves to look and handle and fondle. It titillates her fancy; it makes her dream. Whereas a man would feel ashamed of not knowing just what he wanted, a woman would accept the imputation as a compliment.

"Of course she doesn't know what she wants! Where would be the pleasure in shopping if it were all a cut-and-dried affair? In the matter of shopping, all women are from Missouri and want to be shown!

"When, however, she has bought something for five dollars that ordinarily would cost ten, she runs and tells every woman of her acquaintance—she shows the purchased triumph and gloats over it! Best of all, she tells her friends just where she got it; and she not only wants to go back again herself, and keeps the place in a warm corner of her heart, but sends the other women there too. So that's why we prefer to run our bargain sales for women."

The Newly Rich

DEALER, pray send up some thirty-cent ham, forty-cent bacon and fifty-cent eggs, sixty-cent lemons, a fifteen-cent yam, gold-dollar broilers—those prime yellow-legs; an ounce of potatoes, a gill of green peas, some fifty-cent butter, four ounces of bread. Put in a sliver of gold-plated cheese; one small, new cabbage—a fifty-cent head; send up some lettuce—a twenty-cent leaf; celery?—yes, send that half-dollar stuff. Put in a three-dollar loin roast of beef—no, make it two pounds—I must have enough. Spinach? No, thank you; we don't care for greens. Send up a couple of ounces of lard; add half a dozen or so of string beans. Send it all promptly, with two men on guard. Oh, we're in Bradstreet's, as every one knows. I know it's reckless, but you'll get your pay. We could afford a whole ham if we chose. Father inherits a million today!

DEALER, no longer we live by our wits. Send up some ice, for the day's growing late; we will want one of those two-dollar bits that will about fill a big dinner plate. Send up a gill of your real yellow milk—nothing's too rich for the blood of us now—we can robe milkmen in jewels and silk; so set Monte Cristo to milking the cow. Some squander riches in crossing the sea—well, let them waste all the money they please; who's to say anything to us if we bankrupt ourselves buying good bread and cheese? Send up some cream at a dollar a quart; one ounce of tea and a two-dollar steak. We're not afraid of the bankruptcy court—we're out for pleasure; so take off the brake. Pack up those treasures and send right away. Send up a sight draft for them if you will. Father inherits a million today—almost a half a year's grocery bill!

SET the lights burning with two-dollar gas! Fill up a pitcher with real lemonade; spread bread with butter and let the steak pass; food is gold-plated, but who is afraid? Drink of the milk—it is nectar for gods; quaff it right off—every swallow's a dime. Cut off some coupons of ham—what's the odds? Father is wealthy; so have a good time. Crack some more ice at a quarter a pound; broil us some bacon—it's ten cents a slice; send the ten-carat fried chicken around. Food, you may break us; but, say, you are nice! Blessèd the poor who inherit the earth, and with the meek make the picture complete! Blessèd the rich, who, though not of much worth, are with economy able to eat! —*J. W. Foley.*

PHOENIX GUARANTEED SILK HOSE



Pure thread silk identical with that used in the costliest hose.

Men's 50c pair—Women's 75c

Of remarkable strength, yet luxuriously soft, cool and lustrous — qualities possessed by *real* silk only. Phoenix is the first *genuine* silk hose sold at the price of lisle, and it is

Guaranteed—no holes—3 months

This written guarantee is in every four pair box of men's hose at $2 the box; women's $3 the box: "No holes, three months or new hose free."

At every good dealer or direct from us on receipt of the price.

Phoenix Knitting Works
299 Broadway, Milwaukee
Makers of the Famous Phoenix Muffler

PHOENIX REGISTERED HOSE. Silk-finished Lisle. Box, 6 pairs, guaranteed against holes six months. Men's, $1.50 box. Women's, $2.00 box.

How careless!

Most toothbrush bristles act like false teeth—only you can't put them back.

Our flexible bristles come with the brush from Europe. Of course they know how to make brushes over there. But you wouldn't expect the bristles to desert such an old friend anyway—would you? Well, they don't. They stay with the brush.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York

Frisbie Collars



THE "Chalmers" is a *high-low* shape. It unites the fashionable air of a *high* collar with the free comfort of a *low* one. Hand-made and four-ply.

For Sale by Most Good Dealers.

15 Cents. Two For 25 Cents

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

Frisbie, Coon & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



A Pipe For a Pal

After all there's no man-comforter on earth like a tried and proven briar pipe.

Tried and *proven*—mark well the words. They describe nothing quite so well as they do a

Briar B B B **Pipe**
Made in England

Just the very finest briar that grows—selected by rare experts in that wood—aged for three years, and then modelled by master hands. That's the B B B way of pipe making.

B B B are pipes without a flaw—a fact insured by three series of rigid inspections. So it is that out of every 100 bowls turned, on an average of 64 are rejected by the makers.

Now, perhaps, you'll understand why your father, and his father before him, smoked B B B pipes. You will, at any rate, when you follow their example.

All Styles—All Prices

B B B pipes are made in England and sold in every country in the world. If your town has none, send us your dealer's name on a postal. We'll see that you are supplied.

Adolph Frankau & Co., Ltd., 117 W. 23d St., New York



PRINT FOR YOURSELF
Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper.
THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut



"At the seashore, in the mountains, at the country club, or on the boulevards, wherever you meet people of wealth and discrimination — there in increasing numbers, you find the Lozier."

Talk With Men Who Know

When you consider buying a motor car you will probably seek advice from friends. Whether it is your first or your tenth car, you will want to know what others think of the various makes.

You may want to find out what others think of the advisability of paying $5000 for a motor car. Or, if you are already convinced that you can be satisfied only with the best, you may want to ask what others think of the Lozier in comparison with other high class cars.

To all such inquiries we say: "Talk with men who know." Base your decision on the opinions of men whose experience fits them to judge of motor car value. Merely having owned one automobile does not necessarily qualify one to speak with authority. The comparison of the Lozier car in service with other cars is responsible for the increasing sales everywhere.

Who Are the "Men Who Know"?

The *man who knows* about motor cars is the man who calls on his car for real service—the man who drives thousands of miles each year. He is the man who frequently takes the wheel himself, who likes to feel the thrill of mastery that comes from driving a splendid high-powered car. He is the man who has owned several cars—who bases his judgment on comparison. Such men as these all recognize Lozier supremacy among American cars—and American supremacy means world's supremacy.

Six-cylinder in Fifth Season

These men know that the Lozier has always had right engineering ideas behind it; that the House of Lozier has never marketed a mechanical mistake; that it has led in America in the use of improved features now recognized as standard—such as fore-doors, 36-inch wheels, ball bearings, four-speed transmission, multiple disc clutch, Bosch magneto, double ignition. Lozier was among the first to produce six-cylinder motor cars, the Lozier six-cylinder car being now in its fifth successful season.

Men who know will tell you of the *safety* that is built into every bit of Lozier construction — the freedom from break-downs that comes from the knowledge gained through the twenty years of manufacturing experience of the House of Lozier.



Rolph Mulford in a Lozier stock chassis at Elgin, Illinois, winning the Elgin National Trophy race and 1910 Stock Championship

A Champion Car

These men know from automobile history how by consistent performances in great contests this car has won the title "Champion of the World"; they will tell you of the remarkable Lozier record for durability never equalled in automobile history. Twenty consecutive starts in great long distance National Road or Speedway races without a single failure to finish through mechanical trouble—always appearing at the finish of every great race *either as winner or among the first five cars.*

And remember, Lozier does not build racing cars, but races with the same models which can be bought from any dealer.

Lozier Luxury in Touring

Lozier comfort is another thing about which these men can tell you from experience. For the *men who know* are men who tour. In a Lozier, touring becomes a real luxury — with former discomforts and hardships eliminated. Big and roomy, solidly built, with large tires and wheels, and a motor of remarkable power, this car takes you over the roads — even at high speed — in restful comfort, smoothness and safety.

Lightest Car of its Power

Notwithstanding its strength and durability, it is the lightest weight stock car of its power built in America. Its admirable distribution of weight, scientific spring suspension and flexible steel disc clutch makes it exceptionally economical in tire wear.

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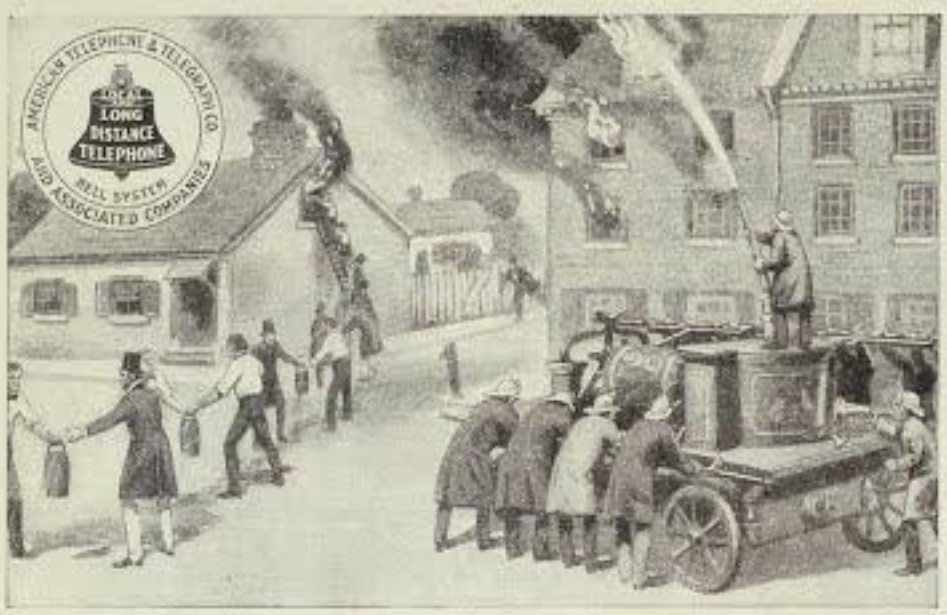
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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

THE PENDLEBURY TREE

(Continued from Page 15)

Pullet's no good as a salesman and —— By-the-way, where is Pullet? I ain't seen him since noon."

"I wonder if the poor critter's sick?" I says. Just then Amos Hallett's boy come into the store with a note.

"It's for you, Cap'n Zeb," he says, all out of breath. "I meant to give it to you afore, but I just this minute remembered it. Mr. Beanblossom he give it to me at the depot when he took the up train."

I was too astonished to think at all, but Jim Henry was cool as usual.

"Yes, yes, son," he says. "It's all right. You trot right along home before you catch cold in your freckles." Then, after the youngster'd gone, he turns to me quick. "Open it, Skipper," he orders. "Somethin's happened. Open it."

I opened the envelope. Inside was a sheet of foolscap covered from top to bottom with mighty shaky handwritin'. I read it out loud.

"'Dear Sir: When you receive this I shall have left Ostable—it may be forever. I have made a horrible discovery which has wrecked all my hopes and my life. In accordance with Mr. Jacobs' kindly counsel I recently summoned courage to ask Miss Pendlebury to become my wife ——'

"Good heavens to Betsy!" I sung out, almost droppin' the letter.

"Go on!" shouts Jacobs. "Don't stop now."

I went on as well as I could, everything considered:

"'She did not refuse. She was kinder than I had a right to expect. I realized my presumption, but ——'"

"Skip that," orders Jim Henry. "Get down to brass tacks."

I skipped some. . . . "'She told me she must have a few days to consider. I waited. Today I received a communication from the Genealogical Society which has dashed my hopes to the ground. It was in connection with my work on the Pendlebury family tree. For some time I have been very much troubled concerning developments in that work. The later Pendleburys have been ladies and gentlemen of repute and worth; but, as I delved deeper into the past and approached the early generations in this country, I ——'"

"Skip again," says Jacobs. I skipped.

"'And now, to my horror, I find the fact proved beyond a doubt! Ezekiel Jonas Pendlebury—whose name should be inscribed upon the trunk of the tree, he being the original settler in America—was hanged in the Massachusetts Bay Colony for stealing a hog upon the Sabbath Day.'"

Then I did drop the letter. "My land of love!" was all I could say.

"Oh, dear me!" says Jim Henry, wipin' his eyes. "The original Pendlebury hung for hog-stealin'!"

"Stealin' it on Sunday!" says I. "Don't forget that. Sabbath-breakin' was worse than stealin' in them days."

"Well, go on, go on," says he. "There's more of it, ain't they?"

There was. The writin' got finer and finer as it got close to the bottom of the page. Poor Pullet had caved in when that revelation struck him. Honor compelled him to tell Letitia the truth—and how could he tell her such a truth? She, so proud and all! He had led her into this dreadful research work and she would blame him, of course, and dismiss him with scorn and contempt. Her contempt he could not bear. No; he must go away. He could never face her again.

His name was squeezed in the very corner. I looked at Jacobs.

"Well," I says, some disgusted, "it looks to me, as a man up a tree—not a family tree neither, thank the Lord!—as if, instead of cinchin' the Pendlebury trade, your 'advice' had queered it forever."

He didn't say nothin'. Just scowled and kicked his heels together. Then he grabbed the letter out of my hand and begun to read it again. I scowled, too, and set starin' at the floor and thinkin'. All at once I heard him swear—a sort of joyful swear-word it seemed to me. I looked up. As I did, he swung off the counter, crumpled up the letter, jammed it in his pocket and grabbed up his hat.

"Skipper," he says, his eyes shinin', "there's a night freight to Boston—ain't there?"

"Yes, there is; but ——"

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"So long, then. I'll be back soon's I can. You and Bill"—that was the clerk—"must do as well as you can for a day or so. So long. But you just remember this: Old Doctor James Henry Jacobs, specialist in sick business, ain't given up hopes of this patient yet—not by any manner of means. By-by."

On Monday evenin' he come sailin' into the store, all smiles. 'Twas some time afore I could get him alone, but when I could I nailed him.

"Now," says I, "perhaps you'll tell me why you run off and left me, and where you've been and what you mean by it—and a few other things."

He grinned. "Been?" he says. "Well, I've been to see the last of Miss Letitia Pendlebury, of Pendlebury Villa, Ostable, Massachusetts. Miss Pendlebury is no more."

"No more!" I hollered. "No more! Don't tell me she's dead!"

"I shan't," says he, "because she ain't. She's alive, all right; but she's no more Miss Pendlebury. She's Mrs. Winthrop Adams Beanblossom now," he says. "They were married this forenoon."

"Married!"

"Married."

"But—but—after the hangin' news—and the hog-stealin'—and—— Does she know it? She wouldn't marry him after that!"

"She knows and she was tickled to death to marry him. Skipper, there was a P. S. on the back of that letter of Pullet's. You didn't turn the page over: I did and I recognized the lifesaver right off. Here it is."

He passed me Beanblossom's letter, back side up. There was a P. S., but it looked to me more like the finishin' knock on the head than it did like a lifesaver. This was it:

"P. S. I have neglected to state another fact which my researches have brought to light and which makes the affair even more hopeless. My own ancestor, at that time Governor of the Colony, was the person who sentenced Ezekiel Pendlebury and caused him to be hanged."

"And that," says I, "is what you call a lifesaver! My nine-times-great-grandad has your nine-times-great-grandad hung, and that removes all my objections to marryin' you! Oh, sure and sartin! Yes, indeed!"

He smiled superior. "Listen, you doubtin' Thomas," says he. "You can't see it; but Sister Letitia saw it right off when I put Pullet's case afore her at the Hotel Somerset, where she was stoppin'. Her ancestor was a hog-stealer and a hobo; but Beanblossom's ancestor was a governor and a nabob from 'way back. If by just sayin' 'Yes' you could swop a pig-thief for a governor, you'd do it, wouldn't you? You would if you'd been braggin' 'family' as Letitia has for the past three months. I saw her, and turned on some of my convincin' conversation; saw Pullet at his cousin's and convinced him. They were married at Trinity parsonage this very noon."

"My! my! my!" I says, after this had really sunk in. "And the Pendlebury tree is——"

"There ain't any Pendlebury tree," he interrupts. "It's the kindlin' bin for that shrub. But the Beanblossom tree—with governors and judges and generals proppin' up every main limb—is goin' to hang right next to Pa Pendlebury's picture in the mornin' room of Pendlebury Villa. And the head of Pendlebury Villa is the senior partner in the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store."

He was wrong there. Letitia Pendlebury Beanblossom had another surprise under her bonnet and she sprung it when she got back. She sent for Jacobs and me and made proclamation that her husband would withdraw from the firm.

"I trust that Mr. Beanblossom and I are democratic," she says. "Of course we shall continue to purchase our supplies from you gentlemen. But, really," she says, "you must see that a man whose ancestor was Governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony could scarcely humiliate himself by engaging in trade!"

So, instead of gettin' out of storekeepin', I was left deeper in it than ever; but Jim Henry says I ain't really been in it at all yet.

"This child is only beginnin' to set up and take notice," he says. "Skipper, you put your faith in Old Doctor Jacobs' Teethin' Syrup and Tonic for Business Infants."

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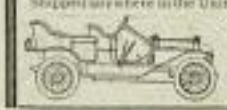
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"Gained 30 pounds in weight."
"Thought it impossible to get such results."
"Your system is a recreation."
"All run down; built up in a month."
"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."
"It has bettered my digestion, improved assimilation and circulation, made me stouter, stronger, healthier and happier."
"Your system develops the will as much as the muscles."
"Was troubled a great deal with indigestion and malaria. Since taking your treatment I have not had the slightest trouble from either, and never in my life have I enjoyed such health."
"I believe it will do all you claim for it. It has certainly made me feel ten years younger."
"My nervous system was in that condition I could scarcely write my name, but the old has become new and I am in better health than ever."
"Your treatment has done me a world of good. Feel 100 per cent. better. I am working again and that is more than medicine did for me. Everyone remarks how much better I seem to be. Before I started your course three weeks ago my chest measurement was 33½ in. Today I measure 38 in. I sleep better and eat like a hungry man."

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Millions of men and women are failures entirely through a lack of physical and mental energy; they are contemptuously inclined to rest and neglect instead of being eager to work and think.

Do not neglect to inform yourself about my system and how I diagnose every condition and give instruction accordingly; also how I take a personal interest in every pupil until full satisfaction and results are obtained by each one. Learn of what I am doing for my pupils, for I am not exaggerating in the least, when I say that I have to offer you the most interesting, honest and sincere evidence ever offered in support of any treatment in the history of the world; it will be an education to you.

The record of those who have virtually been re-created through my system may show you how you can also be benefited, strengthened, restored to health—re-created in a manner not possible for you to even realize at present. Write to-day for it and other free information, also my guarantee.



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EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

IS RESTING RUSTING?

(Concluded from Page 12)

wins. Maybe he wins three or four times the first month, but in the course of the year he inevitably loses; and if he stays in the game, as many of these retired men do, he loses everything.

Not long ago a retired contractor whose wife thought he was worth half a million, but who had taken from his safe-deposit box all but four bonds of a thousand dollars each and had lost them in wheat, put a pistol to his head and blew out his brains.

A pathetic case truly, but by no means a solitary one. There are thousands of wives of retired men of trade and finance who think their husbands are rich, when as a matter of fact their money is going to the dogs, or rather to the brokers, as fast as it can be carried to them by these poor old deluded speculators. Moral: the way to retire is to retire—and to retire very far away from Wall Street and the voice of the siren.

Sometimes wives are at fault in begging their husbands to give up business. A big Boston produce-dealer, out of deference to his wife's importunities, sold out and went to live in the country, where he soon became weary of life and brooded about, full of melancholy. He had a matter of a million and a half, but somehow the consciousness of that did him no great good. He had been very active and what he missed now was the rigor of the game. One day one of his old business friends told him there was a good chance to get a corner on tea. It would take only a few hundred thousand. So, just for the excitement, he went into the tea deal—the wildest hazard in which he had ever engaged; but the corner was elusive, as corners often are, and by the time he had sold his tea at auction prices he had dropped the bulk of his fortune. His widow, who followed his body to the grave soon afterward, did not realize, however, that, had she encouraged him to remain in business, he would probably have been alive and happy.

Railroad men die, but never retire—so they say; but sometimes one of the factors of this fascinating life will be retired. When Harriman took charge of the Southern Pacific system he wanted to put in a new man as general superintendent. The old superintendent, who had held the position for many years, suddenly found himself out of a job. Though he was a man of advanced years, he was still a very able railroader; but the fact that Harriman didn't want him militated against his getting a position with any other big railroad company, and there weren't so many general superintendencies going begging anyway. So the poor old man, whose word had been law on the biggest railroad system in all the Far West and who had hired and fired thousands of men himself, was hard up for a place. He didn't know anything but railroading, but he knew all about that; and to see him in his club corner and hear him talk of the old days was a sad spectacle. He so yearned to get hold of the reins of a big system that they say he would have taken the job for nothing.

At last, when he couldn't stand the strain of idleness any longer, he accepted the position of manager of the North Shore Line, a little old seventy-mile, narrow-gauge road running from Sausalito to Cazadero, referred to contemptuously by real railroad men as "two streaks of rust and no right-of-way." It was a terrible comedown for a man who had been general superintendent of six thousand miles of eighty-pound steel track, over which ran the largest locomotives in the world; and the old man suffered as only a man of his expansive railroad mind could suffer.

One day I saw this pitiable figure get off a little toy engine at the Sausalito terminus and I asked him if it didn't feel good to be in harness again.

"In harness!" he repeated gloomily, as he looked with sad eyes around the child's playground of a yard, with its half-dozen tracks and forty-odd little freight cars. "I'm no more in harness than a rocking-horse. If I can't get a man's work to do pretty soon I'll die." And that's just what he did. He was buried within three months; and he didn't have a narrow-gauge funeral either, for he was one of the most popular railroad men on the Pacific Coast.

Railroad men of high-salaried positions are not retained so long in their offices as formerly, however. The day has passed for the retention of the palsied and paretic. It would hardly be possible for a man to keep his job as long as did the general auditor of one of the big western systems who had been suspected of signing documents in a state of coma and yet was retained until the general manager had somebody write out a small section of the Constitution of the United States alongside a column of unmeaning figures. To this hodgepodge the general auditor gravely affixed his signature. Of course his retirement followed at once. This man practically had been resting on his job for years and was rusting withal. He did not outlive his dismissal six months.

I have referred to intellectual pursuits as a means of interesting the mind and thus prolonging the life of the retired merchant or financier. And surely, when we look at the great age attained by the men of the highest mentality, there is a robust, ready-made argument for this sort of thing; but fifty-five or sixty is a poor age to begin to be intellectual. As a rule it won't work. If you cannot transform yourself into a scholar over night—and somehow most of us cannot—why not do as a certain rich septuagenarian of Chicago did when he thought he had made money enough and retired from the cares of business life? This man traveled in Europe for a few months and, on returning, went before the trustees of a big hospital and made a free offering of his business experience and training for the morning office hours three days a week. The hospital management made him honorary secretary, with general advisory powers. The work was light, but it suited his temperament; and he took hold with such aptitude and insight that in a few years the running expenses of the hospital were reduced over twenty per cent and the efficiency of the institution was increased wonderfully. The hospital is now esteemed a model affair and the "superannuated" man to whom this condition is largely due is still on the job. His eye is bright, his step elastic.

Southern California is the paradise of the retired rich. They go there from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and other large commercial centers, where they have slaved to pile up a fortune. They build palatial country houses in Pasadena, Pomona, Santa Barbara and San Diego, and settle down amid picturesque surroundings to that life of ease which they have been picturing so long, but which, when achieved, is not ease, but something quite other than ease, unless, indeed, mental and physical torpor come under that heading—which I doubt. You see some of the saddest old faces in the automobiles along the Los Angeles roads and in the launches flitting aimlessly about in San Diego Bay.

One of these sad faces was seen on the veranda of a vine-covered mission mansion in Pasadena, and the sad eyes that belonged to it gazed through the orange trees to the boulevard where the autos ran up and down. The man who owned that sad face and those sad eyes was a retired paint-dealer of Baltimore. One day he appeared at a real-estate agent's office and announced that he wanted to sell his house and grounds.

"Why, Mr. S.!" cried the agent in surprise. "I thought you were a fixture here in this paradise of fruit and flowers."

"Paradise!" echoed the retired dealer. "I have had about all of paradise that I can stand. I'm going back to paint. When I get into my office, with my sleeves rolled up and a lot of big orders piling up in front of me, I'll be the happiest man alive!"

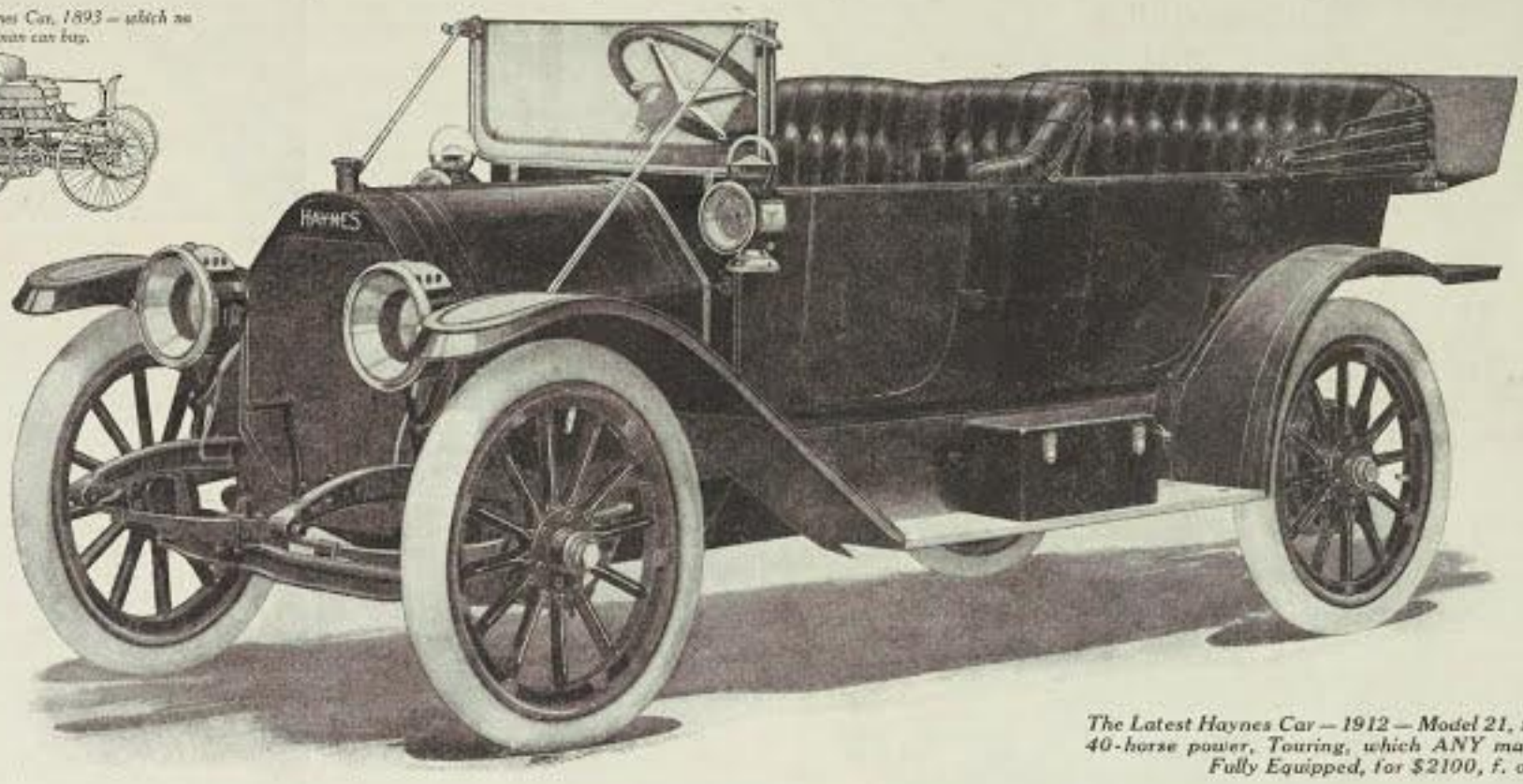
You see, loafing is not living—that is, it is not living for men who know nothing but paint and such things. "I loaf and invite my soul!" declared Whitman; but Whitman was a poet—or, at least, a mighty good imitation of one—and he could live to be seventy-three and loaf all he liked. For loafing is an important part of a poet's business—that is, when he is laying in his stock. If we were all poets, however, who would make and sell and spread paint? So, then, resting for long periods is rusting for those of us who don't happen to be poets or scholars; and, like a little learning, it is a dangerous thing, except for such as those I have named and for those others who really understand the technic of rest, as they do in Europe—but that technic is hard to master in this step-lively nation.

The eighteenth annual production of Haynes automobiles

offers a car of proven excellence in models of distinguished style

The first Haynes Car, 1893 — which no man can buy.





The Latest Haynes Car — 1912 — Model 21, 5-passenger, 40-horse power, Touring, which ANY man may buy, Fully Equipped, for $2100, f. o. b. factory.

WHEN Elwood Haynes had constructed America's first automobile—the one-horse power "gasoline buggy" now among the treasures of Smithsonian Institute—he announced his work to a handful of faithful but doubting friends. Today we announce to an interested world-wide public the sturdy, reliable, speedy and stylish

SPECIFICATIONS Haynes Model 21

Frame. Pressed steel channel, 4 x 1½ inch, offset 3 inches in front.

Wheel Base. 120 inches.

Motor. 4½ inch bore, 5½ inch stroke; T-head Haynes type cylinders cast in pairs, offset ½ inch. Flexible four-point suspension.

Ignition. Bosch dual magneto, with dry cells for starting.

Carburetor. Stromberg 1½ inch, Model B.

Lubrication. Splash and force feed, oil reservoir in lower half of crank case and filled through breather pipe in center of crank-case.

Control. Stationary quadrant at top of steering post; short lever for spark, long for throttle; also foot accelerator.

Steering Column. Worm-and-gear type. Timken roller bearings on shaft, corrugated hard black rubber rim, aluminum spider, 18-in. wheel.

Clutch. Haynes contracting steel band on bronze drum. Supported by crank shaft. Easily adjusted and lubricated.

Transmission. Selective type, three speeds forward, one reverse. Timken roller bearings. Operated through H-slotted bracket with levers inside of body. Supported from two rear arms on engine brace.

Propeller-Shaft. Forged. Two universal joints, metal encased, and packed with hard oil.

Rear Axle. Timken ball bearing type, pressed steel housing supporting full weight of car. Shaft, nickel steel.

Front Axle. Single piece I-beam 2-inch, drop forged. Spring seat forged integral. Spindles 1-16 inch diameter. Timken roller bearings.

Wheels. Artillery type wood, twelve spokes front and rear. Rear spokes alternating in rear wheels. Demountable rims.

Tires. Goodyear straight side or Q. D. clincher 36 x 4 inch, front and rear.

Springs. Front, semi-elliptic; 40 inches long, 2 inches wide, 7 leaves; rear, 45½ inches long, 2 inches wide, 6 leaves. Filled with grease cup, both front and rear.

Brakes. Internal and external on rear wheels. Drum 14 x 2½ face. Disappearing foot pedal operates external service brakes, and lever on right-hand side of front seat operates internal emergency brake.

Body. Three-ply laminated poplar, four-door. Black hand buffed leather upholstering, spring backs to both seats filled with super-extra curled hair.

Colors. Body black, 18 coats of paint, all hand rubbed. Wheels black same as body. All metal equipment, gun metal, black enamel and nickel.

Equipment. See Model 21, right-hand column.

1912 HAYNES Automobile

HAYNES superiority has been *built up* all the way from the cradle days of motoring—not absorbed from what *others* had learned or heard or read about the building of automobiles, but *established*, from year to year throughout eighteen years, on Haynes experience in Haynes laboratories, Haynes shops, Haynes testing rooms and the records of Haynes cars *in service*. And the 1912 Haynes car, product of America's oldest and most experienced automobile manufacturers, has reached a point of perfection and refinement which would seem to leave little or nothing that even Haynes skill can hope to attain in the future.

Consider the Haynes Model 21, five-passenger, 40-horse power touring car, fully equipped, at $2100—compare it, part by part, dimension by dimension, with any of the *highest* priced cars; then you'll realize we build Haynes cars to satisfy the most *critical* buyers, and that we *do not charge for experience and prestige.*

The Haynes car for 1912 does not differ radically from the 1911 Haynes, but all our models are bigger in every way, and more powerful. The time-tested, sweet-running Haynes motor has been built with greater stroke and bore, giving more power, greater flexibility and decreased vibration. The wheel base has been lengthened. Larger brakes, giving 1 square inch braking surface to every 13 lbs. of car. And with these improvements there are many refinements in style, such as the rich black body and running gear, with black enamel and nickel trimmings throughout. The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we shall be glad to send you a catalog and name of nearest dealer. Address

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The OLDEST Car *from* the NEWEST Factory

The occupancy of our magnificent new factory, replacing the old plant which was destroyed by fire last February, gives us completely modern equipment, much larger floor space and very generally bettered facilities for the manufacture of the superb Haynes. It also enables us to meet the demands of our dealers and patrons for a wider line. We take pride, therefore, in announcing to the trade and public the following Haynes 1912 models:

Haynes 40 Touring Car, Model 21, 5-Passenger, $2100. Regular Equipment: Bosch dual magneto, Stromberg Model B Carburetor, silk mohair top, wind shield, Prest-O-Lite tank, five lamps, Warner 60-mile dial Speedometer, extra Dunlap Demountable Rim, Tuner automatic gasoline gauge. Full specifications given in left-hand column.

Haynes 40 Close-Couple Model 21, 4-Passenger, $2100. Regular Equipment, same as Model 21 Touring.

Haynes 40 Limousine, Model 21, $2750. Combination electric and oil lighted. Fully equipped.

Haynes 40 Colonial Coupé, Model 21, $2450. Combination electric and oil lighted. Fully equipped.

Haynes 50-60, 7-Passenger Touring Car, Model Y, $3000. Not a **better** car than our Model 21, but bigger, roomier, and higher-powered. Built for buyers who could pay two or three thousand more for such a car but who won't do it as long as Model Y is in the market. Wheel base 137½ inches. Motor, 5-inch bore, 5½ inch stroke, flexible 4 point suspension. Write for catalogue for other detail specifications. Regular equipment, same as Model 21 Touring.

Haynes Model Y Limousine, 50-60 H. P., $3800. Combination electric and oil lighted. Fully equipped.

All models are so designed as to accommodate dynamo electric lighting equipment, which we will install for purchasers at nominal cost.

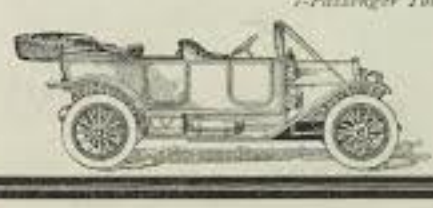
Haynes Model "21" Limousine



Haynes Model "21" Colonial Coupé



Haynes Model "Y" 7-Passenger Touring



Haynes Model "Y" Limousine





HERE'S how to make a splendid, dividend-earning summer investment that will insure *big* returns in money saved *next* winter and *every* winter. Instead of *repairing* an old heater, it will be *splendid economy* to make a complete job of it—take it out and put in an Underfeed. The Underfeed—with all coal fed from below, the *rational* coal-burning way—*reduces* cost of heating so materially that it soon *pays for itself*.

Underfeed heating plants ADD to the renting or selling value of any building, because they insure *clean, even* heat at *least* cost. If *You* want to enjoy an actual saving of from *one-half* to *two-thirds* of your coal bills, here *is* the *sure* way—put in one of

The Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS WARM AIR FURNACES - STEAM-HOT WATER BOILERS

Canton, Ohio, is one of the most notable of many enthusiastic Underfeed strongholds. Pictured above are two Underfeed heated Canton homes. One owner—A. Castell, of 400 Springfield Ave., writes:

"I have, at the present time, about one-half dozen furnaces of different makes, located in other buildings I own. From my personal experience with these furnaces, I consider the Underfeed feature superior to any in the market."

H. A. Schantz, 521 Dueber Ave., the other house-owner, writes, after four years' satisfaction with the Underfeed:

"It maintains an almost uniform temperature of 75 degrees, regardless of the severity of the weather; never less than 65 degrees over night during zero weather—the real test of a furnace. It is most economical. For firing from Oct. 1 to May 1, my coal bill has never been over $17, and in a few years the Underfeed will have saved its initial cost."

Pea and buckwheat sizes of hard and soft coal and *cleaned* slack will yield in the Underfeed as much heat as *highest* price coal in *other* heaters. The difference in coal cost is yours. Smoke and gases—*wasted* in other plants—*must* pass through the flames in the Underfeed and are consumed; more saving. The few ashes are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and boilers.

Write for YOUR copy of Underfeed Furnace Booklet or Special Boiler Catalog. Use the coupon. We'll be glad to send a lot of fac-simile testimonials. Heating Plans of our Engineering Corps are FREE. Name local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

Boiler Underfeed Device

Furnace Underfeed Device



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The part of your sock that *shows*

should be handsome, just as the part which doesn't show should be durable.

Here is an Iron Clad sock, the material of which is so beautifully mercerized that pure silk hose could not be more pleasing in finish or coloring. Thrust your hand clear into it and it even feels like silk; yet its wearing parts are as strong as those of a much heavier sock, because they are made of a four-ply yarn spun from carefully selected Sea Island cotton of unusual length and given the famous Iron Clad "extra twist." We do not believe that such beauty and great durability were ever so perfectly combined as in this

Iron Clad "DREADNAUGHT" No. 398

Colors: Champagne, New Salmon, Light Tan, Smoke, Mode, Wine, Copenhagen Blue, Dark Grey, Dark Tan, Heliotrope, Pearl, Hunter Green, Navy Blue, New Cerise, Ecru and Black. Sizes: 9½, 10, 10½, 11, 11½.

If your dealer does not keep them and will not get them for you, we will send you as many pairs as you may wish, prepaid, if you will send us the size and colors you want. **ONLY 25c A PAIR.**

This sock is illustrated in natural colors in our beautiful catalogue. Write for this catalogue, whether you order socks or not—we gladly mail it free.

Iron Clad

COOPER, WELLS & CO., 212 Pine Street St. Joseph, Michigan

LÉONTINE AND CO.

(Continued from Page 5)

"Yes," said I. "There's one of my former pals I must see and give it out straight that I'm retiring from the graft business."

John looked thoughtful. "Perhaps you're right," says he. "You don't anticipate any trouble, do you?"

"No," I answered, "there's nothing to fear. Thieves often do just what I'm doing—get out of it in time. Fact is, most thieves chuck the game soon after middle age, if they're out of jail. I'll hand it out cold that I've quit and make it plain that so far as the old gang is concerned I never knew it."

This may sound queer, but as a matter of fact it's nearly as frequent for a crook to turn honest as it is for an honest person to turn crook—and that's been known to happen.

So out I went and hailed a taxi and spun through the Bois to Bagatelle. I told my driver to let me out at the main gate on the side of the Bois, when I walked across to the rose garden. There was nobody in sight, so I strolled up to the little summer-house looking over the gardens and waited, for I was a bit ahead of time. The day was perfect, cloudless, and the air soft and fragrant. Nobody was in the gardens, so far as I could see, and pretty soon I got tired of waiting and started to stroll down one of the narrow paths, banked on either side with perfumed laurel.

It was at the first abrupt bend of the little path that I came face to face with Léontine. She was in a dark blue riding-habit, with a little *tricorne* hat of felt cocked a bit on her wavy black hair. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkling, and as we came together she flung back her head and threw out both arms.

"Frank!" she cried, as if I had been a long-lost lover instead of a burglarizing acquaintance of from nine until two. The next instant she was in my arms—or, to put it more exactly, I was in hers—and her fresh face with its faint perfume was crushed against mine.

My friend, a man can't stand being caressed by so lovely a woman as Léontine and never lift a hand. This man couldn't at that time; so I made up in muscle for what I lacked in feeling, and caught her in my arms and gave her a squeeze that made her gasp, big strong woman that she was. But she must have felt the lack of fire in it, and as I loosed my grip she laid one of her gauntleted hands on my chest and pushed herself away while her clear, curious eyes looked searchingly into mine.

"Frank," she said in her rich voice, "are you really free? Your own man—and mine?"

"I'm free, all right," I answered, "but neither yours nor mine, my dear girl."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Come over here in the summer-house and I will tell you all about it," I answered.

When we were in the little pagoda I told her the whole story. Léontine listened in silence.

"So you see," I finished, "my word is passed and I'm going to make good. I've done with everything belonging to the old life."

Léontine began to trace figures in the dust with the loop of her riding crop.

"And are you content," said she, without looking at me, "to give up your freedom as tamely as this?"

"I gave it up," said I, "when I tackled that *agent* to keep the rest of you from getting pinched."

She looked up at me quickly and her eyes darkened.

"Ah, that was splendid," says she—"that was glorious. Oh, Frank, nobody will ever know what I suffered that night. If Ivan and Chu-Chu had not held me fast, I would have leaped out of the car and shot that *gendarme*. When they got me home I was like a mad woman. They locked me in my room and the girls never left me for two days. Because I knew that it was all my fault. I spoiled everything. But," she gave me a burning look, "I never imagined that it could be as bad as this."

"You've never done time in a French penal colony," said I. "This is good enough for me."

Léontine stamped her booted foot.

"Then it's not good enough for me," she cried in a hot voice. "If you think that I am going to give you up like this, you are mistaken, Frank."



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All the Johnston favorites are as fresh and wholesome now as in the coldest weather. They sell fast and the Johnston dealers order often. These are but *two* reasons why Johnston's Chocolates are so popular in Summer.

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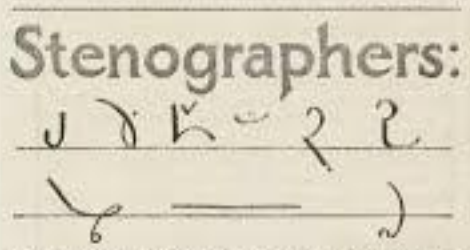
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Stenographers:



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are the "shorthand" way of always having a perfect pencil point. They can be sharpened as much quicker than wooden pencils as shorthand is quicker than long hand. Simply nick the paper with a pin or a knife point, or even a pen, and pull off a strip of paper.

Blaisdell Pencil leads are as far superior to ordinary leads as their ease of sharpening is ahead of wooden pencils. They are smooth, even and gritless, made from imported Bavarian graphite.

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Offer No. 1, 10c, 3 assorted high grade lead pencils.

Offer No. 2, 25c, 3 assorted high grade pencils and 3 crayons. **Offer No. 3, 50c,** 6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

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Packer's Tar Soap

(*PURE AS THE PINES*)



The first essential to healthy, lustrous hair is a clean, well-nourished scalp. This is best secured and maintained by systematic shampooing with Packer's Tar Soap.

Why This Soap Aids Nature

Because it contains pure pine-tar, combined with other hygienic and cleansing agents adapted especially to the needs of the scalp.

Medical authorities advise women to shampoo once a fortnight, men once a week, with Packer's Tar Soap.

The Right Way to Shampoo

Wet the hair with warm water, make a lather of Packer's Tar Soap, and apply to the head. Then work the lather into the whole scalp with the finger tips. Rinse thoroughly, using warm water, graduating to cold; then dry.

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For 10 cents, silver or stamps, we will mail you a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap; also our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

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The big motoring problem—"how to get the car home"—is *instantly* solved by the motorist who always carries a complete outfit of *Goodyear* repair accessories. Then tire worries are gone forever—tire repairs become matters of a moment—the journey is quickly resumed without any serious delay.

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I did not answer. She looked at me and her eyes filled.

"You told me that night that you loved me," she whispered, "and my heart leaped to meet yours. I have never loved a man before, Frank. The minute that our hands touched and I looked into your cold gray eyes I knew that I had found my mate and my master. You belong to me, Frank, and to my world. Society is our enemy. Why should you go hat in hand and ask to be taken back? Listen, Frank. Find out how much your half-brother paid to get you clear. Then we will pay it back. I am rich, just now. Afterward, if you like, we will go away——"

I raised my hand. "Thank you, my dear," I said gently, "but it can't be done. My word is passed. The money is only a part of the debt. The good faith, the warmth of heart and voluntary good-will are things that I can only repay by being worth them—and so help me I intend to."

A dark flush came into Léontine's face. She looked at me fixedly for a moment, then began to trace patterns in the dust again. Finally she said:

"Suppose that you had not been caught—that I had not been such a fool as to insist on going upstairs after the pearls. What would you have done? Did you really care for me, or was it just the madness of the moment? Did you really intend to win me?" She fastened me with those wonderful eyes of hers.

"I meant to win you," I answered. "Nothing would have kept me from it. I was mad about your beauty, it's true; but there was something else besides ——" I stopped.

"What, Frank?" she asked softly, and laid her hand on my shoulder, leaning toward me until her flushed face was almost against mine.

I gave a short laugh. "It sounds like a foolish thing for a professional thief to say, Léontine," I answered, "but it was because I felt the good in you."

Léontine's eyes opened wide.

"You are the first man to feel that," she answered.

"It is there," I answered. "Tons of it. You have plenty of heart, my dear, and a great big generous soul. I don't know anything about you, but I know that you are not bad. Not by a long shot."

"I am a thief," she flashed back. "A thief on a bigger scale than you ever dreamed of, *mon ami*."

"And I am a thief no longer," I answered.

"But if you were ——?"

"If I were ——" I hesitated. The fascination of her was beginning to turn my head, as it had that night. "If I were, then all hell could never keep you from me," I cried, and reached for her with both arms.

For a few mad seconds everything was blurred. Then I pushed her away. Her arms still clung, but I was the stronger. She reeled back against the rustic rail and pressed her hands against her temples.

"But I'm not," I muttered, and stepped away. "As long as my half brother and his angel of a wife continue to believe in me I shall never break faith—and this is goodby, Léontine."

She looked at me with a curious expression in her tawny eyes.

"And if they should lose their faith in you?" she asked.

I shrugged. "It's my business to see that they never do," I answered.

Léontine gave me a curious smile. "We'll see, Frank," said she softly. "Once a thief, always a thief. It's in the blood."

Suddenly she turned and walked down the path and disappeared behind the heavy foliage.

That afternoon John took me up to see the new car that he was promoting. The company planned to make only big fellows. One of their six-cylinders was in the garage and we took her out for a spin over the road. We made the run to Chartres in about fifty minutes, John driving. The chief *mécanicien* was with us, and his son, a bright youngster of eighteen, named Gustave.

On the way home we stopped at the Automobile Club for a business talk with three members of the company with whom John had made a *rendez-vous*—a Swiss engineer, the General Director and the General Superintendent. It was arranged that I should take charge of the Paris office, my principal duty being to show the car to clients. After the others had gone John and I remained to talk, and I noticed



WHILE Pompeian Massage Cream is used in several million homes by both husband and wife, yet in some homes men still think it is a woman's face cream, and again, women think it is a man's cream. Pompeian is for both, just as much as soap is for both. But Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin as no soap possibly can. There is no logical reason why either man or woman should have the cleaner or more wholesome skin.

We are all judged largely on first and general appearances—yes, judged before we speak. Comparatively few people come to know our *inner selves*. Hence the value of appearance; hence the necessity of a fresh, healthy, wholesome skin. Such a complexion is in itself a good introduction for man or woman into either social or business circles.

You are judged before you speak! "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."



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Trial Jar and Art Picture, both sent for 10c. (stamps or coin) for Postage and Packing



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For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. This "Pompeian Beauty" is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.



Cut along this line, fill in and mail today

The Pompeian Mfg. Co.
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Gentlemen:—Enclosed find 10c. (stamps or coin) for postage and packing, for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian and a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture.

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has the metal lock attached. Write for illustrated booklet and sample.

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is what you'll say when you learn by actual use how quickly and easily you can cut through a board with a

A handy thing to have about the house

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(*Pronounced Simonds*)

You'll especially appreciate a Simonds if you've been using an inferior saw that you had to drive through by main force.

Simonds Saws are made from special Simonds Steel, toughened to stand long service and hardened to hold their sharp edges and set against rough usage. Get a No. 4 Simonds from your dealer—the best saw for the home.

Write us for "Guide Book for Carpenters"—FREE. Contains many valuable hints for everybody.



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Make up a program like this played by nine of the greatest military bands on earth:

5690	Marsovia Waltzes	U. S. Marine Band
16488	Chimes of Normandy Selection	Pryor's Band
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31832	Sakuntala Overture, Op. 13	Kryl's Bohemian Band
31676	Semiramide Overture	Police Band of Mexico
4678	Lights Out March	Pryor's Band
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to every man or woman who will do us a small service. No selling or soliciting necessary, only a small service which anyone can render.

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that in the course of our conversation he took several drinks of whisky and soda. He was in that state of buoyancy about the new venture that you find so often in the rich amateur, whose only knowledge of business comes from buying things instead of trying to sell them. He told me that he had always been very sore at his dependence on his wife for every cent he spent, and that he hoped soon to be a rich man on his own account.

That night at dinner John was very jolly and talkative at first, but toward the end his good-nature passed off and I could see that the reaction was setting in. John did not impress me as a drinking man. His methods were more those of a person who is bothered about something and hits the bottle to drown care.

After dinner Edith and Miss Dalghren went out to the studio, as Edith wanted to study the effects of artificial light on the portrait. John and I went into the smoking room and I noticed that he took three cups of strong black coffee.

I said goodnight early, for the ride had made me sleepy. While I was undressing there came a rap at the door, and the *maître d'hôtel* handed me a tray with a letter addressed in Léontine's hand, which was of the round, English sort.

"Confound the girl," I said to myself, "here's more trouble." I sat down at a little writing-desk and opened the letter. There were fathoms and fathoms of it—a regular essay.

She began by telling me that since our meeting at Bagatelle she had been thinking constantly of the step that I had taken, and had decided to write and tell me the result of her reflections. She had also, she said, been analyzing the state of her sentiment toward me—I could imagine her doing that about as I could imagine a small boy analyzing the effect of a match held to a heap of loose powder—and she had found that she loved me enough to give me up and to help me in my new resolutions, *provided* she could manage to persuade herself or be persuaded that such an act on my part was rational. So far, however, my reform under the existing conditions impressed her as foredoomed to failure, and could result only in unhappiness to me and social injury to those who had befriended me. At present, said she, they were enthusiastic over my redemption, while I, for my part, was full of gratitude and good resolutions. But, said Léontine, the leopard cannot change his spots. Once a thief, always a thief.

Then she went on to say that in time my past was bound to become known, and that there would always surround me an atmosphere of spectacular notoriety that was bound to hurt my friends and make me myself uncomfortable. If I married into the class of society where I now found myself, the stain would always stick to wife and children, said Léontine. A reformed burglar, said she, might do for a very quiet or else a Bohemian society, but was bound to be utterly out of his element in the aristocratic circles of my half-brother and his wife. My duty to them, said Léontine, was to tell them that I could never be of their world, and to go away. "Do that before they begin to be conscious of their mistake," she wrote.

About here I stopped and did some solid thinking. There was no doubt but that the girl was dead right—absolutely right. I had felt it myself, in a vague sort of way. It struck me suddenly—and I tell you the thought was a mighty bitter one—that all of this must of course have occurred to Edith; but because she was such an angel of a woman she had decided on her line of duty and meant to follow it at any cost. I wondered if John had seen it in the same way, and I decided that for his part he was probably so pleased with himself for the fine thing that he was doing as not to reckon in the cost. You see, I was losing my respect for my half-brother, as a man, just as I was gaining it for his wife, as a woman. You didn't need an X-ray machine to see smack through John. He was a good, kind, easy-going sort of chap, with artistic tastes, athletic, physically brave but morally weak. No doubt if he had ever had to work for his living it might have stiffened his back. But he had been an idler from childhood, with all of his wants provided for; and had always been too lazy to use his opportunities to employ what energy he had.

It may seem beastly ungrateful of me, my friend, but the idea gave me a sort of hot rage. I felt like going down the stairs and smashing the decanter over his head.

I took up Léontine's letter again. "As far as your half-brother is concerned," she went on, "it does not so much matter. After all, there is a blood tie between you, and blood is thicker than water. Besides, Frank, I have learned a good deal about him from Kharkoff and another man. He is not a very wonderful person. But, for his wife's sake, do you yourself think that you ought to remain one of the household? From what you have told me I can see that your ransom was all her doing—and why should she have done it?"

"Yes," I said to myself—"why should she have done it?"

From this point the letter jumped into another key. "Frank," wrote Léontine, "don't think that I am urging you to remain in the underworld. I love your firmness and I adore your strength of purpose. You are too good for a thief—too strong and fine. Oh, my dear, do you think that I have never felt as you do? Do you think that I have never wished to get out of this slough; to look the whole world in the face without fear and without reproach? I am sick of this atmosphere of doubt and defiance. Let us go away together and begin our lives afresh. We are both young and strong and talented. Let us go far away to some new country, and begin our lives anew and on a clean and wholesome footing. Let us pay your money debt, Frank—for all that I have is yours. You told me today that society's debt to you had been paid in full. My dear, society owes me a debt also—a debt far greater than yours. But if society will give me you, I will consider the obligation as canceled." And then there was a whole lot more that would make me feel even more a fool to repeat.

I dropped the letter on the desk and ran my hands through my hair. The room felt hot, the night was hot, my head was hot. Up I jumped and opened the window on the other side and a fresh breeze swept in. For several minutes I stood in the window, facing it, my head in a whirl. Léontine was right, I thought. Such a past as mine could never be kept a secret. It was bound to become known, and then what would be said of Edith for harboring a criminal? A low grade of criminal—burglar, sneak-thief, pickpocket. No doubt the story would reach Kharkoff. Léontine herself might tell him, and he would remember how I had tried to relieve him of his winnings that day at the races, when he had caught me and got me deported to Cayenne. I was a marked man. My picture was in the French Rogues' Gallery and my head measurements in the Bertillon records.

To think that Edith should fall heiress to all this! Edith, that angel of a woman! The very thought of her sent a glow through me. Angel she might be, and as such far above all earthly shame and suffering. But she was a woman too—and such a woman! My heart was full of her, and my mind too; and as I stood there in the long window staring into the dark shadows of the trees I saw the sweet, thoughtful face with the clear, steady eyes and sensitive mouth. Such a woman was meant for love and happiness and peace of soul in which to accomplish the work of her rich gifts, not to suffer the sneers and evil criticisms of an evil world.

Suddenly I knew why Léontine's feverish kisses had left me cold. I knew why my gratitude to John was turning slowly to a cold disgust. It had not taken long, I thought, with a stab of joyful pain.

In a sort of rage I turned back to the table to torture myself afresh with Léontine's letter. The girl was right. So be it, she should have her way. I would go with her to the ends of the world.

Such a woman as Edith was not for me. Léontine and I were well mated; creatures of the same clay—of the earth, earthy. Heaven was not for my sort, and it seemed to me that if I were to go clawing after it with my dirty hands worse things might happen, not only to me, but to the sweet woman who was ready to sacrifice her own position in the world to help me. The Polish girl and I belonged to the same underworld. We were destroyers, tearers down of the established order of affairs.

So I read the letter through again and then I crumpled it in my fist, threw it into the fireplace and touched a match to it, and as it flamed up wickedly it seemed to me that with it was burning all of my new-found happiness.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

4"X6" A REALLY LONG STROKE MOTOR

4 SPEED TRANSMISSION—DIRECT ON THIRD

ANNOUNCING THE Bergdoll MOTOR CARS FOR 1912

BACKED BY MILLIONS

THE Bergdoll models for 1912 have set a new standard of automobile value in this country—the Bergdoll "30" at $1500 and the Bergdoll "40" at $1900. The advent of the Bergdoll "40" at $1900 has created a furore in the automobile industry, as it combines all the new features that the highest priced cars are announcing, including a really long stroke motor. It will be the only car selling at anything like the price to possess such sterling features as a long stroke motor, four-speed transmission with direct drive on third speed, quick detachable demountable rims on 36 inch wheels; a self starter, to say nothing of the very complete equipment which includes top and wind shield. The long stroke motor gives the maximum power at low motor speed, particularly desirable for hill climbing and slow traffic work. The 1912 Bergdoll "30" at $1500 (fully equipped) shows refinements over the same model of last year and greater efficiency. If you are in the market for a car you do yourself an injustice if you fail to get in touch with the nearest Bergdoll dealer before making your purchase. During the past year the Bergdoll manufacturing facilities have been nearly doubled. With two large and completely equipped plants we now have the capacity for the manufacture of an unlimited output. The owner of a Bergdoll, ***"the car with the gilt radiator,"*** will enjoy the true pleasures of successful motoring and possess the satisfaction that his car is guaranteed by the Louis J. Bergdoll Motor Company—a guarantee "backed by millions."

All prices F. O. B. Philadelphia. Prompt Deliveries.

SPECIFICATIONS

MOTOR:—
Full 30 H. P. and full 40 H. P. Both 4-cylinder, 4-cycle. 30 H. P. has 4 inch bore, 4½ inch stroke; 40 H. P. has 4 inch bore, 6 inch stroke. Silent in operation.

LUBRICATION:—
Sight feed on dash. Constant level splash system operated by plunger pump.

IGNITION:—
Bosch easy starting Magneto.

WHEELS:—
34 and 36 inches diameter. Artillery type; large hub flanges; heavy spokes; brake drums bolted to rear spokes; Quick Detachable Demountable rims.

CLUTCH:—
Multiple disc gradually engaging clutch. No jerking, no wear. Easily lubricated.

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WHEEL BASE:—
One hundred and fifteen inches for both chassis.

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Front—I-beam section, single piece drop forging with large annular ball-bearings. Rear—Pressed steel housing, heat treated nickel steel shafts; large annular ball bearings. Full floating type.

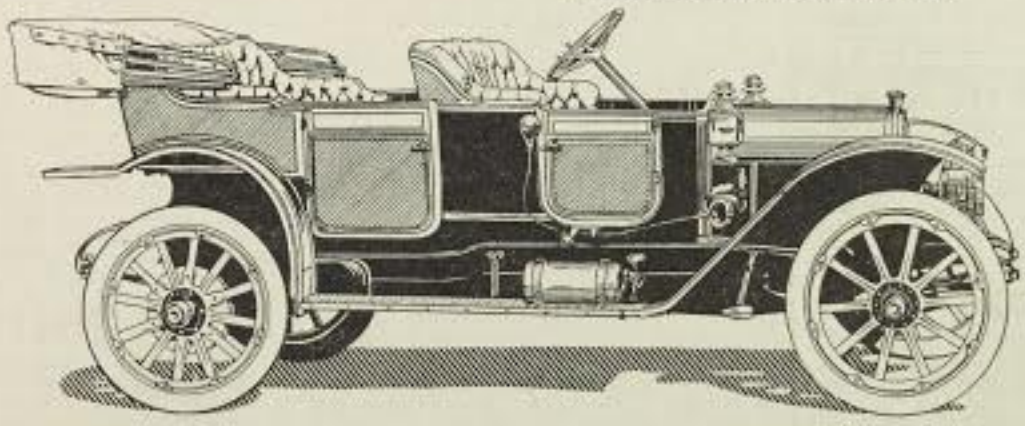
COLORS:—
Dark blue body and running-gear. Standard. Lamps, black enameled.

BODIES:—
On 40 H. P. chassis are built fore-door Touring, 5-passenger; Torpedo, 4 passenger; Coupé and Limousine. On the 30 H. P., fore-door Touring, Toy Tonneau, and "Louis J" Runabout with fore-doors. All inside drive.

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Mohair top with envelope; folding glass wind shield; five lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank; tire holders; horn and full tool equipment.

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Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.



The Bergdoll "40"
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Fully equipped
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$1900

This Model has the Six-inch Long Stroke Motor

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I guarantee my hose against darning or mending, against holes in the heel or toe. For every pair that does not make good I will give a new pair FREE.

My guarantee means absolutely the very best quality in every strand of the yarn used in making my hose. Means a smooth, even, silky-lisle finish—gauzy and sheer—cool and comfortable—attractive in appearance. A stocking shaped to the foot—ankle, heel and toe. All Buster Brown Hosiery has the "German Loop" toe—no seams and knots—French finish tops, reinforced heel, toe and garter tops. Garters won't tear nor stretch them out of shape.

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Guaranteed—25c a Pair

4 pairs in a box for $1.00 Guaranteed 4 months against darning

For Men, Women and Children
ALL COLORS—ALL SIZES

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We will send you a copy of the Autobiography of BUSTER BROWN free if you will enclose us 8c to cover cost of wrapping and postage. It is Buster Brown's own story of himself and his famous and wonderful dog Tige; illustrated in colors, funny, witty and entertaining to everybody—young or old.

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"No Sweltering for ME! I use the Speakman Shower." $12.50 Complete

Better spend two minutes under a Speakman Shower than to sizzle and swelter all day! Here's a real shower—the cooling after-effects will make you fresh and strong and *brave*—ready for any fray or any play. It's a good beginning!

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The Speakman Shower doesn't need a mechanic—it's easy up and easy down. Just put over the tub, fasten the screws, attach the tube—and you have the simplest, cheapest and best shower ever devised. Never wears out—no trouble, and the clip attachment *always* clings to the faucet. $12.50 complete except in the far West.

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Greatest Blessing Ever Devised For Tired, Aching Feet!



THIS little metal contrivance, ***The Diamond Foot Support,*** is simply wonderful in its ability to banish foot troubles. The quickness with which it relieves aching, tired feet and ankles, remedies the dreaded "broken arch" and makes nervous people forget their nerves, is truly remarkable.

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Braces the whole shoe, prevents its "running over," adds buoyancy to your step, and will more than pay for itself in added wear and appearance of the shoe.

50c At All Dealers Diamond Foot Supports cost you only 50c attached to your shoes. If your dealer cannot supply you, send us 50c (stating size, height of heel and whether for man or woman) and we will send you a pair, prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Endorsed by leading physicians. Thousands of testimonials from grateful users.



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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 17)

In an instant the room was in a turmoil, Bunce screaming out that he had been tricked by a parcel of shysters, Gottlieb indignantly defending his ruse as a perfectly proper method of discrediting Bunce, and the referee vainly endeavoring to restore order. As for myself, in spite of my anxiety over the whole affair I could not do otherwise than laugh heartily over Bunce's ludicrous mistake. When Hawkins was brought in from outside and, after proclaiming his identity, denied ever being served in the original action, the referee was but little inclined to listen to Lawyer Bunce, who now corrected his testimony and swore just as insistently that the real Hawkins was the person to whom he had given the papers in the case.

Here, then, was as pretty a trick as had ever been played on an unsuspecting and well-meaning lawyer; and by it Gottlieb had so strengthened our position that, very likely, the referee would have found for our side even had not Hawkins taken it upon himself to swear the matter through. Moreover, the only person who could have disproved the latter's testimony or given evidence that might have militated against its probability—to wit, Crookshank, his former attorney—was dead and buried, and it seemed as if truth were buried with him. On the way back to our office I congratulated my partner on the Napoleonic strategy which he had displayed, and a few days later a more substantial compliment followed, in the shape of an unqualified finding in our favor on the part of the referee.

"Was ever thirty-five thousand dollars earned so easily?" laughed Gottlieb over his cigar as we were dining at Delmonico's.

"So long as Hawkins stays bought—no," I answered.

"Don't be a death's head, Quib!" he retorted. "Why, even if he turned state's evidence, no one would believe him! Have another glass of this vintage—we can drink it every night now for a year at Dillingham's expense!"

"Well, here's to you, Gottlieb!" I answered, filling my goblet with the creaming wine; "and here's to crime—whereby we live and move and have our being!"

And we clinked our glasses and drained them with a laugh.

Dillingham Takes a New Wife

I had now been a resident of New York for upward of twenty years and had acquired, as the junior member of the firm of Gottlieb & Quibble, an international reputation. It is true that my partner and I felt it to be beneath our dignity to advertise in the newspapers—and, indeed, advertising in New York City was for us entirely unnecessary—but we carried a card regularly in the English journals and received many retainers from across the water; in fact, we did a large part of the theatrical business in the city, drawing the contracts for the managers and being constantly engaged in litigations on their behalf. We had long since abandoned as trivial all my various profit-sharing schemes and, with the exception of carrying on our payrolls most of the clerks attached to the police and other criminal courts, had practically no "runners." We did not need any. There was no big criminal case in which we were not retained for the defense and rarely a divorce action of any notoriety where we did not appear for one of the parties.

This matter of Hawkins was the first—in twenty years—in which we had ever deliberately faked an entire case! Yet, if ever there was a safe opportunity to do so, this seemed the one, and I cannot even now charge Gottlieb with recklessness in taking the chances that he did; but, as luck would have it, there were two facts connected with the Dillingham annulment the significance of which we totally overlooked—one, that Bunce was not so much of a fool as he looked; and the other, that Mrs. Dillingham was a mother.

Once, however, judgment had been entered to the effect that Mrs. Dillingham had never lawfully ceased to be Mrs. Hawkins, then the real reason of our client's anxiety to be rid of his wife and her child, a girl of six years, became apparent; for he instantly announced his engagement to a



The feeling it gives your skin the first time you use it is a promise of what its steady use will do.

Rub its lather in

One function of the skin is *to absorb.*

To revive, to freshen up a neglected, lifeless skin, rub in the lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's contains properties which are helpful to the skin, which resupply what has been exhausted from the skin by modern conditions.

Rub its lather in gently but persistently for several minutes.

Rinse in cold water, then rub a piece of ice over your face and throat.

This treatment will result in active, glowing skin.

Write today for samples

For 4c we will send a sample cake. For 50c samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder. For 25c a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp and samples of the Woodbury preparations. The Andrew Jergens Co., 2503 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by Dealers everywhere

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Do you want a business? Here's one for you—Ten Pinnett, the sensation of the times. A healthy, uplifting bowling game—a fun-producing exercise that old and young, rich and poor, go wild over when there's a chance to play. Owners of Ten-Pinnett alleys are making $150.00 to $300.00 a month on an original investment of $200.00, and no operating expenses other than rent. It's the game that pays for itself in a jiffy. You have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!



You have visited hundreds of times to be in business for yourself. Grasp the opportunity—one without the responsibilities of the everyday business man. Our pay as it earns plan is the most absorbing, original and illustrious device. If you want that eager money in your locality send for our plan tonight—before someone beats you to it. (39)

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In all kinds of household utensils—enamel, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solders Hot or Cold.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for automobiles.

Send 10c for trial tube.
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Are Higher in Price
Than those of
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The fact that our Government collects Heavy Duty on the Imported Cocoas **Absolutely does not** improve the Quality, but only **Increases** the **Price.**

Huyler's Cocoa
is the Perfection
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PURITY, QUALITY AND FLAVOR
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Quality Higher than Price
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IT'S UP TO YOU — See Your GROCER



"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
of Southern California
Complete book of
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fashionable woman, who lacked money if not experience, and who needed the one as much as he had a superabundance of the other. He made a fairly liberal allowance for his child and its mother, and since this was paid monthly through our office I had an opportunity of making their acquaintance; and I confess that I had no sooner done so than I began to have a sort of regret for my own part in the transaction. For Mrs. Dillingham—Hawkins, or whatever she was—proved to be a rather sweet-faced young woman, with great, sad blue eyes and a winsomely childish innocence of expression that concealed, as I afterward found out, a will of iron and a heart full of courage.

She used to come and wait for Gottlieb or me to pay over her money; and while she waited she would sit there so helplessly, looking withal so lovely, that the clerks cannot be blamed for having talked to her. Incidentally she extracted from the susceptible Cohen various trifles in the way of information which later proved highly inconvenient. Yet she never asked me or my partner any questions or showed the slightest resentment at the part we had played as her husband's attorneys in ruining her life. Sometimes she brought the little girl with her and I marveled that Dillingham could have sacrificed such a charming little daughter so easily.

Six months passed and the Dillingham scandal ceased to be a matter of public or even of private interest. Other affairs, equally profitable, engaged our attention, and the waiter, Hawkins, having received a substantial honorarium from the firm's bank account, had passed completely out of our minds. I had that winter been giving a series of dinners at my house to my actor clients and their managers, and these had proved conspicuously successful for the reason that my guests were of the sort who, after the wine had begun to flow, had no hesitation in entertaining the rest of the company by an exhibition of their talents. Occasionally, as part of the fun, I would do a bit of a turn myself by way of reviving old memories of the "Cock and Spur" and my Athenæum days in Boston.

Breakers Ahead

It was on one of these festive occasions—not unlike, my readers may recall, my famous translation from college during my banquet at the Cambridge Tavern—that Fate struck me my first severe blow. My guests were still sitting at table when my butler touched me upon the arm and whispered that Mr. Gottlieb was outside and desired to see me on urgent business. Excusing myself I hurried out, greeting my partner rather impatiently, as I disliked to be interrupted by business details in my hours of relaxation; but one sight of his weazened little hawk-face sufficed to tell me that no trifling matter was at stake. He was in his day clothes, which were even more than ordinarily disheveled, and his face, usually pale, was chalklike.

"Quibble," he cried in a rasping voice as soon as my man had gone, "our luck's turned! That woman has tricked us. She and Bunce went down to Crookshank's office and, under the pretext of looking for some deed or release, went through his papers and turned up some letters from Hawkins in regard to the original divorce proceedings. They've got one in which he admits being served by Bunce in the Astor House and asks Crookshank to appear for him. They've got another, written after Dillingham had fixed him, telling Crookshank to put in no defense. Yesterday she and Bunce went before the grand jury, who returned an indictment against Hawkins for perjury. Then she telegraphed him to come on to New York and meet her to arrange some money matters, and when he stepped off the train this afternoon he was arrested and taken to police headquarters."

"My God!" I cried, turning quite faint. "What's to be done?"

"Get him out of the way as soon as possible!" answered Gottlieb, his lips trembling. "Tomorrow morning he will be arraigned in the general sessions. They are going to ask for fifty thousand dollars bail. We've got to get it. It's the only thing that stands between us and state prison, for they've got the goods on Hawkins and unless we see him safe he'll turn on us and help them send us up!"

"Have you seen him?" I gasped.

"I've just come from headquarters," he answered. "The fool had been drinking and had given up a lot of information already.

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So I frightened him until he agreed to shut up. The trouble is we gave him too much money. He says now that unless we protect him and keep him out of state prison he will give up the whole game to the district attorney. That would be fine, wouldn't it! The district attorney wouldn't waste much time on Arthur P. Hawkins if he could land Gottlieb & Quibble in jail for subornation of perjury, would he—eh? We've got to scratch gravel—and quick too!"

"But where can we raise fifty thousand dollars?" I groaned helplessly.

"Dillingham." He retorted without hesitation. "He's our only hope. He's in as bad as the rest of us. If we go we can pull him along too. I understand that the woman is prepared to swear not only that Hawkins admitted to her that he was properly served but that she told this to Dillingham, and that he and Hawkins talked the thing over in her presence. Besides, Cohen confessed to me today that she had pumped him all about Hawkins' coming over to New York and signing papers; and, although he swears he didn't tell her anything in particular, yet I don't trust the idiot. No, Quib; it's bad business and we've got to get Hawkins out of the way at any cost."

It was not until nearly three o'clock in the morning that I discovered Dillingham's whereabouts, which happened to be the Fifth Avenue house of a fashionable friend, where he was playing poker. He greeted me in much the same inhospitable fashion that I had accorded to Gottlieb, but only a few words were needed to convince him of the gravity of the case. I had never loathed the man more than I did at that instant when, with a cigar stuffed in his fat face, he came out of the card room, dressed in his white waistcoat and pearl studs, and with a leer asked what I wanted.

A Gloomy Outlook

"I want fifty thousand dollars to keep you and me out of state prison!" I cried.

He turned a sickly yellow and gave a sort of choking gasp.

"Hawkins!" he muttered. "Damn him!"

Then Dillingham had a sort of fit, due no doubt partly to the fact that he had drunk more champagne than was good for him; for he trembled with a kind of ague and then broke out in a sweat and blubbered, and uttered incoherent oaths, until I was half beside myself lest he should keep it up all night and I should not get the money from him. But at last he regained control of himself and promised to borrow the fifty thousand dollars the first thing in the morning and to have it at my office by ten o'clock. Yet, as I bade him good night he had another turn of terror and his teeth chattered in his head as he stammered out that he was a ruined man, that he had cast off a good wife for a deceitful huzzy who only wanted his money, that he had lost his child, that now his career was over and that, unless I stood by him, he would end his days in prison. This was hardly the sort of encouragement I wanted; and, though his words brought the cold sweat out upon my back, I told him pretty sharply that he had better pull himself together and not be any more of a fool than he could help, that all we needed was enough money to whip Hawkins out of the way, and that if he would "come up" with the needful we would look out for him. I left him sitting in a red plush armchair, moaning and mumbling to himself.

Outside, the city slept the prenatal sleep of dawn. A pale greenish veil hung over the roofs, through which day must peer before awakening those who slept beneath. I had often noticed this greenish color in the sky, made doubtless by the flare of gas and electricity against the blue-black zenith, yet never before had I felt its depressing character. It was the green of jealousy, of disappointment, of envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness! The city trembled in its sleep and the throbbing of its mighty pulse beat evilly upon my ears with distant hostile rumblings. I was alone in it and in danger. Disaster and ruin were looking for me around the corner. I was like a child, helpless and homeless. I could not call upon God, for I did not believe in Him.

It came home to me, as I stood there in the night upon the open street, that there was not one soul among all the city's sleeping millions who owed me aught but harm.

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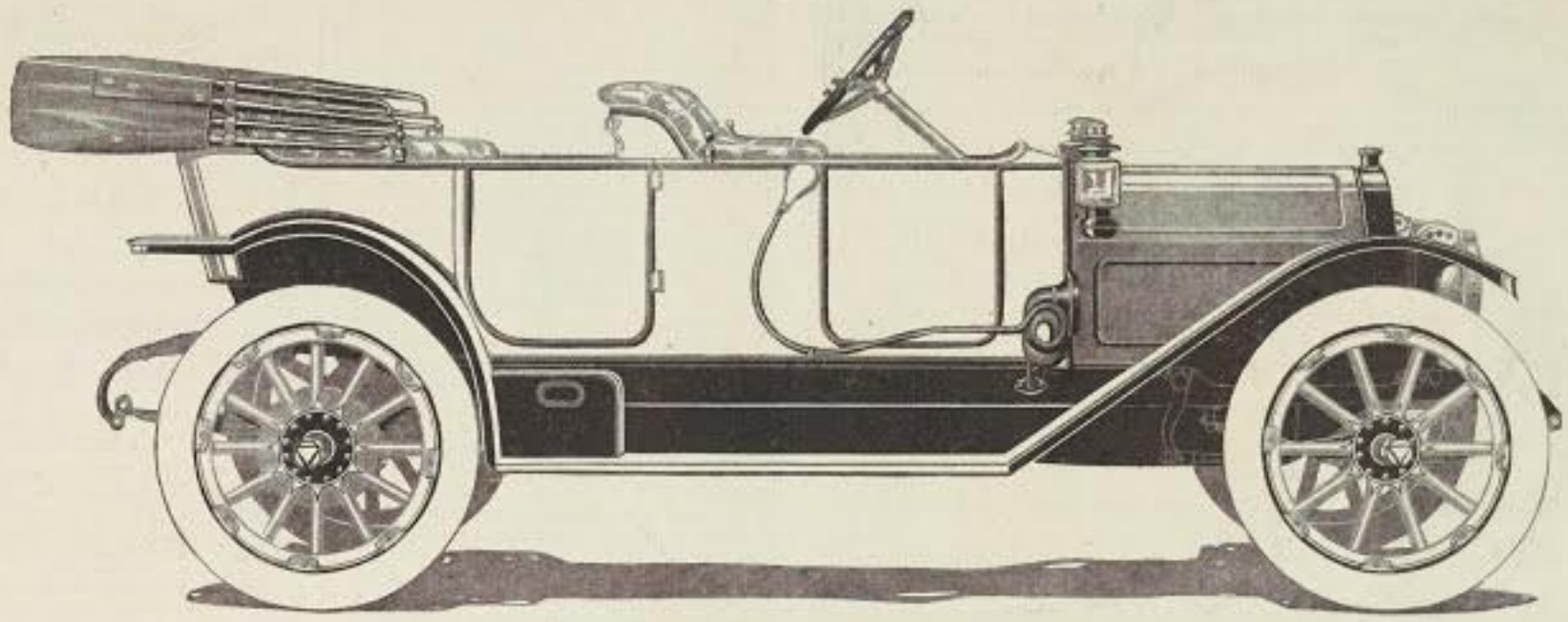
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The above is an illustration of the HUDSON "33" 1912 Touring Car. There are three other models.

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The best way to understand why it is a greater value than was the 1911 car, is to know what was done to produce that result. By telling you that, you can appreciate this new value more than would be possible either by illustration or by description.

The Engineering Board of HUDSON Motor Car Company is made up of the largest number of experts ever employed by any one manufacturer. These men are specialists in many different branches of automobile engineering. At the head of this staff of experts is Howard E. Coffin, the man responsible for the HUDSON "33."

Before this board of specialists is brought every suggestion for the improvement and betterment of HUDSON cars. Each of these experts has won his way by the work he has done. Each man knows something which others don't know. Each has done something which others have not done.

Owners Have Helped

Hundreds of owners gave detailed accounts of their experiences with the "33." What they reported was tabulated, and so when work was started, we had accurate information upon which to base our plans for the 1912 car.

Each suggestion was thoroughly considered by the Board of Engineers. Then Mr. Coffin instructed these specialists to do what they could to make the 1912 car a greater value than was that of 1911. Each man was assigned to some particular work. One was instructed to add to the beauty of the car. Another devoted his time to working out ideas that would add to the convenience the car would afford to passengers.

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One man went to Europe to get ideas. He visited the leading factories there and attended the great Paris and London Automobile Shows. He wanted to see how makers abroad were building their cars. He came back with a trunk full of notes.

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All Submitted To Experts

Then Mr. Coffin called them all into session and for days the suggestions of eachexpert were submitted to the consideration of his associates. In this way many additional ideas were brought out. No suggestion was accepted that did not meet with the unanimous approval of the Engineering Board. If there was any doubt about the value of any feature, it was tried out by actual tests on cars built especially for that purpose.

Then the first 1912 car was built and all the ideas adopted were proven in a service ten times more severe than any individual would ever think of demanding of his car.

The result of all that careful, accurate planning and testing, under the inspiration of Howard E. Coffin, is the 1912 HUDSON "33."

Yet There Was Little Change

You might conclude from this that the car is totally different from that of last year. As a matter of fact, however, there has been little change in the essentials of its design. In a few places the simplicity of the original model has been made even more simple. A few more parts have been eliminated and a great deal has been accomplished in the way of smoother, quieter operation. The 1912 "33" is famed as being as quiet as any car ever built. This year sound has been made even less noticeable.

The equipment is of a much better grade. If you will ride in the two models you will observe the greater motor flexibility of the 1912 car. You can see an increased value in the quality of upholstering, in the higher grade painting, but you cannot so easily appreciate the improvements that have been made in the quality of materials, in the fineness of the metals and the character of the workmanship.

Last year the HUDSON "33" established such a mark for its simplicity, power, sturdiness and general value that it won its way wherever buyers gave close attention to its details.

687 Sold in a Day

The first day the HUDSON "33" was put on sale orders were taken by dealers throughout the country for 687 cars. All were bona-fide sales that were made without, in most cases, even a demonstration.

At the close of the season there were orders on hand for more than 2,000 in excess of the number we could build. Even before a single 1912 model was shown dealers had deposits in hand from their customers who thus had assured themselves an early delivery of the latest model.

All Makers Give Quality—Not All, Tho, Have Engineering Cleverness

We believe all makers are building the best cars they are able to build for the money. Competition guarantees that. But willingness to furnish good quality does not assure that that is being done. Skill, experience and an efficient organization is necessary. All engineers do not possess the same degree of cleverness—or experience. Capital will buy modern machinery. It will secure the best of materials, but it will not always get the best engineering brains.

Design is the basis of all good value. Without that the car is only partly right. All experienced automobilists know that. Every one in the trade knows Howard E. Coffin to be the greatest designer of automobiles this country has ever produced. Every one in the business knows equally as well that the organization which makes up the control of the HUDSON Motor Car Company has built all the cars Mr. Coffin has designed. Each of these cars was a leader until Mr. Coffin made it less desirable by the production of a car more modern and of greater value.

Millions of dollars have been put into HUDSON cars by experienced buyers, just because of their confidence in the designer, the engineers who are his assistants and the company and organization that is building the cars. These buyers have asked for no details. Expert as some of them are, they have not depended upon their own judgment so much as they have been influenced by their knowledge of the men who are responsible for the HUDSON "33."

Choose Your Car That Way

If you accept that suggestion and then look for a car of reputation, just remember that standards of values change and that consequently the car you thought well of a few months ago, may now be selling at a lower price because the more modern HUDSON "33" has established a new era in motor car designing.

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TWO BUSINESS WOMEN

(Continued from Page 10)

At this point, because she was very much overwrought, G. G.'s mother had a mild little attack of hysteria; and Cynthia beat her on the back and shook her and kissed her until she was over it. Then G. G.'s mother told Cynthia about her financial troubles.

"It isn't us that matters," she said, "but that G. G. ought to have one more year in a first-rate climate; and it isn't going to be possible to give it to him. They say that he's well, my dear, absolutely well; but that now he should have a chance to build up and become strong and heavy, so that he can do a man's work in the world. As it is, we shall have to take him home to live; and you know what New York dust and climate can do to people who have been very, very ill and are still delicate and high-strung."

"There's only one thing to do for the present," said Cynthia—"anybody with the least notion of business knows that—we must keep him at Saranac just as long as our credit holds out, mustn't we?—until the woman where he boards begins to act ugly and threatens to turn him out in the snow."

"Oh, but that would be dreadful!" said G. G.'s mother. Cynthia smiled in a superior way.

"I don't believe," she said, "that you understand the first thing about business. Even my father, who is a prude about bills, says that all the business of the country is done on credit. . . . Now you're not going to be silly, are you?—and make G. G. come to New York before he has to?"

"It will have to be pretty soon, I'm afraid," said G. G.'s mother.

"Sooner than run such risks with any boy of mine," said Cynthia, with a high color, "I'd beg, I'd borrow, I'd forge, I'd lie—I'd steal!"

"Don't I know you would!" exclaimed G. G.'s mother. "My darling girl, you've got the noblest character—it's just shining in your eyes!"

"There's another thing," said Cynthia: "I have to go downtown now on business, but you must telephone me around five o'clock and tell me how G. G.'s father is. And you must spend all your time between now and then trying to think up something really useful that I can do to help you. And"—here Cynthia became very mysterious—"I forbid you to worry about money until I tell you to!"

Cynthia had a cousin in Wall Street; his name was Jarrocks Bell. He was twenty years older than Cynthia and he had been fond of her ever since she was born. He was a great, big, good-looking man, gruff without and tender within. Clever people, who hadn't made successful brokers, wondered how in the face of what they called his "obvious stupidity" Jarrocks Bell had managed to grow rich in Wall Street. The answer was obvious enough to any one who knew him intimately. To begin with, his stupidity was superficial. In the second place, he had studied bonds and stocks until he knew a great deal about them. Then, though a drinking man, he had a head like iron and was never moved by exhilaration to mention his own or anybody else's affairs. Furthermore, he was unscrupulously honest. He was so honest and blunt that people thought him brutal at times. Last and not least among the elements of his success was the fact that he himself never speculated.

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Cynthia had always been fond of her big, blunt cousin, as he of her; and in her present trouble her thoughts flew to him as straight as a homing aeroplane to the landing-stage.

Even a respectable broker's office is a noisome, embarrassing place, and among the clients are men whose eyes have become popped from staring at paper-tapes and pretty girls; but Cynthia had no more fear of men than a farmer's daughter has of cows, and she flashed through Jarrocks'

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outer office—preceded by a very small boy—with her color unchanged and only her head a little higher than usual.

Jarrocks must have wondered to the point of vulgar curiosity what the deuce had brought Cynthia to see him in the busiest hour of a very busy day; but he said, "Hello, Cynthia!" as naturally as if they two had been visiting in the same house and he had come face to face with her for the third or fourth time that morning.

"I suppose," said Cynthia, "that you are dreadfully busy; but, Jarrocks dear, my affairs are so much more important to me than yours can possibly be to you—do you mind?"

"May I smoke?"

"Of course."

"Then I don't mind. What's your affair, Cynthia—money or the heart?"

"Both, Jarrocks." And she told him pretty much what the reader has already learned. As for Jarrocks' listening, he was a perfect study of himself. He laughed gruffly when he ought to have cried; and when Cynthia tried to be a little humorous he looked very solemn and not unlike the big bronze Buddha of the Japanese. Inside, however, his big heart was full of compassion and tenderness for his favorite girl in all the world. Nobody will ever know just how fond Jarrocks was of Cynthia. It was one of those matters on which—owing, perhaps, to his being her senior by twenty years—he had always thought it best to keep his mouth shut.

"What's your plan?" he asked. "Where do I come in? I'll give you anything I've got." Cynthia waived the offer; it was a little unwelcome.

"I've got about five hundred dollars," she said, "and I want to speculate with it and make a lot of money, so that I can be independent of papa and mamma."

"Lots of people," said Jarrocks, "come to Wall Street with five hundred dollars, more or less, and the wish to be independent of papa and mamma. They end up by going to live in the Mills Hotel."

"I know," said Cynthia; "but this is really important. If G. G. could work it would be different."

"Tell me one thing," said Jarrocks: "If you weren't in love with G. G. what would you think of him as a candidate for your very best friend's hand?"

Cynthia counted ten before answering. "Jarrocks, dear," she said—and he turned away from the meltingness of her lovely face—"he's so pure, he's so straight, he's so gentle and so brave, that I don't really think I can tell you what I think of him."

There was silence for a moment, then Jarrocks said gruffly:

"That's a clean-enough bill of health. Guess you can bring him into the family, Cynthia."

Then he drummed with his thick, stubby fingers on the arm of his chair.

"The idea," he said at last, "is to turn five hundred dollars into a fortune. You know I don't speculate."

"But you make it easy for other people?"

He nodded.

"If you'd come a year ago," he said, "I'd have sent you away. Just at the present moment your proposition isn't the darn-fool thing it sounds."

"I knew you'd agree with me," said Cynthia complacently. "I knew you'd put me into something that was going 'way up."

Jarrocks snorted.

"Prices are at about the highest level they've ever struck and money was never more expensive. I think we're going to see such a tumble in values as was never seen before. It almost tempts me to come out of my shell and take a flyer—if I lose your five hundred for you, you won't squeal, Cynthia?"

"Of course not."

"Then I'll tell you what I think. There's nothing certain in this business, but if ever there was a chance to turn five hundred dollars into big money it's now. You've entered Wall Street, Cynthia, at what looks to me like the psychological moment."

"That's a good omen," said Cynthia. "I believe we shall succeed. And I leave everything to you."

Then she wrote him a check for all the money she had in the world. He held it between his thumb and forefinger while the ink dried.

"By the way, Cynthia," he said, "do you want the account to stand in your own name?"

She thought a moment, then laughed and told him to put it in the name of G. G.'s

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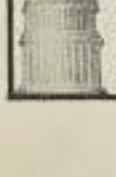
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mother. "But you must report to me how things go," she said.

Jarrocks called a clerk and gave him an order to sell something or other. In three minutes the clerk reported that "it"—just some letter of the alphabet—had been sold at such and such a price.

For another five minutes Jarrocks denied himself to all visitors. Then he called for another report on the stock which he had just called to be sold. It was selling "off a half."

"Well, Cynthia," said Jarrocks, "you're fifty dollars richer than when you came. Now I've got to tell you to go. I'll look out for your interests as if they were my own."

And Jarrocks, looking rather stupid and bored, conducted Cynthia through his outer offices and put her into an elevator "going down." Her face vanished and his heart continued to mumble and grumble, just the way a tooth does when it is getting ready to ache.

Cynthia had entered Wall Street at an auspicious moment. Stocks were at that high level from which they presently tumbled to the panic quotations of nineteen-seven. And Jarrocks, whom the unsuccessful thought so very stupid, had made a very shrewd guess as to what was going to happen.

Two weeks later he wrote Cynthia that if she could use two or three thousand dollars she could have them, without troubling her balance very perceptibly.

"I thought you had a chance," he wrote. "I'm beginning to think it's a sure thing! Keep a stiff upper lip and first thing you know you'll have the laugh on mamma and papa. Give 'em my best regards."

VI

IF IT is wicked to gamble Cynthia was wicked. If it is wicked to lie Cynthia was wicked. If the money that comes out of Wall Street belonged originally to widows and orphans, why, that is the kind of money which she amassed for her own selfish purposes. Worst of all, on learning from Jarrocks that the Rainbow's Foot—where the pot of gold is—was almost in sight, this bad, wicked girl's sensations were those of unmixed triumph and delight!

The panic of nineteen-seven is history now. Plenty of people who lost their money during those exciting months can explain to you how any fool, with the least luck, could have made buckets of it instead.

As a snowball rolling down a hill of damp snow swells to gigantic proportions, so Cynthia's five hundred dollars descended the long slopes of nineteen-seven, doubling itself at almost every turn. And when, at last, values had so shrunk that it looked to Jarrocks as if they could not shrink any more, he told her that her account—which stood in the name of G. G.'s mother—was worth nearly four hundred thousand dollars. "And I think," he said, "that, if you now buy stocks outright and hold them as investments, your money will double again."

So they put their heads together and Cynthia bought some Union Pacific at par and some Steel Common in the careless twenties, and other standard securities that were begging, almost with tears in their eyes, to be bought and cared for by somebody. She had the certificates of what she bought made out in the name of G. G.'s mother. And she went uptown and found G. G.'s mother alone, and said:

"Oh, my dear! If anybody ever finds out you will catch it!"

G. G.'s mother knew there was a joke of some kind preparing at her expense, but she couldn't help looking a little puzzled and anxious.

"It's bad enough to do what you have done," continued Cynthia; "but on top of it to be going to lie up and down—that does seem a little too awful!"

"What are you going to tell me?" cried G. G.'s mother. "I know you've got some good news up your sleeve!"

"Gambler!" cried Cynthia—"cold-blooded, reckless Wall Street speculator!" And the laughter that was pent up in her face burst its bonds, accompanied by hugs and kisses.

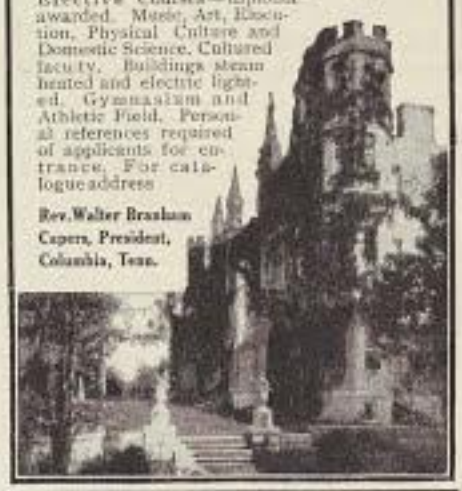
"Now listen!" said Cynthia, as soon as she could. "On such and such a day, you took five hundred dollars to a Wall Street broker named Jarrocks Bell—you thought that conditions were right for turning into a Bear. You went short of the market. You kept it up for weeks and months. Do you know what you did? You pyramided on the way down!"

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"Mercy!" exclaimed G. G.'s mother, her eyes shining with wonder and excitement.

"First thing you knew," continued Cynthia, "you were worth four hundred thousand dollars!"

G. G.'s mother gave a little scream, as if she had seen a mouse.

"And you invested it," went on Cynthia, relenting, "so that now you stand to double your capital; and your annual income is between thirty and forty thousand dollars!"

After this Cynthia really did some explaining, until G. G.'s mother really understood what had really happened. It must be recorded that, at first, she was completely flabbergasted.

"And you've gone and put it in my name!" she said. "But why?"

"Don't you see," said Cynthia, "that if I came offering money to G. G. and G. G.'s father they wouldn't even sniff at it? But if you've got it—why, they've just got to share with you. Isn't that so?"

"Y-e-e-s," admitted G. G.'s mother; "but, my dear, I can't take it. Even if I could, they would want to know where I'd gotten it and I'd have nothing to say."

"Not if you're the one woman in a million that I think you are," said Cynthia. "Tell me, isn't your husband at his wit's end to think how to meet the bills for his illness and all and all? And wouldn't you raise your finger to bring all his miserable worries to an end? Just look at the matter from a business point of view! You must tell your husband and G. G. that what has really happened to me happened to you; that you were desperate; that you took the five hundred dollars to speculate with, and that this is the result."

"But that wouldn't be true," said G. G.'s mother.

"For mercy's sake," said Cynthia, "what has the truth got to do with it! This isn't a matter of religion or martyrdom; it's a matter of business! How to put an end to my husband's troubles and to enable my son to marry the girl he loves?—that's your problem; and the solution is—lie! Who can the money come from if not from you? Not from me certainly. You must lie! You'd better begin in the dark, where your husband can't see your face—because I'm afraid you don't know how very well. But after a time it will get easy; and when you've told him the story two or three times—with details—you'll end by believing it yourself. . . . And, of course," she added, "you must make over half of the securities to G. G., so that he will have enough money to support a wife."

For two hours Cynthia wrestled with G. G.'s mother's conscience; but, when at last the struggling creature was thrown, the two women literally took it by the hair and dragged it around the room and beat it until it was deaf, dumb and blind.

And when G. G.'s father came home G. G.'s mother met him in the hall, that was darkish, and hid her face against his—and lied to him! And as she lied the years began to fall from the shoulders of G. G.'s father—to the number of ten.

VII

CYNTHIA was also met in a front hall—but by her father.

"I've been looking for you, Cynthia," he said gravely. "I want to talk to you and get your advice—no; the library is full of smoke—come in here."

He led her into the drawing room, which neither of them could remember ever having sat in before.

"I've been talking with a young gentleman," said her father without further preliminaries, "who made himself immensely interesting to me. To begin with, I never saw a handsomer, more engaging specimen of young manhood; and, in the second place, he is the author of some stories that I have enjoyed in the past year more than any one's except O. Henry's. He doesn't write over his own name—but that's neither here nor there.

"He came to me for advice. Why he selected me, a total stranger, will appear presently. His family isn't well off; and, though he expects to succeed in literature—and there's no doubt of it in my mind—he feels that he ought to give it up and go into something in which the financial prospects are brighter. I suggested a rich wife, but that seemed to hurt his feelings. He said it would be bad enough to marry a girl that had more than he had; but to marry a rich girl, when he had only the few hundreds a year that he can make writing stories, was an intolerable thought. And that's all the more creditable to him because, from what

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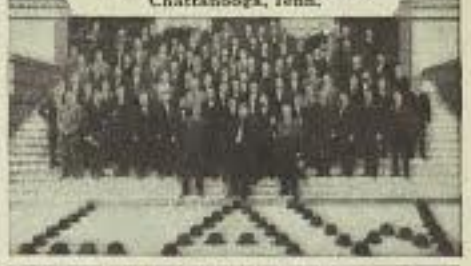
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Her father laughed. "This young fellow didn't come to me of his own accord. I sent for him. And I must tell you that, contrary to my expectations, I was charmed with him. If I had had a son I should wish him to be just like this youngster."

Cynthia was very much puzzled.

"He writes stories?" she said.

"Bully stories! But he takes so much pains that his output is small."

"Well," said she, "what did you tell him?"

"I told him to wait."

"That's conservative advice."

"As a small boy," said her father, "he was very delicate; but now he's as sound as a bell and he looks as strong as an elk."

Cynthia rose to her feet, trembling slightly.

"What was the matter with him—when he was delicate?"

"Consumption."

She became as it were taller—and vivid with beauty.

"Where is he?"

"In the library."

Cynthia put her hands on her father's shoulders.

"It's all right," she said; "his family has come into quite a lot of money. He doesn't know it yet. They're going to give him enough to marry on. You still think he ought to marry—don't you?"

They kissed.

Cynthia flew out of the room, across the hall and into the library.

They kissed!

Mining Coal With Water

By RENÉ BACHE

THE waste of today is the wealth of tomorrow. Take coal, for example. In the coal-producing regions of Pennsylvania it is now being mined on a great scale by the use of water—that is to say, the huge piles of waste coal, formerly regarded as mere worthless refuse, are today being attacked by the hydraulic method to convert them into money.

These piles are veritable mountains. One of them, at Scranton, is estimated to contain fifteen million tons of coaldust and lump coal. Others are very much larger. There are literally hundreds of such mountains all over the hard-coal districts.

The factory and residence districts in Scranton and other big towns have grown up around the coalpiles. From Carbondale down to Nanticoke, and from Nanticoke to Shenandoah, in the Susquehanna and Lackawanna valleys, are found these strange mountains—memorials of the time when anthracite was cheaper and more plentiful than it ever will be again in the history of the world. This region, of course, is all of it west of the Alleghany Mountains. East of the Alleghanies, in the Honesdale and Mauch Chunk region, there are accumulations of such "refuse" equally numerous and gigantic in size.

In the early days of coal mining in Pennsylvania it was imagined that the newly discovered stores of anthracite were inexhaustible. There was so much of the fossil fuel readily available for the digging that it was thought it would last forever. Naturally the methods adopted for getting it out were crude; and those engaged in the industry threw away not only the coaldust but much good lump coal, which was lost through careless cleaning. It was cheaper, indeed, to reject such material because there was plenty more at hand, and it paid better to take out the stuff that was all in big pieces. There was no use in bothering with mixed coarse and fine material.

The stuff thus thrown aside built the coal mountains which at the present time, when anthracite is becoming steadily more and more precious, are being systematically mined for their stores of wealth. As far back as eight years ago they were attacked by the hydraulic method, which consisted simply in directing a stream from a giant hose against the pile and washing the material down through sluices. The lumps, being heavier, dropped to the bottom, and were thus saved, while the coaldust flowed off and away, usually into a near-by stream.

Incidentally a good deal of valuable farming land was ruined, the coaldust thus poured into the rivers being deposited during floods upon tilled fields, with an inevitable destruction of their productiveness. This kind of mischief has given rise to many lawsuits against the coal companies engaged in such operations. In future, however, there is not likely to be much trouble of this sort, because the companies, no longer content to save merely the lumps, are using all the coaldust as well. Some of it they make into briquets, while much is burned under boilers direct.

Within the last few years special forms of apparatus have been devised whereby coaldust is made to serve satisfactorily as fuel. For example, it is utilized on a large scale in the manufacture of cement, being blown into the kilns with an airblast and simultaneous ignition, thus producing an extraordinarily intense heat.

Another very novel and interesting use made of the material of the coal mountains is to flush it back by the same hydraulic means into the mine—close by, of course—from which it was originally taken. Thus the excavated rooms and galleries underground are filled up solidly with a mass which soon becomes as hard as rock. Then the miners are able to go in and remove the pillars of valuable anthracite which, in the original operations, had to be left for the support of the roof of the mine.

When it is said that in 1909, according to the figures of the United States Geological Survey—the latest available—3,694,470 tons of coal were recovered from the coal mountains in Pennsylvania, it will be realized that they are giving up their material at a pretty rapid rate. In truth, they are fast disappearing, though as yet only a relatively small fraction of their contents has been subtracted. Meanwhile—and this is a matter of intimate concern to every householder—they are keeping down the price of the newly mined anthracite. When they are gone it will cost more to fill the family coalbin.

So actively is the work of recovering waste coal being carried on that operators, not content with mining the coalpiles, are actually getting the stuff out of the rivers. Last year one hundred thousand tons of it were dredged from the bed of the Susquehanna, much of it in the neighborhood of Scranton. Most of this was material that had been carried off by floods, but no inconsiderable quantity was lump anthracite, of high grade and proportionately valuable, lost overboard from wrecked barges.

All of the large or prepared sizes of anthracite are now utilized for domestic purposes. This fuel is too precious to be used for power any longer, and from this time on—according to Mr. E. W. Parker, the Government's coal expert—it will become more and more of a luxury, rising steadily in price. For steaming purposes the small sizes known commercially as "pea," "buckwheat," "rice" and "barley" are still competing with bituminous coal. It was Eckley B. Coxe, the largest independent operator in the anthracite region, who invented the grate for burning these small sizes that are largely employed at the present time for running elevators and other machinery in hotels and office buildings.



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Before you invest in a new car examine the Stearns-Knight. See for yourself the engine that is revolutionizing motordom—that has been adopted by the European leaders in automobile design. The years of experience of these builders—proven by further tests and developments in the Stearns factory—have led us to the adoption of this master motor.

New to America, the Knight is not a new engine. For years it has been in use abroad. Over half a million has been spent in perfecting it. We ourselves have expended over $100,000 to offer a car embodying the genius of the world's greatest designers.

For many years the engineers of the most famous cars the world has ever known have labored unceasingly to prove this engine. For to displace the power plants which made those cars pre-eminent meant a motor far in advance of anything before produced—a motor which was not a mere improvement but a revolutionary step in advance. This is the type of engine in the new Stearns-Knight.

The Master Motor

Cars equipped with the Knight type engine are everywhere the choice of Kings — Emperors — of those accustomed to the best the world affords. In every country the greatest car now uses the Silent Knight—the Daimler in England, the Mercedes in Germany, the Panhard in France, the Minerva in Belgium and in America the Stearns.

How We Tested This Model

For two years before we offered the public the new Stearns-Knight model, we tested and tried it. We proved the car and engine in every known way. We wrote to and secured opinions from practically every motorist whose car was equipped with the Knight engine. These opinions — from England, Germany, France and Belgium—were all alike. The engine was a revelation—a masterpiece of modern engineering.

Then our engineers went abroad. They worked and watched in the factories of Daimler, Mercedes, Panhard and Minerva. They took the best ideas of each and combined them with the net results of our own sixteen years experience in motor car building.

The result is the new Stearns-Knight. For nearly two years these cars have given admirable results. We proved them as no model was ever proven before. Every test ever devised has been given the Stearns-Knight.

We demanded—and received—more than was possible from an ordinary car. Tests that would quickly have finished an old style engine had no effect upon the Stearns-Knight.

Judge This Motor Yourself

Judge this motor by your ideals of what a motor should be. Judge it as did the Royal Automobile Club of England in "the greatest engine test on record"—a trial that established a new standard for motors.

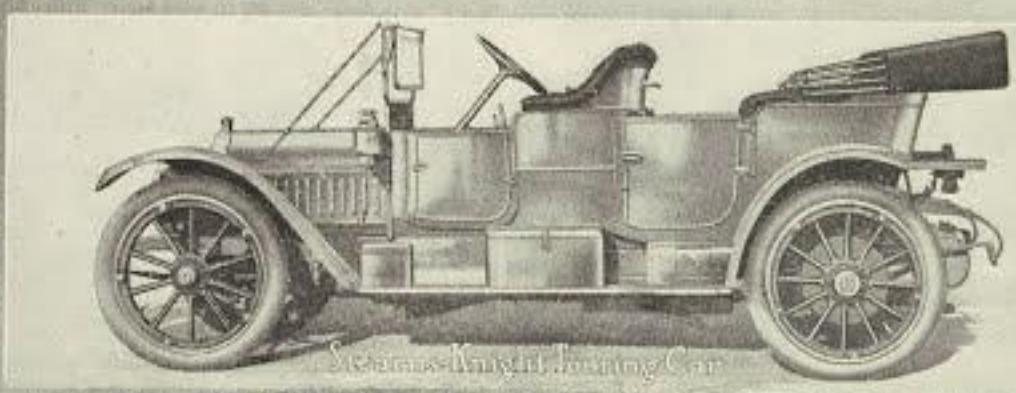
Judge it by its silence—the absence of vibration. Judge it by the irresistible flow of power—power that carries one on and on and on, with never a falter nor tremor.

Then judge it by its simplicity. Remember that although it is a 4-cycle motor there are no valves to grind. Remember that there is nothing that can get noisy. And remember that the qualities which you most admire will only improve with use.

Let Us Send The Story

We cannot tell the Stearns-Knight story in this space, but we will send the booklets detailing this model. They tell of the stubborn fight of Chas. Y. Knight of Chicago to gain recognition for his engine—how an inventor, unknown but a few years ago, has done what no other engineer has accomplished. They tell, too, of the successful tests of the Knight engines by the Royal Automobile Club—a feat that experts deemed impossible!

These booklets and "A Ride With The Chief"— telling the story of the Stearns-Knight in the words of our Chief Engineer—will be mailed upon request. Simply fill out the coupon and mail it to us.



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

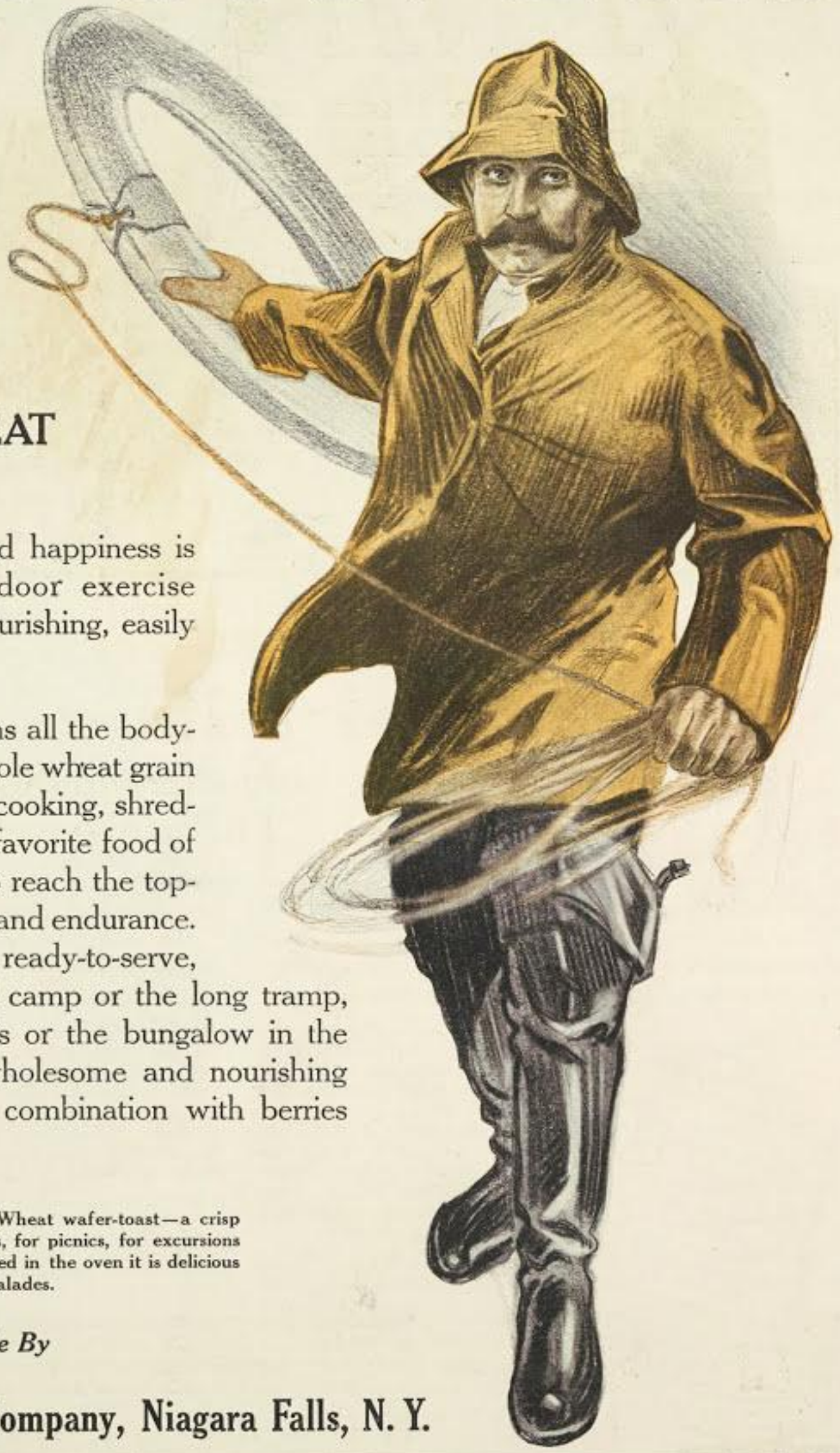
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MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.



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The World Gives First-Favor to the Royal-Tailored Man

After all, there is nothing unfair or snobbish in the deference paid to the tailor-clad man. The very symmetry and precision

of his clothes suggest qualities that the world can rightly reverence and respect.

The close unity of the fit to his body lines; the pleasing harmony of the fabric to his personality, the exactness of the style to his requirements—all these symbolize the conscientious care and self respect that justly appeal to the human eye and mind.

In short, the man who *specifically* plans his personal appearance with *pains* and *brains* gets recognition simply because he *deserves* it.

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6—Six Day Schedule Deliveries

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You know that the Royal Service is strictly a made-to-measure service. You select the fabric of your ideal; the dealer takes the measures—and here in our Chicago or New York shops a master tailor drapes your suit over your body chart.

$20, $25, $30 and $35 brings you the utmost in tailoring through the Royal System.

CAUTION:—It is important in these days of cunning substitution to beware of imitations. To protect clothes buyers—we will prosecute any attempt to use the Royal name and trade-mark on tailored clothes not made by us. But for your own protection—look for the Royal tiger head on woolen samples shown.



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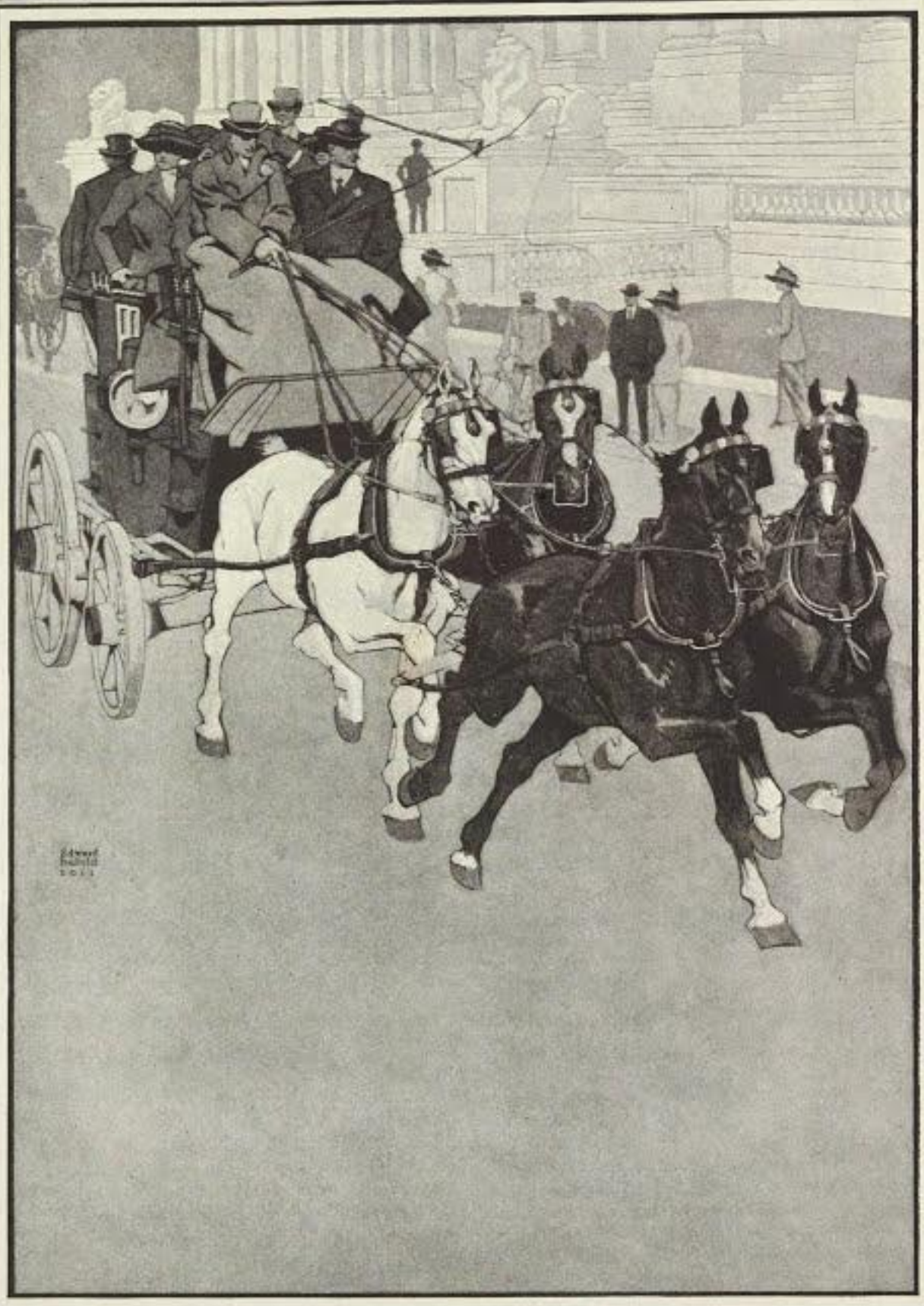
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The book will be ready about September 1.

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The Making of a Small Capitalist

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Before the Season Was Over I Had Done Seventeen More Yards

I AM not a Rockefeller or Carnegie or Pierpont Morgan—or even the owner of a yellow gold mine that sends a stream of dollars down the mountainside into my vaults. If you are looking for that kind you may as well pass on right now.

I am a small capitalist—a *small* capitalist, I tell you. My total holdings would not cash in for more than twenty-two thousand dollars; and I am thirty-one years old.

What I have done is what any average man, who puts his head and his hands and his back to the question of getting a start and keeping it, can do; at least, most average men.

If you are an energetic young fellow of from fifteen to twenty, looking for an honest and honorable road to a moderate success; or a man from twenty to thirty, not ashamed of hand as well as head work; or a man from thirty up, who is willing to consider another man's method and adopt that part of it which suits him and his life—you may be interested a little in hearing how I got my start.

My mother was the most managing woman I ever saw—small, wiry, active. She always wore spectacles; I suppose she did take them off sometimes, but I can't remember ever seeing them apart from her or even imagine how she would look without them; they seemed a part of her keen insight. My father was a good-natured, easy-going kind of man, without any trade or special training. He was ten years older than my mother and weighed nearly twice as much, but she managed him as well as everybody else she had a chance at. They had come to the city some time before I was born.

She managed her husband and each one of us children to a queen's taste. Though we might know we were being worked and flattered and coaxed and coerced into doing things—even things we did not want to do—somehow we did not rebel or think of refusing; she either made us see it was best, or trust from past experience her superior sight through those glasses of hers. And she enjoyed it; poor soul, she had few pleasures as most women count them; but I think she had more of the pleasure of managing, the real pleasure of a ruler, than most women.

The first I can remember, there had been sickness and pa was out of a job. The place we lived in was very small and lopsided, and dingy and crowded. There were seven children—a girl, a boy, three more girls; then I came, and a little girl after me—nine of us in three rooms.

What a Managing Mother Accomplished

I SEEM to remember much washing that winter; my mother seemed always either bending over the tub or ironing, and yet we didn't have many clothes. I couldn't quite understand it, and when I asked her she said:

"Listen to the boy! Now if I was you I'd be turning the wringer and seeing how much fun it is to squeeze out the water and make the clothes peel off dry, and see the suds running down, instead of standing there like a big open-mouthed baby asking where I find the clothes. See here, Jim; this way—isn't it fun?" Somehow, before I knew it, I was having the best kind of a time, with the next oldest sister helping—and the clothes were ready for the bluing water.

"Now just souse 'em a little in that, Jim; you can if you'll roll your sleeves way up to here"—indicating shoulder spaces—"and be careful not to put that water all over yourself instead of the clothes." So the great privilege of wringing and bluing for an hour or two was accorded me. This was repeated from time to time. I proudly enjoyed the privilege; and it was several years before I fully realized her strategy. It was in such ways she extended her strength and managed to get so much work done.

Somehow things got better with us after a time. Ma managed my father out of his place as teamster to a steady job as motorman on the street railroad, a position that seemed to suit him exactly and which he held cheerfully and well for the rest of his life.

We moved to another run-down cottage, but the yard was larger and there were four rooms, besides a shed at the back. It was not long before my mother had managed to get this shed floored, two sides planked up and the fourth side screened; then it made a good kitchen-dining-room for half the year.

Mother managed all of us children as we grew up; all are still living but my second sister, who died before she was grown. The girls had to work; but mother managed for each of them to go through the graded schools, at least, and then for them to have a good time while working; finally she managed to marry off all of them to clean, energetic young men. I think she did that by managing to make the girls themselves attractive and sensible and industrious, and by training them to have certain standards for men that the beaus had to come up to.

I was perhaps seven years old when Ed, my brother, started in as an apprentice in a machine shop. We heard much of what he was to be, of how smart machinists were, of their steady work and good wages—sometimes five dollars a day! That seemed great wealth to me then, and I too was fired with a keen desire to become a machinist.

The First Bank

ONE evening, after hearing from Ed particularly glowing accounts of the men over him and their work, I broke forth suddenly and eagerly:

"Ma, lemme be a machinist!" I meant to say; but as I looked up and caught her looking at me curiously through those spectacles of hers, with the shrewd, deep look, somehow my words melted away before they got fairly out and I found myself saying instead: "Ma, what am I going to be? Say, ma, what'll *I* be?" It shows how we recognized her absolute rule.

She did not answer at once, but gave me her shrewd little smile—three little lines on each side of her mouth; then, after a pause in which she seemed to be reading me like a fortune-teller, she said, with gentle decision:

"Why, Jim, *you're* going to be a capitalist."

"A cap't'list? What's a cap't'list, ma?" I asked in wonder. I did not question her decision at all—had no more thought of becoming a machinist after that; which again illustrates her rule.

"A capitalist, Jim," she replied slowly, "is a man whose head makes his money work for him."

Not long afterward a discussion arose among the neighborhood boys concerning what we would be when we grew up, whereupon I proudly announced for myself: "A cap't'list!"

When I told my mother how they had laughed, and had pointed to the patches on my knickerbockers and the hole in my hat, she gave a little sniff and pointed her chin higher before she looked down at me through those knowing glasses and said kindly:

"Never mind, Jim; they don't know. They can't see any farther than they can see; but you and me, we *know* you're going to be a capitalist." At which words somehow I swelled with pride and assurance and superlative courage.

As I look back I am trying to think how she made me like to work and fired me with ambition to work.

Soon after the announcement of my vocation she presented me with a bank. It was of iron in the shape of a house, the entrance for the coppers and occasional nickels and rare quarters being a slit in the top of the chimney. There was no way of extracting the coins when once put in. At the end of two years the bank was filled; and on a great day—a birthday—after the birthday dinner, the bank was smashed with a hatchet and the contents counted.

On the next day the future capitalist accompanied his mother to the sure-enough savings bank uptown, and an account was opened in my name, with most of the contents of the smashed bank as the first deposit. We held out enough to get a new bank, similar to the one smashed; we took it home with us and I commenced again. I shall never forget those great days if I live to be ninety and become a millionaire! The savings-bank book, showing the wealth to my credit, I was allowed to keep with my picture books and gumbo-shooter, my marbles and airgun.



"Now, Jim, You Know Something About Houses: Tell Me What You Think of It—What's for it and What's Against?"

My mother never paid me for work about the house or yard; she somehow made me feel we were partners in that and I had the privilege of helping make things look nice. Moreover, she made me feel that it was a disgrace not to have the grass cut, the fences whitewashed, the pavements painted and the grass out of the sidewalk a little better than our neighbors. Later, the house must be painted and everything kept neat and thrifty-looking. It was part of the environment she insisted upon for herself and made us feel was necessary to us, I am thankful to say. So she formed our unconscious standards and tastes.

Mother never hesitated, however, even when I was very small, about finding a place for me to earn outside money. "Jim," she remarked one day, "I don't see why you can't cut grass well enough to cut Mrs. Truber's grass, do you?" Mrs. Truber was an old lady, with a good house and rheumatism, who always had some one cut her grass for her. "Suppose you run round and ask her to give you a trial. If she thinks you can't do it right tell her to look at our yard; and do it a nickel cheaper and a dime better than anybody else would—mind that; do you hear? I believe you can do it!"

Thus spurred and encouraged, I started for Mrs. Truber's—and the second day I tried it I got the job. I worked hard for three hours for ten cents, but the grass did look right; and I had all the little pieces cut out from the cracks in the bricks and every blade swept up carefully. Mrs. Truber beamed at her bargain and the looks of things, asked me to come again the next time it needed cutting, and told Mrs. Ganz—two doors away—that I did all that for a dime. So Mrs. Ganz called me, and I blistered my hands next on her yard.

The Truber Whitewashing Contract

I CERTAINLY was proud of that first dime. When I brought it home ma said: "I knew you could do it; you're the right kind, Jim. You'll make a capitalist! Now I'm going to let you get dried peaches with a nickel of this and we'll have peach turnovers for dinner tomorrow." At that stage of life and experience I could think of few things better. We had dessert at our house only on Sundays then—and this was Wednesday. "The other nickel you can put in your bank, Jim; that'll give you a start as a capitalist!"

So, that evening, in the presence of the entire family crowded about the red-covered supper table, I dropped in the nickel, the foundation of my fortune as capitalist. Proud? I forgot my sore knees, blistered hands and aching back, and felt only the success and glory, while the smiling, farseeing gray eyes looked at me kindly through the glasses.

It was not long after that my mother remarked that I could paint our brick pavement so well, after she made the paint, she did not see why I couldn't scrub off and paint Mrs. Truber's walks. She said that casually one Friday afternoon, after school, and then went on with her mending. I had never thought of that before, but presently asked: "Ma, may I go round to Mrs. Truber's a minute?"

"Why, yes," she replied, going on in apparently uninterested fashion with her mending; and I scooted away.

In ten minutes I was back. "She says I may try!" I shouted. "Ma, she says I may try; for I told her I painted ours and you would make the paint. You will—won't you, ma?"

"Certainly I'll do that for my capitalist," she replied, beaming on me, and I grew an inch right then; I could feel it. Thus I began to add brick-painting to my grass-cutting as a means of earning capital.

She did make the paint, charging me for the materials and afterward taking the cost out of the amount I got. That was always her plan; she would stock me, then have me pay back rigidly, though she never charged for her part of the work. The net earnings were always divided; a little went for a treat of some kind—a table treat for the family, from which I usually got a double helping as provider; and the balance of the money went into my bank.

I don't remember the first whitewashing I ever did, but I think I must have been about ten years old when I first did whitewashing for money—when I went out of our yard to whitewash.

It was after my first successful grass-cutting and brick-painting at Mrs. Truber's that she asked me one spring if I knew anybody she could get to do her whitewashing. "Yes'm," I answered promptly; "get me." She laughed, but rather at my prompt bid for the work than at the thought of my doing it, and told me to go ahead.

It did not take me long to get home and proudly tell my mother of the astonishing order. Since then I have often wondered whether she had definitely refrained from ever suggesting my looking up jobs of whitewashing to do—waiting for it to occur to me, wishing to develop my initiative; wishing me to start something myself in the earning line and not be always dependent upon her for suggestions.

"Why, Jim, that's fine!" she encouraged, beaming at me through those shrewd spectacles of hers. "I like to see you think up work for yourself and go after it; that shows there's some go in you, son. Keep that up; but don't forget you must do that whitewashing better and cheaper'n anybody."

"Yes'm, I'll do it," I answered; and then we discussed just how much salt and glue and bluing I ought to use, where I could get the best unslacked lime, and how long a handle to put in my new whitewash brush.

That was only a beginning: before the season was over I had done seventeen more yards; and the next year, and the next, I did more. Whitewashing pays well, even if you do get the best materials and do your work with extra care and at a lower price than most whitewashers.

I was going to school regularly, but out of schoolhours I found time for much grass-cutting, walk-painting and whitewashing—and other little odd jobs. When some of the girls and boys at school made fun of me and sniffed at the work as being beneath them, ma would say:

"Never mind them, Jim; none of them has as much money as you have—and you've made it all too! Don't you ever be ashamed of honest work; don't you go getting any counterfeit pride. The right kind is all right; but this counterfeit pride makes a boy a mean-spirited loafer, thinking more of good clothes and good looks than good work and good sense and being somebody worth while after a while. You go along and do your work well; and remember, you're going to be a capitalist, do you hear?"

I heard, and held up my head again.

I think the idea of being a carpenter occurred to me when I was about twelve years old, when the shed kitchen was built to our newly acquired home and I had helped repair the front fence.

A year before, after some of the older children had been working for some time, mother managed to put into effect her plan of owning her home. She had been looking forward to that home for ten years. How she saved the first dollars only Omniscience knows! How she added to the fund from time to time, with constant work and saving and good-humored patience, only the One who sees all things and watches each mother's sacrificial planning can tell!

At last she had hoarded up three hundred dollars, went into the Home Savings Company for the balance and bought a four-room cottage. By the terms of the Home Savings Company's mortgage, this balance—principal and interest—could be paid in monthly payments of ten dollars each. This was no more than rent; and, though it took her nearly twelve years to finish paying for it in that way, she did it. She managed to save a little extra for taxes and had me do the repairs.

Thus we entered into the class of people who "own their own property," as my mother carefully impressed upon us; whereupon each of us children secretly determined to some day own our own property—and now we all do.

When she finally managed to have the shed-kitchen added I was too small to help much. I was strong and active for my age, and inclined to be small and skinny, like my mother; but I took the keenest interest in it all and mother encouraged this.

"You watch 'em, Jim, and learn all you can about the work; maybe you'll need that in your business some day," she said.

With this encouragement and a good-natured tolerance on the part of the men, I closely watched every detail of their work; and when they repaired the front fence I was allowed to saw and nail and help a little.

Free Lesson in House-Painting

THE carpenters finished and left, but the shed-kitchen needed painting. Ma's surplus money was nearly exhausted and she said to me—a little anxiously, I thought:

"I don't see why you can't paint it, Jim. You go around on Twenty-second Street, where they are painting that new cottage, and learn all you can about painting."

I did so—two afternoons. The painters were amused at me, for I was such a little boy, when I told them I was there to learn how and was going to paint our new kitchen; they laughed until they had to spit out their tobacco juice. When they asked if I was going to be a painter when I grew up I replied proudly: "I'm going to be a cap't'list!" Then they had to spit again.

I told ma what I had learned about dabbing with the brush and filling up the cracks, rubbing with the grain and slicking it up smooth; and I felt quite ready to begin. We went together and bought silver-gray ready-mixed paint and a brush small enough for me to handle, and I set to work. Ma criticised the effect a little as I progressed, but did not try to show me how to do it; she left the method to me and my friends the painters. I am amazed sometimes as I look back at her wisdom in teaching me self-reliance and initiative at the same time she was helping me develop judgment. I painted that kitchen, and I have seen painting of grown amateurs that looked worse.

The front fence also needed painting, and I did that satisfactorily. She made me enjoy the work—stood watching me a few minutes as I began—and said: "My! Ain't it nice to stroke it down this way and up that way, and have the old dirty-faced palings come out fresh and clean? It makes you feel like you are doing something, don't it, Jim? And you are—you are making life nicer for all of us here and everybody that sees it passing along.



"I'm Going to be a Cap't'list!"

Think of that; and show us how well you can do it!" After that I would have stayed at the work all night by candlelight rather than slight a paling or leave it looking half done.

"It seems to me anybody who can paint our front fence as well as that could make some money painting other folks' front fences," my mother remarked casually the next evening after I had finished, as she stood for a moment at the door after supper. I had not exactly thought of that—perhaps I might have, in time; but my hands were still sore from the brush and the scrubbing with turpentine, and there was still gray paint under my nails.

I was immediately filled with the possibilities of front fences as stepping-stones to wealth in my career as a capitalist, and I told her I could certainly do that.

"Why, so you can, I do believe!" she answered, with feigned surprise—not meant to deceive me. Then we both laughed.

Presently she said meditatively: "Jim, if you was to find a paling off, don't you suppose you could get another to match it somewhere, where that came from? Most palings are like some others; and I believe people would want the split palings taken off, too, and new ones put on before the fence was painted—don't you?"

"Of course," I replied; but I had not thought of that either.

"You surely could nail on a paling if it was needed and tack up the rest of the fence if it was shaky!"

"Just try me!" I answered chestily.

"Jim, do you suppose, if you tried right hard, you could put on a new hinge or wedge an old hinge to make the gate hang right, those gates you are going to fix? You have fixed our gate that way."

"I reckon I could."

"Well, Jim, if you are going into the front fence repairing and painting business, remember you're to do the work better and cheaper than they could possibly get anybody else to do it, do you hear?"

I did not doubt the wisdom or justice of our oracle, and I heeded. I repaired and painted forty-six front fences while I was aging from twelve to fourteen years, and each averaged me—after the family treat—sixty cents' profit for my savings bank.

Let me say right here, to all of you who wish to become small capitalists, there is no age limit to job work; there may be a foolish, contemptible pride limit, but no age limit.

Working and Learning

A MAN of twenty or thirty or fifty can, with patient, conscientious effort, learn to repair and paint front fences, do whitewashing, concrete work, and do much toward renovating old property as well or better than a youth—if he knows enough to know what he doesn't know and is willing to have some one teach him. Then he will win out, if he will work harder at lower wages than any one else.

Don't let any man think, because I'm telling how it happened to me and the age at which I did certain work, that that's the only way it can be done and there's no use trying different. Though most any man, if he is free to work for himself, can make some sort of chance like mine, no two men have exactly the same chance in exactly the same way, you understand.

The summer after I was fourteen, mother had another small bedroom added to our house. I was working that summer at a near-by grocery. I had always worked at something in summer—mostly job work—but my managing mother had seen to it that I had been kept in school thus far, and I had finished the course in the graded schools that June.

In the middle of August, when they began on that room, she let me leave the grocery and do all I could to help the bricklayer, the carpenter—the plasterer, even; and I finally painted the completed addition myself.

In the middle of September I started in the High School and went there two months, when my father was taken down with a long siege of inflammatory rheumatism and I had to leave school and go to work again.

My mother, however, did not allow my savings-bank account—the account of the capitalist—to be touched. I had then three hundred and seventy-eight dollars in the bank, drawing interest at three per cent, compounded semiannually. I felt—was beginning to feel—like a sure-enough capitalist: the assurance, the self-reliance (I had earned it all and yet it was not all I had earned), the sense of "backing" it gave me, are hard to describe. My mother saw to it, however, that I did not get too conceited.



We Talked Over the Plan of Each House We Worked On, and She Would Ask Me My Opinion of Each

"Now, Jim," she would say, "don't you think for a minute it's because you're so smart or such an extra kind of a boy that you have all that money; any boy can do it who is willing to use his hands and his brains too, and not spend all he makes on himself. Don't you get any fool notions into that little head of yours, son."

The job I found easiest to get was clerk and driver at the grocery where I had been the summer before. The work was not easy, for I had to take care of the horse, get up early to feed him, and sometimes go to market before time to open up the store, in addition to my work of taking orders, filling and delivering them; but I got six dollars a week to start on and the grocer gave us many groceries, especially perishable vegetables, at wholesale rates.

I stayed there all winter, for it was four months before my father got back to work. In the following spring one of my sisters married. In May I was getting eight dollars a week and I wanted to stay on; but my mother one day remarked:

"Jim, I wonder if Mr. Ohlringer wouldn't like a helper this season—a sort of apprentice helper? I certainly would like for you to have some sort of trade to fall back on. What do you think of it?"

Mr. Ohlringer was a prosperous, strictly honest, middle-aged carpenter, a good workman of excellent habits, whom we knew slightly. He frequently took contracts for cottages and sometimes for two-story houses; he was not exactly a pushing man, but a good, reliable workman who knew his business.

I liked to be where carpenters were at work; construction appealed to me.

"I think I would like it," I replied thoughtfully.

"You wouldn't make so much money at first," she said, "but I think we can get along, now that summer is almost here, and you might make more money in the long run. Even a small contractor makes something more than wages—don't he, Jim?"

"Sure," I replied, in my best grown-up manner. "I might be a contractor myself some day." I imagined then that I myself had first thought of this!

The upshot of it all was that in a few days I had quit my grocery job and was with Mr. Ohlringer at two dollars and a half a week. He often worked that summer from 7 A. M. to 6:30 P. M., with only an hour for dinner; but he certainly took pains to teach me everything he knew.

My mother, with her keen eyes and intelligent sympathy, was always interested in my accounts of what I had learned. I used to tell her eagerly about foundations, bracing, studding, weather-boarding, etc., and all the little fixy details of repair work—how we had spliced this and ripsawed that and cut down the other to fit.

We talked over the plan of each house we worked on—the arrangement of rooms, doors, windows and closets; and she would ask me my opinion of each—until unconsciously I watched everything more closely and began to cultivate the critical faculty in regard to all my work.

Fortunately much of Mr. Ohlringer's work was in that section of the city where we both lived, and usually I got home for dinner. When I got there ma always had me lie down for a ten-minute nap before dinner, on the cool imitation leather sofa in the parlor; somehow dinner was always at least ten minutes late those days. I got to looking forward to that ten-minute nap, and would get up refreshed, wash my face in cold water and enjoy a good dinner. Ma always managed to have something specially good that I liked, it seemed to me. Then, after dinner, there was a five minutes' rest and a chat over my work before I set out again.

I thrived under the outdoor exercise, grew a lot that summer; went to bed early, tired out, and slept like a log. Though I never got more than four dollars a week, that was one of the best summers I ever had—with good health, learning how to work, new ideas, determination to build houses myself some day, and resourcefulness gained in planning repair work.

I started in again at the High School that fall, a year behind my class, and went for several months. I studied hard and enjoyed it after not having had the chance for so long; but in the winter my father was laid up with another spell of rheumatism; and my brother, now twenty-three, who had saved some money, married. Then it was back to the grocery for Jim—at eight dollars a week this time, of which six dollars were handed to ma every Saturday for family expenses.

Branching Out

I DID not attend school after that, except night school. In the summer I was back with Mr. Ohlringer—earned more and learned more. I was sixteen and had grown much taller; but all that fall and the following winter I kept up my odd-jobbing work whenever Mr. Ohlringer did not need me.

I haven't given you any idea of my mother yet, if you think she was content to let my education stop here or let me fall into a rut in my work; not she! It was she who suggested I take up mechanical drawing at the night school and ask the teacher for the best simple book on architecture; and she had me get three books on "How to Build Homes: Plans and Specifications," from the public library. It was she who used to keep me finding out where the popular free lectures and best free concerts would be given, and Sunday night classical programs of sacred music. And I am sure it must have been she who first made me think of going through the fashionable residence districts of the city, whenever I had a chance, studying styles in painting and combinations of colors; and of going through every vacant newly papered house, criticising or approving the wallpaper—then coming home and telling her all about it, which I liked best and thought best suited, and why. Oh, that mother of mine! Was there ever another like her?

The summer I was seventeen I was working again with Mr. Ohlringer, and in July we overhauled a cottage for a man who had bought it as a speculation. The property was very much dilapidated, but he had gotten it for eight hundred and ten dollars. After two weeks of our work, and another two weeks of painters, paperhangers and concrete-walk men, the house was an entirely different-looking proposition and sold for twelve hundred and fifty dollars—five hundred dollars cash, balance on time. The profit to the owner after six weeks—without his doing any manual work at all—was nearly two hundred dollars.

That gave me a thrill—I talked and talked about that house, and thought about it by day and dreamed of it by night; and finally I exclaimed:

"Ma, why can't I do that myself?"

"You can, Jim," she answered with quiet assurance and a confident look through her glasses. I don't see how—though hearing me talk all those weeks of the house being repaired for a speculation—she ever refrained from any suggestion and waited until I had thought it out and determined for myself that I could and would try my hand at the game!

It was then the first of September and I had six hundred and fifteen dollars in the savings bank. After I had taken the initiative we talked much of how to get a bargain in a house, and agreed that I ought to look out for one badly

(Continued on Page 22)

THE MEXICAN

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

NOBODY knew his history—they of the Junta least of all. He was their "little mystery," their "big patriot," and in his way he worked as hard for the coming Mexican Revolution as did they. They were tardy in recognizing this, for not one of the Junta liked him. The day he first drifted into their crowded, busy rooms they all suspected him of being a spy—one of the bought tools of the Diaz secret service. Too many of the comrades were in civil and military prisons scattered over the United States, and others of them, in irons, were even then being taken across the border to be lined up against adobe walls and shot.

At the first sight the boy did not impress them favorably. Boy he was, not more than eighteen and not overlarge for his years. He announced that he was Felipe Rivera, and that it was his wish to work for the Revolution. That was all—not a wasted word, no further explanation. He stood waiting. There was no smile on his lips, no geniality in his eyes. Big, dashing Paulino Vera felt an inward shudder. Here was something forbidding, terrible, inscrutable. There was something venomous and snakelike in the boy's black eyes. They burned like cold fire, as with a vast, concentrated bitterness. He flashed them from the faces of the conspirators to the typewriter that little Mrs. Sethby was industriously operating. His eyes rested on hers but an instant—she had chanced to look up—and she, too, sensed the nameless something that made her pause. She was compelled to read back in order to regain the swing of the letter she was writing.

Paulino Vera looked questioningly at Arrellano and Ramos, and questioningly they looked back and to each other. The indecision of doubt brooded in their eyes. This slender boy was the Unknown, vested with all the menace of the Unknown. He was recognizable as something quite beyond the ken of honest, ordinary revolutionists whose fiercest hatred for Diaz and his tyranny after all was only that of honest and ordinary patriots. Here was something else, they knew not what. But Vera, always the most impulsive, the quickest to act, stepped into the breach.

"Very well," he said coldly. "You say you want to work for the Revolution. Take off your coat. Hang it over there. I will show you—come—where are the buckets and cloths. The floor is dirty. You will begin by scrubbing it and by scrubbing the floors of the other rooms. The spittoons need to be cleaned. Then there are the windows."

"Is it for the Revolution?" the boy asked.

"It is for the Revolution," Vera answered.

Rivera looked cold suspicion at all of them, then proceeded to take off his coat.

"It is well," he said.

And nothing more. Day after day he came to his work, sweeping, scrubbing, cleaning. He emptied the ashes from the stoves, brought up the coal and kindling, and lighted the fires before the most energetic one of them was at his desk.

"Can I sleep here?" he asked once.

Ah, ha! So that was it—the hand of Diaz showing through! To sleep in the rooms of the Junta meant access to their secrets, to the lists of names, to the addresses of comrades down on Mexican soil. The request was denied, and Rivera never spoke of it again. He slept they knew not where and ate they knew not where nor how. Once Arrellano offered him a couple of dollars. Rivera declined the money with a shake of the head. When Vera joined in and tried to press it upon him, he said:

"I am working for the Revolution."

It takes money to raise a modern revolution, and always the Junta was pressed. The members starved and toiled and the longest day was none too long, and yet there were times when it appeared as if the Revolution stood or fell on no more than the matter of a few dollars. Once, the first time, when the rent of the house was two months behind and the landlord was threatening dispossession, it was Felipe Rivera, the scrub-boy in the poor, cheap clothes, worn and threadbare, who laid sixty dollars in gold on May Sethby's desk. There were other times. Three hundred letters clicked out on the busy typewriters—appeals for assistance, for sanctions from the organized labor groups, requests for square news deals to the editors of newspapers, protests against the high-handed treatment of revolutionists by the United States courts—lay unmailed, awaiting postage. Vera's watch had disappeared—the old-fashioned gold repeater that had been his father's. Likewise had gone the plain gold band from May Sethby's third finger. Things were desperate. Ramos and Arrellano pulled their long mustaches in despair. The letters must go off, and the post-office allowed no credit to purchasers of stamps. Then it was that Rivera put on his hat and went out. When he came back he laid a thousand two-cent stamps on May Sethby's desk.

"I wonder if it is the cursed gold of Diaz?" said Vera to the comrades.

They elevated their brows and could not decide. And Felipe Rivera, the scrubber for the Revolution, continued to lay down gold and silver for the Junta's use.

And still they could not bring themselves to like him. They did not know him. His ways were not theirs. He gave no confidences. He repelled all probing. Youth that he was, they could never nerve themselves to dare to question him.

"A great and lonely spirit perhaps—I do not know, I do not know," Arrellano said helplessly.

"He is not human," said Ramos.

"His soul has been seared," said May Sethby. "Light and laughter have been burned out of him. He is like one dead, and yet he is fearfully alive."

"He has been through hell," said Vera. "No man could look like that who had not been through hell—and he is only a boy."

Yet they could not like him. He never talked, never inquired, never suggested. He would stand listening, expressionless, a thing dead save for his eyes, coldly burning, while their talk of the Revolution ran high and warm. From face to face and speaker to speaker his eyes would turn, boring like gimlets of incandescent ice, disconcerting and perturbing.

"He is no spy," Vera confided to May Sethby. "He is a patriot—mark me, the greatest patriot of us all. I know it, I feel it, here in my heart and head I feel it. But him I know not at all."

"He has a bad temper," said May Sethby.

"I know," said Vera with a shudder. "He has looked at me with those eyes of his. They do not love, they threaten, they are savage as a wild tiger's. I know if I should prove unfaithful to the cause that he would kill me. He has no heart. He is pitiless as steel, keen and cold as frost. He is like moonshine in a winter night when a man freezes to death on some lonely mountain top. I am not afraid of Diaz and all his killers; but this boy, of him I am afraid. I tell you true. I am afraid. He is the breath of death."

Yet Vera it was who persuaded the others to give the first trust to Rivera. The line of communication between Los Angeles and Lower California had broken down. Three of the comrades had dug their own graves and been shot into them. Two more were United States prisoners in Los Angeles. Juan Alvarado, the Federal commander, was a monster. All their plans did he checkmate. They could no longer gain access to the revolutionists in Lower California.

Young Rivera was given his instructions and dispatched south. When he returned the line of communication had been reëstablished and Juan Alvarado was dead. He had been found in bed, a knife hilt-deep in his breast. This had exceeded Rivera's instructions, but they of the Junta knew the times of his movements. They did not ask him. He said nothing. But they looked at one another and conjectured.



Jose Amarillo Had Been Apprehended at His Hacienda in Chihuahua

"I have told you," said Vera. "Diaz has more to fear from this youth than from any man. He is implacable. He is the hand of God."

The bad temper, mentioned by May Sethby and sensed by them all, was evidenced by physical proofs. Now he appeared with a cut lip, a blackened cheek or a swollen ear. It was patent that he brawled somewhere in that outside world where he ate and slept, gained money and moved in ways unknown to them. As the time passed he had come to set type for the little revolutionary sheet they published weekly. There were occasions when he was unable to set type, when his knuckles were bruised and battered, when his thumbs were injured and helpless, when one arm or the other hung wearily at his side while his face was drawn with unspoken pain.

"A wastrel," said Arrellano.

"A frequenter of low places," said Ramos.

"But where does he get the money?" Vera demanded. "Only today, just now, have I learned that he paid the bill for white paper—one hundred and forty dollars."

"There are his absences," said May Sethby. "He never explains them."

"We should set a spy upon him," Ramos propounded.

"I should not care to be that spy," said Vera. "I fear you would never see me again, save to bury me. He has a terrible passion."

"I feel like a child before him," Ramos confessed.

"To me he is power—he is the primitive, the striking rattlesnake, the stinging centipede," said Arrellano.

"He is the Revolution incarnate," said Vera. "He is the spirit of it, the insatiable cry for vengeance that makes no cry but that slays noiselessly. He is a destroying angel moving through the still watches of the night."

"I could weep over him," said May Sethby. "He knows nobody. He hates all people. Us he tolerates, for we are the way of his desire. He is alone—lonely." Her voice broke in a half sob and there was dimness in her eyes.

Rivera's ways and times were truly mysterious. There were periods when they did not see him for a week at a time. Once he was away a month. These occasions were always capped by his return when, without advertisement or speech, he laid gold coins on May Sethby's desk. Again for days and weeks he spent all his time with the Junta. And yet again, for irregular periods, he would disappear through the heart of each day, from early morning until late afternoon. At such times he came early and remained late. Arrellano had found him at midnight, setting type with freshly swollen knuckles, or mayhap it was his lip, new-split, that still bled.



"I Could Weep Over Him. He Knows Nobody. He Hates All People. He is Alone—Lonely"

II

THE time of the crisis approached. Whether or not the Revolution would be, depended upon the Junta; and the Junta was hard pressed. The need for money was greater than ever before, while money was harder to get.

Patriots had given their last cent and now could give no more. Section-gang laborers—fugitive peons from Mexico—were contributing half their scanty wages. But more than that was needed. The heart-breaking, conspiring, undermining toil of years approached fruition. The time was ripe. The Revolution hung in the balance. One shove more, one last heroic effort, and it would tremble across the scales to victory. They knew their Mexico. Once started, the Revolution would take care of itself. The whole Diaz machine would go down like a house of cards. The border was ready to rise. One Yankee, with a hundred I. W. W. men, waited the word to cross over the border and begin the conquest of Lower California. But he needed guns. And clear across to the Atlantic, the Junta in touch with them all and all of them needing guns, were adventurers, soldiers of fortune, bandits, disgruntled American union men, socialists, anarchists, rough-necks, Mexican exiles, peons escaped from bondage, whipped miners from the bull-pens of Cœur d'Alene and Colorado who desired only the more vindictively to fight—all the flotsam and jetsam of wild spirits from the madly complicated modern world. And it was guns and ammunition, ammunition and guns—the unceasing and eternal cry.

Fling this heterogeneous, bankrupt, vindictive mass across the border and the Revolution was won. The custom houses, the northern ports of entry, would be captured. Diaz could not resist. He dared not throw the weight of his armies against them, for he must hold the south. And through the south the flame would spread despite. The people would rise. The defenses of city after city would crumple up. State after state would totter down. And at last, from every side, the victorious armies of the Revolution would close in on the City of Mexico itself, Diaz' last stronghold.

But the money! They had the men, impatient and urgent, who would use the guns. They knew the traders who would sell and deliver the guns. But to culture the Revolution thus far had exhausted the Junta. The last dollar had been spent, the last resource and the last starving patriot milked dry, and the great adventure still trembled on the scales. Guns and ammunition! The ragged battalions must be armed. But how? Ramos lamented his confiscated estates.

"To think that the freedom of Mexico should stand or fall on a few paltry thousands of dollars!" said Paulino Vera.

Despair was in all their faces. Jose Amarillo, their last hope, a recent convert who had promised money, had been apprehended at his hacienda in Chihuahua and shot against his own stable wall. The news had just come through.

Rivera, on his knees scrubbing, looked up, with suspended brush, his bare arms flecked with soapy, dirty water. "Will five thousand do it?" he asked.

They looked their amazement. Vera nodded and swallowed. He could not speak, but he was on the instant invested with a vast faith.

"Order the guns," Rivera said, and thereupon was guilty of the longest flow of words they had ever heard him utter. "The time is short. In three weeks I shall bring you the five thousand. It is well. The weather will be warmer for those who fight. Also it is the best I can do."

Vera fought his faith. It was incredible. Too many fond hopes had been shattered since he had begun to play the revolution game. He believed this threadbare scrubber of the Revolution, and yet he dared not believe.

"You are crazy," he said.

"In three weeks," said Rivera. "Order the guns."

He got up, rolled down his sleeves and put on his coat.

"Order the guns," he said. "I am going now."

III

AFTER hurrying and scurrying, much telephoning and bad language, a night session was held in Kelly's office. Kelly was rushed with business; also, he was unlucky. He had brought Danny Ward out from New York, arranged the fight for him with Billy Carthey, the date was three weeks away, and for two days now, carefully concealed from the sporting writers, Carthey had been lying up badly injured. There was no one to take his place. Kelly had been burning the wires East to every eligible lightweight, but they were tied up with dates and contracts. And now hope had revived, though faintly.

"You've got a nerve," Kelly addressed Rivera, after one look, as soon as they got together.

Hate that was malignant was in Rivera's eyes, but his face remained impassive.

"I can lick Ward," was all he said.

"How do you know? Ever see him fight?"

Rivera shook his head.

"He can beat you up with one hand and both eyes closed."

Rivera shrugged his shoulders.

"Haven't you got anything to say?" the fight promoter snarled.

"I can lick him."

"Who'd you ever fight anyway?" Michael Kelly demanded. Michael was the promoter's brother, and ran the Yellowstone pool-rooms where he made goodly sums in the fight game.

Rivera favored him with a bitter, unanswering stare.

The promoter's secretary, a distinctively sporty young man, sneered audibly.

"Well, you know Roberts," Kelly broke the hostile silence. "He ought to be here. I've sent for him. Sit down and wait, though from the looks of you you haven't got a chance. I can't throw the public down with a bum fighter. Ringside seats are selling at fifteen dollars—you know that."

When Roberts arrived it was patent that he was mildly drunk. He was a tall, lean, slack-jointed individual, and his walk, like his talk, was a smooth and languid drawl.

Kelly went straight to the point.

"Look here, Roberts, you've been braggin' you discovered this little Mexican. You know Carthey's broke his arm. Well, this little yellow streak has the gall to blow in today and say he'll take Carthey's place. What about it?"

"It's all right, Kelly," came the slow response. "He can put up a fight."

"I suppose you'll be sayin' next that he can lick Ward," Kelly snapped.

Roberts considered judicially.

"No, I won't say that. Ward's a top-notcher and a ring general. But he can't hash-house Rivera in short order. I know Rivera. Nobody can get his goat. He ain't got a goat that I could ever discover. And he's a two-handed fighter. He can throw in the sleepmakers from any position."

"Never mind that. What kind of a show can he put up? You've been conditioning and training fighters all your life. I take off my hat to your judgment. Can he give the public a run for its money?"

"He sure can, and he'll worry Ward a mighty heap on top of it. You don't know that boy. I do. I discovered him. He ain't got a goat. He's a devil. He's a wizzy-wooz, if anybody should ask you. He'll make Ward sit up with a show of local talent that'll make the rest of you sit up. I won't say he'll lick Ward, but he'll put up such a show that you'll all know he's a comer."

"All right." Kelly turned to his secretary. "Ring up Ward. I warned him to show up if I thought it worth while. He's right across at the Yellowstone; throwin' cheets and doing the popular." Kelly turned back to the conditioner. "Have a drink?"

Roberts sipped his highball and unburdened himself.

"Never told you how I discovered the little cuss. It was a couple of years ago he showed up out at the quarters. I was getting Prayne ready for his fight with Delaney. Prayne's wicked. He ain't got a tickle of mercy in his makeup. He'd chopped up his pardners something cruel, and I couldn't find a willing boy that'd work with him. I'd noticed this little starved Mexican kid hanging around, and I was desperate. So I grabbed him, slammed on the gloves and put him in. He was tougher'n rawhide, but weak. And he didn't know the first letter in the alphabet of boxing. Prayne chopped him to ribbons. But he hung on for two sickening rounds, when he fainted. Starvation, that was all. Battered? You couldn't have recognized him. I gave him half a dollar and a square meal. You oughta seen him wolf it down. He hadn't had a bite for a couple of days. That's the end of him, thinks I. But next day he showed up, stiff an' sore, ready for another half and a square meal. And he done better as time went by. Just a sure born fighter, and tough beyond belief. He hasn't a heart. He's a piece of ice. And he never talked eleven words in a string since I knew him. He saws wood and does his work."

"I've seen 'm," the secretary said. "He's worked a lot for you."

"All the big little fellows has tried out on him," Roberts answered. "And he's learned from 'em. I've seen some of them he could lick. But his heart wasn't in it. I reckoned he never liked the game. He seemed to act that way."

"He's been fighting some before the little clubs the last few months," Kelly said.

"Sure. But I don't know what struck 'm. All of a sudden his



Again the Rifles of the Soldiers of Porfirio Diaz Cracked

heart got into it. He just went out like a streak and cleaned up all the little local fellows. Seemed to want the money, and he's won a bit, though his clothes don't look it. He's peculiar. Nobody knows his business. Nobody knows how he spends his time. Even when he's on the job, he plumb up and disappears most of each day, soon as his work is done. Sometimes he just blows away for weeks at a time. But he don't take advice. There's a fortune in it for the fellow that gets the job of managin' him, only he won't consider it. And you watch him hold out for the cash money when you get down to terms."

It was at this stage that Danny Ward arrived. Quite a party it was. His manager and trainer were with him, and he breezed in like a gusty draft of geniality, good-nature and all-conqueringness. Greetings flew about, a joke here, a retort there, a smile or a laugh for everybody. Yet it was his way, and only partly sincere. He was a good actor, and he had found geniality a most valuable asset in the game of getting on in the world. But down underneath he was the deliberate, cold-blooded fighter and business man. The rest was a mask. Those who knew him or trafficked with him said that when it came to brass tacks he was Danny-on-the-Spot. He was invariably present at all business discussions, and it was urged by some that his manager was a blind, whose only function was to serve as Danny's mouthpiece.

Rivera's way was different. Indian blood as well as Spanish was in his veins, and he sat back in a corner, silent, immobile, only his black eyes passing from face to face and noting everything.

"So that's the guy?" Danny said, running an appraising eye over his proposed antagonist. "Howdy-do, old chap?"

Rivera's eyes burned venomously, but he made no sign of acknowledgment. He disliked all Gringos, but this Gringo he hated with an immediacy that was unusual even in him.

"You ain't expectin' me to fight a deef-mute?" Danny protested facetiously to the promoter. When the laughter subsided he made another hit. "Los Angeles must be on the dink when this is the best you can scare up. What kindergarten did you get 'm from?"

"He's a good little boy, Danny, take it from me," Roberts defended. "Not as easy as he looks."

"And half the house is sold already," Kelly pleaded. "You'll have to take 'm on, Danny. Best we can do."

Danny ran another careless and unflattering glance over Rivera and sighed.

"I gotta be easy with 'm, I guess. If only he don't blow up."

Roberts snorted.

"You gotta be careful," Danny's manager warned. "No taking chances with a dub that's likely to sneak a lucky one across."

"Oh, I'll be careful all right, all right," Danny smiled. "I'll get 'm at the start an' nurse 'm along for the dear public's sake. What d'ye say to fifteen rounds, Kelly?—An' then the hay for him?"

"That'll do," was the answer. "As long as you make it realistic."

"Then let's get down to biz." Danny paused and calculated. "Of course, sixty-five per cent of gate receipts, same as with Carthey. But the split'll be different. Eighty will just about suit me." And to his manager, "That right?"

The manager nodded.

"Here, you, did you get that?" Kelly asked Rivera.

Rivera shook his head.

"Well, it's this way," Kelly exposited. "The purse'll be sixty-five per cent of the gate receipts. You're a dub and an unknown. You and Danny split, twenty per cent goin' to you an' eighty to Danny. That's fair, isn't it, Roberts?"

"Very fair, Rivera," Roberts agreed. "You see you ain't got a reputation yet."

"What will sixty-five per cent of the gate receipts be?" Rivera demanded.

"Oh, maybe five thousand, maybe as high as eight thousand," Danny broke in to explain. "Something like that. Your share'll come to something like a thousand or sixteen hundred. Pretty good for takin' a licking from a guy with my reputation. What d'ye say?"

Then Rivera took their breaths away.

"Winner takes all," he said with absolute finality.

A dead silence prevailed.

"It's like candy from a baby," Danny's manager proclaimed.

Danny shook his head.

"I've ben in the game too long," he explained. "I'm not casting reflections on the referee or the present company. I'm not sayin' nothing about bookmakers an' frame-ups that sometimes happen. But what I do say is that it's poor business for a fighter like me. I play safe. There's no tellin'. Mebbe I break my arm, eh? Or some guy slips me a bunch of dope?" He shook his head solemnly. "Win or lose, eighty is my split. What d'ye say, Mexican?"

Rivera shook his head.

Danny exploded. He was getting down to brass tacks now.

"Why, you dirty little Greaser! I've a mind to knock your block off right now."

Roberts drawled his body to interposition between hostilities.

"Winner takes all," Rivera repeated sullenly.

"Why do you stand out that way?" Danny asked.

"I can lick you," was the straight answer.

Danny half started to take off his coat. But, as his manager knew, it was a grandstand play. The coat did not come off and Danny allowed himself to be placated by the group. Everybody sympathized with him. Rivera stood alone.

"Look here, you little fool," Kelly took up the argument. "You're nobody. We know what you've been doing the last few months—putting away little local fighters. But Danny is class. His next fight after this will be for the championship. And you're unknown. Nobody ever heard of you out of Los Angeles."

"They will," Rivera answered, "after this fight."

"You think for a second you can lick me?" Danny blurted in.

Rivera nodded.

"Oh, come; listen to reason," Kelly pleaded. "Think of the advertising."

"I want the money," was Rivera's answer.

"You couldn't win from me in a thousand years," Danny assured him.

"Then what are you holding out for?" Rivera countered. "If the money's that easy why don't you go after it?"

"I will, so help me!" Danny cried with abrupt conviction. "I'll beat you to death in the ring, my boy—you monkeyin' with me this way. Make out the articles, Kelly. Winner take all. Play it up in the sportin' columns. Tell 'em it's a grudge fight. I'll show this fresh kid a few."

Kelly's secretary had begun to write, when Danny interrupted.

"Hold on!" He turned to Rivera. "Weights?"

"Ringside," came the answer.

"Not on your life, fresh kid! If winner takes all we weigh in at ten A. M."

"And winner takes all?" Rivera queried.

Danny nodded. That settled it. He would enter the ring in his full ripeness of strength.

"Weigh in at ten," Rivera said.

The secretary's pen went on scratching.

"It means five pounds," Roberts complained to Rivera. "You've given too much away. You've thrown the fight right there. Danny'll be as strong as a bull. You're a fool. He'll lick you sure. You ain't got the chance of a dewdrop in hell."

Rivera's answer was a calculated look of hatred. Even this Gringo he despised, and him had he found the whitest Gringo of them all.

IV

BARELY noticed was Rivera as he entered the ring. Only a very slight and very scattering ripple of half-hearted hand-clapping greeted him. The house did not believe in him. He was the lamb led to slaughter at the hands of the great Danny. Besides, the house was disappointed. It had expected a rushing battle between Danny Ward and Billy Carthey, and here it must put up with this poor little tyro. Still further, it had manifested its disapproval of the change by betting two and even three to one on Danny. And where a betting audience's money is, there is its heart.

The Mexican boy sat down in his corner and waited. The slow minutes lagged by. Danny was making him wait. It was an old trick, but ever it worked on the young, new fighters. They grew frightened, sitting thus and facing their own apprehensions and a callous, tobacco-smoking audience. But for once the trick failed. Roberts was right. Rivera had no goat. He who was more delicately coördinated, more finely nerved and strung than any of them, had no nerves of this sort. The atmosphere of foredoomed defeat in his own corner had no effect on him. His handlers were Gringos and strangers. Also they were scrubs—the dirty driftage of the fight game, without honor, without efficiency. And they were chilled, as well, with certitude that theirs was the losing corner.

"Now you gotta be careful," Spider Hagerty warned him. Spider was his chief second. "Make it last as long as you can—them's my instructions from Kelly. If you don't, the papers'll call it another bum fight and give the game a bigger black eye in Los Angeles."

All of which was not encouraging. But Rivera took no notice. He despised prizefighting. It was the hated game of the hated Gringo. He had taken up with it, as a chopping block for others in the training quarters, solely because he was starving. The fact that he was marvelously made for it had meant nothing. He hated it. Not until he had come into the Junta had he fought for money, and he had found the money easy. Not first among the sons of men had he been to find himself successful at a despised vocation.

He did not analyze. He merely knew that he must win this fight. There could be no other outcome. For behind him, nerving him to this belief, were profounder forces than any the crowded house dreamed. Danny Ward fought for money and for the easy ways of life that money would bring. But the things Rivera fought for burned in his brain—blazing and terrible visions that, with eyes wide open, sitting lonely in the corner of the ring and waiting for his tricky antagonist, he saw as clearly as he had lived them.

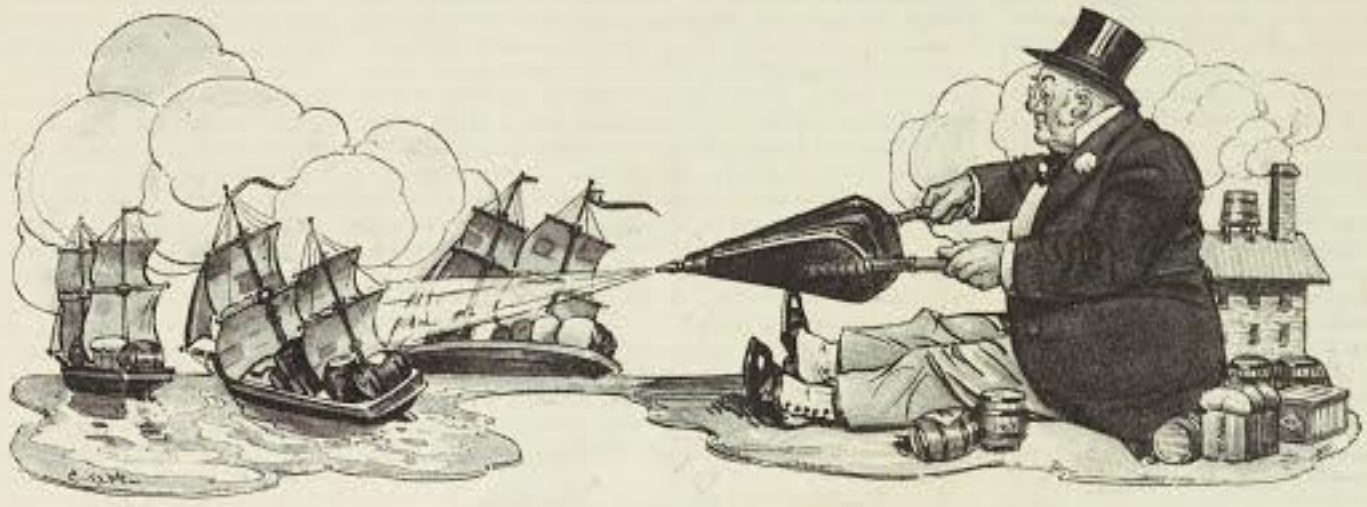
He saw the white-walled, water-power factories of Rio Blanco. He saw the six thousand workers, starved and wan, and the little children, seven and eight years of age, who toiled long shifts for ten cents a day. He saw the perambulating corpses, the ghastly death's-heads of men who labored in the dye-rooms. He remembered that he had heard his father call the dye-rooms the "suicide holes," where a year was death. He saw the little patio, and his mother cooking and moiling at crude housekeeping and finding time to caress and love him. And his father he saw, large, big-mustached and deep-chested, kindly above all men, who loved all men and whose heart was so large that there was love to overflowing still left for the mother and the little *muchacho* playing in the corner of the patio. In those days his name had not been Felipe Rivera. It had been Fernandez, his father's and mother's name. Him had they called Juan. Later he had changed it himself, for

(Continued on Page 27)



The Trade We are Scolded About

Export Business—Why We Need it and Where We Stand



By JAMES H. COLLINS

DECORATION BY C. D. MITCHELL

HARDLY a week passes nowadays but the American manufacturer is scolded about his neglect of export trade. Sometimes it is one of our hard-working consuls in South America or the Orient, scolding in a report. Again, a newspaper editor, taking a consular report as his text, scolds broadly on the subject. If news happens to be scarce the college professor or statesman returning from Europe is invited to scold the American manufacturer on his shortcomings in the world markets. So the manufacturer is catching it pretty much from all sides. He is told that he does not know how to deal with foreign customers. His catalogs, packing, invoicing, mailing, banking and credit systems are denounced; and, as shining examples of how export trade should be done, the critics refer him to the Germans, or the British, or the Swiss—or some of the other perfect exporting nations.

Right here there is an amusing "joker."

For, when any of these perfect exporting nations is visited, it is found that its manufacturers are being scolded too. The American manufacturer is assured that he will never get anywhere in foreign trade until he copies the intelligent methods of the sturdy British. The sturdy Britisher's consuls and professors and statesmen are writing to the London papers to warn him that his foreign trade is doomed unless he copies the enterprising methods of the Yankees. German methods are widely praised in other countries; but at home the German manufacturer's advisers complain that he loses his individuality when he enters the foreign trade, and ask why he does not copy the strong nationality of the Briton and the American.

So, upon the whole, nobody seems to be doing foreign trade just right. Everywhere, apparently, it is to scold.

The Growing Interest in Export Possibilities

THE truth is that export business cannot be discussed on a basis of nationality at all, for it is strictly a matter of individual houses and methods and individual success or failure. When the third-rate British manufacturer loses a foreign order through some technicality, nothing is easier than for his consul on the spot to commend the methods of the first-rate German house that landed the business and to ask the Britisher caustically why he does not do likewise. When an American manufacturer loses his first foreign shipment because he sent it in light boxes, instead of bundles to be packed on muleback, Uncle Sam's consul can sit down and compose quite a convincing essay on the merits of British or German packing; but the consul is not always a business man. When the German or Swiss gets the order on low prices he often concludes that we have lost the market forever; whereas our manufacturer, with a fuller knowledge of the technical points of the whole deal, is able to view the transaction with the utmost philosophy—and even look upon it as a factor that will turn future business in our direction. Every nation has manufacturers and merchants who export superbly—and also others who do it ill. The failures are conspicuous. Most of the successful deals are never heard of. It is not the nation that lands or loses the order, but some individual German or American or British house. Not even the best houses in any exporting nation have begun, as yet, to get the real range of foreign trade—it is a trade susceptible of the most amazing future development.

From our standpoint, however, one thing is certain—that the average American business man's interest in foreign trade is now keen and growing.

About ten years ago an enterprising Swiss came to New York. For twelve years he had been the manager at Zanzibar for a Swiss export house. Before going out to Africa he had been trained in export methods. In Zanzibar he dealt in everything from a locomotive to an ivory tusk and the business grew under his management; but eventually the doctors ordered him out of the tropics and he turned to America, believing that his knowledge of export methods would be appreciated here. His experience was most discouraging. A few weeks' canvass of New York houses showed that our manufacturers were absolutely indifferent to foreign opportunities. Oversea markets for manufactured goods were not interesting to them then, even as an idea.

There has been a marked change, however. Since then export trade has been widely discussed and many of our manufacturers have developed foreign business. In 1910 our exports of manufactures, involving genuine selling and business enterprise, exceeded for the first time our exports of the foodstuffs and crude materials with which we have heretofore paid our foreign debts and which the foreigner usually comes after. The average American manufacturer is today interested in export trade to the extent, at least, of thinking about it and wishing he had some. That is a new state of mind, which will unquestionably produce results. Many of our manufacturers are experimenting in foreign markets on a small scale, and there is a constantly increasing number of American houses that enter those markets successfully and stay there.

We surely need export business in manufactured goods.

The big items in our foreign sales have always been cotton, grain, flour, meat, tobacco, petroleum products, coal, ore and lumber. Some of these items are steadily shrinking, while in others we are facing new foreign competition. In the past ten years our exports of foodstuffs have decreased one-third, and at the same time we have bought enough food abroad to swell our imports fifty per cent. Canada is likely to carry on our business in export flour. Argentina's shipments of chilled meat to Europe grow as ours diminish. Cotton in the bale has been the immense item in our foreign sales—one dollar out of every four received from a foreign country for American products of all kinds is a bale-cotton dollar. John Bull is industriously promoting cotton-raising in his widespread colonies. Our crop is about stationary. Raw tobacco brings us forty-odd million foreign dollars annually; but this item is not so impressive when it is remembered that little Cuba, by manufacturing skill and the quality of her leaf, gets nearly a third as much for a relatively small quantity of export tobacco. Petroleum is another export item exceeding one hundred million dollars, and we have natural advantages in that line, coupled with experience in manufacturing and marketing oil; but British capital is now developing petroleum fields all over the world and the markets are going to be more hotly competitive than they have been in the past. Lumber is hardly an export item upon which to build greater sales and ores will not last forever.

Our export business needs reorganizing.

While we were building up industries, these raw and semimanufactured products paid our foreign bills. Hundreds of articles that we now make for our own use can be marketed abroad; but the tremendous consuming demand here at home has kept American manufacturers from cultivating the foreign customer. So has isolation—we have never been an international jobbing and distributing nation like England or Germany. The foreign customer seems remote and strange to us. As one of Uncle Sam's consuls puts it: "The American business man thinks that half the world outside the United States is populated by Dutchmen and the other half by dagoes." We are rapidly learning otherwise, however. We are finding out that the foreign customer is a good deal like ourselves, that his needs are much the same as ours with some modifications, that there are really no boundary lines when it comes to international trade, and that the way to get foreign business is to go after it and take care of it as industriously as that at home.

During the past six or eight years excellent progress has been made in foreign markets by American manufacturers in certain lines. Our typewriters and office devices, our card systems and machine tools, our shoes and clothing specialties have been taken to foreign markets by close-range methods—the establishment of branch houses in foreign centers and the organization of salesforces, instead of the long-distance dealing through middlemen that characterizes so much of the world's export trade.

Yet, with all this progress, we have gone only far enough to raise certain doubts and prejudices in foreign markets, and the American house going abroad for trade today will find that these must be overcome first of all.

The foreigner has an ingrained belief that Americans cannot be depended upon to stick to their agreements or back up their connections. Unfortunately this belief is pretty well founded.

The average American manufacturer has thus far thought of export trade chiefly as something to help keep the factory running in bad times. When business is dull at home he enters foreign markets full of enthusiasm, establishes sales-agencies and appoints foreign representatives, introduces his goods, and gets the foreign brother all stirred up over possibilities. Put an American's natural push and optimism behind a brand-new idea like foreign trade and he becomes irresistible. While his interest lasts he is capable of making his new London representative believe that it is only necessary to show the goods to sell them to the illustrious dead in Westminster Abbey.

His interest doesn't always last, however.

Foreign Customers Neglected

BUSINESS gets better in the United States. He comes home and his London experience passes out of mind. By-and-by the London man sends an order for goods. When they are made up and ready to ship, the biggest jobber in Ohio wires an order. The manufacturer replies that they can be sent next week. The biggest jobber in Ohio telegraphs that unless they are shipped today he will cancel the order, throw out the line entirely—and, furthermore, punch the manufacturer's head the next time he sees him. The biggest jobber in Ohio is a near-by and immediate customer. The London man is far away.

"Oh, well," says the manufacturer, "that fellow in London'll get along somehow." And the biggest jobber in Ohio gets the goods.

American houses have not only neglected their foreign representatives in this way but also their own salaried employees sent to cultivate foreign business.

When the last panic struck this country a New Jersey manufacturer turned his thoughts upon London. His goods are popular patented specialties, widely sold here, and the British field lay absolutely open for development, without competition. He decided that it must be worked by the best sales-manager who could be found and spent two months getting a high-salaried man away from another house. Then he filled him with enthusiasm and sent him to London. Within three months his goods were being sold briskly in England. Presently business picked up again at home. London shipments were delayed, then neglected; and eventually the high-salaried man over there could not even get replies to his letters. His growing trade fell into decay; and finally, disgusted, he bought a steamer ticket and started home to resign. On his way to Liverpool, however, he got acquainted with a Yorkshire manufacturer, who persuaded him to stay in England and manage his factory—and he is there today, doing well.

The New Jersey manufacturer, figuratively, has nothing but a black eye to show for his little excursion into export trade.

In another instance an American salesman went to London with samples of tubing. This material sold so well that he disposed of a shipload in one order. After a few months, however, the American manufacturers neglected his orders. He dropped tubing and took up American printing machinery. British printers were thirty years behind the times and he was soon making handsome sales. The same trouble arose in obtaining goods. Then he organized a company to make the machinery in England—and that company has never missed a dividend since.

Another American has a fine distributing business in Paris. Two years ago he saw advertised in an American magazine a specialty suited to his trade. After obtaining a few shipments and establishing a demand, however, the American manufacturer neglected him.

"Now I'm going to do as the Germans do," said the Paris distributer. Searching the French patent records, he learned that this specialty was unprotected in France. So he began making it himself, and now has a fine turnover and absolutely no trouble obtaining goods.

American and British manufacturers complain bitterly of the German tendency to imitate their goods; but, when one knows how difficult it is to obtain prompt shipments from the American manufacturer or to persuade the British manufacturer to make what is wanted, the German way is seen to be about the only safe way to build trade.

A well-known London distributer was advised to visit the United States, as a country worth seeing and one likely to yield profitable specialties for introduction into the British market; so he came over shortly after our 1907 panic, brought his family, saw Niagara Falls, ran up into Canada and spent several days at Washington. American manufacturers exhibited profound interest in him. Some brought their superintendents and sales-managers to New York and held long conferences at his hotel, going into all the possibilities of the British market. Others invited him to their factories; and he went at his own expense, sitting in more conferences. He told them just how to introduce their goods into Great Britain; and they went into details with great enthusiasm.

"But I'm seriously thinking," he said recently, "of putting up a sign in our office: 'No American business considered.' For all I brought home from that trip was samples. We have enough ironclad American socks to last the family several years, and enough games and playing cards for our lifetime; but not one of your manufacturers has entered our market."

These cases quickly become known abroad and create distrust that will have to be broken down by American houses entering foreign markets in earnest.

Another common cause of distrust abroad is the American manufacturer's neglect to establish uniform prices in foreign markets and harmonize them with his prices at home. He appoints a selling agent in London, perhaps, and gives him quotations. The London agent goes to work to build trade. Presently a Hamburg exporter writes direct to the American manufacturer and is given lower prices than the London man gets—discrediting the latter and impairing his work. Or, maybe, a South American merchant obtains the London agent's price and then places an order with an "indent" house, getting goods cheaper than the Londoner can sell them. The American manufacturer, anxious for export business, will often sell his goods through an "indent" house at lower figures than he gives the merchant in Brooklyn. The Brooklyn merchant is working to establish permanent trade for him, while the "indent" house is merely filling such occasional orders as come to it spontaneously. To the manufacturer, sitting in his office, the world seems a very wide place; but it is really quite small when it comes to prices—and differences of this sort get about quickly.

When the American manufacturer goes abroad for trade he is very apt to do so with a brass band and in a way that arouses every bit of dormant competition there may be in the market he chooses.

In the British automobile trade, for example, there is nothing that corresponds to the "Gasoline Row" which has become a prominent thoroughfare in our leading cities. With us, selling automobiles is a matter of handsome salesrooms and resplendent exhibition cars behind great plate-glass windows; but in London the auto manufacturers have tucked themselves away in a rather narrow, dingy street, formerly tenanted by carriage-builders. Instead of showing cars in luxurious surroundings they seem to strive to give the impression that they are under very small selling expenses, thus appealing to the Briton's sense of economy.

An American automobile manufacturer went to London, leased the largest and most prominent salesroom he could obtain and fitted it up in American style. Fleet Street heard of it and a newspaper canvasser went to talk to the Yankee about the beauties of newspaper advertising for a newly established business. The Yankee listened quietly as the canvasser explained what a column advertisement several times a month would do to make his business known. "What is your rate for a full page every day?" asked the American.

The canvasser was absolutely staggered by the size of such advertising. It utterly upset his argument and he had to go back to Fleet Street to talk it over with the boss.

There are reasons why every American house, going to London and other export markets, might better take obscure quarters at the start, conform to the ways of local business men, put over its door the date of its establishment in the United States and open up quietly, in the way best calculated to give the impression that it had always been there. That method gives competitors less opportunity to make a fight on national lines, causes less apprehension and attracts fewer brickbats all around.

The work of the American "muckraker" has become a factor in our export trade. Practically every American concern that enters a foreign market is scrutinized to be certain that it is not one of our dreaded trusts; and competitors lose no opportunity of stigmatizing any unfamiliar American practice as "Yankee trust methods." We ourselves have got somewhat accustomed to the big corporations through living with them ten years. We have seen strong competitive corporations grow up in some of the recognized trust industries. Ways of regulating big business are being worked out and better business ethics are applied in corporation management; but people in other countries think of our trusts about as we thought ten years ago and are even more likely to see tentacles in broad daylight.

So, what with half-hearted attempts on foreign markets by the American manufacturer and the echoes and reëchoes through the foreign press of our sensational writers, the American business man going abroad for customers will find considerable prejudice to break down. However, it is all an indefinite prejudice against us nationally, and does not stand for a moment against the individual American concern that takes hold of export trade right and deals with the foreigner squarely—and hangs on.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early number.

Does Japan Want Peace or Hobson?

By Albert Bushnell Hart

DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THIS is an era of peace. The janitors of all the temples of Janus are dozing in front of the closed doors. To be sure, a few tribesmen are still trying to make private collections of European brass buttons and vertebræ; the Mexicans are practicing a revolution; Peru and Bolivia are threatening a flare-up and the Albanians exult in a fresh revolt. Still, the world is set upon peace—peace societies abound; peace conferences soothe; peace foundations are multiplied; peace congresses Hague and re-Hague. The statesman, the capitalist, the emperor, the drummer, the Czar and the ex-President all preach peace. Even Mr. Murphy and the New York up-state Democrats appear to have made a secret arbitration treaty.

Amid this general chime of international wedding bells there is one harsh dissonance—the member from Alabama is still alert and every day saves his country from the ruinous effects of too much peace. Richmond Pearson Hobson, Representative in Congress from Alabama, erstwhile captain in the United States Navy, still garrisons the citadel of national honor. From his seat in Congress, the lecture rostrum, the platform, the wigwam of the National Democratic Convention; through interviews, articles, conversation, addresses and personal admonitions; by introducing bills and debates on the navy—in every way known to man, Captain Hobson protests against international concord, and prophesies and does his best to realize war—speedy war; war with Asia—specifically war with Japan. To that end, Ajax defies the oriental lightning in a continuous performance and lays down, as the chief guaranty of peace: "To send our whole fleet to the Far East and keep it there, and to build quickly two more fleets for the Atlantic, and while we are building the fleets we must be prepared to 'eat dirt.' . . . When the ships are built we can stop the dirt diet, and not until then."

For this self-imposed task of saving mankind from Japan, Captain Hobson has some qualifications. He has been a naval officer; and, on the sole occasion in the Spanish War when he had an opportunity, he showed the personal courage that is expected of every soldier, and which a hundred others would have shown had they been selected for the perilous task of sinking the Merrimac across the channel leading to Santiago. It was not Lieutenant Hobson's fault that his maneuver was an absolute failure—that the ship did not close the channel; he took his life in his hands and the country owes him the gratitude due to a man who leads a forlorn hope. As a speaker and a member of Congress, Captain Hobson shows skillful use of his mother tongue, quickness, intelligence, plenteous hatred of persons and nations whom he dislikes, and a rare pertinacity in saying the same easily refutable thing a hundred times over. His articles and speeches can all be reduced to the following axiomatic propositions:

1. Disarmament is vicious and fatal, because it does not give a guaranty that the world will be as the United States would like to have it.

2. International arbitration is also a delusion.

3. The proper way to keep the peace is by overwhelming armaments—particularly the navy, which Hobson believes is a safe repository of world-power, because "there is no possible tendency to militarism in maintaining great naval power."

4. The Japanese are so powerful in the Pacific that our island possessions and the Pacific Coast are every moment threatened; the Japanese may land at any time with two hundred thousand troops, and could then remain indefinitely on the American coast.

5. The solution of all these difficulties, and apparently of the future welfare of the world, is "equilibrium." First, an "equilibrium" in the Atlantic, which means that "for the elemental purposes of self-preservation. . . . America must be supreme on the ocean. There is no escape." "Today the only basis for our diplomacy with Europe is for America herself to establish an equilibrium in the Atlantic Ocean as against any individual nation of Europe."

6. "Equilibrium" is especially necessary in the Pacific; and means that the United States shall have such a naval predominance that we may do what we think best everywhere, up to the coastline of Japan.

The trouble with Captain Hobson's argument is that he appears to be trying to drive a nail with a maul. What he really wants is a navy, a big navy, a bigger navy, a biggest navy. When the taxpayer hangs back at this accumulating expense Hobson calls a spirit from the vasty deep, a devil of a big red dragon in the person of Japan; and he clinches his argument by his own experiences in that country—or rather what he thinks he experienced, for his observation is as individual as his logic. His real purpose appears to be to force this country into a great scheme of naval defense by an unceasing rapid-fire of arguments that the Japanese are aiming to humiliate or destroy the United States of America. In this propaganda Hobson seems like the giant of the Indian legend:

"There was one great creature called Annungite, or Two-Faced. He had a great habit of looking out for bad boys—very bad boys. It was said that he could not see really good boys—that they were like glass and that he could not see them; but when a boy became very bad he was then so black that he was easily seen. He was so big that when he set one of his feet down on the ground there would be sounds like the ringing of bells and the hooting of owls. When he put the other foot down the sound was like the roaring of buffalo bulls when they are going to fight each other. Even when he tried to move softly, there would be sounds like birds and beasts crying out." Our Congressional Annungite stalks along, ringing his bell and hooting his owl and roaring his buffalo bull, and crying his birds and beasts—all to frighten those very bad, dark and malicious boys—the Japanese. He has worked out a kind of gospel of hate, something as follows:

Chapter I. The Japanese are in a permanent state of rivalry, envy and ill-will toward this country, especially as to the great prize of future trade with China. They are making hostile preparations by land and sea. It is "clear to Japanese statesmen that America is the one great nation standing athwart of the realization of these ambitions." Hence Japan is assembling enormous resources of money and material, has the largest standing army in the world and is waiting for a pretext to assail the United States.

Chapter II. The hostility of the Japanese is shown by their protest against the exclusion of Japanese from the

ordinary schools of San Francisco, and other restrictions upon residence, in the face of their notorious restrictions on the residence and movement of Americans in Japan. The Japanese Government "made a demand upon our Government that involved the invasion of the right of local self-government of the people of San Francisco."

Chapter III. Japan is spoiling for war. The Japanese have for eight hundred years been a belligerent and aggressive people. They are determined to monopolize the trade of the Pacific and are about to seize the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska and the Pacific Coast, and then to hold them all by bringing in allied Chinese armies.

The main trouble with this whole farrago is that it proves too much; against such awful dangers the remedies proposed by Hobson are mere dribbles. First of all, these secret enemies are already warned: the Japanese Prime Minister has nightmares from reading the Congressional Record; and "Komura of the domy brain" must grind his teeth to see the most secret policy of the elder statesmen penetrated by the swift-diving, low-tackling, watch-the-ball mind of the great American naval statesman. If Japan really intends the ruin of the United States the time to declare war was three years ago, when Hobson first "got on to" the situation; or, at the latest, day after tomorrow, while "equilibrium" is still unestablished; while the Panama Canal is not open to bring American fleets from the Gulf of Mexico; while the American navy is not sole master of the Pacific; while Taft and Knox and Root and Lodge and Roosevelt, and all the other easy-going men in Washington, are still slumbering.

Hobson casts in the teeth of the Japanese their power, their will and their design to annex the Pacific. Why don't they take his dare? Just now there is a specially good opportunity, while the great Powers of Europe are trying to dodge such distressing words as "equilibrium" and "balance of power," hurled at them by Hobson. Why is not Hobson at this moment defending his country by negotiating the needed treaties of alliance and mutual defense with Great Britain, France, Germany, Holland, Russia—every one of which Powers has a greater stake in Asia than the United States? Are they going to stand by and see America driven out of Asia, China usurped by Japan, and the trade of that great empire corralled by the warships of the Mikado? The savior of his country must not be contented with pointing out a danger. We want safety; we want it quick! Hobson ought either to encourage or to rescue his country.

Gospel or Apocrypha?

ARE Hobson's three chapters of accusation, his circumstantial proofs of Japan's ill-will and murderous intent, really Gospel or only Apocrypha? Let us take them up in sequence. What are the grounds of Japan's supposed hatred of the United States? Hobson says that one proof is unwillingness to concede to us "what is inevitable—the American control of the sea around which our possessions are scattered." This cool assumption that the United States, which did not acquire an unquestionable front on the Pacific till 1846, is entitled to turn out of it the Asiatic nations, which have had civilized and seafaring communities fronting on that ocean for nearly twenty centuries, is a totally un-American assertion of a spirit of conquest and brutal disregard of other nations' rights.

The conquest of the Philippines was in itself a shock to the neighboring Asiatic nations, but to assert that that conquest gives us a right to the control of the Pacific is to set up a principle which the Monroe Doctrine was framed to estop. No sensible man supposes that the Japanese intend to shut off all the rest of mankind from trade with China. Perhaps the delusion rests upon a misconception as to the relations between the two Asiatic-Pacific Powers. The Chinese may possibly some time become a peril to Europe; if so they will also be a peril to Japan. China is just about as likely to accept the military tutelage and the commercial direction of Japan as Germany is to accept the political leadership and commercial control of Great Britain. The Japanese want all the trade they can get anywhere; but it is simply not in their power to preëmpt trade relations with China.

The belief that Japan feels a race antagonism to this country is equally without foundation. The Japanese intend to take their trade out of the hands of the European and American middlemen who for decades have controlled it; they do not like the foreign resident merchants any more than Americans would enjoy seeing a great part of the wholesale and shipping business of New York in the hands of, we will say, a body of Turks who adhered to their own costumes and way of life, sought no American citizenship, held aloof from Americans and scoffed at the Government and institutions of America. That status of being strangers in a strange land is not peculiar to Americans, however. The Japanese mean also to dispense with English, French and German traders.

Undoubtedly the Japanese are ambitious and at present elated by their recent victory over Russia; but what are the Japanese ambitions which collide with the possessions or interests of the United States? Manchuria? That province especially interests Russians because it is their sole hope of an inlet to a good, ice-free Pacific port. The Philippines? They might be convenient to the Japanese, but the Filipinos would be no better satisfied with Japanese rule than the Formosans and the Koreans. The Hawaiian Islands? They have strategic importance, but are no more accessible to the Japanese than the Loochoo Islands to European or American fleets. So far from Japan being, as Hobson says, "an island country, absolutely safe from invasion," the empire is much more open to attack and to the landing of large forces than any part of our Pacific mainland. It is nonsense to argue that the United States has everything to lose and Japan everything to gain from war.

What then of the stupendous Japanese military preparations which Hobson's secret service men are constantly revealing—the new factories for military material; the dockyards and arsenals; the four hundred thousand men now under arms; the one billion dollars borrowed since the Russian War, "a large part of which is held in a war chest in specie"? These preparations are indeed fearful, because they are unknown to anybody but Hobson. The French *Revue Militaire des Armées Etrangères* for 1908 sets down for Japan: "Total strength of the army in time of peace . . . between two hundred and ten thousand and two hundred and twenty thousand." About three hundred and fifty thousand men, in addition, are on the rolls of the "war strength, first line." The "five hundred thousand men who have been added to the Japanese army since the war with Russia" must have been recruited by Hobson, for the statisticians know them not. Naval comparisons are more difficult. The Japanese personnel in 1907 was forty-six thousand against fifty-seven thousand in 1910. The naval expenditures in the United States last year were one hundred and thirty-one millions; those of Japan about forty millions.

So with financial preparations. There is no arguing with a man who can assert unblushingly that the Japanese Government paid for the Russian War as it progressed; that it has a thousand millions in specie in its vaults; that it would make money by going to war and seizing Alaska; that "the Imperial Government receives a large percentage of the corporate earnings of the empire without these revenues appearing at all in financial statements." According to Mayor Ozaki, of Tokio, in a recent publication, Japan borrowed five hundred and fifty-five million dollars during the Russian War; and, since 1905, appears to have increased the debt by about two hundred and fifty million dollars; the total now stands, all told, at about one billion, three hundred million dollars. Nobody can actually visit Japan with his eyes open without seeing that the country is poor and heavily overtaxed. All the world knows that the Peace of Portsmouth had to be made because the credit of the nation in Europe was exhausted. Some of the joint-stock companies receive large sums as subsidies and bonuses from the Government. The three great merchant steamship companies that are supposed to be intended for transporting a Japanese army to the coast of America have a combined capital of about twenty-two million dollars and a fleet much inferior in combined tonnage to the fleet of the Hamburg-American Line. There is no great war chest—no new augmentation of the navy. It is a bad case of Annungite looking for the naughty boy.

Upon the other side, a cloud of witnesses deny both the hostility and the preparations of Japan. Baron Kaneko, who was unofficial representative of Japan in the United States during the Russian War, holds that the two Powers are partners in Pacific interests; that together they possess the whole coast of the Pacific from San Diego around to the Sulu Islands—with the exception of Kamchatka. And he adds: "There has never arisen between them one troublesome question." As for friendship with the United States, "if we sever our relations and fight each other, the commercial ties between the two nations would be shattered and the Chinese market would fall into the hands of England, Germany and France." Shimada, in Count Okuma's recent book, Fifty Years of New Japan, praises the friendly spirit of the United States "which has pervaded all her proceedings toward Japan from the very first." Count Soyeshima says: "There is nothing to disturb the firmly established peace in the Far East."

Feeling on the Coast

MANY people do not realize to what a degree the Japanese have deliberately bound themselves to keep the Asiatic peace. By the first British treaty of alliance of 1902, and the second of 1905, those two great Powers have agreed to maintain the existing status in Asia, including the "independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire." Similar pledges were made in a treaty with France of 1906. By the Russian Convention of 1907 Japan is again bound to the "maintenance of the *status quo*." The same phrase reappears in the American memorandum of November 30, 1908, in which one of the mutual interests of the two Powers is held to be "maintenance of the existing *status quo* and the defense of the equal opportunity for commerce and industry in China." With every strong Power in eastern Asia—whether Asiatic, European or American, except only Germany—the Japanese have recently, by formal document, pledged themselves to peace and against aggression.

How far is this good-will disturbed by the events involving the Japanese residents on the Pacific Coast of America? The main purpose of the people on the Pacific Coast in legislating against the Japanese was to stop their immigration; but that purpose was brought about by an understanding with the Japanese Government, reached in 1907, that it would not issue passports to laborers to come to America. In the recent treaty of 1911 nothing is said as to immigration; but the Japanese minister declared in writing that the Japanese Government "are fully prepared to maintain with equal effectiveness the limitation and control which they have for the past three years exercised in regulation of the emigration of laborers to the United States"—that is, the Japanese Government has no desire that laborers should come to the United States, but will not undertake to accord to Americans privileges of trade or movement in Japan unless precisely the same rights are granted to Japanese who actually reach America. The Chinese have by treaty consented to a different treatment.

(Concluded on Page 35)



LÉONTINE AND CO.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

III

EDITH, I knew, was an early riser, and the next morning at nine I found her already at work in her studio. She was alone, for Miss Dalghren was more luxurious.

"May I interrupt you for a few minutes' talk, Edith?" I asked.

"Of course you may," she answered, laying down her palette and giving me a quick look from her thoughtful eyes.

So I told her of my letter from Léontine, holding back, of course, the name and identity of the writer. Edith listened with her smooth brows knit. I did not mention what Léontine had said about a thief being always a thief, because I knew in my heart that this did not apply to me. I had been a criminal, but not a weak man. Whenever I have committed a crime it has always been of my own deliberate intention, and not the result of temptation. To my way of thinking the man who wants to be honest, then falls in spite of himself, is not a thief. He is not worthy of the name of a thief. He is merely a weakling. To that class belong pilfering *valets de chambre*, and absconding cashiers, and the like. A professional thief would be ashamed to associate with that sort. He steals because he wants to, not because he can't help it. What I dwelt upon to Edith was the harm that might come to her husband and herself from receiving me into their household—and I put this even stronger than Léontine had done.

When I had finished she looked at me with her twisted little smile.

"Is that all, Frank?" she asked.

"Isn't it enough?" I retorted. "And isn't it all true?"

"It may be true to some extent," she answered slowly, "but it is not enough."

"It may not be enough for you, Edith," I cried, "because you are a sort of angel on earth. But it is enough for me and probably would be enough for John, if he were to see it in that light."

"John understands," said Edith; "he is loyal to the core—and besides he is your half-brother, and it is his duty."

"It is his duty not to sacrifice you," said I, "and mine too. No, Edith; I won't have it. My word is passed to keep straight and I will stick to it. But I will not stay here. I am going away."

"With this woman?" she asked.

"With or without her. What does it matter? That is not the point."

"How long do you think that you would keep on the higher plane if you were with her, Frank?" Her eyes looked steadily into mine. "No; if you go back to her I shall absolve you from your promise. It is better to be dishonest to the world, I think, than to oneself. That is why I am so sure of you; because up to this time, whatever you have done has been with conviction that it was justified in a person of your circumstances. But it can never be the same again. If you were to slip now it would cost you your self-respect. Listen to me, Frank—I thought of all this when I told John to bring you here. I weighed the *pros* and *cons* for us all. From the minute I saw you I had confidence in your strength and resolution. Since you are what you are I have no fear of the result for any of us. John and I are not slaves to the dictates of society. If such friends as we have are unwilling to accept our actions, we do not wish to keep them."

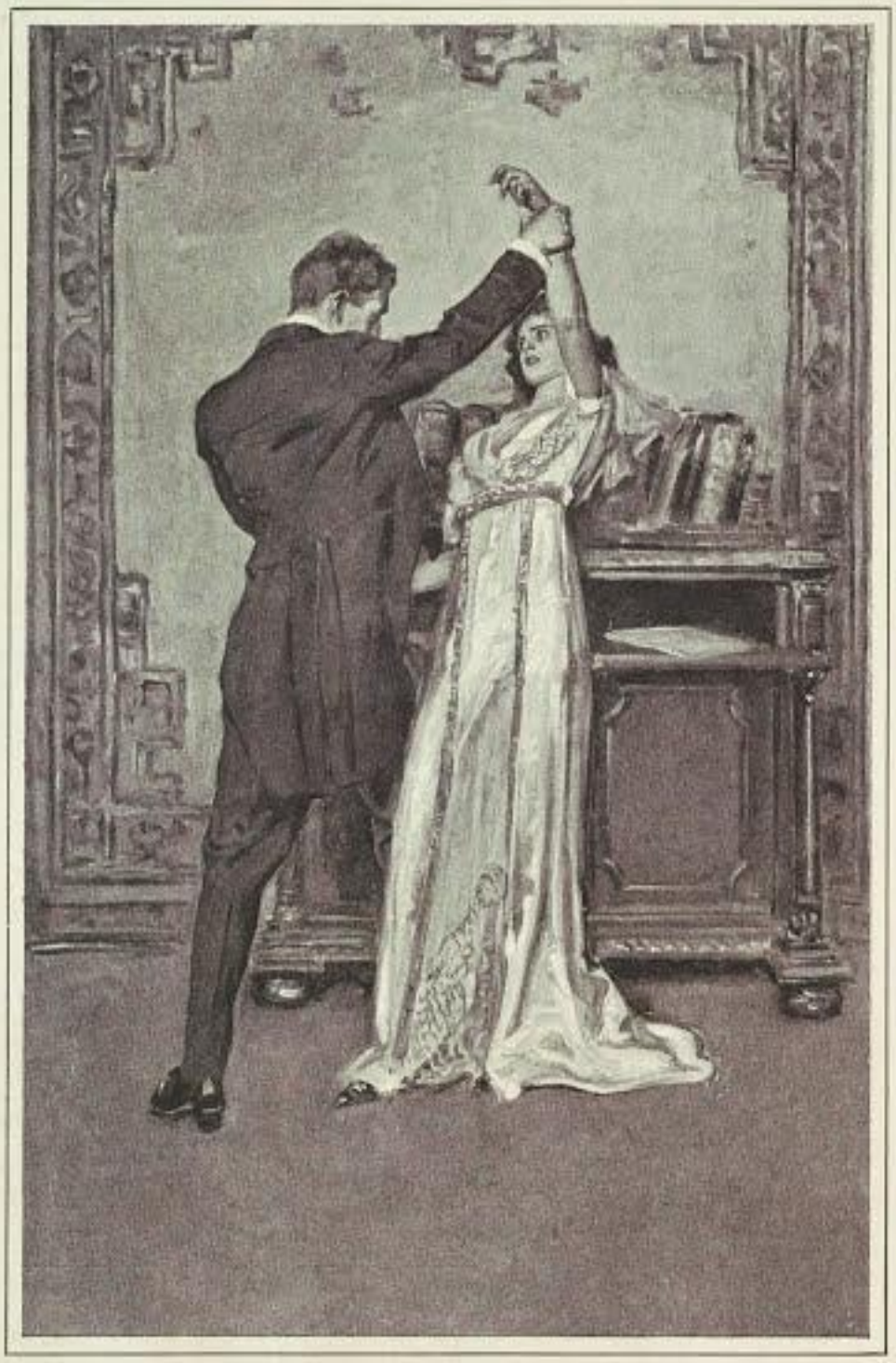
"It's asking too much," I muttered.

Edith laid her hand upon my wrist.

"We are asking nothing of anybody, Frank. We have merely made our choice; that is all."

What was I to say? She was stronger than I—ten thousand million times. I mumbled back the same old argument and she listened with her twisted smile, saying a warm word here and there for which I found no answer. It was like a chunk of ice trying to argue the point with the sun. Finally I gave it up and raised her hand to my lips.

"I'll talk a bit to John," I muttered, and shambled out.



"Curse You!" She Shrieked. "Let Me Go. Wait Until Ivan Hears of This"

John was on the terrace, breakfasting. His eyes were puffy as he looked up to wish me good morning, and I noticed that his hand was shaky as he poured his coffee. I told him of my talk with Edith. He listened, looking rather bored.

"Oh, well," said he, "I understand, of course, how you feel about it all. Why can't we make sort of a compromise? You needn't stop here at the house if you're afraid that it might reflect on Edith, but there's no need for you to go away. Give this crook lady to understand that she's got to leave you alone; then find yourself diggings up near the office and pitch into our motor business. There's a lot to be done in the way of introducing the car, advertising, and all that. Besides, I've got quite a list of possible clients, and you will be busy taking them out over the road. Let's go ahead with our business and let the social part slide."

There was a certain amount of sense in this. As long as I kept away from the house it didn't seem as if I could do them any special harm. So for the time being we decided to let it go at that.

I found myself quarters on a side street near the office and started in to work. Rather to my surprise John proved himself a mighty good hustler for trade. He had a big acquaintance, both among resident and visiting Americans, and in the course of the first six weeks we booked quite a number of orders. Our car was a good one, silent as a watch, easy to handle and constructed a bit on the American plan, with a high clearance and light for the size and power, which made it easy on tires. I joined the Automobile Club and made quite a lot of useful acquaintances.

I wrote to Léontine, telling her briefly of the course I'd taken, and asking her to make good in what she said about doing her part. She never answered the note, but I'll be hanged if she didn't come swelling into the office one day with Kharkoff and make him buy a car. John was tremendously tickled.

Now and again I saw Edith, but I kept away from the house. She was herself a very good driver and duly certificated in Paris. Then one day John told me that Miss Dalghren was anxious to learn to drive, and asked me to give her a few early morning lessons in a little volturette that we had taken in trade and used for knocking about on our business. So I took the girl out in the Bois before business hours in the morning, and twice we met Léontine riding with Kharkoff. The face of the Polish girl was not so amiable as I would have liked to see it; and, knowing something of the wild nature of women of her sort, I told Miss Dalghren that if she didn't mind we would continue our lessons late in the afternoon, as I had missed one or two early clients, and later in the day I could get John to relieve me at the office while I was gone. She agreed, and the very next day we ran into Léontine and Kharkoff again at about six in the evening.

We were rounding the corner of a narrow little route and we couldn't have been in a worse position, for I was talking to her, leaning over with my face so close to hers that a few tendrils of her yellow hair were against my cheek, the car being old and a noisy little beast. Miss Dalghren turned to me with a smile just as Léontine and Kharkoff, walking their horses, came upon us. As I looked up I caught a glimpse of Léontine's face. It had gone as black as a thundercloud. She raised her crop and brought it down with a vicious cut on the ribs of her hunter, which sprang ahead, almost striking the car.

They swept past and Miss Dalghren looked at me, her eyes big with surprise.

"Did you see that?" she cried. "I wonder why she did it. And her face was furious."

"Probably the Prince said something nice about you," I told her.

The girl did not answer, and I guessed that she was thinking of the night that Léontine had sat next us in the box. A little later she turned and gave me a look that I pretended not to see. For my part I was troubled, and when we got back I said:

"You drive well enough now to take your examination. I'll go down to the prefecture and make an engagement for you."

"Very well," she answered quietly; but there was a tone to her voice that made me uneasy.

It was about a week later that John came into the office one morning looking so badly that I thought he must have been making a night of it. He shot me a quick look, then said shortly:

"Come into the private office, Frank. I want to talk to you."

I followed him in. John turned to me with a haggard face.

"Frank," said he, "here's the devil to pay! Mary Dalghren's pearls have been stolen."

My friend, I have had some hard jolts at different times in my busy life. But never did I get such a knockout blow as that. I could feel the blood sucking out of my face and the pit of my stomach seemed to melt. John's expression was pretty bad, but my own must have been worse, for he said sharply: "What's the matter with you?"

I pulled myself together. My throat and mouth felt dry and I hated to speak. John gave me another curious look and his face hardened a trifle. He pulled out his cigarette

case and lit a cigarette in a sullen sort of way. Something in his expression stiffened my back.

"Tell me the particulars," I said.

"There ain't much to tell," he answered. "Mary went to a big dinner at the Billings' last night. They are Americans—barrels of money and mighty little else. Mary teaches the daughters music. She wore her pearls. After your visit showed me how easy it was for a cracksman to walk in and out of the house I bought a small safe, which is in my room. Both Mary and Edith keep their jewels in it. But last night I was playing a little baccarat at the Automobile Club and didn't get in till three. Edith has the combination, but she was asleep when Mary got home; and Mary, not wishing to disturb her, locked up her pearls in her *bureau de toilette*. When she looked for them this morning they were gone. That's all."

He smoked sulkily, staring out through the window.

"What have you done about it?" I asked.

"Nothing," he snapped; "what was there to do? Edith would not let me ——" He stopped short and got red.

"Edith would not let you notify the police?" I said. "Of course she wouldn't. What would be the use, after you have taken a felon into your family? The prefect would laugh at you and say it served you right. The thief knew that."

I got on my feet and reached for my hat.

"Let's go down to the house," I said; "I want to look around."

John got up and we went out and whirled down to the Boulevard des Invalides. Neither of us spoke until we reached the Place de la Concorde. Then said I:

"John, I know what has happened to those pearls and I don't despair of getting them back. Not by a whole lot."

He gave me a startled look. "Well?" he asked.

"Some of my ex-pals know how you saved me from the law," said I, "and that I stopped for a while in your house. They also know that your wife has fine jewels. Somebody has sized up the proposition for an easy one, knowing that you could hardly go to the police. Also, the thief counts on your suspecting me. Do you?"

John looked away. "Oh, no, not a bit," he answered, hesitating a trifle.

"I'm glad of that," said I, and added: "Was Kharkoff playing last night as usual?"

"Yes," growled John; "worse luck!"

"You lost?"

He gave me a quick look, then grunted: "Oh, a trifle."

Neither of us spoke until we reached the house, where we found Edith and Miss Dalghren on the terrace. The girl's face was pale and I thought she seemed a little embarrassed at seeing me. But Edith's clear eyes were as steady as ever, and she gave me a good grip of the hand.

"This is horrid, Frank," said she. "It makes me wish that there were no such things as jewels. But I have told Mary that she is not to worry; that we have a member of the family who is worth a whole bureau of detectives."

A cynical sort of grin spread over John's self-indulgent mouth.

"You are right, Edith," I said. "I told John a little while ago that I could locate those pearls, and so I can."

"Do you know who stole them?" asked Mary, with a straight look.

"I think so," I answered. "Now I want to ask you some questions. You went to dine at the Billings' last night and wore your pearls. Who and what are the Billings?"

"They are rich Americans who have come over here to educate their daughters. They live on the Avenue du Bois."

"Are they aristocratic people?" I asked.

The two women exchanged glances.

"Hardly that," answered Miss Dalghren hesitatingly. "Mr. Billings is rather a common man who has made a big fortune in ready-made clothes, or something of the sort. His wife is ordinary, but kind and well-meaning. She is very ambitious socially."

"How about their guests?" I asked. "How many were there and what were they like?"

"There were twelve, only four of whom I had ever met before. Two or three of them I thought rather queer."

"Could you describe some of the men?" I asked. "There were a few titles, I suppose?"

She smiled. "They were all titled, I think. Barons and counts and princes and a general or two. Naturally the one I remember the best is the man who took me out. He was Italian, I think, or possibly a Pole. Just before we went to the table Mrs. Billings took me aside and said: 'You have made a conquest, my dear. Captain Schlossberg was to have taken you out, but a man has just begged so hard for you that I must give you to him.' And she pointed out a handsome man who looked like an Italian. He was tall and slender, with thick black hair and a black mustache waxed at the tips."

"What was his name?"

"I did not catch his last name, but during the dinner one of the other men called him Ivan."

"Ivan," I repeated, as if to fix the name in my mind. "Now," I said, "can you remember what you talked about?"

"At dinner we talked principally about music," she answered. "He was very well informed and appeared to know most of the artists and composers. Also he seemed to be acquainted with a good many nice people here in Paris."

"What happened after dinner?" I asked.

"There was a girl who sang. Then my dinner partner played some Hungarian folk-songs and sang one or two. He had rather a nice voice. At the end I played the harp. When I had finished, my dinner partner brought me a glass of orangeade. There was some sort of liqueur in it, I think, and I did not like the taste, but the room was hot and I was thirsty and drank it all. Shortly after that I came home. Therese, Edith's maid, was waiting for me in the motor."

"And when you got home ——"

"Edith had gone to bed and John had not come in. I did not want to disturb Edith as she has been sleeping poorly, so I put the pearls in the drawer of my toilet table and dropped the key in one of my stockings. I don't think that I was ever so sleepy in my life, and when I woke up I had a splitting headache, which I put down to that nasty sweet orangeade and the stuff in it."

"Thank you," said I. "That's quite enough, Miss Dalghren."

"Have you got a clew?" asked John.

"I had one already," I answered.

"And you think that you can get back the pearls?"

"Yes," I answered, and turned to Edith. "Are your pearls safe?" I asked.

Edith nodded. "I haven't looked," said she, "but it's not necessary. I opened the safe to get Mary's out last night, and mine were there. I did not leave the room after that, as I was not feeling well and had my dinner in bed. Nobody could have come into the room during the night because—because I did not go to sleep."

"Not at all?" I asked quickly.

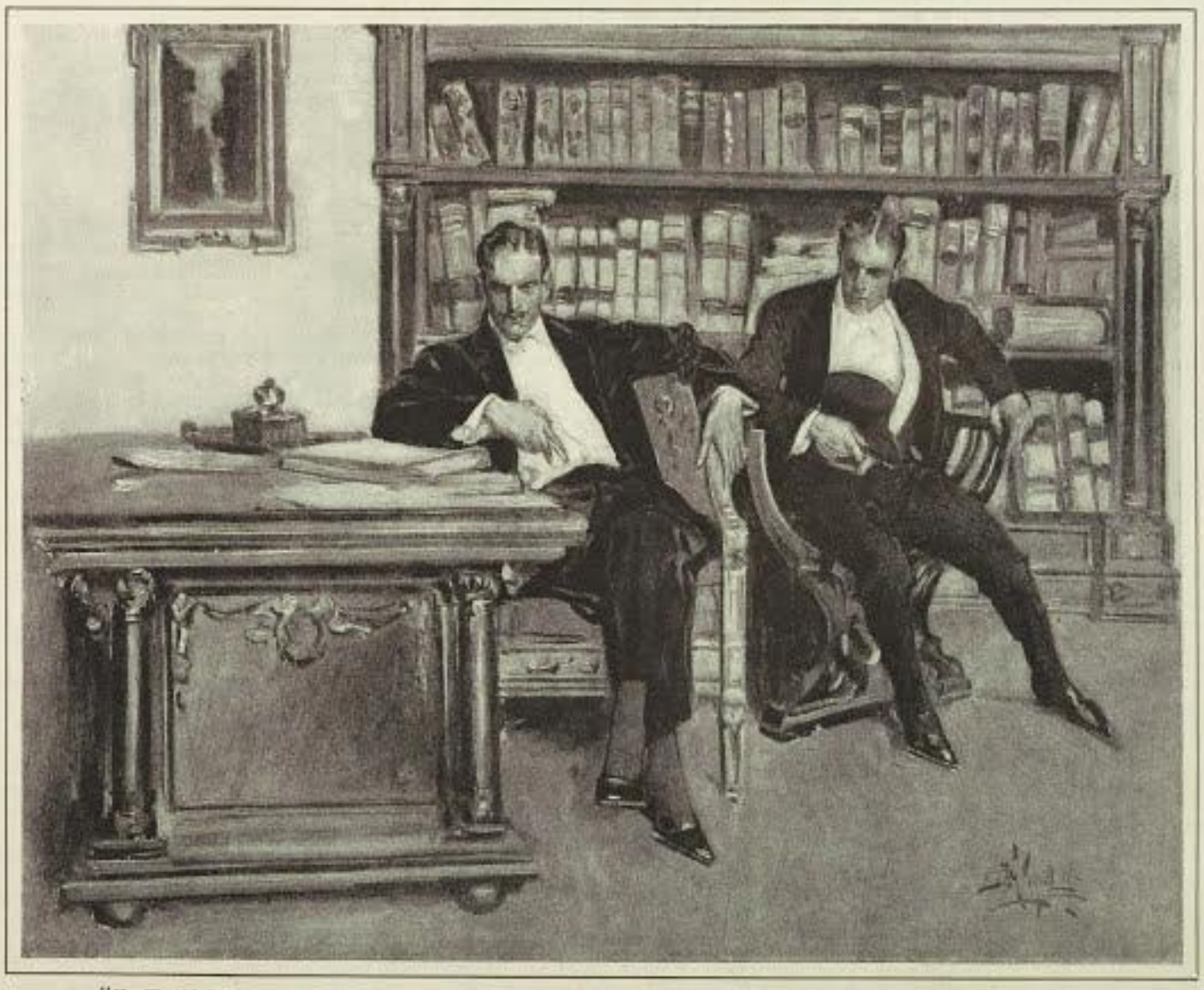
"Not a wink," she confessed, and the color came into her cheeks. "I heard every quarter from the clocks of Saint François Xavier and the Invalides."

"In that case," said I, guessing why she had not slept, "it's as you say, hardly worth while to look. Now I will say *au revoir*, as there is no time to lose if I want to get the pearls."

So I went out and jumped into the little car and started back uptown alone. The whole business was pretty plain to me, but there were a few details I wanted to study out. Ivan, as you may remember, was the man who had given me the job of stealing Edith's jewels. He was the chief executive of the Paris mob of thieves, some of whom I had met that night at Léontine's house in Passy. Ivan never did any of the active work. He was a clubman and a diner-out. When he was asked to some rich house he looked things over and, if the proposition seemed a good one, turned it over to some worker. The latter robbed the house and brought the swag to Ivan, who disposed of it, deducting his percentage. If the job went wrong and the burglar got caught there was a fund to defend the operator. Ivan kept his hands clean and was always in some conspicuous place on the night of the theft.

So far all was clear as spring water. The next thing was to find out who had the pearls at the present moment. The more I thought of this, the more I became convinced that the disposition of jewels stolen by the mob was Léontine's work. Léontine was undoubtedly the fence. Being under the protectorship of Kharkoff, who was fabulously rich, she might be expected to have valuable jewels; and these she might also be expected to dispose of, for various reasons common to women of her position. Her words to me at Bagatelle crossed my mind: "I am a thief on a bigger scale than you ever dreamed of." There was little doubt in my mind that at the present moment Léontine had Miss Dalghren's pearls.

The next thing was to get them, and I had no great fear of my ability to do that. I would go to Léontine and give it to her straight, that unless she handed them over I would call on the prefect of police and lay information for the rounding up of the whole mob, Ivan, Maxeville, or Chu-Chu le Tondeur, as he was known, the women *souris d'hôtel* and herself. I would tell her in strong terms that they had played it rotten low on me. Here was I, who a few weeks before had got myself pinched to save their hides, being used as a shield for them to crawl behind when they



"He Would Rather Kill Than Not. It is a Pity, Because He is the Most Able Operator That I Have Ever Known"

stole pearls from the house of the people who had saved me from a life sentence. This would be a dangerous game for me, I knew, but I never scared worth a cent; and by the time I got to the office I was so tearing mad that I asked nothing better than to take on the whole slimy gang.

So I sent Léontine a *pneumatique* to say that she could take her choice between meeting me at Bagatelle the next morning at eleven or later in the day at the prefecture of police. I knew that she might not be able to get away from Kharkoff in the afternoon or evening, but as he was A. D. C. of one of the grand dukes and supposed to report every morning before midday, the chances were that the girl could manage a morning *rendez-vous*.

That night at about eleven I went into the Automobile Club. There was a baccarat game already going, and as I chanced to meet an acquaintance who was manager of a garage near our office the pair of us strolled in to watch the play. Almost the first person my eyes rested on was John. His back was turned to us, but my acquaintance had recognized him also, and said to me:

"There is your patron, Monsieur Clamart. You will have to sell a good many cars to pay for his game of last night."

"Really?" I answered carelessly. "Was it as bad as that?"

"I heard that his losses were about forty thousand francs," said he.

I shrugged. "Monsieur Cuttynge told me that he had been unlucky," I said, "but he spoke of his losses as trifling."

"I myself saw him lose thirty thousand," said my friend; "but these Americans and Russians do not think much of a sum like that. Kharkoff was the heavy winner. He won over eighty thousand francs."

"Do you think that he will play tonight?" I asked.

"It is probable. They told me today in his garage on the Rue Guyot that he was off for London tomorrow in his car."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Probably *la femme du diable* will go with him. I hear that she is his morganatic wife. But since Kharkoff is going to London tomorrow, tonight will be his last chance to play and he will probably play high. It will be interesting to watch."

I assented, and we turned our attention to the game. But my thoughts were not on the table. I was thinking of John and his loss of the night before—a loss that he could ill afford, as we needed every cent that could be scraped together for our business. But what interested me even more was Kharkoff's journey to London. I had little doubt that Léontine would take the pearls with her to dispose of in England. If the Prince were to make an early start for the run to Boulogne Léontine might not be able to meet me at Bagatelle—or at least this could be so difficult that she might prefer to run the risk of my fulfilling my threat.

If possible, then, I must manage to see her that very night. It seemed likely that Kharkoff would want to follow up his luck at the tables; and, having once started to play, he might be counted on as a fixture until the game closed. This would give me a chance to see Léontine—and, for that matter, the sooner I had it out with her over the pearls the better.

So I found an inconspicuous corner near the door and waited. As the game proceeded it appeared that John was winning, and I decided to have a straight talk with him the next day and try to persuade him to leave baccarat alone. The chances were, I thought, that if he managed to recoup to any extent he would listen to reason, being a good-natured sort of chap and not hard to influence.

A little after midnight there was a sudden stir in the room and the crowd not playing turned to look over their shoulders. "*Le Prince*," I heard, and here was Kharkoff's big bulk at my shoulder. He crowded in to reach the table and I slipped out and made for the street.

"And now," said I to myself, "for Léontine!"

IV

OUT I went and jumped into a taxicab, telling the driver to stop at the corner of Léontine's street.

With the inside knowledge that I had it was not difficult to reconstruct the theft of Mary Dalghren's pearls. Léontine, I thought, was behind the whole dirty business. She was playing a double game, or possibly a triple one: the pearls themselves; an act of revenge and spite against a girl she no doubt considered to be her successful rival; and, finally, the chance of driving me back to the underworld. Jealousy had probably induced her to do what she would never for a moment have thought of doing otherwise. She had leaped to the conclusion that I was in love with Miss Dalghren, and had decided that it was this, more than gratitude, that had led me to stick to my good resolutions.

Therefore she had made up her mind to get the pearls, thinking that even if the actual suspicion did not fall upon me I should nevertheless be held in a measure to blame, and that this might lead to a rupture with my benefactors that would drive me back to my old life. So she had seen Ivan and persuaded him to undertake the job. This, I thought, had not been very easy for her to do. I had read Ivan's character as that of a man of soul and sentiment. He was an enemy to society, like the rest of them, but his Slavic nature was warm and emotional, and I knew that he had deeply appreciated the sacrifice that I had made when I surrendered my liberty in order to save him and the others. During the time that I was in the Santé he had sent one of his gang disguised as a priest to tell me that if money could help me to get my freedom I might rest assured that none would be spared in the attempt.

But Léontine's persuasion had overcome his scruples. The girl was an indispensable ally to him in his work, and I more than half suspected that he was himself in love with her. I remembered how his lustrous eyes had glowed as they rested on her the night of the dinner-party at Léontine's house. He had accordingly undertaken the theft, and the opportunity to carry it off had come sooner and more easily, no doubt, than he had hoped for. On meeting Miss Dalghren by chance at the Billings' dinner he had sent a word to Chu-Chu to get on the job. It was even possible that Chu-Chu himself had been at the dinner, for as Monsieur de Maxeville, *Officier de la Légion d'Honneur*, he went a good deal in society. Chu-Chu might have left early and have been in or about the Cuttynges' house when Miss Dalghren got home. Miss Dalghren had said that after playing the harp Ivan had brought her a glass of orangeade that had a queer taste as if from some liqueur. It was possible that Ivan had drugged the beverage with an opiate not strong enough to take immediate effect, but that would insure of her not waking, once she fell asleep. Miss Dalghren had remarked that she had never felt so sleepy in her life, and that she had awakened with a splitting headache.

The chance of Edith's being asleep and John at the club had made Chu-Chu's work only too easy. Knowing the ruthless character of the man, the only thing that surprised me was that he had not continued his work and gone upstairs to crack the safe, either gagging or strangling Edith—for Chu-Chu was a killer. But no doubt Ivan's instructions had strictly forbidden anything of this sort, and Chu-Chu had not dared to disobey.

This was the way I reasoned it out, and whether the details were accurate or not I had no doubt that the main features were correct. I was firmly convinced that Ivan would never have played me such a trick but for Léontine's influence. There is a professional etiquette observed between thieves of the highest class, just as there is between swell members of other professions, and although it is not always strictly adhered to, there was in this case a strong obligation to me. As to the location of the pearls, I was sure that they were now in Léontine's possession, having first been turned over to Ivan by Chu-Chu and then delivered to Léontine by Ivan, that she might dispose of them in England or elsewhere.

I paid off my taxi at the head of the Rue de Passy and walked quickly to Léontine's little house. There was a single light in one of the upper windows. Hardly had I rung the gate-bell when the door opened and a manservant came out and let me in.

"Mademoiselle Petrovski?" I asked.

He gave me a quick glance and I recognized him as the same man who had served us the night of the dinner-party.

"Mademoiselle is expecting Monsieur," said he. "If Monsieur will take the trouble to enter."

I followed him into the house, when he ushered me to the little Moorish room overlooking the garden at the rear. Like most places of the sort there were two entrances, front and rear.

I had not long to wait. There was a rustle in the corridor, a light step and Léontine entered. She wore the evening gown of orange-colored chiffon that I remembered, and for a moment the inhuman beauty of her almost took away my breath, just as it had at our first meeting. There was a warm flush on her cheeks and her eyes shone like yellow diamonds.

"Frank," she murmured, and gave me both hands.

I held them for an instant, then let them fall and stepped back to look at her. The room was softly lighted by two tall lamps that shone through amber-colored shades.

"So you expected me?" said I.

"Yes. I received your *pneumatique*, but thought it probable that you would learn that I was leaving for London tomorrow with Kharkoff."

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I asked.

"Horribly!" She threw back and laughed. My word, but the pearls that she had stolen were no more perfect than her teeth! There was nothing artificial about the laugh either. It was low and gurgling, and as full of real mirth as though what she had done were the funniest thing that ever happened.

"But you are the one who ought to be ashamed, Frank," said she. "I never received such a horrid *pneumatique*—except from Kharkoff, and he's a savage. It's not good manners to threaten a lady."

"It's even more impolite to threaten her by word of mouth," said I, "but that's what I am here for. That was a low-down trick of yours, Léontine. I never should have believed it of you. What made you do it?"

Her eyes danced. "There were two reasons," said she. "First, I wanted to get you back to your own again. The other was because I hate that lump of a girl you are always with. The last time we met, it was all that I could do to keep from slashing her across the face with my crop. You don't really care for her, do you, Frank? Such a lump of a flaxen-headed doll!"

"I don't care for her at all," I answered. "I have been teaching her to drive because I was ordered to. Those reasons are not enough to excuse you rounding on a pal, my dear."

"I am not excusing myself—and you are no longer a pal. You refused to be a pal."

"There's no use going into that," said I. "Where are those pearls?"

She gave me a teasing look.

"Don't you wish you knew?" said she.

"I do know," I answered. "They are here. Hand them over, Léontine. Your plot has failed. My friends believe in me as much as ever, but they think that my old pals have played it on me mighty low. So do I. Why don't you tell the truth and say that you wanted the money, and knew that you ran no risk because by what they did for me their hands are tied?"

Léontine's eyes blazed. "Wanted the money?" she cried. "Come, you know better than that, *mon ami*. Hadn't I just offered to pay back what your mushy relatives had spent on you?"

"For your own selfish purposes," I answered. "Failing in that, you thought you might as well make a little out of me in a different way."

The blood rushed into her face.

"You lie!" she cried. "You lie, and you know it!"

"Who is impolite now?" I asked. "However, it's all right. I didn't come here to bandy compliments."

The criminality in the girl flashed out of her yellow eyes.

"No?" she asked. "Then what did you come for?"

"I came to get the pearls," I said, "and something tells me that I am going to succeed. If you stole them for the reasons that you say, you might as well give them back. Your plan has absolutely failed. I have always played fair myself and was fool enough to have a little sentiment about 'honor among thieves.' But I know better now. This experience alone would be enough to sicken me with graft and start me on the level, even if there were no other reasons. But then I was an American crook, and that makes a difference."

Léontine's face turned the color of ivory—a dead, creamy white—and her eyes seemed to darken.

"You are a fool, Frank," she said, breathing hard. "You may think that your friends still believe in you, but they don't. Of course they would pretend to, to save their own self-respect. Have they said anything to you about your handkerchief found in that girl's room, and your monogram cigarette and the prints of your tennis shoes on the path outside?"

"What's that?" I cried, turning on her so suddenly that she shrank back a little.

"I see that they haven't." She gave her low laugh, but there was no amusement in it this time. "Yes, my dear," she went on mockingly. "Chu-Chu first paid a visit to your rooms and got what he needed."

"So it was Chu-Chu," I snarled. "I'll twist his hairy neck for that—and you can tell him so for me."

"Chu-Chu takes good care of his neck. But you see, Frank, you are outclassed. Better come back to the fold, my little boy."

"You think so, do you?" I answered quietly. "Well, then, my dear girl, let me tell you something. If you think that you are going to play me for a sucker you're wrong. I'm either an old pal or I'm an honest citizen. If I'm the first, hand over those pearls. If I'm the honest citizen, then look out for squalls."

Léontine was silent for a moment. Then said she softly:

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this: that if you choose to consider me as the honest citizen, I shall act like one. You like your little joke and so do I. You got Chu-Chu to play yours. I'll get the prefect of police to play mine—and glad enough he'll be to do it."

Léontine's eyes narrowed. Her face was like alabaster.

"Indeed!" said she softly. "And how long do you think that our honest little citizen would be apt to live after playing such a joke?" She smiled. "I think that he would go straight to Heaven, where he belongs."

"Not until he had sent an old pal or two to the other place," I answered. "Monsieur de Maxeville would probably find his handsome head under the guillotine, where *it* belongs."

Léontine took a swift step forward and her hand fell on my wrist like a cold steel bracelet—and I know how that feels.

"Frank," she whispered, "don't joke on such vital matters. It's only a joke, of course, but it is not a nice one."

"Well, then," said I, "it's not a joke; and the sooner you get that through your pretty curly pate the better for all hands."

(Continued on Page 32)

ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

OF THE NEW YORK BAR

His Autobiography Revised and Edited by Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IX

DAYBREAK found me still wandering in the streets, haunted by the fear that the police might already be upon my track and furious at the thought that one foolish step should have changed me from a prosperous and powerful member of the bar into a fugitive. Often in earlier days I had pitied the wretches who would come slinking into our office after nightfall, empty their pockets of gold and notes—taken often, no doubt, by force or fraud from others—and pour it out before us, begging for our aid to save them from punishment. It seemed incredible to me that human beings should have staked their liberty and often their lives for a few wretched dollars. Outcasts, they skulked through existence, forced, once they had begun, to go on and on committing new crimes—on the one hand to live, and on the other to pay tribute to Gottlieb and myself, who alone stood between them and jail. How they had cringed to us! We were their masters, cracking the lash across their shoulders, and sharing equally, if invisibly, in their crimes! And how I had scorned them—fools, as they seemed to me, to take such desperate chances! Yet, as the sun rose, I now saw myself as one of the beings whom I had so despised. We were no longer their masters—they were our masters! Hawkins had us in his power. He alone could prevent us from donning prison stripes.

Already the streets were beginning to stir. Wagons rumbled along the pavements. Streams of people emerged from the caverns of the east and trudged westward across the city. I circled the square and entered it from the lower side. My big brick mansion, with its stone trimmings—the home where I had held my revels and entertained my friends; where I had worked and slept—was but a stone's throw away. I strained my eyes to detect any signs of the police, but the street was empty. Then, pulling my hat down upon my head, I turned up my coat-collar and, glancing from side to side, hurried across the square and let myself in.

The household still slept. The air was close and heavy with the perfume of roses and the reek of dead cigars. On the floor of the entrance hall lay a pair of women's white gloves, palms upward. Beyond, through the open doors of the dining room, I could see the uncleared table, littered over with half-empty bottles and glasses. An upset chair reclined as it had fallen. Last night I had been an envied host: today I was an outcast.

As I stood there a shadow darkened the doorway and with a leap of the heart I jumped behind a portière. Then as the shadow remained, and knowing that in any event I was trapped, I threw open the door. Gottlieb, with wild eyes peering out of a haggard face, stood before me. Without a moment's hesitation he dodged inside.

"Did you get it?" he almost shrieked.

"Yes," I answered faintly. "What are we to do?"

"Give me something to drink!" he cried. "I need it!"

I led him to the sideboard and filled two glasses with whisky.

"Here's to crime!" I muttered with a bitter laugh.

Gottlieb shot a fierce look at me and his hand shook so that I thought he would drop the tumbler; but he poured the liquor down his throat and threw himself limply into a chair.

"That fellow has us by the throat!" he groaned.

"We should have thought of that ——" I began.

"Stop!" he gasped. "You can hold a post-mortem later on! They haven't got us yet—and we've a long start. Once let us whip Hawkins out of the way and they're helpless! I must stay here to fight the case, but you, Quib, must take this fellow where they'll never find him—Africa, Alaska, Europe—anywhere! If you could drop him over a precipice or off an ocean liner—so much the better!"

For an instant we eyed each other keenly. Then I shook my head.

"No," said I. "If it came to that I'd rather go to jail."

It was now nearly seven o'clock and I felt faint for something to eat; so I stumbled upstairs and awakened my butler, who stared at me stupidly when he saw me beside his bed in evening dress. When I rejoined Gottlieb I found him examining the morning paper which a boy had just brought to the front door. Across the first page in heavy black type was printed:

THE DILLINGHAM DIVORCE AGAIN

Arthur P. Hawkins Indicted for Perjury

Extraordinary Disclosures Expected

Two Prominent Criminal Attorneys Said to be Involved

"They've raised the hue and cry already!" muttered my partner, pointing to the paper. "How ready those newspapers are to turn on a man! Think of all the stories I've given to these very papers! Stories worth thousands of dollars to 'em! And now —— They're after our hearts' blood!"

While we were waiting for our breakfast he outlined his plan. We were to get Hawkins out of town as soon as we had given bail for him. Of course the railroads and ferries would be watched, but we could manage somehow. I must take the fellow where nobody would find him and keep him there. If he ever were brought back and convicted he would turn on us like a snake. Only while he still hoped to escape prison could we count on his coöperation. Meanwhile my partner would remain in the city and try to upset the indictment. Anyhow, some one must stand guard over Dillingham; for, if he lost his nerve and endeavored to save himself by confessing his part in the affair, we should be lost!

Gloomily we ate a few pieces of toast and swallowed our coffee. Then I hastily changed my clothes and accompanied Gottlieb to the Tombs, to which Hawkins had been transferred the night before. He was brought down to us in the counsel room, looking like a scared and sickly ghost. What little spirit he had before had already vanished. I have never seen a more wretched human creature. His one dread was of going to prison; and together we hastened to convince him that his only avenue of escape lay through us.

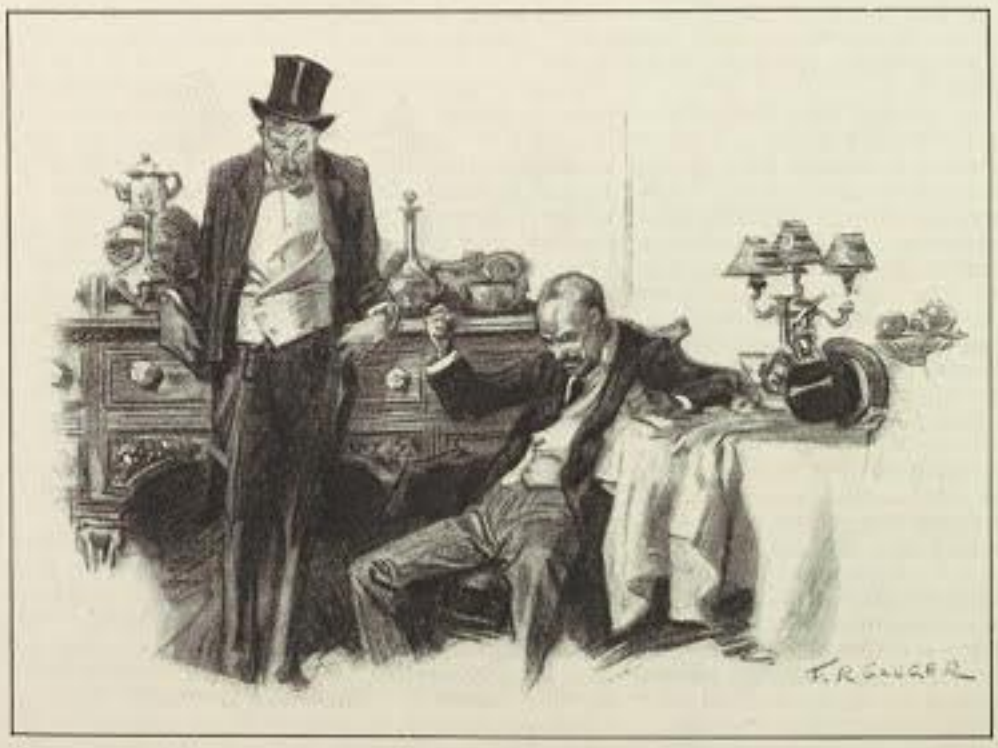


Last Night I Had Been an Envied Host: Today I Was an Outcast

We pointed out to him that so long as he stuck to the story we should prepare for him he had nothing to fear; and, as evidence of our power to protect him, we instanced the fact that we had already secured fifty thousand dollars' cash bail for him. At this he took much heart and even whistled a bit and begged us for a drink, but we slapped him on the back and told him that he could have anything he wanted once he was outside the Tombs—not before; so he gave us a cold, slimy hand and promised to do precisely as we wished.

Ten-thirty came and we both walked across to Part One of the General Sessions, where for so many years we had been monarchs of all we surveyed. A great throng filled the room and many reporters clustered around the tables by the rail, while at the head of a long line of waiting prisoners stood the bedraggled Hawkins. Presently the judge came in and took his seat and the spectators surged forward so that the officers had difficulty in preserving order. Somehow it seemed almost as if we were being arraigned ourselves—not appearing as counsel for another; but Gottlieb preserved his composure admirably and, when Hawkins' name was called, stepped forward, entered a plea of not guilty for him and gave bail. We had already deposited the money with the city chamberlain and Hawkins was immediately discharged, pending his trial for perjury; but the tremendous sum demanded as security and the fact that it was immediately forthcoming for a prisoner who looked as if he had not a cent in the world of his own, and who was known to be a mere waiter in a restaurant, caused a sensation throughout the courtroom; and as we forced our way to the street we were accompanied by a multitude who jeered at the defendant and occasionally took a fling at Gottlieb and myself. We still, however, were persons to be feared, and few dared venture beyond making suggestive allusions to our obvious desire to secure the immediate liberty of our client.

So far we had no reason to believe that the district attorney—a man of high integrity and unrelenting zeal in the discharge of his official duties—had sought to tamper with Hawkins; but I instinctively felt that, once he had an opportunity to offer the latter personal immunity in return



"That Fellow Has Us by the Throat!" He Groaned

for a confession which would implicate Gottlieb and myself all would be over. As my partner had said, there was only one thing to do—and that was to put it out of our client's power to do us harm. The first step in this direction was to get him hopelessly drunk, and this we successfully did in a back room of our office.

Both of us knew that a dozen pairs of eyes were watching the entrance of the old-fashioned building in which our rooms were located, and that any attempt on our part to get Hawkins out of the city would result in his immediate rearrest. Once he was sent back to the Tombs he would be out of our control. So, for three days we kept him—a foul, unwashed, maudlin thing—practically a prisoner, although from his condition quite unconscious of it. Day and night, turn and turn about, Gottlieb and I watched while he snored and gibbered, cursed and giggled; but the strain was getting too much for both of us and we set ourselves at work to devise a plan to spirit him away.

Our offices were situated in a block the other side of which consisted of tenement houses. Investigation showed that it would be possible to get over the roofs, walk nearly the length of the block and gain access to one of the more distant tenements through a skylight. We found an Italian fruitdealer who for the sum of fifty dollars was willing to hire himself, his rickety wagon and his spavined horse for our enterprise; and he agreed to carry Hawkins concealed under piles of produce to a point on Long Island where we could take a ferry across to one of the Connecticut towns.

The following night we arranged that a hack should be drawn up early in the evening in front of the entrance to the office, and bags and boxes were brought out and piled upon the seat beside the driver. We then half dragged, half lifted Hawkins up the stairs and on to the roof by means of a shaky ladder and conducted him across the leads to the scuttle of the tenement house. At this juncture, by prearrangement, three of our clerks, one of whom somewhat resembled Hawkins in size and who was arrayed in the latter's coat and hat, rushed out of the office and climbed into the hack, which at once set off at a furious gallop up Center Street. Coincidently Gottlieb and I escorted our still maudlin prisoner down the narrow stairs at the other end of the block and cajoled him into getting into a sack, which the Italian placed in the bottom of the cart and covered with greens. I now put on a disguise, consisting of a laborer's overalls and tattered cap, while Gottlieb wheeled out a safety bicycle which had been carefully concealed in the basement.

I had ten thousand dollars in the pocket of my ragged trousers and a forty-four-caliber revolver at my hip. Gottlieb drew me back into the shadow and whispered harshly in my ear.

"Quib," said he, "this fellow must never come back!—do you understand? Once the district attorney gets hold of him, it's all up with us! It's Sing Sing for each of us—ten years of it! For God's sake, hire somebody to put him out of the way!—quietly. Many a man would take him off our hands for a thousand or so."

I shuddered at the cold-blooded suggestion, yet I did not utter one word of refusal and must have led Gottlieb to believe that I was of a mind with him, for he slapped me on the shoulder and bade me good luck. Good luck! Was ever a man of decent birth and education forced upon such an errand? The convoying of a drunken criminal to—where? I knew not—somewhere whence he could not return.

Thus I set forth into the night upon my bicycle, my money bulging in my pocket, my pistol knocking against the seat at every turn of the wheel, my trousers catching and tearing in the pedals. At last I crossed the bridge and turned into the wastes of Queens. Gashouses, factories and rotting buildings loomed black and weird against the sky. I pedaled on and at last found myself upon a country road. I dared not ask my way, but luckily I had stumbled upon the highway to Port Washington, whence there was a ferry to the Connecticut shore. As I stole along in the darkness, my ear caught far ahead a voice roaring out a ribald song—and I knew that the time had come to take personal charge of my wretched client—the "old man of the sea" that my own cupidity had seated upon my shoulders. Soon I overtook them, the Italian stolidly driving his weary horse and Hawkins sitting beside him with the sack wrapped about his shoulders. I halted them, threw my bicycle in among the vegetables and climbed up to where they sat. Hawkins gave a great shout of laughter when he saw who it was and threw his



Three Days We Kept Him—Practically a Prisoner

arm around my neck, but I pushed him away and he nearly fell under the wheels. My gorge rose at him! Yet to him I was shackled as tightly as ever a criminal was to his keeper!

The thought of the remainder of that night and of the ensuing three days and nights sickens me even now. In the early dawn we crossed the ferry with dozens of other produce-laden wagons and landed on the opposite side of the Sound, where we caught a local train for Hartford. I had made no arrangements for communicating with Gottlieb and was in utter ignorance of whether or not our escape had been discovered. We sat in the smoking car, Hawkins by this time ill and peevish. The air was stifling, yet I could not, arrayed as I was or in the company of my client, go into the regular passenger coach. At Hartford we changed for Springfield and I purchased a New York paper. There was nothing in it relating to the case and I breathed more easily; but, once in Springfield, I knew not which way to turn, and Hawkins by this time was crazy for drink and refusing to go farther. I gave him enough liquor to keep him quiet and thrust him on a way-train for Worcester. Already I had exhausted my small bills and when I tried to cash one for a hundred dollars the ticket agent in the station eyed me with suspicion.

That night we slept in a single bed, Hawkins and I, in a cheap lodging house—that is, he slept a sordid, drunken sleep, while I lay tossing and cursing my fate until, burning with fever, I rose and drained part of the water in the pitcher. Yet, in the early morning hours there came to me the first ray of hope throughout that dreary space since I had left New York—the Quirks. The Quirks! Twenty years had passed since I had heard from them. They might be dead and gone long ago without my knowing it; yet, were they alive, I felt that one or other of them would hold out a friendly hand for auld lang syne. Before daybreak I stole forth, hired a horse and buggy, asked the way to Methuen and, rousing Hawkins, bundled him, whining and fretting, into it.

Slowly we drove in the growing light through the country lanes I had known and loved so well as a lad—the farmland which was the only friendly thing in my disconsolate boyhood. It was in the early spring and the apple trees along the stone walls by the roadside were showered with clustering blossoms. Dandelions sprinkled the fields. The cloud shadows slowly moved across rich pastures of delicate green. A sun-warmed, perfume-laden breeze blew from the east, tinged with a keen edge that sent the blood leaping in my temples. Tiny pools stood in the ruts glinting blue toward the sky. The old horse plodded slowly on and the robins called among the elms that stood arching over white farmhouses, with blinds—some blue, some green.

With a harrowing sense of helplessness, the realization of what I had thrown away of life swept over me. I turned from the sodden creature beside me in disgust. Hawkins had slumped back in his seat so that his head rested upon the hood, and had fallen sound asleep with his mouth wide open. How I wished that I had the courage to strangle him—and then it came to me that, after all, it was not he who had ruined me, but I who had ruined him!

About noontime we came to a landscape that seemed familiar to me, although more heavily wooded and with many more farms than I remembered; and at a turn in the road I recognized a couple of huge elms that marked the site of the homestead occupied in my boyhood by the Quirks. There was the brook, the maple grove upon the hill, the old stile by the pasture and the long stone wall beside the apple orchard, radiant with white. Yet the house seemed to have vanished. My heart sank, for somehow I had assumed that the Quirks must still be living, just as they had always lived. And now, as we drew near the turn I saw that the place where the homestead had stood was empty—and all that remained was a heap of blackened stone and brick thickly overgrown with brambles.

Fifty yards farther down the road we came upon an old man sitting on the fence, smoking a pipe. He wore a tattered old brown felt hat and overalls, and his long gray hair and beard were tangled and unkempt. I passed him the time of day and he answered me civilly enough, although vacantly; and I saw that his eye had the red film of the drunkard. When I asked him for Quirk, the schoolmaster who used to live thereabout, he gave a mirthless chuckle.

"My name's Quirk," said he; "but it's fifteen years since I taught school. How did you come to know of me?"

Could this be Quirk?—this aged and decrepit old man! Somewhere beneath that mat of hair and beard, did there remain traces of those good-natured lineaments that were wont to set the boys in a roar? I scanned his face closely. The man was a stranger to my recollection.

"Do you remember me, Mr. Quirk?" I asked.

He peered out at me under his bushy brows and slowly removed his pipe.

"Not to my knowledge," he answered. "What might be your name?"

"Quibble," I returned—"Artemas Quibble."

"Artemas Quibble!" he exclaimed in a faltering voice and feebly crawled over to the buggy.

I climbed down to meet him and extended my hand.

"What has happened to you?" he stammered. "I thought you were a great lawyer in New York."

"I'm in a peck of trouble," I answered. "I need all the friends I've got. I hope you're still one of them?"

"Well, well!" he muttered. "And to think that you're Artie Quibble! And who may this be?"—pointing to Hawkins.

"I'll tell you all," said I, "later on. For the present, he's a friend of mine who's traveling with me—more on business than on pleasure."

Quirk's story was soon told. As I already suspected, drink had become his master. The school had fallen away, his wife had died, and in a fit of despondency he had—he said accidentally, but I believe intentionally—overturned a lamp and set fire to the house. Now he lodged in a small hovel farther down the road, living from hand to mouth and doing a day's work here and there when chance offered. I gave him fifty dollars and bade him goodby, for he had no accommodations to offer us, even had I been able to induce Hawkins to remain there. Thus I realized that the only refuge I ever had from the outside world, the only real home I had ever known, was gone. I had nowhere to go—nowhere to deposit my evil load.

We drove on for a space and now Hawkins awoke and began to clamor for food. Where was I taking him? he demanded to know. And why was I togged out like a bricklayer? He announced that he had had enough of this kind of traveling and insisted on going to a hotel and having a decent meal. I tried to reason with him and explained that it was only for a day or so; and that presently we would go to Boston or some other city, where he should have everything that money could buy. But he leered at me and said he had had plenty of promises already; that we had promised him that he would get into no trouble if he signed his original affidavit—and that, unless he were treated like a gentleman, he would go back to New York and get other lawyers. He must have seen me turn white at his threat, for from that moment he held it over me, constantly repeating it and insinuating that I was not so anxious to save him as to save myself—which, alas! I could not gainsay.

Soon we came to a small town and here Hawkins flatly refused to go farther. There was a hotel on the main street, and the fellow clambered out of the buggy and staggered into the bar and called loudly for whisky. There was nothing for it but to put up the horse in the stable and do as my prisoner demanded. So we had dinner together, Hawkins talking in a loud, thick voice that made the waitresses and other guests stare at him and me as if we were some sort of outlandish folk; and after the meal was

over he dragged me to the nearest clothier's and ordered new ready-made suits for both of us. He had now imbibed much more than was good for him; and when I took out my roll of bills to pay for what we had bought he snatched it out of my hand and refused to give it back. For a moment I almost surrendered myself to despair. I had had no sleep for two nights, I was overwhelmed with mortification and disgust, and here I was in a country store pranked out like a popinjay, the keeper of a half-crazy wretch who made me dance to any tune he chose to pipe; but I pulled myself together and cajoled Hawkins into leaving the place and giving me back a small part of the money.

There was a train just leaving for Boston and my companion insisted upon taking it, saying that he proposed to spend the money that Dillingham had so kindly furnished him with. I never knew just how he discovered the part Dillingham was playing in this strange drama, but, if no one told him, he at any rate divined it somehow—and from this moment he assumed the lead and directed all our movements. It is true that I persuaded him to go to one of the smaller and less conspicuous hotels, but he at once sent for another tailor, ordered an elaborate meal for supper, with champagne, and procured a box at one of the theaters, whither I was obliged to escort him. Neither would he longer permit me to occupy the same room with him—precious privilege!—but engaged a palatial suite for himself, with a parlor, while I had a small and modest room farther down the hall. In some respects this suited me well, however, since I was now able to induce him to have his meals served upstairs. Yet I began to see the foolishness of thinking that we could elude the police should they set out to seek seriously for us, since, apart from changing our names, we were making no effort at disguising ourselves.

The day after our arrival Hawkins slept late, and I slipped out about ten o'clock and wandering aimlessly came to the office building where twenty years before old Tuckerman Toddleham had his office. The day was warm and humid, like that upon which so long ago I had visited the old lawyer when a student at Harvard and had received from him my sentence. Even as then, some birds were twittering around the stone window-ledges. An impulse that at the moment was beyond my control led me up the narrow, dingy stairs to the landing where the lawyer's office had been. A green-baize door, likely enough the same one, still hung there—and I pushed it open and entered. Naught about the room was altered. There were the bookcases, with their glass doors and green-silk curtains; the threadbare carpet; the portrait of the Honorable Jeremiah Mason over the fireplace; the old mahogany desk; the little bronze paperweight in the shape of a horse; the books, brown and faded with years; and at the desk—I brushed my hand across my eyes—at the desk sat old Tuckerman Toddleham himself!

For the first time in my entire existence, so far as I can now remember, I was totally nonplused and abashed. I could not have been more astonished had I walked into the family lot in the Salem cemetery and found my grandfather sitting on his own tombstone—but there the old lawyer surely was, as certainly as he had been there twenty years before; and the same sensations that I had always experienced as a child when in his presence now swept over me and made me feel like a whipped schoolboy. Not for the world would I have had him see me and be forced to answer his questions as to my business in the city of Boston; so, holding my breath I tiptoed out of the door—and the last vision I ever had of him was as he sat there absorbed in some legal problem, bending over his books, the sunlight flooding the mote-filled air of the dusty office, the little bronze horse standing before him on the desk and the branches of the trees outside casting flickering shadows upon the walls and bookcases. Canny old man! He had never put his neck in a noose! I envied him his quiet life among his books and the well-deserved respect and honor that the world accorded him.

Ruminating in this strain, I threaded my way through the crowd on Court Street and was about to return to my hotel, when to my utter horror I beheld Hawkins, in all his regalia, being marched down the hill between two businesslike-looking persons, who were unmistakably officers of police. He walked dejectedly and had lost all his bravado. There was no blinking the fact that in my absence he had managed somehow to stumble into the hands of the guardians of the law and was now in process of being transported back to New York.

For a moment my circulation stopped abruptly and a clammy moisture broke out upon my back and forehead. Unostentatiously I slipped into a cigar store and allowed the trio to pass me by. So the jig was up! Back I must go, after my fruitless nightmare with the wretch, to consult with my partner as to what was now to be done. I reached the city late that evening, but not before I had read in the evening papers a full account of the apprehension of the fugitive, including my own part in his escape; and it now appeared that the police had been fully cognizant of all our doings, including the manner of our abduction of Hawkins from our office. They had, under the instructions of the shrewd district attorney, simply permitted us to carry out our plan in order to use the same as evidence against us at the proper time; and had followed us every step of the way to Worcester and on our drive to Methuen.

My heart almost failed me as I thought of how foolish I had been to undertake this desperate journey myself, instead of sending some one in my place; for by so doing I had stamped myself as vitally interested in my client's escape. Fearful to go to my own home, lest I should find myself in the hands of the police, I spent the night in a lodging house on the waterfront, wondering whether Hawkins had already made his confession to the district attorney in return for a promise of immunity; for I well knew that such a promise would be forthcoming and that Hawkins was the last man in the world to neglect the opportunity to save himself at our expense.

Next morning I telephoned Gottlieb and met him by appointment at a hotel, where we had a heated colloquy in which he seemed to think that I was totally to blame for the failure of our attempt. He was hardly himself, so worn out was he with anxiety, not having heard from me until he had read of Hawkins' apprehension in Boston; but, now that I was able to talk things over with him, we agreed that any effort to spirit our client away would have been equally unsuccessful, and that the one course remaining for us to pursue was to put on as bold a front as possible and let the law take its course. It was equally useless for us to try to conceal our own whereabouts, for all our movements were undoubtedly watched; and the best thing to do, it seemed to us, was to go as usual to our office and to act as nearly as possible as if nothing had happened.

We were not mistaken as to the intended course of the district attorney; for, when we visited the Tombs for the purpose of interviewing Hawkins, we were informed by the warden that he had obtained other counsel and that our services were no longer required. This was an indisputable indication that he had gone over to the enemy; and we at once began to take such steps as lay in our power to prepare for our defense in case an indictment was found against us. And now we were treated to a dose of the medicine we had customarily administered to our own clients; for, when we tried to secure counsel, we found that one and all insisted upon our paying over in advance even greater sums as retainers than those which we had demanded in like cases. I had never taken the trouble to lay by anything, since I had always had all the ready cash I needed. Gottlieb was in the same predicament, and in our distress we called upon Dillingham to furnish us with the necessary amount; but, to our amazement and horror, our erstwhile client refused to see us or come to our office, and we definitely realized that he, too, had sought safety in confession and would be used by the prosecution in its effort to place the crime of perjury at our door.

From the moment of Hawkins' rearrest the tide turned against us. There seemed to be a general understanding throughout the city that the district attorney intended to make an example in our case—and to show that it was quite as possible to convict a member of the bar as any one else. He certainly gave us no loophole of escape, for he secured every witness that by any possibility we might have called to our aid and even descended upon our office with a search warrant in his effort to secure evidence against us. Luckily, however, Gottlieb and I had made a practice of keeping no papers and had carefully burned everything relating to the Dillingham case before I had left the city.

The press preserved a singular and ominous silence in regard to us, which lasted until one morning when a couple of officers appeared with bench-warrants for our arrest. We had already made arrangements for bail in the largest amount and had secured the services of the ablest criminal attorneys we knew, so that we were speedily released; but, with the return of the indictments charging us with suborning the testimony of Hawkins, the papers began a regular crusade against us. The evening editions carried spectacular front-page stories recounting my flight to Boston, the entire history of the Dillingham divorce, biographies of both Gottlieb and myself, and anecdotes of cases in which we had appeared and notorious criminals whom we had defended. And in all this storm of abuse and incrimination which now burst over our heads not a single word appeared in mitigation of our alleged offense.

It seemed as if the entire city had determined to wreak vengeance upon us for all the misdeeds of the entire criminal bar. Even our old clients, and the police and court officers who had drawn pay from us, seemed to rejoice in our downfall. Every man's hand was against us.

(Continued on Page 56)



"There Go the Shysters! Sing Sing's the Best Place for Them!"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 19, 1911

Defining a Loan Shark

THERE is in Washington a League of Remedial Loan Companies which favors legislation to regulate loan sharks—as we learn from a letter of its president to Senator Pomerene. "By loan shark," says the president, "I mean those operators whose charges range from sixty per cent upward . . . who fatten on the adversity and ignorance of the poorer classes."

On the other hand, the companies belonging to the league, says the president, never charge more than three per cent a month, and he points out that this is a most reasonable charge because the losses incident to the business are heavy. What the situation requires, in his opinion, is a law which will put the disreputable five-per-cent-a-month lenders out of the field and protect the honorable three-per-cent-a-month lenders.

We really deplore the president's animadversions upon his sixty-per-cent brethren. The only difference is that the latter deal with borrowers who are still poorer than those patronizing the thirty-six-per-cent lenders. If you are rich you can borrow all the money you like at this writing for three and a half per cent a year. If you are merely a well-to-do merchant you must pay one or two per cent more, because a certain small proportion of well-to-do merchants fail every year. If you are a twelve-hundred-dollar clerk you pay thirty-six per cent, because quite a lot of clerks default and you belong to a class whose power to resent oppression is small. If you are a six-hundred-dollar janitor you pay sixty per cent, because your class is so eaten with adversity that defaults are numerous and its power against oppression is practically nil. You personally may repay the loan as promptly as the bond-owning millionaire, but you are charged up with the defaults and helplessness of your brother janitors. You pay according to the misfortunes of your class.

It is a pretty general rule the world over that the poorer you are the more you must pay for what you need. Possibly the object of this rule is to discourage poverty; but in view of it "loan shark" always seemed to us an inept and misleading term. We should prefer to say merely "a money-lending human being."

Tangled on the Tariff

LA FOLLETTE and Lorimer, Cummins and Heyburn, Bristow and Smoot, Bourne and Bailey, stood shoulder to shoulder in voting against Canadian reciprocity; but the Insurgents, we think, came out of that mistaken and losing fight better tariff revisionists than they ever were before.

Some time ago that veteran student of the tariff, Professor Taussig, pointed out that Canadian reciprocity, of itself, is unimportant; no harm and not much good can reasonably be expected from it. But almost all political discussion of the tariff falls into gross exaggeration; and protectionists have so long been declaring that the fate of the nation hangs upon import duties, it is difficult for them to free their minds of that prepossession. The Insurgents are protectionists, as they themselves have often said. They believe in lower duties generally and in correcting the manifest abuses of the system; but when it came to the specific case of wiping out duties on farm products they could not get away from the protectionist doctrine that agricultural prosperity really depends upon those duties. Thus, in the form in which tariff revision happened to present itself, although the Insurgents had led the way to the brink they refused to take the plunge.

An ancient recipe for teaching a boy to swim is to throw him into the water. The coalition of Democrats and Administration Republicans which carried reciprocity through the Senate performed that rude service for the Insurgents. Having been thrown in themselves—and having discovered that it really didn't hurt them a bit—the Insurgents, we believe, will resume their mission of pushing in the timid little Trust boys with doubled vigor.

Abolishing Taxes on Bonds

THE governor of New York has made a number of bad recommendations to the legislature—and one very good one. Five years ago the state amended its revenue code by providing that bonds, secured in any part by mortgage upon real estate in New York, should be exempt from personal property tax by paying a recording fee amounting to one-half of one per cent. Bonds as to which the recording tax has been paid, and which consequently are legally exempt from further taxation within the state, already command a slightly higher price than those—of equal worth otherwise—which are not legally exempt. The exemption applies, however, only to bonds issued in the state.

Governor Dix now proposes to extend this law so that bonds, no matter where issued, may be exempt from taxation in New York upon payment of the recording tax of one-half of one per cent. A resident of New York holding a thousand-dollar bond issued by a street railway in Chicago, by a gas company in Seattle, or by any concern anywhere, could forever compound his liability to personal property taxation by paying five dollars.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to be sure, the bondholder would dodge his legal liability to taxation. In most states he must either dodge it or suffer the loss of a quarter to a half of his income from the bond. To dodge the tax is easy enough, but to most minds tax-dodging is a disagreeable exercise. A great many bondholders would prefer to pay five dollars for each thousand-dollar investment. By adopting Governor Dix's proposal New York will substitute a reasonable arrangement for a farcical one. We hope every state which now tries ineffectually to reach concealable evidences of investment with a general personal property tax will follow Mr. Dix's recommendation.

Courage and the Dentist

EVERY inhabitant of the United States above the age of six who has a natural tooth in his head ought to go to the dentist at least twice a year. Every intelligent inhabitant knows it, but only comparatively few go. It hurts; and a great many people will suffer hours of agony rather than be hurt for a few minutes.

The dentist finally is as inevitable as death and taxes, but he is one of the many things that you can lie to yourself about for a long while. You can say you'll go next month or the first of the year; you can pretend that the unpleasant sensation in the side of your head results merely from a cold and will soon pass away. Like the "moderate drinker" whose digestion is going wrong you can tell yourself that the laws of Nature will probably be miraculously suspended in your behalf and the cavity in your tooth will presently disappear without taking the tooth with it. As with a hundred other bad or foolish practices, you can dodge and pretend and procrastinate for quite a spell.

Meanwhile the dentist is waiting for you in serene assurance. From time to time he merely takes the auger out of his electric drill and replaces it with one a size larger. If you put off going long enough he meets you with an implement which comes out through the top of your head at the tenth revolution, incidentally pulling your heart up by the roots. His profession requires him to be an exceedingly just man and pay you off to the last penny; but if you go to him courageously two or three times a year he will scarcely hurt you at all. The experience will not be more disagreeable than eating a mouthful of soft soap.

The Fraternal Cup and Towel

IT SEEMS quite clear that the time is not far off when a man can have hardly anything as his very own, separate possession, to be held and used without regard to his neighbors; but in this great stream some interesting eddies and back currents appear—for the comfort probably of those who deplore the tendency.

For example, several states have already banished the common drinking cup in railroad stations, cars, hotels and like places of public resort. And now Kansas has taken up arms against the brotherly towel—the dear old endless-chain towel, hung on a roller, that everybody—high and low, Pete and Luke, Chicago drummer and humble colored porter—wiped their hands upon, sweetly commingling their microbes. This, also, is interference with the individual—saying that twenty individuals may not use the same towel; but it is interference offering an ultimate Gibraltar to individualism—promising that, whatever happens, each man can have his own germs all to himself.

How the Railroads Came Out

THE fiscal year ending June 30 last was a period of grievous disappointment to the railroads. Having suffered some slight loss in earnings, they had decided upon a wholesale advance in freight rates. Some of them declared that insolvency was the only alternative to that step. They were forbidden to make the proposed advance in rates, and the preliminary figures for the year are now at hand. Gross earnings were larger than in the preceding year; net earnings were smaller by about five per cent; but the loss in net was less in the last months of the year than in some earlier ones. The explanation is that the roads have "succeeded in getting control of their operating expenses." This month a year ago operating expenses were greater than in August, 1909, by some eighteen million dollars; but last April operating expenses were smaller than in the preceding year by some five million dollars.

"Getting control" of one's operating expenses may be a very toilsome and unpleasant thing; but it is surely preferable to that insolvency which the more pessimistic railroaders described as the only alternative to higher freight rates. As for any general impairment of railroad credit, we notice that in the last half of the fiscal year the roads absorbed nearly half a billion of fresh capital through issues of bonds, notes and stock. To a layman the carriers seem in a quite sound and promising state.

The Center of Population

IT TOOK the center of population thirty years to get across Ohio; and its rate of progression is now even slower. In twenty years it has moved only forty-five miles. We take this as a promising sign that it has finally made up its mind to settle down in Indiana and stay there forever. We sincerely hope so. Indiana is a good state. Political conditions are better than in Ohio, and there is a great deal more literary atmosphere. Sanitaria, which are said to be excellent for the aged and obese, are near at hand. We are decidedly of opinion that a center of population, which is now one hundred and twenty years of age, and was born in Baltimore, might go farther and fare worse.

Moreover, a locomotory center of population is a bad thing for any country. It breeds jealousy, boasting, sectional prejudice, real-estate speculation and other ills. It keeps people in the foolish way of comparing their own size with their neighbors' size, as if the really important thing for a town or state were to beat some other town or state in population. We should like to have it definitely settled not only that the East will continue very populous and will steadily increase in population, but that the more populous and prosperous it is the better for the West, the North, the South; also that the West, the North, the South will grow, and the more each of them grows—especially in genuine prosperity—the better for the others. Indeed we should be perfectly willing to assure migratory old Center of Population's permanent residence in Indiana by burying him there.

Trouble in Cuba

CUBA seems to be having a poor time with President Gomez, and talk of another protectorate over the island is heard at Washington. This brings to mind that in 1903 we extended a helping hand to Cuba by making a reduction of twenty per cent in the import duty on her sugar, and she now furnishes sixty per cent of all our sugar.

Before that, the average import duty on raw sugar was about a dollar and sixty-eight cents a hundred pounds, and the Sugar Trust got a protective duty of a dollar and ninety-five cents on the refined. The reduction mentioned made the actual duty on Cuban sugar about a dollar and thirty-four cents; but it is admitted that this cut of thirty-four cents in the duty immediately went to the Trust. The Cubans got no more for their sugar than before. Incidentally we admit sugar from Hawaii and Porto Rico free of duty, so only about seven per cent of the imported sugar pays full duty. But the Trust's protection on refined sugar is a dollar and ninety cents a hundred—virtually as though it paid full duty on all importations.

A careful comparison of domestic and foreign prices for five-year periods leads Senator Bristow to the conclusion that consumers in this country have benefited by the reduction in duty on Cuban sugar to the extent of one and seven-tenths cents a hundred pounds. As the Cuban planters get no more for their product than before, some thirty-two cents out of a total benefit of thirty-four cents seems to have gone—in the inevitable way of nearly all tariff benefits—into the pocket of the Trust. This has nothing to do with politics in Cuba except that, when we are doing these things to our own people, we might hesitate a moment before taking charge of Cuba.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

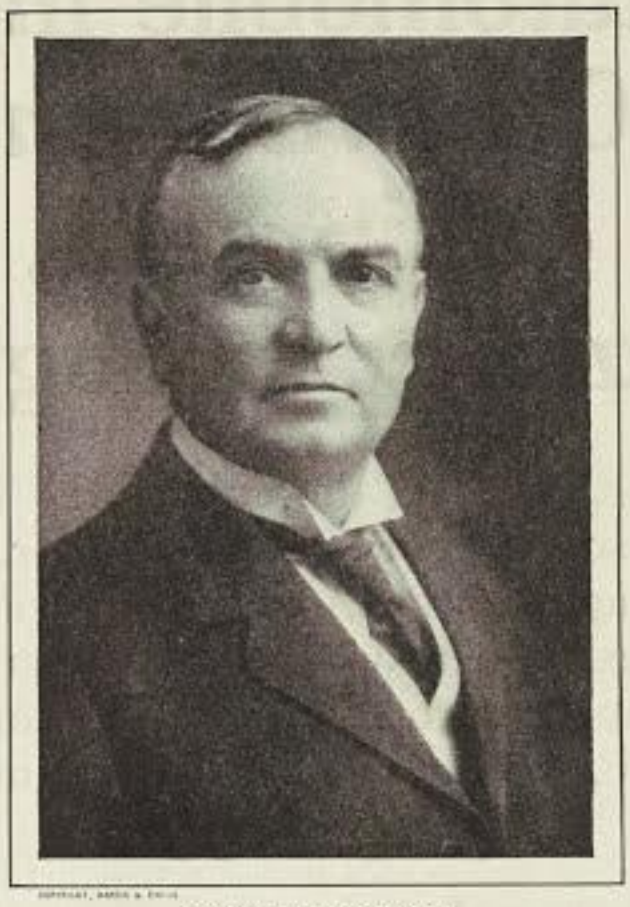
Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Connecticut Fireworks

EVERY time Ebenezer J. Hill makes a statement he pops like a bunch of firecrackers. Every time he makes an assertion he gives an imitation of a flight of skyrockets. Every time he argues a proposition he blows up like a powder magazine; and when he gets good in debate he sounds like a Presidential salute of twenty-one thirteen-inch guns.

He is an intense person, is Ebenezer. Everything is epochal to him. When he tells you it is a fine day you think he is shouting he must have liberty or he must have death! The eyes of the nation are focused on him when he gets on a street car, and a lot of things are trembling in the balance when he gets off. He is the only living man who can wave both arms, his hair, his legs and his thorax in the air at one and the same time—and not lose the thread of his argument. He whirls around rapidly six times when you ask him what time it is and throws seven triple somersaults if you dispute anything he says. His fists are so calloused from pounding on his desk he could make a good vaudeville living as Eben the Iron-Fisted Man, who breaks the hardest rocks with one mighty blow of his adamantine hand; and his ordinary conversation is conducted in a crescendo that begins three added lines above the staff in G clef.

A mild inquiry of Ebenezer as to the state of his health starts him to effervescing like a bottle of ginger beer; and the casual question, "Old man, are you sure you're not mistaken?" sends him ricochetting along the ceiling, emitting inarticulate sounds each time he bumps against the plaster. What he says is the last word, the final analysis, the ultimate utterance. Each time he enunciates a doctrine he erects a monument to mark the spot where the irrevocable pronouncement was made; and his eight and a half terms in Congress are so speckled with cenotaphs of this kind they look like a national cemetery.



A Strenuous Statistician

Likewise, he is the Strenuous Statistician and the Facile and Ferocious Figurer. They used to think General Charles Henry Grosvenor was some on figures when he was in the House, but Ebenezer makes the General look like two-times-two-makes-four compared with the demonstration of the fourth dimension when it comes to that sort of tabulated knowledge. He exudes figures at every pore. Set him to talking about currency—you don't have to set him; he sets himself—or to remarking a few remarks on the tariff, and he slings statistics at his hearers the way Morris Sheppard slings blank verse. He can and does take Schedule K and whirl it around his head until it literally rains ad-valorems and per-cents—and not an umbrella in the House.

Ebenezer isn't really good, though, until he tackles the problem of currency reform. There is where he shines. Eben has a pet plan for currency reform that he thought out all by himself, which naturally is all there is to it in the way of settling that momentous question. Now it so happens that Eben's ideas of currency reform and the ideas of Mr. Nelson W. Aldrich, late boss of the United States Senate and now sole proprietor and manager of the National Monetary Commission, do not coincide. It also so happened, some time in the past, that Mr. Aldrich, forgetting for the moment that ultimateness of Ebenezer, saw fit to impress his own ideas on the subject on the Congress and the country, to the disregard of the ideas of Ebenezer. Wherefore, if you desire to be heated up any cold day, stroll nonchalantly into the presence of Ebenezer and mention the revered name of Nelson Wilmarth Aldrich.

A Rapid Fire Talker

THAT will be all you will have to do. Ebenezer will do the rest. It has been said, when Ebenezer gets under way on the deficiencies, delinquencies, despotism and digressions of Mr. Aldrich, you can hear him for six blocks and that he sounds like a battery of pneumatic riveters on the iron framework of a skyscraper. Competent judges have averred that Mr. Hill enunciates at the rate of four hundred and seventy-three ejaculations a minute. Witnesses to one outburst say he shattered seven mahogany desktops with the impact of his sturdy fist during two paragraphs of a speech on the subject. Indeed, when he makes a speech now the clerk of the House of Representatives insists he shall stand in the center aisle, where the only thing he can pound is the air. Once he mistook Ollie James' bald head for a marble slab and pounded on that; but Ollie, being good-natured, took it all in excellent spirit and deftly substituted the even balder head of Nick Longworth by virtue of his herculean strength.

Ebenezer's career in Congress—he has been there since 1894—has been one succession of oratorical outbursts and a continual procession of intense moments. You can talk all you please about a poet's eye, in fine frenzy rolling; but Eben's eyes revolve like pinwheels when he gets under way. None can forget his impassioned series of orations on the subject of denatured alcohol when that important subject was being considered by Congress. Ebenezer was strong for denatured alcohol. It was to be the redeemer of the toiling masses. All you had to do was to take half a bushel of potato peelings, or any other similar raw material that happened to be handy, throw it into a hopper, and out would come pouring the denatured alcohol that, in turn, was to run the sewing and the mowing—and all the rest of the machines—and change the dreary round of farmlife to one glad succession of days of glorious ease.

There was no halfway about it. The facts were as stated by Ebenezer, who conjured up visions of broad and fertile acres, cultivated and made to blossom like the rose by means of machinery propelled by engines for which the fuel was home-made denatured alcohol; and the happy agriculturists went riding about in automobiles similarly propelled, while the farmers' wives—God bless them!—sat smilingly by and watched the churn churn itself, the washing wash itself, the dinner cook itself, and the cows milked by an ingenious contrivance for which denatured alcohol furnished the power.

Well, it was grand! Of course it hasn't happened yet, although the denatured alcohol bill passed long ago; but since that time Ebenezer has moved on to currency reform and to tariff reform and to various other kinds of reform, detonating his way through whatever subject engaged his attention. Never was he finer than at a recent Republican state convention in Connecticut, where he has so long represented the Fourth District in Congress. He was presiding. A ballot was taken. The count revealed the sickening fact that one more ballot had been cast than there were delegates on the permanent roll of the convention. In other words, some ardent delegate had voted twice.

Ebenezer blew up with a loud and terrifying noise. He gave a demonstration of a large flock of balloons being sent up one after another, each fused and primed to explode in midair. He whirled his gavel round his head so rapidly that contact with the surcharged atmosphere set that historic mallet ablaze; and for a time Eben looked like the Fire King in his famous burning-hoop specialty. The convention quieted down presently, but Ebenezer didn't get calm for two weeks—that is, he didn't get calm for him. What passes for calmness with Ebenezer would be great perturbation elsewhere.

Notwithstanding his tendency to get excited, Ebenezer J. Hill is an able citizen. He is a student and his knowledge of legislative and economic topics is broad and comprehensive. When he uses statistics in a speech he uses statistics that are statistics, not mere messes of figures. He knows what he is talking about. They have returned him to Congress since the Fifty-fourth House, and probably will continue to return him as long as he wants to come. He has long been a member of the Ways and Means Committee, is a tariff expert and a financial expert—and what he says commands the attention of the House. He is a business man and banker at Norwalk, well along in the sixties, and has an ambition to be a United States Senator.

If you should happen to be in Ebenezer's vicinity—and bored—drop in on him and say something nice about Nelson W. Aldrich or Senator Brandegee, or any other of his pet aversions. The only show I know that compares to that happens when you drop a cake or two of soap in the Beehive Geyser out in Yellowstone Park—and the results there furnish enough excitement to suit the most fastidious.

A Mighty Mean Man

THE late Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, was exceptionally good-natured, and spent much of his time trying to redeem promises of jobs and legislation he made when approached by constituents he hated to refuse.

One day Senator Carter said to him: "Steve, why in thunder do you make all these promises and then stew around trying to make good on them?"

"That reminds me of a trip I once made across Iowa by stage," said Elkins. "I rode on the box with the stage-driver and we spent several days getting to Council Bluffs. The driver was acquainted all along the line. He had a dog that usually traveled with him, but on this trip the dog wasn't there. He was asked about the dog at every stopping-place and he explained that she had just become the mother of a fine litter of pups. Each person to whom he made this explanation asked for one of the pups, and in each case the driver promised one.

"When we got to Council Bluffs I said to him: 'My friend, I have heard you promise about forty pups on the way across this state. How many pups did that dog of yours have?'

"'Four,' he replied.

"'Well,' I asked, 'why did you promise to give away about forty?'

"'Mister,' he said, 'did you ever stop to think it's a mighty mean man who won't promise a friend a pup?'"

Golf on Horseback

MICHAEL CLANCY, who lived in Goldfield, Nevada, had returned to that mining city after a stay in Sacramento. He was telling his friend Finley about the place, and was expatiating particularly on the glories of a new hotel building where he had aided construction by carrying the hod.

"'Tis that big," orated Clancy, "they have a place on the roof where they play goll'f."

"Man, you're crazy!" broke in Finley. "How could they do that? 'Tis some other game you're thinkin' av."

"Well, 'tis this game they play with a fish-net."

"That's tinnis," explained Finley.

"Beloike you're right," condescended Clancy; "I niver played it."

"Sure I'm right," declared Finley, with a fine air of superior wisdom. "I know'd it couldn't be goll'f, for how the blazes would they get their horses up there?"

Enlightening the Fan

"WHAT," asked a baseball fan of Hughie Jennings, the Detroit baseball manager, whose antics on the coaching lines are familiar to all who watch American League games—"What does it mean when you reach down and pick up blades of grass, as you frequently do when you are coaching?"

"Why," replied Jennings, "that is simple enough. If I pick one blade of grass and hold it up to the batter, that means he is to make a single, two blades mean a two-base hit, three blades a three-bagger and four blades a home run."

"But," persisted the fan, "what does it mean when you throw both hands in the air and yell: 'E-e-yah!'?"

"Why," replied Jennings, "that means we are in a tight place and the batter is to use his own judgment as to the kind of a hit he will select."

When an automobile manufacturer spends $25,000 to $100,000 *extra money* for Warner Auto-Meters as regular equipment, he confirms his claims of *Highest Quality* throughout his car.

AT ONE-THIRD the cost of the Warner Auto-Meter his car could be equipped with some other Speed Indicator. Two-thirds could be saved on this item alone. That saving with one maker who will use the Warner as regular equipment, would amount next year to *$54,000*. All that could be saved, yet the maker could say, "This car is equipped with A Speed Indicator." But he pays as much again, as much again more, to give you a Warner Auto-Meter—

Just because he knows—as well posted men know—that the Warner is a *real* Speed Indicator—sensitive, accurate, reliable and so durable that it will give a correct indication of speed and distance as long as the car itself endures.

A maker who will go to this extra expense to give the choicest and best in a Speed Indicator, will do the same in the hidden parts. You may be sure of that.

The Warner Auto-Meter is the outward evidence of inward quality in an automobile.

Automobiles are much the same as far as mere outward appearance goes. The parts which make one better than another are out of sight under the hood, beneath the floor or concealed by a covering of paint and varnish. Yet there are many places throughout the car where the right thing will cost three or four times as much as the wrong.

On some of those parts you never may know which grade the maker uses. But the Warner Auto-Meter tells you his policy. And men are the same clear through.

When a maker pays the price to give you the Warner, which he knows to be best, in a Speed Indicator, he will give you the best in other parts. This is sound logic.

Don't misunderstand us. This may not be a universal condition.

It is only right and just to admit what may be true—that a maker may skimp on the Speed Indicator yet not skimp anywhere else. The only cheapening in the car may be this single feature. A cheap Speed Indicator not an infallible sign of other inferiority.

But the maker who gives you that in *hidden* parts, and the second or third best in the *visible* parts, is doing himself an injustice.

And such a maker is on dangerous ground if he makes the claim that he uses the choicest and best throughout, when the Speed Indicator—the most looked-at thing on the car—is known to be cheap, inferior and unreliable.

Thousands are now following our suggestion and *Looking for* Speed Indicator.

If a car has a Warner on the dashboard on the street or in other automobiles unhesitatingly do that it is a *good car*.

Those who are about to buy *a new Speed Indicator* on the cars in the dealer's showroom. If it is a Warner, the salesman's task is easy. For to the buyer the Warner is an outward and visible proof of a quality and perfection in the car itself, which must otherwise be taken on trust.

It is becoming difficult for dealers to even *give away* inferior Speed Indicators.

Now that the buying public has been educated to know how much it means in comfort, satisfaction and freedom from trouble and annoyance to have a Warner Auto-Meter on the car, they will no longer take inferior Speed Indicators *as a gift*, but gladly pay the difference for enduring Warner-quietness, accuracy and sterling QUALITY.

WARNER INSTRUMENT COMPANY, Main Offices and Factory 1169 Wheeler Avenue Beloit, Wisconsin

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile Dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

BRANCH HOUSES MAINTAINED AT

Atlanta	Chicago	Denver	Kansas City	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Boston	Cincinnati	Detroit	Los Angeles	Pittsburg	Seattle
Buffalo	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New York	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis

NOTICE TO AUTOMOBILISTS

A set of Automobile Expense Record sub-indexed for convenient entry account of items gasoline, oil, repairs, etc. Size 3½ inches and model of your car. Address S. E. PATT, Manager, Warner Instrument Co., Beloit, Wis.

The Warner Principle *and* Refined Warner Construction

You who have marveled at the supreme sensitiveness, accuracy and reliability of the Warner Auto-Meter, continuing unchanged through the life of many cars, will be interested in the reasons for this enduring perfection

THE WARNER AUTO-METER is made on the magnetic induction principle. A revolving permanent magnet (under a ring as pull to drawn cross to its speed. The faster it revolves the stronger becomes the pull. The "lines of force" coming this pull pass through an aluminum disc and are counteracted by a stationary "hold-back" of soft steel. The aluminum disc (which carries the figures indicating speed in miles per hour) while not magnetic or itself, responds to the drag or pull of these passing magnetic "lines of force." So, the faster the car goes, the faster the magnet revolves, the stronger becomes the electrical pull on the aluminum disc and the greater the velocity as indicated by the speed dial.

When the car stops, a hairspring (the same as used in your watch) returns the speed dial to "0."



Model K, $35.00

The Warner Magnet

This is made from a steel of special formula, such as Tungsten, which, out of seven eight hundred formulas tested, was the only one which would produce a magnet which would stay magnetized and not become weaker with age or use.

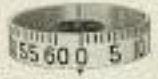


The only similar magnet used for speed indicating purposes is arranged from soft drawn steel, and a number of these magnetic are riveted together to form the complete magnet. The needle from such construction may be easily imagined.

The Warner Magnet revolves in a double ball-bearing (the cups and cones of which are hardened, ground and highly lapped to a silver polish. Imported Hollow balls are used. These come guaranteed to take such as these. That is, they are accurate within one-fourth the diameter of the average human hair. The bearing seems heavy, yet there is no perceptible "play" or lost motion whatever.

The Warner Speed Dial

This, as described above, is aluminum. It is mounted on a standard ship-chronometer pivot, to diverge, to which is connected a hairspring to return the dial to zero when speed stops. The complete dial, with pivot and hairspring, weighs less than 10 grains. This is one reason why the Warner is so accurate. The law of inertia—telling that no force moves this about weightless disc—is known you could repair a marker by striking it to the air.



The Warner Jewel Bearings

The speed disc, just described, is mounted on a bearing composed of four synthetic jewels—two hole jewels and two pivot jewels. The hole jewels are the modern "olive" type, the hole being cupped out at top and bottom, until the bearing surface is a bare line. The pivot, shaped to a point, rests on the plain jewel. So the bearing surface is two hole lines and two points of hardened and brilliantly polished steel, against sapphire, shaped to a mirror finish. Friction is nil. Under a high-power microscope the Warner pivots and jewels glisten like silver. Ordinary pivots and jewels, under the same microscope, look like round files scratched to rough pebbles.

The Warner Odometer

This is a Warner invention and is made complete in our factory. It is in reality a combination and refinement of several of the register box ranging up here on a pivot (the dial is opposite an enemy and double 100,000 miles and repeats for "second," until 1,000 miles and repeat for "trips." The odometer has the finest for the purpose—solid nickel-steel figure discs, durable brass gears and pinions, compressed-steel driving and operating gears. The odometer is made of 12 set run by power for 1,000 miles at 12 miles a second, as a test, before being assembled in the Auto-Meter. The miles and tenths of each trip and season must agree on all 11 odometers at the end of this working test.

The One Odometer for Touring

The Warner Odometer has two dial reads. One records all the figures to turn each one time. The other turns at any desired mileage on the trip dial. By means of this the odometer can be set on pick up and follow a route book, beginning at any desired point and have the mileage agree with the route book. An official route book use the Warner for surveying and laying out their routes. Warner users get final one of the country is another making using a single speedo as a route.

The Warner Unbreakable Driving Shaft Casing

Warner users are free from shaft troubles which do not result from lack of lubrication or poor adjustment. The casing is made from two strands of high carbon spring steel wire, wound over the other into an oil-tight flexible tube, which can be bent, doubled or twisted without breaking, and in no kind it will not wear through. The ordinary wear taking incident to that work to extend over long period, gives consistent trouble, as automatic keeps to their service.

Further Warner Refinements

Naturally we have only been able to touch the "high spots" in the above. The complete story of the Warner—its refinements in industrial workmanship, the careful tests of every speedo, and the many book that is to happiness in manufacturing, delivery and installation—is told in our Warner Catalog. It is fully illustrated and tells many interesting interesting to the automobilist who wants to know and to understand as much concerning the motor he owns.

The Warner Is the Cheapest Speed Indicator

If you expect to drive a car, with speed limits or penalties, for many years, the Warner will prove a distinct economy. It never impossible to wear out. We actually do not know how long a Warner will continue to give accurate service. Some have run over 100,000 miles and are still going strong. Others have been discarded in seven and eight years. Some have run 50,000 miles and are still in fine condition. All we know many users have averaged to the Warner.



Model M2, $15.00

YOU MUST HAVE this if it is necessary to pay the dealer difference for a Warner instead of a few dollars less for an inferior and unreliable speed indicator which does not fit expected to hold up more than a few months or the car.

The far-sighted automobilist who considers value in terms of years, not in terms of days, will be the Warner user, and insist upon the Warner Auto-Meter.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"



"Here's glass-lined pipe, for instance!"

"WHITE glass, as spotless as your polished china.

"Our soups go from the blending kettles through these glass-lined pipes direct to the filling-machines. These are glass-lined, too.

"The same dainty care is given to every step in the making of

Campbell's SOUPS

"Our vegetables are brought in fresh from the farm, and washed in water from artesian wells. We use the choicest fresh meats and poultry. All our utensils and apparatus and cauldrons are regularly scalded and sterilized. Our floors are cement, and flushed with hot water every night. The very air of our kitchens is renewed and purified every four minutes by huge revolving ventilators.

The finest home could not provide such scientific care. And these perfect soups come to your table as fresh and wholesome and delicious as if you had made them with your own hands.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"Cornell may yell and Harvard Rah!
And all the others Siss boom Ah!
But trained on *Campbell's Soups* so fine
I'll be first to cross the line."

THE MAKING OF A SMALL CAPITALIST

(Continued from Page 8)

in need of repairs that could be bought cheap—but one capable of being improved into something really good. I then began to take a keen interest in real estate, watched rent and sale advertisements, and inspected many houses that fall. I found the city assessor's books were open to the public and I got much valuable information there concerning property I was looking up, its location with reference to other lots plotted out in the block, owners of adjacent property, comparative values, etc.

That winter I worked in a planing mill, with steady work and fairly good wages. It was also valuable to me in giving me training and experience in finishing work, calling as it did for skill and nicety. Mr. Ohlringer always had a place for me in open weather; and in the spring, when not working for myself, I was with him.

I found my first investment or speculation the spring I was eighteen. It was a straight three-room cottage, about fifteen years old, with brick foundation, but leaky shingle roof; weather-boarding rotten in some places, cracked in others; badly in need of paint; many window-lights smashed, walls covered with dirty, faded paper, cracked in places; pavements and yard weed-grown and deserted-looking. It had been for years the home of an old man who had lived there alone—living on a pension and with no money for repairs; at his death it had passed to a non-resident relative of his who wished to turn it into money as soon as possible. The lot was thirty by one hundred and fifty feet, streets and alleys all made; and the place as it stood could be bought for seven hundred and fifty dollars cash. It seemed a great bargain for me, since I could do so much of the necessary repairing myself.

I talked it over earnestly with my mother and she went with me to look at it when I asked her what she thought about my buying it. She was greatly interested, as she always was in anything that I was interested in; and as we looked it over, inside and out, she said:

"Now, Jim, you know something about houses; tell me what you think of it—what's for it and what's against?"

Then I told her—in its favor: It was on a pretty good block, with many German neighbors who owned their own homes, and kept them and their nice little yards looking well; rented houses were in demand there; it was near some factories, yet six or eight blocks away from them; the streets and alleys roundabout were all made. The lot was large for a cottage lot and a foot higher than the street; the foundation was good and raised the house another foot; the three rooms were unusually large; the house still held its shape and seemed to have been originally pretty well built; there was a leaky, dirty old cistern in the yard, but also city water within the front gate; lighting and cooking gases were in the street in front, and the cooking gas would be put in by the company free of charge.

Investing in a House

On the other hand—against it: It needed thorough repairing, inside and out—a new roof to begin with. "But I can put that on myself, you know, ma," I said eagerly, and she nodded assent as she smiled encouragingly. There was need of much new weather-boarding; new front and side steps; new cellar steps; new front fence; side fences needed repairing; plastering inside needed patching, and walls needed new paper; no water or gas in the house; front door was old and cracked and weather-beaten; coalshed was in bad shape and the pavements needed some attention.

"Most of this work I can do myself," I explained; "and you see the house stands so that I can build on two little rooms across the back here, a kitchen with a narrow window facing the street, and a dining room beside it, with a glass door opening on a little porch here, facing the street. Don't you see?"

Ma saw and nodded approvingly. I had only seven hundred and nineteen dollars, however, all told; and at eighteen I was not old enough to make a deed to the property if I wished to sell—which I did as soon as I could put it into condition.

"There must be some way to arrange it," my mother said, and we talked it over and investigated. It was finally decided that my single sister, twenty-two years old, should take the title in her name, and the title company would lend three hundred dollars on it—the amount desired—at six per cent for one year. In this way the seller got his money, I had the property paid for with the exception of the three hundred dollars, and after the title had been examined, etc., I still had nearly two hundred and fifty dollars for repairs, if I needed that much.

At last I was a capitalist—a property owner! I thrilled at the thought and at my mother's saying: "I'm so glad for you, Jim; I'm proud of my capitalist!" Then she added, "Now do good honest work fixing this up, just as if you expected to live in it yourself the rest of your days."

I got Mr. Ohlringer and paid him to look over the whole place carefully, figure out exactly what was needed in carpenter work and make out the bill of lumber for it. I had helped him figure and select before, and went with him to the lumber yard to pick out in person the lumber and shingles, and to see that I got exactly what I ordered.

Grooming the House for a Buyer

Then I started in to work. The days did not seem half long enough, I enjoyed the work so much and did it so carefully. My mother came down every once in a while to see, although it was half a mile from our house.

I got the new shingle roof on and put in piece after piece of new weather-boarding; put in a new front door with a large plain glass in it, and put an attractive double window in front, thus changing and materially improving the appearance of the front of the house—the front effect counts for so much in selling.

I dug the foundation for the two extra rooms, and acted as helper to an experienced bricklayer that I got for a day to lay it; with second-hand brick and with cement mixed with the mortar I had a splendid foundation at slight cost. I got Mr. Ohlringer for two days to help me get the framework up for the additions, and when I had finished I hired a plasterer to finish the inside. So doing most of the work myself, but getting outside help when I needed it, the place began to get in shape without unreasonable cost.

While I had the house torn up I found I could get the illuminating gas put in cheaply, and did so, in order to sell the place to better advantage; had the cooking gas put in the new kitchen, the water brought back, and a sink and drainboard placed by a window in that light, cozy little room. I partitioned off corner closets in the two bedrooms, and had small closets in the new dining room and kitchen also, for housekeepers always like them; got a cheap but pretty cabinet mantel for the parlor, and neat attractive gas fixtures; had the plastering patched where needed; had all the woodwork grained, but varnished it myself. I scrubbed the floors until they looked as if they had been planed, then stained and varnished the borders for three feet, to give a hardwood effect.

The wal'paper I selected with great care, and it was as attractive as I could make it for the money; the front room had a rather fine paper. I put a brick floor in the cellar and cemented over that; then whitewashed the walls until it was nice enough for any housekeeper. I put in a new front fence, and painted that and the house carefully.

You should have heard the discussions my mother and I had about the paint for the house—what colors were most used then and what would look best; whether the cornice should contrast or go in with the body of the house; whether the trimmings should be dark or light; whether the windowsash would look best in olive green or dark red; whether the corner strips should go with the body of the house or with the cornice, and what should be the color of the foundation. We had ideas—definite ideas—and some taste by the time we got ready to paint that cottage. When I had finished, mother said it looked almost as well as a professional's work—and she never praised insincerely.

I got the neighbors on each side to stand part of the expense of the necessary lumber, and repaired thoroughly each side fence all the way back, and put the coalshed in first-class shape; then whitewashed all that with two coats in my best old style. All the grass and weeds I got out from the brick walks, down on my knees, with an old knife; patched and partly relaid the walks where needed; and after I had graded up and cleaned and sodded the yard, I scrubbed those walks and painted them until they would have deserved Mrs. Truber's most satisfied smile.

When I had finished it was an entirely different-looking place—so fresh and clean and sound throughout, so attractive, such a healthy-looking place to live in, such a homey-looking place! It would have rented easily for fourteen dollars a month, but I wished to sell and cash in my earnings and capital. I was at work on it about seven weeks, and ten days before I finished I put up a "For Sale" sign—after the place had been painted.

I asked fourteen hundred and fifty dollars for the place, and might have gotten it by waiting and giving considerable time on the deferred payments. I had many nibbles and offers, ranging from eleven hundred to fourteen hundred dollars—the latter being two hundred dollars cash and the balance in monthly installments of eighteen dollars each. I turned those offers down; but when, about two weeks after I had finished, I had an offer of thirteen hundred and fifty dollars, seven hundred dollars being cash, I took it; for that meant all cash to me, the buyer raising the balance by loan from the title company, which it readily made.

Of course I consulted my mother before closing the trade, and she advised it.

"Yes, Jim; a quick sale is a doubly good sale, and lets the other fellow have a chance to make something too. You know the old saying: 'No sale is a good sale unless it's good for both parties.' You treat people fair and square and give 'em the worth of their money; make people respect you and treat 'em so's they won't be afraid to do business with you."

By the first of July I had sold, paid off that borrowed three hundred dollars and had one thousand and fifty dollars cash capital; and I had nearly three years to travel before I would reach twenty-one.

"Jim, that's fine! I'm proud of you!" ma said. "But don't you stop. Go on with your patchwork for other people, but keep looking out for another place to buy."

Another Quick Sale

I found another in less than three weeks. It was not a place that would bring me such a large profit, but I felt I could not lose on it—a four-room cottage, the kitchen very small, eight by ten; with metal roof and brick foundation; dingy, in need of paint and repairs, but fairly sound in essentials. I bought it for nine hundred and fifty dollars cash, taking the title, as before, in my sister's name. It had only a small yard and the vacating tenants had been paying only nine dollars a month for the place; but I felt that was because they had been there so long—moving there when rents were low—and that the place had since been so poorly taken care of that the owner could not well raise the rent.

I had that house shaped up into a different place in a month—had a tinner and paperhanger to help, but did most of the work myself; and what with paint and paper, whitewash and sod and painted walks in the yard, the place looked and was nice enough to command eleven dollars a month rent easily. Six weeks from the time I got it I had it sold for eleven hundred and fifty dollars—all cash to me. My net profit was one hundred and twenty-seven dollars, which I considered something more than wages. My net capital then was nearly twelve hundred dollars.

I did not find another bargain that seemed within my capital that fall and was afraid to venture then into debt; but I continued to do job repair work, carpentering and painting. I tried never to be idle and was never idle long.

In December, during a cold snap, I was offered for twelve hundred dollars a little cottage that had many good points. I could have paid that, but it rented for only twelve dollars a month and needed some repairing, considerable paper and paint. The owner had had it on the market for some time, without pushing it, and quickly accepted my offer of eleven hundred and twenty-five dollars cash.

The weather was not favorable for repairing; but by working on the coalshed

and fences on freezing days, inside painting and paper on rainy days, and outside painting and whitewashing on the few fair warmer days, I had it greatly improved in less than a month. I did not try to do much besides clean and renovate it, which did not cost a great deal. I sold it soon after for twelve hundred and fifty dollars cash, which meant a net profit to me of seventy-eight dollars—unless I charged up my own work. The investment was turned over quickly and I was well satisfied.

I used advertisements in the papers a good deal in selling, and learned to watch the ads of others and plan mine accordingly—adhering strictly to the truth, but advertising the best points.

For instance, that last cottage had no sink in the kitchen; no water in the house—only in the yard; no lighting gas in the house; and though the neighborhood was respectable, several houses on the square were owned by colored persons, and a good family of negroes, quiet and respectable, lived next door. There were some things that the cottage did not have to offer; but the following advertisement, inserted alternately in the two afternoon papers for four days, was entirely truthful, attracted favorable attention at once and, combined with the attractive appearance of the premises, soon sold the property:

FOR SALE—Four-room T-shaped cottage; high lot; asphalt street; artificial stone sidewalk; metal roof; brick foundation; freshly repaired throughout. Apply to Owner, 2117 W. Helm St.

Every piece of property has its good points; and it is the part of the advertiser to put them forward, honestly, strikingly, to attract the persons who think well of those points, to get at least a chance to show the property.

A good advertisement I saw recently sold an old house in two weeks, with no water in it and which needed painting. It was all truthful too; simply brought out the good points, as follows:

SEMI-CENTRAL COTTAGE

Four rooms, both gases, newly papered, front porch, high lot, attractive yard, fruit trees, stable; in residence district, but walking distance; a home to enjoy while you save. Six hundred dollars cash; balance on time. Apply to—etc.

I found another bargain that spring, which kept me busy until the first of July. With my profit on that, my savings from job work and my former capital, I had, all told, fifteen hundred dollars—and I had continued all along to give mother six dollars a week for household expenses.

How Profits Piled Up

At this time there happened to be two vacant lots near my home for sale, very cheap, streets and alleys all made and on a good cottage block. They had been idle for years and the new owner, who had taken them in a trade, wished to sell. I could get them both for six hundred dollars cash.

"Why don't you buy them, Jim, and see what you can do to please the public in building a cottage? You've had to fix over other people's ideas before."

After thinking and figuring and planning for two days, during which mother never said another word to me about it, I finally told her I believed I could make a little money in that way. So I bought the lots. The title was taken in Mary's name—the sister next older than myself—who was just twenty-one; the other had married that spring.

"Well, Jim, what can you do?"

"I think, ma, I can put up a house on one lot for nine hundred dollars if I get just a helper and do most of the work myself. I'll make it a four-room T-shaped cottage, well ventilated, with a brick foundation and a metal roof; two front rooms, fourteen by sixteen each; Colonial front porch, three columns; little side porch, one Colonial column; cabinet mantels in two front rooms; both gases; bathroom; closets; ladder staircase between two rooms leading to floored loft room above, with good windows at front and back of house; high-pitched roof." With the closest figuring, using some old but sound material, and hard work, I did manage to build it in that way and had it finished by the first of October.

It was a very attractive little place and sold as soon as finished for fifteen hundred dollars—all cash to me, for a trust company carried the deferred payments. That meant a net profit of three hundred dollars to me—not a great profit for the capital invested and three months' hard labor, but pretty good for a nineteen-year-old. I was proud and happy and satisfied—and my mother was too. Another lot all paid for and fifteen hundred dollars in cash loomed large in the eyes of both mother and capitalist.

I immediately commenced another cottage on the remaining lot, though it was so late in the season—another frame cottage, similar to the first, but slightly different to give it individuality, and somewhat enlarged and improved. This had a small reception hall and tiny bedroom added to the four rooms, with a little bath downstairs; while the room above was a trifle higher in the center and more finished. I worked on this as the weather permitted and did not have it entirely finished until spring; but I had no difficulty in selling it then for eighteen hundred dollars. The purchaser went into the Home Savings Company and paid me all cash. That house had cost me more than the first—I figured lot and all at thirteen hundred and seventy-eight dollars; but it gave me a nice profit; and I had now about two thousand dollars of available capital.

My father being ill for a time, my sister Mary's marriage and music lessons for my little sister—who had decided talent—cut into my capital to the extent of three hundred dollars that fall; but I gave the money gladly, proudly, and I hope humbly and thankfully, after my small mother got through lecturing me.

Building Better Than Buying

I made a little money that winter, and the next spring did well on two small cottages I built at the same time—building more cheaply in that way—and sold to advantage. By the time I was twenty-one I had twenty-four hundred dollars capital, and we had a great dinner and family reunion, and a jolly good time all round.

Since then my story has been one of hard work, careful planning and greater profits each year, as I have had greater capital to work with. I have tried, too, constantly to increase my accurate practical knowledge of everything pertaining to building and real-estate investments.

The next year after I became of age I tried again the building of cottages in pairs; then duplicated them in another section, with the result that I had thirty-four hundred dollars at the end of the year.

"A thousand dollars is not much of a profit for a year's use of twenty-four hundred dollars and an energetic young fellow's entire time," you say. True; but I still handed mother so much each week—eight dollars a week that year—and I was still learning; and, besides, I told you at the start I am not writing the account of any extraordinary success, but what I myself—an average man of my particular type—have accomplished.

After this I went more and more into building, instead of buying, repairing and selling again, for two reasons: First, it is hard to find a bargain every time you look for one that will be capable of being repaired and sold quickly to advantage; it often takes valuable time and thought and effort to search among property in the market—and sometimes investigation of twenty pieces to find one to suit. Second, I found, with greater experience and the closest attention to all details, that I could build new houses more cheaply than before; and with slight artistic touches I could give the buildings attractive individuality that made them sell to advantage quickly. I learned to increase my profits legitimately with the same outlay of capital in new buildings.

In choosing a speculative investment in real estate there are many things to cause the investor to reject propositions offered. A house may cost too much money for there to be any probable profit in a quick sale; and an investor wishing to turn over his money looks not for an investment but a safe speculation. The neighborhood may not be desirable, the locality may be "dead" from a real-estate standpoint—little activity and no building, and hard to sell at all; the foundation may not be good; the property may be tenanted by a class that pays high rentals but depreciates the salability of the place; the streets and alleys may not be made, and their subsequent probable cost may scare off your purchasers or cut down the amount they are willing to offer. There is a just prejudice against shingle roofs, and people are demanding more and more the conveniences. A speculative buyer has to consider all these things and decide how much he can spend on improvements and still sell low enough to dispose of his holdings promptly.

By the time I was twenty-three, more hard work, careful building and lucky selling had brought my capital up to five thousand dollars. In building and selling I found that attention to matters of taste paid well—and apparently little things sell a place. An unusually high foundation, a concrete porch with a weathered-oak swing and two porch rockers to match, and a rustic box across the front of the porch filled with unusually large ferns—with, inside, a furnace for winter, some unusual windows and a fireplace with a motto cut into the mantel—sold an attractive little place I built before the varnish got dry. It cost me, complete, about nineteen hundred dollars, and I did none of the work—the actual work—of building. I got twenty-five hundred dollars for it, all cash, and petitions from two other parties to plan and build and sell them artistic little homes at the same price.

I had gotten in touch with a good lawyer, thoroughly honest and highly respected, who had some moneyed clients who loaned money on first mortgages on real estate at six per cent, the lawyer examining the title to the property and getting a small fee from the borrower for securing the loan. The borrower paid also for the examination of title and the recording of the mortgage, so that the interest was net to the lender.

There was always a careful examination into the personality of the borrower and the margin above the loan was always safe; but they would often loan a larger amount upon a given piece of property than a title or trust company. I found, in selling, I could frequently place to advantage a loan to the purchaser in this way that benefited him and enabled me to get more of the purchase money in cash.

There are different classes of purchasers of cottage property. The smallest class is that which pays all cash. Many have from five hundred dollars to eight hundred dollars, and then can negotiate the balance anywhere; but there is another class, perhaps the largest, who have only a hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars saved up, and yet wish to acquire a home.

Coupon Mortgage Notes

I found, in dealing with this class, that I could frequently place a first mortgage for a safe amount of the balance, to be paid in four, five or six years after date, say. Then I arranged for the difference between that hundred and fifty dollars cash and the cash realized from the mortgage—both of which came to me as seller—to be paid in monthly installments during the first three years after date, a second lien upon the property being retained to secure that. In this way the second lien was paid before the first; and frequently the buyer would find he could pay the second lien off in half the time allowed, would get eager to have his home paid for and would do this. I have often had coupon bonds drawn for those second liens, so much of the principal of the second-lien balance being payable each year "in twelve monthly installments as per coupons hereto attached, each coupon being for one-twelfth of the principal of the bond and for interest on the entire second-lien balance," as my lawyer put it. Then I have left one of those bonds with a trust company where I do business and had the buyer who signed them come in each month, pay a coupon and get same as his receipt, the payment being deposited to my account in the savings department. I then had no trouble in collecting and found it a great convenience, as I could check from said savings department any time I wished.

I have sometimes arranged in the following way with a cottage purchaser, who had one-fourth cash or nearly that—for the Home Savings Company will lend three-fourths of the value on city property. I have carried the purchaser for six or nine months—until he could get a loan; having him sign a written agreement to place a mortgage on the property to the extent desired as soon as it could be obtained—the company has usually a waiting list—and meantime paying me so much a month on the balance of the purchase price.

Occasionally, but not always, the small monthly-payment notes can be sold to advantage and cashed in at once. I have

(Concluded on Page 30)



Start Them To School Right

After the vacation rest, school children should quickly settle down to the task of learning.

Do your part!

Parental responsibility does not end by sending them to school. The child must be equipped with mind and body at their best.

And here the right food plays its part.

Growing children need energy; the right kind and lots of it. And energy comes from well-nourished nerves and brain.

Grape-Nuts

—a food made from the field grains, contains Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grains) which directly acts with other food to build brain and nerves.

Statistics prove that much of the "backwardness" of some children is due to faulty nourishment.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts and cream is good alike for the bright scholar and the backward pupil. The latter needs the nutrition; the former will progress in sounder physical health because of it.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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Besides convenience, cleanliness and cool comfort, there is practical economy of time, money and physical effort in

"AMERICAN" ELECTRIC IRONING

The "American" Electric Iron generates its own heat within itself—heats while it's working, and works while it's heating. That's economy of time—so great that an ordinary all-day ironing can be finished by three o'clock.

You can put out the fire in the kitchen range, and pay only for the heat you're using. That's an economy in fuel cost. Any user will tell you the "American" does the heaviest household ironing with no appreciable increase in bills for electric current.

Even, constant heat on the bottom of the iron means better, quicker work and a cooler room. One iron does all the work. You save all weary steps to and from the kitchen range. And when the ironing is finished there will be time and energy for other things.

To assure all these advantages you must get the "American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type. It adds to the best directly upon the work without loss from the soles or rap. Notice how the point is cut away so that it is easy to get into tucks, plaits and gathers. The iron can be attached to any electric lamp socket. It is finished entirely in polished nickel, and weighs 6½ pounds—the most practical weight for all-around work. And it is so durable that its like is guaranteed for three years.

Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States

"Beauty" type, 6½ pounds, . . . $5.00
Other types, ... $4.00 to $5.00
Prices higher in Canada
For sale by electric and hardware dealers and department stores

If your dealer hasn't the "American" Electric Iron—"Beauty" type—we will ship it, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Write today for free booklet—"Heat Without Fire," It explains the reasons for "American" efficiency, and describes many electric heating appliances for household use.

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Look for the triangle on the iron or log



How to Select Railroad Bonds—By Roger W. Babson

WHEN West a short time ago I spent half a day with one of the best informed men on railroad securities in America. This man was brought up under Huntington and later was selected by Mr. Harriman to take charge of an important division of his properties. Afterward he was selected by leading banking interests to be receiver of a large railroad, and today holds a most important position in railroad circles.

Now, when talking with this man a short time ago, I was much surprised that he had not a dollar invested in railroad securities of any kind. Though all his life had been spent in the service of railroads, yet his investments were almost exclusively in real estate, which certainly could be the basis of good "selling talk" for those having real-estate securities for sale! Nevertheless, he believes that, next to municipal bonds, good railroad bonds represent the best form of personal investment, considering both yield and security. On the other hand, he bought real-estate investments because, he said: "I have not time to study railroad investments, as they should be selected with great care." Now if my friend, who is generally recognized as one of the greatest railroad men in the country, does not dare to purchase railroad securities for fear he has not time to make the proper selections, it certainly behooves the small investor to study at least the elementary principles relating to their selection. Therefore I shall attempt in this article to emphasize some simple rules that should aid every investor in making such a selection; in fact, if these underlying principles are thoroughly grasped there is no reason why every reader should not be able to select perfectly safe and attractive railroad bonds for his personal investment.

Bonds of Four Types

In a preceding number of this weekly the different legal forms of railroad bonds were carefully described, showing the reader how to distinguish between first mortgage bonds, consolidated mortgage bonds, refunding mortgage bonds, equipment bonds, terminal bonds, and so forth. I like to refer to each of these different forms as a family having its own relation to its neighbors. Not only, however, does each family in a neighborhood hold a different position, but its children have entirely different characteristics. For instance, a neighbor of mine has four boys. All these boys have certain fundamental family traits, but all also have entirely different characteristics. One of the boys is extremely conservative; another is a sort of general all-around boy; the third is not so conservative or so popular as the others, but he has a fine head and is generally considered the ablest boy of the family. The fourth, however, is an antithesis of the first. He is of a very nervous, uncertain and almost foolhardy makeup. No one knows what he will do next. He is always getting into trouble—though, on the other hand, he seems to have a happy faculty of always getting out again. He may bring great honor to the family name or great disgrace—and the chances are about even.

Now, in the same way, every family of bonds has different members with different characteristics, and this especially applies to the railroad family. A family of railroad bonds consists of four members with different characteristics similar to those of the boys above mentioned. First, we have conservative railroad bonds, such as Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company first mortgage four-per-cent bonds, due May, 1927; Illinois Central Railroad Company refunding mortgage four-per-cent bonds, due November, 1955; or Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company general mortgage three-and-one-half-per-cent bonds, due November, 1987. Such bonds have the same characteristics as the first boy mentioned above, and a very good motto is: "When in doubt buy only these or the most conservative."

Next, we have the inactive investment bonds, yielding from four and one-half per cent to five per cent, such as Rio Grande Western Railway Company consolidated mortgage four-per-cent bonds, due April, 1949; New York, Chicago & St. Louis Railroad Company debenture four-per-cent bonds, due May, 1931; Florida East Coast Railway Company first mortgage four-and-one-half-per-cent bonds, due June, 1959; or any of the host of similar issues which are being continually offered by established bondhouses of irreproachable character. These bonds have the same characteristics as the second, all-around boy of my neighbor's family. They are usually well secured, yield well and, though often hard to sell, are very satisfactory permanent investments; in fact, for a person desiring to purchase bonds for income only, intending to hold the same until maturity, such safe but inactive investment bonds are often the best kind he can buy.

The next class corresponds with the third boy mentioned—the one full of business. Such railroad bonds are known as convertible bonds, like Pennsylvania Railroad Company convertible three-and-one-half-per-cent bonds, due October, 1915; Southern Pacific Railroad Company convertible four-per-cent bonds, due June, 1929; or New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company six-per-cent bonds, due January, 1948.

Lastly, we have speculative bonds, such as the Southern Railway fours, due April, 1956; Wabash Railroad Company refunding fours, due July, 1956; or Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad Company collateral trust four-per-cent bonds, due November, 2002. These bonds compare with the fourth boy of our family. They may turn out well or they may not—and it is well for the small investor to let them severely alone.

The conservative bonds first mentioned are usually underlying liens of large and established railroad systems. These bonds should be absolutely good and as safe as any Government or municipal bonds. On the other hand, their yield is comparatively small, usually not over four per cent, though some of these issues can now be purchased on a basis to yield above four per cent. Inactive investment bonds are usually the best issues on comparatively small or new properties. Such bonds yield from four and one-half to five per cent, and nineteen out of every twenty of them are absolutely good and ultimately develop into high-grade bonds of the first of the above-mentioned classes. For one to invest a reasonable amount of money in such bonds is entirely proper, provided he purchases them from the highest-grade houses and they properly fulfill the tests hereinafter to be given. On the other hand, if one should invest all his money in such bonds, yielding, say, four and three-fourths per cent, he might eventually lose just about enough of his principal to reduce the final net yield on his money to about four per cent, thus giving them no distinct advantage over the first-mentioned class of highest-grade bonds.

Why Convertibles are Attractive

Regarding convertible bonds, an authority writes: "Convertible bonds get their title from the fact that the holders have the right to convert them into stocks of the issuing companies in accordance with the terms as outlined in the mortgages or deeds of trust. Such bonds are usually direct obligations of the issuing companies. They are payable at par on a specified date, bear a fixed rate of interest and come ahead of capital stocks. In most cases, however, they are junior to or subject to underlying mortgages. The feature of convertible bonds making them so attractive to many investors is that they enable the holders to share in the general prosperity of the country, especially as related to the specific companies whose convertible bonds they may own. The evidences of the prosperity of railroads and corporations are growth of business and increased earnings, and these two things are reflected to a much greater degree through the enhancement of stock values than through the medium of any other form of security issue. It is, therefore, apparent that under certain conditions holders of bonds convertible into stock may have a very valuable privilege.

"However, in considering the purchase of convertible bonds, the same rules should govern as in the selection of any railroad



Don't Buy Paint Blindfolded!

People rarely buy poor paint with their eyes open. If the inferior stuff is foisted on them, it is because they are blinded by some interested person's recommendation, by a foolish desire to get it as cheaply as possible, or by mistaken belief that all paint is alike.

Open Your Eyes!

Use your reason. What does the best painter in your community use? Pure white lead and linseed oil, without shadow of a doubt. It will take but a few minutes to learn some fundamental facts about painting which will show you why he is right. Read our offer below to make you paint-wise. The

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and pure white lead and pure linseed oil are the best assurance you can have that you will get a dollar's worth of paint satisfaction for every dollar expended.



We have room only for this bald statement of fact here, but if you will write us, we will send you the reasons. We have been told by property owners that the "Helps" mentioned below put the paint subject in an entirely new light. Maybe you will find it so.

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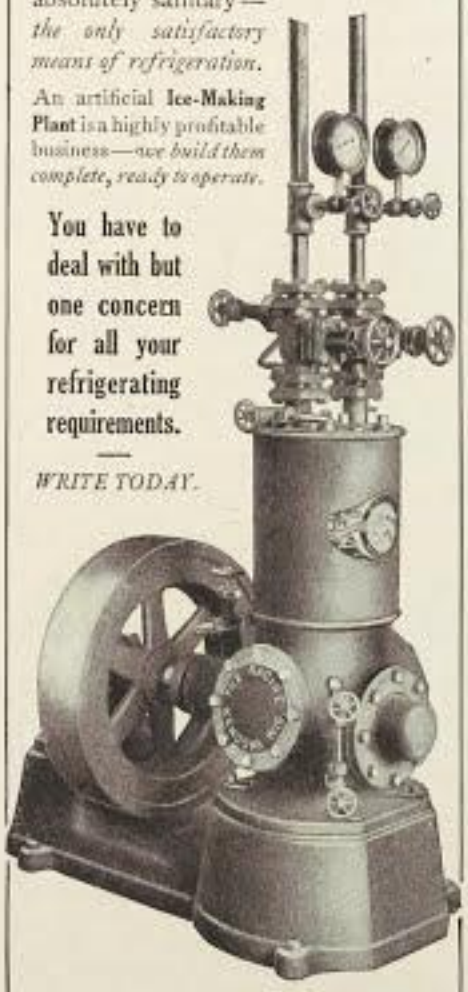
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or corporation bonds—that is, the privilege of converting the bonds into stocks does not add to the security of the principal. The value of the conversion is due solely to the possibility of the stocks' selling at prices beyond the conversion figures. If the stocks should not do this the conversion privilege is without value to the holders of convertible bonds.

The main feature for the small investor to remember about convertible bonds is as follows: For those wishing to buy railroad bonds with the idea of selling them again at a profit, good listed convertible bonds are the best kind to purchase. Convertible bonds fluctuate most in price, are most readily bought and sold, and have several advantages. On the other hand, if their security is equal to the security of one of the first above-mentioned class, they will not yield so much and, therefore, are not suitable for the permanent investor who buys securities with the idea of holding them indefinitely. Or, to state it another way, in order to obtain the same yield from a convertible bond an investor must expect less security than if he invested the same amount of money in railroad bonds of the first two above-mentioned classes. On the other hand, men who are willing to ignore the yield and study fundamental business conditions, in order to know when is the proper time to buy and sell, should give most careful consideration to listed convertible railroad bonds.

Profits From Study of Conditions

Bonds like the Missouri Pacific convertible fives, due September 1, 1959, or Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe convertible fives, due June, 1955, may sell lower before the present period of declining prices has reached its end; but all these issues should sometime sell at very much higher prices and show a greater increase in price than other issues on the same properties. In short, permanent investors who buy simply for income should confine themselves to the first two above-mentioned classes—that is, either the highest-grade bonds, yielding about four per cent, or else the inactive investment bonds, yielding between four and one-half to five per cent. *On the other hand, the man who studies fundamental business conditions may at times purchase almost any of the listed convertible bonds of railroads paying a dividend of five per cent or more on their stocks; and by buying and selling said bonds once in two or three years he should make a handsome profit.*

The speculative issues are usually new "refunding issues" and are often not well secured. They may be compared with preferred stocks of medium-grade properties. Such bonds are usually listed and, so long as they pay their interest, will yield about six per cent. Many of these issues eventually prove of permanent value and gradually enter the class of high-grade bonds, increasing in price. On the other hand, many of them eventually default, the properties are reorganized and the bondholders are obliged to accept a loss. Therefore, though such issues often offer an opportunity for great profit, yet they give an equal chance for great loss. Such issues, as a rule, are not secure; they fluctuate greatly in price and in my opinion should not be recommended to the small investor.

Therefore, so far as the small investor is concerned, this all resolves itself into one statement, namely, that he who cannot afford to take time to study conditions had better confine his investments in railroad bonds to those of the first two classes—that is, (1) the highest-grade listed bonds, yielding about four per cent; and (2) the inactive investment bonds, yielding about five per cent. In fact, one might go a step farther and advise that his railroad investments be about one-half in each of these first two classes—that is to say, if a young man came to me today and said he had only two thousand dollars and asked me what he should buy, stating that he was determined to invest his money immediately—and to make a permanent investment, not to be disturbed—I should tell him to buy one of the high-grade listed issues of the first list above mentioned and then go to some established bondhouse that his local bank would recommend to him and have them select some good inactive issue that would yield a higher rate.

The intelligent young man, however, is not content simply to take my opinion, or, in fact, that of any bank or bondhouse, but he desires to know how we arrive at our decision and why we state that one bond is safe and another is questionable. Therefore, after deciding which of the above four kinds of railroad bonds to buy, the first question naturally to be considered is the bonded debt for a mile. In doing so one must ascertain the total amount of bonds outstanding of the issue being studied, together with the total amount of other bonds which come either before or on the same basis with the bonds which are under consideration. This is the proper way to make a theoretical analysis. For instance, when studying the convertible bonds of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company, one should consider the entire indebtedness of said road, including the amount of these bonds and the amount of underlying liens outstanding. This is because the average bondbuyer not only wishes a bond, both the interest and principal of which will be paid, but he also wishes a bond of a company that will never go into a receiver's hands. Therefore the simplest and most practical method for the small investor to use is to consider the entire bonded debt. When preparing a report on such an issue I should begin:

"As shown in the company's report, on June 30, 1910, bonds of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company were outstanding to the amount of $302,004,953, or at a total average rate of about $30,456 a mile of road operated—namely, 9916 miles. Its fixed charges consumed only 12.4 per cent of the gross earnings, comparing with an allowable figure of about 16 per cent.

"For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the total net earnings available for bond interest, rentals and other fixed charges, after deducting taxes, amounted to about $3406 a mile, and the fixed charges amounted to about $1346 a mile. Therefore these fixed charges consumed about 39.5 per cent of said net earnings, leaving a margin of about 60.5 per cent. I personally have considered the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway in that class where a margin of about 54 per cent is satisfactory. Therefore all bond issues of this company may be classed as fairly conservative investments.

"Compared with 1909, the report for the year ending June 30, 1910, showed a decrease in total net earnings a mile of about 4.6 per cent and a decrease in fixed charges a mile of 9.1 per cent which caused this margin, over and above fixed charges, to change from 58.5 per cent to 60.5 per cent. This gives the investor a clew as to the variableness of these total net earnings."

Points to Remember

A railroad may skimp on maintenance and cut expenses to the limit, but it must meet its fixed charges if it is going to keep away from a receivership. Holders of bonds will insist on receiving their interest and—if the road has any leased lines—rents must also be paid. Unlike an individual, a railroad has not the alternative of moving; hence these items—interest and rentals—are called fixed charges. They are definite predetermined amounts and should not vary much from one year to the next. Moreover, when they do vary they usually increase instead of decrease.

The investor analyzing the securities of a road must not consider fixed charges separately, but only in connection with the earnings available to pay them. The simple fact that road A has fixed charges twice as large as road B does not mean that A's bonds are not as secure as B's. A's earnings may be twice as large as B's, and, if A and B both spend the same proportion of gross on fixed charges, traffic and transportation expenses, A will have more for maintenance and surplus.

To sum up: Small fixed charges do not mean much if the earnings are also small; an equal amount a mile may make much more of a hole in the earnings of one road than in those of another. The investor—lastly—should make sure that the figure for fixed charges is as small as it should be compared with the gross; that the railroad company has included interest on all of its bonds and is being well maintained. This brings us to the consideration of income, maintenance, etc., all of which will be considered in our next article. The point in this article to remember is: When selecting a railroad bond buy one which has a large margin of safety, if possible fifty per cent or more—that is, whose fixed charges do not consume more than fifty per cent of the net earnings or more than twenty per cent of the total gross earnings.



THE present development of aeroplanes and "motors" for land and sea has been made possible by the gas engine.

The gas engine has been made practicable through the development of suitable fuel and lubricating oil.



In the production and improvement of these gas engine necessities, this company has always led.

We particularly want to call your attention to our Polarine Oil.

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This Oil is the product of an elaborate series of special manufacturing processes—many of them devised especially for Polarine.

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Send to our nearest agency for "Polarine Pointers" which includes hints on the care of motor cars.

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El Perco

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There is a better way of doing almost everything. And the better way of making coffee is with El Perco, the electric coffee percolator. El Perco brews the famous drip coffee—all the aroma and full, rich flavor, but **not** boiled.

Percolated coffee is the only real coffee. In El Perco, the hot water passes, a few drops at a time, through the coffee, which is in the basket in the top of El Perco. The extract drips into the pot; this continues until the extraction is completed.

The electric heater is a smooth, round, german silver cylinder with nothing to get out of order or make trouble. Percolation begins in less than a minute after the cold water is put in. In five or six minutes a two cup charge is ready to pour; to make seven cups it will take ten or twelve minutes, depending on how strong a brew you like.



Attach El Perco to any electric light socket or use on the dining table—porch—at bedside or in kitchen. At average rates the electric current costs one-tenth of a cent a cup, so El Perco is economical.

Also—a better brew, from less coffee.

There are no traps or valves of any sort.

Owing to this new principle, El Perco sells for less, but operates more quickly than the old styles. It is guaranteed for two years.

Two sizes, in polished nickel or burnished copper. Price, complete with eight feet of silk covered cord and switch plug—5 cup size, $7.50; 7 cup size, $8.00.

"To boil it is to spoil it."



Percolated coffee is the only perfect coffee.

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Household Iron —the iron that will do all the household ironing—do it quicker, easier, better and cheaper than any other method. 3 pound is narrow, for sleeves, etc.; 5 pound will do all ordinary work; 6 pound does the heaviest work as well as the light pieces. It is the most popular size. Either size, express paid, $5.00.

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El Tosto —the sturdy electric toaster cheers the morning meal. Makes delicious golden brown toast right on the table. Keeps the coffee hot, too. If your dealer hasn't it, we express for $4.00.

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Dealers and lighting companies in most cities sell El Perco and the other Hotpoint appliances. If you do not find them, send your check to our nearest office for the regular retail price and we will gladly pay express charges.

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The Utility Set consists of a regular 2½ pound iron, narrow for sleeves, etc. It will do all the lighter work, such as waists, to perfection. Now reverse the iron on the stand that is provided and you have an efficient stove. We provide a dish with cover and handle, so that you can quickly heat a couple of cups of water or do light cooking. All pieces nest together and pack into a dainty ooze leather shopping bag. *Price $6.00. Give voltage.*

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If these goods are not sold in your town this is the time for you to order samples on our special proposition and test them out. Ask for our selling plan.

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Two-Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer. Every improvement. One of the best typewriters made.

Unheard-of Low Price

One Emerson Typewriter Given Away to any person, **man or woman,** who will do us a slight service, no selling, no canvassing, only a few moments of your spare time required.

Don't pay even $20 for any typewriter made until you first write for our **Grand Offer.**

Our Customers Write Like This:

Earned an EMERSON Typewriter for less than two hours work. The "EMERSON" is better than any $100.00 typewriter on the market—JOS. M. PHILIPS, Cornelia, Mo.

Earned an Upright Grand Piano and EMERSON Typewriter in five hours. Since getting the "EMERSON" I have set my $100.00 Machine aside—R. W. SUTTON, Hillsdale, Ind.

Earned an EMERSON Typewriter in just a few minutes—F. W. HORN, Burlington, Ia.

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THE MEXICAN

(Continued from Page 8)

he had found the name of Fernandez hated by prefects of police, *jefes políticos* and *rurales*.

Big, hearty Joaquin Fernandez! A large place he occupied in Rivera's visions. He had not understood at the time, but looking back he could understand. He could see him setting type in the little printery or scribbling endless hasty, nervous lines on the much-cluttered desk. And he could see the strange evenings when workmen, coming secretly in the dark like men who did ill deeds, met with his father and talked long hours where he, the *muchacho*, lay not always asleep in the corner.

As from a remote distance he could hear Spider Hagerty saying to him: "No layin' down at the start. Them's instructions. Take a beatin' an' earn your dough."

Ten minutes had passed and he still sat in his corner. There were no signs of Danny, who was evidently playing the trick to the limit.

But more visions burned before the eye of Rivera's memory: the strike, or rather the lockout, because the workers of Rio Blanco had helped their striking brothers of Puebla; the hunger, the expeditions in the hills for berries, the roots and herbs that all ate and that twisted and pained the stomachs of all of them. And then the nightmare: the waste of ground before the company's store; the thousands of starving workers; General Rosalio Martinez and the soldiers of Porfirio Diaz; and the death-spitting rifles that seemed never to cease spitting, while the workers' wrongs were washed and washed again in their own blood. And that night! He saw the flat cars, piled high with the bodies of the slain, consigned to Vera Cruz, food for the sharks of the bay. Again he crawled over the grisly heaps, seeking and finding his father and his mother. His mother he especially remembered.

Again the rifles of the soldiers of Porfirio Diaz cracked and again he dropped to the ground and slunk away like some hunted coyote of the hills.

To his ears came a great roar as of the sea, and he saw Danny Ward, leading his retinue of trainers and seconds, coming down the center aisle. The house was in wild uproar for the popular hero who was bound to win. Everybody proclaimed him. Everybody was for him. Even Rivera's own seconds warmed to something akin to cheerfulness when Danny ducked jauntily through the ropes and entered the ring. His face continually spread to an unending succession of smiles, and when Danny smiled he smiled in every feature, even to the laughter-wrinkles of the corners of the eyes and into the depths of the eyes themselves.

Never was there so genial a fighter. His face was a running advertisement of good feeling, of good fellowship. He knew everybody. He joked and laughed and greeted his friends through the ropes. Those farther away, unable to suppress their admiration, cried loudly—"Oh, you Danny!" It was a joyous ovation of affection that lasted a full five minutes.

Rivera was disregarded. For all that the audience noticed, he did not exist. Spider Hagerty's bloated face bent down close to his.

"No gettin' scared!" the Spider warned. "An' remember instructions. You gotta last. No layin' down. If you lay down we got instructions to beat you up in the dressing rooms. Savvy? You just gotta fight."

The house began to applaud. Danny was crossing the ring to him. Danny bent over, caught Rivera's right hand in both his own and shook it with impulsive heartiness. Danny's smile-wreathed face was close to his. The audience yelled its appreciation of Danny's display of sporting spirit. He was greeting his opponent with the fondness of a brother. Danny's lips moved and the audience, interpreting the unheard words to be those of a kindly natured sport, yelled again. Only Rivera heard the low words.

"You little Mexican rat," hissed from between Danny's gaily smiling lips, "I'll fetch the yellow outa you."

Rivera made no move. He did not rise. He merely hated with his eyes.

"Get up, you!" some man yelled through the ropes from behind.

The crowd began to hiss and boo him for his unsportsmanlike conduct, but he sat unmoved. Another great outburst of applause was Danny's as he walked back across the ring.

When Danny stripped there were ohs! and ahs! of delight. His body was perfect, alive with easy suppleness and health and strength. The skin was white as a woman's and as smooth. All grace and resilience and power resided therein. He had proved it in scores of battles. His photographs were in all the physical culture magazines.

A groan went up as Spider Hagerty peeled Rivera's sweater over his head. His body seemed leaner, because of the swarthiness of the skin. He had muscles, but they made no display like his opponent's. What the audience neglected to see was the deep chest. Nor could it guess the toughness of the fiber of the flesh, the instantaneousness of the cell explosions of the muscles, the fineness of the nerves that wired every part of him into a splendid fighting mechanism. All the audience saw was a brown-skinned boy of eighteen with what seemed the body of a boy. With Danny it was different. Danny was a man of twenty-four and his body was a man's body. The contrast was still more striking as they stood together in the center of the ring, receiving the referee's last instructions.

Rivera noticed Roberts sitting directly behind the newspaper men. He was drunker than usual and his speech was correspondingly slower.

"Take it easy, Rivera," Roberts drawled. "He can't kill you, remember that. He'll rush you at the go-off, but don't get rattled. You just cover up and stall and clinch. He can't hurt you much. Just make believe to yourself that he's choppin' out on you at the trainin' quarters."

Rivera made no sign that he had heard.

"Sullen little devil!" Roberts muttered to the man next to him. "He always was that way."

But Rivera forgot to look his usual hatred. A vision of countless rifles blinded his eyes. Every face in the audience, as far as he could see to the high dollar seats, was transformed into a rifle. And he saw the long Mexican border, arid and sun-washed and aching, and along it he saw the ragged bands that delayed only for the guns.

Back in his corner he waited, standing up. His seconds had crawled out through the ropes, taking the canvas stool with them. Diagonally across the squared ring Danny faced him. The gong struck, and the battle was on. The audience howled its delight. Never had it seen a battle open more convincingly. The papers were right. It was a grudge fight. Three-quarters of the distance Danny covered in the rush to get together, his intention to eat up the Mexican lad plainly advertised. He assailed with not one blow, nor two, nor a dozen. He was a gyroscope of blows, a whirlwind of destruction. Rivera was nowhere. He was overwhelmed, buried beneath avalanches of punches delivered from every angle and position by a past master in the art. He was overborne, swept back against the ropes, separated by the referee and swept back against the ropes again.

It was not a fight. It was a slaughter, a massacre. Any audience save a prize-fighting one would have exhausted its emotions in that first minute. Danny was certainly showing what he could do—a splendid exhibition. Such was the certainty of the audience, as well as its excitement and favoritism, that it failed to take notice that the Mexican still stayed on his feet. It forgot Rivera. It rarely saw him, so closely was he enveloped in Danny's man-eating attack. A minute of this went by, and two minutes. Then in a separation it caught a clear glimpse of the Mexican. His lip was cut, his nose was bleeding. But what the audience did not notice was that his chest was not heaving and that his eyes were coldly burning as ever. Too many aspiring champions in the cruel welter of the training camps had practiced this man-eating attack on him. He had learned to live through for a compensation of from half a dollar a go up to fifteen dollars a week—a hard school, and he was schooled hard.

Then happened the amazing thing. The whirling, blurring mix-up ceased suddenly. Rivera stood alone. Danny, the redoubtable Danny, lay on his back. His body quivered as consciousness strove to return to it. He had not staggered and sunk down, nor had he gone over in a long,

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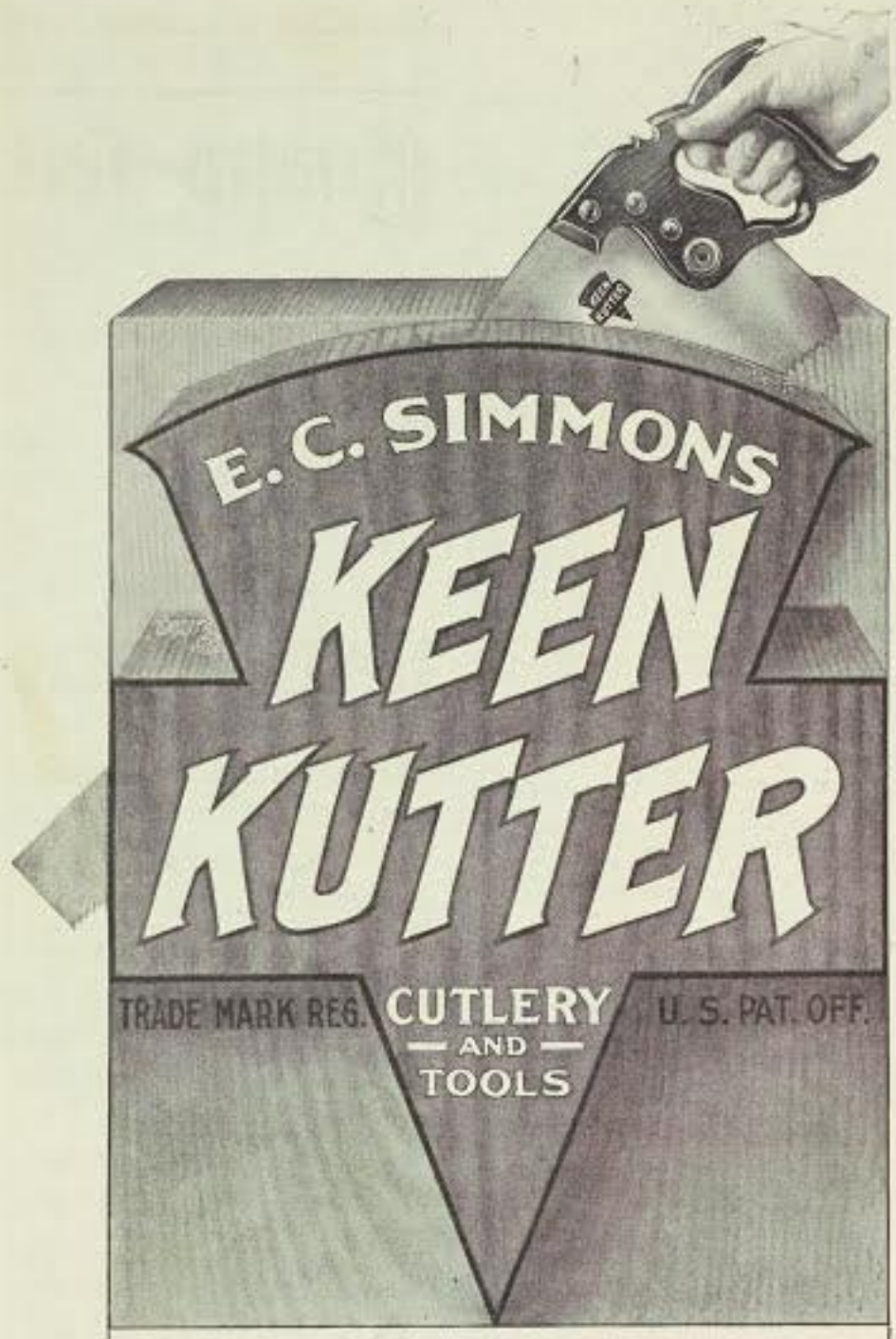
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slumping fall. The right hook of Rivera had dropped him in mid-air with the abruptness of death. The referee shoved Rivera back with one hand and stood over the fallen gladiator counting the seconds. It is the custom of prizefighting audiences to cheer a clean knock-down blow. But this audience did not cheer. The thing had been too unexpected.

By the fifth second Danny was rolling over on his face, and when seven was counted he rested on one knee, ready to rise after the count of nine and before the count of ten. If his knee still touched the floor at "ten" he was considered "down" and also "out." The instant his knee left the floor he was considered "up," and in that instant it was Rivera's right to try and put him down again. Rivera took no chances. The moment that knee left the floor he would strike again. He circled around, but the referee circled in between, and Rivera knew that the seconds he counted were very slow. All Gringos were against him, even the referee.

At "nine" the referee gave Rivera a sharp thrust back. It was unfair, but it enabled Danny to rise, the smile back on his lips. Doubled partly over, with arms wrapped about face and abdomen, he cleverly stumbled into a clinch. By all the rules of the game the referee should have broken it, but he did not, and Danny clung on like a surf-battered barnacle and moment by moment recuperated. The last minute of the round was going fast. If he could live to the end he would have a full minute in his corner to revive. And live to the end he did, smiling through all desperateness and extremity.

The second and third rounds were tame. Danny, a tricky and consummate ring general, stalled and blocked and held on, devoting himself to recovering from that dazing first-round blow. In the fourth round he was himself again. Jarred and shaken, nevertheless his good condition had enabled him to regain his vigor. But he tried no man-eating tactics. The Mexican had proved a tartar. Instead, he brought to bear his best fighting powers. In tricks and skill and experience he was the master, and though he could land nothing vital he proceeded scientifically to chop and wear down his opponent.

In defense Rivera developed a disconcerting straight left. Again and again, attack after attack, he straight-lefted away from him with accumulated damage to Danny's mouth and nose. But Danny was protean. That was why he was the coming champion. He could change from style to style of fighting at will. He now devoted himself to infighting. In this he was particularly wicked and it enabled him to avoid the other's straight left. Here he set the house wild repeatedly, capping it with a marvelous lock-break and lift of an inside uppercut that raised the Mexican in the air and dropped him to the mat. Rivera rested on one knee, making the most of the count, and in the soul of him he knew the referee was counting short seconds on him.

Again, in the seventh, Danny achieved the diabolical inside uppercut. He succeeded only in staggering Rivera, but, in the ensuing moment of defenseless helplessness, he smashed him through the ropes with another blow. Again Rivera rested on one knee, while the referee raced off the seconds. Inside the ropes, through which he must duck to enter the ring, Danny waited for him. Nor did the referee intervene or thrust Danny back.

The house was beside itself with delight. "Kill 'm, Danny, kill 'm!" was the cry.

Scores of voices took it up until it was like a war chant of wolves.

Danny did his best, but Rivera, at the count of eight instead of nine, came unexpectedly through the ropes and safely into a clinch. Now the referee worked, tearing him away so that he could be hit, giving Danny every advantage that an unfair referee can give.

But Rivera lived and the daze cleared from his brain. It was all of a piece. They were the hated Gringos and they were all unfair. And in the worst of it visions continued to flash and sparkle in his brain—long lines of railroad track that simmered across the desert; *rurales* and American constables; prisons and calabooses; tramps at water tanks—all the squalid and painful panorama of his Odyssey after Rio Blanca and the strike. And, resplendent and glorious, he saw the great red Revolution sweeping across his land. The guns were there before him. Every hated face was a gun. It was for the guns he fought. He was the



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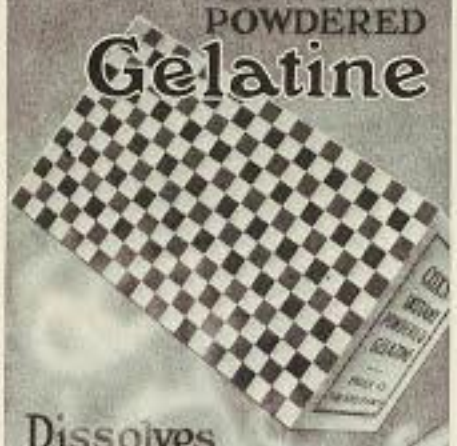
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guns. He was the Revolution. He fought for all Mexico.

The audience began to grow incensed with Rivera. Why didn't he take the licking that was appointed him? Of course he was going to be licked, but why should he be so obstinate about it? Very few were interested in him, and they were the certain definite percentage of a gambling crowd that plays long shots. Believing Danny to be the winner, nevertheless they had put their money on the Mexican at four to ten and one to three. More than a trifle was up on the point of how many rounds Rivera could last. Wild money had appeared at the ringside proclaiming that he could not last seven rounds, or even six. The winners of this, now that their cash risk was happily settled, had joined in cheering on the favorite.

Rivera refused to be licked. Through the eighth round his opponent strove vainly to repeat the uppercut. In the ninth Rivera stunned the house again. In the midst of a clinch he broke the lock with a quick, lithe movement, and in the narrow space between their bodies his right lifted from the waist. Danny went to the floor and took the safety of the count. The crowd was appalled. He was being bested at his own game. His famous right uppercut had been worked back on him. Rivera made no attempt to catch him as he arose at "nine."

Twice in the tenth Rivera put through the right uppercut, lifted from waist to opponent's chin. Danny grew desperate. The smile never left his face, but he went back to his man-eating rushes. Whirlwind as he would, he could not damage Rivera, while Rivera, through the blur and whirl, dropped him to the mat three times in succession. Danny did not recuperate so quickly now, and by the eleventh round he was in a serious way. But from then till the fourteenth he put up the gamest exhibition of his career. He stalled and blocked, fought parsimoniously and strove to gather strength. Also he fought as foully as a successful fighter knows how. Every trick and device he employed, butting in the clinches with the seeming of accident, pinioning Rivera's glove between arm and body, heeling his glove on Rivera's mouth to clog his breathing.

Everybody, from the referee to the house, was with Danny and was helping Danny. And they knew what he had in mind. Bested by this surprise-box of an unknown he was pinning all on a single punch. He offered himself for punishment, fished, feinted, and drew for that one opening that would enable him to whip a blow through with all his strength and turn the tide. As another and greater fighter had done before him, he might do—a right and left to solar plexus and across the jaw. He could do it, for he was noted for the strength of punch that remained in his arms as long as he could keep his feet.

Rivera's seconds were not half caring for him in the intervals between rounds. Their towels made a showing, but drove little air into his panting lungs. Spider Hagerty talked advice to him, but Rivera knew it was wrong advice. Everybody was against him. He was surrounded by treachery. In the fourteenth round he put Danny down again, and himself stood resting, hands dropped at side, while the referee counted. In the other corner Rivera had been noting suspicious whisperings. He saw Michael Kelly make his way to Roberts and bend and whisper. Rivera's ears were a cat's, desert-trained, and he caught snatches of what was said.

"Got to," he could hear Michael say, while Roberts nodded. "Danny's got to win—I stand to lose a mint—I've got a ton of money covered—my own—if he lasts the fifteenth I'm bust. The boy'll mind you. Put something across."

And thereafter Rivera saw no more visions. They were trying to job him. Once again he dropped Danny and stood resting, hands at his side. Roberts stood up.

"That settled him," he said. "Go to your corner."

He spoke with authority, as he had often spoken to Rivera at the training quarters. But Rivera looked hatred at him and waited for Danny to rise. Back in his corner in the minute interval, Kelly, the promoter, came and talked to Rivera.

"Throw it!" he rasped in a harsh, low voice. "You gotta lay down, Rivera. Stick with me and I'll make your future. I'll let you lick Danny next time. But here's where you lay down."

Rivera showed with his eyes that he heard, but he made neither sign of assent or dissent.

"Why don't you speak?" Kelly demanded angrily.

"You lose anyway," Spider Hagerty supplemented. "The referee'll take it away from you. Listen to Kelly and lay down."

"Lay down, kid," Kelly pleaded, "and I'll help you to the championship."

Rivera did not answer.

"I will, so help me, kid."

At the strike of the gong Rivera sensed something impending. The house did not. Whatever it was it was there inside the ring with him and very close. Danny's earlier surety seemed returned to him. The confidence of his advance frightened Rivera. Some trick was about to be worked. Danny rushed, but Rivera refused the encounter. He side-stepped away into safety. What the other wanted was a clinch. It was in some way necessary to the trick. Rivera backed and circled away, yet he knew, sooner or later, the clinch and the trick would come. Desperately he resolved to draw it. He made as if to effect the clinch with Danny's next rush. Instead, at the last instant, just as their bodies should have come together, Rivera darted nimbly back. And in the same instant Danny's corner raised a cry of foul. Rivera had fooled them. The referee paused irresolutely. The decision that trembled on his lips was never uttered, for a shrill, boy's voice from the gallery piped—"Raw work!"

Danny cursed Rivera openly and forced him, while Rivera danced away. Also Rivera made up his mind to strike no more blows at the body. In this he threw away half his chance of winning, but he knew if he was to win at all it was with the outfighting that remained to him. Given the least opportunity, they would lie a foul on him. Danny threw all caution to the winds. For two rounds he tore after and into the boy who dared not meet him at close quarters. Rivera was struck again and again; he took blows by the dozen to avoid the perilous clinch. During this supreme final rally of Danny's the audience rose to its feet and went mad. It did not understand. All it could see was that its favorite was winning after all.

In all the house, bar none, Rivera was the only cold man. By temperament and blood he was the hottest-passioned there; but he had gone through such vastly greater heats that this collective passion of ten thousand throats, rising surge on surge, was to his brain no more than the velvet cool of a summer twilight.

Into the seventeenth round Danny carried his rally. Rivera, under a heavy blow, drooped and sagged. His hands dropped helplessly as he reeled backward. Danny thought it was his chance. The boy was at his mercy. Thus Rivera, feigning, caught him off his guard, lashing out a clean drive to the mouth. Danny went down. When he arose Rivera felled him with a down-chop of the right on neck and jaw. Three times he repeated this. It was impossible for any referee to call these blows foul.

"Oh, Bill! Bill!" Kelly pleaded to the referee.

"I can't," that official lamented back. "He won't give me a chance."

Danny, battered and heroic, still kept coming up. Kelly and others near to the ring began to cry out to the police to stop it, though Danny's corner refused to throw in the towel. Rivera saw the fat police captain starting awkwardly to climb through the ropes and was not sure what it meant. There were so many ways of cheating in this game of the Gringos. Danny tottered helplessly before him. The referee and the captain were both reaching for Rivera when he struck the last blow. There was no need to stop the fight, for Danny did not rise.

"Count!" Rivera cried hoarsely to the referee.

And when the count was finished Danny's seconds gathered him up and carried him to his corner.

"Who wins?" Rivera demanded.

Reluctantly the referee caught his gloved hand and held it aloft.

There were no congratulations for Rivera. He walked to his corner unattended, where his seconds had not yet placed his stool. He leaned backward on the ropes and looked his hatred at them, swept it on and about him till the whole ten thousand Gringos were included. His knees trembled under him and he was sobbing from exhaustion. Before his eyes the hated faces swayed back and forth in the giddiness of nausea. Then he remembered they were the guns. The guns were his. The Revolution could go on.

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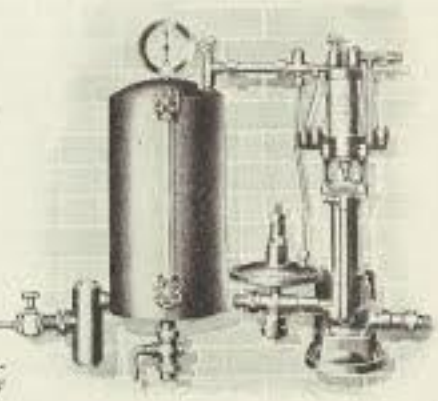
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The advantages outlined above can be made absolutely certain in any steam-heated building—the smallest residence or the tallest skyscraper.

The pump is furnished in two types—one operated by city water-pressure, the other by electricity. The whole operation is automatic. Air in the system starts the pump. When the air is pulled out, the pump stops. A few strokes an hour will take care of the average system—hence the cost of operation is a mere trifle. Any competent steam-fitter can install the pump, and there are no royalties to pay.

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The Reliable Vacuum Pump with condenser, strainer and automatic cut-off

YALE 1911



The Yale Team (3) won the Manufacturers' Trophy Cup in the New Jersey Motorcycle Club's Decoration Day Contest, covering 350 miles in 24 hours' continuous riding, with sealed motors—stopping only for food and supplies. Team members captured first and second prizes for consistent individual riding, and unattached Yale riders finished with perfect scores, receiving, with the team members, the gold medals of the event.

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1911 4 H. P. YALE $200
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1911 7 H. P. YALE TWIN $300

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is the only absolutely fireproof portable garage. Made entirely of galvanized steel. No wood. As handsome and substantial as stationary at one-third the cost. **Lasts a Lifetime.** You can put up or take down in a few hours. All parts interlock and no frame work or foundation is required. *Every inch a substantial, fireproof, portable building.* By the

PRUDEN SYSTEM of Portable Fireproof Construction

we also build ideal cottages, hunting lodges, boat houses, work shops, etc. Every Pruden building is guaranteed.

Get Our Free Catalog Write us the name of your auto and model number for catalog and price of suitable size garage. Write today.

METAL SHELTER CO., 5-42 W. Water St., St. Paul, Minn.

(Concluded from Page 23)

found that more possible the last few years, with my personal indorsement on them—the notes being secured both by real estate and by my personal warranty; but nearly always they can be put up as collateral with individuals who have money to loan. Personally I have not often used them so; but many do, where the little monthly notes are perfectly good, but only slow in payment.

By the time I was twenty-five years old my capital had increased to seventy-five hundred dollars. In the next two years many changes took place. My father died; my little sister—the last single—married; my mother and I were left alone in the old home which had sheltered us all so long. My mother wished to get away from it; it made her lonely, now that all were gone. So I fixed it up, sold it and invested that and mother's little insurance money for her; and she went to live with one of my married sisters for a time.

By the time I was twenty-seven my capital had run up to twelve thousand dollars and mother talked to me of my getting married—rather urged it. It was not a new thought to me and perhaps I did not need much urging; for soon I built an attractive little house and brought to it a fine, ambitious soul—one to stimulate me to greater effort, to help me enjoy what we had and acquire more—one to plan unselfishly for our good and the happiness of others also.

The next year I was particularly fortunate in my building and selling: I built some larger houses and made money on them, though as a rule I have found the cottages or small houses safer, more apt to sell quickly and to advantage—desirable when you wish to get your capital and profit out to use again. At twenty-eight I had sixteen thousand dollars.

The last three years have not added remarkably to my wealth, but there has been a comfortable increase, despite the increased cost of living and our increased scale of living. Two bouncing boys have come into our home to share in our profits and add to our joys.

I have not done much manual work in building for some time because I have not had the time—have found it pays better to plan for others to do the work; but the knowledge gained by my long period of actually doing such work, as well as the discipline so gained, has been invaluable.

In my later building I have tried to keep in mind the increased comforts and luxuries which people appreciate and are demanding more and more, even in small buildings. I use more concrete for foundations, walks and porches; and I watch carefully the ventilation of both foundations and spaces between ceilings and roofs. Much unnecessary discomfort can be avoided at trifling cost. I use electric lights to a great extent, even in cottages; the cost is little more than gas. I find both bathrooms and furnaces are appreciated in cottages and bungalows, even in those selling from sixteen hundred to twenty-four hundred dollars.

I find I can sometimes materially improve a neighborhood, and make a good profit also, by building over vacant lots, tearing down adjacent dilapidated buildings and building up again, remodeling, etc. Frequently I will confine my efforts for one season to a single block, where I have secured holdings and gotten options in advance to suit my plans.

I have particularly sought to improve the condition of the wage-earner trying to own his little home, and of the cheaper class of renters—or rather those renters who can pay from twelve to twenty dollars a month. I have also sought to add to the desirable cheap little places rather centrally located, within walking distance of the business section.

Just now I am at work upon a larger undertaking, but one to fit the needs of men on good salaries who wish a little home for their wives and babies instead of an apartment.

I bought cheaply a large lot, two hundred and ten feet front by two hundred feet deep, on a fairly good street in the old section of the city, six blocks from the central business district. It was for years a boys' school playground, and a dilapidated schoolhouse—for years occupied by negroes—stood at the back.

This I have arranged as a small court, with a grassplot, maple trees, tiny lake and fountain, and a few flowers and colored grasses; and around it I am building complete little houses which join at the sides into one great building. These are really separate little houses, though heated by one furnace like an apartment building.

Each house is entirely separate from the others and has its own tiny back yard, separately fenced; its cellar runs under the whole house, with a large children's rainy-day playroom on the sunny side and three-foot windows above the ground for light and air; the foundations are high. There is a reception hall, a living room, dining room and kitchen on the first floor; three bedrooms and bath above; and a good servant's room, storeroom, etc., in a high-pitched attic. There are no separate front yards, but all enjoy the court. It is built substantially and makes a fine appearance, but is carefully planned to keep down the expense in finishing. It is nearly completed—is being papered now. In most of my later building I have not used the last white coat of plastering, but paper instead over the smoothly finished first coat; the cost is not greater, even when excellent paper is used, and the effect is far more desirable.

These houses can readily be rented for forty dollars a month, said rental to include furnace heat and care of front walks and of the court. I have already two offers for it from men looking for apartment buildings as investments. Of course I have borrowed money on it to complete it, but I shall sell it in a couple of weeks at a net profit of about seven thousand dollars.

I have not made so much as many men of my years and I have worked much harder for what I have. It is a long, long time since those first grass-cutting, walk-painting, whitewashing, hand-blistering days, and the road through the years since then has not been a smooth and easy one.

I said something like this the other day to my mother when I had her out alone in the machine, driving along a country road.

She was quiet a minute, then straightened up and looked at me shrewdly.

"Don't you get to getting dissatisfied, Jim," she said. "You stop your wishy-washing and thank the good Lord for all you've got and that you've got it honest! When you lie down to sleep at night you don't have to think of people cheated or overreached by you; you know the ones you sold to ten years ago are still your friends."

"Yes'm; that's so," I answered meekly.

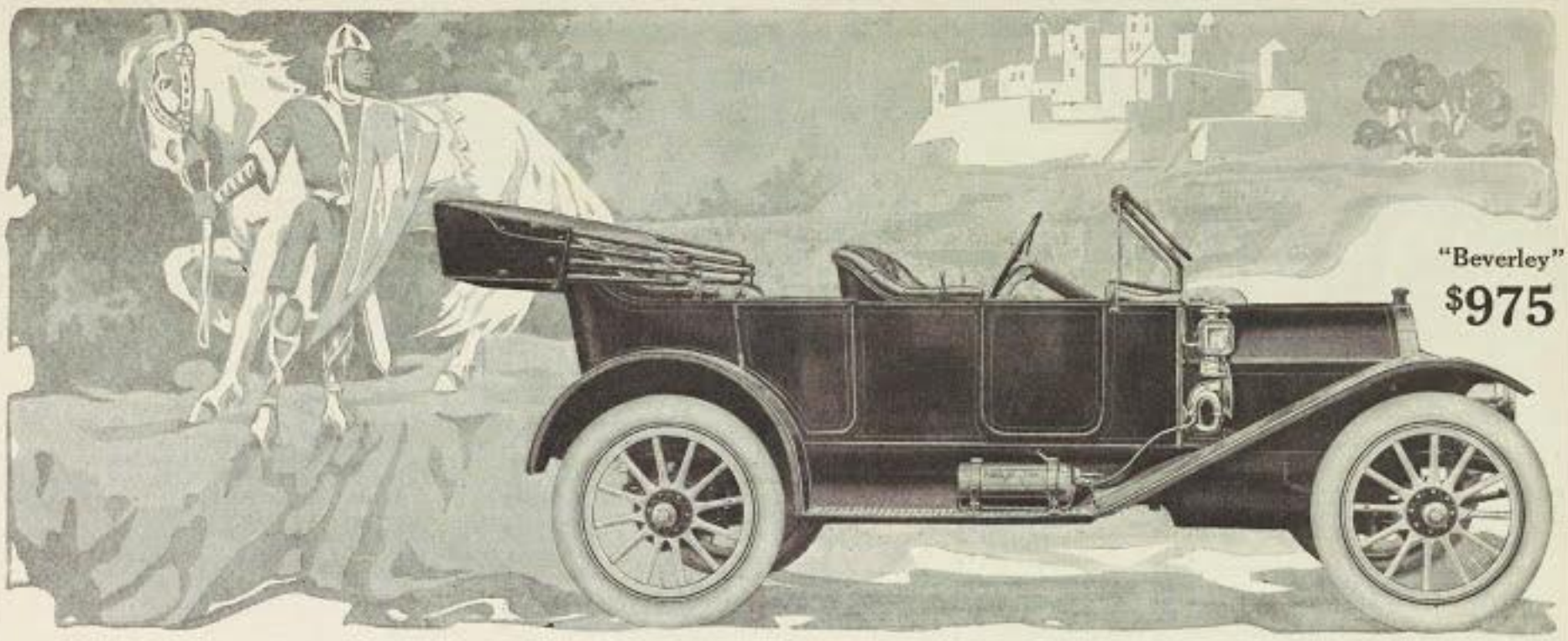
"And remember, Jim," she continued, "a builder and renovator of houses is a public benefactor if he does it right and at a fair profit. You're a capitalist, but you're a public benefactor too; remember that. You just do your best in getting and using and giving, and I'll be satisfied. I'm proud of you, Jim!"

As I heard those words, do you know I felt honored, decorated—as if I had been elected Governor or President, and grateful crowds were pressing around to congratulate me! Her words made me feel proud and happy, but strangely humble too. I reached out and drew the wise little mother to me, and said:

"I owe it all to you."

She knew it was true and was silent; but I don't think I ever saw such a glad look of happiness and attainment as that which came into her face.





Foreword for 1912

PAIGE-DETROIT

PAIGE-DETROIT motor cars still remain the highest grade, popular priced automobiles on the market. For the season of 1912 there will be no reduction in price; instead, there will be added value in many refinements which the experience of the last few years has enabled us to include consistently.

The personnel of the men behind the Paige-Detroit; the car's matchless record for the year just ended; and the wide range offered in the selection of Models, at prices so consistently low as to permit no reduction, makes this car, quality, design and material considered, easily **the very best value the market affords for this year.**

The foregoing statement is made with a full knowledge and careful analysis of the features and values offered by competing cars;—our announcement having purposely been delayed until this time, that we might be absolutely sure we were well within the facts in making a statement so sweeping and significant.

As proof of our sincerity in so forcibly declaring ourselves and our faith in the Paige-Detroit Car, we print, as a part of this announcement, the names of the Officers, Directors, and a few prominent Stockholders of this Company. ***The character of the Company behind the car is the buyers' only true safeguard and guarantee.***

Read this list carefully. It means everything; because it enables you to accept at par every claim we make for the Paige-Detroit. It goes a step further,—it adds full face value to the year's guarantee that goes with every Paige-Detroit; and it means, too, that any Paige-Detroit owner can buy any necessary repair-parts at cost.

This Company foresaw, long ago, that improved manufacturing methods, efficiency, organization and competition would force the arrival of the **popular priced high grade car**, and it determined to establish itself at once as the leader in this class.

That the policy of the Company is correct is fully proven by the unprecedented success of Paige-Detroit cars at home, in every State and Territory, and by the enthusiasm of the hundreds of Paige-Detroit dealers throughout this country, Australia, New Zealand and Japan.

The aim of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company is to produce a car answering all the ordinary purposes for which the average man uses an automobile—to make a motor car which is an economy and not a luxury, a vehicle upon which the owner can always depend. The Paige-Detroit is simple, light, easy to operate, easy to crank, requires no chauffeur or mechanic, takes up little room in the garage, can be turned in the average street, and is very easy to handle in traffic. Maintenance cost is exceptionally low. Gasoline and oil consumption is very economical; wheels are equipped with oversized tires, and all other equipment is the highest grade obtainable.

Models and Equipment Features

BEVERLEY	$975
A five-door touring car, torpedo type.	
PINEHURST	$900
A touring car with detachable rear seats.	
KENILWORTH	$975
A five-door roadster, torpedo type, 104 in. wheel base.	
NEWPORT	$825
A five-door roadster, torpedo type, 90 in. wheel base.	
ROCKLAND	$925
A runabout with folding deck and auxiliary seat.	
BROOKLANDS	$975
A racabout, side a mimic type, fully equipped.	
CHALLENGER	$800
A 2-passenger roadster, open type body.	
(Standard equipment on the above models consists of three oil lamps and pair of gas head lights. Other equipment extra.)	
LA MARQUISE	$1600
A colonial coupé, 4-passenger, completely equipped.	
PRINCESS	$1250
A standard coupé, 5-passenger, fully equipped.	

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor, 4 cycle, 4 cylinder, 25 H. P.; bore 3⅜ in.; stroke 4 in.; cylinders cast en bloc; **Bosch magneto; Crank Shaft** is two bearing type with die-cast metal bearings; **Brake** drums are 10 in. in diameter with 2 in. face with internal brake control; **Springs**, full elliptic transverse in rear and semi-elliptic in front; **Control**, separate adjustable clutch and brake pedals and hand levers all inside of body on all models, except models Challenger and Newport; **Seats**, extra wide and deep with extra thick cushions. Steering wheel 16 inch diameter.

Models—Beverley, Pinehurst, Kenilworth, Rockland, Brooklands and La Marquise have 104 in. wheel base and tire equipment 32 x 3½ in.—exception, 33 in. x 4 in., with Nobby Tread rear tires on model La Marquise. Three speeds forward and reverse; selective type sliding gear transmission.

Models—Princess, Newport and Challenger have 90 in. wheel base and tire equipment 32 x 3 in.; two speeds forward and reverse; selective type sliding gear transmission.

Space does not permit enumerating the other important features which will be found fully explained in the catalogue.

Personnel of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.

President, H. M. JEWETT, Detroit, Mich.—President of Jewett, Bigelow & Brooks, Detroit, Mich. President of J. B. B. Coal Co., Twin Branch, W. Va. Director, Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

V.-President, E. H. JEWETT, Detroit, Mich.—Vice-President, Jewett, Bigelow & Brooks, Detroit, Mich. Director of the J. B. B. Coal Co., Twin Branch, W. Va.

Treasurer, GILBERT W. LEE, Detroit, Mich.—President, Lee & Cady, Wholesale Grocers, Detroit, Mich. Director of First National Bank, Detroit, Mich. Director and Member of Executive Committee of Michigan Sugar Company. Vice-President and Member of the Executive Committee of Lozier Motor Car Company.

Secretary, WM. B. CADY, Detroit, Mich.—Member of the Law Firm, Warren, Cady & Ladd, Detroit, Mich. Director of the Sheboygan Paper Co., Sheboygan, Wis. Director, Fletcher Hardware Co., Detroit, Mich.

Director, CHAS. H. HODGES, Detroit, Mich.—President, Detroit Lubricator Co., Detroit, Mich. Vice-President, American Radiator Co., Detroit, Mich. Director, National Bank of Commerce, Detroit, Mich. Director and Member of the Executive Committee of Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Director, C. B. WARREN, Detroit, Mich.—Member of Law Firm of Warren, Cady & Ladd, Detroit, Mich. President, Michigan Sugar Company, Detroit, Mich. Director, Old Detroit National Bank, Detroit, Mich. Director, National Bank of Commerce, Detroit, Mich. Counsel for the United States in North Atlantic Fisheries Arbitration at The Hague. General Counsel and Member of the Executive Committee of the Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

Director, E. D. STAIR, Detroit, Mich.—Principal owner Detroit Free Press, Detroit, Mich. Owner of Detroit Journal, Detroit, Mich. Owner of Lyceum Theater, Detroit, Mich. Director of the Old Detroit National Bank, Detroit, Mich.

Director, SHERMAN L. DEPEW, Detroit, Mich.—Treasurer, Pingree Shoe Company, Detroit, Mich. Director of Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

PROMINENT STOCKHOLDERS

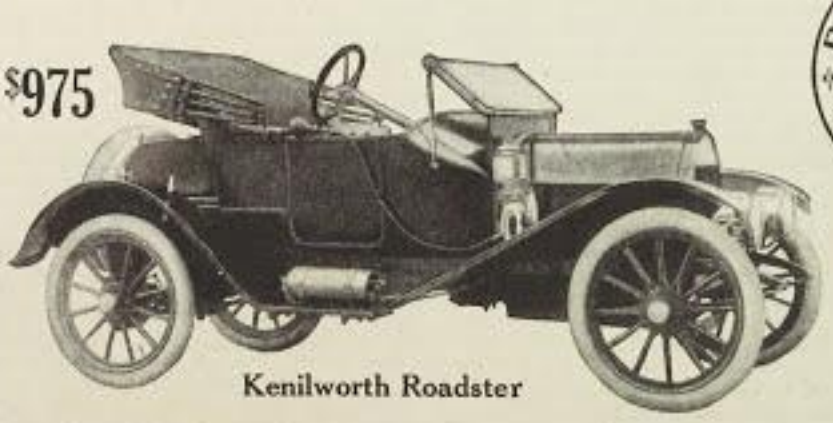
WILLIS E. BUHL, Detroit, Mich.—President of the Buhl Sons & Co., Detroit, Mich. Vice-President of the Buhl Malleable Iron Works, Detroit, Mich. Director of the Old Detroit National Bank, Detroit, Mich. Director, Parke, Davis & Company, Detroit, Mich. Director, Detroit Copper & Brass Rolling Mills, Detroit, Mich. Director, National Car Company. Director, Lozier Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich.

ALEXANDER McPHERSON, Detroit, Mich.—President of the Old Detroit National Bank, Detroit, Mich. President of the Detroit Trust Company, Detroit, Mich.

Art Catalog upon request

The Paige-Detroit Motor Car Co.

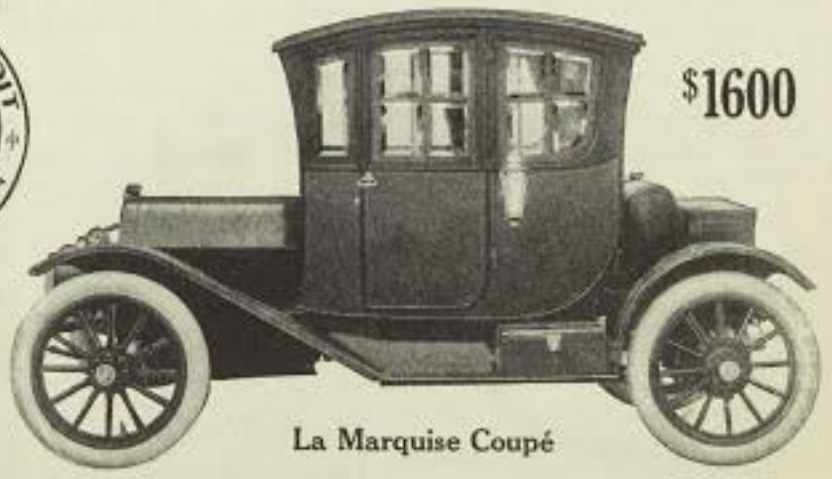
262 21st St., Detroit, Michigan



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PAIGE-DETROIT
DETROIT-MICHIGAN

Every radiator bears this trade mark



La Marquise Coupé



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Use It 10 Days Free

You'll be convinced that it doesn't pay to put more than $18 into a typewriter when you try a **Bennett Portable** and realize what a smooth-working, rigid, accurate machine it is, and what neat, clean work it does. You'll realize at the same time that you can't afford to be without this **handiest** of typewriters, so small and light that it slips into your grip or pocket like a book—and takes up little space when not in use. It's strictly up-to-date with visible writing, ribbon, marginal stops, **standard keyboard of 84 characters**, etc. Quality guaranteed—built in famous Elliott-Fisher Billing Machine Factory. Low priced because wonderfully simple.

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If there is a stream on your land install a Niagara Hydraulic Ram. It will give you running water in any part of your house or outbuildings, and unlike a gasoline engine, it costs nothing to run. Write for catalogue A.D.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
753 Reed Bldg., Philadelphia. Factory, Chester, Pa.

LÉONTINE AND CO.

(Continued from Page 14)

She dropped my wrist and stepped back, her eyes wide and filled with a genuine look of horror. By George, my friend, you'd have taken her for the president of a benevolent society listening to a proposition to ditch a trainload of preachers!

"I don't believe it," she cried; "I will not believe it. What, betray your former pals to the police! You, Frank?"

I began to feel my patience slipping its cogs.

"Yes," I snarled, "I. What's the matter with you, girl? Haven't you got good sense? You make me sick. Why, just look at it: the other night I had a good-enough job all done, down there at the Cuttynges' house. I'd done all that I set out to do. And because you made me lose my head with your hugs and kisses we smashed around like a brace of drunken dagos and roused up the house and had to do a quick getaway. Then, when I saw the agent about to nab the car I tackled him, broken arm and all, and held him while the rest of you beat it. Don't you suppose that I could have saved my bacon if I'd had a mind to? Broken arm or not, I'd have been over that wall opposite and away from there like a scared cat. Do I look like the sort of goop to get collared by a French cop? And the rest of you would have got nailed. Now what do I get in return? You send that animal, Chu-Chu, to rob the house of the people who saved me a life sentence and get away with a rope of pearls and stick the blame on me, knowing darned well that my friends have got to sit tight and take it on account of what they did for me. And now you have the cast-iron nerve to tell me that I'm to sit tight and take it too. You don't know me, girl. Hand over those pearls and be quick about it, or by the power that made us both wrong I'll have you and your whole filthy mob in the dock. I've seen some dirty tricks in my life, but never such a skunk game as this."

Léontine had drawn back and was staring at me with a white face and flaming eyes. For a minute she raised her hands to her temples, standing rigid and erect and with a curious expression as of a person who thinks deeply and with strong intensity. Then suddenly her face seemed to stiffen. She dropped her arms and, turning, rushed to a little writing desk in the corner of the room.

My friend, in my old trade the man lives longest who thinks quickly and takes no sentimental chances. I knew what she was after and I crossed that room with the spring of a performing panther. Even then I was barely in time, for Léontine had snatched a revolver from the drawer of the desk and whirled about to face me.

But if she was quick I was quicker, and had her by both wrists. The little revolver flew out of her hand, whirled glittering across the room and landed on a divan. My grip on her wrists tightened so that she gave a little cry of pain.

"Curse you!" she shrieked. "Let me go. Wait until Ivan hears of this."

She leaned forward, thrusting her face almost into mine.

"You swine!" she snarled; "if Ivan guessed what was in your mind you'd never live to get home. You traitor!"

That was too much. All the criminality in me came blazing out.

"I'll wring Ivan's snipe neck, you cat!" I growled; "and I'll skin Chu-Chu with his own knife. Do you think you can scare me with your mob of yellow crooks? Scare Tide-water Clam? Do you think there's an ounce of scare in The Swell? Did you think so when I stepped in front of you and took the bullet you would have got? You're up against an American, you snake, and crook or no crook, he's good for you and your dago bunch." And with that, my friend—and perhaps I should shame to tell it, but I don't—I loosed her two wrists, shifted my grip like lightning to her soft, round shoulders, and shook her so savagely that her hair came tumbling over her face.

"Don't talk scare to me, you little fool," I said, and threw her across the room and onto the divan. "Pick up your gun and shoot," I cried. "There it is beside you. Shoot and save your pretty, cowardly pelt, for I give it to you cold that you are up against the real thing at last." And I leaned across the table and glared at her.

Léontine flung back her hair with both hands. It was short and thick and curly, and only reached to her chin. She snatched up the revolver, raised it and covered my chest. I wasn't thinkin' of long-life policy just then. I was too mad.

"Unhook her. Empty your fool gun," I taunted her. "A lot I care."

The muzzle wavered. I was staring into the eyes over it, willing her not to press the trigger. I won, too, for suddenly the pupils dilated and the yellow eyes grew purple. Her stiffened arm drooped. Then she dropped the pistol and flung herself face downward on the cushions.

I leaned across the table, watching her. Then, straightening up, I pulled out a cigarette and lighted it. Léontine did not move, but her bare shoulders were heaving. The clock in the hall struck one. I dropped into a chair by the table and smoked and watched her.

Presently she raised her head, stared at me a moment, then looked at the revolver, shining at her feet. She reached down, picked it up and laid it on the table. Then she looked at me and laughed.

"You win, Frank," she said unsteadily, struggling to her feet.

"Of course I've won," I answered, and laid down the cigarette. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Yes," she said, "you've won." Her voice broke. "And, oh, my dear, I'm glad, I'm glad, I'm glad!"

"Then go get the pearls," I answered, without moving, and picked up my cigarette again.

"You shall have the pearls," she murmured. "Swear to me that you don't love her, Frank." She laughed hysterically. "Chu-Chu told me that while he was getting the pearls she was snoring like a pig. Snoring, Frank!" She laughed again.

"Thanks to Ivan's dope," said I.

"You don't love her?"

"No, I don't," I answered impatiently. "Where are those pearls. It's getting late."

"Ivan has them. I'll give you a note to him," she said, and I felt that she was telling the truth. "He didn't want to do it, Frank. He absolutely refused, at first. Chu-Chu and I had an awful time persuading him. I'm sorry, Frank. Kiss me and say that you forgive me."

I leaned over and kissed her. "I'll forgive you when I get the pearls," I said.

Her bare arms flashed up around my neck and for a moment held me tight. Then she scrambled to her feet and went to the writing desk, where for several minutes she scribbled fast.

"There, Frank," said she, rising and turning to me as smooth and sleek and unruffled as though she had never been mauled about like a mutinous schoolboy. She had pushed back her short, wavy hair and jammed down over it the gold band that she usually wore to keep it in place and that had flown off when I gave her the shaking; and to look at her no one would ever have guessed that anything out of the ordinary had happened.

She slipped her note into an envelope and handed it to me, unsealed.

"Here, Frank," she said, "take this note to Ivan. He never wanted to take up the job and he will be quite content to give you back your old pearls. I'll have to make it right with Chu-Chu, though. He did his part, poor man."

"I've got a little score with him too—on the debit side," I answered. "Better let me settle mine first; it might cancel yours."

"Don't take any more chances, Frank, as you did tonight. And don't think that I am giving up the pearls because of your threats. I did so because you are the first man who ever mastered me."

She held up her lovely, flushed face and I kissed her twice.

"I always knew that there was a lot of good in you, my dear," I said.

"There's a lot of bad too. When you threw me over there on the divan I wanted to murder you. I meant to call up Ivan after you had left and tell him what had happened. You would never have lived to go to the prefecture, Frank. But when you reminded me that the pistol was right beside me and I found that I could not shoot—then I knew."

She turned to me, her eyes misty and her lips quivering. But I had other affairs more important than to sit there and spoon with Léontine, so I got up to go.

"Thanks for the note," I said; "and forgive me for getting rough. I lost my temper."



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"You've found something else," she said, and there was a break in her voice. "Hereafter I'll play fair, Frank. Good night."

So out I went and walked across to the Chaussée de la Muette, where there is a cabstand. It was a good hour to find Ivan, I thought, for people of the underworld don't waste the night in sleeping. His address was on the note and my taxi pulled up in front of a charming little house over by the Parc Monceau. A sharp-eyed manservant opened the door and took my card, saying that he would see if Monsieur le Comte was at home, for Ivan sported a title. The man returned at once and asked me to follow him. We went up a flight of stairs and I was shown into a very handsome and practical-looking office, where Ivan himself, in a velvet *costume d'intérieur*, was seated at a fine mahogany desk.

"How do you do, Mr. Clamart?" said he, rising. Ivan spoke perfect English. He was a fine-looking fellow with an intelligent, aristocratic face, tall and slender in build and with beautiful hands.

I replied to his greeting and took the chair which he offered me.

"I cannot tell you how delighted I was to learn of your release," said he. "The whole situation was most dramatic; such a chain of circumstance as one might expect to find in a book or a play, but seldom finds in real life—even in a profession so full of startling incident as my own!"

"It might interest you to know," said I, "that I have taken bullets before, rather than fire on a person who was not of my own flesh and blood."

"Indeed?" said Ivan.

"Monsieur," said I, leaning forward and fastening his brilliant eyes with mine, "I have been a successful thief for a good many years. I enjoyed exercising my wit and skill against the difficult problems presented and have always been fascinated by the interest of the stalk. I never stole from poor people, and there has never been a time when I would not have filled a position of trust, such as that of cashier in a savings bank, with scrupulous honesty. My purse has always been open to the needy and I have never let a just debt go unpaid."

Ivan smiled. "I can readily believe you," he said; "in fact, you quite voice my own code of ethics."

"I am very sorry," said I, "that I cannot agree with you."

Ivan's thin black eyebrows lifted and a tinge of color showed in his olive cheeks.

"If what you say is true," I went on, "how was it that you could bring yourself to take advantage of a pal whose hands were tied by his given word, and use him as a scapegoat for your own gain? Monsieur, theft is theft, of course, and in this wicked world of ours every man is for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. That seems to be the motto that most people live by, from the pickpocket to the high financier. But as I see it, Monsieur, it is a poor motto for people who pretend to have any code of honor of their own, even though that code is one not generally recognized."

Ivan's clear complexion grew swarthy. In the underworld fierce passions lie closer to the surface than in the upper, and it is not hard to bring them to the top.

"What do you mean?" he snapped, leaning forward and gripping the rim of his desk. His eyes shifted from mine.

"I mean," said I, "that a man may be a thief and an enemy to society and still be a *man*, with his own personal pride and self-respect. When that is gone he can't claim to be anything but a low-grade, mean-spirited sneak."

"Be careful what you say, Monsieur Clamart," he snarled, his face purple. "I'm not accustomed to such talk."

"I believe you," I answered. "Nor are you accustomed to the sort of act that causes it. I'd be willing to stake my life that this is the first time in your life that you ever paid a man for saving you and your gang by shoving a job on him as you have on me. You are a master criminal, and you couldn't be that unless you were a big man. When I was in the Santé you offered to back me with your fund, and you would have done it too. And then, when I get out by a miracle, you turn around and steal from me something that I value a lot more than my liberty. Are you proud of that job, Monsieur?"

Ivan pushed himself back in his chair and the color went out of his face. His eyes narrowed.

"Do your friends suspect you?" he muttered.



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"I can't tell. But they consider the loss to have come as the result of what they did for me, and that very act of theirs ties their hands. Worse than that, those pearls were the entire fortune of a poor girl, a penniless music-teacher. Her father died bankrupt, and these pearls that she had from her mother were all that she saved. I am telling you the truth. Of course a consistent thief doesn't consider the sentimental side. But there were other things to be considered in this job, principally myself."

Ivan stared at me for a moment in silence. His face was set and he tugged at the waxed end of his black mustache.

"What makes you think that I managed the affair?" he asked.

I made a tired gesture.

"That's too easy," said I. "You took out Miss Dalghren at the Billings' dinner. You probably doped her drink. Then you set Chu-Chu on the job. I'm not altogether a fool."

Ivan's handsome face relaxed. His eyes were clouded and he rubbed the point of his chin. Then he reached for an inner pocket, hauled out a package in white tissue paper and tossed it into my lap.

"Here," said he, "take them, Monsieur Clamart. You are quite right. It was rotten business. I hated it from the start."

"Thank you," said I. "To tell you the truth, I was pretty sure that it wasn't your idea. Léontine put you up to it. She wanted to save me from a hideous life of honesty."

Ivan laughed, then shot me a curious look.

"Did you think that I'd give them back?" he asked.

"I was sure of it," I answered.

His face cleared, then clouded again. "I'll have a bad time with Léontine," he said, "and a worse with Chu-Chu. But Chu-Chu can go to the devil. I've had nearly enough of Chu-Chu. He wanted to go after the other string—Mrs. Cuttynge's. But I flatly forbade that. I knew that Chu-Chu would never get out of the house without killing somebody. An unusual man, Monsieur Clamart. He is pure criminal, with absolutely no saving grace of soul. He would rather kill than not. It is a pity, because he is the most able operator that I have ever known. But between you and me I distrust Chu-Chu. There was a job I worked up some time ago and Chu-Chu carried it off brilliantly; but I have since had reason to suspect that he held back some of the loot. If I could be sure of this, Chu-Chu would never get another piece of work from me. Look here, Monsieur Clamart—are you absolutely decided to quit the field? I've got a big thing for next week. Is it true that you are no longer one of us?"

"True as gospel," said I.

"That's subject to error. What is the matter? In love with Miss Dalghren?"

"No. We don't even get on well. It's merely that I have passed my word."

His face clouded. "It's a pity," said he. "You and I could do big things together. But perhaps you are right. What are you doing now? Automobiles? Léontine told me something of the sort. Well, I'll buy a car from you some day."

We both laughed and I got up to go. He saw me downstairs and we shook hands at the door.

As soon as I got back to my rooms I wrote a *pneumatique* to Léontine, telling her of my success with Ivan and asking her to say nothing about our interview, as I wished Ivan to believe that I had counted entirely on his sense of fairness. This would suit Léontine, I thought, as she would not care to have Ivan know, if it could be helped, that after persuading him to steal the pearls she would turn around and give them back again.

I slept well that night and went to the office the next morning with a light heart. John was coming in at eleven to go with me to take out a prospective client. But at ten, as I was busy writing in the private office, the door burst suddenly open and in came John. His face was pale and pasty.

"You're early," said I, wondering what had fetched him out at this hour.

John closed the door, then lurched into a chair, where he sat, staring at me with a curious, sodden look.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Matter enough," he growled. "Edith's pearls are gone too."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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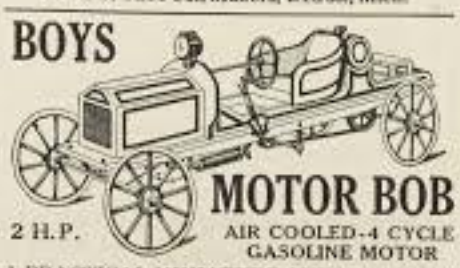
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DOES JAPAN WANT PEACE OR HOBSON?

(Concluded from Page 11)

The feeling on the Pacific Coast that the building up of either a Japanese or Chinese colony would, in the long run, spell trouble is entirely justified; and the feeling of the Japanese Government that it will not accept for its people a legal status of inferiority is likewise justified. Nobody who has associated with high-class and educated Japanese can deny them the same national spirit as Europeans. To stamp them as a race of liars—as a nation of barbarians preparing a gigantic ambush for the unsuspecting Americans—is too absurd to be funny. The Japanese undoubtedly have great national hopes and ambitions. They want prestige, power and commerce; and doubtless they would be glad to have more territory, except that there is now nothing loose.

If universal naval preëminence is the right of the United States, it is equally the right of any other nation that has the moral and physical power to wrest it from the United States. Hence Hobson's favorite method of securing peace by an invulnerable "equilibrium" is the sure road to prolonged and destructive wars. It is a tacit challenge to Great Britain and to Germany, and a declaration that, whatever else happens, Japan must be weak.

That Japan wishes to be strong is no proof of hostility or danger to the United States. One of the best spokesmen for Japan today is Count Okuma, statesman, educator, publicist and reformer—entitled to be called the first citizen of Japan. In his recent book he distinctly states what he conceives to be his country's purpose among nations. Japan, he says, desires to be a World Power and not simply an Asiatic Power; but it has in Asia three special missions: transmission of Western civilization to Korea and China; equality of commercial opportunities; "the responsibility of safeguarding the integrity of the Far East." Or, to sum it up in his own words: "We will not live beyond the reach of the main current of the world's politics. Let us be far from all imputation of territorial aggrandizement; but we also insist that civilization is not a monopoly of European countries."

How far this policy accords with Chinese ideas of their relation to the West is a serious question, but it is not hostile either to the commercial or political interests of the United States. Japan is bound to be a great factor in the future of Asia. For decades to come the energies of the empire must be devoted to holding her new possessions of Formosa and Korea, to watching the Russians, to maintaining her new status among nations.

Japan has neither the population, wealth nor credit to enter into a great naval war which would destroy her commerce, weaken her place in Asia and create hurtful enemies. In a country where tradition and personal attachment plays such a great part, the United States holds a privileged position. The world does not realize that the trusted adviser of the Japanese, in their international law and foreign relations, is Denison, an American; and that Komura, Foreign Minister and the most powerful mind in Japanese public life, is a graduate of an American law school. The spirit of concord and of personal friendship conjoins with the power of self-interest to prevent war by Japan upon the United States. People who have themselves been in Asia, and who realize the tremendous future significance of that great continent, are bound to protest against this effort to rouse bad blood with Asiatic nations.

The United States may confidently be expected to maintain our place among nations with patience and good temper; but no nation in the world is rich enough or powerful enough safely to treat China and Japan as barbarous peoples who must be humiliated and crushed if they seem to show vitality and national spirit. Japan is as much entitled as the United States to an acceptance of the candor of her protestations and acts of friendship. There is neither peace, fairness nor profit in the attempt to arouse public hatred of the Japanese people because they have something like the American spirit of national pride and the American hopefulness of being a big force in the world.

Then, what is the use of this daily-paper war by the United States against Japan?



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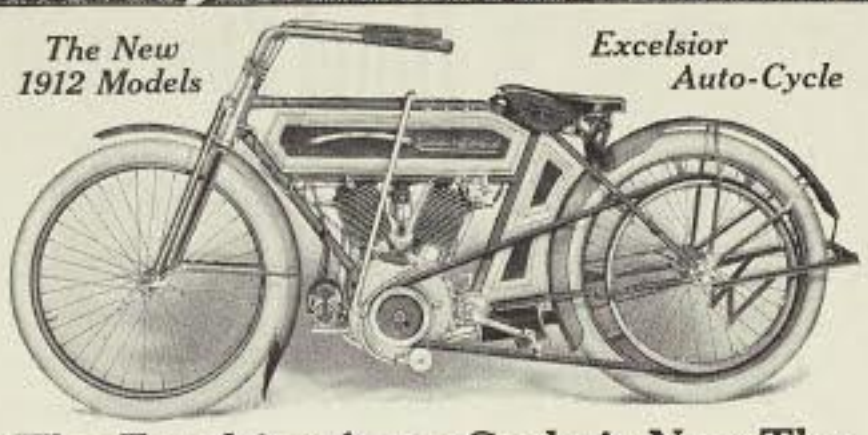
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ARTEMAS QUIBBLE, LL. B.

(Continued from Page 17)

The hue and cry had been raised and we were to be harried out of town and into prison. At every turn we were forced to pay out large sums to secure the slightest assistance; our clerks and employees refused longer to work for us, and groups of loiterers gathered about the office and pointed to the windows. Our lives became a veritable hell, and I longed for the time when the anxiety should be over and I should know whether the public clamor for a victim were to be satisfied.

Gottlieb and the lawyers fought stubbornly every inch of the defense. First, they attacked the validity of the proceedings, entered demurrers and made motions to dismiss the indictments. These matters took a month or two to decide. Then came motions for a change of venue, appeals from the decisions against us to the Appellate Division and other technical delays; so that four months passed before, at last, we were forced to go to trial. By this time my health had suffered; and when I looked at myself in the glass I was shocked to find how gaunt and hollow-cheeked I had grown. My hair, which had up to this time been dark brown, had in a brief space turned quite gray over my ears, and whatever of good looks I had ever possessed had vanished utterly. Gottlieb, too, had altered from a jovial, sleek-looking fellow into a nervous, worried, ratlike little man. My creditors pressed me for their money and I was forced to close my house and live at a small hotel. The misery of those days is something I do not care to recall. We were both of us stripped, as it were, of everything at once—money, friends, health and position; for we were the jest and laughing-stock of the very criminals who had, before our downfall, been our clients and crowded our office in their eagerness to secure our erstwhile powerful assistance. Our day was over!

It was useless to try to escape from the meshes of the net drawn so tightly around us. Even if we could have forfeited our heavy bail—which would have been an impossibility, owing to the watchfulness of our bondsman—we could never have eluded the detectives who now dogged our footsteps. We were marked men. Everywhere we were pointed out and made the objects of comment and half-concealed abuse. The final straw was when the district attorney, in his anxiety lest we should slip through his fingers, caused our rearrest on a trumped-up charge that we were planning to leave the city; and we were thrown into the Tombs, being unable to secure the increased bail which he demanded. Here we had the pleasure of having Hawkins leer down at us from the tier of cells above, and here we suffered the torments of the damned at the hands of our fellow prisoners who, to a man, made it their daily business and pleasure to render our lives miserable. Gottlieb wasted away to a mere shadow and I became seriously ill from the suffocating heat and loathsome food, for it was now midsummer and the Tombs was crowded with prisoners waiting until the courts should open in the autumn to be tried.

We were called to the bar together—Gottlieb and I—to answer to the charge against us in the very courtroom where my partner had won so many forensic victories and secured the acquittal of so many clients more fortunate than he. From the outset of the case everything went against us; and it seemed as if judge, prosecutor and jury were united in a conspiracy to deprive us of our rights and to railroad us to prison. Even when impaneling the jury, I was amazed to find the prejudice against criminal lawyers in general and ourselves in particular; for almost every other talesman swore that he was so fixed in his opinion as to our guilt that it would be impossible to give us a fair trial.

At last, however, after several days a jury of twelve hard-faced citizens was sworn, who asserted that they had no bias against us, and could give us a fair trial and the benefit of every reasonable doubt. Fair trial, indeed! We were convicted before the first witness was sworn! Convicted by the press, the public and the atmosphere that had been stirred up against us during the preceding months. And yet, one satisfaction remained to me—and that was the sight of Hawkins and



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Dillingham on the grill under the cross-examination of our attorneys. Dillingham particularly was a pitiable object, shaking and sweating upon the witness chair, and forced to admit that he had paid Gottlieb and me thirty-five thousand dollars to get him an annulment, so that he could marry the woman with whom he was now living. The courtroom was jammed to the doors with a curious crowd, anxious to see Gottlieb and me on trial and to learn the nature of the evidence against us; and when our client left the stand—a pitiful, wilted human creature—and crawled out of the room, a jeering throng followed him downstairs and out into the street.

The actual giving of evidence occupied but two days, the chief witness next to Hawkins being the clerk who swore the latter to his affidavit in my office. This treacherous rascal not only testified that Hawkins took his oath to the contents of the paper but at the same time had told me that it was false. The farce went on, a mere formal giving of testimony, until at length the district attorney announced that he had no more evidence to offer.

"You may proceed with the defense," said the judge, turning to our counsel.

I looked at Gottlieb and Gottlieb looked at me. The trial had closed so suddenly that we were taken quite unawares and left wholly undetermined what to do. We had practically no evidence to offer in our behalf except our own denials of the testimony against us; and if once either of us took the stand we should open the door to a cross-examination at the hands of the district attorney of our entire lives. For this cross-examination he had been preparing for months; and I well knew that there was not a single shady transaction in which we had participated, not one attempt at blackmail, not a crooked defense that we had interposed, that he had not investigated and stood prepared to question us about in detail.

"What shall we do?" whispered Gottlieb nervously. "Do you want to take the stand?"

"How can we?" I asked petulantly. "If we do we shall be convicted—not for this but for every other thing we ever did in our lives. Let's take a chance and go to the jury on the case as it stands."

After consulting with our counsel, the latter agreed that this was the best course to pursue; and so, rising, he informed the court that in his opinion no case had been made out against us and that we should, therefore, interpose no defense. This announcement caused a great stir in the courtroom and I could see by the faces of the jury that it was all up with us. I had already surrendered all hope of an acquittal and I looked upon the verdict of the jury as a mere formality.

"Proceed, then, with the summing up," ordered the judge. "I wish the jury to take this case and finish it tonight."

So, with that, our counsel began his argument in our behalf—a lame and halting effort it seemed to me, for all that we had paid him twenty-five thousand dollars for his services—pointing out how neither Dillingham nor Hawkins was worthy of belief, and how the case against us rested entirely upon their testimony and upon that of the clerk, who was an insignificant and unimportant witness injected simply for the sake of apparent corroboration. Faugh! I have heard Gottlieb make a better address to the jury a thousand times—and yet this man was supposed to be one of the best! Somehow, throughout the trial, he had seemed to me to be ill at ease and sick of his job, a mere puppet in the mummery going on about us; yet we had no choice but to let him continue his ill-concealed plea for mercy and his wretched rhetoric, until the judge stopped him and said that his time was up.

When the district attorney arose and the jury turned to him with uplifted faces, then, for the first time, I realized the real attitude of the community toward us; for in scathing terms he denounced us both as men not merely who defended criminals but who, in fact, created them; as plotters against the administration of justice; as arch-crooks, who lived off the proceeds of crimes which we devised and planned for others to execute. It was false and unfair, but the jury believed him—I could well see that.

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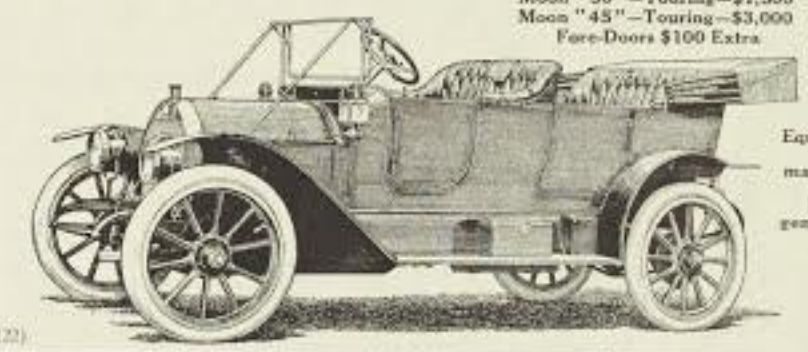
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And in this strain he went on until he had bared Gottlieb and myself to our very souls. When he concluded there was a ripple of applause from the spectators that the court officers made little attempt to subdue; and the judge began his charge, which lasted but a few minutes. What he said was fair enough and I had no mind to quarrel with him, although our counsel took many exceptions. The jury retired and my partner and I were led downstairs into the prison pen.

It was crowded with miserable creatures waiting to be tried—negroes and Sicilians, thieves and burglars—who took keen delight in jostling us and foretelling what long sentences we should receive. One negro kicked me in the shins and cursed me for being a shyster—and when I protested to the keeper he only laughed at me.

About half an hour later an officer came to the head of the stairs and shouted down:

"Bring up Gottlieb and Quibble!"

Our keeper unlocked the pen and, followed by the execrations of our associates, we stumbled up the stairs and into the courtroom. Slowly we marched around to the bar, while every eye was fixed upon us. The jury were already back in the box and standing to render their decision. The clerk rapped for order and turned to the foreman.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" he intoned.

"We have," answered the foreman unhesitatingly.

"How say you, do you find the defendants guilty or not guilty?"

"We find both of them guilty!" replied the foreman.

A slight shiver passed through Gottlieb's little body and for a moment the blood sang in my ears. No man can receive a verdict of guilty unperturbed, no matter how confidently expected. The crowd murmured their approval and the judge rapped for silence.

"Are you ready for sentence?" asked the judge.

We nodded. It was useless to prolong the agony.

"I have nothing to say to you," remarked the judge, "in addition to what the district attorney has said. He has fully expressed my own sentiments in this case. I regard you as vampires, sucking the blood of the weak, helpless and criminal. Mercy would be out of place if extended toward you.

"I sentence you both to the full limit which the law allows—ten years in state's prison at hard labor."

An officer clapped us upon the back, faced us round toward the rear of the courtroom and pushed us toward the door leading to the prison pen, while another slipped a handcuff on my right wrist and snapped its mate on Gottlieb's left.

"Get on there," he growled, "where you belong!"

The crowd strained to get a look at us as, with averted faces, we trudged toward the door leading to the prison pen. Our lawyers had already hastened away to avoid any reflected ignominy that might attach to them. The jurymen were shaking hands with the district attorney.

"Adjourn court!" I heard the judge remark.

With a whoop, the spectators in the courtroom crowded upon our heels and surged up to the grating before the door.

"There's Gottlieb!" cried one. "The little fellow!"

"And that's Quibble—the pale chap, with the thin face!" said another.

"Damn you! Get out of the way!" I shouted threateningly.

"There go the shysters!" retorted the crowd. "Sing Sing's the best place for them!"

The keeper opened the door and motioned back the spectators. I staggered through, shackled to my partner and dragging him along with me. As the door clanged to, I heard some one say:

"There goes the last of the firm of Gottlieb & Quibble!"

(THE END)



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Spending Money Getting Low?

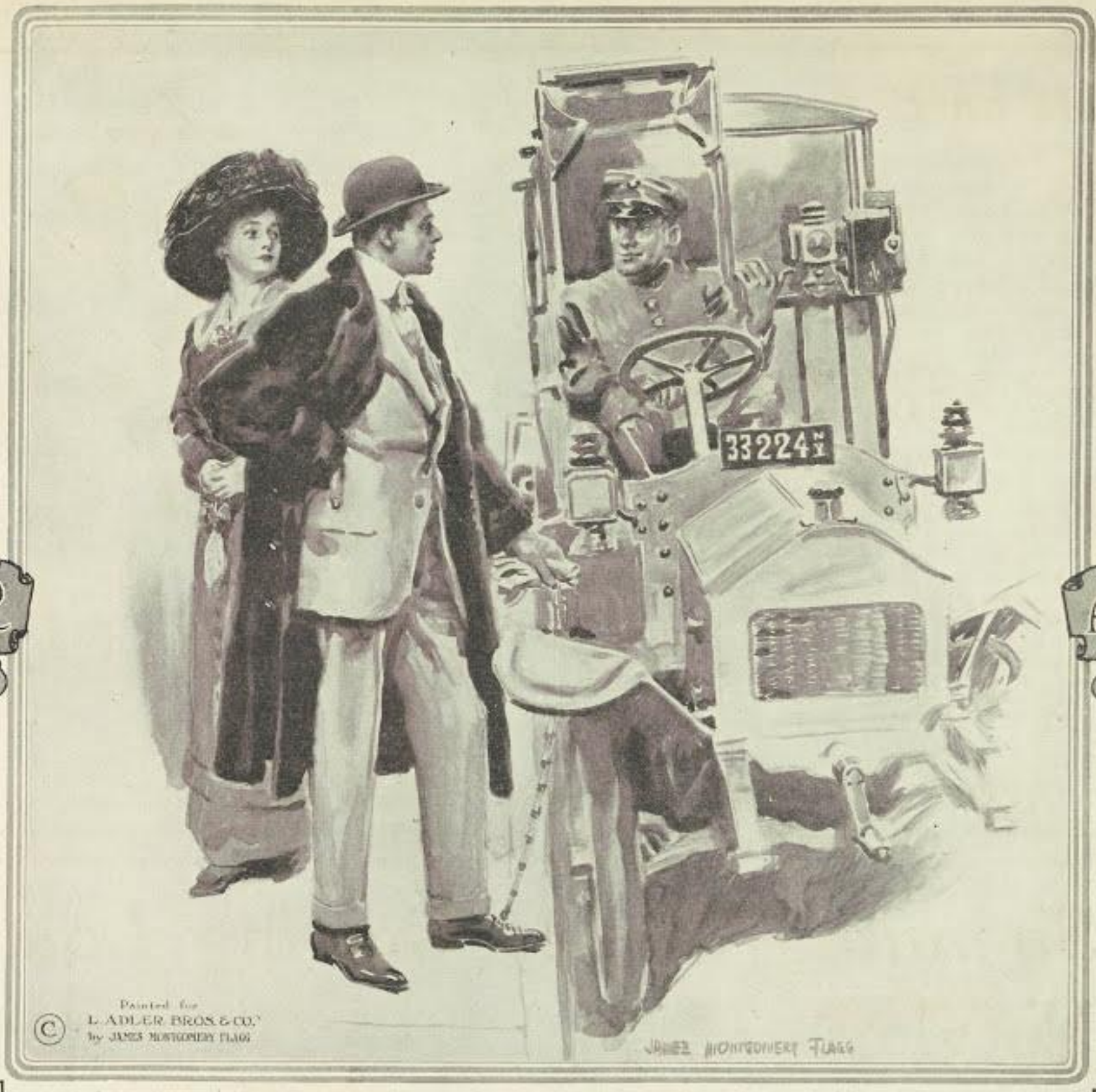
WITH the summer holidays half over and spending money getting low, most young people are commencing to think about replenishing empty purses. If you are among the number the remedy is all ready for you.

Thousands of young folks have this summer been turning what would otherwise be idle hours into bright, shining dollars. You can join them if you wish to do so, and you can continue the work in the fall. The best of it is, that it doesn't interfere with other work or household duties. You can devote just as much or as little time to it as you wish.

To any person we will pay a liberal monthly salary and an extra cash commission for looking after our renewals and for introducing *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to new readers.

There is not one cent of expense to you. Your only investment is the whole or a part of your time. No expense is necessary and you can be just as successful as all the others have been. A line of inquiry will bring everything necessary for trying the experiment now.

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Among alert Americans guesswork has no place. That's why the Book of Men's Fashions is printed—because *certainty of style* is demanded by the best dressed men today.

A mere post-card brings you this book. Five minutes' reading and you will share the knowledge of these men. And you will have learned, as they have, the wisdom of wearing

ADLER-ROCHESTER-CLOTHES

Now nearly half a century old is the Adler-Rochester reputation for absolutely the highest quality in clothes; a reputation that is reflected in the Adler-Rochester plant—famous as *the finest tailoring institution in the world.*

The address of the merchant near you who handles Adler-Rochester clothes accompanies the Book of Men's Fashions. Ask for Edition A.

L. ADLER, BROS. & CO.--ROCHESTER N.Y.


Home Sweet Home
Kellogg's
TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES
Kellogg's
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CORN
FLAKES
NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE
W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.
My wife's gone to the Country—but there's Kellogg's in the pantry. Hurrah!!
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An [illegible] Weekly
Founded [illegible] Franklin

AUG. 26, 1911 5cts. THE COPY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



Cigar stores, drug stores, candy stores, tiny stands—all sell the helpful tidbit.

The pure mint leaf juice makes it loved by all, from six to sixty. Every store sells it because everyone likes it. Millions of white teeth, pure breaths and fine digestions come from it. Chew the beneficial confection after all meals!

Look for the Spear! *The Flavor Lasts!*



The Hose of a Million Stylish Dressers

It is useless to make hose that wear six months if the hose are not stylish. If the maker wants the stylish trade he must see that his hose hug the ankle. "Holeproof" has gained the pinnacle place among hosieries as much because of its style as its wear. A million people are probably wearing "Holeproof" today—a million stylishly dressed men and women. We would never have built such a business on hose that stretched out of shape and hung loosely, though they wore twice as long as we guarantee.

See what we use in the making. Note what we spend. Judge if these hose could be coarse and ill-fitting.

We pay for our yarn an average of seventy cents per pound, while common yarn sells for thirty cents. Ours is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton that money commands. It is long-fibre, three-ply, soft and pliable. Two-ply short-fibre yarn of the same weight would be coarse and stiff in comparison. And, though lighter, our yarn is much stronger. Thus we make hose that are sheer but that wear as guaranteed—six pairs for six months.

There are no other hose that are softer or lighter or cooler or that make ankles look any neater than "Holeproof."

We spend $55,000 a year merely to *see for ourselves* that "Holeproof" are made right in style and in texture. For we have a great reputation at stake. We couldn't afford to put out any hose that the *wearers* would criticise. So all who buy "Holeproof" buy them again.

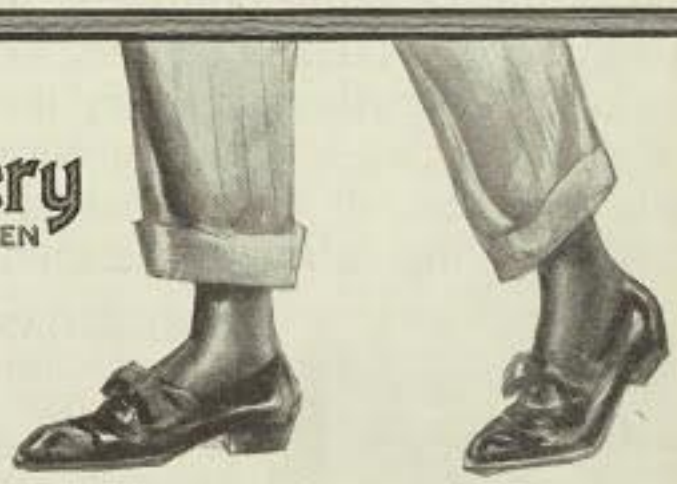
Don't judge Holeproof Hose by what you have heard of the coarse and unsightly guaranteed kinds. "Holeproof" are the ORIGINAL guaranteed hose—the first ever sold. 38 years of hose making experience goes into every pair.

The *first* pair was backed by 26 years of experience. Until "Holeproof" were past the experimental stage they were not placed on the market.

Carl Freschl, Pres.



FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN



The signature in the panel above is that of the originator of guaranteed hose, the present president of the Holeproof Hosiery Co. It appears on the toe of each pair of genuine "Holeproof." No other hose but these are "Holeproof" no matter who says so. You want this mark, if you want the best hose ever made.

"Holeproof" are made for men in twelve colors, ten weights and five grades; for women in seven colors, three weights and three grades, and for children in two colors, two weights and three grades.

Six pairs cost from $1.50 up to $3.00, according to finish and weight. We make silk hose for men at $2.00 for three pairs, guaranteed three months, and for women at $3.00 for three pairs with the same guarantee. Try "Holeproof" today. Don't put it off. See how long and how neatly they wear. See what they save in hose expense.

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY 911 Fourth Street **Milwaukee, Wis.**

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Opportunities for New Dealers:

Thousands of dealers know today of the wonderful success of Holeproof Hose. The business has multiplied fifty times since it was started. All because we make quality hose that wear as we guarantee. We want you to know these facts if you are in a certain locality. For we have some territories where we need a live dealer to take care of a good, live, existing demand. "Holeproof" is the biggest trade-getter in the furnishing business. If you have a good shop we want to hear from you. Write us today, before others do. Ask for the details of how we help dealers sell, and for the Special "Holeproof" Proposition.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(215)

"Come in and get warm!"



The really complete home has the air of generous hospitality. It is warm all over. Even the first breath of air from the hall causes the visitor to say, with Shakespeare: "The air smells wooingly here." Our radiator heating accomplishes that, and more. It puts cordial warmth into family life. It means hospitable halls, genial living-rooms, healthful sleeping-rooms, surely-warmed bathroom.

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

supply these steady comforts, with the least expenditure of money and household energy. IDEAL Boilers are so easily regulated that they produce just the degree of warmth necessary for mild to severe weather. They bring no dust, dirt or coal-gases into the rooms. Compared with old-fashioned methods, you get *full returns* from coal burned, while the entire house-cleaning labor is reduced fully one-half.



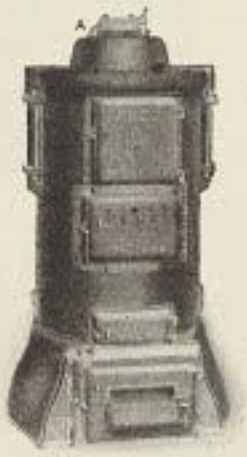
A No. 3-W-S IDEAL Boiler and 720 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $130, were used to heat this cottage.



A No. 1-W IDEAL Boiler and 680 sq. ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $255, were used to heat this cottage.

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which are extra and vary according to climatic and other conditions.

AMERICAN Radiators are built in many heights and shapes which admit their location in any part of a room. They radiate warmth at the exposed points where most needed. Made in handsome plain or ornamental designs with smooth surfaces and bas-reliefs, which take the finest bronze or enamel finish in tints to harmonize with any furnishings, however artistic. Easy to keep clean; our radiator brushes quickly reach every angle. Made also in special forms for ventilating purposes, insuring liberal volumes of fresh air throughout the building.



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Are you having trouble with your present equipment? Are you planning to build? In either case—write us about your heating problem. If you want cordiality and comfort united for family and guests, our booklets and special service (available in every section of the country) will be helpful. Inquiries welcomed—puts you under no obligation to buy.

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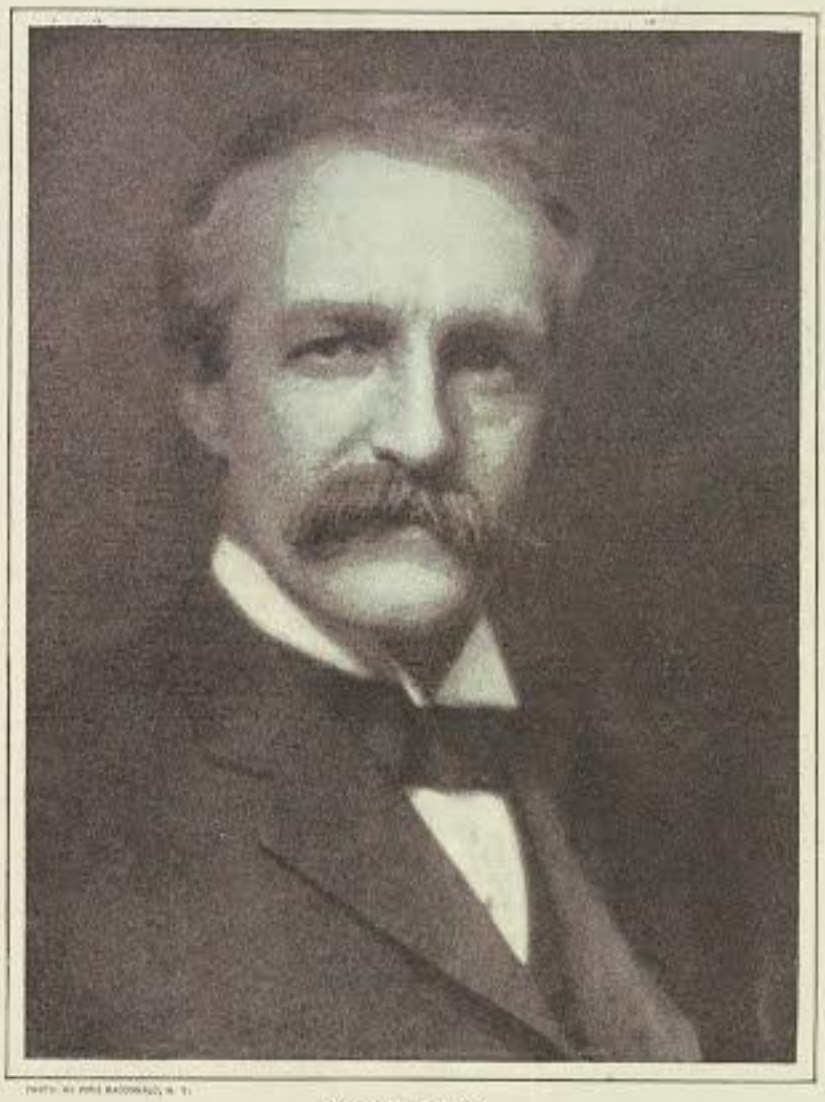
Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1911 Number 9

What Shall We Do With the Coal in Alaska?—By Gifford Pinchot

WHAT shall we do with the coal in Alaska? Use it, of course.

How much coal is there in Alaska ready for use? Alaska is two and one-half times as big as Texas. So far as we know now, about two square miles in every hundred contain coal—that is to say, coal is found over about twelve thousand square miles. Not all of this coal, however, is high enough in grade or accessible or otherwise valuable enough to be worth mining under present conditions. Only about ten per cent of it—or twelve hundred square miles—would pay for development; and of this less than one hundred and fifty square miles contains high-grade coal. In other words, the coal measures of Alaska are as extensive as Maryland; the minable part is as large as Rhode Island; while the valuable high-grade coals cover less than the area of an ordinary county.

Nevertheless, there is more good coal in Alaska than there ever was in Pennsylvania. Most of the best of it, so far as our knowledge goes, is contained in two great fields of high-grade coal. The Matanuska field lies one hundred and eighty-five miles by rail from the coast and its port is Seward, on Resurrection Bay. It contains about six thousand million tons. The Bering River field is smaller, but nearer the coast and more accessible to the great markets which border the Pacific. It contains about thirty per cent of the known high-grade coal in Alaska, or not less than four thousand million tons. Here are or were the well-known Cunningham claims, which have recently been declared fraudulent and invalid by the Interior Department. These claims alone have coal enough to supply Washington, Oregon, California and Alaska for nearly twenty years at the rate they are using it now. It is the Bering River field that is tributary to Controller Bay.



Gifford Pinchot

The quality of Alaska coal is as remarkable as its quantity. About half of the Bering River field is high-grade bituminous coal comparable to the Pocahontas and New River coals of West Virginia; and about half is anthracite but little inferior to the best anthracite of Pennsylvania. It lies within twenty-five miles of tidewater. There is urgent need and strong demand for it in Alaska and beyond, and yet none of it has turned a wheel or smelted a pound of ore.

There must be a strong reason why these prodigious stores of fuel, in seams measuring, some of them, twenty to fifty feet or more of solid coal—easy to reach, easy to mine and easy to sell—should have remained locked up until now. The wonder grows when we consider that Washington, Oregon and California are without any considerable supply of high-grade coal of their own, and that good steam-coal sells in San Francisco for more than three times what it brings in New York. The Government recently paid twenty-eight dollars a ton in Alaska for coal it could have bought at Newport News for less than three. Yet, not half a dozen coal mines have been opened in Alaska and the combined product of all of them is altogether insignificant.

Here is a situation that well deserves to be called amazing and intolerable. Let it be kept clearly in mind that the non-use of Alaska coal serves no good purpose whatever. The less coal is burned in the long Alaskan winters, the greater the drain upon the forests for fuel. The present industries of the territory are hampered and restrained by the high cost of fuel; transportation suffers and the establishment of new industries is discouraged and deferred. If coal were as cheap in the market as Nature has made it abundant in the ground the new growth for which Alaska has waited would now be well begun.

What power has checked the development of Alaska coal? From first to last, the delay lies mainly at the door of the obstructionists in Congress, who kept bad laws on the statute-books; and in part also at the door of the men who tried to seize what they had no right to get—the syndicates of claimants, and their friends and backers, who preferred to take their chance of illegal gains under the old conditions rather than see the coal opened on terms that would be fair to all.

The Bering River coalfield was discovered in 1896, the Matanuska coalfield about two years later. At that time and for years afterward Alaska was little known in comparison with today. The possibility of a railroad to the Bering River field lay in the future, as it does still, and the prompt development of the mines was impossible. Nevertheless, the Bering River field was in time thickly covered with coal-mining locations and the process of getting title from the Government was begun.

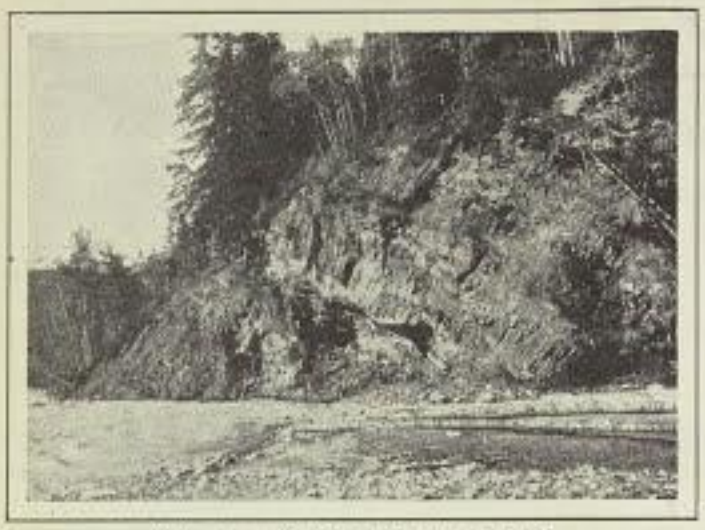
Unfortunately for Alaska, very many of these claims were fraudulent in character. The law under which they were located is a difficult one to work under, but none the less it must be obeyed. Since there were believed to be many infractions of the law, investigation by the Government became necessary; and that involved delay. Thus the well-founded suspicion of lawbreaking on the part of the coal claimants retarded development at the start. Meantime coal-land frauds in the United States called the attention of President Roosevelt and his advisers to the reasons why the nation ought not to part with its coal. After careful study of the question the President, in 1906, withdrew from entry the coal still in the public hands, both in Alaska and in the United States. In his message of December 3, 1906, he said:

> It is not wise that the nation should alienate its remaining coal lands. I have temporarily withdrawn from settlement all the lands which the Geological Survey has indicated as containing—or in all probability containing—coal. The question, however, can be properly settled only by legislation, which in my judgment should provide for the withdrawal of these lands from sale or from entry, save in certain special circumstances. The ownership would then remain in the United States, which should not, however, attempt to work them, but permit them to be worked by private individuals under a royalty system, the Government keeping such control as to permit it to see that no excessive price was charged to consumers. It would, of course, be as necessary to supervise the rates charged by the common carriers to transport the product as the rates charged by those who mine it; and the supervision must extend to the conduct of the common carriers, so that they shall in no way favor one competitor at the expense of another. The withdrawal of these coal lands would constitute a policy analogous to that which has been followed in withdrawing the forest lands from ordinary settlement. The coal, like the forests, should be treated as the property of the public; and its disposal should be under conditions which would inure to the benefit of the public as a whole.

It has been charged that this withdrawal was a barrier to the development of the coal lands in Alaska. Nothing could be farther from the fact. Practically the whole of the Bering River coalfield was covered with locations before the withdrawal was made, and every valid location was excepted from withdrawal and could be freely developed and patented; and the coal could be put on the market. It was not the withdrawal, but a defective and unworkable law and the lack of valid entries, that locked up the coal.

President Roosevelt did not rest with a single effort to get the law amended and open the coalfields to legitimate development. Just two weeks after the message quoted above he sent a special message to Congress in which he urged again the recommendations already made, and added that the result of adopting them would be "not only to stop the land frauds but to prevent delays in patenting valid land claims and to conserve the indispensable fuel resources of the nation."

In one more special and two more regular messages the subject was pressed again and again upon the attention of Congress; and the whole power of the Administration was applied in repeated and unwearied efforts to get the law amended as private enterprise and the public welfare both required. In 1907, among others, a model coal-leasing bill



Bituminous Coal Bed, Matanuska Field



Coal and Shale Outcrops in Bering River Field

was drawn by Judge Woodruff, then Assistant Attorney-General under Mr. Garfield, and introduced by Senator Nelson. In the same year another excellent bill was drawn and offered by Senator La Follette after consultation with President Roosevelt, and it has been introduced by him in every succeeding Congress. In House and Senate alike, however, it was impossible to get favorable action in the matter.

A Premium on Law-Breaking

IN 1909 and 1910 came the conflict between the Forest Service and the Interior Department over the Conservation policy and the Cunningham claims. While it was in progress Congress waited for the recommendation of the Investigating Committee, part of whose purpose, it was declared, was to prepare a plan for the wise development of Alaska. The investigation taught the public much that it had never suspected about Alaska, and its conclusion opened wide the way for constructive legislation genuinely in the interest of all the people.

Once more the friends of privilege stood in the road. Bills were reported from the Public Lands Committees of the House and Senate, each yielding to the demand for a leasing system where yielding was necessary, but each containing "jokers" so carefully devised to favor the special interests, and so plainly hostile to the general welfare when uncovered, that neither bill could pass. Of the Senate bill I said in a public statement at the time:

> The National Conservation Association is now and has steadily been a vigorous advocate of the immediate opening of the Alaska coalfields to development under a system of leasing by the Federal Government; but any bill for the purpose of developing Alaskan coal under lease should be fair to the people of Alaska and the Pacific Coast—and free from "jokers" favorable to the special interests.
>
> The Nelson coal-leasing bill—Senate bill 9955—reported with amendments on January thirtieth, is unduly favorable to the special interests, both in its open and in its concealed provisions, and leaves the consumer of coal wholly without the protection against extortion which it pretends to give him.
>
> If the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate should succeed, directly or indirectly, in leasing the coal lands covered by the Cunningham claims, under the royalty fixed in this bill, the net profit to the syndicate above what it would have made out of its bargain with the Cunningham claimants would be from eighteen to more than thirty-five millions of dollars, according to whether the whole or only half of the coal was included. . . . By the agreement of July 20, 1907, between the Cunningham claimants and the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, . . . the syndicate was to get fuel for its railroad at cost, while it was to pay a profit or royalty of fifty cents a ton on all coal intended for the market. As against this royalty of fifty cents a ton, established by actual bargain, the Nelson bill proposes to lease the coal at a royalty of five cents a ton. This price is not to be increased during the period of the lease, which is for thirty years. The advantage to the lessees under the bill, as compared with the Cunningham-Guggenheim bargain, is therefore forty-five cents a ton, or more than thirty-five millions of dollars for the available coal in the thirty-three Cunningham claims.
>
> . . . As it stands, the bill is a most unfortunate example of the legislation so common in the past, under which—at every critical point—the people get the worst of it.

The House bill, reported by Mr. Mondell, was no better. It was so framed as to give claimants for coal the opportunity to secure, under color of the coal land law, townsites, harbor fronts, and substantially any other lands they might desire to control. Under its provisions the very men who had attempted fraudulently to get possession of these Alaska coal lands were given a preferential right to lease the lands they had tried to steal, as against the honest applicants whose records were free from any effort to practice fraud upon the Government. I do not happen to recall a more flagrant case of putting a premium on breaking the law.

If the Mondell bill had passed it would actually have given the Cunningham claimants a preferential right to lease from the Government the claims they had already vainly tried to get possession of by unlawful means.

If the Nelson bill and the Mondell bill had been free from provisions such as those I have just described it is highly probable that the coal of Alaska would now be open to development. The responsibility for keeping it inaccessible rests squarely upon the men by whom these bills were framed in committee, and not on the men who rightly refused to let them pass.

It is due, then, to the inactivity of Congress as a whole and the bad activity of certain elements in Congress that the problem of how to handle the Alaska coal is still unsettled, although the lines along which the settlement should come have long been known.

Alaska, with all its resources, was bought and paid for by the people of the United States. It belongs to them now. The fur seals in Alaska belong to all the people of the United States and are held in public ownership. The coal in Alaska belongs to all the people of the United States and must likewise be held in public ownership. How should it be developed?

The coal the people own in Alaska must be opened to use honestly, promptly, without special privilege and without discrimination. It must be opened under conditions that will offer attractive business investments to practical business men. But that is not all. The conditions of its use must defeat special privilege and make monopoly impossible. As the situation is now in Alaska, that is impossible—except under Government supervision and control.

Advantages of the Leasing System

AT THE time when, in message after message, the enactment of a law to lease Alaska coal lands was being urged upon Congress, when bill after bill was being introduced to provide for the development of the coal without injustice to the consumer, few men in Congress looked upon leasing as a practicable method of handling Alaska coal. Now substantially all are agreed that the leasing system is necessary and right, and that the title to the coal must be held in the public hands. The country knows now that private ownership in the coal lands of Alaska means monopoly—and can mean nothing else.

To lease the public coal lands in Alaska means that the Government will retain the right to regulate the development and sale of the coal in the public interest. And here it is well to recall that—unless a monopoly is what he wants—a good lease is better for the coal miner than the right to buy. Under a lease, the miner pays only for the coal he takes from the mine and he pays no faster than he takes it; under the present laws, he is obliged to invest his capital in the purchase of the land itself at a price of ten or twenty dollars an acre. Thus, for an area of eight square miles—not an excessive holding for a coal-mining company—the initial investment in the purchase of the land at ten dollars an acre would be upward of fifty thousand dollars. This preliminary investment would be wholly unnecessary under the leasing system.

Conditions to be Embodied in Leases

IS IT possible to draw a Government lease that will safeguard the public interests and at the same time be attractive enough to investors to secure prompt opening of the mines? It is done commonly and with entire success in Australia and other countries, and assuredly it can be done in ours, where the leasing of privately owned coal mines is well known. In the mining of the precious metals, also, it is a growing practice in our own country, despite the hazardous nature of the undertaking. Coal-leasing, on the other hand, is comparatively free from the element of risk.

The man who puts his capital into the ground to promote the general welfare by supplying coal is entitled to fair treatment. Under a Government lease, the coal operator is not given the mine in perpetuity; but he must have it long enough to get the capital invested out again—a length of time we may estimate at thirty or forty years. He must have coal land enough to maintain a profitable output during the whole term of his contract with the Government, and so may need in certain cases as much as five thousand acres under his lease. The royalty on a ton of coal mined must be set low enough and the price he may charge must be set high enough to insure a profit commensurate with the risk he faces; and the regulations under which he operates must be simple, practical from the point of view of the man who does the work and wholly free from unnecessary restrictions and needless red tape. At the termination of his lease the lessee must be protected in his right to remove from the Government land the buildings, machinery and equipment he has brought there for use in his business, except those things whose removal would endanger the future safety or workableness of the mine.

Then the safety of the men who actually mine the coal must be provided for. If, for a single year, accidents on any railroad should become as great and as horrible as the mining fatalities the newspapers constantly relate, the passenger trains on that road would pass empty day after day from the beginning to the end of their run. Yet the losses we hear about are smaller than those which never reach the public ear. There is no reason why multitudes of men should die by suffocation year after year in the coal mines of the United States. There must be no repetition of these horrors in Alaska; and so the lease must guarantee, under the inspection of the Bureau of Mines, all possible safety to the men who do



A Typical Log Cabin in Process of Construction

the work. To provide for the health and safety of the miners is a public duty and should be made a public charge.

Finally, and most important of all, the rights of the people of the United States—that vast, undying owner to whom the coal belongs—must be considered. The coal must be taken out clean in mining, for what remains is wasted and eventually the people will need all the coal. At the end of a reasonable time the lease must terminate, so that it may be renewed on such conditions as the public welfare in the future may require. The people must receive a reasonable but not a large return for the use of their property. And there must be complete publicity of all business under the lease.

One of the principal reasons why the great corporations have been able to control our politics as well as our business is that the public has had no legal right to be informed of their affairs. Any company that mines the people's coal upon the people's land may fairly be required to keep the people fully informed of what it does. The day is well-nigh over when the business man who supplies a necessity of life, like coal or oil, can be considered to have no public function or responsibility. How such a man conducts his business is of immediate interest and intimate concern to all the people who use what he supplies. So, under a coal-land lease in Alaska, the people may fairly require that what is being done upon their property by their agent—for that is what the lessee really is—shall be laid fully before them.

One thing remains, and that the most vital of all. The consumer must be protected against extortion. To this end, it is by no means enough to provide Government regulation of the price at which the lessee shall sell his coal. It is a middleman, not the consumer, who will buy from the lessee—a middleman often three or four times removed from the man who will ultimately burn the coal. Therefore the price to be charged to the ultimate consumer must be kept under Government control. For the time being, no agency exists so well adapted as the Interstate Commerce Commission to perform this difficult but practicable and most important task.

A Monopoly by the People

A BILL has recently been introduced in the House by Mr. Robinson, of Arkansas, and in the Senate by Mr. Works, of California, which follows the lines advocated in this article. This bill has behind it the strong support of the National Conservation Association and, at the coming session of Congress, there is hope that it will pass. It proposes to meet the difficult problem of regulating the price to the consumer by adopting the course already followed with success by Kansas. It provides that, in determining a maximum beyond which the price to the consumer shall not rise, the Interstate Commerce Commission shall first establish a reasonable price at the mouth of the mine, and then add the cost for transportation—which it may regulate—and for handling, plus a reasonable profit—thus determining the highest price the consumer ought to pay. Without some such device, the regulation of the business in Alaska coal in the public interest must fail of its principal purpose. The man who needs protection most is the man who actually burns the coal. There is much question as to whether the regulation of railroad rates by the Interstate Commerce Commission or by the Interior Department, under the present law, will prevent monopoly in its practical results. If it does, well; if not, then we must come to Government construction or ownership of railroads in Alaska, in favor of which the last year has seen a most significant growth of public sentiment.

The opening of the coalfields under Government regulation is but a start in the great work for Alaska which the Congress of the United States has yet to do. Alaska is the storehouse of the nation. Most of its timberlands are already fairly protected against destruction, while remaining open to use, for they have been included in national forests; but the fisheries, the copper, the gold, the power, the land, are other resources whose value to this country it is impossible to compute.

No comprehensive plan for the development of Alaska resources ought to be adopted—and I believe that none can be put into effect—which fails to provide for equality of opportunity in the use of them under Government supervision and control. If conditions are such in Alaska that development without monopoly is impossible, then let us, the people of the United States, become our own monopolists and hold the monopolies in our own hands. As a nation, we can afford to assume the risks of development without taking from the consumer the huge profit of the promoter who succeeds, or saddling the public with the huge losses which are often shifted upon it by the promoter who fails. If conditions make for monopoly in Alaska let it be a monopoly of which the people are the owners, not the tollpayers—the beneficiaries, and not the victims.

THE DREAM PRINCESS

An Irish Fairy Story—By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL



Terry Rode on T'roo the Water, Thinkin' to Cool the Hor-rse's Feet

A STRING of horses passed my place on the way down to the spring market at Harrington, and among them was the smallest Shetland pony I had ever seen—several sizes smaller than a Great Dane.

Dan McCormack was doing some gardening for me—for I will have a kitchen garden, although it makes vegetables almost prohibitorily expensive—and as we looked at the little pony Dan rested on his spade and said in a reminiscent tone: "Sure he's twice or three times as lar-rge as Terry Ryan's hor-rse, the time he took it to King Cormac—an' it eighteen han's high be rights."

I looked at the clock on the Congregational church amid the elms, and seeing it lacked but a few minutes of noon I said:

"Suppose you knock off, Dan, and tell me all about the horse and Terry Ryan."

"Sure it's a story I hair-rd when I was a boy," said he, dropping his spade and sitting down on a pile of sod, where he lighted his pipe and prepared to enjoy himself.

I swung into an apple tree and made ready to listen, as if I had been a boy instead of a middle-aged man with the cares of a family in the country on him.

. . . . . .

It was in Tipperary, where there's been Ryans ever since there's been the Lakes of Killarney. There was this Patrick Ryan, Terry's father, ownin' a small farm, an' King Cormac ruled over him an' the rest of 'em—a silly ould king that never thought of anny one but himself, but a peaceable king enough because he was too cowardly to go to war. He'd a great love for odd things—things that was different. He'd pay a big price for a hen that'd lay two eggs a day, or a strawberry plant that bore shamrocks, or a three-headed pig with a shaggy tail—but he hated dwar-rfs. They tell me that kings generilly has dwar-rfs wid them to be funny an' amuse them, but King Cormac if he saw a dwar-rf 'd tur-rn pale an' holler for help.

Ould man Ryan had little more than an acre in the way of property, but he had a colt that was fourteen hands high before it was a year ould an' he'd hopes 'twould grow to be a giant hor-rse, an' then he'd sell it to the king for as much money as would keep him in comfort the rest of his days—even if he died immediately.

But wan day he comes in from the field an' he says to his wife: "I feel queer in the back of me head; I think it's dyin'-like I am. Tell Terry when the hor-rse is big enough to sell him to the king. The cabin is yours an' the pigs an' bit of ground, but he's to have whatever he gets for the hor-rse ——"

Then he gev a bit of gur-rgle, showed the whites of his eyes, an' before she could call in the priest he'd gone.

Well, Terry sorrowed mightily for the ould man an' so did his mother, but that didn't bring him back again; an' after a time his grievin' grew less, an' at last he took notice of the hor-rse an' said to his mother: "Sure the hor-rse me father left me is eighteen han's high an' the most beautiful black hor-rse in County Tipperary. Tomorrer I'll go take him to the king an' come back wid a bag of gold."

That night in a drame a beautiful ger-rul wid golden hair an' widout doubt some one high up appears to Terry an' says: "Whichever way you go to the king's palace don't set foot on Corbally Bog, or your hor-rse'll go out like a bubble, unless you're quick enough to get him out while he has anny size." Well, Terry enjoyed the drame an' was cross whin his mother laid her hand on his shoulder an' said: "Terry, me boy, the sun is shinin', an' this is the day you're to go to King Cormac's. Get a move on you"—well, probably she didn't say that, for I never hair-rd it till I came to this country, but that's what she meant.

"Oh, Mother," says Terry, "I was just dramin' of the most beautiful young leddy I ever saw in me life. Sure if she'd have me I'd folly her on me knees all over Irelan'. Ah, if ye'd let me sleep a bit longer she might have gev me her ad-dress."

Terry gets up and feeds Paidrick, the hor-rse, an' then he ates his own breakfast; but it's little of the king he's thinkin' or of the money he's likely to get, but it's of the beautiful ger-rul that had tould him to avoid Corbally Bog.

Paidrick was as gentle as a sheep an' Terry never used a whip on him, but he carried wan for the looks of the thing;



In Her Lap Was a Gerrul About Five Yairrs Old be the Face of Her, But as Lairrge as a Gerrul of Twenty

an' as he rode along on the shiny black baste it was not a bad-lookin' felly he was. An' manny's the ger-rul that saw him that mor-rnin' an' said: "If *he* looked like that, now, I'd say yis."

Merry an' light-hair-rted he rode along, an' at last he come to a bit of water an' stopped to water his hor-rse. There was no sign to say what place it was at all at all, an' whin the hor-rse had finished drinkin', instead of tur-rnin' back to the road, Terry rode on t'roo the water, thinkin' to cool the hor-rse's feet. Now just beyant the strame was the bog, an' the minute the baste set foot on it he began to grow smaller, like a bubble left in a pipe. When Terry's own legs, astraddle of the hor-rse, touchied the bog, he pulled them up like he'd bur-rned them, an' jist then he remimbered his whip. He brought it down wid all his stren'th on the flank of Paidrick, an' he, not bein' used to ill treatment, lept forward an' got out of the bog. But he was on'y four han's high!

Well, Terry's hair-rt was like lead. Here he was wid a monstrosity as small as ever he see at a fair or annywhere.

At fir-rst he was for tur-rnin' back, but the Ryans have a way of finishing what they begin—me mother was a Ryan—an' so instead he cur-rls himself up be the side of the road, usin' the little hor-rse for a piller—an' him as gentle an' as intelligent as ever, mind ye—an' goes to sleep, hopin' for what happened.

It's aisy guessin' what that was, sir, an' he'd not been asleep five minutes when the beautiful ger-rul came to him an' said: "You're lucky you got out alive. If you'd stood in the bog you'd have got little like Paidrick, but the cut of the whip showed ye have sinse in your head. An' now if ye'll go to King Cormac an' offer him the smallest hor-rse in the wer-ruld he'll pay tin times as much as he would for a hor-rse eighteen han's high." "Where do ye live?" says Terry in his drame, an' the ger-rul smiles at him an' says: "An' you a peasant!" But she smiles again an' says: "When ye need to find me'll be time enough." "Sure I need to find ye now," says Terry, as bould as brass; but just then the little hor-rse gev a twitch in his sleep an' Terry woke up. "Always too soon," says he. "I'd ha' found out in another minute."

But he lifts up the little hor-rse an' goes along wid big strides, for it was five leagues to the palace of the king an' almost noon. Some of the time the little hor-rse ran on his own legs, an' a good speeder he was; but most of the time Terry carried him across his shoulders, an' late that afternoon he arrived at King Cormac's castle.

'Twas an odd-lookin' castle, wid rooms hangin' outside the walls like bir-rd cages, an' trees growin' t'roo the main roof, an' the stable in the front hall, an' the king's coort in a big tint outside of everything.

Terry's eyes was near poppin' out of his head at the strangeness of it, but he walked along wid the hor-rse hid in his shir-rt—for he didn't know what schemers there might be on the lookout for just such a curiosity.

Terry, very polite, stepped up to a big seven-foot guar-rd in uniform an' asks can he see the king. "Sure he's busy wid important affairs of state," says the sojer, "an' can see no wan till avenin."

Now Terry was the impatient wan an' he didn't want to be coolin' the bare feet of him, waitin' for the king; so, seein' the sojer looked honest-like, he says: "Do you think he'd come out to look at this?" Wid that he sets Paidrick on the ground an' chirrups to him, an' the little hor-rse begun to run around in a cir-rcle, tossin' his mane an' wavin' his beautiful black tail.

"Glory be to the saints!" says the sojer. "Whin the king sees that he'll ayther mur-rder you for it or else give you a bag of gold big enough to supply peraties for all in Tipperary for fifty years."

"It's little I feel like bein' mur-rdered," says Terry, removin' his cap, "an' if you'll tell me the best way to act wid him I'll be thankful to Your Lordship," says he, not knowin' just how to address a sojer.

"Let's see," says the sojer, standin' a little straighter; "today he's actin' silly. Some days he does be pompous, an' some days sad an some days quite, but today he's silly. Do you act silly, too, an' it'll keep him in good humor."

Then the sojer blows on a hor-rn slung be his side, an' two of these pages comes out of the tent an' comes up to him. The sojer tells them to tell the king's chamberlain that the smallest hor-rse in the wer-ruld is passin' t'roo, an' maybe he'd like to look at it before it's too late.

Off runs the two pages an' disappears in the tint, an' a momen.. ater out comes the king, lookin' as silly as a fool at a fair.

"Hide the hor-rse," says the sojer, an' Terry hides him in his shir-rt.

"Where's this little hor-rse?" says the king, while all the aldermen in the coort was lookin' at their watches an' wonderin' will the serious affairs of the kingdom ever be attinded to while there's anny foolishness in the wer-ruld.

Then Terry drops the lids half over his eyes an' smiles like he'd stopped too often on the way there, an' in a squeaky voice like a child's he says: "An' is it the likes of you is king?" Then he bur-rst out into a silly laugh an' poked the king in the ribs.

This tickled the king an' he begun to laugh. "Why," says he, "you're the mer-ry lad. Is it you have the little, bittle, kittle, mittle hor-rse?"

"Yes, sir," says Terry, hunchin' his shoulders like a half-witted man an' runnin' his tongue around his lips. "It's the smallest, wallest, ballest, callest hor-rse in the wer-ruld."

The sojer was near sick wid all this silliness, but the king roared wid laughter an' Terry set the hor-rse down an' told him to trot to the king.

Liftin' his feet high like a t'orobred, Paidrick trotted to the king, and the king sat down har-rd on the grass, he was so amazed-like.

"Send for me pur-rse keepers," says he, an' in a minute ten men bearin' ten bags full of gold came out of the palace an' halted in front of the king.

"What do you want?" says King Cormac wid a foolish grin—"one bag or two bags or all ten. Take your choice."

"Wan would be easier takin' home, but seein' it's you, King Cormac, I'll take all ten," says Terry, an' tur-rns a back summersault for joy.

This put the king in an awful good humor an' he says: "When this young man wants to go home send him on hor-rseback wid two hor-rses to carry the gold. But you must stay to dinner, young man, an' tomorrer we'll go huntin' together."

Then he stoops down and picks up Paidrick an' sets him on his shoulders, an' the hor-rse trots from one shoulder to another like a kitten.

"The most wonderful thing in the wer-ruld," says the king, "an' I got it chape."

"You did that," says Terry. "There's few kings I know that I'd sell my hor-rse to for a beggarly ten bags—that I haven't opened yet."

Some of the king's aldermen or coortiers or whatever they call them had come out of the tent, an' they gasped at the insolence of the lad; but the king slapped him on the back an' said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll send you after the princess. You'll get her sure enough."

"An' who is the princess?" says Terry, lookin' silly, an' yet wonderin' to himself if she was the lovely ger-rul he'd dramed about.

The king begins leppin' about like th' ould fool he was, an' grins half again the len'th of his mouth an' says: "The princess is the wan that's soon to be the wife of King Cormac. I've sint for her to come an' be married three times altogether, an' aich time she sinds back wor-rd that there's time enough. Aich time I sint her an expinsive present." He'd stopped leppin' like a calf be now an' comes up in front of Terry an' says: "Tomorrer I'll sind her no present, but it's you I'll sind wid a couple of hor-rses an' you must bring her back on one of them."

"Sure, Your Majesty," says Terry, "it's a fine job for a summer's day. An' how far is it?"

"It's north of here at the other end of me kingdom, an' you may have trouble gettin' her, for she's a pack of Irish hounds that are hungry for strangers. Wan of me messengers lost his ar-rm before she could call them off, an' the secon' was pulled to pieces, an' the thir-rd on'y for bein' a cowar-rd might have fared wor-rse. But when he saw the dogs he dropped the present, yelled to the princess to come an' get it, an', tur-rnin' about, gallops back an' never stops till he gets to me stables in there," he says, pointin' to the front hall of the palace, where you could hear a hundred head of hor-rses whinnyin' an' stampin'.

Airly in the mornin' Terry set out to get the princess, wid full instructions how to go an' what to do. He'd a fine hor-rse, an' another—for the princess—trotted be his side, as if he liked his company. When he was halfway there, the sun bein' overhead he felt sleepy, an' leppin' a fence into a field full of rich grass—sure, sir, there's no grass so rich as Irish grass—leppin' into the field an' the other hor-rse leppin' after, he said, to the both of them: "Ate your fill an' if ye don't mind I'll sleep a bit." So he lies down, hopin' to be visited in a drame as before. Sure enough, as soon as his head touched the ground he was off, an' there was the beautiful ger-rul standin' by him.

"Are you the wan I'm after?" says he. "After for what?" says she haughty-like. "After for King Cormac," says he. "Yes," says she, "but I'll not be ready to go." "An' what'll I do to be saved from bein' eaten be the hounds?" says he. "I'm not afear-rd of dogs, but fifty on wan man is likely to be serious." "Whistle them to ye when ye fir-rst see them an' they'll not har-rm ye. Every other messenger has yelled at them, an' hounds is sensitive," says she.

Just then his hor-rse comes up and nuzzles him, an' Terry woke up.

"Oh, may ye never stop! Sure I wasn't half t'roo dramin'." But he got up an' continued on his journey; an' about sunset he come to the princess' beautiful castle an' saw her sittin' under a big fuchsia tree, atin' white strawberries an' crame. When he crossed the bounds of the place—she had no gates nor no fences, the dogs bein' better than barb-wire—he sees them come bayin' in a way to give anny wan cold creeps. But Terry remimbers his lesson an' whistles long an' loud an' shrill. An' every last dog comes jumpin' up on him, latherin' an' slatherin' an' waggin' his tail. At this the princess rises an' comes slowly down, an' when Terry seen her he knew she was the princess of his drames.

"An' what may you want?" says she, like she was sp'akin' kind to a beggarman.



"It's Little I Feel Like Bein' Murrdered, an' if You'll Tell Me the Best Way to Act Wid Him I'll be Thankful to Your Lordship"

"It's aisy guessin', Mavourneen," says he familiar-like, the way a felly will be whin he's met a ger-rul in t'ree drames.

"Well," says she, in a har-rd-enough voice, "I never cared about guessin', so if ye've not a civil answer to a civil question you can tur-rn about before I set the dogs on ye."

"An' is it you would do the likes of that after tellin' me how to make fri'nds wid them?"

"I never saw you before," says she.

Well, that made Terry stare the eyes out of him for fear he'd been mistaken; but, no, it was the drame princess right enough.

"Well, to make a long story shor-rt," says he, "I'm Terry Ryan, an' King Cormac has sint me to fetch you to your weddin'."

At that she asked him off his horse an' a groom took the both of them to a stable; an' then she asked him to stay an' sup a bit an' meet her father.

But always Terry was wonderin' if she didn't know she had come to him in drames.

Th' ould dook, her father, wore a long white beard an' played a harp beautiful. But that was after supper.

As the avenin' wore away Terry fell more an' more in love wid the princess, an' she seemed to think he was a fine young man to be goin' barefoot. For he still had the two feet he had started wid an' not a stitch of leather on them, which showed what a simple lad he was to visit a king an' a princess in the bare feet of him.

"Sure King Cormac never sint anny wan like you before. The last wan I couldn't see for he ran away, but the others couldn't have been much ayther or me dogs wouldn't have touched them, bein' as kind as kittens."

"Well, it's the way a man trates a dog," said Terry. "Tell me, Princess, are ye goin' back wid me tomorrer?"

"I have to, for I promised me father I'd go whenever a messenger got inside the palace; but I'd rather I was goin' to meet—to meet ——"

"Me?" says Terry, squarin' his shoulders an' lookin' proud.

"Yes," says she, an' the next minute he was kissin' the hands of her an' sayin': "If an Irish lad has wit to scheme it out King Cormac will never marry you."

"I'd be just as happy," says she, an' smiled on him in a way that made him ready to fight half Irelan' for her.

Next mor-rnin', wid her father's blessin'—an' him sittin' in a balcony like playin' the har-rp to keep the feet of them fresh—she started away wid Terry. The dogs wint wid them for a league or two an' then wint back, howlin' for sorrer at losin' the lovely princess.

All the time Terry's wits was har-rd at wor-rk an' after a while he thought of the Corbally Bog an' he flings his cap in the air an' dug his bare heels into the hor-rse so that it set off at a canter, an' he shouts for joy.

"Princess," says he, when the other hor-rse had caught up wid him, "if there's wan thing that the king hates more than another it's a dwar-rf. Have ye courage to go wid me to Corbally Bog an' l'ave me set your foot in it long enough to make a dwar-rf of you? Then when the king sees you he'll holler for help; an' I'll take me ten bags of gold an' we'll off an' be married an' go back to live wid your dear ould father an' the hounds. An' me mother can come an' visit us."



The Princess Was a True Spor-rt—Which They Ginerally is, I Belave—an' Walks Right On to the Bog

The princess no sooner hair-rd this than she clapped her hands like a child an' tould him to hurry to the bog, of which she had often hair-rd.

On the way there Terry asked her again if she wasn't the ger-rul that had warned him in t'ree drames, an' she says, havin' a good dale of sinse for a princess: "Sure, how'd I know? 'Twas your drame, not mine. But I had a drame in which a lad that looked like you, on'y he was dressed like a prince, was walkin' be me side in our par-rk."

"Oh, if I could on'y remember doin' it," says Terry sadly. "Dressed like a prince! An' me barefoot."

When the princess looked at his bare feet she leaned over from her hor-rse an' pressed his hand an' smiled at him. An' it seemed to him as if all the bir-rds in the wer-ruld were singin' to him, he was that happy.

At last they come to Corbally Bog an' he gets off his hor-rse an' walks careful-like to the edge of it, an' then he beckons her to come to him.

"Don't be afear-rd," says he; "I'll pull y'out before ye disappear altogether."

The princess was a true spor-rt—which they ginerally is, I belave—an' walks right on to the bog, he holdin' her 'round the waist an' wishin' she'd be bog trottin' forever. But rememberin' 'twas a special bog he whisks her out when she's down to two feet high, an' settin' her on his own hor-rse, wid her permission, he set out for the castle.

"How does it feel to be a dwar-rf?" says he. "I'd not know it," says she, "on'y that you look so big. But how'll you change me back to me usual size?" says she suddenly.

"Glory be to the saints!" says Terry, his jaw droppin', "I never thought of that at all, at all."

"Oh, well, wan trouble at a time," says she, an' they kept on to the castle. An' twice she tould him she was very happy to be havin' such a ride.

King Cormac had not come back from huntin', so Terry asks the sojer can he hide the princess in his sintry box for a while.

"Sure ye can that," says the sojer, "an' be sure that the king doesn't see her, or he'll t'row a fit an' like as not mur-rder her. Who is she annyway?"

But Terry thought it best not to tell, an' mountin' his hor-rse he rode out to meet the king.

Now this day was the king's pompous day an' when Terry saw him he wouldn't have known him for the same king. He rode his hor-rse as if he was seven feet high, he had a face on him like he'd just finished makin' Irelan', an' when he saw Terry there was nothin' silly in the greetin' he gev him. "Ah, me young fri'nd, have ye carried out the task I set yesterday?"

"I have, Your Majesty," said Terry, just as pompous, an' bowin' but very little, "an' the beautiful princess awaits you in the sintry box beyant."

"The what?" cried the king.

"The little red sintry box beyant," says Terry, pointin' in the direction of the palace. At this two of the coortiers fell off of their hor-rses wid the shock it gev them to think of a princess bein' in such a vulgar place. "I didn't know where to put her," says he, "an' the outside rooms seemed full."

Well, to make a long story short, the king rode up to the palace gate an' Terry jumped off his hor-rse an' said: "Here she is, Your Majesty."

Now Terry was fully prepared to whisk her out of har-rm's way if the king tried to kill her. But when King Cormac saw her he made a face like in one of these mirrors at Drameland an' he falls off his hor-rse in a fit.

While the king was bein' bled be his doctor-rs Terry took the princess to a safe place—an ould woman's hut outside the town—an' paid the ould woman to take care of her till he called for her. Then he rode back to the palace as innocent as a lamb, an' found the king wigglin' his mouth like he tasted somethin' bad, an' swallerin' har-rd.

Of coorse Terry tould him how it happened, an' the king begun to cry. "I can never marry a dwar-rf," says he, the tears running' off his nose in a torrent, "an' the princess is the on'y woman I ever loved, so I'll die a bachelor."

Then wan of the king's wise men went up to him an' whispered to him, an' the king's tears stopped at the bridge of his nose an' he says: "Is that so? Where is the place?" The wise man beckoned the king in the stable an' walked into a stall wid him. An' Terry creeps in an' hides in the next stall.

"Where did you say the place was?" says the king.

"She'll grow her full height," says the wise man, "if she sets foot on ——"

"Atchoo!" sneezes the king. "I didn't hear. Say it again."

"The place is ——"

"Atchoo!" sneezed the king again, but when it was over he said: "Oh, yes, I've often hair-rd tell of that place."

Poor Terry's hear-rt sunk in his boots—an' him bare-foot at that—but the king went on: "Well, have her taken there tomorrer. Let the young feller take her."

Terry was near leppin' out of his skin at this, but it's sad enough he was when the wise man said: "Sure if ye wasn't a king you'd be an omadhaun, beggin' Your Majesty's par-rdon. Sure the boy knew what he was doin'. It's in love wid her he is himself, an' he found out you hated the sight of a dwar-rf an' dwar-rfed her comin' t'roo Corbally Bog. But it's not likely he knows where this place is, an' that's why I brought ye here to tell you—the way he wouldn't be findin' out."

"Send him back tonight wid his bags of gold," says the king in a rage. "I'll not have him overnight."

Sure it wasn't a half an hour later that Terry was headed for home, wid two hor-rses to carry his gold an' two men to mind the hor-rses.

But when he came to the cottage where he'd left the princess he gave a handful of gold to aich man an' said: "We'll not go farther tonight. Yonder's an inn. Do you put up there an' I'll stay here wid me Aunt Judy. I'll be star-rtin' at seven in the mor-rnin'."

Then he goes in an' has a bowl of bread an' milk an' some peraties wid the princess an' the ould woman. An' the princess was delighted, for she'd never been in so small a cottage before.

After supper Terry tould the princess what had happened an' said: "If ye were far away I'd sleep on it an' drame, but perhaps ye have a way out."

"Sure I have," says she. "Can you tark like the wise man?"

Terry gev a laugh. "Annybody could do that, for he tarked like a fool, in a pinched voice."

"Well," says she, "go you to the king when his lights are out an' make out you're the wise man an' ask him to be sure that he has the name of the place right. Then when he says it, come away an' star-rt on your journey at once, before he finds out what has happened."

Sure Terry thought this a fine adventure, so off he star-rts, an' guided be the royal snor-res of the king he comes to his bedroom, which is in the highest hangin' room of all. He creeps in at the door, an' it wide open an' unguarded, an' goes to the bedside of the king. The king snor-red again an' Terry plucks the sleeve of his royal nightgownd.

"Who's there?" says the king, half awake.

"It's me, Shaun the Wise," says Terry, imitatin' the wise man's voice so his own mother would have been desaved.

"An' what do yez want, distur-rbin' me rest?"

"Are you sure," says Terry, "that you got the name of the other bog?"

"Sure I did," said the king angrily—"it's Clubberly Bog."

"Clubberly Bog it is, an' it's sorry I am to disturb Your Majesty's drames," says Terry, laughin' to himself at the thing. "Good night, Your Majesty."

"Good night!" growled the king, an' tur-rned over for another nap, while Terry slips out an' away widout meetin' a soul, most of the servin' people bein' off to a ball in the lodge rooms—or whatever they'd have for balls in a town of that size.

Back comes Terry an' wakes up the two men an' says he's changed his mind an' will go right on to Clubberly

(Continued on Page 50)

A Leading Lady's Impressions of Richard Mansfield

By Florence Rockwell

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

ONE of my friends not long ago, looking through my scrapbook, noticed the following from Judge's Favorites:

We look upon your face, miss,
And we feel a kind of awe;
And doubtless you would like to know the reason.
Well, you're the only leading woman that we ever saw
Who led with Richard Mansfield a whole season.

Laughingly my friend said: "Why don't you write an account of some of the happenings of your year with Mansfield? The eccentricities of genius are always amusing and you were in a position to view him in a different light from most people."

And so here are a few of the memories of that year which, instead of being the ordeal I had feared it might, proved really delightful. Mansfield excelled in eccentricity, as he did in everything, and ennui in his society was an unknown sensation. To become well acquainted with such an unusual personality was an experience worth having; and, no matter what interesting things may come to me in the future, I shall always remember that season with pride and pleasure.



Her Present From the Star Was a Doll as Big as Herself

I began it very dubiously, for I was convinced that I shouldn't be able to stand the strain a week. I was engaged without ever having met Mr. Mansfield, but he had seen me play and liked me; so, when his manager sent for me, all the business details were settled so smoothly that I felt there would surely be stormy times ahead to even things up, as it were.

Judging from general report, leading ladies were this star's particular pest. He had twelve in one season; and I had read long interviews in which he had asserted that not one of them could dance or even walk gracefully, or understand French, or speak cultured English. This seemed to me an impossibility. Any accomplished actress knows such things, as a matter of course, and it couldn't be true that he had met twelve who didn't. Therefore I decided he must be unreasonable in his fancies and unreliable as to facts. The leading ladies, on their side, told how he would, during some tender scene, swear volubly under his breath—how he would send peremptory orders by his valet about playing a scene; and one poor girl said that when she had to support him up a long flight of steps during an exit, he had pushed her against the balustrade until she cried with pain. So it was with very gloomy forebodings that I appeared at the first rehearsal.

The Father and His Players

THE company was very large—about seventy people; and I found that several of the actors had been with Mr. Mansfield a number of years. I thought this was encouraging; and these old members spoke of him quite affectionately as "Father," which was more encouraging; but when the word was passed around that Father would not be present that day there was such a sigh of relief from everybody that all my terrifying apprehensions returned at once.

In his absence, work was begun on the established plays of the repertoire in which the stage business had been settled: Richard III, The Merchant of Venice, Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Parisian Romance and Beau Brummel.

I observed that one was at liberty to do anything and everything one pleased—except in the scenes with Father. There were several stage managers, not one of whom had absolute authority; and this in most cases would have produced dire and dreadful results, but Mr. Mansfield's company was an unusually brilliant one. This astonished me, for there seemed to be a general notion that he was "afraid" to have fine support. How absurd this was is proved by merely glancing at a few of the names on the roster that year.

Among the men were A. G. Andrews, Arthur Forrest, Clarence Handyside, Fuller Mellish, Lester Kenyon, Sheridan Block, Ernest Warde, Walter Howe, Sydney Mather and Henry Wenman; and among the women were Eleanor Barry, Irene Prahar, Adelaide Nowak, Alma Hathaway, Vivian Bernard and Margaret Greet. Certainly I have never seen a finer classic company anywhere.

One day, after we had been at work about a week, there was a sudden hush and I felt before I saw him that Father had arrived at last. He walked slowly to the prompt table followed by Mr. Stevens, his manager, Mr. Wilstach, his press representative, and Mr. Greet, his secretary. It was a very majestic entrance and he greeted his friends in the company in the same manner. He smiled quite affably when Mr. Stevens introduced me, but I got the impression of having been presented to an emperor. It was a dull, rainy day and he wore a long tan raincoat and soft hat, but he looked as if he had stepped out of a bandbox and never afterward did I see him look otherwise.

During our long season, through the heat of the desert and the mountain snows, in awful one-night stands and even in Pittsburgh, his white hair gleamed, his glasses shone, his trousers were creased and his tie was set just so; and always there was the fine linen handkerchief, never unfolded. I have occasionally seen him use it, but never unfold it. I am very sure even in the heat of his most frenzied outbursts he never "mopped his brow." I know he said once to one of his actors: "Don't perspire, sir; it's so vulgar." He had a particularly healthy-looking skin—smooth and soft; and, though a sort of pink, it was too dark to be florid. His eyes were like little black beads and his small, straight nose I thought sometimes was his most expressive feature. He used to crinkle it into the funniest shapes to express his disapproval—and as he disapproved so frequently he kept it busy.

There was something German about him when he spoke—not in accent, certainly, for that was ultra British; but the timbre of his voice and the way he rolled certain words around his tongue revealed his German blood.

Don Carlos was to be the first new production of the season, so the parts were distributed and we started to rehearse without delay.

I, as the Queen, began the play, entering with my ladies-in-waiting. He looked at us, each and every one, as if we were the most painful sights he had ever gazed upon. That look alone aroused my antagonism and I promptly froze into icy indifference. When I think how difficult I was during those early rehearsals, and of the cool calmness with which I "talked back," I can't understand how Mr. Mansfield tolerated it. They told me it was because evidently I was not afraid of him—and that was a pleasing novelty. I positively hated him and was only waiting for him to say something to give me an excuse to leave—and then one day the atmosphere cleared, as if by magic; because we laughed together—a foolish little laugh, but it broke down the wall of antagonism with which I had surrounded myself. It was in the garden scene, where Carlos is kneeling at the feet of Elizabeth. Suddenly Mr. Mansfield interrupted his lines and said to me solemnly:

"My dear child, please—*please* don't look at me with that dying-duck-in-a-thunder-storm expression!"

It sounded so ridiculous, mixed in with the high-flown sentiments of Don Carlos, that I laughed—and so did he. When we began again everything seemed changed. I responded to the emotion of the situation. I forgot myself and my taskmaster; and when it was over I knew that for the first time the scene had really moved. Every player knows what a supreme joy it is when, after working away at a scene day after day, fearing it can never be vitalized, despairing almost—suddenly it "goes"! It is the sensation I imagine the airmen must feel when for the first time they sail into space.

When I found that I was going to really like acting with Mr. Mansfield I began to make allowances for his irritability. I still "talked back"—every one who wished to retain any self-respect had to—but I was more good-natured about it.

A State Paper Missing

HE WAS not an especially fine stage director. He was apt to expect the actors to be mindreaders, and he would cruelly criticise many times without suggesting a remedy. I remember an incident that occurred about this time. It was our first "prop" rehearsal and the stage manager charged me not to forget the paper I was to hand to Carlos at the end of the first act. I didn't forget it, but during the action of the scene Mr. Mansfield knocked it from my hand; and, as he was very nearsighted, he didn't notice what had happened. I thought it best not to stop to pick it up, and when the time came to hand the paper to him I simply went through the action without the "prop." Then the storm broke. The stage manager was berated soundly for not attending to his business: "I expressly said that all 'props' must be provided at this rehearsal; and now, in the most important situation of the act, Miss Rockwell has no paper to hand me!"

I hastened to explain that I had dropped the paper; and the stage manager, having recovered the fatal document, held it out as a mute evidence of his innocence. Mr. Mansfield seized it and regarded it with disgust.

"So that," he thundered, "is your idea of what a state paper looks like! No wonder she dropped it. How could



For Exercise, He Took Long Walks Every Afternoon Without an Overcoat

she be expected to carry such a thing as that?" And he tore it up and threw it on the table.

"What kind of a paper shall I get, Mr. Mansfield?" said the stage manager.

"Try to use the small amount of intelligence you seem to possess and get a very different looking paper from that," said the star loftily; and the poor stage manager was left to guess again in regard to what was wanted.

The dress rehearsal of Don Carlos was a most exciting affair. Some of the massive scenery couldn't be set properly and there was a long, dreary wait in the dressing rooms before we began. Then the atmosphere seemed fairly charged with electricity and there was trouble over everything. "Keep mum!" counseled the senior members. "He'll soon run down if we don't say anything." That didn't often happen, however. There was one scene where I had to enter quickly, followed by one of my ladies-in-waiting, and say: "What means this noisy tumult in the palace? Countess, go and see what it portends." The noisy tumult was being supplied by twenty lusty young men who stood in plain sight at the right of the stage, with Father beside them, trying to get them to "holla! holla! holla!" to his satisfaction.

The Countess, instead of going toward the noise, bowed and went back through the doorway which we had just entered. Father danced first on one foot and then on the other in his rage.

"Come back!" he called. "Come back! Haven't you any intelligence? Haven't you one grain of common, ordinary sense? Where did you expect to find the noise—in the room you just came out of—under the bed?"

The Countess refused to commit herself; and then he launched forth into a tirade that seemed to last ten minutes, and I wondered how she could possibly stand it to follow the "keep-mum" maxim. When he had exhausted his vocabulary he finished up with: "Why don't you answer me? Haven't you any spirit? No; you haven't! Well, now we'll proceed."

Mrs. Simon's Retorts Courteous

THE next hitch came when several of the noblemen appeared in ridiculous looking hats. "Send for Mrs. Simon," said Father. "Simy," as everybody called her, was the wardrobe woman, and she had held her job for sixteen years. She was a "character" if ever there was one. Knowing her business thoroughly and being afraid of no one, she spoke her mind emphatically and freely in a delicious German dialect, and was the only one who could put her employer to rout when he started on a tantrum.

"Mrs. Simon," said Father, "what kind of hats are these that you have given my artists? Do you know what they look like?"

"Sure," said Simy. "They look like the devil!"

"Why haven't you provided others?"

"You give me no money; so I buy you no hats."

"Very well," said Mansfield, looking almost meek. "Go to Mr. Stevens and get the money—and some new hats."

"Sure!" said Simy.

After this, things moved along fairly well until there was trouble over the lights. I have been in a number of productions and never have I seen a dress rehearsal go through without a serious row with the electricians. So it was small wonder that at this adventuresome session there was a final upheaval and a seeming deadlock over some detail about the calciums. The auditorium was in darkness and Father was a picturesque figure as he stood in the limelight hurling imprecations at every electrician that ever was born. After raging until he was tired, he began to seek corroboration of his complaints from those about him. All the actors in the scene were appealed to, then the manager and the secretary were summoned, and finally Mr. Wilstach was demanded—but there was no response. "Mr. Wilstach!" rang out the stentorian call. No answer.

"Turn up the house lights!" said Mansfield suddenly; and there, in the fifth row, sat Mr. Wilstach, probably with every intention of keeping out of the fracas. "You coward!" said Mansfield sternly. "You coward!" And Mr. Wilstach was obliged immediately to join the commiserating circle.

Then Father made a long speech to his children. He said he was exceedingly sorry to have to announce that the season would end before it began. That we had all worked faithfully and sincerely, and it was too bad that we should have to suffer for the incompetence of a mere mechanic; but that he couldn't stand it any longer—that he didn't have to work under such conditions and he wouldn't—that the manager would settle all business details and we could consider the season closed. Then he went to his dressing room and banged the door. The new members of the company looked bewildered, the old members resigned, and there was a dead pause.

"What shall we do now?" said one of the stage managers.

"Begin the act again," said Mr. Stevens crisply; and so we did—and at his proper cue Father emerged from his dressing room and went on with his part, and everything proceeded as if nothing had happened.

The season was to open in Toledo and we journeyed thither by special train, which is a most uncomfortable way to travel—and the Mansfield special was worse than any other; for, if ever the engineer tried to put on a little speed, Mr. Mansfield would pull the bellrope and command him to slow down.

The train consisted of two sleepers, a diner, the private car and a number of baggage cars, for we carried the scenery for eight plays. The private car was very luxurious and Mr. Mansfield often preferred it to the hotels.

The last disturbance of the Don Carlos series came on the day of the première. The actress who was cast for the Princess Eboli was too small and slight for the part, and she lacked the experience and poise to give the necessary weight to some of the scenes. This had been apparent from the earliest rehearsals, but it was not until the very day of the first performance that she was taken out of the rôle and Miss Barry substituted. If ever any one was literally thrown on the stage in an important rôle, Miss Barry was. The costumes, which had been fitted on the small, slight woman, had to be slashed and lengthened—and there was only time for one rehearsal; but being a fine actress Miss Barry went through with flying colors and never a grumble, though her position as heavy woman of the company had entitled her to the rôle from the first.

Don Carlos was well received, but it did not show Mansfield at his best. In one scene, however, he was tremendous—in the prison, where Carlos denounces the King for the death of Posa. In this his wonderful voice had full range and the audiences were roused to high-pitched enthusiasm. I think his voice was his greatest gift. We have many actors with as much magnetism and more feeling than he possessed, but I have never heard the equal of his voice. No strain was too trying for it and it always rang true. This *tour de force* in Don Carlos was his pet scene; so one night when the King stood between him and the calcium, casting grotesque shadows over his face, he was awfully upset. Everybody made wild signs to the King to step aside, but he either couldn't or wouldn't understand. So, when the curtain fell, he was discharged after a furious tirade. This must have been heard in the audience, for the New York papers had a story next day that Mansfield had discharged six prominent members of his company.



Father Was in an Awful Rage, Even for Him, and Everybody Said This Was the End of Simy

The truth was that nobody was discharged—not even the King—for no one ever paid any attention to a verbal dismissal. The stage manager used to be discharged regularly—every night! Once it was posted on the call board that every man in the company was discharged; but, before the nine women had puzzled out how the tour was to continue with an all-woman-but-the-star cast, the men were all told to come back and be good.

One night something was wrong with the supers' costumes and Simy was summoned. Father was in an awful rage, even for him, and everybody said this was the end of Simy. When she appeared at the dressing-room door he shook his fist at her, saying:

"Mrs. Simon, you are ——"

"Oh, tut!" said Simy. "I discharge myself!" And then everybody laughed, Father loudest of all. It is needless to say she didn't go.

I never found acting with Mr. Mansfield difficult, as so many have. Instead, it was an inspiration and a pleasure. He always gave the best that was in him to his audience. He might go before the curtain and scold the public, but he never "walked through" his part. He was the first in the theater and the last to leave, and his art was the highest consideration of his life.

From Wrath to Roses

ONE evening, while acting Marcelle in The Parisian Romance, I remarked to a fellow player how surprised I was that everything had gone so smoothly with me during the season and that I had never had any trouble during performances. Immediately afterward I went on the stage for my scene in the third act with Baron Chevrial. It seems that I stood too far away from him during one of his speeches. After his exit I had a long scene, which was practically a monologue, and then came the curtain. When he reached the wings I could hear him storming and realized that I was the culprit, but by the time my scene was over he had retired to his dressing room. The actor with whom I had been chatting earlier in the evening met me as I left the stage, saying: "Well, young lady, your Waterloo has arrived at last. He is furious and you are going to catch particular fits." I went to my dressing room thinking what I could say to fire back when the bombardment began; and presently, down the corridor, I heard Brown, the valet, inquiring for my room. "Now," I thought, "if he has dared to send me a message by his valet I'll walk right out of the theater." There was a knock. "Come in," I ordered haughtily.

"Mr. Mansfield's compliments, Miss Rockwell," said Brown, and handed me a gorgeous bunch of roses. Never in my life was I more astonished; and the actors who had heard the wrathful outburst against me but a short time before simply couldn't believe their eyes when they saw those flowers.

I never grew tired of watching Chevrial's death scene, though it always left such a creepy sensation. Every one knows that it was in this character that Mansfield made his first success at the Union Square Theater, New York; and the story of that first night, as he himself told it to me,

(Continued on Page 49)



Hurling Imprecations at Every Electrician That Ever Was Born

The Ostable Postmastership

By Joseph C. Lincoln

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"I Know it Looks Pretty Foggy Ahead to You Just Now, But Keep Up Your Pluck"

WHEN I shook hands with Mary Blaisdell, and left her standin' under the wistaria blossoms at the front door of the little old house that had belonged to Henry, all I said was for her to keep a stiff upper lip and not be any bluer than was necessary.

"Ostable's lost a good postmaster," says I, "and you've lost a kind, thoughtful, providin' brother. I know it looks pretty foggy ahead to you just now and you can't see how you're goin' to get along; but you keep up your pluck and a way'll be provided. Meantime I'm goin' to think hard and perhaps I can see a light somewhere. My owners used to tell me I was consider'ble of a navigator; so, between us, we'd ought to fetch you into port."

Her eyes were wet, but she smiled—rainbow fashion—through the shower and said I was awful good, and she'd never forget how kind I'd been through it all.

"Whatever becomes of me, Cap'n Snow," she says, "I shall never forget that."

What I'd done wasn't worth talkin' about, so I said goodby and hurried away. At the top of the hill I turned and looked back. She was still standin' in the door, and, in spite of the wistaria and the syringa bushes and the new green spring stuff everywhere, the whole picture was pretty forlorn. The little white buildin' by the road, with the sign "Post Office" over the window, looked more lonesome still. And yet the sight of it and the sight of that sign give me an inspiration. I stood stock-still and thumped my fists together.

"Why not?" says I to myself. "Why not?"

Half the way back to the "Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store" I was thinkin' of my new notion and makin' up my mind. The other half I was layin' plans to put it through. When I walked into the store Jim Henry Jacobs, the Chicago feller who was my partner and manager, met me.

"Hello, Skipper," says he, brisk and fresh as a no'theast breeze in dogdays, "did you ever hear the story about the office-seekin' feller in Washin'ton, back in President Harrison's time? He wanted a Gov'ment job and he happened to notice a crowd down by the Potomac and asked what was up. They told him one of the Treasury clerks had been found drowned. He run full speed to the White House, saw the President and asked for the drowned chap's place. 'You're too late,' says Harrison. 'I've just app'inted the man that saw him fall in.'"

I'd heard it afore, but I laughed out of politeness and wanted to know what made him think of the yarn.

"Why," says he, "because that's the way it's workin' here. Poor old Blaisdell's funeral was only yesterday, and it's already settled who's to be the new postmaster."

Considerin' what I'd been goin' over in my mind all the way home from Mary Blaisdell's, this statement just at this time knocked me pretty nigh out of water.

"What?" I gasped. "How did you know?"

"Why wouldn't I know?" says he. "I got the advance information right from the oracle. I was told not two minutes since that the app'intment was to go to Abubus Payne."

I stared at him. "Abubus Payne!" says I. "Abubus —— Are you dreamin'?"

He laughed. "I'd never dream a name like 'Abubus,'" he says, "even after one of our Poquit House dinners. No; it's no dream. The Major was just in and he says his mind is made up. That settles it, doesn't it? You wouldn't contradict the all-wise mouthpiece of Providence, would you, Cap'n Zeb?"

I never said anything—not then. I was realizin' that if I wanted Mary Blaisdell to be postmistress at Ostable—which was the inspiration I was took with when I looked back at her from the hill—I'd got to do somethin' besides say. I'd got to work and work hard; and, even at that, my work was cut out from the small end of the goods. To beat Major Cobden Clark in a political fight was no boy's job; but Abubus Payne! Abubus Payne—postmaster at Ostable! Think of it! Maybe you can; I couldn't without stimulants.

You see, this critter Abubus—did you ever hear such a name in your life?—had lived around 'most every town on the Cape at one time or another. He and his wife wan't what you'd call permanent settlers anywhere, but had a habit of breaking out in new and unexpected places, like a p'ison-ivy rash. He worked some at carpenterin'—when he couldn't help it; but his main business, as you might say, had always been lookin' for an easier job. In Ostable he'd got one. He was caretaker and general nurse of Major Cobden Clark. His wife, who was about as shiftless as he was, was the Major's housekeeper.

And the Major? Well, the Major was a star, a planet—yes, in his opinion, the whole solar system. He was big and fleshy and straight and gray-haired and red-faced. He belonged to land knows how many clubs and societies and milishys, includin' the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston and the Old Guard of New York. He had political influence, a long pocketbook and a short temper. Likewise he suffered from pigheadedness and chronic indigestion. 'Twas the indigestion that brought him to Ostable and Abubus; or, rather, 'twas his doctor, Dr. Conquest Payne, the celebrated food and diet specializer—see advertisements in 'most any newspaper—who sent him there. Abubus was Doctor Conquest's cousin and I judge the two of 'em figgered the Clark stomach and income as things too good to be trusted outside of the family.

Anyway, down comes the Major, buys a good-sized house on the lower road nigh the waterfront, hires Abubus and his wife to look out for the place and him, and settles down to the simple life—which wan't the kind he'd been livin' by a consider'ble sight. But he lived it now—yes, sir, he did! He lived by the clock and he ate and slept by the clock, and that clock was wound up and set accordin' to the rules prescribed by Dr. Conquest Payne, "world-famous dietician and food specialist"—see more advertisin', with a tintype of the doctor in the corner.

Nigh as I could find out, the diet was a queer one. It give me dyspepsy just to think of it. Breakfast at seven sharp, consistin' of a dozen nutmeats, two raw prunes, some "whole-wheat bread"—whatever that is—and a pint of hot water. Luncheon at quarter to eleven, with another assortment of similar truck. Afternoon snack at three and dinner at half past seven. He had two soft-b'iled eggs for dinner, or else a two-inch slice of rare steak; and, with them exceptions, the whole bill of fare was, accordin' to my notion, more fittin' for a goat than a human bein'. He mustn't smoke and he mustn't drink. Considerin' what he'd been used to afore the "world-famous" one hooked him, it ain't much wonder that he was as crabbed and cranky as a live-oak windlass.

However, it—or somethin' else—had made him feel better since he landed in Ostable and he swore by that Conquest Payne man and everybody connected with him. And, if he once took a notion into his tough old head, nothin' short of a surgeon's operation could get it out. He'd decided to make Abubus postmaster, and he'd move Heaven and earth to do it. All right, then; it was up to me to do some movin' likewise. I can be a little mite pigheaded myself if I set out to be.

And I set out then. It may seem funny to say so, but I was about as good a friend as the Major had in Ostable. Course he had a tremendous influence with the selectmen and the like of that, owin' to his soldier record and his pompousness and the amount of taxes he paid. And he and I never agreed upon one single p'int. But just the same he spent the heft of his evenin's at the store, and I was always glad to see him. I respected the cantankerous old critter—and liked him, in a way. And I'm inclined to think he respected and liked me. I cal'late both of us enjoyed fightin' with somebody that never tried for an underholt or quit even when he was licked.

So that night, when he comes puffin' in and sets down as usual in the most comfortable chair, I went over and come to anchor alongside of him.

"Hello," he grunts, "you old salt hayseed! Any closer to bankruptcy than you was yesterday?"

"Your bill's a little bigger and more overdue—that's all," says I. "See here, I want to talk politics with you. Mary Blaisdell, Henry's sister, is goin' to have the post-office, now he's gone, and I want you to put your name on her petition—not that she needs it or anybody else's, but just to help fill up the paper."

Well sir, you ought to have seen him! His red face fairly puffed out like a young-one's rubber balloon. He whirled round on the edge of his chair—he was too big to move in any other part of it—and glared at me. What did I mean by that? Hey? Was my punkin'-head sp'ilin', now warm weather was comin' on, or what? Had I heard what he told my partner that very mornin'?

"Yes," says I, "I heard it; but I judged you must have broke your rule about drinkin' liquor. No sober person



"My, My!" Says I. "I'm Glad I Made a Whole Kettleful of This Stuff: I Can Use a Grown Man's Share of It"

would set out to make Abubus Payne anythin' more responsible than keeper of a pigpen. You didn't mean it, of course!"

He didn't? He'd show me what he meant! Abubus was the most honest, able man on the whole blessed sandheap; and he was goin' to be postmaster! Mary Blaisdell was an old maid—good enough of her kind, maybe; but the place for her was some kind of an asylum. He'd sign a petition to put her in one of them places, but nothin' else. Abubus was just as good as app'inted already!

We had it back and forth. There was consider'ble chair-thumpin' and hollerin', I shouldn't wonder. Anyhow, afore 'twas over every loafer on the main road was crowdin' round us and Jim Henry Jacobs was pacin' up and down back of the counter with the most worried look on his face ever I see there. It ended by the Major's jumpin' to his feet and headin' for the door.

"You—you—you tarry old imbecile!" he hollers, shakin' a fat forefinger at me; "I'll show you a few things. I'll never set foot in this rathole of yours again!"

"You better not!" I sings out. "If you dare to I'll——"

"What?" he interrupts. "You'll what? I'll be back here tomorrer night. Then what'll you do?"

"I'll show you Mary Blaisdell's petition," I says; "and the names on it'll make you curl up and quit."

"Humph! I'll show you a petition for Abubus Payne, next postmaster of Ostable, with a string of names on it so long you'll die of old age afore you can finish readin' 'em. Bah!"

With that he went out and I went into the back room to wash my face in cold water.

I wrote the headin' to the Blaisdell petition afore I turned in that very night. Next mornin' I hurried over and, after consider'ble arguin', I got Mary to say she'd try for the place. All the rest of that day I put in drivin' from Dan to Beersheby, gettin' signatures. And I got 'em too—a schooner-load of 'em. I had the petition ready to show the Major that evenin'; but when he come into the store he had a petition too, just as long as mine. And the worst of it was, in a lot of cases the same names was signed to both papers. Accordin' to them petitions, the heft of Ostable folks wanted somebody to keep post-office and they didn't much care who. They wanted to please me and they didn't like to say no to the Major.

He was mad and I was mad—and we had another session. But he wouldn't cross the names off and neither would I; and so, after another week or so, both petitions went in as they was. All the good they seemed to do was that we each got a letter from the Post-Office Department and Mary Blaisdell was allowed to hold over her brother's place until somebody was picked out permanent. And every evenin' Major Clark come into the store to tell me Abubus was sure to win and get my predictions that Mary was as good as elected. One month dragged along and then another—and 'twas still a draw, fur's a body could tell.

However, old Ancient and Honorable Clark was workin' his wires on the quiet and I must give in that he pulled one on me that I wan't expectin'. The whole town had got sort of tired of guessin' and talkin' about the post-office squabble and had drifted back into the reg'lar rut of pickin' their neighbors to pieces. The Major had set 'em talkin' on a new line durin' the last fortnight. He'd been fixin' up his house and havin' the posy-beds seen to—and so forth. Likewise he'd bought an automobile—one of the nobbiest kind. This was somethin' of a surprise, 'cause afore that he'd been pretty much down on autos and did his drivin' around in a high-seated sort of buggy—"dog cart," he called it, though 'twas hauled by a horse and he hated dogs so that he kept a shotgun loaded with rock salt on his porch to drive stray ones off his premises.

"Who's goin' to run that smell-wagon of yours?" I asked him, sarcastic. He kept comin' to the store just the same as ever and we had our reg'lar rows. I cal'late we'd both have missed 'em if they'd stopped. I know I should.

"Humph!" he snorts. "Smell-wagon, hey? If it smells any worse than that old fish-dory of yours I'll have it buried for the sake of the public health."

By "fish-dory" he meant a catboat I'd bought. She was named the Glide—and she could glide away from anything of her inches in the bay.

"But who's goin' to run that auto?" I asked again. "'Tain't possible you're goin' to do it yourself? If she went by alcohol power I could understand; but ——"

"Hush up!" he says, forgettin' to be mad for once and speakin' actually plaintive. "Don't talk that way, Snow," says he. "If you knew how much I wanted a drink you wouldn't speak lightly of alcohol."

"Why don't you take one, then?" I wanted to know. "I believe 'twould do you good—that and a square meal. If you'd forget your prunes and your nutmeats and your quack-doctorin' ——"

He was mad then, all right! To slur at the "world-famous" was a good deal worse than murder, in his mind. He expressed his opinion of me, free and loud. He said I'd ought to try Doctor Conquest myself for developin' my brains. The doctor was pretty nigh a vegetarian, he said, and my head was mainly cabbage,—and so on. Incidentally he announced that Abubus was to run the new auto.

"Abubus!" says I. "Why, he don't know a gas-engine from a coffee-mill! He wouldn't know what the craft's for."



"You—You—You Tarry Old Imbecile!" He Hollers; "I'll Show You a Few Things. I'll Never Set Foot in This Rathole of Yours Again!"

"That's all right," he says. "He's been takin' lessons at the garage in Hyannis and he can run it like a bird. He knows what it's for. He-he! So do I. By-the-way, Snow, are you ready to give up the post-office to my candidate yet?"

"Give up?" says I. "Tut! tut! tut! I hate to hear a supposed sane man talk so. Mary Blaisdell handles the mail in the Ostable post-office for the next five years—longer, if she wants to."

"Bet you fifty she don't!" he says.

"Take the bet," says I.

He went out chucklin'. I wondered what he had up his sleeve. A week later I found out. Congressman Shelton, our district Representative at Washin'ton, come to Ostable to look the post-office situation over; and, lo and behold you! he comes as Major Cobden Clark's guest, to stay at his house.

When my partner, Jim Henry Jacobs, learned that, he took me to one side to give me some brotherly advice.

"It's all up for Mary now," he says. "She can't win. Clark and Shelton are old chums in politics. There's only one chance to beat Payne and that's to bring for'ard a compromise candidate—a dark horse."

"Rubbish!" I sung out. "Dark horse be hanged! Shelton's square as a brick. Nobody can bribe him."

"It ain't a question of bribin'," he says. "If it was, you could bribe too. Shelton is square and that's why he'd welcome a compromise candidate. But, if it comes to a fight between Mary Blaisdell and Abubus Payne, Abubus'll win because he's the Major's pet. Shelton knows the Major better than he knows you. Take my advice now and look out for the dark horse."

But I wouldn't listen. All the next hour I was ugly as a bear with a sore head; and along afore dinnertime I told Jacobs I was goin' for a sail in the Glide. "Goin' somewhere on salt water, where the air's clean and not p'isoned by politics and automobiles and Congressmen and Paynes," I told him.

I headed out of the harbor and then run, afore a wind that was fair but gettin' lighter all the time, up the bay. I sailed and sailed until some of my bad temper wore off and my appetite begun to come back. All the time I was settin' at the tiller I was thinkin' over the post-office situation; and, try as hard as I could to see the bright side for Mary Blaisdell, it looked pretty dark. The Major would give that Shelton man the time of his life and he'd talk Abubus to him to beat the cars. I couldn't get at the Congressman to put in an oar for Mary and—well, I'd have discounted my fifty-dollar bet for about seventy-five cents at that time.

I thought and thought, and sailed and sailed. When I come to myself and realized I was hungry the Glide was miles away from Ostable. I come about and started to beat back; then I saw I was in for a long job. Let alone that the wind was ahead, 'twas dyin' fast; and if I knew the signs of a flat calm there was one due in half an hour. I took as long tacks as I could, but I made mighty little progress.

On the second tack inshore I come up abreast of Jonathan Crowell's house at Heron P'int. Jonathan's just a no-account longshoreman or he wouldn't live in that place, which is the fag-end of creation. There's a twenty-mile stretch of beach and pines and such close to the shore there, with a road along it. The fust eight miles of that road is pretty good macadam and hard dirt. A land company tried to develop that section of beach once and they put in the road, but the land didn't sell and the company busted; and after that eight mile the road is just beach sand, soft and coarse. The strip of solid ground, with its pines and scrub-oaks, is, as I said afore, twenty mile long; but it's only half a mile or so wide. Between it and the main cape is a tremendous salt marsh, all cut up with cricks that nobody can get over without a boat. Jonathan's is the only house for the whole twenty mile, except the lighthouse buildin's down at the end. The land company put up a few summer shacks on speculation, but they're all empty and fallin' to pieces.

I knew Jonathan had gone to the banks fishin' and that his wife was visitin' over to Wellmouth; so, when the Glide crept in toward the beach and I saw a couple of folks by the Crowell house, I was surprised. I didn't pay much attention to 'em, however, until I was just about ready to put the helm over and stand out into the bay again. Then they come runnin' down to the beach, yellin' and wavin' their arms. I thought one of 'em had a familiar look; and as I come closer I got more and more sure of it. It didn't seem possible, but it was—one of them fellers on the beach was Major Cobden Clark!

"Hi-i!" yells the Major, hoppin' up and down and wavin' both arms as if he was practicin' flyin'. "Hi-i-i! You man in the boat! Come here! I want you!"

That was him all over. He wanted me, so of course I must come. I run the Glide in as nigh the beach as I dared and then fetched her up into what little wind there was left.

"Ahoy there, Major!" I sung out. "Is that you?"

"Hey?" he shouts. "Do you know —— Why, I believe it's Snow! Is that you, Snow?"

"Yes; it's me," I hollers. "What in time are you doin' 'way over here?"

"Never mind what I'm doin'!" he roared. "You come ashore here. I want you."

If I hadn't been so curious to know what he was doin' I'd have seen him in glory afore I'd ever thought of obeyin'

an order from him; but I was curious. While I was considerin', the breeze give a final puff and died out altogether. That settled it. I might as well go ashore as stay aboard. I couldn't get anywhere without the wind. So I hove anchor and dropped the mains'l.

"Come on!" he kept yellin'. "What are you waitin' for? Don't you hear me say I want you?"

I had on my long-legged rubber boots and the water wa'n't more'n up to my knees. When I got good and ready I swung over the side and waded to the beach.

"Hello, Maje!" I says, brisk and easy. "You ought not to holler like that. You'll bust a biler. Your face looks like a fire balloon already."

He mopped his forehead. "Shut up, you old fool!" says he. "Think I'm here to listen to a lecture about my face? You carry Mr. Shelton and me out to that boat of yours. We want you to sail us home."

So the other chap was the Congressman; I'd guessed as much. I went up to him and held out my hand.

"Pleased to know you, Mr. Shelton," says I. "Had the pleasure of votin' for you last fall."

Shelton shook and smiled. "This is Cap'n Snow, ain't it?" he says, his eyes twinklin'. "Glad to meet you, I'm sure. I've heard of you often."

"I shouldn't wonder," says I. "Major Clark and me are old chums and I cal'late he's mentioned my name at least once. Hey, Maje?"

The Major grinned, sort of sick. I grinned too, and Shelton laughed out loud.

"I never saw such a talkin' machine in my life," snaps Clark. "Don't stop to tell us the story of your life. Take us aboard that boat of yours. You've got to get us back to Ostable, and quick, too—d'you understand?"

"Have, hey?" says I. "I appreciate the honor, but—— However, maybe you won't mind tellin' me what you're doin' here, twelve miles from nowhere?"

The Major was too mad to answer, so Shelton did it for him.

"Well," he says, smilin' and with a wink at his partner, "we came in the Major's auto; but——"

He stopped without finishin' the sentence.

"The auto!" says I. "You came in the auto? Well, why don't you go back in it? What's the matter? Has it broke down? Humph! I ain't surprised; them things are always breakin' down—specially the cheap ones."

That stirred up the kettle. The Major gave me to understand that his auto cost six thousand dollars and was the best blessedly blank car on earth. It wa'n't the auto's fault. It hadn't broke down. It had stuck in the everlastin' sand and they couldn't get it out—that was the trouble.

"But Abubus can get it out, can't he?" says I. "Abubus runs it like a bird—you told me so yourself. Now a bird can fly; and if you want to get from here to Ostable in anything like a straight line you've got to fly. By-the-way, where is Abubus?"

Three or four more questions and a hogshead of profanity on the Major's part and I had the whole story. He and Shelton had started for a ride 'way up the Cape. They was cal'latin' to get home by eleven o'clock, but the machine went so fast that they got where they was goin' early and had time to spare. Shelton happened to remember that he'd sunk some money in the land company I mentioned and he thought he'd like to see the place where 'twas sunk. He asked Abubus if they couldn't run along the beach road a ways. Abubus hemmed and hawed, and didn't know for sure—he never was sure about anything; but the Major said course they could—that car could go anywhere. So they turned in 'way up by Sandwich and come bilin' down along shore. Long's the old land company road lasted they was all right; but when, 'runnin' thirty-five mile an hour, they whizzed off the end of that road, 'twas different! The automobile lit in the soft sand like a snowplow and stopped—and stayed!

They tried to dig it out with boards from Jonathan Crowell's pigpen, but the more they dug the deeper it sunk. At last they give it up; nothin' but a team of horses could haul that machine out of the sand. So Abubus starts to walk the ten or eleven miles back to civilization and livery stables, and the Major and Shelton waited for him. And the more they waited the hungrier and madder Clark got. 'Twas all Abubus' fault, of course! He ought to have had more sense than to run that way on that road anyhow. He ought to have known better than to get into that sand—a feller that had lived in sand all his life! He was an incompetent jackass! Well, I knew that afore; but it certainly did me good to hear the Major confirm my judgment.

I went over and looked at the automobile. It had always acted like a mighty-lively contraption, but now it looked dead enough. And not only dead but two-thirds buried.

"Well," fumes Clark, "how much longer have we got to stay in this hole?"

"It's consider'ble of a hole," says I, "and it looks to me as if she'd stay there till Abubus gets back with a pair of horses. Considerin' how fur he's got to tramp and how long it'll be afore he can get a pair, I cal'late the hole'll be occupied until some time in the night."

That wa'n't what he wanted and I knew it. Did I suppose he and Shelton was goin' to wait and starve until the middle of the night? No, sir; the auto could stay where it was; he and the Congressman would sail home with me in the Glide.

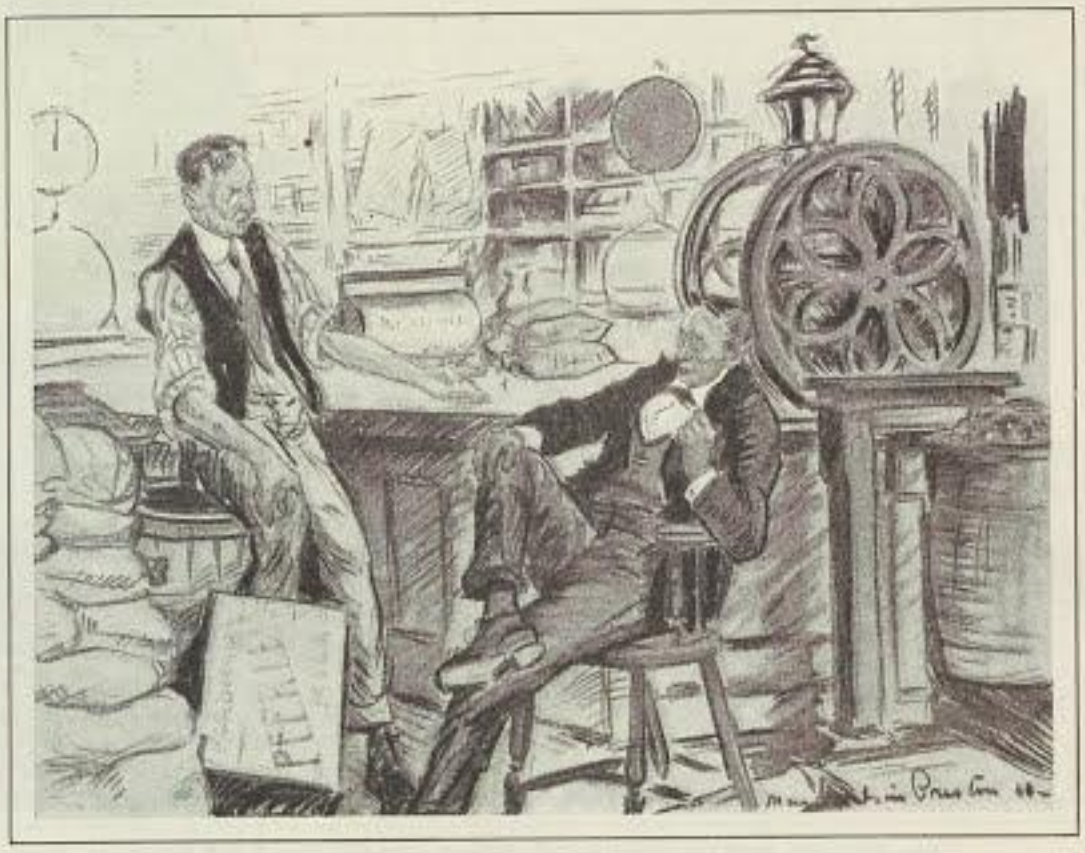
"I hope you ain't in any partic'lar hurry," says I, lookin' out over the bay. There wa'n't a breath of air stirrin' and the water was slick and shiny as a starched shirt. "The Glide runs by windpower—and there's no wind. This calm may last one hour or it may last ten. As long as it lasts, I stay where I am."

What? Did I think they would stay there just because I was too lazy to get my whoopety-bang fish dory under way—stay there and starve on that hot sand?

"Oh," says I, "I won't starve. I'm goin' to get dinner."

Dinner! The very name of it was like a life-preserver to a feller who'd gone under for the second time.

"Can you get us dinner?" roars the Major. "By George, if you can I'll——"



"It's All Up for Mary, Now. She Can't Win"

"Not for you, I can't," I says. "You live accordin' to the Payne schedule—on prunes and pecans and such. The prune crop round here is a failure and I don't see a pecan tree in Jonathan's back yard. No; any dinner I'd get would give you compound gallopin' dyspepsy; and I can't be responsible for your death—I love you too much! But I cal'late I can scratch up a meal that'll keep folks with common insides from perishin' of hunger. Anyhow, I'm goin' to try."

Well, sir, even the Major's guns was spiked for a minute. I cal'late that, for once, he'd forgot all about his dietizin' and only remembered his appetite. He gurgled and choked and glared. Afore he could get his artillery ready for a broadside I walked off and left him. He'd riled me up a little and I saw a chance to rile him back.

I went round to the back part of the Crowell house and tried the kitchen door. 'Twas locked, for a wonder; but the window side of it wasn't. I pushed up the sash and reached in far enough to unhook the door. Then I went into the house and begun to overhaul the supplies in the galley. I found flour and sugar, and salt and pepper, and coffee and butter, and canned milk and salt pork—about everything I wanted. Jonathan and me was friendly enough so's I knew he wouldn't care what I used so long as I paid for it. If he had I'd have taken the risk just then.

The woodbox was full and I got a fire goin' in the cookstove and put on a couple of kettles of water to heat. Then I went out to the shed and located a clam-hoe and a bucket. There was clams aplenty 'most anywhere along that beach and the tide was out fur enough for me to get a bucketful of small ones in no time. I fetched 'em up to the house and set down on the back stoop to open 'em.

The Major and Shelton was watchin' me all the time and they looked interested—that is, the Congressman did and Clark was doin' his best not to. Pretty soon Shelton walks over and asks a question.

"What are you doin' with those things, Cap'n Snow?" says he, referrin' to the clams.

"Oh," says I, cheerful, "I'm figgerin' on makin' a chowder if nothin' busts."

"A chowder!" he says, sort of eager. "A clam chowder? Can you?"

"I can—that is, I have made a good many; and I cal'late to make this one unless I'm struck with paralysis."

"A clam chowder!" he says again, sort of eager, but reverent. "By George! That's good—er—for you, I mean."

"I hope 'twill be good for you too," says I. "I'm sorry that Major Clark's dyspepsy's such that 'twon't be good for him; but that's his misfortune, not my fault."

Shelton looked sort of queer and went away to jine his chum. The two of 'em did consider'ble talkin' and the Major appeared to be deliverin' a sermon—at least, I heard a good many orthodox words in the course of it. I finished my clam openin' and went in and got my cookin' started. The flour and the butter made me think that some hot spider-bread would go good with the chowder, so I started to mix a batch. Then I got another idea.

'Twas blackberry season and out back of the shed, beyond the pines, was a little swampy place. I took a tin pail, went out there and filled the pail with high-bush blackberries in five minutes. As I was comin' back I noticed an onion patch in the garden. A chowder without onions is like a camp-meetin' Sunday without your best girl—pretty flat and impersonal—so I hauled a few.

After a short spell that kitchen begun to get fragrant and folksy, as you might say. The coffee was bilin', the chowder was ready, there was a pan of red-hot spider-bread on the back of the stove and a blackberry shortcake—'twould have been better with cream, but to skim condensed milk is more exercise than profit—in the oven. I'd opened all the windows and the door, so the smell drifted out and livened up the surroundin' scenery. Clark and Shelton were settin' on a sand hummock a little ways off and I could see 'em wrinklin' their noses.

When the table was set and everything was ready I put my head out of the window and hollered.

"Dinner!" I sung out.

There wa'n't any answer. The pair on the hummock stirred and acted uneasy, but they didn't move. I ladled out some of the chowder and the perfume of it got more pervadin' and extensive. Then I rattled the dishes and tried again.

"Dinner!" I hollered. "Come on! Chowder's gettin' cold." Still they didn't move, and I begun to think my fun had been all for myself. I was disapp'inted, but I set down to the table and commenced to eat. Then I heard a noise. The pair of 'em had drifted over to the doorway and was lookin' in.

"Hello!" says I, blowin' a spoonful of chowder to cool it. "Am I givin' a good imitation of a hungry man? If I ain't appearances are deceitful."

"Hog!" snarls Clark, with enthusiasm.

"Not at all," says I. "There's plenty of everything and Mr. Shelton's welcome. So would you be, Major, if there was anything aboard you could eat. I'm awful sorry about them prunes and nutmeats. I only wish Crowell had laid in a supply—I do so."

The Major's mouth was waterin' so he had to swallow afore he could answer. When he did I realized what he was at his best. Shelton didn't say a word, but the looks of him was enough.

"My, my!" says I. "I'm glad I made a whole kettleful of this stuff; I can use a grown man's share of it."

Shelton looked at Clark and Clark looked at him. Then the Major yelps at him like a sore pup.

"Go ahead!" he shouts. "Don't stand starin' at me like a cannibal! Go in and eat, why don't you?"

You could see the Congressman was divided in his feelin's. He wanted dinner worse than the Old Harry

(Continued on Page 28)

THE EFFICIENT SALAMANDER

He Puts Over Some Scientific Management on Kaidin & Sift

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



Sitting on a Stool at the Far End of the Factory, With His Feet Cocked Up on a Window-Sill

YOU see, Kaidin," said Isaac Sift to his partner Harris Kaidin, as they sat in the office of their waist factory one morning in April, "with all Mr. Salamander's money his boy is a loafer anyhow."

"What do you mean Philip Salamander is a loafer?" Kaidin protested.

"Couldn't you say a feller is a loafer when he gets twenty-five years of age, understand me, and he ain't earned a dollar so long as he lives?" Sift retorted.

"Why should he got to earn money?" Kaidin said. "In the first place, his father is a millionaire, pretty near, understand me; and in the second place, Philip is still going on the college."

"Sure I know," Sift rejoined. "There don't seem to be no end to that feller going on the college. When Mr. Salamander was twenty-five, Kaidin, he was *oser* going on the college, and his father wasn't exactly a *Schnorrer* neither, y'understand. Them Salamanders was always pretty well fixed, for people in the old country."

"*Gewiss*, well fixed for the old country," Kaidin commented. "People ain't considered poor in the old country till they go around the streets with their tongues hanging out from their mouths *mit* hunger yet. But, anyhow, that ain't here or there, Sift. What is it skin from our nose if Philip Salamander is a loafer *oder* he ain't a loafer. His father collects the rent from us just the same, and for my part he could spend it keeping his boy on the college if he wants to, Sift, so long as he don't raise it on us when our lease is up next month."

"Don't you be afraid for Salamander raising on us our rent, Kaidin," Sift replied. "Nowadays a feller which he is owning real estate is tickled to death supposing he is got only enough tenants to fill it, without he should go to work and raise rents on 'em. I ain't worried about that at all, and you would see, Kaidin, I would even ask him he should paint a little the office also, so much I am afraid for that feller."

He turned away and started for the factory, but hardly had he reached the doorway when he discerned the bulky form of Jacob Salamander approaching from the elevator.

"*Wie gehts*, Mr. Sift?" Salamander cried. After twenty years of house ownership he had adopted toward his tenants an attitude calculated to discourage requests for improvements. "Give 'em an inch and they would take a mile," was his motto; and the manner in which he enunciated, "*Wie gehts*, Mr. Sift?" made it not so much a greeting as a challenge.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Salamander?" Sift replied. Compared with the full round tones in which he had uttered his defiance a moment before, his voice had become reduced in timbre to that of an infant's prattle; and Mr. Salamander would never have guessed that his tenant harbored such revolutionary ideas as the painting of the office, had not Kaidin betrayed them.

"Nu, Sift," he said maliciously, "tell Mr. Salamander what you was just saying to me."

Salamander turned on Sift a beetling look and thrust his hand into his trousers pocket. It was a top, not a side pocket, and to Sift the gesture seemed to foreshadow the appearance of a blackjack.

"Why, I didn't say nothing," he declared tremulously. "All we was talking about was your boy Philip."

"Not that part," Kaidin interrupted. "I mean where you says you was going to get Mr. Salamander to paint for us the office."

Ordinarily this statement would have provoked from Salamander a bellowing demand to be informed whether or not the tenant wanted to be made a present of the house, free for nothing, and if he, the tenant, thought Salamander was crazy or what. Having put these rhetorical questions, Salamander would have proceeded to anathematize tenants in general and particularly those tenants who worked for years in a subcellar with two machines, understand him, and just so soon as they could afford to hire it a decent loft, they wanted the landlord be should put down for them Oriental rugs with mahogany partitions yet.

The mention of his son's name, however, seemed to mollify Salamander, so that he wrinkled his face in what he considered an amiable smile and the beetling look disappeared.

"Well, why not?" he said to Kaidin. "Why shouldn't I paint the office for youse two boys? You always paid your rent prompt to the day. Ain't it?"

Kaidin nodded gloomily. He thought that Salamander's urbanity was the prelude to the increase of that same rent.

"Certainly we always done our best," he said, "and sometimes it was pinching us pretty much."

Salamander made a gesture with his right hand indicating skepticism.

"You—pinched you!" he said. "Youse boys could stand paying me a whole lot more rent as you do."

"*Oser*," Sift moaned, turning pale.

"But, anyhow, I ain't going to raise you none, so you shouldn't be scared," Salamander continued. "I just stopped in to tell you something—an idee which I got it for you."

"For us?" Kaidin cried.

"That's what I said," Salamander continued. As a matter of fact, his visit had been in the nature of a fishing excursion to ascertain if Kaidin & Sift would move rather than stand a raise of rent, but the mention of his son's name had altered his plans. "Ain't you got a chair a feller could sit down on at all?"

"Zoitenly, Mr. Salamander," Sift exclaimed. "Kaidin, give Mr. Salamander a seat."

Kaidin drew forth a revolving chair and Salamander disposed his two hundred and fifty pounds in it with a heavy sigh.

"I see you boys take an interest in my boy," he began, and Kaidin could not forbear a shrug.

"Certainly we *like* the young feller," he said, in a manner implying that he never lay awake nights worrying about Philip's future.

"We take a big interest in him," Sift corrected, with an admonitory frown at his partner; "we think a whole lot of that boy."

"I'm glad to hear you say so," Salamander rejoined, "because I just made up my mind to one thing, boys. Philip is coming to work for you here *oder* I must got to raise the rent on you twenty dollars a month."

"But, Mr. Salamander," Sift protested, "we don't need no salesmen just now."

"I didn't say you did," Salamander retorted. "Philip ain't no salesman nor never would be."

"But we don't need no bookkeeper neither," Kaidin volunteered.

"Did I say you needed a bookkeeper, Kaidin?" Salamander asked with some asperity. "If I said you needed a bookkeeper, then you could say you don't need one, and not before."

Thereupon Sift saw a great light.

"Might you mean as a partner, maybe?" he cried, with a broad smile.

Salamander made an effort to remain calm.

"What d'ye mean—partner?" he roared. "D'ye think I would consider you—you—gentlemen to go as partners together with my Philip?"

It was plain that he employed the word "gentlemen" as a euphemism, and Kaidin resented it accordingly.

"Gentlemen we may be," he said, "but we ain't exactly *Schnorrers*, y'understand; and let me tell you, Mr. Salamander, your boy could do a sight worser as come in with us as a partner here."

Salamander began to think that he had gone too far, and his manner softened in proportion.

"Maybe he could and maybe he couldn't," he admitted; "but Philip don't want to go as a partner, he wants to go as a foreman."

"Foreman!" Sift exclaimed. "Why we already got it one foreman—a decent, respectable feller by the name Manesseh Agatstein."

"What has his name got to do with it?" Salamander said. "If you already got a foreman, that's your business, Sift. I am telling you my boy wants to come to work by you as foreman, and if the feller's name is Agatstein *oder* Goldstein *oder* Perlstein, you should get rid of him anyway and give my boy a show."

"What d'ye mean, give your boy a show?" Kaidin demanded. "Do you suppose for one single, solitary minute, even if you would raise the rent on us, that we would fire out of here a decent, respectable feller with a family, which he worked by us for ten years already, just on account your boy wants a job yet?"

Salamander glowered. "Say, lookyhere, Kaidin," he said, "you are acting altogether too independent around here. The way you are talking to me, you would think I was the tenant and you was the landlord."

Sift trembled visibly.

"Mr. Salamander is right, Kaidin," he murmured. "You do act fresh and it ain't *bekovel* to Mr. Salamander. Might if we took in Philip at first as assistant foreman—might he would work his way into Agatstein's job maybe. Them things takes time, Mr. Salamander, and you couldn't expect us we would bring into our place as foreman a feller like Philip, which he ain't got no business experience at all."

"Business experience!" Salamander retorted. "What d'ye mean the feller ain't got business experience? For three years now my Philip goes on the School of Commerce and Accounts, and what that feller don't know about business experience ain't written in books at all. The feller got at his finger ends everything there is to know about business experience."

"But ——" Sift began.

"But nothing," Salamander cried. "Make an end, Sift, because I am telling you right now Philip comes to work here Monday morning sure as assistant foreman, if you must have it that way. Wages is no object."

Sift turned to his partner.

"Did you hear that, Kaidin?" he said. "Wages is no object."

"What d'ye mean wages is no object?" Kaidin cried.

"Why, I mean you should pay him what you think he is worth," Salamander said. "If you couldn't give him



"What Do You Think We Are Running Here—a Rest Cure?"

twenty-five dollars a week, give him fifteen. The feller is simply crazy to be a foreman in a factory."

Kaidin grew suddenly furious.

"What the devil you are talking nonsense, pay the feller fifteen dollars a week?" he yelled. "You say fifteen dollars a week like Sift would be spending that much on neckties alone."

"All right," Salamander replied. "Give him ten. I am satisfied."

"I wouldn't give him five," Kaidin shouted, and Salamander rose to his feet. He held out his hand to Sift with a smile that seemed to rejoice over the successful termination of his errand.

"Then it's agreed that Philip comes to work as assistant foreman Monday morning," he said, "at four dollars a week."

Sift took his landlord's proffered palm and shook it limply, while Kaidin shrugged his shoulders in surrender.

"And while I'm about it," Salamander concluded, "you might just as well give me a check for the rent which is due the day after tomorrow, and I could kill two birds with one feather."

II

WHEN Sift, under pressure of his partner, had screwed up his courage to speak to Manessah Agatstein about Philip Salamander's hiring, by a singular coincidence Agatstein had just concluded a period of anxious cogitation sufficient to acquaint Sift with the news of Miss Bessie Feinson's impending discharge. Since Agatstein's resolve had the greater deliberation behind it, however, he managed to speak first.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Sift," he began, "if I am a foreman, I am a foreman, and if not otherwise. Ain't it?"

"You talk in riddles, Agatstein," Sift said.

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," Agatstein rejoined; "but if Miss Bessie Feinson would be a hundred times a cousin from your wife, Mr. Sift, I must got to say she is lazy like the dirt on the ground. Moreover, she got such a *Chutzpah*, understand me, that she wouldn't let me open my mouth to her at all."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" Sift asked.

"I want you should give me permission to fire her," Agatstein said.

"Fire her!" Sift cried in terrified accents. "Why, you don't know what you're talking about, Agatstein. It's true the girl is here only an operator, but if I was to fire Bessie Feinson, Agatstein, my wife would never let me hear the end of it. The thing is impossible."

Agatstein snorted indignantly.

"Of course, Mr. Sift, if we are running here a home for your wife's relatives, that's something else again," he said. "Me, I always thought we got it here a waist factory, and if that is the case, Mr. Sift, we must got to fire that girl, otherwise we might just as well close up the shop and be done with it."

Sift shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

"I don't see what you are always picking on that girl for, Agatstein," he said, sparring for time. "It isn't as if we would be paying her twenty dollars a week, or even fifteen dollars a week."

"No," Agatstein retorted, "but you are paying her twelve dollars a week, Mr. Sift, and not alone she is getting a whole lot more as the other girls, understand me, but she sets 'em also a bad example. She don't care what time she comes down here in the morning and she don't take it so particular what time she goes home neither. Furthermore, the way she fixes herself up you would think she was a model, not an operator, y'understand, and she goes so much on moving pictures, balls and parties, Mr. Sift, that the next day she couldn't do her work at all."

Sift distorted his face impatiently and flapped the air with his right hand.

"*Lass bleiben*, Agatstein," he said. "You make me crazy in the head with your kicking. What d'ye want the girl to be—an old woman?"

"I want her she should lift her hands when she works," Agatstein retorted. "Instead that she pays attention and guides the goods under the machine so"—here Agatstein made a dozen swift motions with his fingers—"she does it so." He moved his hand languidly four or five times. "She is a sleeper around here, Mr. Sift."

"*Nuk*, well! Give her another show," Sift said, "and if she don't improve none I'll talk to her myself and see what I could do."

He returned to the office where Kaidin awaited him.

"Well, Sift," Kaidin said, "did you tell him?"

Sift snapped his fingers impatiently.

"Why do you ask me such a thing at all?" he said evasively. "What did I go out there for?"

"How did he took it?" Kaidin inquired.

"Honestly, Kaidin, you ask me such foolishly questions which I couldn't answer at all," Sift retorted. "How should he took it?"

Kaidin raised his eyebrows.

"I don't know how he should took it," he said, "but the way he acted, Sift, he looked like he wasn't too pleased over it, and I don't blame him none."



"It Ain't Often I Get the Pleasure Twicet in One Day Yet"

"What difference does it make if he is pleased oder not, Kaidin?" Sift interrupted. "We done a big thing for ourselves when we decided we should hire that feller."

"*We* decided!" Kaidin cried with a guffaw.

"That's what I said," Sift continued, "and what is more you would soon agree with me too. Why, I met Mr. Salamander on Lenox Avenue last night and he shows me in the college paper is an article which this here young feller writes, such a smart young feller he is."

"Sure, I know," Kaidin said. "It's got a whole lot of influence on the operators that the foreman writes in the paper articles, Sift. Might he plays on the pianner, too, maybe. A feller like that *Schlemiel*, Aaron Saltpeter, or that girl which is your wife's a cousin, Sift, I suppose if they would find out that the foreman writes on the paper an article, Sift, they would get busy and do a little work once in a while. Ain't it?"

"The girl does the best she could," Sift mumbled, as he walked past Kaidin toward the cutting room. There he once more sought Agatstein, who stood with his arms akimbo, placidly hiccoughing away the uneasiness caused by a too hearty breakfast.

"Agatstein," Sift said with his eyes blinking rapidly and in husky tones, "comes tomorrow a feller by the name Salamander to work by us which you should teach him the business. Y'understand?"

Agatstein's attack of hiccoughs became cured immediately and he stared at his employer.

"What d'ye mean?" he said—"another operator?"

"Not an operator," Sift mumbled.

"Well, I ain't no salesman, Mr. Sift," Agatstein protested.

"I know you ain't," Sift replied, "but this here young feller wants to learn how to be a foreman."

"But you got one foreman here," Agatstein said.

"Sure, I know," Sift agreed; "but this ain't the only waist factory in New York, and the young feller wants to learn the business so he could get a job somewheres else."

Agatstein commenced to perspire with apprehension.

"Say, lookyhere, Mr. Sift," he said, "don't make me no bluffs. If you want to get rid of me say so, and I would look around for another job, because you know as well as I do, Mr. Sift, I got a wife and family, and if I would have some money in savings bank that would be something else again. But nowadays everything is so high, with rents and everything, that a feller like me don't stand no show at all."

"We ain't going to get rid of you, Agatstein," Sift protested.

"And then again, Mr. Sift, if you would get in your place a foreman which he got money, understand me, what is it? The first thing you know, Mr. Sift, he turns around and goes to work and starts up in opposition to you, and *gonvers* all your styles and customers and everything. Am I right or am I wrong?"

"Listen, Agatstein," Sift said. "I couldn't stand here and talk to you all day, understand me; but any time you don't want your job no longer, say so, and we would let you go. Otherwise, so long as you do your work around here, y'understand, you could stay with us just so long as you want to. Now are you satisfied?"

Agatstein nodded gloomily. Nevertheless, he was quite convinced that Sift's positive statement was subject to some mental reservation, and he sought the consolation and advice of no less a person than Aaron Saltpeter.

Aaron occupied the humble situation of a waist operator, more by reason of a taste for *tarrok* and pinocle than by reason of any lack of mental equipment, and Agatstein respected his judgment accordingly.

"Well, Saltpeter," he said, "I guess I am up against it pretty soon here."

"What d'ye mean?" Aaron ejaculated. "You are going to get fired?"

Once more Agatstein nodded.

"But how could they fire you?" Saltpeter asked. "You are a first-class, A-number-one foreman, Agatstein, and you work hard here."

"Sure, I know, but what's that got to do with it?" Agatstein said. "If the boss says you are fired, you are fired, and that's all there is to it."

"Not when you got a yearly hiring contract," Saltpeter corrected.

"But I ain't got no yearly contract, Saltpeter."

"No?" Saltpeter said. "What's the reason you ain't?"

Agatstein shrugged.

"Why, everybody's got a yearly hiring contract nowadays," Saltpeter went on; "operators, buttonhole-makers, pressers got it yearly contracts, Agatstein—verbal contracts in the presence from witnesses."

"What d'ye mean, in the presence from witnesses?" Agatstein said. "I ain't got no witnesses."

"*Schmoos!* You ain't got no witnesses!" Saltpeter exclaimed. "All you need to got is a smart lawyer, Agatstein. For a ten-dollar bill a smart lawyer could find a dozen witnesses willing to swear they seen Jonah in the whale's belly, understand me, and that the plaintiff was there also, and that Jonah says to the plaintiff he would take the premises for two years at three hundred and sixty dollars rent a year, payable monthly in advance. Witnesses you could always get, Agatstein. The trouble is, another job you couldn't get it so easy."

Agatstein sighed heavily. He was about to inquire the name of some lawyer of Saltpeter's acquaintance, when he observed Kaidin's presence in the cutting room. He moved away and the next moment he stood behind Miss Bessie Feinson, whose machine was temporarily idle.

"*Nu!*" he cried. "What do you think we are running here—a rest cure?"

Miss Feinson made no reply. Her relations with Agatstein were conducted on the principle that one could afford to ignore the impertinence of a social inferior. Hence Bessie tossed her well-shaped head, and since this involved the displacement of two hairpins and a sidecomb she adjusted them with both hands in an attitude of careless indifference. To be sure there was something attractive about this posture, for Bessie possessed all the charms of an Andalusian as depicted on the posters of Broadway musical comedies. That is to say, her eyes and hair were glossy black, and her figure was molded on the generous proportions that to the theatrical lithographer's eye are typical of Iberia. The picture she presented, however, was completely lost on Agatstein, who snorted indignantly.

"Say, lookyhere," he demanded, "are you going to work or ain't you?"

And for answer Miss Feinson lifted the snowy material that billowed over her lap to the floor and carelessly inserted one end under the machine needle. Then under the disgusted surveillance of her foreman she switched on the power and languidly conducted the operation of sewing up a seam. It was not until Agatstein had disappeared into the cutting room that she again suspended her labor and resumed an interrupted conversation.

"And after the movings closed up, Sadie," she said, "he took Ray and me to a restaurant."

"I wonder at you, you are running around the streets with strange young fellers late at night," Sadie remarked stiffly. There was nothing of the Andalusian about Sadie, either in appearance or temperament.

"Ray was along," Bessie said, pouting her red lips.

"That don't make no difference," Sadie retorted. "For a young lady to go on restaurants with strange fellers ain't proper, even if Ray's mother was along even."

"Ain't it?" Bessie snapped, as she bent over her machine. "Well, maybe if I was as plain like you, Sadie, I would think that way too."

Sadie ignored her neighbor's repartee.

"What did he call himself?" she asked.

"He didn't call himself nothing," Bessie concluded. "He was a gentleman by the name ——"

It was at this interesting juncture that Agatstein reappeared from the cutting room. "*Koosh!*" he bellowed, and the buzzing of Sadie's machine drowned the remainder of Bessie's sentence.

III

PHILIP SALAMANDER possessed none of the ambition that crowds the law list and medical register with young men of moneyed parentage. Indeed, if he had been asked to adopt a profession he would have chosen

unhesitatingly the occupation of passenger on a steam yacht, and he had selected the School of Commerce and Accounts as the scene of his post-academic labors merely because law, medicine and engineering looked too much like hard work.

At last, when Philip's twenty-fifth birthday made it patent to even so doting a parent as Jacob Salamander that Philip was a confirmed undergraduate, there was a stormy scene over the breakfast table, and he was told firmly but not kindly that he had come to the end of his scholastic tether.

"A big, lowlife bum like you should never done a stroke of work so long as you lived," Jacob had declared. "Ain't it a shame for the people?"

"Aw, what's biting you all of a sudden?" Philip had retorted. "Ain't I doing my best?"

"Otherwise than scribbling a few words something for that rubbishy paper on the college, I don't see what you are learning over there at all," Jacob continued. "Bookkeeping you don't know, and a salesman you never would be so long as you live. What is the use you are fooling away your time there? If you must loaf, loaf at home, and I could anyhow save a couple of hundred dollars them suckers charge me every year for your nonsense over there."

"You give me a pain," Philip rejoined. "I've told you a hundred times I'm specializing on scientific management."

"What do you mean, ziontific management?" Jacob demanded, whereat Mrs. Salamander burst into tears.

"After all this time," she wailed, "we are doing our best for you, Philip, and then you are telling us this!"

"Other young fellers at your age is got wives and children," Jacob added, "and good businesses also. What I want to know is: never mind this ziontific management, when are you going to quit being a loafer and go to work?"

Philip shrugged his shoulders despairingly.

"All right," he said, in a manner implying that the responsibility for the shattering of a brilliant academic career rested with his parents. "All right, I give up. Find me a job as foreman with one of those tenants of yours and I'll go to work."

"What for a job is foreman in a shop?" Mrs. Salamander asked tearfully.

"Never mind," Salamander said; "it's anyhow a job."

And thus the interview between Jacob Salamander and Kaidin & Sift, above set forth, had its inception. To be sure, the possible necessity of going to work had often suggested itself to Philip and he had occasionally dwelt on aviation as a calling that gives the maximum of return for the minimum of labor. The selling of automobiles also appealed to him as a life full of generous commissions coupled with demonstration rides along the Connecticut shore; but it was not until he had attended a lecture on Shop Management that he made tentative choice of an occupation.

According to the lecturer, a modern foreman observes the labors of his workmen and induces each one to use his best endeavor, all his technical knowledge, his skill, his ingenuity and his good will, so as to yield the largest possible return to his employer. From this it is plain that the heavy work falls entirely on the laborer, while the foreman does merely the inducing part, smoking cigarettes the while and wearing neat but serviceable clothing. At the same time the lecturer assured his students that scientific managers of men were paid generous salaries by the large industrial plants that employed them, and although the factory of Kaidin & Sift could not by any stretch of the imagination be termed a large industrial plant, Philip reflected when his father had acquainted him with the opening in their shop that, after all, everything must have a beginning.

Hence he started for the business premises of his new employers at half-past eight on the Monday morning following his hiring, in the highest possible spirits and an oxford-gray suit with a quiet hair-line pattern, which his tailor had made hurriedly for the occasion. Nevertheless, it was an excellent fit, and with the dark-blue tie he had selected for that morning's wear he flattered himself that he looked extremely businesslike. Even the elder Salamander, accustomed as he was to the quality of Philip's ordinary attire, was impressed by its soberness; but when they entered Kaidin & Sift's establishment and the thirty-odd females caught sight of Philip, work was entirely suspended.

"My Gawd!" Bessie Feinson exclaimed to Sadie. "What shall I do?"

Sadie turned to her neighbor whose red cheeks were temporarily blanched.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I told him my name is Hortense Raymond and I am working as a bookkeeper by a big real-estate concern," Bessie said, "and he is coming in here now. We got a date for tonight even."

"Who's got a date?" Sadie inquired.

"Jack Wilson and me," Bessie replied. "The young feller which is just coming in here. He's an actor."

Sadie sniffed.

"Is that Jack Wilson?" she asked, and Bessie nodded.

"Well, then I wouldn't worry myself none," Sadie concluded, "because his name ain't Jack Wilson at all and he's just so much an actor as Aaron Saltpeter is. I heard 'em talking this morning, Mr. Kaidin and Mr. Agatstein, and they says he's Philip Salamander and he comes to work here as assistant foreman."

Five minutes later Agatstein sought his employers in the office.

"Mr. Sift," he said, "I would like to speak to you a few words something."

"Come right in, Agatstein," Kaidin called cheerfully. "I want you to meet Mr. Philip Salamander which he is coming to help you out here."

"*Aber* Mr. Sift," Agatstein replied in agitated tones. "I ain't got no time now."

"Don't be scared, Agatstein," Kaidin said encouragingly.

"I couldn't help it," Agatstein replied. "Might the girl is dead already."

"What!" Kaidin and Sift cried with one voice, and they immediately followed Agatstein on the run to the end of the factory. It was not until a quarter of an hour had elapsed that Kaidin came back and sat down at his desk.

"Oo-ee! What a *Schreck* that girl gives me!" he said.

"What was the trouble?" Salamander inquired.

"Only an operator goes to work and faints on us," Kaidin replied. "A girl by the name Bessie Feinson, which she is some sort of relations to Sift's wife. They want to send her home, but I says not. That girl wastes too much time around here."

"Quite right," Philip said. "When you're running a factory, Mr. Kaidin, you oughtn't to let sentiment interfere with business."

"I don't," Kaidin said, "and I expect a feller should work hard around here whether he looks like a *takef* or a slob. It makes no difference to me. So come along now, Salamander, and I'll show you the shop."

"You've got the wrong idea about that, Mr. Kaidin," Philip said as they started out of the office. "A foreman ought to dress well."

"What d'ye mean a foreman ought to dress well?" Kaidin asked.

"Part of the discipline of a shop," Philip replied. "It impresses the workmen and—hello! You've got just the thing here that scientific management says you shouldn't have. You've got too many work-people in one room."

Salamander Senior glanced nervously from his son to Kaidin. He was beginning to think that Philip's self-confidence was founded not so much on the principles of scientific management as on his habitual impudence, of which Mr. Salamander had long experience.

"*Na*, Philip," he said, "you are talking like a fool. I got here in the building six waist manufacturers and they all got the same size shop."

"That may be," Philip retorted, "but my idea is that we don't need a larger shop; we need less operators to turn out the work."

Here they were joined by Isaac Sift and Manesseh Agatstein, who had revived Bessie Feinson sufficiently to permit her return to her machine, for Bessie's swoon had been patterned after a popular motion-picture film entitled, Enoch Arden; or, The Husband's Return. Indeed, Bessie had cherished the hope that Philip Salamander might chafe her hands, as was done to the unconscious Annie in the film; but, instead, Agatstein had poured a glass of icewater over her to the utter extermination of her pompadour, and her indignation was such that Sift ordered her back to the machine in default of immediate dismissal.

"Do you mean to told us," Agatstein said, "that we could get along with less work-people than we got?"

"I sure do," Philip replied, as he looked carefully at the long room of operators. "Now here, for example, is a feller"—he pointed to Aaron Saltpeter—"who is working like—well, like hell; and he's making enough motions with his hands and fingers to operate six machines."

"That's all right," Agatstein said; "he's turning out just so much work like six of them other operators."

"Just listen to me till I get through," Philip rejoined, and he led the way to where sat the depompadoured Bessie. "Now here is a girl who is doing her work with two motions of her hands to that other fellow's six. Is that right?"

Bessie glowered at the unconscious Philip, who remained entirely unmoved, for he saw in her not the slightest resemblance to the fashionably attired bookkeeper whose very existence, indeed, he had temporarily forgotten. She speeded up her machine by way of relieving her outraged feelings, but the habit of inserting the material under the needle with as little exertion as possible made it impossible to increase the number of motions necessary to her work, and in consequence she was sewing up the unfinished waist just three times as fast as Aaron Saltpeter.

"That's what I mean," Philip declared. "Now if all your workmen were to construct one waist with one-third the operations that they at present employ, it stands to reason that either they could manufacture three times the present number of waists, or you could cut down your working force two-thirds and still turn out as many goods."

Kaidin and Sift first stared at each other and then gazed on Agatstein, who began to perspire gently, for all three comprehended at once the simplicity and reasonableness of Philip's theory. As for Jacob Salamander, he grew nearly apoplectic with pride.

"That's an idee, Kaidin!" he exclaimed with pride. "What?"

"The idee is all right," Kaidin admitted, "but will it work out?"

"Why not?" Sift asked. "Of course it's going to take a little time, understand me, but it could be done."

Agatstein by this time was fairly streaming, and for the moment his thoughts wandered far from scientific management. He clearly saw that it was only a matter of a very short time when the formulator of so brilliant an idea must supplant him in the capacity of foreman.

"Me, I am always doing my best here, gentlemen," he said; "and certainly you got to remember I am a married man with a family."

"What's that got to do with it?" Kaidin exclaimed. "We are asking you if you think you could make the other operators turn out a waist the way this here Bessie Feinson is doing it now?"

"Sure, sure!" Agatstein cried. "Why not?"

"Well, go ahead and do it," Kaidin said, "and start in right now with Saltpeter."

Kaidin turned to Saltpeter who, driven to the necessity of making good a *tarrok* debt incurred by him on the previous evening, was working at his machine so assiduously that he had not even noticed the presence of strangers in his vicinity.



"Loafer!" He Bellowed. "What are You Doing Here?"

"Saltpeter," Kaidin cried. "Come here once and sit down at Sadie's machine."

Sadie rose from her seat and Saltpeter took her place.

"Now go ahead, Agatstein," Kaidin commanded. "Show him."

"But, Mr. Kaidin," Agatstein protested, "I——"

"'Senough, Agatstein," Kaidin roared. He was fairly dancing with impatience to test the efficacy of Philip's theory.

"Now, Saltpeter," he said, "look at Bessie and see how she is fixing that waist. Go ahead, Bessie. Don't stop."

Saltpeter examined critically his neighbor's work.

"What for a way of running a machine is that?" he asked.

"Nobody asks you your opinion, Saltpeter," Kaidin retorted. "All we want you to do is to see if you can run your machine the same way."

"I run my machine in my own way, Mr. Kaidin," Saltpeter said, "and always up to now I am giving satisfaction."

"Listen, Saltpeter," Sift pleaded. "Make us no lectures here, please. Do what we ask you."

Sift walked behind Saltpeter and seized him gently by the shoulder.

"Now watch out how Bessie holds her hands," he said. "The right hand is so."



"The Trouble With You Fellers is You Never Read a Book About Business in All Your Life, and Never Would"

Here he placed Saltpeter's right hand on one side of the needle.

"And the left hand is so," Sift continued, and placed Saltpeter's left hand on the other side of the needle. "Now start her up."

"But, Mr. Sift ——" Saltpeter said.

"But nothing!" Kaidin said, kicking the switch. Instantly Saltpeter's machine began to operate rapidly and a moment later he emitted an agonized shriek as his right hand was carried under the needle. During the confusion that followed Bessie Feinson fell backward to the floor in a manner entirely foreign to moving-picture films, and it was Philip who picked her up in his arms and bore her to the office. As they reached the doorway she began to revive.

"Jack, Jack," she moaned, and clung tightly to Philip's neck.

"Hortense!" Philip exclaimed, and then he sat down in Kaidin's chair while Bessie secured a firmer hold on his neck. After ten minutes, during which many events were going forward, Jacob Salamander entered the office.

"It's all right," he said, "the feller is more frightened as hurt."

At this juncture he caught sight of Philip and Bessie.

"Loafer!" he bellowed. "What are you doing here?"

(Continued on Page 40)

The Greatest of These is Charity

By ROBERT SHACKLETON

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE greatest part of modern charity is still essentially medieval—without that close interdependence of superior and inferior which was the best part of medievalism. Judge charity by results—as everything ought to be judged—and it will seem to be lamentably inadequate. The sums given are vastly greater than ever before, both comparatively and absolutely; millions are dispensed where formerly there were only thousands; and the benevolent institutions of our country are almost double in number what they were twenty years ago; yet there is no lessening of the total of need. It is still true that the poor we have always with us; but it should always be kept in mind that this was not meant to be prophecy, but the bald statement of a regrettable fact.

There has been curious carelessness on the part of many of the great charity givers. There have been many rich men who, after deeming no care too great in the making of money, have been unwilling to devote care to the finer task of giving it away. It has been as if, after spending a laborious life in picking up dollars, they proceed at the last to throw the dollars ostentatiously out of the window. Many a well-intentioned will has proved ineffective.

A few years ago one of the great moneymakers of the East lay dying. His name had become known throughout the country as that of a shrewd and astute financier. This millionaire had made his way up from humble beginnings and had watched his fortune grow dollar by dollar.

At length, however, the time approached when he could use the money no longer. To one or two of his close friends he had spoken of a scheme of rivaling, for girls, the splendid endowment of Stephen Girard for boys. He died; and it was found that he had not left so much as had been anticipated for the rival to Girard, but that he had done a great deal, for half a million was set down for land and buildings for a home for the dependent orphan daughters of Masons. But he had put the matter off for so many years that he died within thirty days of signing, thus making the bequest inoperative under state law. Careless enough, that; but his immediate heirs decided to carry out his wish as if he had legally expressed it, and beautiful buildings were put up and the doors were thrown open for the reception of the dependent orphan daughters.

However, there seemed to be none, Masons as a class not leaving dependent orphan daughters, as the astute financier could, with little trouble, have learned. From time to time, within a few years, a girl was found; and then it was decided to include dependent widows of Masons. More time passed; and it was at length decided that it need not be absolutely necessary that the beneficiaries be connected with Masons at all. And, though much good will continue to be done under the bequest, it will not be quite along the lines intended.

The great success of the Girard beneficence stimulated, a few years ago, another rich man to imitation. Three-quarters of a century after his death the name of Stephen Girard is still held in honor; and this naturally leads present-day folk to desire permanency of honorable remembrance. This other rich man willed that, after the death of his wife, his fortune should go for the founding and upkeep of a school and home for Pennsylvania girls, who should merely be poor and white and healthy, and have neither father nor mother living. Other millions were to go for maintenance. The man died and was gathered to his fathers; whereupon it was pointed out that the dependent white orphan girl has, at least in a few of the eastern states, become as extinct as the dodo—needy orphan girls being amply cared for by agencies already existent; and the courts have been asked to break the will on the ground that its provisions are such as cannot be carried out. The whole thing is a muddle because of the futility of good intentions without careful investigation and planning. Nothing seems certain except that the millions will never be used as their owner intended.

If testators could but get away from the idea that a child, to be the object of charity, must be a golden-haired orphan, it would open the way to far more good in the world. There is too much of the natural tendency to follow trammeling tradition in this regard and ignore the needs of other dependent children, at least until they become criminal or are deserted. Quite recently a woman in Albany killed her child because she saw no way to care for it; a woman in Cleveland killed herself because she saw no way to care for a child that she had, in pity, adopted. Doubtless capable agencies existed; but these women did not know how to make the proper appeal. And this points out the most serious and fatal defect of charity—that it makes too little effort to discover need that does not come knocking at the door. Yet it is plain enough, much of it, for those who look with their hearts as well as their eyes.

Every part of the country can point to its careless testatory millionaire, large in charitable intent and small in realization. Colorado recently had such a case. And in one of the finest cities of the Northwest there recently converged into a fund, through the separate wills of husband, wife and daughter, who had worked in harmony for this end, several million dollars for the relief of the poor of the city. There is no great number of positive poor there, however, it being a cheerful and prosperous place; and the citizens, realizing what might have been accomplished for the public good had the wills been differently phrased, freely express their dread that the only real result of the untoward beneficence will be the drawing to the city of shiftless undesirables who intend to qualify for the benefits.

In a part of one eastern city quite away from the center of business and the center of population there stands a magnificent library building that cost over a million dollars and is heavily endowed for maintenance. It is the work—and, of course, a work most admirable in intent—of a man whose family had lived in the city through several generations; but his knowledge of the city did not keep him from making another of the mistakes of millionaires and leaving money to comparatively poor advantage. From time to time I have been at that library and each time marveled at its hopeless misplacement, for I have rarely seen more than one or two visitors besides myself; and I have been there when I was the only one. Yet that library might have been made of great public benefit by better judgment on the part of the testator as to location, or by securing the exercise of more intelligent judgment on the part of the trustees.

A few years ago a New Englander, dying, desired by will that the income of his fortune be expended for the benefit of indigent spinster seamstresses of two small towns in the East.

In this case there was so much of originality—so much, indeed, of suggested romance of one kind or another—that it is with a great deal of disappointment one learns that, after hopeless efforts to find sufficient indigent spinster seamstresses in these two towns, the quixotically planned bequest (another case of where there's a will there's a waste) has become the laughing-stock of charitable workers; and the courts are expected to step in and direct the course of expenditure along whatever lines may chance to seem best.

The entire field of charity is full of surprises; and this fantastically circumscribed bequest to seamstresses brings to mind one of the greatest surprises of all—something that I wonder has not been seized upon by suffragets as an argument for enfranchisement—the fact that women are far from constituting the majority of the helpless and needy; for most of the recipients of charity are not women and girls, but men and boys! Of the inmates of charitable institutions for people needing permanent care there are three times as many men as there are women. In the almshouses of the country there are almost twice as many

men as women. And the reports of institutions giving temporary relief show the same or greater preponderance of male recipients.

It should not be thought that only the very rich are careless in gifts for charity; it is only that one notices the big bequests more than the little ones. In one of our larger eastern cities a testator, a century or so ago, left a few thousand dollars for charity, and with bizarre ingenuity specified that the beneficiaries were to be widows—"white and respectable and American-born"—whose husbands had died within one small specified section of the city. The testator never stopped to think that his little fortune of eight thousand dollars or so might grow, as it has, to the fair size of some one hundred and seventy thousand dollars. With his few thousands he was as careless and as dictatorial as others are with their millions, and even specified what form his beneficence should take—that of fuel. If it had not been that, in being so pharisaically eager to do good only for the "respectable," he forgot altogether to say "needy," those who are carrying out the old will would find few if any objects to benefit by it; but, as it is, many a ton of coal is dumped annually into the cellars of comfortable households. It seems to be astonishingly easy for vaulting charity to o'erleap itself and to prove useless, though on every hand there is illimitable want.

The Benjamin Franklin Funds

THERE has already been an awakening of a few of the wealthy charitable to the fact that methods different from those of unintelligent heedlessness are desirable. At present this newer charity is passing through the stage of extensive investigation and the publication of books, and gives promise of doing much good, especially along certain lines of poverty prevention. The average millionaire, however, still looks around for some rich institution to make richer or plans to start a rich one with his own name attached; he is bent on making a monument—forgetting that "charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up." The average charity giver is so far from doing good by stealth that he rushes to make it fame.

Even when the charity is well chosen and the plan of beneficence is carefully thought out, the good of it all depends on the administration; and the sad fact is that it is so difficult to provide with any assurance for proper administration. For, though there is nowadays a great amount of admirably trained and unselfish effort in charitable work, there is much of the reverse. The smallness of results compared with immensity of investment is plainly to be seen in almost any of the huge benefactions. The charitable mountain labors and brings forth a mouse!

The other day, with a man high in charity administration, I went over the totals of public and private charities, so far as they could be estimated, for the entire United States; and we looked at each other, startled, when we found that there seemed to be an expenditure of a billion dollars a year! Now nothing can be more certain than that it ought not to be possible to spend anything even approaching a billion dollars a year and yet leave so much need unsatisfied!

There ought, indeed, to be a new conception of charity. If it could be made to include public good as well as private benefit it would be infinitely more worth while. The effort of Mr. Rockefeller to have a hundred million dollars accepted by the Government as a permanent foundation for "the acquisition and dissemination of knowledge, the prevention of suffering, and the promotion of any and all the elements of human progress" seems ideally admirable; but one realizes the immense dangers possible from a nontaxable fortune, starting so hugely that in a few years it would be of overshadowing size! After all, the orotund phraseology of intent does not hide the fact that to trustees would be left all the interpretation and execution of the plan—all the decision as to what constitutes human progress and what means would best prevent suffering. Only men who would be unswayed by the possession of such immense financial power, and of a genius for giving money equal to that of a Rockefeller for making money, could safely be allowed to administer such a trust.

It seems to me that certain bequests of that wisest of Americans, Benjamin Franklin, point out not only how even a wise testator may err but how administration of his will may fall short of what is intended.

Franklin created, in 1790, a fund for Philadelphia and a similar one for Boston. The income was to be loaned to young married artificers who had served an apprenticeship and "faithfully fulfilled the duties required in their indentures." For the money loaned, each young married man was to furnish two securities that he would pay the money back in ten annual payments.

Wise man though he was, Franklin did not anticipate the doing away of the apprentice system, or the changing social and economic conditions that would render his specified rate of interest and his plan for securities and annual payments unattractive. It need not be wondered at that the two funds did not grow so large as he expected.

At the expiration of the hundred years the greater part of each city's fund was to be expended in public works of general utility, such as "fortifications, bridges, aqueducts, public buildings, baths, pavements, or whatever may make living in the town more convenient to its people and render it more agreeable to strangers." It would seem that nothing could be more certain than that in 1890 the greater part of the fund should be spent for some useful public service; but it was quite a number of years after 1890 before Boston got around to using the money, and, though over twenty years have passed, Philadelphia has not yet got beyond the planning stage. Every city can show examples of utterly causeless waits of ten, twenty or thirty years before the bequest of some well-intentioned man begins its intended use. And, after beginning, it is always a question how it is to be carried on. When the bequests of so great and wise a man as Franklin can fail—at least partially—one need not be surprised to find that, until recently, the trustees of one college held that, though the boys ought to be instructed in navigation, as the founder directed, they must learn it within the college walls, without being permitted to go and study ships!

Charity Without Common-Sense

ONE hundred and fifty years ago there was a small bequest made, in one of the largest of our cities, "for ye use and service of ye almshouses belonging to ye said city and for ye reliefe of ye poor people in the same forever." The bequest amounts now to fifteen hundred dollars and brings in a trifle over fifty dollars a year. Still, fifty dollars could give some degree of "reliefe"; but the last annual report shows an expenditure for the year of about four dollars—and that was for "expenses."

A century ago a fund was started whose income was to "be laid out in premiums to be distributed among ingenious men and women who make useful inventions—and along with which shall be given a copper medal." That fund amounts to not far from one hundred thousand dollars, and one would expect constant rewards to be given, for there is a constant succession of useful inventions, little and big; but the last report shows: "Miscellaneous expenses, one hundred and fifty-seven dollars; advertising, engraving, etc., one hundred and eighty-five dollars"—and for the men and women who make useful inventions only twenty dollars!

"Charity doth not behave itself unseemly." One wonders just what Saint Paul had seen that made him set that down. It is scarcely possible, however, that he ever saw an unseemliness so positively infernal as that shown in the inquiry room of one of the great charities of the East by a woman of wealth who is given great credit for her personal interest in the work; for this woman, sitting in self-satisfied vanity, halts poor applicants as they approach her throne; and, as they stand humble and abashed, she shames and mortifies them by spraying them thoroughly with an atomizer. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing."

Although charity should become broader in scope than it ever has been, it ought to be remembered that individual need has not decreased. The news of the day, as read in the daily press, amply points out need for philanthropy.

I remember a man who was dying from starvation in Washington Square, in New York. It was Sunday; he had seated himself on a bench, looking up at the fronts of the mansions of aristocracy, and had resigned himself to die while the chimes of Grace Church were calling to service. A little later, in the hospital, he whispered to me his tale: how he had tramped to the city, tramped about the city, spent his little money, met rebuff after rebuff, found a penny that kept life in a little longer—and then made ready for the end. Less than a week ago I noticed that a man who had been out of work died from starvation on a Philadelphia street. Only this week, on Broadway, a pitifully forlorn woman was arrested for trying to sell gum without a pedler's license. It seems that her husband, a consumptive, is in Colorado, and she had been left to do what she could with two tiny children—one a babe in her arms.

There are so many ways in which help can be given that individual idiosyncrasies can readily be followed.

To many a man a clean shave is worth a hundred dollars; a clean shirt may mean the turning point of a life. I remember seeing two good-looking young men washing their handkerchiefs at the fountain in City Hall Park, in New York, one cold morning, and then going over to the near-by post-office to dry them on the radiators.

How Peace Slays Her Multitudes

ONE of the checks on charity is the belief that its acceptance will degrade the recipient; but the withholding of help may embitter his nature, starve him—perhaps even kill him! After all, the rich young man who, because a college is heavily endowed, gets his education at small cost, is accepting private charity as much as is the poor devil who mumbles a furtive request for a dime. Yet I never heard that any one considered the men of a richly endowed college degraded! After all, the very existence of the world, of social organization, depends at bottom on mutual helpfulness; and it is a preposterous pity that so much of helpfulness is expected to stop before it reaches those who need it most, from fear of degrading them!

An unhappy condition is that the very progress that makes the country rich and produces millionaires bears within it the cause of a great part of the need for charity—for railroads and mines, mills and factories, automobiles and trolley cars are killing and maiming daily. Our railroads alone, in a single year, kill and wound more than did Waterloo or Gettysburg. War slays her thousands, while Peace, in her various forms of civilized activity, slays her ten thousands.

Assistance in tiding over periods of disaster in families; assistance in holding families together rather than feeling pride in the number of children that can be forced from their parents and sent out to new homes; the encouragement of the present-day tendency toward doing away with institutions that segregate the needy or miserable under one roof—such are some of the things that could well be aimed at. And I like the thoughtfulness of that testator who, just a few years ago, in one of the cities of the Great Lakes, left many millions to help people who not only were not to be gathered into an institution but who were not even to have it known, outside of a very small administrative circle, that they were receiving help.

To remove or diminish some great cause of poverty—assuredly that would be a noble and farreaching work! And stronger, probably, than any other single cause is the increasing congestion of our cities, caused by increasing immigration and the flight cityward from farms.

Immigrants now come in at an average total of a million a year. The great majority are from European farms or villages, which makes the absurdity the more apparent

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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

How They Handle the Immigration Problem

By Albert J. Beveridge

ILLUSTRATED BY B. CORY KILVERT

HERE are figures that tell a story and describe a policy—a story of the human element in the building of two nations; a policy of the compounding of two peoples.

Canada's population is about seven million five hundred thousand. For eleven months, ending February twenty-eighth of the present year, the total immigration to Canada was two hundred and seventy-one thousand three hundred and ninety-two persons. The population of the United States is about ninety millions. During this same eleven months the immigrants admitted to the United States were nine hundred and six thousand one hundred and twenty-five in number.



Whose Fathers Were Tillers of the Soil Before Them

Of these more than two hundred and seventy thousand who entered Canada, however, about two hundred and eleven thousand were from the British Islands and the United States. The remaining sixty thousand were from continental Europe, by far the most of them from the northern countries of the Continent, and comparatively few from southern Europe.

Of the more than nine hundred thousand immigrants to the United States during the same period, less than one hundred and fifty thousand, all told, were from the British Islands, Germany, Holland and Scandinavia. The great bulk of the remainder came from southern and eastern Europe, of which Italy alone furnished almost two hundred thousand.

The great majority of the more than two hundred and seventy thousand immigrants to Canada either immediately settled on lands or became farm laborers. Only a decided minority went to the cities or engaged in unskilled non-agricultural labor. The great majority of the more than nine hundred thousand immigrants to the United States did not take up farming lands or go into agricultural pursuits. The greater proportion of them became unskilled laborers in or near our cities and industrial centers. The minority settled on lands or became farm laborers.

The Dominion's Immigration Policy

AND thus begins to loom up in broad outline the story of nation building and people making in the two countries. For, though we cannot be said to have a definite immigration policy, Canada has no policy of any kind so well defined and carefully executed as that of the selection of the human types with which her statesmen are creating the Canada of the future.

Up to 1883, it cannot be said justly that we had any national immigration laws at all in the modern sense. Before that time, practically speaking, anybody who liked could come in. The diseased and the halt, the criminal and the insane, pauper and millionaire, entered our ports with equal freedom.

Yet, because of our vast areas of inviting and unoccupied land, most of our immigrants went directly to the soil, were absorbed into our population, learned our language and became elements of real strength to the Republic. Most of them, too, were people from the north of Europe, chiefly of Teutonic origin. Because of the poorer and more expensive means of transportation, undesirable immigrants in any considerable numbers did not essay the adventure. The quality of our immigration was very good—no thanks to us.

From 1883 until the present, our immigration laws have received increasing attention, until now they are in one or two particulars more rigid than those of Canada; but behind these immigration laws of ours is no policy beyond that of keeping out the mentally, morally and physically diseased. We make it none of our business what types pour into our citizenship, where they go or what occupations they follow.

Yet these three things Canada considers fundamental, and from them springs her thoroughly statesmanlike immigration policy. This policy may be described as: "People for the farms and farms for the people."

All of Canada's laws and regulations, all the vigorous and, as you shall see, picturesque immigration activities, are directed to the building up of a nation of tillers of the soil, carefully selected from those who have been tillers of the soil before they go to Canada and whose fathers were tillers of the soil before them.

Conversely, Canada, as a definite national policy, discourages the type of immigration that would congest her cities or industrial centers. The latter may go to Canada if they like, but Canada does not seek them; and when they come they must stand the strictest exclusion tests of Canada's laws and regulations as administered by officers carefully trained and in enthusiastic sympathy with this policy.

For example, one requirement of the Canadian laws and regulations is that between certain months of the year the immigrant must have at least twenty-five dollars and a ticket for his destination, or enough additional money to buy a ticket; during certain other months of the year he must have fifty dollars plus the ticket requirement. If he has a family he must have this money and ticket qualification for each one of them over a certain age.

If, however, an immigrant can show that he is going to sure employment on a farm this money qualification is suspended in his case. The farmer or farm laborer can enter quite freely.

If he is of a type of unskilled laborer, unfitted for farm-work, and cannot show that he is going to a sure agricultural employment, he cannot get into Canada without strictly complying with this money and ticket qualification. Also, if he belongs to this latter class, every feature of the law in its practical administration is applied to him rigidly.

As to racial types, Canada's immigration policy is equally clear and emphatic. First of all, she wants people who are coming to Canada to make their homes—and she wants no others—to come from the British Isles. Next to these, her hand is warmest in welcome to Americans. Then come, in her preference: the north-of-Europe people—Germans and Scandinavians, Dutch and Danes, Swiss, and people from the north of France. Not that Canada excludes desirable immigrants from other countries, for she does not exclude desirable immigrants from any Caucasian country—but she prefers people from the countries I have named. And the best of these she ardently desires.

And, whether in the British Islands or the United States; whether in northern France or Holland; whether in Germany or Sweden—the people whom Canada seeks are the farming classes; and these she seeks with diligence, system and resourcefulness.

I use the word "seeks" advisedly, for Canada has in the countries I have named the best organized, best informed and most zealous immigration propaganda the world has ever seen. There are nine Canadian immigration districts in the British Islands alone. There are twenty Canadian agencies in the United States, which latter are under the inspectorship and practical direction of an able man.

The British agencies are under the supervision of an equally well-informed and energetic man; and the whole of this across-seas' work is under the watchful eye of one of the most remarkable men that Canada has produced—Lord Strathcona—who, though he was a poor Scotch immigrant boy, has worked his way up in the Dominion, through every conceivable hardship, not only to the British peerage but to one of the commanding fortunes of the world.

All this network of Canadian immigration activities in other lands is, of course, under the direction of Canada's Minister of the Interior—and in its broad outlines is formulated by the Canadian Government—the Premier and his Cabinet.

More than that, the purposes of this farreaching and practical machinery is the policy upon which both political parties in Canada are united, because it is the determined policy of the Canadian people themselves.

Before telling the story of how this policy of selecting the human materials for the building of the Canadian nation grew up, let us see how it is working today. And remember that Canada is more eager for immigrants than we in the United States ever were.

The Slower Growth the Best

"BUT," said one of her public men, "we want the best types. The question of a man and a family settling in Canada is not a thing of an hour or a day or a year. It is a question of a lifetime at least—if the immigrant is virile enough, a question of generations. Though we want to develop rapidly, we want that development to be sound and permanent. We want no boom methods in human beings."

"Do you not think," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, "that a nation can grow too fast? The poplar grows quickly. It makes a big showing in a short time, but it is of little use. The oak grows slowly, yet it furnishes lasting timbers for the building of ships and the homing of a people. Is there any difference—in principle—in the growing of a nation?"

Let us see now what these Canadian immigration agents are doing in other countries. Take England, for example. They are busy all the year, chiefly in the agricultural districts. Wherever their head office is located they are careful to select rooms with excellent window space, in a quarter most frequented by the class of people they want to reach. These window spaces are filled with attractive displays of Canadian agricultural products.

These central agencies carry on considerable correspondence throughout the district assigned to them—and this correspondence may be said to be almost entirely with farmers or those who have been bred to the farm. Great



quantities of engagingly written and attractively illustrated literature are sent over every countryside in the district.

This, however, does not even begin the work of Canada's immigration agents. They deliver free lectures in little country towns, where their hearers are sure to be prosperous small farmers—lectures about Canada's opportunity, agricultural opportunity. And you may be sure these lectures are not dry-as-dust talks.

If statistics are used at all they are brief and vivid, appealing to the personal understanding and desires of those for whom the Canadian agent is seeking. Every Canadian immigration agent in a foreign country is supplied with several sets of photographic slides or films; and these lectures are illustrated by stereopticon views.

Nor is this all. Many of these agents are supplied with automobiles and wagons; and in these they travel at all seasonable times, meeting the people face to face, scattering literature, making speeches, exhibiting Canadian agricultural products. They go to every country fair or show, where farmers are wont to congregate.

Nor do they confine the work to themselves. They manage to get the school-teachers interested in it. Take Holland and Belgium for example: They have succeeded in getting the geography of Canada taught in about four thousand schools in those two little countries. They have these Dutch and Belgian school-teachers so interested that the latter give from twenty to thirty free lectures a year, illustrated by stereopticon views. And these lectures, directed largely toward the agricultural class, as I have said, are made most entertaining.

Government Publicity Work

IF YOU will imagine one of our popular lecturers who gives talks on other countries, illustrated by pictures, you will get an idea of what these Canadian immigration agents and the school-teachers in the various countries to which they are accredited are doing. For the lecture may be called an illustrated trip through agricultural Canada.

And here is something still more interpretative of Canada's purpose and policy: for years, Canada has sent to the United Kingdom, during the winter, the more successful of her farmers. These Canadian farmers deliver lectures to the English, Scotch and Irish farmers about farming in Canada. They talk to the people whom Canada wishes for immigrants about the practical needs and work of a Canadian farmer as well as about Canadian agricultural opportunity.

Can you think of anything more effective and helpful? In every possible way these missionaries of the farm aid the Canadian immigration agent abroad.

And these preachers of Canada's agricultural gospel are taken from all over the Dominion. For example, last year one farmer delegate went from New Brunswick and one from British Columbia; one from Ontario and two from Nova Scotia. Manitoba sent eight, and Alberta and Saskatchewan ten each.

A pretty wide, vigorous and intelligent campaign of inducement, do you not think? It is not all inducement, however. Almost as vital a part of Canada's immigration propaganda in other countries is the work of discouragement. Not only are they immigration agents; equally they are selection agents. They are supposed to picture, to the kind of men and women that Canada wants, a warm and golden hand reaching across the waters with hearty and opulent welcome; to the type they do not want, a cold and iron hand of rigorous exaction is vividly set forth.

Then, too, as a part of its policy of mingled encouragement and selection, the Canadian Government pays bonuses to scores of booking agents of railway and steamship companies, in those countries from which Canada desires to draw her immigrants, for sending to Canada the best types from the particular classes that Canada wants.

Certain countries are excluded from this Canadian immigration propaganda altogether. For example, though, as you have seen, Canada has an almost military immigration organization in the British Islands, the United States and one or more countries of northern Europe, and though this system will soon cover Scandinavia, Germany and Denmark, there is not a Canadian immigration agent in Spain, Portugal, Italy or the south of France; not one in Greece, Russia, Austria, the Balkan states or any part of Poland.

And this, mark you, is not because Canada thinks these latter people bad people, but because the immigrants from them are not likely to be best adapted to Canada's climate; because from these sources come the people most likely to swarm into cities and furnish unskilled labor in other than agricultural pursuits; and finally because their racial customs and habits of thought are difficult of assimilation with Canadian customs and habits of thought.



Grave, Industrious, Honest, Hospitable—They Have Won Their Way Into the Confidence of Canada

If human wisdom can encompass it Canada is determined to have a homogeneous people—at least, a people who have, as a basis, fundamentally similar ideals, tendencies and faiths. Canada does not close her doors, however, to any immigrants of any nationality—provided they are of the type and from the classes which alone, she thinks, can make a strong, self-helpful and vigorous people.

So, though immigrants from the south of Europe can get into Canada just as the Englishman can, they must go directly to a farm or to farm labor—or be subject to the most rigid and critical application of the severest tests of the Canadian immigration laws and regulations.

An illustration of this: Canada is increasing the number and vigilance of her immigration-inspector service along the three thousand miles of boundary line separating her from the United States; for the Canadians think they have found that people whom they would reject as immigrants come into the United States with comparative freedom, and from here go across the border into Canada as American immigrants.

So that, though the Canadians not only welcome but actively and fervently solicit genuine American immigrants, they are becoming increasingly watchful that among these shall not, also, come those whom they would have turned back at any Canadian port.

At a certain Canadian ocean port a great ship came slowly to the wharf. She bore more than a thousand immigrants. Down the gangplank they poured and up to the wide rooms of the immigration building. Though a skilled and seasoned inspector had boarded this ship at another port many hours before and had carefully looked these immigrants over, yet every man, woman and child of them again underwent the most rigid scrutiny—the most painstaking examination.

Practically all of them passed. They were all right mentally, sound in wind and limb, and had the cash. Every one of them—or, at least, practically all—were from England, Scotland and the north of Ireland.

Absolutely every one of them—man, woman and child—was well and comfortably clad. Nearly all the men that I saw were sturdy, serious, self-contained; and nearly all the women appeared vigorous and healthy. Not a single squalid or ill-kept child did I observe among them; and every one of them was going to take up a farm, to be a farm laborer or to enter domestic service. It was a striking object-lesson of selection work abroad of the Canadian immigration propaganda in other countries.

Only the Best Types Wanted

AN EVEN more powerful selecting influence, however, than this careful discriminating work I have detailed is that intangible impression, which Canada has succeeded in spreading among the people of other countries who are likely to emigrate from their own lands, that Canada does not want them unless they are the very best of their type.

Somehow or other it has gotten into the air in the countries which might send Canada immigrants that, even if her laws admit them, only the best quality of immigrants will find a welcome in Canada. It is as curious as it is effective how this impression works upon the people of Europe who want to leave their own country for a new land.

Still, when Canada gets a group of immigrants from countries that her policy does not favor, who yet prove to be good material for future Canadian citizenship and present Canadian development along the lines the Dominion has laid out, their unexpected good qualities at once are recognized. Having proved themselves worthy, they are praised by the Government and, indeed, by the Canadian people—and Canada's attitude of unwelcome changes at once to that of hearty greeting.

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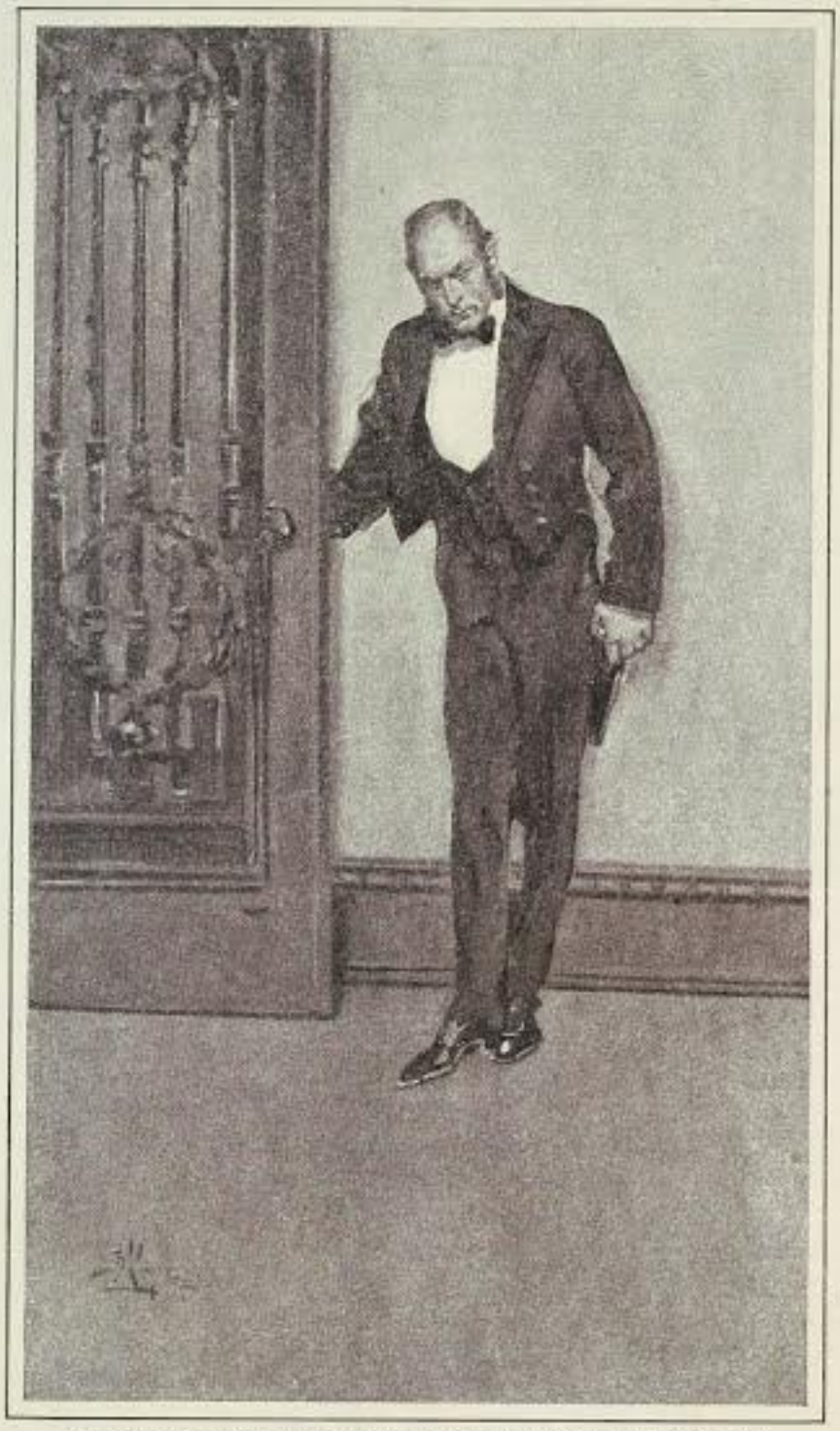
Not a Single Squalid or Ill-Kept Child Did I Observe Among Them

LÉONTINE AND CO.

V

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



He Opened the Door to Let Me Out With a Polite "Bonjour, M'sieu'"

MY FRIEND, now what do you think of that? Just before John came into that office I doubt if there was a happier man in Paris than I. The minute after I don't believe there was a more miserable one—or a madder. For quick as a flash I guessed at what had happened, and I cursed myself for a fool not to have thought of it before.

As soon as I could speak I asked:

"When did you find this out?"

"This morning," said John, in a dull voice. "Edith opened the safe to get some money and found that the pearls were gone."

"Where were you both last night?"

"I was at the Automobile Club and got in late. Edith and Mary spent the evening in the studio and didn't go to bed until about midnight."

"Were any of the servants about?"

"No. When she went out to the studio after dinner Edith told them they might turn in as soon as they had finished their work."

I ripped out a savage curse. It was as plain to me as a pock-marked Hottentot. That accursed Chu-Chu had gone back the second night on his own account and opened the safe. A little box like that would be a nursery puzzle to an expert like Chu-Chu. No doubt he considered this job his own private affair, but it was barely possible that he might have turned over the string to Ivan.

I thought a moment, and then said to John:

"This is certainly rotten. Here I have gone and got Miss Dalghren's pearls, and now you come and spring it on me that Edith's have been stolen."

"What?" cried John, rousing up. "You've got Mary's pearls?"

"Here they are," said I, and threw the packet on the table. "For Heaven's sake, put them in the safe deposit now and tell her to get a reconstructed string. If these confounded women wouldn't insist on wearing fortunes on their bodies the prisons wouldn't be so crowded." I tell you, my friend, I was hot.

John sat and stared at the packet in a surly sort of way. Then he picked it up, dropped it into his pocket and gave me a look that didn't help my temper any.

"Well," said he heavily, "since you've managed to get this string, no doubt you may be able to find the other."

"Oh, you think so, do you?" said I. "Well, if you'd been there to see how easy it was for me to get the first string you might not find it such a cinch to get the second."

"How is that?" he asked. "Don't you think that they were probably both stolen by the same person?"

"Yes," I answered, "I do. But the first was stolen more for spite and to get me back to graft than for the money value. But this second job looks more like theft for its own sake."

"Just the same," growled John, "it isn't the motive so much as the fact that counts. If you were able to make 'em choke up Mary's pearls why can't you use the same methods to get back Edith's?"

"Oh, because," I answered wearily, "the first was an official, what you might call syndicate job. The second is a little private enterprise on the part of the operator. Or at least it looks to me like that. However, I'll do my best. You'd better go back to the house and give Miss Dalghren her pearls, and tell her for goodness' sake to put 'em in a safe place. It's all my fault, I know. I should have cleared out, as I wanted to, and all of this wouldn't have happened."

John leaned over and dropped his hand on my knee.

"At any rate, Frank," said he, "you know that we all have perfect confidence in you, old chap."

He tried to make his voice hearty, but somehow it fell flat.

"Thanks," said I. "That's not what's worrying me."

"What is?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," I answered.

"Look here, Frank," says John, "is there any actual—eh, risk to you in looking for these pearls?"

"Oh, not a bit," I answered; "it's just like picking daisies!"

John looked worried. Said he: "If there's any physical danger about it just chuck the whole thing. Edith wouldn't wish it, and neither do I. Tell me the truth, old man."

"I can't tell you what I don't know," I answered. "If Edith's pearls are turned in at headquarters the chief will be just as much surprised as I, and hand them over without a word. He's not the man to do things by halves. But if the thief has held back the pearls the chances are that that's the last we'll ever see of them. The string would be so broken up as to make it almost impossible to trace. Anyway, considering what you have done in getting me off, the police would hardly take up the case. Your friend the prefect would shrug his shoulders and ask what the deuce you expected."

John's face cleared a little.

"I'll leave it all to you, Frank," he said; "but mind you, you're not to run any physical danger. It's not worth it, and Edith would be heartbroken if you were to come to any harm. So should I. Now I'll be off. Good luck to you and don't do anything rash. You can't tell; maybe it's some entirely outside person."

He got up, and giving me a nod went out. But I didn't like the way his eyes avoided mine and I wondered whether perhaps, deep down, he might not be less sure of me than he was willing to show.

When he had gone I sat for a few minutes thinking hard. Then I opened the drawer of my desk, took out an automatic pistol that I kept there, loaded it and slipped it into the side pocket of my coat.

"Look after the office while I am gone," I said to Gustave, my little *mécanicien*, and went out and hopped into a taxi, giving Ivan's address.

Ivan was at home and as I was shown into his bureau he looked up sharply. I didn't waste any time in getting to the point. As soon as the door was closed, I said:

"Count, I am sorry to trouble you again, but there is a fresh complication. Mr. Cuttynge has just been to the office with the pleasing news that his wife's pearls have been stolen also."

Ivan's face was not pleasant to see. Neither was mine, I imagine.

"Indeed?" said he. "What are the particulars?"

"Before I say more," I answered, "permit me to assure you that I have no doubt whatever but that this is the first news you have received of this latter theft."

Ivan bowed with a sort of satirical smile on his thin lips.

"Thank you," said he. "I would scarcely have given you the first string if I had meant to keep the other."

I told him what I had just learned from John. Ivan's face darkened.

"What is your theory?" he asked.

"I suspect Chu-Chu," said I. "To my mind there is no doubt of it. I think that he went back last night and collared Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls while she and Miss Dalghren were in the studio. He knew that their hands were tied. No doubt he considered his obligation to you discharged when he handed over the others."

Ivan frowned and shook his head. "No," said he; "Chu-Chu is one of my regular workers and not at liberty to do anything on the outside—or, at least, if he should attempt anything on his own account he is bound by our agreement to turn the proceeds in to me. Only in that case his percentage is doubled. In return for this he has the protection of our circle, and when times are bad he can always draw money for personal expenses."

I had heard of this sort of thing, although an independent man myself.

Ivan glanced at the clock. "If Chu-Chu got the pearls," said he, "I may look for him before noon. It is now half after ten. Do you care to wait?"

"Suppose he does bring them?" I asked.

Ivan made an impatient gesture with his hand. "It is all of the same piece," he snapped. "On your account that house is exempt from our affairs. If Chu-Chu has stolen those pearls he has disobeyed orders, and in that case he may take his choice between handing over the pearls to you or severing all connection with me. He will probably prefer the former. My organization is worth more to him than even so valuable a necklace of pearls. But if by any chance he should decide on the latter, then, my dear Mr. Clamart, you will have to arrange matters with Chu-Chu. I am not given to half measures, and having decided on my course of action I will carry it out. But there is a limit to my authority. If you care to wait I will show you into the library, and if Chu-Chu comes here you may talk to him yourself. He is apt to drop in, as I have some other matters to discuss with him."

"Thank you," said I; "I'll wait."

Ivan showed me into a small but handsomely furnished room, the walls lined with bookshelves that were filled with volumes. I selected a work on modern sculpture and sank into a big leather-covered chair.

But I did not read. What Ivan had just said left me with plenty of intellectual food. It was possible, I thought, that he might suspect me of having other ammunition in my magazine than a mere appeal to his sense of fair dealing; and it occurred to me that if this suspicion bordered on the conviction that I might threaten to expose the gang the odds were against my getting out of his house alive.

This danger was one that would be increased a thousand times by the arrival of Chu-Chu. Chu-Chu le Tondeur—

or Monsieur de Maxeville, as he called himself—was known to the underworld as being the ablest thief in Europe. His specialty was bank work, usually in the provinces, and his safe-opening skill was something marvelous. The most intricate combinations in his sensitive fingers were about as difficult as a game of diabolo. Personally I detested everything about the man. He was a constitutional assassin. Chu-Chu, the odds being even, would rather kill than not. His favorite weapon was the slung-shot, but he was said to be a man of terrific strength, and not long before had killed an *agent* by a blow on the head with a *coup de poing Américain*, as they call brass knuckles in France where, as a matter of fact, they are ten times as much in use as at home. Chu-Chu left a trail of blood behind him wherever he worked. The man had the ingenuity of a Yankee, the cold courage of any Anglo-Saxon, the stealth of a Frenchman and the remorselessness of a Spaniard. I doubt if there lived a more dangerous enemy to society. He was a well-educated man, handsome, polished, a brilliant conversationalist, absolutely abstemious in his habits. His reputation for square dealing with his pals was bad, however, and not many thieves cared to work with him.

From what Ivan had told me I doubted if he trusted Chu-Chu. But Chu-Chu was too valuable to lose, if it could be helped, and too dangerous to quarrel with. I did not give Ivan himself the credit for a high-grade physical pluck. No doubt he was dangerous enough in his way, but it would not be his hand that did the striking.

As the case stood Ivan had played his game cleverly. Whether he suspected me of daring to lay evidence with the police or not, he had avoided bringing things to a crisis by giving me Miss Dalghren's pearls on my simple protest. But in disclaiming all knowledge of the theft of Edith's pearls and promising to restore them if possible, he had passed the affair up to Chu-Chu. I felt sure that Chu-Chu would deny all knowledge of the matter, and that Ivan would also. But I felt equally sure that the pearls were at that very moment in Chu-Chu's possession. In this case he had flatly disobeyed the orders of the chief.

Now if Ivan were to say nothing about my having charged Chu-Chu with the job, but should wait for Chu-Chu to bring up the subject himself, I felt pretty sure that he would have to wait a long time. If, on the contrary, he brought up the subject at once, Chu-Chu might either deny everything or else admit having stolen the pearls and hand them over. Ivan had no wish to quarrel with Chu-Chu. He might want to break with him, but he would prefer to do this peacefully. I thought it very possible that, even if he were to get the pearls, he would deny the fact to me rather than risk an open quarrel with Chu-Chu. Then, fearing that I might take the matter to the prefect of police, it was very possible that he would feel himself unfortunately compelled to put me out of permanent action. And I knew that he would find an enthusiastic ally in Chu-Chu.

Therefore, as the thing framed up, it appeared that I stood no chance of getting the pearls, whether Chu-Chu owned up or not, but that I did stand a good chance of losing my life. Then why didn't I get out of the house while there was still time? For the simple reason that I had gone there after the pearls and I meant to have them.

Now it may not look so at first glance, but as a matter of fact the odds were a bit with me. How? It's easy enough. Ivan might know what Chu-Chu would do and Chu-Chu might know what Ivan would do, and I had a darn good idea of what both of them would do. But neither of them knew what I was going to do, and I did. It would never have occurred to their European minds. Your American crook would have thought of it first jump, not that he's keener but because my plan was the American plan. This was merely to hold them both up before they had a chance to guess at what was coming.

Perhaps that sounds too easy to you, because you are American yourself. But let me explain. Every race has its own method of violence. The Oriental loves poison, and slaves behind arras, and all that sort of thing in settling misunderstandings. The Teuton likes a duel; the Latin races a knife or stiletto—all good enough in their way and plenty efficient, but all, as you observe, requiring time. Whether to gloat or to sneer or to think it over, all of these older races like a little time before killing. And that is exactly what your Anglo-Saxon hates. He is apt to kill right off the bat, or let it go. A word, a blow, *bang!*

The difference is that Europeans and Orientals, though they like the killing well enough, dislike the violence. They shrink from the rough word, the crudeness of the caveman. They want art—and for that reason a sudden outburst on the part of the Westerner always comes to the Easterner with a sort of shock of surprise. In that atmosphere of luxury and refinement I could feel it myself. Sitting there in Ivan's handsome library and looking at his fine old vellum, and Louis XIV chairs and Bokhara rugs, it seemed like a rough and impolite play on my part to walk into the next room and stick up those two cultured and refined gentlemen—the one titled and the other decorated. But I made up my mind to do it, just the same; yes, and to turn that Empire-furnished *bureau de travail* into a Western barroom shambles at the first shady move, adding the *maître d'hôtel* to the bull-pit, and any other loose jokers that might see fit to bulge in. It really was simple enough. I can shoot quick and straight, and I had nothing much to fear from the result. When it came to a showdown, my friend the prefect would be only too glad that I'd taken the job off his hands. Chu-Chu's working name was known all over France, and his performances hadn't added a whole lot of luster to the records of the police department. Besides, European thugs have a way of following up old scores owed by their deceased members—especially with the minions of the law.

So I sat there, all taut and drawing, and before long the front door opened and I heard a bass voice that I recognized as Monsieur de Maxeville's. He went up to Ivan's office and for half an hour I heard the low rumble of voices.

Then, as I waited, there came the sound of Ivan's quick, nervous step in the corridor outside. I got up out of the big chair and stood, slipping my left hand into the pocket of my coat. I'm just as accurate with the left, and it leaves the right to shake hands with.

"Chu—Monsieur de Maxeville is here," said Ivan. "He denies all knowledge of Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls; in fact, he has managed to convince me that he is telling the truth. As it is, he is very angry because I gave back the other string to you. I have told him that you are here and he insists that you come in and make your charges yourself. Do you care to do so?"

"Yes," said I, "if it's all the same to you."

"Then come," said Ivan, and led the way to the office.

VI

CHU-CHU le Tondeur—alias Monsieur de Maxeville—was a distinguished-looking man of medium height, very broad and compactly made. In his long black *redingote* and narrow French trousers one would never have guessed at the heavy bone and muscle underneath. His face, though scarcely to be called handsome, was intelligent and in a way attractive, being forceful and wearing an habitually pleasant expression. Indeed, one of his nicknames was "*l'homme qui sourit*." Chu-Chu was usually smiling. He went about the streets with the hint of a smile in his face. He may have trained himself to wear this pleased expression, which is after all a fairly good mask. One hardly looks for a recent murderer going about with a pleasant smile on his lips.

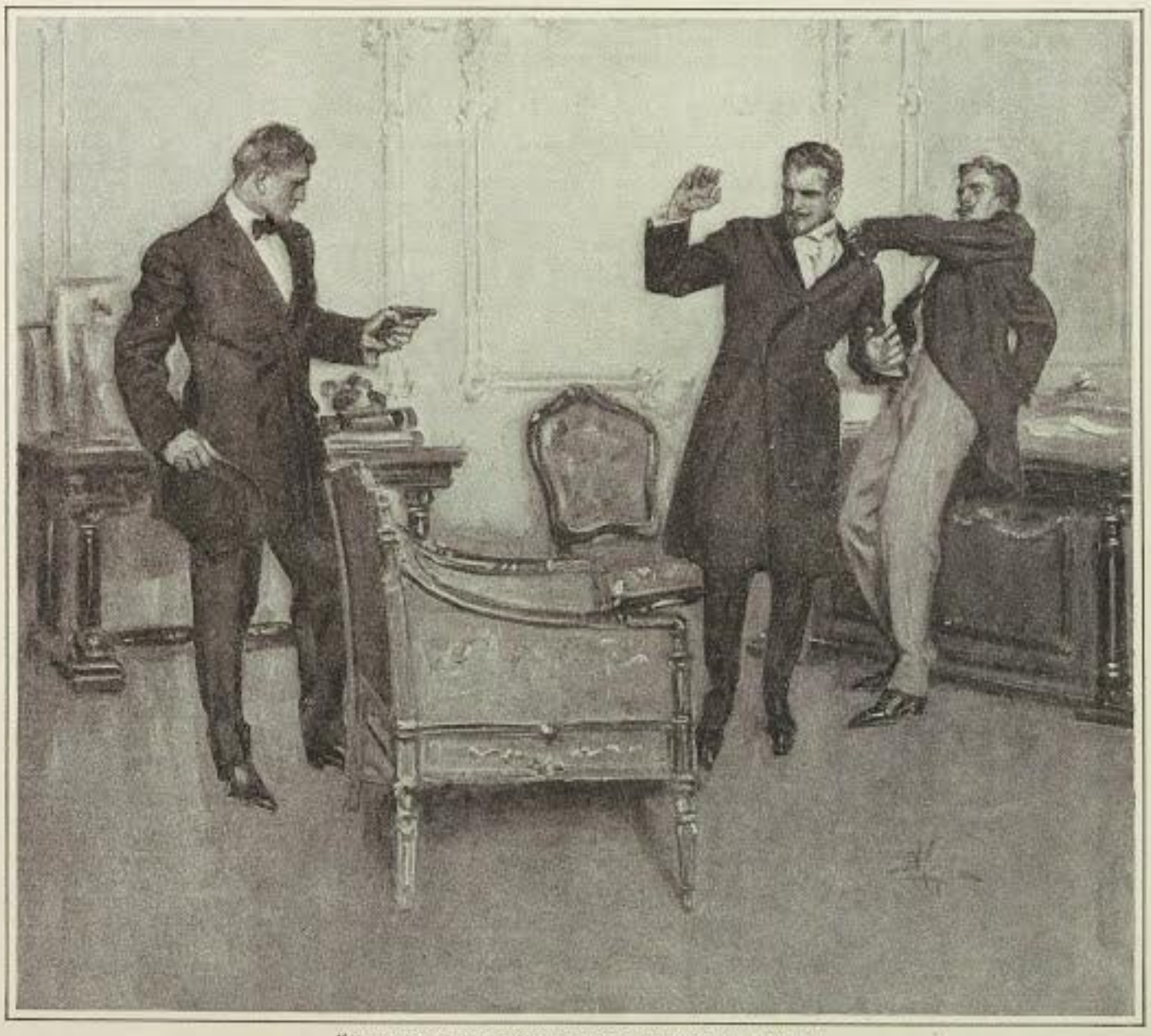
Chu-Chu's forehead was very broad and high, his eyes small, of a curious slaty brown and set well apart; he had a long nose and a black mustache and imperial. His jaws, very prominent at the angles, and his heavy cheekbones suggested a Spanish strain. His hands were beautifully shaped and usually restless.

Chu-Chu dressed with the quiet elegance that might be expected of a senator, and when he spoke his bass voice was slow, quiet and pleasingly modulated. He had a curious, precise way of dragging out the ends of his words, adding almost a whole syllable to consonant endings, and this gave his conversation a hint of pedantry. He had told me at Léontine's dinner-party that his favorite recreation was big-game hunting and that he had once, while in the Nguru country, taken part in a Masai lion hunt. You know the sport. The natives, armed with shield and spear, surround the lion and then close in on him in a small circle. When he springs the hunter receives him on his assegai.

Such a man was Chu-Chu le Tondeur. As I entered the room he bowed. I did the same. Ivan offered me a chair, then seated himself behind his desk.

Chu-Chu opened the conversation by complimenting me upon my escape, then expressed his regret that so accomplished a colleague should quit the professional

(Continued on Page 32)



"Not a Sound, Not a Motion, or You're Both Dead Men"

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26, 1911

A Diplomatic Teapot Tempest

MOROCCO lies somewhere in Africa; has a debt of forty million dollars; a foreign trade comprising thirteen million dollars of exports and eight million dollars of imports, and an industrial development too insignificant to be mentioned in the statistical abstract before us. But the population of Morocco is about equal to the number of children, between ten and fifteen years of age, who are engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, and a few years before European diplomacy began to find an excuse for further existence by inventing a Morocco question, Chicago tried the humane experiment of instituting a court especially for children.

In June Germany sent a gunboat to a Morocco port and landed some troops. France immediately protested. Germany presently sent another gunboat, whereupon the Premier of Great Britain declared, in effect, that England would stand by France, and the leader of the opposition heartily seconded the declaration, adding that England had no intention of being "wiped off the map of Europe." Consols fell; chancelleries and bourses buzzed with talk of war involving three of the greatest, most civilized nations.

But while this was going forward the first international congress for juvenile courts assembled at Paris. Within a dozen years Chicago's humane idea had spread to so many lands and provoked an interest so nearly worldwide that this international conference was found expedient. Last fall, it may be recalled, a hundred and fifty delegates from foreign nations attended the international prison-reform congress at Washington—which also, by the way, was an American idea.

Imagine a war over Morocco in a world that runs together with eagerness to discuss the welfare of children and the redemption of criminals! For some time yet, no doubt, the chancelleries will bluster and clank their sword-scabbards periodically over trivial things; but every international meeting in a common, humane cause makes the performance look more like a stupid farce resurrected out of the Dark Ages.

The British Empire

AT THE recent Imperial Conference Sir Joseph Ward proposed an Imperial Parliament of Defense, to have exclusive powers for the whole empire in matters of foreign relations and defense, including the right to allot expenditures under those heads among the colonies. The parliament was to consist of two houses: the lower elected by the mother country and the colonies according to population; the upper to consist of representatives of the various states of the empire—the whole scheme being significantly reminiscent of the beginnings of Federal government in the United States.

The empire is not ready to go so far as that; and Sir Joseph's proposal found scant favor. Nevertheless the conference, in the opinion of the London Times, was notably successful. The colonial representatives, for the first time, were "initiated into the secrets of Britain's foreign policy," and seem to have gone home with a stronger sense of imperial unity than ever.

But the conference had scarcely adjourned before this sense of oneness received an unpleasant shock from South Africa. The Morocco business having bobbed up, the Volksstem of Pretoria, which is regarded as an organ of the Botha government, asserted that if Great Britain engaged in war South Africa or any other British colony might issue a proclamation of neutrality, quite as though it were an autonomous state and as independent of one belligerent power as of the other. Obviously there is little imperial oneness about that.

Sir Joseph Ward and the Volksstem probably represent the two imperial extremes. Toward which extreme the empire will tend is one of the most interesting of political speculations.

The Soldiers' Friends

REPRESENTATIVE ADAIR, of Indiana, is a Democrat. Addressing the Republican side of the House recently he observed:

"For fourteen years both branches of Congress have been Republican by large majorities and you have had a golden opportunity to reward the heroes of the Civil War; but during all this time you have fed them on promises and pledges, and year after year refused them the pensions they rightfully deserved. . . . The Record will show that practically all the speeches made in the House during the past five years in favor of more liberal pensions have been made by Democrats. . . . We on this side of the House who have been fighting the battles of the old soldier during the past five years understand your methods and purposes, and while you may fool some of the soldiers temporarily you have not fooled us."

Representative Sherwood, of Ohio, Democrat, chairman of the House Pensions Committee and author of a liberal pensions bill, also denounced Republican niggardliness and hypocrisy in respect to pensions.

"When the National Encampment of the Grand Army met in my home town," said he, "the program-fixers left me off the program at all the campfires and went out of their way to humiliate me by having General Keifer speak, because he had attacked me and my pension bill on the floor of Congress. What was the result? In the following November I was elected by twenty-three hundred majority over a Republican who four years before had carried the same district by eighteen thousand majority."

We are glad to print these extracts, against the inevitable time when some Democrat points with horror—before a sympathetic audience—to the Republican pension roll of a hundred and sixty million dollars annually.

The Long-and-Short Haul Instance

"A SHIPPER finds it difficult to reconcile himself to paying five hundred dollars for transportation of a carload of merchandise to his own city when that same carload, from the same point of origin, will be hauled through his city to a point five hundred miles beyond for three hundred dollars." So writes Interstate Commerce Commissioner Lane in the recent long-and-short haul decision.

The problem so stated is of long standing. To meet water competition railroads make a low through rate from the East to the Pacific Coast, but for the haul to points east of the coast they charge this through rate plus the local rate from the coast back to the inland point. Thus the charge for the shorter haul may be much higher than that for the longer haul.

The commission took up this problem some three years ago, entering an order as far back as May, 1909. The roads asked for more time, which was granted. Later, the commission required the roads to keep separate accounts for several months showing the revenues that actually accrued under the old arrangement side by side with the revenues that would accrue under the arrangement proposed by the commission. These figures being in hand, a further interval of about a year, for investigation and consideration, elapsed. The commission now enters an order governing long-and-short haul, but gives the roads until October fifteenth to make the required adjustment of rates. In railroad circles the hope is expressed that the commission will grant still longer time and make still further investigation—which is not improbable.

Yet Wall Street speaks of the commission as a rash, precipitate body with no proper sense of the responsibilities resting upon it. The caution with which the commission has moved in this instance is only one of many proofs to the contrary.

Humor of the Senate

IF SOME Senator required another stenographer to conduct his large official correspondence he wouldn't think of saying so point-blank. He would introduce a resolution that the Senate Committee on the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians be authorized to employ an additional stenographer at such and such a salary. The Senate would courteously pass it, and the Senator, as chairman of that puissant committee, would have the stenographer he required. If other chairmen of committees on Indian Affairs should simultaneously require additional stenographers the Congressional Record would speedily look as though the Indians were giving the Government a vast deal of trouble—although as a matter of fact the word Indian might never have been heard at the Capitol during the whole session.

"I have the honor," observed Senator Kern recently, "to be a member of the Committee on Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments." He pointed out that while the committee never meets it employs a clerk, an assistant clerk and a messenger. The Senate would shrink from saying officially that it employs the clerk, assistant clerk and messenger for Senator Clarke, of Arkansas. So it maintains a Committee on Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments, appoints Senator Clarke chairman thereof, and charges the help up to the committee. It has a Committee on Industrial Expositions, regardless of whether there are any such expositions, a Committee to Investigate Trespassers Upon Indian Lands, and various other sapient bodies whose only actual purpose is to provide Senators with clerks and messengers.

Senator Kern thinks it would be more sensible to abolish useless committees and assign clerks and stenographers directly to Senators who require them. It would certainly be less humorous.

The Seven-Day Steel Week

AT THE steel mills some men work eighty-four hours a week—twelve hours for every day including Sunday—and they have the "long shift" involving twenty-four hours of continuous labor. This, of course, is beastly, as steel men themselves frankly admit. But it is obvious that if you are going to compete you must get as much out of your labor as your competitor does. If he grinds ninety-nine out of his labor and you grind only eighty-nine out of yours he will beat you. Eighty-four hours a week is a logical fruit of unrestricted competition.

The Government has grave doubts about the Iron and Steel Institute and the "Gary dinners," suspecting them of being unlawful combinations in restraint of competition. Last October, however, the Institute appointed a committee to work out a plan by which all steel mills might agree to abolish the seven-day week and the long shift. The task is complicated, but has doubtless been rendered somewhat easier by fraternal discussion among the steel men at "Gary dinners." The committee has finally submitted a report, and abolition of the outrageous seven-day week may reasonably be expected. To abolish it by law would be difficult, requiring united action by many states. If the steel industry were not already highly organized, with a pretty good understanding among all the important producers, united action to abolish an abuse of labor would be impossible.

When an industry is highly organized—which means when it is pretty much a trust—all the social problems attending it are right under your thumb where you can get action on them.

Trust Tactics Abroad

LONDON newspapers in July contained reports of a conference of representatives of the steamship lines that carry passengers between Europe and North America for the purpose of forming or renewing a trust. Three years ago these lines formed a pool, adopting a schedule of minimum passenger rates covering the traffic between the two continents and allotting a certain per cent of the total business to each line. Some lines became dissatisfied with their allotments of business. The conference hoped to adjust this difference and renew the pool.

Imagine a like situation on this side of the water. There would be practically no public conference, but some strictly private meetings of promoters. Then there would be a New Jersey holding company, issuing some hundreds of millions of dollars of fiat common stock, and an "adjustment" of rates with reference to earning dividends upon the same. Next in order would come a dazzling Stock-Exchange campaign for the purpose of boosting the watered stock and passing it on to a good-natured public—which step would be logically followed by a drastic "reaction" in the stock, during which the good-natured public would part with it at about half what they paid. In the course of time there would be a suit by the Government and, somewhat later, a decision by the Supreme Court that would leave matters very much as they were before. Meanwhile passenger rates would always be carefully adjusted with reference to the dividend on the watered stock and to an accumulation of surplus earnings, out of which more ships would be bought and built, until the Trust was able to boast that all the water in its stock had been supplanted by solid assets.

Meanwhile, also, we should vigorously denounce the trust and declare that its charges were unreasonably high; but we wouldn't think of compelling it to lower them!

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Calfskin King

THERE might be a quip concealed in the environs of the fact that Carroll Smalley Page, Senator from Vermont, deals extensively in raw calfskins and lives at Hyde Park; but this life is a serious business, after all, and everybody knows what happens to the jokesmiths.

"Deals extensively" is perhaps too conservative an utterance. Deals universally would be better. The truth is that every calf born in Vermont and not permitted to grow to manhood or ladyhood, as the case may be, is born to have its pelt acquired by Carroll Smalley Page. There is no escape. Immutably that calf's epidermis goes to Page. It is as much the Senator's as if the calf were born under his protecting care and in his own cowbarns. It is as much his as if on each calf there was a birthmark—"Property of C. S. Page." He gets them all. He, they say, is the largest dealer in raw calfskins in the country—that is, he isn't so all-fired large himself, but he deals largely.

Likely as not, when you buy a pair of calfskin shoes you are buying a piece of leather that originally, in its raw state, belonged to Carroll Smalley—after, of course, it had belonged to the calf in the first instance and the farmer in the second. Nor does Vermont confine his operations. He buys calfskins wherever calfskins are to be bought and sells again with, as we might say, a slight modicum of profit. He is a dealer, is the Senator—a trader. There may be some other person in this country who can buy calfskins as advantageously to himself and sell as advantageously to himself as the Senator, but he hasn't shown up yet. That person is working along other lines. In short, the Senator is the Calfskin King. Being named C. S. Page, he is known in his native state as Calfskin Page, which is a term of endearment; for, with all his calfskins, they love him still.

The careless considerer of cause and effect may think there is no analogy between calfskins and a United States Senatorship, but there is. The analogy is there, bigger than a house. I make bold to say that if Carroll Smalley Page had not dealt in calfskins from his early days he would not have been a Senator in the full flower of his youth, as he is at present—aged sixty-eight and the spryest Yankee you ever saw. You see, he started out to buy calfskins when he was a boy; and as his equipment consisted mostly of what he had on him in the shape of coin and a few knickknacks, such as farmers with calves that have been cut off in their infancy might desire, it was necessary for him to go where the calfskins were instead of having the calfskins come to him.

Vermont's Tidy Little Machine

IN OTHER words, the Senator was an itinerant dealer in this commodity—a pedler, if you please; and he traveled up and down Vermont—which, by-the-way, is what you have to do in Vermont—travel up and then down; and he glad-handed every farmer in that commonwealth, glad-handed him and bought his calfskins. It was a mutual proposition. First, the farmer skinned the calf and then skinned Page, or vice versa, as the case may have been. Incidentally, though the farmers were expert at skinning the calves, they didn't do much along the line of skinning Page. When Yankee meets Yankee in a deal somebody is bound to be skun. That is a truth as imperishable as the Green Mountains. However, C. S. Page seems to be moving along calmly and with considerable laid by in the bank.

From time to time there have been Yankees in the Senate—real Yankees. Senator Proctor, also of Vermont, was one who served long and ably, but who died before he had brought to success his cherished project of having the Government build its battleships of Vermont marble, of which the Senator owned some few pounds that could, on a pinch, have been devoted to other purposes than headstones and public buildings. Real Yankees in the New England representation are infrequent. Most of those statesmen have traits that are not typical, though all of them are imbued with the regulation thrift. Senator Lodge, for example, is an ornately veneered Yankee, and Murray Crane is a pussy-footed Yankee; while Doctor Gallinger was born in Canada and Senator Wetmore lives at Newport. Page is a real Yank—a Vermonter, born and bred; and every person who has ever been in Vermont knows exactly what that means.

He had the trading instinct highly developed even when he was a lad and began traveling through the state dickering for calfskins. Moreover, he had a good Vermont wit and a faculty for making his customers his friends; and as he progressed he built up a large constituency. It wasn't long before the farmers saved their calfskins for the young chap from Westfield, and he reciprocated by paying them the best market price and by contributing to their township celebrations and enterprises.

There is a good deal of politics in Vermont; and along with his slant for calfskins Page had a slant for this diversion. So, while he canvassed for his raw material he laid up a few friends here and there on whom he could depend for votes at the proper times. So long ago as 1869 he had himself elected to the legislature, serving in the lower house for four years and two years later going to the State Senate for a term. Being a Yankee he was prudent and allied himself with the organization, which, if it was not then, later came to be dominated by Senator Proctor. Page also exercised his political knowledge by serving for many years on the State Republican Committee, and presently he came into the line of succession for governor.

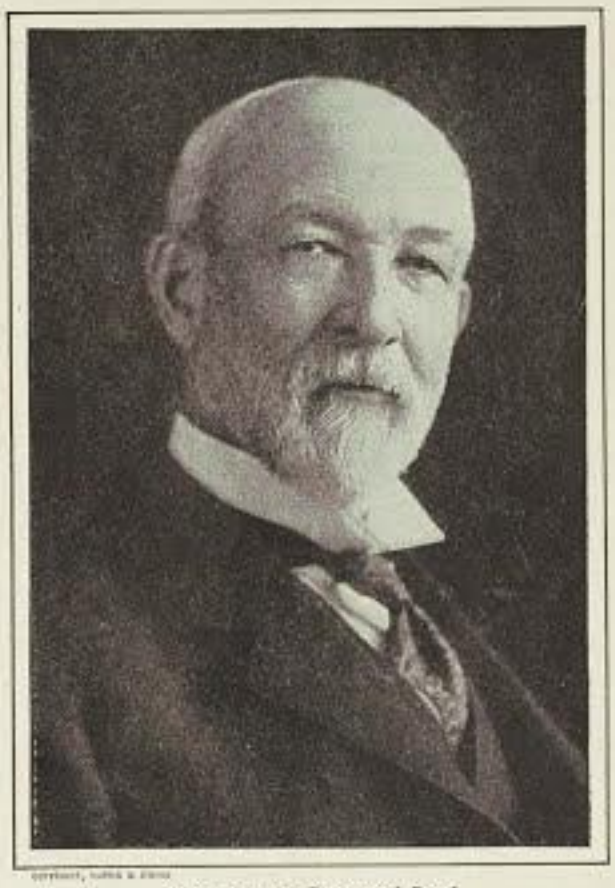
In the old days they knew who would be governor years ahead. I remember once, some years ago, meeting at one place in Vermont a governor of Vermont, the man who was to follow him as governor, and the man who was to have it next. It all came out as predicted too. A tidy little political machine was that old Proctor oganization.

Page's turn as governor came in 1890. Meantime he had put some of his calfskin profits into banks and had been state bank examiner for four years. He served as governor for two years; and when Redfield Proctor died, in 1908, he was selected for the vacancy. He was reëlected in 1910 for the full term of six years, and the maple sugar he sends to the Senators each spring is held to be the very best that ever came to that distinguished body. When the maple sugar comes the Senate has a sweet and sticky time. It used to be an affecting and pleasurable sight to watch Boies Penrose and Thomas H. Carter eating maple sugar while discussing matters of grave concern to the nation.

As the Senator's business grew, his attention naturally turned to banks; and he bought into or established a string of banks in the state and still is president and director of some of them. He never grew away from his farmer friends. Whenever they wanted anything C. S. Page was on the job. One of his pleasing customs was to put five dollars into one or other of his banks whenever a particular farmer friend or a political ally had a son born to him—to the credit of the infant son; thereby inculcating the habit of thrift in the mind of the youngster, who started life with a bank account, but also encouraging him to make more deposits, as time wore on, in the Page banks.

Page is a dapper little person, who talks nasally and has a good bit of quiet effectiveness about him. He does not make many speeches, but is well placed on committees, being chairman of Cuban Relations, and on Agriculture, Interoceanic Canals, Indian Affairs and Naval Affairs among others; and he works hard. He deprecates any assaults on the sainted policy of Protection, votes with the regulars, stands pat most pattedly and never deserts the organization—a most regular Republican.

He does not like paper money. On the first of each month, or thereabout, he goes to his bank and gets the amount he thinks he will need for the month in two-dollar-and-a-half goldpieces. These he places in a purse, extracting them one by one as the occasion demands.



A Vermonter, Born and Bred

Aunty's Ultimatum

LEW WHITEMAN used to run a Democratic weekly paper in Xenia, Ohio, which was a Republican stronghold. Lew had pessimistic views concerning all Republicans and many of his fellow citizens who were Democrats, which he set forth from week to week in his paper in bald and forcible style.

One week he let go an article about a local politician that was raw. It was vigorous and pointed. The article offended the maiden aunt of the politician and she wrote to Lew: "Stop my paper at once! I won't take it."

Lew printed her command in the next issue and commented: "We shall be very glad to stop this lady's subscription. The mere loss of a subscriber is of little moment to a great moral agency like the Herald. But when she asks us to stop the Herald she asks the impossible. To do so would amount to a national calamity!"

Kin to Kennealy

JOHN KENNEALY, of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, is one of Washington's best-known Irishmen. He is a big, strapping, genial fellow, proud of his race, proud of his descent and very active in Irish affairs.

Colonel Robert M. Gates, of Tennessee, and his friend, Colonel Thomas U. Sisson, of Mississippi, member of the House of Representatives, were proceeding up the street in a leisurely manner when they met Kennealy.

"Tom," said Colonel Gates, putting his arm on Kennealy's shoulder, "here is a friend of mine I want you to know. He is one of the finest men in Washington. Tom, this is my friend, John Kennealy."

"Mr. Kennealy," said Colonel Sisson, with a distinguished bow and a hearty clasp of the hand, "I am proud and glad to meet you. It gives me great pleasure, sir. I have a family of your name, sir, in my home town. I wonder if they are kin of yours, sir?"

Kennealy said he didn't know.

"Well, sir," continued Colonel Sisson, "I hope they are, sir, for they are fine people, sir—although they are Italians."

The Great Unknown

IN THE spring of 1908, when Senator J. W. Bailey and Cone Johnson, of Texas, were both running for the position of delegate at large to the Denver convention, a planter in the Brazos Valley sent a negro farmhand to get some nails at a store in a town where Bailey happened to be speaking.

The darky remained away all day and returned late at night without the nails.

"Ah cudden get no nails," he told the planter. "De stoahs wuh all shet up."

"Somebody dead?"

"No; dey wuh all at a speakin'."

"Couldn't you get them to leave? Didn't they open up again?"

"No; dey stay dah all evenin'. Wudden come away at all."

"That's odd. Who was it speaking?"

"Well, I cudden zackly luhn de gen'man's name, but he suttinly gev hisself a pow'ful fine reck'mendation."

Damon and Python

A CERTAIN great publisher, of rather exacting temperament and not especially easy to get along with, secured an editor after many other editors had passed through his office.

This editor tamed the exacting and sometimes querulous publisher and they became great friends. The editor apparently had the stuff in him to compel pleasant treatment.

One day the editor and the publisher came into a luncheon club arm in arm.

"Look at them," said another publisher. "There come Damon and Python!"



"Don't it make you hungry?"

EVERYBODY who has tried our Tomato Soup knows how tempting and appetizing it is. And it is just as wholesome and nourishing as it is tasty.

The youngsters enjoy it like cake or candy. And it does them a great deal more good.

You could hardly find a food better for young people than

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

It is easy to prepare "in a hurry."—And hungry youngsters are always in a hurry.

It is full of food-value; rich in tonic properties; and easy to digest.

Give them a plate or two of this palatable soup with bread-and-butter for the evening meal, in place of heavy meat.

See how much better they sleep and work and play. So will *you*—on the same simple diet.

Try it yourself.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"Don't think I borrow
Superfluous sorrow.
I've trouble enough
And to spare.
Wouldn't it pain you
To look at a menu
And find not a
Campbell's Soup there?"

OUT-OF-DOORS

Points About Fly-Fishing

THERE are some persons who sneeze at the use of the artificial fly, just as there are other persons who scoff at the thought of a cold bath in the morning. Both practices, however, may be described as cleanly, godly and efficient. Indeed, the first mentioned may be called utilitarian. In the hands of the right man the artificial fly is a very deadly way of taking fish.

There has been a great increase in the use of artificial lures of one kind or another in the past few years. Not so very long ago live bait was thought to be the only thing for the taking of game fishes. The invention of the spoon-hook, one of the earliest of artificial lures, is scarcely a generation old. Today we have on the market scores of artificial baits of wood, rubber, silk, tin, aluminum, glass, pearl and what-not, most of them rigged with countless flying triangles, which are needlessly brutal. Many of these contrivances will kill fish in some conditions. There are more of them in use now than the world ever saw, though there are not more fish than the world ever saw, taking one water with another.

The artificial fly has the great merits of cleanliness, portability and freedom from trouble. It is easier to put your fly-hook in your pocket than it is to go out and catch a stockingful of frogs or a pailful of minnows. It will nearly always catch you some fish and sometimes it will catch you more fish than would anything else. In any conditions it will undoubtedly afford you more sport and interest than anything else by way of lure.

When You Go for Salmon

If you go salmon fishing you must use the fly and nothing else. You can almost count upon the fingers of one hand all the instances where a salmon has been known to take anything but the artificial fly. Reference, of course, is made to the Atlantic salmon. The Pacific species sometimes will take a spoon-hook—rarely or never the fly. Why the salmon takes the gaudy flies that are offered is something which no one has ever yet figured out—not even Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who is a specialist in mental irregularities among the human family, but confesses his helplessness when it comes to reading the mind of a salmon. This branch of angling is generally admitted by all the world as being the height of angling. It has an ironclad exclusiveness about it, for the man who fishes for salmon must do so with the fly, and nothing else is of any use at all.

The salmon seems to be the only fish that always demands brightly colored feathers for a diet. In most other species there may be alternatives. It is astonishing, however, what the fly will do in killing bass, pickerel, croppies, bream, sunfish, rock-bass and other species of pan fish, not mentioning, of course, the several species of trout, for which it is held the accepted lure. With these species, bait is sometimes the only thing that will kill, yet at other times this statement is well-nigh as true regarding the fly.

To be able to take fish on the fly you must know about fish. The man who hunts or fishes for the market is your best naturalist, for he knows the habits of the creatures he pursues. You must also know something about the environment—the medium—in which you are going to pursue your game. There was one curious sportsman, not long ago, who built himself a tank with glass bottom and ends, so that he could study from below and at one side the look of the artificial fly when actually submerged. He found that it did not resemble in the least, in shape or color, the same fly when dry and in the open air.

We must remember that a fish feeds in a medium where most objects are seen dimly, or in blurred outlines, and generally in motion. A fish usually does not have time to examine very carefully the potential breakfast that is presented to it. As—like the rest of us—it fears that some one else will get the breakfast unless it gets to it first, it sometimes makes a rush, actuated in part by hunger, in part by curiosity—possibly sometimes by suspicion or even by anger. There is little doubt that it is anger that prompts a bass to rush at anything approaching its spawning bed.

The theory of the use of the fly, therefore, is that it shall excite hunger or curiosity, and that it must keep moving, because most of the food the fish takes in the water is moving when seized. Whether or not the fly shall exactly imitate some insect on which the fish is accustomed to feed, opens up the whole argument of imitative and non-imitative fly-fishing. This argument has never been settled, but it would come much nearer settlement did men reflect that part of the time fish strike out of hunger and part of the time out of curiosity rather than certitude.

The art of dry fly-fishing—that is to say, the use of the imitative insect in imitative fashion—may be considered the acme of the angler's art. We do not fish dry flies very much in this country, but it is growing more and more in use annually, though the conditions in most of our trout streams do not fit in with it perfectly. Many of the trout streams of the old country are rather quiet meadow waters with little current. On such a stream the angler can see the break of a feeding fish distinctly. He then tries to find what hatch is on and seeks to mount a fly that resembles as near as may be the insect on which the fish is feeding at the time. Usually he will fish upstream and will endeavor to place the fly gently on the water so that it will not be submerged, but will float down over the feeding fish. To secure this purpose, the wings of the dry fly are usually treated with a little paraffin, so that they will not soak up water readily. When the fly begins to drown, or get waterlogged, it is dried by flicking it a few times in the air. This is surface fishing with the imitative fly—very pretty sport and requiring a very considerable exercise of skill.

A knowledge of dry fly-fishing has given many an American angler a good basket of trout on a stream where the old methods were for the time inefficacious. Very often, when the weather is warm and the stream low and clear, one can get a good basket of trout by using small flies fished dry, with light tackle, in the dusk—or even after dark. It is not really essential that the fly imitate perfectly the insect when on the water, though that is better, when possible. The main thing is that it shall float and that it shall be presented very gently, without much disturbance of the water. Our chuck-and-chance-it methods of wet fly-fishing, delivering the drowned fly at random to whom it may concern, will do very well in a rapid stream or one not very much fished. In the more difficult streams the light leader, the tapered line, the accurate and delicate cast and the fly fished dry make the only conditions under which one will get a basket.

The Bucktail Fly

No one can tell why trout suddenly go on a feed or why they suddenly cease feeding, though it is supposed to be caused by some hatch, visible over or under the water. On nearly any day there will be a time when trout will feed, either by daylight or after dark. Perhaps this may be for half an hour, perhaps for an hour; and sometimes, in cool and dark weather, they will feed indifferently all day long; or again, just before a thunderstorm they may feed furiously for a short time. Usually a good fly-fisherman will get a basket of trout sometime during the day if a bait-fisherman can do it—always provided, of course, that the stream is such that he can properly present the fly. There is no doubt, however, that any particular pattern of fly will "wear out" if fished too much on any water. Sometimes a fly may be good for an entire season and almost worthless thereafter; so that the angler faces a continually changing problem.

One of the most killing flies you can use is not known on the market at all and you will have to make it for yourself. This is the bucktail fly, made of the hair of the deer's tail—red, brown, black or white. You can buy so-called bucktails on the market, but they are usually made after the theory of other artificial flies, with the

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DEVILED
HAM



Try This
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MIX together thoroughly one can of Underwood Deviled Ham, an equal quantity of Mayonnaise dressing, and a very small onion chopped fine. Spread on thin slices of fresh rye bread. Put slices together, trim off the crusts, and

TASTE
THE TASTE

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Use it for your picnic sandwiches. Indoors use it at any meal. There are delicious Underwood Deviled Ham omelets and soufflés, canapes and timbales, salads and stuffed eggs. Our recipe book "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News" tells dozens of different, delightful ways to serve it. Free for your grocer's name. Or send his name and 15c. for small can to try.

Economical. Small can makes 12 to 24 sandwiches.

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TOWN DEVELOPMENT

Town Development Magazine has issued another edition of the Town Knocker Cartoon, the most remarkable document ever published in connection with town industrial development work. The Cartoon, an announcement of how the editors assist in reorganizing town development associations, and a sample copy of the magazine sent for 25 cents in stamps. No samples free.

TOWN DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, 8 South Dearborn St., Chicago

wings and hackles cut off short and stiff. This sort of fly lacks the merit of the bucktail proper, which really has neither wings, body nor hackles, but consists of a few of the hairs tied on a hook, with or without a body of the same material. The ruder a fly of this kind is, the more it seems to kill. It is the peculiar property of the deer hair to separate and not to mass together when wet, and no other material has been found that is so alive in the water.

You will very often find trout feeding on the grub or larva of a fly, which later on may hatch. Sometimes this larva is in a little cylinder or case of bark or fine gravel. Sometimes its legs or the end of the tail will stick out, and usually the white head will show distinctly. There is nothing in the world a trout would rather have to eat than this. Now suppose the trout sees rolling down in the current a rather slim and darkish object, which is part white and which has crawly ends; it is easy to suppose that in its haste it may mistake this for the larva on which it has been feeding. Perhaps it may mistake a large bucktail for a minnow. It looks like nothing in particular, and everything depends on the way in which you handle it.

The man who lets his fly float downstream at the mercy of the current, without giving it any motion of its own, is not apt to take trout or any other fish; and certainly he will not if he is using the bucktail. But if he pulls that bunch of hair upstream with short, regular jerks, allowing it to drop back a little bit each time, the different filaments will spread apart and move on the end in a livelier way than feathers do.

On some streams the bucktail will kill larger trout than any other artificial lure, and on a stream where trout take it at all it is apt to wear longer than almost any other sort of pattern. Tied in proper fashion, the bucktail fly will kill bass or muskellonge. What it might do with salmon if it were tied of brilliantly colored bucktail hairs is a matter of conjecture, so far as known. It is a far cry from the crude-looking bucktail to the delicate quill or drake or spinner or dun patterns, tied with upright wings and fished in sizes half the length of a fingernail. Yet both will take trout and large ones, and both serve to show the range of fly-fishing opportunities.

Sport in the Tippecanoe

Salmon-fishing is out of the question for most of us and the trout season is short and expensive. There are multitudes of other opportunities for fly-fishing, however. For instance, take the black bass—a bold fish, yet wary, and an omnivorous feeder. Of course you can catch bass on minnows, crawfish, frogs, dobsons—even worms—and on spinning baits of very many kinds; but if you have not learned the deadliness of the artificial fly on bass you have still something left for your curriculum.

Almost any river of the middle latitudes, where there is bright water with occasional gravel beds, showing pockets among the reeds or rushes or watergrasses, will produce bass to the artificial fly; and on a good many streams you can wade, as for trout, and get a good basket of bass on the fly, though you will find the bass rather a shyer fish than the trout, requiring both a long line and a very careful approach. If fishing from a boat the boatman must be careful not to make too much disturbance; and if wading the angler must be careful how much mud he sends down ahead of him. Once the knack is learned, the fly-fisher can kill a bass on any one of a hundred streams in every state where the fish is known. The late ex-President Benjamin Harrison was very fond of fly-fishing for bass, and the Tippecanoe River, of Indiana, was one of his favorite streams, whether on account of its historical reference one does not know—though one can testify to the delights of that and other such rivers when conditions are good.

There is a special cult of fly-fishing for bass on the upper portions of the Mississippi River. That would be the last stream in the world where one would expect to use the artificial fly, but some thirty years ago a curious angler found that the bass there would take the fly readily. He shared his secret for a long time with only a very few friends, but of late the country has been much exploited and fishing pretty much ruined. It has not been unusual to kill a couple of dozen fine smallmouth bass, running as high as four or even five pounds, on the artificial fly in a day's fishing on the Father of Waters.

CHIPPENDALE



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Why not one of the new Macey Book Cabinets in your home—the only sectional bookcases made which express the genius of the most noted old furniture craftsmen? Sheraton, Chippendale, Robert Adam and Fra Junipero were as great in furniture art as Shakespeare in literature or Michael Angelo in painting.

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We publish a handsomely illustrated Style Book of 72 pages. It will help you in selecting units and styles best suited to your taste and to harmonize with your other furniture. This is the most extensive work on sectional bookcases ever published and contains many suggestions on library arrangement. It also contains the following original articles by Mr. Wernicke—"Get Acquainted with Your Furniture"—"What Constitutes Good Furniture"—"The Forces Which Govern Furniture Development"—"Origin of the Unit Idea." You should have this book. Mailed free on request.

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is the Watch *par excellence* of the world. It is superior in every way to the finest products of European hand labor. Only Waltham construction could produce a watch of its delicate mechanical precision. A model of exquisite design and workmanship, it combines perfectly the watch-makers' art at its finest with the accurate time-keeping qualities of a Waltham railroad watch.

The Premier Maximus, bridge model, is made with twenty-three diamond, fine ruby and sapphire jewels; is accurately adjusted to temperature, isochronism and five positions. It has a solid gold 18K. case, and a winding indicator showing on the dial the number of hours the watch has run since last winding. Price $250. All Waltham watches are best in their grade. Premier Maximus is the best in any grade. At your Jewelers. Send for special Premier Maximus leaflet.

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THE OSTABLE POSTMASTERSHIP

(Continued from Page 12)

wanted the backslidin' deacon, but he hated to desert his friend.

"You're sure ——" he stammered. "It seems mean to leave you, but —— Sure you wouldn't mind? If it wasn't that you are on a diet and can't eat I shouldn't think of it; but ——"

"Shut up!" The Major fairly whooped it to Jericho. "If you talk diet to me again I'll kill you. Go in and eat! Eat, you idiot! I'd just as soon watch two pigs as one. Go in!"

So Shelton came in and I had a plate of chowder waitin' for him. He grabbed up his spoon and didn't speak until he'd finished the whole of it. Then he fetched a long breath, passed the plate for more, and says he:

"By George, Cap'n, that is the best stuff I ever tasted! You're a wonderful cook."

"Much obliged," says I; "but you ain't competent to judge until after the third helpin'. And now you try a slab of that spider-bread and a cup of coffee. And don't forget to leave room for the shortcake because —— Well, I swan to man! Why, Major Clark, are you crazy?"

For, as sure as I'm settin' here, old Clark had come bustin' into that kitchen, yanked a chair up to that table, grabbed a plate and the ladle, and was helpin' himself to chowder.

"Major!" says I.

"Why, *Cobden!*" says Shelton.

"Shut up!" roars the Major. "If either of you say a word I won't be responsible for the consequences."

We didn't say anything and neither did he. Judgin' by the silence 'twas a mighty solemn occasion. Everybody ate chowder and just thought, I guess.

"Pass me that bread!" snaps Clark.

"But, Cobden ——" says Shelton again.

"It's hot," says I, "and it's fried; and ——"

"Give it to me! If you don't I shall know it's because you're too ripslap stingy to part with it!"

After that there was nothing to be done but the one thing. He got the bread and he ate it—not one slice, but two. And he drank coffee and ate a three-inch slab of shortcake. When the meal was over there wa'n't enough left to feed a healthy canary.

"Now," growls the Major, turnin' to Shelton, "have you a cigar in your pocket? If you have, hand it over."

The Congressman fairly gasped. "A cigar!" he sings out. "You—goin' to smoke? You!"

"Yes—me! I'm goin' to die anyway. This murderer here," p'intin' to me, "laid his plans to kill me and he's succeeded; but I'll die happy. Give me that cigar! If you had a drink about you I'd take that."

He bit off the end of the cigar, lit it and slammed out of the kitchen, puffin' like a soft-coal tug; and Shelton followed in his wake.

I cleaned up everything, left a note and some money on Jonathan's table and locked up the house. When I got outside there was a fair-to-middlin' breeze springin' up. Shelton was settin' on the hummock waitin' for me.

"Where's—where's the Major?" I asked pretty fearful. To tell you the truth, I was some conscience-struck and worried. My idea had been to play a little joke on Clark—tantalize him by eatin' a square meal that he couldn't touch—and get even for some of the names he'd called me; but now I wa'n't sure that my fun wouldn't turn out serious. When a man with a tender stomach eats enough to satisfy an elephant the land knows what may come of it.

"He's over there in the shade—asleep," he whispered.

"Asleep!" says I. "Sure he ain't dead?"

"Listen!" says he. I listened. If the Major was dead he was a mighty noisy remains.

He woke up after an hour or so and come trampin' over to where we were.

"Well," he snaps, "it's blowin' hard enough now, ain't it? Why don't you take us home?"

"How about the auto?" I asked.

The auto could stay where it was till the horses come to pull it out. As for him he wanted to be took home.

"But—but, are you able to go?" asked Shelton, anxious.



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What in the sulphur blazes did we mean by that? Course he was able to go! And had Shelton got another cigar in his clothes?

All of the sail home I was expectin' to see that military man keel over and begin his digestion torments; but he didn't keel. He smoked and talked and was better-natured than ever I'd seen him. He didn't mention his stomach once and you can be sure and sartin that I didn't. As we was comin' up to the moorin's in Ostable I'm blessed if he didn't begin to sing—a kind of a fool tune about "Down where the somethin' or other runs." Then I was scared, because I judged that his attack had started and his delirium was settin' in.

Shelton shook hands with me at the landin'.

"You're all right, Cap'n Snow," he says. "That was the best meal I ever tasted and nobody but you could have conjured it up in the middle of a howlin' wilderness. If there's anything I can do for you at any time just let me know."

There was one thing he could do, of course, but I wouldn't be mean enough to mention it then. The Major and I had, generally speakin', fought fair and I wouldn't take advantage of a delirious invalid. And just then up comes the invalid himself.

"See here, Snow," says he, pretty gruff; "I'll probably be dead afore mornin', but afore I die I want to tell you I'm much obliged to you for bringin' us home. Yes, and—and by the great and mighty, I'm obliged to you for that chowder and the rest of it. It'll be my death, but nothin' ever tasted so good to me afore. There!"

"That's all right," says I.

"No, it ain't all right. I'm much obliged, I tell you. You're a stubborn, obstinate, unreasonable old hayseed, but you're the most competent person in this town just the same. Of course, though," he adds, sharp, "you understand that this don't affect our post-office fight in the least. That Blaisdell woman don't get it."

"Who said it did affect it?" I asked, just as snappy as he was. That's the way we parted and I wondered if I'd ever see him alive again.

I didn't see him for over a month, but I heard about him. I woke up nights expectin' to be jailed for murder; but I wan't. And when, three days later, Shelton started for Washin'ton, the Major went away on the train with him. Abubus and his wife shut up the house and went off too—and nobody seemed to know where they'd gone. All's could be found out was that Abubus acted pretty ugly and wouldn't talk to anybody.

At the end of two weeks, though, a thing happened that meant somethin'. I got two letters in the mail, one in a big, long envelope, postmarked from the Post-Office Department at Washington, and the other a letter from Shelton himself.

"*Dear Captain Snow,*" it begun: "You may be interested to know that our mutual friend, Major Clark, has suffered no ill effects from our picnic at the beach; in fact, he is better than he ever was and has been enjoying the comforts of city life to an extent which I should not dare attempt. Whether his long respite from such comforts helped, or whether the celebrated Doctor Conquest was responsible, I know not. The Major, however, declares Doctor Payne to be a fraud and to have been, as he says, 'working him for a sucker.' Therefore he has discharged the doctor and discharged the cousin with the odd name—your fellow townsman, Abubus Payne. The mishap with the auto was the beginning of Abubus' finish and the fact that no indigestion followed our chowder party completed it. And also—which may interest you still more—Major Clark has withdrawn his support of Payne's candidacy for the post-office and urged the appointment of another person, one whom he declares to be the only able, common-sense, honest man in the village. As I have long felt the appointment of a compromise candidate to be the sole solution of the problem, I was very happy to agree with him—particularly as I thoroughly approve of his choice. When you learn the new postmaster's name I trust you may agree with us both. I know the citizens of Ostable will do so. Yours sincerely,

"WILLIAM A. SHELTON.

"P. S. I am coming down next summer and shall expect one of your chowders."

My hands shook as I ripped open the other envelope. I knew what was comin'—somethin' inside me warned me what to

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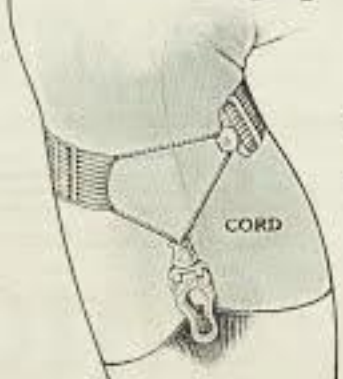
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expect. And there it was. Me!—me!—Zebulon Snow—was app'inted postmaster of Ostable!

Was I mad? I was crazy! I fairly hopped up and down. What in thunder did I want of the postmastership? And, if I wanted it ever so much, did they think I was a traitor—that I'd take it after workin' tooth and nail for Mary Blaisdell? By time! I'd show 'em! It should go back that minute and my free and frank opinion with it. I'd kicked one chair to flinders already and was beginnin' on another when Jim Henry Jacobs came runnin' in and stopped me.

Never mind the argument we had. It lasted till after one o'clock next mornin'. Jim Henry argued and coaxed and proved, and I ripped and vowed I wouldn't. He was tickled to death. The post-office was the greatest thing to bring trade that the store could have—and so on. I must take the job. If I didn't somebody else would—somebody that, more'n likely, we wouldn't like any better than we did Abubus.

"No!" says I. "No! Mary Blaisdell shall have ——"

"She won't get it anyway," says he. "She's out of it—Shelton as much as says so—whatever happens. And she don't want the title anyway. All she needs or cares for is the pay and I've thought of a way to fix that. You listen."

I listened; and so it happened that when Major Clark come back to Ostable, and come into the Ostable Grocery, Drygoods, Boots and Shoes and Fancy Goods Store, he come grinnin' like a Chessy cat and askin' for his mail.

"And while you're about it," says he, "you might as well pay me that bet."

"What bet?" says I.

"Why, the bet you made that Mary Blaisdell would be postmistress here."

"I didn't bet that," I says. "I bet that Mary would handle the mail—that's all. So she will—fact is, she's handlin' it now. She's my assistant in the post-office; and if I choose to pay her the whole of the postmaster's salary whose business is it but mine? No, Major; I won the bet!"

Maybe I did, but he ain't paid it yet. And he finds more fault with the way the post-office is run than any other taxpayer in Ostable. His dyspepsy may have been a fraud, but his crankiness is genuine.

THE DREAM PRINCESS

(Continued from Page 7)

Bog, so as to make the dwar-rf princess grow up. Sure this was foolishness on his part, for wan of them says: "Oh, ho, an' is she the princess?" and Terry says, "Yes."

"Well, I know a way to make money then," says the groom to himself.

But they star-rted widout trouble, the princess ridin' on Terry's hor-rse—and glad to, mind ye—the other hor-rse follerin' alongside, an' the two grooms wid the bags of gold ridin' behind.

About t'ree in the mor-rnin' they run into a fog, an' when they come out of it one of the grooms had disappeared, but his hor-rse followed its mate.

The next hut they passed Terry knocked at the door an' a man opened it.

"Have ye chick or child?" asks Terry.

"Sure I'm a bachelor-r," says the man, an' slams the door in anger.

"Why did ye ask that?" says the princess.

"Wait," says Terry.

The next hut they came to Terry knocks an' a middle-aged woman opens it an' says: "Come in an' rest an' have a bite."

An' it not cock-crow yet.

"Have ye chick or child?" says Terry.

"I have ten, the Lord presair-rve them from har-rm," says she, crossin' herself.

"Have ye a little ger-rul ye'd like to have grow up quick?" says Terry.

"Sure I wish they'd all grow up quick, an' me a widder woman an' all ger-ruls but the youngest—an' he's a boy."

"I'll give ye twenty sovereigns for the loan of a child for a day or two, an' if she doesn't come back a young leddy I miss me guess."

'Twas an aisy-goin' woman an' she consinted; an' it wasn't long before the princess was dressed in the little ger-rul's clothes an' the little ger-rul was dressed like a princess—an' very happy too.

"Goodby, sister," says Terry, winkin' as he put a kiss on the lovely little rosebud mouth of the princess.

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"Goodby, brother," says she, puttin' her little ar-rms around his neck an' huggin' him. "Don't you be long. An' don't get hur-rted."

Dawn was in the sky an' Clubberly Bog a matter of a league away when Terry hair-rd the sound of gallopin' hor-rses, an' lookin' back saw the king an' half a dozen of his sojers follerin' after aich other for all the wer-ruld like a steeplechase.

When the king comes up to Terry he says: "Give me the princess at once or me sojers will shoot you dead."

Terry bows low an' says: "Your Majesty, didn't ye tell the wise man that I was to take her an' cure her of bein' a dwar-rf? An' didn't I saddle up at wance? But take her, you, and see that she doesn't become a giant."

All wrapped up in the princess' fur robe, the night bein' cool, was the child, an' glad enough was King Cormac that he wouldn't have to see the dwar-rfed princess again. An' it's wan of the sojers he made carry her, not likin' to touch a dwar-rf.

He was off in a minute wid his sojers, an' Terry leaned over on his hor-rse's neck an' laughed to kill himself. Then he took his hor-rses to a bit of wood nairby—for he was in his own country now an' well he knew every step—an' lay down to get a little sleep. Sure he was no sooner asleep than the princess in her right size came to him an' said: "Stay hid till King Cormac is well on his way back to the castle. He will think you've gone all the way back thinkin' to find refuge in me father's castle, but do you stay in these woods until the sun is overhead and then go back to the cottage of the woman with the ten children."

Well, this time nothin' woke him, but he stopped dramin' for the heaviness of his sleep; an' when he woke up it was twelve o'clock an' a heavy rain had washed all hoofmar-rks out of the road, but he was sure the king had gone back. So l'avin' the groom to guar-rd the gold—wid a promise of a big reward to make the felly honest—he sets out for the cottage of the middle-aged woman, follered by the other hor-rse.

When he comes to her door a laughable sight there was, for there sat the mother on a milkin' stool, an' in her lap was a ger-rul about five yair-rs old be the face of her, but as lair-rge as a ger-rul of twenty. When King Cormac had found out his mistake he had driven her off after givin' her a sovereign, an' he had set out hot foot after Terry, but the rain comin' down destroyed the footprints an' he had to acknowledge himself bate be a mere lad. An' the ger-rul had walked home—quite be accident.

Well, Terry gives the mother thirty sovereigns instead of twenty, to aise her feelin's in case they was injured, an' then he goes into the hut an' kisses his sister good mor-rnin'. An' soon after they set out for Clubberly Bog.

'Twas a fine after-rnoon an' both Terry an' the princess were feelin' happy, for he'd that spunk that he intinded marryin' the princess an' she was contint to be in love wid him an' not think of what might happen, bein' he was on'y a peasant an' she the daughter of a dook.

At last they come to Clubberly Bog, an' Terry takes hould of her around the waist an' lifts her slowly off the hor-rse; an' then he skir-rts the edge of the bog, not carin' to be a giant, an' sets her feet down on it. She begun to grow at once. "Is it the right size ye are?" says he, whiskin' her off.

"Sure I'm taller than you," she says, an' looks sorryful. No gerrul likes to be taller than a man. An' sure enough when he kissed her he had to lift his lips.

"That'll never do," says he, an' gives a flyin' lep wid two steps on the bog, an' comes out six feet four an' as fine a felly as ever took the Queen's shillin'.

"Sure, what is rank?" asks the princess.

"I never knew much about it, meself," says Terry, "but I know that when I've got me mother's blessin' an' left me gold at home, I'll go wid you to your father's an' ask his consint."

An' when she kissed him she had to stand on the tips of her pretty toes.

. . . . . .

The whistles in Harrington blew and I realized that Dan had been entertaining me for an hour, and that his lunch pail had not been opened.

"Well, Dan," said I, swinging down from the apple tree—"a man who can remember a story like that deserves a half-holiday."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said he. "I may have left out pair-rts, but it's twenty yair-rs since I hair-rd it last."



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(Continued from Page 21)

field, hinting at the same time that I would probably return to it when tired of the banality of legitimate business.

"Monsieur le Comte tells me," he said presently, "that you are not content with our little affair of the night before last."

"To be frank," I answered, "it impressed me as a poor return for my own behavior on the occasion when we last met."

Chu-Chu shrugged. "We are criminals," said he, "and business is business, as they say in your country. Besides, my dear Mr. Clamart, once a man has given up his profession he can hardly expect to receive professional courtesies from his former colleagues."

"There is a difference," I answered, "between professional courtesy and appreciation for a service rendered. However, that incident is closed. What I am now protesting against is the stealing of the string of pearls belonging to Madame Cuttynge."

Chu-Chu's slaty eyes hardened.

"That is a matter," said he, "of which I have just heard for the first time. Whatever my views in regard to yourself, Mr. Clamart, I should never think of breaking my faith with our respected chief." He bowed to Ivan.

"Far be it from me," I answered, "to accuse Monsieur de Maxeville of any such intention as that. When it reaches a point where those of us who are outside the law can no longer trust one another, a man might better retire from the field."

"Precisely my own idea," said Chu-Chu. "Of course, so far as you are concerned, Mr. Clamart, the situation is very different. One would never think of playing pranks upon a colleague. But, as I see it, the minute you gave up your profession you lost the right to expect or demand any other treatment than that of an outsider. As for the service that you claim to have rendered us in grappling with the *agent*, I, for my part, fail to acknowledge any obligation—unless it be on the part of the *agent*, whose life you assuredly saved. If you had not grappled with him I would have killed him myself." His slaty eyes rested on mine with a cold glitter. "I think," said he, "that our chief is inclined to overvalue your performance. If anybody has been wronged it seems to me that I am that person. As for the other pearls, I very deeply regret that somebody else should have got them. I had hoped to do that job myself."

I glanced at Ivan. His face was pale and his eyes lurid. It flashed across my mind that Chu-Chu might have found some difficulty in obtaining his consent to my murder, and that for the purpose of proving that I was a serious danger to the band Chu-Chu was now deliberately trying to anger me and make me show my hand. He was trying to tempt me to a threat. He wanted to make me say that if all ties between us were broken I would consider myself equally free to use offensive action. He saw the disbelief in my face and knew that I was convinced in my own mind that he had stolen Edith's pearls, and that they were at that moment either in his or Ivan's possession. Once I made such a threat the end would come quickly. That was to be the signal for my death. It was possible that Ivan had refused to believe that I would do this, and unless I showed my hand would let the matter drop. Ivan did not want my life, if it could be avoided; but if it came to a choice between that and the risk of exposure, he would no doubt act with deadly suddenness. He was sitting, as I have said, behind his desk, and the lower half of his body was hidden from me.

My left thumb was hooked carelessly in the side pocket of my coat, but I doubted whether I could get my weapon and shoot as quickly as could Ivan. Also there was probably an armed servant behind the door. The odds were too heavy. In order to carry out my plan I would have to get Ivan out from behind his desk, and that without arousing his suspicion.

All of this went through my head in a flash. I leaned back in my chair with a troubled face. Then, turning to Ivan, I said:

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generosity in giving back Miss Dalghren's pearls. Not one man in a thousand would have done it, and you may be sure that I appreciate the act and feel very deeply grateful. Monsieur de Maxeville has presented the matter in quite a different light. If I had seen it in that way myself I should hardly have had the cheek to have come here with the request. It is the first time that I have ever asked a favor of anybody. As for this other string of pearls, there seems to be no remedy. Owing to my peculiar position the Cuttynges cannot, of course, take the matter to the police. One can never tell; it is even possible that Cuttynge himself might have stolen his own wife's jewels. Such things have happened. I know that he has been playing baccarat and has had some heavy losses, and it is possible that he might have been tempted to the act, knowing that the blame will be placed with my ex-associates."

"Or with yourself," growled Chu-Chu.

"Possibly," I muttered, looking dejectedly at the floor.

I glanced up in time to intercept a swift look that flashed between Chu-Chu and Ivan. Chu-Chu, I guessed, was furious at being balked of his prey, while Ivan was obviously relieved. The color was coming back into his cheeks.

"As far as the first string is concerned, Mr. Clamart," said he, "I do not regret my act, in spite of Monsieur de Maxeville's views on the matter. I felt that there was an obligation between us, and my act in returning the pearls showed my good faith. It was all Léontine's idea. As I told you, and as Monsieur de Maxeville will tell you, I was opposed to it from the start. As to Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls I am of precisely the same mind, and I give you my word that if I learn anything about the robbery I will do what I can to assist you."

"Thank you," I said. "That is more than I could reasonably ask. And now, all I can do is to thank you both for your courtesy and to apologize for having taken so much of your time."

I got up slowly.

Chu-Chu also had risen and was standing across the room with an ugly look on his face, tugging at his imperial. The two of them were nicely in line. I stepped back behind my chair, then with a quick movement I slipped my hand into my side pocket and threw up the deadly automatic arm.

"*Hands up—both of you—and quick!*" I snarled.

My friend, it was worth the risk to see their faces. Of course I wasn't studying dramatic effects at the time, and as a matter of fact I was almost on the point of killing them both before they had recovered from the shock enough to obey. Then up went Ivan's hands and he lurched back against his desk, actually pushed, as it seemed, by the murderous force projected out of me. Chu-Chu felt it too, for, although he was frozen into stone for an instant, his arms went up stiffly as his eyes met mine.

"Not a sound," I growled. "Not a motion, or you're both dead men."

For an instant we stood so. Then I said to Ivan:

"Back over there by Chu-Chu! One shifty move from either and you stop a soft-nosed bullet. Back against the wall, both of you!"

Chu-Chu was gurgling like a trapped bear and the veins stood out on his forehead. For the moment I doubted that he'd stand and was tempted to kill them both; then Ivan laughed.

"Check!" said he.

"Shut up," I snarled; "not a sound if you love your life."

Both felt, I think, that for all their past interesting careers of crime neither had been quite so near the ragged edge. Ivan's face was white but calm, but Chu-Chu's was terrible.

"Now then, Monsieur le Comte," said I, "my opinion is that Chu-Chu is lying to us both. Turn out his pockets."

"Remember, you brute," said I, "I'd rather kill you than not. The only reason that I don't is because I believe Ivan to be playing fair, and I owe him something for those pearls. But as for you, Monsieur le Tondeur, there's a score to settle for those shoes and the handkerchief and the cigarette. Stand fast, or I'll rip your heart out!" I looked at Ivan. "Turn out his pockets," I said.

Ivan obeyed. First came a wallet, then some change. Ivan laid both on the corner of the desk. Then gloves, a handkerchief, a gold pencil and penknife to match, and a few ordinary objects of the sort that a man carries. I began to think that the pearls were in Ivan's desk. Then, as Ivan turned inside out a hip pocket, there dropped on the rug a little package of tissue paper. It landed solidly. A snarl was wrenched from Chu-Chu.

"Silence!" I whispered, glad that we spoke in English, for it was possible that a servant was listening outside. "Pick up that package and open it," I said to Ivan.

He did so, then his jaw dropped and his eyes opened wide. There was no doubt of his amazement.

"Give it here," I said, and stepped forward, holding out my hand, the gun muzzle almost against his body. His eyes met mine with a curious expression as he dropped into my outstretched hand three great gems.

My friend, they might have killed me at that moment had they guessed their chance. There were two great rubies and an emerald. Never have I seen their like. I scarcely looked at them and dropped them into my pocket.

"So," said I, "and here is a little surprise. Undeclared contraband, is it not, Monsieur le Comte?"

Ivan nodded. His face had gone hard as stone.

"We will confiscate it as security against the pearls," said I; "for these stones are easily worth twice their value. It is no loss to you, Monsieur le Comte, as except for me you never would have known of them. Now listen to me, both of you. I have said that I was through with theft, and I mean it. I don't know where these gems came from and I care less, but I am going to keep them as security until you hand over the pearls. When you do that you can have the stones. Permit me to restore to Monsieur le Tondeur his other effects. Leave them on the desk. The search has gone far enough." I looked at Ivan. "I consider that I have done you a service, Monsieur," said I.

His eyes narrowed, but he did not answer.

The search had disclosed the fact that Chu-Chu was unarmed. He had not even a knife. Keeping them both covered I walked to Ivan's desk, where in a half-opened drawer I found, as I had expected, a pistol similar to my own.

"A mere precaution against my retreat," I said, and took it out and slipped it into my pocket. "Now, gentlemen, I will wish you a good morning. Needless to say I am delighted at the way in which things have turned out, for everything goes to confirm my confidence in the fair dealing of Monsieur le Comte, if not in that of Monsieur Chu-Chu. Since the latter has held back these stones there is no reason to suppose that he has not done the same with the pearls. As soon as the latter are restored to me I will give up the gems."

Ivan had recovered his *sang-froid*, but Chu-Chu's face was purple and blotchy and his lips were blue. He looked very sick. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that if he had possessed a weapon of any kind he would have sprung at me and taken the chance of my bullet—in which case he would certainly have got himself killed, and probably Ivan also. For I was by no means sure that the pearls were not at that very moment in Ivan's desk.

Then why did I not go through it? For two reasons. In the first place, there was no need. Since I had the stones I felt sure of getting the pearls. In the second place, I did not want to antagonize Ivan more than was necessary. This may sound foolish, after having held him up as I had done, but he would realize that this action was forced on me in order to search Chu-Chu. Of the two Ivan would be the more dangerous enemy, having all manner of subworkers. As things stood it seemed likely enough that he would leave Chu-Chu and myself to settle our affair between us.

"Now," I said, "I'm going. Rush out after me, if you think it would be healthy. If you call down to your servants I'll kill any man that raises a hand. Gun-play of this sort is my long suit. But if you're wise you won't try to stop me. Good morning."

I backed to the door, opened it and slipped out, slamming it shut behind me. Nobody was in the hall. Down the stairs I went, the pistol in my fist, hid by my derby hat. At the foot of the stairs I met the *maître d'hôtel*. He opened the door to let me out with a polite "*Bonjour, M'sieu'.*"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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This car is now ready for demonstration. If the Overland dealer in your town hasn't received one he will in a few days. Wait and see it. To fully understand the exceptional value of this car you have but to compare it with what the entire market has to offer for 1912. Study the specifications below carefully. In what other car will you find such value at such a price? What machine under $1250 can you line up against this and item for item see so much for so little money? When you stop to consider the fine, thorough construction—the heavy drop forgings—the pressed steel frame—the selective transmission fitted with F. & S. annular bearings (which the most expensive cars in the world use)—the 30 horse-power motor, the big wheel base, the fore-door body with door handles and all levers inside the car, you can better realize what an actual advanced manufacturing step this new car is. It is doubtful if any one ever expected so much in an automobile for such a small price.

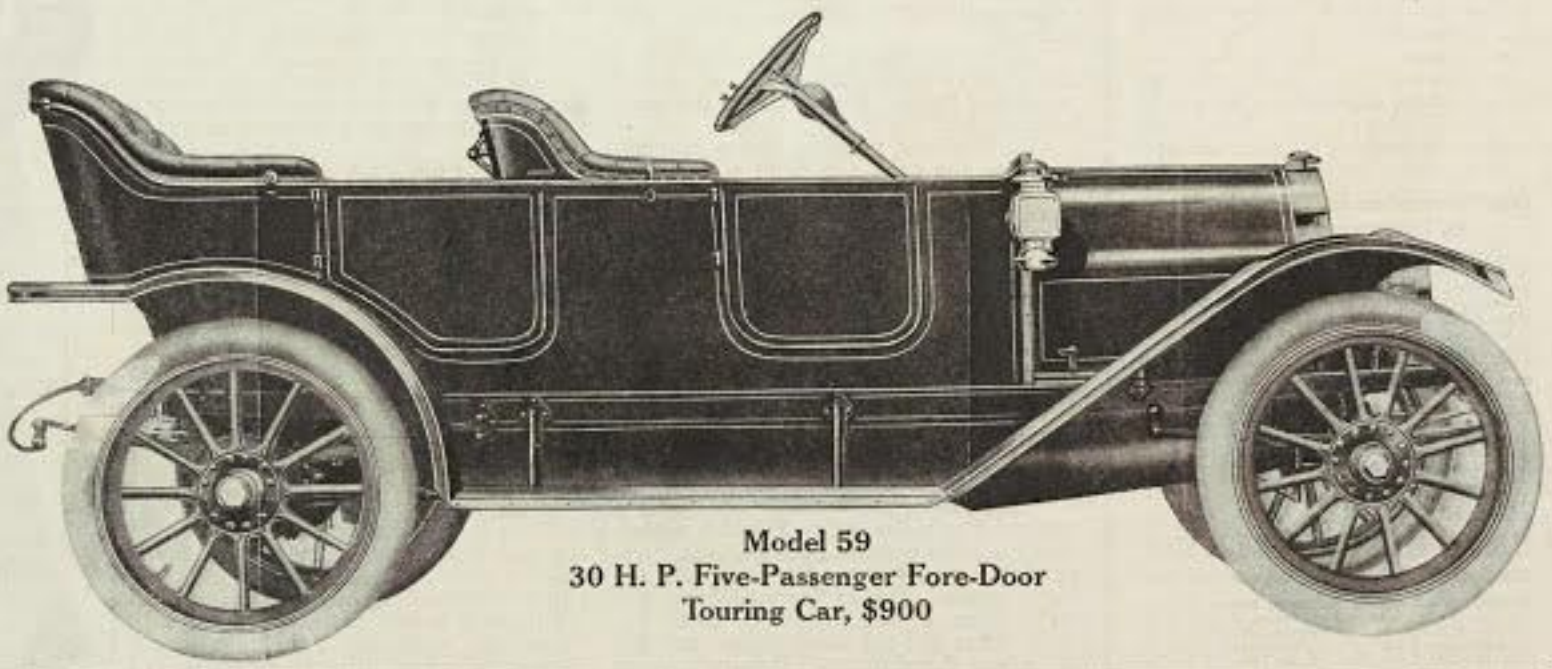
We urge upon anyone who feels at all doubtful about this statement to take the announcement of any other standard maker and see what he has to offer. Just make a few straight comparisons. Take any other car—compare the wheel base—the size of the motor—the body—the design—the finish—the seating capacity. See if you can purchase this car below $1250. And go further than that—find out how the other cars are made and what they are made of. This will reveal some interesting facts about the economical manufacturing strength of the Overland organization.

Our 1912 catalogue is now off the press. It explains exactly why no other maker in the business can produce this car to sell at this price without losing money. Write for a copy today. Ask for Catalogue A-28.

SPECIFICATIONS OF MODEL 59

Wheel base, 106 inches; body, five-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4x4½; horse-power, 30; transmission, selective, three speeds and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings; ignition, dual, Splitdorf magneto and batteries; front axle, drop forged I-section; rear axle, semi-floating; wheels, artillery wood, 12-1½ inch spokes, 12 bolts each wheel; tires, 32x3½ inches Q. D.; frame, pressed steel; finish, Overland blue; equipment, three oil lamps, two gas lamps and generator; tools, complete set; price, $900.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59
30 H. P. Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Overland

35 Horse-power Five-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car—$1200

HERE is another value that will make some of our contemporaries anything but happy. Here is further proof of the ability of the factory of large production to lower the scale of standard prices. For no matter what angle you might care to argue from the fixed fact remains that no plant smaller than ours can produce these cars to sell at these prices without losing money. Last year our 30 horse-power car sold for $1250 and we could not make enough of them. For weeks after this model was entirely sold out the orders kept pouring in. This year our 30 horse-power car sells for $900 and our 35 horse-power car for $1200. The specifications below tell the story. Compare them with the specifications of any other standard make on the market and see if you can duplicate this car for less than $1500.

This car is now in the hands of our dealers. Look it over. Be critical. Note the big wheel base and powerful 35 horse-power motor; the selective transmission fitted with F. & S. annular ball bearings. See how large and roomy the tonneau is and how well it is finished. You will find nothing but the very best in this machine. Heavy drop forgings — pressed steel — frame the best materials and metals the market affords. Notice also the fashionable massive black and brass lamps such as you see on the highest priced cars made. See what a clean-cut, high-class job the whole car is. See how absolutely fit and snug everything seems to be. Just see it once and you will want this car.

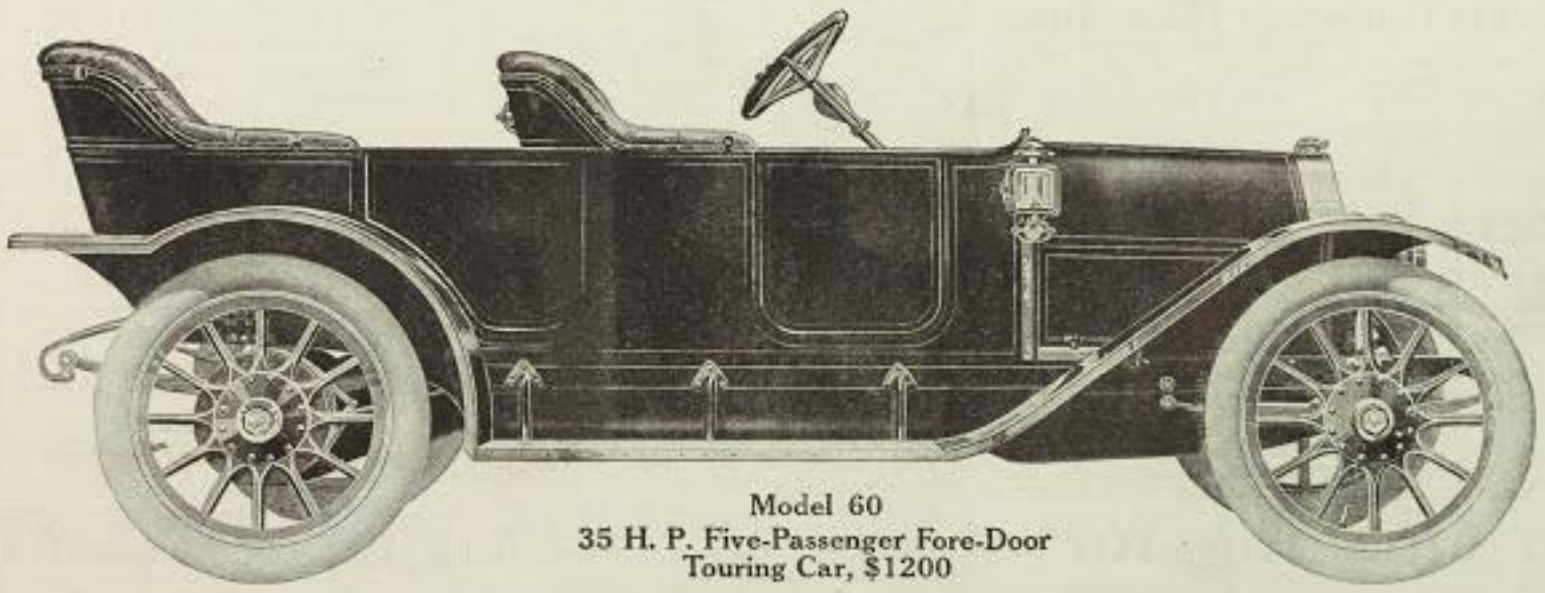
It is a fact, and one that we will be glad to prove, that our factory facilities, our automatic machinery, is more complete and thorough than the equipment found in plants that make cars to sell at five and six thousand dollars. On account of his small annual production the man who markets a high priced car is forced to do work by hand, which we turn out by machinery, and every one concedes that mechanical work is far more economical than hand work. Remember that we turn out 20,000 cars a year, which is the greatest production of its kind in the world.

If you have not read the Overland book for 1912, send for a copy today. It is a handsome piece of work and full of valuable information. It shows the full line of new models; the large and small touring cars, roadsters, coupes, and torpedo bodies. Prices range from $850 to $2000. Horse-power 25 to 45. Ask for Catalogue A-28.

SPECIFICATIONS OF MODEL 60

Wheel base, 114 inches; body, five-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4¼ x 4½; horse-power, 35; transmission, selective, three speeds and reverse; F.&S. ball bearings; ignition, dual, Remy magneto and batteries; front axle, drop forged I-section, Timken bearings; tires, 32x4 inches Q. D.; frame, pressed steel, single drop; finish, Overland blue, gray gear and wheels; equipment, three oil lamps, in black and brass finish, two gas lamps and generator; tools, complete set; price, $1200.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60
35 H. P. Five-Passenger Fore-Door
Touring Car, $1200



NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

The one confection that offers unalloyed sweetness without cloying the appetite—offering the fragile goodness so desirable in an after-dinner tidbit.

Nabisco Sugar Wafers are appropriate at all times and on all occasions. They are enjoyed by the little ones as well as grown-ups.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins



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The Original *Visible Writing* Typewriter. Understand before you read another word that this is a full-sized, standard typewriter, made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. As good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible; back spacer; tabulator; two-color ribbon; universal keyboard, etc.

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TO GET ONE and learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: "MAIL YOUR FREE OFFER."

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Your pleasure will be trebled if you let us Develop and Print your films. We are the largest operators in the United States, and our expert staff is securing for thousands of delighted Amateurs, finer results than are usually seen in Amateur prints. Send us an order today, and we will prove to you, the gratifying results we give in our Photo-Service-by-Mail. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

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EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Continued from Page 19)

The famous Dukhobors from Russia are a conspicuous illustration of this. These Dukhobors got a bad name because of a certain religious fanaticism of a fraction of one per cent of their number. These, you will remember, insisted on starting out scantily clad, or not clad at all, on a search for the Saviour in the dead of a Canadian winter.

These poor fanatics, I believe, were captured by the mounted police, clad, put in cars and sent back to the Dukhobor settlement; but this incident was fastened to the name "Dukhobor," and that whole splendid community had to suffer for it.

This they did patiently. Grave, industrious, honest, hospitable, profoundly religious—they have won their way into the confidence of Canada.

"Yes," said one of Canada's sociologists, who was influential in founding her present policy, "we want all the Dukhobors we can get. They are difficult in some respects; but even that fanaticism which led a few of them on their snowy pilgrimage had something fine about it. There was at the heart of even that unfortunate occurrence an idealism which we need in the making of our nation.

"As a whole, they have proved that they are not in Canada merely for the dollar and the day; they have demonstrated that they are here for the building of character and the healthful development of the soil's resources. The sane idealism of most of the Dukhobors will, some day, prove a golden circumstance for Canada."

The Hospitable Dukhobors

These Dukhobors deserve a paper by themselves. They hold their land in common, as they did in Russia. On the average, they have by far the best physique to be found in Canada. The men are hardy and robust and of splendid stature. The women are strong and comely—many of them exceedingly beautiful. They eat no meat; drink no liquor, wine or beer; use no tobacco or drug.

The stranger is always welcome among them. They have a "guest house," where anybody may go and stay as long as he likes, furnished with food and housing. Another institution is their bathhouse, where each Dukhobor must undergo a Russian bath at least once every week. "And you can see what the effect of that is mentally and morally, as well as physically," said a keen observer.

So the Dukhobors have won their way in Canada; but not so the Galicians. "For," said one of Canada's foremost thinkers, "the Galician has no ideal except the dollar and the day. He is irregular in his habits, to say the least of him. He does not want to go on to farms so much as he wants to hire out by the day on railways and congregate in his own section of town."

Ralph Connor in his notable novel, The Foreigner, has given a good picture of the Galician—though most Canadian students of her immigration problem will tell you that, with Mr. Gordon's engaging optimism and lovable faith in human nature, he has strained a point in trying to bring out the Galician's good traits.

I contrast these two examples merely to show that people not included in Canada's careful and vigorous immigration propaganda nevertheless do come to Canada, they are smiled upon or frowned upon just as soon and according as their conduct wins approval or disfavor.

From all the foregoing you would conclude that comparatively few destitute or even poor people go to Canada—and, generally speaking, you would conclude rightly.

Practically all Canadian immigrants have a little money—most of them a fair amount, many of them a great deal. The American immigrants especially are taking millions of dollars of actual cash into the Dominion. Many English immigrant farmers are men of considerable capital.

Thus far I have dealt with Canada's immigration policy and its consistent administration on those broad lines which constitute the policy. Briefly now of those incidents to it which are like our own immigration law and administration, but which with us constitute all of an immigration policy we have—if, indeed, we may be said to have any.

Shaker Salt Won't Stick or Cake

NO more soggy, lumpy salt. Shaker Salt really keeps dry no matter what the weather may be. It doesn't lump up in the package, or clog up in the shakers at all. It flows freely all the time.

The beautiful, white, fine grains give a delicate flavor that you will like immensely. There is no harshness or rankness to the taste of Shaker Salt.

Yet it has a perfect "salty" taste, because Shaker is the purest of table salts. It is made by a wonderful process of salt refining—a process which we alone use. This exclusive process takes out the natural impurities which remain in other salt for you to eat.

Shaker Salt is put up in an air-tight, moisture-proof box, with a handy spout for filling shakers. Price, except in the far West, 10 cents a box.



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They're imported. And we don't pay duty for the fun of it, either. Russia gives us the most flexible bristles. France makes the best brushes. U. S. A. has the discernment. So we're offering Americans the best tooth brushes that the world produces. But the price is really a trifle.

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Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for descriptive booklet G with map of city.



A Word to Housewives

from the spotless kitchens of America's greatest pure food factories.

Post Toasties

Present

a particularly pleasing food made from ripe white Indian Corn, rolled into fluffy bits, then toasted to a toothsome brown.

This convenient table dainty is ready to serve direct from the package.

For breakfast, lunch or supper, Post Toasties served with cream and sugar, add to the pleasure of the meal.

Many charming dishes are made by combining Toasties with various kinds of fruit, cooked or uncooked.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

After the carefully selective process which I have tried to make plain to you, the Canadian immigrant ship comes to port just as with us. As with us, each immigrant is examined for physical and mental disease and moral deficiencies. Canadian law rejects the same individuals that our law rejects and for the same reasons.

The Canadian immigrant, however, is more carefully and patiently examined, especially on the points of insane and criminal tendencies or inheritances. Also, the Canadian service is more rigid and painstaking on the possibility of the immigrant becoming a charge on the public.

On this latter question consider the following significant but amusing circumstance: It appears that certain charitable organizations in the British Islands were sending into Canada an ever-increasing number of those who were more or less a public charge in the old country—people more or less worthless. Not all of them were worthless, of course, but there was a sufficient number to draw upon them the quick, keen eye of the immigration watchmen on Canada's walls.

So these charitable associations were promptly notified to moderate this branch of their "charitable" work. Canada, it appeared, was not in the business of taking over those who had been a public charge in the United Kingdom. No; Canada very decidedly, it seemed, was in the business of nation-building and people-making—and for this great task she wanted some material that not only could support itself but could help to support others.

Undoubtedly the sharpest eye for criminal or insane tendencies in any immigration service in the world is that of the specially instructed Canadian immigration inspector. These men are quite as carefully and thoroughly trained in the detection of these fundamental defects of mind and heart—defects which we may say are in the blood—as our own surgeons are to discover physical disease.

Caring for New Settlers

And, of course, as with us, any criminal, insane or dependent immigrants may be sent back to the country from which they came at the expense of the steamship company that brings them; but, beyond all question, Canada's enforcement of this stern provision is much more rigorous than ours.

For one thing, the Canadian immigrant who, after his admission, exhibits immoral, criminal or insane tendencies is much more easily discovered in Canada than in the United States. Every police magistrate, every sheriff—almost, one might say, every citizen—is looking out for him, as well as, of course, the immigration service itself. Also, of course, it is easier to locate such a person among Canada's seven million five hundred thousand than among our ninety millions.

So, if a man comes into Canada and turns up in the police court for theft or assault; if a woman is admitted and reveals undesirable qualities—back across the seas they go to the spot from whence they came and the steamship company that brought them pays the bills for their deportation.

Let us suppose that the Canadian immigrant lands and is "passed." What becomes of him and his family? First of all, the steamship tickets include railway tickets. So the immigrants go at once to their points of destination. How do these Europeans, ignorant of Canada, determine their destination? Precisely as our own American immigrants determine theirs—by correspondence. They have been written to by their friends and relatives in the various provinces of Canada. The whole thing is arranged beforehand.

And what happens to them when they get, say, to Edmonton, in Alberta, a frontier town? If they are landseekers they go at once to the Government Land Office. Also, the railways have land agents "on the job" at every railway station. These agents are ready to take these immigrants out to look over the land. If they are ready to settle and have their wives and children with them the work is soon done.

But you will ask: "What becomes of the man who 'locates' upon a piece of Canadian land? He is raw. He is new. He has no place to stay."

All that is taken care of. In every town in Canada there are contractors who will put up a house for an immigrant at very low cost and "give him time." The Canadians are doing exactly in Canada what the English and, even more, the Germans are doing in the Far East. They "give the people time." They have faith in human nature.

So it is not difficult for an immigrant in Canada so far as his house is concerned or his employment or mode of living.

How did this immigration policy grow up? Decades ago Canada began to produce an uncommonly able company of thinkers and students. Our American successes and mistakes have had no such careful and balanced study and judgment, even among ourselves, as these Canadian seekers after knowledge and truth gave them. So they pondered our American experience on this fateful question of incoming peoples—pondered and examined it from the very beginning.

Out of this study and thought, this weighing and balancing, grew a consensus of opinion among the ablest men in Canada that we have made fundamental mistakes.

Thus these men thought out the broad outlines of Canada's immigration policy. And they laid them before the Canadian people in speech and lecture, in pamphlet and newspaper article.

Lessons We Can Learn

Their well-laid plans met with notable success. "Give us all the men, women and children you can send us," said the Canadian people to other countries; "but only of the purest blood—only of the soundest inheritance and sanest tendencies. We want neighbors to live upon our adjoining lands; but we want them to be as good as we are—or better."

And Canada, above all, may be said to be a country of law and order. It is in the blood—bred in the bone. One feels it in the atmosphere. Canada's mounted police, for example, have made the vast prairies of the Northwest as safe and law-abiding as the most orderly section of Montreal or Ottawa. Canada's economic warcry is: "Canada—the land of opportunity." I suggest another: "Canada—the land of orderly opportunity."

This law-and-order instinct of Canada is shown strikingly in the fact that Canada never has had any "Wild West" as we have had. She has had and has as great and unoccupied, as rich and as fertile, regions as we ever had—fields and mines and streams and plains and mountains. Yet the outlaw and brigand, the desperado and the rustler have been unknown in Canada in the way we have known them.

So this instinct for law and order—this determination to have as few as possible of those human troubles which with us now most largely manifest themselves in the dense congestion of our cities—made the Canadian statesmen and thinkers, and the Canadian people themselves, resolve to prevent that quality of immigration which naturally will go to cities and industrial centers.

Had not we Americans better begin to study what Canada does as carefully as Canada has studied what we have done—as carefully as she is studying right now everything we do? Whether her immigration policy be narrow and foolish or wise and farsighted, yet it demands our careful attention at the very least. Whether her labor law is good or bad, yet it is the product of the best thought of a fresh and vigorous people, taking all the experiences—and particularly American experience—for their school-teachers.

For here are a new people and a new land—people of our own blood and speech, working out their human destiny, and patiently and with a wise steadiness seizing time by the forelock in the solution of every question; and taking very much to heart our successes and our failures, our victories and our defeats, in every phase of our political, social, ethnical and industrial experience.

And these people are so close to us we can clasp their hands, see their faces, hear their spoken words—so close that almost we can feel them think. It is a propinquity God-given and laden with golden wisdom for us if we will but appreciate it.

Author's Note—Some say that the work of the Canadian immigration agents and inspectors is far from ideal. Wherever abides the Anglo-Saxon abides also grumbling. And undoubtedly there is ground for it. But, on the whole, Canada's immigration service is the best in the world. This truthfully may be said even when conceding that there is room for improvement in Canada's inspection service and immigration propaganda.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series of articles by Mr. Beveridge. The fifth will appear in an early issue.

YOU can have the luxury of a real *desk* and a handsome library *table*—combined in the space of one.

$10.50 Is the price of this No. 236 table in the store of any furniture dealer east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River.



No. 236
One of seventy-five designs
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SIMPLY pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink-well and pen groove, with large roomy drawer beneath desk lid for stationery and correspondence. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed.

Choice of seventy-five designs at prices to suit in every style.

Styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture" Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and Modern Designs; made by skilled craftsmen from the finest materials obtainable.

Look for the patented easy-sliding, nickel-plated steel slide which allows the drawer to open freely. Counter-balanced to prevent tipping.

Cadillac Desk-Table

Our trade mark on the under side of the desk lid is for your protection.

"CADILLAC DESK-TABLES" are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell them, we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet "P" showing our complete line in half-tone pictures will be mailed upon request.

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The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than "**a table a minute.**"



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This Big New Maxwell

1912's Undisputed Leader

POWER, STYLE and RIGHT PRICE will determine the successful car of 1912. In building the new MAXWELL SPECIAL, the 36-horsepower Touring Car for $1280, the United States Motor Company has developed these elements to their utmost. Never before has such a car been offered at this price.



We realized that most cars today are reliable and efficient. Therefore, we set out to build a car that would outclass all others in these three essentials.

We instructed our corps of engineers to embody abundant power and surpassing style in this new car, knowing that our purchasing and manufacturing facilities enabled us to build the car at a lower price than any of our competitors.

When we were satisfied with the car, we found we could fix the price at the surprisingly low figure of $1280.

The new 36-h.p. Maxwell Special unquestionably assumes instant leadership for 1912.

Power The Secret of power in this new Maxwell Special is its 4¼ x 5¼ long stroke, smooth-running motor.

Large valves, adjustable push rods, self-contained automatic oiling system, Stromberg carburetor, dual ignition with Splitdorf magneto and batteries, combine to produce more power and greater speed than will ever be needed.

The power is there for emergencies. Gear shifting is reduced to a minimum, as this car takes the steepest hills with ease.

Other mechanical features include large clutch discs, full-floating rear axle, sliding-gear transmission, drop-forged "I"-beam front axle and Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator. Wheelbase, 114 inches.

Style The new ventilated fore-door, flush-side vestibuled steel body, with inside control, is the very latest thing in motor car design.

Its sweeping curves with a Columbia Honeycomb type radiator, new designed bonnet, and long, smooth flush-sides are strikingly beautiful.

Finished in Royal green with Wedgwood green wheels and black upholstering, deep and well tufted, this car has an atmosphere found only in the most expensive cars.

It is an aristocrat; the most artistic creation of the season.

Price The price of this car is made possible by the unequaled factory facilities of the United States Motor Company, now recognized as the leading builders of automobiles in America. No car selling for $500 more than the price we ask can match the Maxwell Special. Comparison with other cars will prove this statement beyond argument. We urge comparison.

We announce three other new models—all ready for August delivery: The Maxwell Mercury, a 30-h.p. mile-a-minute Roadster, $1150. The Maxwell Mascotte, a 25-h.p. Touring Car, $980; Roadster, $950. The Maxwell Messenger, a 16-h.p. Runabout, $600.

36 hp Touring Car for $1280

Never such a car at such a price

Maxwell Mercury
A 30-h.p. Roadster, $1150

Here is a test-proven **mile-a-minute** roadster with smooth, flush-side vestibuled and ventilated fore-door body, which is the height of perfection. Wheel-base, 110 inches. It is equipped with high-tension racing magneto, Stromberg carburetor, Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator with new designed hood, demountable rims, and a wealth of refinements, and is listed at $1150 (top extra). It is another instance of extraordinary Maxwell value.

Maxwell Mascotte
A 25-h.p. Touring Car, $980

No car has ever achieved such wide popularity as the Model "I" of which the MASCOTTE is the offspring. There has never been a complaint against this car.

We regret our inability to supply all the cars of this type that were demanded this season, but the increased production next year should enable us to meet the demand. It is the prettiest four-passenger touring car you have ever seen.

Among its features and refinements are a four-cylinder motor (4x4), supplying 25-h.p.; 104-inch wheel-base; new ventilated fore-door vestibuled body with smooth flush-sides and inside transmission control, artistically finished in dark blue with battleship gray wheels; oil reservoir, cast integral with the crank case; Columbia Honeycomb type of radiator with new hood of beautiful design; irreversible worm steering-gear mechanism; Stoddard-Dayton type of spark and throttle control under steering wheel which will be 17 inches in diameter; springs of imported English steel, ball-bearings of German Chrome Vanadium. The touring car with extra-wide rear seat, $980; fore-door roadster, $950.

Maxwell Messenger
A 16-h.p. Runabout, $600

This runabout with numerous refinements is beautifully finished in dark blue, with light-blue wheels. The car should have no trouble in retaining the leadership in runabouts held by its predecessor, known as the Model "AB." Every manufacturing year has seen a shortage in these cars. It is unquestionably the greatest utility car ever designed for merchants and physicians. The price is $600, equipped with magneto, top, three oil lamps, two gas lamps and generator.

Something About the United States Motor Company

Buyers in 1912 will insist upon cars made by substantial concerns that are long past the experimental stage and whose cars will not decrease in value because of inability to get parts, or the fact that the company is no longer in business. The United States Motor Company, now considered the leading builders of automobiles in this country, has capacity to manufacture 35,000 cars for the 1912 season. The Company has a capital of $42,500,000. It employs 14,500 men in 12 manufacturing plants throughout the country, with 27 branches and 1800 dealers to care for your car. Its guarantee, therefore, is worth something.

45,000 Maxwells in Daily Use

They are used by enthusiastic owners—which best tells the story. **Used by 14,000 physicians,** who require admittedly the most consistent and reliable service—that's positive proof. **A record of 91%** of the five-year-old Maxwells again registered in New York this year—is taken from the official figures of the Secretary of State.

Satisfied Owners' Free Inspection Service

To facilitate constant and unfailing service of Maxwell cars, and to eliminate unnecessary repairs caused by oversight of required minor repairs and adjustments, lack of experience in, and mechanical knowledge of, the construction and skillful operation of his car, upon the part of the owner, we have instituted a Free Inspection Service.

The few motor troubles in cars of today are generally due to neglect of unsuspected minor difficulties and can be avoided by frequent inspection and instruction as to proper adjustment.

For one year after date of purchase, a Maxwell owner may take his car to the nearest Maxwell branch or dealer once a month, if necessary, for a thorough inspection without charge.

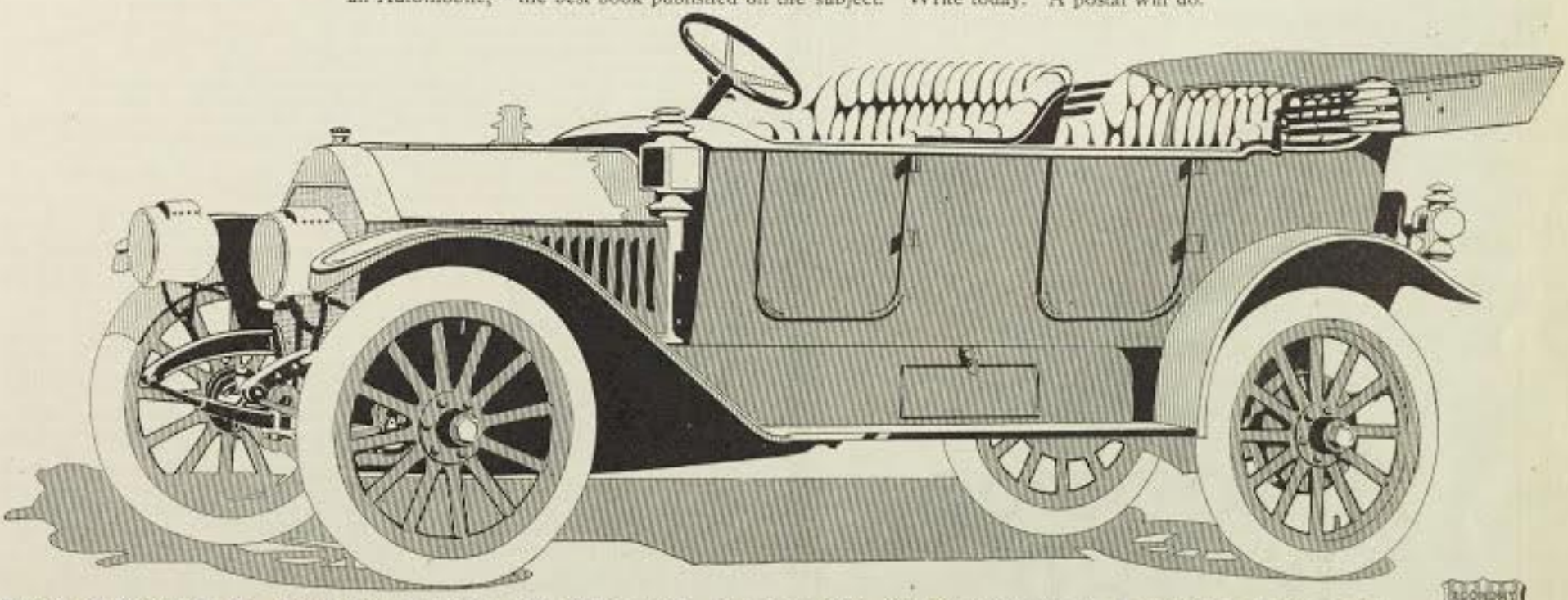
By the use of our Free Inspection Service, you reduce trouble and repair expense to a minimum.

This monthly inspection service is in addition to the Company's warranty against defective material and workmanship, as published in our catalog.

We care for your car wherever you are

Maxwell

Send for these Books: The story of the Maxwell for 1912 is fully told in our advance catalog just off the press. Everyone should read it. With it we will send free "How to Judge an Automobile," the best book published on the subject. Write today. A postal will do.



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Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

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NOTHING to take apart. Nothing to unscrew or screw up. You just merely slip the strop through the AutoStrop Razor itself; slip it back and forth a few times; slip it off the strop; slip it on the face, and the beard slips off. That's all. And it's very easy slipping all the way through.

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THE EFFICIENT SALAMANDER

(Continued from Page 16)

Phlip removed one hand from Bessie's waist and raised it in a gesture that commanded silence.

"Don't get excited," he said; "there's worse coming."

"What d'ye mean, there's worse coming?" Salamander shouted.

"I mean this," Philip replied in firm tones, as he kissed Bessie tenderly on the forehead. "I mean Miss Bessie Feinson and me are engaged to be married."

IV

"WELL, Sift, you see what you done with your wife's relations and all," Kaidin said two weeks later. "Twenty dollars more a month it costs us."

"Did I know the young feller is an old friend from Bessie Feinson's?" Sift retorted. "And maybe you think it's a pleasure for me that Bessie's mother comes on my house crying to my wife and now I got to make the wedding for that girl, Kaidin. I bet yer before I get through with it the least it costs me is anyhow three hundred dollars."

"Well, whose idee was it that the young feller comes to work here in the first place?" Kaidin demanded.

"That ain't here nor there," Sift declared. "The young feller is making good here. Why, on your own account you raised the young feller last week to ten dollars."

"What could I do?" Kaidin protested. "The old man throws him out of the house and he must got to live. Ain't it? Besides, Sift, you shouldn't forget in the last two weeks we got rid of six operators, including Sadie and that old *Schlemiel* Yosel, and we are turning out the work pretty near twice as fast at that. Philip's idee worked pretty good for us, Sift."

"Sure, I know," Sift replied; "all excepting in the case of that feller Saltpeter. We ain't through with him yet, Kaidin, and don't you forget it."

"*Schmooes!*" Kaidin exclaimed. "A couple of fingers the feller got hurted on him, and what could he do us for it? You will see that in a few days Saltpeter comes in and we *schenck* him a ten-dollar note and give him his job back *und fertig*. As for old man Salamander's raising the rent on us twenty dollars, if things goes the way they are, we could stand it easy." He plunged his hands into his trousers pockets and started off for the factory, whistling; but before he had passed through the doorway he was interrupted by a short, dark person whose hands were likewise buried in his trousers pockets.

"Is this Mr. Sift?" the newcomer inquired, without removing his hands.

"No, it ain't," Kaidin replied.

"Well, then, Mr. Kaidin," the visitor said, "you'll do just so well."

As he spoke he withdrew his right hand from his pocket and it clutched a brown-covered document.

"Mr. Kaidin," he said pompously, "this here is a summons and complaint in the Soup-ream Court in an action entitled Aaron Saltpeter, plaintiff, against you and your partner, defendants." And although he did not say so, his solemn visage added—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

Kaidin seized the paper, and as he opened it the words, "ten thousand dollars and the costs and expenses of this action," seemed to stand out in letters of fire.

He staggered back into the office with the paper held limply in one trembling hand.

"Sift," he said huskily, "give a look here."

"What's the matter?" Sift gasped. "Are you awful sick, Kaidin?"

Kaidin sank into his chair with a groan.

"Yes, Sift," he began, "your wife's relations we must got to got working for us."

For a brief interval he paused, overcome by emotion.

"Ten thousand dollars," he sobbed, "and the costs and expenses of this action!"

Sift grabbed the summons and complaint from his partner and read it over slowly.

"What's my wife's relations got to do with it?" he said, as he concluded.

"What have they got to do with it!" Kaidin exclaimed. "Why, if it wouldn't be for that Bessie Feinson we would never got Saltpeter monkeying with the machine at all!"

He slapped the desk with his open hand in an accession of despair.

"We are ruined, Sift," he said, and then with more sobs he repeated the *Leitmotif* of his woe—"ten thousand dollars and the costs and expenses of the action."

"What the devil you are talking nonsense we are ruined?" Sift cried. "When I am working by Meiselman, Garfinkle & Fellmin, a greenhorn by the name Sundel Fixberg goes out of the shop with a piece from silk hanging on his coat sleeve. Fellmin thinks it is stuck up Fixberg's sleeve so he makes him arrested, and what did Fixberg do, Kaidin? He goes to work and sues them fellers in the court yet for twenty thousand dollars."

"Oo-ee!" Kaidin moaned, and wagged his head from side to side.

"*Aber* he settled with 'em for a hundred and fifty, Kaidin," Sift continued, "and that's the way it goes, because they got their foreman and several operators to swear that the feller begs 'em for mercy they shouldn't make him arrested, and he says he wouldn't do it again. So them suckers gets Henry D. Feldman to *muck* a motion for Fixberg to file a bond, that if the case goes against him, understand me, he should be able to pay Meiselman, Garfinkle & Fellmin's costs and expenses, and rather as file the bond the feller settles for a hundred and fifty dollars. Them bonds costs money."

Kaidin ceased wagging his head.

"Well, why don't we go to work right away and hire Henry D. Feldman?" he demanded.

"Sure, we'll hire him," Sift replied, "but first we would call in Agatstein."

He walked to the door.

"Agatstein!" he shouted. "We want to speak to you a few words something."

A moment later Agatstein appeared in the doorway, clad only in trousers and undershirt, while the perspiration stood out on his forehead and cascaded in huge drops down his fat cheeks.

"*T'phooee*, Agatstein!" Sift exclaimed. "Why do you go around looking like a slob? Look at Philip. That feller is as neat as a pin."

"Sure, I know," Agatstein replied. "So would I be if I had that faker's lazy-going temperature. Work is something that feller don't know nothing about at all. All he's got is idees, and if they don't work, mine is the *Schuld*, and if they do work, then you make a big *Simcha* over him. Where do I come in, Mr. Sift?"

"That ain't here or there," Sift said evasively. "What we want to see you about is something else again entirely. You remember that sucker Saltpeter?"

"Sure, I remember him," Agatstein replied; "but the feller wasn't no sucker—he was a decent, respectable feller, outside he used to gamble once in a while."

"Used to!" Kaidin roared. "The feller gambles right now yet. He sues us in the court for ten thousand dollars and he knows he'll be lucky if he gets a hundred."

"He wouldn't get even a hundred if Agatstein is got his wits about him," Sift said.

"What have I got to do with it?" Agatstein asked.

"You got everything to do with it," Kaidin retorted. "You was right there at the time and we want you you should swear that the feller stuck his hand under the machine because—well, because he was *shikker*."

"*Shikker!*" Agatstein cried. "What d'ye mean *shikker?* Saltpeter never touched a drop of schnappe in all his life. Even coffee he drinks only a cup when he is playing chest."

"What difference does that make?" Kaidin demanded. "You should say what we tell you to say."

"But, Mr. Kaidin," Agatstein protested, "I seen it with my own eyes. Mr. Sift puts both of Saltpeter's hands on the goods and you yourself starts up the machine, and that's how he got hurted."

Kaidin grew purple with anger.

"*Schlemiel!*" he shouted. "Who asks you that? Speak when you are talked to. All you got to swear is Saltpeter is drunk. What harm would it do the feller?" he continued in softer tones; "we would anyhow give him a couple hundred dollars."

"A couple of hundred dollars!" Agatstein exclaimed. "Why, the feller is injured for life, Mr. Kaidin!"

"*Yow!* He is injured for life!" Sift replied. "I bet yer he wouldn't know he was injured at all if he didn't go and see a lawyer. You couldn't tell me, Agatstein. Many a feller walks into a lawyer's office looking like a strong healthy feller, understand me, and as soon as the lawyer sees him he sends the office boy out for a pair of crutches and teaches the young feller how to use 'em before he could go home at all. With such a faker like that you shouldn't have no mercy, Agatstein, so you should swear Saltpeter was *shikker*."

For a brief interval Agatstein gazed at the floor and then he shook his head.

"No, Mr. Sift," he said at last, "I couldn't swear nothing but the truth. Why should I try to do the feller out of his money?"

Kaidin rose to his feet, choking with rage.

"What do you mean you wouldn't tell only the truth?" he said. "We ain't paying you you should tell the truth, Agatstein. You take too much on yourself."

"Maybe I do and maybe I don't," Agatstein replied, "but just the same I seen the whole thing, Mr. Kaidin, and I would tell what I seen and no more."

Kaidin's anger increased to frenzy and he banged the desk with his clenched fist.

"Cutthroat!" he yelled. "Do you want to ruin us?"

"I don't want to ruin nobody," Agatstein replied. "All I want is to tell the truth."

This was too much even for Sift, and he, too, exploded with rage.

"Out of here!" he cried. "You murderer! You would tell the truth, would you? All right if you would tell the truth, do it somewheres else, not here. What good are you anyway?"

During Sift's outbreak Agatstein retreated farther and farther into the factory, until at the climax he was well within earshot of the operators.

"Do you mean I should resign my job, Mr. Sift?" he inquired.

"I mean nothing of the kind," Sift roared; "I mean you are fired."

For a man with a wife and family Agatstein received the news of his discharge with unusual calmness, and he betrayed his agitation only by the manner in which he seemed to be seeking the company of his fellow-workmen.

"What am I fired for?" he asked.

"You are fired because you are fired!" Kaidin shouted. "That's why you are fired."

This answer appeared to satisfy Agatstein, for without another word he put on his hat and coat and left the factory. For the second time that day Kaidin sank into his chair with a heavy groan.

"Yes, Sift," he said, "now we are up against it for keeps."

Sift made no reply. He was cogitating a phase of Agatstein's departure that seemed to possess sinister possibilities—to wit, as the lawyers say, although it was Thursday morning Agatstein had departed without asking for the wages due him.

"And furthermore," Kaidin went on, "right in the middle of the busy season we are without a foreman."

"Why are we without a foreman?" Sift asked. "What's the matter with Philip Salamander?"

Kaidin nodded his head slowly.

"If I would sit here and tell you what is the matter with that feller, Sift," Kaidin declared, "I could spend the rest of the week over it. Look at him now."

He nodded toward the open doorway through which Philip could be observed sitting on a stool at the far end of the factory, with his feet cocked up on a windowsill. He was reading a magazine and lazily blowing rings of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling, but even as Kaidin gazed at him he dropped the magazine and jumped to his feet. The next moment he pounced upon a lagging operator, and from the manner in which the latter blushed and speeded up her machine it was plain to Kaidin that their assistant foreman was not wholly unmindful of his duties.

"Just the same," Kaidin said, "a foreman couldn't smoke no cigarettes and read books."

Sift nodded.

"I'll talk to him," he said, and then he raised his voice to a shout—"Salamander, come here a minute."

Philip walked leisurely toward the office, pulling down his waistcoat with both hands.

"Salamander," Sift began, "I suppose you heard it we just fired Agatstein?"

"Uh-huh," Philip replied.

"Well, do you think you could take his job and make a success of it?" Sift continued.

"Uh-huh," Philip said.

"And read in books at the same time?" Kaidin asked.

"Sure, why not?" Philip said. "The trouble with you fellers is you never read a book about business in all your life, and never would."

"That's all right," Kaidin retorted; "the only books a feller should monkey with in business hours is cash books, day books, ledger and journal."

"That's a back-number idea," Philip declared loftily. "A foreman should keep abreast of the latest ideas in shop management."

"Might smoking cigarettes in business is an up-to-date idee, too maybe," Sift commented.

"Not exactly," Philip said, as he cast the butt of his cigarette onto the floor and extinguished it with his heel. "You may be right about that, and I'm willing to cut it out."

"Might you would be willing to quit looking like a dude in business hours also," Kaidin suggested.

Sift shrugged his shoulders.

"For my part," he said, "he could look like Jay Vanderbilt himself so long as he turns out the work."

Philip glanced down at his clothes and carefully rid himself of a few stray threads.

"Perhaps I ought to wear a linen duster," he replied. "So that's settled; and now how about the wages?"

Before Kaidin could answer he discerned the bulky figure of Jacob Salamander puffing his way toward them from the elevator door.

"Philip!" Jacob gasped when he entered the office. "Come home at once."

"Hello, Pop!" Philip said, extending his hand; but Jacob avoided it.

"Come home right away," he went on; "your mommer is sick."

"Is she very sick?" Kaidin asked.

"What difference does that make?" Salamander asked.

"Because," Kaidin said heartlessly, "if she would last till tonight seven o'clock Philip would see her then. At present he is working by us as foreman, and we got need of him here."

Sift discreetly retired to the bookkeeper's cage and his manner implied that he craved no more excitement for the present.

"Philip," Salamander continued pleadingly, "ain't you coming home with me? Your mommer is sick and she asks for you all the time."

Philip looked inquiringly at Kaidin.

"What's he got to do with it?" the elder Salamander demanded. "I am telling you your mother is sick. Ain't you got no heart at all?"

"I've got a heart all right," Philip replied, "but we're pretty busy here. Isn't that right, Kaidin?"

Kaidin nodded.

"What's the use you are coming butting in here, Salamander?" he said. "For the first time in his life Philip has a show to make a man out of himself, and you are trying to take it away from him."

"What d'ye mean I am trying to take it away from him?" Jacob Salamander cried. "I am telling you his mother is sick and I want him to come home."

"*Schmooes*, Salamander!" Sift interrupted, reappearing from the bookkeeper's cage. "I just rung up your house and Mrs. Salamander herself answers the phone. I told her Philip was all right and he would come up to see her tonight yet."

The elder Salamander turned on Sift with a terrible glare.

"Faker!" he hissed. "What do you got to do with it? You are trying only to steal away my son from me. You are in a conspiracy, the whole lot of you, to marry off my son to this—this—Miss Bessie Feinson, and that's what you got him here for from the beginning."

"Hold on there, Pop," Philip broke in. "You're way off. In the first place, you got me this job yourself; and in the second place I knew Bessie a long time before I came to work here."

"Furthermore," Sift added, "if you don't think Bessie is good enough for your boy, Salamander, let me tell you she comes from decent, respectable people in the old country. Her uncle was a rabbi yet, a *Chosid*, understand me, which everybody

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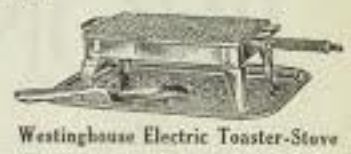
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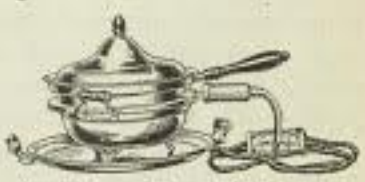
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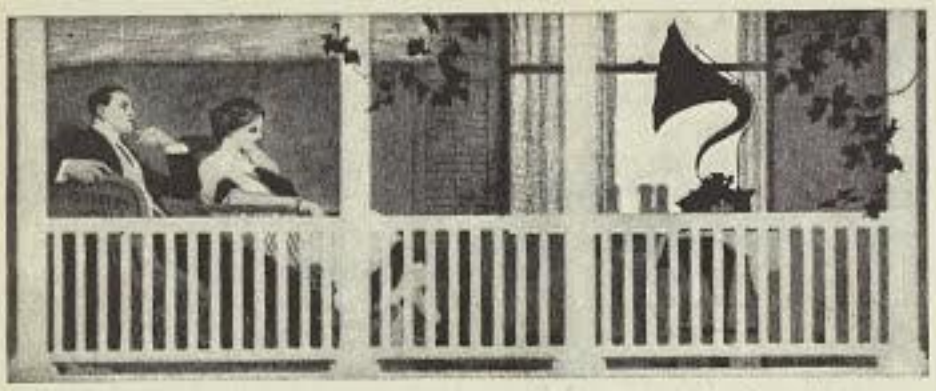


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in Minsk calls him *der gute Yid*. From such a *Mishbocha* you should come, Salamander, and then you could talk. Otherwise not."

"He's right, Pop," Philip said. "Bessie is a good girl and you may as well make up your mind to it, we're going to get married the first of next month. In fact, she's quit her job here, and she's working at home right now over the trousseau."

"Oh, she is, is she?" Salamander retorted. "Well, where do you think you are going to get the money to keep up a home with? Not from me, Philip, because I tell you here and now you could never expect another cent from me so long as you live."

"That's all right," Sift said. "We was just settling that part of it when you come in here. Today we fired Agatstein, Mr. Salamander, and we give Philip his job at the same wages—thirty dollars a week. Ain't I am right, Kaidin?"

Kaidin nodded, and forthwith Jacob Salamander turned on his heel and left the office. On his way out to the elevator he passed a short, dark person, both of whose hands were buried in his trousers pockets.

"How do you do, Mr. Kaidin?" said the newcomer as he entered the office. "It ain't often I get the pleasure twicet in one day yet."

He withdrew one hand from his trousers pocket as he spoke, and Kaidin saw that it contained a blue-covered document.

"Mr. Kaidin," the process server continued, clearing his throat impressively, "this here is a summons and complaint in the *Soup*-ream Court entitled Manesseh Agatstein, plaintiff, against you and your partner, defendants."

He paused in the doorway before retreating to the elevator.

"The gravamen of the complaint," he added, "is breach of a yearly contract of hiring. Goodby, gents, and good luck to you."

V

TWO days after Philip Salamander was united in marriage to Bessie Feinson, Jacob Salamander sat in the basement dining room of his brownstone residence on East Eighty-first Street and to all appearances read the evening paper. That is to say, Mrs. Salamander, who was making a pretense of darning socks, observed through her red and swollen eyelids that her husband was completely hidden behind the widespread printed sheet, and she wondered at his indifference. As a matter of fact, however, the market quotations danced up and down in front of Salamander, and a pulse worked incessantly in either cheek as he pondered over the events of the last month.

"Well, Mommer *leben*," he said at length, "let's go to bed."

"Why, it ain't nine o'clock yet," Mrs. Salamander replied. "Somebody might come in."

"*You*, somebody might come in!" Salamander cried bitterly. "Who do you expect—Elijah the Prophet?"

As if in answer to his query the doorbell rang vigorously, and Jacob Salamander jumped to his feet to answer it in person.

Two men stood outside; and one of them, a short, stout person whose features seemed strangely familiar to Salamander, was the spokesman.

"How do you do, Mr. Salamander?" he said through the iron gate that supplemented the basement door.

"Well?" Salamander grunted.

"My name is Mr. Agatstein," the visitor said, "and this is a feller by the name Saltpeter. Might you would remember us maybe."

"I think I do," Salamander said. "You used to was by Kaidin & Sift. Ain't it?"

"That's right," Agatstein replied, and Salamander opened the gate.

"Come in," he said, and Agatstein and Saltpeter passed into the dining room, whereat Mrs. Salamander rose from her seat.

"I guess you could get along without me, Popper," she murmured.

"Not at all, not at all," Agatstein cried; "we ain't got nothing to say which you couldn't hear it."

He sat down in the chair that Salamander had just vacated and motioned Saltpeter to a seat on the lounge.

"Well, Mr. Salamander," he began, "I guess you are thinking wonder why we are coming to see you. Ain't it?"

Salamander shrugged.

"Lots of *Schnorrers* comes to see me," he said coldly, and Saltpeter could not forbear a smile at his spokesman's discomfiture.

"The fact is," Agatstein continued, nodding toward Saltpeter, "me and him is going as partners together in business."

"You got my permission," Salamander declared.

"Yes, Mr. Salamander," Agatstein went on, growing a trifle pink; "him and me goes as partners together in business."

"You told me that once already," Salamander interrupted, "and if that's all you are coming to see me about, Agatstein, I may as well tell you that I go to bed pretty near every evening about this time."

Up to this point Saltpeter had observed a discreet silence, but he now deemed it time to come to his partner's assistance.

"The fact is, Mr. Salamander," he said, "me and my partner gets here late on account we are just coming from your son's flat."

Mrs. Salamander clasped her hands involuntarily and Jacob cleared his throat.

"*Nu*, what has that got to do with me?" he cried, and Saltpeter paused for inspiration.

"Tell me," Mrs. Salamander interrupted breathlessly, "does he got good furniture in his flat?"

"The boy's got an elegant flat," Agatstein replied. "In the dining room is from mahogany a table, a cutglass closet and a sideboard—and neat, Mrs. Salamander, like a pin, I assure you."

"What for furniture has he got in the parlor?" Mrs. Salamander asked eagerly.

"The parlor," Agatstein said, "is furnished up grand."

"Yes?" Mrs. Salamander murmured. "What for a rug did they got in it?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Mrs. Salamander," Agatstein answered, "I didn't pay no particular attention to the rug; but on the wall is two pictures, one from Mr. Salamander and one from you—not crayon *oder* regular enlargements—and elegant frames they got it too. Must cost the boy a whole lot of money, I bet yer!"

Mrs. Salamander wiped her eyes, and her husband half rose from his seat.

"*Nu?* Mommer *leben*," he said, "these two gentlemen ain't come here to talk furniture."

"That's right," Saltpeter agreed. "We come to talk, in a way, business. The fact is, Mr. Salamander, him and me made a proposition to your boy tonight that he comes in as partners together with us."

Salamander shook his head vigorously.

"Not one cent," he said. "I done enough for that boy the way he treats me. He never done a stroke of work in his life until now, and for twenty-five years I supported him, and then he turns around and goes to work and marries this—this ——"

"*Nu*, Mr. Salamander," Agatstein interrupted. "Miss Bessie Feinson was a fine girl and she makes your son a good wife, understand me. She works in my shop two years, and in all that time she acts like a lady always. You shouldn't say nothing against her because I wouldn't stand for it."

Mrs. Salamander nodded her head in approval and wept anew.

"Do me the favor, Agatstein," Saltpeter said, "and don't butt in. I give you a show to do the talking and you made a failure of it. Now, let me speak a little something."

He turned to Salamander.

"The fact is, Mr. Salamander," he went on, "me and him don't want none of your money. We got plenty on account, maybe you don't know it, but I sued Kaidin & Sift in the courts and last week they settled with me for fifteen hundred dollars."

He held up his bandaged right hand.

"It was worth it too," he said. "I could never hold up a hand full of cards again so long as I live."

"*Gott sei dank!*" Agatstein added fervently.

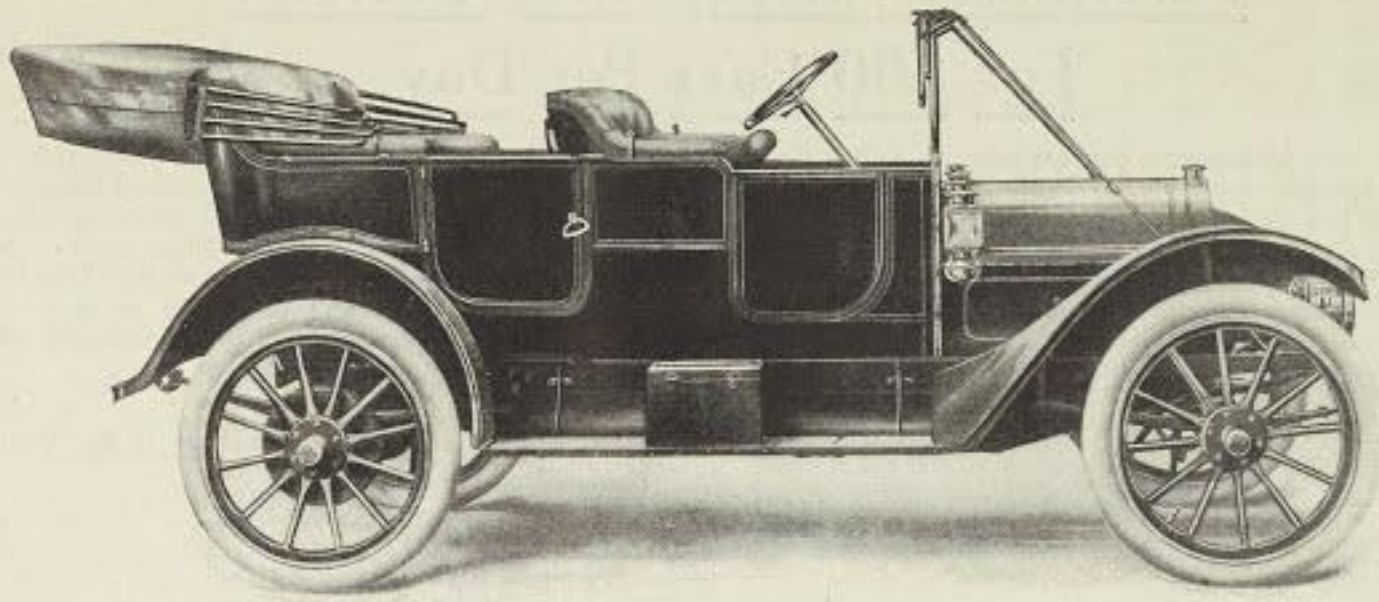
"And my partner too," Saltpeter continued, "they fired him out of there like a dawg because he refused to swear I was *shikker* when I got hurted. So he sues 'em also in the courts and him they settled with for seven hundred and fifty dollars. So you see, Mr. Salamander, we got plenty money to start a waist business. Ain't it?"

Salamander nodded.

"So we come to you," Saltpeter concluded, "you should persuade your boy to go with us as a partner; because, Mr. Salamander, that boy has got some elegant idees about running a factory, even supposing he is a little lazy."

"Lazy!" Salamander exclaimed. "What d'ye mean the boy is lazy? You made a big

(Continued on Page 43)



The REO Sensation for 1912

This Car for $1,000

(Price Subject to Change Without Notice)

Here is the first attempt to sell a high-grade car—roomy, luxurious, speedy and powerful—for an even-thousand dollars. It is the latest design of Mr. R. E. Olds—the finest car which this famous factory ever sent out from its doors.

The price is subject to change; it may be impossible. We count that this price will add 50 per cent to our output without added overhead expense. If it does, the price becomes possible—at the present cost of materials. If we find it impossible we shall later advance it. For we never shall skimp on any part of this car to keep the price at $1,000.

Every Reo agent now has this car on exhibit. Each now offers this initial price. And you will find no car under $1,500 which compares for a moment with it.

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Year after year we have constantly increased our output. Part by part we have brought the Reo car to perfection. Gradually each important part has been standardized, and permanent machinery has been adapted to it.

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The new Reo "Thirty," with fore-door, five-passenger tonneau. Four 4x4½-inch cylinders—108-inch wheel base—34x3½-inch tires—the best of magnetos. Our latest and finest creation—a roomy, powerful, stunning car—for an even-thousand dollars.

Top and windshield not included. We equip this car with a Mohair Top and Slip Cover, a Mezger Automatic Windshield, a Speedometer and a Gas Tank—all for $100 extra.

We have enormous capacity and our output can now be increased by half with no extra cost save for materials and labor.

For all of these reasons, the time seems at hand when a car of this class can be sold for $1,000. And, until further notice, we are going to try it.

No Skimping Whatever

We pledge you our word that in adopting this price, we have not skimped the car in the slightest particular. This is the finest model, regardless of price, that we ever turned out from our factory.

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The car is built under laboratory supervision of the most scientific sort. The steel for each part is analyzed. It is tested for tensile strength and for hardness. Nothing is left to chance.

The gears are tested in a crushing machine, to withstand a pressure of 27½ tons. The bearings are fitted with the best roller bearings—the Timken and the Hyatt High-Duty. The carburetor is adapted to the present grades of gasoline.

All that is known to the best modern practice is embodied in this car. From the big tires and wheels down to the smallest hidden part, we are giving you better than necessary—the very best we know.

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This car was designed by Mr. R. E. Olds, the dean of automobile designers. It is built under his supervision.

Long before the days of automobiles Mr. Olds was building famous gas engines. In the early days of the motor car he built the only cars worth having. And in every step of progression since, Mr. Olds has kept well in the lead.

This car we are selling for $1,000 is Mr. Olds' latest creation. It embodies all his skill and experience. And all his reputation as a great engineer is staked on this Reo car.

Ask for Details

On this car we publish complete specifications. We state every material, every feature, every detail of the mechanism. We do this to help you compare this car with the highest-priced cars in existence.

Please write for these facts. Then go to the nearest Reo agent and see the car itself. This is the first great car to sell for $1,000. And, if the price is found possible, it is bound to change the whole motor car situation.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

(2)

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize
For 800 Cars Per Day

We are starting now to increase our capacity to 3,300 tires daily. More than enough to completely equip 800 cars per day.

That's to meet the demand for No-Rim-Cut tires. That demand has thrice doubled in the past two years. It is larger now than for any other tire that's made.

Over 650,000 of these tires have been sold. And every car equipped with them is winning others to them. They are tires that can't rim-cut—tires 10 per cent oversize—tires that cut tire bills in two. Yet they cost no more than standard old-type tires.

These advantages are apparent. Any man can see them. Every motorist knows how much they mean. So men are demanding these patented tires as fast as they find them out.

It must be so. Men can't be fooled on tires. A tire that proves a doubled mileage is bound to win you and all.

The Old Type and The New

The old-type tire—the clincher tire—is a relic of bicycle days.

When the call came for tires to equip automobiles that was the only type we knew. It was the only type anyone knew.

So we simply adapted this hooked-base tire to the newer and larger requirements.



Ordinary Clincher Tire

This picture shows the clincher tire as adapted to automobiles. It is pictured here on the standard rim for quick-detachable tires or demountable rims. A rim with removable rim flanges.

These tires have hooks on the base—as shown—to hook into the rim flanges. That is the ancient bicycle method for holding the tire to the rim.

But these curved-in flanges, when used on automobiles, dug into the tire when deflated. The result was to rim-cut a punctured tire. To run on a flat tire for even one block might wreck it beyond repair.

Every motor car owner knows the worry and ruin caused by this thin-edged, in-curving flange. It has cost them millions of dollars.

So, some years ago, we started out to do away with this hooked-base tire. The final result is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire. And this type now outsells our clinchers almost six to one.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire

Here is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire fitted on the same rim as the clincher. The removable rim flanges have simply been slipped to the opposite sides, so they curve outward.

The tire when deflated rests on a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is utterly out of the question. It never has happened, and never can happen, no matter how far one may run on flat tires.

No Hooks—No Bolts

The No-Rim-Cut tire has no hooks on the base. And no tire bolts are needed to hold it on.

The reason is this: Vulcanized into the tire base on either side are three flat bands. The bands are made up of 126 braided piano wires. These wires make the tire base unstretchable. Nothing can force the tire over the rim. It cannot come off under any condition until one unlocks and removes a rim-flange.

Instead of hooking the tire on we make this unstretchable tire base. When this tire is inflated it is held to the rim by a pressure of 134 pounds to the inch.

This braided wire feature is controlled by our patents. Others have tried a single wire—others twisted wires. But these flat bands of braided wires which need no welding—which nothing can break or loosen—is the only way known to make a hookless tire practicable.

That is why most tire makers still recommend clincher tires.

Tires 10 Per Cent Oversize

No-Rim-Cut tires have an extra flare, because the rim flanges curve outward. So the tire can be made 10 per cent oversize and still fit the rim. And we give you in these tires that extra size without any extra charge.

This oversize means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent greater carrying capacity—than a tire of rated size. And this extra capacity, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

Tires which lack this oversize are usually overloaded. It is done by the extras—the top, glass front, gas tank, extra tires, etc. Also by heavy passengers. That is what causes blow-outs.

Our two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions will cut tire bills in two. Yet these patented tires now cost the same as standard clincher tires. They used to cost one-fifth more.

That is why men who know the facts call for No-Rim-Cut tires.

Our latest Tire Book—based on 12 years of tire making—is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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(365)

How Can I Make a Cat Stretch Itself On the Stage Every Night?

That is what puzzled David Belasco. He wanted to give a domestic touch to a play: If he could only get a cat to come on the stage at a particular point in the play, stretch itself and lap a saucer of milk. But how to make a cat stretch every night at a given time? He puzzled over it for days. Then an ingenious idea struck him, and every night for 400 nights he made a cat stretch. It made the success of the play. Read how he did it. You never would have thought it possible.

"Little things like that have made my plays successful," says Mr. Belasco. Then he tells of the "little things," all in an article, "Why I Believe in the Little Things." It is a picture "behind the scenes"—but it is more.

It is in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

How a Mother Brought Her Daughter To Disgrace

She was a careful mother, too, or believed she was, of good family and social position, and the girl was what we call "a nice girl." Yet, the mother awoke one morning amazed to find "her girl" in jail and disgraced. The girl was as astonished as was the mother.

And the author says, who tells the story:

"Thousands of mothers are doing exactly for their girls what this mother did, only they don't know it." But they should know it, and it will surprise many a mother to read how she *is* doing it.

It is a graphic story, true to life, forcibly told, and with a ring in it that strikes no uncertain sound.

Read it in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

15 Cents Everywhere

(Continued from Page 42)

mistake there, the boy ain't lazy at all. Do you call it lazy that a young feller which he never done a stroke of work till he gets twenty-five years old, in one month only gets a job as foreman and goes to work and gets married and makes a home for himself? That's a *Mensch*, that feller, Agatstein, and I tell you right now, while he would never get a cent of my money, I ain't ashamed of the boy. Far from it."

"Why should you be ashamed of him?" Saltpeter continued. "The boy is a good boy, and I am sure if you could see how much his wife thinks of him, and the grand way he treats her, Mr. Salamander, not only you wouldn't be ashamed of him, you'd be proud of him even."

At this information Mrs. Salamander buried her face in her handkerchief and Jacob Salamander blew his nose.

"What do we want with the boy's money?" Saltpeter continued. "If he would go as partners together with us we are willing he should share our money."

"Don't do him no favors," Salamander exclaimed. "He ain't no object for charity just yet a while."

"Neither are we," Agatstein declared, "but the boy refuses positively to go with us, Mr. Salamander, and we argued with him and we argued with him, and all he says is his father puts him in the job where he is, so he would stick to it, on account he wants to show you what he could do."

Salamander looked up sharply.

"Did he tell you you should come here to see me?" he asked suspiciously.

Saltpeter shook his head.

"*Oser a Stück*," he declared so solemnly that there was no doubting the truth of his denial. "He says we should positively not go near you, Mr. Salamander; but the way we figure it out, we really need the boy, and you could take it from me, Mr. Salamander, that boy could work like a dawg for them people for years yet, and would they take him into the firm unless he would got the money? Not in a million years; while me and him we are willing to take him in without a cent."

"But what do you want me to do?" Salamander asked.

"Well, I'll tell you," Agatstein said: "me and Saltpeter is got a date to meet the boy at Wasserbauer's tomorrow at twelve; and if you would be there, too, Mr. Salamander, and persuade the boy he should go with us, understand me, my wife and children should never see me come home again if we would ask you for a cent. My partner's wife, too, Mr. Salamander, and he only got married *schon* six months ago already."

Salamander hesitated for a few minutes and Mrs. Salamander dried her eyes.

"What harm could it do supposing you see the boy, Jake?" she said pleadingly, and Salamander nodded.

"All right," he said. "I would be at Wasserbauer's tomorrow at twelve o'clock."

VI

WHEN Jacob Salamander entered Wasserbauer's Café on Canal Street the next day he found his son engaged in earnest conversation with Saltpeter and Agatstein, and it was not until he was within a dozen feet of them that Philip saw his father. He grew a little whiter than Wasserbauer's hotel-china and his knees began involuntarily to knock together. Nevertheless, he tried hard to control his voice.

"Ain't that so, Pop?" he said tremulously.

"Ain't what so?" Salamander inquired huskily, as he drew a chair up to the table.

"Why, these here two fellers want to tell me that with a capital of a little over two thousand dollars they could do a business that would show a profit of six thousand dollars for the first season," Philip replied, gaining confidence as he proceeded.

"It sounds a little big," Salamander agreed, "*aber* you got to reckon that capital ain't everything, Philip. Three fellers working together when they got wives to support and homes to keep up, understand me, they ain't going to fool away their time exactly."

"You bet your life!" Philip said fervently, and Salamander restrained with the utmost difficulty a desire to put his arm around his son's shoulder.

"On the other hand, Philip," he said, "you got to consider that if you are going on partners together with a couple of fellers which knows the value of money like Agatstein and Saltpeter, the chances is they put the most of their profits back into the business and live on a very little, ain't it?"

"That's what Bessie said last night," Philip declared.

Salamander cleared his throat so raspingly that Louis, the waiter, heard it from the other side of the room.

"Right away, gents," he called, and came on a run with his napkin standing straight out behind him.

"Bring us some good cigars," Salamander said, paying the price of his emotion. "Three for a half'll do. Yes, Philip, a newborn business must got to be fed like a newborn baby; and if the partners don't act like mothers and feed it all the money they got, the baby would die on 'em sure."

For more than half an hour Philip and his father discussed with Agatstein and Saltpeter all the phases of their partnership proposition, until Louis the waiter approached timidly.

"Excuse me, gents," he said, "but in the front stands a feller which he would like to talk to Mr. Philip Salamander."

"Tell him to come in here," Jacob Salamander said, and two minutes later Harris Sift entered.

"Philip," he said, ignoring the others, "don't you think we got business to attend to in our place at all? What's the matter with you anyhow?"

"Sit down, Sift," Jacob Salamander interrupted, "and shake hands with a couple of friends of mine by the name Saltpeter and Agatstein."

"Philip," Sift repeated, without appearing to notice Salamander's pleasantry, "do you hear what I am telling you?"

"You better look out, Philip," Jacob said, "or the first thing you know you'll be getting fired."

"Make me no jokes, please," Sift retorted.

"*Na* Sift," Jacob said in less jocular tones, "let bygones be bygones with these two fellers. They worked for you ten years apiece, and if they are getting from you two thousand dollars, what is it?"

"Him I ain't got nothing against at all," Sift rejoined, looking at Saltpeter; "but Agatstein, that's something else again. He goes to work and sues us for a year's hiring already. Since when did we hire you by the year, Agatstein?"

Saltpeter leaned one bandaged arm on the table and looked Sift squarely in the eye.

"You hired him by the year at the same time when I got *shikker*, Mr. Sift," he said. "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the rooster, and you know damn well, Mr. Sift, I ain't never drunk nothing stronger as coffee in all my life."

Sift blushed and made no reply, while Salamander handed him a cigar.

"You shouldn't hold no grudge, boys," he said, "because ever since last night yet I got an idee in my head which I ain't sprung it on you till now."

He cleared his throat in more modulated fashion than before.

"The idee is this," he continued: "Kaidin, Sift, Saltpeter and Agatstein all knows each the other for years already; and although they did got their little differences, it's all over now."

As if in answer to a cue, however, Kaidin negatived this statement by bursting into Wasserbauer's doorway. He fairly ran down the aisle between the tables and stopped short, gasping for breath in front of his partner like the last man of a Marathon race.

"Murderers!" he shouted; "what are you doing here?"

He addressed the entire company, but his eye rested particularly on Saltpeter and Agatstein.

"*Koosh!*" Sift cried. "Ain't you ashamed for the people?"

"What do I care for the people?" Kaidin said. "Our whole place is at a standstill, while you fool away your time here. I thought you says you would go and find Philip and come right back."

"Say, lookyhere, Kaidin," Salamander broke in, "if you want to behave yourself, all right. Otherwise I would call Wasserbauer and get you kicked into the streets. Do you understand me? Now sit down like a *Mensch* and listen to what we are talking about."

He dragged a chair from the adjoining table and thrust Kaidin into it.

"Now then," he said, "the proposition is this: Agatstein and Saltpeter will put in twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars for the two of them, and for Philip I will put



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in"—here he paused impressively—"fifteen thousand dollars cash."

He looked fixedly at Kaidin.

"And I give Kaidin and Sift their choice of two propositions," he said. "The first is: they go on in business like the way they are, only they would got for their nearest competitors a firm of three bright men with a capital of seventeen thousand two hundred and fifty dollars; *oder* Kaidin and Sift can put in their business as a going concern, stock, fixtures and good-will as a sixty per cent interest in the new concern, and go as partners together with my Philip and Agatstein and Saltpeter."

Kaidin sat back in his chair and his jaw dropped.

"Of the profits of the new concern," Salamander continued, "Kaidin and Sift draws sixty per cent between 'em, my Philip draws twenty-five, and Agatstein and Saltpeter splits up the other fifteen between 'em."

Saltpeter turned to Agatstein.

"I'm agreeable," he said, and Agatstein nodded.

"How about you, Sift?" Salamander asked.

Sift looked at his partner, who appeared to be in a condition bordering on catalepsy.

"I guess we would like to think it over," Sift said.

"Thinking it over is nix," Salamander declared. "This thing must got to be settled right here and now."

For more than half an hour they argued the matter, and at length Salamander slapped Kaidin on the shoulder.

"Come down to earth, Kaidin," he said, "and close this thing up."

"Listen, Sift," Kaidin said appealingly; "are you going to go back on me?"

"What do you mean—go back on you?" Sift retorted. "The proposition is a good one. Ain't it?"

Kaidin shrugged despairingly.

"That's a partner for you!" he said. "With him, a deal goes through on the first figures yet, and dickering he don't know nothing about at all."

"You couldn't dicker with me, Kaidin," Salamander declared, "because what I told you just now is the first proposition and the only one, excepting I would reduce the rent on you back to the old figure, and if you would want to increase your plant I could also let you have the loft upstairs at the same terms."

"What is the use your standing out, Kaidin?" Sift said, and finally Kaidin nodded.

"I got no more objections," he announced, and Salamander at length put his arm around his son's shoulder.

"Philip, my boy," he said tenderly, "Mommer says you and Bessie should come up for dinner tonight, seven o'clock sharp."

He turned to the others with a broad smile, which completely engulfed his mustache between his nose and his under lip.

"I guess you fellers think I am a pretty easy proposition, ain't it?" he remarked; "but I'll tell you the honest truth, Philip, the whole thing is Mommer's idee."

He nodded his head slowly by way of emphasis.

"This here ziontific management of operators is, in a way, easy, Philip, and so is the ziontific management of partners," he concluded; "but there ain't no such thing as the ziontific management of wives and children, Philip, and don't you forget it!"

Not the Same

AN ENTHUSIASTIC labor unionist was invited some time ago to a small Pennsylvania mining town to address the local organization, which, as it happened, was composed chiefly of foreigners. On his arrival he was met by a committee of two, which promptly escorted him to the town hall, where the members were then in session. With a minimum of ceremony, the newcomer took up the cudgel in behalf of organized labor and, quickly warming to his subject, delivered an eloquent and lengthy address. When finally he concluded and, with the satisfied air of one who had risen to the occasion, resumed his seat, the first half of the receiving committee took the floor and at once plunged into the vocal intricacies of the Polish language.

"What on earth is he saying?" asked the visitor of his second escort, whose chair adjoined his own.

"He is telling them what you said," the other replied dryly.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Your boy needs Western training to widen his scope of practical knowledge, to develop broad ideas of business and life.

New Mexico Military Institute



offers this training. Located in the beautiful Pecos Valley, where the sun shines every day, where the dry, healthful climate and the cool, bracing air produce ruddy cheeks. Classed as "Distinguished Institution" by U. S. War Dept., which ranks it among 16 best Military Academies of America. One year of college work. Elective business course. Graduates prepared to serve as second lieutenants in army and for any university. All are on plane of equality. 11 modern buildings. Owned and supported by New Mexico. Moderate terms. Financial gain no object. Send for catalogue.

Col. James W. Willson, Supt., Box F Roswell N. M.

An Army Officer says that in his opinion "Boys become cleaner cut men, mentally, morally, physically" through attendance at

St. John's Military Academy
(EPISCOPAL)



which is in the way of being "expert testimony" to the effect that we are doing something more than teaching the classics and "ologies."

We are training boys for life. We are making good citizens. St. John's is classed by the Government as one of six "Distinguished Institutions." Write to us about your boy. Send for illustrated catalogue.

The American Rugby.

Dr. S. T. Smythe, Pres. File AA, Delafield, Waukesha Co., Wis. Chicago Office, 1515 Masonic Temple. Tel. Cent. 3102

The oldest and largest west of the Mississippi River.



Wentworth
MILITARY ACADEMY

Government Supervision. Highest rating by War Department. Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry Drills. Courses of study prepare for Universities, Government Academies or for Business Life. Manual Training. Separate Department for small boys. For catalogue, address

The SECRETARY
1813 Washington Ave., Lexington, Mo.

St. Paul's School

Location: beautiful and healthful Garden City, Long Island, 19 miles from New York.

Equipment: fire-proof buildings, gymnasium, swimming pool, 30 acres of athletic fields.

Instruction: first-class and individual instruction given. Prepares for any college or scientific school. Competent master at the head of each department.

A lower school for younger boys

Building now open—Catalog on request

Walter R. Marsh, Headmaster, Box 27, Garden City, L. I.

Kemper Military School
Boonville, Mo.



A teacher to every ten boys. Modern buildings and extensive grounds. All athletics. Fine Gymnasium. Army officer detailed. Class "A" military school. 69th year. For catalogue address

"Best Preparatory School in the Middle West"

Col. T. A. Johnston Supt. 732 Third St.

OHIO MILITARY INSTITUTE



Location—A picturesque suburb of Cincinnati, the great art and music center.

Organization—Academic, military and physical training departments. Lower schools for boys of 8 to 14 years.

Advantages—Only recommended boys taken. Certificates admit to colleges.

Write for catalog to

A. M. Henshaw, Commandant, Box 22, College Hill, Ohio

Oak Ridge Institute FOR BOYS 60th Year

Prepares for COLLEGE, for BUSINESS, for LIFE. Ideal location in foothills of Blue Ridge Mountains. High standards of scholarship and home-life. Honor system. A boy is safe here. Individual, personal attention given every boy. Non-sectarian, but Christian. Board and tuition $250.00 for one year. For catalog, write

PRESIDENT, Box 16, Oak Ridge, N. C.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Wenonah
Military Academy
10 miles from Philadelphia.

Preparation for all colleges, technical schools and business. Military training in **Artillery, Cavalry** and **Infantry.** Largest gymnasium and athletic field in New Jersey. **Rural life. No Saloons** or **factories in the town.** Beautiful and healthful location. Junior school for younger boys.

Gov. Woodrow Wilson, ex-president of Princeton University, during a recent visit said: "Wenonah is a growing school and is doing a good and great work."

Opens Sept. 20th, 1911. Send for catalogue and year book.

Major JOHN R. JONES, Supt., Box 114
Wenonah, Gloucester Co., N. J.

Howe School HOWE, INDIANA
(ENDOWED)
A TEACHER FOR EVERY TEN BOYS



Every Boy Recites
Every Lesson
Every Day

Graduates admitted to leading colleges on certificate.

Estate of 160 acres. 9 Fine Buildings. Thorough sanitation.

Healthful country life. All athletic sports. Beautiful lakes.

Separate School for Younger Boys

For illustrated catalogue address

The Rev. J. H. McKENZIE, L.H.D., Rector, Box 220

Randolph-Macon College
ASHLAND, VIRGINIA
For Men
Chartered 1830

Delightful and healthful location in the heart of historic Virginia, in a small residential (college) town, half hour from Richmond and two and a half hours from Washington. Standard college requirements for admission and graduation. Grants A.B. and A.M. degrees only. Student body limited in proportion of students to professors of 15 to 1. Moderate charges, owing to endowment. References required. For catalogue, address

R. E. BLACKWELL, A.M., LL.D., President.

Porter Military Academy
Charleston, S. C.

Established in 1867 to give good boys the right start in life. And does it yet—and better! An unusual junction of highest scholastic preparation with strongest incentives to Christian manhood. College or business training — Languages, Science, History, Music, Mechanical Drawing, Commercial Courses. Eleven large, well-kept buildings. Gymnasium, swimming pool and athletic field. Board, tuition, etc., $250. Two from one family, $450. **Lower School,** with separate dormitory, for boys 10 to 14. Write for catalogue.

$13,000 Improvements This Year

Rev. Dr. WALTER MITCHELL, B.D., Rector,
Box D, Charleston, S. C.

MURFREESBORO
SCHOOL for BOYS

Select home school for 45 boys, situated in Blue Grass section of middle Tennessee. Only manly boys desired. Thorough courses of study, preparing for leading colleges and universities. Every boy receives individual attention.

Our cottage system promotes home life. Modern buildings, five athletic field. Gymnasium work required. Honor system here. For handsome catalogue, address

HEADMASTERS
Box 64 Murfreesboro, Tenn.

School Information Free catalogs and advice of all Boarding Schools in U. S. (Name kind: girls' or boys'.) American Schools Association, 935 Broadway, N. Y., or 1515 Masonic Temple, Chicago

BUSINESS HELPS

I ASKED the head of a great New York establishment what it was, next to positive dishonesty, that he would most dislike to find existing in connection with any trusted employee.

"I most dislike to find any one keenly interested in some outside moneymaking pursuit," was the prompt reply. "That is a fatal fault from an employer's standpoint, for it means in itself a certain dishonesty and disloyalty and unfits a man for giving the necessary strength and attention to his work for us. When a man engages in two interests he always gives one of the two the short end of the stick; and, as a matter of fact, the end he neglects is sure to be the end that pays him the most money! You see, he looks on that as a certainty. He feels he has that nailed and cleated tight—and he is trying to build up something outside; so it is to that outside work that he gives most of his time and thought. What ought to be deemed his main work becomes of secondary importance.

"No man can serve two masters. That's just as true now as it was a couple of thousand years ago. It's mighty good business, just as it is mighty good religion.

"Now, I don't mean to object to a man's studying outside working hours. On the contrary, I like to hear of it. Study is the best thing he can do. If I know a man is studying with an eye on improvement or advancement, I'll surely give him the advancement if he'll show the improvement."

This recalled the case of a young man in the West whose career I had recent occasion to watch. After graduating from one of the best technical schools, he found it difficult to find precisely the situation he wanted, but took a subordinate place with a large electrical company. "But it doesn't give me an opportunity to use what I've learned," I remember his saying complainingly.

A year later I found that he had been discharged and was looking for another place. "I just couldn't keep him," said his employer. "I expected him to show capacity and ambition, and intended to advance him at the very first opening—and an opening would have come very soon. If it hadn't come and he had showed himself the right stuff an opening would have been made. We use lots of these technical boys. His first job was a minor one, but it gave him more chance than he realized and a splendid opportunity to watch the places that were ahead of him and get ready to move up; but he felt he knew it all—that he had learned it all—that he was altogether too big for his job. First thing I knew, his work was growing worse instead of better; instead of taking advantage of his chance, he was throwing the chance away—and I found out that he was teaching mechanical drawing four nights a week at a night school."

An Engineer's Swift Rise

"He wanted to 'make use of his attainments,' as he put it to me; but all he did was to give all his real thought and attention to his teaching instead of to our work. A man only has about a certain amount of ambitious energy and I thought I was paying for it—and I was paying for it; but he gave his ambition and thought to the school, which had no future at all to offer him. His idea was not to throw himself, body and mind, into his work for us until we should give him big work to do. And so it works out that he hasn't any job at all.

"Now," he went on shrewdly, "if a man in my employ goes to a night school to learn I push him ahead. He's the right kind. It shows he's got the right thing in him. I gain by all he learns and I make him a gainer too. Some of our best men came up out of the ranks, with only a night-school or correspondence-school training.

"Just a few years ago the man who held the big position of chief engineer of the New York Central Railroad was one who had only that sort of technical training, and he quit that job to be promoted to a vice-presidency of the same company; but from his very youth, in a little New York town, that man had thoughts of nothing but being an engineer."

* * * * * * * *

"To what do you attribute your success?" once asked an American reporter of Henry Irving.

"To my acting," said Irving simply. He didn't have to give a list!

* * * * * * * *

The first of the employers referred to above is a striking example of the success of his own theory, for he rose to his present place from a humble beginning with the house and from the first devoted all his ambition to it. It is to him, indeed, that the great store very largely owes its appearance and prosperity.

"I have tried to make the store one that smiles at you," he said. As he spoke, visions came to me of various shops that scowl at you!

Somehow, that's a good idea—a store that smiles! And as I walked around with him he pointed out this and that point that illustrated his advanced ideas.

Making a Shop Smile

"First," he said, "see how splendidly the place is lighted; for there's not only every chance taken of using the daylight but there is plenty of electricity wherever the daylight doesn't quite reach over this huge floor-space.

"And see our white paint. See the banks of elevators—frame and cars all white! Picked that idea up one day in Philadelphia. Tried just one first, to see what it would look like here; and the clerks all joked about it—said it was the bridal elevator! But we went ahead and did 'em all.

"And here's another thing—biggest thing of all. Don't you notice a general cheerful brightness everywhere that's something more than the lighting? It comes from the glass-fronted counters. Some other stores have adopted this modern idea to quite a degree, but none to the extent we have. Every counter is a showcase, with glass clear to the floor, and it not only makes for cheerfulness but is a splendid use of what used to be lost space, for it gives a chance for great display along both sides of every aisle.

"Even yet some of the biggest stores have long lines of wooden-fronted counters into whose dark recesses the clerks reach to draw out one box after another; but that's only the case with some who have long-established and what is called conservative trade. No house could begin in that way nowadays and hope to succeed.

"And then there are notions—all sorts of those little things, you know, that most stores just keep in bunches or boxes, sort of shabby and messy. I determined this class of goods should be displayed in a variety just as complete as the bigger things; so we've had little racks and frames made to set them on, in well-finished mahogany, so that a customer can see all sorts and sizes and qualities of novelties at a glance. And it has paid—that's the best part of it! The cost of the outfitting has been much more than made up in increased sales. And it's even better than that, for if the little necessities are attractively found the customer gets a feeling of satisfaction, a feeling of having been well treated, that makes strongly for sales in other departments."

* * * * * * * *

Originality is a quality that all the business world seems to be looking for, but originality is by no means all that is necessary.

"My two best assistants," said an advertising man whose displays are seen daily in the New York newspapers, "are a continual contrast and problem to me. By far the better one of the two, so far as original ideas is concerned, is by far the worse in results. He bubbles with bright ideas, but there is always an incompleteness about carrying his ideas out. It's the hardest thing in the world for him to get an advertisement rounded up and completed on time. He can't constitutionally quite push himself through. I keep him on because his ideas are often so clever, so novel, that I don't want to lose him; but the other man, with not nearly so much cleverness and originality, is getting right ahead because his work, though not brilliant, is always good and he always has it full and complete and finished to the minute. And nothing is more certain, from a business standpoint, than that a good advertisement finished is worth more than a better one unfinished."

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Tennessee Military Institute
Sweetwater, Tennessee
One of the Most Successful Military Schools in the South



A school of national patronage, in the mountains of East Tennessee. Gives thorough preparation for college, Government Academies, or business. Individual instruction. New buildings, designed especially for a military school, with modern equipment. Campus of 45 acres, athletic field, gymnasium, bowling alleys. Most healthful climate in U. S. 35 states and five foreign countries represented past session. Encampments in mountains, practice marches, cavalry trips. In every respect a high-class school, with the moderate terms of $350 for board and tuition, full session.

Send for illustrated catalogue. Address

COL. O. C. HULVEY, Superintendent

Verbeck Hall — St. John's School

Manlius School
MANLIUS, N. Y.

DESIGNATED by the War Department as "Distinguished Institution, 1904-'05-'06-'07-'08-'09-'10-'11," this being highest honor paid by U. S. Government. Most successful application of military principle to preparation for college or business, because this high grade of military work is attractive and thoroughly stimulates and produces results in honor system, building of character and habits of study not attained in such degree by most military or civilian schools.

WM. VERBECK, President

Kentucky Military Institute
The School with a Winter Home in Florida

Educate your boy in this school where the system embraces all-round development—a school without "frills"—without the traditions of the "gay life" at large colleges. Founded 1845; Chartered 1865. For sixty-five years the K. M. I. has been training boys for useful lives—making four-square men, so to speak, by developing their character, moral integrity, mental ability and physical welfare. Preparatory and Collegiate Courses. Special Courses in Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Outdoor training all the year. Fixed charges $450, including Florida trip. Write for our catalogue and Florida booklet. Address

The President, K. M. I. — Lyndon, Ky.



The Bingham School
Orange County, near Mebane, North Carolina
Established 1793.



A busy and lovable home for boys, on Southern Railway, in the country. A location famous for safety, health and beauty. Strong graduate faculty of Christian men, giving constant and individual attention. Military discipline, firm yet affectionate. Outdoor life, with Tennis and other healthful sports. Having abbreviated, Bible, Physical Culture and fine Penmanship specialties. Full Classical, Commercial, Scientific and Music Courses. Small classes. Terms reasonable.

For illustrated catalogue, address

PRESTON LEWIS GRAY, B.L., Principal, Box 5

YEATES SCHOOL
For Boys. Endowed. Box 520, Lancaster, Pa.

Ideal country surroundings. Fine athletic field. Stream for canoeing and all water sports. Gymnasium and pool. In short, all kinds of recreation essential to vigorous youth. All boys are given systematic training in sports. $706 per year.

Frederick Gardiner, A.M., LL.H.D., (Harvard) Headmaster

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

New England CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

Founded 1853 — Year opens September 21, 1911

Boston, Mass.

GEORGE W. CHADWICK, DIRECTOR

The Largest and Best Equipped School of Music

Located in the musical center of America. It affords pupils the environment and atmosphere so necessary to a musical education. Its complete organization, its imposing Conservatory Building, splendid equipment, and the Residence Building offer exceptional facilities for students.

The free privileges of lectures, concerts and recitals, the opportunities of ensemble practice and appearing before audiences, and the daily associations are invaluable advantages to the music student. A number of free Violin scholarships are available for 1911.

GRAND OPERA SCHOOL

This school gives a *practical training* for Grand Opera in regular professional rehearsals. The conductors, stage managers and répétiteurs are of the staff of the Boston Opera House. Pupils of this Opera School will have the opportunity to obtain a début in the Boston Opera House when they demonstrate sufficient ability.

For particulars and year book, address RALPH L. FLANDERS, Manager.

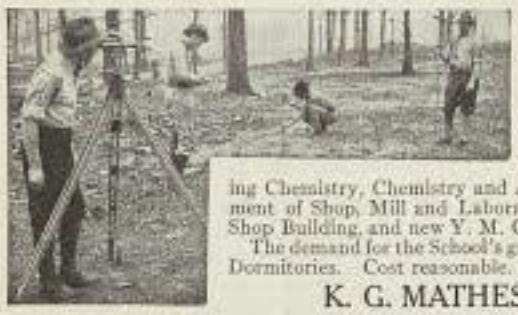


The Ely School

For Girls
Greenwich, Conn.

One of the best equipped schools for girls in the country. Beautifully located overlooking Long Island Sound, 50 minutes from New York City. Building new and specially designed for the school. College Preparatory and general course. Modeling, drawing, painting, choral and sight singing included in every grade. A Department of Domestic Science. Gymnasium. Athletics. Outdoor Sports.

GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY



Atlanta, Georgia

An engineering institute of the highest rank, in the heart of the progressive South. 1050 feet above sea level. The climate is healthful and delightful. Advanced courses in Mechanical, Electrical, Textile and Civil Engineering, Engineering Chemistry, Chemistry and Architecture. Extensive and new equipment of Shop, Mill and Laboratories. New Hospital, new Engineering Shop Building, and new Y. M. C. A. Building.

The demand for the School's graduates is much greater than the supply. Dormitories. Cost reasonable. For illustrated catalog, address

K. G. MATHESON, LL.D., President

National Park Seminary

FOR GIRLS, WASHINGTON, D.C. (SUBURBS)



A real school for real girls, taking account of their general education, growth of special talents, the care of home and health, the desire and need for social life and training. Location on high ground in large private park. Generous equipment of twenty buildings—twelve for school use and eight club houses—adapted for residence, classes and recreation. Unique features to insure the advantages of both the large and the small school; the life and the democracy of the one modified by the congenial groups and small classes of the other. All features that would appeal to thoughtful parents. Academic and collegiate studies—with special departments of Art, Music, Domestic Science, Arts and Crafts, Secretarial Work, Library Economy and Business Law. Athletics and outdoor life to promote good health and spirits. Pure air, pure water and perfect sanitation. Electric car service to all parts of the city of Washington. Parents interested in the choice of a school for their daughters should send for illustrated booklet in which every detail is fully explained.





Address Box 151 — Forest Glen, Maryland

The MacDuffie School

For Girls
185 Central St., Springfield, Mass.

Principals:
John MacDuffie (Harvard)
Mrs. John MacDuffie (Radcliffe)

Four attractive houses in beautiful grounds.
Fine new gymnasium, all outdoor athletics.
College preparation and entrance by certificate. General high school course.
Postgraduate work.
Music and Art. Domestic Science.
Practical course in personal accounts.
Year book and pictures on request.

Sea Pines

A HOME SCHOOL

For Girls Desiring Individual Attention

Genuine happy home life with personal, affectionate care. Growing girls inspired by wholesome and beautiful ideals of useful womanhood. The Cape climate is exceptionally favorable for an outdoor life, which we make attractive and enticing. Seventy acres; pine groves, meadows, ponies. Hygiene and morals are observed especially for results in health, character and education. New equipment. Gymnastics, Music, Handiwork, Domestic Arts, French, German, Spanish—native teachers. All branches of study. Patient and enthusiastic instruction. Address

Rev. THOMAS BICKFORD, Miss FAITH BICKFORD, Prins., P. O. Box M, East Brewster, Cape Cod, Mass.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY

(Concluded from Page 17)

that most of them should turn, here, to digging city sewers or working in mines. The country needs them and they need the country; and the cities need to be freed from increasingly gregarious massing. The whole problem of the immigrant, the *Einwanderer*—I love the delightful German word—is pregnant with perplexity and offers a splendid field for the public-spirited man of wealth. The population of Manhattan, where most immigrants land, has increased in ten years from 131.8 inhabitants an acre to 166.1; and some of the most crowded city blocks have increased at the rate of three hundred an acre, and now show an acreage total of from seven hundred and fifty to one thousand, or over.

Congress awoke a few years ago to the importance of distributing immigrants away from the great centers and in 1907 established a bureau that would give information to incoming foreigners in regard to conditions and needs in any part of the country. The bureau reports that its information guides some thousands annually, but that many, anxious to take advantage of opportunities in distant parts, are unable to go on account of not having money for passage and for settlement. Charitable organizations help in some cases; in others, employers advance the money; but the situation points out important need.

Some of the railroads, with that enlightened selfishness that is at the root of so much of the progress of the world, try to hold present farmers and win new ones by showing the profits in good farming. One road employs a specialist to educate the dwellers along its line, free of charge, in points regarding the best use of soils, the use and selection of fertilizers, and other farm subjects. Another road has a farm bureau as part of its system, maintaining two model farms—abandoned farms, taken in hand to show what can be done; and it has an expert who travels about giving advice on farm topics. This railroad is also actively engaged in the highly interesting work of tempting farmers back from the West, where land is dear, to parts of New York, where it is cheap!

In California and Colorado there are colonies established by the Salvation Army—colonies in regard to which Rider Haggard, the novelist, sent over by the British Government to investigate them, reported enthusiastically. Commander Booth Tucker believed that if some fifty million dollars, now spent in giving temporary relief, could be spent in settling three million people on the land, immense good would be done; they would produce annually, he declared, one hundred and twenty million dollars' worth of food, and their land would increase fifty per cent in value in ten years.

The Salvationists could not command fifty million dollars, but they established colonies on the basis of physical and moral soundness and recognition of the Bible; and that unexpected difficulties were met with and the results have not been up to expectations is mainly due to the fact that they experimented with city derelicts and also selected poor soil.

Still more interesting is a colony of Italians in Arkansas—a colony that won prosperity from bitter discouragement and stands as a splendid example of able and unselfish leadership, with a loyal following.

The host of Italians who on Long Island and Staten Island are with huge success growing vegetables for New York City is further proof of what can be done; and Italians are now making a great part of the wine of California. Nor is it only Italians, for Germans, Slavs, Dutch and Scotch are doing splendidly with farm work.

The old-fashioned idea of charity was at bottom the picturesque one of Haroun-al-Raschid, who went about in darkness and disguise seeking opportunities to do good. Napoleon, when emperor, day-dreamed the turning of his empire over to his son and spending his later years in driving about the country, listening to the church bells and seeking out people who needed aid. It would, indeed, be a change from such ideas to think of spending money in philanthropic efforts to relieve pernicious congestion at the population centers and to induce people to live out where there are open sky and open fields and fresh air.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Pennsylvania College for Women

Boarding and Day School, located in the Woodland Road District. Standard the same as that of all Eastern Colleges. Unusual advantages in Music.

Dilworth Hall, a Preparatory School, offers three courses, fitting girls for all colleges—same management. Literature sent on application.

Pittsburgh, Pa. H. D. LINDSAY, President.

ASHLEY HALL

FOR GIRLS. Charleston, S. C.

College preparatory, general and special courses. Resident French and German teachers. *Athletics*—Gymnasium, outdoor sports all winter, athletic director. *Buildings*—Extensive, with modern equipment. *Situation*—Healthful location in a city of educational and social advantages. Address

Miss M. V. McBEE, M. A., Principal.

Pennington Seminary School for Boys

Now in its 74th year. A boys' school with a brilliant record, whose graduates take front rank in the affairs of men. Alumni includes Congressmen, Senators, Governors, and men prominent in all the walks of life. All Academic and commercial courses. Elocution, Vocal and Instrumental Music. Pipe Organ. Thorough course in English Bible. Educational trips with master to Philadelphia, New York and Washington. **Separate Military Junior Department** for boys under 14. Athletic field, Gymnasium. Physical Director. Rates $400 to $500. For catalog, address FRANK MacDANIEL, Headmaster, Pennington, N. J.

Randolph-Macon Academy

For Boys and Young Men. Front Royal, Va.

A branch of the Randolph-Macon System. Liberal gifts make unusual advantages possible. Equipment cost $100,000. Prepares for College or Scientific Schools. Gymnasium, physical culture and outdoor sports. Terms, $250. 20th session opens September 19, 1911. For free catalogue and illustrated pamphlet, address

CHARLES L. MELTON, A.M., Principal, Box 411, Front Royal, Va.

MONTICELLO SEMINARY



74th year opens Sept. 20th. A home school for young women and girls. Preparatory and Junior College Courses. Domestic Science, Music, Art. Certificate privileges. Well-equipped laboratory. Gymnasium. Tennis courts, archery range, basketball and hockey fields. Rates moderate. Music and Art extra. Send for catalog. Miss Martina C. Erickson, Principal, Godfrey, Ill.

Sullins College—Conservatory

For Girls and Young Ladies. Located in a beautiful mountain valley, altitude 1800 feet. Delightful and healthful climate. Modern brick buildings. Fine gymnasium. Outdoor sports. Regular and Special Courses, Art, Expression, Domestic Science. Conservatory of Music unsurpassed in the South. 200 music pupils. Experienced European and American teachers. Faculty of 25. Founded 1870. Write for catalogue.

W. S. NEIGHBORS, A.M., D.D., Pres., Box I-138, Bristol, Va.

Elmhurst

Connersville, Ind. One of the highest grade, non-sectarian schools for girls in the Middle West. Preparatory, Academic and Advanced courses. Music. Only school in the United States with Mensendieck Physical Training. Estate of 130 acres. Private lake, court, golf, tennis. Address ELMHURST SCHOOL, Box 2, R. D. 9.

Powhatan College

Charles Town, W. Va.

Largest woman's college in the State. College preparatory and full college courses; Music, Art, Elocution. Teacher's and Business Courses. Healthful location near Washington, D. C. Rates $250, and upward. Catalogue. Address

S. P. HATTON, A. M., LL.D., President.

Sweetwater College

FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

College Course, Preparatory dept., Music, Art, Domestic Science, Physical Culture and Expression, Commercial dept. Beautiful buildings and furnishings. Large Campus. Rates $259.00. Catalogue.

MRS. ELIZABETH M. ROWLAND, Principal, Sweetwater, Texas.

Academy of the Holy Cross

District of Columbia, Washington.

A select finishing school for girls, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. Refined, intellectual, musical and religious training. Imposing new building. 23-acre campus. For catalogue, address

HOLY CROSS ACADEMY, Dunbarton, Washington, D. C.

Glendale College

FOR WOMEN

GLENDALE, OHIO, Suburban to Cincinnati

Location ideal. Equipment ample. Expenses moderate. Preparation for all colleges. Collegiate Courses arranged for High School graduates. Special Courses with Art, Music, Expression, Household Economics. Careful arrangements for younger girls. Miss R. J. DeVore, Pres't.

Washington Seminary

Established 1870. Boarding and Day School for Girls. General, College Preparatory and Special Courses. Music, Art and Elocution. Gymnasium, Tennis, Basket-Ball. Certificate admits to leading colleges. For catalogue, address

MISS LILLIAN M. ROSENKRANS, Principal, Washington, Pa.

SCHOOLS & COLLEGES

Agnes Scott College

(Six miles from center of Atlanta)

DECATUR, GA.

Letters, Science, Philosophy, Home Economics.

Resident students limited to 300.

For catalogue, address

The President
Agnes Scott College

College of
William and Mary

Lyon G. Tyler, LL.D., President
WILLIAMSBURG, VA.

Chartered 1693. Modern in equipment; strong in educational efficiency; centrally situated on C. & O. between Norfolk, Old Point and Richmond; degrees of A.B., B.S. and M.A. conferred; special normal courses for training of male teachers. Total Cost per session of nine months (board and all fees) $200.00. Rich in historic associations; college of Jefferson, Marshall, Monroe, Winfield Scott, John Tyler, etc., etc.
Next session begins Sept. 21. Write for catalog.

H. L. BRIDGES, Registrar, Box P.

LASELL SEMINARY

Auburndale, Mass. Ten Miles from Boston



Courses in Language, Literature, Science, Music and Art, with thoro instruction in the theory and practice of Household Economics. Training is given in the Art of Entertaining, House Furnishing and Management, Marketing, Cooking, Dressmaking and Millinery. Tennis, Boating, Swimming, Riding and other sports are encouraged. Address

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A LEADING LADY'S IMPRESSIONS OF RICHARD MANSFIELD

(Continued from Page 9)

was one of the most appealing and pathetic that I ever listened to. He said he had made no friends in the Palmer Company, for he didn't care to carouse with the younger members and the older ones paid no attention to him. So, when his great triumph came and he was recalled again and again, there was no one near him to slap him on the shoulder and say: "Well done!" And, after the audience finally let him go and the lights were out at the theater, he went home to the little room over a grocery where he lodged and had a cheese sandwich and a glass of beer all alone.

There were so many lovable qualities about Mansfield that it is a pity he was so disliked by most of the people surrounding him. He was very generous and really kind-hearted; but his irritable temper made a number of his company hate him so that I used to wonder how he was able to act, with so much ill-will in the atmosphere.

I suppose, though, he was in a position not to mind the lack of superficial affection, having fame and wealth, a charming and brilliant wife and a perfectly wonderful child. I saw Gibbs only once—when I dare say he was about eight years old. He was uncanny, he was so clever; and I think that boy must be destined for great things.

There was hardly a city we visited that some toy or curio was not dispatched to this beloved son; and, in fact, Mr. Mansfield was a great shopper. All the dealers in antiques knew him well. He had exquisite taste, but often he was overcharged and cheated. On reflection he would sometimes grow suspicious; and after having given a shopkeeper an order on Mr. Stevens in payment for some costly trifle he would countermand it before the article was delivered.

The Human Side of a Taskmaster

One day an old woman rushed into the box-office, hatless and breathless, bringing a necklace and an order from Mr. Mansfield to receive and pay for it. The order was undoubtedly genuine, the money was paid and the woman departed. About five minutes later Mr. Mansfield walked in. He said he had just come from a shop where he had selected a necklace, but had decided not to take it after all and wished to tell them at the box-office not to receive it. He was amazed when he found it had already been delivered. The old woman must have passed him on the way. She hadn't given him time to change his mind.

It was about the end of November when we reached San Francisco; and we played at the old Grand Opera House that was completely destroyed a few months afterward, during the earthquake. It was about three times as large as an ordinary theater, and it was Mr. Stevens' idea that it would be a good thing for Mansfield to have a place large enough to hold all the would-be seat-purchasers instead of turning many away; but that tremendous place was taxed to the utmost capacity and the orchestra sent under the stage at every performance. My remembrance of figures is always so hazy that I couldn't state what the receipts were, but they broke all records.

Father was naturally in a very good humor, and on Thanksgiving evening he gave a supper in the theater's foyer. There were about two hundred covers laid—every member of the company, all the attachés, ushers and stagehands of the theater being present. There were speeches by everybody—songs and recitations—and it was a very happy affair. The stagehands looked at Father in wonder—they never had seen him in one of his genial, boyish moods. Only a few nights before, when the curtain had fallen on the last act of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, all the members of the company, realizing that he was in a very "Hyde-like" mood, scurried to their dressing rooms so rapidly that when he rose from the floor, where Hyde had passed away, there was not a soul in sight but the property man; the stagehands had seen him throw all the bottles on the table at the poor property man for goodness knows what small offense—and now here he was chatting gayly and dispensing his hospitality with so much charm that I overheard one of the carpenters whisper: "Gee! Dicky's a human being after all, ain't he?"

I think he showed at his best at the little suppers on his private car. He was a fascinating raconteur and would talk unaffectedly of his work and his ideals. One night he was saying that he had been misunderstood and misrepresented more than any actor alive; and he cited what he called "the base fabrication" which every one had believed about his having thrown chops at a waiter in Chicago. "If he throws bottles, why not chops?" I thought, but I didn't say it.

"But, Mr. Mansfield," said one of the ladies ingenuously, "don't you think that all such stories have helped to make your reputation?"

Mansfield the stage director would have annihilated her for such an undiplomatic observation, but Mansfield the host only said, "Tut, tut!" and let it pass.

Another time, though, he was very much provoked over a most harmless *faux pas*. While serving some roast chicken he remarked that it was too cold, and the girl on his right unfortunately failed to hear what he said; so when he asked her, "How do you find that chicken—too hot or too cold?" she didn't know what to say. She had to say something, so she said "Too hot." And he wouldn't speak to her again for two weeks.

At Christmastime we played in New Orleans and there were jolly holiday parties on the car. There was a Christmas tree in honor of Orey, the little girl who played the Duke of York in Richard III; and her present from the star was a doll as big as herself. She was fairly wild with delight, and she simply adored Mr. Mansfield. Most children did, and he was kindness itself to all of them.

He gave handsome Christmas gifts to the principal members of his company and candy and fruit to all. My remembrance was an antique tortoise-shell comb, mounted with a crown set with garnets. It is a beautiful memento, showing the ever fastidious taste of the donor.

It was in New Orleans that it was decided to revive The Scarlet Letter, which had been produced first by Mansfield ten or twelve years before—and we began rehearsals at once. Four weeks later it was brought out in Philadelphia. Hester Prynn was one of the most exhausting rôles I have ever portrayed. Most of the scenes were with Dimsdale and the rehearsals were very trying; but I was given special praise by the critics, and when Mr. Mansfield himself said complimentary things I felt that I had succeeded indeed—for generally the only way one knew that he was pleased was when he failed to say he was displeased.

What Came of a Dancing Lesson

One morning, about three days before the dress rehearsal, Orey, who was cast for Little Pearl, was capering about according to the business of her part in a very awkward manner, and Mr. Mansfield seemed to notice it for the first time.

"Dance," he said. "You know how to dance, don't you?"

"No, sir," said Orey.

"Well, your sister must teach you."

The sister, who traveled with the child, was called.

"You can teach your little sister to dance, can't you?"

"No, sir," she said decidedly.

"Well, well; this is very annoying. She must dance—she must be taught to dance. Isn't there any one who can teach her to dance?" There was dead silence on the part of the company while he walked up and down grumbling under his breath. Then he burst forth: "It is amazing how obstacles are always thrown in my way. Here my production is to be completely ruined because this child cannot dance and nobody can teach her!"

The little girl, who was an awfully sweet, earnest little thing, was trembling with fright and her tears were beginning to fall; so I impulsively stepped forward and said:

"I'll teach her, Mr. Mansfield."

"Good," he said, and for him the incident was closed—but it wasn't for me. If I had realized what I was undertaking I'm afraid I would not have volunteered. Orey had never danced a step in her life. She didn't know what I was talking about when

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I explained—she couldn't follow me when I danced the steps over and over; so I had finally to get down on my knees beside her and move her feet with my hands—and we only had three days! But how that kiddie did work! She tried with all her soul; she practiced every hour of the day, and her sister had to rub her tired little legs with oil so she could sleep at night. She would come to my dressing room between my scenes in the other plays and I would dance for her and with her; and she made surprising progress. When the dress rehearsal arrived, and Father saw the dance for the first time, he beamed. He told Orey he never had seen anything so pretty—but he never even said "Thank you!" to me.

I was amply repaid, though, in the happiness the little girl felt over her success and in her gratitude to me.

An incident very illustrative of Mr. Mansfield's character occurred just before this dress rehearsal.

It was to be on Sunday, and he said: "I'll put it to a vote of the company as to whether it shall be in the afternoon or at night, and the majority shall rule."

Thinking, I suppose, of the Carlos rehearsal which finished at about three A. M., there were votes from all sides for the afternoon. "But," said Mr. Mansfield, "don't you think it will be better to have the whole day for rest and preparation and give it at night, exactly like a performance? What do you say?" "Afternoon," came the obstinate response. "But," he persisted, "I don't hear from any one but the men. What have the ladies to say?" "Afternoon," they all cried promptly. "So you all think it would be better in the afternoon?" "Yes, sir," unanimously. "Well, I don't; I prefer it at night. We'll have it at night."

Dimsdale was one of Mansfield's best characters, though his embodiment was very little like Hawthorne's delineation; but it was a vital and very moving picture, and there was an exaltation and an uplift about the play that was enthralling. The intensity of Dimsdale's suffering was depicted by the actor in a masterly way, but one didn't get the impression of weakness. Instead, in the death scene, his voice rose with a sheer strength that made me shiver with appreciation.

I wish it could have been possible to have preserved some of those vocal flights of Mansfield in phonographic records. I would give a great deal for instance to listen again to the lyric beauty of his tones as he recited the little verse in Le Misanthrope.

And then I said to King Henri:
"Take back—take back your grand Paris;
I love my love too well!"

I was not in the cast of Le Misanthrope and I used to like to watch it from the front, for Mansfield seemed just to be acting himself.

Our New York engagement was played at the New Amsterdam Theater during the five weeks preceding Easter; and when, on the day of our opening, I sent to the box-office to get a seat for my grandmother, who was anxious to see me as Portia, the best that could be had was in the last row of the orchestra for the last matinée of the engagement. It is always a pleasure to play in the New Amsterdam, for the stage is large and roomy, and the dressing rooms are arranged so that one can really breathe in them with comfort; but they have to be reached by an elevator—and, oh, the troubles there were over that elevator! None of the actors wanted to ride with the star, and the elevator man had a difficult problem to manage always to be where he was wanted, for Father wouldn't tolerate waiting an instant.

One night I came from the stage just in time to see the elevator start, and before I thought I called sharply: "Wait a minute!" and the man came back. Whatever made him do it I don't know, for when I stepped inside there, in lonely state, stood Father. My act of lese-majesty, however, was not commented upon, but he scolded me for not wearing a shawl when I passed through the drafty corridors and immediately sent to my room a dose of the Irish whisky he had bottled for himself, with the command that I should drink it all and not catch cold. It was so strong I felt as if the top of my head would come off—and I was quite sufficiently punished for any of my misdeeds.

He certainly used to coddle himself and thought every one should do likewise. For exercise he took long walks every afternoon without an overcoat; but at night, going to and from the theater, he had a carriage, no matter how short the way or how mild the weather; and he wore a long coat, and a muffler over his mouth and nose, like the veil of an oriental lady.

The walls of the New Amsterdam would reverberate with the sounds of the fray on Doctor-Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde nights, for the good Doctor Jekyll didn't seem to endure so long as the devilish Hyde. One night there were veritable roars and, opening my door, I heard his peroration: "Go to the police station, sir, and say Mr. Mansfield sent you to be arrested."

Trying as his furies were, they were not so disagreeable to the company in general as the lectures. These used to occur every few weeks. He would line us all up and give us a sorrowful little talk about his injuries and our shortcomings, as if we were school-children. About the middle of the year he had finished one of these causeries by promising a hundred dollars at the end of the season to the one who was voted by the majority of the company to have been the most "faithful and competent in the discharge of duty."

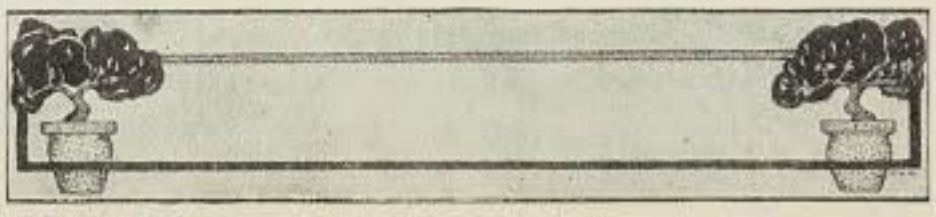
When the season was nearing the close the men of the company suddenly recalled this promise, which Father seemed to have forgotten; so they got together and voted for a young fellow who had played a number of important parts on short notice and who really deserved the prize. They informed Father of their action in a neatly typewritten letter and awaited results. That night, in his own handwriting, this appeared on the call board: "Mr. Mansfield has awarded the prize of one hundred dollars to Miss Blank"—naming a woman whose life he had made miserable during the entire season by his positive abuse at rehearsals. I suppose he thought she deserved some recompense for all she had stood.

I was sincerely sorry when the season finally closed. I was engaged for a modern play for the following season, for which I had great hopes; so I felt that it would be some time before I could—if I ever did—play with Mr. Mansfield again. And the year had been a glorious one. To have been leading woman for the greatest star of his day, playing splendid parts before the finest audiences in the land, was a satisfaction, and the feeling of accomplishing something worth while far outweighed the memory of any petty annoyance.

I never saw him but once after the final curtain of that season fell. It was on Riverside Drive one afternoon, while walking near my home in New York. He was at that time rehearsing Peer Gynt, and I was playing at Wallack's in Popularity. We chatted pleasantly and he told me that when he revived Cyrano de Bergerac, as he intended to do, he wanted me to play Roxane. I said I thought it could be arranged—and how I wish it might have been! Later in that season, while I was playing in The Mills of the Gods and rehearsing for The Roundup, he decided to revive his previous repertoire to add to Peer Gynt, and was dissatisfied with the rehearsals. He sent me word that he would like me to return because, he said: "I am ill and tired; and I wish to be sure that everything will be well done."

Both of my managers refused to release me, however, so I could not return; but I appreciated such a message from Mr. Mansfield and I'm so glad he sent it to me, for it was only a short time afterward that he broke down and never acted again.

The reason I got along so well with the so-called tyrant was, I think, because at first I was not afraid of him and in the end I revered and liked him.



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Sense and Nonsense

The Postgraduate

I'M BACK from the country, all freckled and red, and ready for schooldays again. I was pale when I went, but my Uncle Bill said I have changed quite a good deal since then. My nose is quite freckled from hoeing the corn and being all day in the sun; my feet are all brown and my trousers are torn—but I never had half so much fun. My hair wasn't cut from the middle of June, but I don't seem to mind it at all. I never saw summer get over so soon and I hardly can think it is fall. Sometimes I would eat maybe four meals a day, with apples and berries between; and my cheeks are so fat people pull them this way, and they all want to know where I've been. I guess I wore out five or six pair of pants and most all of the old shirts I had. There's nothing like farming and uncles and aunts to teach a small boy to be glad. Sometimes after dinner, which was a big meal, I would work till it almost was night; and after I worked for a while I would feel I was getting a new appetite. I chopped so much wood and I pitched so much hay that no wonder I'm covered with tan; and my aunt understood Uncle William to say I am almost as good as a man.

I TOOK a bath often two times in a day, in the creek where it came up chin-high—where you do not need towels or soap, and you lay in the sun on the creek-bank to dry. I rode on a horse from the field to the yard when the sun would be pretty near gone, and sometimes I fell off when it trotted too hard and sometimes when it walked I stayed on. Sometimes I would milk a big cow in a pail that was gentle and kind as could be, unless there were flies that it swished with its tail and would upset the milk over me. One time a big goose knocked me into the creek with its wings and I got pretty wet, but my Uncle Bill said he would show him a trick—and he'll get it Thanksgiving, you bet! I learned about lizards and crickets and frogs, and blow-snakes that do so much harm, and what kind of fleas you can get off of dogs, and hornets you bind with a charm. And school for a part of the time is all right, to learn how to read and do sums; but you learn something new both in daytime and night on the farm when vacationtime comes.

AND I can churn butter, and freeze the ice-cream, and poultice bee-stings on your legs, and tell if the hens lay an egg when they scream—and fool them with doorknobs for eggs. I learned to pick geese for a big feather tick, and where the wild strawberries grow, and how you stuff straw into clothes, with a stick in its arms, so's to scare off a crow. Sometimes I shelled peas for my aunt in a dish and snapped the wax beans so's to cook; and learned to dig worms that will catch you some fish and how to put them on a hook. And don't trust a goat when it comes up behind, no matter how friendly he seems; and treat the farmhorse all thoughtful and kind, and don't let him drink when he steams. And grease the well rope if it squeaks when you pull, and don't leave things out in the wet; and duck an old hen in a rain-barrel full to cure her of wanting to set. And nobody knows all the things you can tell without any table or rule; and Uncle Bill says I can do twice as well in my books when I go back to school.

—*J. W. Foley.*

An Edible Footstool

ONE of the waiters in a hotel, who did not understand English very well, came to the head waiter and said in German:

"That gentleman sitting over there says his wife is not feeling very well and she wants some hash."

"All right," directed the head waiter. "It's not on the bill, but go out and get her some minced chicken."

The waiter presently came back with a plate of chicken hash.

Both man and woman looked astonished. They examined the hash critically and laughed. The head waiter, regarding them sternly, did not know what to make of it.

The head waiter walked over to the table.

"Is not the service satisfactory?"

"Perfectly."

"I do not understand why you laugh at my efforts to please," he said with much dignity.

"Don't get sore," protested the man. "It's this way: I told that waiter my wife was not feeling very well and wanted a hassock, and he went away and came back with a plate of hash!"

A Toothsome Tale

FAT JACK MURPHY was a hackman in Helena for many years. Fat Jack wooed the fickle goddess at the faro table. After years of study and losses he evolved a system that was sure to win. He scraped together a roll of money and went at it.

After he had played for a time he was down to the cloth. He hadn't a chip left. He hurried out to borrow some money. The first man he met was an old friend who was in the money-loaning business.

"Lend me ten dollars," said Jack.

"What on?" asked the friend.

Jack scratched his head.

"I ain't got nothin'," he explained; "but I got to have ten. My system is comin' out. I only got two more bets to make. I'll win sure! Let me have ten."

"No security—no ten," said the friend coldly.

Fat Jack took out his false teeth.

"Can I get ten on them?" he asked anxiously.

"Sure!" said the moneylender, and he passed over the ten dollars, wrapped the teeth in a handkerchief and went on his way. Fat Jack lost, of course. The system didn't work. Next morning he came round to the moneylender's place.

"Say," he said, "I got to eat."

"All right," the moneylender replied. "Pay the ten and you can have your teeth."

"I ain't got no ten."

"Then you get no teeth."

"Ain't there some way we can fix this up?" pleaded Jack. "I got to eat and I can't eat without them teeth."

"How much have you got?"

"Fifty cents."

"All right; I'll hire the teeth to you for breakfast for that fifty cents!" And he went round to an eating place with Jack and stood by while Jack ate his ham and eggs. Then he collected the teeth. Every time Jack was hungry he paid fifty cents and hired his teeth. It took him a month to raise the ten dollars in a bunch and get the teeth back.

The Donkey Engine

You hear him puffing loudly on the freighter in the dock
As he swings the cargo in her to the clacking of the block.
He pants and chugs and chatters as he lifts a ton or two;
But he'll tackle any labor that they find for him to do,
From hoisting ladies' bonnets to handling kegs of shot—
The sassy donkey engine,
The brassy donkey engine,
The classy donkey engine
Is Johnny on the spot.

High up upon the bridges that grow through empty air,
You find him lifting girders and doing all his share;
And where the city buildings go soaring to the sky
The little donkey engine is sure to meet your eye—
Yes, where the hammers clamor and the rivets sizzle hot,
The "ducky" donkey engine,
The lucky donkey engine,
The plucky donkey engine
Is Johnny on the spot.

You sing about your power plants, ten thousand horse or more,
I chant the donkey engine on the sea or on the shore,
The puffing little giant that does his nifty work
And never seems to weary and never cares to shirk;
But chugs and pants and spatters—and does an awful lot—
The "candy" donkey engine,
The handy donkey engine,
The dandy donkey engine
Is Johnny on the spot.

—*Berton Braley.*

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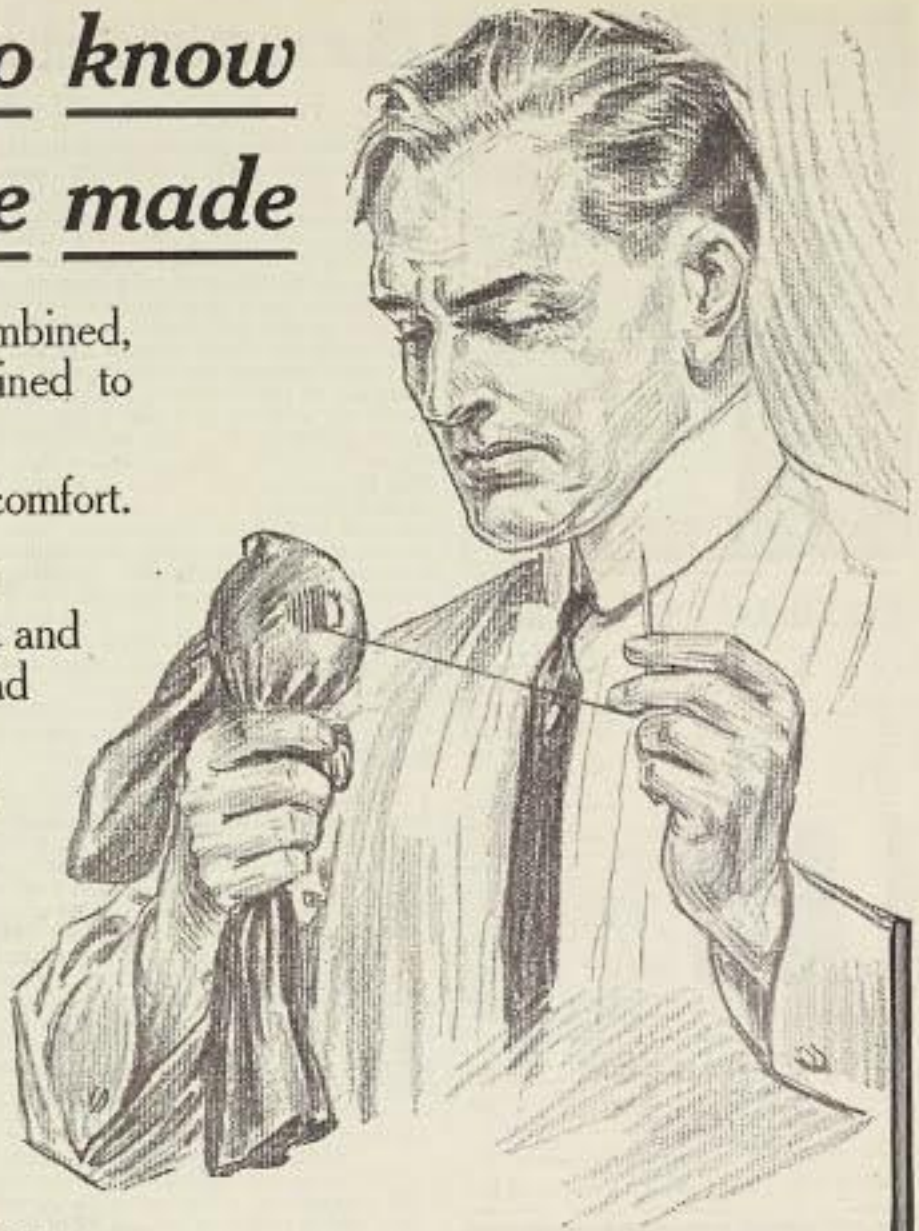
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Tops of every pair of Bachelors' Friend Hosiery are made with a real French welt—the best welt ever knitted on a seamless stocking. It improves the top wonderfully and adds greatly to the value and life of the stocking.

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Only best grades of long staple, combed Egyptian and Sea Island cottons are used in Bachelors' Friend. That makes for elasticity, comfort, strength and long wear. We have recently installed the most perfect two-thread looping machines ever used, making the stockings more elastic and double the strength of ordinary single-thread looped hose.

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Both heels and toes are reinforced by yarn of the best quality and are more than twice the thickness of other parts of the stocking. The two-thread looping here shows its superiority—as toes and heels are more elastic. The life is twice that of an ordinary stocking.

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The stockings are boiled in water with pure olive oil soaps imported direct from Italy. This removes all impurities and makes the dye perfectly sanitary. The dyes used are imported from Germany, and are the best and fastest known. After dyeing, the hose are again washed and finished by the most approved methods. Finally, every stocking is carefully examined to insure every pair being perfect.

And Now Do You Wonder

that Bachelors' Friend Hosiery can be guaranteed for six months? There's something more than the making, though. It means something to you that the manufacturers of these remarkable hose are the great-great-grandsons of the man who founded this business—that they know how to *make hose—real hose*—hose that are *really good enough to guarantee.*

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JOSEPH BLACK & SONS COMPANY, York, Pa.

Guard against this by wearing Bachelors' Friend Hosiery

Make Your Own Test

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If Your Favorite Dealer Hasn't Them

Send us money-order covering amount—stating quality, size and color, and we will send them to you charges prepaid. Fill out and mail the coupon now—don't lose a minute.

Made in three grades { 6 pairs—$1.50 / 6 pairs—$2.00 / 6 pairs—$2.50 } Guaranteed not to show holes in six months

Colors—Black, Tan, Navy, Slate, Bordeaux, Purple, etc.

_____ 1911

Joseph Black & Sons Company,
York, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find _____ for which send me _____ box _____ of Bachelors' Friend Hosiery.

Quality _____ Size _____ Color _____

It is understood that these socks are guaranteed for six months and that if they wear out inside of that time, you will replace them with new.

Yours very truly

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

Mail the Coupon to-day



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"Angel or not, they're from Tommy."

"Solid?"

"Tommy solid? Hardly! He has bones and things inside him."

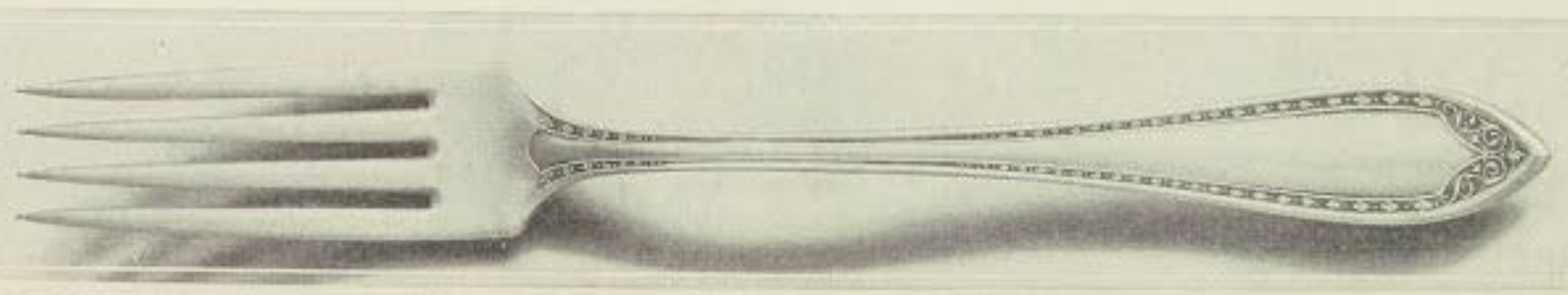
"You know I mean—"

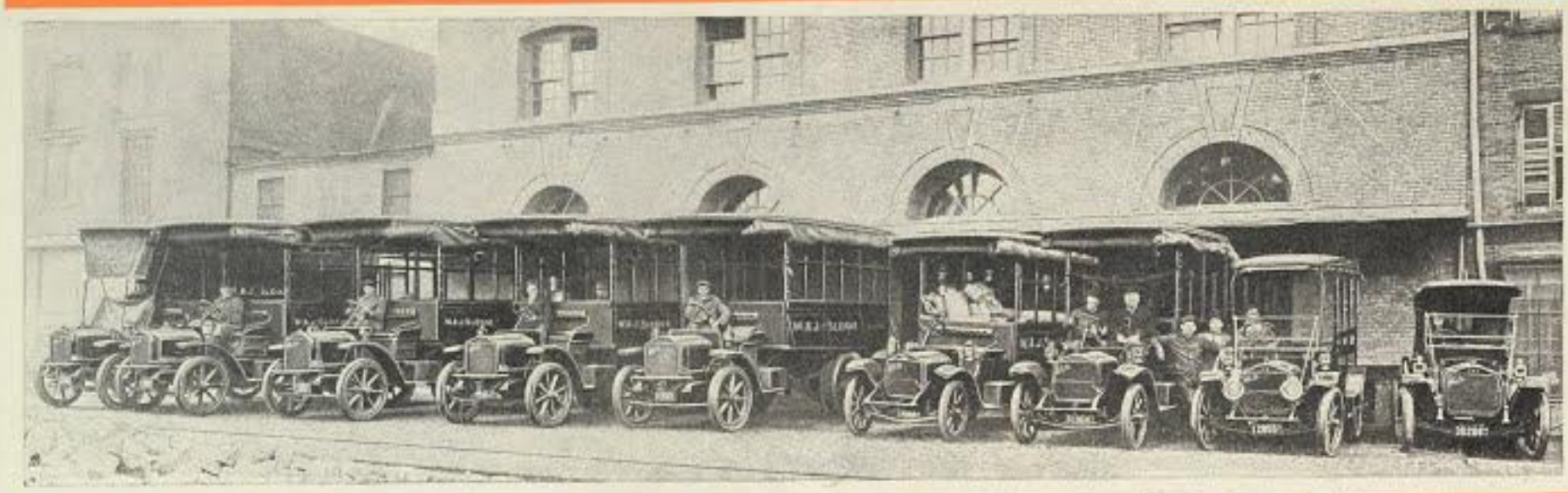
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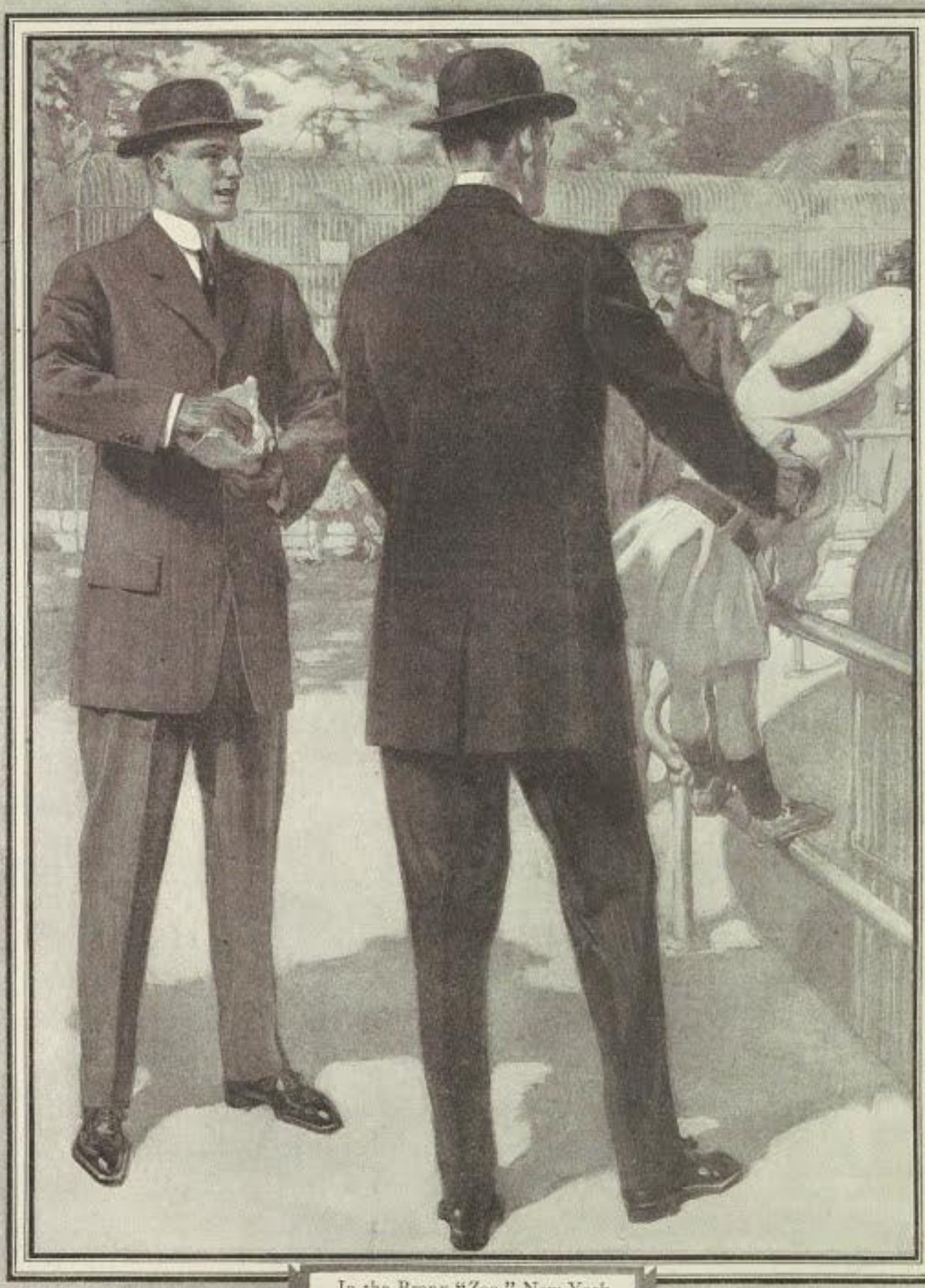
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The text is by Miss Elizabeth R. Scovil, graduate of the Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses, and the author of several books on the care of children.

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Volume 184 PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 2, 1911 *Number 10*

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

An Experiment in Printing All the News

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

WALK into the office of any daily newspaper in the United States and ask the first man you meet whether it is possible to run a newspaper without making concessions to advertisers in the news and editorial columns, and he will say "No." Although he doesn't know it, that's the wrong answer. I was one of five men who ran a newspaper that made no concessions to anybody. Everything that went into that paper went in on the basis of what the reader was entitled to get for the one-cent piece that he paid for each day's issue. The paper lasted two years and ate up all of its receipts and sixty thousand dollars more. Then it suspended publication. We call it a successful failure. This is its story:

Fred Mell, the president of the Sunflower Publishing Company, conceived the idea. That was in the spring of 1905. The Sunflower at that time had five daily papers in the Missouri-Mississippi Valley. They were supposed to be "people's" papers, operated from the editor's and not the business manager's desk. Instead they were commercial institutions, like most of the other daily newspapers of the country. They got the business first and looked out for the interests of the public afterward—provided the public's interests didn't interfere too seriously with the advertiser. They were above the average in news independence, but none of them enjoyed absolute emancipation from the business office.

The other Sunflower men were Earl Butler and Larry Ashman. They were young and aggressive and they knew the newspaper game from the ink rollers to the editorial page. They had plenty of nerve and a little money. Originally, they had had decided convictions about the influence of advertising and established institutions on their news columns and editorial policies. They had started all their papers with a determination to print what the subscriber was entitled to know, regardless of whose ox was gored, but gradually in each city their papers had fallen more or less under the influence of the commercial interests. The Sunflower people were making money, but they had compromised with their convictions—as have many other publishers.

A Square Deal for the Reading Public

IT WAS this situation that brought Mell, Butler, Ashman, Jim Austin and myself together in the cramped local room of The St. James Sun, on the evening of May 5, 1905. We sat around the city editor's broad, flat-top desk, while Mell unfolded the plan that two years later developed into the successful failure. Said Mell:

"We've bought this newspaper for twenty-five thousand dollars. It was on its last lap and we took it in for about the value of the plant. It's been running a year, but would have quit if we hadn't grabbed it. We're going to gamble on it to the extent of sixty thousand dollars. Larry, Earl and myself have agreed to chip in twenty thousand dollars apiece. We'll put the cash in the bank tomorrow and then we'll organize the Sun Publishing Company, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars. Each of us, including you and Austin, will get twenty thousand dollars of stock, but yours and Austin's won't cost you a cent. If you make good the stock will be yours; if you don't you won't lose anything. Austin will be business manager and you'll be editor. You will each get thirty-five dollars a week salary till the first dividend is declared; after that you'll be boosted as the company can afford it. Here's the plant debt-free. There's the sixty thousand dollars. We want you to spend all your receipts and to draw on the sixty as you need it. There's only one condition: You are to settle every question pertaining to news strictly from the standpoint of the rights of the reader, who is buying information. When a story comes over your desk you are to decide whether to print it or not to print it according to your opinion of the reader's right to the facts it conveys. If you think the man who is going to pay a penny for your paper is entitled to the facts, print the story. If not, don't print it.

"We want you to consider only the public—the people who look to your newspaper to tell them what their own community and the world have been doing for the past twenty-four hours. We want you to ignore the particular people or interests directly affected by each thing you publish, whether they advertise with you or not, whether they are powerful politicians or lowbrow burglars, whether they are highbrow citizens or convicted crooks. In fighting or defending institutions, customs, laws, politicians or whatever else may become an issue, we want you to be for the things that make for the good of humanity and against the things that make for harm. That will be your editorial policy; you must work it out and apply it in each specific case."

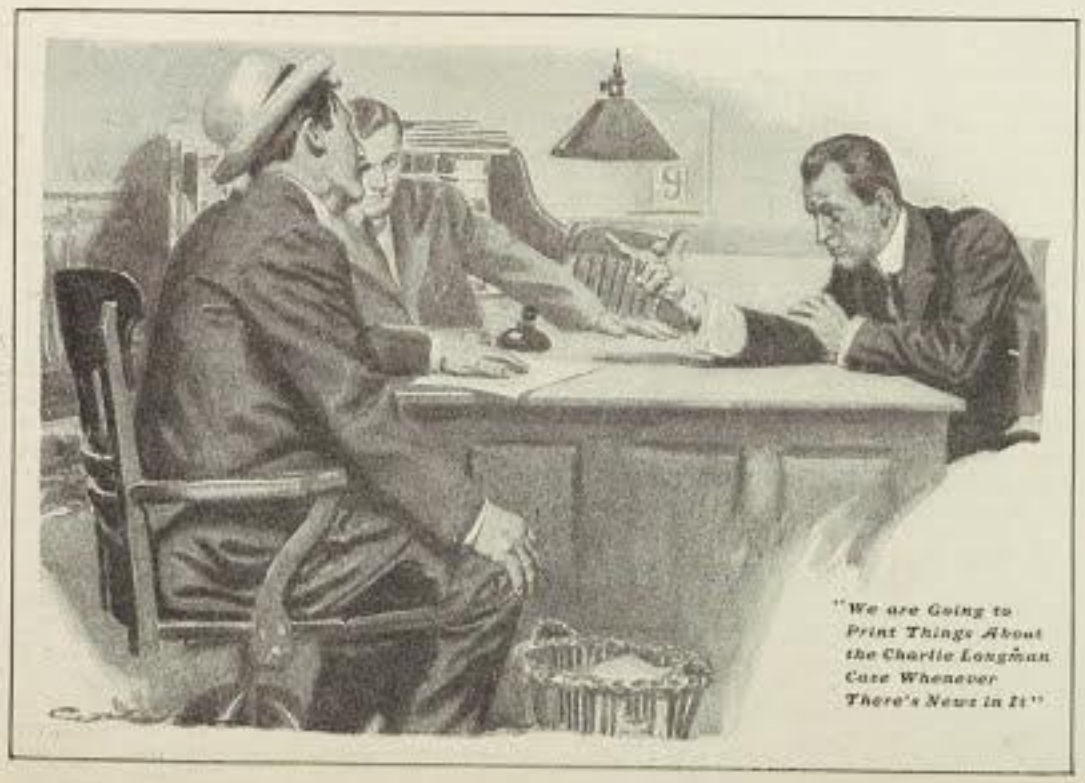


I Was Not Surprised to Discover That It Had Not Published a Line About the Case

Mell then turned to Austin—and the difference between the instructions he gave Jim and those he gave me shows pretty clearly what kind of a paper we were expected to make.

"Jim," he said, "we want you to understand that the editor is to be the supreme boss in his department. We want you to agree to the plan cordially, without any reservations, and then we want you to go out and get advertising for that kind of a newspaper—if you can."

Jim agreed, and I want to set it down right here at the beginning that he stuck to his word and did it cheerfully. When the Smith Transfer and Storage Company took out their ad because I printed an editorial demanding a jail sentence for one of their reckless drivers who had run over and killed a little girl, Jim smiled and went out and tried to convince the Smiths that the driver really ought to go to prison and that they should help send him there, and not protect him in the fear of being held for damages by the little girl's parents. And all through the long list of cases where truth and honesty cost us advertising old Jim stood right under the guns. He never flinched from the denunciation of irate merchants, but legged it up one street and down the other, standing up for the paper, making converts where he could, and struggling desperately to get new business to take the place of that which we lost. He was as sincerely committed to the policy of honest, independent journalism as though he had been an editorial department man himself. Any newspaper man in either department will tell you that I couldn't give him a more thorough indorsement.



"We are Going to Print Things About the Charlie Longman Case Whenever There's News in It"

An Editorship Without a String to It

OF COURSE I agreed enthusiastically to Mell's proposition. Heaven itself could hold no greater joy than an editorship without a string to it. At last I was free to serve the public with single purpose, unhampered by consideration of those from whom we derived our revenues. I held a broad, noble theory of journalism. I believed that the primary business of the newspaper was to print the news, accurately, intelligently and fearlessly. I believed the secondary business was to help the masses of the people to a better and happier condition of life, by working for or toward better laws, customs and institutions. I believed that the newspaper that did these things would be sought out by the public, and that the public would buy its issues and thereby become an audience that might be addressed by advertisers who had an honest product to sell.

Brought down to practical operation, my theory was to get circulation first, and for my paper's permanent support to trust to the advertiser's desire to use that circulation to his own advantage. I was convinced

that was the right way to make a newspaper succeed, and I had the newspaper and sixty thousand dollars to spend on my theory.

The next day Austin and I took charge of The St. James Sun. I found I had a staff of three reporters, a society editor, a stockyards and South St. James editor—who covered the markets and the news of South St. James and sent his copy up to the office by a street-car conductor every noon—and an office boy. I became editor, city editor, telegraph editor, editorial writer and superintendent of make-up. I want to state parenthetically that that is the kind of an organization for a young man to tie up with if he really wants to learn all there is to know about the newspaper business. Everybody learns all about every branch of the work, because sooner or later everybody is called upon to do each variety of work that stands behind the finished product.

I held a staff meeting the first afternoon and was delighted to find my four men, one girl and office boy filled with enthusiasm. When I told them what kind of a newspaper we were going to make of The Sun their eyes sparkled and I knew I could depend on them. I told them to go after news without fear that their efforts would be wasted. When they brought a story into the office they could be certain it would go into the paper if it was news; no amount of protest or pressure from people who wanted the story suppressed would influence me if it was something I believed should be given to the public. That sort of backing puts more ginger into a reporter than many dollars in salary. What he works for is not money but the personal satisfaction and pleasure of running the fact to earth, seizing it, carrying it to the office, writing it and seeing it in print.

I promised them that was what they could expect, and they soon discovered that I meant it. In no other newspaper office have I ever found so loyal, so hard-working, so efficient an organization. The reason is that in no other office have I ever found an editor endowed with the authority and possessed of the determination to run the kind of newspaper I ran.



"I've Got a Red-Hot Yarn. Afraid Maybe it's Too Hot to Handle"

The New Policy Put to the Test

AT NOON on the second day my court reporter, an energetic, experienced young man named George Kite, came into the office with a sensational story.

"I've got a red-hot yarn," he said. "Afraid maybe it's too hot to handle."

"What is it?" I asked. "Nothing's too hot for this paper if it's straight news."

"Suit was filed this morning against young Charlie Longman by a woman who claims to be his common-law wife. She demands maintenance for herself and child; says she lived with him five years and that now he's abandoned her and she's starving. Story's true too."

"What is there about it that's too hot to handle?"

"Longman. You know who he is, don't you?"

"No, and I don't care."

"He's the son of old man Longman, who owns the chain of Longman installment furniture houses. 'You find the bride—we furnish the home.' You know 'em. Big advertisers."

I saw Kite was putting me to the test. He thought to himself: "Here's where I find out whether the talk this fellow gave us yesterday was on the square."

I didn't look up from the copy I was editing, but said sharply:

"Write it."

What we did to that story is told in St. James yet. I didn't mention it to Austin. I didn't even ask the foreman if the Longmans advertised with us. That was no concern of mine. Here was a legitimate piece of news that had come into the office through regular channels. A man—a wealthy, prominent young man, the assistant manager of a big store—had been called to account for conduct that stamped him as unfit for the society of decent people. I believed that the people who paid a penny for their Suns that day were entitled to these facts. If the accused man had been an ordinary citizen, any person without the advertising leverage, there could have been no question about printing the story, so I printed it.

We slapped a three-column head on the Longman story and set the first two or three paragraphs two columns wide, with a picture of young Longman alongside. It made a beautiful typographical display and was read with avidity that evening. I was not surprised to discover, at three-thirty when my office boy brought me a copy of The Star, the other afternoon paper, that it had not published a line about the case.

Austin had not returned to the office when I went home that night, but at seven o'clock when I was at dinner he called me on the telephone.

"Will you meet me at the office at eight o'clock?" he asked. "Mr. Samuels, manager of the Longman Furniture Company, is coming to see me, and I think you ought to be there."

"I'll be glad to come if you feel you'd like to have me help you handle him," I told Austin, "but I don't propose to establish the precedent of going downtown evenings to receive complaints from people about things we've printed in The Sun. If Mr. Samuels has any kick coming about our methods he can see me at my office any day between eight and five."

"This is a little different. He hasn't made any complaint and I rather think he won't, but I anticipate that he'll make a request you'll have to answer, and I'd like to have you come on that account. There are peculiar circumstances connected with this."

I agreed to go.

I may be wrong about this, but it has always seemed to me that the irony of fate is more ironical in the newspaper business than in any other. The Sun's advertising manager had been negotiating with Samuels for ten days about renewing his advertising contract for another year. The Longmans had been advertising regularly; their bills with The Sun had amounted to about four thousand dollars for the year just closing; their contract was to expire June first, and they had been the first people Austin had gone to see as the new manager of the paper. That very morning Samuels had turned Austin down, saying that the company had decided not to use The Sun the coming year, and at three o'clock that afternoon The Sun had appeared with the Charlie Longman story in it. Of course the Longmans saw right away that it was a plain, straight case of big stick.

Could you imagine a more ironical example of fate's irony?

Advertising With a String to It

SAMUELS was a smooth, oily gentleman with puffy cheeks, beady eyes, a confidential smile, a pudgy, moist palm, a fancy vest and a four-carat scarfpin. He was delighted to see Austin. He was charmed to know me. He was glad two such fine young men had come to manage The Sun. He knew we would be friends. He was a practical business man; always got along well with the papers; liked the boys. Business was good with his firm; it was a beautiful spring; the crop outlook was excellent. After about ten minutes of that kind of talk he seemed to have an inspiration.

"By-the-way, Austin," he remarked, as if the thought had just occurred to him, "about that contract for another year. I've been thinking it over since you were in to see me this morning; in fact, I wired Mr. Longman in Chicago this afternoon, suggesting that we reconsider. You know I've always wanted to renew. Well, I had a telegram from him just before we closed, telling me to use my own judgment. You see I'm for you; I'm a good friend of all the newspaper men. I'd like to use The Sun another year on the same terms we used it last year—same space, same rate and everything. How about it?"

"We'll be very glad to have your business, Mr. Samuels," said Austin, "and I'm sure you'll find it a good investment. We're going to make The Sun a good paper and our circulation is bound to increase. The rate you're paying now will be dirt cheap by the end of the year. Shall I come down in the morning and make out a new contract and take up the old one?"

"Why not do it now? I'm ready to sign."

"All right. That's agreeable to me."

The man had me puzzled. I couldn't believe he was going to sign up for a year without mentioning the Charlie Longman case, merely assuming that we would understand that we were to suppress the story in the future. I made up my mind he shouldn't leave with any such impression and awaited developments.

Austin filled in the blank spaces in the contract specifying when the advertising was to run, how much was to be used each week, what the rate was to be, when bills were to be paid, and so forth. Then he signed the document and pushed it across the table to Samuels. Samuels dipped the pen in the ink, stretched his arm to draw his cuff back, touched the pen to the paper and paused.

"Of course, Mr. Austin," he said—and this time there was no pleasantry in his voice—"we want it understood that if we sign this contract The Sun will drop this Charlie Longman story."

There it was at last! That was the basis upon which he proposed to do business, and he was as confident that he would make the deal as he was confident that he was sitting in our office. It was the first time I had ever had a man tell me I was a blackmailer. It sickened me and then it made me mad, but before I could speak Austin said:

"That rests entirely with the editor. I have nothing whatever to say about what the paper prints and what it doesn't print."

"I'm sure you'll agree to that, won't you?" said Samuels, turning to me with a hard, cold gleam in his eye.

The Education of Mr. Samuels

THE break had given me time to get hold of myself. I didn't want to quarrel. I wanted this advertising, but I wanted it on an honest foundation. I could afford to overlook the insult, the misinterpretation of our motives. There was no reason in my code of honest journalism why we shouldn't have the Longman business and print the Charlie Longman story. I determined to try to convert Samuels.

"No, I can't agree to that, Mr. Samuels," I replied. "The Sun is going to print all the news. The Charlie Longman case is news, and it is going into the paper, whether you advertise with us or not."

His face gradually became the incarnation of blank astonishment. Here was something brand-new in his experience.

"Why—why—" he stammered; "I don't understand. I supposed of course you printed that story today for—that if we'd make a new contract you'd be glad to do us the favor of suppressing the Charlie Longman case. I—I—why—newspapers always protect their advertisers. It's a give-and-take proposition. I never had anybody refuse before. What's the matter? Ain't the contract big enough? Do you want more space? Is the rate too low? If so, don't hesitate to say so. We'll agree to anything reasonable."

"Look here, Mr. Samuels," I said, leaning over the table toward him and speaking earnestly, "space, rates and contract have nothing to do with it. We are going to print things about the Charlie Longman case whenever there's news in it because our subscribers are entitled to the information. When a man walks into our office and shoves a dollar across the counter and orders the paper for four months, he has our pledge—unwritten and unspoken but a pledge nevertheless—to tell him what happens in St. James every day. If we leave the Charlie Longman story or any other story out of the paper we cheat that man. We propose to keep our pledge, our obligation, to him."

"But that's absurd. You don't make any money on your circulation. Your money comes out of your advertising. We're the people who are entitled to consideration,

not the people who buy your paper. You'd starve if you had to depend on them. Don't talk to me about the subscriber. It's the advertiser who makes the paper."

"No, you're all wrong," I said. "It's the reader who makes the paper; not by the money he pays into the office but by the fact that he is a reader, that he sees your advertisement and goes to your store to trade. If it wasn't for the reader you couldn't afford to advertise and you wouldn't advertise. Ordinarily you place your advertising in the papers that reach the most people. Your advertising rates are fixed by the number of subscribers to the papers you use. Last year you paid us a lower rate than you paid The Star, solely because we had eight thousand readers and The Star had thirty thousand. This morning you refused to renew your contract with us because you believed we didn't have enough readers to make it worth while to pay our rate. Now you are willing to renew, not to get business for your firm but to buy our silence. We don't want your advertising on any such basis. We should be cheating you to take it on any such basis. We want your business, but we want it because we believe the trade that you will get through our paper will make your advertising a good investment. We don't want it and won't have it for any other reason."

Sumuels exploded.

"You have the most peculiar newspaper ideas I ever heard of," he said; "and I want to tell you you'll never succeed if you stick to them. I never heard such nonsense. Look at The Star and The Leader; they are reasonable about things like this and they are getting the business and making money."

"What do you mean when you say they are reasonable?"

"Why, they look at these things just as I do. The Star didn't print anything about Charlie Longman's suit this afternoon and The Leader won't have in anything about it tomorrow morning. They never print anything that we wouldn't like and The Sun never did before. I've had an agreement with the papers here for years. Usually they don't even ask me about little unpleasant things that come up from time to time, but just leave them out, knowing we wouldn't like it if they were printed. Sometimes they come and ask me, but they always do just as I say. Our people frequently have trouble when we have to seize furniture on which purchasers have failed to make payments. Occasionally somebody gets ugly and our men have to use force or get the police, but the papers never print anything about it. Naturally we appreciate it and give them our business. There's no reason why you boys shouldn't be friendly with us too."

Mr. Samuels, you can readily see, was pretty hopeless, but I didn't give up.

"Look at it this way," I said; "try to understand our side of this case. Now you will admit that if we're to succeed we've got to build up a healthy circulation for The Sun. There's no getting around that. We have determined to get that circulation by convincing the people of St. James and the vicinity that they will always find all the news in our paper. We are convinced that we cannot get people to read our paper by leaving news out of it, and we are starting out to build up circulation for your benefit. We should like to have your advertising while we're getting readers and we offer you a fair rate, based on the number of readers we already have; but we're going to get those readers just the same. Once we have them you will fight to get your copy into The Sun, because down at bottom what you want is results, and eventually you will discover that The Sun will give them to you. That's the way we're going to establish this newspaper, Mr. Samuels. It's the right way and the honest way. Are you with us or against us?"

Lost Business

"I'M AGAINST you, if you think you can go around this town printing scandals about respectable people and respectable firms and get away with it; and I'm going to see that all my friends are against you. You'll last about six months, and nobody will be sorry when you quit. The people here won't stand for a sensational yellow newspaper, I can tell you that."

"The stuff this newspaper prints won't be sensational and yellow unless the facts are sensational and yellow. And the facts will be printed, whatever their color and whoever they hit. Incidentally the 'people' will read those facts, our circulation will increase, and ultimately you'll come here and ask us to print your advertising."

Samuels went away angry through and through. I had failed to convey to him the faintest glimmer of understanding of our newspaper principles, and our advertising revenues that year were just four thousand dollars less than they might have been. But without realizing why, he knew that we couldn't be purchased. I felt that was something. I turned to see how Austin took the loss.

"Old man," he said, gripping my hand hard, "I'm willing to lose that business. We can stand it. I agree to every word you said and I am with you."

Within a few days an examiner appointed by the court began taking testimony in the Longman case, and I had Kite attend the sessions and report them fully for The Sun. We printed pictures of the girl and her little boy and carried the story on the first page for two weeks. Neither The Star nor The Leader ever printed a word about the case. The public became intensely interested and our circulation jumped to ten thousand. Practically everybody in town discovered that The Sun was the only paper printing anything about the suit and everybody guessed why.

The case was still pending when our contract with the Longman Furniture Company expired, on June first. On that day I blocked off the half-page that the Longmans had been using and in the center of it, in large type, printed the following declaration:

ATTEMPTED BRIBERY!

For a year this space has been used every other day by the Longman Furniture Company.

Yesterday that company's contract with the St. James Sun expired.

The manager of the company offered to renew it three weeks ago provided The Sun would publish nothing about the suit against Charlie Longman.

The Sun refused and as a consequence has lost the Longman business.

The Sun wishes to announce here and now that its silence cannot be purchased.

If I had thrown a dynamite bomb into the center of the retail district of St. James I could hardly have produced a bigger explosion than I produced with this announcement. The Retail Merchants' Association held a hurried meeting and sent a committee to see Austin. Jim referred the gentlemen to me and I made them the same speech I had made Samuels. Not being personally concerned in what they termed my attack on the Longmans they were able to gather a faint impression of my newspaper theory, but they pleaded with me to change my ways, join hands with them, be a "good fellow," and reap the benefits of their friendship. They seriously believed that I would never, never, never succeed by abusing the people from whom the paper must derive the bulk of its revenues, and they left in a very dubious frame of mind, somewhat mystified and a little resentful that their good offices had been declined.



The Car Was Stopped While the Motorman and Conductor Put Them Off

Affairs at Riverside Park

THE announcement had a most stimulating effect in our circulation department. I received from subscribers scores of letters commending us for our courage, and these I promptly printed, using the old Longman space for their publication and for further explanation of our reasons for refusing the Longman advertising. In another week another two thousand readers had been added to our subscription list, making a net gain of four thousand as a direct result of our stand in the Longman case. I felt satisfied, and my conviction that the way to establish a newspaper was to print the truth became stronger than ever.

Four miles south of St. James and two miles below South St. James and the stockyards district was Riverside Park, a pleasure resort that I had frequently seen mentioned in stories turned in by my reporters.

Uptown at Fifth and Phillip Streets—the busiest corner in the city—was the store of the Street Brothers Clothing Company, the biggest establishment of its kind in town.

You wouldn't expect to find a pipe-line running between these two institutions, would you? I didn't either; but there was one, and I stumbled over it one day and thereby kicked some more advertising out of The Sun.

The first Sunday on which I found time for a little recreation I visited Riverside Park with my wife. It was a beautiful spot. The resort was located in a big grove of elms alongside a pretty little lake, which was separated from the river by a strip of land only about fifty feet wide. The usual summer park attractions were there, and probably ten thousand people were strolling through the grounds, rowing on the lake, sitting under the trees, or enjoying the roller coaster, the mill, the circular swing, the shooting galleries and the other amusements offered for public patronage.

Toward evening I noticed a good many intoxicated men and women. Half a dozen drunken men got into a fight on the rear of the car in which we rode home and the car was stopped while the motorman and conductor put them off. They swore loudly and used vile language toward each other and toward the street-car men. My wife and the twenty or thirty other women in the car were shocked. One woman became hysterical, and the journey to the city was about as unpleasant as could be imagined.

"Well," said my wife with emphasis, when we at last reached the city and changed to another line, "I'm through with Riverside Park. I'll never go there again so long as I live in St. James."

"Yes, you will," I replied, "but you'll go without being insulted. I'm going to make that place respectable."

Both at the park and on the street car I had been impressed by the character of the people I saw. Most of them were respectable men and women, wage-earners from the factories, wholesale houses and retail stores, mechanics and clerks. They had gone to Riverside Park in search of wholesome recreation. They were not vicious or vulgar; they were merely hard-working human beings who couldn't afford to pay more than twenty-five or fifty cents for a Sunday afternoon outing. I determined that they should have a place to go where they would not be subjected to rowdyism.

The next afternoon I sent for my South St. James editor.

"Do they sell booze at Riverside Park on Sunday?" I asked.

"They swim in it," replied Warner.

"Why?"

I told him.

(Continued on Page 37)

JIM FALKNER, PIRATE

By James Oliver Curwood

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

THE big clock in the city hall was striking ten when Falkner reached the pitch-black cobble-stoned street to which his letter had directed him. It was a curious letter and an unusual hour for an appointment with a rich man; but it struck him, as he stopped to light his pipe, that up to date the street was the most disquieting feature of all. It ran close along the lake front and smelled dankly of fish, tar and oils. It was narrow and the buildings rose high on each side, unlighted and black, giving a tunnel-like effect to the passage between them. For a few moments Falkner stood and looked into the mouth of this city abyss, whence came no sound of footsteps or voice, wondering how he would find the number he wanted and why it was that a millionaire chose this sort of a dungeon for his offices. Suddenly, a block and a half down, he saw a thin streak of light shoot out into the street and remain there, and he at once made up his mind that this was meant to guide him. Puffing at his pipe and with his right hand in his coat pocket, where his fingers touched a chilly little automatic revolver, Falkner dived into the darkness.



"We're Going to Have Explanations Now or I'll Bore Ten Holes Through You!"

There was something about his present adventure that curiously stirred Falkner, to whom adventure of one sort or another had been the spice of existence ever since he had left college. Never had he entered into a thing more blindly than he was going into this. A week before, a letter had been delivered to him aboard his sloop at Milwaukee—a letter which he would have attributed to a crank or a madman if it had not borne the signature of a well-known Chicago millionaire. Among other things it urged upon him, if he valued his future prospects, to be on hand at a certain appointed hour at a certain number in a certain street in Chicago; and inclosed was a check for five hundred dollars as a guaranty of faith on the part of the sender.

It was just five minutes past the appointed hour when Falkner halted under the stream of light that shot out of a second-story window, struck a match and found the number he wanted.

A narrow stairway, blacker than the black street, led to the second floor; and Falkner stumbled up, making considerable noise because of the unusual narrowness of the steps. Scarcely had he reached the top when a door opened and a flood of light poured forth. In this light stood a man whom Falkner had never seen, and whose round, pink face, good-humored smile and cheerful corpulency dispelled in an instant half of the doubts that the black street and the blacker stairway had forced upon him. The man appeared to be about fifty, though his shortcropped hair was almost white. He was puffing vigorously at a big black cigar and chuckled audibly when Falkner stumbled at the last step.

"No lights out here," he apologized. "Is this Captain Jim Falkner?"

"It is," said Falkner.

"Of course it is! I knew it. Foolish question," jerked out the other. "In fact, I've got your picture on my desk."

He reached out a hand and Falkner was surprised at the strength of his grip.

"Cut it out of a paper when you found that lost copper ship," he explained. "Mighty good piece of work that! The scoundrels who beat you out of your salvage ought to be hung."

Falkner laughed as he accepted the cigar which the other had already pulled from a bulging waistcoat pocket.

"I suppose I ought to ask if this is Mr. Winn," he said.

"Yes; I'm Winn—J. Cortlandt Winn. Come in."

Falkner entered from the main hall into a yet smaller one and Winn closed the door behind them. Then he opened a second door and gently thrust his visitor ahead of him into a brilliantly lighted room, in which the only furniture seemed to be a big table, half a dozen chairs and an empty bookcase. The floor was bare. Directly over the table burned a small arclight; and under this, gazing straight at him as he entered, was seated a young woman.

"My daughter—Captain Falkner," said Winn.

The girl bowed slightly. Her broad-brimmed hat shaded her face, but not enough to conceal from him its remarkable beauty. She continued to gaze at him intently for a moment, her lips parted and her dark eyes filled with a questioning curiosity. As Falkner seated himself opposite Winn he caught a glimpse of her profile and the glint of the light in her hair. On the table before her was a diminutive paper pad, bound in a red morocco cover, and between her fingers she held a slim yellow pencil. Falkner faced the millionaire shipowner with new and ill-concealed interest.

"I won't detain you long, Captain Falkner," said Winn, and his voice became sharp and decisive. He ran a number of papers between his fingers as he continued: "You are undoubtedly puzzled at my communication and you will be more mystified before I am through. One thing I must ask of you, however, before I continue with the proposition that I have in mind: Whether you accept it or not, I must be assured that not a word of what passes between us is to go beyond this room. If you do not wish to go into the adventure which I have in mind, and which will take perhaps a month of your time, we are to shake hands and forget that we have ever seen each other. If you join me I will pay you twenty-five thousand dollars for your month's service."

Falkner's glance shot from Winn to the girl. Her beautiful eyes were glowing with subdued excitement as she looked at him.

"That's rather an unusual price to offer an ordinary lake captain," he replied. "It arouses my curiosity. I can only give you my word that whatever you may say will be regarded as confidential. If you can accept that you may go on."

A curious smile played over Winn's face.

"I do accept it, Falkner," he said. "Listen!" He leaned half over the table, his plump hands clasped in front of him. "This is a remarkable adventure that I am about to put in your way. Success means—well, everything to me! I have been planning it for months and up until one month ago the one thing I lacked was a man—a brave man; a man who was willing to take a risk; a man whose word was as good as a Government bond. I remembered you because I was one of the owners of the ship whose copper salvage you lost. Here—right here"—he paused to tap the papers under his hand—"I've got your record down in black and white from the day you licked that country school-teacher down in Ogontz and then bolted for the city. I sent a man down to your old country home to find out what you were as a boy, and I've followed you, year by year, clean up to the present time."

Falkner gave a gasp of astonishment. He looked at Miss Winn, then stared back at the shipowner.

"I hope you missed some things," he said.

"A few—perhaps," resumed Winn, glancing over the papers; "but we at least discovered enough to prove that you are the man we want. You had ambition and ginger enough to work your way through the engineering course at college. Then you went down into Mexico and helped to build a railroad, and made a deuced good record for yourself there. It was mighty unfortunate for you that you got mixed up with Velasquez and that Honduras revolutionary movement. I've got a pretty good account of your fight at Chico, where you captured two forts and put three hundred Government troops to rout with only forty men. By George, that was a dandy! I want to hear more about it sometime. After that you went into the filibustering game twice and did the jobs up so neatly that you pulled out with fifteen thousand cash. Here's a hiatus. I can't understand what brought you to the Great Lakes, where life is pretty tame; but I can guess—treasure hunting! You've been searching for sunken ships and you've found three. One of those ships would have made you rich if you hadn't been too honest to get away with the copper.

"You see, I'm confident you're the man I want. A little matter of holding up a ship on Lake Superior and abducting eight of her passengers will be just a sort of holiday recreation for you. That's what I want you to do."

Falkner had recovered his self-possession. Coolly he relighted his cigar, which had gone out.

"This is all mighty interesting," he said, with an ominous hardness in his voice. "You've gone over my history and at the end you sum me up as a high-class criminal. Eh?"

A low exclamation that was scarcely more than a fluttering throat note came from the girl. Falkner looked straight at her, wondering if she would speak. Her eyes were filled with a sudden painful anxiety as she looked from him to her father.

"Great Heavens—no!" almost shouted the shipowner. "Falkner, I want a man!—and a man isn't a criminal. If I've given you a wrong impression I'm a fool. I've called you here because I feel that I can place absolute confidence in you—because, in three words, you are brave, adventurous and at the same time honorable. You're the only man of your sort on the Lakes; and you must understand the confidence I place in you when I tell you that I am



McGraw Flat Upon His Back, With a Giant of a Man On His Chest, Busily Throttling Him

practically surrendering my own reputation, as well as my daughter's, into your hands. If you cannot have faith in me will you in Gladys—Miss Winn?"

Again Falkner looked at Miss Winn. The girl's eyes met his with clear frankness, but she did not speak. Her silence was beginning to disturb him.

"Go on, Mr. Winn," he said. "I am at least anxious to hear something of the business which you have mapped out for me."

"It is this," said the shipowner in a low voice, and the girl leaned nearer. "Three weeks from today the steel freighter Uranus leaves Duluth for Buffalo with a load of ore. In her cabins she will carry eight passengers—all men. I want you to board this freighter, kidnap those eight men and hide them somewhere in the wilderness along the north shore for a week or ten days. At the end of that time your work will be done and I will hand you a check for fifteen thousand dollars. I will give you the first ten thousand tonight if you agree to do the work. More than this I cannot tell you. You must remain in the dark as to my motive for kidnaping these men and hiding them away for a time; but I can assure you there is practically no danger in the undertaking."

Falkner's strong face lighted up with an amused smile.

"Only a little matter of piracy, eh?" he laughed. "And do you know what that means, Mr. Winn? On the Great Lakes piracy is subject to the laws of the state for which the vessel upon which the piracy is committed is bound. The Uranus, you say, will load for Buffalo. In New York the one penalty for piracy is death. Don't assume that I am afraid. I like excitement. Perhaps I am too fond of it. But as for flying the black flag and committing crime——"

"You won't be committing a crime!" cried Winn, striking the table with his fat hand. "I give you my word on that, Falkner. I know it's hard to believe, but it's true. You run absolutely no risk, except the small one of holding up the crew of the freighter while you unload her passengers. You can't believe this, of course; so I've arranged for a way to checkmate your suspicions. Would I sacrifice my daughter, Falkner? Ask yourself that. And she is to accompany you. She is to captain the expedition. You are to obey her orders implicitly. If you become a pirate she becomes one. If peril faces you it confronts her as well. I am sending her as a pledge that in boarding the Uranus and kidnaping her passengers you will not be committing a crime. You will so completely surprise the vessel's crew that, with a little display of arms, they will give you no trouble. You will need half a dozen good men to board the ship, armed with revolvers. Load the pistols with blank cartridges, but give each man some sort of a weapon—a sand-billy, for instance—that will stun but not kill if you are forced to fight. What do you say? Will you undertake this expedition—under Gladys, my daughter?"

With that soft, strange throat sound, so like the fluttering note of a bird, the girl suddenly leaned over the table and held out one of the little pages of the notebook to Falkner. She smiled straight into his eyes, and then she pouted her red lips pleadingly as he took the slip, upon which she had written the following words:

Please pardon me for not speaking. I must unfortunately write all that I have to say. But I can hear. You will go, won't you? Please!

With a curious thrill, Falkner understood the meaning of the diminutive pad under the slim white hand of the shipowner's daughter. She could not talk. She was dumb. He looked at her again. Her mouth was still pouted; her eyes glowed with luminous and anxious questioning. It was this girl, and not Winn or the fortune he offered him, that he thought of now. Her beautiful face still pleaded with him and he felt a sudden tremulous stir within him that held him silent while he looked into her eyes. Her lips moved. He could see the words as she framed them: "You will go? Please!" She held out a hand to him; and with a low, strange laugh he clasped the hand in his own big brown palm, trembling like an excited boy.

"Yes; I will go!" he said.

He felt her fingers tighten about his. She laughed—a sweet, voiceless laugh—her dark eyes glowing with joy; and in that moment Falkner felt the earth slipping away from under his feet.

"I will go," he said again, speaking to her alone. "I will go—with you as my captain."

An hour later, in the cabin aboard his sloop, Falkner pulled two slips of paper from his coat pocket. One was a check for ten thousand dollars; the other was Miss Winn's note. A dozen times he read the words she had written, a slow flush burning in his face. As he refolded the slip he noticed a bit of writing on the other side of the paper. In a careless hand the girl had written:

"Captain Jim Falkner, Pirate."

II

THREE weeks and two days after Falkner's first interview with J. Cortlandt Winn, the sloop-yacht Silver Fox lay thirty miles off Thunder Cape, riding lazily and with a scarcely perceptible rolling motion in the long Superior swells.

In the bow stood Miss Winn, searching the level sea with a pair of powerful binoculars. As Falkner came from his cabin he stopped for a moment in the shade of the deckhouse to look at the girl, whose tall, slender form was silhouetted against a late afternoon sun. She looked bewitchingly girlish as she stood poised a step or two back from the rail, her shining hair done up in a big long braid, her white arms bared to the elbows, and the light breeze blowing curling tresses about her face and shoulders. He drew a deep breath and stepped forward. The three days they had been together since leaving Duluth had sped with blissful swiftness for him and yet it seemed as though he had known her for years. They had been days of a steadily increasing yearning—days of joy; days of pain; days in which there had come to him, in the same hour, hope and hopelessness. And with these there was a growing fear—a fear that this girl, in spite of Winn's protestations, was facing a deadly peril.



"I am Doing This, Not for the Money Your Father is Paying Me, But for You"

She turned as he came up, with one of those sweet smiles that made him want to take her in his arms.

"I can make out three freighters," she wrote on her pad. "One of them is a big boat. It ought to be the Uranus."

He took the glasses from her hand.

"It is," he said quietly, after a few moments. "I can tell by her funnels." Before leaving his cabin he had steeled himself for a certain unpleasant task, and the girl saw something of what was coming in his eyes. Her face became serious before he had spoken. "Miss Winn," he said, "I have restrained myself from questioning you during the past few days, but I feel that it is my duty now in spite of my contract with your father. There has come a change——" His voice trembled a little as he came near to the truth that was making his heart beat excitedly and that sent again that telltale flood of warmth into his face. "There has come a change—in me! I must know. Why is there need of all this mystery? Why am I about to board that ship? What is the reason for the abduction of its passengers? You know. You must know. I am risking everything blindly—my ship, my men, myself. And I am doing this——" He stopped again, and she saw his throat twitch. "I am doing this, not for the money your father is paying me, but for you. If I am doing this cannot you be honest—fair with me? Cannot you trust me?"

He was almost sorry that he had spoken. For an instant the tremulous look of pain that he had first observed in Winn's office shot into her eyes. The color left her face and her lips quivered, as though he had hurt her. She wrote on her pad and he saw that her fingers trembled.

"I am sorry," she said. "I can tell you nothing—nothing more than you already know. I trust my father. I have faith in you—absolute! Can you not have faith in me—in us?"

"In you—yes!" he cried quickly, and somehow her quivering little hand came into his. "Miss Winn—Gladys—forgive me for what I am about to say. I do not fear for myself or for my men. I understand and they understand what we are undertaking. But it is you! Listen! I can run to Thunder Cape, send you ashore and still overtake the Uranus tonight. Will you let me do that? If there is danger—and I am sure there is—you must not face it. I will board the ship tonight, but you must go ashore."

His voice and eyes told her more than the words he uttered. He still held her hand; and she answered him with the beautiful glow in her eyes, the pouting of her red lips, as she shook her head—the color surging back into her cheeks.

"You must go ashore!" he repeated.

She drew her hand away and wrote rapidly, and he read the words as they came from her pencil:

If you care at all—about me—you will let me go with you tonight. I will not go ashore voluntarily. If you force me ashore you will be a traitor—to me. I must share the responsibility of what is going to happen. It is necessary—to save you from possible peril! I refuse to let you go on alone.

Her face was white again when she looked up. Her tremulous lips made an effort as if to speak and then suddenly she turned and left him, running lightly to her cabin.

For ten minutes Falkner stood staring out over the lake toward the black trails of smoke of the approaching freighters. Then he returned to his own room and wrote on a piece of notepaper: "You're a little brick! The Uranus is in sight—the third ship. We'll board her at the end of the first watch tonight." And then he added, with a happy smile: "Captain Jim Falkner, Pirate."

This note he delivered to Miss Winn by the woman cook.

III

MISS WINN took her meals in her own little cabin and Falkner did not see her again for many hours. At eight o'clock the Silver Fox was running three-quarters of a mile astern of the Uranus, and Falkner had a final talk with his men. There were six, including himself and not counting the engineer. On this trip the regular stoker had been eliminated and the cook's place had been filled by one of the men's wives. Falkner felt that he could trust every member of his crew. Clarkson, Findy and McGraw were old companions in adventure who would stick by him in any project; Hawkins, the engineer, had accompanied him to the Lakes from his last filibustering expedition; Peters, mate and wheelman, had been in his service for two years. Only of Sullivan was there a question, and Falkner allowed his eyes to fall more fully upon him as he gave his final instructions. He saw that each man was armed with a short sand-billy and to each of them he gave an automatic revolver loaded with blank cartridges.

"Don't fire a shot unless you are compelled to," he warned; "and then, if you can, shoot so that your powder will be felt. And don't crack any heads with the billies. You're going to get a thousand dollars apiece for this job and we've got to do it without seriously injuring a person aboard that ship."

At nine o'clock he went to Miss Winn's cabin and knocked upon her door. The girl opened it. She had changed her light suit for a heavier and darker dress, and had coiled her hair upon her head. Her face was tense and pale as she looked beyond Falkner to where the lights of the Uranus were glowing half a mile to starboard. With a low laugh Falkner offered her his hand. The girl's was as cold as ice, and the old shudder of fear ran through him. After all, it was to be piracy—nothing less. Then the girl smiled and nodded her head.

"Yes; we are ready," he said, a little grimly. "We are bearing down upon her now. Will you remain in your cabin?"

She shook her head negatively and went with him to the starboard rail, her hand resting snugly in his arm. He had little to say now. His face was stern and set, his jaws were squared; in his eyes there was a light which the girl had not seen before. In a few moments he left her to join his men. Rapidly the Silver Fox bore down upon the freighter. At last Falkner raised his megaphone.

"Ship ahoy!" he cried. "Is that the Uranus?"

In a moment the reply came back:

"This is the Uranus."

"Then slow down and let us run alongside," shouted Falkner. "This is the yacht Sea Gull, of Port Arthur, and we have important telegrams for you from the owners."

As he had expected, the ruse worked. He heard the resonant clang of the signal-gong in the engine room of the Uranus and the big ship began to lose speed. Two minutes later the Silver Fox ran alongside and Findy and McGraw attached grappling hooks. The freighter lay so deep in the water that from the deckhouse Falkner jumped aboard, with Clarkson a bound behind him. The ship's mate and the watch were the only men on the big freighter's deck, and before either had spoken a word Falkner and Clarkson covered them with their revolvers.

"If you make a move or a sound we'll blow your heads off!" warned Falkner. "Up with your hands!"

The two startled men complied in an instant. The chilly glitter of the automatics was too real to question. As quick as cats, Findy and McGraw came up behind them and smothered whatever words they might have uttered under the folds of cloths specially designed for that purpose. Within three minutes after boarding, the two men lay flat upon their backs, bound and gagged.

"Findy, you go up and gossip with the wheelman," commanded Falkner; "and you, McGraw, watch the door to the captain's cabin. If he sticks his head out get a hold on him that won't let any sound get beyond your own ears. We don't want to arouse the crew aft, or there'll be the swellest sort of a fight. Now, boys, for the passengers!"

Falkner, with Hawkins and Peters close behind him, made for the observation room above the forward cabins. The door was unlocked, and Peters struck a match while the other two searched for the electric light switch. In the flood of light that followed its discovery the three men dropped black masks from under their hats over their faces. Falkner could not restrain an amused chuckle as he looked at Hawkins and Peters, who stood with pistols in their hands and looked as piratical as any cutthroats that ever sailed with a Kidd or Blackbeard. Hawkins, with his red hair and huge red beard that fiercely bristled out from under his mask, was alone worth a small army as a terrorizer, and for this reason Falkner sent him in advance as they tiptoed in single file down the narrow stairway that led to the staterooms. Scarcely had they reached the foot of the stair when the sound of subdued laughter came to them, and from under the door that opened from the sleeping quarters into the ship's sitting room there issued a brilliant streak of light. Without a word, Falkner strode forward and flung open the door. At a small table in the center of the room sat four men, playing poker. Two others were looking on the game. For a moment the players were so engrossed in the movement of certain piles of chips that they did not notice the interruption. When they looked up three dangerous-looking men and three chillingly murderous automatics menaced them from the door.

"Please make no noise, gentlemen," said Falkner. "We shall be compelled to shoot the first man who makes an outcry. We want you outside!" He thrust the fierce Hawkins out into the room and pointed to the door that led directly to the deck. "Open that—and brain the first man who shows an inclination to run! Now, gentlemen, we want you to travel out that doorway in single file."

The occupants of the room had not uttered a word; and now, as they rose to their feet, even the somber Peters could scarcely restrain a laugh at the spectacle they made. The man who followed Hawkins was one of the fattest Falkner had ever seen and the waistbands of three of the remaining five seemed ready to burst in an effort of envious competition. They were not a dangerous-looking lot. There was only one young man among them; and Falkner grinned when he saw that three of the prisoners against whom he had brought such a formidable force were completely bald. Every man there breathed respectability and affluence; the very glisten of the bald heads, the huge and immaculate white waistcoats, bespoke their importance and social standing—and a sudden uncomfortable chill shot through Falkner. He had expected ordinary passengers—or at least nothing like this appalling aggregation, whose very rotundity and all-round luxurious appearance made him realize more than ever the enormity of the act he was committing. Not one of these men made a remonstrance as they followed Hawkins through the door except the huge fat man, who spluttered and rumbled beneath his breath, but not loud enough to call forth a warning from his captors. For a moment they stopped where Sullivan was guarding the deck and the two bound men, while Falkner showed them how to board the Silver Fox. Not until they were seated in a row on the yacht's forward deck, with Sullivan leaning over the rail above them, did Falkner rejoin Hawkins and Peters, who were already returning for the other two passengers.

Suddenly a terrific and blood-curdling yell split the calm stillness of the night, followed almost in the same instant by the rapid firing of an automatic.

"That's McGraw!" cried Falkner. "Hustle up the others, boys! I'll go to him."

He ran across the deck toward the outer entrance to the captain's cabin and, to his horror, found McGraw flat upon his back, with a giant of a man on his chest, busily throttling him. He knew that it would now be only a matter of a few minutes before the ship's hands aft would be pouring on deck, and he brought his sand-billy down upon the captain's head with considerable force. The grip on



They Were Not a Dangerous-Looking Lot

McGraw's throat relaxed, the captain rolled over and, before Falkner could strike again, had staggered to his feet. He prepared for the other's rush, but his blow went wild—and just what happened after that he could never tell. He knew that some hard and heavy object landed on his head, and he crumpled down as completely helpless as though his back had been broken. He was conscious of a flood of something warm pouring over his face; then he heard loud voices, shouts, the firing of pistols—and everything was blank.

IV

FALKNER'S first return to consciousness was marked by a strange pain and the realization that a cool hand was stroking his face and smoothing back his hair. He opened his eyes; and the second dawning that came to him was that he was in his own well-lighted little cabin and that the Silver Fox was under way. Then he saw Miss Winn, her beautiful face leaning over him; and before he knew what he was doing he put up his hand to her shining hair. He recovered himself in a moment and dropped it back, with a laughing groan.

"Soaked—soaked good and hard," he smiled up at her, a little painfully. Did we get 'em all?"

She nodded affirmatively, smiling down on him with her lips and glowing eyes in a way that made him laugh joyously up into her face, like a boy. She ran her hand through his hair again, and he took her other hand and pressed it to his lips. It lay there for a moment, warm and sweet, and then there came a knock at the door; and as Miss Winn drew back Peters entered. From the door the girl smiled back at him once more and left the cabin.

Peters sat down and grinned at his chief. There was something almost sheepish in his look. Falkner sat up.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Cap'n Dix slugged you a good one in the head with a piece of iron pipe," explained Peters, his long, thin face still wearing a grin. "Before McGraw got him with his sand-billy he yelled like a pack of hyenas and half a dozen of the crew came running from aft. Sullivan and Findy held them back until we got the other two aboard and cast off. Good Lord! ——"

"What the devil is there to grin at?" demanded Fanlkner.

"I can't help grinning at what we got," said Peters. "The other two were fat an' there's four baldheads. One of them two was so old and fat we had to help him aboard. I put 'em in the long cabin an' set Clarkson an' McGraw to guard 'em; but they're as harmless as children. They hadn't been there fifteen minutes before the whole bunch was playing setback and poker, and smoking cigars that smelled so good I'd like to eat a box for breakfast. Listen to that!"

Above the throbbing of the yacht's engines Falkner heard a distant rumble of laughter, as if many voices had joined in a sudden burst of merriment.

"They're taking it easy," went on Peters; "and the devil of it is they're telling pirate stories while they play and predicting all sorts of things for us. They've got Clarkson an' McGraw sweating blood; and every little while that whale of a fat un describes an execution he once saw in New York, where they killed a pirate with electricity.

Falkner's face wore anything but an amused look as he rose to his feet and examined himself in a glass.

"Clarkson and McGraw are still wearing their masks?" he inquired.

"You couldn't pry 'em off with crowbars," said Peters; "and Hawkins is shaving off his red whiskers in the engine room. That bunch has scared 'im stiff."

"And how about you?"

Peters laughed uneasily.

"I don't like the layout, Falkner. They're too big, too fat an' rich! I shouldn't wonder if we'd tied up to the eight richest men in the United States, mebby counting out the two skinny ones—and that's dangerous!"

"Tell Clarkson and McGraw to leave the bunch and lock the door," said Falkner. "I don't believe they need a guard."

With early dawn, the Silver Fox was running close in to a wild and forest-covered shore, and just as the sun appeared above the wilderness the yacht began picking her way slowly through a maze of black reefs and small islands until at last she ran into a small cove completely shut in by a rocky ridge and a thick forest of spruce and balsam. Between the water and the forest was a white strip of sandy beach a hundred yards in width. Falkner pointed this out to Peters and Findy, who stood beside him.

"Pitch your tents there," he said. "We'll give our prisoners absolute freedom ashore. They can't get away. There isn't a settlement within thirty miles and I don't believe any one of them could make his way for five hundred yards through those rocks. They're as safe as if in a jail. Land all the provisions and after you've done that make ready to sail."

While the mate set about to carry out his instructions Falkner went to Miss Winn's cabin. The girl gave a little gesture of surprise and pleasure when she saw him.

"I'm so glad you weren't badly hurt," she wrote for him; and then, as she looked up with the witchery of her wonderful smile and saw the unchanged seriousness of his face, her own became suddenly quiet and questioning. A little frightened by what she saw, she put out her hand and rested it on his arm.

"I have come to say goodby, Miss Winn," he said, struggling to speak calmly. "Within half an hour the Silver Fox will be under way for Duluth, with her whole crew on board, except myself. You must go with her."

(Continued on Page 61)

WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

The Emancipation of the Home

By Woods Hutchinson, A. M., M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY Z. P. NIKOLAKI



It is Not Fair or Just That a Girl Should be Compelled to Choose Once and for All Between Marriage and Any or Every Other Form of Occupation

WE ARE always approaching a crisis—and surviving it. We have waxed fat and flourishing on a diet of crises, in fact, these thousands of years past. Balancing upon the brink of catastrophes is just the exercise we need to keep us in health; and if ever we should get out of sight of an impending calamity we had better get a telescope and proceed to hunt one up for the good of our livers—lest we grow fat and scant of breath. To run risks of death twenty times a day is precisely what keeps us alive.

Just now it is the health and nervous system and moral tone of the modern woman that are causing concern to the souls of the serious prophets of the century—prophets, that is, who take themselves seriously, as prophets always do, and imagine that their denunciations and predictions will have more effect upon the tides of human life than Mrs. Partington's broom had upon those of the Atlantic. "Woman is becoming a public character," they all wail in chorus; "and the fierce light of publicity will fade and wither all her womanliness and the sweet virtues of the hearthstone, while her peace and balance of mind and vigor of health will be shattered in its storms."

That a striking and almost revolutionary change in the work and place of woman has taken place within the last thirty-five years is obvious to the dullest eye—just like the change that has taken place in the working habits and surroundings of man since the discovery of steam and electric power. The vast majority of men no longer perform their entire day's work and round of tasks within rifle-shot or shouting distance of their hearthstone, or in a workshop which is a room in the house, or its annex or lower story.

An Age of Attractive Homes

HOME has become for the man of today, we are told, merely a place in which to eat and sleep; indeed, according to some cynics, a place he never goes to until all the other places are shut. And now it looks as if a full half of womankind were about to follow man's example in finding their work outside of the home. The cry is not unnaturally raised—that is, considering the nature of prophets—that the new state of affairs is going to take woman entirely outside of the home; and the only point upon which the Jeremiahs are unable to agree is as to which will be more injured by the change—the home or the woman.

It never appears to have occurred to these moralists to reflect—if, indeed, some moralists have anything to reflect with—that the removal of man and his work from the home has not only been not injurious but markedly beneficial to the latter.

Never were homes half so commodious, so well lighted and ventilated, so beautifully equipped and furnished, so well heated, so sanitary, so comfortable and attractive as they are today. The farther a man gets away from his home in the daytime the more he appreciates it. It becomes a luxury to him, and he is far more ready to lavish time and thought and money upon its adornment and improvement.

There is probably nothing, since the days of the fortress and the walled town, that the home has suffered from so severely as from being a place of work. The primitive farmer's home, for instance, was little better than a second story of the cow-stable—an annex to the barn; a link in the sacred circle of the pigpen, the chicken-roost and the manure heap—as it is frankly today among the peasantry of Europe. Even in some of our own country districts it has not yet escaped from the bondage of being an appendage to the barnyard as completely as might be desired.

Then, when the shop was born, it always appropriated the best room or series of rooms in the house, leaving only a few boxes behind it or lofts above it for the family to live in; while that the whole house should be filled with the odor of leather, or cheeses, or hides, or groceries, or the noise of the saw and the hammer, or of the anvil, or the steam of the dye vats, or the heat of the baker's oven, was considered a necessary and natural part of the home feeling. No poet has ever yet rhapsodized over the dear old scents and smells of home. Some of them might carry our memories back more vividly than delightfully nowadays. We talk enthusiastically about encouraging cottage industries and occupations for earning money at home, and thus keeping all the family together under the sacred influences of the rooftree; but we forget that the loom or the work-table occupies the best room in the house and the best window in that room, and that the worst possible thing for the harmony and domestic affections of a family is to be incessantly soaked and saturated in each other's company all day long, without possibility of escape, six days out of the week.

A colleague of mine, who in his younger days had an extensive practice among the Jews of the lower East Side of New York, tells me that they have a quaint phrase which is significant of much in this regard. When they first come over to this country, and with toil and suffering accumulate capital enough to start a tiny business, the shop, of course, occupies the main front room and the family lives upstairs and at the back; but as soon as they have reached a certain standard of success and prosperity they take a full-sized modern shop in a better street; and the family, instead of meekly roosting above it, moves up into Harlem, to—as they quaintly express it—"live separate" in all the glory of a steam-heated flat.

Nothing strikes the American in Europe quite so forcibly as the stuffy, ill-ventilated, ill-smelling and undesirably situated living rooms and even houses which people in comfortable circumstances will occupy because the latter are mere appendages of "the business." Few things have done more for the comfort, health and happiness of the home than the modern ability to "live separate." Talk about the home being in danger in this twentieth century! The home of the vast majority of men scarcely began to have an independent existence of its own until about seventy years ago. Until then it was practically a bunkhouse attached to a barn or a shop for all below the aristocracy.

Even some aristocratic homes are not yet entirely emancipated from this slavery to "business"—such as the doctor's and the minister's.

Our acres of villas and square miles of suburbs are cheering proofs of the emancipation and new lease of life of the home. Their architecture may be monotonous and superficial, their furniture too plushy, their upholstery too vivid; but they are an immense improvement upon anything that ever preceded them from the point of view of both health and comfort; and they signify this much unmistakably—that man is no longer content to live and house his family in any old hole or corner which happens to be near his business.

A town may or may not have fine business streets and a great wholesale district; but what it stands or falls by to the eye of the sanitarian and the biological engineer is the extent and attractiveness of its new spick-and-span residential suburbs—whether of cottages, tenements or mansions. Call them birdboxes, or barracks, or mushrooms, or gingerbread and claptrap—what you will—they are the cheering and dominant feature of the architecture of the new century. Never were there half so many real homes in the world before. The home decaying? It's just beginning to flourish! They may not all be in the perfection of good taste yet, but they will be in fifty years' time. Taste can hardly be expected to flourish in cellars and hovels and rookeries. You must have light enough to see colors before you can judge whether the ornamentation is well chosen or not.

At the same time, far from the manners and tempers of men having become harsher and fiercer and more unscrupulous by their removal from the sweet influence of home, there has been a most noticeable increase in kindliness, in sympathy and intolerance of cruelty and injustice. The past seventy years have been emphatically the age of intelligent philanthropy, of the abolishment of slavery, of the legal protection of woman, of education for all, of the relief of disease and suffering.

Why, then, should we fear that the migration of the work and the daily activities of half or even more of our adult women should have any injurious or demoralizing effect upon either the woman or the home? Perhaps it will be answered at once that a man in the house always was an awkward, inconvenient sort of creature, of very little real use and dreadfully in the way—so that it was no loss to get rid of him; but that woman is the very genius of the place, the main support of all its activities and the only priestess who can keep the fire burning at its shrine.

Home Work Not Done at Home

THERE is merit in the first part of the suggestion. Few things promote harmony and affection between the women of the family and their menfolks, and vice versa, more than a regular daily vacation from each other's company. As to the latter part of the objection, there are other considerations to be borne in mind. One is that, though in the nature of the case, from the natural division of labor between the sexes, the bulk of the work of the home has always been performed by woman and always will be, yet today a large and constantly increasing share of the work of the home is done outside of it.

In more primitive times—in fact, until less than a hundred years ago—the range of home activities was nearly three times what it is today. Nearly all the clothing of the family, for instance, was manufactured upon the premises; the wool and flax were carded and spun and woven and dyed and cut and sewn into garments; the socks were knitted; all the articles of underwear were made by hand;



Since Work Formerly Done in the House Has Now Been Transferred to Public Agencies, Women Have Followed It

soap was boiled and candles cast in moulds; butter and cheese were manufactured on a large scale, not only for home consumption but also for the market; herbs were gathered and medicines brewed from them; meats were salted and stored; fruits and vegetables dried and preserved—in fact, every household of any size required the continual and constant labor of from two to five grown women in order to keep itself in good running order.

Now, however, two-fifths to two-thirds of all these domestic activities are being done by machinery in factories, in shops and in stores; and, as a natural result, woman is following her work out of the home into the places where it is now being done. Why should the work be either more physically injurious or morally degrading to her in one place than in the other? And why should the home suffer from the removal of half or two-thirds of these women workers any more than it did from the removal of the men?

Certain kinds of work, such as the care of children, the preparation and serving of food and the care of living and sleeping rooms, are still carried on in the home or in some modified form of it. The actual labor, however, of even these has been greatly lightened by both machinery and modern methods, so that they do not absorb or require the energies of more than half or possibly not more than a third of the women who were previously employed at home.

To assume that this change of place of work will make the woman who does her housework in a factory or shop think any the less of her home on this account, or lose interest in it, or cease to appreciate its value and importance, seems to me not merely illogical but unreasonable. On the contrary, home becomes, instead of chiefly a place of hard, monotonous and wearing work, a place of rest, of enjoyment and recuperation.

When the Home Was a Prison

IT IS a ludicrous mistake to suppose, for instance, that the farmer loves his home more than the clerk does his simply because he spends a larger share of his time in it. Not even the fact that he spends more of his nights at home is any sign of his preference for it, but merely that it is too much trouble to hitch up the team and wash up and get away from it.

The average farmer of fifty years ago grudged every penny that was spent upon the house or its furniture, in decoration and repairs. The average city dweller delights to spend money, within the limits of his purse, upon his home, and enjoys making it as attractive and convenient as possible, because it is to him purely a place of rest, of refreshment and enjoyment. Why should not employment in factories, shops and stores have the same effect upon the feelings of the working woman? As a matter of fact, it has had precisely that effect already; and you will find few women prouder and more keenly appreciative of and devoted to their homes, and their embellishment and improvement, than most working girls and working women.

The fact that the "home-loving" and "home-keeping" women of former generations, whose disappearance is now lamented by the pessimists, spent nine-tenths of their working hours in their homes, was no proof whatever of love of home; nor, indeed, did it tend to foster that feeling. Their much-boasted home-staying was simply due to the fact that they could not escape, being chained by a never-ceasing round of duties—prisoners under their own roof; and that, when a momentary lull in the routine did occur, they were too tired to take advantage of it—and, after fifteen or twenty years of the performance, too stupid!

It is one of the most convincing and triumphant proofs of the strength and stability of woman's mental powers that successive generations of that delightful form of semi-solitary confinement at hard labor known as home life has not made her a candidate for the insane asylum! Man would have gone raving crazy or blown up the institution with dynamite long ago! To chain a woman to her home by the ankle can scarcely be regarded as a promising or hopeful method of promoting in her an affection for it or an intelligent and competent interest in its management and improvement. Slave-labor or serf-labor has always proved the dearest and least efficient labor in the world. To set woman free from the bondage of home is to give her the first reasonable opportunity of developing an affection for and an intelligent interest in it.

To put it very crudely, since from one-half to two-thirds of the work formerly done in the home has now been transferred to factories, shops and public agencies, a like proportion of women have followed it or are preparing to follow it. They are engaged, in fact, in what are quaintly and suggestively termed by the mountaineers of Georgia and the Carolinas "public works," by which they mean, not Government improvements, but sawmills, factories, mines, and so forth. Incidentally it may be remarked that the first and most striking fact of the engaging in these public works by the mountaineers has been a great improvement in the furnishing, decoration and conveniences of their homes, the money which they have earned in this way having been first applied to repainting or making additions to their houses and to equipping them with cookstoves, rocking-chairs, cottage organs and other modern conveniences. Similarly, all over the country today, the homes maintained by working women, either for other members of their families or for their own comfort and pleasure, will be found to compare most favorably in attractiveness, convenience and comfort with those supported on the same income where the women of the family spend all their time at home.

There need be little fear that this partial physical removal from the home atmosphere will diminish the working woman's interest in her home, for the simple reason that a home is a thing self-existent and self-supporting. The need for a home of some sort is as universal and irresistible as the attraction of gravitation. Even though there be, in the bitter language of the pessimist,

Nothing to breathe but air;
Nothing to eat but food;
Nothing to wear but clothes
To keep us from going nude!
Nowhere to go but out!
Nowhere to come but back!

yet there must be some place to come back to, some point in space to engulf one's food, somewhere to rest, somewhere to go when all the other places are shut. To have a home of some sort is as necessary as breathing. The much eulogized "old-fashioned home" may be disappearing, but that is because something better is taking its place.

Nothing but the rosy mist that hovers over the past—"the light that never was on sea or land"—makes us fondly believe that the old-fashioned home was superior to the modern one. As a matter of cold, historical fact, it was not half so good. Outside of the homes of the wealthy there is scarcely a house today over a hundred years old that is really fit to live in from a modern, civilized point of view; indeed, which would not be actually condemned as a nuisance on sanitary grounds by an up-to-date board of health.

The houses of a century or more ago were badly lighted, worse ventilated, utterly incapable of being properly heated; cold, damp and most inconvenient in their arrangements—because, for the most part, they were constructed either for purposes entirely unconnected with residential uses, such as farm buildings, shops, businesses, or by mere males who had absolutely no proper conception of how a house should be built so as best to promote its comfortable and convenient operation as a home. Rooms were strung out one behind the other or piled up in successive tiers, according to the plans of the architect or the exigencies of the situation or the material, and then afterward assigned to their various domestic uses in such makeshift fashion as might best be feasible.

The shop or workrooms were given first choice of location; the rooms which were most likely to be entered by strangers—and consequently least used by the family—second; bedrooms third; and kitchens and dining rooms last of all. Yet, from a biological and rational point of view, the kitchen and dining room are precisely the two most important rooms in the house, the ones which should be given the best light and air, and at least second choice for position in the whole house, and upon whose arrangement and equipment should be expended the best intelligence and the most careful thought of both architect and family.



Their Much-Boasted Home-Staying Was Simply Due to the Fact That They Could Not Escape

Now that women are earning real money and can contribute hard cash toward the support and maintenance of the home, they are entitled to and are gaining a proper voice and share of control in its building arrangements and equipment; and, in consequence, houses today are being built which are really fit for civilized human beings to live in, from the point of view of sanitation and comfort, for the first time in history.

Yet there are still too many houses that are built too much upon the principle of the cottage erected by a former colleague of mine during his wife's absence in Europe. He was an eccentric and somewhat impulsive fellow, and he suddenly decided that it would be a delightful surprise for his wife to build her a new house during her absence. The work was pushed with all speed and the bungalow was finished and ready for occupancy before the date of her return; but when he proudly showed his delighted wife through the new home on the day of her arrival it was discovered that he had forgotten the kitchen—and it had to be added as an annex or leanto at the back of the house!

There is not the slightest danger of the home suffering on account of woman being given a larger voice in its construction and management, or placed in a position to build and equip it herself if she chooses.



Home Becomes, Instead of a Place of Hard, Monotonous and Wearing Work, a Place of Rest, of Enjoyment and Recuperation

Considerations of Health and Comfort

NOR is there any great reason to fear that this transference of woman's activities to fields outside the home will have any more injurious effect upon her than upon the home. The work is the same work she has always done, only carried out in a more effective and intelligent manner; and though in the beginning the wholesale methods employed, so to speak, the crowding together of large numbers of operatives in buildings designed solely for the welfare of the business without much regard for theirs, produced some undesirable and unwholesome conditions, yet these are rapidly diminishing and disappearing under intelligent and humane management and legislation.

It is doubtful whether, at their worst, they were ever more undesirable or injurious to health than the conditions under which those women had been working in their own homes. Certainly no class of women factory-hands, operatives or shopgirls are worked so hard and for such long hours, poor pay, poor food and poor accommodations as are the average domestic servants. In any case, these unfavorable conditions are not an essential and inherent part of the new methods; indeed, it has now been proved by abundant experiments that for the turning out of the largest amount of work of the best quality, with least waste of material and loss of time, the most careful provisions for the health, comfort and safety of the workers are not merely advisable but absolutely necessary.

Thanks partly to their own increasing intelligence and partly to the pressure of an awakened public opinion, as

expressed in legislative enactments, the better class of manufacturers, merchants and other firms employing large numbers of women are so arranging and improving their places of work, shortening their hours and providing for their comfort and even recreation, that the condition of the average working woman of today, outside the home, is already far superior to her average condition in the home fifty years ago, as is shown by the grim but convincing testimony of mortality and morbidity statistics. The general death-rate of women employed in gainful occupations is from fifteen to thirty per cent lower than that of the average of women employed in their own homes; while among women working for wages the lowest death-rate is among those employed as clerks, stenographers and teachers, and the highest among those engaged as domestic servants.

So far from the health of women being wrecked and their nervous systems being shattered by the strain of factory, shop and office work, the records both of such firms as provide medical attention during sickness for their employees and of friendly and other societies insuring against sickness show that the health of working women, as measured by the number of days of disability in the year on account of sickness, ranges from fifteen to twenty per cent better than that of the average women in their own homes; while, again, those employed in clerical and commercial pursuits have a smaller amount of sickness than those engaged as domestic servants.

It is only fair to say, of course, that allowance must be made in these comparisons for the fact that a larger percentage of the women engaged in outside industries are either young or at the more vigorous ages and conditions of life, while all ages and conditions are, of course, employed in homes; and that working women, when no longer able on account of sickness or advancing years to hold their positions in public works, will drop back into homes as domestic servants or as semipensioners and are, in consequence, at death reported under this heading. However, it may be fairly and safely taken as indicating that the new methods of life and work are not in themselves injurious even in their crudest and least civilized forms, and that there is certainly no valid basis for predicting any physical deterioration of woman from this cause in the future.

Five Million Years' Work

ONE of the most vivid apprehensions of the prophets of misfortune appears to be that women are either losing or will lose their graces, their attractiveness and their charm—or, as the phrase is, "become unsexed"—by this new relation to and contact with the outside world; but whoever seriously dreads this knows little of biology or of woman. It has taken at least five million years to make woman female and man male—for the primitive creature was bisexual; and he who imagines that such a trifle as a change in methods of education or a few years of freer contact with the world is going to wipe out those differences is singularly lacking in a sense of proportion—to say nothing of humor.

If there be any serious likelihood of woman's losing her charm, her sexual attractiveness, her delightful spontaneity, her delicious incalculableness, and becoming transformed into a stupid, rational being whose actions are controlled by the laws of cause and effect and whose conduct can be predicted with the dull and uninteresting certainty of the machinelike male creature, then let the sun be turned into darkness and the moon into blood as speedily as possible, for life will no longer be worth living! A woman may work in the home or outside the home at whatever she pleases or sees fit. She may educate herself as she will, may dress as she pleases, may preach, vote, practice medicine—and yet remain a woman. She could not be anything else if she tried, and she does not try. Nothing that woman has done or assumed so far, in coming out into the world and meeting it on its own terms, has in the slightest degree diminished her attractiveness to the opposite sex: in fact, certain coeducational colleges and other institutions of learning, with admirable advertising judgment even if with doubtful taste, frankly call attention in their announcements and prospectuses to the large percentage of their students who become mutually engaged during their college course and marry at, after, or even before, commencement.

Nor would it be possible to discover the slightest prejudice on the part of the young men of the day against selecting as their life-partners girls who are or have been engaged in some public capacity as teachers, stenographers or saleswomen. Indeed, harmless and honorable lovemaking is as brisk in the department store and in the factory as it is in the well-conducted coeducational college or the ballroom. We ought never to let ourselves forget that the trade or occupation was made for man or woman, not man or woman for the trade; and that we are men first, last and all the time, and linen drapers, blacksmiths or preachers second and temporarily only.

We are terribly in dread that women will become masculinized by doing man's work; but we forget entirely that most of this man's work was originally woman's work and that men have now for generations been doing woman's work without any sign of deterioration in courage, aggressiveness or other so-called masculine traits.

We never dream of being apprehensive lest men who are engaged in the manufacture of linen and cotton and woolen goods, which from the days of the distaff and the spindle has been woman's work, are in any danger of losing their manliness. Nor are the "jolly millers" who occupy their entire energies in the grinding of corn and the bolting of flour, which was originally and is yet in the Orient the exclusive prerogative of the women, regarded as an effeminate or ladylike class of creatures. Even where men make and fit garments, or manufacture laces or stockings or underwear, or even ribbons and women's hats, we dread no deterioration in the fiber of their manhood.

It is true that at one time the mere fighting man affected to despise the "linen draper bold," the "greasy burgess," and we still have echoes of that attitude in the old saw that "it takes nine tailors to make a man"; but that snobbishness died a natural death centuries ago—ever since, in fact, these gentlemen of the sword and spur shattered themselves upon the square of pikes or were scattered like chaff before the charge of the train-bands of these same burgesses and greasy varlets.

To paraphrase the famous lyric:

The trade is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the goud for a' that!

Can we imagine for a moment that such a trumpery trifle as a trade or an occupation is going to have the slightest vital effect upon that all-conquering, unchangeable and utterly unmanageable mystery that we call woman?

The one bugbear of those who are uneasy as to the diversion of women's interests and work from the home which has the greatest show of rational basis is that it may result in robbing the home of the quota of women who are fitted to carry out its central and so indispensable activities which cannot well be performed elsewhere—the bearing and rearing of children and providing of food and shelter. Even this dread has little valid basis, for the reason that, as has already been suggested, a large majority of the women who are going outside the home to work are going to earn money for the home and perform former household duties. So that the actual number of women engaged in or needed for these essential and indispensable home duties is not and never has been more than from a half to a third of the entire number of women.

Only about seventy per cent of the adult women of a community are married at any one time, and of the seventy per cent not more than half are actually engaged in the process of child-rearing or the direct personal conduct of the commissariat department of the home. So far as any estimate can be made in regard to such a widely varying and perpetually changing problem, it would appear probable that it would not require the entire time of more than a third of all women to carry out satisfactorily the duties which are fundamental to and inseparable from the home—that is, child-rearing and housekeeping in its narrower sense—especially if these women be given the benefit of modern sanitary conditions, of efficient education and of labor-saving devices and scientific methods.

Or, to put it in another way, it would only require about one-third of the entire time of the women of the community to carry out, by modern and rational methods, these most important duties. There is no more reason why a woman should be compelled to devote and mortgage all her life to housekeeping than there is that a man should devote his entire time to the business of housebuilding, house-repairing, gardening and paying rent—though the latter occupation will always seem to absorb a respectable share of his activities.

In other words, it is no longer necessary that, because a woman becomes a housekeeper and a mother, she must on that account give up all hope and ambition of being anything else; and our methods of reasoning upon this subject are singularly primitive—not to say savage. There was a time, ages ago, when the duties of race-continuance and child-rearing absorbed the whole life of woman. She was married when little more than a child, bore her annual crop of children every spring and lost two-thirds of them by famine and exposure every winter; and, as a natural consequence, at thirty she was an old woman, a shapeless roll of fat or bag of skin and bones, as the case might be—little better than an object of charity for her few remaining years. No wonder the race made slow progress when its children were borne by children who never had a proper chance to grow up!



Nothing That Woman Has Done or Assumed So Far Has in the Slightest Degree Diminished Her Attractiveness

The Second Girlhood

WE HAVE outgrown that barbaric and brainless method of spawning, and modern woman declines to assume the grave responsibilities of the new life until her own has been properly rounded out and matured, and she is able to make an intelligent selection, for herself, of the father of her children. She is reluctant to marry—and rightly—until twenty-three, twenty-five, twenty-seven years of age—a period when her savage great-great-grandmother was beginning to feel the approach of decrepitude! When she does mate she is not swamped under an annually rising flood of children—indeed, regards it as immoral to bring into the world more children than will allow her to devote to and expend upon every one her best and most thoughtful intelligence, her clearest and serenest judgment and her fullest and sunniest powers of body and mind.

The famous Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe was by no means the only mother of earlier times "who had so many children she didn't know what to do," or whose methods of discipline and training were, in consequence, of the same primitive and indiscriminate character. "To spank them all soundly and put them to bed" was the solution of many a domestic problem in the olden time. The woman who is a mother and nothing else can never discharge her maternal duties properly.

The assumption of the noble duties and dignities of wifehood and motherhood, so far from serving as a bar to a woman's further mental, moral and physical development, or as an excuse for abandoning all further effort or ambition in those directions, renders it, on the contrary, urgently obligatory to develop and broaden and perfect herself and all her powers in every possible way so as to fit herself to be the guide, teacher and companion of her children—to say nothing of her husband.

Moreover, the markedly increased and increasing span of life under modern scientific and sanitary conditions has given woman a second girlhood after the period of child-bearing is over—the richest, ripest and happiest period of her life, when she is in the full maturity of her powers of both body and mind, and begins to see the results of her work and to exercise her greatest influence over both public and private affairs. (*Continued on Page 53*)

An Account With Swithin Hall



The Ocean Was a Stately Procession of Moving Mountains

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WITH a last long scrutiny at the unbroken circle of the sea, David Grief swung out of the crosstrees and slowly and dejectedly descended the ratlines to the deck.

"Leu-Leu Atoll is sunk, Mr. Snow," he said to the anxious-faced young mate. "If there is anything in navigation, the atoll is surely under the sea, for we've sailed clear over it twice—or the spot where it ought to be. It's either that, or the chronometer's gone wrong, or I've forgotten my navigation."

"It must be the chronometer, sir," the mate reassured his owner. "You know I made separate sights and worked them up, and that they agreed with yours."

"Yes," Grief muttered, nodding glumly, "and where your Sumner lines crossed, and mine, too, was the dead center of Leu-Leu Atoll. It must be the chronometer—slipped a cog or something." He made a short pace to the rail and back, and cast a troubled eye at the Uncle Toby's wake. The schooner, with a fairly strong breeze on her quarter, was logging nine or ten knots.

"Better bring her up on the wind, Mr. Snow. Put her under easy sail and let her work to windward on two-hour legs. It's thickening up, and I don't imagine we can get a star observation tonight; so we'll just hold our weather position, get a latitude sight tomorrow, and run Leu-Leu down on her own latitude. That's the way all the old navigators did."

Broad of beam, heavily sparred, with high freeboard and bluff Dutchy bow, the Uncle Toby was the slowest, tubbiest, safest and most foolproof schooner David Grief possessed.

Her run was in the Banks and Santa Cruz groups and to the northwest among the several isolated atolls where his native traders collected copra, hawksbill turtle and an occasional ton of pearl shell. Finding the skipper down with a particularly bad stroke of fever, Grief had relieved him and taken the Uncle Toby on her semi-annual run to the atolls. He had elected to make his first call at Leu-Leu, which lay farthest, and now found himself lost at sea with a chronometer that played tricks.

II

NO STARS showed that night, nor was the sun visible next day. A stuffy, sticky calm obtained, broken by big wind-squalls and heavy downpours. From fear of working too far to windward the Uncle Toby was hove to, and four days and nights followed of cloud-hidden sky. Never did the sun appear, and on the several occasions that stars broke through they were too dim and fleeting for identification. By this time it was patent to the veriest tyro that the elements were preparing to break loose. Grief, coming on deck from consulting the barometer, which steadfastly remained at 29.90, encountered Jackie-Jackie, whose face was as brooding and troublous as the sky and air. Jackie-Jackie, a Tongan sailor of experience, served as a sort of bosun and semi-second mate over the mixed Kanaka crew.

"Big weather he come, I think," he said. "I see him just the same before maybe five, six times."

Grief nodded. "Hurricane weather, all right, Jackie-Jackie. Pretty soon barometer go down—bottom fall out."

"Sure," the Tongan concurred. "He goin' to blow like hell."

Ten minutes later Snow came on deck.

"She's started," he said. "29.85, going down and pumping at the same time. It's stinking hot—don't you notice it?" He brushed his forehead with his hands. "It's sickening. I could lose my breakfast without trying."

Jackie-Jackie grinned. "Just the same me. Everything inside walk about. Always this way before big blow. But Uncle Toby all right. He go through anything."

"Better rig that storm-trysail on the main and a storm-jib," Grief said to the mate. "And put all the reefs into the working canvas before you furl down. No telling what we may need. Put on double gaskets while you're about it."

In another hour, the sultry oppressiveness steadily increasing and the stark calm still continuing, the barometer had fallen to 29.70. The mate, being young, lacked the patience of waiting for the portentous. He ceased his restless pacing and waved his arms.

"If she's going to come let her come!" he cried. "There's no use shilly-shallying this way! Whatever the worst is, let us know it and have it! A pretty pickle—lost with a crazy chronometer and a hurricane that won't blow!"

The cloud-mussed sky turned to a vague copper color and seemed to glow as the inside of a huge heated caldron. Nobody remained below. The native sailors formed in anxious groups amidships and for'ard, where they talked in low voices and gazed apprehensively at the ominous sky and the equally ominous sea that breathed in long, low, oily undulations.

"Looks like petroleum mixed with castor oil," the mate grumbled, as he spat his disgust overside. "My mother used to dose me with messes like that when I was a kid. Lord, she's getting black!"

The lurid coppery glow had vanished, and the sky thickened and lowered until the darkness was as that of a late twilight. David Grief, who well knew the hurricane rules, nevertheless reread the Laws of Storms, screwing his eyes in the faint light in order to see the print. There was nothing to be done save wait for the wind, so that he might know how he lay in relation to the fast-flying and deadly center that from somewhere was approaching out of the gloom.

It was three in the afternoon, and the glass had sunk to 29.45, when the wind came. They could see it on the water, darkening the face of the sea, crisping tiny whitecaps as it rushed along. It was merely a stiff breeze, and the Uncle Toby, filling away under her storm canvas till the wind was abeam, sloshed along at a four-knot gait.

"No weight to that," Snow sneered. "And after such grand preparation!"

"Piccaninny wind," Jackie-Jackie agreed. "He grow big man pretty quick, you see."

Grief ordered the foresail put on, retaining the reefs, and the Uncle Toby mended her pace in the rising breeze. The wind quickly grew to man's size, but did not stop there. It merely blew hard, and harder, and kept on blowing harder, advertising each increase by lulls followed by fierce, freshening gusts. Ever it grew, until the Uncle Toby's rail was more often pressed under than not, while her waist boiled with foaming water which the scuppers could not carry off. Grief studied the barometer, still steadily falling.

"The center is to the south'ard," he told Snow, "and we're running across its path and into it. Now we'll turn about and run the other way. That ought to bring the glass up. Take in the foresail—it's more than she can carry already—and stand by to wear her around."

The maneuver was accomplished, and through the gloom that was almost that of the first darkness of evening the Uncle Toby turned and raced madly north across the face of the storm.

"It's nip and tuck," Grief confided to the mate a couple of hours later. "The storm's swinging a big curve—there's no calculating that curve—and we may win across or the center may catch us. Thank the Lord the glass is holding its own! It all depends on how big the curve is. The sea's too big for us to keep on. Heave her to. She'll keep working along out anyway."

"I thought I knew what wind was," Snow shouted in his owner's ear next morning. "This isn't wind. It's something unthinkable. It's impossible. It must reach ninety or a hundred miles an hour in the gusts. That don't mean anything. How could I ever tell it to anybody? I couldn't. And look at that sea! I've run my easting down, but I never saw anything like that."

Day had come and the sun should have been up an hour, yet the best it could produce was a somber semi-twilight. The ocean was a stately procession of moving mountains. A third of a mile across yawned the valleys between the great waves. Their long slopes, shielded somewhat from the full fury of the wind, were broken by systems of smaller whitecapping waves, but from the high crests of the big waves themselves the wind tore the whitecaps in the forming. This spume drove masthead high, and higher, horizontally, above the surface of the sea.

"We're through the worst," was Grief's judgment. "The glass is coming along all the time. The sea will get bigger as the wind eases down. I'm going to turn in. Watch for shifts in the wind. They'll be sure to come. Call me at eight bells."

By mid-afternoon, in a huge sea, with the wind after its last shift no more than a stiff breeze, the Tongan bosun sighted a schooner bottom up. The Uncle Toby's drift took them across the bow and they could not make out the name; but before night they picked up with a small, round-bottom, double-ender boat, swamped but with white lettering visible on its bow. Through the binoculars Grief made out: Emily L No. 3.

"A sealing schooner," Grief said. "But what a sealer's doing in these waters is beyond me."

"Treasure hunters, maybe?" Snow speculated. "The Sophie Sutherland and the Herman were sealers, you remember, chartered out of San Francisco by the chaps with the maps who can always go right to the spot until they get there and don't."

III

AFTER a giddy night of ground and lofty tumbling, in which, over a big and dying sea, without a breath of wind to steady her, the Uncle Toby rolled every person on board sick of soul, a light breeze sprang up and the reefs were shaken out. By midday, on a smooth ocean floor, the clouds thinned and cleared and sights of the sun were obtained. Two degrees and fifteen minutes south, the

observation gave them. With a broken chronometer longitude was out of the question.

"We're anywhere within five hundred and a thousand miles along that latitude line," Grief said, as he and the mate bent over the chart. "Leu-Leu is to the south'ard somewhere and this section of ocean is all blank. There is not an island or a reef by which we can regulate the chronometer. The only thing to do ——"

"Land ho, skipper," the Tongan called down the companionway.

Grief took a quick glance at the empty blank of the chart, whistled his surprise, and sank back feebly in a chair.

"It gets me," he said. "There can't be land around here. We never drifted or ran like that. The whole voyage has been crazy. Will you kindly go up, Mr Snow, and see what's ailing Jackie?"

"It's land, all right," the mate called down a minute afterward. "You can see it from the deck—tops of cocoanuts—an atoll of some sort. Maybe it's Leu-Leu after all."

Grief shook his head positively as he gazed at the fringe of palms, only the tops visible, apparently rising out of the sea.

"Haul up on the wind, Mr. Snow, close-and-by, and we'll take a look. We can just reach past to the south, and if it spreads off in that direction we'll hit the southwest corner."

Very near must palms be to be seen from the low deck of a schooner, and, slowly as the Uncle Toby sailed, she quickly raised the low land above the sea, while more palms increased the definition of the atoll circle.

"She's a beauty," the mate remarked. "A perfect circle. . . . Looks as if it might be eight or nine miles across. . . . Wonder if there's an entrance to the lagoon. . . . Who knows? Maybe it's a brand new find."

They coasted up the west side of the atoll, making short tacks in to the surf-pounded coral rock and out again. From the masthead, across the palm-fringe, a Kanaka announced the lagoon and a small island in the middle.

"I know what you're thinking," Grief said to his mate.

Snow, who had been muttering and shaking his head, looked up with quick and challenging incredulity.

"You're thinking the entrance will be on the northwest," Grief went on, as if reciting. "Two cable lengths wide, marked on the north by three separated cocoanuts and on the south by pandanus trees. Eight miles in diameter, a perfect circle, with an island in the dead center."

"I was thinking that," Snow acknowledged.

"And there's the entrance opening up just where it ought to be ——"

"And the three palms," Snow almost whispered, "and the pandanus trees. If there's a windmill on the island it's—Swithin Hall's island. But it can't be. Everybody's been looking for it for ten years."

"Hall played you a dirty trick once, didn't he?" Grief queried.

Snow nodded. "That's why I'm working for you. He broke me flat. It was downright robbery. I bought the wreck of the Cascade, down in Sydney, out of a first installment of a legacy from home."

"She went on Christmas Island, didn't she?"

"Yes, full tilt, high and dry, in the night. They saved the passengers and mails. Then I bought a little island schooner, which took the rest of my money, and I had to wait for the final payment by the executors to fit her out. What did Swithin Hall do—he was at Honolulu at the time—but make a straight-away run for Christmas Island. Neither right nor title did he have. When I got there the hull and engines were all that was left of the Cascade. She had had a fair shipment of silk on board too. And it wasn't even damaged. I got it afterward pretty straight from his supercargo. He cleared something like sixty thousand dollars."

Snow shrugged his shoulders and gazed bleakly at the smooth surface of the lagoon where tiny wavelets danced in the afternoon sun.

"The wreck was mine. I bought her at public auction. I'd gambled big and I'd lost. When I got back to Sydney the crew, and some of the tradesmen who'd extended me credit, libeled the schooner. I pawned my watch and sextant, and shoveled coal one spell, and finally got a billet in the New Hebrides on a screw of eight pounds a month. Then I tried my luck as independent trader, went broke, took a mate's billet on a recruiter down to Tanna and over to Fiji, got a job as overseer on a plantation back of Apia, and finally settled down on the Uncle Toby."

"Have you ever met Swithin Hall?"

Snow shook his head.

"Well, you're likely to meet him now. There's the windmill."

In the center of the lagoon, as they emerged from the passage, they discovered a small, densely wooded island, among the trees of which a large Dutch windmill showed plainly.

"Nobody at home from the looks of it," Grief said, "or you might have a chance to collect."

The mate's face set vindictively and his fists clenched.

"Can't touch him legally. He's got too much money now. But I can take sixty thousand dollars' worth out of his hide. I hope he is at home."

"Then I hope he is too," Grief said, with an appreciative smile. "You got the description of his island from Bau-Oti, I suppose?"

"Yes, as pretty well everybody else has. The trouble is that Bau-Oti can't give latitude or longitude. Says they sailed a long way from the Gilberts—that's all he knows. I wonder what became of him."

"I saw him a year ago on the beach at Tahiti. Said he was thinking about shipping for a cruise through the Paumotas. Well, here we are, getting close in. Heave the lead, Jackie-Jackie. Stand by to let go, Mr. Snow. According to Bau-Oti, anchorage three hundred yards off the west shore in nine fathoms, coral patches to the southeast. There are the patches. What do you get, Jackie?"

"Nine fadom."

"Let go, Mr. Snow."

The Uncle Toby swung to her chain, headsails run down, and the Kanaka crew sprang to fore and main halyards and sheets.

IV

THE whaleboat laid alongside the small, coral-stone landing pier and David Grief and his mate stepped ashore.

"You'd think the place deserted," Grief said as they walked up a sanded path to the bungalow. "But I smell a smell that I've often smelled. Something doing, or my nose is a liar. The lagoon is carpeted with shell. They're rotting the meat out not a thousand miles away. Get that whiff?"

Like no bungalow in the tropics was this bungalow of Swithin Hall. Of Mission architecture, when they had entered through the unlatched screen door they found decoration and furniture of the same Mission style. The floor of the big living room was covered with the finest Samoan mats. There were couches, window seats, cozy corners and a billiard table. A sewing-table and a sewing-basket, spilling over with sheer linen in the French embroidery of which stuck a needle, tokened a woman's presence. By screen and veranda the blinding sunshine was subdued to a cool, dim radiance. The sheen of pearl push-buttons caught Grief's eye.

"Storage batteries, by George, run by the windmill!" he exclaimed as he pressed the buttons. "And concealed lighting!"

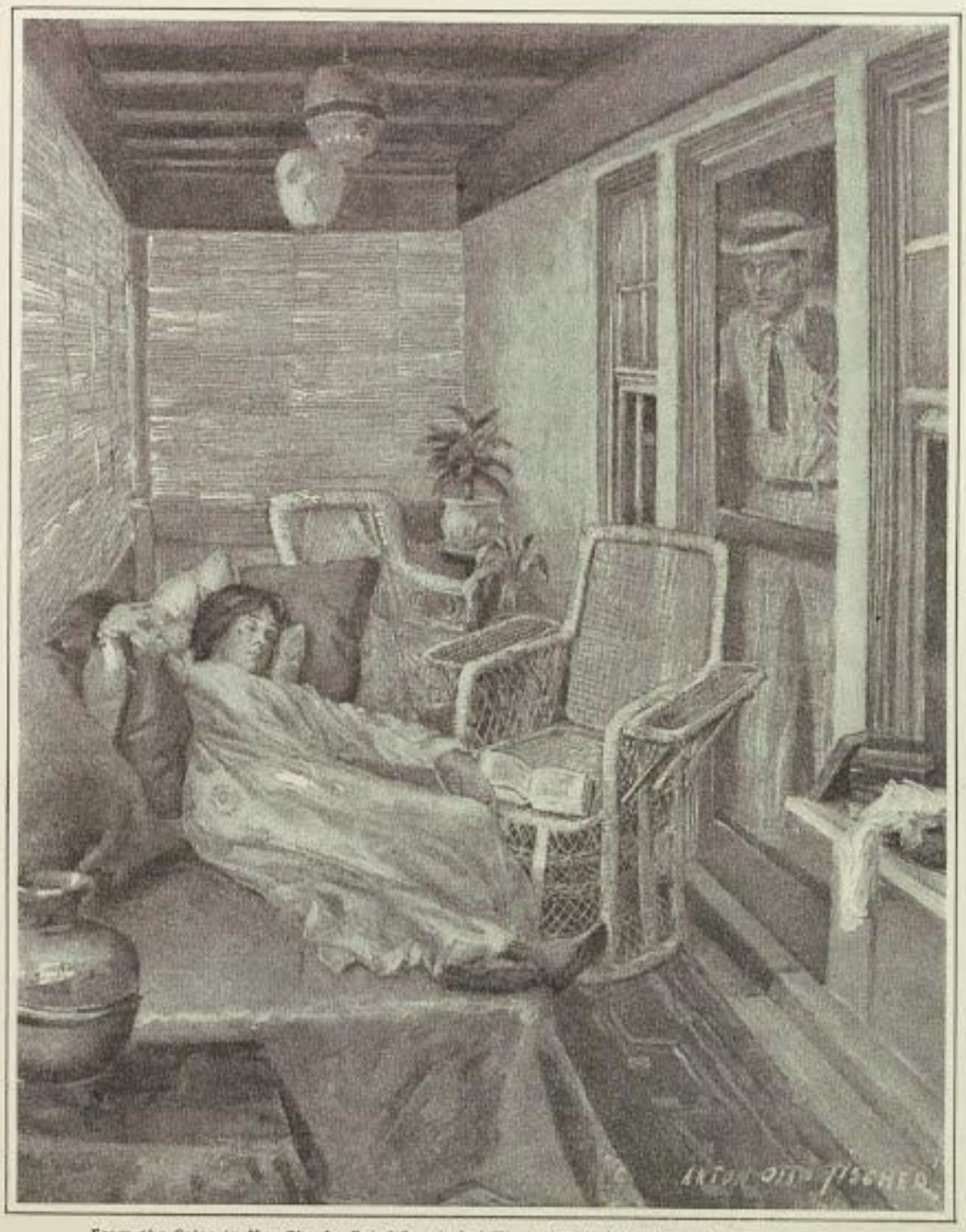
Hidden bowls glowed and the room was filled with diffused golden light. Many shelves of books lined the walls. Grief fell to running over their titles. A fairly well-read man himself, for a sea-adventurer, he glimpsed a wideness of range and catholicity of taste that were beyond him. Old friends he met, and others that he had heard of but never read. There were complete sets of Tolstoi, Turgenieff and Gorky; of Cooper and Mark Twain; of Hugo and Zola and Sue; and of Flaubert, De Maupassant and Paul de Kock. He glanced curiously at the pages of Metchnikoff, Weininger and Schopenhauer, and wonderingly at those of English and German doctors. Woodruff's Expansion of Races was in his hands when Snow returned from further exploration of the house.

"Enameled bathtub, separate room for a shower and a sitz bath!" he exclaimed. "Fitted up for a king! And I reckon some of my money went to pay for it. The place must be occupied. I found fresh-opened butter and milk tins in the pantry and fresh turtle meat hanging up. I'm going to see what else I can find."

Grief, too, departed through a door that led out of the opposite end of the living room. He found himself in a self-evident woman's bedroom. Across it he peered through a wire-mesh door into a screened and darkened sleeping porch. On a couch lay a woman asleep. In the soft light she seemed remarkably beautiful in a dark Spanish way. By her side, opened, a novel lay on a chair. From the color in her cheeks Grief concluded that she had not been long in the tropics. After the one glimpse he stole softly back, in time to see Snow entering the living room through the other door.

By the naked arm he was clutching an age-wrinkled black, who grinned in fear and made signs of dumbness.

"I found him snoozing in a little kennel out back," the mate said. "He's the cook, I suppose. Can't get a word out of him. What did you find?"



From the Color in Her Cheeks Grief Concluded That She Had Not Been Long in the Tropics

"A sleeping princess. S-sh! There's somebody now."

"If it's Hall," Snow muttered, clenching his fist.

Grief shook his head. "No rough house. There's a woman here. And if it is Hall, before we go I'll maneuver a chance for you to get action."

The door opened and a large, heavily built man entered. In his belt was a heavy, long-barreled revolver. One quick, anxious look he gave them, then his face wreathed in a genial smile and his hand was extended.

"Welcome, strangers. But if you don't mind my asking, how, by all that's sacred, did you ever manage to find this my island?"

"Because we were out of our course," Grief answered, shaking hands.

"My name's Hall—Swithin Hall," the other said, turning to shake Snow's hand. "And I don't mind telling you you're the first visitors I've ever had."

"And this is your secret island that's had all the beaches talking for years," Grief answered. "Well, I know the formula now for finding it."

"How's that?" Hall asked quickly.

"Smash your chronometer, get mixed up with a hurricane, and then keep your eyes open for cocoanuts rising out of the sea."

"And what is your name?" Hall asked, after he had laughed perfunctorily.

"Anstey—Phil Anstey," Grief answered promptly. "Bound on the Uncle Toby from the Gilberts to New Guinea and trying to find my longitude. This is my mate, Mr. Gray, a better navigator than I, but who has lost his goat just the same to the chronometer."



Their Values Ranged From One Hundred to a Thousand Dollars Each

Grief did not know his reason for lying, but he had felt the prompting and succumbed to it. He vaguely divined that something was wrong but could not place his finger on it. Swithin Hall was a fat, round-faced man, with a laughing lip and laughter wrinkles in the corners of his eyes. But Grief, in his early youth, had learned how deceptive this type could prove, as well as how deceptive could be blue eyes that screened the surface with fun and hid what went on behind.

"What are you doing with my cook?—lost yours and trying to shanghai him?" Hall was saying. "You'd better let him go if you're going to have any supper. My wife's here, and she'll be glad to meet you—dinner, she calls it, and calls me down for misnaming it; but I'm old-fashioned. My folks always ate dinner in the middle of the day. Can't get over early training. Don't you want to wash up? I do. Look at me. I've been working like a dog—out with the diving crew—shell, you know. But of course you smelt it."

V

SNOW pleaded charge of the schooner and went on board. In addition to his repugnance at breaking salt with the man who had robbed him, it was necessary for him to impress the inviolableness of Grief's lies on the Kanaka crew. By eleven o'clock Grief came on board, to find his mate waiting up for him.

(Continued on Page 40)

YOUR FIRST MOTOR BOAT

A Few Instructions for Beginners

By GEORGE FITCH

IT IS now three years since I first churned up air, gasoline and patience in a small brass carbureter and tried to run a motor boat with the mixture. They have been three years stuffed full of emotions and labors. I have endured. I have suffered. I have enjoyed. Once or twice I have triumphed. And I feel that I should not be doing my full duty toward mankind if I did not, in the ripe flush of my experience, make some effort to warn and instruct the reader who some day himself may attempt to reason with a stolid and indifferent engine with a leaky sparkplug and a timer whose times are all out of joint.

This I now propose to do.

I shall take the reader by the hand, as it were, and lead him gently through the mazes and around the pitfalls of inexperience into the smooth harbor of perfect knowledge and authority. I shall endeavor to descend to his level and talk of technical things in words which both he and I can understand. In short, I want, if possible, to enable some poor wretch to begin where I have left off; to teach him how to run a motor boat without contributing a finger to the crankpit or the skin of both hands to the flywheel. If I can do this I shall some day approach Saint Peter calmly and with the consciousness of having done at least one kind deed during an otherwise speckled career.

In the first place, let us understand just what a motor boat is. It is not always, as some suppose, a hundred mechanical horses stuffed into a kind of a nautical coffin-box, with just room enough left for a mechanical genius and a life-preserver. There are motor boats, to be sure, which run thirty miles an hour every day; but there are also other motor boats which only run six miles an hour every other week. A motor boat may be ninety feet long, with inlaid cabins and a steamboat funnel for look's sake. It may be sixteen feet long, with a home-made engine and a wooden scoop for a bilge pump. It may have one, two, three, four, six, eight or sixteen cylinders. It may sound like a steam sawmill and throw a pair of sidewaves that look like the wings of a giant albatross; or it may say "Put-put, putter!" and race an icehouse ten minutes before passing it. A motor boat, in short, is any boat that can mote and which positively refuses to do so at irregular and unexpected intervals.

The smug owner of the pussyfooted and efficient automobile will pass this article over with disdain. Gasoline troubles have small interest for him. The automobile has been perfected until it can be run successfully and furiously by me, who don't know enough about machinery to set an alarm clock. Men of this kind run a car day after day without so much as looking into its thorax; and when it begins to gallop in its exhaust and fails to start until it has been cranked a second time, it is sent into the back shop to have a sixty-seven-dollar-and-forty-five-cent diagnosis made. The automobile—so its makers claim—is foolproof. Against this boast I wish to make the solemn statement that the motor boat is Solomon-proof. The wisest man in the world can't start it when it is averse to running.

Why is this? There are a good many reasons. Motor-boat machinery is more carelessly built than that of automobiles. It is put together with nails, bolts, screws, rubber bands, wire, twine and safety pins. It is exposed to the wind and weather. Its electricity gets damp on the slightest provocation—and nothing is so hard to reason with as an electric current with an attack of rheumatism. Atmospheric conditions change more quickly. There is more moisture in the air on the river; and there are not so many repair shops. Principally, however, the motor boat is capricious because it is generally run by a two-cycle engine instead of a four-cycle engine.

At this point I shall dive fearlessly into technicalities and explain what a two-cycle engine is. When I was a mere novice I imagined that it was so called because it only took two cycles of time to start it instead of four. That was foolish. I know better now. It takes twice as long. In a four-cycle engine an explosion takes place every time the piston moves up and down four times. In the two-cycle engine something happens every time the piston moves up and down twice. Sometimes it is an explosion, but more generally it is a breakdown. It is the decreasing of breakdowns and the increasing of explosions in the two-cycle engine that require genius in the operator.

The two-cycle engine is fed with gas that is churned up and reduced to a nervous and irritated state in the carbureter and is then let into the base of the engine, where it is squeezed until it is willing to ignite or do almost anything else to escape. It is then allowed to enter the cylinder; and at the proper instant a battery—provided it isn't loafing on the job—inserts a spark into the bosom of the frantic gas and it explodes with enthusiasm. The explosion, of course, drives the piston downward and discloses a porthole through which the exploded gas rushes, being booted from behind by a new charge which enters the cylinder, r. u. e., at that instant from a porthole on the other side and is incited to insurge by another spark—provided, of course, the battery is obliging, the wires haven't come loose, the timer is working, the sparkplug isn't dirty, the barometer is stationary, the weather is suitable and the owner doesn't happen to be in a hurry to get home.

That is absolutely all there is to the two-cycle engine. It is as simple as a sixteen-year-old girl who is determined to run away with the coachman. And it is just as hard to understand and reason with and control as this same girl. It is moody, uncertain, impetuous. It will run with eagerness and delight one day and decline to budge for a week thereafter—only to start blithely and cheerfully for no reason at all the next time it is asked to. It will run when, by all the laws of physics and dynamics and Nature, it ought to be standing still; and when an expert will give his sworn statement that it is in perfect order it will deny that it was ever intended by its maker for anything but a kedge anchor. It will run with a dozen short circuits and it will get paralysis with none. It will balk twenty miles from home, remain hopelessly jammed up and invalidish while the boat is being towed home; and will start of its

own accord while being tied up to the dock. It will remain patiently quiet while experts and strong men turn it over and over through the long afternoon—and will then start when a six-year-old child moves the timing lever. It will stop because the engine is too hot or because the weather is too cold. It will stop because compression is poor, because the wind is in the wrong direction, because the owner is carrying his smoking tobacco in the wrong pocket, and because the Republican majority in Iowa was not large enough last year. If no cause is handy it will stop anyway and think out a reason later.

To me the study of the two-cycle engine has become almost a passion. It is deeper than German philosophy, more scientific than physics, more baffling than occultism. It is a common road to almost all knowledge. By the study of the gasoline engine of the two or three port, two-cycle and Satan-conceived type commonly used on motor boats, a man may in time become proficient in mechanics, physics, electrical-engineering, mathematics, hydrostatics, rowing, swimming, elocution and the use of the Stilson wrench. He may achieve muscular development—especially from the waist up—the patience of a stone dog on a lawn, a certain gift of prophecy and a peculiar second sight that foretells trouble with deadly accuracy. All these accomplishments a man needs when he goes forth to speak with authority to a rickety little two-cylinder affair, and to command it to suck in eight hundred charges of gasoline a minute and explode them until he gets tired of listening to the racket. I began my acquaintance with the two-cycle engine with a merry jest, intent on a little summer pleasure; but within a month I was studying it for information and wisdom, for exercise, as a mental tonic and for the strengthening of my soul.

To return, however, to the main subject. If we are to discuss operating a motor boat let us begin at the very beginning. The first thing to do is to acquire your boat. Right here a great many novices make a grave mistake by buying new boats. New boats are expensive; and, besides, no one knows how to run them, whereas at least one man knows something about each second-hand boat. Motor boats are like wives. You may get printed directions from the family with your wife, but that will not help you much in translating her temperament. You have to experiment for yourself. Every new motor boat comes with half a pound of directions printed on thin paper, but these directions ignore entirely the fact that the engine has a disposition that is strictly its own. The proper thing to do is to allow some other man to buy the new boat and to learn the habits, whims, failings, moods, foibles, fads and superstitions of the engine. This will take him a year, at the end of which time he will be perfectly willing to sell you the boat at half price, which is another peculiarity of motor-boat owners. For the money, he will also throw in directions for running the engine. He will do it with enthusiasm, for nothing is so delightful as to tell some other man how to run an engine—which will enable you to go into the game with a clear start of one year.

The next thing to be done after acquiring your boat is to acquire the old clothes with which to run it. This is very important. It really should be begun first. Many a man starts fooling with a motor boat with only one or two ex-suits to his name, and has to stop navigating early in July because he has run out of old clothes. There is nothing so disastrous to the cause of navigation as to run out of old trousers right in the middle of a successful and exciting summer. Overalls are entirely inefficient. In the first place, they take time; and, in the second place, they produce discord. I bought a beautiful pair of one-dollar-and-a-quarter overalls early in the game and found Doc Wright wiping the engine with them inside of three days. He couldn't be blamed for that. An engine simply has to be wiped every fifteen minutes—and the first thing handy goes into service. I myself have used gold caps, sofa cushions, fairly good shirts, initialed handkerchiefs and yacht pennants to wipe off the flywheel; but, to use a man's new overalls to swab off an engine—to turn them thoughtfully inside out, so as not to soil the pretty blue exterior, and then to watch the owner turn them painfully back and put them on over his new trousers—oh, no! Overalls have no place in a motor boat. They are harder on harmony than an Insurgent Congressman.

When you feel the motor-boat microbe tunneling into your vitals, therefore, begin at once to hoard up old clothes against the day when you may have to hold part of your engine in your lap while examining its vitals.

The next step is to acquire a full knowledge of the motor-boat conversation. This is important in many ways, but chiefly to protect you against experts. Nothing is so dangerous in motor boating as an expert! When a man has become intimately acquainted with his own engine, has reduced it to submission and has investigated, adjusted and messed with it until he can take it apart in the dark, he becomes obsessed with a desire to meddle with some other man's engine. It is useless for him to attempt to touch the engine of another expert, so he contents himself with hunting out novices and regulating their engines into a premature junkpile. The old phrase, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," is entirely appropriate with motor-boat engines. What will set one engine to running merrily will paralyze another engine for a week.

The expert knows this, but he doesn't care. It is his hobby to steal into the confidence of the novice; to win his friendship by sympathetic words; and then to adjust his engine—to put the carbureter where the flywheel was and the gasoline tank where the muffler should be; to soak the magneto in arnica and to expend whole days trying to induce the engine to run upside down. It is his passion to shake his head mournfully over the condition of an engine and to suggest remedies. Wright and I let an expert into our boat one day to regulate the timer. We had a healthy young engine when he arrived. When he left we had a staggering wreck, whose bearings were worn out, whose cylinders were eaten into Battenberg lace, which was out of true in nine directions and which would never cough again unless rebuilt immediately—at eighty cents an hour. At least, so he told us; and he is still huffy because neither we nor the engine believed him. Many a fine minority statesman has been wasted in producing a motor-boat expert who was content to criticise engines instead of deploring the condition of the Government.

Some hasty amateurs prefer to defend themselves against the expert with an ax; but it is easier and more satisfactory to beat him at his own game. Therefore learn the motor patter first of all. In motor boating, as in art, a vocabulary produces an immense impression. When we first began to run our boat we were vastly annoyed by an expert with an immense vocabulary, who insisted on talking to us. Our vocabulary stopped at "spark" and "compression"; but he soared sublimely onward and upward into "base angles," "crank stresses" and the philosophy of the unispark. He bullied us for a month—until we hit upon the plan of learning conversational motor boating ourselves. The result was a brilliant success. In less than three months we met this expert on even terms and, in a two-hour catch-breath-as-catch-can contest, we talked him clear off the map and made him ask humbly, hat in hand, our opinion as to why his carbureter digested badly when the wind was in the east. We told him too!—diagrammed it all out on the deck with chalk. We not only explained it to him but gave him the cure. All he had to do was to shift the wind. It was a proud moment for us. And to think that three months before we had been poor, emaciated business men, without a single technical term to our names!

In order to assist the timid seeker after knowledge I shall insert here a few simple definitions of the essential parts about a motor boat.

The engine is the cast-iron kettle, with aggravations, which drives the boat. Do not call it a motor because it is in a motor boat. If you do the docktender will charge you twenty-five cents a gallon for gasoline and advise you to buy lubricating oil by the barrel.

The carbureter is the stomach of the engine. It receives the gasoline, as I have already explained, and mixes it with air so that it would explode readily if the air were of good quality; but it never is. It is either too cold or too damp or too full of malaria germs. The only perfect air for carbureting purposes is found in the Himalaya Mountains, where a motor boat is of no use whatever.

The battery is a collection of dry cells which supply electricity for manufacturing the spark. It is quiet and unostentatious, and can sometimes remain out of order half a day before the fact is discovered.

The timer is a sort of train dispatcher for the spark from the battery. It dams up the electricity and admits it at the psychological moment to the sparkplug. By taking hold of the timer with one hand and the engine with the other you can discover whether your batteries are powerful or not. If they are powerful your arms will kink up in a most peculiar and entirely involuntary manner.

The coils are ingenious nuisances, which take the raw electric fluid and put the bumblebee effect into it by means of vibrating rapidly, thus producing alternations.

The sparkplug is a porcelain tube with an open iron hook at the end. This end is inserted in the bosom of the cylinder and the electricity is supposed to leap nimbly from point to point. It will not do it, however, if the plug is dirty. And a sparkplug is like a small boy's face—it is always dirty.

The pump is a little apparatus for collecting seeds from the river through a pipe in the bottom of the boat. The seeds are recovered by taking the pump apart. An industrious pump will collect a bushel of seeds and sand in a season. While doing this, some pumps also manage to pump enough cold water through the waterjackets to keep the cylinders cool.

The waterjacket is a hollow space between the inner and outer walls of the engine cylinder. It is filled with water and keeps the engine from suffering from heat apoplexy. Strangely enough, man has never adopted the waterjacket for his own use. A summer vest with a cold-water lining would make for its inventor untold millions and would save hundreds of lives.

The oil cups are small glass jars filled with lubricating oil. They are supposed to regulate the oil so that it will only emerge into the cylinder at the rate of so many drops a minute; but, as the United States Government has discovered, anything connected with oil is extremely hard to regulate.

The muffler is a sheet-iron maze in which the noise is strained out of the hot, exploded gases. Many motor boats do not have mufflers but exhaust into the open air—thus informing the entire country round that their engines are running at last.

Compression is the act of squeezing the gas into a small space in the cylinder. When an engine's compression is bad it means that a mechanical corset-string has broken.

The clutch is a contrivance that connects the engine with the propeller shaft. It is composed of half a peck of wheels and springs, any one of which is likely to become loose on a dark night. Some owners prefer to run without a clutch, in the firm belief that Providence always sends a special representative along to act as brakeman in case of trouble.

The set screw is a small square-headed bolt, which fastens the engine to the crank shaft and indulges in vacations as frequently as a city official.

The flywheel is a heavy iron wheel which manufactures momentum and helps keep the engine going. It is named from its propensity to fly back unexpectedly and tip over the engineer by knocking him on the head with the crank.

The needle valve is a small opening through which the gasoline is squirted into the carbureter. It is regulated by a screw or pin, and if not set right it will induce blind staggers and nausea in the engine. Exactly right varies from day to day according to the wind, the humidity, the distance from home and the color of the operator's hair. Experts love to climb into a strange boat and monkey with the needle valve. The proper penalty for this is death!

With these few definitions firmly memorized, you can enter timidly upon your nautical career; but do not stop with these, by any means. Let no sun go down upon the watery horizon without acquiring at least one or more technical terms with which to club some fellow motor boatist who is trying to talk rings round you. Profess the utmost contempt for any method of operation but your own. Always lead the other fellow to tell his way of dodging trouble first, and then tell him you tried that when you began. Afterward, when no one is

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Many a Fine Minority Statesman Has Been Wasted in Producing a Motor-Boat Expert

THE PRIDE OF THE LAZY L



"Me and Ol' Beanbelly, We Was Sure Cuttin' 'Em, Weren't We?"

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

HAVE you ever seen a dog-fight—with the owners present? Invariably it leads to a hurried call for the patrol wagon, because it is ordained that, though a man may beat his own dog, he will fight from the drop of the hat against overwhelming odds if anybody else tries his hand at correction. That, also, is the way a cowboy generally feels for his horse.

Bunty Steen was talking to Beanbelly as he tied that pigheaded equine to a hitching-rail.

"You think you're clever'n hell, don't you?" he inquired sarcastically. He glared for a moment, as though awaiting a reply, and then added: "Well, you ain't." This pronouncement did not appear to disturb Beanbelly at all. He stood with drooping head where his master had left him and seemed to meditate on hidden things. Beanbelly had been named by a coarse person with an aptitude for description—that was, indeed, his shape. He was chunky and mouse-colored, with a mule stripe down the back. When you find a horse of this shade and marking you have one that does not know what it is to quit.

Bunty entered the bar of the Cowboys' Home.

"That there horse," he said, with a certain bitterness, "is the orneriest, lowdowndest cuss I ever done saw. He was like to throw me off back there a piece, just because he seen a li'l' snake!"

Another individual was loitering in the Home, as though he were waiting to be recognized. At Bunty's nod of invitation he joined the cowboy, and then they walked outside to view the backslider in question. His new acquaintance said that his name was Rogers—given name, Hank. He cast an expert eye on Beanbelly and grunted.

"I swan he is," he agreed—"that's the most no-account hoss I ever met up with."

"Oh, I don't know as he's as bad as all that," Bunty replied. His manner underwent a change. He surveyed Mr. Rogers coldly and began to rub his horse's muzzle.



His Eye Lacked Hypnotic Power. Bunty Smiled and Then Began to Snigger

"He sure looks like something the cat dragged in," Hank continued. "What for you don't bury him in time?"

"This here horse," said Steen in a grating voice, "is the finest li'l' cowhorse in the country. There ain't a finer nowhere than this here rascal. A cuttin' horse? Say, he can turn round on a dime and give you a nickel change. Cain't you, boy?"

Had the discussion stopped there, each would have departed with nothing more serious than contempt for the other's judgment; but Rogers greeted this last encomium with loud, snorted derision. Then he endeavored to impress on Steen just what an excuse for a horse he held the aforesaid Beanbelly to be.

"What!" Bunty howled. "You mean to say that wall-eyed burro you got hitched over there is a better cuttin' horse than this here?"

"He could work a herd and eat his dinner while yours was turning round once!" the other declared.

It will be perceived how wholly dead to reason and truth this person Hank was. There remained only one convincing method of argument—Bunty lowered his head and butted at him for all he was worth. They grappled and rolled to the sidewalk, pummeling each other futilely, while half the town gathered to see fair play and to whoop them on. No great punishment was being administered. Unless revolvers or knives be at hand cowboys seldom succeed in mussing each other up to any extent in a fight. The city marshal, who was viewing the affray from the outskirts of the crowd until recognized and haled forth by several anxious partisans, now interfered and dragged the combatants to their feet.

"Here!" he cried. "You two quit this foolin'! Hold him, Ben. Now then, quit it!"

"Lemme go!" Bunty panted. "He said Beanbelly was——" "He done called my hoss a stinking burro!" The marshal listened while volunteers held the disputants, and managed to catch the gist of the argument.

"Fightin' won't prove nothing," he rebuked. "Say, Bunty, your nose is bleedin'. Why don't you boys settle this peaceful? Make a bet of it, instead of fightin'. A cuttin' match would help this here picnic a heap."

A perfect howl of approbation broke from the bystanders. There was a barbecue in progress at Blackwater; but, though a thousand people had gathered, up to date the affair had dragged. In vain had twelve steers been slaughtered and roasted all of one night above the coals of a big trench; it availed nothing that the mayor had carried off the fat men's race and Judge Newberry had caught the greased pig. Seven skilled riders jousted at rings with lances, but the barbecue still lacked snap. The younger element wandered about, craving diversion and complaining of the dust. The old-timers grumbled that life had changed and the stern days could never come again. Where was the bronco-busting? Who among these smooth-lipped, callow boys could rope a steer? They hinted darkly that cotton-picking represented the limit of modern activities. Small wonder that the crowd received the marshal's proposal with acclaim.

"All right! All right!" Bunty cried. "That suits me. That's music to me."

"I got only nine dollars, but I reckon I'm good for some more. Put up your money, you!" Hank retorted, with heat.

The marshal required them to shake hands over the pact. They did so with good grace and the crowd surged away about its amusement until the hour for the contest should arrive. Steen and Rogers and the city marshal went inside to come to an understanding. It was arranged that each man must cut seven steers from a herd then being held on the edge of the town awaiting the arrival of cars for shipment. The man who could do the work in the shortest period of time would win the match, of course.

When these articles were duly settled the hands of the clock in the Cowboys' Home pointed to eleven. The contest would take place at four. That would permit the arrival of the daily passenger train, which would certainly bring more spectators, and would also allow time for the driving of the herd to the flats south of Blackwater, where all sporting events were decided. Five hours remained. They were fatal to Bunty's chances.

At two o'clock his coworker of the Lazy L, who had consented to second him in the test, sought him that they might make ready. Beanbelly still stood in front of the Cowboys' Home. He looked dejected and switched languidly at flies with his tail. Steen was inside, seated at a table. He was debating the matter of Halley's Comet with two other gentlemen. They were insisting on the preposterous statement that the tail of this visitant was some twenty-nine million miles in length. Bunty smiled at them and waggled his head pityingly.

"Why," he protested, "anybody can see it ain't more'n a mile and a half long! A mile and a half's a whole lot of distance. It takes a lot of room for a mile and a half to move round, I can tell you."

"Bunty," exclaimed the Lazy L man in consternation, "come on! Leave that alone and come on."

"Never better'n my life!" Steen assured him. "Here—leave me be! I can walk."

It was plain that he could not ride, however—at least not with the precision demanded in a cutting match. To stay with a good horse in cutting a herd is second to topping an outlaw or playing polo, and makes an ordinary steeplechase feel as comfortable as a game of bridge. The Lazy L man propped Steen against the wall of a building and, in a white rage, tried to stare him into sobriety. Perhaps his eye lacked hypnotic power. Bunty smiled and then began to snigger.

"Go on back, then," his friend said in disgust. "Go to bed or anywhere you like. I'll take ol' Beanbelly."

Here was a situation. No thought of drawing down the bets occurred to the puncher. The honor of the Lazy L was at stake, quite as much as the month's pay which he and Steen had wagered, but had not yet earned. He might himself ride Beanbelly, but the prospects held out faint hope. There are horses which will give their best efforts to chosen individuals only, and these favored ones frequently possess no qualification but temperament. Such was Beanbelly. He was sure to sulk for any rider but Steen. Then he remembered the owner's son.

"I'll go get Cowboy," he said, slapping his leg. "We can tie the li'l' scoundrel on."

While the passenger train comes in; while the bawling herd is being driven to the flats; while the population of Hi Millet County gathers and Hank Rogers limbers up his mount by sharp dashes at imaginary calves, let me crave your interest for the new jockey. He was aged six years; and, if weighed immediately after a meal, he might tip the scales at forty-four pounds. Let no one throw down the tale at this point as unheard-of and absurd. Myself rode all of nine days with Cowboy Moson through mountainous country, averaging twenty-five miles a day—and on the tenth day we made forty-two miles! He was much put out with me because I refused to catch a fresh pony, to the end that he might ride to the river to ascertain whether the bridge held. He was then four years old.

The stage is now ready for the drama.

A party of Easterners arrived in a private car attached to the regular passenger train. They were headed by a director of the road, who had with him his wife and daughter, two other ladies and a youth of about nineteen. The natives of Hi Millet County gaped at them and silently made room for them on the flats. It was curious to see the difference in the sexes' attitudes. The men carefully refrained from any exhibition of curiosity in the visitors, but the womenkind stared in tenacious appraisal.

Down the road wound the herd of four hundred yearling steers. They were bunched on a smooth space about two hundred yards across in the middle of the flats and a cordon of six horsemen surrounded them loosely. The city marshal, who was to act as judge, proclaimed all ready. Then, upon representation of the Lazy L men, he ruled that the timing should take account of each animal from the moment of selection to the instant it was driven out. The lowest sum-total of the seven tests would carry off the match. This method necessitated the use of a stop-watch. The railroad director produced a wonderful, flat, gold trinket, which was entirely lost in the mayor's prodigious palm.

"Well," said Hank Rogers—and he grinned—"I'm ready. Where's Steen?"

"He won't be riding," the mayor stated. "We've got a better man. Here he comes now."

A roar of joy and laughter went crackling over the flats as Beanbelly walked staidly into view. In the saddle was a midget of a boy, the crown of his hat just visible between the horse's ears. This was Cowboy, and his small face was puckered with anxiety and grim determination.

"Rogers," his father began, "do you kick if we tie the stirrups?"

"Not me," Hank answered. "Tie the li'l' devil on, Moson. This ain't fair, though. He's a lot lighter'n me."

Blackwater applauded the sally, which the child accepted very seriously. So they made the stirrups fast that Cowboy's feet might not slip and besought him to stick to the saddle closer than a sick kitten to a hot brick. He nodded, somewhat pale around the ears, but creditably composed. For costume he had a pair of riding boots, overalls strapped over his shoulders, what appeared to be a shirt, and a soft felt hat jammed hard down so that his ears stuck straight out under the brim. His rival was joyous, but uneasy too. The glory was gone from the tournament for him, even should he win; for what merit was there in beating a child? Yet it might well prove a fair test of the horse's abilities; and he tightened the cinch, determined to show the Lazy L what a fine art cutting cattle could be made.



He Pounced on Him Once More Like a Streak of Lightning

"Oh, it's a joke! It's a joke, isn't it, father?" a girl gasped. The spectators lined the north side of the flats, pressing close on the fringe of herders.

"No; I don't think so," the director answered doubtfully.

"But that child—why, he's a baby! He'll be thrown. He'll be hurt. Do stop it. Please!"

"Couldn't pry him off with a crowbar, ma'am," the mayor assured her politely. "Couldn't loosen that there boy any more'n you could a flea from a pup with a pair of boxing gloves."

Rogers rode to the rim of the herd and looked them over. He picked out his steers and glanced questioningly at the judge and called "Time!"

The reins swung across his mount's neck and he penetrated among the cattle. In an instant his roan laid alongside a yearling. Two quick twists and the mass split. The animal darted out, propelled by a short, headlong run, and Hank threw up his hand to signal that it was done.

"E-leven seconds!" the mayor bawled.

"Gee!" said Cowboy faintly. He sat on Beanbelly about a score of yards from the timekeeper and his father was with him.

"They won't all be so easy, son."

They were not. The next perceived the horseman immediately Hank turned to enter the herd. A yearling is astonishingly quick to detect the fact that he is wanted and will begin to dodge long before the rider is near him. Furthermore, he will cling to his companions tighter than do his older brothers and will attempt to run back on the slightest opening. It was beautiful to watch the roan work. With ears pricked and eyes bulging to descry the least movement of the quarry, he threaded the churning host. Forward and back; a leap round an intervening steer; an abrupt stop and then a whirl about—Rogers went a good six inches out of the saddle when the roan turned.

"He stops on his front feet! He stops on his front feet!" the Lazy L man bellowed in rapture. That made it harder riding for Rogers.

Thrice the steer doubled back on him. Thrice did the roan wheel in his run within a four-foot space and head him off. Then Hank slapped down the shoulders with the quirt and they burst through the press in a magnificent spurt. Time, forty-two seconds. The populace was becoming worked up and clamored their approval.

"We'll have to go some, Cowboy," Moson remarked, mopping his face.

"Ol' Beanbelly—he can do it!" his son replied.

Rogers was bringing out his last steer. He did it with a pretty flourish and then cantered over to learn his time. Two hundred and eleven seconds for the seven—about half a minute to each animal.

"Son!"

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes, sir."

"Son, there're seven yearlings in there with my brand on 'em. Look 'em over."

Cowboy approached the herd slowly and returned presently to say that he had found them.

"Go get 'em!" his father said sternly.

With that he stepped to Beanbelly's head and unbuckled the throat-latch. The crowd gave a yell of quick appreciation. Hats flew high in air. They swayed forward and back and bowled encouragement.

"He's ridin' without a bridle! He done threw off the bridle!"

The railroad director ran up to see.

"He don't need none!" Moson jerked out. "He couldn't hold Beanbelly. Fly at it, son!" And, just to show that he was not at all nervous, he strode up and down the side-lines, perspiring profusely and tilting his hat up and down at every step. The cigar he held in his mouth was bitten in two.

What a yell went up when the pair moved forward! Men slapped one another on the back. The women sobbed for an opportunity to hug the boy.

"Come on, now, you ol' fool, you!" Cowboy quavered.

Beanbelly whinnied eagerly and reared his head to scan the herd. The child's fingers were locked about the horn and his legs clasped Beanbelly's sides loosely—for by pressure of the knee he must indicate to the horse which animal was to be driven out; and until Beanbelly recognized it there must be no grip on the saddle. It was not a new game to either. Often had the child bestrode Beanbelly in roundups to the joy of his sire and the everlasting pride of the Lazy L. That was why he was there. Only for him and his erratic master would the horse do his best. No man needed to guide Beanbelly—show him the animal and it was his. Indeed, a bridle only interfered, for what human could foresee a move as quickly as he?

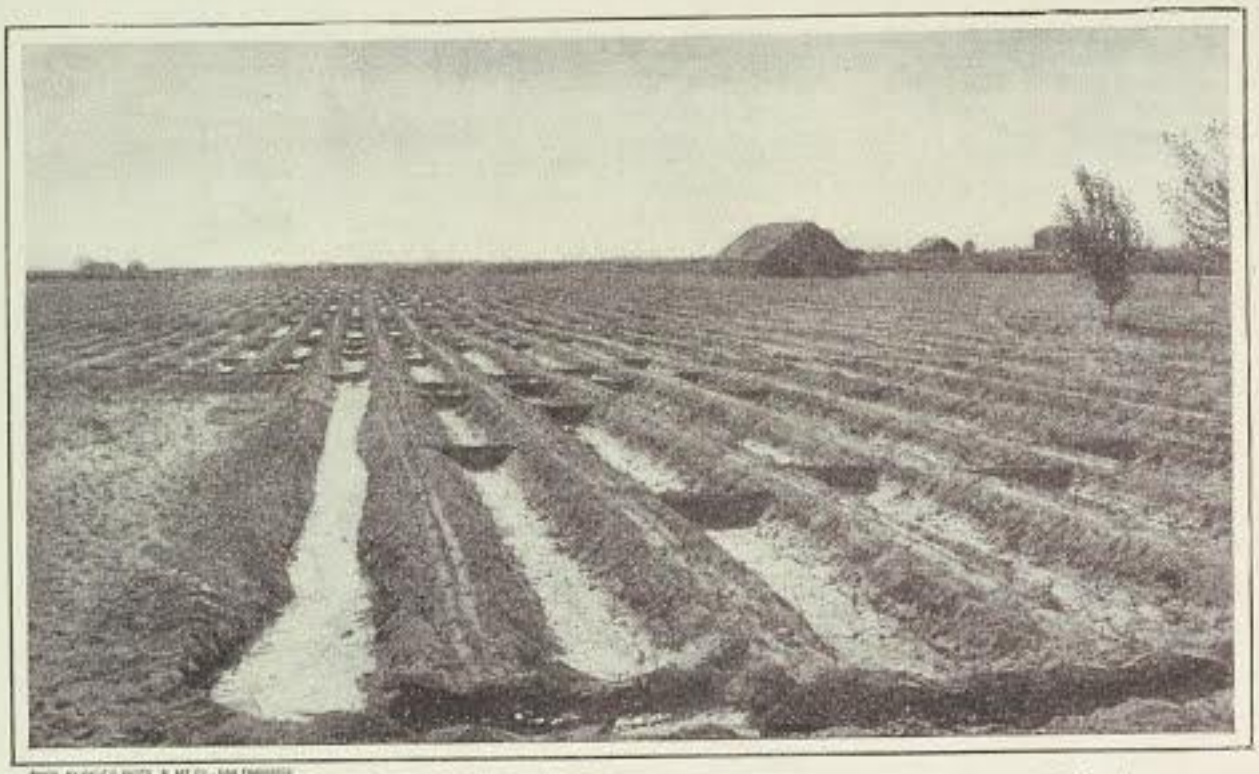
"I'm ready!" Cowboy signaled.

"Let her go!" the marshal commanded.

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NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

Realizing on Home Talents—By Forrest Crissey



Showing Method of Planting and Irrigating Sweet Potatoes, Near Merced, San Francisco, California

THERE are thousands of men and women in the clutch of cramped circumstances who are daily bewailing their lack of opportunity to get ahead. They feel that if they had been born a bit earlier, or had been located in another community, or had received a different training, all would have been well and they would have been numbered among those who have made good. As they see it, they are up against a stone wall bearing the legend: "No Opportunity."

This outlook is especially common to women who find themselves wholly or partly thrown upon their own resources for support—particularly if they happen to be members of a country community. In this same pathetic class belong also the men who fall just a little bit short of the modest standard of prosperity demanded by their families, their neighbors and their associates. With many of this class the cry is for a chance to add something to a family income not quite sufficient to meet their reasonable needs.

To the man who has made a life-study of catering to the human appetite all this seems immensely pathetic, because he knows that in many cases this dark view of the situation is unwarranted. He realizes that if these baffled men and discouraged women knew that their way to opportunity lay in the development of some homely talent of their own, instead of in a new environment or a new training, they would not only increase the measure of their own prosperity but would fill a distinct need on the part of the public.

The woman who has spent years as a housewife and then suddenly finds herself confronting the problem of supporting herself, or of adding something to a meager income not quite sufficient for her maintenance, is overcome with a conviction that she doesn't know how to do anything that the public demands—short of going out as a domestic servant. She thinks that if she knew stenography, manicuring or some other polite feminine profession she would be equipped to face the world and put up a good fight. It doesn't occur to her that her opportunity, perhaps, lies along the line of the homely arts that she has learned over the kitchen stove. Almost every good housewife has a particular skill in preparing some special article of human food—some table delicacy, some dainty that has made her a reputation among her neighbors. Of course there are thousands of exceptions to this rule—but that doesn't discount the validity of the general observation. Lately the manager of perhaps the largest and most fashionable restaurant in the West made this statement:

Money From Cranberry Sauce

"FOR twenty years or more it has been my daily business to study the feeding habits of men and women who are classed as 'good livers'—those who demand the best of foods and are willing to pay generously for them. As a result of this study I am willing to say that I will pay a fancy price for any table delicacy, any article of food, with quality or flavor so distinct as to be instantly recognized by the consumer as superior to the standard or commercial article of its kind. I can afford to do this because I can, in turn, charge a fancy price for such a delicacy and make on it a greater percentage of profit than on the ordinary article. Besides, every such superior dish on the menu helps the restaurant and adds to its reputation with persons who are particular about their food. That, in itself, is a big asset and a most important consideration.

"It doesn't matter what the article in question may be, so long as it has the taste and appearance that make the average patron conscious of its superiority.

"It may be a most ordinary and commonplace article of table use instead of a so-called fancy dish. For example: The cranberry sauce served in a first-class restaurant is almost invariably a stiff jelly made of the juice strained from the berries. One day a middle-aged woman came into my office and asked if I could use some homemade cranberry sauce in case I found it especially good in flavor and attractive in appearance. I recognized her as the daughter of a very prominent business man who had lately died and left his affairs at low tide.

"My answer to her question was: 'There is nothing served on these tables that I'll not gladly buy from you at a liberal price, provided it has enough merit to impress its individuality upon our customers.' Then I took a look at the cranberry sauce in the glass bowl that she uncovered. Instantly I knew that here was a woman who had been bright enough to discover her own opportunity—even though it seemed to be a small one. Each cranberry was a ruddy, translucent ball imbedded in a rich sauce of its own juice. The jelly was firm but not stiff, and its superiority over the ordinary jellied article was instantly apparent. Its flavor was equal to its appearance, and I knew that it would make its own way into high favor with my customers. At once I gave her a standing order for a certain number of gallons of this sauce to be delivered twice each week, and the price I named was a liberal one. But my patrons cheerfully paid that special premium, together with a little extra profit for me. Of course the size of that standing order has since been increased; and I have reason to believe that this woman—who turned her talent for making delicious cranberry sauce to practical account—is supplying some of the leading clubs of the city and a few other high-class restaurants with this delicacy. I see no reason why she should not extend her trade to other cities and build up a business that will give her a generous support. She has already a good list of private customers—many of them obtained through this restaurant.

"But no one should make the mistake of concluding that the special opportunities in this or any other high-class restaurant have already been filled. There are scores of them still open. They may even be found in connection with certain foods that must be cooked or recooked in the restaurant. Those who may be inspired to look for their opportunities in this line should remember that they must, first, furnish something that carries its own conviction of superiority, in both flavor and appearance, over the ordinary article of its kind; next, they must be able to maintain that superiority with positive uniformity; third, they must be able to produce that article in dependable quantities to meet the demand of a growing popularity."

A fancy grocer, catering to a most exclusive city trade, declares that there are neglected opportunities by the score in his line, particularly for the woman of the small farm or the country village home.

"Take the matter of wild native fruits," he continued. "I would pay almost any price for fresh wild strawberries and blackberries. Nearly everybody who has lived in the country knows that there is a sweetness, a tang, a bouquet to these wild berries that make the best cultivated berries seem tame, flat and flavorless by comparison. Strawberries grow wild in the back-country districts over an immense territory—from Maine to Iowa—and yet I cannot get a box of these berries. They do not come into the market. Why? Mainly because nobody thinks it worth while to pick them. They're 'just little wild strawberries.' Of course there would be some difficulties in getting them into market in good condition from places back from the railroad or remote from a large city, but the price that could be obtained for them would justify special precautions in packing and handling. Any grocer in Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, or any other big city, whose trade comes from families of large wealth, would not hesitate to pay an extravagant price for fresh wild strawberries—or wild blackberries.

"But this opportunity is not confined to shipping wild berries in a fresh state. The woman who is located too far from a railroad or a market to ship the berries fresh can still command a fancy price for them by turning them into homemade preserves or jams. And if she distrusts her skill in making a fine preserve in which the berries will retain their shape and individuality, let her reduce them to a simple syrup. Personally, I should be glad to get several hundred cans of wild strawberry syrup—and so would any large grocer having the patronage of the wealthy. This syrup would be used in giving the wild flavor to the jars of preserved cultivated berries. The bouquet of the wild berry is so pronounced that a single teaspoonful of its syrup in a jar of tame berry preserves will immensely improve the flavor of the compound.

"Women and children are the most rapid and skillful pickers of wild berries, and I have often thought of what a harvest they are neglecting. Many a woman of cramped means—and perhaps with dependent children—living in the country or in a country village, might secure quite a little income by organizing a family forage upon the wild berry fields of nearby highways, pastures and meadows."

The Demand for Wild Fruit Jellies

"AND their opportunity is not confined to wild strawberries or blackberries. Any kind of wild fruit has a superior and inimitable flavor. In many states, especially in the Middle West, wild crab-apples abound. They are hard and sour in a raw state, but they make a jelly that carries its own wild tang and not only is highly prized by the discriminating but is increasing in popularity. The fancy grocer cannot get enough of these apples or of the jelly made from them. Consequently he is willing to pay a generous price for either. Wherever the wild crab-apple flourishes the red-haw or thorn-apple is generally to be found. A jelly made from this fruit has a delicious flavor and is likewise in demand by the wealthy trade of the city.

"There is one precaution to be carefully observed in putting up jellies for fancy city trade. The country woman who intends to enter this field of opportunity should first get in touch with the most exclusive grocer in the large city nearest her. This can generally be done by writing to some friend in that city who will make the necessary inquiries. The object of this preliminary correspondence with the city grocer is to give him an opportunity to furnish the glasses—or at least to designate the style of tumbler in which he prefers to have the jelly placed. Each grocer has his own ideas on the subject. He knows the style of package that appeals most to his particular trade, and a failure to observe that peculiarity is likely to bring defeat. The appearance of a package counts for much. Again, he may wish to give special directions in regard to the consistency or degree of stiffness in the jelly demanded by his trade."

In support of this grocer's suggestion as to the opportunities open to women in home fruit canning it may be

said that a few years ago a sad-faced country woman entered his store and asked if he could use any homemade preserves. He answered that he could, and that he would be glad to buy them from her. Then she confessed that though she had been regarded by her neighbors back in the country as an expert in preserving fruits she was at the moment destitute and had not a dollar with which to buy fruits or sugar. She was given both, and in a few days returned with the results of her work. The grocer was so well pleased with the samples of her art that he gave her orders for all that she could do in this line. Today she is the head of a home kitchen that puts up nearly all the preserves and jellies sold by that grocery under a special brand.

Another Chicago woman started in the same line by selling her home preserves to the best restaurants and to bakeries. This was done to help out with the family income—her husband then holding a small salaried position. Now she and her husband own a prosperous fruit farm in Michigan and raise the special fruits and varieties of fruits best adapted to making preserves and jellies. This woman's annual bill for glass jars and tumblers is now several times greater than the total of her first year's sales. Her husband attends to the selling, while she gives her whole attention to the manufacturing end of the business.

Recently a seedsman, whose name is known throughout the United States, was encountered in the office of a Chicago commission merchant, and the two were led into a discussion of the opportunities open to the man of little or no means but with a genuine love for gardening.

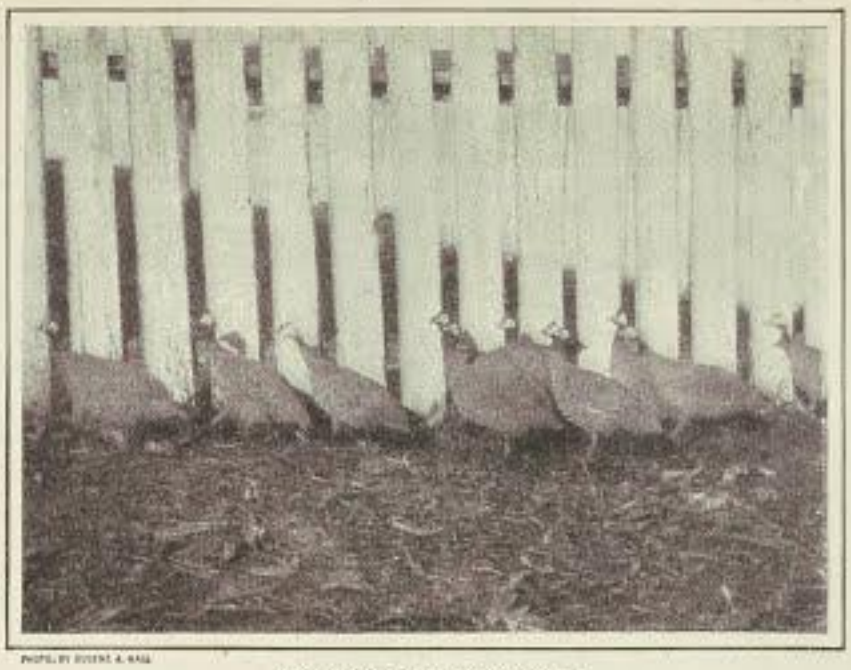
"Through our retail store," observed the seedsman, "we come in frequent contact with men of this class who are out after Three Acres and Liberty; who want to get away from indoor work and get a modest living from the soil. The remarkable thing about most of these men is that they are making their approach to the business from the wrong angle. Their idea—with hardly an exception—is to locate near Chicago, or some other large city, and to raise vegetables for the general market. There seems to be a fascination for them in the idea of becoming shippers. They appear to have a notion that to box vegetables in crates and pay tribute to an express company puts them on a dignified business basis."

Getting Away from Competition

"WHAT it does do is to put them into competition with the big professional gardeners who raise truck by the ton and know every kink and quirk in the business—men who have production down to a fine art and are experts in keeping the cost of production down to the lowest possible limit.

"To become a shipper means to go into competition with Hollanders and Italians, who are born to the truck business and operate on a wholesale basis.

"No amateur can under ordinary circumstances go up against that kind of competition and make a living. What, then, should the amateur do? The last thing in the world that he naturally thinks of doing when the gardening fever gets him! He should go to a nice country town or village, get a little patch on the edge of it and sell his truck to the local grocers or to the consumers themselves! Let me tell you what one man did whose instincts told him how to get into the game right.



Flock of Young Guinea Fowls

"He didn't have anything to start with except a natural-born love of working in the soil and a determination to be his own boss. On the edge of a little Michigan town, alongside the main-traveled road, was a small patch of ground that looked good to him, and by using his credit to the limit he contrived to get possession of it. As his whole place was small his cultivation had to be done by hand, and this fact entered into his plan of planting. His vegetables were put out in small beds, and each bed was surrounded with a border of flowers that would be in bloom at the time when the truck in that particular bed was about ready for harvesting. He selected both his vegetable and flower seeds with great care, after getting the best advice obtainable as to varieties.

"Just as the first things in his garden were coming on one of the leading women of the town happened to be driving past. This odd combination of vegetable beds trimmed with flowers caught her eye, and she stopped her carriage to look at it. This was just as he had intended. He bowed to her, left his weeding and came out to the carriage. Wouldn't she like to see a model garden? Of course she would! He tied her horse and she walked with him along the paths between the beds. Would she care for a bouquet of pansies? Of course she would. They were picked from the border of the radish bed and presented to her. When she left she took with her, besides the radishes that she bought and the flowers that were given to her, the impression that somehow the vegetables raised in neat beds were just a little better than any she had ever bought.

"Soon other women stopped at this garden and all received a little handful of flowers and became regular customers of the man who bordered his vegetable beds with tulips and geraniums and asters. They paid a top price for their vegetables—a little more than they would have been charged at the grocery, perhaps—but they were satisfied, because they felt that they were getting the best vegetables grown anywhere.

"Of course radishes grown inside a border of pansies aren't any better than those grown in a great field, but they look better to women buyers—and looks are about half the game in successful market gardening, especially when conducted on a small scale. This amateur realized that fact and made the most of it. When a private customer sent in an order for a special basket of vegetables a few flowers were always tucked away under the cover; and even the bunches of young turnips, onions and carrots were dressed and tied in a way that made them especially attractive.

"Right from the start not only was this shrewd beginner able to sell all the truck he could raise on his little patch, but he sold it all at practically retail prices and without any expense for packages, for express or for commission charges. His produce was always good, for he would sell nothing of an inferior quality; and every year saw his acreage expand. Soon he was furnishing certain vegetables to a few high-class hotels in near-by provincial cities—not in competition with the open market but on contract.

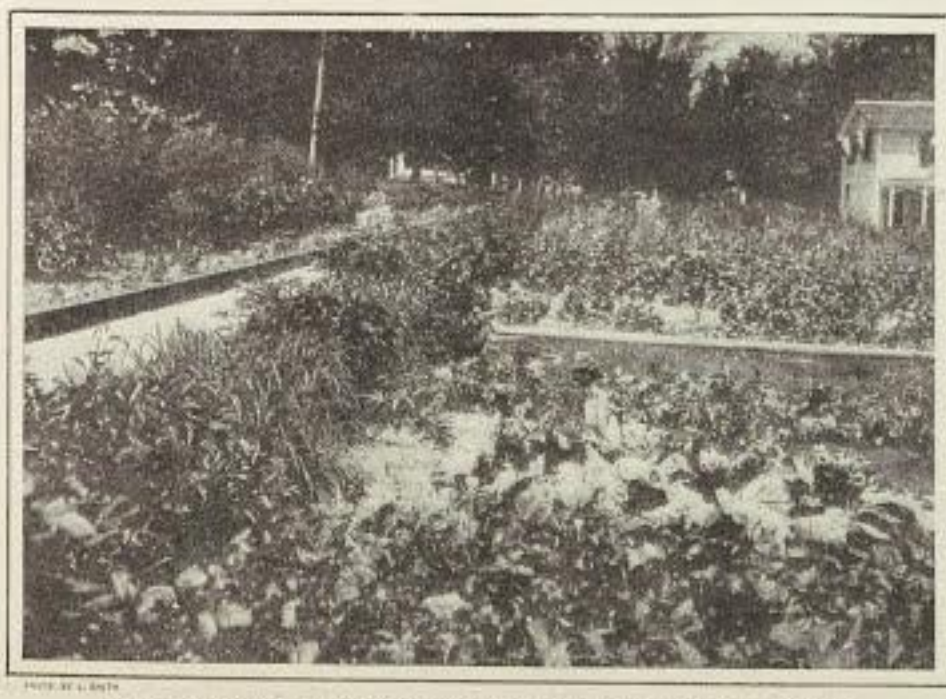
"This amateur made his start only a few years ago, and when he retired from active work he was worth a very comfortable fortune—I should say something like thirty thousand dollars—most of which came from his garden.

"To the man or woman who wants to make a modest living or to add something to an insufficient income by means of a garden, there is only one line of advice to offer: Keep out of the big city market; settle in the edge of a country town or a small city and aim to sell everything locally, either to home grocers, or to private customers, or to both. Make your garden so attractive that it will be talked about, and put your goods up in a way that will please the eye. In every town or village of three thousand inhabitants there is an opportunity to make a garden pay. Of course the first thought is—'Why, every family in a country town has a garden of its own.' This, however, is not so. A very considerable proportion of the families in every town are run on the theory that a home garden is a very expensive way of getting family vegetables. Those who hold this theory are always to be found in every village, and for this reason a country town is a place of opportunity for the small gardener. All the advantages are with the local grower. His goods are fresher than those shipped in from the market street of the nearest big city, and he can always cultivate his trade as well as his ground."

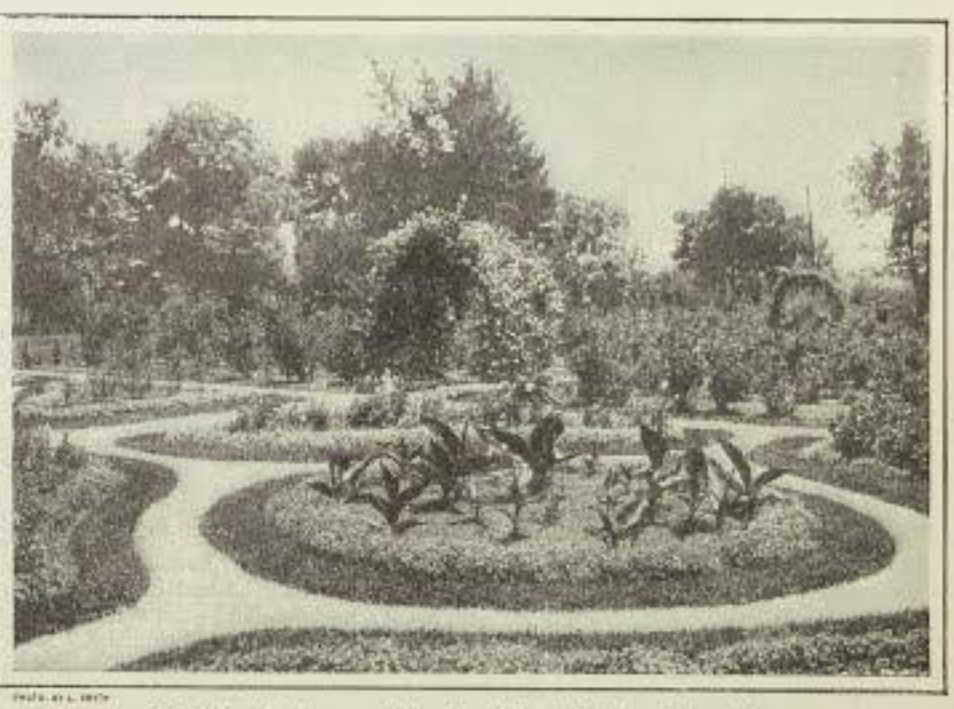
A California Experience

OCCASIONALLY the rough hand of calamity is required to pluck a man out of the groove of routine and place him where he can find the opportunity for which he has been longing. The great San Francisco disaster of five years ago furnished at least one instance of an experience of this kind. Among the refugees from the smoking ruins of the Golden Gate City was a man who had been working in a printing house at a moderate salary and had been cherishing the belief that sometime he would be able to save enough money to enable him to get a small place in the country that would make him independent of the payroll and the dreaded blue envelope. But the time to make the

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Radishes Grown Inside a Border of Tulips Look Better to Women Buyers



Make Your Garden so Attractive That it Will be Talked About

HENRY

By ELSIE SINGMASTER

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON

WHEN the amazing scene was ended, when the door closed upon the three chief actors, when the office force began once more to move and breathe, Mr. Pine, of the law firm of Pine, Houghton & Costello, reminded Mr. Houghton that a special providence watches over children and such persons as Henry Costello, Junior. If Mr. Pine had only waited a few moments until the shock of Henry's final lunacy had worn off, Mr. Houghton need never have known that Mr. Pine's voice could tremble.



"We'll Give Henry Some Work in the Office. He's Passed His Bar Examinations"

Mr. Pine, short, smooth-shaven, of rather obscure birth, and keen as a knife, had said often to Mr. Houghton that if Henry had not belonged to the Costello family, if he had not had so prodigious a memory and so handsome a Vandyke beard, he might have amounted to something—he might have been a successful plasterer or tinsmith or carpenter.

"As it is," said Mr. Pine, "Henry is a fool. He is a flat failure. He will never do anything or amount to anything."

Henry's mother had died when he was born; he was the only son of a grave, brilliant and busy father; and, though great things were naturally expected of him, not much attention was given him in his childhood. His father, plunged into grief, overwhelmed with work, sometimes did not see him from morning till night. He was a not unhappy, foolish little boy, a good deal put upon by nurses and governesses and by other children. His gravest fault was that he expected kindness everywhere, and could never learn that he must be prepared for rudeness and must be able to defend himself.

His father did not realize that Henry was dull until he had entered preparatory school and had to be tutored constantly in order that he might keep up with his class. He remembered everything that he was told and understood nothing. He memorized geometry propositions, he memorized history lessons, word for word. Fortunately he was always able to answer enough questions to pass examinations, both in preparatory school and in college. Afterward he went to the law school; and there once more his memory served him nobly. During his seven years in Cambridge his father, in New York, winced at thought of him. The sons of his old friends were at Harvard; one of the law-school classes used a textbook which he had prepared; he comprehended perfectly the astonishment with which "Costello's son" would be regarded.

Year after year Henry grew handsomer and his heart kinder—most of his allowance was spent in foolish and useless charity—but still he developed no common-sense. He had no reserves; he chattered incessantly to everybody who would listen—he told things he should not have told; he laughed loudly, almost insanely, at nothing.

His father spoke to his partners about him, calmly but with a white face.

"We'll give Henry some work in the office. He's passed his bar examinations."

Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton consented willingly. It was tacitly understood that Henry's salary should come out of his father's pocket—or, rather, that the allowance his father gave him should serve as a salary. The office force did not in the least mind having Henry about. Except when he laughed he was not objectionable, and teasing him was a pleasant diversion. He sharpened pencils for the stenographers, and put their typewriters in order, and proposed to them one after the other. One of them, a newcomer, almost accepted him; but at the last moment, hearing him laugh and remembering the lightning eyes of his father, she declined the offered honor. Fortunately Henry was not likely to be very rich. His father was still only a little above middle age, and his fortune, which was not nearly so large as Mr. Pine's or Mr. Houghton's, would certainly go to Henry only in trust. Mr. Costello never dreamed of Henry's proposing to any one—that shame, Mr. Pine said, was spared him.

There was no denying that Henry was useful, even to Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton, who treated him like a child. He remembered everything, his word was accepted as final in office discussions where a matter of history or a fact was the point at issue. No man bothered to seek long for case or precedent when Henry was at hand. He knew his college textbooks by heart; he learned now other tomes; he was able to quote verbatim at infinite length. He knew the amount of damages sued for in fifty-year-old cases; he knew the amount awarded; he could give almost the exact words of long-forgotten charges of judges to juries.

Mixed with his useful knowledge he possessed a vast number of unrelated, valueless facts which he retailed with pleasure and amazement. Once Mr. Pine caught him entertaining a client, and interrupted in time to prevent the client from fleeing, never to return.

"A man of seventy consumes fifty-three and three-fourths tons of solid food in the course of his life," said Henry, apropos of nothing at all. By this time Henry had acquired a pince-nez and looked like a distinguished college professor. "Also forty-two and three-fourths tons of liquid nourishment—amounting together to twelve hundred and eighty times his own weight. He has had nine thousand pounds of sugar, fifteen hundred pounds of salt and eight pounds of pepper. He ——"

At sight of Mr. Pine, Henry rose immediately, bowing like the speaker of a prologue. The stranger stared at him, blinking. It was with difficulty that Mr. Pine refrained from explaining that Henry was a little queer; but the office force was solidly loyal to Henry's father.

Henry was still proposing to girls. Having exhausted the possibilities of his own office, he crossed the hall to the rooms of Wall & Stover. There he found, as at home, three dignified and sensible young women, who, forewarned and expectant, promptly rejected him. Had he gone up one flight—to the Wedderburn office—he would have found a different set of girls, who would have listened to him and encouraged him and accepted his presents. Dear knows, but one might have brought him some sympathy and affection! The daughter of a plasterer or a tinsmith or a farm laborer would have admired him and perhaps made a man of him. Even Miss Davenport, his father's stenographer, allowed him to propose to her twice. She said to Miss Evans that it was impossible to believe that there was "so little to" so handsome and so well-educated a young man.

Henry was never cast down by his rejections. Once he was heard to repeat to Miss Davenport a sentimental couplet to the effect that every longing soul has somewhere a mate. His father's friends never thought of him as a longing soul, but only as a poor innocent whom Costello had not deserved.

Presently, one spring, Henry seemed to improve. He quoted fewer statistics, he laughed less, he sharpened fewer leadpencils and cleaned fewer machines. His father was away from New York much of the time and there was no question that his absence loosened a little the high tension in the office. At least Henry seemed more at his ease—more like other men. Mr. Houghton said, with grim but not unkindly amusement, that Henry's wild oats were sown.

Mr. Pine, also, had reasons for regarding Henry kindly. His own son had been for weeks in a hospital with weights strapped to his foot. The doctor promised a certain cure for the hip disease, but the boy himself was despondent and irritable; and Henry Costello, whom children always liked, went daily to see him.

It was this kindly feeling and the necessities of a busy season, and the almost hopeless issue of the case itself, which made Mr. Pine allow Henry to add to some historical investigations in Chicago a few inquiries in the interest of the Masterson case. It must be remembered that Henry was never trusted with important details. Having chattered once, he was never again depended upon. About the Masterson case he had been purposely deceived—the stenographers knew more than he. There was never any one more easy to deceive than Henry; he believed everything that was told him. Now he was directed only to call on a Miss Mary McKay, at 507 Schiller Street, and get her to repeat before a notary public what she knew of Abbott Masterson, of Canterbury, England. He had the impression that Abbott Masterson was in some trouble and needed a testimony as to his character.

In reality the Masterson case was most important. For months Pine, Houghton & Costello had advertised in every city in the United States; for months they had received hundreds of utterly foolish and useless letters.

"Wanted," their advertisement had read, "the relatives of Abbott Masterson, of Canterbury, England. Apply by letter to Box 763, New York."

Abbott Masterson had been a bachelor who made a great fortune in the tanning business. His will provided that, after a year's search for a sister who had long since come to America, or for her heirs, the estate should go to various stipulated charities. The sister, with whom he had quarreled, was supposed to have married and to have had children; it was she and her family whom the firm sought. Police departments had assisted in vain; detectives had labored in hope of great reward, but without result. The heirs of Abbott Masterson had vanished; the firm of Pine, Houghton & Costello would have no share in the administration of the great property.

Now, in April—the year would end in June—had come the last of hundreds of letters. Cranks and tricksters seemed to have played themselves out or to have realized that the mysterious inquirers behind Box 763 were not to be gulled. This last letter was from a woman and it was plausible and direct—but they had had many plausible and direct letters.

The writer's name was Mary McKay; she said that her mother, now dead, had been Henrietta Masterson, of Canterbury, England. Her mother had an older brother—Abbott Masterson, a tanner—with whom she had quarreled and from whom she had not heard for years. Miss McKay said that she had in her possession some family letters and papers. She was a school-teacher in Chicago and she hereby applied to them for whatever information they had for her. One felt instinctively that she was a lady and that she had good common-sense.

A person who knew nothing of the case would have hailed her at once as Abbott Masterson's heir, but not a member of the firm of Pine, Houghton & Costello, who had been reading letters a good deal like this one for months. Henry was given a few simple directions about her deposition and was started upon his journey.

In a few days Henry forwarded the results of his researches. Mr. Pine gave expression to a loud "Whew!" as he read, and went straightway to Mr. Houghton's office.

"This is the woman, Houghton. It's as plain as can be. Here's a copy of the mother's wedding certificate and half a dozen letters, and she says she has old ambrotypes with her mother and uncle taken together as children. She ——"

"Get Miss Evans to copy the papers and you can catch today's boat," interrupted Mr. Houghton. "That'll make ten days before we hear. We might tell 'em to cable."

Mr. Pine answered, as he rang for Miss Evans:

"Oh, the lady will wait. She isn't expecting anything. Another month and she and we would have been done for."

The next day Henry sent a report of his work in the library. The day after he sent another. The firm looked at neither. Then they heard no more. Mr. Costello was



He Was Heard to Repeat a Sentimental Couplet to the Effect That Every Longing Soul Has Somewhere a Mate

still away, Mr. Pine was still worried about his son, and Mr. Houghton, in consequence, had more than his own share of work. Besides, they were not accustomed to troubling their minds about Henry.

When Mr. Costello returned, coming directly from the train, he inquired first of all about the Masterson case and heard the good news. Then he asked for Henry. Mr. Pine answered with a gasp that Henry had gone to Chicago three weeks before and that they had not heard from him for two. Mr. Costello grew pale; his heart throbbed; he thought, for the first time in many weeks, of Henry's mother. Then he telegraphed to Henry and had his fears promptly allayed. Henry answered that he was well and that he would be at home on Thursday morning.

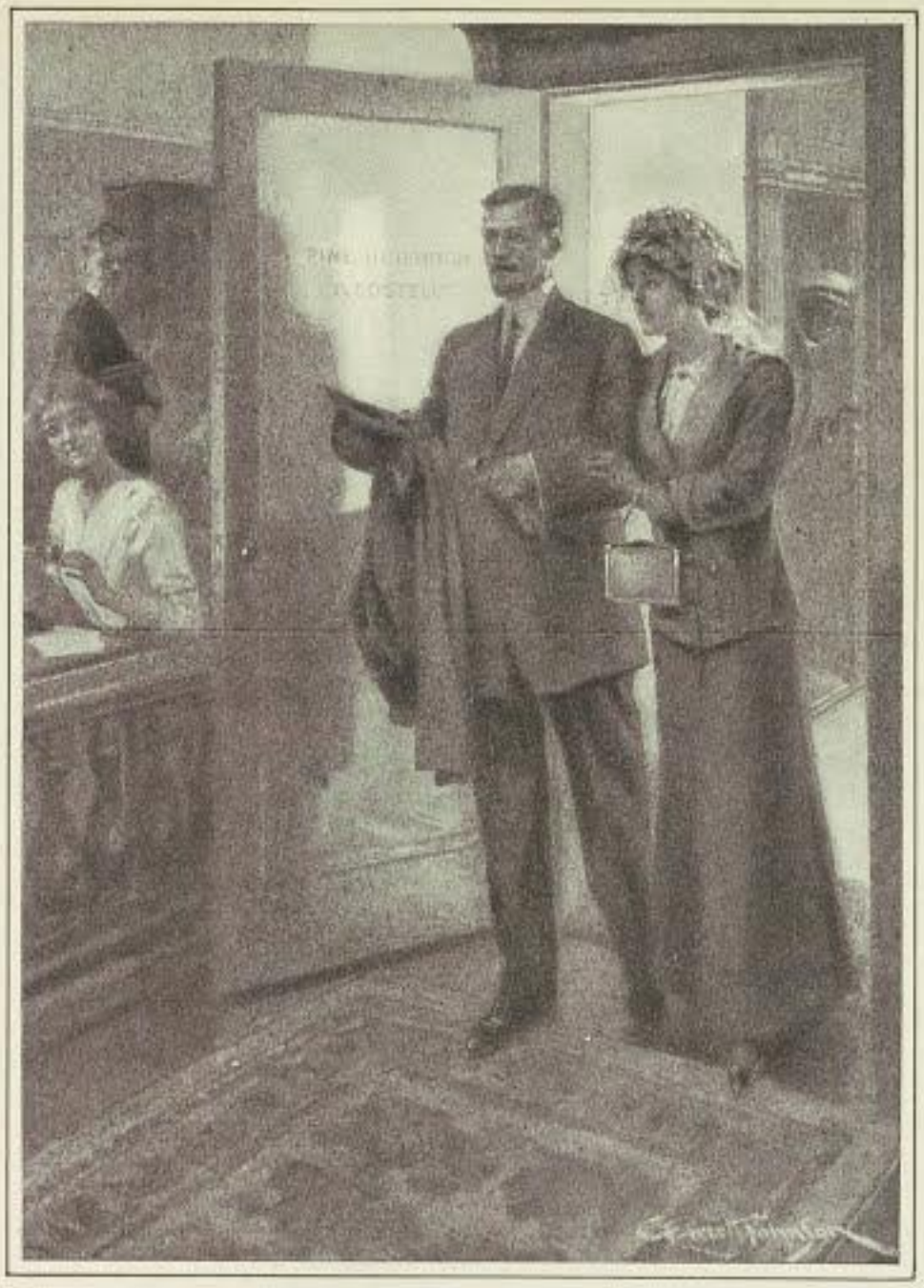
Promptly on Thursday morning Henry appeared. The office was in a whirl; there had come, only a moment before, a jubilant communication to the effect that Miss Mary McKay was undoubtedly the Masterson heir.

"I wish," said Miss Davenport, "that I had an uncle to leave me a hundred thousand pounds! I'd—I'd ——"

Miss Davenport's voice died away; she put out her hand toward her desk; and, finding instead Miss Evans' hand, she clutched it. Every one else stood perfectly still—the other stenographers, the four young law-school graduates who always teased Henry, and the three members of the firm. They might have belonged to the court of the Sleeping Beauty.

In the doorway, facing them, flushed, smiling, his broad shoulders thrown back, a new dignity in his handsome face, stood Henry Costello, Junior—a young lady on his arm!

Having attended to the Masterson case, having completed his investigations in the Chicago libraries, Henry had attended to some business of his own. They need not have been surprised; it was, after all, only what they had long predicted—that some day a foolish girl would take him. The young woman was not beautiful and she was very plainly dressed, but she had clear blue eyes, a bright color and an engaging smile. If she was disturbed by the astonished stares which greeted her, or by the elegance of the long suite of offices, her embarrassment was becoming rather than otherwise.



In the Doorway Stood Henry Costello, Junior—a Young Lady on His Arm!

Mr. Costello, standing straight and tall in the doorway of his own office, blinked and stared in amazement. He knew nothing of Henry's search for a mate, nothing of his rash proposals. He thought confusedly that this must be the heir of the Masterson estate—his mind groped for her name. Meanwhile he held out his hand to Henry. Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton turned their eyes away and the stenographers held each other's hands with a firmer clutch. Such a father to have such a son—and now such a daughter-in-law! There was no doubt in their minds as to who she was. Where had Henry found her? Was she a maid from his hotel or a casual acquaintance among shopgirls? Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton shivered.

"How do you do, Henry?" said Henry's father. "I am glad to see you back. We have been pleased with the work you have done. And this is ——"

Henry lifted his shoulders a little higher—he did not smile; he was for once in his life perfectly sensible and perfectly serious—a condition of mind that was to grow on Henry.

"This is my wife, father!"

"Oh! Oh!" cried Mr. Henry Costello, Senior.

The young woman held out her hand with all the composure of one who has for years earned her own living and been her own mistress. She was about thirty years old—an age, Mr. Pine said to himself, when women are apt to do strange things. Youth and romance threaten to pass them by; they grow more eager and less fastidious.

The young woman spoke in a surprisingly smooth and gentle voice.

"I am glad to meet you, sir."

Mr. Costello's hand dropped from hers limply. *(Concluded on Page 48)*

LÉONTINE AND CO.

VII

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

LET me tell you, my friend, that as I walked away from Ivan's house I was not singing pæans of praise. I had got more than twice the value of what I went after, it is true, but I had also got something else, and that was the undying enmity of the most dangerous criminal in Europe. As long as Chu-Chu was alive my own life was worth about two sous. From the moment that I left Ivan's house Chu-Chu's immediate and pressing business would be to settle his account with me. I had not the slightest doubt that, so far as his private affairs were concerned, everything would have to wait while he gave himself to a sincere and painstaking stalk of myself. Not only had I deprived him of a fortune, but I had disgraced and ruined him with Ivan; in fact, I was not at all sure but that he might kill Ivan with his naked hands before leaving the house, merely because the Pole had witnessed his humiliation. Thinking it over I was sorry that I had not left Ivan his pistol, as in that case he might have disposed of Chu-Chu on his own account. You see, Chu-Chu's feud with an outsider was a menace to the whole mob, as many men in my position would have gone straight to the prefect of police and furnished information that might lead to the capture of Monsieur de Maxeville.

Why didn't I do that very thing? It is a little hard to explain. In the first place, anybody who has been for years a criminal hates the thought of being mixed up with the police. There are too many old crimes that may be brought to light. Then, my release from the clutch of the law was irregular—an unofficial pardon that would hardly bear the scrutiny of the public. Still again, I did not see how I could impeach Chu-Chu without implicating Ivan and his crowd, and I felt that if I was once marked for the hereafter by that perfect organization I might just as well go down and hop off a bridge into the Seine. But last of all I had made up my mind that the best, in fact the only, thing for me to do was to turn all of my talent to killing Chu-Chu before Chu-Chu killed me. I would have killed him in Ivan's house if I had felt that it was possible to do so without a general rumpus. As it was, at the first shot the servants would have come running in—armed, no doubt, for Ivan's servants were all members of the gang. He had told me on the night of Léontine's dinner that his entire household belonged to his mob.

No; it was better as it was, dangerous as my position might be. As things now stood I felt pretty sure that I had only Chu-Chu to reckon with. Ivan would sit tight and offer up prayers that each of us might kill the other. His work was merely executive, and he detested violence as much as might the big trust magnate who sits cool and respectable in his office and robs from the masses. Only Ivan was on rather a higher plane.

If I had still been an active member of the underworld this feud with Chu-Chu would not have bothered me a scrap. Although I had always managed to keep on good terms with my colleagues, such blood-quarrels had come under my observation several times, and in most cases they had reached their issue quietly and without scandal, as one might say. Chu-Chu and I turned loose in Paris on the warpath were on even terms; in fact, the advantage was if anything with me, as I could play a greater number of rôles than he and, more important still, was not driven by sheer hate and malignity. My game would be played entirely with the head, while it was possible with Chu-Chu that emotion might lead him into taking chances.

But the trouble was that Chu-Chu belonged to the underworld which I had left. A man going about his business in a respectable state of society has about as much chance of protecting himself against the preformed attack of a dangerous criminal as a stag in a deer park would have of escaping a hunter out for his head. I knew mighty well that if I wanted to kill Chu-Chu before Chu-Chu got a chance to kill me I would have to take a dive under the surface of society. Otherwise the odds would be those of a man swimming against a tiger-shark. So I determined to slip back into the underworld long enough to do for Chu-Chu.

This may sound cold-blooded and ferocious to you, my friend, but you must remember that I had been a criminal for all of my life. As I have told you before, I was never one of those thugs who walk into a house with a loaded gun ready to take life if interrupted. But I had never placed a very high value on my own life, or on that of any other criminal. As I saw it, the law was always "off" on game of my breed. The law does not bother itself very much when it stubs its toes on a dead thief, and is generally quite content when crooks turn to and slaughter each other. And the crooks have rather accepted this liberal point of view.

Although it was known to only a few people in the underworld that Monsieur de Maxeville and Chu-Chu le Tondeur were one and the same, I thought it possible that an inquest over his corpse would bring this to light and prevent much investigation for his assassin. Whether it did or not, I certainly did not intend to sit down and twirl my thumbs and wait for Chu-Chu to bag me. Although I had reformed, my principles had not yet mounted to this lofty plane.

One thing was pretty sure, and that was that Chu-Chu would make no attempt upon my life until he had tried to swap the pearls back for his gems. At least I did not think that he would. Chu-Chu was known to be an avaricious man, and he knew that I wanted that particular pearl

necklace and that I would be willing to sacrifice the added value of the gems to get it. I had little doubt but that I would hear from him in regard to the matter before the day was over.

Well, the game was on now, and all that I could do was to play it out. On leaving Ivan's house I had turned down a street that led to the garage where I stabled our six-cylinder show-car, for John and I were to take out a client later. The garage was a big, new establishment near the Parc Monceau, and accommodated two or three hundred cars. When I got there I found that my tires were a little soft and told a *mécanicien* to give me some air. He was doing this and I was standing by waiting, when I heard a voice that struck me as familiar. I looked up over the top of the tonneau, then ducked down again, for there, six paces away, stood Ivan's chauffeur—the same man who had gone with us the night that Léontine and I entered John's house—and at his elbow, his back turned to me, was Chu-Chu.

The chauffeur was talking. I heard him say:

"We will go by Pontoise, M'sieu'. It is less direct, but it saves the time that would be lost in crossing Paris, and the road is better. From Pontoise there is a little route to Beauvais, which is now in good condition and cuts off a good deal of distance. After Beauvais we stick to the *route nationale*."

Chu-Chu growled something that I did not hear, but there was no need. Pontoise, Beauvais, and after that the *route nationale*—it was plain enough. Chu-Chu was off for Boulogne or Calais.

The car came down that minute on one of the big lifts and the two got aboard, I crouching down and pretending to examine my chain. Out went the other car, which I recognized as Ivan's two-seated roadster. Chu-Chu was driving. I looked after it and took the number.

Thought I to myself: "Now what the deuce is he up to? England?" I had never heard of Chu-Chu's having done any work over there. Then it struck me that his errand might have something to do with Léontine. It was possible that he had given the pearls that morning to Léontine, but this idea I put out of my mind. Léontine would know where they came from, and I did not believe that in the face of my threat she would dare to dispose of them. It must be something else.

I shoved the gauge into my fuel tank and found that I had but ten litres, for big cars going out on the road buy their *essence* outside of Paris, as you know, to save the octroi duty.

"Fill the reservoir," I said to the *mécanicien*. "I am taking out some clients and do not want to bother to stop outside."

While the man was getting the *pétrole* I did some rapid thinking. I did not believe that Chu-Chu was going after the pearls. It must be something else.

Then another idea struck me. What if Chu-Chu's errand was not to get the pearls, but to dispose of them? What if he had turned the pearls in to Ivan and the two had come to an understanding and decided to insist on Léontine's getting rid of them, taking the chances on getting the gems from me later by methods of their own? It was possible that they might be confident that I would keep the gems on my person, and even at that moment Ivan's bloodhounds might be on my trail. A moment's thought and I was sure that this was the actual situation.

I went quickly to the office of the garage. Prince Kharkoff, I knew, lived near the Parc Monceau and garaged in this same establishment.

"What time did the car of M. le Prince Kharkoff go out?" I asked.

"At ten o'clock, Monsieur Clamart," said the manager. "Monsieur le Prince is off for London."

"Thank you," said I, and went back to hurry the *mécanicien*.

For with this information it seemed to me that the whole business was clear. Kharkoff's touring car was a big, heavy, limousine affair and not capable of much speed. Kharkoff would probably stop at St. Germain for *déjeûner*, and this would consume an hour and a half at least, for the Russian was a high liver. After *déjeûner* they would take the road for Boulogne, probably stopping at Abbeville for tea and reaching Boulogne in good time to take the boat that left for Folkestone at seven. Chu-Chu would push right through and contrive in some way to get a word with Léontine, handing over to her the pearls, with strict instructions from Ivan that she dispose of them. After that he would return with all speed to Paris and take up my trail. The game, undoubtedly, was being played to the full limit, and to win the pearls, the gems and the life of a dangerous renegade.



Ruthless as a Greyhound at the Side of a Hare, I Closed in on Him

All of this hit me like a ton of bricks as the true solution. I had been a fool, I thought, to figure for a second on Chu-Chu's condescending to make a dicker with a rank outsider who had handled him as I had done. To begin with, no doubt his ferocious hate was so intense that he would rather have lost the gems and flung the pearls into the Seine than to have had me square myself with the Cuttynges. Ivan, too, had been humiliated in a manner impossible for his self-respect as the chief of a big criminal system to endure. Neither one could stomach it, and they had joined forces again to play the game out to the bitter end.

All of this, my friend, had flashed through my mind even as I went to the office to learn when the Prince's car had gone out—sooner, in fact. The problem and its possible solution had occurred to me as Chu-Chu rolled out of the garage, when I had told the *mécanicien* to fill up my tank. In the underworld the odds are heavy on the man who strikes first. So far this policy had won for me and I determined to stick to it. As matters stood I felt that I was a doomed individual. If Ivan had marked me for the morgue I was a goner. But at any rate I did not intend to mark time and wait for the blow to fall. My word! but I was sorry that I hadn't followed my play through and sent them both to glory when I had had the chance!

But Chu-Chu had not yet pulled out of the woods. My plan, at the moment, was nothing more nor less than to catch and kill him on the road to Boulogne.

Ivan's little car was a good one, but she was no match for my big six. I decided to overhaul Chu-Chu on the road somewhere beyond Amiens and, as I passed, to shoot him dead as he sat at the wheel. If the *mécanicien* showed fight I would kill him too. Sounds pretty thick, doesn't it? That's because we are in peaceful old France. If it were in our own Southwest you'd think nothing about it.

"All ready, M'sieu'," said the garage man, and I came out of my trance.

I got my motoring ulster and a face mask out of the locker, then climbed into the car and rolled out, turning toward the Avenue de la Grande Armée. At the office I stopped and put the gems in the safe, locking them up in an inner drawer and putting the key in my pocket.

"I've got some business that may keep me out all day," said I to Gustave. "If Monsieur Cuttynge comes up tell him that I have just learned of something important and ask him to make another *rendez-vous* with Monsieur Caldwell. If I have not returned by seven, don't wait."

Out I went and jumped into the car and rolled off, leaving Gustave to stare after me, disgusted that I should go without a *mécanicien*. My mind was working fast as I sped along. Plan after plan went through my head. It struck me that perhaps the best way would be to pass Chu-Chu when he was traveling fast and crowd him into the ditch. This would not be difficult with a big, heavy car like mine, and in such an "accident" the driver is usually killed while the man beside him is apt to escape. If neither was injured I could always go back and finish Chu-Chu with my pistol. Then I thought of an even better plan. Why not get on ahead, lay my car across the road so that they would have to stop, then hold Chu-Chu up and go through him for the pearls? Once having got them I could rush back to Paris, turn over the pearls and the gems to John with instructions to give the latter to the police, and get myself out of the country as quick as possible. I did not believe that Ivan or Chu-Chu would follow me up if I went to America, though it was possible that Chu-Chu might.

Finally I decided on this latter plan. After all, my object in killing Chu-Chu was merely self-preservation. If I did succeed in getting the pearls I might even send him back his gems.

Sounds as if I began to weaken as I went along, doesn't it? Well, perhaps I did. The odds against me were too awful heavy, and life is sweet, after all. The strain was beginning to tell, too, and I knew that this would get steadily worse. A fight in the open is all right; but to feel that you are being watched and dogged and shadowed by a big human octopus, to be struck down at the first unguarded moment, is pretty awful. I don't pretend to any more nerve than the average man who has lived the most of his active life in the underworld. Besides, I never was a killer.

Out I went through St. Germain, to avoid the *pavé*, and turned off for Pontoise, taking a good road gait but not pushing my car any. It was a beautiful day in the early summer, and as I filled my lungs with the sweet perfume of the forest it struck me as being mighty rough that I should be crowded out just when life seemed to be opening up all anew and full of promise. If only they could have left me in peace! I thought of Edith's sweet face and wondered what she would say if she knew how things had turned out. At any rate, living or dead, she would know that I had stuck to my word and taken the consequences without flinching, and this thought did me a lot of good. After all, my life had been lived at the expense of society, and society had a right to collect her debt before taking me back. A curious thing, this life. No act, good or bad, ever seems to go for nothing. I began to get mighty thoughtful as I rolled along through that splendid old forest of St. Germain. A deep sadness settled on me. After all, I thought, what's the use of trying to escape your destiny? Very likely God made thieves and murderers to prey on the rest of mankind, just as He made wolves and panthers to prey on deer. About half of the living creatures in the world prey on the other half. It's hard to see the use of a criminal, except to himself and others of his class, but it struck me that maybe Chu-Chu had run over the limit and that I was intended as an instrument to put a check on him. That was a cheerful way to look at it anyway.

I passed through Pontoise and held on for Beauvais by the little route that Ivan's man had spoken of in the garage. It was a pity, I thought, that I could not have caught them up here, for there was nobody on the road. By this time I had my plan all made. I determined to pass Chu-Chu at high speed and literally crowd him off the road. This would be dangerous to me, of course, as it's a risky job to mix up the direction of a big car running at a high speed, but I would be prepared and ought to be able to stick to the track. As you know, these French roads are drained by ditches at least a foot deep and a foot wide, running off at right angles and spaced only ten or a dozen meters apart. Shoved into one of those while running fast, Chu-Chu's chances were all for getting piled up. What happened after that would depend on circumstances. I gave up the idea of stopping him by laying my own car across the road. In the first place, there was the danger that he might recognize me, even in my mask and ulster. Also it was possible that somebody might come along and interfere with the rest of the game.

At Beauvais I struck the *route nationale* and hit up my speed, and in a few minutes the big six was tearing along like a comet. Very few people were on the road, but before long I sighted a cloud of dust ahead and presently overhauled a big limousine car with a trunk on behind and a lot of small luggage on top.

"Kharkoff," I said to myself, and sure enough it was. I cut loose the siren and the car swerved out to the right and as I tore past I caught a glimpse of the Prince and Léontine inside. They could not have recognized me, my face being covered with the mask, but I hoped that Chu-Chu was far enough ahead to enable me to finish my business with him before they came up, and this seemed probable, as the little car was light and fast.

I passed through Amiens and hit up the speed again. Then, just outside the town, I sighted a small car spinning up a hill on ahead. Getting closer I saw that there were two men aboard it. They were traveling fast, but I slowed a bit as the place was too populated for my purpose.

Five kilometers spun past and we were in a big open country with a clear road and few houses, these for the most part scattered farms. I took a long breath.

"Now for it," I said to myself. "I get him on the next down grade."

VIII

I GLANCED at the watch in front of me and saw that it was three o'clock. It would take Kharkoff a good twenty minutes to catch us, I thought, and by that time I ought to have the job done and be away, provided I did not put my own car out of action. Ahead of me Chu-Chu had hit the top of the grade and had disappeared. I opened up the big six and she went up that hill like a thirteen-inch shell. Then there was a cloud of dust ahead, and as I tore down the grade on the other side I passed a big limousine touring car full of people. She was chugging along like an old tugboat, rattling like a junkcart. I swore. The place was perfect for my plan, and there was Chu-Chu going down the grade ahead like a scared rabbit.

But the confounded old hearse behind spoiled everything, and I knew that at the gait we were traveling we would mighty soon strike Abbeville. So I decided to wait until after that place, which was just as well, the country being wilder and bleaker beyond. I slowed down just enough so as to keep Chu-Chu's dust in sight.

Soon we went through Abbeville and out on to the big straight road beyond. That two-seater of Ivan's could certainly get over the route and Chu-Chu was a good driver. I realized that I must ditch him before Montreuil, as after that the road is more frequented, so I hit up my pace and began to draw in on his heels. Then all at once there opened out a long descent with one or two gentle rises, for the country here is in great undulations. Better yet, there was a row of poplars on either side of the road.

"If I can only manage to chuck him into one of those," I thought, "I can see where the Tidewater Clam gets a new lease of life."

The time had come. I gave the big six the accelerator, then opened up the siren. *"Wop! Wop! Wow-ow!"* she went. Chu-Chu's *mécanicien* looked back, then said something to Chu-Chu. He swerved out, never slackening his speed, which must have been around sixty kilometers, while my gauge showed ninety-six—a mile a minute, just. We were soaring down a long three-per-cent grade, and the poplar trunks were flashing past like the palings of a fence.

"If he gets out of this alive the joke is certainly on me," I thought, and gripped the wheel with all of the strength that was in me.

Down I rushed like an Angel of Death, the silencer open and the exhaust roaring like a gatling gun. Until almost up to him I kept well over to the left, then began to edge in. The *mécanicien* looked back over his shoulder, and as he saw me crowding them yelled something in Chu-Chu's ear. He slid over, getting dangerously off the crown of the road and almost into the ditch. I followed him, working closer. I saw the *mécanicien's* mouth open in another yell and he flung out one arm. Ruthless as a greyhound at the side of a hare, I closed in on him, forging always ahead. My eyes never left the road, but I could feel my mudguard rubbing his. This time the yell of the *mécanicien* reached me. It sounded like the bleat of a sheep.

Then, evenly abreast and my foot nursing the pedal, I shot ahead, giving the wheel the slightest twist. I heard the grind of metal, then a crash, as I flirted the stern of my big car into the forward end of the other. I did not dare take my eyes from the road, but so slight was the jar that I thought that I had missed. But a shriek pierced the roaring of the exhaust, and the next instant I heard from far behind me, as it seemed, a terrific crash. I cut off the power and braked gently.

The car slowed, then stopped and I looked back. There was nothing on the road behind me. There was nothing in the ditch; nothing against the trees. I flung up my mask. Lord of life!—what was that out there in the standing wheat? The other car, as I hope to live! The other car and both men still aboard it—and still going! It looked like a Western reaper out there in the waving grain.

I rubbed my eyes. What had happened? How did he get out there intact?

Then suddenly I understood. Even as I closed in on him Chu-Chu had guessed what was afoot. Perhaps he recognized me, mask and all, in one swift sidelong glance. He saw my deadly intention and his marvelous quick wit had leaped at the only possible means of escape from annihilation. The shove I gave him had aided his own design and he had leaped the cross ditch, slipped between the trees, crashed through the hedge and shot into the wheatfield.

I stared at the line of poplars. At the foot of one lay a heap of débris—mudguards and *marchepied*, shorn off against a tree trunk. Then I looked across at the car. It was still in motion, crawling on first speed through the grain and heading back for the road.

At the same instant I heard the shriek of a siren ahead. Down an opposite slope came a cloud of dust. It reached the bottom of the descent and hit the slight up grade. Up it came, and at a distance of several hundred meters the people aboard it sighted Chu-Chu out there in the wheat. The car slowed, then stopped beside my own.

"What is that?" cried the *mécanicien*. "What are those people doing out there?"

"I am afraid," I answered, "that the fault is mine. I was trying out this new car, and in passing that gentleman at a high speed crowded him too close. Fearing to be pushed into the ditch he ran out into the field."

There were three people in the tonneau—two women and a man. They cried out in wonder and excitement.

"He has had a close call," said the chauffeur. "See! He scraped off his mudguards on a tree." And with that they all began to talk at once, and from the trend of the conversation I saw that the popular sympathy was not with me.

Then Chu-Chu did what must have impressed them as an incomprehensible thing. He had made a detour in the wheat and was approaching the road below us where there was an entrance to the field. Reaching this he turned on to the route, when without so much as a backward glance he threw on his speed and whirled off down the slope.

"But look!" cried the chauffeur. "He is going on."

The others were silent from sheer amazement. No recriminations, no abuse, no *procès verbal?* It was unheard of, astounding! They looked at me for an explanation of such conduct.

"Monsieur," said I, "doubtless feels himself to be in the wrong. As a matter of fact, there was plenty of room. Perhaps he lost his head and is angry and ashamed, and thinks that the less said the better."

The tide of sympathy quickly turned.

"That must be the case," said the chauffeur. "As a matter of fact there is room for three cars to pass abreast on this road. A man who cannot keep his head ought not to drive. It is to imperil his own life and that of others."

I agreed with him, wondering what he would say when he saw my tracks farther up the slope. But there was nothing more to discuss, so I bowed and started ahead. I knew that they would stop to look at the twisted remains of Chu-Chu's mudguards, and I could imagine their fresh mystification at his taking the matter so indifferently when they noted the evidence of our relative tracks. I doubted that I had left him the room for a man on a bicycle.

On I went slowly and thinking hard. Chu-Chu had escaped by a miracle, aided by his own extraordinary coolness, skill and lightning thought. I actually admired the man. But it was plain enough that the scheme was not one to be tried a second time. Chu-Chu and the *mécanicien* were both armed, no doubt, and I could imagine the amiable state of their emotions.

A kilometer farther along I stopped and got out to look at my own damage, which amounted to no more than a flattened mudguard, the heavy angle-irons having taken all the strain and bent double. This was a slight affair and could be repaired in a few minutes at any wayside forge.

Well, that trick was played and Chu-Chu had won it. There was no sense in following him up now, so I took the next crossroad and returned at a good gait to Paris.

On the way back a very nasty idea presented itself to my mind. The war with Chu-Chu was now on full blast, and it occurred to me that, owing to our remarkable resemblance, John's life was in almost as much danger as my own. Chu-Chu was not the man to

(Continued on Page 44)



I Wondered if He Often Did That Sort of Thing, But Did Not Care to Ask

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A Veto for Arizona

A REALLY big question is involved in Arizona statehood; but with that question the recall of judges has nothing whatever to do. The real question is that of the right of the people of Arizona to govern themselves within the limits of the Federal Constitution. A veto of the Arizona statehood bill is a flat denial of that right.

The Arizona Constitution is progressive. It provides for initiative and referendum; for the recall of legislative and executive officers who have betrayed the trust reposed in them; and it may easily be amended by the people in any particular at any time. All this, naturally, is highly offensive to the reactionary mind that turns with admiration to the exceedingly conservative and almost unamendable Constitution of New Mexico. But all of these features are found in the constitutions of other states, and the right of the people of a state to frame such government as they choose—provided it is not in conflict with the Federal Constitution—is so clear that conservatism would not have ventured to deny statehood to Arizona upon any of those counts. No one could seriously argue that recall for judges, any more than recall for governors, violates the Federal Constitution; but that further provision in the Arizona Constitution afforded conservatism a means of expressing its abhorrence of the spirit of the whole document.

Being progressive is Arizona's sin.

Monopoly in Alaska

GREAT coal deposits lie twenty-five miles from Controller Bay. Whoever controls transportation to tidewater will control the coal. The territory about the bay was made a National forest reserve by President Roosevelt in 1909. In October last President Taft withdrew from the reserve some twelve thousand acres along the northwest shore of the bay, primarily in order that a railroad might secure right-of-way from tidewater to the coal fields. He was given personal assurances that this railroad was quite independent of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate. Aside from that, he has several reasons for thinking the water-front of Controller Bay cannot be monopolized. Title to the withdrawn land can be secured only by soldiers' scrip, and not more than a hundred and sixty acres can be entered in any single body by such scrip. Moreover, no location by scrip can be made along navigable water within a distance of eighty rods of any other location. A stretch of tidal mud-flats some two miles wide intervenes between deep water and any land that can be entered by scrip, and nobody can construct a railroad across these flats except by special license from the War Department. How then, the President asks, can there be a monopoly?

Nevertheless, the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate will probably monopolize transportation by rail in Alaska, which is tantamount to monopolization of the coal. Access to shore-lines and mud-flats has little to do with that question. Access to capital is what will settle it. That any competitor can get a right-of-way across reserved eighty-rod tracts of public land and certain mud-flats in Alaska is of no importance—unless he can get a right-of-way across Wall Street. We fancy the time will come when no competitor can discover any eighty-rod breaches in the Morgan-Guggenheim position at the clearing-house. That is where the question of rail monopoly in Alaska will be fought and settled.

Public Buying of Stocks

IN 1905 and again in 1906 sales of stocks on the New York Exchange amounted in par value to about twenty-five billion dollars. Last year the par value of stocks sold on the Exchange was less than fifteen billions. So far this year the trade on the Exchange has been only about half what it was last year, or but little over one-third what it was five and six years ago. Brokers are curtailing expenses and complaining that people will no longer buy stocks. Meanwhile, the Wall Street Journal has secured returns from two hundred big corporations showing that holders of their stocks have increased in number from four hundred and twelve thousand in 1906 to eight hundred and twenty-one thousand this year. In 1901, which was also a tremendous year on the Stock Exchange, these companies had only two hundred and eighteen thousand stockholders. For a year and a half, it is true, public gambling in stocks has been at a low ebb; and if that is a result of governmental "interference" with big business few persons whose livelihood does not depend upon commissions will deplore the interference. But public investment in stocks is an entirely different matter.

A Poor Man's Rich Wife

THE daughter of an opulent and élite family having eloped with a poor young man, we can readily understand why the groom's parents should be cut up about it, but why the bride's parents should grieve is less clear. Money makes the essential difference between the pair. By giving the young man money and a little skillful coaching the bride's parents can make him as eligible to play the rôle of a rich and élite husband as anybody need be.

But the groom's parents no doubt hoped their son would make his own way in the world, wedding a girl of his own station, who would help him along by prudent housewifely arts and inspiringly share his triumph in winning a ten-dollar salary raise. He weds, instead, a girl who may be proficient at golf, but to whom a skillet is probably stranger than an African tomtom. What inspiration to succeed can he derive from a spouse who at ten had more than he can reasonably expect to give her at forty? To be sure he can give her a true heart's devotion—and see that her butler doesn't make away with an inordinate quantity of her wine. Or, if she adopt his station instead of pensioning him into hers, he can ponder pleasantly upon what she gave up in exchange for a two-legged, carnivorous male creature who shows signs of growing bald and developing a double chin.

Poor parents whose sons marry girls from rich families ought to have the right to bring an action for damages.

A Temperance Sermon

A CENTURY and a quarter ago Dr. Benjamin Rush composed certain "Inquiries into the Effects of Ardent Spirits." Before that he had written sermons on temperance and he is sometimes regarded as the founder of the modern temperance movement. The good doctor urged that wine or spirits should never be given to children. Students, he thought, should shun them, and in general he recommended their avoidance by all persons under thirty-five or forty years of age, except in case of certain ailments. For older persons a moderate resort to them, he believed, might be beneficial. To show "the dreadful consequences of excess in drinking" he describes a gentleman who is so afflicted with gout that he cannot leave his bed.

Possibly that was the beginning of the modern temperance movement. Most reforms begin that way. Somebody ventures to suggest, for example, that working factory children eight years of age for fourteen hours a day is really not quite right; thirteen hours for those under ten would be better. Our tentative finger-pointings toward some reforms today will certainly strike our great-grandchildren very much as Doctor Rush's advice to keep sober until you are thirty-five, lest you contract gout, strikes us.

The Crop Damage

HEAT and drought this summer caused the greatest damage to growing grain that has occurred in many years. The heaviest loss was in corn. The condition of that crop at the beginning of July promised the nearly normal yield of twenty-five and a half bushels to the acre. A month later this promise had been cut down by three bushels, indicating the lowest yield to the acre in ten years. In 1901, however, the yield was only sixteen and three-quarter bushels to the acre and the corn-bearing area was only ninety-one million acres, against one hundred and fifteen million acres this year. After the great loss in July, in short, we may expect a corn crop above two and a half billion bushels—bigger by seventy per cent than the crop of ten years ago and up to the average of the five years preceding 1909. The loss of this year looks calamitous only when compared with the tremendous crop of last year. But that crop brought the farm price down ten cents a bushel as compared with 1909. Roughly, nine cents a bushel added to last year's price would make the money value of this crop equal to that of 1910, and at this writing corn for the December delivery is selling in Chicago above sixty cents a bushel, while last December it sold around forty-seven cents a bushel. Taking those two prices, this year's corn crop would bring growers more money than last year's. And the wheat crop, notwithstanding July's losses, will probably be below that of last year by less than five per cent.

The crop damage is big and positive, but it spells ruin only for those who were short of the grain market.

A Western Speculator

JOHN W. GATES, who died in Paris the other day, was unpopular in Wall Street after he and his associates took the Louisville & Nashville Railroad away from Mr. Belmont. Mr. Morgan, upon the witness-stand, characterized him as an "unsafe" person. About the same time another Western clique scandalized the Street by attempting to overthrow the Vanderbilt position in Chicago & Northwestern. There was a period when "Western" was a term of reproach in our highest financial circles.

Louisville & Nashville stock was quite actively traded in upon the Exchange. Anybody might buy it and borrow about eighty per cent of the purchase price at the banks. This was perfectly agreeable to high finance; indeed, the more purchasers of Louisville & Nashville stock the better. But high finance did not contemplate that any purchaser of the stock—or any number of purchasers—should touch the actual management of the railroad. It contemplated that they should hold their little stock certificates in any quantity and for any length of time they pleased, dutifully sending their proxies at election time to those whom the gods of the Street had appointed. It was when the Westerners, finding themselves in possession of a majority of the stock, proposed to take possession of the railroad itself that our highest financial circles were agitated and rather panic-stricken. Mr. Gates related how Mr. Morgan's emissary routed him out of bed after midnight to inquire into that extraordinary situation. The upshot was that a majority of Louisville & Nashville stock was lodged with another railroad, so that thereafter, though anybody might buy the stock upon the Exchange to his heart's content, nobody could touch the actual management of the road.

You are welcome to buy stock, but not to interfere with the management of the property that the stock represents.

Conservatism's Noble Rage

A WITNESS of the riot in the House of Commons when the veto bill entered its last stage writes: "In sustained fury the scene exceeded the historic disturbance over Home Rule in 1893. Fortunately there was no actual physical violence, but no spectator would have been surprised if personal encounters had taken place when the House broke up."

Lord Hugh Cecil, we read, "was white with rage" and "took a prominent part in the demonstration against the Prime Minister." But in a letter to the Times Lord Hugh explains that the Ministry's "unprecedented outrage on the Constitution required an unusual protest"; and he thinks those Conservative members who yelled themselves black in the face, like little boys who have been forcibly separated from a jam-pot, "performed a necessary act of public duty."

Two years ago the House of Commons passed a budget that raised taxation of the well-to-do and wealthy by increasing income and inheritance taxes and by levying a new tax on the increment in land values. It was supposed to be a well-settled constitutional principle that the Lords should leave questions of taxation to the Commons. But the Lords, by a vote of three hundred and fifty to seventy-five, rejected this budget—in defiance of the Constitution, as the House declared by overwhelming vote.

The net result is that the Lords are now deprived of power to reject any bill that the House, backed by the nation, insists upon passing. Coerced by the king's pledge to swamp their chamber with new Liberal peers, they surrendered their century-old position as a coördinate branch of the national legislature and became a body having the power merely to interpose a temporary veto upon legislation.

This, of course, is revolution, as Conservative gentlemen hysterically asserted during the scene above mentioned. But the Lords deliberately invited revolution rather than submit to increased taxation. Like our Standpat Republicans, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill was up and the Insurgents were pleading for some moderate reduction in duties, they would rather die in the last ditch than yield an inch.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Hero of the Lava Beds

ONE morning some years ago the good people of Alturas, which is in Modoc County, California, the same being in the northeastern corner of that elongated commonwealth, and abutting on Siskiyou and Shasta, to say nothing of Oregon and Nevada, awoke to find the bodies of four citizens and one citizeness—if I have my necrology on straight—neatly but not gaudily decorating a bridge near their fair city, being suspended in a row by their necks and as dead as any undertaker or coroner might desire.

It seems the five persons who had been selected for removal from their midst, via the bridge-and-rope route, by the committee chosen for that purpose, had been engaged in such pursuits as rustling cattle, stealing bridles with horses in them, and in committing various other depredations. They had outlived their usefulness in the community, and it was the unanimous opinion of all concerned—save the five—that a superior disposition to make of them would be to eliminate them from Alturas and the surrounding country by giving them free passes into eternity.

No sooner said than done. The committee visited the chosen five—I hope it wasn't six—and invited them to take short strolls with them to observe the moon rising over the rushing river. The proper place naturally was the bridge. We have eminent poetical authority for that assumption. You remember when Mr. Longfellow desired to have a gentleman of his acquaintance get a good look at the night scenery he stood him out on the bridge, while the clock struck whatever hour happened to be on its list at the moment and the moon rose over the city behind the dark church tower. From a literary viewpoint the choice was perfect. Once on the bridge the five moongazers were expeditiously—not to say summarily—projected to that bourn from which no traveler returns by the simple expedient of tying ropes round their various necks, attaching the loose ends of the ropes to the bridge and dropping the moongazers over the side. There were no hitches except the hitches in the ropes—and they were half-hitches. Vengeance was done!

It is not too much to say that the people of any community, awaking in the early morning to go about their tasks among the busy marts of trade, would be somewhat startled to find the bodies of five former residents dangling from a bridge! It was even so in Alturas. Excitement, as the manner is, ran high. The consensus of opinion was that it served them right. Still it was necessary to uphold the majesty of the law. Hence, some twenty-one leading citizens of that vicinity were indicted on five separate murder charges each—that is, each of the twenty-one was held to be responsible for hanging each of the five, showing, if the law's view was correct, that it had been a busy night for murdering on the bridge.

The Defense of the Twenty and One

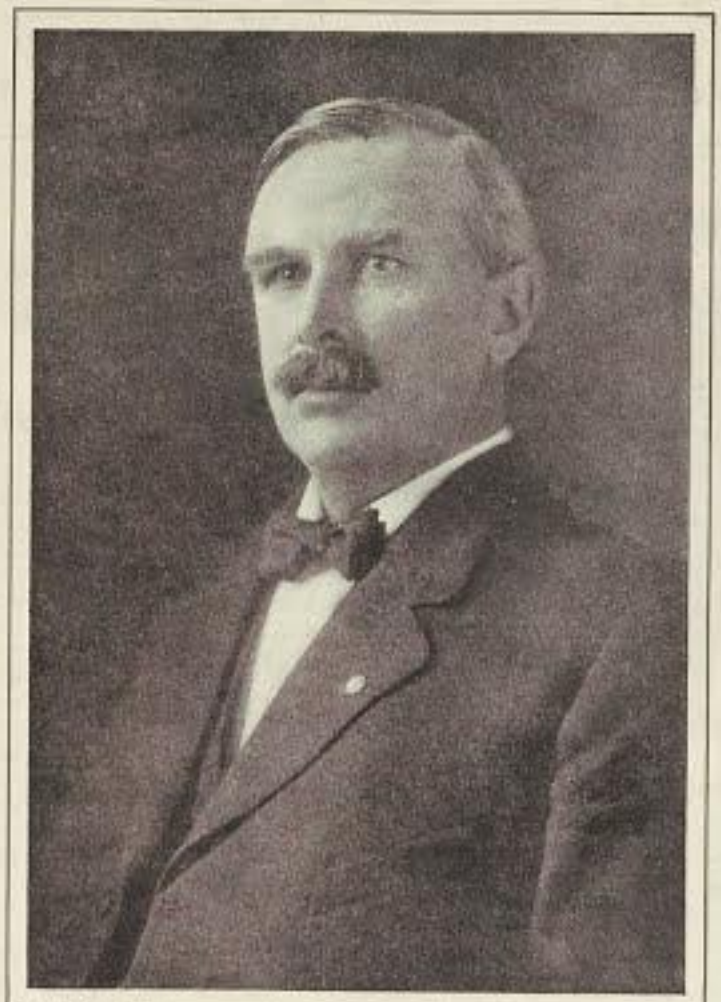
THE law is insatiable. Justice must be done. Though there was no particularly loud cry from the proletariat of Modoc for the punishment of the indicted twenty-one, or any other twenty-one or unit thereof, the grand jury and the district attorney, exclaiming valorously that no favor swayed them and no fear should awe, haled the twenty-one before the bar and tried them for their lives. Coincidently with the haling process there appeared one John E. Raker, attorney, who himself had been district attorney for Modoc County.

"Whom do you represent?" asked the judge, though he knew full well.

"These," said Raker, with a sweep of his arm that indicated the twenty-one. Which he did.

The trial began in November, 1901, and ended in March of the following year. It ended, moreover, with the discharge of the twenty-one, without conviction; and from that time to this the business of cattle rustling, horse stealing and other similar depredating has not flourished in Modoc County.

And who was John E. Raker? None other than Fighting Jack, the Hero of the Lava Beds, who later donned the ermine and became known as the Fighting Judge of Modoc. Now he is in Congress, the lone Democrat in the state of California who landslid into that distinguished body along with the numerous other landsliders of Democratic persuasion. We have watched in vain until this time to see John E. unlimber some artillery and go to it in the halls of Congress, but have been compelled to draw the conclusion reluctantly that the fighting part of it only goes for Modoc County. Since he has been a Representative he has fought nary a fight. However, there is still time. Maybe Robert Bruce Macon will call him a bunion or a wart some day, and then we shall see what we shall see.



They Used to Call Him the Fighting Judge of Modoc

Modoc County, until recently, when the railroad got in, has been remote. If I remember correctly, the only way to get there formerly was round through Nevada; and any person who has traveled in that section of that state has a full appreciation of the remoteness of Modoc. In 1886, then being twenty-three years old—but having practiced law in Lassen County, near by, before that—John E. Raker took whatever conveyance was handy and migrated to Alturas. At that time the population of Alturas was not what might be called law-abiding, considered as a whole. To be sure, here and there was a man engaged in some legitimate pursuit; but a lot of the inhabitants were cattle rustlers and various other kinds of outlaws.

"Name, please?" they demanded of Raker.

"John E. Raker."

"And your business here?"

"I intend to practice law in this community."

Whereupon a frowsy gentleman, who toted a couple of guns, but evidently had seen better days, for his rough speech still betrayed signs of literary education, selected himself as spokesman and said:

"Young feller, your intentions may be good, but your execution of them is likely to be some difficult. We don't need no lawyers here—nor no law. Git!"

"Are you speaking to me?" inquired Raker, and was informed he was the identical person to whom the conversation was addressed. That being the case, Mr. Raker carelessly pulled back his coat and showed he was not exactly gunless, as it were. Two large cannons were strapped to his belt. "I think," said Raker, "that I'll stay."

He did stay, making things as uncomfortable as might be for the outlaws until the time when they put the frieze of them on the bridge. Then, as related, he cleared the men charged with that enterprise, and not long afterward—the next year, to be exact—was elected superior judge of Modoc County. There came a time, during his impartial administration of the law, when a case affecting some of the remaining bad men of the place was to be decided. Word had gone out that if the judge decided against these wicked and desperate persons said w.-and-d. persons would perforate him—in the courtroom, and in other vital spots—until he looked like a porous plaster.

The judge had been admonished. He came into the courtroom debonairly; but those present who were observant saw there was a bulge on each hip, somewhat disturbing the fit of his faultless coat. The courtroom was filled with the w.-and-d.'s. There was enough artillery there to whip Japan. They glowered at the judge, who greeted them pleasantly, remarked on the beauty of the weather and said, so far as he could see, it was an ideal day for remaining calm and not starting anything.

The time came to decide. "By virtue of the authority invested in me by the imperial commonwealth of California," said the judge, "by virtue of statutes in such cases made and provided, and by the added virtue of these further potentialities which I will now place before me across the everlasting record of the law, ready for use should the occasion demand, I now decide this case."

Whereupon he smoothed out the bulges under his faultlessly fitting coat by removing the causes of said bulges—to wit: two large revolvers of caliber forty-five; and, holding them so the sun could glint for a moment on the steely blue of their mechanism, he laid them on the bar before him—and decided. Whereupon, further, he decided against the bad *hombres*—decided against them to a fare-you-well, and, whereupon, for the third and last time, not a bad *hombre* emitted so much as a peep of protest. Hence we have the name: the Fighting Judge of Modoc; and hence we look for action in the altogether-too-placid halls of Congress.

A Lost Leader

A DES MOINES editor had an experience a time ago that reminded him of the time when the cowboy correspondent, who was first on the ground at the terrible Ashtabula railroad disaster years ago, wired to New York: "I am here; but there is so much confusion I can send no story tonight!"

This editor wanted to get from W. C. Brown, president of the New York Central Railroad, who has a farm near Clarinda, Iowa, a confirmation or a denial of the story that it is Brown's intention to quit the railroad business and run for Senator against Senator Kenyon in 1912. He telegraphed his local correspondent to see Brown and send in an interview on the situation.

The correspondent telegraphed back:

"Haven't got time to see Brown. What's the matter with him coming to see me?"

Rather Hard on James

JAMES THOMPSON, manager of the largest hotel in Cleveland, Ohio, was born in a little village in that state. Not long ago Thompson's father, who still lives in the village where James was born, was approached by an old woman, a lifelong friend of the family. In the course of the conversation she asked:

"By-the-way, what's become of little Jimmie, your son?"

"Oh," replied the father, "he's in Cleveland, getting along nicely. He's manager of the biggest hotel in that city."

The old lady shook her head dubiously.

"Well," she said, "I hope Jimmie's strong enough to stand the work; but I'm afraid hotel work is too hard for him—lifting so many heavy trunks round. Is Jimmie married yet?"

"Yes," replied the father, "he's been married for some time."

The old woman sighed happily.

"Well," she commented, "he isn't dependent on hired help to do the cooking then."

Lost and Found

A YOUNG man took his sweetheart to a ball. She wore her party dress. As they began a dance he noticed what he thought was a raveling sticking out of her sleeve. He tugged at it. It came easily, and during the remainder of the dance, having started to wind up that raveling, he kept at it. It wasn't until the end of the dance that he had finished winding.

Next morning the girl said to her mother:

"Maw, an awful funny thing happened last night. You know I went to that dance. Well, when I got home and got ready for bed I found my union suit had disappeared."

ROADS AND RATES

How Made and Unmade—By Henry Irving Dodge

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER



"Don't Sell Tickets to Chicago at This Window"

TRANSPORTATION is the most picturesque business in the world. It has always been so. The arrival of the coach-and-four lends color and thrill to the old English novel. In America the heavy oxteam lunging through the virgin forest marked the early epoch of transportation. The riproaring times on the Mississippi meant belching smokestacks, wonderful poker games, and the slogan, "Put a nigger on the safety valve." We picture the prairie schooner laboring through a hostile country and heavy-mouthed Yuba Bill steering his mules along some fabulous trail in the Sierras.

Again, the word conjures the riotous races on the Hudson between the Vanderbilts, the Fultons and the Livingstons, and the battle of the Titans of steel for transcontinental supremacy.

Passenger traffic up to a few years ago was crude beyond belief. It was a cutthroat game from start to finish. "Beat the other fellow!" was the word. Passion prevailed over principle. "Get passengers; decently if you can—but get them!" was the motto. Ruffianism was always the henchman of the picturesque. They didn't literally knock men down and drag them aboard their vehicles, but they did little better. Nor was their motive so much the getting of money as it was the keeping of the other fellow from getting it. The man with the longest purse won out.

As competition grew more bitter combats were often brought about by one railroad to stop the illegitimate practices of another. A company found that its rival was secretly giving rebates, making midnight terms with freight shippers, flooding scalpers' offices with tickets—anything to market transportation. Then the first road would offer a flat rate so low that the other could not possibly meet it. To defeat just such a scheme a great trunkline once carried passengers first class from Chicago to Minneapolis or Omaha—some four hundred and ten and five hundred miles respectively—for a dollar a head. In another instance an ambitious and ill-advised railroad president wanted to extend his road. To do this he must get money—float bonds; and to give these a market he put a bulge in his receipts by cutting rates and bringing in a sudden flood of business.

Some Famous Rate Wars

MOST railroad men admit that these fights never resulted in anything but disaster to the parties engaged. One big passenger agent said: "Where disaster becomes perfectly obvious, it is narrowly averted by compromise; and it leaves the contestants with scarcely any self-respect." To use freight as an illustration, down in Texas they used to cut rates to the bottom, and at such times storekeepers, manufacturers, and even farmers, would raise all the money they could get and buy transportation at minimum figures. The fighting roads worked overtime, hauling enormous quantities of freight at ruinous prices. By the time they were weak from the conflict and ready to go back to normal rates it was found that everybody was full up with supplies, and that there was practically no business to be done for six months.

Who can imagine any good coming from a war such as the one fought between the old St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern—now the Wabash—and the Chicago & Alton? The former carried passengers from Kansas City to St. Louis—some two hundred and eighty miles—for fifty cents. The other road met the cut, and then, on the "beat-the-other-fellow-at-any-price" rule, the first road offered a seventy-five-cent dinner at Salisbury with every first-class ticket. Thus the passenger was practically paid twenty-five cents for riding in addition to transportation. They used to say it was cheaper to buy a ticket than ride on a pass. During this fight the companies protected local traffic by selling through tickets and rebating all but fifty cents at destination.

In 1886 the Pacific Mail started a fight against the transcontinental railways and carried passengers from New York via the Isthmus to San Francisco—a thirty days' trip, including stateroom and meals—for forty dollars. This was a drop from a hundred and twenty. Steerage rates were cut from sixty dollars to twenty. During this war freight by sea ruled so low, and so many shippers availed themselves of the opportunity, that it was a common thing to see a line of trucks reaching from the side of the vessel on West Street through Canal to the Bowery. These trucks would sometimes wait three or four days before they were able to move up and discharge.

Presently the great combatants, weak and with treasuries depleted and nothing gained, made a compromise, the railroads guaranteeing four hundred tons of freight for each of the three monthly ships for a long period. The steamship company got what it started out to get—a share of transcontinental freight; but it was practically two years before it got back to its former passenger rates by raises of ten dollars at a time.

In the early nineties a rate war was started between the British and Continental steamship lines. Steerage passengers were carried from New York to London, Liverpool or Glasgow for ten dollars. From this was deducted the agent's commission of two dollars, the cost of outfitting the passenger—bedding, eating utensils and the like—and maintenance; leaving the company practically nothing for transportation. Where a line touched at London and nowhere else it had actually to pay four dollars and eight dollars to send passengers to Liverpool and Glasgow respectively, and in such cases was from two to six dollars worse off than nothing at all. But from these wars has been evolved a better condition for the humbler class of passengers. Third-rate transportation is now the cheapest in the world—practically a cent a mile with everything furnished but baggage. The term "steerage" is obsolete. Travelers are designated as third and fourth class. The British boats have only the third class, the passengers being put into staterooms that accommodate three or four persons each. By this means families are kept together. Some of the Continental lines, however, still have what is called the open steerage or fourth class, where men sleep on mattresses arranged on a vast iron framework, and have little comfort and no privacy. Out of this war also grew a pact for the maintenance of rates.

In the spring of 1886 the most Titanic rate war of all history was begun. A disagreement occurred in the inner circles of the Transcontinental Association. Somebody had been doing something to somebody else that somebody else wasn't smart enough to do first to somebody. Now the somebody else who had been done was ex-Governor Leland Stanford, president of the Southern Pacific. So Stanford called a meeting. Just what happened at the conference is not known, but no doubt they had a hot time. At any rate, Stanford could not bring the other people around by reasoning and persuasion, so he used the big stick. He left the meeting and immediately announced a dollar rate, first class, from Missouri River points—St. Louis, Omaha, and the like—to the Pacific Coast, some two thousand miles. Going rates were then about seventy-five dollars. The other roads met the cut and went Stanford twenty-five cents better—seventy-five cents to the Coast—the lowest figure ever made in railroad history: one hundredth of the normal rate.

The Scalper and the Runner

THIS war lasted four months and the result was curious. It is estimated that the roads suffered no great financial loss. Through traffic from the great waterways to the Coast was not heavy, and local trade was protected by the rebate system. It is claimed that the advertising that the roads and the country in that section received during this Titanic and spectacular war ultimately resulted in a business that vastly more than compensated for any immediate loss.

Quite the contrary in effect was the war started by the Canadian Pacific during the Klondike rush. This company made a thirty-dollar rate from New York to Seattle—some thirty-two hundred miles. The Great Northern came back with a twenty-five-dollar rate for second class and thirty-five for first. These rates were vastly higher than those that Stanford made; but the struggle was one of the most expensive in history, for the reason that it was carried on during the rush period when both roads could have worked to capacity at normal rates, which were more than one hundred per cent higher.

The most beneficent fruit ever yielded by the sordid tree of commercialism was the elimination of the common enemy of the railroad and the immigrant. Like all great fields of endeavor, the transportation business developed the middleman. He was there when Fulton and Livingston started their day line, and he remained until 1886—always active, vociferous, fighting. He was a product of the great rush for patronage that precipitated a long line of rate wars.



No Sooner Had the Stranger Set Foot in Battery Park Than He Was Solicited by a Compatriot to Buy a Ticket by This Route or That

There were two kinds of middlemen—the scalper and the runner. Compared with the practices of the runner, those of the scalper were philanthropic. It was his business simply to sell tickets for what he could get for them. For a long time the scalper and the railroad worked hand-in-glove. The passenger agent used to send these free lances out with bunches of first-class tickets—a hundred to Chicago and the same number to St. Louis and Cincinnati—to get anything they'd bring. The scalpers circulated in the crowds on the streets, in the hotels and all other gathering-places of travelers; and they dispensed with their wares for whatever they could get, receiving a commission of from twenty-five to thirty

per cent. A five-dollar rate to Chicago was a common thing in those days. Not so many years ago the railroads used to flood the cut-rate offices on Broadway with transportation. At these places an eighteen-dollar ticket to Chicago could be had for sixteen, the broker getting the same for fourteen and making a two-dollar rake-off.

Although the big corporations knew the scalper to be a pernicious factor and hated him, they were afraid to dispense with him as long as they lacked organization; but no sooner had they made hard and fast agreements for the maintenance of rates than they combined to put him out of business. They have done this by bringing about the enactment of laws and other schemes. There is no law against paying commissions for selling passenger tickets, but if the scalper should divide his rake-off with the passenger both are liable to imprisonment. And unless he does make some concession there is no object in buying from him. In some states trafficking in railroad tickets is a prison offense; but where no protective statutes exist the companies have carried the cases relating to cheap, non-transferable tickets into the courts of equity and obtained restraining orders on the ground of fraud.

War on Ticket Scalping

ONE of the most effective schemes for suppressing the scalper is the new form of cheap excursion ticket. For example, a road sells such a ticket from New York to Niagara and return, good for a brief period—say, over Labor Day—for nine dollars, with proportionate reductions from intermediate points. The first half of this is a regular ticket, with point of departure and destination clearly set forth. The second half is no ticket at all, but an order for one. It bears a prominent number, some printed matter and the signature of the buyer. The company sends advices to its Niagara Falls office as to just what numbers entitle holders to transportation to New York or to other points. There is absolutely nothing on the coupon to indicate the destination. If the traveler decides to sell his unused half of the ticket nobody can tell from the number what it is good for, and must take his word for it. More than this, the holder must present the order no earlier than one hour and no later than fifteen minutes before traintime, and must duplicate his signature in the presence of the agent. This system has practically reduced the fraudulent dealing in cheap tickets to a negligible minimum; and so the scalper has not been driven out of business by injunction, but has been starved out—there's practically nothing left for him to scalp.

During the twenty years preceding 1886 more than seven million immigrants landed at our ports and were distributed throughout the country by the railroads. These years were noted for their rate wars. The regular immigrant fare from New York to Chicago was thirteen dollars, but this constantly fluctuated—eight dollars one day, five another, four another, and so on. To get what business they could the railroads paid enormous commissions to the man on the street who sold their transportation. These commissions ranged at times from twenty to forty per cent. This stupendous immigrant business, the chaotic conditions attending it and the appalling commissions paid, developed a class of licensed runners who swarmed lower Broadway in the neighborhood of Castle Garden and the Barge Office. These were mostly foreigners whose business it was to swindle their confiding countrymen. No sooner had the stranger set foot in Battery Park than he was solicited by a compatriot to buy a ticket by this route or that. The grafters had in their possession large bunches of tickets and were authorized to sell them for any figure they would fetch. The railroads were particularly afraid of these men—to offend them meant loss of business, which was the very breath of the company's nostrils. And so, with no check to their depredations, they sold tickets for all they could possibly screw out of the immigrants, and then turned in a very much smaller sum than they had received, and on this had the effrontery to collect a commission of thirty-five or forty per cent.

Think of it!—a runner selling a ticket for ten dollars to an immigrant, turning five in to the company, and on this collecting forty per cent—seven dollars for the runner and three for the company!

These grafters played the game both ways—outgoing as well as incoming. When one of them saw a man in the distance he'd approach him and ask what line of steamers he was going to take; and then, without the exertion of any effort, mental or physical, steer him into the office of the company and collect a dollar a head for each one in the party. At times some of these fellows made as much as a hundred and fifty dollars a day. Even policemen became grafters on the steamship companies. If a stranger chanced to ask a bluecoat the whereabouts of a certain booking office the latter would not direct him, mind you, but would lead him into the place and later call around for his commission. So keen was the competition for this kind of business that no individual line dared take the initiative in abolishing the pest. But those profane and picturesque scoundrels were eventually driven to the wall, protesting with unintended irony that they were the victims of the beneficence of organization.

Although the immigrant secured somewhat cheaper transportation through the runner he was still the most hapless victim of graft. The runner was hand-in-glove with the boarding-house keeper, with whom he used to share the spoils. To picture the struggle between a band of immigrants and these leeches doesn't require the imagination of a Poe, although only the pen of such a one could adequately portray it. Whole families were ruthlessly plundered and cast out helpless into the world. Or they were held by the boarding-house keeper until they had parted with their last sou and were then handed their railroad tickets and put on a train breadless, where they were treated like cattle and compelled to depend on the charity of their neighbors. The criminal records show how boys were forced to steal, women sent upon the town, all because of merciless gouging by the runners.

For reasons of its own—political, perhaps—the Government never came to the rescue of the stranger within its gates. But the most curious part was that the railroads, although they knew the runner was diverting hundreds of thousands of dollars a year from their treasuries, were afraid to attack him. He had become an institution, with tentacles reaching into the immigrant boarding houses, foreign exchange offices and the headquarters of the ward heelers. Deeply intrenched, he was the most bullying, vociferous, lowdown boss that ever a huge corporation truckled to.



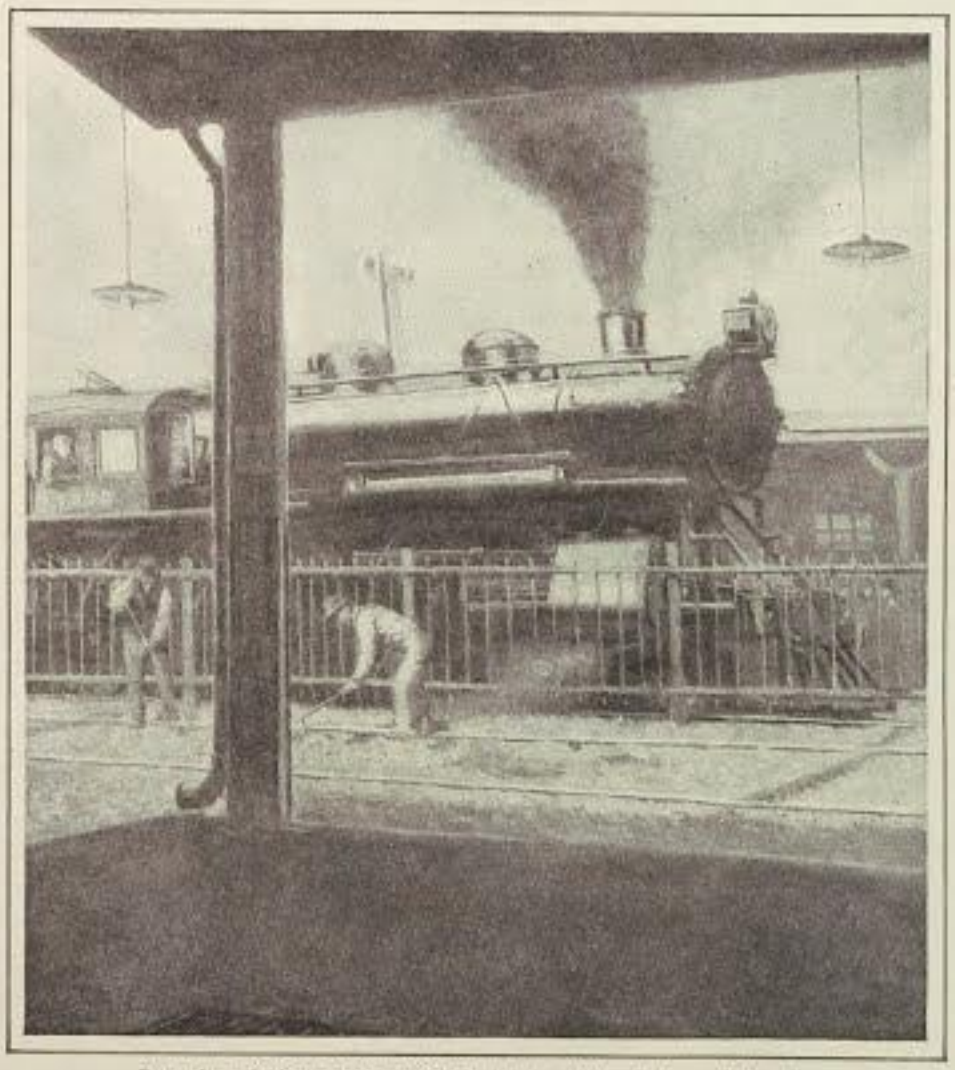
The First Road Offered a Seventy-Five-Cent Dinner With Every First-Class Ticket

As a matter of fact, he not only paid what he chose for tickets that he had sold, but settled for them when he chose. Besides selling to the immigrants, the grafters sent bunches of tickets up through the states along the big lines, and they were made use of by farmers, merchants and all classes of laborers who could bring themselves to travel under such conditions.

From time to time efforts were made by the railroads to throw off this "old man of the sea," but without avail. Presently a move was inaugurated for the establishment of a joint ticket office at Castle Garden for the handling of immigrant business. All tickets issued to immigrants were to come from this agency. In 1883 the agency began operations. Each road was represented by its own agent, and to these agents were assigned immigrants by the shipload as far as practicable, which prevented the separation of families and friends.

Late in 1884 one of the railroads withdrew from the agency, and various irregularities occurred that caused the fare to be cut to a nine-dollar schedule from New York to Chicago. But things had gone as far as patience could endure. The Pennsylvania Railroad resolved upon drastic measures, and on January 1, 1885, made a flat immigrant rate of one dollar from New York to Chicago, St. Louis and intermediate points. Thus it corraled the whole immigrant business and literally compelled the establishment of the Immigrant Clearing House. This institution, which is technically a joint immigrant ticket agency, embraces the nine initial lines running west from New York.

By means of this agency the roads are enabled to maintain rates to the West. The immigrant must pay a little more for his ticket, but he pays vastly less for entertainment. Instead of being turned over to the runners and boarding-house keepers to be fleeced, he is taken to Ellis Island and there put aboard steamers that connect with the trains that are to carry him at once to his destination. To each railroad is assigned an equitable amount of traffic. Nor is the immigrant in any sense restricted in his choice of routes. He may take any line he pleases. Furthermore, the facilities and service furnished him today are better than those enjoyed by first-class passengers in former years. The vast benefit of this institution may be judged from the fact that during ten years—January, 1900, to December, 1909—3,124,879 immigrants were ticketed by the railroads at the Ellis Island agency, all of whom reached their destinations without molestation or mishap of any kind. To appreciate the magnitude of this class of traffic one has only to know that during the spring and fall, when strangers arrive in the greatest numbers, as many as three thousand immigrants are ticketed at the Ellis Island agency in a single day.



Passed an Ordinance That No Train Should Run Through the City at a Greater Speed Than Four Miles an Hour

Ticket Selling a Fine Art

IN THE past the railroad companies often used their fists to induce patronage. Now it is persuasive speech—the written word—psychological, suggestive. They use the beautiful insidiously to sow the seeds of desire.

It's a simple matter to sell transportation to those who want it, but it's the business of the clever agent to sell to those who don't want it. And it's the ability to do this that raises the salesman's efforts from the mechanical to the mental class.

Once there was an ancient Hebrew who kept a small clothing shop on the Bowery. One afternoon he was sitting outside with his son when a sailor lurched along.



Home Again!

WITH all the comforts that you find nowhere else on earth.

And not the least of these is

Campbell's SOUPS

Pure, wholesome, satisfying: ready in a minute for every emergency and every taste.

Do you get the full benefit of these nourishing palatable soups on *your* table?

Do you realize what a variety of choice they offer; and how much they add to the enjoyment of every meal?

You couldn't produce better soups in your own home—no matter how much care and expense you go to.

Try one of these Campbell "kinds" for dinner today. *Just try it.* Why put it off another day?

If you have any prejudice against ready-prepared soup it will disappear as soon as you taste these delicious and perfect soups.

Otherwise the grocer refunds your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"These soups make me feel
Like a well-filled 'Bologna,'
A state that's as great
As my own Arizona."

"Father," cried the boy gleefully, "I'm going to show you what kind of a salesman I am—just watch me!"

The sailor entered the place. "How much is that blue flannel shirt?" he demanded.

"Two dollars."

"Give it to me. How much are those trousers?"

"Four dollars."

"Give them to me."

The sailor paid his bill, received his goods and departed, and the boy, seeking approval, said to his father: "Didn't I tell you what a good salesman I was?"

But the old man answered quietly: "If you'd sold him that old green coat up there, with the brass buttons, you might call yourself a salesman."

It's not the fellow that is going to Syracuse anyway that the agent must sell to, but the man he must persuade to go there over some particular road. In one instance we have some five or six prominent roads running between two great cities. Two of these are known as standard-fare and the others as differential-rate lines. The former may charge twenty dollars for a twenty-eight-hour trip, adding a dollar for each hour the trip is cut. Consequently the eighteen-hour flyer is thirty dollars—fifty per cent more than the regular train. The differential lines may do likewise, charge eighteen dollars for a twenty-eight-hour run, and a dollar more for every sixty minutes the time is reduced. It is clear that owing to superior service the standard-fare roads would get all the patronage if the others were not allowed to charge a smaller fare. But the agent must give better service in every way to justify the higher rate. Every feature of advantage must be played to the full. When fare and time are equal between roads other inducements must be presented.

"Our axiom today," said a railroad president, "is: 'We must try to be compensated for what we give, and we must give the best for what we get.'"

Rivalry Between Railroads

To the casual traveler the agent has a broad field of appeal. He plays his hand for all it's worth. "Go this way and see the famous Hudson, or go that way and see the Water Gap. That route leads through the Canadian Rockies; this takes you through the vast wheat belt of the Dakotas. Don't miss the Horseshoe Curve"—and all the rest of it.

The Americans are not only a money-getting and a time-saving people but they are a comfort-loving people as well. In this country of great distances and endless commercial ramifications our people have to spend much of their time on the road. So the companies contribute every comfort and luxury to rob travel of its terrors. The question of fares and time being equal between rivals, and the matter of picturesqueness of no concern to the man who has gone over the route many times, the item of service alone remains. So closely have the roads vied with each other in this respect that it has become merely a matter of personal likes and dislikes.

After expatiating on the virtues of his road the clever agent takes a negative attitude and tells of the particular faults that it hasn't got—faults that are conspicuously present in his rival. "Hard coal—no smoke" is a strong card against the insufferable nuisance of soft coal.

There was a rich man who went in his automobile to a village, located near a certain railroad on which soft coal was used, to look over a place that he had been asked to purchase. He was much pleased and was on the point of signing the contract, but something detained his lawyer and the execution of the agreement was put off. He traveled to the place next day by rail; but when he got there he was so disgusted with his experience on the railroad that he telephoned the real-estate man that he had changed his mind about settling in that section and that the deal was off.

Obviously one must avoid mentioning names in an article of this nature. Nor can the road to which I've referred be identified by the process of elimination. There are a number of such roads in the country. The case is not like that of the sport who sat in a poker game in which a one-eyed man was included. The sport, feeling convinced that cheating was going on, finally observed: "I'm not mentioning any names, but if a certain onery creature doesn't quit his funny business I'll shoot his other eye out."

Also referring to a road in a flattering way is apt to be reactive in effect. A certain editor of a famous magazine requested a distinguished author to write a description of a trip from Chicago to New York for his publication. At the same time he warned him not to mention any particular road; and the author, as he thought, religiously obeyed the injunction. After dilating upon the alluring nature of the country through which he passed, and giving anecdotes showing how polite the train crew had been and how good the meals were, he cunningly hid the identity of the road in the following way: "Beyond the dusky purple vastness of the river which Washington Irving so loved, the good-night kiss of the sun was lingering on the hilltops."

No sooner was the article published than a great passenger agent wrote the editor: "Why are you booming the —— road? Next time mention ours or we'll be compelled to restrict our advertising." And the editor promptly replied that the agent might go hang.

There is a whole lot of talk about discourtesy on the part of railroad men. However, there have been instances where passengers were not precisely Chesterfieldian in their manners. Nor are they patient with one another at all times. These shortcomings are usually charged to the account of the commuter. Once a greenhorn placed himself at the end of a long line at the ferry ticket window and asked for a ticket to Chicago. Every other man in the line had seen the ferryboat come in and was wondering whether he could catch it.

"Don't sell tickets to Chicago at this window," snapped the clerk.

"But I must have one," insisted the man.

"But I tell you I don't sell 'em here."

At this point the ferryboat whistled.

"Well, where can I go to get one?" drawled the man.

And everybody on the line told him.

But, as a fact and quite logically, courtesy has taken the place once held by ruffianism in passenger traffic.

Public sentiment in this matter is very strong. Once a civil engineer had a dispute with a conductor and was roundly abused. For two years this gentleman walked two miles, morning and evening, not so much to patronize the opposition as to avoid a road that tolerated ruffianism. This may seem foolish, but it's a good sample instance.

There is no doubt that the interstate commerce law and the activities of the public-service bodies of the different states have enabled the railroads to operate in a constructive rather than destructive manner. Some presidents insist that these bodies seek to administer rather than to regulate; that their policy, instead of being elastic, is rigid and restricted. Be that as it may, the railroads never had a sure foundation to build on until these laws were enacted. They never knew what moment the bottom would drop out of an agreement and all the roads in it be plunged into a ruinous rate war. Their time and energy were spent in watching the enemy.

People That Ride on Passes

How does the interstate commerce law prevent demoralization? In the first place, by cutting off rebates of every kind—the most deadly blow that could be dealt to corrupt practices by railroads. No representative of a road operating in two states—the only kind subject to Federal law—may give transportation free or exchange it for advertising without subjecting himself and the receiver, each, to a fine of not less than one hundred and not more than two thousand dollars. The New York state law puts a penalty of two thousand dollars on the road that gives away a pass and a like fine on the person who takes it.

A New Jersey statute compels the railroads to furnish free transportation to state legislators and certain other officials. There is a humorous phase to the operation of this law. For instance, an official rides on his pass from Trenton, say, to Jersey City and then pays his fare to New York. The act might be construed that he was using his pass as part of an interstate trip and he might be punished for contempt of the regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission. To escape punishment he would have to prove that he had traveled to Jersey City and that his trip to New York was an afterthought. At any rate, it might be wise for him to wait over one





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S 320. Smart New Mandarin Blouse—the hit and rage of the season. Made by one of the largest makers of Men's fine Custom-made shirts in the country. The material is fine quality Soisette, a soft, fine weave that can hardly be distinguished from pure silk, washes beautifully and wears splendidly. Typically mannish and delightfully smart in style, cut with a straight dull-low front and back yoke and regular shirt sleeves set in tailor-stitched armholes without any fulness. One of those smart, new, soft turn-over collars fastening across front with pretty white pearl buttons affords jaunty neck completion. This collar as well as the turn-over link button cuffs are made of the same material as the waist, and collar is detachable. The closing is made visibly through the front plait with fine white pearl buttons. The tie which goes with the waist is of silk material and may also be used as a belt if preferred. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. White only. Better in appearance, workmanship and service than any $2 waist made. Postage Prepaid, $1.

Skirt S 341 $2.50 Express Prepaid

S 341. If you want a skirt that is stylish, serviceable and an actual saving to you, do not overlook this opportunity. A skirt of fine Panama Cloth, well fitting, stylish and well made. The excellent wearing qualities of the material and the exceptional style of this model make it all the more remarkable at the low price offered. The skirt is cut of the fashionable new six gored models and displays a modified Pompon panel effect at both front and back. Handsome black satin covered buttons finish the overlapping panel ends, front and back with striking effect. The closing is made visibly under the side of the back panel. Colors: Black, or Navy blue. Sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure; 37 to 43 skirt length. Express Prepaid, $2.50.

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Address DEPT. S

boat. It is not on record, however, that any Jerseyman has ever been brought up on this charge.

There is nothing in the law to prevent a railroad from reducing its rates to any figure it sees fit. It may do this on giving five days' notice to the commission, but the rub is here: When a road raises its rate or changes its classification it must give the commission thirty days' notice. While investigating the contemplated change the commission may suspend the operation of the same for a hundred and twenty days, and at the end of that time for six months more if it chooses. Bear in mind, the commission is empowered to decide what shall be a reasonable and just rate. Now suppose a road, being in a position to carry certain goods—bricks or coal—partway by water, wishes to injure its rival—who must carry such goods the entire distance by rail—and so cuts rates. It notifies the commission that it intends reducing its charges to a certain reasonable and just level. When the rival is driven from that particular field, and the road wishes to restore rates to a former paying basis, the fact that its cut rates were claimed to be reasonable and just would be most awkward. In other words, it would be hard to satisfy the commission that two different rates were equally reasonable and just. Here's an instance: In a certain state the passenger rate was formerly three cents a mile; but, with legislation threatening, the roads voluntarily cut this to two and a half cents. As was expected, the legislature put rates on a two-cent basis, but the courts held this to be confiscatory and unconstitutional. However, the roads never went back to more than a two-and-a-half cent rate, since it would have been inconsistent for them to do so after voluntarily reducing the same to that figure.

The Man With the Eagle Eye

In the Far West some roads may charge a higher rate on their mountain divisions than on those sections built across the prairies, since these divisions must themselves earn the money that pays the interest on the bonds that were floated for their construction.

The mechanism of the passenger department of a great road would seem to be fearfully complex. But it's really very simple. There's the general passenger agent, to whom the heads of the rate, excursion, refund, advertising and accounting departments report. The excursion clerk handles correspondence in connection with the movement of theater companies, circuses, picnics, special parties, and so forth. Also he must keep in touch with the different societies, lodges, and the like; and, if a movement is contemplated, he must see to it that the advantages of his line are duly presented. He occupies the watch-tower on the hill, so to speak. It is his constant vigilance that tends to keep the subordinates on the alert. The other heads of departments may not be actively engaged in getting passenger business, but it's an axiom that every employee of a department shall be a solicitor, officially and privately. He is expected to keep his eyes and ears always open for business—even at dances, church parties or picnics. When he learns of an excursion or the like, he is expected to push the thing along in the direction of his road.

A typical Eastern road has a general solicitor's department, the members of which are constantly out for business, big and little. Conventions—religious, Masonic, political or social—are their particular game. But they also cover the hotels and look out for individual passengers. They make it a business to cultivate the hotel clerk, but particularly the head porters, who always know just when certain persons are going to leave. The solicitor visits the great shop or factory and drums up trade for vacation trips. He is armed with a number of carefully prepared itineraries in which his own road figures more prominently than any other. At his tongue's end is information as to altitude, distance, cost of living, amusements afforded, and everything down to the last detail.

The territory of most roads is divided into districts, presided over by district passenger agents. Each of these has a corps of trained assistants.

The man most intimately in touch with the situation is the traveling agent. He reports to the head of the district. This man lives with his ear to the ground. It is amazing how carefully he rakes the territory over. Nothing is too small for him to scoop in. In order to keep his finger on the pulse of the community he visits the offices and stations along his route and sees to it that the agents are wide awake. Also from these he gleans information of the most minute personal nature. If Matilda Jones even so much as hints to her sister, in the seclusion of the home, that she would like to go to California, she is sure to be waited upon by an insinuating stranger with a whole budget of information as to his road; and if he's the right kind of a man he'll close the deal before he leaves. Or he learns that the Methodist Sunday-school at some small town is talking about an excursion to a place twenty miles off, and proceeds to corral the business just as methodically, just as inexorably, as he would go out to place the transportation of a thousand or more Masons to San Francisco.

The small fry, individually, are not much, but count up wonderfully. It would surprise the members of some insignificant orders or societies if they knew that the greedy eyes of many railroads were constantly on them. But the traveling agent knows that the man in the tower on the hill is always watching him, and he's apt at any time to receive a most peremptory demand for an explanation of how the First Baptist Sunday-school of Billings slipped through his fingers to the rival road.

The traveling agent always carries a pocketful of real inducements. Also he has the gift of enticingly exaggerating points of no importance. He has ever in mind that there are three classes of travelers: one for business and another for social purposes, who know where they're going and are controlled by service, equipment and the like; the third class doesn't know what it wants and must be persuaded. It is with the last that the traveling mine of information gets in his fine work.

The commutation branch of the business and the dining-car service furnish the best illustrations of the far-sighted, scientific development of transportation. Formerly the companies looked for a direct profit from each department. Now each branch is regarded as part of the whole machine. The "diner" is used to promote travel. In itself it is a losing proposition. One great trunkline lost, during the year ending June 30, 1909, ninety-one thousand dollars on its "diners." Nor can it cover this deficit by increased fares. The one consolation is that there would be a much greater deficit through loss of patronage if it did away with the service. "You can't drive the public back to the hard-boiled egg and doughnut proposition," said a certain president.

The Commuter as a Customer

From all accounts it would seem that the commuter is the one great thorn in the side of the railroad. But he isn't. The company makes a scientific proposition of him. To be sure, there's a lot of wrangling and the like. Some presidents claim that this customer furnishes ten per cent of the business and ninety per cent of the complaints. Though the commuter has succeeded the farmer and the hobo as a subject for the cartoonist, he has made himself a power. That he is a fighter there is no doubt—otherwise he wouldn't be a commuter.

The railroad claims that it practically makes no money on the commuter's fare, but it doesn't claim that it carries him because it loves him. The company makes fifteen dollars a year on each member of the commuter's family by carrying freight and express packages to supply their wants. Furthermore, the commuter gives the railroad habit to his relatives. These people are great buyers of ten and fifty trip tickets. Now the railroad knows that a fifty-trip ticket burns a hole in a woman's purse. She doesn't regard it as money, but as a sort of credit-in-advance proposition, and she's going to live up to it at any cost.

The commutation question is a burning one—much too big to be treated in a short article. In one state they're talking of making it an issue in the next political campaign.

When all is said and done, the commuter makes for good roads and good service. In a certain case he raised such a row that one of the big trunklines converted a hot, smoky tunnel into an open-air cut at the cost of something like seven million dollars.



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OUT-OF-DOORS

Points on Fly-Fishing

IN THE earlier days of Mississippi River bass fishing the correct fly was a large and heavy contrivance, with black wings and white tip, and with black-and-white body. It was supposed to imitate the crawfish on which the bass feed. This fly later seemed to wear out, and in recent times almost all the patterns known to the fly-fisher's rainbow have been used with more or less success on these same bass. So strong is the current and so vigorous the fish that a special brand of tackle has been for some time in use for this particular kind of fly-fishing—the hook hand-forged and flattened, the flies large and specially tied with reinforced gut at the head. The eyed fly is now coming more into use and the patterns seem to be tied rather lighter. A small hook, or one of thin wire, will very often lose one of these bass in the stiff water.

The best fishing there begins about the early part of July, and it may continue until November, for the bass will take the fly in weather so cold that the line will almost freeze to the rod. These facts are such as we do not customarily associate with the thought of fly-fishing. Any skeptic, looking at a string of two dozen three-pound bass killed on a fine October day—once not an impossible take in that region—would be very apt to think the fly good enough for him. Such fishing is clean and simple. The old green minnow-tail is needless, as well as the basket of live frogs. The brutality of live-bait fishing is lacking and you do not even have to pull the claws off a crawfish and impale him by the tail.

A Fish Not Hard to Fool

When bass are feeding in shallow water round the edges of lakes they will run at almost anything that is moving on the surface of the water, and the artificial fly would perhaps be almost as deadly as the live frog if one could cast it as far, and if it were equally free from fouling in the reeds or grasses among which the bass feed.

The writer has stood waist-deep in a Wisconsin lake and caught two dozen bass indifferently on the fly and the frog, simply to work out the theory of it. Moreover, there are times when a fisherman on almost any lake will be almost unable to catch bass on live bait, no matter how hard he tries. Sometimes the shrewd fly-fisherman can go out in the dusk in such conditions and do more in an hour than he could all day with live bait. If there is a very heavy hatch of the sandfly or the cisco fly the bass will gorge themselves on the hatch and will not feed for the rest of the day. A good-sized cork-bodied gray drake, fished dry in the twilight over the sandbar where flies are hatching, will do the business handsomely.

Usually speaking, the fly for the black bass should be rather large and rather bright in color, and it should be fished about a foot below the surface—always, of course, being kept moving. The splash of any object in the water near it does not seem to frighten a bass so much as the sight of the angler or the sense of some disturbance of the bottom. On the contrary, as such a splash may be made by a frog or a small fish, sometimes it will attract the bass; and often you will see them run many yards at a live bait or at a fly. They do not strike quite so boldly on the surface as a trout and are very suspicious; so that if your fly falls dead for an instant after it alights it is not apt to get a rise. It must begin to move as soon as it strikes the water. More bass can be caught on the fly than the average angler knows. One time the writer was fishing below a milldam, using a fine shiner for bait and a large yellow fly tied a little distance above the minnow. Getting a heavy strike, a three-pound bass was landed; and it was taken not by the fine, fat minnow but on the fly, which looked like nothing in the world.

Nor does the list of fly-fishes end with the black bass—either smallmouth or largemouth. There are many other species that will take the fly. Thus, near the city of Lexington, Kentucky, there is or was a long artificial pond known as Lake Ellerslie, where the city waterworks are located. This water was long ago stocked with bream; and at one time fly-fishing for bream in the evening was one of the popular sports of that city, catches of two or three dozen to the rod being by no means unusual. With light tackle bream-fishing is very good fun indeed.

The strawberry bass, and any of several species of the bluegill or sunfish, will strike eagerly at the artificial fly and give good sport when nothing better is doing. They give a good chance to teach the boy how to use his fly-tackle and may be found in almost any lake over a wide part of the country. Sometimes in the evening very good-sized strawberry bass and the largest specimens of the sunfish will take the fly. There seems to be a sort of preference for yellow on the part of these small-mouthed little fish, as in the patterns known as professor, queen of waters, and so on, which also will do for rock-bass or crappie.

A fly with considerable red in it, or red and white, will very often attract a pickerel; and that fish is sometimes a nuisance to the bass fisherman. On the Mississippi River red is pretty much tabooed by the boatmen for that reason. No doubt, if one had to have pickerel and had only the fly to take them, a sufficient number could be killed.

There is in some Western rivers an annual June run of a fish known as the white bass—a very fine table fish which sometimes goes upstream in vast numbers. Such a run lasts only a few days, but while it is on the fly-fishermen have fine sport. For the rest of the year they may not take a single specimen of the white bass on any kind of lure.

Another mysterious fish, which offers fine sport to the properly equipped fly-fisherman for a short time, is the cisco or lake herring, a deepwater fish known in a few Western lakes, where, usually in the month of June, it sometimes appears in schools on the surface for a week or ten days and strikes furiously. The cisco season is very eagerly awaited by the summer residents.

Yet another fish—as it chances, worthless on the table though interesting on the fly—is the mooneye, which comes up out of deep water in some Western lakes and rivers for a short time each spring or summer. This fish will strike the fly very keenly—the best time being in the evening—and will give good sport on the rod. It is not altogether dissimilar to the "hickory shad," which is found in the Mississippi and many of its tributaries. The latter is an active fish, sometimes rising in little schools in places frequented by bass. The fly-fisherman who happens to hook one of these fish foul is apt to have an interesting time on his hands.

Dogwood Blossoms for Catfish

There is a species of channel catfish, a slim little fellow with black spots, which you will find in Missouri, Arkansas and elsewhere. He is not in the least a bad game fish and has even been known to take the fly, strange as that may seem. Fly-fishing for catfish would be something new; but the writer has always wondered what there was in the tale of an old Southern negro, who told him he frequently had caught catfish by using dogwood blossoms for his bait—a tale which could never be investigated.

Taking the Eastern, Northern and Rocky Mountain states and the Appalachian system of the South, together with the Sierra and Cascade country of the Pacific Slope, there is a very wide region offered in which several species of trout—the brook trout, rainbow trout, brown trout, steelhead salmon—or the larger varieties more common in lakes, may be taken at one or other season of the year. In the Rockies, even yet, very keen fishing can be had on any of very many rivers. The best fly-fishing season is late in the summer, in the higher altitudes. In some of these streams it is commonly said the trout will not take a fly, but the same is said of bass in most bass rivers. Try it—and keep on trying it. Sometimes a bright fly, such as the silver doctor, tied rather large, will do the business where soberer patterns fail. Again, you may be fishing a fly altogether too large, and perhaps a tiny gray hackle, or even a midge, fished in the evening, will raise an unexpected number of good fish.



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Indeed, there is hardly any water, with any sort of game fish in it, where you cannot now and then do business with the artificial fly.

Sometimes opportunity may knock at your door in most unexpected places. Far out in the short-grass country of Western Nebraska I once saw a man come on board the train with a fine basket of fresh trout and with his waders still wet. There was nothing visible by way of fishing-water except an innocent-looking prairie stream, lined with an occasional bunch of willows—the last place in the world you would look for a trout! Yet it was full of trout for twenty miles, having been stocked by the Government some years earlier. Again, a very innocent stream in South Dakota once produced some astonishing baskets of brook, rainbow and brown trout. Research showed that all these waters had been planted from the hatchery at Spearfish.

If more men now are fishing flies than ever before there seems to be good encouragement for all of them. We do not seem to be making any headway in game preservation in this country, but we are doing very well in stocking waters with game fishes. A game bird lays only about a dozen eggs, and usually we Americans shoot her on the nest, so that they do not hatch; and we wonder why we have so few game birds now. A trout or a bass may lay five thousand to ten thousand eggs, and under good care in the hatchery more then ninety per cent of these will hatch. The value of fish culture is established beyond a peradventure. Without it, even the bait-fisher would be out of a job in much of our country. With it, the fly-fisher will have something to do for many years—because, very happily, a good part of the planted species will take the fly.

Aside from its productiveness fly-fishing has other advantages. The bait-fisherman, humped up on a boat-seat or a bank, his muscles relaxed, his chin on his breast, makes a different physical image from the fly-fisherman, with head and chest and arms high, and muscles very much in use. The mental attitude of the bait-fisher is one of dull hope or half-expectancy. The fly-fisher is continually eager,—continually keyed up. The minute he gets slack in his work he ceases to take fish. It will not do for him to slap his fly on the water and let it drag or float. He must work it all the time—keep it moving. At no time may his muscles, or his mind, or his nervous system be at rest. There is continual tension, continual stimulus of a gentle sort. He must be alive. No man can properly fish the fly and think of anything else. It is a clean, decent, enlivening sort of sport and, all in all, it has a far wider applicability in our country than usually is supposed.

You can get a fly-rod for from five dollars to thirty-five. The latter sort is better if you can afford it. A dry-fly outfit runs into money, but it is money well spent if you fancy the sport of angling. The line, of course, must be suited to the rod, rather heavy than light. Your leaders cannot be too good. Sometimes when fish will not rise the fault is in the leader and not in the fly. As to the patterns of the fly and the sizes to be used, reference, of course, must be had to the sort of fishing intended. There are about a dozen patterns known as standard patterns in the tackle shops, and these will do ordinarily for trout, for bass or for any of the small fry such as have been mentioned above. Ordinarily the bass fly will be brighter than that for trout. Sometimes a freak fly will take bass just as it will trout. The perpetual variety of fly-fishing is one of its greatest charms. You will find when you get into it, if you have not already done so, that the fly—well used—will put more fish into your basket than commonly is believed. The outfit, compared with that of the bait-caster of good equipment, is not much, if any, more expensive. The better grades of goods you get the more apt you are to have success. Of course it is much better to pay the rent before you trust yourself in the tackle shop—if unfortunately you have contracted the habit of paying the rent; but this same advice applies to almost any kind of sport you can name. Money spent in business may or may not be doubled. Spent in politics, it is lost. Spent in sport, it is increased—at the lowest calculation—a hundredfold.

The Tricks of High Climbing

THOUGH much sport can be had without the thirty-third degree of glacier work, every climber ought to know something about glaciology, or at least be familiar with the terms that describe the makeup of the average glacier. The lower end is called the snout or nose of the glacier. The ridges of the débris are *moraines*—lateral or terminal. When you get upon the top of the glacier you may see round holes cut through by water. Such a hole is called a *moulin*. A *sérac* is an upstanding pillar of ice cut out by intersecting cracks. A crevasse is simply a crack in the glacier, of varying depth and size, and no self-respecting glacier is without an abundance of crevasses. Sometimes snow lies across such a crack and this may or may not be hard enough to serve as a bridge. Should the head guide disappear from sight beneath the snow it is a safe bet that he has gone into a crevasse, and another safe bet is that the rope will be a good thing for him and the rest of the party. It is sometimes very difficult to get a man up out of a straight shaft of this sort, and he is expected to help himself to some extent if he can get hand or foot to any sort of purchase.

An icefall is where the frozen current of the glacier has dropped over a ledge of rock and been shattered. It is not a desirable thing to encounter; neither is any point where an upthrusting bunch of rocks has ripped the solid ice apart as the glacier slips down over it, and so left huge broken blocks.

If, perhaps, you have passed up the face of your glacier, or across it to its top, you strike the snowfields that have not yet been packed into ice. There is no real dividing line between the glacier and the snowfield. The latter is called *névé*. Again, at the upper edge of the *névé*, you are very apt to come to a great fissure or cleft, where the glacier body breaks off from the face of rocks at its head. In climbing parlance, this is called the *Bergschlund*. Most of these phrases are unknown in the Rockies, but you will be obliged to learn them so that you can toss them off lightly if you expect to associate with the experts.

Though we may not have glaciers on every mountain in the Rockies, we are very apt to have icy slopes, which may at times be covered with light falls of snow. Take no chances on any snowslope. Sound it with the ax-shaft or the staff. If you find ice go slow, brush off the snow and cut steps. A light covering of snow might take every one of the party down a slope of this sort if they carelessly attempted to walk across. A guide will take more chances than you should. Sometimes, in the Tyrol, the guides wear *crampons*, or climbing irons, strapped to their feet. These reduce the risk on ice to some extent, although it is always safer to take your time and cut steps on a bad slope, or *traverse*, as it is called.

Suppose you really do meet a glacier in your rambles in the American Rockies and are obliged or desire to ascend it. Study it first. You will see that it rarely comes down out of the hills straight, but may curve or spill around to fill up the valley or cañon. Take the concave side. The convex probably has a point of rocks on it, and the ice flowing down over this is much more apt to be broken into ridges or crevasses, which, of course, you want to avoid. When the upper rocks of a mountain look shiny and glassy, that means a coating of ice. It is best to keep off such a place. Always avoid rocks where rain has frozen into a thin coating of ice. You will soon learn to detect the blue look of ice on a mountain face and to tell ice from snow.

Perhaps, when you are well along to the top of your chosen *arête*, you may find just between you and the top of your peak an overhanging bank of snow, cutting you off from the ascent. This is called a cornice. It occurs when the wind has blown the snow out over the rim of a ridge. Look out for this thing from the upper side also, and be sure, on any narrow hogback or ridge, that you are walking over the support of the rock itself and are not in danger of breaking through the snow that makes the rim of a cornice. It is best to keep back from what seems to be the ridge in cases of this kind; certainly, at least, some of the party should do so. Then, if a man disappears through the cornice, there is anchorage on the safe side of the rim.



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How to Read a Railroad Report—By Roger W. Babson

AFTER ascertaining the total bonded debt of a railroad and the fixed charges necessary to pay the interest on said debt and keep the railroad out of a receivership, all of which was discussed in our article some weeks ago, the next important question refers to the income available for paying said fixed charges. Therefore, to continue our illustration, in the case of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company, a report thereon would read somewhat as follows:

The gross income of the property for the year ending June 30, 1910, amounted to $104,993,195, or about $10,588 a mile. The growth of these earnings since 1900 is shown as follows:

YEAR	TOTAL GROSS	PER MILE	TOTAL NET	PER MILE
1900	$46,212,678	$6,207.49	$18,977,200	$2,585.12
1901	50,474,853	6,977.41	22,544,436	2,887.72
1902	59,135,686	7,527.97	26,360,675	3,356.62
1903	62,250,297	7,807.02	25,334,280	3,147.77
1904	68,171,200	8,334.31	27,197,943	3,324.93
1905	68,375,817	8,282.70	23,672,355	2,830.37
1906	78,044,347	8,828.01	31,774,655	3,671.39
1907	93,683,407	10,102.45	35,508,673	3,815.72
1908	80,617,736	9,024.82	30,465,743	3,215.87
1909	94,265,717	9,624.01	37,928,897	3,872.27
1910	104,993,195	10,588.00	37,781,450	3,810.14

In the above table two kinds of income are referred to—namely, gross income and net income. Most railroads receive their income from four sources: first, passengers; second, freight; third, dividends and interest from securities held; and fourth, from miscellaneous sources, such as advertising, telegraphing, expressage, and so on. It is always desirable to buy securities of roads that have shown a continual increase in both gross and net earnings. Moreover, this increase is better represented in earnings for a mile. The road that obtains greater gross earnings simply by increasing the mileage is not growing; but if the earnings for a mile of road are increasing—and especially for a share of stock outstanding—such a road is growing in a healthy manner. Therefore, the gross earnings should first be considered when selecting a railroad bond.

Terms and Their Interpretations

However, the bondholders ultimately are not so much interested in what the conductors and freight agents collect as in what the treasurer has left after all bills have been paid. This is known as the "net earnings," which amount is the gross earnings less the operating expenses; or, technically, the gross earnings less the operating expenses plus other income, as the above report includes among the earnings receipts other than from strict transportation.

Another term often used in reports on railroad bonds is the "operating ratio," which is the percentage of the operating expenses to the gross earnings. Most investors give too great importance to this operating ratio. One road will report an operating ratio of fifty per cent and another road one of sixty per cent; and the investor jumps at the assumption that the bonds of the road whose expenses are only fifty per cent of the gross receipts are much better to hold than those of the road where sixty per cent of the gross is being spent on operating expenses. This is often a great mistake, as, in my opinion, the operating ratio—or the ratio which expenses bear to gross earnings—has very little significance. All depends upon how much the two roads spend respectively on maintenance. If the road operating for fifty per cent has a similar traffic and territory, and is spending as much for maintenance, then such a road is being more efficiently operated; but otherwise not. One may readily realize that the road spending sixty per cent on operating expenses may be putting back into the property a much larger amount by renewing ties, changing to heavier rails, building stronger bridges, and so on, than the first-mentioned property; and, if so, it may be much better for the investor to hold securities in the road with an operating ratio of sixty per cent.

If all roads were located in the same territory and had the same character of traffic it would be possible to ascertain the proper percentage of the gross earnings required for maintenance; but this is now very difficult. All depends on the territory and the character of the traffic. Western and Southern roads with gross earnings of from $6000 to $7000 a mile should expend almost twenty-five per cent of the gross earnings for maintenance; but on large Eastern roads, with gross earnings of $20,000 a mile, an expenditure of from fifteen to twenty per cent should be satisfactory.

Operating expenses are usually divided into five headings, namely:

1. Transportation Expenses.
2. Traffic Expenses.
3. General Expenses.
4. Maintenance of Way and Structures.
5. Maintenance of Equipment.

The items to be charged to these five different accounts have been prescribed in detail by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The law relating to these methods of accounting went into effect July 1, 1907, and the railroad reports based on the same commenced with the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908. Definitions may be obtained from the Interstate Commerce Commission explaining in detail each of these five items, but briefly they are as follows:

1. *Transportation expenses* include wages of engineers, firemen, trainmen, flagmen, yardmen, clerks and all station and other employees. Transportation expenses also include the cost of coal and other fuel, oil and water supplies, telegraph and other services. They also include all losses for damages and similar items.

2. *Traffic expenses* include wages of officers and other employees directly in charge of traffic, such as passenger, freight, baggage and other agents, including advertising expenses and certain expenses connected with the operation of fast freight lines, and so on.

3. *General expenses* include the salaries of the president, vice-presidents and other general officers, together with their clerks. Also, attorneys' expenses, insurance premiums and other items that cannot be charged to any one of the other five divisions are included under this third head.

4. *Maintenance of way and structures* includes expenses for renewals and repairs of roadway and track, including ballasting, repairs of bridges, culverts and switches, as well as shops and buildings. In short, the renewal or repair of anything that is immovable is charged to the maintenance of way and structures.

5. *Maintenance of equipment* includes expenses for the renewals and repairs of locomotives, passenger cars, freight cars and other equipment, including water equipment, if the company operates any steamships, tugs or barges.

Now, what the reader should remember is that the amount of expenditures that comes under the first three headings is wholly obligatory and dependent upon the mileage, volume of business and efficiency of operation. The road whose proportion of gross expended on these first three items is the least usually represents the highest efficiency of management; and if the operating ratio included only these three items it would be worthy of careful consideration.

Analyzing the Expense Account

Practically, however, the total expenses as reported also include items four and five, which are subject to the control of the board of directors. If the directors wish to make a good showing—that is, have a low percentage of operation and a high percentage of net earnings—they can economize on items four and five and "skin the road"—to use a popular phrase. On the other hand, a road with small net earnings may be spending a large amount of money on items four and five and consequently be in a much stronger position. Therefore, when examining the operating expenses of any company, it is very necessary to analyze said expenses and note how liberal the management is relative to the amount spent on maintenance and charged to items four and five.

These are the first expenses that a road must pay. The average man having a mortgage on his house feels that the interest on said mortgage is the first expense that he must meet, and certainly this interest must be paid before he can set aside any permanent saving or purchase

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automobiles and other luxuries. On the other hand, the family must be fed even before the interest is paid on the mortgage; and a railroad must pay for its labor, coal and oil before it even considers the payment of interest on its bonds.

The investor, however, need not consider these first three headings independently, but can lump them together and consider the percentage of gross earnings spent for transportation, traffic and general expenses. When this percentage and the percentage of gross required for fixed charges—as explained in a preceding article—are obtained, then it may be assumed that the percentage remaining can be used either for maintenance or for dividends. Of course there are other important factors, such as "engine and train mileage," "car and train loading," "engine and train mile cost and earnings"; but these cannot be considered here. Experts state that, on averaging all railroads of the country, the expenses coming under these three items have consumed less than forty per cent of the total gross earnings. If twenty per cent has been consumed by fixed charges this may mean a forced expenditure of sixty per cent, leaving a surplus of about forty per cent, all of which may be used for dividends or part put back into the property—which latter, of course, is the more conservative method.

The principal point to remember regarding these items is that, with two roads doing a similar business, if one consumes for operation a relatively larger percentage of gross than the other, it means one or both of two facts: "Either, with relatively like rates for the work performed, one road is not conducting its business with the same degree of economy as the other; or, with like relative economy in the conduct of its business, the rates received by it for work performed are relatively smaller."

Dividends vs. Maintenance

The authority for the above statement illustrates the same by calling attention to the fact that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Company—which, by the way, has just extended its line to the Pacific Coast—and the Chicago Great Western Railroad Company have—until last year—had a similar character of business; yet these three items of expense during the past few years have consumed an average of about fifty per cent of the Chicago Great Western's earnings, compared with only forty per cent in the case of the St. Paul. This, therefore, means that the St. Paul, owing either to its physical condition or the character of its management, has been operated much more economically than the Chicago Great Western; and investors who took the trouble to look this up were forewarned against purchasing securities of the latter and consequently did not get caught at the time of the recent receivership.

When giving a list of roads the securities of which I believe to be safe, I carefully consider the percentage of gross earnings that the given road is required to use for the payment of these first three items and its fixed charges, knowing that what remains can be used for either maintenance or dividends and is the real margin of safety over and above the actual expenses and interest charges. For this and other reasons the bonds of a railroad with the greatest "margin of safety" are the safest to buy.

Up to the present point we have considered only fixed charges and actual expenses, thus leaving two main items to discuss—one, that of "maintenance"; and the other, that of "surplus left for dividends." The great weakness of most American railroads today is the small percentage charged to maintenance. It is true that a large sum is spent upon maintenance, but there is a vast difference between spending money upon maintenance and charging it to the maintenance account. For instance, every month or so my office manager purchases a new typewriter for the business, but we do not charge this amount to "capital account"—rather simply to "operating account," as a part of our maintenance expenses. Most of our railroads, however, when purchasing a new locomotive, immediately charge the same to capital account and not to maintenance and operation. This is becoming a very serious problem, and the most unfortunate part of it is that these roads are said to be encouraged in this by the authorities at Washington. These authorities, in order to please the public and force lower rates, are urging the roads to show as large a percentage as possible for dividends, instead of encouraging them to charge everything possible to operation.

Of course one may be over-pessimistic, but I believe that the present method of rolling up these huge bonded debts and making no provision for the same is absolutely wrong. It is true that the average bonded debt can probably be refunded when due; but there is a limit to everything and such a hope cannot be banked on indefinitely. When one considers that many of our large railroad systems have increased their debt two or three hundred per cent during the past ten years it fairly makes one shudder. If these roads will stop at once there will be no trouble; but this rate of increase cannot long continue, and the only remedy is either to stop making improvements on these roads or else to charge said improvements to operating expenses and raise the freight rates correspondingly. Personally I trust that the latter method will be adopted, much preferring to pay 2½ cents a mile to ride over a hundred-pound, double-tracked, rock-ballasted road, with safety signals, than to ride over a road with sixty-pound rails, single track and without modern safety appliances, at 2 cents a mile.

In short, most roads in the United States, with a continuance of the increase in earnings that they have averaged during the past few years, can maintain their properties and pay interest on their bonds; but there are many railroads that cannot do this and pay dividends in addition. As, however, the average stockholder is human, he urges the directors to pay dividends and "trust to luck" for maintenance; and most readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST would do the same under similar circumstances.

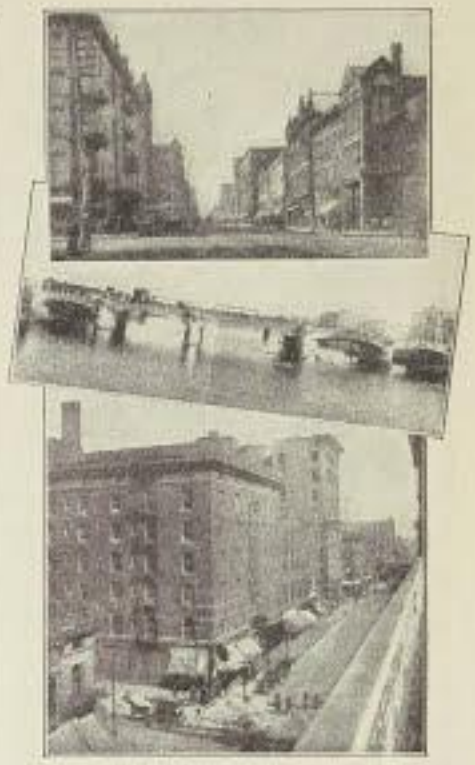
In ascertaining whether the proper amount has been spent on maintenance of way, one should first divide the total expenses by the mileage and ascertain the amount spent to the mile. Of course, when an expert is preparing a detailed report, such figures are checked by ascertaining the amount spent on maintenance for "one million ton-miles carried" to a mile of road, as the amount of traffic is an important factor. Also the territory in which the road operates is an important consideration, as more should be spent to the mile on a mountainous road, such as the Denver & Rio Grande, than on a level road, such as the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. One should also consider the possibility of obtaining material—that is, whether gravel, rock ballast and other supplies are immediately adjoining the property or must be hauled a long distance. One road, for instance, may spend only $750 a mile for maintenance of way and yet keep its property in better condition than another road spending over $1000 a mile.

How to Test Expenditures

It is plain that a road with considerable double track should require a larger expenditure to a mile of road, as technically "a mile of road" refers to the roadbed and does not consider whether it contains only a single track, as across the Arizona desert, or a four-track line, as between New York and Pennsylvania. In short, experts state that, when a railroad's maintenance-of-way expenses average below $800 a mile of track, the investor should purchase only old underlying liens or else carefully examine conditions. Other experts claim that Southern and Western roads are justified in spending only from $900 to $1100 a mile of track for maintenance; while the large Eastern trunklines are justified in limiting their expenditures on a mile of track—not on a mile of road—to $1300 or $1400.

Maintenance-of-equipment figures are also given on a mile basis, but this is of very little practical benefit; and Floyd W. Mundy, an authority on this subject, states as follows:

"Comparison of the maintenance-of-equipment expenses 'for each mile of road' avails little. The best basis for testing the sufficiency of these is to ascertain the average amount expended on equipment for each unit of service rendered by the equipment—that is, the average outlay on a locomotive for each mile run, on a freight car for each mile run, and on a passenger car for each mile. Maintenance of equipment depends not alone upon the amount of equipment to be maintained, but also



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upon the service rendered by the equipment. It stands to reason that the Erie Railroad, for example, with a freight density, as of last year, of 2,603,189 ton-miles and a passenger density of 267,734 passenger-miles to a mile of road, must expend more 'for each mile of road' for 'maintenance of equipment' than the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, with a freight density, as of last year, of 639,119 ton-miles and a passenger density of 113,119 passenger-miles for each mile of road.

"An example will tend to establish that equipment maintenance has necessarily no relation to gross earnings. Suppose the tonnage of one road consists altogether of low-class freight, as coal or iron ore, and the tonnage of another road wholly of high-class freight. Each road earns $20,000 a mile. The density of the first road's traffic and, as a consequence, the service rendered by its equipment must be far greater than that of the second road. The business of the one road might be successfully conducted with one-third of the equipment and power required by the other. It may be said that, under present conditions, about 5½ to 6½ cents a locomotive for each mile run, 5 to 7 mills a freight car for each mile run and 1¼ cents a passenger car for each mile run represent fair annual outlays for equipment maintenance; or that averages of $2000 to $2500 per annum for each locomotive, $55 to $65 per annum for each freight car and $600 per annum for each passenger car approximate normal maintenance requirements. All this depends much upon the character of equipment required in the service.

"There are many roads where, though maintenance both for roadway and equipment is clearly surcharged, the extent of the excess of maintenance over normal requirements cannot be taken as present earning power. Take again, for example, the Erie or the Atchison as distinct from the Boston & Maine or the New York, New Haven & Hartford. While the Boston & Maine and the New York, New Haven & Hartford do not usually report a surplus much in excess of dividend requirements, yet the dividends appear secure for the reason that, when there comes a bad year, there is—and for years has been—abundant opportunity for curtailment of maintenance expenses. After reorganization, the properties of the Erie and the Atchison were turned over in a deplorable physical condition to the new managers. Here the needs were so unusual as to make imperative extraordinary charges to operating expenses for maintenance. The excess of these expenses over normal requirements could be considered only as offering opportunity for future retrenchment. It could in no way be taken as an immediate margin of safety."

Precedence Among Bonds

"Following the rulings of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a majority of the railroad companies charged to 'maintenance of equipment' during the last fiscal year amounts for depreciation varying from six per cent to one per cent and less. From even a casual examination of the railroad reports for the past fiscal year it is apparent that, until the commission shall specify the exact rate to be charged on account of depreciation of equipment, the desired result for which the law was enacted will not be attained."

Possibly I have gone into this question a little deeper than the average investor requires, especially those who will go to high-grade, established bondhouses—such as their local banks recommend—and place upon such firms the responsibility of selecting for them a safe railroad issue. On the other hand, for those who insist on selecting their own railroad investments, the suggestions in this article and in the article of some weeks ago are none too exhaustive.

In short, the purchaser of railroad bonds should first ascertain the fixed charges, then the relation of said fixed charges to the total net income and also to the total gross income. If said fixed charges are not over fifty per cent of the net income and not over twenty per cent of the gross income, then—all things being equal—the bonds secured by a first mortgage on such property should be perfectly safe. If, however, either of the above tests fail, an examination of the maintenance account should next be considered.

If the bond salesman, who needs to be well posted in order to bring out these points, shows that the road is spending an abnormally large amount on maintenance, one may still be justified in purchasing the bonds; but if the maintenance figures are small compared with other roads located in the same territory, then it is well either not to purchase any securities of said road or else to confine one's investments to the old underlying liens.

Of course the reader should not lose sight of the difference in priority of different issues. Some of the bond issues of a company with a number of issues outstanding will, of course, take precedence over the others; and this fact of priority of liens is a very important one for the investor to ascertain.

The first-mortgage bonds of a company should come first, unless there are special issues, such as prior liens, receivers' certificates and sometimes first-mortgage equipment bonds, which may come ahead. Prior-lien bonds are usually issued only for a short time, and usually with the consent of the present bondholders. The receiver's certificates are issued by the receiver who has been appointed after a default on the payment of any of the obligations of the company; and these may come ahead of the first-mortgage bonds.

Safety for the Small Investor

Certain first-mortgage equipment bonds have, within the last few years, taken priority over first-mortgage bonds, as it has been decided by the courts that the equipment is a necessary part of the road and without the same the road would be absolutely crippled.

In the case of the reorganization of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in 1895, the court authorized the payment of interest and maturing principal of the equipment obligations while other mortgage bonds were in default as to interest; and, under the reorganization, all of the securities were either reduced in rate or refunded at a less amount, with one exception; while each thousand-dollar equipment bond was exchanged for $1200 in general-mortgage bonds.

Second-mortgage bonds, third-mortgage bonds, and so on, would follow the first-mortgage bonds; then usually come the consolidated-mortgage bonds, the general and refunding mortgage, debenture bonds, collateral trust bonds, convertible bonds, notes and income bonds. It is also important that the investor should be able to know approximately the equity back of any particular issue in which he is specially interested. This may be well illustrated by saying that the equity back of a first-mortgage bond is equal to the market value of all the junior securities and the notes and stock of the company. If the consolidated-mortgage bonds directly follow the first-mortgage bonds their equity is the market value of all the securities less their par value and the par value of the first-mortgage bonds.

Space, however, does not permit treating of these matters in further detail. Sufficient it must be to say that buying railroad bonds is much like buying automobiles. If you are a good mechanic, and thoroughly understand all the "outs" as well as the "ins," you may feel free to consider any one of the various makes of cars, as each make has some good point and is worth some price. If, however, you are not an expert, you had better confine yourself to the best makes and only reputable agents. In the same way the small investor, instead of bothering his head about "equities" and the different kinds of railroad bond issues, had better confine his purchases to the underlying liens of old-established properties and pay the price. For the names of some of these old roads, see my article of a few weeks hence.



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We want you to bear in mind that there is not a piece of machinery in the well-equipped, modern laundry which does not treat your clothes as lightly and delicately as would the fingers of the most expert and careful laundress.

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These are only a few of the many uses in which Compo-Board is superior to anything else.

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BUSINESS HELPS

AN EMPLOYER is sometimes tempted to think that if he can hire plain, every-day common-sense he will be quite satisfied, and will do without frills in the way of brilliancy. I was talking the other day with a business man at his desk when an assistant came in, to whom he had sent word to go downtown and select some articles of small value. They were to be for the employer's personal use; and perhaps it was the knowledge of this that made the new assistant lose his head.

"If you please, sir, where shall I buy them?" he asked.

"Get an address out of the trade directory," was the brief answer.

The assistant went away and in five or ten minutes came back.

"There are two firms given," he said, naming them; but he did not notice the slight frown of annoyance on his employer's face.

"Go to the one on Leonard Street," was the reply, in a tone which ought to have shown plainly that this was a case in which the young man should have decided without continuing to bother his superior.

The assistant turned away, hesitated, then came back again.

"How do I get to Leonard Street?" he said.

"I sometimes wonder," went on this man thoughtfully, "how I ever managed to get on myself quite as well as I have. I began thirty years ago and worked alongside of a man that you passed as you came in here. He has always been just as hard-working and faithful as any one could possibly be and he has always held a position, but he has never been able to rise to any height. Frankly, I used to look at his ability and his chances as being quite as good as mine; yet he has become practically a pensioner. If I could understand what makes the difference between one man and another, so that I could always choose precisely the right one, it would be the most valuable asset I could possibly possess."

The Masterful Man

His own success, as I happened to know, had come largely from the possession of the very quality missing in the young man who wanted to know how to get to Leonard Street—self-reliance.

"It isn't only here, where he is in full charge," as one of his associates expressed it to me, "but it is the same wherever he goes. Wherever he is, or with whomsoever he meets, whether he is known or whether he is a stranger, there is a sort of masterfulness that makes people do just what he wants them to."

All this was remindful of a story told me by one who, a good many years ago, was in the banking house of J. Pierpont Morgan.

"Mr. Morgan was comparatively young then and new at responsibilities, and his associates, those with whom he advised, were mostly older men, more experienced and presumably wiser in things financial. One day the question of an important bond purchase came up; it involved some millions—and millions were not held in such light esteem then as they are in these present days of mighty sums and mighty fortunes.

"Well, the matter was to be decided by Mr. Morgan, for it came within a department of which he had sole charge. He favored the purchase and gave his reasons, but his colleagues frowned upon the plan—they were afraid of it; they thought it would be a mistake and they didn't hesitate to say what they thought.

"For a little while, but it was a little while only, Mr. Morgan hesitated. He had the power—he had the will—he had absolute confidence in his own judgment and absolute bravery in following it.

"'It is my intention,' he said calmly, 'to purchase this issue of bonds!'

"That ended it. There was such finality in his tone and such a look in his eyes—you know those marvelous eyes of his!—that there simply wasn't anything to say.

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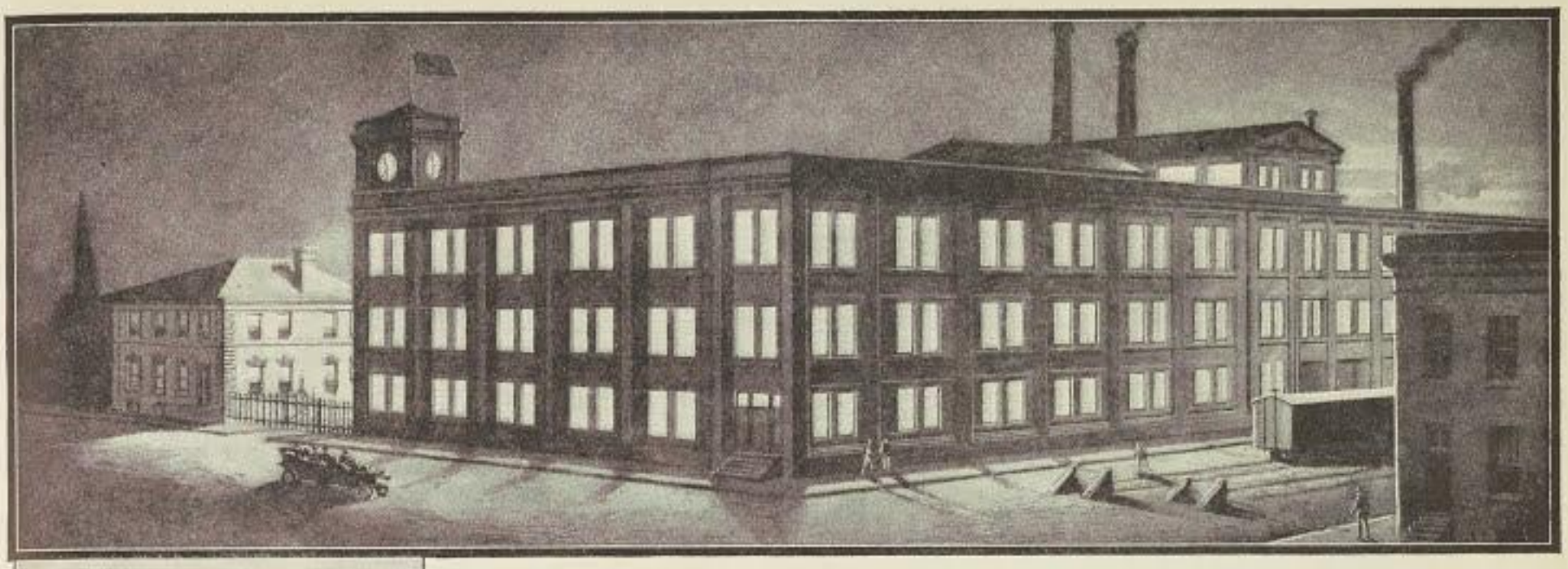
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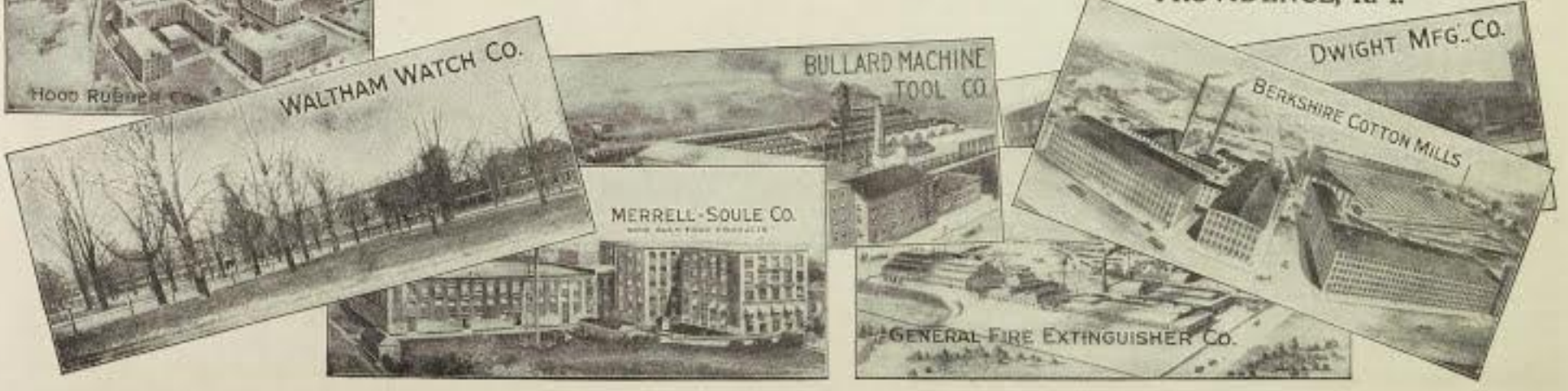
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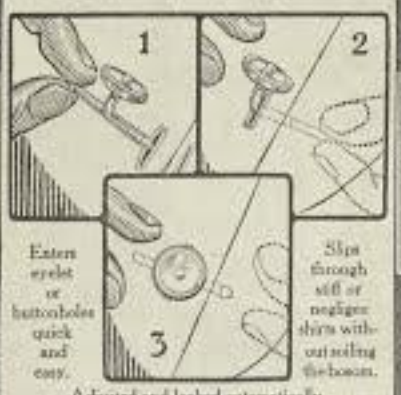
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An Account With Swithin Hall

(Continued from Page 14)

"There's something doing on Swithin Hall's island," Grief said, shaking his head. "I can't make out what it is but I get the feel of it. What does Swithin Hall look like?"

Snow shook his head.

"That man ashore there never bought the books on the shelves," Grief declared with conviction. "Nor did he ever go in for concealed lighting. He's got a surface flow of suavity, but he's rough as a hoof-rasp underneath. He's an oily bluff. And the bunch he's got with him—Watson and Gorman their names are; they came in after you left—real sea-dogs, middle-aged, marred and battered, tough as rusty wrought-iron nails and twice as dangerous; real ugly customers, with guns in their belts, who don't strike me as just the right sort to be on such comradely terms with Swithin Hall. And the woman! She's a lady—I mean it. She knows a whole lot of South America, and of China too. I'm sure she's Spanish, though her English is natural. She's traveled. We talked bullfights. She's seen them in Guayaquil, in Mexico, in Seville. She knows a lot about sealskins.

"Now here's what bothers me. She knows music. I asked her if she played. And he's fixed that place up like a palace. That being so, why hasn't he a piano for her? Another thing—she's quick and lively, and he watches her whenever she talks. He's on pins and needles and is continually breaking in and leading the conversation. Say, is Swithin Hall married?"

"Bless me, I don't know" the mate replied. "Never entered my head to think about it."

"He introduced her as Mrs. Hall. And Watson and Gorman call him Hall. They're a precious pair, those two men. I don't understand it at all."

"What are you going to do about it?" Snow asked.

"Oh, hang round a while! There are some books ashore there I want to read. Suppose you send that topmast down in the morning and generally overhaul. We've been through a hurricane, you know. Set up the rigging while you're about it. Get things pretty well adrift and take your time."

VI

THE next day Grief's suspicions found further food. Ashore early, he strolled across the little island to the barracks occupied by the divers. They were just boarding the boats when he arrived, and it struck him that for Kanakas they behaved more like chain-gang prisoners. The three white men were there, and Grief noted that each carried a rifle. Hall greeted him jovially enough, but Gorman and Watson scowled as they grunted curt good mornings.

A moment afterward one of the Kanakas, as he bent to place his oar, favored Grief with a slow, deliberate wink. The man's face was familiar—one of the thousands of native sailors and divers he had encountered drifting about in the island trade.

"Don't tell them who I am," Grief said in Tahitian. "Did you ever sail for me?"

The man's head nodded and his mouth opened, but before he could speak he was suppressed by a savage "Shut up!" from Watson, who was already in the sternsheets.

"I beg pardon," Grief said. "I ought to have known better."

"That's all right," Hall interposed. "The trouble is they're too much talk and not enough work. Have to be severe with them, or they wouldn't get enough shell to pay their grub."

Grief nodded sympathetically. "I know them. Got a crew of them myself—the lazy swine! Got to drive them like niggers to get a half-day's work out of them."

"What was you sayin' to him?" Gorman blurted in bluntly.

"I was asking how the shell was and how deep they were diving."

"Thick." Hall took over the answering. "We're working now in about ten fathom. It's right out there, not a hundred yards off. Want to come along?"

Half the day Grief spent with the boats, and he had lunch in the bungalow. In the afternoon he loafed, taking a siesta in the big living room, reading some, and talking for half an hour with Mrs. Hall. After dinner he played billiards with her husband. It chanced that Grief had never before encountered Swithin Hall, yet the latter's fame as an expert at billiards was the talk of the beaches from Levuka to Honolulu. But the man Grief played with this night proved indifferent at the game. His wife showed herself cleverer with the cue.

When he went on board the Uncle Toby Grief routed Jackie-Jackie out of bed. He described the location of the barracks and told the Tongan to swim softly around and have talk with the Kanakas. In two hours Jackie-Jackie was back. He shook his head as he stood dripping before Grief.

"Very funny t'ing," he reported. "One white man stop all the time. He has big rifle. Me lay in water and watch. Maybe twelve o'clock, other white man come and take rifle. First white man go to bed. Other man stop now with rifle. No good. Me cannot talk with Kanakas."

"By George!" Grief said to Snow, after the Tongan had gone back to his bunk; "I smell something more than shell. Those three men are standing watches over their Kanakas. That man's no more Swithin Hall than I am."

Snow whistled from the impact of a new idea.

"I've got it!" he cried.

"And I'll name it," Grief retorted. "It's in your mind that the Emily L was their schooner?"

"Just that. They're raising and rotting the shell, while she's gone for more divers, or provisions, or both."

"And I agree with you." Grief glanced at the cabin clock and evinced signs of bedgoing. "He's a sailor. The three of them are. But they're not island men. They're new in these waters."

Again Snow whistled.

"And the Emily L is lost with all hands," he said. "We know that. They're marooned here till Swithin Hall comes. Then he'll catch them with all the shell."

"Or they'll take possession of his schooner."

"Hope they do!" Snow muttered vindictively. "Somebody ought to rob him. Wish I was in their boots. I'd balance off that sixty thousand."

VII

A WEEK passed, during which time the Uncle Toby was put ready for sea, while Grief managed to allay any suspicion of him by the shore crowd. Even Gorman and Watson accepted him at his self-description. Throughout the week Grief begged and badgered them for the longitude of the island.

"You wouldn't have me leave here lost," he finally urged. "I can't get a line on my chronometer without your longitude."

Hall laughingly refused.

"You're too good a navigator, Mr. Anstey, not to fetch New Guinea or some other high land."

"And you're too good a navigator, Mr. Hall," Grief replied, "not to know that I can fetch your island any time by running down its latitude."

On the last evening—ashore, as usual, to dinner—Grief got his first view of the pearls they had collected. Mrs. Hall, waxing enthusiastic, had asked her husband to bring forth the "pretties," and had spent half an hour showing them to Grief. His delight in them was genuine, as well as was his surprise that they had made so rich a haul.

"The lagoon is virgin," Hall explained. "You saw yourself that most of the shell is large and old. But it's funny that we got most of the valuable pearls in one small patch in the course of a week. It was a little treasure house. Every oyster seemed filled—seed pearls by the quart, of course, but the perfect ones, most of that bunch there, came out of the small patch."

Grief ran his eye over them and knew their values ranged from one hundred to a thousand dollars each, while the several selected large ones went far beyond.

"Oh, the pretties! the pretties!" Mrs. Hall cried, bending forward suddenly and kissing them.

A few minutes later she arose to say good night.

"It's goodby," Grief said, as he took her hand. "We sail at daylight."

"So suddenly!" she cried, while Grief could not help seeing the quick light of satisfaction in her husband's eyes.

"Yes," Grief continued. "All the repairs are finished. I can't get the longitude of your island out of your husband, though I'm still in hopes he'll relent."



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Hall laughed and shook his head, and, as his wife left the room, proposed a last farewell nightcap. They sat over it, smoking and talking.

"What do you estimate they're worth?" Grief asked, indicating the spread of pearls on the table. "I mean what the pearl-buyers would give you in open market?"

"Oh, seventy-five or eighty thousand," Hall said carelessly.

"I'm afraid you're underestimating. I know pearls a bit. Take that biggest one. It's perfect. Not a cent less than five thousand dollars. Some multi-millionaire will pay double that some day, when the dealers have taken their whack. And never minding the seed pearls, you've got quarts of baroques there. And baroques are coming into fashion. They're picking up and doubling on themselves every year."

Hall gave the trove of pearls a closer and longer scrutiny, estimating the different parcels and adding the sum aloud.

"You're right," he admitted. "They're worth a hundred thousand right now."

"And at what do you figure your working expenses?" Grief went on. "Your time, and your two men's, and the divers?"

"Five thousand would cover it."

"Then they stand to net you ninety-five thousand."

"Something like that. But why so curious?"

"Why, I was just trying"—Grief paused and drained his glass—"just trying to reach some sort of an equitable arrangement. Suppose I should give you and your people a passage to Sydney and the five thousand dollars—or, better, seven thousand five hundred. You've worked hard."

Without commotion or muscular movement, the other man became alert and tense. His round-faced geniality went out like the flame of a snuffed candle. No laughter clouded the surface of the eyes, and in their depths showed the hard, dangerous soul of the man. He spoke in a low, deliberate voice:

"Now just what in hell do you mean by that?"

Grief casually relighted his cigar.

"I don't know just how to begin," he said. "The situation is—er—is embarrassing—for you. You see, I'm trying to be fair. As I say, you've worked hard. I don't want to confiscate the pearls. I want to pay you for your time and trouble and expense."

Conviction, instantaneous and absolute, froze on the other's face.

"And I thought you were in Europe," he muttered. Hope flickered for a moment. "Look here, you're joking me. How do I know you're Swithin Hall?"

Grief shrugged his shoulders. "Such a joke would be in poor taste, after your hospitality. And it is equally in poor taste to have two Swithin Halls on the island."

"Since you're Swithin Hall, then who the deuce am I? Do you know that too?"

"No," Grief answered airily. "But I'd like to know."

"Well, it's none of your business."

"I grant it. Your identity is beside the point. Besides, I know your schooner, and I can find out who you are from that."

"What's her name?"

"The Emily L."

"Correct. I'm Captain Raffy, owner and master."

"The seal-poacher. I've heard of you. What under the sun brought you down here on my preserves?"

"Needed the money. The seal herds are about finished."

"And the out-of-the-way places of the world are better policed, eh?"

"Pretty close to it. And now about this present scrape, Mr. Hall. I can put up a nasty fight. What are you going to do about it?"

"What I said. Even better. What's the Emily L worth?"

"She's seen her day. Not above ten thousand, which would be robbery. Every time she's in a rough sea I'm afraid she'll jump her ballast through her planking."

"She has jumped it, Captain Raffy. I sighted her bottom up after the blow. Suppose we say she was worth seven thousand five hundred. I'll pay over to you fifteen thousand and give you a passage. Don't move your hands from your lap." Grief stood up, went over to him and took his revolver. "Just a necessary precaution, Captain. Now you'll go on board with me. I'll break the news to Mrs. Raffy afterward, and fetch her out to join you."

"You're behaving handsomely, Mr. Hall, I must say," Captain Raffy volunteered, as the whaleboat came alongside the Uncle Toby. "But watch out for Gorman and Watson. They're ugly customers. And, by the way, I don't like to mention it, but you've seen my wife. I've given her four or five pearls. Watson and Gorman were willing."

"Say no more, Captain. Say no more. They shall remain hers. Is that you, Mr. Snow? Here's a friend I want you to take charge of—Captain Raffy. I'm going ashore for his wife."

VIII

DAVID GRIEF sat writing at the library table in the bungalow living room. Outside, the first pale of dawn was showing. He had had a busy night. Mrs. Raffy had taken two hysterical hours to pack her and Captain Raffy's possessions. Gorman had been caught asleep, but Watson, standing guard over the divers, had shown fight. Matters did not reach the shooting stage, but it was only after it had been demonstrated to him that the game was up that he consented to join his companions on board. For temporary convenience, he and Gorman were shackled in the mate's room, Mrs. Raffy was confined in Grief's, and Captain Raffy made fast to the cabin table.

Grief finished the document and read over what he had written:

To Swithin Hall, for pearls taken from his lagoon (estimated)		$100,000
To Herbert Snow, paid in full for salvage from Steamship Cascade, in pearls (estimated)	$60,000	
To Captain Raffy, salary and expenses for collecting pearls	7,500	
To Captain Raffy, reimbursement for Schooner Emily L., lost in hurricane . .	7,500	
To Mrs. Raffy, for good-will, five fair pearls (estimated)	1,100	
To passage to Sydney, four persons, at $120 . . .	480	
To white lead for painting Swithin Hall's two whaleboats	9	
To Swithin Hall, balance, in pearls (estimated) which are to be found in drawer of library table . . .	23,411	
	$100,000	$100,000

Grief signed and dated, paused, and added at the bottom:

P. S.—Still owing to Swithin Hall three books, borrowed from library: Hudson's Law of Psychic Phenomena, Zola's Paris, and Mahan's Problem of Asia. These books, or full value, can be collected at said David Grief's Sydney office.

He shut off the electric light, picked up the bundle of books, carefully latched the front door and went down to the waiting whaleboat.

Mimicry in Stones

THE enhanced technical skill of the up-to-date gem cutter enables him to use certain kinds of precious stones very ingeniously to imitate others. Thus, for example, by following rules that have reference to principles in optics, he can make colorless zircon look like the diamond—though the mode of cutting employed is different from that which would be adopted for the diamond, the refraction of the two gems being not the same.

Colorless zircon, though only three-fourths as hard as the diamond, has much of the luster characteristic of the latter stone. This luster is what the French call *éclat*—snappy, cold and glittering. If properly cut it looks enough like a diamond to deceive anybody but an expert.

Another kind of gem, almost equal to zircon in this respect, is colorless sapphire—its great hardness, nearly equal to that of the diamond, rendering it capable of holding an extremely high polish. It has a fine brilliancy, therefore, and shows a faint play of color.

Likewise exhibiting a faint play of color, and hard enough to wear well and take an extremely high polish, is the colorless topaz. Listed among the largest diamonds of the world is the uncut Braganza, belonging to the Government of Portugal. Close examination of it has not been permitted to anybody for many years, and there is more than a suspicion that the stone is in reality a topaz from Brazil.



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In *Kahn-Tailored-Clothes* you can get the *precise* cut, the *precise* color, the *precise* cloth you want, tailored *precisely* as your individuality and fancy prompt—you can be as perfectly "turned out" as the *best dressed* cosmopolitan. You can step up and out of the "ready-made" rut—the rut that every man of personality leaves.

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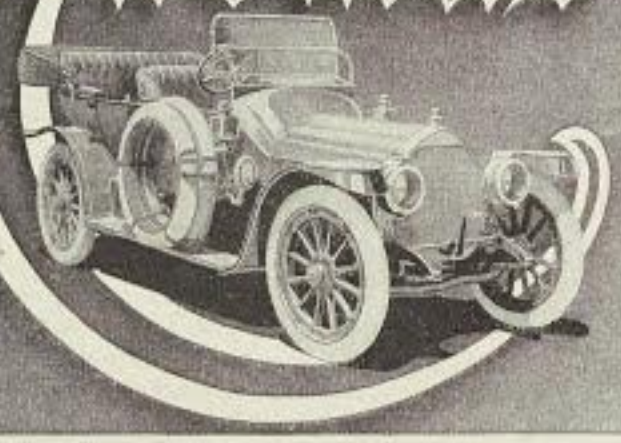
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NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

(Concluded from Page 19)

break never seemed to come. Instead, a baby came—and about three years later the earthquake and fire.

Before he and his family could escape from the burning city the wife suffered severe exposure that brought on serious illness. In a rather indefinite way this man had settled in his mind that if he ever reached a stage of prosperity permitting him to make a start on the soil he would favor the country about Merced, California.

As a refugee this thought recurred to him and he asked to be "set off" at Atwater, in Merced County. When he landed there he had only five dollars. But, as a refugee, he found a generous welcome. From the resident manager of a land company he borrowed a tent and into this he took his family. Then he bought five acres of land without the payment of a dollar down. He was able to obtain equally generous terms of credit for groceries and for tools with which to work his ground. He put his ground into sweet potatoes and worked his crop as only a desperate man can work when he feels that he has been given one fair fling at opportunity. That first season brought him a cash return for his crop of eight hundred dollars, with few expenses on the other side of the ledger.

The Demand for Guineas

This gave him courage, and for the next season he enlarged his operations by renting an additional five acres. Although a city man, he farmed intelligently; for he took advice from the best practical farmers in his locality and read all the sound farming literature he could get relating directly to his specialties—sweet potatoes and string beans. That year from ten acres he made fifteen hundred dollars.

This grower confesses that last year his profits were four thousand dollars. Although land prices have increased he has bought and paid for forty acres; and each year he rents at least a little land in addition to his own holdings. Much of his own land has been planted with peach trees, between the rows of which he raises sweet potatoes and string beans until the trees come into full bearing.

This city-bred farmer attributes much of his success to the fact that he was not slow to learn the lesson of getting into the market early. For a one-acre crop of especially early string beans he received one season four hundred dollars. He declares that no American need be afraid of competing with the alien market gardener "so long as he is willing to work as hard, as persistently and as intelligently as the farmer of foreign birth, and to live like a refugee while making the first crop or two."

Though it is generally a far cry from the sum received by the grower of any commodity to the price charged for the same article by a hotel or restaurant, the fact remains that the price on the menu-card is a signal that the grower can never afford to disregard. Judged by this standard there is a wide and profitable field of neglected opportunity in the raising of guinea fowls. In a New York restaurant, not long since, the writer was the guest of a gentleman who scanned the menu and remarked:

"The best thing offered here is squab guinea. When partridges or prairie chickens are not to be had—and that's most of the time—a young guinea is so close a substitute that the difference in flavor is not worth talking about."

For the small guinea that was served on his order he paid two dollars and fifty cents. Sometimes they are served at this place for one dollar and fifty cents; but, on the other hand, at the season of greatest scarcity the man with a guinea appetite may be asked to pay three dollars for his "small bird."

"Is there a good demand for guinea fowls?" the head of a big poultry commission house was asked.

"I should say there is!" was his prompt reply. "Right now we are getting twelve dollars a dozen from the buyers for leading hotels and restaurants. And we consider that moderate. I don't see why some of the thousands of men and women who have the chicken craze don't wake up to the fact that there's money in guineas.

"The only trouble in handling them is that there is at present no really dependable source of supply. We get more of them from Virginia than from any other locality, but they're scattered over the whole country. Apparently no one makes a business of raising them for the market—and no product comes to market under the right conditions until somebody has the snap to make it his specialty.

"Today thousands of farmers have a few guinea fowls running about their farms to keep off hawks and vermin. And of all the farmers who have little flocks of these polka-dot screechers on their places, not one in a thousand would think of killing one for his own table. Neither his father nor his grandfather ever served one on the family table, and he isn't going to establish the precedent! If city folk are fools enough to eat guineas, all right for them—but he'll stick to chicken and turkey! What is the consequence of this general attitude on the part of the farmers? They pay no attention whatever to the guineas, and the shrewd poultry buyer is able to snap them up at about three dollars a dozen.

"The man or woman who would make a specialty of raising guineas, feeding them as they should be fed and putting them on the market at the right age and in fancy condition, could get top prices and have a sure market—a fancy market in fact."

The guinea is distinctly a farm bird and unsuited to the village, because of its fondness for ranging fields in search of insects and because of its harsh, incessant screech, which makes it an undesirable if not an intolerable neighbor.

The Care of Guinea Chicks

At the breeding season, which begins in about April, not more than four hens should be grouped with one cock. The eggs should be hatched under a domestic hen. Much of the success of raising guineas lies in the right handling of the young chicks. They should never be allowed to range in wet grass. Like young pheasants, their first food, given immediately upon hatching, should be finely chopped hard-boiled eggs. Frequent feeding is essential to giving them a right start. When about ten days old chopped lean meat should be substituted for the egg ration. Later their grain diet may be begun with dry millet, followed by the standard commercial chick food, consisting mainly of wheat, cracked corn, barley, oats, buckwheat, millet and hemp.

There is less difficulty in hatching a high percentage of the eggs than in raising a large share of the chicks. Owing to the unfailing fertility of the guinea and the generous number of eggs that the hen lays in a season—usually about one hundred—the problem of production is in mastering the art of handling the young chicks. After they have come into their full feathers they are uncommonly hardy and free from disease and ailments.

When guinea fowls are allowed to breed on the open farm range the hens must be watched carefully in order to locate their nests, which are usually in the tall grass and very adroitly concealed. Several hens use the same nest. The eggs should be removed with a long-handled spoon, not with the hand, and about half a dozen eggs should always be left in the nest. If this practice is not followed the hens are likely to abandon the nest after it has been raided.

Until the production of guineas is greatly increased the ordinary market channels will hardly fail to bring the guinea specialist a fair price and a reasonable profit. But the beginner in this line of poultry raising will undoubtedly serve his own interests by writing to the management of a few of the leading restaurants and hotels in the large city nearest to him. This will help him determine whether his largest profit will be in producing "squab guineas" or those of the larger and older "roaster" type.

In general, the East is better educated in the taste for guineas than is the West. New York hotels serve them in greatest numbers. Chicago and St. Louis are fairly good markets, but the guinea is almost an unknown quantity on the tables of the finest hotels of the Pacific slope. Guinea raising is unquestionably adapted to the small hillside farm of the East, and it can be commended to the thrifty New England woman who is anxious to add something to a slender income without being obliged to quit her home.



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DURHAM-DUPLEX *the safe razor*

shaves with this correct diagonal stroke. Does it safely. Does it quickly. Cuts them off clean and smooth, leaving your skin like velvet instead of harsh and rough as after it has been scraped.

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You won't have "blade trouble" with a Durham-Duplex Razor. Every blade is a fine blade. All blades are made from special steel, tempered by secret process, ground and honed by the hand principle. Every blade is inspected and must come up to an exceptionally high standard.

You can strop DURHAM-DUPLEX *Blades*

Put on the stropping attachment that comes with every set and strop 'em just like a regular razor. These blades are stiff—they won't crack or split. They take and hold a fine cutting edge through long usage. You can strop a half dozen at a time and have a supply of sharp blades for months. We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the Standard of the World, and will maintain it. 12 Cutting Edges (6 blades) 50c.

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When we say that in the Abbott-Detroit cars you get **exceptional value** for your money we mean it, and what is more, it will be plainly evident to you if you glance through these specifications and compare them with those of other cars selling at similar prices.

Where else will you find, **at this price,** as powerful a motor—(advertised ratings do not count—look for the cylinder dimensions, they're important) a 4½ in. x 5½ in. four-cylinder, long stroke motor, with magneto and battery dual ignition system?

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SPECIFICATIONS AND PRICES

ABBOTT-DETROIT "44"

4½" x 5½" long stroke Motor. Dual Ignition System with Magneto.
Bosch Electric Headlights—combination oil and electric side and tail lights—180 ampere hour lighting battery—Tungsten lamps—body of lamps, black enamel with nickel-plated mountings.
Two-pedal Control, Clutch and Brake.
Horn and Tools.
Tires, 36" x 4".
Universal Demountable Rims.
Three-speed Transmission.
Wheel base 120 inches.
Ventilated Fore-door bodies.

Seven-passenger, Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, less top, windshield and extra seats	$1800
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Fore-door Demi-Tonneau, fully equipped, less top and windshield	1775
Fore-door Demi-Tonneau, fully equipped, including top, windshield and speedometer	1900
Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped	3000

ABBOTT-DETROIT "30"

4" x 4½" Fore-cylinder Motor. Dual Ignition System with Magneto.
Electric Headlights—combination oil and electric side and tail lamps—100 ampere hour lighting battery—Tungsten Lamps.
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Tires 34" x 3½", Demountable Rims.
Horn, Tools.
Three-speed transmission.
Wheel Base 110 inches.
Ventilated Fore-door Bodies.

Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, less top and windshield	$1310
Fore-door Touring Car, fully equipped, including top and windshield and speedometer	1450
Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, less top and windshield	1275
Fore-door Roadster, fully equipped, including top and windshield and speedometer	1375
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"44" Demi-Tonneau

ABBOTT MOTOR COMPANY
601 Waterloo Street Detroit, Michigan

LÉONTINE AND CO.

(Continued from Page 33)

risk losing a chance through fear of getting the wrong person. John must be warned immediately, and persuaded, if possible, to leave the country and remain away until the feud was settled. On reaching the garage, therefore, I jumped into a taxi and went immediately to his house.

The *maître d'hôtel* seemed rather disturbed as he let me in, and a moment later I knew why. Snores were reverberating through the antechamber. The old servant threw out his hands with a shrug.

"Yes, it is M'sieu'," said he. "M'sieu' has not been himself today. He has consumed an entire bottle of whisky." He said this as though speaking of potassium cyanide. "After *déjeuner* M'sieu' threw himself down upon the divan in the library and went to sleep. Before long he began to snore. For the sake of Madame I tried to persuade him to go up to his room, but M'sieu's temper was very disagreeable—in fact, he threatened François with violence."

"Are the ladies at home?" I asked.

"Madame is reposing in her boudoir, but she left orders that if Monsieur Clamart were to call he should be shown up immediately. Miss Dalghren has gone out."

He led the way to the stairs and I followed, pausing for a moment to glance into the library. There was John stretched out on his back, snoring to heaven. I wondered if he often did that sort of thing, but did not care to ask.

I followed the old man up the stairs. He announced me at Edith's door, and I heard a sweet, low-pitched voice reply: "*Que Monsieur entre.*"

I went in and closed the door gently behind me. John's drunken snores were filling the whole house. Edith was lying on a *chaise-longue* by the open window. A thrush was singing in the garden and there was the odor of lilacs. Edith did not rise, but looked up at me with her sweet smile. She was pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes, but her face was tranquil and the eyes themselves clear and steady as always.

"Good afternoon, Frank," she said. "My warmest congratulations on your success."

"My success?" I repeated.

"Yes, in getting Mary's pearls. I told them that you would."

"Oh," I answered, "I'd almost forgotten that. The truth is, Edith, I hoped to have yours this evening, but things have gone a bit wrong."

"Can you tell me about it?" she asked.

"Only this. Miss Dalghren's necklace was stolen to put me in a bad light ——"

"I know that," she interrupted.

"How?" I asked.

"John found the prints of your tennis shoes in the flower-bed under the window. It is an unusual pattern, and you wore those shoes one afternoon, you remember, when you went with John to Chartres. Then Mary discovered one of your handkerchiefs in her room. It was all plain enough."

I felt my face getting hot. "John might have told me this," I growled.

Edith reached over and patted the back of my hand.

"Don't worry, Frank. We knew that it was all a put-up job. That woman?" She raised her delicate eyebrows.

I nodded.

"She wanted to get you back," said Edith. "I guessed that much."

"How about John—and Miss Dalghren?" I asked.

"Did you see John when you came in?" she asked.

"No. He was asleep."

Edith glanced out of the window. "John has been drinking too much for a long time, and thinks that I have not noticed it," said she quietly. "I hate the idea of nagging, Frank, so I have waited for a culmination that would make my protest unavoidable. Now it has come. John is dead drunk in his own drawing room—for the first time in his life. He cannot be awakened. He is a kind husband and a very proud man, and I have no fear but that the remorse that follows this will effect the result I want. John will pass me his word, and like yourself, Frank, he keeps his word. A family trait."

She smiled.

Now what do you think of that? Here were the two strings of pearls stolen and my tracks and handkerchief found. Yet this woman's faith in me was as firm and unwavering as ever. And her own pearls were still missing. For the moment I could hardly speak.

"This has been hard on us all, Frank," Edith went on. "It has been hard on John, because he is a practical sort of person and inclined to look at matters from their results. To be frank, I think that it is the worry of these thefts that is accountable for his condition."

"Does he suspect me?" I asked.

"No. He is very worried, though, over the whole affair."

"And Miss Dalghren?" I asked.

"She is less charitable. She refuses to believe that you are not in some way interested. When I pointed out that nobody as adroit as yourself would go tramping about a flower-bed with shoes having a design stamped on the sole, or drop a handkerchief in her room, she said: 'I don't believe that he stole *my* necklace.' She agreed with me that the theft was a put-up job on the part of your former *confrères*, who used you as a scapegoat. But she argued that inasmuch as this had occurred you felt that there was no sense in having the name without the game; and that you had come down the next night and stolen mine."

"Miss Dalghren must have a beautiful idea of my sense of gratitude," said I.

"She has had some bitter experiences where gratitude was concerned, Frank," Edith answered. "Besides, while a sweet and sympathetic girl, she is not over bright. You see, Frank, I am not holding back a single thing from you. It is better that you should know exactly how you stand with us."

"And you, Edith?" I asked.

A warm flush came into her lovely face. "I know that you are innocent of any wrong, Frank," said she.

My friend, for a moment I could scarcely speak. Something rose in my throat and choked me, and there was a mist in my eyes. I reached for Edith's hand and raised it to my lips.

"Thank you, Edith," was all I could manage to say.

For a moment or two neither of us spoke. Edith was looking at me questioningly.

"Is there anything that you can tell me?" she asked. "I have no doubts, Frank, but I am curious." She smiled.

For the instant I was tempted to tell her the whole story. I felt that her quiet faith in me entitled her to know. I wanted her to see what I had been through, what I was risking to clear myself and restore her jewels.

But second thought prevented this. I knew that the tale would prove too much for her. I was unwilling to expose her to the shock. More than that, if Edith had known that I was holding stolen gems as security for the return of her pearls she would never have permitted it. So I said:

"I can't tell you anything just yet, Edith. All I can say is that Miss Dalghren's pearls were stolen, as you supposed, to drive me back to the old life. The theft of yours was different. The same person who had been detailed to do the first job for somebody else came back and did the second on his own account. But the hand is not yet played out. Give me a little more time."

Soon after that I left her and went out of the house. Halfway across the garden I saw the gate open and Miss Dalghren came in. Her color changed on seeing me and for the moment she seemed uncertain as to how she should act. Then she came forward quickly.

"Mr. Clamart," said she, "may I speak a few words to you?"

"Certainly, Miss Dalghren," I answered.

"Then come over here," said she, and led the way to the summer house. Inside the vine-covered bower she motioned me to sit opposite.

"Mr. Clamart," said she, fastening her vivid blue eyes on mine, "first of all I want to thank you for the recovery of my pearls."

I bowed.

"Have you succeeded in learning anything about Edith's?" she asked.

"Not yet," I answered.

A shadow crossed her face. Her color deepened.

"You have seen Edith?"

"I have just left her," said I. "She told me of your suspicions. They are not the truth, but I don't blame you for having them."



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She made an impatient gesture with her hand.

"I should hardly describe them as suspicions, Mr. Clamart," said she, and gave me a straight look. "They are rather more than that."

"Indeed?" I answered. It struck me all of a sudden that Chu-Chu must have left some more convincing evidence the second time than he had the first. But I was rather beyond caring much about that now. Edith believed in me, and that was enough.

Miss Dalghren's intent blue eyes never left mine. I began to feel my patience squirming around a bit. Thought I: "This fool of a girl thinks that she knows something, and is trying to make me 'fess up. Even if she were right, I wonder if she thinks her will is stronger than mine. Does she perhaps take me for a Sunday-school scholar? Or a pilfering *valet de chambre?*"

I began to get angry. Miss Dalghren was one of those noble, upright women who are so straight that they bend over backward. For that kind, all humanity is divided into two big classes—good and bad. There is nothing between. Such people have an unbounded faith in the militant strength of virtue. Secure in their own virtue, they are convinced that no sinful person can meet the power of their blameless eye. They keep on thinking so until some joker, with an equally strong but more supple will, bamboozles them out of whatever it is that they value most. I have always hated that breed of unconscious, "oh-come-sinning-brother-and-sin-no-more" Pharisee. They do a lot of harm—much more, in fact, than others with a lot less virtue and a little more tolerance. This girl was convinced that I had stolen Edith's pearls, and nothing was going to unconvince her. I wasn't. She made me tired.

Miss Dalghren may have seen my face harden up, for her eyes began to blaze. At least there was plenty of fight in her, and no fear at all.

"Mr. Clamart," said she, "have you no sense of gratitude? No scruple or respect for your given word? Just think what these people did for you. Think of the penal servitude from which they rescued you and the opportunity they have offered you for reconstructing your life. And see the suffering that you have brought into their home. There is John ——"

"He's not suffering much at the present moment," I interrupted.

Her teeth came together with a click and she clenched her fists.

"How can you sneer like that?" she cried. "John is lying there in the library intoxicated. And why? Because of the shame and remorse that have resulted from your cruelty. John suspects you. So far he merely suspects; he has not the absolute knowledge that I have."

"Absolute knowledge of what?" I asked her.

"That you stole Edith's pearls," said she, pushing out her square little chin.

"So much the better for John," I remarked.

A spasm of anger went across her face.

"Yes," she answered, "so much the better for John, perhaps. But it is not so much the better for you, Mr. Clamart. Now listen to me. I don't like to make threats, but I will not stand quietly by and see the happiness of my friends wrecked by such a man as you. I felt from the first that this experiment was foolish and dangerous, but I did think that you would at least spare your benefactors. But since you appear to be dead to all sense of finer feeling I intend to act. If those pearls are not restored within forty-eight hours I will tell what I know."

"And what is that?" I asked.

She gave her handsome head a toss. "It is quite enough," she answered, and, turning on her heel, she walked out of the summer house and took the path to the house.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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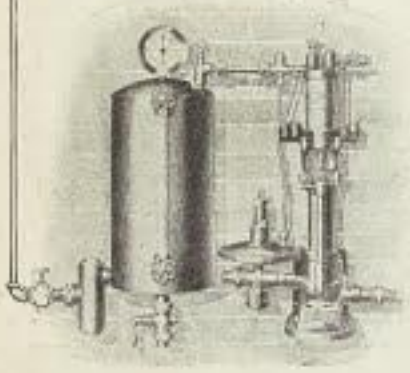
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YOUR FIRST MOTOR-BOAT

(Continued from Page 15)

looking, you can borrow his idea, always being careful to add an annex of your own so that you can claim the whole thing. Remember particularly that it doesn't make any difference how much your engine stops if you can keep on talking. Many an expert has reduced a novice to awe in a motionless boat by talking glibly of the need of lining up his engine, though in reality he is wondering how he is going to paddle to shore and get more gasoline.

Just after purchasing your boat you will discover that the former owner has retained all the tools. This will make it necessary for you to stock up at once. Most amateurs make the mistake of buying entirely too many tools. There is a very good reason for not doing this. If you have enough tools you will be tempted to take the engine apart. You will very soon discover what seems to be a criminal conspiracy between the enginebuilders and the tool manufacturers. Each bolt is so cunningly placed that it takes a separate tool to dislodge it—but this is really for the protection of the amateur. If he takes his engine apart the most he can possibly hope for is to get it together again. Therefore the enginemaker has made it impossible for him to accomplish either feat.

The most important tool for the amateur is a stout oar. He should add to this a pair of pincers. They can be carried in the hip pocket and are extremely useful for putting up hammock hooks, turning balky faucets in the bathroom and doing other odd jobs about the house. These two tools, with a medium-sized wrench, are all that it will be safe for you to carry. By all means avoid putting any heavy tool—like a sledge or an ax—in the boat. There are times in every motor boatist's life when, if he should discover an ax in the boat, he would seize it with a glad cry and use it on the engine in a way that he could not help regretting later.

Having acquired your clothes, vocabulary and your tools, you are now ready to approach the boat itself. I am of the firm opinion that only one piece of knowledge is really necessary in the actual operation of a motor boat. That is a knowledge of how to start it. The only knowledge necessary in war is how to keep the other side running, yet many a general has spent his entire life studying the problem and has ended up by doing all the pacemaking himself.

There are a hundred reasons why a motor-boat engine will not start, and there are eight hundred reasons why it has stopped. No living man knows all these reasons. A scientist once made a chart of contributory causes to the stopping of a two-cycle engine. He worked two years on it and produced a table that covered one side of a large wall. Then a calm-eyed man, with dirt on his hands, walked in and told him offhand eighteen new reasons which he had himself discovered that morning; in fact, new reasons are being discovered every day, and almost every day an antidote for some one of these reasons is being figured out with great labor and perspiration in the middle of some American river. If astronomers would waste less genius in discovering new and vagrant worlds, and would concentrate their wisdom on the task of detecting and charting new remedies for motor-boat engine diseases, then science would recover some of the repute it had before the late Halley's comet hippodrome.

Of course there are standard ways of starting motor boats—such as tickling the carbureter, priming the cylinders, spinning the magneto, discussing the engine's pedigree and picking refuse out of the pump with a wire. Every one knows these. It is useless to waste time upon them. You can learn in two minutes how to start an engine that is willing to start. Ask any one. Ask even an expert. If you prevent him from dismembering the engine he can start it himself—if it is willing.

If the engine is not willing, however—if, for one of the nine hundred listed causes, it has folded its tired cranks and has gone into that long sleep which seems to need treatment with a sledgehammer—what are you going to do then? Why, you are going to start that engine! You don't know how and no one else does—but you are going to do it. The percentage of motor boatists who starve to death in balky motor boats is surprisingly small. Sooner or later, every mahout of a fractious and balky boat engine gets it started again.

How is the trick done? This is, perhaps, the most interesting thing about motor boating. No two men do it alike. Neither does any man do it the same way twice; in fact, very few amateurs, after having started a balky engine, can tell why it started. The fact is there are nine hundred ways of starting an engine. Each one of these ways is useful for some one of the nine hundred things that may ail an engine. It is only necessary to apply some one of the nine hundred remedies to some one of the nine hundred causes in order to get results. You may get the proper combination on the first attempt, or you may get it on the twenty-seven hundredth. All that is required is patience, endurance and a thick palm.

One of the beauties of working with a gasoline engine is the fact that, after you have exhausted your knowledge of it, you have just begun to dabble in the possibilities of starting it. There's no logic to a gasoline engine, any more than there is to its prototype, the sixteen-year-old girl. You can figure out by every rule of mechanics that a gasoline engine ought to start, apologize for having stopped, and run until Christmas; and yet that engine will remain perfectly cold and dead. You may then do something that a two-year-old child would be ashamed to do, and it will start as cheerfully as if you were asking it to come and have a drink. Suppose your motor boat has stopped nine miles from dinner, and you have tested the electricity, adjusted the carbureter, cleaned the gasoline pipe, found the pump in working order, cleaned the sparkplug, ruined a two-dollar shirt—and, in short, have demonstrated to your satisfaction that there is nothing the matter with the engine except the fact that it will not run. This has taken you two hours, in the course of which you have cranked the engine one hundred and ninety-eight times. Is it then time to give up and paddle home with a seat-bottom, thus disgracing yourself in the eyes of all enthusiasts? Hardly! You have just begun. It is now time to try the following:

1. Remove sparkplug, empty carbureter—and crank the engine.
2. Sandpaper the flywheel, take off the commutator—and crank the engine.
3. Kick the pup, blow cigarette smoke in the priming cocks—and crank the engine.
4. Disconnect the propeller, reverse the ensign, empty the gasoline tank—and crank the engine.
5. Repeat a verse from the Koran, tie a wet towel about the cylinders, take off the lubricators—and crank the engine.
6. Take the motor entirely apart, put it together with your fingers crossed, drop a quarter in the tank—and crank the engine.
7. Crank the engine suddenly, without doing anything else. This often surprises it into running.
8. Turn your coat inside out, oil the rudder, throw the gasoline strainer overboard, stuff a cushion in the flywheel—and crank the engine.
9. Repeat the names of the prophets in Arabic, put a gumdrop in the cylinder, write your candid opinion of all gasoline engines on the stern, roll up your cuffs, connect the batteries with your watch, take off your necktie, yell "Hell!" into the gasoline tank—and crank the engine.

There isn't the least sense in any of these rules. Yet each one has started an engine in its time. There isn't any sense in the engine in the first place. If there were it would start after you had adjusted it according to rule. You don't have to worry about being sensible with a gasoline engine. That's one comfort about it. There are men not sensible enough to bait a fishhook who make gasoline-engine experts for that very reason. They do the most foolish things first.

Perhaps, after all, you are not able to start your engine and must submit to the indignity of a tow home. In this case, before you signal for help, take a wrench and break some small essential part of the engine. This protects you in two ways. In the first place, it gives you a good excuse when you get home; and, in the second place, it will compel the expert, after he has replaced the part, to start the engine in order to test it. In this way you can have the satisfaction of seeing a wise man wrestle with your engine without being humiliated

by such questions as "Did you turn on the gasoline?" and "Have you been fooling with your carbureter?" He doesn't have to know that you have had any trouble at all besides the breakage he has repaired; and you can sit by in perfect comfort and watch him perspire, never forgetting to tell him now and then that she always starts for you the first time you turn her over.

Having learned to start your engine with a tolerable degree of fluency and promptness, there is really little left to acquire that is important. You will readily pick up information on how to steer, how to convince the other fellow that you were only running on one cylinder when he passes you, and how to land at a dock without butting it halfway out of the lake. It is best for the beginner to begin with a motor boat having only one cylinder. One cylinder can cause only one-fourth as much trouble as four cylinders; and, besides, an engine of this size is small enough to browbeat and abuse. Having mastered the one-lunger, the novice should progress to the two-cylinder engine; and, when he has the cylinders working together like a well-matched pair of horses, to the three, the four and possibly the six cylinder engine—always remembering that the difficulty of starting an engine is in inverse ratio to the number of cylinders. On some of the great racing machines, with from sixteen to thirty-two cylinders apiece, the owners begin starting the engines early in the season, with the sole hope of having them all running together by the time the race is started, late in the summer.

A few general instructions for beginners would not be out of place at this point. Pay particular heed to the following:

A thin leather glove on the hand will wear twice as long as the human skin and is not so difficult to replace.

Provide a small box with a slot and require all advice to be written plainly on paper and dropped into the box. The box can be emptied in the river when full.

To estimate the speed of your boat, add the speed at which you think she ought to run and the three miles an hour that she is losing from bad gasoline.

To estimate the speed of any other boat, divide the owner's statement by the number of cylinders she carries.

There are two times at which to look in your tank to see how much gasoline you have—before starting on a trip and after your engine has stopped and you have tried thirty-seven ways of starting it. Professionals use the former.

If your engine sneezes in the base turn the needle valve to the west and let in more gasoline.

If your engine begins to execute fancy tunes, like "kapup, kapup, kapup-ka-pup"—two beats and a rest—turn the needle valve to the east and let in more air.

If your engine begins to squeak and groan, and finally stops entirely, do not bother about starting it again. Row ashore and send to the nearest dock for lubricating oil.

If your engine becomes feverish its circulation is bad. Dive under the boat and remove a bunch of weeds from the pump intake.

If your engine suddenly ceases to converse, and becomes absorbed in thought, test your battery wires before going after the long-distance cranking record.

Attach yourself to a large parachute before lighting a cigarette near your engine.

Pass all approaching boats to the right, but do not insist on the right-of-way of the other boat if it is a few thousand tons larger than you are.

When meeting a sandbar, apologize, get on the stern of the boat and retire in good order if possible.

Always endeavor, during every trip, to have the engine run like a watch for at least three seconds. This will save a great deal of unnecessary lying on your return.

Do not neglect to comply with the Government regulations. If your boat is over twenty-four feet long these require red and green side-lights, a white bow-light, a white stern-light, a whistle, a bell, a fire-extinguisher, a bucket of sand, life-preservers and two copies of the Government rules. Smaller boats are not required to carry a bell, thus making room for the owner. Besides the whistle and the bell, a fish-horn should be carried. It doesn't look so fine as a whistle, but it makes a noise when a noise is necessary.

After you have owned your motor boat a year or so and have navigated hither and yon by means of gasoline, oars, a sail and even, at times, a horse, you will begin to realize that the fascination of motor boating consists not merely in going to places and getting home from them, but in getting ready to go. After the motor boatist has learned to start his engine and to pass a steamboat on the right side, he begins to pick up little pointers about keeping his craft in order. There is as much to be done on a motor boat as there is about three automobiles and a kitchen. By the time the neat navigator has towed his boat in from the float, has taken off its canvas vest, has put up his pennants, polished his brass, unlimbered his life-preservers, filled his tanks, pumped out the bilge, tightened the tiller ropes, tested his batteries, revarnished the woodwork, tightened up the clutch, adjusted the timer, painted the transom, fixed the stuffing-box and sandpapered the fly-wheel, it is generally time to cover up the boat and go home again. The real enthusiast does not mind this, however. If he finishes his work in time to run the boat out to its anchorage under her own power he is content.

Some motor boatists deliberately lay out enough improvements at the beginning of the season to keep them busy all the year long. They begin with a dirty and ruinous hulk in the spring, and in the fall they proudly haul a shiny and immaculate craft out of the water and stow it away without having run it a dozen miles during the summer. They have spent every Sunday in their boat, however, and so they are quite content.

Which brings me to another peculiar phase of the motor-boating game. It is the uncertainty of the sport, after all, that is its chief charm. Many a motor boatist has frankly confessed that he wouldn't give five cents to ride in a boat that he was perfectly sure would do nothing but obey orders. Buying a motor boat with a low-browed, ill-begotten, nondescript chunk of metal, called by courtesy a motor, scraping an acquaintance with this motor against its will, arguing with it, fighting it, bully-ragging it, cajoling it, chivying it round and round, and finally reducing it to a state where it will obey your lightest whim with meekness and eagerness—that is the joy of motor boating.

When you have achieved this triumph, and are perfectly sure that your engine will take orders at all times, your enthusiasm will wane. You will yawn at the thought of the river, and will let your good boat rust while you hunt up other amateurs who do not know so much as you do and talk motor boat to them until they admit that a mighty good mechanic was spoiled when you became a captain of industry. And presently you will sell your perfectly good boat to some one who doesn't know anything about it, and will buy a new craft, with a sixteen-horsepower compendium of exasperation, whose inmost thoughts and ailments you must learn before you can be at all certain of starting it in any given week.

When you have done this thing—when you have sold an engine that you can run and have joyfully acquired an engine that puzzles you from base to sparkplug—then you will be a real motor-boat crank and beyond the reach of all advice.



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The General Freight Agent of the "Nickel Plate" writes as follows:

"Referring to your inquiry as to work being done on our new Multigraph:

"It has been in constant use since its purchase, about May 1st, and is doing all your people claimed for it. * * * It enables us to issue tariffs, circulars, etc., on short notice, thus avoiding time lost in making copies, securing proofs, etc., from printers. So far, we have issued sixty-four tariffs, circulars, etc., or about fifty thousand copies; which, if printed, would have cost us approximately $450.00."



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> "Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill."

The College Inn—America's Famous Restaurant—is in the Hotel Sherman

Joseph Beifeld, President
Frank W. Bering, Manager

Owned and Operated by Hotel Sherman Co.

HENRY

(Concluded from Page 31)

"And these are my father's partners—Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton," went on Henry; "and these are my friends—Miss Davenport and Miss Evans and Miss Brown." Afterward, in thinking the matter over—and Mr. Pine and Mr. Houghton thought it over and talked it over for days and days—they realized that Henry had completely ignored all the young law-school graduates.

Mrs. Henry Costello, Junior, shook hands with the ladies and gentlemen to whom she had been introduced; then she stood perfectly still. Mr. Costello, Senior, recovering some presence of mind, opened his office door a little wider.

"Won't you come in here?" he invited, with shaking voice.

The young woman did not obey. Some quality in the heavy silence frightened her. She looked round at them, the flush growing deeper and deeper on her cheeks. She spoke rapidly, yet haltingly, as though the explanation due them and herself were suddenly difficult to make. She may have been dimly aware, for the first time, of a social order different from any she had ever known; or she may have realized that there might exist a hundred impediments to this marriage that had seemed so romantic. It might not be a marriage at all!

"I have known Mr. Costello only a short time," she said. "I am entirely alone in the world." She turned a little more toward Henry's father and spoke almost defiantly. "Your son told me—that is—I—I thought he was as lonely as I. We agreed to cast our lots together. I—I hope it has not been wrong."

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Costello faintly. He stood looking down at her, troubled, pitiful. No one—not even cynical Mr. Pine—could doubt that she spoke the truth. They all thought that Henry Costello, who was in all else such a perfect failure, might have done vastly worse. Mr. Pine remembered dimly a line of poetry, read in college, about a man's having two sides to his soul—one to show to the world, the other to the woman whom he loved. It seemed to apply here. Perhaps Henry was not so dull after all. But he pitied Henry's father, who would have to support them, whom he saw already surrounded by a troop of dependent grandchildren. It was awfully hard on poor Costello!

Meanwhile every one continued to be absolutely dumb. Even Mr. Pine ceased to have coherent thoughts—finally ceased to have any thoughts at all.

Then young Henry's face hardened and blazed, for the first time in his life, into a flame of anger. He put his arm round the young woman and tried to lead her away.

"Come," he said. "My dear, come!"

The young woman would not go. She yielded to his clasp and she took his hand in hers—her affection for Henry was unmistakable—but she would not go. Mr. Pine, clutching frantically at some vague, tantalizing association that she had for him, was taken back strangely to London streets, to English lanes, to afternoon cups of tea, to ——

"Mrs. Costello," he asked sharply, "what was your maiden name?"

Mrs. Costello answered him promptly, as though here, at last, in all this mystery, were something to which one could hold. She did not guess that at her response the silence would thicken until it seemed that only the crack of doom could break it.

"My name was Mary McKay," she said. "Abbott Masterson was my uncle. Mr. Costello says you want me to give testimony about something. Will you please tell me what it is?"

Ceremony Waived

THE tuba player of a cavalry band wasn't much of a horseman. He had to ride, though. One day he came bumping down the road, flopping up and down in his saddle, about six inches at a flop.

A negro sergeant saw him coming. The regulations require all enlisted men to rise and stand at attention when an officer enters a room or comes into their presence. The old sergeant stepped out in the road and assumed the air of an officer, but shouted to the bandman: "Keep your seat, suh—keep your seat! Don't get up to 'tenshun every minute on my account."

About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD



HENRY DICKSON
America's Foremost Authority on Memory-Training and Principal Dickson School of Memory, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

FOR a long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System, which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches memory.

Good memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges. This man is neither bright, interesting nor learned.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. He can not memorize a date or a line of poetry. His mind is a sieve.

Education is only what you remember.

Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a face. If he sees you once the next time he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson. He said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson, that I hesitate to write here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory-training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised, how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell what you know; and then a trained memory would help you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays tricks I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his facts do not convince you, you are not to be convinced.

Write today for FREE booklet and facts. Address

Prof. HENRY DICKSON, 932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

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are enjoyed by thousands of women who are immune from complexion worries. They are the users of LABLACHE and are recognized by faces free from wrinkles—that are never shiny or disfigured by exposure to the elements, and a skin always smooth and velvety. It is cooling, refreshing, pure and harmless.



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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box at druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

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Dept. 42, 125 Kingston Street
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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

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WE HAVE faith in the raincoats we make—our label is in them. Back of the label is our guarantee. You get a coat of known value—wear and service warranted.

This woman's slip-on illustrated is the popular coat of the year.

Mannish style—loose fitting—box back—slit pockets—high storm collar. Made of "Bestc" cloth in gray and tan. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Stylish, snappy—unusual value. Also made in higher priced cloths.

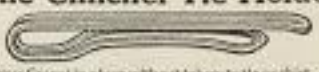
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New York Mackintosh Co., New York, N.Y.

THIS WOMANS SLIP-ON $7.50

The Clincher Tie Holder



Holds your Cravat in place without injury to tie or shirt. No saw tooth or rough edges. Lightand neat. German Silver 25c. Heavy Gold Plate 50c. At best dealers or postpaid on receipt of price.

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"The most for the money—

that is what women want now-a-days," says the grocer.

The most for the money of quality, of nutrition, of purity, is contained in every package of

Snider Process Pork & Beans

One woman says: "I can eat Snider's with real enjoyment, because I know just what I am eating—good food, rightly prepared, into a most delicious dish."

Another says: "I liked Snider's Catsup so much, I thought I would try Snider's Beans, and now I buy all I can of Snider's, and wish they made more things."

The Snider factory is nationally regarded as the most sanitary, clean and up-to-date establishment of its kind. Cleanliness is a shining feature of every Snider "plant," while no expense is spared to make the equipment the best possible.

The beans, the tomatoes, the delicate pork jowl, the seasoning—all materials are the very best money can buy.

And the process—known only to Snider—gives a flavor unequaled and makes Snider's Beans more digestible. Snider's Pork & Beans form a completely balanced diet, wholesome, nourishing.

The seasoning is made from that highly pleasing relish, Snider's Tomato Catsup.

Home foods may be given a similar flavor by using **Snider's Tomato Catsup** in gravies, soups, on all meats, fish, spaghetti and anything improved by a luscious tomato sauce.

Snider's Chili Sauce gives a delightful zest to meats.

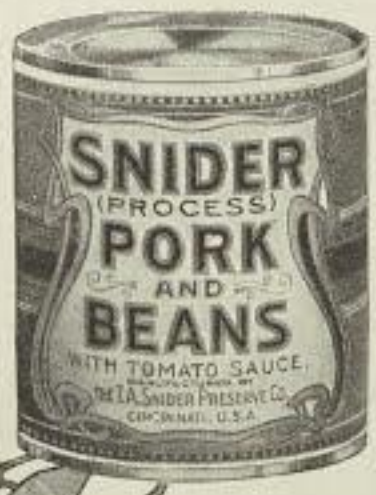
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All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world.





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"The Rugby"

The "Rugby" is exclusively "Imperial" make; designed to wear after straw hat time.
One of the many novel "Imperial" styles for fall and winter. Our portfolio of hat fashions shows what is strictly proper in soft or derby hats. Write for it.

The leading hatter in every town is an "Imperial" agent.

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Where Best Butter is Bred

BLUE VALLEY is *born* in America's richest pastoral districts and *bred*, every package of it, in one of the six best organized, most modern and most sanitary creameries in the world. If you like butter that *stands alone in flavor, purity and uniformity*, ask your dealer for

Blue Valley National Butter

Thousands of dealers everywhere sell *Blue Valley*. The central locations of our creameries make it *possible*. Fast trains make it *practical*. A hungry public demand makes it *imperative*. And now these dealers are all *glad* because they sell *more Blue Valley* and sell it *easier* than *any other* butter—and the best people buy it.

Never sold in tubs. Blue Valley is *free* from that "woody" taste. Nor is it a *cut-up* or *worked-over* butter. It is sold only in the original *Blue Valley* package. And Trade-mark reg. the butter you get *tomorrow* was churned from fresh cream *today*.

If your butter-man can't supply *Blue Valley*, send us his name, and we will mail you an attractive booklet.



Mr. Butter-Man: Introduce *Blue Valley*. Let us tell you how. It will stimulate your trade—bring you the *lion's share* of the butter business in your territory. Orders filled at any one of our six creamery plants below.

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Chicago, Ill.
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Hastings, Neb.



THE PRIDE OF THE LAZY L

(Concluded from Page 17)

With arched neck and mincing steps Beanbelly trotted into the press. Nobody would have recognized him. His nostrils flared crimson, the eyes rolled in quest of the quarry and the muscles of his shoulders and flanks glinted in the sunlight.

"There he is, boy!" his rider whispered—and he pressed hard with his left knee.

Beanbelly swerved to the touch and discerned the yearling at once. No swift jump to get close; that would have sent the steer hurtling among his comrades, scattering them on all sides. He approached softly, got his shoulder against the yearling's left side and kept it there. No matter where the steer sprang, Beanbelly was beside him, thrusting him outward. Soon the yearling found himself alone and loped away to the open space where some others of his kind were gathered.

"Don't call his time," Moson entreated. "Don't call his time. It'll rattle him."

The pair was shooting steers out of the herd like peas from a pod. All the rider had to do was to point out the animal. Beanbelly never lost sight of him. Cowboy would then sit tight, occasionally prodding with his heels just to show who was the boss—and the horse paid about as much attention to these jabs as an elephant would to a mosquito. Incidentally the child was doing some rare riding. The way Beanbelly turned would have made a hoopsnake dizzy—always on his hind-feet, too, whereby the jar to Cowboy was lessened.

Once Beanbelly dashed at a steer in full career, seeing a clear space to force him out. The brute ducked under his head, and back he whirled, so bewilderingly that his tail could not be distinguished from his head for the moment. Poor Cowboy gave a grunt and went over the horn of the saddle. However, he clutched the mane and Beanbelly stopped until he righted himself.

"Oh, the darling! The darling!" a visitor was crying.

They had lost eleven seconds by this accident. The horse appeared to apprehend the need of extra effort. He brought the steer out again at a mad scramble and went back, snorting, for the next. It seemed to Cowboy that they had been at the task an hour at least. Not once had he heard the mayor give his time. He was grimy now and sniffled dolefully. There was much noise outside and it confused him. Whether this was applause or derision he could not determine, but he was vaguely aware that about a million people were dancing frenziedly up and down and bellowing themselves black in the face.

They were trailing the last steer. He was a lusty, rollicking fellow and gave Beanbelly much trouble in winning clear. Then began a furious game of tag. Twice Cowboy thought the steer was lost in the horde of cattle milling around them, but the horse never faltered. He pounced on him once more like a streak of lightning. The yearling lurched under his neck and along his side, his back-bristles brushing Cowboy's foot. Beanbelly reared about in the air and followed on the jump. A long groan burst from the crowd. Cowboy was not on him.

"Oh, he's dead! He's killed! I can't look! I can't look!"

Down in the dirt lay Cowboy, shaken and hugely surprised. Through the welling dust he discerned some cattle bearing down on him, shoved forward by the galloping hundreds behind; above him towered a horse on its hindlegs. Beanbelly saw him. The child crouched where his forefeet would land. With a mighty twist he faced quarter-way about and leaped over Cowboy—leaped straight on to a plunging steer. They went heavily to the ground. The herd parted and sped by in two streams. Beanbelly got up and limped a few steps and then waited. He was lamed in the right ankle.

It would be nice to record that Cowboy stood in the midst of all this turmoil undaunted and delivering a timely moral reflection, which is the way with children under stress, as everybody knows from standard books; but the facts compel me to chronicle a different tale. True, he stood erect in the dust, but he was badly frightened and swearing—in the even, passionless tone employed by the punchers among whom he lived. Regardless of rules and of cattle, mindful only of his son, his father rushed to him.

"Are you hurt? Where're you hurt?" he cried, gathering him up.

"No-o-o!" Cowboy sobbed. "I done lost! I done lost! Ol' Beanbelly, he threw me!"

"No; you didn't, son. No; you didn't. The steer ran out. Look! Over there!"

The child wiped away the tears with his knuckles and stared across at the cut-bunch. Sure enough, there was the steer, glancing back at him with mild curiosity and a measure of suspicion. By some freak of fortune he had been directly behind the animal against which Beanbelly hurled himself, and the shock of the encounter had sent him careening out of the herd.

"The gen'l'man's time," the mayor announced very huskily, for he was much wrought up, "are two hundred and three seconds! And if you don't believe it you can see for yourself. I ain't a liar!"

Then he attempted to make a speech, but nobody would permit it. They surged around father and son, everybody striving to reach Cowboy.

He was not quite sure what it all meant and shrank away. It looked like a riot, and in the midst thereof arrived Mr. Steen, considerably sobered and anxious to ascertain the outcome. The young Easterner was patting Beanbelly's neck and feeling of his legs.

"I'll give you five hundred for him," he proffered.

"Huh!" said Bunty, holding his debts lightly at the moment. "That there horse ain't for sale!"

In the cool of dusk the Lazy L cavalcade ambled happily homeward. Cowboy was astride his ancient, dependable, flea-bitten gray. He was properly silent, for it had been borne in on him that the men of his acquaintance never boasted of a feat—at least, not until long afterward, when their accounts of it would take on truly wonderful proportions. For quite five minutes he maintained his dignified reserve. Then his child's pride got the upper hand.

"Oh, Bunty!" he called.

"Huh-huh?"

"Me and ol' Beanbelly, we was sure cuttin' 'em, weren't we?"

Scarlet Fever Cases

THE terrors of scarlet fever will be greatly reduced from this time on by the discovery of a means whereby the after effects of the disease, so justly dreaded, are to a large extent avoided.

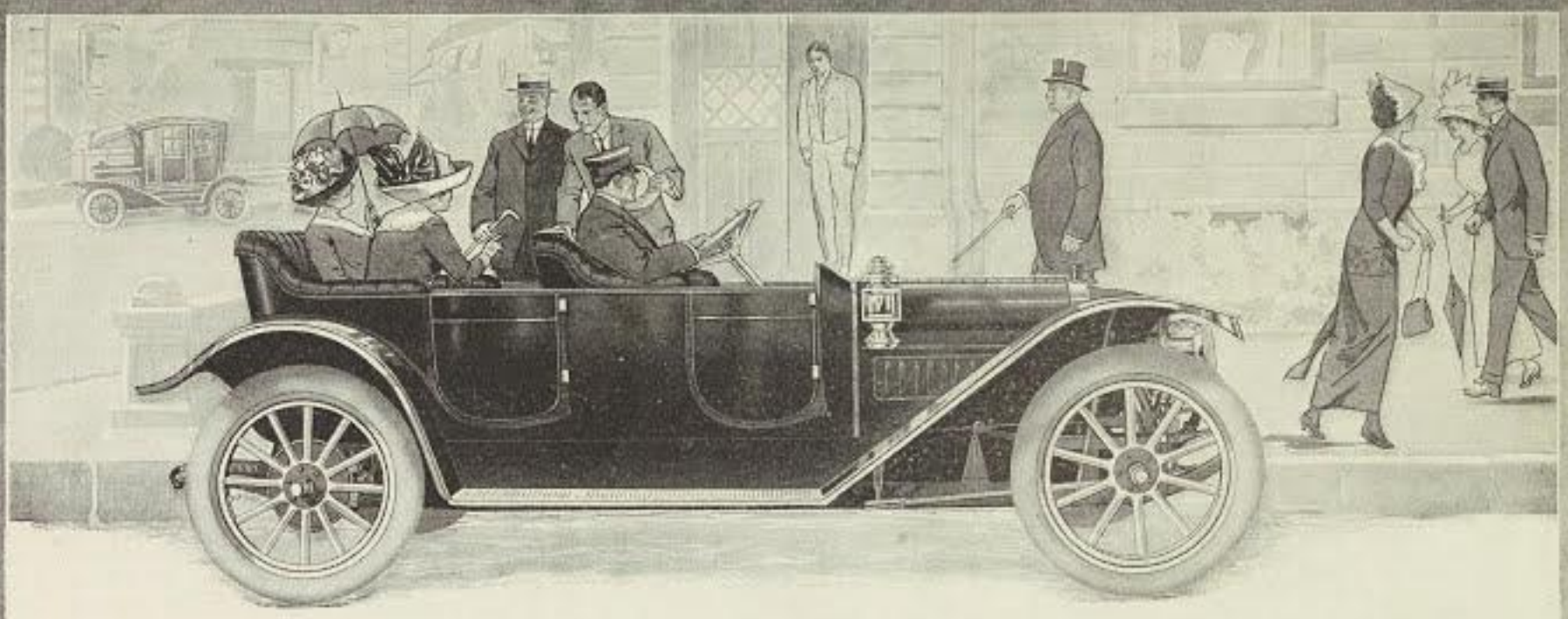
Vaccination is the means; but this does not literally signify vaccination for scarlet fever. To make a vaccine, one must possess the germs that cause the disease, which, bred in beef broth, are then killed by heat, the soup containing the dead microbes being the specific remedy. The germ of scarlet fever, however, has not been found.

In scarlet fever the danger comes very largely from certain "streptococci"—a group of bacterial organisms especially associated with blood infections—which are subsequent invaders, taking advantage of the weakened resistance of the sufferer to create all sorts of trouble.

These streptococci cause the dreaded after effects above mentioned—such as kidney trouble, persistent sore throat and chronic inflammation of the inner ear, often leading to "mastoiditis"—which is very dangerous—and even to abscesses in the tissue of the brain. When it is considered that the roof of the upper part of the auditory passage is no thicker than writing paper it will be understood easily that a serious inflammatory process would be likely to penetrate it and cause utmost mischief.

Vaccines made from streptococci by the above-given recipe, and introduced into the circulation of the patient by hypodermic injection, not only accelerate recovery from scarlet fever but prevent these distressing and dangerous "sequelæ."

When the prudent and tactful physician is called in to attend a case of scarlet fever he usually diagnoses it as "scarlatina," in order to allay parental apprehensions, explaining that this is a "mild form" of the disease. This, however, is purely a figure of speech, inasmuch as medical science recognizes no such thing as a mild form of scarlet fever. It is always a serious and even dangerous malady.



Regal "35" Underslung 5-passenger Touring Car $1400

The car that won't "turn turtle"

THE COLUMNS OF THE PRESS relate day by day the toll of Automobile Accidents, most of them records of fatalities through the car "turning turtle," pinning the occupants underneath or falling upon them, with all the sickening aftermath of details that make the distressing story.

THE MOST CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATES ascribe 80% of all automobile fatalities to the above cause and we could give, did space permit, a long roll of the dead, clipped from the daily newspapers within the last month. People who, in the midst of pleasure, were suddenly made the victims of a condition that might have been defeated. Consequently—

THE TIME HAS COME when it is of the utmost and vital importance that every man who intends purchasing a motor car should consider the element of *safety*—consider it with just the same care that he determines the quality of the car—so that when danger comes it may be met, not only with confidence but with every constructional advantage in the car against the possibility of inflicting personal injury.

ENGINEERING PRACTICE has absolutely demonstrated the new Underslung Construction to be the greatest known factor of *Safe Motoring*. So remarkable are the constructional assets of this type that without doubt it will be, within the next year or two, the model of all progressive manufacturers, for the simple reason that it emphasizes beyond comparison, not alone the supreme element of Safety, but such comfortable riding qualities that to sit behind the wheel of an "Underslung" is a new experience.

THE MAN THAT DRIVES AN UNDERSLUNG drives a Safe car. He possesses an insurance policy of accident protection. "The ditch" and "turning turtle" have no terrors for him. He has foreseen danger and provided against it. He takes his wife, family and friends for a ride without fear or trepidation. The "tight place" upon the road—the sharp turn—the wet, slippery asphalt or mud with its possibilities of skidding are practically eliminated by the Underslung. It is the almost perfect car because it is the "care free" car.

THE REGAL "35" 5-passenger Underslung Touring Car at $1400 is the first and only Underslung Touring Car ever offered to the public under $4000. It is the prophecy of a predominating type because it is a big stride towards the mark of perfection in motor car design. Its improvements go deeper than paint, style or body conformation. It is the 1912 one big surprise. It will be the "down to the minute" car in 1913, 1914, etc., not because it is "*different*" but because its advantages cannot be ignored. The coming generation will know no car but the Underslung.

WHAT ARE THE REGAL UNDERSLUNG ADVANTAGES? The center of gravity in a Regal Underslung is very much lower than in the ordinary type of construction. The weight is slung *below* the axles instead of balanced above them—and every ounce of it is well within the wheels, giving the most comfortable riding qualities, for the springs naturally absorb all shocks. The way this car "hugs the road" is a new sensation of locomotion, there is no "side swaying," or vibration, no side-lash, so destructive on springs and tires, and the motor being placed in its normal level position, a direct-drive to rear axle is made possible, giving the maximum power at the minimum expense.

HERE IS THE CAR BEAUTIFUL.—the car economical, the car comfortable, the car that is safe. It is a "different" car because it is built *down to the ground* instead of *up in the air*, yet it offers *10 inches of Clearance* (as much as most cars) and the uniform flat dust pan keeps the dust in the road where it belongs. An excelling feature is the accessibility to every working part, the base of the motor being level with the frame, providing also perfect lubrication.

WE ARE CONSERVATIVE IN OUR CLAIMS about the mechanical and constructional features of *this*, our latest, *offering*—We prefer not to be extravagant or boastful, but we *do* affirm our faith and pride in the Regal "35" 5-passenger "Underslung" Touring Car. Already we have received hundreds of orders from every part of the country, and all who have seen it, ridden in it, tested it, have been enthusiastic over its undoubted merits. After all—the car's the thing.

A WORD ABOUT THE PRICE—As our past public utterances have been conservative, it is not generally known that our manufacturing facilities equal *100 cars a day*—So, the anticipation of a huge demand for the Regal "35" Underslung Touring Car enables us to place the price at $1400—at which figure, by any comparison, this car stands at the forefront of value, and is, moreover, within the reach of the most moderate income.

FURNISHED WITH DEMOUNTABLE RIMS (One extra Demountable Rim included).

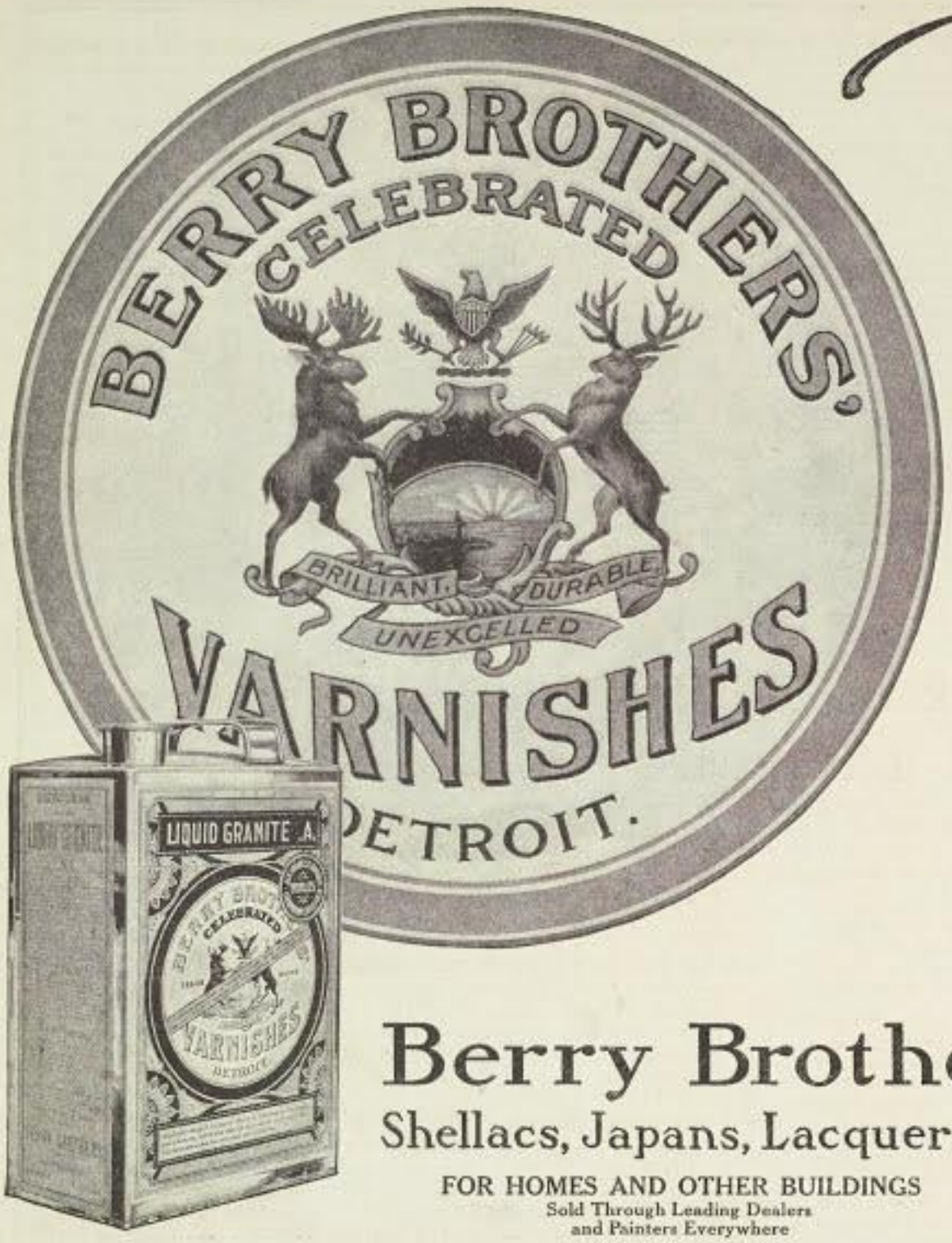
HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS. Wheel Base, 118 inches—Tires 34x4 inch. Demountable Rims. Three Speed and Reverse; Selective Sliding Nickel Steel gear transmission. Four cylinders (in pairs) 35 H. P. Motor. Bore, 4¼ in., stroke 4½ in. Dual ignition—with magneto. Transmission—Hyatt Nickel Steel roller bearings. Standard equipment. Gas searchlight, etc.

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REGAL DEALERS are everywhere—visit one or write us for Booklet—That Magic Word—"Underslung."

The Dealers who handle Regal Cars are especially chosen for a high standard of service. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the foundation of service. Their interest in customers does not end with the sale of a car but begins with the purchase of a car. We are always looking for the **"REGAL STANDARD"** among dealers. **Wire or Write.**

Regal Motor Car Company Detroit Michigan



WHEN you're searching for efficiency-opportunities, have you thought of looking into the varnish shop?

That is where one manufacturer recently made a substantial decrease in his total cost of production by cutting down his finishing cost 20% without any sacrifice in the quality of his work.

It was the result of a change from old methods to those suggested by one of our varnish-shop efficiency engineers.

The head of another large business now boasts of a saving of 15% in his cost of finishing *plus* an increase of 50% in the output of his finishing department.

This was also the result of a careful study of his finishing problems by a Berry Brothers' expert.

In an important industry—without exceptional opportunities for improvement—Berry Brothers' efficiency methods have been responsible for a saving of 19% in the annual varnish purchases *of 80% of all the companies engaged in the business.*

Such results as these are possible not only because we know our business and have a somewhat different way of selling our goods, but also—

Because there are so many varnish shops that have been sorely neglected by the man who really pays the varnish bills.

You may never have realized the opportunities that are open to *you* for increased profit-making in your finishing department. You may consider that you don't know enough about that end of your business to warrant you in taking an interest in it. You have probably done all you could to keep varnish salesmen from getting into the front office.

But in the face of such figures as we have given, can you continue that policy longer?

Berry Brothers' Varnishes

Shellacs, Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers & Dryers

FOR HOMES AND OTHER BUILDINGS

Sold Through Leading Dealers and Painters Everywhere

BERRY BROTHERS' PRODUCTS not only meet the complete requirements of nearly 300 classes of manufacturers. They also include everything needed in Architectural Finishes for floors, doors and woodwork in homes and all other buildings.

There is no varnish need we do not understand; none that we cannot meet with goods that mean great ultimate economy. As the largest varnish makers in the world, with 53 years' experience, we occupy an authoritative position that commands the business confidence of millions of users—large and small—the world over. If you want the most accurate and reliable information about varnish for any use or purpose ASK BERRY BROTHERS.

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TRADE LIQUID GRANITE MARK

For finishing floors in the most durable manner possible. Its quality has made it the best known and most widely used of all varnishes. There is no substitute.

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For finest rubbed (dull) or polished finish on interior woodwork. It has for years been the standard to which all other varnish makers have worked.

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For front doors and all other surfaces exposed to the weather. Dries dust free in a short time and possesses great durability under most trying conditions.

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For interior woodwork exposed to severe wear and finished in full gloss, such as window-sills and sashes, bathroom and kitchen woodwork. Stands the action of soap and water to an unusual degree.

Any dealer or painter can supply Berry Brothers' Varnishes and will gladly get them for you if he does not carry them in stock. You can always tell them by the well-known label on the can, used by us for so many years that it is virtually our trade-mark—your protection against substitution.

Send for free booklet, "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—of interest to all varnish users, large or small. It will give you the best idea of the scope and importance of the varnish business you have ever had.

Boys and girls should ask their dealers how they can get the *famous "Berry Wagons."*

FOR ALL MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

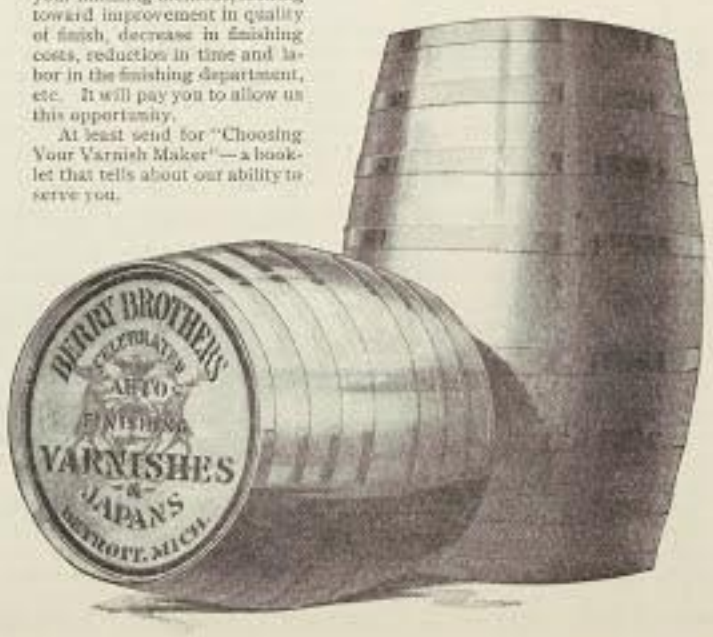
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THE facts and figures cited above are of special interest to executives in about 300 classes of manufacturing industries—from the making of pins to the building of locomotives—whose every requirement in varnish and allied products can be filled by us.

Ask us to send to YOU PERSONALLY one of our special representatives—a varnish-shop efficiency engineer familiar with the finishing problems of your kind of business.

You will never regret starting in this way your active campaign for greater efficiency for money-making and money-saving, in your finishing department. Our representatives will not try to sell you a bill of goods—or to convince you that our varnishes are best. They will simply seek your co-operation in allowing them to make a real study of your finishing methods, looking toward improvement in quality of finish, decrease in finishing costs, reduction in time and labor in the finishing department, etc. It will pay you to allow us this opportunity.

At least send for "Choosing Your Varnish Maker"—a booklet that tells about our ability to serve you.



BERRY BROTHERS, Limited

Largest Manufacturers of Varnishes, Shellacs, Air-drying and Baking Japans, Lacquers, Stains, Fillers and Dryers

Branches—New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco
Factories—Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

WOMAN IN PUBLIC LIFE

(Continued from Page 11)

Women no longer begin to grow old and drop out of the current of life at forty; already they have postponed the period when they cease to have any more birthdays to sixty, and there is no limit in sight. Yet, less than a century ago, Jane Austen, in her delightful Sense and Sensibility, makes one of her "old-maid" heroines remark, with axiomatic finality: "Of course, mamma, a woman of twenty-six can never hope either to feel or to inspire affection again!"

The tremendous and imposing duty of child-rearing, which is thrown with such a delighted and satisfied air of "Now I've got you!" across the forward path of modern woman, can be perfectly and adequately performed without absorbing more than about a third of her lifetime and only a little over half of her total energies during that third. Indeed, it will be best performed if it is not allowed to absorb more than this percentage of her total life and energy. And there will be a period of from five to ten years between adolescence and the beginning of race-continuance in which noble and useful apprentice work can be done in the world outside the home; and another period of from fifteen to twenty-five years after its duties are over in which active and most efficient expert service can be rendered to the community before the decay of her powers sets in.

Nor is there any need for the woman who intends to find her career in marriage to keep herself, as it were, in a glass case or wrapped up in cotton-wool, in a species of chrysalislike suspended animation, through all her girlhood and young womanhood until she marries. On the contrary, I believe that the best interests and happiness of both the young woman herself and of her future husband and children, whatever her social position, from the lowest to the highest, will be best served by her taking some definite salaried work of her own outside the home after her seventeenth or eighteenth year.

A few years of teaching or business or clerical training is as admirable and valuable a preparation for life for the girl as it is for the boy, even if only upon the principle suggested by Oliver Wendell Holmes when he declared that young ministers ought to have "a sort of mild course in iniquity" between graduation from the theological seminary and their acceptance of a call.

There is not the slightest question, on biological grounds, but that the rearing of children is the highest and most vital and important duty of both a man's and a woman's life—that no life, in fact, can reach its highest development and happiness without it. So important is it, and so absolutely necessary not only to racial but to individual welfare and happiness, that there is very little danger of its falling into neglect by relieving woman of the absolute and, in many cases, degrading necessity of choosing it as her sole means of livelihood and existence. It is not fair or just that a girl should be compelled, at the beginning of her individual life, to choose once and for all between marriage and any or every other form of occupation and interest, any more than a man should.

Henry for the Million

A boy is not expected to decide whether he will become a husband and father or a lawyer, a business man, a carpenter or a farmer; he can be both, and better in each capacity for being a success in the other. It is like the story of the romantic and imaginative young lady who had recently become engaged and endeavored to test the devotion of her fiancé by propounding, with soulful gaze under the crescent moon, the question:

"Henry, if you had to choose between me and a million dollars which would you take?" To which the resourceful Henry replied: "Why, I'd take the million, of course; then you'd be easy!"

The man or woman who has made a thorough success of his or her individual life need have little fear of failure in becoming a successful father or mother.

It is of course true that, in the division of physiological labor between the sexes, the mother must devote a larger share of her time and attention to the process of child-rearing during a certain period of her life than the father; but this is partially counterbalanced by the fact that the father's period of care and stress both begins earlier and lasts longer than that of the mother.

For, of course, all the efforts and struggles of a young man to establish himself in business and make his place in the world are in a large measure for the purpose of securing an income and a position that will enable him to have the luxury of a home and the dignity of a family. And the period at which boys and girls begin to lessen their demands upon the mother's care and time—the beginning of the boarding-school and college age—is precisely the time when their demands upon the gray matter and exchequer of the father are heaviest, and continue so until they are finally settled in life for themselves.

On the other hand, too, it must be frankly admitted that the average father, though his intentions are good and his performance fairly creditable, ought to devote a great deal more of himself, his personal services and his time to the companionship, education and care of his own children during their growing period. He salves his conscience with the reflection: "Oh, well, their mother understands that sort of thing so much better than I do!"—but he has unquestionably been shirking his duty in this regard and leaving a weight of responsibility for family care and management and discipline upon the all too willing shoulders of the mother which he should have carried upon his own.

The Good Done by Women's Clubs

One of the social reforms most urgently demanded is that the hours and methods of modern business—that Juggernaut of family life—shall be so readjusted that all fathers, from the day-laborer to the millionaire, shall have the opportunity of devoting at least a fifth of their waking hours to the companionship and care of their own children. It would be the most profitable investment of time possible to both the state and the business world, for it would result in a vastly improved type of children—and fathers.

From a biological point of view it is self-evident that not only will the proper and adequate rearing of children and care of her household not prevent a modern woman from entering public life and taking part in a wide range of activities outside the home, but, on the contrary, it will absolutely demand that she should do so. Just in proportion as the work of the home has been transferred to the world outside, so the interests and welfare of the home are affected by and bound up with conditions in the external world.

It is idle and worse than useless, for instance, for a mother to bear and rear healthy, intelligent children if, the moment they pass from under her care, they are worked ten or twelve hours a day in overcrowded, unsanitary deathtraps called factories; or if, before they pass from under her care, they are obliged to spend the best part of their waking hours shut up in gloomy, ill-ventilated barracks called schoolhouses.

Similarly, though in an earlier day she could supervise the growth and preparation of almost every article of food that appeared upon her table, and know that it was sound and wholesome, today nine-tenths of the food of the family comes from all over the surrounding country and from every part of the habitable globe. The mother who wishes properly to protect the health of her children must actively take part in the agencies and movements which are engaged in the proper inspection and testing of food supplies; in the securing of clean milk and pure water, and the scrupulous cleanliness of shops and streets. A large share of the activities of municipal public life and so-called politics has become simply good housekeeping on a large scale—and it is even more emphatically woman's business than it is man's.

Any sanitarian or public-health officer of experience will cheerfully testify that the strongest force in the community for the protection of the public health is the influence and work of the women, especially of the at one time much scoffed at and good-naturedly ridiculed women's clubs. Why on earth woman should not be given exactly the same voice as man in determining how the food, water and other vital interests of her children should be kept pure and

The Reason Why Experienced Buyers Select the Moon Motor Car

Thousands of automobile owners are now buying their second, third, or tenth car. Men who know all about a motor car. Who have driven their cars in city and country, over good roads and bad, fast and slow, for tens of thousands of miles.

These are the men who are buying the MOON MOTOR CAR.

Buying it—after careful comparison with every other car on the market.

Because of what it IS, and what it DOES.

Things That Make Motor Cars Famous

In the MOON MOTOR CAR is combined practically ALL the things that have made FAMOUS many high-grade, high-priced cars.

"Ask the man who owns one" what it is that has made the name and fame of these great cars. He will tell you—the T-head motor; the long-stroke engine; the multiple disc clutch; drop forgings instead of malleable iron; fan in the fly wheel; big, strong wheels; long wheel base, etc.

Many a high-class car has made fame and fortune on ONE of these features alone. The MOON MOTOR CAR has them ALL.

The MOON a High-Class Car

Some cars—well enough in their way—can be bought at a lower price than the MOON car.

Others—offering no better value—cost a great deal more.

The MOON car is made from the finest materials that can be used in any motor car. Every smallest part is made by an expert in that particular line of work. It is tested and adjusted with infinite care and is as perfect when it leaves the factory as anything made by human hands can be.

You'll be proud to own a MOON car. And it will give you perfect service, day after day, mile after mile, at the minimum of expense for up-keep.

Get the *Free* Catalog of 1912 Models

Write for advance catalog showing 1912 models, with full details of all MOON cars and how they are made. It will show you all about a motor car in a single evening. And will explain why the MOON car is the lowest-priced high-class car on the market.

Use the coupon! Lead pencil address will do.

JOS. W. MOON, President Moon Motor Car Co.
Dept. B Saint Louis, Mo.

Please send me—FREE—information about your 1912 models and tell me name of nearest dealer, where I can see the MOON motor car.

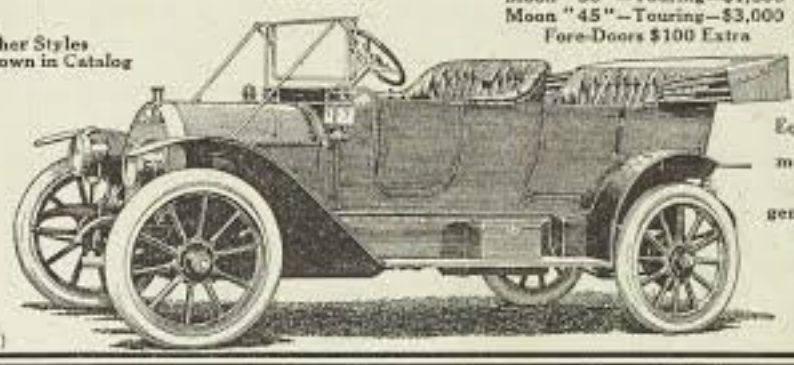
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The MOON "30" Torpedo (Fore-Door)

PRICES
Moon "30"—Touring—$1,500
Moon "45"—Touring—$3,000
Fore-Doors $100 Extra

Other Styles Shown in Catalog



Equipped with magneto, five lamps, generator, horn and all tools.

(20)

Try This On Your Piano



GET a tone on the *outside* of your piano, and *keep* it there. In other words, *dust your piano daily with LIQUID VENEER.* Then there'll be no more "blue" or foggy surface, no finger marks, no scratches—nothing whatever to mar the original newness and fine factory finish.

CHEER UP all over the house—

Dust Everything With

LIQUID VENEER

Simply moisten an ordinary cheese-cloth duster, and dust in the usual way. My, how it *does* make things look like new! Doesn't matter on what it is used, whether kitchen chairs, fine mahogany furniture, metal work, picture frames, or on costly ebony, enamel, gold or silver finishes—it cheers things up in a manner truly remarkable.

Makes housework easier, and pays for itself many, many times over. Absolutely nothing like it for removing grease from kitchen furniture, *and for use on hard-wood floors.*



Trial Bottle Free

Sign and mail the attached coupon today for a free sample. Doing this costs only the 2c stamp you place on the envelope, and puts you under no obligation whatsoever. Once you have tried it you will know why there is nothing "just as good" as LIQUID VENEER.

Buffalo Specialty Company
72 Liquid Veneer Building
BUFFALO, N. Y.

"CHEER UP" COUPON

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
72 Liquid Veneer Bldg
Buffalo, N. Y.

Please send me free, and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.

NAME _____

STREET & NO. _____

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SILENCE — Peerless — COMFORT

ALL THAT THE NAME IMPLIES

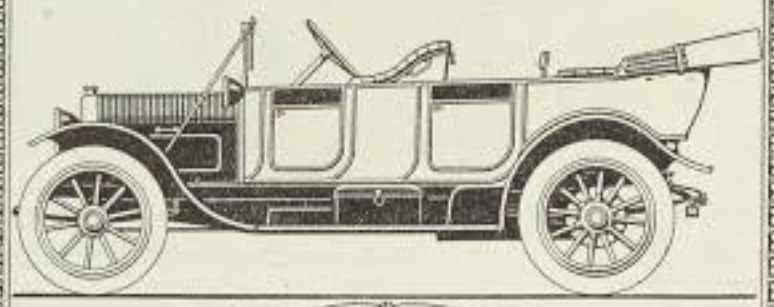
Comfort means more than mere physical enjoyment of luxuriously upholstered seats and easy springs. It means confidence in the car and a feeling of security against strain and the undue fatigue often incidental to a long tour over roads of varying roughness.

Complete comfort of mind and body may properly be anticipated in the fine motor-car of to-day.

Typical of the consideration which the Peerless Company shows for the riders in Peerless cars are the Dynamo Electric Lighting System, which automatically furnishes perfect and easily controlled light for all parts of the car, and the Power-driven Tire-pump which obviates the hard work and inconvenience of inflating tires.

The Peerless Motor Car Company
Cleveland, Ohio

Makers also of Peerless Commercial Cars



"40—FOUR" SEVEN PASSENGER







Concrete Costs Greatly Reduced

by using Hy-Rib steel sheathing because it does away with centering, wood forms, and special equipment. Merely set up the Hy-Rib, apply the cement and the work is complete. A strong, permanent, fireproof construction—more economical than wood, stone or brick.



Hy-Rib for all Buildings

In Walls and Sidings, Hy-Rib makes a thin, monolithic wall at half the cost of brick. In Roofs, Hy-Rib reduces the dead weight and does away with centering. In Partitions, Hy-Rib saves all steel studs, and lowers cost of labor. In Ceilings, Furring, Tanks, Silos, Culverts, etc., Hy-Rib is a money-saver.

FREE If you write us about your proposed buildings (1) **HY-RIB HANDBOOK**, full of details, illustrations, applications and specifications; (2) **HY-RIB AND CONCRETE ON THE FARM**—Complete designs of silos, barns, houses, fences, tanks, etc.

KAHN SYSTEM Building Products

TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY
601 Trussed Concrete Bldg., Detroit, Michigan

ORIGINAL—GENUINE Delicious, Invigorating

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

wholesome, and in personally seeing that they are so kept, is a question to which, from a biological point of view, there is no answer!

The same wholesome tendency is also showing itself in state and national politics. War and the currency and taxes are no longer the sole issues in the realm of politics. Questions can no longer be settled solely with eloquence and with clubs. Politicians are actually beginning to discuss questions which there is some prospect of their being able to understand and upon which definite and rational conclusions can be reached by the collection of facts and the use of scientific methods, instead of determining everything by whether it accords with ancient Republican principles or true democratic doctrine.

And upon these new issues in politics woman is at least as well posted and as well equipped to judge as man; and, indeed, she couldn't very well know less about the currency and the tariff, for instance, than the average male voter does now. "Such an excess of stupidity is not in Nature," as Doctor Johnson pithily remarked. Woman in public life will simply be exercising on a larger scale and in a wider field those same noble qualities which have made her worshiped in the home, and extending over the welfare of the entire community that watchful care and that wise protection which she has always exercised over her children.

If the atmosphere of public life is so rank and impure that it will sully her moral purity to breathe it, then, in Heaven's name, it is time that she enter it to throw open the windows and let in the sunlight! Objections of this description are simply tantamount to a confession that man, in his own special and exclusive sphere, has not yet succeeded in properly civilizing himself. The mere fact that standards and methods of public life are and in the past have been male standards is no valid argument whatever that they should always remain so; in fact, they may be just the contrary. Bernard Shaw wittily says one of the reasons why he most strongly approves of the entrance of women into politics is that "they have no business habits of mind and thought." They have never got into the habit of worshiping property and disregarding human life and suffering or learned to accept the creed expressed in the phrase, "Business is Business!"—a sentiment fit only for pirates!

When woman is once set at liberty, freely and voluntarily to choose wifehood and motherhood as her highest triumph, her proudest accomplishment and her greatest happiness—not merely driven to it as a means of livelihood; when, in order to fulfill this lofty aim, she is free and encouraged to develop to the highest possible degree all her powers of mind and body and soul; to enter into every field, both public and private, that is necessary for the perfect carrying out of her mission; to choose, in the fullness of her womanhood and her judgment, her husband without pressure or interference and to be faithful to him; then, and not until then, shall we discover and realize the full possibilities of development and perfection of the human race.

The Friendly Downy

ONE of the most endearing characteristics of the downy woodpecker is his fatherly companionship with the chickadee and nuthatch. He plainly enjoys their company; and frequently in winter he is accompanied by a number of these confiding bird children.

People sometimes shoot downy, thinking that he is the yellow-bellied sapsucker, which is about the same size and has many actions in common. Gunner, spare the distinguished downy and all his kind! The sapsucker wears a coat of mottled gray, has a yellow breast and a bib of crimson; downy's coat is black, and is split down the back with a white line and has white spots around the edges. He has a tiny red cap and carries a white line above each eye.

The woodpeckers are a noble and successful family; they are both utilitarian and interesting. Though most of them are noisy they do not sing, and many of them are too busy to migrate. Almost all woodpeckers are gayly dressed and have a swinging, undulating flight. All males have a patch or a cap of red upon the head. Theirs are among the first families in the bird world, and the boy or the girl who knows them without a gun will have a valuable and delightful accomplishment.

Try It On Steaks

If you want that rare relish that makes many a dish a feast, use



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

A superior seasoning for **Soups, Fish, Meats, Gravies, Game and Salads.**

Assists Digestion.

Lea & Perrins' signature is on label and wrapper.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York.

ICY-HOT

The Bottle That Keeps Hot Liquids Hot 24 Hours Cold Liquids Cold 3 Days

You can have hot or cold drinks while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, etc., keep warm milk for baby, cold water for child or invalid at bedside without bother. *Icy-Hot Jars*—one and two quarts—keep stews, vegetables, etc., hot without fire—desserts or ice cream cold without ice.

Many New Exclusive Features

Prices $1 up; quarts $2.50 up. See at dealers—look for name *Icy-Hot*—write for book.

ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO.
Dept. B. Cincinnati, Ohio



HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Lubricates: Burns Cleanly.
Write for Booklet, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication."

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All Garages W. P. Fuller & Co.

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BRIGHTEN UP *Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME by using* WASHBURNE'S PATENT **PAPER FASTENERS.**

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SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

Trade **O. K.** Mark



Made of brass. 3 sizes. In brass boxes of 100. Handsome. Compact. Strong. No Slipping, NEVER! All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50 assorted sizes. Illustrated booklet free.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y. No 18

20,000 $18 BENNETT Typewriters In Use

$18 in U. S. A.



You're losing far more than $18 every year by being without the Bennett. This light, thoroughly modern typewriter can be carried wherever you go—slipped into pocket or grip. It saves you time—stenographic charges—insures neat businesslike letters, makes carbon of orders, does all the widely advertised $100 machines do. **LET US PROVE THIS.** See the efficient work. Write for catalog and Special offer. Splendid chance for agents. Foreign Address: 72 Cannon St., London, E.C.

G. J. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, New York

This is the tobacco that revolutionized pipe-smoking

This is the most notable improvement in pipe tobacco since the days of Walter Raleigh.

Tobacco with wonderful flavor and fragrance, without a touch of rankness;

Tobacco that burns long, free and steady, that holds its fire close and never sogs, but burns down to dust-fine ashes;

Tobacco that you can smoke all day and it won't bite your tongue;—



All on-the-job dealers sell Prince Albert —10c in the famous red tin, 5c in a red cloth bag enclosed in weather-proof paper, a handsome half-pound tin humidor and a pound humidor of crystal glass.

PRINCE ALBERT
the national joy smoke

We want you to ***know*** why Prince Albert is different, why it's in a class of its own. ***The reason is the Prince Albert process. This*** is what makes P. A. what it is.

This process was discovered by a well-known German scientist who dearly loved a pipe and experimented with smoking tobaccos as a side line. He knew he had hit upon a big thing in this process. So did we when this company acquired it. Experts were put on the job of perfecting it. The work took three years and cost a bunch of money. But we knew it would make a wonderful smoking tobacco and we had the faith to back it.

The United States Patent on this process was granted July 30, 1907. Two years later we were prepared to manufacture Prince Albert on a vast scale.

Here, again, we showed our confidence in the new process by expending great sums to tell the smokers of America about it. We advertised it in a new and bigger way, because Prince Albert deserved it, and because we knew that practically every smoker who tried it would be a steady P. A. user.

Now, men, we get to the showdown. If you haven't tried Prince Albert, try it now. Cut out the argument and the surmise and the speculation. Put it to the jimmy pipe test. Let the tobacco smoke for itself. Then you'll understand what this patent Prince Albert process means to you. You'll know why it has revolutionized pipe-smoking and started two men to smoking a pipe where one smoked before.

Mr. Dealer: Every time someone puts over a sure-thing bet like Prince Albert, the "trailers" get busy. The wonderful success of Prince Albert has started a host of imitators. The woods are full of "just-as-goods," all trying to profit from the great reputation of Prince Albert and from the increased demand for pipe tobacco that P. A. has created. Smokers will know that these imitations are not like Prince Albert and you simply can't afford to sit tight and try to sell customers the ordinary kinds of pipe tobacco.

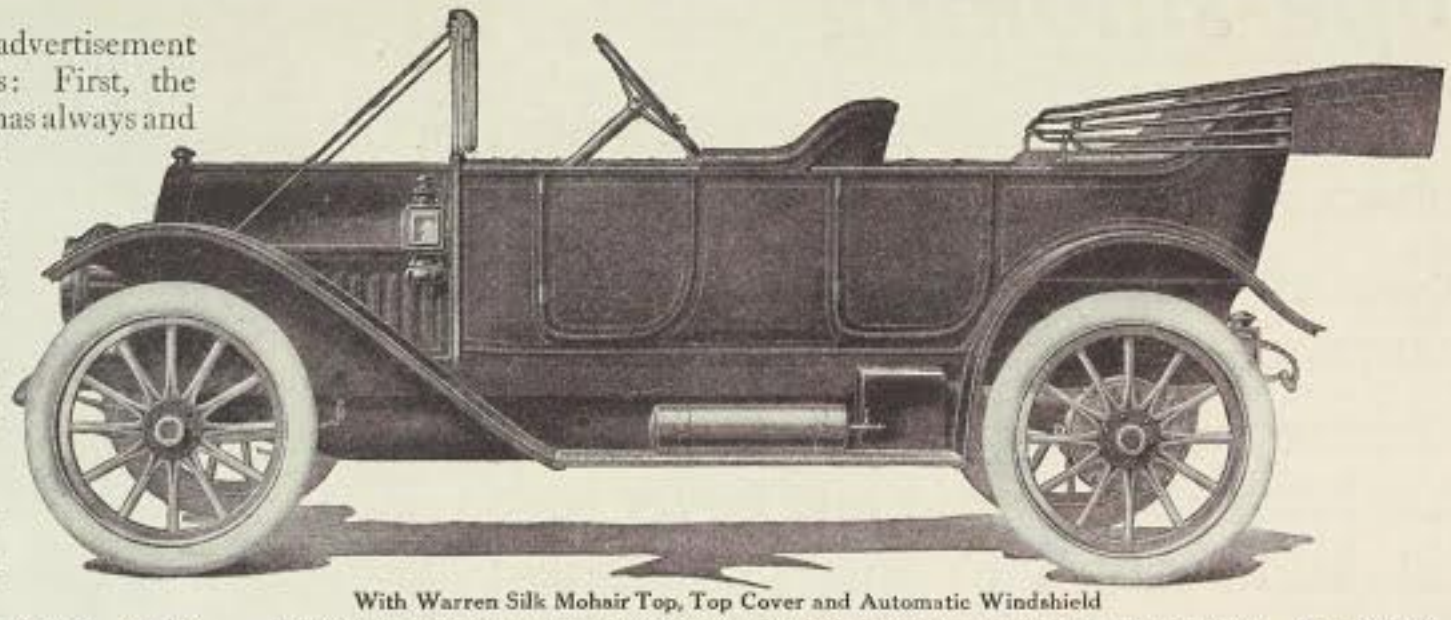
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

These Three Cars Challenge the World For Value in Construction—Workmanship—Power

IN considering this advertisement remember these facts: First, the Warren organization has always and everywhere consistently stood for plain, unvarnished truth. Second, the Warren Company has no bonded indebtedness, no high overhead expense; it can and does put the money in the car. There are no "dead horses" buried in Warren prices.

Experience has sustained the sound conviction of this Company, that, if the cars are right it is not necessary to "claim the earth."

The firmly fixed policy of the Warren organization is to build the highest quality cars that can be produced for the money.



With Warren Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover and Automatic Windshield

"12-35"

Five-passenger Touring car. 112-inch Wheel Base. Detachable Fore-doors and ventilators. Muffler cut-out 34x3½-inch tires. Universal Quick Detachable rims. Searchlight gas tank. 3 oil lamps and 2 gas head-lights enameled; enameled horn. Cost and robe rail and foot rest. Also includes two complete and distinct sets of ignition—Bosch magneto, high tension distributor and eight separate spark plugs. Roadster type, $1,415.

$1500

The Warren "12-35" has captured two official American records—one world's record—and has made a 40,000 mile endurance test.

The Warren "30," the car upon which the Warren reputation is built, justified the expectations of every purchaser, fulfilled every promise made for it. In hill climbs, on the race track, and everywhere, it demonstrated that it had the most powerful 4 x 4½ motor built. It made good.

Captured Two Official American Records—One World's Record

Two official straight-away records for 5 and 10 miles respectively—in the 161 to 230 piston displacement class—prove that the Warren has speed and can make a quick get-away. A world's record was made at Los Angeles, April 9th, when a Warren car covered 1167 miles in 24 hours straight running, averaging over 48⅝ miles per hour; going through the entire grind WITHOUT A MOTOR ADJUSTMENT OR TIRE CHANGE. This demonstrates conclusively that the Warren has remarkable power, speed and endurance.

40,000 Mile Endurance Test

Added to these achievements is the sensational trip of the Warren Wolverine stock Touring Car which crossed and re-crossed the Continent, doing over 40,000 miles and wearing out three sets of drivers and correspondents. Could any evidence as to quality of materials and construction be more decisive?

Quality is built into every Warren, and every owner quickly realizes that Warren quality is a tangible asset that makes Warren cars run faster, quieter; makes them ride easier, last longer, and look better than other cars of similar price. We urge comparison of materials, workmanship, finish and performance.

Warren MOTOR CARS

"12-30" Now Completely Equipped Including Detachable Fore-Doors

The Warren "12-30" is precisely the same famous Warren "30" except that all models are now equipped with detachable fore-doors, and new prices include silk mohair top, top cover, automatic windshield and complete equipment.

Wheelbase 110 inches, motor 4 x 4½ in. bore and stroke. Four models, viz: Round Tank Roadster $1125; Demi-tonneau $1250, Touring car $1250, Torpedo type $1300. Two distinct sets of ignition and 34 x 3½ in. tires. In power and quality compare with cars listed at several hundred dollars higher.

The Warren "12-35" Touring Car and Roadster Types—With New Style Detachable Fore-doors

More power, style and quality than you can buy elsewhere for the money. This car is illustrated above. Note the long, unbroken straight-line body effect. Foredoors are detachable, yet the mouldings are so cleverly matched and the joints so carefully concealed that the body is complete and perfect with or without foredoors. You can remove or attach them yourself. Gives you an open car for summer, a foredoor car for fall and winter.

Motor is 4½" x 4½" bore and stroke, with enclosed valves and other refinements. It is extremely silent. Transmission is of the highest quality with nickel steel gears and shafts mounted on roller bearings. Front axle is of unusual size and strength. Rear axle has nickel vanadium shafts and roller bearings. Springs are extra long, strong and flexible. Upholstering is deep and luxurious. Equipment is complete.

The Warren "12-40" Five Passenger Touring Car With Double Drop Frame, Full Floating Rear Axle, etc.

Roominess, power, smoothness of riding are the dominating characteristics. The tonneau is unusually large; there is ample room for three passengers with suit cases. Lower back of front seat is upholstered in leather, and tonneau is equipped with robe rail and foot rest. These little items will give you a clue to the perfection of detail and finish that you find in the Warren "12-40." Foredoors are detachable same as the "12-35."

Wheel base is 116 inches. Motor 4½" x 4½" bore and stroke—all valves enclosed with removable polished aluminum hand plates. Transmission is of a quality not duplicated in any car selling for less than twice the price. Both gears and shafts are of chrome vanadium steel with annular bearings.

Front "I" Beam axle has Timken Roller Bearings. Rear axle is full floating type with one-piece pressed steel housing. Springs are extra long, strong and flexible. Frame is double drop pattern bringing center of gravity low and accentuating the beautiful straight-line body effect. Aluminum tool boxes four inches deep extend full length of running boards. Upholstering is extra deep, rich and comfortable. The minute you see it you will agree with us that the Warren "12-40" positively outclasses every car at its price in design, quality and all-around value. Write at once for Advance Announcement giving full details.

See the Cars to Judge the Values

It is impossible to get a real idea of Warren values by reading specifications. See the cars themselves—note the comfort of seats and the flexibility of springs—note equipment and finish. We promise *big* value and you won't be disappointed.

What Dealers Thought—and Did

Two weeks ago dealers from every part of the country visited the Warren factory. They grew wildly enthusiastic about the Warren line for 1912—told us that it was one of the greatest lines of the year—then backed up their statements by placing orders for a large share of the 1912 output, which is limited to 3000 cars.

You had better see the Warren dealer at once and make sure that you can get your Warren when you want it.

1912 Advance Announcement tells all about Warren cars—gives illustrations and full details. Sent you on request.



"12-30" Five-Passenger Touring Car with detachable fore-doors, including silk mohair top and windshield. **$1250**



Write for this Advance Announcement



"12-40" Price includes Silk Mohair Top, Top Cover and Automatic Windshield, Detachable Fore-Doors and Ventilators. Muffler, cut-out, 34 x 4-inch tires, demountable rims, tire irons for one extra tire. Searchlight gas tank with enameled steel shell, three oil lamps and two gas headlights, black enameled. Cost and Robe Rail and Foot Rest. Two complete and distinct sets of ignition—Bosch Magneto, high tension distributor, and eight separate spark plugs **$1700**

WARREN MOTOR CAR CO., 414 Holden Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

A WORD TO DEALERS:

There is always room for high-class dealers in the Warren organization—Get in touch with us at once, It will pay you. Pay you because the people want Warren cars—pay you because Warren cars **always make good** and are extraordinary value for the money. Write or wire at once.



About That Pipe of Yours

What's its pedigree? What kind of wood is in it? How was it made?

These are vital questions to pipe-lovers. They concern the faithfulness of a man's good friend.

Briar B BB **Pipe**

Made in England

Awarded Grand Prix Franco-British('02)and Brussels('10) Expos'ns

Now about the famous BBB pipes. These, you know, passed muster two generations back. More than that: *Our Grandfathers would smoke nothing else.* And for the same reasons that exist today, viz.:

Each BBB bowl is of the finest briar procurable—aged and mellowed for three years. But not until three series of severe inspections are passed is the BBB stamp applied. Thus, only an average of 36 out of every 100 pipe bowls are acceptable to the makers.

And for all this care you reap the benefits in tobacco-delight such as is given by no other pipe on earth. Get a BBB today.

All Styles—All Prices

BBB Pipes are made in England and sold in every country in the world. If your town has none, send us your dealer's name on a postal. We'll see that you are supplied.

Adolph Frankau & Co., Ltd., 117 W. 23d St., New York



Copyright 1909 by H. L. Nelke & Co.

Those comfort-making, money-saving little hosiery protectors.

Togards

Not only keep your toes from working through your sheer, fine silk or lisle hosiery but they absorb perspiration, and add to both health and comfort.

Make Their Use a Daily Habit

Slipped on over the toes underneath the stockings. Never conscious you're wearing them.

Two qualities, lisle and silk. All sizes. Natural color only, not dyed.

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair; $2.75 per dozen pairs

Every pair in a sealed, sanitary packet bearing the **Togard** trade-mark.

Sold by ALL DEALERS in Men's and Women's apparel all over the Globe.

Should your dealer not happen to have **Togards**, we will send you, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, in ordering be sure to state size stocking you wear.

H. L. NELKE & CO.
Tenth and Norris Streets, Philadelphia



New Sensation

Photos Direct On Post Cards

NO NEGATIVES

Hustlers and wide-awake men—the photo post card business offers unlimited opportunities. Small investment—500% Profit. No experience needed. Be independent—start your own business. Big money at fairs, carnivals, etc., with the

Mandel Combination No. 3 Camera

This Camera makes two styles photos (size 3¼ x 5½ and 3¼ x 3¼) **direct on post cards—no negatives.** A complete, "portable photo gallery." Camera weighs 9 pounds. Pictures made and finished on the spot in one minute. **Complete Outfit Only $29.** Outfit includes everything needed to start making money right away; also 200 large and 100 small post cards. Send $5 deposit with order, balance C. O. D. Write today for **Free Circulars.**

Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. B 5, Congress and Laflin Sts., Chicago

STUDY LAW AT HOME

Lay the Foundation of Fame and Fortune

Whether to practice at the bar or to win success in business, our lawyer-endorsed College Law Course can make you a master. Not a short cut—not a "makeshift"—but a condensed summary. Books, lessons, lectures, illustrative cases, examinations, encouragement. 21 years of salary raising. Graduates admitted to the bar in every state. Write for catalogue and "evidence."

Sprague Correspondence School of Law
927 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

PUMPS WATER DAY AND NIGHT

Costs nothing to run. Operated by water pressure, the Niagara Hydraulic Ram will supply you with running water wherever you want it. Ask for catalogue A D.



NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
753 Hood Bldg., Philadelphia Factory, Chester, Pa.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 5)

"You should have stayed until nine or ten o'clock," he said. "It doesn't get lively till then. They have fights every Sunday night and the cars coming back late in the evening are loaded with drunks. The traction company hires bouncers for the park line and pays its conductors and motormen a bonus because they have so much scrapping to do. It's been that way for two or three years."

"Haven't the papers ever done anything about it?"

"No, only once in a while, when somebody gets killed; then they advocate more policemen and deplore the spirit that prompts men to slay their brothers."

"Never tried to close the saloons?"

"I should say not, nor the gambling houses either."

"Do they have gambling there too?"

"Wide open—four houses."

"How many saloons?"

"Five."

Here was a fine condition. The state law prohibited the sale of liquor on Sunday and was enforced in the city; but at Riverside Park, in the county, it was openly ignored. Gambling, of course, was forbidden, but the gaming statutes were cracked wide open. That week I mapped out a campaign against saloons and gambling houses at the resort. I told Warner to go to the park the next Sunday, to stay there all day and until the last revelers left at night, and to come up to the office on Monday and write exactly what he saw, giving the names of the men who ran the saloons and gambling houses, telling who got into fights, what the police did about it, how the street-car company's bouncers threw drunks off the cars, and how the women and children liked it all and what they said about it.

Warner breezed into the office at eight o'clock Monday morning, after having been up until two o'clock to watch the last gang of roisterers fall aboard the last car for town, and he sat down at a typewriter and pounded away steadily until eleven. When he had finished I was in shape to present to the people of St. James, in all its revolting ugliness, a true portrait of Riverside Park.

I printed the story Monday afternoon, under a seven-column head that ran clear across the first page, like this:

CARNIVAL OF DEBAUCHERY AT RIVERSIDE PARK

Directly under the head, in the middle of the page, I printed a picture of the judge of the criminal court, with a picture of the prosecuting attorney on one side of him and a picture of the sheriff on the other. Below the pictures I printed the following line:

THESE MEN ARE RESPONSIBLE

Below that, in three-column measure, I printed the oath these officials had taken when they entered office, showing that they had solemnly sworn to enforce the law. Warner's story ran round the pictures, with a two-column head over it on each side under the seven-column head. The layout just filled the first page.

The next morning Austin told me that Street Brothers had ordered their advertising discontinued. They had been using forty inches a day, without a contract.

I followed up the campaign on Tuesday with a demand upon the court, the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff for the arrest of the men who had violated the liquor and gambling laws. I reprinted their names, told where they could be found, published the pictures of four of them and offered to furnish the testimony on which they could be convicted. Then, when the paper was out of the way, I went out to see if I could discover what was the matter with Street Brothers. I went straight to Harry Street, the head of the firm, and asked him why he had quit advertising with us. He was very frank. He told me plainly and emphatically.

Riverside Park was owned by the street-railway company. The company had been having an awfully hard time. It had been reorganized a few years before and had absorbed two smaller lines. It had issued a million dollars of new stock and was just beginning to pay dividends on it. One of the saloons at the park—the big one—was operated by the company. From the



"More Pressure"

PRESSURE means protection. When pressure fails, water in the fireman's hose does not protect your property. You must then rely on your fire insurance policy, and "More Pressure" in that case depends upon the size and efficiency of the Company you have selected to stand between you and disaster. You cannot have too much of that kind of pressure.

For over a century the **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** has responded each year to this call for "More Pressure." Its business machinery was never in better working order. With its assets of twenty-four millions it can cover any loss which will ever come to it. In the policy-holder's time of need, the "high pressure" of the Hartford never fails. Any agent or broker can get you a Hartford policy.

Insist on the Hartford
Agents Everywhere

Radiators ½ Common Size—On the Wall

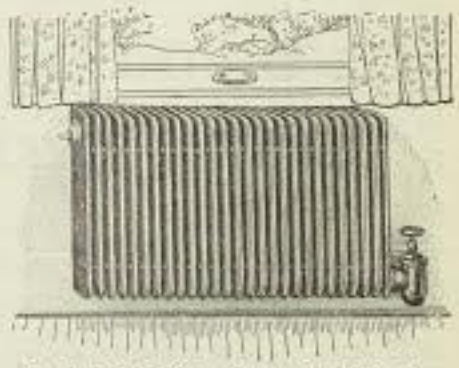
Here's the modern system of heat radiation—guaranteed free from defects. The radiators are of pressed metal. The weight is ⅓ what common radiators weigh. So these can be suspended on the wall, off the floor—out of the way. You can sweep under them. They save half the space others occupy. In small rooms and bath rooms they are almost necessities. Nothing else is so neat looking, for nothing else is as small.

Note the Space Saved



Common Radiators. KINNEAR Pressed. Both Give the Same Heat.

The above tells the story of the space occupied and the heat given by Kinnear Pressed Radiators and the old style cast-iron kinds. It tells a story of fuel bills too. For Kinnears require 40% less water and that requires less coal. These compact radiators heat immediately—as soon as you "turn them on." And the heat subsides just as quickly. By no other system can you regulate heat so effectively. They are safe. Can't explode. They can freeze up and won't crack. Our book gives the details. This book is worth dollars to all who are building or who expect to construct any building, be it a home or a factory.



On the Wall—Off the Floor—Out of the Way

Twelve of the greatest hospitals use it—one in Japan. Eight Government buildings. Scores of homes of all classes, apartments, hotels, office buildings, etc. There is nothing else to compare with it, yet it costs not a penny more than the now old-fashioned cast-iron. We will give you a list of the users. That list in itself is a guarantee of efficiency.

We maintain branch houses in the 30 leading cities. A representative will furnish estimates through your architect, contractor or steam fitter.

There's an almost unlimited choice both in size and design for use on or off the floor.

Those who are thinking of old style radiation should get the Kinnear Book and read it at once. For the book tells the story complete and to know it completely is to know something of heating economy. Just send us a postal. We'll send you the book.

Highest Building in the World
Singer Building, New York City



Would have had to be 4 stories lower except for Kinnear Pressed Radiators. Saved 300,000 pounds weight on floors by not using cast-iron radiators. Also over 1,300 square feet of expensive space. Hundreds of next modern office buildings, clubs, hotels, hospitals, apartment buildings and thousands of homes now equipped with Kinnear Pressed Radiators for so many obvious reasons, seen at a glance, or by investigation and comparison.

Write for booklets.

Kinnear
Pressed Radiators

This vastly superior system is the product of some of America's ablest engineers. It has been for eight years a proved success.

The Pressed Radiator Company of America

505 Bailey-Farrell Building
PITTSBURG, PA. Makers of Famous Presto Boilers



"Most Beautiful on Your Walls—goes furthest and lasts the longest."

Any one of the 22,000 Alabastine dealers; any one of the 40,000 Alabastine painters and decorators; any one of the three million people who have used Alabastine will tell you that is true.

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

is so far superior to other decorating material, in soft, harmonious colors—in wear—in economy of putting on the walls—that there is no comparison.

Used in the better homes, schools, churches and public buildings for over a quarter of a century and more in vogue today for artistic decoration than wall paper or paint.

Packed in Full Five Pound Packages. ***Special prices quoted on barrel lots of 300 pounds*** *—white and tints. Write us if you are interested in quantity work.*

Alabastine Company
427 Grandville Road, Grand Rapids, Mich.
New York City, Desk 27, 105 Water Street

Send for this Free Book about Walls and how to decorate them.

Contains twenty artistic interiors; explains our SPECIAL FREE ART SERVICE. We furnish without charge, original Color Plans for any decorating you are planning. *Send for this book and think it over.*

Do You Seek a College Education?

Are you thinking of "paying your way through," of possibly securing some employment while at college, working nights or during recreation hours?

We have an easier way. We pay all your expenses in return for a few hours spent each week in the interests of *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post.*

We have paid the college expenses of hundreds of young men and women. If you prefer a course in some business college or musical conservatory we can arrange the financial end.

You can be very certain of success, for we stand back of you, and are always as interested in your success as you yourself.

Write today for full particulars. It obligates you in no way.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Educational Division Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

others and from the gambling houses the company collected a neat sum; in fact, it sold the saloon and gaming "privileges" on a percentage basis, and it really couldn't, you know, get along and pay dividends on this new stock unless the park arrangement was continued.

"I'm interested in that new stock you speak of," I said. "I suppose the company sold it for cash and that it represents money actually spent in extending lines, buying cars and machinery and building up the system?"

"No, not exactly," replied Street. "Of course the company has spent a lot of money since the reorganization, but it sold bonds for that. The stock was just issued."

"Oh, it was just issued."

"Yes. You see the old company was a foreign corporation and had been criticised a good deal, so the new management thought it would be a good idea to get in some influential local people. They thought the local influence was worth the value of the stock."

"I understand. They just passed a million dollars of stock around among prominent citizens, and you got a chunk of it."

"Yes, that's it."

"And you're so dead anxious to get your little dividend that you're willing to take the blood money the company collects by debauching the public at Riverside Park every Sunday, and you won't advertise in any newspaper that tries to stop it. That's your program, is it?"

"I don't consider it blood money. Riverside Park is a good thing. Of course you can stop drinking and gambling for a while if you make enough fuss about it, but if you do you needn't expect any business from Street Brothers."

I told him that that was exactly what I was going to do, and that I guessed we'd be able to struggle along without his business. The next day I printed the whole story of his stock interest in the traction company, the withdrawal of his advertising from The Sun and his conversation with me. I sent to the capital for copies of the reports of the traction company showing the list of stockholders, and filed them away for use in case other advertisers who held street-railway stock objected to our Riverside Park fight. Every day for the rest of the week I demanded action by the criminal judge, the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff. I sent Kite to interview them, and he found them furiously mad but badly frightened. I served notice on them, through the paper, that my men would be on hand at Riverside Park the next Sunday, and that every infraction of the law would again be faithfully reported. Saturday afternoon I printed a first-page editorial, calling upon the governor to remove the prosecutor and the sheriff if they failed to enforce the law, and on Saturday evening they got busy.

The Sun's campaign had aroused widespread interest. We were getting from a dozen to fifty letters a day, applauding us and urging us to clean up the park. Sunday afternoon and evening it seemed to us that everybody in St. James who could do so had gone to Riverside. There must have been fifteen thousand or twenty thousand people at the park. I sent my whole staff down and went myself. But our vigil was in vain, although our week's work had not been. Not a glass of beer was sold; not a card was turned. The saloons and gambling houses were shut tight. Twenty deputy sheriffs patrolled the grounds until midnight, and for the first time in years the day failed to end in a drunken carousal. We had made Riverside Park respectable, and we kept it respectable all that summer and the next. Several times attempts were made to reopen the saloons and gambling houses, but each time Warner discovered it and promptly stopped it by printing a story about it.

The public appreciated our efforts and we gained more circulation, but we never got the Street advertising back into the paper. Our loss on that business was two thousand dollars a year.

This campaign also cost us the street-railway advertising. Besides operating the traction system the company sold electric light and power. This department of the corporation did considerable advertising, but after we stopped drinking and gambling at Riverside Park it never gave us another inch. This we also duly chronicled for the benefit of our readers.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles relating the story of a newspaper. The second will be printed in an early issue.



Ask The Man Who Uses Them

Tires That Never Puncture

ARE those covered with **Standard Tire Protectors.** They do not develop blow-outs or other tire troubles—and unlike tires not so protected, they are not responsible for nine-tenths of motor car up-keep—not responsible for that constant uneasiness about the danger always lurking ahead.

This year the **Standard** Non-Skid is a new big feature. It enables the motor car owner to now procure protection plus non-skid, with but little added expense.

Standard Non-Skid Tire Protectors
(or Plain Tread if Preferred)

Glass, nails, sharp stones are passed over, never reaching your tire. These Protectors fit over any tires, any treads and are held fast by inflation pressure.

Standard Tire Protectors are made of fabric and rubber materials, which give absolute satisfaction. If tires could be made of leather and other like materials and give satisfaction then the leading tire manufacturers would certainly adopt them, but this is something which has proved impracticable. Write for booklet today.

Standard Tire Protector Company
813 South Water Street Saginaw, Mich.



10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. $65 now—later the price will be $100. The best typewriter in the world; as good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. **One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free** for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, say to us in a letter: "Mail your PRIZE OFFER."

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Colonial Red Cedar Chest

The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Gift.



This beautiful chest is built of fragrant Southern Red Cedar. **Protects Furs and Clothing Against Moths.** No camphor required. Dust-Damp-Moth-Proof. Beautifully finished with antique copper trimmings. Very Roomy. Direct from our factory at factory prices. We prepay freight. Write for catalog. Shows many styles, gives prices. **PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 79, Statesville, N. C.**

Go in Business for Yourself

If you want to be master of your own income, let us hear from you. You can devote all of your time to work or just profitably utilize your leisure hours. We want a representative in every town in the country to look after the subscription business of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, and for this work we pay a weekly salary and commission. If you are interested, let us hear from you.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania



BUY YOUR **AUTOMOBILE TIRES @ SENSIBLE PRICES**

We are selling a number of STANDARD MAKES at from 30% to 50% below list price. Our Special Bulletin "T 10" gives details and prices on all sizes of TIRES and TUBES, also other sundries at BIG REDUCTIONS.

TIMES SQ. AUTOMOBILE CO.
1703-1713 Broadway, New York City
Also 1323-1334 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Honer and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strop like the barber. **At all dealers.**



Price, $3.00
Complete, prepaid
Send for catalog
A. C. HAYDEN & CO.
BROCKTON, MASS.

Ellwanger & Barry's

Peonies Phloxes Irises

Are Unsurpassed in Variety and Quality

The Best Results are to be Obtained by Planting in September.

Illustrated booklet with descriptions and planting directions FREE upon request.

MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, Rochester, New York



Here They Are!—Varsity Socks College Colors

HERE they are!
Correct Varsity Colors.
Knit in the very latest fashionable stripe.

Harvard Crimson—Yale Blue—Brown Brown—Dartmouth Green—Chicago Red—Northwestern Purple—all these colors striped with white in the nobbiest, catchiest combination you've seen in many a day.

Also "Pennsy" red and blue, Princeton orange and black, Columbia blue and white, Virginia orange and blue, Michigan blue and maize, Purdue black and old gold, Annapolis blue and gold, and West Point black, grey and gold—the true varsity colors knit in the most fashionable stripe effect going.

Have a look at the smartly well-dressed feet shown above.

Get the effect in your mind's eye.

Then send us $3.00 for each six pairs of Shawknit Varsity Socks you wish or—ask your regular dealer for them.

The price is the same whether you buy from us or from your dealer.

Shawknit Varsity Socks are "worth the money." They are knit from finely spun mercerized lisle—sheer, thin and soft but very durable, and they are *guaranteed*. (See Shawknit Guarantee reproduced below. This guarantee is attached to every pair of Shawknit socks.)

In Shawknit Varsity Socks, you get—not only the true varsity colors, combined in the latest fashionable stripe, but you get *the perfect fitting kind of socks* that give your feet "the genuinely well-dressed appearance."

True fit also means well-balanced wear. All Shawknit socks *wear evenly*. They are durable. Holes and darns are reduced to a minimum.

The colors of Shawknit Varsity Socks are "fast." They will not fade. They will not "run" in the wash.

Send for a half-dozen pairs of Shawknit Varsity Socks today.

Show your colors during vacation and be ready for the football season.

If you order from us, please be sure to state your size and the colors you wish, sending $3.00 for each six pairs ordered.

Your money back if you are not entirely satisfied.

Send orders for Shawknit Varsity Socks to the Shaw Stocking Co., 109 Shaw Street, Lowell, Mass., or—

Our Unlimited Guarantee on *All* Shawknit Socks



Look for Stores That Sell—

Shawknit TRADE MARK.

Socks

HARVARD · DARTMOUTH · COLUMBIA · U. of P. · VIRGINIA · MICHIGAN · CHICAGO · WEST POINT · BROWN · YALE · PRINCETON · CORNELL · ANNAPOLIS · PURDUE · NORTH WESTERN

Cadillac progress

1912 in scientific research marks a well defined line between the motor car of the past and the motor car of now

Automatic electric starting device. Electric lights. Two complete ignition systems. Scientifically developed carburetor. More power. Larger wheels and tires. Larger brake drums. Steel bodies of latest accepted designs. Numerous refinements of essential details.

The improvements incorporated in this year's specifications will give a pronounced impetus to the conditions which have constituted the Cadillac *a law unto itself.*

These improvements are obviously the result of an economic and evolutionary development; hence, it is useless to seek them elsewhere.

They are the fruits of Cadillac research; of close and accurate measurement; and of *scientific standardization.*

Consider what an augmentation of comfort is implied in these two announcements, emanating from the Cadillac Company, which has never promised what it did not fulfill—

First. A surpassingly fine car made infinitely finer; and Second, a hitherto unattainable ideal resolved into a practical reality.

This more refined and efficient car is a product of that process of ceaseless progress toward perfection which has prevailed in the Cadillac plant for ten years.

The simple, centralized, Delco system of starting, igniting and lighting is merely a phase or *an integral part of that process.*

To combine these elements of efficiency, for the first time, in a unit, exercising the three separate functions, is of itself an interesting achievement; although such a system as an adjunct to an indifferent car would be of doubtful value.

But to combine them in the Cadillac adds luster to that achievement, because it *endows an extraordinary motor car with new and henceforth indispensable functions.*

Without them, the Cadillac would still be the incarnation of ease, grace, elegance and economy.

With them, a new meaning attaches to the word luxury as applied to motoring.

The 1912 Cadillac automatically removes itself from the realms of competition.

CADILLAC ELECTRICAL SYSTEM

Starting Lighting Ignition

The electrical plant in the new Cadillac not only accomplishes what heretofore has been accomplished in a less efficient manner by separate systems—ignition and lighting—but goes further and includes in its functions a feature to which motorists have long looked forward, an automatic starter which obviates the necessity of cranking by hand.

The plant consists of a compact and powerful dynamo operated by the engine of the car. The dynamo charges the storage battery.

For starting the engine, the dynamo is temporarily and automatically transformed into a motor, the current to operate it as a motor being furnished by the storage battery.

To start the engine, the operator after taking his seat in the car simply retards the spark lever and pushes forward on the clutch pedal. This automatically engages a gear of the electric motor with gear teeth in the fly-wheel of the engine, causing the latter to "turn over," thereby producing the same effect as by the old method of cranking. As soon as the engine takes in charges of gas from the carburetor and commences to run on its own power, the operator releases the pressure on the clutch pedal, the electric motor gear disengages its connection with the fly-wheel and the car is ready to be driven. The electric motor then again becomes a dynamo or generator and its energy is devoted to ignition and to charging the storage battery.

The storage battery has a capacity of 80 ampere hours, and as soon as that capacity is reached the charging automatically ceases.

Practical tests have shown that the storage battery is of sufficient capacity to operate the starting device and "turn over" the engine about twenty minutes, although it seldom requires more than a second or two. In fact, the Cadillac engine so frequently starts on the spark that the use of the electrical starter is not always required.

The storage battery also supplies the current for lighting. The car is equipped with two specially designed Gray & Davis electric headlights with adjustable focus, two front side lights, tail light and speedometer light.

The dynamo also supplies current for ignition. Up to 280 to 300 R. P. M. the ignition current comes from the storage battery; above that speed the current is direct from the dynamo through the high tension distributer to the spark plugs. For ignition purposes the dynamo performs not only all the functions of the most highly developed magneto, but possesses even greater efficiency, having more flexibility and a greater range of action. When compelled to drive slowly in crowded thoroughfares, over very bad roads or on hills, with the usual magneto, the driver may stall his motor because the magneto is not being driven fast enough to generate current, and it becomes necessary to switch to the battery—if he has one. With the Cadillac system, if it becomes necessary to drive so slowly that sufficient current is not generated the battery automatically cuts in. When the speed is increased the dynamo again automatically takes hold. It wholly obviates the necessity of the driver's keeping constantly on the alert to prevent stalling the motor.

In addition to the ignition before described, the Cadillac is provided with the auxiliary Delco system with dry cell current which has proven so satisfactory in the past. The extra system is separate and distinct, with its own set of spark plugs, and in itself is thoroughly efficient for running the car, entirely independent of the main system.

The entire electrical plant has been designed with a view to compactness and efficiency. It is designed with the idea of simplicity and positiveness. It is designed to obviate to the greatest possible degree the necessity of attention. Above all, it does what it is designed to do.

A few of the improvements in the 1912 Cadillac

Automatic electric starting device, electric lights. (See detailed description in another column.)

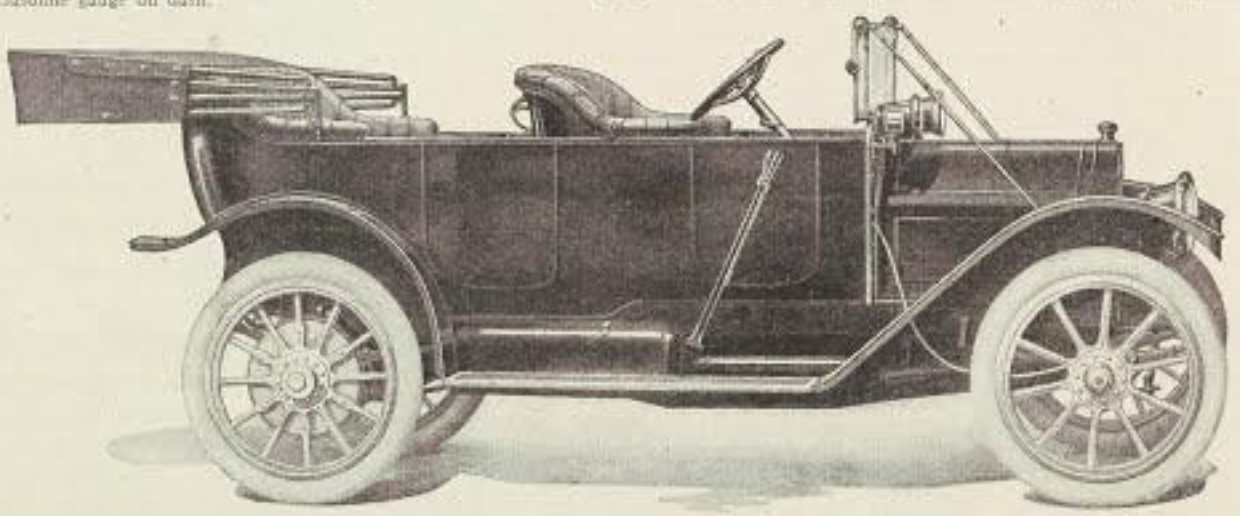
Increased power resulting from motor refinements and our own new carburetor. This new carburetor has not only simplified the matter of adjustments, but possesses maximum flexibility and maximum efficiency from low to high speeds without change of adjustment, excepting air adjustment controlled by small lever at the steering wheel.

Wheels and Tires. Increased from 34 in. x 4 in. to 36 in. x 4 in.

Brake drums. Increased from 14 in. to 17 in. diameter.

Bodies. Steel. Of latest accepted designs; all fore doors, constructed upon new improved methods.

Gasoline capacity increased to 21 gallons on all models excepting Phaeton and Roadster, in which the increase is to 18 gallons. Gasoline gauge on dash.



SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF

MOTOR—Four-cylinder, four-cycle; cylinders cast singly, 4½-inch bore by 4½-inch piston stroke. Five-bearing crank-shaft. Five-bearing cam-shaft. **HORSE-POWER**—Nominal, A. L. A. M. rating, 32.4. Actual horse-power greatly in excess of that rating, due to Cadillac design, Cadillac principles and Cadillac construction. **COOLING**—Water, copper jacketed cylinders. Gear driven centrifugal pump; radiator tubular and plate type. **IGNITION**—See description under Electrical System. **LUBRICATION**—Automatic splash system, oil uniformly distributed. **CARBURETOR**—Special Cadillac design of maximum efficiency, water jacketed. Air adjustable from driver's seat. **CLUTCH**—Cone type, large, leather faced with special spring ring in fly-wheel. **TRANSMISSION**—Sliding gear, selective type, three speeds forward and reverse. Chrome nickel steel gears, running on five annular ball bearings; bearings oil tight. **CONTROL**—Hand gear-change lever at driver's right, inside the car. Service brake, foot lever. Emergency brake, hand lever at driver's right, outside. Clutch, foot lever. Throttle accelerator, foot lever. Spark and throttle levers at steering wheel. Carburetor air adjustment, hand lever under steering wheel. **DRIVE**—Direct shaft to bevel gears of special cut teeth to afford maximum strength. Drive shaft runs on Timken bearing. **AXLES**—Rear, Timken full floating type; special alloy steel live axle shaft; Timken roller bearing. Front axle, drop forged I-beam section with drop forged yokes, spring perches, tie rod ends and steering spindles. Front wheels fitted with Timken bearings. **BRAKES**—One internal and one external brake direct on wheels, 17-inch by 2½-inch drums. Exceptionally easy in operation. Both equipped with equalizers. **STEERING GEAR**—Cadillac patented worm and worm gear, sector type, adjustable, with ball thrust, 1¾-inch steering post, 18-inch steering wheel with walnut rim; aluminum spider. **WHEEL BASE**—116 inches. **TIRES**—36-inch by 4-inch Hartford or Morgan & Wright. **SPRINGS**—Front, semi-elliptical. Rear, three-quarter platform. **FINISH**—Cadillac blue throughout, including wheels; light striping, nickel trimmings. **STANDARD EQUIPMENT**—Dynamo with 80 A. H. battery for automatic starter, electric lights, and ignition. Also Delco distributer system. Lamps especially designed for Cadillac cars, black enamel with nickel trimmings; two head-lights; two side lights, tail light. Hans gasoline gauge on dash; horn; full foot rail in tonneau; half foot rail in front; robe rail; tire irons; set of tools, including pump and tire repair kit; cocoa mat in all tonneaux except closed cars. Speedometer, Standard, improved with 4-inch face and electric light.

STYLES AND PRICES—

Touring Car	$1800.00
Phaeton	1800.00
Roadster	1800.00
Torpedo	1900.00
Coupé, Sedan type, aluminum body	2250.00
Limousine, Berline type, aluminum body	3250.00

Prices F. O. B. Detroit, including standard equipment

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO. Detroit, Mich.

JIM FALKNER, PIRATE

(Continued from Page 8)

A sudden blue fire shot into the girl's eyes. She wrote rapidly in her little book:

"Yes, I must return to Duluth with the yacht. But why are you remaining behind—alone?"

"Because I refuse to imperil for a moment longer the lives of my men," he replied, and the hard ring in his voice sent her back a step, staring at him. "I shall carry out my contract—not with your father, but with you," he continued. "I shall remain with the prisoners. Within a few hours two revenue cutters and a dozen tugs and swift yachts will be scouring Superior and searching the shores for the criminals who boarded the Uranus. If we are discovered——" He shrugged his shoulders. "If we are—I will take the punishment alone."

She stood looking at him still, but in her eyes there came a glorious change. A flood of color rose into her cheeks. She wrote again and gave him the slip of paper.

"You are the bravest man in the world!" she said to him. "If they find you I shall come to you—and confess my part. And you—when you are done here—will you come to see me at my home?"

He looked at her and for a moment dared not speak. She put her two hands on his arm and looked up into his face.

"You really—want me to come?" he asked softly.

She nodded. Her red lips pouted "Yes."

"Then—I'll come," he said. "Goodby, Miss Winn—Gladys——"

She seemed to come a little nearer to him and suddenly he bent down and kissed the beautiful, tremulous mouth so temptingly close; and then, with his brain reeling, he stepped back through the open doorway of the cabin. The prisoners were already ashore; tents were going up in the shade of the forest and the supplies were being rushed from the cook's pantry; but Falkner paid little attention to these things as he stepped across the long planks that were laid from the yacht's deck to a big rock ashore. He realized that at the last moment he had surrendered to his baser self. His kiss was an insult to Miss Winn. In the shelter of a rock he drew pencil and paper from his pocket and wrote:

"Can you forgive me for what I have done? Can you still believe me to be brave and honorable? If you can, God bless you! There is only one excuse for what I did—I love you!"

He called Peters and asked him to deliver the note. Then, pulling his mask low over his eyes, he walked back to the rocky ridge. He did not catch another glimpse of Miss Winn; and as the last tent went up and the last box of supplies was carried ashore his heart sank dead within him. The girl had refused to pardon him for his insult. He went down to the shore, shook hands with the men of his crew and gave Peters his final instructions.

"Lay up the Silver Fox at Duluth," he said; "charter a tug with the check I've given you and join the big search that will be made for the kidnaped passengers. Be sure and get a new crew—two men will be enough; and just ten days from today put back into this cove. If we're not discovered before then no one will suspect the game we're playing. I'll disappear back into the woods and you can make some sort of a pursuit if you want to. See the point? You'll be the lucky rescuers."

Peters hurried aboard and Falkner stood watching the yacht as she got under way. She was just passing the mouth of the cove when the mate appeared from behind Miss Winn's cabin and launched a heavy object through the air.

"Hi, Cap'n; that's for you!" he yelled.

It fell close to Falkner—a dainty linen handkerchief tied about something heavy. As he untied it a stone fell to the beach and a piece of paper trembled between his fingers. A glad cry broke from his lips as he read what the girl had written:

"I cannot understand your note. Forgive you! I wanted you to kiss me. I guess I was to blame—if there is any blame—for I think you are the bravest man in the world! Besides, I got even with you—when they brought you in and I thought you were dead! I don't believe you will ever want to see me again, for I have deceived you terribly. I am not dumb, as you suppose. It was only a trick—almost a contemptible one, I am afraid—to keep you from questioning me too much; but if you should care, please come and see me when you get rid of those troublesome prisoners. Then—then perhaps I can make you understand!"

Trembling with joy—a happiness greater than that of any dream he had ever dreamed—Falkner stared after the yacht until she disappeared beyond the islands; then, reading the note again, he turned back to the prisoners. They made a funny spectacle, for Peters had followed his instructions and each of the eight men stood with his hands securely bound behind him and his eyes blindfolded. It was Falkner's plan to give all his prisoners the use of their vision, but to free only two or three of them at a time, so that they could not make a combined rush upon him. He had scarcely released the enormously fat man, however, before the latter thrust out a hand and, with a good-humored laugh, said:

"If you're out for ransom, old man, you've won. You've done a mighty slick job—so deuced slick that we've agreed not to squeal on you. You might as well pull that rag from your eyes, because we know who you are. You're Captain Jim Falkner and your boat's the Silver Fox. You dropped this and I picked it up."

He handed Falkner a slip of paper. It was the note which Gladys Winn had given him in her father's office nearly a month before, on the back of which she had written: "Captain Jim Falkner, Pirate."

A cold chill ran up Falkner's spine. Then he laughed and gripped the fat man's hand.

"You're right!" he said. "I might as well take this thing off. And I'm not so very sorry. It tickles my nose."

V

TWENTY-FOUR hours after the bold holdup of the freighter Uranus every newspaper wire in the United States was hot with the news. Nothing more sensational had come into the hands of the editors since the blowing up of the Maine. At first the facts were accepted with some little discrimination by the more cautious. It was scarcely believable that a piratical crew, armed with bludgeons and automatics, had actually boarded a lake ship and by force of those arms had carried off her passengers. Managing editors smiled as they printed the first stories; but smiles quickly changed to looks of astonishment and even horror. The thing had really happened. As the details came in, "extras" with glaring headlines were printed by the million throughout the country. Three American and two Canadian warships rushed to the scene of the piracy; and the authorities of both Governments were instructed to fit out armed yachts and tugs along both shores.

On the second day, the larger newspapers came out with full-page headlines covering columns of type and pictures. In the first rush, photographs of the Uranus and her captain and pictures of her crew brought from ten to twenty-five dollars each, while the pictures of the eight abducted men appeared in almost every issue. With these there were thrilling portrayals in pen and ink and crayon, covering half-pages, showing the masked boarders leaping over the side, the struggle with the crew, the terrific fight between Captain Dix and McGraw, imaginary struggles between the passengers and the invaders of their cabins, and every other scene that could be worked out to fit the situation by hungry editors and artists.

Who were the daring pirates? Where were they? What had become of their prisoners? These and a thousand other questions were asked by the newspapers, in business offices, over clicking typewriters, at breakfast tables—even by the children in the schools. Not one of them could be answered. Each day added to the mystery; and as the mystery grew deeper and more thrilling the newspapers devoted still more space to it, many of them sending their own correspondents to join in the search for the pirates. War between the two greatest nations in Europe could not have created a bigger sensation.

Falkner, hidden away in a wilderness cove, behind another wilderness of reefs and islands, guessed what was happening. For a few hours after the discovery that his identity was known to his prisoners he felt as though the gates of doom were already opening for him. He could see no escape. There was but one chance and that



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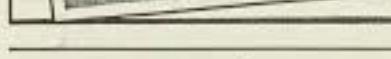
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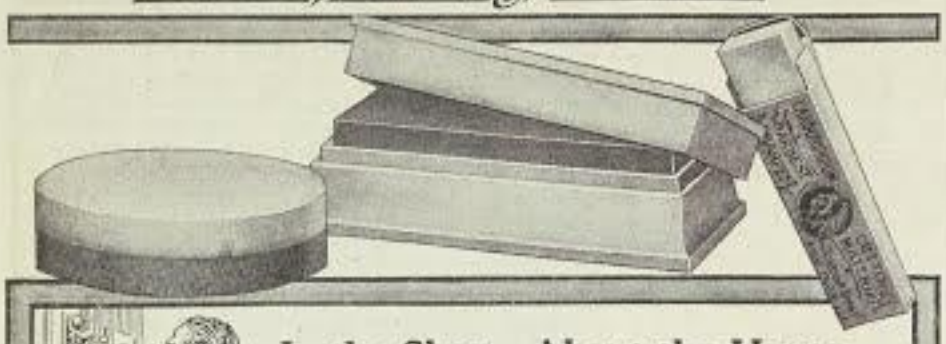
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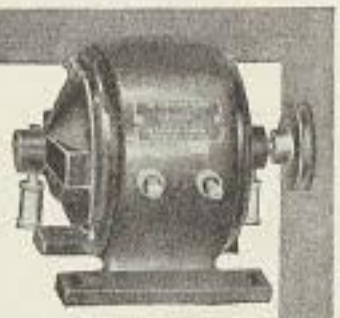
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was in flight. It was possible for him to strike straight northward into the wilderness and to lose himself forever, but this left his crew to face their terrible penalty alone; for, now that he and his vessel were known, the men who had accompanied him on the desperate expedition could be easily traced. So he discarded the thought of personal escape. In spite of what seemed to be the utter hopelessness of his own situation he could not help being deeply interested in the strange deportment of his prisoners. At first he attempted to hold aloof from them, but the fat man and his associates would not stand for this.

"No matter if you are a bloody pirate," said the fat man, "you've got to join us and play rum."

Every hour added to the mystery of the situation and to Falkner's uneasiness. He was astonished at the contents of the boxes which Winn had sent aboard the Silver Fox at Duluth. They contained everything in the way of delicacies and solid luxuries, from potted lobster and *pâté de foies gras* to dill pickles and limburger cheese. There was one case of wine and several of good old-fashioned lager, and it occupied the time of at least two members of the kidnaped band to cool the beverages in the chill water of Superior. Not for an instant was there a flash of ill humor in the crowd. The six fat and well-fed men and their two lean companions seemed bent on making a holiday lark out of their unusual predicament, and from morning until night the luckless Falkner was a mark for a thousand questions and the butt of innumerable jokes. How long was he going to hide them away in the jungle? Why didn't he demand his ransom? What would happen to him when he was caught? Would he be hung, shot or electrocuted? At least six times a day the fat man described some new and blood-curdling feature of the execution he had witnessed.

At last he was forced, through lack of further material, to come down to the curious wiggling of the victim's toes; and he asked Falkner, in all seriousness, if he thought he would wiggle his. Would he rather be shot, hung or killed by electricity—or wasn't a pirate given his choice? He assured him, in all friendliness, both for himself and his associates, that they would all be on hand to see his last wiggle, whichever way he went. On the fifth day the fat man said that he and his friends were willing to pay a thousand dollars apiece for their freedom. He said they had enjoyed the little picnic thus far, but that the lager was gone and they were growing tired of it. He offered Falkner a check for eight thousand dollars. Falkner refused.

It was on the sixth day that matters came to a climax. During the night preceding, a big and hungry bear wandered down from the rocky fastnesses of the hinterland and helped himself to the camp supplies. He left footprints behind him as big as a hat; and no sooner were these discovered than the eight prisoners took up the pursuit, with the hope of catching a glimpse of the beast a short distance from camp. Falkner followed close behind the rearmost, a short, pudgy man with a rosy face and long ash-gray hair that fell almost to his shoulders. The pursuers were hurrying between a narrow break in the rocks, the fat man leading, when a balsam limb swept back, entangled itself in the pudgy man's hair, lifted a wig from his head and sent it flying through the air like a bird on the wing. The man gave a startled cry as he faced Falkner. What came from between Falkner's lips was not intelligible. Before the other could speak he leaped upon him, caught him by the throat and bore him down on the rocky trail. There was the threatening glare of an animal in his eyes as he almost snarled down into his victim's whitened face.

For that face was the face of J. Cortlandt Winn, the millionaire shipowner!

VI

AFTER a few moments Falkner loosened his fingers and lifted part of his weight from the other's prostrate body. With his first glimpse of Winn's face it had rushed upon him that his disguised employer was at the bottom of some diabolical plot, for which he was to pay the penalty; and now as he heard returning voices he pulled out his automatic and pressed the cold muzzle of it hard down against Winn's forehead.

"Get up!" he commanded. "Get up—and remember that this isn't loaded with blank cartridges now. Come on! You've got to go with me!"

He pulled Winn into the thick undergrowth and did not stop until the two were a hundred yards back in the forest. To his astonishment the shipowner smiled at him, though he was puffing like a porpoise.

"Falkner—congratulations, old man. You're a brick!"

"We're going to have explanations now or I'll bore ten holes through you!" said Falkner.

"Sure!" said Winn, regaining his breath. He looked admiringly at Falkner while he rubbed the red marks on his own neck; and with that look it suddenly dawned upon Falkner that he was the father of the girl he loved. "What a dad-blinked, son-of-a-gun of a man you are, Falkner! I wish you were my son—honest I do! See here!" He fumbled in his pocket and drew out a big black wallet. "Here's your check for the fifteen thousand. It's all turned out gloriously. I had planned to explain the first day ashore, and wanted to; but the others wouldn't let me—said you might queer the game if you knew too soon. By the way, Jim"—he chuckled as he spoke Falkner's name—"can you guess whom you've kidnaped?"

Falkner stared. The beginning of the dawning of a great understanding held him speechless.

"I'm tired," said Winn, "and half choked to death. Good Lord, how you can pinch! Here—have a cigar." He paused to light one of his big cigars. "Well, to begin with," he continued, "the ship which you boarded was mine."

"Yours!" gasped Falkner, chewing his unlighted cigar.

"Yes, mine," went on Winn, smiling and mopping his red face; "and when you boarded that ship and captured my friends and myself you captured every blessed member of the board of directors of the one-and-only Sanspareil Biscuit Company. You took us off the map. And you did away with us just at the psychological moment. We knew you were coming. We were waiting to be kidnaped. It was our salvation!"

He stopped, and Falkner's eagerness blazed in his face.

"It was a put-up game, then!" he cried. "But I don't understand it. Go on."

"It's simple," continued Winn. "Gladys has an imaginative turn of mind. She thought the scheme out and then turned it over to me. You see, the Sanspareil Biscuit is the best biscuit on earth, but in running up against competition it ran up against what began to look like death for it. It wasn't allowed to go on its merits and we couldn't advertise it enough to beat our competitor. It looked like bankruptcy. But now—now, my boy!—why, can't you guess what every newspaper in America has been doing for a week? Think of it! The entire board of directors of the Sanspareil Biscuit Company kidnaped by pirates and perhaps murdered! There isn't a six-year-old child in the United States today—Dutch, Irish, Chinese or Hunk—but who's heard of Sanspareil Biscuit! The Sanspareil Biscuit is a household phrase from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It's in everybody's mouth, literally and orally. We've had a billion dollars' worth of free advertising, and we'll get another billion's worth when we turn up and tell 'em we can give no explanation for the kidnaping. This has been the biggest advertising coup of any century since the night Nero burned Rome! We won't be able to make enough Sanspareil biscuits. Everybody will want to eat 'em if for nothing more than curiosity—and once they taste 'em they'll never buy any other. Do you understand, Jim, my boy? If the truth ever leaks out—and there isn't one chance in a hundred that it will—we're all here to swear that the whole thing was a joke to create a little excitement. It was my ship, my board of directors—and my treat!"

"Good Lord!" was the remark of Captain Jim Falkner.

. . . . . .

Four days later a black and ugly tug nosed her way into the cove a little before sunset. The next morning she landed a hatless, coatless and generally disheveled lot of passengers at Sault Sainte Marie. At nine o'clock Falkner sent the following telegram to Gladys Winn:

> "All O. K.! Am on my way to see you. You're a brick! But you've got a big debt to pay.
>
> "JAMES FALKNER."

The noon train was rushing him toward Chicago.



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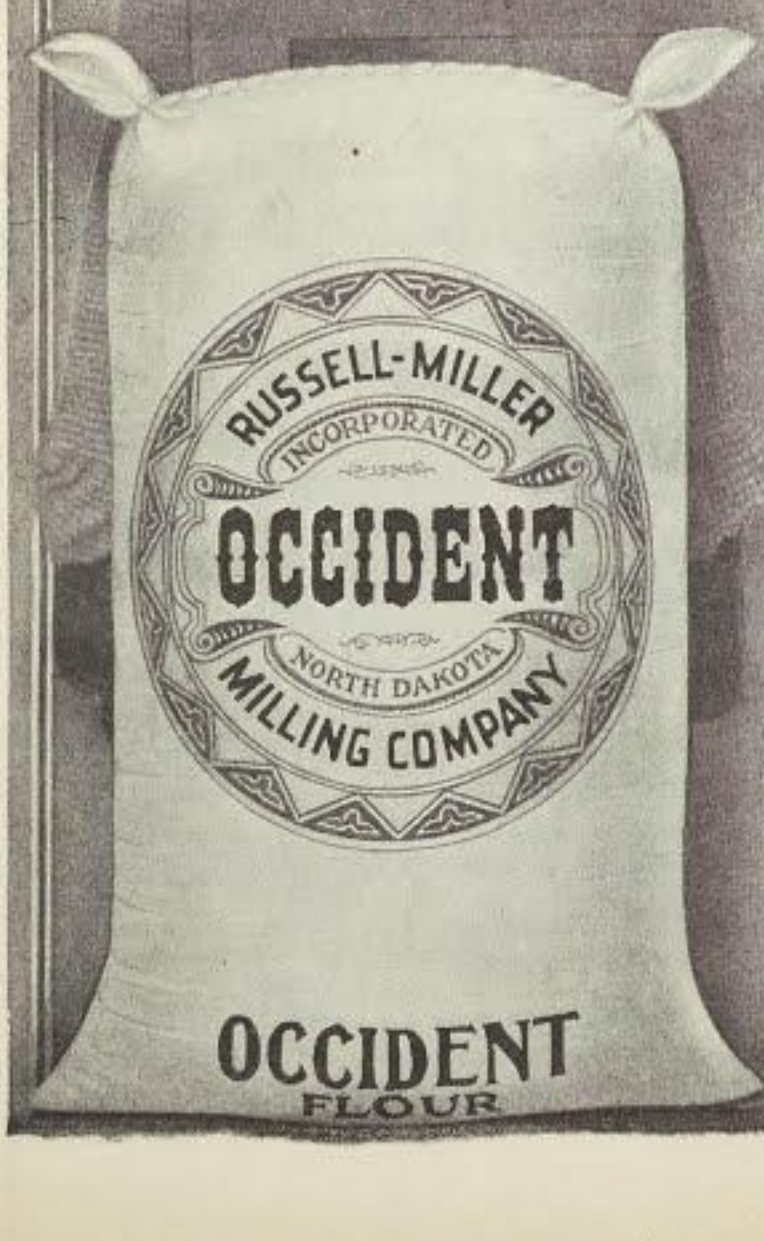




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This is the car which the makers have sought to perfect. It goes without saying that changes have not been very radical. The basic principles of a long-stroke, easy running motor, with surplus power; large wheels and tires; comfort-giving body suspension; finest finish and upholstery are all retained. The practised eye will see refinement of detail in the body, such as the hooded dash and fore-door ventilators; increased luxury of equipment and mechanical changes which add to the value and convenience of the chassis and place it still farther ahead of the average types.

The price, including a list of accessories not equalled for completeness and quality, remains the same, $3500 for a complete car.

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Long stroke, T head Motor: 5 in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression release for easy starting. 4-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. 38x4½ inch Tires. Demountable Rims. ¾ elliptic rear springs and shock absorber equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

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Eventually — Why Not Now?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Philip Boileau

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



IF your preference is for the English Sack—fashion's newest style, with its soft roll, Reflex front, its narrow shoulders and narrow sleeve effect, its semi-form-fitting exactness, you'd best insist upon a Kuppenheimer garment.

Our name is on every garment—

You'll not find its equal in style; no matter where you go—nor what you pay.

All the new Fall and Winter Kuppenheimer styles in suits and overcoats are now being shown by the better clothiers.

Send for our book, Styles for Men.

The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston



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Chicago, September 9, 1911

Practical "Master Suit" Features

Coat

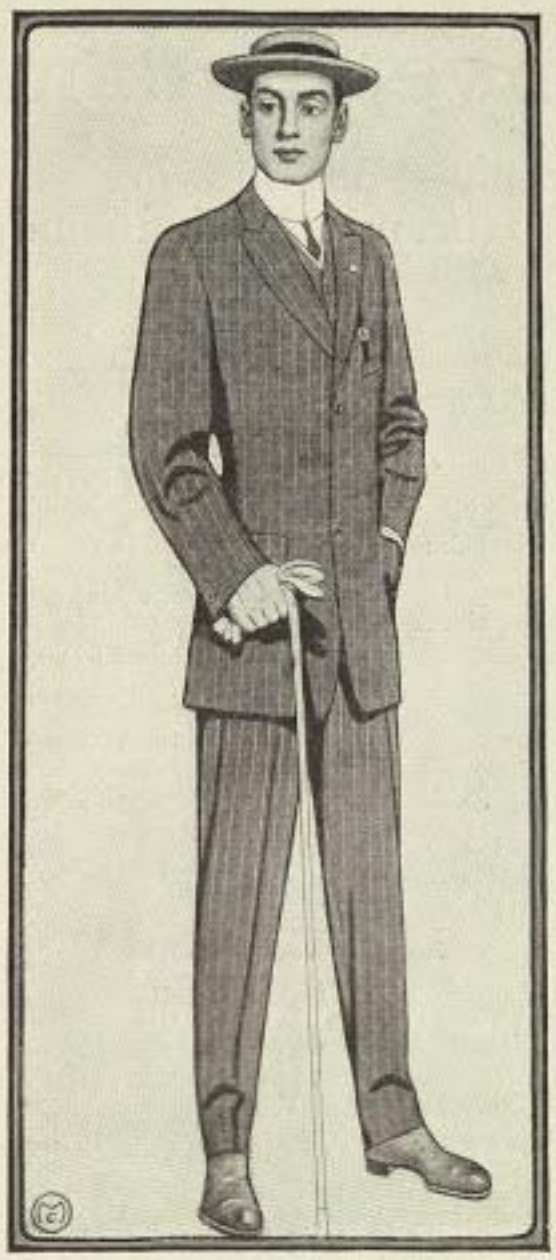
1 Pencil pocket joining inside breast pocket.
2 Match pocket on inner left side.
3 Perspiration shields at armpits to protect lining.
4 Neck-cape; prevents wrinkling below coat collar. Patented.
5 Extension safety pocket; conceals and secures letters, papers, etc.
6 Boutonnière holder under lapel.
7 Watch pocket within outside breast pocket.

Vest

8 Side buckles to produce smooth-fitting back.
9 Watch guard in lower left pocket for fob or chain.
10 Pencil or fountain pen pocket; opens in seam of upper left pocket.
11 Vestee. Detachable and washable; attached with gold pins; adds dressiness.

Trousers

12 Permanent crease; keeps trousers pressed and prevents bagging at the knee. An excellent, practical feature. Patented June 16, 1908. No. 890792.
13 Cash pocket within right-hand side pocket. Permits carrying keys, knife, etc., on same side without confusion.



"The Master Suit"

Practical "Master Suit" Features

Trousers—*Continued*

14 Guard in watch pocket to prevent theft or loss.
15 Pencil pocket in right-hand hip pocket. Especially convenient when no coat or vest is worn.
16 Braid belt loops. Neat, attractive, practical. None the less attractive with suspenders.
17 Tunnel belt slides; hold trousers firmly over hips and keep belt in place.
18 Two steel pivot pearl buttons at front of waistband. Add tone and smartness.
19 Loop in front for belt; holds belt in position.
20 Improved secret money pocket on inside of waistband. Closed and hidden by buttoning to inside suspender button.
21 Silk braid edging on hip pockets.
22 Our specially designed side pockets. Big, roomy, and shaped especially to follow the form of the hand. Pockets curve down to crotch.
23 Silk braid edging on watch pocket.
24 Hanger of colored silk braid.
25 2½-inch turn-up for soft turn-up or permanent cuff.
26 Extension safety pocket; same as No. 5 in the coat.
27 Belt of same material, with patent gold buckle.

Society Brand Clothes

For Young Men

and Men who Stay Young

THE modern clothes-maker must incorporate more than merely fine tailoring and good fabrics in his clothes. He must also embody "lines" which give the wearer the appearance of perfect physique. Ask your clothier to let you try on a Master Suit of Society Brand make. You'll like the effect of full chest, trim waist and stately carriage—the graceful stride it encourages—and the air of refinement it gives you.

The Master Suit possesses the very latest style effects in men's clothes. It is tailored faultlessly—of staunch fabrics. On sale—ready-to-wear—in nearly every city; if not in your city, write us. $20 to $40.

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

Copyright, 1911: Alfred Decker & Cohn

Which Beans Do You Serve, Madam?

Here are two photographs—one showing Van Camp's Beans, one a dish of home-baked beans. Which kind do your folks get?

Note What a Difference

Every bean in the can of Van Camp's is nut-like and whole. Yet those beans are baked five times as well as the mushy beans in the home dish.

No beans are crisped in the can of Van Camp's, because we don't use dry heat. In the home dish the top beans are ruined.

Each Van Camp bean is mealy but separate. About half the beans in the home dish are simply a soggy mass.

The tomato sauce is baked into Van Camp's—baked with the beans and the pork. It must be added on top of the home beans.

The After Effects

But here are the points which you can't see. They can only be taught by comparison.

Van Camp's Beans are baked in steam ovens, heated to 245 degrees. The middle beans in the home dish get about 100 degrees.

Beans are naturally hard to digest, and heat alone makes them digestible. The home-baked beans don't get half enough heat. So, instead of digesting, they ferment and form gas.

That's why you call them heavy food. That's why some folks cannot eat them. Nobody should. But, when the granules are broken as they are in Van Camp's, digestion is easy. There is no fermentation.

Saving Sixteen Hours

It takes sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking to get a home-baked dish like you see below. It takes one minute to serve Van Camp's cold—ten minutes to serve them hot. And they have all the savor of the freshly-baked.

You can keep Van Camp's on the pantry shelf—a dozen cans or more. Then you have a hearty, delicious meal which everyone likes when you don't want to cook. Users serve them, on the average, five times as often as they served home-baked.

And see by the picture what beans they get.

Van Camp's Beans
Actual Photograph



Learn How Good Beans Can Be

Beans are Nature's choicest food—84 per cent nutriment. They cost one-third what meat costs. What a pity it is to spoil them.

We use Michigan beans, picked out by hand—just the whitest and plumpest, beans all of one size.

We make our sauce of whole tomatoes, ripened on the vines. It costs us five times what some sauce would cost. It has five times the zest.

Compare this dish with the home-baked dish. Compare it with other brands. It is worth the trouble—a hundred times over—to find out the difference in beans.

Then insist on the beans that you like best—the beans that your folks prefer. Insist on your right to choose. Your grocer can always supply Van Camp's and he always will do so if he knows that you want them.

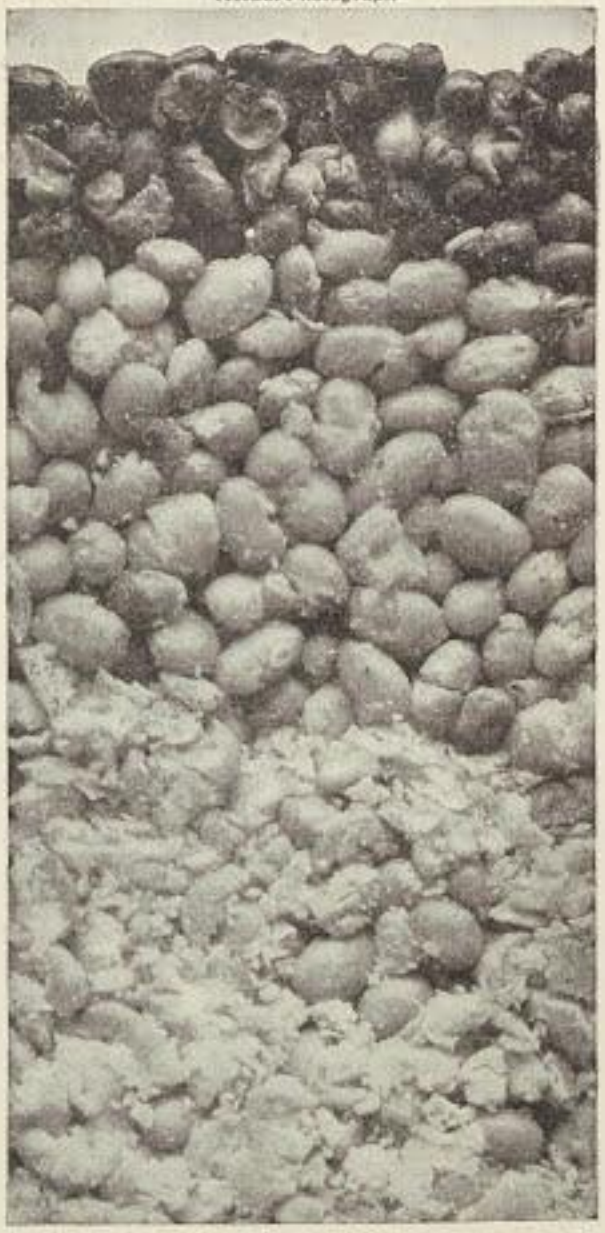
Van Camp's now outsell all other brands combined, because people find none to compare with them.

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Home-Baked Beans
Actual Photograph



Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

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THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Extra-Legal Proceedings

HUMPHREY folded his napkin, laid it beside his plate and patted it down gently, then glanced across the table at his wife and remarked: "I saw Wilkinson this morning. He wouldn't renew the note for more than thirty days. He says I've got to pay at least half of it then or he'll close me up." He had put off the statement to the last moment.

Mrs. Humphrey looked startled, and exclaimed, with a passionate little tremble in her voice: "The mean old skinflint!"

"Oh, well, it's business, I suppose," her husband commented tolerantly. "He's been carrying me a long while now."

"He's a mean old skinflint!" Mrs. Humphrey repeated vehemently, and winked a slight moisture out of her eyes. "That Atmo note was nothing but a swindle anyhow. Mrs. Taylor told Mrs. Reimer he bought it at a three-hundred-dollar shave, so he must have known it was crooked. You're too easy-going, Addy! You ought to have fought it in the first place. Mrs. Reimer said so herself."

Addison patted his napkin absently and gazed into his empty plate. He did not wish to discuss the painful subject of the Atmo note with his wife. He knew that her view of it was not at all businesslike, but strictly feminine and hopelessly prejudiced. Its proper name was the Atmospheric Generator note. It represented his unfortunate investment in the patent right to a wonderful contrivance for generating electricity for farm use by wind power. The note was for eighteen hundred dollars, and he owed Doctor Wilkinson—or the First National Bank, which was all the same thing—twelve hundred besides. "Anyway, I owe him the money," he reminded her gravely, "and he says I've got to pay him fifteen hundred of it in thirty days. Of course," he added rather cheerfully, "I've just got to get out and collect some of the money that's due me. That's all there is about it."

"Oh, you must, Addy!" said Mrs. Humphrey earnestly. "You must! Now do it, Addy! Will you—right away?" she entreated. "You're so easy-going and good-natured, you know. You let anybody have credit and you let your accounts run and run and run. But you must get after 'em now—get right after 'em with a sharp stick!" she added, as she shook her head at him vigorously, her face full of trouble. Of course she loved him very much and was very proud of him, but that did not blind her to his defects. "You know you've got a son to think of now," she reminded him solemnly.

The son's demands at present were strictly limited to food that cost nothing whatever, his age being eleven months; but naturally the parents were already planning his education. Indeed, the slumbering roll of fat, slightly diversified by limbs and features, which then reposed in the next room, tugged quite sharply at Humphrey's heart, and he nodded darkly, saying: "I'll do it, Carrie; I'll do it!" He lapsed into thought for a moment and observed, half-absently: "There ought to be some hook or crook to get that money out of Postlewait. He owes me near fifteen hundred dollars."

"Yes!" Mrs. Humphrey exclaimed eagerly. "There must be some way if you'd just go at it right. Addy, will you go right straight to Mr. Reimer and see if he can't do something for you? I know he can if he's a mind to. You tell him," she concluded, as one playing a final trump, "that I said he'd got to do something about it. Will you go to him?"

Addison gave a little sigh and nodded. "Yes," he said, "I'll go see him." It was not a pleasant errand, for Mr. Reimer had already favored him with several candid legal opinions. For example, the last time he consulted the lawyer—concerning the Atmo note, some three months after he had canceled the original note by giving a new one—Mr. Reimer had considered the case a moment and then remarked: "All I can say to you, Addison, is that I'm blamed sorry for your wife."

Leaving the house Addison turned toward the main street of the village, walking with a kind of rapid amble, his body slightly bent forward at the hips and his nose thrust out as though his head could hardly wait for his thin legs to catch up with it. His chin was long but sloping. His brow sloped also. His face was smooth-shaven, his hair and eyebrows of no color at all, and even his eyes were only a light bluish-gray. They were not only amiable, however, but nervous and inquiring.



Mrs. Postlewait, With a Polite Apology for Her Poor Hand, Took Up the Pen and Laboriously Signed

Turning into Main Street he naturally glanced across the dusty roadway to the two-story brick establishment occupied by Moses Postlewait. The front of the establishment was more than half covered with white muslin, stretched on wooden frames, upon which were painted in large red letters such statements as: "Stupendous Clearance Sale! Clothing at Half Price! Boots and Shoes Going Begging! Cyclonic Sweep of Hats and Caps. Chance of a Lifetime."

At the moment there was nobody in the hot little street to be electrified by these statements excepting Addison, the village marshal, the drayman, a dejected horse and two sleeping dogs. But on Saturdays Mr. Postlewait did a thriving trade. For some time he had been disposing of much merchandise at low prices strictly for cash; yet he seemed never to have any cash. His bills to the wholesale trade stood overdue and unpaid. Mrs. Postlewait, on the other hand, was notably flush. Within thirty days after Mr. Postlewait had sold his fine, well-improved, sixty-acre fruit farm north of town to a mysterious person in Chicago, Mrs. Postlewait had been able to buy the same farm back—having been supplied with funds, her husband explained, by an indulgent brother-in-law in Milwaukee.

Now Mr. Postlewait had made many improvements on the farm, building a new house, a new barn, erecting a fine new windmill and water-tank and inclosing the premises with a wire fence. He had favored his fellow tradesman, E. Addison Humphrey, with an order for all the hardware embraced in these improvements, including furnace and plumbing for the house, windmill, water-tank and fencing. But he had sold the farm to the mysterious person in Chicago without paying Humphrey, and Mrs. Postlewait, the present owner, maintained the incontrovertible position that she had never bought a penny's worth of anything from Mr. Humphrey and didn't owe him a cent.

With a heavy heart and misgiving mind Addison climbed the stairs on the outer wall of Bane's feed store to lay these facts before Mr. Reimer. He rather expected the lawyer would tell him he was a blockhead for having failed to procure a mechanic's lien on the farm.

No street or window sign marked Mr. Reimer's shabby office. A legal shingle, such as lawyers usually hang over the sidewalk, was nailed to the door by which one entered the office from the hall. The legend upon it was simply, "Joshua Reimer, Attorney at Law and Equity."

The lawyer was fifty-odd years of age and of an agreeable portliness. His rosy cheeks and upper lip were clean-shaven, but he wore a short, grizzled chin whisker. When Addison entered Mr. Reimer was in his shirt-sleeves as usual—the same kind of "hickory" shirt that he always wore. It was unbuttoned at the neck, and the sleeves were rolled up. His clean white cuffs and standing collar lay on the table with much other litter. He never wore a necktie; but when he appeared in court he pinned a white dickey over the bosom of his hickory shirt. He listened to Addison's statement and shook his head, saying:

"You couldn't get a cent out of him at law; not a cent. He's all primed to bust right now."

Addison unhappily contemplated the littered table and observed: "You see, I've got to raise fifteen hundred dollars for Doctor Wilkinson inside of thirty days, or I'm all primed to bust too." He glanced up at the lawyer and smiled forlornly; then added, as though the fact puzzled him: "He really owes me the money."

"Well, if he owes you the money," said Mr. Reimer, with a touch of asperity, "why don't you go out and get it? I said you couldn't get a cent at law, and you can't. But there's quite a difference between law and equity."

As the young man considered this statement a rather startled look appeared upon his face, and he was about to speak; but Mr. Reimer stopped him by leveling a heavy forefinger at his salient nose and saying severely: "Now, see here, young man, I'm a lawyer. I never in my life advised a man to go outside the law and I never will. Remember that. But the law, Addison, is a more or less hidebound, bone-headed, unhuman sort of thing. It don't always meet a man's reasonable wants. I will simply advise you to go off by yourself and sit down and think whether the Almighty probably gave you brains for the purpose of getting you into the poorhouse or for the purpose of taking care of your family. Now don't ask me the answer, because I don't know the answer any more'n the man in the moon."

Pondering this somewhat cryptic advice Addison descended the stairs. Mr. Reimer seemed certainly to hint at some proceedings of an irregular, violent and bellicose nature—possibly even attacking Mr. Postlewait with force and arms and taking the money away from him. Now Addison constitutionally loathed a row. He knew it would get his mind all mussed up and sweaty, precluding that precious preoccupation in speculative thought that was his chief delight. It was difficult for him to believe that Mr. Postlewait or anybody else really meant to swindle him. He told himself that, at any rate, it was only right that he should try peace and persuasion once more. He turned back, therefore, to the scene of the stupendous clearance sale.

The huge signs half obscured the windows, and the long, narrow store, with its heaps of dark merchandise, seemed like a dim cave after the midday glare of the street. Addison had hardly crossed the threshold, however, before he saw the stumpy and bandy-legged figure of the proprietor hastening forward to greet him.

Mr. Postlewait approached with a smile so warm and broad that it seemed to involve even his dead left eye. He promptly hooked his arm through Addison's and dragged him toward the dim rear of the store, assuring him at every step that he was precisely the man he wanted to see; indeed he had been just on the point of going to the hardware store in search of him. He pushed Addison into a chair at the end of his own battered little desk and sat down facing him, knee to knee. His manner of conversing was extraordinarily energetic. He continually bobbed his head, smiled and grimaced, while his forefinger pecked industriously at Addison's knee or breast.

It appeared, in short, that Mr. Postlewait was deeply embarrassed financially. He exhibited past-due bills, dunning letters from wholesale houses, threats of lawsuits. But he had just concluded an arrangement with Mrs. Postlewait's indulgent brother-in-law whereby the latter was to advance him three thousand dollars in cash. The money was absolutely sure to come and the fourteen hundred and thirty-two dollars owing to Addison should be the very first thing paid out of it. At the end of fifteen minutes he conducted the caller back to the front door, arm in arm, patted him affectionately on the back and dismissed him into the street with a broad, warm smile.

Addison felt greatly relieved, and repaired to the hardware store that he had inherited from his father with a brisk step and smiling face. He had a little office at the back of the store, inclosed by a plain wire grill. There for more than half an hour he busied himself sending out statements to his debtors. On some of the statements he wrote, "Please remit"; and on some, "Long past due; please come in and see me about it." A good many of the accounts he passed without sending out any statement—because the man was dead, or there was no hope of getting any money out of him, or Addison knew he'd been having rather hard luck, or he'd been in a month before and promised to pay as soon as he could raise the money. Addison hated to dun people. Presently his pen began to struggle aimlessly; then, almost of its own accord, it began making marks that had no reference to bills receivable. In fact, the hardware merchant's mind was slipping back to the Atmospheric Generator. He felt sure the thing would work if only he could think up a better way of managing the storage battery. Thinking of that sort had an unfortunate fascination for him. He sat humped over the desk, at which he stared vacantly, an absent-minded light in his eyes, a vague little smile playing upon his lips.

A sharp ring of the telephone aroused him from this pleasant trance. He took down the receiver and at once recognized his wife's voice.

Mrs. Humphrey also had been thinking, but in no pleasant trance. Indeed, the more she thought about Doctor Wilkinson's ultimatum the less pleasant she felt. This was in July when the days were hot. She had chosen that afternoon to roast a leg of mutton in order to have a stock of cold meat in the house. The kitchen was hotter than the day and the gasoline stove would not work properly. It roasted everything, Mrs. Humphrey included, except the mutton. Every time she opened the oven door, shielding her perspiring face with her hand, and saw that the roast was showing no more signs of browning than it would have had it been lying in a refrigerator, she thought again of the outrage that mean old Doctor Wilkinson was threatening to perpetrate upon patient, good-natured, hard-working Addison. The exterior heat, conspiring with the fire in her breast, presently got her into a very warm state. She telephoned to the hardware store demanding that Lute Morrow come instantly to the house and adjust the stove.

Lute was Addison's tinsmith, plumber and general handy-man—inherited from Humphrey senior along with the stock, fixtures and good-will. Humphrey senior had been a hard master, Humphrey junior was an easy one; and Lute believed in the law of compensation. Issuing from the one-story brick hardware store he paused in the shade of Mr. Taylor's awning next door and remarked that it was droopy weather. Lute himself drooped. His head hung forward upon a meager neck, the buttonless vest dangling from his sloping shoulders, his trousers began bagging a foot above the knees, and his rusty shoes shuffled dispiritedly along the piping-hot cement walk. Having discussed the weather with Mr. Taylor and compared it with all other weathers he could remember, he ambled across the street to a sociable group that lounged in the shade of the old butternut trees beside the Vale House. There he paused and remarked that it was droopy weather. In this fashion he managed to cover the seven blocks between the Humphrey store and the Humphrey residence in forty-two minutes.

He paused again in front of the house to wipe his bald brow upon his soiled shirt-sleeve, and noted that the thermometer on the porch registered ninety-four. He calculated that it must be at least a hundred and four in the sun. Drooping past the side of the house, a blast as from a furnace smote his face. It came from the open kitchen window and he surmised that the temperature of the kitchen must be about a hundred and twenty. Shuffling up the back steps he opened the kitchen door and at once discovered that Mrs. Humphrey's temperature was at least two hundred.

He was not inflammable by nature, and long association with Jabez Humphrey had almost indurated him; but when Mrs. Humphrey finished her remarks he was red, dumb and sweating. He liked Mrs. Humphrey and knew in his penitent soul that she would again take him into her house and nurse him through an attack of fever with the same generous courage that she now displayed in calling him a good-for-nothing old tramp. He was aware, too, there was much truth in her statement that he took scandalous advantage of her husband's good nature.



When Mrs. Humphrey Finished Her Remarks He Was Red, Dumb and Sweating

Having meekly discovered and removed the obstruction in one of the pipes of the stove, Lute penitently shuffled out to the woodshed and returned with the top of a soap box, which he laid upon the oven. Mrs. Humphrey, being temporarily exhausted and secretly ashamed of herself, merely asked why he did that fool thing. He explained that the thin sheet-iron of which the oven was made permitted the heat to escape into the kitchen, while the board laid upon the oven would tend to hold in the heat, thus browning her roast and reducing the temperature of the room. In further mute expiation he clambered up to the attic and procured a square of zinc, fastened upon a wooden frame, such as is often put under heating stoves. This clumsy utensil he stood up in front of the stove. To be sure Mrs. Humphrey would have to lift it aside whenever she opened the oven door, yet it would help to keep the heat in the oven, where she wanted it, and out of the kitchen, where she had no use for it.

Coming home to supper Addison repaired to the kitchen in fond search of his wife, and at once noticed the unusual appendages to the gasoline stove. His wife explained them and paid due credit to Lute's ingenuity. Certainly the roast had browned, the kitchen was cooler. With an incidental and mildly amused interest Addison took the board from the oven and found that the heat flew up into his face. He lifted away the zinc and his thin legs were instantly sensible of a rising temperature. He coincided with his wife's opinion that Lute wasn't by any means such a fool as he looked.

Both of them were willing to postpone discussion of a subject far more important than Lute Morrow's intellectual capacity. Mrs. Humphrey was willing because down in her heart there was a painful suspicion that her husband had once more succumbed to his easy-going, friction-hating disposition; Addison was willing because as he walked home that very same suspicion somehow dawned upon him. The cheerful assurance with which he left Postlewait's store had subtly evaporated.

At the supper table, with a smiling face and cheery voice but a misgiving heart, he informed his wife that he'd got matters all arranged with Postlewait. In reply to her anxious questions he described their interview, making it as convincing as possible.

For a moment Mrs. Humphrey looked silently across at her husband, while an odd little drama played itself out in her mind. She took her wifely obligations conscientiously and she knew very well it was her duty to pitch into Addison hammer and tongs, roasting him as brown as she had roasted Lute Morrow. Looking across into his amiable face she felt it was a shameful defect in her moral character that she simply couldn't do it. She could only lay down her knife and fork and slowly shake her head at him, with a silly little swelling in her throat.

"Oh, Addy! Addy!" she exclaimed mournfully; "don't you see he's just lying to you? Don't you know he's told you exactly the same kind of lie a dozen times before?"

A grave and startled look appeared upon Addison's face for the vague suspicion in his mind at once became a



"If She Begins Signing Notes My Creditors Will be Jumping on Her. She Might Lose Her Farm"

certainty. He saw clearly that Postlewait had lied to him; remembered distinctly that Postlewait had told him a dozen other lies off that identical piece of cloth. He was astonished that he should have believed Postlewait. "I must be feeble-minded," he told himself; and the thought alarmed him as though a jury of eminent alienists had solemnly pronounced it.

"He is a liar," he muttered miserably. "But—why, I think he means it this time." It was a pitiful clutching at an imaginary straw.

"Did you see Mr. Reimer, Addy?" Mrs. Humphrey asked with an aching heart.

"Yes, I saw him," the unhappy merchant replied. "He says there's nothing I can do—at law. Well—you see—I've simply got to get after the other people that owe me. There's seventeen or eighteen hundred dollars coming to me besides what Postlewait owes me. I've been sending out duns all the afternoon—nearly all the afternoon," he corrected. "I'm going to keep right after those fellows. I'll get after Postlewait too"—he shook his head threateningly. "His wife's got that farm, and it's worth eight or ten thousand dollars. I'll make her sign a note. I'm going out to see her tomorrow. Anyway, I don't believe Doctor Wilkinson would close me up. Of course he wants to scare me into paying him something; but he wouldn't actually close me up." So discoursing Addison soon worked himself back into his usual sunny temper.

Coming home to the midday dinner next day he hurried to the kitchen, as overflowing with happiness as though he had just found a gold mine. "Well, I've collected a hundred and sixty-two dollars this forenoon!" he declared. "Five or six days of that kind of work will put me on Easy Street, you see, and I've got twenty-nine days! I'm going out to see five farmers this afternoon. I'll get at least a hundred dollars out of the bunch—probably two hundred."

Mrs. Humphrey perceived that his joy was altogether on her account, exactly as though he were getting the money for her and had no personal interest in it whatever. So she laughed a little and kissed him, and forbore to ask whether, as a matter of fact, he hadn't collected the hundred and sixty-two dollars from his very best debtors who would have paid him any time he asked them to.

"Still using old Lute's improvements, I see," he remarked, his high spirits flowing over in a happy laugh.

"They're awfully awkward," Mrs. Humphrey replied. "But they do keep the kitchen lots cooler and make the stove work better. I should think the stovemakers would fix up something like that that wasn't so awkward. It would sell like hot cakes."

She made this observation quite incidentally, and Addison, with light-minded amusement, again experimented by lifting off the board from the oven and removing the zinc. "There's something in that," he declared. "If somebody would get up a sort of hood or case for the oven, now, that wasn't in the way and would hold in the heat." He circled round the stove, smiling over the notion, his head a little to one side. "A sort of case, now ——"

"Come on to dinner," Mrs. Humphrey interrupted; for he was quite as apt to forget to eat as to forget everything else. At the dinner table he bubbled over with pleasure in his morning's collections. Evidently he regarded his monetary difficulties as quite solved. Afterdinner he followed his wife into the kitchen; and again Lute's appendages to the stove caught his eye.

"I believe that might be worked out now," he commented. "A sort of hood, say." He halted opposite the stove, staring at it intently, his head bent. Presently he muttered, "There's something in that," and left the house by the kitchen door.

He went to the woodshed, where he pounced upon the soap box from which Lute had taken the cover. A few minutes later, upon that hot July afternoon, several citizens of Vale observed this amusing phenomenon: E. Addison Humphrey, hardware merchant, walking rapidly up Main Street—his eyes fixed vacantly upon the piping hot cement flagging, a vague, absent-minded smile playing upon his lips—lugging an old, empty soap box. The drayman remarked to the village marshal: "Seems to be havin' another of his nutty spells; probably goin' to make electricity out of soap boxes."

Among other junk in the basement of the hardware store that represented Addison's profitless experiments was a stock of asbestos board a quarter of an inch thick. With this material, under Addison's direction, Lute Morrow completely lined the soap box; and at a quarter past four the marshal was again diverted by beholding E. Addison Humphrey rapidly traversing Main Street, quite oblivious to the heat, lugging an old soap box.

At home Addison took the thin sheet-iron oven from the gasoline stove, putting his asbestos-lined box in its place. The remainder of the afternoon and the fore part of the evening he spent in carefully baking his box. He could not have been more intensely absorbed in the process if his life had depended upon it. From time to time he examined the interior to see how the asbestos withstood the heat; and whenever he laid his hand upon the exterior to see whether it was getting hot, one might have supposed that he was watching the temperature of a patient in the crisis of a fever.

Mrs. Humphrey hovered over the experiment with bated breath. In one hand she held her watch, in the other a thermometer. Following low directions from Addison she continually took the temperature of different parts of the kitchen, announcing the results in guarded tones as though she feared to awake the patient.

At a quarter to ten Addison arose from his chair in front of the stove, turned off the blaze, and bathed his baked face in cold water at the kitchen sink. "It's a success, Carrie," he said gravely; "it's going to work."

They repaired to the living room, and for two hours and a half Addison sat at the writing table drawing diagrams, making calculations and conversing with his wife in absorbed tones. She gravely replied, commented, suggested, while her heart beat fast with the awe and wonder of Addison's grand idea. They hadn't had so highly, solemnly happy a time together since the evening of the day the baby was born. Some people wondered—expressing that wonder with the utmost candor—why intelligent Carrie Matson was so devoted to her fool husband. This was one of the reasons.

The first thing next morning Addison repaired to the sash and door mill of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company, on the bank of Vale Creek at the outskirts of the village, and ordered a bottomless box to be made of half-inch ash lumber, with a door that opened by sliding back, according to the diagram and specifications which he delivered to Mr. Sterling. Three days later he sat in his kitchen, his wife beside him, gazing raptly at the embodied oven of his dreams—a tidy box of half-inch ash, lined with asbestos, the outside painted a cool olive green. There was a neat little china knob on the sliding door, and in the center of the door was neatly stenciled in white letters, "The Humphrey Wooden Oven. Patent Applied For."

The next two days he couldn't pay much attention to the hardware business because he was continually running over to the house to note the result of some experiment with the oven that he or his wife had suggested. At the end of two days he ordered fifty boxes like the model at the mill, telegraphed for a fresh supply of asbestos board, hired a carpenter to help Lute line the boxes and a painter to decorate and stencil the outside.

He then became an incarnate, locomotory and voluble wooden oven. Even those who thought very poorly of his abilities in general admitted that he was a natural-born salesman. In addition to that sunny-tempered, infectious and insinuating obligingness that characterized him, he had—when it came to selling goods that he was really interested in—a kind of soft, persistent enthusiasm that was like warm taffy; the more you tried to get free of it, the more completely it gummed you up. Personally he fell upon every man, woman and well-grown child that came his way, dragging him or her in to see the model oven that he had set up in his tinshop or the one that was constantly on exhibition in his kitchen. In one way this was inconvenient, for the Humphreys had nothing to eat except hot roasts and cold meats. But, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Humphrey almost rivaled her husband in waylaying and dragging in innocent passers-by. Addison hired young Little to strap a sample oven to his gasoline runabout and drive around the country drumming up trade among the farmers. A buckboard would have been cheaper than the automobile, but he felt the oven should be introduced in state. He put a full-page advertisement in the Vale Vindicator and employed three boys to litter up a six-mile radius with hand-bills.

And the ovens began to sell. Word of them spread among housewives. Every one that was installed proved a center of interest to neighboring women. Ovens became the grand staple of conversation and of thought in the Humphrey home. Addison beamed enthusiasm, radiated hope; he and his wife sat up nights calculating how many kitchens there were that needed wooden ovens in the county, in the congressional district, in the state, in the Mississippi Valley, in the nation.

But Mrs. Humphrey was by nature much more practical than her husband. "You know there's only two weeks left of the time Doctor Wilkinson gave you," she reminded him at breakfast one morning. "You haven't been making many collections, have you?"

Addison's eye fell unhappily to his plate. "Why, I've collected about a hundred dollars lately," he said apologetically. "You see, I've been so busy with the oven. I'm going to get after those fellows now, though. I'm going to get after Postlewait again too. I'm going to tell him he must get his wife to sign a note. But anyway, you see, Carrie," he added, brightening, "I've got this oven business now. Why, that patent is worth twenty times what I owe Wilkinson. He can see for himself that I'll be able to pay him off in no time at all as soon as I get the oven business a little better organized. There's no danger that he won't give me what time I need." He had, indeed, been thinking a little about those collections—not so much because he wanted to pay Doctor Wilkinson as because he desperately needed some more money for the oven. That utensil had already absorbed the two hundred and fifty-odd dollars that he had collected, and considerably more that he had not collected. He had sold all of the first lot of fifty ovens and over a third of the second lot. He felt, however, that the grand point at present was to get the ovens introduced; nobody who could use a wooden oven ought to be without one. So he had sold many of them on credit. Meanwhile, the cost of the boxes at the mill, the carpenter's and painter's wages and the expenses incident to advertising and selling ate up cash with inconvenient rapidity, so he was rather harder up than ever.

On the way to the hardware store he dropped in at the establishment of Moses Postlewait. The proposition that he had in mind seemed to him quite incontrovertible. It was this: If Mr. Postlewait was absolutely sure of getting three thousand dollars from

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With This Material Lute Morrow Completely Lined the Soap Box

THE INFARE AT TEN SLEEP

By Elmore Elliott Peake

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

THE little mountain meeting-house slept in the moonlight. A whitewashed pine box by day, it glowed tonight in its forest setting like a marble shrine. The last of the worshipers had dispersed. The whoops of young gallants and the shrieks of coquettish girls had grown fainter, remoter, until merged with the whispering needles of the pines; but inside the little fane, swathed in darkness as by a sable robe except where the pale, phosphorescent patches of lunar light lay on the floor beneath the windows, the pastor still tarried, motionless and ghostlike in the high-backed pulpit chair.

It had been a bad day for Rook Ferris. He had stirred the ire of one of his elders by declaring that the whale which swallowed Jonah was not a fish. Two of his recent converts had been arrested for "bootlegging" moonshine whisky. The church treasurer had tendered him only five dollars as his last quarter's salary, whereupon the young shepherd had wrathfully exclaimed: "Ef that's all the Lord's money my members kin scrape up give it back to 'em fer seed!" The evening congregation had been smaller than usual.

Lastly, but really first in his present cogitations, a godless group of young people from Ten Sleep—Yelvertons, Cottongames, Thistlewoods and Tinklepaws—led by the daring and beautiful Celestine Yelverton, had invaded the church as wolves invade a fold, in the middle of the services.

Rook, never caught napping, had swung his sermon into an evangelistic vein and smote the sinners hip and thigh with the thunderbolts of his eloquence; but the bold, dark eyes of Sallie—as Celestine was usually called—had retorted with a shimmering, mischievous light, and her sensuous red lips had bent into a sweet, contemptuous Cupid's bow which shot arrows straight into the young preacher's heart.

For, in spite of prayers and fastings, penance, adjurations and solitary sojournings on the desolate mountain-top, where God would be most likely to show His face, Rook Ferris still loved this Babylonish woman as he had loved her in the days before his conversion. He walked with her in dreams, pictured her face in the clouds, heard her voice in the soughing leaves and, standing bareheaded under starlit skies, felt her presence instead of the angels' and archangels' upon whom he vainly called. Hence, as he sat in the darkness, the greatest conflict of his life raged within his breast—Satan on one side, God on the other.

It was midnight, as he judged from the position of the moon, before Rook left the church and mounted his horse—the sole relic of his unregenerate days and the fastest horse on the mountain. Satan had won the fight, and at Hosea Hatch's cabin, a mile distant, the rider reined in and hallooed up the inmates. When Hosea cracked the door and cautiously protruded his narrow face Rook bawled out above the chorus of yelping hounds, "No more preachin' from me fer you-uns!" and rode on without waiting for a reply.

Upon reaching his lonely habitation, six miles farther on, he took from his pocket a slip of paper, obviously torn from a hymnbook, which bore the words: "Come on down to Sister Lute's infare tomorrow, Rook, and have a good time for once in your life." It was Sallie Yelverton's handwriting. Rook had seen her toss it into the contribution basket, along with her companions' tobacco tags, horseshoe nails, dead mouse and other choice offerings. The invitation was given in mockery, as he well knew. Yet he had determined, while sitting in the sacred pulpit chair, to accept it.

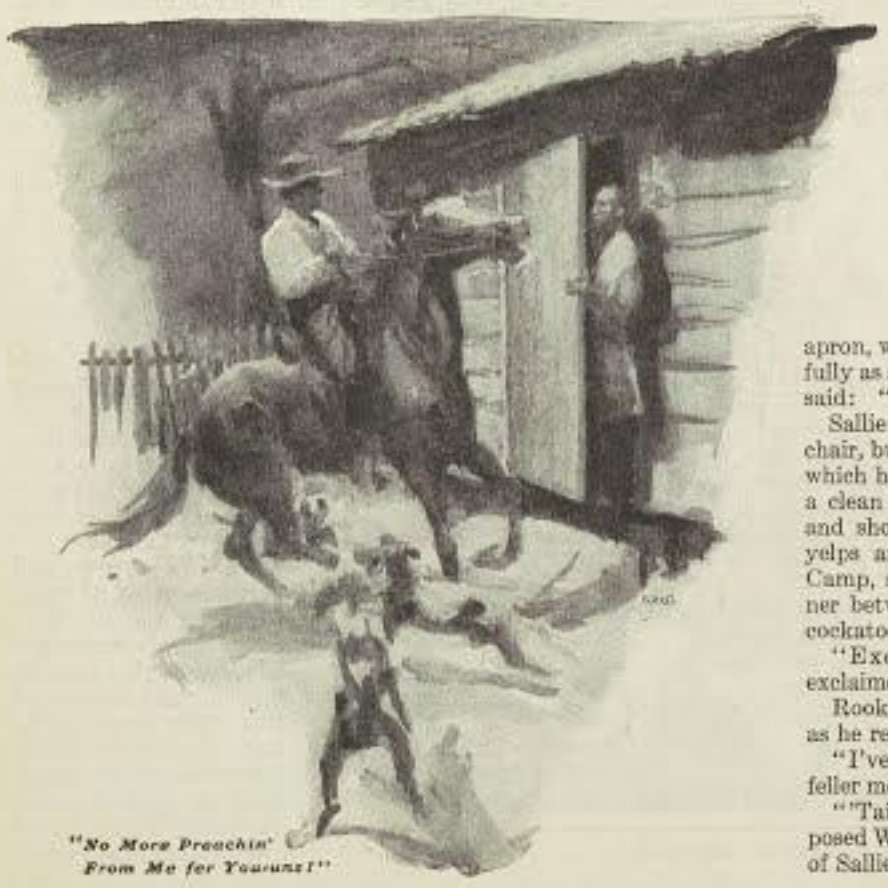
His motive, he tried to believe, was to teach the close-fisted Bible Grovers a lesson—to show them to what extremes the stinginess and indifference of his flock might drive even a minister. And he really felt injured; but in his heart he knew that it was the lovely face of Sallie Yelverton which lured him to the fleshpots of Ten Sleep.

He was no shillyshallyer, however; no balancer of pleasures and pains; no man to dance and then dispute the fiddler's bill. Hence he rose the next morning in fine fettle, stuck a fragment of looking-glass in the chinking of the wall and sang merrily while, with a pair of shears, he demolished his long hair—the hitherto cherished badge of his soul-saving profession. The change gave him a fairly boyish appearance—he was only twenty-five—and the metamorphosis was complete when he discarded his clerical garb for homespun "butternuts" and a hickory hat.

At the last minute he paused before a diminutive tin trunk. Halfway measures were not to his liking. He had renounced the church. Why not, therefore, go down to Ten Sleep on an equal footing with the other guests? So he took from the trunk his long-disused six-shooter and the same flask of whisky that he had carried on his hip the night of his conversion and had since preserved in order to prove his superiority to temptation. Then, though his little hillside patch of corn fairly clamored for the hoe, he saddled his horse and galloped off for the infare.

When Rook had submitted his neck to the yoke of Christ, a year before, Ten Sleep had lost its darling—the wildest of the wild; the terror of the mountain. Therefore, when he rode into Hunter Yelverton's yard, the whittling, tobacco-chewing, whisky-drinking, horse-trading, quoit-pitching, gun-comparing crowd of men welcomed him with thwacks and viselike grips that would have made a weakling cringe. He was a bit shy at first under their rough prodding, especially about the loss of his hirsute adornments and clerical garb; but his ready tongue was soon parrying every thrust, and presently he strode over in his old swash-bucklering style to the open summer kitchen, where a group of young bucks were chaffing the girls.

Sallie Yelverton, with her muscular white arms bare to the elbows, was rolling out piecrust. At the unexpected sight of Rook she turned pale—so, at least, one of her chums afterward affirmed; but if she did her recovery was instantaneous, for she stepped forward to meet him with a lump of dough concealed in her palm. When she withdrew her hand from his, leaving the glutinous mass squeezed between his fingers, a chorus of merriment went up, dominated by Wigg Tinklepaw's hoarse, mulelike bray.



"No More Preachin' From Me for You-uns!"

Rook laughed too. Then, noticing that Wigg, harnessed with an apron, was paring potatoes—about as gracefully as a polar bear might thread beads—he said: "Sallie, give me sunthin' to do too."

Sallie handed him a pan and indicated a chair, but in reaching for the basket of peas which he was to shell she managed to make a clean spill of its contents about his head and shoulders. A second burst of tickled yelps and squeals followed. Old Granny Camp, sucking her claystone pipe in a corner between toothless gums, cackled like a cockatoo.

"Excuse my carelessness, Rook!" exclaimed Sallie with mock regret.

Rook kept his temper and gave as good as he received.

"I've always heerd that a gal teases the feller most that she likes best," he answered.

"'Tain't true in this case," bluntly interposed Wigg, who was at present the foremost of Sallie's numerous suitors.



His First Shot Struck the Enemy's Tree With a Vicious Thud

"If it war I reckon you'd be the last one to find it out," retorted Rook.

"No quollin', boys!" admonished Sallie.

"Wan't quollin'," grumbled Wigg. "To prove it, hyer's my bottle, Rook."

It was just the chance Rook wanted, for taking a drink in public would complete his crossing of the Rubicon; but as he reached for the flask Sallie snatched it. "You boys can't drink and work," she observed lightly. Rook, however, perceiving that her motive was to checkmate his making a spectacle of himself, flushed and announced boastfully: "Me for a bottle of my own, boys." After passing it around he took a deep draught himself, though he knew that enough of the stuff would make a devil of him.

"You bruk with the chu'ch, sonny?" inquired the ancient dame, tamping the coal in her pipe with a leathern forefinger.

"Busted plumb loose," answered Rook carelessly.

Granny spat through the doorway, a good ten feet off, and observed caustically: "I been wonderin' what Delily sheared them locks of yourn."

Sallie's mischievous whimper cut deeper than the old woman's thrust and, as soon as he had finished his task, Rook stalked out of the kitchen. By noon whisky had made him loud and talkative and painted an ominous shimmer in his blue eyes. After dinner he took part in all the sports—turkey-shooting and horse-racing. The spectators soon recognized his chief motive to be the defeat of Wigg Tinklepaw, the mountain's athletic champion. From being out of training he failed to accomplish his purpose, but he pushed the big stupid fellow hard enough to anger him through and through; and when the races ended, Wigg winning the last heat only by slashing Rook's horse across the face, tragedy was in the air.

"Foul play!" shouted the crowd.

"Give him the prize! Give him the prize!" cried Rook fiercely, spitting from a dry mouth. "What do I keer fer the bauble? But if that pizen snake wriggles across my parth agin today I'll most certaciously tromp his head in the dust!"

"I won't give him the prize unless he won it fair," declared Sallie, who was dispensing the favors to the winners.

"Shet up!" commanded her father in an undertone. "Wigg cheated, of co'se; but if you aig him on the pighead's liable to do wuss."

No further clash occurred during the afternoon; but, as the big front room was being cleared for the dance that night, old Hunter felt relieved when Rook, though a master of the art, sulkily announced that he would take no part. For over an hour he steadfastly resisted the siren music, the rhythmic motion of the figures and the sing-song voice of old Cube Acres. Then Sallie, beautifully flushed from exercise, came to him, as Eve to Adam in the garden, with the pernicious fruit in her hand.

"Rooky, ain't you goin' to shake your foot? Wigg's havin' it all his own way with the girls. Please come!" To her subtle, cajoling voice she added the touch of flesh, taking hold of his fingertips. He went.

He cursed himself afterward for yielding, for the coquettish girl used him as a puppet with which to tantalize Wigg. At least, so he believed; but at the time, drunk with the music and the motion, not to mention his potations, and exalted by the sight and touch of the

woman he loved, he fancied he was winning her heart. And when the last dance, the "Ladies' Choice," in which she had chosen him, was over and the pair stood in the cool dark outside, somewhat removed from the others, he suddenly encircled her waist with his arm and kissed her.

She struggled only a little, but he let her go, for a stealthily approaching figure, too large to belong to any one but Wigg Tinklepaw, had caught his attention. His blood was up. He drew his gun, but Wigg forestalled him. There came a blinding flash in the gloom, a deafening report—and Rook knew no more.

For a fortnight he lay in an upper chamber of Hunter Yelverton's home. For seven days more he sat in the sun to warm his thin blood, or tottered on shaky, uncertain legs to the spring for water, or smoked his pipe in an easy chair, like a dotard. Then one day he abruptly announced his intention of going home, spoke the scant farewells of the mountaineer and rode away.

His peaked face wore a settled melancholy. Mind as well as body had suffered. Remorse had not yet set its fangs in him, but the woman for whom he had jeopardized his soul still danced impishly ahead of him, like a will-o'-the-wisp. During his sickness there had been moments when she wore the aspect of a ministering angel, and once he had nerved himself to speak the momentous word, but Mrs. Yelverton had called upstairs to Sallie that some one wanted to see her. She left with alacrity—so it seemed to the sensitive sick man. He heard her cross the yard a moment later; and, slowly and painfully raising himself to his elbow, he looked out the window and saw Wigg Tinklepaw's roan mare tied to the fence.

In the frenzy which seized him he would, had there been a rifle at hand, have shot the mare—yea, the man and the woman too! As it was, unmanned by weakness, he fell back on the pillow with a burst of scalding tears. From that moment he scourged his love as pious monks of yore scourged their bodies, and today he had purposely chosen an hour to leave when Sallie was absent from home. He suspected, in his fierce jealousy—though he afterward learned that he was altogether wrong—that she was trysting with Wigg, and he had no desire to see her again, much less go through the empty form of thanking her for nursing him.

A turn in the road, however, unexpectedly brought him face to face with her. She was on horseback, bareheaded, hair trailing in a thick plait, white neck exposed to the base, sleeves rolled to her elbows, with a spray of bloom tucked in her belt. Of all the sweet, fresh objects along the road that morning, she was by all odds the sweetest and freshest. Yet the young mountaineer's lackluster eyes dwelt upon her but an instant and he would fain have passed her quickly by.

"You ain't going home, Rooky?" she demanded in astonishment.

The solicitous, half-endearing tone, from lips yet moist, as he imagined, with Wigg Tinklepaw's kisses, was the last touch needed to unshackle the demon within his breast.

"I be," he answered sternly. "I ought to have went befo'. Small difference it makes to you, fer all your honeyed voice. I gave up my church, I made my name a larfing-stock and a byword in the mounting to come aco'tin' you. You knowed I loved you. You've knowed it ever sence Abel Day's house-raisin' down at Bone Gap two year ago. I come aco'tin' you, and you give me a Judas kiss as a signal fer that redhanded butcher of yourn to lay me out like a polled ox, hatin' me, I s'pose, because I've scorched you from the pulpit with the fire of God.

"The pore fool thinks you'll marry him, like I once thought. But you won't. You ain't the marryin' kind. You feed on men like a blow-fly feeds on spiled meat, and as soon as you git your fill you go abuzzin' off. You ain't nothin' but the shell of a woman. You ain't no more heart than a holler log. You don't ever aim to be a wife and mother. You don't want to rise airly of a mawnin' to cook a man's breakfast or lay awake o' nights to nuss a little babe. It might spile your good looks.

"Oh, you Babylonish woman—full of abominations! You're nothin' but a handsome she-beast, with your long ha'r and white skin and red lips—lips that would be calloused like a man's hands from unlawful kisses if it wan't the nature of such creatures to stay soft and warm and yieldin'. All you're good fer, all you've ever done, is to drag men into the pit. You've pizened my happiness ever since I was converted. You drug me outen the pulpit. Then, after givin' that redheaded tiger from Ganderbone enough blood to turn him into a maneater, you sicked him on to me!

"But go your way! The devil chuckles. It pleases him a'mighty. Your hour will come. Soon you'll begin to dry up and fade. Soon you'll have no more bait fer your man-trap. You'll go down to the grave a snaggle-toothed old hag, with no childern to do you honor or to bring you a sup o' water or a crust o' bread! And at the end you'll whimper fer a preacher, like all the other generations of vipers, and moan and groan fer him to save you. But he won't. He can't! God's word is agin it. Such as you would pollute Heaven and make hell a preference!"

His voice had risen until the hillside echoed its raucous notes. Cool and intrepid as she was by nature, Sallie's cheeks paled under the pitiless madman's anathema and her tongue clave to the roof of her mouth.

"We go sep'rate ways, henceforth and forever!" added Rook, after a pause. "Consider the truth I've told you."

"'Tain't the truth!" cried the girl passionately, at last. "It's a cruel lie! No man outside my kin ever kissed me but one—and that one was you."



"Rooky, Go See if I Kilt Him. I Only Aimed for His Hip"

Rook, riding on, deigned not to turn his head; and after he had passed out of sight woman and horse still remained on the spot, as motionless as an equestrian statue.

It was a desperate man who stood in his cabin an hour later and through stony eyes surveyed his weed-choked, ruined patch of corn—his sole support, now that he had broken with the church. Of equal seriousness to him was the loss of his horseshed and its little stock of hay, of which, fired by lightning or some miscreant, there remained only a blackened, charred rectangle on the ground.

"Either God or the devil!" he muttered stolidly. "They're both arfter me—and I reckon one'll git me soon."

He turned inside. His Bible still lay on a little table. It seemed years rather than weeks since he had seen it. He dully parted the lids. Alas, it was no longer the Book of Life! Its pages were as meaningless to him as if covered with the undecipherable hieroglyphics of a perished race. It was as if he had taken into his arms the form of a long-lost friend, only to feel it crumble to ashes.

For a week he prowled the fastnesses of the mountain like a wild beast, shunning mankind, living on squirrels and grouse, without bread or salt; but, in spite of the grief and remorse which unceasingly gnawed at his heart, he slowly grew stronger—and with returning strength there took form in his mind a purpose. He determined to kill Wigg Tinklepaw, who had tried to kill him.

Returning to his cabin at dawn one morning, he mixed himself a hoecake from the musty remnant of a sack of meal, removed the sandy stubble from his face, and then, with his rifle slung across his saddlehorn, set out for Ganderbone to exact the feudist's toll of blood. No fear, no compunction fluttered a nerve. Indeed, he felt a touch of his old cheerfulness for the first time. Azalea, rhododendron and flowering dogwood clothed the roadside like a bridal vesture. The aromatic, spicy breath of the conifers tinctured every wandering zephyr. The spiritual, hymn-like recitative of the woodthrush floated through the dim colonnades of the forest. For the first time in weeks he was conscious of Nature's smiling face.

Ganderbone lies high on Big Rainy's shoulder, and the road had narrowed to the scant width of an ox-cart when a man on a mule hove in sight, his long legs swinging close to the earth, a clownish, rimless hat perched on his yellow shock of hair. He passed Rook with a courteous "Howdy, stranger?" and then suddenly reined in his steed.

"Ben't you the preacher down to Bible Grove?" he asked, with some excitement.

Rook hesitated.

"I war," said he.

"Thort I'd seen you befo'," exclaimed the other, with a smile. "My name's Killis. Me and mother rid down to hyer you preach wunst, right arfter we'd lost our oldest boy. Mother thort if you'd holped so many others you mought holp her. You did too. Comforted her amazin'. She's mighty low right now, though, with a fever, and I'm afeered we're goin' to lose her. I cain't git a doctor—hain't got the money to pay fer one of I could. So I thort I'd git a preacher instid—the one down to Peachtree Cove, which is ten mile nearder than Bible Grove. Otherwise I'd most certaciously gone fer you. 'Pears like the Lord must have sont you along thisaway, pa'son, fer it saves me a good twenty-mile ride, to say nothin' of how pleased mother'll be to see you 'stid of a total stranger."

Rook studied his rifle with a sober face. "I'd ruther think it was the devil 'stid of the Lord that sent me along. My friend," he continued, with characteristic candor, "I ain't fitten to pray fer your wife. I busted loose from the church more'n six weeks ago, raised hell down to the Yelverton infare, got shot up fer kissin' another feller's gal, and right now I'm headed fer the feller that done the lowdown job. Git him too!" he added, with flashing eyes.

The uncouth Killis chuckled in spite of his troubles.

"What come over you, pa'son, fer to cut up sich human-like didoes as them?"

"Devil got a strangle-holt on me, I reckon. Ain't let go yet, nuther. The Lord would sartainly turn a deaf year to any prayer o' mine, or send jist the opposite of what I asked fer to spite me. So you'd better git a preacher that's on speakin' terms with his God, even if it do mean a ride of twenty mile. Pay you in the long run, I'm athinkin'."

"Now, pa'son, scuse me fer sayin' it, but I don't figger it out thataway at all," returned Mr. Killis, looping a leg argumentatively over the pommel of his saddle and sinking his yellow teeth gum-deep into a plug of tobacco. "Ef you war prayin' fer yourse'f the Lord might tech you up a little with His whiplash, I'll admit. But He sartainly wouldn't take His spite out on mother. Then agin, I reckon you kin say as good a prayer as you ever could, even ef you knowed the Lord was stuffin' His years agin it. But mother wouldn't know that. She'd have faith in your prayer, fer you put up as servigrus a one as I ever heerd; and to my mind that's the main p'int, arfter all. Fer, ef you believe the Lord's agoin' to bless you, you're as good as blest already. Ef you don't believe it, you ain't."

Though Rook's theology rejected this argument his common-sense accepted it. He was, moreover, a tender-hearted man, to whom service for others was a joy. So, though sorely puzzled over the wisdom of his act, he accompanied Killis to his humble home.

The wasted, yellow-skinned, fever-racked woman lay on a "shuck" pallet. She was apparently oblivious of the

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She Was Entirely Up to Date

TAKI'S CAREER

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE mistress of the house was having breakfast in bed while "neat-handed Phyllis"—named Ingeborg—moved about the room in a definite, noiseless fashion, creating freshness and order at each touch. The quiet, efficient ways of this little Scandinavian person were such as give thrills of joy to a housekeeper. A sprawling pink dressing gown flew to its hook in the closet; bedroom slippers, kicked off at a ribald angle, came—toes together—to the bed; a half-open bureau drawer was closed; the shade of the window slid to the psychological soft-light distance; in about two minutes, without a word said, the room had lost its up-all-night expression and smiled with an air of conscious rectitude. I watched the transformation over my grapefruit—the mistress of the house was me.

In an army post, in a small ménage, perfect service is not common enough to be uninteresting; my heart gave a throb of ecstatic gratitude as I reflected that I had two perfect servants. My staff consisted of two; so my cup of joy was full. Taki in the kitchen cooked divinely and decorated fruit as if each chop he broiled for the gods; potato roses bloomed above the beefsteak; lemon-baskets of sauce-tartare nestled in the arms of the fish—so to speak; the grapefruit was scalloped around the edges—I dislike unscalloped grapefruit since that time; and the floral effects which Taki achieved with strips of red pepper and a few green peas would astonish Burbank. I sat down to my meals as to a play. To be sure, a Japanese and a Swede made a Babelesque combination; to be sure, there was confusion of tongues at times, but that was not unamusing. To be sure, Taki was firm with me and simply sucked in his breath and did his own sweet way when I ordered what he thought unfit; but, then, he knew—knew better than I did. I ordered ice cream; and Taki, without a word of explanation, gave me apple pie, and I bowed to his decree—but what joy it was to have a cook who had a decree! And doubtless apple pie was best for us—Taki knew.

And this lamb of a little Swede, trained and quiet and orderly—and so pretty! She blushed and smiled and dropped her blue eyes if you spoke to her, and either answered nothing or hurriedly murmured sounds that no one could understand and fled from the room—which was inconvenient, but very winning. I taught her English to her unbounded gratitude; and between the two of them, the Japanese and the Swede, I was never out of stories to tell when I went anywhere to dinner. For four months the situation had made life another and a brighter proposition. I might have known it was one of the things too sweet to last. My first glimmering came vaguely, simply as an uncomfortable feeling.

"Dan," I said to a large officer of the United States Army, whom I had once carelessly married, "there's something wrong about those servants."

"Wrong!" Dan shot back at me. "I thought you said they were perfect."

"They are perfect," I reasoned. "Of course. That's what makes me anxious."

Dan looked bewildered. "What do you mean?"

"Well," I told him, trying to put it clearly, "there's an atmosphere."

Dan waited. I didn't say anything.

"What's an atmosphere?" he inquired finally. "What are you driving at, Cissy? I can't figure you out when you get occult, you know. Try it on in English."

"Well," I explained, "I've just got a hunch—that something or other is up some of their sleeves that's going to upset the heavenly, heavenly equilibrium of this house."

"Oh, rot!" Dan disposed of that. "You're stale from Münsterberg and that truck—bad thing, reading books. Jump into your habit and we'll get in a ride before dinner, and the servants will be all right when you come back. You'll see."

I did see. When we came in, late for dinner, I flew to the pantry to reassure my angels—and behold! the dark angel was kissing the fair one! I backed out hurriedly. Upstairs I wailed to Dan:

"Now it's all spoiled! Now there'll be lovemaking and quarrels and tears and sulks and ruptures—and then they'll get married. How can she! That pretty blonde thing to marry that swarthy, black-headed —— Ow!"

"I've got black hair myself," Dan observed mildly.

"But you're big," I argued convincingly.

"And, anyhow, why should they be married just because he kissed her?"

"Dan! How horrid! Dear little Ingeborg!"

"Oh, well; but I have heard tell that the Swedes were general in their affections. I'm ready for dinner, Cissy. Hustle!" And at that second Ingeborg knocked—to hook me up.

Next morning, out of a relentless sense of duty, I spoke to Ingeborg. I told her it was not nice to be kissed—which was not just candid. Ingeborg hung her pretty head and flushed, and her blue eyes shone with bewitching shyness.

"Please excuse me, Mrs. Nellison; I was very sorry. I understand not it was not nice to be kissed. I think mebby it was nice."

Then I screwed my courage to reprove Taki. The little erect figure stood at attention while I delivered my somewhat weak-kneed remarks; the impenetrable olive face moved not a muscle, the black eyes glittered respectfully just past me, till I had quite finished a wandering oration tending to show how it is unwise for Takis to kiss Ingeborgs in pantries. Then a lightning gleam of deviltry played across the mask.

"What it matters?" asked Taki. "It is only a Clistian." That battle I considered lost.

Next morning came my cousin Edgar, the judge—the youngest judge in the state. From the first minute he fixed Taki's attention. He was an intellectual looking fellow in glasses, with an expansive, incisive manner of talking; and his air and his title fascinated the little Oriental. Taki managed to slip into the dining room at almost every meal to help Ingeborg, his white coat and dark face making such a good point in the domestic landscape that I liked it. I saw that he listened to Edgar's harangues, but I had no thought of evil. He called him "Georgy," as the nearest he could get to "Judge." "Is Georgy comin' home lunch?" he inquired every morning; and, if Georgy was, whole flower gardens of potato and carrot and beet roses bloomed upon the table, and there were unexpected glories in the always glorious cookery.

Edgar habitually rode a hobby, changing horses often, and just now his charger was the necessity to every man, woman and infant in arms of a career. I don't know that any one denies it, but Edgar treated it as a discovery of his own. He held forth at the table one night and I saw Taki, transfixed, listening with tears running down his perfectly expressionless face. I tried to dam up the flood of Edgar then, but it was no use. He rushed right on in a torrent about "every human soul" and the intense satisfaction of "a goal"; and Taki stood in the shadows by the sideboard and wept continuously. Next morning I gave the orders as usual in my room, after my lazy upstairs breakfast. Taki, alert, inscrutable, put his whole soul into the food question of the next twenty-four hours.

"For lunch, Taki ——" I began.

Taki sucked in a long breath through his teeth. "Georgy comin' home lunch?"

"Yes; I think he is."

"I do lunch. I make good lunch. Madame order little lamb like this"—and he illustrated on his sacred person the part of the beast that he wished. Curry of lamb for lunch, I knew—and Taki made divine curries.

Then we arranged dinner, Taki, as always, lifting the whole menu off my shoulders.

"Any groceries needed?" I asked.

"Eggies," answered Taki solemnly.

"Anything else?"

"Awpls," impassively.

I learned through struggling that "awpls" were apples.

"Is that all?"

"Soupbones poog and poops." That was for the pug dog and her puppies.

"Very well—anything more?"

Taki sucked in his breath again. He was an intensely nervous little person.

"Shoog, he go fast. Georgy like cake—like dessert. Take much shoog. I must five poun' gronlay shoog."

Would the rank and file of mankind grasp that Taki's economical soul was distressed because Edgar devoured sweet things and the granulated sugar did not last? I understood and assured him that I did not grudge "five poun' gronlay shoog" for Georgy's sake. That finished the ordering; but behold Taki stood rooted, instead of melting off down the hall as usual. I looked at him.

"Madame," said Taki, "I'm awfully sorry. Please, I got to career."

"Oh, Taki," I pleaded, "don't career away from me!"

"I'm awfully sorry," Taki answered firmly. "Please, I got to. Georgy he say all man got to career to be respectful for heself. I wish to be respectful for me." He thumped his little chest. "So I got to career, please," he finished meekly and obstinately.

I could have taken Edgar's head off. I tried to make it clear to Taki that Georgy knew nothing and was just a talker, but he would not have that for a moment.

"Oh, no, madame," he said with a gleaming smile. "Georgy great man—big man! You know nothing, mebbe. Captain know nothing. But Georgy, he wise man—he Georgy. So I got to career," he reiterated.

I appealed to the mischiefmaker and was met with roars of laughter. "It's not funny," I remonstrated. "It's battle, murder and sudden death. I've never had such a servant. I simply cannot lose him. You did it. You go and talk to him—you all-knowing, all-wise ——"

I shoved the mighty one into the kitchen. From thence I heard conversation steadily for half an hour. And then my cousin came back with his hands in his trousers pockets, shaking his head impressively. I danced anxiously all over the library.

"What does he say? Will he stay?"

"They're an extraordinary race," the judge murmured. "Decision, then action—in instant succession. No palavering, no looking back—wonderful little people!"



The Menfolks Lapsed Into Respectful Silence While I Worked My Brain

My heart went down with an almost audible bang. "What do you mean, Edgar? Stop that footless meandering! I want to know if my cook is—going to leave!" I'm afraid I went crescendo.

"He is," was the answer, as calmly as if some old state had gone Democratic. "He is, indeed—extraordinary little people!"

"I hate you!" I fired at him and burst into tears.

In five minutes, after much if tardy remorse and sympathy from the man, I was swabbing away the last warm water from a sorrowful left eye.

"What is he going to ca-career at?" I asked gaspingly.

"We talked that over," said Edgar. "It quite touches me the way he defers to my judgment. I've never been more appreciated."

"Oh!—you!" I threw back. I was not placing a high value on the judge's self-esteem just now. "Appreciated! You've hypnotized the poor little lunatic with your eyeglasses. What calling did you advise him to follow?"

"He's going to be an undertaker," Edgar responded with some coldness.

"An undertaker!" I hooted with sudden, wild laughter. "An undertaker! Taki?"

Edgar proceeded with serious dignity. "There's a good business in the town to be bought out—it was in the paper. He's got savings and I'm going to lend him a little." Then, quickly, in a protesting answer to my speechless indignation: "Hang it all, Cecelia, you can't expect to smother a man in your kitchen! He's full of energy and ambition, that little bundle of live wire. You couldn't have kept him long anyway. You oughtn't to blame me. All I did was to hit the gunpowder by accident. The thing was bound to come!" And with that I was laughing. "What's struck you now?" the judge sulked.

"Taki!" I explained—"Taki in a frock coat and silk hat, running a funeral! He'll put potato roses on the corpses—and parsley!"

Through mediation from Georgy, Taki put off careering a week longer, until after that demigod had gone. The day before the departure the judge called a council of Dan and me and himself.

"I've had a great time," he began. "You've been awfully good to me. I was tired out—and I feel like a fighting cock. I'm sorry about Taki, but I don't blame myself—a man can't help the influence he radiates. If I inspire people with a desire for bigger things——"

"For undertaking!" I interrupted.

"For—fuf—fine—for—— Hang it, Cissy, you've made me forget what I was going to say!" he grumbled.

Dan spoke from the depths of a chair and a big pipe. "Thought you were going to say something special," he suggested. "Did you just want to tell us about your influence over Taki?" Dan was sorer than I at losing our cook. He loved Taki's cheese soufflés.

I had some sense of decency about a guest, however. "Don't notice him, Edgar—he's been grouchy all day. You had something particular to say, though, hadn't you?"

"Well, yes." Edgar looked embarrassed; it is startling to see so fluent a person at a loss. We waited. "It's about—about Aunt Anna!"

"What about her?" Dan's pipe came down and sat erect on the chair arm, and Dan cocked his ears. Edgar hesitated again and I felt a cold chill—Aunt Anna's name was never a sound of gladness in the family. Then he launched out:

"You see, she's written, wanting to come to my house for the month of May; and—and I don't want her."

"Who ever did?" Dan growled.

"Keep still!" I commanded. "We all agree—what's the use of slandering the old soul?"

"Old cat!" his Honor murmured. "But she's got bunches of money and I don't want to offend her. Yet I can't have her just now. She'd queer everything. The fact is, there's—a girl."

Nobody jumped, for there always had been a girl in the case of Georgy; not the same girl—far from it—but a girl, from the time he was fourteen.

"A girl!" I repeated languidly. "What has Aunt Anna got to do with the girl?"

"Very much." Edgar had become very dignified. "Or she may have. You see—I hope to marry this girl."

"Are you engaged, Edgar?" I waked up to a touch of proper interest.



"Madame, I'm Awfully Sorry. Please, I Got to Career"

"Well—not—not formally engaged." Edgar was rather trying to be coy, I thought. "But things are going on hopefully; and if Aunt Anna came and settled on me for a month—it's goodby! She'd make trouble enough in two days to break up any combination."

"But, Edgar, you know how agreeable she can be. She's very—plausible. That confidential, flattering manner—that's quite taking with people who don't know her."

The judge shook his head. "They get to know her. It takes her about twice and a half to set a dozen people by the ears. And things are so critical with me!" he wailed. "The girl's abroad now—comes back May first—just Aunt Anna's date. If I had a little while then I might be happily settled for life—probably just in that month. And she is such a lovely girl! I want you to know her, Cissy—you and Dan, both."

Dan groaned.

"He means he thinks you're flirting again," I explained.

"No, indeed," Edgar protested. "This is a serious thing with me."

I'd heard him say that at least six times before, but yet he impressed me—Edgar's gift was impressing people. I began to feel sorry for him. "It is a shame Aunt Anna's coming just then," I sympathized. "But what can you do about it? Nothing can stop her. She's that sort."

"There's one thing could be done." Edgar looked at me so shamefacedly that I wonder I didn't comprehend. Instead, I rushed on destruction.

"Good," I said heartily. "Let's do it. What is it?"

"Cissy, you're a brick!" he threw at me, with almost tearful enthusiasm. "That's the sort of kindness that makes a man a friend for life. The thing is this: you write and ask Aunt Anna here for the month of May."

Dan's pipe went rattling on the floor. "Damn!" said Dan. "I like your nerve! She won't do anything of the sort—not while I'm alive to protect her. We had that old devil once—and so hellep me Moses——"

"Oh, stop it, Dan," I said. "And 'protect' me! Protect Danny, I reckon. Let me think it out."

The menfolks lapsed into respectful silence while I worked my brain. I knew I had to have Aunt Anna sometime soon—the family took turns at martyrdom and it was fully my time; it was five years since she had blessed our home. May was a good time. I could ride and be out-of-doors and away from her purring, stabbing tongue much of the time. And why not do Edgar a good turn? On the whole, it seemed best to face the music.

"Danny, don't argue," I pleaded; and I set the case before him.

He groaned and gave in, as a pampered man mostly does. That is the advantage of pampering them—it gives a leeway for abusing them when necessary. So Georgy went off next morning in high spirits and left me to battle with Taki's going and Aunt Anna's coming. My olive angel spread his wings shortly and flew to a lugubrious small shop in the main street of the town where a brand-new sign of "Sakisuki Takiuchi, Undertaker," appeared. Before he left, however, he introduced into the kitchen another little heathen who, though not the great and only, was not so bad. Instructed by the outgoing Buddha, he scalloped the grapefruit. Taki's fatherly care was over the house and his spry little figure about it almost as much as before; I found him in the kitchen, often working away busily, evening after evening, and life did not stop utterly as had seemed inevitable. I asked Ingeborg how she liked the newcomer, and she said: "He is not so favorite to me like Taki, but he is virtuous man." So I thought he would do.



"Has Taki Been Kissing You Again?"

That was in March, and soon it came to be April; and we were settled to the reign of Tanaka and jogging along fairly when one morning Ingeborg, as she slipped about my room, was somewhat quieter, a little slower. I looked at her. The blue eyes were circled with red.

"Ingeborg, you've been crying!"

"Yes, Mrs. Nellison."

"I'm so sorry. Is anything wrong?"

"Y-e-s," tremblingly, "Mrs. Nell——" The rest was a respectful gulp and Ingeborg made a dash for the door; but I caught her with a word.

"Tell me what it is, Ingeborg," I urged. "Maybe I can help you."

"Oh!—Oh, no!" the girl sobbed. "Oh, nobody can help!"

"Do tell me what it is."

Ingeborg dabbed at her eyes and brought out a staccato "T-Ta-ki!"

"Taki!" I was astonished, then indignant. "Has Taki been kissing you again?"

"Y-e-yes, Mrs. Nellison."

"The little wretch!" I said indignantly. "I'll have that stopped, Ingeborg—don't you worry."

"Pup-please, no, Mrs. Nellison."

"No!" I repeated. "Do you want him to kiss you?"

"Pup-please, yes, Mrs. Nellison."

I lost my sympathy. "Then, what are you crying about?"

Ingeborg, in agonized embarrassment, wriggled. "Taki going get married," she stammered.

"He is!" Again I was indignant and sympathetic. The little yellow rascal had wiled the heart from my pretty Ingeborg and now he was going to throw her over! I was boiling with resentment. "Who is he going to marry?"

"Me," sobbed Ingeborg.

The plot was too complicated for me. I sent for Taki that evening. He came, glorious in his professional little frock coat, his little silk hat in his hand—such a note of darkness as would decorate any grief.

"Taki," I said, "are you going to marry Ingeborg?"

"Madame, I do it," he acknowledged.

"I thought you said she was only a Christian," I suggested, with malice.

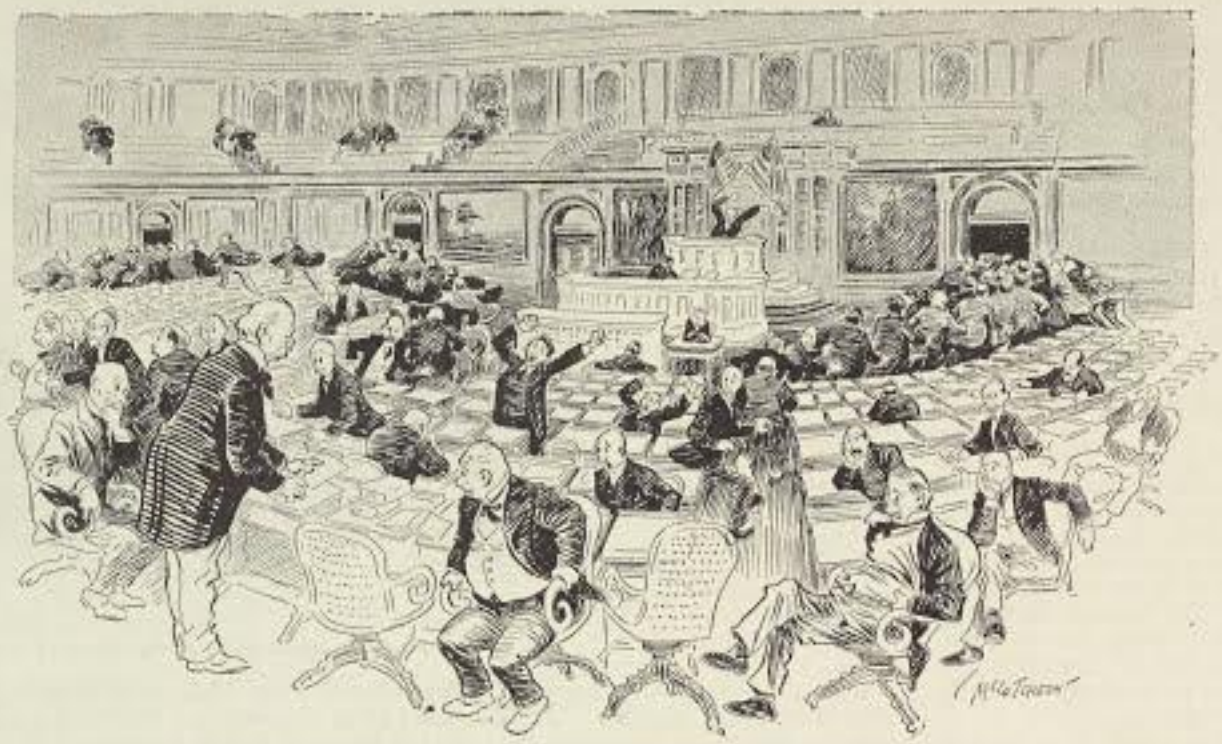
"Madame, I got tender nature—me. I forgive Clistian to Igglebo. Igglebo good gyarl—she don't know better to be Clistian. I forgive. I want some kinder wife—me. I cannot suffer alone."

"Do you suffer much?" I inquired.

"I got tender nature; so I suffer—yes, madame. I suffer on yesterday."

(Concluded on Page 49)

A SESSION OF THE HOUSE



Two Hundred and Seventy-Five of the Members Present Leave Hurriedly, Blocking the Doors in Their Anxiety to Get Out

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

It is twelve o'clock, noon. The Speaker has taken his place, pounded with his gavel and said: "The House will be in order." The members, who have been scattered about the floor, go to their seats much as children come into school after recess. The chaplain, who is standing at the clerk's desk, seizes a moment of comparative calm and hurries through a prayer, the members standing the while. As soon as the chaplain finishes every member on the floor begins talking loudly with his neighbor. The Speaker raps again. A few lines of the Journal are read and the Journal is announced as approved. The Speaker consults a slip of paper he has on his desk and looks inquiringly at Mr. Beegin, who has been waiting nervously for his chance. He hops up. They are off.

. . . . . .

MR. BEEGIN: Mr. Speaker, I hold in my hand a copy of the Record of today. I note with amazement, and to the undoubted amazement of my constituents when this Record shall reach them, sir, that I am set down here as paired with the gentleman from Pennsylvania [Mr. Boogin] on the highly important vote on the disposition of waste paper, sir. In justice to my constituents and myself, sir, I desire to announce that I was not and never shall be paired with a Republican from Pennsylvania, sir. Though it is true an understanding existed, sir, he, sir, was paired with me and not me with him. I desire that the Record shall be corrected.

THE SPEAKER: If there is no objection the Record will be corrected in accordance with the suggestion of the gentleman from Arkansas.

While Mr. Beegin has been speaking the large, open face of Mr. Boogin has become red and then purple. Before Mr. Beegin has finished Mr. Boogin is on his feet waving his arms and emitting a series of incoherent sounds. As soon as the Speaker finishes Mr. Boogin roars: "I object!"

THE SPEAKER: Objection is made.

Members, who have been reading letters and talking, give attention to Mr. Boogin. Advancing down the center aisle he beats his chest and yells: "Mr. Speaker, coming as I do from the brightest star in the glittering constellation of imperial commonwealths that go to make up this glorious Union, I cannot sit silent under such aspersions as these here. I cannot sit dumb in my seat. I desire to say to the gentleman from Arkansas [Mr. Beegin] that I was not a party to having him paired with me. Somebody else done it. Had I done it I would never have allowed it—that is to say, had I allowed it I would never have done it; and, Mr. Speaker, I desire to say further that I take the pair with the gentleman from Arkansas and cast it in his teeth ——"

A MEMBER: They're false!

MR. BOOGIN: It is not false! I deny the accusation. I cast this aspersion in his teeth. I hurl it from me in loathing and disgust. I renounce it. I throw it ——

Mr. Bobson, who has been standing near Mr. Boogin, breaks in: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

THE SPEAKER: Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Alabama?

Mr. Boogin, choked off in this arbitrary manner, looks around and sulkily says: "I do."

Mr. Bobson runs his hand over his bald and shining head rapidly and says: "Mr. Speaker—a parliamentary inquiry."

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman will state it.

Mr. Bobson, beckoning to the official stenographer, says hurriedly: "As I understand it, Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from Arkansas asserts that the gentleman from Pennsylvania was paired with him, not the gentleman from Arkansas being paired with the gentleman from Pennsylvania; and the gentleman from Pennsylvania throws in the teeth of the gentleman from Arkansas the said pair. These two acts being accomplished almost simultaneously, I desire to ask if the hurling, on the one hand, and the renunciation, on the other, do not invalidate ——"

Mr. MaGoosh rises—a large, florid man, dressed in a long black coat, a black string tie and with hair falling well down on his collar. He is of commanding presence and he raises an imperious hand. "Mr. Speaker!" he bellows. "Mr. Speaker—a point of order!"

THE SPEAKER: The gentleman will state the point of order.

That leaves Mr. Boogin and Mr. Bobson standing and out of the picture. Both scowl fiercely at Mr. MaGoosh who, securing an advantageous position, pulls down his vest, pats his long black hair and begins orotundly: "Mr. Speaker, I raise the point of order that the acts recited in the parliamentary inquiry of the gentleman from Alabama constitute a breach of the rules of this House—the rules which, Mr. Speaker, are intended to guide the deliberations of this assemblage and to preserve and guarantee the rights of the individual members as well as those greater prerogatives granted under the Constitution, which immortal document, Mr. Speaker, having descended as it has from the hands of the Fathers of this great Republic, than which no greater the sun ever shone upon, and when I contemplate the destiny, the ultimate destiny, I may say, of this nation, handed together for the progress of man, I can conceive of no more magnificent gem in all our peerless diadem than those rights guaranteed, as I have said, Mr. Speaker, by that immortal document which, as I have said, Mr. Speaker, descended to us from those immortal Fathers of the Republic who builded wiser than they knew, Mr. Speaker ——"

The Speaker pounds with his gavel and says sternly: "The gentleman will state his point of order."

Mr. MaGoosh waves both arms frantically. "I was coming to that, Mr. Speaker. Is it possible that in this House the rights of free speech, guaranteed to us under the Constitution, that immortal document ——"

Mr. Bolus rises. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "will the gentleman yield?"

"Will the gentleman from Iowa yield to the gentleman from Ohio?" is asked.

"In a moment, Mr. Speaker," says Mr. MaGoosh. "As I was saying, that immortal document that has descended to us from the hands of the Fathers. I now yield to the gentleman for a question only."

"I desire to know," asks Mr. Bolus, who is a tall, thin man with a raspy voice, "whether this is a point of order or a riddle?"

"The gentleman will state his point of order," the Speaker commands.

"The point of order is this," continues Mr. MaGoosh, much put out at the curtailing of his speech: "it is plain the restrictions of the rules make it impossible that a pair can be cast aside in this offhand manner. A pair, Mr. Speaker, is one of the sacred prerogatives of this House. On the durability and validity of pairs depends the political future of many members of this House. Suppose, Mr. Speaker ——"

The three hundred members present are all talking. There is great confusion. The Speaker pounds with his gavel. "The House will be in order!" he says perfunctorily, just about as a mother says: "Johnny, don't do that!"

There are many cries of "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

Meantime Mr. Boogin, Mr. Beegin, Mr. Bolus, Mr. Bobson and Mr. MaGoosh are all down in the well, each seeking to get recognition from the Speaker and each yelling: "Mr. Speaker!" at the top of his voice.

The Speaker bangs with his gavel. "The House will be in order!"

Ollie James rises majestically in his place. "Mr. Speaker!" he shouts. The Speaker grabs at James. "The gentleman from Kentucky," he says.

"Mr. Speaker," says James, "it appears to me that this question is one that may be clearly comprehended by all. As I understand it, there is a question, under the rules, as to whether a certain member of this House can do a certain thing. Now, Mr. Speaker, those rules, as adopted by the majority of this House, constitute the fairest, the most equitable, the most magnificent summary of the wisdom of legislative procedure the world has ever known. Ages may come and ages may go, Mr. Speaker, new statesmen be born into this universe, new parties arise, new flags be unfurled to the glories of the golden sun—but never,



Withholding Their Remarks for Amplification and Revision Before They are Printed in the Record and Franked Out to Their Constituents

Mr. Speaker, so long as time shall last, will there be seen a compendium that embraces so much that is great, so much that is wise, so much that is essential, as this book of rules that I hold in my hand and that I desire to defend against all comers. Our country, Mr. Speaker, may be wrecked on the reefs of partisan discord, may sail on uncharted seas, may be impaled on the peaks of internecine strife and sink into the abyss of fraternal dissension; but, Mr. Speaker, these rules ——"

Jim Mann rises. "Mr. Speaker!" he barks.

James stops abruptly and turns to confront Mann. "Does the gentleman from Kentucky yield to the gentleman from Illinois?" the Speaker asks.

"I do," says James.

"Mr. Speaker," says Mann, "I have been greatly interested in the defense by the gentleman from Kentucky of these rules adopted by the Democrats of this House, and I rise to say, Mr. Speaker, that I know of nothing that needs defense more than these rules. They are arbitrary, clumsy, foolish, weak, idiotic and thrown together with no other thought in mind than to harass and gag and render unavailing the efforts of the patriotic Republicans of this House to conduct, with some semblance of sanity and some consideration for the rights of the people, the business of this country. They are tyrannical, Mr. Speaker—unjust, unfair, damnable aspersions on the integrity of the patriots on this side, who are striving to keep clear from demagoguery the proceedings of this body and to legislate with the sole idea of equal rights for all. They are devoid of that reciprocity ——"

At that moment Uncle Joe Cannon, who during the entire discussion has been sitting on the back of his neck



Mr. Boogin Roars: "I Object!"

in his chair, shucks himself out of the chair and gets to his feet. There is much applause from the Republican side.

"Mr. Speaker," he says.

"Does the gentleman from Illinois yield to the gentleman from Illinois?" asks the Speaker.

"Always, with pleasure," Mann answers, with a courtly bow.

"Mr. Speaker," says Cannon, clenching his left hand and raising the fist that ensues above his head and shaking it at the Democrats—"Mr. Speaker, it was not my intention to delay the House to discuss the question of reciprocity at this time; but, Mr. Speaker, I cannot sit idle here and suffer my party to go on record on this foolish and fantastic doctrine without raising my voice in protest. I am an old man, Mr. Speaker, as years go, but young in spirit; and my heart beats for my country. Oh! Mr. Speaker, in the last analysis you will find that this pernicious doctrine, falsely held to benefit the farmers, will bring ruin and desolation to this country, grown so prosperous and so great under Republican rule—and, Mr. Speaker, I grieve to say, this doctrine was foisted on this country by a Republican President. I am an old man, Mr. Speaker ——"

Mr. Fitzgerald rises. "Mr. Speaker!"

"Does the gentleman from Illinois yield to the gentleman from New York?"

"For a question."

"I merely want to ask if the gentleman from Illinois repudiates the Republican President of the United States?"

Cannon sniffs, waves Fitzgerald to his seat and continues: "As to that, Mr. Speaker, I desire to add that I consider this farmers' free list that is being discussed here in this House one of the greatest frauds ever perpetrated on a defenseless country by a half-baked majority. It is my opinion ——"

"Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Underwood, "it is my opinion that the gentleman is proceeding clearly not in order. What is the question before the House, Mr. Speaker?"

"The question before the House," the Speaker replies, rapping for order, "is whether the Record can be corrected as the gentleman from Arkansas desires."

"Question! Question!" from all parts of the chamber.

"Mr. Speaker," Mr. Underwood proceeds in a calm and even tone, "before putting that question I desire to say a few words concerning Canadian reciprocity, inasmuch as the subject has been brought to the attention of the House by the gentleman from Illinois. Standing, as he does, for the highest and most absurd protection ——"

John Dalzell has been sitting at his desk toying with the red carnation in his buttonhole. As he hears the word "protection" he jumps up and shouts frantically: "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

The Speaker looks at Underwood, who nods and sits down. Dalzell walks out to the aisle and, facing Underwood, says: "Mr. Speaker, I had never thought this great House of Representatives could come to the day when we would hear the sacred term Protection bandied about on this floor by those who seek to encompass the ruin of that doctrine which, Mr. Speaker, has brought about the marvelous prosperity we now enjoy, which has built up this country from a vast expanse of unoccupied and untilled land to a mighty nation of ninety millions of people, all enjoying, Mr. Speaker, that marvelous prosperity, Mr. Speaker, that has been brought about by this doctrine of Protection of which you now seek to encompass the ruin—the ruin, Mr. Speaker! And I warn you here and now that when this mighty nation of ninety millions of people, all enjoying the fruits of this marvelous prosperity that has been brought about by Protection, shall be devastated and laid waste by the pernicious free trade you are seeking to engraft on the laws of this mighty nation, you will reap as ye have sown, Mr. President, and I tremble to think of what the future has in store for this mighty nation of ninety millions of people that is now enjoying this marvelous prosperity, all due to the policy of Protection, for which you seek to encompass the ruin."

Shaking with sobs, Mr. Dalzell sits down in the nearest seat, which happens to be the one occupied by Nicholas Longworth, who gently shoves him aside and rises.

"Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Longworth.

"The gentleman from Ohio!"

"Mr. Speaker, at this stage of the proceedings I desire to inquire as to the status of the pair either existing or not existing between the gentleman from Arkansas and the gentleman from Pennsylvania. Under the beneficent, although somewhat benighted, rules of this House ——"

Mr. Macon hurls himself into the well. Mr. Macon is a small man, but an expert hurler. "Mr. Speaker!" he screams.

"Does the gentleman from Ohio yield to the gentleman from Arkansas?"

"Apparently I must," says Mr. Longworth.

"Mr. Speaker!" shouts Mr. Macon; "I cannot sit here and hear the rules of this House impugned by the gentleman from Ohio. What does he know about the people, Mr. Speaker? What does he know about the cares and troubles and tribulations and privations of the plain people—the mighty mass of Godfearing yeomanry that goes to make up the bulwarks of this Republic? What, I ask you, Mr. Speaker, does he know of the farm and the farmer—this man, reared in the lap of luxury, the favored scion of aristocracy, the pampered darling of fortune? It is such as we, Mr. President, such as we that preserve this House to that democracy that was the idea of the Fathers when they laid out the plans for this House, Mr. Speaker; and I say it comes with bad grace from such as him to asperse our rules.



"I Am an Old Man, as Years Go, but Young in Spirit; and My Heart Beats for My Country"

"But, Mr. Speaker, I noticed in the paper this morning an article speaking of me as an obstructor to the business of this House, merely because I have held down the salaries of some clerks who, nurtured in luxury, Mr. President, do not appreciate the cares and the privations of the plain people. In the interests of economy, Mr. Speaker, I denounce the writer of this article as a cowardly and infamous slanderer of a pure and patriotic citizen, meaning myself; and I brand him as a pusillanimous penny-a-liner and a wart, Mr. Speaker—a wart! I have done."

Twenty members are on their feet clamoring for recognition. The roar of "Mr. Speaker!" is deafening. Mr. Rucker is recognized.

Mr. Rucker stands for a moment surveying the House. Then, like a fish jumping for a fly, he jumps for his subject. "Economy!" he snarls, and it is evident Mr. Rucker is excited. "Economy! I am as much in favor of economy as anybody, and I was glad to see this Democratic House take steps in that direction; but I want to say, Mr. Speaker, there is such a thing as being too economical. Unintentionally, perhaps, I was selected by the Committee on Committees of this House for chairman of one of its important committees. What do I find, Mr. Chairman? What do I find?"

Mr. Rucker's voice rises to a fine crescendo here.

"I find, Mr. Speaker, that I am deprived of a clerk for my committee; and I find that when you go to the committees of some of the other members of this House—some of the favored members—you have to send in your card and be introduced and wait outside while an army of flunkeys sees if these favored chairmen can stop long enough to see you. I find them all cluttered up with clerks and secretaries—and me, chairman of an important committee, with no clerk to speak of! Economy! Faugh on economy that gives favored ones regiments of clerks and deprives a man who has always put his shoulder to the Democratic wheel with an eye single to success and a hand on the tiller to help steer the Ship of State through the cyclones of distress, of any clerk worth mentioning. Under such economy as this the great Democratic party will go down to ruin and distress."

Mr. Garner rises and is recognized.

"Mr. Speaker," he says, "I am chairman of the committee that allotted those clerks, and I am from Texas. Does that convey any meaning to the mind of the gentleman from Missouri?"

"Mr. Speaker," injects Mr. Rucker hastily, "I meant nothing personal by my remarks—nothing at all—positively nothing!"

Mr. Garner takes a long and penetrating look at Mr. Rucker. "Very well," he says, and sits down.

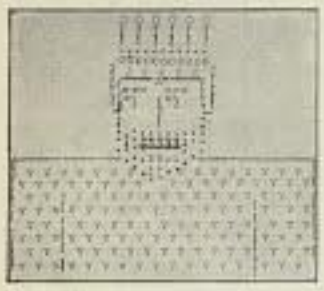
"Question! Question!"

(Continued on Page 57)



"Mr. Speaker!" He Bellows. "Mr. Speaker—a Point of Order!"

The Knight, the Lady and the Fludge—By Wallace Irwin



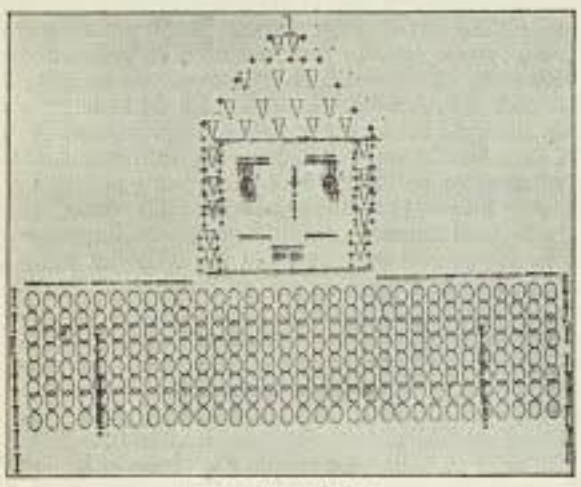
Per Illustration Number One

PROLOGUE

Dotty Dean was a romantic little typist—so she was—
On the thirty-second story of a Life Insurance Co.
Though she worked for sordid wages,
To her mind the Middle Ages
Were the golden times—though Dot was far from middle-aged, you know.

When the Manager was absent she would sit for hours and hours
With her pretty nose adjacent to the works of Walter Scott;
She could swallow Zenda's detail,
Both by wholesale and by retail—
E'en the minor works of Major made a hit with simple Dot.

How she pined for haunted castles! How she longed for donjon keeps!
And she'd very gladly given half her wages—which were small—
To behold the knights incrusted
All in hardware as they jousted,
While deserving damsels languished up in towers extremely tall.

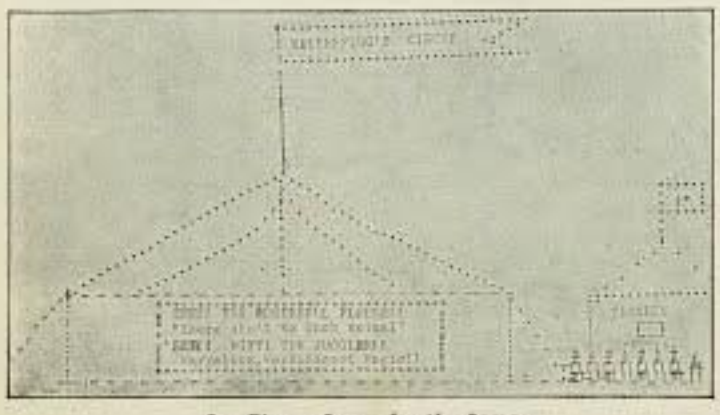


See Figure Five

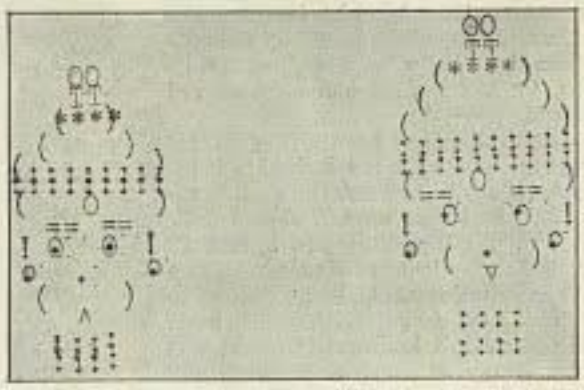
Well, one afternoon it happened that the Giants played the Cubs;
So the office force went early. But when Dotty quit the job
Lo! her nerves were badly jolted,
For the office door was bolted
By a spring-lock—which was broken. And she couldn't turn the knob!

Had she been the ordinary, unromantic typist girl,
She had doubtless screamed or fainted. Not so Dotty; for, you see,
She had taken her indentures
In such Zenda-like adventures;
As for languishing in prison—that was nuts for Dotty D.

For it realized her dream of being captive in a tower,
With a Knight to make the rescue—contemplation of delight!
And she wildly thought: "Oh, glory!
Here's material for a story—
Say, I guess I'll show some authors how stenographers can write!"



See Figure Seven for the Same



As You Will See In Figure Three

"I Feel—Oh, Well!"—See Figure Four

So she got her little "writer" out and dusted off the keys,
Then she started in composing—same as Caines or Kiplings do.
When she'd rattled off the text, sir,
She remarked: "My duty next, sir,
Is to typewrite illustrations." And, by George! she did it too!

THE STORY—CHAPTER I

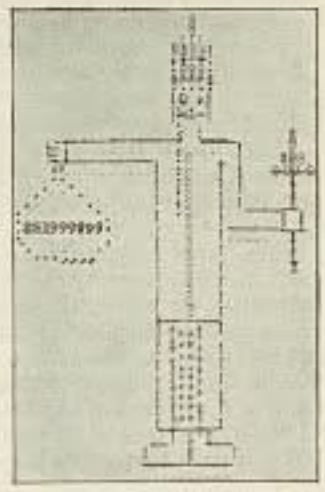
'Twas morning. In his castle high
The Sultan Dooli Alkali
Sat frowning at the rising sun—
Per Illustration Number One.
The Princess Panzi—Dooli's niece—
Sat in her turret void of peace;
And now and then she made her moan—
What's that? Ding-ding!
It was the King,
Who called her up by telephone.
"My girl," quoth he—his voice was gruff—
"I think you've lingered long enough.
Put on your waist of *point d'esprit*,
Your harem skirt of best pongee;
For Prince Kazoo
Has come to woo!"—
As you'll observe in Figure Two.
Whereat the Princess, up spake she:
"Great Alkali, so pity me!
For yestermorn upon the plain
I saw a Knight that turned my brain.
He was a strong Crusader lad;
A suit of London mail he had—
Like E. H. Sothern was his grace;
Like Faversham his glowing face.
Now when I think of poor Kazoo
My face is drawn with bitter rue"—
As you will see
In Figure Three.
"But, when my love I ponder o'er,
I feel—oh, well!"—see Figure Four.
Up spake the Sultan: "Fie! For shame!
What is this Malefactor's name?"
The maiden's voice grew faint and far
As wireless message from a star:
"His name is ——"

CHAPTER II

—— At the castle door
There rose a most tree-mendous roar—
As though a ton of boiler plate
Had tumbled on the postern gate.
Then, clanging loudly in his gall,
A Knight came striding in the hall.
Thus to the King: "Why stand afraid?
I am Sir Giles de Marmalade"—
See Figure Five—"and I have came
This Moslem maiden for to claim!"
The Sultan rose in haughty pride
And led the noble Knight outside,
Where, by some trick of magic craft,
He hurled Our Hero, fore and aft,
Into the moat. But, as he fell,
Sir Giles retorted: "It is well!
You think by cunning heathen tricks
To slay me!"—as per Figure Six.
"But I'll be back—and then you'll see
A larger Figure cut by me!"

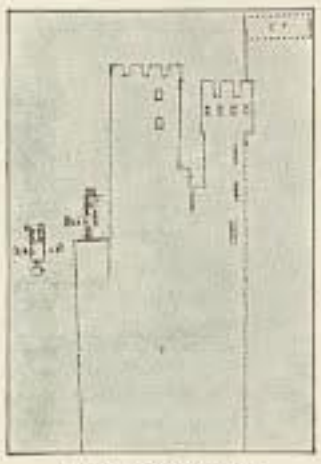
CHAPTER III

'Twas just before the wedding eve,
When Panzi, weeping in her sleeve,
Was waiting to be married to
That Oriental dude, Kazoo.
When, lo! upon the sultry plain
A tower of canvas rose amain,
While gaudy flags began to blow—
'Twas Hasenpflug's Transcendent Show!
Now in this Show was advertised
Two features very highly prized:



As You'll Observe in Figure Two

Nifti the Juggler, who, 'twas said,
Could balance needles on his head
And bounce on these,
With fragile ease,
A heavy box containing lead,
While dancing hornpipes with his legs
And tossing up a dozen eggs.
The other marvel was the Fludge,
Whose weird attraction you may judge—
He's partly bird and partly fish
And partly kangaroo;
His nature's gentle as you wish,
His thoughts are clear but few.
At luncheontime he moans and bleats,
And Concord grapes are all he eats.
If you should meet the Fludge by night
You'd doubtless shriek in pallid fright:
"There's no such Thing!"
Perhaps you're right.
Around the tent the people came—
See Figure Seven for the same—
And e'en the Sultan Dooli A.
From out his fortress took his way,
His lovely niece upon his arm,
To test the Show's transcendent charm.



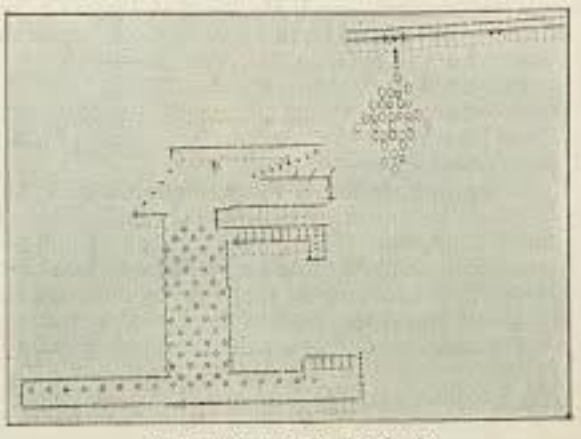
As Per Figure Six

The Circus opened passing fair.
The Sultan watched with pleasant stare
What time the Fludge performed in state—
As specified in Figure Eight.
But, when the Juggler Nifti came,
What made the cheek of Panzi flame?
What made her pulses go unsteady?—
Aw, say; you've guessed the truth already!
"Bismillah!"—this beneath her breath—
"As sure as life, as sure as death!
Behold him!"—as per Figure Nine.
"It is Sir Giles, that lover mine!"
Sure thing! Of course you've realized
The Juggler is Sir Giles disguised.

CHAPTER IV

The Sult was deaf, so didn't hear
When Giles leaned close to Panzi's ear.

(Concluded on Page 50)



As Specified in Figure Eight

THE INDIAN SIGN

By Allen Sangree

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

IF YOU'RE lookin' for a quiet place t' board, Steve," suggested Third Baseman Dasher, of the Pioneers, "why don't you try my mother-in-law's, down in Grove's Court? She serves big-league meals—nice cool rooms—there's a couple vacant now. I lived there till Mrs. Dasher and I got hooked up. Take a look, you an' Dan—can't beat it!"

"Two rooms?" queried Big Steve Doyle as he sorted out his mail in the clubhouse. "I was countin' on taking Southpaw Jones along too. You know his folks an' mine are related, and me an' Dan are kind o' helpin' him along. He had something today, Dash, didn't he?"

"He has smoke, all right, Steve; he ought t' make good. Say—not getting personal—but does that busted nose of his interfere with his breathing? He must 'a' got an awful kick sometime. What happened to him?"

Steve glanced about vainly for his partner, Dan Bunts, the notion of leaving the park without his company being unnatural.

"No; it don't hurt him at all—that nose. He was slidin' down hill when he was a kid on th' farm and his sled run into a wagon—I think it was. Zowie! Caught him on the smeller. They never had it fixed—and a darn shame, too! Say, Dash, he's sort o' sensitive about it—wouldn't say anything if I were you. Un'erstan'?"

"Aw, nix, Steve; sure not. I was sorry f'r him today when that guy back o' me kept callin' him 'Dogface.' For half a cent I'd 'a' pulled him off the grandstand—only McNabb's sore on that stuff. Well, s'long! Go down and see Mrs. O'Hara's place."

Messrs. Doyle, Bunts and Southpaw Jones found the new lodgings much to their liking, for Mrs. O'Hara knew the ways of a ballplayer—his reticence in meeting outsiders, his desire for prompt dining-room service. When the three athletes returned from the game there was not a minute's delay in putting before them nourishing soups and heaped platters of plain but brawn-making food. Isolated as much as possible at one end of the table, they performed a brave trencherman's duty with dispatch and without conversation. What though the rattle of their weapons did echo the defense of Thermopylæ or a bout at quarterstaves! 'Twas a serious thing—this stoking of big-leaguers.

Fleming, who worked at the necktie counter at Cook & Ramsey's, where the fact of his living in the same house with Doyle and Bunts gave him marked standing, fairly laughed as he watched Big Steve demolish the corned beef and cabbage. It meant strength to that mighty salary wing and half a dozen of the enemy pegged at second. It was the stuff heroes are made of.

"Big Steve et well last night," he would deign to inform Haskins, of the perfume counter. "They won't steal on him this afternoon—take it from me!"

Young Hopper, the country boy who earned seven dollars a week in a butter-and-eggs store, felt that if he could eat as heartily fame and fortune might also be his. At the risk of dyspepsia he cleared the commissariat decks at each meal. When, on his bimonthly holiday, he treated himself to the ball game he thought of vegetable soup, roast pork and apple pie every time Big Steve winged a sprinter at the middle cushion.

There was but one vacant seat at Mrs. O'Hara's table, the one adjoining Southpaw Jones; and for this Catcher Doyle was grateful, as it marooned his charge to some extent—prevented him from fanning, a vice toward which he seemed inclined.

One might have thought that this raw recruit from the minors, with his dented nose and goose-winged ears, would shun society. On field or off, his countenance was sinister and repelling, an effect that his poetic brown eyes and good-humored mouth did not offset. On his first swing of the circuit, veterans misjudged the tyro pitcher, picking him for a rough customer, battle-scarred and treacherous. This helped Jones to get away with his speed—about all he showed in twirling goods.

Big Steve probed for the truth.

"I won't say he's yellow," he confided to Bunts. "It ain't that exactly. No one in our family ever turned color——"

"Too good-natured," put in Dan.

"And an awful fall guy f'r women," added Steve sourly. "I see him squinting at that manicure gal across the table; can't keep his eyes off her——"

"Holy smoke, Steve!" interrupted Bunts. "I wasn't going t' say anything, but Saturday night I nailed him bumping highbrow fungoes on the stoop at that schoolteacher; you know—woman with the pearl hair an' watery lamps—sits next t' th' eggery kid. Lot o' literatoor and science stuff she was shooting and him swallowin' it



The Two Girls Talking Fast and as Sisterly as Though They Had Known Each Other a Lifetime

like a Great Dane chewing creampuffs! He's a mark, Steve! Some skirt'll tag him off first base before the season's half over."

Big Steve turned a significant gaze upon Dan.

"Well, that won't do, will it?" he said slowly, and his jaw fell with a guilty grin, which Mr. Bunts answered in kind. The truth was that the ventures of Doyle and Bunts in picking winners at various racetracks had been unfortunate; and when relative Enoch Jones came along, his pockets bulging with money—for the southpaw busher owned a valuable farm—Big Steve found him convenient financially.

"But, outside o' that"—Steve waved away the unpleasant topic—"I don't think Enoch has the stuff t' stay in fast company. Furthermore, I say he ought t' be back there in Pennsylvania, lookin' after his crops. Think of it—four hundred acres in Lancaster County! He c'n raise everything. His old man willed it to him. The Joneses are all well-to-do; th' Doyles never had anything. He's th' Welsh side o' the family; I'm the Irish. I told McNabb this port-wheel cousin o' mine was Irish too. Only f'r that, Mac wouldn't 'a' give him a chance. What's he want to play ball f'r, anyway? Just imagine! If you had a farm——"

"How much are you into him for now?" questioned Dan Bunts, side-arm twirler, pinch-hitter and substitute fielder.

Catcher Doyle drew forth a little book and calculated.

"It's two hundred and fifty dollars, all told; and don't forget, Daniel, there's seventy-five dollars o' that on you. You played Oleander at Latonia when we was in Cincy—remember?"

"Yeh," Mr. Bunts assented wryly. And then: "S'pose he'd make trouble—sue you, or the like o' that?"

Doyle ruminated as he puffed his cigar, then reverted to the puzzle:

"I'm telling you, Dan, it's got me why he ever left home at his age—he's twenty-five—to butt into baseball. No; I don't think he'd come back f'r th' measly two hundred and fifty dollars. By th' way, I see that Kindergarten's running tomorrow; that dog is about due now——"

"Wisenheimer on th' ladies, you are," chaffed Bunts. "Why, I'd lay a bet there's a woman at th' bottom of it, as the saying goes. He's got a sweetheart out there in the lunch-basket league, an' he wants to make a hit with her—something like that. Un'erstan' what I mean?"

Catcher Doyle thought this over and at supper next evening admitted that his partner's philosophy was timely.

It had been an eventful and happy day for Southpaw Jones. The Pioneers were one run to the good and needed the game to keep in first position. When the Sharks got runners on second and third, with two men down and Kid Curtis, left-hand demon clouter, up, Manager McNabb had a hunch that he would pickle one and put the game on ice. Oh, for an experienced southpaw—the only foeman who could baffle this hitting prodigy! Three hits already Curtis had made off the Pioneers' right-handed flinger.

"Send in Enoch!" called Catcher Doyle, who could hear his manager's thoughts ticking. "I'll handle him."

Big Steve was a natural-born backstop—a man to set his field, rattle a batter and coach a pitcher. With his dented-nosed cousin in the box, he put forth extra effort.

"I'll pull the signs wide open," he instructed Jones. "Coster, out there coaching, will get them and tip the hitter But don't you pay any attention 'less I tie me shoelace; give him a curve then, but waste it. Just you zing that low fast one over the inside corner. Yuh might shake y'r bean occasionally as though you thought I was wrong. Come on, now."

A nice bit of strategy it was; and Manager McNabb, on the bench, rubbed his hands and talked out loud to himself, while Kid Curtis took a couple of strikes. With telepathic instinct, Doyle outguessed the champion clouter. With three and two on him, the latter caught the catcher's sign—something different—probably a fast one high inside, for they would not take a chance on a curve at this stage; but—zwish!—low and inside she came, and before Curtis could shift his swinging chop the ball was in Big Steve's mitt, the game over and thousands talking of Southpaw Jones' extreme cleverness in fanning Kid Curtis.

The meal that night was sugar-cured ham, corn fritters, sweet potatoes, followed by lemon pie. Catcher Doyle, who got no credit whatever in the newspapers for his part of the victory, an injustice to which time had inured him, had just commented on the ham's sweetness when a hush fell upon the dining room. At the door Mrs. O'Hara was talking to a tall girl, perhaps twenty years old, chestnut-haired, violet-eyed, nose slightly aquiline, mouth small and complexion clean as a new league ball. The tucked linen waist above her blue serge skirt was cut square, exposing her comely neck. In mere man's judgment her form was exalting, enticing, symmetrical. She raised her dark eyelashes, which she manipulated with languorous caution, and shrugged her rather pointed shoulders.

"I had not been informed of the dinner hour," she said to Mrs. O'Hara. The words were studied, the accent forced New Yorky. "This seat, beah?"

Big Steve Doyle held his freighted fork pendent, then whipped a glance of terror at his charge, who unknowingly—for he had been entrapped by Fleming into conversation—awaited his sugar-coated doom. Slowly, gracefully, but surely, the tall beauty moved to the one vacant chair and Mr. Doyle tramped on Mr. Bunts' foot, a call for help. Bunts telegraphed, "Courage!" his expression indicating that the disfigured southpaw would not dare raise his eyes to this dazzling peri. At that moment, however, as she glided into her chair Enoch met her full face and blinked like one coming from pitchy darkness into sunlight.

"Meely!" he gasped. "You here!"

"Why, how do you do?" she answered easily, with a trace of loftiness.

Jones stared about the table open-mouthed. His admiration was so plain that Miss Carew, the schoolmistress author who wrote love stories for the Human Interest Monthly, observed to Miss Dechamp, the manicurist:

"I declare! It's a romance—childhood sweethearts, I dare say."

"They're not wearing those Dutch necks this year," returned Miss Dechamp icily. "She can't have been long in the city."

"My friend, Miss Wells," introduced Jones to Steve and Dan. "We both come from the same town. Don't this beat all!"

Tabletalk spluttered torpidly for a while, like damp firecrackers, even the butter-and-eggs boy slyly stealing a look at the fair newcomer and the bewitched southpaw. They formed a monstrous contrast—she so regular of feature; Enoch with goose-winged ears and a chasm so sharp and deep right in the middle of his nose that the lower portion of that organ suggested an island lying somewhat atilt. The manicure girl became loquacious all of a sudden, discussing with Miss Carew the latest styles of neck adornment for women. It was evident to Mr. Doyle, shrewd interpreter of the fair sex, that her darts were poison-tipped and aimed at the late arrival who, however, had perfect control, which is usually more than enough to match the swiftest speed.



"But Don't You Pay Any Attention 'Less I Tie Me Shoelace; Give Him a Curve Then"

"Why, I left Lancaster nearly a year ago," narrated Enoch's friend in an even voice. "You remember when I graduated from business college? Well, I took a position with Mr. Wildman, the traction king in Philadelphia. Now I'm over here with Caldwell, Pierce & Caldwell, the corporation lawyers. Hardly seems as if I ever lived out there in the woods. I'm crazy about the city. I was to sup last night at the Carlton with Jack Pierce—you've heard of him—he's in the international polo tournament—junior member of our firm."

Enoch's countenance spoke of ingenuous pride, but Miss Dechamp tittered loudly; and Big Steve, loyal to his cousin, thought it well to inquire:

"You take in any of th' ball games, madam?"

"I'm terribly interested in baseball," returned Miss Wells with more spirit as she delicately impaled a fried sweet potato. "By the way," she beamed on Jones, "have you come across Arthur Scull yet? You know he's playing too. Isn't he perfectly wonderful? I saw him pitch in Philadelphia. He's quite a hero out home." Her glance flitted from the stern-looking Doyle to his more pleasing partner. "Do you know him, Mr. Bunts?"

"Doc Scull, on th' Prunes? Should say so," rejoined Dan, his eyes very bright, for in his secret judgment he had classed the fair guest as a big-show girl. "He's all right, Doc is—an' making good."

"He's very clever," she went on as the southpaw winced. "We were at normal school before he took up dentistry. He gets his diploma next year."

"Smooth pitcher," asserted Bunts. "And wise at that f'r getting out of the game."

Catcher Doyle gave and repeated the usual signal for quitting the table and Bunts, of course, obeyed, excusing himself elaborately; but Southpaw Jones, though his flushed happiness had changed to ashy gloom, remained. The room was silent as Catcher Doyle's flatfooted and ponderous tread preceded the light, buoyant step of the fast baserunner.

As becomes a philosopher, Big Steve did not speak until ten minutes afterward, when he had lighted his strong cigar and cocked his heels on the window-sill of his apartment that overlooked the street.

"Ain't he the glutton for punishment?" he demanded of Dan, with emphatic censure and irony.

"Well, big fellow, didn't I call the turn?" was the answer of Bunts, whimsically triumphant. "Didn't I say a woman was at th' bottom of it? Here's the dame."

Mr. Doyle grudgingly admitted this. "She's got the Indian sign on him, all right," he growled. "It's all off now. He couldn't pitch to a blind asylum! And me just after pullin' him through there today! What c'd he do 'gainst th' Prunes tomorrow—especially if they work Doc Scull? You see him at th' table when she brought up his name?—yellow as a dead fish! I'm telling you, son"—Big Steve swung his feet about and dropped them on the floor—"there's a mystery back o' this. How is it this gal comes on here and picks out th' same place where Enoch is boarding? There's a broken bat in the bag somewhere—you watch!"

"Maybe Doc Scull put her up to it—just t' rub it in—un'erstan' me? He seems t' be pretty strong."

This opened such a wide path of speculation that Messrs. Doyle and Bunts neglected their accustomed game of billiards and sat until a late hour discussing the strange situation. On the point of turning in they spied the southpaw and Miss Wells coming up the street; and in a few moments Enoch shambled into the room, a picture of shame and sorrow.

Doyle and Bunts lighted fresh cigars and then the former demanded in compelling tones:

"Let's have it straight, kid. She's got the Indian sign on you, hasn't she? Come on, now—over th' plate."

"Indian sign!" confessed Jones, with a shudder. "Steve, I been stuck on Amelia ever since we were kids—can't help it. We had the best times together; her people lived right 'cross the street from us. I used t' take her to picnics an' all like that. Everybody thought it was good as settled we'd get married. And me, why, I never thought of anybody else, Steve. I s'posed she felt the same way as me—you know, Dan?" the tall, angular farmer's son invoked of Bunts as he gestured with his big hands, hands that had been hardened and broadened in years of harvest-field labor. Bunts was unfeignedly sympathetic.

"And she won't have you?" he asked.

"Why—why, I never asked her, Dan. Don't y' see?—the way she looked at me and me at her—it was —— We used to sit on a white-covered sofa at her house. I never even kissed her—I thought too much of her—I ——"

Enoch halted suddenly. His eyes were moist. Big Steve undertook to relieve the tension by turning the gas low, remarking that it might make the room cooler. Then he suggested:

"Maybe a little rough work would 'a' got you farther, Enoch. I've known fellows to win out that way."

"No, Steve; she ain't that kind. Meely's as pure as gold. It wasn't that. She would 'a' had me only for this Doc Scull. I know—I know. He played semipro ball out there one season. Before that, she never went out with anybody but me. He's got looks, Steve—an' you see me!" Unconsciously the southpaw's hand covered his disfigured face.

Mr. Bunts made considerable noise helping himself to a fresh cigar from Steve's box.

"Then she's signed up with Doc Scull?" he asked.

"I couldn't tell." Enoch shook his head. "She's wearin' a locket he gave her and she talks about him all th' time. You see he has th' looks, and she—you can't blame her, Steve, can you? Ain't she pretty, Dan—ain't she—an' sweet?"

Doyle and Steve made noises of assent.

"Nobody c'n gainsay that. And out home I was all right. The fellers and girls knew how I got hurt—my nose didn't make any difference with them, or with Meely. It was never mentioned. 'Hornets' was my nickname, Steve, because o' me getting stung up with a nestful once." His attempted hearty laugh sounded hollow and dismal to the others, who had nothing to say.

Enoch was silent a moment and then his very heart seemed to break as it gave forth its sorrow:

"But tonight, boys"—the jerky sentences came between sobs—"tonight, after th' roof-garden show, I took Meely over t' Voll's—she only drinks lemonade, Steve—an' every one knew me—kept laughing at me. C'd hear 'em say 'Dog-face.' Meely heard them an' she colored all up—said we'd better go home. She —— Oh, Steve!" The disfigured youth broke down as he buried his face in a pillow and his body shook with sobs. "If I only had th' looks!"

Big Steve, embarrassed at the recital of another man's sacred inmost feelings, puffed furiously at his cigar and cleared his throat several times.

"Enoch," he finally said, "I'm not after criticising; but if she can't see you just because of your crooked map then my idea is she ain't worth tyin' to." He looked over at Bunts for confirmation.

"It's not as though you was a Wild Man of Borneo or a Human Skeleton," comforted Bunts; "and we saw one o' them freaks with a wife just about as pretty as y'r friend. Remember, Steve, in Los Angeles—that year we trained on the coast?"

The southpaw continued gloomily to contemplate his unhappiness.

"Forget her," counseled Steve. "It's a heap better not to be married, for a fellow like you. A ballplayer is away half th' year an' when he does sign a contract he wants to know his wife is on the level. He has no chance t' watch her. He's out playing his head off to put some money ahead f'r a rainy day and maybe make a home; and, at that"—Steve switched to philosophic generalization—"you never know how it'll break. Nine times out of ten there won't be any teamwork. You get your signs all set, give her the hit-and-run—an' what does she do? Steals! You tell her t' wait it out—an' what happens? She swings at th' first pitched ball. She rhinestones the game—that's what! And while I'm saying it I might as well tell you, Enoch, I think this friend of yours is a rhinestone, an' I c'n generally pick out real ice."

"No, sir; no!" The southpaw leaped off the bed and waved his long arms. "She's just a little set up with coming to the city. Meely's th' best girl you ever saw! She kept house when the mother died, raised th' children, cooked an' washed—and with all that work got an education f'r herself. No; she's no rhinestone, Steve."

Cross-countered in this fashion, Catcher Doyle could only retort with:

"Well, you got just one face, haven't you? And y' can't change that; so ——"

"Steve"—the lovelorn flinger's eyes were intense—"you said something that's been in my head a long time." He jerked from his inside pocket a newspaper advertisement announcing that Dr. Emil Hahn could remodel the human countenance, no matter how deformed. "What I was thinking, Steve, maybe if I went t' this doctor he could fix my nose so Meely wouldn't be ashamed o' me. Don't you think that might make a change in her?"

Bunts turned up the gas and Big Steve, with some torment, slowly began to read what marvels a beauty doctor could achieve:

"Facial defects remedied; blemishes removed; contours of beauty supplied; marvelous metamorphosis of countenance and character; an Apollo from a Caliban; an Adonis from a donkey ——"

"That's the stuff!" interrupted Bunts sharply. "If he c'n put that over he's all to the big tent. For what I say is, Steve, how d'ye know it's his beak she's balking on? It may be his ears." He walked over and thumbed the appendages. "Not gettin' personal, Enoch; but look at y'rself now when I bend 'em in—what a difference it makes!"

Wearily Southpaw Jones obeyed, stepping before the mirror.

"What I mean is," explained the pinch hitter, "if he's going in f'r this it might be just as well to have his ears tightened up a little. I don't see how they c'n do it, but according to this advertisement nothing feezes 'em. What d' yuh think, Steve?"

Catcher Doyle gave the question due consideration and agreed with his partner that, if the plan were tested at all, Enoch might as well go in for a complete beautifying.

"Just th' same," he pointed out, "it's the toughest thing in th' world to switch an Indian sign. I mind a pitcher when I was in the minors that had it on me two whole seasons. You know him, Dan—'Chesty' John Haggerty they called him—worked in Milwaukee f'r a while. An awful stiff he was, but I couldn't hit him, couldn't bunt, couldn't wait him out. Soon as he walked in the box it was the redskin for me."



"Oh, Steve! If I Only Had th' Looks!"

"Yes; an' there was Jocko Hall, with th' Wolves three years ago," added Bunts. "We didn't win a game off him until September. Some say it was the fans that got him rattled that day, but I think it was Red Carter makin' a homer. Pitcher, and he had a batting average of .034," he explained to Enoch; "and he got two home runs off Jocko. Just held his bat in th' right groove. After that we knocked Hall out of th' box—an' he hasn't been much good since."

"Well," pleaded Southpaw Jones, "don't that show you c'n switch the sign if y' keep at it?"

"All right," concluded Big Steve, who, with a hard day's work before him, could not afford to lose any sleep; "we'll think it over. But my advice is to ferget her. You haven't got a hit off her yet. G' night."

Southpaw Jones was beginning to discover that advice is the cheapest thing in the world—willpower the rarest. Rolling and tossing in his hall bedroom, what from emotion and the heat, he scarcely slept—bad training indeed for a big-leaguer. He was sluggish at morning practice and in the afternoon when his rival, Doc Scull, of the Prunes, greeted him with the usual "Hello! How yuh hitting?" Enoch looked the part of a wobegone suitor.

Scull grinned, with a tantalizing sneer, the sneer that seldom left his face even though the game went against him. He was known as a chilly customer, his very indifference being an asset to his trade. It was hard to get his goat; and when a player did it was his custom to shoot a bean ball—that is, direct a fast one at the batter's head. He was a pitcher to beware of, good-looking, successful, keeping mostly to himself and sufficiently wise to study a profession, that he might not some day be relegated to the bushes.

Miss Wells appeared at dinner that evening, more charming than ever, in a trim suit of white duck that Miss Dechamp estimated as costing seven dollars and twenty-five cents at a special sale. For some time there was an unexplainable restraint, severed finally by Fleming, who directed his remarks on the glorious victory—or, rather, slaughter—in which the Pioneers had pounded Doc Scull out of the box and won by a lopsided score. Fleming took the bit in his teeth and addressed Catcher Doyle:

"Thirteen hits you got off Scull, wasn't it?"

Big Steve nodded and through a mass of semimasticated pot-roast further assented:

"B-h-r-r-p!"

"We'd 'a' made twice that if they hadn't took him out," added Dan Bunts, with a sly grin and a glance at Miss Wells.

Fleming, exhilarated at having for the first time drawn conversational blood, as it were, from the big-leaguers, went into an exhaustive description of the game as told in the sporting extras.

In one of his pauses Miss Wells asked Jones:

"Did you pitch against him, Enoch?"

The southpaw flushed at hearing his first name from her lips and stammered:

"N-no; I didn't work today."

"That's too bad," she said. "It would have been quite a triumph."

There was such a sweet condolence, both in tone and look, that Big Steve dropped his table weapons and stared at her.

"Kidding him to a finish!" was Big Steve's conclusion, which he conveyed to his partner in their freemasonry language.

Doyle was positive of this when, after dinner, they saw Doc Scull balanced easily on the stoop railing, his cheerful sarcasm none erased.

"Had your batting rags on today, boys?" he laughed.

Catcher Doyle only grunted, but Dan retorted:

"All I'd ask, kiddo, is they stick you in every game. I'd win that automobile, sure!"

"Oh, I'll get you next time, old boy. Th' season's young yet."

There was an awkward moment at the narrow stairway landing as Miss Wells, descending, met the ballplayers going up. The same expression of pity that Steve noticed at the table touched her countenance and she was about to speak; then changed her mind.

The long silence which followed after the ballplayers had watched her depart in company with Doc Scull was broken by Mr. Bunts.

"Looking at it one way and another, Enoch," he advised, "I can't see how it would do you any good t' smash him. Steve says it'd probably have the opposite effect on her—and Steve's generally got their number. On the other hand, if y' go in for this beauty-doctor stuff you're like t' be out of th' game a long time ——"

"I don't care if I never pitch again," wailed the southpaw, "so long as I get Meely."

"You're on, then," pronounced Big Steve somewhat testily. "Tomorrow morning's the time. Come along, Dan; let's go out and jostle the ivories a while. Feel's though I could put it over you with three cushions."

Dr. Emil Hahn they found to be a heavy-faced, heavy-handed, heavy-bodied German, whose eyes were malignantly domineering. Upon making an inventory of Enoch's blemishes, he cheered the southpaw by promising to utterly transform his countenance.

"Dis ear," he said, "she mus' be incision made. De nose, him easy! Two—maybe tree—weeks. You stay in my sanatorium upstairs. Always, yes, advance bayment. Sometime dey get what you call cold foot—*hein?* I am also hypnotist," he added unctuously, with an eye on the ballplayers' diamonds. "I make de mind to concentrate and imagine she is somebody else."

He began to wave his heavy hands in front of Southpaw Jones, who drew back in alarm.



"Meely!" He Gasped. "You Here!"

"Hey! None o' that!" commanded Doyle sternly. "Can that stuff. He's hypnotized enough already."

Big Steve mistrusted the doctor, with his air of diablerie; and when they were paying the cashier he asked a few pertinent questions, telling who they were.

"From the Pioneers!" she exclaimed, her red lips opening widely, her black eyes sparkling. "Do you know who my father is? Joe Russell!"

"What—old Joe Russell, the ketcher?" from Doyle. "Why, I used to peek through th' fence at him when I was a kid. You Joe Russell's daughter? Well, I swear! Say, miss, he was some backstop in his day."

"That's what he says about you. Oh, he keeps track, I tell you."

"How is he?" inquired Dan. "I seen him, too, the last year he was in the league."

"Father's paralyzed from the waist down." She said it in a matter-of-fact way, as one accustomed to the daily care of an invalid.

Big Steve was shocked.

"I didn't know that," he offered. "D'ye think he'd care f'r a baseball? It's th' one Dan hit to the galleries yesterday when he cleaned up. I was going t' give it to a fellow at the billiard parlor." Steve took from his pocket a horsehide pill that showed but one welt of the ash. Bunts also fished about vainly for some memento.

"Dad'll be crazy about this," Miss Russell cried. "He has an old one up there that we play catch with sometimes. He pretends he's behind the bat once more and I'm the pitcher." She tossed the ball up and caught it in her small hands. "Listen!" she cautioned, beckoning them. Beside the ballplayers she was a dwarf—a small-waisted, plump-chested little lady, whose eyes were mischievous, sympathetic and serious all in one expression. "This doctor is a fake!" She reached up and laid a tiny forefinger in the dent of Enoch's nose. "You know what he puts in there? Paraffin. He injects it—phwt! It'll fill up all right; but sometimes it don't last long—it melts."

"It what?" they cried.

"Melts. Two people sued him since I've been here."

"Huh!" snorted Steve. "I knew there was something fishy about that guy. Enoch, get y'r money back."

"Hol' on," objected Bunts. "How about his ears? Can he fix them?"

"He's pretty good on ears," answered Miss Russell. "And, mind you, the nose may stay a long while ——"

"Month or so?" begged Enoch.

"Oh, sure!" she said. "It's only if you get in a very hot place that affects it. One of the men that sued us worked in a stokehole."

"I'm going to stay then," declared Enoch firmly.

"Well," growled Big Steve, "you're the doctor. Only this, little girl." He handed her the league schedule. "If this geezer tries to pull anything on Southpaw you notify me. Enoch'll tell you the hotels we stop at."

"I'd do anything in the world for a ballplayer," she promised.

"Say," complimented Steve pointedly, "if I was the marrying kind you wouldn't sit on the bench long!" He and Bunts turned their eyes upon Enoch, but the southpaw did not seem to hear.

Nearly three weeks had gone by and the Pioneers were playing their last series on the road, when one fine morning Southpaw Jones made his first appearance in public; transformed, in good sooth, from a Caliban to an Apollo. At any rate his nose was beyond the average in symmetry; and as for his ears, they lay back like a coyote's—a coyote with the throttle open.

Did it ever occur to you, gentle reader, that good looks are not to be despised? Even with mediocre appearance one marches through life with a certain confidence, not necessarily vain but yet not shrinking. Neither muscle nor wit entirely makes up for homeliness or disfigurement. A favorable countenance is the gift of God.

To Steve Doyle and Dan Bunts, upon returning home, there was something about Enoch's change of deportment more remarkable than the change in his visage. He seemed to have acquired a dignity and poise entirely new to him. Noticing this, Mrs. O'Hara, on the point of congratulating her guest, held silence. Fleming itched with curiosity, but feared the dire frown of Big Steve Doyle. Miss Carew made a note of the incident in her scrapbook and intended using it in her great American novel. Miss Dechamp could hardly wait until the meal was over to tell Miss Carew that "it is only wax."

"I have read how they treat those people in beauty parlors," she said; "but it'll fool her, though, being just from the country."

Amelia came in late, wearing the same frock of white duck, and on her head was a Panama hat with a red silk band. Doyle and Bunts saw her take one short breath, saw her violet eyes open in amazement, then sweep from Miss Dechamp back again. Enoch rose quickly, shook her hand, and his voice was quite steady as he said:

"Howdy-do? Back again on the home grounds."

At times during the meal Mr. Bunts kicked Mr. Doyle expressively, and the moment they had turned the corner on the way to their nightly game of billiards he slammed the catcher's back.

"I'm a son of a gun, Steve—there was more in that donkey doctor than we thought. She's switched. He's got the Indian on her now!"

Big Steve did not answer until they were coming home, when a cool breeze wafted from the Palisades and a harvest moon beamed upon the tall buildings and narrow streets.

"Dan," he dissented, "she's just waiting to put one over. She'll hit him round a couple times and then some fine day leave him stranded on third."

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HOW TO WRITE A PLAY



By Brander Matthews

DECORATION BY J. J. GOULD

"HOW to write a play" is a rather taking title, but perhaps it is a title lacking on the side of modesty. Who am I that I should presume to proffer instruction in the art of the playwright, as difficult as it is dangerous? If this hurrying twentieth century of ours were only the leisurely eighteenth century, when everybody had all the time there was, the fit title for this paper might be: "A few tentative suggestions for those who propose to commence as dramatists, garnered from the experience of an old playgoer." That may be a more accurate, as it is a more cautious, description of the intent of the present paper; but it is a little too long drawn to serve as a scarehead for an article on a topic of immediate interest to an immense number of ambitious aspirants.

It has been calculated by an imaginative statistician that there are now in these United States nearly one hundred thousand persons—men, women and children—who are eager to write plays, believing that the stage door is the easiest entrance to the Temple of Fortune and to the Hall of Fame. Whether or not this estimate is scientifically accurate may not even be disclosed when we have the figures of the new census. Quite possibly it is not at all inflated, since it allows only one apprentice playmaker to every thousand of the population. Pretty certainly there are more seekers for dramatic laurels than there are soldiers in the standing army of the United States. At all events, there are so many of them that advertisements have appeared of late addressed especially to those ignorant of dramatic art and yet ambitious to acquire it. "Playwriting Taught by Mail" is an alluring temptation which is probably charming subscriptions from the pockets of many an eager youth.

What the Stage Can Teach the Playwright

WHETHER or not playwriting can really be taught by mail is a question that need not here be discussed. What is not a question is that it can be taught, even if these advertisers are not capable of teaching it. Playwriting is an art and every art must be learned; and whatever must be learned can be taught—whether it is the art of painting a portrait, of riming a lyric, of making a speech or of writing a play. It is true that the poet is born, not made; but it is also true that after he is born he has to be made. What he has to say may be the gift of God, but how he is to say it depends upon the training of the bard himself. In every artist we can perceive a man with both a message and a method. His message may be innate in him, but his method he has to acquire from others. The painters have recognized this; and they promptly go to school to the older practitioners of the craft that they may imbibe its secrets and be shown how to set a palette and how to bring out on the canvas before them the things they see in the world around them. Every painter is the pupil of one or more painters of an earlier generation; and he is proud of it as a proof that he has served his apprenticeship and learned his trade properly. John S. Sargent is still careful in the catalogues to declare himself the pupil of Carolus Duran, in spite of the obvious fact that the American is now a more distinguished artist than the Frenchman who once taught him.

Whatever has to be learned can be taught, but it can be taught only by those who have learned it themselves. The instructors in the art schools are painters, not art critics or historians of art. And, if playwriting is to be taught with the same success that painting has been taught, this can be accomplished only by the older playwrights instructing the younger and laying bare before them the art and mystery of the drama. If a school of playwriting were to be opened the proper instructors would be Mr. Gillette and Mr. Belasco in the United States, and Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in Great Britain. In France, more than half a century ago, there was for a while something very like a school of playwriting kept by a master playwright, Scribe—that is to say, Scribe liked to collaborate and he was hospitable to the young men who brought him suggestions for plays. He showed these young men how their suggestions could be turned to profit on the stage. And in this collaboration the young men could not fail to get an insight into Scribe's method and to discover some of the reasons why Scribe's plays were incessantly reappearing in all the theaters of Europe.

And yet a mere critic, a mere historian of the drama, may on occasion be able to proffer advice, not so much to the point, perhaps, as would be that of the successful dramatist, but not without a certain value of its own, however inferior. When any one has been intensely interested in the drama for more than forty years, and when he has been an assiduous playgoer in many cities, and when he has taken advantage of every opportunity to discuss the problems of playmaking with the many dramatists he has had the good fortune to count among his friends—it may not be unreasonable for him to assume that it is in his power to call attention to a few of the more obvious points which the ambitious young dramatic author must ever bear in mind. He may not be justified in advertising "Playwriting Taught by Mail," but he ought to be able to make a few elementary suggestions that may have a certain value of their own.

The first of these obvious considerations for the benefit of the 'prentice playwright is that he ought to devote himself to playgoing. Nearly forty years ago, when the present writer hoped that he might become a professional playwright, he introduced himself to the late Eugène Nus, the author of the French originals of Charles Reade's Hard Cash, Boucicault's Streets of New York, and Tom Taylor's Ticket-of-Leave Man. Though the play plotted as a result of this introduction was never actually written, one remark of the veteran French playmaker may be recalled: "Young man, if you want to write for the theater you must go to the theater." Every writer of plays must be intimately familiar with the theater of his own time and his own country, since that is the only theater where he can hope to have his plays produced. He must understand its organization and its mechanism. He must study earnestly not only the theater itself but the actors—and, above all, the audiences.

He must go to see the successful plays of the season again and again, in the endeavor to discover the causes of their success and the means whereby this success has been attained. The first time he is a spectator at the performance of a play he is likely to be merely a spectator—carried away like the rest of the audience by the story itself, by the interest of the plot, by the excitement of the successive episodes. When he gets home he will do well to analyze his impressions and to ask himself how it was that these impressions were produced. Then he will do well to go again to verify this analysis and to clear up the points that may have been left in doubt. At this second visit he ought to be able to perceive a little more clearly the method of the author—the reasons, for example, why a certain interview is in the fourth act and not in the third; and the reasons why certain parts of the story are shown in action and certain other parts are merely narrated or otherwise explained to the audience. He ought to note especially how the dramatist has conveyed to the spectators the information about what has happened before the play began, not necessary to be shown in action and yet absolutely necessary if the actual story is to be followed with understanding.

Then he may go a third time—and a fourth—until he has mastered the construction of the play; whereupon he may turn his attention from the play to the audience, marking when the spectators are fidgety and when they are swept along by the resistless rush of the action. When he perceives that some of the audience are looking at their programs, or whispering to their neighbors, he had better look again at the play to discover, if he can, what made the interest relax at that moment. If the play is published he had better get it and study it at leisure, to spy still further into the secrets of its author's craftsmanship.

Lessons From the Lights That Fail

NOR should he neglect the failures to devote himself wholly to the successes. Many an interesting lesson can be derived from a failure. The student can at least try to ascertain why it failed. He can let it teach him what to avoid. He can watch the behavior of the scant audience; and this will sometimes be as illuminating as the conduct of the spectators at a successful play. Every dramatist, the mightiest as well as the less significant—Shakspere and Molière, no less than Sardou and Belasco—has always kept his eye on his audience. If he does not desire above all things to interest and to move and to hold the audience, then he has no business with playwriting.

It is his first duty to find out what the playgoers of his own time and his own country enjoy, for that is what he will have to give them in his plays—even if he may be able also to give them something more. When he has learned the art he may express himself and deliver his own message—if he has one; but he has always to keep his audiences in mind and to remember that they have to be interested in the play or his message will never reach its destination. He has to feel with his spectators, so that he may make them feel with him. This does not mean any "writing down to the vulgar mob"; but it does mean "writing broad for the people as a whole."

Hamlet, for example, is Shakspere's masterpiece, rich in poetry and lofty in philosophy; but it is also a very amusing play for the gallery-boy, who cares little either for poetry or for philosophy and who is delighted by the ghost, by the-play-within-the-play and by the duel with

(Concluded on Page 67)

LÉONTINE AND CO.

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

IX

WHEN I went to bed that night I moved a chair against the bolted door and balanced the waterpitcher so that it would fall at the least jar. I also rigged a simple but effective burglar alarm on the windows; then went to sleep with the pistol under my pillow. My dreams were not pleasant.

When the *garçon* brought me the newspaper with my coffee at eight in the morning, on the first page in big scareheads was the following news:

"Daring Robbery on Channel Steamer. Jewels worth £12,000 stolen on Dover-Calais Passage. Victim, Hon. Mrs. Allerton-Stairs—may die. No trace of thief."

So this was Chu-Chu's errand to Boulogne. Without reading further I laid down the paper to think.

Chu-Chu's business then had nothing to do with the pearls. He had bigger game afoot. I saw Ivan's hand in this job. Chu-Chu had probably taken the boat that left Boulogne at seven, crossed to Folkestone, then gone to Dover, where he had awaited the train that left London at nine.

I picked up the paper and ran quickly through the account. The victim, it appeared, was on her way to Paris, accompanied by her maid. She carried her jewels in a small satchel that she never permitted to leave her hand in traveling. The crossing had been rough, and the maid had immediately succumbed to seasickness and had gone into her mistress' stateroom to lie down. Mrs. Allerton-Stairs had walked for a few minutes on deck, then seated herself in a deck chair. Growing suddenly ill she had gone to her cabin, assisted by a gentleman who had been sitting next her. She had the satchel containing the jewels in her hand at the time. Immediately on reaching her stateroom she had fallen in a syncope, from which she could not be roused on reaching Calais. It was then discovered that the bottom of the satchel had a long incision, the jewelcase being gone. Suspicion was at once directed against the man who had been sitting beside the unfortunate woman on deck and who was described as a gentlemanly looking person with a square, black beard. When assisting the lady he had been heard to remark that he was a physician. It was supposed that he had given her some powerful hypnotic, probably asserting it to be a remedy for seasickness. This was, however, mere surmise, as the victim was still unconscious and in a very low condition. When the theft was discovered this man was not to be found, either aboard the boat or in Calais, where a thorough search was made for him by the police.

It was thought that he had left the town in an automobile—and there was the usual amount of speculation, theories, and so forth.

Reading the article through I regretted more than ever my failure of the afternoon before. It was really unnecessary to poison the poor woman, and I could think of nobody but Chu-Chu who would have been apt to do so. The doctors, however, hoped for her recovery.

Well, Chu-Chu had pulled off his job and was probably at the present moment in Paris, where he would turn his immediate attention to squaring his account with me. He had now a double reason for doing this, because my attempt of the day before would have shown him that I had no intention of waiting to be killed.

There was no time to be lost. First of all, John must be warned and persuaded to get out of Paris at once. I dressed hurriedly and went round to the office, where I found a note from Edith. In it she said that John was ill in bed and asked me to call at the house at noon, as he wished to have a talk with me and hoped that by that time he would be fit for an interview.



"Frank, Frank," She Cried; "Try Again, Try Again"

There was nothing in particular to do at the office, so at about eleven I ran down to the Automobile Club, hoping to find our client of the day before and apologize for having disappointed him. He was not in the lounge; but over in the corner, smoking a huge cigar, I saw an old acquaintance. This was none other than the Baron Isidor Rosenthal, of Budapest and Haiti.

Perhaps you know Rosenthal—everybody knows him. No? Well, my friend, a part of your education has been lacking. Rosenthal is a big, brawny giant of a Jew, who has amassed an enormous fortune in all sorts of adventurous promoting schemes, principally in the financing of revolutions. Some time ago he was created a papal baron. That sounds funny for a Jew, but Rosenthal had fairly earned his title by saving the lives of a whole community of Bulgarian Christians during the raid of a fanatical Moslem outfit that was on a holy war. Rosenthal had stood off this outfit at the cost of great personal danger and considerable financial expense. He had stopped a bullet for his pains, but this had not stopped Rosenthal. The Vatican had made him a baron, and the French had created him an *officier* of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

Rosenthal was a man of big heart and big ideas. I had known him quite well in Buenos Aires, and he had stood my friend in a nasty business that might otherwise have cost me dear. This he had done out of sheer kind-heartedness and a personal liking that he had conceived for me. I had not seen him since, so I crossed the room to pass the time of day. When he saw me his big, bushy eyebrows went up with surprise.

"How do you do, Baron?" I said, and held out my hand.

Rosenthal flung down his morning paper and, without rising, held out his great, hairy paw.

"Py Chingo!" says he; "it is Fr-rank. Vell, vell! And how do you do, and whom? The last time we met vas in Buenos Aires. And how haf you been, my yoong frendt?"

I told him that I had been very well and was now in the motor-car business.

"Goot!" says he. "That is a better business than you were in down there in South America." He grinned. "I am glad to learn that you have taken to more honest vor-rk, alt'ough the last man who sold me a car vas a t'ief. He r-robbed me—oh, my fr-rendt—und it vas not der last time!" His big, sardonic face lengthened and he gave a groan like a dying horse. "I have been r-robbed again. It is terrible. I am sick from it." He pulled out a handkerchief and mopped his face, and for the moment he looked actually sick. "I haf been r-robbed of gems vort' twenty t'ousand pounds."

"What?" I cried.

"Yes. I am sick from it—very sick. I cannot eat nor dr-rink. It seems there is an epidemic of r-robbery. Yoost now I r-read in der paper of this dirty Channel business. Mein Gott!"

"What?" I cried again. "Did those jewels belong to you?"

"*Dose* jewels? No. But I haf lost some of my own—vort' twenty t'ousand pounds." He brought the figure out with a gasp. "Two great rubies und an emerald."

There are times, my friend, when even the training of one's whole life is scarcely enough to enable a man to keep his face. My grip tightened on the arms of the big leathern chair and I felt the blood leaving my face. But my expression exactly coincided with the baron's feelings, and he did not notice anything amiss.

"Yes," said he, "it is terrible, is it not? Efery year ven I go home I take a pr-resent to my dear vife in Pest. This time I got vat I have been long looking for. I found a goot bargain. Nefer haf I seen such stones in pr-rivate hands. But I vas a fool. I carried t'em about in my pocket. It is a bad habit of mine. Der odder day I vent to der races und dere my pocket vas picked. It is that vich so hurts. Isidor Rosenthal to haf his pocket picked like any fool of a tourist avay from home for der feerst time."

"That is horrible, Baron," said I. "What have you done about it—notified the police?"

"Yes. Und I haf had descriptions of t'ose gems sent to all der lapidaries; but I haf not much hope." And he mopped his big face again, for the thought of his loss brought out the sweat.

"It is tough on Madame la Baronne," I muttered.

"It's awful. But, of coorse, she vill nefer know. I meant to gif her a surprise. Now I haf bought somet'ing else. It vas der best I could do, and I found anot'er bargain. Do you know anyt'ing about pearls? Dese are very fine."

He hauled a packet from an inner pocket, opened it and laid upon the little table—Edith's string of pearls.

Lord o' Life, but two such shocks in ten minutes are bad for a man! It isn't good for his heart. This time Rosenthal's keen, mottled eyes saw the wild look in my face, and the big, bushy eyebrows went up again.

"Vat's der matter?" he asked.

I did not answer. My mouth felt dry. To most people one string of pearls looks very like another, but to an expert like myself they have as much individual expression as a horse to a racing man or a boat to a sailor. I had noticed Edith's pearls minutely, and the moment my eyes rested on them there was no more possibility of my not recognizing them than there is of a mother's not recognizing her babe.

"Vell?" inquired Rosenthal; "you don't answer?"

"I'm too much jolted," said I. "Baron, that string of pearls was stolen two nights ago from the wife of my half-brother, Mrs. Cuttynge."

Rosenthal pushed himself back in his chair and stared at me. His eyes, which were of a light hazel color, slightly bulging and curiously mottled with dark-brown spots, opened until they looked like the glass ones you see at the optician's. His tufty, grizzled eyebrows went up and his jaw dropped. Then he burst into his big, raucous laugh.

"What is this you are singing me?" he cried. "But no! You are mistaken, my fr-rendt. Stolen pearls? That is goot. That cannot be. I bought t'em from a man I haf traded wit' for many years. He is a careful man. He knows der history of all he buys."

"Nevertheless, these are Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls," I answered. "I am a bit of a connoisseur myself, and I sat for three hours behind these at the opera. There can be no doubt. They were stolen night before last. The worst of it is, I am in some measure suspected of the theft."

Rosenthal stared for an instant, then burst out:

"Py Chingo—but ve vill soon know." He gathered up the pearls, wrapped them hastily in the cotton and paper and shoved them into his pocket. "Come, my fr-rendt," says he, "ve vill yoomp in a taxi and go right down. Py Chingo! Vas eferybody stealing jewels? Come."

So out we went. It didn't take us long to get down to the place where Rosenthal had bought the pearls. The house, he told me, had been established for over fifty years.

"It is impossible," said the baron, "that this man vould buy pearls he did not know all about. I haf been a good client for fery many years."

Rosenthal was a connoisseur of jewels and usually had a few gems sprinkled about his person. I had heard it said in Buenos Aires that the big Jew was usually to be found about the gambling places, with hard cash to pay for a ring or scarfpin in case any unfortunate gambler wanted to get the price to continue the game. This was a sort of fad of Rosenthal's, and when he found anything particularly fine it usually went to add to the collection of his wife in Budapest.

"Here ve are," said the baron, and flung open the door of the taxi.

The shop was quiet and unassuming, unlike the pretentious places on the Rue de la Paix, with scarcely any of its wares in evidence. The proprietor, a middle-aged man of genteel appearance, came forward from a room in the rear, and on catching sight of Rosenthal smiled affably.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur le Baron,*" he began, then shot a look at me. His smile vanished, and in its place there came an expression that was more like fright than anything else.

"*Bonjour, Monsieur Cuttynge,*" says he nervously.

Rosenthal gave me a swift look. As for my part, let me tell you, my friend, that of the series of jolts I had received in the last forty-eight hours that "Monsieur Cuttynge" was perhaps the hardest to sit tight under.

Rosenthal, keen-witted old adventurer that he was, had not missed the dealer's frightened look and the "Monsieur Cuttynge." What he thought I could not guess, but he went ahead warily.

"About those pearls you sold me this morning, my dear Delmas," said he in his harsh voice.

The man's nervousness increased. He glanced at me.

"Will you give yourselves the trouble to enter my private room?" says he, and led the way into a sort of office, richly furnished in Louis XIV. In the center stood a heavy table with a few chairs about it, and a studio window let in the light from overhead. There were a couple of large hand lenses and some different-colored stuffs against which to show the jewels.

As we entered the room Rosenthal gave me a bit of a nudge, which I took to mean that I was to leave the talking to him. We seated ourselves—the baron and I on one side of the table, the dealer opposite us.

"About this little purchase of mine," said Rosenthal, taking out the pearls and laying them on the table, "my friend is not quite content. He is inclined to doubt your right to sell them."

The dealer looked very much upset.

"Monsieur Cuttynge is right," said he in an agitated voice—we were speaking in French. "It is true that when he sold me the pearls it was understood between us that I was not to sell them for a year. I also assured Monsieur Cuttynge that I would not sell the string exactly as it was when worn by Madame Cuttynge, but would make certain substitutions that should make it impossible to recognize the string. I am overwhelmed with regret and remorse."

Rosenthal turned to me. There was a curious, baffled look in his mottled eyes, but he said nothing. I also remained silent. The dealer looked from one to the other of us with a pale, agitated face.

"Of course," said he, "when a lady is unfortunately compelled to part with her jewels she does not care to have them recognized elsewhere. I quite understood this; and although I bought the pearls outright I had no intention of not keeping my verbal agreement. But when I came to make the substitution I found that I had nothing available with which to replace a few of the larger pearls, which are uncommonly fine. Nevertheless I should have held strictly to my word had the purchaser been any other than Baron Rosenthal." He turned to me with a look of entreaty. "Monsieur le Baron," said he, "is one of my most valued customers. When he assured me that the rope was for his wife and that he was leaving tonight for Budapest I was so weak as to sell the string as it was. It was very wrong of me and I am desolated. If there is anything that I can do in the way of making amends, rest assured, Monsieur Cuttynge, I will do it, even at a considerable personal sacrifice."

He paused and took out his handkerchief. Rosenthal sat heavy and immobile. I said nothing, but drummed on the table with my fingers.

The dealer looked from one to the other of us. Being French he did not wait for us to speak, feeling, perhaps, that he would only hear something disagreeable.

"I assure you, Messieurs," said he, "this is the first time that I have ever allowed myself to be placed in so embarrassing a position."

Rosenthal threw me a swift look. I gave my shoulders a slight shrug. My friend, although I looked impassive enough, I was all in a turmoil. So John was the thief. John had stolen his wife's pearls, brought them to this man Delmas and sold them outright, on Delmas' verbal agreement that he would not dispose of them for twelve months, and then only after making such changes as would make it impossible to recognize the string.

As this went through my head my first emotion was a hot, furious rage against my thieving sot of a half-brother. It was for this that I had bearded Ivan in his den and tried to assassinate Chu-Chu. It was for this that my life must hang in the balance until I should either kill or be killed. Now that I knew, I wanted to get out of the place and mentally digest the situation.

The dealer saw the blood surging into my face. Perhaps he saw the fury behind my eyes, for he began to renew his apologies and regrets and offers to make what amends he could for having broken his given word. I had no doubt that he was a fairly honest man; but he had lacked the force to resist Rosenthal's insistence. He reasoned that as he had bought the pearls outright he was under no bond; and as the pearls were going to Budapest to adorn the large person of such a bejeweled lady as he knew the Baroness Rosenthal to be, their non-recognition would be practically assured. John, I thought, had probably sold the pearls outright because he was in need of every bit of money that he could get.

As for Rosenthal, he had been quick to appreciate the perfection of the string and had no doubt made Delmas a good offer. With a profit of perhaps ten or twenty thousand francs before his eyes, and being bound only by his verbal agreement, the dealer had decided to take a chance.

The baron had pushed back his chair and was staring up at the ceiling. The big Jew was sadly puzzled. Knowing nothing of the striking resemblance between John and myself he had no solution to the mystery. There was no way of his guessing that the dealer had taken me for Mr. Cuttynge; and Rosenthal was at a loss to understand why it was that, when I had apparently stolen the jewels and then sold them as "Mr. Cuttynge," I should lug him down there to row the dealer. But he felt that there was something behind it all, so he merely sat tight and held his mouth shut and waited for the mystery to clear.

There was nothing I cared to say to the dealer just then, so I merely remarked: "Well, Monsieur Delmas, as you say, you have not acted properly in this matter. A man with such a reputation as yours ought to stick to his word. It is because of that reputation that the people having business with you do not demand written agreements. I must think over this affair. As a matter of fact, since you bought the pearls certain events have occurred that would enable Mrs. Cuttynge to buy them back. It is possible that Baron Rosenthal and I may be able to arrange the matter between ourselves."

"In that case," said the dealer eagerly, "you may count upon me to forego my own profit in the transaction."

"That is all that one could ask," I answered, "and your offer is accepted in the same spirit as are your apologies. We will inform you later as to the upshot of the affair."

I arose. The baron followed my example, and with Monsieur Delmas still pattering his apologies behind us we went out and got into our taxi. I told the chauffeur to go first to my office.

As soon as we were seated Rosenthal broke into his harsh, discordant laugh.

"Herr Gott!" he rumbled, "I am not a fool; but, belief me, I can make neither head nor tail of this affair."

"It will become more clear," said I, "when I tell you that Mr. Cuttynge is my half-brother, and that we are almost as alike outwardly as a pair of twins."

For a moment he stared. Then I saw the light of understanding glow out of his mottled eyes. He burst again into his great, harsh laugh.

"Py Chingo!" says he, "vat a business! Vat a business! It vas this man Cuttynge that stole his vife's pearls? Himmel!"

For a while he chewed on this idea in silence. Presently he said:

"Fere ve going now?"

"We will pass my office," said I, "and then return to the club. There is a lot I want to say to you, and a taxi is no place to talk. Can you give me an interview, my dear Baron?"

"Sure!" said he, and lit a big cigar.

When we reached the office I scribbled a brief note to John, saying that I was engaged but would get in to see him at three. Then, going to our little safe, I got Rosenthal's gems and dropped them into my pocket.

We spun back to the club, neither of us saying more than commonplaces on the way. I paid for the cab and sent the note to John by one of the club's *chasseurs*. It was then about one o'clock and Rosenthal asked me to lunch with him, suggesting that we have our talk afterward. Knowing him for a man who took the care of his body as seriously in civilization as he did lightly when on the trail, I agreed, and we spent a pleasant hour over our *déjeuner*, talking of various unimportant things. The repast over, the baron said:

"I am putting up in this place. Come up to my r-rooms. There ve may talk in no danger of disturbance."

So up we went, and when we had settled ourselves and Rosenthal had set fire to the end of one of his main-yard cigars, I said:

"Now, my dear Baron, you are going to get the surprise of your life. So prepare yourself for a jolt."

His eyes flashed at mine and I saw the big muscles of jaw and temple harden.

"Vell?" says he harshly, and rolled his huge cigar in his lips.

I reached in my pocket, drew out the packet that contained his gems, unfolded the paper and held out to him in the hollow of my hand his two great rubies and the emerald.

"Here you are," said I. "Don't ever say again that a kind act does not meet with its reward—not but what I'd have given them to you anyway," said I.

Rosenthal froze into a colossus in stone. The rosy, after-eating glow faded from his face, leaving it an ivory yellow. The big, bushy eyebrows went up at least three inches, and he cocked his head to one side while the staring, mottled eyes bulged at the gems. Then back came the color into the big, heavy-lined face. His thick tongue wagged like the tongue of a parrot, but only gurgles came forth. He reached for the cognac that had been served with our coffee and took a gulp straight from the decanter.

"*Sapristi!*" he rumbled. "*Sapristi!*"

Suddenly he reached for the stones and turned them lovingly in his huge hand.

"It is too mooch!" he muttered. "It is a leetle too mooch for Isidor Rosenthal."

"When you have recovered from your shock, Baron," said I, "let me tell you a story."

"Go on," he growled. "Dis is not the kind of a shock to injure the healt'. I am mooch more knocked aback dan ven I lost der stones—but I am not at all sick." He gave a ferocious grin.

"One usually looks to be robbed," said I; "but one doesn't often think of restitution."

"No," says he. "Now let us haf der story."

So without any more preliminary I started in and gave him the whole yarn from the very start, holding back neither facts nor names. Rosenthal leaned back in his big chair and rolled the huge cigar in his thick lips and listened, giving me now and again a quick glance from his keen eyes, which were almost hid under the downdrawn, bushy eyebrows and folds of leathery skin.

Only at the start did he make the slightest sign of emotion—and that was when I told him frankly that I was an ex-cracksman. This information he received with a sudden opening of his eyes. Rosenthal had previously regarded me as a sort of gentleman adventurer—not overscrupulous, perhaps, in the matter of business, but a gentleman born, well bred, and not fundamentally dishonest. He himself was absolutely honest in his personal affairs, but had a wide margin of ethics when it came to a really big deal. His worldwide reputation was that a man would be safe in placing any amount of cold cash in his hands without asking for a receipt; but that if anybody sat in a game of high finance with him he needed to play mighty close to his belt. Rosenthal would plunder the coffers of a country with the same ruthlessness that a cracksman would go through a safe.

I remarked a little while ago that for men there were no half-measures of honesty—that a man was either honest or dishonest. Perhaps I should amend that statement by adding "with himself." Rosenthal was absolutely honest with himself. He had his own peculiar code and he was true to it. Moreover, the Jew was a big man and a man of heart. He was generous and liberal, and his motto was "Live and let live." I knew that my story was as safe with him as though sealed in a leaden casket and dropped into the sea.

So I told him everything, talking slowly and with care, while Rosenthal leaned back and smoked and listened, without interrupting the narrative by so much as a "Sapristi." When I had finished he sat for several minutes in silence, blowing the smoke from his thick lips.

Suddenly he leaned over and laid his hand on my knee.

"My fr-riendt," says he, "this is a wicked vorld, and there are many wicked people in it. But there are some good ones too. As a man gets older he appreciates these. There are not many men whom I am proud to know. I could count t'em on the fingers of von hand, und haf left der thumb. Doctor Leyden is von, und Mallock is von, und dere is anodder now in pr-rison, serving a life sentence for a fr-riend. You also are von, und if you efer need a friendt, call on Isidor Rosenthal."

"Thank you, Baron," said I; "one always needs a good friend. I am going to take you at your word. Now listen: John Cuttynge must redeem these pearls. His wife must never know what he has done; it would kill her. I don't know how he stands financially; pretty badly, I suppose, or he would never have stolen the pearls. Now I am going to ask you to turn over those pearls to me, taking my note for what you paid and letting us pay it off as we are able."

Rosenthal struck his big chest a thump with his fist.

"I vill do it," says he; "und vat is more I vill char-rge you no interest. Besides, you are entitled to a reward for getting me my rubies und emerald back again. I will figure that in."

I thanked him again. Rosenthal knit his big brows.

"Your life is in gr-reat danger?" he asked.

"It sure is," I answered—"so also is Chu-Chu's life."

He raised his brows. "You intend to kill him?" he asked.

"I intend to try."

He nodded. "Dere is not'ing else to do," says he. "How about Ivan und his gang?"

"Ivan will stand pat, I think," said I. "To tell the truth, he would probably be quite content to have Chu-Chu removed. Between you and me I think that Ivan is afraid of him. A man like that is a constant source of danger to the organization. I am going to see Ivan and tell him how things stand, and ask him to keep out of it."

Rosenthal looked at me thoughtfully.

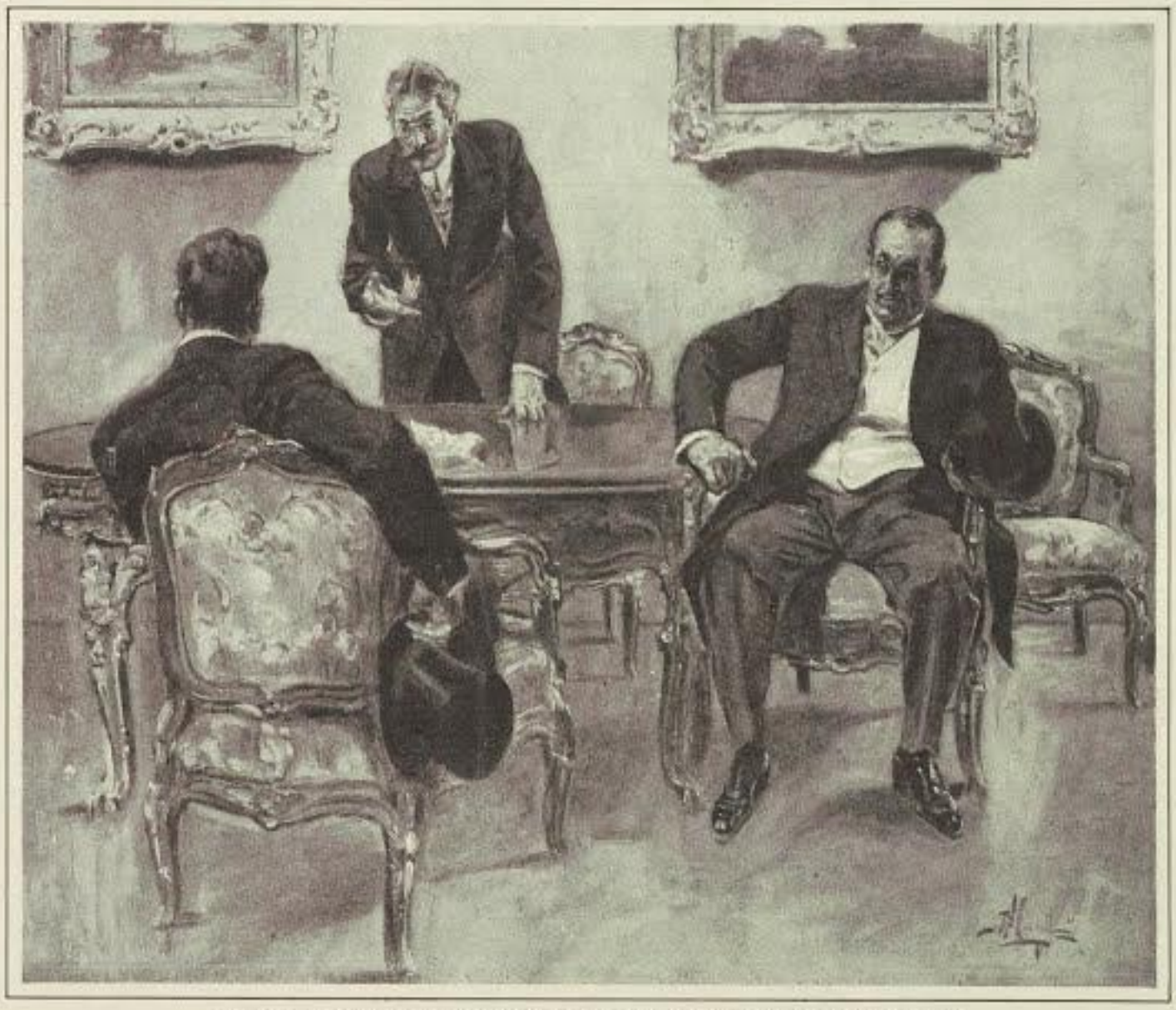
"Py chingo!" says he, "I belief you are r-right." He poured himself out another glass of cognac. "Herr Gott! Vat a vorld! Vat a vorld!"

I got up out of my chair. Rosenthal stared at me for a moment, then reached in his pocket, drew out the package containing the pearls and tossed it to me.

"Tell your half-brudder to come and see me," he said. "I vill gif him some advice. You are a goot boy, Fr-rank."

I thanked him and took the pearls. We shook hands.

"And now," said I, "for a bad quarter of an hour with Mr. Cuttynge."



"In That Case You May Count Upon Me to Forego My Own Profit in the Transaction"

X

IT WAS by this time almost three o'clock, so I went immediately down to John's house. As I was waiting in the antechamber for the *maître d'hôtel* to announce me Miss Dalghren came out of the library. I bowed and she gave me a cold nod.

"You will be glad to learn, Miss Dalghren," said I, "that I have recovered Mrs. Cuttynge's pearls. They are in my pocket."

The color flamed in her face.

"I thought that you would," she answered.

"Permit me to suggest," said I, "that hereafter both of you ladies keep your jewels in a safe place—where they will not be a temptation to weak vessels like myself."

Her face hardened. "Mine are now in the safe deposit," says she, "and there is no doubt that John will do the same with Edith's." And without so much as a nod she passed on through the dining-room portières.

The *maître d'hôtel* returned at this moment to ask me to go right up. I found John in bed. He looked very badly.

"Shut the door and lock it, Frank," said he in a querulous voice. "Pull up a chair by the bed. I want to talk to you."

I did as he directed. As soon as I was seated John turned to me, raising himself on one elbow. His face was ghastly and his lips trembled for a moment before he spoke.

"Frank," says he, "it was I who stole Edith's pearls."

"I know it," I answered.

His eyes got wild. "What?" he cried. "How—how—does anybody else know it? How did you find out?"

"Lie down," said I, "and keep quiet. I'll give you the whole yarn."

John sank back against his pillows with a groan. I started in with the story, telling him everything except the names of Léontine and Ivan. Before I had finished John's face changed for the better. The dull look had gone out of his eyes and they had grown hard and bright. There was a tinge of color in his cheeks and his jaw was set.

When I had finished he reached out one hand and gave me a grip that hurt.

"My word!" he muttered, "what a man you are." And added a lot of truck unnecessary to repeat. For several minutes he lay there, soaking in what I had told him.

"You must get out of the country right off, Frank," he finally said. "Your life is in danger every minute here."

"I'm leaving this evening," said I, for I had decided not to tell him about my plan for stalking Chu-Chu. If anything were to go wrong he would always look upon himself as my murderer. "You must clear out for a while yourself, John. We look too much alike for your safety."

"No," says he, "I'll stop here." And his jaw stiffened again.

I did my best to persuade him to go, if only for the sake of Edith, but he was set as solid as the pyramid of Cheops.

"I've brought all of this mess on both of us," says he; "so I'll take the consequences. Besides, this thug knows about me and won't run any unnecessary bother and risk. I'm in no great danger."

Well, sir, there was no budging him, and that made me all the more impatient to get on the warpath after Chu-Chu. It was now not only a measure of self-preservation, but an imperative duty.

Finally says John in a dull voice:

"Edith must know the truth."

"Edith must know nothing of the sort," I cried fiercely. "Man, it would kill her—and you know it."

A shiver went through John. "I owe it to you," he began.

"You owe nothing to me," said I; "you saved me a life sentence. We are quits with each other—but we both owe everything to Edith. Besides, what's the use? She doesn't suspect me."

"She does now," said John in a hollow voice.

"What?" I cried. "She does? Since when?"

"Since this morning. Mary Dalghren saw me slipping out of the house just after I stole the pearls. She came over from the studio to get something in the house. She took me for you. When I came in at three in the morning she was waiting up. She told me what she had seen and I begged her to say nothing about it to Edith. But this morning she told her. I couldn't stand that. I thought that they would lay the robbery to your old gang, not to you."

I got up and walked to the window. Chu-Chu, John, the danger to my life—all of this was nothing. Edith thought that I had broken my word to her. Edith thought that I had stolen her pearls.

My friend, have you ever been tempted? Not tempted by gold, or a woman, or the lust for revenge—but by something that is far deeper than life or death or the hope of Heaven? Have you ever been tempted until your very soul is wrung and tortured and screaming in pain? Mere death is a joke to this; the love of life is the longing of a child for a stick of candy in comparison. Edith to lose faith in me? The idea wrenched a groan from the very core of my whole conscious being. It was too much. Had I not done my part; played the game honestly and fairly?

But hot on the heels of this rank selfishness came the thought of Edith. It was of Edith that I must think. It was for Edith that I must suffer—and the knowledge that I might bear her burden of sorrow and shame took away all of the sting. Edith loved John. In John lay her whole life's happiness. Edith could not live in the knowledge that her husband had been tempted to theft and had succumbed. As for myself, her faith in me and in the goodness of mankind would suffer to the point of causing her infinite pain, but this pain would have an abstract quality. It would be a wound from which she would recover. But to feel that her loved husband had stolen, had committed the meanest of thefts rather than to come to her in his trouble, would be a stiletto through her pure heart.

I drew a deep breath, then turned and went back to John's bedside. He was lying face downward, his head in his strong arms. Sitting at his side I told him, very gently, the thing as I saw it:

"We must think of Edith, old chap," said I. "It is hard for us both—but we are men."

"*You* are," he moaned.

"And so must you be," I answered.

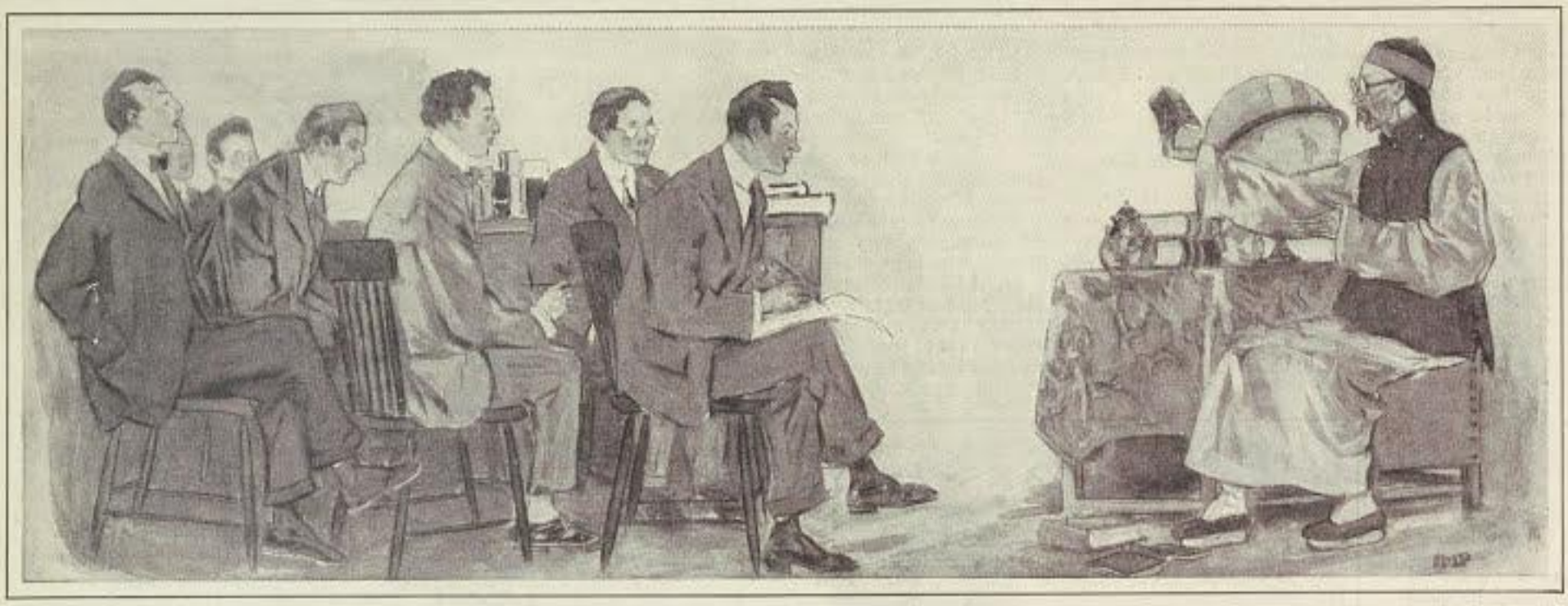
He writhed as he lay. "Good Lord! Good Lord!" he moaned. "What a fool! What a fool! It was my only way out, Frank. I was cornered—trapped—half mad and half drunk. I was carrying a lot of stock and it was knocked galley-west in this flurry. Another day and I would have been all right. My brokers were howling like wolves for

(Continued on Page 65)

The Trade We are Scolded About

The Tariff of Distance—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON



They Went Down to Chinatown and Took a Lesson in the Cantonese Dialect

FROM time out of mind export trade has been regarded as an affair of the utmost leisure and circumlocution. Manufacturers made staple goods suited to people of almost any nationality, color or creed. Merchants put them into sailing ships and sent them off to markets that were months away. The prime object was to have staples that would sell, no matter when they arrived or in what part of the globe. Each manufacturer aimed to turn out cloth and hardware like every other manufacturer's and the merchants were intent chiefly on getting them at prices low enough to meet the competition of other merchants.

Today, however, the character of export trade is rapidly changing.

As steamship schedules are shortened, the world grows surprisingly small and neighborly. Once the voyage from Europe to South America took weeks. Now the Germans are planning to make it in five days.

Manufacturers are learning that the closer they can come to foreign consumers the faster trade may be built and the more securely it can be held. Middlemen are being eliminated, branch selling agencies and branch factories established in foreign markets. The old-fashioned staples of export trade were often shut out of a country by a tariff of a few cents a pound or yard; but nowadays export goods are being made with such regard for quality, novelty and individuality that they go in right over fiscal tariffs. The chief tariff to be overcome in these times is that of distance—distance in miles, distance in temperament.

Just lately a Chicago packing concern has bought a number of thriving plants in Argentina. These were started by British capital and managed by men experienced in the Australian meat trade. They put up fine beef for shipment in cold storage to London, and at a cost, it is said, which gave marked advantages in competition; but the enterprise was unprofitable, largely because the tariff of distance was not taken into account.

The Handicap of Distance

A VITAL factor in the American packers' organization has been the selling and distributing department, which handles the products until they are in the butcher's hands, either in the United States or abroad.

Instead of organizing their own selling department in London, the Britishers were content to make good beef down in Argentina, load it on the steamer and ship it to wholly independent selling agents in London. It is said that this is where the profits disappeared. Eventually the plants were sold to the Chicago packers, who take care of their products from bullock to butcher shop.

This same handicap of distance may be studied to good purpose in Canada, where American sales of manufactured goods are much greater than those of British firms, despite a preferential tariff enjoyed by the latter. The Yankee manufacturer sends his own salesmen into Canada, comes in direct touch with the merchants, carries stocks there to supply them quickly and perhaps makes goods in the Dominion in a branch factory. The British manufacturer, dealing at a distance through old-time export channels, cannot make deliveries promptly, does not know the merchants, and is quite out of touch with Canadian tastes, requirements and opinions—and the temperamental distance in this particular case is probably far more harmful to British trade than the geographical distance.

Elimination of distance often works wonders right here in our home trade. The manufacturer who carries stocks of his goods in half a dozen of our leading cities, for example, can supply merchants in any part of the country almost over night; and they in turn promptly supply their customers without carrying unwieldy stocks. A competing manufacturer who must ship from his factory, perhaps two thousand miles away, works under a distinct disadvantage. Even where his goods are carried by wholesale houses stocks will probably not be as fresh and complete as he would maintain at his own branches; and wherever he has a branch he will have a force of salesmen developing trade.

It is possible to eliminate distance even in a factory.

A certain manufacturing concern in New England used to give a final inspection to goods assembled to fill orders just before they were packed in the shipping room. In every other order there would be one or two articles with minor defects. These were sent to the factory again to be refinished. Perhaps the whole order was delayed several days until those articles came back.

The superintendent of the plant fitted up a little refinishing shop off the shipping room. Two or three skillful mechanics ran it; and it was a miniature factory, with equipment for carrying on every process in the main works. Now, when an article fails to pass the final inspection, it is sent into this little shop and refinished. That takes only an hour or two. Orders go out with no delay. When the question of prompt shipment turns a sale that factory usually gets the order.

It is precisely this direct, prompt dealing that is being applied to foreign markets.

The old idea of export trade was for the manufacturer to hand his goods over to a middleman, who sold some of them to one or two other middlemen in the chief foreign markets, perhaps not more than once or twice a year.

Today, however, the manufacturer sends his own selling representative to the foreign market; and, when an office has been opened and there are enough customers to warrant it, a considerable stock of goods is sent and kept ready in a stockroom. Eventually a branch factory may be necessary. When the manufacturer has even one good salesman working for him in a foreign market he has a stake in the country that he is not likely to neglect. When he has a stock of goods there a force of salesmen will be necessary personally to take care of customers. When he has a branch factory he has the biggest stake there is, and will probably sell more in that single market than could be sold in the whole world by the old-time export methods.

The virtue of the man on the spot is that he can apply horse-sense to many a situation that would never be known to one dealing through roundabout export channels.

A large American company had been carrying on a long-distance flirtation with British trade for several years, sending occasional shipments of its goods through the exporters. One day a serious, conscientious Englishman in a green hat stopped at the company's general offices on his way back from Niagara Falls and asked for the London representation of their line. The president, superintendent and sales-manager kept him a week, took him to ball games, made fun of his green hat and serious ways, and filled him full of enthusiasm about their line. He went back to London with the agency; and the first thing he did on getting home was to canvass all the jobbers and separate the sheep from the goats. Some of the British jobbers were willing to carry these American goods, supplying them when asked for. Those were the sheep. Others refused and opposed attempts to introduce them into their territory. These were the goats. The agent began calling on people who could use the goods, explaining their merits and making sales. If such customers ordered from one of the obdurate jobbers the latter would send for just enough goods to fill the order. The agent billed them, not at the jobbing price, but at the full price charged retailers.

"Here! Here!" protested the jobber. "I'm a wholesaler, you know, and want the wholesale discount."

"You're not one of my wholesalers," replied the conscientious Englishman. "I'm spending money and time to introduce goods into your territory and you're opposing me. Just you catch hold and help, and then you'll be one of my jobbers."

With this intimate British understanding of the situation he soon made large additions to his flock of sheep.

Factories Established Abroad

NOTHING is more significant in export trade today than the extent to which branch factories are being established in all important consuming countries, overcoming the handicaps of distance. Germany and England are starting them in the United States. French, German and American concerns are starting them in England. American concerns have many branch factories abroad.

Very often these plants abroad have been established against the real wishes of manufacturers, to overcome some tariff obstacle or protect patent rights under foreign laws, or facilitate the obtaining of Government contracts; but the increase of trade that comes with closer dealing and the saleswork necessary to keep the branch factory running are often so great that manufacturers might not be willing to shut down these plants and carry on long-distance business, even were the obstacles removed. The shrinking of the world and the demand of consumers everywhere for direct dealing seems to make the branch factory an essential part of export trade. It has been objected that sales made from a branch factory in England or Germany cease to be export trade; but such factories are vital export centers, because they supply many adjoining countries with finished goods and create a demand here at home for parts, materials and equipment.

The handicap of distance is seldom considered in the many essays, reports and discussions about export trade, but it is the real nubbin of the whole proposition. If a firm of any nationality has gained a foothold in foreign markets it will generally be found that it has done something to get closer to the foreign customer; it has simply cut out some of the miles and a number of weeks or days, and made itself more accessible and congenial temperamentally—that's all.

The world today is intensely eager about export business. Big producing nations watch each other in foreign markets. Little carrier nations figure closely on ocean freights. Consuls swarm and report. Special Government agents ferret out obscure discrimination. Statistics are posted and wrangled over. There is no end of theory and advice.

The foreign customer, however, might be symbolized as a pretty girl with a good many long-distance admirers. Among her devotees are, figuratively, a German exporter, a London "indent" broker, a manufacturer in Ohio, a department chief at Washington, a few college professors and a few trade-journal editors. These admirers propound theories and calculate curves showing just how to win the girl. The fellow who gets on best with her, however, is usually some chap who, never having seen any of the curves or theories, goes right down to the foreign customer's home, rings her doorbell, carefully wipes his shoes, adjusts his tie and his smile, hangs up his hat, sits down beside her and holds her hand.

In the oriental trade today there are two young Americans widely known as "the Irishman and the Jew."

Fifteen years ago they were lads in San Francisco, with some experience in selling goods, and believed that there were opportunities to build a trade in American goods in China. They had little money, but whenever a couple of dollars could be spared they went down to Chinatown and took a lesson in the Cantonese dialect. Their teacher was a venerable Chinese professor who put on a pair of horn spectacles and drilled the language into them.

"This is tea," he would say, pointing out the article; "this is a teapot; this is bread; this is two-piecee bread"—and so forth.

After they had gone on in this fashion for several months they found that they could talk a little with the average Chinese laundryman, and that, at the same time, what Chinese they had thus far acquired was of a bookish sort. So they stopped taking lessons from the old professor and continued their studies in the street.

To engage the average Chinaman in conversation they found was extremely difficult. The very oddity of two Americans accosting him in his own language roused his suspicions, frightened him and shut him up tight. So they had to devise a little scheme.

At that period San Francisco's Chinatown was deeply stirred by one of its periodic "tong wars." They used this to divert suspicion. Meeting a chance Chinaman in the street, away from Chinatown, they would ask, in the Cantonese dialect:

"Have you got time?"

He stopped and grunted, and before his mind had an interval to begin wondering they went on:

"Do you know that another man has just been killed?"

That aroused intense interest and the Chinaman forgot that these Americans were talking to him in his own tongue.

"Where?" he asked quickly. "Was he a merchant or a laborer? What was his name? What tong did he belong to?"

As they answered these queries the two students gauged the Chinaman's class and sympathies, gave him a fictitious name as that of the man supposed to have been murdered, assured him that the deceased had belonged to a rival faction; and while his mind was still full of the subject they began the polite preliminaries of a Chinese conversation.

"What is your honorable name? How are your venerable father and mother, and your thrice-venerable grandparents? Are you celestially blessed with children? Where do you come from? On what business did you come? How long have you been here and on what steamer did you arrive?"

The Chinaman would talk until it suddenly dawned upon him that these Americans were speaking his own language. Then he wanted to know how that came about. They would assure him that they had lived a long time in China. That usually shut him up. By killing a dozen imaginary Chinamen every day in this way they soon got a fair knowledge of Chinese as it is spoken by the Chinaman in the street.

Then they looked about for chances to represent American firms in the Orient. At that period, saying "export trade" to an American house was likely to rouse as much

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THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

An Experiment in Printing All the News

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

THE great bulk of our energies was devoted to the daily routine work that carried no dynamite. This had its effect and, coupled with our aggressiveness and independence in big things, was rapidly gaining us public confidence and readers. Austin got in a great deal of new business for that which we lost, and most of our old customers renewed their contracts as they expired. Our circulation kept climbing steadily, and on the first of October we sat down and took stock. Mell, Butler and Ashman approved everything that I'd done in the editorial department, even though it had cost us a lot of business. They were as confident as I that we would get circulation if we continued to make the kind of newspaper we had been making, and that, once we had the circulation, we would get the advertising whether the advertisers themselves liked or disliked our paper.

St. James was a city of about one hundred thousand population, but it suffered from a superabundance of contentment. It was a quiet, easy-going, conservative town, the chief industries of which were the stockyards, the shirt, overall, shoe and hardware factories, the jobbing houses and the wholesale drygoods establishments. It was a thrifty, wealthy city, but it had practically no transient population. Most of the people who lived there had been born and reared there, and everybody knew everybody else; in fact, St. James was a large country town which had not been touched by the wave of civic progress that was sweeping through the Middle West at the time. Every factory and wholesale house allowed the employees of other factories and wholesale houses to buy goods for personal use at wholesalers' rates, and this made the retail market narrow. Business generally was conducted as it had always been conducted. Bill Smith bought his neckties—fifty-centers, four times a year—from Jim Brown, because his father had bought from Jim's father, and because Jim always bought his shoes from Bill. The personal element entered materially into all transactions.

I was not surprised to find that in a city of such character a few politicians were running things at the court house and the city hall, just as a few of the more clever business men were running things in the commercial circles. Neither was I surprised to find that the business and political circles overlapped. I discovered, for instance, that nearly all the banks were directly or indirectly controlled by the Tuttle Corporation, which held properties and interests worth from twenty million to thirty million dollars. Tuttle money was in the banks and trust companies, the shirt and overall factories, the wholesale drygoods houses, the principal hotel, and pretty much everything else in town, except the stockyards and the street-car company. Much of the downtown business property was held by the corporation, as were whole blocks of residence property. The Tuttles and their retainers were in politics up to their eyes, and harmonized very nicely with Tommy Van Dyke, the general manager of the street railway, electric light and power monopoly. These two interests controlled the retailers, largely because they were in position to extend or withhold banking accommodations.



She Was Taken to Court in a Patrol Wagon and Was Sent to the Workhouse

The Tuttles and the Van Dyke people operated a very nice little political game. The former were Republicans; the latter were Democrats. Tuttle men had controlled Republican county and city conventions for years and street-railway men had controlled Democratic conventions. They took no chances in the elections. Where they did their business was in the nominations. They put upon both tickets candidates who could be relied upon to protect their interests, and then they sat back and let the little fry scrap it out. The self-satisfied spirit of the people of the city and their belief that all prominent, wealthy citizens were noble, honest, public-spirited, superior beings had made it easy for the business interests and the politicians to get away with this sort of buncombe without serious opposition. It had been made doubly easy by the fact that the newspapers were party to the scheme. Mr. Wage-Earner paid the bills and never suspected he was being cheated. He had no way of knowing. In this respect St. James was no different from hundreds of cities in the country, some of which have by this time got their eyes open and some not.

I studied the civic, commercial and political conditions of St. James carefully with Austin, and he agreed with me that they were bad. I couldn't see how the city could grow and prosper if they continued, for I knew they placed unnecessary, unjust burdens upon the masses of the people. Taxes were high because the city's money was extravagantly spent and because the owners of the valuable properties—the public utilities, the banks, the real estate in the business section, the factories and the wholesale houses—were favored by the assessor and therefore did not contribute their just share toward the upbuilding and maintenance of the municipality. The quality of municipal service was poor, the streets were dirty, the city was badly lighted in spite of its big light bills, the public schools were of low standard and the police and fire departments were inadequate and inefficient.

I worked with Frank Lane, my keen, aggressive city hall reporter, two hours every afternoon after the paper was out and until eleven or twelve o'clock nearly every night for a month, collecting information about the city government and the relations between business and politics; and then I launched a campaign for "A Bigger, Broader, Better St. James." My fight was a positive, not a negative fight. I sought to tear down and demolish only for the purpose of making it possible to build up. Through it all I emphasized the building-up idea, striving to arouse sentiment for better things and against bad things and to prevent the public from getting the idea that we were merely attacking people and institutions for the purpose of creating a sensation and selling papers. I described the ideal and pleaded for it as I disclosed the evil. I wanted

the people to realize that St. James was their town, which they could run for their own benefit if they wanted to. I urged them to take the machinery of government away from those who had been using it to their own advantage and to operate it in the interest of the whole community.

There was to be a city election in the spring, and I made up my mind I would try to bring about the nomination of honest, progressive men on the tickets of both parties—St. James stuck to the archaic practice of maintaining a Republican and a Democratic party in municipal politics. So throughout the winter I made the editorial page of The Sun a primer on municipal government and frequently ran editorials on the first page. I told, plainly and boldly, how the various business interests and professional politicians had been benefiting themselves and robbing the public for years. And I mentioned names.

Here is a typical example, and here again is the pipe line between a vicious influence and a heavy advertiser.

On a certain residence street were two large apartment houses exactly alike, which had been built five years before by the same man. One was still owned by him; the other had been sold. The builder's name was Cushman. The name of the other owner was Carpenter. Both buildings had been kept in good repair and had been constantly occupied. The lots upon which they stood were of the same size. Any real-estate agent in the city would have said there was no difference in the value of the two properties, yet on the assessor's books we found Cushman's property valued at $80,000 and Carpenter's property valued at $25,000. We sought the reason and found it. Carpenter was the boss of the third ward. Cushman had no political connections; he was merely a citizen.

Opening the Eyes of the People

I PRINTED the story of these two assessments in short, snappy sentences in a two-column box on the first page. I made it a communication to the rank and file of the Republican and Democratic parties of St. James, and wound up as follows:

"Do you, Mr. Republican, propose to nominate for assessor the kind of man who does this sort of a thing?

"Do you, Mr. Democrat, propose to nominate for assessor the kind of man who does this sort of a thing?"

The next day I printed an editorial on the subject of the two apartment houses, showing that Cushman had the year before contributed in taxes $1680 toward the public expense of the community, while Carpenter had contributed but $525. Then I showed what could have been done with the $1155 that the city had been cheated out of by the third ward boss. I reduced it to schoolbooks, to fire hose, to street lights, to park benches, to square yards of street cleaning, to band concerts and to ash cans.

The apartment house articles drew the attention of the public sharply to assessments and taxation, and thousands of people began asking themselves and each other whether that sort of thing was right and whether they should tolerate it. I thought I detected an awakening civic conscience and I immediately followed the comparison of the apartment house assessments with comparisons of assessments of other properties. Almost invariably where I found a piece of property assessed at a low figure I found its owner more or less closely connected with some city official, or with the circle of business men and politicians that dominated the city hall. I printed the names of these people and made a wholesome lot of enemies, but I had the satisfaction of watching the circulation of the paper climb up, and up, and up, until by the first of January it had reached eighteen thousand.

On the first of January Mills Brothers informed us that they had decided not to renew their contract, which expired on February first. Mills Brothers operated one of the three big department stores and had used about six thousand dollars' worth of space in The Sun during the year. Ralph Mills, one of the partners, was a brother-in-law of Carpenter, the third ward boss who cheated the poor people of the city by getting a low assessment on his apartment house. Carpenter had reached Mills, and the Mills Brothers' business went out of our paper for good. Mills didn't hesitate to tell Austin why he wouldn't renew his contract, so we were equally candid. On February second we used the old Mills space to tell the people of St. James the whole story.

A loss of five hundred dollars a month in the revenue of a newspaper with a circulation of eighteen thousand in a city of one hundred thousand population hurts, but Austin took the blow with another grin. I guess he was getting used to it by this time. We redoubled our efforts to bring about the election of honest city officials who would yank the graft out of assessments by which the public funds were provided, and the extravagance out of the city administration through which the public funds were expended.

I found that the street railway company was assessed at $225,000, although it was capitalized at $6,000,000 and was paying five per cent on its securities, and I pointed out the necessity of increasing its value on the assessor's books. I found the factories and wholesale houses assessed at ridiculously low figures, and I presented the assessments of little homes of wage earners in contrast, giving names and addresses so that the reader would identify the property.

It was right in the middle of our assessment and taxation fight that Lane turned up a story that was destined to exert a far-reaching influence on the future of The Sun, although it looked innocent enough on its surface the day he walked over and laid it on my desk. He had got the story in the police court. It merely recited the fact that an old woman, a Mrs. Mary Wilson, had been sent to the workhouse for sixty days for violation of the plumbing regulations. A water pipe on her premises leaked and she had failed to have it repaired, although she had twice been warned to do so by the plumbing inspector.

"This case had been tried when I got to court," said Lane as he turned in the story, "but I've a hunch there's something behind it, and I'm going out this afternoon to run it down."

Lane discovered that the hovel in which the old woman lived was owned by the Tuttle Corporation. He obtained permission to talk to Mrs. Wilson at the workhouse, and she told him she had asked the agent who collected her rent to have the pipe fixed, but that he had not had it done. Lane looked up the plumbing law and the woman's lease, and found that the owner of the property and not the tenant was responsible for the violation of the regulations.

The next afternoon The Sun pictured the Tuttle Corporation and its general manager, Fulton Tuttle, rich, powerful, independent, flagrantly violating the plumbing ordinance, and then pictured Mrs. Wilson, bent and crippled by the infirmities of age, serving their sentence in the workhouse. Lane wrote a vivid story, calculated to arouse the indignation of every person who read it, and I published a first-page editorial demanding the instant release of Mrs. Wilson and the arrest of Tuttle. On the editorial page I republished the assessment of some of the largest Tuttle properties, all of which were lightly touched by the assessor, and told the citizens of St. James that this wasn't the corporation's only offense against society, that it also sent old women to jail to pay its penalty for the violation of laws intended to protect the public health.

Every day for a week we demanded that a warrant be issued for Fulton Tuttle and that Mrs. Wilson be released. We even printed a cartoon, showing Tuttle in his automobile and Mrs. Wilson peering through the bars of her cell. At the end of a week the pressure became more than the plumbing inspector, city attorney and police judge could stand. Mrs. Wilson was pardoned and a warrant for Tuttle was sworn out. The news "broke" at two-thirty, and



"It's All Right. It's Showin' Things Up Proper in This Town"



The Boss of the Third Ward

Lane telephoned it to me from the police station. I asked him if it would be safe to say Tuttle had been arrested.

"Not by a long sight!" he replied. "I don't believe there's a man down here who's got nerve enough to arrest Fulton Tuttle. The warrant's out all right, you can say that; but don't go any stronger. I'd bet a thousand they never pinch him."

Lane was a good prophet. They never did actually arrest Fulton Tuttle. They never would have issued the warrant if we hadn't hammered them into it by getting the whole town talking about the case. But the process of actually putting Fulton Tuttle under arrest and making him stand trial was a very different thing. The warrant merely slumbered in the pigeonhole of the desk of the chief plumbing inspector. The next day and every day for ten days I published a short two-column Tuttle-warrant editorial on the first page. At first I addressed it to the city attorney, chief plumbing inspector, police judge and chief of police. Then I addressed it to the public and asked if anybody had heard whether the warrant had been served. Then I changed it into the form of a reward, offering to pay one hundred dollars to any person who could prove that Tuttle had been arrested.

More Wheels Within Wheels

ON THE afternoon of the tenth day the chief plumbing inspector came to see me. His face was drawn and pale, his hands trembled. He looked and acted like a man on the verge of nervous prostration.

"Look here," he pleaded, "won't you let up? I don't dare serve that warrant. I'm helpless. I'm appointed by the mayor, and if I arrested Fulton Tuttle I wouldn't have my job three minutes. Tuttle absolutely owns Bill Lank—put up the money for his last two campaigns and has promised to send him to Congress. Bill don't dare make the Tuttles mad, and if I make 'em mad it's all off with me and Bill. Won't you quit?"

I was sincerely sorry for the man, more because of the mental and moral limitations which prevented his seeing in municipal government anything but an organization for personal profit than because of his embarrassment over the Tuttle warrant.

"Why don't you go right to Tuttle with your troubles?" I asked him. "If he's anything like decent he'll submit to arrest, pay a fine, fix the pipe and forget it."

He took my advice, and the following day we printed a story of Tuttle's arrest and his payment of a fine of fifty dollars. We did not neglect, however, to call attention to the difference in the treatment accorded Tuttle and the treatment accorded Mrs. Wilson. She was taken to court in a patrol wagon and was sent to the workhouse. Tuttle's lawyer appeared for him, pleaded guilty for him and paid his fine for him. Tuttle was not compelled to endure the unpleasantness of contact with the vulgar atmosphere of the police court. He sat in his luxuriously furnished office and let his hired man attend to the sordid details of his prosecution.

The first advertising echo of our stand in the plumbing case came a few days later, when the Comptroller of the Currency made one of his periodical calls for national bank statements. The Tuttle National Bank and the Second National Bank coldly informed Austin, when he called for

their statements, which the newspapers had always printed as advertising, that their boards had decided not to use The Sun any more. The Tuttle Corporation controlled both institutions. In St. James it was the practice of the savings banks and trust companies to publish statements whenever the national banks did, but Austin was turned down at the Valley Trust Company and the Provident Savings Bank. They were also controlled by Tuttle.

The Gem Mills, a big flour company that did an enormous business in the city and throughout the Middle West, had been figuring with Austin on a year's contract to cover advertising to run daily. Shortly after the loss of the bank statements the manager of the Gem Mills told Austin that he didn't care to advertise in The Sun. This was another company owned and operated by the Tuttle Corporation. The Valley Trust Company and the Provident Savings Bank had been advertising with us regularly on contract. When their contracts expired, a month later, they declined to renew.

About the same time we began preparations for issuing our annual edition, which is quite an event in the life of the Middle West newspaper in the smaller cities. Not a factory or wholesale house in which there was a cent of Tuttle money gave us an inch of advertising.

Cheers From the Plain People

I WAS still free from misgivings as to the final success of the paper, for our circulation was growing steadily, but I appreciated the immediate seriousness of losing the advertising of all firms in which the Tuttles were interested. So I put on my hat and went out on a tour of investigation. I called on the managers of all the Tuttle enterprises and asked them why they had stopped advertising in The Sun. Each manager explained it on one pretext or another at first, attributing his action to the size of our circulation, to our rates, to the fact that, being a penny paper, The Sun was read chiefly by the poorer classes, or to any one of the many other excuses of the man who has some hidden, personal reason. When I pinned them down and demanded their reasons, on the ground that we had money invested in the paper and had the right to know what we could expect from advertisers, they told me the truth. As the manager of the Gem Mills said, they "had orders." I found that Fulton Tuttle had passed the word down to every executive in his organization, and that word was: "Not a line of advertising goes in The Sun."

I spent the afternoons of the succeeding week among a very different class of people. Every day, as soon as the paper was off the press, I went into the poorer sections of the city, among the factory employees, down to the stockyards district, to the homes of the wage earners. I wanted to find out what the masses thought of The Sun—and I found out.

I would walk into a grocery store in the factory section and get into conversation with the proprietor and any one else who happened to be there.

"Have you got a copy of today's Sun?" I would ask, without intimating that I was interested in The Sun.

Usually somebody would have a copy. I would glance over the paper and comment on some story, which I had handled in copy and seen put into type hours before.

"What do you think of this paper?" I would ask the proprietor or some one standing by. Nine times out of ten the face of the person addressed would light up.

"It's all right; up and coming all the time and ain't afraid o' nothing. It's showin' things up proper in this town."

After my excursion into the highways and byways of St. James I made up my mind that the time had come to make, through the paper, a direct appeal for subscribers, and to tell the people plainly why their subscriptions were necessary to our success. I outlined the plan to Austin.

"I've been thinking a good deal about that Tuttle business," he said, "and I've wondered if you were going to print the real story of why all the Tuttle concerns have quit advertising with us."

"Yes, I intend to," I replied. "Why?"

"I've been wondering whether it would be wise."

It was the first hint of opposition to our theory of an absolutely honest newspaper that Austin had uttered. I looked at him closely and he flushed.

"I don't want you to think I'm getting cold feet," he said, "but don't you believe the public will think we're persecuting prominent men purely for the purpose of creating a sensation and getting circulation? Everybody you've ever taken a rap at has been spreading that kind of dope."

Here was something I had never thought of, and I saw at once that it was serious.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "I'll print a first page editorial, two columns wide and the length of the paper. When the people read that I don't think they'll question our motives."

"Good!" said Austin. "I think we ought to explain again just what we're trying to do, and spike this gossip for keeps."

As I look back on it now I can see that there was danger of creating the impression that Austin feared. I can also understand that any one reading this story as I have set it down might gather the same impression. Yet up to the day Austin talked to me about it I had never published an article that indicated that there was any spirit of vindictiveness behind it. I had always emphasized the fact that we were presenting the truth about the loss of advertising solely for the purpose of showing that we were determined to print the news that the reader was entitled to know, and to induce the reader to stick with us in order that we might ultimately get the advertising back again on a solid business basis—that we might sell advertising as a merchant sells a sack of flour, because it is a good product, worth the price asked for it.

I worked from three o'clock in the afternoon until midnight on the two-column, page-length editorial, and when I had finally rewritten it for the last time I was satisfied that it would clear up any false idea as to our purpose in life. I began by quoting the declaration of the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing the freedom of the press. I explained again that we were determined to print a newspaper in which nobody should have any privileges except the reader. I told why we had lost the Longman advertising, the Mills Brothers advertising, the Tuttle advertising and others. I frankly admitted that it remained for the people to say whether we should succeed or fail. I thanked the public for its support and cited our circulation, now grown to twenty thousand, as evidence of the public's appreciation of our efforts. My final sentences were these:

Do you, Mr. St. James Citizen, and you, Mrs. St. James Housewife, want this newspaper to succeed, in order that you may know the truth about your city, or do you want it to fail?

If you want it to succeed and are not already a regular subscriber you will have to become one. Otherwise the influences that want to put us out of business will put us out of business.

If you want it to succeed and are already a regular subscriber, you will have to do more than keep on taking the paper. You will have to tell your friends what we have been telling you in this editorial, and you will have to see that they become subscribers too.

Otherwise the influences that want to put us out of business will put us out of business.

What is your verdict?

We printed the editorial, and received 1423 volunteer subscriptions as a direct result of it within four days.



A Few Politicians Were Running Things at the Court House and the City Hall

I never heard, and neither did Austin, another intimation that we were doing anything but what we claimed to be doing and what a careful reading of our paper showed we were doing—printing an honest, independent newspaper. From the time that big editorial was published our motives were not questioned, so far as I ever was able to discover. A great many people disagreed with us and some hated us, but our honesty and independence were universally conceded.

I felt the good effects of the editorial, which came as a sort of climax to our year's work, and I felt that the "why" of our efforts was beginning to be appreciated. I therefore approached the city election with considerable confidence. While I had been working on the case of the Tuttle business, Lane had been following up the municipal campaign with only suggestions of general character from me. He had done a good job, and the question of equable assessment and taxation had become the principal issue, with the fight directed sharply against the street-railway company. It was the practice of the city council to fix the assessments of the public-service corporations, and for the assessor, who was actually charged with the duty of fixing the values, to accept the council's figures. Our fight, therefore, was directed toward the nomination by both parties of aldermanic candidates who would, if elected, increase the assessments of the street railway, light and power company. We did not select individual men and advocate their nomination, because there were half a dozen candidates for every place and it was impossible to ascertain which were best qualified. We urged the voters to turn out at the primaries and vote for the men they believed would do the things they wanted done.

We did not make a positive campaign even in the mayoralty and assessorship contests, as there were several candidates for the nominations in each party, and as nominations for mayor, assessor and other executive officers were made in conventions, composed of delegates elected at the primaries. We simply urged the election of honest, independent men as delegates.

The primaries were held from four to eight P. M. on April sixteenth, and the conventions were held at ten A. M. the next day. At about five minutes after eight on the sixteenth we discovered that we were hopelessly beaten, and if I had known then what I know now about municipal politics I never would have dreamed that we had the shadow of a chance to nominate and elect an honest city council, mayor and assessor.

Farcical Primaries

THE trouble was that the primaries were a farce. They were not regulated and controlled by law, but were conducted by the city central committees which, of course, were dominated by the street railway and Tuttle interests. Voting was by ballot, and the polling booths were in charge of judges and clerks selected because of their friendliness to the political-business combination that was running the town. The actual voters—the mere citizens—might as well have stayed at home. As a matter of fact, more of them participated in the primaries than had ever participated before, and if their ballots had found their way into the returns results would have been different.

At the Republican city convention the following day the platform was written by Fulton Tuttle—or rather, the resolutions committee received it already written from Tuttle's private secretary—and it was reported to the convention and adopted without the change of a comma. It did not contain one word about assessments and taxation. In just about the same manner the Democratic city convention received its platform from Tommy Van Dyke, and it also was silent where it should have been loudest.

None of the men who had been mentioned as candidates for mayor or assessor was nominated by either convention. Instead, the Republican convention named a dignified, eloquent and perfectly harmless retired lawyer, and the Democratic convention nominated a big, jolly, popular clothing merchant.

What happened that day to The Sun and to the few thousand voters of St. James who were struggling for political emancipation, who I had believed were numerous enough and strong enough to overthrow the old

(Continued on Page 61)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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The President on Wool

PRESIDENT TAFT'S veto of the wool bill belongs in the same class with his celebrated speech at Winona recommending the Payne-Aldrich act. This recent bill reduced the duty on raw wool from forty-four to twenty-nine per cent and on manufactures of wool from ninety to about forty-nine per cent. Mr. Taft fears that these duties may not "equal the difference between cost of production at home and abroad together with a reasonable profit to American industries." We must wait, he says, until an elaborate report by the Tariff Board furnishes convincing evidence on that point.

The veto message recites that the Tariff Board, after spending some months in preliminaries, began its actual investigations in October, 1910. A month before that the British Government formally sanctioned negotiations between Canada and the United States, "President Taft"—we quote from a contemporaneous review—"having cordially indorsed the principle of reciprocity." In the January following the President submitted to Congress, with an earnest commendation, the Canadian trade agreement that virtually abrogated protective duties on our chief farm products.

That, it seems, was a simple, clear-cut proposition that almost anybody could figure out for himself. But reducing the duties on woolen manufactures to only forty-nine per cent is an exceedingly complicated and delicate affair, requiring many months of diligent investigation by eighty experts—lest we commit the economic sin of trenching a fraction upon the manufacturers' "reasonable profits."

Drink and Insanity

THE Commissioners in Lunacy for England and Wales estimate that there are about three insane persons who come from an apparently sane stock for every one whose family history contains a record of insanity. This does not mean, however, that in only one case out of four is insanity inherited. The question of hereditary transmission, as the commissioners show, is much too complicated to be settled by these first-hand figures. In many instances where no positive insanity can be found in the family, marked "instability of the nervous system" can be discovered—and the commonest cause of this ancestral instability of the nervous system is alcohol. A hard drinker, in short, though himself escaping lunacy, may transmit a tendency to insanity. Aside from the question of heredity, "two other factors," says the commission, "stand out prominently in the history of insane persons. These are the toxic agent alcohol and mental stress." The stress that is prolonged—as worry, anxiety, sorrow—results in insanity much more frequently than does sudden shock. And of all known agencies for producing worry, anxiety and sorrow, none probably is quite so effective as alcohol.

Strikes in England

NINETEEN hundred and eight was notable for strikes and lockouts in England. Three hundred thousand workmen were involved and the total time lost was equal to almost eleven million days' work. Looking back over the Board of Trade's report we find that most of the disputes were over wages, of which about fourteen per cent were finally settled in favor of the workmen, while forty-two per cent were settled in favor of the employers and forty-three per cent were compromised. But of the total number of workmen engaged in strikes only about two per cent were in the strikes that were settled in favor of the men, and twenty per cent were in strikes that were settled in favor of the employers, while seventy-seven per cent were in strikes that were compromised. Probably, therefore, the net result of the loss of those eleven million days' work in that year—to say nothing of the great loss to employers and the public—was a compromise. It is rather discouraging that they couldn't have compromised earlier.

The textile trades were the chief seat of the strikes and lockouts in 1908, accounting for about half the total loss of days' work. This year transportation, beginning with the seamen, is the chief seat of labor trouble. This undoubtedly involves greater loss and discomfort for the public, and in a country depending so largely as England does upon transportation for food it is more ominous. The compromise now arrived at might easily have been effected before acute trouble began if there had been more reason and less passion on both sides.

The Senate and Arbitration

AS SIGNED, the treaties with England and France provide that all differences of such a nature that they may be decided by principles of law or equity shall be submitted for arbitration to The Hague Court or to a special arbitral tribunal; also, that before a controversy is submitted to arbitration the two nations, at the request of either, shall appoint a Joint High Commission of Inquiry, consisting of three Americans and three Englishmen—or three Frenchmen—which shall carefully investigate and report upon the facts.

Whether the controversy is submitted to The Hague or to an arbitral tribunal is to be decided in each case by a special agreement between the two nations, which "special agreement in each case shall be made on the part of the United States by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate." So nothing could be submitted to arbitration without the Senate having its constitutional finger in the pie. But farther on the treaties provide that in case the two nations disagree as to whether a particular controversy is susceptible of arbitration, that question shall be referred to the Joint High Commission of Inquiry, and if five out of the six members—that is, the three Englishmen and two of the Americans, or vice versa—agree that it is susceptible of arbitration it shall be arbitrated. In this way a question might be submitted to arbitration without the Senate having any finger in the pie. So the Senate committee struck out that clause.

With that clause stricken out half the practical value of the treaties would be gone. As they would then stand, either nation might avoid the obligations of the treaty by simply asserting that the question that had arisen—no matter what it was—was not susceptible of arbitration. Which is the country most anxious to maintain, peace or senatorial dignity?

One Way Out for Judges

THE judge must be exceedingly dull who does not realize a growing impatience with the courts. Arizona's provision for the recall of judges is merely a symptom. Symptomatic also is the bill introduced and earnestly defended by Senator Owen, which provides for the election and recall of Federal judges.

The main cause of this increasingly critical attitude toward the court lies on the surface. The assumed power of the judiciary to set aside acts of Congress and of state legislatures has of late years been so extended that any act is now in danger of failing through the fine-spun logic of a divided court. Instances in which this has happened are so numerous and recent that specific references seem to be unnecessary. Upon this unwarranted judicial meddling with legislation Senator Owen largely relied in defending his bill.

A little bill introduced by Senator Bourne toward the close of the extra session contains the remedy that would, in great part, at once relieve the courts from the growing burden of popular impatience. The bill provides that the Supreme Court shall not set aside as unconstitutional any act of Congress or of a state legislature except by a unanimous decision. Senator Bourne quotes from an old decision of the Supreme Court itself:

"It is but a decent respect due to the wisdom, the integrity and the patriotism of the legislative body by which any law is passed to presume in favor of its validity until its violation of the Constitution is proved beyond all reasonable doubt."

Certainly when four out of nine members of the court hold an act to be constitutional its violation of the Constitution cannot have been proved beyond reasonable doubt. If even one member of that great court holds the act to be constitutional the doubt is so great that the court has no defensible right to set the act aside. If President Taft wishes to stop the agitation for recall of judges he should recommend that all appellate courts forthwith adopt the spirit of Senator Bourne's bill.

Selling to Yourself

THE price of every article you buy is increased by the cost of selling it to you. Virtually you are continually hiring people at more or less handsome salaries to sell you the food and clothing that you couldn't possibly live without. Utopians have dreamed of a millennium in which this selling cost will be eliminated. Then, if you wish a pair of shoes you will ask a policeman where such articles are to be found. After locating the shoe repository you will overhaul the cases until—possibly—you discover the sort and size of footgear you require. Having tried them on and debated with yourself as to whether the tan ones wouldn't really suit you better, you will dutifully replace the thirty or forty other pairs that you pulled down and honorably deposit the price—first stepping out to get a bill changed—in an automatic cash register. You will then walk off with your shoes and with a solemn resolution to go barefoot the rest of your life rather than again endure so much loss of time and nervous energy.

In fact, of course, it is much cheaper to hire somebody to sell you a pair of shoes than it is to sell them to yourself, and it costs you less to pay your penny toward an advertisement telling you where shoes are to be found than it would cost, in time, to ask a policeman.

It was not advertising, however, but life insurance that we had in mind. Wisconsin—first, we believe, among the states—has entered that field. By a law recently passed the state will insure lives and grant annuities. The insurance will be written, no doubt, practically at cost; but the only provision for solicitation is that whoever sends in an application gets a fee of twenty-five cents. Every intelligent man with a family dependent upon his income knows that he ought to carry life insurance. After providing for his family's immediate needs no other duty is more urgent. But, as a matter of fact, hardly anybody does carry life insurance until a solicitor has called upon him.

Government by the Successful

"THE present House of Lords," wrote an American less than three years ago, "is predominantly a democratic body chosen from the successful of the land." Birth has relatively little to do with it. Nearly two hundred of the present peers were elevated to that rank since 1882, and almost half the total number since 1830. Seventy peerages were conferred for conspicuous success in law alone; a great many others for success in business, politics and journalism.

The oldest political maxim known to man runs about thus: The government of any community should be intrusted to its ablest members; success is the only conclusive proof of ability; hence the successful should govern. The House of Lords unquestionably is, to a large degree, composed of the most successful Englishmen; but democratic England has virtually discarded it, despite the maxim.

The maxim, in fact, is played out. If you achieve notable success you are admitted to a fine club, where the appointments are elegant, the cuisine and service unsurpassed. From that pleasant vantage-ground you lay down regulations for living in sixth-story, rear, four-room flats—the first regulation always being that no flat-dweller shall make a noise near the clubhouse. The man who has what you want isn't always the safest one to prescribe rules as to how you shall get it.

Trusting to Luck

PERHAPS no opinion is more widely or firmly held than the one recently expressed by the composer Massenet—namely, that luck is chiefly responsible for other people's success. An eloquent and extreme view of the part played by luck in human affairs is found in Ecclesiastes. There also is found an extreme picture of a man dissatisfied with his condition. From Ecclesiastes down, those who insist most upon the power of chance are those who have been most dissatisfied. As a matter of fact, nobody trusts to luck except when he can find nothing else in which to trust.

If you flip a coin twice and it comes down head up, nine persons out of ten—if of a sporting turn of mind—will wager that it will come tail up the third time. It has been pointed out, however, that on the doctrine of pure chance there is no reason whatever for supposing the coin will come tail up the third time, for the two previous flips are as absolutely in the past as though Agamemnon had flipped them. The sporting man will bet on tail at the third flip, because he believes that there is some sort of obscure law which tends to maintain an equilibrium and therefore restricts the play of pure chance.

Most of us, like Massenet, admit that luck played the chief part in the success of our friends; but for our own success we trust to it as little as possible.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Mississippi Maze

FAR be it from me to cast any asparagus at so distinguished a statesman as the Honorable Adam Byrd, of Mississippi; but, viewing it from this somewhat remote angle, it seems certain he collaborated a little on that cognomen of his and shifted the "i" to a "y," thus escaping the rural joker who would inevitably split the Adam into two parts and use the result as a three-word designation of the eminent lawmaker.

That is neither here nor in Neshoba County. If Adam desired to be a Byrd instead of a Bird, that was his privilege. Moreover, he wasn't that kind of a bird, and isn't. He was and is unprofanely ornithological—a right smart sort of a bird. Nor is that what I am getting at. The point of this nature-and-nomenclatural-faking dissertation is that, provided Adam did change from Bird to Byrd, he wasn't the only person who took liberties with his appellation. Along came Samuel Andrew Witherspoon, who did some name-changing for Adam. Samuel changed it from Representative Adam Byrd to ex-Representative Adam Byrd, and did it in the twinkling of a corncob pipe, as one might say.

Wherefore, take me by the hand, children, and we shall make short excursion into the maze of Mississippi politics, than which there is none mazier or more amazing. Let us begin with the fight between John Sharp Williams and James K. Vardaman for the United States Senate. It was a whale of a fight and John Sharp brought home the toga, which he is now wearing with much éclat in the greatest deliberative body in the world. Following that struggle James K. Vardaman tried again. This time LeRoy Percy threw the hooks into Vardaman, and he is also togaing up on Capitol Hill. However, James K. early in life adopted *nil desperandum* for the motto to be displayed on his wool hat, and he has successfully nil desperandumed for a third time. On the second occasion, when LeRoy Percy landed, Adam Byrd twittered a little before the legislature, thinking he was the kind of a bird grand old Mississippi needed in the Senate chamber. Naturally Adam sang no songs for James K., and indeed used both beak and claws on him. Naturally, again, the Vardaman people could see nothing in Adam's candidacy to return to the House of Representatives, whither he desired to return after he discovered he was not to be a Senator.

When the fight for the Senatorship was on there were some lively times at Jackson. When the legislature convened they decided to hold a caucus on the evening of each day and vote by secret ballot on each candidate. This was done to help out many supporters of the John Sharp Williams wing of the party, who had rural constituencies who favored Vardaman, but who themselves were opposed to him yet did not wish to go on record against him. It might almost be suggested that the fine Italian hand of John Sharp was discernible here, but let it pass. Each day the Senate and House met in joint session and voted for a Senator. Under the instruction of the caucus, the representatives from each of the judicial districts of the state could not vote in joint session for any of the announced candidates, but were compelled to vote for a favorite son from the district they represented. Peering farther into the matter, it seems certain that John Sharp put up the job, for the result was that an election in open session was prevented until the caucus had made its choice, when all would be bound by the caucus and the selection would go through with a whoop.

Wool Vs. Straw Hats

A FEW weeks of this seesawing had its legitimate result on that legislature and on the politicians surrounding it. Those lawmakers and their advisers accumulated the most elaborate sets of grouches Mississippi ever saw. Feeling ran high, as the correspondents put it, and at times slopped over. Everybody in Jackson was on edge, and the legislature went along monotonously, day after day, complimenting favorite sons, with the end apparently nowhere in sight. Charges and countercharges of all sorts of offenses, from bribery to arson, were made. Each candidate was accused of using money or whisky, or both. One lawmaker said he had been offered $645 to vote for Percy—marked down from $650, no doubt. The governor at that time, E. F. Noel, who was against Vardaman, was charged with giving away offices to hurt Vardaman, and altogether an exceedingly pleasant little time was had.

Percy won. Then the Vardaman people started on the war-path to defeat all anti-Vardaman candidates for office and used the secret caucus for their slogan. That became the issue. Hence when Adam Byrd announced himself as a candidate for reëlection to the House of Representatives from the Fifth District, and Samuel Andrew Witherspoon decided to contest the seat with him, Samuel Andrew pulled that secret caucus on Adam and used it with deadly effect.

The Fifth District of Mississippi is distinctly rural, except the city of Meridian, and Adam was strong with the farmers, for he was truly rural himself. Witherspoon lives in Meridian, and when he got before an audience of farmers he lined Adam up with the secret caucus and made the farmers believe Adam was one of the principal contributing causes for the Senatorial defeat of their particular idol, the same being James K. Vardaman. Adam and Samuel are friends, and they made a friendly contest. After mature consultation they decided to get up a real live issue to discuss, and they chose the tariff. Think that over! Two Mississippi Democrats at loggerheads on the tariff! Also they lined themselves up on opposite sides of the same side of other "issues," a complicated feat, but capable of being done as was proved by their heated debates.

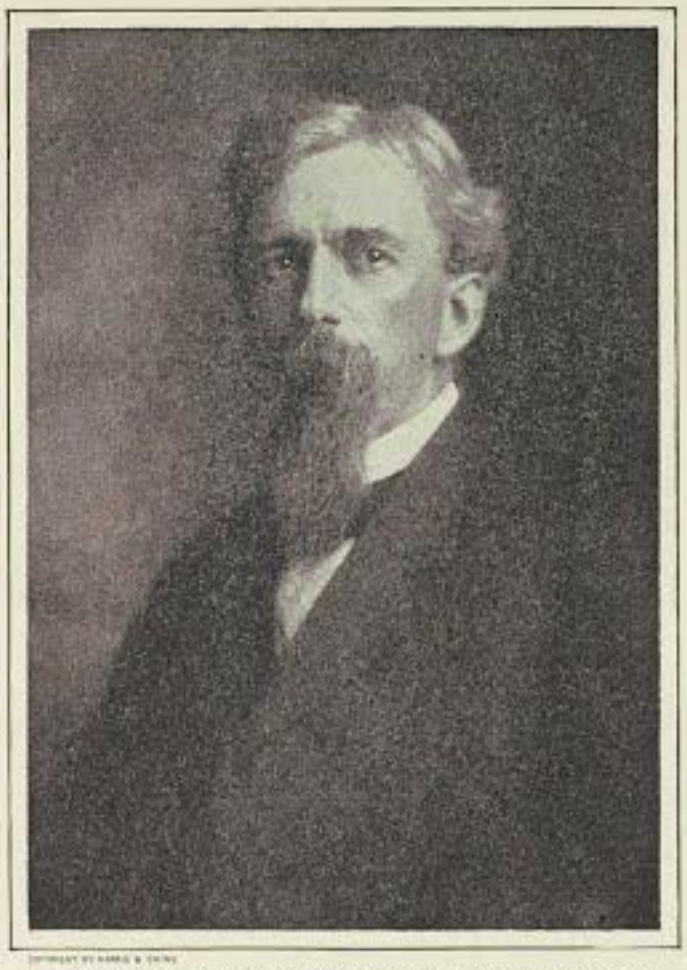
Witherspoon scored heavily over Adam through the instrumentality of a corncob pipe. He has smoked one for many years, and he never drove into a rural community without the pipe between his teeth. Adam wore a large-brimmed wool hat, but Witherspoon beat him to the hat issue, too, by putting on a cheap straw hat. Adam used his wool hat to illustrate his tariff arguments. Witherspoon displayed his cheap straw hat, tattered and dusty, and said that though the tariff barons Adam represented could afford wool hats, the poor, downtrodden farmers he stood for and whose burdens he strove to lighten had to wear this identical kind of a bonnet.

Witherspoon clubs and Byrd clubs were formed all over the district. You'd think, to hear one side tell it, that secret caucus was the greatest political crime in the history of man, and, to hear the other side defend it, that it was absolutely necessary to keep Mississippi on the map. Meantime, Adam and Samuel Andrew remained good friends, and frequently drove twenty or thirty miles to a picnic or barbecue in the same buggy, preparatory to going before the assembled citizens and tearing one another to tatters.

Nor was Adam without his friends in Meridian, the city in which Samuel Andrew lives. There was a Byrd club there, and a Witherspoon club. Meetings were held in the city park and in the courthouse. There is but one band in Meridian, and competition for the services of that musical organization was fierce, to the great resultant profit of the band. It got so finally that the city authorities had to be very careful before issuing a permit for one club to hold a meeting, for fear that meeting might clash with a meeting of the other club. Meantime Adam and Samuel Andrew jogged peaceably about the country, wearing their respective hats and Samuel Andrew smoking his corncob pipe, and each day they debated the tariff, the secret caucus and other issues.

Primary day came, and Samuel Andrew won by about five hundred votes out of a total of about fifteen thousand. Inasmuch as being a Republican in Mississippi is an industry that is classed with the lost arts Samuel Andrew had no opponent at the polls and sauntered in gracefully.

He contributes an interesting set of whiskers to the galaxy now hived in the House of Representatives and still smokes his corncob pipe. An able citizen, too, is Samuel Andrew, with a big reputation as a lawyer. He was born in Mississippi, and taught Latin at the State University for three years after his graduation, from which institution he has garnered an A. B., an A. M. and an LL. D. He never held public office until he went to the present Congress, but practiced law, with especial devotion to criminal cases. He is powerful before a jury and more than powerful when he hurls himself at the tariff, which he does whenever he thinks the hurling is good. Meantime, he has his old straw hat carefully preserved, for it may happen he will need it again presently.



He is More Than Powerful When He Hurls Himself at the Tariff

Cold Praise

JOHN DREW, the actor, was in New Orleans one time and was given a dinner by Walter Denègre, who lives there and who knows as much about New Orleans cooking and New Orleans delicacies as any person.

Denègre spread himself. He ransacked the famous market and had a wonderful dinner, with crayfish bisque and all the rest of it, done only as such things can be done in New Orleans.

After dinner Denègre asked Drew: "Well, John, what did you think of the dinner?"

"All right!" Drew replied. "It was all right. I thought the ice cream was great!"

Kelly's Flight

A FRIEND, who was by way of becoming a sociologist, went to Cleveland to look over that city's model city farm and infirmary, and Fred C. Kelly took him out there.

They were shown all over the place, including the insane ward. Just as they were leaving that ward a man, carrying a big razor in his hand, came out of a door and started toward them. Both Kelly and his friend ran.

They stopped when they reached the office, panting, and the superintendent, who is a fat man, came lumbering after them.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the superintendent.

"Did-de he cut anybody's throat?" chorused Kelly and his friend.

"Who?"

"That big patient with the razor."

"Oh," said the superintendent, "that was just an attendant who had been shaving some of the inmates. Come on back."

"Not on your life!" said Kelly. "He may only be imagining that he's an attendant."

Back from the Beehive

GEYSER BOB is one of the famous drivers of the Yellowstone Park.

"Oh, Mr. Bob," gushed a female tourist, "how did you get your romantic name?"

They were standing near Old Faithful geyser.

"Well," said Bob, "I clum up on Old Faithful one day and got too near the crater and fell in."

"How interesting!" commented the female tourist. "What happened?"

"Why," said Bob, pointing to the Beehive geyser, half a mile away, "I came out of the Beehive—over there."

"Well! well!" she gasped. "How long did it take?"

"Oh," said Bob, "if I had come straight through it would only have taken about ten minutes; but I stopped on the way for a haircut and a shave!"

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

Profiting by Our Mistakes—By Albert J. Beveridge

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL



"Little Do We Care for Such Dreamers!"

THE best work that we Americans have done to correct our mistakes has impelled the Canadians to do the like to prevent the misfortunes that have befallen us. Observing our errors and studying the methods by which now we are trying to remedy them, the Canadians are taking time by the forelock.

"You must understand that our present effort to conserve our resources is the direct outcome of your mighty movement to conserve your resources," said one of the best-informed and most public-spirited men of the Dominion.

The people of the United States and Canada do not realize what an intimate bond of sympathy and admiration there is between the students and economists of the two countries. It appears that, soon after Gifford Pinchot formulated what is now a great national policy of conservation and Theodore Roosevelt had made it a practical working policy, Pinchot was invited by fellow workers of his own type to go to Canada and speak to boards of trade and confer with these Canadians who were interested in this great problem.

It is men such as these who start all great reforms and present to the people plans for bettering the people's conditions, thus massing behind a cause the irresistible force of public opinion. It is thus that finally the politicians are forced to recognize and execute the people's will.

So the conservation movement in Canada is the child of the conservation movement in the United States. There is, of course, this striking difference: Whereas we Americans did not give the least attention to this grave business until the end of our resources was in sight, the Canadians are giving their attention to it before their resources have been very much impaired.

And, indeed, it was high time the Canadians were applying themselves to this problem; for, though Canada in the condition of her resources is where we were sixty years ago, yet waste and prodigality already have begun their evil work. Vast areas of public land have been given to railways, just as was done in this country several decades ago. And the land occupied by farmers has been and is now being deteriorated by the same lack of method that has cost the American people countless millions. So the Canadian conservation movement, born of the American conservation movement, began its work quite late enough and found an enormous labor before it.

The Canadian conservation law is now less than two years old. It established a conservation commission of thirty-two members, who serve without pay. They have organized themselves into several committees dealing with various subjects, such as forests, land, public health, and the like. Parliament votes them a sufficient sum to employ experts to carry out investigations and to furnish them the data for prudent consideration.

This commission is only advisory. It cannot create anything; but it can and does investigate in Canada and elsewhere. Indeed, the whole Canadian theory is to let the people work out their own salvation, take their own risks, suffer from their own errors and reap the fruits of their own wisdom.

Here is where the Canadian Government penetrates each household—the idea is to advise the people and work with them; in short, to educate them.

"What we want is to do what the people need. We want the people to know what they need and, therefore, what they intelligently want. And the people will understand what they want and what they need when they know the facts about the things which vitally concern them. To solve any problem we believe it better to have a vital and informed public opinion five years hence than to have an autocratic law today," said one man.

So the Canadian Conservation Commission is an official body that cannot really dictate or do anything, so far as autocratically ending any evil or improving any condition is concerned. When you get to the bottom of it you find that its work amounts to little more than advice—advice to the Dominion Parliament, advice to provincial parliaments, advice to municipalities, and, most important of all, advice to the people themselves—advice, too, by the way of example, as I shall show.

"Little this amounts to," you will say; but, in fact, it is shaping the mind and purpose of the people. And that is everything, is it not? Indeed, it may be said, speaking by and large, that the Canadian conservationists aim at the remaking of a people and the rebuilding of a country.

"The value of our 'advice,' as our opponents call it, is in its merit and in that alone. Our authority is that most potential and enduring of all authority—the influence of sound example, which we induce citizens to give to one another." This from another worth-while member of this group of public men who are developing Canadian conservation.

Scientific Land Study

"LAWS can regulate the control of water-powers, forests and the like. To some extent, laws can prevent waste and damage. Certain laws can prevent greedy special interests from grabbing that which belongs to all the people; but no law can endow the individual with intelligence. No law can instruct him in the wise management of his farm, the prevention of weeds and insects, the best uses of his soil and, most important of all, the care of his house, so as to increase the happiness and comfort of his family. And just this is the deepest work of the conservationist."

"Idealistic," says the cold-facts man. "Little do we care for such dreamers!" he exclaims.

Let us see how these men who are working out Canadian conservation go about it. Remember, first, that there is little actual "conservation," as we Americans understand the term, that the Canadian General Government or its commission can do. For example, take the matter of forests. Most of the forests of Canada are in the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and British Columbia; but these provinces own all the public lands within them and, therefore, all the forests that are on the public lands. Over these forests the Dominion Government has no authority whatever, except the authority of advice. These provinces, you understand, existed when the Dominion Government was formed, precisely as our original states existed when the Constitution was formed. And these provinces own their timber.

New provinces, called the "prairie provinces"—Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—were organized by the new Dominion Government just as our new states were organized. In these, of course, the Dominion or General Government owns all the public lands as in the new states that we organize; but in these new provinces there is no merchantable timber worth speaking of.



Everybody Knows What it Means to Have a Discontented Boy on the Farm

The only great body of timber that the Dominion owns on its public lands is on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, reaching back into the mountains, to the border land of British Columbia. All this timber has been converted into a reserve by "orders in council," as they call it—precisely as President Roosevelt converted so much of the timber belonging to the United States into similar reserves.

Indeed, this reserve was created by executive order within the last two years in imitation of President Roosevelt's work in our own country. This is the only large Dominion forest reserve; and the executive act of the "governor in council" in creating this forest reserve must, of course, be ratified by Parliament—and will be.



The Conditions Existing in the Farmer's House are Talked Over Quite Freely

Since the Canadian Government, for the reasons just stated, cannot take any definite action respecting forests, coal and other lands, such as our National Government has been able to take, what is there for the Canadian Conservation Commission to do?

Take, for example, the question of farms. The land committee of the commission said: "The first thing to do is to find out just where we are—What are our farmers doing with the land they already occupy? What are they doing with their own resources? What are they doing with their health, their happiness, their efficiency, as Canadian citizens?"

"That is none of your business!" the individualist replied. "Let every man do as he pleases with his own life."

"But," answers the Canadian conservationist, "if you were driving a load of logs or grain to market and your wagon got stuck in a mudhole, and I could show you how to get out of the hole, would not you welcome the advice?" And it has been with precisely this theory that the Canadian Conservation Commission has gone about its work.

The land committee took what they called a "survey" of one hundred farms in each province. There are nine provinces in Canada; so that, making an allowance for extra surveys, there were about one thousand farms surveyed in the whole Dominion. These farms were so selected as to be centers of information to other farmers. A farmer of some intellectual receptivity and yet of average condition was chosen. He was asked, first, about the rotation of his crops.

"Do you rotate your crops?" was asked.

"Why, no," he would probably answer. "I have been raising this or that product on this soil and have not thought of changing."

Or the answer might be the reverse—at any rate, that subject with that farmer is gone into quite thoroughly by the agent of the commission.

Then the agent talks with him on the subject of weeds. "Why, yes; they are increasing," is the general answer. In the same way the infinitely important subject of bugs and various insects is taken up.

Then the conditions existing in the farmer's house are talked over quite freely. The agent of the commission ascertains whether the farmer uses water from a well, how old the well is and what the probabilities are as to seepage into the water. The throwing of dishwater and other refuse into the back yard is investigated—typhoid, you see. For the Canadian conservationist considers not only the Canadian farmer's bank account, but the mental, moral and physical conditions of his life. He desires not only that the Canadian farmer shall be financially well-to-do but that he and his family shall be healthy, happy and contented on their farm as well.

For example, the physical condition of the farmer's house itself is considered as vitally important. That there

shall, if possible, be running water in the house is deemed of great value to the health of the women. With the long and cold Canadian winters, for the members of the Canadian farmer's family—and especially for the women—to be without running water in the house for all purposes is a serious thing.

"What do you do with all this information when you have got it?" is the question that you who read this will ask—and that I asked.

"Well," was the answer, "we do not preach at the people about it. We do not feel that it impresses the farmer very much to tell him how beautiful farm life is, and how he ought to have music and books in his house and crop rotations in his fields—and all that. Our idea is to let the farmer do his own preaching to his own mind and soul; and we try to make the farmer preach to himself on the text: 'Be ye warmed and filled.'

"We think it better to make each farmer's family an audience—or, rather, a council—in which all the members talk these things over when the information is given to them and when they consider the information which they have given us. In other words, our idea is to get the man who occupies the land to thinking about his plan of management; then about the mistakes, losses and unhappiness that come to him, and the cause of those things that he ought not to have done or suffered.

"When he finds out that he is only making a part of what he might make out of his soil; that his doctor and funeral bills might be decreased and—so far as doctor bills are concerned—almost wiped out; when he realizes how much easier and happier as well as more profitable his life might be—why, that farmer and his family do the rest of it themselves."

Conservation a National Program

AN AGENT of the Conservation Commission examined—that is, talked to, along the above lines—a farmer in Prince Edward Island. Among other subjects developed was the appearance of smut in the farmer's oats. When the agent again visited this place the farmer himself brought up this subject of the smut in his oats. He had figured out for himself the loss he had suffered from this grain disease.

Apparently, before the agent's visit he had regarded smut in his oats as a visitation of Providence. So he had never thought of the fact that he was throwing away a portion of his own labor and that of his sons—and that means their lives; but he had been thinking of it very hard since the conservation agent visited him. He had begun to study for himself how to reduce the loss caused by smut in his oats. And that led him to think of other things.

After having examined these hundred farms in each province in the way that I have described roughly, a certain number of farms in the province are selected for illustration farms. The agent of the commission says to the farmer whose land has been chosen:

"Would you mind if your farm and farming should be used as an illustration for all this community—or for those who care to come to see? We would help you by advice concerning rotation of crops, the best use of soils, the prevention of weeds, and so forth. We want you to let all your fellow farmers who visit you see your accounts and learn for themselves how you are able to do better than they. You would find that putting running-water facilities in your house will give the women pride in their home and perhaps save you a good many doctor bills and pay you many hundred per cent on the slight investment. Will you do that?"

This, of course, is only a rough idea of the general line of talk by which the commission induces this farmer to make his land an illustration farm. You will see for yourself that by this time the farmer is himself almost an officer or an agent of the Conservation Commission. His thought is aroused. So is the thought of every member of his family. And, what is even more important, if possible, his pride and that of every member of his family has been subtly and profoundly appealed to. So it is that these illustration farms become the practical agencies of the Canadian conservation movement. If the Dominion Government appropriated millions of dollars it could not get such extensive and vital results by mere compulsory and autocratic action.



And the Carpenter Proceeds to Tell the Commission His Ideas About Technical and Industrial Education

The commission has a little money granted it by the Dominion Parliament wherewith it can pay the farmer, who permits his place to become an illustration farm, for the time and trouble of showing visiting farmers over his place, exhibiting his accounts, and so on. It is a very small sum, but it is enough to satisfy the farmer that he is not merely being "used."

The result of this system is that the very best in the minds and characters of the farmer and his whole family is awakened. It has been working, of course, less than two years, and as yet cannot be said to be established; but even in this brief time the results are astonishing. Improvement in the intimate localities of the illustration farms is manifest, even to the casual observer.

That this improvement is sure to spread is as certain as the sunrise. The neighboring farmers want to do better than the illustration farmer. They want to show the commission that the farmer who owns the farm selected for purposes of illustration is not quite so good a man as might have been chosen. Thus rivalry is effective.

Also—and every one of us knows that this is no negligible motive—all these farmers who have learned from the object-lessons of the illustration farms find, to their delight and surprise, that their profits are greater. They find that they have not so much sickness in their families. They find their womenfolk more cheerful. They find their boys less discontented. In short, life has suddenly grown a little bit brighter for them. Everybody knows what it means to have a discontented boy on the farm—a boy who wants to get away to town or to "see the world"; a boy who is grumbling—and justly grumbling—about hard and desolate conditions.

I think very few people—even very few families—realize the dark importance of the depression of life caused by monotonous, unsanitary and financially hard farming conditions. For example, most insanity that occurs among farmers' wives is due almost entirely to these bleak circumstances. And just this the Canadian conservationists are trying to correct. It is decidedly notable work, is it not? It is a good work from the viewpoint of the farmer's bank account and the ease of mind that results; but it is an exalted work from the higher point of view of enabling human beings to get something out of life while they are here on this earth.

Also—and I suspect that the wise Canadian statesmen have this in mind—it is developing a sturdier people, better contented with their Government, more completely equipped to be intelligent electors; and, in case of trouble, not only more willing but abler to do any public duty and perform any public service that might fall to their lot as citizens.

This is only a beginning, however. Perhaps it is the least important part of the real beginning. Following fast upon the heels of what I have described came another Canadian development. This is a child of the Canadian conservation movement and, therefore, a grandchild of the American conservation movement. It deserves an article to itself. Indeed, perhaps I should have done better to devote most of this article to the brief paragraphs that follow.

Canada also has established a Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education. At the head of this commission is that really notable humanist, Doctor Robertson, who also is a member of the Conservation Commission I have described, being chairman of the land committee of that commission. This industrial training and technical education commission has real powers.

Its members receive compensation—although very small—and traveling expenses. The committee is empowered to hold hearings under oath and to compel the production of books and papers. It operates everywhere. Within eight months it has visited one hundred places. It enters, in a helpful, uplifting and practical way, into the whole life of the Canadian people. Let me give you a fair sample of how it does this work. Take, for example, the carpenter trade. The commission summons a carpenter in the city or town that it visits. Is he made afraid by the summons? Quite the reverse. The summons is a polite request, put in such a way that the carpenter is very glad indeed to come before the commission to be examined.



The Canadians are Giving Their Attention to it Before Their Resources Have Been Very Much Impaired

"How long have you been a carpenter and how long have you lived here?"

"Oh, so long."

"Where did you learn your trade?"

"In England," answers he—or wherever it was.

"What kind of education do you think your son needs?"—this question is led up to very naturally and sensibly.

"Why," blurts out the carpenter, "more training; more sense—more common-sense."

And the carpenter proceeds to tell the commission his ideas about technical and industrial education, without such terms as "technical" and "industrial" ever being mentioned to him.

The same thing is done in every trade and occupation. From all this the commission gets the suggestions of the people themselves about what is good for them. The carpenter, the boiler-maker, the plumber, the stenographer, the accountant, the farmer, and others frankly tell what their plain common-sense ideas are about what would be good for their children to know; and their opinions, mind you, are based on the accumulated experience of their lives. Thus is gathered a fund of lifelong wisdom from men in active employment. You see what that means. Does not each one of us say, almost every day: "Well, if only I had known when I started out what I know now how much better I could have done!" It is just in order to give every one who wants it the benefit of such accumulated experience that the Canadian Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education is at work.

What the Old World Contributes to Canada

THESE Canadians on the conservation and technical and industrial training commissions do not attempt to do their work upon mere theory or book-learning. You may be sure that when a conservation agent visits a farmer, for example, that agent knows a great deal more about practical farming in its every phase than the farmer himself does. He is as good a practical farmer as the man he visits, plus all the education in the science of agriculture.

The same is true, though in lesser degree, of those who interview the workers in the various industrial and technical occupations. In short, these agents get the facts—the latest, up-to-date facts. They get these facts at first hand and they get them from everywhere.

They visit other countries and learn from actual personal investigation on farms, in factories, in schools, what other peoples have done to improve human conditions and what mistakes these other peoples have made. Only last month one of the ablest of these agents went on such a mission to Europe.

The British Islands, Germany, France, Denmark—all countries that can furnish information—are visited personally. This is precisely the method that the Japanese began to use about fifteen years ago in trying to solve their problems, notably the tariff.

"What of it?" you say. "What are they going to do with all this information after they have got it?"

Hardly anything at all—and yet, to my mind, everything. The result of all this work is sent in a plain, simple statement to every provincial government, every county, every town, in the whole Dominion. Lectures are delivered to those who will listen to them by the real educators. And these people are only too anxious to find out by what methods they can better help those they try to teach. My own experience proves to me that there is no body of men and women in the whole world so devotedly anxious to know what they ought to do to help humanity as the teachers, men and women, of the people.

(Concluded on Page 55)

We Want to Know

Our mails are full of letters of praise and pleasant words for Whitman's

With an occasional complaint.

Now we do not know, but we suspect that sometimes a buyer gets a package of Whitman's chocolates or confections that does not please—and does not let us know.



$1.00 a pound

We have devised an almost perfect method of direct distribution to each Whitman's agency.

We keep track of every package till it is sold to a satisfied buyer.

But no human plans work without hitches.



$1.00 a pound

Sometimes an express package lies in the sun and the chocolates inside are mottled by partly melting. This injures their appearance, though not their quality.

Our agent will make good, most cheerfully, any package that may be returned—for any reason. We back every box marked Whitman's

If you are not thoroughly pleased with it return it to the agent, or write direct to us.

We want you to have a perfect package or the price returned.

If you are not *delighted*, tell the man behind the sign

AGENCY Whitman's CHOCOLATES AND CONFECTIONS

or tell us—

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
PHILADELPHIA, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's
Instantaneous Chocolate

CUTTING OUT THE MOTIONS IN BUSINESS

By Edward Mott Woolley

A FIRM of painting contractors not long ago secured a very big contract through discoveries it made in the study of motion—and motion is the most important thing in business.

This firm had bid unsuccessfully several times on the painting of elevated railway structures. Every one knows that such a job must be largely guesswork to a painter who has never done it. To gauge the number of motions necessary is quite as difficult as to determine in advance the quantity of paint required.

So the company built a wooden framework in exact duplication of a section of elevated railroad. Under strict secrecy, especially as to results, time-studies were conducted and elaborate records made. The investigation covered a period of several weeks and the same painters were not employed on the experiments continuously. Nobody except the men who made the observations knew what sequences of painting operations were laid out as the most economical of motion.

In these tests the work of skillful and unskillful painters was compared, and it was demonstrated that the former sometimes wasted more motion on this job than the latter. Some painters consumed double the number of movements that others did—and not a man among them knew the best way to go at it, where to start or how to proceed.

When the time came to bid again, however, the company went far under the next highest bidder and astonished even the elevated railway people. Nevertheless it made a handsome profit, every dollar of which was extracted from the motions it had saved. Rigid measures, of course, were necessary to supervise the work and prevent waste movement from creeping in. The painters were turned into veritable machines. They were not asked to work any harder or faster than commonly, but to follow directions and work continuously.

The public has heard a great deal recently about so-called scientific management and most people think it is something new and complicated. In reality it is as old as truth itself, and, so far as the ordinary man needs it, as simple as the alphabet. Nor is it expensive in its everyday application. In many instances it will cost you nothing except the study and effort you put upon it. If you have a big plant, and need the technical brand of scientific management, it will cost you cash to start with; but in the ordinary store and office you can apply it yourself. Don't mistake the mechanism for the thing itself. The underlying principle is to get at the truth of motion and substances. Any average man, with faculties reasonably analytical, can make time-studies and can learn to know goods.

Cracking Hard Business Nuts

In scientific management great stress is laid on standards. A standard is simply the best thing or the best way. You need not necessarily hire an expert to fix your standards for you; but if you establish them yourself you must also establish some sort of mechanism to maintain them. You may get the mechanism from reading, or you may invent it, or copy it, or pay for it. You may call it scientific management or simply name it efficiency—or call it nothing at all. The name makes no difference, but the thing itself may turn failure into success, poverty into prosperity. If all the waste motions in the world could be turned into pennies they would make a mountain range that would cover the whole earth.

And yet, in your case, you don't need to worry about the other fellow's lost motions. All you need to hunt out are the movements you are paying for in your business and losing. There are pennies enough in those to keep you going a long time.

A grocer in upper New York figured up his first year's business, took an inventory and found that his assets were seven hundred dollars less than they were when he started. In other words, his store had fallen that much short of earning him a living. Some radical action was necessary. If he continued to deplete his capital at the same rate another year would see him in a tight place, while a third year would bring certain failure. To assure his continuance, one of three things was imperative: first, a large increase in trade; second, a lopping off of seven hundred dollars in store expense; third, a fifty per cent reduction in the cost of living.

The first proposition did not seem possible. Within the year another grocery had opened on the opposite corner, while two others had located in the immediate district he served. The neighboring grocery trade was already unreasonably competitive, and to attempt spectacular selling methods would bring crippling expense and plunge him into a war the outcome of which would be very dubious. Besides, it might cause the abandonment of his policy of selling for cash, and this policy he was resolved not to give up. The wise thing, he reasoned, would be to go along cautiously, giving reliable groceries and good service, and trust to slow but steady growth.

Here, however, he was confronted by the second proposition: reduction of store expense. He believed he was already operating as economically as possible. He had four clerks, counting his delivery boy, when he really needed five. To dispense with a clerk seemed impossible without working great harm to his service. His delivery facilities, too, must be kept up. Stabling and repairs to wagon and harness were fixed; and so were rent, light, insurance and general upkeep.

Paying for Useless Motions

When he turned to the third proposition—reduction in living expense—he almost despaired. His family comprised seven persons and there was no hope from this source.

One day a city salesman of analytical tendencies said to him, pointing to a clerk who was putting up sugar: "Why don't you get a bigger scoop and save a lot of those motions? That clerk has made six trips between the sugar bin and the counter just on that one package. And see that other clerk over there—wrapping a mixed sale. He makes several motions to every one that is necessary. If I wanted a job at clerking I'd come in here and guarantee to do forty per cent more work than your best clerk, without expending any more energy."

This germ fell in receptive soil. The grocer never had heard of scientific management, but he began at once to practice it in principle. In the beginning he had no idea what it would mean to him. As he saw it then, the art of cutting out motions was merely a way to give customers quicker service and so help to build trade. Many times he had seen impatient customers walk out and go across the street to the new grocery.

Little by little the real significance of time-study dawned on him. He discovered it to be the solution of his financial problem. He learned that motion meant money; that when he paid for ten thousand useless motions a day he paid for the services of one clerk more than he needed. Here, in one total, he believed he could save six hundred dollars of his deficit.

He had no help in his investigations and knew nothing of the technical procedure that governs the work of the time-study expert. In his own crude way he experimented to discover the quickest way of performing the routine of the store. With his watch he timed the old way and the new. For instance, he found that graduated scoops sometimes cut the number of seconds more than seventy per cent. In dipping up sugar, rice, tea, and goods of that sort, it became his purpose to approximate the purchase as closely as possible—but, at least, to use a scoop too big rather than too small. For every bin he provided several scoops, building a rack inside the bin to keep the implements out of the way of each other.

The average operation of wrapping, he found, took more than double the necessary movements. On light packages, stickers



"The last can!"

DON'T wait for that emergency.

Don't find yourself some fine day just at the dinner hour and just as the grocery store is closing—with only a single solitary can of

Campbell's SOUPS

Order them by the dozen. And see to it that *your larder is always supplied* with these wholesome satisfying soups.

They are *always* suitable, and always welcome.

Your family will enjoy one of these various Campbell kinds at least once a day. Your most fastidious guests will approve them.

With Campbell's Soups at hand your most critical dinner-course is always provided for.

No better soups are served anywhere at any price. We say this without qualification. And if you don't agree with us after tasting them the grocer returns your money.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



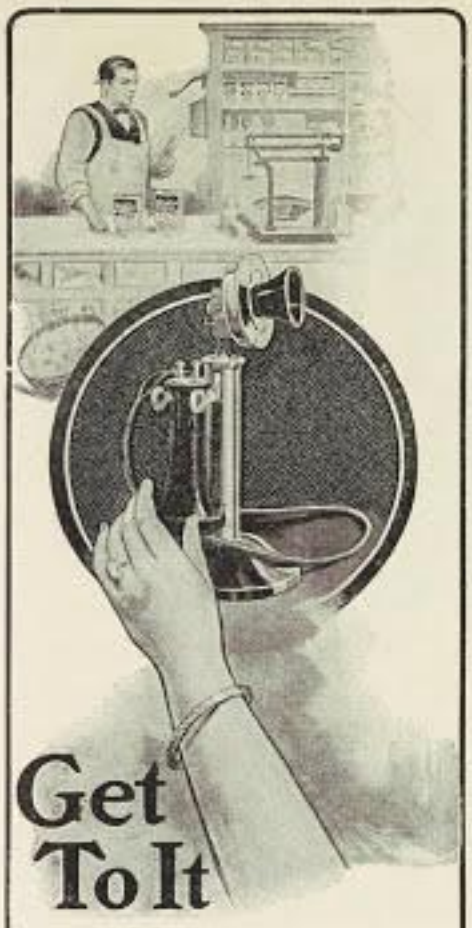
Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"I love to remember
That, May to December,
And then from December to May,
Is *Campbell's Soup* season.
And that is the reason
I'm *always* so
Smiling and gay."



Get To It

Ask your Grocer for

POSTUM

There is really no need for much of the headache and nervousness one hears about. A large part of it is the result of faulty living.

Improper table beverages which contain "irritants" contribute much to bodily discomfort, and the cause may be the thing least suspected.

The quick and easy way to relief is to make a change!

If annoyed by ills that mar health and happiness stop using your usual hot table beverage ten days and try well-made

POSTUM

Thousands have done it and know

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited,
Windsor, Ontario, Canada

were substituted for string. On heavy bundles, stronger cord was used so that one winding sufficed. The motions were worth far more than the extra cost of the heavier twine.

Another motion-clipping expedient was the policy of listing all counter sales, so far as possible, before they were filled, as if they had been delivery orders. Thus clerks were able to collate goods with the minimum number of steps, and were able to foot up the total of an order without going through the familiar process of fumbling the packages in the effort to remember what each contained. Experiments showed that clerks could often wait on three or four customers in the minutes lost by the duplication of trips about the store.

By degrees a new system of shelf classification was adopted, as arbitrary as the plan of the modern factory storeroom. In former days a vast amount of time had been lost in searching for goods. The new plan was to have less stock on the shelves, but to have each item instantly accessible. The store boy was given stated hours for replenishing the shelves from the stockroom, an operation formerly done by the clerks as they saw fit. Much congestion had been caused during rush hours by this waste movement. In every operation it was the policy to relieve the higher-paid employees of motions that might be performed by cheaper labor. An extra boy could be hired to work two hours for ten cents, while the same work done by a clerk would cost forty cents. Ultimately a special boy was engaged to draw molasses and kerosene, and to do similar low-grade work that had devoured costly motions.

It was six months before the grocer felt sure enough of his ground to dispense with a clerk. Then for a few weeks things went badly. His great difficulty all along had been the lack of willing coöperation; and now, when his clerks found themselves taking on what seemed an extra burden, they came near rebellion. It was hard to make them realize that what he asked was not more work, but a simple economy of energy. Likewise, it was hard for the grocer to realize that to accomplish this he must reward them. Finally he accepted the logic of the situation and added two dollars a week to the wages of each adult clerk, and a dollar to the delivery boy's pay. This, however, cut his anticipated saving in half, but it raised his clerks gradually to the plane of efficiency. They were earning higher wages than other grocers were paying and they were anxious to make the plan a success.

A Drastic But Profitable Remedy

The motion-studies were carried into a hundred other ramifications. With the increased volume of trade, due in large measure to improved service, the business came out nearly even at the close of the second year after paying the grocer's living expenses. Today the store is a very prosperous one.

In a Pennsylvania town two young men saw an opportunity to make money by manufacturing wooden toys. They began in a shed and after a while put up a small building adjacent. This, in turn, proved inadequate and a wing was added, followed, a year later, by another. Thus the factory comprised four structures—and even with these facilities it ran behind orders.

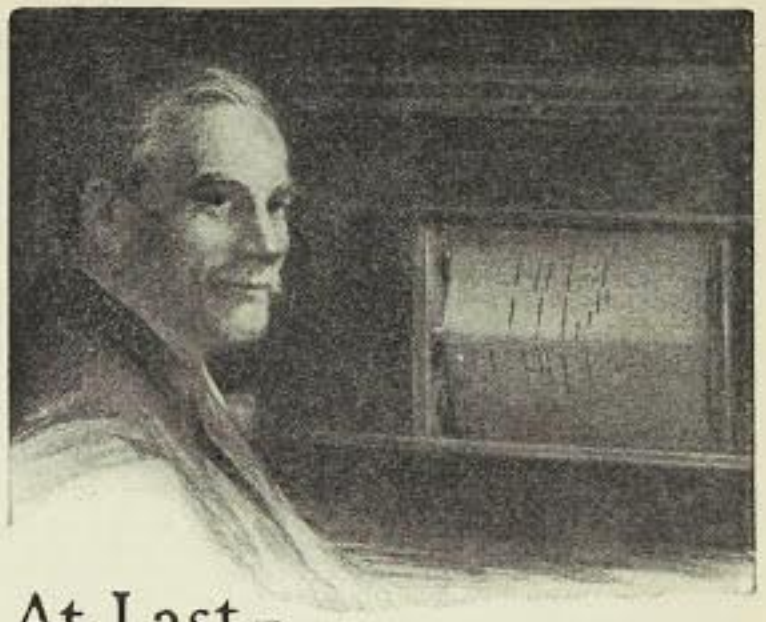
Then the enterprise began to pay smaller dividends, despite increased business. Expenses were slashed in every way possible; but, for some unaccountable reason, the profits decreased in adverse ratio to the volume of trade. It became necessary to do something revolutionary or quit.

In Pittsburgh there was a manufacturer from whom these young men had bought most of their metal parts. Now one of them went to ask his advice.

"Why is it," said the toy man, "that we made money in the beginning and can't make any now? Logically, it ought to be cheaper to manufacture our product in large quantities, but our cost-sheets show the reverse. Of course labor has gone up a little and raw material a little more, but these items do not account for the discrepancy."

The steel man handed his caller a pencil and pad and asked him to outline the layout of the toy factory. There was no need afterward for questioning.

"Your profits," he said, "have gone into waste motion. Your high manufacturing



At Last - *The* VIRTUOLO

SUPPOSE the leading piano dealer in your home town were an old friend of the family.

Suppose he 'phoned you enthusiastically that he had just received a new kind of player piano—the Virtuolo—and that he was sending it to your house to try, just to see what you think of it.

Suppose, after dinner, you draw the seat up to the Virtuolo and insert a music roll—a piece you always like to hear played brilliantly.

Suppose you run the roll through just once to get the purpose of the simple buttons under your left hand, that govern the volume of sound and bring out the melody above the accompaniment, and also to get the "hang" of the little lever in your right hand that governs the time of the piece—fast or slow.

Suppose you then start the roll through again, and you find yourself bringing out the music with all the inspiration and feeling you would throw into it if you could play masterfully by hand, forgetting all about the way you do it.

What happens? You suddenly discover that the piano means as much to you as to any trained pianist—that your finger touch on the buttons is *instinctive*—that playing beautifully is second nature to you.

We've been supposing, but the above is practically what will happen if you will let our dealer send you a Virtuolo player piano on trial.

We want you to hear yourself play with inspiration—*instinctively*, on the Virtuolo in your own home, free of any purchase restrictions, without any agreement on your part to keep it unless you decide it is what you want.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO

The Hallet & Davis Piano Company has been manufacturing fine and well-known pianos in Boston for over seventy years. We have spent a fortune bringing this advanced type of player piano to perfection. The Virtuolo is made in our $500,000 model "daylight" factory in Boston. We offer it in the Hallet & Davis Piano at **$700** in a special mahogany Colonial case. At **$775** in a refined Arts & Crafts design. Also in the Conway Piano at **$575** in a chaste design walnut or mahogany case.

We make special easy terms of payment as low as $15 monthly. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair values. Our reliable, fully guaranteed Lexington player piano is sold at **$450** and **$485**, on terms as low as $12 monthly.

THE FREE "INNER BEAUTY" BOOK

Tells all about the Virtuolo, and things about music and its *Inner Meaning* that you may not know.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO COMPANY
Established 1839
Boston *New York* *Newark* *Toledo*

Hallet & Davis Piano Co., Dept. B, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Without obligation on my part, please send me full information about your Free Home Test Plan on the Virtuolo; also copy of "Inner Beauty" Book.

Name _____ *Street Address* _____

City and State _____

The Era of Town-Building in Western Canada

How the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Plants Towns in "The Kingdom of Wheat"

In 1913 the last spike will be driven on the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canada's ocean-to-ocean line that has opened new worlds of opportunity for men of push and pluck.

The line from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains is completed, with a network of branches tapping millions of acres of the richest wheat land on the continent.

More than 100 new towns have sprung into existence to meet the demand for market facilities on the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific. These hundred rapidly growing towns are calling for men.

10,000 Business Openings

Right now they need, most of all, armies of carpenters, bricklayers, stone masons, plumbers, electricians, mechanics, laborers (skilled or unskilled). There are opportunities for school teachers, lawyers, physicians, clerks, bookkeepers. There are splendid openings for general stores, drug stores, hardware stores, grocery stores, meat markets, shoe stores, barber shops, laundries, furniture stores, millinery stores, repair and blacksmith shops, lumber yards, etc., etc. The trade of thriving communities is there—*waiting*.

How They Grow

Town-building goes forward with remarkable rapidity in Western Canada. The rate of growth seems incredible, yet here are the actual facts;

10	Western	Canada	towns	grew	500% in 1910
17	"	"	"	"	400% in 1910
22	"	"	"	"	300% in 1910

The Canadian Government is constantly issuing new maps of the Dominion because of the hundreds of new towns and the thousands of miles of new railroads.

The tremendous activity in town building typifies the spirit of Western Canada—the spirit of Achievement conquering the Last Best West.

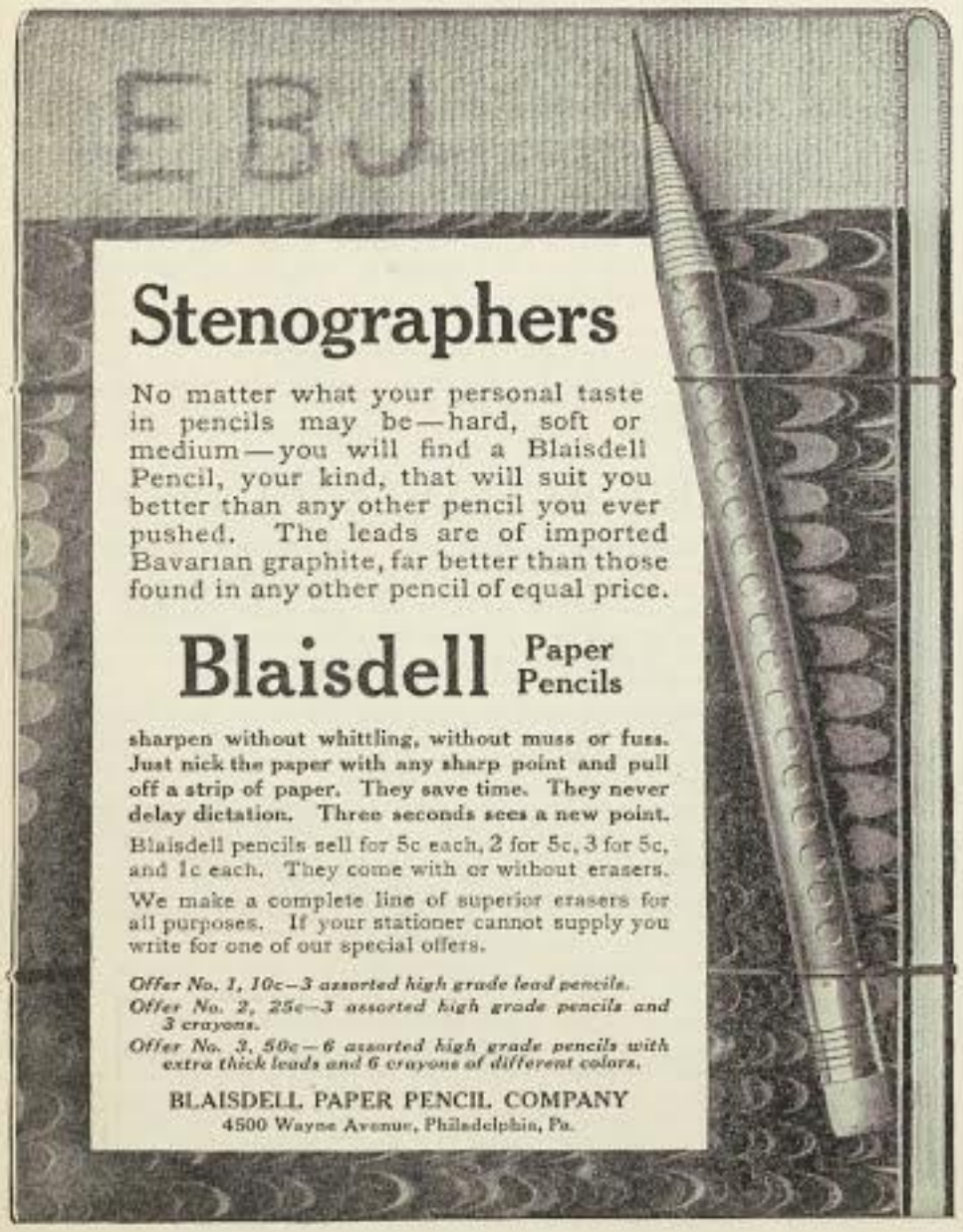
Are You Looking for a Real Opportunity?

Information in regard to new towns on the various lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will be gladly supplied on request. If this brief outline of the exceptional opportunities offered by Western Canada towns interests you, *act quickly, decisively.* Western Canadian towns are going right ahead, whether you come or not. *Why not go ahead with them?*

In writing for further particulars, give your name and address, state your business, profession or trade, give your age and state whether married or single. These facts will be of assistance to us in advising you where to go. (1)

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Co.

G. U. RYLEY, Land Commissioner, Room 300, Union Station, Winnipeg, Canada — *Or* — TRANSCONTINENTAL TOWNSITE CO., Ltd., Agents, Room 300, 268 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Canada



Stenographers

No matter what your personal taste in pencils may be—hard, soft or medium—you will find a Blaisdell Pencil, your kind, that will suit you better than any other pencil you ever pushed. The leads are of imported Bavarian graphite, far better than those found in any other pencil of equal price.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

sharpen without whittling, without muss or fuss. Just nick the paper with any sharp point and pull off a strip of paper. They save time. They never delay dictation. Three seconds sees a new point.

Blaisdell pencils sell for 5c each, 2 for 5c, 3 for 5c, and 1c each. They come with or without erasers.

We make a complete line of superior erasers for all purposes. If your stationer cannot supply you write for one of our special offers.

Offer No. 1, 10c—3 assorted high grade lead pencils.
Offer No. 2, 25c—3 assorted high grade pencils and 3 crayons.
Offer No. 3, 50c—6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

BLAISDELL PAPER PENCIL COMPANY
4500 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

costs are due to the duplication of steps and other movements. In the beginning your operations were simple and compact—there was fair efficiency of motion; but when you began to grow you began to waste your energies. You had no plan of extension in view, no routing of parts, no grouping of allied operations. You must abandon your haphazard plant and erect one that embodies modern ideas."

To do this took considerable financing, but today the toy factory is as profitable a little enterprise as one would wish. The comfortable income of its owners is carved year by year from waste movements.

In Chicago a man said to his wife one day: "This relish you make is the best in the country. I believe there'd be money in manufacturing it for sale."

They began the enterprise in their own kitchen and the product sold well. Within a year they were making a living from it. Then, without going outside of the house, they expanded, merely taking on another room across the hall from the kitchen. This necessitated the hiring of a woman to help, but it was soon apparent that the business would not stand a tax of ten dollars a week. After two months the helper was discharged and the work again contracted to the kitchen. Immediately the enterprise paid a living again and neither husband nor wife worked any harder. The simple truth was this: the wages of the helper had gone into the waste motions engendered by unnecessary space. With shelving, utensils, and other equipment almost within reach, all this waste was eliminated.

The lesson was one that helped found a successful business. When, finally, another expansion was imperative, a house was taken with a larger kitchen. Even in this, husband and wife were able to do the work unassisted. Not until the original space had been doubled was additional help secured. This plan of evolution was followed as the business grew into large proportions, the operating space being kept as compact as possible and great attention given to motion-saving facilities.

Enter the Business Doctor

The reports of a mercantile agency, a year ago, contained a compilation of business failures due to various reasons. Unnecessary motion was not given as a cause in any of the instances, but a subsequent study of two of these failures, picked at random, showed some instructive things.

The first concern was a wholesale hardware house. It had been running down for several years; and the cause of the failure, according to the mercantile agency, was lack of capital. The receiver, on behalf of the creditors, began to close out the business.

At this juncture appeared a former competitor of the house. He had retired from business rich; but, weary of idleness, he wanted more worlds to conquer. He was familiar with the methods the house had pursued, and now he proposed taking a controlling interest if the old stockholders would assume the debts and pay them in full out of the dividends he promised. This arrangement was made and the business resumed.

The first reform was a sweeping rearrangement of salesmen's routes, city and country. In former days the sales-manager took his pencil and drew a zigzag line along a map in offhand judgment, and this line constituted a salesman's route. The new scheme, however, was based on a thorough analysis of distances and railway schedules. The old policy had been a guess; the new policy was knowledge. On the average, thirty per cent of the travel movements were cut off, while the selling operation was speeded up to what the scientific manager calls normal maximum efficiency. This means the accomplishment each day of the task of which men are capable without undue strain.

The next reform was in the office and throughout the house. For a week or two partitions, railings and desks were in chaos; but when they emerged probably a thousand steps had been cut out hourly. New forms and methods of accounting eliminated perhaps ten thousand arm-motions a day. A hundred short cuts, from front office to shipping room, helped reduce the number of employees from one hundred and fifteen to seventy.

To sell the same volume of business as before, only half the motions were necessary—the business paid dividends from the date of its rehabilitation. The technical



It has been officially established by the U. S. Government and proven in many hard fought endurance contests that the

Colt Automatic Pistol

Is the Most Accurate
Is the Most Durable

The first target—nearly full size—was made off hand with a Colt Automatic Pistol that had been fired ten thousand times without cleaning. The second target containing eighty shots was made with ten Colt Automatic Pistols taken from stock.

The man about to buy an automatic pistol needs no more convincing evidence that his choice should be a COLT.

The U. S. Government adopted the COLT because—

"The Colt embodies all the features considered essential, desirable and preferable."

Its superiority over any other known Automatic Pistol is so pronounced that none can fail to see its overshadowing efficiency.

Send for Victory Folder No. 85. It tells the story of the government trials and WHY the COLT is best.

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.
Hartford - Conn.



"How to Grow and Market Fruit"

A new hundred-page book. Contains the lessons of our own wide experience, and of the experiences of hundreds of successful orchardists over the country. Any man, new at fruit growing, will need little other guidance; old orchardists will glean new ideas from it. The book contains all the latest facts as to varieties—their adaptability and differences—and the latest methods at spraying, cultivating and feeding trees.

Not only *tells how*, but *shows how*, with a great many orchard pictures. We are qualified to know what we are talking about, for our young trees have become the standard, and we have over two hundred thousand bearing trees, in widely scattered orchards. Price 50 cents, which is refunded on first $5.00 order.

HARRISON'S NURSERIES
Commodore Ave., Berlin, Md.
Two valuable farms for sale.

Wrappers

IF a Havana wrapper is a shade off in quality it makes a poor cigar. Burns badly. Tastes strong. Won't stay lit. That's why we wrap the Flor de Mendel in Sumatra. Keeps the cigar mild. Perfectly retains the fine flavor of the pure Havana inside. Stays lit. The true smoker's cigar.

FLOR DE MENDEL



Try one—that's enough. 3 for 25c, 10c straight, 2 for 25c,—according to size. Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel Cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $3.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY
202 E. 100th Street New York

expert in scientific management would have been able to tell you the exact number of motions saved, but that is more a matter of degree than of substance.

The second instance in this mercantile agency's list was that of a painting contractor who had made an assignment, alleging that the big fellows had bid so far under him that he was no longer able to compete. He lacked capital, he declared, to buy goods in quantities and obtain the necessary equipment.

A study of his methods showed that he had been in the habit of bidding on contracts many miles apart. Sometimes he had three or four gangs at work simultaneously, with scarcely a semblance of supervision. Repeated experiments have proved that workmen, in any field of endeavor, are not the best judges of their own movements. Seldom does a worker know the best way; or, if he knows it, not often is he interested in following it. Aside from the time these painters wasted in idleness, they lost perhaps forty per cent of their motions. In carrying and mixing paints, in placing ladders and scaffolds, in selecting the sequences of surfaces to be painted—they needed to be directed in accordance with predetermined standards; but standards were little more than Greek to this contractor. He would have laughed had any one suggested that waste motion, not lack of capital, had floored him.

In a New England city a father and three sons started a little department store, occupying one floor and a basement. They dignified it as the People's Emporium. The father had been a traveling salesman and thought he knew the business thoroughly. He did know goods; but that is only a part—and often the smaller part—of merchandizing. One important thing he did not know: the economy of motion—alias economy of nickels, dimes and dollars.

Even before he gave his grand opening he began to waste movements. When his goods arrived he opened the cases on the sidewalk and had the contents carried in piecemeal by half a dozen men who worked under no detailed plan. Goods were handled time and again, the main object being to get them inside and dump them anywhere.

Of course all this caused a cheerful bustle and a passer-by gave the new merchant a friendly slap on the back, remarking:

"You're going to make things hum, I see."

True enough! Some things were humming already—notably the expense meter. This embryo department-store chief, like a lot of other business men, hadn't learned to read it.

Chaos in a Store

The landlord had made the alterations asked for; but after the opening it was found advisable to make numerous rearrangements of shelves and counters and goods, and others kept suggesting themselves—all consuming motion that cost cash. It was found, for example, that the stairway to the basement was not well located from a selling point of view, for it descended in an isolated corner. Probably the landlord would have moved it had he been asked to do so at the proper time; but now, with the lease in his safe, he declined. So the merchant did it at his own expense, consoling himself with the certainty that the change would be a paying investment. And this conclusion was true in a way.

However, all these betterments, even tardy though they were, lacked any semblance of coördination. Nothing had any reference to anything else or to the whole. The improvements came from no analysis of the store into units, but were detached efforts, frequently offsetting one another. The stairway, for instance, was a betterment in itself, but its new location chopped up the counters and shelves in the middle of the main floor. From a standpoint of merchandizing—as well as motion—the thing was almost pitiable.

The greatest extravagance lay in the serving of customers. It was extravagance of motion, pure and simple. Not only were the goods shelved without reference to time-conservation, but the handling operations on the counters consumed from fifty to a thousand per cent more motion than was required. Here is a typical example: A sale of gunmetal chains drew a crowd to the counter, and for want of contrivances for holding the chains they were promptly tangled. Then the clerks threw them, in hopeless clusters, into boxes and handed

KisselKar

Make any demand of the KisselKar—demand style and comfort in comparison with the four, five and six thousand dollar cars—demand standardized construction, road ability, quietness, comfort, low maintenance, and every other quality and the KisselKar will meet your demand generously.

You may feel liberal about the price you are willing to pay, but *see* the KisselKar—*ride* in it—*inquire* about it, and you will realize that the medium price represents exceptional value rather than any compromise of class or quality.



60 H. P. "Six" Touring, fully equipped, $3000

Every Inch a Car



"Forty" Semi-Touring, fully equipped, $1850

A standard of superior construction and comfort

Wherever automobiles are known, the KisselKar is recognized as a standard of mechanical excellence, comfort and attractiveness. The 1912 models conform to the straight line effect in body design, which, with the slope of forward fenders, give a striking distinction to appearance, while extra liberal wheel base provides for especially commodious tonneaus, luxuriously upholstered, with deep, restful seats.

In a Big Car or a Small One, the 1912 KisselKar Offers the Decisive Values

Every KisselKar model—the "Thirty" at $1500, or the 60 H. P. "Six" at $3000, the "Forty" at $1850, or "Fifty" at $2350, offers a value distinctive at the price. No other $1500 car, for instance, has as big a wheel base as the "Thirty" or the big wheels and tires—none is so roomy. The same features apply to the entire line. In the things that make for full motoring comfort, pleasure and low maintenance, every KisselKar embraces values not found in corresponding models of any other car. The 60 H. P. "Six" $3000, full equipped, is the most conspicuous value in the history of the industry.

For combination use in touring and business, the Semi-Touring body, exclusively a KisselKar feature, is the roomiest, handiest, most economical body ever designed.

If you are going to buy a car, by all means first ride in a KisselKar. Write for elaborately illustrated portfolio, and name of nearest KisselKar branch.

Investigate KisselKar Trucks Two, Three, Four and Five Ton Trucks, and Special Delivery and Public Utility Wagons, possessing special features that reduce haulage costs to the minimum.

KISSEL MOTOR CAR CO. 200 Kissel Ave. HARTFORD, WIS.



O'Sullivan's Heels
OF NEW LIVE RUBBER

Would You Drive a Car Without Tires?

It isn't much worse—only more noticeable—than going without rubber heels.

Some people like noise, rattle, bang—sounds busy. But the auto goes faster, lasts longer, goes more easily, with quiet rubber tires. Man lasts longer and goes faster with live rubber heels.



O'Sullivanize Your Walk

Put a cushion of new live rubber under your heels to save your nervous system the jars and shocks from hard floors and pavements.

Make Every Step an Easy One

O'Sullivan's Heels are a necessity to a million people.

O'Sullivan's Heels are made of live rubber—and that means new rubber, with the spring in it.

50c. attached, at any shoemaker's.

O'Sullivan Rubber Company 131 Hudson Street New York City

Mellin's Food
has raised so many
sturdy, happy babies that
it seems a pity that *any* baby
should worry along on a food not
suited to him.

If *your* baby cannot be nursed, or if he is not thriving as you know he should, put him on

Mellin's Food

Mellin's Food agrees with babies from the very start. It keeps them healthy and happy while they are growing up, and all the time it is nourishing them and building firm flesh, strong bones, and robust health that will stand them in good stead in after life.

You cannot afford to lose a single day in starting your baby on Mellin's Food. Send to your Druggist's for a bottle today.

Our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants," will be sent to you, free, upon request.

MELLIN'S FOOD CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

"We are Advertised by Our Loving Friends"

them back to two girls, taken from other departments, for the untangling. No sooner had they been disengaged from the tenacious embrace than the clerks tangled them up again and dumped them into the boxes once more. Meanwhile many prospective customers went away without getting a chance to buy.

The proprietor saw the crowd about the chain counter and smiled. He thought he was doing a splendid thing—holding this sale. What a hit it was! He did not see that the motions wasted at the sale turned the scale against him and made it an actual loss.

And yet this same proprietor could have stepped across the street and seen a revolving rack, in the store of a competitor, for keeping gunmetal chains apart. Or he might have used a bit of initiative and devised a contrivance of his own.

Then, one day, the store advertised a sale of shirtwaists. The crowd came early and surrounded the counter five or six deep. All sizes from thirty-four to forty-four, in a dozen or more styles, were heaped together. When a customer found a style she wanted she straightway embarked on a hunting expedition in search of the necessary size. Right and left flew the shirtwaists—but as fast as she cast them aside other hunting expeditions tossed them back.

It was a glorious spectacle to the department-store chief. He rubbed his hands and mentally counted his profits.

The same day, eight clerks stood at one time about a wrapping counter, waiting for change and bundles. One small girl, flushed with her feverish efforts, was doing the wrapping. Back at the counters, customers were lined up in impatience; while others, despairing of an opportunity to spend their money, went somewhere else. One of the eight clerks, in playful humor, pinched the arm of the one next to her; and she, in turn, passed the pinch along. It went down the line and back again. Those motions, properly directed, would have sold goods.

At the dressgoods counter a clerk made a C. O. D. sale. She spent a couple of minutes searching the vacant spaces along the shelves and under the counters, and then she called out imperatively:

"Where's the C. O. D. book?"

None of the clerks knew. It was common property for all the clerks at the counter and when last seen had been tucked back of a bolt of poplin. A couple of minutes later it was found under a stack of serges—and the interrupted procedure went on.

The scientific manager would have inquired—right away—whether a common-property C. O. D. book was the best way; but this merchant was not strong on science—even so simple a science as motion.

Too Busy to Take Money

Over at the notion counter a clerk happened to remember a piece of gossip and went to the stationery counter to repeat it to her chum. While there she laid down her checkbook, which she did not miss until she had returned to her place. Half a dozen customers were already waiting, but they had to wait a few minutes longer until she recovered the book.

In the women's collars, a clerk tucked several sizes together in a box—and, a few minutes later, sorted them again in order to make a sale. Then back went all the sizes together. In the handkerchiefs, too, was a mighty confusion—and in the ribbons. At the thread counter a clerk opened and closed twelve drawers in finding one spool of black silk.

And then, soon after five o'clock, there was such a general concentration on footings that belated customers found it almost impossible to intrude their money upon the store. Most of the clerks had omitted figures during the day and these had to be supplied from the stub spindles. System? Well, not exactly scientific.

Why continue to enumerate the waste motions in this store? It would be more charitable to let the People's Emporium rest in peace. It came to grief—even when the public was standing in line anxious to hand over its cash.

Here was a splendid chance for an analytical business man, but the opportunity went begging. Folks said the store failed because competition was too fierce—and there wasn't a man in the town, except one shrewd and successful competitor, who knew that waste motion, not competition, had eaten up the Emporium. For his own purposes he kept his lips sealed.

Before Buying Your Shoes:

Wouldn't it Pay to See the Catalogue of the Largest Retail Shoe Concern in the World?

DO YOU know that for thirty years Cammeyer has dictated the shoe styles of America?

That The Cammeyer Retail Business reached two million dollars in 1910?

That the great New York store has a capacity of a thousand customers at one time?

That 410 competent salespeople (more than any two other stores in the world) are here to handle our customers?

Why Don't YOU Take Advantage of the Same Efficient Service

through the medium of the splendidly equipped Cammeyer Mail-Order Department? A force of thirty people, including Ten expert shoe shoppers, can give you the same careful attention as enjoyed by the New York Men and Women of Fashion every day of the year in this store, though you may live three thousand miles away.

The Cammeyer Catalogue for Fall and Winter, 1911-1912

awaits your inspection. It contains 80 pages of exclusive Cammeyer styles, including portraits of the new shades in Russet Shoes for Fall, and complete facts about shoes in general. Your name and address on a Postal Card addressed to us is all that is necessary.

Cammeyer
Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
6TH Ave. & 20TH St.
NEW YORK CITY



Owners Should Know

PANHARD OIL, because *owners* are deeply interested—*they pay the bills.*

PANHARD OIL was produced to overcome friction scientifically. We have studied oils 35 years. The result of this *practical lubricating experience* has been put into PANHARD OIL. It will not carbonize if properly used.

Don't merely ask for a "*good* lubricant"—say "*PANHARD OIL*" *to the dealer*—and insist on it. That's the safe and sure way to get a good oil. Sold in "Checkerboard" cans or in bulk.

My booklet "Motor Lubrication" will be deeply interesting to every man who cares for the welfare of his motor. It's free if you send the name of your dealer.

Dealers Write For "Help Sell" Plan.

GEORGE A. HAWS, 76 Pine St., New York

PANHARD OIL

Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail; MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "*Writing for Profit*"; tells how; gives proof. The National Press Association, 47 The Baldwin, Indianapolis



(In Gold Boxes Only)

Milk Chocolate Almonds

—a Delightful Summer Candy

Candy that's specially welcome during the warm weather. Fresh, brittle almonds, covered with milk chocolate of the usual Johnston goodness.

Because Johnston's come to the dealer in *small* quantities *often*, you get them always fresh.

It will pay you to know the Johnston dealer near you.

Sample Box

For five 2-cent stamps, to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

If your dealer cannot supply you, our 50c or $1.00 package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.

(29)





Goodform Closet Sets

Everything in its place—Clothes retain perfect shape—always in order—economizes space. You'll wonder how you got along without them.

Goodform Trousers Set No. 77, illustrated:—Six Goodform Cloth-lined Trousers Hangers, one Closet Loop, one Shoe Rail, and one Brush Holder,

Price, **$2.00** Delivered

Coat Set No. 88:—Six adjustable Coat Hangers, one extension Shelf Bar, and Brush Holder, all nickel-plated.

Same Price, **$2.00**

"Goodform" sets are *standard*. When you buy, look for the *cloth-lined* Trousers Hanger with *flexible clamp* that does not *wear* fabric. Above all, find the name "Goodform." An *imitation* is a *fraud*.

Your dealer probably carries GOODFORM CLOSET SETS, attractively boxed; if not, let us deliver. Order early.

GOODFORM COMPANY
602 Goodform Bldg. Chicago

Honest Man or Woman Wanted

In every town to represent well-known wholesale firm. Experience unnecessary. Must furnish good references. Easy, pleasant work. Permanent position.

McLEAN, BLACK & CO., 1326 Doty Building, Boston, Mass.

Contrasts are agreeable, so here is one to finish. A Southern haberdasher, in trimming his show-windows, found that half a day or more was required every time he changed his display—as he did frequently. Not only was his attention diverted from customers, together with the services of one or two clerks, but the show-window was out of commission longer than he thought necessary. A vacant window, for an hour or a day, means as much relatively as the absence of an advertisement from some issue of a publication. It may mean five, ten or a hundred dollars in sales, for the show-window is a constant business puller.

Tracing the trouble down to its source, the merchant found that it lay in duplicated and erratic motions due to lack of planning.

He might have done his window trimming at night; but, as he kept his store open until nine o'clock, this would have worked a hardship to himself and his clerks. It would have shifted the false motions, but left them in existence. Scientific management gets down to the core and rejects all sophistries. It passes no burden along to somebody else, but cuts straight to the center and throws out everything that is superfluous.

So the haberdasher began to plan his displays on paper. In dull hours he sketched and charted until he had his idea reduced to detail. Then everything he needed for a display was listed in advance and collected in baskets before the work was begun. In this way he was able to trim a window in a quarter of the previous time, without help from his clerks. He adopted the plan, too, of photographing every display, so that the detail might not require laborious work in some future adaptation.

The Game

As the Professor Saw It

A gentleman unknown to me, whose look was
quite severe,
Stood still and swung a wooden club at the
advancing sphere;
Two times he swung, but fruitlessly; the
sphere would deviate
Quite sharply in its rapid course from what
was called the "plate."
Then mightily again he struck: the sphere
rose high in air,
Described a great parabola, but soon de-
scended where
Its fall was interrupted by a gentleman who
stands
Throughout the play with what appears a bag
in his two hands.

Then he who struck the sphere ran forth at a
right furious pace,
To reach a station on the right that I learned
was first base;
But when the swift-descending sphere fell in
the player's sack
He slacked his pace perceptibly and then
came straightway back.
A second gentleman advanced and watched
the hurtling ball
Pass by four times in front of him, but did not
strike at all,
Whereon he ran at lesser speed up to first
base—I may
Observe the second player's course seemed
much the wiser way.

Next when the sphere came swiftly past, the
first-base player sped
Tremendously along the line and slid upon
his head
A full two fathoms' length or more; whereat
a player there
Alighted with both feet on him from leaping
high in air,
Which served to put the runner "out," as I
then understood,
And checked his further onward course—
indeed, I think it would.
He then returned whence he set out, but did not
seem to be
In such a furious haste as he had been in
formerly.

A third contestant swung his club three times
with such great force—
I heard the swish of it in air as it described its
course—
But did not strike the offered sphere. Stung
by the gibes of men,
He gave the matter straightway up and would
not try again,
But shook his fist at one in blue, who with
each effort cried
Some gibe at him—"Sturr-rike" it was—and
waved him then aside.



Gold-Filled Watch Cases That Are Dependable

YOUR representative jeweler will show you a wide range of *styles* in "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" Gold Filled Watch Cases.

His stock is selected from more than *three thousand* exclusive designs, in all sizes for ladies' and men's watches.

Beautiful engraved patterns—Engine-Turned effects—and exquisitely finished Plain Polished cases.

While you are examining the cases note the *depth of the engraving*. There is your plain proof of the thickness of the gold on the "Crescent" and "Jas. Boss" goods—which means a lifetime of wear and service.

A cheapened gold-filled watch case can never be engraved deeply—because the engraving tool cuts through the thin film of gold and exposes the composition metal underneath.

Yet you will find such trashy cases stamped "guaranteed for 20 years"—and there is no way that you as the purchaser can be protected against these meaningless "guarantees."

Except this—insist on getting a "Crescent" or a "Jas. Boss" case, so that you can be *sure* that the *values* are right.

You will know these cases by the trade marks illustrated in this advertisement. These marks are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

JAS. BOSS
GOLD FILLED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TRADE MARK.
CRESCENT
GOLD FILLED
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Keystone Watch Case Company
Established 1853
PHILADELPHIA

To the Young Men and Women of Sixteen Years

ARE you planning to-day for a college education, for a training along definite lines that will make you a factor later on in the world of activity? Are you going to be known as a successful man or a successful woman with the means to sustain you and yours later on, in just the way you would choose to live? **We will pay all the expenses of your college course.** We have maintained for years an educational division which has sent thousands of young people to college.

Select whatever school, university, musical conservatory, business college, or school of salesmanship you prefer. We will pay all your expenses in return for looking after the subscription work of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in your locality.

The work will not necessarily take all of your time. It is pleasant and healthful and you will gain splendid experience in developing poise and self-reliance in meeting people. If you will tell us just what your ambition is, and where you would like to go, we will gladly tell you how you can secure your education without a cent of expense.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Educational Division, Philadelphia

BOY SCOUTS

and all other boys and girls can receive our free catalogue of *Boy Scout Books* and other modern stories by sending us their name and address.

HURST & CO., Dept. S. P., 395 Broadway, NEW YORK.

One Inventor gets rich; another gets nothing. New 128-p. book of Vital Advice, Great Value and Interest to Inventors, tells why, About Prizes, Rewards, Etc. Fortune-Making Inventions Past and Future. Mailed for 10 cents postage.

Patent Fortune

Publishers Patent Sense, Dept. 35, Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.



See, Taste, Feel Results

No taking it on faith—you can **see** the tooth whiteness—taste the mouth purity and freshness—feel the immaculate cleanness of your teeth after using

SANITOL
POWDER or PASTE

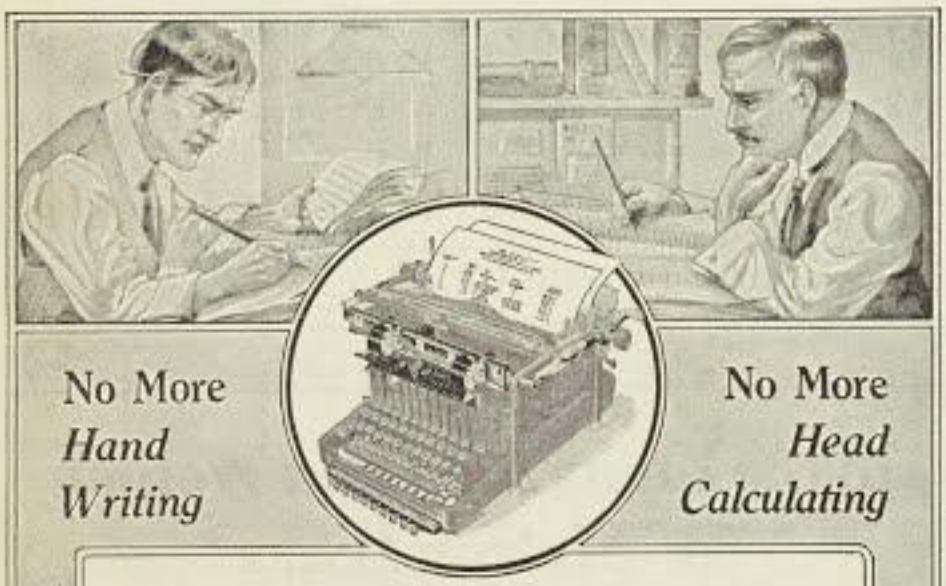
The final word in oral hygienics. Banishes harmful bacteria—corrects mouth acidity—leaving mouth and teeth as sweet and pure and clean as the breath of early morn.

Use Sanitol Powder or Paste to correct and prevent mouth acidity and keep mouth and teeth free from harmful bacteria. Your dentist, to stop in the bud all tooth troubles. Here you have the secret of good, white, healthy teeth—and improved physical condition.

An Individual Package

of any of the Sanitol Tooth or Toilet Preparations sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co. **St. Louis, Mo.**



No More *Hand Writing*

No More *Head Calculating*

Both are eliminated by the
Remington
Adding and Subtracting Typewriter
(Wahl Adding Mechanism)

The machine which reduces every operation of writing and calculating to a mechanical labor saving basis.

VISIBLE WRITING

Illustrated booklet sent on request

VISIBLE ADDING

Remington Typewriter Company
Incorporated
New York and Everywhere

I had not heard the word "Sturr-rike," but it appears to me
To be some gibe or taunt and hath a fatal potency.

As the Sweet Girl Saw It

The nicest man of all of them picked up the dearest bat
And struck the grandest ball with it. Let's see—where was I at?
Oh, yes: he knocked the dearest fly in just the sweetest way,
But the umpire was mad at him and would not let him play.
And then a man not half so nice was called to take his place,
Who never even tried to hit and he got to first base
Because the umpire was his friend, the horrid, nasty cheat,
While that first nice man sat back there so hurt and sad and sweet.

And then the second player tried, they said, to steal a base—
I knew he was that kind of man by looking at his face—
But just the bravest man out there jumped on him with his heel,
And sat on him and took away the base he tried to steal.
We girls were just so glad we cheered and waved when it was done.
It served the nasty umpire right for letting such men run,
And making that nice man sit down who really knocked the ball,
And would not steal a base, I know, or anything at all.

So then another man came up, who looked so brave and cute,
And he had yellow stockings on and such a clean new suit.
He tried so hard to knock the ball, but when he went to strike
The horrid pitcher would not throw a single ball he liked.
They only let him have three throws to try and hit the ball,
While that base-stealing man had four and never struck at all.
So all we girls got up and left—not one of us would stay
Where all the nice men get put out and only thieves can play.

As Little Johnny Saw It

Casey picked the third one out and soaked it to the sky,
But Bully Jones was there all right, all right, and copped the fly;
Then Billy Grimes let four go past and got himself free-tripped,
And then the lobster tried to steal his second and got nipped.
Say, but that made the home team fans sore back there in the stand!
And then that mutt, Kid Brown, came up, swung at three slants and fanned:
The chuckle-headed bunch! No wonder all the fans get sore
To see 'em go out, one, two, three, and not a chance to score.

As the Baseball Reporter Saw It

Casey aviated—died;
Grimesey waited—four went wide;
Coacher beckoned—Grimesey ran;
Pinched at second—foolish man!
Brownie biffed—three teasing ones;
Third man whiffed—no hits, no runs!
—*J. W. Foley.*

A Forkless Governor

A WOMAN of the Middle West, one of the best known women in her own state, is as fond of telling clever stories as her husband is of the study of science.

While at a dinner recently in their home she related to the guests the following anecdote:

At a recent inaugural ball given in honor of a governor, she asked the wife of the governor-elect whether she enjoyed the society and hum of the capital, and was rather startled to hear her reply:

"Society! Well, land's sakes! I should say I was enjoying it; and hum—well, I reckon! Why, it's just one dinner after another, banquet after banquet, supper after supper. Why—would you believe me?—my husband hain't hardly had his knife out of his mouth in more'n two weeks!"



The ice gives all the good effects of massage and none of the bad effects

How to arouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, use a flesh brush, scrubbing it for about five minutes until the lather makes it feel somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then cold water. Now rub your skin for *five* minutes with a lump of ice.

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Oddities and Novelties

Intensive Whale Fishing

UNDER old methods, the whale fishery, wherever pursued, was very wasteful, the bulk of the animal being thrown away. It is different now—at all events, in Alaska, where an intensive system, as one might properly call it, has been adopted.

This system depends primarily upon the establishment of permanent shore stations, from which as centers of industrial activity the fishery is prosecuted.

In any case, when a whale is killed, instead of cutting it up in the open sea—often when weather conditions render the task exceedingly difficult—the animal is towed to the nearest shore station and there disposed of to the best possible advantage.

At Tyee, in Southeast Alaska, is a shore whaling station that maintains a plant for utilizing all parts of a whale. Nothing of the creature is wasted, what is not available for oil, food or other purposes being turned to account as fertilizer.

There seem still to be plenty of whales in Alaskan waters, but they have become much more shy and difficult to approach than formerly. The vessels engaged in the fishery are pursuing them, more than hitherto, in the open ocean, and they are capturing a greater number, relatively speaking, of the "sulphurbottoms." It is a matter of interest if only for the reason that the sulphurbottom whale is probably the largest animal that exists or ever did exist.

The gasoline schooner Lizzie S. Sorrenson, operating from the Tyee whaling station, met with a most unusual fate a few months ago. While she was cruising near Cape Addington, a whale was sighted. She approached cautiously to within gunshot and drove a harpoon-lance into the animal. The weapon failed to reach a vital spot and the whale made off at a terrific rate; but, finding its progress checked, it suddenly turned and made directly for the vessel. Striking her a terrific blow in the stern, it knocked out a big piece of the bottom and she quickly sank.

Free Meals for Mothers

PARIS has five free restaurants for nursing mothers. They are located in the poorer quarters of the city and two meals daily are served, consisting of meat, soup, vegetables and unlimited bread.

It began in a tiny shop in the Julien-Lacroix Alley, in October, 1904, with a cash capital of exactly ten francs. The patronage was represented by one mother. Day by day, however, the number of mothers increased, rising to four hundred by the end of the first year and eight hundred by the end of the second year.

The meals cost seven cents apiece. It is reckoned that the price of a bottle of sterilized milk feeds two persons, mother and infant. The mothers pay nothing and there are no formalities of any kind. No inquiry is made as to the religion, the nationality, or even the name of the patron. To be a nursing mother is equivalent to a free meal ticket.

The patronage of the five little restaurants is floating and variable. Some mothers find better luck and drop out. The customers increase markedly in numbers toward the end of each month, when funds are lowest; and, as might be expected, there are many more of them in winter than at other seasons of the year.

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After that we devoted our energies to securing this unequaled tone in less expensive models. From time to time more popular-priced instruments were added until today the Victor-Victrola is within the reach of all, and everybody can enjoy the exquisite music from this greatest of all musical instruments.

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Sold in 300 towns. Ask your dealer.

THE INDIAN SIGN

(Continued from Page 15)

"Gee, Steve, you're the suspicious guy. I think Enoch's turned the trick. Only this—s'posin' she finds out about his phony smeller!"

While they were talking Enoch came in, a grin on his mouth—a sort of surreptitious grin.

"Not a soul knew me," he chortled, dropping on the woven-wire layout. "I went over to Tonjes' place, and, of course, John had my number; but nobody said 'Dog-face!'"

"She un'erstan's, then—eh?" asked Big Steve.

"Why—er—she thinks I had it broken over again, Steve. She ain't ashamed of me now. What I was thinking, Dan, is—if it was to melt a little—I could always come to the city and have it fixed up——"

"Well, don't let it melt," adjured Doyle. "The Badger's arm is on the blink and McNabb asked me today if you were good enough to work regular. Here's your chance—only southpaw we got. Dan an' me'll watch your nose. Things are breaking good. Get to it."

Mentally uplifted, Southpaw Jones, like Saint Paul, fought a good fight. He was battling for the woman he loved, no matter whether she cared a rap for him. Manager McNabb was surprised out of his cleated shoes.

"That having his nose fixed," he told Doyle, "has made a new man of your cousin. Have him right for the Prunes. I'll work him the first game. He ought to go fine. With Mulcahy and Hawley they'll have five left-hand hitters."

Catcher Doyle had his misgivings and counseled Enoch to present his Saturday pass to Miss Russell rather than to Amelia.

"How do you know," he demanded, "but what she is just working you against Scull? She is still wearin' his locket, you say."

"I'll take my chance with him," said the southpaw defiantly. "Amelia wants to bring up a girl friend from the office and I promised to give her th' tickets. I'm not afraid of any Indian sign now, Steve." Enoch laughed and rubbed his big hands together. "It's up to Scull."

While the turnstiles clicked their toll of good American dollars and the club secretaries smacked their lips at the prospect of a heavy gate, Catcher Doyle, in the clubhouse, hovered over Enoch and his paraffined nose. The odor of alcohol and arnica pervaded the place. Trainers and rubbers put the finishing touches on sore muscles; here and there a half-dressed athlete anointed his pet warclub with tobacco juice or trimmed a glove.

"Who's goin' to work?" one would ask another off the back of a soiled palm.

"Jones, I guess; they've got five left-handers in their lineup."

"Pulled that kink out of his shoulder this morning," said Doyle to McNabb as he manipulated Enoch's industrial wing. "He's right as c'n be."

"It's Scull for them," returned McNabb, his sharp eyes studying the southpaw. "We ought to frisk him today, boys. Look out for his beaner, but keep crowding the plate. Bunts, you're in left today, hitting after the Rabbit." He sent a revised batting order to the scoreboard.

In straggling fashion the world's champions went to the diamond, every pitcher but Enoch slowly warming up. The home team was taking its final practice. Thousands upon thousands of fans were still rolling in when Enoch lined up with other twirlers in front of the grandstand, back to back with Doc Scull.

Just as the latter's "Hello! How y'r hitting?" fell upon the southpaw's repaired ears, Amelia and a smartly dressed girl friend walked over the green turf, past the home bench, to a box, Amelia nodding curtly to Mr. Doyle and smiling warmly upon Enoch.

"Aren't these seats splendid!" she exclaimed as Enoch elbowed aside an usher and opened the door for them.

"Nothing too good for the ladies," put in Doc Scull, who had snapped the ball to his catcher and hurried to the box. "What do you think of Enoch?" he asked, with a patronizing chuckle, after being introduced. "He's the real ladykiller—eh?"

Enoch's face turned red; there were suspicious beads gathering upon his nose.

"Excuse me," he asked; "I've got t' cut a couple loose before the gong rings."

Then, all of a sudden, his brown eyes turned brittle. "I don't see that you've got anything on me," he said to Scull, with a simulation of the latter's sneer.

Scull laughed with malicious boisterousness.

"Poor old Jones!" He leaned over the box to Amelia. "You know what the fellows are calling him on th' bench?—Apollo! That's a good one!"

"He deserves an awful lot of credit," said Amelia emphatically. "It's made all the difference in the world in him. Don't you think Mr. Jones is good-looking?" she asked her friend.

"Indeed, yes," said she. "And such a good figure! I like tall men."

"By the way," took up Scull quickly, "that goes for tonight, does it—what I wrote you about—moonlight ride down the bay?"

"Oh, please don't be cross, Arthur; but I—I made another engagement." Her glance wandered to Enoch.

An ugly frown settled on the other's face.

"Bad as that, eh? Think I'll have to go see a beauty doctor myself—get my eyebrows manicured or something."

"Don't be silly, Arthur—as though you needed any more good looks," she returned, with a pleasing familiarity.

"Well, then, tomorrow evening? Let's start in the afternoon; there's a boat leaves at two——"

"I can't do it, really. I'm sorry, but I promised Enoch to go on an outing. He's to umpire. Can't you come down Monday night? You'll be in town until then, won't you?"

For a little while he stood staring down at her, savagely jealous; then, without a word, he walked to the visitors' bench.

From the moment Scull began to pitch the ballplayers could see that he was out of his stride. He had plenty of speed, but his delivery was erratic and a score was prevented only by his mates' smart fielding.

"I'll be all right directly," he replied sullenly to Manager Nicholls. "You see how they're crowding the plate on me. I'm going t' keep 'em back."

He settled down in the second inning and put the Pioneers out in one, two, three order. In the third, however, Southpaw Jones at the bat, he appeared again to lose control. Doyle and Bunts, talking in a low voice together at the end of their bench, heard him say, "Hit this—you ladykiller!" whereupon Mr. Doyle was moved to guffaw loudly and shout through his hands: "She's got th' Indian on you, Doctor!" He made a sound as of the warwhoop. And Scull understood.

"Look out, Enoch!" called Bunts. "He's after you."

Enoch obeyed his manager's orders and did not give way from the plate, though the first ball pitched missed his head by an inch.

"Steady! Steady!" cried Manager Nicholls, for a second ball was hurled at the same mark.

The infuriated pitcher made no reply.

"What's coming off?" Players on both teams put the question to one another.

Manager Nicholls was just starting from the bench to yank Scull out when the jealous, maddened twirler wound up with his hide-the-ball motion and turned loose a fast one with such speed and jump to it, and so accurately aimed, that no human eye could have avoided it.

There was not a scream or a groan from Southpaw Jones as the wicked missile struck him fair on the nose. He just dropped like a crushed thing and lay still.

"*Beaned!*"

It was the blare of Big Steve Doyle, taken up presently from stand to stand, bleacher to bleacher:

"*Beaned!*"

While Catcher Doyle, Bunts and others carried the unconscious southpaw to an ambulance, the arena was swept by a tornado of hisses and shouts for revenge. Police drew their clubs, prepared to defend the object of this demonstration; but two of them were holding a young woman who had run out nearly to third base, where she struggled with the bluecoats, imploring them in words the spectators could not hear.

"See that girl—it's the one Enoch and Doc Scull were talking to before the game!"

Realizing her position, Amelia hoisted a parasol and the fans presently saw her

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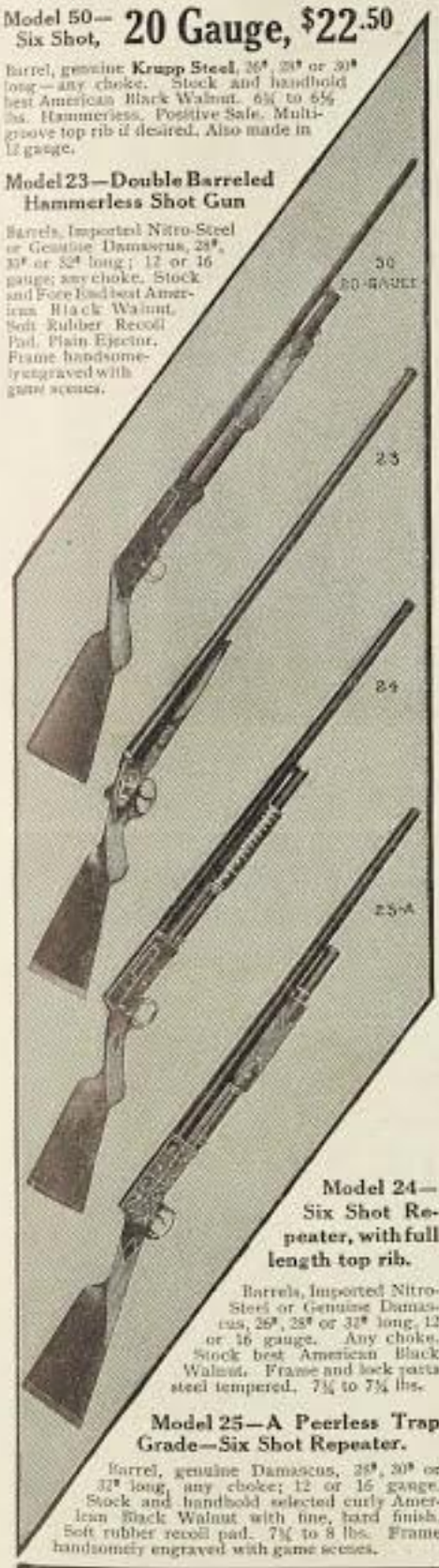
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disappear through a gate near the home bench. She had not been waiting long at the hospital when a taxicab arrived and with it Miss Russell, who had been summoned by Steve Doyle.

"Yes; you can come right up," said a surgeon. "Mr. Jones wants to see you—you're from the—er—beauty parlor?" He smiled.

"Oh, please let me go up too!" begged the other girl. "I'm Miss Wells—Amelia. Hasn't Enoch told you about me? Tell me—tell me, is he terribly hurt?" She seized Miss Russell's hand, her violet eyes alight with fear and love.

"You're the Indian-sign girl!" pronounced Miss Russell scornfully, her lips tightening.

"I don't know what you mean; but take me to Enoch. I can comfort him—indeed I can."

"Yes, I think you can," observed the surgeon, studying her a moment. "There seems to be something on his mind. He's been delirious. What did that charlatan fix his nose with?" He turned to Miss Russell. "Paraffin? I thought so. Well, we can fix him up better than that. The septum is crushed and the cartilages are torn away from the bone. It can be built up now in good shape. Only it ought to have daily attention—pressing it—this way. Which of you ladies'll take the job?" Both were confused.

As they stepped into the hallway an ambulance clattered up, and from the stern of it was lifted the disabled form of Doc Scull.

"What the deuce!" exclaimed the surgeon—"another ballplayer!"

"Some game down there today," answered the attendant when Scull had been helped to the elevator. "He was spiked by Dan Bunts in the eighth—came pretty near being another riot—he's cut half through the bone. Dirty baseball, doctor, I tell you. They say Bunts did it on purpose. He's liable to be suspended for the rest of the season."

When Big Steve, followed by Bunts, reached the hospital he saw Enoch sitting up in a chair and Miss Russell bathing his swollen eyes. There was a screen diagonally set in front of them and at the other end of the room Amelia was bending over Doc Scull, apparently waiting attendance upon him.

Mr. Doyle's gorge rose. He mopped his brow and halted.

"Say, young lady," he spoke forth, "I'm not the kind to roast a woman; but it seems to me that one guy ought to be enough t' put the Indian sign on. You stick to your friend there," jerking his thumb at Scull. "You leave Enoch alone; I'll look after him."

"Why—why, what do you mean? Are you crazy?" Mr. Doyle recoiled from her unexpected wrath. "I just gave that man back a keepsake of his! I told him what a beast I thought him. I told him I was going to marry Enoch as soon as we could get a license—that's what I told him!" Mr. Doyle recoiled still farther. Enoch was on his feet quickly, steady enough for all his battered head. The girl quelled her incipient hysterics with a great effort. "You have suspected me from the first. I felt it. And I—I came to the city just to be near Enoch. I got his address from his family."

Big Steve was a pitiful object, the sweat rolling down his sunburned forehead and cheeks.

"I—I d-didn't know!" he stammered.

"Of course not. What does a man know about women? Was I going to propose to Enoch? He never asked me until now. I'd love him if he had a broken nose or no nose at all!"

With Amelia on one side and Miss Russell on the other, Enoch, in a sort of daze, walked from the room, the two girls talking fast and as sisterly as though they had known each other a lifetime.

Mr. Doyle exhaled one mighty puff and then, his head bowed low, fell in behind, his ponderous flatfooted peg shaking the floor.

Dan Bunts, however, made a detour toward Doc Scull, who now had with him several teammates.

"The bean ball, kiddo—eh?" he jeered. "Well, you beaned yourself out of th' league that time!"

Inclining his athletic body, after the manner of a cakewalker, Dan Bunts crooked one elbow and, stepping high, gave a crude but unmistakable imitation of a wedding march.



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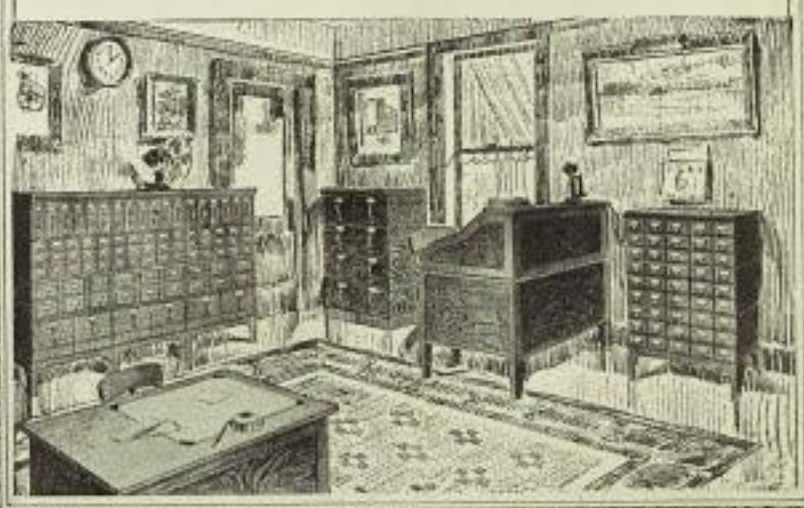
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FOR YOUNG MEN · FALL & WINTER 1911·1912

IT'S because your acquaintances outnumber your intimate friends, Young Men, that appearances beget most of the opinions people form of you. You show the public a few inches of face and five feet or more of clothes. You can't choose your face, but you *can* choose your clothes.

FITFORM Clothes inspire favorable comment from everyone you meet. They command respect and admiration; win you credit for taste and judgment. They've utmost snap, tone, elegance; pattern richness and style dash; distinction, individuality, refinement. They're typical Young Men's clothes and America's standard. Buy and enjoy them.

Write for Style Book, "Young Men's Clothes," and McFall Art Poster; also name of local dealer, if you do not know him

EDERHEIMER, STEIN & CO., CHICAGO.

ON MATRIMONY

By Blanche Goodman

DEY am two kind er folks what kin give you de bes' advice on de subjic' er mat'imony," said Viney to Uncle Peter—"dem what ain't nevah been in hit yit, an' dem what's been in an' done got out. De ones what am in de thick er hit mos' gen'ally keeps dey moufs shet an' lets de others do de talkin'. Leas'ways, dat's what I has always observated."

"How come you speakin' 'bout mat'imony?" asked Uncle Peter as he shifted his position on the steps of the cabin porch.

"Ros'bel an' de preacher gwine to git ma'ied dis fall. Dat's how come," announced Viney.

Uncle Peter looked up in surprise.

"Who tol' you so?"

"Ros'bel tol' me," answered Viney.

"Well," was Uncle Peter's comment, "I knowed dey been keepin' comp'ny long 'nough, but I didn't know dey was imgaged."

"Who say dey's imgaged?" demanded Viney with some asperity.

"Why—why ——" stammered Uncle Peter confusedly. "Ain't you jes' been an' said dat Ros'bel tol' you her an' de preacher gwine to git ma'ied dis fall?"

"Dat's what I said; but dat don't mek 'em imgaged, do hit?"

"Oh!" Uncle Peter leaned back against the post once more.

"Ros'bel was ovah heah yistiddy mawnin'," continued Viney, "axin' my 'pinion 'bout hit. She say dat hit's wuss wuk gittin' de preacher up to de poppin' point dan hit is to mek molasses run fas' in wintertime; but she's boun' fo' hit to happen soon er she'll know de reason why. An' dat's how come her to set nex' fall fo' de weddin'. I has been wonderin' ef she's gittin' hol' er de right pardner—not dat I got anythin' 'gin'st de preacher, but dey's so many divo'cements dese days 'count er folks not bein' affinacies wid each other. Co'se Ros'bel been gwine wid dat man long 'nough to fin' out all 'bout his cha'cter an' ef he's gwine to mek de right kin' er husban'; still, you can't never tell, an' dat's what started me to thinkin' 'bout de subjic'.

"Evah sence de worl' was cr'ated dey ain't nothin' what you can't name dat folks ain't been an' worked some kind er improvediments on, 'cep'n mat'imony. Ef Adam an' Eve tuck a notion to go to town of a Sat'day dey jes' up an' footed hit twel dey got dere. Now'days dey'd take de 'lectric cahs. Ef Eve wanted to tell Cain an' Abel dat her an' de ol' man was comin' ovah to take dinnah wid 'em nex' Thu'sday, dey live so fur away dat she'd have to tell 'em while dey was takin' dinnah wid 'em las' Thu'sday ef she want 'em to make p'eparation fo' 'em. Now'days she'd call 'em up on de 'phome. Dat's de way hit is all 'long de line.

"But, with mat'imony, hit's been diffunt. De gal an' de man what gits ma'ied dis mawnin' ain't no fu'therways 'long in knowin' how dat ma'ige gwine to tu'n out dan Gawge Wash'n'ton was in knowin' 'bout de Newnited States when he sot out in a ship fo' to 'skiver 'em.

"De smahtes' man an' 'ooman in de country kin git j'ined an' have nothin' but de wussest kind er mizry; an', on de other han', de two bigges' fools dat de Lawd evah made kin marry an' git 'long lak a pair er turkey doves. Dat's de queer part of hit all!

"Two folkses kin go 'long wid each other yeah in an' yeah out; an', so long as de man don't have to pay de rent an' groc'ry bills an' de 'ooman don't have to ax him fo' to do hit, dey ain't nevah gwine to find out 'bout each other clean down to de roots. Hit takes livin' undah de same roof an' seein' one anothah wid de comp'ny manners laid off to do dat.

"Cunnel Slocum had a cousin livin' heah befo' Mis' Fanny an' him was ma'ied, by de name er Mis' Clara Winters. She was a fine-lookin' young lady an' eve'ybody thought a heap er her—specially Cap'n Bronson, one er de gen'l'men what b'long in Mis' Clara's set. De mos' er Mis' Clara's time was tuck up tendin' to a imbalid ma—an' a right down cranky one at dat, not wantin' Mis' Clara to go nowheres er have de littles' mite er pleasure. Spite er dat, Cap'n Bronson an' she was sweethearts; an' in 'tween times dey got a chancet to do dey co'tin'. De cap'n was plum' foolish 'bout her an' she 'bout him, but de ol' lady was boun' fo' to keep dem two fum gittin' ma'ied; an' whenevah dey brung up de subjic' to her she'd git into one er her tantrums an' holler dat hit would kill her to give up her daughter—no mattah ef Mis' Clara an' de cap'n promise' her ovah an' ovah agin dat dey'd stay right dere wid her after dey wuz ma'ied. She was so plum' selfish dat she wouldn't give in, but jes' kep' on sayin' dey would kill her ef dey talked 'bout hit. So, tho' dey didn't mention hit no mo', hit was a sort er un'standin' 'tween 'em dat after de ol' lady'd drap off dey'd go 'haid an' ma'y—not dat Mis' Clara was de kind to say a thing lak dat right smack out, but I reckon dat was what dey was bofe thinkin' down in dey hearts, an' hit didn't need no words to spress hit.

"Eve'y Sunday aft'noon Cap'n Bronson'd tu'n in at de Winters' gate; an' he'd have a gre't big bunch er flowers outen his own gyarden fo' Mis' Clara, ef hit was in de summertime. Den, by-an'-by, you'd see dem two come outen de gate—an' a fine-lookin' couple dey was!—an' walk on out to de graveyahd, where dey'd set down under de trees an' he'd read out loud to her fum a book, er else dey'd jes' set 'longside er each othah—not sayin' nothin', but jes' settin' quiet an' peaceful-lak.

"Fo' eighteen yeahs dem two was imgaged. Eve'y yeah folks would say: 'De ol' lady cain't las' twel spring, an' when she goes dem two'll have a weddin'.' But, bless yo' life, hit look lak she was jes' keepin' alive fo' spite to p'vent dat match; an' as de yeahs went on Mis' Clara's hair commence' to git all streaked up wid gray, an' she look wo' out an' thin.

"All things has to come to a en', an' one fine mawnin' de news went roun' dat ol' Mis' Winters had gone thoo de Big Gate. De fus' thing eve'ybody say when dey hearn 'bout hit was: 'Now dem two folks kin git ma'ied!' An' dat's what dey done soon after, tho' Mis' Clara wanted to wait twel de yeah of mo'nin' was ovah; but de cap'n wouldn't hear to hit.

"Now de curious part er de whole business is comin'. Dem two lived together 'bout six monfs, when dey broke up housekeepin'. Cap'n Bronson went back to his bo'din'-house an' Mis' Clara tuck up in de cottage where she lived befo' her ma died. A yeah after, dey got a divo'cement 'count er havin' incapable tempahs—dat's what I hearn Mis' Fanny say was de cause of hit. No one nevah did know jes' egzackly de trouble, 'cause dey was bofe so close-moufed; but ef a bolt er lightning had struck de town, folks couldn't 'a' been mo' sprised when dem two busted up! Heah was a man an' 'ooman what had knowed each othah goin' on twenty yeahs an' wuz imgaged eighteen outen de twenty; an' ef any one had a chancet fo' to find out 'bout de cha'cter of de other dem two suttenly had."

"So fur as I kin mek hit out, dey's on'y one rule fo' to follow in mat'imony," said Uncle Peter.

"What's de rule?" asked Viney.

"Hit's dis: Dat dey ain't no rule!"

Something New

UPON the opening of Congress one December the President had let go an exceptionally long message to that distinguished but palpably bored body. The editor of the New York Sun had decided to print the message in full, and that paper seemed likely to be a crowded and dull affair next morning. Orders had gone out from the night desk to throw away all minor items to make room for the President's forty or fifty thousand words.

The reporter whose job it happened to be that night to write the police news telephoned in by the men covering the various police districts of the city came over to the desk of the night city editor, "Dad" Clarke.

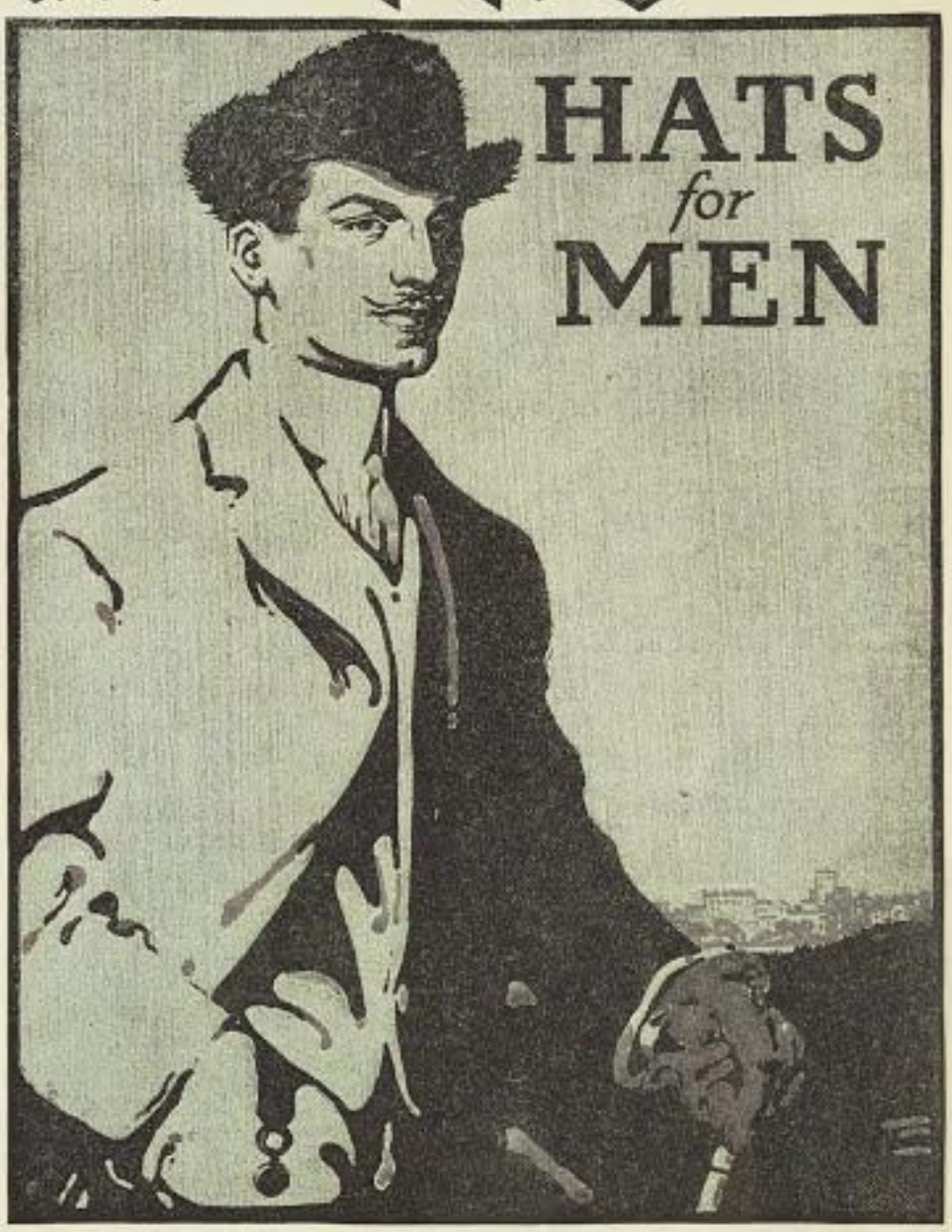
"Mr. Clarke," he said, "do we want the suicide of a steam driller?"

Clarke looked up from the pile of copy on his desk, eager for a novelty.

"Yes, if he did it with the drill," he answered.

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Knapp-Felt



THE roughish surface which fashion favors for Fall wear affords an opportunity for an unusual variety in textures. This has been splendidly realized in Knapp-Felt soft hats.

Varying degrees of roughness in what the C & K Shop calls Tweed, Kilkenny and Brussels textures are made in many shapes, any one of which is proper when becoming, and in colors and mixtures to harmonize with any scheme of dress. The final touch that completes their smartness is the individual swing which the wearer gives.

They are made by hand in hot water. An exclusive feature of soft hats made by this C & K Process is the comfortable feeling on the head, due to the absence of the shellac necessary to hold the shape of those hats which are sandbagged over a wooden mold. The style of a Knapp-Felt is *felted* into the hat.

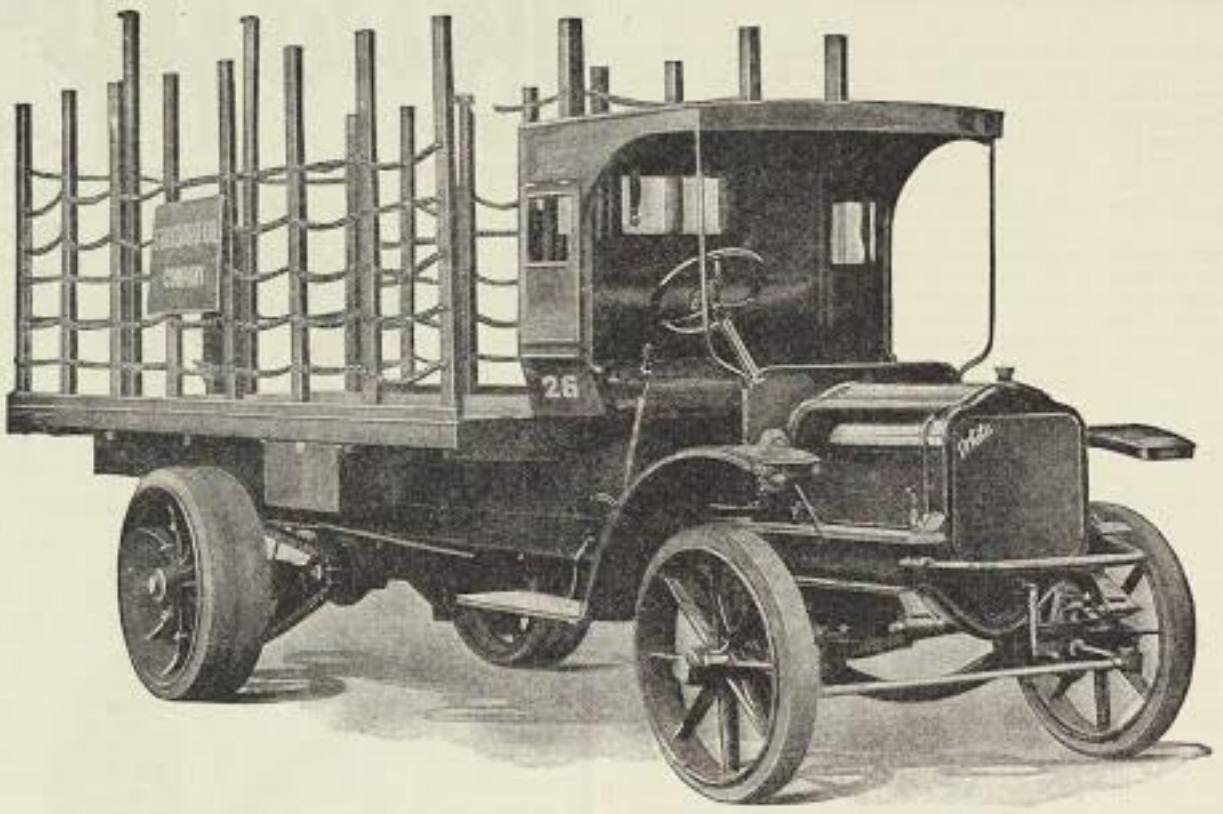
In sunshine or rain, for business, sport, travel, or when a touch of formality is desired, the range of Knapp-Felts affords a proper hat—light weight Venetian Texture, the new rough effects or a smart derby.

Knapp-Felts, soft or stiff, are Four Dollars—Knapp-Felt DeLuxe, Six Dollars—C & K Quality, thoroughly good, Three Dollars—Not sold everywhere—only at the good shops.

Knapp-Felt Hats for Women in mannish tailored shapes which lend themselves readily to the individual touch of the wearer. They conform to the high standard of Knapp-Felt Hats for Men.

Write for THE HATMAN. **The Crofut & Knapp Company, 840 Broadway, New York**

C & K was the first Derby made in America



One of the twenty-odd White trucks owned by The Standard Oil Company

Motor Truck Advantages

THE man or firm that has a better delivery plant has an advantage. It isn't important that it saves money—that it makes a cheaper delivery—although if the right trucks are chosen, under most circumstances, it will be also more economical—but the important thing is, that the superior facilities supplied by motor vehicles gives their owner advantages—it outstrips competition—it serves the customers better. Live business men may no longer dodge the issue—motor trucks are here to stay—it's only a question of who will be first to grasp the opportunity in his line, or his town.

The Advantages of the White Truck

WHEN it comes to buying machines the best machine is cheapest no matter what it costs. Here's where White motor trucks score—everyone has heard about the White gasoline-engine design—how it foreshadowed what is accepted now as the best foreign practice and what is rapidly becoming adopted in this country by the most aggressive manufacturers. Next, each White truck is as well built as the most scientific, modern steel alloys will permit. In addition, every piece of steel is heated-treated to make White trucks as staunch as a truck may be built. The long-stroke engine makes them economical in operation—makes them efficient—the kind you must recognize as having unusual merit. White trucks may be grafted into your delivery plant completely revolutionizing its capacity—giving it vitality without demoralizing your present force. Any bright teamster can drive a White truck, it's so simple.

May we send you a catalogue and testimonials of some of the world's largest car users?

The White Company

889 East 79th Street, Cleveland

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 5)

Mrs. Postlewait's brother-in-law at the end of ten days, why shouldn't Mrs. Postlewait then and there sign a note, payable in a fortnight, for the fourteen hundred and thirty-two dollars that Mr. Postlewait owed Mr. Humphrey?

To Mr. Postlewait also this proposition seemed quite incontrovertible. "Sure! Sure! Glad you mentioned it! I'll do it in a minute!" he declared with the most cordial alacrity, tapping Addison's chest with a busy forefinger. "I'll have Rosy sign the note this very day. She'll do it in a minute. Only yesterday she says to me: 'Moses,' says she, 'you must be sure to pay Addison Humphrey the first thing when that money comes.' See here; you draw up the note right now; draw it up right now. I'll sign it right here and I'll take it home for Rosy to sign tonight. Here you are." He ripped open a drawer, briskly produced a blank note and laid it before Addison, then seized a pen and thrust it into the creditor's right hand. "You bet you're going to get your money, Addison, before anybody else even gets a smell. Yes, sir! Yes, sir!" Energetically bobbing his head Mr. Postlewait seemed scarcely able to restrain his impatience until Addison could fill out the note blank. Without even pausing to read the instrument he took the pen from Addison's fingers and signed with a large flourish; then flung the pen on the desk, clapped Addison heartily on the shoulder and beamed with satisfaction, declaring: "There! It's as good as settled!"

The hardware merchant went out into the street with his heart in quite a little glow of gratitude and affection for Mr. Postlewait. At dinner time he told his wife, with the greatest satisfaction, that Mrs. Postlewait had agreed to sign a note, and as she owned a farm worth eight or ten thousand dollars, clear of incumbrance, undoubtedly Doctor Wilkinson would discount the note. He did not tell her that, being sure of getting fourteen hundred dollars from the Postlewaits, he had felt warranted in ordering a large consignment of asbestos board and in appropriating three hundred dollars to advertise the Humphrey Wooden Oven in some fifteen papers that were published in surrounding towns.

He spent that afternoon carefully composing the advertisements and early next day he left Vale in young Little's runabout for the purpose of visiting the newspaper offices in four or five near-by villages. He thought he would be back by noon. But on the way he found so many people to talk oven to that it was after four o'clock when he reached Bloomingdale, fifteen miles from Vale. There the editor of the Patriot suggested it would be a good idea to have the ovens on exhibition and sale locally, for many people who would purchase if the article were obtainable near at hand might hesitate to drive fifteen miles for it. Addison saw the force of this suggestion and at once looked up Mr. Pearson, the local hardware and implement dealer. Mr. Pearson had heard of the oven, was rather inclined to accept the agency for it, but would like an opportunity to inspect it.

It was after dark when Addison returned to Vale, and he still had so much business to dispatch that he did not get to bed until one o'clock. At six o'clock in the morning he again left for Bloomingdale in young Little's runabout with a sample oven strapped to the rear. Half an hour before, Dan Randall had pulled out of town with a two-horse hayrack loaded with Humphrey ovens. In short, Addison saw that the whole country round about was ripe for ovens and he must immediately establish local agencies in at least a dozen towns. At Bloomingdale fully twenty persons gathered in Pearson's store to view the oven and listen to Addison's explanations. The inventor fetched Mrs. Pearson herself—who protested at every step that she absolutely couldn't appear because her hair wasn't decently combed and she looked a fright—to bake a cake before the crowd. In the intervals of inviting people to feel the oven and see how cool it was outside and how hot inside, Addison was telephoning to arrange for demonstrations in other towns. At Mettawan they had to finish the demonstration by artificial light, and Addison telephoned his wife that, instead of trying to drive home and back again, he would, so to speak, sleep on his arms and continue the campaign early in the morning.

In this way it happened that five days elapsed before Addison again saw Mr. Postlewait. The debtor was then writing a letter, and he let Addison stand at the end of the desk half a minute before he looked up and inquired blandly, "Well, what can I do for you?" quite as though the creditor had probably dropped in to buy a pair of shoes.

"Have you got that note?" Addison asked rather sharply.

"Note?" Mr. Postlewait repeated, his professional smile growing wider, warmer and more personal. "You're a good one! I been looking for you everywhere the last four, five days, Addison. Sit down, sit down. I got something better'n a note, Addison. I got the money for you!" He nodded energetically, opened a drawer, searched in it a while and produced a telegram which he handed to Addison with a little flourish of triumph, saying: "There you are! There you are!"

The telegram was dated Milwaukee, August 7, and was addressed to Mrs. Postlewait and signed Joseph G. Johnson. It read: "Draw on me August 14 for three thousand dollars."

As Addison glanced over the message Mr. Postlewait slapped him on the shoulder and declared, with emotion: "You've stood by me like a brother, Addison! Like a brother! You can bet your bottom dollar I'm glad to pay you up!"

Addison was startled. Not only was he aware that he couldn't pay Doctor Wilkinson fifteen hundred dollars with a telegram signed Joseph G. Johnson, but August 14 was exactly the date when his note at the bank fell due.

"But the note—the note Mrs. Postlewait was going to sign?" he said.

Mr. Postlewait hitched his chair forward confidentially and grasped Addison's thin knee firmly with his right hand. "Rosy would have signed it—signed it in a minute," he said under his breath. "She wanted to sign it; she was anxious to." He nodded his head energetically and then as energetically shook it. "But it wouldn't do. Her lawyer told her it wouldn't do. It would involve Rosy in my debts. I've been unfortunate, Addison; I've had bad luck; I owe a lot of people a lot of money. Some of 'em act as though they thought I wouldn't pay 'em. Rosy's got her little all in that farm. Her lawyer told her if she begins signing notes my creditors will be jumping on her. She might lose her farm. It wouldn't do. And besides, what's the use?" He suddenly straightened back with his widest smile and tapped the telegram in Addison's inert hand. "Here's the money! The money itself, you see—on the fourteenth."

"But I've got to meet a payment on the thirteenth," said Addison with a slight blush.

"Oh, a day won't make any difference! No difference at all!" Mr. Postlewait assured him genially. "People will always wait one day. And you got three days of grace anyway. The law gives you that. Of course, if you'd like the money earlier Rosy will just telegraph her brother-in-law. She'll draw on him the thirteenth—the twelfth, if you say so. Or, see here, Addison"—he bent forward again, briskly tapping the inventor's breast—"I'll show you how to get your money right off, tomorrow, today, any time you like! That farm of Rosy's, you know; it's one of the finest farms in the state. You just get her a buyer for it; get her a buyer for it—fifteen thousand dollars cash. You can take out the money that's due you then—and a thousand dollars commission besides. There you are! You get what I owe you and a thousand dollars cash besides! Why, you see, Addison," he concluded, as though the money were visibly offering itself to the inventor from all directions at once, "you couldn't miss getting that money by the fourteenth, or the thirteenth—not if you was to go blow your head off you couldn't miss getting it!"

The prospect was by no means so clear to Addison, but he felt completely baffled and helpless. Mr. Postlewait presented a problem that he couldn't work. He left the scene of the stupendous clearance sale in a confused and gloomy state of mind. But at the hardware store he found a telephone message from Pearson at Bloomingdale, ordering four more ovens; a letter from the agent at Mettawan, saying the ladies were



America's National Style Show
Begins
September 11th

The greatest event of the season—interest is at fever heat—both the young man and the merchant await the week when the fall and winter authoritative fashions in clothes will be dictated.

This is a National event—it affects and vitally interests every live young fellow in all America.

THE L SYSTEM
College and High School Week
Sept. 11th to 16th, inclusive

Every "L" System store in the entire country will have an opportunity to show what America's most authoritative garments can do in distinguishing the young fellow—to show the superb tailoring, the exclusive fabrics and the almost unlimited selection afforded the live young dresser looking for clothes possessing a distinctive "difference."

This will be a great occasion—don't miss it. Go to the "L" System merchant's in your town no matter what else you do.

Send 2 cents for Style Magazine; 24 cents for set of Posters in Colors

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS
Style Originators
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$2,500 in Prizes

To Learn the Effects of Oatmeal

Every year we spend large sums of money to gather facts about oatmeal. We visit thousands of homes which breed the wan and anemic, and thousands which breed the red-cheeked and the strong.

We canvass physicians, food experts and scientists. We talk with those who teach the underfed. All to show others, in some indelible way, how vital is the need for oats.

Now, in the same cause, we ask letters from people who have seen the effects of oats. We seek actual examples of what has been done, largely through oatmeal diet. No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when impressive and valuable, will be carried to millions of people.

To garner these facts we offer these prizes. We shall pay them for letters which our judges regard as most helpful to people in general.

For the 5 best letters,	$100 each	$500.00
For the 10 next best,	50 each	500.00
For the 20 next best,	25 each	500.00
For the 50 next best,	10 each	500.00
For the 100 next best,	5 each	500.00
185 separate prizes, totaling		$2,500.00

The contest will close December 1, 1911. Soon after that date the names of the winners will be sent to every contestant. And the 185 people whose letters win prizes will each be sent our check.

Facts Now Known

Oats contain more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus, more lecithin than any other grain that grows.

Protein is the body-builder, the endurance food. Woodsmen, for instance, who are fed scientifically, are now largely fed on oats.

Phosphorus is the brain's main constituent. Brain workers and students need an abundance of it. Nine-tenths of all college professors regularly eat oatmeal. And seven-eighths of the homes among the highly intelligent supply it to growing children.

Lecithin is the main component of the nerves and nervous system.

So for body, brain and nerves—all three—no other cereal can compare with oats.

The Energy Food

As energy food oatmeal is pre-eminent. To "feel one's oats" always signifies vigor. With people as with horses, oats give vim and vitality. An extract of oats is now employed as a tonic.

Two world-famous scientists seem to have proved that oatmeal wards off age, by feeding the thyroid gland. Experiments on animals seem to prove that care of this gland can vastly lessen one's apparent age.

The love of oatmeal, which is almost universal, also shows the need for oats. It is the call of Nature for the elements required.

Facts Now Wanted

We now want facts and incidents which illustrate these effects. We want examples showing how children thrive on oats. We want reports on how oatmeal has multiplied vitality. We want letters from people whom oatmeal has kept young. From food experts and scientists we ask new facts about oats. We shall award the prizes for the facts and reports most valuable to others.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

Quaker Oats

The worth of oatmeal depends on the quality of oats. Its taste depends on the mode of preparation. The oats used in Quaker Oats are selected by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds from a bushel—just the rich, plump, luscious grains. When these choice grains are prepared by our process they form the finest oat food in existence. Yet it costs but one-half cent per dish.

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO

(220)

quite enthusiastic about the ovens; and one from the agent at Lurton, reporting three sales the day before and inquiring whether it would be safe to promise delivery of a dozen ovens that week. Naturally this restored the inventor's equanimity. The ovens were going better every day. Doctor Wilkinson or any sane man must see that the patent alone was worth twenty times all his liabilities. To suppose that a man who possessed that source of wealth would have any trouble in paying his debts was nonsense.

It is true that every morning he awoke with a little qualm and sinking of the heart—which he artfully concealed from his wife—for every morning brought the fourteenth one day nearer. But didn't it also bring nearer the day of payment from the Postlewaits? Didn't it bring increased assurance of the oven's worth? So, by the time he entered the hardware store and plunged into the business of the oven he was quite happy again; and by noon he was usually bubbling and sizzling with enthusiasm.

The qualm and the sinking on the morning of the thirteenth were rather more acute, for on that day he would put Mr. Postlewait to a final test. With a heart that beat faster and a mind that foreboded, in spite of himself, he entered his debtor's establishment. But Mr. Postlewait was out; the clerk said he wouldn't be back for an hour or so. Addison received the news actually with relief, as though it respited him from a trying ordeal. He had found Mr. Postlewait so baffling, in fact, that he shrank from contact with him. The debtor's absence also left him free to think about ovens. He was going rapidly up Main Street, his eyes fixed vacantly on the hot flagging, with a vague smile upon his lips, and had already passed Bane's feed store, when he was aware of an obstacle in the way and stopped abruptly, looking up.

The obstacle proved to be Joshua Reimer, who was standing squarely in the middle of the sidewalk. The lawyer's hickory shirt was unbuttoned at the neck; in his right hand he carried, with a kind of tenderness, his white cuffs and standing collar, and upon his left arm he carried his coat. A low-crowned, broad-brimmed felt hat sat upon his large head and he was looking down at the young man gravely. Addison was so confused that he colored slightly—partly because he knew the lawyer had been watching him come up the street in a moony trance.

"You ought to go to pot, Addison," said the lawyer soberly, "and I guess you will. But your wife oughtn't to. Postlewait's got a man on the string who's going to buy that farm for ten thousand dollars cash. He expects to close the deal tomorrow, and if he does that's the last you'll ever see of Moses or Rosy or your money." So saying, Mr. Reimer turned and ponderously ascended the steps to his office, leaving Addison paralyzed.

After a moment the inventor's thin legs automatically got themselves into motion and carried him to the hardware store. As though a curtain had raised he now saw clearly that Postlewait wouldn't pay him a cent; that he had collected all his best and easiest accounts and put the money into ovens; that Doctor Wilkinson had declared positively he would not extend the note a day beyond the fourteenth, unless half of it was then paid. For the first time in a month he couldn't think of ovens. He spent a thoroughly miserable hour pacing up and down the front of his store, with his eyes fixed upon the First National Bank building up the street. At five minutes to nine he saw the wiry little figure of Doctor Wilkinson mincing briskly down the street and entering the bank. He waited fifteen dismal minutes more, then drew a long breath and repaired to the bank.

Doctor Wilkinson was no longer a practicing physician. If he had been he would have been called "Doc." For many years he had been president of the First National Bank and Vale's leading capitalist. He was a prim little old gentleman. His neatly trimmed white side-whiskers and precise black bow tie seemed just to match the old-fashioned black walnut table, in the prim little bank parlor, at which he sat listening to Addison. He had a large, intellectual-looking forehead and a small mouth that he was always pursing in doubt or disapproval.

Addison explained what a treasure he possessed in the wooden oven; but as he looked across at Doctor Wilkinson's neat side-whiskers and pursed mouth his soul was mysteriously full of fear.

Hooking his eyeglasses over his thumb and laying the tips of his thumbs and fingers precisely together Doctor Wilkinson proceeded to cross-examine. He wanted to know just how much cash Addison had realized from his ovens; exactly how much better his balance sheet was than it had been a month before. Under his dry, calm, pitiless questioning the unhappy inventor confusedly acknowledged that the oven had not only absorbed all the money he could lay his hands on, but had got him deeper into the quagmire of debt than he was before. To a mere rule-of-thumb view, in short, the balance sheet was decidedly worse than it had been.

Doctor Wilkinson took the rule-of-thumb view. "I see," he said very dryly, and gently cleared his throat. "I will consult your wishes, Addison, as far as my duty to the bank permits. That is, I will permit you to make a voluntary assignment if you prefer that to an attachment. But, understand this very clearly, Addison"—he put the tip of his forefinger upon the table—"unless you lay down fifteen hundred dollars in cash right here by four o'clock tomorrow I shall wind you up. Four o'clock tomorrow afternoon; fifteen hundred dollars in cash, remember," he repeated, not at all unkindly, but rather as though he were impressing some simple fact upon a child.

Leaving the bank Addison felt dazed. He didn't have a hundred dollars to his name, and he had collected all his easy accounts. With a leaden heart and lagging feet, and eyes that stared blankly into space, he mechanically found his way back to the hardware store. He wouldn't have cared so much about himself, he thought, but it would be bitter for Carrie. And there was the son. The father's heavy heart quaked at that thought, and he felt much as though he had deliberately put arsenic in the son's dinner.

Lute Morrow was at the front of the store, and as Addison came in he said, in a confidential aside: "Tomlinson's back there waiting for you." Tomlinson was commercial traveler for a Detroit hardware house. It was likely, however, that his present business looked rather more to the collection of an overdue account than to the selling of goods.

The statement made only a vague impression upon Addison's profoundly agitated mind. There was the son—beggared, stripped of his heritage, thrown naked upon the world at the tender age of twelve months! With this unbearable thought in mind Addison drifted vacantly toward the rear of the store. And, of a sudden, so to speak, he blew up; his uncontainable emotions exploded; he took fire. Before he reached the rear of the store where Tomlinson awaited him he was in a perfect blaze of rage against Postlewait. He would have strangled Postlewait on the spot with joy. This combustion seemed abruptly to light up dark corners of his mind and to release springs of action that he had hardly dreamed were there. He had scarcely finished shaking hands with Mr. Tomlinson before novel, unexpected thoughts were shaping themselves in his brain.

For example, he was impressed, as never before, with Mr. Tomlinson's appearance—a tall, erect, spare man of middle age, very well dressed, with a rather dry manner and a lean, smooth-shaven face. In fact it struck him at once that Mr. Tomlinson looked like money, and he greeted him with: "You're just the man I want to see. Sit down."

Forty minutes later he entered Mr. Postlewait's establishment rapidly, like a man with important business in hand, and he hooked his arm through the proprietor's before the proprietor could extend that courtesy to him. Leading Mr. Postlewait briskly to the rear of the store, Addison plunged into his business:

"I've got a purchaser for your farm; fifteen thousand dollars cash. He's a Detroit man retired from business. He's got a lot of money and that farm of yours happened just to strike his eye. A few thousand dollars more or less on the price don't make any difference to him if he gets what he wants; but we ought to close the thing up right away because a couple of real-estate agents here have got track of him and may show him something cheaper that he likes just as well. I've got him up in Reimer's office."

Thus explaining, at a high nervous tension, Addison fairly swept the proprietor out of the back door and on down the street toward the Postlewait home, where they

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could pick up Mrs. Postlewait and repair immediately to the lawyer's office to close the deal.

Energetically discoursing, Addison walked with long, rapid strides that forced stumpy, bandy-legged Mr. Postlewait into a dog trot. Mr. Postlewait trotted with eagerness, however, his mind divided between astonishment and exultation. It sounded almost incredible, but they were going at once to Mr. Reimer's office to close the deal, and the purchase price was to be paid in cash. There was some delay at the house, for Mrs. Postlewait—as Addison, lingering on the porch, overheard—insisted upon changing her waist and putting on her wig. The waist was bright red and the wig some thirty years too young for the grizzled hair that showed very plainly under its edges. It was not that, but the delay, however, that annoyed Addison. It was an additional annoyance that Mrs. Postlewait's ample flesh and scant breath precluded rapid locomotion. He had indeed one or two moments of sickening apprehension lest she should dissolve before they reached Main Street and got up the stairs.

Mr. Reimer was waiting for them; also an erect, spare, well-dressed, middle-aged gentleman who looked so much like money that Mr. Postlewait's heart gave an exultant leap. The preliminaries were few. Mr. Tomlinson wished to buy; Mrs. Postlewait wished to sell. Nothing remained but to draw up the deed and pay the money.

Mr. Tomlinson deliberately produced from his inside breast pocket a very handsome little wallet.

"Is the abstract of title brought down to date?" he inquired as he adjusted his eyeglasses and searched calmly among the contents of the wallet.

Mr. Postlewait explained eagerly that the abstract could be brought down to date in a very short time.

"Of course," Mr. Tomlinson stipulated, "there must be a clear title. I shall leave that to Mr. Reimer." By that time he had found the paper that he sought, and drew it forth—a crisp, neatly folded paper like a bank draft. "I will pay five thousand dollars down," he explained quite incidentally, laying the paper face down upon the table and reaching for a pen. "The other ten thousand I will telegraph from Detroit tomorrow, provided Mr. Reimer wires me the title is clear." Having written his indorsement across the back of the draft he handed it to Mr. Reimer.

The lawyer carefully examined the face of the instrument, looked at the indorsement and handed it back to Mr. Tomlinson, saying: "We will deposit the money and the deed at the bank. You can wire the other ten thousand there. The bank will then turn over the money to Mrs. Postlewait and give me the deed to put on record for you."

The lawyer took up the pen, which Mr. Tomlinson had relinquished, and began deliberately drawing up the deed. While he was thus occupied the sellers engaged the buyer in friendly conversation. Beaming and nodding, each instantly confirming and strengthening every statement of the other, they congratulated him upon the bargain he was getting, extolled the beauties of rural life in general and of that farm in particular. Mr. Tomlinson replied with a dry, distant courtesy which confirmed their opinion that he was rich.

At length the deed was completed. Mrs. Postlewait, with a polite apology for her poor hand, took up the pen and laboriously signed upon the line indicated by Mr. Reimer; her husband dashed off his signature on the line below, and they both held up their right hands while Mr. Reimer solemnly inquired whether they acknowledged this to be their free act and deed. Mr. Reimer himself then signed as notary public and affixed his seal. "And now," he said, arising, "we will go down to the bank."

"Just a minute," Addison interrupted with a friendly air. "I want to say a word to Mr. Postlewait, and to Mrs. Postlewait too."

The sellers felt this was excessively ill-mannered and annoying, but they followed Addison to the inner room, he closing the door behind them.

"Now I want this all shipshape," he said. "You're to pay me what you owe me out of this money. You just give me a note right now for fourteen hundred and thirty-two dollars, payable tomorrow. We'll deposit the note with the deed and the draft at the bank and tell Doctor Wilkinson he's to take out the money to pay the note when the deal is closed."



The Story of My Model Kitchen

[BY A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE]

Note:—This is the first of a series of articles on "Model Kitchens." The next will be a story by an experienced housekeeper.

WHEN I was married I wanted a model kitchen. I had it all planned in my mind's eye. But it was out of the question to attempt to build. We hadn't enough money.

So I had to begin housekeeping with an old-fashioned kitchen that was not in any respect ideal.



A kitchen that was not in any respect ideal

I used to think I should die of fatigue in that treadmill of a kitchen. I took millions of steps to and from the pantry, the table, and the cupboard.

One day the line, "Saves Miles of Steps" caught my eye. The article told how to arrange a kitchen around the Hoosier Cabinet.

The very next week I saw the Hoosier sign in a furniture store window, and went in.

The big aluminum-covered table which slides in and out of the Hoosier was what appealed to me first. My table had really been the center of all my kitchen difficulties. It was always cluttered and crowded when I began working, and always some distance from everything I wanted.

The Hoosier not only gave me a big new table in less space than my old table but it also gave me a place for all my tools and supplies within arm's reach. You never saw anything like it.

When I found I could pay for it in a few weeks at a dollar a week, I bought it. (As a matter of fact I found afterward it saved me enough supplies to nearly equal the payment each week.)

I moved out my old table, put the cupboard in its place and put the Hoosier in the corner where the cupboard had been.

With this arrangement my whole plan of kitchen work changed.

My pantry off in the corner became obsolete. I used to go in and out of it a score of times daily. Now I scarcely open the door once. I found I did not need the cupboard, so I sold it. My Hoosier Cabinet took the place of these things. I saved a dozen trips or more every day to the cellar. And the new plan put my stove and sink almost within arm's length. The kitchen seemed almost too good to be true.



I can sit down in front of my Hoosier table in comfort

You will notice in the little picture of my kitchen how I now keep my spices in the little glass jars that come already fitted into the shelf on the left cupboard door.

The sugar I have at my finger tips in an ingenious dust-proof bin.

My little blue bowls and my kitchen dishes, cups and saucers, as well as my package goods, cereals, extracts, etc., I keep in the big cupboard at the top of the cabinet. It's surprising how much that cupboard holds.

Then there is a large metal bread and cake box in the bottom and drawers for my dish cloths, towels, spoons and cutlery. It is really the most complete thing I ever saw for the kitchen. I am fairly in love with it.

I have a place for pans and kettles and lids—in fact all of my kitchen tools.

I even have a cunning little clock-faced want list on the door in front of the flour bin. All I have to do is turn the hands around to the things I want to remember to order.



When I want flour I merely turn the crank

The flour bin is almost a wizard. It would be hard to estimate how many miles of steps it has saved me. The bin holds more than 65 pounds. It is all metal with a sliding glass front and is dust-proof, so my flour keeps in perfect condition. When I want flour I merely turn the crank underneath the hopper until I get all I want—without a bit of waste or a single step.

Better, even, than all these things though, I can sit down in front of my Hoosier table and work in absolute comfort. I am no longer bothered with the size of my kitchen. My Hoosier *is* my kitchen. Everything I need is in it. When I want to bake I get through in half the time. It takes much less time to prepare a meal. Everything is in front of me. I scarcely take a step. Each day I save at least an hour and sometimes two. And my Hoosier has paid for itself long ago in actual saving.

A fascinating little book entitled "Saving Miles of Steps," has been printed by the Hoosier Company, 19 Sidney St., New Castle, Ind. It tells a lot of homely truths that women like you and me ought to think about. You won't wonder that 400,000 already use the Hoosier Cabinet when you read this book. It is illustrated in colors. You will find it well worth reading. It is free. Send for it.

A Young Housewife

The *Hoosier* makes the Model Kitchen

Three thousand furniture dealers who believe as we do, in many sales and small profits, display the License Sign shown below. They are good men to know.

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Do You Know the Taste of Clover Leaves?

Fourteen varieties of biscuit goodies in our

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Packed so carefully and daintily in tin that they remain absolutely fresh and delicate. Also for sale by the pound at your grocers.

Sunshine Specialties

Clover Leaves make ice-cream taste better than it ought. Two thin, crisp wafers with cool, rich cream between.

All of the fourteen kinds we send are different and better than anything you ever tasted—dainty finger biscuits that add delight to afternoon tea, wafer sticks with crisp walls and creamy centers, chocolate cream biscuits that are as delicious as they sound, dessert wafers slightly gingered to leave a pleasant taste after a hearty dinner—and others as distinctive as they are good to eat.

Made only in sunshine bakeries—the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows." They have *all* the goodness that can be baked into biscuits.

If you prefer, we will send you our Sunshine Taste-Box, containing six varieties, free. Send us also the name of your grocer, for you will always want Sunshine Biscuits after trying them.

The Sunshine Revelation-Box sent you free for 10 cents in stamps or coin to pay postage and packing. Write today

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500 STYLES

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This again was ill-mannered and annoying, but they could not say it was in the least unreasonable. Addison made out the note, therefore, and both of them signed it. Addison obligingly leaned over and blotted their signatures; then picked up the note and read it like a prudent man.

"All right; that's perfectly satisfactory," he said; "but I'll just ask Mr. Reimer to witness your signatures." So saying, note in hand, he stepped to the door, opened the door, passed to the next room and closed the door after him.

Mr. and Mrs. Postlewait felt this was most ill-mannered of all. In fact, they glanced uneasily at each other. As the seconds passed they again glanced uneasily at each other, and at the end of a minute Mr. Postlewait arose resolutely, stepped to the door and threw it open.

Mr. Reimer was sitting at the window, his feet upon the sill, gazing placidly up the street. Otherwise the room was empty.

"Where are they?" Mr. Postlewait exclaimed excitedly. "Where's the man? Where's Addison?"

"I wouldn't wonder if Addison had gone down to the bank," Mr. Reimer replied calmly. "I don't know where the other man went."

"The bank?" Mr. Postlewait gasped, and ran to the front door. But it was locked. "Where's the key? Open this door! Where's the key? Open it, I tell you!" he cried, frantically shaking the doorknob.

"I wouldn't wonder if Addison had mislaid the key," said the lawyer, looking absently up the street.

Mrs. Postlewait, having got her breath and her bearings, then lifted her voice in reproach and lamentation. For some time the office resounded with their clamor.

"And you call yourself a lawyer!" gasped Mrs. Postlewait, flourishing a large, flabby fist in Mr. Reimer's impassive face.

Mr. Postlewait was on the other side of Mr. Reimer, acting as though he were trying to waltz but couldn't remember the steps.

"Is there any law about this? Heh? Is there any law about this?" he shouted.

Mr. Reimer deliberately looked up at him and gravely plucked his chin whisker. "There is no law at all about it," he replied. "We are sitting today in equity. You tried to swindle Addison out of what you owed him. You're expecting to swindle a lot of other people. I haven't any particular interest in them, but I can get interested if you insist upon it." He paused and consulted his ponderous silver watch. "I reckon Addison has discounted your note at the bank by this time, and you'll have the note to pay. If you want to go to law, Moses, I'll go with you and stay until the cows come home. But my advice would be to hunt up that other fellow and sell your farm, and dig out before you get a raft of creditors on your back. I guess you'll find the key to the front door under that big calendar. Your deed is there on the table. You may as well tear it up."

. . . . . .

"Yes," Addison repeated to his wife for the third time at supper that evening, "I've got all Postlewait owed me, every cent, and I've paid Doctor Wilkinson fifteen hundred dollars and we're on Easy Street now."

"I didn't believe you'd ever get that money from Postlewait, Addy; you're so credulous and easy-going," said Mrs. Humphrey.

Addison glanced at his plate in some embarrassment and replied: "I suppose I never could have collected it at law, but I got him at equity."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Will Payne. The second will appear next week.

Too Near Home

A LITTLE bank in the South blew up one day and a bank examiner came down to look it over.

As he was working he noticed an old negro walking back and forth in front of the bank, stopping each trip to look anxiously at the door. The examiner finally went out and asked: "What's the matter with you?"

"Boss," the negro replied, "I done had fo'ty-eight dollahs in dat bank."

"Oh, well, you mustn't worry. Banks fail frequently, you know. It is nothing unusual. We'll make an examination and you'll get all that is coming to you. Didn't you ever hear of a bank blowing up before?"

"Yes, sir, I done hear tell of it. But, boss, this yer is de fust time I evah had one blow up right in mah face."



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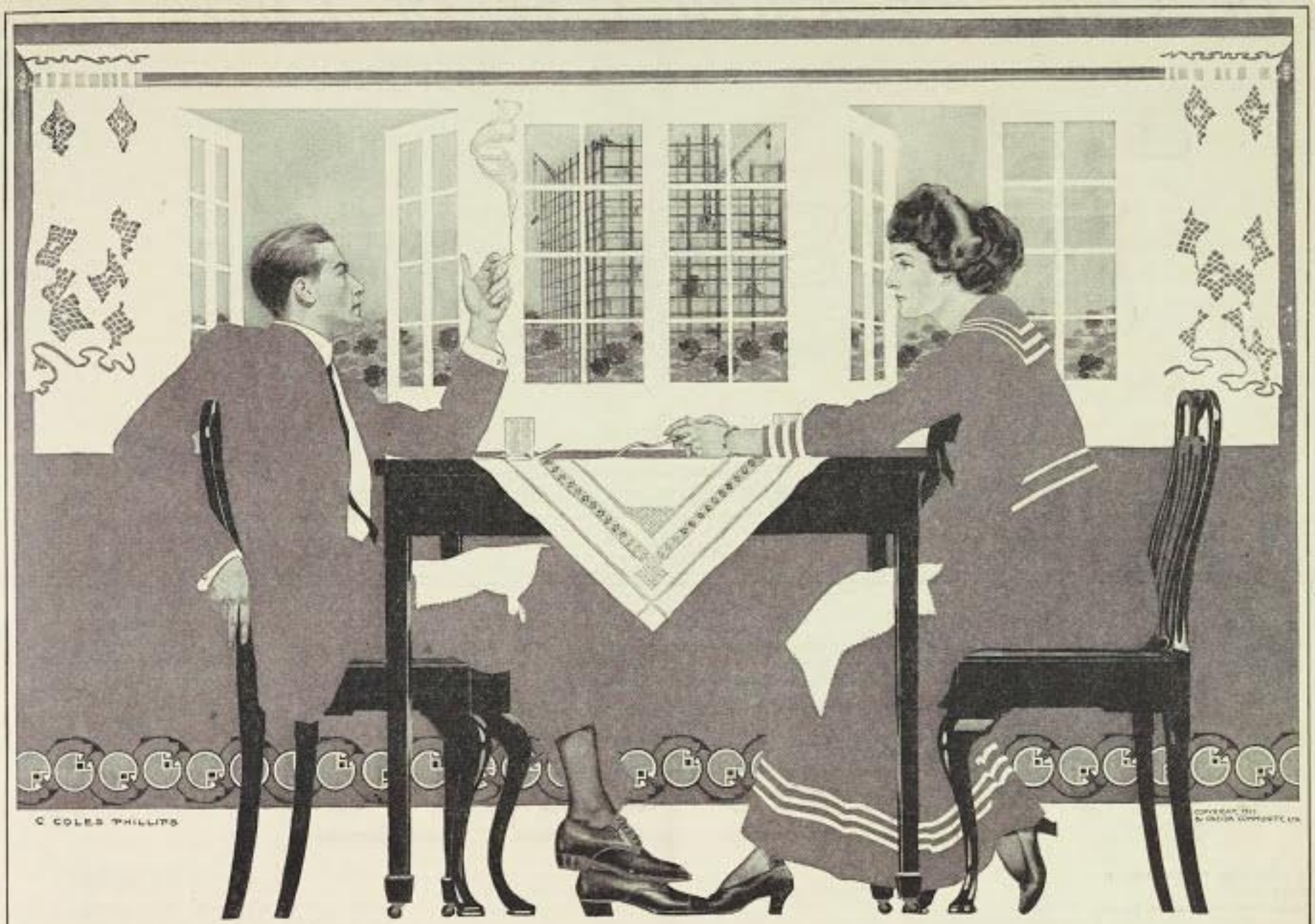
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"Saw Cousin Bobs yesterday."

"Did you? Where?"

"Oh, he was toddling up Fifth Avenue. He had a box, and I said 'Hello,' thinking it might be candy."

"Nice work, Nan! Was it?"

"No; he'd been buying silverware. Got some just like ours."

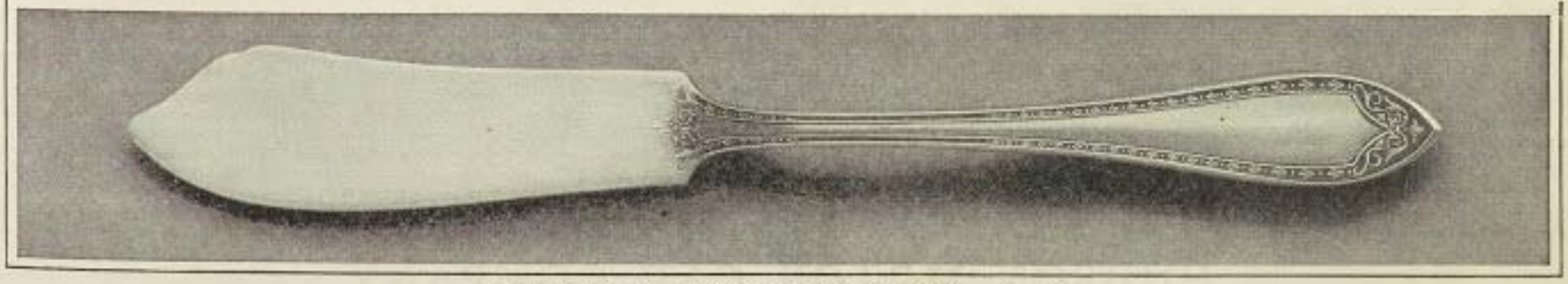
"Say, we'd better keep quiet about our silver or this whole block will be a 'Community' community."

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is of such exquisite design, speaking such quiet elegance, that when you see it, you will at once perceive the atmosphere with which it graces a dining table. Refined living depends upon these niceties rather than on ostentatious luxuries, and "our kind of people" realize it.

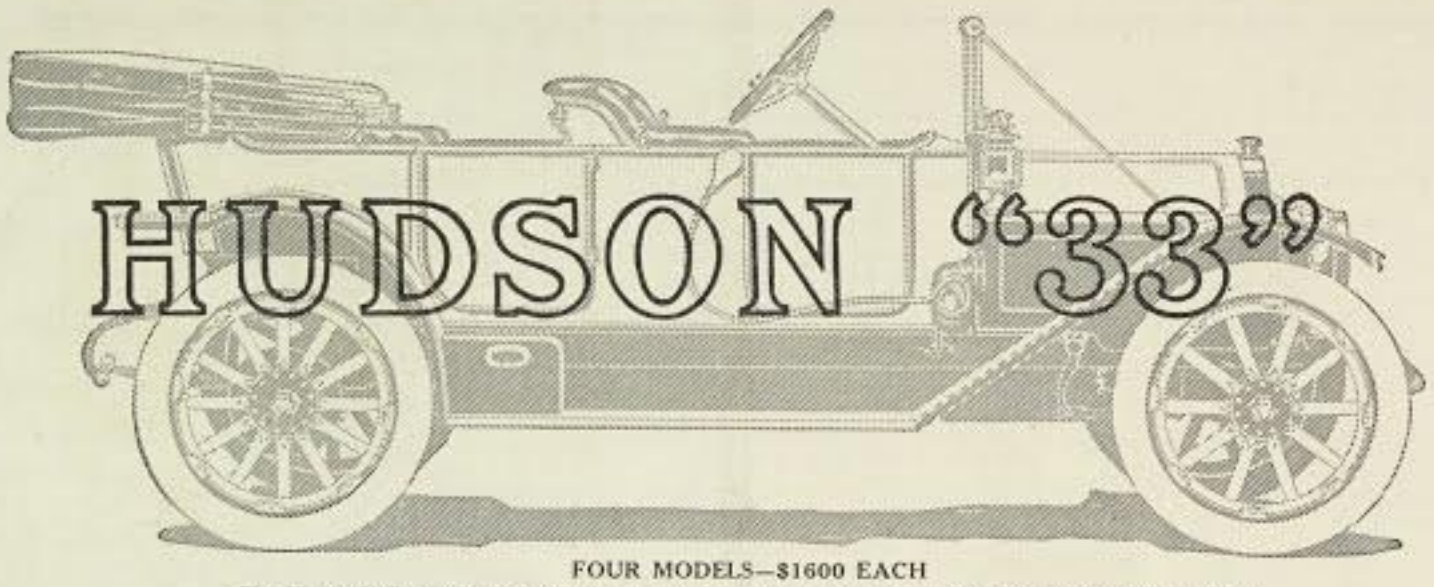
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FOUR MODELS—$1600 EACH

The HUDSON "33" is furnished in four models: A Touring Car, a Torpedo, a Torpedo Roadster, and the *Mile-a-Minute* Roadster. All models except the last named have closed bodies, genuine mohair top and wind shield. Demountable Rims, extra rim, tire irons, 34 x 4-inch tires, highest grade black enameled lamps, Bosch magneto, Prest-O-Lite tank, tools, etc.

The *Mile-a-Minute* car has storm apron and 100-mile-an-hour Warner Auto-meter. Both Roadsters have luggage box on rear, around which extra inflated tire can be carried.

Examine Our Rival's Car, Too

We urge you to examine other cars as well as the HUDSON "33."

It would not be ethical to reprint here a page from a rival's catalog which illustrates the motor and chassis of his car. Yet if we should do that it would show a convincing reason why you should choose the simple, accessible HUDSON "33."

If you can't find it convenient to personally examine many cars, get catalogs and compare the illustrations. Lay the cuts of the motors side by side and note the greater simplicity of the "33" as compared with others.

There is not a jumble of rods, wires, exposed mechanism and other mechanical obstructions that are difficult to understand and that collect dust and render vital parts inaccessible. You don't need to be an automobile expert to see this. Now look at the HUDSON "33." It presents no such confusion. All rods are out of the way. All moving parts are protected so that dust will never reach them. There is no part of the motor or other portion of the car that is not easily accessible.

The HUDSON "33" has some 900 fewer parts than are used on the average car.

This is but one example of its greater simplicity. By comparing with other cars or with the illustrations in the catalogs you can easily check off the many other features of advancement that are exclusive with the HUDSON "33."

The Dollar Value of Simplicity

You immediately recognize that in eliminating these 900 parts we can put the money thus saved into bettering the quality of the parts that are used. That is why experts do not compare the HUDSON "33" with other cars selling within its price range—between $1400 and $2000—but with cars which sell above $2500.

We have developed factory economy to as high a state as has any manufacturer. Our volume in the number of cars produced is among the largest. We know that in these directions it is impossible to bring price down and quality up in the same degree as shown in the "33."

The only way it can be accomplished is just as it has been in this case—by eliminating the number of parts used.

No other automobile is so simple as the HUDSON "33"; therefore, we say, no other car of such quality can be sold under $2500.

What It Means in Repair Charges

Most repair expense is for the time required to remove the obstructions that interfere with the free access to the part needing attention and for the replacing of those rods and wires and other things after the repair has been made. At 60 cents an hour—the minimum charge for such service—you can understand what this means when four or five hours must be consumed in removing and in replacing parts in order to make an adjustment that, were it not for the intricacy of the car, could be made in a few minutes. You save all such expense and annoyance if you own a HUDSON "33." It is accessible in every detail.

The Dust Proof Idea

Dust and sand cut the finest bearings. No amount of wear is so destructive. Note what provision has been made in other cars for protecting moving parts and then look at these details on the HUDSON "33." HUDSON valves are enclosed. Dust never gets into their mechanism. Thus they do not become noisy. Every moving part is fully protected and that means long service. It means a greater operating economy.

Greater Value This Year Than Last

Experience with thousands of cars, in addition to establishing the correctness of design and sufficiency of materials, has shown us how to add to comfort, simplicity and value.

It has given practice to our workmen with the result that they do their work more skillfully. This means quieter operation and longer service for the car.

In the matter of tires, for instance—the most costly single item entering into the operation of an automobile—we have in the 1912 model assured greater economy.

Last year we furnished 34 x 3½-inch tires, a size tire makers say is large enough for a car of the weight of the HUDSON "33." This year, to assure longer service, we are using 34 x 4-inch tires.

To reduce all annoyance of delays and work on the road, the "33" is this year furnished with Demountable Rims. Fear of punctures need no longer concern you, for a ready-inflated tire can be substituted so easily that a woman can make the change in five minutes.

Wider, deeper and softer seats with higher backs are furnished. The springs are a trifle longer and therefore more flexible. In hundreds of little things we have added a touch of simplicity and of elegance that increases greatly the unequaled value you obtain in the HUDSON "33."

Control levers are located inside and are operated by the right hand, yet do not interfere with the driver's knees, which is a common fault with most cars that have inside controls.

Equipment is Included

Last year we quoted the car stripped, selling the top, magneto, and Prest-O-Lite tank as extras at $150. This year these things with the Demountable Rims, larger tires, heavier, larger lamps, etc., are listed with the car. With the same equipment as is this year furnished regularly, to say nothing of the much greater value of this year's model, the 1911 car cost $1630.

All 1912 models sell at $1600.

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You can see, however, by a mere glance, that a better quality of equipment is furnished than you ordinarily find on cars selling under $2500. The lamps are the same as are used on one of the highest priced American cars. The upholstering is carefully selected. The paint is of the highest quality. All the details that contribute to convenience, long inexpensive service are there. We have a perfected system of carburetion by which greater mileage is secured from each gallon of gasoline. The larger tires assure lower operating cost.

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If you don't know the dealer nearest you, write for his address and for portfolio in colors of models, details, etc.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7126 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

97

TAKI'S CAREER

(Concluded from Page 9)

"You did? That was why Ingeborg was crying? You didn't suffer alone?"

"No, madame. Iggleho suffer along me—she good gyarl. I always make suffer along me."

"What were you suffering about yesterday?"

"Madame, I have bad luck—me. I have nice foonra'—first big nice foonra' I get. I want to do nice, that foonra'. Then I do all careful—so careful, madame; so pretty, like party. I think I make great name, dat foonra'—get more foonra'—make money—marry Iggleho soon quick. So I got all things nice and many carriage—twenty carriage—go four mile in country to cemeter'. The carriage go slow and all peop' look at nice foonra'. It take more one hour to go dat cemeter'. We get gate, and when we get inside big gate of cemeter' I find I forget bring dat corp'!"

Taki's face was as masklike as ever, but the glittering eyes were swimming and tears were running down his olive cheeks.

"S'pose I get nerv'," Taki explained resignedly, wiping a tear or two. "I got go back four mile get that corp'—peop' get mad! I suffer."

I didn't laugh. Nobody could. "I'm so sorry, Taki," I said, and comforted him with platitudes. And I wondered, as I thought of the tale, if Taki's career really lay along the lines he and Georgy had selected.

The career, however, was thrown into the background by a family event—the first of May and Aunt Anna arrived hand in hand. Aunt Anna was a large maiden lady, shapeless, impressive, talkative, mischiefmaking, rich. She was entirely up to date. She smoked, she consumed cocktails, she ate heavy, rich meals against her doctor's orders. She had a finished, flattering and frivolous address which attracted the unwary, and she mostly managed to do some damage before the unwary waked up. She had collected many jewels, but little affection. I shouldered her manfully and gave lunches and teas for her; and other people did, too, for she was always a prominent person. And between times I took long rides to get the world simplified and cleared.

On a day, May seventeenth, I cantered slowly through the post, coming in from a ride alone—and Marion Wilder came out from her house and stopped me. I was surprised, for Marion had been offish lately—I couldn't tell why, but suspected Aunt Anna's manipulations. I drew my horse up and saw she looked troubled.

"Anything wrong, Marion?"

She went red and stared at me in a queer way.

"Yes; I thought—I thought I'd just give you a hint before—you got home. It's—so sudden—to get home."

"Marion! For Heaven's sake! What is it?" Then an awful chill struck me. "Not Dan?"

"Oh, no! It's your aunt! She's been taken ill."

I am ashamed to say I sighed with relief.

"Thank you, old girl." I put out my hand. "It was good of you. I'll get there quickly." But Marion held my fingers.

"You didn't say I caught cold hanging out of my window waiting for Captain Nelson to pass, did you?"

"I did not," I fired at her. "Did that old ——" I forgot she was ill. "But I never said it and never would on earth—or in eternity."

Marion gave me a long-distance pat, for the mouse was backing off. "Good!—you're a brick, Cissy! Hurry along home. I'll be over to see if I can help."

Poor Aunt Anna had eaten one heavy meal and taken one cocktail too many. Two days later, on Wednesday, she died. Thursday Dan came in to lunch after a morning of hard and gruesome "arrangements," for Aunt Anna was to be sent back to be laid with her forebears, the Phelps family, in the East—and it was complicated.

"Cissy"—he began at his third chop—"you've got to subdue Sakisuki Takiuchi. Major Williams died yesterday and Taki's got that job too—and his joy is indecent. He thinks he's solemn, but he's perfectly radiant—you talk to him."

I did, and managed to soften the glitter and glow of his manner to limits.

"Two large nice foonra', madame! Me, I got be glad. I not glad peop' die—no; oh, no—that too bad; but if they got die I like bury 'em. That nice. Yes, madame, I try act like I sorry like you say. I try look like I suffer. But I glad inside me." Such was the result of my few remarks.

Thursday afternoon we had a short service and afterward everything was given into Taki's charge; and the little man was shivering with nervous anxiety to do his very best. Dan wore a queer, strained grin—not mirthful—as the short procession drove from our door.

"If there isn't a case of Japanese brain fever in town, then excitement won't do it. The major's body is down at his place also, you know. It's a good deal for him to manage, and he feels it."

That night Dan went down to the 8:20 train East and helped Taki send away with all possible reverence what he chose to call "Captain's foonra'." Dan reported him bursting with vainglory over two such functions and most anxious to give details of the last sad rites of the major yet to come—but there Dan drew a line.

Two days later, as I sat at my window, I saw the long, soldierly procession file solemnly past; the officers in uniform, my Dan big and stately among them; the hearse; the major's horse, with the empty cavalry boots hung top-down from the saddle. Then I saw peering out at our house from the last carriage a little, dark, expressionless face, its black eyes glittering under the silk top hat—the master of ceremonies, Sakisuki Takiuchi, trying to "look like he suffer."

That afternoon late I heard Dan's latchkey in the door and instantly his step on the stair. The sound of that step arrested my needle in midair. Something was wrong; there was an unaccustomed hurry and agitation in Dan's step—and with that he was at the door. One gets to interpret a man's face in a general way pretty truthfully when one sees it every day for years, but this look was beyond me. There was a mixture of horror and laughter which defied any rough-and-ready theory.

"What is it, Dan?" I threw at him. And promptly he threw at me a yellow paper with a few words on it—a telegram. I read it. "Dan!—Dan!" I gasped; and even in that moment I was conscious that I had caught just his mixture—horror and laughter. In a second I had my arms round his neck and was hiding my face from my own feelings, whatever they were—and they were a very sad jumble. Dan was shaking like a reed in the wind—I have never asked him the psychology of that shakiness.

After a while I sat down. Then I cried a little. Then I gasped: "Oh, Dan!" Then: "What are we going to do?" I picked up the telegram. "Why, we've got to do something quick! It's an awful situation! What can we do?"

Dan considered. "Only one thing." He caught up his hat. "I'll go and send a telegram." And he was gone before I had come to enough to ask a question.

In twenty minutes he was back and then I had my question ready before he got inside the door.

"What did you say? What did you say, Dan?" I demanded in italics.

Dan fished a scrawled bit of paper out of his pocket. "I kept a copy. I knew you'd want to know the words"—and I snatched the scrawl. At the window, by the light of the darkening day, I read it. It ran thus:

"Bury the major!" Dan had telegraphed to the Phelpses—"Bury the major as quietly as possible! Aunt Anna buried this morning, with full military honors!"



X-Ray the Leak *in a* Pen

X-RAY a regular fountain pen sitting point up in a vest pocket. What will you see? At the top a feed tube full of ink; in the middle a space of air; and at the bottom a deep pool of ink.

X-ray what happens when the heat of the body warms the pen in your pocket and causes the air in the middle to expand like any heated gas. What will you see? The ink in the feed tube ascending to the pen point and oozing out, smearing the writing end of the pen, and the writer's fingers when he takes off the cap and commences to write.

X-ray a Parker Fountain Pen the instant it is turned point up. You see the ink in the feed tube running down instead of up—down into the pool of ink below. Why? Because the Parker feed tube is curved at the bottom end—curved over against the wall of the barrel. The end of this curved feed tube touches the wall and that touching causes a suction that sucks all the ink out of the tube—sucks it out of the way before the warm air ascends.

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The Knight, the Lady and the Fludge

(Concluded from Page 12)



As Cut Eleven Plainly Shows

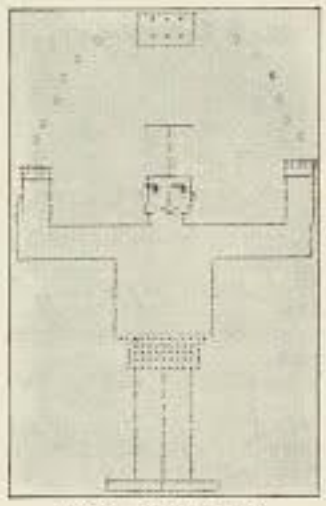
"Maid, from the grandstand quickly budge—
Come, leap upon the fleeting Fludge!"
Quick, with a cry that outward rang,
The lovers on the Fludge upsprang.
"Get up!" cried she.
"Gid ap!" cried he.
And with a snort of fludgely glee
The noble creature leapt and went
Right through the fragile canvas tent.
Upon his spine they sat at ease
As comfort-able as you please—
From this the inference is plain
That Love's oblivious to pain.
Belike a maddened shooting star,
Or like a racing motor car,
The monster sped with all his soul—
While Panzi, on a bamboo pole,
A bunch of tempting grapes held out,
An inch before the Fludge's snout,
Which made the beast—see Figure Ten—
Bust all the speed laws there and then.

CHAPTER V

You think, no doubt, they dodged the Turk
And wedded at Saint George's kirk?
Oh, well; you're right! That's what they did.
The bell was rung,
The service sung,
And Pleasure to the feast was bid!
And now let's leave the bride and groom
And gloat upon Kazoo's fell doom;
For tragedies are seldom tame,
But weddings—well, they're all the same.

CHAPTER VI

When Giles and Panzi ran away
Proud Prince Kazoo turned pink, then gray,
Exclaimed: "I never in my life!
King Alkali, say, where's my wife?"



As Per Figure Nine

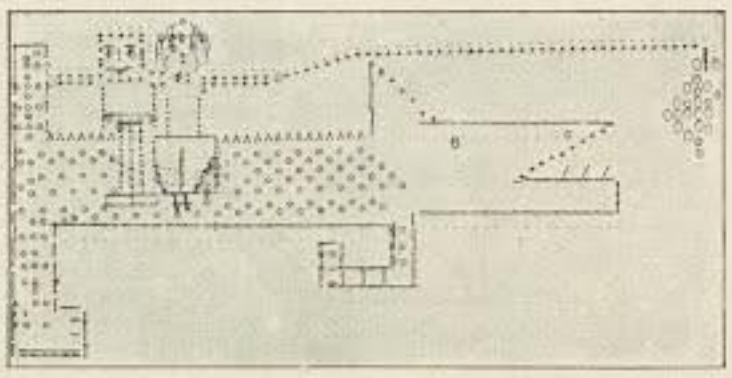
So, as was quite the proper way
In that unkind but stirring day,
Their armies met upon the plain
And fought it out with might and main.
The Alkaloids for three long weeks
The brave Kazoolians smote in streaks,
Till Dooli's men with trusty bows
Compelled the foe to turn their toes—
As Cut Eleven plainly shows.

So Sultan Dooli Alkali
Dragged poor Kazoo extremely high
And shoved him off. (I haven't time
To draw the details of the crime.
Just turn to Figure Six, my friend,
And call it "Prince Kazoo's Mad End."
For though that drop-off scarcely made
A scratch on stout De Marmalade,
It squashed the dudish, weak Kazoo—
Which shows the moral plainly true:
That Guy retains the Best Position
Who keeps in Physical Condition.)

EPILOGUE

When this Romance was completed and the illustrations done,
Dotty Dean, enwrapped in visions, by her desk serenely sat,
Dreaming that her Knight in armor
Would arrive—resistless charmer!—
Burst the door, release and wed her—for, of course, they all did that!

Hark! A pair of martial footsteps came aclanking down the hall.
"Enter, Knight!" the maid commanded—but the Janitor instead
Picked the lock 'midst conversation
Of a Swedish derivation.
"Say, I tank you best git out vile I mak' sveep-up har!" he said.



See Figure Ten

Why the Dinosaurs Lost Out

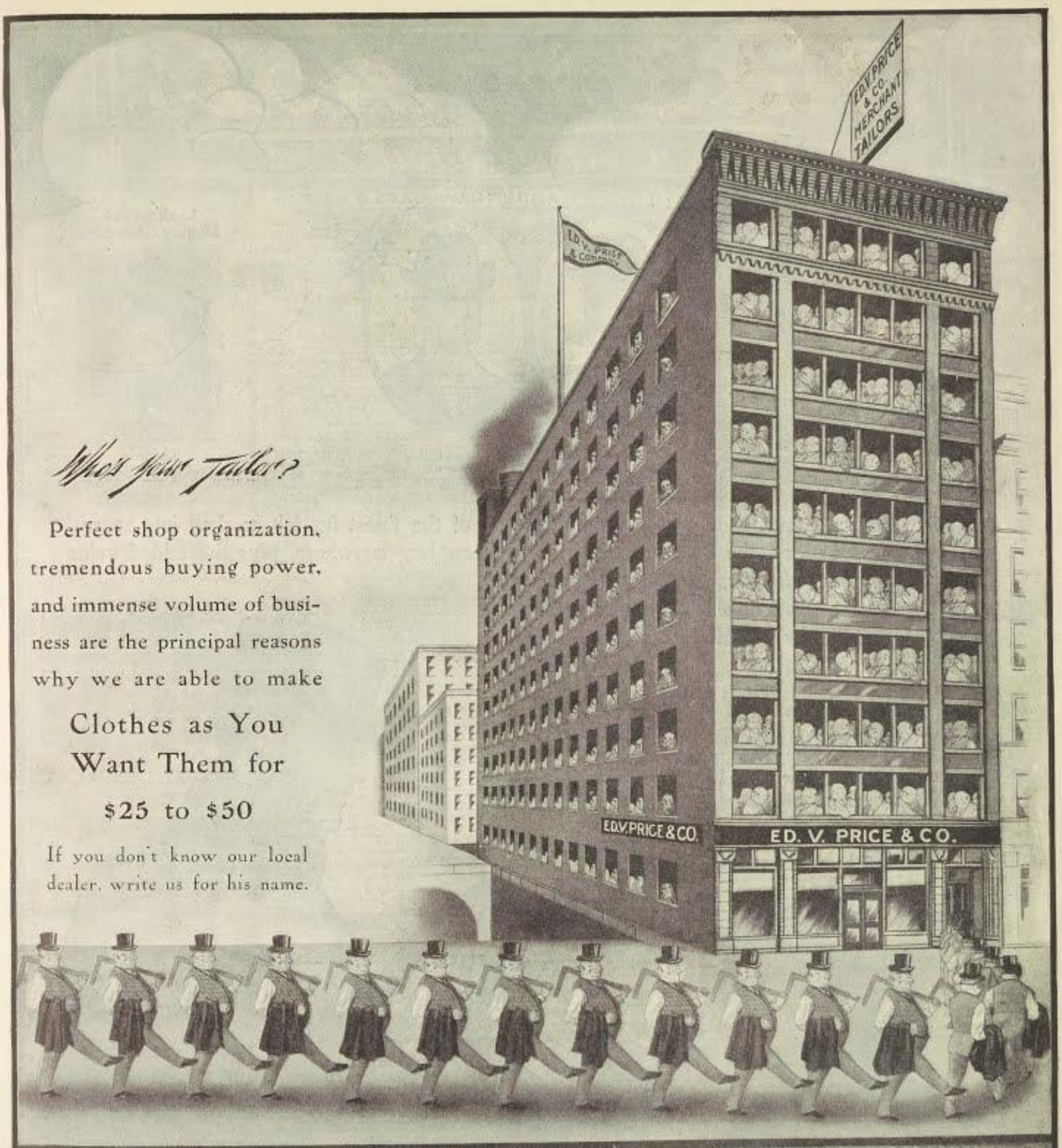
LEAPING lightsomely backward over thirty million years of intervening time, one beholds, on the sandy shore of the Laramie Sea—in what is now Wyoming—a female dinosaur, sixty-seven feet long and weighing about thirty-eight tons, composing herself to the duty of laying an egg.

Once laid, the egg is left to be hatched by the sun. It is about the size of a beer-keg; and the shell is soft, like that of a turtle's egg, but exceedingly tough, resembling parchment in texture and not less than two-thirds of an inch thick.

In the course of a few days this egg may reasonably be expected to hatch, liberating a beautiful, lizardlike creature, perhaps four feet in length, active and graceful in its movements, sleek of skin, and as "cunning" in its babyish play as any kitten. From the first day of its life it is able to take care of itself, finding along the shore a plentiful supply of the succulent plants that are its natural food.

But, alas! there is another possibility in the case. The huge egg, lying defenseless on the shore, is attacked in the night by one of those small gnawing mammals which already—though the Age of Reptiles is not yet on the wane—have made their appearance on the earth and are becoming more and more numerous. Ah, woe! The fluid "insides" run out; the parchment skin collapses—and the embryo dinosaur, already half-developed, perishes.

This word-picture is intended merely to illustrate a theory that has been suggested to account for the sudden and total disappearance of the great order of dinosaurs.



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OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Concluded from Page 27)

As a humanitarian, I think this very fine; as a patriotic American, I regret that our brothers in Canada are getting much the best of us in this basic solution of the problem of human life and human efficiency. For the Canadians are carrying this work right to the people. Never forget that for a moment. Or, to be more accurate, they are inducing the people to do this work for themselves. Of course the entire population of Canada is less than eight million souls, and it is incalculably easier for the Canadian conservation and education commissions to do the work I have described than it would be for them to do it among ninety millions.

The best way for you to realize what these Canadians are doing—the certain and farreaching results of their work—is to imagine what would have been the result if we Americans had begun with precisely this method at the time our Constitution was adopted, and had continued it every day, letting it develop as our population grew and our boundaries spread. By now, had this been done, we should have in this Republic at least two hundred thousand illustration farms. Each farm would have been a living object-lesson, a vital moving picture, for every farm within the radius of its influence. Each owner of these illustration farms would be a systematic student and a teacher of his fellows.

Apply the same thing to technical and industrial training—or, rather, the method of it. Where would our education have been today had this been done? The point is that the Canadians are beginning this basic work with human life and character itself, with the actual farms and shops and schools, at a time when the number of their people and the condition of their resources are exactly where ours were a hundred and twenty years ago. It is plain, is it not, what that means in the growth of character, in the perfection of human efficiency, in the building of a sound and vigorous nation?

Models for Americans

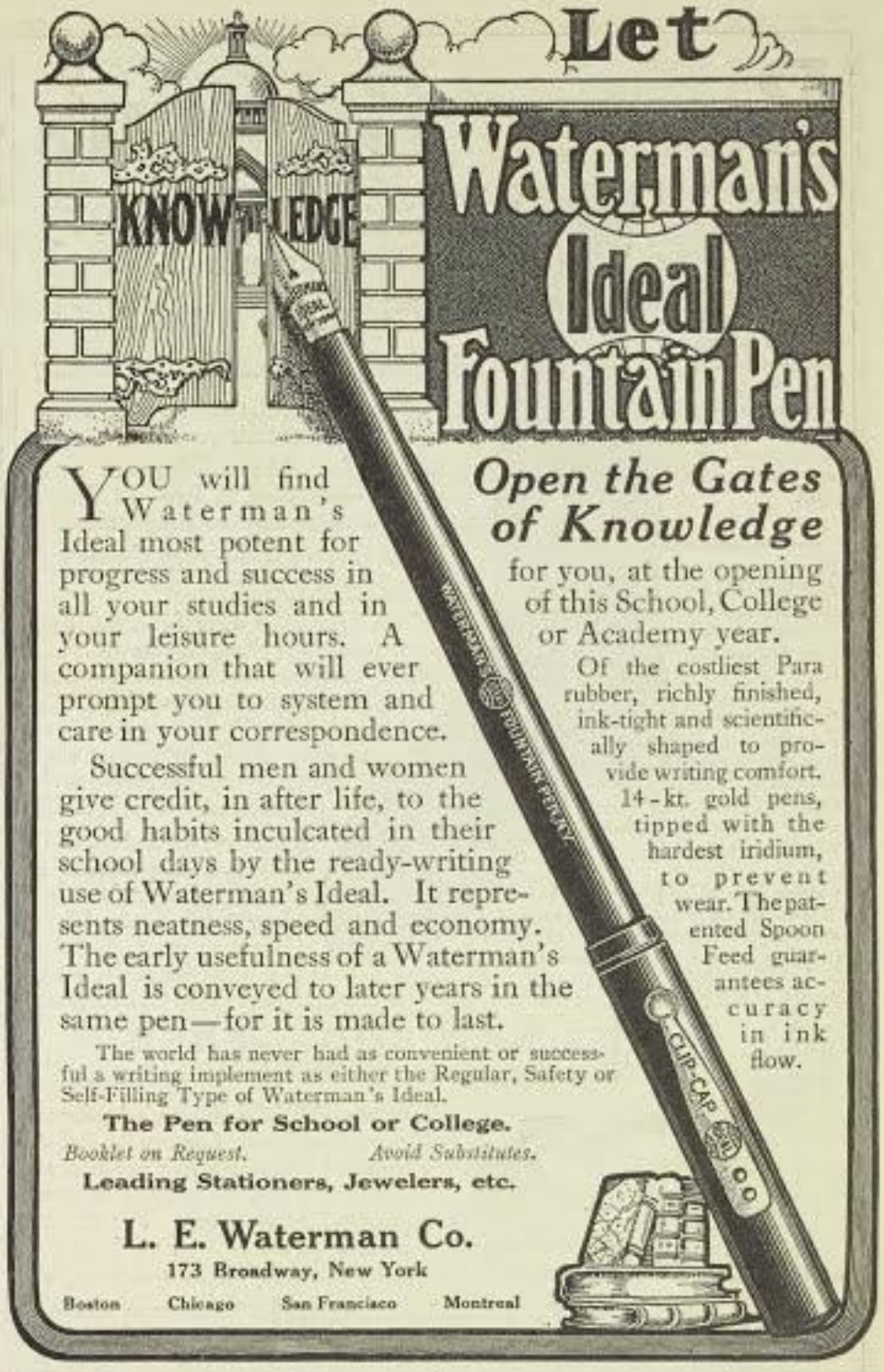
Of course, in many things I have touched upon, our own Agricultural Department has done much more than the Canadian one; but the point is that the Canadian conservationist is going personally to Canadian citizens. He is developing a systematic method. It may be too much of a task for us to undertake as a nation, but I do not think so. Why should not we have the same kind of work done throughout the Republic in a uniform way that today is being done with such striking results by these Canadians? At least all will concede that each of our states can do this work within its own boundaries.

I am wondering whether all this will mean a useful suggestion to our own people. The Canadians, in the matter of conservation and education, are doing with us precisely what the Germans did with us in the matter of the tariff. The Germans, under Bismarck, adopted our protective policy and then improved upon that policy by a tariff commission and other devices, so as to make German tariff methods quite the most perfect and profitably practical in the world. And now we are steadily taking up these German improvements on our own methods and making these improvements our own, when, as a matter of fact, we ourselves should have made these improvements in the first place.

Just so we Americans started the Canadians in the great conservation movement; and are not they doing in conservation and education precisely what the Germans did in the tariff?

At least, let us not be behind them. Why should not we help our farming people, merely by giving them the facts through object-lessons, to know what is best for them? Why should not we train our youth as the Canadians are training their youth, to get the most out of life, not by the preachments of some theoretical educator, but by developing practical and useful educational methods from the accumulated experience of fathers and mothers now living, who state in their plain way what they wish had been done for them and what they would like to have done for their children?

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Beveridge on Canada. The sixth and last will appear in an early number.



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Of the finest silky sheer finish and fine, smooth weave throughout, they are the handsomest—and at the same time—most serviceable known to the hosiery world. Every thread of yarn is the best possible to procure. Made by highest class operators on most improved modern machines in a daylight mill

If you have the slightest difficulty in finding **Genuine Buster Brown's Hosiery** (with Trade Mark Guarantee on each pair) send the size and color wanted, with $1.00, and we will send you Four Pairs, postpaid. Write to Mill direct

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Buster, Mary Jane and Tige—36 pages in colors



The most delightful children's book we have ever published. Contains laughable comics and relates amusing experiences of this famous trio. Charmingly written and splendidly illustrated. The edition is limited. Write at once enclosing 4c in stamps to cover cost of postage and wrapping and copy will be sent promptly

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250 Styles

Ask for "Esterbrook's," and you get the best pens—easiest writing, longest wearing.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.



The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
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Eastwood Play Shoe

For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Every Sport

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Doesn't show scratches. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good.

Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½, *delivered*	$3.25
Boys' Sizes, 1 to 5, "	3.75
Men's Sizes, 5½ to 11, "	4.25

Play Shoe folder or general catalogue on request.

Wm. Eastwood & Son Co. 703 Main Street Rochester, N. Y.

The Home of Good Shoemaking

ANDREWS THERMOSTAT ONLY $20



KEEPS all rooms at even temperature by automatically opening and closing dampers on boiler or furnace. Soon pays for itself in fuel saved. Absolutely accurate and so durable that it is

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THE TRADE WE ARE SCOLDED ABOUT

(Concluded from Page 21)

suspicion as talking Cantonese to a San Francisco laundryman, for swindlers had been active in seeking export agencies and commonly disappeared when they got hold of a trunkful of samples.

When they were finally able to take a steamer for the Orient they had less than sixty dollars in cash between them, and carried a lot of real "cats and dogs" in the way of goods—cheap jewelry, plated ware and trinkets. The only agency upon which they could hope to build enduring business was that obtained from a good watch-manufacturing concern.

In Honolulu, though, they stayed over between steamers and sold enough of their cats and dogs to earn fifteen hundred dollars in commissions. This money reached them weeks later in Japan. It was a great day when the draft arrived and was cashed; but since then they have never lacked means.

When they got to Shanghai they went round among the importing houses, which were all conducted by Europeans. Samples were shown and the importer would call in his *schroff*, or native salesman. The importers themselves either spoke no Chinese or dealt entirely with native merchants through the *schroff*. The latter was instantly against the new American goods because he saw that it would be more difficult to sell them than the European goods already familiar to the trade. So the Americans went directly to the native merchants themselves; and their knowledge of Chinese was sufficient for getting on.

Naturally it was uphill work at first. The Chinese merchant could get long credit and immediate deliveries from the European import houses; but if he bought American goods it was necessary to pay cash and wait until they arrived from the United States. The American prices were higher, too, because quality was better than that of the cheap European stuff sold to meet long credits.

They used salesmanship, however. A native merchant sold two hundred dozen spoons every year. His customers took only that number. Which would he rather do, they asked—sell cheap German spoons at a profit of ten cents a dozen or sell good-quality American spoons at a dollar profit? Did he want to make two hundred dollars a year on his spoon trade or was he content with twenty dollars?

In time this work began to tell; and today, after fifteen years in the Orient, "the Irishman and the Jew" handle a large yearly trade as agents for American manufacturers, selling everything, from watches to wireless outfits. They cover not only China and Japan but a large part of India, and purchase precious stones and other native products for the American market in addition to their business in manufactured goods. The whole essence of their success has been their ability to deal directly with the native trade, raising the quality of goods and the volume of sales by teaching oriental merchants better methods and saving them the commissions they had been paying to the native middlemen, who came between them and the old-style import houses. They cut out distance.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will be printed in an early issue.

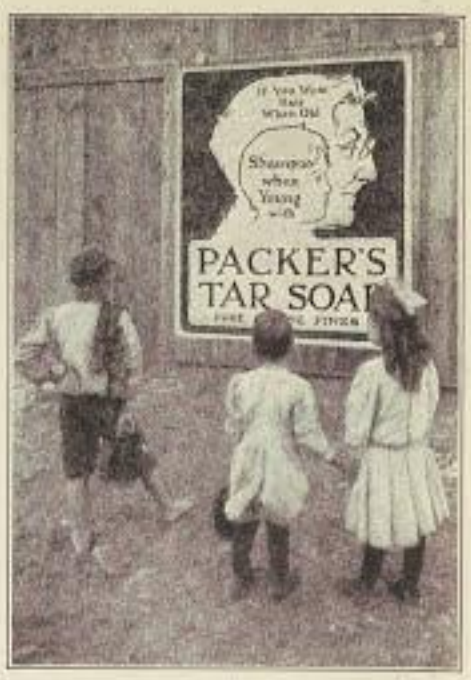
A Big Contract

ONE of the favorite diversions of the regulars in Yellowstone Park is to bet on the date the snow will disappear from the top of Bunsen Peak. Usually the snow goes away about July thirteenth or fourteenth.

This year, on the night of July thirteenth, there was a patch that looked about as big as a bedsheet. One of the regulars who had bet the snow would be gone by July fourteenth looked at the weather prediction for the next day on the night of the thirteenth and found the weather man guessed: "Cloudy." He was ruined unless that snow disappeared.

So that night he hired two men, packed some shovels on a packhorse and started for the top of the peak. The snow must disappear. After a laborious climb he got to the patch of snow at two A. M.

It was a drift three feet deep, two hundred feet long and a hundred feet wide!



Systematic shampooing is necessary to the continued health of the hair and scalp.

What Shampooing Is

But shampooing is not simply washing the hair. It is the manipulation of the scalp with the *right* shampooing agent.

What to Shampoo With

The *right* shampooing agent is Packer's Tar Soap—and *has* been for forty years. In it pure pine-tar is combined with other hygienic and cleansing ingredients adapted especially to the needs of the scalp.

Packer's Tar Soap

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Send 10c, silver or stamps, and we will mail you a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap; also our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

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Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

***Cleans* the teeth**
Cleans *all* the teeth
Cleans them *thoroughly*
"A clean tooth never decays"



The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gets around every tooth—between all the teeth, both back and front alike—thoroughly cleansing every crevice. Its curved handle gives direct access to every part of the mouth—the long end tufts reach every tooth in the head.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic is fully guaranteed—if defective we will replace it. Each is sterilized and in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. Rigid or flexible handle.

Our interesting booklet—"Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth"—is yours for the asking, send for it.

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Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes.

25c
35c
40c

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We want ambitious, resourceful salesmen to sell **Fredericksen Advertising Art Calendars.** Our line is legally Do Less and is recognized as one of the best in the Country. For the coming season we have surpassed all previous efforts.

If you have successfully sold any legitimate line, have confidence in your own ability and a determination to better your condition, and desire to become permanently established,

WRITE US AT ONCE.

THE FREDERICKSEN CO., 839 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



10¢ FOR SAFETY

Glue is the Only Sticker that Holds

Why Use a Make-Shift Substitute?

Every address label put on without glue, every file copy stuck together without glue, every invoice put in the scrap book without glue is a needless risk. Why use the make-shift substitute when the real thing is as cheap and convenient—when glue that holds can be used without waste, without mussiness?

LEPAGE'S GLUE

Should be in the handy cabinet of every home—against that day when "Dolly" sheds her hair, "Dobbin" cracks his head; or you, by some one's unlucky move, lose your favorite vase. In the meantime you'll find it mighty handy in keeping your house in order—putting covers back on books, glueing down the loose veneer, fixing drawers that pull apart—there's a hundred or more ways it will help you.

LEPAGE'S Glue is now put up in two convenient and economical forms:

The pin-sealing tube (see picture above) is the most quickly used adhesive made. Pull out the pin, and you can apply a little or a lot of glue in a twinkling. If you want to use a tiny drop, spread with the point of the pin. Put the pin back in place, and no drying up can occur.

The new metal spreader (see picture above) that comes with every bottle acts like a butter knife—lays on much or little glue in a perfectly even film, exactly where you want it—not over everything nearby. It is vastly more convenient and lasting than a brush. The air-tight cap prevents all drying up, and there is no bad smell.

These two new devices—the tube and the spreader—have made LEPAGE'S Glue the only adhesive that should be used.

You need LEPAGE'S Glue on your desk as much as you need ink, and in your home as much as string.

Cut out the coupon before you forget and give it as a reminder to your purchasing agent or office boy.

Send for "Glueism," Our Free Book

It will tell you a hundred practical and money-saving uses of glue.

Russia Cement Company, We manufacture Glues (Hard or Liquid) in Bulk for All Industrial Purposes. **28 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.**

LIBRARY SLIPS WITH EVERY BOTTLE AND TUBE



MEMO.

Get_____Tubes LePage's Glue at 10c

Get_____Bottles LePage's Glue at 10c

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Department Stores
Drug Stores
Groceries and
Hardware Stores

All Sell LePage's Glue

A man is known by the company he keeps; a merchant by his merchandise.

Reliable dealers everywhere are proud to be identified with these well-known brands as representing all that is best in Hosiery and Underwear requirements—*Comfort, Durability* and *Style.*

What stronger endorsement as to the merits of any product could the most critical demand?

"Mérode" (Hand-Finished) *Underwear*

For Women and Children

Is chosen by particular and well-informed women as the most Shapely—Stylish—Comfortable and Serviceable Underwear made.

"Mérode" fabrics are made only from the highest grade; Cotton, Lisle, Wool and Silk.

"Mérode" garments are cut separately by hand, not by the dozen.

"Mérode" trimming is exquisitely crocheted by hand.

"Mérode" finish is faultless, only the highest grade buttons, silk and sewing thread, silk ribbons, tape, etc., being used.

"Mérode" garments are carefully reinforced wherever the strain is greatest.

"Mérode" Underwear is made under perfect hygienic conditions; every garment steam shrunk and sterilized.

"Mérode" garments do not gap, bind nor cause discomfort.

"Mérode" lines embrace 78 different fabrics and weights; 30 distinct styles for slender, medium or stout forms.

The limited selection described below may be had in any of the following shapes:

Vests, Drawers, Tights, Union Suits and Corset Covers.

Number	Color	Description
505	Cream	Medium weight finest combed cotton.
1464	White	Heavy weight fleeced combed cotton.
562	White	Light weight merino.
566	White	Medium weight merino.
672	White and Silver	Winter weight merino.
513	White	Light weight silk and wool.
618	White	Medium weight silk and wool.

"Onyx" TRADE MARK *Hosiery*

When making your Hosiery purchases, ask for and insist upon seeing the

"ONYX" Brand

You will find a Fabric, Weight and Style to meet every want for *Men, Women and Children* at all Prices—each grade the utmost value obtainable anywhere.

Below we describe *a few* of the most popular.

FOR WOMEN

B 489

Women's "ONYX" Medium weight Silk Lisle in black and colors, with "DOUBLE TOP" and Spliced Heel and Toe; exceedingly strong.

25c per pair

840/7

Women's "ONYX" black, Gauze Lisle, with "DUB-L TOP" and "DOUBLEX" Heel and Toe; a very desirable quality.

35c per pair, or 3 pairs, $1

409 K

Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silk Lisle with "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe; feels and looks like silk; wears better.

50c per pair

409 G. The Gauze weight of this celebrated number with all its merits.

50c per pair

SILK HOSE FOR WOMEN

251

Women's "ONYX" Pure Thread Silk with Lisle Sole and Lisle "GARTER TOP"—Black and all Colors—a wonderful value.

$1.00 per pair

498

This special "ONYX" Production represents more Good Value and Greater Comfort than any other number. In Black and all Colors of Extra Length, with a "WYDE TOP," and Silk Lisle "GARTER TOP" and Sole; twenty-nine inches long. These improvements prevent garters from cutting and toes from going through.

$1.50 per pair

222

Black All-Silk, Medium Weight, Extra Fine Gauge, "DUB-L TOP," Guaranteed to give satisfactory service.

$1.75 per pair

FOR CHILDREN

B 1274

Boys' "ONYX" Seamless 1x1 Ribbed Heavy Cotton Hose; Black and Tan. Sizes 6 to 10.

25c per pair

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B 152

Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle, black and all colors; Medium weight; Extra Spliced Heel and Toe; a remarkable value.

25c per pair

E 325

Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silk Lisle, "DOUBLEX" splicing at Heel and Toe. "The Satisfactory Hose."

50c per pair

E 525. The Gauze Weight of the above number.

50c per pair

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Men's "ONYX" PURE THREAD SILK, heavy weight, with Lisle Heel and Toe, in Black and the following colors: Tan, White, Grey, Navy, Purple, Hello, Suède, Green, Burgundy and Cadet. Best pure silk sock made at the price.

50c per pair

515

Men's "ONYX" Pure Thread Ingrain Silk Hose, with Lisle Sole. Black and all popular shades. Extra fine quality.

$1.00 per pair

X 54

Misses' "ONYX" Seamless 1 x 1 Ribbed Silk Lisle Hose; Black, White, Pink, Sky, Tan and Red. Sizes 5 to 10.

25c per pair

Sold by reputable merchants everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer or send postpaid any number desired. Write to Dept. E P.

Lord & Taylor Wholesale Distributors New York

A SESSION OF THE HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

The demand for the question comes from all parts of the House. The Speaker raps for order. There is none. "The House will be in order!" he says. "Members desiring to converse must retire to the cloakrooms."

The clerk of the House, accompanied by one of the assistant secretaries at the White House, appears at the head of the center aisle. The Speaker raps again.

"Mr. Speaker," says the clerk, "a message from the President of the United States."

The White House secretary bows and says: "Mr. Speaker, I am instructed by the President of the United States to deliver to the House of Representatives a message in writing." He bows again and retires.

The clerk brings the message down to the desk and the Speaker again bangs with the gavel. Quiet is secured. "The Chair lays before the House the following message from the President of the United States, which the clerk will read." The clerk reads.

Instantly the three hundred members on the floor begin to talk at the top of their voices. Groups form here and there and stories are told. Many write letters and others read papers. The clerk drones along. Presently the message is finished.

"The message will be printed and lay on the table," says the Speaker; and then comes the roar of "Question! Question!" again.

"There is no question," says the Speaker mildly.

"Mr. Speaker," yells Mr. Boogin, "do I understand the Chair to say there is no question? Mr. Speaker, there is a very vital question before this House, involving, as it does, the right of a member to determine with whom he shall be associated in a pair. As I have already said ——"

Mr. Beegin addressed the chair: "Mr. Speaker!"

"Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Arkansas?"

"I do."

"Did I understand the gentleman from Pennsylvania to say that the pending question involves the right of a member to determine with whom he shall be associated in a pair?"

"That was what I said."

"Does the gentleman maintain he is the member who invokes this right?"

"I did not say that."

"What did the gentleman say?"

"I said, what I here repeat, that the right involved is not for the determination of one member or for the determination of another."

"Does the gentleman think it is not a question for the determination of one member?"

"I do."

"Does the gentleman mean that a member cannot, in this House, associate with whom he chooses ——"

"Not at all; although I think the gentleman who is talking would find it very hard to find persons of small enough mental caliber to associate with among this membership."

"You may rest assured that he would never look to you for ——"

"Mr. Speaker!" Mr. Clayton rises. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "it seems to me that this debate is transcending the proprieties and that there need be no acrimonious discussion on this point. I am quite sure that if these gentlemen are at war ——"

Mr. Focht jumps up. "Mr. Speaker!" he exclaims. "I ask the gentleman to yield to me for a moment."

"Does the gentleman yield?"

"I do," replied Mr. Clayton as he sits down, leaving Beegin and Boogin glaring at one another across the aisle.

"Now, Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Focht, "I have heard that word 'war' used many times in my life, but never at a time when it is so pregnant with meaning as at the present time. Mr. Speaker, I, for one, believe in calling a spade a spade, and I am here to say that it is our duty to go to war with Mexico instantly. Are we degenerate sons of noble sires that we stand idly by and witness American citizens shot down in cold blood by Mexicans, as many of our American citizens have been? What, may I inquire, have we got an army down there for if it isn't to go to war with? What is an army for? To act as police? No, say I; but to go out and win glory and the grave. Mr. Speaker, the circumstances demand that our brave boys in blue should invade the tyrant's country and drive these here despots into the sea. The starry flag should wave above the citadels of Mexico, never to be furled! Our fathers were brave men. They never let an American be shot down like these have been. A drop of American blood is worth more than an ocean of Mexican fluid of the same nature. Forward to Mexico! say I, and if this be war let the gulled jade wince. I am here today ——"

"Mr. Speaker!" and the interruption comes from Mr. Gardner, of Massachusetts.

"Does the gentleman from Pennsylvania yield to the gentleman from Massachusetts?"

"I do."

"I have listened with great interest to the remarks of the gentleman from Pennsylvania," says Mr. Gardner, "and I would like to ask him this question: If, as he thinks we should, we go to war down there in the south, with whom are we going to war—the Diaz troops or the rebels?"

"I care not," Mr. Focht replies. "I care not. It makes no difference to me. What this country needs is a war to stir its patriotism and to cause our young men to enlist beneath the starry flag. You can go to war with one of them or both of them, and it makes no difference; but I insist, standing here in my right as a member of this House, that we ought to go to war with somebody, whether the President is for it or not."

"Mr. Speaker," says Mr. Longworth, "again I ask what is before the House?"

"I am before the House!" replies Mr. Focht tartly.

"Yes," shouts back Mr. Longworth; "and in case of the war you are yelling about you would be behind it!"

"The House will be in order," warns the Speaker.

"Question! Question!"

"The Chair would state," says the Speaker, "that up to this time the Chair has been in doubt as to what the question is; but the clerk informs him that the pending question is on the point of order raised by the gentleman from Iowa"—Mr. MaGoosh—"that the gentleman from Pennsylvania"—Mr. Boogin—"was out of order in his reference to the pair with the gentleman from Arkansas"—Mr. Beegin. "In the Fourteenth, Twenty-seventh and Fifty-first Congresses this point of order was raised and the Chair, in each instance, ruled that the member was clearly out of order, inasmuch as he transgressed the rules of the House in using unparliamentary language. However, this being the case on the one hand, I am constrained to hold, on the other, that neither gentleman was in order and that each is equally blameworthy. Still, as the incentive was very great in both cases, the Chair will not rule as he is constrained to rule and will hold that the point of order is not well taken—and that the gentleman from Pennsylvania can proceed, both being within their rights as members of this House."

Mr. Boogin rises in a dazed sort of way. "Mr. Speaker," he says, "I haven't nothing more to say on the matter."

Mr. Underwood rises. "Mr. Speaker, inasmuch as we have now consumed three hours of time in the discussion of this important matter, I move that the House now resolves itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union for the further consideration of House Resolution 4413, a bill to put agricultural implements and other articles on the free list."

The motion is agreed to and the House resolves itself into the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, with Mr. Alexander in the chair.

Whereupon, two hundred and seventy-five of the members present on the floor leave the chamber hurriedly, blocking the doors in their anxiety to get out.

After a few minutes of confusion, with the chairman of the Committee of the Whole pounding vigorously with his gavel, Mr. Underwood, who has remained standing at his desk, calm and unruffled, says: "Mr. Chairman, I now yield one hour to the gentleman from South Carolina, Mr. Magusalem."

Some of the twenty-five or thirty members on the floor applaud Mr. Magusalem, who rises ponderously and arranges some



The Haynes in the Royal Gorge

The Haynes Goes Everywhere

AND the best part of it is that the Haynes has been going everywhere for more years than most men in the automobile business can recall. Ever since 1893 it has been going everywhere that any automobile could go.

Eighteen years of the history of automobiling are built into the 1912 Haynes. The whole progress of automobile building on the American continent is typified in this splendid automobile.

This means a whole lot to you who are considering the buying of your first automobile this year, or considering the buying of another car to take the place of the old car that is worn out or isn't good enough.

This eighteenth year of the Haynes car is a year of triumph for the pioneer American builder of automobiles. Last year automobile experts, and the public as a whole, declared the Haynes had reached the limit of quality production at a $2100 price. The 1911 Haynes was a car which seemed to justify this verdict and it was hard to figure how any more automobile worth could be put into a car at the price of the splendid 1911 Haynes, but there *is more* in the 1912 Haynes, and the price remains $2100.

The 1912

HAYNES

is not radically different from its predecessors. It is not radically better, but it does represent a little more all-'round value than we have ever before been able to put into a car, and that means a little more than *anybody* has been able to put into an automobile selling at the Haynes price.

The 1912 Haynes is a bigger car—120-inch wheel base; it's a roomier car—wider rear seat and more depth both in the tonneau and in front; it's a more powerful car—the 4½ x 5½ motor gives forty to forty-five horse power; it's a safer car—larger brakes give one square inch of braking surface to every thirteen pounds of car, and it is a snappier, more stylish car—the whole car is finished in black with seventeen hand-rubbed coats of paint, and the trimmings are of black enamel and nickel.

There is not another automobile in the American market into which is built so much experience and so much skill as the Haynes car for 1912, and there is not another into which is built more beauty of line and proportion. Neither is there any other American car produced in a factory more thoroughly modern in every detail of its equipment. On the ashes of our old factory—completely destroyed by fire last February—we have erected a great modern structure of steel and concrete and within its walls assembled an up-to-the-minute equipment of which, in its entirety, no superior can be found in this country. In the purchase of this equipment no expense has been spared to insure *absolute* mechanical accuracy in the manufacture of every part that goes into the Haynes car. So, by *our* loss, Haynes owners are to profit and Haynes values are to be enhanced.

The 1912 Haynes is now ready for delivery. You can see the new models at our branches and agencies, or we will send you a catalogue and name of dealer nearest you. The line is complete, meeting every demand—5-passenger touring, 40 h. p., $2100; 4-passenger, 40 h. p., Close-Couple, $2100; Colonial Coupé, 40 h. p., $2450; 7-passenger Touring, 50-60 h. p., $3000; 4-passenger Close-Couple, 50-60 h. p., $3000; Model 21 Limousine, 40 h. p., $2750; Model Y Limousine, 50-60 h. p., $3800. Complete regular equipment for all models is of the very highest class. If you are interested in *good* cars you will investigate the Haynes from radiator to tail lamps and compare it part for part with cars that sell for much higher prices. Address

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Dept. A, KOKOMO, INDIANA
NEW YORK, 1715 Broadway CHICAGO, 1702 Michigan Avenue

Packard

Five hundred dollars is the safe price to pay for an upright piano. If you pay much less you run the danger of getting an unworthy instrument. And there is really no need of your paying more. Five hundred dollars is the price of the splendid Packard—style FF.

All good pianos look alike—but the superiority of the Packard lies in the durability of its wonderful tone. It is the "arrived" instrument of the day—the one you'll enjoy most in your home. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard Pianos and Player Pianos—on terms. If your dealer can't supply you, send to The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana, for particulars and catalogue BB.

manuscript on his desk. The greatest number of those who remain in the room are Democrats, and they are the ones who applaud Mr. Magusalem. The few Republicans look much bored.

Mr. Magusalem relieves himself of a bunch of burning thoughts like this:

"Mr. Chairman, this is a measure which gives the farmers of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, the Dakotas and other Western and border states cheaper articles with which to cultivate their crops. It lightens the burden on the shoulders of these hardy and God-fearing tillers of the soil. It brings to them the ineffable blessings of cheaper goods wherewith to extract from the ground those bountiful harvests that have made this country the granary of the world. It lessens the labors of the farmer's wife—God bless her!—and gives to his children greater advantages than ever those sturdy boys and girls of the farm have had heretofore. It is inconceivable to me how any person having a seat on this floor can vote against this bill, especially if he numbers among his constituents one farmer. It is a boon, Mr. Chairman, a blessing, the wisest measure ever conceived in a legislative hall. It is to the glory of the Democratic party that it has formulated and will pass this measure, destined, as it is, to bring prosperity, peace, comfort, happiness and joy to the great, the sturdy, the magnificent agriculturists of this fair land."

When Mr. Magusalem sits down there is a faint ripple of applause. He mops his forehead with his handkerchief.

Then John Dalzell arises, over on the Republican side. "Mr. Chairman," he says, "I now yield forty-five minutes of my time to the gentleman from Connecticut, Mr. Spoffum."

Mr. Spoffum has been sitting on the edge of his chair during the last fifteen minutes of Mr. Magusalem's speech, stroking his upper lip nervously. As Mr. Dalzell finishes he hops up and smiles scornfully at the ten or fifteen Democrats. The half-dozen Republicans—three or four have gone out during Mr. Magusalem's speech—clap their hands.

Mr. Spoffum sails into the Democrats like this:

"Mr. Chairman, this is a measure which imposes on the farmers of Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, the Dakotas and other Western and border states conditions harder than they, already overtaxed and underpaid for their heartbreaking labor, can bear. It presses down to the point of poverty the shoulders of these hardy and God-fearing tillers of the soil. It means not cheaper goods to them but poorer prices for their crops; and makes it harder for them—nay, impossible—to extract from the ground those former bountiful harvests which, under Republican rule, have made this country the granary of the world. It increases the labors of the farmer's wife—God bless her!—and deprives his children of those great advantages which they now enjoy under the beneficences of the sacred policy of Protection. It is inconceivable to me how any person having a seat on this floor can vote for this bill. It is a curse, Mr. Chairman—a disaster; the most harmful measure ever conceived in a legislative hall. It is to the lasting disgrace of the Democratic party that it has formulated and will pass this measure, destined, as it is, to bring poverty, discord, distress, want, hunger and woe to the sturdy, the magnificent agriculturists of this fair land."

A few handclaps on the Republican side.

Then, turn about, Underwood and Dalzell yield time to orators; and they talk, withholding their remarks in almost every instance for amplification and revision before they are printed in the Record and franked out to their constituents.

A few members stroll in now and then, and others go out. There are never more than twenty persons on the floor, including the stenographers. At six o'clock Mr. Underwood rises and solemnly moves that the committee rise. The committee rises, announces it has come to no resolution on the pending measure—and the half-dozen or so members present wearily vote to adjourn.



This Suit

of allwool blue serge, gray serge or black clay worsted—sent to you direct from the factory for

$11.75

Express Prepaid

Every suit is made in our own tailoring shops and sold direct to you—this explains the extraordinary low cost—*you buy at the factory price.* We know the value cannot be duplicated. It is a suit you will enjoy wearing. Built for style and service—designed by artists and so carefully tailored that it will permanently hold its shape.

The coat is lined with fine serge—front interlined with genuine haircloth—the shoulders rounded carefully—the collar and lapels fashioned to lie smooth and snug. The entire suit guaranteed in every respect—fabric, style, fit, workmanship and service. Your money back if you are not absolutely satisfied.

It is a chance to get new stylish clothes direct from the makers at the same price dealers pay. Write for booklet and samples; or better still, order your suit to-day. Give chest, waist and pants measurements, also height and weight—all sizes from 32 to 46—for extra sizes up to 50, send $1.00 more.

The Schmitz & Shroder Co.

St. Louis, Mo. Detroit, Mich. East St. Louis, Ill.

Send all mail orders to St. Louis, Mo., office. Address Dept. A. Canadian orders filled from our Detroit, Mich., office.



To make a handsome, flexible protection for the hand;—comfortable from the first; allowing a hundred positions of palm and fingers, yet durable and not pulling out of shape—that's the glove-maker's problem, solved by

FOWNES GLOVES

Sold by good dealers everywhere, never under any other name than Fownes. Ask for the $2.00 street gloves. Other grades $1.50 and $2.50. Name always stamped in the wrist of the genuine. Look for it.



The Dean Electric Co. Home-Lighting and Power System

is built especially for lighting suburban homes, farm houses, country stores and churches that are off the line of central stations.

A knowledge of electricity is not needed to install and operate

The Dean Electric Co. Home-Lighting and Power System

It gives perfect illumination and has power enough to operate washing and sewing machines, vacuum cleaner and other electrical conveniences. For the farm it will run feed choppers, cream separators, fanning mill and any and all of the lighter machinery.

The Dean System gives you all the advantages of a city power station at the lowest cost.

OUR BOOK IS FREE

Write for it and learn by words and pictures all about the Dean Electric Co. Home-Lighting and Power System.

THE DEAN ELECTRIC COMPANY
1008 Olive Street, Elyria, O.

Manufacturers of Electric Apparatus, Power and Switch Boards

Our proposition to agents is interesting. Write for it today.

MOVING WEST?

Don't sell your Household Goods. Ship them at Reduced Rates in Through Cars, avoiding transfer, to and from Western States. Write today for colored maps and information.

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT COMPANY
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
29 Broadway, New York

Does Your Granite Dish or Hot Water Bag Leak?

MENDETS

Mend all leaks instantly in graniteware, hot water bags, tin, copper, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Smooth. Sample box, 10c. Complete box, assorted sizes, 25c. postpaid. Wonderful opportunity for live agents. Write today.

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N. Y.

PATENTS That Protect and Pay

Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH

Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE

WATSON E. COLEMAN, *Patent Lawyer*, Washington, D. C.

To the Family Grocer
—an appreciation

THIS is a simple word of *appreciation*—an acknowledgement of *our* obligation—a reminder of the obligation of the Public—to the Retail Grocers of the world. It is fitting to preface this acknowledgement to our season's advertising which will regularly tell more than twenty millions of people of the purity and excellence of Heinz 57 Varieties.

Perhaps you—the consumer—never stopped to think of it, but the reason why you are able to secure Heinz Products, wherever you may be, is *only* because of the splendid co-operation of the good grocers of the world.

And only because they *are* good grocers—because they look *beyond* the penny's profit in hand—because they put quality and service—your interests—*first*.

Here is something you should know. If your grocer has not told you, he should have done so. We are making this heretofore unpublished statement; in his behalf:

Our prices to your grocer are higher than he has to pay for similar lines.

Purity, the best materials and care—*ideals*—in the preparation of foods—*cost money*. Only fresh, sound materials, absolute cleanliness in preparation, and perfect means of natural preservation, are found in the great Heinz kitchens.

Obviously, we cannot compete in price with these manufacturers who have a lower standard of product—of sanitation—who use artificial preservatives to market questionable materials. We do not *attempt* to compete.

Your grocer *understands*. He willingly pays *more* for Heinz Products, for the privilege of serving you better. But *you* who consume them, pay just about the same. Please remember that.

The constantly increasing sale and distribution of Heinz Products is one of the surest proofs of the high standards upheld today by the family grocer. And this tendency to supply you with the best is almost *general*—it is fairly typical of the grocery trade of today.

Of course the grocer is conserving his own interest in this. It holds his trade, and increases its growth.

But, remember, the grocer who sells you Heinz 57 Varieties shares with *us* the extra cost their quality represents—while you pay the regular market prices.

Thus, he *deserves* our appreciation and co-operation. He deserves *your* trade.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

Perfect For Salads

Wesson Snowdrift Oil

For Salads and Cooking

Combines in one superior pure food product the best properties for baking, frying and salad dressing. Is not a substitute for, but a rival of the best imported oils. The use of oil in cooking has made the French people the undisputed premier cooks of the world.

100 per cent Cooking Value

For The Grocer

The leading magazines of the United States will carry monthly messages of the many excellent uses of **Wesson Snowdrift Oil.** Full page, half page and quarter page announcements will be made in The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal, The Woman's Home Companion, Good Housekeeping, The Munsey Big Six, etc.

Grocers who make most striking window displays will be awarded prizes amounting to $100, $75, $50 and $25. A prize of $50 is offered to grocers for the best local newspaper ad. Details on request.



For The Housewife

When making salads, sauces, gravies, etc., use **Wesson Snowdrift Oil** the same as the more expensive imported oils. In cooking use the same as butter, only add a little salt. In boiling vegetables pour in a little of the oil to get a delicious seasoning without the greasy effects or expense of fat meat.

Wesson Snowdrift Oil is vegetable, therefore pure and wholesome; makes delicious salad dressing; unequaled for deep frying; makes white, feathery cake; is odorless and has a rich nutty flavor.

The Cost of

Wesson Snowdrift Oil

is moderate. Sold by grocers in cans only. 25 cent, 40 cent and larger sizes.

RECIPE BOOK FREE

Ask your grocer. If he can't supply you send us your name and your grocer's name and we will send you a recipe book for delicious salads and cooked dishes *absolutely free.*

OUR GUARANTEE

Give the oil a fair trial. If you are not entirely satisfied with *all* results return oil to your grocer who will refund to you the purchase price. *We have faith in our product.*

Pure and Vegetable

The Southern Cotton Oil Co.

No. 24 Broad St., New York, N. Y.

Savannah, New Orleans
Chicago, San Francisco

London, Liverpool
Paris, Manchester

Its Use is Economy



Bradley Knit Coats—like Bradley Mufflers—excel in style, quality and comfort. Therefore, insist upon having the Bradley. Prices, $1 to $10.

Bradley

Knit Coats

For Men, Women and Children

Style No. 963, all wool Shaker-Knit Coat with Ascot shawl collar and pockets. In oxford, cardinal, navy, maroon or white. At all dealers, or sent prepaid for only . . . $5.00

Style No. 909, is a pure worsted hand fashioned coat with V-neck and two pockets. In oxford, cardinal, maroon, navy, white or melange. At all dealers, or sent prepaid for only $5.00

Write today for handsomely illustrated catalog of Bradley Coats, Caps, Scarfs, Muffs and the famous Bradley Mufflers.

Bradley Knitting Co.
115 Bradley Street Delavan, Wis.

LIMBERT'S Holland Dutch ARTS & CRAFTS



51

Beautiful New Style Book Mailed Free

Send for it today and read its interesting history of this charming style from the 13th Century to the present time.

It illustrates over three hundred patterns of our Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts and "Flanders" Furniture, and shows, with colored plates of model Arts & Crafts rooms, what tasty and harmonious effects can be obtained at small expenditure.

Write for our Style Book

before selecting any more furniture—it will show you just what you want—furniture that is artistic and comfortable, and made so well that it will serve several generations.

Ask your local dealer to show you "Limbert's Arts & Crafts," and see our trade-mark branded into the wood. If he cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you the address of our associate distributor nearest you.

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich. Dept. S. Holland, Mich.

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on

EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS



Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike

Other mountings may look like Shur-on Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted

Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

Write us for "How, Where and Why" a Shur-on.

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.
Established 1864 Ave. H, Rochester, N. Y.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

(Continued from Page 23)

machine, was described in The Sun that afternoon in the following manner:

HEADS I WIN, TAILS YOU LOSE

FOR MAYOR

Republican candidate—Joseph Stillwell, retired lawyer, father-in-law of James Buchanan, assistant general manager of the Tuttle Corporation. Harmless.

Democratic candidate—Fred Schneider, clothing merchant, first cousin of Gustavus Mueller, treasurer of the St. James Electric Railway, Light and Power Company. Dangerous.

FOR ASSESSOR

Republican candidate—Wilson Randall, real-estate dealer, agent of the Tuttle properties in South St. James.

Democratic candidate—Bryan Parker, building contractor, former auditor of the St. James Electric Railway, Light and Power Company.

(Editor's Note—Be sure to shut your eyes when you vote.)

The conventions ran so far into the afternoon that we were unable to present much more than the bare facts as to what had been done that day; but the following day I used the whole editorial page to tell the people of St. James just how they had been cheated. The title of the editorial was "A People Betrayed." In it I explained how the delegates had been elected and the conventions of both parties controlled by the Tuttle-Street Railway interests, how the candidates for aldermen had been nominated, and the will of the individual citizen had been set aside in the platforms adopted.

Hunting for a Brave Man

Following my policy of tearing down only for the purpose of building up, I did not stop at denunciation of the methods by which the primaries and conventions had been controlled. I told the people how to free themselves. I explained that as long as municipal primaries and conventions were operated on a go-as-you-please plan by the city committees, free from the restraint of law, the Tuttles and Van Dykes of the community, seeking special privileges and personal gain—now immunity from taxation and at some other time something else—would get what they wanted. The remedy was the enactment of a state law that should throw all the legal protection provided at a general election about the voter who went to cast his ballot for the nomination of candidates for city offices. I declared that the voters should have the right to vote directly on candidates for all nominations, and that no selections should be made by conventions, even though the delegates to such conventions were elected at legalized primaries.

The way to get these facilities by which the actual voters of each party could nominate their own candidates by direct ballot, I pointed out, was to send to the state legislature men who would work for the passage of a bill containing these provisions.

In the same editorial I launched a campaign for a new city charter.

The afternoon of the day following the conventions I assumed the rôle of Mr. Diogenes, took my lantern in hand and went in quest of independent candidates. I found plenty of men who were honest and raved over the outrages of the twin forces of evil in St. James, but when I suggested the object of my visit they threw up their hands. I interviewed forty-two influential business and professional men. I found thirty-eight who agreed with every utterance of The Sun and myself, and declared it was imperative that independent candidates be brought out for mayor and for assessor; but not one of them had the courage of his convictions.

"I should be ruined and run out of this town if I attempted any such thing," said one man, a retail clothing merchant, the principal competitor of Fred Schneider. "I bank at the Second National, and if I became a candidate for mayor my line of credit would go glimmering."

"But you could change your account to another bank," I told him. "The Tuttles don't control all the banks in town, do they?"

"Not directly, no; but you can bet your last nickel that if I went to fighting Tuttle

It is now customary at afternoon teas and luncheons to serve

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

as the crowning touch—with tea or chocolate.



In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





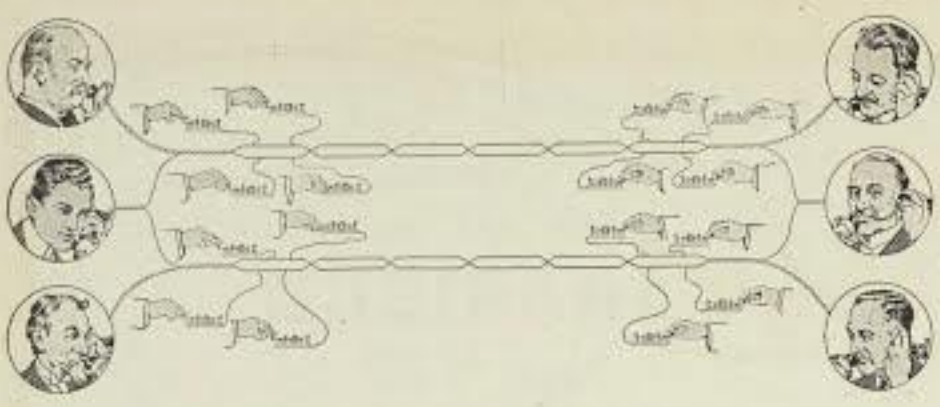
ALL Climates Look Alike to This Famous Watch

If you're an engineer on any project from Culebra to Saskatchewan, you can take the Lord Elgin along, and bank on its steady faithfulness. Neither arid nor damp country, heavy blasts nor constant jolting will derange it. And it's a mighty handsome watch. *The thinnest watch made in America with an enamel dial.* A companion to be proud of on any occasion.

Lord Elgin

Built on tested specifications. Micrometric Regulator, Compensating Balance, Breguet Hair-Spring, 15 and 17 jewels. Solid gold, and 25-year filled cases. Prices range from $28 to $75. Cased and adjusted at the factory. Ask your jeweler to show you its structure!

Elgin National Watch Company
Elgin, Illinois



Double Tracking The Bell Highway

Two of the greatest factors in modern civilization—the telephone and telegraph—now work hand in hand. Heretofore each was a separate and distinct system and transmitted the spoken or written messages of the nation with no little degree of efficiency. Co-operation has greatly increased this efficiency.

The simple diagram above strikingly illustrates one of the mechanical advantages of co-operation. It shows that six persons can now talk over two pairs of wires *at the same time* that eight telegraph operators send eight telegrams *over the same wires*. With such joint use of equipment there is economy; without it, waste.

While there is this joint use of trunk line plant by both companies, the telephone and telegraph services are distinct and different. The telephone system furnishes a circuit and lets you do your own talking. It furnishes a highway of communication. The telegraph company, on the other hand, receives your message and then transmits and delivers it without your further attention.

The telegraph excels in carrying the big load of correspondence between distant centers of population; the telephone connects individuals, so that men, women and children can carry on direct conversations.

Already the co-operation of the Western Union and the Bell Systems has resulted in better and more economical public service. Further improvements and economies are expected, until time and distance are annihilated by the universal use of electrical transmission for written or personal communication.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

In politics I'd have a mighty hard time to get money when I needed it. And that wouldn't be all either. The whole police force, the building inspectors, the fire marshal and everybody else connected with the city government would swoop down on me and harass me with prosecution—or persecution—for alleged violations of petty ordinances and regulations, whether I was guilty or not. My assessment would be whooped, I'd have labor troubles and strikes called on me, and I'd just about have to quit business."

"But what are we going to do about these conditions?" I demanded. "Is this whole town going to keep on letting a little bunch of grafters run it forever? What's the answer? Isn't there any chance for a revolution? I've talked to forty men about this and they all give me the same story you do—that they don't dare offend Tuttle and Van Dyke. We're doing all we can with The Sun, but we can't win single-handed. Aren't there two live men in town with enough red blood to get into the open and scrap?"

On the Way to Freedom

"I don't believe there are—honestly I don't. I've seen lots of good men go up against this combination, lose out and get hammered into the ground too. We've stuck by you because we believe you're making a game fight and deserve to win, and because your space is a good buy at your rate, and we're going to keep on sticking; but you'll never get away with your kind of newspaper in St. James. It can't be done. You were beaten before you got into the game. You'll get circulation—I guess you are getting it rapidly—but you'll never get enough advertising to pay your bills, let alone give you a profit."

On May fifth Mell, Butler and Ashman came over and spent two days with Austin and me to study the affairs of The Sun, listen to our account of what we had done and what had happened to us during our first year in St. James and make plans for the future. Set down on paper, our record was as follows:

May 5, 1905, to May 5, 1906	
Advertising receipts	$ 67,229.18
Circulation receipts	12,422.01
Total receipts	$ 79,651.19
Operating expenses	$104,975.28
Net loss	$ 25,324.09
Cash in bank, May 5, 1905	$ 60,000.00
Less net loss	25,324.09
Cash in bank, May 5, 1906	$ 34,675.91

Circulation, May 5, 1905—8,148
Circulation, May 5, 1906—22,232
Average daily receipts from circulation, May, 1905—$31.39
Average daily receipts from circulation, May, 1906—$89.21

It was in the circulation figures that we found our consolation and builded our hope for the future. Once more Mell, Butler and Ashman approved everything Austin and I had done, expressed confidence in our ultimate success, told us to keep on making the kind of a newspaper we had been making, and left us to work out our own destiny with $34,675.91 of their money still left.

Though my effort to find men to run for mayor and assessor had failed, so far as the immediate redemption of the city was concerned, my journey among the thirty-eight whom I found in sympathy with us proved a big help that summer and fall, when I conducted a campaign for a legislative delegation that would work for a new charter and a municipal primary law. Using my thirty-eight as a nucleus I organized the "Greater St. James Committee."

Of course I did not personally form the organization, but I induced a dozen of my thirty-eight to issue a call for a mass meeting to consider the new charter and municipal primary questions. Something less than two hundred citizens attended, but from that number we culled out a hundred who gave promise of standing hitched. I furnished the newspaper backing and the committee employed a secretary, opened permanent headquarters, and set to work to place in the hands of every person in St. James the reasons for a new charter and for legal protection for voters in the nomination of candidates for city offices.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles relating the story of a newspaper. The third will be printed in an early issue.

Bank by Mail

Our simplified plan makes Banking by Mail safe, convenient and profitable. Four per cent interest compounded twice a year is paid on savings. Deposits accepted in any amount from $1 up. Absolute safety assured by capital and surplus of $1,700,000 and by strong, conservative management.

DIRECTORS—H. C. Frick, J. B. Finley, H. C. Fownes, W. N. Frew, B. F. Jones, Jr., P. C. Knox, J. H. Lockhart, J. M. Lockhart, Thomas Lynch, H. C. McIldowney, A. W. Mellon, R. B. Mellon, D. E. Park, Henry R. Rea, W. S. Schiller, J. M. Schoonmaker, Geo. E. Shaw, E. A. Woods.

FREE BOOKLET To learn all about this big, strong bank and our simplified plan of saving by mail say to us in a letter, "Mail your free booklet."

THE UNION SAVINGS BANK, Frick Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mothers! Read This

Here is a fact that concerns you. It isn't necessary longer to depend upon the uncertain old style nursing bottle when feeding baby. A better device is the

THERMOLAC Feeding Case

because it keeps baby's food at a *steady, normal temperature* after it is determined by the accurate Thermolac thermometer. Made of indestructible metal and endorsed by physicians. Write for our booklet, "Modern Baby Feeding." It describes the Thermolac Feeding Case, Thermolac Thermometer, nipple and other articles that should be in every nursery. Ask your doctor. Write, if your dealer does not have them.

THERMOLAC MFG. CO.
873 Beacon Bldg., Boston.



—U-ALL-NO—
AFTER DINNER MINT

is a delicious confection at any time—pure, fresh, dainty—no mint candy is so grateful to the palate.

Sold only in tin boxes
Never in bulk
A liberal box will be sent for 10 cents.

We also manufacture
U-ALL-NO Mint Chewing Gum
Send 5c. for a package.

MANUFACTURING CO. OF AMERICA
449 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, U.S.A.





Going to Build?

Then you will want to see the

Latest Ideas in Home Construction

Our new book shows 100 one and two-story bungalows as built in Southern California—best suited to any climate; 128 pages, 100 illustrations, interior and exterior, plans, descriptions, accurate building costs. Send for

"Practical Bungalows"

3000 sold in two weeks. Every plan built by us one to 12 times. Our plans are only $5.00 a set—all blue prints. Send 50 cents—stamps, order or coin. Order today.

LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
333 D, Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.
Largest Co-operative Building Company in the World.

7 Rooms $2500



5 Rooms $1600

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Advance footwear fashions and "Natural Shape" lasts that fit your feet are featured in the Florsheim Shoe.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

College Blucher
A Rah! Rah! Shoe



Pshaw!

It makes you feel bad, doesn't it, to find an orphaned bristle in your mouth?

How can a brush care for your teeth when it can't take care of its own bristles?

Brisco-Kleanwell bristles traveled all the way from Europe together on friendly terms. It would not do for them to fall out, now, would it? And they don't. They stay flexible, too.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St. New York

CORTINA-PHONE

Original Phonographic Language System

ENGLISH—GERMAN—ITALIAN—SPANISH—FRENCH

or any other language can be learned quickly and easily by the Cortina-Phone Method. You learn the foreign language just as you learned your mother tongue, by listening to it. You will find it a pleasure instead of work.

Write for FREE booklet today telling about EASY payment plan.

Cortina Academy of Languages
Established 1882.
917 Cortina Bldg.,
44 W. 34th St., N. Y.



CORTINAPHONE

Marion

THE trade name "Marion" on a motor car is a lofty monument to the maxim: "A satisfied customer is the best advertisement."

This car has by sheer merit, performance and reliability, and without the usual exploitation through the medium of printer's ink, so thoroughly established itself in the confidence and esteem of every owner, that we have finished every season without a car on hand and with Marion dealers everywhere clamoring for more.

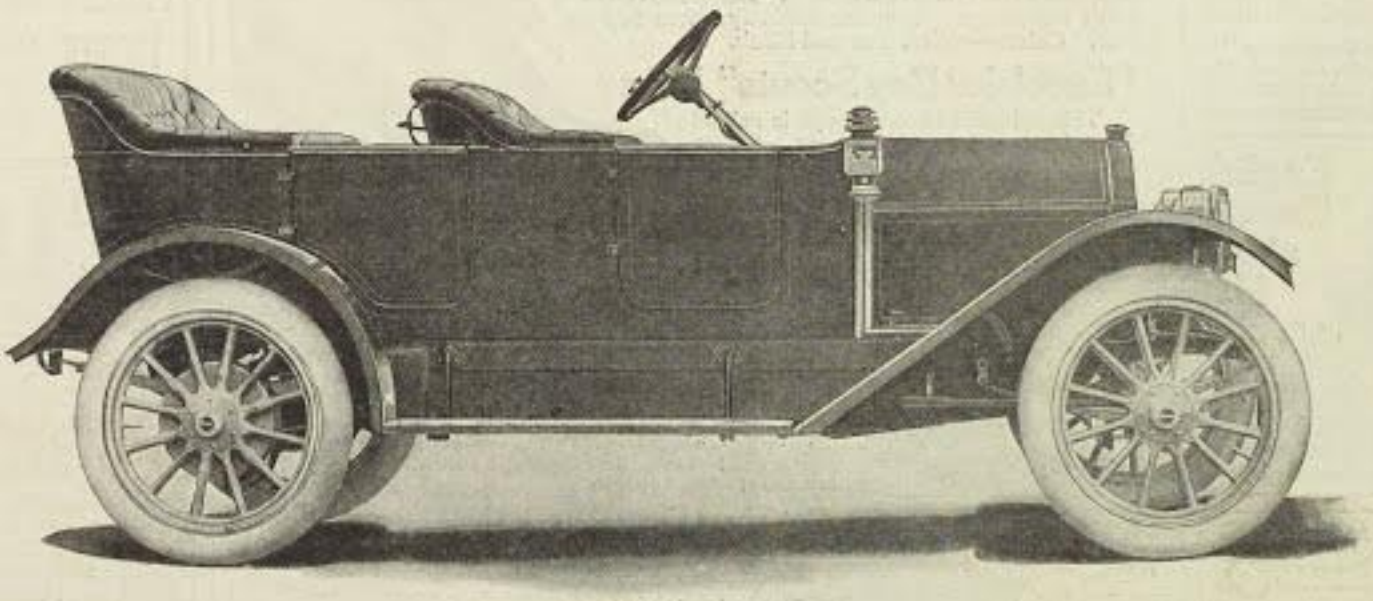
There must be some good reason why owners are such enthusiastic and consistent boosters.

Briefly it is because the Marion has always been a stylish, fleet and powerful car, yet so sturdily and staunchly built that it has established an enviable record for reliability and small cost of operation and maintenance.

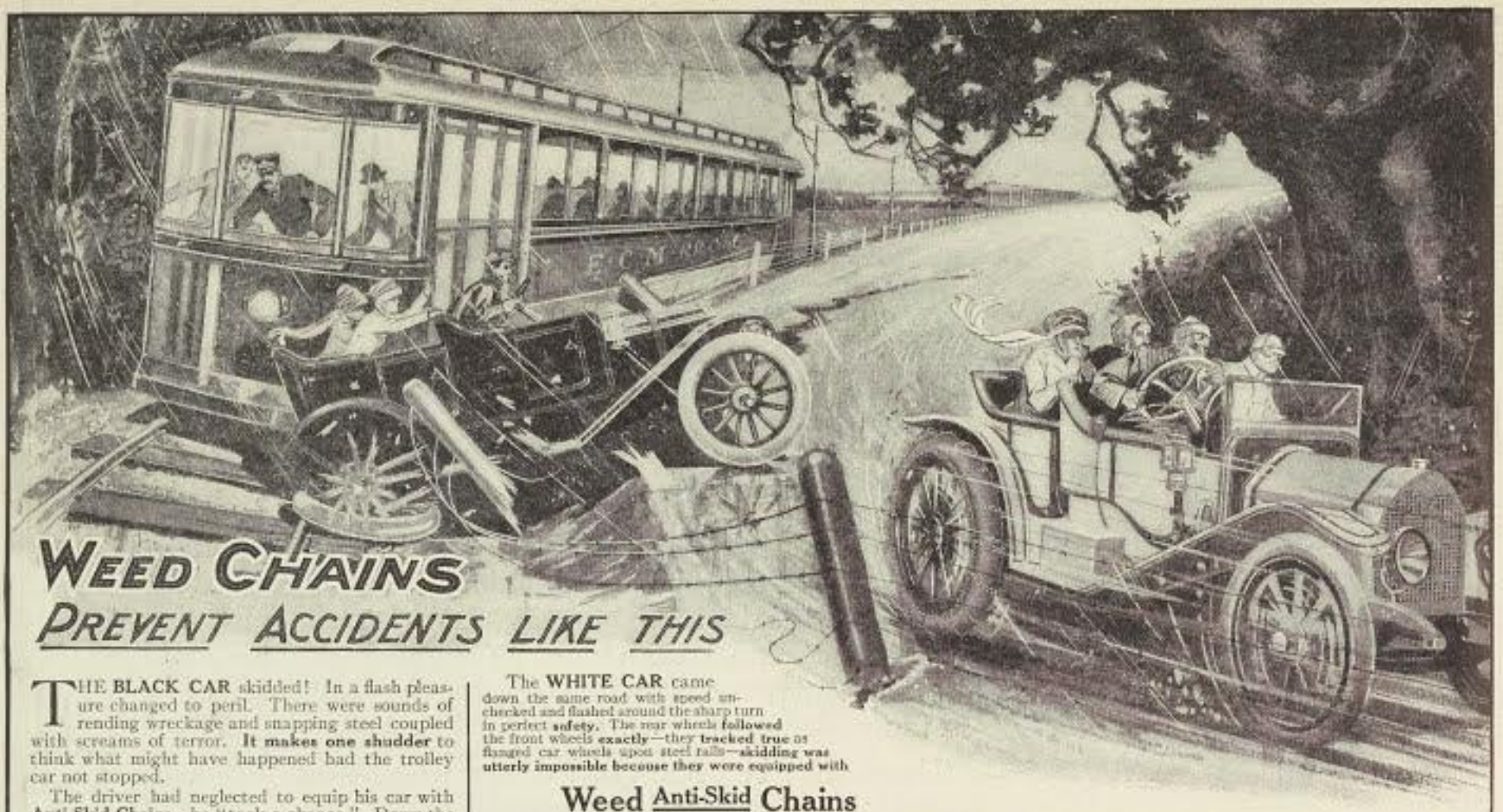
Marion dealers everywhere have doubled, and in many cases trebled, their orders for 1912 for the same reason, and we have increased factory facilities to meet the demand. But we have not increased the output, and will not increase it beyond that point where every car can have the same painstaking care in building, inspection and testing that has enabled us in the past to make every owner a Marion salesman.

Write for a catalogue to-day.

The Marion Sales Company, Indianapolis, Ind.



"Thirty-Five"—$1285



WEED CHAINS
PREVENT ACCIDENTS LIKE THIS

THE **BLACK CAR** skidded! In a flash pleasure changed to peril. There were sounds of rending wreckage and snapping steel coupled with screams of terror. **It makes one shudder** to think what might have happened had the trolley car not stopped.

The driver had neglected to equip his car with **Anti-Skid Chains**—he "took a chance." Down the long, wet, slippery road he came, but at the turn the rear wheels would **not follow** the front wheels—**THEY SKIDDED!**

—the car spun 'round—quick as a flash it crashed through the fence and brought the occupants **face to face with Death!**

The **WHITE CAR** came down the same road with speed unchecked and flashed around the sharp turn in perfect **safety.** The rear wheels **followed** the front wheels **exactly**—they **tracked true** as flanged car wheels upon steel rails—**skidding was utterly impossible because they were equipped with**

Weed Anti-Skid Chains

See the **great cost** of folly! See how **cheaply** you can **purchase safety.** If you don't put Weed Chains on your wheels in wet weather **your** car may skid—the **wreck** may be **yours**—it may be **your life** that is snuffed out—without a moment's warning—**in the twinkling of an eye!**

Make **SAFETY** yours—take Weed Chains with you.

All Reputable Dealers **Weed Chain Tire Grip Co.** 28 Moore Street New York City

THINK WHAT THIS MEANS!

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation and The London Guarantee & Accident Co., print a Special Form which they attach to their automobile policies. This special form strongly urges the use of WEED CHAINS upon every car which they insure.





The Range With A Reputation

Built on honor—of best materials—***the only range made of Charcoal iron, that won't rust like steel; and Malleable iron, that can't break. Outwears three ordinary ranges.*** Seams riveted—always remain air tight. Lined with pure asbestos board—assures absolutely dependable baking heat.

Great Majestic Range

Malleable and Charcoal Iron

All doors drop, form rigid shelves—no springs. Oven and ash pan—ventilated and pit—ashes prevent fuel from catching fire—all copper reservoir—removable—in direct contact with fire—holds 15 gallons water in a jiffy. Best ranges at any price—sold by dealers in nearly every county in forty states.

Write for Booklet, "*Range Comparison.*"

Majestic Mfg. Co., Dept. 48, St. Louis, Mo.

IT SHOULD BE IN YOUR KITCHEN



$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside band. Would sell for $2 in most hat stores. Colors: **Black, Dark Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, and Waite.** Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1. State size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 530 Broadway, New York City

Water Witch VACUUM CLEANER

Only practical, efficient Vacuum Cleaner run by ordinary city water pressure. Economical, most powerful suction. Portable; or may be permanently installed in basement. No dust bags; dust goes into sewer. Nothing to wear out. Guaranteed 5 years. Retails for less than most electrics. **Liberal commission and exclusive territory to responsible men sending first class references.**

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LÉONTINE AND CO.

(Continued from Page 19)

margin. I tried to get it over the baccarat table—and lost. To have got sold out would have meant ruin—and it was Edith's money. The sale of the pearls was barely enough to tide me over. I sold them outright to get more money and because I did not see how I could restore them—what story I could tell. I have just had a telegram; the market is up again."

"So much the better," said I briskly. "Now settle up, John. Sell out, then settle with Rosenthal. Don't bother about my part of it. Think of the debt I owe to Edith. I ought to welcome the chance of squaring it. It will hurt her to think that I broke my word—but I can say something to cheer her. I will let her think that I am morally lacking—constitutionally wrong. Brace up, old man!"

I talked to him for half an hour. Finally I said:

"See here, John, I'm not going to let you off scot-free. I want a promise from you. If you will give it I'll be actually glad of the whole business."

John raised his head. "Well?" he asked.

"You are to promise me to chuck drinking and gambling, John. No more spirits—not a drop."

He choked back a sob. "I'll pledge my word, Frank," he said.

"Now," said I, "let me say a few words to Edith, and then I'm off."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To get under cover somewhere."

"How are you off for money?"

"I've got enough. If I need more I may write to you."

I gave his hand a grip and went out.

I walked to Edith's door and rapped.

"It is Frank Clamart," I said, for I heard a rustle within.

"Come in, Frank," said a low, sweet voice. I entered. Edith was lying as I had seen her last, on the *chaise-longue* by the open window. She was very pale and her eyes were like great jewels.

"I have brought back your pearls," I said, and laid them on the table.

"Thank you, Frank."

"I stole them," said I, looking at the floor.

"Why did you do that, Frank?" she asked, and her rich voice quivered the faintest trifle.

"You wouldn't understand," I muttered. "It's in the blood, I guess. They haunted me."

"But you have brought them back," said Edith in a tremulous voice. I felt her eyes burning into me and did not dare look up.

"Yes," I said, and tried to put bitterness in my tone; "I brought them back—when I learned that I had been detected."

Edith caught her breath. "Look at me, Frank," she cried.

I raised guilty eyes, just for a second, then let them fall again. Edith burst into a storm of weeping.

"Frank, Frank," she cried; "try again, try again."

I couldn't stand it. "Goodby," I choked, and turned to the door. On the stairs I met Miss Dalghren. She drew her skirts aside as I passed.

Out of the house I rushed and hurried up to the office. I seemed to see Chu-Chu in every face I passed, and I hungered for him. Arrived at the office I wrote a note to Ivan, asking him to come at once to my address on a matter of the most vital importance. This I sent around to his house by a taxi, telling the driver to bring back an answer.

Half an hour later Ivan arrived. He smiled when he saw me, and followed me into the private room without the slightest hesitation. When we were seated I said:

"Count, before I go on permit me to apologize for two things: The first is the scene I made the other day in your bureau."

Ivan smiled again.

"I have already forgiven you that offense," said he, "because you furnished me with some very valuable information."

"I am glad of that," I answered. "The second thing for which I wish to apologize is a certain amount of damage that I did to your motor car."

Ivan laughed outright.

"Pray don't mention it," he cried, still laughing; and added more seriously: "You are a very daring man, Mr. Clamart."

"Needs must when Chu-Chu drives," I said.

"I should have much regretted the loss of my *mécanicien*," said Ivan; "he is a useful man. Also you came very near spoiling a good piece of work for me—although I could wish that you had if that unfortunate woman dies." A scowl crossed his handsome face. "That Chu-Chu is the very devil, Mr. Clamart. There was absolutely no need for him to poison his victim. I know what he gave her. She would have been dead when the boat reached Calais if it had not been for her *mal de mer*. After your revelations in my office I would have broken with Chu-Chu had it not been that there was no one immediately available to put on the job. I am not a murderer, Mr. Clamart. To tell the truth, I am a bit of an artist, and promiscuous killing disgusts me. I have had enough of Chu-Chu. The pig never mentioned those gems that you took from him—or that I did." He smiled.

"The gems belonged to Baron Rosenthal," said I.

"To Rosenthal!" Ivan sprang up in his chair. "So much the worse!"

"It is all right now," said I; "he has got them back."

"What?" cried Ivan, startled out of his self-control.

"I gave them back to him," said I. "You see, my dear Count, I do not boast when I say that I am a man of my word. Meeting Rosenthal in the Automobile Club he told me of his loss. He is an old friend of mine and once saved me from a South American prison. They are not pleasant places. I told him that I had been for many years a professional thief and that in a quarrel with a *confrère* I had come into possession of the gems. Having learned that they were his, I wished to restore them. The Baron asked no questions."

Ivan shook his fine head. "Either you are a mad man, Mr. Clamart," says he, "or else you are something much more rare—an honest one."

"I am neither," I answered; "I am merely a man of my word."

Ivan shot me a curious look. "You are apt very soon to be a dead man," said he.

"That," said I, "brings me to the main point. Do you, my dear Count, wish that I were a dead man? Because if you do, I feel that I might just as well save you the trouble and blow my brains out. This would also save my nervous system a lot of wear and tear."

Ivan twisted the waxed tip of his mustache. He glanced at me once or twice, then slowly shook his head.

"No," said he slowly; "personally I wish you no ill. I like and admire you, Mr. Clamart. As you remarked yesterday, a man may be a criminal and yet have a certain code of ethics. I myself am not what society would call a purely bad man. I steal from the rich—and sometimes, indirectly, as in the case of a bank, from the poor. Many respectable financiers do as much. But I give liberally to certain charities. It might surprise you to know that I am the sole supporter of an institution for tuberculous children. A child of my own once died of tuberculosis and my own early boyhood was menaced by the same disease."

"Your charity does not surprise me in the least," said I; "in fact, it shows me that I was correct in my estimate of your character. If I had not felt this quality in you I would never have given myself the trouble to go to you and ask for Miss Dalghren's pearls. We have much in common, Count. We are both gentlemen born and to some extent the victims of circumstance. My own career as a criminal was cut short because it conflicted with my personal honor. Now my career as an honest man is likely to be cut short because it conflicts with my former career as a criminal. Chu-Chu will certainly kill me unless I am so fortunate as to find Chu-Chu first. What are your own sympathies in this feud?"

Ivan gave me a straight look.

"They depend," said he, "on my own interests. Will you give me your word of honor that, whatever happens, you will never lay information that may injure me?"

I leaned forward and looked him in the eyes.

"Count," I said, "after our painful interview of yesterday morning I determined to write a full statement that would incriminate you and your gang, and place it in the hands of some person with directions to put it in



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the hands of the police if I should suddenly be found murdered—or should mysteriously disappear. Then I thought that I would write to you and tell you what I had done, thus making you in a way my guardian angel. But I did not do this. I had met with straight dealing and good faith at your hands, and I knew that, much as you might wish to do so, nothing on your part would ever prevent Chu-Chu from trying to settle his account with me. The man is a bloodmaniac. Now, when this afternoon Cuttynge confessed to me that he himself had stolen his wife's pearls——"

Ivan, whose lustrous eyes had never left mine, made an involuntary gesture, then controlled himself.

"Yes," said I, "Cuttynge was pressed by certain obligations and stole the pearls. He sold them outright, knowing that he could never explain their return. His confession proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that your dealings with me had been fair and generous. Now, my dear Count, you could have me assassinated at any time that suited your convenience, and no one would be the wiser. I have always detested the idea of a man's turning honest and then betraying his old pals to save his pelt. I won't do it. I wouldn't do it living, nor would I do it dead. As for your asking me for my word that I will never, no matter what may happen, place any information injurious to you, it is not necessary. But since you ask for it I give it. I shall never betray you."

Ivan bowed.

"That's quite enough, Mr. Clamart," said he. "You have nothing to fear from me. Fight it out with Chu-Chu. I hope you get the better of him." He scowled again, and his handsome face underwent a lightning change from that of the polite man of the world to that of the criminal, a look that lies so near the surface in every professional thief.

"I have had enough of Chu-Chu," he snarled.

"Then why not back my own play?" I asked quickly.

"No. That could not be done. It would be bad for the organization. You are, after all, an outsider and Chu-Chu is one of us. He has no friends, but a great many admirers. Few men will work with him after having had the opportunity to observe his methods. He would rather kill than not. Some day he will spoil everything. I have had enough of him. He is no longer to be trusted, and it is even possible that if caught he might turn state's evidence. He is an egoist—a rank egoist."

"Then you will stand neutral yourself?" I asked.

"Absolutely. I will do more than that. If opportunity offers, I might even give you a little unofficial help. Now I must go. I wish you good luck. You will need it. And a word in your ear—look out for an oriental-looking person with one nostril much larger than the other. He is Chu-Chu's servant. Some say he is Chu-Chu's brain. Now I must go. *Au revoir* and the best of luck!"

And out he went and jumped into his taxi and whirled off.

That, my friend, was exactly one hour ago. I have written some letters; I have been to the bank. And now for my favor. Will you go over on the Rue du Bac and buy me a *soutane* and a priest's round hat? Tell them that you are an artist and need them for a model. Tell them anything you like. I don't need the stole, because I am not to be a priest, but one of these bushy-whiskered *prédicateurs*—the breed that wanders about the country on its own. The sort of chap that we would speak of at home as "an itinerant preacher."

Then, my friend, if you do not think that I am asking too much for our slight acquaintance, would you mind taking your bundle and going out by the train to St. Germain? No? Thanks, more than I can say. Somebody has got to bring the car back after I have made my change, and I know that you are a good driver. Leave it at the garage; you don't need to tell them anything at all.

Yes, I've got the beard and eyebrows and stain, and a pair of clippers with which I may get you to run over my curly head. I will drop you a line to your studio from time to time.

What's the betting? Odds on me? Thanks—that's the way that I would play it myself. Monsieur le Tondeur is up against a Yankee—and an honest man.

(THE END)

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Kitchen in the House of Mr. E. R. Knott, of Boston

HOW TO WRITE A PLAY

(Concluded from Page 16)

the poisoned swords. It has been asserted that if Hamlet should be performed in a deaf-and-dumb asylum the inmates would be able to follow the story with interest by means of their eyes alone. It was a wise critic who once declared that the skeleton of a good play is a pantomime. And Tartuffe is Molière's masterpiece, a marvelously rich portrayal of human nature; and it has also a pantomime for its backbone. When the Comédie-Française went to London, thirty years ago, Sarcey picked out Tartuffe as the one play of all the repertory that produced the most certain effect upon the English playgoers, since its story was so clear that it could be followed even by those ignorant of French.

If the successful play of the hour happens to be published the aspirant will do well to get it and to compare the impression he had in the theater itself with that made by the printed page in the library. This will help to show him how much of the effect of a play is due to the performance—to the acting, to the looks and gestures, to the pauses and to the sense of suspense. And it will probably startle him to discover how little of the effect is due to external literary merit, to mere writing, to rhetoric; and how much of this effect is the result of the story itself, of the building up of the situations so that one seems to arise naturally out of the other; and of the bold, sharp contact of character with character. Fine writing is nowadays at a discount; and in the theater action is all important. This is no new discovery, for Aristotle said it many centuries ago, insisting that story and construction were absolutely necessary, whereas poetry was only a decoration or an accompaniment. A good play must have literary merit, of course; but it must be drama before it is literature. It must have theatrical effectiveness, first of all; and readability comes only second. It has to succeed on the stage or it will never be read.

The ambitious aspirant will find advantage, also, in analyzing contemporary published plays that he has not seen acted and in trying to guess at their effectiveness in the theater. Sardou once told a reporter how he had studied Scribe's pieces in the endeavor to spy out the secrets of stagecraft. "I used to take a three-act play that I did not know anything about. I read only the first act; and, after this exposition of the story and of the characters, I closed the book and then I tried to build up for myself the rest of the play that Scribe had erected on that foundation. And I was satisfied with myself only when I had, by a sheer exercise of logic, succeeded in constructing a plot pretty close to that which I afterward found in the second and third acts." Scribe is now a little old-fashioned; but today a novice would find it very suggestive if he took Pinero's Mid-Channel, Jones' Liars, or Clyde Fitch's Girl With the Green Eyes, and, after studying the first act very carefully, tried to outline the play that is the necessary conclusion.

The Part the Plot Plays

To say this is to emphasize the fact that the art of the dramatist is very like the art of the architect. A plot has to be built up just as a house is built—story after story; and no edifice has any chance of standing unless it has a broad foundation and a solid frame. What the characters say is less important than what they do, and still less important than what they are. After the steel frame is once erected there will be time enough to consider the decoration and to design the stained-glass windows. The story, the plot, the theme—these are the essential things. Voltaire says somewhere that the success of a play depends on the choice of its subject. And whether a subject is good or not depends on the audience. Subjects that were excellent for Sophocles and for Shakspere are no longer satisfactory to modern spectators who have a very different outlook on the world from that of the Athenians or the Elizabethans. The spectator today wants to see himself on the stage—himself and his fellows—the kind of folks he knows by personal experience. And it is only by choosing a subject of this sort that the novice can give his work what the late Augustin Daly used to call "contemporaneous human interest."

A play needs to have a theme; this theme must be interpreted by a story; and the story must be stiffened into a plot. The plot may be simple and straightforward, free from complications and complexities; but it must deal with a struggle. It must show the clash of contending desires. This marks the sharp difference between the novel and the play. Alone in the library we are often glad to read a novel which sets before us merely a group of characters, revealing themselves by word of mouth; but in the theater, when we are assembled together, we are bored if we are not shown a definite action, a steadily moving story in which we can follow the strife of opposing forces. A novel may delight us by merely exhibiting human beings; but a play will not please us unless we can sympathize with the effort of one of those human beings to achieve something. On the stage we want to see somebody wanting something and either getting it or not getting it. We want to see a fight, fought to the finish.

The Works of Great Men

When Mr. Gillette set out to put Sherlock Holmes into a play he instinctively seized upon the shadowy figure of Professor Moriarity, the astute leader of a band of criminals—a figure only glimpsed vaguely in a far corner of one of the least known of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's stories. Mr. Gillette put this figure in the forefront of the play he was composing and set him over against the incomparable detective, thus providing Sherlock Holmes with a foeman worthy of his steel. The resulting play was a duel of wits between the wrong embodied in Moriarity and the right personified by Sherlock Holmes. And a very large part of the success of The Lion and the Mouse was due to the ease with which the audience was able to follow the bitter contention between the heroine and the plutocrat, each of them knowing his own mind and each of them feeling justified in his own conscience. It may be noted, also, that the Taming of the Shrew is one of the least intellectual of Shakspere's plays—it is only a farce, with an abundance of violent fun; but it keeps the stage after three centuries because its story is vigorously dramatic, since it sets before us an unmistakable contention of opposing forces, resulting in the conquest of a woman's will by a man's.

One piece of advice to the novice can properly be offered by a student of stage history. Begin modestly. Begin by imitating the successful playwright of your own time and your own country. Be satisfied, at first, if you can succeed in doing only what these predecessors have done—even if you believe you have it in you to do better. Don't try to be precocious—as Margaret Fuller said: "For precocity some great price is always demanded sooner or later in life." The great dramatists have never exhibited any undue precocity; they have always begun modestly by imitating. Shakspere's earliest plays are merely his juvenile attempts to write the kind of pieces that Marlowe and Kyd, Lyly and Greene had made popular. Molière's earliest plays are imitations of the improvised comedies of the Italian strollers. In these first pieces of Shakspere and Molière it is scarcely possible to perceive even the promise of the power to which they ultimately attained. Henry Arthur Jones began by writing comediettas and melodramas; and Sir Arthur Pinero made an equally unambitious beginning with curtain-raisers.

The really important dramatist is, of course, a man who has something to say and who has learned how to say it. In his immaturity he is not likely to have much to say of any great significance; and he can, therefore, concentrate his attention on learning how to say what little he has to utter. An anecdote is told of Courbet, the French painter, which brings out this point. A very ambitious young fellow came to him for advice, enlarging upon the lofty projects he had in mind. Courbet listened and then answered: "Go home and paint a portrait of your father." The young man protested at this humble task, proclaiming his desire to paint great historical scenes. "Exactly," said Courbet; "I understand—you want to become a historical painter. That is why I tell you to go home and paint a portrait of your father."

This is excellent advice for beginners in every art. Like the aviators, they must be content to fly along the level ground for a little distance before they attempt to soar aloft into the blue empyrean.



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It actually gives three times the light of the old-fashioned carbon lamp at an equal expense for current.

Now you can buy a Tungsten lamp that will withstand all the wear and tear that any lamp will ordinarily receive. It has the rugged "wire-type" filament—giving maximum light during the full life of the lamp. This lamp is one of the famous Westinghouse products—

The Westinghouse Wire-Type Tungsten Lamp

Try half a dozen of these lamps in different parts of the house. If you have been using the comparatively feeble carbon lamps, the difference will be amazing. Even if you have been using ordinary Tungsten lamps, the ruggedness of the Westinghouse Wire-Type will prove an added economy over the saving in current itself.

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The thing you must see on the lamps you buy is the little seal shown in the illustration marked "Westinghouse Tungsten." Be sure it's there.

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It's a handsome shoe. It is sensible and elegant in line and form. The Piano Felt Insole is the secret of its worth as a cushion sole shoe.

This Piano Felt is like that on the hammer of your piano. It is as tough as leather yet has the resiliency so necessary to comfort in walking or standing on hard floors or pavements.

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$5.00 According to Style and Material $6.00

This shoe is so good—so comfortable and so satisfying that the "Joy of Wearing" will justify you in making a special effort to procure the Genuine Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House Shoe. We have this process patented under Registration No. 858,368.

Department A

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Select, Home-like, Economical. Suites of Parlor, Bedroom, Private Bath $1.50 daily and up. Write for descriptive booklet G with map of city.

THE INFARE AT TEN SLEEP

(Continued from Page 7)

entrance of the two men; but when Killis explained, with his mouth to her ear, that the preacher from Bible Grove had come, her lips trembled and her hot eyes yielded a few scant tears.

Distressing as was the scene, it was only too familiar to Rook, and he set to work with professional skill. He had never been a doctor of souls exclusively, and he first washed the patient's face and hands with cool water. He next inquired as to the course and duration of her sickness. Then, turning the children and dogs out-of-doors, he knelt beside the lowly bed, motioning the husband to do likewise.

He began his prayer in low, uncertain, half-muted tones, for the face of God was hidden from him, and vain, indeed, seemed his oblation; but, as he warmed to his work and the old familiar phrases dropped from his lips, he gained confidence. His voice grew in volume and intensity, became orotund and sonorous, fell into those mellifluous cadences which mark the music of the master of the human harp. Finally, stimulated by the sick woman's pious ejaculations, and feeling the sustaining ether under his oratorical wings, he launched fearlessly forth. His powerful voice issued in a resistless torrent, rising and falling, like the beat of the sea, in a rhythmic, harmonic sequence of chords. Then, tremulous from his exertions and with his face streaming with perspiration, he closed in a tender minor strain.

"Praise be to God! I feel His savin' grace!" shrilled the woman.

"Amen! Amen!" shouted Killis between his sobs.

Rook, rising unsteadily, with the vacant air of one enthralled by a vision, passed noiselessly into the leanto kitchen. After an interval he took a freshly dressed squirrel from a peg and began a broth for the invalid. He shrewdly guessed that half her trouble was lack of nutrition.

It was a new man who rode away from the Killis cabin several hours later, with his face from—not toward—Ganderbone, his heart purged of murder and his soul at peace with Him who said: "Vengeance is mine." The past two months had become as unsubstantial as an evil dream after the morning sun has banished the shadows from one's chamber and awakened the world to life and love and labor again.

One figure in the phantasmagoria, however, resisted dissolution and stood out with the solidity of a great rock amid a sea of sifting sand. It troubled him not a little as his horse picked its way down the difficult road, and when he reached Bee Branch he slipped from the saddle and fell upon his knees. It was a very different prayer which he now offered. He repeated the simple words over and over, in a low, fervid voice, almost like one softly chanting an incantation.

"Merciful God, give me this woman or give me the stren'th to do without her! Make her a helpmeet or consume as by fire this pore, airthly love of mine!"

When he reached a fork in the road and chose the tine which would take him past the Yelverton home it was in perfect faith that he was facilitating an answer to his prayer and not weakly yielding to his longing to see Sallie again.

He was still half a mile from the house when a bullet suddenly sang past his head like an angry bee. As instinctively as a chick darts beneath the hen's wing at the shadow of a hawk, Rook leaped from his horse and sped for the nearest shelter—a boulder about the size of a bushel basket. Before he reached it two more jets of smoke spurted from behind a tree some twenty rods away.

Owing to the lowness of his rampart, a prostrate position was necessary to security. So, lying flat on his belly, Rook exposed his hat on one side of the rock as a blind while he cautiously brought one eye up to the other edge to reconnoiter. He presently glimpsed the red head and herculean shoulders of Wigg Tinklepaw—whom, as a matter of course, he had expected to see. In the mountain, to shoot and kill is bad; but to shoot and not kill is worse—for the shooter. Wigg undoubtedly expected to be called to account for his assault on the night of the infare, and in this attack he was merely forestalling his opponent.

There's *no need* any more for *you* to wear coarse, ugly, ill-fitting, bulky socks—merely because you're anxious to have hose that will wear.



And as for socks full of holes—or *darned* socks—never again! This is the day of guaranteed socks worth while—of

Bachelors' Friend Hosiery

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Made of the highest grade long staple combed Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn—elastic, comfortable—they look like silk. Heel and toe twice the thickness of other parts—yet soft, with the strength and give of a silk glove. Looped on the most modern two-thread looping machine. Best imported dye. French Welt top. Washed with the best Italian Olive Oil Soap—absolutely sanitary. All made in our own factory. Century of know-how behind each sock. Guaranteed six months.

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The Manitoba (see picture) is made of the same quality of Gum forced under pressure into heavy duck. The pure Gum soles are *made to wear.* Dealers everywhere sell the Rock Elm or Manitoba. This height, at about $4.50 for men and in widths M and D for women. If your dealer "missed fire," send us his name. We will see that you are supplied.



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Paint will cover rotting wood but cannot replace it. Paint in time and **prevent** decay. Lumber costs too much these days to be allowed to perish for lack of paint.

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are sustaining their reputation instead of compelling their reputation to sustain them—and the pencil-word *is* Dixon.

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Rook prepared for a vigorous defense. In his haste he had left his rifle on his saddlehorn, and in a duel at a hundred yards his .44 revolver left much to be desired.

Nevertheless, his first shot struck the enemy's tree with a vicious thud, though it elicited from Wigg only a derisive hoot and a return ball which smacked the "hardhead" like a cyclopean kiss. His second and third shots missed the tree, for he had aimed first at an exposed shoulder and secondly at a knee. Thenceforward he fired more slowly and carefully, for, upon count, he found that he had but twenty-two cartridges left.

Wigg seemed plentifully supplied with ammunition, for he kept up a rapid fire until the ground on both sides of Rook's body was plowed with little furrows as straight as a plumbline and dotted with granite chips from the boulder. Presently, however, Wigg ran to another tree and, after a brief interval, to a third one. Rook at first supposed he was retreating, but this was unlikely, with the odds all in his enemy's favor; and, looking for a better explanation, he soon suspected that the crafty Ganderboner was working toward higher ground, from which he could deliver a plunging fire over the top of his opponent's low defense. And it was not long before Rook received a glancing blow upon his sole which caused him speedily to haul in his extended legs.

His situation was now perilous; and he was craning his neck for a line of retreat when his quick eye caught a slight agitation of the "calico-bushes" which formed a thicket on the other side of the road. His horse, contentedly grazing throughout the duel, had worked over to the edge of this thicket; and while Rook still suspiciously scrutinized a spot directly beyond the horse, a bare hand and arm suddenly shot out of the leafy wall, seized the rifle from the saddlehorn and vanished from sight. The watching man was not deceived. He knew that hand and arm as surely as if he had seen the face beyond them. They belonged to Sallie Yelverton.

For the first time he felt fear. He knew the girl's prowess with a rifle and that, at this short range, she could lay his mouth in the dust with her first shot. Mountain women had more than once shown themselves the equals of men in nerve and stoicism when fate had forced their hands, and Sallie Yelverton was daring and reckless beyond most of her sex. Yet the thought that she could slay him in cold blood—especially when he was obviously getting the worst of the encounter with her lover—was so abhorrent to him that he tried to reject it and to believe that her object was rather to put the rifle beyond his reach.

Five minutes passed. No shot came. Then, though still apprehensive of danger from the new quarter, he was forced to turn his attention again to his original assailant. Wigg by this time had ascended the slope still higher and his bullets were chewing up the ground formerly occupied by Rook's shanks. So Rook, now curled up like a porcupine, once more opened fire, hoping rather than believing that a lucky shot might cut short the operations of his now overbold foe.

Presently he was startled by a shot on his right quarter; but no bullet had passed him with its unmistakable death-song, which would certainly not have been the case had he been the target of this new entrant in the fight. So he shifted his glance from the region of the last shot back to the tree up the slope. As he did so he saw Wigg Tinklepaw pitch forward, with upthrown arms, and fall on his face.

Puzzled at this sudden turn of affairs and suspecting a conspiracy in which Wigg was "playing possum"—a ruse which had lured many an indiscreet feudist to his death—he lay still a moment longer. Then, trembling with a divination of the truth, he rose and ran toward the spot from which the last report had come.

With the rifle across her knees, her forefinger, stained with the blackberries she had been picking, still upon the trigger, Sallie Yelverton sat on the trunk of a fallen tree—a pale and tragic figure, but as composed and self-sustained as Jael after smiting Sisera with her hammer. Most eloquently had she denoted her choice of the rival suitors. Yet Rook, in spite of the lovelight shining from his eyes, stood as dumb as if he had lost his tongue.

"Rooky, go see if I kilt him," said she gently. "I only aimed fer his hip."

Her aim was true. It was his hip she had hit, dooming him to limp through life and

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Pebeco has a definite, scientific action, neutralizing the acids that form in the mouth, and keeping it free from harmful germs and bacterial growth—wholesome and healthy.

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cutting him off forever from those rough sports in which he had excelled.

Hunter Yelverton brought a wagon in which to haul him home; and, after they had lifted the wounded man in, groaning dolefully, Rook and Sallie walked down the road under the first pale evening stars. Just before they reached the house Rook paused. Still half dazed by the revelation of Sallie's love, he had not yet bared his heart.

"Sallie," he began solemnly, "I've made my peace with God. I done it this mawnin'. He's got work fer me to do, spite of my unworthiness. I'm agoin' back to preachin'. So I asked Him to give me you or the stren'th to do without you. I reckon He's answered my prayer, Sallie."

She lifted her face to his, her dark lashes growing still darker with tears.

"Oh, Rook, I'm no Christian, but I believe He has! I knew you'd go back to the church. You're different from the rest of us—and better. But, if you think such as me is not beyond forgiveness—if you think I could help you—I'll try—oh, I'll try so hard, Rook!"

For answer, he drew her gently to his breast.

The Housewreckers

THE signs of disturbance are brewing: there's a spirit of change in the air; the stars indicate something doing; I fear we are in for our share. My wife the long hours has been gilding with Fancy's delightfullest dreams; she's sketched out a plan for rebuilding that's full of nooks, corners and beams. It's a fever we have every season—to tear this old home all apart, without special object or reason, in the name of interior art. We tear down the stairways with ardor and cut some new holes in the walls. We raise some new shelves in the larder and lift some new posts in the halls. We change and we move and we alter until we feel hopelessly lost; nor ever the once do we falter or reckon at all of the cost. We rip and we tear and we frolic through chimneys and ingles and walls; we romp and we rush and we rollick, and tear out doors, windows and halls. We rend things like fiends of disaster; we rip and we saw and we scan; we pull down great sections of plaster to change some interior plan. We haven't torn things all to pieces for nearly six months, and that's why my fear of the future increases—the signs of disturbance are nigh!

I KNOW in the spring we'll be dreaming of changes that ought to be made: of some new mahogany beaming and narrow oak floors to be laid; of rooms made the bigger and warmer; of sideboards built into the wall; of gable and cornice and dormer—we'll have to remodel them all. We'll make the old living room higher and knock out one end of the den; we'll build a new grate for the fire and brick up the old one again. We haven't torn up since last summer; we haven't made over a thing. Let's draft some designs for the plumber and bid him prepare for the spring. Let's haste to the architect madly and bid him take paper and pen and see, by designing, how badly the house can be torn up again. To wreck and to rend is our pleasure. Delay not, for that would be wrong when time is so fleeting a treasure and art is so long—is so long!

OH, DULLARDS, what know ye of feeling? What measures of joy do ye share who never have ripped out a ceiling—who never have torn out a stair—who build no hall seats every morning—who tear them not out every night—who go not about fiercely scorning the plans that seemed yesterday right? Perfection, what charm's in thy scanning? Monotony, where is thy zest? Pray, grant me the pleasure of planning and give me the joys of unrest. I want to come home to bare stringers, to sawdust and paint and débris. I want to go round with bruised fingers—the saw and the hammer for me! And so my delight is unending when comes my dear wife with a plan, and over my shoulder is bending, and bids me with ardor to scan. "Just some little changes, my dearie, that ought to be made right away." Oh, life, all thy days would be dreary, and days, all thy skies would be gray, if men did not come at her calling to rip up the parlor and den, and set all the plaster to falling and tear this old house up again!

—J. W. FOLEY.



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Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

Brick is the most beautiful, most reliable, really the cheapest building material in the world. The cost of wood has risen until a wood house costs more to build and maintain than a brick house.

Learn the Facts. Send today for our **Free Book**, "A Revolution in Building Materials."

Two Books of New House Designs from leading architects' offices, sent on receipt of price.
"A House of Brick for $10,000," 2nd Edition, 42 designs, 25c.
"A House of Brick of Moderate Cost" ($3,500 to $7,000), 75 designs, 50c.
When writing state character of work you have in mind.

TRADE MARK

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1320 Flatiron Building, New York

Safety Razor Blades Renewed



Free
A 25c STICK OF SHAVING SOAP TO THOSE SENDING IN 1 DOZ. BLADES

Dull blades sharpened better than new by perfect chemical process. We sharpen any make safety razor blades for 2½c each, or

30c a Dozen

Don't confuse with similar offers. Each blade half-tested before it leaves us. Satisfaction guaranteed. Read Free Shaving Soap offer—drop your blades in the mail *today!*

CHEMICAL STEEL CO., 160 North Fifth Ave., Chicago

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 423 North Clark Street, Chicago



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200-page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago

Automobile Owners Motor Boat Men Owners of Stationary Gas Engines



This Plug is Guaranteed Carbon and Soot PROOF

It has a patented electrical action that destroys carbon and soot as fast as deposited. Aids in development of maximum power—uses less current. For air or water cooled motors.

Reliance

SPARK PLUG—"Sparks in Water" Infallible proof that it can't be short circuited. Porcelain is heat proof. Reliance Magneto Plugs are specially recommended for oily engines. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Sold by dealers everywhere, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. $1.25

$1.00

Get This Book—"Ignition and Spark-Plug Talk"—a valuable reference book—will make you master of your ignition system. Send 4c stamps to cover postage.

JEFFERY DEWITT CO.
88 Butler Ave.
Detroit



LARGEST MAKERS OF **GOOD SHOES** IN THE WORLD

FORTY years ago we began to make good footwear; we've been doing it ever since. The business has grown, from a very small beginning, to be the largest of its kind.

You may not be interested in the fact itself; but the reasons for it are interesting to everybody who pays out any money for shoes.

We started with the same materials, the same mechanical facilities, the same sort of workers that all manufacturers of shoes had then; we have now practically the same as all others have. We buy the best leather; we have the best machinery; we employ the most skillful labor possible; others may do the same. We improve in these matters wherever and whenever we can.

One thing we started with, forty years ago, hasn't changed any; a determination never to put our name on a shoe that wasn't good enough, all through, for you to pay your money for. We make shoes with a sense of obligation to the wearer.

In these forty years we've had many chances to make more profit by making shoes not quite as good as they ought to be; cheaper leather, cheaper soles, pieced counters, composition heels. These were merely opportunities to make more money; they didn't tempt us any. We've made the name Selz mean, to us, on a shoe, "good shoe." It's the only way to make it mean that to you.

We've started on another forty years of the same policy.

SELZ
CHICAGO
U.S.A.

Largest makers of good shoes in the world

JOB
—A Good One If You Act Now

A Business Proposition is Waiting for You Here

IF YOU are the kind of man we are looking for, whether young or middle aged, you can secure a first class opportunity to represent us in your town, county, or state.

It depends only on you and whether by chance we may now have a satisfactory man where you live.

But it's well worth your while to write us and ask. That costs you only a 2-cent stamp or a postal.

If we didn't have a good, straightforward proposition this advertisement wouldn't be here.

AGENT SALESMAN MANAGER

I want a good man in every territory of the United States—as local agent for one county, or as general manager for a number of counties. This proposition offers an opportunity for you, to build up a splendid and permanent income. It's partly up to you, but hundreds of others are making a big success of this in their territories. No experience is necessary to start, but I want men—young or old—who will do their best, who will treat me square and who will follow plain, easy and helpful instructions. I am organizing my selling force now, and I want you to begin at once.



Guaranteed to sharpen every razor—safety or old style

Also a lively seller in its work. Has proven its value by the demand of thousands of razor users in every part of the U. S.

The Never Fail Automatic Razor Stropper

—So Much Talked About

No charge made for territory. Protection against others running over your field. Co-operation, assistance, personal attention to each man.

This is a new proposition. A positive automatic razor stropper—absolutely guaranteed to sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds will put it in perfect and better shape to give a cooling, soothing, satisfying shave than can any expert hand operator, no matter how carefully he works. Men are eager to buy it. Women buy it for presents to men.

Part, or All Your Time

All I require is that you make an honest effort, keep things moving, and that you keep your promise to me and to your customers. The possibilities are unlimited. We absolutely prepare you on how to start at once and make a great success for yourself and us. Investigate. It costs you absolutely nothing to learn about this opportunity. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Write today, and give the name of your county.

Address, Secretary
The Never Fail Co.
1145 Colton Bldg.
Toledo, O.

Tear This Out and Mail Today

Secretary, THE NEVER FAIL CO.
1145 Colton Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Send me your offer, your proposition for me to represent you and all the facts about what others are doing in similar work for you.

*Name*_____

*County*_____
(Be sure to name your county)

*Address*_____

*State*_____

For You

Sense and Nonsense



DRAWN BY PETER NEWELL

Use the Gnome Ash Sifter—You Sift Your Coal Ash, Why Not Your Tobacco Ash?
If it is Not on Sale at Your Tobacconist's, Inquire for it at the Hardware Store.

Passamquoddy's Apple Toddy

By J. W. Foley

Pindar Peel, of Passamquoddy,
Made some birthday apple toddy
An' gits snubbed by everybody
(Female sect) in Passamquoddy.

He put apple brandy in it,
Put hot water in t' thin it,
Stood an hour t' stir an' spin it,
Timed it to th' very minute.

Watched it with th' tenderest feelin',
Knowed it would be soothin', healin',
Grated in some orange peelin'.
Toddy, say! That was a real un.

Pindar Peel, of Passamquoddy,
Sent a bid t' everybody
To jine him in apple toddy,
(Hemale sect) in Passamquoddy.

It had big baked apples floatin'
In it, an' I was a-notin'
Nutmeg smell, an' Peel was totin'
Glasses 'round an' jest a-gloatin'.

Ezry Beggs was thar, an' Struthers,
Homer Blake an' Job Caruthers;
Treadwell Pew an' his two brothers,
Me an' half a dozen others.

We set thar a while a-gassin',
Crackin' jokes an' neighbor-sassin',
An' while toddy was a-passin'
Ye sh'd hear th' tongues unfasten.

Me ner Job ner anybody
Ever drunk sech apple toddy,
Made all-wool without no shoddy
In th' days o' Passamquoddy.

Never see sech sly, deceivin'
Stuff as that—past all believin';
Put th' real kibosh on grievin',
Loosed up tongue-tied fellers even.

Homer Blake an' Job Caruthers
Sung some college songs an' others,
An' Tread Pew an' his two brothers
Danced a Highland fling with Struthers.

It was winter, an' th' wind er—
Roarin', but we all begin ter
Feel th' heat, by jing, an' Pindar
Shoved Gabe Struthers out th' winder:

Then reached out—he see he'd haf ter
Pull him back—an' give th' gaff ter
Gabe, an' shook so hard with laughter
That he went a-tumblin' after.

Wal, we got 'em back, an' Struthers
Wrastled Treadwell Pew's two brothers,
Blacked an eye fer Job Caruthers,
Skinned my nose an' hurt some others.

But th' was th' best o' feelin',
Pindar Peel kep' on a-dealin'
Toddy out—put in more peelin'.
Homer Blake nigh kicked th' ceilin'.

Ezry Beggs was that onstable,
He slid underneath th' table
Plumb onstiddy, pitch an' gable;
Tried t' rise, but wasn't able.

Pindar simply kep' th' kittle
Hard a-bile, full to th' middle,
Didn't no one have no tittle
Too much er no jot too little.

Job Caruthers felt like takin'
Jest a little nap; an' makin'
Him a bed, laid down till breakin'
Dawn without no sign o' wakin'.

Pindar Peel took home Gabe Struthers;
Treadwell went with his two brothers,
Hardly knowin' which fr'm t' others,
Which was like me—an' some others.

Nex' day Pindar heerd fr'm Struthers'
Wife, an' Blake's an' Job Caruthers',
Treadwell Pew's an' his two brothers',
Mine—an' mebbe fr'm some others.

Pindar writ a note an' sent it,
Beggin' pardon—an' he meant it;
Said th' was no harm intended,
Said them apples had fermented.

Treadwell Pew an' his two brothers,
Homer Blake an' Job Caruthers
Took probation—an' Gabe Struthers,
Me an' half a dozen others.

He gits snubbed by everybody
(Female sect) in Passamquoddy,
Jest fer makin' birthday toddy,
Pindar Peel, of Passamquoddy.



The Man Who Knows Watches

HERE is an instance of what *South Bend Watches* do.

Engineer Floyd of the Twentieth Century Limited carries a South Bend Watch.

Floyd's watch has run steadily for five months and has varied but 14 seconds—not enough variation to detect on the minute hand.

And this railroad test is one that few watches can stand. For an engine cab sways, jolts, pounds and vibrates as nothing else does. A watch that will remain accurate under conditions like these *will keep perfect time in your pocket.* Don't you want "Engineer's time"?

The South Bend Watch that this engineer uses is called "The Studebaker." You can get a South Bend Watch in a solid gold case for $75—or in less expensive gold filled and other cases at very reasonable prices. But every South Bend Watch is a Master Timepiece. See them at your jeweler's.

South Bend
The Master Timepiece

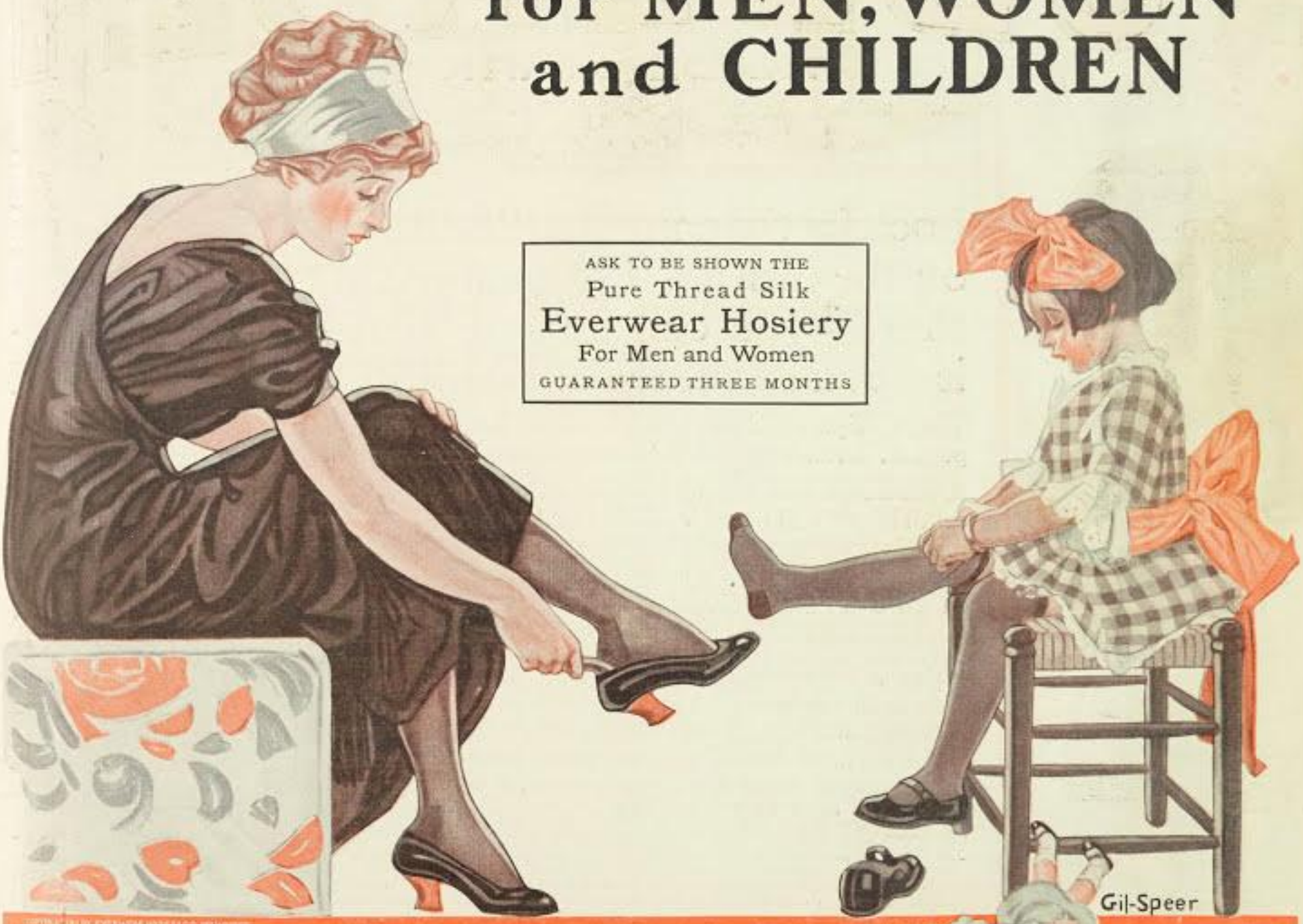


Write for the free book, "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about the South Bend. How it gets 411 inspections. Why it takes from six months to a year to make each watch, and other interesting things that prove South Bend superiority. Send us a postal today. (70)

THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 134 South Bend, Ind.

Everwear
TRADE MARK

Guaranteed Hosiery
for MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN



ASK TO BE SHOWN THE
Pure Thread Silk
Everwear Hosiery
For Men and Women
GUARANTEED THREE MONTHS

EVERWEAR Hosiery is in the widest demand where hosiery excellence is most demanded. You can get any weight you prefer, from gauze to medium—in every seasonable color. Your unbiased judgment will concede to the superiority of our improved Everwear in every qualification—fit, comfort, quality, fineness, sightliness and durability. The softest, silkiest hose—the yielding, smooth fitting kind—seamless and most comfortable. Don't confuse Everwear with ordinary coarse, heavy hosiery, because that kind may well be guaranteed. But no merely guaranteed hosiery is like Everwear. Will you convince yourself? Everwear is the American Standard of Hosiery Excellence. Made for men, women and children, $1.50—$2.00 and $3.00 the box of six pair, with a specific guarantee of six months wear. Pure thread silk Everwear, sold three pair in a box, guaranteed three months, men's $2.00, women's $3.00 a box. If you cannot obtain them from a dealer in your city, we will send them, express paid, to your address, on receipt of price.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.



Complexion Brushes

Two styles—white bristle—extra soft or medium; Alberite base. Prices $1.50 to $2.00. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

THE inside construction of every RUBBERSET Brush is one unvarying principle—*gripping bristles in hard, vulcanized Rubber*. This is true of shaving, tooth, complexion, nail and paint brushes. It is physically impossible for bristles to escape the everlasting hold that this rubber base takes. The RUBBERSET rubber base is impervious to all uses a brush is designed to accept. Time has no terrors for RUBBERSET construction, and the problem to make the balance of the RUBBERSET as hardy and lasting as its bristle base has been accomplished by the introduction of *ALBERITE*, a material akin to solid ivory. For sanitary, cleanliness, brilliancy and appearance, *Alberite* is as far superior to other materials as is the RUBBERSET principle to old-style bristle-holding methods.



Nail Brushes

Two sizes—black and white combination of bristles and Alberite base. Indestructible. Prices $1.00 to $1.50. At Department, Drug and Specialty Stores.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK



Shaving Brushes

For life-time usefulness. A comprehensive line ranging upwards from 25c to $6.00 each. All Drug, Hardware, Department and General Stores.



Note the inside construction. Identical in all brushes. Each bristle deeply imbedded in its indestructible base.

Look for the name "RUBBERSET" on the brush—if the name isn't there—you can be sure that it is not a genuine RUBBERSET.

The principle of RUBBERSET construction is twenty years perfect. As an invention it is without precedent or parallel.

A RUBBERSET Brush, whether it be a shaving brush, tooth brush, nail brush, complexion brush or paint brush, is emphatically the best of its kind, and that best means you can put your money in and get the greatest value out of it.

In no other brand do you have the vastness of choice—the refinement of styles—the genuine utility—and the real, sound, solid worth of your money. Whatever the price amount of a RUBBERSET Brush, the measurement is one hundred cents to the dollar you pay. Each RUBBERSET product is standard—a standard created by its own superlative worth and complete originality.

This huge brush organization, unequalled in size, in capital, in modernness, in skilled labor, guarantees the perfection of each article. The name RUBBERSET on a brush is our "O. K." mark of production. Look for it—remember it—be guided by it, and if you don't see it, just reflect the fact that it isn't the genuine, RUBBERSET.

When you meet substitution, get wise to the dealer or go to a wise dealer. He may be the next one on the block, or if he isn't handy to you, just send a postal request for one of our catalogs, showing by picture and description and price just the precise brush you seek.

RUBBERSET COMPANY

(R. C. & R. T. Co., Props.)

Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.

Also makers of Berset Shaving Cream Soap, Berset Powdered Shaving Soap and Berset Triangular Dental Cream—25c the article.



The Safety Tooth Brush

Every scientific variation of tuft and handle. Individually boxed. 35c each at Drug, Department and General Stores.



Home Brushes

The ever-handy paint brush. 5 sizes—individually boxed, 20c to 60c each. At Department, Hardware and Paint Stores.

BRUSHES

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO
4 PARK ST BOSTON
NOT FOR CIRCULATION

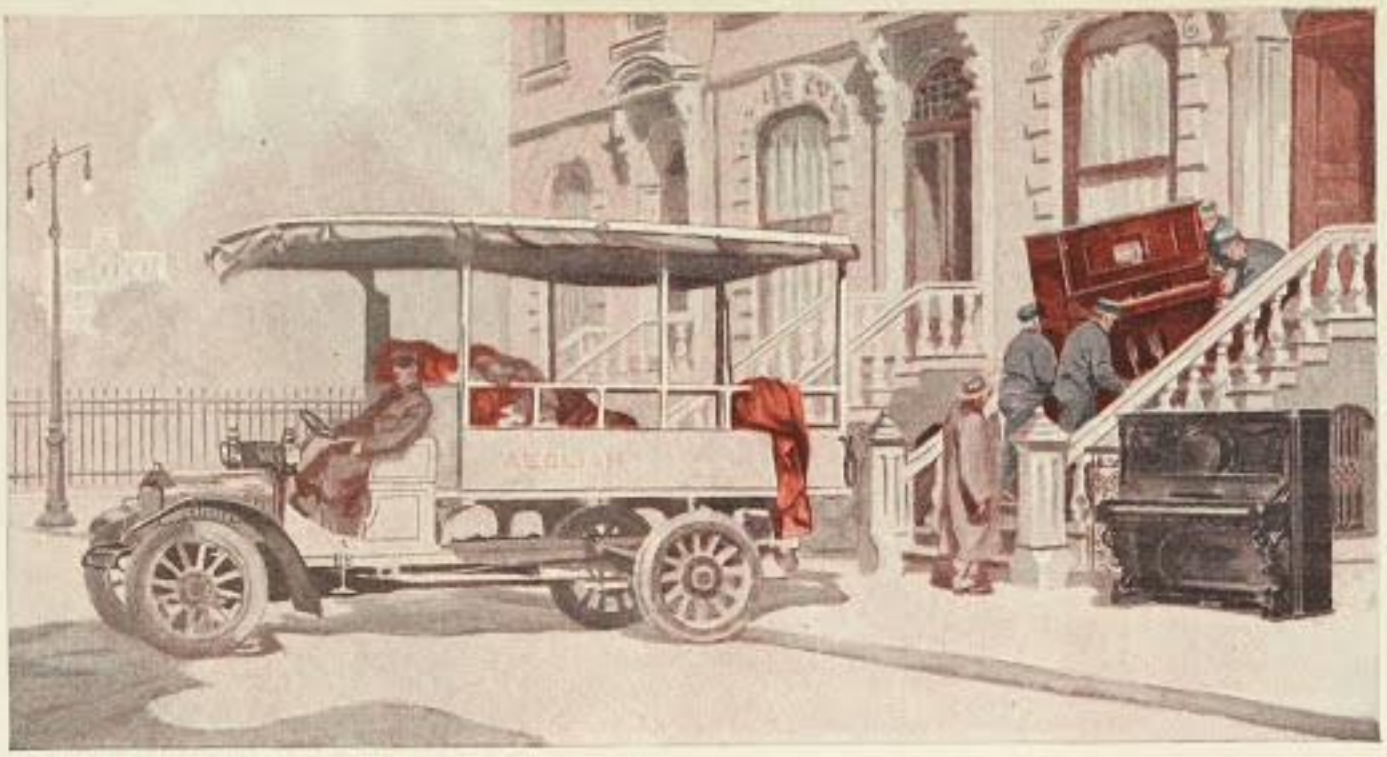
An Illus[illegible]kly
Founded A° D[illegible], Franklin

SEPT. 16, 1911 — 5cts. THE COPY



More Than a Million and Three-Quarters Circulation Weekly

The Passing of the Silent Piano



A daily scene in all the world's large cities—the Pianola Piano displacing the piano of older type.

THE whole world is awakening to an appreciation of music. In America and abroad—England, Europe, far-off Australia—instruments of modern invention, designed to furnish music for the home, are daily becoming more popular. Foremost among these is

THE PIANOLA PIANO

The Piano that anyone can play

No other musical instrument ever devised makes so intimate and so general an appeal as the Pianola Piano.

The average person of today wants to take an active part in his pleasures—does not want too much done for him.

The Pianola Piano demands intelligent co-operation on the part of its performer. *It does not merely play itself*—the *performer* plays it; puts into the music the best expression that is in him, and takes keen personal satisfaction in the musical results that he achieves.

Supplanting the Piano of older type

The piano has long been the favorite home instrument. In recent years the home has hardly been deemed complete without it.

And yet, splendid instrument though it is, the piano that can be played only by hand is almost always disappointing—it is far too hard to play for many to enjoy it.

All that has made the old piano so popular and *more*—is offered by the modern pianoforte,—the Pianola Piano.

It has the same keys for hand-playing and practice; the same wealth of tone; the same dignified and beautiful appearance.

In addition, it has the wonderful Pianola within its case—the one piano-player which enables *anyone* to play like an artist; which alone has those wonderful devices for expressing art in music—the Metrostyle, Themodist, Graduated Accompaniment and Sustaining Pedal Device.

See NOW about getting a Pianola Piano

The time has come for *you* to notice what is going on all over the world; for you to take steps to introduce music into *your home*.

If you have no piano you certainly want one. To be without is almost a reproach. And surely if you buy one now, you want the latest and best—the Pianola Piano.

If you have a piano of the old type—"the silent piano"—now is the time to relinquish it. Never will it be worth so much in exchange for a Pianola Piano as at this present moment.

The Importance of the Player

When you come to buy the Pianola Piano, however, make sure it is the Pianola Piano that you secure, for only in this way can you obtain the advantages of the famous Pianola.

No matter how good the *piano* may be, the music will be no better than the *player* contained in the piano makes it. You should consider the piano—but consider *first* the *player-action*, for it is that which either gives you, or fails to give you, the *full enjoyment of the piano's possibilities*.

There is but *one* player action which has received serious musical recognition from the world's master musicians—Paderewski, Strauss, Josef Hofmann, Moszkowski, Rosenthal, DeBussy, and three hundred others of the greatest living composers, pianists and teachers. *This player-action is the Pianola*.

There is but one Pianola. It is made only by the Aeolian Company. It may be obtained either as a detachable cabinet piano-player, or in a single case with the piano—in this form known as

THE STEINWAY, WEBER, STECK, WHEELOCK, OR STUYVESANT PIANOLA PIANO

Send for Catalog "A"

Upright Pianola Pianos **$550.** up — Prices slightly higher on the Pacific Coast.

Grand Pianola Pianos **$1500.** up — Moderate monthly payments.

Pianolas, as separate instruments, adaptable to any piano **$250.** up — Allowances on other pianos taken in exchange.

Send for Catalog "A"

Pianola Pianos are sold by the leading music houses in the principal cities throughout the world

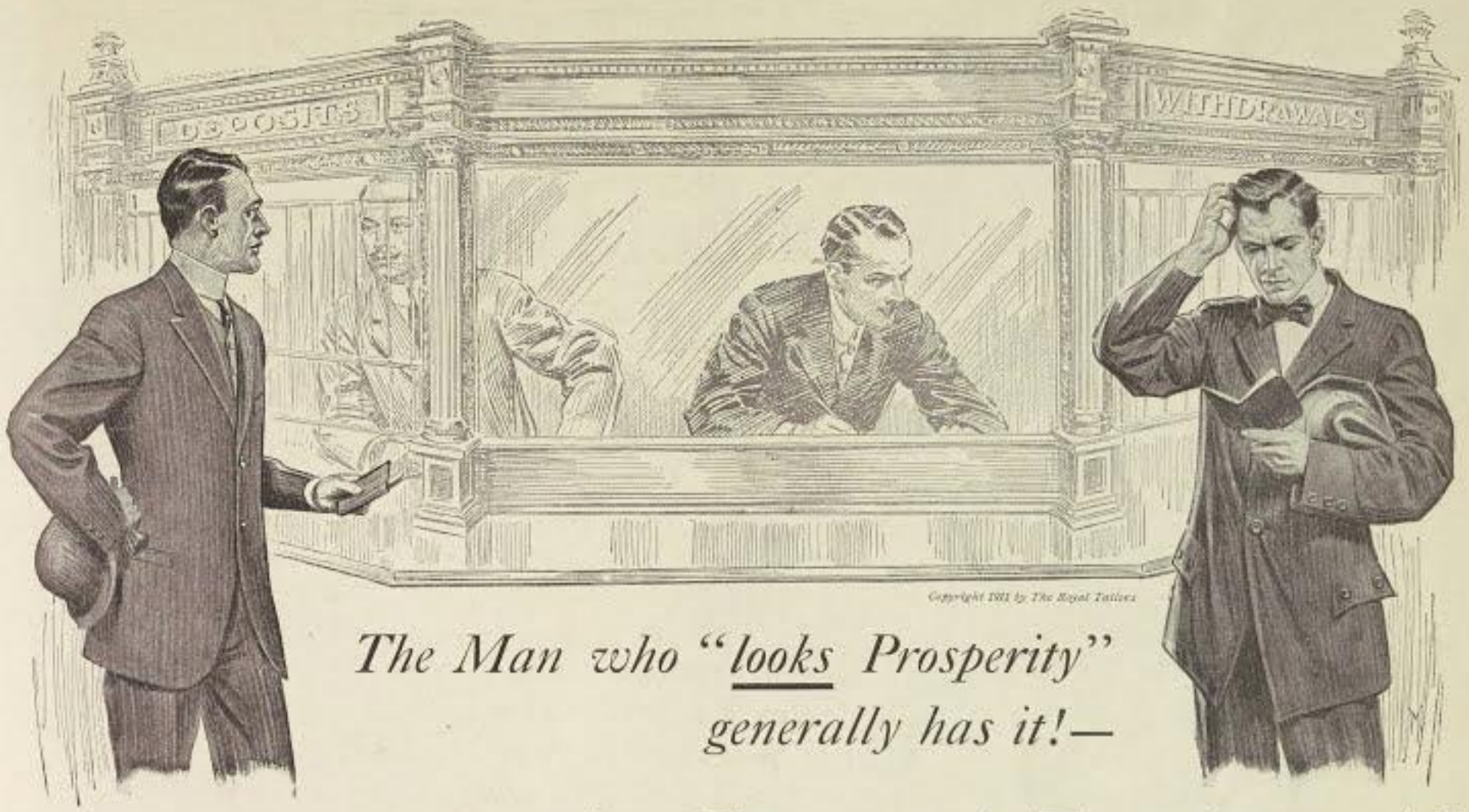
The Aeolian Company maintains its own establishment in the following cities:

CHICAGO	ST. LOUIS	CINCINNATI	INDIANAPOLIS	DAYTON	FORT WAYNE
202 Michigan Boulevard	1004 Olive Street	25 West 4th Street	237 N. Pennsylvania St.	131 West 3rd Street	Washington Street

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL, 362 Fifth Ave., Near 34th St., N. Y.

Largest Manufacturers of Musical Instruments in the World



Copyright 1921 by The Royal Tailors

The Man who "looks Prosperity" generally has it!—

—it pays to be Royal Tailored!

Picture in your mind the new Fall suit of your *ideal*—planned and proportioned, in *cloth* and in *craftsmanship* to follow and favor your every *body-line*. Then go to your Royal dealer and order that suit!

For that is the obligation the Royal service assumes almost a thousand times a day. First, to spread before every clothes buyer, in his own home dealer's store, the best in all the world of fabrics and styles for his unbridled choice and selection.

And then to build to his order, in our N. Y. or Chicago shops, a suit that will dovetail his taste and match the body-chart his dealer sends us.

And to do it all at an every-day price—or at no price at all if we deliver less than full satisfaction.

For Immediate Action

We could not, in a dozen *Post* pages, do justice to all of the half-thousand fabric-delights at your local dealer's store. But for you men with a penchant for concrete propositions—we say, "Go and see Assortment 36 in the ROYAL Fall Line."

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
1—Made To Your Measure
2—All Pure Wool—
3—A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
4—100% Process Shrunk
5—Cost No More Than Ready Mades
6—Six Day Schedule Deliveries

There are only twelve patterns in this lot (numbers 4205 to 4216). Yet if these were all that you could see at the ROYAL dealer's store, you would still enjoy a cloth-treat, rare in your clothes-buying experience.

Here, in this assortment, you will find the new garnet blues, wondrously interwoven with shimmering silk strands; the new basket weave browns, hinting sturdiness and sterling solidity; a trio of ribbed and ridged Scotch Homespuns; a purple serge; and a delightful terra cotta pin check.

Yet $32.50 will bring you a suit built to your order from any one of these twelve pattern masterpieces. Think of that price! You have paid $60, $65 and perhaps more for qualities not so fine.

It is idle, perhaps, to single from a wealth of 500 fabrics a small handful like this. But for you who want a specific offer—here is a concrete example of ROYAL heaping values. And for you who would want a bigger range—consider that there are half-a-thousand other values equally great and rare—at $20, $25, $30 and $35. CAUTION:—Beware of imitations. Look for the Royal tiger head on woolen samples shown and the Royal label on the garment.



Even the very day for delivery is guaranteed in Royal Tailoring. If your garment is not completed on schedule time, we forfeit $1 a day in cash, for each and every day's delay. This service is a "Service of Certainties".

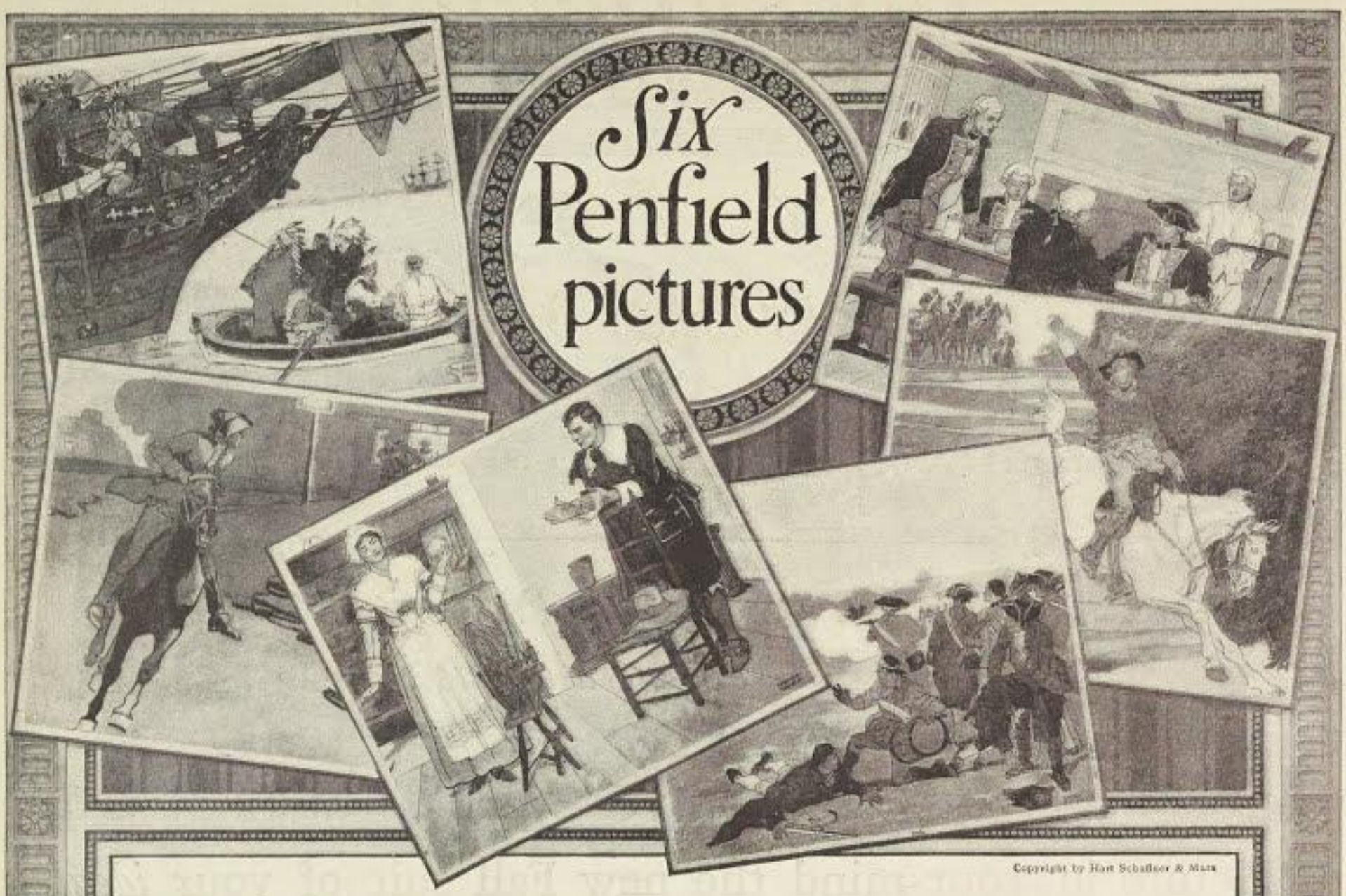
Royal Tailored-To-Your-Order Clothes

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — New York

Joseph Nelson
President

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"



Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOUNG folks who are studying American history will be glad to know that these six pictures in color, by Edward Penfield, may now be had by anybody who will send us ten cents for packing and carriage charges.

These pictures are the finest illustrations on these subjects ever done; they were painted and reproduced as an accompaniment to the New England number of our Style Book, issued in the fall of 1910. Since then we have had requests for them from schools, from teachers of history, and from parents; they are wanted to place on the walls of school rooms and study rooms, as descriptive of great historical incidents in the early life of our nation.

We have reproduced the original colors of the canvases; in a size 11 by 12½ inches; printed on fine coated paper, ready for framing; and we shall take great pleasure in sending them to any who want them.

In addition to the charm of Mr. Penfield's vigorous style, these pictures have a high educational value; they show with graphic vitality things that happened; and, as we can easily believe, just as they happened.

Beginning at the upper left hand corner these scenes represent: The Boston Tea Party; Paul Revere's Ride; John Alden and Priscilla; The Battle of Lexington; Gen. Putnam's Escape; The British at Wright's Tavern, Concord. Requests for these pictures will be filled as rapidly as possible, in the order in which they are received.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

New York Boston Chicago

Published Weekly

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Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE FRESHMAN

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



The Bleachers, He Felt, Must be Sniggling—But That Suspicion He Could Not Verify; He Could Not Look at the Bleachers

CARTER H. O. stood at attention, both rubber-soled feet upon a cross painted black in the polished floor; about him the other Freshmen of Section IV spread geometrically, each upon his mark, like a pawn. It was early and the light filtering through the high dome was gray. In his black tights and white sleeveless shirt Carter shivered a little, having left much of his body's warmth in his locker with his clothes. He awaited with candid patience the first yelping call of the physical director, which would send his smoothly muscled arms up toward the ceiling, out toward the walls, down toward the floor—and the red blood racing through his young, elastic veins.

But the director, knees glued and chest pouting, classic on his platform, was tugging at his belt. He drew from it a sheet of paper, opened it crackingly and read five names. Carter started. The last name called was his own. "Step forward!" commanded the director.

From dispersed points of the human hexagon Freshmen stepped out and came forward. Carter followed and stood with them below the director in an uncertain grouping. "Captain Blair wants to speak to you," said the director. "Captain Blair, of the football team. He is back there in my office, in the locker room."

He had dropped his voice to say this. And to Carter this place—"my office, in the locker room"—became immediately hazy with a mystic blueness such as drifts, in chapels, into corners resonant and dark.

The others, after a moment of hesitation, had turned and were going. He went after them—along the walls, scraping rowing machines and pulley-weights, racked wands, dumb-bells and bars.

An inward tumult was taking possession of him; to it his dry throat tightened. Questions danced in and out of his mind—none there long enough to be answered. Beneath all was a vague, unfounded, impossible hope, crushed beneath doubts and humilities.

For two weeks, now, he had watched the team upon the field over the tops of low fences, from the heights of remote bleachers, timidly. He had seen the men off the field—strange to him, of another essence than his, stamped with the superiority of an unapproachable hierarchy. And Blair! Blair!—why, for years he had watched him, through knotholes, from treetops, from slanting platforms——

A door, swinging toward Carter's nose, slammed him back into the necessities of the immediate present. With outstretched right arm he parried its attack and with a continuance of the same slight undulant movement threw it largely open before him.

He was now, with the others, within the locker room, with its long rows of brown, metal-knobbed little doors. From a distant part came the patter of a shower, and the fresh humidity of the flowing water mingled with the heavy odor of sweat. Within the large room, the office of the physical director made a reëntrant angle. They stood before it, huddled and yet apart, gazing at it with glances of shy young colts. The door was ajar.

"He's in there," whispered one, pointing with his shoulder.

"He looks up all the strength tests," said another; "that's how he tells."

"I lifted three hundred and ninety with my legs," ventured Flannigan.

The others turned their eyes upon him with a sudden and subtle disapprobation. He was bigger than any of them; they seemed to size him and weigh him. His remark had broken an invisible film that a moment before had united them all. Through the fellowship of their common plight there now rose a sort of awakening distrust, a nascent and unreasoning rivalry. Then the lonesomeness of the big, silent locker room, and of that door ajar before them, drew them together again. "We'd better go in," they said—and remained where they were, hesitating.

But the door opened wide and Blair stood before them.

He stood there, framed in the open door, young, masterful and blond. He was not big, but slender and lithe; and yet he seemed to look down upon them as from a platform. He stood in a posture familiar to Carter and to him haloed with legend; leaning slightly forward from the hips, with feet alertly spread, the thumbs of both hands in the slits of his trousers pockets, just as on the field they hooked to the low belt; and upon his lips was a smile, a smile that somehow did not put them at ease, but added abruptly to their discomfort.

He gave a short down-and-up nod that said, "Come in," and then, without waiting, disappeared within. Flannigan, who had been caught nearest, entered; and the door closed.

The others remained silent before the closed door—before this closed door behind which, they felt, something solemn was being enacted. They held the abruptly arrested postures of boys discovered in a plundered orchard. From the gymnasium came the grinding crash of many dumb-bells simultaneously striking the floor.

But almost immediately the door reopened and Flannigan came out. He came out as if propelled. He went by them very fast; he seemed a little breathless and a little pale, and vanished within the gymnasium without a word. Again Blair was at the door and again he nodded.

The boy who went in now had been the star of the eleven of the preparatory school from which he came. Some of the prep star's vanity still clung to him; but when he came out it was all gone. As Flannigan had done, he hurried speechless by; like Flannigan, a bit breathless and a bit pale.

Then it was the turn of Carter H. O. He stepped within the room and stood facing the captain.

He stood facing Blair; so near that, putting out his hand, he could have touched him. And Blair faced him. Feet apart in legendary posture, lithe body bent slightly forward from the hips, both thumbs through the slits of his pockets as, on the field, they were through the belt, he stood before Carter and eyed him steadily with his cool blue eyes. Carter stood the glance. It seemed directed at a spot on his forehead right between the brows. It held fixed there for what seemed a long time; and Carter, standing without flinching, felt himself become, beneath this stubborn inspection, sensitively aware of himself; felt, before this lithe, slender and subtly efficient elegance, his own body distort itself to a caricature. Still, he held true to the glance.

Then Blair smiled; and Carter went hot and cold. It was the same smile with which he had viewed them all from the door. There was in it something veiled and tormenting—a secret amusement; an inward judgment; a mental reservation that awoke in one at once an obscure resentment and a vast, vague desire to do.

Abruptly, like a light extinguished, the smile went out. In the blue eyes there crept a slight, blurring film. "I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon," said the captain of the team.

To that tone, to the slight menace of that blurring film, there was possible no other answer. "Yes, sir," shouted Carter H. O. convincingly; "yes, sir"—and, as the others had done, he rushed out of the office and back into the gymnasium.

II

"ONE, two, three, four; one, two, three, four." The voice of the physical director filled the dome. To its command Carter thrust the wand in his hands upward, downward, to the sides, together with a hundred other Freshmen, to the same whistling rhythm. Drops of sweat cascaded tricklingly down his nose, his dark shock of hair danced before his eyes, within him the heart pumped deep and true; but, beneath this outward fury of movement, he was aware of a more subtle and profound agitation.

It was far inside, beneath even the deep pumping of his heart; it stirred there, very soft at times, and then again sending palpitations through his every fiber clear to the skin. The outer tumult; the movement of his legs, of his arms; the whiz of wands about him, in some degree isolated him from it. It kept him from a full tasting of it; from a full knowledge of it. But this outer tumult—the movement of his legs, of his arms, the whiz of the wands—could not subdue it. Within it reigned master. Always its more vibrant pulsings came to the same evocation; to a vision rapid and clear of the captain of the team. He stood there before him, bending forward slightly, and said: "I want you to be on the field for practice this afternoon."

A little professor, with a horizontal chin that terminates a still more horizontal and inquisitive little beard, was lecturing mordantly on the Fall of the Roman Empire. Carter H. O., after a half-hearted effort to follow him, ballooned off frankly into the blue of his dreams.

"You'll report for practice on the field this afternoon!"

He could not believe it. Somehow the happening did not fit with what he had been and with what he felt he was still; so that each time the memory of it, the picture of that scene with Blair leaning slightly toward him and speaking those words, came with a fresh shock, with an exaltation, at once, and a fear.

This afternoon, clad in canvas and leather, he would be on the field with the others.

Those others! For two weeks now he had watched them timidly. On the field in their padded jerseys, their shin-guards, their leather casques, they ran, they leaped, they tackled, they charged in masses; shouts from full bleachers accompanied their movements. Off the field, they wore sweaters instead of shirts and seemed always to have just come from the bath. They wandered a little aimlessly, like men at rest whose real work is elsewhere; their hands were in their trousers pockets, their elbows against their sides. This posture raised to a still more massive squareness their heavy shoulders; they bulked in the herd. And about them always went a little circular vacuum—a rarefied atmosphere made of unspoken admiration, silent respect; of a bit of mystery and awe.

At times, as thus distantly he observed them, his left hand had risen to his right biceps, which tensed; and then far within him something had stirred small, like a burgeon putting out the tip of a leaf; something that was a rudimentary desire, a fragmentary hope, and which immediately seemed so huge, so impossible and so scandalous that with quick and ruthless decision he promptly crushed it.

And now this secret, inarticulate longing; this poor, spurned, trampled wish; suddenly, thus, by a word, by a sentence, was transformed ere asking, ere given speech, to full accomplishment. "I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon." By words, by a sentence—the sentence of Blair.

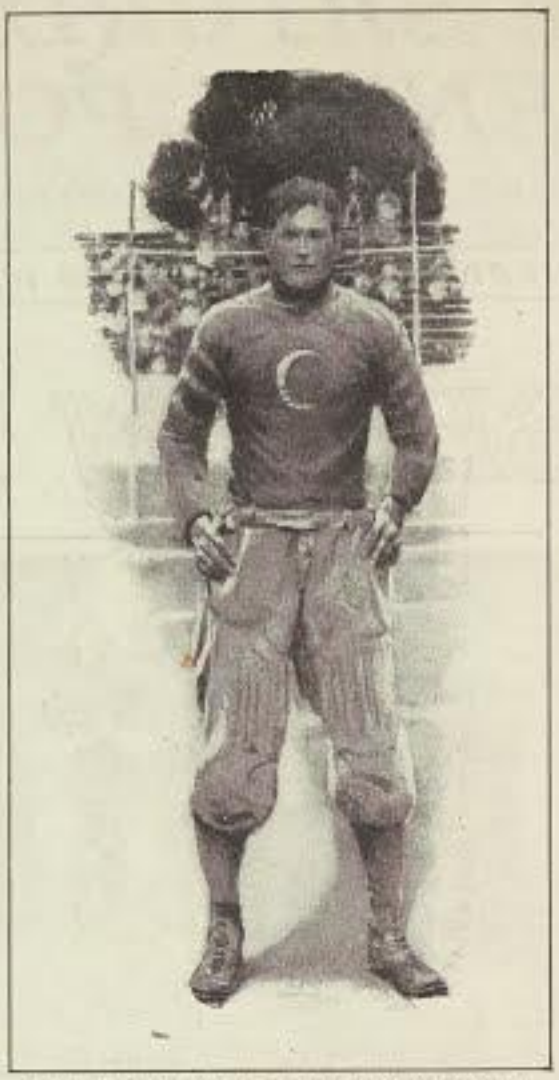
Carter saw him again, lithe, blond, indefinably reckless, leaning slightly toward him; and suddenly from the tip of his toes to the top of his head a tide of adoration swiftly coursed.

He had watched Blair for years.

At first it was when he, Carter H. O., was still in grammar school and Blair played on the high-school team. He had seen him then from the branches of trees, from the tops of fences, through knotholes: a slender, pale youth, whose blond head irresistibly drew the eye, bobbing always in the thickest of the fight.

Later, himself a high-school youth, he had seen Blair as captain of the Varsity in the big games, still slender and light, but vigorous of soul. Then, money carefully amassed during the week on Saturdays gave Carter vantage-points upon slanting platforms, at bad ends of fields. Always, inevitably it was Blair whom his rapt attention followed. Even now, closing his eyes, there sprang back before him visions of twilight endings of crashing battles, with Blair, alone of his team undefeated, shaking his blond head, sending his clarion voice over the field into the marrow of his men, galvanizing them with his spirit and hurling them on, sodden and sagging, to new proud revolts, to charge after charge and charge after charge, against the blind, squatting inertia of Fate.

He had watched him thus long—mutely, from a distance, humbly and wistfully. And doing this he had acquired for the captain—his captain now—a feeling at



Blair Was Instructing Prospective Quarterbacks

once of great distance and close intimacy; something that traduced itself outwardly by an attitude of indifference, sometimes nearing hostility, and which inwardly was an adoration secret and capricious as the first love of a lad for a girl.

"I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon."

Carter, leaning forward, an elbow on the flattened desk-arm of his chair, both eyes within the shield of his right hand, suddenly was there, "this afternoon," "on the field." A ball had been kicked, he had caught it; and, with it tight against his heart, he was speeding toward the goal-posts, gigantic against the sky. A whirl of men was after him; he put on speed, he flew. Detached figures converged toward him; he dodged, he warded, he leaped. Kingdon, the star back, alone now was before him. He swerved sharply to the left, eluded him. He was beneath the goal-posts. He planted there the ball upon the ground——

A hand was upon his shoulder. He did not look up right away. It must be Blair. He looked up. It was not Blair. It was the young fellow who sat next to him on the last row of the amphitheater at History II. "Going to stay here?" he asked ironically.

Carter woke up. A tumult was about him. The little professor, snapping his jaws tight, had slammed his note-book to. A gong was resonant; every one was up and avalanching down the steps toward the door.

"Gone to sleep?" asked the Freshman.

"Pretty nearly," answered Carter, following.

Outside, he wandered a while. Practical questions now were taking the place of his dreams. "Report for practice on the field this afternoon." How did one "report"? Whom did one see? And how about the equipment? He knew that equipment was loaned to candidates, but from whom did you ask it?

He tacked uncertainly toward the gymnasium, a wing of which was used by the football men. In the open door of the cellar storeroom the manager, a tall, serious young man with gold eyeglasses, was giving out regretfully, with avaricious reticence, padded trousers, woolen jerseys, cleated shoes, leather ankle guards, to eager applicants. Among the latter were some Varsity men. They walked in boldly and demanded things as of right. The manager, parleying a bit with them, always gave way suddenly, and they departed with new striped jerseys, with high shoes, with all the little luxuries dear to their kind. But the majority, this morning, was made up of obscure second-string men, reporting late, or Freshmen entirely new. To these went old trousers; faded and darned jerseys and stockings, washed many times; and resoled, patched shoes. Among them Carter saw Flannigan and the prep star and the others who had been with him in the morning. Flannigan was demanding gloomily, through the sheer assertiveness of his weight and size; and an almost new suit was his. The prep star had been given a very much worn outfit; he was going away with it, discontented and hurt. Other men got their equipment, went away. There was no one left. It was time for Carter to go up now.

Suddenly he realized that he couldn't do it, that he could never do it. That never would he be able to face that serious young man with gold glasses and tell him that he meant to play football—and ask him for a suit. It was a preposterous thing, an impossible thing for him, Carter H. O., Freshman, to do.

The serious young man with the gold glasses looked about him, saw that no one was near, turned, shut the door, padlocked it, let the key drop back with its ring into his ample pocket, and went away.

At the noon hour, instead of munching his lunch beneath a tree, Carter leaped aboard a car and rode all the way home to the near-by town where he lived. There, in his room, he made a quick inventory.

He had once played basket ball at the Y. M. C. A. He found a canvas jacket dyed black; a pair of canvas breeches, unpadded, out of which the knee-elastics had slipped—and that was all. But there were socks in the drawer; he selected a pair longer than the rest. "They'll come up almost to the knee," he reflected; "and the canvas breeches without their elastics will fall below the knee."

He had no football shoes, but he had a pair of old laced street shoes. He looked at them doubtfully. The soles were worn thin and were very smooth. "I can get cleats put in later," he thought. "Anyway, they'll do," he said aloud. And then, louder and very resolutely: "They'll have to do!"

An anticipatory excitement, at these words, already was at his stomach.

III

CARTER dressed alone, hurriedly and furtively, in a corner of the basement room given over to the Freshmen, before a locker that was like a black hole. He went down to the field sneakingly, between groups. He stepped out bravely enough upon the gridironed surface; then stopped, paralyzed by a monstrous embarrassment.

It was the half hour before the beginning of regular work. There was a glare of sun upon the field; the bleachers were filling; and all over the rectangle men were lazily and joyfully kicking balls.

Carter stood there, near the goal-posts, before the stands, immobile and atrociously uncomfortable. The light of the sun, the crowd on the bleachers, the whirling movement about him, welded in a strange something that weighed heavily upon him, like the pressure of the atmosphere suddenly trebled; it paralyzed his limbs and rooted him to the spot. He felt violently visible—visible in his black jacket differing from the others; his ungathered breeches falling far below his knees; his inefficient socks pulled up high, but perhaps not so high as the termination of the breeches; his inharmonious shoes, black upon the tan earth. His very immobility in this general movement picked him out as to a flashlight, he was sure; but he could not move. The least movement would precipitate upon him the attention. The bleachers, he felt, must be sniggling—but that suspicion he could not verify; he could not look at the bleachers.

He stood thus in hideous discomfort a long time, one foot advanced, both hands on his hips, in a position he felt to be ridiculous, but which he could not alter. A change gradually was coming into the ambient activity. More men were coming down alone or in groups. They spread upon the field, joining the others, kicking and catching. Near the other goal-posts a ball was being tossed in a lazy circle. All these men wore jerseys. Carter found himself contemplating with hazy envy these jerseys. They fitted tight, moulding the busts; they looked warm and soft. Carter imagined their woolen caress upon his skin, where now rasped the cold and hard canvas jacket. For a moment, to this diversion, his embarrassment lifted; then returned heavily.

Off to one side Blair was instructing prospective quarterbacks. He stood above them as they squatted behind their centers, his thumbs through his belt, leaning slightly forward, with feet apart. At times his mouth opened to let pass a word, a phrase, and the boy beneath him looked up with a sheepish grin. Then again he got down swiftly, took the ball, and handled it with a catlike movement that made of the pigskin oval a floating soap-bubble.

Suddenly, from behind, Carter felt two hands apply themselves to his eyes, shutting off his view; a pleasant tenor voice called out in his ear. "So melancholy!" it drawled. There was understanding beneath the slight sarcasm. Carter drew away the hands and looked behind. It was a man named Peart, whom he had seen before on the field and about whom he had asked—a round little fellow, a Senior, mockingly nicknamed Cupid, who for four seasons had worked cheerfully and badly, with no hope of the team, but simply out of that sense of solidarity called college spirit.

"So melancholy!" repeated the Cupid man smilingly.

There was no doubt as to the sympathy in the tone, but for the life of him Carter could answer only with a gloomy frown.

"Get in and kick a ball," went on Cupid, but ceasing to smile.

Carter shook his head heavily and did not move.

"Come on. It will do you good."

But this time, even as he spoke, Peart had turned and was galloping away, leaving Carter to his morose isolation.

Happily a new shift was taking place. Other men now had come to a stand; his immobility was no longer singular. Blair had walked to the center of the field; he raised his hand; every one began to converge upon him. Carter, mingling with relief in the mass, followed.

He was on the outskirts of the ring formed about Blair. The latter was calling out names. When he was through a score of men, most of whom, like Carter, had stayed on the outside, detached themselves and trailed off toward the side line. Carter, understanding, went with them. By the movement a group was left in the center of the field which divided into two elevens. Carter watched them, nostrils a bit distended. In a moment they would be crashing against each other—the Varsity and the second eleven; and he would not be of them.

But Blair was coming toward the side line. His equivocal smile went swiftly from end to end of the men waiting there. Carter felt it pass him like the reflection of a mirror in a boy's hand; he flushed. "You fellows go off in a corner and fall on the ball," said Blair. And then, to a Varsity player in his big C sweater, who limped on a bound ankle: "You take them, Eddie."

Immediately, with a ball under his arm, "Eddie" trotted them off, away from the gridiron to a remote corner, grinning—all of them—outwardly, but snubbed within. Behind their backs a shrill whistle sounded, and looking over their shoulders they saw the widespread line of the Varsity charging down the field. The ball was far up in the air, a dot; and beneath it two fleet ends circled and whirled like sparrows beneath a hawk.

"Here, you Freshmen!" The call came from "Eddie." It was snarling and acid. Carter knew who he was now. He was Eddie Sharon, right end on the Varsity; a small, light, iron man; according to all theories too light for the job, but hanging on to it surely and brilliantly through a certain vixenish and inexhaustible energy.

He had them in a line, back to the field, and began making them fall on the ball. With a snappy movement he would send the ball rolling along the ground, and the man at the head of the line, pursuing it, hurled himself upon it, covering it with his body. He took his place, then, at the foot of the line, while the man now first imitated him.

It was an uninspired and grueling toil. The day was hot with lingering summer; the grass was powdered with white dust; and beneath it the ground, baked and cracked, was hard. The ball seemed possessed of the rabies—it sprang, it dodged, it zigzagged, it evaded. Sometimes you struck it with the pit of the stomach and it bounded away, leaving you there without breath and half senseless; sometimes you missed it altogether and you plowed the earth with your nose, an absurd and scandalous figure. Carter's unpadded knees were soon raw; his unpadded elbows were raw; the soles of his cleatless shoes were polished till he seemed on ice, and in his right shoulder was a hot electric tingle.

From behind came the thumps of punts, sudden drummings of concerted feet, and shouts of the bleachers heralding long get-aways. In spite of Sharon's spurring energy, the work drooped. A nostalgia was entering the souls of these boys. At times, Sharon, who lacked the gift of expression, ended abruptly a befuddled explanation by going himself after the ball. They watched his tense body zip through the air and, vibrant as a coiled spring, descend upon the ball with a snap vicious as the closing of a trap—and a weary admiration coupled with discouragement relaxed their faces.

After a long time a voice came from a sudden silence behind: "Hey there, Eddie, give me some men!"

It was Blair, calling to them from the field, where play had ceased. Sharon trotted his squad to the side line. The players were mingled now. They were being sponged by the trainers; standing with feet spread and muscles relaxed, they smoked like wet hay. Blair came toward the Freshmen. He was breathing very hard and his face was white. "Give me some of your Freshmen," he said again as he neared.

He began calling out names of men who, as called, went out of the steaming group and slowly up the hill toward the gym; and then from Sharon's contingent he chose with nods others to replace them. There was an interval of rest. The men, sponged, stood with feet apart like tired horses, the water running down from their hair along their necks in grimy lines. Blair lined them up again. "Varsity take the ball right here," he said. "White, take the Varsity."

A substitute quarter stepped behind the Varsity line and Blair stood aside; but he was gazing, dissatisfied, at the re-formed second eleven, now much weakened. He turned back toward the side lines; his eyes passed over the group massed there; they stopped on Carter. And Carter felt the look that already he had met in the physical director's office that morning; felt the smile—the smile that made one go hot with its subtle reservation; and then the slight blur, the veil of command, almost of menace, in the blue eyes. "Here, you Freshman!" said Blair sharply.

Carter stepped out, at once abashed and athrill. Blair led him behind the second eleven. "Here you are," he said, placing him. "You're extra man—understand? You play only on the defense—when the Varsity has the ball. Stand right here"—he rectified Carter's position, placing him by the side of the quarter, square behind a squatting guard. "Whenever something comes your way, slap into it!"

He hop-step-jumped out of the way and raised his hand. From the Varsity quarter came a series of barked numbers, and right away something came Carter's way.

It was a very confused sort of thing. He was standing behind the scrub line, his left foot and right arm forward in an awkward posture of sprinter on the mark, and with craned neck he peered over the squatting men. The concentration of his mind decomposed motions into their separate elements, as of a cinematograph slowed up. To the signal behind there something obscure was taking place. Kingdon, the big fullback, seemed to be falling forward on his face; the two backs at his side were going through a similar and equally grotesque performance—they were falling also, but a little to one side, at once on their faces and toward Kingdon. Nearer in the line a smothered struggle was taking place. The line tensed; it bulged slowly toward Carter. Suddenly it broke, and through the break appeared three heads, lowered; and behind each the rise and fall of a horizontal and galloping back—and behind, more heads and more galloping backs. They were all coming toward Carter, the first three heads like the advance of a ram. He had already taken a step forward. Shutting his eyes, slinging out wide his arms, he left his feet and threw himself blindly forward.

Right away, sooner it seemed to him than it should—so soon that he was surprised—a shock met him; a tremendous shock, concentrated, it seemed, upon his nose, and then he was in a black maelstrom. In darkness he was being tossed here and there. His arms were around legs—legs that stamped and kicked. Two of them were like trees; three times he snapped them shut, and three times, with a slow, irresistible pressure, they opened again. Above him something tremendous was rolling like a chariot. Then there was a crunch, a bumping, as if the rolling thing above had leaped the track and was striking ties; and he was lying flat, beneath a still pressure, alone in the suffocating darkness, with one mad, red light—the pain of his skinned nose.

Gradually, above him, a disengagement took place; the weight decreased. The daylight filtered to him. But still, eyes closed, he clung desperately to the treelike legs. Some one was slapping his back. At last he heard. It was Kingdon's voice: "That's all right; let go! That's all right; let go!" It was Kingdon's legs he held! Again he felt upon his back the caressing slap. "Good tackle!" And Carter let go.

He rose, frowning. His nose seemed etched with acid; there was a shooting pain through his right leg and in his head was still the vibration of the shock; but beneath all this lay something deep and calm; a heavy, a profound satisfaction. In his shoulder, along his back, his legs, memories dwelt, tingling and vivid: the preserved sensations of the big shock, of the yielding quality of that shock, of the crunching above him and the bumping collapse—absolutely satisfying aftertastes of something difficult well done. And it was to hide this exultation that he frowned—that he frowned and looked displeased. Even as thus he rose, though, his eyes went out sideways toward Blair. The captain was standing near, feet apart, thumbs through his belt; upon his lips was a slight smile as of secret amusement, of a judgment reserving itself, of approbation withheld, waiting to see. And Carter ceased to frown; no facial disguise was a rampart before that smile.

(Continued on Page 69)



About Them a Rarefied Atmosphere of Admiration, Mystery and Awe

REAL ESTATE BY MAIL



By EMERSON HOUGH

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

Free Homes While You Wait

IN THIS glorious Republic government is supposed to exist by consent of the governed and business by consent of the buncoed. In order to support the framework of our Government, our society and our business, we have established one very convenient maxim of the law, without which trade could not go on: "Let the buyer beware." The law has no care for idiots and children. Yet, should you look carefully about you, you would discover that the great proportion of the existing population of the earth is made up of idiots and children.

To succeed in business—or in some sorts of business—search out some great and enduring human craving, something for which there is no sufficient supply. Then fill that want or pretend to fill it. You will get rich. Now, what is the greatest human craving? What is the thing most desired of most men? It is, no doubt, a home. The desire for a home is something that comes down from the time when animals craved a protecting hole under the root of some tree, a cleft in some rock, so that their young might be protected; so that their females, helpless because of their young, might also be protected. The idea of the home is the core of the social system. Hence when you deal in homes you come close to the heart of humanity.

There exist, then, all over this country, thousands and millions of persons each of whom wants a home. A division of the powers that prey, men who hang on the flanks of the reputable real-estate dealers all over the country, know this, among other things. So, by schemes innumerable, a certain class of somewhat ghoulish men live through the process of offering to sell to others what very often they never have owned themselves; of setting values that never have existed. Of course no man really owns the land, for the created thing cannot own the creation or the creator. We only have the surface of the earth loaned to us, and the craving of the individual to have a little of it for himself is as ancient and as just a craving as any that may exist. But here at least is the frame-up for a game—a relatively easy game.

Prescott As a Prospectus Writer

I ONCE saw a Greaser down in New Mexico who made four dollars one day out of a bunch of tourists by a very simple process that the tourists had invented for him on the spot. He had one of those tall clay ovens out-of-doors, whose only opening was a round hole. There was nothing but blackness inside the oven, but these tourists kept on coming up and wondering what the oven was, and what the hole was for, and what there was inside. Seeing their eagerness, he established a charge of ten cents a head for looking into the hole and stood by with Castilian dignity listening to their exclamations of wonder and delight. The arrangement was mutually satisfactory. It was then for the first time that I discovered this peculiar human tendency to look down a hole in the ground and pay for the privilege. Other and abler men have learned that long ago.

On a bright, sunshiny morning some years ago there was discovered on a mountain in New Mexico a large and elegant hole in the ground; in fact, a natural cave. Cognizant of this tendency of tourists to gaze into a hole in the ground, a certain man bethought him of putting up a summer resort hotel near by and cashing in as had the ancient Greaser aforesaid. Another gentleman, however, who had a brother in Denver, assured him that they could cash in on the hole far better if they worked it as a mine than if they used it as an attraction. Presently there was organized in Denver a new company with the words security and investment in its name. There are no two better words in the dictionary than "security" and "investment," when offered in close juxtaposition to the alert consciousness of the man who has money for separation.

Can you guess it? How shrewd of you! Yes, it was going to be another Lost Spanish Mine. They paid some three hundred dollars a week to print a full-page advertisement of the company. As a suitable hat for the reception of coin, the company had a fiscal agent, as have most companies of the sort. The public does not know what a fiscal agent is, but it sounds plumb mysterious and arouses people's curiosity in somewhat the same way as did the hole in the side of a clay oven. In short, all the old familiar machinery of lost Spanish mines was set in motion; and it seemed almost too bad that eleven of the main participants were indicted for conspiracy and convicted in the United States courts. The cases are still in the upper courts.

It appeared that this company had an old Spanish gold mine of enormous proportions. This is how the company got it. One of the promoters had gained the confidence of an old Indian; and this old Indian had told him in strictest confidence a wild, romantic tale. In the old days, according to this story, the Spanish conquistadors had enslaved all the Indians in that vicinity and put them to work in this mine. At last the downtrodden slaves rose against their oppressors and slew them almost to a man. The remaining Spaniards, though uninjured, were scared. They hastily concealed in the ancient mine the bullion that they had extracted, sealed up the mine and fled to Mexico. Since that time, according to the story, no Indian had ever gone near the mine. Now it was the great-grandfather of the narrator who had been one of the downtrodden who arose and slew the oppressors. The tradition had come down in his family; hence it must be correct. For a consideration the old Indian showed him the whereabouts of the mine.

The company, as per advices of the said Indian, had all kinds of bullion located; but, instead of buying them a strong wheelbarrow for one dollar and twenty-five cents and going into the business of transporting clean ingots, they were just that philanthropic that they resolved to form a company to drive a tunnel through the vast honeycomb of veins, and unravel their enormous wealth. So much money came in that a United States inspector, an engineer of reputation, investigated the matter and reported the whole thing a fake.

This story is given simply to show the power of literature and to prove the general assertion as to the prevalence of idiots and children. The truth is that the company, doubtful of its ability to rise to this occasion, chartered a young newspaper man to write their prospectus. He, in turn, doubted his own ability and therefore consulted the pages of Prescott's Conquest of Mexico, from which, as he testified in court, he quoted very liberally and very literally. This thing is a classic! The public swallowed Prescott, believed the story and contributed liberally.

There are strange paradoxes in the land business. In most commercial transactions we want to see what we are buying before we pay for it; but of late we will buy almost anything—even a home—on another man's say-so. We spend millions of dollars in this way each month in the year, purchasing farms, suburban developments, mines, ranch lands, city lots—any kind of real estate, without seeing what we are buying or even investigating the character of the firm that is selling.

Let us look into the doings of a water and power company. For a term of years this water and power company has been selling to a few select and elect souls, all over the United States, water-rights covering a hundred and fifty thousand acres of land in a Western valley. "We are now offering the water-rights," says the literature of the company, "broadly to the Christian people of the country and hope to have them all sold at an early date. If after prayerful consideration you feel that the Lord would have you subscribe for a water-right, please fill out the inclosed informal subscription blank and send it in." This story is another of the classics. I know of no other instance in which religion and irrigation have been so successfully blended. Yet, like many irrigation enterprises of more profane sort, this one had its backsets, as witness a paragraph from one of the reports:

The Reclamation Service Speaks

"WE FEEL that the time has come when our friends should be again advised of the progress of the enterprise. . . . While the Lord has seen fit during the last few months to have our enterprise move more slowly than we had anticipated, we have been conscious of His abiding presence with us and have clearly seen His guiding hand. We feel deeply sure that God's hand is now going to crown the enterprise with full success for the glory of His name, and are happy to say that some of the most devoted friends of the work, who have been praying very earnestly for its success, have like assurance. . . . The large amount of expense money required in connection with our enterprise has been wonderfully supplied, in answer to prayer, as needed during the last six years. . . . After testing our faith and keeping us waiting for some time in much prayer, the Lord has just led one of the old friends of our enterprise to make a further large investment in our expense shares. We accept this as a sweet token of His love and care for the work and deeply feel that the money just received is an earnest of the millions for which we were asking and which are to be supplied in answer to prayer. We shall promptly notify all our friends when arrangements have been concluded for the money with which to develop our enterprise."

Now, whole congregations of Christian people have sent protests to the Washington Land Office regarding this enterprise. The Reclamation Service says that there has been a continuous cash drain of small sums for many years, "pending the completion of the project." Mr. F. H. Newell, director of reclamation, wrote to a water-users' association regarding this project: "This company bases its plans and claims on the assumption that it will have a permanent supply of eight hundred second-feet of water distributed from a reservoir of three hundred thousand acre-feet capacity. . . . It is extremely doubtful if this company has a right to the use of any water from the

Verde; but, if this right exists, the surplus water, as shown in this table, is all the water that the company can depend upon to fulfill its obligations. . . . It will be seen that in six of the years for which data are available the company would have had no water, and in three other years scarcely any would have been available. With storage, the required amount of water would have been available for three months in only seven of the last seventeen years; and in only one year would it have been available throughout the year. . . . The formulation of an irrigation enterprise based on the assumption of eight hundred second-feet of surplus water in the Verde is an absurdity, even if a storage reservoir of three hundred thousand acre-feet capacity were available to conserve the flood waters. Such a reservoir, however, is not available to the water and power company. The Horseshoe Reservoir tract has been reserved for the uses of the Reclamation Service since 1903 and is still so reserved, and cannot, therefore, be utilized by any private enterprise." It would seem, therefore, that in this particular appeal to Christian people all over the country, Paul did not plant, Apollos could not water and God gave no increase.

About all that Mr. Newell or anybody else in Government service could say to this company and its stockholders was: "Please don't!"

The Plain People to the Rescue

THOUGH in general the methods of doubtful mail-order real-estate schemes are similar, the operations classify under several different systems, each of which originally was designed by the genius of some independent thinker. A typical instance of one of these systems follows. The inspector's report says that this was a scheme to sell four thousand lot contracts at two hundred dollars each—ten dollars down and ten dollars monthly. It was stated that a lucky winner might draw a building worth eighty thousand dollars, for among the lots offered were a bank building, a hotel building, a three-story brick building and a dozen or two of residences. Photographs of all these buildings were shown. Idiots and children always like to look at the pictures. After all the lots had been sold, the buyers were to assemble, choose three trustees, and then bid at an auction sale held by these trustees—any surplus to be divided pro rata. This "trustee" scheme has been recurrent all over the country ever since that time.

The contraband in this particular woodpile was discovered by the inspector, who said that an insurance company had a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the property. The entire town had been started as a boom venture by Eastern and English capital, and after the enterprise failed little was left but a factory intended to supply an industry that did not exist. The interest fell due on the loan and was not paid. Capital once more undertook to stand from under and let the plain people save the day. They would have saved it, all right, had it not been for the brutal inspector's report.

Not long ago there appeared in a city newspaper an advertisement asking for "men to work at home—wages twelve dollars a week." Presently some hundreds of letters began to show up at the address given. They were claimed by a painter who lived in a cheap lodging house. Thinking that this man was getting an unusual amount of mail, an inspector followed him and discovered some two thousand circulars ready for mailing. This circular went on to say that any persons who would pay twelve dollars for a ten-lesson course in the real-estate business would be putting themselves in the way of "swift and permanent advancement." The painter said that, as soon as any one of his correspondents had become a good and useful man, he would "in a few days" engage him at twelve dollars a week and allow him to remain at home in the bosom of his family. Asked how he happened to think of this, the painter naïvely replied that he didn't think of it. He got the idea, he said, by being himself stung for twenty-five dollars by a similar scheme. He only wanted to play even and had discovered that there was one more art that could be taught by correspondence.

It is very usual for the sucker to be asked to capitalize the company that buncoes him. Take the case of a company in the Middle West, regarding which the Government's report is full and explicit. This company charged forty dollars for each share and there was to be a "trustee" stunt as usual, to handle property said to be worth seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The Government report says that this land could be duplicated for three dollars an acre and that, moreover, it was not owned by the company, but only contracted for, the intent being to make good on the option when the money came in from the advertisements. This concern was closed out.

The word "ranch" has always had an attractive sound to the Eastern investor, especially the city man. There never was a college professor born who didn't naturally hone to have a chicken ranch. The literary man does not exist who does not hanker to raise waving fields of garden sass sometime and somewhere, on a ranch of his own. The society young man has not been born who does not picture himself mounted on a fiery steed and careering over the wide acres of his "rawnch." Knowing these things, a Western company undertook to reorganize a coöperative ranch company for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars—shares one dollar. They neglected the trifling precaution of acquiring the property of the old company. A great many persons who thought they were going to be partners in a Western ranch were obliged to nurse their personal disappointment. Enterprises of this sort frequently pay very well, although started on little or no capital. One St. Louis concern, operating in Oklahoma, took in ninety-six thousand dollars. When closed out its assets were eight thousand dollars, its liabilities ninety thousand dollars. The report concludes: "The officers of the company have left St. Louis, and their present whereabouts are unknown."

There is much in a good title in industry of this sort. One company with a hot title sold certificates for twenty dollars each for lots in a town-to-be, adjacent to a fifty-thousand-acre tract that was going to be purchased sometime. A shareholder got a lot and the privilege of purchasing a hundred and twenty acres "at cost." The prospectus said this was the "greatest opportunity in a lifetime to secure a cheap home. . . . There is absolutely no risk whatever. . . . You are bound to make one hundred to five hundred per cent profit, which the speculator otherwise makes." Yet the land to be distributed had not even been selected, according to the inspector. It was all simply a play on the cupidity and ignorance and hope of the American public.

The "sure-sale" real-estate agent is a familiar figure with most of us. He advertises that he can sell your property for you no matter what it is or where located, but always insisting that he must have a "deposit" in advance. After making the deposit, the sucker sometimes gets a follow-up letter offering some fake proposition. Sales are rarely, if ever, effected. Protests have grown so general that the Government has begun a campaign against this class of operators.

A variant of the same deadly idea was stopped by a fraud order issued against a man in Iowa. This man kept no books. His scheme was to get farmers to sign a pretended contract. The farmer thought he was paying one dollar an acre commission if his land was sold, but legally the contract bound him to pay it when his farm had only been listed for sale! This man was getting a hundred letters a day at the time he was closed out. He would advertise a farm two or three times, to show "due diligence" on his part; then he would assign the contract to his wife, who would put it in the hands of a lawyer for collection. After that the farmer sat up, rubbed his eyes and muttered: "Stung again!" There was another man who cut the price to twenty-five cents an acre on a similar scheme; and even he would have made money had he been left alone.

City folks smile at the ease with which farmers can be victimized, but there are just as many suckers in the city as anywhere else. If you believe what you see in the papers, perhaps you answered a certain advertisement of a young Napoleon of finance who started what purported to be a development "within twelve minutes' ride of Atlantic City, adjacent to bathing and served with some twenty trains daily." The Government report said this tract was difficult to find; but when found proved to be an hour and a half from Atlantic City, with no trains at all. The only sea-water bathing was ten miles away across the sandhills, and you had to go on foot—twenty miles before breakfast in your "bawthrobe" if you bathed.

Another concern offered lots in New York State absolutely free to any one who would send in a stamp. It was not even specified whether it should be a one-cent or a two-cent stamp. Even two cents ought to be cheap enough for a country home. Did the stamp senders get their lots? It was never framed up that they should do anything else but get their lots. Each one who did, however, was asked to buy adjoining land "just as good," but much higher priced. Some did so.

There is a fine flavor of solidity about some of these titles under which real estate is sold to city suckers. When closed up by the Post-Office Department it is not unusual for one of these concerns to invent another high-sounding title and take another office a trifle farther uptown. "This is but a continuance of the former fraud," wearily writes one inspector, who chased a notorious operator of this class from one point to another in New York.

Getting a Lot—of Experience—Free

MOST of these operators prey upon the eagerness of the average sucker to get something for nothing. What they really want is cash, but they disguise their scheme under one evasive term or another. A high-sounding real-estate title covered an operation in which prize contests for homes were offered. The winning guesser was asked to send in five dollars "to cover costs of drawing deeds." No guesser ever guessed wrong in one of these contests. Almost any man will pay five dollars for a deed to a piece of real estate. This is a very productive form of fraud. Another company was guilty of cutting the rates on free lots to two dollars and seventy-five cents, the fee for "recording the deed." "Adjoining lots" were offered as low as twenty-five dollars.

No metropolis has a monopoly on these enterprises. Staid old Boston had one of its promoting and trustee companies closed out by the Government. This company would look into any business enterprise and make an examination, but first had to have a fee to "cover expenses"—say, two hundred to five hundred dollars. Nor has Boston lacked her fly-by-night real-estate men, operating under one or another of the same old systems. Again, dear old Pittsburgh hangs out a sign of the same sort once in a while. "If you are one of the lucky ones," says a Pittsburgh advertisement, "you get a lot free." Did you get the lot free? You did. The offer was not quite "unparalleled," because the expenses of deeding the lot, and so forth, were two dollars and a half each.

They are not so slow out in Michigan either. Two gentlemen bought a morass and divided it up into eighteen thousand lots, one-half of which they were willing to give away. Weren't they the generous people? All they wanted was a dollar and thirty-five cents for "drafting papers and transferring title." An inspector tried to find bottom on some of these lots with a thirty-foot pole—and failed.

Why pay rent? Why not have a home, especially if you can get a home in a sweepstakes drawing where there isn't any entry fee? At a printers' ball a certain real-estate concern passed out coupons to any one who would sign a name and give an address. There was to be a drawing for "ten choice lots to be distributed free." A thousand names were turned in and the next day four hundred got the second degree, in the form of a postal card, which said: "*Dear sir:* The coupon filled out by you entitles you to a

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The Vengeance of the Lord

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

THIS is the story of Dan Bedford and the Terrible Swede, as told to me one night in Three-Fingered Jack's. It explains many things hitherto unpublished; for Dan Bedford has only told the story once, and that was upon the single occasion, after his conversion, when he fell from grace and the top of a card-table in Three-Fingered Jack's waterfront groggery. It explains, for instance, the loss of the sealing schooner Bonnie Doon, posted at Lloyd's as missing this many a year, and the reason why Dan Bedford beats the bass drum in the Salvation Army—an imposing figure at the head of the little band of devotees that nightly strives for the moral uplift of —— Street.

I know the story to be true, for I was present when Dan Bedford told it. He told it well too, for he was a gentleman once and he is still a grammarian. In the days when he was a bucko mate, men called him Dirty Dan.

Dirty Dan lay curled in a knot on top of one of Three-Fingered Jack's card-tables when I entered that urbane gentleman's emporium of liquid refreshment. It was a warm summer night and Three-Fingered Jack was alone with his victim. Jack was in his shirtsleeves, leaning across the bar, meditatively puffing a yellow meerschaum pipe the while he eyed the recumbent figure on the card-table. He held up the remnant of his index finger—I have forgotten which hand it was—enjoining silence.

"There's a story in that," said Three-Fingered Jack in a low voice. "Hang around a while. I been watchin' that man for twenty minutes. He's havin' bad dreams—twitchin' an' grumblin' an' fightin' somethin'. He come in while I was at supper an' my relief man give him a drop too much. I think he's a religious bug. Listen!"

The man on the table stirred, clenched his hands and gritted his teeth. Then he spoke.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. I will repay.' Would you interfere with the vengeance of the Lord, Dan Bedford? Would you ——"

A shudder, then a convulsive twitch, and the man rolled off the table on to the floor, where he lay quietly looking up at us.

Three-Fingered Jack uttered an exclamation of surprise, ran from behind the bar and in a rough but sympathetic manner lifted the recumbent figure into a chair.

"Dirty Dan Bedford! Why, I thought you dead these five years gone. Is it really you, Dan'l?"

"Yes," replied Dirty Dan; "it is I."

I regarded him with new interest. He must have noticed it, for he glared at me and growled.

"Oh, you needn't look so surprised. I'm a grammatical good-for-nothing—I am."

This was my introduction to Dirty Dan Bedford, erstwhile mate of the schooner Bonnie Doon. I picked up his hat from the floor and brushed the dust from his heavy pea-jacket.

"Thank you kindly," he said in a changed voice, which had in it some echo of a lost refinement. "I thought for a minute I was back on Akutan, watching that fiend, Halvor Bjornsen, paying his debt to Paddy McCabe. It's my first slip since I saw the light; and, please God, it will be my last. I was a godless man once, but I'm doing better right along now. Thank you. I'll have a bottle of sweet soda."

He rubbed the back of his head in whimsical fashion. His fall had evidently sobered him.

"Wherever did you come from?" inquired Three-Fingered Jack as he set out the glasses. "You was mate on th' last voyage o' th' Bonnie Doon; an' she's listed as missin'. When did you leave her—and where?"

"Answering your questions in the order in which they are put, my dear Jack, I arrived on the William Bayliss yesterday from a cruise in the Arctic. I left the Bonnie Doon at three o'clock on the afternoon of August 27, 1901, in about longitude 155 west, latitude 52 north. It's a long story, Jack; but, if I may have a really good cigar and a drink of ice water, I'll try to forget that my head aches and tell you the story."

. . . . . .

They call me Dirty Dan Bedford. Literally the adjective does not apply. I used to be a dirty man in a fight and I've sailed in dirty ships with filthy crews in dirty weather; and I made the beggars do their work or I knew the reason why. Personally I am what I am. Once I was more than that—but no matter. I was first kicker of the sealing schooner Bonnie Doon, of San Francisco, and she was the best little craft of them all. As for her crew, by and large, I never sailed with a better lot of men. MacGregor, the captain—you remember old man MacGregor, Jack? Little chap with the brown beard and the gold-rimmed eyeglasses; looked like a minister—was a thorough Scotch gentleman until the day he died in his berth—of some heart complaint, I think. It was sudden enough for that.

We buried him at sea; and I, being next in command, took his cabin and moved Paddy McCabe, the second mate, into mine. Poor little Paddy! What a jolly, wholehearted, intelligent, game little "Harp" he was! Splendid seaman too. He had what so many men lack—initiative. I took Halvor Bjornsen, the bo'sun—he had a second mate's ticket—and shoved him into Paddy's place. That was a mistake. Dogs belong in kennels—and I didn't find it out until too late.

A remarkable man, in many respects, was this Swede, Halvor Bjornsen. Stood six feet two in his socks and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds in condition. He had been educated in Sweden far better than the average and to me he looked like a man of possibilities. I caught him one day in the fo'castle reading Plutarch's Lives—that's lost on you, old Three-Fingers, but your friend understands—which, I guess, was the real reason why I made him second kicker. He was a bit dish-faced, but he had a way of looking one fair in the eyes; and you knew instinctively that he was afraid of neither man nor devil, which was the kind of a second mate I needed. You see [here Dirty Dan grinned a little] we were poaching; and Kipling wasn't half wrong when he wrote: "There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three." Men like Halvor Bjornsen have their uses inside the sixty-mile limit.

We had the schooner for poaching too. The Bonnie Doon was originally the Earl of Dufferin's yacht—the one in which he raced that German prince around the world in 1897 and established a record. Later she pounded a hole in her bottom during a typhoon at Saigon and MacGregor bought her in at a bargain. She could do better than sixteen knots and was a remarkable boat in a light breeze.



My Boots Were Out and Dropped Off, and I Tramped Barefoot

Well, we buried the old man in the middle of Bering Sea at eleven o'clock of the morning that we found him dead, and at twelve o'clock I assembled the crew and announced my appointments. At one o'clock the brute came out in Halvor Bjornsen. He wasn't used to authority and he killed one of our best hunters. Gave the man an order and told him to jump lively; and I suppose the man wasn't lively enough. At any rate, Bjornsen punched him, knocking him half across the deck; and when he fell his head collided with the main-hatch coaming.

Inside of two minutes I almost had a mutiny on my hands. You know what Kipling says: "There's never a law ——" You see, the trouble was we had cleared from San Francisco for southern sealing around the Galapagos, and there we were snooping around the Pribilofs up north; so naturally I couldn't show up at an American port and deliver Halvor Bjornsen over to justice. Besides, we'd been chased around the Pribilofs until every cutter and gunboat knew us as far as they could see us. I simply had to hold my crew in line and it knew it. The dead man was popular and Bjornsen was not—and we were less than forty miles off the rookeries at the time. You may have three sets of bogus papers and change your vessel's name overnight, but you can't change her rigging; and we were marked anywhere they caught us in the open sea.

No, I couldn't afford it. I had to hold my crew together and work it as a unit; and when the men clamored for Bjornsen I gave him up. They tried him, found him guilty of murder and sentenced him to be hanged in the main rigging. I reduced the charge to manslaughter and commuted the sentence to banishment from the Bonnie Doon via a little extra boat that we had lashed on top of the house. We launched this boat and invited Bjornsen to step over the side into it; and then we sailed away. We forgot to leave Halvor Bjornsen any food or water or oars. I preferred it that way. It seemed more fitting to leave him in the hands of the Lord.

Well, we cruised around in those waters, picking up a few pelts, getting chased once in a while—and in general having enough excitement to keep up our spirits. In general, also, we had no luck. I can't recall a summer of worse luck. If we weathered a headland the first thing we sighted was a smudge of smoke, and that spelled gunboat. If we passed a little bay a revenue cutter came out and dropped a shot across our bows; and then it was the same old game of cram on sail and an all-day run and no profits.

We had to confine ourselves to pelagic sealing mostly—and you know what that is. All the



I Guess He Managed to Lick Enough Moisture Off That Dripping Tarpaulin to Keep Him Alive

boats out, trying to sneak up on them asleep, or waiting to plug them every time they "breached." Too much work for the number of skins involved. Give me a few days unmolested among the rookeries, and I'd sooner have it that way than a month of undisturbed pelagic sealing. Besides, in using a club on the beach the loss to the pelts is less than where you use buckshot.

It got so around the Pribilofs that it was really dangerous to hang about; and, as the men were all in on the lay and the chances for a prosperous season began to look slimmer and slimmer as the summer slipped by, we decided to cut across through Bousoule Channel into Okhotsk Sea and have a try at the St. Jona's Island rookeries.

We lifted the island on the afternoon of August twenty-first and hung off and on all night, scouting the coast. About daylight we worked in close to a little bight and the hunting crew went ashore in charge of Paddy McCabe. We had a bully morning's kill and I arranged with Paddy to fly a black burgee from the foretopmast as a signal in case a patrol was sighted. We were ratching on and off all day long, but never for a minute losing sight of the shore party.

Paddy and his crew clubbed three hundred seals and the skinning commenced at once. About three minutes to a skin and two hundred and ninety-odd skinned, when along about four o'clock in the afternoon the lookout in the forecrosstrees reported a smudge of smoke fifteen miles to the south. I knew it was a gunboat, for along about that time of the year they're passing up from Shantar Bay to Northeast Gulf and always make it a point to drop in at St. Jona's Island on the chance of confiscating a foreign poacher. I broke out the black burgee at once and stood in to the bight as close as I could.

What a scramble it was! Paddy McCabe came very nearly being our undoing. Good little Paddy! He was every inch a poacher. He'd have stripped the rookery if he had half a chance; and, as it was, not a foot would he stir from the beach until he saw the last pelt go into a boat.

As I brought the Bonnie Doon around on the port tack, all the boats were alongside and the pelts came flying over the rail—clapmatches, wigs and pups. We had the boats on board while you'd be saying Jack Robinson; but by that time the gunboat was hull up, racking along at about a fourteen-knot clip. She was a big brute of a gunboat too, painted a dirty gray; and the way the smoke was pouring out of her funnels showed that she had sighted us and was not sparing the coal.

"She's a Russian," says Paddy, "and she means business. New boat too, Dan. I was never chased by her before. Were you? She's burning that foul Japanese coal, thank the good Lord!—and that helps some. Dan, my boy, if we never showed a clean pair of heels before we'll have to do it this day."

We did. You remember the Bonnie Doon, Jack—a hundred and thirty tons net, with a good deep draught. Two masts, and, by the mercy of Heaven, MacGregor had her equipped with two topmasts and a spinnaker boom. It was sail against steam, but I knew the Bonnie Doon. Ah, sir, she was a love of a boat! Nevertheless, though a Russian may be sluggish in his movements, he's a mighty able seaman; and in Russian waters there is no sixty-mile limit. It was the wide Okhotsk Sea for ours, and Siberia if the wind failed. However, as a purely sporting proposition, I couldn't have had a better wind if I'd ordered it myself. Fresh and steady, two points aft the beam; and away we went, with the little Bonnie Doon breaching through the water like a dolphin chasing a flying-fish. I had been lying off the island under mains'l, forestays'l, fores'l and jib, and the minute we were under way I shook out the gafftops'ls and the inner and outer jib.

At the end of an hour Paddy McCabe came aft and took a look astern. He had been scraping blubber off the pelts on the main deck for'd and had a beaming-knife in his hand. He looked like a bloody little buccaneer.

"What do you make of it, Paddy?" I asked. "I think we're holding our own."

"Holding our own will never do, Dan," he replied. "That confounded vodka jug is too speedy for my peace of mind. We're doing thirteen knots and a half by the log, and it isn't enough."

It wasn't. I had Paddy go for'd and haul out the spinnaker boom; with the bull-driver on her she gathered headway at once and it was plain that we should have the Russian hull down in a few hours.

After rounding the weather end of the island, I hauled off until we were flying along on a course sou' by sou'east. The breeze held good, but we were a little off the wind on that course; so I took in the foregafftops'l and set a big fisherman's stays'l—and my mind was at peace again. Any time I'm chased, I prefer to run for home rather than into the enemy's country, where you're liable to meet more gunboats.

At eight o'clock that night—with the exception of about an hour and a half, it's twilight in those latitudes all night at that time of the year—the Russian was only a faint blur of smoke on the horizon astern; at ten o'clock even that had disappeared and we all breathed easier.

I decided to leave St. Jona's Island alone for a few days and continued right on my course. During the night the breeze slackened and shifted a few points, but we bowled along nicely, close-hauled, at about nine knots. I wasn't at all worried and neither was Paddy, on whose opinion I placed a great deal of weight. As often as we had both been chased, we never knew a patrol to dog a man after he had been out of sight for an hour or two; so I didn't bother changing my course to throw him off. Nine out of every ten give up after they've chased you outside the sixty-mile limit.



I Set About, in the Gloom, Gathering Great Boulders and Piling Them at the Brink of the Gorge

The lad we struck was Number Ten, however; and, as I said before, in Russian waters there is no sixty-mile limit. The minute it was light enough to see, there was that Russian astern, hanging on for dear life. He was close, too—close enough to put a shot under our lee quarter; but I had the whole Okhotsk Sea to maneuver in and merely shifted my course to take full advantage of the wind—which, by-the-way, wasn't any better than it might have been. Even with every stitch of canvas drawing, we had all we could do to pull out of range of that six-inch bowchaser—and keep out.

We never lost sight of that Russian all day long—or all night either. How I prayed for a dark night or a fog, so I could haul off a point or two, douse my lights, lay-to under bare poles and let him go by on a fool's errand; but it was moonlight when it wasn't twilight, and it wasn't dark enough after the moon set to take a chance on losing the gunboat. There was nothing to it but pray for a fog or outrun him; and the breeze favoring us I laid a southeasterly course for Amphitrite Pass, down on the Kamchatka Peninsula. Once through the pass, we would be out on the broad Pacific, clear of Russian waters.

That fifteen-hundred-mile run across the Okhotsk Sea drew out of me every bit of seamanship I ever possessed. The wind never failed me entirely, though once the Russian got up within five miles; and the way those shots from her bowchaser ricochetted over the waves and kicked up little waterspouts around the Bonnie Doon was anything but enjoyable. One shot scored a plank under her weather quarter. Time and again I blessed old man MacGregor's judgment in selecting a schooner that could sail in a light breeze. She was a wonder.

On the afternoon of the seventh day of the pursuit we lifted Cape Kimberly on the northern end of Onekotan Island. I hauled off two points to weather the cape and then come about and scamper down through Amphitrite Pass.

I wish I could have met that Russian in command. I would have liked to have been able to shake his hand and wish him well, for he deserved it. Not a jot did he alter his course. He knew what I was up to and he ran in dangerously close to the cape, then swung off to port and came at me, traveling on the hypotenuse of a triangle. He succeeded in cutting me off from the pass, but I had the Okhotsk Sea to sail in; and we jibed and came about, headed nor' by nor'west. I made up my mind to circle back and dodge down through Shesto Strait, where I didn't think he'd dare to follow me.

I might have spared myself the trouble. That Russian would have dared anything. He was a devil. He guessed my intent almost as soon as Paddy McCabe and gained a mile on us so suddenly that the first news we had of it was a shot through the galley that wrecked the stove.

No need to bellow orders to Paddy McCabe. He was a jewel of a mate. He had the crew hauling on the sheets in a twinkling and I put the helm down and held her ramping full, and headed back to St. Jona's Island, with the wind abeam. Amphitrite Pass and Shesto Strait were out of the question and if I tried for Bousoule Channel he was bound to get me. I had to outrun him and pray for a fog. And at that moment, as if in answer to my prayer, three miles away on the starboard counter a solid wall of white vapor was rolling westward and the wind began to fail.

"Fog! Fog!" shrieks Paddy McCabe, dancing a hornpipe on the main hatch. "Now we'll see if that Russian bloodhound can follow the scent."

Sir, if you've ever prayed for a fog that's been delayed you can imagine how we raced to meet this one. Another shot from the gunboat clipped away a few feet of our stern railing and I looked back. The Russian was less than five miles astern.

And then, like pinching out a candle, the wind failed, with the fog a mile away. The sails were flapping and banging like pistol shots, sucking for the breeze that wasn't there; and the Russian was dropping shot all around us. One went through the mains'l. He knew that, once in the fog, the whole Russian navy couldn't hunt us down; so he altered his course to bring his starboard battery to bear and helped us to everything he had in stock.

That broadside played havoc with our rigging. The foretopmast came down to the deck with a clatter and blocks and loose ends were banging around everywhere. Then, as suddenly as it had failed us, the breeze sprang up again and away we ramped for that blessed fog. We were less than two hundred yards from it when they cut loose with that six-inch

gun again and broke the mainmast short at the deck. It went by the board, crippling two men as it fell. Paddy McCabe, with four men, fell on the wreck with axes and cut away the lanyards, and the wreckage floated astern. The projectile had continued on its way, tearing through the deck and coming out below the waterline just forward of the break of the poop. Three more shots from the same gun crashed into us below the waterline and another broadside raked us just as we limped into the fog and disappeared.

We were shy six men when it came to counting noses, for that last broadside had been deadly. However, it wasn't a time for sentiment; so we hauled off and hove to. A man's as safe in a fog anywhere as he is somewhere; and in about six or seven minutes we felt ourselves lifting to the big swell from the bows of the gunboat as she surged by in the fog.

I went below with Paddy to investigate and found the water spurting in through half a dozen ragged holes.

"It's us to the boats, Paddy boy," I said. "The Bonnie Doon has poached once too often. Provision the boats and don't forget the boat compasses."

We had plenty of time to get clear of the schooner before she sank; and there we were drifting round forty miles from the nearest land. Paddy cried—half sentiment, half rage—as the Bonnie Doon went under.

I had a large boat with five men in it besides myself; and we had our blankets and two breakers of water and heaps of grub, such as it was—canned meats and biscuit. Paddy came in my boat and brought his sealing rifle and a lot of cartridges. Most men use a shotgun, with three or four buckshot, but Paddy preferred a rifle. As mate, Paddy was not supposed to hunt; but he was a deadly shot and rather enjoyed the sport. The second mate had charge of Number Two boat, with what was left of our crew, and we never saw each other again after the boats were launched. You will bear in mind that it was foggy.

We rigged a leg-of-mutton sail and, as I had saved most of the charts, the sextant and the chronometer, I laid a course for Amphitrite Pass and we loafed away. We were up to the pass at daylight next morning. We had a rocky passage down through Amphitrite, but made it without accident, passed out into the Pacific and headed up the Kamchatkan coast, looking for a place to land if we didn't run into a codfisher or a sealer.

A gale sprang up and blew us off shore and nineteen days later we landed—two thousand miles away. We had been blown almost due east down into Bering Sea and landed on a nice beach on the island of Akutan. We landed there because we were entirely out of water and had been for four days, and because—well, because it was land. Paddy was out of his head and I wasn't much better. Two of the men had died of exposure the first week out and there were four of us left—Paddy, Peters the cook, a hunter named Baptiste and myself.

Weak as we were, we managed to make a safe landing in a little cove; and after tying the boat painter around a large rock we unstepped the mast and took down the sail. While Paddy and Baptiste were busy with this—the cook was too weak to be of any assistance—I cruised inland a few hundred yards and found a splendid camping site in a sheltered little glade among some stunted spruce, which grew almost down to the beach. There was a good spring close by too.

I was the strongest of the party, so I took command of the spring. I swallowed a few mouthfuls and in a few minutes I took another nip, fighting with myself all the time to keep from wallowing in the spring, so bestial had I become in my desire for water. When I was certain I had myself in hand I called the rest of our party. I had quite a fight to make them behave respectably, but managed finally to stand guard over the spring and dole out the water a little at a time, until we all began to regain our strength and it was safe to drink as much as we pleased.

We broke down the branches of trees and wove them together, and in conjunction with the sail managed to make a rude sort of habitation. We brought up what was left of our canned beef and biscuit, which wasn't very much, and cached it inside the tent; after which we built a rousing fire, dried out our blankets, crawled inside the tent and slept the clock round.

Upon awakening, the first thing I did was to make an observation and figure out our latitude and longitude, with the result that I came to the conclusion that we were encamped on the Island of Akutan, off the Alaskan Peninsula. Very few of the Alaskan Islands are inhabited, except occasionally during the summer months, when roving parties of Indians visit them for the fishing. I was much relieved to discover our position, as it was still early enough in the season to hope to sight a vessel bound southward from the canneries or Nome; and as our boat was undamaged we could put off and intercept any vessel that might be sighted.

My three companions were still asleep in the improvised tent; so, having satisfied myself as to our position, I walked down to the spring for a drink.

I suppose, sir, when you were a boy you read Robinson Crusoe and can recall how disturbed Crusoe was upon discovering the imprint of a naked foot in the sand. I'm sure Crusoe didn't feel half so badly as I did when I discovered, in the moist earth by the side of the spring, the imprint of a human foot—shod. It was a gigantic footprint, made by a heavy sea-boot—fully a Number Twelve. I looked at my own feet, then went back to camp very soberly and looked at the feet of Paddy, Baptiste and the cook. I shook my head. None of my party had fathered that footprint. I awoke Paddy McCabe and told him about it.

"Swede," was Paddy's comment when he saw the footprint. "Biggest-footed race on earth. Worse than Patagonians." He looked at me hard and I knew he was thinking of many things. We both wondered why the stranger should come to the spring and yet fail to call at the camp and introduce himself; and almost simultaneously the thought occurred to us both: "Suppose he has taken our boat and marooned us here!" And away we raced for the beach.

The boat was there all safe, but the oars were missing; and in the sand around the boat we saw the imprint of the same great feet. We were badly frightened, but Paddy was the first to think clearly. He laughed his short, amiable chuckle.

"I—I—we brought the oars up to camp, now that I think of it," he said.

"Thanks, Paddy," I replied. "I guess that's the only reason why the boat happens to be here still. We'll cast around for a look at this stranger and make him give an account of himself."

We were both puzzled to account for the actions of this stranger. There was something about that great, mysterious footprint that filled us with a vague apprehension; but we decided to refrain from communicating that feeling to our shipmates, at least for the present.

After our usual forlorn breakfast, Baptiste dug up a few fishhooks and a line which he had had the foresight to bring along and announced that he was going fishing—said he was tired of canned meat and wanted a change. Paddy and I helped him launch the boat and he pulled out into the cove, while we struck off along the beach on a tour of investigation. Paddy was for taking his rifle, but as we both wore beaming-knives he decided to leave the rifle with the cook. Before we left, I concluded to tell the cook about the footprint and warned him to keep a sharp lookout for himself and Baptiste.

We had proceeded along the beach for about a mile, when, in a little sheltered gully that ran down to the beach, we found the ashes of an old campfire and several well-gnawed bones. A half-charred board was lying among the ashes and I picked it up and turned it over. Painted on it, in two-inch black letters, were the words: "Schr. Bonnie Do——"

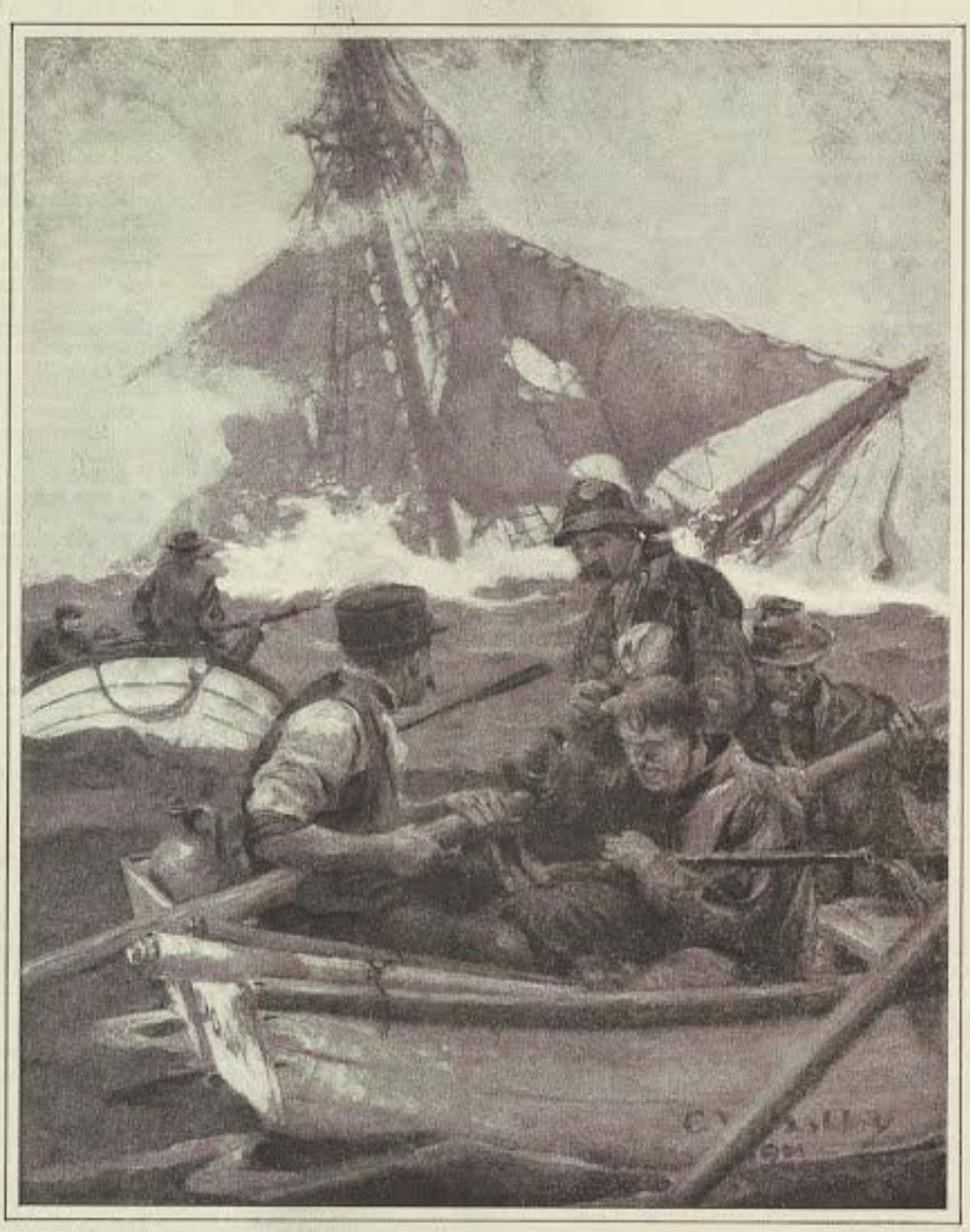
"Do you remember, Dan, just where we dropped that man Bjornsen?" asked Paddy, as cool as chipped ice.

"About forty or fifty miles sou'east of the Pribilofs," I answered. "This relic would incline a man to the belief that Halver Bjornsen came down to our spring for a drink this morning."

"I suspected as much when I saw that footprint," said Paddy. "Must have been caught in the Japan current and swept down here—though if he did the age of miracles is not yet over."

We stood there for about five minutes, trying to figure it out. Poor Paddy never did find out, though Bjornsen told me after I had cornered him. When he went over the side into that small boat he was wearing a heavy tarpaulin overcoat; and as we cast him off one of the crew hurled a boathook at him. He saved the boathook and used it as a tiny mast, to which he bent the tarpaulin. Then he ripped out a thwart, which he used as a paddle; and when he drifted into the current, as Paddy surmised, he was enabled to make headway of about three miles an hour. He had several rainstorms during his trip and sailed through fog most of the time; and I guess he managed to lick enough moisture off that dripping tarpaulin to keep him alive. As for food, he was fortunate enough to pick up the carcass of a seal; and being a powerful man physically he was enabled to hang on to life for a week after most men would have given up. I

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Paddy Cried—Half Sentiment, Half Rage—as the Bonnie Doon Went Under

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE
ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

THE STOLEN OVEN

"THERE'S only one trouble with that oven," E. Addison Humphrey observed thoughtfully to his wife; "its cost is too great."

They were in the kitchen at the time and the article he mentioned stood on the gasoline stove before them—a neat, light box of ash lumber, lined with asbestos, furnished with a door that opened by sliding back. The exterior was painted a pleasant olive-green; there was a neat little china knob on the door, and in the center of the door was neatly stenciled in white letters, "The Humphrey Wooden Oven: Patent Applied For."

"It's a success," the inventor continued meditatively. "It holds in the heat, instead of roasting the whole kitchen as a sheet-iron oven does. It saves fuel. It bakes quicker. It keeps the kitchen cool. Every woman wants one. I can sell 'em like hot cakes." He turned more definitely to his wife, with a mildly fanatic glow in his eyes and a vague smile upon his lips, and concluded, with a little affirmative nod: "We're going to make a million dollars out of that oven; but it costs too much. I've got to get a lower cost of manufacture."

This fact had been gradually impressing itself upon the inventor ever since he started selling his patent ovens. Taking what the boxes cost him at the sash-and-door mill, the cost of the asbestos board, what he paid Lute Morrow and the carpenter for putting the asbestos lining in the boxes and the wages of the painter for decorating and stenciling the outside, the ovens stood him a dollar and sixteen cents apiece. So, after he deducted the cost of advertising in the Vale Vindicator and in the weekly papers of a dozen surrounding villages, what he paid young Little for drumming up trade among the farmers and the commissions to several agents in neighboring towns and something for his own time—why, there really wasn't anything left out of the dollar and a half that he got for the oven.

He must get a lower cost of manufacture. The first and greatest item was the boxes, which the sash-and-door mill made for him in lots of fifty. Leaving the house, therefore, he went directly to the sash-and-door mill, trusting to Lute Morrow to open the hardware store and attend to such trade as there might be. Since this tremendous business of the patent oven came up, indeed, the little hardware store had pretty largely fallen to Lute's amiably incompetent hands.

The mill was situated at the outskirts of Vale, half a mile from the post-office, on the bank of Vale Creek, whence its power was derived. It was a plain but substantial brick structure some sixty or seventy feet square, containing a good deal of machinery. The lumber-yard spread behind it, and the business was conducted from a tiny red box of an office that was always exceedingly dusty and belittered. The conducting was done in the main by Thomas Sterling, president and general manager of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company—a middle-aged man of Scotch descent and of the big-boned, loose-jointed build that Lute Morrow called "ganglin."

On this particular morning—as not infrequently happened—Mr. Sterling was overflowing with a grievance, and Humphrey's genial, universal obligingness included the art of listening sympathetically to anybody and everybody. Before the business of the wooden ovens was even touched upon, therefore, the lumberman relieved himself of much more or less confidential conversation—having first closed the rear door to make sure that none of the mill-hands played eavesdropper, for he was an extremely cautious person.



"So You'll See That My Position is Above Reproach and That I'll Want a Blamed Good Price for That Stock"

"Now here you are, Addy," said Mr. Sterling gloomily, "with a hardware business that you're trying to run on borrowed money. What show have you got? Not a show on earth, man! You go to the bank to make a loan. The old man asks you all sorts of questions and then charges you six or seven per cent for the money. But 'tain't his money at all, d'y' see? It's my money and Taylor's money—his depositors' money. And there you are, Addy! There's your banker for you! He comes into a town like Vale, d'y' see, and he gits all the money there is in the town—gits it all deposited in his bank—and then he lends that same money back to everybody in town and charges 'em six or seven per cent for it!" He emphasized the point by dropping a ponderous fist upon the young man's thin knee, and then folded his long lower lip so far over the upper one that it would easily have buttoned. Bending forward in the chair and slowly wagging a long forefinger in the inventor's face, he added in more confidential undertones: "I've calculated, Addy, that the average profits of business in this country is just about six and a half per cent, and the bankers charge, on an average, six per cent. The bankers git six per cent and the men that do the business of the country git the other half a per cent. And that's what this country has come to!" He dropped back in the chair dramatically, incidentally assaulting Addison's aching knee, and folded his lip. "It's in the grip of the money power, Addy. A banker is a curse to any community!"

Addison had punctuated the lumberman's long and gloomy discourse by many sympathetic little nods and murmurs of "Well, I guess that's so," "I wouldn't wonder if you was right, Tom," "I believe that's so." Not that he was in the least thinking about the theme of the lumberman's conversation. On the contrary, his mind was all the while engaged with the subject of wooden ovens.

In confidence Mr. Sterling had many times disclosed the same general grievance to him. As Addison was well aware, the lumber business at Vale had begun many years before as a simple partnership between Thomas Sterling and Doctor Wilkinson, who was president of the First National Bank and Vale's leading capitalist. But when the sash-and-door mill was built the business was incorporated, Sterling receiving ninety-nine shares of its capital stock and Doctor Wilkinson ninety-nine shares, while two shares were sold to Joshua Reimer, attorney, because neither of the principal owners was willing that the other should have a majority. There were, in fact, many little differences and clashes between them.

Now Thomas Sterling, quite naturally, was of opinion that the success of the business was due entirely to his own energy and ability. It grieved him deeply whenever Doctor Wilkinson and Lawyer Reimer—neither of whom was competent to run a lumber-yard—sided together and overruled him. This affliction, however, was only spasmodic. That Doctor Wilkinson continued to receive half the profits of the business, although he had already drawn out in profits four or five times the modest capital that he had originally advanced, was a chronic affliction. Brooding upon this, Mr. Sterling developed his sinister theory that bankers were a species of vampire sucking the life-blood of the nation.

Sympathetically, patiently and adroitly Addison presently drew the conversation around to the subject of ovens.

"You see, Tom," he explained in his friendliest manner, "that oven of mine is a big success already, but I've got to get a lower cost of manufacture; and the first thing, naturally, is the boxes that you're making for me. Of course," he hastened to add, as the lumberman's brow darkened with a pained expression, "I realize that you're doing the best you can on small lots. So, you see, I've got to buy 'em in big lots. Now I want you to sit down and figure me out a rock-bottom price for one thousand of those boxes."

The lumberman looked surprised. "A thousand's a good many, Addy; it would run into quite a lot of money," he suggested cautiously—having in mind the dubious state of Addison's credit.

"Why, a thousand's only a drop in the bucket!" the inventor replied cheerfully. "I'm going to sell twenty thousand, fifty thousand. See here now." Nervously drawing up a pad of paper and a pencil, he plunged into a demonstration of the oven's possibilities. He leaned over the table toward Mr. Sterling, his thin face thrust forward, his eyes mildly shining, a vague, rapt smile upon his lips as he set forth the future of wooden ovens. "There's a million dollars in that oven," he concluded with a happy little nod. "Now of course I want you to have the box end of the business, Tom, and to make a good thing out of it. But you can afford to give me a rock-bottom price if I order 'em a thousand at a clip. As far as payment is concerned, you come up to the store and I'll show you how the orders are rolling in. Now give me the very best price you can on thousand lots." He hesitated a moment and added reluctantly: "I don't want to see the box business go away from Vale, and there's no reason why it should." He really hated to say that, for it sounded like a threat.

For a couple of minutes after Addison left the office Thomas Sterling stood by the grimy-paned window, thoughtfully watching the inventor's lean figure as it moved briskly up the dusty path beside the roadway. His long, red and leathery visage seemed longer than usual. Giving rock-bottom prices was an exercise that never afforded him any pleasure; yet Addison had intimated that he would have the boxes made somewhere else if the price were not to his liking. To the lumberman's oppressed mind it appeared that he would have to make the boxes practically for nothing and then take the dubious chance of getting his money, or else lose the business altogether. Naturally, since he made the boxes, Humphrey's



"I'll Lease the Mill to Myself and Sell You All the Rest of the Business for Five Thousand Dollars"

oven had been a subject of interest and speculation to him. But it had never occurred to him that the simple article possessed extraordinary possibilities of profit. Of course he took no stock in the addle-pated inventor's million dollars; but even fifty thousand—or five thousand for the matter of that—were not to be sneezed at. For some time he went about his business in an absent-minded, preoccupied manner. Then he put on his ancient, glazed brown-straw hat and went up the dusty path toward Main Street to consult Lawyer Reimer.

Four days later Addison's usually sunny temper showed signs of annoyance. He told his wife, with as near an approach to downright vexation as she had ever seen him exhibit, that Tom Sterling was getting away behindhand in the matter of delivering the boxes. It seemed something had gone wrong with a machine at the mill. For two or three days following he discussed this mishap with his wife almost fretfully. Then one night he came home to supper with no more conversation in him than there is in an oyster.

Mrs. Humphrey noticed with vague alarm that he not only looked downcast, but never once mentioned ovens during the meal. The supper dishes being done, she joined him on the porch. He had slipped far down in the willow rocker, his thin legs were crossed, his chin rested upon his breast and he was staring vacantly at the lawn. All his happy enthusiasm was gone, and he looked so much like a trusting child whose candy has been stolen that her heart ached. She swung a chair near him and sat down, her shoulder sympathetically inclined toward him.

"What is it, Addy? Isn't the oven all right?" she asked anxiously.

The inventor turned his forlorn face toward her, smiled wanly and slipped his hand into hers. "The oven's all right," he said; "only Tom Sterling has stolen it bodily."

While she sat speechless he explained that Mr. Sterling had come upon the market with a wooden oven like his, except that it was made of pine instead of ash, the outside was daubed over with cheap red paint, and the interior, instead of being lined with asbestos, was covered with an alleged fire-proof mixture. The door, also, opened by sliding to the front instead of to the back, and it was adorned with the legend, "Patent Applied For." Not only was Sterling selling this inferior imitation at a dollar and a quarter, but he had hired young Little, who was even then delivering Sterling ovens to those who had ordered Humphrey ovens.

The depth and breadth of this villainy dazed Mrs. Humphrey. She could only gasp: "But, Addy, how could he? But, Addy, you've got a patent!"

"I've got an application for a patent," Addison corrected glumly; "but what good will that do me? Sterling knows well enough I've got no money to carry on two or three years' litigation. There's the whole thing, Carrie. I don't know whether he consulted Doctor Wilkinson about this before he went into it or not—probably not. But Wilkinson is in it now, and nobody ever knew him to let go of a profit that he'd once got his fingers on. You see, they've got all the money and credit in town and I ain't got any of either. There's the whole thing. They know I can't fight 'em, so they can run over me as much as they please."

Mrs. Humphrey was a young woman of generous and ardent temper, as one might have guessed from her brown eyes, firm lips and rather pugnacious little nose. She clenched her hands tightly in her lap and made a faint sound by clicking her white teeth together; a perpendicular furrow came in the middle of her forehead and she bent her brown eyes menacingly upon the maple tree in front of the porch. "Oh, the thieves!" she said in a tense undertone. "The low-down, miserable sneak-thieves and robbers and scoundrels!" She turned upon her husband with puckered brow, sparkling eyes and set lips. "See here, Addison Humphrey, you're good-natured and sweet-tempered and trusting and easy-going. You'll let anybody walk over you that wants to. But that's played out now!" She shook her head at him vigorously. "That's played out! You've simply got to get after those infamous old scalawags and give 'em what's coming to 'em, and I don't care a rap if it busts you higher'n Gilderoy's kite!" Whereupon she smote the arm of her chair with a capable fist and softly clicked her teeth together.

Addison sighed heavily and moved uneasily in his chair, looking thoroughly miserable, for he loathed a row. It got his mind all mussed up and sweaty, precluding that inner occupation in speculative thought that was his chief delight. "It ain't right," he admitted gloomily, staring at the lawn. "No, it ain't right," he repeated absently, and sighed again. "I suppose I really oughtn't to stand it," he added after a minute; "I suppose—I really oughtn't to stand it."



"I Won't Stand for it. I'm a Stockholder in This Company, I'll Have You Know, and You Ain't—Yet!"

Mrs. Humphrey knew he slept little that night, and next morning at the breakfast table he was preoccupied. It was not a happy preoccupation, like that over the oven. So downcast was he, indeed, that when Mrs. Humphrey announced her opinion that their first child was about to cut its first tooth he only stared at her with a solemn face, as though it were another blow from fate.

"How little do you suppose we could live on for the next six months?" he inquired half absently.

"We can live on nothing at all!" his wife replied promptly. "We've got our own home and we can eat the chickens and the stuff in the garden. They can't keep baby from his dinner, the precious chick!" she added in a voice that trembled with tenderness and indignation—as though Thomas Sterling and Doctor Wilkinson were actually striving to perform that villainous feat. "And you know I've got six hundred dollars of my own. You go right ahead, Addy!" she concluded firmly. "I'd rather see you without a penny to your name than see you submit to those pickpockets."

In the next four days, however, Addison seemed to be doing nothing. About all he did, in fact, was to send off to the state capital for a copy of the charter and by-laws of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. But on the afternoon of the fifth day he sat down at the customers' side of the old-fashioned black walnut table in the prim little parlor of the First National Bank, and Doctor Wilkinson, president of the bank—as old-fashioned as the table, with his neat white side whiskers and precise black bow tie—sat opposite, listening.

When Addison left the bank an hour later he had agreed to sell his hardware business—lock, stock and barrel—to Doctor Wilkinson for three thousand dollars cash. He had been more or less in debt to the bank for five or six years—almost ever since he had inherited the hardware trade from his father. His unfortunate investment in an atmospheric electrical generator that failed to generate had increased the debt, and he confessed to the banker that, quite aside from the liabilities incident to the hardware business, he owed a large amount of personal debts that he was anxious to pay. They marked down the stock and accounts receivable to sixty cents on the dollar, deducted the debts to the bank and to the wholesale trade, knocked off the odd hundreds of dollars from the remainder and thus arrived at the net price of three thousand dollars. No doubt it was a very good bargain for Doctor Wilkinson, yet Addison was quite satisfied.

Next day Vale was agreeably surprised to learn that Addison's long-predicted bankruptcy had happened and that Doctor Wilkinson was in complete possession of the hardware store—his first act of proprietorship being to discharge Lute Morrow, Addison's tinsmith, plumber and general handy man, whom he had inherited from his father and whose general aversion to bodily exertion was one of Vale's standing jokes.

Citizens with spare time on their hands speculated pleasantly upon the fact that crackbrained Addy Humphrey was cleaned out at last—hadn't a dollar left to bless himself with; in fact, couldn't even pay his debts. To such of them as could not forego hearing the details from his own lips Addison frankly confessed that he was "plumb busted." He was going to look up some new business, he said, and he hoped to be able within a year or so to pay off his remaining debts.

The first of the week following he left town. Mrs. Humphrey explained that he had gone to Chicago to look up a new business. As days passed and he did not return it was freely predicted that Vale would see him no more. But at the end of four weeks he furnished Vale another mild sensation by reappearing. It was noticed and duly commented upon that he seemed strangely grave and self-contained. He passed people on the street with a mere nod instead of with his old-time, beaming affability; answered questions in a dry and non-committal manner instead of with his former bubbling loquacity. For two days he seemed to have no business with anybody except President Titus of the State Bank—a rival to Doctor Wilkinson's older and more flourishing institution. But on the afternoon of the third day a number of citizens plainly saw him climb the steps to Lawyer Reimer's office above Bane's feed store.

The portly lawyer was seated in his shirt-sleeves at a littered table, drawing a brief. He glanced up, nodded, said very casually "How are you, Addison?" and went on copying a notation from the open law-book at his left. He was celebrated for a fine impartiality. Upon one occasion, when a former client bitterly accused him of taking the opposite side of a case, he declared his position in this way: "If a man wants law of me I sell him as many yards as he asks for, hand him the goods, take his money, and there's an end of it. You never paid me anything, did you, not to take a case against you?"

Addison sat down at the table and began, without waiting for the lawyer to suspend his labors upon the brief: "There's one thing I'd like you to tell me if you can. Did Tom Sterling get advice from you about my oven?"

Mr. Reimer suspended his pen, regarded the young man soberly for a moment and replied: "Tom got advice from me, for which he paid nothing. I suppose you don't intend to pay anything either, so as far as I can see you stand on an equal footing. Tom wanted to know whether he'd be safe in stealing your oven. That ain't just the way he put it, but that's what he wanted to know. I told him that in my opinion it would be like taking candy from an infant. You might holler some, but you really couldn't do anything."

Addison nodded brightly and even smiled, as though this information were highly agreeable to him. It was, in fact, what he had expected. He knew very well, in spite of certain superficial appearances to the contrary, that Mr. Reimer was quite fond of him.

"I thought so!" said Addison with satisfaction. "Now you've got two shares of stock in the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. I want to buy that stock."

Mr. Reimer's two shares of stock carried a balance of power in the company, as Doctor Wilkinson and Thomas Sterling each held ninety-nine shares. It was very clear to him that Addison did not wish the stock merely as an investment. He laid down his pen and regarded the young man thoughtfully for a full half minute, revolving various possibilities in his mind. Then he leaned far back in the chair, thrust his fat legs far under the table and stuck his hands in his trousers pockets—which opened at the top, in the manner of our grandfathers', instead of at the sides like other people's pockets.

"I have a theory or a suspicion," he began very deliberately, "that my friend Doctor Wilkinson and my friend Tom Sterling regard me as their lawyer. This theory of ownership arises from the fact that they use me all they please and pay me what they please. When they have work of a certain kind to do, such as appearing in court and drawing legal papers, they employ me and pay me for my services. When they have work of another kind, such as giving advice, acting as umpire in the lumber company, running errands and so on, they merely employ me. When they turned their partnership into a corporation I did the legal work. As they couldn't agree, each of them took ninety-nine shares and they gave me two shares, of a par value of two hundred dollars, for my legal services. As I've given 'em since then something like a hundred thousand dollars' worth of time, for which I have received no pay, I conclude that the stock is really mine and that

I can do as I please with it. I make this general statement, Addison," he concluded, "so you'll see that my position is above reproach and that I'll want a blamed good price for that stock."

"I'll give you two thousand dollars for it," said Addison promptly.

"You're a sucker. I'd have taken a thousand," Mr. Reimer replied.

Addison laughed happily. "All right," he said. "I want to retain your legal services for the next six months at least. I was going to offer you a retainer fee of five hundred dollars; but I'll make it two dollars and a half."

"Your price is all right," the lawyer commented soberly; "but as to accepting a retainer now——" He broke off, thoughtfully fingering his gray chin whisker.

"Why, it's just this way," Addison urged. "If you're retained at all at present—which you ain't—but if anybody's retaining you now it ain't Doctor Wilkinson or Tom Sterling—it's the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. Now I'm going to be the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company; I'm going to take over that company, you see. So in working for me you'll really be working for the company right along."

As he contemplated the inventor, Mr. Reimer's look of surprise gave place to a smile. When Mr. Reimer's round and ruddy face lighted with a smile he looked like a cherub with a gray chin whisker. The smile warmed the inventor's heart and he burst out eagerly:

"Those two rascals stole my oven and I'm going——"

But the lawyer at once frowned and interrupted: "Tut, tut! Tut, tut, now! For the present, Addy, you and I will stick to the legal aspects of the case. If you've got any other kind of aspects in your mind, just keep 'em there."

"I guess you're right," Addison murmured, in some confusion under this rebuff. "Well, for legal aspects, I understand an option on stock ain't legal and binding in this state."

"Not legal and binding in this state," Mr. Reimer replied.

"Very well," said Addison. "Instead of taking an option on your stock, then, I'll buy it outright and pay you five hundred dollars cash down and give you my note for fifteen hundred, due in sixty days. You pin the stock to the note and deposit 'em in the State Bank. If I don't pay the note when it's due the stock goes back to you. That's legal, ain't it?"

"That's so legal, Addison," the lawyer replied, "that I'm blessed if I'd do it if I wasn't interested in you personally and didn't think you'd got the hot end of the poker."

"And there's one other thing," said the inventor. "I believe you're secretary of the company."

Once more Mr. Reimer looked mildly surprised. To have ascertained that, he concluded Addison must have been making some investigation among the records of corporations at the state capital. "I was secretary the last I heard anything about it," he replied. "As a matter of fact, while the business is incorporated it's been run just as though it were still a partnership. Personally, I consider that a loose and improper method; but as nobody ever asked me for my opinion I've been modest enough to keep it to myself."

From the lawyer's office Addison went directly to the First National Bank, and was soon sitting on the customers' side of the old-fashioned black-walnut table, regarding Doctor Wilkinson's neat side whiskers with an unsmiling and misanthropic eye.

"I've been at work in Chicago a month," he explained gloomily, "and I've got thirty thousand dollars of capital subscribed to go into the wooden-oven business. I'm going into it for keeps too. I'll have fifty thousand dollars paid into the bank in cash by the time we're ready to open up here. People in Vale don't begin to suspect what there is in that oven. Now I can buy the old grist mill, with its water-power, and convert that into a plant for making the ovens. But I'd rather buy out the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company. I can double the size of that mill and make it just what I want, and there's a good yard for handling the lumber we'll use. And then I've got a personal reason. Between you and me, Tom Sterling treated me like a dog. He stole my oven and I'm going to get even with him."

At this sinister statement Doctor Wilkinson pursed his mouth and nervously fingered the tip of his right whisker. There was something about this morose, bloodthirsty transformation of the easy-going young hardware merchant that astonished and vaguely alarmed him.

"I suppose that outfit—with the mill and the grounds and the stock of lumber and coal and so on—is worth about twenty-five thousand dollars," the inventor continued, as though the outfit were an insignificant and contemptible object. "I'm willing to pay about what it's worth; but it don't follow that all the stockholders will get the same price, by a long shot. Now you carried me a long while, Doctor Wilkinson. I appreciate that. Besides, we're going to do business on a big scale here in Vale. We want you to cooperate with us."

At that statement the purse of Doctor Wilkinson's mouth perceptibly tightened; but the inventor added: "Not in the way of furnishing capital, you understand. We'll have all the capital of our own that we can use. But we want to do our business with the leading bank, and we want you, as you might say, on our side. Next to the First National, you see, we'll be the leading concern in Vale, and there ought to be a friendly footing and good understanding between the two."

All this naturally suggested an ample deposit account, and Doctor Wilkinson nodded twice quite graciously.

"I confess," Addison went on with a slight smile, "that I felt angry at you at first because Tom Sterling stole my oven. But, of course, I know you had nothing to do with it personally and I remembered how long you carried me. And when I came to think it over I saw it wouldn't do for a concern like ours to be tied up with Titus and the State Bank. People would think it queer."

"Mr. Titus," said Doctor Wilkinson acidly, "has done things that no banker should do."

"Sure," Addison assented readily. "I see it wouldn't do. I'm sorry I told my people that we'd do our business with the State Bank. But I'll explain it to 'em and they'll see quick enough that we must transfer it to you. Now about your stock in the lumber company, Doctor Wilkinson. I think fifteen thousand dollars would be a good, full price for it." He made the statement as though it were practically settled.

Doctor Wilkinson gently cleared his throat and softly tapped the ends of his thumbs and fingers together in a slow rhythm as he explained that the lumber stock was an exceedingly good investment, paying ten per cent dividends with pleasing regularity. He hadn't thought of parting with it on any terms. He considered fifteen thousand dollars entirely too low; he might possibly consider two hundred dollars a share, or, say, twenty thousand dollars to make it even money. After much dickering Doctor Wilkinson consented—with a view to the welfare of Vale, which would profit by having so important an industry located there, and out of personal consideration for his young friend—to say seventeen thousand five hundred.

"I couldn't afford to give that," said Addison darkly, "if I had to pay at the same rate for the rest of the stock. But Tom Sterling will find that I'll deal with him on different terms. Of course it won't be necessary," he added meaningly, "to say anything about this deal with you at present."

Doctor Wilkinson saw no necessity for saying anything. As to what might happen to Thomas Sterling he took merely an impartial sporting interest.

"There's quite a lot of preliminary work to be done, such as incorporating the company, and drawing up plans to enlarge the mill, and letting contracts, and buying machinery and all that," Addison explained, "so I told my people there'd be no need of paying in any money to speak of until October fifteenth. I'll pay you two thousand dollars down on the stock and give you my note for the balance, due October fifteenth. You can pin the stock to the note and deposit it in the State Bank. Of course, if the note isn't paid when it's due the stock will go back to you. Two or three of my people will be on here pretty soon and then I'll arrange to have our business transferred to this bank."

Except that he disliked having any dealings whatever with Mr. Titus' institution, Doctor Wilkinson could find no fault with this businesslike arrangement. Leaving the bank with an elated heart and a grave face, Addison proceeded to the lumber-yard.

"I'm going to get even with Wilkinson," he informed Mr. Sterling vengefully. "He took my store away from me and turned me into the street without a cent. He's used me like a dog. He runs over everybody. He's been running over you for twenty years, Tom."

The lumberman was about to assent, but checked himself. This gloomy young man breathing savage threats rather alarmed him.

"You built up this business," Addison continued morosely. "What money Wilkinson put into it he's got back four or five times over. The business'd belong to you if you had your rights."

This time the lumberman nodded.

"I've got some money behind me now," Addison went on—"a good bunch of it. I'm going into the wooden-oven business. There's a lot of money in that business, Tom. Nobody here realizes what can be made of it. When I showed it to those people in Chicago they jumped at it. You've got a wooden-oven business too. You and I ought to go in together on it. We could clean up a fortune. You see, I'd need a practical lumber man anyway, so you'd fit right in; and you'd need a man to look after sales, advertising and so forth, so I'd fit right in. There's a fortune in it, but I don't propose to turn over half the profits to old Wilkinson by a long shot. He's got no right to it."

Mr. Sterling, in a high state of suppressed excitement, was staring at the young man with all his might. "What was you proposing now, Addy?" he inquired earnestly.

"I was proposing this," Addison replied darkly: "Here's this mill that's just what we want to manufacture the ovens when we enlarge it. I suppose it's worth about eight thousand dollars. Then here's the lumber-yard, with the stock of lumber and coal. I figure that's worth about seventeen thousand dollars. Now I'll take the mill and you'll take the lumber-yard and Wilkinson'll take a swift kick; and then you and I'll get together and fix up an arrangement for the future. Except that kick, Wilkinson's already got three times what's really due him."

The lumberman's voice sank to a hoarse whisper and his eyes protruded. "But, Addy—how could you do it?" he breathed.

"It's simple as A, B, C," the inventor assured him. "You've got ninety-nine shares, Wilkinson's got ninety-nine shares and Reimer did have two shares. But I've already bought his stock. Come up to the State Bank and I'll show it to you," he added, in response to the lumberman's incredulous stare. "I'll buy your stock for five thousand dollars, say. That will give me a majority; and with a majority, you know, I can do whatever I please. So I'll lease

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Prim Little Doctor Wilkinson at His Heels, Running Like a Decorous Spinster

The Trade We are Scolded About

Our Latin-American Cousin—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON



ONE of the staple products of our fiction-writing industry is the Latin-American story. Its scene is set in some comic-opera republic, supposed to be in South or Central America, where various bands of insurgents are forever fighting to oust the government. Its hero is a breezy Yankee journalist, on the Barnes-of-New-York order, who settles a revolution every morning before breakfast by way of an appetizer. Its heroine is a beautiful New York heiress, who happens to be cruising in those parts on her father's palatial yacht. The rest of the characters are usually Latin-Americans, represented as treacherous little yellow people, who carry stilettos and furnish all the villains, adventuresses and complications of the story. They are called "greasers" by the hero, and the only tolerable figure among them is bewitching Dolores, daughter of Don Perfecto Gonzales, whose father wants her to marry the president of the comic-opera republic and who ultimately elopes with the steward on the yacht.

Our fictionists have been turning out this sort of stuff "since 'way before the Spanish War already." It has become thoroughly standardized. Editors understand it and put it in their magazines every month. Public libraries are filled with the bound accumulations. Even the messenger boy can get it in paper covers for a nickel.

It may be good fiction, but it is rather bad for Latin-American business—not that the people in the southern half of our hemisphere ever see enough of this stuff to have their feelings hurt, for they don't. It is right at home here in the United States that the damage is done; for this style of fiction at once reflects our limited understanding of Latin-America and keeps us more or less ignorant of the real people and conditions there.

A Neglected Customer

AN EMINENT Brazilian scholar says he finds Americans and Europeans not much better informed about Latin-America than about Mars, as a rule; and the one subject that interests them first of all is revolutions. They are astonished to learn that the disturbances reported as "South American revolutions" are often simply local riots, in no way affecting national order and not nearly so serious as one of our own strikes. In the past ten years Europe has had far more revolutions than all Latin-America. Four-fifths of the latter are comprised in the orderly, peaceful countries of Brazil, Argentina, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay and Bolivia. Three or four smaller and less accessible countries are hampered by political unrest; but the romantic, bloodthirsty worship of fighting courage is over forever on the continent to the south of us, and work and progress are now the order of the day.

The world at a distance still pictures the Latin-American as an indolent fellow—half Spaniard, half Indian—whose chief pursuits are bullfighting, chicken fancying, gambling, lovemaking and dueling. Instead, however, he is one of the best possible customers for manufactured goods, with rapidly developing tastes and an extremely long pocketbook; and the world must soon revise its notions about him and get down to realities.

The length and contents of the Latin-American pocketbook are succinctly summed up by a New York investigator of export trade:

The chief income is from rubber, chocolate, coffee, beef, grain and nitrates. Rubber and chocolate are peculiar. Their price has almost no relation to the cost of growing, because demand is always far ahead of supply. They do not exhaust the soil, need no fertilizer, machinery or skilled labor. Latin-America has a monopoly in coffee, raises the cheapest beef in the world, produces cheap mutton and wool, and grows grain on virgin soil, cultivated with ease. Nitrates are a source of natural wealth, with no costs to be reckoned. Back of these are minerals and hardwoods.

Some day our Latin-American cousin may have to figure on costs and manage on smaller margins of profit as population grows and his natural resources diminish; but today he enjoys a foreign commerce of above two billion dollars a year, with a balance in his favor of nearly a quarter billion. On one hand, he sells natural products at long prices and, on the other, he buys the best that manufacturing nations have to offer. Some attempts have been made, it is true, to establish manufactories in South America, but so far with little success. The general character of the country and people seems to be against any marked industrial development in the immediate future.

Now, with this promising customer to the south of us and our growing need for export trade in manufactured goods, many of our statesmen and economists are urging that treaties be negotiated, commercial agencies established, banking and shipping facilities promoted—and so forth.

What is really needed, however, is a general revision of our ideas about the Latin-American cousin and efforts on the part of individual American business houses to get acquainted with him, understand him, talk to him in his own language and cultivate the beginnings of trade, each for itself. Then the banks, ships and all the rest of it will follow—they do not create trade, but merely serve it.

Politeness a Good Investment

SEVERAL years ago a New York musical house began to get acquainted with the Latin-American cousin—or, rather, he began to get acquainted with it, dropping in at its salesrooms.

New York is becoming more and more a center for visitors from South and Central American countries. Certain of the hotels are headquarters for them and they visit our metropolis on their way to Europe, or come to it to see the sights, or bring their children to schools in the United States. An American business man who wanted to meet the Latin-American cousin might, with a little guidance, do so right in New York.

This musical house had been selling some of its instruments in Latin-America through roundabout export channels and had distributed printed matter in Spanish. The Latin-American cousin, who had bought one of the instruments and read the advertising, was naturally interested in the house and visited its salesroom when he came to New York. It was quite an event to him. He felt that he would be welcome and expected somebody to make a bit of fuss about him—a customer coming from so far.

However, he found nobody to speak his language, or, if he knew English, probably fell into the hands of a salesman who asked briskly what could be done for him today and diplomatically dropped him as soon as he found that the Latin-American cousin only wanted to be entertained and shown around. Still, people from the South and Central American countries kept coming to the store; and finally it was necessary to arrange some way of dealing with them.

In the private office of one of the officers was a keen young woman, his secretary, who spoke good Spanish and made this situation an opportunity. Salesmen were instructed to turn over to her every Spanish-speaking visitor as soon as he came in the front door. She welcomed them in their own language, understood their partiality for leisurely conversation and somewhat ceremonious manners, took them in charge, had the pipe-organ played,



showed the building from top to bottom, and gave them a reception in keeping with their expectations and their ideas of the house. Soon little groups of these Southern visitors could be seen going about with this young woman, talking and gesticulating vivaciously, feeling thoroughly at home, bowing to the ground as they left their guide at the front door, and bothering nobody. Several years of this attention have made that house a center for Latin-Americans. The young woman has a wide acquaintance with the good families in the countries they come from, and people there who have never been in New York know her. The house has extended its sales in South and Central America to a degree that makes a regular department necessary to handle the trade.

The Latin-American cousin likes a polite fuss and it is the thing that he misses most when he deals with Americans.

One of our consuls tells a story that illustrates this point. A Central-American merchant bought a bill of goods from a New York house. In paying for them he sent a draft, with a letter full of suave felicitations, trusting that their business relations would continue and be agreeable—and so forth. What the Latin-American expects when he pays his bill is a letter just as gracious and complimentary—he wants somebody to make a fuss. This particular house, however, has nobody in its employ who understands that trade. After the draft had been sent to the bank a subordinate returned the polite letter, with the word "Paid" stamped across its face as a receipt!

American Customs That Jar

ONE of the progressive manufacturing houses in the East has a young Porto Rican in charge of its Latin-American sales. He entertains many visitors from South and Central America and the West Indies and takes them about New York in search of all kinds of goods. On every hand, he says, they meet with American customs that jar. The visiting merchant inspects goods and asks prices. The salesman gives quotations and adds "Net cash" because the customer is a foreigner. Now at home this visiting merchant is a man of substance. He obtains long credit on goods and runs his business by the same plan—even his clerks are paid only once or twice a year, or, perhaps, leave their earnings in the business. He is able to pay cash—and even willing if there is somebody to explain, as an aside, that this is a custom of that house. Then he would probably pay net cash without objection. It is not the demand that shocks him so much as the bluntness of the announcement.

An American business man went to South America with a project in which he believed one of the governments would be interested. For several weeks he called at an official bureau, but could never get an audience with its

chief. Day after day the chief was busy and he made no headway. By-and-by he met an American living there and thoroughly familiar with the people.

"Why, I know that official," said the latter when the difficulty was explained. "He ought to be interested in your proposition. I'll take you round and introduce you."

There was no trouble in gaining access to the bureau chief. When told of the American's efforts to see him he expressed surprise; and an investigation showed about two dozen of the visitor's business cards heaped up and forgotten in the secretary's basket. In dealing with the secretary he had simply exhibited bad manners, treating him as an underling, coming into his office with his hat on and totally neglecting those polite amenities that grace the commonest transactions in Latin-America—even a telephone talk. The secretary had, therefore, set him down for a boor and made it his business to keep him out of the chief's private office.

When it comes to the conventions and the formalities our Latin-American cousin is, if anything, a trifle more stiff than the British. Many an American has gone to his first South American dinner dressed in cool flannels, expecting to meet a lot of Indians, and found the company in evening clothes—starched shirt and all. This has happened often enough to give our Southern neighbors the impression that we are Indians.

The Latin-American is rather roundabout in business matters. Even when he comes to New York to buy goods he thoroughly dislikes being urged or subjected to sales tactics, but wants plenty of time to look around and make his own decisions. He demands that business be tempered with conversation and entertainment. Many a sale has been lost by the Yankee's well-meant effort to wind up the deal with a Latin-American customer, while just as many good sales have been made and a lasting business connection established by letting the customer have his head.

At home, the Latin-American cousin may insist upon entertaining the American business man at his residence a day or two before he even consents to discuss goods. That frequently happens when the American speaks the language of the country and is liked on his own account, or where the visitor is a Latin-American in the employ of a concern in the United States. After a day or two, if the merchant is not disposed to buy goods, he has a delicate way of getting rid of his visitor—he gives him a warm letter of introduction to a relative in some other town. Men familiar with this trade say it is not unusual to visit some merchants three and four years before any sales are made. When business does begin, however, it is enduring.

Latin-American hospitality is princely. When Secretary Root went through the Southern continent several years ago, families moved out of the finest residences in the places where he stopped and they were refurnished with new fittings specially ordered from Paris, so that the guest might have an appropriate place to stay for a few days.

Americans who hold the notion that the Latin-American cousin is a sort of Indian are always anxious to revise their views after some first-hand acquaintance with him, either in his own country or here. To think of him as a waspy little revolutionist is altogether out of date and an impertinence.

He is decidedly keen and lively, for one thing. Living on an ample continent, sparsely populated, with plenty of natural wealth but not so many conveniences as are found in the older countries, he is thrown on his own resources. The Latin-American carpenter will take an American catalog and duplicate articles of furniture shown in its pages with hand tools and in native woods. When his interest in cabinetwork wanes a bit, perhaps he will turn blacksmith for a change and make tools. Later, he tries his hand at painting; and when he tires of that he may return to carpentering. Being far from factories and shops, the people have to make many of the things they need.

Latin-American youngsters coming to the United States to school may have had few educational advantages at home, but their natural brightness puts them at the heads of their classes in short order, it is said. The Latin-American woman may arrive in New York or Paris without ever having been out of a provincial community in her life; yet her natural intelligence and bearing are such that no hostess ever hesitates about presenting her in the most worldly company.

A man came up from Bogota to New York and was shown around by a New Yorker who is familiar with Latin-America and had been his guest at home. This was the first time in his life that the Bogotanian had ever been outside his native city. Colombia, with an area greater than all the states along our Atlantic seaboard, has less than five hundred miles of railway and its inland capital is several days' journey from the ocean. The ocean was at once a marvel and a terror to the man from Bogota, like most Latin-Americans—something to look forward to with apprehension and back upon with awe; but when he got to New York, and was taken around to see the sights, he seemed thoroughly at home. His host showed him subways, bridges, tunnels, trolleys, skyscrapers, stations and parks. The man from Bogota never lost his aplomb in the slightest degree.

"Do none of these things astonish you?" the New Yorker asked finally. "You have no trolley cars in Bogota."

"That is true," admitted the man from Bogota placidly. "But then, you see, the country there is not suited to them."

Americans dealing with Latin-Americans sometimes complain about the "*mañana* habit"—or tendency to put off action until tomorrow. This has been somewhat exaggerated, however. The Yankee who goes to those countries will probably try to do business in the middle of the day, as at home. The hot climate leads the Latin-American merchant to do much of his work early in the morning and during the cooler hours of the afternoon. At eleven in the morning he has a hearty "breakfast" and then a nap. He is so accustomed to this *siesta* that he will go to sleep talking to a visitor, in spite of himself. If the Yankee salesman drops in at that time of day, naturally he finds the Don a bit slow. In his regular business hours,

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John Chinaman as a Crop-Coaxer

By FORREST CRISSEY

A REPRESENTATIVE convention of California farmers and growers would resemble a family reunion of Tower of Babel survivors with respect to the confusion of tongues spoken. The agricultural population of the Golden State is a veritable olla podrida of Old World races, assembled from the four corners of the earth. An hour's trip in a touring car through many a farming section will flash before the eye of the Eastern visitor a panorama of field labor, set with Chinamen, Japs, Italians, Portuguese, Swiss, Hindus, Danes and Germans—with a possible sprinkling of Armenians, Frenchmen, Slavs, Koreans and Mexicans—all tilling the soil and most of them operating on their own account.

No other state possesses so polyglot a population engaged in actual production from the soil. On the lands of no other commonwealth are so many kinds, colors and races of farmers working out their peculiar traditions of soil cultivation, in crops of such marvelous diversity, as in the state toward which the old Argonauts set their determined faces in the days when gold—and not agriculture—was the lodestone that drew pioneers in prairie schooners across the "great American desert." The majority of these alien farmers are notably prosperous and successful. It is hard to find many real failures among them. There is no disputing the fact that many a Jap, Italian, Chinaman and Portuguese is making more net profit from a small holding of twenty to forty acres than the representative native American farmer of the freehanded Middle West type is making from his one hundred and sixty or his three hundred and twenty acres.



Sorting and Cutting Asparagus to Length

Consequently few questions of more practical moment to the whole body of American farmers can be proposed than this: "What have we to learn from the methods and results of these Old World farmers, who are today beating us at our own game of crop-raising on our own soil?"

To answer this requires not one article, but several. Each race must be separately considered, because each has its distinctive methods of coaxing crops from the soil almost as characteristic as its speech. Not only has each race brought to America its own traditions of intensive cultivation inherited from generations of hand-working ancestors, but each has brought a special knowledge of special crops. From no other alien worker in the soil can the native American farmer learn more than from the despised and "excluded" Chinese. And the lessons taught by the humble and heathen John are peculiarly modern and progressive, in that they apply as much to the business operation of the farm as to the art of securing a heavy yield from a small acreage.

Opportunity for the field coolie, the common Chinese laborer, to become an independent farmer and ultimately a capitalist is so integral a part of the Chinese company system that its operation is almost automatic. This system is a marvel of simplicity. It is at once the poor man's corporation and a close-communion coöperative organization of growers that coöperate.

Another notable feature of the company farming system, which the Chinese have brought to such a flower of perfection, is the accounting end of the business. Every Chinese "camp" shack, no matter how dilapidated it may look to the Caucasian visitor, has a set of farm books kept with an accuracy and a wealth of detail that would shame the records of three-fourths of the farms operated by native Americans. The brush pencil of the camp scribe is as busy a farm implement in the Chinese camp as the hoe or the cultivator. It misses nothing. As a result, the follower of Confucius always knows exactly where he "gets off" with his enterprise as a whole, or with any one of his individual crops. He may not tell, but he knows. It is down in the book in characters that look like decorations on a piece of oriental bric-à-brac.

Again, the China-boy has a market sense that is next to miraculous and is the marvel of buyers who handle thousands of tons of John's truck every year. It amounts to a sixth sense in the opinion of experienced market men. One other trait is conspicuous in the business methods of the Chinese farmers. They are quick to take a loss and to get something else going in the place of the crop that has encountered disaster in the market. Your farmer with the braided queue spends no time fussing with a sick market. He plows under the unprofitable crop at the moment of its unprofitableness and puts a paying product into the ground in its stead. More than this, he never fails to figure how long a certain vegetable will occupy the ground. Any one crop must yield a fancy return in order to claim the ground of a Chinese farmer for a period that would produce two crops of another kind.

Coming to the cultural side of John's farming, his distinctive characteristic is his wonderful ability as a hand-worker. He does things by hand, and his plants respond sensitively to this intimacy of treatment. He knows how to force or to retard his crops at will—and this is a knack that pulls in double harness with his amazing market sense. As one leading produce man puts it: "The Chinese have almost an uncanny foreknowledge of market movements; they seem to set their crops by an alarm clock that brings them into the market at the psychological moment—only they are able to change the crop clock to meet changing conditions. When you see a Chinaman out in the field putting high pressure on a stand of head lettuce you may know that it's going to rain head lettuce in the big centers

of consumption. If he's applying the brakes to it then it's the one best bet that he is shrewdly calculating to get his crop into the market after the big rush instead of before it."

The average American farmer, living in the unorientalized interior, thinks of the Chinaman as only a half-human lay figure in a laundry. He can hardly imagine the slant-eyed John in country surroundings. Because of this inability to make the Chinaman fit into the rural landscape as he knows it, he is naturally bound to raise the question right at the start: "What has the Chinaman done to entitle him to rank as a farmer?" Perhaps the methods by which the Chinese grower gets his results will seem more vital and convincing if this demand for proof that he makes his farming pay is satisfied at the outset.

Here are a few haphazard examples of what Chinese farmers have done in the way of net results. Each Oriental named in this connection is a type of a class—not an isolated pigtailed prodigy whose success is the exception. Undoubtedly there are many men from the Flowery Kingdom who have failed with the hoe where they would have succeeded with the flatiron, but they are about as hard to find as Chinese beauties on the light opera stage.



Chinese Washing Asparagus, Middle River, Near Stockton, California

About seven years ago a stoic-faced Chinaman of some fifty or sixty years of age drifted into the Chinese colony at Stockton, California, made his kotow to the head man of his own particular tong and intimated that he desired work as a fieldhand. He needed work too; for at the end of twenty years of patient labor up in the mining camps he had found himself three hundred dollars in debt at the store where the big games were always going. It had finally dawned upon him that twenty years of solid backache over the tailings of the mines ought to bring a better result than this, and that it might be well to exchange the fevered atmosphere of the mining camp for the torrid air of the vegetable fields of the delta district.

The Rise of a Potato King

HE found work—as a Chinaman almost always can—and there was no gambling game at the peat lands! Also he found that his trenchmates in the celery and asparagus and vegetable fields were eternally chattering of the time when they would be able to buy a share in a company and have enough to secure ease and plenty back in China. Being in a penitential mood, the Chinaman was susceptible to this atmosphere of ambition and began to put away his wages in the hands of the head man. True, his wages were small, but so were his living costs, and having decided to turn over a new leaf he made a thorough job of it and spent almost nothing.

When about two years had passed he had saved enough to buy one share in a thirty-share company operating about three hundred acres of land. It paid so well that he was able to buy two shares in another company, as a starter on his next year.

His profits that year were close to one hundred per cent, and at New Year's he found himself able to strike out, organize a company of his own, and rent the particular tract of land on which his dreams had long centered. His judgment of the soil was verified by the fact that a bumper crop was produced; but it was a year of monotonously low prices and the enterprise paid a dividend closely resembling that of a twenty-year Government bond. But, anyhow, it was better than the Pi Gou game. Besides, he had learned several things about the intensive truck game as played in California that he didn't know before. He felt that this was worth something.

Next year he had his own company again and rented a much larger tract—two hundred and twenty acres. From this he cleaned up four thousand dollars. The year following he moved his camp to the sand land and his profits were fully five thousand dollars. This brings his farming operations up to 1910, which was a large year in the history of the former Pi Gou player. His net profits for the twelve months were more than nineteen thousand dollars, and today he is on the road to the realization of that goal of coolie ambition expressed in the words "A Boss Chinaman." Another good year like the last and he will be able to go back to China and live a life that, for luxury, opulence and power would make a common American millionaire in New York look like small potatoes.

And speaking of potatoes—there is Sing Kee, the real potato king of the Stockton District. His bona-fide Chinese name is Chin Lung, but he is Sing Kee to his American friends. It is passing strange that the publicity men of the railroads and big land companies, who are so eager to prove that the city business farmer is a success when transplanted from the pavement to the soil, should have overlooked Sing Kee, of San Francisco Chinatown. This remarkable Mongolian first slapped his sandals on the pavements of San Francisco about thirty years ago. He slipped quietly into the ranks of the loose-frocked toilers and plodded along for several noiseless years. Then there was a store-opening in Chinatown in which Sing Kee was the central figure. He had saved until he was able to promote himself into the merchant class.

Sing Kee drove a good trade among his countrymen and built up a respectable following among the Chinese farmers and gardeners that came into the San Francisco market with their truck. Having the same inquisitive tendencies as the great Li Hung Chang, he plied his farmer friends with questions and came to know almost as much about their business as he did about his own. One year trade in Chinatown was depressingly poor. His thoughts then recurred to the tales of farming profits that his customers had brought him, and he was not long in deciding that he could make more money on the soil than he could over the counter.

Consequently Sing Kee struck out for the soil and carried all his business instincts with him. He made his first big hit in 1889 on twelve hundred acres in potatoes. White men had repeatedly gone broke on this very tract of land, owing to their inability to cope with the overflow. But the clever Oriental watched the water with shrewd eyes, and at just the right moment after it had receded he put in his plows. The result was an average of one hundred and sixty sacks to the acre. At the outset of the harvest season that year the prevailing price of spuds was fifty cents. But his land rental was cheap—only seven dollars an acre—and so was his labor. Even at fifty cents there was a fair profit in the enterprise. But Sing Kee, the merchant, studied the market in his stoical way and looked far ahead. All of his experienced field neighbors were selling their whole crop at this price, but the buyers could get nothing more out of Sing Kee than a shake of the head. Prices went up to sixty-five cents and from that they eventually climbed to a dollar and sixty-five. Between these two points the slant-eyed oriental merchant-farmer unloaded his bumper crop and made a tremendous profit.

In spite of the fortune that he realized from his single crop of potatoes, Sing Kee is too shrewd a farmer to put all of his eggs into one basket, although he still makes spuds his main crop. An American who is his close business confidant makes this statement of Sing Kee's present farming operations: He has four thousand acres in potatoes; one hundred acres in onions; four hundred to six hundred acres in beans; five hundred and sixty acres in asparagus; and three hundred to four hundred acres in seeds. It will be hard to beat that combination.

No part of his farming operations indicates to the uninitiated the skill and daring of Sing Kee as a crop-maker so much as the simple fact that he has two hundred to four hundred acres devoted to the production of seeds. Seed-raising may be said to be the supreme test of farming skill. The seed for this part of his operations is sent to him by a seed house, the head of which makes this statement in comparing the average American farmer with the alien, and particularly with the Oriental:

"I should not think of letting a seed contract to many American farmers. Experience has taught me that failure would be the almost certain result. But the men who have been raised in the Old World traditions of intensive cultivation are able to qualify in this highest refinement of field husbandry. I wish that it were otherwise, but it isn't. The average American farmer has more to learn from the alien farmers of every race now represented on our own soil than he can possibly realize or appreciate. The first step toward assimilating the skill and the knowledge that these alien and intensive tillers of the soil have brought to his door is a realization of his lack of their marvelous mastery of plant life, their intimate and almost intuitive understanding of the secrets of plant production." But Sing Kee isn't afraid to put four hundred acres into the growing of seeds; and the seed house is not afraid to back this shrewd merchant-farmer in so extensive and difficult an undertaking.

If Jim Kai had been born in Kalamazoo, Michigan, instead of in Canton, China, the local paper of his town would, on a certain occasion, undoubtedly have carried a headline something like this:

"FROM COOLIE TO CAPITALIST IN SIX YEARS"

According to the traditions of the Los Angeles markets Jim Kai came to California in 1887. When he landed he had no money, but he knew enough of what some of his countrymen had accomplished in American truck gardens to have his mind already made up that he would lose no time in going on the soil. Consequently he at once sought and found employment in the vegetable fields. He toiled early and late; but as he worked he observed and reflected. There was not a kink or a quirk in the whole gardening game that got past Jim Kai without being flagged. He studied the soil carefully, he watched the weather and he observed every change in the plant life about him.

In a surprisingly short time this penniless Chinaman acquired a share interest in a Chinese gardening company. This put him on his feet and in a position to organize a company of his own. Sixty acres of the old Cudahy ranch at Florence were rented and put into cabbages, from which a large profit was made. Leaving his gardening interests in the hands of relatives, he paid a visit to China. But he soon returned and again began gardening operations, this time at Englewood. Here he put one hundred and twenty acres into fall potatoes, planting them in September and harvesting them in January. At two dollars a sack his crop brought him twelve thousand dollars. Remarking on this a California buyer of vegetables said:

"That means twenty-four thousand dollars in Chinese money; and over in China a man who is worth twenty-four thousand dollars is a millionaire. He has the same relative standing and power that a millionaire has here, and his income from his capital will buy him as elaborate a line of luxuries in China as the income of the average American millionaire will buy him in Los Angeles or New York."

The Return of Jim Kai, Millionaire

HAVING extracted a fortune from the trucking fields about Los Angeles that would make him a rich man for life in China, Jim Kai naturally decided that he would return to Canton, build himself a splendid home and otherwise expend his income in a manner calculated to make his most remote relative proud of him. He built the home as he had planned and made it a model of elegance. For a time he basked contentedly in the envy and admiration of his relatives and friends, but gradually a longing for the activities of the truck fields overcame him. He was hungry for the game in which his fortune had been made. One day this feeling was so strong that he made a hurried departure from Canton and took the first steamer on which he could secure passage for California. But when he landed inside the Golden Gate he found that he had acted too impulsively in his leavetaking, with the result that certain details of his papers were imperfect. Instead of celebrating his return with his friends and former associates in America, he was taken in hand by a United States marshal. At this writing the chances seem to be that Jim Kai is numbered among the excluded and that he will be obliged to go back to his sumptuous home in Canton to make the best

of it, all of which makes him the more eager to be playing the rôle of Boss Chinaman on a bigger acreage than ever before.

Yep Hong Lee—familiarly known in the delta district of Stockton as "Big Jim"—entered the list of company organizers in 1908. There were eleven members of his little organization, and at the close of that year they divided among themselves, according to their holdings, a very large net profit, after allowing each working member five hundred dollars for his labor. But Big Jim believes in expansion—particularly after a period of inactivity in China—and he has rented seventeen hundred acres, at twenty-six dollars an acre, and will next year operate on a scale suited to his stature. A very fair farm rental, that!

Ah Pock is a Chinese of no great stature, but he will undoubtedly sometime be a "big potato man." At present he is a good representative of a fairly numerous class of Chinese scattered over California, in that he has shortly emerged from the coolie ranks and has climbed to the middle rank of being a leading shareholder in a company organized by himself. There are fifteen partners in the company, and those owning only one share have received large dividends on last year's operations.

How the Dwarf Sweet Pea Was Developed

EXAMPLES of this kind might be greatly multiplied, as they are typical rather than phenomenal. But they are enough to indicate that John is a farmer whose results are not of the little-garden-patch caliber, and that he is a much more commanding figure on the soil than in the laundry.

In China farming is a manual operation. It has been such for hundreds and thousands of years. Farm machinery there is a modern innovation and horse power is a comparative novelty—as the big power tractor engine is today a novelty in the average American farming community. For all these centuries the human hand has come into close and constant contact with the plants of the garden and the field. The lessons of this intimate manual contact with plant life have been transmitted from generation to generation in a deposit of cumulative experience like the rich alluvial leavings of a great river. Again, the pressure of a dense population has been behind the tillage of the farmer and the gardener in the land of "the Chinese hordes." The lash of necessity, the gnawings of a multiplied hunger, have driven him to make every inch of ground give its utmost of production and to repeat the operation as often as possible. Waste is a word unknown to the ancestors of the Chinese who have pioneered the gardening and trucking industry in California.

That many a plant wizard is concealed under a braided queue and a loose blouse is suggested by the career of Henry Ohn, who has by common consent been given the title of "The Chinese Burbank."

In the early days of the seed-growing business in California the Exclusion Act was unthought of and Chinese labor was plentiful; in fact, the coolies were about the only fieldhands that the veteran seedmen could then obtain for their difficult and painstaking work. This was a kinder stroke of fortune than they probably then realized. But an appreciation of the skill, the deftness and the patience of the Chinese was soon forced upon them. They were not slow to promote the most efficient of the Celestial laborers to positions of responsibility. As business grew they made constant requisitions upon the old country for raw recruits. The men already employed were always eager to send for brothers or cousins. Among these importations, some twenty-two years ago, was a first cousin of the Chinese superintendent—a youth of about twenty-five, who had been commended to a certain seedman as being an "extra good China-boy." One look at the lad convinced the employer that his superintendent's recommendation had not been overdrawn, and the newcomer was soon given a position as sub-boss on the seed farm. One of the tasks that fell to his lot was that of making the selections for new varieties and improved types of vegetables and flowers. The farm had then been growing sweet peas for some five years and the head of the business had decided that it was about time to develop a new and improved variety of sweet pea by cross fertilization. Here was a task that stirred the blood of Henry Ohn! He seemed suddenly to awaken from his stoical acceptance of life as he found it and to feel the throbbings of ambition. From the moment that this problem was put up to him he almost literally lived with his breeding plants.

His eyes were as incessantly and as eagerly roving over the beds of sweet-pea blooms as if he were searching the faces of a crowded city street for a lost friend. And one day his sphinxlike countenance glowed with a new light. He had found the faces for which he had been searching. Deftly he withdrew from their rows a dwarfish plant with pure white blossoms and a plant of ordinary height bearing a delicate rose-pink bloom. These were isolated for breeding purposes, and the long process of cross fertilization and the fixing of a new variety was begun. From these materials, under his skillful manipulation, were produced about one hundred and fifty colors and tints in dwarf sweet peas. It is not too much to say that Henry Ohn, the "extra good China-boy," has had more to do with the development of the dwarf type of sweet pea than anybody else in the world—and this notwithstanding the fact that the English experts had been at work upon this problem for many years.

The skill of this Chinese manipulator of plant life has not, however, been confined to the production of new types of sweet peas, although it is claimed that he has produced more of these than any other man in the world. He has also developed a fine new onion and he has done much to improve the types of head lettuce. His mind is immensely practical, and his eyes are quick to see where old strains may be improved as well as to detect an opportunity for development of a new type of anything grown on the seed farm. He is a hand-worker and himself a type embodying the racial characteristics that belong to most of his countrymen who are plodding patiently between plant rows with their bare feet pressing into the mellow soil.

"It sounds a little harsh," declares a vegetable buyer who has long been associated with big produce houses on the Coast, "to say that the average truck farmer doesn't know anything about what he raises; but that is just about the way it looks to a man whose daily routine, year in and year out, has brought him into intimate contact with Chinese growers. The American studies books; the Chinaman studies his plants. Of course the ideal grower is one that does both of these things thoroughly and intelligently. But in a choice between the two I will take the one that studies his plants. And John Chinaman is that man every time! This matter of close, constant and almost microscopic observation of individual plants at every stage of their growth is a thing that cannot be drilled too hard into the American grower. He is acquainted with his field rather than his plants; he looks over his plants rather than at, under and through them. His characteristic attitude is that he hasn't time to fuss with separate plants. He looks upon the Chinaman as a slow, stoical heathen, who hasn't any hurry in him.

"Now John doesn't hurry in the mistaken sense of the term. He doesn't rush about and make a lot of false motions—he is too deft a hand-worker to do that. With John every motion counts for a hundred per cent. He can transplant a row of young plants from the seed-bed with just about half the number of motions that the so-called hustlers would make. Besides, John almost never has to do anything over again. He doesn't break or bruise the tender plants and he knows how to coddle them.

"All this deftness gives John plenty of time in which to use his eyes and his mind as he goes along—and he certainly carries a sharp pair of eyes in his head; they are about as good as a laboratory microscope! He may appear to be as stupid as a mammoth squash, but his mind is busy turning over every fact that his shrewd eyes report to him. The degree of acuteness to which the eye of a Chinese gardener becomes trained is almost beyond belief. I am continually surprised in this respect, and I have dealt with them so long that I can talk their lingo.

"One year the concern I am connected with decided that there was urgent need of a new variety of cauliflower—one that could be landed in the markets of the East considerably earlier than the kinds then grown. I found a seed importer who claimed he was able to furnish a strain that would mature from the seed in ninety to one hundred days and would be ready for market a fortnight earlier than the prevailing varieties. Eighty dollars a pound was the price he demanded for this seed, but I bought a pound and put some of it into the hands of an old Chinaman for testing out. A short time afterward, when I was passing his shack, I asked him if the cauliflower seed had sprouted.

"'Him up all right, but him no good,' was the answer. 'Come see!'

"I followed him to the seed-bed back of the shack. The tiny plants were thick in the bed and were an inch to an inch and a half high. It would have taken an uncommonly wise American farmer to have told what kind of plants they were.

"'Why,' I exclaimed, 'do you mean to tell me that you know from the looks of those measly little things that they are not going to mature and make heads?'

"His only answer was: 'I plant him—you see!'"

The Second Generation Makes Good

"HE DID plant them, and I was so interested that I kept close tab upon them. When they were two weeks old they looked like tiny buttons growing on tiny threadlike stems. But at sixty-five days of age I saw that the old Chinese fox was right, for those plants refused to start a head. I told him to dig them up and offered to pay him for the use of the ground they had occupied, but again he shook his head and would not take any money.

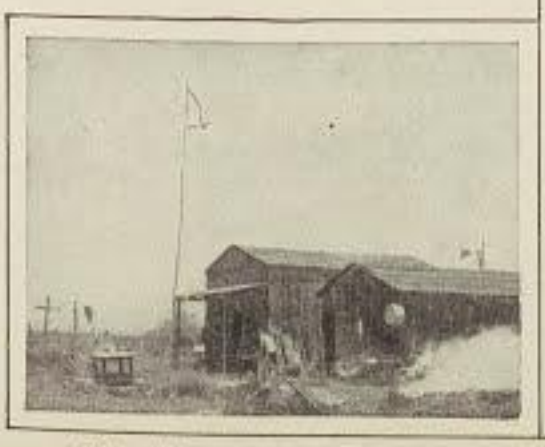
"'Maybe he make all right next time,' was the comment.

"Later I noticed that he left one long row standing and allowed the plants to go to seed, but I was disgusted with the experiment and paid no more attention to it. Months after it had been dismissed from my mind this Chinaman took me out to the field and showed me a patch of cauliflower that was wonderfully developed—away ahead of anything in the whole district.

"'Him come this time—make good!' was the Celestial gardener's remark, and he was right. The second generation of that eighty-dollar-a-pound seed performed strictly in accordance with the claims made for it. There was hardly a Chinaman in that whole region that was not instantly aware of the wonderful success of this seed, and they were all clamoring for it. The result was that the old Chinaman, who had a large quantity of seed left over from the row of plants that he had failed to destroy in accordance with instructions, sold it at thirty dollars a pound and made a big clean-up. That, however, was only a starter for him, for he allowed a large number of heading plants to run to seed, and it does not require much seed in quantity to count up into big money at thirty dollars a pound. Through his marvelous knowledge of the behavior of plants, this old Chinaman not only established this desirable variety of cauliflower throughout our entire vegetable district, but at the same time won a distinct advantage for the following season or two for our company."

While Loi Gwan is a big Boss Chinaman, a high man and a leading merchant in

(Continued on Page 48)



Chinese "Company" Farmhouses Near Los Angeles, California



Chinese Cutting Asparagus, Middle River, Near Stockton, California



Chinese Irrigating Potatoes Near Los Angeles, California

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER SALE

By ROBERT BARR

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

A TRADING firm is rarely wrecked by lack of appreciation on the part of the public. Disaster comes from the inside and not from without. That terse old phrase, "Know thyself!" represents a valuable quality in a merchant if he can acquire the knowledge accurately; and perhaps equally important is the injunction: "Know thy partner!" If a man knows himself he must be aware of his defects as of his good qualities, and in selecting a partner he should choose a man who possesses those qualities in which he himself is lacking; and then their combined persistence makes success almost certain.

The company of Reid & Quintock contained but two stockholders, John Reid and George Robertson Quintock, and was admirably equipped for the march to great prosperity. John Reid, the senior partner, was a cautious, thoughtful, silent man; a master of detail, dogged and persistent in carrying through any plan to its logical conclusion. The ready-made clothing business in which the company was engaged had been established by Reid's father and inherited by his son, who faithfully followed the methods by which his father had become moderately well off. Times changed, however, and Reid did not. Competition in New York became more and more fierce, and at last it was evident to the slow-minded Reid that something must be done. He then deliberately chose a partner—a man considerably younger than himself, with habits of mind as different as possible from his own.

Quintock had been a successful salesman on a good salary with a competing firm in the same line of business. He was alert and persuasive, an admirable writer of advertisements that, like a well-known patent medicine, touched the spot. Almost immediately the affairs of the company began to look up. Quintock's line of talk usually convinced any man he endeavored to influence—a most valuable talent where the bank balance is not large and where a line of credit is necessary.

At first he had charge of the selling, and later the whole financial arrangements fell naturally into his capable hands—but so exuberant was his imagination, so far-reaching and speculative were his schemes, there is little doubt he might have bankrupted the firm had it not been for the conservatism of his partner; yet, with equal certainty, by a slower method that partner would have allowed the firm to die of dry rot through lack of enterprise. Together, the two were like the dull blade and the sharp blade of a jackplane, whose perfect working depended on their combination.

Quintock, however, thought his partner a dead weight whom he had to drag along; and Reid considered his partner a reckless man who, if not restrained, might involve them in mutual disaster. Quintock quite honestly believed that he should be the leading partner, especially after one of his pet schemes had been turned down by the caution of Reid, and he endeavored in one way or another to acquire more and more power—sometimes partially succeeding, oftener failing. Here surely was a case where an impartial mediator would have been useful in acting the part of the steel screw that binds dull blade and sharp blade together in the jackplane. There is a firm in New York, with a branch establishment in London, that has grown even more important in the old country than in the new, where this problem was solved by the partners never speaking to one another; and the business has increased in these last twenty years of silence beyond all belief.



She Had Insisted on Seeing All the Letters Sent Out and the Answers That Came In

The goddess in the machine of Reid & Quintock was the wife of the senior partner. Naturally she sympathized with her silent husband, who quarreled with nobody. She thought on several occasions that her husband, holding the majority of stock, should have put G. R. Q. in his place; but she said nothing, and interfered actively only when she found her husband weakening and beginning to think that, for the sake of peace, he should part with some of his stock and give the truculent man at least an equal share with himself. This she vetoed without argument, merely saying that if her husband relinquished control to pacify Get-Rich-Quick, as she called Quintock, she would resign; whereupon her taciturn partner always yielded to her wishes, knowing well her value—for in his absence and even during his presence she ran the factory with discipline and economy, though she held no stock and received no salary. She studied G. R. Q. constantly and intently, and jumped to the feminine conclusion of underestimating his good points and probably endowing him with motives that had never occurred to him.

Mrs. Reid believed that Quintock was unscrupulous—and possibly dishonest. He was a bachelor who fared sumptuously every day and was in constant need of money. Mrs. Reid ruled her household as she did the factory, with a complete elimination of extravagance. Every disagreement he had with her husband increased her animosity against G. R. Q.; but, like her husband, she said nothing.

Quick at the uptake though Quintock undoubtedly was it was a long time before he understood that the real obstacle to his acquiring more stock was not the glum Reid, but the almost equally silent Mrs. Reid; and when that knowledge was borne in upon him he changed his tactics completely. No longer did he indulge in eager argument with the senior partner. He became as genial as if Reid were a prospective customer to whom he wished to sell ready-made clothes. He was most ingratiating to Mrs. Reid whenever he met her, and fell into the habit of dropping into the factory every now and then to consult her about this or that. He proposed that she should be present during their conferences and that she, as well as her husband, should listen to his schemes for the advancement of the firm.



"I Propose in the First Place to Tear Up This Sheet That Bears My Husband's Signature"

He laid before them several plans and did not, as usual, press for an immediate decision, but gave husband and wife an opportunity for talking them over together; and, though his plans were all rejected, he seemed to take his discomfiture with the greatest good humor, and sometimes said that, on thinking the matter over more carefully, he had come to agree with their decision.

At last Quintock called a conference and in his note to the senior partner made a special request that Mrs. Reid should be present. Never had he been so polite and ingratiating. To outward appearance he was the most satisfied man in the world, yet in reality he had come to the end of his tether and had resolved to break finally with the combination. He had grasped the fact that if it were not for the woman he could, by exercising patience, have dealt with her husband; but now he comprehended the hopelessness of the odds against him.

"I confess," he began, "that I have been disappointed of late because none of my schemes has commended itself to you; but, on thinking it over, I saw that in most cases your decision was right and in the others at least safe. This naturally caused me to reflect, and I saw that I was not giving enough thought to the plans I proposed, especially with regard to details, of which you, Reid, are a master. So I determined that the next plan I submitted should be as perfect as I could make it. We are working along in a circumscribed area and, considering the competition, doing as well as we have a right to expect. We give good value for the money we receive, and we please a certain limited section of critical and sophisticated customers. Now, has it ever occurred to you that it is easier to satisfy a man in Kalamazoo than a metropolitan citizen? The case is on all fours with that of a woman who will dote upon a frock that comes from Paris, though she would turn up her nose at the same thing when issued from even a Fifth Avenue firm. A man out West who can say 'I have my clothes made in New York' thinks he has the pull over a citizen who depends on the local output. I propose, then, that we begin to cater for all America."

"How are we to afford travelers over such an area?" objected Reid.

"I should have no travelers. The advertising columns of the best papers and magazines cost us no more than anybody else pays. The return is immediate."

"A number of firms are already doing that," said Reid; "but advertising is expensive, and I'm not at all sure they're making money by it."

"Well, you may depend upon it they are, otherwise they wouldn't keep on, for, as you pointed out quite rightly, advertising costs. Those announcements you see in the papers and magazines week after week and month after month are not of the firms that fail. It's the hole-and-corner concerns that are going under—increasingly so day by day."

"But the money," protested Reid again—"we have not the capital."

"I can arrange that," said Quintock with confidence, "if I get your consent to the general project."

"How can I give my consent to a project I don't understand? All that seems certain so far is that we become responsible for the payment of a large and unknown sum of money."

"Well, I shall speedily explain the project so that you may understand it, and before I finish the sum of money we shall be responsible for will no longer be unknown. I propose that we purchase in large quantities and deal directly with the manufacturers, getting rock-bottom prices. I can make excellent terms for cloth, of which to construct spring and summer suits, from the manufacturing firm of Higgins, Jones & Company. Perhaps you know that in my younger days I traveled all over America selling their goods direct to the tailors of our principal towns; so I know all about the cost of manufacture and thus can secure bargains in material such as probably no other man in America could accomplish. We will have the cloth delivered to the people who do our wholesale cutting—you know them better than I do and could attend to that part of the business—and have stamped out the stuff for making a hundred thousand suits of clothes."

"A hundred thousand!" ejaculated Reid in dismay.

Quintock went on, not noticing the interruption, at a white heat of enthusiasm over his plan.

"As I said a moment ago, I have traveled for the clothmakers and thus I am personally acquainted with the chief tailors all over the United States. Of course there will have been changes since I left the road; nevertheless I can get enough men to serve our purpose. In every place of over five thousand inhabitants I shall have one or more agents, every one a practical tailor. The fierce New York competition of which you spoke the other day is hurting others even more than it is us; so I shall have no difficulty in getting as many agents as I want."

"But how will you pay them?" demanded Reid.

"I shall not pay them at all. The orders they send in to us will pay them. The vital point in my scheme, which I shall make much of in the advertisements, is the fact that our local agent will do the measuring of the customer and that we will guarantee the suit to fit. All self-measurement is eliminated, and if by any chance the clothes forwarded are not satisfactory our local agent will make whatever changes are necessary. I, on my part, if allowed to advertise as I like, will guarantee the sale of the hundred thousand suits at which you gasped when I mentioned the figures. You'll find yourself busy in the factory, putting in new machinery and engaging many more workmen than you ever gave employment to before. The material, the manufacture, the cost of commission and all outgoings will average fifteen dollars a suit, and we will sell a New-York-manufactured article, made to measure by the most artistic workmen, for twenty dollars. Now do you understand my plan?"

Reid pondered for a few minutes, then slowly shook his head.

"I'd agree to try it first on a small scale, and if that were successful we could gradually build up on those lines."

"My dear Reid," said Quintock earnestly, "it cannot be done on a small scale. My local measurement plan is original and will be copied by other firms as soon as it is announced; but, in spite of piracy, we'll be one clear season ahead, and then if we don't keep ahead it will be our own fault. If you advertise timorously you will not sell a thousand suits extra. I have outlined a campaign that will add half a million dollars to our bank account."

"It is speculation," insisted Reid, "and if I want to indulge in that I can go down to Wall Street. Any flaw in your plan ——"

"There is no flaw in it," interrupted Quintock.

"I am sure you think there isn't, but one never knows what adverse circumstances we may meet. If anything goes wrong we are ruined and in the bankruptcy court; whereas, by going cautiously, we may in time score a success."

Quintock leaned back in his chair, relaxing his tense attitude. He drew a deep sigh. During all this time Mrs. Reid had not spoken, but had watched the enthusiastic talker very narrowly since the beginning.

"Is that your last word, Reid?" asked Quintock in a tired voice.

"Yes, it is."

Quintock rose to depart.

"Wait one moment," said Mrs. Reid. The discouraged man sat down again. "You said you had this all worked out. Do you mean that you have committed it to paper?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are your advertisements written?"

"Yes, madam."

"Are your plans set out in such detail that a person like myself could understand them?"

"I think so, Mrs. Reid."

"Very good. We will not take what my husband has said as the last word. If you will give to me all your calculations, copies of your advertisements and the names and prices of those periodicals in which you intend to advertise, I will study this data for a day or two; and perhaps, if there is anything I do not quite comprehend, you would not mind enlightening me?"

"Not in the least, Mrs. Reid."

"Very well; after I have thoroughly mastered the proposal in all its details I shall consult with my husband and let you know the result. I confess to you that I am rather taken with this scheme and, though the risk is undoubtedly great, it seems to me founded on correct business principles."

A week later Quintock was amazed and delighted to learn that his plan had been accepted by the Reids without even a suggested amendment, and all that remained now was to discuss whether or not he would be successful in securing the backing of his bank for a period not exceeding six months.

When Reid gave way at his wife's insistence he made no pretense of having changed his mind on the merits of the scheme. However, as was his nature, he coöperated with his partner as cheerfully and completely as if he had been equally enthusiastic regarding an ultimate reward. It was a constant wonder to G. R. Q. that his banker appeared to attach greater importance to the taciturn Reid than to the convincing Quintock. Reid's very manner and quiet demeanor seemed to make an impression on the man who handled the money; to germinate a sort of subtle confidence, which the cleverer partner found it quite impossible to produce.

Quintock unfolded to the banker his proposition with great frankness and was very shrewdly cross-questioned about details by the financier, who then turned sharply on John Reid and said:

"Have you equal confidence in the success of this new line of business?"

"Frankly, I have not," said the elder partner. "There is too much speculation in it to suit my taste."

Quintock threw a brief, black look at him and compressed his lips. The banker's imperturbable face showed no emotion whatever.

"Then why," he demanded, "do you come here, asking the bank to risk money where you would not risk it yourself?"

"I might risk the money myself if I possessed it," said John Reid deliberately. "The reason I am here is that my wife believes in the business outlined. I am not a good business man, but she is a good business woman. She listened to all you have already heard from Mr. Quintock and then got from him the details as he had written them out. She studied these for several days and finally strongly advised me to withdraw my objection."

"Well, gentlemen," said the banker, "this is rather too important a matter for me to settle alone. There is a directors' meeting on Thursday and I shall place the proposal fully before them; and after I receive their decision I shall at once let you know the result. Good morning, gentlemen."



"We Will Not Take What My Husband Has Said as the Last Word"

The fact that this result proved favorable to the firm of Reid & Quintock was due much more to the record for honest dealing enjoyed, first by Reid's father and secondly by himself, than to the cleverness of Quintock, if the latter had only known it.

Though Reid had been antagonistic to the plan, he now buckled in with all his stolid perseverance and attention to detail, determined that if the scheme failed it should not be through his neglect. The factory was practically reorganized and new machinery installed, driven by electricity. In all this he was ably seconded by his wife, while Quintock worked like a Trojan with half a dozen typewriter girls, arranging terms with agents north and south, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes, and west far beyond the Mississippi. If he was disturbed by the close watch Mrs. Reid kept upon him he showed no trace of annoyance. She had insisted on seeing all the letters sent out and the answers that came in, constituting herself the chief of his secretaries, and filing away copies of communications and the replies. She had suggested that he should sign these documents in the name of the firm, but he pointed out that all the applications he made were to men of his own personal acquaintance, that the name of the firm was printed in full at the head of each sheet, and that he was endeavoring to urge a proposal which, though primarily one of business, yet also possessed the advantage of being of a friendly nature; so she did not insist on her point.

Indeed, Quintock was so deferential and yielding, so polite to the woman, that he found little difficulty in getting his own way; yet more and more he realized under what sort of a tyranny he was compelled to carry on his work, and more and more resolved to acquire control. He knew that the woman did not trust him—probably never would trust him; and, though he was well supplied with the suavity of a salesman, the present conditions were irksome.

Thus the work went on until within a week of the time the first advertisements were to appear. Everything was ready to fill the demand—if the demand came. If it did not come that, of course, meant ruin for the clothing firm of Reid & Quintock.

The blow fell, as the novelist says, like a bolt from the blue, and not at all in the manner John Reid had expected, even in his most gloomy forebodings. The peculiar weakness of Quintock's genius was that, once he had convinced others of the feasibility of a plan, he himself began to doubt. It seemed as if all the persuasive power he had been compelled to use exhausted his stock of confidence; and, as the supreme moment approached, Quintock's faith vanished completely.

Between the closing time of a bank in New York and the opening hour of a bank in Montreal there is but an easy journey in a sleeping car. One morning the senior partner received a letter postmarked Montreal and decorated with a Canadian postage stamp.

"*My dear John,*" it began. "The weather being extremely warm for this early springtime season, and as our strenuous campaign on which so much depends begins within a few days, I thought I should be better for a week's rest in the bracing climate of this northern city. I am stopping, as you see by this letter-head, at the Windsor. I should like to enjoy a talk with you regarding our future arrangements and should be very glad if you would visit me here with the least possible delay. Time is short and our conference need not be long, and on its outcome will depend whether I shall return with you to New York or set up in business for myself here in Canada, which seems a much more enterprising, go-ahead country than I anticipated before I saw it.

"Yours faithfully,
"G. R. Q."

When John Reid read this letter he collapsed at his desk and his head slowly sank upon outstretched arms. He remained thus for a few minutes, trying to think and not succeeding. Curiously enough, though he knew his wife was primarily responsible for the position of things that made Quintock able to draw the firm's money, he was afraid to face her, for he had never told her he had signed away to Quintock the unquestioned right to draw money from the bank. He pulled himself together at last and looked at his watch. The bank would not be open for half an hour. He gave a few instructions to those at work in his factory and thanked Heaven that his wife had not come with him that morning.

He entered the bank shortly after it was opened and found the manager at his desk.

"Has my partner, Mr. Quintock, drawn any money from our account during the last few days?"

"He has drawn it all," said the banker curtly. "Is there anything wrong?"

"I have just received this letter from him," said Reid, placing the communication before the banker. "What do you make of it?"

The man of money read it slowly, then pondered for a few moments.

"There seems to me only one thing to make of it. Your partner has taken fifty thousand dollars that belongs to the firm and has gone to a spot where you cannot touch him."

"Isn't there a law that can bring back a thief from Canada?"

"The extradition enactments between us and the Dominion are in a somewhat unsatisfactory condition.

You can proceed against a man who takes stolen property into Canada, but you have no right to say that the fifty thousand dollars is stolen."

"I understood that was what you thought."

"Oh, I think it, but I wouldn't have the courage to say it; neither would I venture to call Mr. Quintock a thief in the presence of witnesses. The money belonged to you and to him in differing proportions, and you signed away your rights in the matter, giving him full power to draw. Therefore, so far as I can see, he has not attempted to exceed his legal authority. It was not the bank who trusted him; it was you."

"Then he did not get the remaining fifty thousand?"

"He tried to; but to that, of course, I could not consent. It was the understanding, you remember, that the other fifty thousand might not be required; and, at any rate, it was not to be put to your credit until three months after the first fifty thousand dollars had been exhausted."

"What do you advise me to do?"

"Are you able personally to pay in fifty thousand to take the place of the amount that has been withdrawn?"

"No; I am not."

"Very well; then I advise you to sign a document I shall prepare, releasing the bank from its obligation to pay the second fifty thousand dollars. If we are to lose money by the default of your firm we wish to lose as little as possible. Will you sign such a document as that voluntarily?"

The banker drew a form from a pigeonhole, filled it in rapidly, rang for a witness and John Reid signed it without even reading what the banker had written—at which an expression almost of contempt came over the banker's face; and yet it was mitigated by pity.

"Now," said the banker, "I'll give you my advice. Take tonight's train to Montreal. During the journey clear from your mind all thought that this is stolen money and all belief that Mr. Quintock is a criminal, either in Canada or the United States. He seems to be a very clever man, and I think he wishes to effect a compromise. He will have some proposal to offer and he has struck while the iron is hot. You have very little time in which to make up your mind. He has got you, as it were, in a cleft stick. I don't know what he wants, but you'll find that out before you are in Montreal very long. Though I tell you he is no criminal, I surmise that Quintock has not been able to risk the taking of legal advice, and at the present moment he is wondering whether his precipitate dash for Canada has been a wise move or not. This will tell in your favor. I should almost advise taking a shrewd legal man with you; for with regard to this letter, I should not look upon everything as lost. Still, a third person might make Quintock more cautious in what he said—would undoubtedly do so. If, however, he has an adviser at his elbow I should, if I were you, insist that he withdraw; and if this is refused I should telegraph for my own legal adviser, here in New York. If you have no one in mind whom you can trust implicitly telegraph to me, and I'll send you one of my men. Meantime I should say nothing to anybody about this bolting of Quintock."

"I must tell my wife," said Reid with a shuddering sigh.

"Oh, your wife! Yes; that's all right. You said your wife favored Quintock?"

"No; she always distrusted him, but she persuaded me to adopt his latest plan."

"Very well; tell her about it—but I should rather mistrust a woman's judgment in the matter. You have ample time to think it over from now until the night train leaves for Montreal, but I regard it as emphatically a case for compromise."

"Doesn't the bank intend to do anything to recover the money?"

"Why, no! The bank can do nothing. The bank has obeyed your order and honored the draft of your partner. The money belongs to you two; and the bank has not a leg to stand on if it attempted to take legal proceedings."

"I see. Well, sir, I am very much obliged to you for what you have told me. Good morning."

"Good morning, and good luck to you."

John Reid walked slowly to the flat that he and his wife occupied, pondering deeply all the way. Slow as was his mind in grasping the potentialities of the situation, he nevertheless saw with great clarity exactly what his partner was likely to do. With money that belonged not to himself, but to the firm, he intended to acquire a majority of stock and thus manage the clothing company to his own liking. John Reid, acutely recognizing his own helplessness, determined to follow the advice of the banker and compromise, even if by doing so he were compelled to part with most of his holdings. Indeed, had it been proposed to him that he should become merely an employee in the firm his father had bequeathed to him, he would have accepted the humiliation rather than that the bank or any other creditor should lose a penny through his default. If he lacked business acumen he did not lack honesty.

He meant to break the disastrous news as diplomatically as possible to his wife, and in their discussion of the crisis he resolved that no word of blame for her part in the affair should escape his lips. When he read the letter to her, and then allowed her to read it over for herself, she made no comment. He related to her the gist of his conversation with the banker, adding that he was going to follow the advice given and leave that night for Montreal. When Mrs. Reid spoke, at last, what she said was not on the subject of Quintock's chicanery.

"You say you signed this document the banker presented to you. Why did you do that?"

"Because he asked me to. I would do anything to make amends to the bank. Do you think I should not have signed?"

"I think that, as the signing of the document Quintock presented led to a result so unexpected by you, you should not have placed your signature to the next instrument offered without at least consulting me. However, we will say nothing more about that. Your business manager has deserted you at a very critical time. I want you now to accept me as your business partner in his place. Will you do so?"



He Was Most Ingratiating to Mrs. Reid, and Fell Into the Habit of Dropping In to Consult Her

"Willingly, my dear."

"Very well. Then, in spite of what I have said about reckless signing, just sit down at your desk and write me a letter of introduction to your banker, stating that I am empowered to look after the financial affairs of the firm in lieu of Mr. Quintock."

The husband obediently did as he was told; but, before handing the missive over to his wife, he warned her:

"The banker can say to you only what he has already said to me."

"We will see about that," said the lady firmly. "I disagree with everything he has said to you. His advice is the worst you could have received. He gave no thought to your ruin, which is perfectly right and proper—his duty being to the bank. You should have been equally shrewd and looked after your own position as keenly as he looked after his."

She held out her hand for the letter he had written and he meekly gave it to her.

"Then am I not to go to Montreal tonight?"

"Certainly not. You will get back to the factory and prepare to begin executing the orders a week sooner than you expected. Banish from your mind all thought of Get-Rich-Quintock."

As she spoke she took the receiver of the telephone from its hook and in a quiet voice gave a number to the central office.

"Is that the Leonard & Jones Advertising Company?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Leonard there?"

"He is in his room. What name, please?"

"Reid & Quintock."

"Oh, yes. I'll put you through to him."

"Is that Mr. Leonard?"

"Yes."

"The proofs of those illustrated advertisements you sent in to us are all right and require no correction. Please begin their insertion tomorrow. A written order to that effect will be sent you by special messenger within an hour. The present unexpected spell of warm weather is likely to continue, the weather bureau says; so we must rush this business."

"Very good," Leonard replied as she hung up the receiver.

For the first time that morning John Reid smiled.

"Well, I agree with that, business manager," he said.

"Yes," she replied dryly; "but I doubt whether you will agree with my next message. You may sit there, however, and listen to it; and then you must get back to the factory as quickly as possible and receive a caller or two."

She gave another number to Central and, when she received an answer, asked:

"Is that the office of the Associated Press?"

"Yes."

"Will you send to the 'phone the manager or some one in authority?"

"Who shall I say is speaking?"

"Oh, he wouldn't know if you told him; still, it is the Reid & Quintock Company, Clothiers."

"Hello!" came a curt voice. "What do you wish with the Associated Press?"

"To give you an interesting and exclusive item of news, which you can corroborate by applying to Mr. Reid, the senior partner, at 59 Blank Street."

"What are you doing?" gasped Mr. Reid, springing to his feet.

"All right. What's the item?" asked the voice on the 'phone.

"George Robertson Quintock—Q-u-i-n-t-o-c-k—have you got that?"

"Yes."

"——junior partner of Reid & Quintock, has withdrawn from the West National Bank the sum of fifty thousand dollars, belonging to the firm, and arrived yesterday in Montreal."

"Thank you very much," said the voice at the 'phone—all its curtness departed. "I shall myself go up and see Mr. Reid at once; and perhaps it would be as well if I saw the manager of the bank also."

"I doubt if he will talk," answered Mrs. Reid.

"Oh, he'll talk when he knows I have the facts!"

"I suppose," gasped John Reid, "that the next message will be to police headquarters! I tell you we have not a leg to stand on if we attempt criminal proceedings."

"I should be more sure of that," said Mrs. Reid calmly, "if the opinion were corroborated by a good criminal lawyer. However, I shall not telephone to headquarters. Your banker will do that after I have seen him. Now get to the factory as soon as you can and receive the Associated Press man when he sends in his card. Don't say too much and make no surmises, but tell him the facts as you know them."

"But the bank will be down on us at once, and this publicity will kill our credit instantly!"

"My dear John, there isn't a creditor we ever had believes you held fifty thousand dollars; and the fact that, though so much has been made away with, there is yet fifty thousand in the bank will enhance your credit. The bank will find it has something better to do than come down on you. You might just say, before you talk with the Associated Press man, that he must promise not to mention you as the authority. Ask him how he found out about this embezzling partner. He won't be foolish enough to tell you he doesn't know or that it was merely a telephone message, which you can assure him did not come from your office. Besides, I shall have seen and made arrangements with the banker before the newspaper man gets there."

"But, my dear, you are entirely wrong in saying that our creditors will know there is a second fifty thousand dollars at the banker's. I told you I had signed that away this morning."

"I know; but you might have remembered that such a release would be useless without Quintock's signature as well as your own, when he has equal power with yourself

(Continued on Page 53)

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

An Experiment In Printing All the News

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON



Austin and I Debated That Letter From Three o'Clock in the Afternoon Until Nearly Seven in the Evening

IT WAS while the Greater St. James Committee was busily engaged in a campaign for "A Bigger, Broader, Better St. James"—a campaign, by-the-way, that the other papers eventually had to take cognizance of, because their readers became interested in it—that I had my most serious conflict with the big advertisers. One Sunday afternoon, about the middle of the summer, I again took a trip to Riverside Park. This time there were no drunkards on the car coming home, but I was impressed by another condition. Going down, the conductor collected one fare for the ride from the city to South St. James and another for the ride from South St. James to the park. Coming back he collected but one fare. I had known for some time that the street-railway company charged ten cents to go to the park and five cents to come back, but the absurdity of the arrangement had never before struck me. The next day I got out the reports of the company and studied them carefully. It was in a highly prosperous condition. It paid taxes on a ridiculously low assessment. It kept up the pavement between its tracks, but it paid nothing whatever for the use of the streets—no franchise tax, no car tax, no license of any character. It had been granted an exclusive, perpetual franchise free of cost, and it was making big returns on a vast amount of excess capital. Therefore I began a campaign for five-cent fares to Riverside Park.

The Monkey, the Cat and the Chestnuts

I HAD been publishing editorials every day for a week, explaining the capitalization, assessment, taxes and earnings of the railway company, when I was waited upon by a committee from the Retail Merchants' Association. My old friend, Harry Street, was chairman of the delegation, and his Honor, the mayor, was one of the party.

"We want to know what's the matter with you fellows up here anyway," said the mayor, by way of introduction.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why are you always raising sand with something or somebody?"

"Though I don't accept that as a definition of what we are doing," I replied, "if you want to call it that I don't mind saying it's because we think something and somebody needs it."

"Well, we came up to tell you it's got to stop."

"That sounds interesting," I said. "Have seats, gentlemen; let's talk it over."



"We're a Different Town Now; We've Turned Over a New Leaf"

I managed to find chairs for most of them and the rest sat on my reporters' desks.

"Now," I said, "what have you on your minds?"

"It's like this," said Mayor Schneider, hitching his chair forward and taking command of the affirmative side of the debate. "We represent the Retail Merchants' Association, which is composed of the fifty leading retail establishments in town. We've been watching The Sun ever since you've been here and we don't like the kind of newspaper you're running. St. James hasn't ever had that kind of a newspaper ——"

"That's one thing that's the matter with St. James," I put in.

"——and St. James ain't going to stand for it now." He ignored my truism. "Things have always run along smooth and quiet here, in business and in politics. The people have never bothered much about commercial and political affairs, but have sort of let the better classes look after their interests. They were never dissatisfied until you fellows came along with The Sun and started finding fault with everything. Now you've got the people all stirred up until they begin to think they ought to have a hand in running the town. Take this initiative, referendum and recall you're advocating. If you ever let the people loose with any such thing they'd take the city and go straight to the dogs with it."

"Maybe they would," I again interpolated, "but they'd have a return ticket."

"No, they wouldn't. You can't trust the people with settling business and government questions—they ain't intelligent enough."

"You didn't say anything like that in your campaign speeches."

"Of course I didn't. You have to jolly 'em in politics, but at the same time the better element has to do the real work."

"Surely you gentlemen didn't come up here to discuss political economy, did you?" I asked.

"No, we didn't," said Schneider. "We came up here to serve notice on you that you've got to let up on this talk about five-cent fares to the park."

"So the rest of you gentlemen, as well as Mr. Street here, have some of that million dollars of common stock, have you?" I demanded.

"Some of them have," replied Street, "but that hasn't anything to do with what we came to see you about. You know the street-car company has agreed to build an interurban line to Mitchellville. Well, Van Dyke says they won't do it if they are forced to make a five-cent fare to the park. We want that line, because it means thousands of dollars a year to us from the people between here and Mitchellville."

"Will you please tell me," I asked, "what earthly or unearthly connection there is between a five-cent fare to the park and an interurban line to Mitchellville, which is in exactly the opposite direction?"

"Van Dyke says that if the legislature passes a bill regulating the fare to the park it will establish a precedent of state regulation of rates on interurban lines, and that if that's done the company won't be able to raise capital to build the Mitchellville line."

"Van Dyke told you that, did he?"

"Yes, and it's true too. Capital won't be harassed. It's timid."

"And Van Dyke ordered you to come up here and call The Sun off its fight for five-cent fares?"

"No, he didn't order us; he couldn't order us to do anything; but Mr. Van Dyke is interested in the prosperity of St. James and he asked our coöperation to get The Sun to quit this senseless agitation about park fares. It's worth fifteen cents to go to the park and back on a Sunday afternoon, and nobody would kick about it if you didn't encourage them. Nobody ever kicked before you started all this row."

"Doesn't it strike you gentlemen as peculiar that Van Dyke should get you to do this for him?" I asked.

"Why didn't he come up here himself and put the case squarely to me? If his argument is as legitimate as you gentlemen seem to think, why didn't he present it personally?"

"Why," explained Street in surprise, "he knew we were advertisers and would have more influence."

"In other words, Van Dyke comes and gives you a cock-and-bull story about the interurban to Mitchellville, and then proposes that you attack us in the pocketbook for the purpose of forcing us to let him continue to extort excessive profits from the working people of St. James; and you fall for it. That's the situation, as clear as if Van Dyke himself told it."

"That's just your sensational way of looking at it—impugning men's motives, as The Sun always does. I tell you Van Dyke is a fine man. He was raised here and we've all known him since he was a boy. He wants to see St. James grow, just as we do, and we agree with him in everything. He's one of us, and we're all working together. I don't know what it is you fellows want, but it must be something awful big, the way you're raising Cain. What are you after?"

"Readers."

"Humph! it's a fine way to get 'em—to attack honest men."

"Now look here, gentlemen," I said, "you are all wrong about us, just as we are all right about you—only we know it and you don't. Some day you'll thank me and The St. James Sun for 'raising Cain.' Van Dyke is merely using you, playing the old, old game of drawing chestnuts by the aid of a pussy-cat, with you for the pussy. The interurban will be built to Mitchellville when the street-car company is convinced that the business in that territory demands it, and not one minute before. All the legislating you can do from now till doomsday couldn't stop it if the company thought it was a good proposition. Capital is not timid, as Mr. Street says. Capital is bold. It is the boldest thing in the world, next to man. Capital will climb mountains, ford torrents, dig tunnels, swim floods and split icebergs, if there's a reasonable chance of profit beyond. You might go to the Capitol tomorrow and have a law passed making it a penitentiary offense for the street-railway company to run a survey to Mitchellville; but if the company believed there was money to be made by building the line the survey would be run. That's how timid capital is."

The Blundering Boycott

"VAN DYKE has twisted you round his fingers and is laughing at your stupidity this very minute. The farther you go for him the harder he will chuckle. I know, because I have seen a lot of men like Van Dyke. They're clever and they're nice and amiable and they're patriotic, but they're always looking out for themselves and their corporations, and using men of less intelligence, like yourselves, to accomplish their desires.

"I want to tell you another thing: The advertising you are doing with us now or the advertising you might do if we quit this fight can't shut our mouth. We are trying to help the people of St. James—just the plain, ordinary people who work for wages—to get a fair, decent rate to the only place they can go for recreation, and we're going to keep right on. That's final."

"All right," said Street, as the committee rose, "you'll hear from us, and hear from us aplenty. We've stood as much as we're going to."

"No, you haven't," I retorted. "You're going to stand a lot more. We've only started."

"Well, you're near your finish, even if you don't know it."

Three days later I received a very dignified, very formidable document on the stationery of the Retail Merchants' Association. It was signed by the president, who informed us that he had been instructed by the board of directors of the Retail Merchants' Association to notify us that in future the members of the association would withhold patronage from any St. James newspaper or newspapers that attacked the street-railway company for not making a five-cent fare to Riverside Park.

Austin and I debated that letter from three o'clock in the afternoon until nearly seven in the evening. It didn't require all this time for us to discover that the men responsible for the letter had made a stupendous blunder, which would react on them if we took it up; but it did require time to decide just what to do. Here was a serious situation. Manifestly we could not operate a newspaper in a town where the association of retail merchants, comprising nearly all the mercantile establishments, had boycotted us. We realized, and had always realized, that by the time our sixty thousand dollars was spent we must have procured sufficient advertising to keep us going, and we had always believed that we would procure it. But already half of our money was gone, and if we went into an open, knock-down-and-drag-out fight with the merchants' association we feared we wouldn't be able to win it before our reserve was exhausted. Austin finally put it up to me on the ground that it was purely an editorial question.

I backed off so that I could look at the problem from a distance, and applied my journalistic principle to it: Here was the question of five-cent fares to the park. Here was Van Dyke using the flimsy excuse of the Mitchellville Interurban to control us. Here were fifty retail dealers trying to direct the editorial policy of The Sun through control of its advertising. Here were the people of St. James—our readers. What were their rights? Were they entitled to know what the street-railway company and the advertisers were doing?



When He Walked Out of the Office Eleven Thousand Dollars of Our Annual Advertising Receipts Went With Him, Never to Return

An Eleven-Thousand Dollar Fly

LOOKED at that way, there was but one answer—and I made it. Austin agreed to it, and the next afternoon we used the three middle columns of the first page of the paper to present it to the public. We published the letter from the Retail Merchants' Association in three-column measure in ten-point black-faced type. Below it, in the same form, we printed what we had to say. It was this:

The foregoing, received yesterday, speaks for itself. We are publishing it for the benefit of the people of St. James and for the purpose of making clear what we have to say for ourselves.

We are peaceably inclined to all the world. We seek no fight with the Retail Merchants' Association, but the foregoing cannot be accepted in any light save a declaration of war. As such we accept it, and we here and now declare that we are prepared for war.

The Retail Merchants' Association has attempted to dictate the editorial policy of this newspaper, first by offering us advertising if we would do what it wanted done, and afterward by threatening to withdraw advertising if we failed to yield to its demands.

We cannot be controlled by either method, and we hereby announce that any member of the Retail Merchants' Association who is now advertising with us and wants to quit may have his contract by calling at our office. We do not want his business if he thinks he can use it as a bribe. The same principle applies to those who may consider advertising with us in the future.

The obligation of the St. James Sun is to the people of St. James. We believe the people are entitled to five-cent fares to the park and we shall work for five-cent fares until we get them.

Whatever this be, make the most of it.

Austin and I signed this statement, sent the paper to press and sat down and held our breath. We felt we had either made or wrecked the paper and naturally we were something more than curious to see what would happen.

It began to happen mighty fast. The paper had not been on the street more than twenty minutes before the telephone began to ring. It rang every few minutes from three-fifteen until Austin and I went home at six o'clock, and it was sweet music. Thirty-two of the individual members of the Retail Merchants' Association called up one or the other of us and emphatically repudiated the action of the board of directors. They declared they had never heard of the boycott until they read the directors' letter in The Sun, and that they wouldn't think of attempting to control our editorial policy by giving or denying advertising.

There was one fly in the ointment, and it was a monstrous big fly. Gorman & Rudge, the second largest department store in the city, took us up on our offer to cancel the contracts of any advertisers that desired them canceled. The manager of the store called at the office, produced a copy of the paper, curtly demanded his contract, declined to talk with Austin, pocketed his agreement which had been signed but a few weeks before, and departed. When he walked out of the office eleven thousand dollars of our annual advertising receipts went with him, never to return. This was the only big advertiser we lost as a result of our stand. Mills Brothers, the Streets, the Longmans and the Tuttles, the foremost influences in the Retail Merchants' Association, we had already lost, and they were no more determined to control us or force us out of business now than they had been before, so we had not hurt ourselves by antagonizing them.

The next day we followed up our declaration by printing interviews with all but about a dozen members of the association, in which they disavowed any connection with the boycott. We discovered that only seven of the fifteen directors were present at the meeting at which the letter to us was drafted, and we published this fact, with the names of the seven—five of them constituted the committee that had previously called on me. We explained that the whole thing had been cooked up by Van Dyke, who had used a little handful of merchants to try to stop our campaign for five-cent fares to the park.

In an editorial I thanked the individual members of the association for their confidence in The Sun, commended them for refusing to be used by Van Dyke, declared that the seven directors had been faithless to their trust and called upon them to resign. I told of the cancellation of the Gorman & Rudge contract and reiterated our offer to give up any other contract upon demand.

Except for the loss of the Gorman & Rudge advertising the effect of our ultimatum was magnificent. Scores of readers telephoned to us to congratulate us on our courage and to thank us for fighting for them, and we received hundreds of letters expressing this same sentiment. We published a page of the letters and took advantage of the aroused public interest to get in some good hard blows for an honest, progressive delegation to the state legislature to work for a new charter and primary election law.

Though we felt pleased over the general results and had the satisfaction of realizing that we had won a victory in a holy cause that had, incidentally, attracted a great deal of attention to us and to the work we were trying to do in St. James, Austin and I did not underestimate the significance of the loss of the Gorman & Rudge business. That was serious, for we knew it meant a heavy draft on our diminishing reserve. We realized that unless some miracle brought into the paper advertising that we could not reasonably expect to get in the immediate future, it wouldn't be long before our money would be gone and we would be facing a deficit of three thousand or four thousand dollars a month. We saw that we should simply have to win that legislative election in the fall. We felt sure that if we won it the prestige we would gain and the new charter that would probably result therefrom would give us the public recognition and the circulation necessary to force our ex-advertisers to use The Sun in self-defense. So we plunged into the most vigorous campaign we could make on the new charter issue.

In that fight I had the satisfaction of feeling and seeing the evidences of the work we had been doing for more than a year. The business men I had discovered when I was hunting for independent candidates for mayor and assessor—the potential insurgents of the community—were rapidly breaking away from the old Tuttle-Van Dyke influence. I had been pounding so long and so hard on the proposition that the people and not a few professional politicians, public-service corporations and business men ought to run the town, that the idea had begun to take hold. The masses had grasped it early in the fight, but now a great many of the so-called "better element" were beginning to understand and believe it. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, architects, builders came to the support of the Greater St. James Committee; in fact, I think if one had gone up one side of the street and down the other in the business section he would have found a majority of the men he encountered in hearty sympathy with The Sun's fight, for The Sun's reasons. Furthermore, he would have found a decided inclination on the part of the men of St. James to say so openly and plainly. The old combination was breaking up; evidences of it were plenty. The city was stirring, was on the verge of turning over, getting its eyes open and waking up with a start.

The Greater St. James Committee was working along general lines, advocating a new charter for the civic, commercial and social betterment of the community. It was not a political organization and could not pick out candidates or make a campaign for any party or ticket. I found twenty-five members of the committee, however, who were willing to come out into the open with an organization that we called the "Progressive Municipal League" and to make an open fight for individual candidates. The city was normally Democratic, and the Democratic organization didn't seem to be quite so corrupt as the Republican, so we decided to seek the nomination of four good men for Representatives and one good man for Senator on the Democratic ticket. I should have preferred to make the league strictly non-partisan, but party lines were still pretty closely drawn and the others thought our best chance lay with the Democrats.

We decided on two lawyers, a retail clothier and a doctor, all under forty-five years of age, as the league's candidates for the House, and upon a former circuit judge, an exceptionally strong, courageous man of advanced ideas, for the Senate. The primaries were to be held September nineteenth, and the Tuttle and Van Dyke people had their candidates out and were working day and night with their precinct organizations to head off the defeat that they now realized was almost certain to be their portion. The Progressive Municipal League was able to muster enough workers to assign three men to every polling place, and they were not the ordinary riff-raff that work on election day either. They were well-known citizens of good standing and reputation, men who had never before taken an active part in an election, but had considered that sort of thing rather sordid and had left it to the rougher element. Now they were ready to take off their coats, shelve business for the day and stand watch that their city might be regenerated.

The Remedy in Sight

THE day of the primary elections finally arrived—too soon, I feared, as I crept into bed at half-past two, after a day and night of nerve-tearing work in final preparations, with the prospect of rising at six and spending as much time as possible at headquarters and at the polls. I was still haunted by what had happened to us in the city primaries; in spite of the better organization, the better campaign of publicity, the heightened public interest and the benefit of experience, I felt we had left undone many things that we ought to have done.

Sixteen hours later I cursed myself for my stupidity and timidity. We nominated our whole ticket, with almost enough votes over to nominate it a second time. The five candidates of the Progressive Municipal League carried every ward by overwhelming majorities in the Democratic primaries; they lost only two precincts out of fifty-three.

Never in the history of St. James had such a vote been cast, and I doubt if such a vote has been cast since. The whole town simply walked to the ballot boxes and voted for the men pledged to get a new charter and fair elections. No matter what the intentions of Van Dyke and the Democratic organization might have been, they made no attempt to defeat the will of the rank and file after it was expressed. They did not dare. It was too stupendous, too terrorizing. They were forced to yield to the inevitable. They ground their teeth, but the returns from every precinct were the true record of what the public had spoken.

The next day The Sun committed that one unforgivable crime in the decalogue of the newspaper that has any metropolitan pretensions whatever. It got out its old rooster cuts and sprinkled them over every page in the paper. It crowed. The roosters went in red ink, and the editorial on the election went in three-column measure on the first page, also in red. For the one and only time in my two years in St. James I was openly, flagrantly and intentionally sensational. I was deliberately and maliciously yellow, but I didn't feel a flicker in the neighborhood of my conscience. The St. James Sun had done it, and I proposed that the people of St. James should have that fact driven home to them so hard they would never forget it. We had put brain and muscle and nerve and heart and soul and money into an honest fight; we had won a glorious victory; we were entitled to the credit. If I had it to do over again I should do it exactly the same way—and there's no truer test than that.

When Success Seems a Losing Game

AN EASY victory in the election was assured after the indorsement given The Sun, the Greater St. James Committee, the Municipal League and their candidates in the primaries. Van Dyke kept out of it altogether. Tuttle and his friends made only a perfunctory effort to elect the Republican ticket, and the Democrats were chosen by almost as large a vote as they received for the nominations. The legislature did not meet until January, but we filled in the intervening time working out the details of the new charter and the primary law. The five new members of the legislature and a committee of five from the Greater St. James Committee got busy immediately, and by January first they had drafted a bill embodying substantially the features I advocated the day after my defeat in the municipal primaries eight months before. A week before the legislature opened the committee called a mass meeting at the auditorium for the purpose of reading the bill and explaining it. Seven thousand citizens attended and approved the bill unanimously, section by section. The legislators went to the Capitol with a solid front, backed by the indorsement of the mass meeting and by the big majorities by which they were nominated and elected. The Greater St. James Committee sent a delegation of twenty-five that camped at the Capitol until the bill became law. Neither Tuttle nor Van Dyke attempted to defeat it, although I watched them closely every day, confident that they would try to prevent its passage. For once, however, I did them an injustice.

Before the new charter became operative it had to be approved by the people at a special election. This election was set for April seventeenth. If the charter was adopted, the first primary under it—thoroughly legalized—would be held May seventeenth, with the first election June seventeenth. There was no question that the charter would carry, but the Greater St. James Committee organized a campaign for it anyway, and the Progressive Municipal League began casting about for candidates for the offices it created. By this time I had found others to bear much of the responsibility and do much of the work of this character, so I had a chance to confer with Austin over our own affairs.

We were losing about four thousand dollars a month, and we had less than twenty thousand dollars of our original sixty thousand dollars left. Two of the three big department stores were out of the paper; so was the biggest furniture store, the biggest clothing store and all the Tuttle companies. We still had the third department store and most of the small merchants in our advertising columns, and we had almost caught up to the circulation of The Star, which had remained stationary ever since we had been in the field.

It was pretty hard to see the page and double-page advertising of the big stores in the other newspapers during the holiday shopping season, but when I reflected on why they had it, and why we didn't have it, I did not feel so badly.

When compared with the previous year our November and December business showed a loss and our expenses showed an increase. That was one of the particularly bad features of losing advertising. We not only lost the revenue, but incurred extra expenses in connection with the material used to fill the space that the advertising had occupied. In January the clearance sales were held, to clear the track for early spring and Easter trade, and again we showed a loss in business as against January of the year before. Editorially we were making a fine newspaper. The news and discussion of the new charter bill and the beginning of the campaign for its adoption furnished plenty of interesting reading. Our circulation thrived, and everywhere people talked about The Sun's victory and the new charter. But from an advertising standpoint the paper was sad to behold. Austin renewed solicitation of the men who had quit advertising with us because they couldn't control us, but he found them just as determined as ever not to give us another line. He talked circulation and civic progress from morning until night, but he brought no new copy back to the office, and it became more and more evident every day that we should soon have to call upon Mell, Butler and Ashman for help.

We agreed, however, to wait until April first before informing them how things were going. In the mean time Austin was to make a desperate effort to get Mills Brothers, the Streets, the Longmans, Gorman & Rudge and the Tuttle companies back into the paper. If we won the charter—which was certain—and made a new contract with even one of the big advertisers, we felt sure that our associates would provide more cash and that by the time the election was over and the new government established we would have sufficient prestige and circulation to get back all or nearly all of our lost business.

The next three months were backbreakers and headsplitters for Austin and me. I kept up a lively, ceaseless campaign for the new charter, and spent my afternoons out with Austin, interviewing merchants. We classified and tabulated our circulation in every conceivable form, showing how many readers we had in every block in the city and how many in every town in the territory that traded in St. James. We made sworn statements; we invited advertising managers and store proprietors to visit our circulation rooms and watch the boys get their papers and follow them on their routes in an automobile. We gave them route lists and asked them to trail the boys when we didn't know it. We offered to let them interview the carriers, and agreed to give them, in confidence, the name of every person who took The Sun and let them visit the homes where we claimed our paper was going.

I talked social and civic betterment, political economy, municipal government and honest journalism until I dreamed it when I tried to sleep. After each afternoon's labor I stayed at the office until midnight, writing editorials and editing copy for the next day. The next morning I would rise at half-past six and get to my desk again at half-past seven. Austin and I didn't make a poverty plea. Nobody could suspect, from our arguments or manner, that we were desperate. We talked straight business in a straight business way. We gave no hint of any purpose to back down from our position of honest independence; we reiterated our purposes when occasion demanded, but in our hearts we were sick with fear.

The Last Big Advertiser Goes

OUR efforts, though undoubtedly of value as a foundation for future business, brought hardly a dollar that we wouldn't have received anyway. We made a few new contracts with small dealers, but the big fellows were as determined as ever not to give us another inch. They listened to us; they received us respectfully, almost cordially; but they positively declined to be moved by any argument we could advance. They acknowledged we had the circulation shown by our figures; they admitted our rate was reasonable; but they would make no contracts. They told us frankly that they didn't ever propose to do business with a newspaper run as The Sun was run. Our independence, the effects of which they had felt when we found it necessary to tell the public what they were trying to do to us, was still offensive. They would break that independence—or they would ruin us.

Our circulation continued to climb during those three months, and on April first it had reached a daily average of a little more than twenty-seven thousand. On this date we lost the advertising of our remaining department store. Lisner, the manager of this store, was connected with a certain shoe factory concerning which I had published some unpleasant facts. On April second I again told the people of St. James that our news columns could not be controlled by any interest but theirs. I published a first page editorial, showing just what had occurred between Lisner and The Sun and what Lisner's connection with the shoe factory was, and stating that he had discontinued his advertising because we had insisted on printing the truth about the factory.

The paper containing that editorial reached Mell the next morning. Two days later he, Butler and Ashman walked into the office, and I knew that the hour for the great show-down had arrived.

"Well, we're ready to see what you've done with our sixty thousand," said Mell, as we sat down at Austin's desk that afternoon to go over our records and decide whether The Sun should continue to shine, or set forever.

"That's easily answered," I replied. "We've spent it, as you told us to."

"Not all of it," put in Austin. "We still have a balance of two hundred and thirty-seven dollars."

"Is that all there is left?" asked Ashman.

"That's all," said Austin; "but I'd like to have you take a look at our circulation statement."

"We'd rather see your statement of advertising receipts first," said Butler.

Austin had prepared a balance sheet of our advertising, circulation and cash, and he silently passed it over the table to Butler. Butler glanced at it and passed it to Ashman, who in turn contemplated it briefly and passed it to Mell. It didn't require much time to read it and understand it. We had only two hundred and thirty-seven dollars left out of the original sixty thousand dollars. Our circulation had risen from 8148, the record of the day prior to our assumption of the management of The Sun, to 27,389, the record of the day previous to this meeting. Our advertising receipts had fallen steadily from $12,245.48 for May, 1905, to $4422.67 for March, 1907.

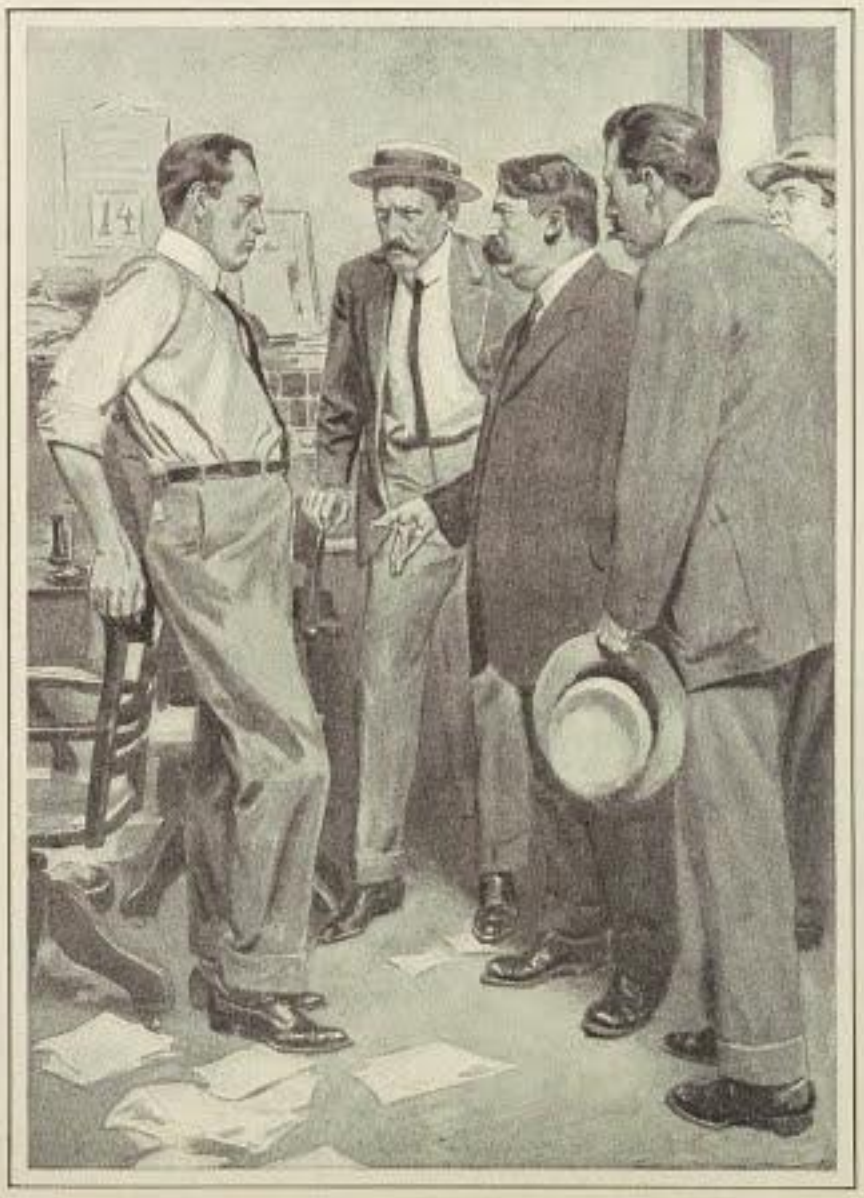
"All the big advertisers are out of the paper, aren't they?" asked Mell.

"Every one," replied Austin.

"And all because they wouldn't stand for something that I printed because I believed the reader was entitled to the information," I said.

"Boys, we've given this thing an honest trial," said Mell. "Our editor has done

(Concluded on Page 73)



"Why Are You Always Raising Sand With Something or Somebody?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers.
To Canada—By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Single copies, five cents.

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1911

A Continuous Show

DO YOU remember what you were much exercised about four years ago this fall? There was a panic, you know, and you couldn't get money at the bank except for some special occasion.

For a year thereafter you couldn't reasonably expect anything worth mentioning would be done about those disturbing happenings because a Presidential campaign was on and the tariff was about the only thing discussed. Then came a long extra session of Congress which was altogether about the tariff; then a regular session of Congress which was mostly about the tariff and the appropriation bills; then another long extra session of Congress which was almost wholly occupied with the tariff.

Soon there is to be another regular session of Congress; and it, too, will be occupied with the tariff. President Taft insured that by vetoing all the tariff legislation of the extra session except the reciprocity bill. Thanks to those vetoes, the whole show will be reenacted. All the host of threadbare statistics about wool and cotton will once more parade through the Record, and members on both sides will say over again what they said at the first extra session and the regular session and the second extra session.

At the close of the second extra session Senator Cummins made a brief speech about the Monetary Commission, thereby bringing up in a most incidental way the subject of banking and currency reform and prevention of the untoward happenings of 1907; but we can hardly expect to get anything actually done under that head. We must be forever and ever occupied with the tariff.

The New New England

FROM one point of view the great corn states are in New England. Year in and year out the yield to the acre is about forty per cent above the average for the United States. And the corn is worth more. The farm value on July first last, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, averaged about seventy cents a bushel in New England against fifty cents in Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas.

It was a Connecticut youth, N. H. Brewer, who won the highest prize at the national corn show three years ago by producing a hundred and thirty-three bushels to the acre; and at the New England corn show last fall this record was probably exceeded by P. P. Davis, of Massachusetts, who produced a hundred and three bushels of crib-dry corn, containing more protein than four tons of good clover hay, on an acre. This acre of corn was worth a hundred and thirteen dollars for the grain and fifteen dollars for the fodder. Where in the "corn belt," demands a Yankee enthusiast, is the acre planted to that cereal that will yield one hundred and twenty-eight dollars? He adds that the young prize-winners have performed invaluable service by demonstrating how waste land can be made productive, farms doubled in value, a revised edition of the old-time New England farm life brought about, and "fifty-dollar land in the East made to earn a greater profit at growing corn than hundred-and-fifty-dollar Western land!"

The Department of Agriculture shows, in a recent report, that Vermont makes twenty dollars an acre net on wheat, or four times as much as the Mississippi Valley makes; while New Hampshire clears over eleven dollars an acre on oats against two dollars and thirty-six cents an acre in a group of Central-Western grain states.

Already agriculture in New England is looking up. The value of farmlands in Maine increased seventy-four per cent in the last decade. Agriculture is to be a big feature of the New England exposition given by the Boston Chamber of Commerce next month. An announcement of the exposition says: "It has been a fault of New England people that they have been keenly alive to the development of all sections of the country except their own"; but "we are beginning to realize that there is here at home as much opportunity as anywhere in the country."

An Asiatic Invasion

IN ONE part of the United States—namely, Hawaii—wages of skilled labor have not advanced in the last nine years, but declined. Back in 1853, natives comprised ninety-six per cent of the population of the islands, and Japanese and Chinese one-half of one per cent. The native folk have dwindled decade by decade until, in 1910, they were less than fourteen per cent of the total population, while foreign-born Japanese and Chinese were fifty-three per cent. Industrially the predominance of Asiatics is even more overwhelming. Of males twenty-one years of age and over they comprise seventy per cent, and of males above nine years of age who are engaged in gainful occupations they constitute seventy-six per cent. Out of five hundred principal manufacturing establishments, three hundred and four are owned by Chinese or Japanese.

Nine years ago the skilled white workman on sugar plantations got four dollars and a quarter a day; last year the average was three dollars and eighty-five cents—the proportion of skilled Asiatic labor having risen meanwhile.

Nevertheless, in five years, wages of unskilled plantation labor have risen. The lowest time-rate is now eighteen dollars a month for green hands or those past their prime, and a system of bonuses enables any thrifty laborer to increase his nominal wage. "The Japanese and Chinese plantation hands," says a recent departmental report, "manage to travel about a good deal from plantation to plantation; they support various purveyors of amusement and luxury, as well as of vice, and yearly remit large sums to Asia." Eighteen dollars a month, without board, for farm labor is only two dollars below the average in our South Atlantic states.

When Wages Stand Pat

BRITISH Board-of-Trade investigations extending over four years show that, where the British workman earns a dollar, the German workman earns eighty-three cents, the French workman seventy-five cents, the Belgian workman sixty-three cents and the American workman two dollars and thirty-two cents; also, that the food for which the British workman pays a dollar at home would cost him a dollar and seventeen cents in Germany, ninety-nine cents in France or Belgium, and a dollar and forty-three cents in the United States—where, by-the-way, the hours of labor are four per cent shorter than in England.

Such is the gist of a rather celebrated report; but in this report the only workmen considered were those employed in the building, engineering and printing trades in the larger cities. Thus the American schedule starts off with city bricklayers and stonemasons, working eight hours a day and earning four to five dollars a day, and winds up with city printers getting three dollars a day for eight hours' work. It is virtually limited, in short, to our best-organized, highest-priced labor.

As it happens, that labor is engaged in industries which have no direct interest whatever in the tariff. What protection, for example, could the tariff give a carpenter or a printer? The Bureau of Labor recently reported upon an industry that is directly interested in the tariff—namely, the steel industry. It finds that one-quarter of all the employees embraced in its investigation work eighty-four hours a week, or twelve hours daily, including Sunday; and one-half of them earn less than eighteen cents an hour, or two dollars and sixteen cents for a twelve-hour day. Highly skilled employees, comprising four per cent of the total, receive fifty cents or upward an hour. These are the ones that figure exclusively in standpat oratory.

Our Bargain Sales in Land

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE is rather passionately committed to the horrid, Socialistic, undemocratic and un-American expedient of Government ownership of railroads in Alaska. He says, very truly, that whoever controls transportation will control the coal and other coarser minerals.

The public domain in Alaska comprises over three hundred and fifty million acres, containing much mineral wealth. In continental United States, the Senator points out, we have already disposed of nearly five hundred million acres of public domain as follows: Given to homesteaders, one hundred and fifteen million acres; granted to railroad and other corporations by Congress, and by several states to which the Federal Government had previously transferred title, one hundred and ninety million acres; sold by the Government at nominal prices, one hundred and eighty million acres.

A statute of 1873 provided that public lands bearing coal might be sold at "not less than ten dollars an acre" if more than fifteen miles from a railroad, or "not less than twenty dollars an acre" if near a railroad. For thirty-three years, under that statute, the Government blithely sold coal lands at never more than ten or twenty dollars an acre—that is, at the very lowest possible price which the law permitted, though the lands were often worth much more.

In continental United States such important natural resources formerly belonging to the public—as timber, iron, hard coal—are now pretty thoroughly monopolized. Of course there is nothing horrid, Socialistic, undemocratic and un-American about that. On the contrary, it is strictly in accordance with our most cherished traditions; but would Government ownership of railroads in Alaska really be worse?

Up to Uncle Sam

FOR rural mail delivery and star routes the Post-Office Department uses about a million miles of public highways—largely dirt roads, little improved. At the extra session of Congress Senator Swanson introduced a bill to expend twenty million dollars annually for five years in permanently improving roads used in the postal service, the states or other local authorities to defray one-half the cost of every improvement. Representative Linthicum introduced a bill appropriating twenty-five million dollars to be expended in three years on the same general plan. A third bill proposed an expenditure of only one million dollars.

This shows a wide difference of opinion as to how much Uncle Sam ought to contribute; but there should be no difference of opinion regarding the Federal Government's duty to lend a powerful hand in good-road making. All experience here and abroad shows that local authority cannot cope successfully with the road problem. It is hardly too much to say that every really important and permanent improvement of the highways has come about through state aid, and in this respect the Federal Government bears a good deal the same relation to the states that the latter bear to the counties and townships. It not only uses a million miles of highway for postal service, but main-traveled roads are more and more used for interstate travel. It is a rare automobile, for example, that does not pass a state boundary. Experience shows also that good roads are catching. One mile of fine highway breeds two or three other miles. The Federal Government should lead instead of lagging behind.

The Foreign Folk

WE ALL know statistically that the Slavs, Italians and Russian Jews have supplanted older streams of immigration, five millions of them having arrived in the last census period. We figure out their ratio to the native-born population, discuss their influence upon the labor market and perform various other interesting arithmetical and economic feats with them—from the point of view of their probable effect upon us. A view, now and then, of our effect upon them is worth while.

For one thing the children frequently become the family interpreters, upon whom the parents must depend for necessary business transactions and for knowledge of laws and customs—thus introducing a fresh complication into the naturally difficult problem of family government. Imagine your own painful doubts if your son informed you that the police in the strange land where you had settled required him to play baseball every Sunday!

In innumerable cases job-hunting compels the separation of heads of families for long periods. The Italians and Slavs are mainly peasants, taken from the soil in a warm climate and thrust into mills and crowded tenements of Northern cities. Ignorance of language and laws makes the immigrant an easy dupe of rascals speaking his own tongue.

There is also the crowding of the newer foreign folk upon the older, often radically changing the character of an industrial neighborhood. Thus, in a city ward, five churches of one denomination were abandoned in three years owing to the shift of population. One who was himself an immigrant complains: "The longer I live in this neighborhood, the more of a stranger I am." His own people had moved on. Folk more alien to him than the Americans originally were have swarmed in.

To the native-born, for whom English is the mother-tongue and Anglo-Saxon ways are instinctive, earning a living and bringing up a family in the United States present difficulties. To strange-tongued foreign folk the difficulties must be vastly greater.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Big Noise

AFTER gazing raptly at the portrait somewhat conspicuously displayed on this page, one's natural assumption would be that the person depicted thereby—the same being Henry D. Clayton, of Eufaula, Alabama—it has a pleasant sound, Eufaula, musical to the ear—is a cherubic, not to say cherubical or cherrubby, statesman. One certainly gets that indelible impression, as one says when one spills a huckleberry pie on one's immaculate linen. And if so he one might see our beaming hero on Pennsylvania Avenue returning from his arduous labors at the Capitol, wearing the while his little, round straw hat, the impression would be intensified, or, as one might say after a manner of speaking, made entirely cherubimific.

However—and this is a point that should be borne in mind—natural assumptions and indelible impressions are oftentimes distressingly shy when it comes to the eternal verities. It matters not how cherubic Henry D. Clayton, of Eufaula, may seem, I am here to say that that designation does not go; and herewith I set forth the reason: No cherub that ever chirped, not even the two-hundred-pound ones that our esteemed co-laborer in the field of art, Mr. Raphael, used to paint, ever had a deep bass voice. No, sir! Hence Henry D. Clayton, so far as the cherubic part of it is concerned, is an open-faced deceiver. He's no cherub. He's the Human Cave of the Riproaring Winds, the Mastodonic Megaphone of the Militant Majority, the Animated Sounding Board of the Unterrified Democracy. He is the Big Noise.

When Henry D. Clayton arises to speak—which is frequently—the pages in the House of Representatives scurry about with bundles of cotton wadding for use in the ears of the statesmen assembled beneath the stained-glass ceiling. When he speaks the rumble and reverberations of his voraginous voice can be heard as far down the street as Ben Mades', where they are drowned in the jealous roars of General William Henry Harrison, the largest, most ferocious and loudest bullfrog in captivity.

Although Henry D. is a sizable man, his colleagues are consumed with wonder, each time he performs, as to where he stores the tremendous volume of sound that issues, without apparent effort on his part, from his interior. His merest whisper rattles the chandeliers and his full chest tone sets the bronze lady, Justice, on the dome to quivering like an aspen leaf. Frequently on hot days, when Henry D. is elucidating some point wherein the Democracy puts it all over the jactitatious Grand Old Party, members of the House retire to the ambrosial shade on the lawn of the Capitol, fanning themselves while reposing on the sward and hearing with distinctness all Henry says within the hall of the House two blocks away. Should his effort be inspired—as it usually is—there is no necessity for leaving the julep factories that stretch along the avenue. Statesmen can entrance their olfactory senses with the mint and at the same time gather all of instruction and wisdom that Henry is presenting a mile or so away.

The Voice That Failed

NEVER but once has that voice failed him—never but once—oh, sad remembrance fraught with bitter woe! All of us who were present on that heartrending occasion find tears bedewing our eagle eyes when we think on that terrible night. None can forget it, none who has sat beneath the matchless and megaphonic eloquence of Henry and listened with bursting ear-drums to his orotund outbursts of oratory. We had planned so much on him, staked our last sesterces on his vocal brawn, only to lose. Hank and his helicon voice threw us down, but none holds it against him. It was fate. It was Nemesis. We had boasted too loudly. We had told without knocking wood of the resounding glories of that voice.

This is what happened: The Democrats of this country were about to assemble in convention for the purpose of ratifying the choice of the People's Choice, that that choice should be named for President for the third weary time. They had selected Denver for their rallying place, and rallied there. Certain preliminaries were to be observed. One was the selection of a permanent chairman to register the convention's will. The wise men of the Democracy—if so there be—were unanimous in their choice. Henry D. Clayton was the man. He had the voice. He could make all that vast assemblage hear. So they chose Henry.



Henry is Not All Voice

He keynoted in a manner that reminded you of a salute of one hundred and one guns. He made such other speeches as were necessary—a few hundred now and then—and that matchless voice remained true to all advance notices. The vast assemblage heard him, heard him to the consequent earache of scores of patriots and hundreds of observers. Then came the night of nights. The nomination was to be made. Pardon me if I say night of nights. It was the night of nights and the morning of mornings, for so many speechmakers desired to second the nomination of the Peerless Leader that the obsequies ran along until the sun rose above Pike's Peak, if the sun does rise above Pike's Peak, a matter of which I have no record. Anyhow it should rise there.

Gus Thomas tore up a pine tree and wrote the name of William Jennings Bryan on the burning sky in letters of fire. Ollie James traced the progress of Mr. Bryan round the world until he got him in Buckingham Palace, where the King took off his jeweled diadem and cast it at his—Bryan's—peerless feet. Two hundred and forty-seven other orators, more or less, performed similar stunts, and then came the crucial moment. All the orators had talked themselves and the convention to frazzles. The vote! What said the convention? How had it recorded the will of the Democracy? Well, you can search anybody who was there, for at that exact moment the voice of Henry D. Clayton failed, petered out, vanished, vamoosed. He had no voice. He had no whisper. All he could do was to stand there, gasp and make signs. How about that for a tragedy? Can you beat it? You cannot, you positively cannot. You cannot even tie it, in all the histories of the tragic moments of this world, from the time Eve ate the apple to the day when John D. Rockefeller discovered that the Supreme Court did not consider him a benevolent old party, but did consider him a combination in restraint of trade.

Let us forget it. It is too sad to recall. Let us pass on to that other time when they selected Henry D. as toastmaster for the Jefferson Day banquet in Washington, after this campaign that Henry keynoted at Denver. All the heroes were on hand, including the Peerless Leader. It was a grand affair. When time came to begin the remarks Henry, as toastmaster, began them by talking an hour and ten minutes by the clock on what had happened and what was going to happen, being in full voice and eloquence. Remindful of his Denver experience he had his voice trained to the minute. It did not fail him. After the first speaker had responded to the toast, "The Day We Celebrate," Henry spoke for another thirty minutes in introducing the next one. There were plenty of speakers and Henry gave each one a good send-off, half an hour of introduction being the usual allotment, but, in the case of an especially distinguished guest, forty-five minutes being considered none too much.

It was three o'clock in the morning when blind Senator Gore was introduced, and the winter sun had gilded the dome of the library before Henry turned them loose. At the close he was going strong. His voice was as resonant and as powerful as it was when he began. Denver was forgotten. The voice was again supreme.

But Henry is not all voice. Perish that thought! That marvelous organ is backed by a heap of brains. He is now chairman of the Judiciary Committee, where he was for many years the ranking Democrat when the Republicans were in control. He is now serving his eighth term in Congress and has a solid reputation for legal ability, courage and simon-pure Democracy. He was born in his district in 1857, had a term in the Alabama legislature, and was United States district attorney from 1893 to 1896.

He is a nice round man, with a round face, a round paunch and a calm and cheerful smile. As I said, you would pick him out for a cherub any day. But be not misled. Within Henry, somewhere behind that bland and cherubic face, there reposes The Voice. Reposes, did I say? A lapse, a palpable lapse. It does not repose. It comes forth in all its majesty, and roars until the foundations of the very ramparts of the universe itself quake and quiver when assaulted by its vast outcry.

Climbing Under Difficulties

BUNSEN'S PEAK, in the Yellowstone Park, has a sheer wall of rock on one side. There had been much speculation as to whether it was possible to climb this side of the mountain. One day Hentley Child, treasurer of the park companies, came in and announced that he had made the climb.

"Did you have any trouble?" he was asked.

"Not much, but it made my hands pretty sore."

"Made your hands sore?"

"Sure; I kept stepping on them all the time."

A Bellowing Blanco

A BIG, brawny, red-faced sagebrush lawyer lived in one of the Indian reservations back in the seventies. He wore a drooping mustache and the Mexicans called him El Toro Blanco, because of his habit of bellowing in court.

He was playing poker with the Indian agent and his clerk one day when a dusty and frightened man came in.

"Be you Mr. Toro Blanco?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," replied the lawyer pompously, "I am the man. What can I do for you?"

"I just killed a man over there on the white sands and I want to consult a lawyer before I surrender."

"That's a good idea," said El Toro Blanco; "always resort to the law. How much money you got?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Gimme it," shouted El Toro Blanco, thrusting out a hairy paw. "That'll be enough if you furnish the witnesses, but it will cost you seven hundred cash if I furnish them."

The Hall of Fame

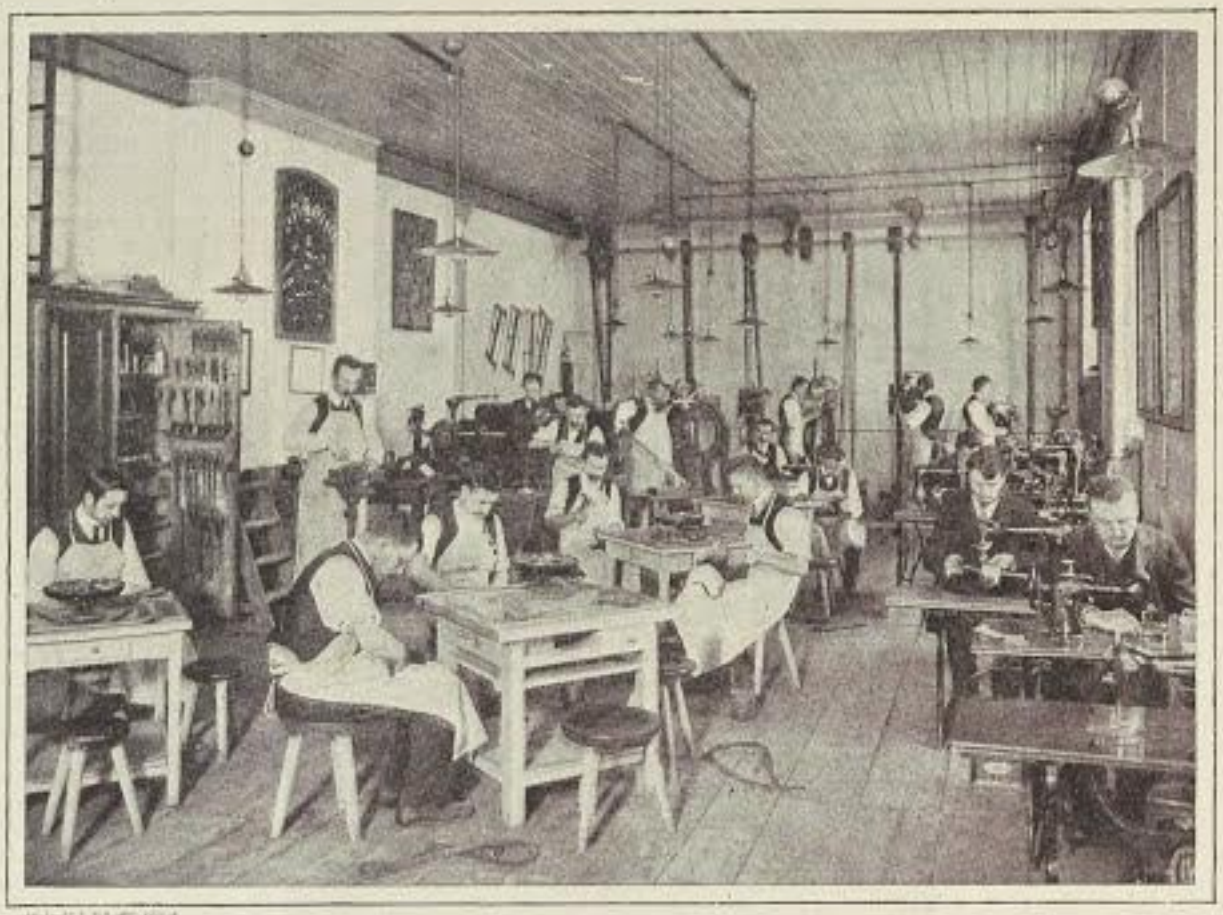
¶ W. J. Burns, the detective, used to be a cutter in his father's tailor shop.

¶ C. M. Hays, president of the Grand Trunk Railway, is the only American who ever declined knighthood and a directorship in the Bank of Montreal in the same week.

¶ Robert C. Morris, the New York lawyer and former chairman of the New York County Republican Committee, takes a pack train and goes into the Rocky Mountains in Montana for his vacations.

In our issue of August 19th there appeared on the Who's Who—and Why page the reproduction of a photograph that the editors had every reason to believe was that of the subject of the article, Mr. Ebenezer J. Hill. The editors desire to explain that an error was made and that it was not Mr. Hill's photograph that was reproduced.

How Austria Promotes Her Small Industries—By Edwin G. Cooley



Model Class of Shoemakers in Department for Promoting Crafts Fairly Well Equipped With Machinery

IT IS commonly taken for granted that the industrial middle class will finally be swallowed up by capitalistic production and its members forced to become parts of some huge factory or to join the ranks of unskilled labor. The invention of labor-saving machinery from the steam engine down to the modern electric motor has not benefited all members of society to the same degree. Capitalistic production has profited most, frequently at the expense of the smaller industries. The tendency is worldwide and is deplored by all thinking men who are interested in the progress of democracy. The efforts made to check this tendency have usually shared the fate of Mrs. Partington's attempt to check the Atlantic Ocean with her mop. We have been amused but not surprised at the failure to counteract what seemed like a law of Nature. Still, it seems reasonably possible that the same agency—invention—which set this tendency free may supply us with a means of counteracting some of its baneful effects on society. The effect of the invention of the steam engine was to substitute for the independent worker in his little shop a worker who was simply a part of a machine—a connecting link between a machine and a piece of work. His work or time became a commodity as truly as the piece of work with which he was connected. The invention freed production at the expense of the workmen and led to the decline of the industrial middle class—a decline that was sometimes rapid, sometimes very slow.

An Aid to Self-Help

THE modern inventions of machine tools of various sorts and of gas, benzine and electric motors have, however, furnished sources of motive power that make possible less highly centralized methods of production. For example, a small steam engine uses about four kilograms of coal an hour to one horse-power, while a great steam engine of one thousand horse-power consumes only 0.5 of a kilogram of coal an hour to one horse-power. Economy in production, under these circumstances, of course compels the union of workers in great organizations, with the purchase of materials and sale of product by wholesale methods. The small gas, benzine and electric motors, however, work almost as economically as the greater ones; and, thanks to the divisibility of the electric current, they furnish a cheap and convenient source of power for the smaller industries. Then, too, a large number of tool machines are now available for the small shops and are suited to their needs. These machine tools do not destroy the rich treasures of skill in handwork, but conserve it by freeing it from unnecessary drudgery and by furnishing opportunities for new forms of skill. A way thus seems to open for assisting these smaller producers, an opportunity which has been utilized by the Department for the Promotion of Crafts, in Austria. A consistent and systematic effort has been made during the past eighteen years to furnish the smaller industries means of production that will give them a fair opportunity of competing with the factory. This, of course, is possible only where there are natural resources of power and skill that can be drawn upon.

It has been said that "Austria is a museum of obsolete forms of production." This is true in some portions of the empire. In the Bohemian forest and in the Alpine lands you can find forms of hand labor that date back to the Middle Ages. You can, of course, find different conditions in other places. The Austrian census of those employed in the industries for the year 1902 showed 1,317,116 persons employed in small industries: less than ten persons in 587,677 shops or plants; 11,704 plants of middle size employing from eleven to twenty persons; 30,428 large plants employing more than twenty persons. Germany, with about twice the population, has 35,774 plants of middle size, a much better showing than Austria makes with its 11,704 plants. There is a general feeling in Austria that something should be done to build up this middle-class industry; and the creation of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts is one of the direct results of this feeling.

The feeling of the necessity of a better mental and material equipment for those engaged in the industries has led to the founding of numerous industrial schools in Austria, to the devoting of greater care to the management of the continuation schools for apprentices, and finally to state action in the organization of the present department, which is at once a source of educational and of material aid to those engaged in the smaller industries.

In 1891 the Ministry of Commerce provided an appropriation of twenty thousand kronen for the promotion of the smaller industries or crafts. In the following year a commission appointed by the ministry discussed the best ways of spending this appropriation. They finally left the carrying out of their plans to the Technological Museum of Vienna. At the same time the ministry provided for a council to have general charge of this work. Since 1898 there has been a special department of the Ministry of Commerce which has devoted its time to carrying out the plans of the council. In the year 1908 the whole service was transferred to the newly created Ministry of Public Works, and the Department for the Promotion of Crafts was organized.

There are two general divisions of the work of this department; one educational—instruction in technical and economic subjects; the other material—providing assistance in the way of machine tools, motors and loans of money to those engaged in the smaller industries. In both, the department means to offer help only as a means to "Self-help"—the motto of the institution. As a school, it teaches workmen up-to-date methods of doing work; the best machine tools and how to use them; the best ways of supplying, using and caring for materials; the best ways of running a small business, including the technic of production and sale of product; and, perhaps most important of all, the value of coöperation.

The department also interests itself in the formation of associations of commerce and of industry, assists them in laying out good industrial or business plants, supplies industrial machinery to them on long-time loans without interest, grants them small loans of money to stimulate their enterprises, and assists them in securing large commissions or orders for work, especially for the Austrian army. A new service has recently been created for looking after the loans to craftsmen, but it remains in the central institution in Vienna and acts in harmony with it. It is now proposed to compel craftsmen to pay interest on machines furnished, as the department gives nothing away but advice and education. The present practice of furnishing tools on long time without interest is a violation of their motto, "Self-help."

The department acts in harmony with all organizations in Austria which interest themselves in the promotion of the crafts and assists such institutions with small grants of money. Examples of such institutions are the Industrial Museum in Brünn, the Technological Museum in Prague, the Institution for the Advancement of Commerce and Industry in Innsbruck, the Institution for the Advancement of Commerce and Industry in Cracow—in all, about twenty institutions. The task of all is to change the obsolete methods of work into up-to-date forms of production and sale, and to do this by stimulating self-help by means of education and by furnishing material assistance.

The central institution is in Severingasse 9, Vienna, and is composed of offices for the officials of the department, workshops for the model courses and halls for exhibitions of tools and machines. The main hall is about eighty feet square and has an anteroom with about one thousand square feet of floor space. These two halls serve as a place to exhibit materials, tools and machines of all sorts which are especially useful to smaller shops, as well as investigating stations for testing the machines furnished to the association out of the funds of the department, and machine tools and mechanical contrivances exhibited by manufacturers who are looking for sales. Here are carried on investigations in the management of motors of various sorts, their special uses, value and consumption of power. The department encourages manufacturers to exhibit their wares by supplying them with floor space, by furnishing most of the expense of installing them and by providing the power transmission and motive power free of charge.

Helping the Small Craftsmen

VISITS to the machine halls are encouraged, and no entrance fees are charged. About twelve thousand persons visit them every year. Bodies of workmen who give notice of their visit will have a special guide provided for them. Handworkers of limited means, living outside of Vienna, will be granted an allowance to enable them to visit the machine halls if such a visit seems desirable. If the visit is for the purpose of learning the best methods of using the machines exhibited, information will be given by a specialist from the department.

Special exhibitions are given from time to time in the machine halls. In the year 1906 there was given an exhibition showing the technic of tempering steel, with seventeen thousand visitors; in 1907-8 an exhibition of handworkers' technic, with twenty thousand visitors. These exhibitions offered opportunities for improvement to small craftsmen, whose visits were made easier by the granting of allowances for expenses. Special lectures and practical exercises in the use of the machines exhibited

were united with the exhibitions. Information and advice were given freely with reference to the motors and machine tools exhibited in the halls; also instruction in up-to-date methods of production and the supply of raw materials. Advice was given with reference to the building of workshops and the founding of associations. The machines exhibited were from all countries—Austria, of course, being favored. Twenty-one exhibitions have been held in other parts of the empire, some of the exhibits being transferred from the central institution in Vienna—the remainder being contributed by the local organizations. Exhibitions have also been made of the work of this department in the World's Fair in Paris in 1900, in the exhibition in Cork in 1902, in Cracow and Trieste in 1904, and in London in 1906.

The department endeavors to provide special advanced technical and business training for ambitious handworkers. Methods must be employed entirely different from those used in the training of apprentices, as the training required involves not only the use of tools and mechanical contrivances but knowledge of better ways of conducting a business of middle size. This demands knowledge not only of technical but of economic progress, which must be communicated to these men under special and practical conditions.

The department, therefore, conducts model courses which aim at making the workmen familiar with the best industrial tools and machines, with a well-arranged shop, with the latest technic of handwork, and with instruction in bookkeeping, business arithmetic and other special subjects. It strives to so arrange its work in these subjects as to present a picture of the economic unity and system which will be found in a well-conducted workshop. These courses are, in respect to their materials and management, models of a business of middle size, in which, in addition to the regular department officials, the visiting masters and workmen must each take part. The workers will complete their technic in handwork in these courses and, at the same time, learn to manage a business in a scientific and economical way.

Educating the Consumer

AT THE present time there are eight such model business shops or courses in the central institution in Vienna—namely: for shoemakers, tailors, cabinetmakers, electro-platers, electric installers, bookbinders, sheet-iron workers and plumbers. Other courses are in preparation. These courses run from six to twelve weeks; and, as the workmen called in are deprived of an opportunity of earning wages, the needy ones receive an allowance, which amounts to twenty kronen a week for masters and seventeen kronen a week for journeymen, in addition to the cost of transportation to Vienna and back. Provision is made for handworkers who wish special instruction in the use of some particular mechanical contrivance, and also for persons who need a longer period of preparation than the normal one.

Up to 1909 there had been 245 work courses with 3932 participants:

	Courses	Enrolled
For shoemakers	74	1215
For tailors	67	1109
For cabinetmakers	47	635
For locksmiths	32	377
For carpenters	6	389
For electro-platers	11	124
For electric installers	4	43
For lightning-rod men	3	28
For bookbinders	1	12

The model courses serve also as experimental workshops. Such shops must keep pace with the technical progress of the industry for which they are instituted and must utilize, so far as possible, such progress themselves. They must interest themselves in the investigation of materials; must prepare models, sketches and drawings. This last phase of the activity of the department has assumed great proportions in the last few years.

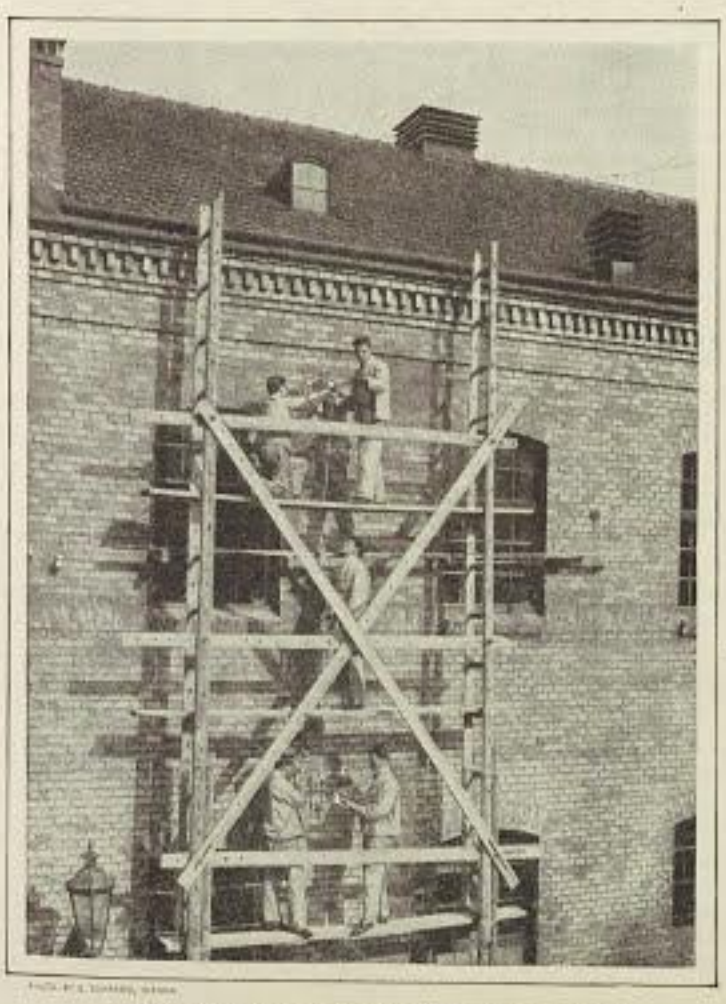
The department arranges for courses of lectures for the working men and excursions to manufacturers' establishments in the large cities of Austria. Special masters and foremen in the different crafts accompany the teachers in these traveling courses and are employed in practical demonstrations. The department has such courses conducted for shoemakers, tailors, cabinetmakers, coopers, locksmiths, electric installers and stonemasons—in all, five hundred and twenty-five courses, with eleven hundred and fifty members. Technical and economical subjects which are of interest to the tradesmen are discussed either by the officials belonging to the department or by specialists taken from outside.



Practical Lessons in Electricity

A partial list of the subjects discussed in these lectures is as follows: Bakers' machines; the carpenter's trade at the present time; the development of women's hats from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present time; bookbinding; the art of graining and marbling; the shoe-last; gas and benzine motors, and plumbing in America.

Sometimes the department undertakes the conduct of a series of lectures in order to make the masters more thoroughly acquainted with the industrial novelties than they could be by a single lecture. The department also prepares lectures for the general public, with the aim of giving the technical knowledge of products which the consumer should have in order to form a correct estimate of their value. The department believes that it is not sufficient to train workmen to produce goods in better ways and in more highly artistic forms; you must also teach the consumer to appreciate the better and more artistic forms and lead him to make his choice after considering quality as well as price. One of the topics discussed at a recent meeting of the officials of this department was, Production for Quality and the Education of the Consumer.



Electrical Students in the Act of Installing Wires

The production of goods at the present time demands cheaper and greater mechanical power than formerly and must be carried on by the use of machine tools and motors. Handworkers cannot solve their problems in opposition to the general laws of economical life and must make use of mechanical devices in their work. The department therefore strives to equip handworkers with up-to-date tools and machines, requiring the craftsmen to pay back the cost of the equipment in installments without interest, the payments being extended—usually—over ten years.

To use such machines profitably they must be used constantly and the product must be disposed of in a businesslike way. The department encourages the organization of unions or associations for the purpose of utilizing fully the common industrial plants. An additional reason for encouraging the formation of such associations is the enormous expense that would be entailed upon the Government if it undertook to furnish motors and machine tools to all the individual handworkers demanding them—and the fact that this, too, would inevitably lead to overproduction. The department, for this reason, has interested itself in the formation of industrial associations for the common use of tools and machines. As these associations lack both technical knowledge and capital, outside assistance is necessary—first, for the supplying of industrial helps; and second, for industrial and commercial education.

These associations of workers consist principally of handworkers of the same or related branches of industry. Their purpose is the common utilization of motors and machine tools in a special central workshop, where raw materials are partially worked over or prepared. The finishing of the product is usually done in the workshops of the individual members of the association, whose economical independence thus remains undisturbed. Such associations can be formed only where there are sufficient numbers of handworkers of the same industry who are disposed to unite themselves into an association. Where this is not the case, and where the necessity for the use of machines exists, another sort of association must be formed. This is the so-called machine association.

Industrial Independence

MACHINE associations are free unions of handworkers that aim to secure for their members the use of mechanical helps, which will be set up in their individual plants and used in common by the members of the association. Such associations are especially important in places with a cheap electric current. The department will supply such associations under a contract for payment in installments once only; later mechanical help must be cared for by the association itself by means of private capital. When a little community undertakes the rôle of a machine association, trying to provide industrial helps for its handworkers without profit to itself, the department will gladly furnish an equipment without the forming of a machine association.

As a result of the supply of machines by this department, thousands of people in the industries are enabled to supply themselves with thorough industrial equipments suited to the production of goods in a competitive industry. In many cases these associations have developed into independent up-to-date business plants—flourishing coöperative institutions. A few examples of these may be mentioned here. The carpenters' and cabinetmakers' association of Salcano produced wares in 1908 to the value of 1,262,776 kronen; in Mariano, to 165,885 kronen; in St. Veit, in Seiback, to 385,813 kronen; the workmen's association in the Stubaier small-iron industry in Fulpmes, to 554,542 kronen; the association of nailsmiths in Kropp, to 361,271 kronen; the workmen's association of shoemakers in Judendorf, to 14,600 kronen; and the stonemasons' association in Pučišće, to 211,676 kronen.

The members of these associations pay for the use of the machines, the sums paid being used for furnishing additional industrial helps to the members of the association. These payments amount in some cases to a large sum of money and enable the association to provide itself with valuable industrial machinery. In a place where such a showing as the above cannot be made on account of smaller opportunities for work, the furnishing of machines has often enabled the handworkers to establish their independence. They have not sunk out of their class, but have remained independent business organizations.



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Chicken	Ox Tail
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Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

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JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
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"O, it seems so grateful!
As sunshine after rain—
This every steaming plateful
Of Campbell's Soup again!"

Of course it is admitted at once that some of these experiments have been failures. The greatest prudence and technical knowledge cannot always prevent the downfall of coöperative undertakings. There will always be circumstances that no council or administrator can influence or control. The number of industrial and commercial associations organized and partially supported by the department since 1892 is 282; 202 for the production of goods and eighty for selling or handling them. The value of the machinery taken back amounts to 256,300 kronen or fourteen per cent of the value of the machinery furnished. Most of these returns took place in the early history of this movement. The returns of machines were almost always the result of the dissolving of the associations. The machines were not by any means a dead loss, as most of them were turned over to other associations after a fair discount for use—about seven per cent.

The business of furnishing these machines to associations calls for extraordinary prudence on the part of the department and for great care in following up the supply with educational work. It is of little use to provide handworkers with up-to-date machines, to make it possible for them to secure adequate capital, and then leave them to their own resources. Their enterprise demands technical knowledge and economical judgment on the part of the men placed in control. Neither the ordinary course of industry, the training offered the handworker up to this time, nor the course of events of the last century, has contributed much to the development of such personal qualities. This technical knowledge and business judgment must be awakened; and the result of the work of the department will depend finally upon the intellectual influence it will be able to exercise upon the handworker. The problem is an educational one, a problem bristling with difficulties and perhaps disappointments. In some way the department must provide technical and commercial education for a generation of men who will be thus qualified technically and economically to contend successfully against the supremacy of the factory. The department believes it is a legitimate work for the Government and that it can be accomplished.

The department has endeavored to utilize its educational opportunities at every step of the way. It has sought to advise these organizations, through its promotional work, as to methods of calculating the profitableness of enterprises; as to the best plans for erecting workshops; as to the best machines for given purposes and the best and most economical methods of using them. A workmaster is sent out from the department to conduct the installation of new machines and to instruct the members of the association in their use. Experts in bookkeeping assist the officials of the associations in introducing business books, give them advice about the control of the undertaking and conduct the inspection of their plants for a time. The officials of the department always stand ready to assist the society in carrying on their business.

Borrowing From the State

As has been stated, the machines will be furnished by the Ministry of Public Works, to be paid for by installments in ten years without interest on the debt. These payments of the associations, up to the year 1909, were made to the finance minister. After 1908 they were placed to the credit of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts as a means of creating a permanent fund. This means that the state—it is hoped—will appropriate a constant sum for the use of the department; and that the department will have, in addition, after 1909, all the sums paid back by the associations, these amounting in one year to seventy thousand kronen. Two things are secured by this arrangement: First, an ever-increasing amount of money for furnishing machines and other assistance; second, the moral responsibility of the associations is increased because, under this arrangement, every neglect on their part in making their payments to the department means not only an injury to the fiscal interest of the country but also an injury to their own class of workers.

With the exception of the machine associations, all the industrial unions need a certain capital for carrying on the business, the amount of which depends upon the kind and extent of the association's undertakings. The unions are seldom in a position to satisfy this need from their own means. The system of credit for industrial enterprises is not much developed in Austria, although schemes for Government credit associations have been discussed. The Ministry of Commerce in 1898 included, in its program for advancing the crafts, loans at a small rate of interest. As this year's estimate for both loans and machinery amounts to only two hundred and ten thousand kronen, it follows that the associations could be granted only very small loans or bounties, while for greater demands for money they must deal with the ordinary moneyed institutions. The loans granted by the department serve only as a supplement to the capital required for the enterprise. The department, however, undertakes to assist the associations in their dealings with the money institutions. Its traveling agents, in addition to advising the department about loans to associations, advise banks as to the financial standing of the association and thus aid them to secure loans from ordinary credit institutions.

Forty-three associations have been loaned money for the purpose of purchasing raw material. Not much has been spent in this way, as it has been difficult for the handworkers, for personal reasons, to give up old sources of purchase, and because the conduct of common warehouses demands special knowledge and personal ability. The experience of the department, however, shows that these difficulties are not insurmountable and that such organizations for the purchase of materials are extremely helpful. Loans have been made to associations organized for the purpose of conducting common sales-magazines for the sale of their products. The conduct of such enterprises requires even more capital than the raw-material warehouse and still greater business dexterity. At present there are comparatively few such selling associations, some showing good results.

Working for the Army

Since the year 1898, loans have been made to 114 associations, amounting to 729,900 kronen. Of this, up to now, 58,100 kronen have been written off. This has been the result, for the most part, of the dissolution of the associations. On this the department has lost eight per cent of the entire sum loaned. The associations pay three per cent interest on loans.

The department has done much to stimulate the better training of apprentices. For this purpose it has promoted the formation of exhibitions of the work of apprentices. The department has composed a guide and later a treatise on the subject of exhibitions of apprentice work, which are furnished to all the persons interested in the subject. The department has assisted in the organization of such exhibitions by advice as to the best ways of preparation, by lectures on their ends and aims, by free supplies of printing, by money, and in other ways. In the year 1908 there were not fewer than six hundred such exhibitions in the empire, in which about forty thousand apprentices took part. Besides these six hundred local exhibitions, there were in the same year over forty central exhibitions, with prizes, open only to those who had won prizes in the local exhibitions. The contributions of the department were, as a rule, four hundred kronen to the central and two hundred kronen to the local exhibitions.

In addition to the above-mentioned measure for promoting the interests of the crafts, the department has taken a prominent part in securing commissions or orders for work, many of which have been turned over by the state to the support of the associations. The work is thus carried out under the direction of the department, which has repeatedly been able to recommend applications of associations for such orders and to advise the members as to the best means of carrying out the commissions when obtained. In special cases the department has furnished sketches and working drawings for the use of the associations. The most important commissions which these associations have obtained are those for the supplying of various articles made of leather for the Austrian army. These articles consist of boots, shoes, saddles and harness. For about ten years these associations have had twenty-five per cent of this work. The department has worked out a plan for dividing the orders between the various associations and has watched over the carrying out of the work.

At first, the army authorities were not satisfied with the work furnished by the



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associations. A commission was organized to pass upon all work presented. The Ministry of War requested the Ministry of Commerce to undertake the dividing up of the orders. The Ministry of Commerce accepted this proposal in order to ascertain whether the bad work could not be improved and the participation in the contract be made useful to a part, at least, of the smaller craftsmen. They strove to accomplish this by a different method of dividing the work. This ministry intrusted the Department for the Promotion of Crafts with the task of working out a plan for dividing the commissions granted to the smaller craftsmen. The methods suggested seem to have caused a radical improvement in the quality of the work furnished to the army authorities.

This improvement has been so decisive that the army officials since 1908 have permitted an important increase in the orders given to handworkers. For the year 1909, thirty-five per cent of the year's supplies of leather goods for the army of Austria was ordered to be placed with the associations of smaller industries. For the next four years this proportion was ordered to be increased every year two and a half per cent, so that the handworkers in the year 1913 will supply forty-five per cent of the needs of the army in leather goods.

An Ancient Industry

The last catalog shows three hundred and forty-nine associations in Austria and Bohemia—forty-three in Vienna, seven in Prague, six in Brünn, six in Kratz, four in Innsbruck, and smaller numbers in smaller cities of the empire. Taking them by districts, we have ninety-two in Bohemia; twenty-three in the Tyrol; thirty-five in Steinmark; fifty-two in Mähren; eighteen in Silesia; twelve in Upper Austria; fifty-seven in Lower Austria; twenty in Galicia and the remainder in other provinces of Austria. The distribution is over nearly all parts of the empire, although the industries in some localities appear to have been too primitive to be stimulated in this way. In more favored localities we find seventeen associations that are today exporting their products to other lands. The record of these grants shows that in thirteen cases the officials of the community in which the associations carried on business, took over the property of the associations and carried on the business for the benefit of the community as a whole.

The following account of a few of these associations may be of interest to the readers of this article. The account is taken from a description prepared at the time of the London exhibition of 1906:

Ferlach, in Carinthia, is one of the most ancient centers for the manufacture of small arms. Its origin dates back to the year 1558, when Emperor Ferdinand 1 called the army riflemakers—armorers—from the Netherlands to Ferlach, in the Rosen Valley, where there is an abundance of water-power. Soon every house had its armorer and the village grew. During the Thirty Years' War in the seventeenth century, orders were very plentiful. In the eighteenth century Empress Maria Theresa showed her appreciation of the Ferlach industry by allowing the founding of a military organized gunmakers' corps at Ferlach, which enjoyed her especial favor.

In 1807 Emperor Franz I personally visited that place to convince himself of the ability of the Ferlach armorers, whose reputation was so good and had spread so far.

Between 1800 and 1815 some three hundred thousand guns were supplied to the Austrian army from that region. Hard times, however, were in store for Ferlach. Government orders were lacking, traders cut the prices, export was partly or entirely forbidden, and outside competition adopted machines and thus undermined the inland production. The population of Ferlach and its surroundings, being brought to a low ebb in 1876, appealed to the Government for help. Investigations started by the Board of Trade—Ministry of Commerce—revealed the necessity of introducing the manufacture of dearer qualities and the use of machinery. As in other districts, here, too, the young generation had to be taught modern ways of production and better taste. A training school for the small-arms industry was consequently established in 1878. This school gives advice in mechanical and commercial questions, procures and tests raw material and tools, lends models, designs and working drawings, and allows craftsmen to use its machines.



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A testing workshop on the system of Lüttich, Belgium, a shooting range and coöperative machine shops followed, thanks to energetic support by the emperor, the Ministries of Education and Commerce, the Chamber of Commerce, the Carinthian Savings Bank and the Parish.

The coöperative machine shops produce the principal drop forgings and half-finished parts in general, and the Department for the Promotion of Crafts is about to make the individual gunmakers' workshops more efficient, too, by the supply of machine tools.

Schönbach, an old parish, since 1319 a town, has about forty-two hundred inhabitants. Of the origin of violin making at Schönbach there are no reliable records; it might date back to the middle of the sixteenth century, for, about the year 1580, Protestant inhabitants of that town emigrated to Saxony, settled down not far from their home and introduced there the manufacture of violins, bassos and mandolins.

From the beginning of the eighteenth century the names of violin makers appear in the registers. The existence of a special guild in the same century is proved by documents.

The manufacture of guitars, of bassos and cellos, and of silk strings dates from the first quarter of the nineteenth century; still younger is the manufacture of zithers, harps and other musical instruments.

Increasing production led to a constantly spreading division of labor. There are still, it is true, violin makers at Schönbach who, like the old masters, make all the parts themselves; but, as a rule, each part is manufactured by special craftsmen. Besides the actual violin, cello and basso makers there are now manufacturers of tops, bottoms, boxes, bodies, necks, finger-boards, bridges, bows, machines, pegs, strings, and so forth. Some of these branches are still further subdivided—for example, the bottoms and the necks for bassos and cellos are produced in separate shops. The mother-of-pearl inlays, the polishing of lacquered instruments and certain other decorative work is also done by specialists. Zithers, mandolins and similar instruments occupy another group of craftsmen. Finally there are wind instrument and mouth-organ makers at Schönbach.

At present about seven hundred masters and dealers, four hundred and thirty of whom live at Schönbach itself, are engaged in this craft. Besides the masters there are many assistants and a great number of women, most of whom work in their homes.

Machines have but very recently been employed; the common tools are plain and few—various chisels, gouges, drawing and carving knives with long handles, planes, handsaws, gimlets, files, steel for heating and bending the wood, benches and lathes; lastly, hatchets for the first shaping of tops and bottoms to bassos. Of these each craftsman has only the very limited number he requires for his special work.

Coöperation in Music

To make this native industry more widely known, especially on the foreign market where its productions go under another flag, and to ameliorate the conditions of work and income of the instrument makers there, a coöperative association was formed among them in 1904 called a "productive association of producers of musical instruments for Schönbach and the neighboring country"; and effective steps were initiated by the Department for the Promotion of Crafts to obviate—by the introduction of improved technical appliances—the danger to health and life connected with certain processes in the manufacture, to shorten the hours of work, to raise the standard of wages, to supply the association with the necessary working capital and to bring it into closer touch with reliable dealers in foreign countries.

The association is well managed by able men and can turn out an enormous quantity of good work at very moderate prices. It owns a collection of the latest models of instruments from all parts of the world to enable it to keep up with the demands of modern times, and measures are taken to give the masters, assistants and apprentices opportunities for perfecting their manual and mental capacities. To all appearances this association is destined to take a prominent position among the musical-instrument makers of the world.

The margravate Moravia has a highly developed industry, particularly prominent in the northeastern portion of the country. Even smaller towns achieve thereby an economic importance far beyond their standard of population. One of these towns is Neutitschein, an ancient cloth-makers' town in which, up to a few centuries back, the humming of the hand loom resounded in the small streets from nearly every house. Since then, in place of numerous small weavers' shops, great factories with mechanical looms have sprung up. Besides these, there are also hat factories, machine shops and other industrial undertakings. Some handicrafts, too, developed extraordinarily—as, for example, the cabinetmakers' craft, which is now an esteemed feature in the commercial life of the town. In 1899 the members of the cabinetmakers' guild founded the first coöperative association of woodworking crafts. Thanks to their natural sharpness and the untiring efforts of a gentleman who, later on, became a prominent member of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts, this association developed more and more and became an economically highly important model for the coöperative movement throughout the country. Although the association now owns a spacious machine shop, equipped with the latest mechanical appliances, its members still remain independent masters; the joint management comprises only the purchase of the raw material and accessories, the mechanical woodworking and the receiving of orders on joint account. The use of the machines is charged for pro rata. Thus the members derive the advantages of a wholesale undertaking without great individual risk.

Against Capitalistic Competition

The association has for a banker a well-financed savings and credit bank, where it enjoys, at a reasonable rate, a sufficiently large credit for its financial requirements. It fulfills its commercial obligations punctually; pays back for the machines supplied by the Department for the Promotion of Crafts in regular installments, and by careful administration has been able to accumulate a respectable reserve fund.

The Department for the Promotion of Crafts knows no cure-all for satisfying the needs of the handworker. Its methods of promotion possess at least the merit that they contain no impossible demands on human nature and human resources and are not pure theory, but have grown out of the immediate observation of economical life and have been handled by special people who stand close to industrial practice. The different means of advancing the crafts are organically bound together and their picture in historical series shows exactly the development.

The department seems to have succeeded in its efforts to increase the number of industries that are large enough to permit of the use of modern machinery and modern methods of production. By a combination of education and coöperation the smaller industries have been able to make use of modern machine tools and motors, and thus make some headway against the capitalistic competition which threatened to overwhelm them. The future work of the Department for the Promotion of Crafts promises to be even more fruitful than the past. Plans are now under consideration that will furnish it in the future even greater opportunities for influencing industries.

Author's Note—In the three biennial reports on Industrial Schools published by the Prussian Ministry of Commerce and Labor considerable attention is given to the question of the best methods of promoting the smaller industries. Regular appropriations for this purpose have been made by the Government since 1900. The Government contents itself mainly with supporting provinces or cities that are interesting themselves in the question.

The methods employed are very largely the same as those used in Austria. Prussia, however, devotes more attention to the educational side of the work, and, so far as I know, has not undertaken to lend money or to supply machinery at public cost. A large number of model courses, similar to the ones in Austria, are carried on in the State Industrial Schools. At Cologne and Dortmund I have seen two very fine collections of motors and machine tools, similar in character to the one in Vienna.

Prussia has also established several small technical schools, like the one at Schmalkalden, whose purpose is to prevent the downfall of small industries, some of which have been in existence a thousand years. To show what Germany is doing in this line would require another article fully as long as this one. The thoroughgoing way in which both countries are attacking the problem makes the subject timely. Both of these governments seem determined to let no consideration of "mere theory" prevent them from protecting and developing the industrial middle class, a class that promises to be an important factor in the contest with the onrushing tide of socialism. It will be urged at once that the Government action is socialistic, but it may be a case of "the hair of the dog that cures the bite."

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Selecting Railroad Stocks

By ROGER W. BABSON

IN THE two preceding articles we have considered the three main features of a railroad report: First, the amount required for fixed charges; secondly, the amount required for operating expenses; and, thirdly, the portion of the operating expenses that is used for maintenance. So far as the bond buyer is concerned these are practically the only items he needs seriously to consider. Before purchasing the stock of a railroad, however, there are other features that should be studied, and the principal one is the percentage of gross earnings available for dividends, or, to go a step farther, the percentage earned on the stock.

When the stock of a railroad is being considered it is generally assumed by the engineer that the client would not be considering the stock unless the bonds were perfectly good. Therefore, if the relation of fixed charges to the net and gross earnings is satisfactorily covered, his next aim is to ascertain: First, the per cent of gross remaining for maintenance and dividends after the payment of necessary operating expenses and fixed charges; and, secondly, the amount remaining for dividends on the preferred and common stocks after the payment of all operating expenses, including maintenance, together with fixed charges. For instance, in a report of mine relative to the stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company for the year ending June 30, 1910—which is the last report available—a statement appears as follows:

The Margin of Safety

"Preferred stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company is outstanding to the amount of $114,173,730, or at a total average rate of $11,514 a mile of road operated. The surplus with which to pay dividends thereon amounts to 19 per cent of the gross earnings, comparing with an allowable figure of about 17 per cent. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the total income available for dividends on the preferred stock, after the payment of all fixed charges, etc., amounted to about $2060 a mile, and the full dividends on the preferred stock require about $576 a mile. Therefore, about $17.89 a share was earned with which to pay full preferred dividends of $5 a share, leaving a margin of about $12.89 a share. The decrease in net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1910, together with the decrease in fixed charges, compared with the previous year, caused this 'amount earned on the preferred' to remain practically unchanged.

"The common stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway Company was outstanding to the amount of $165,518,500, or a total average of about $16,692 a mile of road operated. The surplus with which to pay dividends thereon amounted to 13.7 per cent of the gross earnings, comparing with an allowable figure of about 12 per cent. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1910, the surplus income available for dividends on the common stock, after payment of all fixed charges and full dividends on the preferred stock, amounted to about $1484 a mile, and a dividend of $6 a share on the common required $973 a mile. Therefore, about $8.89 a share was earned with which to pay the present $6 a share dividends on the common stock. The writer is of the opinion that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway is in a class where the earnings are subject to severe fluctuations; but as to the safety of the present dividend on the common stock the reader himself must be sole judge. It is, however, interesting to note that the change in earnings, fixed charges and amount of common stock outstanding for the year ending June 30, 1910, caused the 'amount earned' on the common stock to change from $12.10 a share to $8.89 a share, thus showing how sensitive is the common stock to changes in earnings and capitalization."

In ascertaining the amount earned on the stock of any given road a series of years should be studied, for if the earnings for only one or two years are used there is great liability that an unfair ratio may be obtained. A number of things might happen that would temporarily affect the earnings over a short period, but that would not materially change the earnings over a period of five years. The amount earned on the stock is an important figure, but it should be used carefully and not without considering the stability of the gross earnings. For instance, two roads may be earning the same per cent, and yet one may have a much larger margin of safety than the other. They both may be earning ten per cent on their capital stock, but one may have a capitalization of fifty million dollars and the other one of thirty million dollars. If, however, in some poor year there should be a great decrease in the gross earnings and both companies should suffer alike, the company with the larger capitalization and larger gross earnings would have a balance left for dividends, while the earnings of the second road might be entirely wiped out. The emphasis here may be placed upon the fact that the "margin of safety" of two roads, each earning ten per cent on capital stock, is by no means the same.

In making a comparison of two companies the question of the surpluses may be used, but only after various other items, such as proper maintenance and the like, have been considered. As was explained two weeks ago, it is very important that every railroad in the United States should each year spend a certain per cent of the gross earnings for maintenance. It will be seen readily that should it be found necessary for one reason or another to cut down the maintenance charges, the surplus might be greatly increased; or, on the other hand, if maintenance charges should be increased the surplus would be decreased, other items being the same. As an illustration, suppose that there were two roads, the first of which found it impossible to appropriate the necessary percentage of its gross for maintenance over a period of years, while the second was able to make expenditures for maintenance that were even more than was absolutely necessary. If subsequently both roads should experience very prosperous times over a series of years the first would be obliged to increase its maintenance charges much more in proportion than would the second road, and it would not be able to add its additional earnings to surplus. The second road might possibly be able to keep its maintenance charges at the same rate, and thereby be enabled to increase its surplus and indirectly its margin of safety. The gross earnings of two roads, where there is a vast difference in miles owned but approximately the same capitalization a mile, may be equal, but in such a case it will be seen readily that the smaller road may be greatly overcapitalized and the margin of safety upon its capital stock must necessarily be very small.

Three Factors in Investment

Some of the bigger roads have a large leasehold interest, and consequently guarantee the payment of the dividends upon the stock of the leased lines. This, in prosperous years, will prove a great advantage to them, as increased earnings of leased lines will add greatly to the income of the guaranteeing company. However, should a year of poor earnings and depression set in, this guaranteeing company may earn an amount equal only to what it has previously paid as dividends on its own stock. As such guarantees are for definite dividends on the stock of a number of other roads, and the company is obliged to pay these before any dividends can be paid on its own stock, this practice may make it necessary for the parent company to reduce its own dividends.

Instead of further describing the various factors that should be considered in a railroad report when a stock is being selected for investment purposes, I have prepared a list of average figures that will enable the small investor quickly to make tests for himself. It will be remembered that the first item of importance is to note the per cent of gross earnings consumed by fixed charges, it being stated that bonds of a road consuming more than twenty per cent are not usually considered safe and conservative. The second main feature of importance, as evident from this elementary article, is the margin over fixed charges, or the leeway that a company has for the possibility of decreased earnings before



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using up its total net earnings. These two items should be carefully studied when the purchase of a railroad bond is being considered.

In considering the stock of a railroad company another item, already described in this article, should be considered—namely, the percentage of gross allotted to surplus, that is, the percentage of gross available for dividends. These three factors are the most important features contained in the report of any railroad company, and the investor should thoroughly understand the meaning and use of these three items in order quickly to interpret any railroad report. It will be seen that the first and last of these percentages are based on gross earnings, while the second one is based on net earnings. All three items combined, however, present a formidable and very conclusive digest of an entire report.

In a small country like England it would be necessary to give only three decimals, one for each of these three factors by which almost every report could be judged; but in a large country like the United States such a procedure is very unfair. For instance, it has been worked out that in the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company it is entirely proper that the fixed charges should consume 22 per cent of the gross earnings, that a margin of 36 per cent over fixed charges is safe, and that, if the surplus amounts to 11 per cent of the gross earnings, said surplus is satisfactory. It also would be entirely justifiable to use these same figures for the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, and thus these two systems can be readily compared. On the other hand, to use the same figures to test the New York, New Haven & Hartford system and the St. Louis & San Francisco system would be entirely improper.

Instead of being located in a thickly settled New England territory with fairly regular traffic, the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad is located in Oklahoma, Texas and other Southwestern territory, which is sparsely settled and where the traffic is very largely dependent upon the crops, and therefore subject to great fluctuations. Consequently, to have the bonds of the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company as good as the bonds of the New Haven, the fixed charges of the St. Louis & San Francisco system should consume not more than 15 per cent of the gross earnings and the margin of safety over fixed charges should be 57 per cent. Moreover, to have the stock of the St. Louis & San Francisco a conservative investment stock, at least 18 per cent of the gross earnings should be available for dividends, after making an adjustment in accordance with the capitalization.

The Great Railroad Zones

This, therefore, necessitates dividing our country into different zones, or dividing the railroads of our country into different groups. Leading experts have for convenience settled on eight groups, and these roughly are as follows:

(1) Roads in the New England States
(2) Northern Eastern Roads
(3) Connecting Trunk Lines
(4) Middle Western Roads
(5) The Pacific Roads
(6) The Southern Roads
(7) Pacific-Southern Roads
(8) Southwestern Roads

Of course it is impossible to draw arbitrary lines, and one must use judgment in deciding to which group a given road belongs. A list of one hundred leading roads in the country, however, together with the group to which they are usually assigned, is to be found in the next column. This list may be used by the small investor in ascertaining to what group a road belongs, and then by referring to the table immediately over it he may quickly obtain the percentages that he will use in testing the report of the road in question.

For instance, it is found that the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe belongs to group (7); consequently the fixed charges should not consume more than 16 per cent of the gross, the margin over fixed charges should be at least 54 per cent, and 17 per cent of the gross earnings should be available for dividends. Reference to the above report on Atchison shows that when it comes to the preferred stock about 19 per cent of the gross earnings were available, compared with an allowable figure of 17 per cent; while in the case of the common stock the surplus was 13.7 per cent, compared with an allowable figure of about 12 per cent. In the case of companies having but one class of stock the rule above described can be applied very quickly by any investor, but in the case of a company having two classes of stock this last decimal must be adjusted. For instance, if the total amounts of preferred and common outstanding of the Atchison were equal, the surplus available for the common dividends need be only about one-half of said 17 per cent, or 8½ per cent; but there is more common outstanding than preferred, and as the common is paying a greater dividend, this allowable or ideal figure for the common should be increased from 8½ per cent to about 12 or 13 per cent.

Avoid Inside Information

As the surplus available for common dividends in the case of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe amounts to only 13.7 per cent, compared with an ideal figure of about 12 per cent, said common stock is also considered by many people as a fair investment. However, the margin between 13.7 per cent and 12 per cent is too small for a road the earnings of which are subject to violent fluctuations. The table herewith prepared is as follows:

TABLE FOR TESTING RAILROAD SECURITIES

GROUP	PER CENT OF GROSS CONSUMED BY FIXED CHARGES	MARGIN OVER FIXED CHARGES	PER CENT OF GROSS ALLOTTED TO SURPLUS
1	22	36	11
2	21	39	12
3	20	42	13
4	19	45	14
5	18	48	15
6	17	51	16
7	16	54	17
8	15	57	18

INDEX SHOWING TO WHAT GROUP ANY RAILROAD BELONGS

Alabama Great Southern	6
Ann Arbor	4
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	7
Atlantic Coast Line	6
Baltimore & Ohio	2
Bangor & Aroostook	3
Boston & Maine	1
Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg	4
Canadian Northern	5
Canadian Pacific	5
Central of Georgia	6
Central Railroad of New Jersey	2
Chesapeake & Ohio	3
Chicago & Alton	4
Chicago & Eastern Illinois	4
Chicago & North-Western	4
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	4
Chicago Great Western	4
Chicago, Indiana & Southern	4
Chicago, Indianapolis & Louisville	4
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul	5
Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha	5
Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton	4
Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific	6
Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis	4
Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling	4
Colorado & Southern	7
Cuba Railroad	3½
Delaware & Hudson	3
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western	3
Denver & Rio Grande	7
Detroit, Toledo & Ironton	4
Duluth, South Shore & Atlantic	5
Erie	3
Evansville & Terre Haute	4
Fort Worth & Denver City	7
Georgia Southern & Florida	6
Grand Rapids & Indiana	4
Grand Trunk Railway of Canada	5
Grand Trunk Pacific	5
Great Northern	5
Hocking Valley	4
Illinois Central	4
Indiana, Illinois & Iowa	4
International & Great Northern	8
Iowa Central	4
Kanawha & Michigan	4
Kansas City Southern	6
Lake Erie & Western	4
Lake Shore & Michigan Southern	2
Lehigh Valley	3
Long Island	2
Louisville & Nashville	4
Maine Central	1
Michigan Central	2
Minneapolis & St. Louis	4
Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie	5
Missouri, Kansas & Texas	6
Missouri Pacific System	5
Mobile & Ohio	6

Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis	5
New York Central & Hudson River	2
New York, Chicago & St. Louis	2
New York, New Haven & Hartford	1
New York, Ontario & Western	3
New York, Susquehanna & Western	3
Norfolk & Western	3
Northern Central	3
Northern Pacific	5
Pennsylvania	2
Pennsylvania Company	2
Pere Marquette	4
Peoria & Eastern	4
Philadelphia & Erie	3
Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington	2
Pittsburgh & Lake Erie	3
Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis	3
Reading Company	3
Rock Island System	7
Rutland	1
St. Louis & San Francisco	8
St. Louis & Southwestern	8
Seaboard Air Line	6
Southern Pacific System	5
Southern	6
Texas & Pacific	8
Toledo & Ohio Central	4
Toledo, St. Louis & Western	4
Union Pacific	5
Vandalia	4
Wabash	4
West Jersey & Seashore	3
Western Maryland	3
Western Pacific	5
Wheeling & Lake Erie	4
Wisconsin Central	4
Yazoo & Mississippi Valley	6

The table given herewith affords a simple method of testing a report of any railroad company, for to do this it is necessary simply to ascertain to what group the road belongs, and then to test the actual percentages by the ideal percentages given for this group. Moreover, by working out the figures on two roads, their stocks may be readily compared by noticing which road makes the better showing compared with the ideal figures for its group.

Of course, when stocks are purchased for speculation there are other factors that must be considered; but I strongly advise the reader not to buy any definite stocks with the idea of speculating therein according to some inside information.

When selecting stocks for permanent investment, however, to be put away in a tin box and forgotten, the small investor should make the tests above suggested and should purchase only such stocks as pass said tests. These tests given are, in my opinion, sufficient for the purpose; but if it is desired to make a further study it is well to work out additional figures, comparing them with figures of other roads similarly located. For a suggestion as to four of these features, the following conclusions taken from the above-mentioned report on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe stocks may be of interest:

(1) There has been an increase of 11.1 per cent in "total capitalization" a mile since June 30, 1901, when said figure stood at $52,808, compared with $58,662 on June 30, 1910.

(2) There has been an increase of 31.9 per cent in "total net earnings," excluding taxes, a mile since June 30, 1901, when said figure amounted to $2887, compared with $3810 on June 30, 1910.

(3) The per cent of "total gross" spent on "maintenance" has changed from 24.7 per cent in 1901 to 31 per cent for the year ending June 30, 1910, during which latter year about $1796 a mile was spent on "maintenance of way and structures" and about $1569 a mile on "maintenance of equipment."

(4) The per cent of "total gross" consumed by "fixed charges" and "conducting transportation and general expenses" has changed from 52.3 per cent in 1901 to 50 for the year ending June 30, 1910.

A DETAILED COMPARISON OF THESE AND OTHER IMPORTANT FEATURES OF THE REPORT IS AS FOLLOWS:

YEAR ENDING JUNE 30	AVERAGE MILEAGE OPERATED	BONDS OUTSTANDING A MILE	PER CENT OF GROSS CONSUMED BY CHARGES AND CONDUCTING TRANSPORTATION	PER CENT OF GROSS AVAILABLE FOR CHARGES, MAINTENANCE AND SURPLUS	PREFERRED STOCK OUTSTANDING A MILE	PER CENT OF GROSS AVAILABLE FOR MAINTENANCE AND ALL DIVIDENDS	PER CENT EARNED ON PREFERRED STOCK	COMMON STOCK OUTSTANDING A MILE	PER CENT OF GROSS AVAILABLE FOR MAINTENANCE AND COMMON DIVIDENDS	PER CENT EARNED ON COMMON STOCK	TRAIN LOAD IN TONS
1900-1	7,807	$25,115	52.3	62.9	$14,628	47.7	10.92	$13,065	37.3	6.63	242
1906-7	9,273	30,645	49.0	63.7	12,312	51.0	18.54	11,103	45.0	15.01	365
1907-8	9,415	33,505	54.0	61.1	12,127	46.0	11.98	10,935	39.7	7.74	355
1908-9	9,795	31,773	50.5	64.7	11,657	49.5	17.88	12,410	43.5	12.10	366
1909-10	9,916	30,456	50.0	62.4	11,514	50.0	17.89	16,692	44.7	8.89	389

MODERN SALESMANSHIP

A SALESMAN does not always stop to analyze the state of mind of his victim. The fact is, he stumbles across what is undoubtedly the highest development in the approach of a salesman—that of diverting attention from himself to his wares.

By way of example, to show at least one variation of which this principle is capable in selling to regular customers, there is an instance of a salesman for a big lingerie and shirtwaist manufacturer.

The firm, two designers and three salesmen, were grouped about a dozen new sample designs, voting as to which would prove the best seller.

"There's my choice," said the head salesman. "I could take an order for twelve dozen of that over the telephone inside of an hour."

He disappeared into a telephone booth and called up the buyer of a big department store.

"I know, Miss K——, it's after salesmen's hours and that this is altogether irregular, but I've come across a perfect peach of a shirtwaist. Picked it up, you know. I think you'd want to look at it. Mind, I'm not showing it to you to buy it."

Twenty minutes later he strolled into the buyer's office with the waist tucked under an arm. The buyer turned and twisted the garment and admired it.

"Are you people going to copy this?"

"I don't know," the salesman said truthfully. "I have not brought it to them as yet. I picked it up, as I told you, because I admired it so and thought I'd like you to see it."

"Get your firm to copy that waist for two weeks' deliveries, at fifteen dollars a dozen, and I'll give you an order for forty dozen."

The salesman left, protesting that of course this was the busy season; but that his house naturally thought a great deal of this particular account and that the buyer might depend upon his doing all he possibly could to fill the order.

Within the hour the salesman rang up the buyer. It was evident from his tone of voice that he had gone through a severe argument in order to "induce" his people, but had "succeeded" in having the order put through.

"How long do you suppose it would have taken me to sell that waist according to the old methods?" the salesman asked, telling of his experience afterward.

In making sales, as in everything else, it is the inventor—the man with imagination—that leads.



AMERICAN · WOOLEN · COMPANY OF AMERICA

Oswego Serge—for men's attire depends not on fashion's whims. It is a staple fabric and worn through all seasons.

A serge suit is part of every man's wardrobe. Whether the suit be custom-made or ready-to-wear, the sterling quality of **Oswego Serge** speaks for itself. **Oswego Serge** is made by

American Woolen Company

Wm M. Wood, President.

Oswego Serge is made in a deep, rich Navy Blue and in Black.

Oswego Serge is made of the finest wool and—quality considered—priced low.

Whether ordering a custom-made suit of your Tailor or a ready-to-wear suit of your Retail Clothier, insist on **Oswego Serge.**

If unable to obtain **Oswego Serge,** send us the name of your Tailor or Retail Clothier, accompanied by money order or check for quantity desired, at $3.00 per yard, and we will see that you are supplied. Your Tailor will do the rest. Samples furnished on request.

1915 BROADCLOTH

Is another of our dependable fabrics—worthy of your attention—made for women's wear

In this—style "1915"—we have aimed to produce a broadcloth possessing wear, style, color and appearance at an economical price, made possible by our large production.

"1915" comes in rich, glossy black and other shades now in vogue. We recommend the black for my lady's fall and winter suit.

"1915" is a worsted warp—*made of the finest wool*—comes 54 ins. to 56 ins. in width.

If you are unable to procure this fabric by the yard from your dealer or in ready-made suits, write to us for samples and we will see you are supplied upon receipt of money order or check covering cloth desired. The price is $2.25 per yard.

Our "90-45-71" Serge (9½ ounces in weight) comes in a wide range of colors. A strictly pure wool fabric, priced lower than any other serge on the market for like quality. There is a great demand for our black and navy blues, which are always in good taste. Price per yard, $2.00.

Ask your clothier, your tailor or department store for American Woolen Company's fabrics.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY OF NEW YORK

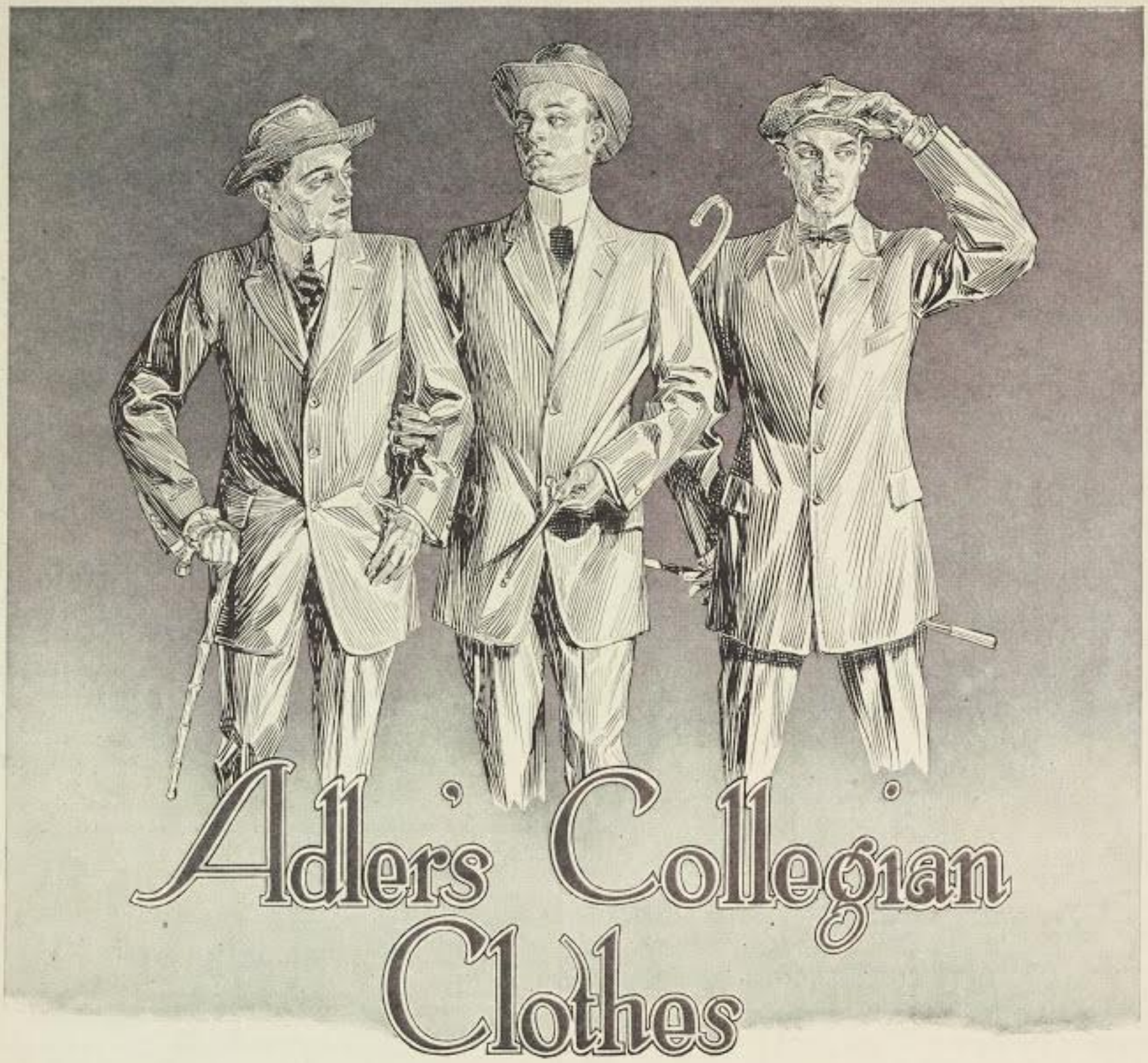
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Order the cloth as well as the clothes





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THESE garments typify the standard in men's and young men's fashionable clothes for Fall and Winter. Fine rich fabrics, perfect workmanship, and correct designing give Adler's Collegian Clothes "DISTINCTION"—they satisfy every individual taste. Go to the store that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes, and note how your clothes expectations are fulfilled.

Our new style book—a guide for men's correct clothes for Fall and Winter, mailed to any address on request.

DAVID ADLER & SONS CLOTHING CO.
MILWAUKEE CHICAGO

HOW'S BUSINESS AND WHY

THE general condition of business in the United States is disappointing to those who have indulged in sanguine expectations, and looking round for a scapegoat the one within easiest reach appears to be politics. There is no doubt that politics is having a disturbing influence on the country, for whatever interferes with the smooth operation of events must be held accountable for every consequence of such interruption, regardless of the need or desirability of the interference. There is a species of revolution in business methods in progress and it seeks expression through the machinery of politics.

Obviously the motives of the politicians are frequently selfish and in themselves scarcely commendable; but it appears to be a natural law that the selfishness of the individual shall bring about great good to the many and so it will probably prove in the present instance. Then the disappointing state of general business is attributed to the partial failure of the agricultural crops, which it was expected would be of the bumper variety and set the wheels of business moving until there should be music in the very hum. As it was not possible to find a scapegoat to blame for the crop disappointment there is a philosophic acceptance of the inevitable in this case, and emphasis is placed on the blame cast upon the politicians. It is even suspected that there may be politics of some sort in the August crop estimates, the discovery being made that the crop experts have allowed for too great a deterioration during the last of the season. Had they made a rosy estimate there would presumably be no reflection on their conduct. They might, perhaps, have been commended for contributing to those elements that make for business cheer.

In the conduct of business the factor of optimism is valued very highly, and it is customary to assume that all things will turn out well even when the indications are otherwise. This point has rarely been better illustrated than in the early estimates of the crops of 1911. Wall Street, in the first instance, assumed that the crops would be all right and that business would boom in the autumn, it being implied that Wall Street would proceed at once to discount booming conditions. And today one reads in conservative business articles, prepared for public consumption, that the one crop that has not yet proved disappointing—the cotton crop—is assured. It could, indeed, be wished that it was assured, but it is not, nor can it be until it is practically harvested; and there is time for much adversity to overtake the crop before it is ready for baling. Optimism is right in its way, but there is ever need of leaving a margin for failure of the maximum realization. How true this is as a principle Wall Street is at present demonstrating.

Good Business in Steel

The boom in business that it aspired to discount with rising prices has not come and appears as remote as ever; and the structure of prices that it reared on assumption has utterly collapsed. Consequently Wall Street joins in blaming the crops and scolding the politicians. Perhaps age and experience will add wisdom to the people who make up the world. It will likely be discovered that the reform in business methods, at present causing great friction in the conduct of business, can no more be averted than can failure of the crops, in so far as crop failure follows excess of heat and deficiency of rainfall.

That reform in business methods is as desirable as it is unavoidable the future will be pretty certain to make clear. It is desirable that fair dealing between all classes of men shall be assured by the governing body. Were that the condition today there would be no call for Federal interference with business practice, or for the interruption of the smooth operation of industrial, financial and allied functions. That the outcome of the effort of Federal authorities to better the relations between corporations and consumers will in the end be salutary there is no reason to question. Better a partial crop failure than failure of the endeavor to establish just relations between classes of producers and consumers. Should the endeavor prove faulty, that would be only human, as likewise are the evils it is designed to eliminate. The endeavor being made in this direction ought to be heartily seconded by the business interests of the country, and the useful results patiently awaited. There can be no question as to the character of the results—to wit, a happier and more prosperous country probably than history tells about. It is in the surety of this outcome that optimism may well be given full play.

The report of a moderate general business, which comes from the West, can just about be duplicated in the East. The best reports come from the steel industry, where orders are holding very well, not to say gaining somewhat. The construction of huge business structures, hotels, and the like, continues, and the railroads want a good deal of material even when their minimum wants are supplied. It is estimated that the steel mills generally are operating at least three-quarters of their capacity, which is quite as good a percentage as any other industry can show. It is said that the Steel Corporation is operating eighty per cent of its ingot capacity, while the American Steel and Wire Company is operating eighty-five per cent of capacity, with prospect of further increase. The company is expected to produce about two million tons of wire products for the market this year. Demand for these products for the fall trade is said to be quite good. Electrical companies have been taking a considerable amount of steel bars of late, about the best demand springing from that source.

Copper and Cotton

The activity that plate manufacturers have been looking for has not put in an appearance, but they are reported to be preparing for it. Prices are, however, very soft and price-cutting is much in evidence. This does not speak well for a great boom in the steel industry. It is said that operations at Gary, Indiana, continue to expand. The latest report of unfilled orders on the books of the United States Steel Corporation shows 3,584,085 tons, and since the low record, at the close of last year, 909,328 tons. Though the production of pig iron in July was about the same as in June the average daily output for the longer month was slightly less than for the shorter month. For seven months of the current year the production was 13,263,796 tons, compared with 16,911,671 tons in like months of 1910, 12,993,598 tons in 1909 and 8,017,990 tons in 1908. The yearly rate in July of this year was 21,111,965 tons, compared with 26,884,775 tons for the banner year, 1910.

Favorable things are being said regarding the copper-metal industry. President John D. Ryan, of the Amalgamated Copper Company, though he reports general business in the West, where he has been, as dull and unsatisfactory—and he, too, blames the politicians for this condition—states that the copper business is better than any other that he knows of, by reason of the great development of manufacturing in Europe during the last four or five years. Over one-half of the total output of the American mines, he says, is sold to Europe, and he submits that it would be much better if the material could be retained at home and used for manufacture here. What with exports and home consumption, he says, the stock of copper here has reached as low a point as it ought to reach. According to him, there was on hand at the end of July only thirty-five days' production, and should the activity among European manufacturers hold until there is a revival among American manufacturers, Mr. Ryan professes fear that there will be a greater shortage of copper than there was in 1906, and as absurdly high prices. Mr. Ryan's judgment is entitled to respect, but there is no present ground for apprehension of a shortage of copper, and it will be an unusual circumstance that shall call for copper at about twice current prices. A too stiff price diminishes the use of copper and leads to the employment of substitutes.

The monthly exhibit of the American Copper Producers' Association for July showed a surprisingly small output from domestic and foreign sources, a little rising 112,000,000 pounds, the smallest amount since February, 1909, which was a short month, and corresponding with almost exact figures for the full month of January, 1909. The intense heat of July is said to have interfered with full production, or even the average, which has been about 119,700,000 pounds a month since the first of the current year.

With exports in July amounting to 74,880,658 pounds, against an average of about 61,000,000 pounds a month from January first, it is easy to see how it chanced that there was a reduction of nearly 20,000,000 pounds from the domestic surplus for the month, although domestic deliveries for the month were rather less than in June. From the first of the year there has been a net increase of 15,708,663 pounds in the domestic surplus. This surplus stood at 137,738,858 pounds on August first, the foreign visible supply on the same day being 152,376,000 pounds and the world's visible supply 290,114,858 pounds. Such are the figures stated as the world's supply. As a matter of fact, the real world's supply is much more than this, not all the countries reporting. But it is probably correct to say that the real supply has fallen considerably since the year came in, and that the apparent decrease is nearly 112,000,000 pounds since this date a year ago. The best consumption is abroad, where industry is far more active than in this country.

They are talking ten-cent cotton, a not impossible realization of later months, though scarcely in sight as yet. In the crop season of 1908 and 1909 cotton was quoted as low as 8.30 cents and a year earlier as low as 8.20 cents for July. That was a decline from low at 9.35 cents in 1906-7, and in contrast with a high of 13 cents the same year, 12.78 cents in 1907-8, 12.64 cents in 1908-9, 16.55 cents last year and 16.13 cents this season. These fluctuations are as much the product of manipulation as the natural result of conditions in the mills or at the factories. Conditions at the factories are very unsatisfactory. Curtailment continues and is expected to do so for some while, though a few mills are resuming operations. The greatest factor affecting the cotton-mill industry is the dimensions of the new crop, as at present estimated. There have been two years of short cotton supply, and the effect on dividends of the cotton mills has been bad. The wonder is that the effect was not worse.

The Woolen Trade

Nearly half of the Fall River mills—sixteen—have maintained dividends at usual rates for three-quarters of the current year, although two of the list did not pay the extra of one per cent beyond the first quarter. As the extras were to make good past dividends there was, perhaps, no reason to expect that extras would be continued. Four mills reduced the regular payment by ½ per cent in the third quarter. Eight mills passed dividends entirely for the third quarter, five of them having passed for the second quarter and two for all three quarters. The average dividend paid for the first three quarters was 3.95 per cent, compared with an average of 7.33 per cent cash in the record year of 1907. Cash and stock dividends that year were 18.30 per cent. Expressed in dollars, the difference in cash dividends for three quarters of this year and 1907 is as $1,094,492 to $1,795,270, the latter for the earlier year. The export trade is unfavorably affected by the low price of raw cotton and the hesitation of the manufacturers to sell goods made from high-cost cotton at a low price. The curtailment in progress seems the only alternative to a cut in prices of manufactured goods. As an incident of the curtailment, it is said that the list of the unemployed in the great mill city of Lowell, Massachusetts, is longer than for many years. As yet there is nothing to indicate when the cotton mills of the country will again run in full, but it is felt that when the relationship between cheap raw cotton and the manufactured goods is properly adjusted there will be a return of active conditions, and that mill stocks will then regain the position they usually occupy as desirable investments for income.

The American Woolen Company is to the wool-manufacturing industry about what the United States Steel Corporation is to the manufacture of steel and iron; and it is as important to learn the degree of activity in the factories of the former as it



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Trousers:—Medium full over tops; narrow at bottoms; concealed hip pocket; watch guard in velvet watch-pocket; fancy hanger; buttons and hole on hip pocket; tunnel belt-slides.

is to know what is being done in the mills of the great steel concern. Fifty-five per cent is said to equal present operating, if it does not exceed it, and this compares with 70 per cent at the opening of the year. In the case of the Steel Corporation the figures, as above stated, approximate 80 per cent now, compared with about 55 per cent earlier in the season. The percentages have been approximately reversed in the two instances. At the low prices of raw wool the first of this year the woolen concern was able, it is said, to earn the proportion of the dividend on the preferred stock. The outlook, with wool at current prices and with only about half of the machinery running, is declared uncertain. Raw wool is 10 to 12 per cent lower than a year ago and fully as low as it was last January. The trend toward worsteds still continues. It is interesting to note that the importations of raw wool for the fiscal year ended June thirtieth were less than half those for the previous year, being $23,200,000 compared with $51,200,000. There is less complaint of inactivity in the wool-manufacturing industry than of smallness of the margin for profit.

Chicago reports high-water mark for building construction in July. For seven months at Chicago the summary shows operations footing $48,691,000, against $51,114,000 for a like period the previous year. Good as is the story for Chicago in July, the story for one hundred and twenty-one cities for the same month is even better, the increase being no less than 14 per cent. There was, however, a decrease from June of 11.4 per cent. Of the one hundred and twenty-one cities sixty-six reported increases and fifty-five decreases. The value of the permits for all the cities in July was $75,490,981 and for June $85,235,365. For seven months of the year the value of the permits amounted to $482,498,995, a decrease of 5.4 per cent from the same months in 1909. On the whole, statistics of the building industry are rather encouraging as a general business factor.

Bank clearings are running better than for the corresponding period last year, though they are not quite so good as for the early part of July. There is, however, nothing discouraging in bank clearings as a business index. The firm tone to commodity prices shown in recent months was continued in July, the advance for the month figuring seven-tenths of 1 per cent, the highest level since March first, though 1.8 per cent below the figures on August 1, 1910. Other comparisons show the level on the first of the current month to be 1.7 per cent above August 1, 1909, 9.1 per cent above August 1, 1908, but 3.1 below August 1, 1907, the year of high-cost living. Except on August 1, 1907 and 1910, the prices as a whole of the commodities of which record is kept by Bradstreet's never showed so high a record on August first as on the first of August, 1911. Advances in July were in livestock, provisions, hides, leather, chemicals, drugs and miscellaneous items. Declines were in breadstuffs, fruits, textiles, metals, oils and naval stores. Coal, coke and building materials recorded no change for the month. Thirty items advanced, fifty-four declined, while there was no change in nineteen, the net consequence being advance, as before remarked.

Money is a minor factor in the business situation, supply being adequate for present and prospective needs and rates being altogether comfortable, with no extraordinary demand in sight against which unusual provision need be made. Railroad transportation is as active as could be looked for in a year without remarkable industrial activity. There is traffic in plenty, as the reduction in the surplus or idle freight cars indicates, but there is not the net revenue in traffic that the managers of the railroads would like to see. It is this fact that makes the threat of a strike on the Union Pacific System appear a strange proposition. It is said that a strike of railroad employees throughout the West is not wholly improbable. There are, in fact, indications of as great a strike of certain classes of workmen in this country as existed in Great Britain, where the situation for a time looked most serious. The labor problem, beyond a question, is one of the greatest problems that await solution in the world, and it will require the wisest statesmanship to cope with it. The solution of trust and labor questions may well make business men feel cautious.

THE KING BUSINESS

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

How it Looks in the Light of the Recent Coronation

A KING should be a ruler. The great rulers of the past, Alfred and Charlemagne, and even Queen Elizabeth, were people who really exercised the king's office. They coerced the unwilling; they brought order out of chaos; they governed. The present king does not govern. The English want the king to act as the prime minister directs. He is a superfluous figure; he might be a wraith for all the power he has, except social power. He is popular with those who really count in proportion as he is a political nonentity and does not disturb what others are doing. If he is a well-disciplined person and keeps out of the way he is a good king. A well-constructed, perfectly finished wax figure or automaton is the ideal and distant apotheosis toward which the monarchy tends.

Of course they pretend that the king has character and is a real ruler. They like to do that, although they atone for it by making light of the one who preceded and the one who will come after. When Victoria reigned they said that with her well-trained mind and splendid common sense she was the greatest monarch since Elizabeth; it was a blessing to the nation when she succeeded her useless predecessor, and a great pity that her son Edward was so pleasure-loving and extravagant, so inconsequential and indifferent to his great duties. When he became king they said that Victoria, a narrow-minded woman of no real importance in the government, had kept him down, but that Edward the peacemaker, with his wonderful tact, sound judgment and incisiveness, would be the real guide of the nation—only it was a pity his son George was such a mediocre, negligible person. When the present George succeeded it was recalled that Edward was of a lethargic type of mind, spoke with a German accent and cared only to amuse himself, while George is not only a sailor who has been all over the world, especially the world of the British colonies, but a student as well, a man of keen judgment in affairs, a man who will rule; how unfortunate that the Prince of Wales is such an undersized little thing and timid, and has to be pushed through his classes in college!

The present king cannot govern, and yet millions were spent to assure him that he is the Lord's anointed and the chosen of his people. In the game of "tag" or "drop the handkerchief" you perform some act and a certain person becomes "it"—but it is a simple act. In the Arabian Nights the magic words "Open Sesame" carried out all wishes; in fairy tales a wand was waved and Aschenputtel became a princess and the dwarf a golden prince. But not so in modern England. In St. Peter's Church, in Rome, there is a tattered bit of velvet embroidered in gold that served Charlemagne when he became king. But in England an elaborate process was undergone to change an undersized man into an undersized king, whose scepter is pretty well out of business—gone on a bank holiday that is to last forever.

Thousands of looms thundered to make the velvet and cloth for the hangings and carpets for the Abbey and for the peers' robes; hundreds of people in various parts of the kingdom toiled with loom and needle to produce the gorgeous gown of the queen; hundreds more labored over the countless yards of gold lace needed for the gay spectacle. Thousands of hammers swung to make the spectators' stands; thousands of men worked to manipulate the railroads, to prepare food for the extra millions; thousands of soldiers collected from the ends of the earth were on duty almost continuously for forty-eight hours. An enormous

number of human beings spent themselves freely, from the poor coster of the East Side, who put out a little row of flags, to the king himself, who paid out hundreds in treats to the poor.

The national exchequer spent more than a million and a half in provisioning troops and entertaining guests. The naval review alone cost a hundred thousand dollars. The erection of the stands cost a million and a half; one decorating firm alone had contracts for close to half a million dollars' worth of work. The bonfires came to a quarter of a million. Private expenditure was very heavy. One jeweler stated that half a million dollars' worth of coronation jewelry had been purchased, exclusive of the sums paid out to make and alter coronets.

But why? To be sure, there is in all of us a tendency to make ourselves splendid; to put on evening clothes for dinner, badges and medals, Masonic emblems and strawberry leaves, coronets and picture hats. It is possible gradually to send the sense of the ridiculous into complete eclipse, so that a coronation is the ultimate goal of fineness beyond which the human spirit cannot soar. It seems as if it must have required all the precedent of history, the enthusiasm of patriotism, the unshakable British belief in empire and privilege to make all those men and women who formed the procession forget that baron and earl and marquis, duke and prince, queen and king and coster and tradesman are compounded of one common blend of human clay—brothers and sisters under their skins. And what change did the coronation make? A good deal of money passed, millions of people were utterly exhausted, and a king who before the event was unable to make laws or sit in judgment or lead an army is in the same case still.

It is as if the whole English nation got together at great expense and unanimously and enthusiastically said "Boo!"

And why? Because the English are curiously paradoxical. They want their old-age pensions and their employees' insurance; they receive a more democratic government than Americans do and yet they must have a coronation. For inherent in them is the deep-seated, naïve and cogent impulse to take off their hats to a state above their own. They like to exercise loyalty, provided it does not interfere with business and especially if it is a help to business.

The English are great idealists, great enthusiasts and great sentimentalists, always provided that ideals and enthusiasm and sentiment oil the wheels of trade. That is why they spent millions to crown George.

Reading Meanings Into the Show

The promoters of the show managed it with wonderful skill. Two years ago they would have laughed to scorn the notion that the House of Lords could be in its present precarious condition. But now—how could they tell what might chance? They must fight for their aristocratic lives. They must show their colonies the greatest deference, and to the home nation the picture of a Great Britain based solidly on many Britains in all the seven seas. They must use the democratic term, must speak of a vast united "commonwealth," but must show that the bond and symbol of the unity is to be the monarchy itself.

Never before has such deference not only been shown but been sincerely felt for the colonies; the Boer has taught England how much she depended on her dependencies. All that banquets, speeches and the reports and remarks of loyal newspapers could do was done to show admiration, and accompanying this was the constant dissemination of the principle of unity of which the king was to be the symbol. Never once did the promoters of the coronation lose sight of the Sacrament of Empire idea. They used their magnificent show as a great imaginative occasion to prove to the empire that it was one and indivisible.

Lord Rosebery in many speeches tried to make the coronation seem a symbol of an empire always waxing. He requested visitors to take away with them a conception of the greatest empire the world has ever seen, floating its flag in every zone, on the basis of a self-governing community of free people, shoulder to shoulder with the great republic of the West. Somehow the hands-across-the-sea sentiment seemed at this time to be an assistance to the sentiment of constitutionalism. Such speeches helped to endow the national junketing with solemnity.

These promoters, among other details, tried to make the Abbey rites seem solemn and full of meaning. Lord Curzon in a speech to members of the press of Great Britain, who had been well fed beforehand at a banquet honored by many titled guests, assured his listeners that although they met in an atmosphere of gayety and rejoicing and would be told that the country would not regard with seriousness even the most important constitutional revolution, he hoped they would not believe for a moment that they had come merely to regard a pageant, but rather one of the greatest historical landmarks in the history of the British people. He asked them to read the coronation service—he assumed that journalists possess prayerbooks—then they would see that the three hours they were going to spend in the Abbey would not be given up to an obsolete and unmeaning mummery. It would be a great religious observance; the subjects would make obeisance to the king and he would make obeisance to Almighty God. The journalists must impress on the people that the king was the expression of an ideal which they formerly believed was from on high. A common language was a great cement of empire, a common law a greater one still, and a common king the greatest of all, because it was a possession in which all could share, irrespective of race, religion, color or creed. It is rumored that one journalist was moved almost to tears by the speech. Even more telling would be the effect on the common or garden Englishman, reading it in his paper next day; for such as he reverence deeply the peers whom they may never meet—not even at a dinner with a purpose.

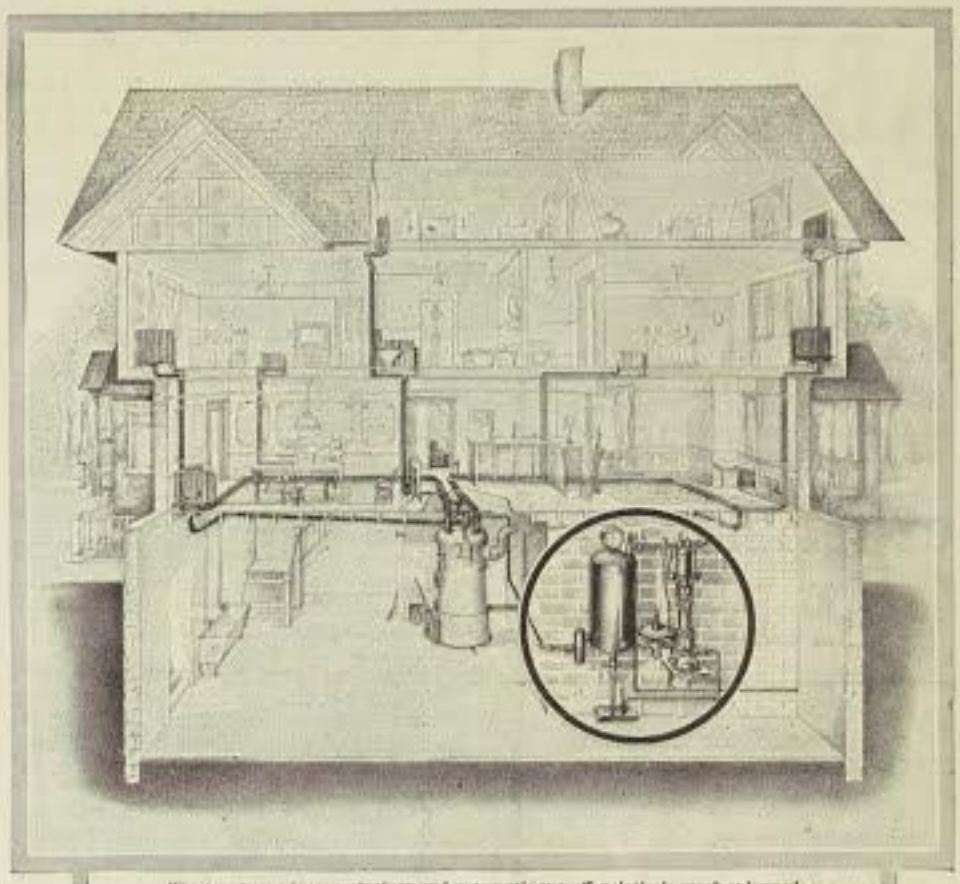
The Captains and the Kings

Such emotional response only helped to press closer the joke of old forms. Perhaps away from the glamour a little thinking would be done; it might be secretly admitted that all this clinging on the part of the aristocrats to old traditions, while republican terms were admitted, was a very proof that the democratic spirit was inevitably progressing. Certainly the psychology of the people and perhaps of the press was accurately measured.

The journalists wrote the prettiest of descriptions. The Persian carpets and priceless Flemish tapestries that dukes and commoners lent to cover up bare spots in the Abbey, the royal blue draperies, the royal purple, the scarlet and gold of the nobles, the mauves and blues and yellows of the Far East, the dun and amber and olive and lavender of the commoners' ladies all received their due attention, including the appearance of the American special ambassador, conspicuous because he was the only person in a white undecorated shirt-front and plain dark coat. The writers could not make a great deal of the peers, since most of them are baldheaded; and when they did get their coronets on they achieved queer angles; but they did make the most of the peeresses. They might indeed have remarked that for men doomed to immediate destruction the lords looked exceedingly secure and good-tempered.

The writers not only did justice to the color, but they struggled gallantly for the religious note, and some of them were able to see the whole fabric of the Abbey as a mystical cross. Now and again some radical gave a sign of restlessness, hinting that the setting of the Abbey was subtly contrived to remind the observer that peers and peeresses only participated in the rite; that they, too, performed a ritual of self-coronation when the king and queen were crowned, while the faithful commoners were merely onlookers. Doubtless these writers were aware of the mixture of the secular and the religious. They knew that in the ceremony there was much that no one but a quick-eyed antiquary could possibly understand, with its changes from chair to throne, with crown put on and taken off, with play of the coped ecclesiastics and their regalia, the procession up and down the church and the way the different objects were handed to privileged peers and retrieved from them, leading the profane mind to think of "Button, button, who's got the button?" The Abbey ceremonial, though the most striking part of the ceremonial from the pageant standpoint, was the weakest from the constitutional, but it impressed the English none the less for that.

The coronation was not accurately symbolic of the empire, since the Abbey rites



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The gear case in which we used Polarine Transmission Lubricant was opened only once during the trip for inspection and found to be in perfect condition.

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were shared in and seen only by a favored few, some seven thousand. By the king's wish, indeed, these were more representative than ever before. Yet despite the fact that the House of Lords is tottering, the peers and their families numbered considerably over ten thousand; the members of the royal household and foreign nobilities over seven hundred; the members of Parliament and their wives numbered less than a thousand. The army and navy together numbered perhaps four hundred and the civil service two hundred and fifty.

The makers of a pageant, however, must produce an effective picture, and that is a good reason for exploiting the peerage and the army. The navy, like the civil element, was almost neglected in the show. To be sure, on the day when King George reviewed the fleet at Spithead there was represented the convincing evidence of Britain's might on the sea. The largest and most powerful fighting force the world has ever seen rode on the blue water. It showed only one-third of the nation's sea power, yet it numbered one hundred and sixty-seven battleships, making a tonnage of over a million and carrying more than fifty-five thousand men.

In pressing home, by means of the coronation, the empire or commonwealth idea, the managers neglected no detail, from impressing on the minds of the children in the villages of England the significance of the occasion by giving them feasts and mugs, to arranging for a Pageant of Empire in the Crystal Palace, to last six months, not the least interesting feature of which is the fact that fifteen thousand men and women act their parts for nothing several times a week. The great ones know that in the fight for the continuance of the lease of aristocratic privilege all weapons must be used. But they had to rely on the loyalty of all classes. They had to assume that in spite of the surprising changes in England, tending toward a more generous democracy than any so-called republic possesses, the English would be true to old habits, old traditions. Their assumption was well taken.

The Emotional English

If any proof were needed that the English not only are faithful to old traditions but also are an emotional people, the coronation brought it forth in varied form. There were men who viewed the Abbey ceremonial with the conviction that they were not sentimental, not to be fed on illusions, quite sensible of the value of a constitution and quite aware of the difference between a man and a symbol. Doubtless they told themselves that if they did not stand aloof when the crown of Richard the Lion-hearted, Edward of Crécy and Henry of Agincourt was placed on the head of George, it was because of the knowledge that they were descendants of the men who fashioned that crown with their swords and defended it with their lives. It was not the pomp of pageantry or the glamour of a picturesque ceremony or the revelation of Britain's armed strength that thrilled them. No; these constitutionalists held that it was not as monarchists, not even as citizens of the empire, but as sons of their fathers, that they hailed the coronation, treating it not as the brilliant spectacle of a moment but as the occasion for paying a solemn duty to the past and handing a splendid tradition to the future. The English who demand for themselves a sturdy self-respect will always find some way of achieving it.

The nation in the streets accepted quite unashamed the English order—arrogance insisting on its own, servility bowing in awe to arrogance, largesse extended to servility in return for the feudal attitude. And usually servility had tears of devotion in its eyes.

It was not merely the common people who showed their emotionalism, as with wet eyes and husky voices they saw their king pass by with the crown on his head, the value of which would have fed all of them for a month. In the Abbey itself, when the Prince of Wales as the king's chief subject knelt to do homage, the father bent over and altered the order of ceremonial by putting his hand under the boy's chin and kissing him. Immediately the Abbey swam in a mist, and it could not honestly all be put down to the fact that the spectators, having risen several hours before their usual time, were feeling a little low. From every point of view the managers of the great show were fortunate that they could present their object-lesson to the nation at this particular time.

On one day we are told that the lords are tottering; we are reminded that the present government has contrived that the dukes shall be nobly taxed; we are warned that socialism is rampant and we are told to look at the career of the radical Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The next we see millions of people madly cheering their crowned head, wearing themselves out to prove their fidelity to the throne. Monarchy passed proudly by and the people adored it; nobody lifted a cynical eyebrow, and John Burns sat in the Abbey clothed in a gold coat. Old-age pensions and insurance will continue to flourish; it may be that the radicals will find some legislation favorable to the unemployed, for the spirit of democracy is enlarging. But no one who saw the coronation procession and the royal progress can doubt that George and his descendants will always sit on the English throne, by the will of the English people who like to bow their heads to their betters.

The Procession of Suffragettes

The great managers were not the only ones who took advantage of the occasion for driving home an idea. A skillful pageant was presented by England's most recent, weakest and most persistent army—the suffragists. While the empire was showing what it had become through centuries these women showed what they had done in half a dozen years. Their procession was over six miles long and included forty thousand women of all classes, from the earl's daughter to the sweated worker. A sergeant-major of the Guards said that no better arranged or more admirably worked out procession had ever been seen in London. There were many onlookers who were merely interested in the representations, Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth, the women who had sat in Parliament and other women with political rights. There were others who were impressed by the various classes of society on view—aristocrats, like Lady Frances Balfour and Lady Beatrice Kenys; college women, nurses and the band of sweated workers. There were still others who found the most striking feature of the demonstration to be the band of seven hundred women, marching five abreast, who have been in prison for their convictions. From the point of view of the promoters this mobilization was a stroke of genius. Just a few months ago the crowd would have jeered them and hustled them; now not an insulting word was said. Cynical observers might have reflected that the crowd was afraid to call out disrespectful remarks to a company of women many of whom represent the colonies on whom England depends. Possibly titled women from New Zealand and Australia and New South Wales cannot be treated with the familiar contempt of home people. But more than that, these onlookers were of the blood of people who slowly formed the habit of adoring their kings; they like pluck and power when they recognize them; they can be slowly worked upon by persistence; and, above all, they can be influenced by habit. They have the habit of their king, and the day will come when they will have the habit of the suffragists.

The coronation was something England had to do because it has always been done: as inevitable as the inauguration of a president! There was little attempt to define it from an economic standpoint, but, after all, it can be traced to the same attempt at business boom that shows itself in a republic in "home-comings" and fairs and national expositions. Many human beings are ready to go a-junketing under the excuse of inducing prosperity and helping trade, and this in spite of the lesson of past loss.

This sort of thing will go on until the economists have agreed as to whether mere consumption increases wealth, and have then made a convincing revelation to business men. The English promoters certainly used their show skillfully for many purposes. It proved that the English love their lords as well as ever—but ultra-radicals need not despair. The income tax will not be reduced and some day the lords will suffer a further loss of power. In view of all this, it may be worth while to pay heavily for useless forms and to support luxuriously useless men. It is only in theory that scientific management succeeds perfectly; few affairs can be conducted without waste, economic and human—not even in a republic.



SEEK POISE, NOT POSE!

IT'S better to be conventional and correct, than "the glass of fashion,"—*cracked.*



Dressing well is wholly a matter between a *man* and his *mirror.* The fop dresses for *pose*—the gentleman for *poise.*

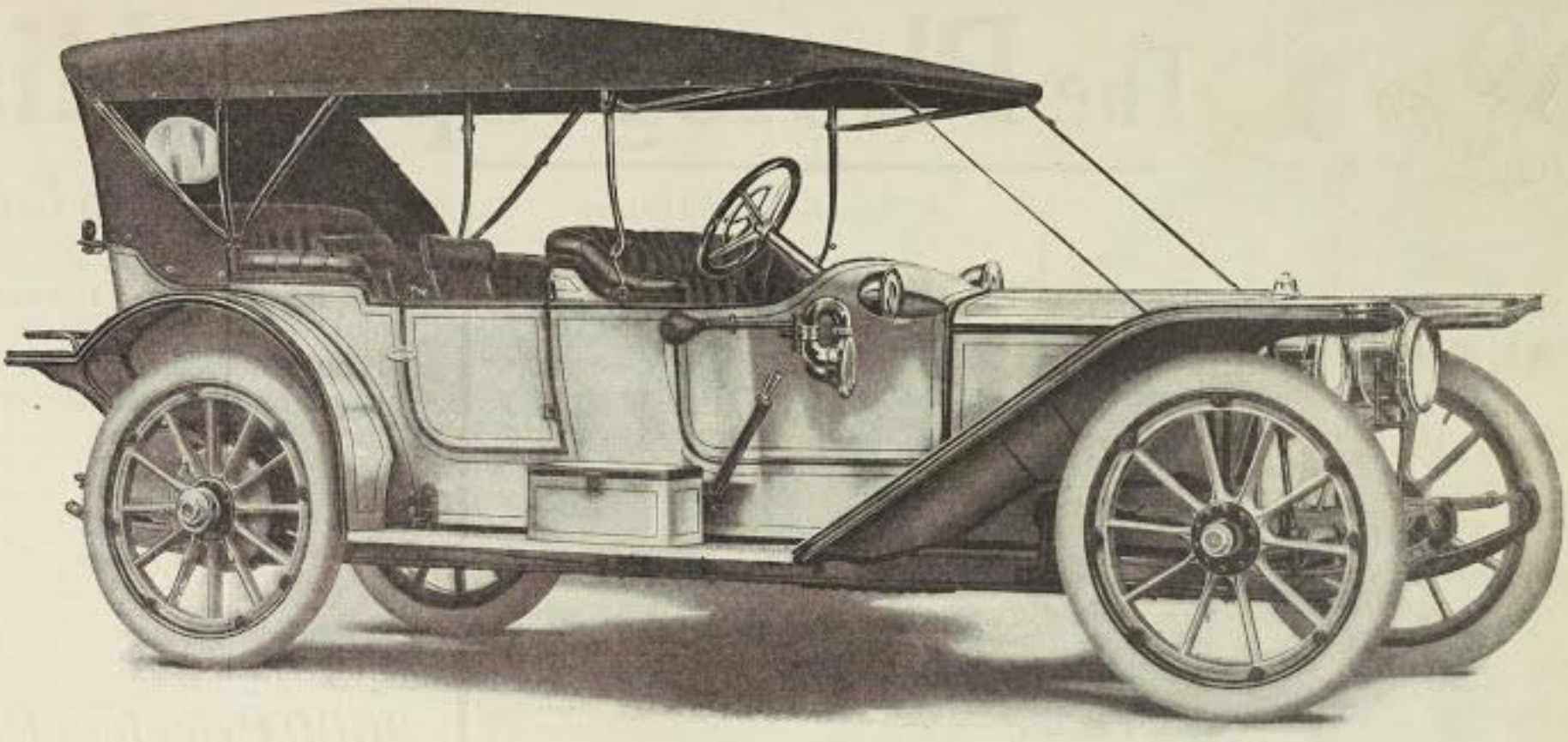
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Our ***Underslung*** frame is safe, and in conformity with sane, logical and correct engineering practice, affording many attractive and practical advantages not to be found in any other car.

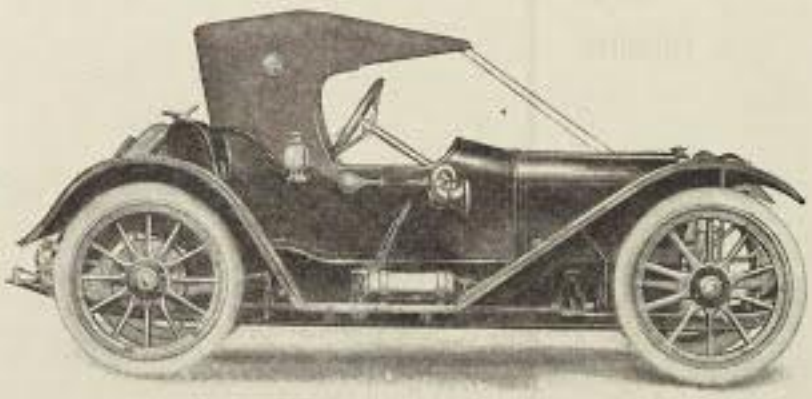
Until within a year our factory capacity has been taxed to the utmost to meet the requirements of particular people for the high powered ***Underslung*** "American Traveler."

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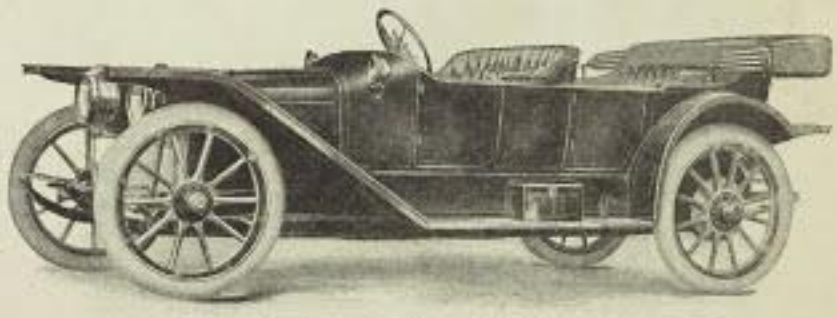
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The Fate of the Tree-Seed

By ENOS A. MILLS

THE ripened seeds of trees are sent forth, by many strange devices and at random, to the unoccupied and fertile places upon the earth. There are six hundred kinds of trees in North America and each of these equips its seeds in a peculiar way in order that they may take advantage of wind, gravity, water, birds or animals to transport them on their home-seeking journey.

The whole seed-sowing story is a fascinating one. Blindly, often as thickly as snowflakes, the seeds go forth to seek their fortune—to find a rooting-place. All are in danger; many are limited as to time, and the majority are restricted to a single effort. A few, however, have a complex and novel equipment, and with this make a long, romantic and sometimes an adventurous journey, colonizing at last some strange land far from the place of their birth. Commonly, however, this journey is brief, and usually by one short fall or flight the seed comes to rest where it will sprout or perish. Generally it dies.

One autumn afternoon in Southeastern Missouri, seated upon some driftwood in the shallow margin of the Mississippi, I discovered a primitive craft that was carrying a colony of adventurous tree-seeds down the mighty river. As I watched and listened the nuts pattered upon the fallen leaves and the Father of Waters purled and whispered as he slipped his broad, yellow-gray current almost silently to the sea. Here and there a few broadbacked sandbars showed themselves above the surface.

This primitive craft was a log that drifted, low and heavy, end-on with the current. It was going somewhere with a small cargo of tree-seeds. Upon a broken upraised limb of the log sat a kingfisher. As it drifted with the current, breezes on the wooded hilltops decorated the autumn air with deliberately falling leaves and floating, winged seeds. The floating log pointed straight for a sandbar upon which other logs and snags were stranded. I determined, when later it should come ashore, to see the character of the cargo it carried.

Long-Distance Travelers

Now and then, as I sat there, heavy round nuts came bounding and rattling like merry boys down the hillside which rose from the water's edge. Occasionally, as a nut dropped from the treetop it struck a limb springboard and from this made a long leap outward for a roll down the hillside. These nuts were walnut and hickory; and like most heavy nuts they traveled by rolling, floating and by squirrel-carriage.

One nut dropped upon a low limb, glanced far outward and landed upon a log, from which it bounced outward and went shooting down the hillside aplunk into the river. Slowly it rolled this way and that in the almost currentless water. At last it made up its mind and with the almost invisible swells commenced to float slowly toward the floating log out in the river. By-and-by the current caught it, carried it toward and around the sandbar, to float away with the onsweep toward the sea. This nut may have been carried a few miles or a few hundred before it went ashore on the bank of the river or landed upon some island, to sprout and grow. Seeds often are carried by rivers and successfully planted, after many stops and advances, far from the parent tree.

The log hesitated as he approached the sandbar, as though cautiously smelling with his big, rooty nose; but at last he swung around broadside-on and sleepily allowed the current to put him to bed upon the sand. As a tree, this log had lived on the banks of the Mississippi or one of its tributaries in Minnesota. While standing, it had for a time served as a woodpeckers' home. In one of the larger excavations made by these birds I found some white-pine cones and some other seeds from the north that had been stored by bird or squirrel. A long voyage these seeds had taken; they may have continued the journey, landing at last to grow in sunny Tennessee—or they may have sunk to the bottom of the river or even have perished in the salt waters of the Gulf.



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In climbing up the steep hillside above the river many nests of hickorynuts and walnuts were found against the upper sides of fallen logs. Upon the level hilltop the ground beneath the trees was thickly covered with fallen nuts; only a few of these were a tree's length away from the parent. Occasionally, however, a wind gust used a long, slender limb as a sling and flung the attached nuts afar.

The squirrels were actively laying up a horde of nuts for winter. Many a walnut, hickorynut or butternut tree in some distant place may have grown from an uneaten or forgotten nut which the squirrels carried away.

The winged seeds are the ones that are most widely scattered. These are grown by many kinds of trees. From May until midwinter trees of this kind are giving their little atoms of life to the great seedsower—the wind. Most winged seeds have one wing for each seed and commonly each makes but one flight. Generally, the lighter the seed and the higher the wind the farther the seed will fly or be blown.

In May the silver maple starts the flight of winged seeds. This tree has seeds about the size of a peanut, each of which is provided with a one-sided wing as large as one's thumb. It sails away from the trees, settling rapidly toward the earth with heavy end downward, whirling round and round as it falls. Red maple seeds ripen in June, but not until autumn does the hard maple send its winged ones forth from amid the painted leaves.

The seed of ash trees is like a dart. In the different ashes the seeds are of different lengths, but all have two-edged wings which in calm weather dart the seed to the snowy earth; but in a lively wind they are tumbled and whirled about while being unceremoniously carried afar; this they do not mind, for at the first lull they right themselves and drop in good form to the earth.

The Flight of Winged Seeds

Cottonwoods and willows send forth their seeds inclosed in a dainty puff or ball of silken cotton that is so light that the wind often carries it long distances. With the willow this device is so airy and dainty that it is easily entangled in twigs or grass and may never reach the earth. The willow seed, too, is so feeble that it will often perish inside of twenty-four hours if it does not find a most favorable germinating place. This makes but little difference to the willow families, for they do not depend upon seeds for extension, but upon the breaking off of roots or twigs by various agencies; these pieces of roots or twigs often are carried miles by streams and take root perhaps in the first place they go aground.

The seeds of the sycamore are in balls and are attached to the limbs by slender twiglets. The winter winds beat and thump these balls against the limbs, thus causing the seeds to loosen and drop to the earth—a few at a time. Each seed is a light little pencil, equipped with a whorl of hairs at one end that acts like a parachute, which delays its fall and thus enables the wind to carry it away from the parent tree.

The conifers—the pines, firs and spruces—have ingeniously devised and developed their winged seeds for wind distribution. Most of these seeds are light and each is attached to a dainty feather or wing which is used on its commencement day. These wings are as handsome as insects' wings—dainty enough for fairies; they are purple, plain, brown and spotted, and so balanced that they revolve or whirl, glinting in the autumn sun as they go on their adventurous wind-blown flight to the earth. A high wind may carry them miles.

With the pines and spruces, the cones open one or a few scales at a time, so that the seeds from each cone are distributed through many days. The firs, however, carry cones that, when ripe, often collapse in the wind; the entire filling of seeds is thus dropped at once and momentarily these fill the air with flocks of merry, diving, glinting wings. A heavy seedcrop in a coniferous forest gives a touch of poetry to the viewless air.

The lodgepole pine is one of the most patient and philosophical seedsowers in the forest. It is a prolific seed-producer and has a remarkable hoarding characteristic—that of keeping its cones closed and of clinging to these for years. Commonly a forest fire kills trees without consuming them. With lodgepole pines, the fire frequently burns off the needles and leaves the tree standing, but melts the sealing-wax



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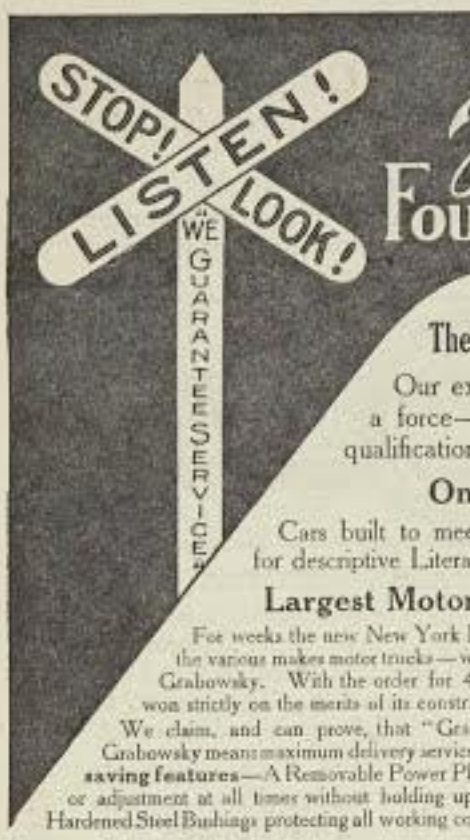
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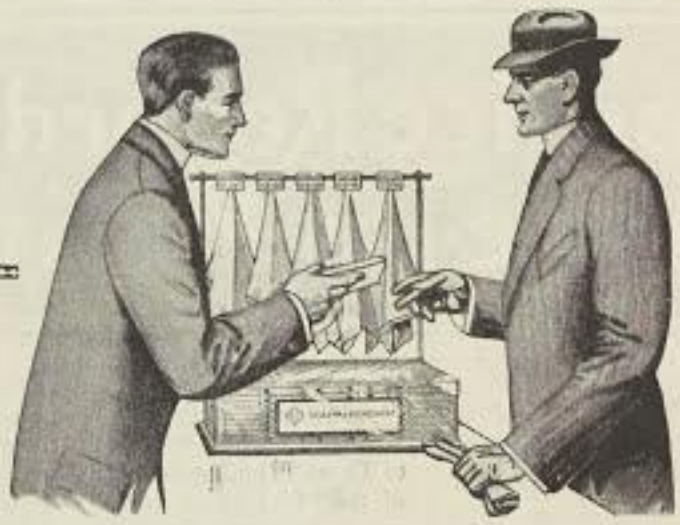


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on the cones. Thus the fire releases these seeds and they fall upon a freshly fire-cleaned soil, which condition is most favorable for them.

Though the cherry is without wings or a flying machine of its own, it is rich enough to hire the rarest transportation in the world—that is, the birds. Its attractive-colored and luscious pulp hires the wings of many beautiful birds—the mocking-bird and the hermit thrush—to carry the seeds to new scenes. What a happy and romantic way in which to seek the promised land!

Many kinds of pulp-covered seeds that are attractive and delicious when ripe are unpleasant to the taste while green; this protective measure guards them against being sown before they are ready, or ripe. The instant persimmons are ripe the trees are full of opossums, which disseminate the ready-to-grow seeds; but Mr. 'Possum avoids horrid, green, puckery persimmons.

The big tree is one of the most fruitful of seedbearers. In a single year one of these may produce a few million fertile seeds. These mature in comparatively small cones; and the seed, being as light as air, is sometimes carried by high winds across ridges and ravines before being dropped to the earth.

The honey locust uses a peculiar device to secure wind assistance in pushing its long, purplish pods, with their heavy bean-like seeds, afar. This pod is not only flattened but crooked and slightly twisted. Dropping from the tree in midwinter, it often lands upon crusted snow. Here, on windy days, it becomes a kind of a crude iceboat and goes skimming along before the wind; with its flattened, twisted surface it ever presents a boosting surface to the breeze.

The ironwood tree launches its seeds each seated in the prow of a tiny boat which floats or careens away upon the ocean of air, sinking, after a rudderless voyage, to the earth. The attachment to some seeds is like a bladder or balloon; tied helplessly to this, the seed is cast forth briefly to roam with the wandering winds.

Sowing Seeds Like a Spendthrift

The linden or basswood tree uses a monoplane for buoyancy. The basswood attaches or suspends a number of seeds by slender threads to the center of a leaf; in autumn, when this falls, it resists gravity for a time and often alights with its clinging cargo far from the tree which sent it forth.

Burr or hook covered seeds may become attached to the backs of animals and thus be transported afar. One day, in Colorado, I disturbed a black bear in some willows more than a mile from the woods; as he ran over a grassy ridge three or four pine cones that had been hooked and entangled in his hair went spinning off. Seeds sometimes are internationally distributed by becoming attached by some sticky substance—pitch or dried mud—to the legs or feathers of birds. Cottonwood seeds often have a long ride, though generally a fruitless one, by alighting in the hair of some animal. Sometimes a cone or a nut becomes wedged in the hoof of an animal and is carried about for days—taken miles before it is dropped; it grows a lone tree far from the nearest grove.

Though the witch-hazel is no longer invested with eery charms, it still has its own peculiar way of doing things. It chooses to bloom alone in late autumn, just at the time its seeds are ripe and scattering. Assisted by the frost and the sun, it scatters its shotlike seeds with a series of snappy little explosions, which fling the seeds twelve to twenty feet from the capsule in which they ripen.

The mangrove trees of Florida germinate their seeds upon the tree and then drop little plants off into the water; here the winds and currents may move them hither and yon as they blindly seek a rooting-place.

The cocoanut tree covers its nut with a kind of excelsior which prevents breaking upon the rocks. This also facilitates the floating and transportation of the nut in the sea. When the breakers have flung it upon rocks or broken reefs its fibrous covering helps it to cling until the young roots grow and anchor it securely.

Thus, endlessly during all the seasons of the year, the trees are sowing their ripened seeds and sending them forth variously equipped, blindly to seek a place in which they may live, perpetuate their species and extend the forest.

It is well that Nature sows seeds like a spendthrift. So many are the chances

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Never before in the history of motoring has any type of tire achieved such success. Everywhere, from coast to coast, Nobby Treads are replacing every other form of non-skid tire or non-skid device in every possible kind of service. And it is because the big, thick, diagonally-placed knobs grip any kind of road, no matter how slippery, and *do absolutely prevent skidding or drive-slipping.*

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against the seed, so numerous are the destroying agencies, so few are the places within reach that are unoccupied, that perhaps not more than one seed in a million ever germinates and hardly one tree in a thousand that starts to grow ever attains maturity.

Through sheer force of numbers and continuous seed-scattering the necessarily random methods of Nature produce results; and, where opportunity offers, trees promptly extend their holdings or reclaim a territory from which they have been driven.

Many times I have wandered through the coniferous forests in the mountains when the seeds were ripe and fluttering as thickly as snowflakes to the earth. Visiting ridges, slopes and cañons, I have patiently watched the pines, firs and spruces closing a year's busy, invisible activity by merrily strewing the air and the earth with their various fruits—seeding for the centuries to come.

One breathless autumn day I looked up into the blue sky from the bottom of a cañon. The golden air was as thickly filled with winged seeds as a perfect night with stars. A light, local air current made a milky way across the sky. Myriads of becalmed and suspended seeds were fixed stars in this sky. Some of the seeds, each with a filmy wing, hurried through elliptical orbits like comets as they settled to the earth; while innumerable others, as they came rotating down to the earth, were revolving in planetary orbits in the seedsown field of space. Now and then a number of cones on a fir tree collapsed and precipitated into space a meteoric shower of slow-descending seeds and a hurried zigzag fall of heavier scales.

Occasionally, while I was on a ridgetop, a few of the lighter seeds would come floating upward through an air chimney as though carried in an invisible smoke column. One windy day I crossed the mountains when a gale was driving millions of low-flying seeds before it. Away they swept down the slope to wildly whirl and flutter over the gulch in the bottom, where the wind current dashed against the uprising mountain beyond. Most of the seeds were flung to the earth along the way or dropped in the bottom of the gulch; a few, however, were carried by the swift uprushing current across the mountain and at last scattered on the opposite side.

When the last seed of the year has fallen how thickly the woodland regions are broadcasted with seeds! Only a few of these will have landed in a hospitable place. The overwhelming majority fell in the water, to drown; on rock ledges or in other places, to starve or wither—where there was no opportunity to grow. The few fortunate enough to find unoccupied and fertile places would still have to reckon with devouring insects and animals.

How different the environment of two seedlings may be from seeds that were grown on the selfsame tree! On their commencement day, two little atoms of life may be separated by the wind—one finds shelter and fertile earth; the other roots in a barely livable place on the cold, storm-beaten heights of the timberline. Both use their inherent energy and effort to the utmost. One becomes a forest monarch; the other a dwarf—uncouth and ugly.

A Simple Answer

A LAW case was proceeding in Old Mexico and a mining expert was on the stand as a witness.

"Where were you born, sir?" inquired the lawyer.

"In England, sir."

"How many times have you crossed the Atlantic?"

"Twenty times."

The lawyer jumped up and addressed the judge: "Your Honor, I impeach the veracity of this witness. He says he was born in England and has crossed the Atlantic twenty times. It would be impossible for him to have crossed the Atlantic that number of times and be on this side now. There is perjury here, your Honor. His visits to this side would make odd numbers and his visits to the other side even numbers, and yet he is here and has the audacity to swear he has crossed the Atlantic twenty times. I impeach him, your Honor."

"How do you explain this, sir?" asked the judge sternly.

"Why," said the witness, "the last time I came to this country I came by way of the Pacific Ocean."



When the word has been spoken, the *man* knows and the *woman* knows that behind every glance of admiration there is also the scrutiny for every possible deficiency. Then it is important *for each* to be sure about the complexion—to be *sure* that you "have one."

A clear, youthful glow upon the face is invariably the most favorable impression in the minds of both. It is better to know *now* that

POMPEIAN Massage Cream

will insure a good complexion for all times, than disagreeably to be reminded of it just when you want to appear your best—at a critical moment.

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Overland

A Book That Fully Explains Why We Can Build a 30-Horsepower 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car to Sell for $900. Write for a Copy

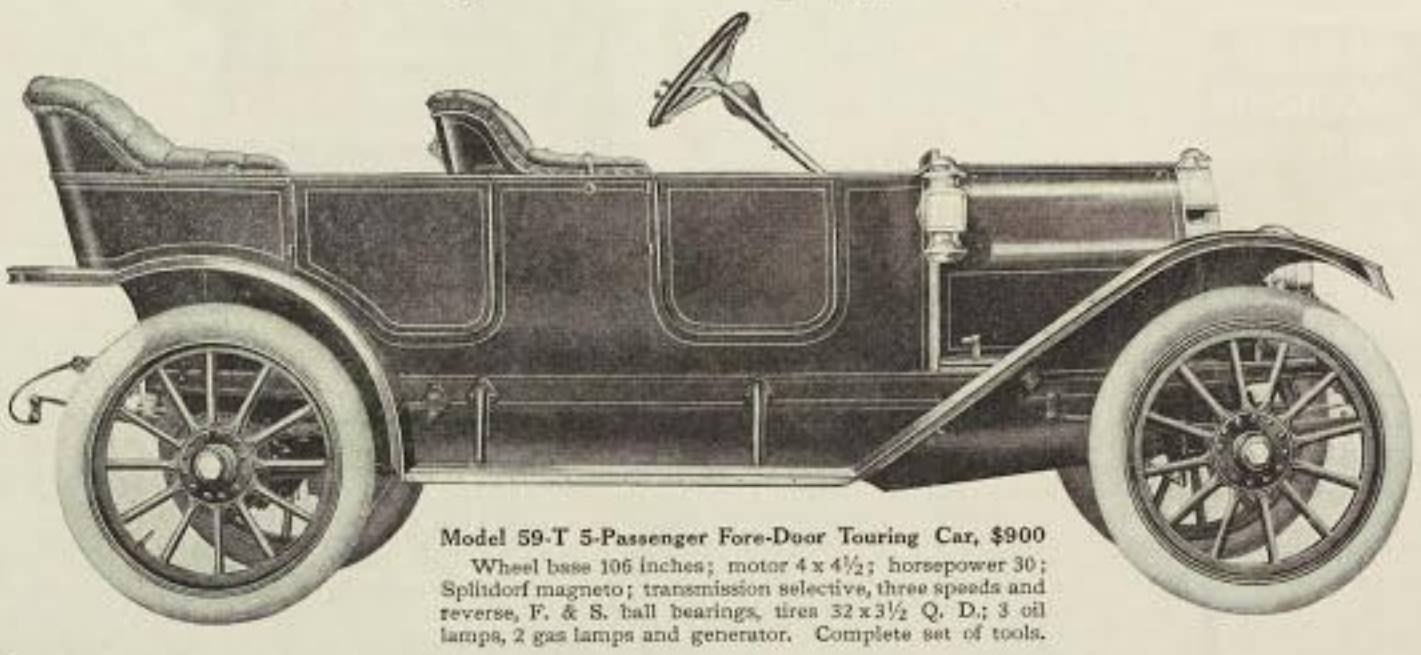
IT is utterly impossible for anyone to realize the economical manufacturing strength of the *Overland* organization without a clear idea of its enormous manufacturing facilities. To the average man an automobile factory is merely a factory—a place where cars are made. Yet there is the greatest difference in the world. On one hand you have a plant which, on account of its great production, can make and sell its car for far less than the other factory. And on the other hand you might have a very small factory which, while it produces a good car, has a very small capacity, and its car for car production costs are considerably higher than those of the large plant. That is why you find some manufacturers selling 30-horsepower touring cars at prices ranging 20% to 40% higher.

¶ We have just published a very thorough book which explains in a clear, definite and readable manner the difference in automobile plants. And the point of this whole book is to prove the economical manufacturing ability of the Overland plants—to prove its strength by showing and explaining to you the interior and exterior of the greatest automobile plant in the world. It takes you over the entire 80 acres. It takes you in shops and departments that will not be found in other plants. It explains and illustrates the giant Olsen tensile strength testing machine of 100,000 pounds capacity for testing raw metals. It shows you what a White-Souther endurance tester is. It takes you through the chemical laboratories and the great drop forge plant—the largest in the industry. It takes you through what will seem like miles of automatic machinery. It shows you how it takes four months to produce an Overland car and how thorough, accurate and painstaking each operation is. The book is free and we want you to have one. It is interesting and full of information. Anyone can read it for it is written in words of few syllables.

¶ Above all it gives you a clear understanding of economics in the production of automobiles in great quantities, and we believe it proves why no other manufacturer in the business can produce the car described below, and sell it at our price without losing money. To realize this you have but to compare this automobile with any other similar car on the market. Take the entire list of specifications and see if you can duplicate this car for less than $1250. Check the whole car, the wheel base, the motor, the seating capacity, the body finish, the transmission, the design, etc. Do this and the exceptional value of this car will show you where to invest your money. Our Model 59 is the most progressive step the industry has ever witnessed and it means a great deal to the motor buyers of America.

¶ A line to us will bring you this new Overland book. It explains what we are and what we have got and why other cars of similar size and rating are from twenty to forty per cent higher in price. Write and ask for catalogue A-29.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 59-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4 x 4½; horsepower 30; Splitdorf magneto; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse, F. & S. ball bearings, tires 32 x 3½ Q. D.; 3 oil lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools.

Overland

Compare this Magnificent $1500 45-Horse-power Touring Car With Any Other Similar Car And See the Great Difference in Price

NO matter what you buy you must make some kind of a comparison to determine values. Every time you fail to do this you lose money. And the more carefully and thoroughly you make your comparison the more secure and satisfied you will feel with what you have bought. No article requires a closer or more thoughtful comparison of values than an automobile. It represents a lot of money. And if you can save ten, twenty or thirty per cent it is worth while. When you buy your car, bear this in mind.

¶ A comparison of our Model 61-T (shown below) with any other car of similar size will give you a good understanding of its value. The main facts concerning it are as follows:

¶ It is a big five-passenger touring car. The body is finished in that dark rich Brewster green with ivory striping. All of the bright parts are nickel plated. The big massive lamps are dead black, trimmed with heavy polished nickel. We doubt if an automobile could be made more striking and handsome. And it is big—having a wheel base of 118 inches. Like all of our cars the shifting levers and door handles are on the inside, leaving all the long sweeping body lines graceful and unbroken; the upholstering is of the best leather and carefully worked by the most skilled body builders. It has a powerful 45-horsepower motor. The selective transmission is fitted with F. & S. annular ball bearings. No finer are made. The front axle is a drop forged I-section, Timken bearings. The rear axle full floating, Timken bearings. Most every one concedes that Timken axle bearings are the best on the American market. The frame is of pressed steel with double drop. It has a Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. These few facts give you an idea of the car's good thorough construction. At the best you will not find its equal for less than $2000.

¶ Just get these few specifications in your mind. Check them against any other car of similar size, and see how much more the other car will cost. And this is the only way you can give yourself a square deal. Be guided by your own judgment. Take our car and its facts—and the other maker's car and his facts. Go over each value carefully, and see which offers you the most in an automobile for the least amount of money.

¶ The book we refer to on the opposite page should be read before you buy your car. It contains facts and sensible arguments concerning our manufacturing ability to make an automobile for less than other manufacturers. It shows why the factory making 20,000 cars, such as we do, can give you more car for less money than the factory making a smaller quantity. It will assist you in your comparisons and thoroughly inform you what an automobile is, and how it is made. It also shows our complete 1912 line. Write for catalogue A-29 today.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T 5-Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $1500

Wheel base 118 inches; motor 4⅜ x 4½; horsepower 45; Bosch magneto; tires 34 x 4 Q. D.; color, Brewster green, ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 3 black and nickel oil lamps; 2 black and nickel gas lamps, with gas tank. Complete set of tools.

You Will Save 30% to 50% Annually On Coal Bills If You Have A



THE "Spencer" successfully burns No. 1 Buckwheat Hard Coal, costing from $2 to $3 less per ton than the size used in ordinary heaters, and uses no more tons of this cheap fuel than others do of the larger sizes.

Magazine Feed The "Spencer" is only coaled every 24 hours in ordinary weather and never more than twice a day in severe. Fill its magazine in the morning, shake it down morning and evening and you have an even temperature all day long—all night, in fact, if you choose. There's no need to get up in the "cold gray dawn" to shovel coal and put on drafts. The magazine feed with its water-jacketing and raised grates make this unnecessary.

Water Tubes Being a combination water-tube and return tubular boiler, the water is split up into thin streams so the fire gets at it from all sides—making it the quickest steaming type of boiler in existence. The tubes are made of the finest knobbled wrought charcoal iron.

No Waste Heat A string tied around the smoke pipe of an ordinary heater quickly burns thru, showing that a vast quantity of heat is going up the chimney. Around a "Spencer" pipe the string will remain intact indefinitely.

As an Investment The saving in coal alone in a few seasons will easily pay for a "Spencer." Many users report an annual saving of $100 and more, while hundreds of "Spencers" put in twenty years ago are still saving this amount every year.



Cross-section of water-jacketed magazine showing raised grates.

Our 40-page catalog explains the "Spencer" in detail—*with it we will send the endorsement of 60 users. Here are a few quotations from recent letters—"Coal Bills reduced more than half;" "$135 saved in coal;" "Warm house 48 hours without attention;" "As warm in the morning as at night."*

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Canadian Sales Representatives, The Waldon Co., Winnipeg and Toronto.

JOHN CHINAMAN AS A CROP-COAXER

(Continued from Page 17)

Chinatown of Los Angeles, he is also several other things, including a produce merchant on a commission basis, having his own stall in the market, and a shrewd truck farmer who has taken a large Chinese fortune from the soil. He has shares in probably a dozen Chinese garden companies operating on the rich lands of the West Adams Street tract and the historical old Laguna Ranch. His most valuable possession when he arrived in America was the shirtlike blouse that covered his back, and even that was not of the finest texture. Today he is worth a hundred thousand dollars or more, according to his white friends who know him most intimately. Loi Gwan is a fine type of semi-Americanized Celestial who has risen from the estate of common laborer to a position of wealth and power among his people.

Loi Gwan speaks English with difficulty. But his society as a pilot through the gardening district is, nevertheless, as illuminating as any inquiring visitor could desire. In the course of a day's trip through the gardens the two expressions most often on his lips were: "Take ground too long" and "Seedman—he know." This comment regarding the length of time a certain crop would occupy the ground was first brought out by the admission that though an acre of garlic was good for two hundred to three hundred dollars profit, it was "all same no good," because "take ground eight or nine months." This is the standard by which he measured the profitableness of all crops. And this is the typical Chinese viewpoint. Though there are many Chinese who specialize in celery and asparagus, the Chinese gardener generally goes light on any crop that excludes at least one or two other crops from the ground in the same season. The principal one-crop products are celery, asparagus, garlic, rhubarb and horseradish. On almost every camp or tract operated by one company small patches of some of these one-crop products are to be found. But they are there to balance the production of the farm as a whole—a point never overlooked by the shrewd Chinese, who are awake to the advantage of making up "mixed cars" containing a variety of vegetables. The town that isn't quite big enough to take a carload of any one vegetable may often readily handle a car containing a selection of all the vegetables that the season has to offer. But in the main the crops that are long in the making are given the least ground in John's gardens.

The Day-and-Night Soil Bank

An odd sight to American eyes is a field or patch of radishes and carrots sown together in a narrow swath. When asked for an explanation of this strange combination Loi Gwan answered:

"Radish, him make quick; carrot, he make slow. Pull radish, leave plenty room for carrot."

Sowing two crops on the same ground at the same time and making the harvest of the earlier crop serve as the thinning for the later one may very appropriately be termed "intensive farming" without stretching the term.

One feature of these Chinese company farms that would escape the eye of a visitor not on the lookout for the intensive tricks of the Celestial is the salvage crop of horseradish and rhubarb stuck along the banks of the irrigating canals and ditches. Because these narrow strips do not lend themselves to crops that must be frequently cultivated, John plants this waste margin with roots that exclude any other crop throughout the entire season and that do not demand constant hoeing. The horseradish and rhubarb, planted at random along the ditches of a forty-acre farm, add about three hundred dollars a year to the income of the company, according to my guide. The Hubbard squash is also a favored ditch-margin and odd-corner crop and is said to yield about the same revenue as rhubarb and horseradish.

The typical Chinese gardener is a relentless land-driver. There is no rest for his soil! It must work day and night the whole year round, if the climate permits. Loi Gwan has a standing grudge against any foot of ground in the camps of his companies that does not mature four separate crops a year, and his ambition is to get five

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Which

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Factories: Cleveland, O. Toronto, Can.

Branches: New York, Chicago



or six crops in a twelvemonth from every acre. It is safe to say that in any climate and soil where the white man is content to take two crops, John Chinaman will coax out three. This is not alone because of his being a shrewd and rapid hand-worker but also because he is a shrewd and far-sighted head-worker. He is given to forethoughts and to crop-scheming—and his whole rotation of truck crops on an acre of ground is planned practically at the outset of the season, in order that the seed-beds may be ready with the right plants for transplanting at the moment when there is a vacancy in any portion of the field.

The favored crops of these crafty gardeners about Los Angeles are: head lettuce, carrots, parsnips, cauliflower, green onions, radishes and young beets. Each vegetable camp or farm of this section has its own set of rough buildings and generally comprises thirty to forty acres, being manned by a company of six to fifteen Chinese.

One of the shrewdest Chinese growers at Fresno—where the Celestial colony numbers about three thousand—makes this statement of the theory on which practically all the Chinese operate in deciding what crops they shall grow.

"China-boy lose money this year lettuce crop. All same plant lettuce next year. Make much barrel money this year on lettuce, plant other thing next year!"

Stated in plain English, they have learned the important lesson that it is not in human nature to resist repetition, in kind, of a big-money crop, and that this inevitably leads to the overdoing of that crop. They appreciate the fact that gardeners of other races—particularly the Japanese—are quite likely to imitate Chinese crop successes.

Plowing Under Failures

John's business methods, as applied to farming, are undoubtedly superior to those of any other race. He can give cards and spades on this score to the average farmer and beat him every day in the week. His bent for system and organization is almost as keen and instinctive as his market sense and his ability to read the life-lines of a tiny plant that is just peeping out of the soil.

Probably no man in Northern California has a more intimate and extensive knowledge of the traits and methods of the various alien farmers than Mr. John Perry, of Stockton. As a landlord and handler of produce he has had a wide experience with the Chinese.

"I have studied the business methods of the Chinese," declares Mr. Perry, "for many years. Some of them are my business associates. They are almost invariably successful, and I have at last come to the conclusion that the main secret of their success lies in the energy and consistency with which they keep their crops moving and their ground busy all the time. It is their universal policy, and they will not hesitate a moment to plow under thousands of dollars' worth of vegetables whenever they are convinced that there isn't going to be a prompt return of the market to prices that will pay them a profit for their stuff. They are great gamblers, but they will not gamble on crop values. Where the average farmer will dicker for a month trying to unload a big crop of something at a price that will yield him a narrow margin of profit or perhaps save him from loss, the Chinaman turns his stuff under with the plow, and makes his profit on another crop that the market wants at a good price. I have seldom failed to see this policy pay out in good shape.

"In the next place, the Chinaman is honest. His word is good and his pack of produce is straight. This counts for a heap in more ways than one. It gives him an immense advantage as a renter in getting the choicest land on the best terms, as well as in selling his crops. Every landowner is glad to get a Chinese tenant, both because of his honesty and because of his almost marvelous foreknowledge of what he can do with any particular piece of soil. When he sees a piece of ground that suits him he goes after it hard, and he gets it—not only because he is honest and a good gardener but because he is willing to make a liberal cash deposit the moment he contracts for the rental of land, no matter how far ahead that may be. A Chinaman has this moment left my office after having contracted for the rental of a tract of land a year ahead and paid down five thousand dollars cash to bind the bargain. That is the way the Chinese do business.







Cluett

Color-Fast COAT SHIRTS



© 1911, BY C. F. & CO., N.Y.

A Cluett Color-fast Coat Shirt will look best on you longer than ordinary shirts, because it is made of better than ordinary color-fast fabrics. *$1.50 and up*

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress." Cluett, Peabody & Company, 457 River Street, Troy, N. Y.



What fifty years of strop making means in shaving comfort to you

Fifty years ago the best strop on the market—the strop that would keep a razor in the best shaving shape—was a Torrey. To-day, the best strop is still a Torrey—but one that fifty years of experience and the discovery of a new sharpening preparation have made just that much better. We now call it

The New

Torrey Honing Strop



The head of our firm invented this new sharpening preparation with which we dress the honing surface of the Torrey Strop. It is the greatest advance that has been made in the manufacture of strops since we started in business over half a century ago. With this new strop anyone can keep a razor in perfect shape. It is very simple. Just strop the razor a few times on the sharpening side about once a week and run it up and down the finishing side before and after using the razor. This will insure you a smooth, close shave every day and never a smart to your face.

See the New Torrey Honing Strop at your dealer's—if he cannot show it to you, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Our booklet, all about shaving, free on request.

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50.

Get a Torrey Razor—the best made.

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write at once for our special proposition.

J. R. TORREY & CO., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

"There is nothing slipshod in the Chinaman's make-up excepting his sandaled feet. The Chinese are the best and most thorough bookkeepers farming American soil today. You can go into any asparagus camp in the whole delta district, walk to the cooking house, and find the time-sheet hanging there and brought right down to the minute. After each meal is over the cook goes through the bunkhouses carefully and sees if any laborers are lurking behind.

"Americans who know the methods and results of Chinese farming are anxious to invest with the Chinese, but they must stand right with the big Boss Chinaman in order to get such an opportunity. When this privilege is granted the arrangement, as a rule, is that the white man furnishes the land, the seed and the equipment, and the Chinamen of the company furnish the labor. Under this arrangement the white man usually holds fifty-two per cent of the stock and the Chinamen the other forty-eight per cent. Very often, however, it is a straight half-and-half arrangement between them.

"Another characteristic of the Chinese on the soil should not be overlooked. Put a Chinaman on a piece of land, and the first thing he thinks of is the quality of the crop he is going to grow; in fact, he thinks about that before he selects his land. There is something almost uncanny in the accuracy and discrimination with which an experienced Chinese farmer can prejudge the performance of a certain piece of ground that he has looked over.

"One reason why the white landowner is always so anxious to hook up with a company of Chinamen in a big potato-farming operation, for example, is because he knows not only that the Chinamen will get a larger crop from the land but that they will produce a quality of potato that will command a premium of about five cents a sack. And the same thing applies to other crops. John is a quality grower every time."

Giving the Poor Man a Start

"There is no man in the world so appreciative of a square deal as a Chinaman. He will voluntarily sell his crop cheaper to a buyer who has never rejected anything offered by himself or his fellows than to one who is suspected of making the rejection privilege a convenience in case of a falling market. Still another thing not to be forgotten in respect to the Chinaman is that he is the best type of farmer that can possibly be put on wild or rough land. He is always eager for virgin soil and is not afraid of the work of putting it into shape. Moreover, he knows better how to subject it than the farmers of any other race with which I have had experience. As a land conqueror John is an invariable success.

"Of course there are dishonest Chinamen, as there are dishonest farmers in every other race that tills the soil. But my view of the Chinese character is this: A contract with a Chinaman is a matter of making a memorandum of the terms of the agreement."

The peculiar success of the Chinese in the application of business methods to farming cannot be appreciated without some definite knowledge of the details of the company system, under which probably ninety per cent of their farming operations are carried on. It seems to me that no other type of cooperative organization among growers is quite so effective as the Chinese farming company. Certainly it is a marvelous system for giving the poor man a start. Of course the keynote of the system is that every man in it feels that he is working for himself. For him it is an organized opportunity, and the realization of this brings out the best there is in him. The market man who is perhaps more intimately acquainted with the operations of Chinese farmers than any other white man in the southern part of California gives this terse description of the evolution and operation of a Chinese gardening company:

"This Chinese business game is a hard one for the average American to understand. In the first place, there are the great six companies or tongs, to one of which practically every Chinaman belongs. They are formed along the lines of occupation. The merchants have their tong, the laundry workers have theirs, and so on. The See Yups are the gardeners and the Yung Woos are the fruit men. Do not confuse these six great companies with the little farming companies. The six companies are practically the governing power of the Chinese in America.

"In the days before the Exclusion Act was enforced, when a Chinese boy landed in America he went at once to a high man in his tong, got fixed out with a job and perhaps a little line of credit. The high man was his guide, counselor and friend. As soon as the Chinese found out how much money could be made in truck-farming here in America the inevitable result was that these high men were anxious to get into the farming game by supplying capital and finding laborers. Consequently the average Chinese farming company contains two kinds of shareholders—those that do not themselves work but only supply capital, and those that do work. The latter class is far more numerous."

An Unwatered Corporation

"In other words, the capitalists do not dominate these companies. Every man in the company has a square deal. There is no nonsense about a Chinese farming company. There isn't any ground floor for the favored or the powerful; all are in on the same basis. The man who furnishes money only, and doesn't work with his own hands, must furnish workers acceptable to the other members of the company, according to the number of shares that he owns. At the outset of the enterprise the members of the company elect a market boss, who handles the selling; a seed boss, who buys the seed and controls the selection of crops; and a field boss, who has charge of the labor. It is true that the humblest shareholder in the company has a chance to put in his say at the proper time in the counsels of the organization, but the boss is the man of authority and has the final word in everything.

"There is not a better example of delegated authority at its best than is to be found in these little companies. However, once in a long while a disagreement arises. In that case the company goes into liquidation, the whole thing is sold out and every man is satisfied.

"The dominant characteristic of Chinese character is to settle things up and start with a clean slate. They do that as regularly as the Chinese New Year comes round. With them everything ends and starts with their New Year. Their business life, their social life and their religious life are all squared by this spot on the calendar.

"Very often a laborer is able to buy half a share in a company. In that event he hunts up some one else in the same situation, and they buy a share between them. As a rule, a man's labor counts in a Chinese company for five hundred dollars. There are instances in which a man without money enough to pay for a share has been allowed to acquire it and pay it off with his labor. As a rule, however, every share of stock in a Chinese farming company is paid for right at the start in cash, and that means that the money is put into the bank as a working capital. Ordinarily a share represents a thousand dollars. By this system, when a Chinese company takes hold of fifty or sixty or five hundred acres of land there is money enough in the bank to put that crop through to a finish, and generally there is enough for a surplus or sinking fund to provide against an emergency. There are no sounder corporations in the country than these little Chinese farming companies. They are examples of what a corporation should be.

"A common laborer in a strange land has to work a good many years in order to buy enough land to go into farming on his own hook. He not only must have funds to buy or rent his land and to provide his equipment, but he must also pay for his labor—and the labor that he obtains is disinterested labor, for the results that the employer gets are of only secondary or remote concern to the hired hand. All these disadvantages have been done away with for thousands of poor Chinamen through this system of company farming. I have never known of a drop of water or of any crookedness to be found in one of these companies.

"The only reason why native American farmers could not get their start in the same way is a temperamental one. Possibly that might be overcome in the case of a bunch of earnest young workers, used to submitting themselves to authority and accustomed to teamwork. The principle is good. It would be our fault if we did not make it work."

Knapp-Felt HATS for MEN



THE noticeable elegance of Knapp-Felt style appeals to the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good.

The shapes for Fall are authoritative deductions from style tendencies in the fashion centers of Europe and America. Each model has passed the critical inspection of the Crofut & Knapp organization and the trade mark is an assurance not only of quality, but of authentic correctness.

A hat is proper only when it is becoming, and the variety of shapes and proportions of Knapp-Felt hats affords opportunity for the exercise of individual taste in the selection of a properly becoming hat.

THE equipment of a well-dressed man should include hats for various uses. As the most conspicuous article of attire the hat should receive the most careful consideration. Its shape, texture and color should harmonize with the wearer, the dress and the occasion.

A variety of hats admits of frequent change, which is as pleasing and desirable in headwear as in any other article of personal adornment.

The wide range in the productions of the Crofut & Knapp Shop provides appropriate hats for every occasion: business, sport, travel, motoring or negligee.

A FEATURE of prime importance in Knapp-Felt manufacture is the color. The deep, rich, steadfast Cronap dye is the result of a process originated and perfected in the Crofut & Knapp Shop. It will not fade nor change color under any condition of weather or climate.

The quality of the Crofut & Knapp production is guaranteed by more than fifty years' experience in making fine hats. Knapp-Felt hats are made by well-paid workmen under the direct supervision of members of the Crofut & Knapp organization. Artistic hand work produces the characteristic distinction of Knapp-Felts.

A HAT of inferior quality is poor economy. The superior excellence of hats made in the Crofut & Knapp Shop is as noticeable in every stage of wear as when they are new.

All the different kinds of hats are Knapp-Felt quality, and they represent the achievement of a well-manned, well-equipped factory, under the guidance of experienced brains, in an honest determination to provide the best that money can buy.

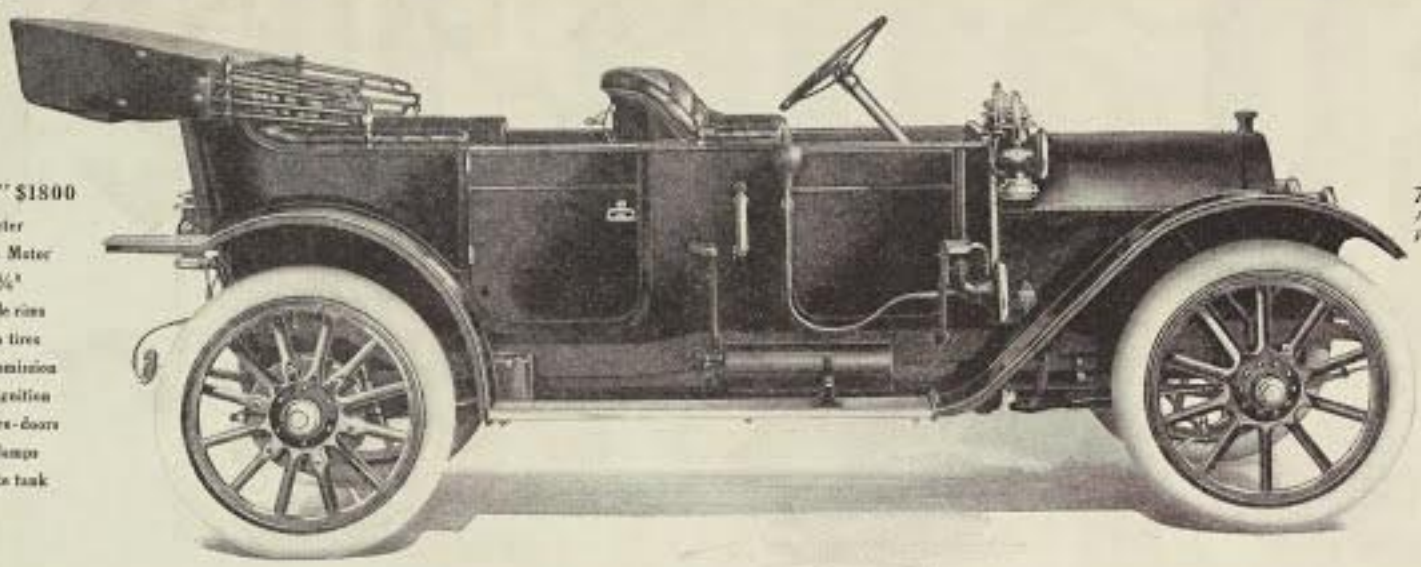
Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars; Knapp-Felt De Luxe, the best hats made, are Six Dollars. The C & K quality is sold at Three Dollars where Knapp-Felts are found—in the best shops only.

Knapp-Felt Hats for women in mannish tailored effects of exquisite taste

Write for THE HATMAN

THE CROFUT & KNAPP COMPANY 840 Broadway, New York

"Thirty-six" $1800
Self-starter
Long Stroke Motor
4¼" x 5½"
Demountable rims
36 x 4-inch tires
4-speed transmission
Bosch dual ignition
Ventilated fore-doors
Solar gas lamps
Prest-O-Lite tank



This monogram on the radiator stands for all you can ask in a motor car

Chalmers
MOTOR CARS

are good cars. They are good looking cars. They are guaranteed. They are medium priced. They are just high enough priced to enable us to put into them the fine materials, the high grade workmanship, and the time that are necessary to a high grade automobile.

A quality car such as we make cannot be produced by anyone and sold, at a profit, for less than our prices. We know we are making a lower profit than the average profit of manufacturers in other lines.

We are putting the money into correct engineering, finest materials, highest grade workmanship and the time for building and proper testing, as the builders of other highest grade cars are doing. People in the automobile trade know this. Our main business now is to get prospective buyers to realize it.

Hence, we invite you to see the Chalmers cars and compare them with others. We fear no comparison with cars either above or below our prices.

Will the Biggest Voice or the Best Car Win?

We were moved to make the simple statement of facts printed above, after reading the announcements of many other 1912 cars.

It occurred to us that perhaps the public was a bit weary of claims and superlatives, just a little tired perhaps with reading about "sensations," "epoch making cars," "biggest output," "greatest factory in the world," etc.

Contest of Superlatives

Perhaps the public finds it hard, among so many "biggests" and "greatests," to settle which one really is.

Here is a prediction: In the contest of superlatives now taking place in automobile advertising the man with the Biggest Voice will probably win. Unfortunately for the public, this may not be the man with the best car. We aren't in the contest ourselves, so we speak as unprejudiced observers. It is not improbable that in the heat of combat one of the contestants will so far forget all rules of fair play as to grab the announcer's megaphone and with its help utterly drown out the other Voices.

Let's Talk Sense

What matters it to you, Mr. Automobile Buyer—all this contest of claims and superlatives? If you have a little time, let's talk some business sense together.

Do you really care which output is biggest? Does it really make a difference to you whether one factory is an acre bigger than some other?

Just why is a car good, if it *is* good? Is it because it came from the "biggest factory in the world" or because it is one from among 50,000?

No. If it's good it's because of the stuff that's in it and the way that stuff was put there. You must have good design, good materials, good workmanship, good testing and good finishing to have good automobiles. Look at the cars themselves. Study them. Shut your ears to the Big Voices while doing it.

Minimum Price for Quality

Now, you can't have right design, materials, workmanship, testing and finishing under a certain minimum price, no matter how many cars you make.

There is a point in manufacturing beyond which further production does not represent further saving, but rather tends toward undue haste, slackness and lowering of standards.

We have never claimed to have the "biggest factory." We do claim to have one of the most complete automobile factories. It is a big factory and growing bigger each year. We claim simply that it is adequate to make Chalmers cars and make them right. We make enough cars to get every advantage of buying and manufacturing in quantities. After that our policy is "not how many, but how good."

A Different Standard

We buy enough materials of all kinds to get them as low priced as anybody. Furthermore, we take advantage of every possible cash discount. Thus we not only get quantity prices but cash prices as well. We make enough cars to gain every advantage that comes through factory production on a big scale. In addition, we have a different—and higher—*standard of quality* than the factories which take pride in the "biggest output."

Road Tests for Cars

Many who build cheap cars in great quantities don't give them road tests. Or, if they do, the tests are short and inconclusive—and made on the customer's tires. Every Chalmers car undergoes a long test on the road—and on our own testing tires.

We could tell you—and we can show you at the factory—scores of other things we do to make our cars good, which the builder of cheap cars doesn't do. Not because he does not want to do these things or doesn't know they ought to be done—but because he can't afford it at his price.

We wish it were possible for every person who contemplates buying an automobile to visit the different factories and actually see how the cars are made. Our factory is always open to the public. When you are in Detroit, we shall be glad to have you come and see how Chalmers cars are made.

Cars Tell Own Story

We have tried to give you in this advertisement a few simple, straightforward facts about the business of manufacturing automobiles. We want to help you solve this vexed question, "Which car to buy?" We hope this advertisement will lead you to look at the cars, to compare Chalmers cars with others. For the cars will tell their own story and the comparison will answer all your questions.

Chalmers Cars for 1912

Chalmers "Thirty-six," $1800, including Chalmers self-starter; long stroke motor (4¼" x 5½", developing 36-40 h. p.); four forward speed transmission; Bosch dual ignition; 36" x 4" tires; Continental Demountable rims; Mercedes type honeycomb radiator; dash adjustment for carburetor and many other conveniences. Built as Touring car and Torpedo at $1800; Berlin Limousine, $3250; Cabside Limousine, $3000.

The famous Chalmers "30" is continued for 1912 and represents even greater value than before, because of improvements and added equipment. The price, $1500, includes magneto, gas and oil lamps, Prest-O-Lite tank, Chalmers mohair top and automatic windshield. Built as Touring car; Torpedo; Torpedo Runabout; Open front Pony Tonneau, all $1500. The last named model—an open front car—is continued in response to a very general demand. It is the most popular type we have ever produced. Coupe, $3000.

The Chalmers "Forty" at $2750, fully equipped, is continued for those desiring a bigger car of unusual power. Built as Touring car, seven-passenger; Torpedo, four-passenger; Detachable Pony Tonneau.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

New catalog on request

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER SALE

(Continued from Page 20)

to deal with the bank. I am amazed that the banker insisted on your signing such a document—unless, indeed, he intends sending it to Montreal for Quintock to sign! I must not talk with you any more now, however. Return to your office as quickly as possible. I will telephone if I have anything to communicate or to ask you."

John Reid went back to his factory and Mrs. Reid made her way to the bank, where she received a rather frigid welcome—for the financier did not care to deal with women.

"Will you show me the paper my husband signed this morning?"

The banker somewhat reluctantly drew it from its pigeonhole, handing it to her. She read it once and placed it on his desk.

"What you really want," she said, "is the repayment of the money to the bank, plus the interest agreed upon."

"Exactly," he admitted.

"You have no wish to embarrass our firm if your actual object is obtained?"

"Certainly not."

"Our ability to pay this indebtedness will depend on one thing only, and that is the success or failure of our advertising campaign. If our advertisements do not attract custom—orders almost innumerable—nothing that my husband can sign, or Mr. Quintock can sign, or I can sign, will be of the least value to you."

"I realize that."

"If you intend to open up amicable relations with an absconder ——"

"I told your husband that I believe Mr. Quintock to have kept within the four corners of the law."

"I know you did, which was the reason I was careful to use the word 'absconder' instead of 'thief,' which he actually is. If you get Mr. Quintock's signature to this sheet that my husband has signed you will save the fifty thousand dollars already in your possession; but you will lose the fifty thousand dollars that Quintock, let us say innocently, took into Canada with him."

"Your husband is responsible for that, madam."

"Oh, I'm not disclaiming responsibility on his behalf. If our plan fails bankruptcy is inevitable, and the bank will thus have to take its chance along with the other creditors."

"Have you anything to propose, Mrs. Reid?"

"Yes. I propose in the first place to tear up this sheet that bears my husband's signature, which he attached without even reading what he signed."

"But I expect your husband will come to an arrangement with Quintock in Montreal tomorrow."

"My husband will be in New York tomorrow, and the next day, and the next day—and so on."

"Ah! I thought he left here intending to compromise. I cannot consent to the destruction of that release."

He started in his chair when Mrs. Reid stretched forward as if to take the document into her possession again and tear it to pieces before his eyes, as he expected; instead, she merely pushed it toward him. He flushed slightly, like a boy who had been caught making an awkward and unnecessary motion.

"What further I have to propose is this: That, if needful for the continuance of the business, the second fifty thousand shall still be devoted to its original purpose. If Mr. Quintock had been here our advertising would have begun a week from today. As it is, I have given the order that it shall commence tomorrow. Within a fortnight we shall know more or less definitely whether our scheme will succeed or not. I wish you to wait until that time has elapsed. I will then show you exactly what orders we have received and you yourself shall judge whether our advertising is likely to turn out profitably."

"I cannot promise, madam. I must protect the interests of the bank."

"That is exactly what you are not doing. You are grasping the shadow and losing the substance. The document is unnecessary if we succeed and valueless if we fail. It is valueless now—until you obtain Quintock's signature."

"It is possible we may obtain that."

"Would you like the public to know that you make terms with a scoundrel and refuse assistance to an honest man who will pay you everything if you but give him a chance?"

"I am tired of reiterating, madam, that Mr. Quintock is not a thief until he is proved so in court."

The lady rose.

"I am sorry such is your decision, sir; but Mr. Quintock will be proved, in the greatest court in the world tomorrow, to be a thief, a scoundrel and a robber."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have given to the Associated Press details of what he has done; and tomorrow morning, from New York to San Francisco, the American people will have judged him much less leniently than the man who meekly handed over to him such a considerable sum as fifty thousand dollars!"

The banker now rose also. His face, which had been ruddy a moment before, took on a greenish pallor; his eyes shone with cold anger and his lips were compressed.

"You have done this, madam? Does your husband know?"

"Yes; and tomorrow all America will know."

"Did he not tell you that I had counseled absolute silence, in order that we may get out of this muddle into which your husband's reckless signing of documents has landed us? It was he who put it into Quintock's power to draw that money. Now a compromise will be impossible."

"I hope so. Don't you see what I am doing? I am nailing Mr. Quintock to Montreal. Before three days are past, I dare him to set foot on United States soil! I go from here to communicate with the police and set detectives on his track."

The banker sank back into his chair again. The lady had almost reached the office door when the man of money said huskily:

"One moment, Mrs. Reid!"

She paused, with her hand on the door-knob, and turned round.

"You see, all this comes as a stupefying surprise to me. I thought I had arranged with your husband for a certain course of action."

"And I," interjected the new business partner, "disagreed with every word you uttered. It was abject, cowardly and on the direct road to failure! A moment's reflection should have shown you that the only way of saving your bank is by standing in with our firm and courageously tackling the man who has placed it in jeopardy."

"But, madam, it is not proved that Quintock ——"

"Nonsense! If he is the innocent lamb you picture why did he take the trouble to go to Montreal? Why did he not go to Jersey City, or the top of the Singer Building, and communicate with us from there? All your legal punctiliousness will burn up like chaff if you allow this to get into the courts."

"But it is you and not I who insist on its going to the courts."

"No; it is you. If my method is followed out Quintock will never dare to put himself within the jurisdiction of a United States court."

"But, once you have set the wheels of justice in motion, you cannot stop them at your will."

"If you know that why force me to put them in motion? What I wished you to do was to set the bank's detectives at work. Have one of them go to Montreal tonight—not to obtain a signature to that futile document you have written or to make a compromise, as my husband was ready to do, but to watch Quintock; never allow him out of his sight. So alert a man as Get-Rich-Quick will soon find he is being shadowed. Instead of coming nearer the border he will get farther away. Meanwhile our plan is being tested. All the money received I shall place instantly in your hands, instead of starting a new account with another bank as I intended a moment ago. I have got Quintock exactly where I want him to be and I mean him to remain there until the plan he has invented is proved. Why, do you realize that if it succeeds to the full we shall have half a million dollars in your bank, clear profit to the firm, and that three times that sum of money will have passed through your hands? Where is your imagination?

"Good Night"



WHEN passed between wearers of FAULTLESS Nightwear, the "Good Night" wish comes true.

FAULTLESS Night Shirts and Pajamas are Sleep Insurance, issued by an establishment which has spent thirty years in perfecting garments of *absolute* restfulness.

The change from the confining day garments to these soft, roomy, luxuriously comfortable rest robes is so refreshing and relaxing that sound, healthful sleep comes *easy*.

Faultless
Since 1881

Night Shirts *and* Pajamas

Fabrics are fine, soft, caressing. Seams are flattened down to prevent chafing. Neckbands are carefully made to comfortably conform to the lines of the neck. Sleeves and armholes are cut roomy, and cannot bind. Shoulders are correctly shaped. Sizes are accurate to start with and *guaranteed to remain so.* All materials are put through a thorough shrinkage test before being made up. Everything just as *right* as thirty years of enthusiastic effort to keep on doing better can make it.

Rest will mean more to you if you take it in FAULTLESS Garments!

Insist that your haberdasher supply you, and identify the genuine by the man with the candle on the label. We will send you our BED TIME BOOK and the name of your nearest dealer on request.

Faultless SINCE 1881

"FAULTLESS" DAY SHIRTS

are entitled to your preference because of the higher grade of workmanship which is put into them—because of their more perfect fit—and because of their always new and exclusive designs. See the new Fall Patterns.

E. ROSENFELD & CO.
Dept. S, Baltimore, Md.

WINCHESTER



.401 Caliber Self-Loading Rifle.

This new Winchester five-shot repeater is the finest and latest example of progress in gun making. It is reloaded by recoil, the repeating as well as the firing mechanism being under control of the trigger finger. A bullet fired from it strikes a blow of 2038 pounds—force enough to topple over the biggest game—penetration enough to reach the innermost vital spot. Tho wonderful in operation and powerful in execution, this rifle is neither complicated in construction nor cumbersome to handle. From butt to muzzle it's a handsome, handy gun.

Don't fail to examine one of these rifles before taking your next hunting trip.

IT HITS LIKE THE HAMMER OF THOR.

Send Your

Old Carpet

We Will Make

New Rugs



Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental—fit for any parlor. Guaranteed to wear ten years.

Rugs, 75c and Up

Ours is the largest factory of its kind in America. Established 37 years. Originators of OLSON FLUFF RUG. (Grand Prizes at 3 World's Fairs.)

We Pay Freight

Old carpets are worth money; don't throw yours away.

FREE Write today for book of designs in colors, prices and full information.

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. 1, 40 Laflin St., Chicago

Gasoline Engine

Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine, 3 h. p. Absolute **Free Trial.** If you keep it send only $7.50. Take long time on the balance. Price same as to dealers. Only engine with a **Chilled Cylinder**, the marvelous improvement in gasoline engines. Five years' guarantee. Free book, "How to Use Power." Just send your name and address and get books and all particulars free on this amazing offer.

$7.50

Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 8356, Davenport, Iowa

A Collar Button is Little

But there's a mighty deal of satisfaction in having one that is perfect in workmanship—absolutely smooth on the back, so it will not scratch or chafe the neck—made with an honest layer of gold that won't wear off in years of use—made in one piece and so strong that it cannot break—and made in so many different styles and sizes that you can select one to suit your exact needs—either of solid gold or in the best quality of rolled gold plate—That collar button is the



KREMENTZ



and to make sure that you are getting the genuine, look for the name stamped on the back. Each button guaranteed—a new one free in exchange if broken or damaged from any cause.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

Solid Oak Extension Dining Table and Chairs $20.50

48 in., Round Top, Pedestal Dining Table, extends to 72 in., $13.50. 4 Dining Chairs, $7. 6 Dining Chairs, $10.

This sensational price is made possible by our original method of manufacturing in sections and shipping in a compact package which may be unpacked and the furniture made ready for use in thirty minutes.

Don't confuse this furniture with cheap furniture. We manufacture quality furniture only.



You do not risk one cent. Use the furniture for thirty days in your home. Prove our claim that you cannot duplicate it for double our price—then if you are not satisfied notify us and we will return all the money you have paid.

Free catalog full of similar bargains, giving full details, and a postal will bring it to you. Send for it today.

BROOKS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 209 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.

The oldest and largest firm of its kind in the world.

I remember the day when we had a banker in New York who was a poet."

The banker got up from his chair, took the paper that John Reid had thoughtlessly signed, crossed the room and handed it to her.

"Am I to tear it up?" she asked.

"Into a thousand pieces if you like."

"You will send the detective?"

"On tonight's train."

"Then I shall not communicate with the police—or, to adopt your excellent journalistic phrase, set the wheels of justice in motion."

The advertising plan for the sale of summer clothing, guaranteed to fit, New-York-made, was a success beyond the dreams of avarice. It was an ideal combination. The beautiful instinct for salesmanship that Quintock undoubtedly possessed was backed up by honest goods. There came a wild protest from Quintock against the publicity given to his action—leaving the public, he said, under a completely erroneous impression. He would return at once to New York to clear his good name and to discomfit the scoundrel or scoundrels who had spread abroad this misleading information. And yet, after all, he did not return!

The shadow at his elbow got upon his nerves; and when the rush was over and Mrs. Reid went to Canada, carrying various legal documents that only required signature and executing before a United States consul, she found him on the terrace of the hotel grounds, at Quebec. The man, who seemed to have grown ten years older, scowled as he recognized who was approaching.

"Good morning, Mr. Quintock," she said brightly. "As I am the person solely responsible for the publicity to which you objected, and also for setting the wheels of justice in motion—that phrase is not my own but was uttered by a friend of yours—I have come to arrange some sort of a compromise with you. Is the fifty thousand dollars you brought away with you still intact?"

"How can it be intact," he asked, "when I have been stopping all this time at first-class hotels and been put to various other expenses?"

The woman seemed nonplused.

"Even if it were intact," he went on, "you would not receive a penny of it!"

"Then you do regard it as stolen money, after all!"

"It doesn't matter how I regard it. It's placed where your fingers can never touch it!"

"Oh, I am sorry for that, because I boasted to my husband I was coming to attend a bargain-counter sale. I thought I might make easy terms—you would be so anxious to get back once more to New York. You are not looking very fit, you know, in spite of this delightful climate."

"What do you want with me?" he asked gruffly. "Why didn't your husband come?"

"Because I am the new business manager. I attend to the finances. I want to buy your share of the business. How much of the stolen cash will you give me in addition to your shares?"

"I see by the magazines that you put my scheme into operation. Tell me, how did it work?"

"It worked better than my husband expected."

"Pouf!" sneered Quintock. "His expectations amount to nothing."

"That has not anything to do with the question of your selling out. You see, I am determined to obtain your shares or land you in a United States prison!"

"The law cannot touch me!" he cried.

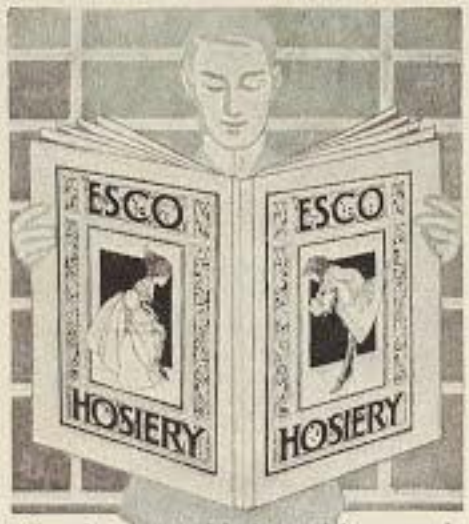
The lady laughed.

"That may or may not have been true when the sum was intact; but now that you admit using a portion of it, and since you have stayed so long, still holding on to the money which I confess I cannot wring from you, your assumption of innocence will hardly be of any effect. Still, I shall be very glad for you to test the matter. I will return to New York tomorrow. Come back with me!"

Quintock pondered for a while, then said: "I'll sell you my share in the business for that fifty thousand dollars if you, on your part, will get me a signed bill of clearance—as one might call it—from yourself, your husband and the banker."

"I have got them all here in my bag," said Mrs. Reid. "Come and sign the transfers. The American consul is waiting for us at his office."

SELECT YOUR HOSIERY FROM THIS BOOK



Merely a postal brings this remarkable "ESCO" Hosiery Book

YOUR guide to all that's best in fine Stockings for Men, Women and Children. Perfect weave—satisfactory service—in every pair. Hundreds of styles.

Send for your "ESCO" Book *now*. It awaits but your address.

Two remarkable Hosiery values. Try either for a test of "ESCO" quality.

FOR MEN		FOR WOMEN	
Style 850	*Pure thread silk sock, extra reinforced sole, heel and toe. Per pair* 50c	Style 833	*Pure thread silk hose, mercerized lisle double garter top, reinforced sole, heel and toe. Black only. Per pair* 50c
	Black and all colors.		

Order will be filled direct if you will send size, color and price to

Henry Schiff & Co., Sole Distributors 390-392 Broadway, New York



The Stevens Apex Spectacle is designed for comfort, as the illustration shows. The curved ends of the temples or bows are wound with a gold-protected wire. This gives the spiral spring effect which is the secret of their easy bearing and perfect fit. Remember the name—"STEVENS APEX"—do not be deceived by substitutes.

STEVENS QUALITY (represented by the trademark "S.Q.") always means the highest standard of optical goods in the U. S. The S. Q. trademark is positive assurance of quality optical goods, invariably found at the better grade opticians.

STEVENS & CO., INC., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS STEVENS EYEGLASSES

SHUMATE "Tungsten" Razor



GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

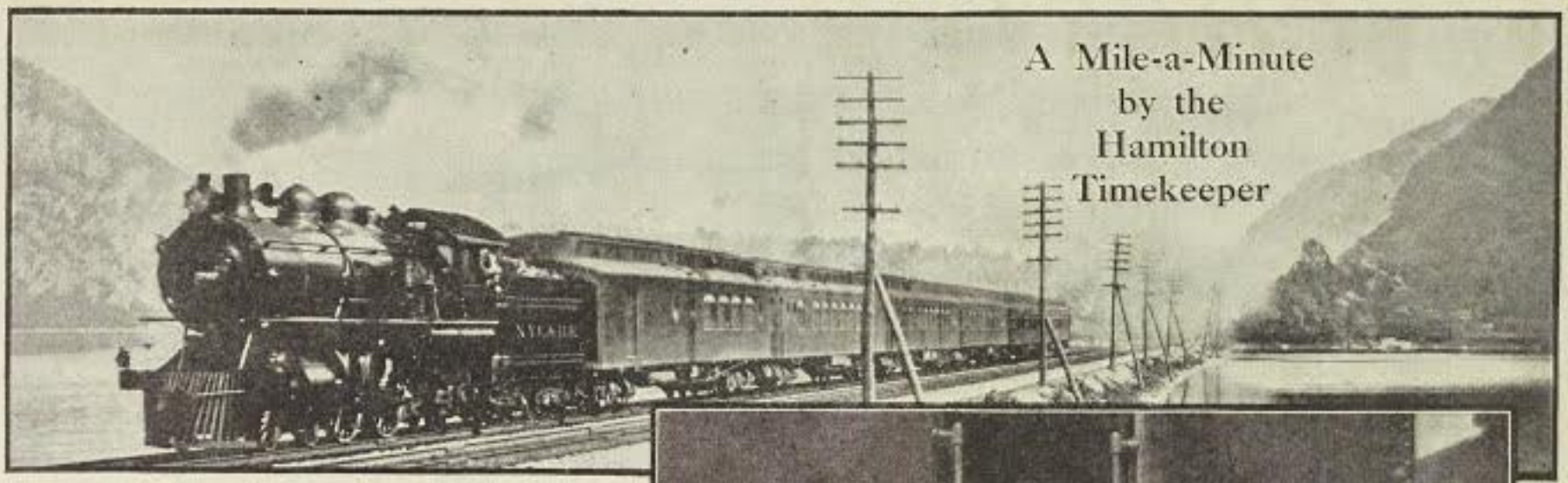
Here, at last, is a Razor good enough to guarantee for life! Our offer: Pay dealer $2.75 (or send to us) for a **Shumate Tungsten Razor.** Use, or even misuse it, and if your "Tungsten" falls short of perfect service at any time it will be exchanged free. Nick the blade, break the handle, damage your **Shumate "Tungsten"** in any way; our offer holds good; you can't lose!

$2.75 At Any Good Store or Direct From Us

The secret of **Shumate Razor** superiority lies in the exclusive process of genuine **Tungsten Alloy Steel,** which takes a keener edge and holds it longer than any steel known. Full concave, hand-ground blade, elegant handle. No matter how many razors you have, you should own a **Guaranteed-for-life Shumate.** If you are experimenting with the safety or any other razor try a **Shumate Tungsten** and watch it shave its way into your favor.

Other Styles at Various Prices

Shumate Razor Company
415 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.



The Twentieth Century Limited

How the Engineer of the Twentieth Century Limited times his Mile-a-Minute Run

The two men in the lower picture are Engineer Patrick Murphy and Conductor Hiram Bauder, of the Twentieth Century Limited, the New York Central train that runs from New York to Chicago in less than eighteen hours. They are comparing their time just before pulling out of the Grand Central Terminal at New York.

Engineer Murphy has pulled his train for several years. He is one of the most reliable men in the employ of the road. One glance at his face is sufficient to inspire a passenger with confidence. For years Mr. Murphy, like thousands of other trainmen, has carried a Hamilton Timekeeper, because not only his life but the lives of hundreds of beings are every day dependent upon his watch being *absolutely correct.*

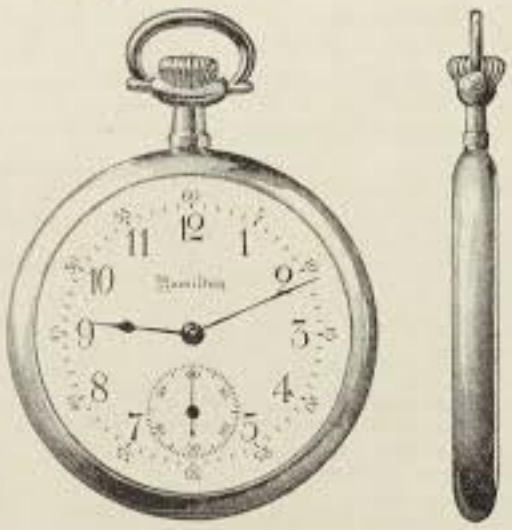


At a recent inspection of one division of the New York Central Railroad, the road on which these two men work, out of 341 watches of 13 different makes 144 were Hamiltons.

(The leading railroads of this country maintain in every division a rigid watch inspection. At regular intervals the watch of every engineer, fireman, conductor and trainman is examined, and any watch found to vary more than 2 to 4 seconds per day is ordered out of service for readjustment. No railroad ever adopts any one make of watch to the exclusion of other makes, but all watches must pass inspection.)

Over One-half (about 56%) of the Engineers, Firemen, Conductors and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

The Hamilton Timekeeper



12-Size Hamilton Timekeeper
The thinnest 19 and 23 jewel 12 size watches made in America. Cased in 14-carat gold cases; also in guaranteed gold filled cases. All Hamilton sizes illustrated in our booklet—"The Timekeeper"—sent on request to those interested.

For 18 years the railroad men of America have taken almost the entire output of the Hamilton Watch Company. Until recently this company made only from 250 to 300 watches per day. Their unwillingness to hurry their workers or increase their capacity at the expense of the unfailing accuracy of the Timekeeper is the reason why the general public is not better acquainted with Hamilton Timekeepers. But by absorbing every year more and more of the finest watch-building talent in the world, and step by step educating them to the highest degree of efficiency, the Company has gradually increased its output to about 350 watches a day.

This means that one-fourth of the entire number of Hamilton Timekeepers made each year will now be *offered to the public*, provided that the railroad men take no more than their usual quota.

The successful experience of the Hamilton Watch Company in making Timekeepers of phenomenal accuracy for railroad men has enabled them to produce a beautiful thin model 12-size Timekeeper for men in any walk of life and to make it as accurate as any railroad watch.

Hamilton Timekeepers are made in all sizes from the "Lady Hamilton," a tiny timepiece for ladies who want precise time, to the 18-size, favored of railroad men. Prices of Hamiltons, beautifully cased and in mahogany boxes, vary according to the size, movement and casing from $38.50 to $125.00.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

The details of how a Hamilton Timekeeper is made are set forth in a manner sufficiently untechnical to interest and instruct, in a booklet which we have named "The Timekeeper." We will gladly mail it free to any one interested in the purchase of a watch of absolute and continuous accuracy. With it we send a smaller book replete with character portraits of railroad trainmen who carry Hamilton Timekeepers.

If you want a better watch for yourself or for some one else, send for these books and consult your jeweler.

In writing for Booklet, address

Hamilton Watch Company, 906 Columbia Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Makers of The Railroad Timekeepers of America



THE SILENT

Waverley

1912 ELECTRIC

Brings the Golden Age of Town Car Luxury!

THE WAVERLEY COMPANY announces to prospective purchasers of town cars the Limousine Electric—the first electric with Full View Ahead and ample seat space for five adults. In the quiet elegance of the body may be traced the dignity and grace of the Town Chariot of French design used in the period of the First Empire. The forced effects of smart lines and rococo ornaments have been studiously avoided.

The full seat space for five, and the unique advantage of a wholly unobstructed view for the driver are clearly illustrated in the above picture.

Silent Waverley Limousine Five

Full View Ahead

Design and Construction Patents Applied for

To these advantages are added an economy of upkeep possible only to the most advanced electric carriage construction. The Waverley Limousine Five *gives all the service of any town car at less than half the cost of most gas cars.*



(333)

It is backed by the Waverley's sixteen years of leadership in electric carriages. It has been subjected to the severest road tests. It will give a full day's service under the exacting requirements of a busy household, and then run another full day without recharging.

It offers cleanliness and noiselessness heretofore impossible in a big town car.

It includes the Silent Waverley High-Efficiency Shaft Drive, now in its fourth year of use by owners.

Silent Waverley Motor, with the highest overload capacity of any motor of its size.

Silent Waverley Long Full-Elliptic Springs, with torsional supporting cross springs.

Silent Waverley Non-Arcing Controller—so simple your little girl can run the car with perfect safety.

Exide, Waverley, National or Edison Battery.

Write for the Waverley Art Book on Town Cars. Richly illustrated in colors. It pictures and fully describes the Limousine Five, the 1912 Four-Passenger Brougham, Victoria, Phaeton, Roadster, Coupé, Stanhope and other models. Prices, $3,500 down to $1,225.

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Largest Factory in the World Devoted Exclusively to Electrics

NEW YORK 2010 Broadway — PHILADELPHIA 2043 Market Street — BOSTON 25 Irvington Place — CHICAGO 2005 Michigan Ave.

Several hundred other dealers. Addresses on application.

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 13)

the mill to myself and sell you all the rest of the business for five thousand dollars. You can pay for it with the same five thousand dollars that I pay you for your stock, do you see? Then, at any rate, instead of having less than half the business, with old Wilkinson always on your neck, you'll have practically the whole of it all your own, so you can do as you please with it and divide the profits with nobody."

"Great Scott! Great Scott!" Mr. Sterling gasped.

"It's sure as shooting," Addison declared. "Take your stock first. I'll pay you five hundred dollars down on it and give you my note for forty-five hundred, due October fifteenth. You pin the stock to the note and deposit it in the State Bank. If I don't pay the note when it's due the stock goes back to you. So you can't lose there. Then I'll have Joshua Reimer draw up a contract whereby I agree to sell you all the lumber, coal, and so on, there is here for five thousand dollars, subject to the debts of the company. Of course, if you get nearly all the business you must assume the company's debts."

The lumberman nodded, for the company's debts were merely nominal.

"We'll deposit that contract with the State Bank, too, and if I don't sell you the stuff and turn it over to you by good and valid deeds on October fifteenth then the bank will hand the stock back to you. Any way you fix it you can't lose."

For some time, as Addison repeated the details of this wonderful scheme, Mr. Sterling studied them with awe and rising joy. It did seem that he couldn't possibly lose. Twice or thrice he suppressed a chuckle and passed his large red hand over his face to conceal an irrepressible grin.

"I wouldn't do this, Addy," he said gravely under his breath—glancing nervously around the little office for the twentieth time to make sure there were no eavesdroppers—"I wouldn't do this, Addy, if it wasn't right. But, as you say, this business rightly belongs to me."

The second day following Addison again left town, returning on the eleventh.

"Three of my people will be along tomorrow," he told Mr. Sterling confidentially. "You and I will get our deal all fixed up by the fifteenth sure."

On the morrow, naturally, the lumberman was in a somewhat nervous and expectant state. He stepped often to the grimy-paned window in the little office and glanced toward town in the hope of seeing some of Addison's affluent people. Thus at five minutes to eleven o'clock he saw with astonishment a novel procession approaching single file by the dusty footpath along the roadway. The portly form of Joshua Reimer led the way. Next came E. Addison Humphrey. Mrs. Humphrey in a neat shirtwaist immediately followed her husband. Bringing up the rear was Lute Morrow. Lute's soiled and seedy garments dangled about his lean figure as usual, and he was smoking a dilapidated corncob pipe.

This novel procession wound its way into the office without a word to the surprised proprietor. Addison politely dragged Mr. Sterling's stout office-chair to a position by the west wall and offered it to his wife. Lute Morrow modestly seated himself on an upturned box by the rear door, whence the smoke of his cob pipe might harmlessly escape. Mr. Reimer gravely took a standing position beside the tall desk upon which the office bookkeeping was done, laid a thin little account-book and a number of memoranda on the desk, rapped gently with the office ruler and said: "The meeting will come to order."

"What's this?" gasped Mr. Sterling.

The lawyer glanced at him in mild reproval and replied: "This is the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Sterling Lumber and Mill Company, held on the second Thursday in October as duly provided in the by-laws of the corporation."

The lumberman recalled vaguely that there were some by-laws containing something or other about an annual meeting. But as he and Doctor Wilkinson and Mr. Reimer held all the stock and saw one another almost every day, it had not been considered necessary to meet formally. Glancing around the circle in uncertainty and alarm, he thought he detected a faint wink from Addison Humphrey, and it occurred to him that this might be part of the proceedings whereby Doctor Wilkinson was to be righteously disposed of.

"The secretary finds," said Mr. Reimer, consulting a memorandum, "that the following stock of the company is represented at this meeting—to wit, ninety-nine shares represented by E. Addison Humphrey in person; ninety-nine shares represented by Carrie M. Humphrey as proxyholder; and two shares represented by Luther P. Morrow as proxyholder. All the stock being represented, there is, of course, a quorum present, and the meeting will proceed to business. The first business under the by-laws is the election of directors for the ensuing year. Are there any nominations?" he inquired judicially, with a glance at Mrs. Humphrey.

Thereupon Mrs. Humphrey arose, bowed and announced in a clear, firm voice: "I nominate E. Addison Humphrey, Carrie M. Humphrey and Luther P. Morrow for—for——" She glanced at her husband anxiously; but he touched her arm and nodded slightly toward the chair. So she bowed again and sat down, slightly flushed, but throwing a steely glance toward Thomas Sterling.

"Are there any other nominations?" Mr. Reimer inquired.

"Why, say! Hold on here!" Mr. Sterling bawled. But Mr. Reimer, gently tapping the desk with the ruler, remarked severely: "The meeting will be in order; outsiders will be in order also." The lumberman, painfully struggling with doubt and fear, stared over at Addison, who then winked openly.

"There being no further nominations," said Mr. Reimer, "the stockholders will proceed to ballot, as the by-laws require." He laid three typewritten slips upon the desk. One by one Addison, his wife and Luther P. Morrow advanced, affixed their signatures and retired.

Having soberly examined the slips, Mr. Reimer announced: "E. Addison Humphrey has received the vote of two hundred shares; Carrie M. Humphrey has received the vote of two hundred shares; Luther P. Morrow has received the vote of two hundred shares. The three persons named are, therefore, unanimously elected directors of this corporation for the ensuing year."

Mr. Sterling, his face purple with excitement and his eyes bulging, stepped to the middle of the floor. "Now look a' here!" he cried, in a voice shaken with emotion. "I propose to know where I stand! This thing don't go any further until you and me has had a settlement, Addy Humphrey. I won't stand for it. I'm a stockholder in this company, I'll have you know, and you ain't—yet!"

It was Mr. Reimer who replied—patiently but firmly: "As secretary of this company it is my duty to keep the stock-transfer books. I can certify that you are not a stockholder of record. It appears," he continued, "that E. Addison Humphrey has purchased all the stock of this corporation. It may be that he has hypothecated that stock as security for certain obligations that have not yet fallen due. But he is the purchaser of the stock and is entitled to vote the same at this meeting. If that ain't the law," he added emphatically, "I'll eat my hat." At the conclusion of this announcement Addison winked twice at the amazed lumberman.

"The meeting is ready to consider such further business as may lawfully come before it," said Mr. Reimer, with a meaning look at Luther P. Morrow. Luke tenderly deposited his corncob pipe upon the floor, fished in the right-hand pocket of his dangling vest and drew forth a short typewritten document, which he carried to the desk in his usual shuffling, stoop-shouldered and dejected manner. "I offer this resolution," he said dispiritedly, and shuffled back to the upturned box where he impassively resumed the cob pipe.

"A resolution has been offered, which the secretary will now read," said Mr. Reimer. The gist of the resolution was that the corporation lease its sash-and-door mill to the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company for a period of ninety-nine years at a rental of one hundred dollars a year.

Mr. Sterling's right leg made a convulsive movement and he gurgled, but Addison smiled and nodded at him in the friendliest way, and he stood speechless while the resolution was unanimously adopted.



Prof. Anderson's Supper

The Bedtime Meal in Countless Homes Tonight

When Prof. Anderson invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, he gave you, for one thing, the best foods ever served in milk.

You serve them at breakfast with sugar and cream. Or you mix them with fruit. At dinner the puffed grains are crisps for the soup. Or a nut-like garnish when you serve ice cream.

But the favorite way with children is to serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Done by Furnace Heat

These are whole-grain foods—not merely the flour. That adds a great deal to their food value.

In bronze-steel guns they are revolved for an hour in a heat of 550 degrees. Think of that. Boiling heat is 212 degrees.

It is that fierce heat which gives to these grains their enticing nut-like taste. It crisps them through and through. And it makes them twice as digestible as cereals baked or boiled.

The moisture in the grain turns to superheated steam. When the guns are unsealed each grain explodes. The millions of food granules are blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. Each grain is made up of countless toast-walled cells. Imagine how those crisp, porous, nut-like grains taste when served in milk.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

Prof. Anderson's object was to make whole grains twice as digestible as ever before. As a result of this heroic process, puffed grains yield every whit of their food value. These are scientific foods.

But, with the first taste, that fact is forgotten. People eat these foods because they delight in them.

Five Meals Daily

Dr. Woods Hutchinson says that children should be given five meals every day. Food alone makes them grow.

For the extra meals give them something digestible, of maximum food value and surpassingly good. Give them whole grains of wheat or rice, made nut-like in a furnace heat, blasted to porous crispness. And serve them in milk.

During hot weather people have eaten a hundred million dishes of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

(199)



TRADE MARK FACE

'Ever-Ready'

3,000,000 men are happy users of the EVER-READY. The EVER-READY guarantee is a liberal, sincere guarantee in which the makers insure your complete satisfaction. There's a ten-year guarantee for the frame; a guarantee for each of the 12 blades; a guarantee that the EVER-READY will shave you best of any razor that ever touched your beard. Your money back from the makers if any part of this guarantee fails.

Safety Razor

The twelve best blades in the world are supplied with every dollar outfit. Each blade is guaranteed, wrapped rust-proof, dust-proof and edge-proof.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c.

$1 invested in an EVER-READY will prove the best investment of your life. From any *hardware store, druggist, cutler, jeweler* or *man's store.*

Sometimes dealers sell imitations with less than 12 blades, so call for the EVER-READY by name—look for the trade mark face and count the 12 blades.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Makers Herald Square, New York

With 12 Blades



WE SHIP on APPROVAL without a cent deposit, prepay the freight and allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

IT ONLY COSTS one cent to learn our unheard of prices and marvelous offers on highest grade 1911 model bicycles.

FACTORY PRICES Do not buy a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you write for our large Art Catalog and learn our wonderful proposition on first sample bicycle going to your town.

RIDER AGENTS everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. We sell cheaper than any other factory. TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, equipment and sundries at half usual prices.

Do not wait; write today for our special offer.

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HAVOLINE MOTOR OILS

FOR AUTOMOBILES

Lubricates; Burns Cleanly.

Write for Booklet, "The Common Sense of Automobile Lubrication."

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Extra heavy Fittings No flat bottom in which mud can settle

ELJER CHINA

The result of a continued honest effort to produce the best tanks and lavatories. Write for circular and name of nearest agent.

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Make $25 to $50 Weekly

selling the Automatic Combination Tool in your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller, Lifting Jack, Vise, Wrench, etc. Useful by Farmers, Teamsters, in Factories, Mills, Mines, etc. Weight 20 lbs. Capacity 3 tons. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write for special offer to live agents. Send no money. Name county where you live.

AUTOMATIC JACK COMPANY
Box 55 Bloomfield, Ind.

The Congress shoe has never found its equal for comfort. The elastic fabric on the sides is responsible for this comfort because of its stretch.

HUB GORE, the best made, is guaranteed to retain its elasticity for two years from the date it is supplied the manufacturer. It is yours to be had, if you demand it. Prove to your satisfaction you have it by looking for the little heart trade mark stamped on the reverse sides of both panels.



Hub Gore Makers, Manufacturers of Hub Brand Narrow Elastic Fabric **Boston, Mass.**

Announcing the unanimous vote, Mr. Reimer looked over at Mrs. Humphrey, who declared: "I offer a resolution."

"A resolution has been offered, which the secretary will now read," droned Mr. Reimer. The substance of the resolution was that the corporation proceed to issue its first-lien, ten-year, six-per-cent gold bonds to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, and that it secure the same by mortgage upon all of its property except the mill, which had been leased to the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company.

The lawyer's monotonous voice continued: "Are there any remarks?"

There were none, unless a yell from Mr. Sterling could be considered a remark. Seizing his glazed brown-straw hat, the lumberman bolted from the door and loped up the road toward Main Street.

A number of citizens witnessed his flight. The amused surprise with which they discussed it rapidly gave place to sheer amazement as they beheld him loping back to the lumber-yard with prim little Doctor Wilkinson at his heels, running like a decorous spinster.

"What fol-de-rol is this?" the banker demanded of Mr. Reimer, as he entered.

Mr. Reimer gravely explained the situation, repeating the handsome offer to eat his hat if Addison Humphrey were not legally entitled to vote the stock. "So far," he continued, referring to his minutes, "the meeting has unanimously elected directors for the ensuing year; it has unanimously resolved to lease the mill to the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company for ninety-nine years; it has unanimously decided to issue twenty thousand dollars of first-mortgage bonds; it has voted unanimously to purchase from E. Addison Humphrey a certain patent covering a wooden oven and to pay him therefor the twenty thousand dollars of bonds before mentioned; and it has unanimously resolved to sell the stock of lumber and coal to Mr. Thomas Sterling for the sum of five thousand dollars."

At the latter statement Doctor Wilkinson turned sharply upon Mr. Sterling, who looked painfully confused.

Addison spoke up mildly: "I ought to explain that Tom and I agreed beforehand that I was to take the mill and he was to take the lumber business. I agreed to sell it to him for five thousand dollars—the same five thousand dollars I was to pay him for his stock. So he'd get the whole lumber business without paying a cent, and you'd be left out in the cold."

"He's a liar," Mr. Sterling muttered.

"It's set down in black and white and signed by both of us," said Addison cheerfully. "I can show it to you up at the State Bank. The situation, you see, is that I've got the mill, and the lumber business goes to one or the other of you. So far as I'm concerned, Doctor Wilkinson," he added impartially, "it's pretty much dog eat dog between you two. But Tom stole my oven, so I'm willing to give you the best of it."

Mr. Sterling, with a contorted face, cried to the banker: "Don't you go in with him! We can beat this! You stand by me and I'll stand by you."

"I've just learned how you proposed to stand by me, you robber!" Doctor Wilkinson answered scathingly.

"You hold my note for fifteen thousand five hundred dollars, due day after tomorrow," Addison continued, addressing the banker. "Of course I can't pay it in money; but I'll pay it in fifteen thousand five hundred dollars' worth of these bonds."

"I'll take the bonds," said Doctor Wilkinson promptly.

"But where does that leave me?" Mr. Sterling wailed. "I don't want this lumber business subject to a twenty-thousand-dollar mortgage."

"You don't deserve a cent, Tom," Addison assured him. "But you hold my note for four thousand five hundred dollars, and I'll pay it in bonds if you like. Then you and Wilkinson can divide the lumber business up between you in proportion to your bonds."

"I suppose I'll have to take it," Sterling muttered miserably, "and I wish your wooden oven was ——"

"Tut, tut!" Mr. Reimer interposed. "We have a lady with us."

Addison only smiled, observing: "The oven wouldn't have burned you, Tom, if you hadn't tried to steal it."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Will Payne. The third will appear in an early number.

For Nine Years I Have Sold This Cigar By Mail

The idea of selling my cigars direct to the smoker by mail came to me nine years ago. I have been publishing advertisements like this practically every month since. In that time I have made and held over 20,000 regular customers who buy their cigars from me.



Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

My plan of selling cigars makes it possible, by eliminating middlemen, to sell the 10c cigar of the trade for $5.00 per 100. I have had many imitators. Most of these have lasted a little time and gone—doubtless because they did not understand that they must have re-orders to survive. Repeat orders are the life blood of the mail order cigar business.

It is the quality of my cigars that makes a re-order practically certain. I secure initial orders through my advertising—it always costs me more to secure a new customer than I make on his first order. But the come-back orders gradually begin to show a profit.

The Shivers' Panatela is made in my clean Philadelphia factory from real Cuban grown Havana filler with a wrapper of genuine Sumatra leaf. I also make clear Havana cigars. In all I have seventeen different shapes—all described in my catalog which you may have on request.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten of these cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days. (This selling plan applies as well to any cigar I make.)

I employ only skilled men cigar makers. No flavoring or "doctoring" methods are tolerated in my factory and I do not use shorts or cuttings. When you try my cigars I am the only one who assumes any risk or obligation. Will you grant me an opportunity to make a customer of you?

In ordering please state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars, and use business stationery or give reference.

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FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York



NATURE moves in cycles. Therefore, those incidents of our daily lives which have to do with Nature, occur with approximate regularity.

A few months ago your electric lighting bill grew beautifully less in proportion to the increased hours of daylight. The shrinkage was augmented by the departure of various members of the family for vacations, by your enjoyment of the long, dusky evenings on the porch and by numerous other causes which make electric lights less necessary during the summer months.

Likely enough, when you paid your electric lighting bill last month you noticed how these same natural causes are once more at work, in inverse order, forcing your bill back to normal winter figures.

Or you will notice it this month. And when you do, just think of the added hours you are using lights—think of the added pleasure and comfort and the greater safety that follow the free use of electric current during the gloomy winter season.

And remember that your *pro rata* expense is the same—that it costs no more to use your electric lights or your electric iron or your other electric appliances at one season than it does at another.

The housewife who has seen the drudgery of ironing disappear when the Hotpoint came into her home, never thinks of losing its advantages during the winter months, simply because more electric current is used for lighting. She knows that the iron costs her no more to use and that it is equally essential to her comfort.

Just as the freer use of electric lights makes winter homes more pleasant, just as satisfaction follows the use of the Hotpoint electric iron, new pleasures and satisfaction will follow the introduction of each electrically heated appliance into your home.

Here is a group of appliances to be used on the electric light socket—no extra wiring, no special work or attention of any kind. Each piece is furnished with a socket that screws in where the light bulb comes off. Eight feet of flexible cord runs to table or sideboard or bedside, wherever it will be most convenient. All guaranteed two years.

For instance, you will have better coffee, you can economize in the amount of coffee used, you can save a great deal of time in brewing it, if you use El Perco, our electric coffee maker. Attach it to any electric light socket; put in the cold water, and in less than a minute the boiling water begins dripping, dripping through the ground coffee, and you will have a perfect brew—the full flavor and aroma, without the woody taste that follows from boiling the wood of the berry. Price, 5-cup, $7.50; 7-cup, $8.00, nickel or copper.

And coffee suggests toast—toast made right on the table with El Tosto, our electric toast maker. Coils of wire are rendered glowing red by the current, and the bread quickly turns a delightful brown, while the full, wheaty flavor is developed to its fullest. Price, with cord and plug complete, $4.00.

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Having gone so far, you will want to bake your hot cakes or do the other lighter forms of cooking by electricity, and for that we offer you El Stovo, our electric disc stove, with a six inch top. It is attractive in design, with a protective plate that prevents injury to the finest-finished table top, so that you can use El Stovo on the dining table or sideboard, although it has capacity enough to make it a practical kitchen device. Attaches to any electric light socket. Guaranteed two years. Price, with cord and plug, $5.00.

To increase the usability of El Stovo, we furnish a cooking pan, chafing dish and cover, which gives you a splendid outfit for those delightful chafing dish concoctions. These dishes are all highly nickel plated and polished, and the combination makes an extremely attractive chafing dish outfit. Price of chafing dish outfit, $5.00.

We will stop with just a word about El Boilo, which is our immersion heater; made in two sizes. Plunge it directly into the liquid to be heated, turn on the current and you will get results almost instantly. El Boilo is a smooth cylinder of highly polished metal, very easy to keep clean and is entirely sanitary. A connecting plug makes it very simple to disconnect. Price, 7-inch size, for personal use, $3.00; 9-inch size, $4.00. This size is designed for kitchen use, for dentists and doctors, or wherever a few cups of hot water is wanted quickly.



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Dealers and lighting companies in most towns sell Hotpoint appliances. If you do not find them, send check to nearest office and we will gladly pay express charges.

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Dealers and Lighting Companies

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Don't attempt to cut into a valuable piece of silk, satin or other delicate material unless you are sure your scissors or shears are going to make a clean, sharp cut.

This is a question not only of quality and sharpness but—probably more than anything else—adjustment.

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are perfectly and permanently adjusted. Without side pressure, blade meets blade from joint to point with absolute precision. They are designed for fine work, but of such sturdy construction that the heaviest fabrics will not dull them or disturb their adjustment.

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If not at your dealer's, write us.

Simmons Hardware Company (Inc.)
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD

(Continued from Page 10)

do not think he ever knew how long he was at sea. He only knew he had been beached and had subsisted since on seafowl, crabs, shellfish and a fox or two which he had managed to bring down by means of the spiked end of the boathook.

Paddy and I had found out all that we required to know regarding the identity of the owner of that big foot and started back to camp. We were about half a mile away when Paddy paused, hand uplifted; and his was a white face. I listened, and there came to us very faintly the subdued crack of a rifle. In all we heard at least a dozen shots fired.

"Hurry, Dan!" says Paddy; and he started running.

"It's too late to hurry, Paddy, my boy," I answered. "If the cook or Baptiste is using that rifle there's no need to hurry; and if the lone inhabitant of this wilderness is using it, it strikes me we'll be out of luck if we go tearing into camp by way of the beach. If Bjornsen has sneaked up and secured that rifle he is attacking Peters and Baptiste for the grub and the boat. No, Paddy; we will not hurry that way. Instead, we will climb up off the beach, take to the timber and scout in round back of the camp, where we will be under cover and stand a chance. Besides, we want to get our hands on the remainder of the grub. We need it."

Ten minutes later we were sneaking down through the little scrubby spruces and were within fifty yards of the camp. The shooting was still going on; so we pressed down a little closer, parted the bushes and looked down, past the camp, to the beach.

The first thing we saw was the cook, lying quietly among his blankets, just as we had left him; and down on the edge of the beach there stood a great, shaggy man, with a rifle in his hands, firing away at Baptiste, who was in the boat and pulling out of range as hard as he could.

"Cook's dead!" says Paddy, very matter of fact. "Let's sneak down and grab our blankets and as much of the grub as we can. That's Bjornsen, all right, and this is a war of extermination. Dead men tell no tales; and, now that he's started, he'll have to finish the job or hang. We had better act while his back is turned."

Paddy was right; so we ran down to the camp. The Swede had evidently sneaked up on the cook from the woods in the rear the minute he saw Paddy and me leaving camp. He had used a club and then taken possession of the rifle and ammunition and started after Baptiste, who fortunately was out in the boat fishing and thus was enabled to beat a quick retreat.

Paddy and I managed to grab about a week's grub between us, and we each took a blanket. We had to leave a few cans of sardines and beef behind, but these we tossed away into the underbrush. Then we sneaked back among the trees, climbed to a rocky point about a hundred yards above the camp and awaited developments.

Apparently Baptiste got out of range unhurt, for presently Bjornsen ceased firing at him; and a few minutes later we could make out the figure of Baptiste, resting on his oars about half a mile out and evidently watching what might take place ashore.

"Thank God, Baptiste has gotten away with the boat!" I whispered to Paddy. "The Frenchman is true blue. He's poached too long to fear a rifle, and he'll be back on the beach tonight looking for us. He knows we'll be on the lookout for him; and, besides, I imagine he could see us as we raided the camp and will know what we're up to."

Paddy McCabe answered never a word, but lay there chewing his thumbnail; and there was the look of hate in his black Irish eyes as he watched Bjornsen coming back to the camp to take stock of the proceeds of his foray. He was long and gaunt and hairy; he looked positively devilish as he stood, rifle in hand, beside the dead cook and glanced round him hungrily. Suddenly we heard him snarl, for all the world like a trapped animal; and his face, as it was slowly turned in every direction seeking the vandals who had robbed him of the fruits of the fight, was horrible in the intensity of its ferocity and hate.

It was interesting to watch the man. He had no idea possibly of how many persons were in our party and whether they were armed or not; and for several minutes he stood erect, as if inviting death and wondering why it didn't come. I am certain that up to that time he had not the slightest suspicion of our identity, for by a strange coincidence the boat in which we had arrived did not bear the name of the schooner. As we watched him he shifted the rifle in his hands and worked the lever as if examining and testing the weapon.

"Watch him," whispered Paddy. "The rifle has my name cut in the stock."

Almost before the words were out of Paddy's mouth Bjornsen gave vent to the most demoniac chuckle that I have ever heard from human lips. That chuckle had in it all the elements of savage joy, triumph, hatred, mirth and murder that ever befouled the lips of aught but a fiend.

"He twigs," whispered Paddy McCabe softly. "He knows whose rifle it is now and he has remembered that it was the only rifle aboard the Bonnie Doon. He won't be afraid of us in the open now, for he knows that if we are armed it is only with shotguns, and he can kill us at long range. He'll be careful enough in the timber, though; and that's where you and I must stick, Dan'l, until ——"

He didn't finish the sentence, but again his hard little fist slipped back to the long beaming-knife and I knew what he was thinking of. We had to catch the Swede asleep. The men who put Halvor Bjornsen over the side into that small boat could expect no mercy.

Meantime the Swede was bending over the body of the cook, and the chuckling still continued. Out beyond the breakers Baptiste still rested on his oars and scanned the beach.

Presently Bjornsen straightened up, stood irresolute for a moment and then began to circle slowly round the little camp in ever-widening circles. He was looking for "sign."

"Let's be off!" I whispered to Paddy. "We'll double back through the trees and come out farther down the coast, where we'll try to signal Baptiste from the beach. If he sees us he'll follow and land where we can get aboard."

Paddy laughed grimly. "The Swede knows that, and he'll follow Baptiste down the coast; and he'll arrive in time, never fear. The man must finish what he has started or be an outlaw from justice all the days of his life. If he can kill us off and secure the boat he has a chance of escape; and when he is picked up it will be as a survivor of the schooner Bonnie Doon. However, let's give him a run. We have grub and he has not; and the sooner we tire him out the sooner we can finish him."

We sneaked away through the trees and made a wide détour in order to come out on the beach half a mile below the camp and endeavor to signal to Baptiste. We walked rapidly, making as little noise as possible, and at the end of twenty minutes we came out on the crest of a high, craggy knoll about a hundred yards back from the beach. Stunted spruce crowned this knoll, which ended in an abrupt jumping-off place. We walked to the edge and looked over into a chasm with rocky, precipitous walls about thirty feet deep. The chasm was about sixty feet long and twenty feet wide—a veritable deathtrap in that it was screened from the view of the unwary by the fringe of spruces that grew round the rim. In some bygone age perhaps a meteor had struck the earth at this point; and where it buried itself this chasm resulted.

"I'll step out on the edge of this bluff," said Paddy, "and try to signal Baptiste with my blanket. While I'm trying to attract his attention, Dan, suppose you go down on the beach and keep your eye peeled for that murdering Swede. I feel certain he'll follow Baptiste down the beach. If you see him coming you can take to the timber and join me up here."

I assented, because I thought that from the beach I stood more of a chance of attracting Baptiste's attention than did Paddy shaking a gray blanket from a gray bluff against a gray sky.

As I went down on to the beach I looked up and saw Paddy standing out on the rocky headland, wigwagging with his blanket. I turned for an instant to look out to sea, in order to ascertain whether or not Baptiste had detected the signal. There, bobbing up and down outside the breakers, was the boat; but, for all that I rubbed my eyes and looked again, Baptiste was not to

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be seen. A minute before he had been there, sitting erect on the thwart amidships, flipping the water idly with his oars in order to keep her head up to the slight sea.

I turned, half frightened, and glanced up at the rocky point where Paddy McCabe had been standing. He, too, had disappeared.

I stood on the beach for about half a minute, staring up at the point where Paddy had stood. I was filled with a something that wasn't fear and yet something that was deeper and deadlier than fear. I guess it was grief, or maybe it was the horror of being left alone, for I was mighty fond of Paddy; and it looked kind of ugly to see the blanket he had been signaling with flapping from a rocky projection—and not a sign of Paddy!

I didn't have to wait long for an explanation. Suddenly Bjornsen came out on the edge of the point and looked over into the deep, rocky pocket that Paddy and I had noticed. He stood there a moment, sharply silhouetted against the sky, and I stood there on the beach, staring at him.

Not for long, however. A bullet kicked up the shingle at my feet and I broke for the timber, with the Swede shooting at me as I ran. I reached the shelter of the trees without mishap and struck out at a fast walk for the interior of the island, for I knew now what had happened to Paddy. The pounding of the surf on the beach had drowned the sound of the rifle shot that had tumbled him off the bluff; and, since the Swede had not wasted further ammunition on him, I knew that poor little Paddy's troubles were over.

I hung to the grub like grim death, for I knew now that Halvor Bjornsen was one of those men who can follow a trail, and it was death for Dan Bedford to loiter on the way. I knew Bjornsen to be without food; and I couldn't help laughing a little when I reflected that he must depend on his rifle for grub and I could hear the shots and thus be enabled to avoid him. And he would probably build a fire to cook his meat by, and that would give him away. Oh, I wasn't worried so long as I could keep ahead of him far enough.

Somehow, I felt wonderfully calm and able to think as I traveled along through the woods that covered the interior of the island. The Swede held the trump hand with the rifle, but I had the grub and my health and strength; and I knew I'd outgame him.

Don't imagine I was frightened, sir. I wasn't. That breed of seadog never makes a poacher. The ease and quickness with which Bjornsen had sneaked up on Paddy, trailing us through the woods, showed me what an animal I had to deal with. "Very well," I thought; "let him trail me. Only it will be a long, long trail, with blood at the finish." As sure as I know now that there is a God in Heaven, I knew I'd get him, rifle and all; and there alone in the heart of Akutan I stopped and swore to avenge my shipmates.

Ever been on Akutan? It's about fifteen or eighteen miles long and about five miles at its widest part. I circled it seven times in the seventeen long days and nights that followed. My boots wore out and dropped off, and I tramped barefoot and Halvor Bjornsen trailed me by the blood. I kept to the coast as much as possible, watching for some sign of Baptiste and the boat, and on the fourth day I found him. The boat had come ashore and Baptiste was lying in the bottom of it. Poor Baptiste! The Swede had plugged him through the thigh and touched the femoral artery. I think he bled to death; but he sat up in the boat and waited for us as long as he could—and he kept faith to the finish. I have known worse men than Baptiste. I carried him up beyond high-water mark and buried him in the sand. Then I rolled the boat over and over up the beach as far as I could, for I had an abiding faith that I would use it to leave Akutan after I had settled the account with Halvor Bjornsen.

You are wondering why, after I found the boat, I did not jump in and pull away from the island. I could have done so, for the oars were in the boat—Baptiste saw to that before his light went out; but there wouldn't have been any pleasure in leaving before I knew for a certainty that I had squared my account with Bjornsen. I wanted the man and so I stayed. I began to get a crazy notion in my head that I was a divinely appointed executioner, and that all in His own good time God would deliver Halvor Bjornsen into my hands.



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you sure *can*
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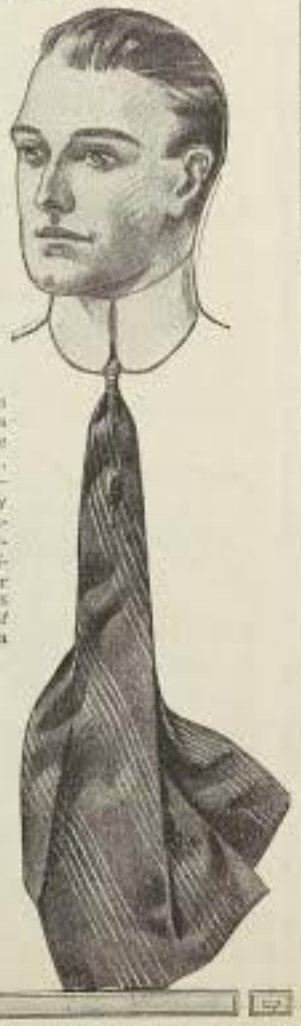
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Bjornsen must have lived entirely on the flesh of seafowl and foxes, for they were the only living things I saw on the island, with the exception of Bjornsen and myself. Several times I heard his rifle crack and saw the light of his campfires. Time and again I tried to sneak up on him, but he was too devilishly alert. He never left the rifle out of his hand. One night we camped within a hundred yards of each other and I could hear him talking and muttering for hours. He couldn't seem to get to sleep, as I hoped he would, and I knew he was worried. I guess, like you, sir, he was wondering why, when I found the boat first, I hadn't jumped in and taken a chance at sea. I am satisfied he knew by that time that he was dealing with Dan Bedford; and consequently he was worried and his sleep was light—too light, by far, for my purposes. I couldn't take a chance with my knife, so I went back to my old tricks of making him trail me round and round the island, for I knew he was getting weaker every day and pretty soon I'd manage to get him.

I made what grub I had at the start last me ten days; and then I circled back to the old camp and gathered up as much as I could find of the grub I had tossed into the bushes. On the fifteenth day this, too, was completely gone, and I went down to the beach and tried for crabs and tender young seaweed.

I was getting pretty weak myself and twice on the seventeenth day Bjornsen got within shooting range. This encouraged him and he pressed me harder than ever all day long and far into the night. What a wonderful man he was! Such strength! It began to dawn on me finally that unless I had some food it would be useless for me to attempt to keep ahead of him. I was sensible enough to realize that, even on fox flesh, the Swede was going to wear me out; and I made up my mind to come to close quarters and end it. I didn't care so much if he got me, provided I brought him with me; for the hate in my heart was all that I could know or understand now. All day long I thought I saw Paddy trudging along in front of me, beckoning me onward. All day long I had been working around toward the point where Paddy had met his death. I had avoided the spot heretofore, but now I recollected the chasm and the fringe of spruce that grew around the edge of it.

It was growing dark as I approached the spot from the south. When I came out on the edge I hid behind a big spruce, waiting until Bjornsen should come up at his staggering, shambling half trot, when I would spring out on him and endeavor to hurl him into the chasm; or, if that failed, we would go in together. It didn't matter so very much, so long as Paddy McCabe had company.

Presently, off among the trees, I heard a twig snap; and I knew he was coming. I pressed in behind the spruce and waited. He came on through the gathering gloom, stooping and peering for my trail.

Softly and purposely I coughed. Instantly he raised the rifle and fired at the sound, and I heard the bullet plunk into the tree above my head. I screamed as if I had been hit, and in that instant I had an inspiration. I hurled my knife across the chasm and in the stillness that followed my scream I heard the slight rustle of a bush across the chasm as the knife dropped into it. Halvor Bjornsen heard it too, for, with a savage grunt of satisfaction, he made straight for the sound. I crouched beside the tree as he lurched by—and then I heard him scream as he passed the edge of the chasm and stepped out into thin air. He slipped down, feet first, clutching at the weeds and mosses in the side of that death-trap, and I heard the heavy thump of his body as it landed on the hard floor of his prison. He lay there quiet for a moment and then I could hear him moving; so I knew he was alive—and that pleased me greatly.

From the edge of the cliff, kneeling far enough back so he couldn't reach me with the rifle, I talked with Halvor Bjornsen. In the bottom of the gorge I could not see him, but I talked with him, laughed at him, derided him for a fool and a bungler. I was overjoyed. I circled around and around him, shrieking with maniac laughter, like a mad hyena, for in that moment I was not human. And when I had tired of this I set about, in the gloom, gathering great boulders and piling them at the brink of the gorge against the hour when the moon should rise and I could safely settle with Halvor Bjornsen.

I had less than an hour to wait, but it seemed an eternity. Presently a warm, rosy glow came out of the sou'east, over toward the coast of Alaska, and slowly the moon came up out of the sea. I watched it rising in all its lonely splendor; and, as I watched, little by little there crept into me a feeling of revulsion at the deed I was about to consummate. All the hatred and vengeful longing that had been accumulating in my heart during those dreadful days faded slowly as the moon mounted higher and higher and sprinkled her beams over Akutan. And I thought, crouching there on the heights, with the quick and the dead below me in the gorge: "What if that great orb be the eye of Omnipotence! And, if it be, how trivial to the Arbiter of human destiny to behold the finish of this pitiful human struggle—the swallowing up of hatred and sin and revenge in the cleansing maw of Death!"

I thought of Peters, the cook, lying out under the stars, still wrapped in his blankets; of Baptiste, stark and still on the beach, deaf to the eternal sob of wind and wave; of Paddy McCabe, alone at last with his murderer in the gloom at the bottom of the gorge; of Dan Bedford, watching like a carrion crow in the horror of it all. I thought of old man MacGregor and the Bonnie Doon, and the lost ones off in the fogs of Okhotsk Sea; and, as the moon climbed higher and higher over that harsh land that God had forgotten, strange thoughts came into my brain, and in that moment I knew the worth of peace, the unutterable solace of decency and that sense of security that must come to a law-abiding man.

All the time Bjornsen crouched, bruised and battered, but lively and full of fight, on the floor of the chasm. I heard him, but I hardly understood. I was thinking of other things, but mostly that Halvor Bjornsen had to die and that I no longer cared to kill him. I have never killed a man—and God had taken Halvor Bjornsen in hand!

The moon, majestic and beautiful, continued its slow, fateful march across the heavens. Now it was directly over Akutan and the island swam in the white light—all save one dark spot where a little human tragedy was working to its logical conclusion.

The fringe of spruces shut out the moonlight from the gorge. But the moon passed on, and now a shaft of white light, filtering through a gap in the wall of spruces, fell—a single, shimmering streak of opalescence—down to the very bottom of the gorge; and as it fell there came from the lips of Halvor Bjornsen, murderer, a howl that ended in a moan. I felt sorry for him. I crept on my hands and knees to the edge of the abyss and looked over; and then I knew that it is not for men to judge the ways of the Almighty—that it is a sin to harbor revenge.

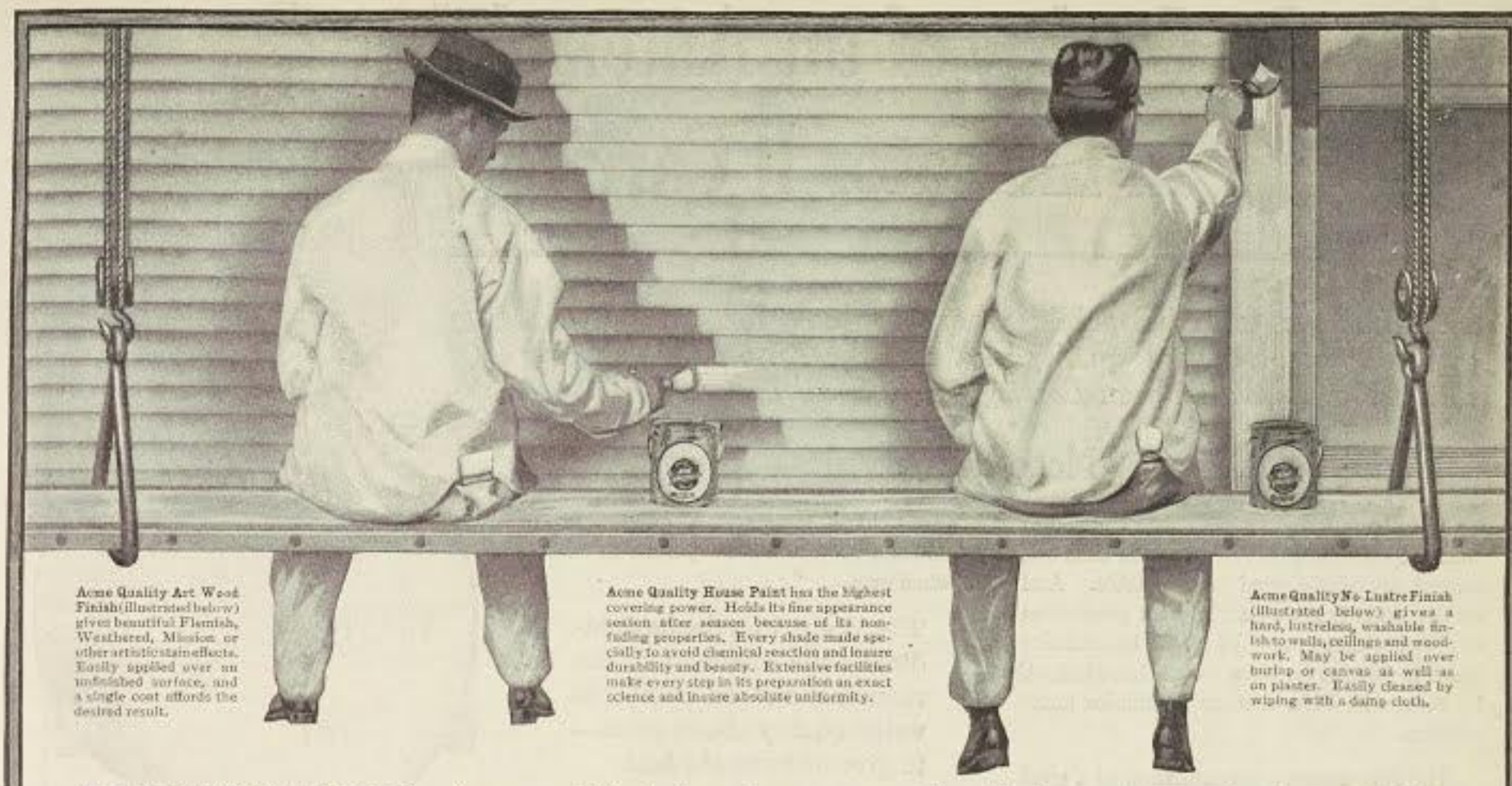
For what I saw, as I looked into the chasm, was the vengeance of the Lord on Halvor Bjornsen. It seems that when Paddy McCabe pitched off the bluff after Bjornsen had shot him he landed at the foot of the almost perpendicular wall of rock in a sitting posture, with one arm flung out and resting over a low rock, his head leaning back against the wall of the gorge and his face a little upturned. Thus he awaited the Judgment. And that single streak of moonlight, filtering down through the spruces from out of the still, frosty air, lay on dead Paddy McCabe like a spotlight, with his stiffened arm resting across the rock and his dead finger pointing Bjornsen out to God!

I knew then—I knew! And I fled from that tribunal of God and never paused until I reached the boat that I had hauled up on the beach. I rolled it over and over down the beach until I reached the water; and then I climbed in and pulled away over the glimmering sea—anywhere, anywhere! if only I could leave behind me that land accursed!

Three days later the William Bayliss picked me up at sea unconscious in the bottom of the boat; and when I was strong again I signed on for the cruise and went up into the Arctic to forget.

. . . . . .

"I've been a hard, hard man, sir, but I've seen the Light, and I understand many things that are Greek to you, my dear Three-Fingered Jack. . . . No, I don't care for any more drink. . . . I'm going to try to keep away from drink. . . . I want to be of some use in the world. Good night."



Acme Quality Art Wood Finish (illustrated below) gives beautiful Flemish, Weathered, Mission or other artistic stain effects. Easily applied over an unfinished surface, and a single coat affords the desired result.

Acme Quality House Paint has the highest covering power. Holds its fine appearance season after season because of its non-fading properties. Every shade made specially to avoid chemical reaction and insure durability and beauty. Extensive facilities make every step in its preparation an exact science and insure absolute uniformity.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish (illustrated below) gives a hard, lustreless, washable finish to walls, ceilings and woodwork. May be applied over burlap or canvas as well as on plaster. Easily cleaned by wiping with a damp cloth.

DECORATIVE paints and finishes have a marked influence on the home life. They are one of the things that fix the plane of living—and few in which quality counts so largely. Whether outside or inside, paints must withstand many kinds of wear—the wear of soap and water, the wear of feet, the hard, driving, wear-and-tear of weather. Wearing value as well as appearance-value should be carefully considered in the paints you choose for the house exterior as for re-surfacing woodwork or furniture.

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS, ENAMELS, STAINS and VARNISHES

—there is one for every purpose—are specially made to give you the fullest satisfaction both in wear and beauty. Each will readily demonstrate its superiority in its own particular field.

Acme Quality House Paint is best for the house exterior—which is in the eye of everybody. Durable—of great covering capacity and beauty. It combines white lead, zinc oxide and re-inforcing pigments in proportions to give the most satisfactory results. Pure refined linseed oil—the material that gives life to paint. Specify **Acme Quality** and you are **sure.** It is essentially the paint to give to the home an air of distinction that will remain.

Acme Quality Art Wood Finish is made to apply over an unfinished surface. An old and worn finish may first be removed by using Acme Quality Paint and Varnish Remover. Then a single coat of **Art Wood Finish** obtains the desired artistic effect.

Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish is unapproachable for walls which are to be cleaned from time to time by wiping with a damp cloth. Ready for use, and applied like an ordinary paint. Gives a smooth, even, durable, washable surface. One gallon is enough to give two coats over a surface 500 to 600 square feet.

Your dealer doubtless has Acme Quality Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes and will give you color cards to choose from. If he cannot supply you, write us. Send for a complimentary copy of

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

—a complete painting and finishing hand-book. Tells just what should be used for any purpose, and precisely how it should be applied. Beautifully illuminated—the illustrations suggesting interior and exterior treatments. FREE. Write now, addressing

Acme White Lead and Color Works
Dept. Q, Detroit, Mich.



Judge the Quality of an Automobile by the Speed Indicator It Carries



SINCE we told the public where to look for the outward evidence of inward quality in a car, the Automobile Buying and Using Public has been *Looking for the Speed Indicator.*

Now Note the Result—

They have found (as we said they would) that the car with the Warner on the dash was almost invariably good and reliable. And on the other hand, that the great proportion of the cars they examined which had inferior speed indicators on them were acknowledged, by those who *know cars,* to be inferior automobiles.

The only excuse a manufacturer of a good car can offer for putting on an inferior and unreliable speed indicator as equipment is *price.*

Buyers reason that if such a manufacturer is willing to save money so glaringly in one place there is room for reasonable doubt as to the quality of the car in other respects.

To get a line on the real quality of an automobile, *look for the speed indicator.*

The Warner Auto-Meter is the highest priced speed indicating instrument made. It is a true instrument in every sense. It is known to be sensitive, accurate and reliable. Hundreds of users have transferred their Warner to the sixth and seventh car. These Warners have indicated a mileage up to 90,000 and 100,000 miles—yet are as reliable as when new.

The Warner on the dash indicates the intention of the manufacturer or owner to value quality above price—to give or have *the best.*

Reliable manufacturers are consequently equipping or supplying the Warner Auto-Meter with their cars. Other manufacturers and their agents and dealers are figuring how to give a convincing answer to the buyer who asks this question:

"How can any car manufacturer claim that he uses the choicest and best of everything throughout his car when the speed indicator—the most prominent and most looked-at thing on the car—is known to be cheap and inferior in every way?"

Motorists are becoming more and more persistent in asking this question and impatiently waiting for an answer. Such have little difficulty in getting with their cars an accurate, reliable and wondrously durable

New Model M2, $125

The New Model M2 has an *Extra Trip Reset*, permitting the trip odometer to be set to start at any desired mileage. The highest-grade Chelsea Clock now has *outside wind and set* (see illustration). This model is supplied with Warner large-figure odometer.

Season, 100,000 miles and repeat.

Trip, 1,000 miles and repeat.

Electric lights over clock and under bezel of instrument. The most popular Warner model.

Model K2, the same as New Model M, but without the Chelsea Clock, is also very popular at $75.

Model O2—"The Twin"—is the same instrument as New Model M above, but with large Chelsea Clock, same size as Auto-Meter, and set horizontally beside it. The *ultimate* in high-class instrument making—$165.

Auto-Meter prices range from $50, for Model R, upward to $145. Speed mechanism is the same on all models. Style, Odometer and finish only are different. Any model, with 100 mile per hour speed dial, at slight additional charge. All regular dials show any speed up to 60 miles an hour.

The 1912 Unbreakable Shaft Casing

This is made from two sizes of High Carbon Spring Steel Wire (construction patented) wound into an oil-tight flexible tube which cannot be broken in use. This overcomes shaft troubles under greatest speed strains, jars or shocks.

WARNER AUTO-METER

"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators"

The Warner can be secured through reputable Automobile dealers in any city or town in the United States. Warner branches are maintained in all the principal cities for the convenience of these dealers and their customers. Inquiry to Beloit or at our branches is invited for Warner literature.

Warner Instrument Company

Main Offices and Factory

1194 Wheeler Avenue, Beloit, Wisconsin

Branch Houses Maintained at

Atlanta	Chicago	Denver	Kansas City	Philadelphia	San Francisco
Boston	Cincinnati	Detroit	Los Angeles	Pittsburgh	Seattle
Buffalo	Cleveland	Indianapolis	New York	Portland, Ore.	St. Louis

(128)

Beehler Folding Umbrella



The umbrella for you. Fits into a suitcase. Out of the way in fair weather: up in a jiffy when it rains.

Besides its great convenience, the Beehler is the best umbrella in every way. *Actually stronger than non-folding umbrellas* and costs no more.

Folding end is simple in construction and doubly reinforced. Detachable handle holds securely but easily taken off.

Superior crucible steel frame, rubber enameled to prevent rust.

Patent catch for raising and lowering—no pinched fingers.

Waterproof cover fabrics; and guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or run.

NAME-ON insures against loss. Your name and address worked into the fabric, if desired, brings the umbrella back if you lose it!

Write today for the Beehler booklet showing the different handles and cover fabrics.

Then you can go to your dealer and get just the style you want—**$1, $2, $3, up to $25.** If he hasn't it, write us and we'll see that you get it.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.
Founded 1828
Oldest umbrella house in America

IRONING With the SIMPLEX IS A PLEASURE



It will less in a few moments what would require hours by hand. The work will have a better finish and cost less for fuel. **To continue the old hand method means to waste your time, strength and money.** It does not pay.

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The WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER

Two Hangers in One

USE either way, back or front. Press spring to open skirt or trousers hanger—release to close—one hand does it all.

Clamp made of hard wood—won't rust.

Sold by all department stores for 25c. If not at your dealer's, don't accept any other hanger, but send dealer's name and 25c and hanger will be sent prepaid.

WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER CO., 45 So. Front St., Philadelphia

Colonial Red Cedar Chest



The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Gift.

Don't send your garments to a cold storage. Save this expense and inconvenience. A **Red Cedar Chest** protects furs and clothing AGAINST MOTHS without camphor. Is dust, damp and vermin proof. Round with side copper bands. VERY ROOMY. Combines beauty and usefulness. Freight prepaid. DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY AT FACTORY PRICES. WRITE US TODAY for handsomely illustrated catalog. It shows many other styles and gives prices.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 75, Statesville, N.C.

THE TRADE WE ARE SCOLDED ABOUT

(Concluded from Page 15)

though, he is alert enough. One thing always holds him—honor! Say to the Latin-American that you expect him to do this or that as a matter of honor, and he is bound by a code that will hold more certainly than a contract.

Latin-America is often spoken of as a land of only two classes—upper and lower. The upper class is professional and mercantile. It owns the ranches, farms and plantations. It is rich—and travels. The lower class is made up of laborers. Demand is governed by the absence of a large middle class to some extent, for the lower class cannot purchase the conveniences and comforts that make up so large a part of our manufacturing output, and trade is more easily developed in luxuries that the upper class can afford, together with machinery and supplies needed in farming, mining, building, transportation and the enterprises they manage. Those who know the Southern continent, however, say that a solid middle class is now developing. Its members rise from the lower class as well as drop from the upper. The character of trade is therefore changing; and many American business men, instead of holding back in the belief that Latin-America offers no demand for their particular goods, would better investigate the actual market possibilities.

Long credits have become almost a bugaboo in connection with this trade, and many Americans keep aloof from Latin-America under the belief that they cannot sell on terms as liberal as European houses are said to grant. Much of this talk, says a well-informed authority, is purely competitive—that is, the European exporter keeps the subject of long credits alive as a means of scaring our manufacturers out of the market as well as of persuading Latin-Americans that they cannot do so well in dealing with us. European firms do give longer credits, but it is because manufacturers in those countries do not have the splendid home market of the United States to take their output. It is estimated by one authority that Latin-American merchants pay us cash for fully half of all we sell them and that the credit transactions there are safe, and time is little if any longer than American manufacturers grant to good customers at home. Credit information about Latin-American customers is obtainable with a little extra work. The American house that does best in that trade has its credit man begin investigating the prospective customers its salesmen call upon; and by the time the salesman has succeeded in landing his first order the credit man is in position to name the terms that can be safely granted.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early number.

Hard to Swallow

A NUMBER of years ago a Mormon apostle spent some time in Europe engaged in the work of proselyting. One night he was addressing a large audience in Liverpool and telling of the revelations that came to the Prophet of the Mormon Church according to the Mormons' belief.

"That isn't so!" shouted a man in the audience.

"Oh, yes, it is," replied the apostle.

"Then you believe in these latter-day miracles?" asked the man.

"I do."

The man arose from his seat and hurried to the platform. Presenting himself before the apostle he said:

"If you believe in miracles you can do one. Can you swallow me?"

"I can," replied the Mormon.

"Go ahead!" shouted the man.

"But, my friend," said the apostle, "when I say I can swallow you I do not mean I can swallow your clothes. Take off your clothes."

"What?" gasped the man. "Undress here—before all these people!"

"Certainly you must—if you desire me to swallow you," replied the imperturbable apostle.

The man hesitated, stammered and then ran off the stage—and the Mormon continued his discourse.

Packard MOTOR CARS 1902

THE Packard is the prevailing car at every touring center because it is a being of fibre and sinew. To such qualities has been added the unusual touch of elegance that gives the Packard its distinction in the motor car parade

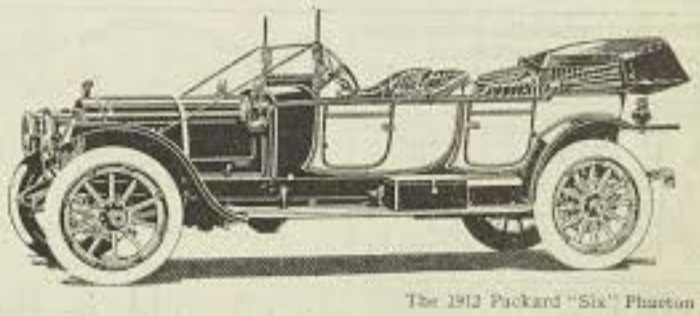
According to the registrations published in the Paris edition of the New York Herald, 53 per cent of all the cars driven by American tourists in Europe, from April 1 to July 1, were Packards and there were over three times as many Packards as cars of any other make.

Since 1907 the management of the Hotel Elton (Waterbury, Conn.) has kept a register for the use of touring automobilists. Every tourist is registered who has stopped there in the last four years. It is interesting to note that the three leading cars represented have stood in the same ratio for the last four years.
—*New York Herald*

The registrations at the Elton, as published in the New York Herald, show that among sixty-six makes 14 per cent of all cars were Packards and that there were nearly twice as many Packards as cars of any other make.

Ask the man who owns one

Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit



The 1912 Packard "Six" Phaeton

THE Kenyon Ken-reign COATS





Are useful nine-tenths of the time. Made in all types of rainproof fabrics. Special designs for every outdoor sport; foreign models and distinctive styles.

Practical weatherproof coats cannot be made without costly factory equipment. They must, therefore, be purchased ready to wear.

Sold everywhere by merchants of reputation. All bear the Kenyon label.

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NEW YORK Fifth Avenue Building At B'way & 23rd St. (Wholesale Salesrooms) CHICAGO Cor. Jackson & Fifth Avenue



Hotel Sherman

City Hall Square

Chicago

Although open but a few months, the Hotel Sherman has already the reputation of being Chicago's most desirable stopping place.

Every one of its 757 Rooms has its Private Bath and Running Ice Water

The Hotel Sherman offers the traveler every convenience, comfort and luxury. Rooms including bath, from $2.00 to $4.00; suites of 2 rooms and bath, from $4.00 to $8.00; larger suites of parlor, two bed rooms and two baths, from $12.00 to $15.00.

There is no hotel in Chicago that gives you as much for your money as the Hotel Sherman. Elbert Hubbard says in the July Fra:

"Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill."

Elbert Hubbard has also written "A Little Journey to Hotel Sherman," which we will be glad to send, free, upon request.

The College Inn—America's Famous Restaurant—is in the Hotel Sherman

Joseph Batfield, President
Frank W. Bering, Manager

Owned and Operated by Hotel Sherman Co.

REAL ESTATE BY MAIL

(Concluded from Page 7)

one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar lot free. Kindly present this notice within three days to our bank; and upon payment of their fee of two dollars for drawing and executing warranty deed, acknowledgment and notary's record, same will be delivered to you." Each sucker had thought there were only going to be ten lots free. Four hundred, whose names were chosen alphabetically, found they could not guess wrong. The land in question consisted of forty acres of rocks, one hundred and thirty miles from town.

Sometimes the free-lot game is varied by the use of bad titles or forged titles. A citizen of Georgia got into trouble in this way—advertising lands to which he had no title. In case of any apparent defects he simply forged a deed and started out in the quitclaim business. This man wrote to a printing company, asking if they could make an exact reproduction of an old deed, printed about 1840. The company, it is said, printed eight hundred of these deeds and thus gave the operator the machinery for his project. He would examine the records of a given town and, perhaps a couple of weeks later, send to the clerk of that county forged deeds covering lots held under supposedly valid titles for many years. He offered justices of the peace a commission of twenty per cent for selling lots and offered to guarantee his own titles. He would write to a victim: "We are not disposed to annoy or harass you, but hope we may adjust this matter without litigation." Sometimes the victim would pay over the money. This operator was convicted.

Land grants and clouded titles are also used as a cloak for nefarious real-estate schemes. A year or so ago there was a concern operating out in Ohio which sold Texas lands that very likely the seller had never seen. He missed the location of the Pecos River by a great many miles, invented towns that did not exist, and sometimes gave county recorders in Texas trouble in trying to find lands described as lying within their county lines.

It takes a certain amount of nerve to run a real-estate enterprise the success of which rests on fraudulent titles, clouded titles, forged deeds and quitclaim blackmail. It is much easier to take money away from the ignorant, who can be approached with coarser schemes that are not within the purview of the law. Ignorant foreigners, mill men and factory folks are easy game. The employees of some Chicago mills are regularly worked by a small coterie of Chicago land sharks, who sell them worthless sand-and-stump lands in Michigan. These men get their lands for little or nothing an acre and sell them at any price they can get. They operate through the columns of papers read by the victims, most of whom are more or less ignorant and clannish. Many instances have been uncovered of foreigners who have turned over their entire savings to these land sharks, only to find that their "farms" were wholly worthless. Sometimes they have been left stranded, without any means of getting back to the city.

A Chicago coterie for a time operated hand-in-glove with a political ring in Michigan, who worked a delinquent-tax land idea. A very pretty little scandal ensued, resulting in the appointment of a special commission.

The colored race does not buy much land, but it has not been overlooked in the plans of the land fakers. An old colored couple, now tending a clubhouse over in Michigan, were lured into that country as farmers by a glittering advertisement. They paid in four hundred dollars—all they could scrape together—and couldn't get back home. I have known of colored settlements in different places—even one in the far north of Canada.

Now, really, there is no potion to work a miracle in love or business. Nobody is going to give you something for nothing. Moreover, selling your home or buying your home ought to be an operation of the most careful and cold-blooded deliberation and judgment. There are plenty of reputable real-estate men in every city and town in the country. Never buy land or anything else without first carefully investigating the character of the men with whom you are going to do business.

Files of Dependable Quality

You can't tell the quality of a file by looking at it. You can't tell how long it will cut—how many flaws there may be in it—what the temper may be or how long it will last. You can, however, ask for

LIVERIGHT GOLD ★ MEDAL FILES AND RASPS

and *know* that you are getting the *highest grade* manufactured—files and rasps that cut faster and easier, hold their edge longer and in every way produce the best results. Gold ★ Medal Files are made of a *superior grade of crucible steel*, cut on the latest improved machinery by skilled workmen. Every one is tempered perfectly by a secret chemical process and is known everywhere as

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Made with all the care and precision that are put into the highest class dresses for grown folks.



Finest imported and domestic materials. Big, sanitary, well ventilated workshop. Well paid, expert operators. The very perfection of careful, painstaking workmanship—and styles that are right up to the minute. Sizes for children, juniors and misses.

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SEND 25 CENTS

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One-piece Russian Dress. Best quality Rugby Suiting; choice assortment of patterns. Trimmed with fast color Bulgarian braid—sizes 2, 3, 4, 5—
Price $2.50

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5c and 10c a card of 12. All Sizes.

Selected pearly buttons. Fish-eye, Beveled, Smoked, Cup and Iridescent Styles. Finest pearl buttons on the market. Sold by dealers or mailed on receipt of price. Sample card for 2c stamp and your dealer's name. Illustrated Booklet Free.

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We will enable you to get into the automobile business. More than 500 different towns need a new garage and automobile repair shop. We secure for you an agency that pays you $175.00 for each car you sell. We supply all necessary tools. Under our system you learn the entire business, chauffeur, repair man and salesman. You begin the course at home and can finish right in a factory where cars are built. We furnish you employment the day you sign a contract with us; we wait for part of our pay until you get it. Write for Plan No. A and handsome catalogue telling about getting started in the automobile business.



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Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled line"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 928 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

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YALE



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These are *facts* that you are bound to consider when you select *your* motorcycle.

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With Bosch Magneto $235
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Write for Yale literature today.

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

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Better than Tea or Coffee.

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch. Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

The 1912 REO for $1,000

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A Temporary Price—Made to Learn if This Price Can Be Profitable

This price is as yet an experiment. It is subject to change. Never before has a motor car maker attempted so much for the money. We may find that it can't be done.

But the car itself is not an experiment. It is the latest creation of Mr. R. E. Olds. It compiles an experience of 25 years in building gas engines—12 years in designing cars.

Back of this model are the tens of thousands of cars built by Mr. Olds. It embodies all that has been learned by the oldest man in the business, by the dean of automobile designers. On it is staked Mr. Olds' reputation. Our rashest competitor will hardly attempt to criticise the car.

As for the price, our first announcement quickly swamped us with orders. We are at this writing three weeks behind. On our present output—at present cost of materials—we can keep this price at $1,000. In any event, that's the price today at any Reo salesroom.

An Innovation

This is another attempt to keep ahead of the times. Motor car prices are bound to come down. We want to be first to strike bottom.

This is not a reflection on past prices—not on ours or others'. The past was a period of constant development, of ceaseless change. Mistakes were being made and corrected. One's whole equipment of machinery and tools might be made worthless by one season's improvements.

The older cars, like the Reo, are standardized now. There are no radical changes from year to year. The errors have all been corrected. Costly experiments are over.

Where we once bought parts we now make them. Where we once made a few thousand cars per year we now make many thousands. There is no reason at all why motor car prices, in the largest shops, should not now sink to the minimum.

No shop in America is equipped to build cars better or cheaper than we. It is us, we consider, to set the pace. Those are the reasons for this sensational price on this new, big, stunning car.

Not Cheapened

No man will suspect that, after all these years, we are reducing the grade of the Reo car. We need hardly discuss that. No man will conceive that Mr. R. E. Olds, America's foremost designer, will forfeit his fame on a retrograde car.

The fact is, this new Reo—at $1,000—is by far the best car that ever went from our shops. Every whit of the car—every feature in it—accords with the best engineering practice.

The engine—rated at 30 h. p.—shows 36 h. p. on brake test. Because of the top valves, it supplies more power for the cylinder size than any other engine we have ever tried out.

The axle bearings are Timken and Hyatt High-Duty. The carburetor is adapted to the present grades of gasoline.

The steel which we use is all analyzed, to know that it meets all our rigid requirements. The gears are tested in a crushing machine, under 27 tons' pressure. Our magneto is subjected to a harder test than any other magneto will stand.

Note the big wheels, the big tires. Note the car's roominess. Note its magnificent lines. With all of our knowledge, all our experience, there is no part of this car which we know how to better.

This car was not built to sell for $1,000. It was built to show the best we can do.

The Standard Car

From now on we shall build but one Reo chassis. That policy alone will save $200 per car. Without it, this price would be out of the question.

The 30-h. p., 5-passenger car has become the general standard. Any greater power is excessive. It makes upkeep expensive. Few people care to pay the price of excessive size, power or room. A very large percentage of cars sold in the future will approximate this type. So we confine our factories to it.

Cars of about this size and power are sold all the way up to $2,500. We ask you to compare any one that you wish with the Reo at $1,000. We are willing to abide by your judgment.

Ask for Details

The first step is to ask us for details. We publish on this car complete specifications. We state every material, every detail of mechanism. This will help you to make your comparisons.

The car itself can be seen at any Reo salesroom, and those salesrooms are everywhere. Find out what a remarkable, up-to-date car is being sold for $1,000. It will change your ideas about automobiles.

Write us now for the facts.

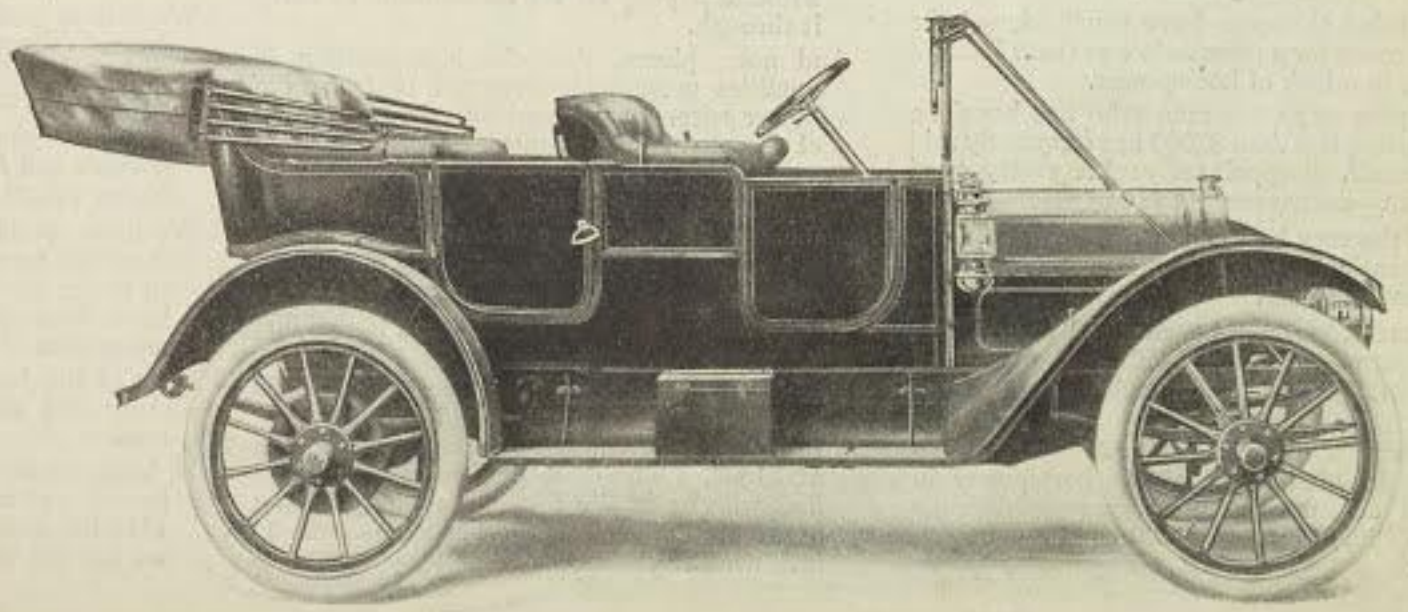
R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.

The New Reo "Thirty"

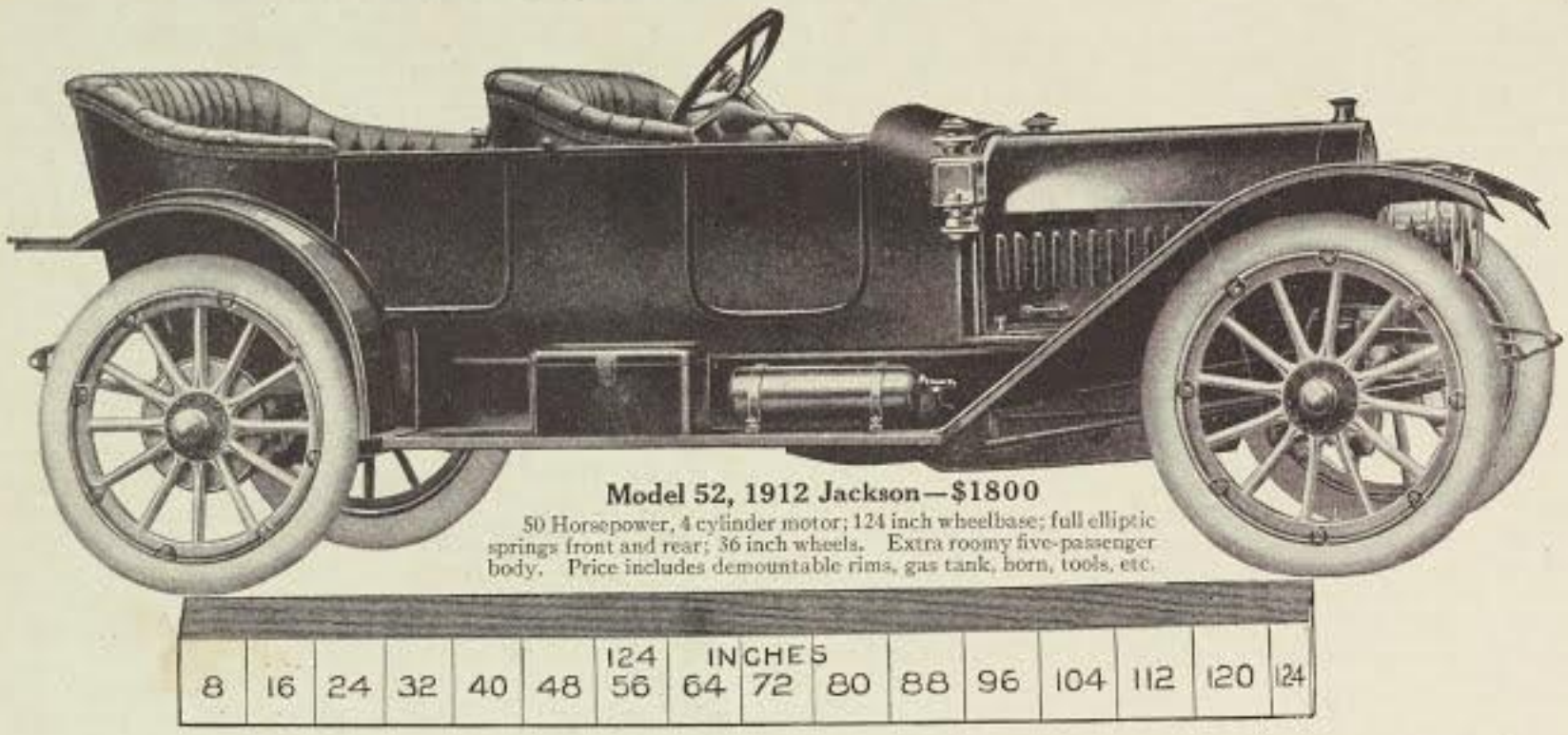
Five-Passenger Tonneau
Four 4x4½-inch Cylinders
108-in. Wheel Base
The Best of Magnetos
34x3½-inch Tires

A roomy, powerful Fore-Door Car—Mr. Olds' finest creation—for just $1,000

Top and windshield not included. We equip this car with a Mohair Top and Slip Cover, a Mezger Automatic Windshield, a Speedometer and a Gas Tank—all for $100 extra. (o)



Three new Jackson Cars which inspire interesting comparisons—in power, size, and price



Model 52, 1912 Jackson—$1800

50 Horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 124 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear; 36 inch wheels. Extra roomy five-passenger body. Price includes demountable rims, gas tank, horn, tools, etc.

Model 42, $1500, is built on the same beautiful lines, with 40 horsepower, four cylinder motor; 118 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear; 34 x 4 tires. Roomy five-passenger body. Price includes full equipment of top, windshield, gas tank, etc.

Model 32, $1100. 30 horsepower, 4 cylinder motor; 110 inch wheelbase; full elliptic springs front and rear; 32 inch wheels. Price includes gas lamps and oil lamps, horn, tools, etc.

Hold the prices of these cars in the back of your mind for a moment.

Make a mental note of the fact that the Jackson is not an untried product—that this is not the first, or the second, or the third, but the ***eleventh*** annual Jackson announcement.

It is the element of ***sustained reputation*** which makes this announcement noteworthy.

Consult your recollection of the Jackson. Recall the remarkably kind things you have heard of it in the past ten years.

Then turn, first, to the question of horsepower: a full fifty for the new Model 52; a full forty for the new Model 42 and a full 30 for the new Model 32 Jackson.

Bear in mind that you have usually found the chief reason for a price as low as these Jackson prices, in a lack of horsepower.

After a year or so, the man who has bought a car costing less than $2000 has frequently said to himself, disappointedly: "A pretty good car, but—***under-powered and sluggish.***"

Some of the very best cars at about $2000 have been marked by this poverty of power and stiffness of action.

Furthermore, you will be surprised to find that many cars selling for $2500 and $3000 fall short of the new $1800 Jackson in this one item.

Fifty horsepower in Model 52; forty horsepower in Model 42; thirty horsepower in Model 32; means vastly greater efficiency than $1800, $1500 or $1100 has brought you before.

Jackson

No hill too steep
No sand too deep

It means a car that runs willingly under any and all conditions—a car that will take a stiff grade or a hard pull through mud or sand without relying on its momentum to carry it through.

And note, please, that the incorporation of qualities presumably reserved to cars of a higher price, does not end with the installation of this engine of magnificent energy.

Everything else is in keeping—everything that should reinforce a power plant capable of meeting the extremest emergencies.

You have the long wheelbase which makes you dissatisfied with your own ***short, hard-riding car,*** after you've once experienced the gliding luxury of the larger type.

In this new thirty horsepower Jackson at $1100 a wheelbase of 110 inches and 32 inch wheels; in the forty horsepower, five-passenger Jackson at $1500, a wheelbase of 118 inches and 34 inch wheels; in the fifty horsepower Jackson at $1800, a wheelbase of 124 inches and 36 inch wheels.

Do you see how far forward this combination carries you toward the ***riding qualities*** that have made you long for the most expensive cars?

That the new Jackson models are beautiful cars you can see for yourself.

But we would prefer you to accept this grace of line and design as an after-consideration.

We want you to concentrate your inquiry upon the ***efficiency of the cars*** from an engineering standpoint.

We believe you will pronounce them the easiest riding cars the country has produced at any price under $3000; and equal in ease to any car over that price.

We believe you will find them unique at the price, in the matter of power, wheelbase, and springs, which are the Jackson full-elliptic, both front and rear, on all models.

We believe you will agree with us that they ***seriously call into question*** the prestige of the higher priced motor car division.

We have confidence that you will pronounce them the season's most valuable contribution to motor car progress. For eleven years we have been gradually ***preëmpting the special prerogatives*** of the costliest cars.

Most of the Jackson dealers are ready now to show and demonstrate the principal 1912 models.

If, however, our representative in your locality has not yet received his cars, write us for the 1912 literature; and try to be patient until we can get cars into your territory.

Jackson Automobile Company, 1020 East Main Street, Jackson, Mich.

THE FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 5)

After that Carter missed three tackles, and a successful buck walked all the way along his back. Then one of the Varsity halves rounded the scrub line and burst into clear. Carter went after him diagonally across the field. He gained; his legs felt like springs. He caught the fleeing back near the side line and, with a bounding tackle around the neck, brought him down.

The tackle being high, he brought him down upon his own stomach. Carter looked pretty well used up. "That will do for you today, young fellow," said Blair, who in some mysterious way appeared above the human huddle almost as it was formed.

He was still smiling. But in the tone of his voice, Carter, searching passionately, found a vestige of approbation.

IV

FOREVER afterward Carter was to remember the evening following this beginning.

As, sagging a bit with weariness, smoking and sodden, he went up the hill to the gymnasium, two contradictory feelings fought for possession within him. The first was that of weariness; intwined with it were the red pain of his nose, the soreness of his bones, an astonishment akin to stupor at the newly acquired knowledge that elbows and heads and knees could be so hard, that arms could swing so wild and feet stamp so heavily and body-shocks be so tremendous; and, together with this astonishment, a faint nausea, a repugnance to physical contact, a slight shrinking from the game.

The other had come with his first tackle and was waxing still. It was of satisfaction and of peace; of profound satisfaction and exultant peace. It came from a memory still in his shoulder and along his back. The memory in his shoulder of the contact with the charge; of the perfect efficiency of that contact. It had been like the decisive application, near the root, of a scythe to grass; the memory along his back of the crunch above, of the bump of the mass collapsing along his spine. He had done it with his own body, accurately applied, all alone. With his own body, heaved with precision and with strength, he had shattered all alone the concerted charge of the backs, of the whole eleven, of the eleven Varsity men, whose names ran on lips, whose pictures flamed in colored supplements; about whom always went the little circular vacuum of mystery and romance and awe.

The two feelings fought; sometimes one gained, sometimes the other. Sometimes it was to the acrid reaction that he was most sensitive, bitter lees of his effort; and disgust whelmed him. Sometimes it was to the deep satisfaction of a deed fully done; and he thrilled.

Once in the quarters, it seemed for a while as if the first of the two sensations were definitely to remain master. The basement room reserved for Freshmen was black and damp; his bare feet were upon a floor slimy with the sod brought in by the cleated shoes; from the open locker's black hole came an unpleasant smell. On the floor above, a happy buzz of voices could be heard—rough shouts, fragments of songs; down the stairs came whiffs suggestive of luxurious rubdowns, the rain of warm showers. For his bath, Carter had to make a leaping trip to the main part of the gym, his clothes over his arm. Naked between the four zinc walls, he turned on the hot water. Upon his hand held out tentatively came a lukewarm patter that almost immediately turned to cold. He resigned himself. He turned full both cocks and, with an anticipatory gasp, sprang beneath the icy boring needles.

He gurgled; his chest heaved like bellows. Upon his superheated body the water sizzled as though suddenly turned to steam; and simultaneously, to the provocation, every bruise upon him, every secret wrench, began to cry. His nose flamed. From his shock of hair came a cascade of fluid mud. But little by little the stream was doing its work. The water from his head at last ran clear. Gradually the boundary line of the sedimentary layer that cloaked him descended—to his waist, to his thighs, to his calves, to his feet, vanished; and that earthy mantle gone, all the buzzing small hot miseries winged away. The water filmed along his skin, a frigid ecstasy. He turned up his face to it, his brow to its cool breath; he opened his mouth, washed it out and drank long and deep. A tingle was coming into his veins, a glow into his eyes; profound inhalations cleaned him to the bone. He turned off the stream and sprang out, flashing white.

Beneath the ply of his towel his body now became rosy; and as he rubbed, stooping, rising, his muscles played liquidly beneath the skin. His eyes shone between the wet locks. When, with a strategic rush, he had regained the dressing room it was not sordid as before.

He dressed slowly, slipping on his garments with gingerly care of sensitive spots and resting a bit after each, his back against the locker, his parallel feet away from the wall. At each of these pauses he saw the room in the half-light. The whole squad was back now; all about him men were dressing, with movements which in the obscurity were as gesticulations, and, like him, in silence; but from above still came calls and snatches of songs and alcoholic whiffs of comforting rubdowns. He heard and saw all this but vaguely, absorbed more and more by a pleasant languor. Of evil impressions, of shocks and pain, nothing now remained; they lay there upon the floor with his discarded and soggy suit; in the outflow of the shower, with its grime and its earth. What he felt now were his muscles, supple with the bath; his silken skin; the blood running warm and clean through his veins; and in his shoulder the memory of the tackle, of the yield to its heave; and along his back the crumbling of the charge. To this something else added itself: a stirring at the pit of his being, at once delicious and urgent, imperious and vague.

He was now in his trousers, shirt and belt, and moved to a corner, before a little grimy mirror, to comb his hair. It was wet, and with the brush he slapped it down mercilessly. He put on his collar and tie; and, as he patted the knot into place, suddenly there came to him the name of that delicious and imperious something that stirred within him. It was hunger. He was hungry! But hungry as he had never been before; with a hunger such as he had never felt—a hunger keen, clear and clean and ardent; keen as a cold north wind, clear as the icy waters of a brook, clean as oxygen, ardent as a flame—a hunger that went with laughter and love of life; a profound, a complete, a divine hunger! He laughed at his face in the glass. "Gee whiz, but I'm hungry!" he cried.

He put on his coat and picked up his grip. He had yet three-quarters of an hour's ride to his house in the neighboring town; but the hunger that he felt held nothing of fretful impatience. It was something deep and calm and serene as a good conscience, a hunger almost good enough to keep. At the door he stopped and looked back, seized by a soft, uncertain regret; by that hesitation which holds us on the threshold of a moment to which, an instinct tells us, our memories will often tug back later, fondly and with melancholy. Carter stopped at the door, looked back and waited.

From the upper floor, steps were coming down the stairs, light, agile, running steps. The man appeared in the half-light. Carter withdrew within the shadow. It was Blair who was approaching. He came along swingingly toward the door, passed it; he threw no glance toward the shadow against the wall. But as he went on hurriedly, without turning his head, a brief order came from him. "Take your dinner at the training table tonight."

"Me, sir?"

"Yes; you."

He had already gone. "Yes, sir," said Carter, breathless, addressing the darkness in which Blair had sunk.

"At the training table!" Carter's left hand, the one that was not holding the grip, went up in the air and cracked like a castanet. Immediately the hand went down again and Carter looked about him, shamefaced. He was alone, though, and it was dark. He took a new hold of his grip and went on to the training house.

The training table had been established in one of the University cottages, in a fragrant hollow by the creek. The partitions had been torn out, leaving of the old interior only a small room by the entrance, a



In place of complicated gears, valves, pumps—

In place of leather bellows or rubber diaphragms, which from their very nature must soon leak and wear out—

The Sturtevant vacuum cleaner has a revolving fan.

It is the same fan principle by which other Sturtevant machines suck great cargoes of wheat from the holds of ships—simple, powerful, steady.

There is nothing to the Sturtevant except that fan, a motor and a dust screen.

Yet it has made over the whole process of vacuum cleaning.

It has swept away every vestige of complex mechanism.

It has replaced perishable parts with steel and aluminum which years of use cannot impair.

It has produced a cleaning power of a continuous efficiency never known before, yet so regular in its action that it will not injure the most delicate fabric.

It has freed household vacuum cleaning from every drawback. It realizes a new ideal of cleanliness, of health, of comfort.

It not only cleans but renovates. With its ten special tools it cleans every sort of surface and reaches every corner. It will more than pay for itself every year it is used.

If you would like to know all that household vacuum cleaning can be—If you would like to see why you can't afford not to have a vacuum cleaner —

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Machines may also be seen and purchased at offices of

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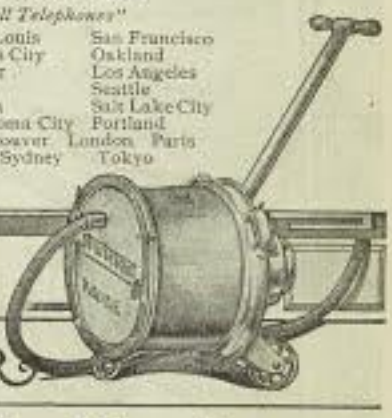
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"American" Cash Registers

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We make only high-grade Cash Registers, but sell them at reasonable prices and on accommodating monthly terms.

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The Junior Tattoo

The alarm clock with many uses

Until you own a Junior Tattoo you have not half known or appreciated the luxury of an alarm clock.

A Gentle Good-Morning

For use in your own bedroom, to call you in the morning, it has no equal. It does not call with a rude, jarring, clanging shock. Instead it pleasantly greets you with a cheery "Good morning." If you do not arise, it repeats, and twenty seconds later it speaks again. It will continue to do so every twenty seconds for five minutes unless you arise and turn the switch.



Actual size. Hardly larger than an ordinary watch

If you travel, carry it with you. Put it into your bag—with or without the leather case—you will find it ticking and uninjured when you need it at night.

Furnish your guest room with a Junior Tattoo. Your guests will be at ease, independent of servant's calls, and will be sure to be punctual, if it is desirable.

Are you a housekeeper? When you place your bread or cake in the oven, set the Junior Tattoo alarm at the desired hour. Go about your work. At the proper time it will warn you to open the oven.

Provide your servants with the Junior Tattoo—then they will have no reason for tardiness. The Junior Tattoo is reliable and durable. We make it in our fine Watch Department.

Dealers everywhere sell it, but if you cannot secure it easily in your own town, send $1.75 each (or $3.00 if with a rich red or black leather case) for as many as you want. We will deliver prepaid in the United States. Please mention your dealer's name.

Our interesting short story, The Uprising of John Hancock, Salesman, with a full description of the clock, mailed free to anybody sending the name of dealer.

Dealers wanted everywhere. Have you seen our monthly trade journal, The Junior, edited by Charley, the shipping clerk?

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The Baldwin Player Piano



Good Music For Your Guests

The best of fine music, including "everybody's favorite," at constant command.

The Baldwin Player-Piano

Of marvelous simplicity and accomplishment; a mechanism enabling you to reproduce, photographically, every subtlety of an artist's style,—or, to read into the lines your own interpretation of the composer's meaning.

The distinctive character of the Baldwin Piano exacted a "Player" of particular scope and refinement; one capable of *fully* exploiting Baldwin-tone.

Baldwin player-mechanism is the mate ideal of the Baldwin Piano.

The result is "a new kind of player music" in which the performer's enjoyment is spontaneous and personal, the tonalities beautiful, the artistic illusion complete.

Let us send you the Book of the
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kitchen at the rear, and simplifying the rest to two big halls, separated by folding doors, along the center of which the long tables ran. Carter seated himself timidly in the interior hall, at the foot of the second table, which was the table of the scrubs and Freshmen.

He sat there and ate as in a dream. At his table the men, most of them new, did not know each other well; there was a silence here, partly from this fact, partly from the subjugating atmosphere that came from the other long room, where sat the Varsity and its brilliant substitutes. Before Carter the long plane of cloth stretched white, cut here and there by a glass vase in which stood rigid a bouquet of celery, and lined by glowing and battered faces. Then came the open folding doors and then the other table, about which sat the Varsity men. They sat at ease, the men of legend, plying knife and fork, conversing shortly between mouthfuls. A comradeship bound them, and the sense of their place in a rigid hierarchy. Carter opened wide upon them his eyes and his ears. Snatches of their talk came to him: "Rotten today!"—"Did you see the kid run, though?"—"That was a good one you gave me; you wait till I get my chance." Whenever at Carter's table a voice was raised some one from over there bellowed: "Not so much noise; heigh, you Freshmen!" Suddenly one threw a hot potato across the table and a short but vivid "rough-house" followed, to the delight and admiration of the lower table.

After a while Carter's attention traveled even beyond the Varsity table, beyond it to the door, ajar, of the small room by the entrance. It was there that Blair dined with the manager. Carter's eyes went there and remained there. They remained there as upon a shrine.

He had finished at last, however, without being conscious of how he had done so, his rare roast beef, his potatoes, his oatmeal water and pudding. It was late; he would be missed at home. Picking up his grip, he slid along the wall. He went up on his toes instinctively as he passed the Varsity table; and by the small room, with its door ajar, he hurried as if frightened.

At the end of the carline, at the bridge over the little creek, he had to wait rather long before the lighted car came clattering into the switch. He got inside, taking a corner forward. There was another wait. The motorman came through, controller in hand; the conductor swung the trolley to the rear; back upon the platform he looked at his watch meditatively, then came inside and sat down. He rose again, looked once more at his watch, and his hand rose to the string above him. Two bells sounded forward, followed by the motorman's resonant clang, and the car moved shiveringly out of the switch.

There was a patter of hurried feet out in the night, the thump of a springy landing upon the platform; the door slid open—closed. Blair walked down the aisle and threw himself into the corner opposite Carter. Only when comfortably arranged did he look up and see Carter. A short nod followed the glance. Without a pause he slid out of his pocket a yellow-backed book and began reading.

The flush that had suffused Carter's face at this brusk entry and short salutation gradually left him; from half-closed lids, furtively, he watched Blair. Whenever, turning a page, the latter seemed liable to raise his attention from the book, Carter turned his head quickly and looked forward into the window, opaque with night, at his elbow; but there were long moments when his observation was undisturbed. There was about Blair, about his face, his hair, his collar, his tie, his garments, a certain impeccability common to the other Varsity men. It seemed as if these men, coming out of toil and sweat and effort and mud, felt a need of erasing the memory with things immaculate and fresh. In Blair there was more. His blond hair, beneath the well-set hat, was plastered upon the temples; his fingernails were trimmed and polished; his trousers, cut to an extreme style, were pressed; a pearl pin stuck in his tie coquettishly askew; a carnation was in his buttonhole; there was in his appearance something indefinably festive. Suddenly Carter felt floating back in his mind rumors that had come to him before; vague hints of impetuous and unruly living, always infallibly brought forth wherever, in groups, the captain's field prowesses were recounted, and which enveloped his personality with a haze of mystery and romance. Where was he going now, with that indescribably dashing and festive air after the day's work, in the full season of preparation—he, captain of the team, center of its hopes and bearer of its responsibilities? Visions flamboyant and unrealistic surged into Carter's young and ingenuous brain; he saw an underground place and a round table about which fellows raised foaming glasses; an indistinct, silken and multicolored whirl, and bouquets of bared bosoms ——

"Did you get hurt?"

Carter fell back upon real earth. It was Blair who was asking the question; it had sounded loud in the empty car. He was leaning forward, one finger engaged between the closed pages of the book; he was looking straight at Carter and upon his face was no smile, but only a frank and serious solicitude. Carter blushed; his eyes dropped to his right knee which, he found now, his hand had been mechanically rubbing and in which was a twinge of pain. He looked up again. Blair was still leaning forward, the sincere question in his face. "No, sir," blurted Carter quickly. "No, sir—I didn't get hurt."

This seemed the only possible answer to make, caught as he was in the midst of his indiscreet reflections—to this man, his captain, to whom, doubtless, pain was something to trample under foot. It was a saphead only who could be hurt, who could avow hurt. "No, sir," he said again, frowning as if surprised.

For an instant, in a flare, across Blair's countenance passed the old, disturbing smile; then he dropped comfortably back into his corner, reopened his book and resumed his reading. A moment later, Carter, looking out of the window, saw his corner approach; he picked up his grip and got out.

He sank to sleep that night in an exaltation of fine visions. In turn, the events of the day presented themselves: the physical director saying, "Captain Blair wants to see you"; Blair, blond, lithe and splendid, leaning forward, feet apart, thumbs in pockets, saying, "I want you to report for practice on the field this afternoon"; his first tackle—the profound satisfaction of it in his shoulder; the dinner at the training table. Through all these recollections—the only disquieting note—Blair's smile floated, creative of inexplicable contradictions, of hostility and devotion. But there was the ride in the car, Blair leaning forward, solicitous, saying, "Did you get hurt?" and the proud answer: "No, sir." A tenderness whelmed the sleepy boy at that memory; followed, even while its wake still trailed in his soul, by a savage resolution for the morrow.

Tomorrow he would show them! It presented itself to him—the morrow—as a white, glittering sheen in which he romped godlike; supple, fleet, hard and strong. And on that glittering sheen his eyes closed.

The night was long. Through it he was aware of himself with a sort of double personality: aware of his body, tossing hot and sore; aware in the depths of oblivion of sudden vivid recollections that set his heart palpitating—aware of a hunger for the coming day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Football à la Homer

ONE morning, years ago, the men on the staff of the New York Sun were sitting in the city room waiting for their assignments.

Presently they heard a stamping on the stairs and they knew the chief, Charles A. Dana, was coming—and they knew, also, from the vigor of his tread that he was excited.

Mr. Dana pounded up the stairs and pounded into the room. He held crumpled in his hand a copy of that morning's paper and as he entered he almost shouted: "Who wrote that story? Tell me who wrote that story?"

Scenting trouble, the members of the staff tried to obscure themselves behind papers and desks. A few slipped out.

"Who wrote that story?" Mr. Dana demanded again. "I want to know who wrote that story?"

"What story is that, Mr. Dana?" asked Chester S. Lord as pleasantly as possible, wondering which of his bright young men was going to catch it.

"That football story," said Mr. Dana. "That football story, Mr. Lord. It reads like a page out of Homer!"

And the man who wrote it got a raise.

Oakland

TRADE MARK

"The Car of Minute Detail"

The Realization of An Ideal

OAKLAND Cars for 1912 represent the fulfillment of ideals and plans which we have been working on for two years—ideals that have reached full growth.

Experiments and tests have proven beyond a doubt that we have made no mistake.

It has been our aim to manufacture, for 1912, Models that will become motor car standards for their respective horse power rating, and fill every want for power and speed.

This we have accomplished.

For the coming season we announce a complete line of models which embody principles accepted by the leading automobile manufacturers of the world.

Models "45", "40" and "30" are uniform in design and construction—the only difference being the length of the wheel-base and the power.

These models are all equipped with unit power plants—the motor, clutch and transmission being one complete unit.

Note these important features. Leather-faced cone clutch, with springs under leather for smooth starting; selective transmission, three speeds forward and reverse; chrome nickel gears and shafts; drop forged I-beam axles, rear axles full floating type with removable differential; square tube radiators, large cooling surfaces; dual ignition system—magneto and battery.

All chasses are evenly balanced. All parts bear true relationship to each other. Each chassis is a complete unit. The four component parts—the motor, clutch, transmission and differential—are true separately and to each other. They act with precision and deliver the maximum power to the rear wheels with the least possible horse power loss.

Simplicity and accessibility have been our first aim. These two features insure freedom from trouble and economy of maintenance. The motor valves are enclosed, making the power plant not only noiseless, but protected from dust and dirt. The removable differential makes the driving gears readily accessible for oiling and adjustment.

Since their inception the popularity of Oakland Cars has been increasing steadily year after year.

Judge us by our past performance, as well as by our new product. Oaklands have been victorious for many years in hill climbs, road and track events. Tests like these absolutely prove the wonderful efficiency of the car.

1912 Oaklands have been driven in extended tests, under the severest strains, under all road conditions for many thousands of miles. Their performance has satisfied us.

Our Line For This Season

The New Oakland Leader

The New Model "40"—$1450—Roomy, powerful, silent; 5 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4⅛" x 4¾"; Schebler carburetor; square tube radiator; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 112"; tires 34" x 4".

Other Types of the New Model "40"

"Sociable" Roadster—$1450—Torpedo body, unique in seating three persons on one seat.

"Colonial" Coupé—$1900—Perfectly finished; electrically lighted; seats three persons.

The New Model "45"—$2100—7 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4½" x 5¼"; Bosch magneto; Schebler carburetor; full floating rear axle; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 120"; tires 36" x 4½"; demountable rims; full nickel appointments.

The New Model "30"—$1200—Finished to the minute, 5 passenger, fore-door touring car; inside control; motor 4" x 4"; Schebler carburetor; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 106"; tires 34" x 3½".

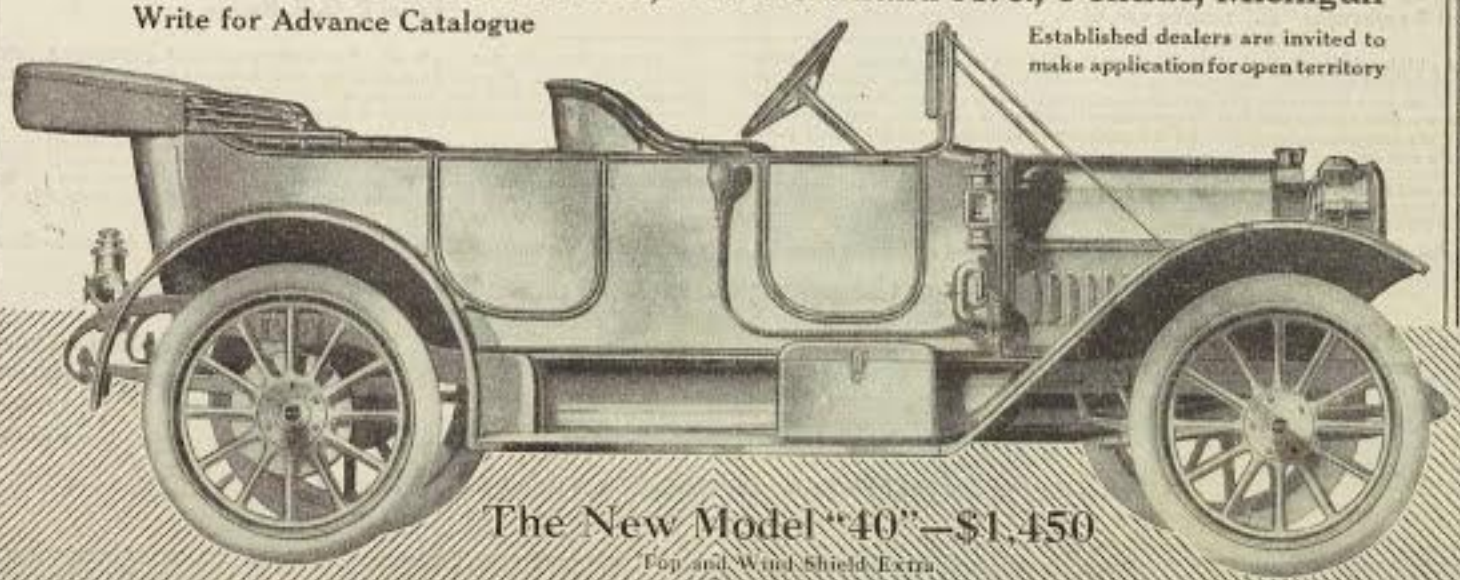
The "Oakland Oriole"—$1200—30 H.P. Roadster, torpedo body; motor 4" x 4"; Prest-O-Lite tank; wheel base 100"; tires 32" x 3½".

The Model "26"—$1050 with fore-doors; $1000, open front; 2 passenger, 30 H.P. Roadster; Battleship Gray; motor 4" x 4"; wheel base 100"; tires 32" x 3½".

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., 2000 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Michigan

Write for Advance Catalogue

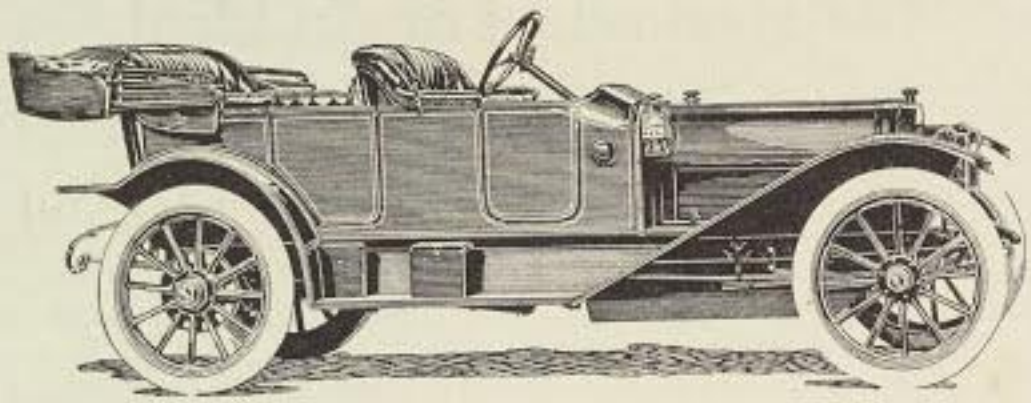
Established dealers are invited to make application for open territory



The New Model "40"—$1,450

Top and Wind Shield Extra

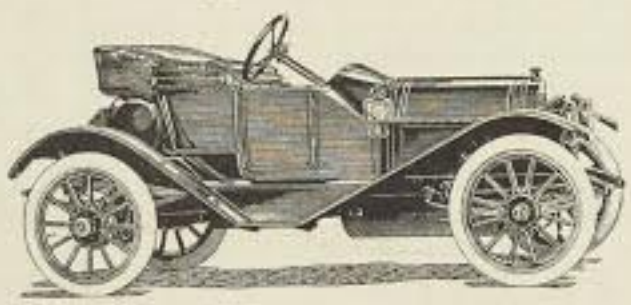
Mitchell



Two New Additions to the Mitchell Family

Birth of the Mitchell 5-passenger Six at $1,750 and the Mitchell 2-passenger smart gentleman's roadster at $950. And the parents doing remarkably well.

Time is narrowing down for a *Survival of the Fittest* in the automobile business. The cheaply built car and the "stock affair" are *on the toboggan*. *Hysterical buying is no more.* The public is vociferous in its demand for the *high-class*, *low-cost* car, hence *the Mitchell star is still in the ascendency.*



We've added two handsome and robust "babies" to the Mitchell line and are now equipped to show the American public that any concern that is *sound in the pocket* and *sound in the head* can live on a reasonable merchandising margin and still keep on improving.

Two New Mitchell Babies:

The Mitchell Five-Passenger Six Cylinder Family Touring Car, at $1,750

The Mitchell Two-Passenger smart Gentleman's Roadster, at $950

These two cars are real automobiles. They've got the real Mitchell blood in them. They are the work of a factory that has never experimented at public expense, and sells its goods on *merit*.

The new 5-passenger Six at $1,750 is *no experiment*. We've been building Sixes for years and we know *how*. We are pioneers in the making of the moderate-priced Six—the only concern in the world that ever put a Big Six on the market for so little money as $2,250. The Light Six is a little brother of the Big Six, and it's *got all the Mitchell blood and breeding*.

The two-passenger roadster is a revelation. It has full 25 horse power and 100 inch wheel base. It is a full grown automobile. It is full of style—roguish, dapper, dainty—yet muscled like a Hercules, and built for Service, not to compete with the cheap runabouts. So now that the Mitchell line reads like this:

Mitchell 2-passenger gentleman's 25 h. p. roadster, at . . . . $ 950
Mitchell 4-passenger "30" touring car, at 1,150
Mitchell 5-passenger "30" touring car, at 1,350
Mitchell 5-passenger light six cylinder 40 h. p. touring car, at . $1,750
Mitchell 7-passenger big six cylinder 50 h. p. touring car, at . 2,250

Prices F. O. B. Racine

Not a high-priced car in the lot. Every one within the range of reason. All built sanely, soundly and stylishly. Every one of these cars is built of the finest materials that this world has ever produced. We use chrome nickel steel ***as a matter of course.*** We know there is nothing else that will do quite as well and we're cranks on fine materials. We maintain extensive laboratories for the analysis of materials and ***we don't take anybody's say-so.***

Mitchell cars are equipped with top, Splitdorf dual ignition, five lamps, generator, horn, jack and tools. Extra demountable rim with each of the Sixes. All cars equipped with fore doors, and designed to prevent excess heat for those occupying front seats. No top on the $950 runabout.

Is that all? No, that ***isn't*** all. The justly celebrated ***MITCHELL SERVICE*** comes in right here. ***It's the biggest thing that has ever been done in the automobile business.*** It means that the parent house of Mitchell-Lewis keeps in touch with every Mitchell owner. ***We furnish a new part free for every part that proves defective.***

Every one of these branches is equipped with Trouble Men—expert mechanics, whose business it is to see how your car is behaving—because our interest begins in you when you buy and ceases only when you pass away. We are running this business like Marshall Field ran his up to the day of his death, and we will hang on to public respect until the bad place freezes over.

Now, you've got our creed and our promise. If this advertisement strikes you favorably, write for detailed information and plant book. Will send you books that are on the square.

The car you *ought* to have—at the price you *ought* to pay. *"Silent as the foot of time."*

Branches:

NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
ATLANTA
DALLAS
KANSAS CITY
PORTLAND, ORE.

Mitchell-Lewis Motor Co.
Racine, Wis. U. S. A.

European Branches:

LONDON
PARIS

This is the firm that has built the famous Mitchell-Lewis wagon for over 75 years.

THE FORTUNES OF THE SUN

(Concluded from Page 23)

exactly the right thing from the day we turned him loose on this proposition until today. Our business manager has worked his nails off trying to get business for this kind of a newspaper. The fact that the paper has been run right is demonstrated by that circulation statement. I'm satisfied—also I'm convinced. I don't need any further evidence to prove to me that you can't make a newspaper succeed and run it solely for the benefit of the reader. It's been worth twenty thousand dollars to find that out. We've done what we started out to do—we've made a sixty-thousand-dollar experiment in this kind of journalism—and we've failed to put this newspaper over. Nothing remains but to close up shop, pack our machinery, charge our sixty thousand to profit and loss, and forget it."

Butler replied promptly: "That's the way I feel about it." Ashman was only an instant behind him. "So do I," he said. Austin studied the balance sheet a moment and then joined the majority. "I hate to admit it," he said with a sympathetic glance at me, "but I'm afraid you're right."

"You're all dead wrong," I declared. "All we need is about twenty thousand dollars more to put this paper on its feet. We've got the people—we've got 'em solid. Our circulation is within three thousand of The Star now, and by the time these elections are over we'll pass it. This town is waking up. It is right on the verge of turning upside down; and when it turns we'll get the credit for it and we'll get still more readers, and then we'll get the business. It's coming, just as sure as the sun rises. You don't need to lose that sixty thousand dollars. All you need to do is to put in twenty thousand dollars more—probably not that much—and we'll have a property here worth a quarter of a million that cost us only a hundred thousand."

Why The Sun Need Not Have Set

Austin admitted that I might be right; Mell, Butler and Ashman said I was crazy. I argued and pleaded the rest of the afternoon, and spent the evening describing the civic, political and commercial conditions of St. James as I understood them; but Mell, Butler and Ashman were immovable.

Finally I gave up, and we agreed to make the next day's issue the last. I prepared the paper with the same care and thought with which I had prepared every previous issue. I even printed an editorial, advocating the adoption of the charter, just as if The Sun were to be there to help in the election. The only difference between that last day's paper and any other was that it carried a small two-column box on its first page announcing its suspension and giving as the reason that it had spent all of its receipts and sixty thousand dollars more in two years, and had become convinced that there was no demand for it from advertisers.

A year later I returned to St. James for a visit. I had felt pretty sick over the two years of wasted effort and time that went only to the credit of experience when The Sun set. I had had no difficulty in getting a managing editorship in a distant city at an advanced salary; but I had been terribly disappointed, both in the failure of our effort to establish the paper by our methods and in the loss of opportunity to own a fifth interest in a newspaper property and eventually to lift myself from the salary roll to a proprietorship in journalism. I went back to St. James prepared to find all the good I had accomplished undone—all the political and social progress halted and turned back. I expected to find the same old crowd of business men and professional politicians running the town. I found, instead, that practically everything for which I had fought for two years had been established during the year I had been away. The first man I met in St. James was my old friend Harry Street.

"Well, well, well!" he said warmly as he slapped me on the shoulder and shook hands heartily; "I'm certainly glad to see you, and I want to apologize and thank you for opening my eyes. I was all wrong about you and The Sun. You were right in everything you did, only we didn't understand it then. You showed us. We're a different town now; we're different people. We've turned over a new leaf. This city is a hummer; business is booming and the old crowd that used to stand in the way of everything progressive—and I was one of 'em, I admit—have either seen the light or been forced down and out. We've got a new lease on life, and you and The Sun gave it to us. Our new charter works splendidly; and we've got a bully lot of aldermen who are driving ahead like lightning and making this a real place to live. Taxes have been whooped on everybody who wasn't paying his share, and my only regret is that they weren't whooped long ago. The Sun pointed the way and stirred us up, and I'm ashamed of myself for the part I had in putting it out of business. If you'd stayed on the job six months longer you'd have won out. You'd have had the leading paper, and the town would have been proud of you. Why, oh, why didn't you stick another six months?"

Street's rambling but sincere outburst was bitter-sweet to me. I was gratified and proud to find that St. James had found itself, largely as a result of our efforts. It was something to carry through life—the realization that I had contributed that much to the sum of human progress; but it was galling to know that I had missed by such a narrow margin the satisfaction of success and the material rewards that success would have brought me. As I met other ancient enemies, however, I forgot my disappointment in the joy of the discovery that the redemption of St. James had been complete. My charter was now the law under which the people of St. James lived. My plea for decency and respectability at Riverside Park was now orthodox doctrine. My plan for public lighting, for paving extensions, for public schools, for parks, for the police department, for the fire department, was now the plan upon which the city had already made considerable headway. My fight for equable assessments and just taxation was now the fight of the city government, and the men who had formerly paid but little now paid dollar for dollar with the workingmen, according to the honest value of their property. My demand for five-cent fares to the park had become the demand of the community, and consequently five-cent fares had been instituted. My prediction as to the building of the interurban line to Mitchellville was now a reality, for the right of way had been purchased and construction work started, in the face of the reduction of rates to the park. Even my theory of independent journalism had become orthodox, for I was told that The Star turned progressive twenty-four hours after we left town. It simply went out and took possession of our policies, not only on public issues but on newspaper issues.

The Acid Test in Journalism

Public-service officials, politicians and advertisers, from one end of the city to the other, now saw the line between the advertising and the news columns, and no longer demanded consideration in the latter because they or their relatives or friends bought space in the former. The backbone of newspaper control through advertising had been broken. We had cracked it. The Star had been quick to see its advantage and had completed the fracture.

All these things I learned from the business men of St. James. During the two days I remained, twenty-four influential citizens, many of them men I had frequently opposed or vigorously criticised in The Sun, told them to me. That's the reason we call The St. James Sun a successful failure. The Sun failed from a dollars-and-cents standpoint, but St. James succeeded. I had been standing on solid ground when I pleaded with Mell, Butler and Ashman to put in twenty thousand dollars more and stick for the success that was just around the corner.

The fact that the St. James revolution came only confirmed the conviction that I held when I became the editor of The Sun, a conviction I have always held, that I held unflinchingly during my two years in St. James and that I hold today—that honest journalism pays in money profits, that the way we tried to establish the St. James Sun is the right way to establish a newspaper, and that the theory held by so many newspaper publishers—that a newspaper cannot be absolutely honest to its readers—will not stand the acid test.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles relating the Story of a Newspaper.



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consists of several layers of asbestos and asphalt in combination, forming an all-mineral roofing which is fireproof, waterproof, weatherproof, acidproof and practically wearproof.

First cost the only cost. Never needs painting or coating. Will not rot, rust, peel or crack, and is easily applied.

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When Wandering Wear The Stetson Shoe

A stranger to the majority of people you meet, first impressions will be made by your personal appearance,—by your clothes, and especially by your shoes. Then travel in footwear of quality,—The Stetson Shoe. It gives you a distinctive tone. The *Dickey* is neither too loud nor too quiet: it is just right,—a gentleman's stylish model.



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We offer to all poultry raisers the essential knowledge and secret methods of many of the most successful poultrymen of America. As a rule these secrets have been guarded with extreme care, for it is on them that the great successes have been built. They have cost years of labor and thousands of dollars. They will cost YOU only a trifle and a few minutes to write us.

How We Obtained These Secrets

Michael K. Boyer, Associate Editor American Poultry Advocate, has had exceptional opportunities and the closest friendship with poultrymen all over the country. They have freely told him many of their most jealously treasured secrets, many others we have bought, and this scattered material, together with several of Mr. Boyer's own valued methods, has now been collected in book form. It must be clearly understood that **every secret printed has been obtained in an honorable way.**

"Poultry Secrets"

First published in 1908, this collection of the carefully guarded secrets of famous poultrymen created a sensation in poultry circles. It has run through thirteen editions, and is still selling at a lively rate.

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I received Farm Journal and "Poultry Secrets," and am very much pleased with both. The secrets are worth their weight in gold. Why, I paid $5.00 for the sprouted oat method. You certainly give a fellow over his money's worth. Andrew F. G. Morey, Utica, N. Y.

I purchased a copy of "Poultry Secrets," and find many helpful ideas in it, especially Dr. Woods' Egg Hatching Secret.
Mrs. F. T. Darnell, Westfield, Ind.

By putting within our reach these "Poultry Secrets," you are doing a more philanthropic work than giving alms or endowing hospitals, for you make it possible for us to make both ends meet.
L. Boyce,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Received your book of "Poultry Secrets." It's an exceptionally instructive work, and worth $10 to any progressive poultryman. I would not care to take that for my copy if I could not get another.
Robt. F. Kingsland,
Montville, N. J.

The Farm Journal came to hand, and later "Poultry Secrets" also arrived, all of which I was very glad to receive and have been greatly interested in reading same, and think you are doing a glorious work in diffusing such valuable knowledge for so little money.
F. B. Meade,
Boston, Mass.

As to "Poultry Secrets," I will say, I have lectured on this subject over the greater portion of this state for the past fifteen years, and have about every book that is published on this subject in my library, and I consider this book of yours the most valuable I know, by far, for the general public.
L. A. Richardson,
Marine, Ill.



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Oddities and Novelties

Queer Uses for Cedar Wood

INQUIRY by the Government's Forest Bureau shows that white cedar was probably the first of American woods used in the building of pipe organs. A German organ builder named Mittleberger, having come to Philadelphia, observed that the patter of rain on the white cedar roofs made sounds highly musical to the ear, "like a roof of copper or brass," and so was led to try the material in his work. He declared that the tones emitted by the cedar pipes were finer than from metal.

In the vicinity of Philadelphia a special class of artisans grew up known as "cedar coopers," because they wrought in this wood exclusively. Their chief trade was in churns, palls, firkins and washtubs—a belief being popularly current to the effect that this material possessed medicinal qualities and imparted such qualities to its contents. It was even imagined that water issuing from a white-cedar spigot was especially healthful.

Much of the fighting by which the Revolutionary War was brought to a successful close was done with gunpowder made of white-cedar charcoal.

The Indians of the Northwest coast have always used red cedar for their wonderful totem poles, not only because it is soft and they could work it easily with their rude tools, but for the reason that it could be counted upon to resist decay for an extraordinary length of time. Some of these gigantic trestrunks hewed in the likeness of men and beasts, often with much artistic skill, are the largest pieces of woodcarving in the world, greatly exceeding in size the largest columns and doors of European cathedrals.

In former days these Indians made fully as much use of the bark as of the wood. With it they roofed, ceiled and papered their huts. They wove long strips of the bark, sometimes thirty feet in length, into mats, which they used for beds, blankets and tablecloths. Of the same material they made clothing; and they twisted it into ropes for dog-harness, fishlines, snares for wild animals and nets for catching fish. They even made food of it, beating the bark to a pulp and saturating it with salmon oil.

The leadpencil industry in this country consumes one hundred and ten thousand tons of red cedar annually. It is stated that the cost of the wood for a pencil is about three-fourths of a cent, ninety per cent of the raw material going to waste. Much of this waste, however, is worked up into carpet-paper. So reduced is the supply of this indispensable wood that agents of the pencilmakers look eagerly for old cedar rail fences, of which they secure possession by replacing them with modern fences of woven wire.

Complaint is made that woodpeckers single out red-cedar telephone poles for attack and excavate nests in them, sometimes so weakening them that they snap off in storms. It is thought that the softness of the wood and possibly its odor invite the birds. Attempts to drive them away by plugging the nests with stones usually make matters worse; for under such circumstances they excavate new holes alongside the stone-packing in the old ones, and the pole is further weakened.

More Light, More Profits

LONDON'S supply of electricity is generated in a large number of small central stations and current for manufacturing purposes costs more than ours, which is generated in one large station. When the salesman is added to our large central station he disposes of twice as much current for manufacturing purposes as is sold for lighting, whereas London is steadily losing manufacturing establishments because cheap electrical power is not available. If a force of American electricity salesmen were sent out in London they would probably begin by increasing the lighting consumption of "juice," for London offices, shops and workrooms are not well lighted; and British employers generally have still to learn, as ours have learned through the electricity salesmen, that more light means more work from employees, as well as better spirits, fewer blunders and fewer accidents.





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on your purchase of heater, range, or gas stove. Why pay two prices when the Kalamazoo is guaranteed best of all? This free book tells you how you can save money and get the best stove made. Over 400 styles to choose from and a low factory price for every purse. Write a postal giving your name and address for Catalogue No. 122.

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sizes 10 to 13½
$3.00

The uppers are Menz "Ease" Elk, the softest, toughest, longest wearing upper leather tanned, and the only shoe leather that never gets hard and full of uncomfortable wrinkles. You can buy direct from us at regular retail prices, delivery prepaid if your dealer hasn't the genuine "American Boy." Always look for name on yellow label.

Menzies Shoe Co., Makers, Detroit, Mich.

"Mum"

does not interfere with the healthy action of the skin pores, but

takes all odor out of perspiration

by neutralizing it gently. Its wholesome effects last "from bath to bath".

25c at drug- and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum", send us his name and 25 cents, and we'll send it postpaid.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

ROUGH ON RATS TRADE MARK. DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Unbeatable Exterminator
Guaranteed to Kill
RATS & MICE
The Government Uses It
Sold all over the World.

15c., 25c., and 75c., at Druggists and Country Stores.
E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

Go In Business For Yourself

You can devote all of your time or profitably utilize your leisure hours. We want a representative in every town to look after the subscription business of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For this work we pay salary and commission.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sunshine's Home Gas Iron



Agents Wanted in every town to represent manufacturer direct for this guaranteed household necessity. Costs ½ of a cent per hour for gas. Stays hot, the right shape, no holes in the sides. Greatest labor saving device for the home. Write for territory and full particulars.

Household Gas Iron Co., 1223 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

THE BOYS' MAGAZINE is unquestionably the finest boys' publication in the world. Great stories—beautiful illustrations—handsome covers in colors. Departments of Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. A big Athletic department edited by Walter Camp himself. Send us the names and addresses of five of your boy friends and we'll present you with a copy of this splendid magazine. $1.00 a year. 10c a copy at all newsdealers.

THE SCOTT F. REDFIELD CO., 650 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.
Reduced rates, quick time on household goods to and from Western points. 443 Marquette Bldg., Chicago
136 Old South Bldg., Boston | 215 Front St., San Francisco
347 Whitehall Bldg., New York | 316 Central Bldg., Los Angeles
1261 Wright Bldg., St. Louis | Write nearest office.



The Camera's Pledge To You

HERE you see **exactly pictured** a regular Fall and Winter Suit of

Michaels-Stern Clothes

This photograph was taken during lunch hour at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty-Fifth Street, New York City. The young man is not "dressed up for the occasion!" He is employed, at a moderate salary, by a nearby mercantile firm, and is portrayed just as he appears each day at business.

In Your Town

is a Michaels-Stern dealer who will show you Michaels-Stern clothes of precisely this same calibre in Fit, in Material, in Style and in Finish.

Seek out this Michaels-Stern dealer today. Then, with the fabric under your hand, you'll learn, too, of a further pledge which the camera does not adequately convey—the guarantee of satisfaction incorporated in the sterling quality of every Michaels-Stern garment.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

A SUPERB STYLE BOOK—FREE

If you would have the beautifully illustrated Michaels-Stern Book of Fall and Winter Styles for the season of 1911-1912 merely send your address to

MICHAELS, STERN & COMPANY
Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

Who Foots the Bill?

"THIS article is just as good and costs less than the X brand because it doesn't have to stand such heavy advertising expense," says a certain grocer. Is he right? Is it an expense? Is advertising an expense?

The average person looks on the millions of dollars of advertising carried by magazines of national circulation as an expense. He believes that it is taken out of the pockets of somebody, though he doesn't have a clear idea who the sufferer is.

Let us see who really foots the bill.

Is it the Manufacturer?

Every maker of automobiles or flour or any other article, is using his best brains to manufacture his wares as economically as possible and to put them into your hands with the least possible cost to himself. His criticism on every plan and method is merciless, and if advertising were an expense, instead of an investment that pays him well, he would stop it instanter.

But more: A big business can be run more economically than a little one. Advertising makes business bigger and in this respect too it pays for itself out of savings in running expenses.

Is it the Salesman?

Two salesmen travel through Ohio, we will say, selling refrigerators. One offers a refrigerator that the public knows nothing about, and his trip yields orders for $4,000.00. The other sells a refrigerator which everybody knows favorably through advertising. His orders will amount to $20,000.00. Now the hotel bills, railroad fares and other expenses will be the same for each, and these must be paid for out of the profits of the trip. Which will be able to command the larger salary?

A certain clothing house eight years ago did an annual business of $3,000,000, and the cost of selling the goods amounted to 8%. Good advertising has since then increased their annual business to $15,000,000, and the cost of selling, including advertising expenditures, has fallen to 5%. The salesmen are earning much more money, and the advertising has enabled them to do it, because while their commissions are smaller, their sales are made easier and more than trebled in volume.

Is it the Store Keeper?

Dead stock or goods that won't sell is the cause of most failures among retail stores. Good advertising is the best possible assurance that goods will sell. Advertising familiarizes customers with the goods, and makes quick, easy sales. Instead of the retailer footing the bill for national advertising, he finds in it one of the greatest builders of his prosperity.

Is it You—the Customer?

In everything you buy, you pay for three things: The raw materials, the cost of making, the cost of selling. So, if you choose, you can say that you "paid" for the machinery which makes good shoes cost you less than they did twenty years ago. In the same way, you "pay" for the advertising which enables the manufacturer, through increase of his business, to put better value into his shoes. So, if you choose, you may say that the salesman and retailer "pay" for advertising which, while it may lower their percentage of profit, increases their earnings. So, if you choose, you may say that the manufacturer "pays" for the advertising which swells his dividends by diminishing the expenses of selling his goods. Advertising usually lessens the cost of articles as measured by their quality.

Is it Lowered Quality?

Bill Baker made pies, poor pies, without trade-mark or label. These he sold to cheap restaurants, and little did he care whether the pies were good or not, because they were made to sell and almost nobody knew who made them. But one day, growing ambitious, he put an advertisement of his pies in the paper which succeeded beyond his highest hopes. His small plant was swamped by calls for pies. As orders came in he saw himself in a near golden future the peerless pie king. Suddenly a new thought crashed through Bill Baker's serenity—a thought that had never intruded before. His pies were bad—so bad that nobody would ever buy a second one. This flood of orders instead of being a promise of fortune would ruin his reputation *unless he delivered good pies.*

In Baker's place, you would have done what he did—run to the telephone and telegraph to demand instant delivery of the best pie-making materials obtainable. Just as you would do, so do most manufacturers: As their businesses grow, they realize more and more keenly that their prosperity depends on their making goods that their customers will continue to buy.

The Real Answer

All the questions above have been only half-answered. The rest of the reply is plain when you understand what advertising is.

The constant aim of all human beings is to work wise economies in living. You don't consider the buttons on your clothes as an *expense*, because to get along without them would be vastly more expensive. The manufacturer doesn't consider as an *expense* a $5,000 machine which saves him $10,000 in three years' running.

Now it costs money to sell goods. We have automatic guns and banjos, but no article has been made that is automatic enough to sell itself. The most costly way of selling goods is to store them and wait for purchasers to come. The least expensive way is to tell the public about them by advertising.

So, you see, good advertising is paid for by everybody and by nobody. By everybody, because we all bear our share in earning the money with which business is carried on, and by nobody, because advertising is a labor-saving method of selling goods.

If you find yourself interested in the subject, write us for a copy of our booklet, "National Advertising—The Modern Selling Force."

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Avg. 6 mos. cir. 1,423,750.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Avg. 6 mos. cir. 1,957,505.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present cir. 30,000.

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO

BUSINESS HELPS

HOW a man masterfully made himself superior to his surroundings and conditions—superior to everything—was what I learned out on Long Island the other day. I talked with the man and went over his place to see his results, and I found—which is the vital point of it all—that the principles he followed in his business would, if similarly followed, give masterful success in any business.

What he did was to take a kind of business that is usually unsystematized and systematize it; and from the first he was ready to use as much capital as he could get. "I saw that to make money I must be ready to spend money," is the way he puts it; "and I saw that everywhere there must be system." He does not say, in so many words, that he set out to dominate conditions instead of permitting conditions to dominate him; perhaps, indeed, this has always been a subconscious feeling—but even if subconscious it is none the less ingrained and powerful.

This man's father was a farmer, but farming did not at first seem to offer a very attractive future for the younger man. The father had not done particularly well at it and so the son was set to learn the carpenter trade. In this occupation he diligently served his time; for although this is a story of today it began some quarter of a century ago, when there were still apprentices and when trades were regularly learned.

The young man became an expert carpenter, having a natural bent toward mechanics; but he soon came to realize that his strongest bent was toward farming. So he joined hands with his father and helped assume the farm burden, thus showing wisdom from the very first, for one should be brave enough to follow his best judgment and strongest inclination even though time and money have gone into preparation along some other line.

He immediately set out to make his farming a regular business and to treat it in a business way. The farm was at the first a burden. This is far from being one of those narratives of rich men who, with unlimited money at command, have freely hired and plowed and planted and made beautiful fields. This man made beautiful fields, but was faced with huge problems in the making. Almost from the beginning the father, realizing his son's ability, was glad to leave most of the active running of the farm in his hands, so that when death came and the son was left to carry it on alone there was really little of practical difference in the management.

Spending Money to Get Money

To begin with, the farm comprised almost thirty acres and was mortgaged for about half of its modest value. It was hard to raise the money needed for systematic plans; indeed, everything had to be built up from modest beginnings. But from the very first there was nothing haphazard about it.

It was not until the work had been patiently and strenuously carried on for some years that the neighbors began to note the increasing prosperity and to study the methods by which it was brought about. It was seen that this man hired help freely; that his tendency was toward the use of machinery instead of hands—a tendency that he has steadily developed—and that he spent money lavishly for fertilizer. I have been told by slow-going neighbors that at first they thought him crazy; and even yet they are not brave enough to follow him freely, even though they see and acknowledge his success.

This farm was situated on one of the extreme points of Long Island, five or six miles from the terminal point of the railroad. New York seemed the natural and only market; but even when the railroad was reached there was a long and slow and expensive rail haul, which from the very beginning offered a serious difficulty in marketing. But this man did not impatiently throw the land away to seek some farm more practicable in location, and he was far from ready to settle down into being a drudge. He decided to be superior to the railroad and superior to any single market. Not that he antagonized the railroad or that it antagonized him; it was simply necessary, from a business point of view, that he put himself in a superior and independent position.

He knew that there were other markets, large and important, nearer in miles than New York—such cities as New Haven and New London—too apt to be overlooked by farmers fascinated by the glamour of the great city. As an early and important step he bought a sloop, and with this he not only could reach the Connecticut shore cities with his market produce whenever he should desire, but also could get to the railroad terminal more easily than by wagon by taking a short cut across the bay. He had never had a technical education in farming, but from the first he studied hard at books on the subject. "My son shall have a good technical farming course," he says.

He knew that specialization was necessary and gradually turned most of his attention to potatoes and onions—preferring crops that can wait for tide and wind to the perishable sort that must be shipped on a certain day. In the course of years he so developed his fertilizer system that he had stable manure towed in scows from New York City; and he uses large quantities of chemical fertilizers as well. "To get results you must spend," he says; and it is understood that he spends several thousand dollars every year on this single item, his farm today being a little more than twice the original size.

A Good Business Maxim

He soon realized that a sloop, admirable though it was, was far from being fully satisfactory. Some days when he wished to cross the Sound there was too much wind, and other days there was no wind at all. So after some years—as soon, in fact, as he could arrange for it—he had a steamer built, a staunch, snug, seagoing craft, that his neighbors believe cost a good many thousand dollars and that is large enough to carry over a hundred tons of produce. It will be seen that the first cost of the land was a mere nothing compared with supplements that his business mind conceived.

He can now, if he cares to, ship by his own steamer clear to New York; or, if the prices are low in that city, to Boston or Providence as well as to nearer points. He rarely sends the steamer, however, as far as New York, for he has working arrangements with steamship lines that pick up his produce at intermediate points where he delivers it; but he has made himself master of the situation as to shipments, is ready to send his boat long distances whenever advisable, and is as independent of steamship companies as he is of the railroad. Naturally, also, he carries goods to some extent for other farmers. He still ships somewhat by rail, and anything from him has the very best attention. He is in so independent a position that the railroad is anxious to oblige him.

At first there was no channel deep enough for his steamer to approach his land, whereupon he promptly spent thousands in the necessary dredging. Then as there was no landing place for the boat, and as loading by means of small boats or lighters was altogether too slow and costly, he built a pier. Needless to say all this was by no means easy. Great crops had annually to be grown by the best methods of intensive farming to meet the heavy expenditures that had steadily to be faced.

"Sometimes I was rather scared by the amount I was spending," he said quietly, "but I knew it had to be done. The mortgage," he added with a smile, apparently thinking how small a sum it represented compared with other totals, "long ago disappeared. I suppose," he concluded, "that I could buy an automobile, if I wanted to, without mortgaging the house."

In the busy season he has fifty men on his seventy-six acres. He seldom has any labor trouble, for his men all know that at any time he can run his steamer to New York or some other point and bring back all the men he wants. He has the reputation of treating his men fairly, but in regard to them, as in regard to everything else, he is in an absolutely independent position. That he is not only an expert carpenter, but that he has also made himself an expert machinist and blacksmith is another point that makes for his absolute independence. His



CLEANLINESS *that's* "THE REAL THING"

Fresh linen won't make a clean bed if there's *any* chance for dirt to lodge in the bedstead and breed trouble.

Dealers write for the agency of the Sanitaire Special

SANITAIRE BEDS

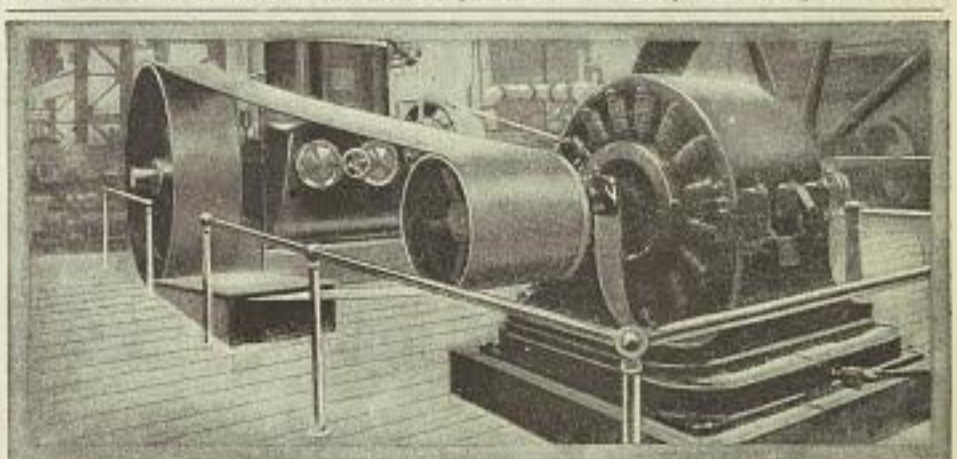
are *vermin-proof, dirt-proof, disease-proof.* Always absolutely clean. *Scientific simplicity in construction.*

Beds made in the old way abound in breeding places; realizing this you wouldn't have such a bed in your house, much less *sleep* in it. You owe it to health, to your regard for *perfect cleanliness* to **"Sleep in a Sanitaire Bed."**

The **"Sanitaire Special"** is a large, massive, strong, chilless steel, seamless drawn pillar bed. Beautifully enameled in the Famous Sanitaire Gold or Snowy White hard finishes. **Sold by leading dealers everywhere.**

Nearly 200 styles at $5 and up. **Write for descriptive booklet.**

Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co., 200 Main St., Marion, Indiana.



What Makes a Good Belt Good?

A poor belt may do good work for a time. The good belt does good work for a long time. It is a question of time and money.

Good belts earn money by long wear and **save money** by avoiding shut-downs and repair costs.

CROWN BELTING

is made from the center cuts of selected butts. Each Crown Belt is made with special reference to some particular use—for heavy work, for high speed, for small pulleys, for moist or wet conditions.

Crown Belts are stretched and tested under practical running conditions before being sent out.

We guarantee all belting bearing the Crown trade mark to be the best of its kind that it is possible to produce.

We make special belting to meet peculiar and difficult conditions.

Our book, dealing with difficult problems and containing many useful rules and calculating formulas, will be sent free to any manufacturer or superintendent who asks for it. Address Dept. A.

Page Belting Company, Concord, N. H.

Boston New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Chattanooga, Tenn. Portland, Ore.

David Graham Phillips



ranks as the great realist of modern fiction. Human hearts and lives lay naked before him—and what he saw he wove into the most delightful and masterly novels of a decade. But greater and bigger than any of his other novels is

"The Price She Paid"

It is his masterpiece. The opening chapters are in the current Cosmopolitan.

A really great artist will illustrate this novel. For this and similar work, Cosmopolitan has secured the exclusive services of

Howard Chandler Christy

One of his pictures of the heroine is here reproduced.



Order Today and Save $.50

The price of Cosmopolitan advances to $1.50 in a few weeks. Order today and you save $.50. If you order 2, 3, or 5 years in advance you save $1.00 to $2.50. Use the coupon. All remittances are mailed at our risk.

COSMOPOLITAN

5-8-16

Cosmopolitan Magazine,
381 Fourth Ave.,
N. Y. City, N. Y.

Please send me COSMOPOLITAN for ____ years. Herewith I enclose $____

Name ____

Street ____

City ____

State ____

men will tell you admiringly that he knows all about altering, repairing and building. In the same small building in which he has his office there is a little workshop. On his farm there is a machine for every possible purpose and he personally understands every detail of the work.

Most striking of all is the way he has made himself independent of drought! This was another very expensive matter, on account of the cost of well-digging and gasoline engine and pipes. Thirty acres of his farm are now under a system of overhead irrigation, through a series of grid-ironing pipes carried horizontally from six to seven feet above the ground and perforated with little holes through which myriad little streams of water can be sent over the ground.

In the early years his bookkeeping showed how much each department and each crop cost and netted: but it is characteristic of the man that after having once learned this and learned it thoroughly he ceased to keep his accounts in such detail. "I know now, without setting everything down, about what each crop costs, handled in a certain way, and so I save what I can on needless bookkeeping. I still keep up quite enough to keep absolute track of the general run of the business."

And that is just it: A business man ought not only to be ready to assume any work that is necessary, but also to economize on it the moment it can be dispensed with.

. . . . . .

This reminds me of a recent curious experience in one of the best organized of New York retail stores. A department head was explaining to me with pride a system by which, at the close of every business day, the total profits were figured out. He showed me how ingeniously the cost and the selling price went in on every sales slip and said modestly: "I don't mean that this is necessarily done every night, as it would keep the accountants a little too late, but if it isn't done at night it's done in the morning."

A Two-Million-Dollar Scrap Heap

A little later, in talking with the general manager of the store, I spoke of my admiration for such a perfect system. "Yes, yes," he acquiesced, "it is really a very good system." He hesitated and then smiled. "We really can do that every day if we want to: and it is just as well to have our employees suppose that we do. It's a mighty good system, and we can keep our business thoroughly checked up by it; but as long as we know how things are running in a general way, and know that they are running safely, we don't make a complete checking up oftener, perhaps, than once in six months."

All of which shows that one real business man is pretty much like another, whether his business is on a farm or on Broadway.

The free-spending of money for up-to-date machinery and appliances, as instanced by the Long Island business farmer, is exemplified in the case of every successful venture. The great steel mills show this perhaps more markedly than any other line of industry, and the way in which they throw upon the scrapheap the most costly machinery, as soon as something more efficacious can be purchased, ought to be a model for every business man, little or big—and after all we are all business men in the sense of doing something or other to get our living. The primitive screwdriver, the inefficient hoe, the out-of-date fuel, will be discarded by the man of small affairs if he be properly enterprising, as readily as the most costly machinery is discarded by those of vast affairs.

A week or two ago I was in a manufacturing plant in one of the buildings of which was a row of huge and splendid stationary engines. "These things that you see in this building alone," said the superintendent, "cost two million dollars. They are from four to seven years old. They are already getting out of date, and we plan to replace them. Two million dollars' worth of machinery will be turned into scrap." But this kind of thing is not looked upon as loss. On the contrary, it represents the highest kind of economy and advance.



Both Near and Far Vision in One Lens with No Line of Demarkation

One of the most wonderful inventions optical science has produced in many years.

KRYPTOK LENSES

Over 200,000 people now wearing them

Two pieces of glass are so skillfully fused that no line or seam exists.

Kryptoks look exactly like regular single-vision lenses. They are smooth to the touch. **Your optician can supply you.** Kryptoks can be put into any style frame or mounting or into your old ones.

Write for Descriptive Booklet
containing many facts of interest and importance to any person who wears glasses.

KRYPTOK COMPANY, 105 E. 23d St., New York



After Shaving

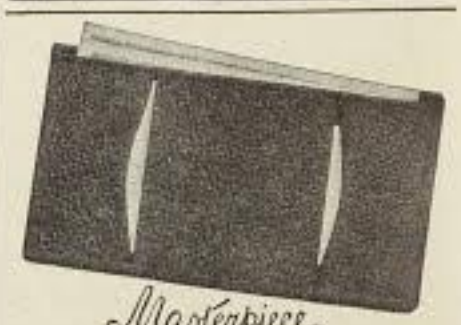
Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder



and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp

Trade Mark — Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.



Masterpiece

Three-Fold Bill-Fold

and card-case combined. Unusually thin and exceedingly light. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very soft and flexible. The highest class material and workmanship throughout. Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send direct on receipt of price, $2.00, or in genuine morocco, $3.00. Black only.

Send for booklet showing the full line of "Masterpiece" Men's Pocket Books—a wide range of prices, 25c to $4.50, but "Every piece a Masterpiece."

DEALERS Should stock the "Masterpiece" line of Men's Pocket Books for their best trade

A. L. Steinweg & Co., 491 Broadway, New York
The Men's Pocket Book House

ITHACA



Feel The Quick Snappy Pull

¶ The new model Ithaca has a quick, snappy pull. ¶ Our lightning lock operates in 1/100 of a second. ¶ It will increase your score at least 5 per cent. ¶ Beautiful catalog FREE; 18 grades, 10, 12, 16 and 20 gauge; $17.75 net to $400 list. ¶ Our little 5½ lb. 20 bore is a bowling success.

ITHACA GUN CO., Dept. A, ITHACA, N.Y.



You Can Carry a Gun

if it is our attractive **Watch Fob.** Holster of good leather, tanned from the hide of a **Texas Yearling Steer**—metal gun inserted in holster. Actual reproduction of holster and gun typical of the gun carrying days of the West.

A Novelty Worth Having

Now is the time to obtain this novelty fob—**New on the Market.** Sold by all up-to-date druggists, newsdealers, tobacconists and novelty stores.

Mail us twenty-five cents (coin) and we will send you one of these unique fobs by return mail. **Five for one dollar, charges paid.**

Cut ⅝ Actual Size

ALAMO LEATHER & NOVELTY CO.
Dept. S. P., 435 Avenue D
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS



PYRO DENATURED ALCOHOL
BRIGHT AS A SUNBEAM **LAMPS**

Safe, Clean, Odorless, Cheaper, and More Brilliant than Electric Light.

Pyro Stoves Eliminate kitchen drudgery. No coal to carry; no ashes. Think what that means to YOU. Write for illustrated booklets.

Alcohol Utilities Co., 40 E. 21st St., New York City

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets
From the Mill
We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 %. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well-known **Regal Rug**, 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. **Our Brussels Rug**, 6 x 9 ft., the greatest value known, $1.95. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9 x 12 ft., $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9x12 ft., $14. Standard **Axminsters**, 9x12 ft., $18.50. Fine quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Window Rugs, Linoleums** at mill prices.



Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

UNITED MILLS MFG. CO.
2482-2484 Jasper St., Phila.

SPENCERIAN
STEEL PENS Sample card 12 pens & 2 penholders for 10 cents. Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York.

Running Water Without Pumping Cost

If there is a stream on your land install a Niagara Hydraulic Ram. It will give you running water in any part of your house or outbuildings, and unlike a gasoline engine, it consumes nothing to run. Write for catalogue AD.

NIAGARA HYDRAULIC ENGINE CO.
715 Reed Bldg., Philadelphia. Factory, Chester, Pa.

PATENTS INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE employ my method in securing Patents. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my book.

WM. T. JONES, 341 G St., Washington, D. C.



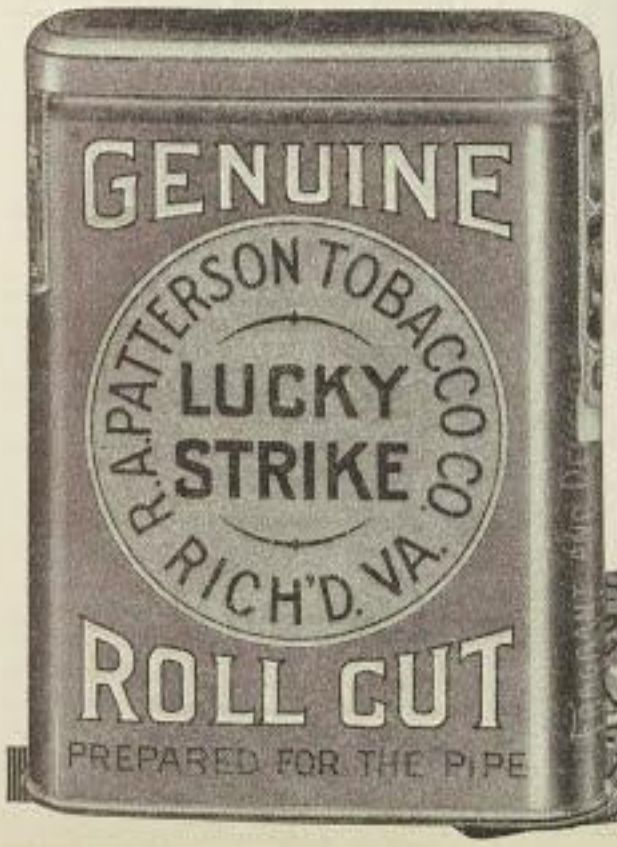
"Say, Partner, Here IS News!"

"We can get our old favorite, Lucky Strike Tobacco, in *roll cut* form—*now*—if we want it."

Lucky Strike Roll Cut has made an instant hit. Thousands are daily demanding it. Thousands more still prefer Lucky Strike Sliced Plug—the form they've known so many years. No matter which form you like best—the *price* is the same—10 cents at all dealers—and the *quality* is the same.

Whenever You See a Pipe You'll Think of LUCKY STRIKE

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO



To the Tobacco Trade:

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.

All Dealers 10c

never varies. It gives the same good old-fashioned, long-drawn-out satisfaction your father enjoyed before you.

Lucky Strike has been on the market *over 50 years*. It's won its way on merit.

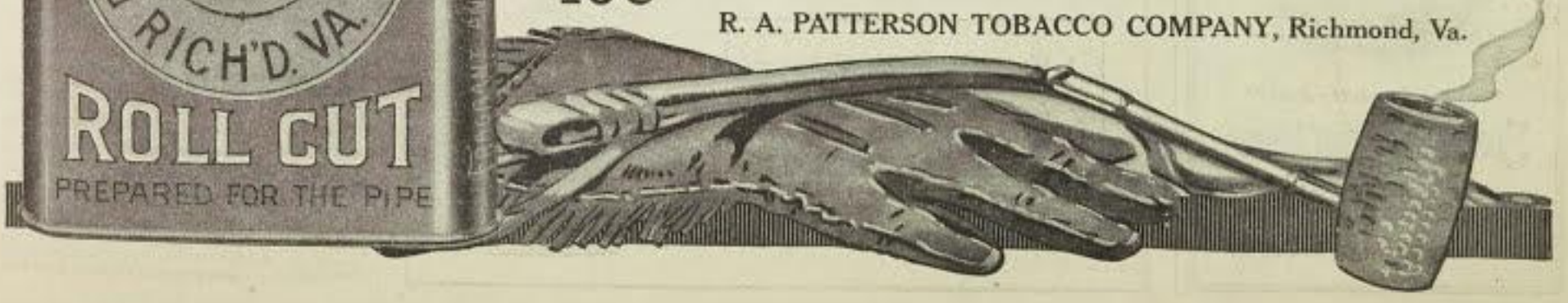
But be sure it's Lucky Strike you are getting. Then you know that your smoke will be cool, mild, satisfying—that it won't clog up your pipe or nip your tongue.

Lucky Strike simply can't bite. It's the choicest Burley, ripened for years to take out the tang. Then treated by the secret Patterson Process—originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson—the founder of this business.

There's a special satisfaction in Patterson Tobacco not found in any other.

Lucky Strike is 10 cents at all dealers.

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO COMPANY, Richmond, Va.





No heel marks like this on Elastica

Floors That Stay New

If you think that all floor finishes crack and mar—need constant retouching and frequent replacing—you simply don't know the right floor finish.

Elastica Floor Finish doesn't mar. Stamp on it, romp on it, roll furniture on it—you can't injure it. And water doesn't turn it white.

Due to Oil

The reason is this: We have worked out a way of using a large percentage of rightly treated oil in the manufacture of **Elastica** Floor Finish. Thus we produce a varnish which is tough and elastic, yet one which dries quickly and hard.

There is nothing else like it—the secret is ours alone. It is the final result of 40 years spent in the study of varnish.

You can abuse the floor until you dent it, yet you can't mar the finish. Water or grease can't spot it.

We believe these facts are not true, as you probably know, of any other floor finish made.

Please Prove It

When you know **Elastica** you will never consider using anything else on floors. You will use it on all floors, natural or painted. You will use it to protect linoleum.

It is due to yourself that you know it.

TRADE ELASTICA MARK

FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

These Things Free

We want to send you a book, "How to Finish Floors," filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper for tests. Also a beautiful bookmark—just to repay you for writing.

Simply send us your name and address—a postal will do.

Ask for Book 106

Address Standard Varnish Works, 29 Broadway, New York, or 2020 Arnove Ave., Chicago, or 308 Minna Street, San Francisco. Or International Varnish Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



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DISTORTIONS

Verses and Drawings by Peter Newell



When our old coal-oil lamp's aglare
Just look straight at the bowl,
An' see your face reflected there—
All twisted up an' droll.



Pa took a squint the other night
An' laughed a loud ha-ha!
An', say, he was the durndest fright
A feller ever saw!



Then ma she took a peek at it—
An' ma—well, ma's all right;
But, my! she nearly threw a fit
When she beheld this sight.



Then sister Maud, in a new frock—
Her turn just couldn't miss.
But, jiminy! she got a shock
When what she saw was this.



Next, Gran'ma Peck put on her specks
An' squinted at the bowl.
"Ha-ha! the prize of all my sex!"
Said she. "Upon my soul!"



Then, last of all, I took a look
To view my noble shape.
An', hully gee! my sides they shook
To see this grinning ape.

Oh, our old coal-oil lamp's a joke—
Within its bowl so bright
Are hid a million monkeyfolk
That peer out in its light.



Automatic heat control



The most ingenious aid to perfect heating brought out in fifty years is an *all metal*, hermetically sealed copper bellows, filled with a liquid which greatly expands and contracts under heat or cold, serving as a constant force to automatically open or close the draft and check dampers of any boiler or furnace.

It's like a thermometer—but *with power*. A dial attachment enables any member of the family to fix at will the temperature of the house at 70° (or at any other degree between 60° and 80° as may be preferred, at night, during illness, while family is temporarily away, etc.).

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is easily made part of any heating outfit—nothing about it to wear out—will last as long as the house. Saves any running up and down cellar to adjust dampers to meet the many weather changes. Protects the health because of uniform heat, and quickly repays its low cost through fuel savings.



Let us tell you fully of its comforts and economies. Ask for book "New Aids to Ideal Heating," which also describes Norwall Air Valves, Sylphon Packless Air Valves and other simple, clever devices which bring about ideal heating results at lowest upkeep costs.

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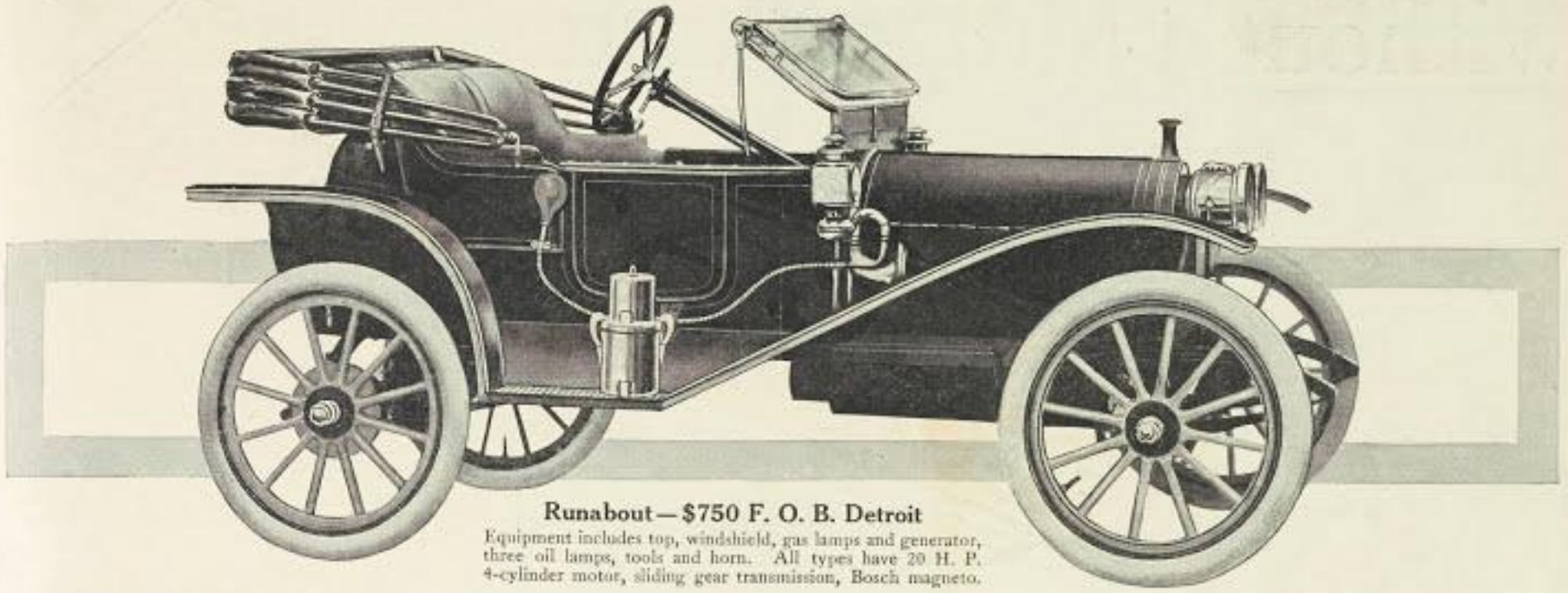
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348 Fourth Ave., New York City

Its third year—and Hupmobile demand unabated



Runabout—$750 F. O. B. Detroit
Equipment includes top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. All types have 20 H. P. 4-cylinder motor, sliding gear transmission, Bosch magneto.

Runabout
Fully Equipped
$750 F.O.B. Detroit

Hupmobile
GUARANTEED FOR LIFE

Touring Car
Fully Equipped
$900 F.O.B. Detroit

Now, in its third year—amid a bewildering distraction of new models and new prices—the Hupmobile is bought as eagerly as it was in its first season.

Then it was a sensational novelty—a car unheard of at a price unheard of.

To-day its place is firmly fixed. Its hold has grown stronger and stronger upon those level-headed buyers who always ask and always get the most for their money.

Hupmobile demand has been steady and consistent through two seasons and well into its third.

Public confidence was gained at the outset, and has been held through the keeping of faith and the giving of generous value.

For weeks our factory has been under the supreme test of working day and night in order to produce cars rapidly enough to keep pace with the volume of orders.

The Hupmobile occupies this unique position because it has been true to itself and true to the people.

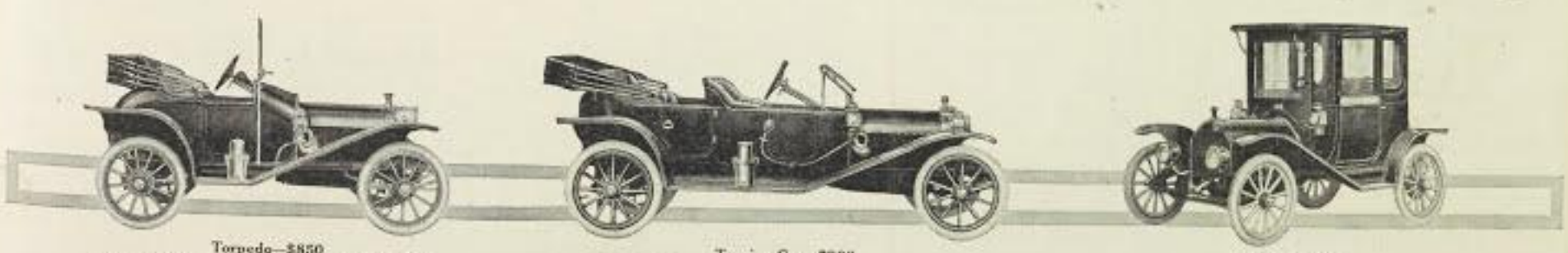
It has gone on being better and better until now—with more than $100 added in improvements and almost as much more in equipment—it is as extraordinary a car as it was three seasons ago.

At this time we wish to call attention particularly to the Hupmobile Coupé—which has aptly been termed a "baby grand limousine."

It has gone a long way toward displacing the old idea that an enclosed car is restricted to town use.

It was only recently that three residents of Elgin, Ill., toured in a Hupmobile Coupé from Chicago to Minneapolis, via Mankato, Minn.—more than 500 miles—without trouble of any sort and showing an average of 25 miles per gallon of gasoline over country roads and hills. Last November a physician of Hammond, Ind., drove his coupé home from the factory in Detroit.

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Coupé—$1100
F. O. B. Detroit, with five electric lamps outside, dome light, folding dash seat for third passenger, shock absorbers in front; 32 x 3½-inch rear tires.

If you are one of those who are looking for an efficient dentifrice without a "druggy" taste,

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"I heartily endorse your Ribbon Dental Cream. It has a tendency to stimulate gum tissue."

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Educators all over the country have found this pleasant-tasting dentifrice their greatest aid in teaching their scholars the importance of "Good Teeth—Good Health."

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans, preserves and polishes, and because of its antiseptic effect leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid—the condition which counteracts germ growth.

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DRAWN BY
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

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GOVERNOR BOB—By Herbert Quick

I FOUND the other day, in the capitol at Madison, a statehouse employee reading in a popular magazine an article on the election of Isaac Stephenson to the United States Senate. The man doing the reading is a fanatical follower of Robert M. La Follette, and has been with him through good and evil report. He thinks La Follette—dreams La Follette; and if he were to adopt Mohammedan manners he would pray facing toward Washington when the Senate is in session. Should the Senator be on a Chautauqua tour the worshiper would simply be up against it at prayertime in the absence of a railroad guide and a compass. There are many such in Wisconsin.

I expected him to be gloating over the evisceration of Uncle Ike in the magazine; but not so—he was gloomy. I wondered what he could find fault with in the article—from a La Follette worshiper's viewpoint.

"It isn't a fair article," said he.

"Well," said I, "he seems to give La Follette credit for ——"

"I mean," said this person—"I mean that this article I've been reading is unfair to Senator Stephenson. It implies that Mr. La Follette was opposed to Mr. Stephenson's first election. That is not the truth by any means. Mr. La Follette was deceived in Mr. Stephenson, but he favored his election the first time. He was, of course, opposed to his second election. Misstatements of fact can never do any good—and in the end they always react."

This, in its precise demand for accuracy, illustrates the whole gigantic La Follette episode in Wisconsin. It has been a search for the fact—the pursuit of truth. Full of turmoil as it has been, with much in it that is sort of wild and ferocious, on the whole it has been the surest, safest, best-thought-out and most completely defensible *tour de force* in statecraft of which I know. Back of it are thoroughly high ideals. It took La Follette fifteen years to knock senseless a lot of people who insisted on drowning before his eyes. Having dragged them to shore, they are beginning to see that, in spite of their lumpy heads, Bob really never meant any one of them harm, and that it would have been sensible to surrender in the first place.

When one talks with the managers of Wisconsin's public utility corporations he often notes a sort of shamefacedness of attitude like that of one conscious of having made a fool of himself. La Folletteism is triumphant. It is wreaking its will on the defenseless state of Wisconsin. Most of the awful things, to prevent which our best people have for so long been willing to shed their gore, their store and their roar, have been enacted into law; and the rest are in process of enactment—and no honest interest hurt! It is awfully embarrassing.

Everybody calls him Bob—in Wisconsin. When he was Governor he was Governor Bob. Even when he was a little frizzle-topped lawyer, with no money and a Cæsar-like ambition, the real men of the state looked down on him and called him Bob, because it seemed to them the best way of putting him in his proper place, you know. And, having formed the habit, they keep it up, even though it is the best-loved name in Wisconsin now and stands for a mass of statesmanlike achievement unique in the roll of favorite sons. When the University of Wisconsin students give him the skyrocket yell they end it with a stentorian "Bob!" And when the professor mentions the Senator he speaks of him as Bob—unless it happens to be in class. He is that kind of fellow—the sort the people hobnob with and make chums of. That's why, in spite of the almost classic severity of his program, he is triumphant in Wisconsin.



Senator La Follette in Camp on Colorado Bear Hunt

Of course, when one thinks of the matter, La Follette the Governor and La Follette the Senator is the same La Follette who once served with McKinley on the Ways and Means Committee of Congress, who drew the agricultural schedules of the McKinley bill, who was beaten for Congress in the Cleveland landslide, and who was offered by McKinley the job of Comptroller of the Currency. This gave him the O. K. of McKinley and Hanna and all the safe and sane men of that epoch of safety and sanity—for a Comptroller of the Currency rules national banks and must be level-headed and trustworthy. So La Follette was groomed in the first instance—much against his will, by-the-way—for the governorship of Wisconsin as a well-broken workhorse, warranted not to balk or kick, harnessing up for a new sort of work.

When such a sober old Dobbin is reported all at once as biting and kicking, refusing to pull with his mates, smashing the harness, throwing himself over the tongue, running away and raising Cain generally, one should look for the reason—not in the disposition of the horse, but in the circumstances. One investigates to find out about the bur under the back-pad, the too severe overcheck or other circumstance rendering peaceable work impossible. Or one inquires as to whether the tale has not been invented to account for casualties for which the talebearer is to blame—a horse deserves suspension of judgment. In La Follette's case, however, good people who should have known better, on hearing that the erstwhile co-worker with McKinley and Comptroller-in-contemplation was running amuck with all that was good and holy in Wisconsin, took the story at its face value and failed to remember the improbability of the theory that old Bob's disposition had suddenly changed.

Now that the disturbance is definitely over and Bob is pulling in the harness as steadily as can be under new conditions, four out of seven of the aforesaid good people have changed their minds and accept the good reports as implicitly as they accepted the evil. For the benefit of the unconvinced three, and that the four may have reason for the new faith which is in them, let us consider concerning this mankilling equine devil, as did the good pastor with a halt in his speech when he took as his text First Peter v, 8, seeking to determine, "why the devil he walketh about, whom the devil he seeketh to devour, and what the devil he is roaring about."

In the first place, Wisconsin was thoroughly bossed—this was the cruel overcheck. Pennsylvania was never more abject under Quay than was Wisconsin under Keyes and, later, under Sawyer. Once during the reign of Keyes he summoned a member of the legislature to meet him at the railroad station as he passed on tour. The legislator sent word that the season was late and the corn had to be planted, or that his mother was ill, or that he had married a wife—or offered some other of the traditional reasons which



Herman B. Walker, Newspaper Man; Miss Dunn; Mrs. E. M. Bishop; Mrs. La Follette; Miss Fola La Follette (in front); Prof. John R. Commons; Senator La Follette; Henry F. Cochems (in front) and Charles A. A. McGeeb, Who Nominated La Follette for President, 1908



Senator La Follette's Party on a Colorado Bear Hunt—Robert La Follette; Congressman Irvine L. Lenroot; Senator La Follette; Alfred T. Rogers, Member Republican National Committee for Wisconsin, Also Law Partner of the Senator

a man gives for attending to his own business. Keyes was not angry—the circumstance was too trivial; but, as a breach of discipline, it could not be overlooked. So he sent out the ukase that Mr. Legislator was to be allowed to tend corn undisturbed by public business henceforward.

"Wring his neck!" said Keyes to the machine. "And put in some one else that'll mind when he's given orders!"

They used to say of Governor Bob that he wouldn't consult with the men in authority; that he refused to pull with his mates. The explanation of this is that the overcheck was too tight and the goad too sharp for Bob. He is of French Huguenot blood, mixed with Irish and Scotch. Moreover, he is an artist and a poet in temperament. Men of such temperament and breed are apt to take the position that, on the question of minding or not minding when one's spoken to, there's nothing to consult about. So—let it be confessed here and now—he didn't consult with Keyes. There seemed to be no place where two such minds could meet. At the outset, when he wanted to be district attorney of Dane County, and later, when he wanted to go to Congress, he never asked Keyes if he might aspire, but conspired instead with a lot of inconspicuous friends of his—college mates and the like—and sent out night-riders from house to house—as is the immemorial wont of the insurrecto—and came into convention with the goods in the way of delegates. And the hired man through the press, which was all with Keyes, reported to a world ready to take reports at their face value that Bob, the mankiller, was running away, scattering bits of harness and chaise along the roadside—a hopeless, utterly ruined animal, and that what he needed was a shooting squad at the lower end of the pasture, where the digging is easy.

Plain and Fancy Vikings

THE reports took luridity from machine hatred, inspired by the fact that Bob was constantly taking the machine down and relieving it of its power, playing the game in which they were past masters better than they could. He won most of his victories under the old caucus and convention system, which he finally abolished by the direct state-wide primary. For instance, in 1904, Governor Bob, having control of all the lawful machinery of the state convention, had it called for the University of Wisconsin gym on a certain date and expected his friends to run it; but the machine said: "Go to, now! We have suffered this pompadoured heretic long enough! We will carry the caucuses and county conventions if we can. If we can't we'll put up enough contesting delegations to make a majority. We'll seat them too. We'll rough-house our man into the chair, slug our way into control and gavel our way through. We'll get enough huskies into the hall to sweep Bob's peaceable farmers into the street. In order that we may get our sluggers in we'll print some special tickets of admittance. What we will do to Robert will be plenty! The end justifies the means!"

All of which came to the ears of the crafty Governor with the poet's temperament and the gray eyes, in the backs of which smoulders a cold fire—and the La Follette crowd began contesting seats also. When the convention met the state was confronted by a situation out of which the most probable thing to be born seemed to be chaos. The game of the Stalwarts was to produce chaos—and their plans were laid with skill and forethought. "If we had allowed disorder to prevail in that convention," said Senator La Follette to me, "the progressive movement in Wisconsin would have ended in that American laughter so ready to be turned against the side that is whipped and that squeals. The real situation would have been so



The Senator and His Physician, Dr. Philip Fox

smeared and blurred and obscured that no court would ever have been able to tell which was the true and which the false convention. The work of years would have been lost in an hour."

The real story of that historic convention, so far as I know, has never been written. It is worth study if only for the reason that it shows the sort of politician Bob was. He slaved on his convention speech and left the carrying out of his plans to John Hannan—the same Colonel Hannan who stands between Senator La Follette and ten thousand irritations and perhaps errors at Washington today. The Colonel should be promoted to a generalship for his strategy that day. He sat up all night and charted the seating of the convention, to such purpose that in the morning each Stalwart delegation found itself cut off from its fellows by a square of Half-Breeds, and the Stalwarts scattered, isolated, cut up into small bodies. Across the great hall stretched a wire entanglement, horse-high, hog-tight and bull-strong, which the thoughtful Hannan had strung to prevent the spectators from taking part in the proceedings. Into this trocha gazed the helpless enthusiasts who had expected and been expected to take a hand in a possible mêlée.

But Strategist Hannan had gone farther. He had not read of the siege of Port Arthur to no purpose. He had so arranged matters that the delegates were admitted at a side door at the rear of the gymnasium, and here he had built another system of wire entanglements which cut off all approach to the door save by a strait and narrow path, wire-bordered on either side. At the entrance to this path and at the door were such mighty men as Strangler Lewis, a citizen of Wisconsin, a La Follette man, a delegate and a champion catch-as-catch-can wrestler; Big Bill Hazard, whilom center of the Wisconsin football team, and weighing in at the convention at three hundred pounds; Henry Cochems, preëminent among college football men in his time as "the perfect physical man"; Ward Westcott, and the celebrated La Follette Norse Guards of the Wisconsin squad, including Arne Lerum, the All-America guard, who in all his years of play never failed to whip his man or hold his side of the line; Emil Skow, the Terrible; Norsky Larson, whose real Christian name cannot be discovered from the sagas of that heroic age; and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr. Fitch's redoubtable Ole Skjarsen himself, of Siwash.

In that strait path a thousand might well be stopped by three, and when these young Vikings, legally sworn in as assistant sergeants-at-arms, began to vike, it was all off with the Stalwart athletes. Holders of unofficial tickets and wearers of spurious badges were told to run along and not bother—and they obeyed. And then came the dramatic seating of Mr. Rosenbury. He was a lawyer who was to present the minority report of the Committee on Credentials for the Stalwarts. According to the Governor's data, Mr. Rosenbury was to read this report, asking that Stalwarts amounting to a clear majority be seated, move its adoption, and then, instead of allowing the temporary chairman to put the motion, he was to step forward and put it himself. This forward step and assumption of authority was to be the signal for the uprising of the Stalwart crowd. The convention was to be rushed, the chairman—I believe it was Mr. Lenroot—was to be thrown out of the window, and the Stalwarts were to run the affair from that moment

At the time supposed to have been agreed upon Mr. Rosenbury stepped forward as if to put the motion for the seating of the Stalwart contestants, but something hindered. This something was Big Bill Hazard, who with "Hy" Cochems, for one purpose or another, had a seat of honor on the rostrum. By means of a simple twitch of Mr. Rosenbury's coattails Big Bill seated him instead of his delegations. "You've said your say," said the physically perfect Cochems; "suppose you leave putting the motion to the chairman?"

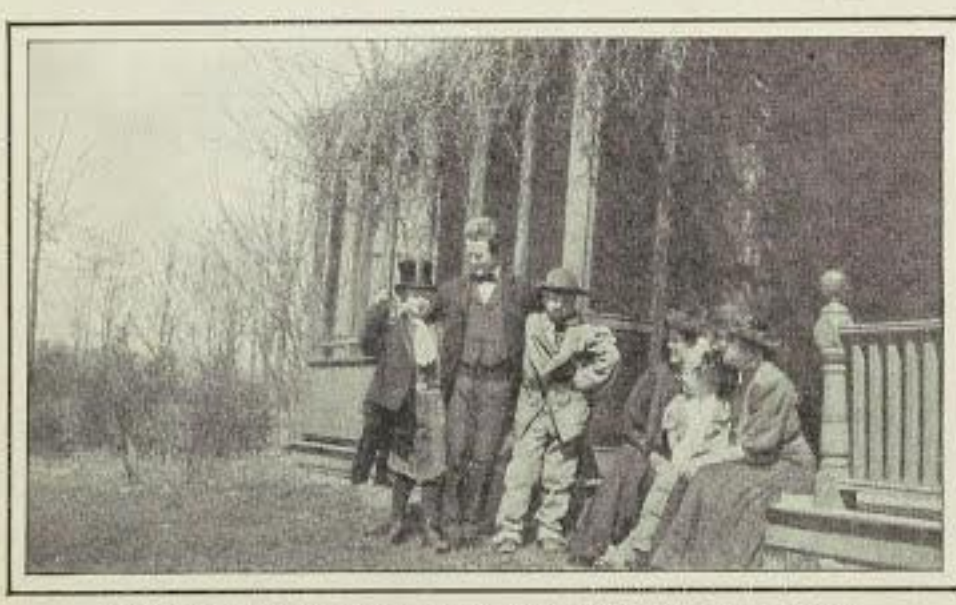
As Mr. Rosenbury subsided, the Stalwarts in the hall rose as if for their rush; but a sudden clattering of chairs drowned their yells. Colonel Hannan's well-drilled Insurgents had moved their chairs together across the aisles and the advance of the Stalwarts was cut off. There was no riot—though quite a number of individual combats took place. The Stalwarts entitled to seats were seated, but withdrew to a hall—hired beforehand—to hold a rump convention. A good minister, witnessing the plain and fancy viking done at the doors and being scandalized at such high-handed methods, reacted violently in his next sermon, and it took him five years to get back into the La Follette camp. But La Follette kept the record clear and held his organization.

La Follette's Ideas as Tried Out

MAYBE he was wrong. Maybe he should have called on the courts for protection, while the Stalwarts gaveled their way to control; but he is not built that way. Governor Bob is very human and a good game sport. He never flinches, he never fouls, and he hits the line hard. When he is slugged in a scrimmage he never complains to the referee. He handles the matter summarily, according to his lights. He unsheathes the carnal weapon when it seems to be called for—and his temperament enables him to believe at all times that it is the sword of the Lord and of Gideon.

La Folletteism in Wisconsin is passing into history. The facts are out there in the open. If Governor Bob was a firebrand he will by this time have burned things up which should have been preserved. If he was all the time the sane man to whom McKinley offered the control of the banking activities of the Federal Government that sanity should be apparent. Let us examine the record and see which he was.

When I say that Governor Bob is possessed of some of the temperament of the prophet I don't mean that he had originally any supernatural knowledge. Some of the



Veranda at Maple Bluff Farm, Philip and Robert in Fancy Dress Costume



At Landing, Maple Bluff Farm

most ignorant men in the world's history have been good prophets, for the gift lies in deep feeling and soothsaying—that is, truthtelling—rather than in knowledge of things in general. Governor Bob, if asked to compare his present status with that in which he rejoiced in 1894, might reply in the words of the man who challenged the wildcat to single combat with bare claws. "I ain't quite as good-lookin' as I was," said he, "but I know a lot more." Governor Bob went out of office scarred and scored of many battles, but he could look back and smile at the veedancy of the young Congressman who drew the agricultural schedules of the McKinley bill and was offered the comptrollership of the currency. The Wisconsin rebels were ignorant of the concrete issues since paramount in insurgency. They started in—La Follette with the rest—with the standard economic and political views of the Republican party. Their temperaments and ethics alone were different. When they revolted it was from the shame and ignominy of having their civic activities nullified by money—of the purchase of the delegates with whom they went to conventions, by railroad passes, railroad rebates, favors from great corporations and hard cash, not to mention the humiliation of being required to mind when spoken to.

The Passing of the Pass

EGGLESTON, of Oregon, is the author of the epigrammatic statement that you can hit more cats with a handful of sand than you can with a brick, but you can collect more cats with the brick. La Follette was never a believer in the attack with a handful of sand—save, mayhap, that in the craw. He is accustomed to win by a short platform of one crucial issue—and a fight as hot as pepper on that. His first brick was the antipass demand. The country has caught up with La Follette in that, as in most things he has demanded; but when he and his faction proposed a law against the giving and acceptance of free transportation on railroads it was looked upon as the idea of a dreamer and a visionary and a demagogue. Why, everybody who could get them took passes! All the fellows did who went to conventions and amounted to anything in state politics. All these men had to be beaten or converted—both being hard jobs; but Wisconsin got her antipass law. We all know now that a pass, when it isn't the cheapest of bribery, is a gift, the expense of which the donor saddles on the unconscious public. And this propaganda was one of the things that gave La Follette the name of agitator and fanatic.

The antipass issue was a fine thing by which to begin the process of separating the privileged sheep from the unprivileged goats—yes, I believe I'll leave it that way. Along with it went the issue of equal taxation as between railroads and the rest of the property of the state. One is not shocked, at this day, by the proposition that railroad property should pay taxes according to value. It doesn't seem so desperately radical, even if it isn't practiced much—outside of Wisconsin; but, in 1894 and subsequent years, La Follette sustained his reputation as a disturber and agitator by going about preaching this simple reform. Even this he did not anticipate when the rebellion against the bosses began. La Follette set Athlete Cochems—now practicing law—to the task of looking up the facts—always the facts—with reference to the railroads. Cochems ran across some of the writings of Potato-Patch Pingree, of Detroit, and took them to Bob. They were full of the iniquities of railroad tax-dodging in Michigan. "Here's a bigger thing than antipass," said Cochems. "The roads in Wisconsin are only paying what they feel like donating."

In such naïve, incidental ways were the early issues made up. The Insurgents were feeling their way from issue to issue. They felt that something was wrong; and, as their impressions were justified by discoveries, they seized on them one at a time as issues. They were not demigods, who knew everything. Neither were they demagogues, who befooled the people for their own selfish ends. They took infinite pains to be right on every issue before it was drawn—and that is not the demagogue's way. Governor Bob, along with the antipass law, put in the statutes the law for a tax commission, which has made the railroads, express companies, street railroads, electric light and power companies and other public utilities pay their just share of taxation. The railroads alone were subjected to an increased tax of six hundred thousand dollars a year, not one dollar of which can be said by any one to be unjust. The new sources of taxation were so fruitful of revenue that the general state tax was no longer levied. The citizenry could read in their tax receipts the benefits of the work of Governor Bob—and the corporations which had been making their own entries on the tax rolls could read in theirs the just burdens which they had escaped for so long by the use of the pass and the domination of the caucus and convention.

The La Follette passion for the fact ruled in the enactment of the state tax commission law, however, as we find it ruling in all his public acts. A demagogue is always a spoilsman—for spoils only will induce and remunerate demagogy. If Bob had been a demagogue he would have asked for a law which would have enabled him to hold up the public utilities for campaign funds in return for immunity from taxation; but what he asked for and got was a permanent, expert, nonpartisan tax commission. The moment any question was settled in the La Follette way, it passed from the realm of graft and became dignified, respectable, learned, investigative, deliberate—but immitigable as fate. The tax question in Wisconsin is settled, so far as it can ever be, until it comes to be reëxamined in some such mode as that to which it has been recently subjected in England. It is in that state of stable equilibrium in which any question stands when its status accords with the prevailing ideas of what is just. In most states this cannot be said.

La Folletteism has not introduced any newfangled taxes or systems of taxation; but it has, after deep study, made as nearly perfect as possible the prevailing one. No interest has been hurt. With the enactment of a state income tax this summer, the La Follette scourge will have run its awful course in Wisconsin—and those who shot the front pages to rags with scareheads will wonder—if they ever think of it again—what really caused the screams of protest!

While Governor Bob was fighting desperately for these temperate measures of antipass and ad-valorem taxation, the whole La Follette crowd were learning. One of them was Francis E. McGovern, now governor. In one of the northern counties one day, stumping for Bob, he made a fervid speech in favor of ad-valorem taxation of corporate property. He pictured vividly—for he is some spellbinder—the iniquities of the then prevailing mode of taxation.

"That's all very well, Mac," said a merchant after the speech; "but what good is it to make 'em pay more taxes? They'll just raise rates and make the consumers pay the extra taxes, and we'll be worse off than we are now. For they'll raise rates good and plenty when they get at it—and probably make money on the job."

The orator of the evening took a long, long look at this suggestion. So far as the governor remembers, it was the first broaching of a subject the discussion of which brought on the long fight for railroad and public-utility regulation in Wisconsin, with its "physical valuation," its "franchise value," its "good-will" and "going value," and all the rest of it. La Follette did not start out to regulate railroad rates; but, when he found that corporations could add their taxes to their rates and wriggle their fingers in his face in derision, he moved up to the new position. Resuming the simile, he picked up a new brick.

Regulating Rates

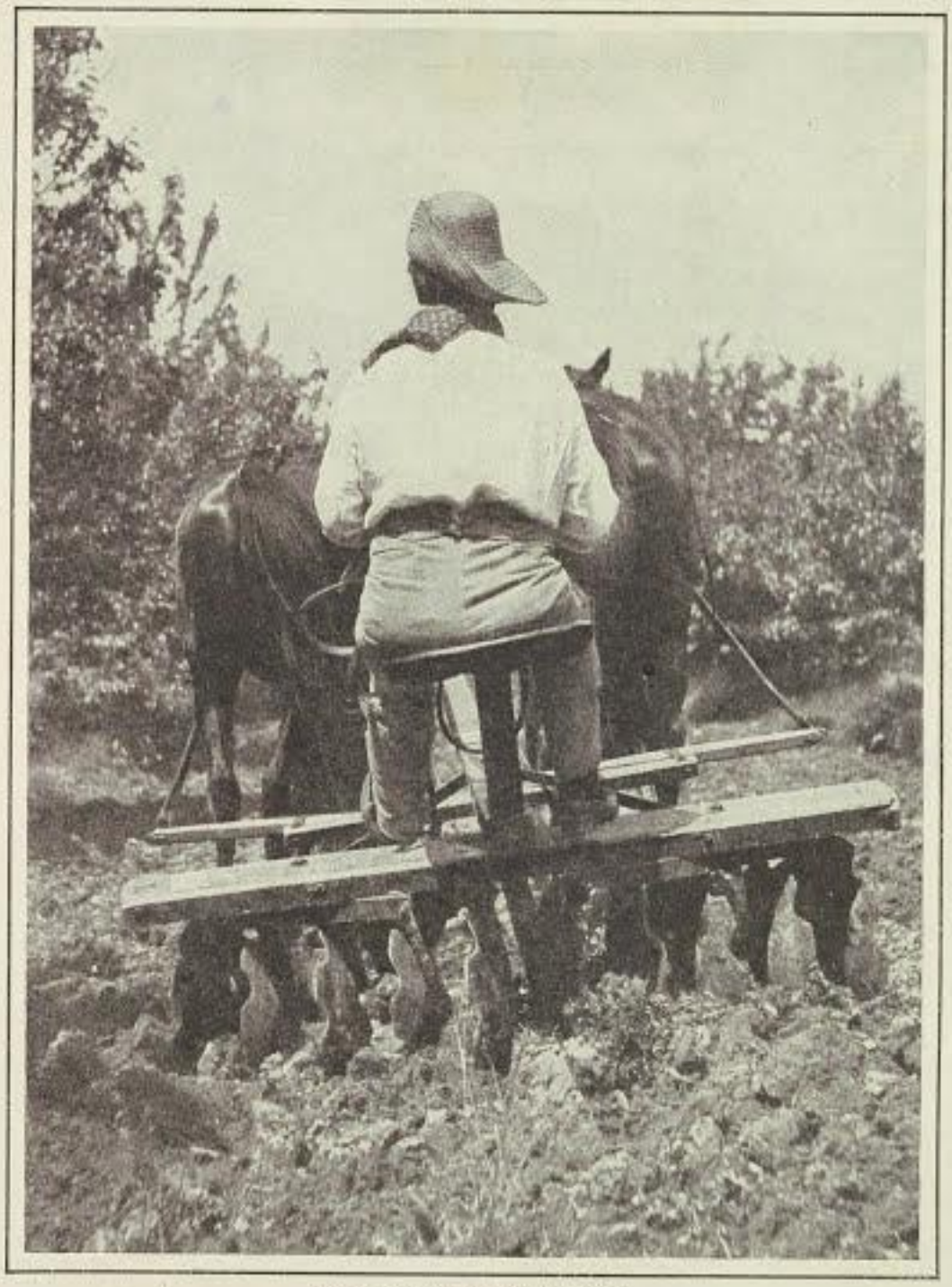
RATES must be regulated—that was certain; but how? The answer was peculiarly La Follettian. It was a demand for the facts. A demagogue would have rushed before the people with some plan for instant regulation by statute; but La Follette first found that the decisions of the Wisconsin courts secured to the people the right to regulate rates within reasonable limits, and then decided that the proper agency by which to do this was a permanent, nonpartisan commission of experts, who could study the question, find out where the reasonable limits lay, and act only when they knew. This doesn't sound anarchistic now, but it drew down on Governor Bob's head more denunciation than all his other reforms. If the reader of this weekly has the idea that Bob is a dangerous man his prejudice is probably the result of the cyclone of epithets that swept the country because, forsooth, he fought to victory for the plan of having a permanent, nonpartisan commission of experts to determine what rates are reasonable and impose them on the railroads—which all the time possessed the right to have the rates set aside by the courts if they were unjust. What has been the result? Has it been ruinous to the railroads? Certainly not. Has capital fled the state? Quite the contrary. How do people who operate public utilities feel about the Wisconsin law after a few years of trial?

Senator Sanborn, of the Ashland district, is the legal adviser of a corporation which owns a waterpower in Michigan and operates public utilities in both Wisconsin and Michigan. It recently became necessary for it to sell bonds. Mr. Sanborn went to the Boston brokers who were handling the issue for the purpose of advising concerning it, and, among other things, to determine whether the corporation should be organized under the laws of Michigan or those of Wisconsin.

"Incorporate in Wisconsin," said the brokers. "We can sell the bonds more easily and at a better figure."

"Why?" asked Mr. Sanborn.

"Oh, it's quite obvious," they replied. "Your railroad commission's rules as to good service insure the bondholders



When the Senate is Not in Session

against the deterioration of the plant. Their rules against overcapitalization insure them against any lack of value in the inception of the project—and altogether the commission serves the investors in public-utility securities quite as effectively and continuously as the people. By all means incorporate in Wisconsin."

A Milwaukee broker was in Madison the other day visiting an old friend. He told of his business operations in Iowa and Minnesota, consisting in the main of the purchase of public-utility plants and their reorganization and sale to investors at a profit.

"Why don't you operate in Wisconsin?" asked his friend. "There are plenty of good plants in the state which are of just the sort you like."

"Quite true," said the manipulator of properties; "but I can't make such profits here as I can in other states. Your railroad commission won't let me water the stock—and it's the water that I make my money out of."

I asked the manager of a gas company how he liked the La Follette régime in public utilities.

"Well," said he, "we don't find that it hurts us any. We were scared during the agitation, but the commission is so fair that we rather like it. The commission takes the ground that we have to have rather better interest on our investments than we could get, for instance, on farm mortgages, or we should all lend on farm mortgages instead of building gasworks; and reasonable returns are really all we want. We haven't a word of fault to find."

The reader begins to get the idea, I hope. The investor who wants returns and wishes to be sure of them likes the Wisconsin law and indorses this fruition of La Folletteism—except those who have been embittered in the fight—and I think even most of them do.

The men who are actually operating the properties and who are brought into most frequent contact with the commission like it—when one gets their real opinion.

The men who want to float fleets of securities on oceans of water, who seek to sell blue sky, who want to reap where they have not sown and to eat bread in the sweat of other men's brows, are opposed to the commission.

I asked Halford Erickson, who has been on the commission since its creation and who is one of the great rate experts of the world, what in his opinion is the feeling of the financial world toward this, the greatest of the La Follette institutions.

"The managers of the public-utility plants like it, I believe," said he. "They are freed from the necessity of defiling themselves and their business with the ward politics in which they were steeped in the past. They give no passes or free service or reduced rates to public officers or any one else. The city administrations can neither hurt them nor help them. They can live cleaner and more self-respecting lives than can men in similar positions under ordinary conditions. Being decent men, they like this. The investors in the bonds of the utilities like the law because it makes their investments safe. But many of the owners of the stock don't like it. It prevents melon-cutting and stock-watering. That's the way the various classes of people interested in public utilities feel about the law."

The people of the state like the law. That's one of the reasons why Senator La Follette, last year, with the massed millions of the melon-cutting gentry against him, and with no money of his own, carried every Congressional district, every Senatorial district, every Assembly district, every county and nineteen out of every twenty precincts in the state. The people have tried La Folletteism and found it statesmanship.

A demagogue, invested as governor with the power of appointing such a commission, would have traded the personnel of the commission for the allegiance of the corporations. Or he would have appointed spoilsmen as his

(Continued on Page 56)

THE AGENT AT BANTAM SPUR

By CALVIN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



"Sure 'Twas the Fiend Himself Afther Him"

"TIS not a night fer histhory," objected the Old Switchman, "and it will lose in the telling."

He looked up at the curved moon sleighing through high, gray fleeces against the wind. The switchlights sparkled like fireflies.

"Shud it be tould in a theayter?" sneered the Foreman. "Histhory is histhory."

"It is not!" interrupted the Old Switchman authoritatively—"ixcept the case I have in mind," he added.

There was silence after this rebuke and old Denny stood studying his shadow, as though telling time by the moon.

"Midnight," he resumed presently, with a rapt manner; "and where is Jerry Coffin?"

He inquired so blandly that the crew were abashed; they glared at one another in reproach for so much ignorance.

Impatient, Denny answered himself: "I do not know."

"And who is Jerry Coffin?"

"He was a prophet without honor in any country; he foretould I wud die at ould age—and now I have lived past it, bad cess to him!"

"It is mysthery instead av histhory he do be making. What has midnight to do with it?" ventured the Foreman.

They frowned him down at so unreasonable a question and the Old Switchman began the history of Jerry Coffin.

* * * * * * *

What time ould Scrymie was prisidint av the P. D. Q. and Nick Wheedle, his son-in-law, was prisidint av the entire Scrymie family, a man av mark came wan day to the headquarther offices.

Well I remimber the wild black eye and long, bewildered hair av this man; and 'tis no wonder the clerk hastened into the no-admittance office with his name and description.

"'Tis wild he is, with a black eye," said the clerk.

"Small blame to him. I have been wild with a black eye mesilf," replied Nick Wheedle, smiling over the throuble far behind him—when he was desperate with youth. "Show him in."

"'Tis a glad day when I shake your hand again, Jerry Coffin," he tould his visitor, meeting him halfway to the door. "A new issue av stock we have in hand, and ye may get a spirit message whether it wud sell better printed on green or orange paper."

"Green, ye traitor!" exclaimed Coffin, staring at the fine clothes av Wheedle; "but divil a spirit message do I take on a slate fer any man, since it brought me to jail—and out agin through a hole in the wall."

Nick Wheedle laughed at the remimbrance. "We grow ould and settled down," he said—"and comfortable," he added, smoothing the red vest av him.

"And comfortable," repeated Jerry Coffin. "Ye Robin Redbreast!" he thought. "A curse on this carpet like a snowdrift! I must step so high that I will cast a battered shoe into the lap av luxury. Afther this I will harness them on with wire instead av leather."

"'Tis a fine roadbed ye have fer walking here," he says, reaching a chair.

"Saints preserve my suspenders; which are only av sthring!" he reflected.

"Will ye have a cigar so soon afther breakfast?" asks Nick.

"It is not too soon," replied Coffin politely. "Faith, I had nearly fergotten it during the twenty-four hours," he thinks—"If I cud only boil the cigar!"

"Can I do anything fer ye, Jerry?" inquires Wheedle, fer he was always strong av interest in ould frinds and tuk little stock in their clothes.

"Ye can take a hint for me, ye boardhead," thinks Jerry; but, being a thrifle confused for an answer, he replies:

"Yis; ye may give me a position to wur-rk."

"Go to wur-rk, is it?" exclaims Wheedle. "At your age! Ye will still have your joke."

"If ye can detect humor in it I give ye joy av the laugh," says the other sourly. "'Tis this life av ease palls on me, Nick. The memory av days whin I rode a wild thrain with ye tempts me. I will take a position as conducthor."

Wheedle considers for a time and then answers in confidence: "Whist, Jerry! I will do betther by ye than that: I will fit ye fer any position on this railroad."

"'Tis an official coroner ye shud have," suggested Jerry.

"Whist, I tell ye! I will fit ye for any position by putting ye at the bottom and letting ye wur-rk up, step by step, till ye arrive at the pinnacle. This is betwane frinds and the men must not suspect it. Aven Scrymie wud be jealous. I will put ye on as gineral agint at Bantam Spur—and the experience av handling freight afther an agint's manner will prepare ye fer a job as claim agint—afther that ——"

"Hould!" commands Jerry. "Ye will crowd yourself out av a job next. I will take the place.

"Is it to be gineral agint?" continued Jerry with cheerfulness. "And who is to hould all the other fat jobs at Bantam Spur? Who is to be gineral livestock, and foreman, and superintendint, and gineral housewur-rk?"

"Ye will be all av thim," answered Wheedle, laughing; fer he was a good-humored man at times.

"I will accipt thim," replies Jerry with dignity. "Arrah, I have an uncle who paid my fare halfway to Amerikay, and I paid the last half rather than be drowned or go back to him. He was a miser and a titled man, being Sir Jerry av a castle like a wieker crate and duke av a bog in Killarney. I will send him wan av my cards and the titles will drive him crazy with invy."

"Now a wur-rd av warning," said Nick Wheedle: "the thrain boord is not for spirit messages; and ye cannot keep banshees in the wareroom."

"They do not pay for their keep," said Jerry. "Niver again will I write messages on slate or boord—on the wur-rd av a Coffin."

"It is well," said Nick. "Ye can still receive a telegraph message?" he added. "I remimber ye as a studint operator in the ancient days."

"I am a professor by this time," answered Jerry, "and have invented new finger ixercises in lightning."

The other laughed for the humor av the occasion, but warned him again. Thin he sent him to the coompany restaurant for repairs.

"No slate writings, on the wur-rd av a Coffin," says Jerry to himself on his way. "No slate writings; but divil a mention was made av spirit rappings. Between Nick Wheedle and the spirits 'tis a happy medium I will be," he chuckles. "'Tis gineral managers and directhors deceased who will instruct me in running Bantam Spur Station, and an official meeting will sound like a kettledrum convention."

Now this station was at the ind av Bantam Spur, which ran 'way into the mountains from the main line av the P. D. Q. Five miles down the spur was a smelter, which

loaded its cars there and paid the freight charges to the station agint. And many a day a thrain ran up to the spur and the ingine, heading about on a "Y," tuk it safely back agin at times.

"It is a mixed thrain ye run," says Jerry to the conducthor on the day he goes up to take the job.

"It has been mixed more than wance," answers the conducthor—"thrain and crew, at the bottom av the mountain. So ye are to be agint at Bantam Spur?"

"That is wan av the officials I will be," replies Jerry.

"It is a cheerful place," says the conducthor. "Ye have a family, Misther Coffin?"

"As ould as any in Ireland."

"Your great-grandfather will not miss ye much longer," says the other. "It is a cheerful place."

And this makes Coffin an anxious man; but he says nothing till they reach the ind av the line and he gets out on the platfoorm. There he meets the substitute agint, who is fer jumping into the thrain at wance.

"Ye are welcome," he says to Jerry from the steps. "Ye will find the combination to the safe pinned under the telegraph table and the assistant agint is chained in the wareroom."

"In chains, is it?" says Jerry, dazed a bit. "'Tis a hospitable place ——"

"And cheerful," says the agint. With that he goes inside the coach and luks out av a windey. "I am all aboord," he says, "with the thrain order in my pocket. I wud not have the thrain delayed on the last day I am agint."

"Faith, ye do not shed tears av regret," answers Jerry. "Did the agint whose place ye tuk resign?"

"Ivery week," replies the other, "fer four years—then he ——"

At this insthant the thrain started back.

"Thin he did what?" shouts Jerry, racing along av the windey.

"Thin he resigned agin; and"—but the wur-rds were blown away on the wind.

"He resigned agin; and," repeated Jerry; "and—it is a fateful wur-rd to stop with and upsets me completely."

He looked up and down the bare mountainsides—at the sky; thin he listened up the wind, as if hoping to have the next wur-rd afther "and" blown down upon him.

"It is quiet here," he says, "and not overcrowded." He starts up the platfoorm, but the sound av his own footsteps alarmed him. "I must move with carefulness," he thinks, "or I will start an avalanche." So he tiptoes up to the station and peeps inside. In wan ind was the telegraph office and stationery—in the other ind was the wareroom; but they were separated by a partition. So, next, Jerry peers into the wareroom door.

"Saints save us!" he mutters, hearing the rattle av chains—then a low whine. "Is it a dog they have fer assistant agint?" he reflects; and going to a corner he drags him out. It was a large hound av a blue color, with drooping red eyes and a mourner's expression muzzled on to his face.

"Ye luk cheerful enough to be the agint himself," says Jerry. "Now I will release ye; but be careful how ye bite, because I have little to do but bite back."

The dog howled with joy to be free av the chain and muzzle, and an answer came back as if a thousand wolfpacks were running wild over the mountains.

"He resigned again, and ——" says Jerry with a shudder, going into the telegraph office and closing the door against the howling.

In the corner was a cot, with blankets fringed and nibbled at wan ind. "Rats!" he considers—and thin his hair rises a little. "'Twas the agint chewed thim," he realizes. In the corner is a scattered pack av cards and a knife stuck in the door, which was almost in splinters, having served so long as a target.

Then the howling bursts out like a chase av divils, with a terrible scratching against the wall.

"I will have to brush my hair with mucilage!" he says, houlding it down. Then he notices the telegraph table all whittled, with initials cut into it, like epitaphs. The walls are written over with scratches and pencilmarks.

He spends a long minute decipherin' wan boord alone. "After you, my dear station agint!" it reads, with the outline av a hand, whose finger points at a scratchy figure with long horns.

"Sure 'twas the Fiend himself afther him," says Jerry, and retires outside to kick the dog; but the hound moved sideways, soft-futted, as if bowing politely, and his eyes burned like bluddy candlelights.

"Faith, I do not like the manner the dog has," reflects Jerry, and drops the muzzle he has picked up, which makes the other howl with joy.

He starts tiptoeing down the platfoorm again to where he has left his carpetbag; thin the native bravery av the Coffins rises up in him.

"Whatever ind I come to, I will not arrive by stealth," he says, and later tacks some cloth on the soles av his shoes that he may tramp about bouldly as a man shud.

"Tomorry," he decides, "I will arrange the stationery and pull the knife out av the door—'twill be a busy day."

At this second the telegraph startles him with a terrible clamor, fer the substitute agint had bent a large piece av zinc over the sounder. It was only wan agint down the line notifying the dispatcher that the thrain had arrived without accidint.

"I have niver known years to pass so quickly as since I have been agint at Bantam," says Jerry toward dusk, sitting in a chair and speaking to his assistant. "It is industhry that shorters time—the business av recovering from wan shock and preparing fer another," he says.

But the wur-rst wan was to come. It was not a noise, but a soft rustle, as av squirrels running over dry leaves—thin a faint tinkle near the door.

"The business is increasing too fast," thinks Jerry; "my hair will niver be able to handle it all."

But afther a time he peers outside and sees a tin pail and a loaf av bread upon the platfoorm. The pail foams over with milk—and in the dark mouth av the gulch beyant he sees the faint flutter av white.

"What need av slate-writing?" he asks the dog. "Here ye may call the roll and they will answer in person."

He notices a thin wisp of smoke floating from behind a shoulder av the mountain. "'Tis a witch's pipe—or a cabin," he goes on.

With that he gives three raps and a knock on the assistant's head; and at his howl the spot av white floats quietly a moment and vanishes.

"Ye are a medium," says Jerry to the hound; "and the communication av spirits is not lost on her."

In an absint way he carries in the milk and bread, and thin ixplores the cases av supplies in a corner.

"Here are some dried lemons, smoked meat," he says; "desiccated crabapples, canned quinces, and pickles."

He places some av each delicacy before him on the telegraph table.

"I must ate this dinner by the light av a danger lanthern," he says, lighting the red wan.

He crumbles half av the bread into the washbasin and serves it to the other with milk.

"The cards are scattered like leaves in the autumn av lonesomeness," he thinks aloud; "prisintly I'll pick thim up and ingage in the revelry av solitaire."

At this instant the sounder begins on the zinc, like the march av time over the tin roof av a graveyard.

But it is only the man and the gur-rl who have the other two offices on the branch, making love to aich other; and, as they will not talk to Jerry, he cuts out the sounder and falls into deep reflection.

A little breeze crawls down the mountain and blows through the keyhole like the horn av doom; a raindrop booms as it bursts against the windeypane.

"Faith, I thought the moon had fallen down!" ixclaims Jerry. Thin a spell av the place and night comes over him and he turns to spirit-rappings for coompany.

"Take heed," he says to Medium, the assistant, "and ye may read the rappings."

So he opened a school av spiritualism, laughing with joy as he read the signs. And the dog, crouched before him, wud sometimes answer by beating his tail against the floor, and wail like a banshee av great understanding in hope av worse times to come.

So the evening passes sociably as in a haunted house; and when Jerry goes to bed among the nibbled blankets, he has a strange feeling of being called to his last judgment tomorry, and tosses with many chills and alarms, as the hound raps the floor at intervals during the night.

In the morning he makes coffee in a rusted pot on the coalstove in the office and peers around all corners av the station house as he drinks.

Suddenly there is a flutter av white at the mouth av the gulch, which is answered by a flutter in his breast that makes him set down the basin av scalding coffee—and the assistant gives wan lap and two short howls.

"It is agitated ye are," says Jerry as the figure approaches. "Have ye no conthrol, Medium? Be brave, like a Coffin!" he says, and yet trimbles on hearing the tin pail set by the door.

"If ye plase, I will take back the other pail," says the gur-rl who sees his shadow from beyant the corner; and Jerry makes haste to fetch it.

"It is a fair morning," he says, amazed at the blue eyes av her and the brown hair that clouds her head like a tangle av sunbeams.

"It is," she agrees with a half-shy luk. "I suppose ye will wish the milk and bread brought as the other agints have done?"

Her face was a little thin and faded, but was innocent and held a soft wonder and good humor. "She is like a child—frindly with the wilderness it is lost in," thinks Jerry Coffin; and he is guilty and cast down befoore that luk and feels he is being brought to judgment.

The wind blew the hair like stardust befoore her face, as though wishing to show her the wur-rld through a magic veil.

"I shall be thankful for the milk," says Jerry, and he makes bould to walk to the ind av the platfoorm beside her, though without finding another wur-rd to spake.

"Silence is a bitter taste to me," he reflects, watching her out av sight; "heretofoore I have felt a pressure av language and puffed it away like the exhaust av a locomotive. Now I have little left for emergency."

So he made up his mind to economy, and spoke only wance to the conducthor av the thrain, and on Medium he did not waste a sound above a rap on the skull. However, in the afthernoon he held a seance, at which the hound listened as among the rattle av ghostly meat-bones and barked for joy.

"To her," thinks Jerry, "I am only the common wild man av the wilderness



"A Coffin, a Medium and a Thrick Goat. It is Too Much!"



"Sure, I Wud be a Witch Dacther fer Such a Meal"

and av no particular intherest. Faith, I must atthract her attintion to something else and thin she will turn her eye on mesilf. It is the way av women," he thinks.

So in the avening, when she comes with the pail av milk, Jerry inquires: "Did ye hear the knocks aginst the mountain last night? 'Twas a murtherous sound."

"I did not hear thim," she answered, luking at the mountain.

"And the dog barked as though he had understanding av thim as signals."

"It is queer av him," she replies, watching the dog.

"Whist!" ventures Jerry at the edge av the platfoorm. "I have my suspicions av him. Medium!" he calls, and the other barks short and sharp, and cocks his ears to listen.

The gur-rl luks wonder and thin laughs as though pleased with a new fancy. Fer an insthant her eyes sparkle on Jerry as she turns away to go back to the little farm, where she lives with her father.

"Now I have her intherested in the dog and the mountain—and glancing at me," thinks Jerry. But although he hints at the mysthery twice ivery day as he walks to the ind of the platfoorm, she only smiles and says:

"Ye are making fun av me, Misther Agint."

Now niver in all his life befoore had Jerry throubled so much over a gur-rl or been at a loss fer ixcuses to make favor with any wan.

"Sure I can niver atthract her regard with only five minutes a day," he thinks, "and yet 'twould be bould to go farther than the platfoorm with her. And I will make no ixcuse to go farther," he says, regretting the lie which wud not come, and choked in his throat whin she luked at him. "I must have a reason, and a thrue wan ——"

But there was no reason why he should go farther, and despair had possession av him whin, on the fourth day, the thrain conducthor unloaded a crate on the platfoorm.

"The shipment is 'over,'" he explains; "I have no bill fer it"—and, receiving his thrain order from Jerry, bumps away on the mixed thrain.

"'Tis a goat," says Jerry, and sits down with Medium to ixamine it. The goat mutters to himself in a towering rage and will have nothing to do with thim; so Jerry hauls him to the wareroom on a truck.

In a few minutes there is a call at the wire and he is asked if Bantam Spur is "over" a shipment av one goat.

"A gineral agint shud not commit himself at wance," he reflects; and so answers that he will check up the packages in the wareroom for the goat. In an insthant a saving idea has come to him: "The goat must not be 'over'; it is asthray he must be." And yet, with the remimbrance av the gur-rl, he cannot lie—aven to the claim departmint.

Without answer, he steals out; and prisintly, pulling befoore with a rope while Medium bites behind, he escorts the goat beyant the shoulder av the mountain to the farm.

An ould gintleman sits smoking his pipe on the parlor doorsill; and Jerry, being a man av form, prisints his business card from which he has scraped the ace of clubs. The ould gintleman houlds it at ar-rm's length and reads the name:

"Coffins," he says. "There is no wan dangerously sick. 'Tis undertakers who are overrunning the counthry now," he complains.

"'Tis not the business but the name which ye see at a bird's-eye view," intherrupts Jerry in haste. "Hould the card only halfway to the horizon, wave it back and forth, and ye may read the business in smaller writing." But the ould gintleman cannot get a focus; so Jerry reads it: "Gineral Livestock Agint, P. D. Q. Railroad."

"So it is!" agrees the other, with intherest. "Ye are traveling with your departmint? Kathy," he calls, "it is the livestock agint, with his thrick goat."

The gur-rl with the brown hair comes to the door and claps her hands. "Will he walk a wire?" she asks.

Jerry Coffin puts a curse on the ould gintleman under his breath. "I must not praise him to his face," he says av the goat, who mutters and shoves him aside with his head, and thin bucks into the air with a dangerous luk. Jerry shortens the rope and sets him to face the other way.

"It is a vallyble goat," he says, "but is that headstrong we must set him asthray in the mountains or he will wish to collide with the locomotive," he explains, wiping his brow. "So I wish permission to let him browse on the rocks av the farm and practice walking the peak."

"It will plase Kathy," says the ould gintleman, "and save the price av admission. As fer me, I do not care fer agints and thrick livestock. Did I make it plain there was nobody sick here?" he asks, with suspicion. "This may be a new dodge av undertakers to wur-rm into confidence."

"'Coffin'—it is my name!" replies Jerry, boiling with indignation.

"What is his name?" inquires the other, pointing at the dog with his pipe.

"I know—it is Medium," replies Kathy.

Her father takes his pipe out av his mouth again. "A coffin, a medium and a thrick goat," he mutters. "It is too much!" and goes inside the house.

"It is all right, Misther Coffin," says Kathy; "ye may let him play in the front yard."

"Perhaps we may sick the dog on the goat," says the ould man, hurrying out av the house—and he does so; at which the goat jumps on the roof av the low shed and thin on the house.

"'Tis wan av his thricks," explains Jerry and walks away in imbarrassmint and despair av such humiliation befoore Kathy. "But I have done this," he reflects, "because I wud not lie, aven to the claim departmint. It is fer her sake I am an honest man." And, calling up headquarthers, he repoorts the shipment av wan goat asthray and not "over."

"How do ye know it is asthray?" he is asked; but he will not commit himsilf further.

Kathy came and wint, with Jerry escorting her a few yards beyant the platfoorm; but she does not mention the goat at all.

"Small wonder," grumbles Jerry at supper; "she is disgusted with the bad manners av him"; and during the seance that avening, whin Medium reads the rappings with ease, Jerry complains without pause. "Spirits are poor coompany," he says, and goes out to stroll on the platfoorm and watch the face floating in the milky way, with blue eyes and a veil av dusty gold blown across it.

"If ye rap tonight," he threatens the dog, as he turns in, "'twill go har-rd with ye. Bad ess to a medium who does not know the difference between an inspired drame and a nightmare."

Next morning he makes bould to walk home with Kathy to inspect the livestock departmint.

"Ye must not take offense at my father," explains she with hesitation. "He farms here fer the health av him; and, being an invalid, he is sinsitive about your name av Coffin."

"Yes, yes; I understood," replies Jerry.

"He says he will call ye Misther O'Friday if ye do not mind. He has no coompany here but the days av the week, and 'twill come more natural and frindly."

"O'Friday!" mutters Jerry. "Well, well, let it pass; it is not bad. I have known a man named Christmas, who was hung on a tree!" And he tells her the tale, being a man av intheresting histhory.

Misther Doons, the father, nods whin they arrive, and from the doorsill luks away over the mountain.

"I was not organizing a lodge that I needed a goat," he says bitterly.

"He will amuse ye," puts in Jerry, luking round.

Misther Doons hisses through the cob pipe: "I have an apartmint in a sheep pound," he says. "It is like sleeping under a skating rink."

Jerry luks up and sees the goat, who snorts and frisks on the roof.

"Coom down!" he demands; but the goat laughs in his beard and stares out over the mountain.

"Ye will have to chase him down," says Misther Doons; and as Jerry does so he becomes intherested.

Whin it is all over, and Jerry has rolled off the roof afther the goat, the ould man says:

"Ye must put a new steep roof on the shed or he will jump up again." And in several hours' hard wur-rk Jerry makes a new roof that a bur-rd could not light on.

"It is like a steeple, Misther O'Friday," says Doons; "but it will answer if it does not leak at the point. Now have the goat do his thricks over on the mountain, where I may watch him with the spyglass."

Jerry pulls yards av clothesline out av the goat in the front yard.

"Ye will unravel him entirely!" says Doons with intherest; but, whin Jerry persuades the baste away with a stick, the other falls into a low state again.

"What is the use to be entertained?" he says. "I cannot laugh with wan lung."

"It is enough," replies Jerry, thinking av the goat and glad that Kathy is in the kitchen. "'Tis policy to intherest the ould man," he thinks to himself; "but bad cess to the goat—he will be the ruin av me with Kathy."

So he discourses on the roughness av railroads. "They wud jolt a spirit to bits," he says, as a hint.

"We do not know," argues Doons; "we have no wur-rd from thim."

"Whist! I get it straight by raps," says Jerry darkly; but the ould man shakes his head. "If ye will come down some avening we may hear signs av your ancistors."

"Saints rest thim!" says Doons. "'Tis little rest they had in this wur-rld betwane the law and the opportunity av breaking it. I have lived down the skeletons," he says, "and will hould no resurrection in a closet, lest they talk back to me."

It is plain that he misdoubts, but Jerry swells with the triumph at hand. "Sure, it is alsy to converse with thim; aven the dog medium has a conthrol."

The other is startled and almost drops his pipe. "Is it a dog boulds seances!" he exclaims.

"'Tis little we know," answers Jerry with a sigh and shake av the head. "Have ye not heard the wolf-pack howl back at him from the mountains?"

Doons luks at him with great intherest and curiosity.

"Hark!" says Jerry. "Prisintly ye will hear him. 'Tis exercised he is now—ivery morning—with ghosts."

"Av departed dogs?"

"I do not think so; fer he repeats the signals to me who have no intherest in dogs."

The ould man lays down his pipe and wipes his glasses to luk more cautiously at Jerry who smokes and waits in a whirlwind—wan side av which bears him up to hope and the other sucks him down to despair.

Prisintly came the howl av echoes from the mountain. "I can niver decide," whispers Jerry, "whether the pack howls first to the dog or the dog to the mountain. Ha!" And he raised his hand for silence.

From beyant the shoulder av the mountain they hear long howls, then many short barks, which sound closer and closer. They can hear the sound av something running—and in a second Medium is befoore thim.

"What is the sign?" asks Jerry, and the hound, with eyes red and hair bristling, crouches panting whilst he beats a tattoo with his tail.

"'Tis wur-rd I must not neglect," says Jerry; and with an apology he rises and quickly descends the mountain, with the ould man's eyes pushing the glasses to the ind av his nose.

At the station, Jerry pulls the knife from the door and casts it again at the target till it sticks.

"Now that the day's business and amusement are over I will rest with a clear conscience," he says, and goes to sleep till thraintime; fer, with houlding seances, he and Medium get little sleep at night.

That afternoon the thrain conducthor brings him in a letter stamped and addressed to Kathleen Doons, and by railroad mail a tracer from the claim departmint, to which Jerry attaches his reply:

"The goat is still straying," he says; "if he returns I will herd him till further notice from ye is received regarding disposition, which is not good, in case he is not strayed again."

"It has an official sound," he thinks, reading it over with pride. "'Tis the Coffins who are born for correspondence!"

But with a sinking heart he gives Kathy her letter that avening and sees her almost dance for joy.

"Oh, he is coming up to visit over Sunday," she cries, "and I must hurry home with the news!"

"Did ye mark her eye shine?" asks Jerry av Medium. "A curse on him, whoever he is, who visits over Sunday!"

But Medium has become so intranced that he listens for spirits asleep or awake and does not heed Jerry at all.

On that same avening, the manager av the smelter comes up on a handcar to make payment for the car av copper shipped that week, and Jerry locks the cash in the safe. Thin he calls on the Doons to inspect the livestock, fer he has a sinse av responsibility in all departmints.

"Good avening, Misther O'Monday," says the ould man from the doorsill. "The goat has been sporting all day on the peak yonder; ye may see him now, like a comic valentine pasted over the moon. He lends an intense beauty to the scenery," says Doons.

But Jerry only bows, fer well he knows that the way to atthract intherest is by showing none himself.

"Has the dog any message today?" asks the other prisintly in a mocking voice.

"'Tis burning with curiosity he is," thinks Jerry, and answers: "He was ixpecting wan whin I left: but 'twill not come till nine-thirty o'clock. 'Tis the spirit av a freight ingineer, who haunts the place and is due at nine."

"Why will he not repoort on time?" asks Kathy from the door.

"'Tis the late O'Donovan," ixplains Jerry, at which the ould man laughs and Kathy cries: "How can ye make fun av me so—and spirits are sacred things, too, I'll have ye know."

"Will the dog bring ye the message?" asks Doons.

"If there is wur-rd fer me he will," replies Jerry as a matter av coorse, and the ould man goes in to luk at the clock.

"It is not respectful to palter with such mystheries," says Kathy. "Niver mind! There is wan coming tomorry who niver does anything to displease me."

"A plague on the women!" thinks Jerry with a sigh. "They will not luk at a man they can understand; yet they hould it a crime to draw thim by curiosity."

However, he decides that her curiosity is wurth more than her approval and keeps a quiet tongue. So she goes on:

"The wan coming over Sunday wud answer: 'I will not try to desave ye, Kathy dear. They are no spirits at all; 'tis only a way the dog has. And I will not make a joke av folks who are dead and cannot deny false news av thimsilves so late, Kathy dear.'"

"He wud answer in that way, wud he?" replies Jerry in quick earnest. "Thin, if I may answer ye so, Kathy dear, I will mesilf say the spirits are false—so is the dog, Kathy dear; and I shall blackguard thim in any way ye see fit."

Jerry is carried away by his earnestness, but marks the blush that stains her face like the reflection av firelight.

"It is eight-thir-rty already," says ould Doons, coming out.

"Thin I have only an hour to visit, in case there shud be wur-rd fer me from beyant," Jerry answers with defiance.

Kathy luks at him with reproach and a bit av temper. "So ye persist in such sacrilege?" she says quietly. "Very well!" And she strolls away in the moonlight.

But Misther Doons is intherested beyant belief.

"It is tremendous!" he says. "If the dog repeats the message to ye——" And he goes in and out again. "Maybe the clock is slow," he says.

But Jerry is that cast down he makes no answer. "Dom the spirits!" he reflects. "'Twas slate-writing that got me into jail and the rappings have sint me to purgatory. But there niver yet was a Coffin who wud be bluffed by a gur-rl," he says, "whin he wud gain nothing by it."

"I will go down with the black flag nailed to the mast!" he says aloud in absence av mind, at which the other raises his hand.

"Hould, O'Friday!" he commands. "Wan mysthery at a time. They will last longer." Thin he laughs a hollow laugh with wan lung and sets the clock in the windey, with a candle befoore it.

As the hands move he calls the minutes aloud, from nine-one to nine-twinty-nine, like a man condemned; and Kathleen, listening, strolls up and down in the moonlight at a distance.

"Nine-twinty-nine," repeats Doons. His voice is down to a strangled whisper and his eyes glare like bits av the moon. "And thir-rty," he whines in an appealing way that wud touch the heart of Time.

"Faith! if the cursed dog shud be out av conthrol it will be the death of Doons," thinks Jerry, whin a long howl rises from below and the wolf-packs av the mountains take it up. In another second they are in full cry—'tis enough to make the hair bristle; and whin they hear the rush along the path as though the Fiend scratched gravel with all his claws, thin the fierce panting bark close at hand; and the red-eyed Medium, with lolling tongue, bursts out av the moonmist—thin ould Doons drops his pipe, his face sparkles and he laughs as clear and lusty as a boy.

"By cough and spasm, I swear with both lungs," he says, and shakes his fist into the shadows behind, "that I will niver die with such a mysthery unraveled! We will go down together and I'll hear the message rapped mesilf," he declares; and, whistling to the dog, he hastens first along the path, with the others trailing behint.

"Kathy," whispers Jerry as he walks beside her; but she luks away from him with a toss av the head.

"Whin I fir-rst saw her with the pail," reflects Jerry, "I niver suspected her av such temper and pride. I thought her dear and simple and trusting; yet already she suspects me as much as everybody else and will not listen." So he walks beside her discouraged and silent.

"Well, what have ye to say?" she demands still luking away.

"Kathy, I cud not tell a lie to ye," he answers quickly.

"I trust that ye know better," she says, more proud and satisfied than iver.

"I can hear their rapping," muttered Jerry.

'Twas not the confession she had ixpected, and fer an insthant Kathy stares at him in curiosity, though this angers her more than iver; but in that insthant she saw the man straight and strong, with his dark eyes and the face av the ould wayfaring minstrels.

"Ye are uncanny!" she cries with a little gasp—"with your thricks and desates I am afraid av ye!" And the gur-rl flutters down the path to the side av her father.

"'Twill be a seance!" thinks Jerry, following afther; "and Hiven knows what raps will come—or who will get thim." But he enters the station house with thim bouldly, leaning heavily on the luck which has supported the Coffins for generations.

"It is a place where anything might chance," says ould Doons; "ye will ixcuse me fer luking round corners," he says, and pries into ivery nook to discover what thing it is who sends messages by a dog at any particular time that Jerry ixpects thim.

But divil a spirit can he touch with a stick, they are that spry; and Doons feels the cold sweat break out on him. "Even the ould wall clock has run down!" he says.

"Can ye stand the shock of a seance?" asks Jerry; but the other cries: "Yes, yes! Have at thim. I wud niver rest aisy with such mysthery left behind."

"I care little for your thricks," says Kathleen; but her father turns on her sternly.

"Do ye call it a thrick which I cannot see through?" he demands. "Have ye no more respect for me? What sends the dog afther his masther——" And he quarrels with her, distracted with the fear av dying a puzzled man. "I thought I knew it all," he complains, "and was content to pay the debt av Nature—which is in arrears," he tells Jerry in his excitement; "but niver will I give up this ghost only to be haunted by another."

And so he urges Jerry, who drags up a chair and thin a box for thim to sit in a circle, with himself on the table.

"We must hould hands," he explains.

"We must not," says Kathy.

"Ye may hould thim both," decides Doons.

"May the Fiend fly away with the ould fool!" mutters Jerry; and he is more distracted than Doons, though he must prepare fer the seance, lest Kathy suspect him av thrickery. "Where is the luck av the Coffins?" he moans in secret; fer they have a banshee who has come down in the family and helped thim through har-rd times that he might threaten thim with misfortune in good wans.

And it is in this minute av despair that his ear, thrained to hear the most distant whisper av hope, fairly wags on his head at the sound it has caught from the night.

"Whist!" says Jerry with a frown for silence, though dragging about the chair and box and the table in a way that startles the Doons. "Whist!" he says, slamming down the seats. "I feel something at hand. Be silent!" he commands. "Something comes! Ah, ye will disturb a seance, will ye?" he shouts to the dog and chases him howling from the room.

"Sure, 'tis a message from Bedlam!" thinks Doons with awe.

"Whether spirit or flesh or bones, I cannot tell ye," intherrupts Jerry, dragging up the table.

"Sure, Kathy is that crool suspicious I can raise no more disturbance," thinks Jerry. "With her I have the ghost av a chance only in the chance av a ghost."

But, as they sit down in the circle, he marks with joy that the low, deep purring av steel on steel has died away in the night; he hears wan quick footfall—and some wan ixclaims from the door:

"What good luck led me to come up to the depot instead av going first to the house!"

At the first wur-rd Kathy has started up; and crying his name she runs toward the last comer.

"Martin!" she says. "We did not ixpect ye till Sunday. How lonesome it has been without ye! Ye are thin," she says, houlding him away with a kind av whimper, so forgetting she is av others in the love av this wan. "Ye overwur-rk and have no wan to luk afther ye."

But ould Doons intherrupted: "Here, Martin!" he says, and a tall slip av a young fellow comes under the light to shake hands.

"It is my brother, who is bookkeeper at the smelter wur-rks!" ixclaims Kathy proudly to Jerry—and the agint changes humor so quickly that he laughs aloud with the scowl still hanging black over his brow.

"Welcome ye are, as the frind av Doons, whether kin er no!" he says; and the blitheness av the lie astonishes him afther so long a season with truth.

"Ivery man to his trade," he thinks; "I have stumbled on mine at last." And he tells thim further: "As I am an honest man, whin we sat here listening to the raps in the distance I knew they spelled a pleasant meeting to me."

"Divil a rap did I hear!" intherrupts ould Doons sourly. "What with yez giving an Irish reel with the furniture and assaulting the dog, I cud not have detected a thunderstorm. But now we shall go on with the seance," he growls. "Ye may come into the circle, Marty."

"'Tis past the hour," says Jerry mournfully. "Aven a freight ingineer must pull out av a station some time; and having registered he is gone."

Young Doons listened with surprise, but Kathy tosses her head again.

"'Tis only the low thrickery of a lost railroad agint," she informs him. "Perhaps"—with significance—"'tis remorse which haunts him and the rappings av conscience."

"Ye are a loon, gur-rl!" says ould Doons, out av temper.

(Continued on Page 69)



"I Will Niver Die With Such a Mysthery Unraveled! We Will Go Down Together and I'll Hear the Message Rapped Mesilf"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Sealed Packet—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Instances . . . where apparently slight and unexpected circumstances have led to the detection of offenders are familiar to all who are concerned in the practical administration of justice. —STARKIE.

WHEN one touches the mystery of human identity he seizes upon a golden property of romance. There stretches backward before the eye a great frieze filled with every variety of figure grouped in every variety of posture and ending before enchanted palaces lifted by magic out of the baked earth of Arabia. It was the chief device of the tragic poets when Aristotle wrote; it was time-worn before the day of Scheherezade; it was in every tale of the Middle Ages; Boccaccio knew it, and the Elizabethan poets stole it from the Florentine stories and made it a vehicle for their colossal dramas.

One would believe that when Cherbuliez finished his celebrated romance, Samuel Brohl & Co., there remained no combination of events, however complex, that had not been set up about this mystery of human identity; and when one put down that charming tale he would say that Cherbuliez, in his delightful entanglements, had pushed so far into the region of the fancy that by no chance or hazard could the truth reach him.

In that story Count Abel Larinski, of a great Polish family, had disappeared. A man named Samuel Brohl endeavored to impersonate him, and he did it with such charm and fidelity that but for one of those inexplicable tricks of fortune he would have remained Count Larinski. He had in his possession a curious bracelet and, in the romantic atmosphere of St. Moritz, having won the promise in marriage of the daughter of a wealthy Parisian, he presented her with this bracelet as a *gage d'amour*. Now it happened, a few days before the ceremony, that an old Russian, the Princess Gulof, was in Paris, and calling upon the Count's fiancée, Mademoiselle Moriaz, she observed this bracelet. She was astonished. She said the bracelet had belonged to her years before; that she had been traveling through Europe, had seen a little boy, had taken a fancy to him, had bought him of his father and, having no money, had given the father this bracelet. The bracelet contained a secret compartment with her name. She took the bracelet from the girl's arm, pressed the secret spring and showed it to contain what she had said. It appeared that this Samuel Brohl, whom the Countess had picked up by chance, had fallen in with the true Count Abel Larinski in his exile, had been with him at his death, had learned the history of his family and had determined to impersonate him. If it had not been for this bracelet, which he had found among the effects of his real father at his death and the secret of which he did not know, he would have succeeded with his heroic adventure.

Now the realist, insisting on the truth, will thrust his tongue into his cheek and put down the book. Such adventures in their nice, intricate adjustment do not happen, he will tell us with a judicial air. But they do happen!

There can be no more practical tribunal in this world than the Court of Queen's Bench, and there came into it for trial at its Easter term in the year 1873 a case that in its strange, intricate details equals anything that Cherbuliez has imagined.

Sir James Tichborne belonged to one of the oldest families in England. He held his lands by title anterior to the landing of William the Conqueror. He married a descendant of the titled family of Bourbon-Conti. Sir James could not resist the lure of Paris and he and his family resided for the most part in the French capital. Here Sir Roger Charles Tichborne was born in January, 1829. He lived in Paris until he was sixteen. Later he was sent to a Catholic seminary at Stonyhurst, England. Here he concluded his slight education. Soon afterward he entered the army as an officer in the Sixth Carbineers. It is related that about this time he fell in love with his charming cousin Katherine—afterward Lady Radcliffe. But the young woman's parents resisted the alliance and Sir Roger, forgetting the advice of Châteaubriand and believing that a new land would cure him of his fancy, crossed to France, made his adieus to his family and on the fourth of March, 1853, sailed from Havre for Valparaiso.



On the Bowl of it Were the Initials R. C. T.



A Child Born in Alsace, Arriving in New Orleans, Was Sold Into Slavery

A Host of Witnesses

HE REMAINED in South America, now and then in correspondence with his family, until 1854, when he sailed in the Bella from Rio de Janeiro to New York. A short time before the vessel sailed, in a letter to his family, he expressed his intention of staying abroad for several years longer.

The Bella never came into the port of New York; she vanished from the high seas. Her insurance was paid and the ship marked off as lost at sea. Some four or five days after she had sailed her long-boat was picked up.

It appeared that the young Sir Roger had made a will before leaving England. Sir James accepted the current belief that his son was dead and his will was proved, but Lady Tichborne, with a mother's tenacity of hope, refused to believe that her son had been lost at sea. She held to that idea, and when Sir James died, in 1862, she advertised in a London paper for her son Sir Roger. This was eight years after the sailing of the Bella.

About this time an enterprising person named Cubit opened what he called a "Missing Friends" office at Sydney, in Australia, and by chance a copy of his advertisement came to the attention of Lady Tichborne. She wrote to Cubit, and he advertised for the lost heir of the Tichborne estate.

Now it happened that this advertisement of Cubit came to the attention of an attorney named Gibbs, and the thing remained in the lawyer's memory. One day he saw a man smoking a pipe. This pipe attracted his attention—he stopped and observed it; on the bowl of it were the initials R. C. T. Gibbs had an inspiration; he made some inquiries; he learned that the smoker was an Englishman and that he had said that he belonged to a noble family and was the heir to estates. He observed the man's gentlemanly carriage and behavior and finally he went to him and said boldly that he had discovered his secret—he was the lost Sir Roger Tichborne. The man of the pipe, who bore the name of Castro, finally admitted that Gibbs was right. Gibbs at once wrote to Cubit and Cubit advised Lady Tichborne that her son was found.

The Dowager immediately replied. In her correspondence she gave some details of her son's life and certain peculiarities by which he could be recognized, and she said that an old servant named Bogle would meet Sir Roger when he arrived. Cubit advised the lost heir to reply to his mother's letters and he did, signing R. C. T. with a peculiar mark ')('. Lady Tichborne sent two hundred pounds and the lost Sir Roger sailed for England. When he arrived he found a black man in the hotel, whom he immediately addressed as Bogle.

The old servant welcomed him as the lost Sir Roger and adhered to him to the day of his death. The claimant went with Bogle to the neighborhood of the Tichborne estates, remained for some time in this vicinity and then crossed to Paris to meet his mother. The interview between Lady Tichborne and this man took place in a hotel in Paris, and when it was over the Dowager declared that he was her missing son Sir Roger.

The claimant explained that he had sailed on the Bella; that after the wreck of that ship he had been picked up by the Osprey and carried to Melbourne. This explanation was satisfactory and convincing. It was known that the Osprey had come into Melbourne in July, about a month after the wreck of the Bella. This was about the length of time it would have taken a vessel to arrive had she sailed direct to this port from the corner of the world where the Bella was lost.

It would seem that the claimant's case was established. He resembled Sir Roger in appearance and had been accepted by two persons who were best able to say—namely, his mother and the old servant Bogle. But there was one person who refused to accept him—an old family solicitor named Gosford. Gosford went to see him, talked with him, and at the end of the conference told him he was an impostor.

Through the influence of Gosford, it would seem, when the new Sir Roger came to establish his right by law to the Tichborne estate and its titles he was resisted. There arose then one of the most extraordinary trials in the history of English jurisprudence. Hundreds of witnesses were examined. Lady Tichborne had already recognized him, as had the old servant Bogle. In addition, at this trial eighty-five witnesses swore that the claimant was Sir Roger; among them was one family solicitor, one baronet, six magistrates, one general, three colonels, one major, two captains, thirty-two non-commissioned officers and privates of the army, four clergymen, seven tenants of the Tichborne estate and seventeen family servants.

Moreover, the claimant was shown by these witnesses physically to resemble Sir Roger. Sir Roger was known to have a fish-hook scar near the eye—the claimant had such a scar. A hair-dresser testified that Sir Roger had a peculiar scar on his head—the claimant also had this scar. There were, too, certain peculiarities in old letters of Sir Roger and in those written by the claimant—for instance, both wrote "nothink" for "nothing," "lick" for "like," and both used the term "a-going." Both spelled "Major" with a "g"—thus, "Magor"—and used "has" for "as." It was learned that Sir Roger had a peculiarity of the thumb, and the claimant presented such a peculiarity; and it was said that a certain nervous twitching of the claimant's eyebrows was one of Sir Roger's old habits when he engaged in any animated conversation.

Nevertheless, Gosford stubbornly insisted that the man was an impostor; and it presently developed that he had a certain particular reason for this contention. He said that before leaving England, on the first of January, 1852, Sir Roger had called on him; that he had gone to a desk,

written on a piece of paper, folded the paper, put it into an envelope and sealed it with wax, using his own seal. He then wrote on the envelope "private and confidential memorandum" and gave it to Gosford to keep for him.

The claimant, when confronted with this dangerous, unforeseen test, met it with a certain shrewdness. He said that the packet contained a personal and intimate memorandum and that he must decline to reveal it out of consideration for others. It then developed that the packet that had been delivered to Gosford had been destroyed. The solicitor admitted that he had kept it for years, but at the present time it was in fact not in existence. When the claimant learned this he boldly declared what the packet contained. He seemed now to have passed the last danger. The packet had been destroyed and there was no one who could know what it had contained except Sir Roger, and as he was Sir Roger who could doubt him?

But it seemed that Gosford was not a man to be outwitted. When he read the memorandum that the claimant said was in the packet he declared that there could be no longer any doubt about the man being an impostor, because the packet contained no such memorandum. He testified that before Sir Roger had sealed the envelope he brought the writing over to him and showed it to him, that he then signed it Roger Charlas Tichborne, Tichborne Park. The solicitor further testified that the memorandum related to Sir Roger's relation with his cousin Katherine. Lady Radcliffe now came forward and produced a copy of the memorandum that Sir Roger had given to Gosford. The duplicate bore the date June 22, 1852, and was identical with the original. This paper Sir Roger had given to his cousin, explaining to her that it was a copy of the paper he had left with Gosford. This extraordinary memorandum that finally assisted in the ruin of the claimant to the Tichborne estate is a curious paper.

TICHBORNE PARK, June 22, 1852.

I made on this day a promise that if I marry my cousin Katherine this year, before three years are over to build a chapel at Tichborne to the Holy Virgin in thanksgiving for the protection which she has thrown over us and praying God that our wishes may be fulfilled.

(Signed)
ROGER CHARLES TICHBORNE.

This strange, unforeseen circumstance completed the claimant's ruin. The man was an impostor; his real name was Arthur Orton; he was a son of a ship butcher at 68 High Street, Wapping, London. At fourteen he was sent on a voyage for his health, taking passage from Antwerp to Valparaiso. He was in South America in 1848, deserted his ship at Valparaiso and went inland to a town called Melipilla. Here he fell in with a Spanish family by the name of Castro, picked up a smattering of that language, and in 1851 returned to England, but a year later he went again to sea. He traveled from place to place until he was finally picked up by the lawyer Gibbs.

The Wrong Husband

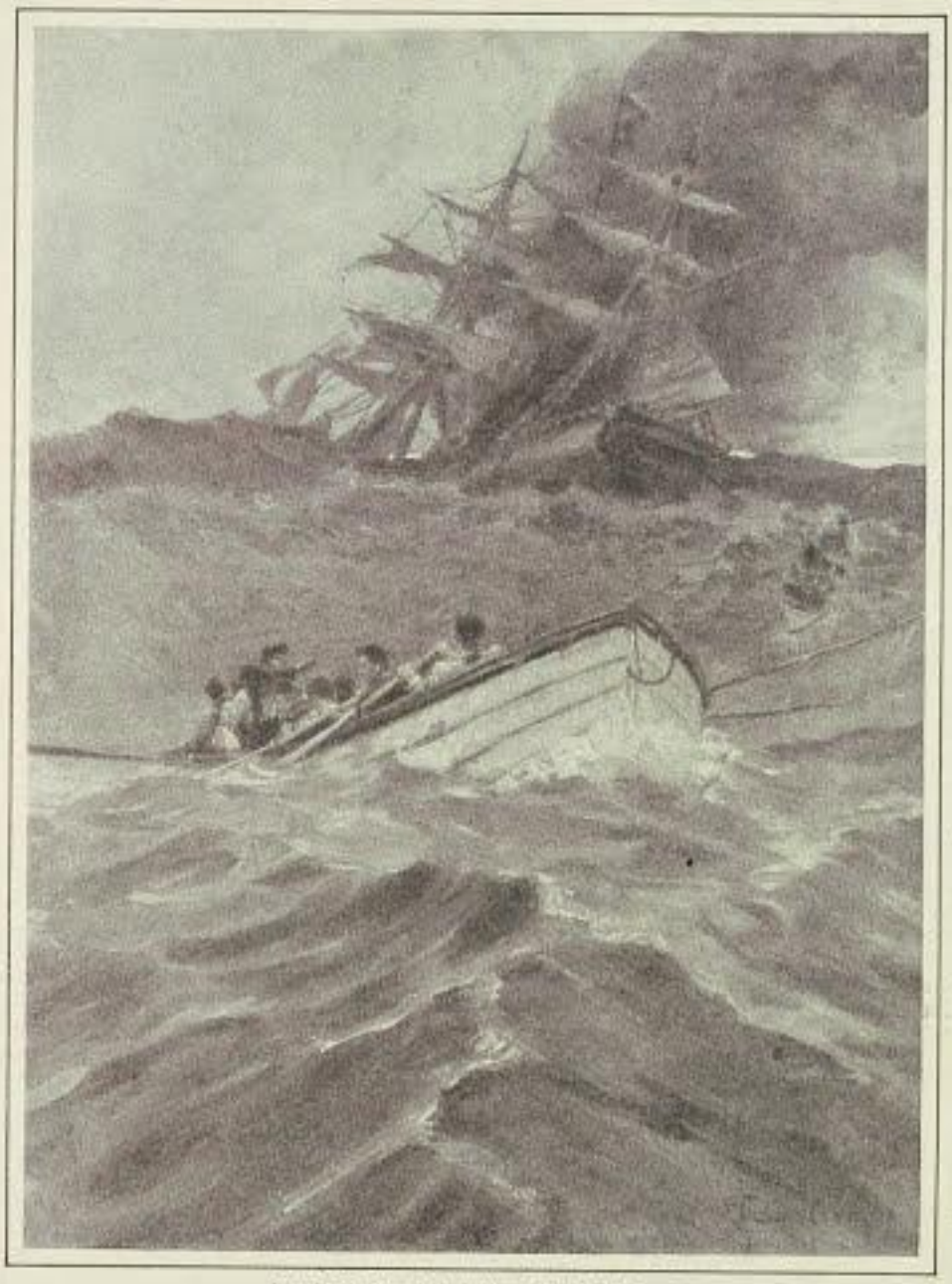
IT WAS thought that he got his first clew from the letters of Lady Tichborne; and, being shrewd enough immediately to recognize the old servant Bogle, he supplied himself with sufficient details from that source to enable him to get on. Through Bogle he was able to attach to himself two military servants of Sir Roger in the Carbineers, Carter and McKenna. He seemed skillfully to have carried forward this imposture somewhat after the manner of a trick one has seen a child do at cards, by which it pretends to call cards as it picks them up from various packs, it being necessary only to know one card ahead. Through these old servants he was able to supply himself with details as he proceeded, and possessed with a natural shrewdness he managed to carry the thing through. It was said that at the trial the Carbineers came up literally in platoons and swore that he was the lost Sir Roger, so many of them appearing that the opposition ceased to cross-examine them. This was explained upon the theory that the regiment was convinced by the two military servants, and one or two persons in it having sworn to the identity of the claimant the others followed. The remarkable feature of this case was the degree to which persons adhering to the claimant became violent partisans.

Chief Justice Bovil dismissed the action of ejectment of Tichborne vs. Lushington and others on trial at Westminster, in the County of Middlesex, in the Court of Common Pleas, and directed the impostor to be indicted for perjury. (See Reg. vs. Castro IX, 9, Law Reports Queen's Bench, case 350.)

After the case was over Guildford Onslow and George Hammond Whalley, both members of Parliament, were brought up before the Court of Queen's Bench on a rule for contempt and fined for speeches made by them in St. James Hall, Piccadilly, in which they declared that the loss of the case by the Tichborne claimant was the result of conspiracy.

What romance surpasses this case? Is Samuel Brohl & Co. any more improbable in the complication of its details than the history of the Tichborne claimant? Does not Gosford with his sealed packet equal the Russian princess with her bracelet? One familiar with the intricate moving of actual events has very properly said that the difference between fiction and truth is that fiction must adhere to probabilities while truth need not.

It was in one branch of this case that the Chief Justice made his famous remark on the reliability of maternal instinct. One would think that the mother would know her child or a wife her husband; but this is not always true.



The Bella Vanished From the High Seas

Herodotus tells us that one Smerdis, a Magus, seized the throne of Persia, claiming that he was the son of Cyrus. The great Persian families were uncertain whether or not he was an impostor. Cambyses was dead, and after the oriental custom Smerdis had for wife Phædyma, a daughter of Otanes, who had been one of the wives of Cambyses. Otanes sent to his daughter and asked her if this man was the son of Cyrus, and she replied that she did not know. Otanes directed her to touch the head of the Magus when he was asleep, and if he had no ears she could be assured that he was not the son of Cyrus, because Cyrus, son of Cambyses, during his reign had cut off the ears of the Magus for some grave offense. It was by this trick that the pretender was discovered and the kingdom of Persia delivered to Darius.

Almost as remarkable as the Tichborne case is that of Martin Guerre, alias Armond du Tilth, tried before the Parliament of Toulouse in 1560 (Ram. on Facts 430).

Martin Guerre was born in Biscay and married to Bertrande de Rols, of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux. They lived together for ten years and had a son named Sanxi. It is said that Martin had some serious controversy with his father and shortly afterward disappeared.

Eight years passed. One day a man walked into the cottage of Bertrande; she recognized him as her husband, Martin Guerre. The missing man's four sisters, his uncle and others of his relationship received and recognized him. He told why he had lived the life of an adventurer and said he had served in Spain in the wars, had grown tired of the life and concluded to return.

They lived together in tranquillity at Artigues. The man conducted all the affairs of business that arose, sold land in Biscay and entered into contracts as Martin Guerre. Suddenly for some reason the woman Bertrande caused him to be arrested as an impostor.

The judge who tried the case found himself in great perplexity. The man seemed to know all the history and the little details of Martin Guerre's life; he protested that the woman had taken a dislike to him and that the thing was a conspiracy. A great number of witnesses appeared before the judge. Between thirty and forty swore that the man was Martin Guerre and that they had known him from infancy. An equal number swore with equal positiveness that he was one Armond du Tilth of Sagias, commonly called Pansette, and that they were perfectly acquainted with him. The remainder of the witnesses, some sixty in all, declared that there was so strong a resemblance between the two persons that it was impossible for them to say. The extraordinary thing was that almost all the witnesses said that the real Guerre had two scars on his face, that his left eye was bloodshot and that the nail of his first finger had grown in, and all of these marks were to be observed on the person of the claimant.

The Two Moles

IN GREAT perplexity the judge resorted to a device that one might expect to find recorded in the Book of Kings. He placed before him the claimant and the sisters of the original Martin Guerre and he required the witnesses to say whether the dead son Sanxi resembled this man or the sisters. Upon this point the witnesses were agreed. The judge thereupon decided that:

> Armond du Tilth was guilty and convicted of being an impostor and for that crime he is condemned to lose his head and further that his body should be divided into quarters.

This decision, arrived at after the manner of Solomon, was afterward verified. The claimant appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse and there arose a test upon which he failed. It was remembered that the real Guerre was an expert swordsman, and upon this man being put to the test he was found unfamiliar with that practice. The Parliament of Toulouse was about to decide when by chance—or, as the old Chroniclers put it, "through the interposition of Providence"—the real Martin Guerre appeared and the impostor was executed.

The writers of fiction, it is easy to see, have not gone into the region of fancy to discover the many and strange devices by which their villains have been unmasked. It would seem that there is always something that the criminal overlooks or does not foresee that in the end accomplishes his ruin, and these trivialities are often as strange as anything that romance could imagine.

Nor have the novelists gone far afield from the truth in causing right to prevail by means of some slight triviality.

Cable, after he had written 'Tite Poulette, considered the case of Salome Muller that he found among the old records of the Supreme Court of Louisiana as more remarkable than any fiction.

Here a child born in Alsace, France, arriving in New Orleans, was sold into slavery, and was released only after twenty-five years of bondage and at the end of a long trial. There was a mass of conflicting testimony, but the identity of the slave girl was finally established by two little moles which the earlier immigrants said were to be found on the body of the child that came to America in 1818.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a new series of papers dealing with extraordinary cases in law. The second article will be printed in an early issue.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

IF BLUE eyes saw blue and brown eyes saw brown, thin, God help the poor black-eyed felley treading in the dar-rk!" said Mickey O'Rourke, laying aside a hard felt hat and putting on his uniform cap. He settled his jacket snugly about him and peered into the mirror against the forward bulkhead of Light Vessel Number 188's cabin. "Thank Hivin I am once more a chief engineer and do not have to keep me face clean, like a passenger!"

Nielson, the mate, took his pipe from his lips to inquire: "Where'd you spend your leave this time, Mickey?"

"Personally conducting a lady through the myst'ries of the wickedness of a wor-rld of which—the saints be praised!—she knows nothing—a mission'ry gir-rl she was, staring at the heathen through blue eyes and wondering at their manners whin, afther all, 'twas her own eyes she looked through." He sat down and glanced at the log-book the assistant put before him. "And I have tould the truth widout favor and—I dunno." Mickey glanced round at us with an unusual, almost extraordinary, diffidence of expression.

"Have ye gone and mixed up in other people's affairs again?" the captain demanded.

"I have." Mickey confessed with a sigh. "I that have lied for forty years to keep me silf-rispict have gone and tould the truth—to a woman!"

"About yourself?" Nielson asked interestedly.

"About all of us!" the chief engineer burst out. "I will explain, that yez may share me shame and know that yez are found out.

"Whin I got ashore, with aches in me bones as yez all know, I wint to the docthor and I remar-rks:

"'Docthor, I am sick.'

"'Say no more,' says he. 'I know what ails yez. 'Tis the oil yez have licked off your lips and the coal yez have swallowed wid your meals. Are yez an engine that yez must use good Governmint stores on yoursilf? Go and keep away from the machinery for six weeks.'

"So I gave him me blessing and depar-rted for San Francisco on the Elder and bought me passage to Honolulu on the schooner Helene, after carefully discovering that she had no engines nor anny engineer. And in the afternoon of the nixt day I joined the other four passengers on the quarterdeck whiles the tug towed us from our berth and headed us for sea. 'Twas a fine blowy day, and before we were out of the Golden Gate the wind took us and the tug left us, and I wint below to me little room and put on an ould cap and prepared to spind sixteen days widout the sound of engines in me ears. Whin I came on deck two of the passengers were left alone, the other two having to think of their sins. Of the two I saw in the lee of the spanker one was a young man, wid his cap on one side of his head and his hands in his pockets. The other was a woman. She was, maybe, twenty-five years old. The eyes of her were blue and her hair was the color of leaves in autumn—full of gold and shadows. She looked at me wid severity and I knew that me sins had found me out. So I wint by her and spoke to the youngster.

"Widin a quar-rter of an hour we had exchanged boasts as to our splindid pasts and glorious futures. His name was Tom Abbott, his business was to enjoy himsilf between jobs, and he had in him the makings of a hydraulic engineer, having been to school.

"'I'm going to Honolulu to loo' over the situation. They may need me there,' says me bright sprig.

"'I am going to Honolulu because I am not needed annywhere,' I responds; and so we got acquainted. And whin we were fri'nds Tom says to me:

"'Who is the haughty beauty by the rail?'

"'I know iverything about her excipt the name,' says I. 'She has blue eyes and fair hair—and scor-rns us both. 'Tis enough. She is above us.'

"At that momint the ould man comes across and remar-rks: 'Yez must all get inthroduced.' And wid that he hauls me bould Tom be the ar-rm and makes him acquainted to the gir-rl, whose name is Sutherland—Miss Elizabeth Sutherland. Thin Tom inthroduces me and I lear-rn that she is from Nebraska and is a mission'ry to the heathen in the Sandwich Islands.

"For twelve days I sit on the bitts and watch the developmint of affiction and coolness between thim. First, me bould Tommy states wid conviction that he has a job in Honolulu. I hear Miss Sutherland assert wid loftiness that her station is on the Island of Maui. Nixt day Tommy is sure that his job is on Maui too; and he drags out a char-rt to prove it be a long name.

"Secondly, me bright hydraulic engineer finds out that his aunt was a Presbyterian like her, though he admits wid shame that he was raised a Methodist. Miss Elizabeth says she has a fri'nd who goes to the Methodist chur-rch, and Misther Abbott displays signs of hating this fri'nd until a wor-rd makes it plain that it is a gir-rl fri'nd she thinks of.

"Thin me bould Tommy discovers the virtues of the main deck, where there isn't a crowd of three people, and the two of thim walk back and for-rth under the shadows of the sails; and the skipper keeps his timper wid difficulty, because there is no fun in three-handed whist and Misther Abbott has forgotten how to play car-rds. '"Tis poor business sailing a schooner wid one passenger sick in his room and two in love,' growls the ould man. 'And 'tis conthrary to discipline to play wid me first mate.'

"'Were yez niver young, misther?'

"'Niver,' says he. 'I had to wor-rk too har-rd, and I could not speak the language of women.'

"'Thin let thim be,' says I. 'For the young felley is lear-rning and in his old age he will be the bether for it.'

"So we let thim be; and at the ind of the twelfth night I sat on the main hatch, in the shadow of the pumps, and saw me bould bhoy and the gir-rl treading the deck slowly and confissing that, afther all, life is a puzzle to know what to do. '"Tis the top step on the stile of love,' thinks I. 'I will see him help her over.'

"But she would none of it. 'I have my wor-rk to do,' she tould him, brushing the hair back from her forehead and staring out into the sky. 'I must devote me talints to conver-rting the godless natives of Hawaii.'

"'And whin yez have conver-rted thim will yez abandon thim?' demands me bright engineer, stopping her and thrying to look into her eyes.

"'What do yez mean?' says she softly.

"And he tould her; and in the telling me mind slipped away into the past; and before I knew it I was back on the afther bitts, trying to forget that iver I hear-rd the softness of a gir-rl's voice in the dark.

"The nixt mor-rning me beauteous Miss Sutherland took her breakfast in bed and did not appear on deck till the afthernoon. And me bould Tom, in disperation, borrowed paint and brushes and decorated the pump wid green and white, growling terribly to himsilf. For company's sake, I bossed the job; and I perceived that the poor felley was in despair, for at each dab wid his brush he peered from the cor-rner of his eyes to see whether the mission'ry had not recovered and come on deck. Whin she did appear, pale and wid her hair tucked under a cap, he decided that the thing was done and shoved the paint-pot into me hand widout apology. Yet she would have little of him and spoke to the captain.

"That evening, whin the stars were out, they walked again on the main deck, wid the war-rm breeze dropping out of the sails on thim. And by the voice of me lovely mission'ry I knew that she was in doubt.

"So it wint till one night we picked up the light on Koko Head and the ould man shortened sail so as to reach the pass in the daylight. Thin me bould Abbott took Miss Sutherland for the last time to the main deck and none of us dared go down, knowing that a man was pleading for his life. 'Twas not for us to overhear.

"Betimes in the mor-rning the Helene was moored to the wharf, we had been inspected be the docthor, and I found mesilf in Honolulu wid nothing to do. So I wint to a hotel, thrust me valise into a hot room and depar-rted to injoy the sights. I saw thim and gained no wisdom. The nixt day I saw thim again and came back to me room the same fool that I wint out. The thir-rd day I wint for-rth, and once more was consoling mesilf wid scenery and strange smells whin I met Tommy Abbott. We wint in and had a drink. Over it he infor-rmed me that he had a job.

"'"Tis a fine position for a young man,' says he. 'I shall make money.'

"'Yez are in luck,' says I.

"'I am miserable,' retur-rns me bould sprig. And he ordered another drink.

"'There is little happiness for a young man in a barroom,' I remar-rks. '"Tis odd that whin a man's hear-rt is sick he makes haste to spoil his stomach as well.'

"'Thin yez saw that I was much taken wid the young woman?' he demands.

"'Did yez expict me to shut mesilf in me room and refuse to answer knocks on me door?' I retor-rts.

"'"Tis thrue,' he admits. 'I am not ashamed of it; but she refuses me.'

"'"Tis none of me business,' I remar-rks. 'But why?'

"So he explained to me that Miss Sutherland was a good woman, deter-rmined to conver-rt the heathen and leaving home for that purpose, and cannot think of marri'ge.

"'I am surprised at yez,' I tould him. 'Who are yez to take away from the joyous native his chance of going to Purgat'ry wid a fair show to get out be the prayers of good women? Are yez not a white man and, therefore, in no need of salvation? There are plinty of gir-rls besides mission'ries.'

"Thin the hear-rt of the bhoy came out for a momint.

"'I am not good enough for her,' he confisses. 'I know it. And she is afraid!'

"'Does she love yez?' I demands.



"She is From Nebraska and a Mission'ry to the Heathen in the Sandwich Islands"



"Whin She Did Appear He Shoved the Paint-Pot Into Me Hand Widout Apology"

"'We will discuss it no more in a barroom,' says he. 'I will tell yez in the open air.' And whin we were outside and in the shade of an algaroba tree he admitted to me that me bould woman had as much as infor-rmed him that she thought much of him. 'But she is afraid!' he repeats.

"So we considered it in silince till Tommy remimbered that he must repor-rt at his new office. He left me, still wid me mind on the quistion. In me hand was a bit of paper wid an address on it.

"Afther all, an ould man is niver satisfied wid being ould and rispictable. Before I knew it, I was walking up to a door and asking for Miss Sutherland. She came and was surprised to see me. I discer-rned that she had but lately shed tears.

"'I came to see whether yez didn't wish to see some of the sights of this beauteous city,' I infor-rms her. 'I have been here manny times. I understand that yez go soon to the other island, and 'twould be a pity not to see this one fir-rst.'

"'I go to Maui tomorrow noon on the steamer,' says she. 'I will go wid yez.'

"So I spint money on a hack wid a Chinese driver and we wint out to Waikiki; but she would not swim, blushing for the indecent folks that were enjoying thimsilves in the surf. So I directed the driver to inter the park, where I showed her the fish and the flowers. And thin I tould me brave jehu to take us up the Queen's Road.

"As we drove along I remar-rked:

"'I saw Misther Abbott. He has a fine job.'

"'I am very glad,' she says gently.

"'But he is unhappy,' says I.

"'I am very sorry to hear that,' says she softly.

"'That yez are glad is his doing,' I retor-rts. 'That yez are sorry is your own.'

"'Tur-rn round and take me home,' she says very bold.

"'Yez have no home anny more,' I tells her. 'Do yez call a boar-rding house horne?'

"'Yez are impudent, Misther O'Rourke!' she answers me.

"'I am ould and therefore entitled to say what I think widout considering other people's feelings,' I tells her. 'And the bhoy has mintioned to me that he is miserable.'

"'Why should he be?' she demands, looking at the trees wid tremindous enthusiasm. 'Has he not a good position and is he not making money?'

"'Would yez give up your mission'ry wor-rk for money?' I inquires.

"'Niver!' says she. 'What is money compared to saving souls?'

"'Thin, by the same token, what is money compared to saving your own soul?' I re-mar-rks. 'And 'tis Tommy Abbott that is thrying to save his soul—and yez will not save it for him. Therefore be scor-rns the money.'

"'Misther Abbott has been insthructed in the truth,' she responds in a small voice. ''Tis his own fault if he doesn't leave off his evil ways. But there are thousands who have niver known the way to salvation. And 'tis my duty to help thim.'

"'If 'twere not for your saving the heathen, would yez marry him?' I insists.

"The blue eyes of her met mine for half a momint.

"'I am surprised at yez,' says she. 'What business is this of yours?'

"'Tommy is me fri'nd,' I retor-rts. 'Am I to see a fri'nd go wretched widout thrying to save him?'

"'What did he tell yez?' she demands after a silence.

"'That he loved yez,' I tould her.

"'Och!' she sighed, and I saw the blushes creep up into her blowing hair—but she said nothing.

"'And he said more,' I wint on prisintly.

"'What?' says she softly.

"'That he was sure yez loved him,' I bouldly stated.

"'I don't!' says she. 'Take me home!'

"But I was stubborn.

"'Why don't yez?' I inquires.

"She sat wid her white hands clasped in her lap and I saw the misery rise into her eyes. At last she said:

"'I'm afraid!'

"'Of what?' I insists.

"'I will not tell all that she tould me, it being the wor-rds of a young woman in an ould man's ear; but I saw that she was brave and ignorant. The wor-rld was dar-rk before her gir-rl's eyes and she held in her hear-rt the terror that makes even poor divils like us cur-rse in the night. And at the ind I said:

"'Thin it is not him that frightens yez—but other things?'

"She nodded her head like a child.

"'Tis the wickedness of the wor-rld,' she whispers. 'What if Tommy should go back to it?'

"'Has he iver been in it?' I inquires.

"'Tis the way of men,' says she simply; and I knew thereby that I spoke no longer to a gir-rl, but to a woman.

"For the momint I was intending to speak fair wor-rds and tell the ould lies we all tell to the women in or-rder to save our faces; but I did not. Instead, I kept me peace till our brave equipage sthruck up the hill by Kaimuki and the sea spread out before us. Thin I spoke.

"'Yez know nothing of men's wickedness. Yez are afraid of the dar-rk. Are yez brave to see the truth?'

"'And yez mean?' she whispered, staring at the ocean wid her clean eyes.

"'I mean, will yez go wid me tonight and see the wickedness of men? Thin yez will know the truth—the truth about this wor-rld of men,' says I. 'Yez are a delicate gir-rl, knowing nothing but what yez have hear-rd. Are yez sthrong enough to go and see?'

"She sat by me side a long time before she answered, and I could see her slender hands wor-rking in her lap. And at the ind she tur-rned to me.

"'I will go with you and see, Misther O'Rourke,' she answered. 'I will go, because—because—I must be sure!'



"'Beth!' Says He in a Whisper. 'What are Yez Doing Here?'"

"'Thin,' says I, 'I will take yez back to your boar-rding house and I will meet yez at the band concert in Emma Square, which is but a block from where yez stay. Come widout hat or gloves, dressed in your gayest gown and wid a scarf over your hair. Thin I will discover to yez the hear-rt of the wickedness yez have hear-rd of.'

"'Yez will see me safe?' she inquires timidly.

"'I will see yez safe,' I retur-rns.

"'I will meet yez,' she answers me.

"That evening I found her in the crowd, dressed in a white gown, wid short sleeves, and a veil over her hair. The flush in her cheek tould me her hear-rt beat wid excitement, but that she was not afraid. So, whin the concer-rt was by, we walked down the street.

"Yez all know Honolulu and I will not describe to yez all that we saw; but I took the gir-rl down King Street, amid the throng of all nations; and she looked at the children playing in the gutter and the women sitting on the doorsteps and the drunks yelling across the street. Thin we came toward Iwilei; and there I steered her down the little alleys, where the painted women stared out wid death in their eyes. I hear-rd her breath come fast and her hand was heavy on me ar-rm. She drew her veil over her face.

"At the ind of half an hour she said:

"'Take me back. 'Tis too awful!'

"'Tis the wor-rld,' I remar-rks. 'Praised be the saints, yez shall safely see what manny look on to their desthruction.' Thin I guided her out and uptown again.

"Afther that I took her into the cafés and made her sit at a little table and listen to the talk and watch the women wid their fine gowns and their bright eyes. She said nothing till a woman came into the place where we were and looked around and saw a man, and wint to him and whispered in his ear. The man tur-rned on the woman and cur-rsed her, and she fell into a chair weeping.

"'Let her be,' I tould me bould mission'ry, who was for going and comfor-rting the poor creature. ''Tis a woman's par-rt to shed tears.'

"'But he swore at her!' moaned me companion.

"''Tis the wor-rld's way in places like these,' I remar-rked.

"So I fetched her into the bright street again.

"'Now let me go home,' says she.

"'He wasn't there,' I reminds her. 'We still have a place to go.'

"'I don't want to see him ever again!' she mour-rns.

"But I swept her away and across to a little street I know and stopped before a building all dar-rk and gloomy. Me companion drew back at the foot of the stairs.

"'I will not go farther,' says she.

"'I am your guardian,' I remar-rks. 'We will go up.'

"At the top of the stairs a little gate opened in a big door, and I gave the pass-wor-rd and the door opened. Thin another door beyond that swung aside and I drew her into a big room filled wid light and noise. 'Twas Chow Sing's gambling house we were in, and all the rooms were crowded wid people thrying to be robbed. For a momint I stood still and let her take it all in. She lifted her veil an instant and thin let it fall, for there were manny women in the room intent on staking money against the game.

"'What is it they are doing?' demands Miss Sutherland, whispering in me ear.

"'Gambling.' I answers her, and felt the shudder against me ar-rm.

"Thin a Chinaman came up and I bought a drink for mesilf and a stack of chips, which I proceeded to lose whiles me companion looked over me shoulder. Whin me chips were all swept away I led her on into another room, big as a hall, where several hundred men and women sat or stood at the tables. And in the cor-rner of me eye I saw me bould Tommy, halfway down the biggest table, sitting there wid a big stack of chips in front of him—but I said nothing to the gir-rl.

"Slowly, and at great expinse, for it cost me tin dollars lost, I made our way among the crowd and down the table, till we stood just behind Tommy. I peered over his shoulder and saw that he had lost most of his pile; but he played on, wid a smile on his face. Whiles I was peeking, the woman nixt him looked over wid har-rd sorrow in her eyes.

"'I am broke!' says she wid a poor laugh.

"'I'll lind yez some,' says Tommy, pulling out a goldpiece and passing it to her.

"Thin me brave mission'ry knew she had found him, and I hear-rd the little choke in her throat. I said nothing. Tommy staked the half of his pile and it wint the way the rest.

"'I am unlucky,' says he.

"'Yez are lucky in love, thin,' speaks up the woman beside him.

"'I am not,' says Tommy, the smile fading from his face.

"'Thin yez will win at last,' says the woman.

"Across the table another man sat, staring at his few chips. I could see that he was gone—that the table had taken his last cent. He looked around and saw a woman standing behind him.

(Concluded on Page 32)

The Worst Business in the World

Bookmen Say This of Their Own Business; But it Depends on the Point of View

By Robert Sterling Yard

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT



It "Went" All Right

A YOUNG man with a note of introduction from a prominent Harvard professor bustled determinedly into one of the largest publishing houses in America and asked to see the head of the house. While awaiting his turn he walked up and down in apparent excitement. He wore a look of expectancy and confided to the attendant that he was the inventor of a book scheme which would double the sales of the house and incidentally make his own fortune. The attendant grinned. Half an hour later, in the publisher's private office, the young man introduced his subject glowingly and added: "Two or three of the professors think the plan is great; and so I hurried down overnight to lay it before you. I knew you'd want to know about it quickly."

The publisher paused a few moments, looked into the earnest face before him, and said gently:

"Tell me about it. Be frank and full in your statement and I will treat you fairly."

The young man launched into his scheme, even describing in detail the mental process which gave it birth; and the publisher listened patiently to the end. Then he said:

"The plan is a very good one. We have been using it for a hundred years. There is nothing new in the book-publishing business—hasn't been since its beginning. We have developed, of course; but we haven't changed."

Better Chances in Copper

THAT is one inside glimpse of a business which doubtless is more fascinating to more cultivated people the world over than any other organized livelihood except, perhaps, acting and authorship. General publishing, so called to distinguish it from textbook and subscription-book publishing—two highly specialized modern businesses—is, in fact, little changed from its beginning. The publisher who sits at his desk today, discussing with a group of subordinates the selling chances of a manuscript which has been read by all of them, deals with precisely the same problems in much the same way as the printer of a century ago who gravely consulted his foreman as to the chances of making fifty pounds out of a little adventure in publishing, never dreaming that he was founding a publishing house that would become famous in the generations. The problems of today bulk bigger and carry burdens of worry and complexity then undreamed of; but they are the same old problems. No business has changed so little as the publisher's.

Let us lift another corner of the curtain.

A brilliant young reader who had "picked" a dozen successes in half as many seasons, including a couple of "best sellers," had determined to start for himself and was seeking capital. After many months he interested a couple of rich men.

"But is it a good business?" they asked.

"Good? I should say so!" replied the enthusiastic youngster. "It is the most fascinating thing in the wide world. Its associations are nothing short of noble, and its problems call for the best that the shrewdest and most cultivated man has in him. The man who deals in fabrics or foodstuffs works all day, so that he may live evenings and holidays; but the publisher lives—really lives—in the highest sense of the word, in his work day by day. Why ——"

"But," interrupted his capitalists, "that's your part of it, and we don't wonder you love the business; but where do we come in? What chance have we to earn twenty per cent on our investment, for we must have a bait as good as that to tempt us to undertake the risks of starting a brand-new enterprise."

"Well," said the young publisher, "I can satisfy you there. Mr. Ess takes eighty-five thousand a year out of his business in dividends, besides his salary, which must be handsome. Mr. Dee has built up in ten years a business of a million and a half a year. Mr. Bee does a business of four millions a year. Mr. Aitch has built up a business of four hundred thousand in a quarter of a century which is said to net a hundred thousand a year. I don't know any publisher of any account at all who isn't prosperous—except a couple of very conspicuous houses which came to grief by bad management in their second generations; but they were very prosperous under their founders and doubtless will be again, with their fine lists. Why don't you ask the publishers themselves?"

The capitalists did so.

"General book-publishing?" asked Mr. Ess. "Financially speaking, it's the poorest business in the world."

"Well," said Mr. Dee reflectively, "if you've got hold of a genius, go ahead. Every publishing business needs a genius. But why don't you try mining stocks?"

"Get big bulk and you'll make money," said Mr. Bee, "provided you don't lose your boots trying to get your bulk. Pare expenses to the half-cent and never pay a twelve-hundred-dollar salary if you can hire for a thousand. Be your own axman, so you'll be sure. Otherwise there's nothing in books."

"Trade books alone?" asked Mr. Aitch. "It's the worst business in the world. I hope you've got hogsheads of money. Better go into textbooks. Fiction, did you say? Yes, there's money made in novels, they tell me. So there is in copper. I've heard of fortunes made in copper. But then, I'm no speculator. If I were I think I'd prefer copper."

Yet these men were all highly successful.

However, let us consider them individually.

Mr. Ess is a distinguished general publisher, but he also owns a highly profitable magazine, a highly profitable schoolbook business, a highly profitable subscription business, a retail business, a rare-book business, and several other minor businesses in books built up around his central publishing business and supporting it like chapels around the cathedral choir, each dovetailed into each other and into the central core, making a business edifice beautiful in proportions and a fortress for strength.



It Frequently Happens That You Can Buy at the Same Counter Two Different Editions of the Same Famous Novel

And Mr. Dee's general publishing business is supported by three handsomely profitable magazines, besides a score of minor undertakings which make, all together, for huge, aggressive power. Besides which, Mr. Dee is himself his own business genius—a great merchant who would have wrung wealth and power out of any business he had chanced to go into.

And Mr. Bee inherited a great business, founded in simpler days upon a great English publishing house, and today consisting of a union of general publishing with importing and textbook publishing on a large scale—the whole driven forward by a will of steel on a scale of expense so low as to be the wonder even of the publishing world.

How the Worst Becomes the Best

AND Mr. Aitch's is not a general publishing business at all, though most folks think it is, but a highly specialized and developed business in higher textbooks, assisting and assisted by a general publishing department which, thus assisted, is profitable because of its quality and because of the careful skill with which it is handled.

The point becomes as clear as sunshine.

The "worst business in the world" becomes one of the best in the world when it is propped up on every side by specialized departments sucking in profit from outlying markets; or when it is combined with periodical publication, each department materially assisting the other. It is naturally the hub of any publishing combination in which it appears; and the nearer perfect the surrounding wheel, the greater the possible speed.

There are general publishing houses, however, which stand successfully all by themselves. This means bulk business, and bulk business means one of two things—either many years of patient and discriminating list-building, with ample capital to build with; or the same result accomplished more quickly by the acquisition of the lists of other houses which, for some reason or other—generally lack of profits—elect to drop out of activity.

Houghton, Mifflin & Company is the best American example of the house which has acquired great bulk through slow building. Its list goes back to the beginning of New England literature and its catalog today contains the lifework of the most celebrated of the earlier American writers. This magnificent list, the accumulation of generations, alone would support a great house today without the flourishing educational and subscription departments which have been added in recent years.

Another Boston house, Little, Brown & Company, is as good an example as any of the other manner of bulk-getting. Starting with an old and excellent business in lawbooks, the house never attained real success in general publishing until it acquired the fine list which it became possible to purchase when Roberts Brothers, of Boston, decided that there wasn't enough money in publishing to tempt them to go any farther. With this valuable addition, the house has ever since built aggressively and profitably.

Speaking generally, it may be said to require about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars gross receipts yearly to support the simplest general publishing business, unaided by special departments in other publishing fields; at two hundred thousand dollars there will be profit and at four hundred thousand dollars prosperity.

These figures—even the minimum—are not so easy to get, however. The new publisher finds he must sell a great many books to aggregate even a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and, unless a goodly proportion of the income represents "list"—that is, formerly published books which have already paid back their cost of publication and now are selling well on a basis of real profit—he can't expect to break even.

One of the most distinguished publishers in America maintained for years that he didn't want "best sellers."

"They are too expensive," he said. "I can't afford them."

When I seriously challenged him one day to prove his assertion, he said:

"It is easily proved. Here—hand me that bit of paper and let us make some figures. Let us assume a novel of four hundred pages, illustrated with drawings by one of the high-priced illustrators. Let us assume that it eventually sells one hundred thousand copies and that our first edition was ten thousand. It will figure up something like this:

Five Original Drawings, at $150	$ 750
Composition and Plates, at $1 a page	400
Cover Dies	25
Paper for 10,000 copies	500
Printing Text and Illustrations	300
Binding 10,000, at 11 cents	1100
Total	$3075

Or thirty and three-quarter cents a book.

"Succeeding printings will cost, at the same rate—less, of course, the first costs, drawings, plates and dies—nineteen cents a book; or an average of twenty and one-tenth cents a book for the total sale. The showing then will be:

Cost of Manufacture	$0.201
Author's Royalty, at 20 per cent of price, $1.50	.30
Cost of Doing Business, 28 per cent of income	.224
Special Advertising Campaign	.05
	$0.775
Deducted from average price received	.80
Leaves average net profit on each book	$0.025

"If the 'best seller' scores a hundred thousand in the course of its run—say, two years—the total net profit will be twenty-five hundred dollars. I'm quite aware that most persons believe that the publisher gets many times that profit out of it; but these are the facts. To get the author's returns, of course, you have only to multiply the total sale by the royalty. In the above instance it would be thirty thousand dollars."

Why Novels Cost You More

"SO YOU see there's no profit in it for us—and what's the use? Besides yielding no profit, it actually hogs the whole attention of the house to the exclusion of the other and really important books—the books that, bulked together, really make profit, and the books that carry the dignity and the prestige and the power and the influence of the house. It eclipses them all. Salesmen strive to land quantities of the best seller because it is a showy business and everybody's talking about it. Every one in the house runs about reporting the last sale of twenty-five hundred copies just in by wire. The advertising man puts the wretched thing at the top of every ad, and grows scornful of the lesser sellers that constitute our real power. What do they care that the big sale brings no profit? The cornet screams and the crowd chuck up their hats! The lust of record-making has the whole establishment by the throat; we have ceased to be a serious business house in our wild rush for the top of the best-sellers list in the Saturday newspapers. No more for me."

Now it cannot be denied that there was a great deal of solid sense in this point of view, especially at the time it was uttered, some eight or ten years ago, just before the collapse of the "crazy period," when publishers of all degrees were spending their profits in rash advertising under the temporary delusion that "books are like everything else; advertise enough and they'll sell any amount."

Since then conditions have been much bettered, as we shall see; but even before the betterment the publisher quoted greatly modified his point of view. He found that, even without profit, a large seller is a mighty good thing to possess.

In the first place, it is the best possible "trade leader." The salesman who has a heavy selling novel on his list is eagerly greeted in every bookshop and finds it much easier to sell down his whole list than if he had no big specialty to make him welcome. I have heard salesmen value this as high as twenty per cent, meaning that the big seller at the top would tend to increase the sales of the rest of the list by that large proportion. The constant reordering of the big seller by mail and express by every bookshop, big and little, in the country keeps the house that publishes it and that house's whole list constantly and profitably before the attention of the trade.

In the second place, it is the best kind of an "author getter." There is at least one author on your list who is receiving handsome royalties and who consequently is sounding your praises widely and continuously. Authors of novels besiege the offices of the publishers of a "best seller" under the impression that he possesses some occult power to make novels sell; at worst, they see his advertising and speak of him admiringly as "a heavy advertiser," which is a profitable reputation to possess. Successful authors of all kinds of books are the easier of approach.

I have said that profit conditions are better now than eight or ten years ago; but some of the conditions are worse. Paper, printing and binding all cost more now than then. On the other hand, competition in advertising has ceased, publishers having learned by costly experience that there is nothing in it to gain and all to lose, and that the old publishing fact that each book has its own natural limit of sale, beyond which it can be advanced by advertising only at a loss, is as much a fact about fiction as about any other kind of book. Book-advertising, at its height ten years ago, has rapidly lessened, until now it probably represents as nearly actual value as will ever be realized.

The recent advance in the price of fiction does not help the publisher. That is the bookseller's profit, though it was the publisher who brought it to pass.

Perhaps you did not know there had been an advance in the price of novels!

Perhaps you became so used to advances in the prices of everything that you never even noticed that your novels had gone up twenty-five per cent!

No one can blame you, of course; for naturally you would have been more likely to notice it if the price hadn't gone up!

Anyway, it used to be that publishers published the standard novel at a dollar and a half and booksellers sold it at a dollar and eight cents. Now publishers publish it at a dollar and thirty-five cents net and booksellers maintain that price; but there is no perceptible increase in the price the bookseller pays the publisher for it.

It happened this way: Booksellers were not making enough out of fiction to make it worth their while to feature it, particularly as certain cut-rate department stores often sold novels at an actual cash loss for the sake of the advertisement, hoping to draw customers for other departments. The publishers saw the natural retail outlets for their books threatened with actual obliteration by this destructive competition, and some years ago they combined to maintain prices for one year after publication, refusing to sell to those who would not agree to do so. The cut-rate department stores shouted "Trust," and a five years' war began, which ended in the defeat of the publishers in the courts, but the sound establishment in practice of the business principle of price maintenance. The combination, of course, went permanently out of existence; but the retail trade, including the vast majority of the largest and soundest department stores in the country, no longer troubles itself about those cut-rate shops. They may cut all they please and charge their losses to advertising; but they no longer affect the main current of the country's book business.

There still remained, however, too little profit in novels to tempt the bookseller to do more than keep a few on his counter. Something had to be done to spur him to real effort. "More profit!" he cried. "Put fiction on the net basis, as other books."

And so it came about.

However, there was no combination of publishers now; nor could there be. The experiment must be made by individuals; and by-and-by one big house tried a book or two at a dollar and thirty-five cents net, that word "net" meaning that the published price was to be maintained for a year. It "went" all right. There was no complaint from the public and no dropping off in sales. Other publishers tried the experiment, and it was found that some of the higher-priced novels outsold with ease the old-priced novels lying alongside them on the same counter. Purchasers seemed to buy what they wanted irrespective of price.



"Two or Three of the Professors Think the Plan is Great"

Would it retard a big seller? That finally became the question.

The answer was: Lewis Rand. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, one of the boldest experimenters in the new system, ventured Mary Johnston's big historical novel at a dollar and forty cents net. Some publishers thought they were taking great chances.

The public didn't think so, however. Lewis Rand bounded into first place from the start. It scored its first hundred thousand on its first wind. The "net novel" was established. The price of fiction was definitely and permanently raised. By now every publisher has swung into line and almost every novel is put out at the advanced price.

Wait Two Years and Save Money

THOUGH the bookseller gets practically all the increase from this advance in price, there is a slight saving to the publisher in royalty, which makes an appreciable difference to him. Nor does the author lose anything in the end, because fiction has become really profitable to the bookseller, at last—it really wasn't before—and he actually sells a great many more copies than he used to under the old system.

Another new source of profit is the business in cheap editions that has grown up within the last ten years. There are houses whose whole business is to get a secondary sale of novels, at a fifty-cent retail price, which have made real successes at the higher price.

The publisher of the successful novel, two years after it first appears on the market, makes his deal with the cheap-edition man, loaning him the plates for a royalty of ten cents for each book printed from them. Of this, five cents goes to the author in lieu of royalty. The cheap-edition man prints in large editions, using the cheapest possible paper and a greatly cheapened binding. Editions of twenty-five thousand cost him, say, fifteen cents a book to manufacture, or, including his ten cents to the publisher, twenty-five cents a book. He sells chiefly to department stores at



The Vast Majority of Novels are Fortunate if They Sell Two or Three Thousand Each

(Continued on Page 53)

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Mr. Humphrey Advertises

COME on, Addy; we'll be late," said Mrs. Humphrey briskly as she stepped into the living room, drawing on her gloves. Her husband occupied the morris chair, sitting on the small of his back and his shoulderblades, with one thin knee cocked up and a copy of the Big Rapids Express spread out upon it.

"Thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight," he replied dreamily, addressing the open page rather than his wife—"thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight."

Mrs. Humphrey, buttoning a glove, stepped behind him and looked over his shoulder to discover what this cryptic reply referred to. She didn't mind his fits of abstraction, except as they betrayed him into doing things that confirmed the more stupid and ignorant inhabitants of Vale in a disgusting opinion that he was "nutty."

The numerals he had repeated appeared in big black type in the circulation statement at the head of the newspaper's editorial page.

"A circulation of thirty-one thousand six hundred and twenty-eight now," he speculated; "probably that means the paper goes into twenty thousand homes, and ten thousand of 'em would buy my wooden ovens right away if they knew there was any such thing. That's the trouble, Carrie. It ain't that people don't want my ovens. The trouble is they don't hear about 'em."

True, he watched the marriage licenses in three counties and made the bride a wedding present of a wooden oven whenever the gift seemed likely to attract attention. His prize contest for schoolchildren had made many people aware that a valuable article known as the Humphrey oven existed and might be procured for only a dollar and a half. He advertised regularly in the Vale Vindicator, the Bloomingdale Patriot and the Mattewan Guardian, but the Vindicator's subscription list comprised only five hundred and seventy-two names and it claimed the largest circulation in the county.

"I suppose it costs a good deal to advertise in the Express," Mrs. Humphrey suggested sympathetically.

"Their rates are pretty high," he replied absently; "but I wouldn't mind that. You see, they won't print my advertisements at all except for spot cash."

"Oh, well, you'll be forehanded by-and-by," she consoled. "The ovens are really going beautifully. It won't be long before you'll have money to advertise anywhere. You must be patient."

As an example in that virtue she stepped to the hall and returned with his hat. Taking the newspaper from his knee and putting the hat on his head, she slipped her hand under his arm and gently pulled him to his feet. "The lecture begins at eight, you know," she reminded him.

For a moment he stood blinking foolishly at her; then he remembered about the lecture and docilely permitted her to lead him from the house.

"If I could only advertise as I ought I'd be selling a hundred ovens a day instead of ten," he observed as they went down the porch steps. "And every oven I can sell helps some woman do her housework, Carrie," he added very sincerely. "I feel like a man that's trying to shout tidings of great joy with his mouth full of sand—I can only sputter."

She did not reply, and he felt that the expression he had chosen was distasteful to her. She could hardly be described as a pious woman, yet everything connected with her church she took with the deepest seriousness. They had turned toward the main street of the village and were strolling on in the pleasant Indian summer evening under gorgeously colored maples and past neat lawns that were still green.

"There's an awful lot of waste in the world," he speculated on, after a while. "See all the foolish stuff they put in the newspapers, when they might a good deal better be saying something about my oven. If I could turn some of the pure waste——"

"I do believe," Mrs. Humphrey interrupted in shocked tones, "that Bill Peters is drunk again."

Looking ahead Addison perceived by the electric light on the Vale House corner that the street, usually empty at that hour, was occupied by a crowd of twenty or more persons whom a lank and bony man of middle age, with a powerfully hooked nose, was addressing from the tail of a farm wagon. It was undoubtedly Bill Peters, and undoubtedly he was drunk. As they approached a gleeful shout went up from the audience, for the village marshal, having climbed over the front wheel of the wagon and approached the orator strategetically from the rear, had suddenly shut off his eloquence and breath by encircling his neck with a muscular arm. When the Humphreys reached the corner the younger members of the crowd were joyfully following Bill and the marshal down the street toward the lock-up.

"There you have it again," Addison commented philosophically; "just waste! Bill Peters can make a rattling good speech; but what good does it do him? Good evening, Lute," he added, noticing a figure that sat placidly on the curb at their feet.

It was a round-shouldered figure, clad in frayed trousers, soiled and collarless shirt, an ancient vest that dangled like a rag, and a faded derby hat; it was smoking a disreputable cob pipe, and in response to Addison's friendly greeting it merely nodded, carefully avoiding Mrs. Humphrey's accusing glance.

The figure appertained to Lute Morrow, who had been Addison's general handy-man when the inventor was only the proprietor of a small and deeply embarrassed hardware store. Even then Lute had been scandalously lazy; but he had rendered a signal service in the matter of securing a plant for the manufacture of wooden ovens. Since then he had degenerated into a mere parasite.

"And there's some more waste, Addison Humphrey," said Mrs. Humphrey gravely as they turned the corner.

"Yes; that's true, Carrie," the inventor confessed humbly—knowing in his guilty soul that, as his wife pointed out, his indulgence was utterly demoralizing Lute. But the demoralization seemed so agreeable to Lute and the ten dollars a week amounted to so little anyway, that Addison continued to shirk his duty.

Presently, obeying the gentle pull of his wife's hand, he turned into the little red brick church, was vaguely aware of shaking hands with Rev. Lucien A. Watts at the door and of being led to a seat. Thereafter, at intervals, various explosive statements concerning the liquor traffic floated hazily through the anteroom of his absorbed mind.

"I say, you sit still and let whisky destroy you body and soul!"

That statement, delivered with astonishing vocal energy and accompanied by a mighty thump upon the pulpit, somehow roused him, and for the first time he took note of his surroundings. Ahead, Rev. Lucien A. Watts sat at the front of the small rostrum, his head cocked a little to one side, looking down at the audience through his spectacles with an air of preternatural gravity. Behind him sat Mrs. Lucile Warrington Stubbs, soprano, under a huge and much-adorned hat, fanning herself with a sheet of music.



She Vigorously Thumped Him Over the Head With the Convenient Kitchen Utensil

The speaker, Mrs. Minerva P. Bangs, had paused to wipe her perspiring face and refresh herself with a draught of water. She was a very stocky woman with a broad, flat face and heavy jaw that indicated great firmness of character. Having refreshed herself, the oratrix renewed her verbal attack with tremendous vigor.

Looking about, Addison perceived that the small church was about two-thirds filled with precisely the same audience he was accustomed to seeing there every Sunday morning. He calculated that, instead of being in imminent danger from liquor, there was not a soul in the house that took three drinks in the course of a year.

"More waste," he reflected, smiling a little to himself; "waste everywhere—the foolish stuff in the newspapers, Bill Peters, Lute Morrow, Minerva P. Bangs." He was turning this reflection over in his mind with mild amusement when an odd and fascinating thought struck him.

Next morning, having discovered Lute Morrow fishing in the little pond above the dam from which the oven plant derived its water power, Addison beckoned the demoralized employee into the office and closed the door.

"Lute," said he confidentially, "do you suppose if I'd pay Bill Peters' fine and give him five dollars he'd sign the pledge and make a speech for me?"

"If you'd git Bill out of the lock-up and give him fifty cents he'd sign anything at all," Lute replied with conviction; "he'll be terrible dry about now. And Bill'll always make a speech; it seems to give him a satisfyin' conviction that he ain't at work."

After some further conversation Addison looked his employee steadily in the eye. He was scandalous and demoralized, no doubt; but incorruptibly loyal. "Of course I'm trusting to you, Lute," said the inventor under his breath.

By noon that day many people in Vale received the amazing news that William J. Peters had called upon Minerva P. Bangs and signed the pledge. Coming home to his midday dinner, Addison found his wife in quite a little glow of virtuous pleasure over it.

"Is that so? Well, I'm certainly glad to hear it," he murmured, looking out of the window as she told him the news.

Next day Vale was littered with handbills announcing that William J. Peters would lecture on temperance in the Grand Army tent at the baseball grounds the following evening.

The Grand Army tent had a seating capacity of eight hundred, which was equal to two-thirds the population of Vale. The seats consisted partly of borrowed chairs, partly of rough pine benches. A rude platform was constructed at one side of the tent. When Reverend Watts, Minerva P. Bangs and Lucile Stubbs took the chairs reserved for them on this platform, they saw, by the flaring light of a gasoline torch, that the tent was nearly full. Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey, arriving a little late, had to take seats on a rear bench.

A moment after they were seated Mrs. Humphrey whispered in surprise: "Why, Addy, that's one of your ovens he's got up there."

"Why, so it is," the inventor replied in affected surprise, while a guilty conscience stung him.

A pitcher of water and drinking glass had been provided for the speaker. They reposed upon the article Mrs. Humphrey mentioned. As the article stood on end, the neatly stenciled legend on its door—"Humphrey Wooden Oven. Patent Applied For"—ran up and down. Still everybody could read it.

The lecturer, appearing in his little-used Sunday clothes—consisting of a neat navy-blue business suit, white shirt, standing collar and bright green four-in-hand tie—began somewhat haltingly, as he was not much accustomed to speaking in public when sober. He gained confidence as he proceeded, however, and began illustrating his general remarks with personal references.

"Now, there's Jake Small," he said gravely, pointing a long forefinger at an auditor on a rear bench. "You all know Jake's as good a painter as you could ask for when he's sober; but what good is he when he's drunk? Now Jake knows he oughtn't to get drunk just as well as you do. He knows his family needs the money. He's told me so himself fifty times. Ain't that so, Jake?"

Having himself been one of the town's most incorrigible drinkers for many years, the lecturer naturally had an

intimate knowledge of the drinking habits of others. As he drew copiously upon that knowledge, gravely naming and pointing out various individuals, he held the audience in electrified suspense.

It was undoubtedly the most interesting and exciting temperance lecture that Vale had ever known. At its conclusion there was considerable speculation among one section of the audience as to whether any of the persons used for illustrative purposes would elect to go to the mat with Bill. The orator, however, was of a long-limbed, bony, wiry, slightly bandy-legged build, and it was the prevailing opinion that, except his wife, only two persons in Vale could lick him. Among others in the audience the comment was of a different and higher character; and at the urgent request of several leading citizens Bill consented to deliver another lecture on temperance in the tent two evenings later. At that lecture he read aloud a list of the various consignments of liquor that Druggist Jennings had received within three months, and made such pointed comments that the druggist stumped out of the tent, purple with indignation.

The morning after this second lecture Lute Morrow shuffled into his employer's office, closing the door after him. "Bill says," Lute explained, "that if you'll stake him a little he'll lecture at all the towns around here—with Mr. Oven on the platform, of course. Bill's two great natural weaknesses is oratory and booze."

This communication plunged the inventor into an unhappy state. He hated to be tempted, because he was so apt to yield. Of course he could justify himself to his own mind. Temperance was a good thing; the oven was a good thing; and the two good things combined would mutually strengthen and forward each other. Yet he was acutely aware that other people—especially his wife—would regard the arrangement as scandalous.

"I dunno about that, Lute," he muttered thoughtfully. "I'm afraid"—he stared meditatively at the desk, pulling his prominent nose—"I'm afraid I'll have to think it over."

He meant honorably and impartially to consider the problem in all of its phases; but when Lute departed his thinking, in spite of himself, took an unfortunate turn. With a pencil and a blank letterhead he began working out little problems in arithmetic, something like this: Six hundred multiplied by six makes thirty-six hundred, which divided by fifty gives a quotient of seventy-two. And this meant that if Bill delivered six lectures in a week and the audiences averaged six hundred persons, thirty-six hundred souls would behold the oven on the platform; and if one out of fifty became a purchaser the output of ovens would be practically doubled. Of course this meant again that housework would be made easier for twice as many toiling women.

Though this arithmetic possessed a strong fascination for him, he realized that the fascination belonged to the same family as that which the serpent exercised over Eve.

The opening of the office door broke in upon his temptation. He looked up, said "Howdy-do," and at once began tearing the sheet of letter paper into small bits—for the person who entered was Rev. Lucien A. Watts.

Sitting at the end of the inventor's desk, the pastor affably discussed the weather, the corn crop, the recent election, Mrs. Mosier's appendicitis, Lawyer Reimer's new automobile. Thus, in due and proper time, he got around to the subject of his call—which was to raise a little fund for the purpose of launching Minerva P. Bangs upon her career as a temperance lecturer.

Many people, he himself included, thought the pastor had a fine presence. He was tall and broad, and evidently was going to be fat. Already he had a fine start toward a double chin. His face was round as the new moon and nearly as large. He had a way of cocking his head to one side, opening his large, dull eyes very wide and staring at a person with preternatural solemnity. It made Addison think of an owl in the act of receiving some such amazing piece of intelligence as that the moon is made of green cheese.

"I think Mrs. Bangs might do a great deal of good," Addison commented thoughtfully, "if she could only get the attention of the right people. You see, there's no use in delivering temperance lectures to steady-going church members who are temperate already. If you're going to do any good you've got to catch the attention of people that aren't temperate. Now there's Bill Peters; he gets the attention of just the sort of people you're after, because he stirs up a lot of public curiosity. You see, people have so many distractions nowadays that you can't do anything at all unless you strike out with something novel and stir up their curiosity and get their attention."

"True; that's very true," the pastor murmured.

"My idea," the inventor continued, with a bold casualness, "would be to let Bill and Minerva—that is, Mrs. Bangs—form a sort of combination—lecture together, you know. That of itself would stir up curiosity, you see."

Reverend Watts was so truly amazed that he forgot to cock his head.

"Under your auspices, as you might say," Addison continued, "to give the thing proper standing and tone. You would introduce the speakers, you know, and all that. Now that would be something novel to work on. Why, we would have everybody in this part of the state under the tent!" Indeed, the idea that had just happened to pop into his head quite took possession of him; already he was smiling and nodding at the pastor, his eyes shining with enthusiasm, and as he proceeded to sketch various expedients for attracting public attention which occurred to him on the spur of the moment, the pastor's mind began to warm up.

"I was thinking myself," said Addison—shameless by now in the heat of his idea—"whether it wouldn't be a good thing to send Bill Peters out as a lecturer on temperance, because he can catch the crowd that needs to be caught, you see. Of course I'd pay something toward his expenses, and a saloonkeeper might say it was an advertising dodge on my part. But my oven is a novelty, you know; it helps to arouse public curiosity; it helps to make this different from just the ordinary temperance lecture, and that's what we want. Besides, it's a good, useful article, and I'd be spending money to advertise it in some way or other anyway. As I look at it, it's a great deal better that the money should go to help the cause of temperance than that it should be paid over for advertising in some newspaper that's owned by a brewery."

"True! Perfectly true!" murmured the pastor, more wide-eyed than ever.

Half an hour later, bubbling with affable enthusiasm, Addison accompanied the pastor to the door and bade him cordial adieu. Turning back to the office, his mind still aglow, his eyes mildly shining, a vague, happy little smile playing upon his lips, something occurred to him and he halted abruptly in his tracks. That something was an exact realization of what he had committed himself to. For a moment he looked very grave. "Well, by George, I'm in for it now!" he said grimly to the desk, and shook his head resolutely at it.

A fortnight after this conference in Addison's office, the section of the state in which Vale is located began to be aware of the Vale Volunteers. Fifty strong, followed by two wagons containing the tent and other paraphernalia, the band marched upon Mattewan, five miles from Vale. Rev. Lucien A. Watts headed the procession. Behind him, side by side, came Minerva P. Bangs and William J. Peters. The remaining Volunteers were young people—all save one who rode in the rear wagon. This one was Lute Morrow in a new ready-made suit bought at Mr. Taylor's emporium, a white shirt, neat celluloid collar and cuffs and a brand-new derby hat only one size too large.

No other Volunteer knew whether Lute really belonged to the band. A presumption to the contrary was raised that very first day by the circumstance that he was caught behind the tent surreptitiously smoking a cob pipe. As a matter of fact, a terrible contingency had occurred to Addison's anxious and divided mind—namely, that Bill Peters might suffer one of his periodic lapses and deliver a lecture that would bring the movement to an untimely and scandalous end. Lute possessed Bill's confidence and had considerable influence over him.

A good-sized audience assembled at Mattewan and studied the perpendicular legend on the door of the Humphrey wooden oven, which stood on end at the front of the stage with a water pitcher and glass upon it. At Mattewan Pastor Watts recruited a score of new Volunteers, who performed the march to Lurton, four miles away, the Vale contingent returning home.

It was at Jonesville, fifty miles from Vale, that Bill Peters first introduced the oven into his discourse. With his hand resting impressively upon that utensil he explained to the audience that his release from the bondage of drink was indirectly due to it. As he was usually incapacitated by liquor, he said, his wife eked out the meager family income by baking and selling pies and cakes. Dime by dime she had laid by a little hoard for the purpose of purchasing herself a wooden oven; but when she had collected a dollar and forty cents he discovered and dissipated the treasure. Remorse for this act led him to sign the pledge. Bill told the story very effectively, for as the Volunteers proceeded his oratory gained steadily in emotional fervor, though it lost nothing of the personal candor that always characterized it. At Jonesville, indeed, his pointed comments upon the one saloonkeeper of the town led to a personal encounter on the public street, which resulted so little to the saloonkeeper's satisfaction that he had Bill up in court, where he was triumphantly discharged.

A report of the Jonesville meeting duly reached Vale and produced two results. In the first place, Mrs. Peters declared, with great indignation, that if Bill should ever dare to say within her hearing that he had taken a dollar and forty cents or any other sum away from her without her consent she would break every bone in his useless carcass—a feat that she had come within an ace of performing upon at least two occasions. In the second place, Addison wrote a confidential and mildly reproachful letter to Lute Morrow, whom he suspected and accused of having inspired Bill to tell the mendacious oven story. In his difficult position the inventor felt that he must really draw the line somewhere.

Mrs. Humphrey naturally heard the oven story. Mrs. Taylor repeated it to her and heartily congratulated her upon her husband's advertising ability. This led to a colloquy between husband and wife, which Addison could never afterward recall without regret, for he came so close to lying to her that only an extraordinarily keen mind could distinguish the difference.

Elsewhere the Jonesville meeting led to still more important results. Mrs. Bangs believed firmly that woman was essentially much superior to man, but was held in



"Thirty-One Thousand Six Hundred and Twenty-Eight," He Replied Dreamily

subjection by a comprehensive masculine conspiracy. She was strengthened in this conviction when she compared her speeches with Bill Peters' speeches, and then compared the amount of public attention that she received with the amount that Bill received. Now the Jonesville Weekly Index gave a column and a half to Bill Peters' encounter with the saloonkeeper and only a line and a half to her speech.

Her opportunity came at Preston, the next town visited by the Volunteers. This was the largest place they had invaded, containing over four thousand inhabitants. The good sister with whom Mrs. Bangs lodged charitably repeated to her certain scurrilous remarks that a bartender was said to have made. Mrs. Bangs promptly repaired to the good sister's kitchen and possessed herself of the rolling pin. Marching down the main street she boldly entered the bartender's place of employment and vigorously thumped him over the head with the convenient kitchen utensil.

The effect of this was not lost upon Bill Peters. At Hillsboro he carried his wooden oven uptown and hurled it bodily through the plate glass window of the Hotel Johnson bar. When arraigned in court he declared with moving eloquence that the thought of all the misery contained in the various bottles displayed behind the plate glass had inspired him with uncontrollable rage. The justice imposed a merely nominal fine, which a Volunteer committee enthusiastically paid.

Thenceforward a friendly emulation possessed the two great protagonists of the Volunteer movement, and a trail of shattered glassware marked their wake. At Plainwell, two weeks after Hillsboro, Lute Morrow wrote to Addison in his schoolboy scrawl: "Minervy tide the score hear by jabing the mayor in the stummick with her roln pinn. reseats $61.48 expencis including Minervy's fine $59.25. keep wats to home."

Pastor Watts indeed had come home the week before on the verge of nervous prostration, for the methods of the Volunteers had assumed a character that his cautious temper could not endure. The Volunteers were now practically self-sustaining, for Lute Morrow had gradually assumed the functions of a business manager and saw that a collection was taken up at every meeting. It is a melancholy fact that Lute, who was practically worthless for any useful employment, had devoted himself to this business of the Volunteers with the utmost zeal.

Mrs. Humphrey, it scarcely need be said, was scandalized and indignant. She felt that the lawless, indecent acts of the Volunteers were bringing reproach upon temperance and religion. It annoyed her that, however innocent her husband was, gossip connected his name with the outrageous pair.

Addison himself was somewhat scandalized and a bit indignant. He really had a decent respect for temperance, and he had by no means supposed that his relatively innocent suggestions would be pushed to this extravagant height. More to the point, he was decidedly alarmed. True, the Volunteers were now practically self-sustaining, and so might be considered as beyond his control. But to himself he did not blink his moral responsibility for them. Certainly he was more or less connected with them in the public mind. The newspapers had taken to calling them the Oven and Rolling Pin Brigade. That the Volunteers would soon come to an ignominious end seemed almost inevitable. Either Bill Peters would get drunk or the pair would do something that would get them into jail for keeps. In either case the ignominy was very likely to involve him. He shuddered, for example, when he imagined himself facing his wife after Bill Peters had explained with inebriate candor how the Volunteer movement really started.

As usual, however, there was another phase of the question. If shattered glassware marked the trail of the Volunteers, so, also, did inquiries concerning the Humphrey wooden oven. Sales of that article had doubled. The thought of foregoing the sale of even one oven was subtly shocking to him, as though it amounted to an immoral flying in the face of Providence.

After carefully considering this many-sided problem he conferred with Reverend Watts. "This window-smashing business is cheap and disreputable," he said; "it sets a bad example of lawlessness. Of course, in one way I've nothing to do with it; but I helped start the thing off, and I feel I ought to do what I can to bring it round into law-abiding and respectable ways."

"True! I feel the same way," said the pastor rather eagerly.

"I've noticed," Addison went on, "that people are interested in anything that moves. All you can say of an ordinary street parade is that it moves, yet people will stand for hours to look at it. I think we might get up a street parade, with floats showing the downward career of the drinker and so on—as striking and dramatic as possible, you know."

"Why, I think that a good idea," murmured Mr. Watts.

"My idea," said the inventor boldly, "would be to go right into Big Rapids. Of course they're barred from Big Rapids now. This window-smashing business may do in country towns, but a city wouldn't tolerate it. I believe you could raise money enough there to make a start—say, just two or three floats. Then, you see, you could take the parade to other cities and keep adding to it. Of course it would be distinctly understood that all illegal, riotous methods were dropped."

Having inspired the pastor with enthusiasm for this idea, Addison telegraphed for Lute Morrow, who dutifully presented himself at the oven plant next day.

The inventor was busy when Lute entered. Glancing up a moment later, he demanded in shocked surprise: "Why, what's the matter?"

By that time he was quite used to Lute's celluloid collar, ready-made bow tie and oversize derby hat; but now he saw that a large discoloration surrounded Lute's left eye and that the organ itself was swollen half shut.

"Got up in the night and run plumb into an open door," Lute explained, gently feeling the bruised area.

"People will think you've been in a fight," Addison commented jocularly, and proceeded to unfold his plan. The street parade, he believed, would prove a great drawing card; but there must be a distinct understanding that this lawless assaulting and window-smashing was to cease. Lute's task was to impress this upon Bill Peters while Reverend Watts secured Minerva's pledge.

Both Volunteers readily assented to the new program. Bill, in fact, had got decidedly the worst of a personal encounter with a town marshal, and the skin was still gone from Minerva's nose where a saloonkeeper's irate wife had clawed her. Both were quite favorably inclined at the moment toward law-abiding methods.

From Big Rapids Pastor Watts reported most encouraging progress. He wrote Addison that he felt sure of raising enough money for three or four floats. Of course, he added, the people who were generously assisting the enterprise wanted it distinctly understood that the Volunteers must conduct themselves in a seemly and peaceable manner.

While preparations were making for the pacific invasion of Big Rapids, the Volunteers behaved in the most exemplary manner. At Pocatonica Bill Peters meekly ignored a gross personal insult; and at Morriston Minerva merely gritted her false teeth over what the Intelligencer printed about her.

Addison was delighted. He felt, with much reason, that he had been the chief instrument in redeeming the Volunteers from scandalous courses, thereby greatly increasing their ultimate usefulness to the cause of temperance. He had suffered a good deal in secret from an accusing conscience in respect of his wife; moreover, he had a natural human yearning to be admired by the woman he loved. So, when the success of the Big Rapids enterprise seemed assured, he confessed to his wife that he, and not Reverend Watts, had inspired and planned it.

"You did?" she cried in joyful admiration. "Why, that's just like you, Addy! To do the whole thing and never say a word! I knew you could do it if you'd only put your mind to it! That's just splendid!" Perhaps he blushed slightly as she kissed him.

In this way the Big Rapids affair became a sort of delightful secret between them, and they discussed its progress in much the same happy intimacy with which they investigated the baby's teeth, legs and intellectual accomplishments. Every forenoon Mrs. Humphrey watched for the boy on a bicycle who delivered the Big Rapids Express at the house, and eagerly ran over the paper to see whether it said anything about the Volunteers. If it did, she immediately telephoned the item to her husband at the oven plant.

The parade was to be on Wednesday. After finishing supper Tuesday Addison lingered at the table, toying with a temptation. Finally, with some hesitation as one giving way to a foolish impulse, he suggested: "What would you say, Carrie—what would you think—of running up to Big Rapids?"

"Why, I was thinking of that very same thing myself!" Mrs. Humphrey declared, laughing happily. "Let's do it! We can take the nine o'clock train up and get there at midnight. Then we can take the three o'clock train back tomorrow and get home for supper. Do you know, we haven't been anywhere together for more than a year?"

At the railroad station, waiting for the train, Addison dispatched a night telegram to Lute Morrow at Big Rapids. The little night journey, without the baby or anybody, was almost as deliciously exciting as though they had been eloping, and they recklessly slept until eight o'clock in the morning. They were luxuriating over a late breakfast in a much gilded and mirrored dining room when Addison remembered the morning newspapers and extravagantly commissioned the waiter to fetch one. A friendly conversation with the waiter concerning the industries of Big Rapids kept his attention engaged for some time. When the waiter departed and he looked round at his wife he was horror-stricken.

Mrs. Humphrey had turned quite pale, and her eyes had the stony look of tearless woe. Beyond the power of speech, she pushed the paper toward him. He at once saw, in great black type, over the last column of the front page:

"Fanatics Run Amuck. Oven and Rolling Pin Brigade Wrecks the Alpine Café and Nearly Murders Two Policemen. Thousands of Dollars' Worth of Property Destroyed. Patrolman Flynn in the Hospital; Doctors Fear His Skull is Fractured; May Die. Patrolman Ryan Bruised and Bloody. Bill Peters, Minerva Bangs and Reverend Watts in Jail."

No word was spoken between husband and wife until they had been in the privacy of their room some two minutes. Addison sat in the plush armchair, his chin sunk upon his breast, his left arm dangling lifelessly over the side of the chair, his nerveless right hand resting palm up upon the paper in his lap. Mrs. Humphrey stood over by the window, staring vacantly down into the street. He knew she did not blame him. That was precisely what he could not endure. His dear, faithful, trusting wife, though reeling under the blow, never dreamed it was his hand that delivered it.

"I did the whole thing, Carrie," he said in a dry, toneless voice. "I did it all myself." As she turned, her lips apart and her eyes wide with amazement, he

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He Carried His Wooden Oven Up own and Hurled it Bodily Through the Plate Glass Window

The Trade We are Scolded About

First Steps in Exporting—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY JOHN R. NEILL



ONE morning not long ago there were two interesting letters in the mail of a New England manufacturer. The first came from a merchant in a small town on the Pacific Coast and asked for a catalog and prices on goods. The second was from an indent broker in London, asking for the same things. Both writers stated that they had seen the manufacturer's products advertised in a magazine. The letters were strikingly alike. Yet the manufacturer's action on each was decidedly different.

The Pacific Coast merchant's inquiry delighted him as an assurance that his advertising was taking hold in new territory. Instead of writing his reply, he telegraphed a salesman in San Francisco to visit that dealer, show him the full line of samples and get him started with a little stock of goods.

London is no farther away than California. Yet there seemed to be something remote and strange about the second inquiry. He laid the letter aside till the next day, to think it over—and, arriving at no decision, waited another day. He began to be afraid that some English or German manufacturer might be taking this method of getting information and might copy his goods. Finally the London letter was not answered at all.

Now the Pacific Coast merchant would sell to consumers in his little town. The demand there is purely local and limited, however good. The London indent broker, however, would sell to other merchants over pretty much the whole of South Africa and Australia. He would give them credit, make collections and shoulder all the work and risk. What goods he bought from the manufacturer would be paid for promptly once a month, less five per cent commission for his service. It is not easy to find more attractive sales than this; but the New England manufacturer ignored it because it came from another country and from a merchant doing business on lines with which he was not familiar.

Trade That Goes Begging

WHEN the American business man thinks of foreign trade certain difficulties seem to come uppermost in his mind. He knows that human beings live in other countries—that they eat, sleep, work, play—that they need goods of many kinds; but these possible customers appear to be fenced off by boundaries—political divisions, tariffs, customs, languages. He has heard of complications in export packing, shipping, credit, collecting, and of export swindles and humbugs. He thinks of foreign trade not as something that can be started on very small beginnings and built up gradually, but in connection with the aggregates of millions published at Washington. So, when Opportunity knocks gently at his door in the shape of an inquiry about his goods from some foreign country, he pretends that he doesn't hear her and is rather relieved when she goes away.

An experienced export man says the first step in foreign trade is to forget there are boundaries between countries at all. They are really imaginary anyway. For any concern with goods selling generally over the United States is passing just as definite boundaries every day in the year. Each of our states has its own laws on debt, bankruptcy and the like. These complicate credit and collections, restrict the use of commercial paper and make fraud easier than in countries where a uniform code obtains. Domestic business is subject to interstate commerce regulations. Our home markets include great foreign-born communities set apart by differences in language and customs. The house entering the East Side of New York with its goods practically goes to a foreign country so far as the tastes of consumers and the ways of merchants are concerned. The Eastern manufacturer extending his sales to the Pacific Coast will probably make as many minor changes and give as much study to little points of local demand and trade conditions as though he were going into European or South American territory. So, when boundaries are forgotten, most of the apparent difficulties of export trade disappear.

The beginnings of export trade are on every hand. Men let their imaginations go a little in thinking of foreign markets. They see, in the mind's eye, shiploads of goods, tugs and lighters, tin-lined cases and twenty-ton cranes, brown and yellow folk in tropical harbors. It is not usual to think of Illinois or Colorado in that way. The manufacturer who wishes to enter those states for the first time feels that he is making progress if he receives inquiries from a few consumers there, and places a small stock of his goods with one wholesale house in Chicago or Denver.

Export trade originates in about the same way.

Every business house that advertises at all, even in one or two of its trade journals, is bound to have a few foreign letters sprinkled through its mail asking for particulars concerning goods. Even the nameplate on a machine will bring these inquiries, or the label on a box or can. So simple a device as that of printing the price of an article in a magazine advertisement will stimulate foreign interest and bring cash export orders. For the foreigner is a keen reader of American advertising. He often finds descriptions of articles that he would like to buy direct if he knew the price; but many articles are advertised without prices for trade reasons. If he knows the price he orders. If it is not given probably he does not care to wait weeks for further information. Foreign inquiries come from across the Canadian border, from export houses at home and abroad, and from other quarters. Headway commences when these letters are taken up in earnest and given as much attention as is bestowed on new corners of the home market.

One of the most thriving export departments in this country was started less than four years ago by a woman. She was secretary to the president of a manufacturing concern. Small shipments of goods had been going to foreign countries for years; but they were always made as a matter of necessity and nobody ever wrote to the distant customers to find out what they did with the stuff, how they liked it, whether they wanted more or whether their friends might like some.

This woman secretary became interested in the stray foreign orders and determined to follow them up, learn what demand was behind them, the commercial standing of the purchasers, the possibilities for extending trade in their territory. First, she dug them all out of the letter-files, listed them on cards, arranged them by countries and wrote for information. When a foreign consumer could be reached she set out to place a little stock of goods with some merchant in his locality. If an order came from a foreign merchant she asked for a list of his customers and circularized them to help his trade. Every order that came through a domestic export house was followed up with a request for further information. By-and-by the woman had to have an assistant; then another and another—and then a salesman. Today that house has regular customers in twenty countries, advertises and corresponds in half a dozen languages, and enjoys an export business that is still small and, at the same time, shows more rapid growth than any portion of its home trade.

The first orders from abroad may come through an American export house, probably situated in New York City, which is the center for this trade. The exporter corresponds to the jobber in home trade. He has his customers in other countries, some of them merchants, some buyers of machinery, supplies and the like. These export houses are not all alike in their ways of doing business. Their various plans go pretty much according to the age of the house. The real old-time commission exporter is a buyer, chiefly of staple goods, and acts only as a New York purchasing agent for customers in countries where he has no representatives himself. The export house that is a bit younger and more modern will have representatives in the countries with which it trades, and deal in specialties as well as staples. Still younger concerns will have quite a foreign organization of salesmen, and perhaps branches and sample stocks.

Foreign Collections are Easy

SUPPOSE the American manufacturer becomes interested in foreign trade to the extent of clearing out an old desk, putting a junior salesman at it and labeling the combination "Export Department." Then, instead of filling those orders from the New York exporters in a routine way, no questions asked, he will want to know a good deal more about their methods and their customers.

A certain amount of secrecy goes with these orders. The export house sends them in, becomes responsible for payment and directs that shipment be made under a confidential shipping mark. The latter is a circle, a horseshoe or a triangle, maybe, with the name of a foreign port inside and two or three initials indicating the foreign customer. Some of the export houses guard the identity of their customers rather jealously. These are the old-timers, as a rule—the heavy staple boys who look upon their customers as concealed assets. With the younger houses, however, it is often possible to establish a good understanding whereby the export house continues to handle all sales in specified territory, but gives the manufacturer the names of its customers so that he may write to them, furnish advertising, keep them informed about his goods and stimulate his own trade in like ways. Secrecy is fast disappearing nowadays, and a little experience soon shows how to decipher secret shipping marks or identify the exporter's customers in other ways.

Most of the difficulties associated with export credits, collections, packing and shipping are purely imaginary. It is possible to make them quite complex and forbidding on paper, in a consular report or an editorial; but in actual practice, when business men begin to do the thing instead of theorizing about it, the methods are simple enough—and in some cases more so than in home trade.

Take export credits and collections as an example. With fully half his foreign customers the American manufacturer will never be called on to consider credit at all, because the shipments are made through responsible export houses that attend to all that themselves. In most cases where he sells direct to a foreign purchaser the goods will be sent with a draft accompanying the bill-of-lading, and the foreign customer does not get the goods until he accepts the draft. This gives a security far greater in most cases than the manufacturer enjoys in dealing direct with many of his customers in the United States.

Export packing is soon developed after a little study of conditions. A box of goods shipped from the New England factory to a customer in California will be skidded on to

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THE FRESHMAN

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

V

WHEN Carter got up the next morning, though, he found that his right knee had been hurt. Beneath the cap there was a small, marble-like lump; when he moved the joint back and forth it creaked like a dry pulley; when he stood up the little round lump rebelled.

By dint of hard rubbing he managed to put himself into walking condition; once at the gymnasium, however, the first movement forced him to step out and report the fact to the physical director.

The physical director smiled at the sight of his raw nose. "Come and see me next period," he said.

Carter waited the hour and then went into the physical director's office. The director examined the knee.

"It's a strain," he said. "It will get well if you're careful. Keep off the field for two weeks."

Two weeks! Carter's mouth opened wide.

The physical director saw the look; he seemed to feel the need of emphasizing.

"For two weeks," he began again. "You want to play football, don't you? To make the team some day? Well, if you don't get this well now it will always bother you. You'll never be any good. Keep off the field for two weeks!"

The director was misunderstanding the situation. There was no need of thus emphasizing. In the midst of his consternation, with the sense in him of catastrophe, of wreck of all dreams, Carter—meek Freshman—had not for a moment thought of questioning the advice.

That afternoon he sat among the laurels on the railing of the bridge that crossed the creek near the gymnasium and watched wistfully the men entering in groups to dress for the field. Blair came by after a while, hurriedly. He saw Carter idle on the bridge, gave him a little nod; and, even as he turned away, the smile came upon his lips—the smile of covert amusement, of judgment withholding itself.

Carter had slid to his feet at his approach; now he slowly got back upon the rail.

He had waited there to accost Blair. He wanted to tell him—to tell him that he was hurt; to explain why he would not today be upon the field; why today he must fail him. But, at the sight of him, coming along thus, surrounded by all the impalpable splendor of his renown, Carter had felt his intention disappear beneath a flood of timidity. Now, in self-deceit, he said to himself that he would wait till Blair came out again in his suit, ready for the field.

But when Blair reappeared in his suit; in his padded trousers, his striped stockings, his tigerish jersey, his high-cleated shoes; with his sweater sleeves knotted about his neck—dangling down his back, he looked so masterly, so fully now, in form as in repute, the being of legend which for so long, at such a distance, Carter had admired, that the Freshman found it still more impossible to go to him and speak. His feet this time did not even touch the planking of the bridge. Saying to himself, "Now I must tell him—now!" he remained as he was, paralyzed, till Blair and the opportunity were gone.

VI

CARTER kept off the field for two weeks.

He was thinking about it all the time, though, about it and things appertaining to it, drawn irresistibly by an attraction which was more a melancholy than a desire. Of mornings, between lectures, from the steps of North Hall his eyes wandered to the level rectangle at the foot of the sloping campus. The stands, then bare, looked raw and high; and the goal-posts, rising in this emptiness deprived of its explanatory animation, were like gallows. An old man and an old white horse raked the surface with a harrow, tacking slowly and methodically from side to side; and behind followed a boy with a watering-pot, creaming over, with the spout of which, following a taut string, he painted from side line to side line long white streaks. Where the harrow had passed and the pot had drawn, the field looked fit and clean and ready; Carter could feel in the balls of his feet its smooth resilience, and in his thigh-muscles there came a nostalgia of swift, free runs.

An hour before practice-time he was already about the quarters. Sitting on the rail of the little bridge that crossed the creek, half-hidden in the laurels, he watched the men pass alone or in groups, climb the steps and disappear, behind a slamming door, within the dressing room. Beneath, at the cellar door as at the mouth of a cave, the manager still doled out parsimoniously odds and ends of equipment to late applicants. After a time, out of the slamming door the men began to come, all equipped, the sleeves of their sweaters knotted negligently about their necks. Each stood a moment at the top of the stairs, looking up at the sky like a sailor, stamping the caked earth off his shoes, stretching his muscles, and then came down slowly with the cunning relaxation of one with a hard day ahead, the cleats clattering on the steps. They lingered here a while on the grass about the building before going down to the field, passing the ball easily from one to the other, gradually loosening their sinews—"warming up"—to the task ahead. Carter was beginning to know many by sight. The Varsity men were recognizable by the easy precision of their movements, the suppleness of their muscles beneath the taut jerseys, and an indefinable air of assurance, of strength tolerant and relaxed, reserving itself. Also he watched the novices: they were what he might be. Some were doing well; Flannigan was playing tackle almost every night on the "scrub."

Every day, as he sat here, Blair came by and gave him a short nod and then smiled as if he wished not to notice that anything was happening; but the smile, to Carter's self-conscious fancy, was taking on now a meaning more certain. Through its enigma, its refusal to express itself, a criticism was now cropping—a criticism, a dislike and a disdain. He still wanted to tell Blair, but now it seemed too late—too late and too foolish.

When the men began to trickle toward the field Carter followed and took a place in the bleachers on the lowest row, as near the side lines as possible. During the practice, chance took some of the scrimmages close by. Carter caught the savage smell of toiling men, saw the grim faces, the eyes flashing between the unkempt locks; he heard the drumming of concerted feet, the crash of the charges, the thump of body against body. To a successful tackle beneath his eyes, his shoulder, his back, tingled with the memory of his one success long ago; and to the taste of sweat, of toil and effort, irresistibly all his being found itself back at his moment of glory.

Things had changed since that day. The coach was now here. He came from the University in the East most renowned in sport, upon whose team he had been the star guard. He was a big fellow, a bit older than the usual graduate, broad and high, powerful as a bull, but with a very calm, set, pale face. It was said that he was a theological student; that, the season over, he was going on to China as a missionary. He moved about the field vigilantly, counseling, instructing, exhorting in a tense, quiet way, and at times snapped his fingers and said "Dang it!"—upon which the bleachers laughed and applauded. He wore his street clothes, youngish and impeccable of cut; he soiled his cuffs and collars; and once at least every three practices he suddenly went after some elusive back himself, as if unable to resist the impulse, tackled him and rose from the earth clodded to his hair—at which the bleachers went mad and asked rhythmically, "What's the matter with Brill?" Under this new guidance the squad was progressing fast; long lineups took place, and the Varsity unfolded new complicated attacks which Carter, with all his attention, could not quite analyze. Seeing this progress of which he was not a part, he felt more than ever lost, hopelessly distanced, abandoned and forlorn. Sometimes, as, the practice over, the men beneath the falling night straggled back up the hill, he mingled furtively with them, dissolved himself in their toil, their sweat, the profound satisfaction of their fatigue.



Carter, on the Side Line, Still Waited

The end of the ordeal neared at last. For several days Carter's knee had not hurt him; and finally the two long weeks were over.

He came to the quarters the next afternoon very early. All alone in the dark basement room he put on his unpadded breeches, without elastics, his socks, which he drew up high to meet these, his cleatless shoes, and directly upon his skin the canvas jacket, cold and rasping. A trepidation was in him, made at once of resolution and of dread—of resolution as to the way he would acquit himself on the field when called out by Blair; of fear that he might fail to so acquit himself. The feeling grew as, outside on the grass beneath the trees, he waited long for the squad to go down. At intervals his lungs drew in a sudden quick breath, as though abruptly he had fallen in cold water.

The bleachers were fuller than they had been his first day; they were noisy with the enthusiasm of the season now in full swing. It had rained during the night, and the field was muddy. Carter took his meek place on the side line.

Blair, standing in the center of the field, the big coach at his elbow, called out the names of the Varsity and of a second eleven. Carter's name was not among them. He had not expected it to be, however. That would be later. The practice began. He went down on one knee, in the mud of the side line, and waited. He waited for a lull in the work out of which Blair would come toward him, as once before he had done, and say: "Here, you Freshman; get in there at end!"—or at half—or as extra.

The ball soared in the sky above the whirling ends; feet drummed, bodies thumped, the teams crashed; now and then a long get-away brought the bleachers up standing. Carter remained there, immobile, waiting. The work wore on; a rest was called; the men were sponged and the practice resumed. Carter, on the side line, still waited; in the mud, now, his knee had made a little hole.

The afternoon slipped away toward evening. At intervals what Carter expected happened. There would be a lull in the play and Blair would come toward the side line.



Saying to Himself, "Now I Must Tell Him—Now!"

His eyes would pass swiftly over the substitutes waiting there; would bark out a name. But his eyes never rested upon Carter. For him he had not a flicker of recognition, not even the smile—the discomforting smile. By him the glance went swiftly and far, as past a void, as past nothing; as if Carter, squatting wistful there, lacked consistence and were invisible. And Carter, his personality shriveling to this passing glance, began to feel that he might not be called.

The night began to creep over the campus in black smudges. A whistle blew; practice stopped; the tired men began to drag up the hill. Carter, kneeling in the mud of the side line, was still waiting.

He went up himself after a moment. About him there was no hot, smoking, blissful weariness; his suit was dry and cold; his blood ran slow and sluggish in his veins. And in his shoulders, along his back, no memory dwelled of deed well done; instead, a sense of futility, the vague, vast disgust of an empty day.

The shower upon his cold body raised no exultant reaction. His sinews remained a bit cramped and stiff. And within him there awoke no stir of clean, divine hunger. Which was perhaps just as well, for he was not invited to the training table.

And riding homeward in the car he was alone. There was no one there to stoop down suddenly from heights infinitely superior and ask solicitously and simply about his welfare, and infuse his dreams with visions tender and glorious.

VII

EACH afternoon now the lineup grew more furious, each day the maneuvers of the elevens more subtle, complicated and perfect. Shifts in the Varsity showed that a final choice was being made; the date of the big game was near.

Every day, with meek punctuality, Carter appeared at the quarters and before his locker in the basement room put on his suit; every day, with the others, he went down to the field and there on the side line waited to be called.

But he was never called. Blair's eyes, roaming the side lines in search of a substitute, never stopped upon him; they passed him by coldly, without hesitation, without a flicker; Carter could have pinched his own arm sometimes to make sure of the presence so completely ignored.

So he squatted there, waiting. The days were becoming shorter. The long eucalypti crept earlier each afternoon over the campus; the fag-end of the work was in a half-light that fell like an impalpable rain out of gray skies. The practices were getting longer and harder. Up and down the field the teams charged and charged and charged till they lost human semblance, till they became two monstrous animals, two prehistoric beasts come out of the ooze of the seas to fight out here their antediluvian feuds. Some days it rained. The teams then wallowed in mud; his knee in a puddle, a cataract down his back, Carter watched them through a driving film, remote and unreal as his desire. He had long abandoned hope of doing anything this season which slipped away so fast; now all his hopes and longings were concentrated upon one thing—to be called out once, just once, as he had been the first day; to be called out and take his place behind the line, and hurl himself body and soul into the first attack that came; to dive headlong and feel against his shoulder the yielding impact of the charge, met; along his back its crumbling collapse; and to go up the hill after that, hot, soggy and weary, that memory still in his shoulder, still along his back; and upon his enfevered body loose the cool shower and feel gradually awakening in him the exultant tingle of his veins, the clean, ardent, divine hunger of his stomach, and the profound satisfaction of his soul. That which he had tasted then he could never do without now; never would he be satisfied without the effort, the pain, the weariness, the content. So, humbly stubborn, he squatted on the side line, very quiet, but with the hope fierce within him.

Every day he put on his suit and every day he went down to the field; every day, squatting on the side line, he watched the practice, and every night, as his comrades went up the hill, hot, steaming, weary and satiated, he went up with them, cold and dry and unappeased. Dressed, he made right away for the car; clattering down the long, smooth grade, it seemed to whisk him away forever from the life of which he had tasted; he saw in vision the training table ringed with glowing faces. As he went to sleep at night, it was with the taste upon his tongue of a wasted day. Always his last thought was of the morrow. Unquenchable within him, the little flame of hope still burned; of hope that still he might be called; that squatting on the side line he would see Blair come toward him and say, "Carter!"

So every day he put on his suit and went down to the field and squatted on the side line—and waited.

His attention, nearly all of the time, was on Blair. He watched him at his position at quarter, leading the team with his signals, employing in those duties treasures of skill and intuitive genius. It seemed to Carter, though, that he was not quite as of former years. He had moments of strange apathy, during which his voice lost its vibrant quality and a heaviness crept into his movements. Once Carter saw this close. It was during the lull of a fierce practice; before beginning again, Blair had called the men to him and was speaking to them, ringed about him.



About Them a Bedlam Roared

The season was drawing to a close; the big contest was near. From now on every one must give all he had in him; it was work, work, work, no letup, and iron training rules. Carter, on the side line and very near, watched him as he spoke. His face was very white, but what most drew Carter's attention was his breathing. He stood there feet apart, thumbs through belt; but his body bent slightly in a concave line as if a bit caved in, and between the words the abdomen rose and fell, rose and fell, in quick inflations and tremendous collapses that flattened it almost to the spine. And, watching Blair, there floated back to Carter's mind the old, indistinct rumors of unruly, impetuous living, hazing this man about with something romantic and awesome; and watching this lithe body panting, this palpitation so birdlike, distressful and frail, there came to him, erasing the silent feud there was between them, a sudden whelm of tenderness.

On Saturdays there was a change, welcomed of all but of Carter. On Fridays already it announced itself subtly—the practice was shorter and more dashing. The next day the men of the team lolled all morning about the quarters. In turn, they were being rubbed or bandaged. Some were gay and laughed; others were silent and tense. They were dressed, all of them, a little more fastidiously than usual—with polished shoes and careful ties. At noon, after a light lunch, they all got aboard the city train, their uniforms in their dress-suit cases, accompanied by the trainers and their impedimenta. In the city a match was played with one of the athletic clubs or with a smaller college.

Carter did not go with them. His name was never on the list of those ordered to report. He saw them on their train, and then waited for a later one in which he went over alone, going directly to the grounds. There he bought his own ticket. As a man out for the team, he had a right to a ticket which the manager would have given him if asked; but he was unaware of this privilege; he would have been surprised if he had discovered that he, who sat every day on the side line, was entitled to any privilege. He bought his ticket, took a good place on the still half-empty stands, and was there when, to the rhythmic roar of the rooters, the bus rolled in and the team, avalanching down the wheels, bounded elastically to the green gridiron. It was especially the substitutes that he envied; the others were beyond even envy. His eyes were upon them as, muffled in their sweaters and blankets, they lay on the side lines, couchant but alert, all ready to spring out upon the field at the first call.

The team was developing. The new, complicated maneuvers were working smoothly. Kingdon, at full, was doing prodigies, and a giant guard was proving formidable as the apex of flying wedges specially planned to use his weight and strength.

After the game the bus departed and Carter went back to the train alone. The team, he knew, dined together that evening in the city, in warm companionship in the banquet room of a big hotel. He went back home alone and the evening was a long one, with thoughts absent, wandering over there to the city. And long, also, was the whole Sunday following. On Monday he was again on the side line.

It was on one of these blue Mondays that a pleasing surprise awaited him. He found his name on the list—pasted up on the door—of Freshmen ordered to report for a game with a Prep eleven the following Wednesday.

The match took place, with the usual disregard of Freshman convenience, in the

morning, during recitation hours. The bleachers were empty, but Blair was present, watching from the side lines. Carter was put in at end toward the last minutes of the game and managed in the short time to get in two good tackles.

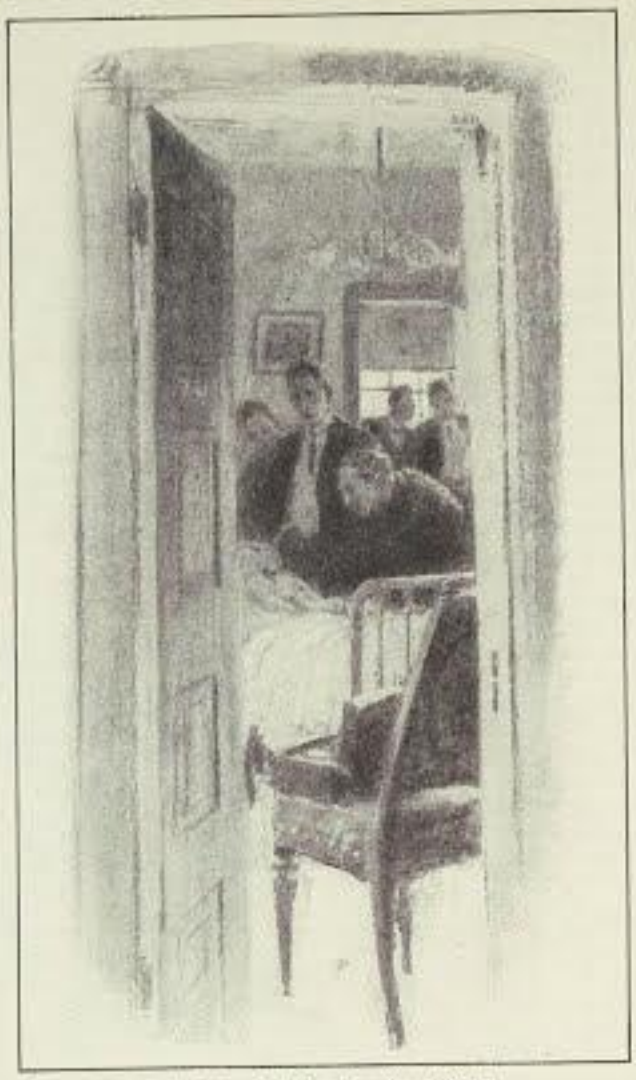
This temporary success in the long monotony of these days exhilarated him prodigiously. In his joy he decided, innocently enough, to give himself a little vacation. All the other Freshmen were doing the same thing; they were not expected to do otherwise. Carter did not report for the afternoon practice and, with the pleasure of a soldier dressed in civilian clothes, watched it from the bleachers, with the expectation of basking in his momentary satisfaction.

The move proved disastrous. From the beginning, Carter, worried, saw that with all the Freshmen away, at this stage of the season when all the less tenacious candidates had dropped out and several of the Varsity men were nursing injuries, the substitutes along the side lines were few. They grew fewer as the whirlwind practice progressed. Time and time again, from a sudden lull Blair's voice made a call upon those that remained. Carter saw them diminish with a heart that thumped. Finally there came a time when there was on the side lines only one man left—"Cupid" Peart, little caring if he were there or on the field. And then an end left the second eleven, limping; and Blair, impatient and baffled, stood up and looked toward the side line.

He looked long, urgently; twice his glance went the whole length as if to make sure there was no one else there. He was looking for an end and Peart played half. "Peart!" he called finally.

And Carter, up there on the bleachers, surrounded with people, could have beaten his breast in a frenzy of regret and biting self-accusation. It had come, his chance, the chance for which so steadfastly, so humbly, for so long, he had been waiting. It had come, his chance, and he had not been there.

The practice went on. Peart, at end, missed tackles; and Carter, tears near his eyes, was stiffening himself to an instinct of self-preservation. "What is passed, is passed," he was repeating to himself; "it's tomorrow that counts. And from now on, never, even if the sky falls, never will I again be away—away from the side lines when he calls."



The Physical Director Bent Down

On the morrow, though, arriving for his eight-thirty, a rumor struck him to the heart. The team was gone. It had moved bodily to the city—with its substitutes, thirty men in all; with its trainer, rubbers, mascot and paraphernalia—to prepare itself there, upon the field where it was to be fought, in quiet and retirement for the big game, now only two weeks away.

VIII

THE college was abuzz with the news. The departure had been prepared secretly and secretly executed. The whole squad was now in the city, in a big house close to the grounds upon which the match was to take place. By most of the commentators the move was considered a clever one and a new proof of Blair's intelligent leadership.

As the day wore on, though, the college, thus suddenly deprived of its militant body and of the febrile agitation surrounding it, began to take on an atmosphere of muffled gray. It was like a garrison town, its soldiers gone, missing the fifes and the drums; an apathy a bit mournful was in the air. Carter, sending from the high windows of North Hall his customary look toward the field, saw it remote and dead. The unoccupied bleachers were empty with a new emptiness, an emptiness destined never to be filled; the goal-posts loomed with a deserted air. Across the rectangle no white horse tacked now, drawing a harrow; no boy followed with overcreaming watering-pot; upon its surface the tramplings of yesterday's scrimmages were already petrifying. Carter felt stupid. It seemed impossible that the whole thing should be over thus; that his long wait had come to an end, useless now and hopeless indeed; impossible, just then, like that, at the moment of his most determined resolution. And in spite of himself, forgetting, his glance went time and time again toward the field, to be met newly by its aspect of irrevocable abandonment—toward a field without its old white horse and diligent boy.

(Continued on Page 64)

LAW-PROOF TRUSTS

By FRANK Y. GLADNEY

DECORATION BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

LET us suppose the problem is to organize and operate a trust that is prosecutor-proof—one against which attorneys-general and special counsel will inveigh in vain. How can this be done? It is a very old problem, many attempts to solve which have dismally failed. Time and again the most adroit schemes to accomplish this much-desired result have been smashed beyond recognition by the crushing hammer of the courts; but, under the prevailing interpretation of the law, a solution has been worked out that is simple, easy and efficient. In order to create one of these safe and sane trusts, you need only the same elements that go to make up one of the old-style hazardous kind—and, in addition, one or more patents to leaven the lump. These new-style trusts are incubated in great numbers annually and put out to browse on the public commons.

A simple illustration will make this plain. In these days of multiplying trusts one may state a purely imaginary condition of affairs only at the risk of having some one take it as an invidious implication. A stone thrown at random is apt to be followed by a howl. But let us suppose that it is desired to form a trust. The business, under the supposition, is in a bad way, prices "demoralized" and competition at white heat. The big manufacturers are pitted against each other in a ruinous price-cutting war—cut answering cut, just as an echo does the voice. Something must be done. The circumstances necessitate the formation of a trust and all the materials are at hand. The managers of the sick industry call in a lawyer; and, after acquainting himself with the alarming conditions, he at once prescribes the use of a patent. Over thirty thousand patents are granted annually, pertaining to every industry imaginable. A search is made, and those interested chance upon a patented planing machine, a wood-polishing or turning device, or some other patented appliance or process that either is used or can be used by all the manufacturers in this business. The stress of anxiety is over. Such a patent is procured and assigned to some outsider—maybe he is the office boy of the principal manufacturer. The owner of the patent then proceeds to "license" all the concerns to use the patented machine; and in the license he states the uniform "licensed" price at which all the manufacturers must sell. He goes farther and compels each manufacturer to make contracts with each retailer, binding the latter not to sell the "licensed" product below the uniform, fixed, licensed price. The language of these stereotyped contracts is magical. It reads something like this: "The manufacturer of —— is licensed under United States letters patent No. 2,000,001, and the —— are licensed to be sold at retail at not less than —— dollars. Any breach of this condition will result in the cancellation of this contract; and thereafter the retailer can obtain —— only at the regular retail price of a single ——." Now the whole situation is cleared up: the sick business has been doctored into arrogant convalescence. Price-cutting among the manufacturers has ceased; the disgraceful scramble for the retailers' patronage is gone. The retailer smiles at his old competitor across the street as the puzzled customers go from place to place in search of a bargain, but everywhere encounter the same uniform "licensed" price. The public must now pay the licensed price or go without; but the fascinating part of the whole scheme is that it is law-proof. The safety of the scheme is underwritten by the Constitution, which declares that patents are to be granted for the encouragement of progress in science and the useful arts. The owner of the patent, so the formula runs, doesn't have to license any one to use his patented machine; and if he consents to do so he can state the "conditions," one of which may be the price at which the licensed article is to be sold.

Here, then, is the accomplished ideal of the trustbuilders. Rival manufacturers, formerly competitors, like soothsayers, smile knowingly as they greet each other. Competition is ended; the goods are licensed under the protecting ægis of a patent. Moreover, this beneficent condition of affairs is brought about in the most open manner. It does not hang precariously on the observance of a "gentleman's agreement." Its continuance does not hinge upon a secrecy of the organization or concealment of its operations. Correspondence under the names of fictitious persons and vicarious sacrifices of the office boy or clerk have no place in it. The whole system is perfectly legal and does not do violence to the law of the land. Many of the judges have so written it down.

This ingenious device for killing competition, that boll weevil of the trustmakers, was not perfected at a stroke. No one would have thought of stretching the elastic tether of the law to such an extreme on the first trial.

In the beginning a patented machine was sold bearing a "notice," inscribed on a metal plate, stating that the machine was sold "on condition" that it be "used only with material obtained from the owner of the patent on the machine." The purchaser had paid for the machine and owned it, just as one might buy a patented screwdriver, and the material was not patented any more than are screws to be set with such screwdriver; but the startling conclusion was reached that the purchaser and owner of the patented machine could not use it except in compliance with the notice. He owned the machine and it was worthless without material, just as a hammer is worthless without nails; yet the only material he was permitted to use was as completely monopolized as the machine. This, of course, doubled the monopoly of the patent-owner; it gave him the equivalent of two patents where before he had only one. The Government granted one patent on the machine to encourage "the progress of science and the useful arts"; the lawyers created another by attaching the "on condition" notice. Some proverbs say that every beginning is difficult; others, perhaps equally ancient, have it that beginnings are easy. At any rate, proverbs new and old agree that beginnings are always important. So here. This magical notice deserves to have a stake driven near by flying a red flag, for it means this: that the owner of a patent can sell a patented article bearing any sort of notice that pleases his fancy or enriches his purse, and the purchaser who has paid out his good money must obey the notice. The conditions in the notice may render the use of the machine by the owner impossible, as by failure of the notifier to supply material; and yet the purchaser of the machine is helpless. Remove the notice and the purchaser can use any material he may choose—replace the notice and the purchaser is bound hand and foot to the patent-owner; and yet this notice was not dreamed of until more than one hundred years after patents were in existence and until after the antitrust acts had begun to be troublesome. See what it leads to.

Unfortunately, the notice was not patented or copyrighted and other patent-owners at once adopted the same means of doubling their monopolies. Since every patented article must be "used with" or "in connection with" some other object or material, every patent-owner may easily double

or treble his monopoly. It requires only a little further study of the scope of "used with" or "in connection with" to enable these patent-owners to enmesh the whole populace in their nets. Indeed, one court, alarmed at the tendency, has already hung out this red light: "No one may safely sell coffee to the consumer but the patentee of his coffee mill. No one can furnish him flour but the patentee of his baking pan; and he may yet be compelled to buy milk from the patentee of his milk can and soap from the patentee of his bathtub."

The baffling singularity of all this glints out the moment we begin to examine these conditions. The rule underlying is that a patent-owner may attach any conditions whatever and a violation of these will convert the purchaser into an "infringer." What will happen then? Thus "infringement" no longer, as formerly, consists in making or handling a counterfeit or spurious article—an imitation of the genuine article—but exists whenever a purchaser from the patent-owner violates any condition that the latter has been able to attach to the thing sold.

The Coarse Thumb of the Law

ALL this leads to unexpected consequences. The power to impose conditions is the important thing. If this power can be used to hedge about the free use of what another has paid for and owns, by stalking in the bogy of infringement, it likewise can be used to prevent the free sale of what one has paid for and owns. In business, free competition consists of nothing more than each seller selling his goods freely at his own price. The unforeseen end which the conditions we have been describing can be made to serve at once becomes apparent when we turn from using to selling. The notice which served to blot out all freedom in the use likewise does away with all competition in selling; but the field is much larger.

Little ingenuity was required to perceive that one who violated a condition as to selling a patented article would be liable to the same terrorizing epithet—"infringer"—as one who violated a similar condition with reference to the use. Accordingly the next step in the development was to attach "notices" to many patented articles stating that the article was sold on condition that it be not resold for less than the licensed price of so much; and, further, that any one selling the article for less or using it when so sold would be prosecuted as an infringer.

See how this works: A large dealer buys one thousand patented eggbeaters from the patent-owner and pays him for them fifteen cents each. Then the dealer owns them absolutely, just as he does the counters, shelving, the linen, ginghams and groceries in his store. The notice on each eggbeater states that the licensed price is twenty-five cents. They do not move—some become shopworn and rusty; they take up important space required for other things. The dealer needs money badly and is looking about for something to unload. Perhaps, after all, the eggbeaters do not work properly. At any rate, he advertises them at seventeen cents each and they are all sold. Now the dealer and one thousand customers of all ages, sexes and habitats have become infringers, subject to "prosecution." We should say that this is the climax of absurdity, were it not that that superlative characterization must be reserved for the latest phase of this obsession. For only recently it has been declared that one who buys patented articles at second hand from the purchasers, who obtained them from the patentee at the full trust-fixed licensed price, and resells them as second hand for less than the licensed price, is also an infringer. This means that if a woman should purchase a patented sewing machine accompanied by one of these notices, use it for fifteen years, until it was worn into utter uselessness, and then prior to the expiration of the patent sell it to a junkdealer at a cut price, both she and the scrap-pile broker would be infringers. Obviously these conditions as to selling prices are as preposterous as similar conditions as to the use of articles; but the existence and the toleration of the latter class entail far more momentous results. A patent-owner who has sold his goods to one thousand dealers throughout the land can force all of them to maintain licensed resale prices and thereby destroy all competition in the sale of what they have paid for and own.

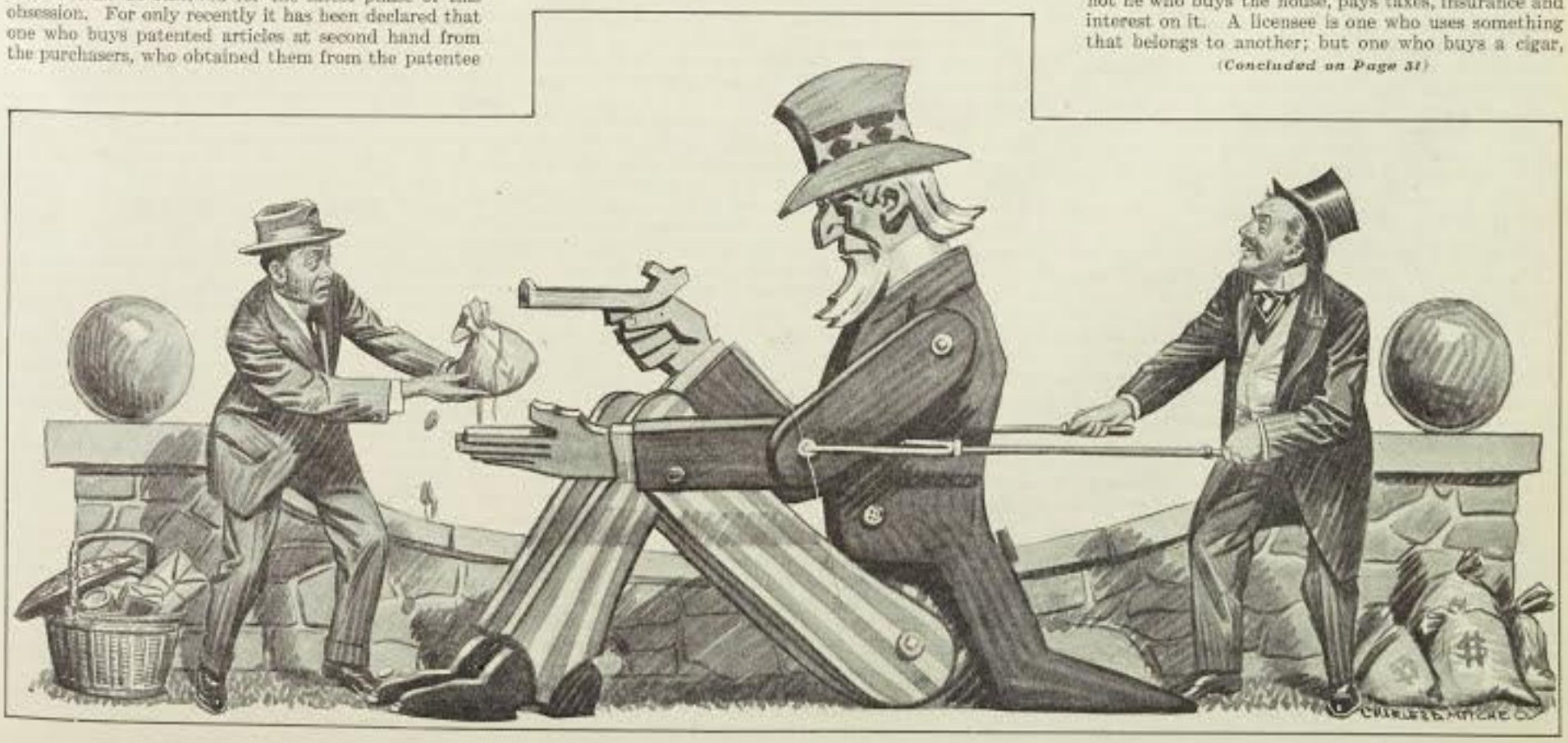
At this point the whole scheme may become a means to justify a forbidden end; for the general rule is established that the owner of a patent can impose whatever conditions he will regarding either the use or the resale of his patented article and any one who violates the conditions is an infringer. Consequences are unpitying; he who announces a rule vouches for every application of it. The coarse thumb of the law does not sense the intentions of men. If conditions may be imposed by the owner of a patent no one may question his motives, probe his intentions or inquire whether he is acting in his own interests or as a tool for others. The trustmakers desire to end competition among themselves and among all retailers who handle their wares. They long to have every member of the public pay the full licensed price. Now they find the law ready made. The means to this end is a patent-owner and his conditions. The patent-owner, easily found, licenses the use of his patented machine, process or appliance on condition that the licensed goods be not sold in the first instance by the manufacturers or resold by the retailers below the licensed price. Then any one, whether manufacturer or retailer, who cuts the license price is an infringer. Of course the fact that the goods manufactured and sold in a given instance are not patented can make no difference. It is sufficient that the condition is imposed on the use of a patented mechanism employed by all; and there is no occasion for flinching because the condition fixes the price of a household necessity. That is a consequence that may have been unperceived, but it was unequivocally bargained for when the power to impose conditions was granted. When the law is converted into a vise, and the people are placed between the jaws, a constant tightening of the grip is inescapable. It was Goethe who said: "Out of error nothing is evolved; it only involves us."

It is all so easy and simple. True, there are features in the scheme that must be passed over hurriedly to avoid a suspicion of weakness. For example, since the beginning, fifteen years ago, not one consumer purchasing at a cut price has ever been prosecuted for infringement. That would end the game. If a patent-owner should come into a Federal court with this grievance, "I made one of my patented articles, sold it to a retailer, got the purchase money and now have it in my pocket; this man bought it from the retailer and is now using it—wherefore he is an infringer," the judge would probably tell the lawyer for the patent-owner that the proper place to have a guardian appointed for his client was the probate court; but, by constant detonations about "conditions," "infringement" and "patents," every one is disarmed. State officials are kept safely at a distance, for they have nothing to do with infringement or patent-imposed conditions. The National courts, having dealt with infringement for over one hundred years as a safeguard to "the progress of science and the useful arts," do not stop to inquire what other arts are parading under that banner. And to the public the word "infringement" conjures associations of United States marshals, prosecutions, damages, fines and contempts; for, to the average citizen, infringement has much of the horror of counterfeiting or robbing the mails. In truth, the scheme under examination throughout gains much plausibility from the compelling power of ideas long associated with the term "infringement." The word awes the dealer and consumer into an unquestioning belief in the inviolable character of the condition.

Pulling Off the Wax Nose

SUPPOSE we unmask the Patent Disguised Trust. We begin by pulling off the wax nose, "infringement." This is the most conspicuous part of the disguise and its removal greatly facilitates recognition of a very familiar institution. There is nothing mysterious about infringement. Let's see: The Government has the sole right to coin money. If a private individual coins money it is counterfeiting. Similarly the patent-owner has the sole right to make specimens of his patented article. If another makes an imitation or duplicate article, that is infringement. One who exchanges or even has in his possession counterfeit coin is himself a counterfeiter, even though some one else made the coin. Likewise one who uses, sells or even has in his possession a spurious specimen, or an imitation of the patented article, is himself an infringer even though it was made by some one else. Spurious coin is counterfeit. Imitation patented articles not made by the patent-owner are infringing property. Counterfeit coin must be destroyed; infringing articles also must be surrendered; but handling, using and exchanging genuine coin issued by the Government is not counterfeiting, even though a thousand conditions are violated. By the same token, using and selling patented articles, voluntarily made and sold by the patent-owner, is not infringement, even though a trust-made contract is violated in so doing. That's all there is to infringement and all that can be made of it. Suppose infringement, like counterfeiting, were a crime. A dealer has on hand a patented device purchased from the patent-owner for two hundred dollars. The licensed resale price is three hundred dollars. The dealer cuts the price to two hundred and ninety-nine dollars; then both seller and purchaser go to jail in ignominy and stripes! Cutting the licensed price is infringement! That is the most potent factor in the makeup of the disguise. The license trappings are just as easily stripped off. It is said that a purchaser of a patented article from the owner is a "licensee": but that is saying that black is white. A man who hires an automobile for the afternoon is a licensee: not so one who buys the automobile and pays for it. A tenant who rents a house is a licensee, but not he who buys the house, pays taxes, insurance and interest on it. A licensee is one who uses something that belongs to another; but one who buys a cigar,

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 23, 1911

The Republican Nomination

THE last three Presidential elections were walkovers for the Republicans. Each time their vote in the electoral college was about two to one. Apparently the Democrats can count on one hundred and forty Southern electoral votes, no matter who their candidate or what their platform. That was Parker's vote in 1904. Aside from this inalienable Southern support, Bryan, in 1908, received only twenty-three electoral votes—from Colorado, Nebraska, Nevada and Oklahoma. The contest of 1912, however, promises quite different conditions.

The grand difficulty confronting the Insurgents arises from the fact that an impregnably Democratic South, where the Republican party consists largely of Federal officeholders, will probably give Taft more than three hundred votes in the nominating convention. More than seven and a half million Republican votes were cast at the last election. Eleven Southern states gave only half a million of them; but the votes of those states in the nominating convention may decide the nominee.

One may take eleven Northern and Western states—Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Wisconsin, California and Oregon—that have gone Republican in the last three campaigns and usually since the Civil War, but which, on the basis of the latest returns, are now either Insurgent or Democratic. Within those states the battleground of the next campaign will mostly lie; but their power to choose the nominee is not much greater than that of the Southern states, which are virtually outside the contest.

If it is made reasonably clear that only an Insurgent, genuinely devoted to tariff reform, stands a show of winning in this territory, Mr. Taft will not be renominated. To adduce that proof is the task before the Insurgents.

Usury Laws

A CORRESPONDENT who confesses to doing something in the chattel-mortgage loan line demands to know why the law should attempt to fix the price for money any more than for other commodities. The only reason, apparently, is that the law has attempted, time out of mind, to fix the price for money—and pretty generally failed. Taking any compensation whatever for the use of money was banned by the Church through the Middle Ages, and civil law generally followed the Church; but Roman law, realizing that a lender may suffer positive loss when a borrower fails to pay at the time agreed upon, had permitted the creditor to exact damages from a defaulting debtor. This the Church also recognized. Saint Thomas Aquinas wrote: "A man who lends may, without sin, contract with the creditor to receive recompense for a loss." It was held that the creditor must prove an actual loss before collecting penalty—or damages—from the debtor; but gradually the practice grew up of making loans without interest for short periods, when neither borrower nor lender expected the note would be paid at maturity. When it was not paid at maturity the lender—with a clear conscience, no doubt—proceeded to collect a certain percentage of damages from the defaulting borrower, and in that way received interest for the use of his money. Only in comparatively modern times was the taking of interest for the use of money generally sanctioned by law.

The point is that the lender, in fact, got the interest he wanted—very much as New York banks, in panicky times, get sixty per cent when the law says they shall take six; or as trusts and combinations go on forming when the law says they shall not.

Lapses From Civilization

NO ONE whose opinion is worth considering would maintain that the American people are entirely fit for self-government. Ever since the appearance of Bryce's American Commonwealth, at least, it has been held that their signal failure in self-government was found in the big cities; but that opinion is no longer tenable. When H. G. Wells, for example, speaks of Chicago as an "amazing lapse from civilization" he is merely making a phrase.

The signal failure of self-government in the United States occurs in the country and in towns of less than the first rank—for a typical instance, in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, where a considerable part of the population looked on complacently while a man was slowly roasted to death under circumstances of bestial savagery that might well have turned the stomach of an Iroquois Indian. Here is an absolute lapse from civilization—a sheer drop into the savage. In Coatesville, as in most other communities where the lowest brute phase of humanity has suddenly come out on the surface, we find that the people are just about the average sort. The lapse from civilization occurs because no authority is at hand to restrain them. A squad of metropolitan police or a corporal's guard of regular infantry would cow any of these mobs in a moment. Lynchings do not happen in great cities, not because the people are different, but because armed authority that is virtually independent of them is always at hand. Crucial moments arise, like that at Coatesville, when the maintenance of civilization requires a handful of Cossacks, responsible only to the Czar and impartially ready to shoot. Before such an emblem of absolute authority no mob would persist.

Of course, on the other hand, handfuls of Cossacks scattered over the country would involve far more than the suppression of beastly mobs. But we must say with Jefferson: "I prefer those inconveniences which arise from too much liberty to those which arise from too little."

The Monroe Doctrine Abroad

AT THE invitation of the German Government, some of the most eminent citizens of the empire participated in a discussion of finance and industry in the Fatherland. The stenographic report of their proceedings fills two bulky volumes. On page 591, of volume II, we find the following, by Freiherr von Cetto-Reichertshausen, director of the Bavarian Landwirtschaftsbank:

"I believe the equilibrium between exports and imports may also be established by reducing the volume of imports. This would be in accordance with the principle that obtains in the United States—the so-called Monroe Doctrine. The American reasons: What I can produce in my own country I am going to produce there, in order not to have to buy it abroad."

Herr Schinckel, chairman of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce, partner in the Norddeutsche Bank, in Hamburg, and director of the Diskonto-Gesellschaft, in Berlin, retorted—page 622, volume II:

"Another error that Herr Cetto has slipped into in his interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine! It consists in the United States wishing to assert its supremacy over the South American states, and that for the cogent reason that they know very well they cannot produce everything in their own country; they must import coffee and cocoa from that continent. That is why they lay their hands upon South America. That is the Monroe Doctrine."

The failure of these eminent Germans, however, to understand the Monroe Doctrine should not be charged up against them. It is difficult enough for Americans to understand it.

The Fighting Code

WE HOPE it will be made clear before Congress again convenes that this country wants the British and French arbitration treaties ratified as they stand.

So long as the notion generally obtains that cowardice and unwillingness to fight are the same thing, a nation must fight over certain questions—otherwise its position among nations would be made intolerable; but every assertion by a great nation of willingness to arbitrate helps overthrow the fighting code. In the coming time, when national truculence is despised and willingness to fight is regarded as criminal, no question will arise that a nation cannot submit to arbitration. The treaties, as they stand, look forward to that time and so bring it decidedly nearer. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee, with its proposed amendments, looks backward.

Probably you remember that a disagreeable person made derogatory remarks about Owen Wister's Virginian. It then became necessary for the Virginian to fight the disagreeable person, because the community in which they lived expected men to settle their personal differences with firearms. Nowadays, in Wyoming a man who does shoot when his courage is impugned not only loses caste, but gets locked up. The fighting code has been overthrown and a citizen no longer needs a pistol to preserve his standing in the community. To bring about that desirable change, some men must have had the courage to say: "We are not willing to fight." That is what the United States, Great Britain and France would say in the arbitration treaties. The Senate committee's proposed qualification, "Unless we feel especially like it," would certainly take away much of the force of the declaration.

The Aristocratic Type

OF ALL words in the English tongue, "aristocratic" is probably most indispensable to lighter literature. To say of a female character that she looked aristocratic or had an aristocratic air, or—above all—that her beauty was of the aristocratic type, not only conveys a tolerably definite impression to the reader but immediately puts him in that desirous attitude toward the character which the author aims at. Incidentally, also, it puts him in a desirably humble attitude toward the author, who must be presumed to know all about aristocrats since he speaks of their appearance, bearing and type with such assurance.

Anatole France, however, has brutally pointed out that our idea of aristocratic appearance and bearing is derived almost wholly from three sources: First, from the theater, where we see actors and actresses portraying lords and ladies; second, from drawings and paintings; third, from fashions in dress. And the actors and actresses whom we see on the stage are almost invariably of decidedly humble origin. In short, our idea of what an aristocrat looks like is derived from looking at handsome plebeians. When the author says his heroine's type of beauty was aristocratic what he really means is that she looked like an actress whose father ran a dray, or like an artist's model whose mother took in washing.

Politics in Canada

A POWERFUL organ of Canadian Conservatism states the issue in the pending election virtually as follows:

"We Conservatives have declared that reciprocity will lead to the annexation of Canada by the United States. Therefore to vote for reciprocity is to vote for annexation, and a Liberal victory at the polls will be regarded as tantamount to acceptance of future political union with the United States by a majority of Canadian voters."

This, of course, is exactly like saying to a vegetarian: "I assert that meat is necessary to preserve life; so, if you banish meat from your house, it means that you want to die and to kill your wife and children."

The bald statement that "leading newspapers and statesmen of the United States are unanimous in accepting reciprocity as the entering wedge for annexation" has been made by the Conservative leader—which is on a par with declaring that our leading newspapers and statesmen are unanimously in favor of war with Japan.

This Canadian campaign, we grieve to say, has been waged on a much lower plane than any Presidential campaign that has occurred in the United States in many years, though we have been taught—by Canadian friends for whom we have the highest respect—to look across the border for an example of politics in edifying contrast to our own.

Help From Illinois

SENATOR LORIMER is solemnly warning the voters of Illinois that such progressive measures as initiative, referendum and recall would destroy our revered political institutions and hand the distracted country over to anarchy and chaos.

This naturally reminds us of a convention of fruit growers at which a pest that was ravaging the orchards was discussed. The discussion proceeded in lugubrious tones until a famous peach grower, J. H. Hale, enlivened it with the following observation:

"Thunder! The San Jose scale is the best thing that ever happened to you. It compels you to spray your orchards, as you should have done long ago."

To the junior Senator from Illinois, more than to any other one person, the country is indebted for the great progress made toward the direct election of Senators by the people; and he ranks high in the devoted little band that has been of incalculable service in forwarding initiative, referendum and the whole movement for more democratic government. Illinois used to be taunted with having contributed very little to important political movements since the Civil War; but she can now claim to have assisted mightily in setting up a general spraying of political orchards.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Good Runner

ONCE upon a time—remain perfectly calm, please, this is no fairy story—once upon a time a certain influential, important and ridiculously rich citizen of New Jersey, who was by way of being something in the thread trade and by name Colonel William Barbour—of course his name wasn't Colonel, it was William Barbour, Esq.—but the Colonel part of it went in all the public prints—and he was a Colonel, too, when it comes to that—so he shall be known as Colonel William Barbour in this veracious chronicle; however, as I was saying when led into this explanation, Colonel William Barbour, of New Jersey, being heavily padded with money, announced his determination to take to his string the modest further title of Representative in Congress. This, it was bruited abroad, was but a seemingly necessary—to the Colonel—preliminary to the acquirement of that much niftier and more impressive title of Senator which, the word was passed, the Colonel intended to annex in due course.

At that time the Colonel weighed, say, two hundred pounds, and assayed $150,000 to the pound. He certainly was upholstered with the green and yellow boys. Not to put too fine a point on it, this pleasing fact helped the Colonel with the boys of the Paterson district who rarely had a chance to confer political honors on embryo statesmen who bulged so effulgently with the scads. The boys turned to with a will, rolled up their sleeves, and rolled up a nomination for the Colonel. They defeated for the nomination James F. Stewart, who had been in Congress two or three terms and was quite popular, although not so very rich.

It looked to be a cinch for the Colonel. He was very strong with the American Protective Tariff League, being President then or now—anyhow, a big man in it—and treasurer of the Republican National Committee. The Colonel was one of our leading little protectionists. You see, as he was by way of being something in the thread trade, he had a right to be strong for the sacred policy of protection. In fact it worked both ways. The sacred policy of protection was as strong for the Colonel as he was for it. Under the beneficent tariff that existed at that time and will exist until they get it revised the Colonel got the benefits of protection both going and coming. He has flax mills in Ireland and flax mills in New Jersey. What he manufactures in Ireland he can finish in Jersey. Observe, dear friends, how it works: The unfinished stuff he makes in Ireland is allowed to come in at a low rate; the finished product is highly protected. Presto, start it in Ireland and get it in at a low rate and finish it in Jersey! This means protection from pauper labor, for should the stuff be finished in Ireland it would find a high duty prevailing when an attempt was made to bring in the finished product to compete with the Colonel's finished product made in Jersey. Simple, isn't it?—almost childish.



A Cloud on the Colonel's Horizon

Who's Bill Hughes and Why

BUT, as we were saying, the Colonel acquired the nomination and surveyed the field. Who was to run against him? Who, indeed, inasmuch as he owned several banks and employed a large number of men and women in his mills? It looked like a walkover. Suddenly, however, there appeared a cloud on the Colonel's horizon no larger than Bill Hughes. And who was Bill Hughes? asks the gentleman on my left. Bill Hughes was—and is—a hardy young lawyer, a Democrat and a person of positive views, resident in the thriving mill town of Paterson.

"What do you desire?" asked all and sundry of the said Hughes.

"The Democratic nomination for Congress," Hughes replied.

"But wherefore?"

"Never mind the wherefore part of it," said Hughes, not without some asperity in his tone of voice. "Gimme that nomination and go back and sit down."

"Poor boy!" remarked the leaders; "his terrible experiences in the Spanish War have dethroned his reason. Let's humor him. Give him the nomination. It won't hurt the Colonel any, and it will tickle Bill."

So they nominated Bill, and Bill stipulated that he would make his own kind of a campaign. If he had more than two dollars and forty cents in cash at the time, he was successful in concealing the whereabouts of that accumulation. The district was normally about four thousand Republican. They pitied Bill. But it so happened that Ed Lawrence was running the Paterson Guardian at that time, and there never was a moment when Ed Lawrence didn't hate peace; and Bob Bremer was editing the Passaic Daily Herald, and he had his own ideas about tranquillity too. So Ed and Bob turned in and lined up with Bill. They went at it with axes and clubs and hand-grenades and gatling guns and butcher knives and cleavers and hatpins and all other known weapons of offense, to say nothing of a couple of fine-pointed and very sharp editorial pens. When it was all over Bill Hughes had carried the district by thirty-eight hundred and had a seat in the Fifty-eighth Congress, the Colonel retaining his martial title and adding no other prefix.

In 1904 another Colonel—T. Roosevelt by name—was running for quite an important place, and he carried Hughes' district by about seventy-five hundred. Bill lost it by four hundred and ten. He went back to the practice of law. He had made a good impression in the House as a square-jawed, square-toed, level-headed chap, without any frills and with his eye on his number all the time. Then came another campaign and Bill jumped in again. He was elected this time by about twenty-five hundred. He developed a lot in his second term. They began to know him for a good, sensible, stand-without-hitching chap, with plenty of courage, a bulldog tenacity and a habit of getting what he went after. Also he was a good Democrat.

Mr. Taft ran coincidently with Bill in 1908—not for the same job, of course, but at the same time. Mr. Taft cleaned up Bill's Congressional district by about eleven thousand five hundred. They had all been shaking their heads about Bill. It seemed such a shame that so bright a young man should be defeated when it was no fault of his. Presidential landslide, you know. Couldn't be helped though. Fortune of war. Bill got a lot of pity before election and had a fine opportunity for snappy comebacks after election, for he was elected by sixteen hundred in spite of the way Mr. Taft carried on in the district. Now it's a habit with Bill. He was reelected to the present Congress by forty-eight hundred. Lewis, the Republican candidate for Governor in New Jersey last fall, carried the Hughes district, so Hughes ran four or five thousand votes ahead of Governor Wilson, who was also elected. They seem to think well of Bill over there in that Paterson district.

The leadership of the Democrats when they were in a minority in the House was a kind of a scattering affair. When the Democrats came into a majority that leadership had to solidify a bit, and a number of strong men got their recognition. One of these young men was Hughes. He was made a member of the Committee on Ways and Means, which is the biggest honor in the House next to the speakership and the chairmanship of this committee and at the present time is especially important because of the tariff legislation that has been in progress and that will continue through the life of this Congress.

Hughes has developed into a strong man on the Democratic side. After it was decided that the Speaker should not appoint the committees there was a great pother as to how the committees should be appointed. A lot of plans were proposed, but Hughes came marching to the front with the plan that prevailed and that proved satisfactory and workable. He proposed that the Democratic majority should elect the Ways and Means Committee in caucus and that the Ways and Means Committee so elected should be made the Committee on Committees and clothed with the power to name the other committees.

Hughes has been especially active in securing legislation for the workers. He succeeded in amending appropriation bills to prevent the employment of convict labor, and put on amendments providing for an eight-hour day on Government contracts.

Hughes is a big, brawny, broad-shouldered man with a fighter's face and a fighter's spirit. He is quick in debate, enthusiastic, pugnacious, and is getting stronger on his side every minute. "What do you think of him?" asked a friend, once upon a time—there it goes again. "He came in here on a brake-beam and now he is a member of the Ways and Means Committee." Pretty fair, I think.

Putting it Mildly

"COMIN'-UP JOE" was a famous Montana camp cook, who worked in the short-order houses in Butte and Helena when the camping season was over. He got his name from his invariable response to waiters or customers who asked about their orders. "Comin' up, sah," he would say; "caint see me foh th' dust."

Joe was employed as cook for an Eastern camping outfit some years ago. There were some ladies in the party, and one of them made life miserable for Joe by interfering with his work. She would give him orders he didn't like to fill, for he had his own ideas, and good ones, too, on camp cooking. When the party returned and Joe got back to Helena somebody asked him what he thought of Mrs. J., the lady who had interfered with him so much.

"Well," said Joe, who desired to express as good an opinion as he could, but who remembered his wrongs, "all I cah to say is this: Ef de good Lawd ain' powerful good to her befoh she dies, she shuah will mek a homely corpse."

A Generous Thought

A BARBER was about to be electrocuted at Sing Sing for murder. On the night before his death he was asked if he had any dying wish.

"Yes," he said, "there is one thing I would like to do."

"What is it?" inquired the kind-hearted warden.

"I would like to shave the district attorney!"

A Two-Cent Job

LANSING S. WELLS, the purchasing agent for the Yellowstone Park Association, was born in Utica, New York, and went back to the old home a few years ago, after thirty years in the West, to look around.

He discovered the sign of the store where he had his first job still hanging on the barn of the old place. It read: "Cheap Toy and Kite Store for Sale hear."

"My brothers and some neighbor boys ran the store," said Wells, "and I was a workman in it. I made the tails for the kites. It was a grand job."

"What salary did you get?"

"Two cents a week, but not in cash. I was the victim of a combination in restraint of trade even in those early days. I had to take my pay in kites that I made myself, while my brothers got the money."

A Smoke Nuisance

THE late President Perkins, of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, smoked atrociously bad cigars during the daytime and insisted on his friends smoking them also.

At the close of a trip across the continent in his private car, wherein Mr. Perkins had supplied a guest liberally with these cigars, they came into Portland, Oregon. As they rode into the station the guest saw a big electric sign advertising these cigars. The sign read: "Blank Cigars—Five Cents."

"Perkins," said the guest, turning to the railroad president, "when did they raise the price of those cigars of yours?"

OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

How They Solve the Problem of Industrial Wars



By Albert J. Beveridge

DECORATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

AN AMERICAN corporation or firm has a dispute with its working men about wages, or hours of labor. The employer "takes a position." He remains "firm." He insists "on running his own business in his own way." So the working men also "take a position." They, too, remain "firm." They insist on their "rights."

The situation gets worse. Either there is a lockout or a strike. Soon strikebreakers appear. Then there are flying missiles; men are shot down; bloodshed results.

When it is all over the employer has lost money and business. The working men and their families, perhaps, have suffered hunger. Bitterness has been sown in the hearts of both—a bitterness that lasts—lasts and spreads. Other employers have a fellow-feeling for that employer. All working men sympathize with their brother toilers. And so there is industrial hatred where there should be industrial peace.

This is one of our greatest economic questions. We have not solved it—not even approached the solution. Canada is beginning to solve it. Perhaps she has found the answer to this question. Anyway, her law for the conciliation of industrial disputes is the most notable and successful experiment ever tried in that perplexing field.

What this law is and how it works is of vital concern, not only to every American working man and employer but to every American citizen. And to describe this industrial statute is the purpose of this article.

Let us first see just how this Canadian law came about. It is a dramatic and intensely human story. In 1906 a great coalminers' strike occurred in the mine regions of the province of Alberta. These mines supplied with fuel the people in the great "prairie provinces" of Canada, as far east as Winnipeg.

Public Opinion's Silent Work

SO THIS strike among the coalminers in 1906 became a serious matter to hundreds of thousands of people. When the winter came on the strike involved life and death to the families of scores of thousands of farmers as well as residents of towns. Reports of desperate conditions came to the Government. Fences—everything that could be spared—were being burned to keep men, women and children warm and even alive. And still the strike continued.

The Dominion Government had a Department of Labor, which today rapidly is developing into the most important department of the Canadian federal establishment. Its deputy minister was a very young man named Mackenzie King, who now, although still under forty, is Minister of Labor.

This young man is a graduate of Harvard, where practical economics engaged his attention. Later he did settlement work in Chicago and in Europe, so as to get the point of view of the workers and of the common people with whom he had ardent sympathy.

By tact, firmness and good sense, and an inherent capacity for justice which impressed itself upon both working men and employers, but especially on the former, he had secured the settlement of several difficult strikes before this great coalminers' conflict of 1906.

The Government sent him to see what he could do with this grave situation. So young King "went to the front"—it was literally that, industrially speaking; for it was industrial war indeed. There he labored with operator and miner, striving to get mutual concessions so that freezing thousands on the frigid prairies for hundreds of miles east of the coalmines could be saved from further suffering. The upshot of this work was the ending of the strike, the return of the miners to better labor conditions, and the salvation of the imperiled communities.

Something more had to be done, however. A situation so full of peril to the public ought not to arise again if human wisdom and justice could prevent it. "Yes, something has got to be done," said Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Premier of Canada and head of its Government.

The provisions of this Canadian labor law, though important, are not nearly so significant as its administration; but the law itself and especially its administration show the Canadian theory of disposing of vexed questions by appealing to the good sense and good feeling of the parties involved—the recognition that both employer and employee have sounder sense and a better nature than that unwisdom and intolerant spirit which, on the one side or the other—sometimes on both sides—produce industrial war. So this Canadian labor law apparently is loose—and yet in its operation surprisingly effective.

In the first place, it applies only to public utilities, such as railways or coalmines, municipal service corporations, and occupations directly connected with some public utility, like stevedoring in transportation. Apparently the idea of the Government was that it would go only so far as to attempt to prevent industrial wars in those industries in which the public has an immediate and peculiar interest. After the law had worked for a while, one building trade petitioned the Government to extend the law to cover building trades.

The only thing autocratic about the law is that any lockout by employers or any strike by employees is made illegal until the dispute is submitted to the board, which I presently shall describe. If the lockout or strike occurs before the controversy has been submitted to this board, penalties are prescribed, very severe indeed for the employer and, of course, less so for the employee; although, considering their comparative circumstances, perhaps in the end equally severe for both.

This penalty provision as a practical matter amounts to very little. I believe that out of one hundred and six cases it has been inflicted only once, and then against an employer. Of course it would be practically impossible to apply it to thousands of working men. It is the moral effect of breaking the law—the getting against the lawbreaker the mighty power of public opinion at the outset—that is the really effective thing.

Supposing, for instance, that a body of working men find that their employer is about to institute a lockout. Or supposing, on the other hand, that the employer learns that his men are about to strike. Either party may under these circumstances apply to the Minister of Labor to appoint a board of conciliation, as it is called.

As the administration of this law has proceeded, the confidence of the employer and working men—and especially of the latter—in the fairness of these boards of conciliation has increased. And the public looks upon it with favor. Indeed the law, especially its administration, is based upon the powerful influence of public opinion; for public opinion, when thoroughly and reliably informed as to the facts, is just and reasonable. It operates psychologically upon all other men at whom it is directed. The employer feels it; so does the working man. A voice begins to speak in their minds and hearts, saying to them: "After all, this is right. This is justice." And so public opinion does its silent and, in the end, its irresistible work.

How, now, does this law work? When the Minister of Labor receives this application for a board of conciliation he notifies both parties to name each a member of this board. Of course the party applying—usually the working men—at once designates its member of the board. The other party—usually the employer—is then given five days in which to name its member of the board.

The two members named by the opposing parties are appointed by the minister as a matter of course. If either party refuses to appoint its member the Minister of Labor appoints a member for that party. This, however, has happened in only about six or seven cases, although in all about one hundred and six boards have been appointed—sometimes with most excellent results. These two members of the board of conciliation choose the third member. In case they do not agree upon this third member within a given time, the Minister of Labor appoints him; and in either case the third member always is the chairman of the board.

Victory With Peace and Honor

THE chairman is of the greatest importance, for it is his good sense and understanding of human nature that largely determine the board's success. The board holds what we in the United States would call "hearings." These may be either public or private. When the hearings are over the board makes its report. Often this report is by a majority—two members. In this case there is always a minority report filed. The majority report states the merits of the case and what ought to be done: that the increase of wages asked for should not be granted or that it should be granted; or that hours should be shortened or not shortened; or that the labor conditions should be modified according to the demands of the men, or that they should not be—and so on through the whole range of subjects so painfully familiar to our workers and employers throughout the United States. These findings are then published in the Labor Gazette, the official monthly organ of the Department of Labor. The minority report of the third member gives his views.

And that is all. The findings cannot be enforced. After the report is made the men may go on with their strike or the employer with his lockout if either so desires. So, with our curiously rigid American notions, at once you will say that the whole thing amounts to very little; but results show that it amounts to a great deal. For example, there have been one hundred and six boards created for the prevention—the conciliation—of these industrial disputes. In every one of these strikes there were serious probabilities; in many, even certainties. It is quite probable that at least scores of industrial wars would have occurred but for the work of these boards, which prevented them by conciliation.

And everybody in the United States knows what that means. "How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" says the Bible. One industrial war leads to another. The heating of blood in one industrial conflict causes hot blood on the part of both workers and employers everywhere in the neighborhood of that conflict. This in turn spreads. And so, after many of these controversies have sown the seeds of suspicion, distrust and hate, the industrial elements in the whole country are at war in their hearts.

In these hundred and six cases on which the Canadian boards have passed, nearly all of them were settled peaceably. And in an overwhelming majority of all these cases the final settlement decidedly favored the working man. In all these cases the three parties interested were perfectly satisfied with the outcome. These three parties, of course, were the public, the working men and the employers.

Do not forget that in every one of them the employers and working men were at perfect liberty to go on with their desolating battle if they desired to do so after the report or "award," as it is called, of the board was made. In only a very few cases did the contending parties do so. And in several of these cases the Minister of Labor continued to work by moral and mental suasion with both employers and workers, and in the end succeeded in settling the controversy. In only two cases, I believe, did the conflict continue; and these finally died out because of a recognition on the part of both employer and workers of the folly of continuing it.

Right here you must know that the theory upon which the Canadian Government is beginning to solve that question of the Sphinx that we call the labor problem is, first, that the public has a mighty interest in those wasteful conflicts; and, second, that the employers and the working men have a fundamental right finally to settle their controversies themselves. This seems contradictory, but it will become clear to you when you follow the practical administration and working of this law.

Getting Together Sociably

DO NOT think that the conciliation in a certain industrial dispute is confined to that particular dispute alone. Quite often the "award" of a board in a particular controversy has been used by the employers and working men in other cases as a basis for settling their disputes.

Suppose a conflict that threatened a strike or a lockout has been settled and the war prevented by the conciliation board in a given case; suppose in that region there are pending other conflicts between the working men and their employers involving substantially the same point of controversy. Very well. Several times the working men and their employers in these other cases, where no boards have been called for, take this "award" and with it as a basis peaceably settle their controversy among themselves.

Then, too, in more than one instance strikes have been prevented because the parties who were about to disagree did not want an investigation—a public airing of the real cause of the trouble. It usually has been the employer who has been influenced by this consideration. For, though the board does not make the investigation public for reasons I shall state, yet it may do so—would do so if wisdom and justice required.

Isn't this method better than a conflict with detectives and strikebreakers, armed with deadly weapons, on one side, and enraged men and women on the other side? "The proof of the pudding is the eating," is a good old saying; and thus far the Canadian labor law appears to be justified by its results. But just how are all these surprising results brought about? By the manner in which the boards go about their business. And this is important for us Americans to think about. The fine spirit, the kindly common-sense, the plain understanding of men, with which the Canadians administer this conciliation law, is a big lesson for us in the United States. With us, in a similar controversy, each side would have an attorney who, of course, would want to show his client how ardent, skillful, courageous and resourceful he was in his client's behalf. Also, with us Americans, such a board would consider itself a "court"; and the chairman of such a board would probably be a judge from the bench. Sometimes the chairman of the Canadian board is such a judge; and with a very few notable exceptions these court judges have not proved to be nearly such good chairmen of these conciliation boards as men from some other walk of life.

If we Americans had such a board more than likely we should look upon it as a court; and if its chairman were a judge from the bench he would be sure to say that the "testimony" must come in "according to the rules of evidence." "Let everything be taken down by a stenographer," such a chairman would say in America. He would hear objections, motions to strike out and all that, by so-called "counsel."

And just here is where the Canadian method of conciliating industrial disputes affords us a lesson that we should learn thoroughly, take deeply to heart and, indeed, make a part of the personal conduct of our own lives.

For the Canadians do no such autocratic thing in the working of these boards of conciliation. Right at the outset they were very fortunate in having as the chairman of several of the first boards Professor Adam Shortt. And the sagacity and human understanding of this man in handling these delicate, difficult and important matters have established a line of conduct that has been departed from only a few times.

Professor Shortt conceived the simple and common-sense idea that these so-called hearings should be as informal as possible—more like friendly talks to get at the kernel of the question.

Let us see how the "informal-talk-and-good-feeling" plan works with the Canadians. In this connection, let us say that a Canadian board of conciliation meets to find out the real facts about a Canadian labor dispute and to bring about a conciliation if possible. The board meets in a certain room at a certain time and place. Very well. First of all, everybody is made to feel at ease. By a kindly and yielding good sense, both the employer and worker are made to realize that this is a friendly meeting. Somehow or other an atmosphere of good-will is created. And thus the proceedings of the board begin.

The representatives of the contending parties are heard. But heard how? Not as we hold hearings in the United States. Not at all. Let us suppose that the labor representative has his say first. In simple, informal phrases he states the facts as he understands them. The representative of the employer does the same thing. Neither is under the slightest constraint. And there is no stenographer to take down the statements of either or the statements of witnesses.

Why is there no stenographer? Why, simply because the board does not consider itself a criminal court, but a board—and a board of conciliation. Canadians think that when either an employer or a working man makes a statement of record he probably will stand by it with foolish obstinacy, even if, later, any one of them discovers that he may not be right.

Then about the newspapers. Professor Shortt set a sagacious example there, which has been steadily followed since, of calling the newspaper men in and putting them on their honor.

"Now, 'boys,'" said Professor Shortt, "come in, if you like; but you come in on the condition that you give me your word of honor that you will not publish anything until I see it and approve it."

And, of course, the newspaper boys pledge themselves accordingly. And, of course also, if any heated, foolish statement of employer or employee or any of their witnesses is made it never appears in the newspapers. It would humiliate the person making the reckless statement afterward to withdraw or modify it, or to do anything that would be an admission that he was inaccurate. It is precisely for that reason, you see, that the stenographer is excluded. So the "published statement" obstacle to conciliation is obviated in this way, just as the "written record" obstacle is avoided by the absurdly simple process of having no stenographer. The whole idea is, of course, that the object of the hearing is not warfare but conciliation.

Let me give you a concrete illustration in one notable and difficult case. The judge of a court—a man of remarkable common-sense—had been appointed by agreement of both parties as the third member of the board and its chairman. The case was as aggravated as any we have known in the United States. The board met and permitted the employers and several of the working men to be present. It seems there were about half a dozen of each.

They sat on opposite sides of the room where the board was meeting, glowering at one another. And their gloweringgs did not adequately express the bitterness in their hearts. The situation was tense. The outlook for conciliation was very dark. The wise young judge, however—for it appears that he was a young man—happened to have been a careful student of Professor Shortt's method. So what did he do? Did he say in a grave, sepulchral voice, "Let the witnesses be produced," or "Gentlemen, state your case—you first, you employee, and after you the employer"? He did not! He did nothing of the kind! Leaning back in his chair, he said: "Well," looking leisurely at both sides, "does anybody here smoke? I do. If anybody else smokes, why, smoke up."

Everybody grinned in spite of himself. They did not want to grin, but they did grin. Also they wanted to smoke. So the ice was broken—and it appears that it was very thin ice and very dangerous ice. Then the hearing began—began with cigars and pipes in the mouths of everybody who wanted to smoke.

The Magic of Sympathy

SOMEHOW or other the kindly attitude of the whole board, headed by this able young judge, did not seem in the least to either employer or employee to be that of a court. Why, no; they were not before such an awful thing as a court! Indeed, they were not "before" anybody—so they found. They were with some gentlemen who really were gentlemen and who wanted to help them.

"Well," said the young judge, "suppose you labor men tell us about your troubles first. You applied for this board, you know. What is the trouble anyhow?"

So up spoke the representative of the workers and told in a simple way, just as if you and I were talking together, what the facts were from the laborers' point of view. And everybody, even the employer, listened with interest and sympathy. Nobody was as much surprised at his sympathy as the employer himself. When he came to state his side of the case it was with quite a modified point of view. You see he had got the working men's point of view in a way he had never got it before. Somehow or other he had been made to put himself in the working man's place. Somehow or other he had been made to feel: "Now, suppose I were that working man—I'll be hanged if I wouldn't feel just as he feels!" By the same magic of common-sense and human feeling, the worker had been made to feel: "Well, what would be my view if I were the employer?"

And so the whole hearing proceeds. No great row was reported in the newspapers, because of the methods I have stated. No row occurred. Indeed, the spirit of this hearing had got into the air of the neighborhood. The general public found itself helping conciliation along. By that radiation of frankness, honor and kindliness which I have tried to describe, the whole community, including the newspapers themselves, had become imbued with the spirit of the board. Everybody had come to feel: "Come, let us do justice. We are

(Concluded on Page 74)



THE GREASER

By Frederick R. Bechdolt

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



The Question Was: Would it be Worth While to Kill Carter for That Horse?

BECAUSE they were about to set forth together into the wilderness, Carter and Juan regarded each other carefully. Each saw the deep, wide gulf between them. One realized that he was an Englishman; the other, that he was a mongrel bred from several dark races. Carter stared at the man who was to be his guide with suspicion in his eyes. Juan, understanding too, lowered his lids and let his soul retreat somewhere into the very interior of himself.

They made a curious pair on Chiricahua's single street. Carter, for all his corduroys, flannel shirt and laced miner's boots, and in spite of his wide-rimmed hat, remained the fresh-cheeked, blocky Briton; and it was evident—a sort of moral atmosphere proclaimed it—that he had taken a bath that morning. Also it was a certainty that he had no liking for Chiricahua or anything about the place. As for Juan, the lack of many baths did not proclaim itself from him, because there were other things more striking—his catlike slimness, his velvet eyes, and the evil in his swarthy, pockmarked face. According to his features he was at least a thief—if not a murderer.

Obstinacy had kept Carter English in spite of his years all over the world as a mining engineer. Now it made him show his absolute intolerance of Juan's complexion as he delivered his first order. It was not the words; it was the tone and the aggressive stare which accompanied them.

"Go get the horses!" was all he said. Something stronger and more deeply seated than British stubbornness lurked in Juan's thin-lipped, white-toothed smile when Carter began speaking. It flared out suddenly from beneath his drooping lids before the utterance of the second word. The savage in his soul spread over his whole body for an instant. Then it buried itself again under the Latin portion of himself and he bowed politely.



A Sharp, Dry Buzz, Whose Venomous, Blind Hate Was Unmistakable, Came From the Earth in Front of Him

"Yes, señor," he said in a voice like silk, and went at once. He came back leading the two animals and tied them to the hitching-rack near by. Carter became busy lashing some traps to his saddle. Juan stood waiting, as still and picturesque and as harmoniously unclean as the row of old adobes behind him. Under his hatbrim his black eyes took a sidelong appraisement of the Englishman's great black horse. Never had such a horse been seen in Chiricahua until Carter had ridden up on this one the night before. The flame from Juan's eyes was like the fire of wanton love. His lips parted; and then, as if he had to speak:

"You 'ave a nize hoss, señor," he said respectfully.

With the marvelous abruptness of his breed, Carter replied, looking at him without a particle of expression: "You didn't bring that canteen! What's the matter with you anyhow?"

Juan's eyelids came down like a curtain as he stooped and picked up the water-bottle in question. Carter did not see this, for he was engrossed in swearing at all of Southern Arizona.

"Rotten country!" he wound up. "How many hours' ride do you call it anyhow?"

"Four hours, I theenk, señor," Juan purred.

"Come, then," said Carter, "let's be off." He untied the black horse. The animal rubbed its nose against his shoulder. "Hold up!" he growled. Behind his back Juan saw the black throw its head at the rebuff—and his pocked face grew a shade darker.

Carter clambered into the wide stock saddle with the palpable effort of one who will never outlive the habit of abbreviated stirrups and a pigskin. Juan turned to his own lean, white-eyed pinto, which was standing on three feet. He leaped to his seat with a grace that transfigured the sorry mount for the moment. They rode up the main street; when they had gone two hundred yards Chiricahua was hidden by a turn in the road. They were in the wilderness.

The road was steep; on each side the mountains rose abruptly, shutting in a narrow patch of sky. Their summits were all bright with the morning sun—the warm rays came partway down the scarred slopes; but here, in the bottom of the cañon, everything was still chilly and shadowed.

In spite of the fact that Juan had been hired as guide, Carter rode ahead. He used short stirrups; and at every stride of the big black he rose gently from the saddle, then sank back again. He bent forward and he kept both elbows out from his sides. Juan followed at a little distance. His pinto showed marks of age and hard usage that made its coat look like a motheaten rug; but Juan's manner of riding was such that he had become a part of his horse, and as a part he gave consummate grace to the combination. He swayed a little with a catlike movement, and all the time he kept his eyes on the big black. In this way they rode and each man was busy with his own thoughts.

Carter looked on the things ahead of him with obstinate, cold eyes, intolerant of what he saw. He did not like the country; he did not like the errand on which he had been sent; he had made up his mind already that the prospect which he was going to examine was worthless. Also he did not like his guide. To him, at all times, dark skins had meant "niggers"—and treachery. This was his first encounter with a half-breed Mexican. When Juan had appeared that morning, with his credentials from the company, Carter had noted his complexion and had set him down as worthless. This did not greatly disturb him—he was too much wrapped up in his own affairs to allow Juan or any one else to cause him uneasiness; but it did irritate him, just as the heat and dust of Arizona had bothered him since he had come here. So he stared ahead, sure that this business would turn out badly for the men who had sent him here, and certain that it would be disagreeable for himself. His back bristled with distrust.

As for Juan, wrapped in his mantle of impassiveness, he pondered. The question was: Would it be worth while to kill Carter for that horse? His thoughts pro and con were curiously simple and direct. To own such a horse would make earth a paradise. The covetousness that burned within him seared his very soul. And when one rides behind another in the wilderness there are many chances for a knife in the back. Practice had made Juan an adept in this sort of thing. And then the joy of sticking seven inches of steel into that particular back! Juan's eyes went upward from the horse to Carter's burly form rising gently in the saddle, and they dilated lustfully. Mexico was a short day's ride away; he knew a tangle of mountains where other renegades were doing a fat business in spite of the rurales. His nostrils widened. Still, there were complications; he lowered his gaze and studied the earth ahead of him again. The rangers were watching the border closely these days; and whoever rode fast, looking behind him as he rode, was apt to find another horseman somewhere ahead of him. Furthermore, Juan had just scraped through two or three little affairs during the year, emerging from each one only because the victim happened to be of his own complexion. The last time he was in jail he had fairly smelled the gallows! But this horse! Such a horse would be worth gambling for. The thing lay in the balance; decision hovered, poised.

They came to a place where the road forked. Studying his problem, Juan did not notice Carter taking the wrong trail. Suddenly he looked up.

"Señor," he called, "you 'ave to go thees way."

Carter wheeled his horse and came back; his ruddy cheeks were a deeper red than usual; his eyes were more intolerant. He spurred the big black past Juan, crowding the lean pinto aside.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he growled.

Juan's spurs chugged against the pinto's flanks and his eyes shot fire as he regained the road. Then the lids drooped beneath his bowed hatbrim. After all, he had slipped by the rangers before and he could again.

He began to arrange the details of how and where, while they climbed up into the hot sunshine. The smell of dry dust came from the road; the rocks about them radiated trembling waves of air. Occasionally, from among the dwarfed bushes a tall, thin cactus rose like a warning finger. Juan remembered how no man had seen them set forth together. And then the noise of a horse's hoofs around a turn in the road made him look up.

A rider was coming down the hill. He wore the garb of the old-time cowboy and on his open vest there was a star. A lean man, with an implacable, scarred face. His keen eyes went from Carter to Juan, and they narrowed. Juan saluted somewhat elaborately. "Good morneen, capitan," said he. The captain of the rangers passed on in a little cloud of dust. Juan shrugged his shoulders resignedly behind Carter's back. Decidedly, Fate had interfered against him.

They turned into a narrow winding trail, and climbed to a ridge whence they saw the mountains tumbling away like waves of a troubled sea. For two hours they rode; and they beheld the tangled cañons unraveling themselves beneath their feet. Then they descended into a huge amphitheater that faced out on half of Southern Arizona.

Here, surrounded by a thicket of brush and surmounted by an old winch, was a prospect-hole; broken stone strewed the mountainside below it.

Juan leaped lightly from his pinto; Carter sat looking over the landscape. When he had taken a slow and disgusted appraisement of the outcroppings and dump he climbed down and gave the reins to the Greaser. Juan unsaddled the horses and led them to drink at a little spring. After they had slaked their thirst he hobbled them. He handled his pinto roughly; he lingered over the black—and once he stroked it lightly on the flank. The animal lowered its head; Juan breathed heavily. He looked sad. If only they had not met the ranger captain!

"Come on!" called Carter. "Look sharp! I can't be here all day, you know."

He was plowing through the brush which grew about the mouth of the shaft. Suddenly he stopped and fell back a step. "My word!" said he. A sharp, dry buzz, whose venomous, blind hate was unmistakable, came from the earth in front of him. He stooped and picked up a boulder; he hurled it upon the snake's folded coils. Then he went on grumbling to himself at a country where everything was made to annoy a man.

The prospect had not been worked for some time, and the brush had grown over the mouth of the shaft. At Carter's command Juan sweated for half an hour cutting it away. When that was done they dropped a bundle of burning twigs into the hole. the flames streaked down and down and then lay on the bottom—a twinkling little patch of light.

"All right, my man," said Carter. "Get the rope."

Juan hurried to the saddles; and, as he was coming back with a rawhide riata, he turned aside to stroke Carter's black horse again. The Englishman called him away impatiently. They knotted the end of the rope about a piece of old plank, making a sort of bosun's chair. Juan took a turn around the winch and Carter bestrode the plank; the Greaser began to lower away.

It was a slow descent from daylight into dusk and from dusk into darkness. In one hand Carter carried a bunch of lighted candles; they threw red flickerings against the rocky walls. Juan, holding the rope above, was unable to pay it out evenly; it slipped around the winch and fetched up sharply. Carter's progress was thus a series of brief falls, each lasting eight feet or so, then checked suddenly. It kept him swinging so that he had to fend himself off from the sides of the tunnel with his feet. Every swoop downward gave him a peculiar sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach. Perhaps it was this, or perhaps it was the approaching peril itself making its presence felt as danger is said to do; at any rate, it occurred to Carter that he was in a hole in a mountain many miles from men, with his life in the hands of Juan. The evil, pockmarked face of the Greaser came before him.

Abruptly the rope stopped running out—Carter's weight came full against the end; it shivered, jerked and broke.

Carter fell through the darkness. Halfway down he struck one side of the shaft; he ricochetted to the other side. It broke his fall. He thudded on the bottom, all asprawl. He lay there stunned. The bunch of candles landed a few feet from him. They flared up and filled the place with lights and shadows.

Carter's swoon lasted for only a few seconds. He awoke with his ears full of a strange, dry buzzing. That sound seemed to have been all around him—it was gone now. It had left a feeling of horror behind it, like a memory. He was lying flat on his back; his eyes were directed upward; he could see the little patch of white daylight that marked the mouth of the shaft—across it the winch and, dangling from that, ten feet or so of rawhide rope. He looked for Juan; there was no sign of movement up there. An ugly fear gripped his heart. He shouted. No answer came.

Juan heard the cries. The breaking of the rope had thrown him heavily on his back and the fall had left him dizzy, half stunned. His first feeling as he picked himself up was one of rage at the mishap. He rubbed his body and passed his hand over the back of his head, where a lump was already growing. He stared at the hole and saw the broken rope-end dangling from the winch. Then Carter's voice came out from the earth. The tones were muffled, but the sharp, high note of fear was unmistakable. One word kept coming over and over, clamoring. That word was "Help!" Instinctively Juan looked around him as if to search for aid. He stepped closer to the hole and peered down into it.

"Can't you hear me? Go get help!" Rage was in the voice. Juan looked toward the trail over which they had ridden. His eyes followed it for a long distance. He shrugged his shoulders. His eyes roved and they fell on the big black horse. He turned his back upon the shaft and walked down to the animal. It looked up as he approached; when he reached it and laid his hand upon its neck it nuzzled him. He took the hobbles from its ankles and saddled it. He drew the cinches taut; felt them to make certain of their tightness. He lengthened the stirrups, measuring their distance with his extended arm. From the hillside above him he could hear Carter's voice coming constantly, without a stop. It grew shrill; it cracked and broke; it rose again in pitch. There was no rest for the ears from it. Juan moved slowly, with care. He filled a canteen at the little spring and lashed it to the saddle. He felt again of the forward cinch. He picked up the reins and was about to throw them back over the glossy neck when he noticed that there was no tie-rope. He dropped the reins and climbed the hill toward the winch.

Carter's voice had died away at last. The place was wrapped in a huge, wide silence. Juan reached the mouth of the shaft; he bent over it to take up the dangling end of rope. At once the voice began again. It was thin and dry from previous efforts—it did not sound like a man's voice any longer.

"Go and get help!" it shrieked. "Why don't you hurry? Go get some one with a rope!"

Juan took the broken rope from off the winch.

"Damn you!" The voice whistled upward from the depths. "Hurry! I'll give you anything if you get me out of here."

Juan lay flat so that he could look straight down into the hole. He saw the twinkling pin-point of candle-flame far below.

"Don't you hear me? Anything I have! I'll give you my horse!"

Juan smiled down through the darkness as those last words came up to him. Then in a voice as smooth as silk he called: "Yes, señor; I go now." He rose and brushed the dust from his ragged garments. He walked down the slope. He patted the black horse on the forehead; gathered up the reins, swung lightly into the saddle and rode away down the trail.

. . . . . .

Carter lay motionless in the bottom of the shaft. He had not changed his position since he had found himself there. He still stared upward at that white patch of daylight crossed by the winch. He still saw Juan's face as it had appeared over the edge—a pockmarked face, swarthy, smiling, stamped with evil.

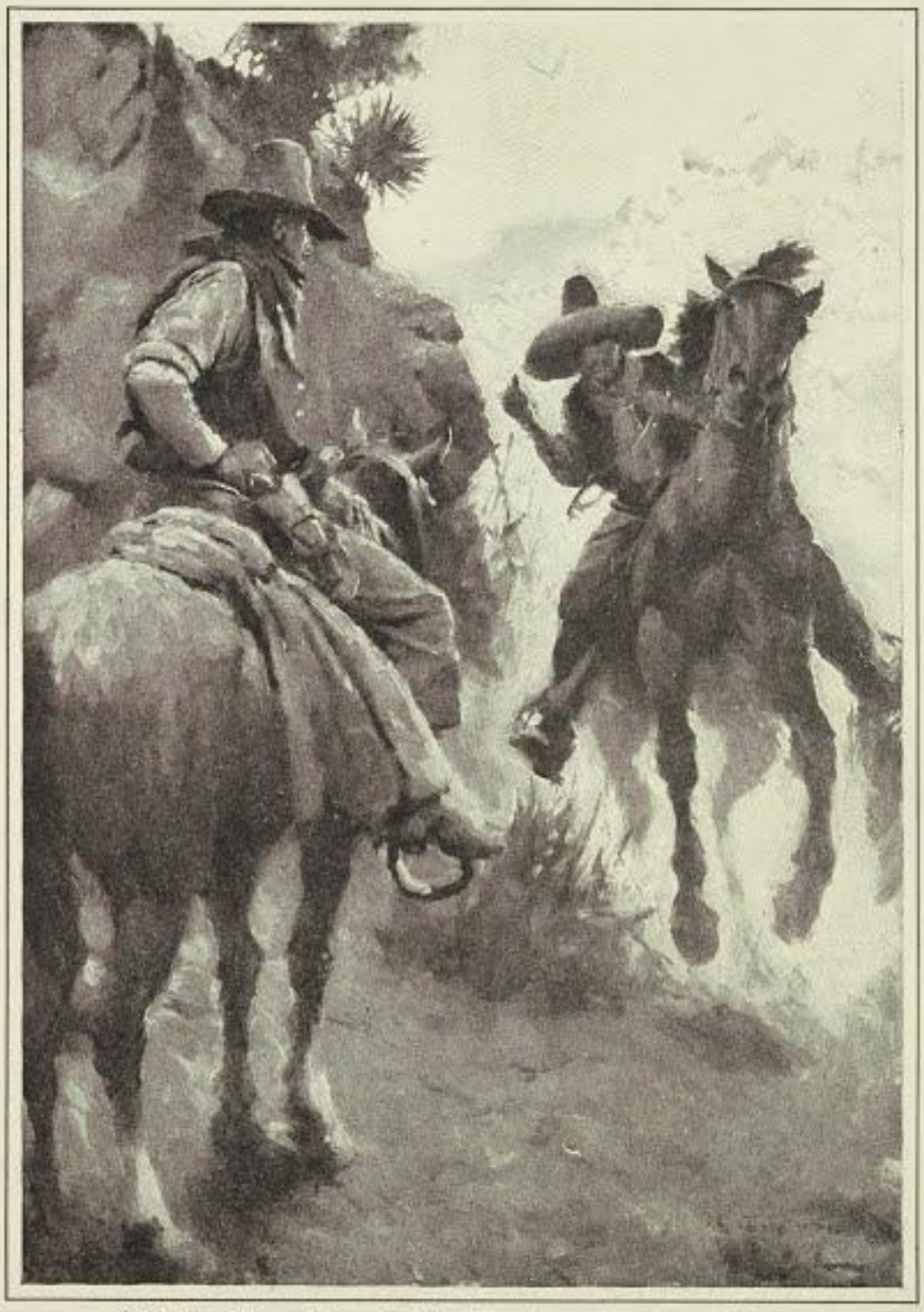
For a long time Carter lay, seeing that smile, hearing the silken voice of Juan. He fought to repress the distrust within him, to quell a terror which was rising; but, as he battled with these things, they grew—they became overpowering. He called again, more desperately than before, until his throat seemed to split. There was no answer.

The flaming candles spluttered; they flared. He looked toward them. The wavering light cast black shadows; it glistened on a moist patch among the rocks; it gleamed on something else near by—a smooth, dull reflection that seemed to be moving constantly, twisting into new curves. Carter lifted his head and looked more closely.

Into the silence came a sound that drove the blood back to his heart and turned his heart ice-cold! It grew in volume; it rose in pitch; it filled the chamber; the air shivered. A sharp, dry, whirring buzz, climbing higher and higher until it became ear-piercing, terrible! All that blind, deadly hate could give to tone was in that sound. Carter stiffened where he lay.

The candles flared again. Quite plainly now he saw their light gleaming on a ball of involuted coils that slipped and slid and twined—and never stopped. They knotted themselves more tightly; they loosened into new shapes and tied themselves again. He watched them glide and twist, close to the candles, a few feet from him. He distinguished details—an out-thrust head, triangular, with lidless eyes as merciless as if there had never been aught but hate in all the ages of the world; a quivering, erect tail, with its horny sheath of rattles; a squirming back, whose scales glinted like bits of colored ice; a section of thick, round belly. There must have been twenty of them in that restless ball; they were never still. As he stared at them their rasping, horrid song began to die. At last it stopped. Suddenly, from somewhere overhead, there came an angry buzz; the thing began again. He clinched his teeth and fought a blind desire to leap and scream. Silence came once more.

The time went by. He did not know whether it went fast or slow. He only knew that, whenever he stirred hand or foot or limb, the venomous rasping filled his ears. And when he lay motionless he had to endure the torture of his thoughts—the memory of Juan's pockmarked face smiling down at him; the futile harping on one



"Ah, Señor Capitan, I Come for Help. There Man—There English Señor—Is Fell Down een That Shaft"



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What hundreds of other firms have done—You can do. If they are using a certain grade of Bond Paper for all House Letter-Heads, Invoices, Checks, Receipts, etc., and another grade for Records, Reports, Inner-House Correspondence, etc.,—So can you. If this plan gives them better stationery at a less total cost, it will do the same for you.

The plan is to have a Standard—and to hold to it. "Eagle A" Bond Papers offer you the greatest opportunity to effectually standardize your stationery into two or more quality groups.

There is an "Eagle A" Bond Paper of every grade, and for every use,—thirty-four papers in all, with a wide choice of Finishes and Colors.

So Standardize your Stationery by using "Eagle A" Water-marked Bond Papers.

Being made under the most economical manufacturing conditions—possible only by the union of 29 Mills—our papers are not only quality plus papers, but they are Trade-marked with the "Eagle A" Water-mark as your guide for identity.

Ask your Printer or Lithographer to show you samples of "Eagle A" Papers.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY,
27 Main St., Holyoke, Mass. (29 Mills)

The quality of your stationery determines its efficiency.
To make it productive in the highest degree standardize it by specifying

COUPON BOND
(Coupon Water-mark)

The De Luxe Business Paper for Letter-Heads, Note-Heads, Invoices, Checks, Vouchers, etc. Any business man who likes good stationery will take pleasure in examining our portfolio of COUPON BOND Specimen Business Forms. Write for it today.

problem: Had Juan gone? Would he come back?

He kept his eyes glued on that patch of white daylight above him.

. . . . . .

Never had Juan ridden such a horse before! He felt the great back rise beneath him, swooping on. What a stride! He raised his face and laughed at the sky.

He tightened the reins ever so little and the black came down to a gentle fox-trot. Juan swung to the movement beneath him; as the horse swayed, he swayed; together the two were like one. His eyes went to the trail; his face became inscrutable.

He was riding over the route which Carter and he had traversed that morning. He rode slowly, as one who has many hours of rough trails ahead of him. His eyes hung for some time to the earth. At length they rose again; he looked away. He gazed far, as if he were looking beyond the range of his vision. It was the way a man peers when he is starting on a long horseback journey—as if he sees the place whither he is going. In this manner Juan stared southward toward the spot beyond which a nest of tangled mountains rose in Mexico. At length his eyes came back to the trail; but frequently he raised his head to look always in that same direction.

For two hours he rode down the narrow trail. He was coming to the road. To the right it wound, a dust-colored ribbon stretching toward the boundary. He glanced along it; there was no sign of any traveler. To the left, a steep rock escarpment hid everything beyond the junction of the trails. Juan leaned back against the cantle of the saddle; his body swung loosely in rhythm to the fox-trot of the black. In his hand the reins lay slack. The trail forked before it met the road. He came to the place; he pressed the reins against the glossy neck to take the turn to the right. Suddenly he stiffened in his seat and drew them taut. So quickly did he stop the black that the front hoofs spurted pebbles before them. A rider came from behind the rocks.

The captain of the rangers showed no astonishment at sight of Juan. Beyond the fact that his right hand dropped lightly until the fingers touched his revolver-butt, he betrayed no emotion whatever. A feeling that something might be wrong, a premonition born of his meeting with Juan and Carter that morning, had brought him back from Chiricahua.

With the reins taut in his left hand, Juan's eyes widened. At once he lowered them until the lids hid them entirely. Then he looked up again, flashing all his teeth in a smile.

"Ah, Señor Capitan," he cried. "I come for help. Thees man—thees English señor—is fell down een that shaft. You come queek with me!"

The captain of the rangers looked sharply at him. And even as he looked Juan wheeled the black in its tracks. "Queek!" he called. Wasting no time in answer or inquiry, the captain pressed the spurs into his horse. They raced up the steep trail. They did not spare the animals; they climbed the mountain as neither had ever ridden before. Juan reached the shaft some distance ahead. The captain leaped off his heaving pony and ran to join him.

Carter heard their voices shouting down to him; he saw the rope descend and waited motionless until it touched him on the face. Then very cautiously he took it and slipped it round his body. As he tied the knot the snakes began their buzzing again. He begged the men above to hurry.

They dragged him out all white and shaking. He could not stand at first; his knees doubled under him. At length he was able to walk and to reach out his hand to Juan.

"My man," said he, and his voice trembled from what he had been through, "I thought you'd left me. I owe you my life. I'll pay you for this. I'll ——" His eyes followed Juan's gaze and he saw the big black horse. "Quite so," said he. "I promised him to you. I'll keep my word."

When he had held the wall-eyed pinto for Carter to mount, Juan leaped on the black. The three men started down the trail. The Englishman was talking loudly to the captain of the rangers.

"Funny," said he, "how you'll misjudge a man. Here's this fellow—saved my life. And, to tell you the truth, I never expected to see him again."

The captain of the rangers looked toward Juan; his eyes narrowed slightly.

The Greaser bent over the saddle-horn and stroked the glossy neck of the big black.



"Don't forget this!"

YOU really can't afford to overlook our tempting "21 kinds" in planning your daily menu.

No matter whether you are planning an elaborate dinner or simply trying to make the every-day program more inviting, you will find exactly what you want among

Campbell's Soups

Every one of them is pure as sunshine. Every one of them is wholesome and nourishing.

Good soup makes the whole meal "relish" better and digest better. It ought to be served at least once a day in every family. And the most critical and "particular" people declare that Campbell's Soups are as rich and delicate and satisfying as the finest home-made soups.

Just try one of these "kinds" on your table; and judge for yourself. That's the only way to realize how good they are. Try it *today*.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"Gentlemen, listen one minute:
The race is for him who can win it,
I back the young man
With the red-and-white can,
He trained on the stuff that is in it."



These Genuine Wiederseim Kids

Were not fed on

Post Toasties

but hope to be.

(Who wants the dog?)

The kids are delicious and the food even more so, especially when served with nice yellow cream and a sprinkle of sugar.

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited
Battle Creek, Mich., U.S.A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited
Windsor, Ontario, Canada



LAW-PROOF TRUSTS

(Concluded from Page 25)

a peck of potatoes or a patented article is an owner—he may do with all just as he sees fit. It is none of the seller's business.

Still other paraphernalia remain. Thus: The owner of a patent does not have to sell or license the use of his patented device at all; therefore, if he chooses to do so, he can state absolutely the conditions. This is a drum that is pounded incessantly. However, if the only justification for imposing conditions is that the patent-owners do not have to sell their wares their plight is most miserable. For the law of "don't have to" is an exalted privilege, enjoyable equally by all—patent-owners, the butcher, baker, candlestick-maker, paralytics and dead men. None of these has to sell anything that he owns. What does it profit? The fact that one does not have to sell does not mean that he may sell on whatever condition he chooses. No trust has to sell its goods; if that fact would justify the imposition of price conditions the people would have to surrender. All a trust member need say is: "We do not have to sell at all; therefore we will sell only on condition that there be no competition and that all sell at the same price." The law is leveled squarely at the condition. It is the condition that causes the trouble in every instance. The condition is nothing more or less than an illegal restriction.

Test Shop for the Navy

THE Naval Observatory at Washington has very little to do with the navy except as an establishment for testing, repairing and distributing nautical instruments. It is a sort of supply depot, from which all kinds of apparatus utilized in navigation are furnished to our fighting vessels. It tests sextants to make sure that they are correctly graduated; it tests barometers to see that they do not vary beyond a certain amount, and it tests telescopes and "binoculars" to find out their magnifying power, visual "field," clearness and freedom from color aberration.

It is a part of the business of the observatory to test "torpedo watches," which are the timepieces carried for purposes of navigation by torpedo boats. An ordinary warship carries three chronometers—the idea being that if one of them happens to go wrong the other two may be relied upon; but chronometers are big enough to be in the way and there is no room for them on a torpedo boat, so that the commanding officer keeps by him a watch of guaranteed accuracy instead.

Both watches and chronometers are tested at the observatory by comparing them with a "star clock"—so called because it keeps time not by the sun but by the fixed stars. This clock stands in an underground vault in order that it may not be exposed to changes of temperature, and its brass pendulum swings in a partial vacuum inclosed in glass. Thus the timepiece is not affected by variations of atmospheric pressure. Another interesting point is that the clock winds itself every half-minute by the help of an electro-magnet, which is energized by a small battery circuit.

The vault containing the clock is so placed that the seventy-seventh meridian of longitude passes directly through it. This is a matter of obvious importance, inasmuch as time at the observatory is reckoned by the passage of certain fixed stars across the meridian—the latter being represented in the sky by an imaginary line directly overhead. The sun crosses this line exactly at noon each day. It would be entirely practicable, therefore, to reckon time by the sun; but the orb of day is too large an object to be convenient for the purpose. A star, on the other hand, is a mere point of light; and the astronomer, with the help of a telescope arranged to swing exactly in the meridian plane, readily catches the instant at which the twinkling spark of brightness passes across.

By this means the time is recorded with absolute correctness. Then the star time is reduced to sun time—which requires some figuring, inasmuch as a star year is one day longer than a sun year—and a sun-time or "standard-time" clock is regulated accordingly, the latter timepiece being the one that sends the noon signal by telegraph every day all over the United States.



Another New One

Now it is a *two-pound* Pink of Perfection Package—either Chocolates or Confections. Made to meet the persistent call for a larger size of *Whitman's* Pink of Perfection Package.

The assortment is the same as in the one-pound package. A carefully selected and extremely dainty choice from the most attractive varieties that can be made. The only difference is more pieces of each kind and a larger box—so here it is.

Each pound is arranged in nine little trays, individual and removable. There is a single layer of these trays in the one-pound package; there are two layers in the new

Whitman's

2-pound Pink of Perfection Package
(Chocolates or Confections)

A gift to gladden anyone.

In the assortment marked "Confections" there are these favorite pieces covered with *Whitman's* Super Extra Chocolate:

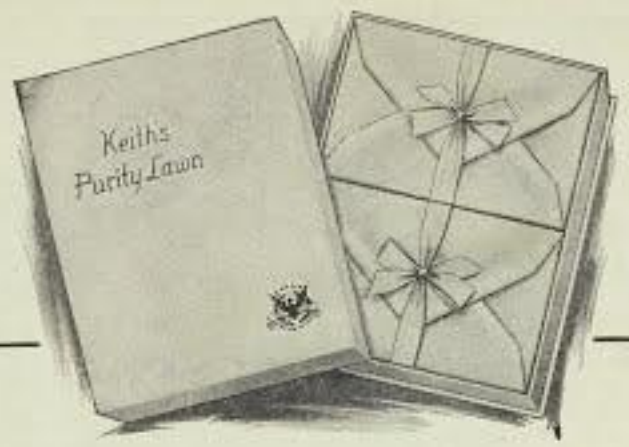
Cream Nuts, Honey White Nougat, Hard Nougat, Marshmallows, Cream Chocolates, Lemon Jellies, Raspberry Creams, Strawberry Creams, Orange Creams, Lemon Creams, Pistache Creams, Molasses Sponge Blocks, Cocoanut Creams, Almonds; then the Bitter-Sweets with centres of Cocoanut and Vanilla Cream, and Solid Chocolates in Blocks, Blossoms and Rolls.

In the trays of bon-bons are: Orange Walnuts, Orange Creams, Maple Caramels, Chocolate Fudge, Chocolate Creams, Long Chocolate Creams, Pineapple Fruit, Ginger, Brazil Nuts, Honey White Nougat, Jordan Almonds, Roasted Almonds, Cream Apricots, Cherry Topped Creams, Old Fashioned Chocolate Bon-Bons, Fruit Marshmallows, Peanut Butter Chips.

Pink of Perfection Packages, one pound or two pounds, are sold only by stores holding the *Whitman's* Agency—usually the best drug store everywhere—at One Dollar a pound. If no agency is convenient we will mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.

Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate
A Fussy Package for Fastidious Folks



Ask Your Dealer for

Keith's Purity Lawn Writing Paper

Dealers everywhere will find the line of writing paper made by the Keith Paper Co., one of the oldest paper manufacturers in New England, brings the best trade. In texture, quality and shade, Keith's Writing Paper is pre-eminently suited to meet the exacting requirements of the most exclusive correspondence.

This paper has long been sold to the fastidious users of stationery, but limited facilities have until now precluded wide distribution. A growing demand has increased production in every way of the Keith Writing Paper. From the selection of the rags to the finished product, much care is exercised to insure the production of a paper especially fitted for those of refined taste.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name, and we will send you booklet showing samples of the various papers.

Address

American Papeterie Company

Manufacturers and Distributors

1253 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

Dealers wanted everywhere

Are *your* Children well shod for School?

Have they strong, sensible, comfortable, every-day shoes?



Boys' Educator



Girls' Educator

Educator Shoes for boys and girls are made of the best material, with tough soles on lasts that conform to nature's plan. They "let the foot grow as it should." Prices are from $1.25 to $3.50



R & H School Shoe

The R & H School Shoes for boys are strong, comfortable, stylish, made of material calculated to withstand hard usage. They are made in many styles and finishes suited to everyday and best wear.



Hardknocks for Boys

Hardknocks for boys are just the thing for rough out-door play and hard work. They are made on comfortable lasts of good material, are strongly fastened, and sell for $1.75.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us

Rice & Hutchins, 14 High St., Boston, U. S. A.

PERSONALLY CONDUCTED

(Concluded from Page 15)

"'Bless me last coin for me,' says he.

"'Will yez go halves?' she demands.

"'I will,' says the man. So she held her finger on the coin while the wheel spun—and the man won.

"'Tis a good scheme,' says Tommy, who had seen the play; and he looked round carelessly to catch sight of me companion. Her veil was down and he didn't know her—but he swung halfway round. 'Be my good luck!' says he, not glancing more at her.

"To me amazement, Miss Sutherland pulled off a ring from her finger and hild out her hand and laid it on the stake. I could see the trimble of it, but me bould Tommy was watching the wheel and saw nothing. He won. And thin he divided his pile and passed the half of it back to her.

"Some chips clinked on the floor and I stooped to pick them up, whin I hear-rd Tommy's voice again.

"'Here,' says he; 'do me the favor to put your fair hand on my money, for it brings luck.'

"I felt cold in me spine at the wor-rds, but the gir-rl by me side put out her hand and laid one finger on the pile of chips. And I caught wid me eye the glint of the ring on her finger. She had put it on again and lifted her veil. I looked at Tommy, but he was staring at the wheel and saw nothing. He won again, and as her hand drew back he saw the jewel. 'Twas a poor little jewel of jade, but he jumped up wid a sudden groan, tur-rned round, and, before me bould mission'ry could draw back in the crowd, he was facing her.

"'Beth!' says he in a whisper. 'What are yez doing here?'

"Nobody paid anny attintion to thim, as the play was going on; and they stood there under the bright lights, while I kept silent.

"'What are yez doing here?' he demands.

"She swallowed a little and thin said:

"'I came to bring yez luck.'

"'I must get you home right away,' says he. 'Come!' And he dragged her off. I folleyed, wid the chips in me hand.

"Whin they were once more in the street he tur-rned on her.

"'How did yez get into that place?' he demanded. 'What were yez doing in that gambling hell?'

"She shrank back at the wor-rd and I stepped forward.

"'I took her there mesilf,' I said bouldly.

"He stared at me and thin back at me brave mission'ry. I could see in his eyes that he made nothing of it all.

"'Ye brought me luck, all right!' says he bitterly and would have gone. I stopped him.

"'Would yez see Miss Sutherland go home by hersilf?' I inquired.

"'I can get there alone,' says she in a small voice, and I saw the quiver of her lips. 'I am much in your debt, Misther O'Rourke,' she tells me. 'I have seen what the wor-rld is like. Thank God! I have seen it before I have done that which would have spoiled my life.'

"'And what would that be which yez will not do now?' I demanded.

"'Marry the man—the man I—I have loved,' she whispers.

"'Yez have seen the wor-rst,' I retur-rns. 'Is it the bhoy that needs ye or the heathen that can spare yez that yez will devote your life to?'

"She looked at me bould Tommy. I saw the blue eyes of her dar-rk under the street light. He stood there wid his white face and his hear-rt on his lips. My ears caught the sound of a whisper:

"'Do yez need me, Tommy?'

"'I want you!' says he. 'And, by Hivins, I will have yez to be me wife! Niver again shall yez see these things. I shall take yez away and keep ye safe.'

"'Thin,' she whispers, 'take me. I am only a gir-rl and I cannot preach wid a broken hear-rt. Tommy, protict me!'

"'I will protict yez!' he answers gently. And he took her hand and they went away, leaving me bould Mickey to stand alone in the middle of a dar-rk wor-rld.

"I dropped the chips I still held in me hand, for there was no luck in them anny more. The woman's finger on the coin may bring yez money; 'tis the little finger on the hear-rt of a man that brings him strength."

"Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics



WHEN a merchant-tailor shows you one of the exclusive *Shackamaxon* guaranteed fabrics, you see not only a cloth of the finest texture but one that will hold its shape when the suit's finished.

Any good merchant tailor will give you correct style and fit—*Shackamaxon* will give you distinctive pattern and long wear.

You cannot get *Shackamaxon* fabrics in ready-made clothing. They are handled only by merchant tailors.

Write us for the new *Shackamaxon* fall style book and correct dress chart; also the name of a tailor near you handling *Shackamaxon* fabrics.

J R KEIM & CO

Shackamaxon Mills Philadelphia

Look for the name "*Shackamaxon*" on every yard.

"Shackamaxon" Guaranteed Fabrics



When you buy a pair of shoes

put in "N F 10" Shoe Laces and you'll never be bothered with broken laces so long as the shoes last.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

have no equal for strength and long wear, and every pair is

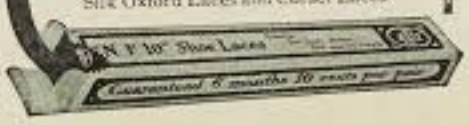
guaranteed 6 months

Finished with fast-color tips that won't come off.

10 cents per pair in black or tan—four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. At all shoe, dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. If your dealer can't supply you, we will. Write anyway for booklet showing complete line.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.,
Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Oxford Laces and Corset Laces



FREE OFFER

Any Community Silver customer can obtain *free* this Coles Phillips poster, with another in color. These posters contain no reading or advertising matter, and are printed on plate paper in a size suitable for framing.

Ask your silverware dealer to show you these pictures and to get them for you.



"Are your pink ears listening, Betty?"

"Yes indeed. Will they hear something nice?"

"Better than nice—it's true. Betty, are pearls any less lovely because they all have a grain of sand at the center?"

"No, but what of—?"

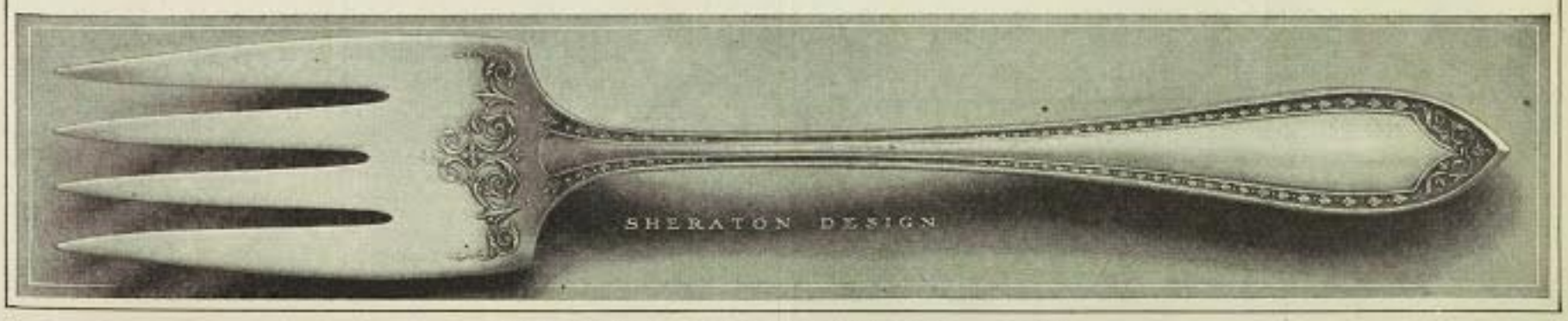
"Then how is table silver the worse for having a center of different metal?"

"Well I somehow feel—"

"Pardon me, dear, but that's just it: you only *'feel.'* If you will just stop to *reason* a little you will see that table silver is for a purpose. If it fits that purpose gracefully and completely, I'm for it. Let me read you this:

COMMUNITY SILVER

is built by overlaying solid silver upon a center of stronger, stiffer metal. Do not confuse it with ordinary 'plated' silver, for Community Silver is so specially thickened at the wearing-points, and toughened to withstand wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. *It is guaranteed for 50 years.* There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive, too. For instance, six teaspoons, $2.00."



ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

von Gal made Hats

"CORRECT STYLES FOR MEN"



are not only correct, but they confer a fine air of distinction. Styles that are recognized as always right—quality that is the finest that can be put into a hat—splendid workmanship—these unite to give the tone that is appreciated by men who know hat values.

The favor in which these hats are held is not a matter of chance, but of merit. Whether you pay $3.00, $4.00 or $5.00 for a *von Gal made Hat*, you are assured of getting the best quality that can be put into any hat at the price.

You are assured of the money's worth that only a great organization can give—assured of the styles that lead because created by the most artistic, skillful designers.

Satisfaction in the hat you wear is guaranteed to you by the dealer in *von Gal made Hats*. It must be to your liking. We stand behind him in this absolute guarantee.

Prices, $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book E, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

We are Makers of the Hawes Celebrated $3 Hat

Factories: Danbury, Conn. Niagara Falls Ontario, Canada
Straw Hat Factory: Baltimore, Md.

Hawes, von Gal INCORPORATED

Offices and Salesrooms: 1178 Broadway New York; 207 Washington Street Boston

2 for 25¢ Same price but wear twice as long 50% saved

Figure It Out

BARKER Brand Warranted Linen Collars cost you just the same price as cotton collars. But one linen collar will outwear two of the cotton kind. You save at least one half of your collar money by wearing

Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars

Unless a collar is stamped "Warranted Linen," you may be sure it is only cotton. Barker Brand are the only 2 for 25c collars stamped "Warranted Linen." Other collars at that price are cotton. If you pay the "linen price" get linen. Look for the stamp "Warranted Linen" and this trade mark. Barker Brand Warranted Linen Collars have been made in the same good old fashioned way of the only reliable collar material (sun bleached Irish Linen) for upwards of half a century. They are up to the minute in style as you can see by the new styles shown here. Most dealers can show you a style to suit you absolutely.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1 and we will send 8 collars prepaid.

Our style book is free—send a postal for it.

Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



BUSINESS HELPS

HOW a sales-manager for one of our great corporations drew victory out of defeat—for which victory he was so rapidly advanced that he shortly gained the position he now holds, that of president of the corporation, drawing one of the biggest salaries in the world—how he won his sales victory through insight, initiative, originality, insistence and persistence, all this was the story told me the other day by one of the officers of his company. The most important thing, of course, is that through the possession and use of highly desirable qualities he won his victory, but it is also important, for it is so encouraging, that he was well rewarded. And this matter of reward is one that may usually be counted on by any one who works successfully for any good company; the big men at the top are not busy in pushing down climbers but in helping them up, for they want other big men up there to help them.

This story is one of the many that point out, as some one has cleverly expressed it, that success comes in "cans not can'ts." From the first with this man it was a case of "can." And the story of how he succeeded is worth telling, not that his methods may be precisely copied, but for the sake of showing that in every case of difficulty there is some way out and that it is up to the business man to find that way—and if he is of the right caliber he will find it.

Give Them What They Want

The corporation, which is one of our greatest manufacturing concerns, had made expensive efforts to establish an export trade with the countries bordering the Mediterranean. The people of those countries were using large quantities of one class of goods that this company was making, but in spite of this fact and in spite of superiority in quality and the lower prices that the company could offer, no foothold could be gained. Germany had secured the trade by dint of long perseverance, and now successfully monopolized it.

The corporation had spent so much money and it needed the trade so badly that it was not ready to withdraw from the market and set down the cost of its efforts against profit and loss. Instead, a new sales-manager—the hero of this story—was employed. He had already proved himself a man of brain and resource in the company's service, and he was now told to take up the Mediterranean proposition. "You shall have practically unlimited power as to ways and means, but we depend upon you to secure this trade for us," was what he was told.

As a first move he made a personal tour of the countries concerned, and not only met the wholesalers but got in touch with small dealers and with many of the people. He had only a slight smattering of any foreign tongue, and most of the people he met spoke no English; so in order to get even a slight knowledge of these languages he had the hardest kind of preliminary work in studying grammar and phrase books.

Among the qualities that this sales-manager possessed was the rare one of insight into human nature, and his insight and patience and hard work led him to discover why his house had heretofore failed. It was because, as he expresses it, "the company had not offered the people what they wanted."

What he had learned was that the Mediterranean people as a class are conservative; that they abhor the strange and the unusual and the new. Germany had gained the market only through infinite tact and patience, and because of the fact that it had really offered to "fill a long-felt want," as there were no native manufacturers who could seriously offer goods of that general class. And now, here the Germans were, apparently as firmly intrenched as if they were part of the order of Nature, for the buyers—Greeks, Italians, Turks, Syrians—had become thoroughly imbued with the feeling that the goods must have a "made-in-Germany" appearance. It was absurd, but it was serious.

Then to the sales-manager came the inspiration that meant success. He adopted



Duofold Health Underwear

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton, and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature. **Duofold** gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. **Duofold** is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

Duofold Health Underwear Company
Mohawk, N. Y.



This Beautiful Staytyde Willow Plumes 21 Inches Long 20 Inches Wide Only **$9.50**

The wonderful Stay-Tyde patent process, owned by us, prevents the delicate fibres from breaking. Yet they cost you less than you pay elsewhere for ordinary willows.

Stay-Tyde Willow Plumes

18 in. long, 16 in. wide, $5.50 — 25 in. long, 22 in. wide, $12.50
21 in. long, 20 in. wide, 9.50 — 28 in. long, 24 in. wide, 15.00
28 in. long, 26 in. wide, $19.50

FRENCH CURL PLUMES

17 in. Special . . $1.95
19 " " . . 3.48
19 " ex. wide . . 5.00
20 " " " . . 7.50
22 " " " . . 10.00

We have established a world-wide reputation on our No. 401 magnificent 19-inch French Curl Plume, made of rich, glossy, best male stock, with wide, broad fibres and heavy French head. Black, white and colors. **$5.00**

Send 25c to cover express charges and we will ship any of above C. O. D. for free examination. Or send full purchase price and we will send, all charges prepaid. Money promptly refunded if for any reason you are not satisfied. **Send for free catalog** of French ex Willow Plumes, Ostrich Bands, Aigrettes and *get a complete $5.00 course* in Millinery Dyeing, Cleaning, Curling, etc.

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Extra heavy Fittings No flat bottom to which mud can settle

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The result of a continued honest effort to produce the best tanks and lavatories. Write for circular and name of nearest agent.

Eljer Co. Connellsville, Pa.

Nature "Manufactures" This Breakfast.



Choice oats grown specially on fertile farms, then cured by our own particular process—which keeps the flavor of the oats

NATIONAL OATS

—you can taste the difference

Crispy thinness—not crushed—spread the good taste all through—ready for your palate.

The baby, the boy, the girl, the grown-up, the grandparent—all like NATIONAL OATS not only for breakfast but for all day.

Cooks more readily—cooks better—and has the flavor you want and can't get in anything else.

Get a package—*the package with the ribbon and the lion*—from your grocer.

NATIONAL OATS CO.
Address: ST. LOUIS
Three Big Mills:
East St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, Peoria



SAVE $35

By sending us your order now you will do so. And you are buying a typewriter that is the latest and *best* writing machine sold. It has perfect touch, absolute alignment, quick action, back spacer, tabulator, *two-color ribbon*, universal key board, etc., and is *fully guaranteed*. The writing is visible at all times. It's mighty easy to secure—just pay

$10.00 NOW 10 CENTS A DAY



Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter

We are sending out any number of typewriters FREE OF COST to people who are earning them with very little effort. Their names will be sent upon request.

If you will do us a small service, which we will explain, we will

GIVE ONE AWAY

For full particulars of this splendid offer just write us a letter and say: "Mail Your Free Offer."

Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Established 20 Years
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

as his motto "Give them what they want!" and set to work to apply this motto to its logical conclusion.

Giving the people what they wanted did not to him mean abandoning the field to Germany. He was far too good an American and far too loyal to his house to think of anything like that. Giving them what they wanted meant to him giving them goods that a German himself would think was made in the *Vaterland!*

He carefully planned every detail of his intended campaign before putting the case before the powers at home. No longer were the products to be trim and snappy in appearance; no longer were there to be packages of machine-made accuracy. No; this man, being a sales genius, determined that the articles should be a trifle crude, squat and awkward, like those of his rivals; that they should be given a hand-made heaviness of aspect, and that they should thus be different from the regular products of his house. And in weights and quantities the German standards were to be exactly followed.

Nor was it alone the contents and sizes that were to be considered, for perhaps even more important was the outside appearance of the packages. The bag-trousered Turk and the dark-eyed Sicilian would not buy an apparently German-made product, no matter how completely the German look should be secured, if it were to be offered in a box of American trimness. It was fortunate that the sales-manager had been promised a free hand; it was fortunate also that before this he had favorably impressed some of the big men of his corporation; for his requisitions were contrary to all American ideas, all the ideas that had made his corporation so great. "It is retrogression, it is absurdity, and it will be costly retrogression and absurdity!" exclaimed some. Even the management could not fully understand the situation, but they so fully trusted the man that orders were given that his requisitions be fully honored and his instructions implicitly followed.

How Trade Sandbags Itself

Now followed some amazing scenes. In those parts of the mills where the ideas were to be carried out it seemed as if progress had stepped back for a quarter of a century or so. One part of the establishment was a huge box-making plant, where any size or kind of box could be made by machinery with absolute precision and great speed. But now, for this Mediterranean trade long rows of girls directed by forewomen sat at tables and made packets by hand, carefully folding very un-American pasteboard on wooden blocks and then, doubling over one end, securing the required form by hammering in a foreign-looking brass tack and clinching by hitting a bit of metal on the bottom of the block. Then the block would be pulled out and the box would be ready for filling and closing by hand. "The whole thing was positively droll," as it was expressed to me. "Here we were going back to the methods of the Dark Ages to get up-to-date trade!"

Armenians and Sicilians and Greeks, though they could not read German, had become accustomed to the sight of certain German hieroglyphics on their wares; but the sales-manager was ready for this point also, and had labels printed with German text on green German paper the exact size of the labels on the models, for all this work was done from models brought home from the very markets where these were to be sold.

Then when everything was ready came the task of fully impressing the salesmen with the necessity of making sales. However, thanks to this particular sales-manager, a man of fire and determination, this was not hard. He knew all about the art of selling. He told his men that now they must go out and sell, and so they went out and sold; for he had imbued them with his spirit.

"Nor do we consider it a matter of deception," said the official who told me the story. "The wholesalers knew, as a matter of course, what they were buying, and they thought more of us for the cleverness of the scheme. They were, in fact, really interested by it all. They soon saw that our quality was right and they knew our prices were advantageous, and so they bought."

The whole thing was a big success. Trade began at once; and now that corporation's dealings with the Orient—for the



This Razor Strops Itself to Head Barber Keenness

A Truthful Advertisement

TO strop the AutoStrop Razor you take the razor in hand just as if you were going to shave with it.

You slip the special strop through the top of *the razor* and under the blade. You push the handle to and fro. The blade strokes the strop, first on one side and then on the other, at exactly the barber's angle and with exactly the same feathery, nimble touch that the head barber took years to learn.

A few strokes on the strop and the AutoStrop Razor has compelled you to strop an edge as sharp as the head barber's.

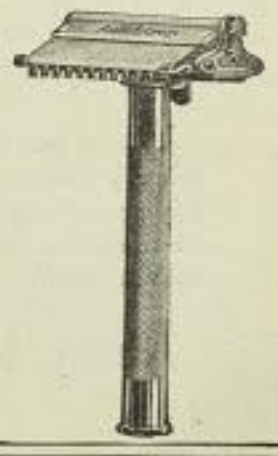
It feels like a barber's edge in shaving—like a smooth, delicately stropped barber's edge, and not like the rough, coarse, unstropped or poorly stropped shaving edge you know so well.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

Consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, twelve blades and strop in handsome case; price $5, which is your total shaving expense for years, as the stropping makes one blade often last three to six months—sometimes a year. Cheaper than a dollar razor. Other sets for sale at all dealers in both United States and Canada, $5 upwards. Factories in both countries. Send for free booklet.

If you will get an AutoStrop Razor on trial today and give it a good trial, you will be saying to your friends, "I read an AutoStrop advertisement the other day which I did not believe. I 'called' them by trying one, and I tell you it's the greatest thing I ever used. You ought to get one."

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York
400 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Canada
61 New Oxford St., London



Strops, Shaves, Cleans, Without Detaching Blade

Far Quicker, Handier than a No-Stropping Razor

Cheaper than a Dollar Razor, as the Blades Last So Long



Have Us Tailor The Real You Into Your Clothes.

Let us give you the poise and personality that only *merchant-tailored* garments can bestow—the assured air of "fitting in" indoors, outdoors, *anywhere* as the accepted equal of the best-dressed men. Let us "tape" you for

Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 *to* $45

In these *tailored-for-you* garments you can give free rein to your individuality. You can choose from an array of more than five hundred patterns—30 fashion models—a range of 15,000 American and trans-Atlantic styles. You can make your own taste and personality count in "the kind of clothes gentlemen wear," as you can't in "clothes pulled from the pile."

You order through our Authorized Representative in your town, a trained measure-taker. He "tapes" you down to the minutest fraction of an inch. We tailor the garments *personally for you*—just as carefully as your local tailor *could* and as the best metropolitan tailor *does*—we make you feel "at home" in your clothes wherever you wear them.

Go to our Representative to-day. Our seal, pictured below, is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed. If you don't know our Representative, write to us for his name and for "The Drift of Fashion," No. 6, the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

Far East was soon made their market—form one of the important parts of its business.

Only last year another American company lost heavily in its trade with China—found its trade almost wiped out, in fact, through the ill-judged enterprise of a factory superintendent. The Chinese, like the Mediterranean folk, are extremely conservative—which always means, in every country, unwillingness to have a thing done any differently, even if the new way is better—but this American house had at length established an important trade, and the pig-tailed, almond-eyed people had learned to buy freely certain packages of a certain appearance. So far it was like the Germans and the Mediterranean people—but this American house was not outgeneraled by a rival but sandbagged by itself. The factory superintendent altered the color and general appearance of the wrappings—whereupon trade dropped like a stone. The packages did not look the same and, therefore, to the suspicious Chinese they were not the same!

Foreign trade is looked upon with a good deal of doubt by a good many houses. I have heard merchants and manufacturers say that the distances are too great for profitable shipping; that there are too many adverse conditions as to debts, collections, customs, duties, length of credit, the question of foreign correspondence.

The Willing Salesman

"Why should we go abroad?" as one of them put it to me. "We have the greatest market in the world right here in our own country, with its swift and marvelous development. With the best market in the world in our possession why should we go to distant continents?"

It always seems curious to find men refusing the chance of growth. Of course our own home market is the best in the world; but why shouldn't the rest of the world be conquered also? As an astute exporter pointed out to me:

"It is not only that a house may increase its business and thereby its profits, but a concern that has established a foreign market for its output has an anchor to windward for the periodic times of stress at home. When a temporary business depression hits our country and orders fall off, then is the time we are glad that we have places where we can unload on the other side of the ocean."

After all, the greatest concerns and the biggest men are the ones that are most persistently broadening their field of activity. One cannot imagine a really big man or a really great corporation hesitating when an opportunity comes for reaching out farther, whether abroad or in our own country.

Recently two men were to be selected by an important Chicago house for positions with a branch of the concern in a city farther west, and the superintendent decided upon the two who were to be given first chance.

One had thus far made but lukewarm success, but the superintendent and he had been friends from boyhood, and the superintendent thought that, given a new opportunity, he could still make good.

"John," he said, "here's just the chance for you. Don't you want to go out to our new branch on a bigger salary?"

But John hesitated. He hesitated so long that the superintendent grew impatient. "No," came the reply at length; "no; I think not. You see, I have my home here—I've bought my little place, you know—and our friends all live here and I'm sort of settled."

"Sort of settled!" How expressive that is of the state of hosts of men who do not succeed.

Then the superintendent went briskly to the other man, who had already made quite an advance in the business.

"Brown, don't you want to go out to our new branch on a bigger salary?"

Brown answered without a moment's hesitation. "If you ask me if I want to go, I don't. It seems to me that the best chance for me is right here, at the home plant, even on a smaller salary for the present. So to the question as you put it I can only say I don't want to go." He, too, owned his own home in Chicago and had his circle of friends, and the superintendent wondered if he were going to speak of them—but he wasn't that kind of man! Instead he went on cheerfully: "But if you want me to go it's another matter. I'll be glad to do it, and can get off tonight if you want me to."



D.&P. GLOVES

The D.&P. Guarantee has no "string" to it.

A New Pair For *Every* Rip In *Any* Seam From *Any* Cause

OUR Guarantee reads:—"This pair of Gloves is sewn throughout with Belding's Prize Medal Silk and is *guaranteed not to rip*. Should they give out in the seams, return to The Dempster & Place Co., Gloversville, N. Y., with this ticket, and *a new pair of gloves will be furnished free of charge*." No time limit—no "if," "but," "yet" or "otherwise"—no ruse or "catch." Just, *a new pair*.

"FIRST-PICK" leather tanned to mellow softness; searching inspection of every part of every skin for strength, suppleness and uniformity; *accurate sizing* and the indescribable "smartness" peculiar to them make "D. & P." Gloves the proudest product of American skill.

D.&P. Gloves are made for nearly every purpose and occasion and retail for $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up, and as low as $1. If *your* dealer hasn't "D. & P." Gloves in stock, we'll send you our *Glove Book B*, that pictures and describes the leading styles and from which you can order safely and conveniently by mail.

Look for "D. & P. Make" inside the WRIST of every glove you buy.

THE DEMPSTER & PLACE CO.
Gloversville, N. Y.

Sense and Nonsense



Back to the Soil—and a Broad Back Too

Love's Cottage the First

THERE'S a wonderful cottage just over the way, with windows and porches and doors; inside there are rooms in imposing array, and hallways and closets and floors. The doors are on hinges and swing open wide whenever you want to go out—and when you are out you may go back inside by just simply turning about. The windows have glass panes to let in the light, and push up to let in the air. Indeed, it is all the most wonderful sight I think I have seen anywhere! The rooms all have walls—one, I think, on each side; and ceilings above, I declare! Each one has a floor over which you may glide just by stepping your foot right down there. I wish I were gifted with eloquence rich to tell you the sights I was shown—the glass in the windows, the rare flowers which upon the wallpaper have grown! The new-married couple that's building this place explained all its wonders to me; and I never hope in the years of life's race another such cottage to see!

THE more that I saw of this marvelous place—the more that I saw and I heard—the more my surprise must have shown in my face, the more I was startled—my word! There were closets for—can you imagine?—for clothes! To be hung upon—what think you?—hooks! Yes, hooks—to be placed there in long, even rows. Downstairs there were bookshelves for books! To enter each room was a door to walk through, that let you go in and come out. You may not believe all I say to be true, but you may believe, without doubt, Wherever you went you might walk on a floor—a truly remarkable fact on which the designers set very much store—they dwelt on the floor with much tact! And what do you think they discovered for me? A kitchen, so I was advised, for cooking things in—soup, meat, coffee and tea—a purpose I'd ne'er have surmised. And so I went on from surprise to surprise with this wedded couple, who hurled their wonders at me as I drank in with sighs this most wonderful house in the world!

THEIR floor number two could be reached in a trice, as they were delighted to show, by a quite breath-stopping, ingenious device—a staircase you walked up just so! They showed me a bathroom wherein might retire the world-weary mortal to scrub; and there they discovered for me to admire—I swear that I saw it—a tub! Still wonders on wonders before me were spread; surprise lent surprise the more zest. I saw airy chambers each laid with a bed—for sleep, so they told me, and rest! The basement, they told me, was under the place, and I thought with surprise I should drop when I learned that the attic was up a staircase and the roof of the house was on top. The porch was outside, as they showed me with glee, and the lawn was the place for the grass; and the walk laid in front, that they took me to see, was that people might pass and repass. And if you desire such a cottage as this, that well-known old firm, Groom & Bride, who live in the state of Perpetual Bliss, will show you both out and inside. They'll show you such marvels as never you saw, nor ever you will where you roam, until you are speechless with wonder and awe in that marvelous place they call Home!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Frankness Between Friends

Says Henry Smith to me one day:
"I got a few short words to say,
The which, I want it understood,
I'm tellin' you for your own good.
An' so I'll say, most free an' frank,
The way you act is something rank!
You drink too much, you smoke, you chew,
You swear like common sailors do.
You gamble, too, an' lead a life
Most aggravatin' to your wife;
An' folks is sayin' all the time
The way you carry on's a crime!
Why don't you straighten up? I would.
I'm tellin' you for your own good."

Says I to Mr. Henry Smith:
"Since we are just like kin an' kith,
An' since you told me where I fail
An' why I oughta be in jail,
I'll speak a little word or two,
Explainin' what is wrong with you;
The hull of which, it's understood,
I'm tellin' you for your own good.

"First, then," I says, "you're such a cheat,
You swindle every one you meet;
You chant your anthems in the church
An' lease your neighbor in the lurch;
You seize an' grab by force an' fraud
An' call it all the 'will ue God.'
In short, to say it brief an' quit,
You're miser, crook an' hypocrite.
You'd rob a baby if you could—
I'm tellin' you for your own good."

But Henry Smith was very queer;
He hit me just behind the ear.
"Of course," he says, "it's understood
I'm sluggin' you for your own good."

Five coppers come up in their cart
An' pried us old-time friends apart;
They took their sticks us loaded wood
An' clubbed us hard for our own good.

In court the Judge says: "Gentlemen,
Don't try to be so frank again;
Be chary of the words you speak,
Lest you be swatted on the cheek.
I fine you ten—it's understood
I'm doing it for your own good."

The moral is, don't be too frank;
It gets you nuthin' at the bank.
Just keep your thoughts beneath your hood—
I'm tellin' you for your own good.

—*Berton Braley.*



I DO NOT hesitate to award Karo the preference above any other table syrup used in my household.

As an accompaniment to waffles and griddle-cakes it deserves all that can be said in praise of it. It is as clear and as sweet as honey and richer in consistency without the cloying quality that makes honey distasteful to some, and unwholesome if eaten freely.

I have also used Karo in the preparation of puddings and gingerbread, with satisfactory results. The candies made from it are pure and delicious.

Marion Harland

Karo is known and liked by more people than any other syrup in the world. 70,000,000 cans consumed in 1910. Your grocer has Karo—two kinds—

Karo (Extra Quality) *red label*—clear as strained honey—very delicate flavor.

Karo (Golden Brown) *blue label*—full rich flavor.

Send for the Karo Cook Book—50 pages, including 30 perfect recipes for home candy making. *It's free*—just send your name on a post card today to

Corn Products Refining Co.

Dept. V New York P. O. Box 161.









The *Woman* behind the *Pocketbook* — the *Clerk* behind the *Counter* — and the *Man* behind the *Business*

Are Benefited by a National Cash Register

The merchant who has a National Cash Register makes life easier for his employees and safeguards himself.

He saves its cost many times over in the course of a year.

His help appreciate the advantage of working in a systematic establishment—clerks, cashiers and customers are spared annoyance and trouble.

The National Cash Register prints a receipt which protects everybody and eliminates disputes.

It tells how much money was paid, to whom and when.

A cash register store is always a better-managed store.

Method holds down losses and therefore prices.

It will pay you to investigate.

Over One Million Have Been Sold

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

"Get a Receipt"

"Get a Receipt"



Sweetmeats of Wholesome Nourishment

Imagine a rich but delicate crust of Educator Entire Wheat Flour shortened with the finest table butter.

Cooked within are the highest quality Sultana Carabuna Raisins,—(not currants)—specially cured—and washed to absolute purity.

This is the *Fruited Educator,* one of many varieties of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Economy

Fruited Educators are wholesome sweetmeats—a treat for yourself—a nutritious delight for your children.

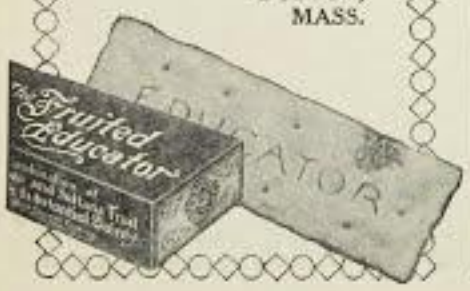
Delicious—satisfying—economical.

Pure and good as if made under your own direction in your own good kitchen.

Ask Your Dealer

If he cannot supply you order from us direct. Anyway send us ten cents in stamps for trial package of *Fruited Educators,* and mention your dealer's name, if you please.

Johnson Educator Food Co.
27 Batterymarch Street,
BOSTON,
MASS.



PROPHET HOBSON

THERE are Congressmen who heard Richmond P. Hobson speak on his favorite topic—war—last winter—a good many of them, notwithstanding the political revolution at the polls in November. Of these men, there are several who gave close attention to Captain Hobson and who say he predicted war between Japan and the United States within ten months.

It is quite likely these men are mistaken, for Captain Hobson's speech, as printed in the Record, does not say we shall be at war with Japan in ten months. Instead, it says we shall be at war with Japan in twenty months. Though it is true the captain withheld his speech for revision for eight days—it was delivered on the twentieth of February and occupied the front-page position in the Record on February twenty-eighth—it seems improbable the captain would seek to modify so important a prediction or give his prophecy a better chance and a longer life by doubling the estimate of months that, in his opinion, will elapse before we grapple with the Japanese. Of course he had the opportunity. One can do much with a speech, in the way of revising and toning down, in eight days; but it seems incredible that the captain, being fully conversant with the weakness of America and the imminence of war, would have made an unconsidered statement concerning that imminence even in the heat of debate, or, having made such a statement, would try to let himself down easily by changing it when revising his speech.

At any rate, the speech, as officially printed, must be held to be the speech as officially delivered—and in the Record the captain says twenty months, rather awkwardly, to be sure, but none the less certainly to those who possess enough skill in numbers to count the fingers and to those who have the usual complement of fingers to count.

Proceeding eloquently on February twentieth—as printed on the twenty-eighth—the captain was addressing himself to the naval appropriation bill and pleading for more battleships. His irreducible minimum was four. He hoped there would be a dozen and he would have liked a hundred. After he had talked a page and a few lines over he said: "It is high time we should consider what we shall do when this nation is struck. Members may differ with me as to when that day may come—I will tell you frankly that, in my judgment, you can count almost on the fingers of your two hands twice around the number of months. In my judgment it will come before the Panama Canal is completed; but, whether you accept my opinion or not, whether we agree as to the date, that time is going to come."

"Does the gentleman mean to say that a war is a visible certainty?" asked Representative Driscoll, of New York.

"Yes, I say so," Captain Hobson replied; "and it cannot be very far off."

The War is Canned, on Ice

Until this time the captain had not named the country with which we are to be at war in twenty months; but, a few minutes later, Representative O'Connell, of Massachusetts, brought out that information.

"Do I understand the gentleman to say that he thinks we shall have a war within twenty months with some great nation?" asked O'Connell. "What great nation is preparing for war to strike us within twenty months?"

The captain turned to the Representative from Massachusetts and extended his hands. "I know the gentleman would like for me to say Japan and I will be glad to tell him so."

There it was—the bald prediction that we shall be at war with Japan in twenty months.

"I would like to know," pressed O'Connell. "Does it not take a long time to prepare for war with a great nation that is separated by an ocean?"

I presume you have heard Hobson talk. Almost everybody has; for, since he returned as the hero of the Merrimac, he has spoken on about every rostrum the country affords. The captain is an orator.

Well, he was at his best at the moment he named Japan. He paused and listened to O'Connell's second question and then he answered that—answered it to a fare-you-well in these ringing words:

"I am frank about this," he said. "I am speaking the truth as I see it. The truth is the only thing a man can stand on in this world. When he feels he has found the truth he can stand there through the wreck of worlds. I will tell him the truth. Ever since this nation went into the Hawaiian Islands and the Japanese nation served notice they would never acquiesce; ever since 1898, when we went into the Philippines and Japan asked us to let her go in there with us, and we refused; ever since her citizens have come to this country in great numbers and our people, following the natural law of segregation of races, have not given them the treatment they thought they ought to have—they have been preparing for war. Preparations have gone on in every department. If the gentleman will take the pains to look at it—whether for the army or the navy, whether for the merchant marine and the transportation, whether for the finances or diplomacy—he will find the war is already prepared for and has been for a number of months."

Ante-bellum Financing

"Do you think all the Japanese on our Western coast are in preparation for war in conjunction with their Government?" asked O'Connell.

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," asserted Hobson; "and no one can have who is familiar with the Japanese in foreign lands. He is a Japanese there and he is doing the functions of his Government there. If his Government is preparing for war he is coöperating."

That seemed to settle all but the financial part of it, and Representative Gaines asked about that end of it. "Does the gentleman believe that Japan could today, or that she can at any time in the near future, finance a war with the United States?" asked Gaines.

"Ah," said Hobson, "I will tell the gentleman that Japan has been the one nation in the world with acuteness and ability to finance a war before it comes. Japan is hard up now because the war is already financed."

So here we are, face to face with a war with Japan, coming on or before October twentieth, 1912, which falls on a Sunday.

Continuing, the captain told, in a masterly manner and with great declamatory effect, just what will happen to us. He showed how Japan will either seize the Panama Canal or put it out of commission in case the war does not occur until after the canal is finished—which, according to the captain's idea, it will. As it will be necessary to have the war in the Pacific, our fleet will have to get to the Pacific, but not around the Horn. That would be utter folly, the captain thinks; so our first problem will be to go and retake the Panama Canal. If it is not completed we must complete it. If it has been destroyed we must repair it. Our first effort will be to create an efficient army; for it is in Panama we can only hope for success, as the Japanese will have control of the Pacific. This will take several years.

Then the Philippines will be under the control of the Japanese; and Hawaii, Guam, Samoa, the Aleutian Islands, Alaska, Panama, San Francisco, the Puget Sound region and the whole Pacific Coast will be occupied by the enemy, without serious opposition on our part. This will be humiliating, but the nation must stand it, leave the Pacific Coast and Ocean to their fate and regain the Panama Canal. This will involve sending three or four hundred thousand men and spending sixty million dollars for transports. We must create regular soldiers, build transports and warships—ten warships a year—and, after a few years, whip 'em if we can. If we get whipped we must do it all over again. When we finally regain Panama the enemy will retire from the Pacific Coast, but gaining Panama will be only the first step in the war, already several years long. Regaining the control of the sea in the Pacific will be the second step. That will take a few more years.

Having thus cut off the enemy's communication with home, we shall send an army across the continent and, if the enemy has not retired by this time, drive him into



The young fellow who commands attention, respect and influence is attired in clothes modeled to suit his individuality.

THE L SYSTEM Clothes

are the ultimate result of an endless study of the individual requirements of young men—their character, physique, and individuality.

The models and fabrics for this season are handsome and superbly tailored, and can be seen at **The L System** merchant's exclusively.

Send 2c for Style Magazine; 24c for set of Posters in colors.

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RALSTON
SHOES

Wear Up-to-the-Minute Shoes

When we say that Ralston styles are "up-to-the-minute" we do not mean that they are *all* extremes. There are plenty of the breezy, daring shapes which appeal to young men, and also many models that are popular with the more conservative dresser. You're sure to be suited, whatever your taste.

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the sea. Up to this time it will be best to submit to the entire occupation of the Pacific Coast. Then the Japanese will fall back on Hawaii and make a great stand there. We shall be obliged to retake Hawaii. There will be a long siege at Pearl Harbor. This will be the third stage; and then we shall be in position to do some harm to the enemy at the end of five or six years. The next thing will be to retake Guam, make a dash across Korea, capture Japan and end it.

As we are unprepared, it will go mighty hard with us for the first eight or ten years; but we shall win out eventually, not only if Japan tackles us but also if any other nation takes us on. When we come back from this war, the captain thinks, we can lay down our arms for good; so he isn't averse to it, being, at heart, a peace propagandist and thinking the only way we can get lasting peace is to fight for it. The captain, notwithstanding his gloomy outlook for a ten-years' war, is hopeful so far as the ultimate result is concerned. No matter whether the challenge comes from Asia or from Europe, the nation that makes it will rue it, he concluded.

Now that was in February, 1911; but it must not be thought the captain was prophesying on a sudden impulse. He had made the same prophecies before many times, both in Congress and on the rostrum, although he never was quite so definite in Congress. Outside he was much more definite. On April 11, 1908, he had a few words—about five pages in the Record—to say on the same subject in a general way; and on March 29, 1910, he also spoke in a similar strain, each time urging more battleships. In this speech he pointed out how Germany can land one hundred thousand men on Long Island and in New Jersey in two weeks from the time of starting and seize Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York without serious resistance.

In his minority report on the naval appropriation bill, dated April 6, 1908, the captain, urging more battleships and being the only signer of the report—a minority of one—put out this startling paragraph:

"Our proper investigation of the question of national defense involves the consideration of the possibility of a war with Great Britain and Japan combined, a war in which our flag would be wiped from the sea and in which the hordes of India and China, as well as Japan, could be thrown on our shores."

Some Early Prophecies

The continuity and enthusiasm of the captain in this sort of prophecy was well described by himself in his speech of April 11, 1908, when he said: "I have gone tirelessly about the land night and day just pleading for peace, because I see the war-clouds are gathering—clouds that would bring not only war between nations of the white race, but a great war between the races of the world!"—and for this reason he urged four battleships. It is quite true.

Whereupon these questions inevitably arise:

What credence shall we place in the predictions of Captain Hobson?

How has he qualified as a prophet?

Why should we accept his statement that we shall be at war with Japan within twenty months?

The captain had an essay in number two, of volume twenty-one, of the Proceedings of the Naval Institute of the United States, published at Annapolis in 1895. That essay was entitled: A Summary of the Situation and Outlook in Europe—An Introduction to the Study of Coming War. This essay received honorable mention in the year 1895, at which time the captain was twenty-five years old, an assistant naval constructor in our navy and, as shall be shown, pretty hefty as a prophet.

He started with the flat statement that Europe, from the beginning of its history, has been the world's great battlefield, which was his opening paragraph. After five lines proving this, he hopped right into prophecy—as follows: "A bitterness now exists between the principal Western nations that has but few parallels in history; and never has invasion been so formidable as now, when the Slavonic wave of mountain-like proportions is sweeping westward."

This was in 1895, you understand—and there was great promise of war. After telling why and how the nations were well prepared—except that Russia was not so well fixed as the rest and that alliances were already in course of arrangement — the



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captain said: "It only remains for diplomatic strategy to decide the moment. No fact is so universally accepted abroad as the imminence, the very presence, of war. It is a living actuality; not only every man in the armies and navies of the great Powers expects to take part personally but every individual with any hold on life expects to be a witness."

Particularizing a little, he continued: "This imminent war bids fair to involve all of the six great nations of Europe, a population of about three hundred and twenty-four millions, of which about seventy-four millions are capable of bearing arms, possessing over two million tons of war vessels afloat. . . . The war will be on a scale incomparably greater than any in the world's history."

Primarily, the issue was to be the rivalry between nations, but that was not all. The Slavonic race was surging westward; prudent foresight had led Russia to cultivate an alliance with France, and Russia purposed to drive her wedge home when France attacked the other nations; and the crux of it was that the perpetuation or the overthrow of the British Empire and of the central continental Powers—also the heritage of European soil—were all mixed in it. The United States was expected to remain neutral and reap great benefits from the expenditures of the contending parties as well as fall heir to a vast shipping tonnage and worldwide commerce.

Two or three pages farther along we find how it was to be arranged. It seemed simple. As the captain explained: "Russia, with her ambition for expansion, is checked in Southeastern Europe and in Asia by Great Britain. French ambition in North Africa and Asia is also checked by Great Britain"—and the French hate the English like the deuce. Also, the captain showed: "The Russian frontier presses hard on Germany and Austria-Hungary. The German frontier presses hard against France. Toward the German and in particular toward the Prussian the Frenchman has a bitter, inherited hatred, fanned to white heat by shame at recent defeat. Thus Russia, with insatiable ambition, and France, with ambition and passion, are in complete accord and form a natural alliance for aggression against Great Britain and Germany, who would naturally be allied in defense." In short, the dual alliance of Russia and France was drawn up for aggression before two distinct enemies—Great Britain and the triple alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy.

It is shown that the alliance of France and Russia, in attempting to defeat the triple alliance, would have to defeat Great Britain also, for Great Britain would never allow the dual alliance to whip the triple alliance without stepping in and taking a hand. Also, it was likely that Italy would quit, and this would force Great Britain to join with Germany and Austria. The right thing to do, the captain pointed out, was for France and Russia to whip Great Britain on the sea and then go to it and garner Germany and Austria and the rest. Also, "Egypt and India would fall like ripened fruit, almost without a struggle; and Europe, Asia and Africa would be at the feet of the conquerors."

Beauty-Doctoring Three Continents

The captain skillfully analyzed the naval strength of the various countries to be involved, and showed that though Great Britain predominated then, in 1895, the preponderance both in quantity and superiority of quality would pass over by 1896-7 to the fleets of the dual alliance, France and Russia. "Every indication," he said, "points to her enemies' seizing this unhappy moment to make the attack. It should be made before the expiration of the treaty compact of the triple alliance in 1897 in order to assure Great Britain's being left alone. There is no doubt that France and Russia both appreciate the situation. The extraordinary activity in the shipyards of both countries has undoubtedly one common, concerted object—to enable the alliance to seize the rare opportunity which both Powers have vainly longed for."

Great Britain having been defeated on the sea, as predicted by the captain, the next step was to be the conquest of the central continental Powers. The triple alliance was to be smashed by making Italy's financial burdens intolerable through the manipulations of French financiers. It was sure Italy would withdraw to isolation. France and Russia would then force Italy to join them, and Germany and Austria-Hungary would be taken out of hand. This was to be a land struggle. It was to be easy, too, for two million men from France, Russia and Italy would come in on Germany and Austria from every side and grab them.

After this the soldiers of Russia and France and their ally, Italy, were to have easy picking. The conquests beyond Europe would be practically achieved. "No serious opposition could be made," the captain pointed out. "They could be taken possession of at their leisure. The day France and Russia, after the British overthrow, look up from the battlefields of Austro-German defeat they will see their frontiers start on the march across Southeastern Europe—into Africa and into Asia. There will be no serious obstacle in this march toward the circumference of the three continents—not even the walls of China or the deserts of Africa. The conquering Powers would control the Eastern Hemisphere."

Some further argument and prediction prove that the six nations concerned will form themselves into two triple alliances—France, Russia and Italy for aggression; Germany, Austria-Hungary and Great Britain for defense. The aggressive alliance would have one hundred thousand excess of warship tonnage, according to the figures of the captain, and three million six hundred thousand men in excess as soldiers. "Signing the new aggressive alliance would be the bugle-call for war," he says. "Europe would be seized with convulsions. Three nations would be ingulfed in one great upheaval. Germany and Austria-Hungary would no longer be seen on the map; the British Empire would belong to past history."

The captain says the "natural plans of the alliance between Russia and France are stupendous, defying almost imagination itself. Its possibilities are fairly boundless, covering a hemisphere. If fully realized they will change the face of three continents."

How Russia Swept On

Having shown how the war would be won in 1896-7, the captain took a further shy at prophecy and divided the spoils. He said France does not care for colonial possessions and would be content with a slice of German territory, while "Russia is steadily expanding at a rate not approached by Rome when she was advancing to her conquest of the world." Inasmuch as France fought for revenge and Russia for ambition, looking for the extension of Slavic sway, Russia would fall heir to vast territory on two and probably three continents.

As for stopping this war, there was no hope. "To check this somber, onward rush of events there are no means on which much hope can be placed," the captain pointed out, in conclusion. There was nothing to it. The thing must go on to its inevitable consequences. Germany, Austria-Hungary and Great Britain were all to be wiped from the map. Russia was to own everything. It was certain and imminent.

It requires only a cursory knowledge of history since 1895 to prove the captain's skill as a prophet of war. Everybody knows how Russia and France grabbed the entire Eastern Hemisphere in the great war of 1896 and 1897. Everybody saw Russia sweep on to victory after victory, especially with Japan. And, having foretold this cataclysmic upheaval, the captain has turned again to prophecy, with the United States and Japan as the subjects of his foresight. Therefore, beware!

He is no piker as a prophet, as has been shown. He prophesies on a broad scale. It is much easier for him to foretell a war that is to last ten years than one that is to last six months, and one that is to change the face of a hemisphere than one that is to slice a bit off a principality. He performs along broad lines.

Sometimes, though—but a story: At a dinner in Washington, Hobson was a guest. Everybody spoke, including Hobson, who told how war with Japan is inevitable. Just as he had reached his highest flight of eloquence on this thrilling subject, a statesman who had retired to a sofa in an adjoining room for a period of rest and contemplation came into the room and listened for a moment.

Then he stepped over to Hobson, patted him on the shoulder and said: "Thash all ri', Hobby, m' boy; thash all ri'. You shunk th' shipsh all ri'; but you didn't shink her in th' ri' plash."

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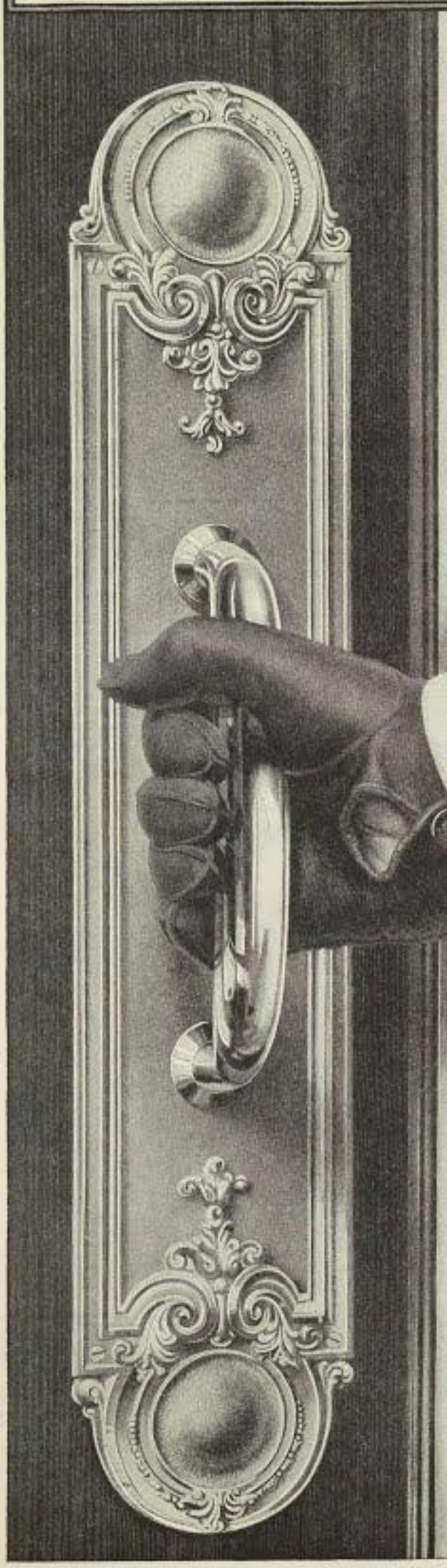
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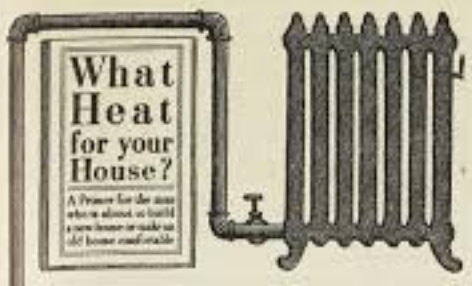
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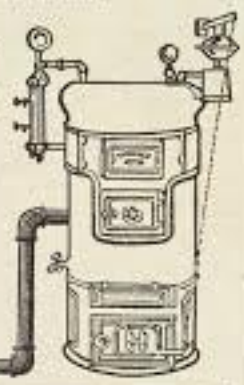
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The rocks which, through their decomposition under the action of the elements, contribute potash to the soil are mostly feldspars. In the feldspars the precious substance is combined with soda, lime, aluminum and silica. When in Nature rocks of this kind decay, the potash is set free in the form of soluble salts; and, the soda and lime being likewise washed out, beds of white "kaolin"—silicate of aluminum—are left behind. In Georgia there are whole mountains of kaolin, which, as everybody knows, is the basis of our porcelain manufactures.

One plainly sees, then, how Nature produces potash for the use of plants. It is of necessity a very slow process. What is needed is a method by which the same thing can be done quickly, even though on a relatively small scale. There is hardly a doubt that, before long, such a method will be developed. Already, indeed, the thing has been experimentally accomplished in the laboratory, and the chemical and electrical processes employed for the purpose furnish a basis upon which patents are sought by two scientific inventors of high reputation.

Feldspars are usually more or less mixed up with other rockstuffs. Thus granite rocks consist of feldspar, quartz and a little mica, in varying proportions. Dr. Allerton S. Cushman—one of the two above-mentioned inventors—says that granite often contains as much as five per cent of potash. Reckoned on this basis, in one cubic foot of granite—weighing one hundred and seventy pounds—there would be eight and a half pounds of potash. A quarry of such rock one hundred feet square and one hundred feet deep would contain eight million five hundred thousand pounds of potash. Evidently, then, Nature offers a limitless supply of the raw material, the problem being merely to separate it out economically.

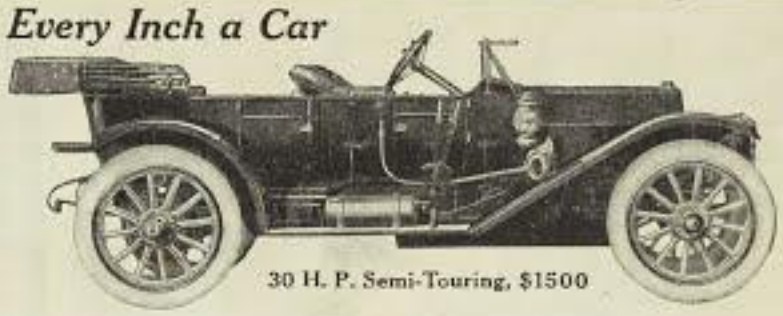
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When this air gets warm from the heat of your body, it begins to expand. Like expanding steam this air pushes out where it can. So it pushes out through the feed tube and pushes the ink out ahead of it, smearing ink over the writing end of the pen.

Until George S. Parker of Janesville, Wisconsin, invented the "Lucky Curve," no fountain pen manufacturer was able to abolish finger smearing.

Mr. Parker simply curved the back end of the feed tube over against the wall of the fountain pen barrel. The touching of the end of the curved tube against the wall causes a quick and powerful suction which draws all the ink out of the feed tube down into the reservoir every time you place your Parker in your pocket. Thus the expanding air finds no ink to push out.

The "Lucky Curve" suction is created by capillary attraction, that wonderful trait of nature which causes a flower stem to suck water, or a lamp wick to draw oil.

There's never a hitch or skip in flow of ink from a Parker Pen. Made plain, or with gold or silver mounting. Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens, $1.50 to $250.00, according to size, style and ornamentation. Self-filling and Safety styles, $2.50 and upwards.

The Parker Fountain Pen also has the only clip that recedes out of the way, when you slip the cap off to write.

Get a Parker Fountain Pen today before you forget it. If it isn't satisfactory, return it and get your money refunded. Don't hesitate to return it. We protect Dealer by contract.

If dealer doesn't keep them, send us his name, and we'll send you our artistically printed catalogue and fill your order direct. Address

Parker Pen Company, 90 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin
New York Retail store, 11 Park Row, opposite Post Office.



Style 51
Price $5.00



Fill Parker feed tube with ink, touch curved end to barrel wall as in picture; watch the ink scoot down, proving thereby that the Parker Pen won't leak.

PARKER LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN



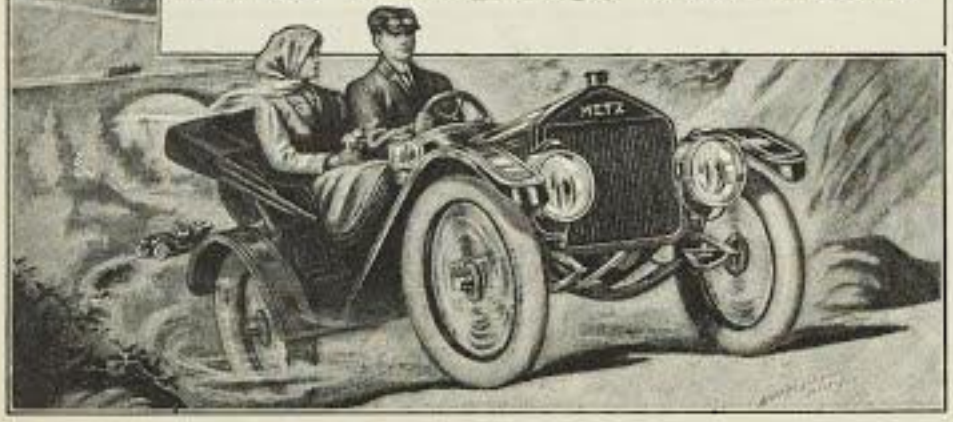
$1000 CASH REWARD

will be paid to the first person in any locality in the United States who will show us a hill on any Traveled highway which the METZ "Twenty-Two" cannot climb.

RUNABOUT $600. 4 CYLINDER, WATER-COOLED BOSCH MAGNETO 22 HORSE POWER

Write for Catalogue "E" and full information

Metz Company, Waltham, Mass.



but not in any receptacle; and five one-pound prints, prepared in the same way, were exposed to the temperature of an ordinary living room.

As a result, at the end of six months the butter in the wooden case had lost nothing at all of its weight. The butter in the tub had lost three and a half pounds, owing to evaporation of water soaking out of it through the wood. The unpacked prints in cold storage lost nearly half an ounce apiece; and the prints exposed to ordinary temperature lost nearly an ounce apiece.

Thus it appears that butter packed in tubs loses a considerable fraction of its weight—a matter of some importance to dealers who hold it in stock for any length of time. Butter in cases, on the other hand, suffers no loss at all; and the paraffin-wrapped prints, though subject to a slight evaporation, do not lose enough after being taken out of the case to cause any anxiety to the retailer, inasmuch as they are so quickly sold.

The question of water content is of great importance in both butter making and bread making. A skilled butterman tries to produce butter which shall contain as much water as possible, up to the legal limit of sixteen per cent. The baker values flour in proportion to its ability to absorb water and at the same time produce a desirable loaf. Hence it appears that the butter problem and the bread problem are always incidentally water problems.

Return of the Hot-Air Balloon

THE hot-air balloon seems to be coming back. Half a dozen inventors here and abroad have recently patented contrivances of the sort for aerial navigation; and in France a society has been organized for the special purpose of developing what it calls the "twentieth century Montgolfier."

In such aerial vessels air, heated by small furnaces or other suitable means on board, is employed as a lifting agent; and thus the same mixture of gases in which the craft floats aloft is, at a higher temperature, relied upon to raise and sustain it.

Some of these machines attempt very ingeniously to combine the principle of the balloon with that of the aeroplane. For instance, a Jersey City man has patented a dirigible hot-air "aeronef," as he calls it, which has for the most important feature of its construction a double-deck aeroplane—the upper plane being made of two sheets of balloon fabric, so put together as to be inflatable.

This aircraft is capable of traveling on water or land. Its body is a non-sinkable power boat of aluminum, packed at bow and stern with cork, and is provided with wheels which, when not in use, can be folded in such a manner as to be out of the way.

From this body springs a light steel framework which supports the double aeroplane already mentioned. In the middle of the boat is a petroleum motor, with an air-heating chamber, from which a pipe extends directly upward to the interior of the balloon plane—so to call the inflatable plane—being connected therewith by a short hose.

Five pairs of "beating wings," actuated by a walking-beam arrangement so as to imitate the flapping of a rapid-flying bird, help the "aeronef" to ascend. For this purpose, however, dependence is had chiefly upon the hot air from the aforementioned air-heating chamber which, rising through the vertical pipe, transforms the upper plane into a balloon. Driving power, of course, is provided by a propeller.

Meanwhile a Chicago man has taken out a patent for a hot-air skycraft provided with a hemispherical balloon, which has for its bottom or flat side a horizontal floor of wood. This floor, upon which the inflatable hemisphere rests, affords a rigid plane surface to assist flotation when the airship is moving rapidly.

Suspended from this odd-shaped balloon by steel rods is the car body, in the bottom of which are three large alcohol lamps, inclosed in metal tubes that extend vertically upward into the balloon. These lamps produce the hot air, which the metal tubes or chimneys convey for the inflation of the balloon.

In the operation of this remarkable craft the alcohol lamps are first lighted and, as the heated air rises through the chimney and enters the balloon, the buoyancy gradually increases until the machine is elevated into the air. Then the engines are started and, as the propellers—front and rear—are rotated, the vessel is driven forward.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Tans are correct—the proper shades and shapes in "Natural Shape" lasts are shown in variety by Florsheim dealers.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.

The Scoop Button
Any leather



Are we foolish to go to Russia for bristles?

Time will tell—when you use the brush.

Wonder why we send that far, don't you? Well, just run your thumb along a Brisco-Kleanwell. The bristles don't prick nor crack, do they? They bend. And then they spring back. It's funny but we can't find bristles like that any nearer home.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

Sold by accommodating shops
Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS



Makes Every Man An Expert
No Experience Necessary
Guaranteed For Life

New patented Automatic Razor Stropper. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quick for terms, prices and territory.
A. Brandt Cutlery Co., 84 W. Broadway, N.Y.

Story-Writing and JOURNALISM taught by mail: MSS. revised and sold on commission. Send for free booklet, "*Writing for Profit*"; tells how; gives proof.
The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis

Why I no longer make Rigoletto Cigars in Havana

I made Rigoletto Cigars in Havana for 3 years.

Why did I move my factory from Havana to Tampa, and 4 years later from Tampa to Cleveland, where I am now making the Rigoletto Cigar better than ever it was?

These are facts, Mr. Smoker, that will clear up for you some things that now seem strange. They will change some notions you may have. They will give you a new insight to the cigar-making industry. They will help you settle on a cigar that will give you the very utmost smoking value for your money.

I began to manufacture Rigoletto Cigars in Havana in 1903. I used the choicest tobacco that the island produced, and made the very best cigars that could be put together. They were sold in the best clubs and hotels and by the best trade in England, Russia, Australia, Germany, Belgium, Canada and United States. They proved particularly pleasing to the taste of the American smoking public. But under our tariff system, the proposition of making cigars in Havana and selling them in the United States seemed to me impossible.

A cigar that costs 10 cents in Havana must be sold for 25 cents in this country to make a profit. The duty on the average size cigar amounts to $5.40 per hundred. Then there is an ad valorem duty of $2.50 more, so that the actual duty on the average imported cigar amounts to $7.90 per hundred. Add to this the freight, the handling cost, the dealer's profit and other expenses.

Now what does it cost to bring over the tobacco and make the cigars here? The tariff on raw material is only about ten per cent of the finished product. This makes it about 79 cents on 100 cigars. On the average cigar I save you more than $7.00 on every hundred.

There are no arguments to offset these facts. Raw material does not deteriorate in shipment. In fact, Havana tobacco in bales retains more of its aroma than in made-up cigars.



This is a solid, substantial humidor, that you will be proud to keep on your library table. It is hand-rubbed to a piano finish in a rich mahogany color. It has a brass name plate, lock and key, lined with metal throughout, with perforated, removable moisture pads. Only one humidor will be sent to a person. Read my offer carefully.



This is the actual size of these cigars

I pay more today for the tobacco in Rigoletto Cigars than I ever did in Havana when my cigars sold up to a dollar at retail. I am using better tobacco. I am making a better cigar in every respect. The cigars are wrapped better. It would be impossible to use finer tobacco than I put into the Rigoletto.

Why can I sell the Rigoletto Cigar for 10 cents? The first great reason is because I import the raw material and make the cigar in this country. There are other reasons:

After leaving Havana I made the Rigoletto Cigar in Tampa for 4 years. But manufacturing conditions there were so wasteful of material, time and product, that I found it impossible to make as good a cigar as I wished, to be sold at a fair price. Now I have avoided these conditions. I have a big, well-lighted factory on the shore of Lake Erie, with as good a class of skilled labor as you can find in all of Cuba or Florida. The conditions for manufacturing are ideal.

I will tell you more of that later in these pages. I will give you facts that will amaze you. But right now, I want to tell you more about the Rigoletto Cigar. ***The Rigoletto is made of the best tobacco.*** I select the tobacco myself. I am determined that every Rigoletto Cigar shall be of a quality to please you, Mr. Smoker, and make you want to smoke another of the same brand. That is why I am so careful to select only the best material. I pay the highest price in order to get it. I select tobacco only that has a perfect aroma, and that will make up into smooth, even-burning cigars. No better cigar can be rolled than the Rigoletto. Every cigar burns evenly and smoothly.

The Rigoletto is made in 4 shapes of standard size, the shapes which 99 out of every 100 men prefer. When I made the Rigoletto in Havana and Tampa, I made 40 or 50 different shapes, and that is another manner in which I have cut down the cost of production, in order to give you better goods. The shapes in which the Rigoletto now comes are the ***Perfecto Extra, Club House, Panetela and Elegante.***



This is a handsome case of seal leather with top that folds over and slips under a leather band. It is stiff and protects the cigars against breakage. Holds five cigars. Only one of these cases can be sent to any one person. Read my offer carefully.

Here is my remarkable quick-acquaintance offer

I will never do a mail order business with the Rigoletto Cigar. It will be sold only through dealers.

But to introduce the cigar quickly to people who are not acquainted with it, I make you this offer:

Send $1 with the name of your dealer and I will send you a box of 10 cigars, any one of the four sizes that retail at 10c each, and a handsome seal leather cigar case as shown above. Your name will be stamped on the case in gold. This case alone would sell at retail for a dollar or more.

Send $5 with the name of your dealer and I will send you, express prepaid, a box of 50 cigars and a beautiful, mahogany-finished humidor with brass name plate bearing your initials, lock and key. For this humidor at retail you would pay $3 or $4. This offer is good in United States only.

Understand, Gentlemen, I can never sell you more than one box of cigars on these conditions. In the future you must buy entirely from dealers. Your dealer will be glad to stock and sell Rigolettos.

In ordering, be sure to give the name of your dealer, and specify shape and color of the cigars you want (light, medium or dark).

E. A. Kline

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $____ for which you will please send me ____ cigars and cigar (case) Shape ____ (humidor) Color ____ fully prepaid.

My dealer's name is ____

Address ____

My name is ____

Address ____

Notice to Dealers

As soon as your customers get acquainted with Rigoletto Cigars they will want them and want them quickly. No person can get more than one box from us direct. Then they will have to go to you. We advise you to get your supply at once through your regular channel or direct from us. There will be a big and steady demand.

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER HEELS



give you all the advantages of ordinary rubber heels, and in addition *keep you from slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements.

Note the Patented Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes. It not only prevents slipping but makes *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind.

Insist on *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*—the name is easy to remember. And they cost no more than the ordinary kind.



THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING



THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

ALL DEALERS 50c ATTACHED

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

Free

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

Free

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

Foster Rubber Company
105 Federal Street, BOSTON, MASS.



Made from Choicest Honey

This is Nougat Season

Nougat! Yes, delicious Honey Nougat, chock-full of green pistachio and almond nuts, wrapped in wax paper, done up in tinfoil and packed in a long yellow box.

Same quality as the Johnston Chocolates. Price 40 and 50 cents, at all better dealers.

If your dealer cannot supply you, this package will be sent prepaid upon receipt of stamps or money order.

Johnston's
MILWAUKEE

Sample Box

For five 2c stamps, to cover postage and packing, we will send to your address a generous sample of any of the Johnston favorites.

(43)

Dirt in Food

By RENÉ BACHE

HOW much dirt is the average person obliged to eat in the course of a year? This question has recently been the subject of very serious study. Its intimate connection with human health is obvious, for dirty food carries germs, many of which are disease-producers.

Investigations both in this country and abroad have proved that nearly all foods contain more or less dirt. They are contaminated by careless handling and frequently by exposure on stalls or in open windows to the filthy dust of the street. It is reckoned that, at a low estimate, from fifty to one hundred pounds of dirt are deposited on the average stall or unprotected shop window in a twelvemonth.

Sugar, as commonly sold in grocery stores, is found to contain an average of five grains of dirt to the pound, such impurity consisting of sawdust, sand, fibers from the sacks and the ordinary dust of the shop and street.

Dried fruits are remarkably "rich" in foreign matter. In one series of experiments dates yielded nearly six grains of dirt to the pound. Currants were worst, containing ninety grains—largely stalks. The investigator in this case says that perhaps it is hardly fair to call stalks dirt, but they are "certainly useless as food and are very unpleasant to come across in cakes and puddings."

Meats on stalls, especially those outside of shops, are fingered by the buyer before he or she finally decides on the purchase. The customer's hands are often far from clean and possibly not free from pathogenic germs.

What is Dirt?

Children particularly are subject to intestinal worms, which are the cause of much ill health. They come as a result of eating dirty food that carries the eggs of these parasites. Just now in the District of Columbia a raid is being made upon venders of candies and cakes whose merchandise, exposed to flies without protection by glass or mosquito netting, is believed to scatter broadcast among children cholera morbus and other such complaints.

In nearly every market there are stalls on which bread and cakes are exposed for sale without covering. In the neighborhood of a market there are always stables, in which flies are hatched by myriads. The flies swarm in the market and crawl over the cakes, the pastry and the bread, which are soon covered with myriads of disease-producing germs.

But this is not a discussion of the fly and the troubles it causes. Leaving it aside, there remains the fact that in the process of handling and selling often as little care is taken of a loaf of bread as of a head of cabbage. But the latter has this point in its favor, that it is washed and cooked before being eaten. The London Punch remarked ironically the other day: "One great advantage of the new whole-wheat bread seems to have escaped the notice of the general public. Owing to its dark complexion it does not show fingermarks."

In order to obtain some idea of the amount of dirt in the form of dust deposited on foods in open shop windows and on stalls and venders' handcarts, glass saucers containing distilled water were exposed for eight hours in such situations. The dirt collected in each saucer varied from three-fourths of a grain to two and a quarter grains.

Now of what did this dirt—derived mainly from the blown dust of the street—consist? Microscopic examination showed that it was chiefly made up of particles of sand, bits of straw, hairs, threads of wool and cotton, soot, decaying animal and vegetable matter, finely powdered horse manure, sputum from human beings and innumerable micro-organisms.

The air, especially in crowded districts of large cities, may contain a great variety of bacteria, both disease-producing and harmless. But the dust of streets is always loaded with indescribable filth. The fact seems obvious enough, yet it is only recently that the health authorities of our cities have come to realize it. A newly adopted paragraph in the sanitary code of New York says:

"No breadstuffs, cake, pastry, sliced fresh fruits, dried or preserved fruits,

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"Better Baking"

for North—East—West—South

A little flour booklet—may we send it to you free?

Not a recipe book, but a book about *better* flour—how it's better—why it's better—and the proof.

Occident Flour is the utmost in the milling art. Made from top market priced Northern Premium Wheat, tested by Chemists for food values, by Expert Bakers, daily, for perfect oven results.

Occident Flour is good enough to carry our Money-back Guarantee for better results in your baking than you've had with any other flour—*better baking or your money refunded.*

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Costs More —WORTH IT

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No expensive silk is made in more rarely beautiful designs and colorings than

MERRIMACK DUCKLING FLEECE

Never more than 15 cents a yard—27 inches wide.

This soft, dainty flannelette is ideal for negligees, dressing sacques, bathrobes and sleeping garments.

Don't accept a substitute. Look for the name Merrimack Duckling Fleece and the duckling on the back of the selvage.

If your dealer hasn't it, write us.



MERRIMACK MFG. CO.
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50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. **Samples free.** Charles H. Elliott Co., 1030 Lehigh Ave., Philada.



"How to Grow and Market Fruit"

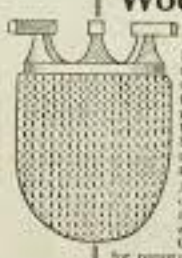
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Explains, for instance, all about digging tree holes, actually subsoiling and growing the world's trees **with dynamite.** Or, tells how to get **full** crops of **flawless** apples **every** year—and **$2** a bushel for them **all.**

Brief, to the point, but complete; **progressive,** but thoroughly reliable. **Endorsed** by twenty of this country's foremost fruit men. Strongly bound, nearly 100 pages, 24 pages of **pictures** that **show** how. A book to **keep.** Price only 50 cents—and that amount **returned to you** when you send us a $5 order.

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Commodore Ave. Berlin, Md.
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Only Wood Fibre and Guaranteed Mantles Made

Money back if not as represented. For natural, artificial or gasoline vapor, high or low pressure.

Guaranteed to outlast three ordinary cotton mantles and give one-third More Light. JAR PROOF, SHRINK PROOF and will increase in candle-power while burning. Our mantles Have No Equal At Any Price.

A trial will convince you. If your dealer does not handle them, send his name and we will send six prepaid for $1.00, as an introductory offer. State Lamp or Cap, Upright or Inverted. Soft Inverted for pressure gasoline $5.00 per dozen postpaid. No Kerosene.

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Dealers write for proposition. Agents wanted.

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Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will know the exquisite aroma of a pure, perfectly blended, clean and wholesome smoke.

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco



pleases instantly, and satisfies continuously. Fragrant, rich, mellow and never bites tongue. Not sold by dealers, but direct to smokers at perfect condition. **Send 10 cts** for sample **for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet.**

French Tobacco Co., Dept. D, Statesville, N. C.



THE painting of the house makes or mars the beauty of the home. It must harmonize in color with its surroundings—like a gem in a setting. And the paint must have character, spread evenly, and hold firmly to the surface without crack, blotch or blister.

"Dutch Boy Painter"
Pure White Lead

The one exactly right way to paint is to have an experienced painter mix the paint "on the premises," using pure white lead, pure linseed oil and turpentine, each in the proper proportion for each particular surface.

Tinting colors are added to the white lead under your own supervision and tried on the actual surface till you get the color effect you desire.

We can demonstrate to you that there is a great difference between ordinary painting and Dutch Boy white-leading if you will let us—a difference which means greater satisfaction at no greater cost.

Don't risk spoiling an attractive place by improper painting. Get *pure* white lead—for durability as well as appearance. "*Dutch Boy Painter*" White Lead is standard. When mixed with pure linseed oil it forms the most durable paint in the world.



Let Us Help You Solve Your Painting Problem

Write to us for color schemes, painting instructions and the names of "Blue List" Painters in your community, men who use our "Dutch Boy Painter" White Lead. Ask for helps No. 253.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.

New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, San Francisco
(John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., Philadelphia) (National Lead & Oil Co., Pittsburgh)



Here Is Swift Relief For Tired, Aching Feet



THIS little metal device, the *Diamond Foot Support*, is simply wonderful in its ability to banish foot troubles. The speed with which it relieves tired, aching feet and ankles, remedies the dreaded "broken arch" and makes nervous people forget their nerves, is truly remarkable.

One of the First Symptoms of a breaking down such as a feeling of weariness when on your feet for a considerable time. The feet become tired and ache, smart and burn. There is pain in the arch just around the ankle and sharp, jerking pains often extend up through the calf, knee, thigh, back and as far as the back of the neck. We want you to know that



Diamond Foot Supports

Positively prevent these troubles. They brace the whole shoe, prevent "running over" and keep the heel from turning under, as shown by illustration above. *Diamond Foot Supports* make walking a pleasure, add buoyancy and grace to your carriage and soon pay for themselves in the added wear of your shoes.

50c At All Dealers *Diamond Foot Supports* cost you only 50c attached to your shoes, by your shoe dealer. If your dealer can't supply you send us 50c (stating size, height of heel and whether for man or woman) and we will send you a pair, prepaid. Money back if not satisfied. Endorsed by leading physicians. Thousands of testimonials from grateful users.

Write for Valuable Free Booklet on Foot and Shoe Troubles

DIAMOND FOOT SUPPORT CO., 311 Equitable Bldg., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.



PARIS GARTERS

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Are the universal *first choice*. They are the handsomest and most durable Garters made and afford the maximum of comfort.

There's a printed guarantee of satisfaction with every pair. Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

A. STEIN & CO., Makers
CHICAGO - - - - U. S. A.



25c and 50c

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candies, or other perishable food products shall be sold or offered for sale unless they be kept so covered that they are protected from dust, dirt, flies and other contamination."

What could be more admirable or more intelligently comprehensive than this regulation? There is only one trouble about it—it is not enforced.

There is today a new and more exact definition of the word "dirt." To say that it is "matter in the wrong place" is from a modern viewpoint hardly adequate. Rather should it be classified as matter that contains the potentiality of disease.

From the Stone Age to the present day the human race has eaten more or less dirt with its food. Mostly the dirt doesn't do any harm. The little bits of sand, fluff, straw and the like that are mixed with food really matter little so far as health is concerned; but recent animal material matters very much.

Unfortunately it is out of the question in a discussion of this subject to omit mention of milk. That product of the cow, so indispensable as a human food, almost always contains a considerable percentage of dirt. Many bottles of it, as delivered to the consumer, will, if allowed to settle, be found to reveal a sediment of stable filth.

Several of the states, particularly Indiana and Texas, are already taking up the question of dirty foods, and are enforcing in restaurants, grocery stores, bakeshops and fruit stores, as well as on venders' stands and wagons, regulations for the protection of edible supplies against dust and flies. The Indiana Board of Health, in promulgating recent regulations on the subject, says: "Counters or stands on or near sidewalks invite filth, which consists largely of manure from the streets, spittle from diseased lungs, and every other form of the waste products of men and animals."

The subject is not a pleasant one, but obviously it must be discussed frankly and in plain language if reform in the interest of the public health is to be accomplished.

A new recognition of the importance of such considerations to the health and comfort of humanity is evidenced by the appearance on the market of many kinds of food-products in dust-proof packages. Many bakers nowadays are sending out their bread and rolls similarly protected; and there is no question of the fact that the recent enormous growth of the business of putting up cereals and other goods in packages has been due largely to the popular demand for clean things to eat.

Murderous Motes by the Million

If one wishes to get a notion of the number of germs in ordinary air, let him set a tumbler of water on a table or mantelpiece and leave it for three or four days. At the end of that time the water will be covered with a sort of scum, which, under a microscope, will be found to be literally a mass of living micro-organisms.

When a ray of sunlight streams into a darkened room it reveals a multitude of the lighter dust particles that are always floating about in the air, though ordinarily invisible to the eye. These particles are mostly fragments of vegetable and animal fibers, such as cotton and wool, and an enormous variety of micro-organisms, single or in masses, mostly the spores of molds and clusters of bacteria. Such are the "motes in the sunbeam," respecting which so many poetical ideas have been expressed. Many of these motes are living animals, such as the rotifers, which, it is thought, may possibly survive through indefinite ages of time. Though dried and seemingly dead for long periods they will come to life again when moistened.

Street dust consists largely of small particles of sand. It also contains numerous grains of starch, that substance which, derived from wheat, corn, rice, potatoes, and the like, furnishes so large a proportion of human food. Over every town a cloud of starch may be said to hang in the air. But if one takes a pinch of dust and examines it with a microscope one finds in it a great variety of other things—broken fibers of plants, shreds of clothing, pollen, fragments of animal hairs, scales of human skin, pieces of insects' claws, spores of fungi, ashes, and so forth. Most of this is harmless, of course, but some of it is dangerous to human health and human life. Always it has been so, but civilization has at last become aware of the peril, and for the first time in the history of mankind is adopting measures to guard against this fruitful source of mischief.

Would You Like to Have the Same Opportunity to Buy Shoes that the New York Men and Women of Fashion Have Every Day of the Year?

THE Cammeyer shoe store in New York City is one of the wonder-points of the city. There are 410 thoroughly-trained sales-people employed in this splendidly-equipped establishment and 1000 customers can be seated comfortably at one time. Over $2,000,000 worth of Cammeyer shoes were sold in 1910.

You can have at your service this most efficient organization, and through our perfect mail-order system can enjoy the same satisfaction which Cammeyer shoes give to the women and men of fashion of New York City.

YOUR name and address on a postal will bring to your door our 1911 Fall and Winter Catalog of Cammeyer Styles. This catalog contains 80 pages of exclusive styles and portrays our russet models in natural colors. Description and price of every shoe are plainly specified. Quick deliveries our strong point. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Our catalog fully explains everything. Remember, a postal will bring it to you in double-quick time. Address CAMMEYER, Dept. B, New York City.

Cammeyer
Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
6TH Ave. & 20TH St.
NEW YORK CITY



Our New Style Book
MAILED FREE

It should be in the hands of every home maker who appreciates the Artistic, practical and highest quality of Craftsmanship in furniture. The booklet illustrates over 300 patterns of our Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts and "Flanders" Furniture, gives an interesting history of this charming style since the 15th Century and contains colored plates of Arts & Crafts interiors showing what tasty and harmonious effects can be obtained for a small expenditure.

Ask your local dealer to show you **Limbert's Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts**, and see our trade-mark branded into the wood. If he cannot supply you, send us his name and we will send you the address of our Associate Distributor nearest you.

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY
Holland, Mich. Dept. S, Grand Rapids, Mich.

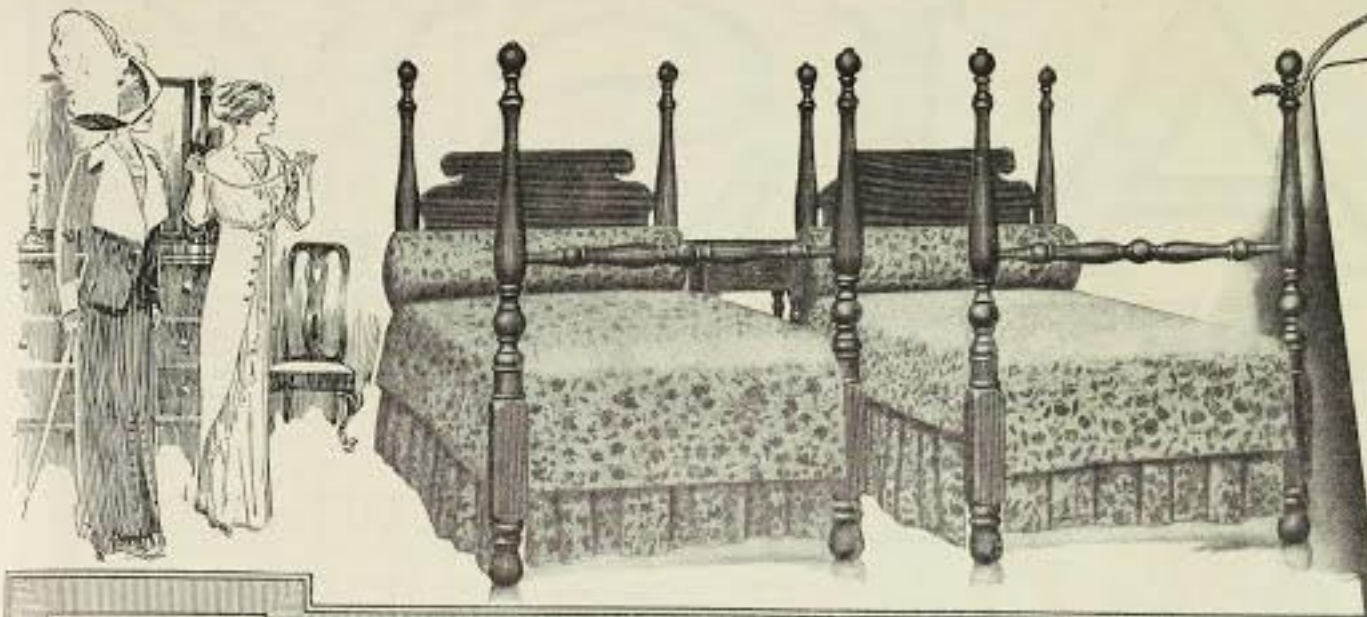
ANDREWS THERMOSTAT ONLY $20



KEEPS all rooms at an even temperature by automatically opening and closing dampers on boiler or furnace. Soon pays for itself in fuel saved. Absolutely accurate and durable that it is

Guaranteed For Life

SPECIAL OFFER.—To each purchaser we will issue a coupon good for $10.00 to apply on the purchase price of an Andrews Hot Water Heating Plant bought during 1911. Order today. **Andrews Heating Co.** 1195 Heating Bldg. Minneapolis, Minn.



COWAN CHICAGO
(TRADE MARK)

A Description of the Beds

THE famous Cowan Quality Poster Bed—made in solid mahogany every piece carefully selected for grain and texture. The headboard is five-ply, to prevent warping, and is mahogany veneer on solid mahogany. The posts are sixty inches high, headboard forty-seven inches, and foot rail thirty-eight inches. Extreme outside width of the single size is forty-two inches, extreme outside width of the double size is sixty and one-half inches. These beds are eighty-three inches in length, and distance from top of rail to floor is fourteen and one-half inches. In every particular these beds are strictly in conformity with the usual high Cowan standard.

Regular retail price for the single size, $55
Regular retail price for the double size, $65

For a limited time we offer either size at

$37.50 (F.O.B. Chicago)

A Limited Number of Discriminative People May Now Secure the Genuine COWAN QUALITY POSTER Beds On an Unusual Offer

There is a rapidly growing class of American furniture buyers who place artistic merit and actual quality far above price. Yet, they are quick to recognize a rare bargain treat when a period piece is offered. An important percentage of these appreciative furniture collectors now realize that Cowan cabinet work is the standard furniture of the world. Modern merchandising cannot wait until the remaining number learn that fact, and so we make this offer:

A Cowan Poster Bed at a Saving

The Colonial Four-Poster Bed shown and described above, the genuine Cowan Quality in selected mahogany, a rare specimen of the cabinet-maker's art, for a limited time only, at a saving of $17.50 on the single and $27.50 for the double size.

A most unusual opportunity to secure a genuine, trade-marked Cowan period piece at $37.50, f. o. b. Chicago, for either the single or double size.

There is only one Cowan Quality; there is no other furniture like it. It is built on lines which time has approved and which mere fashion cannot change. And these beds are representative of the very acme of Cowan accomplishment.

Hundreds of Cowan beds in this fine, old pattern are now in some of America's best homes—bought at the uniform price of $55 for the single size and $65 for the double.

They cannot be sold for less at a profit. But for a limited time we are planning to waive all profit on these Poster Beds, and are offering them now at $37.50, f. o. b. Chicago, either size, to extend farther the range of appreciation for Cowan cabinet work.

These beds are on display and for sale wherever Cowan Quality Furniture is sold. If your city is not mentioned in the guide below, we will be glad to inform you by post how you can share in this opportunity, no matter where you are located.

But be sure you secure Cowan quality. Every Cowan piece carries the Cowan trade-mark shown on the price ticket above. We urge you not to be satisfied with any but Cowan standard quality, and the way to be sure is to look for the Cowan trade-mark.

We make this offer solely to stimulate your first interest in Cowan Furniture. We sell these beds to our agents at less than shop cost, to enable them to fulfill this agreement.

Seek Out the Cowan Dealer in Your City—He is a Good Man to Know

He is an authority on home decoration whose tastes and helpful suggestions you'll appreciate. This is a guide to the principal Cowan dealers:

Albany, N. Y.—Van Heusen Charles Co.
Ann Arbor, Mich.—Martin Haller.
Atlanta, Ga.—Chamberlin-Johnson-Dubose Co.
Auburn, N. Y.—G. W. Richardson & Son.
Baltimore, Md.—C. J. Benson & Co.
Bay City, Mich.—C. E. Rosenbury & Sons.
Birmingham, Ala.—Loveman, Joseph & Loeb.
Boise, Idaho—Allen Wright Furn. Co.
Boston, Mass.—Paine Furn. Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Abram & Straus.
Buffalo, N. Y.—Hersee & Co.
Champaign, Ill.—Mittendorf & Kiler.
Charleston-Kanawha, W. Va.—Warwick, Barrett & Shipley.
Charlotte, N. C.—Parker, Gardner Co.
Cleveland, O.—The Sterling & Welch Co.
Cincinnati, O.—H. & S. Pogue Co.
Colorado Springs, Colo.—F. S. Tucker Furn. Co.
Columbus, O.—F. G. & A. Howald.
Dallas, Tex.—Tom B. Burnett.
Davenport, Ia.—Iowa Furn. & Carpet Co.
Denver, Colo.—The Denver Dry Goods Co.
Des Moines, Ia.—Chase & West.
Duluth, Minn.—French & Bassett.
Ft. Wayne, Ind.—D. N. Foster Furn. Co.
Franklin, Pa.—Anderson & Co.
Houston, Tex.—H. Waddell.
Hartford, Conn.—Wise, Smith & Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Sander & Recker Furniture Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—Emery, Bird, Thayer Co
LaCrosse, Wis.—The Wm. Doerflinger Co
Lansing, Mich.—M. J. & B. M. Buck.
Lexington, Ky.—E. L. March.
Lincoln, Neb.—Rudge & Guenzel Co.
Little Rock, Ark.—Jones House Furn. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—California Furn. Co.
Louisville, Ky.—Fred W. Keisker & Son.
Memphis, Tenn.—A. D. Gibson & Sons.
Memphis, Tenn.—Armstrong Furn. Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.—C. W. Fischer Furn. Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.—Wm. A. French & Co.
Nashville, Tenn.—Montgomery & Co.
New Bedford, Mass.—H. E. Hicks.
Newark, O.—J. Gleichauf.
New Haven, Conn.—Charles P. Thompson.
New Orleans, La.—Schwartz-Eustis Co.
New York, N. Y.—Grand Rapids Furn. Co.
Omaha, Neb.—Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.
Peoria, Ill.—Schipper & Block.
Philadelphia, Pa.—John Wanamaker.
Pittsburg, Pa.—Daulet, Close & Johns.
Pittsburg, Pa.—McCreery & Co.
Portland, Ore.—J. G. Mack & Co.
Providence, R. I.—The Potter Co.
Richmond, Va.—Sydnor & Hundley.
Rockford, Ill.—Louise D. Hill.
Rochester, N. Y.—G. & C. Schminke Co.
Saginaw, Mich.—Henry Feige & Son.
Salt Lake City, Utah—Greenewald Furn. Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Raphael Weill & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Shreve & Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—W. & J. Sloane & Co.
Schenectady, N. Y.—A. Brown & Son Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson.
Sioux City, Ia.—Lindholm Furn. Co.
Springfield, Ill.—A. Dirksen & Sons.
St. Paul, Minn.—Mannheimer Bros.
St. Louis, Mo.—J. Kennard & Sons Carpet Co.
Spokane, Wash.—Grote-Rankin Co.
Terre Haute, Ind.—E. D. Harvey.
Toledo, O.—Stolberg & Parks.
Topeka, Kans.—The Crosby Bros. Co.
Utica, N. Y.—Williams & Morgan.
Vicksburg, Miss.—Rice & Co.
Waco, Tex.—R. T. Dennis & Co.
Washington, D. C.—R. W. & J. B. Henderson.
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—C. F. Murray Furn. Co.
Wichita, Kans.—The Geo. Innes D. G. Co.
Winona, Minn.—Interstate Merc. Co.

Offer is Limited—Place Your Order at Once

Cowan Quality dresser, dressing table, chiffonier, costumer, commode and cheval glass to match, can be had if desired. Place yourself in touch with your dealer—to delay may mean disappointment. If you do not know the Cowan dealer in your city, write us.

Call upon your nearest Cowan agent, or write us direct for information. The Cowan line now numbers more than 1,000 designs, all in mahogany, reproduced from the masterpieces of Sheraton, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adam, American Colonial, etc. And this is a splendid opportunity to make your first acquaintance with the standard furniture of the world. Place your order at once.

SHOPS Lake Shore Drive Ohio and Ontario Streets CHICAGO

W. K. COWAN & CO.

The Chicago Cowan Store 318 South Michigan Boulevard

1911



"THE DAISY BOY"

DAISY AIR RIFLE

"I Take My Daisy With Me Everywhere

"When I go fishing, or swimming, or just for a long tramp in the woods, I always like to take my Daisy.

"I tell you it's great fun to get out into the open and sight along the barrel of your Daisy, then pull the trigger, and know that the shot is going right straight to the mark you're aiming at.

"When I'm at home I practice on the Daisy Target and father tells me I'm getting to be a fine marksman.

"Mother says it's a good deal better for me to be out of doors with my Daisy, getting red cheeks and bright eyes, than to be loafing around the house or perhaps getting into bad company. She says boys that haven't got something to occupy their attention are sure to get into mischief. My Daisy certainly takes up all my attention."

Part of the training of every boy is to have a Daisy Air Rifle, and learn to shoot straight, and hit the mark. Every boy wants a gun, and the Daisy is the best boy's gun made, safe, accurate, and built just like a big magazine hunting rifle.

All hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you whether you are ready to buy or not.

"Daisy Special," 1000-shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifles, . . . **$2.50**
Other Daisy Models, ... **50c to $2.00**
Little Daisy Pop-Gun, ... **.25**
New Daisy Target for indoor and outdoor practice, **.50**

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior air rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, we will send any model, prepaid, on receipt of price.

Send for our free book, "The Diary of a Daisy Boy," containing complete rules of drill and hints on marksmanship.

A WORD TO DEALERS

This is but one of the many large advertisements in big magazines of national circulation that we use to help our dealers sell Daisy Air Rifles. We will also gladly send our new lithographed window display to any dealer on request, as well as electrotypes for advertising purposes. Write today.

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO.
287 UNION STREET PLYMOUTH, MICH.

The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined.

Export Office, R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Pacific Coast Branch, Phil B. Bekeart, Mgr., 717 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.
Mexican Branch, Louis N. Chemidlin, Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.



The Worst Business in the World

(Continued from Page 15)

thirty-five cents, making a profit of ten cents for himself. The department store sells to the public at forty-five or fifty cents. Regular bookshops often handle these books in large numbers also, and it frequently happens that you can buy at the same counter two different editions of the same famous old novel—both well printed from the same plates—one for fifty cents and the other for a dollar eight.

Curiously, the advent of the cheap edition two or more years after original publication does not very greatly affect the continued sale of the original higher-priced edition. They sell along together for years.

Today, therefore, the publisher's final figures for a "best seller" of one hundred thousand initial circulation would look something like this:

Cost of Manufacture	$0.221
Royalty, at 20 per cent	.270
Cost of Doing Business, 28 per cent of income	.224
	$0.715
Deduct from average price received	.800
Leaves average net profit on each book	$0.085
Net Profit on 100,000 sold	$8,500
Cheap Edition, 50,000 copies, at 5 cents a book, less 28 per cent for cost of doing business	1,800
Total net profit	$10,300

Which is a good deal better than in the middle of the "crazy period" when, from their advertising, the public had a right to think that publishers were making fortunes.

It is interesting, by-the-way, to compare the publisher's earnings with those of the author, which in this instance, including the return from the cheap edition, would be twenty-nine thousand five hundred dollars. This is gross, of course; but, assuming that it took a year for the author to write the novel and that his living expenses for the period were five thousand dollars, you have as his net profit twenty-four thousand five hundred dollars. Not bad, is it?

For your modern novelist, be it noted right here—I mean your successful novelist—is really a magnate compared with his publisher. One popular novelist is said to get fifteen thousand dollars from a magazine for the serial rights of a new novel, and his book publisher afterward sells somewhere between one and two hundred thousand copies at full price and full royalty, and possibly a hundred thousand of the cheap edition at five cents royalty. You can calculate for yourself what one novel—say, every other year—probably brings him. As for the myriad novelists of lesser degree—but all that is quite "another story."

The Unknown Money-Makers

You will also note, of course, that I have made in the above table no allowance for special advertising, the "Cost of Doing Business" item being now supposed to cover a normal and sufficient advertisement of the book. As a matter of fact, some publishers still cannot wholly resist the undue "lure of the ad," and run their costs higher than the ideal percentage I have used in the illustration. To offset this, the manufacturing item can be considerably reduced by leaving out illustrations and cheapening paper and binding.

"What a stunning business!" exclaims a young man looking over my shoulder at this point. "I'd no idea publishing was so profitable! Half a dozen novels is all you need, isn't it?"

Half a dozen best sellers—yes; but a sale of five thousand is a successful sale, as novels go, while one of ten thousand is an excellent success.

The vast majority of novels, however, which enter the market heavily freighted with authors' and publishers' hopes, are fortunate if they sell two or three thousand each and return their cash investment without interest. Three years ago I counted nineteen new novels on the spring list of a conspicuous publisher and at Christmas learned that only one of them had sold out its first slender edition. Think of the capital tied up in that losing bunch! That is the other side of this fiction business.

Those houses that make a success of fiction do so after long study and the most careful development of their opportunities. The Century Company's amazingly popular dollar series, beginning with Mrs. Wiggs and running down through The Lady of the Decoration, Uncle William and others to Mollie Make-Believe, is the result of the most careful and thoughtful study of the first chance success. And publishers generally, by patient selection and development, gather together in the years small groups of highly popular novelists, round whose books they group the lesser sellers and the great mob of new writers they hope—quite as ardently as the writers themselves—will develop some day from experiments, more or less costly, into money-makers—and, mayhap, some of them good sellers.

And this is the fiction business—absorbingly interesting, exciting enough, very highly speculative and, at its best and as a whole, not very profitable. In view of which, those familiar "Book Trust" advertisements of the cut-price department stores, attacking publishers as "Fiction Barons," are funny, aren't they?

Where then, you ask, is the money in publishing? Since those glittering best sellers that fill the public eye and furnish the public tongue with book patter are not the publishers' great prizes, what, in the name of Midas, are?

The mystery remains a mystery of sorts even after it is elucidated, for the publishers' prizes are books you have scarcely or never heard of. They include, for example, that book on shade trees which your next-door neighbor bought and no one else in your whole acquaintance, though you knew twenty who bought the same publisher's best-selling novel; and the book on the philosophy of religion to which your minister referred in last Sunday's sermon—a book fourteen years old at that; and the little book on right thinking that you remember seeing several years ago on Mrs. Jones' table; and the Betty and Katharine books—a whole series—which your little daughter wanted for her birthday; and the book on winter life in India, the review of which interested you several years ago and which you always meant to buy; and the biography of an American woman educator that your friend across the street was enthusiastic over—hundreds, yes, thousands, of books on every subject on earth apparently, and scarcely a score of whose titles you ever heard. Novels? Yes, a few; but, apart from obvious "classics," most of them do not seem especially prominent.

The Value of Steady Sellers

This is very puzzling, of course, and the explanation brings us to the very heart of the whole matter. Commercially speaking, books are roughly divided into two classes—quick turnovers and backlog books. The first class are gift books, book specialties of all sorts and nearly all novels.

They are the light horse of this publishing army—the skirmishers, the flank-turners, the supply-getters. They are put out to sell fast and are usually practically forgotten after their first or second season. Many a year's gross sales are comfortably filled out by some chance hit or two in fiction. Many a slow holiday season is saved by the popularity of some gift book that has been stuck into the list to cover just such a contingency.

Sometimes there is no profit in the season's quick sellers, but at least they have turned over a good deal of money, taken care of a good share of the costs of the business and kept the whole line in lively action. The profits of the successes have repaid the losses of the numerous failures and something more. Some years several hit it off together and the profit swells pleasantly.

The so-called "list" books, however, are the heavy infantry, the heavy artillery—the main body of the publishing army. Here is headquarters. Here is where and how the publisher lives. Though some novels and occasional gift books pass into the backlog class by reason of staying qualities not possessed by the class in general, the vast majority are books of serious purpose—biography, history, philosophy, Nature, literature, sport, education—the whole realm of human thought.

Books of this kind are highly prized for several reasons. First, you can depend upon their profitable sale, even though it is scattered over ten or twenty years. Second, there being less risk than with fiction, you

The New Way to Fight Fire

EDW. F. CROKER, *former Fire Chief of New York City, in August "World's Work" makes this statement:* "On May 1st, 1911, I resigned from the position of Chief of the Department to devote the rest of my life to the work of *preventing instead of fighting fires.*"

D. T. WENTWORTH, *Chairman of the National Board of Fire Underwriters, recently said:* "We must abolish as a public crime the use of wooden shingles."

These statements prove that the new way to fight fire is to prevent it.

NEPONSET
ROOFINGS

Give Actual Fire Protection,
Last Longer Than Shingles and Cost Less.

NEPONSET **Paroid for warehouses, factories and barns;** has withstood every climate; exclusively bought by the Harriman and other leading railway lines. The U. S. Government is one of its biggest users.

NEPONSET **Proslate for houses, schoolhouses, churches,** reddish brown; as attractive as stained shingles; straight or ornamental edge.

Shingles Always Invite Fire

But NEPONSET Roofings represent the modern idea of fire prevention. They give effective fire protection against flaming embers and flying sparks—therefore *prevent spread of fire.*

We do not claim that NEPONSET Roofings are made of fireproof materials. But we do claim that their surfaces are so constituted that they actually resist the attack of fire—and for this reason NEPONSET Roofings are endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

NEPONSET Roofings embody all the knowledge that has accumulated by scientific and practical tests during the 116 years' development of this one business by one family—four generations in direct descent since 1795.

These Bird NEPONSET Roofings reduce the haunting dread of every house-owner—they meet the present-day need for a fire-resisting, permanent-wear roofing material at a moderate cost. Send today for the NEPONSET book and learn about the *new roofing standard* found only in NEPONSET Roofings.

Neponset dealers carry the Roofings which will solve your roof problem and add fire protection.

F. W. BIRD & SON, 245 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.
Established 1795
New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco
Canadian Mills and Offices: Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, St. John.

BIRD NEPONSET ROOFINGS



You Need This Book to Help You Decorate

Are you planning a new home, or about to decorate your present one? Then this book,

"Decorative Interior Finishing"

will be of great assistance in suggesting color schemes and in advising as to the best way to finish your woodwork. It's free.

Send for It

It tells, also, about the many

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

We make over 300 kinds, so that every condition that your finishing requires will be fully met by a varnish made especially for that condition. Behind each varnish is an experience of 62 years making varnishes the best they can be made.

If you would guarantee to yourself lasting satisfaction, see that the varnish your architect specifies or painter uses bears the Pratt & Lambert label and that it is the kind we make especially for the purpose you have in mind.

Vitralite

The Long-Life WHITE ENAMEL

will enable you to secure the purest permanent white effects. It never discolors, cracks nor chips. Flows easily and dries hard and smooth, without a trace of brush-mark or lap. That is why it is so easy for anyone to apply it successfully. It is proof against weather conditions, and is unexcelled for interior or exterior work on wood, plaster or metal. Your bathroom, kitchen and at least one bedroom should be finished with **Vitralite.** **Vitralite** enamels white—makes rooms cheerful and bright.

Sample Panel and Vitralite Booklet Sent Free

The question of floor finish is settled by "61" Floor Varnish, the one varnish made especially to withstand the hard usage all floors receive. "61" is mar-proof, water-proof, heel-proof.

Send for Free Sample Panel finished with "61"

Stamp on it and prove *you may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.* You'll find our free book, ***"The Finished Floor,"*** valuable. Send for it.

If your dealer can not give you the "P & L" Varnish you want, send direct to us at 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, New York

In Canada, 25 Courtwright Street Bridgeburg Ontario

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

American Factories New York Buffalo Chicago Bridgeburg Canada — Established 62 Years — Foreign Factories London Paris Hamburg

are not obliged to give the bookseller unnatural discounts. Third, there being little chance of a rapid sale, you do not have other publishers competing with you in royalties. "Royalties exceeding ten per cent are immoral," Henry Holt is reported to have said. Fourth, experience having shown that in some inexplicable way every book will in time reach its normal audience, there is no need of advertising campaigns. A few announcements in certain magazines and newspapers sought for the purpose by people who purchase and read books habitually and who can be trusted to spread their fame among their own kind and near-kind, together with a little judicious circularizing over selected lists, are all that is necessary or safe. Advertising pressure will bring the same results quicker, of course, but usually at the expense of profits. Fifth, the price need not be held down to an obligatory standard, as in fiction. The publisher must sell his six-hundred-page novel at the same price as he sells his three-hundred-and-fifty-page novel, and illustrations are added at his own cost; but the price of the serious book is regulated by its cost, so that a fair margin of profit may always be assured.

A four-to-five-hundred-octavo-page book by Sir Oliver Lodge, for instance, bulked by fairly heavy paper, will score its natural sale of three or four thousand copies at two dollars and fifty cents net, with a gross profit over manufacture and royalty of, more or less, a dollar a book; while a novel of the same length will run a hundred pages more, will cost more for binding, will be illustrated, will pay a larger trade discount, will cost more to advertise and will carry a retail price of only one dollar and thirty-five cents. The one is sure; the other a speculation.

So it is on his list that the publisher depends, as the general on his main army; but he may not neglect with impunity his quick turnovers any more than the general may neglect his own light-moving flanks. In the one case as in the other such neglect means ruin.

Pressing the suggestive figure a step farther, how about the general—how about the man who plays this intricate and difficult game against bigger odds and amid more pitfalls than men in any other business probably within general recognition?

Well, if your publisher is the real thing—if he is born to it—he has the time of his life. His business is a business of littles—one little on top of another little—day by day, season by season, year by year; a business of infinite detail, continual disappointment, a good deal of personal sacrifice, patient waiting and slow, slow growth. As I say, if he is the real thing of a publisher he loves it; every failure even has its keen interest, its extenuating pleasure. He loves the business for its own sake; and it is to him, with all its vexations and annoyances and disappointments, to a large extent its own reward.

"Then," you say, "it really is the 'worst business in the world,' isn't it?"

Ah! but it isn't—to him. To him it is the only business in the world that is worth while. Better "do" in this than get rich in another.

This, then, is your real publisher, your born publisher; and no other should enter the business, for no other, once he finds it out, will stay in it—or, staying, will succeed.

It will take you only two or three minutes to name over all the general publishers in America. It will take you only two or three seconds to name the publisher who got rich out of general book-publishing alone; but it may take you two or three years—or forever—to discover him. For, as the countryman exclaimed on seeing his first giraffe, "Thar ain't no seeh critter!"

The Trade We are Scolded About

(Concluded from Page 19)

a truck, into a freight car, out of the same car three thousand miles away, and into the customer's premises—four horizontal moves. If the same box goes to a foreign customer it will do some vertical traveling. A steam crane will lift it into the ship's hold with six other boxes, all bound together in a loop of chain or rope, and lift it out at its destination. Good export packing merely allows for the strains that come with this lifting, plus a little extra strength for a drop or a bang. If goods are to be carried through the surf, or on muleback over mountain roads, a certain amount of intelligence is needed to split them up into convenient parcels and perhaps provide waterproof coverings. A day at the New York docks will teach the shipping clerk more than all the treatises.

Some of our packing is undoubtedly bad. An American showcase salesman went to Buenos Aires for his house, with samples following him—the first export shipment that concern had ever made. He spoke pretty fair Spanish and, in working round the Argentine capital, soon had merchants keenly interested in modern showcases. Then he went to have his samples unpacked—and found nothing left of them but the frames and a few pecks of ground glass! An English salesman who was present says that if he lives to be a thousand years old he will never forget the expression on that Yankee's face.

An American with long experience in the oriental trade says that altogether too much noise is made about our slight proportion of careless export packing. A hundred American houses send goods regularly to a given foreign market and there are no difficulties. A new house, however, sends its first shipment—maybe the only one. It is smashed in transit. Our consul makes a little story of it in a report. Our newspapers find the story an excellent column-filler. It goes the rounds; and our good friends, the British and Germans in that market, cut the item out and use it for competitive purposes—to block American sales.

"Oh, but the Americans pack badly—so very badly!" says our competitor. "Just read that and see—they say so themselves!"

This American in the Orient says our consuls would be reporting useful data if they found out the net cost in European countries of goods entering their market, articles that control that market, freight and insurance rates, the strength and dimensions of packing material used by capable shippers, landing and other local charges, what extra charges are tacked on to goods by local commission agents who import for the native merchants, details about invoicing, drafts, names of people to whom our manufacturers can apply for credit information—and the like.

When it comes to shipping the goods the manager of the newly organized export department can hardly do better than put himself in the hands of a good forwarding concern. The forwarder's service is most comprehensive. He takes the goods at the factory and gives a through bill-of-lading covering railroad transportation to the seaboard, cartage or lighterage, ocean freight and landing. He can give a single charge for freight that enables the shipper to estimate accurately in quoting prices. He is informed on the customs requirements of all countries and gives advice as to weights, packages and marking. He insures the shipment, sees that consular invoices are in proper order, takes a draft with the bill-of-lading and makes collection at destination if required. If storage is necessary along the route he provides it. In certain cases he can quote a lower rate than the railroads from an inland factory to the seaboard where the shipment is less than a carload, because he assembles miscellaneous lots from various shippers, makes up a carload and gets the lowest rate; in fact, hardly any emergency can arise in which the proper sort of forwarding agent will not know what is the best and cheapest thing to do.

The small manufacturer, starting his export business with a few foreign shipments and slowly developing methods at a distance, with no representative abroad, may be inclined to envy the large house that begins foreign trade by sending its own salesmen direct to the countries offering a market.

In some respects, however, the small man's way is most satisfactory. To send salesmen is costly. It involves expensive canvassing of a trade that cannot be forced. The big manufacturer sometimes wakes up to export possibilities all at once and enters into the trade as though it were an inheritance he has just heard of; but this business is more like a tiny seed that must be planted and taken care of, and the small man is often helped by his very limitations.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Collins. The last paper in the series will appear in next week's issue.

Good Lighting is a Valuable Asset whether in business or home

No matter what the business; good light is money in pocket and poor light is money out of pocket. And yet how rare good lighting is! They don't have it even in libraries.

The reason is: most people don't plan for it; they are full of "scientific management", but they haven't yet got 'round to scientific illumination. They just "light" their store, office, railroad station, home. The money-value of scientific illumination is not understood by them.

And they don't realize that, in nine cases out of ten, good lighting costs no more—may cost even less—than poor lighting.

Think of it from the customer's point of view—in a store, for example. People don't always know why they dislike a store. Poor lighting is apt to be at the bottom of it.

On the other hand, in a store where the light is adequate and restful they stay longer, do their shopping better, buy more. They think well of the store, and the lighting has a great deal to do with it.

The same is true of restaurants—particularly so of restaurants—railroad stations, trains, trolleys, and other public places. The public service corporations are becoming more and more alive to the money-value of making their customers comfortable.

Employees work better in good light. They see truer, think truer, act truer. With less strain, less wear on the human machine, less sickness, less absence. You, Mr. Employer, are a better employee of your own company if you have good light. Good light is money in your pocket—not to mention your physical comfort.

Factories: Good light means good manufacturing. Why allow this steady output of "rejects" and "seconds"; this unsatisfactory night work (night work can be as good as day work); this drain upon the health and efficiency of workmen and women; the accidents; disasters; too much pay-roll for work done; and the other wastes from poor light?



Registered U. S. Patent Office

And Then in the Home

Just as poor lighting wastes money in business, it wastes health at home where there should be comfort, and restfulness, and absence of strain. It is money in your pocket to have correct lighting there: it makes you a more able business-man to get your home-rest. To say nothing of the health and comfort and effectiveness of your family.

And yet good lighting at home is almost universally sacrificed for decoration. Needless! Good illumination and rich decoration belong together.

Why does Good Light cost no more than Poor Light?

Because it isn't so much a matter of money as of plan. A good plan will add 25 to 50% more illumination with the same current, or cut down the current and give better light.

If people would devote the same thought to lighting (or have some one do it who knows) that they do to the management of their delivery system, or other subsidiary parts of their business, business would be more easily and economically conducted, business would be bigger, profits bigger.

Good lighting is money in pocket.

Get Dissatisfied with Your Light

That is the first step. Ask yourself: Is my light as good as daylight? Why not?

Then write to us. Why to us?

Because we are *not* interested in any particular lamp or system of illumination. We *are* interested in and know about one of the most important elements of lighting—Glass.

The wrong shade can ruin an otherwise perfect light. It is being done every day: done wrong a dozen times to one time right.

Our Engineering Department has got together information on the whole subject; wiring, lamps, shades, everything. Our knowledge is all yours. We want to do—we *are* doing—for electric and gas lighting what we did for lamps. (Macbeth knowledge about lamps has done as much for lamp efficiency as Macbeth lamp chimneys.)

Send for our book on Scientific Illumination, and tell us your problem. Read the book, fill out the blank we send you suited to your situation. Our Engineering Department will then study your particular case, and put you in the way of good lighting, and saving real money.

This means everybody: Presidents of corporations, large or small; store-keepers; office-building owners; railroads; restaurants; housekeepers—everybody.

MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY, PITTSBURGH

Our Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh. You can see Macbeth-Evans globes and shades at dealers or any of our show-rooms:

BOSTON: 30 OLIVER STREET CHICAGO: 172 WEST LAKE STREET PHILADELPHIA: 42 SOUTH 8TH STREET
NEW YORK: 19 WEST 30TH STREET TORONTO: 70 KING STREET, WEST

But the Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Save $50 By Selling to Yourself



No. 3 Olivers Standard Visible Writers at $50, if Sold Direct

We have undertaken to buy—to get the minimum price—1,000 Oliver Typewriters (Model No. 3) per month. On this enormous transaction we are able to quote the lowest price ever offered on Olivers in perfect condition.

We have selected for our purpose the No. 3 model, because of its utter simplicity. Another model is necessary for foreign languages. Another is better for intricate billing. But for 99 in each 100 users, the simple, everlasting, efficient No. 3 is the expert's choice. It is the model we use ourselves. It was the No. 3 model which won for the Oliver its world-wide prestige against all competition.

Our order calls for machines equal to the best machines of this model. They are sold under standard warrant. They are guaranteed to be flawless, not damaged or shop-worn, not inferior in any way.

Sent on 5 Days' Trial No Deposit

Our economy comes in enormous buying, and in getting rid of agents and salesmen. We send the machine on five days' trial without any deposit, and let it sell itself. If you don't want it, return it at our expense. If you find it the best machine on the market, send us $5 per month for ten months.

At this price you get every perfection, every device which ever went out with this model. You get all the extras—metal case, base board, ribbon, tools, instruction book, etc. Tens of thousands of people have paid to agents $100 for the Oliver No. 3.

Oliver Points

Over 350,000 Olivers have been sold to date. They are used by 183 railroads. They are used by the largest mail order concerns, two of whom use over 1,000 each. Its simple efficiency, lightness and durability have made it the choice of those who know typewriters best.

Writing always in sight.
Writes in colors without changing ribbon.
Has Universal keyboard.
The type is beautiful and nothing can mar it.
It is the lightest of all the standard machines.
It has the lightest action and the fewest parts.
It has the patented Unshaped type bar, insuring perfect alignment.
It is easily learned, because it is simple. Instruction book with each machine.
One can write on ruled lines with it. One can draw lines with it.
Makes 20 carbons at one writing if desired.
Does any practical thing which any typewriter can do.
Lasts a lifetime.
Nothing to wear out.

Sold on Credit

Send us this coupon and we will send a machine on 5 days' trial without any deposit. We send it just as others send agents. To accept it involves no obligation whatever.

If you don't want it, return it and we'll pay the express. If you do want it, send $5, then $5 monthly until $50 is paid. If you are not rated by the mercantile agencies please send a couple of references.

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
159 C J, N. State Street, Chicago

Trial Order Coupon (9)

Typewriters Distributing Syndicate
159 C J, N. State St., Chicago

Ship me an Oliver Typewriter, Model No. 3, on approval, F. O. B. Chicago. If entirely satisfactory, I agree to remit $5 within five days after receiving machine, then $5 each month thereafter until full purchase price of $50 is paid. Otherwise I will return the typewriter to you at your expense. It is understood that title will remain in you until the full purchase price is paid.

Name _____
Address _____
_____
Reference _____
_____

GOVERNOR BOB

(Continued from Page 6)

agents to wring contributions from the corporations. Or, at the very least, he would have promoted his political field-marshals to the offices. La Follette, instead, gave the state a splendid corrupt-practices act, and appointed B. H. Meyers, a university professor then studying the railroad question in Europe and now transferred by President Taft to the Interstate Commerce Commission; Halford Erickson, a statistician who had been a railroad auditor; and Judge John Barnes, since elevated to the supreme bench of the state, a lawyer skilled in public-utility law—a dignified, learned, careful body of men with the La Follette passion for the fact.

I met in Madison once an acquaintance of long standing, whose duty it is—or was—as an officer of a railroad to attend commission hearings in several states. I asked him how he liked the Wisconsin commission.

"Well," said he, "we get licked pretty often before it; but I always go away feeling that I have had a fair shake and a decision based on conscientious investigation by able men. They don't send some heeler to meet me at the station, as is done in other states, saying: 'Hush! I want to see you in private! You've just got to fix this dispute up or the party will get in bad with the voters. These shippers have political influence, you know!' No such dark-room development in Wisconsin! Everything is done in the open—printed docket, like a court; no whispering in the judges' ears. I like it—it's clean."

We are disposed to think in Wisconsin that this publicity of procedure will always keep the commission out of the control of the utility companies. It is to be hoped that it will, for the railroad commission is the most powerful tribunal in Wisconsin. It is appointed by the governor and runs the public utilities of the state. It supervises their bookkeeping. It scrutinizes their expenditures. It has traveling inspectors constantly out—testing meters, testing light, testing heat and testing every service in every possible way. If a gas company or a street-car company, or any other public-service corporation, comes before the commission making a poor mouth and saying it must raise rates or decline to give better service, the commission opens a big book and says, in a sort of fatherly manner:

"You aren't running your plant economically. You are too extravagant. You don't adopt the proper economies. You are lacking in efficiency somewhere. You can do what we ask if you adopt right methods."

"We rather think," says the corporation, "that we know our business!"

Minding the People's Business

"In a sort of way," says the railroad commission, "maybe you do; but, you see, we see the accounts of all the public-service companies in the state—about eleven hundred of them—thirteen heating plants, fifty-four steam railroads, twenty-five interurbans, one hundred and forty-one water companies, fifty-four gas companies, two hundred and thirty electric light and power companies, five hundred and nine telephone companies—and we can make comparisons. At Oshkosh the figures for a plant about like yours are so and so; at Oconomowoc, so and so. You can render service at the figures we give you if you will just get after your methods—and buck up!"

And the corporation goes out and bucks up. The Wisconsin commission thinks it just as much the people's business to correct extravagance in the management of privately owned public-utility corporations as if they were municipally owned—since in either case the consumer has to make up the waste.

One would expect that, with Socialism rampant—I have actually heard New York people, supposedly possessed of ordinary intelligence, speak of La Folletteism as "Socialism"—the agencies of the state would work toward municipal ownership. The law permits it. When a municipality wants to take over a public-service plant it goes to the railroad commission and asks to have the property condemned. The commission sends out its engineers and has a complete valuation made of the property—what it cost, what it can be duplicated for, what it has been earning returns on—and, after deducting for wear and tear and allowing nothing for the franchise—unless something was paid for it—the commission tells the city what it will have to pay and the corporation what it will have to take. Though this is true, the establishment of the commission has retarded the municipal ownership movement in Wisconsin, except in the case of waterworks. It has been found by means of standardized bookkeeping that the municipal plants are, on the whole, badly managed and not so efficient as the privately owned ones. So the policy has been to regulate the returns of private capital, allow it to earn attractive dividends—and let it go at that. As to waterworks there are reasons, they think, why municipal ownership is best.

No Tax on Gifts

When the commission takes the affairs of a public utility in hand it is likely to be with reference to either the regulation of its rates, the condemnation of its property for the purposes of a municipal purchase—or both. In either case it proceeds, first, to make a complete physical valuation of the property—down to the last bolt, nut and crowbar, and up to the general offices and depot grounds. This is done by competent engineers—usually under the direction of one of the great engineering specialists of the University of Wisconsin. This value is arrived at by an actual physical examination. Then the values are computed independently, from a great mass of data, tables, diagrams, curves and graphs in the files of the commission, to determine what it would now cost to duplicate the property. A full report is then made to the commission and to the corporation concerned. A public hearing is then held, at which the owners of the property may make claims for additional values. If, years ago at its inception, the plant had to be operated at a loss the commission allows such sum to be added to the assets as "going value" as will bring the returns to the capital invested up to the yearly average of seven per cent.

"The utilities are built at the invitation of the communities," said one of the commission: "and we think the investors are justly entitled in the fat years to returns for the losses in the lean ones."

On the values thus arrived at are rates based.

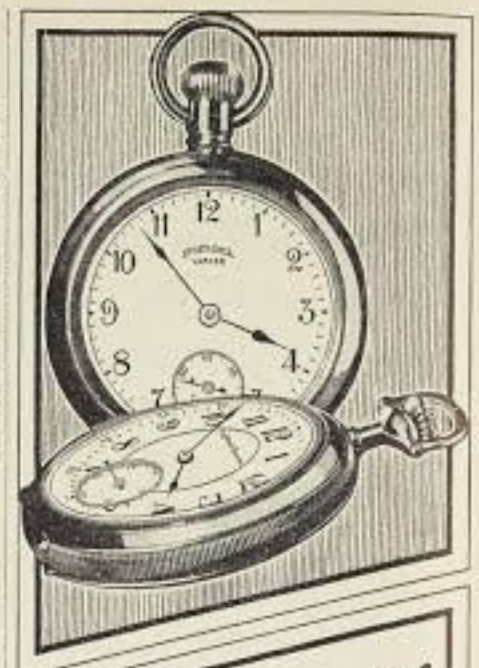
Franchise values? Nothing allowed for that unless the franchises were bought, in the first place, from the people. The commission takes the position that the people should not be taxed in rates to pay returns on the value of something the people gave freely to the corporation. And, if it was bought, returns are based on the amount paid—not on the increased value caused by municipal growth. The utilities strenuously argued with the commission that they should be allowed to earn returns on the value of their good-will. When one sells a store he puts in its good-will, which is merely the expression in money of the habit customers have of going back to the same old shop. The commission said that this habit of using the same street railroad, or steam railroad, or telephone, is about like that of a convict using habitually the same jail—a matter of necessity rather than choice.

"Nevertheless," said the corporations, "we are entitled to pay on the value of our good-will. It's an asset in all businesses."

"Well," said the commission, "if good-will is an asset ill-will must be a liability; and if we add the value of the one we'll have to subtract the lien of the other."

Its first great task was to make a physical valuation of the properties. Being unpractical dreamers, these men asserted that they couldn't tell what the utilities ought to earn until they knew what they were worth—they had to know the principal before they could compute the interest. They found the accounts of both municipal and privately owned plants in dreadful confusion—and they had to get up an accounting system for the practical business men. They found that the railroads had been giving rebates in almost every community, and that much of the opposition to the commission act when on its passage in the legislature was from shippers who were getting favors, or hoped for them, or were afraid to decline to act as the railroads commanded.

The railroads, it must be remembered, at that time claimed the absolute right to



Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

HERE are two distinct kinds of watches, one built upon the experience of the other—one a plain, practical timekeeper which during 18 years has so proved its usefulness that now over half the watches sold are Ingersoll Watches; the other a fine jeweled watch for those who buy for extreme accuracy, durability and beauty.

The Ingersoll Watch has always been regarded as a really wonderful thing for the money—something only possible through a manufacturing ability never approached in the watch industry and in mighty few others.

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All the experience, the economies, the highly specialized methods, the manufacture of great numbers in few styles, the efficiency principles learned in making almost thirty million watches, combined with unique originality and inventive power, are producing in the new Ingersoll-Trenton factory the finest American watches at prices that heretofore would buy only commonplace timepieces.

7-jewel movement in nickel case . **$5**
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Ingersoll-Trenton Watches sold only by responsible jewelers everywhere. Nine thousand jewelers handle them. For a complete and conclusive description of the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch write today for the book "How to Judge a Watch."

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CLOTHCRAFT

For Thrifty Men & Young Men

CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES All Wool At $10 to $25

JUST to test the Clothcraft guaranty of permanent shapeliness, a skeptic wore a Clothcraft suit daily for two months without repressing. That was a supreme test, for this man is particular about his clothes—and it convinced him.

The Clothcraft guaranty of permanent shapeliness is not intended to do away with pressing. It guarantees that the clothes are cut and needled into a shapeliness that is safeguarded against shrinking, stretching or sagging. This is true, first, because Clothcraft Clothes are absolutely pure wool—

The One Guaranteed All-Wool Line at Medium Prices: $10 to $25

It is true, second, because Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—the outgrowth of sixty-one years of study of the problem—has improved quality while cutting down costs.

The one way to be sure of all-wool clothes at $10 to $25 is to buy Clothcraft Clothes.

Go to the Nearest Clothcraft Store

Ask the dealer to show you the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special, No. 4130, at $18.50; and be sure to try on several Clothcraft coats and overcoats, so you can see how well they fit. Notice the close-fitting collar, the shapely shoulders, and the full, smooth coat-front.

If you don't know a Clothcraft Store, write us today. We'll promptly send you the Clothcraft Style-Book for fall and winter, the name of the nearest dealer, and a booklet picturing the clean, light shops where Clothcraft Clothes are made.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS CO.

Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes

620 ST. CLAIR AVENUE, N. W.

Cleveland



determine by arbitrary and discriminatory rates who, in any town, should prosper in any trade dependent on shipments by rail—and they exercised this kingly right despotically. They claimed the absolute right to say which towns should grow and which should not—and they exercised this imperial power to their own ends. Among these ends was the perpetuation of their political power in Wisconsin.

In the matter of discriminations the local public-utility companies were just as bad. Only such city officials as were willing to be thought eccentric paid for telephones, lights or water. In one city of four thousand inhabitants the water company served seven big consumers free of charge. In the village of Durand the electric company granted special rates to forty-two out of ninety-nine consumers. In La Crosse one hundred and thirteen out of twenty-three hundred and ninety users of electricity got reductions amounting to a monthly rebate to the influential of nineteen hundred and forty-two dollars. In Madison thirteen hundred and fifty-nine telephone users out of five thousand received reductions amounting to eleven hundred and twenty dollars a month. Ministers, editors, social orders and the like got special favors—all of which had to be made up by the unconscious and uninfluential. So it was all over the state.

The commission established uniform rates to all. The utility companies became afraid to grant favors—for the commission shows its teeth when necessary. The manager of a gas company in one Wisconsin town lives in the middle of a long block and once had an arrangement by which the street cars stopped in front of his door whenever he wished. They do so no longer. He told me that such action on their part was regarded as a discrimination in his favor under the rulings of the railway commission!

The Master Becomes Servant

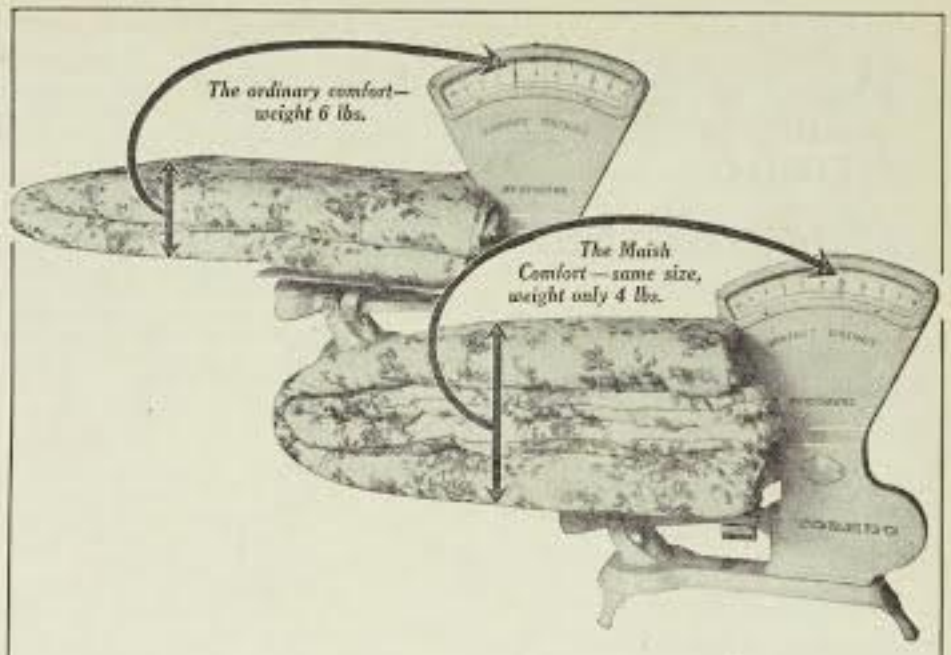
The reductions in freight rates ordered by this commission amount to a saving to the public of from two to two and a half million dollars yearly. The rebates and special rates to "friends," granted by the telephone, electric light and power, street railroad and water companies, and now saved to the public in reduced rates, amounted to more than two million dollars a year. And all the reductions have been reasonable. The commission never loses a case in the courts. It always knows the business of the company concerned at least as well as the company does.

The commission treats the citizen calling its attention to abuses as its aid in carrying on its business. It acts as his adviser in the matter, and he needs no lawyer. If necessary the commission will carry the matter, in a proper case, to the courts—even the highest—or to the Interstate Commerce Commission; and it often starts proceedings before that commission for the benefit of Wisconsin citizens on its own motion.

The result of all this has been a surprising reversal of form as between citizen and corporation. Wisconsin shippers and citizens look upon the public-utility concerns, including the railroads, as their servants—not as their masters. Not long ago I had a conversation with a division officer of a railroad—a man I had known from boyhood. He complained of the glory having departed from the railroad Israel. "Why," said he, "a railroad man is nothing but a public servant now!" I told this, with due suppression of names, to a member of the Railroad Commission of Wisconsin. "Certainly he's a public servant," said he. "Properly considered, he never was anything else. The Government allows private capital to do this public-utility work. It owes fair returns to the capital—that's all; but it is public work, just the same as if the Government were doing it."

On the other hand, the commission refuses popular demands whenever it feels that they are unwise. Milwaukee wanted three-cent fares. The commission ordered better service instead and postponed the consideration of reduction of fares until the plant shall be in first-class shape.

If the La Follette scourge has done harm these are the respects in which it has sinned. The very head and front of its offending hath this extent—no more. Those who think such regulation of corporations wrong should oppose La Follette; for they are bone of his political bone and flesh of his flesh.



Twice as thick
Two pounds lighter

"Warmth without weight"

AT last you can sleep in plenty of cold, fresh air with windows wide open—and be warm without being weighted down by heavy, stiff covers.

Go to any good dealer's and see the Maish—the new comfort that has "warmth without weight"—they are made by a wonderful new process. The "filling" is woven into one continuous, soft downy layer—the exact size and thickness of the finished comfort. (See cross section below.)

This is filled with millions of tiny air cells that keep in the heat—keep out the cold.

The Maish allows you to relax completely—gives you a feeling of freedom that you can't appreciate until you try it. It is as light and buoyant as the finest Eiderdown—*and pure.*

Maish
Laminated Cotton-Down
Comforts

There are plain and bordered comforts in all colors—designs never before attempted in comfort coverings. Trellises. Brocades. Inwoven Jacquards. Oriental and Conventional patterns. Write today for samples in colorings to match your bedroom scheme. THE CHAS. A. MAISH COMPANY, 1132-1142 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

Write today for cross section of the Maish "filling" and samples of the new patterns

Prices—Baby Comforts, $1.25 to $2.50. Crib size $1.50 to $2.50 in Muslins to $4.50 in Maish. Full size comforts from $2.50 in Muslins to $12 in Maish.

At all leading stores



Wait a bit, Friend Haberdasher



There's something better in union suits than you have ever had in stock, unless you carry the

White Cat

Klosed-Krotch

(Trade Mark)

Union Suit

Men take to the Klosed-Krotch (patented) feature. No gaping nor chafing, for the crotch is knit like a pair of drawers. All the good points of the union suit combined with the one big advantage of the old style drawers.

Sets like the skin itself—smooth, comfortable. Men who are wearing it know that they have solved the problem of union suit comfort.

You'll find that the superiority of these new union suits, together with our big advertising campaign, make them the most desirable goods you can possibly stock.

We will gladly give you full information. Write now for samples.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

I think every one must admit that the government of the state in other respects has been almost ideal. It has a bank-inspection law under which not a dollar of depositors' money has been lost through the failure of state banks, though losses have occurred in national bank failures.

Under La Follette and his régime the State University has become the greatest of its class; and no university in the world is called upon to furnish so much in the way of governmental activity. I have heard it said that the university runs the state—and there is something in it. La Follette has always stood for the policy of making the trained men on its faculty useful in public affairs.

In no state has the subject of insurance been more carefu ly studied than in Wisconsin. Her insurance commissioner stands, in his field, as high as do the members of the railroad commission in theirs; and the Wisconsin companies boast of her laws as their chief talking-point. So they do of all states, of course; but I believe the Wisconsin insurance department actually ranks with those of Connecticut, Massachusetts and New York in thoroughness.

The reader should begin to suspect, by this time, that the La Follette régime in Wisconsin is strong in fiscal ability. It is almost as avid for figures as for facts. It has established a central system of accounts for public officers, and they are as thoroughly checked up as are bankers.

Before the nation awoke to the mysteries of conservation Wisconsin, under La Follette, set up her Bureau of Forestry; and she is now establishing a great system of state forests, scientifically protected and cared for. The state's waterpowers are the subject of anxious consideration; and the right of the people to the product of the streams' flow is secured by a flowage tax of a certain amount that promises to become an important factor in the economy of the state.

When the La Follette reign began, labor conditions in Wisconsin were bad. Now, I am assured by investigators of factory conditions, they are among the best in the nation. There is a strict inspection of all factories; and the policy of protection for the child against factory life, of the woman against unwholesome hours or conditions, and of all workpeople against danger and disease, has become the fixed one of Wisconsin.

"It's the Way He Says It"

I have scarcely mentioned the thing for which La Follette fought longest and hardest—and for the championship of which he received most abuse—the statewide direct primary. I have preferred to dwell on the things he did with the political power vested in him rather than on this contest for the people's power.

Of all the states, Wisconsin has probably the best of these laws. The balloting is by the Australian ballot, with no party test, and has been perfected in this session by the adoption of preferential voting, by which the nominee must have a majority of the votes, either first choice or second and third choices.

Not long ago a group of Senators who like each other were chatting in a senatorial office at Washington. La Follette was there, and several Progressives—both Democratic and Republican; for Bob will "consult," now that he has political associates with whom a meeting of minds is possible. No man's advice is more sought in Washington and no man takes more of the advice of others. He wastes as little of his time as ever with men whom he knows to be everlastingly and abysmally against him and his ideals; but with others he is always ready to confer. In this case the conference was over and a few lingered in converse. Among them was Newlands, of Nevada. La Follette had ruffled his crest and said something in that intensely dramatic way of his, his eyes flashing fire, his voice trembling as with suppressed passion; and Newlands dropped a remark which told volumes of Governor Bob.

"I've just thought," said he, "why La Follette is thought by so many to be such a dangerous man: It isn't what he says so much as the thunderous and portentous way in which he says it."

There's a lot in this dictum. La Follette is a poet and an artist; and when he speaks a stirring thing nobody is more deeply moved than he.

His speeches are didactic, full of statistics and interminably long; and yet he is the most popular of Chautauqua stars.

MACKEREL, CODFISH AND LOBSTER



FOR YOUR OWN TABLE

FAMILIES who are fond of **OCEAN FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **FRANK E. DAVIS FISH COMPANY, GLOUCESTER,** the great New England fish market, getting better and later caught fish than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY** to the **CONSUMER DIRECT,** never through dealers. We have done a mail-order fish business since 1885, sending goods right to our customers' homes. **We PREPAY EXPRESS** east of Kansas, and always guarantee complete satisfaction or money refunded. We want to deal with **YOU** on the same terms, no matter how small your orders.

Our **SALT MACKEREL** are fat, tender, juicy fish. They are fine and you will enjoy them for breakfast this winter.

SALT CODFISH as we prepare it is an appetizing, delicious fish. Just try Salt Cod and Creamed Potatoes. You will like it.

Our **CANNED FISH** being steam cooked is absolutely fresh and natural and includes the best of everything packed here or abroad.

FRESH LOBSTERS, in parchment-lined cans, go through no process except boiling. Packed solid in whole pieces as soon as taken from the water, they retain the same crispness and natural flavor as when taken from the shell.

CRABMEAT, SHRIMPS, CLAMS, SALMON, TUNNY, SARDINES, and dozens of other dainty and substantial products can always be in your storeroom for use at a moment's notice in the preparation of a course of appetizing, healthful dishes, that perhaps you now are unable to vary because you cannot get **FRESH OCEAN PRODUCTS** at your fish market. **We invite your patronage.**

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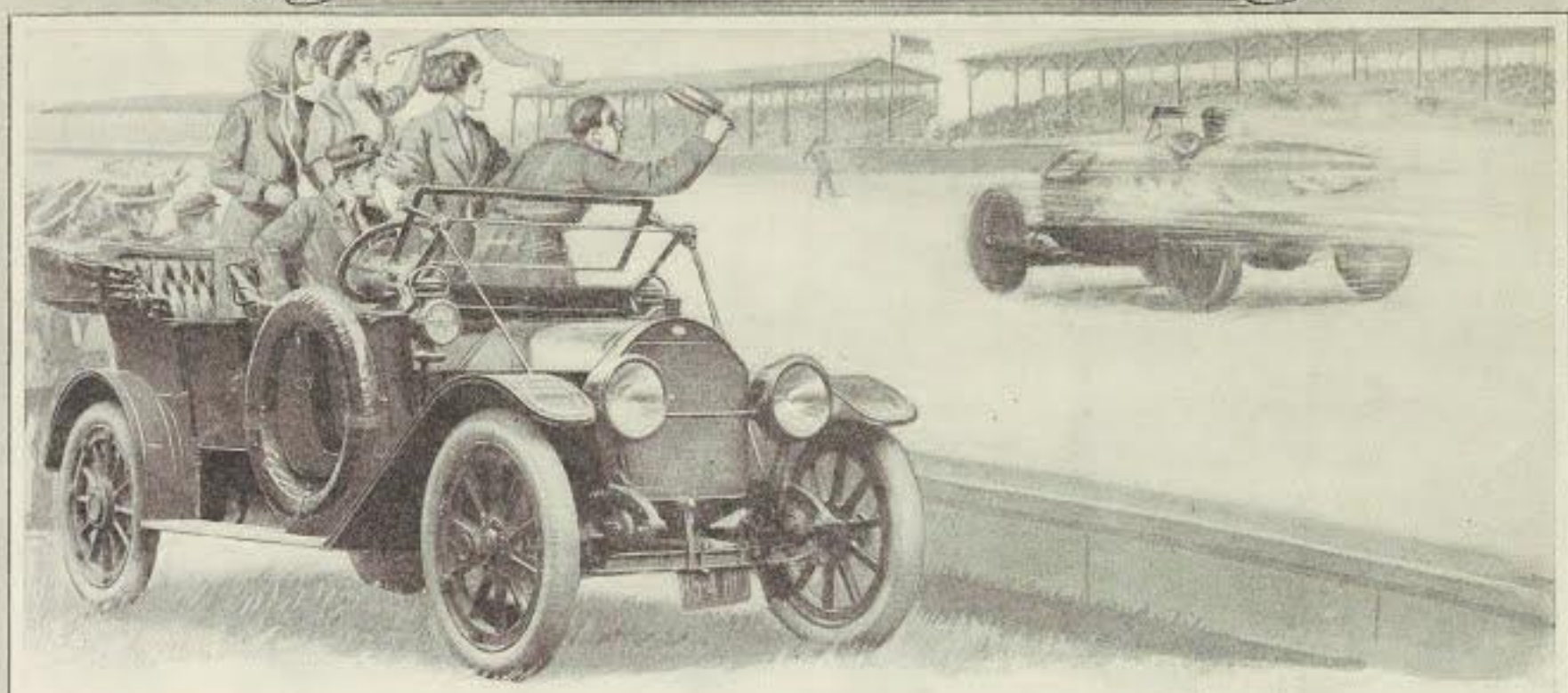
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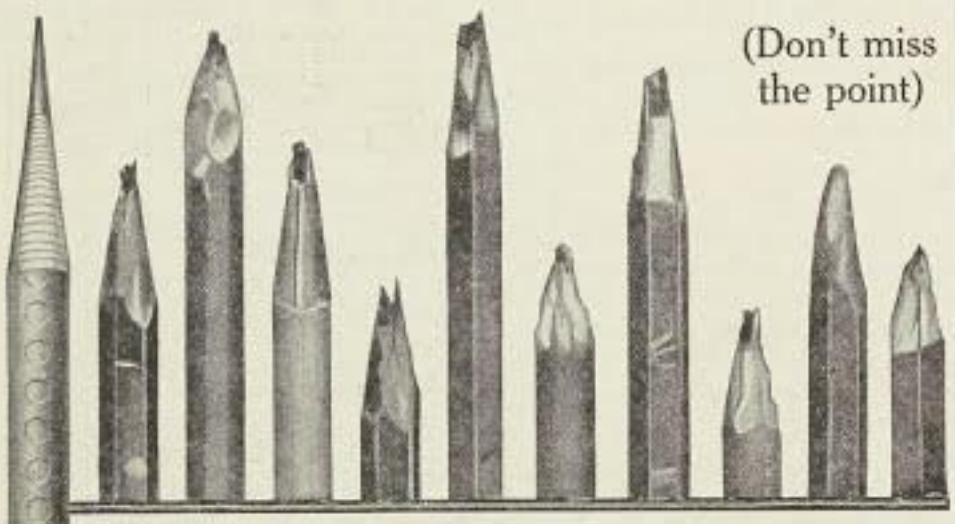
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Do not delay writing.

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Old Hampshire Bond

[16]



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[17]

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Hampshire Paper Co.

South Hadley Falls, Mass.

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively



THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 18)

continued ruthlessly in the same dull accents, with the same stupid stare: "I hired Bill Peters to sign the pledge in the first place. I hired him to lecture. He's just in it for money. I did it to advertise the ovens. I knew Bill wasn't sincere. I had Lute Morrow egg 'em on to blackguard people and anything else they could think of that would attract attention. It's true they went farther than I intended. But I was behind the whole show all the while. It's just me that's responsible."

When Mrs. Humphrey understood what he was talking about she did not start or exclaim. She stood quite still for a long moment, looking steadily down upon his crushed figure and wobegone face. Then she came over, sat down beside him and addressed him quietly:

"You see now what you've done, Addison. You are responsible. All you can do is to say so"—she drew breath and added firmly—"and foot the bill."

The paper mentioned "thousands of dollars' worth" of mirrors and cut glass. There would be, at the very least, heavy fines for the criminals; perhaps the expense of defending them on a murder charge. What Patrolman Flynn or his heirs might claim nobody could tell.

"Yes—I'm responsible, Carrie," said the dazed inventor in a weak voice. "It'll bust me, but"—he gave a long, low sigh—"but you're right."

So there was an end of their oven, their hopes and even of their good name. They felt the completeness of the wreck as much as though the débris lay physically round them. A ghastly moisture appeared upon the inventor's brow. His wife reached over and laid her hand lightly upon his.

"That's somebody at the door," she observed a moment later, with a dull sort of casualness. Maybe they were coming for Addison; but no mere detail could matter now. The inventor made an ineffectual attempt to operate his dry throat, and nodded to her. "Come in," she called, scarcely troubling to turn her head.

The door opened and Luther P. Morrow slid in. Neither of them rose or spoke to him. Under this chilling silence he found his embarrassed way to a seat on the plush sofa, where he sat for a moment, foolishly dandling his oversize derby hat in his hands and humbly gazing into it.

"Luther," said Mrs. Humphrey like one beyond hope and fear, "we want you to tell us how this thing happened."

Along with a wholesome respect, Lute had a sneaking fondness for Mrs. Humphrey. He studied the interior of his hat a moment, thoughtfully drew the back of his hand across his chin and began deliberately:

"Well, sir, it goes back quite a spell. You may recollect, Addy, that I got a black eye a while ago." He ventured to cast a meekly inquiring glance at the inventor. "That black eye, Addy, was give me by Bill Peters in my own room. Bill comes into my own room and smells a schooner of beer on my breath and gives me an awful wallop in the eye. You don't understand Bill, Addy," he continued, looking up again and gravely shaking his head. "You wouldn't believe how this temperance business has struck in on him. He won't sleep or eat in a hotel that's got a bar attached, and if I git him by a beer wagon without assault and battery I gotta hold his arm and speak quietin' words in his ear. Keepin' Bill in hand—I tell you, Addy, lion tamin's a snap compared with it! I didn't like it when Bill come into my own room and punched my eye. I don't think any self-respectin' man would have liked it. So that was the way it begun—partly."

Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey glanced at each other with the same question in mind—namely, whether yesterday's calamity had turned the poor fellow's wits.

Lute turned his hat the other side up, contemplated the crown and continued: "Well, we been here five days now, preparin' for the parade and so on. Notices of us has appeared in the papers. Well, day before yesterday a man comes to call on me. And he wanted me to fix it so's the Volunteers would smash up this here Alpine Cafay. It appealed to me, Addy, and I done it," he concluded firmly.

As he was looking fixedly at his hat he did not see the startled expression upon the faces of his auditors.

"Of course it was dead easy," he explained modestly. "It was just a matter

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Shines without Brushing

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"French Gloss" size, 10c.



BULLY-SHINE

Best Waterproof Shoe Polish Made



For ALL kinds of black shoes and OLD rubbers. Blacks, polishes, softens and preserves. Contains oils and waxes to polish and preserve the leather, also **Russett Bully Shine**

Large tin boxes, 10c. **Boxes open with a key**

"DANDY" combination for cleaning and polishing all kinds of russet or tan shoes, twenty-five cents. "Stay" size ten cents. If your dealer does not keep the kind you want send us his address and the price in stamps for a full size package.

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always stands for a timepiece of the highest excellence. Even lower priced Walthams maintain a wonderful record for accuracy. Between the popular grade and the Waltham Premier Maximus at $250—the watch *de luxe* of the world—are the several standard high-grade Waltham movements, offering models of exquisite design and workmanship, and guaranteeing timekeeping results of unrivalled accuracy. High-grade Waltham movements are invariably named. *Riverside*, for instance, is always a good name to remember.

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FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other reliable models from $12 up. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

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of tellin' Bill and Minervy things that the Alpine Cafay had said about 'em, which any child could 'a' made up offhand."

"You've ruined me, Lute! I shall pay the damages and fines," said Addison.

Lute then looked over at them in genuine surprise, and noted for the first time the newspaper in Addison's lap. "No, sir, Addy, you ain't ruined a cent's worth," he replied patiently, his gaze returning to his hat. "The damages and fines is all arranged for. It don't cost you a cent. That stuff in the paper is all bunk. Bill chucked his oven through a plate-glass window and they broke up maybe five dollars' worth of glassware inside. It wasn't calculated, you see, that they'd git very far in the demolishin' line."

"But the policeman—with his skull fractured?" Addison suggested, at a loss.

"Bunk!" Lute replied. "Bill Peters never touched that one at all. That was Flynn. Minerva swatted him over the head because he punched Reverend Watts in the ear." The narrator here gave an explosive little laugh and half choked himself trying to suppress it. "Reverend Watts hastened up to preserve order and Patrolman Flynn naturally biffed him. But Patrolman Flynn ain't hurt none to speak of. Patrolman Ryan is considerable mussed up and disorganized. But he ain't complainin' any. Because, Addy, what Patrolman Ryan done to Bill Peters"—Lute paused and drew a gentle little sigh of content—"what Patrolman Ryan done to Bill Peters was a plenty. I calculate, Addy, that after they git Bill properly sewed and plastered up he'll pause and reflect for some time before he goes into the room of a man that 's befriended him the way I have and punches him in the eye. Yes, sir—that's what I calculate, Addy."

"But I can't understand—the damages—the fines—what reason?"—Addison demanded.

"Well, sir, there's two reasons," Lute explained patiently. "This Alpine Cafay is owned by the Big Rapids Brewery, which fitted it up regardless of expense, but it ain't been doin' very well in a business way. That's the first reason. Second reason is there's a local election comin' on in the spring and the license question will be up. Naturally the brewery people didn't care for any great peaceable temperance demonstration before the election. Now you gotta admit that's reasonable, Addy; that's only human nature; no matter what you may think of the license question," he argued gravely. "So this man that come to call on me and suggested it, you see—he's treasurer of the brewery; the friendliest man I ever met in my life."

Mrs. Humphrey dropped back in her chair and Addison's head fell weakly to one side, as though some one had struck him.

"He's the tickledest man in town this morning," Lute added with modest pride. "You oughta see the rush at the Alpine Cafay. They've put on extra help and can't skursely keep up with the orders; and the broken glassware, fines and all, won't cost 'em a hundred dollars. That window Bill busted was insured."

"Oh, Lute! Lute!" moaned Mrs. Humphrey.

The tone touched Luther's heart. "Well, now, Mrs. Humphrey," he pleaded, "I wouldn't do anything to hurt your feelin's for the world, outside of business. But, you see, it was for ovens that I went into this thing. I can't truly say I take a real deep interest in temperance. It was for ovens and for Addy Humphrey that I went into it. You can ask the brewery man yourself, Addy," he continued earnestly; "he'll tell you, just as I do, that he offered me fifty dollars if I'd pull off this raid on the Alpine Cafay. And I says to him, 'No, sir,' says I; 'I'm workin' for the Humphrey Oven Company. I won't take no money,' I says; 'but I gather from remarks you've dropped that you brewery people sort of own this newspaper, and I'll take'"—Lute halted in his recital, drew his hand across his chin and concluded modestly—"I guess maybe you ain't looked at the sixt' page of the newspaper."

Mechanically unfolding the paper to the sixth page, Addison saw his own likeness and a three-quarter-column article about himself and his valuable invention.

For a full minute he pondered with amazement upon Lute's narrative, then murmured: "I guess—in this advertising business—I guess I'm only an amateur."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Will Payne. The fourth will appear next week.

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We make **LEWIS UNION SUITS** as a good tailor makes fine clothes. We give them perfection in fit and in finish. No other maker goes into the details as we do. We make perfect crotch and seat adjustments so they never annoy. This means double comfort and extra wear, yet the **LEWIS** Suits are sold at popular prices.



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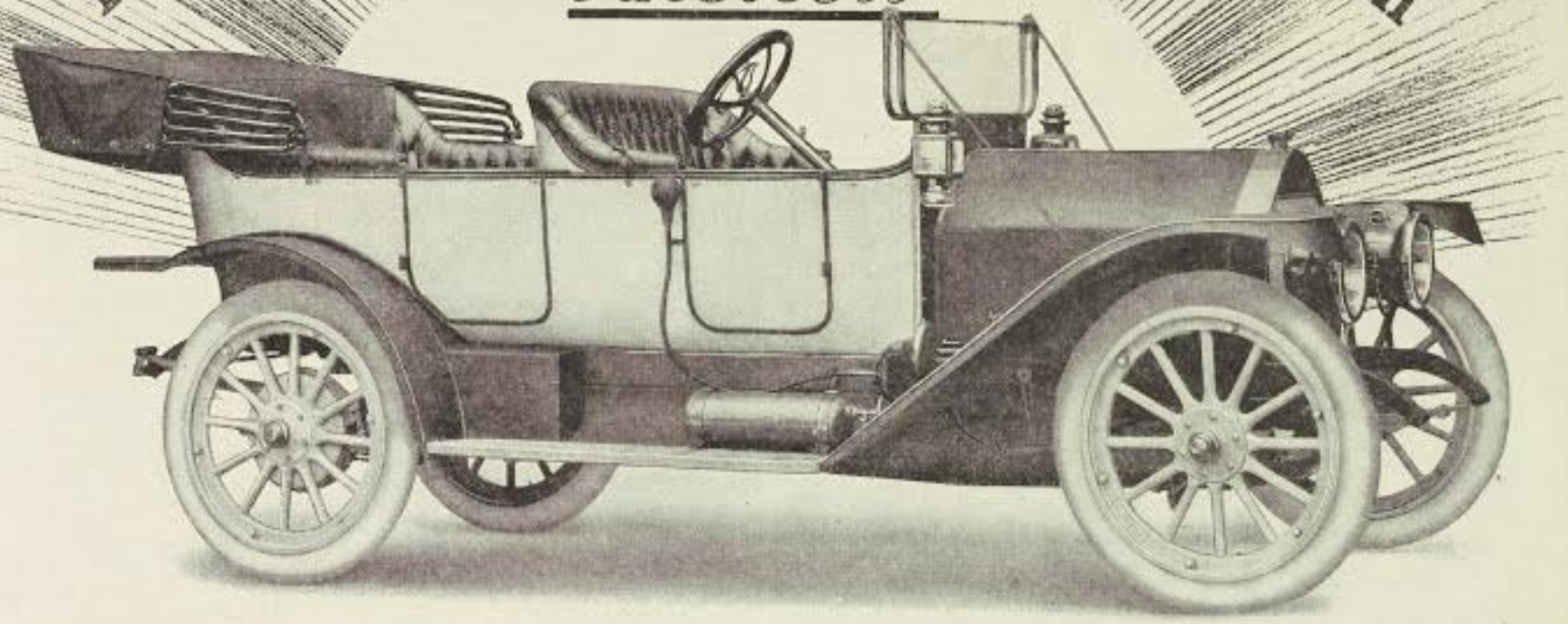
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Model K—five passenger, 40 h. p. touring car; equipped with top, glass front, Prest-O-Lite tank, gas and oil lamps, etc.—$1800

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SPECIFICATIONS

Five Passenger Model "K" $1800

MOTOR: 40 H. P.; four cylinders, cast separately; 4½ inch bore x 5 inch stroke. Five extra long bearings on crank shaft. Large valves. All parts interchangeable.

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TRANSMISSION: Selective sliding gear type, three forward speeds and reverse. Direct drive on high.

CONTROL: Spark and throttle levers at top of steering column. Westcott special type of foot accelerator.

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WEIGHT: 3000 lbs.

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THE FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 22)

He was to be on it after all, this afternoon, however. In the exodus of the squad all the Freshmen had been left with the exception of two or three of the most useful. A captain had been appointed and a call made for more men; and the Freshmen were to practice by themselves during the absence of their big brothers, in preparation for their own match, scheduled two weeks after the big game.

It was a very different practice from those which he had watched from the side lines and that glorious one in which he had taken part. The bleachers were empty; no one was interested in these Freshmen; the field was hard and unkempt; its lines half-erased; across it the north wind swirled dry leaves like the dancing skeletons of dead hopes. Without encouragement, with little inspiration, the Freshmen tried to do their work manfully, but the results were doleful. Carter, still on the side line, was seized with the nostalgia of the days gone by, the days when, even in his humblest of capacities, he was part and portion of a splendid organism working brilliantly for a big cause.

Bloomingdale, the captain, tried him out at end, and in the work he lost in some measure his dumps. It was not like the first day—there was not the exultation of fighting against odds, against men of splendid reputation and superior skill; but at least one's blood ran warm, one's lungs distended, and one left the field weary and hot and wet. It was later that the feeling returned—later, when each went off his way in the darkness and Carter, riding homeward, thought of the squad and Blair over in the city. His desire had been so fixed and strong that he could not change immediately its focus. Still, what he wanted most in the world was to have Blair come to him out of a lull and say, "Carter!"

The two weeks passed thus. Every afternoon the Freshmen practiced patiently before empty bleachers, on an empty campus, disdained of the college, which, vibrant with the approaching big game, had heed only for the meager news leaking from over there—from the mysterious isolation of the team. And every afternoon Carter humbly and conscientiously did his work, swallowing his now impossible desire for something else, for something better, which he had allowed to become a fixed idea with him—for the chance at some deed which would win for him at last the approbation of Blair—of the captain with the smile which judged and disdained.

There came a last practice, more desultory than the others; and the next day the big game.

Carter went over early and alone. He was not one of the big reserve of possible substitutes who in uniform were to follow the game from the side lines; but at least he had worked up his courage to the point of asking the manager for the complimentary ticket, to which as a candidate "trying for the team" he was entitled. It was in his breast pocket, against his heart. It represented more than an admission; it was a token, a badge. Every once in a while, as if to make sure, Carter's hand stole up there, crept within the pocket, against the heart, and felt the strange, greasy surface of the cardboard, made of special paper, worked with a cabalistic design to prevent counterfeiting. The frequent trains were charged with a beflagged multitude. Carter among them, was not of them; he was a curious amphibious animal; neither of the bleacherites, ignorant of their rhythmic shouts, their songs, their discipline; nor quite of those for whose encouragement and glorification these shouts, these songs, were shouted and sung, this discipline organized. A silent, isolated particle in the current, he finally found himself flung on his own seat, high up on the grandstand. With some pleasure he found that Peart was next to him. The Cupid man was there with a cascade of blue-and-gold ribbon, a light in his eye, a gesticulating, delirious enthusiasm, and full of yells.

And Carter, sitting there immobile, outwardly calm, for the next two hours felt as if a hand were at his heart, wringing it and releasing it to a capricious will. From the first the game proved a terrible one; the teams were both strong, cohesive and determined to win. Five minutes from the beginning an accident, a blocked kick, a lucky scramble, gave the red jerseys a touchdown and six points; and then after

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that, it was for the men of Carter's college, charge and charge and charge upon charge to regain the advantage, while the others held on to it with a grimness of locked jaws. Upon the field, charge after charge growing in fury as determination became fear and fear slipped toward despair; and upon the bleachers a waiting, a waiting at first easy and assured—"They'll score in five minures!" cried Cupid Peart—soon poisoned by an undercurrent of doubt, of dread, as the precious minutes slipped away, and becoming at last an anxiety that made one sweat, that gripped one's throat and pounded like pain within. The blue-and-gold team charged and charged; and the red team held on grimly—and time flew. The first half was over, the second half begun; the blue-and-gold team still charged, the red still held—and time, inexorable and impassive, slipped on. The lengthening shadows found the situation unchanged. The red team, driven into its own territory after its first success, was still holding on stubbornly, holding on with a sort of enormous, immovable and squatting stolidity; with that limp, flopping and heartbreaking inertness which things have that one strains to lift, sobbing, in a nightmare. And the blue-and-gold charged and charged—charged without cease, in a sort of blind, sodden fury; with a determination flickering at moments to flame up immediately again; with rage, with pride and with fear. With fear of the threatening call of the last whistle to whose shrill note everything would be done. And Carter waited; waited, leaning far forward with dilated eyes, a pressure upon his chest. He was watching Blair; watching the light glow of his hair emerge each time from the bottom of broken charges with an undaunted fling like a plume's; watching each time the springy straightening of his body to new effort, the passing of his hands over the backs of his squatting line in a caress that at once beseeched and commanded; and his voice, coming fragmentarily in sudden holes of silence, thrilled him to the marrow.

Gradually a silence began to spread upon the stands; the band ceased its blare, the rooters their roar; the waving flags, as if weary, drooped, hung still; Carter, leaning forward, absorbed, felt himself invaded by a sentiment at once vibrant, soft and sad.

Suddenly he saw, beneath him, Blair, standing behind his line and about to give his signal, stop and throw about him a glance, a glance that swept the field from side line to side line, goal-post to goal-post, and the human walls towering about and the darkening sky above. It was a swift, passing glance, a flicker extinguished as soon as lit; already it was over, his eyes again upon his team, meditating a new attack. But Carter had seen it, had seized it as it passed; and there was in it such a wistful wildness, such a mad, searching expression of trapped thing, that Carter found himself on his feet, in a passion of aching sympathy, of loyalty and woe. And as if this had been an awaited signal, as if nothing but this movement of Carter's had been wanting, even as he sprang the long thrill of the last whistle ripped the silence. A roar followed the sound; before his eyes the red wall on the other side broke in an avalanche, flowed in torrents into the arena; the teams, the field, everything, disappeared.

Peart was standing also. He clutched Carter's arm; his eyes were bulging from their sockets and his mouth was working with words inaudible in the tumult. Carter put his ear close: the words came attenuated and far. "It's all over! It's all over!" Peart was shouting. "It's all over, and we're beaten!"

They stood there, the swirling uproar beneath them, and stared at each other with sober, frightened faces. This conclusion, this disaster, which for hours now, for eons it seemed, they had seen nearing with a drift inevitable as fate, now that it was here came as a surprise and a shock; it left them stupid. About them a bedlam roared.

Again Peart clutched at Carter's arm; again he was shouting. Carter heard after a while. "Let's go see the fellows! Let's go see the fellows!" Peart was shouting.

They went slowly down the steps, holding hands in the crowd, and then, still more slowly, pushed on toward the dressing room at the end of the grounds. The red rooters filled the field with their victorious serpentine. Their band passed blaring; Peart shook his fist at the disgorging horns and into Carter's eyes something stinging swiftly rose. Near the dressing rooms the throng was compact; they could not get very near; but from the top of the low



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fence bounding the gridiron Carter, behind heads, intermittently saw the men of the team file by toward the gates, caught glimpses of sodden, bent heads, of caving shoulders, of faces haggard with fatigue and defeat. And overwhelmingly he was seized again by that sentiment strangely vibrant, soft and sad—akin to the echoes of a beautiful music.

But Peart, in a hysteria of loyalty, was shouting again: "Let's go to the house and see them. Come on; we'll go see them at the house."

They went along a wide street full of people, turned into a smaller one, empty, turned again, and stopped before a big frame house, a relic of the times when this quarter, now populous, was but a summer resort for the city's inhabitants. The main door was open, and disorder reigned within. Carter went up, following Peart. In the hall there was a rush of trainers and rubbers with buckets, with sponges, with bottles and bandages. In a large room, open to the right, substitutes were taking off their suits. Peart kept on up the stairs to the upper floor. Doors, slamming open and shut to hurried enterings and exits, gave glimpses into rooms occupied by the men of the team. Some were taking off wearily their soggy armors; others squatted against the walls dejectedly and had not yet made a movement to undress. Sounds of running water came from bathrooms. Some one came running lightly up the steps. It was the manager. "Where's Blair?" asked Peart.

"In here, but you can't see him."

Even as he spoke, he was crossing swiftly to the door at the foot of the corridor. He opened it and went in.

The room, inside, was full of people. A physician was opening a little black grip upon a chair. Standing gloomily against the window, the coach was smoking. The physical director was standing above the bed, elbow to elbow with a trainer who held a bottle with a nonplused air. But almost right away, unerringly, Carter's eye went to the bed, to the lithe, nude form stretched, stomach down, upon the bed. It lay there, the slight body, in a sort of passion of discouragement; and in its slender sinews, in the ribs showing small, there was a new fragility which Carter had never seen in it before. The two arms were up and crossed above the tousled, soiled blond head which sank, face downward, into the pillow; the posture raised upon the back the two shoulderblades, and they had something in them pitiful as the bones of a sick child.

The physical director bent down. His hand slapped down upon the nude back in a heartening, roughman-caress; and suddenly, to this contact, these two chicken-bones of shoulderblades began to rise and fall, rise and fall, rise and fall, at first with a large, irregular, rusty movement, then more regularly, more smoothly, and fast, fast, fast. The door slammed shut.

But Carter, remaining there with wonder-filled eyes upon the closed door, still saw. He saw clearly the thin, racked frame, frail upon the bed; the arms crossed above the tousled head; the thin shoulders rising, falling—rising, falling. And that feeling which for an hour had haunted him, that sentiment, big, soft and sad, had taken on now the breadth and depth of organ chords.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Yesterday and Today

Perhaps in Nineveh you were
A queen and I a slave.
Perchance 'mid frankincense and myrrh
Your fan was mine to wave.
Perhaps I loved you as I knelt
Beside your divan gay.
Perhaps—but who knows how I felt
In that dead yesterday!

Perhaps you danced in Cæsar's house
And dined in Cæsar's hall.
Perhaps I led the brave carouse
And loved you more than all.
Perchance at Arthur's court we met
And loved and wooed and wed.
Can I be blamed if I forget
The centuries long dead?

It may be that in days agone
We loved and laughed and died
In Camelot or Babylon
Or Carthage in her pride.
Who knows? I don't remember, dear;
But this I know and vow:
Whatever chanced in yestergear,
I surely love you now!

—Berton Braley

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We had no Branch Houses to establish, no extra Salesmen to put on the road. Nor were we required to offer automobile agents *Cash Bonuses* or *Extra Commissions.*

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Note this:

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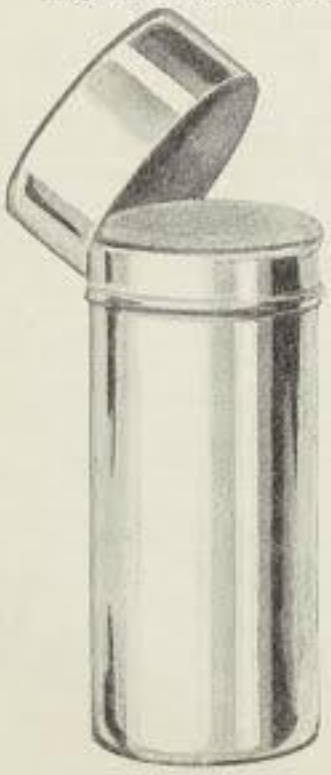
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The Travelers Insurance Company

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Please send me particulars regarding The Low Cost Guaranteed Monthly Income Policy.

Name_____

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THE AGENT AT BANTAM SPUR

(Continued from Page 9)

"Does not the dog hear thim and bear wur-rd to his master? I have seen it with my own eyes. And I will not step wan fut into the grave with its Great Mysthery till I understand this wan entirely. Wan mysthery at a time is enough. I am not a detective agency," he resumes angrily. And so, quarreling, he leads the way home.

"Good night," says the young man to Jerry. "I borrowed the manager's handcar to come up from the smelter and have left it on your platfoorm." Then with a handshake he starts, with Kathleen clinging to his arm and glancing proudly into his face.

"It is noble and generous av Brother Marty to shake hands," she says.

Thin Jerry, left alone intirely, sits on the platfoorm edge and watches the big dipper over the mountain.

"If it was only a saucepan—or aven a jug," he says at last. "I am so tired av the dipper." Thin he shakes hands with himsilf. "'Tis noble and generous av me to do so," he thinks—and goes to bed.

The next day being Saturday, a number av the smelter men come up on the thrain fer a day's hunt in the mountains and to have a free fight on the platfoorm.

"It is a tough gang," ixplains the conducthor whin Jerry gives him the express package av money paid in by the smelter manager the day before; "and there is risk fer ye to handle cash in this lone place. If I were ye I wud not incourage the hunting party to fight on the platfoorm again, as ye did just now—nor have thim hanging around at all ——"

"It is my station," says Jerry with a scowl, "and I must get all I can out av the job. 'Tis little hope I had fer a free fight in this God-forsaken place; but the Coffins have been famous in free fights—as referees," he explains; "and I have called it a draw, that the smelter men may try it over again. As fer being robbed—nobody but the smelter manager and us two know that the freight is paid here at all."

"I have warned ye and now wash my hands av your robbery and murther," says the conducthor; "but I have another matter to take up with ye personally. It is the goat which ye have reported asthray."

"So he is," agrees Jerry, "and is turned chamois on the mountains."

"He cannot be asthray whin on coompany property," argues the conducthor, "and twice has he come down the thrack to attack the ingine. We have enough to do," he says bitterly, "without stopping to stone a goat three miles up the thrack ivery day. We are not running a circus thrain, ye know, Coffin!"

"Ha!" reflects Jerry; "the goat has complicated his case. If he is asthray why does he return? If he has returned why is he asthray? 'Tis a fine point."

"I care nothing fer the point av his case," says the other; "but this I know, I will niver conduct freight on fut—like a parade," he says.

Afther he is gone, Jerry calls to the hunters and points out the goat frisking on the peak.

"'Tis a mountain ram," he says, and the gang stops fighting to stalk the baste back and forth during all av that afthernoon and Sunday.

On that day young Doons comes to the station to ask him if a guerrilla war has broken out av the mountain; and laughs whin he learns av the mountain ram.

"He is a frindly lad," thinks Jerry, "with an honest face"; and he thanks Marty for warning him against the toughness av the smelter gang.

"I wud not incourage their acquaintance," says Marty, "or they may call whin they are not wanted."

"I will put a curse on thim," answered Jerry with indifference.

"I have heard av your black magic," says the lad with a grin. "Some day ye must tache me a thrick or two."

But Jerry warns him against thrifling with spirits, which have brought himsilf throuble enough in times past and present; and thin, to furnish amusement till thraintime, they gather up the cards and play poker.

The thrain is whistling down the yard and the smelter gang returns to have a last fight on the platfoorm, whin Kathleen walks in upon thim.

"So this is the way ye lure my brother away from me!" she says with two spots of anger scorching her cheeks—"and him coming to visit me but wance a quarter. Do not ixplain to me, ye base thrickster. When ye can desave a wise man like my father 'tis little chance an innocent boy has against ye."

Young Doons calls in fury fer the gur-rl to hould her tongue, as well he might with all the wealth av the Coffins in his watch-pocket; but Jerry lays on his shoulder a hand that almost bears him to the ground.

"I belong among rougher people, apart from ye all," he says, "and have only to take the blame fer following my thraining."

At that insthant the dispatcher calls up to give him the order and the others walk slowly outside.

"And ye promised me not to gamble again, Marty," Jerry hears the gur-rl say in a pleading voice.

"And I will keep it!" declared the lad with all the cheerfulness av a winner.

"They always swear off too late and lave mesilf to remorse," moans Jerry. "Two dollars and thirty cents and a watch that was solid gold in my uncle's time!"

But whin Kathleen returns up the platfoorm and the thrain has gone he understands he has lost more than gold. Fer she luks him fair in the face in cold reproach—and without a wur-rd or sign, as whin frinds pass wan another.

Thin all the vast lonelliness av the mountains wraps itsilf, cloud upon cloud, thickly around the station; while Jerry, stranded in the middle av life, luks up and down it like a street at night.

"I have met some people and have overtaken others," he tells the hound, "and they have all been frinds at starting; thin they begin to suspect me av crimes and draw aside; in a few moments they prove their suspicions and lave me to mesilf. Now Kathleen has gone the way av the wur-rld."

Seeing him in this distress, Medium howls distractedly.

"We must sympathize with aich other," says Jerry, kicking him in the ribs; "but I will niver listen to my own wake. And, besides, ye remind me av my guilty life. It is blacker than a life av crime, fer I might have made that respectable; but nobody can make a life av nonsense respectable. I am at last disgusted with thrickery and spirits, and will niver desave any wan again or play cards fer money—whin I have any av my own to risk."

Av coorse his repentance came too late, fer by this time Kathleen luked on him as a sharper below contempt—and Jerry knew it. Yet he felt a little better fer having done with the seance and the rappings, whether she believed in him or not.

If Jerry had only gotten on the right side av the gur-rl at first the story might have been different, fer he was a man to invite frindship—till he made a joke av it. As it was, since knowing him Kathleen had changed in a way to stir her own indignation. Fer wance she had been shy and yet confident with people; and now she was bould, with a terrible scare at heart.

She suspected that only a man already dommed cud startle and change her so, and hoped niver to meet him again. The little neighborly habit av strolling down with the fresh bread and pail av milk was dropped, and fer several days Jerry neither saw the Doons nor heard av thim.

He had fallen again into that low state av wondering what the ould agint had done afther resigning, when, late wan afternoon, Kathleen came to the door and spoke far over his head.

"My father sint me to say that he wud like to see you." Thin she turned and walked away.

Jerry did not try to overtake her, but followed her at a distance to the farmhouse.

"I am not strong enough to run up and down the mountain," complained ould Doons from the doorsill. "We must hould the seance here ——"

"The saints forbid that I shud meddle with their business again!" says Jerry. "Misther Doons, in my time I have raised ivery ghost av consequence in purgatory—and why? Because people were intherested. I cud not bear to be a plain, honest man befoore my frinds, but must iver prowl in a night av mysthery to hould attintion. Now I wash my hands av spooks and divils; in the ind they have brought me nothing but suspicion and have been the ruin av me. I will desave nobody



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He knows!
What the man wants who is buying a second car.

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He goes first to the engine. Knowing that the T-head motor made famous such cars as the Packard, Pierce, Locomobile, Mercedes, etc., he looks for a T-head motor.

The MOON "30" has a T-head motor—which has always been an exclusive feature of high-priced cars.

He also asks for a long-stroke motor, fan in the fly wheel, 3-bearing crank-shaft, heavy wheels and big tires. He finds all these in the MOON "30."

And at only **$1,500!** That's what amazes him!

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The outside of the MOON "30" is as good as the inside. It's a big, swagger, handsome car. For a fact, if you saw it on the boulevard you'd say it was a $3,000 car.

It has the low, racy look that pleases. Lamps are the same as on high-priced cars.

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MOON cars are not built by tens of thousands. It takes too long to build MOON cars to turn them out in thousand lots, even in our large factory. Every car is individually tested and examined and adjusted until it satisfies the critical judgment of Joseph W. Moon, himself.

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Write for catalog which shows complete details. Learn why the MOON car is a high-class car at a moderate price. The MOON "30" at **$1,500** competes with many cars at higher prices.

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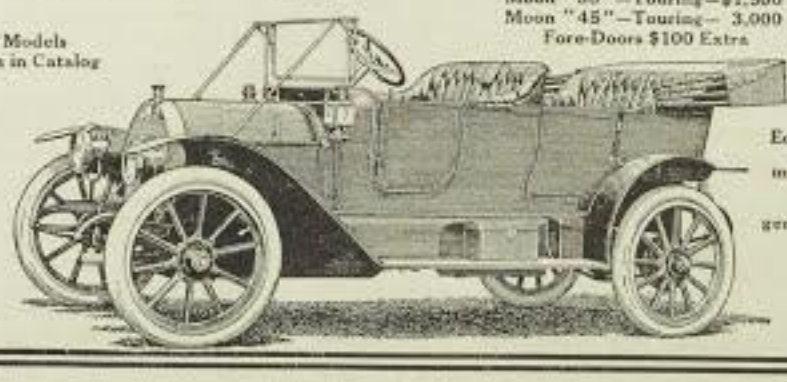
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PRICES
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Equipped with magneto, five lamps, generator, horn and all tools.

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"The Light Universal"

It's a mark of experience.

You'll see the coppered gas tank on the running board of nine out of ten *good* cars.

Why?

Because the owner knows.

Prest-O-Lite is the most reliable—the most efficient—the most economical lighting system for automobiles and motorcycles.

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Thousands of motorists have bought cars equipped with gas generators and other inadequate lighting devices only to have the added expense of changing to Prest-O-Lite when they gained experience.

Why not profit by their experience?

Will you tolerate the wobbly, uncertain light—sudden flares, cracked lenses, and burned reflectors that you find in the use of the generator?

You'll want Prest-O-Lite before you've used your car a month.

Be guided by the experience of others.

Insist upon Prest-O-Lite!

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Over one hundred manufacturers, who realize that their cars are often judged by the class of the equipment, include Prest-O-Lite.

If the equipment of your car does not include Prest-O-Lite—

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It means that your night driving will be a successful pleasure—not a dangerous failure.

Get Prest-O-Lite when it costs you little or nothing—*when you buy your car.*

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Service is everything to any lighting system.

Prest-O-Lite is the only light that offers universal service. Prest-O-Lite Tanks can be exchanged anywhere and everywhere. 10,000 dealers, 25 branches, 12 charging stations go to make it.

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If you expect Prest-O-Lite Service and Satisfaction be sure to accept no tank that was not filled by the Prest-O-Lite Company. Insist upon knowing who recharged your tank and take none but the genuine.

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bereafther," he ixclaims, raising his hand in a solemn manner, "though to be in earnest with people will rob me av the only chance I had to atthract thim."

While Jerry says all this, ould Doons is at first startled and disappointed; thin his face takes on a crafty luk.

"Whist!" he says as Jerry finishes. "Ye will stay to dinner," he goes on with a wink; "and aftherward, whin the moon is setting and the goat skips and the hound raises the pack on the mountain —— I understand!" he ixclaims, as Jerry wud raise his voice again. "Ye have put mysthery upon mysthery by pretinding ye have pretinded." And he nudges the other in the ribs with his pipe. "Whist!" he also repates, and winks again.

"Saints save me!" thinks Jerry. "I am lost in such a jungle av wur-rds and cannot answer at all. He has forced me out av the same hole I went in at."

"Now," says ould Doons, "we will prospect fer a potato in the garden; ye luk thin and worried," he tells Jerry—"as becomes a haunted man."

"'Tis the food they sind me to ate," ixplains Jerry, following him. "I am puckered beyant recognition."

The other only nods craftily; and afther prospecting the garden they return with four potatoes, which Kathleen cooks with the corned beef they have. And there are string beans and buttermilk and hot biscuits and pie.

"Sure, I wud be a witch docthor fer such a meal," thinks Jerry; but he is so low in spirits that Kathleen will not listen or spake to him, and ould Doons burns him with sunken eyes while listening fer raps under the table.

They have finished and stepped outside a moment into the cool twilight; and Jerry has determined to make thim hear him out.

"I will confess in a way that will madden ould Doons, fer it will prove him a sucker—and nayther wan will iver forgive me."

"Listen, both av ye," he says, and the sternness av his manner commands thim; fer, afther all, it is tragedy fer a man to kill frindship by a confession av nonsense.

He houlds out his ar-rms like a man swearing vengeance. "Listen!" But at that same moment, with the red beam av the staring, setting moon turned on him like a dark lanthern, they see the goat skip beyant and hear a long, bludcurdling whine rise from the valley. It increases to a howl; the wolf-pack answers from the mountains; the gravel begins raining from the path. Thin the black hound bursts from the shadow and growls befoore thim, with foamy jaws and hanging tongue, while he raps a tattoo with his tail.

"The ingineer is on time—at last!" mutters ould Doons with a gasp.

"I must be gone," whispers Jerry, meeting the glance av Kathleen who shrinks away. He runs his hands through his hair like a wild man. "I will ixplain later," he says, but his voice is thick as the panting av the dog. And so he rushes away, with Kathleen hanging to the ar-rm av her father and crying that he shall not follow this man with so many dommed accessories in mysthery.

All that night silence and loneliness and misery hould an inquisition in the station; and in mind the agint is flayed and hung up by the thumbs.

"It is too late to ixplain now," he thinks over and over. "I have had the stage set so long that aven my confessions are compromised. The scenes wur-rk av thimsilves; and, while proving to the audience that I am not a magician, the Fiend himsilf turns a thrick fer me."

Next afthernoon he has nothing to say whin the conduethor complains av the goat, and only a wur-rd to the manager av the smelter who comes in the avening to pay the week's freight bill.

At night he broods alone, with Medium asleep in the wareroom beyant the partition.

"'Twas yourself that queered me from being a reformed man," he has tould the dog—and since the night befoore he wud have nothing to do with him.

Deaf and stupid, Jerry does not hear the faint footfall across the platfoorm and only glances up as the door creaks, opens and closes.

A man wearing a black mask enters, houlding a revolver in wan hand and carrying a coil av rope in the other. Befoore Jerry can rise the muzzle is pressed cold into the back av his neck, a noose is over his ar-rms and drawn tight. He feels a spasm av fright; thin the blud leaps to his very fingertips and the muscles av his body gather—for there was always struggle, or maybe death, in Jerry Coffin at the scent of danger. But, aven as he springs half whirling fer a grapple, the butt av the revolver smashes on his temple—and spinning, staggering, he sprawls over the telegraph table, his fingers clutching for the key by instinct. Thin his body relaxes and he wud slip to the floor, only the robber, clutching him by the throat, with revolver raised to fire, houlds him a second and thin, raising his legs to the table, ties him neck and foot with knot afther knot. Thin he cuts the wire where it passes through the wall, and running to the safe he opens it by wur-rking the combination. He tears open the package av bills and gold, paid in by the smelter manager, and, with a last ixamination av his prisoner's bonds, blows out the lamp and steps outside, closing the door behint. And this closed door it is that proves the salvation of Jerry Coffin.

It is some minutes before Jerry comes to his senses; gradually his mind clears and he struggles in his bonds, but they do not give an inch for all his bursting muscles.

Thin he considers raising an outcry. "But there is not a soul to hear me," he reflects.

Av course his next thought is of the telegraph; and afther a few minutes' effort he wur-rks his body into such a position that his hands tied behint him can reach the key. Again and again he calls and, sending the wur-rd "Help," signs his own station a great many times; but there is no answer. "The scoundrel has cut the wire!" thinks he. Now there seemed nothing further to do, but Jerry had been in too many scrapes not to know there is some way out av ivery wan.

"'Tis hard to ponder with this headache," he reflects; and, while waiting for some inspiration, he continues to wur-rk the key. And the heavy drumlike piece av zinc above the sounder bellows as a tremendous bell at ivery touch.

"Dot—dot—space—dot!" it clangs in the silent room, as he signs his own station in a last flurry av despair.

"There was no ixplosion!" he thinks with sudden fright. "The safe must have been opened by the combination. Lie down—rest aisy, Jerry Coffin," he mutters. "This is the finish! For they will accuse ye av being in cahoots with the robbers or av hiring some wan to tie ye up. Ye have no character to aid ye in defense. A wanderer, a thrickster, ye have been; and now ye will ind in jail."

"Dot—dot—space—dot!" he crashes out a last time and thin stretches himsilf quietly to meet his fate, as it will come nixt day.

From the wareroom beyant the partition he hears a kind av yawn and a scratching; thin, with the last echoes av his station call mingles a long whine as Medium wakes up.

Jerry feels his heart leap at the thought av coompany and he draws breath to call; but in the moment av ruin fortune presses her fingers on his lips and he releases his breath silently.

"Silence!" he thinks. "Silence, Coffin; ye have talked yoursilf into a thousand throubles—now only silence can help ye out."

It seems as though his body wud burst the ropes as it swells with exhilaration. Wance more he draws in the spirit av ould adventure, chuckling to himsilf, while his eyes sparkle blue, like diamonds in the dusk; and a hundred times, regular as the ticking av a clock, he sounds the double dot, space, dot av his station call.

As Jerry learned aftherward, Medium had heard the scuffle and barked at the station door; but receiving no answer he had gone back to sleep during the quiet that followed.

Now he began to bark in earnest at the door and window; and as the call increased he leaped into the air and woke all the mountains with his frantic howling. And Jerry Coffin, swinging over the bottomless pit betwane hope and despair, wonders if a miracle will make his nonsense the means av saving him.

He thinks over all the lonesome hours he has whiled in thraining the dog to heed the call and bark—how he persuaded the agint below to sound it at certain times and waited at the ind av the platfoorm for the dog to run up, barking. Little by little he had increased the distance—across the valley, up the mountainside—until Medium wud seek him at the very cabin. But on the night befoore, whin he had no wish

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for a message, Nick Wheedle himsilf had called up and so sint the dog to break into Jerry's confession and convince ould Doons he was the blackest av magicians.

And that had not been a difficult thing to teach at all with the giant sounder; for he had always had the call given separate and apart from the gineral clatter av the instrumint.

Animals will sometimes run to the ring av a bell or a certain sound in the kitchen, and Jerry had wance traveled with a thrainer who controlled dogs by the change av tone in his voice. And Medium tuk a great enjoyment in it, for a dog is as full av importance as an office boy.

"If he suspects I am here he will not go away," thinks Jerry; but suddenly, as if too long neglecting his duty, Medium raced up the platfoorm and his howls grew fainter and fainter up the mountain.

During a long half-hour he can hear the echo av his barks, for the Doons have pulled the covers above their ears and given Medium small welcome in their thoughts.

But the hound, wild for his master, claws at the doors and springing for a windey breaks wan av the panes; and at last ould Doons' intherest gets the better av him.

"It is a message for mesilf," he says. "Maybe the agint is in throuble—I'll go down the mountain."

"Ye do not know what dangers may lurk near such a man," pled Kathy. But her father is determined; and prisintly they set out together, with the dog running back and forth to urge them on.

Near the platfoorm ould Doons fires a shot from his revolver, and Jerry calls out from his dark room till the ould man opens the door and, hearing all is well, strikes a light. Thin under the lamp they luk with wonder at the agint, tied up like a mummy.

"He has been robbed!" whispers Kathy, but her father is puffed up with joy.

"The dog's message was for me!" he ixclaims; "and divil a bit cud the agint have sint him, tied up alone in a dark depot. Hereafter I will have seances av me own ——"

"Cut me loose, quick!" says Jerry.

In an instant he is loosed and wur-rking his limbs till the blud runs free again. Thin, taking Doons' revolver, he leads the hound outside and gives him scent av the rope and the torn envelope.

"He has struck the thrail," says Jerry as Medium bays in a strange note; and hound and master disappear in the starlight down the thrack.

Jerry has leashed in the hound with a piece av rope and the two bend to the thrail, which turns suddenly into a long, dim-lit ravine—for the great mountain stars cast no shadow.

Prisintly Jerry has the unaisy sense av being thrailed himsilf and halts; so does the shadow behint. "Saints above! what is it?" he reflects, for there is a different spirit enters into a chase whin ye are leading it.

The shadow begins picking its way along the side av the ravine above him, as if impatient av the delay; it snickers softly in contimpt av the others.

"Whew!" ixclaims Jerry; "it is the dom goat!" And he throws stones at it, but the goat only mutters with rage and hurries on.

"If he gets up the wind he will overwhelm the scent av iverything ilse and the hound will lose the thrail," thinks Jerry; and with a hearty curse he races along afther the goat for miles.

Thin Medium whines and lets fly a volley av gravel in his face; and with wan swoop Jerry has him by the throat.

"From the way his hair bristles there is a robber about," he thinks, and drags the dog along step by step. They have entered the futhills by now and come suddenly to the brink av a little hollow, where plainly outlined on a boulder sits a man smoking a pipe and chinking gold in his hands. The smoke rises in a hidden thread and thin pours over the air in soft layers like a canopy, while the man chinks his gold.

"'Tis a dull, cold chime," he says aloud, "but it goes to the heart." And he sings through his teeth in a reckless way. "Oh, well; 'tis done," he says in a kind av screech, "and ye have the gold!"

In an instant, betwane the twinkles av a star, nothing remains av him but a few sparks on the rock; for Jerry, crouching on the brink, has drawn wan breath in a great sob and the robber has slid from the boulder like a lizard.

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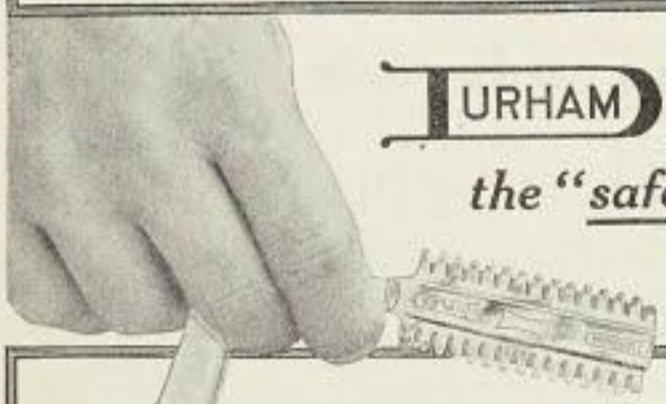
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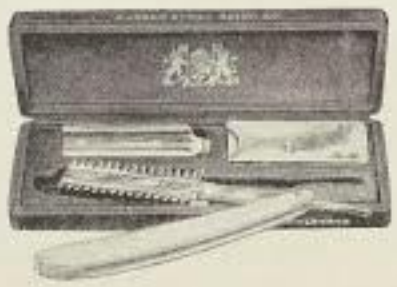
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There is dead silence, with only the faint chinking av gold dropped into the robber's pocket.

"Ye are in a trap," says Jerry quietly. "Come out; I will not harm ye." And as no answer comes: "I saw ye, boy. God save us ——"

He gets his answer thin, for Marty Doons leans across the boulder, his revolver glinting as he plays with the action.

"Ye do not know me," he says with a fierce, excited laugh, "or ye wud not venture so far. Stand still, for I have ye covered."

"We will talk it over," says Jerry, seating himself so as not to be outlined against the sky. And thin he tries to persuade the boy, for the sake av his family and his own future, to return the money to the safe as he had found it.

"Why, ye are a thrickster and a gambler, and have been in jail yoursilf!" retoorts the other. "I have gambled and lost a hundred dollars av the smelter firm's money. This will make it good and I'll play with the rest."

Jerry was struck dumb, for he cud not make the lad understand that his own recklessness had been for love av adventure and not av crime.

Afther a moment's thought the lad cries desperately: "Since a man like ye knows av this, I'll niver be safe. I have the money and mean to keep it. We'll shoot it out like men—I'll take a chance. Quick there, now!—I'll give ye no more than a count av three."

"Wan wur-rd," says Jerry, and rises to his full height. "Ye are only wicked by bad example. Return the money to the safe by your own hand and I will hould ye clear. Don't ye understand that I cud refuse to fight and only guard or follow till ye were taken? 'Tis disgrace I wud save ye—and, best av all, your own rispect. Trust me—by the saints!" he urges.

But the boy does not seem to have heard him at all.

"We'll shoot it out like men," he boasts, and steps houldly from behint his rock.

"Shall Kathy's brother go—a thief?" asks Jerry av his heart, and atones for all his foolish recklessness by the most desperate risk av his life. With wan quick side leap he rushes—the other's bullet singing past his ear. He is almost on the lad, when a shot strikes his shoulder and spins him on his heels. The sight is too much for Marty Doons; the frenzy av fight and ixcitement leaves him and he has turned to run, whin with a crash a ledge av the hollow comes down upon him and he is rolled to Jerry's feet.

And, as he collars the lad, Jerry feels a hundred times more blest in the other opportunity that has come to him.

Dragging Martin along, he kicks the goat, who has come down with the ledge.

"It was my wan risk for a good cause," he says, "and ye have made it ridiculous by falling on the robber's back befoore I cud lay hands on him. I had the bludthirsty little fule at the tips av my fingers," he says, and kicks at the goat agin; "but ye must seize the credit for laying him out, whin it was all by accident and ye were only there by way av butting in as a nuisance." And he sicks the dog on him.

Here Jerry began to feel the pain av his wound. "Through the flesh av the ar-rm," he says afther ixamining it. "Now march on, ye bandit!" And Marty Doons, bruised and shaken, does as he is bidden.

Shortly befoore daybreak they arrive at the station, where Marty is compelled to restore the money to the safe and throw off the combination.

"Now ye are paroled," says Jerry sternly. "Return here to reposrt this very night afther the day's wur-rk is done."

"I will come," answers the lad quietly, for he begins to feel awe av this man, at wance so reckless and so determined.

Jerry has him bind up his shoulder and the lad pales at sight av the blud he had drawn.

"'Tis not much av a wound," says Jerry, "and I'll wire for the thrain conduethor to bring up some medicines I know av. Now, lad," he winds up, "there's no use leaving a job half done. Meet the thrain this afthernoon as it comes out and the conduethor will hand ye an envelope. That will be the hundred to cover your shortage. Ye need not thank me, for I will see that ye pay it back."

The lad falters a little as he starts away and waves his hand beyant the curve.

At nine o'clock in the morning he called up Nick Wheedle: "Send me wan hundred on account," he wired.

"Account av what?" asked Wheedle.

"Account av ould times," replied Jerry; and he resaved the O. K. afther telling Wheedle to address in care av Martin Doons, at the smelter.

Afther the thrain has come and gone again, he calls at the Doons' house to thank thim for their aid the night befoore and to say that, afther recovering the money, the robber iscaped.

"I am glad ye were so fortunate," says Kathy civilly.

"It was not fortune," interrupts her father. "Divil a robber cud make away with that aggregation. So ye let him escape?" he says to Jerry.

"At any rate, he is gone," answers the agint dryly; and he can see that the very strangeness av all this adventure makes the gur-rl aven more averse to him.

There he finds Marty, who has come up on the handcar to repoort.

"I will not go home yet," says the lad; and, in fact, he spinds that night and all the next day till thraintime at the station.

He is respectful to Jerry and talks av many things with him, though the incidints av the robbery are not mentioned afther Martin has said simply, "that he had learned the combination from the ould agint." But at times there is an air av curious ixcitement about the lad; and, as he insists on coming up to dress the wound ivery avening, this ixcitement increases as the week wears on.

"Why, the lad seems to triumph over me in some way," reflects Jerry, puzzled. But he was too much concerned with other affairs to heed this. He was writing his confession.

"I will put the whole matter av the seances in black and white," he says, "and ixpose the haunted dog. I am leaving this place with a throuble growing heavier ivery day; but, though it will confirm Kathy in her suspicion av me, I will tell the truth. It will be written and laid befoore Doons; so I cannot be interrupted and the ould loon cannot help but understand."

So, on Friday afthernoon, he replaces the piece av zinc, which he had removed from the sounder to keep the dog from barking. Thin he calls at the Doons' and requests thim solemnly to come to the station with him.

"It is high time," says the ould man, bustling around. "I have been lying low for another outbreak," he says, "being about recovered from the late wan, and must have something to intherest me."

He calls to Kathy; and when she comes to the door Jerry feels a pang av sympathy. For the gur-rl is hollow-cheeked and her eyes big and bright as in a fever. She startles whin Jerry speaks to her and puts on her hat to follow with an air av terrible anxiety.

"She is stricken in some way," thinks Jerry, without daring to glance at her for the tears in her eyes. "It is hard to lave her so, but 'tis small comfort she wud take from me."

Thin he thinks av the confession he is to make and chants the song av the robber whin he sat on the rock.

At the station he gives thim seats, which they accipt afther ould Doons luks under his chair.

"I am going to tell ye this in fairness," says Jerry, laying the confession on the table and dismayed by the falter in his own tones as he meets Kathy's eyes upon him. "I am going away tomorry and wish to undesave ye in regard to seances—dog and all; I cannot lave a lie behint me. We will begin by ixposing the dog." He turned to the telegraph with the zinc sounder; and ould Doons was rubbing his hands in ixpectation av seeing ghosts in broad daylight, whin suddenly the smelter manager entered.

He had ridden in early that day on his horse to pay his freight, and, afther explaining that he was going farther into the mountains to visit a claim, invited thim outside to luk at the horse.

"A curse on the intherruptions! Here they commence," says Jerry; "but this time I will outwit thim, for the confession is written down."

When the smelter man has ridden away the others start back into the depot and are followed by the dog and thin the goat, that has been watching from the mountain.

"No—not you!" mutters Jerry, and he strives to kick him unseen; but the goat skips—and, not having the heart for comedy, Jerry steps inside quickly and slams the door.

"I will lay this package in the safe," he says; and, wur-rking the combination:



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BH BH BH BH

"I have learned by the robbery and do not lave it unlocked any more—though there is nothing inside."

He swung open the door, and, seeing a large package already in the pigeonhole, he tuk it out and luked it over bewildered.

"How the divil did this get inside?" he asks aloud and tears open the envelope. It is filled with banknotes, bound together with a piece av clip paper on which is written: "'Tis the first time in all these years ye wud take anything for the faithful services av other times. Ye have become steady and given up the nonsense av spirits, as I know from your record at Bantam Spur. Now, instead av the wan hundred ye ask for, I sind ye five hundred. Buy the farm ye were thinking av when ye fell betwane the ears in the ould days, and the saints prosper ye in the investment, Jerry. Nick Wheedle—av the Derelict Thrain."

He hears a chuckle near the door and, still dazed, luks into the grinning face av Marty Doons.

"What is it?" asks ould Doons in curiosity av Jerry's wild luk and manner.

"I did not know it was there," ixplains Jerry.

"Not in your own safe? Who ilse has the combination?"

"No wan," replies Jerry, "ixcept the treasurer av the coompany."

"'Tis a place av miracles," laughs the ould man in wonder. "No; I do not wish to read the note. It wud spoil the intherest. Ye must not resign, Misther Coffin—see, I have become used to the name."

"Resign!" cries young Marty Doons. "Niver ——"

"I have already resigned," says Jerry.

"But the ould agint did that and they wud not accipt. So he resigned again and ——"

"Complete that!" commands Jerry sternly.

"Why, he resigned again and again," says the two Doons.

"And is that what I have worried so long about?" says Jerry disgusted. "But what became av him?"

"He bought a farm and stayed here. I am the ould agint," replies Misther Doons; "but I wud not let it be known lest ye lave me the job again."

"I must go; there are grave reasons. I cannot tell ye why!" ixclaims Jerry. "Shud I not go?" he asks, turning to the gur-rl.

"Yes," she answers quietly; and the flash av hope passing leaves him in thicker darkness than before.

"Perhaps a wur-rd from her will persuade him," thinks Marty, and draws his father to the door. As they pass out he sees his sister catch Jerry's sleeve with a nervous hand, and warns: "Luk out! It is the sore shoulder."

"Is it a wound?" she asks in a low voice, drawing back. "How does he know? Why did your dog tear his clothes to pieces when I was brushing them in the yard the day afther the robbery? Misther Coffin, ye gambled with him—he was tempted ——"

"Kathy," answers Jerry, taking her hand in his earnestness, "I do not understand ye at all. The lad I wud trust anywhere. Why, the money was sent him by Wheedle to put in the safe ——"

She did not believe his explanation and, passing it by, seized on his last wur-rds.

"Marty had the money in his hands, ye say? And hid it in the safe for ye ——"

"Here is the envelope addressed to him," replies Jerry.

At that insthant the sounder rang and the dog barked joyously at the call.

"It is Wheedle!" ixclaims Jerry, answering. "He says repoort tomorry for a better station." He stopped and searched the gur-rl's face with beggar's eyes.

And Kathy shivers from head to fut. "Ye have become such a frind!" she says. "Ye have shielded Marty! I understand now ——"

"I must go," says Jerry, for he will not hold the gur-rl by gratitude—and the sounder rang again.

"Niver!" the gur-rl says with a little cry—"for my sake ye must not."

"I am buying a farm," answers Jerry at the wire, and cuts off.

A moment later they hear footsteps along the platfoorm.

"Now for the confession!" says Jerry with a long sigh.

But the goat had eaten it. And in all his life afther Kathy wud niver let him make another.

"People wud lose intherest in us," she said.



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EVERY good vacuum cleaner—and there are many good ones—and sixty per cent. of *all* vacuum cleaners made in this country use Westinghouse Motors.

Those electric automobiles and electric trucks that stand at the head of the industry—those with the strongest and longest guarantees—all use Westinghouse Motors. Some washing machines are mere toys. Those that do well the heaviest and the lightest work alike are driven by Westinghouse Motors. *The Westinghouse Motor drives 75% of all electric washing machines made.*

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The manufacturers of these machines have only one object in installing the Westinghouse Motor. *It is an absolutely dependable part of his equipment.*

And the one thing you should make certain of before buying any electrically driven convenience and labor saver is the fact that it is run by a Westinghouse Motor.

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You can get a Westinghouse Motor for every purpose from running the household sewing machine to driving the heaviest roll in a steel mill.

You get more than mere perfection of workmanship in any Westinghouse Motor. You get the most expert knowledge possible of the particular power problem to which that motor is the answer.

The Westinghouse engineering reputation is known the world over. It is the brain back of the motor that makes it almost human in its ability to do the particular thing for which it was designed—and without using a cent's worth more power than is necessary to do it efficiently.

Westinghouse Motors do not waste power

Do you want the names of the vacuum cleaners, electric vehicles, washing machines, envelope sealers or other electrically driven labor savers which are built around Westinghouse Motors? Tell us in what you are interested and we will send list by return mail. It is a fine thing to be able to buy intelligently.

We have valuable information in booklet form on the proper motor for any standard line of work. Free on request.

Your letter will receive prompt attention if you address "Westinghouse, Motor Department P, East Pittsburgh."

All *good* dealers and lighting companies handle Westinghouse Motors. *Any* dealer or lighting company will sell you a Westinghouse Motor if you insist.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sales Offices in 40 American Cities — Representatives All Over the World





OUR CANADIAN COUSINS

(Concluded from Page 27)

on the side of the employer if justice is with him—of the worker if justice is with him; and we are against both, but for both if exact justice is with neither but is halfway between. We, the public, want this dispute settled; but we want it settled right."

What was the result? The dispute was settled, working men and employers satisfied; and, of course, the public was more than satisfied.

The Canadians, in their labor troubles, administer the law in the spirit that really good men and women are at outs about something upon which they can agree after their artificially heated blood has been cooled. They think that for each combatant to get the viewpoint of the other is the broad highway.

As I mentioned once before: In the great majority of these cases the conciliation board has made its award in favor of the workers. In only a few cases has the award been in favor of the employers. It is the results of the law that have won from the working men their present favorable feeling toward it.

At first, both working men and employers were ill-disposed toward this law. The working men felt that it was an attempt to interfere with their rights to better their condition by striking when they pleased. The employers were sure the law would be worked against them on account of politics and such influences. But, because of the beneficial administration of the law, the working men generally are coming to support it.

A Novelist to the Rescue

Indeed the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada passed a resolution favoring it and asking that it be extended to other industries besides public utilities. Other bodies of organized labor have done the same. This favorable feeling, however, is not unanimous. I think the United Mineworkers of America passed a formal resolution against it at a recent annual convention.

Also, labor has come to look more favorably on the law because it specifically recognizes labor's status under the Canadian trades unions act. We Americans will understand this by a reference to our Sherman Anti-Trust Law. It is contended, and indeed our courts have decided, that this law applies to labor organizations as well as to organized capital engaged in industry.

One of labor's demands in the United States is that the Sherman law shall be modified by exempting laboring men from its provisions. Canada's trades unions act puts her working men in much the same legal position that our working men would be in if our Sherman Anti-Trust Law were so amended as to exempt American working men from its provisions.

"This section of our industrial disputes act," said a Canadian labor leader to me, "is of the greatest value to us. On the whole, the law as it is administered is growing in favor among us working men."

The administration of the law was very bitterly resisted in the beginning by a type of man with whom we in the United States are very familiar—the "lobbyist attorney" of a corporation who gets his bread and butter by "defending" his corporation from what he terms the "outrageous assaults of these working men."

Gradually, however, their opposition ceased; for the wiser employers and the honest and abler managers of corporations have found out that, on the whole, the prevention of industrial wars with their working men is a better thing for them than "standing like a stone wall" for the "right to manage our business in our own way."

"I admit that the award usually has been against us," said one such man; "but, although I did not think these awards against us entirely just, yet the saving in time, in expense and in the steady conduct of our business has been a real saving to us when the balance was struck."

The severest test the law has experienced occurred as this paper was being written. Its outcome up to the present time strikingly shows the increasing moral power that has gathered round this labor statute. This test is the present coalminers' strike, again in the coalmines of Western Alberta, where the strike of 1906 occurred which resulted in the passage of this very act.

The miners had agreed to work for a specified period on a certain scale of wages. When the period specified in their contract expired, the miners said they did not care to go to work again under the former terms and that legally they did not have to go to work, because the time they agreed to work had expired.

Thereupon, the employers said, the miners struck. The miners said merely that they no longer were employees, their contract having expired. Yet the mining had to be done in order that the people of the prairie provinces might be furnished with their fuel for the coming winter. How, then, should this perplexing difficulty be solved?

The Government wished to establish a conciliation board. The miners refused to name their member upon the ground that there was no strike. They repeated that they merely did not care to work under the terms of the expired contract, which they had a perfect legal right to refuse to do.

What, then, was to be done? There is a general Canadian law that authorizes the Government on its own motion independently to investigate nearly anything. There would be no result of such an investigation, except that the facts would be published. The Government let it be known that if necessary this would be done.

Finally the working men, reflecting that the awards in the vast majority of cases had been favorable to the working men, and the employers, conceding that with few exceptions a just and wise conclusion had been reached in such cases—both agree to name the two members of the board of conciliation to settle this threatened warfare if possible.

These two men named as a third member of this board that remarkable Canadian novelist, Mr. Gordon, whom we Americans know as Ralph Connor. All, it appears, had confidence in Mr. Gordon. So he was made the chairman of this board. Thus the severest test to which the Canadian law for labor has been put has been disposed of; and the power of public opinion, working in an orderly manner, has been vindicated.

Putting an End to Strife

And after all, what business men are looking for is steady and continuous business, with peace and good feeling between employer and working men. After all, although the awards of these Canadian conciliation boards usually have been in favor of the working man, especially in the matter of wages and labor conditions, yet it actually has been found that these increased wages, which the employers thought would reduce their own profits, in reality have increased their profits, taking everything together.

Of course the decisions of the Canadian boards of conciliation have not always been in favor of the demands of the working men. And sometimes, in these informal confidential talks that constitute the so-called hearings of these Canadian boards, the men themselves have realized that it really was impossible for their employers to grant all their demands. In these cases it has been found that the working man showed that good sense and spirit of real justice that constitutes the very heart of conciliation and the very soul of industrial peace.

The above is, in broad outlines, the operation and result of Canada's great experiment in preventing industrial wars. It is the most interesting experiment yet attempted to put an end to strife between employer and working man. One who studies it sees how much better it is than any effort at compulsory arbitration—that, at least, is gladly admitted by those who still oppose the law.

When you get to the bottom of it the administration of this Canadian labor law is an attempt at a practical application of the Christian idea. It is an appeal to that forbearance, good sense and spirit of justice, even toward a foe, that lie deep down in human nature and in the end will work out the righteous and happy conduct of human life and the salvation of the race.

Whether this Canadian appeal will succeed permanently the near future will show. Thus far it has worked better than anybody expected.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last in a series of articles by Mr. Beveridge on Canada.



YOU see here an illustration of one of Selz Royal Blue shoes; it doesn't show the shoe, of course; no illustration could. The only way to tell what a shoe really looks like, is to look at the shoe itself; the only way to tell that it's a good shoe is to wear it.

This is one of more than a hundred different styles we make in the Royal Blue line of men's welt shoes; we make equally good shoes for women and children.

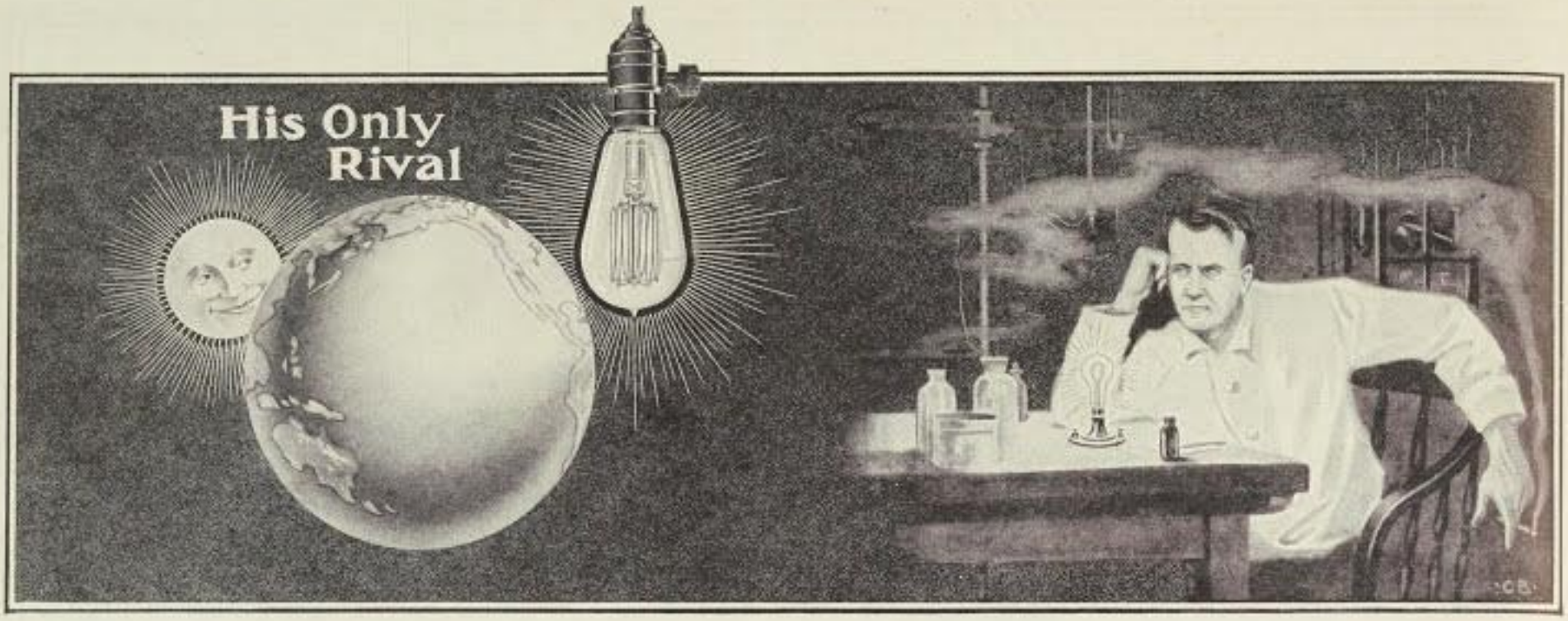
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All our lasts, of whatever style, are made on the measurements of one master-last; the Footform; a scientific design of our own; perfectly shaped for the human foot. You'll find perfect fitting easier in Selz shoes than in any you ever tried.

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Edison's Dream Comes True

Thirty-two years ago the Wizard of Menlo Park dreamed his great dream which has now come true — Electric Light for Everybody.

When Edison invented the electric incandescent lamp thousands journeyed to Menlo Park to see "the light that burned without air."

Edison put a little paper horseshoe filament, that he had carbonized, into a glass bulb and pumped out the air. Next he passed a current of electricity through this horseshoe.

The Dream

As it glowed white hot, lighting up the darkened room, another light glowed in his face, for he saw the revolution that tiny bulb would bring about in the world's sunless hours.

But the first lamps of 16 candlepower used up 100 watts of electricity.

Slowly, as improvements came, the amount of light was increased. Six years ago people thought the limit was reached, for the close of the first quarter-century of Electric lighting was celebrated by the advent of the Edison Gem lamp. Using the same amount of electricity, it gave more than twice the light of that first wonderful lamp.

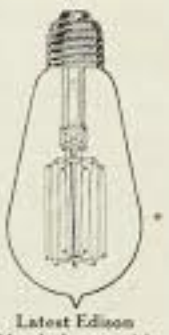
The Revolution

Suddenly another invention in electric lamps revealed the dawn of a new era in electric lighting—unseen in the dreams of anyone—except Edison.

This was the Tungsten filament lamp which—instead of the original 16 candlepower—or the fancied limit of 40 candlepower—gave actually 80 candles of light from the same 100 watts.



Edison's Original Lamp Invented 32 Years Ago.



Latest Edison Mazda Lamp with Non-fragile Filament.

This lamp almost materialized the Dream—but the filament was brittle—and the cost was high.

Both these obstacles are now cleared away. First, a brilliant invention has resulted in the production of a drawn wire stronger than steel. This wire is used to make the filaments in Edison Mazda lamps.

The filament or "burner" in Edison Mazda lamps is so sturdy that hundreds of thousands are in use under severe and trying conditions, even for lighting railway trains and automobiles.

Next—of prime importance—the full advantage of the General Electric Company's reduced cost of manufacture has been given to the public.

And the present price of the perfected Edison Mazda lamp is about one-half that of the first, brittle tungsten lamp.

The Dream Comes True

So, with lower cost and a better lamp, Edison's dream of the Sun's Only Rival has come true. The waiting millions can be served now that electric light costs so little and does so much.

Now, you can have Electric Light in your home, your office, your store, your factory—at a price you have been waiting for, if you use the latest invention—Edison Mazda Lamps, made only by the General Electric Company.

Buy these Lamps and see how Edison's Dream has come true for you.

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Look for this General Electric Monogram, the Guarantee of Excellence on Everything Electrical.

(3167)

Perfect Satisfaction in Perfect Fitting

MUNSING UNION SUITS

FOR MEN
WOMEN
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TWENTY-FOUR years ago we began making union suits. For hundreds of years prior to then, men had been wearing the two-piece kind of underwear.

The Union Suit—**Munsingwear** was more than an innovation: it was an upsetting of tradition and it was in conflict with custom. It had to be introduced, explained, argued for. We were regarded as visionaries; the union suit was called a passing fad. Now we make twenty thousand union suits—**Munsingwear**—each working day. We make and sell over six million Munsingwear garments each year.

The battle for union suits has been won by **Munsingwear.** There are ideas in **Munsingwear** which are not in an ordinary union suit. If **Munsingwear** had not been made, union suits would still be an experiment.

These are questions to ask when buying a union suit: Is it properly made? Does it fit well? Does it cover the form properly? Does it stay in place, and yet yield with the movement of the body? Is it comfortable? Is it correctly proportioned? Will it wear? Will it stand laundering?

The most satisfactory answer to these questions is **Munsingwear.**

MUNSING WEAR *is 100% Right*

It has 24 years of experience—successful experience—in it. It represents perfectly the judgment and satisfaction of the public. It is uncomplicated; it is easy to put on and take off. It is made in the modern, model Munsing mills. These mills are not only absolutely fireproof, but are conceded to be the highest type of factory construction as regards light, sanitation and ventilation. This means that Munsingwear is cleanly made.

Munsingwear woolen garments do not scratch. Many people think it is the wool that scratches. Wool does not irritate. It is the tiny pieces of burrs, etc., left in the wool because of careless combing, carding and washing. Our yarns are tested for cleanliness, as well as for strength, durability and wear. These tests apply to cotton, wool and mercerized yarns alike. We are captious about our raw materials. It pays you and it pays us. The high standard of quality of material is duplicated by the high standard of workmanship in our factory. Our operatives are trained experts.

Only the highest type of efficiency, together with our wide distribution and great volume of sales could enable us to make **Munsingwear** of the finest fabric and offer it to you at prices which you would pay for underwear of inferior quality and workmanship. You get service in Munsingwear. It does not go to pieces, lose its shape or cease to fit after one or two washings. Laundering is the crucial test.

Munsingwear actually improves in appearance with repeated trips to the laundry.

We put the quality in it in the making. Our positive knowledge of the excellence of the yarn, the perfection of the fabric, the correctness of the cutting and making, the thoroughness of the finishing gives to you the assurance that for the same money you actually cannot buy the same value, the same continuous satisfaction that **Munsingwear** gives.

One of the leading dealers in practically every town and city in the United States sells **Munsingwear.** His guarantee is quickly given to you. He knows, and perhaps you know, that our own broad guarantee of quality and wear is direct. We immediately refund the price or replace any Munsingwear suit that does not satisfy. Our rigid inspection of garments in the making is shown when you know that not sixty complaints were registered last year—and more than six million Munsingwear garments were sold. When you put on Munsingwear you don't realize that you have underclothes on; you don't feel it any more than you do your skin, so perfect is the fit and so pleasantly does it conform to the position and movement of the body. **Munsingwear** is unconscious comfort.

If you have never worn **Munsingwear,** begin now. You can obtain it in any weight and size. There is a right Munsingwear size for you. There is a Munsingwear dealer near you. If you do not know him write us, and we will send you his name and a set of samples of all the different Munsingwear fabrics. You can make some little girl happy by enclosing ten cents in stamps for two dainty Munsingwear doll vests, one pink and one blue.



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Other styles of the Victor-Victrola $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250

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The fact that this instrument bears the famous Victor trademark and is a *genuine* Victor-Victrola guarantees to you the same high quality and standard of excellence so well established and recognized in all products of the Victor Company.

There is no reason on earth why you should hesitate another moment in placing this greatest of all musical instruments in your home. All we ask is that you go to any music store and hear this new Victor-Victrola.



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New Victor Records are on sale at all dealers on the 28th of each month

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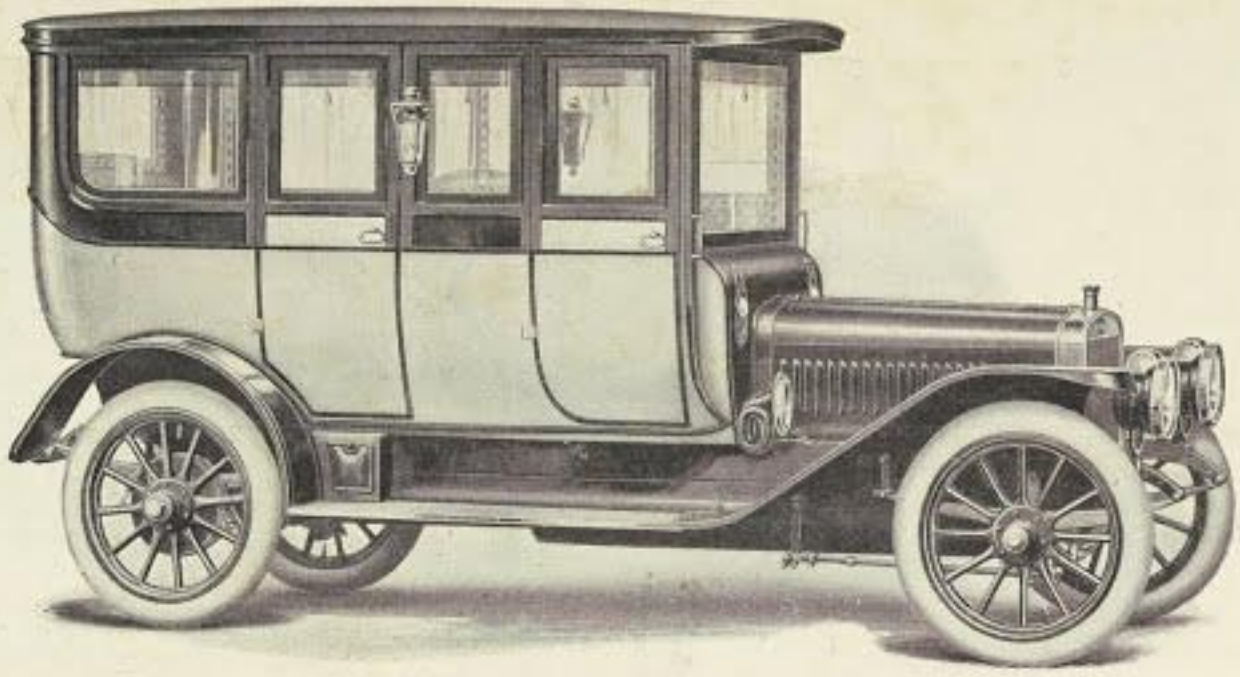
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Because these bodies are made in our own efficient plant, the cost is not extravagant.

Indeed, we purposely keep the price down, because the Winton Six is a year-around car, and we want to make it possible for all Winton Six owners to enjoy the services of their cars in winter as well as summer—especially on those zipping cold days when an open touring car affords no comfort.

With a limousine or landaulet body, the Winton Six owner can always have at his command a thoroughly comfortable, weather-proof car.

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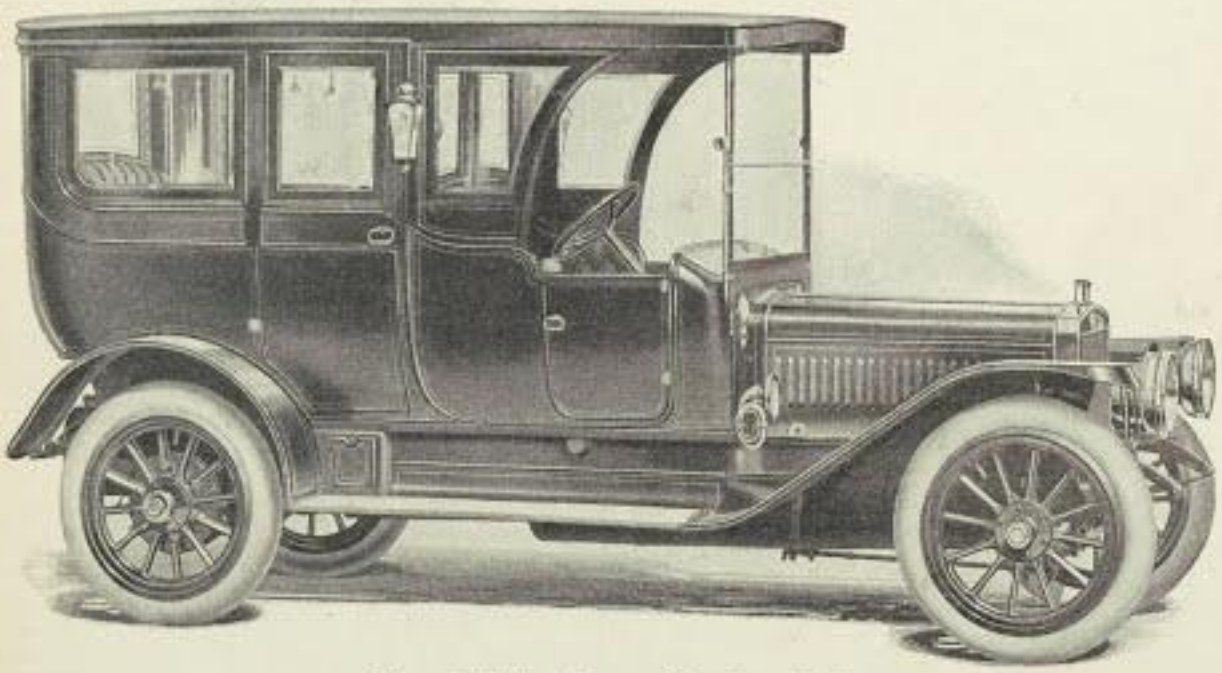
The 48 H. P. Winton Six with genuine *four*-door limousine body or landaulet body (operating levers *inside*) sells at $4500.

The 48 H. P. Winton Six with three-quarter limousine body sells at $4250.

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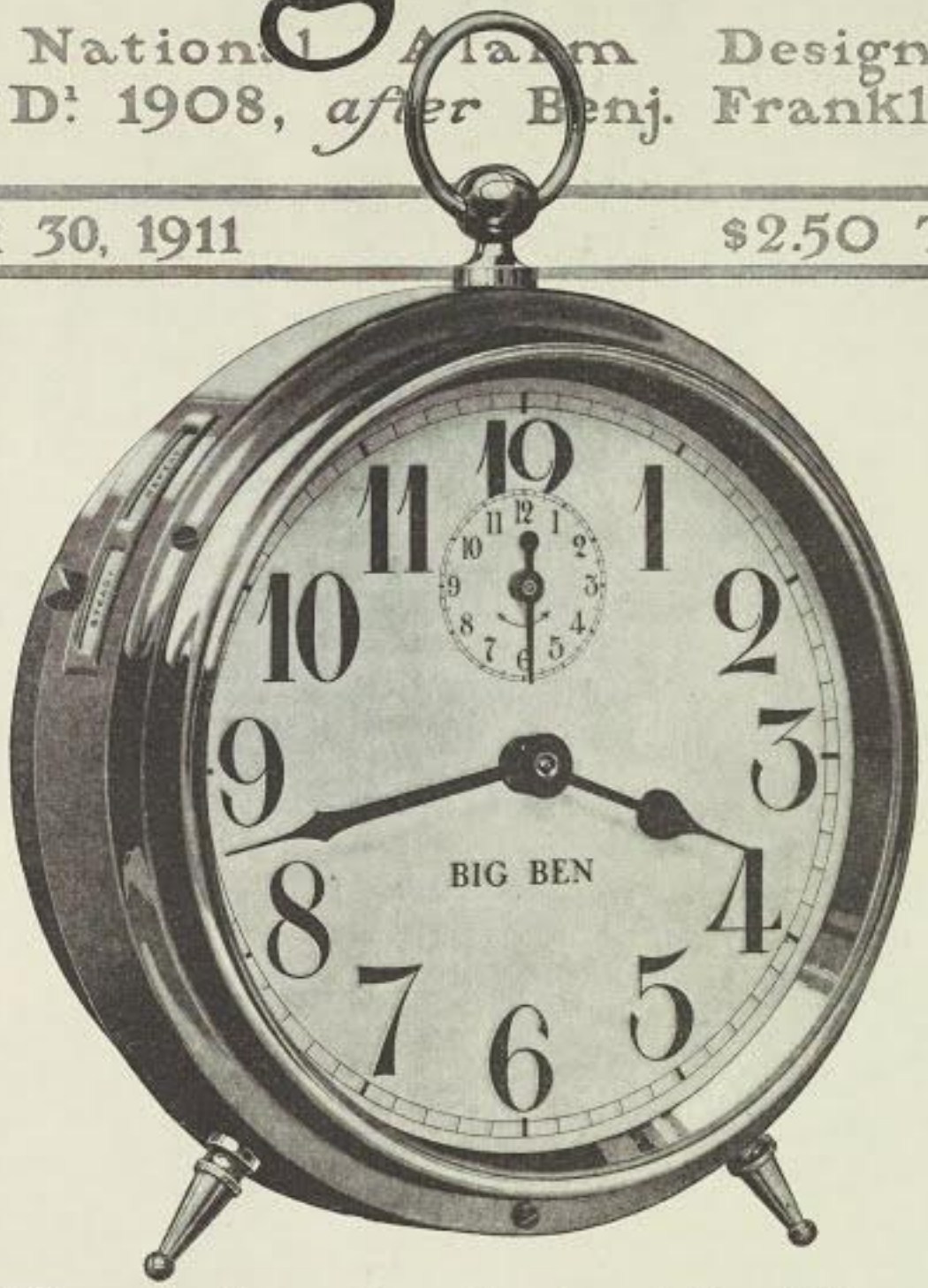
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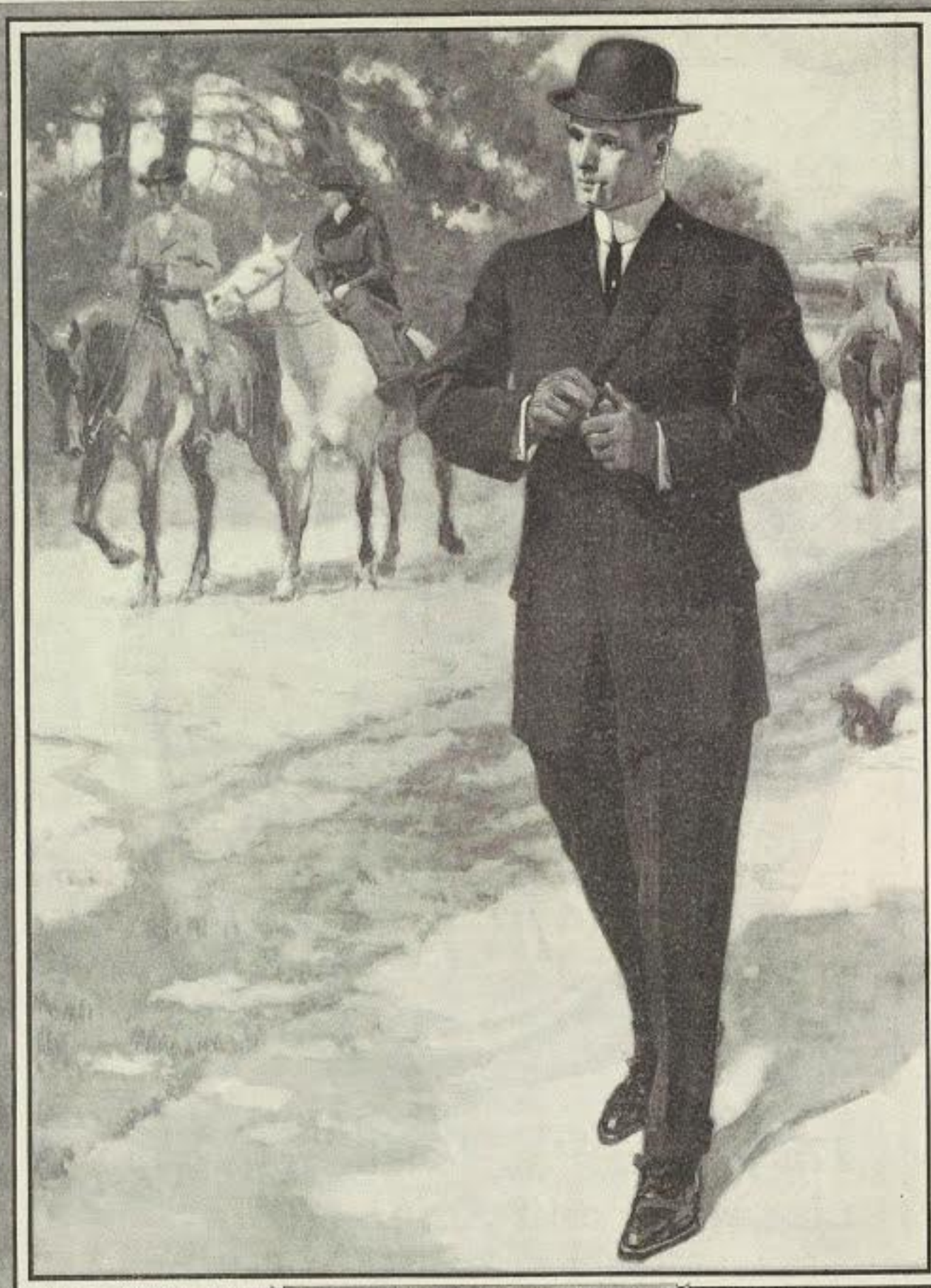
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FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble Starts After a Quick Million

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



His Eyes Were the Most Remarkable Blue She Had Ever Seen

ABOUT the time the winner of the Baltimore Handicap flashed under the wire, Johnny Gamble started to tear up a bundle of nice pink tickets on Lady S. Just then Ashley Loring came by swiftly in the direction of the betting shed. Loring stopped and wheeled when he caught sight of Johnny Gamble, as did most men who knew him.

"Hello, Johnny! I didn't know you had run over. How are you picking them today?" he asked.

"With a dream-book," answered Gamble, smiling; "but I ate lobster last night."

"I didn't know you cared for the ponies," said Loring.

"I don't; and it's mutual. Thought I'd take one more whirl, though, before the Maryland governor also closes the tracks forever. How are you doing?"

"I'm working on a new system," stated the tall young man with elation. "With this scheme, all you have to do is to bet on the right horse. What did you have in the handicap?"

"The off bay over there," replied Gamble, indicating a team attached to a sprinkling wagon, away on the farther side of the course. "Have one of her calling cards, Loring," and he proffered one of the ex-tickets.

"Lady S?" translated Loring. "I cut her acquaintance three bets ago." And, turning just then toward the grandstand, he smiled up into one of the boxes and lifted his hat.

Glancing in that direction, Gamble was shocked to find himself looking squarely into the dark eyes of a strikingly beautiful young woman who stood with her hands resting upon the rail.

"What do you know about Collaton?" he asked; and, in spite of himself, he looked again. The young lady this time was laughing with a group of likable young idlers, all of whom Gamble knew; and, since the startling stranger was occupied, he could indulge in a slightly more open inspection.

"I saw Collaton on the track today and he was making some big bets," replied Loring with a frown. "He's not broke, Johnny. He's merely been letting you hold the bag."

"Well, help me let go. Loring, I must dissolve that partnership."

The young lawyer shook his head.

"No way to do it so long as the books remain lost. Unless one of you buys outright the practically defunct Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company and assumes all its liabilities, you will remain responsible, since Collaton possesses no visible property. I'm sure that he stung you, Johnny."

"Stung me! I'm swelled up yet."

"It's your own fault. You trusted him too much."

"He trusted me. I sold land."

"Of course he trusted you. Everybody does. Meantime he was out West incurring obligations. You should have gone into bankruptcy and settled at twenty cents on the dollar when you had a chance, as I advised you."

"Couldn't. I look in the glass when I shave. Anyhow, it's all paid now."

"How do you know, with the books lost? You started in with an equal amount of money. When that was gone Collaton announced himself broke—and let you foot the bills. If he only raked off half of what he spent he got back his own and a tidy fortune besides. Your only chance is to have that enormous land deal turn out a winner."

"It's worse than Lady S. Tore up my ticket long ago."

"Quite a plunge on a long shot, with a welsher like Collaton making the book," commented Loring. "He stripped you clean."

"I have my appetite," insisted Gamble with a grin. His cheeks were ruddy and his skin as flawless as a babe's, and his eyes, exceptionally large, were as clear as they were direct.

"An appetite like yours only makes it worse to be broke," laughed Loring.

"There's a plenty of money in New York if I want any," responded Gamble. "I don't need money, anyhow, Ashley. I have my mother fixed—and there's nobody else. Besides, I'm not broke. I have a hundred. Do you know a good horse?"

"Nautchautauk," advised Loring, and they both turned in the direction of the betting shed. "The price will probably be short; but I look on it as an investment."

"You can't invest a hundred dollars," argued Gamble.

"You don't mean to say that a hundred's all you have in the world!" returned Loring. "I thought you'd saved a good deal more than that out of the wreck."

"I did; but my brother was broke," replied Gamble carelessly, and stopped in front of a blackboard. The price on Nautchautauk was one and a half to two. "I don't want a bet," he remarked, shaking his head at the board; "I need an accident. I wonder if that goat Angora has horns and a beard?"

"People try fifty-to-one shots just before they cut their throats," warned Loring.

"Hide my safety razor then. Angora carries my hundred. I'll feed a sawbuck apiece to ten books."

Loring lost sight of him for a few moments, but found him outside, by-and-by, in conversation with "Colonel" Bouncer, a heavily jowled man with grizzled hair and very friendly eyes which, however, could look quite cold enough on occasion. The Colonel was staring up at the box occupied by the young lady to whom Loring had bowed.

"Bless my soul, I'm getting nearsighted!" he was saying as Loring joined them. "Isn't that Paul Gresham up there with Miss Joy?"

"Is that her name?" asked Gamble eagerly. "Well, I believe it."

The Colonel turned from him impatiently.

"You know Gresham, don't you, Loring? Is that he up there in that box?"

"That is Saint Paul all right," answered Loring with a smile, as he glanced up at the prim and precise Gresham, who had now succeeded in fencing Miss Joy in a corner, away from the other young men.

"Thanks," said the Colonel, and walked away abstractedly, his eyes still turning in the direction of the box, although he did not even start to go up into the grandstand.

"The Colonel is still bargain-hunting," observed Loring with a laugh. "His shoe-manufacturing business has increased to the point that he must have more space—and he must have it at once. The only available ground is Gresham's adjoining property, which Gresham long ago gave up trying to sell him. The Colonel is crazy to buy it now, but he's afraid to let Gresham know he must have it, for fear Saint Paul will run up the price on him. In consequence, he trails the man round like a lovesick boy after an

actress. When he finds Gresham he only looks at him—and goes away. That's only half of the laugh, however. Gresham wants to sell as badly as the Colonel wants to buy, but he don't know where to find a fancy market. Queer case, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied Gamble. "Who's Miss Joy?"

"For Heaven's sake, Johnny, don't say you're hit too—even at long distance!"

"Hit!" repeated Gamble—"I'm flattened out. I'm no lady-fusser, Ashley, but I'm going to buy a new necktie."

"You don't even know she's rich, do you?" asked Loring, looking at him with a curious smile.

"Of course I do!" asserted Johnny. "I saw her eyes. Who is she?"

"That's Miss Constance Joy—an orphan worth an exact million dollars; although I believe there is some sort of a string to it," Loring told him. "She lives with her aunt, who is Mrs. Pattie Boyden, and she's so pretty that even women forgive her. Anything else you want to know?"

"Yes. Why do I want to bite Paul Gresham?"

"Hush!" admonished Loring. "He is the remnant of one of our very best imported families, and he needs the money. He sells a piece of father's property every year, and he haunts Miss Joy like a pestilence. I think he's mixed up in her million some way or other. Aunt Pattie approves of him very much; she is strong for family."

"I'll bite him yet," decided Gamble. "Say, Loring, how am I going to make a stringless million?"

"If I knew that, I wouldn't be your lawyer," declared Loring—"Excuse me, Johnny; there's a client of mine."

II

INTO the box where Miss Constance Joy, slender and dark and tall, entertained her bevy of admirers, there swished a violently gowned young woman of buxom build and hearty manner, attended by a young man who wore a hundred-dollar suit and smiled feebly whenever he caught an eye. In his right hand he carried Miss Polly Parsons' gloves and parasol; in his left, her race-card and handbag. Round his shoulders swung her field-glasses; from his right pocket protruded her fan and from his left pocket her auto veil. She carried her own vanity box.

"If you aren't the darlingest thing in the world!" she greeted Miss Joy, whose face had lighted with a smile of both amusement and pleasure. "You certainly are some Con! Every time I see you in a new gown I change my dressmaker. Hello, boys!" She shook hands cordially with all of them as soon as she had paid her brief respects to Mrs. Pattie Boyden, who was pleasant and indulgent enough in her greeting, but not needlessly so.

"You're looking as happy as ever, Polly," observed Constance.

"I'm as happy as a mosquito in a baby's crib," avowed Polly. "I've added three thousand today to the subscription list for our Ocean View Baby Hotel. Where's that list, Sammy?"

Sammy Chirp passed a few things from his right to his left hand and searched a few pockets; passed a few things from his left to his right hand, dropped the lady's handkerchief and picked it up, smiled feebly upon everybody, and then at last produced the subscription list, which Miss Joy read most interestedly.

"That's splendid, Polly!" she approved. "Another day's work as good as this, and we'll be able to buy our hotel."

Paul Gresham, standing stiffly between her and Polly, looked down at her and smiled correctly.

"I guess we'd better go, don't you think?" he remarked to the other young men.

"You're safe enough," retorted Polly. "You're safe any place with your checkbook. Besides, we don't want to double names on this list. We'll spring another one when we're ready to equip and run the place. Oh, there's Johnny Gamble! Hello, Johnny!" And she leaned far over the rail to call to him.

It was strange how quickly Johnny Gamble was able to distinguish a sound coming from that direction, and he looked up immediately.

"Come right up here, Johnny," she commanded him. "I have a great surprise in store for you."

"Go any place you say if it's not too hot there," he cheerfully assured her, and started off toward the staircase.

"When I get Johnny Gamble's name this list is closed," said Polly confidently.

"I'll bet with you on that," offered Bruce Townley. "Johnny probably hasn't enough money to buy a tin rattle for your babies' hotel."

"No!" she protested, shocked. "I'm so used to seeing him with money that I don't think I'd know him if he had it shaved off."

"He was too honest, as usual," supplemented Val Russel, lounging carelessly against the rail. "Here comes Ashley Loring. He can tell you all about it. Johnny Gamble hasn't a cent left, has he, Loring?"

"It would be most unprofessional to discuss Mr. Gamble's private affairs," said Loring reprovingly as he came into the box. "Aside from a mere detail like that, I don't mind saying that Johnny Gamble has just bet the last hundred dollars he has in the world on an absolutely criminal long shot."

"I hope he wins!" stated Polly heartily. "I think he's the only real gentleman I ever knew."

"Well, I like that!" protested Val Russel, laughing.

"I don't mean a slam at you boys," she hastily corrected. "You're a nice, clean bunch; but I know so much about Johnny. He helps people, then hides so he can't be thanked. He's the one man out of a thousand that both women and men can trust."

"That's rather a broad statement," objected Paul Gresham who had eyed Polly with fastidious distaste every time she spoke. He was a rather silent young man with a thin, high-arched nose and eyebrows that met, and was so flawlessly dressed that he sat stiffly.

"I'll make it two in a thousand, Mr. Gresham," said Polly pleasantly. "I hadn't noticed you; and whatever I am I try to be polite."

The four other young men, who were used to Polly's sweeping generalities, laughed; for Polly had their hearty approval.

Johnny Gamble arrived.

"Where's the surprise?" he demanded with a furtive glance in the direction of Miss Joy, a glance which Gresham jealously resented.

"Me!" she gayly told him, thrusting her subscription list into the pocket of Sammy Chirp. "You haven't seen me since I got back."

"You're no surprise—you're a gasp!" he informed her, heartily glad to see her. "That sunset bonnet is a maraschino."

"Pinkest one they had," she complacently assured him. "I want you to meet some friends of mine, Johnny." And, with vast pride in her acquaintanceship with all parties concerned, she introduced him to Constance and Aunt Pattie.

Johnny Gamble and Constance Joy, for just a moment, looked upon each other with the frank liking which sometimes makes strangers old friends. Gresham saw that instant liking and stiffened. Johnny Gamble, born in a two-room cottage and with sordid experiences behind him of which he did not like to think in this company, dropped his eyes; whereupon Miss Constance Joy, who had been cradled under silken coverlets, studied him serenely. She had little enough opportunity to inspect odd types at close range—and this was a very interesting specimen. His eyes were the most remarkable blue she had ever seen.

"Cousin Polly has been telling us most pleasant things about you," she observed.

"Your cousin Polly?" he inquired, perplexed.

"Yes; we're cousins now," announced Polly happily. "It's the first time I ever had any relations, and I'm tickled stiff!"

"So am I!" agreed Johnny heartily, figuring vaguely that somebody or other must have married.



"Where Did You Find it? Follow You Home One Cold Night, or Did a Friend Give it to You?"

"You are just in the nick of time, Gamble," Gresham quietly stated with a deliberate intention of humiliating this child of no one. "Miss Polly has a subscription list which she wants you to complete."

"He's too late," replied Polly with a flash of her eyes in Gresham's direction. "Mr. Loring just closed up that list," and she winked vigorously at Loring.

"Loring's my friend," Gamble said with a cheerful laugh. "I have check-writer's cramp. Who's to get the loving cup?"

"The loving cup's a bottle," Polly returned. "This is a babies' benefit. It's Constance's pet scheme and I'm crazy about it. We've found a big, hundred-room summer hotel, with two hundred acres of ground, on a high bluff overlooking the ocean; and we're going to turn it into a free hotel for sickly babies and their mothers. Isn't that some scheme?"

"I'm so strong for it I ache!" announced Mr. Gamble with fervor. "Put me down for ——" He checked himself ruefully. "I forgot I was broke!" Gresham shrugged his shoulders in satisfaction.

"You'll take something for that," Polly confidently comforted her friend Gamble. "There's G. W. Mason & Company, Johnny. Take me over to him and watch me fool him when he says he has no checkbook with him. I have checkblanks on every bank in town. Bring along my handbag and my subscription list, Sammy."

When they had gone, with the feebly pleased Sammy dutifully bringing up the rear, Gresham looked after them with relief.

"Handicap day brings out some queer people," he observed.

"If you mean Mr. Gamble I think him delightful," Constance quickly advised him. "I'm inclined to agree with Polly that he is very much a gentleman."

"He would be quite likely to appeal to Polly," remarked Aunt Pattie as she arose for a visit to a near-by box.

"You mean Cousin Polly," corrected Constance sweetly.

Gresham was very thoughtful. He was more logically calculating than most people thought him.

III

IT WAS Polly's cousinship that puzzled Johnny Gamble. "When you picked a cousin you made some choice," he complimented her. "How did you do it?"

"They made me," she explained. "You know that Billy Parsons was the only man I ever wanted to marry—or ever will, I guess. His folks met me once and wouldn't stand for me at all; then Billy took sick and went out of his head. He cried for me so that the doctor said he had to have me; so I canceled the best engagement I ever had. I wasn't a star, but I was featured and was making an awful hit. I went right to the house, though, and stayed two months—till Billy died. Then I went back to work; but I hated it. Well, along toward the last they'd got so friendly that I was awful lonesome. It wasn't long till they got lonesome too. They're old, you know; and Billy was all they had. So they came after me and I went with them; and they adopted me and we all love each other to death. Constance's my cousin now—and she stands it without batting an eyelash. She's about the cream of the earth, Johnny!"

He drew in his breath sharply.

"You're a lucky kid!" he told her.

There was something in the intensity of his tone which made her look up at him, startled.



"I Want Him Broke!" Explained Gresham, His Face Suddenly Twitching Viciously in Spite of Himself

"Now don't you fall in love with her, Johnny!" she begged.

"Why not?" he demanded. "I never tried it; but I bet I can do it."

"That's the trouble," she expostulated; "it's too easy. You can fall in all right, but how will you get out?"

"I don't want out," he assured her. "I play marbles for keeps."

"All right then; take to pickles and perfume. Look here, Johnny; if none of her own set can ring her with an orange wreath what can an outsider do?"

"How do I know till I try?" he inquired. "I get you, Polly. You mean I'm not in her class; but, you see, I want her!"

"So do the others," she objected.

"They're not used to hard work," he earnestly informed her. "Say, I need a million dollars."

"Take enough while you're at it! What do you want it for?"

"Her stack's that high."

"She'd never count it."

"I know; but Aunt Pattie and I would. I have to have it, Polly."

"Then you'll get it," she resignedly admitted. "Why, Johnny, I believe you could get Constance too!" she added with suddenly accelerated belief in him. "Well, I'm certainly for you. Tell me, what can I do to help you?"

"Poison Gresham for me," he briefly directed.

"Give me your fifteen cents," she directed. "He's about as popular with her as a flea with a dog; but he goes with the furniture. He was wished on her by her Aunt Gertrude."

"Why did her aunt hate her?"

"She hated everybody; so she went in for charity. She made six wills, each time leaving all her money to a different public institution; but they each one did something she didn't like before she could die. The last time she decided to give Constance a chance, made a new will and took sick the same night. Constance has the interest on her million till she marries Gresham; then she gets it all. If she marries anybody else before Gresham dies the money goes to a home for blind cats, or something like that."

"Healthy soul, wasn't she?" commiserated Johnny. "But why Gresham?"

"The bug for family. Aunt Gertrude's father didn't make his tobacco-trust money fast enough for her to marry Gresham's father, who would have been a lord if everybody in England had died. Constance is to bring aristocracy into the family now."

"Tell her to tear up that million. I'll get her another one," offered Johnny easily.

"You'll need some repairs before you start," she suggested. "They tell me you're down and out."

"Tell them to guess again!" he indignantly retorted. "I own all the tomorrows in the world. There's money in every one of them."

"I've got an awful big bank account that needs exercise," she offered. "Now, look here, Johnny, don't yell like I'd hit you with a brick. You told me to help myself once when I needed it, and I did. You ought to let me get even. All right, then; be stingy! Where's Sammy?" She had been feeling in both sleeves with a trace of annoyance, and now she turned to discover Sammy a few paces back, idly watching a policeman putting an inebriated man off the track. "Sammy!" she called him sharply. He came, running and frightened. "I've lost my handkerchief," she informed him. "Go get it." Sammy smiled gratefully and was gone.

"Where did you find it?" asked Johnny, indicating the departing messenger. "Follow you home one cold night, or did a friend give it to you?"

"Oh, no," she said carelessly; "it just sticks around. I can't get rid of it, so I've trained it to be handy when I need it."

She fastened upon Colonel Mason just as the horses came to the post, and she was supplying him with a check-blank just as they got away from the barrier. Gamble turned to the track and distinguished his long shot off in the lead. He smiled grimly at that irony, for he had seen long-shot horses raise false hopes before. Mildly interested, he watched Angora reach the quarter pole, still in the lead. Rather incredulously, he saw her still in the lead at the half. He was eager about it when she rounded the three-quarters with nothing but daylight before her; and as she came down the stretch, with Nautchautauk reaching out for her flanks, he stuck the ash-end of his cigar in his mouth and did not see the finish. He knew, by the colossal groan from the grandstand, however, that Angora had beaten the favorite; and, though he was not in the least excited, he felt through all his pockets for his tickets, forgetting that he had taken them out at the beginning of the race and still held them in his hand; also, he forgot completely that he was supposed to be escorting Polly, and immediately sauntered down to the betting shed—to collect the largest five thousand and one hundred dollars in captivity.

IV

A GENERAL desire to bet upon the last race had sent all the occupants of the Boyden box, except Constance, Polly and Gresham, down to the betting shed when Gamble returned; and he was very glad there was room enough for him to sit down and enjoy himself. He had evil designs upon Gresham.

"This is my lucky day," he observed, smiling upon Miss Joy. "I began this afternoon to pile up an exact million. A near horse gave me a five-thousand-dollar start."

"If you keep on at the rate of five thousand dollars an hour you'll have your million in two hundred hours," Constance figured for him.

"I won't work Sundays, evenings, holidays or birthdays," he objected.

"How fussy!" commented Polly. "Which was the kind horse?"

"A goat by the name of Angora," he replied.

"That race should call for an inquiry," sternly stated Gresham.

"You must have bet on the favorite," returned Gamble, and laughed when Gresham winced. Not a shade of Gresham's expression was escaping him now.



"Here's My Fountain Pen. Indorse That Check Over to Me, Won't You?"

"We all did," acknowledged Constance smilingly. "This is the first time I ever bet on the races; and I sent down to bet on every horse in this last one, so I'll be sure to win just once. I suppose you attend the races frequently, Mr. Gamble?"

"I'll give you one more guess," he returned. "I don't like to walk home."

"You won't have to walk this time," she reminded him.

"Not while I ride!" asserted Polly stoutly. "I'm so glad you won, Johnny. I guess you'll stay in Baltimore now."

"And give this back? I'll get an injunction against myself first. Polly, I owe you twenty-five hundred dollars. Here's the money."

"This is so sudden," she coyly observed. "My memory's poor, though, Johnny."

"It's a promise I made myself: If I won this bet half of the winnings belonged to the babies' hotel."

"Wait, Johnny," objected Polly, pushing the money away from her. "I'd rather have you on the new subscription list, by-and-by, for the furnishing and remodeling fund."

"I'll go on both of them," he offered, putting the money in her lap. "You ought to know that I stick."

"Yes, you do," she sighed, and passed him the list, covertly pointing out Gresham's name as she did so and showing the amount opposite it to be one hundred dollars.

"Mr. Gamble wants to make sure that you'll get it," sneered Gresham, and laughed. He was anxious to belittle Gamble in the eyes of Constance.

"If Johnny Gamble puts his name down it's as good as paid!" flared Polly. "By-the-way, Mr. Gresham, I have that Corn Exchange checkblank for you now."

She handed him the blank and her fountain pen; and, with some slight reluctance, Mr. Gresham paid his subscription.

"Thanks," said Polly briskly. "Johnny, did you say I should put you on the other list for the same amount?"

Constance leaned hastily forward, with the impulse to interfere against so foolhardy a thing, but caught herself; and, leaning back, she looked at Johnny Gamble in profile and smiled. There was something fascinating about the fellow's clear-eyed assurance as he cheerfully answered:

"If you please, Polly."

"It will take you four hundred hours now to make your million," Gresham advised him, with scarcely concealed contempt.

"I'm no loafer," Gamble declared.

They all laughed at that.

"I beg your pardon," apologized Gresham. "Let's see. How long will it take you to make your million at the rate of five thousand an hour? How many hours a day?"

"About seven on regular days; three on Saturdays."

Both the girls were still laughing at the absurdity of it all.

"Counting off for Sundays, you should have your million in about forty days," persisted Gresham, figuring it with pencil and paper.

Johnny studied the problem carefully.

"All right; I'll do it," he announced, and looked at his watch.

"Bravo!" applauded Constance. "If you could succeed in that you would display a force which nothing could resist."

Gresham looked at her with a quick frown.

"And if he failed he would display a presumption which nothing could forgive," he sneeringly paraphrased. "If it's not asking too much, Mr. Gamble, I'm curious to know how you propose to accumulate your million." And he smiled across at Miss Joy, who turned to Gamble, waiting interestedly for his reply.

"Work a lot of neglected stunts. I never wanted to make a million till now. I know how, though. I think I'll start with real estate." And he watched Gresham narrowly.

"That's a dismal enough opening," announced Gresham with a pained expression. "It is impossible to get a decent price for property, especially when you want to sell it."

"If you want to get rid of some I'll buy it," offered Gamble promptly.

"I want cash." And again Gresham smiled over at Constance. The slight trace of a frown flitted across her brow. She had always thought of Gresham as a man of perfect breeding.

"Name the right figure. I'll make a deal with you on the spot."

"This is scarcely the place for business," Gresham reproved him.

"I beg pardon," Gamble quickly said, and looked at Constance, a trifle abashed.

"Please go ahead," that young lady urged. "This is more fun than the races."

"Thanks." He smiled gratefully. "Now, Gresham, let's get down to statistics. These are working hours. Here's twenty-five hundred."

"What for?" asked Gresham, looking at the money avariciously.

"To show confidence in the dealer. You have a vacant lot uptown. What's it worth?"

"Forty thousand dollars," recited Gresham.

"If you want forty it's worth thirty," Gamble sagely concluded. "I'll split it with you. Give you thirty-five."

Gresham shook his head; but Gamble, watching him closely, saw that he was figuring.

"I can't let the property go for less than its value."

"I don't want you to. I offered you thirty-five."

"On what terms?" inquired Gresham cautiously.

"Thirty days cash. This twenty-five hundred is a first payment. I want a renewable option. If I don't cross over with the balance in thirty days spend the money."

"What do you mean by a renewable option?" asked Gresham, hesitating.

"When this option runs out I get another at the same price—and twice more after that."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Gresham, turning away. "Why, I'd be letting you tie up my property for four months."

"I'm offering you over seventy per cent a year. You'd rather stay tied."

Gresham pondered that problem a moment.

"By Jove, you're right!" he said. "I'm selfish enough to hope that you can't pay for it in thirty days." He reflected that in all probability this reckless person was playing another long shot. "I'll take you."

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DANGERS OF THE AIR

Aviation Contests and Their Perils

By Waldemar Kaempffert

TWO flimsy planes consisting of fabric stretched over a wooden frame and extending to the right and to the left of a light, canvas-covered body; a wooden propeller and a motor whirling round with the speed of an electric fan; vertical rudders and horizontal rudders—these are the few structural elements of the delicate machines in which reckless men risk their lives to win purses of fifty thousand dollars offered by newspaper owners. If the flying-machines were markedly improved after each ghastly death, so that the day would be brought appreciably nearer when you and I may take out our aeroplanes with the same confidence that marks our preparations for an extensive automobile tour, if the winning of much prize-money were accompanied by the discovery of some new mechanical principle, we might view with more equanimity the formidable list of those who have given up their lives. As it is, there has been only slight progress in flying-machine design since the time when Blériot flew across the Channel. The flying records of the day are made, not by machines but by men. Since the sixth of July, 1908, when Farman won the Armengaud prize for flying a circular kilometer, there has been a wonderful improvement in the handling of machines, but beyond that little to boast of.



Earl Ovington Wearing the Latest French Fashion in Life-Saving Aviation Head-Gear

If you seek the reason for this stagnation in the mechanical perfection of the flying-machine you will find it in the balance sheets of the more prominent French manufacturers. On a paid-up capital of $260,000 one of these manufacturers in 1910 made a net profit of $66,000, and another, the company by which the motor used in races is manufactured, made a net profit of $459,358 on a paid-up capital of only $240,000. Necessity may be the mother of invention, but prosperity may under some circumstances be its death. It pays to adhere to the old type, wherefore the old type is still with us. No manufacturer or champion of the air is likely to risk the loss of a $50,000 purse with an untried machine of radically new design.

Is the Game Worth the Candle?

THE profits of the aviators themselves are fully equal to those earned by the manufacturers. Paulhan, who used to make fifteen dollars a week as a hand in an aeroplane factory near Paris, learned to fly in order to try out machines. One day he made an altitude record. Forthwith he became an aeronautic lion very much in demand at meetings. Within two years he captured $200,000 in prize-money. Blériot is said to have made about $100,000 before he confined his attention to the building of the machine that bears his name. More than $1,000,000 in prizes has been offered for the year 1911. The wonder is that more men in high-powered machines are not chasing dollars. Perhaps the reason is to be found more in the cost of racing than in the personal risks involved.

A Blériot monoplane is worth from 12,000 to 28,000 francs—$2400 to $5600—and an Antoinette is worth 20,000 francs—$4000—in Paris. These are ordinary or "stock" models, fitted with engines that vary in horsepower from twenty-five to fifty. A one-hundred-horsepower racing monoplane may be worth from $8000 to $10,000. The cost of repairs necessitated by inevitable accidents is difficult to estimate, but it is certain that in comparison the maintenance charges for an automobile, even when intrusted to a dishonest chauffeur who battens on commissions received from garage keepers, are vanishingly small. Add to the repair bill the salaries of two or three mechanics whose duty it is to keep a racing aviator's several machines in trim—a crack airman must have more than one aeroplane—and it is not difficult to understand why most of the men who are earning fortunes in the air are supported by manufacturers with whom, in America at least, they are compelled to share their winnings.

Is the game worth the candle? The Wrights, Sommer, Blériot, Farman, Paulhan, Morane, Curtiss, Breguet, the dare-devils of yesterday, are the staid manufacturers of today. No longer does the press ring with their exploits. It is not because the shop is safer and perhaps more respectable than the racing-ground; it is because the record-breakers of yesterday are shattered in nerve and body.

The preparations for a great race, such as the one-thousand-mile English circuit won by Lieutenant Conneau, are in themselves a severe tax on a strong man's nerves. In a score of hangars mechanics are tightening wires, repairing motor troubles, stopping leaky fuel-tanks, with almost feverish haste. The tense atmosphere is like that of a greenroom on the first night of a new play. Aviators stalk about, for the most part smoking one cigarette after another, trying their best to appear calm, yet chafing inwardly at the seeming slowness of their men. Sometimes it happens that in this haste the simplest precautions are overlooked. Leblanc, for example, lost the Gordon-Bennett race at Belmont Park in 1910 because some one had forgotten to fill his fuel-tank, and that after his mechanics had slaved for hours on his one-hundred-horse-power Blériot. The European circuit, a race of one thousand miles from Paris to Liège, Utrecht, Brussels, Calais, London, and thence by way of Calais back to Paris, was scheduled to start at four o'clock in the morning; but it was not until two of the following afternoon that Lieutenant Conneau, the first to start, whirred on his way—all because of the difficulty of getting motors to work and of assembling parts. Twenty-three machines were eliminated in the first one hundred and eighty miles of the race, and all the serious accidents occurred on the first day—proof enough that nerves played their part in that great contest.

The high flier, the man who, for the sake of a prize offered by the management of a meeting, slowly worms his way into the blue until he is a mere speck or is actually lost to view in a cloud, pays even more dearly for his ephemeral glory and his newspaper honors. His case has been pathologically considered in a paper read before the Académie des Sciences by Doctors Cruchet and Moulinier. As the aviator ascends the temperature falls about one degree Fahrenheit for every one hundred and eighty-three feet. At a height of about ten thousand feet, which is the cabalistic figure that fascinates high fliers at American meets, the temperature is that of a cold winter day, even though on the ground thousands may be mopping the perspiration from their brows. When he has climbed to a height of over a mile the aviator notices that his heart is beginning to beat faster; that there is a buzzing in his ears; that his head aches; that there is an indescribable feeling of discomfort, utterly different from the nausea experienced by mountain-climbers. This *malaise*, as Morane tells us from actual experience, may be partly attributed to an overwhelming sense of solitude, an unutterable anguish of mind. If the sun is shining over a bank of clouds the light is reflected back as in a mirror. Despite the resultant blinding glare, which seriously interferes with the proper guidance of the machine, the aviator forces his way up and up in a winding path. At seven thousand feet he is numb with cold. His voluntary movements are mere lethargic jerks, such is the effect of thin air and low temperature; yet not for a single instant may he relax his grasp of the control-levers or take his foot from the tiller-bar. He may have hallucinations, like Morane, who on one occasion had a vision of the cathedral of Notre Dame before him, although he knew that Paris was hundreds of miles away. He may be haunted, as Renaux confessed he was, by the fate of Chavez, who soared high over the Alps to Italy only to meet a terrible death. Much beyond eleven thousand feet he cannot go. At that height his motor refuses to work because of the poor compression. It has taken him about an hour to reach that giddy altitude. He tilts his horizontal rudder down. In seven sickening minutes he has glided to earth. That long, swift, hawklike swoop, however graceful and facile it may seem from the grandstand, makes a coward of even the bravest man. The fear of a horrible end assails him. To add to his wretchedness he experiences a sensation of heat and pain. His face flushes; his eyes smart; his heart beats violently. As he nears the ground a strange drowsiness seizes him. It is only with an effort that he succeeds in keeping his eyes open. When at last he touches the grass he is more like a torpid, hibernating snake than a human being, so far as sensation is concerned. He steps out of the machine with the slow, awkward movements of a drunken man who cares not whither he stumbles if he can only sleep.

In the paper referred to, Doctors Cruchet and Moulinier cite the case of a young aviator who had failed to return to his hangar. He was found seated in his machine in the open country, sound asleep. When he was awakened he could not explain how he came to alight in the place where he was discovered. Who knows but Hoxsey may have met his death at Los Angeles because he no longer had the will-power to control his machine after a drop of seven thousand feet in less than three minutes? Who knows but Chavez, after his remarkable passage of the Alps, may have rocked his steering-column too far in his lethargy and plunged in consequence to his death? Who knows but many an accident that cannot be explained by an examination of splintered wood, tattered fabric and twisted metal may be thus accounted for?

A Lonely Drive to Death

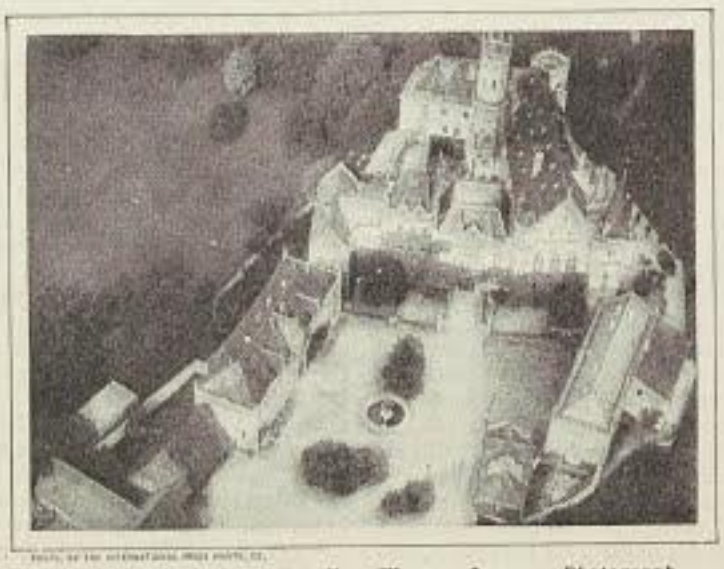
TO THE tragedies of racing and high flying must be added the gruesome fatalities that mark attempts to carry off prizes offered for exploits of a special character. Such a prize was that put up in 1910 by Baron de Forest for the longest flight from England into the continent of Europe made before the end of the year. The sum to be won was four thousand pounds. One of those who resolved to win it was Cecil Grace, an experienced English aviator. He crossed the Channel on December twenty-second, but alighted at Calais because of adverse winds. After a brief rest he started back for England, determined to renew the attempt on the following morning. High over the cross-Channel boat he soared. Those on deck craned their necks in the effort to follow him.

"That man's heading the wrong way for Dover," said the captain of the steamer to a Mr. Le Cren, a friend of the aviator.

Later two Calais steam tugs, standing in the Channel ready to give assistance when necessary, spied the machine, no bigger than a sparrow, floating off to the north. Through a patchy fog the men on the East Goodwin lightship caught a fleeting glimpse of the machine still heading for the north. A few minutes later the skipper of a Ramsgate fishing-smack heard a buzzing over his head. He looked up and saw a biplane. That was the last seen of Grace. A few weeks later an aviator's cap with a pair of goggles attached to it was picked up on the beach near Ostend.

What became of man and machine? We can only guess. Skilled aviator though he was, Grace had made no allowance for leeway caused by a southwest wind. Steadily he was driven to the northeast—steadily toward the North Sea.

It is not difficult to imagine the anguish that must have been his. The watch that he always hung in front of him on a convenient upright tells him that half an hour has elapsed—time enough for the crossing. Yet there is no land below; only a fishing-smack. Another half-hour passes. Still no land in sight. The fuel-tank holds enough gasoline for a seven hours' journey. Why worry? In seven hours, if the motor be not stalled, the cliffs of Dover must loom up. Besides, there are the Calais steam tugs slowly threading the Channel, ready to help. Another hour passes. Still no land, no tug, not even a fishing-smack.



Looking Down on a Castle Near Wurzen, Saxony. Photograph Taken From a Parseval Airship

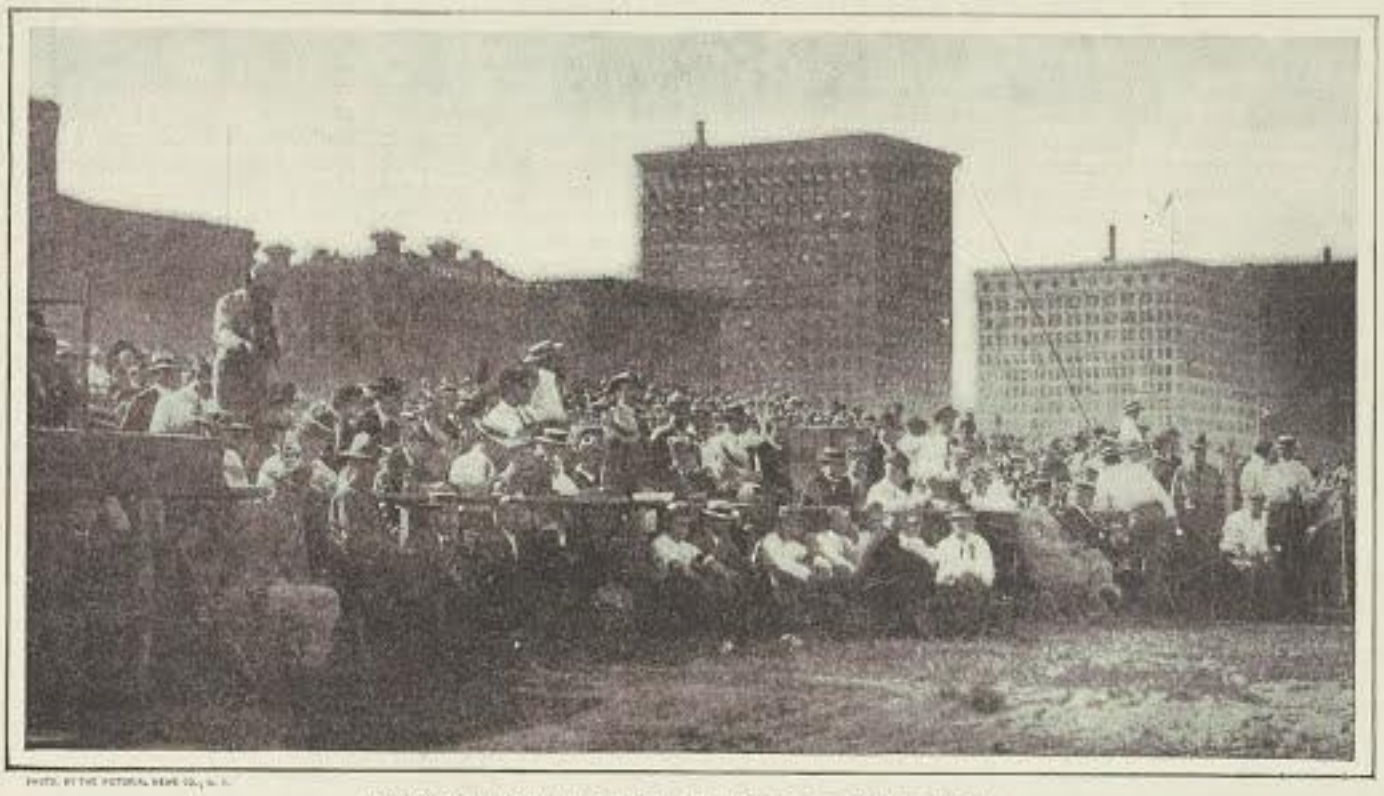
He is becoming anxious now. Can the compass be wrong? Have the occasional fog-banks through which the machine has plowed veiled the land from his eyes? He glides down to a height of about a hundred feet. Only the wrinkled sea meets his eye. In desperation he soars up again, only to glide down in the hope of spying one of the many steamers that ply the Channel. But is this the Channel? The Channel would have been crossed long ago. He realizes that he is lost in the air, hopelessly lost somewhere between water and sky. The fuel is giving out. He knows not that a relentless southwest wind is driving him farther and farther to the northeast, inevitably toward the North Sea, where only a miracle can save him. Hoping against hope, he does what little he can to husband his gasoline. Drop by drop it is converted into gas and detonated in the motor. Then comes that awful moment when the last charge is exploded in the cylinders, when the pistons travel back and forth for the last few times, when the propeller-blades cease to revolve. Who can picture the despair that is his when against his will he sinks to his doom with only a few screaming gulls to watch the waters of the North Sea close over him?

The fate of Grace drives home the mechanical fact that motion is the secret of an aeroplane's flight. It cannot hover over a single spot. The late Professor Langley used to liken the aeroplane to a skater gliding on thin ice. Both must travel so fast that they literally have no time to fall. Obviously much depends on the motor. That at least ought to be absolutely trustworthy.

It so happens that because of the requirements of the flying-machine the aviation motor is anything but trustworthy. Above all it must be extraordinarily light, yet it must deliver a great amount of power despite its excessive lightness. The ideal motor has not been invented, and until it is the flying-machine cannot compete with the motor car for touring, and accidents more or less serious will occur. The motor at present most widely used in flying-machines bears no outward resemblance to the automobile engine. Its cylinders are not arranged vertically in a row, but are grouped spokewise around the driving shaft, with the object of dispensing with a long, heavy crankcase. Cylinders, shaft and propeller whirl around as one piece at a speed of approximately fourteen hundred revolutions a minute. There is no flywheel, because the motor acts as one. There is no cooling system, because the motor is cooled by reason of its very spinning. There is no carbureter—although in some other types carbureters are employed—because the fuel is fed dropwise to the motor. There is no change-speed gear.

The motor is started not with a crank, as an automobilist would expect, but by means of the propeller. To prevent the throbbing machine from leaping forward from three to six men must cling to the framework and dig their feet into the ground in the teeth of the hurricane generated by the glittering propeller and roaring motor. They cannot hold a high-powered machine in leash indefinitely. When the pilot nods or gestures—a spoken command could not be heard—they release their hold with the readiness of men who have been restraining a wild beast. Even one who is not an engineer must realize that such a power plant is very crude; that the necessity of starting the

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Chicago Turns Out to See Men Fly to Make an Aviation Holiday

"THE BRISTOW AMENDMENT"

The Inside Story of the Fight for the Direct Election of Senators

By Senator Joseph L. Bristow

DECORATION BY MILLS THOMPSON

THE really historic incident of the first session of the Sixty-second Congress was not the passing of the reciprocity bill, the enactment of the corrupt-practices act, the tariff discussion, or the admission of two new states, but the passing by the Senate of the joint resolution providing for the election of Senators by direct vote. Many tariff bills have passed the Senate and many states have been admitted to the Union, but it has taken more than sixty years of effort to induce the Senate to agree to give the people an opportunity to change the method of electing its members. If it had not been for the demand of Senator Bacon, of Georgia, that section four of article one of the Constitution be changed so as to take from the Federal Government all control of the times and manner of electing Senators—an authority that has existed since the Constitution was framed—the proposition for the direct election of Senators would now be before the states for their ratification.

The fight for the direct election of Senators has been long and interesting. Among the numerous compromises that were agreed to by the framers of the Constitution was one providing for the election of Senators by the state legislatures instead of choosing them by appointment or by a popular election. After the animosities growing out of the discussion and adoption of the Constitution had passed away, for almost half a century there appeared to be little dissatisfaction with the method provided for the election of Senators. It was not until 1826 that any action was taken in Congress looking to a change in this provision of the Constitution. During that year Mr. Storrs, a Congressman from the state of New York, introduced a resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution making Senators elective by a direct vote of the people. And since that date there has been a growing demand for such a change in our Constitution.

Mr. Storrs' effort was followed by the introduction of a similar resolution by Mr. Wright, of Ohio, on February 19, 1829. This resolution limited the senatorial term to four years. Six years afterward, in 1835, another resolution similar to that presented by Mr. Storrs was introduced, but no serious consideration was ever given to any of these resolutions. As time went on, however, the sentiment in favor of the direct election of Senators grew; and between 1850 and 1855 there were at least five such resolutions introduced in the lower house of Congress. None of them was ever reported from the committees to which they were referred.

The first resolution introduced in the Senate providing for a change in the method of electing Senators was presented on January 14, 1850, by Senator Clemens, of Alabama. It is interesting to note that the most ardent advocate of changing the method of choosing Senators, from election by the state legislatures to that of a direct vote of the people, was Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee. While a member of the House of Representatives he introduced two resolutions providing for this change in the Constitution; and in 1860, when a member of the Senate, he renewed the agitation. In 1868, when President of the United States, he sent a special message to Congress advocating the measure, and he repeated the same recommendations in his annual message. Johnson was the advocate not only of the direct election of Senators, but also of abolishing the electoral college and electing Presidents by a direct vote. If it had not been for the tragedies of the Civil War, which absorbed the attention of the public for so many years and which completely changed the course of Johnson's life, he might have accomplished more than he did in enlarging this democratic principle in our national affairs.

From the effort which Johnson made in 1860 there seems to have been no interest taken in the matter in the Senate until 1873. On January thirty-first of that year Mr. Harlan, of Iowa, introduced a resolution providing for the direct election of Senators; and in December of the same year Mr. Windom, of Minnesota, presented another. Both of these resolutions were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but never reported from the committee. In 1876 Mr. Wright, of Iowa, introduced another resolution, which was referred to the same committee with a like result. The matter was then permitted to sleep for ten years, when Senator Van Wyck, of Nebraska, introduced a resolution—December 16, 1886—which was referred to the Committee on Judiciary but never reported. In 1888 Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, introduced another resolution, which was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections and met the fate of all that had preceded it.

The House of Representatives of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses passed resolutions providing for the direct election of Senators. These resolutions, when they reached the Senate, were referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but none was reported until the third session of the Fifty-third Congress, when the committee reported one of the resolutions adversely. During the first session of the Fifty-fourth Congress there was a favorable report from the committee on a resolution that had passed the House of Representatives, but no action was taken by the Senate. Again a resolution passed the House on May 11, 1898, by a vote of one hundred and eighty-five to eleven, but in the Senate it likewise met the fate of all that had preceded it.

On April 13, 1900, a resolution again passed the House by a vote of two hundred and forty to fifteen. When it reached the Senate it was referred to the Committee on Privileges and Elections, but never emerged from the committee room. Again, on February 13, 1902, the House passed a resolution by a practically unanimous vote, there being no division; but it, too, was buried in the Senate

committee room. It will be noticed that the Senate itself has been the barrier that for over half a century has blocked the movement for the direct election of Senators. This year, for the first time, that barrier yielded to the force of public opinion and a resolution for such a change in our Constitution passed that body.

With the development during recent times of the great corporate interests of the country, and the increased importance of legislation relating to their affairs, they have tenaciously sought to control the election of Senators friendly to their interests. The power of these great financial and industrial institutions can be very effectively used in the election of Senators by legislatures, and they have many times during recent years used that power in a most reprehensible and scandalous manner. They have spent enormous amounts of money in corrupting legislatures to elect to the Senate men of their own choosing.

Through the influence of the Senators so elected, who have become known as corporation Senators, legislation to control the Trusts and monopolies has been smothered in committees and defeated in the Senate. Under the operation of our political institutions Senators exercise great influence in the appointment of Federal judges; and by controlling the election of Senators these great interests have to a large extent been able to secure the appointment of judges who are more devoted to their interests than to the public welfare. These various abuses have been responsible for the rapid growth of the sentiment for a change in the method of electing Senators and for the adoption of a method that would make the power of the great financial interests less potent.

So, as I said in the beginning, this session of Congress has been made historic by passing through the Senate a resolution for the direct election of Senators by the people. The historian will record that in 1911, eighty-five years after the first resolution was introduced in the House of Representatives, a joint resolution providing for an amendment to the Constitution changing the method of electing Senators passed the Senate for the first time. The narrative of its passage and its imprisonment in a conference committee is an interesting story.

What Went On in Subcommittee

ON DECEMBER 13, 1909, I introduced a resolution in the Senate providing for the direct election of Senators and asked that the resolution be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary, realizing that if it went to the Committee on Privileges and Elections it would meet the same fate that other resolutions referred to that committee had encountered. That committee had been organized apparently for the purpose of preventing any such proposition being brought before the Senate. My resolution was in substance the same as those that had passed the House in 1898, 1900 and 1902. It changed section three of article one of the Constitution and provided that

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen at a general election by the electors thereof for a term of six years.

I had some difficulty in obtaining a report on the resolution from the committee. On February 7, 1910, in the open Senate, I inquired of Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, the chairman, as to the probable time of a report. On February 14, 1910, I brought the matter up again, renewing my request for a report. On June 17, 1910, I moved to discharge the committee from further consideration of the resolution; and on the following day I spoke briefly to that motion, calling attention to the fact that thirty-seven states had declared practically for direct election of Senators—thirty-three by resolutions of their legislatures asking for such a change in the Constitution and four others by adopting primary systems for the nomination of Senators. Up to that time I had received little encouragement from the committee as to its probable report.

The resolution had one very ardent friend on the committee, Mr. W. E. Borah, the junior Senator from Idaho. During this long period of delay Mr. Clark had advised me that he was going to appoint a subcommittee to consider the measure and kindly asked if there was any member of the committee that I was especially desirous of having on that subcommittee. I told him I would be greatly pleased if he would make Mr. Borah one of its members. This he did, and every friend of the measure should feel grateful to Mr. Clark for so doing; for, if it had not been for Mr. Borah's tireless work in behalf of the resolution, in my judgment it would have died in the committee as most of its predecessors had done.

The subcommittee consisted of Mr. Dillingham, of Vermont; Mr. Rayner, of Maryland, and Mr. Borah. Dillingham was opposed to reporting any resolution. Rayner was opposed to the resolution in the form that I had introduced it and wanted it in the same form as passed by the House in 1893. Mr. Borah preferred the resolution as introduced, with some changes; but in order to secure a favorable report from the subcommittee he agreed to join in reporting the resolution in the form Mr. Rayner desired.

At the time the resolution was reported in that form none of us realized what were to be the serious results of this change in its provisions. As introduced, it provided only for changing section three of article one, which relates to the election of Senators. As reported, it not only changed the method of electing Senators, but also changed section four of the same article, thereby taking from the Federal Government all control over the times and manner of electing Senators.

Section three now provides that

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen by the legislature thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote.

My resolution simply proposed to amend this section by substituting for the words "chosen by the legislature thereof" the words "chosen at a general election by the electors thereof," so that it would read:

> The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state, chosen at a general election by the electors thereof for a term of six years.

It did not change section four in any way, thereby leaving the Federal authority over the times and manner of holding elections just as it is now and as it has been since the Constitution was written by the Fathers of the Republic. Section four, which the committee sought to change, reads:

> The times, places and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each state by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to places of choosing Senators.

The committee resolution proposed to strike out the following clause in this section—"but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations." There is no reason for striking out those words because of the change in the method of electing Senators. They confer a power on the Federal Government in the matter of electing Senators, and that power is just as essential whether the Senators are elected by a direct vote or by the legislatures. The truth is that the power conferred upon the General Government under section four has not often been used; but that is not a valid reason for taking it away. In 1866 it was made the basis of important legislation in fixing the times when the legislatures should elect their Senators.

J. P. Stockton, of New Jersey, had been elected by the New Jersey legislature and commissioned by the governor, though he had received only a plurality—not a majority—of the votes cast in the legislature. A contest was made and his right to a seat questioned. On March 23, 1866, a vote was taken and Stockton was permitted to retain his seat by a majority of one, he himself casting that vote. The impropriety of counting Stockton's vote for himself and the danger of the precedent of seating a Senator elected only by a plurality of the votes in the legislature caused intense criticism, and three days later the Senate reversed its action and Stockton was deprived of his seat.

Then a law regulating the times and manner of holding senatorial elections was enacted. It provided that on the second Tuesday after the meeting and organization of a legislature, when a Senator is to be elected, the two houses shall meet separately and by a viva-voce vote name a Senator. On the following day the two houses shall meet in joint assembly and the results of the voting shall be canvassed. If each house has given a majority vote to the same man he is elected; if not the joint assembly shall meet at noon of each succeeding day during the session and take at least one vote—until a Senator shall be elected. Since that time every Senator who has been elected has been chosen under this statute.

On January 11, 1911, over a year after the resolution was referred to the committee, it reported the substitute for the resolution I had introduced, which substitute took from the Federal Government the authority granted it by section four of article one. This provision became a source of animated discussion. Mr. Sutherland, of Utah, a member of the committee, offered an amendment striking out that part of the resolution repealing the clause in section four; and after a heated debate running through several weeks that amendment was adopted, receiving all the Republican votes but eight and one Democratic vote.

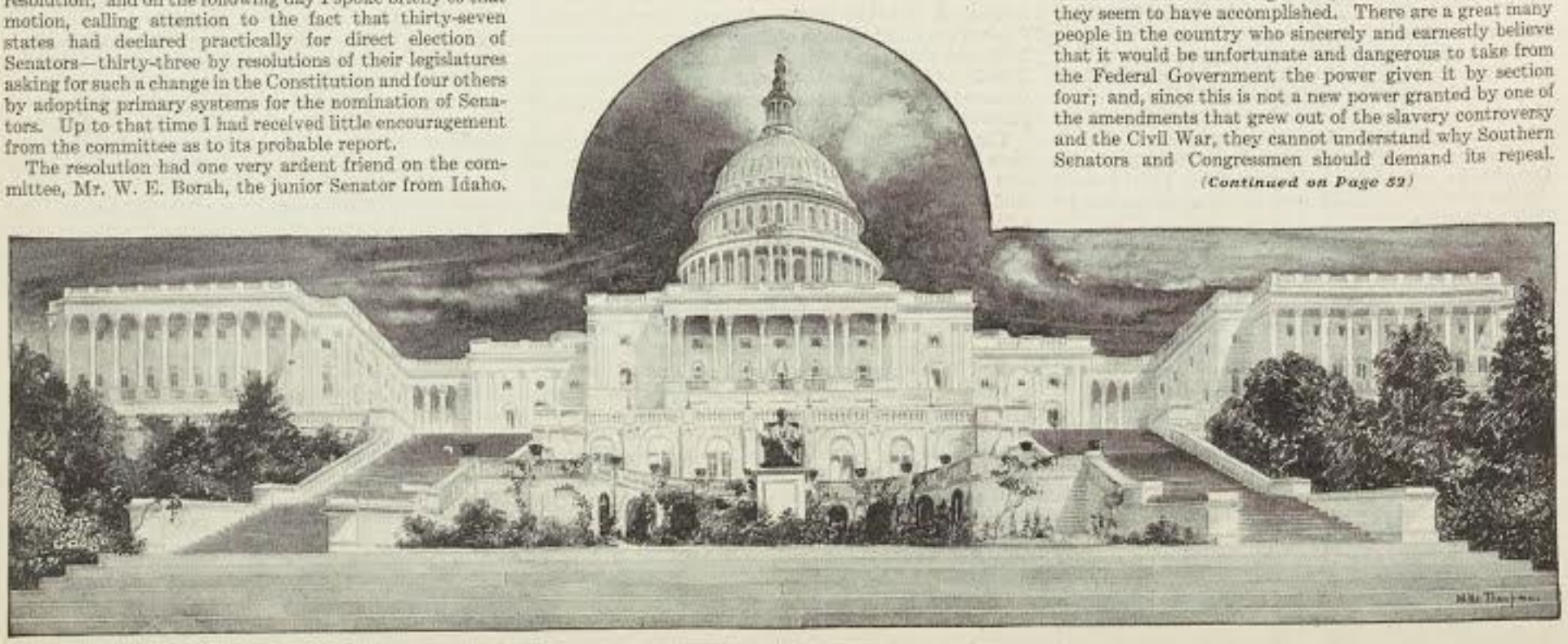
The Fight Over Section Four

A NUMBER of Republicans voted against the Sutherland amendment because they believed the resolution would receive more votes in the Senate with the part repealing section four in than if it were stricken out. And, though not in sympathy with the change curtailing the Federal power, they felt that it was better to have the resolution passed—even if it changed section four—than not to pass it at all; so they yielded their judgment in regard to the advisability of changing that section rather than endanger the passage of the resolution.

The vote on the resolution was had on the twenty-eighth of February; but previous to that Senator Root had made an inflammatory speech against the South because of the method employed by the Southern states in depriving negroes of the right of suffrage. Senator Bacon had replied with equal animation. These two Senators, both of whom were opposed to the direct election of Senators and in favor of maintaining the present system, because of their prominence and the ability with which they threshed over the negro question and the old state-rights doctrine, have attracted a great deal of attention to that part of the resolution reported by the committee which repealed the clause in section four.

Unfortunately, as a result of this debate, it has now apparently become more of an issue as to whether section four shall be changed than as to whether we shall change the method of electing Senators. I have not the slightest doubt but that this is exactly what both Senators Bacon and Root wanted to bring about, and which I regret to say they seem to have accomplished. There are a great many people in the country who sincerely and earnestly believe that it would be unfortunate and dangerous to take from the Federal Government the power given it by section four; and, since this is not a new power granted by one of the amendments that grew out of the slavery controversy and the Civil War, they cannot understand why Southern Senators and Congressmen should demand its repeal.

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THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Aged Bully

"YOU beat me home!" Mrs. Humphrey observed as she stepped into the house and saw her husband sitting in the Morris chair, reading a newspaper.

The first three years of their married life Mrs. Humphrey had done her own housework and so had precious little time for foreign affairs; but, since his patent wooden ovens were going so nicely, her husband had insisted that the housework and care of the baby were altogether too much for her; she must have a hired girl. That addition to the household had been installed a fortnight before, and this was the second time since then that Humphrey had come home at half-past five and found his wife out.

At the six-o'clock supper he noticed that she seemed to have something on her mind. Her replies to his conversation were monosyllabic and two or three times he caught her eying him in a furtive and questioning manner.

When the hired girl had brought in the pie and they were definitely left to themselves she looked over at him again with that questioning expression and said very soberly:

"I expect I've put my foot in it, Addison. And I don't care," she added wrathfully, "if I've put both feet in it—and yours too!"

He saw that she was swelling with pent emotion and waited for the overflow.

"What do you think old Anse Soule has done now?" she demanded by way of beginning. "He's put a family with two little children in that Benson house, where two people have died of consumption. I know that house has never been properly disinfected. I know it has never been even decently cleaned. It's murder, Addison—just murder!"

With that declaration, her brows puckered in a dark frown and her eyes shot fire.

"They're newcomers here—from Bloomingdale," she continued. "The man has gone to work for Anse. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw them moving into that deathtrap this afternoon. And when I saw those two little children—I just couldn't stand it, Addison!" She compressed her lips and shook her head decisively. "I found out Doctor Jenkings is supposed to be the health officer here. I went right down to see him and I told him what I thought too. And he just grinned and wriggled and squirmed. I suppose old Anse, with his politics, got him the job. I could see plain enough that he didn't intend to do anything. He's as afraid of old Anse as everybody else is.

"Anyhow, I thought I'd done my duty and so I came home," she continued. "And then I saw those two little children again—they're hardly more than babies. I saw 'em toddling round the yard—and I just couldn't stand it. I went right over and talked to the woman. I knew it wouldn't do any good to see her husband. He's working for Soule and would be afraid to open his head. I went to see the mother and I gave her a history of that house; I told her to go tell Anse Soule herself that if he didn't disinfect it properly she'd sue him for damages and get the state board of health after him. I told her I'd do everything I could to help her. I will too; and so far as I'm concerned I'd as leave tell old Anse Soule that as to look at him!"

It is true that on her own account she would have enjoyed telling Mr. Soule that and several other things which occurred to her; yet her mind was troubled on her husband's account by a doubt whether she hadn't, after all, been guilty of that most unfeminine and unwifely thing, "interfering" with his business. Addison, indeed, looked very grave, and indulged the rather bitter thought that if his wife had been doing her own housework she wouldn't have had time to get him into a scrape with old Anse.

Mr. Soule was one of Vale's most prosperous and influential citizens; but his business was not easily classified. He bought grain, produce and livestock from the farmers thereabout and sold them stone, brick, grape baskets, fencing, fertilizer; incidentally he loaned money and shaved notes—clear to the bone. He owned the baseball grounds and many other parcels of real estate. He was a director in the First National Bank and chairman of the Republican central committee for the county. He bore the reputation of being an implacable enemy.



"And He Just Grinned and Wriggled and Squirmed"

The Benson house, mentioned by Mrs. Humphrey, was in the same block with the Humphrey cottage and separated from it by three vacant lots, also owned by Mr. Soule. The house, like most of Mr. Soule's properties, had fallen into an unseemly state. It needed painting; bricks were gone from the chimney; blinds hung awry on broken hinges. The Humphreys had often deplored the disreputable appearance of this house so near their own neat cottage. They deplored also the appearance of the three intervening vacant lots, which had grown rank with weeds whose seed constantly threatened their own well-kept lawn.

Mr. Soule could claim, however, that he did not ask his tenants to stand anything which he was not perfectly willing to stand himself. His business establishment was the most conspicuous feature of the village. The tall grain elevator by the railroad track could be seen from all directions. Long ago it had been painted an ugly red, but the paint had mostly peeled, blistered and worn off. Next the elevator was a shedlike structure, nearly a hundred feet long, for storing some of the articles in which Anson dealt. It had never been painted at all and the west end lurched drunkenly to the south. An extensive plot of ground near the shed was littered over with all sorts of rubbish—the débris of Anson's many commercial activities.

As Humphrey's oven plant was only five rods from the boundary of Mr. Soule's business premises, all this unsightliness was constantly under the inventor's offended eye. Moreover, Mr. Soule had an especially annoying habit of dumping rubbish into Vale Creek directly across the road from Humphrey's mill, although he had no right whatever to do so.

Mr. Soule's rights in Vale, however, were determined mostly by himself. In the course of thirty-five years he had cultivated such a reputation that nobody cared to quarrel with him. He was rich by the standards of Vale. His political power was extensive. As owner of the baseball grounds he held the village largely at his mercy in respect of its most popular diversion. It had long been noticed that he had no trouble about getting cars when he wanted to ship anything, and his freight was promptly delivered. Common report imputed to him a powerful influence with the railroad. That he was ruthless and vengeful everybody knew. What he might do to any man who dared cross him was left to alarmed conjecture.

Now Humphrey's position was promising, but by no means secure. His patent ovens were going splendidly, but his capital was very limited. Everything depended upon the state of his credit. He felt he must tread very warily for a while. Any serious check just at that juncture might prove fatal. Though Anson Soule had no immediate connection with his business except as a director of the First National Bank, he received his wife's belligerent declaration very gravely. Putting children into a house presumably infected with tuberculosis was, of course, infamous; and a little later on, when he had achieved a fairly independent position, he would be very willing to enter the lists against old Anse on that ground; but just now—well, it was unfortunate that anything of the sort should have happened.

Going to the plant next morning, he went up Main Street as usual in order to stop at the post-office for his mail. At the distance of half a block he saw a figure on the steps of the First National Bank that made his nerves tingle a little—the tall and angular figure of Anson Soule, clad in the faded butternut overcoat and slouch hat which Addison seemed able to remember from the time he could remember anything. Whether from rheumatism or inadvertence on the part of Nature, none of Mr. Soule's joints appeared to fit properly. His lumbering gait was so awkward that he seemed likely at any moment to lose a leg. He wore a prophetically long, slim white beard that always looked rather dirty; his forehead was high and narrow and his small eyes close together; his nose had evidently been broken, for the crook in it could hardly have come naturally.

"Good morning, Mr. Soule; looks like snow," said Addison in his most cheerful and friendly manner as he passed the old gentleman. Stepping into the post-office next door, he wondered for an instant how much of a coward he really was.

The pleasant absorption of business soon drove the matter from his mind; and when he started home to supper he had entirely forgotten it in the excitement of having received a telegraphic order for twenty wooden ovens from Iowa—the longest reach yet. On the strength of this Iowa order he was picturing the oven's triumphal march across the Missouri when a sound to the right attracted his attention. It was a sound of protest and it proceeded from a chubby youngster in a ragged jacket whom a young woman was leading into a lighted doorway. The youngster seemed about four years of age. His round, apple-red and tearful face was turned back regretfully toward the dooryard from which he was being ravished; his fat legs moved unsteadily under the maternal pull upon his arm. Addison's eye caught the picture and his heart was constricted. The doorway was that of the Benson house—not a promising place for round-faced, fat-legged youngsters.

A moment later the inventor paused in astonishment. In the wintry twilight he saw that the three vacant lots between the Benson house and his own contained a structure which had not been there at noon, and his nostrils were aware of a faint, new, unpleasant odor.

Mrs. Humphrey came to meet him as soon as he opened the door. She was quite pale; her eyes were wide, dry and bright.

"He's moved a nasty old shed right next to us and put twelve pigs in there!" she said. "We'll never be able to live here in warm weather."

Anson, indeed, had relocated his pigpen—as a chivalrous intimation to Mrs. Humphrey that she would better not interfere with his tenants in the future.

No self-respecting man likes to be turned out of his own house. Above all, no self-respecting man likes a gross and

public insult to his wife. Gloomily reflecting upon these facts, Addison for once couldn't get his mind down to ovens at all. Even the telegraphic order from Iowa lost all interest and charm. He glowered down at the telegram—which had been so precious the afternoon before—as though it were merely waste paper. Leaving the desk and plunging his lean hands to the bottoms of his trousers pockets—his thin shoulders humped forward and his chin held low—he stared out of the window at his neighbor's paintless, unsightly, belittered premises. As far back as he could remember, everybody had avoided a quarrel with Anson Soule. He recalled many instances of Anson's meanness and truculence. It occurred to him that old Anse was really the town bully—he had everybody bluffed; yet finally he was only a greedy, vengeful, rather stupid old man.

"The trouble with old Anse," he muttered, "is that nobody has the gall to give him a fight. If I was only a little solider on my feet, now! If I was only a little solider on my feet ——"

In fact, though, he wasn't any solider on his feet. He owed the First National Bank alone near two thousand dollars. Days slipped by. The two chubby youngsters went in and out of the infected Benson house; the pigs amiably rooted and stank under the Humphreys' bedroom window. All Vale knew why they had been put there and thoroughly appreciated the joke on Addison. Mrs. Humphrey didn't say much; but they had to keep the bedroom windows closed, which wasn't the right thing for the baby. Now and then her husband caught her looking at him in a way that made him uncomfortable. Usually, after he had detected her in such a look, she hugged and kissed the baby with especial tenderness. Meanwhile, in passing Mr. Soule upon the street, Humphrey nodded and Mr. Soule nodded back—sometimes with a noticeable air of satisfaction.

The days slipped by until the eighteenth of December. Then Addison called upon Mr. Soule in his dingy office at the front of the long, unpainted shed.

"I've got to raise some money right away, Mr. Soule," he said nervously. "I've got a splendid business over there and it's growing every day; but, you see, I didn't have any capital to begin with, and—well, I've reached a point where I've simply got to get hold of some money right away. I've been standing off the lumber company for a long while, until I owe 'em ten thousand dollars. I got 'em to agree to carry me until the end of the year. I promised to pay 'em then, sure—and now I find I can't do it."

Mr. Soule listened to the recital impassively, except that he stroked his long beard with a slow, rhythmic motion, as his manner was when anything particularly pleased him. He had known, of course, that young Humphrey was much in debt, yet had hardly hoped his condition was so desperate.

"The fact is," Addison continued, nervously and more confidentially, "I see plain enough I can't swing this business any longer without capital. Now I've got a stove concern in Chicago on the string. They know that oven of mine is a good thing and they're going to buy me out. It was on the strength of that I promised sure to pay the lumber company by the first of the year; but I can't bring the stove people to time that early. You can see the situation for yourself. If I can pull through for about thirty days longer I can sell out and clean up a good little pile. If I'm thrown into bankruptcy before I make the sale I lose every cent I've got. That's just the situation. If you'll lend me ten thousand dollars for thirty days I'll pay you a thousand dollars interest."

The interest certainly looked attractive. Slowly stroking his beard, however, Mr. Soule mentioned security and the inventor had no security to give beyond his plain note of hand. He explained eagerly that his equity in the business was worth much more than ten thousand dollars; that he was certain to get at least twenty-five thousand dollars over and above all his debts when he sold out to the stove concern—but Mr. Soule resolutely shook his head. Lending Addison ten thousand dollars without security did not appeal to him.

Addison looked pained at this refusal. "I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars interest—fifteen per cent for one month," he said eagerly, but again Mr. Soule shook his head.

"Two thousand dollars, then—twenty per cent," Addison offered desperately. "You see, it will make all the difference to me between cleaning up a little fortune and quitting flat broke."

However, that seemed to make no difference whatever to Mr. Soule. "I wouldn't consider it at any price unless you can give me some security," he said coldly.

With a discouraged air Addison took his leave; but the next day he came back.

"I've simply got to have that money, Mr. Soule," he said earnestly. "Of course, there'd be no use in my going to the bank. They wouldn't lend me five hundred more without security. You're the only man I know that might lend it. For security, now—what can I give you? What would you take?"

"Oh, a couple of good signers," Mr. Soule replied pleasantly.

"Well—suppose, now—suppose I got a couple of good men to sign with me," Addison suggested with gloomy hesitation. "Suppose, now—say I got Ben Stubbs and Jim Pentwell to sign with me?"

The persons named were merchants in good standing. Moreover, they were political allies, or satellites, of Mr. Soule. Indeed, the capitalist knew them so well that he considered their signing a note with Addy Humphrey about as likely as their flying to the moon. He gave the inventor an odd, sidelong glance, but nodded approvingly. "If they sign a note I'll lend you the money," he said.

"I'll see 'em right away; I think they'll sign, all right," Addison replied. "But, see here now, Mr. Soule," he added anxiously, "my credit is at stake, you know. I don't want a word said about this except between you and me."

With that understanding he took leave; but in the two days following Mr. Soule did not see him. The morning of the third day they met on Main Street and the inventor nervously drew the capitalist into a doorway. "I've seen the men," he said confidentially under his breath. "They've agreed to sign with me. I'll bring the note down to you this forenoon. But now, Mr. Soule, this is to be strictly between ourselves."

Mr. Soule watched the inventor's thin figure disappear around the corner, then repaired to the drygoods store of Benjamin Stubbs. As he had quite expected, Mr. Stubbs was dumfounded at what he said and assured him that Addy Humphrey had never mentioned a note to him. His confidential inquiry of James Pentwell at the latter's grocery elicited the same reply.

Lumbering out to his office, Mr. Soule glanced over at the Humphrey oven plant and stroked his beard as though pleasant thoughts occupied his mind.

The inventor, however, did not keep his engagement to appear with a note signed by Messrs. Stubbs and Pentwell. The next day at noon Mr. Stubbs informed Anson Soule that Humphrey had been seen taking the morning train for Detroit.

"Guess he knew a leetle too much to try that on me," Mr. Soule remarked with a wintry wink.

The day after Christmas he received a call from the inventor, who seemed in very good spirits. "About that note, Mr. Soule," he explained quite cheerfully—"I thought I'd let you know. I found—that is, I made up my mind not to borrow the money. I decided to try the lumber company again and I've got it all fixed up with them. They'll carry me quite a while longer. They're perfectly satisfied. It's all fixed up. Of course you won't mention to anybody what has passed between us."

Oddly enough, this message of good luck quite disappointed Mr. Soule; but in a confidential talk with Mr. Stubbs he took the hopeful view that probably they would hear more of the matter before long.

He did hear more in exactly a week. Two prosperous-looking gentlemen, each carrying a handsome bag, entered his office.

"Mr. Soule?" the heavier and ruddier of the two inquired politely. "We just got off the train and were going up town, but they told us your office was here, so we came right over. We represent the Allied Lumber Company of Detroit."

The gentlemen had already deposited their bags on the floor and were taking the chairs indicated by Mr. Soule. The heavier one hitched his chair close to the proprietor, while the slighter one sat over by the wall in a detached sort of way.

"My name is Poole; I'm the treasurer of the company," said the heavier caller. "Mr. Wells, here, is our attorney. I brought him along—would you mind if I just closed that door, Mr. Soule?"

Having received Mr. Soule's permission and closed the door, the treasurer moved his chair a little nearer and continued:

"The fact is, Mr. Soule, we have a customer here whose account got in bad shape. He's a very plausible sort of chap and he finally got into us to the tune of ten thousand dollars. He really wasn't entitled to any such credit as that, and the long and short of it is I told him he positively must settle up the first of the year or we'd have to close down on him. Well, to make a long story short, he did settle up in a way that seemed satisfactory. He offered us four notes amounting to ten thousand dollars. I looked up the signers and indorser and found they had a good rating, so we accepted the notes. I don't need to trouble you with all the details, but something came up the other day that didn't square with what he'd told us as to how he came to have these notes. We inquired a little and found out that, in fact, the explanation he'd given couldn't be true. Now naturally, Mr. Soule, that raised a question in our minds as to whether there mightn't be something crooked about the notes themselves, and the long and short of it is that Mr. Wells and I hopped on the train and came down here to find out. Now mind you, Mr. Soule, I don't say there is anything crooked about the notes. Of course I hope there isn't, but we feel that it's up to us to find out. As your signature appears on the notes, naturally you're the man who can tell us."

Mr. Poole then drew a large, shiny wallet from his breast pocket and extracted therefrom four notes, which he spread on the desk before Mr. Soule. The notes were for twenty-five hundred dollars each, due respectively in two, three, four and five months from date. Each purported to be signed by Benjamin Stubbs and James Pentwell and to bear the unconditional indorsement of Anson Soule as payee.

Slowly and rhythmically stroking his beard with his right hand, Mr. Soule picked up the notes one after the other with his left hand and turned them over, glancing at the putative signatures of the makers and the indorser.

"Rank forgeries, Mr. Poole—rank forgeries!" he said with an affirmative nod at the treasurer. "Any schoolboy that had ever seen Ben Stubbs' signature or Jim Pentwell's signature or my signature would tell you so."

Mr. Poole straightened back in his chair and looked solemnly at Mr. Wells, while Mr. Wells looked at him.

"You don't say so! You don't say so! Well, well!" the treasurer murmured after a moment. "I wouldn't have believed he was capable of such a thing—and yet, Mr. Soule, after finding out he'd lied to me I wasn't altogether unprepared for it."

He gathered up the notes with mournful deliberation and replaced them in the large wallet, holding the latter in his two chubby hands as though it were some sort of funereal emblem. He sighed, turned to Mr. Wells and asked half absently: "What was that local lawyer's name—or, wait a minute—I've got it here."

Opening the wallet, he presently found a memorandum among the many papers it contained and read the name: "Reimer—Joshua Reimer. He was recommended to us. Do you consider him a good man, Mr. Soule?"

Mr. Soule replied that Reimer was considered a capable lawyer and directed them how to find his office. The treasurer replaced the fat wallet in his breast pocket and arose.

"I needn't say we're ten thousand times obliged to you, Mr. Soule," he declared warmly. "And now, of course, you can see the situation. We can put that chap in the penitentiary; but that wouldn't get us our money. Naturally we want our money if we can get it—any business man does. I don't suppose there's one chance in a hundred he can square us. Still, there's a possibility. So I trust you will regard this as confidential, Mr. Soule."



It Needed Painting; Bricks Were Gone From the Chimney; Blinds Hung Awry on Broken Hinges



Incidentally He Loaned Money and Shaved Notes—Clear to the Bone

Mr. Soule nodded, appreciating the reasonableness of a man's wanting his money; but he held out no encouragement. "He couldn't raise ten thousand dollars any more'n I could raise that grain elevator with one hand," he said, pointing a knotty forefinger at the structure mentioned.

"Probably not; probably not," Mr. Poole agreed sadly. "We can only try."

With that the strangers picked up their handsome bags and departed, after cordially shaking hands with the proprietor. In that act Mr. Wells smiled, which was the first time he had moved the muscles of his face since entering the office.

Lumbering to the other side of the office, Mr. Soule watched them proceed toward Main Street. He could see that the conspicuous sign of the Humphrey oven plant caught their eyes and that, while passing the establishment, they kept looking over at it and talking together earnestly.

Thereafter that window had an irresistible attraction for Mr. Soule. He kept lumbering over to look out of it and finally placed a chair so he could watch comfortably. Thus, something over an hour after the callers left his office, he saw Mr. Poole come down the street and enter the oven plant. Half an hour later he and Humphrey emerged together and went toward Main Street. At that distance there was nothing in the inventor's appearance to betray his state of mind, but Mr. Soule imagined what it must be and contentedly stroked his beard. The midday dinner hour arriving, he reluctantly abandoned his post; and soon after dinner he was a bit disappointed at seeing Humphrey return to his office unaccompanied either by Mr. Poole or the sheriff. Another hour passed and then he saw Messrs. Poole and Wells coming down the street, carrying their handsome bags. Mr. Poole alone entered the office. He seemed downcast.

"By gracious, Mr. Soule; by gracious!" said the treasurer thoughtfully as he sat down at the desk. "That fellow could talk a man into anything! I suppose I've done a rather foolish thing." He laughed somewhat sheepishly. "But, you see, he tells me he's just on the point of selling out to some Chicago people at a big profit. Well, the long and short of it is, I've given him ten days' grace. You see —— Now I feel, Mr. Soule, as you put us right on this thing and as your name is on that forged paper, that you're entitled to know just what's been done!" He made this interjection in a burst of confidence and gratitude, and again produced the large wallet. A legal-size envelope, filled with papers, was folded into it. Tearing the envelope in his confidential burst, the treasurer spread the papers over the desk. The long and short of it was that, on behalf of the Allied Lumber Company, he had taken Mr. Humphrey's note for ten thousand dollars, payable in ten days. He had also taken a mortgage upon everything Mr. Humphrey possessed, a confession of judgment, assignments of life and fire insurance policies, some legal waivers and various other documents. The contents of the thick envelope, in fact, with a number of papers which he extracted from the wallet, made quite a litter over Mr. Soule's desk.

He had also carefully retained the four forged notes. The ten days was merely a sort of truce. The mortgage, assignments and so on were not to be put on record, nor was the forged paper to be surrendered. If, at the end of ten days, Mr. Humphrey produced ten thousand dollars the slate would be wiped clean. If he did not produce ten thousand dollars the Allied Lumber Company would take over all his possessions and he would stand trial on the forgery charge.

Mr. Poole entered into a thoughtful discussion of the various phases of this particular case and of the plague of insolvent debtors in general. He became so absorbed in the discussion, indeed, that the minutes slipped by unheeded until Mr. Wells abruptly threw open the outer door and called: "Here's our train!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Poole. Hastily gathering up his litter of papers, he stuffed them into the envelope, thrust that into his pocket, warmly shook Mr. Soule's hand, seized his bag and ran for the station as the train was pulling in.

Mr. Soule did not attempt to rise. Leaning over and craning his neck, he watched the treasurer and attorney clamber on board and waited until the train pulled out. Then he bent over and picked from the floor—where Mr. Poole in his haste had dropped it—one of the forged notes for twenty-five hundred dollars. He had seen the note fall, but hadn't considered it necessary to call Mr. Poole's attention to it. Indeed, since the note purported to be payable to himself and to bear his indorsement it might fairly be considered as much his as anybody else's. He regarded it a moment with a kind of affection, then carefully tucked it away in his wallet.

One week later Mr. Humphrey again favored him with a visit.

"I can't bring those Chicago men to time," the inventor said as he dropped into a chair at the proprietor's desk. "The principal man's sick—left for Florida. They won't do anything for another thirty days. I can't wait. I'm up against it. Now look here, Mr. Soule, I want to clean up; I want to get out of here. I'm sick of the whole mess. Make me a cash offer for my business. I'll give you the greatest bargain you ever saw. Spot cash, mind you!"

Mr. Soule could well believe that the inventor's situation was even more desperate than his nervous language implied, as only three days stood between him and insolvency—and the penitentiary. He perceived that the young man meant to get what cash he could and abscond, leaving the Allied Lumber Company, with its unrecorded mortgage and its forged notes, to whistle. Mr. Soule himself had as little objection to any amount of whistling on the part of the Allied Lumber Company as he had to buying a business for a third of what it was worth. The only point in his mind was as to how little cash would Humphrey take. Calculating that the business must be worth at least twenty-five thousand dollars and that, by having it transferred to some innocent purchaser who would act as his agent he could avoid paying at least ten thousand dollars of the indebtedness outstanding against it, he offered the inventor three thousand dollars.

Addison received the offer with great indignation; declared the business was worth twenty-five thousand over and above all its debts—could be sold for that to the Chicago people in a little while; said he'd go right up to Mettawan and sell it to Truax.

Mr. Soule reflected that he might, indeed, do that, or find some other purchaser who was supplied with ready money and on the lookout for a good bargain. On the other hand, every hour's delay increased the inventor's danger. After haggling half an hour, Mr. Soule raised his offer to five thousand dollars, to which Addison reluctantly agreed.

"But I want you to buy my house too," said the inventor. "I want to clean up everything here. I've put over four thousand dollars into the place. I'll sell it to you for twenty-five hundred."

That by no means appealed to Mr. Soule; yet he could understand that Humphrey would have no use for a residence in the village when he had become a fugitive from justice. Moreover, a man who got the oven business at five thousand dollars could very well afford to pay twenty-five hundred for the house and then give it away. So, after another half-hour's haggling, Mr. Soule agreed to buy the house.

The inventor, as Mr. Soule had quite expected, was anxious to close up the transaction as speedily as possible. He would have his wife sign the deed for the house, he said, and meet Mr. Soule at nine o'clock the next morning in Mr. Reimer's law office, where the other necessary papers could be drawn, executed and delivered, and the money paid over. To this Mr. Soule agreed, feeling a pleasant assurance that he had added at least ten thousand dollars to his fortune and that Mr. Humphrey would be overhauled and put in jail within a fortnight.

Next morning they met punctually at the lawyer's office and Mr. Reimer proceeded to draw, with great care, the instruments by which the real and personal property, business and good-will of the Humphrey enterprise would be duly vested in Mr. Soule. He had finished this laborious task; upon the table lay the deed to the residence signed by Humphrey and wife, and a check for seven thousand five hundred dollars signed by Mr. Soule; Addison had already signed the first document pertaining to the transfer of the business, and was reading over the second, when Lute Morrow—a shiftless employee of the oven plant—shuffled in. He bore a telegram directed to his employer and explained that it had just been delivered at the oven office.

Addison tore open the envelope, glanced at the message and bounded from his chair. Telegram in hand, he waved Lute from the room and as soon as the door was closed exclaimed:

"It's all off! I won't do it! This is from Warner—Warner, the president of the Chicago stove concern. He wires he's coming back from Florida next week. He wants me to meet him in Chicago and close the deal. It means twenty-five thousand dollars—twenty-five thousand over and above the debts! I won't sell it to you!" he declared to Mr. Soule, waving the telegram rather wildly. "I won't do it! I can get twenty-five thousand next week!"

Mr. Soule, having reflected upon his bargain over night, was secretly quite as anxious to see the deal concluded as he supposed Addison to be. Mr. Reimer's extreme deliberation in drawing the papers had annoyed him, and this interruption was exceedingly irritating; but he had never for a moment lost sight of the main point in his favor—a consciousness of what his wallet contained was ever present in his mind, and he did not for a moment lose his wits.

Fixing the young man with a quite malevolent look, he remarked significantly: "Next week, eh?" Obviously, to a man with only two days of grace, next week was the same as next century; and, as Addison sat down limply on the corner of the table, Mr. Soule complacently stroked his beard. He could fairly feel the folded strip of paper in his wallet.

"I won't do it! I tell you I won't do it!" the inventor muttered, glowering down at Mr. Soule in sullen recklessness. "I'll go to Mettawan and see Truax; I'll throw the whole thing away! You've got to give me twenty-five hundred more. You've got to give me seventy-five hundred for the business and twenty-five hundred for the house."

"A bargain's a bargain!" Mr. Soule retorted angrily, his hand beginning to tremble a little, while his small eyes glowered balefully at the inventor. "You know what you agreed to. Ain't you man enough to stand up to your word?"

"I won't do it!" Addison replied, scowling defiantly. "You're an old vampire anyhow! You're nothing but a bloodsucker!" *(Continued on Page 72)*



"He's Moved a Nasty Old Shed Right Next to us and Put Twelve Pigs In!"

Coöperation Among the Mormons



They Practiced Irrigation Twenty Years Before the Rest of the United States Had Dreamed of Reclamation

By AGNES C. LAUT

LAST year when the investigations of the Department of Agriculture at Washington brought out the fact that the reason for the non-advance of farming interests in the East and the Middle West was that the middleman absorbed from fifty to sixty per cent of the consumer's price, leaving the farmer only about thirty per cent, the one great remedy proposed on all sides was coöperation. Let the farmers of the East get together in coöperative marketing associations similar to that of the citrus-growers of the Southwest. Let the farmers get in direct contact with the city buyers, so that food could pass directly from grower to eater without any extortionate rake-off to the middleman. If the middleman's absorption of sixty per cent could be eliminated it would mean thirty per cent higher prices back to the farmer, and thirty per cent lower prices to the consumer. Likewise, when the cost of living reached the zenith, about a year ago, when eggs were selling at fifty cents a dozen though millions of dozens were rotting in cold storage; when porterhouse was selling at twenty-eight cents a pound to the city man while the country man complained that he got small share of the advanced price of beef; when milk that cost nine cents a quart to the consumer returned only three cents to the dairy farmer—the one universally proposed remedy was coöperation. Let the city consumers get together in coöperative buying and selling associations similar to the great coöperative stores of England. Platform and press rang with the record of that colliers' and factory workers' association in which it took the humble worker a year to save up his first pound, or five dollars, to establish coöperative stores, which now minister to millions. It was pointed out that even backward Russia had coöperative dairies numbering hundreds of thousands, and that little Denmark had become the butter-and-cheese factory of Europe because of the coöperative system. The great International Institute of Agriculture at Rome got busy collecting figures from every country in the world, and issued a document advocating coöperation as the hope and revolution and salvation for the farmer from eternal financial damnation.

A Cure That Cost Too Much

BUT if the cure were so sure, why did the farmer remain poor? Why didn't he take the easy nostrum and live happy ever afterward? Right there came in the rub! The dead-sure-cure cost money. Farmers ground between the upper and nether millstones of chancy crops and middleman's greed hadn't money to experiment with new-fangled notions.

The city man between the devil and deep sea of a family's hungry stomachs and a loaf of bread that cost twice as much as it used to or shrank to just half its former size—which is saying the same thing in another way—hadn't any money to pool with some other city men and establish coöperative buying associations.

It was pointed out that when the citrus-growers of Southern California came together in their big marketing association, the first thing they did was to whack down money for packing houses and salaries, or go to the bank for the money and give their personal notes as security; and as many of the citrus-growers were millionaires in other walks of life they could afford this new-fangled coöperative game. Even the factory workers of England had to spend a year saving five dollars before they had capital to establish the first of those coöperative stores that have multiplied so wonderfully.

Coöperation seemed to cost capital. That was the difficulty alike in the way of city buyer and country seller; and as far as I know only one system of coöperation has been worked out in America without a cent of ready money, without the assumption of one cent of debt, without mortgage or loan or collateral, a system that returns to the farmer ninety per cent of the consumer's price and turns back to the buyer the sixty per cent middleman's profits. It is the oldest and most successful form of coöperation known in America. There is not a single case of failure on record where it has been tried. It creates communal life, communal buying, communal selling. No man catches sight of a penny of ready money, so he can't spend it; and if we grow rich not by what we make but by what we save, these "coöps" must grow very rich indeed. As a matter of fact, under this system a balance on the wrong side of the accounts is impossible. If debt is not allowed any balance that exists must be on the right side; and though the hopelessly unfit must under any system remain at the bottom of the ladder, it is a system of coöperation that tides every hard-up past the lean years. It has its faults and its defects and its tyrannies—as every rigid system has—and these will be told in their place—but the fact remains that it is the one system of coöperation possible without the expenditure of money and, therefore, workable among the poorest communities, which need it most.

I refer to the system of coöperation worked out to such success by the Mormons. It has nothing to do with plurality of wives or with their religion; neither is it political. It is purely secular. Yet it would be safe odds to wager one hundred to one that their religion would not have lasted ten years if it had not been intrenched and bulwarked and girt round as by walls in absolute financial security for every member of the community. It is a system that secures every member against want. It makes it possible for every man to be successful if he wants to; to get ninety per cent returns for his labor and his produce; and if he is a drone and doesn't want to be successful, it makes him keep up with at least the tail end of the procession, whether he wants to or not. The one essential point to remember in the system is—there is nothing, absolutely nothing, haphazard.

Where the producers of the East and the Middle West sell haphazard to whosoever comes and the consumers buy haphazard from whosoever sells, the Mormon system controls the selling and controls the buying, and aims to make its members absolutely independent of outside influence.

Early in the seventies the Mormons came to Winslow, Woodruff, Snowflake and St. Johns, of Middle Arizona, as destitute of worldly possessions as a people could well be. They came to what was then considered a desert. They practiced irrigation twenty years before the rest of the United States had dreamed of reclamation. They came where there was no market, and within two years they had created one.

"I'm not out on a religious still-hunt," I said to one of the oldest Mormon settlers of Arizona, "but what I want to know is how you work out your system of coöperation. The Eastern farm is near its market; and the average Eastern farm is going behind. You are remote from market. Yet since '78 you have forged ahead. What is the secret of the financial success of your farm colonies?"

"The sole secret of Mormon success in farm colonies," he answered, "is coöperation; and coöperation was forced on us here by the terribly hard conditions that confronted us. It's too dead easy for you New England people—you are not forced to get together. When we came out here we were a persecuted sect. That forced us together. Then there was such danger from hostile Indians that we actually had to live in one big house that was like a fort. We hadn't any money to pay for big engineers to put in our irrigation projects; so we had to put in projects with our own hands."

How New Land is Spied Out

"WE never attempt farm colonies by a sort of hit-and-miss method. We send a competent man to spy out beforehand; then when the colonists go in we don't risk letting them learn by costly failures. We send with them a competent man who knows the local farming conditions and can advise them the first year. For instance, when our people went up to the Big Horn, conditions were new. We might have had to learn by two or three years of crop failure. That would have borne too heavily on a people who went in poor; so we sent in with them a man who, as a traveling missionary, had learned all about the peculiar methods necessary in the Big Horn country. Consequently we hadn't the usual failure of first years. Our people thrived from the first.

"That brings up the real function of our traveling missionaries. You outsiders wonder, perhaps, why we keep our traveling missionaries wandering over every country when there may not be a conversion or single case of proselyting. You know these traveling missionaries have to sustain themselves as they travel. Well—what is the object? How could that missionary have guided and advised our people on the Big Horn if he had not first thoroughly known the conditions there? Believe me, our missionaries are out for more than converts. They are out to learn the methods, the secret of the successes, the market requirements, the development and advancement of every section where they travel. That is the real treasure trove they bring back to us. If you compare this to the average colonizing of farm settlements, I think you will see how we are bound to succeed where a certain percentage of the others must fail.

"Do we use the tithing fund to establish our new colonies? Yes and no; that is, we never use the fund to send out a colony as the Salvation Army of England, for instance, uses a fund to send out its colonists; but our aim is to make each farm colony a unit independent of outside influence. Therefore, the tithing fund affords money to build the first gristmill and the first sawmill, so the settlers can get bread and lumber at a minimum cost. Then money is advanced to establish school and church; not much, however, not more than twenty or thirty dollars a month. For reservoirs? Never! We do not believe in

spending what we don't possess. Our irrigation system cuts out rake-offs for contractor and banker and bonding company and promoter. Our farm colonists get together under a competent director and build their own reservoir. The work done by each man is credited on the books. Consequently our water rates seldom run above one dollar and a half an acre, where other projects cost from four dollars for alfalfa to six dollars for most fruit and twenty dollars for oranges.

"But irrigation is only the beginning of our farm colonies. When produce is raised we must create a market for it; and we must have a market where our people can buy what they need and not send the money out of our community. This brings you to our coöperative store system. If the local demand is not sufficient to take care of all we raise—as was the case when we began here forty years ago—then the coöperative store takes the produce at current market values and gives credit on the books for what the farmers may need to buy, or else pays outright in cash. At the end of the year the profit to the store from handling the produce goes to the shareholders in our stores as a dividend. Our stores are owned by our colonists.

"How do we raise capital for these stores without a cash assessment? Well, I'll tell you how the stores of Woodruff and St. Jo and Holbrook were established without assessing any of the colonists for cash payment. When we came here in '78 there was no local demand for farm produce. Today there is. Then our nearest market was Trinidad, Colorado—five hundred miles away. One group of men contributed teams and drivers—the man's share being entered in the books at the rate of two dollars a day, the team charged up at four dollars. We sent our wool, our hides, our grain, our beef and our mutton out to the market. Payment was taken not in cash but in goods for our first coöperative stores; and all who had contributed goods, teams or drivers were entered shareholders in the coöperative stores. You can see why we could not follow the English system of charging less to our own buyers—the country was filling with people not of our faith who bought from our stores, and we had to charge one uniform market price all round. For the same reason we had to pay one uniform market price all round; but the profits came back to the shareholders who were our own farm people. Of course the lazy man who did not bring so much produce as his neighbor did not have as high credit on the books. We were organized under strictly coöperative laws; but being one coöperative community, if a hard year came when on account of drought or the bursting of the dam the crops were poor, by our credit system we could tide the hard-ups past the lean year. That the debt would ultimately be paid we had security in the fact that the hard-ups were shareholders in the store, and the share could be appropriated for payment. Then, of course, we always keep a sinking fund to tide the general community past lean years. If the fund is not needed it is at least out at interest for the benefit of the shareholders. I may add that the shares in our coöperative stores usually stand at two hundred dollars where par is one hundred dollars; at two dollars where par is one dollar.

"But the very keystone of our coöperative system is our communal dwelling. We have the house with its acre or two in the village and the main farm outside; or else our holdings are so small that the whole community is like a suburban town; and there is none of that loneliness characterizing country life that drives away the young people."

When you drive out to Woodruff or St. Jo or Snowflake you see how communal dwelling is the keystone of Mormon coöperation. At Woodruff dwell one hundred and fifty people, using less than six hundred acres all told, and making a better living off these small holdings than prairie farmers do off three hundred and twenty or four hundred and eighty acres. Counting out the children, this gives Woodruff an average farm holding of only twenty acres, and some of the most prosperous farms are smaller.

Doors, latches, blinds, furniture—all are home-made; for when men had to bring in their household goods five hundred miles by ox team they brought few and learned how to do without things. Don't judge, however, from the paucity of store plush and bric-à-brac that there is poverty. At St. Jo you will find a couple of farms not larger than twenty acres, each of which has amassed a fifty-thousand-dollar fortune to its owner. Coöperation, however, goes farther than buying and selling and village dwelling. The stock of a Mormon farm colony is run in one large community herd, which can be protected and guarded by a few efficient hands. This custom dates back to the old lawless days when cowboy and Indian alike thought it perfectly legitimate to rustle other men's herds.

I asked Mr. Fish, the historian of the Mormons and one of the leaders at Woodruff since '78, how much water-rights cost him under their system of coöperation. In Woodruff water rates are higher than usual, because the floods on the Little Colorado have carried out the dam seventeen times. He looked up his books. For a year and a half the total had been twenty-eight dollars for sixteen acres.

"When you have figured up the cost of production and the profits from the coöperative store, what percentage of the consumer's dollar does your farmer receive?"

I asked this question of the coöperative store manager, of the leaders at Woodruff and Holbrook and of the

(Concluded on Page 82)

The Independence of Dermot

An Irish Fairy Story—By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL



Dermot Had Got Hold of a Little Bit of Magic

I NEEDED some masonwork in the cellar of our lumbering old country house, and after asking the local stonemason half a dozen times when he could do it, and receiving the nonchalant reply that he'd come round to it "some day when he wasn't busy," I at last got him to say that he thought he would "come the next Monday."

As I knew he would need a helper, I inclined one of my walks in the direction of Dan MacCormack's modest white house and engaged that handy man and raconteur for the Monday following.

"Is it William Bradford's go'n' to do the job?" asked he.

"Yes; he thinks he'll be able to come."

Dan laughed heartily and I went on my way.

The following Monday I rose early so as to be ready to see the beginning of the job. The rest of the house was sound asleep, early rising in the country being a thing that does not appeal to my family. For me, five o'clock would not be too early—but that's neither here nor there.

Promptly on the curtailed blowing of the Harrington whistles—curtailed because some sensitive souls could not stand their mellow blasts—well, at least, they are mellow three miles away—Dan came, with his lunchpail in his hand.

Mr. William Bradford, however, was elsewhere. As it afterward transpired, he was busy on a job he hadn't finished so soon as he'd expected—being paid by the day—and he didn't show up at all.

"The independence of some of these New England Yankees fills me with pride," said I to Dan—"only when I feel its effects I sometimes wish I could nail 'em to an engagement."

"Oh, Will'll come whin he's ready; an' it's not Prisidint Taft could make him come sooner. It reminds me of the indepindince of Dermot O'Beirne."

Breakfast would not be ready for an hour. What better than to hear all about Dermot?

. . . . . .

Well, the way of it was this way, an' it consair-rned a couple of fathers an' a couple of childher. Wan of the fathers was a small far-rmer in the County of Cor-rk, wid about ten acres—they'd been given to his gran'father by Lar-rd Kenmare for savin' the life of his daughter from drownin' in the Lakes of Killar-rney; but he was as indepindint as if he was a king. Hat off to no wan, not even the priest; not to Lar-rd Kenmare himself—of course this was the grandson of the fir-rst lar-rd—an' the finest opinion of himself held by anny wan in the County of Cor-rk.

T'other father was ould King Colum, the most melancholiest man in all Irelan'. He'd lost his beloved wife whin his son was bor-rn, an' divil a smile visited the face of him after that.

. . . . . .

AUTHOR'S NOTE—There is evidently some mystification in Dan's mind in regard to his chronology, for the Lords Kenmare, unless I mistake greatly, do not run back to the time when there were kings in Ireland. However, it will not spoil the story to let it stand.

. . . . . .

Dermot, the far-rmer, had lost his wife—an' a good job too, for she was the ugliest-timpered woman in Cor-rk an' bothered the life out of Dermot whiniver he'd be at home, which was not often. On'y for his not be'n' a drinkin' man he'd have taken to drink on account of the scoldin' tongue of his wife. But wan day, in the midst of a quarrel wid a neighbor, she choked to deat', l'avin' a beautiful ger-rul of twelve yairs.

Eileen was th' apple of her father's eye; an' whin the wife was under ground an' a heavy stone upon her—for Dermot wanted to do the right thing—the far-rmer was home as much as his wor-rk would l'ave him; an' often little Elly would go to the fields wid him whilst he worked.

"Niver a man shall take you from me, me dair," he'd say to her; an' she'd say: "No, father; I hope you'll not be lettin' them take me. Sure, you're the best man in the wer-ruld, an' it's happy I am to be wid you."

Now King Colum was not of that way of thinkin' at all at all as regards childher, for the wan thought of him was

to get his son Prince Mahan married an' him livin' in his own castle, about a mile beyant.

"But I don't love anny wan, father," says he, very respectful.

His father looked at him wid the sad eyes of him. "It's meself that loved," says he; "an' what good did it do me? The yair from me weddin' sear-ree up an' me dair wife died, l'avin' you. No; I'ave love out of it. It's aisy to see that if you succeed to me t'rone an' don't marry there'll be no king whin you die. Marry anny wan at all an' give me a gran'son, so I can give up me remain'n' yairs to trainin' him to crown-wearin' an' all the rest of it."

And Prince Mahan said: "What if I t'rew away marriage on an ould harridan for the sake of givin' you a gran'son—an' thin, wan o' those fine days, run across a ger-rul to fall in love wid—a pretty mess I'd be in!" Prince Mahan got more excited as he talked to th' ould man. "Sure, two wives to wan husban' is unhair-rd of in Irelan'; an' it's not likely the bishop would let me divoorce meself from the horrid ould thing I married—bad cess to her! To think of me gettin' hitched to a thing like that, wid a painted face on her an' half the yairs in a century since she was droolin'—'tis the crime of me life that I would do it, just to pl'ase you."

And Prince Mahan was very angry indeed, until his father said: "But, Mahan, me boy, ye've married no painted harridan at all at all. It's no wan ye've married, more's the pity. Go you an' find the pretty ger-rul if ye want to. Love or no love, bring home a wife; rich or poor, ugly or beautiful, makes not a bit of differ—but be quick about it, for I feel the hand of deat' on me an' it's not manny yairs is left me."

So the sorrowful ould king gev his blessin' to Mahan; an' the lad star-rted out, more for the love of travel than for anny wish to get a wife. He was dressed somethin' elegant, wid a cloak of this gold cloth an' a diamon' as big as a robin's egg on the end of his watch-chain. A fine, handsome young felly—an' the devil's own pity if a harridan got the likes of him.

'Twas some yairs since Dermot's wife had died an' Eileen was now a beautiful ger-rul just approachin' eighteen. Sure, she loved her father as if he was her mother, an' he loved her so much that it made him sad for thinkin' how turrible it would be if he lost her. But whin he'd look at her comin' across the grass wid his lunch he'd laugh aloud.

Bein' that far-rmin' didn't take up all his time, Dermot had got hold of a little bit of magic an' often used to amuse his daughter by exhibitions of what he could do.

He could bring a hound in full cry after a fox right up to the feet of him, an' make it slather wid joy at seein' him; an' he could char-rm a bir-rd off her eggs, an' make bir-rds sing at night, an' make hens crow an' rooks talk. 'Tis not sayin' such things was right, but I tell the tale as it was told to me.

Handsome young Mahan, on a fine bay hor-rse wid a tail that dusted the road, canter-red the beautiful highways of Irelan'—sure, it's a pity they'd not be imitatin' thim over here. Roads as smooth as glass an' no hills at all—hills ayther side, but the road cut through like a railroad. Gran' for automobiles, but there was none of thim things in thim days.

At manny an inn Prince Mahan stopped an' manny a pretty maid gev him good mor-rnin', but the hair-rt of him went on pluggin' wid never a lift of its eyelids.

Wance he kem on a ger-rul washin' clothes by a river an' stopped to pass the time of day wid her; an' the thought kem to him that perhaps such a ger-rul as that would make a good queen, but whin she opened her mouth to talk she'd not a tooth in her head—an' wid the flat of his hand on the hor-rse's flank he was away on to the next town for his dinner.

Of coorse he paid manny visits to the gintry, but the ger-ruls of that class didn't distur-rb his sleep at all at all. He'd been used to thim at home an' he passed thim by widout a thought—always civil an' wid a joke, but wid no thought of marriage, though manny's the mother set traps for him an' manny's the ger-rul's hair-rt flutter-red like an aspen on a still day.

Wan day Eileen was all alone, her father havin' gone to mar-rket. The ger-rul was puttin' a motherly ould hen in a coop. Sure the hen had stolen a nest an' the night before had brought in sixteen chicks of the color of gold; an' now Eileen, very happy to have so manny chickens as a prisint from the hen, had cooped the mother, an' the little chicks was runnin' all ways for insects an' the like, the mother knowin' Eileen too well to be tellin' the chicks anny tales about her. Sure, ye know that young chickens believe their mothers like some people believe in books, an' if they give a bad character to a man or woman or cat comin' nigh it's under the hen the young uns'll scuttle, afear-rd of their lives; but if she says somethin' pleasant an' flatterin' they go on wid their 'atin' an' fightin' widout a fear in their gizzar-rds.

Sure, no wan could think of a tale agin Eileen, she was that gentle an' winnin'. Two of the chicks had just stepped in the palm of her hand, where they were makin' continted noises—when a voice in the road said:

"Good mor-rnin'; an' could you tell me how manny miles is it to Mallow?"

Eileen stood up, the two golden chickens in the hollers of her two han's; an', tossin' the hair out of her eyes, she says: "Some says ten miles an' some says four-rteen; but I think it's six meself, for I can walk it in two hours."

Glory be! Ye should have seen the young man who asked the question whin she answer-red him. Into his cheeks the red blood came an' wint t'ree times, an' he was clenchin' the fists of him widout knowin' it, an' breathin' har-rd.

A fine handsome felly he was, wid a cloak that would cost as much as ten fer-rtile far-rms, an' it was gold thread. The hor-rse he was ridin' was a shade of brown that had no name, for there was no other hor-rse like him in the kingdom; an' its tail would have made one of these rich Americans anxious to cut it off, for it dragged on the ground whin it wasn't plumin' behind him.



"Will Ye Jit Where Ye are or Try Standin'?"

Whin Eileen saw the handsome young prince she didn't know annything was the matter with her, but whin he got off his hor-rse an' came nigh her the hair-rt of her began to beat—an' she not at all afear-rd of him or annything else.

Now Prince Mahan had just dined off a fine salmon an' some new peraties in an inn not a mile away, but whin he saw Eileen he realized that he was very hungry for eggs or milk or tea, or annything there might be in the house, so long as she sair-rved him wid her own han's. Oh, he was har-rd hit, an' the very fir-rst bull's-eye that had ever been scoor-red on him. "I'm nair famished, me dair. Could ye be after tellin' me anny inn where I'd get a bite or a sup?"

Now he put it that way to give her a chance to make a fine speech an' invite him in; but she had a good dale of her father's indepindince, an', though she liked the looks of him, she didn't see that she had anny call to provide food for princes or kings or anny wan at all. So she said, very pleasant: "Sure, there's an inn a mile ahead at the fir-rst four cor-rners ye come to. Good mor-rnin' to ye."

Prince Mahan put his hand on his hair-rt an' gasped. "Is it as far as that?" said he. "Thin, for the love of Heaven, take pity on a star-rvin' man an' let me have a cup of water ——"

"Sure, there's fine nourishment in a cup of water, but there's more in a jug of it," says she. An' thin, feelin' sorry for him, for the hair-rt of her was as tender as lettuce, she says: "Perhaps a couple of fresh eggs would be more fillin'. Do you watch thim chickens an' see that no fox gets thim, an' I'll save ye from star-rvin'. It's nobody likes to see famished princes in the road whin there's so manny peasants better used to star-rvin'."

Wid that she set the two chickens on the ground an' went into the house. Prince Mahan took a step toward the coop. The mother hen began to talk. "Look out, childher; there's wan o' thim princes that never does anny wor-rk. Ye'd better come inside."

Into the coop ran the last runt of thim, an' all snuggled under the mother, some of thim peepin' out fearful-like from her feather-rs to look at the turrible monster.

"It's not very civil th' ould hen is," said Prince Mahan, steppin' into the kitchen. "Whin she seen me comin' she called all the chickens home. Sure I'm no fox."

"No; but you're a prince, an' me father says there's little good in the likes of thim. Hens is very wise. Will two eggs be enough or do ye want t'ree?"

Now Prince Mahan was that satisfied wid his dinner of salmon an' peraties that he wondered could he edge in another mouthful at all at all; so he said, "Two; an' boil thim fifteen minutes"—the crafty gossoon!

"Sure, I'll get ye some stones outside an' war-rm thim up for ye if that's all ye want," said she, wid a laugh that made him glad his father had suggested travel.

Now Eileen wasn't used to havin' a man in the kitchen—on'y her father; so she said:

"Won't your hor-rse run away, an' him not tied? Why don't ye go tie him to the syeamore outside?"

Prince Mahan sat down on a chair as if he was in no hurry, an' said:

"He'll stay there forever—so long as he hair-rs me voice. I never tie him—on'y talk to him wance in a while."

He called to the hor-rse, who whinner-red in reply; an' Eileen saw he was bint on stayin' in the kitchen—which is no place for a man.

"It's a lovely little home ye have here. Are your parents livin'?"

"Me mother's been dead manny yairs," said Eileen, "but me father takes good care of me; an' he'll soon be back from mar-rket."

"It must be fun to be a far-rmer," said Prince Mahan. "Nothin' to do but drop things into the ground, wait for the rain, an' thin dig thim up an' ate thim or pick thim off the bushes. Does peraties grow on bushes?"

"An' you an' Irishman?" said Eileen, wid contimpt. "Peraties grows on fuchsia trees whin the fuchsias have done bloomin'——"

"Ah, stop! Ye're makin' game of me. How am I to know, an' me in a palace all day wishin' for bedtime?"

"It's glad I am I'm not a princess," says she, wid a toss of her head that gev a wrench to his hair-rt—"to be idle like that! Sure, no day is long enough on a far-rm—there's so much to do, an' arl of it pleasant."

"Is it har-rd lair-rnin' to be a far-rmer?" asks Mahan.

"Not for far-rmer folks that have somethin' in their heads to begin wid. I can't say how 'twould be for a prince," says she wid a cur-rl of her pretty lip.



"I Hope Ye'll Settle Nair Us, Your Majesty"

"Sure, it's har-rd ye are on princes," said he. "Have ye known manny?"

"I'm lookin' at me fir-rst; but there's lots of things ye can know widout sight."

The eggs was just done to brickbats whin Dermot come home an' seen the fine hor-rse outside his door.

"Sure, none but gentry rides hor-rses like that. I wonder what king is waitin' to see me. I'll go in by the kitchen an' keep him waitin' a little longer, so he'll not get too uppish."

Into the kitchen he goes—an' there is Prince Mahan, chippin' the shell off an egg, an' Eileen pour-rin' a glass of milk like a maid in an inn.

"What's the name of this inn, me dair?" says he to his daughter, m'anin' to chide her.

"Sure, father, it's not a dead man ye'd have in the road beyant an' us wid plinty to ate? This is Prince Mahan, son of King Colum; an he rode too far widout food."

"Yes," says Dermot drylike; "he ates like a famished man"—him noticin' the way the prince was nibblin' at the har-rd egg like he wished it had never been laid.

Prince Mahan was no man's fool, an' he rose to his feet an' said: "I don't know your name; but I want to tell you I'm willin' an' anxious to be payin' your beautiful daughter the complimint of marryin' her. All over the kingdom I've sought for a wife to pl'ase me father, but I was glad to find none, for I never saw the wan I could love. But whin I came here an' saw this beautiful ger-rul I says to meself, 'Mahan, it's you she's got!' An' the more I've talked wid her an' hair-rd the sauce in her tongue the more detair-rmined I am to do her the honor ——"

Dermot rose to his feet in anger. He'd been sittin' all the time the prince was standin'—to show his indepindince; but now he walks up to Prince Mahan an' says: "Young man, nobody can marry my daughter an' pay her an honor. It's an honor for anny wan—prince or pope—to even think he could have my daughter's hand—which he couldn't. No! If the pope himself offered to marry her I'd give him me blessin' an' tell him the way to Rome. I have but the wan daughter, an' she lives wid her father. Isn't it so, Eily?"

"Sure it is, father," says Eileen, but wid a little touch as you might say of sadness in her voice. For Prince Mahan looked fine wid the afternoon sun bur-rnishin' the gold coat of him.

"I understand your feelin's, an' if she was my daughter I'd not let her go; but I love her. Listen! No doubt in the wer-ruld the king me father'll make a princess of her when I take her back—an' he'll add hundreds of acres to your far-rm."

"The divil fly away wid such idees," said Dermot, sittin' down agin. "I've enough of a far-rm to kape me happy an' well; an' if you was to call me daughter the Princess of Heaven she'd not be anny prettier nor anny more lovin' than she is. I'm satisfied wid her as she is—an' it's no wan else'll ever take her away whilst I live!"

Now Prince Mahan was wan of those young min that don't know whin they're bate, an' he wint on ar-rguin', until at last a thought came to Dermot, an' he said: "I'll not say you can have Eileen, but I'd like to know the metal of ye. I've a plow beyant that's enchanted. Do you come tonight at midnight an' plow the acre that lies east of me stable; an' if it's done by sunrise I'll give ye l'ave to call on Eileen in me prisince an' make yourself happy lookin' at her, but I'll not say ye're anny nairer marryin' her."

Quite happy, for he was never dar-rnted be difficulties, Prince Mahan bade them good avenin', wid thanks for the eggs—which lay un'aten in the saucer—an' rode to Mallow, where he saw his hor-rse fed an' thin wint to bed, l'avin' a call for eleven o'clock that night.

At eleven, the moon bein' high, he set out to walk to the far-rm; an', bein' clever wid his legs, he was there before midnight. There stood the plow invitin' him to his task an' there lay the field all silver in the moonlight.

Wid a snor-rt of contimpt, Prince Mahan laid hands on the handles of the plow—an' the next moment was swearin' like a pirate, for he couldn't let go an' the hands of him was tinglin' for all the wer-ruld like a thousand needles was prickin' thim.

An', push all he could, he couldn't budge the plow. "Where there's a way in there's a way out!" says he. "Meantime I might as well be as aisy as I can an' think it out." Wid that he straddled the plow; an' quick as a wink he began to sink a furrer in the field as straight as the road to per-rdition—though they say that's crooked. "Sure, I hit on the way out!" says he, beginnin' to whistle. Up an' down he plowed until the moon sank in the woods; an' whin the wor-rk was done his hands was set free an' he lay down utterly tired out an' slept on the ground till sunrise, whin he was woke up be the far-rmer cryin' out in sur-rprise.

"Sure, you're no ordinary prince!" says he.

"Did I ever say I was?" asked Mahan.

"An' how did ye do it?"

"The only way," says Mahan.

"Young man, I've taken a likin' to ye. Drop in anny avenin' for a smoke an' a bit of a chat ——"

"An' Eileen?"

"Oh, I'll take care of Eileen!" says Dermot wid a wink.

Prince Mahan spint the next day exer-rcisin' his hor-rse by ridin' up an' down the road that passed Eileen's house. A mile up an' thin back, an' he'd pass the house an' look to see was she outdoors; thin a mile down and back, an' the same minooverin'—but sorra a bit of a look did he get all day, for she was in the fields wid her father. That avenin' the prince was at the front door knockin', wid a pound of tobacker for th' ould man.

Eileen flashed him a look of the eye that tould him she was glad to see him agin, an' th' ould man was civil an' smoked the tobacker in a pipe he'd had since he fir-rst took up smokin'. Just to be hospitable, an' not because he was a prince, Dermot got Mahan a new pipe that had been presinted him by a sailor uncle, an' the two men sat an' smoked, friendly-like; an' Mahan says to himself: "A slow game is a sure game."

Suddenly Dermot says: "I've been thinkin' of another thrile I'll give ye ——"

"Go ahead; sure, me back's strong enough for anny-thing."

"This'll not exer-cise your back. The moon has risen an' it's a fine night for a walk. Do you an' Eileen go to Mallow an' back along the high-road."

Eileen gev a star-rt an' Prince Mahan nair-rly dropped his pipe, but he managed to say: "The very night for a walk, if it's not too far for Eileen."

"Ah, it's a good walker she is," says Dermot, an' goes to the cupboard an' comes back wid a bottle an' a glass.

"Young man," says he, "it's a matter of a couple of leagues to Mallow; an', for fear ye'll get weary, take a drink of this before star-rtin'."

Now, after what he'd said about Eileen, this was a fair insult; but Mahan saw it was a test an' he says: "All right. Here's to me future wife, Eileen!" Wid that he drinks the stuff in the glass an', tur-rnin', says: "Are ye ready, Eileen?"

Dermot was watchin' Mahan as a cat watches a mouse, but not a change in the look of him at all at all, though Mahan's hair-rt was nair breakin' wid grief; for whin he looked at Eileen it was an ould hag he saw, wid on'y wan tooth in her head an' squint eyes an' a skin like moldy parchmint.

"'Tis some inchantmint," says he to himself; "but I love Eileen wid all the hair-rt an' soul of me."

An' the two set out.

An' Dermot, laughin' to himself, wint out to his stable to bed down the hor-rse an' cow for the night—a thing he'd ought to have done hours before.

Eileen, never havin' taken a walk wid a felly before, was a bit shy an' a bit alar-rmed to be out so late. The shyness drew her from Prince Mahan, but the alar-rmity drew her towar-rd him; an' he, shudderin' at the hideous sight, put his ar-rm around her waist an' tried to be gay an' light in his talk. Sure, Eileen had no knowledge that her looks had gone, but smiled in the pretty way of her. An' the smile was to Mahan a witch's grin an' nair made him sick.

They'd gone about a mile whin Prince Mahan is struck be a thought, an' he says: "I'm feelin' a bit faint. Do you stay in the shadder of this willer an' I'll run back an' get another drink of the stuff your father gev me."

Like a grayhound he was off, an', findin' no wan in the house, helped himself to the bottle. Back again to Eileen he was an' whin he raiched her he said: "Me dair, this has done me so much good, do you take a taste of it."

Eileen, accustomed to obey her father, obeyed her lover an' drank a sip.

"Glory be to all the saints!" shouts Mahan, for Eileen was prettier than ever. But the poor ger-rul, after wan look at Prince Mahan, gev a low shudder of a cry like the beginnin' of a keen an' rushes headlong for home. What she had seen whin she looked at the prince was a frightful ould man, wid sightless eyes in deep red sockets, an' thick, slatherin' lips, an' sunken cheeks—oh, it was horrible! The poor ger-rul never stopped runnin' till she was home.

She met her father comin' out of the stable. "Oh, father!" she cried, runnin' into his ar-rms. "Prince Mahan has tur-rned into a turrible ould man that 'twould rob ye of raison to look at. Oh, I never want to see him ag'in!"

Her father began laughin'. "Well, me daughter," says he, "ye're safe wid yer father. An' what did I tell ye—that princes wasn't what they seemed. Don't be afear-rd of ever seein' him ag'in, for by now he's saddlin' his hor-rse for a ride home to his daddy."

All next day Eileen was cryin' be her-rself, thinkin' of the lovely felly Prince Mahan was before he got ould so sudden.

An' all day long Prince Mahan waited in the inn at Mallow for avenin'; an' as soon as it was twilight he rides his beautiful hor-rse to Dermot's house, an' whin Dermot comes to the door he inquires after Eileen.

Dermot smiles slylike an' says: "She seen a ghost last night an' she's all of a trimble. How was she lookin' whin she left you?"

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"Sure, I'll Get Ye Some Stones Outside an' Warrm Thim Up for Ye if That's All Ye Want"

SUCCESS AFTER FORTY

By A. W. ROLKER

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS



"On and After This Date the Assistant Manager of This Office Will Be Mr. Leonard Smith, Sole Applicant for the Position"

LESS than half a generation ago, if a man had not made a success of himself by the time he was forty years old he was voted a hopeless failure. There was a saying, "A man never will amount to more than he does at forty"; and, whether this were true or not, that settled it. It made no difference how faithfully and how intelligently a man might have worked, and what odds he might have had to contend with owing to circumstances over which he had no control, the bare fact that he had failed to show results by the time he had reached the half-mile post of life was enough to rob even his best friends of their confidence. It never occurred to any one that his failure might be caused by some peculiarly trivial mistake that it would require a commission of lawyers to ferret out, and that in reality had nothing to do with his inherent worth. It was enough that he had not shown symptoms of a climb. He had been "weighed in the balance and found wanting." He was a fizzle—an "also-ran"—who might plug away at his hopeless task with his nose to the grindstone and with chances for success a thousand to one against him.

Today all this has been changed. Thinking men do not concede that because a man has not achieved success by the time he is twoscore, or even threescore, he is hopelessly beaten. They realize, of course, that according to the laws of chance he is less apt to hit the bull's-eye in the time remaining to him than he was when he had the best years of his life before him; but they figure that his knowledge and ripe experience will more than offset what little of success in the lives of men is due to luck. They maintain that, in the long run, good luck and bad luck offset each other; so that in the course of a lifetime there is no such thing as luck. In their opinion there are sound, tangible reasons why men swing themselves to the top; and conversely, if the career of a man who works faithfully and intelligently turns out flat, somewhere in the mechanism of his methods a grain of sand is obstructing a balance-wheel or a hairspring. To locate this grain and to remove it—that is the problem.

Square Pegs in Round Holes

THE reasons why the average man who is hard-working and conscientious and intelligent may nevertheless fall short of success are numerous; but the reason why he turns into a chronic failure is that he does not realize how simple it is to improve his lot. He has lost confidence in himself. He has ceased to rebel at what he thinks is his fate. There are difficulties to be surmounted and he balks at them. It does not strike him that he is master of his own future and that he can build this up with certainty as absolute as that with which an architectural engineer can erect a skyscraper. For centuries it has been bred in his bones that faithful, intelligent work will win out in the end; that a "rolling stone gathers no moss." Therefore, he goes plugging his way down the years, looking a little dazed and hurt because he is literally obeying all the old prescriptions and still is not making anything of himself. If only he would stop long enough to search at the bottom of things he might find that he is wholly unsuited to his present work; that the quicker he lets go of it and gets into a line to which he is adapted, the quicker he will make his mark. He might recall, perhaps, that again and again men who could not begin to compare with him for efficiency had been promoted over him; and comes to realize that, in business, modesty and conservatism are not invariable virtues, and that it behooves a man to get out into the limelight and beat his chest and toot his horn—always within reason, of course—and bring his good work to the attention of his employer. He may find, upon stopping to analyze the invariable stumbling-block of his career, that a quick temper or an objectionable manner, neither of which reflects his own true self, is the cause of his undoing. He may find that he is working in a line wherein there never was a future for him, or in a line that has changed under pressure of industrial and other conditions so that it is useless to pursue it. He may find that, though he is a crackajack man personally, he has wasted years working for a third-rate concern that never could have anything to offer him, while all the time he might have had for the asking a splendid chance with a leading concern in his line. In a word, he may find that, while he has been wasting time regretting the wrecking of an early ambition, with half an hour's intelligent reflection he might long ago have succeeded in realizing his dreams.

How the resourceful man in every-day life fights against the ball and chain that is keeping him down and how he leaps to the front once he has cut his fetters—this is an interesting story. He may be a druggist, started by his father on a career that looked prosperous, who has never been a success as a business man because he has in him the genius of a wonderful mechanic. He may be the owner of some big wholesale business that came down to him through his family and that melted away under his hands because he had not so much business sense as a cigar Indian—Nature having intended to make a scientist of him. He may be a lawyer who should have been a clergyman or a clergyman who should have been a lawyer. He may be a bachelor with few or none dependent upon him or he may be married, with the weight of a family to burden him. He may have money saved to see him through a tight siege or he may be living off the salary due him next payday. Business man or professional, married or single, proprietor of a bank account or penniless, his recipe for success remains the same. He must bring himself to realize that, no matter what his age, his success lies within his own hands; that the sole reason of his continued failure is because he has "thrown up the sponge," and that the world is as wide open and ready as ever to welcome him. The rest is nothing more than a matter of lifting himself by his own bootstraps.

If there is one man more than any other who seems hopelessly in a rut it is the office man who has passed the age of forty and has a family dependent upon him. Unlike the salesman whom the merchant considers a producer, whose financial success depends largely upon his own skill and efforts, and for whose services there may be competition, the office man is considered a consumer, whose work is a mere matter of routine and from whose skill and faithfulness the house does not expect material benefits worth mentioning.

He is in the same category as the rent collector and the gas man, with thousands of equally good men ready to pounce on his job and fill it properly at something like half his salary. In his line there is little hope for him, and he knows it and lives a life wearing a tame smile and wondering what will become of him in old age.

How thousands of every-day men are helping themselves out of this predicament every year is best illustrated by actual incidents. In the office of a big silk commission house was a bookkeeper, stuck in the rut of the office man. He was a man well past the forty-year mark. He had been with the concern for twenty-two years and earned the princely sum of twenty-five dollars a week, which was as much as he would be able to earn in this department even if he grew as old as Methuselah.

For years he had seen stockboys develop into "outside salesmen" and earn salaries three, four and even five times as high as his own. One day, when a clever young salesman who had come to the firm as stockboy only five years before received a promotion that paid him double the salary paid the office man, old enough to be his father, he went home to his wife and three daughters broken-hearted. Never before had it struck him so icily that he was a failure simply because he was in the wrong line. Twenty-two years of faithful service—only to reach the limit of his earning power, with four women to support, and at forty-seven years of age to have to lunch off a sandwich and a glass of ice-water, and not a dollar saved toward the only certain thing in life that was confronting him—old age!

How One Man Got Out of a Rut

"IF ONLY the firm had blown up or kicked me out twenty years ago we should have been better off," he explained to his wife. "I can sell goods as well as the next man if only they'd give me the chance; but they won't. To them I'm an office man, a penpusher, an inkslinger; and they can't understand that this does not mean I'd make a failure as a salesman. And the worst of it is, it would make no difference where else I went—everybody would tell me the same thing. If it weren't for that I'd throw up my job and begin somewhere else as a salesman—and it takes a little nerve to throw up a sure thing at my age, when one has been a failure, and begin life all over again. Some jobs are worse than none and I've got one of them. There's nothing in it but sure poverty at the end, for we'll never be able to save a cent. We're walking along a tightrope that leads against the blank wall of a precipice. A change means everything to gain and little to lose."

Until the small hours of the morning the husband and wife sat together and threshed matters out. When they finished they had formulated a definite plan.

Next morning the bookkeeper interviewed the head of the firm, who helped him liberally to advice, but would not hear of trying him on as a salesman, even on a commission basis. The best the office man could get was a promise of an hour off each afternoon to see whether he could find an opening for himself.



At the Age of Thirty-Nine He Was Reading Gas Meters for Twelve Dollars a Week

From the beginning this man showed that he had the making of a salesman in him. He began by selling his services just as he would have sold silks or any other commodity. There were ten or twelve big silk concerns, with any one of which he would have liked to connect; so he called on the heads of firms in these establishments, explained his case, got permission to call from time to time to see if there happened to be an opening and laid out for himself a regular route which he covered every fortnight. It might have been that in time he would have landed a job in this way, but he waxed suddenly rebellious and took the bit between his teeth.

"I'm sick of going round and telling people what I am," he argued. "Telling a man you're an office



"If Only the Firm Had Blown Up or Kicked Me Out Twenty Years Ago We Should Have Been Better Off"

man and asking him to make a salesman of you is like offering a man a mule when he wants a horse. Here's where I quit it."

He walked boldly into a silk house he had not called on before and saw the head of the firm.

"I'm a salesman," he said—which was true, for he was even then selling his services. "I struck this town this morning"—he lived twenty miles out in the country. "I want to land with a first-class house. I'm willing to prove my worth by starting to work on commission."

Inside of thirty minutes he had the salesman's job he had coveted half a lifetime and from the very beginning he proved successful, for he brought to bear the compelling enthusiasm of a beginner tempered by the experience of years of maturity. The first week he brought two new and big accounts to his people. The second week he brought back a big one that had been lost owing to a dispute two years before. And so he went on. Inside of a month he was given a twenty-dollar-a-week drawing account. Inside of a year his total income, salary and commissions, was more than fifty dollars a week. By that time he had turned into one of the most successful big-local-trade salesmen in the business. Before he had been eighteen months with his house he was sought after by other silk houses. He had the satisfaction of turning down a three-thousand-dollar offer from his former employer—thanking him but informing him that his people had met the offer, wherefore he could see no point in making a change. He is with this house yet and will scale higher as his trade increases, for today he has been selling for only two years.

What this bookkeeper succeeded in doing thousands of others who seemed tied hand and foot for life did before him and are doing after him. They figure that any man who has appearance and is no fool can sell a thing with merit for which there is a demand, and that any line wherein others are making a good living is a good-enough prospect for them. Many, like our bookkeeper, stick to the line wherein they picked up technical knowledge incidental to their office work. Others boldly stab into brand-new fields with which they have not the remotest acquaintance and make a big success out of what seem unpromising ventures.

When to Speak for a Better Job

A MAN who was fifty-five years old was cashier for a second-rate wholesale house that paid him at the end of fifteen years' service the munificent sum of twenty dollars a week. He had a wife and a crippled daughter to support out of this and had not a cent of his own in the world. At times, when he looked into the future, he became desperate; but, no matter how he thought and pondered, there seemed no solution until one evening a well-dressed young book agent called at his house to sell him a set of books. He did not buy any books, but he engaged the agent in conversation and learned that the young man was selling books in the evening as a side line and that he was averaging on commissions nearly fifteen dollars a week.

"If that fellow can clear fifteen dollars a week selling books two or three hours a day, I ought to starve if I can't earn twenty dollars a week, working full time," he argued. He went to a well-known publishing house for advice and was referred to a reputable concern in need of good agents, where he would be properly coached and broken in by an expert book salesman.

"You've taken leave of your senses!" encouraged a friend. "A man of your years to throw up a sure thing!"

"The only sure thing I've got is the prospect of starvation," the other returned.

When a man of fifty-five undertakes to canvass books because he has faith in the business he's apt to make things hum a little. He could not do much in the line were he to wear an I'm-doing-this-while-laying-for-a-better-job air; but the very faith he has in his line carries his prospects with him, which is precisely what this man succeeded in doing.

Three months after he began his job he was given the best territory in the city of New York to work in. Four months later he was in charge of the New England district, with sixty-five men under him and a twenty-eight-hundred-dollar salary, aside from territory commissions. By the time he was sixty years old he was sales-manager for his concern. Shortly after this he was found dead in bed of heart disease—which has nothing to do with the story, except that it closes our incident with the fact that between an insurance policy and what he had been able to save this man left his wife and daughter eighteen thousand dollars—not so bad for a man who spent most of his life finding himself.

Not infrequently the man who is an employee and is making a failure of himself finds he has been held down by the absurd reason that he did not try for advancement. He finds he worked faithfully and intelligently, feeling his employer's eyes glued to a spot behind each ear, confident that the "boss" appreciated what he was doing and would use the first opportunity to promote him. It did not strike him that his employer had a thousand more important things to do than to worry about the future of an employee whom he could judge only perfunctorily; it did not strike him that the employer could not look inside him to read what good-will and conscientiousness were written there; it did not strike him that for these reasons he had to seem to his employer like more or less of an automaton, and that if only he had known enough to ask for advancement his employer, even if he had been obliged to decline, would have looked upon him from a new viewpoint and would have credited him as a person of common-sense and ambition.

Among the small army who fail of success until past middle age, something like fifty per cent owe their favorable turn to the fact that at last failure dinned it into them that nothing comes to the man who fails to try for a prize.

Examples of the success of the man who knows enough to use his tongue can be seen in almost every business establishment. One instance of this happened three years ago in the office of a certain steamship company where something like a hundred deskmen were employed, all doing pretty much the same character of work. Among these clerks were many old-timers who had been with the company for years; also, a new clerk, a man of forty-five or forty-six years of age who had been employed by the company only six months and was earning fifteen dollars a week.

The assistant manager of the office dropped dead one day while on the pier. Next morning the new clerk went to the manager. "I was sorry to learn of the death of Mr. B ——," he said; "but this will leave a vacancy. I have not been here as long as any of the other men and I suppose I've got little chance for advancement, but I'd be obliged if you'd permit me to put in my application."



He Pitied Himself Because His "Career Had Been Blasted"



He Had Forgotten Everything He Had Ever Learned, But the Books Brought Back the Old Ambition

The manager did not give much encouragement. "I don't see how I can promote you over the heads of the older men, Mr. Smith; but put your application in writing," he advised.

For a week or ten days politics were loose in that office. Each man was telling the other that he—the other—was sure to be appointed, though each felt in his bones that the appointee would be none other than himself. All this time the manager was sitting tight. If a single one of the old hands had shown intelligence enough to apply for the job he would have got it; but, barring the newest man, each man was dead from the neck up. One morning this notice appeared:

"On and after this date the assistant manager of this office will be Mr. Leonard Smith, sole applicant for the position."

A pretty story followed the choice of Smith, who for almost a year, during an illness that overtook his chief, ran the office—ran it from eight in the morning until eleven at night, until he was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. From fifteen dollars a week as clerk, as assistant manager the man with a tongue was raised to forty-five dollars; and not many months later, when his friend the office manager resigned owing to poor health, the former clerk was advanced to full managership at a salary of four thousand dollars a year.

One Raised Himself; the Other Raises Chickens

THIS story of the office manager may seem like an unusual case, of little practical value to the man in everyday life; but, far from being an extreme case, it is a common one. Every concern that employs a large number of hands has promising opportunities at brief intervals. The trouble is with the man, not with the openings.

An incident that accurately illustrates this point happened in a well-known insurance company. Ten years ago two brothers worked in the office of this company, the one brother forty-two and the other forty-three years old, both good workers, both in a rut, both earning a salary of twenty-two dollars a week and both pretty much convinced of the hopelessness of advancement to a better position with this company.

"See here," said the younger man to the elder, "there are about fifteen thousand friends and relatives who get all the plum jobs in this concern. There's nothing in office work anyway. The outside fellows, the canvassers, are the ones that are making all the money. Next vacancy comes up among the canvassers I'm going to apply for it."

"And jump from the frying-pan into the fire?" the elder brother asked. "I'll hang on to my little twenty-two bones a week, thank you. You always were a blooming fool anyway!"

The blooming fool started as a canvasser and today is the highest paid district manager in the employ of the company. His salary and commissions reach almost twenty thousand dollars a year. The wise brother is "hanging on to his little twenty-five bones a week"—he was raised three dollars a week in ten years—and in order to make ends meet is raising chickens on the tenement-house plan.

Here's another case of success due to a long-shot attempt. A foreigner who was fifty-six years old had for years filled a sort of boy's job as shipping clerk in a wholesale white-goods establishment. He was an unmagnetic creature, with ice-water instead of blood in his veins; but he was a workhorse and a horse for work

and so held his job. He had not a ghost of a chance for advancement out of his cubbyhole next the cellar elevator platform on the sidewalk.

One day in an elevated train he recognized from a newspaper cut a prominent and wealthy countryman of his, a multimillionaire, known the world over.

"He'll likely tell me to go to Hades," he said to himself, "but here goes just the same." He addressed the wealthy man and introduced himself as coming from the same home town in the old country—which was the truth.

As a result of the conversation he had an appointment to meet his new friend next morning and at the close of the interview he returned to the store just long enough to resign and draw his pay. He had a job that paid him eight times what he had been earning and it looks permanent.

There is little doubt that, out of every ten men who are fizzles at the age of forty and seem weighted with a millstone tied about their necks, no less than five can trebly better themselves for the trivial bother of trying in the right way. The stumbling-block is that the average man either does not know how to go about finding a good berth for himself or else lacks the initiative to start out and hunt for what he wants. He is waiting for the "grand bounce" to give him incentive or for a miracle to happen—for a fine "soft snap" to look him up and beg him with tears in its eyes to grab it. He wants a position that pays him well and that has all the earmarks of offering him a comfortable future, but he regards it as beneath himself to go from one firm to another and hunt it. He thinks this puts him in a class that is asking charity. He does not consider the fact that an architect, a lawyer, an engineer or any other professional who wants a good job visits one headquarters after another and calls on office after office until he lands one. Yet, in business as in the professions, the best positions are got in this way—but often a man is forty years old before he realizes this enough to try it.

The case of an assistant office manager in the employ of one of the biggest banking houses in this country illustrates an experience that is happening to scores of men every week. This man was a bookkeeper and cashier for a little chemical concern that paid him eighteen dollars a week. For ten years he had chafed in the employ of these people; and though he stood alone in the world he realized it was getting time to save enough money for a rainy day, for he was fifty years old.

Often he had walked past the buildings of world-famed firms in a certain financial district, had looked at impressive entrances guarded by special policemen and had envied the luck of men who were drawing big salaries from these concerns just because they happened to connect with them. Not until he was made sufficiently desperate by his dismal outlook, however, did he begin to lie awake nights trying to solve the riddle of how to land a job with one of these houses.

The feat of landing a job with one of these big houses, where it was next to impossible to gain a personal interview even with the heads of departments and where every opening was snapped up like a fly in a trout pond by friends of employees on the inside, was a difficult one. He solved it by writing three brief, to-the-point letters, representing himself as an expert accountant who wanted to better himself and pointing to long years of service in the only two places where he had been employed. These letters he sent simultaneously to the three biggest banking establishments in the city. He fully expected his letters to wander into a wastebasket, but in two cases he received answers informing him that there was no opening. For the second time he sent three letters, to three other houses. He received two answers stating that his name had been put on file; and at the same time the third letter of the first trio came, stating that his referenece had been looked up and that he might call for a personal interview.

He began with an increase of sixty per cent of his old salary. Inside of eighteen months he had devised a

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THE MUSICAL OUTLAW

By GEORGE PATTULLO

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

A MAN dropped from the shoulder of Tom Ketchum's Hill and rode leisurely through the X Q Z pasture toward the ranch. He had been three days on top of the hill, with nothing but a hambone and a hunk of dry bread—and he was hungry. Securely hidden behind its piled rocks, one can see anything approaching ten miles off in any direction; and he had descried a horseman moving on the road to San Angelo. The horseman would have to return the way he had gone.

At the gate leading out of the pasture he saw above his head a placard posted over the notice which warned trespassers:

$100 REWARD!

This sum will be paid for the apprehension of the man who murderously assaulted and beat Sol Livermore most to death near Christoval on the night of June eleventh, afterward throwing him into an irrigation ditch. The dastardly assailant is described as about five feet six inches in height, sandy complexion, and with a mole on his chin. He wore a mask, a wide felt hat and overalls.

WIRE ANY INFORMATION AT THE SHERIFF'S EXPENSE.

The rider scanned the placard a second time and scratched his head.

"I need a hundred bad," he said reflectively.

Then he got down from his horse and led him among the trees and thick green brush that bordered the South Concho. He was a striking-looking man, dark as the ace of spades and quite six feet in height. In walking he held himself flat-bellied and stiff from the hips, which is the horseman's gait.

It had just occurred to him that he would not ask for food at the ranch. One cannot wander across country nowadays, with towns sprouting every thirty miles on the face of the land, and apply for a meal without arousing suspicion; more especially if one be mounted on a horse that shrieks of breeding in its every line. About six o'clock the rancher would go down to the stables to feed the stallion and jacks; so he would wait.

It would be five hours at least before the man he wanted returned from town. He squatted behind a clump of mesquit and peered out at the road—a rider would show plainly. It was not more than forty yards. Having satisfied himself of this, he extracted a mouth-organ from his overalls, carefully removed particles of tobacco from the rim and tuned up. Soon he was playing On the Suwanee River in a plaintive tremolo. His horse turned his head to listen in mild wonder.



"Six Feet High, Dark Complected and Shaved Clean. He Has Gone to Mexico"

At six-thirty, by the shadow of a fence-post—he had no watch—he opened the lid of the rancher's ice-box and scrutinized what offered. There were cucumbers and cold potatoes and a pitcher of milk. He already had in his hand a slice of cold beef, discovered under a tin on the kitchen table.

"If you'll open the lower door you'll find tomatoes and lettuce," somebody said behind him. "How do you like 'em—French dressing or mayonnaise? I keep both."

"It don't matter," the visitor answered civilly. "I'll just eat 'em this away. I don't want to be no trouble."

The rancher stepped up to the porch beside him and, rummaging in the refrigerator, brought out the vegetables mentioned and placed them on a plate. His caller went on eating, but he kept close tabs on every motion, for he was doubtful.

"I couldn't find nobody about," he explained, "and I was that hongry I just took to it. Sort of surprised you, I reckon, didn't it?"

"Oh, no; not at all. If you'd got neighbors that do the things some of mine do, a crack between the eyes wouldn't surprise you."

This gave food for reflection. However, the caller was still too hungry to worry over trifles.

"What'd you say your name was?" he inquired.

"I don't recollect saying."

"Mine's Walker," he volunteered—"Luke Walker."

"Mine's Murray Henderson," said the other.

He held out his hand and Walker took it, with the first sense of comradeship he had experienced in months. Having eaten all he could hold, the visitor tilted back in his chair with a sigh and felt anxiously in all his pockets. Luke had done this twenty times before and knew well there was nothing in them, but he showed pained surprise.

"Say, you ain't got any cigarettes, have you?" he inquired.



Though He Held His Breath to Hear, He Could Not Catch a Word

"Sure! Help yourself." And Henderson tossed over several packets of tobacco and paper.

They talked carelessly on indifferent subjects while the sun went to his rest after a terrific day's work trying to burn up the world. A bullfrog croaked from the South Concho and wild doves were cooing amid the trees. An owl hooted far down, near the dam. Henderson's dog came to sniff at the visitor. He growled when Walker offered to pat him, but presently became reconciled and flopped on his back to have his ribs scratched. A string of cattle wound slowly over a rise toward the corrals and a jack brayed in its stall.

"It's right peaceful," Luke remarked, and he drew out his mouth-organ. The rancher regarded him anxiously—Luke was giving the instrument a preparatory polish.

Said Henderson: "I say, you aren't going to play that thing?"

"Sure! You've been right kind to me. What'd you like to have?"

"Wait," his host begged—"Wait just a minute, Mr. Walker."

To Walker's considerable astonishment, Henderson went hurriedly indoors. Left alone on the porch, Luke stuck his hand inside his shirt and kept it there. Suddenly he stiffened and got halfway out of his chair. He had distinctly caught the click of a gun-hammer; but what followed seemed to puzzle him. There was a soft whir, as of well-oiled machinery, and the next moment a human voice rose in liquid sweetness. Luke had never heard anything quite like it and it gave him a peculiar, tingling sensation up his spine. As the golden sound soared in Rudolph's narrative from La Bohème, he dropped back into his seat and tried, with unsteady fingers, to roll a cigarette. Henderson rejoined him.

"Where've you got him hid out?" Luke asked. Nobody could fool him that way.

"Oh, that's a machine."

"It is? I swan!"

He did not move a muscle while the song lasted. Twice the rancher spoke to him, but he might as well not have been on earth for all the notice Walker took. When it was finished he coughed and inquired what the man had been singing about.

"Is that so? He's one of them dagos? That's most amazing, ain't it?"

Henderson went in to put on another record and Luke called to him:

"I done heard a feller sing at one of these here moving-picture shows in Albuquerque once. Say, it was just as clear as a bell. Silver Threads Among the Gold, it was; but this guy of yours can sing most as good as him."

Again, as he listened, he expressed astonishment that a foreigner should be so gifted. It struck him as contrary to the scheme of creation.

"It'd take a lot to beat that dago feller," he admitted.

"Wait. Here's the best yet. This'll make your hair curl!"

The rancher stood by and watched with the pride of a father in his child while his guest drank in the sextette from Lucia. He saw Walker grow tense and the toes of his boots begin to move slowly up and down.

"It fair makes the hair lift at the back of my neck," he confessed.

When Journet came crashing in with his pipe-organ bass Luke could stand the strain no longer.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" he exclaimed, wiping beads of perspiration from his forehead. "That gen'l'man's a sure-enough man. What's it all about, anyhow? What're they saying to each other?"

As well as he could recall, the rancher told him the story of the Bride of Lammermoor. It was dark upon the porch now and he could not see his visitor's face; otherwise Henderson would not have been so nonplused over the insistence with which Walker requested him to go over and over certain portions of the tale. As a diversion he played two solos by sopranos, but his guest evinced impatience. They were all right, of course, and doubtless those women could sing, but it sounded too much like screeching for his taste. What had the fellow done when he learned that his sweetheart was married to another?—Walker kept coming back to the Bride of Lammermoor.

"Say," he asked abruptly, "what time is it?"

"About nine. Why? You're going to stay all night, aren't you?"

Luke made no answer, but appeared to listen intently.

"How far can you hear any one coming along that there road?"

"Well," said Henderson, "that depends. It depends on the wind and on whether you're deaf. I can hear farther than some others. What's up?"

"Say, let me know when it's near eleven—will you, please? I've got to get moving then."

The rancher promised he would and Walker composed himself to hear more music. After a while, Henderson led him into local gossip. At the outset, Luke assured him that he came from a far country and knew nobody thereabout. Had Mr. Walker heard of the attack on Old Man Livermore? Yes, he had seen a notice; and he inquired after Mr. Livermore's health. Henderson informed him that the farmer would probably survive, although he was still in a precarious condition. What nobody could understand was Livermore's reluctance to speak of the affair. They had been unable to extract anything from him which could be used in the pursuit. Even when pressed for a description of his assailant he had professed not to have seen him.

"I believe he lied," the rancher went on. "It doesn't stand to reason you couldn't get a look at a fellow while that fellow was pounding the daylights out of you the way he did. Don't you think so?"

"It looks that way," Luke replied carelessly.

From that the talk drifted on to the subject of Livermore's relations with his neighbors. The rancher was of opinion that he had no enemies. His wife was dead and his only daughter was married to Bill Hathaway. Some had said that she was forced into this wedding, but he scouted the rumor. It did not seem plausible that a girl of her spirit could be coerced. He knew nothing of the preliminary arrangements, but he was willing to swear that Mrs. Hathaway had a good home and was happy now.

"Sure," Walker said rather sullenly—"that's always the way, ain't it?"

Shortly afterward he inquired what sort of a man this Bill Hathaway was.

"Bill's a pretty good citizen," the rancher returned promptly.

"That don't mean nothing. I've seen a heap of square men what weren't good citizens because they never had no chance. People give 'em dirt."

"Oh, no," said Henderson, laughing; "you're wrong there, Mr. Walker. It takes a pretty substantial man to make a good neighbor and a good citizen. If he isn't all right in his private life, sooner or later he will get in bad in his public relations."

"You figure, then, that a man always gets what's coming to him—what he deserves?" Walker put the question reluctantly.

"You bet I do! Retribution is my religion. A man may not get his reward or punishment in a form you or I or the neighbors can see, but he gets it all the same. Both reach him for what he has done—right in this life usually."

"Some of 'em is so cussed mean they couldn't get all they ought to," was the bitter rejoinder. "They don't live long enough."

He was not a cheerful companion. Every time Henderson broached a topic, Walker would either say "Huh-huh" in a bored tone, or he would curtly cut into the talk on another tack. The rancher humored him, putting on a fresh number from time to time when conversation lagged. Usually he explained something of what the soloist was singing and to this Walker gave an attentive ear. Yet his thoughts would stray and he would sit in glum silence, occasionally stroking the dog.

"Say," he burst out, "that yarn of yours about the bride made me think of a friend of mine. What'd you say to ——"

"Go on," said the rancher when he paused.

"Well, it's like this: Supposing a girl promised to marry a feller and everything was fixed up hunky-dory—and the ol' man seemed willing; and then that feller did something her and him didn't like, so they gave him the go-by—what'd you say to a deal like that? Sort of raw, I call it; don't you?"

"I don't know," Henderson answered cautiously. "What'd he make a break for? If he thought enough of the girl he'd have behaved himself."

"Sure!" Luke snorted. "I reckoned you'd say something like that. That makes me tired. No man ain't an angel all the time."

"You asked me, you know," the rancher reminded him. "Let's not talk of it, then. What's the use? It don't affect you or me?"

"Sure not; but we was speaking of them things."

There was a rattle of horse's hoofs on the road from town. Walker jumped up and started for the door, but the rancher reached it ahead of him.

"Mind the machine!" he yelled. "Watch out. I'll attend to him."

He leaped off the back porch and sped down the path. A horseman had pulled up at the yard gate. With one flurried glance at the whirring record, Walker dropped out of the window and crouched behind a rosebush. He held a .45 six-shooter in his hand. The rancher and a rider were talking in low tones just beyond the fence; but, though he held his breath the better to hear, he could not catch a word. At last the man wheeled his horse. He galloped away into the dark.

"All right, Brother!" he called back. "*Adios!*"

When Henderson returned, his guest was holding the record with both hands to prevent it from spinning round.

"I couldn't see how to stop it," he apologized to his host. "That there needle was abumping and scratching all over."

"It doesn't matter. I don't expect it's hurt," said the other.

"Pretty late for a feller to drop in, ain't it?" Walker questioned.

"Oh, him? That was the doctor. He wanted to know where Tom Lee lives," Henderson replied. He added, "Whew!" and wiped his face with a handkerchief, though a spanking breeze was blowing through the house from the southwest. "What'll you have now?"

For half an hour the machine continued to grind out tunes. Once Henderson suggested courteously that his visitor must be tired, but Walker repudiated the notion. It was close to eleven o'clock. The two talked in casual

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Walker Was Soon Lost to Surroundings

A GOBOTO NIGHT

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

AT GOBOTO the traders come off their schooners and the planters drift in from far wild coasts, and one and all they assume shoes, white duck trousers and various other appearances of civilization. At Gobotomailisreceived, billsarepaid,andnewspapers, rarely more than five weeks old, are accessible; for the little island, belted with its coral reefs, affords safe anchorage, is the steamer port of call, and serves as the distributing point for the whole wide-scattered group.



"Peter Gee, Who's Whiter Than Most White Men"

Life at Goboto is heated, unhealthy and lurid, and for its size it asserts the distinction of more cases of acute alcoholism than any other spot in the world. Guvutu, over in the Solomons, claims that it drinks between drinks. Goboto does not deny this. It merely states, in passing, that in the Goboton chronology no such interval of time is known. It also points out its import statistics, which show a far larger per capita consumption of liquors. Guvutu explains this on the basis that Goboto does a larger business and has more visitors. Goboto retorts that its population is smaller and that its visitors are thirstier. And the discussion goes on interminably, principally because the disputants do not live long enough to settle it.

Goboto is not large. The island is only a quarter of a mile in diameter, and on it are situated an Admiralty coalshed—where a few tons of coal have lain untouched for twenty years—the barracks for a handful of black laborers, a big store and warehouse with sheet-iron roofs, and a bungalow inhabited by the manager and his two clerks. They are the white population. An average of one man out of the three is always to be found down with fever. It is the policy of the company to treat its patrons well, as invading companies have found out, and it is the task of the manager and clerks to do the treating. Throughout the year traders and recruiters arrive from far dry cruises and planters from equally distant and dry shores, bringing with them magnificent thirsts. Goboto is the Mecca of sprees, and when they have spreed they go back to their schooners and plantations to recuperate.

Some of the less hardy require as much as six months between visits. But for the manager and his assistants there are no such intervals. They are on the spot, and week by week, blown in by monsoon or southeast trade, the schooners come to anchor, cargoed with copra, ivory, nuts, pearl shell, hawksbill turtle and thirst.

It is a very hard job at Goboto. That is why the pay is twice that on other stations, and that is why the company selects only courageous and intrepid men for this particular station. They last no more than a year or so, when the wreckage of them is shipped back to Australia, or the remains of them are buried in the sand across on the windward side of the islet. Johnny Bassett, almost the legendary hero of Goboto, broke all records. He was a remittanceman with a remarkable constitution and he lasted seven years.

Nevertheless, at Goboto they tried to be gentlemen. For that matter, though something was wrong with them, they were gentlemen and had been gentlemen. That was why the great unwritten rule of Goboto was that visitors should put on pants and shoes. Breech-clouts, lavalavas and bare legs were not tolerated. When Captain Jensen, the wildest of the blackbirders though descended from old New York Knickerbocker stock, surged in, clad in loin-cloth, undershirt, two belted revolvers and a sheath-knife, he was stopped at the beach. This was in the days of Johnny Bassett, ever a stickler in matters of etiquette. Captain Jensen stood up in the sternsheets of his whaleboat and denied the existence of pants on his schooner. Also he affirmed his intention of coming ashore. They of Goboto nursed him back to health from a bullet-hole through his shoulder, and in addition handsomely begged his pardon, for no pants had they found on his schooner. And finally, on the first day he sat up, Johnny Bassett kindly but firmly assisted his guest into a pair of pants of his own. This was the great precedent. In all the succeeding years it had never been violated. White men and pants were undivorceable. Only niggers ran naked.

II

ON THIS night things were, with one exception, in nowise different from any other night. Seven of them with glimmering eyes and steady legs had capped a day of Scotch with swivel-sticked cocktails and sat down to dinner. Jacketed, trousered and shod they were: Jerry McMurtrey, the manager; Eddy Little and Jack Andrews, clerks; Captain Stapler, of the recruiting ketch Merry; Darby Shryleton, planter from Tito-Ito; Peter Gee, a half-caste Chinese pearl-buyer who ranged from Ceylon to the Paumotas; and Alfred Deacon, a visitor who had stopped off from the last steamer. At first wine was served by the black servants to those who drank it, though all quickly shifted back to Scotch and soda—pickling their food as they ate it ere it went into their calcined, pickled stomachs.

Over their coffee they heard the rumble of an anchor-chain through a hawsepipe, tokening the arrival of a vessel.

"It's David Grief," Peter Gee remarked.

"How do you know?" Deacon demanded truculently, and then went on to deny the half-caste's knowledge. "You chaps put on a lot of side. I've done some sailing myself, and this naming a craft when its sail is only a blur, or naming a man by the sound of his anchor—it's—it's unadulterated poppycock."

Peter Gee was engaged in lighting a cigarette and did not answer.

"Some of the niggers do amazing things that way," McMurtrey interposed tactfully.

As with the others, this conduct of their visitor jarred on the manager. From the moment of Peter Gee's arrival that afternoon Deacon had manifested a tendency to pick on him. He had disputed his statements and been generally rude.

"Maybe it's because Peter's got Chink blood in him," had been Andrews' hypothesis. "Deacon's Australian, you know, and they're daffy down there on color."

"I fancy that's it," McMurtrey had agreed. "But we can't permit any bullying, especially of a man like Peter Gee, who's whiter than most white men."

In this the manager had been in nowise wrong. Peter Gee was that rare creature, a good as well as clever Eurasian. In fact it was the stolid integrity of the Chinese blood that toned the recklessness and licentiousness of the English blood that had run in his father's veins. Also he was better educated than any man there, spoke better English as well as several other tongues, and knew and lived more of their own ideals of gentlemanliness than they did themselves. And, finally, he was a gentle soul. Violence he deprecated, though he had killed men in his time. Turbulence he abhorred. He avoided turbulence as he would the plague.

Captain Stapler stepped in to help McMurtrey:

"I remember when I changed schooners and came into Altman the niggers knew right off the bat it was me. I wasn't expected, either, much less was I expected to be in another craft. They told the trader it was me. He used the glasses and wouldn't believe them. But they did know. Told me afterward they could see it sticking out all over the schooner that I was running her."

Deacon ignored him and returned to the attack on the pearl-buyer.

"How did you know from the sound of the anchor that it was this whatever-you-called-him man?" he challenged.

"There are so many things that go to make up such a judgment," Peter Gee answered. "It's very hard to explain. It would require almost a textbook."

"I thought so," Deacon sneered. "Explanation that doesn't explain is easy."

"Who's for bridge?" Eddy Little, the second clerk, interrupted, looking up expectantly and starting to shuffle. "You'll play, won't you, Peter?"

"If he does, he's a bluffer," Deacon cut back. "I'm getting tired of all this poppycock. Mr. Gee, you will favor me and put yourself in a better light if you tell how you know who that man was that just dropped anchor. After that I'll play you piquet."

"I'd prefer bridge," Peter answered. "As for the other thing, it's something like this: By the sound it was a small craft—no square-rigger. No whistle, no siren was blown—again a small craft. It anchored close in—still again a small craft, for steamers and big ships must drop hook outside the middle shoal. Now the entrance is tortuous. There is no recruiting nor trading captain in the group who dares to run the passage after dark. Certainly no stranger would. There were two exceptions. The first was Margonville. But he was executed by the High Court at Fiji. Remains the other exception, David Grief. Night or day in any weather he runs the passage. This is well known to all. A possible factor, in case Grief were somewhere else, would be some young dare-devil of a skipper. In that connection, in the first place, I don't know of any, nor does anybody else. In the second place, David Grief is in these waters, cruising on the Gunga, which is shortly scheduled to leave here for Karo-Karo. I spoke Grief on the Gunga in Sandfly Passage day before yesterday. He was putting a trader ashore on a new station. He said he was going to call in at Babo and then come on to Goboto. He has had ample time to get here. I have heard an anchor drop. Who else than David Grief can it be? Captain Donovan is skipper of the Gunga, and him I know too well to believe that he'd run in to Goboto after dark unless his owner were in charge. In a few minutes David Grief will enter through that door and say: 'In Guvutu they merely drink between drinks.' I'll wager fifty pounds he's the man that enters and that his words will be: 'In Guvutu they merely drink between drinks.'"

Deacon was for the moment crushed. The sullen blood rose darkly in his face.

"Well, he's answered you," McMurtrey laughed genially. "And I'll back his bet myself for a couple of sovereigns."

"Bridge!—who's going to take a hand?" Eddy Little cried impatiently. "Come on, Peter."

"The rest of you play," Deacon said. "He and I are going to play piquet."

"I'd prefer bridge," Peter Gee said mildly.

"Don't you play piquet?"

Peter nodded.

"Then come on. Maybe I can show I know more about that than I do about anchors."

"Oh, I say——" McMurtrey began.

"You can play bridge," Deacon shut him off. "We prefer piquet."



Life at Goboto is Heated, Unhealthy and Lurid

Reluctantly Peter Gee was bullied into a game that he knew would be unhappy.

"Only a rubber," he said, as he cut for deal.

"For how much?" Deacon asked.

Peter Gee shrugged his shoulders. "As you please."

"Hundred up—five pounds a game?"

Peter Gee agreed.

"With the lurch double, of course, ten pounds?"

"All right," said Peter Gee.

At another table four of the others sat in at bridge. Captain Stapler, who was no card-player, looked on. McMurtrey, with poorly concealed apprehension, followed as well as he could what went on at the piquet table. His fellow Englishmen as well were shocked by the behavior of the Australian, and all were troubled by fear of some untoward act on his part. That he was working up his animosity against the half-caste and that the explosion might come any time was apparent to all.

"I hope Peter loses," McMurtrey said in an undertone.

"He won't if he has any luck," Andrews answered. "He's a wizard at piquet. I know by experience."

That Peter Gee was lucky was patent from the continual badgering of Deacon, who filled his glass frequently. He had lost the first game handily and, judging from his remarks, was about to lose the second, when the door opened and David Grief entered.

"In Guvutu they merely drink between drinks," he remarked casually to the assembled company ere he gripped the manager's hand. "Hello, Mac! Say, my skipper's down in the whaleboat. He's got a silk shirt, a tie and tennis shoes all complete, but he wants you to send a pair of pants down. Mine are too small, but yours will fit him. Hello, Eddy, how's that *gari-gari?* You up, Jack? The miracle has happened. No one down with fever." He sighed happily. "I suppose the night is still young. Hello, Peter, did you catch that big squall an hour after you left us? We had to let go the second anchor."

While David Grief was being introduced to Deacon, McMurtrey dispatched a house-boy with the indispensable pants, and when Captain Donovan finally came into the room he was garbed as a white man should be—at least in Goboto.

Deacon lost the second game, and an outburst heralded the fact. Peter Gee devoted himself to lighting a cigarette and keeping quiet.

"What?—are you quitting because you're ahead?" Deacon demanded.

Grief raised his eyebrows questioningly to McMurtrey who frowned back his own disgust.

"It's the rubber," Peter Gee answered.

"It takes three games to make a rubber. It's my deal. Come on."

Peter Gee acquiesced and the third game was on.

"Young whelp—he needs a lacing," McMurtrey muttered to Grief. "Come on, let us quit, you chaps. I want to keep an eye on him. If he goes too far I'll throw him out on the beach, company instructions or no."

"Who is he?" Grief queried.

"A left-over from last steamer. Company's orders to treat him nice. He's looking to invest in a plantation. Has a ten-thousand-pound letter of credit with the company. He's got 'all-white Australia' on the brain. Thinks because his skin is white and because his father was once Attorney-General of the Commonwealth that he can be a cur. That's why he's picking on Peter, and you know Peter's the last man in the world to make trouble or incur trouble. Confound the company! I didn't engage to look after its infants with bank accounts. Come on, fill your glass, Grief. The man's a blighter, a blithering blighter."

"Maybe he's only young," Grief suggested.

"He can't contain his drink—that's clear." The manager glared his disgust and wrath. "If he raises a hand to Peter, so help me, I'll give him a licking myself—the little, overgrown cad!"

The pearl-buyer pulled the pegs out of the cribbage board on which he was scoring and sat back. He had won the third game. He glanced across to Eddy Little, saying:

"I'm ready for the bridge now."

"I wouldn't be a quitter," Deacon snarled.

"Oh, really, I'm tired of the game," Peter Gee assured him with his habitual quietness.

"Come on and be game," Deacon bullied. "One more. You can't take my money that way. I'm out fifteen pounds. Double or quits."

McMurtrey was about to interpose, but Grief restrained him with his eyes.

"If it positively is the last, all right," said Peter Gee, gathering up the cards. "It's my deal, I believe. As I understand it, this final is for fifteen pounds. Either you owe me thirty or we quit even?"

"That's it. Either we break even or I pay you thirty."

"Getting blooded, eh?" Grief remarked.

The other men stood or sat around the table and Deacon played again in bad luck. That he was a good player was clear. The cards were merely running against him. That he could not take his ill luck with equanimity was equally clear. He was guilty of sharp, ugly curses and he snapped and growled at the imperturbable half-caste. In the end Peter Gee counted out, while Deacon had not even made his fifty points. He glowered speechlessly at his opponent.

"Looks like a lurch," said Grief.

"Which is double," said Peter Gee.

"There's no need your telling me," Deacon snarled; "I've studied arithmetic. I owe you forty-five pounds. There, take it!"

The way in which he flung the nine five-pound notes on the table was an insult in itself. Peter Gee was even quieter and flew no signals of resentment.

"You've got fool's luck but you can't play cards," Deacon went on. "I could teach you cards."

The half-caste smiled and nodded acquiescence as he folded up the money.

"There's a little game called casino; I wonder if you ever heard of it—a child's game?"

"I've seen it played," the half-caste murmured gently.

"What's that?" was the resulting snap from Deacon. "Maybe you think you can play it!"

"Oh, no, not for a moment! I'm afraid I haven't head enough for it."

"It's a bully game, casino," Grief broke in pleasantly. "I like it very much."

Deacon ignored him.

"I'll play you ten quid a game—thirty-one points out," was the challenge to Peter Gee. "And I'll show you how little you know about cards. Come on, where's a full deck?"

"No, thanks," the half-caste answered. "They are waiting for me in order to make up a bridge set."

"Yes, come on," Eddy Little begged eagerly. "Come on, Peter, let's get started."

"Afraid of a little game like casino!" Deacon girded. "Maybe the stakes are too high. I'll play you for pennies—or farthings, if you say so."

The man's conduct was a hurt and an affront to all of them. McMurtrey could stand it no longer.

"Now hold on, Deacon. He says he doesn't want to play. Let him alone."

Deacon turned raging upon his host; but before he could blurt out his abuse Grief had stepped into the breach.

"I'd like to play casino with you," he said.

"What do you know about it?"

"Not much, but I'm willing to learn."

"Well, I'm not teaching for pennies tonight."

"Oh, that's all right," Grief answered. "I'll play for almost any sum—within reason, of course."

Deacon proceeded to dispose of this intruder with one stroke.

"I'll play you a hundred pounds a game, if that will do you any good."

Grief beamed his delight. "That will be all right—very right. Let us begin. Do you count sweeps?"



"You Mean That With Eight Thousand of My Money You're Going to Quit?"

Deacon was taken aback. He had not expected a Goboton trader to be anything but crushed by such a proposition.

"Do you count sweeps?" Grief repeated.

Andrews had brought him a new deck, and he was throwing out the joker.

"Certainly not," Deacon said. "That's a sissy game."

"I'm glad," Grief coincided. "I don't like sissy games either."

"You don't, eh? Well, then, I'll tell you what we do. We'll play for five hundred pounds a game."

"I'm agreeable," Grief said, beginning to shuffle. "Cards and spades go out first, of course, and then big and little casino, and the aces in the bridge order of value. Is that right?"

"You're a lot of jokers down here," Deacon laughed, but his laughter was strained. "How do I know you've got the money?"

"By the same token I know you've got it. Mac, how's my credit with the company?"

"For all you want," the manager answered.

"You personally guarantee that?" Deacon demanded.

"I certainly do," McMurtrey said. "Depend upon it, the company will honor his paper up to and past your letter of credit."

"Low deals," Grief said, placing the deck before Deacon.

The latter hesitated in the midst of the cut and looked around with querulous misgiving at the faces of the others. The clerks and captains nodded.

"You're all strangers to me," Deacon complained. "How am I to know? Money on paper isn't always the real thing."

Then it was that Peter Gee, drawing a wallet from his pocket and borrowing a fountain pen from McMurtrey, went into action.

"I haven't gone to buying yet," the half-caste explained, "so the account is intact. I'll just indorse it over to you, Grief. It's for fifteen thousand. There, look at it."

Deacon intercepted the letter of credit as it was being passed across the table. He read it slowly, then glanced up at McMurtrey.

"Is that right?"

"Yes. It's just the same as your own and just as good. The company's paper is always good."

Deacon cut the cards, won the deal and gave them a thorough shuffle. But his luck was still against him and he lost the game.

"Another game," he said. "We didn't say how many, and you can't quit with me a loser. I want action."

Grief shuffled and passed the cards for the cut.

"Let's play for a thousand," Deacon said when he had lost the second game. And when the thousand had gone

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THE FRESHMAN

By JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

IX

THE big game had been on Thanksgiving Day—a Thursday. When Carter landed at the college on the following Monday he was subtly disappointed. He could not have told what he expected—what solemn protestation of hope, what cry of undying loyalty; but very clearly he was aware of a sense of unfitness, of a disproportion between what he had felt and still desired to feel and the general resignation. There were still, it is true, some discussings of the game, vague plans of future revenge; but the subject of general worry had changed. It was now the approaching midyear examinations which focused the attention of all. Nearly every one found, now that the excitement of the season, of the state of siege, was over, serious insufficiencies in the preparation demanded by the new peril. Ill-humored as men recovering from debauch and resolute of reform, each one, selfish and morose, was girding his loins and, deaf to the calls of idealistic solidarity, going it alone.

Later Carter saw Blair passing down the campus toward town. There was now about the captain nothing fragile. His step was free, his walk swinging; his hair was cut, his suit was pressed, his tie elegant; in his demeanor was the subtle dandyism and relaxation of the city man back from roughing it in the forest or mountain. Between his teeth was a big cigar. Carter's disappointment jumped to a disillusion—a disillusion and a vague feeling of having been duped. Like a dream the scene at the quarters after the game passed before his eyes: the open door; the bed; the weary, frail body; the palpitant shoulders. The cigar! It was especially the cigar which baffled him, which agitated him with a sense of glaring inharmony.

He was to see Blair again the same day. At noon there appeared upon the bulletin board a call ordering all Freshmen to report that afternoon for practice.

It was raining hard by four o'clock; so they gathered in the big gymnasium, a silent group in the gray, filtered light. They were in their suits, but without their cleated shoes; and upon the polished floor their stockinged feet were cold and slipped. Blair came in and throwing off his coat, without preliminaries, got down to work. The thirty-odd men were formed into two teams. Orally at first, he explained minutely several of the simpler attacks; then made them go through them at a walk, with a stubborn insistence on absolute precision in all details. Over and over again, ceaselessly, for an hour they performed the simple evolutions till they moved as one organism nerved to the master mind.

The doors were then opened and they bounded out into the rain. For an hour more, along the roads, along the walks, shoulder to shoulder, they coursed, charging an invisible enemy. There was no letting up. There was no negligence. Whenever a man tired another took his place, so that all had a turn in rotation. All the time Blair's lashing voice was on them. The rain pasted their hair upon their eyes, ran down their necks; puddles bespattered their faces; they panted, sweated and smoked. At the windows of the halls, of the libraries, faces pasted against the panes watched them grotesquely. Darkness fell; when the ball was no longer visible they went back to the gymnasium. "Report again tonight at eight," said Blair.

There was no training table, so Carter had to ride all the way home for a hasty meal and back. They met again at eight in the vast gymnasium, beneath the blue glare of an arc light; and the program of the afternoon was repeated. Again Blair explained minutely the formations he had given them; again all of them, in turn, went through the movement slowly, at a walk, with mathematical precision; then faster, still with the same demand for absolute perfection; then around the hall at a lashing run. "At four sharp tomorrow," said Blair when they were through.

It was late at night when Carter, his hair still wet, went home on the rattling car. His relations to the captain had not changed. Three times Blair had called him to take a place at end—twice during the afternoon, once in the evening; but each time he had done so with a pure impersonality, his eyes passing blankly over the boy. It was as if, with the tips of his fingers, gingerly, he had picked up a new bearing, a wheel, a cog, and placed it in that machine which was the team.

The next day it was the same. They met in the gymnasium. Blair gave them a few more complicated attacks which they practiced for an hour, slowly and with care; then they leaped outside and ran them through along the roads at full speed, long, beneath the rain. In the evening they worked again in the gymnasium. Carter noticed, though, that some of the candidates—the least efficient—had already been dropped out, which created in him, if it were possible, still more obedience to the commanding voice, still more humble ardor for its incessant calls.

The next day was the same—and the next and the next. It rained all of the time; sometimes with wind and violence, but mostly mournfully, perpendicularly, with a sort of frozen and petrified stubbornness that made of the landscape a blur, of the earth a mire. And the college, bowed beneath the malevolence of the elements and the preoccupation of the approaching examinations, from behind the windows of recitation halls, dormitories, reading rooms and library alcoves, saw every afternoon the doors of the gym, flying open wide, disgorge the bounding, devoted little band. It went along the roads, the walks, beneath the low sky—eleven men welded shoulder to shoulder, charging and charging in furious attacks an invisible enemy. Right at the heels of the squatting men, in a position that backed and dominated, Blair stood, feet apart, thumbs through belt, leaning slightly forward; and behind him came the rout of eager substitutes, stamping in their dripping sweaters. Sometimes some of the band, detaching, went down to the field to punt and catch the slippery ball; then rallied the rest. And the work went on. The signal of the quarterback came loud and clear; the ball as if on transmission strap flashed out smoothly; it thumped into the hands of the backs, and the whole team charged forward with the swirl within it of a strategic movement. The ball was put down and immediately again came the call, the thump, the drumming of feet and the surge forward. Along the roads, along the walks, up hill and down dale, the team in formation charged and charged till to the monotonous fury of the ceaseless repetition you could see it coalesce, become a unit, a strange hydra-headed being of flesh, blood and nerve, possessed of imperishable strength and eternal purpose, moved by a decision placed in it for all time.

It was very different from the training of the big team. The days of glory were gone now. There was no blare of brass, no snapping of streamers, no rhythmic shouts; the sun itself had gone. And the Freshmen toiled as in a dream; always they seemed to have done this—to have charged with cohesion, shoulder to shoulder, an invisible enemy beneath the rains; always they would do so. It was as if they were in a hell for Freshmen, a hell without glory and full of work. Daily one or two dropped out, but those who remained were of steel.

Carter was still of these. He labored without letup, with a meek and an immense seriousness. Each of his movements, after all but a simulacre, was made with the vigor and the precision of the real; and at times in the ardor of this rehearsal the Enemy suddenly rose before him, evoked, leather-armored and insolent; and it was he whom Carter boxed and struck and charged and fiercely tore aside. In the depths of him he cherished a secret. It was something which he had discovered the one time he had met the attack of the Varsity, and in the few Freshman games he had played: that in a big contest, in a fight worth while, he had twice his usual strength, his usual intuition and judgment, and an inexhaustible reserve for a crisis; that if only he were given his chance he would make good.

All the time, surreptitiously, he observed Blair—observed him with a vague hope of something that he could not name, that he did not allow himself to name. And thus observing he learned something. He learned of Blair's incessant and implacable watchfulness. Blair watched the men all the time—watched them as if, beneath the vigor and precision of movement upon which he insisted, he were seeking something else; something else, more precious still, and more difficult to find. Carter never met his eyes, but constantly he knew that he was under the same searching inspection; he felt upon his crouched back the never-weary eyes. He noticed also two incidents which gave him thought. Once a halfback who was always chosen upon the first string slipped and fell; rising, he fussed a moment over his skinned palms and his next few charges were desultory. The next day he was not called first on the team or ever afterward. Another time a likely quarter having fumbled, hesitated before throwing himself upon the ball which, like a spent shell, was revolving upon the hard macadam. The following day he was among the substitutes called only toward the end. The first team was being changed here and there, little by little; no man was allowed to think himself permanently of it, but beneath the shifts Carter felt inexorable decisions. He realized that gradually the team was being compressed to those deep of lung, steel of muscle and within whom lurked a flame.

At last came the day before the game. The squad was given a little trot and then was gathered in the gymnasium. Blair, from a paper, read the names of the chosen—of the men who tomorrow would meet the Red team.



And Suddenly Carter Went Forward on the Table



"They'oe a Fake Mass on Center, With a Run Around the End," He Repeated

An invisible hand suddenly gripped Carter at the throat. His name had been called—Carter H. O.—last of the eleven, to play at right end. A flush rose slowly to the roots of his hair. He looked toward Blair; but Blair already had turned and was going away. He saw only his back.

x

CARTER slept badly that night; or, rather, he did not sleep at all. His brain, restless and enfeveling his body, oscillated monstrously between two contradictions. At times what lived most in him was his secret—the knowledge that at a crisis all his powers multiplied—and he saw himself stalking gigantic about the field, performing deeds incredible; again this confidence in the inward kernel of him melted beneath sudden, heavy, cold waves of dread. He saw himself, then, alone in his perilous position far out at the end of the crouching line. A passionate humility whelmed him; he distrusted everything about himself; he distrusted his youth, his experience; his mind, his eyes, his muscles, his bones, his reflexes. "Never let anything get around you!"—this phrase, drilled into him as the foundation of an end's duty, now gave him no rest. "Never let anything get around you!" He saw himself out there at end, far from his fellows, removed from their ambience of sympathy, of encouragement, of warmth; lone as a privateer; and the territory which he must defend, for the protection of which he "must not let anything get around" him, stretched away to his right and behind like an illimitable steppe. There he must stand, single sentinel, sole defensor. At him ceaselessly attacks would be hurled—three men, five men, whole teams, would converge upon him in sudden treacherous swirls; and he must intercept them and shatter them and hurl them back—and never, never let them "get around." In this picture he loomed no longer gigantic; he did not stalk; little shadow against a nocturnal sky, he was everything that was weak and destructible.

As night progressed it was the latter mental state which more and more took precedence; and by the time he got up, of the trust in the multiplication of his powers there remained very little. The dread now did not come in sudden waves. It stayed. It was there all the time, a weight upon his stomach—an inert weight that did not budge. He could dress, he could smile to himself in the glass a smile of pinched encouragement, he could breakfast and exchange words; he could run a scale upon the piano up and down and bang it shut—the weight remained where it was, squatting, stolid and immovable. He had arisen shockingly early; he paced a long time the lawn of the little garden, trying to await a reasonable time to start. The long period of rain had ended at last in a fine day; the sun shone; an iridescent hummingbird throbbed above the rare flowers. But Carter took little comfort in the sun, and the bird's palpitations only set vibrating his own. Finally he could wait no longer; seizing his hat and overcoat he made for the car.

When he arrived at the gymnasium the quarters had a deserted look; one door was timidly ajar. He waited at his old station on the railing of the little bridge among the laurel. After a while the trainer came by, followed by two helpers carrying packages and bottles. They opened the door and went in. A half-hour later Dyer went by and in. He was the left half; he had played much on preparatory elevens and was a brilliant performer. Others came by and went in. All of them had played on Prep elevens or had taken active part this season in the work of the big squad. Carter descended into a new depth of humility as he compared himself with these. Flannigan passed and went up the steps. He was the right tackle and played next to Carter. On the defense Carter was far from him, but in the offense they worked close together, shoulder to shoulder. Shoulder to shoulder! A sentimental softness now seized Carter and, rising to his feet, he went in to be with the others.

They greeted him with a warmth that surprised him. "Hello, Freshman!" they shouted humorously and with affection. Carter hid the effect which this half-recognition produced in him; he felt this morning a proneness to silly emotions which he distrusted. Up to this time he had not been of the others; a subtle reserve had surrounded him; secretly he had suffered a bit to be taken thus so absolutely at his own humble appraisement. And now they were almost accepting him. All of them, though, this morning, were a bit febrile; the work of weeks had drawn them taut; and before the unmentioned ordeal they were to meet together this afternoon they felt a vague desire to huddle together—close.

Carter went off in a corner and sat down on the bench. Dyer, on the table, was being carefully massaged; his thighs, under the trainer's kneading, rebounded like rubber. Flannigan was having his barked shins dressed; at the same time one of the helpers, with a bottle of alcohol, was trying to find exactly a sore spot above one shoulder-blade. Both of them, Dyer and Flannigan, possessed an ease of manner, a knowledge of their privileges, a certain subtle professional air. Carter wondered when he would be thus. They were being bandaged and massaged, groomed like precious horses before a race, and they accepted this as their due—they demanded it, in fact; while he, his presence already half forgotten, sat in an obscure corner, miserable, with a weight upon his stomach. Already the breathless advance gained last night, when with one word Blair had put him on the Freshman team, had ceased to be surprising; and Carter from his dark corner saw opening before him stretches and stretches yet to be gained, to be fought for with unceasing effort.

Other men were drifting in—some to be rubbed, some to be bandaged; others, like Carter, to lurk in corners and wait. Some tried to show ease and assurance, but were betrayed by their unceasing volubility. Others were silent and frowned. Bloomingdale, the Freshman captain, came in. He had had his rub early and had gone downtown to buy a new tie. This frivolity, at such a moment, made Carter stupid.

Dyer, having opened his locker, was taking out of it his equipment piece by piece and placing it carefully in the dress-suit case spread at his feet; and the others, following his example, also began to pack, taking out of the lockers piece after piece which they inspected solicitously and then dropped into the yawning valises. They worked slowly, instinctively lengthening this occupation which in some degree kept their minds off the general obsession. Carter went down to the basement, where his locker still was. Crouching, he turned the combination, drew open the little door. He straightened up; and his arm, going into the black hole, pulled out in succession his suit garment by garment—the elastic supporter, the jersey, the padded canvas trousers, the heavy blue stockings, the leather ankle-braces, the cleated shoes. Each thing he took over to the light, examining it carefully as he had seen the others do. The jersey held him long. He had worked up his courage to ask for it only a few days before—it was patched and faded, the blue almost a green; but it was comfortable to the skin and, moulding the bust, made him feel fit. He looked at it with affection; then, for luck, put in with it his little old black canvas jacket. His trousers were padded now and had knee elastics, even if though still of canvas while those of the others were of moleskin; and he had had his shoes cleated. Finally everything was packed in the lower half of the telescope-basket. He put on the top, thought a moment, took it off again and remained pondering above the folded equipment. He decided suddenly. Stooping swiftly down, with his knife he ripped out the paddings in the shoulders and elbows of his jersey, in the hips of his breeches, leaving only the light pads of the knees. He closed the basket and strapped it. This time he was ready. He had put on his side a few more possible ounces of alert speed.

The program of the forenoon had been arranged so as to fill up the time as much as possible. At eleven o'clock Bloomingdale picked up his dress-suit case and gave the signal of departure. They went down through the grounds to the station, a silent, stalwart group. They met friends, fellow classmen, but these did not venture to greet them with shout or smile; about them, with the silence and the seriousness went an isolation; they were as men marked with a consecration. This made them stiffen up a bit, unconsciously; it also tightened their throats. The importance of what was coming took on threatening proportions.

Blair, accompanied by Eddie Sharon, was waiting at the station. He threw



He Fell Limply Forward With Outstretched Arms

them a rapid inspecting glance; his smile passed over them with its reservation, stirring in each a desire to do something mad. Then he left them to go forward toward the smoker. They climbed aboard their car. It had been reserved, and the isolation about them since morning became still more absolute now. They seemed in a tunnel below the earth, out of which they could emerge into the sunlight and among their fellows again only after a struggle, arduous, long and painful. The only way out was through this unpleasant effort; there was now no chance of evading it. The inexorable weight upon Carter's stomach increased. At times he could hardly raise his chest to breathe; and his cheeks kept being sucked in between his molars as though he had suddenly grown aged and very thin.

In the city they were taken to a hotel for lunch. It was the city's best hotel. The colored glass dome of their private dining room filtered a restful and pretty light upon the whiteness of cover and the gleam of crystal and silver; the service was silent and smooth; the food dainty—but they did not appreciate all this. They could not swallow well; what they ate was dry and chiplike. It was with relief that they stamped out of this luxurious dining room on their way to the City Athletic Club, where they were to dress. An impatience now was beginning to boil beneath Carter's smothered and sickening excitement.

They dressed in a big room of the Athletic Club. Whenever the door opened they could see the swimming pool, cool and green in its marble setting. They thought it would be indeed grateful to sink, hot and weary, afterward, into those delicious depths; but this afterward seemed incredibly far off, removed from them by eons of effort and toil. They dressed slowly and with care. Again a group gathered about the trainer and his helpers for hasty rubs, for bandages. Carter, in his corner, equipped himself without fuss. He put on successively the elastic supporter, girding his loins; the jersey, warm and dry and comforting to the skin; the long woolen stockings; the leather ankle-braces, tight, giving a sensation of security and of spring; the shoes, oiled to softness, heelless and high cleated; the breeches, loose about the muscle-play of the thighs, belted about the waist, elastic about the knees. He took up his sweater—an old gray thing of his own; he was yet far, far beneath the grade of the official sweater—and tied the sleeves about his neck, leaving the body to dangle upon his back as he had seen Varsity men do. He rose, he stamped a bit upon the tiled floor, he stretched his arms; he felt strong, light, snug; he was fit.

Fit! For what? Suddenly there came sharp before his eyes a vision which, the whole morning, the whole night, he had kept hazy and vague and distant—a vision which constantly had threatened him, which stubbornly had fought to force itself vividly upon him, but which, warned by a sort of instinct of preservation, steadfastly he had pushed from him. He saw a green field, gridironed white; on each side tumultuous bleachers; at each end goal-posts; coming upon it, a flash of red jerseys—and ere again he had rid himself of the sight, crammed it back into the haze and the vagueness, his heart had set ahammering against his ribs, hard, loud, in a crescendo that finally sent him down to a crouch upon the floor.

There was a shout from the hall. The buses were already there, waiting at the door. They went out, their cleats clattering upon the tiles. Carter's teeth were shut; he felt his cheeks drawn tight against his teeth. The light-hearted substitutes, as was the custom, climbed joyously to the roof of the tally-hos, while the team got inside. The drivers snapped their whips; the traces drew taut; the wheels began to rattle over the uneven cobbles.

The ride was a long one. Inside there was an atmosphere like that of the first carriage of a funeral; but above, the joyous substitutes were gibing the population as they passed. Their shouts floated in through the windows; their feet stamped upon the roofs; they gave to the progress a certain festive air which penetrated inside.

After a while, though, there was a stop which seemed long. Looking out, Carter saw a long, high gray-board fence, and the pit of his being slid down in a sudden, sickening swoop. Again the whip cracked; the coach rolled on, lurched down, then up, and rolled over a medium noiseless, soft and resilient. Through the window Carter saw the high stands and a small crowd standing in the center with drooping flags; a long green field, white-streaked. The doors opened. Blair, Sharon, the manager, the trainers, rushed the team out and into the dressing rooms; but even as, pushed and jostled, Carter crossed the threshold, with a backward look he caught a flash of red streaming into a like entrance on the other side of the field.

The place where they were now was a small room beneath the end bleachers. It was damp and dark and cold. Again there was a hasty readjustment of braces, of bandages; a tightening of shoelaces. Then the eleven grouped and Blair, springing upon a bench, spoke to them.

What he said, Carter was never able to remember afterward; or, rather, when later words of it came back to him he could not believe they were the same. As, sitting there trembling on the damp floor, he heard them for the first time, they came to him with a whir of wings; each placed upon his brow, his heart, a burning seal. At the first, he felt his whole being agitated with a premonitory stir; at the last, he had risen with every muscle tense, with eyes flashing, and within his breast a convulsive desire at once to weep and kill; to kill, and, killing, sob on the piercing beauty of things.

Like bloodhounds unleashed they bounded toward the field. Sharon stopped Carter at the door with a nervous grasp upon his arm. His face was very close to Carter's. "They've a fake mass on center," he said, "with a run around the end."

"Yes, yes," answered Carter hurriedly, his eyes upon his companions' departing backs.

Sharon tightened his grip with a terrierlike shake. "They've a fake mass on center, with a run around the end," he repeated.

This time Carter looked at him; he looked into his eyes and noticed they were shining with a hard, blue excitement. "I understand," he said soberly.

Sharon let him go, still with a reluctance, and he ran out after his fellows.

They were lining up for signal practice. Carter sprang into his place. At full speed they went up and down the field, running through their attacks. Very vaguely Carter was aware of the stands with their waving flags, of a constant din in his ears. He went through all his movements attentively, finding in the concentration a release of that inexorable weight upon his chest. At times they passed a flash of red and all his muscles tensed.

But the blessed relief was soon over. They stood massed now, at one end of the field, while their captain detached himself to meet, in the center, the red-jerseyed leader. A coin was thrown into the air. The captains conferred soberly. It seemed a long time. Carter began to tremble.

Bloomingdale came back and the red team spread itself chesslike over half of the field. Carter's fellows stretched in a line across the center. Carter crouched at the end of the line, watching the ball set up on a little pyramid of earth, his ears tense to the coming whistle.

But the whistle did not sound. There was some sort of hitch. The referee was explaining something to the linesmen. And Carter, at the extremity of the spread attacking line, began to tremble again—to tremble with a violence which astounded him and on which his will had no effect and which was intolerable. His knees hit together like castanets, his teeth rattled; he felt himself about to sink to the ground. "I can't stand this," he thought. "I can't stand this."

And then suddenly the whistle drilled sharp into his ears. To the command his legs straightened out like springs, and head down he charged down the field. Right away he struck something, something big and red which with a sort of pent-up ferocity he sent sprawling to the ground. And to this body contact something strange occurred immediately within him. With a sort of inaudible click parts of his body up to that time seemingly dislocated snapped back into place; he felt whole again; the inert weight at the pit of his being flew off—and instead of cold dread a hot tingle suddenly burst forth triumphant through his veins. He ran swiftly and madly. The thump of the kick-off resounded like a hollow base drum; turning his face up to the sky, still running, he saw far above him the ball soar and swoop. With a swerve he made toward its fall.

XI

THE first period of the game passed to Carter in a whirl of mad confusion. He did not seem able to take an efficient part in it. The paralyzing dread was all gone, a hot determination ran through his blood, tensed his muscles—and yet he could not get in right. It was his mind which worked too slowly. Events had begun so fast and were following each other so rapidly that somehow they had taken a lead upon him which he did not seem to be able to close. By the time he had adjusted himself to one phase, the battle had sprung on to another. All his movements, fierce and fast as they were, seemed directed at a vacuum and were futile.

As the teams lined up face to face after the kick-off, for a moment he had been appalled by the difference in size and weight. Bulking in their flamboyant jerseys, the red team seemed fairly to tower above the little blue-and-gold band, squatting low like nervous fox-terriers. With swift recollection he remembered that upon the hostile Freshman team were four big men who had played two weeks before on the Varsity; though he did not know it the right corner of his mouth raised in a snarl at the thought. He had

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It Was Very Different From the Training of the Big Team. The Days of Glory Were Gone Now

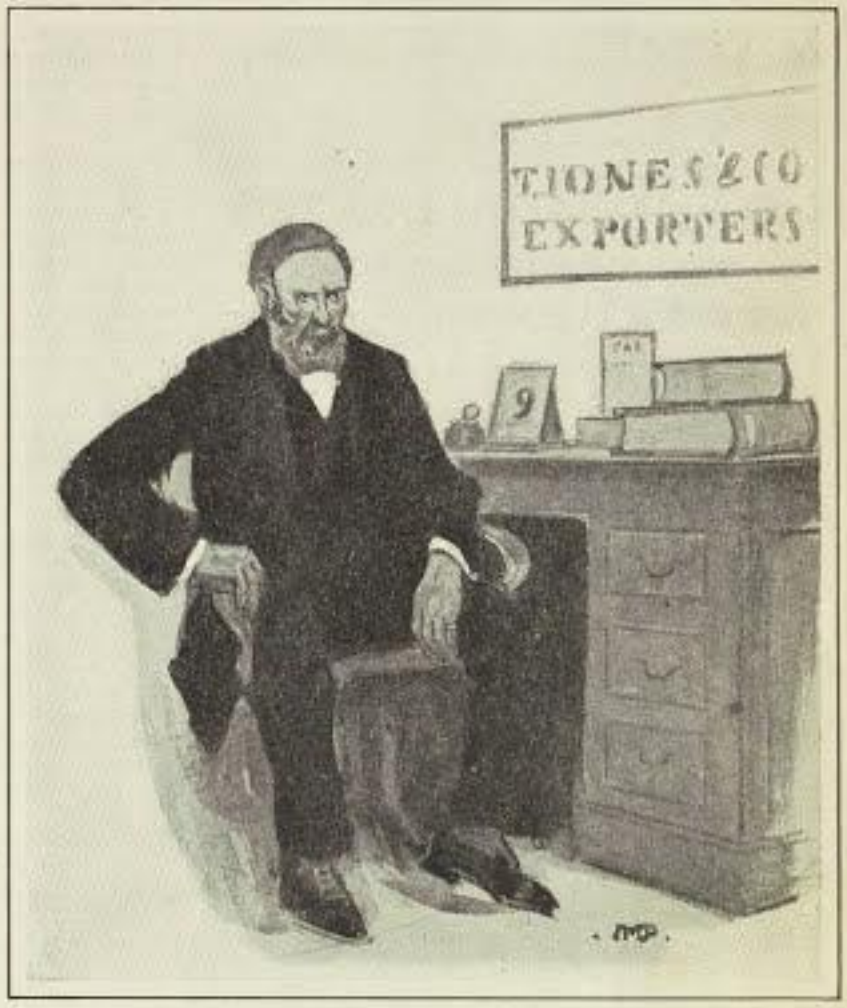
The Trade We are Scolded About

Crooked Turns in Export Street—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON



A Glib Stranger Enters—the Drummer Who is About to Make a Complete Tour of South America



The American Manufacturer Sits in His Office, Glumly Wondering Where Next Week's Payroll is Coming From

ONE idea seems now to be pretty firmly rooted in the American business mind—that foreign trade abounds in swindling schemes, gold-brick games and trickery.

According to an experienced export man, this idea gets into the American business mind about as follows: When trade at home is brisk the average American manufacturer manifests only a polite, theoretical interest in foreign markets. After he has read an occasional article on export possibilities, it is comforting to reflect that, if the worst ever does come to the worst, there is the big round world waiting patiently for his goods. It may not occur to him to enter some of the foreign markets in a small way, find out which is best for him, make his mistakes on an inexpensive scale and lay down lines upon which business could be expanded later. Foreign trade appears rather like Jack's beanstalk—to be planted tonight and climbed tomorrow morning.

By-and-by, when the home demand suddenly falls off for some reason, he turns to export markets in a hurry. Having no connections abroad, no knowledge of methods, no experience, he is the easiest possible mark for tricksters. After a few trials of shoddy schemes probably he stops, disgusted with export trade, declaring that it offers nothing but pitfalls and losses.

Now there are a good many sharpers in the export trade—big ones and little ones; some with schemes on an ambitious scale and others merely petty swindlers who make away with samples. The home export organization has them and they are also to be found in foreign markets.

There are also schemers and schemes in the home market; and if the manufacturer who starts in to sell abroad will use the ordinary business sense he applies to men and plans at home his losses in export trade need not be disheartening—if he loses anything at all.

The American manufacturer sits in his office, glumly wondering where next week's payroll is coming from. Times are bad—rotten! Sales have been falling off for weeks. Collections are slow. Money is high. Only half the plant is running.

A glib stranger enters. He is one of the commonest schemers known in export business—the drummer who is about to make a complete tour of South America, representing the goods of a group of our manufacturers. His talk is interspersed with Spanish terms and he appears to know all about South America and its ways. He has arguments and figures to show the extent of the demand down there and proves the utter futility of trying to sell goods in any other way except through direct representation. He pictures glowingly the possibilities awaiting a house with enterprise enough to send an experienced salesman to show the actual goods in every South American commercial center. His arrangements with a number of prominent concerns are all made and he intends to add just this single line. That manufacturer has been selected because his goods are so exactly suited to the South American temperament—he feels that his mission would lack something without them.

To the manufacturer, made blue by business depression at home, this visitor's talk is generally inspiring. He asks why the manufacturer has not broadened his vision and looked over the whole globe, waiting for his products, instead of keeping his nose to the grindstone of a mere home demand. Echo in the manufacturer's bosom repeats, "Why?" He hastens to enter into a contract with this foreign trade expert who has so opportunely happened along.

The stranger has various plans. Sometimes he asks for an outfit of samples and a cash sum to pay the proper proportion of expenses on his South American trip. This sum may be a hundred dollars or it may be a thousand—it depends altogether on how the wind happens to blow. Getting these little necessaries, the stranger disappears and is probably never heard of again. There have been any number of such swindlers content to bamboozle manufacturers out of samples only. Another variation of this export drummer's plan is to offer to represent a manufacturer's line for a commission on what he actually sells, plus a purely nominal salary of thirty or forty dollars a month. Nothing is heard for a year or more after this last form of contract is signed. Then a foreign order amounting to several hundred dollars comes from a distant part of the world, and when the goods are shipped payment is made with a bill for the export emissary's accumulated salary for the past year.

Why Export Prices are Lower

IF A SALESMAN came into the manufacturer's office and offered to introduce his goods all over the United States, representing a dozen other houses at the same time, and selling everything from toy balloons to steam pumps, the manufacturer would see that the proposal was preposterous. His first inquiry would be into the visitor's ability to sell goods at all. When, however, the same proposal is made in connection with foreign trade it often seems quite rational and the logical thing to do. The manufacturer decides that he will take a chance on it anyway—a few hundred dollars may be well invested in developing export orders. There have been cases where such fraudulent export drummers departed for lands unknown with the representation and samples of several hundred manufacturers, their schemes being made especially attractive by a charge as low as fifty dollars to each.

Another scheme of home origin is that of the questionable export house that obtains goods ostensibly for foreign customers, but sells them in the home market in competition with the manufacturer himself, cutting the latter's own prices. Export prices on merchandise are lower than those prevailing at home. This time-honored trade usage is discovered again and again by statesmen, sensational writers and other investigators; and it is possible to demonstrate all sorts of things with it—showing that the manufacturer favors the foreigner, that he is taxing the home consumer, that he is artificially keeping up prices under tariff protection, and so forth. Export prices are sometimes lower for a simple enough reason: If the manufacturer makes goods for the home market he has to bear the expense of selling and distribution on many lines, paying rent for showrooms, salaries to salesmen, and similar expenses. If he makes goods to be shipped direct from the factory to a steamship, for filling a foreign order, the distant customer bears these selling expenses in his own country. Prices usually are arranged accordingly. With this condition of trade terms, underhand export houses have frequently secured goods at the export price and unloaded them on the home market. It is a bit of double-dealing soon found out and guarded against, however.

Still another home product to be guarded against is the crooked commission house. There are plenty of responsible, legitimate commission houses in the export trade and they perform perfectly legitimate functions. The foreign merchant, for example, wants American goods. A commission house will buy them for him, pay for them, give him credit, attend to all details of shipment and charge him a commission for the service. With recent developments in American exporting, our manufacturer here often pays this commission. Such a house will also accept shipments of produce from the foreign merchant, selling them in the United States on commission, enabling him to buy our stuff and pay for it with his own if he wants to.

There are small, irresponsible houses in this section of the trade, however, and sometimes they fasten on to a manufacturer's growing export business as parasites.

The manufacturer has been shipping occasional small lots of goods to several merchants in a certain country. Or, perhaps, he has gone to the expense of sending a salesman there to cover the trade. In either case the volume of sales will hardly be encouraging at the outset. He may have concluded that the effort was wasted and that no great amount of trade will ever be built up in that country. This work, however, is probably producing excellent results in a slow way. Presently some merchant in that country, after a thorough trial of the goods upon his customers, is convinced that they have merit and decides to stock them regularly. He sends a considerable order to a New York commission house. His selection of the latter

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 30, 1911

The Making of Rioters

IN SEEKING an explanation of the extraordinary social phenomenon which occurred over England in August some British minds have been turning to France and Germany, while others, as naturally, have turned to the Liberal Government. During what is described in England as "the greatest strike of our time," mobs again and again attacked the police and even the troops, with a dogged boldness that is rather novel in recent English experience. More than once the troops were compelled to fire with ball cartridges and with fatal effect. In the face of soldiery rioters persisted in attempts to destroy property by fire and otherwise. What would have happened in many cities if strong military force had not been available, or if the Government had not employed it promptly, is still a subject of painful conjecture.

Some observers trace these un-English happenings to pernicious doctrines of French and German origin with which the minds of good British subjects of the humbler class have been slowly poisoned. Others see in them a logical fruit of the Lloyd George budget, old-age pensions and the humiliation of the House of Lords. Others, however, point to the high cost of living, the great amount of unemployment and of merely casual employment, the slums and poverty, which neither the French nor the Liberals invented. At the middle of the nineteenth century about half the adult inhabitants of England and Wales—judging by the proportion of those able to sign the marriage register—were illiterate. In other words, it is only recently that England has taken any particular interest in citizens of the humbler class. Whatever those citizens are at the present moment, England surely made them. If there is alum in the national bread, she put it there; but we are not at all behind conservative Englishmen in speaking of bad domestic conditions as though somebody besides ourselves were really responsible for them.

The Theory of Punishment

A GREAT many men participated in San Francisco's famous mess of civic corruption. Only one man was imprisoned. Others, fully as guilty, walk the streets in freedom and enjoy in considerable measure the respect and admiration of their fellow-citizens. That is always the case. Criminal law is only a crude sort of lottery, where one guilty man is punished and eleven others go free!

Fremont Older, who took a leading part in exposing the corruption, now pleads that the one convict, Abe Ruef, be pardoned. "Even though he deserved to be pursued as I pursued him for eight years," Mr. Older writes, "and though he deserved all the bitter denunciation heaped upon him, I felt, when it was all over, that the time had come for mercy."

This plea provokes controversy. "Ruef," we read, "was an unscrupulous corruptionist whom no other necessity than the depravity of his inner being drove to make a business out of the shame of his city. Some abatement in pity for such 'victims' is necessary in justice to the ninety-nine per cent of us who do not live by theft and vice."

The quantity of punishment meted out by society is no doubt commensurate with the quantity of guilt, for this punishment usually follows the convict long after he has left prison, making him a man branded and outcast. We trim the ship, so to speak, by visiting the punishment due to the whole guilty dozen upon the one whom we catch. Having caught him we pretty thoroughly trample the life out of him. Mr. Older pleads that this is unjust to the convicted one. His opponents argue that, for the discouragement of crime and protection of society, every guilty man must take his chance of having to bear the punishment due to his eleven accomplices as well as to himself.

They, of course, occupy ground sanctioned by immemorial custom. Their theory of punishment is the one that has always obtained. Whether this theory should be modified in any important degree is one of the modern problems that confront our penologists.

Trade With Australia

THE report of the British trade commissioner for Australia contains strictures upon British manufacturers that should prove interesting to their American rivals. It suggests, for example, that the push, ability and enterprise displayed by American and German drummers might profitably be copied by English salesmen. It blames the British manufacturer for an extreme reluctance to meet the wants of his Australian patrons by making small changes in the standard form of his goods. Inferentially it confesses our superior mechanical genius. Thus requests from Australia for the introduction of certain American inventions, says the report, have been refused by British manufacturers on the ground that no model of the device in question was discoverable in England. In one case an Australian buyer sent to America for a model to be used by the British manufacturer; in another, an Australian house had an entire American machine shipped to England in order that the device it desired might be introduced.

After reading these portions of the report one might conclude that America and Germany, having beaten the slow-going English manufacturer with his somnolent drummer, had little to do except sit down and divide the trade of Australia between themselves. Unhappily for this pleasant conclusion, the trade commissioner appends a few cold statistics, from which it appears that, eliminating those articles which Great Britain does not produce, she supplies seventy-five and eight-tenths per cent of Australia's total imports, while we supply ten and two-tenths per cent.

This is generally the way with our foreign trade. It looks bully until you get down to the figures.

Cultivating Race Prejudice

THE anti-Jewish riots which recently shocked Great Britain occurred in Caen, Waunllwyd, Aberbysswg, Cwm, Bargoed, Ebbw Vale and Tredegar. The rioting inhabitants of these towns looked upon the Jewish citizens as strange, outlandish people, bearing names that sounded uncouth in honest Welsh ears. To a sufficiently stupid resident of Cwm, Ebbw Vale or Waunllwyd, the name Einstein or Cohen at once suggested something suspicious and contemptible. What respectable man would have a name which a normal Welsh human being—from whose tongue Aberbysswg falls trippingly—doesn't know how to pronounce? With this notion that Jews and Welshmen are cut from entirely different pieces of human cloth once fixed in the mind, rioting and shopwrecking followed naturally enough.

We once knew a quite intelligent American who insisted that all Englishmen beat their wives. He had lived next door to an Englishman who looked very much like John Bull, spoke cockney and beat his wife. He had also known dozens of Englishmen who looked, spoke and acted so much as he would expect Americans to look, speak and act that it never really occurred to him they were English. When he met with the one example who looked like a comedy Englishman and acted outrageously he said: "Of course he's an Englishman! That's the way all Englishmen do!" The quiet, courteous man of different race passes unnoticed. We don't pick him out and say: "There's the Frenchman for you!" or "There's the Jew!" The outrageous exception attracts our attention and we generously attribute his misbehavior to his race—as though there were not plenty of misbehaving Americans! In Wales, it appears from the Jewish World, there were several mean Jewish landlords. So the miners wrecked every Jewish shop they could reach, without pausing to reflect that there were plenty of mean Welsh landlords. In conclusion, however, one must pause and reflect that rioting is not a whit more characteristic of the Welsh race than of any other.

Owners of the Farms

THERE are, the census reports, six million three hundred thousand-and-odd farms in the United States, of which almost four millions are occupied by the owners, while over two and a quarter millions are occupied by tenants. The proportion of farms worked by tenants has risen very slightly in the decade. Roughly, it was over one-third and under two-fifths of the total number of farms at both the last census periods. There are mortgages on one-third of the farms worked by owners, and two-thirds are free of incumbrance.

There is a persistent superstition that farm tenancy and farm mortgages reflect an unprosperous condition; in fact, the tenant is often as prosperous and independent as the owner, and the mortgage often represents extension and improvement. Nobody considers a railroad unprosperous because it occupies rented offices or issues huge mortgages for new track and cars. The railroad mortgages itself because in that way it can get capital on better terms. A farmer who needs more working capital does well to borrow it on mortgage because he can get it cheaper than on notes of hand.

Negro or other non-white proprietors now own over one-seventh of the farms. The number of these has risen above nine hundred thousand. Ten years ago non-whites owned only an eighth of the farms. While the total number of farms has increased by six hundred thousand, one-half of this increase is in farms of less than fifty acres. Thus the average size of the American farm has fallen from a hundred and forty-six acres in 1900 to a hundred and thirty-eight acres, while the average value of an acre of farmland has risen from fifteen dollars and a half to thirty-two dollars and a half.

Money for Crop-Moving

THIS is the poorest season to borrow money because the price is highest. A tabular statement of the average interest rate on prime commercial loans at New York for each week in the year over a period of nineteen years shows that the borrower in the latter part of September and the early part of October pays fully one per cent more than the borrower in February, May or June. The New York interest rate in this respect is a fair index to that for the country at large. As bank loans in the United States amount to some fifteen billion dollars, the higher rate on autumn loans represents a considerable tax.

The reason for the higher autumn rate is, of course, that money is then required to move the crops. The Eastern banks, in September and October, ship out nearly two and a half times as much currency as they receive. Chicago and St. Louis also are then shipping currency into the country at a brisk rate. Reserves fall; interest rates advance.

The money, having moved the crops, speedily comes back however. In January and February the Eastern banks receive nearly two and a half times as much currency as they ship. Reserves rise; interest rates fall.

From time to time other causes conspire with this seasonal dislocation to produce an acutely distressing situation, as happened in October, 1907. There is no sound reason for shunting a considerable part of the country's ready cash back and forth between the reserve centers and the harvest fields, while there are a number of sound reasons against it.

Will Congress, by any lucky chance, have a little spare time this winter for the consideration of banking and currency?

Good People and Liquor Laws

GOOD people frequently are the most insidious and inveterate foes of liquor laws. They cannot understand why a statute designed to lessen the evils of intemperance should apply to them when everybody knows they are respectable, temperate, law-abiding and debt-paying citizens. Estimable Mrs. A requires half a pint of brandy for perfectly innocent culinary purposes. When the druggist declines to supply her, except upon a physician's prescription, her feelings are outraged. Does the druggist think that she—wife of John Henry A, mother of three children and president of the Dorcas society—would purchase brandy for bacchanalian purposes? Deacon B, who has voted no-license for thirty years and who knows perfectly well what the law requires, takes in the same indignant spirit the druggist's refusal to sell him alcohol to bathe his hurt shoulder with. The law, he thinks, was made for old red-nosed Bill Jones, and the druggist seems to regard him as being in Bill's class. There is the still larger number of most respectable citizens who cannot see why their occasional and moderate desires for a little spirituous consolation should be denied because disreputable people get drunk. Good people constantly tempt the druggist to break the law for them. Sometimes they punish refusal to break it by a withdrawal of their patronage, thereby putting a premium on the illicit selling of liquor.

Any good citizen who applies for liquor contrary to the provisions of the law is a most efficient enemy of temperance legislation; but hardly any American citizen in good standing will believe that any law applies to him personally until a policeman enforces the point by hitting him over the head.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Fate, Destiny & Co.

SPEAKING about the accidents of fame—or was I?—well, anyhow, speaking about the accidents of fame, let us pause for a brief moment in the midst of the mad whirl of this twentieth-century civilization and contemplate the case of the Honorable Henry L. Myers, the same being junior United States Senator from Montana, having held that exalted office since the fourth of March last.

'Tis a strange tale, my lads, and a moving one, of how Opportunity—fickle jade!—knocking at the door of a man, found him out and straightway broke all the rules of the game, as eloquently set forth in some fourteen lines of deathless poesy by the late John J. Ingalls—himself a Senator once, by-the-way—and chased Henry L. Myers to the village drug store, where she backed him up against the prescription counter and invested him with a neat and nifty toga and a salary of seventy-five hundred dollars annually, which was more money in a year than Hank had, up to that moment, thought there was in the world.

The night was cold and stormy in the peaceful village of Hamilton, Montana, and the fire burned cheerily in the modest home of the Honorable Henry L. Myers, district judge. The date was March 3, 1911, and far away in the bustling city of Helena the legislature was concluding its session. It had been deadlocked for fifty-seven days, or such a matter, over the question of electing a successor to the Honorable Thomas H. Carter. This was the last day of the session. Should the legislature adjourn without election there would be but one Senator in Washington to represent the Treasure State. All was turmoil within the capitol. The legislature had been in session for seven hours. The corridors were filled with excited men swaying back and forth, and the air thick with tobacco smoke and raucous with the hoarse cries of the partisans of the various candidates.

All was peace and quietness in the village of Hamilton, many miles away. Judge Henry L. Myers had had his supper and was sitting beside the fire reading his favorite paper, when his wife entered the room.

"Henry," she said, "our daughter has a cold. I wish you would step down to the drug store and get some cough medicine for her." The judge put aside his paper, donned his overcoat and strode out into the night. Few people were about. He soon reached the drug store and, entering, passed to the rear of the room to the desk where the druggist was engaged in compounding a prescription.

"Jim," said the judge incisively, as is his wont, "let me have a bottle of cough medicine. The little girl has a cold. You know the kind Mrs. Myers gets."

How Senators are Made

LOOKING up from his mortar, the druggist gave a start, dropped the pestle and rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"Why, how do you do, Senator? I want to congratulate you!"

"Howdy?" answered the judge. "A bottle of cough medicine, please."

"But, Senator—Senator!"—stuttered the excited druggist—"I want to congratulate you—I—I —— You know—Senator! ——"

"That'll be all right," observed the judge, not without a touch of asperity in his voice; "but hurry up with that cough medicine."

The druggist danced round the room.

"Senator!" he sputtered. "Why, Senator!—don't you know?—haven't you heard? You have been elected Senator! I want to congratulate—I—you—for Heaven's sake! ——"

"Calm yourself, Jim," said the judge in even tones. "Mrs. Myers is waiting for that cough medicine. Let me have it, please!" And he laid a silver dollar on the counter.

"Dammit, man!" yelled the druggist; "don't you know the legislature has elected you United States Senator?—and you stand there and gibber about cough medicine. Wake up!"

"Quit fooling, Jim," broke in the judge sternly, "and let me have that medicine."

The druggist sank into a chair and muttered incoherently. The judge looked at him in amazement. Then the door of the store burst open and three or four Hamiltonians rushed in. "Hurraw!" they shouted. "Hurraw for Judge Myers, our new 'Nited States Senator! 'Raw!"

The judge looked at them.

"What ails this town?" he asked. "Has everybody gone crazy?"



The Joke is Not on Him

"Crazy nothin'!" expostulated the druggist. "I tell you, Judge, the legislature has elected you United States Senator to succeed Tom Carter."

The judge is a tall and lanky man, with a plentiful supply of neck in which is set, with that liberality sometimes vouchsafed by Nature, a most imposing and ornate Adam's apple. He gulped two or three times and his Adam's apple began working up and down like a hydraulic ram. His knees gave way and he dropped into a chair—the A. a. vibrating rapidly.

"What?" he gasped. "Me? Senator! You're fooling!"

But it was even so. Opportunity, born of the deadlock, had sought out Judge Henry L. Myers and tagged and togaed him. Far off in the capital city of Helena, after seven weary hours of struggle that day, during which no man was allowed to leave the legislative halls, the Democratic Solons, being in a majority of two or three on joint ballot, had used the name of Myers as the ax to cut the Gordian Knot—see reports of the occurrence at the time—and had seized the district judge and named him for the place when it was found there could be no adjournment without choice, as had been planned.

It seemed a hopeless situation. The two leading candidates, Conrad and Walsh, could not win. Various names had been canvassed, but there were objections to all. The Democrats had but two or three majority on the ballot. Something had to be done, but what? Finally the name of Henry L. Myers was proposed. The word was passed. The roll was called. Not one in ten knew who Henry L. Myers was, or remembered him as a former state senator. "Myers," said the first Democrat, and so on down through the rollcall, and thus did they yank the judge out of Hamilton and transfer him to Washington, greatly to the astonishment not only of the judge but of Washington and Montana and various other localities.

The situation was not without its humor. Years before, during the effort to make William A. Clark Senator, Myers had been in the state senate. He was one of the men who had handed up ten thousand dollars, with the claim that it had been offered to him to vote for Clark. Some of the men who voted to make Myers Senator had been mixed unpleasantly in that mess, but they had forgotten Myers. Their rage when they found out whom they had elected was pitiful to see; but it was all over, and the judge left Hamilton and went to Washington, where he expects to stay for six years, figuring that the joke is on these Democratic statesmen of Montana and not on him.

When the telegrams came into Washington that Henry L. Myers had been elected, on that night just before the adjournment of the Sixty-first Congress, nobody there—not even the Montanans—could recall him. Then he appeared—a tall, lanky, shambling sort of a man who signalized his advent by voting on wool exactly opposite to the ideas of most of the Democrats of his state and making a speech explaining his position which will rank for some time as one of the most remarkable—in its way—utterances on the tariff the recent attempt at revision brought forth.

The judge was born in Missouri about fifty years ago and moved to Hamilton, Montana, in 1893. He was in politics in a small way in his native state and was elected county attorney and state senator after he had become acquainted in Montana. He served four years in each of these offices and had been district judge for four years when the lightning from Helena struck him. Everybody in Montana was surprised when he was made Senator, but nobody quite so surprised as the judge. Indeed, the judge isn't over being surprised yet. When any person addresses him as "Senator" he involuntarily pulls that do-you-mean-me? look. But there he is. Opportunity—or was it Fate?—or, mayhap, Destiny?—just chased him to Hamilton, Montana, and roped, tied and branded him.

P. S. Particulars concerning said brand will appear in a later edition.

Telling Tears

A LAWYER in Dallas has gained statewide repute for his success in pleading criminal cases. His claim to fame is that he sheds real tears while urging juries to save his innocent clients; and the clause, "No tears, no pay!" is a part of every contract he makes.

He had a case not long ago that seemed easy on the start, but developed later into a most difficult one. Not long after he had turned on the tears the attorney had eleven of the jury weeping also. One stony-hearted juror sat and glared at him. Tears had no effect on him. The attorney redoubled his efforts and his tears. He devoted himself entirely to this adamant juror. Tears plashed from his eyes and dewed his whiskers and his waistcoat. He talked eloquently and cried still more eloquently. Presently the set features of the determined juror relaxed a bit.

Brushing away most of the tears, the attorney turned his back to the juror and bent down to get a glass of water. As he stooped he whispered hoarsely to his law partner, who sat near him:

"John, I've never lost one yet! That darned old sucker can't hold out two minutes more."

And he didn't.

To Eat or Just to Dine

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt was President, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, was one of the steadies at the White House. The Senator ran in on his literary co-worker and old college chum at all times of the day and night and most frequently at luncheon-time.

One day some Massachusetts people came to Washington and asked the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar to take them to the White House and introduce them to the President.

Senator Hoar looked at the party for a moment. Then he shook his head and said: "No, I think you'd better get Lodge to introduce you at the White House. He eats there and I only dine there occasionally."

A Mysterious Leak

THE steamer Acapulco, of the Pacific Mail Line, picked up at Amapala the Honorable Robert F. Broussard and a friend of his named Carlisle. They had made the trip overland through Honduras and were on their way to San Francisco.

A night or two later Broussard and Carlisle were seated on the after promenade deck on the starboard side. The steamer was going along easily through a calm sea, and just below where they sat a pipe was discharging into the sea in a good-sized stream the water from the condenser.

Carlisle and Broussard watched the outboard delivery of the water from the condenser. Then Carlisle said: "Bob, they have been pumping water out of this steamer ever since we left Amapala. Had you noticed that?"

"Yes," replied Broussard, "I had observed that."

"Well, what do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know," Broussard answered. "It does not seem possible that any steamer should leak like that!"

AN ALFALFA SCIENCE FARM

By FORREST CRISSEY

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the most remarkable and scientific undertakings in the culture and use of alfalfa to be found in the world is that conducted by Dr. W. X. Sudduth on his Broadview Ranch, near Billings, Montana. This laboratory student of Koch and Pasteur has carried into the alfalfa field—which has been his recreation ground for about thirty years—the spirit of the trained scientific investigator and the exact methods of the research laboratory. Though he measures his results by chemical analysis rather than the hay scales, he handles a sufficient tonnage of this modern "miracle crop" to satisfy the most commercial grower. His alfalfa acreage today is four hundred and he is working to expand this to one thousand as rapidly as the land can be subjugated by the most modern appliances of power farming.

All alfalfa does not look alike to Doctor Sudduth. His thirty-acre "nursery" or demonstration plat contains more than a hundred varieties of alfalfa—probably the most remarkable collection in existence. Here each plant is treated as an individual and multiplication of a marked individual plant is secured by "slipping" instead of by dependence on the slower and less exact method of seeding. In a single season, by the slipping process, he is able to secure a thousand plants from one parent; but this is too slow for the eager scientist, who is always aiming for practical results on a big commercial scale. He, therefore, proposes to secure a machine operated by horses which is able to plant twenty-five thousand of these tiny alfalfa slips in a day. Still, this device will not appease his appetite for progress in the line of alfalfa propagation, and he is building an extensive greenhouse, so that the blizzards of winter may be powerless to interrupt his work of propagation and research.

After the propagating bed, after the nursery, the demonstration patch and the big open field, comes the laboratory; here is where the exact determination of values is made! "How much digestible protein does it contain?" is the question which the laboratory answers concerning every variety and condition of alfalfa plant in the experimental beds and the commercial field.

The laboratory, however, is not the place of final test on this scientific alfalfa ranch; it is rather the point of inspection and record. The feeding pen is where the final tests are made—and made on a broad commercial scale that carries conviction to the man who has a natural distrust of scientific experiments and insists on being shown the balance of profits brought in from feeding several hundred hogs under the system advocated.

The Measure of Food Value

THE Broadview Ranch conducts its hog-feeding operations on a generous plan and for profit—and gets the profit! The feeding pens justify the findings of the laboratory—and on a scale wide enough to take in the exceptions that so often fail to enter into the narrower conditions of the individual scientific experiment.

In a word, it is probable that more alfalfa secrets are being revealed and more alfalfa history made on this ranch than on any other farm or ranch in the whole world.

"Aside from a small group of agricultural scientists," declares Doctor Sudduth, "alfalfa is looked upon in a gross sort of way, without any attempt to differentiate between its varieties in the vital matter of the percentage of digestible protein which they carry. The measure of digestible protein in any food product is the measure of its food value—whether eggs, milk, wheat, corn, alfalfa or any other nutriment. This is the essence and conclusion of the whole matter and this is the point that seems to have been almost entirely overlooked even by the most advanced and progressive growers of alfalfa. To the farmer, alfalfa is just alfalfa; and the only concern he gives himself regarding the variety that he shall plant is whether it will catch and make a stand on his soil, whether it will winter-kill in his particular climate, and the yield it will give him.



Dry Land Wheat. Fifteen and One-Quarter Inches Rainfall

That is as far as the average farmer goes in selecting a variety for his land—and even the experienced alfalfa grower does not usually go much farther than that. The fact is that the matters of yield, of catch, of resistance to climatic extremes, are only the A, B, C of alfalfa. They are important and elemental, but they are only the beginning of the tale.

"If one variety of alfalfa will yield only fourteen per cent of digestible protein, and another will give seventeen per cent, it doesn't require much of a mathematician to figure out the difference in actual value and the advantage of raising the seventeen-per-cent kind, provided he happens to be located where he can raise it. By careful and special methods of cultivation and harvesting, I have been able to increase the protein content of certain alfalfas grown on my Montana dry-farming benchlands from the ordinary fourteen per cent to seventeen per cent. Of course climate and soil have very much to do with this, but there is no question that the alfalfas bred up to this high protein content are able to perpetuate that characteristic to a high degree, even under adverse conditions of climate and soil. For, to vary the expression, seed from these high-protein alfalfas will, if sown in a different soil and under humid climatic conditions, produce alfalfa plants of greater protein content than those grown from seed not 'bred-up,' as we say, along the line of producing a high percentage of protein.

"This matter of the actual amount of nourishment contained in a ton of alfalfa of this or that variety is so important that too much emphasis cannot be laid upon it. It is the one big thing for the alfalfa farmer to wake up to just now. And, by the same token, it is a wonder that the alfalfa buyer has not waked up to it long ago. I have fattened both sheep and cattle for the market and put them in fine condition on mountain-grown alfalfa that has been carefully selected and bred-up for the express purpose of putting the protein or food value into it; I am willing to go on record with the statement that this cannot be done with the ordinary commercial alfalfa grown in the humid regions of the United States.

"The higher altitudes have produced alfalfas of the highest percentage of protein content—and it is a curious fact, that I have carefully determined, that the percentage of protein is in inverse ratio to the tonnage of yield. I will guarantee you that an analysis of a ton of alfalfa grown under humid conditions, or in the South or under irrigation, will not analyze to exceed ten or twelve per cent of protein, and I am prepared to show a completely authenticated analysis of alfalfas grown on the benchlands of Montana that exceed seventeen per cent of protein. In other words, it simmers down to this: The alfalfas that are now produced in the humid regions and in the South or under irrigation have not the nutriment—the food value—to fatten stock for the market without the use of corn or other grains as supplemental food.

"I do not say that this will always be the case, for it is not unreasonable to hope and expect that, when the alfalfa growers of the humid and irrigated sections fully realize the necessity of getting food value into their alfalfa, the protein content of their alfalfas may be greatly increased; but it will not be until they realize how much this means to them.

"To develop a variety or strain of alfalfa that will carry this characteristic and maintain it to a high degree, even under humid and irrigated conditions, is one of the objects for which I am working.

"Another important problem is to determine the number of alfalfa plants to the acre that will produce the largest yield of protein. Of course an acre of land will grow and mature many more plants under irrigation and in the humid districts than here under semiarid conditions—but the fact remains that overseeding is the besetting sin of alfalfa growers everywhere, especially in the dry-farming districts. This I have already determined by careful and repeated experiments. Just how many plants one acre of our Montana benchland will grow to the best advantage I have not yet determined, but it will be settled soon with considerable exactness. This is an immensely important consideration for the dry farmer; its solution will mean millions of dollars to the dry-farming sections of this country in the next few years, for it applies to all the crops raised there—not to alfalfa alone.

"Still another problem that I am trying to solve is the most economical and effective way of feeding alfalfa. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of alfalfa is wasted every year through inefficient feeding. I might better say millions. The waste by the average feeding methods that prevail on Western ranches is not far from fifty per cent, and at least twenty-five per cent is wasted by the more careful feeders—even by those who chop and grind their alfalfa. There is just as much for the farmer to learn in the art of using alfalfa as there is in the art of growing it. We have merely scratched the surface of both these problems so far as common practice is concerned."

Breeding Up a Leafy Plant

THE only way by which the force of this statement may be fully understood is to begin—as Doctor Sudduth began—with the individual plant. His ultimate aim was to get the greatest amount of digestible protein from an acre of alfalfa. Common-sense, of course, told him that the leaves of the plant were richer in protein than the stems—but he put it to the laboratory test and determined the relative percentages. Chemical analysis showed that, though the leaves were richer in food value, even the stems or the straw carried a surprising amount of protein—generally wasted by ordinary methods of feeding. This cleared the ground for the next step—to develop by selection a strain of plant that would produce a larger percentage of leaves and a smaller percentage of coarse stems—and incidentally, if possible, to build up the percentage of protein in the coarse stems themselves. In his effort to develop a strain having a maximum of protein and a minimum of woody fiber, he found himself confronted with a distinct physical obstacle. Some of the varieties having the highest protein percentage in proportion to



Alfalfa Ten Hogs, Four Months Old



Pig Brood Pens

woody fiber were "trailers," that spread over the ground like purslane and could not be harvested and handled in a practical, commercial way. These had to be discarded as working materials in his breeding work—or at least to be used with great caution; for the habit of sturdy, upstanding growth must be a fixed characteristic of the strain to be developed.

Naturally the greater the number of straws springing from one root, the finer the quality of the straws. Therefore his selection took the line of finding roots having the largest number of straws springing from one bulb, but being of upright growth.

Very early in his experiments, Doctor Sudduth found that alfalfa, being a hybrid, would not always breed true from seed. He has, therefore, adopted the vegetative form of propagation. Fortunately the alfalfa plant grows from "slipping" as readily as the verbena. The tips of branches are cut off at a length of three inches, tied in bundles and put into a coldframe containing wet sand. From these frames they are transplanted to the nursery, which now contains one hundred acres of breeding and experimental alfalfa plants, set in rows thirty inches apart, with the hills two feet apart in the row.

Cutting for Maximum Protein Yield

MULTIPLIED experiments along this line in the propagation beds gave gratifying results as determined by the laboratory tests, but these pushed him on to another problem—that of the time of harvesting. Here his findings ran counter to the most commonly accepted traditions. The greatest amount of protein to the acre and to the smallest tonnage of hay was the object at which he was aiming, and his laboratory tests clearly established the fact that this was secured by cutting before the plants were in bud—not, as common practice has it, after the blossoms have appeared.

"We cut our fields on this basis," declares Doctor Sudduth, "and get a maximum of foliage—and, therefore, of protein—and a minimum of woody fiber. It pays in commercial results. Of course it involves at least one extra cutting a year over the old plan. My tests apply only to alfalfa grown under dry farming. It is safe, however, to make the sweeping statement that alfalfa is everywhere cut too late, as a rule, to get the maximum of protein and the minimum of woody fiber. Speaking for the humid sections, Joe Wing's rule is: 'Cut when small new sprouts appear near the surface of the ground.' Certainly that is a safer rule than to wait for the appearance of blossoms. Only a thorough laboratory test, however, can determine this problem for the humid and irrigated sections."

The next vital phase of alfalfa growing that forced itself upon the attention of this tireless investigator, in his determination to brush away traditions and establish the alfalfa farm upon the basis of "a factory for the production of digestible protein in forage form," was that of the number of plants to the acre for the best results.

"One of the greatest mistakes of the average farmer," contends Doctor Sudduth, "is that of overseeding. And this mistake is especially fatal to the highest success in dry-farm regions, or in any region where the rainfall is less than reliably abundant—except, of course, where there is irrigation. Heavy seeding for any kind of grain or alfalfa has no place in successful dry farming. The heaviest yields of wheat I have ever had were secured by using only thirty pounds of seed to the acre as against the ordinary portion of seventy-five pounds; in fact, many farmers use a hundred pounds. The English practice calls for two to three bushels to the acre, which means one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty pounds. My crop of Turkey red wheat on two hundred and fifty acres was seeded with only thirty pounds to the acre and it was the best produced anywhere in my locality.

"The lands on which most of the big dry-farming operations are carried on are strong soils, that have not been leached by constant rains. Much of this land has a considerable element of volcanic ash. This means that it is a virile and vigorous soil, and that its natural effect is to make grain or alfalfa 'stool' heavily—that is, to send up numerous sprouts from the same root.

"Now, if you seed heavily on this soil and there is a shortage of moisture, the result is that, in the case of grain, the moisture goes into making straw instead of grain; and, with alfalfa, it is absorbed in producing stalk and stem growth instead of properly matured foliage.

"When, however, the alfalfa plants are in rows fourteen inches apart and eight inches apart in the rows—as I plant them for forage purposes—what is the result? The limited moisture in the soil is not exhausted through the growth of valueless straw and stems, for only so many sprouts will come up as will find sufficient moisture to bring them to maturity, full foliage, and a state of highest protein value. They get a splendid root growth. Where plants are grown for seed purposes, I get the best results by placing them twenty to twenty-eight inches apart in the row and the rows thirty inches apart. If, under this system, there is a year of abundant moisture, the plants stool to full capacity and mature all their foliage.

"Out of over one hundred varieties of alfalfa now growing in my experimental gardens, there are only about fifteen that are to be classed as thoroughly commercial. These require different treatment as to the amount of growing room which each plant should be given, and I regard my experiments in this particular as incomplete. I have only laid down a general rule, which must be qualified as to certain varieties. This adaptation of seeding to the amount of moisture that can be conserved under average conditions is one of the finest and most vital problems in any kind of dry farming, and it is to some extent a local problem, of course; but its scientific and practical solution for any large dry-farming section is so important to material results that any man who works it out in definite terms will be entitled to all the credit that one man needs to have.

"In the humid regions the general practice is to use twenty, twenty-five and sometimes thirty pounds of alfalfa seed to the acre. This is too much. Four or five pounds will put all the sprouts on an acre of land that any soil can take proper care of, provided germinating conditions are right. All the rest of the seed is wasted—and worse than wasted. Good alfalfa seed costs money and no farmer can afford to throw away seventy-five per cent of his seed just to guard against the chance that the other twenty-five per cent may not germinate. He should put that wasted money into putting every seed of the twenty-five per cent into the right place and under right conditions."

The foremost specification which Doctor Sudduth makes under the head of right conditions is a seedbed, as clean, as mellow and as firm as that which a skilled Italian makes for his onions or a German prepares for his sugar beets.

This specialist declares that it is most difficult to make the average grower realize that intensive cultivation pays as well in alfalfa growing as in the production of onions or sugar beets, but that all the cultivation must be done before the crop is put in. Because weeds are the great enemy of alfalfa, Doctor Sudduth has no use for the practice of spring seeding, as it gives no opportunity to have every weed seed in the soil send up its shoot where it can be destroyed. His seeding is never done before the middle of June and more often is delayed until the last of June or the first of July. His land is plowed the previous season as soon as the crop of grain is removed. The soil from the field is first subjected to a chemical analysis before any work is done on it, and if there is any indication of the need of lime salts these are applied.

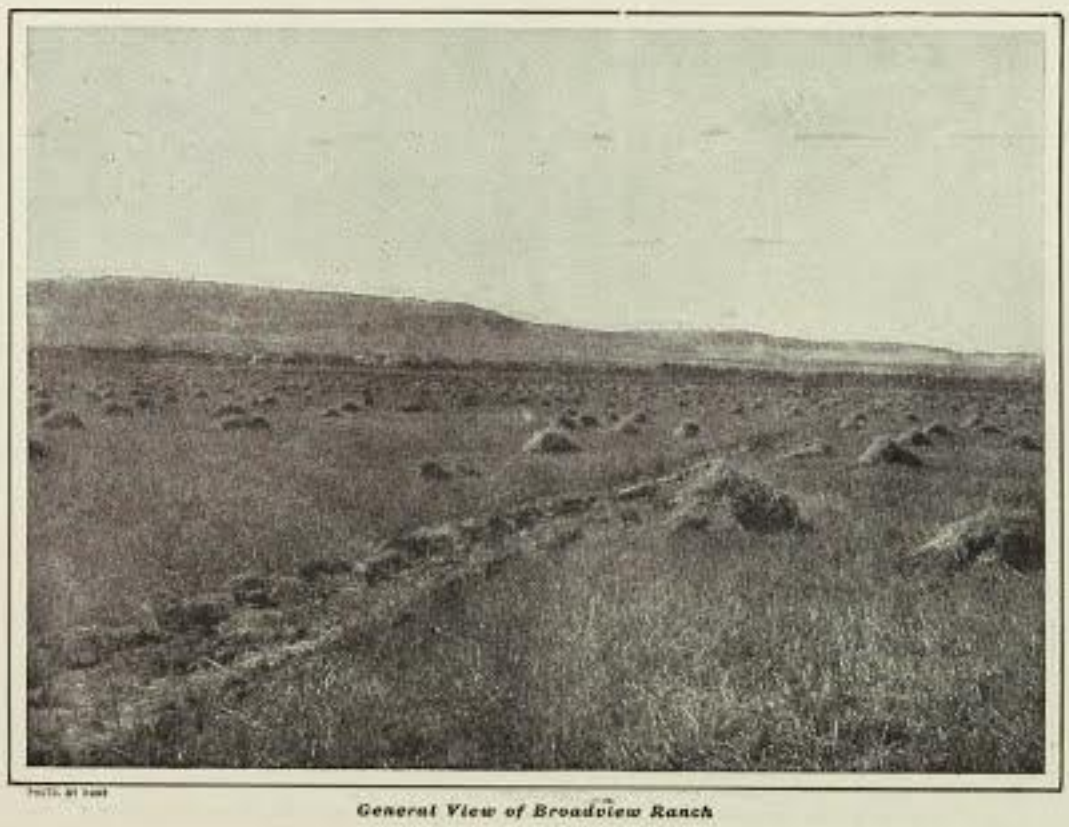
Alfalfa's Chief Enemies

IN THE preparation of the soil a subsurface packer is used to firm the subsoil. Then the ground is repeatedly disked. He regards the type of harrow commonly known as the Acme an almost ideal instrument for the fitting of dry-farming land to retain moisture. This throws the dirt both to right and left and is a great exterminator of weeds. One of these harrows follows his tractor plow and is in turn followed by a smoothing harrow. The result of this working, when continued over a sufficient period, is to "pump all the weeds and foulness out of the ground, close the lower air spaces in the soil and leave a well-granulated mulch over the level surface of the field." It is a mistake, according to Doctor Sudduth's findings, to use a surface roller on dry-farming land. A granular mulch is a much better moisture-conserver than a fine dust mulch.

During its first season of growth no alfalfa field in the Broadview Ranch is ever disturbed by cultivation. Before the weeds that have outlived the ordeal of the seedbed preparation are ready to go to seed, the young alfalfa is clipped and the cuttings allowed to remain as a mulch where they fall. All that should be expected of an alfalfa field the first season is to build up a strong root-system.

"A good many farmers in the humid sections," says Doctor Sudduth, "can't understand why they cannot get a healthy stand and growth of alfalfa on land that has been cropped to corn for several seasons. There is one thing that alfalfa will not tolerate and that is acidity in the soil. One of the most interesting experiments I ever made was in demonstrating that

(Continued on Page 85)



General View of Broadview Ranch

THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD MAN



There Were Three Horsetracks in the Road—Two Going Our Way and One Returning

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

WE WERE on our way to the Smallwood place—Abner and I. It was early in the morning and I thought we were the first on the road; but at the Three Forks, where the Lost Creek turnpike trails down from the mountains, a horse had turned in before us.

It was a morning out of Paradise, crisp and bright. The spider-webs glistened on the fence rails. The timber cracked. The ragweed was dusted with silver. The sun was moving upward from behind the world. I could have whistled out of sheer joy in being alive on this October morning and the horse under me danced; but Abner rode looking down his nose. He was always silent when he had this trip to make. And he had a reason for it.

The pastureland that we were going on to did not belong to us. It had been owned by the sheriff, Asbury Smallwood. In those days the sheriff collected the county taxes. One night the sheriff's house had been entered, burned over his head and a large sum of the county revenues carried off. No one ever found a trace of those who had done this deed. The sheriff was ruined. He had given up his lands and moved to a neighboring county. His bondsmen had been forced to meet the loss. My father had been one of them; but it was not the loss to my father that bothered Abner.

"The thing does not hurt you, Rufus," he said; "but it cripples Elnathan Stone and it breaks Adam Greathouse."

Stone was a grazier with heavy debts and Greathouse was a little farmer. I remember how my father chaffed Abner when he paid his portion of this loss.

"'The Lord gave,'" he said, "'and the Lord hath taken away'—eh, Abner?"

"But, Rufus," replied Abner, "did the Lord take? We must be sure of that. There are others who take."

It was clear what Abner meant. If the Lord took he would be resigned to it; but if another took he would follow with a weapon in his hand and recover what had been taken. Abner's God was an exacting Overlord and His requisitions were to be met with equanimity; but He did not go halves with thieves and he issued no letters of marque.

When the sheriff failed Abner had put cattle on the land in an effort to make what he could for the bondsmen. It was good grazing land, but it was watered by springs, and we had to watch them. A beef steer does not grow fat without plenty of water. We went every week to give the cattle salt and to watch the springs.

As we rode I presently noticed that Abner was looking down at the horsetrack. And then I saw what I had not noticed before, that there were three horsetracks in the road—two going our way and one returning—but only one of the tracks was fresh. Finally Abner pulled up his big chestnut. We were passing the old burned house. The crumbled foundations and the blasted trees stood at the end of a lane. There had once been a gate before the house at the end of this lane, but it was now nailed up. The horse going before us had entered this lane for a few steps, then turned back into the road.



"The Man Who Crossed There on Foot is the Same Man Who Came in on the Horse"

Abner did not speak. He looked at the track for a moment and then rode on. Presently we came to the bars leading from the road into the pasture. The horse had stopped here and its rider had got out of his saddle and let down the bars. One could see where the horse had gone through and the footprints of the rider were visible in the soft clay. The old horsetrack also went in and came out at these bars.

Abner examined the man's footprints with what I thought was an excess of interest. Travelers were always going through one's land; and, provided they closed the bars behind them, what did it matter? Abner seemed concerned about this traveler however. When we had entered the field he sat for some time in the saddle; and then, instead of going to the hills where the springs were, he rode up the valley toward a piece of woods. There was a little rivulet threading this valley and he watched it as he rode.

Finally, just before the rivulet entered the woods, he stopped and got down out of his saddle. When I came up he was looking at a track on the edge of the little stream. It was the footprint of a man, still muddy where the water had run into it. Abner stood on the bank beside the rivulet, and for a good while I could not imagine what he was waiting for. Then, as he watched the track, I understood. He was waiting for the muddy water to clear so he could see the imprint of the man's foot.

"Uncle Abner," I said, "what do you care about who goes through the field?"

"Ordinarily I do not care," he said, "if the man lays up the fence behind him; but there is something out of the ordinary about this thing. The man who crossed there on foot is the same man who came in on the horse. The footprints here and at the bars show the same plate on the bootheel. He rode a horse that had been here before today, because it remembered the lane and tried to turn in there. Moreover, the man did not wish to be seen, because he came early, hid the horse and went on foot back toward the burned house."

"How do you know that he had hidden the horse, Uncle Abner?"

For answer he beckoned to me and we rode into the woods. The leaves were damp and the horses made no sound. In a few moments Abner stopped and pointed through the beech trees, and I saw a bay horse tied to a sapling. The horse stood with his legs wide apart and his head down.

"The horse is asleep," said Abner; "it has been ridden all night. We must find the rider."

I was now alive with interest. The old story of the robbery floated before me in romantic colors. What innocent person would come here by stealth, ride his horse all night and then hide it in the woods? Moreover, as Abner said, this horse had been to the sheriff's house before today; and it had been there before the house was burned—because it had started to enter the old lane and had been turned back by its rider. We were all familiar with such striking examples of memory in horses. A horse, having once gone over a road and entered at a certain gate, will follow that road on a second trip and again enter that gate.

Then I remembered the old horsetrack that had preceded this one, and the solution of this thing appeared before me. The story had gone about that two men had robbed the sheriff and these evidences tallied with that story. Two men had ridden into that pasture; that one track was older was because one of the men had gone to tell the other to meet him here—had ridden back—and the other had followed. The horse of the first robber was doubtless concealed deeper in the wood. And why had they returned? That was clear enough—they had concealed the booty until now and had just come back for it.

The thrill of adventure tingled in my blood. We were on the trail of the robbers and they could not easily escape us. The one who had ridden this horse could not be far away, since his track in the brook was muddy when we found it; but why had he crossed the brook in the direction of the burned house? The way over the hill toward the house was wholly in the open—clean sod, not even a tree. The man on foot could not have been out of sight of us when we rode across the brook and round the brow of the hill—but he was out of sight. We sat there in our saddles and searched the land, lying smooth and open before us. There was the burned house below, bare as my hand, and the meadows, all open to the eye. A rabbit could not have hidden—where was the rider of that worn-out, sleeping horse?

Abner sat there looking down at this clean, open land. A man could not vanish into the air; he could not hide in a wisp of blue grass; he could not cross three hundred acres of open country while his track in a running brook remained muddy. He could have reached the brow of the hill and perhaps gone down to the house, but he could not have passed the meadows and the pasture field beyond without wings on his shoulders.

The morning was on its way; the air was like lotus. The sun, still out of sight, was beginning to gild the hilltops. I looked up; away on the knob at the summit of the hill there was an old graveyard—that was a curious custom, to put our dead on the highest point of land. A patch of sunlight lay on this village of the dead—and as I looked a thing caught my eye.

I turned in the saddle.

"I saw something flash up there, Uncle Abner."

"Flash," he said—"like a weapon?"

"Glitter," I said. And I caught up the bridle-rein.

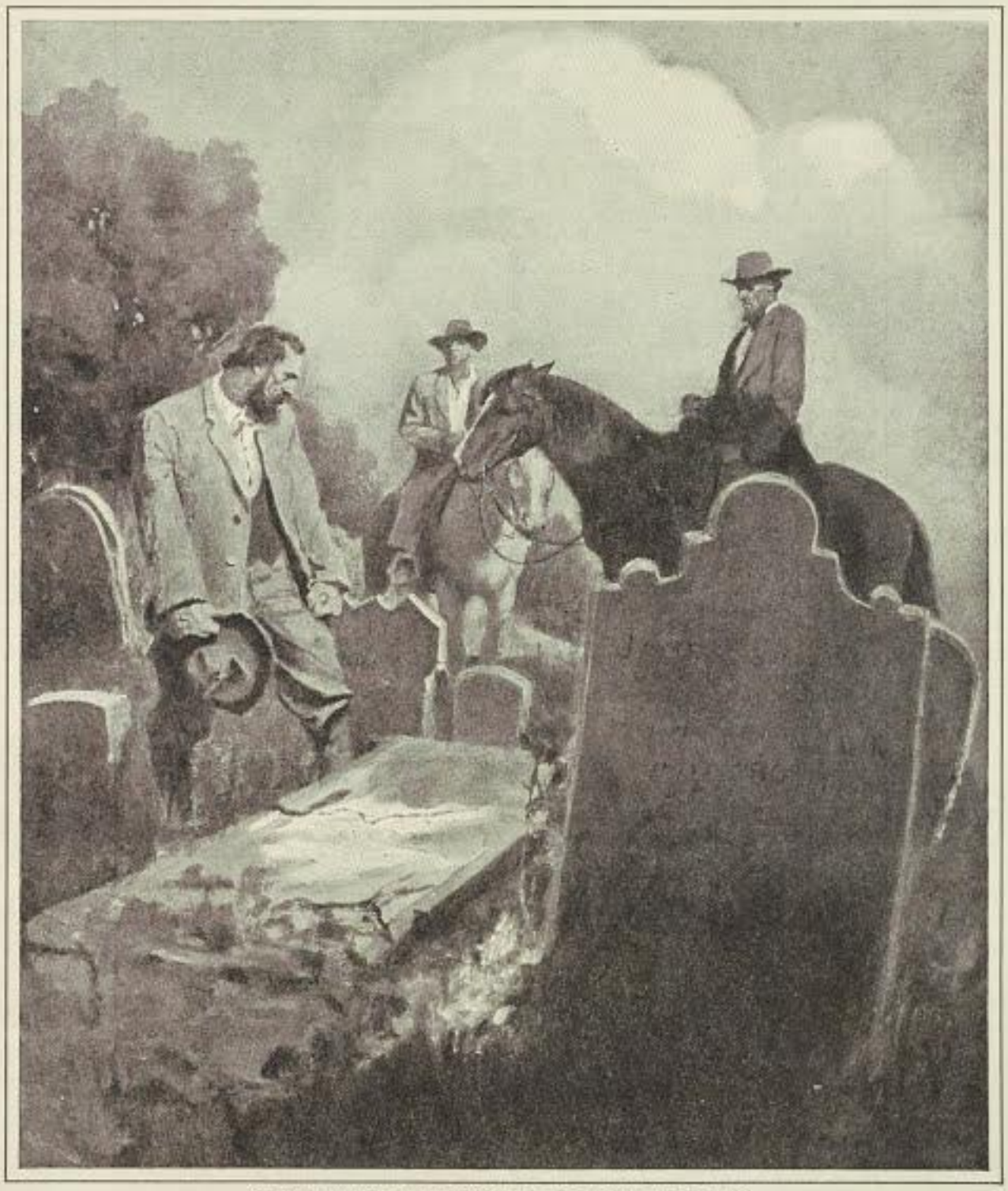
But Abner put his hand on the bit.

"Quietly, Martin," he said. "We will ride slowly round the hill, as though we were looking for the cattle, and go up behind that knob; there is a ridge there and we shall not be seen until we come out on the crest of the hill beside the graveyard."

We rode idly away, stopping now and then, like persons at their leisure. But I was afire with interest. All the way to the crest of the hill the blood skipped in my veins. The horses made no sound on the carpet of green sod. And when we came out suddenly beside the ancient graveyard I fully expected to see there a brace of robbers—like some picture in a story—with bloody cloths around their heads and pistols in their belts; or two bewhiskered pirates before a heap of pieces-of-eight.

On the tick of the clock I was disillusioned, however. A man who had been kneeling by a grave rose. I knew him in the twinkling of an eye. He was the sheriff. In the twinkling of an eye I knew why he was there; and I was covered with confusion. His father was buried in this old graveyard. It was a land where men concealed their feelings as one conceals the practice of a crime; and one would have stolen his neighbor's goods before he would have intruded upon the secrecy of his emotions.

I pulled up my horse and would have turned back, pretending that I had not seen him, for I was ashamed; but Abner rode on and presently I followed in amazement. If Abner had cursed his horse or warbled a ribald song I could not have been more astonished. I was ashamed for myself and I was ashamed for Abner. How could he ride in on a man who had just got up from beside his father's grave? My mind flashed back over Abner's life to find a precedent for this conspicuous inconsiderate act; but there was nothing like it in all the history of the man.



"Smallwood, You are a Thief and a Hypocrite and a Liar!"

When the sheriff saw us he wiped his face with his sleeve and went white as a sheet. And under my own shirt I felt and suffered with the man. I should have gone white like that if one had caught me thus. And in my throat I choked with bitterness at Abner. Had his heart tilted and every generous instinct been emptied out of it? Then I thought he meant to turn the thing with some word that would cover the man's confusion and save his feelings inviolate; but he shocked me out of that.

"Smallwood," said Abner, "you have come back!"

The man blinked as though the sun were in his eyes. He had not yet regained the mastery of himself.

"Yes," he said.

"And why do you come?" said Abner.

A flush of scarlet spread over the man's white face.

"And do you ask me that?" he cried. "It is the tomb of my father!"

"Your father," said Abner, "was an upright man. He lived in the fear of God. I respect his tomb."

"I thank you, Abner," replied the man. "I honor my father's grave."

"You honor it late," said Abner.

"Late!" echoed Smallwood.

"Late," said Abner.

The man spread out his hands with a gesture of resignation.

"You mean that my misfortune has dishonored my father?"

"No," said Abner, "that is not what I mean; by a misfortune no man can be dishonored—neither his father nor his father's father."

"What is it you mean, then?" said the man.

"Smallwood," said Abner, "is it not before you, where you in your ownership allowed the fence around this grave to rot I have rebuilt it, and where you allowed the weeds to grow up I have cut them down?"

It was the truth. Abner had put up a fence and had cleaned the graveyard. Only the myrtle and cinquefoil covered it. I thought the sheriff would be ashamed at that, but his face brightened.

"It is disaster, Abner, that brings a man back to his duties to the dead. In prosperity we forget, but in poverty we remember."

"The Master," replied Abner, "was not very much concerned about the dead; nor am I. The dead are in God's keeping! It is our duties to the living that should move us. Do you remember, Smallwood, the story of the young man who wished to go and bury his father?"

"I do," said Smallwood, "and I have always held him in honor for it."

"And so, too, the Master would have held him, but for one thing."

"What thing?" said Smallwood.

"That the story was an excuse," replied Abner.

I saw the light go out of the man's face and his lips tremble; and then he said what I was afraid he would say.

"Abner," he said, "if you are determined to gouge this thing out of me, why here it is: I cannot bear to live in this community any longer. I am ashamed to see those upon whom I have brought misfortune—Elnathan Stone, and your brother Rufus, and Adam Greathouse. I have made up my mind to leave the country forever, but I wanted to see the place where my father was buried before I went, because I shall never see it again. You don't understand how a man can feel like that; but I tell you, when a man is in trouble he will remember his father's roof if he is living, and his father's grave if he is dead."

I was so mortified before this confession that Abner's heartless manner had forced out of the man that I reached



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over and caught my uncle by the sleeve. My horse stood by Abner's chestnut, and I hoped that he would yield to my importunity and ride on; but he turned in his saddle and looked first at me and then down upon the sheriff.

"Martin," he said, "thinks we ought to leave you to your filial devotions."

"It is a credit to the child's heart," replied the man, "and a rebuke to you, Abner. It is a pity that age robs us of charity."

Abner put his hands on the pommel of his saddle and regarded the sheriff.

"I have read St. Paul's epistle on charity," he said, "and, after long reflection, I am persuaded that there exists a greater thing than charity—a thing of more value to the human family. Like charity, it rejoiceth not in iniquity, but it does not bear all things, or believe all things, or endure all things; and, unlike charity, it seeketh its own. . . . Do you know what thing I mean, Smallwood? I will tell you. It is Justice."

"Abner," replied the man, "I am in no humor to hear a sermon."

"Those who need a sermon," said Abner, "are rarely in the humor to hear it."

"Abner," cried the man, "you annoy me! Will you ride on?"

"Presently," replied Abner; "when we have talked together a little further. You are about to leave the country. I shall perhaps never see you again and I would have your opinion upon a certain matter."

"Well," said the man, "what is it?"

"It is this," said Abner. "You appear to entertain great filial respect, and I would ask you a question touching that regard: What ought to be done with a man who would use a weapon against his father?"

"He ought to be hanged," said Smallwood.

"And would it change the case," said Abner, "if the father held something which the son had intrusted to him and would not give it up because it belonged to another, and the son, to take it, should come against his father with an iron in his hand?"

The sheriff's face became a land of doubt, of suspicion, of uncertainty and, I thought, of fear.

"Abner," cried the man, "I do not understand; will you explain it?"

"I will explain this thing which you do not understand," replied Abner, "when you have explained a thing which I do not understand. Why was it that you came here last night and again this morning? That was two visits to your father's grave within six hours. I do not understand why you should make two trips—and one upon the heels of the other."

For a moment the man did not reply; then he spoke.

"How do you know that I was here last night? Did you see me come or did another see and tell you?"

"I did not see you," replied Abner, "nor did any one tell me that you came; but I know it in spite of that."

"And how do you know it?" said Smallwood.

"I will tell you," said Abner. "On the road this morning I observed two horse-tracks leading this way; they both turned in at the same crossroads and they both came to this place. One was fresh, the other was some hours old—it is easy to tell that on a clay road. I compared those two tracks and the third returning track, and presently I saw that they had been made by the same horse."

Abner stopped and pointed down toward the beech woods.

"Moreover," he continued, "your horse, hidden among those trees, is worn out and asleep. Now you live only some twenty miles away—that journey this morning would not have so fatigued your horse that he would sleep on his feet; but to make two trips—to go all night—to travel sixty miles—would do it."

The sheriff's head did not move, but I saw his eyes glance down. The glance did not escape Abner and he went on.

"I saw the crowbar in the grass there some time ago," he said; "but what has the crowbar to do with your two trips?"

I, too, saw now the iron bar. It was the thing that had glittered in the sun.

The man threw back his shoulders; he lifted his face and stood up. There came upon him the pose and expression of one who steps out at last desperately into the open.

"Yes," he said; "I was here last night. It was my horse that made those tracks in the road and it is my horse that is hidden in the woods now. And that is my crowbar in the grass. . . . And do you want to know why I made those two trips, and why I brought that crowbar, and why I hid my horse? . . . Well, I'll tell you, since there is no shame in you and no decent feeling, and you are determined to have it. . . . You can't understand, Abner, because you have a heart of stone; but I tell you I wanted to see my father's grave before I left the country forever. I was ashamed to meet the people over here and so I came in the night. When I got here I saw that the heavy slab over my father's grave had settled down and was wedged in against the coping. I tried to straighten it up, but I could not. . . . Well, what would you have done, Abner—gone away and left your father's tomb a ruin? . . . No matter what you would have done! I went back twenty miles and got that crowbar and came again to lift and straighten the stone over my father's grave before I left it. . . . And now, will you ride on and leave me to finish my work and go?"

"Smallwood," Abner said presently, "how do you know that your house was robbed before it was burned? Might it not be that the county revenues were burned with the house?"

"I will tell you how I know that, Abner," replied the man. "The revenues of the county were all in my deerskin saddle-pockets, under my pillow; when I awoke in the night the house was dark and filled with smoke. I jumped up, seized my clothes, which were on a chair by the bed, and ran downstairs; but, first, I felt under the pillow for my saddle-pockets—and they were gone."

"But, Smallwood," said Abner, "how can you be certain that the money was stolen out of your saddle-pockets if you did not find them?"

"I did find them," replied the sheriff; "I went back into the house and got the saddle-pockets and brought them out—and they were empty."

"That was a brave thing to do, Smallwood," said Abner—"to go back into a burning house filled with smoke and dark. You could have had only a moment."

"You speak the truth, Abner," replied the sheriff. "I had only a moment—the house was a pot of smoke. But the money was in my care, Abner. There was my duty—and what is a man's life against that!"

I saw Abner's back straighten and I heard his feet grind on the iron of his stirrups.

"And now, Smallwood," he said, and his voice was like the menace of a weapon, "will you tell me how it was possible for you to go into a house that was dark and filled with smoke, and thus quickly—in a moment—find those empty saddle pockets, unless you knew exactly where they were?"

I saw that Abner's question had impaled the man, as one pierces a fly through with a needle; and, like a fly, the man in his confusion fluttered.

"Smallwood," said Abner, "you are a thief and a hypocrite and a liar! And, like all liars, you have destroyed yourself! You not only stole this money but you tried to make your father an accomplice in that robbery. To conceal it, you hid it in this dead man's house. And, behold, the dead man has held his house against you! When you came here last night to carry away the money you found that the slab over your father's grave had fallen and wedged itself in against the limestone coping, and you could not lift it; and so you went back for that crowbar. . . . But who knows, you thief, what influence, though he be dead, a just man has with God! I came in time to help your father hold his house—and against his son, with a weapon in his hand!"

I saw the man cringe and writhe and shiver, as though he were unable to get out of his tracks; then the power came to him, and he vaulted over the fence and ran. He ran in fear down the hill and across the brook and into the wood; and a moment later he came out with his tired horse at a gallop.

Abner looked down from the hilltop on the flying thief, but he made no move to follow.

"Let him go," he said, "for his father's sake. We owe the dead man that much."

Then he got down from his horse, thrust the crowbar under the slab over the grave and lifted it up.

Beneath it were the sheriff's deerskin saddle-pockets and the stolen money!



Ralston is economical.

Don't be deceived!—the size of the package doesn't tell the story. Ralston is condensed—there is more actual food in a box of Ralston than in others with larger boxes.



Ralston is just the finest hard whole wheat, ground, with all the flavor and rich nutriment left in. Children love it.



Gives children just the kind of nourishment their growing bodies need.

Get a box of Ralston today, for your children's sake—you will like it, too.



PURINA WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR

contains all the nutriment of whole wheat. Makes delicious whole wheat bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Fine for growing children. Easily digested, highly nutritious. Ask for the checkerboard sack.

Don't Eat *Finger-print* Butter!

EAT *Blue Valley*.

Your dealer will gladly sell it to you because one *trial* makes a *steady* customer.

And Blue Valley will open your eyes to a new kind of butter economy; also to a *quality* you never dreamed existed.

Blue Valley The National Butter

Blue Valley is plus some things and minus others when compared with other butter.

It is a pure pasteurized butter churned fresh every day and sold in the original packages. It is *not* a Tub-butter nor a *cut-up butter* worked over. So you find neither marks of fingers, flavor of tub-wood, nor signs of age. This is where Blue Valley is *minus*.

But you *do* find a wonderful richness—a delicate, appetizing flavor found in no other butter. It is *characteristic* of Blue Valley *only*—put there by a ripening process of our own. This is where Blue Valley Butter is *plus*.

Plus because it stands for extra *value* that doesn't cost you a cent *extra*. Yet Blue Valley costs no more than any standard high grade butter. Since you *pay* for quality why not be sure you get it! Why not insist *on Blue Valley?*



TRADE-MARKS REGISTERED

Monster Sales

Blue Valley is pure, wholesome, fresh *always* and UNIFORM. It is ever the same. And because of its superlative goodness over 15,000,000 packages were sold in the past year. Today it is the National Butter.

FREE

Handsome set of silver Individual Butter Knives. Ask how to get them.

Dealers Blue Valley dealers get the bulk of the local butter business. Permanent, well satisfied trade. Send for liberal proposition.

Correspondence solicited and orders filled at any creameries below.

Address one nearest you.

Blue Valley Creamery Company

Chicago
Indianapolis
St. Joseph, Mo.
Sioux City, Iowa
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Hastings, Nebr.

WHERE THE PROFITS GO

Some Reasons Why Business Failures Occur

By G. W. WRIGHT

IN MANY apparently successful commercial enterprises conditions are constantly brought to light by expert business and cost systematizers which show very serious effects on the profits. During the past few years many close-observing merchants and manufacturers have discovered that they are not obtaining the net results which they had anticipated; but few of them have yet found a way to eliminate losses and permanently stop heavy drains. Much has been written and said about better accounting methods and many ideas have been tried, but with varying results. Plans of all descriptions have been used by the incompetent; but it still requires the services of the business expert of wide experience to show, by an effective system, wherein the business has failed to produce the desired results.

The whole question of stopping losses, in almost any business, seems to simplify itself when properly understood. Suppose we consider first, for example, a manufacturer. The expert, when investigating the accounting methods used in a factory, will make a thorough and careful study until he finds every weak place and every actual and possible leak. He is very careful to find the manufacturing cost of every article, search for losses in the material and labor, and note every expense item connected with the entire plant. Having obtained a thorough knowledge of every detail, he sets to work instituting changes, cutting off expenses, reducing costs and bringing certain departments up to their highest degree of efficiency—discontinuing those that are unprofitable and suggesting any other needed changes that he deems advisable. In this way every unproductive part of the business will be quickly eliminated. The business is under his watchful eye for a space of time until every part is working harmoniously and producing even better results than were originally conceived.

A Goldsmith's Lax Methods

The skilled cost-system man never attempts to make a business fit a cast-iron, ready-made "system." He studies, devises, adapts, compares, tries out and keeps a constant watch until he knows exactly what is needed. He then fits a practical method of obtaining costs to the business which is as definite in its results and as positive in its operation as any scientific law.

The writer, having had several years' experience with small manufacturers, recalls many instances where lax methods could have been discarded and waste of time and material stopped, which would have resulted in a substantial increase of profit. A good-sized jewelry shop adopted the following method of charging gold to workmen: The gold was usually in the shape of a square bar, half an inch thick and some three inches in length; it was laid in one side of a scale-pan and a certain amount of buckshot poured into the pan opposite, which was supposed to balance the gold in weight; the gold was handed to the workman for his job and the shot retained in his special glass vial on the superintendent's bench. When the job was completed the workman was credited by having some shot taken from this vial to balance the finished article he had turned in, and at the end of the week the scrap and filings in his workbox were supposed to balance the shot in the glass receptacle—leaving no metal to his debit. A perfect balance at the week's end was rarely struck, however. Often the workman had more gold scrap by weight in his workbox than the shot would balance and sometimes more shot in weight than gold. The employees were quick to see this makeshift and it became a subject for laughter with them; they frequently remarked that if they wanted to steal they could do so without being detected. The firm paid little attention to the matter and called the difference in weight an "average."

Ten million pairs - and why -

DURING the past year *ten million* pairs of Interwoven Socks have been sold.

This is the result of an unusual policy.

In the past merchants have sometimes been forced into handling a brand of socks by the sheer weight of heavy advertising.

We adopted a different method.

* * *

We had discovered a new and unusual knitting process never before used by any hosiery manufacturer.

With more than 50 years experience in the making of hosiery and knitting machinery—with a factory operated by experts from leading hosiery mills of England, Germany and the United States—we proceeded to develop and perfect this new process.

It is now known as the "Interwoven Process."

It equips the socks with a wear-resisting fabric at *every* point of wear—toe, heel, sole and ankle—leaving the other portions light and sheer.

It gives you *all* of the good features common to high-grade hosiery and, *in addition*, a wearing quality never before attained. All at no extra cost to you.

* * *

In other words—

Interwoven Socks are *darned before they are sold.*

They are *the light-weight socks that really wear.*

We invented and patented the machines which make Interwoven Socks, and these machines are built and operated by us exclusively.

* * *

Having first thoroughly satisfied ourselves, through a long series of practical wearing tests, that we had succeeded in producing a sock that would far outwear any other light sock made, we offered them to retailers.

No attempt whatever was made to *force* the retailer to handle them, or the consumer to demand them.

We proposed to sell these socks solely upon their own merits.

* * *

That was 5 years ago.

Today Interwoven Socks are sold by 5,000 merchants—10,000,000 pairs a year.

Interwoven Socks are now the largest selling mill-brand of half-hose in existence.

Up to the present time they have been advertised almost solely by the good word of every wearer. No premiums, coupons, or other inducements to purchase. Nothing but straight merchandise. The Interwoven Sock has won on *merit* alone.

* * *

If you are not yet wearing Interwoven Socks, the chances are that it's because you have not been told about them.

We are only now commencing to tell our story through advertising.

This advertisement is the first of a series fully explaining the merits of Interwoven Socks, and showing why they won such wide-spread popularity in so short a time.

* * *

Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries. One trial pair will convince you.

Made in all fashionable shades.

25c, 35c, and 50c the pair.

Interwoven Stocking Company
New Brunswick, N. J.



AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



Must a Burglar First Come?

SOME night he will come—the armed, expert, masked visitor.

Will you get a burglar before you get a Savage Automatic or will you get a Savage Automatic before you get a burglar?

The Savage is the gun you can shoot straight in the dark. The gun you can aim as easy as pointing your finger.

No other gun shoots over nine shots, against the Savage *eleven* shots. And no other gun can be reloaded so quick. And no other gun is so light and compact. And no other gun is carried by Detectives Wm. J. Burns, Wm. Pinkerton and Walter Duncan. And no other gun is "boosted" by these crack shots: Buffalo Bill, "Bat" Masterson, Dr. Carver, E. C. Crossman.

Make up your mind to get a Savage Automatic *before* you get a burglar. Get one today unless you know positively the burglar is *not* coming tonight. The telephone will get one if you're too busy just now.

Gun Fighter Book, Free

For your dealer's name on a post-card, you can get "Bat" Masterson's book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn," about the famous gun fighters in the days when Masterson was Sheriff at Dodge City. Free.

Famous Savage Rifles

Also ask for the Rifle Book, showing the famous Savage Takedown Featherweight, the high-power rifle with interchangeable barrels, for $25.00, and other Savage Rifles. Savage Arms Co., 79 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.

THE NEW SAVAGE AUTOMATIC

Look for the Emery label



Emery means Custom Satisfaction without the extra cost and the bother and delay of being measured.

Emery means correct fit, fast colors, dependable materials and making, and big money's-worth in wear.

Emery means PRE-SHRUNK NECKBANDS—no tightening; no discomfort, after washing.

Emery means sleeve lengths, in each size of shirt, for men of long, short and medium reach. And—

Emery means money back or—a New Shirt for One That Fails. Guarantee ticket in each shirt.

GUARANTEED fit, color and wear.

Write for The Emery Book illustrating and describing styles for Fall and Winter. Let us fill your order through your dealer.

Walter M. Steppacher & Bro., Makers, The *Emery* Shirt, Philadelphia

Sales Offices also in New York, Chicago and St. Louis

Another manufacturing jeweler, when supplying his workmen with gold, gave each of them a small memorandum book; on the first left page, written in ink by the foreman, was the exact weight in pennyweights of gold taken for their jobs. When an article was finished and delivered to the foreman its exact weight in pennyweights was written on the opposite page. At the end of the week each workman's book balanced, or, if not, a definite reason was forthcoming. It is very evident that the last plan is much simpler and far superior to the buckshot method, which never balanced exactly with the gold, due to inaccuracies almost impossible to obviate. Gold could be easily taken by dishonest workmen or lost by carelessness and never missed. In a shop of twelve or more men a large item of shortage of gold would be raised in a few years, but could never be recovered. With a proper system, the exact loss in weight would be found the first week.

In another instance a certain shop bought several gallons of oil; the can became leaky and a third of it was thus wasted. When a box of soap was bought cakes were generously distributed at the sink where the workmen washed, but the soap disappeared with amazing rapidity; investigation showed that cakes were left in the wash-basins containing water over night and in the morning were a total waste. Expensive glass measuring instruments were allowed to be put where they were accidentally broken. Old antiquated presses and lathes were used, which took some of their highest-paid men five times longer to set the tools than in good presses which would do far better work. Now these items all seem of very small account; hence they go on year after year unnoticed, and the manufacturer with half-open eyes continues to mourn over his heavy expense, sharp competition and small profits. Until these apparently trivial expenses—which all enter into the cost of production—are checked and seemingly little wastes stopped and his cost is brought to a correct figure, he can never hope to meet his competitors in quoting prices on his products. Without the best methods of discovering and eliminating losses and wastes and apportioning costs, some of the largest corporations in America would go into insolvency in a few years, no matter how big their business.

Expensive House-Cleaning

Mr. Collins' most excellent article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some time ago contained an account bearing on this point. In a large manufacturing plant, using a great quantity of alcohol, a careless employee allowed several barrels of this valuable fluid to go to waste and run over the floor because he failed to see that the cocks were turned off when filling the tanks. As the alcohol was cleaned up, it took with it several years' accumulation of filth and dirt. The president of the concern chanced to be in that part of the plant the same day and remarked how clean the floor was and how spick-and-span everything looked. The employee did everything to remove suspicion of the occurrence, fearing he would lose his job; but the loss was never detected, for an accurate system, which would have showed up the shortage, was unheard of at that plant. However, a clean floor was had at the expense of about three hundred dollars.

Every business man remembers how cautiously he was warned in boyhood to bestow considerable care on certain small coins and that larger ones would look out for themselves—an old saw it may be, yet success is built on this very principle. Look out for the costs and losses, and fat profits will be the positive result. This is as safe a rule to follow as the pennies-and-dollars adage referred to.

A commercial veteran sent out two salesmen. One made a large number of sales, but his expenses were excessively large and heavy risks were involved in many of his transactions. The other man made fewer sales, but saved the firm a large expense item by his careful and thorough methods. The first man pointed with pride to his results. "Yes," said the old man; "you can sell goods, Frank, but what interests me most are the sales that are made where there is least expense to cut into the profits."

It is practically impossible accurately to gauge the profits, where many kinds of goods are manufactured, until the various expenses connected with the factory have been carefully analyzed. This work should



"The Easiest Shoe for Women"

Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

The result of our thirty-one years' study of the problem of giving women *comfortable* footwear with *style* retained. Ease, style, and wear combined to make a perfect shoe. Made in all leathers, button or lace; high or common sense heels.

Boots, $4.00 and $4.50
Oxfords, $3.50 and $4.00
Sold by Leading Dealers

If your dealer does not sell the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe

Write for Style Book

and we will tell you the name of one who does.

UTZ & DUNN CO.
80 Canal St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO SHOE DEALERS:

We grant exclusive sale on the Dr. Edison Cushion Shoe. 1000 agencies established last year. Write us at once for wholesale price list and our proposition to dealers.

UTZ & DUNN CO. Rochester, N. Y.



TYPEWRITER USERS: If you want More Speed—More Salary

Study the Tulloss Touch System. The standard speed method for over ten years. *New Expert Training Course* (just ready) will quickly fit you for the expert's place—the expert's pay. Don't be satisfied to begin low, nor to remain low. Change from sight to touch, from mediocre to expert, get ready for the high-grade place. Spare time study, no interference with regular work, for beginners or experienced operators.

SEND FOR OUR 72-PAGE FREE BOOK

which describes this new Course in detail, and gives full information. Brim full of new ideas and valuable suggestions. Not an instruction book, but of greater value—a comprehensive treatise on fast touch typewriting. Tells how high speed is gained, discusses accuracy, ease of operation, every vital detail. 72 pages of helpful facts. Every stenographer, every intending stenographer, should have this book. It marks out a sure road to a greater ability, a bigger income.

If you use the machine and want more speed—more accuracy—more ease in writing—a high class position and the expert's pay, send for this book today—at once.

THE TULLOSS SCHOOL OF TOUCH TYPEWRITING
37 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

Deer Skin Tobacco Pouch Free!



This extraordinary offer is made to introduce to you our **Tobacco Direct From Factory**, and we know it; so try it once you will use it always. Send 40c for one-fourth pound of **French's Mixture** (*granulated*) or send 45c for one-fourth pound **French's Long Cut Smoking Tobacco** and we will include **free a Deer Skin Tobacco Pouch** that retails alone for 25c. We **guarantee the tobacco**, so if not entirely satisfied, will refund your money. *Mention this ad. with your order.* Remit postage stamps, money order or check.

French Tobacco Co., Dept. E, Statesville, N. C.

Just a little *Quicker* every stroke *makes the* *Light Touch* Monarch *the typewriter of efficiency*



LIGHT Touch Monarch machines make possible a stroke that is just a little quicker *without interference*—and with every stroke a little quicker, more work can be done in the same time. Hence, more business, more profit.

Write us and we will write you.

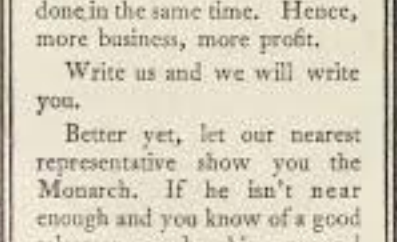
Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York.

Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal

Branches and dealers in all countries.



Social Enjoyment
Fraternal Assistance
Insurance for the Family
are best combined in the

Royal Arcanum

a FRATERNAL BENEFICIARY SOCIETY
Chartered under the Laws of Massachusetts



Membership is effected through some one of its nearly 2000 Councils in this country and Canada.

Certificates are issued in amounts of **$1000, $2000** or **$3000** payable to legally designated beneficiaries of a member's decease.

Over **$143,000,000 has already been paid** to 54,000 such beneficiaries during the past 34 years. Assessments moderate and **in easy monthly payments.**

Any man between 21 and 55 years of age desiring to be a partner in a great secret fraternal beneficiary society, of 248,000 members, where brotherly assistance in accident or sickness is extended through its local Councils and Hospital Bed Fund Associations and protection guaranteed to his loved ones at his death, can learn full particulars by applying to any local Council, or by addressing

ALFRED T. TURNER, Supreme Secretary
Box E, Station A, Boston, Mass.

FREEMASONS "Ralph de Tourtlay, Freemason," a K. T. romance of 1913 A. D.—historic, Masonic—begins in October. Will interest the family. Short stories, science, philosophy. 1 yr. $1; 3 yrs. $2; clubs of 3, 80c each; samples 10c. **Masonic Advocate, Indianapolis, or Pendleton, Ind.**



"The beautiful rests on the foundations of the necessary."—Emerson.

THE inherent beauty of the Abbott-Detroit Closed Cars, resulting from the useful and adaptable character of their design, makes them models of their types.

¶ Unlike most enclosed vehicles, they have an abundance of room inside.

¶ The cushions are wide and thick—the head room ample—and the back upholstering so thick and well arranged that large hats can be worn with comfort—a feature which commends itself to women.

¶ The exterior and interior are carefully finished and the bodies are so constructed as to not only be dust and weather proof, but perfectly rigid and noiseless as well.

¶ Both cars are well suited for shopping, calling, town car use and theater going—particularly in inclement weather, when they are always snug and comfortable inside.

Abbott-Detroit "44" Fore-door Limousine, fully equipped with Bullet electric head lights, electric side and tail lights, 180 ampere hour lighting battery, Tungsten lamps—body of lamps black enamel with nickel plated trimmings, 36 x 4 inch tires, front; 37 x 4½ inch rear, universal demountable rims, horn and complete set of tools **$3,000**

Abbott-Detroit "30" Colonial Coupé, fully equipped with Bullet electric head lights, electric side and tail lights, 100 ampere hour lighting battery, Tungsten lamps, 34 x 4 inch tires, demountable rims, horn and complete set of tools **$2,150**

These cars are completely described in our 1912 Art Catalogue.

Abbott Motor Company, 601 Waterloo St., Detroit, Michigan



be done only by a skilled system expert who has had a wide experience and who knows exactly how to adjust every expense and apportion it correctly to every article. The apportioning of what are termed "overhead expenses" to various factory products has of late been given considerable attention by cost-accountants in order to arrive at the exact cost of each article and to ascertain the true profits.

A manufacturer of novelties in a large eastern city engaged a cost-accounting firm to install a system by which the exact cost of production could be known. The system man, in going over the plant, found many articles which went through in some of the departments charged with the same overhead expense as those articles which went through all the departments of the factory. If an article, for instance, was composed of wood and steel it should be charged with its portion of the overhead expense of the steel department and, also, with a portion of the overhead expense in the wood-working department.

It is evident that to charge a percentage of the overhead expenses of the entire factory to an article which passes through but one or two instead of all departments swells the cost of that article out of all proportion and opens a way for competitors to undersell and capture trade. A manufacturer who is questioned as to why he charges an overhead expense of ten per cent or twenty-five per cent, as the case may be, naïvely answers: "Jones & Company, out in Michigan, charged that percentage. I traveled for them a good many years before I started in business for myself, and I have always judged they had a good accounting method; and what they considered good enough for them ought to be good enough for me." Nothing more foolish is to be imagined. The Jones concern may derive their power from a stream that passes their factory and be free from high cost of power. They may be located by a railroad siding and save transportation expense. Again, because of certain concessions made to them by the town, they may be exempt from taxation for a number of years; in fact, a multitude of considerations enter into the determining of overhead expenses. It is fair to assume that no two firms in a thousand—even those engaged in the same lines of business—will have the same percentage of these charges. In some establishments this important item is based on productive labor. This way of arriving at the percentage will not always work out well.

Slaughter House Cost-Keeping

As an instance, a large abattoir near the city of New York tried this method of distributing their overhead expenses, but the plan failed to meet expectations. Their "productive labor" was considered to be the wages paid to butchers for slaughtering all animals, whether cattle, sheep or calves. The management thought the overhead expenses could be properly proportioned accordingly; but, for obvious reasons, the estimated results in accordance with their so-called system failed to agree with the actual results obtained at the end of the fiscal period. A business expert was called in and, on making an investigation, showed up their error in figuring costs. The butchers were paid on a piecework basis and received the same price for killing a fifteen-hundred-pound steer as for one weighing eight hundred pounds. It is needless to state that the expenses are larger for selling fifteen hundred pounds of dressed meats than for eight hundred pounds, which also includes cartage, handling and refrigerating. The only method for a logical and accurate proportioning in this case was to distribute these overhead expenses, previously enumerated, according to weight. After adopting this method, the actual results worked out entirely satisfactorily and at the end of the year following convincingly proved to be the correct solution of this problem. This matter of weight also worked out accurately with a large structural steel concern. Their overhead expenses—such as expenses in the plant, shipping expenses, office expenses, traveling expenses, etc.—were all based on the tonnage of the steel; the heavier the steel or the more steel used, the larger its share of the overhead charges.

One of the most discouraging conditions to meet in manufacturing is the failure of an estimated result. After working long and hard, and believing every part is working in concord, it is discovered that there is

Imperial $3 Hats



THE dealer who has the agency for *Imperial* $3 hats in your City sells *Imperial* hats because, in his judgment, they are the smartest and best value he can offer you.

The *Imperial* label, No. 1, in a hat guarantees the style. The quality and service of every *Imperial* is guaranteed by an Insurance Policy, No. 2, which is under the sweat band of every hat.

The style No. 1241, illustrated above, is one of the Fifty smart *Imperial* styles for Fall. Send for our portfolio of *Imperial* Hat Fashions and write us for the name of the *Imperial* agent in your town.

SAMUEL MUNDHEIM CO., Makers, 15 Astor Place, New York
Brooklyn Chicago Canada

Benjamin Clothes



IF you had the opportunity of going to an exclusive Fifth Avenue tailor for your Fall clothes, you would pay several times as much, but the style he would give you is matched "to a dot" in BENJAMIN clothes.

Made of the best foreign and domestic cloths, cut and tailored by the most skilled craftsmen and by thoroughly scientific methods, BENJAMIN clothes for Men and Young Men present in every line and detail of finish the smartest current creations of New York and London tailors. BENJAMIN clothes are exactly adapted to the requirements of the well dressed American, and are moderate in prices.

BENJAMIN SUITS & OVERCOATS
For Fall and Winter, at $20 up

Write us for our Fall Book of New York styles as well as for the name of the clothier nearest you from whom you can obtain BENJAMIN clothes

Alfred Benjamin & Co
NEW YORK

a great falling off of the expected profit. An accounting firm was called in to find the leak in the profits of a factory turning out metal specialties. This manufacturer was using several delicately constructed machines in finishing his products; frequently these machines got out of order and needed readjusting. A high-priced toolmaker, ordinarily engaged at other work, often spent hours getting these machines to work right; during this time the power was running and not producing; six girl operators depending on these machines were idle and still drawing their wages. The firm's output was based on ten hours a day; so were their overhead expenses—in reality, they were getting considerably less. When a proper cost system was installed it showed where the losses were and why the profits did not reach the expected amount.

Another article made in this same factory passed through four operations in four different machines; as fast as the finished parts were turned out, six boys stood waiting to carry them to the next machine. The system man—amazed at such waste of labor—suggested a table fitted with casters, on which could be laid the parts to be taken to the other machines, wheeled by one boy, thereby dispensing with the services of the other five for this work and giving them more profitable employment in other departments. This one change alone considerably reduced the cost of this article. This proves conclusively that the best way to enlarge the profits is not merely to increase the output but to cut down every useless expense on the production. A more systematic handling of material and a better concentrated working force are going to bring about marvelous changes in the near future, which will affect both production and the capital invested.

Loss by Careless Estimates

The hot competitive rivalry often seen among printers when estimating for work is an example of the way profits are murdered. Some years ago an advertising man submitted a carefully made-up dummy booklet, which he had prepared for a manufacturer, to four printing concerns for a price on printing. When he received their replies he was astonished to find a difference of more than one hundred per cent from the lowest to the highest estimate. Amused and curious, he went to the lowest bidder and asked him if the job would be guaranteed satisfactory at that price. On receiving assurance that it would, he went a point farther and asked if there had not been some mistake made in the estimate. The proprietor himself had done the figuring and with wideopen eyes went over his estimate again and sheepishly admitted he had forgotten to allow for the cost of the ink, which in this case was very important, as it was a three-color job and the order was for several thousand copies. He was allowed to add the cost of the ink and contract for the work. Careful figuring afterward disclosed the fact that his profits were not leading him rapidly on the royal road to fortune. It has been found in many instances that business men in sharp competition have given estimates far below the profit mark, entirely guessing on some parts of the work instead of actually knowing the cost. Discovery has been made when too late of the loss they have sustained and the bad precedent they have established.

Many merchants are satisfied when their profit-and-loss account at the end of each year shows that they are making money; but have their profits been as large as they could have been had they not been affected by drags in some of the departments? An admirable case is illustrated in the following: A pharmacy centrally located in a city of over three hundred thousand people was operating with advanced methods; every part and branch of the business was departmentalized and was always under the eye of the manager; every expense was charged up to the department to which it belonged or distributed equally to such departments as were judged best. The wages were charged direct to each corresponding department; the rent was apportioned to each department according to space used; the unit was obtained on the electric light bill as to the number of lights in each department; the delivery system was charged according to sales in each department—and every other expense similarly proportioned. It became highly interesting to watch how neatly this plan

Save Your Wife

All Ironing Drudgery



The Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron

Does better work in half the time, easier and at one-tenth the cost of old way, besides saving strength, health and nerves of women folk.

Heats itself from the inside with gasoline or denatured alcohol. **Better and cheaper than gas or electricity**—no wires or tubes in the way. No changing, no waiting for heated or fussing with half-cold irons—no endless walking from stove to work.

The Imperial Self-Heating Flat Iron is hot all the time. Heat instantly regulated. Safe, cleanly, odorless.

Burns Five Hours for One Cent

Use anywhere. Always ready. Light, beautiful. Guaranteed fully. Costs little. **Pays for itself in three months.**

Sent FREE Illustrated booklet, "Ironing Comfort" and **10-Day FREE** Trial Offer. Write today.

Imperial Brass Manufacturing Co.
Dept. 29, 450-460 S. Jefferson St., Chicago



Do You Want This Position?

You can't have it because this man is ABLE TO FILL IT!

But you can have one just as good if you will become a specialist.

The International Correspondence Schools were devised to give working men money-making knowledge. Great employers readily accept I. C. S. students.

If you want to know how you can benefit by this great system, mark on the coupon the line of work you desire, and mail the coupon to the International Correspondence Schools.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.
Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Languages: Spanish, French, German, Italian
Concrete Construction	Commercial English
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Industrial Designing
Stationary Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Mechanical Engineer	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man
Architectural Draftsman	Stenographer
Electrical Engineer	Bookkeeper
Electric Lighting Supt.	Poultry Farming

Name_____
Present Occupation_____
Street and No._____
City_____ State_____

Factory Price $16.50 on a $25 Karpen Chair

To advertise Karpen Furniture we make this special offer for a limited time, if bought through a Karpen dealer.

The above price represents our factory cost of labor and materials. All factory selling expenses and profits have been eliminated.

These are most beautiful and comfortable chairs, good enough for a place in the wealthiest home. The price puts them within the reach of people of moderate means. Suitably covered, they can be used in any room or reception hall in any home.

We believe our best advertisement is to place a beautiful example of Karpen Furniture, such as these chairs, in every home in America. To accomplish this, we offer the greatest possible value in two specially designed, beautiful and useful chairs, intended for every-day comfort. Please read this description.

No. 229. English Rocker (Arm Chair to match)

is a type of an Early-English style of Queen Mary's time. It is very beautiful, large and roomy. The exposed frame work is solid mahogany. Full spring seat of Karpen Guaranteed Construction, luxuriously upholstered seat and back cushioned with curled black genuine hair over Florida Moss. Height from floor, 3 ft. 3 in. Height of back from seat, 2 ft. 1 in. 2 ft. wide and seat 1 ft. 6 in. deep. Either Armchair or Rocker covered in Art Denim



$16.50

or your choice of these coverings, Karpen Genuine Sterling Leather, Spanish Morocco Leather, Finest Genuine Panne Mohair Plush or in Tapestry of equal grade in any coloring at

$20.75

KARPEN Guaranteed Upholstered FURNITURE

is the highest achievement in furniture design, in comfort and in construction. It is covered with fine fabrics or best genuine leathers. We use Karpen spring construction specified by U. S. Government. All Karpen Furniture is guaranteed to be trustworthy. We know of no other maker who gives you this protection.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture — TRADE-MARK

To identify our productions when shopping, look for our trade-mark.

If you contemplate the purchase of other furniture for any room in your home, you should send for our Instructive Design Book, mailed free. Read it and purchase with greater wisdom.

Karpen Furniture is sold only through reputable dealers. Write for dealer's name who can offer you the special prices on the chairs shown above.

S. Karpen & Bros.

Karpen Bldg., Chicago Karpen Bldg., New York
20 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass.

World's Largest Makers of fine Upholstered Furniture

Learn About Brick



Every one admires a brick house. Few realize its low cost and economy.

A revolution in building materials is taking place, the Brick Era is here. The use of Brick is increasing tremendously because it is the best possible material and it now costs little if any more than wood.

Learn the Facts. Send today for our **Free Book**, "A Revolution in Building Materials."

Two Books of New House Designs from leading architects' offices, sent on receipt of price.
"A House of Brick for $16,000," 2nd Edition, 41 designs, 25c.
"A House of Brick of Moderate Cost" ($5,000 to $7,000). 71 designs, 50c.
When writing state character of work you have in mind.

TRADE MARK

THE BUILDING BRICK ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
1321 Flatiron Building, New York

—DON'T PAY TWO PRICES—

Save $18.00 to $22.00 on

HOOSIER HEATERS & RANGES



Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such less, instead of Factory Prices? **THIRTY DAYS FREE TRIAL BEFORE YOU BUY.** Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. **SEND POSTAL TODAY FOR OUR FREE CATALOG AND PRICES**

Base Burner

HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY
217 State St. Marion, Ind.

The Life of a Taxicab

A large laundry company "averaged" profits and expenses every year; the proprietors thought their methods were about the best to be had and supposed that every department worked out profitably. They were induced to try a monthly report on every branch of their business, and to their astonishment found they could save snug sums of money by making changes and eliminating wastes. Almost unpardonable errors are committed in this way by the business man who clings to the old, antiquated, timeworn methods his ancestors used, and strives against the hustling, energetic managers, equipped with all that is modern, perfectly abreast with the times and in accord with every progressive movement.

Depreciation is another item to be considered in estimating profits and losses. In many cases it is no easy matter to give the correct depreciation on machines, tools, vehicles, etc., when in steady use. Profits and losses can be made to show serious errors by incorrect depreciation values. A cost expert who has given this matter a deal of study takes for an example a taxicab, which he states should be figured on a basis of thirty-three and one-third per cent depreciation a year, allowing three years as the average life of the vehicle—and even then not taking the repairs into consideration.

Forty years ago an industrious German with very little capital opened a wholesale meat business; later he added a slaughter house and prepared his own products for market. He worked early and late; supervised every detail, from the buying of the smallest equipment to the paying or the collecting of the largest bills. He prospered, built up a large business, became wealthy and died. The sons were then given control of the business, which was now going forward by leaps and bounds. They decided to enlarge the plant, which they did at a big outlay, supposing the profits would continue to pile up; but new conditions were to be met with—competition became strong and a keen mind was required to direct the management. After a year or two the profits were falling below the estimated figures. A firm of systematizers was called in and asked to show reasons why the margin of profit was not worked out and showed with barometric precision the profit-producing departments of the store. The manager knew every fluctuation of the business; and under this excellent method, if a department was found lagging in profits—if there was no way of making an improvement—it could be discontinued and all loss saved.

It is astonishing sometimes to find clear, level-headed business men, who are good buyers, skilled salesmen and even successful in managing, contenting themselves with the supposition that all parts of their business are producing satisfactory returns, and that an investigation to be absolutely sure of results is unnecessary. A case of this kind was observed in a large sporting-goods house favorably located in a large city in an Eastern state. This company did a heavy wholesale business that was very profitable; it was always believed the retail department paid a fair profit also—the owner directed his attention to the wholesale end, having but little time to devote to the retail store. One day this guessing proprietor really wished to know how each department paid. A high-class accounting firm took hold of the case and in a very short time showed the proprietor, to his great astonishment, that the profits in his retail department were not only nil but that he was running it at a loss, and that this loss was covered up by the profits in his wholesale department. There was no way, under conditions existing at the time, to institute changes that would remedy this defect. The retail store was discontinued as soon as possible and the entire strength of the former retail branch merged into wholesaling. The concern is now turning this former loss into profits of good proportions.

The "yearly average" idea is another fallacy calculated to deceive even the very elect, unless they are wise enough to see that they should know the true state of the profits oftener than once or twice a year. By having a proper monthly-result system, the proprietors of several different lines of business can quickly ascertain the beneficial changes and overcome detriments that would take years to learn otherwise.

RICE'S MILL WHITE



Knotair Hosiery Mill, Phila.

THIS paint will give maximum light in your plant. It is making better working conditions, better sanitation, increasing output in hundreds of successful industrial plants.

Rice's Mill White is *mill equipment.* Made under a secret process—adapted to your needs. Highest reflective power—increases light (as shown by scientific test) from 19 to 36 per cent. *"The Paint that Brims over with Sunlight."* Carries the light into corners—giving you use of dark space.

An enamel-like surface—no place for lodgment of germs. Flows and lays smoothly. *Will not crack and scale.*

Managers of the greatest plants in the country have proved these claims. Prove them for *yourself.*

A Gallon Can of Rice's Mill White—FREE

If you have 20,000 or more square feet of ceiling and wall space to cover, write to us on your own letter head and we will send you, free of cost, except expressage, a gallon can of Rice's Mill White. State number of square feet.

Or we will send you a sample, showing the marvelous reflective power.

Rice's Mill White is sold in our Automix barrel and in barrel lots only. A barrel covers 20,000 square feet, one coat.

We will gladly aid owners of industrial and business plants with our free consultation service. Ask for our booklet "More Light."

U. S. GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Providence, R. I.

From testimonial of Knotair Hosiery Co., Philadelphia.

"We are astonished to note the vast amount of daylight, especially in such parts of our mill as hatchways, etc., where we were formerly forced to use electric lights all day. We now find it entirely unnecessary, due solely to your paint."



COUPON

(This to be attached to your letterhead)

UNITED STATES GUTTA PERCHA PAINT CO.
Providence, R.I.

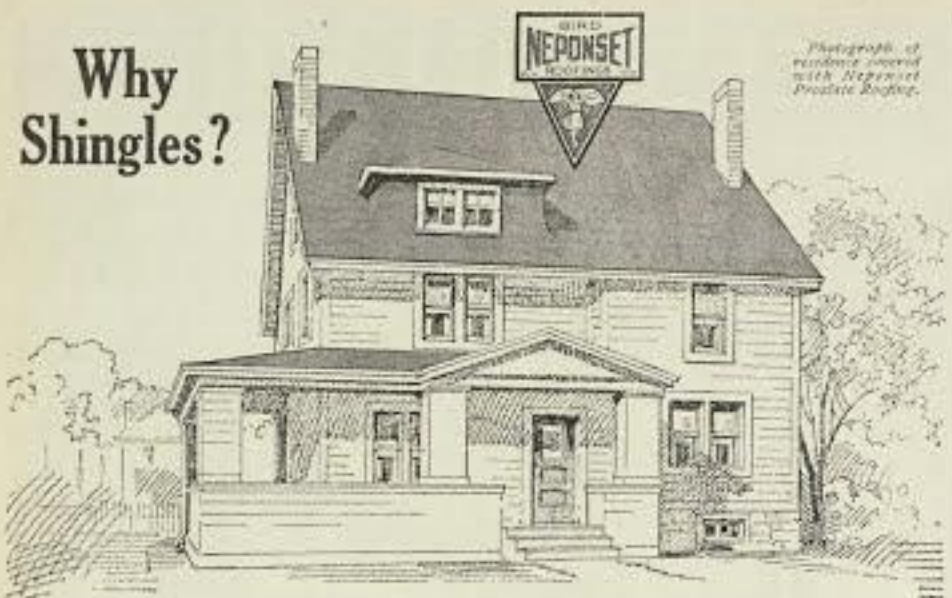
Please send to us free of charge, except expressage, a gallon can of Rice's Mill White.

We have _____ square feet of ceiling and wall space to cover.

Firm Name _____

Address _____

Why Shingles?



Photograph of residence covered with Neponset Proslate Roofing.

ISN'T IT because shingles make a good roof; and because the old-time abundance of lumber created the habit of using shingles? But the alarming scarcity of good lumber is making this old shingle habit so expensive that it is giving way to

NEPONSET ROOFINGS

The Real Rivals of Best Shingles

NEPONSET **Proslate** is the particular Neponset Roofing adapted to houses (steep-pitched roofs). It is reddish-brown in color, resembling stained shingles. It costs less to buy, less to lay, lasts as long, and adds real fire protection.

NEPONSET **Proslate** is for houses of average cost—*bungalows, school-houses, churches.*

NEPONSET **Paroid** is the Neponset Roofing for barns, factories and warehouses (low-pitched roofs).

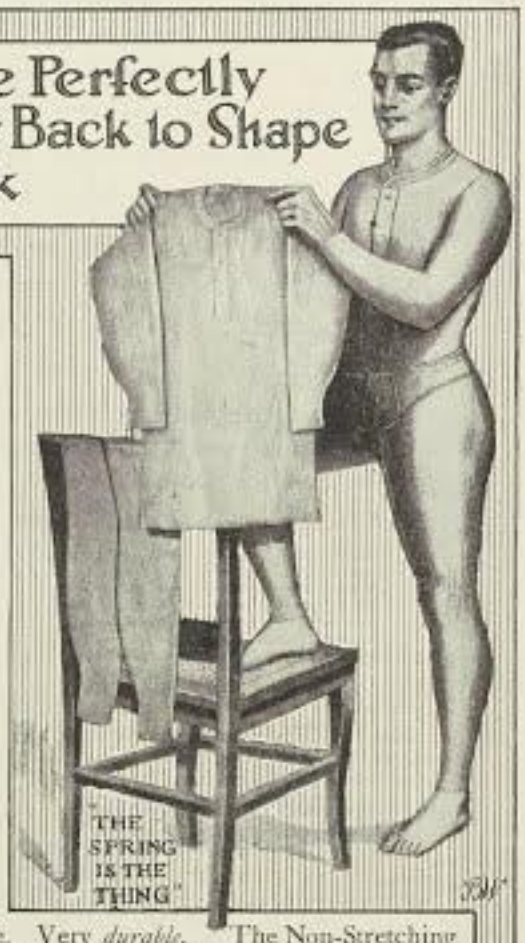
Leading dealers everywhere sell the full line of Neponset Roofings and Building Papers

Send for Book of Photographs showing dwellings, U. S. Government and industrial buildings roofed with Neponset permanent-wear roofings.

F. W. BIRD & SON, *(Established 1795)* **244 Neponset Street, East Walpole, Mass.**

New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco Hamilton, Ont. Winnipeg Montreal St. John

Fits the Figure Perfectly Always Springs Back to Shape Won't Shrink



UNDERWEAR is a necessity—but Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear is a *luxury* at the moderate price of a *necessity*—$1.00, $1.50, $2.00 for shirts or drawers; $1.50 to $4.00 for union suits; at all dealers.

WRIGHT'S Spring Needle Ribbed UNDERWEAR

is a wonderfully *elastic* fabric, permanently *springy*. Fits any figure perfectly, and keeps its shape under the hardest usage. Very *durable*. The Non-Stretching Neck (pat. appld. for) ensures neck will always *hug snug*.

Made in fine Egyptian cotton, all-wool, or cotton-and-wool, in various colors. All weights for all seasons. If not at your dealer's, send us his name and we'll see you are supplied.

WRIGHT'S SPRING NEEDLE TRADE MARK RIBBED UNDERWEAR

Write for booklet showing samples of different fabrics.

Wright's Health Underwear Co.

Makers of the famous Wright's Health Underwear (all-wool, fleece-lined), and Wright's Spring-Needle Ribbed Underwear.

76 Franklin Street **NEW YORK**

up to the standard. The accountants went over every part of the plant and examined every detail of the business. From their discoveries it was somewhat miraculous that the business existed at all. There was no semblance of a system about the place. No records or receipts controlled the receiving of goods or deliveries. Coal and fuel were delivered without reweighing—the engineer and drivers could arrange by mutual agreement to extract certain amounts for personal needs. Customers frequently disputed their bills and the company could not prove delivery. Collecting expenses, "entertaining" customers and petty office expenses totaled abnormal proportions. The widest latitude was given every driver. He would take a load of meat out in the morning for delivery to various customers; and if any of his customers returned or refused any of the goods the driver verbally reported it to the bookkeeper, who supposed that these goods were placed back in the refrigerator. Conditions were such that the driver could retain a certain amount of money be collected, report the meat as put back in stock—and his dishonesty could rarely ever be traced or discovered.

The systematizing firm at once installed a well-regulated delivery system, and a receipt could be shown any disputing customer at a moment's notice. A trustworthy man was placed in charge of the stock, who gave a receipt for all goods returned; these receipts were properly signed and approved by a third party. This entirely checked the loss in that department. In the killing department a system was devised in such a form that one department checked the other. Each butcher was placed on a piecework basis and was paid for each animal he killed. Hides, tongues, tails, etc., had to check accordingly, and by this management a "perpetual inventory" was built up. Well-devised modern methods were installed in the office and a saving was effected there. Accounts were so analyzed that every department was easily followed and every item of expense traced.

The Necessity of Frequent Audits

Soon after this efficient system was installed and in operation, it developed that articles failed to check out right. A watch was set and finally some of the workmen were discovered appropriating what they were not entitled to; sheep and beef tongues, heads, livers and other small portions were disposed of to whoever would quietly take them at a "cut-rate" figure. This matter had been going on for a number of years. As soon as these employees saw their plight, they very promptly departed, a formal discharge being unnecessary—they had reached their limit, but the newly installed system had turned the trick. After this, the business began to show a marked increase and today, so far as known, is in a flourishing state.

The sin of thievery has been the means of depleting many a merchant's and manufacturer's cash receipts. A man is not absolutely proof against default because he has grown up from boyhood in the employment of a concern; nor is it any greater argument in his favor that his father and grandfather, or any other relative, are well known to the house. A case comes to mind where a bookkeeper was employed by a large firm for several years. He had been with the concern since his boyhood; no suspicion of any nature was ever directed against him; he not only performed the duties of a bookkeeper but also those of cashier. The proprietor, for some unaccountable reason, decided to have his books looked over by expert auditors. Shortly after they began their work he was dumfounded when told there were a number of "shady" entries on his books. He ordered a thorough audit covering the time this "bookkeeper-cashier" had been with the firm; and, to his still greater amazement, defalcation was discovered which ran into thousands of dollars. It seems most unwise for a business house to make these two important positions the charge of one person—a dishonest cashier has it within his power to extract various sums of money and conceal it by corresponding entries until uncovered by the auditor. The fancy prices for auditing have passed into history; good accounting firms who will give absolute security to the proprietors can now be retained for a nominal fee. Auditing is as essential now as fire insurance. Business men take due precaution to prevent fires; nevertheless, to protect a possible



The Modern Clean-up
After Shopping, Travelling and Motoring

Put a liberal quantity of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream on a wet cloth and wipe the face and hands thoroughly. This is the only really effective method of cleansing the pores of their accumulations of dirt, grime and impurities. It leaves the skin soft and clear, counteracting the roughening and irritating effects of the wind and dust.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

has for 20 years been the main reliance of thousands of refined women who state that they owe their youthful appearance to its constant use. In fact, its great popularity is due to what one user has told another. It is a soothing, cleansing application for chapping, sensitive skin and other complexion troubles. We guarantee that it will *not* make hair grow.

Tubes: 10c, 25c, 50c. Jars: 35c, 50c, 85c, $1.50

Tube, Calendar and Book

Send 10c to cover cost of packing and postage for Trial Tube, our Beauty Book "Beware the Finger of Time," and a reproduction in colors of one of the above Hamilton King paintings.

Address Dept. 13

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
D. & R. Bldg.
314 West 14th St., New York



BARNEY & BERRY
ROLLER SKATES



Ideal Ball Bearings will not work loose and get lost. They need no adjusting.

Reinforced extension that fits the skate to the shoes of the growing boy.

The name B. & B. assures the buyer of absolute reliability.

Ask your dealer for them.

Send for catalog.

Barney & Berry
111 Broad Street
Springfield, Mass.

WIPE YOUR FEET

Mud, snow, dust and dirt will not be tracked over your floors if you use

Grab's Foot Scraper

outside your door. The only device made which cleans bottoms and sides of shoes in one operation. Has ten parallel plates for scraping soles and two stiff bristle brushes which clean sides of shoe.



Automatically Adjusts Itself

to any size shoe. Handsomely enameled. Looks neat. Can be rotated and swept under. Fastens to doorstep or any handy place. Get one and have useless work. Price $1.00. If your dealer will not supply you, don't take substitute, but send your order direct to us. Illustrated folder FREE.

VICTOR M. GRAB & CO., 548 Ashland Block, Chicago, Ill.
Canadian Sole Agts., Onward Mfg. Co., Berlin, Ont., Can.

A Ten Cent Habit That Saves YOU Many Dollars

"It does not take very long to establish a right habit, and if it is encouraged, it will serve us a lifetime."

So writes Dr. Marden in "Success."

It will not take you long to establish The Togard Habit, which, once formed, will serve you a lifetime—serve you in better *foot health*, in greater *foot comfort*, in money-saving on your hosiery.

But *occasional* wearing of Togards will not do. You must remember to slip on these Convenient, Cool, Comfortable little Coverings over the fore-part of the foot *every morning* before you put on your stockings.

After a while you would no more think of *leaving off your Togards* than of *forgetting your underclothes*.

And then you can wear the finest silk hosiery with every assurance of long service. Can take it off in the evening with never a hole in the toes. Can keep this fine hose wearable for *months*—where it used to be *days*.

And you'll have more *comfortable*, more healthy feet.

You'd think such a good idea was worth a dollar a pair instead of a dime. It *is*. But it only *costs*

A dime for lisle A quarter for silk

Every pair in a sealed, transparent packet bearing the **Togard** trademark.

Togards are sold wherever shoes and stockings are worn, the world around. If your dealer doesn't happen to have them, we'll send prepaid on receipt of price,

Lisle, 10 cents per pair; $1.00 per dozen pairs
Silk, 25 cents per pair; $2.75 per dozen pairs

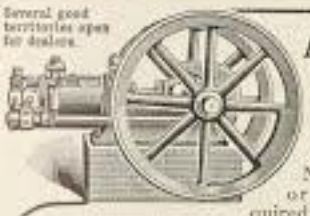
In ordering, be sure to state size stocking you wear.

H. L. Nelke & Co.
Tenth and Norris Streets, Philadelphia



Copyright 1908 by H. L. Nelke & Co.

Several good territories open for dealers



A Perfect Power Plant

No engineer or fireman required; no gauges or safety valves to watch; no boiler to explode; no inspection or boiler insurance; no smoke, coal, soot, ashes or dust; no steam, vapor or odor; no smoke-stack or draft; no fires to slack or bank. Starts or stops in one minute—no expense except when running.

Gas and Gasoline ENGINES

are used to run machinery, saws, hoists, threshers, pumps, dynamos, presses, irrigation and water works, and for every other conceivable power purpose in shops, mines and on farms. The **Otto** has no carbureter; runs quietly; cannot "kick back" when starting. Automatic accommodation of power to load; positive electric ignition; stationary gasoline engines have fuel storage under ground, outside of building—never more than a teacupful of fuel indoors. Theoretically and mechanically perfect; the result of 44 years' experience; 100,000 sold in the U. S. and Europe; awarded 475 medals and diplomas.

Tell us about your power problem and horse-power you require. We will send the right bulletin and interesting figures showing comparative costs.

THE OTTO GAS ENGINE WORKS
3301 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Kaleidophane



Makes art glass out of plain glass

It is a thin, translucent material, easily applied to any pane of glass without removing it. Reproduces perfectly all the rich coloring and beautiful designs found in stained glass at a fraction of the cost. Will not fade from light or washing. Made in many patterns, appropriate for homes, hotels, cafés and other business places. Also churches, clubs and public buildings. Use Kaleidophane wherever privacy is desired. Shuts out the view but admits the light. More economical than curtains or shades for transom, cellar or bathroom windows and side windows in stores and offices. Costs little and very easy to put on. Write today for free samples.

Kaleidophane Art Co., Dept. E, St. Louis, Mo.

loss, they take insurance. In the same manner they try to procure the most reliable bookkeepers; but, as a further protection, they retain a high-class auditor, to have their accounts as secure as possible.

That thoroughly good auditors of recognized standing are invaluable today in the business world is proved by the following experiences. A leading official of a large jobbing house retired. The remaining officials asked for an investigation of the books. An auditing firm of high repute was called in and in due time reported that a large percentage of the accounts were worthless; the books were poorly kept and no bad debts or depreciation had been charged off for five years—not to speak of other defects in the accounting methods. The company became alarmed and called a creditors' meeting, at which the accountants' report was read. It was still evident that the firm was solvent and made money every year, but many items were entirely out of proportion. The creditors decided to allow the company to continue, on the strength of the accounting firm's report, provided such changes as suggested by the auditors were made and they be retained to supervise the business and periodically report to the creditors. The company soon began to recuperate and, under careful management, bade fair to more than make up all losses in a surprisingly short time.

A bank flatly refused to renew the notes of a company unless an accounting firm of high reputation were retained to audit the books each month and render a monthly report to the bank. Owing to former loose methods, the firm was on the verge of bankruptcy. The accounting firm installed the proper accounting system, the bank had more confidence in the debtors, and, by following the new system, a change in the business was soon felt—and it took but a short time to improve their credit and press on toward success.

BUSINESS HELPS

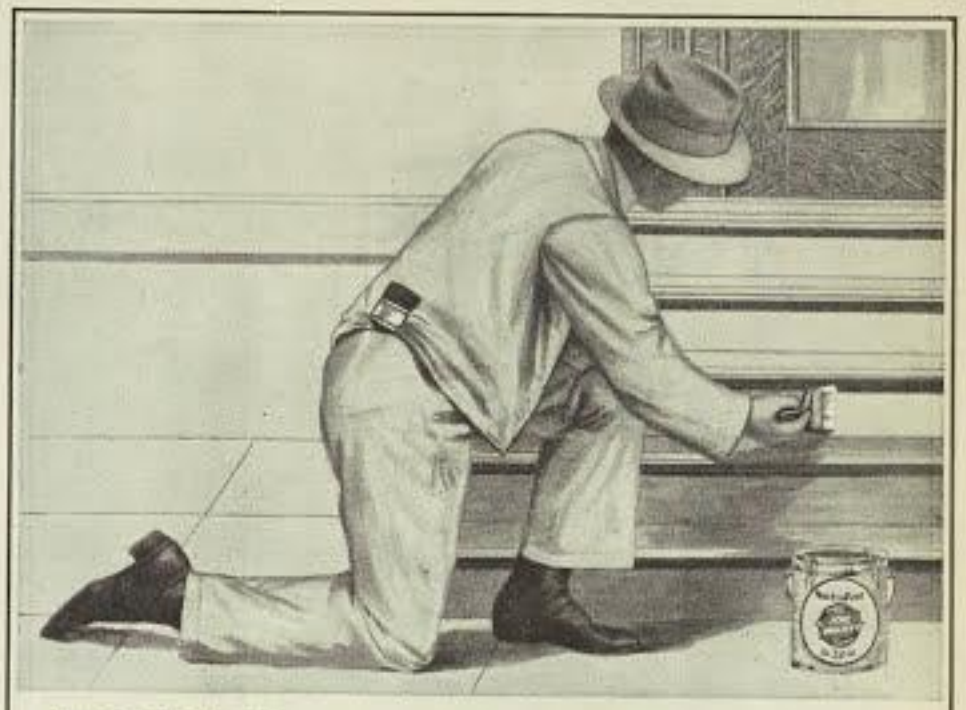
THE desire for land is as natural as the desire for light and air. At some time or other it comes to every one. And fortunately it is a desire that can be satisfied by the poor as well as the rich, for the investment may range from five hundred dollars to five million—from the payment of ten dollars to the signing of a huge check.

* * * * * * *

Recently there went the rounds of the newspapers the story of how a wealthy woman, reputed to be the shrewdest business woman in the world, had made eight hundred thousand dollars on an investment of two hundred thousand dollars in Chicago real estate; and everywhere there was admiring comment on the wonderful profit of the deal; but, analyzed, it does not seem so wonderful after all. For the property was purchased and paid for in a foreclosure sale thirty-four years ago, and, according to the story, has been held all these years unproductive and entirely unimproved.

Now, it should be considered that ordinary six-per-cent interest would raise two hundred thousand dollars to over six hundred thousand dollars in thirty-four years, and that compounding the interest annually would send it far above a million. Really, that speculation in real estate, except for the very important element of safety, does not seem to have been so desirable after all.

Usually it is bad ethics to hold property unimproved for years and let the expense of neighborhood advancement be borne by others. More than that, as a very able man once expressed it: "Whatever is bad ethics is very likely to be bad practical policy." In cases such as this, holding property unimproved is quite likely so to injure an entire neighborhood as to prevent advancement. In the Chicago case, it chanced that no injury was done; but that was by mere luck. On a large tract in Cleveland, the owners lost hundreds of thousands of dollars by holding it too long in open pastures, with the temptation of farm taxes, waiting for the increase that in time was coming—only to find that the city began to expand in other directions and could not be tempted back. And to keep property poorly developed is as bad as to leave it undeveloped altogether. I know a corner in New York which, up to a few years ago, was one of the



BEAUTY and utility should go hand in hand. The material used in painting or finishing the home and the home things should combine durability with the qualities that give attractive appearance. You want them to *look as well as possible* and you want them to *stay finished*.

So, for appearance's sake, for economy's sake, and to secure entire satisfaction—select carefully the paints and finishes you use.

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Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

—and there is one for every purpose—are not only most economical and durable, but they are easiest to apply.

ACME QUALITY HOUSE PAINT is superior to any other in durability and covering power. There is no chance for variation, as the mixing and tinting is reduced to an exact science. Best for exterior decoration, because of its tough, elastic surface. It will not blister, chip nor curl.

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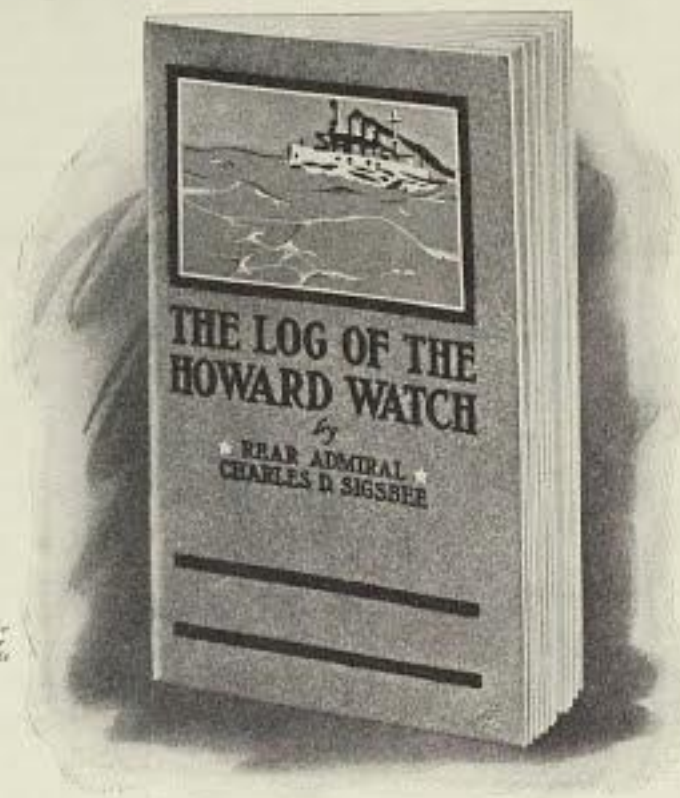
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It is a voluntary contribution to HOWARD literature by Rear-Admiral Sigsbee. His service, as you know, covered the whole navy history, from the middle of the Civil War.

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5¢ the Ounce and in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY, METROPOLITAN TOWER, NEW YORK

busiest and best in the city, and where great rents were freely paid; but the owner of the building that, from its location, was by far the most important would not heed advice or warning—would not tear down his old and out-of-date structure and, by sacrificing income for a short time, prepare with a proper building to meet new and increasing demands. Business began to drift away. Then, in fright, he built a towering and expensive structure; but it was too late, and even at tempting prices much of it stands empty.

. . . . . .

A highly successful investor likes to say that land-holding makes a sort of life insurance—is a safe investment for one's future or one's family. And, if wisely gone into, it is. Land cannot be stolen. Land cannot be lost by a bank's stopping payment. Even though it depreciate in value, it cannot well be an absolutely total loss.

It is pitiful, however, to see people throw away on uninvestigated schemes money they cannot afford to lose. There is splendid paying land to be bought on Long Island—but that is no reason for throwing money away haphazard, merely because of some flaunting advertisement. There is much fine land to be bought in Florida—but that is no reason why any one should get your cash in exchange for some worthless swamp. No one should buy land without personally knowing all the conditions, or without having the personal assurance of some one whose honesty and judgment he can trust. Without this, land-buying would be a mere gamble. I remember, in a boom town of the Northwest, seeing a stretch of undrainable backwater where, according to the prospectuses, there ought to have been firm earth; and beside this the ironical owner, not wishing to call it water and not being able to call it land, had put up a sign on a moored boat: "This property for sale."

A Girl's Good Investment

One should investigate personally and be able not only to see but to seize an opportunity. I know a farmer's daughter—an orphan—who a few years ago found herself the possessor of eighteen thousand dollars. Her friends advised conservative investment and modest independence. Then came an invitation to visit relatives in Alberta; and when this young woman returned to Ohio it was with the tale of having put her money into Calgary town lots. Her friends were horrified. She might as well have said Timbuctoo! What and where was this Calgary? Patiently she explained. She knew nothing of finance, but she did know crops and soil. She had seen and understood the crops and soil of Alberta; and she saw that Calgary, its center, had a future. And already she is rich.

Fixing the electricity in my room in a New York hotel the other day was a man who, looking out at the trees in sight from the window, remarked that it made him think of his place in the country.

"Jersey?" I hazarded indifferently; and he replied:

"No; New Hampshire. I have always been a New Yorker," he went on, "but I wanted to own some land. I read of the abandoned farms of New England; and I took my wife with me and went up into New Hampshire last year, and found seventy acres and an old house offered for twenty-two hundred dollars. I bought it. We stayed there last summer; my wife took care of six Boston boarders, and I painted and repaired—and tidied generally. We came out ahead even that first summer. A neighbor took the land on shares. This coming summer—well, it's a case of boarders again unless I sell. I've given an option at three thousand dollars. If I sell that place I'll get another. We're going to have a home of our own to retire to!"

. . . . . .

So many brave efforts have gone to wreck that one can only advise infinite caution. Take a Detroit case. A man invested wisely in land and put up a two-story business building, with the intention of building it higher. After a few years, during which he got a fair return, he had a chance to sell for seventy-five thousand dollars; but, instead, leased for a hundred years at five thousand dollars a year. The lease was drawn with great care and the lessee was to pay all taxes, repairs and insurance, and also to add, at his own expense, four stories more. For a few years all went well. Then, through unexpected



Duofold
Health Underwear

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton, and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature.

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. **Duofold** is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

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For the Boy who is Hard on Shoes



For Every Sport

Real smoke-tanned leather, *unlined.* Natural (Chrome Gray) Color. Both inner and outer soles the best oak tanned leather. The shoe is outing cut, laces low in front. Seamless, easy and pliable. Spring heel, with an arch to the last that gives full support to the foot.

The best shoe for football, baseball, tramping, shooting, as well as all-around service.

Eastwood Play Shoe does not become hard after wetting. Cleans easily with soap and water. Doesn't show scratches. Stands all kinds of wear and still looks good.

Very economical—Wears longer than the ordinary shoe. No nails in heels to wear out stockings.

Youths' Sizes, 10 to 13½, *delivered,* $3.25
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Play Shoe folder or general catalogue on request.

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The Home of Good Shoemaking

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A Positive Money-Saving Way of Buying



Basket, Size 11x11x1½ in.

Write and we will send you our Catalog of Women's and Children's wear, Suits, Dresses, Holiday Goods, Neckwear, Hosiery, Swiss Embroideries by the yard, etc.

Handkerchiefs in Gift Boxes

Imported Swiss Embroidered. Six in this handpainted Japanese basket $1, postpaid.

360 Fourth Ave., New York City

changes in street-car routes, the district began to deteriorate. The owner would now gladly have sold, but he had debarred himself from that. He could not compel the lessee to build the additional stories, for the lease bore a promise only, without any provision to enforce it. The owner had not even retained supervision of the insurance. One night the place was completely destroyed by fire; and the owner found that, though the lessee's property had been insured, the insurance on the building had been allowed to lapse—and all that was left was a piece of land of lessening value.

When to invest; at what point to stop; when to go in farther—those are the things that are determined by judgment, intuition—sometimes luck. In a suburb of Philadelphia, a few years ago, prices began suddenly to boom. A cautious German put in four thousand dollars. He had an additional four thousand; but, rather than go in more deeply, he lent on mortgage to another man, who was venturing in the same suburb. The German's idea was to play a cautious game and either get his interest on this second four thousand or else the other man's land on foreclosure. Well, he won; for the piece he bought outright rose to a five-thousand-dollar value and the mortgage interest was steadily paid. The other man, however, borrowed not only the four thousand dollars but thirty thousand dollars of others; and he chose land with such insight as to development that his holdings gradually rose to a trebled value.

"His daughter, she used to hide, her clothes were so poor—so hard up they were," wailed the German to me; "but now nothing is too good for her. Oh, yes; he was honest, and he paid me interest and principal—but he is rich! And I had the same chance and couldn't see it!"

. . . . . .

"A man should never pay the market value if he wants to make money," said a dealer to me frankly. "Of course, if he finds the ideal spot for his own home, that may be different; but if he's looking at it as an investment he ought to buy for not over two-thirds of the value. Wait till there's a sheriff's sale or a foreclosure—or a man is mighty anxious to sell. Property is so subject to fluctuations—so ready to go down as well as up—that there ought to be leeway."

A laborer in a little town was telling me the other day of his intention to make some money by buying and renting. "I can buy a house and lot for only seventeen hundred dollars!" he exclaimed. I asked him what he could rent for. "Why, I can get fifteen dollars a month!" he said proudly. That would give less than a safe margin, however; and I happened to know, too, that tenants in that vicinity were of a class that made painting and papering and repairs a frequent necessity.

Horses for Tenants

Even the best of tenants have a way of always asking for expenditures, and the landlord must steer sagaciously between stinginess and squandering. One who has the knack of handling people and houses can make money out of property that would spell only loss for the knackless.

In a fine residential part of Cleveland a house and lot were purchased eight years ago for sixty-one hundred dollars. Within a few months the buyer was offered seven thousand dollars. He refused it, deeming the place a ten-thousand-dollar proposition; but that was a mistake. Less than a year ago it was necessary to sell—and the price was only sixty-nine hundred dollars. New residence districts had opened up, putting the older districts somewhat in the shade. And that is particularly a danger in real-estate investments in American cities—the danger that, in the eager rush for the new, the slightly older properties will become unfairly depreciated. And the more rapid the growth and progress of a city, the more is this a danger to be reckoned with.

In the city of New York, where it is the custom to believe property is always going up in value because the total of the city's wealth is enormously increasing, there are many apartment houses whose rents are smaller than they were ten years ago. There are streets in New York where, as real-estate dealers will tell you, the best way to make money is to turn out the humans and put up great stables for horses.

It is all a matter of judgment. There are parts of New York where prices are soaring

Make This Famous Test



It has Convinced Millions

Pompeian makes people good-looking by *complete facial* cleanliness, but you can make the test on your hands and see the result. We say that soap and water will take off the dirt, but won't take out the dirt. And it is the dirt that is in—not the dirt that is on—that makes the complexion muddy and sallow; that keeps the rosy blood from the circulation it seeks.

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POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

Wash your hands thoroughly in warm water and with the best obtainable soap. Get your hands just as clean as old-time methods will permit, then apply Pompeian Massage Cream on the back of the hand as in above illustration; rub it in gently, but firmly. It is quickly absorbed, and a minute's more massage will bring it out of the pores, together with the dirt that has accumulated there. The darkened, dirt-laden cream astonishes you.

Try this simple hand test. If it does not convince you of the merit of Pompeian, and its necessity as a complete cleanser for the face-pores, we have nothing more to say. A skin which is "Pompeian Clean" means a clear, fresh complexion.

Who can deny the immense business value to man, and the great social value to woman, of a clear, clean, wholesome skin? "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one."

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Both sent for 10c (stamps or coin) for postage and packing. For years you have heard of Pompeian's merits and benefits. To get you to act now we will send a "Pompeian Beauty" Art Picture, in exquisite colors, with each trial jar. This is a rare offer. The "Pompeian Beauty" which we will send you is very expensive and immensely popular. Clip coupon now.

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There are many salespeople promoting the sales of DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear. A few words of suggestion and of encouragement should interest the wide circle, which includes thousands of department stores and retail dealers generally—their salespeople—those in our direct employ—and the millions of housekeepers who buy DEPENDON Hosiery and Underwear for the entire family, and commend it to their friends.

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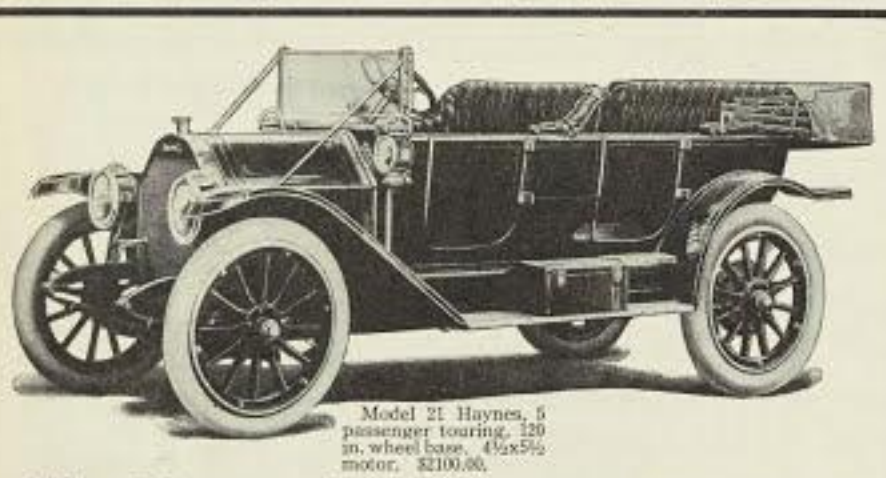
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Tell customers to send 10c in stamps to us, for which we will mail *Free* one of our new BOY SCOUT ART POSTER PANELS, executed by a new art color process.



Model 21 Haynes, 5 passenger touring, 120 in. wheel base, 4½x5½ motor. $2100.00.

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IF ANY further evidence of the place which the Haynes car holds in the minds of the discriminating public were needed, it was furnished by the overwhelming response to our announcement of the 1912 Haynes.

By reason of the fire which completely destroyed our old factory last February, the Haynes car virtually had been out of the market for seven months. During those same months, other manufacturers were going to the public day after day, month in and month out, with their advertising, with their salesmen, and with their announcements of new models while *we* were at a standstill.

Last month, when our magnificent new factory had risen from the ashes of our old one, when its wonderful modern equipment had been installed and our first 1912 model had been built and tested and *proved* to be the *best* of all the splendid Haynes models ever built, *then* we came back into the market. It was a glorious return and the welcome has been beyond all expectation. We hadn't realized it but the *public* was waiting for the new *Haynes*.

The 1912 Haynes—two chasses, eight types of body—is truly a superb, high-power car, and built into it are eighteen years of Haynes experience and skill. Prices, $1650 to $3800. See a Haynes dealer now, or write for catalogue at once.

HAYNES AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
Dept. A, KOKOMO, INDIANA
New York: 1715 Broadway Chicago: 1702 Michigan Avenue

steadily; and on one apartment house nearing completion I read that the apartments would rent at from eleven thousand to twenty thousand dollars a year!

A good many have the idea that a man of moderate means can profitably speculate on Manhattan Island—say, by purchasing an apartment house for forty-five or fifty thousand dollars, making a cash payment of ten or fifteen thousand and leaving the rest on mortgage. "But I don't want to try any such thing myself!" said one of the most prominent real-estate men of the city. "There have been too many disasters and foreclosures. And a curious thing is that many of those who have tried and failed have been Hebrews, whose racial genius for finance has not saved them."

Apartment houses are becoming so common throughout the country, and must in so many cases be making money for their owners, that it is worth while looking into the figures somewhat.

On a fifty-thousand-dollar apartment house the interest at five per cent would be twenty-five hundred dollars; taxes in New York, seven hundred dollars; repairs, eight hundred dollars; and to these, as a beginning, would be added water, heat and electricity, with numberless large and petty charges, expected and unexpected.

Or, I may instance a recent sale, looked on as being fairly favorable to the buyer. He purchased a fifty-thousand-dollar house for forty-five thousand dollars, and left thirty-five thousand dollars on mortgage. The rents totaled sixty-five hundred dollars a year when all the flats were occupied, this ranging well over the ordinary ten-per-cent desideratum—but not too much over to meet New York conditions and expenses. Such things are always a matter of careful figuring and good judgment; but, with apartment houses even more than single houses, it is well to remember that up-to-date improvements—in elevators, lighting and plumbing—are more and more demanded, and are more and more setting poorly equipped buildings at a great disadvantage.

. . . . . .

When conditions have been fully and thoughtfully investigated; when all has been anticipated that it is possible to anticipate; and when every indication is favorable and there is a fine bargain in sight—it pays to plunge in and risk something for the possession of a home.

And here is an illustration of what it is possible to do with three thousand dollars:

A man had an opportunity, at the edge of one of our largest cities, to buy a place—house, barn and ten acres—for ten thousand dollars. He left seven thousand dollars on mortgage. He saw that the advance of the city would soon reach there, bringing with it a marked increase in value. There was every indication that the region would build up attractively. Even then, such roads as were in existence were macadamized.

To pay out three thousand dollars—all the capital he possessed—and assume a debt of seven thousand dollars seemed to him a serious undertaking, but he did not hesitate. He went farther, and spent three thousand dollars in improvements, on account of which he added two thousand dollars to the mortgage. He lived in the place for two years—another factor in estimating profits on residence property—and at the end of the second year found that he could sell for twenty thousand dollars, leaving him, after paying the mortgage and interest, ten thousand dollars instead of the three thousand dollars with which he had begun two years before.

Of course in that case there was a measure of good luck; but the conditions were such that nothing but some measure of success was possible. And it is because things like this can be done that the purchase of real estate is so alluring.

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AEROFUME
Egyptian Deodorizer
Destroys disagreeable odors and perfumes the air.
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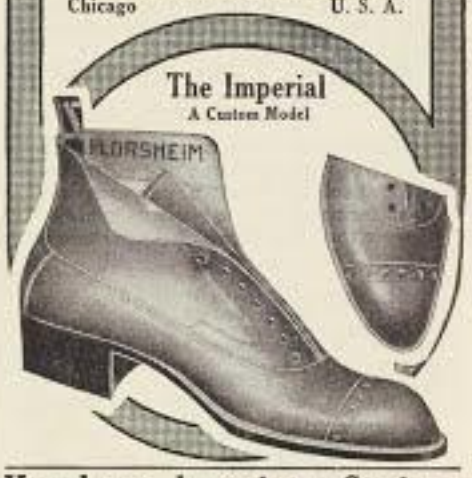
Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
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The Imperial
A Custom Model



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By the palatial cruising steamer "Victoria Luise" (16,500 tons), sailing from New York, January 30, 1912, on a **78 day** cruise to **Madeira, Spain, the Mediterranean and the Orient.** Especially equipped with every comfort and luxury of the best modern hotels, to meet the most exacting demands of pleasure cruising—Frahm Anti-rolling tanks insure comfort at sea. Her spacious promenade deck extending from stem to stern is the largest on any ship. Itinerary includes **Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Villefranche, Syracuse, Malta, Port Said, Jaffa, Beyrouth, Piraeus, Kalamaki, Smyrna, Constantinople, Messina, Palermo and Naples. 78 days duration of cruise.** $325 and Cost including landing and embarking expenses, $325 up

AROUND THE WORLD

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Optional tours of 17 days in India, 14 days in Japan.

Two cruises on the Magnificent *S. S. Cleveland* (17,000 tons), each 110 days' duration. From New York, Oct. 21, 1911. From San Francisco, Feb. 6, 1912. Now is the time to make your reservations. *The finest, most comprehensive pleasure trip ever offered.*

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Be a **Manager.** All you need is **energy,** and on a **small investment** you may make the same profits, if not greater ones, right in your own locality.

Box Ball is a clean, moral game—an **exercise** that becomes the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—no pin-setter, but irresistible, big, regular-shaped ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no expenses of any kind except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big-paying business on an investment as low as $350 to $800. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us, minus what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



RIGHT clothes, plus right living and right thinking, will give any Young Man a flying start along the course that leads to Success. They make him the natural choice for promotion in the business world, for favors in social life.

FITFORM Clothes and Success are pals—companions. Successful makers produce them, successful stores sell them, successful Young Men wear them. They have an air other clothes lack. They give that appearance people speak of as well fed, well bred, progressive, prosperous. Smarter, more stylish and dashing than ordinary clothes, they inspire confidence, poise, assurance. Better tailored and more perfect in fit, they afford utmost pleasure and enjoyment.

Write for Style Book and McFall Art Poster, and ask at the better stores for

FITFORM CLOTHES
FOR YOUNG MEN
EDERHEIMER, STEIN & CO., CHICAGO



"A penny for your thoughts"?

They are worth more than that to us

We will pay for YOUR thoughts of the Richelieu

We simply seek reasons why you believe the Richelieu Union Suits for women are the best.

$150.00 for best
100.00 " 2nd best
50.00 " 3rd "
25.00 " 4th "
10.00 each for 5 next best
5.00 " "10 " "
75 Richelieu Union Suits for 75 " "

All payments will be made in orders drawn by us on any underwear dealer you name.

Excepting where Richelieu Union Suits are designated orders will be honored for any merchandise desired, valued at from $150.00 to $5.00.

WE WANT IDEAS

Spelling, grammar, or punctuation will not count. Tell your story in your own words—not over 200.

The only ideas considered will be those written on blanks furnished FREE at your dealer's underwear counter, where you may see the Richelieu; or furnished by us direct.

This opportunity is open and *free* to everybody, excepting employés of this company, and the best 94 ideas will be paid for as shown opposite. We reserve the right to publish such as we choose.

Replies will be received at the Richelieu Knitting Company's office, 60 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y., until November 30th, 1911. Announcement will be made in this publication January 27th, 1912.

Richelieu

Patented **Union Suits for Women**

"WIN-SUM"

Winter Summer

THE only fine-ribbed union suit uniting without seams the weights for winter and summer.

For women who are precise in their demand for a light, seamless vest to be worn with a heavier lower garment, the "Win-sum" is a decided innovation, and to many a long-wished-for relief. It is really a two-weight garment combined in one, knitted from the finest yarns to fit your particular figure and without seams to worry or irritate the flesh.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we would thank you for his name and address, and will be glad to attend to your orders direct. Send your height, weight and bust measurements.

Priced from $1.00 to $3.00

RICHELIEU KNITTING CO.
60 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

For years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Summer Underwear



Unusual Booklet Free

"SEEM-LESS"

No side seams

THE only fine-ribbed union suit knitted seamless to your form, from sleeve to hip, with thinner texture at the waist line. The one garment for discriminating women, who wish to feel well and look well.

The glove-like waist fit gives freedom and comfort beneath snug-fitting corsets, and induces the gown to hang neatly, gracefully, perfectly.

Unequalled in fabric, fit and finish; no waist seams to rub, rip or ravel.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we would thank you for his name and address, and will be glad to attend to your orders direct. Send your height, weight and bust measurements.

Priced from $1.00 to $3.00

RICHELIEU KNITTING CO.
60 Broad Street, Utica, N. Y.

For years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Summer Underwear

Sense and Nonsense

Cleveland and the Cook

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND went to visit General John B. Gordon at the Gordon plantation in Georgia. The dinner was superb and President Cleveland asked who cooked it. General Gordon told him his cook was an old negro mammy who had been a slave in the Gordon family before the war and had continued as cook.

"I'd like to shake hands with that cook," said the President.

General Gordon sent a servant to ask the mammy to come to the dining room. The servant came back with this message: "Tell Marse John ah won't come."

"Did you tell her what I wanted her for?" asked the General sharply.

"Yes, sir," replied the servant..

"Tell me exactly what she said."

The servant hesitated. "Go ahead!" commanded the General.

"She said ——" replied the servant. Then he stopped, shuffled a bit and looked appealingly at General Gordon.

"Out with it!" commanded the General.

"She says: 'Tell Marse John ah'se not a-comin'.'" The servant stopped again.

"What else?" asked the General.

"She said," blurted the servant, in an agony of apprehension—"she said: 'Ah'se not a-comin'. Ah'se lived wif bettah people than Mistah Clevelan' all mah life.'"

President Cleveland shouted with laughter. "That," he said, as soon as he had composed himself, "is the most beautiful example of loyalty I have ever observed."

Bohemia

I'm looking for Bohemia,
Where hearts are ever kind,
Where all the folk are young and poor
And no one seems to mind;
I'm looking for Bohemia,
The glad, the ever gay,
Where faith and hope are verities,
Where undiscovered merit is.
Won't some one tell me where it is
And point me out the way?

I'm looking for Bohemia,
Where men are leal and true,
Where one may know the rosemary
And never taste the rue;
I'm looking for Bohemia,
Where joy has her abode.
Oh, I have heard how fair it is,
How filled with "do and dare" it is.
Can some one tell me where it is
And put me on the road?

I'm looking for Bohemia,
The land of heart's desire,
Where love is made of tenderness
And not of tears and fire;
I'm looking for Bohemia
Despite the cynics' doubt
(An idle dream, they swear it is,
The truth I still declare it is).
Won't some one tell me where it is
And set me on the route?

I'm looking for Bohemia,
I've sought it far and long:
The place of ever-wreathing smoke,
Of laughter, love and song.
I'll not believe Bohemia
Is only dream-stuff frail.
Ah, surely more than air it is,
In some Elysian lair it is,
And I shall learn of where it is
And follow on the trail!

—*Berton Braley.*

Up a Family Tree

CHARLES JOSEPH BONAPARTE, former Attorney-General, descendant of the family of the great emperor, owned some property in Baltimore adjoining a house that was the home of a descendant of one of the Celtic kings. The drains for the two houses made sewer connections through a common pipe. The pipe became stopped and there was a row about it that culminated in a lawsuit.

Mr. Bonaparte appeared for himself and the neighbor had engaged counsel. After the evidence was in Mr. Bonaparte addressed the jury. He had made a good case. The opposing counsel, not having a leg to stand on, took a shy at Mr. Bonaparte.

"Why, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, with great declamatory effect, "while my client's ancestors were already respectable and law-abiding citizens of Baltimore those of his opponent were brigands roaming the wilds of Corsica!"

A Restful Day

JOHN, I am more than glad to hear you'll spend the day at home, my dear; you've worked with such tremendous zest I really think you need a rest. Just spend one really restful day and spend it in your own sweet way. If men spent more such days in peace and quiet, and took more of esse, I'm sure they'd gain a lot in health, live longer and get more of wealth. When things go wrong downtown, you know, there's always peace at home, and so your nerves get rested up and then you're fit for real hard work again.

NOW, John, if you will leave the den a little while we'll clean, and then you may come back to your big chair and read the book you've opened there. Today is cleaning day, so just go in the parlor till we dust and mop the walls and oil the floor and polish up the sliding door. It won't take very long, my dear, and then we'll let you come back here, light your cigar and crook your knees, and spend the day just as you please.

THAT'S right, my dear, sit right down there in that big cozy rocking chair, and read your paper just as though you were at your own club, you know. Just move a bit—a little more—so we can close the folding door; perhaps you'd better swing about, so Jennie can get in and out and not disturb you when she brings the polishers and dusting things. Or, come to think, perhaps you'd be more cozy there on the settee.

NOW, dear, I'll run round with the broom, if you'll move in the dining room. It won't take very long and then we'll let you come back here again. You won't object, I feel right sure, if I should dust the furniture—the weather is so dry it's just one endless battle with the dust. Take your big easy chair with you and I will call you when I'm through. I know a man despises dust on everything about—he must. That's right, my dear, just settle down. I'm glad you didn't go downtown. I've long intended to suggest that you stay home one day and rest. Tonight I want to hear you say you've had one simply restful day.

NOW, John, we've nearly done the den and parlor—if you'll move again out on the porch I'll take the broom and pick up in the dining room. It only needs a touch or two, and then, you see, we're almost through. A stitch in time, you know, saves nine, has always been a rule of mine. Just take a big porch chair and see how comfortable you can be while I am dusting off this shelf. I want you to enjoy yourself. I think a rest like this will do you more good than a week or two at some resort. You look, somehow, considerably rested now, and by tonight I'm sure you will be feeling far more rested still.

YOU look so comfortable there out on the porch in that big chair. And Jennie's almost ready, dear, to bring the mop and pail out here. Now if you'll only move once more, until she mops up the porch floor, we'll let you come right back and see how restful one's home life can be. Just take that pillow on the lawn—the morning sun has almost gone—and you may let the minutes pass while resting on the cool green grass.

WHAT, dear, asleep? 'Tis as I thought. The lawn is such a restful spot. Now if you'll only move once more! The lawn should have been cut before, but I've just found a man out here who'll cut it for his dinner, dear. The basement's cool, so take a chair and read your paper, dear, down there. I want you to enjoy your rest just as you think will be the best; to sit around and lie at ease and pass one day in perfect peace. So, John, if you will move, the man will mow the lawn, and then you can ——

Well, goodness gracious! He has gone to catch a town car!

John! Oh, John!! —*J. W. Foley.*

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Cherry Tree Brand



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Get *Hand-Tailoring!*
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And every Kirschbaum garment is guaranteed Hand-tailored.

So your safe guide to *All-Wool* and *Hand-Tailoring* in the suit you buy is the *Kirschbaum* label—Cherry Tree Brand.

Ask your dealer for this suit, as illustrated—

THE KIRSCHBAUM "DIXIE" AT $18.

That is, if you are the kind of a man who is keen on STYLISH clothes; who wants to come out this Fall in a fine all-wool fabric and unmistakably hand-tailored garments. For the "Dixie" is a mighty fine suit—the best value in America for $18!

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Coat:—Fronts slightly cut away—rounded at bottom; slight dip in front; 3 buttons; semi-peaked lapels; medium long collar; Kirschbaum hand-worked natural shoulders; form-fitting back.

Vest:—5 buttons; single-breasted; no collar; slightly curved at bottom.

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They far outlast the period guaranteed. Best leather is used. Our women are master glove-makers and every stitch is taken with care.

As an instance, the seam between the thumb and first finger doesn't rip at every little strain.

Sold in Cape, Mocha, Glace and Chamois, in many varieties, from $1.50 upwards—for men, women and children—every one of which has the Ireland Written Guarantee. You should have the dealer date and sign the document.

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DEALERS are urged to write for our "selling plan."



OUT-OF-DOORS

The Prospector and His Work

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago three men sat on a wind-swept slope in the far-off Southwest. They were lazy, as became men of their calling in that region. A mound or so of fresh-turned dirt marked the mountainside near at hand. They conversed idly, after the fashion of their kind.

"It's getting slow here," said one. "Bill and me pull out tomorrow."

"Which way?" asked one of the others.

"We're going to drop down to the Andes," was the wholly casual remark.

"Different here," remarked the other speaker. "I'm going up to the Fraser country next week. I never did think the Caribou diggin's was quite played out."

The third man announced his intention of returning to the States—which brought out, very properly, pitying contempt from the others. Within thirty days the three, good friends as they had been, were journeying farther apart each day to at least three several points of the compass. They have never met or heard from each other from that day to this, although the man who went back to the States has often wondered what became of the others.

Such incidents were not uncommon in the history of prospectors in the Western region at that time—indeed, are not wholly uncommon today. The prospector remains to a certain extent, even now, something of a vagabond and an adventurer. No one could tell, for instance, what had brought a certain prospector by the name of Jack Wilson years earlier into this particularly dry country, two hundred miles from the nearest railway station. No one can tell today how Jack Wilson lived while he kept on his prospecting in those arid mountains. Tradition hath it that one day Jack, having finished his noonday meal of sheep meat and green peppers, was idly pecking at a stone which lay between his feet. He saw something of a shiny speck appear on the surface of the piece of rock, picked it up, saw that it shone the same from any angle and so knew it was gold.

Gold is Where You Find It

That was the first of a million-dollar mine, which unfortunately did not prove to be what the Mexicans call an A mine, with the vein broadening as it went down, but the reverse, or a V mine, pinching out from the grass-roots down. In result whereof, the camp pinched out and the prospectors scattered to other and far-off fields, after the custom of their kind. One of them had word of rich strikes made in Peru. The other knew well the history of the rich British Columbia diggings in 1862, when many a man washed out a hundred ounces in a day; where one claim paid a hundred and five thousand dollars in two months; another turned out two hundred pounds of gold in one day; yet another six hundred ounces daily for a long time, and where one lucky miner on the pay streak actually took out six hundred dollars in a single pan; another fifty-two ounces in one pan; another three hundred and ten ounces in a single day. It is facts such as these that keep the prospectors wandering all over the surface of the earth, and results such as these which have led to the finding of gold in all sorts of places, in almost every corner of the earth's surface.

The prospector of today in his best type must be something of a student as well as very much of a woodsman and mountaineer. The wider his knowledge in geology and in assaying, the better his chance of success. In addition to this, he must be a man of sound judgment, not disposed to lose his head or to waste time and money in locating worthless claims, which have produced rather a few glittering specimens than a large body of workable ore.

The profession has, perhaps, lost a little of its original glamour of risk and excitement. In the early days in California, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia, when men were hunting out the rich placers all through the mountains, the prospector and the miner were pretty much one. The country needed fighting men in those days and had them. The solitary adventurers or the band of followers might need to fight Indians or other marauders. They lived in part upon the wild game of the country and in part upon supplies packed in at incredible expense from distant supply points. They took millions and millions of dollars out of the placers which they discovered all through the mountain regions, and they did this without the exercise of much skill or judgment. Their profession was in its infancy and placer gold was its main quest. Gold had been discovered by accident in California, and in the search for other goldfields each man had almost as much education as his neighbor. They hunted out the beds of waterways and learned to sink to bedrock for the heavy particles of gold. They learned that the flats back of an abrupt bend in a rockbound stream, where the waters originally had eddied, made a natural settling ground for the precious metal. Later on they learned to follow, by shaft or tunnel, even into and under the heart of mountains themselves, those old streambeds which sometimes had been filled up with basaltic or other formation ages earlier. They did not much care for quartz in those earlier days; and the profession of prospecting, as well as that of mining, was one made up of loose education and good or bad luck in its pursuit. Such methods have been in part followed by men who have combed out the sub-Arctic country of the North, the rough mountains of South America or the half-desert wastes of Australia. It is they who have established the maxim that gold is where you find it. Certainly they have found it in all sorts of impossible places and all sorts of geological formations.

Why the Profits Vanish

Those methods, however, were those of adventuring and not those of business. The prospector today would not knowingly evade a good placer, nor would he flee from a free-gold proposition in quartz; but his business is that of locating bodies of ore bearing precious or semiprecious metals. When he has found his deposit he cannot wash it out and carry it away in a buckskin bag. On the contrary, he must arrange to carry in the heaviest of mining machinery, often over remote and expensive trails. He must know about transportation as well as about geology—must be part engineer and part prospector. It is his business to locate only such properties as can be handled profitably under existing conditions. The average man who buys mining stock has not the slightest idea of what a mine really is, but the true prospector today must know the full meaning of that term if he is to succeed in his own business.

Mining is wholly different from any commercial business, which has fixed overhead charges and a reasonable turnover of the capital invested, with computable expenses in advertising, distribution, etc. Five per cent, turned over in a mercantile business, may be reasonable profit. Twice that percentage may be very bad business in a mine. A million-dollars-a-year mine is not a ten-million-dollar business investment. Every pound of ore taken out cuts down the principal that much—lessens the security that much. In ten years a ten-million-dollar mine at ten per cent would pay back the ten million dollars of money put into it—and only that. Everything has to come out of the mine; so that, at the end of ten years, the owners would not have had a dollar in dividends, although they thought they had ten per cent. To put that mine upon an actual ten-per-cent-profit basis the mine should have paid out in the ten years in actual dividends five and a half million dollars additional—that is to say, it should have paid its owners fifteen and a half million dollars to make a net profit showing, entitling it to be called a ten-million mine, or a million-a-year investment property. Selling and getting out is not mining. It is the prospector's business to find real mines.

The prospector today of the best type is something of an engineer as well—or, at least, he is apt to work in combination with an engineer. It is his business to establish an ore body, to be able to tell where it is, what it will cost to develop and how much its probable resources will be in ore. In the old times an enthusiastic prospector who

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The Martin & Hoyt Co., Established 1891, Atlanta, Ga.

found one or two good specimens was all too apt to rush off to the nearest local paper and tell about the find. The local paper promptly reported the latest "strike" and renewed the ancient appeal to "Eastern Capital" to come and develop this most promising camp, etc., etc. In the camp where the three prospectors above mentioned separated it was a poor citizen who did not have a quart or so of coarse gold taken from his claim. Yet few of them were mines, as the truth was proved later. In other camps of not greater worth the promoters have dug up wonderful newspaper values in late years, and have done what they could to ruin what should be a sober and honest industry. The prospector must be continually carried by imagination, continually actuated by hope; but both these qualities must be or should be set aside when it comes to the business of marketing what he has found.

The prospector ought not to come out of the hills wild-eyed and overenthusiastic, shrieking excitedly for a ten-stamp mill by return mail each time he finds a quartz outcrop. Suppose you put a ten-stamp mill on a one-foot vein in an ore chute of one hundred feet. An engineer will tell you that in four years your ten-stamp mill would oblige you to go down just twenty-four hundred feet. Many mills have not done it because the money ran out too soon. Neither prospectors, miners, nor even the investors get rich on that kind of business judgment. What the prospector wants to find is a mine that will be a mine and stay a mine.

In the old times he needed a rifle and six-shooter as much as pick and shovel. Today his equipment, beyond that necessary for his daily subsistence, still includes the gold-pan and the steel-faced little hammer. A curved spoon made of horn will often prove useful to him in sampling residues, and he ought to have a little vial of quicksilver to help him in assembling the finer "colors" in his work of testing his samples. A tape or proved measuring line of some sort he must have, for if he finds an ore body of value he should take no chances with later lawsuits. Of course the prospector has his strong microscope—or "glass," as it is called—for the examining of specimens; and the more skilled members of the profession, who do not want continually to run to distant assayers in town, carry a blow-pipe for reducing ores, and sometimes a few acids for certain tests of convincing nature. The better assayer a prospector is the more time he is apt to save in his preliminary work. The best prospector is not the one who locates but who does not locate many claims.

Locating the Lode

The average man knows little of the method which the prospector uses in his daily work. The most modest mountainside looks large and discouraging to the seeker for mineral wealth. How does the prospector go about finding mineral?

In the first place, though he knows gold may be found almost anywhere unexpectedly, he districts his own ideas, determining what he is going to look for, where he is going to look for it and how far that region ought to be from proved transportation. Usually he works in a neighborhood of districts already partially proved. Unless he be a mere adventurer, hunting for gold placers, he will know that an ore-body found fifty miles from transportation is worth many times the same ore-body a thousand miles from transportation—and he will govern his search accordingly.

Having established his field of operations, the prospector pushes out into the hills. In general, he still sticks to the waterways, present or past. He hangs to the bottoms of valleys and ravines, and examines with especial care all outcrops shown in cut banks or rock faces which have been worn down by water. He knows the powerful effect of erosion—that is to say, of weather upon rock, carried on through many ages; knows the effect of snowslides and storms on exposed rock veins. He knows that the force of gravitation carries detached pieces of rock downhill. Hence, probably keeping pretty low down, his first search is for "float"—that is to say, bits of rock which do not look like the country rock on which they are found, but which either show mineral value or the earlier presence of mineral value. Sometimes the elements will have leached out the mineral itself in a "specimen" of float, so that only a stain remains. The prospector examines this under the



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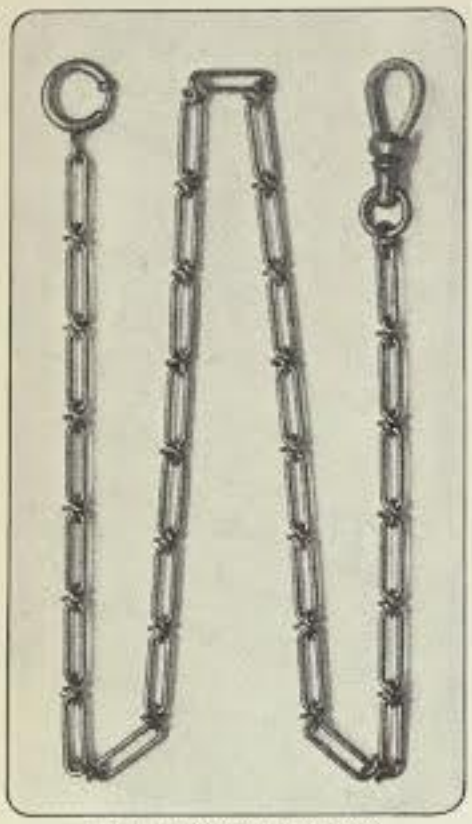
possibly a slight exaggeration—say "about 300" not over—

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glass and passes on, trying to find more float of the same kind. Perhaps he is passing up a depression between two hills. Once in a while he finds a piece of float, but after a while ceases to find them. He turns now and goes down his depression until the float is no longer found in that direction. His theory, though perhaps he has never thought of it, is that the vein from which these pieces of quartz came is probably somewhere up the mountainside, its locality making the apex of the triangle over which the scattered pieces of quartz have been carried by the elements during many years past.

Acting consciously or unconsciously on this theory, perhaps our prospector now goes up a bit higher on his mountainside. Of course his float is not abundant and it lies in no such regular form as theory may give it; but slowly and methodically he crosscuts what he supposes to have been the course of these falling bits of float. He does this again and again, working higher up all the time. Theoretically, and sometimes practically, his deposit of float gets narrower as he goes higher. Also the specimens of float ought to show less and less leaching—that is to say, they should be fresher from the vein.

Hour after hour, perhaps day after day, the prospector runs out his trail, nosing out the mineral, picking a little here and a little there, very likely doing some panning of the dirt as he works on up and across; perhaps sometimes grinding a specimen in his mortar down at his camp and panning the residue for colors. If he gets results he knows that this mineral must have come from some vein somewhere. In rare cases he can locate the lode quickly by sight in an outcrop marked definitely by natural retaining walls. If the ore-body, like most quartz, is harder than the surrounding rocks, it will project as the mountainface wears down. Sometimes, however, the reverse of this is true and the ore-body is softer than the walls of the country rock, in which case the vein is a depression and not an outcrop. In any case, however, our prospector finally locates what he thinks is his lode, or "lead," as it is pronounced.

Staking Out the Claim

The next thing is to trace out the lode and determine whether there is a workable ore-body in place. It is more difficult on the ground than it is on paper, for outcrops do not always come with regular or easily traceable walls. Perhaps the prospector does not, at first, know which way his lode runs. Perhaps he follows it out, losing it now and then, through forest growth, sometimes across regions covered by lesser vegetation. He must use his judgment and be patient. Sometimes he does a little picking or shoveling, proving his judgment that he is still over his lode.

Granted that our prospector knows that a specimen does not make a mine, and granted that he has ultimately figured out that it will pay to locate on his discovery, there remain certain other things which the businesslike prospector must know and must do. It will serve no good purpose for him to find a valid mine and later to lose it through his own ignorance or carelessness. He cannot locate and hold a claim on a place where he may have found merely some good-paying specimens or rich pieces of float. He can only hold a claim located actually on "mineral in place"—that is to say, on the ore-body proper. His vein may be only a few feet wide or less, but for working purposes the law will allow him three hundred feet on each side of it and fifteen hundred feet lengthwise of the lode. He is obliged to follow out that "mineral in place" throughout that fifteen hundred feet, wherever it goes; but the ends of his claim must be parallel to each other. This work, perhaps, is done in a virgin forest, perhaps on a steep, bare hillside; but it must be done accurately. The bounds of the claim must be marked out in such unmistakable fashion that he can prove he was the first to find and locate his claim on "mineral in place." He must put up a stake or monument carrying his location notice at the point of discovery, and he must set up at least four stakes or monuments—one at each corner of the claim. For legal reasons it is far better to have a monument also on the lode where it leaves each end of the claim.

The prospector will not be allowed by the deputy surveyor or by the courts any more ground than he has actually staked out; so usually he is careful to measure his claim rather large than short, as the law will then only cut him down to the fifteen hundred by six hundred feet. If he be shrewd he may, perhaps, make the end of his claim begin at the point of discovery and locate a claim in each direction on the lode from that point. It is his business to mark out each such claim distinctly and unmistakably. If he uses a blazed tree for a monument it should be cut deeply and inscribed unmistakably, as such and such a monument on such and such a claim. It is not enough to stick any sort of a piece of wood down into any kind of a heap of stone. A good prospector leaves the record of the work of a man in his monuments, piling them up carefully, so that the elements will not remove their artificial look. He is apt to inclose his location notice or to place it between stones where it cannot be removed. In short, he knows what the intent of the law is; and, in order to protect his rights, he leaves unmistakable, visible evidence of his occupancy and his intent.

The good prospector, however, is there to sell a mine. Hence he looks at accessibility when he locates his claim, considering the lay of the country. He knows that, though not obliged to make his claim six hundred feet wide, he cannot locate his mine one hundred feet to one side of the lode and five hundred to the other; but he can measure off his claim five hundred feet one way from discovery and a thousand feet the other on the lode. Of course he knows he must stick to the vein and not try to locate the whole face of the mountain, where there may or may not be "mineral in place."

The theory of the mining law is that all mineral deposits once belonged to the crown. We have no crown in this country, but our Government establishes a few simple preliminaries before it will pass title of the people's common property to an individual. That individual, if a skilled prospector, is fully familiar with the law and with the physical requirements of his calling at this stage of the operation. Therefore if, in his pan, or his horn spoon, or in his iron or rock mortar, he finds a rich showing, he does not rush off hotfoot to the nearest camp, but proves out and locates his mineral in place, taking care that he can legally hold his find. The blocking out of the ore in place is properly a matter for an engineer, but the prospector who cannot come back with a definite description and definite proof of everything he says regarding his mineral find is not apt to get the attention either of an investor or of an engineer. In short, it is a business that he is following, and he must use the business principles of caution and good judgment, as well as of initiative and daring.

The Safe Law of Averages

Nearly all prospectors and miners are apt to deceive themselves in spite of themselves. No man can trust himself to select specimens from an ore dump or an outcrop with any assurance of getting the fair average value of an ore-body. The careful prospector, or his engineer, in proving up his mineral body, gets portions of the ore from many different places on the vein, as widely as possible removed from each other. All these samples of ore he mixes, first breaking it up a little, so that it will assimilate fairly well. He now quarters this heap, and, taking one quarter, will crush this up a little bit finer and mix it again. Then he quarters this quarter and still further reduces his remnant. He now has what properly may be called a sample of his ore-body; and this residue, when crushed to pulp and assayed, is what gives him his value to the ton—only probable or estimated even at that. To be cautious, he will give some of the same pulp to two different assayers and compare their results, taking the average of both combined. The prospector knows how absolutely inaccurate would be any test of a single specimen taken from any locality on the vein. He allows the safe law of averages to guide him and, theoretically at least, does not allow himself to get crazy at an unexpectedly good showing. All of this sort of thing takes time, care and money. The folly of locating at first sight every mineral showing which may come up is easily apparent. There is, after all, a sort of system in the safe and sane prospector's method—if he be a prospector and not a dishonest speculator, trying to unload on ignorance and credulity, or on organized rapacity in search of victims farther down the line.

Granted all this, the great factor of luck does enter into the prospector's life; and

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again, natural genius in the calling prevails here as elsewhere. There are some men who seem to be able to smell out mineral and to go straight to a vein. The shrewdest of these, however, are men who know a little of geology and who have learned a few of the tricks of the trade. These men study all cutbanks, watercourses, streams and springs, even the vegetation of the district.

Of course it is human to cry up one's wares. The average prospector locates nothing less than a "true-fissure vein," in which every foot of the vein is mineralized. As a matter of fact, the actual ore-body which carries the values rarely fills the whole vein from wall to wall. The latter distance may be forty feet, fifty, a hundred or even a thousand; but the ore-bodies or the pay streaks may be only a few feet or a few inches in cross-section. The Comstock veins, as often is pointed out, sometimes ran a thousand feet from wall to wall, with relatively small amounts of quartz, not all of which carried paying values. The more nearly complete information of this sort which the prospector can bring out of the hills the better engineer he is, the better he is in his calling, and the more apt he is to succeed; though, of course, his function properly is that of discovery and not of exploration or development.

Many great gold placers were found by accident. Natives have taken white men to some of the richest placer districts, and some of the best Alaskan copper mines and coal mines really were discovered by Indians who got small pay for telling the white men where they were. There is no region so remote and dangerous that the prospector will not go into it—and none so difficult that miners will not swarm after him.

The Cleanest Money in the World

The glory of the prospector, however, was in the romantic days of adventure, when each man had the right to think he could grow rich by merely going West and working at this or that calling for a time, as did the three men of our story. No more thrilling reading ever will be written than the history of the prospector's life—his many adventurings, his sudden wealth or his narrow escapes therefrom. His is a life remote, devoted to the wilderness, and his are the ways of the open. He sees what perhaps the big-game hunter does not see or does not value. Thus, in the far Southwest where our three prospectors above mentioned foregathered, the writer once, while out deer hunting, discovered a clean-cut six-foot vein of coal. There is a railroad within six miles of that place today, though there was none within a hundred at that time. Since we could all burn piñon wood and did not need coal, but did need venison, the hunter passed on, finally killed his buck and for a long time forgot the vein of coal. Very likely it is there today. Again, while bear hunting above the great bend of the Columbia, our party once picked up certain pieces of rotten quartz which later assayed in very decent values. We were hungry and hurried, and did not pause to follow up the float. Yet even on that hunt we found, far back where no man belonged, two silent men, with picks and shovels, who were leading the water of a little spring some hundreds of yards to a certain flat, near which stood their little tent. And when we came out of that wilderness region we did so down a stream which, in 1867, was occupied by an army of the boldest and hardiest goldseekers of the West—the men who left the Fraser and tried the Columbia, on French Creek, Gold Creek and many others, leaving behind them, on certain pieces of bad water, the gruesome name, Death Rapids, where scores of them were drowned when they tried to get out of that country on rafts.

Those days were long before railway transportation, when supplies had to come in over incredibly difficult country. The adventurings of great bodies of men into so remote and forbidding a region was the best possible proof of the potent lure which mineral wealth always has proved for the boldest and hardiest of men—those who make their living out-of-doors; and who thus enable us, who make our living indoors, to barter and trade and swap the tokens of that wealth, all of which ultimately must come from the soil itself—in one form or other of the wealth which all of us covet and few of us attain. It is an old saying that the cleanest money in the world is what you dig out of a mine. The prospector's trade is not only an interesting but a clean one.



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"THE BRISTOW AMENDMENT"

(Continued from Page 8)

Why should we now go back and take from the Federal Government an authority that was given it by its original framers unless there appears to be some valid reason for taking from the General Government that power?

An intense race prejudice exists in the South; and to array this prejudice against the amendment as it passed the Senate was not improbably the purpose of Mr. Bacon. He not only appealed to the race prejudices, but also to the doctrine of state rights, which is still dear to many Southern Democrats. These foreign questions were injected into the discussion in the Senate and used by the Senators who are opposed to the direct election of Senators.

I do not believe section four should be changed. I think the Federal Government ought to have the power that it confers. I think it was of vital concern in 1866, when the Stockton controversy was up. At one time I was ready to sacrifice my belief in that respect if by so doing I could get the resolution changing the method of electing Senators adopted, because I considered that of the most vital consequence to our country. Whether I would do so now I am not ready to say. One thing is certain—the Senate must become more responsive to public opinion than it has been in recent years; and it will be made so by the American people, even if they have to nullify the provision in the Constitution relating to the election of Senators, by passing state laws such as the Oregon law, which requires the people of the state to select at the general election a candidate for United States Senator whom the legislature is practically directed by state statute to elect. The people will govern this country and protect themselves from the powers of greed and avarice—in spite of the Constitution if they have to. This they have done in the election of their Presidents; and in time they will do so in the election of their Senators.

Victory After Countless Defeats

On February twenty-eighth the resolution came to a vote. For more than half a century every device known to parliamentary practice had been resorted to to prevent the Senate from taking a record vote on the proposition; but at last the vote was taken and the resolution was defeated, the vote being fifty-four for and thirty-three against. Two-thirds being required, it lacked four votes of having a sufficient number.

The new Congress was convened by the President on April fourth, and ten Senators who had voted against the resolution had retired. From careful inquiry I learned that at least six of the ten new Senators would have voted for the resolution if they had been members of the Senate when the vote was taken. So I determined, with the convening of the Senate, immediately to introduce the resolution in the same form as it had been voted upon, feeling certain that if we could get it to a vote again in that form it would pass without question. So on April sixth I introduced the resolution. It was again referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Meantime the House of Representatives had passed a resolution in the same form as it was reported to the Senate by the Senate committee at the former session. This House resolution, when it came over to the Senate, was also referred to the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and that committee promptly reported out the House resolution in lieu of the one I had introduced. I at once offered the resolution in the form I had introduced it and as voted upon at the former session, as a substitute for that reported by the committee, feeling confident not only that it was the best form, but that it would be more certain of passage in that form than in any other.

This substitute, commonly called the Bristow Amendment, was debated with the same animation as had been the amendment offered by Mr. Sutherland at the former session. Mr. Bacon, of Georgia, led the opposition, claiming in a most extravagant way that it was conferring upon the Federal Government authority to enact force bills and send armies and United States marshals into Southern states to



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intimidate voters, though the Senator from Georgia well knew that there never have been and never will be United States troops or marshals sent to the South under section four, if it remains in the Constitution. It was not under the powers conferred by that section that President Grant sent troops to supervise Southern elections, but under the Fourteenth Amendment.

Many extravagant and ridiculous assertions were made as to the results of electing Senators by a direct vote without changing section four—the same old play upon sectional prejudices, all for the ultimate purpose of defeating the resolution changing the manner of electing Senators. So vigorous was the attack by a number of opponents of the resolution that an impression was created in many sections of the country that I was trying to add new powers of control to the Federal Government—when, in fact, I was only seeking to preserve in the Federal Government an authority that it has had since the beginning.

On the adoption of the substitute there was a tie vote in the Senate, the Vice-President casting the decisive vote in its favor, so that the resolution came before the Senate for final action on June 12, 1911, in exactly the form in which it was voted upon on the twenty-eighth of February last. This time it carried by a vote of sixty-four for and twenty-four against—receiving five more than the two-thirds, thus confirming the judgment of the Senators who believed it was more certain of passage in that form than in any other. If the substitute had not been adopted, from the most accurate information the resolution would have lacked two or three votes of a sufficient number to pass.

The passage of the resolution was a great triumph. After eighty-five years of agitation both houses had agreed that Senators should be elected by a direct vote instead of by the legislatures. The Senate, however, having rejected the change in section four, as provided by the resolution that had passed the House, the bill went to conference—and there it remains today. The representatives of the two Houses disagreed on the paragraph repealing a part of section four. It will remain in conference during the vacation, having failed of passage by both Houses in the same form at this session because of that disagreement. Mr. Rucker, of Missouri, is the chairman of the committee of the House, and he refused to accept the Senate resolution; though, as a member of the House in 1900, he voted in favor of the resolution that then passed, which is substantially the same as that which passed the Senate this year.

Champ Clark, present Speaker of the House, was also a member of Congress in 1900, and he voted for the resolution as it then passed, which was substantially the same as the Senate resolution. So did Underwood, of Alabama; Burleson, of Texas; Clayton, of Alabama; Newlands, of Nevada; Kitchin, of North Carolina; Livingston, of Georgia; Lloyd, of Missouri; Stephens, of Texas; Taylor, of Alabama; and Williams, of Mississippi—all, with the exception of Livingston, of Georgia, now Democratic leaders in Congress. Senators Williams and Bankhead were both members of Congress in 1900 and voted for the resolution; but as members of the Senate this time they both voted against the resolution, because it did not repeal the clause in section four.

From this record it clearly appears that, though these Democratic leaders may be in favor of the direct election of Senators, they apparently are more desirous of depriving the Federal Government of the authority that it now holds—and has held from its establishment—over the manner and times of electing Senators than in changing the system so as to give the people the opportunity to elect their Senators by direct vote. By holding up this great national reform in order to force a change in section four, these leaders are most unfortunately shifting the entire controversy now from the question as to whether the people shall elect their Senators by a direct vote to that of the advisability of taking from the Federal Government the control over the election of Senators that the Fathers of the Republic gave it when they framed the Constitution.

The Senate resolution leaves the Federal Government with the same authority to regulate the election of Senators that it now has over the election of members of Congress. And why our Democratic leaders should insist upon making the change in section four a prominent issue in the campaign for the direct election of Senators is difficult to understand. I suggested to Mr. Rucker and to the Senate conferees that they might compromise and report two resolutions to the Senate—one providing for the election of Senators by direct vote and one providing for the change in section four, so that the two propositions suggested by the House resolution could go to the state legislatures separately and stand or fall upon their own merits.

Those of us who have been so earnestly in favor of the direct election of Senators have been willing to make any reasonable sacrifice in order to secure the adoption of a resolution making such provision; but when the demand is plainly made that in order to secure such adoption we must consent to a change in section four, taking from the Federal Government its original power over the election of Senators, a grave issue is presented. There might come a time, independent of the race question in the South or the ancient doctrine of state rights, when such authority in the Federal Government would be of the highest importance.

Congress at the extra session just closed passed a corrupt-practices act requiring every candidate for the Senate, not only in a state primary but before a state legislature, to state under oath before and after the primary, and before and after the election, the amount of money he has expended. Promises of political patronage of any kind are forbidden.

The authority that the Federal Government has to enact such a corrupt-practices act is conferred by the very provision in section four that it is sought to repeal, and we certainly should hesitate before taking any course that will weaken the Federal Government in enforcing such a statute.

It seems to me that it will be better to hold on to that power and keep up the fight for the plain and simple change in the Constitution giving the people the right to elect their Senators. If the House conferees will accept the resolution that passed the Senate, and which a majority of them voted for in 1898 and 1900, it will be far better for the country. To refuse, it seems to me, will result in no good. To insist on the changes in section four will only tend to arouse anew sectional prejudices which all of us ought to want to forget.

DANGERS OF THE AIR

(Concluded from Page 7)

motor by means of the propeller and then quickly stepping aside is fraught with danger; and that the absence of a change-speed gear renders it impossible to control the speed of the machine adequately.

The motor, carbureter—when used—and fuel-tank are not ordinarily disposed in a monoplane with a view to safety. Aviation motors generate from fifty to one hundred and forty horsepower. It may be asked: How much power does it take to fly? Approximately nine horsepower is the answer of actual experiment.

A horsepower is about equal to the muscular strength of ten men. Consequently the one-hundred-and-forty-horsepower racing monoplane that recently has been cleaving the European atmosphere is using up the mechanical equivalent of the efforts of fourteen hundred men.

It may be wonderful to compress in a little motor of steel so much energy; it is very much more wonderful to attain very nearly the same result with a fraction of a horsepower. The biggest creature that ever flew was the extinct pterodactyl. Its spread of wing was, perhaps, as much as twenty feet—not much less than that of a modern racing Blériot. Yet that huge creature flew with an expenditure of energy estimated at less than one-twentieth of a horsepower. The greatest flying creature of our day is the condor, with a wing-spread that reaches a maximum of ten feet; yet its horsepower has likewise been placed at about one-twentieth. Birds of prey may not be able to outspeed a racing monoplane, but their marvelous efficiency as flying-machines raises the question whether we have not still much to learn from them.



You, Too, Can Play
Instinctively

IT takes a Darwin, a William James and a hundred other great thinkers a hundred years to make man realize that his Instincts are more wonderful than his Reason.

All human beings do possess Instinct to produce music with soul and life in it. All you need is an instrument which plays the notes, and gives you control of expression *instinctively*.

You find it as natural and instinctive to play

The VIRTUOLO

as it is for a bee to make its delicate wax honey case, or a spider to hang its beautiful lace web by instinct.

This may sound unbelievable, yet it is easy to prove. Have a Virtuolo sent to your home for a month's free test, just as you would have a fine rug, rich furs, or a painting sent to your home to examine at your leisure, critically. There you test your instinct for playing it, alone, with no one to bother you, and there this instrument will prove to you a remarkable thing. No other player piano permits of Instinctive Playing. The

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO

of today is the culmination of 75 years of the highest ideals in piano making. In the last few years we have spent a fortune in developing the player-piano idea out of its previous crude state into the complete, ideal musical instrument.

For $700 we offer the Hallet & Davis Virtuolo in special mahogany case of Colonial design; or in a refined Arts-and-Crafts case for $775. The Conway Virtuolo in beautiful mahogany or walnut case is $575. These instruments all have the new, sensitive Acrolo accent buttons.

We make special easy terms of payment as low as $15 monthly. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange.

We also offer our reliable, fully guaranteed Lexington Player Piano at $450 and $485, on terms as low as $12 monthly.

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
Dept. A, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me full information about your Free Home Test Plan on the Virtuolo; also, free copy of "The Inner Beauty," a book about music and its inner meaning.

Name _____
Street Address _____
City and State _____

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
Established 1839
Boston *New York*

Stoddard-Dayton 1912 Line

SUCCESSFUL motor-car manufacture demands continual improvement of proven products, and either increased values or lower prices year by year.

Enhanced values or lower prices are possible only by economies effected by better manufacturing and selling methods and facilities, and by quantity production.

To this end the United States Motor Company was formed by successful makers.

With an already wonderful car, with a wonderful record and reputation, the Stoddard-Dayton, since joining the United States Motor Company, has been able in two years to effect economies and improve its cars until in 1912 each dollar buys half as much again as was possible two years ago.

We gratefully recognize the satisfaction our cars have given in the past eight years, and are proud of the pride of ownership expressed by Stoddard-Dayton owners.

But we are confident they will regard 1912 Stoddard-Daytons as the most extraordinary values ever offered in QUALITY CARS.

The lines of all the body designs tend toward extreme simplicity. The effect is striking. The use of running-board tool-boxes does away with all unsightly battery boxes, gas tanks, etc., that mar the appearance of the usual car. Neatness and simplicity is carried to a still further impressive state by removing from the dash everything except the gasolene and oil pressure gauges and the small cover of the coil.

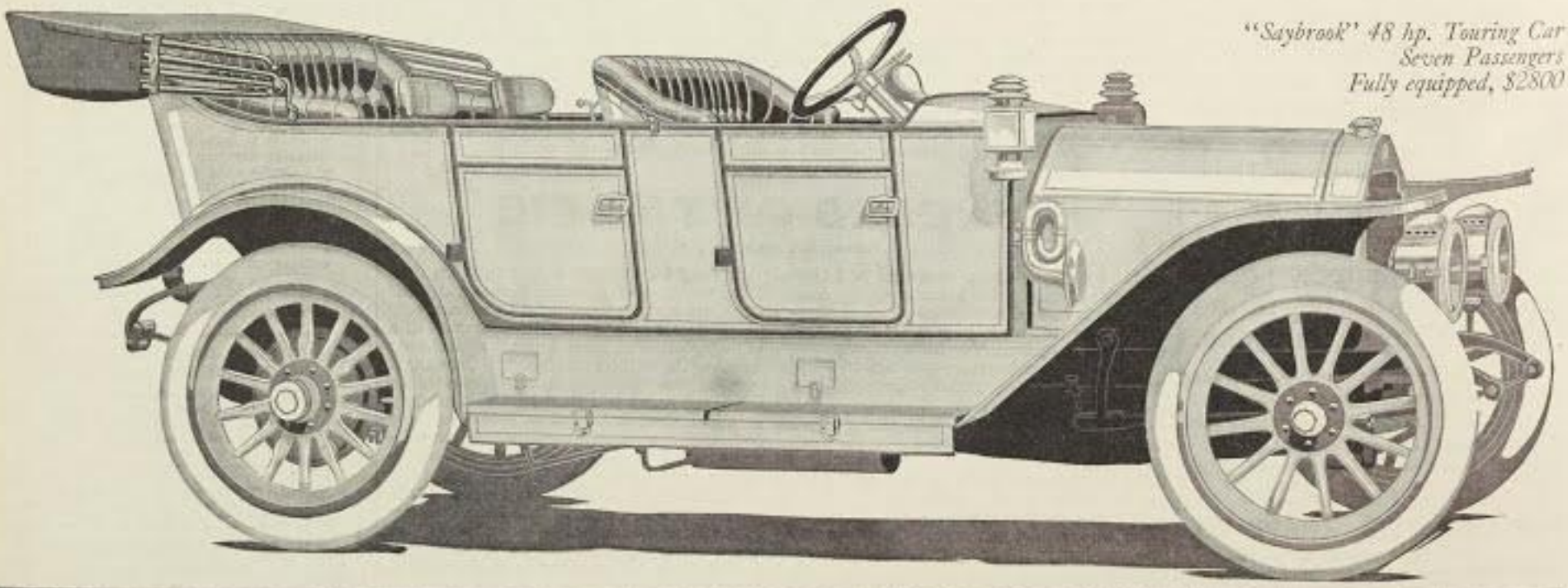
The forward part of the bodies have been widened considerably, giving ample space for the working of control and brake levers inside the body. The front seats of the "Knight," "Special" and "Saybrook" Touring Cars and Torpedo models are adjustable forward and back, to accommodate drivers of various leg-lengths who have found no car that exactly fitted them.

Stoddard-Dayton "Savoy" 28 hp. $1450 Five-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 4 x 4½; wheel-base, 112 inches. Made also with four-passenger Touring or two-passenger Roadster bodies or with two styles of Commercial Wagon bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Stratford" 38 hp. $1850 Five-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 4¼ x 5⅛; wheel-base, 114 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine or Landaulet bodies or with three-passenger Coupé or two-passenger Semi-Torpedo bodies.

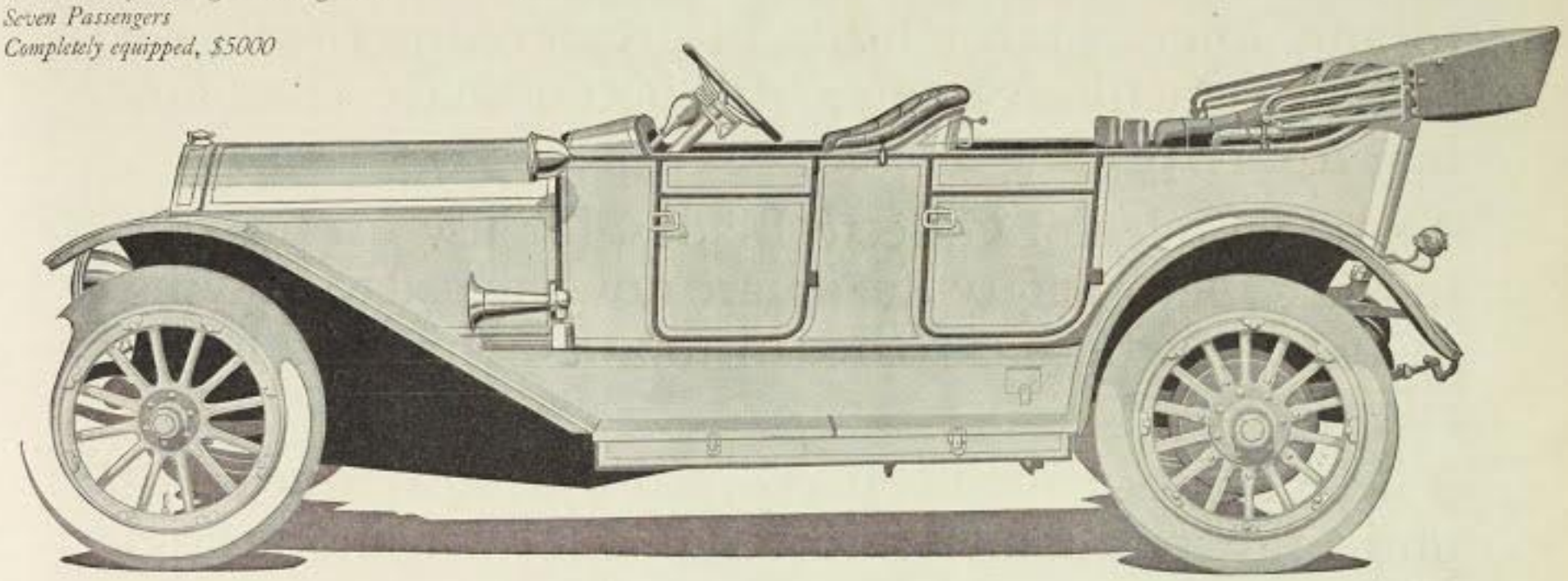
Stoddard-Dayton "Saybrook" 48 hp. $2800 Seven-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 4¾ x 5; wheel-base, 122½ inches. Also made with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies.

Stoddard-Dayton "Special" 58 hp. $3500 Seven-passenger Touring-Car; four-cylinders, 5 x 5½; wheel-base, 130 inches. Made also with seven-passenger Limousine and six-passenger Torpedo bodies, or on a 122½-inch wheel-base with four-passenger Torpedo or two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f. o. b. Dayton.)



"Saybrook" 48 hp. Touring Car
Seven Passengers
Fully equipped, $2800

Stoddard-Dayton-Knight Touring Car
Seven Passengers
Completely equipped, $5000



And a Six-Cylinder "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight" 70 hp. $5000

Combining the six-cylinder and Silent Knight principles for the first time in any car made in America — and two important, widely-commended innovations—**left-hand drive and centre control.** Seven-passenger fore-door Touring car with wheel-base 133 inches; six cylinders 4½ x 5½; 36 x 5 tires; Q. D. demountable rims; mohair top and boot; windshield, rain vision; tire holders; foot-throttle; robe-rail; foot-rest; seat-covers; trunk rack; Hartford shock absorbers; speedometer; big electric horn; electric-lighting outfit (including dynamo, storage battery and electric lamps); running-board tool-boxes, bulb horn, jack, all tools, **$5000.** Furnished also with seven-passenger Limousine, four-passenger Torpedo and two-passenger Roadster bodies. (All prices are f. o. b. Dayton.)

THE superiority of the "Silent Knight" motor lies in the substitution of new means for governing the admission of fresh gas to the cylinders, and its exhaustion after explosion.

What the Difference Is In the usual poppet valve motor the gas is admitted and emitted through valves placed either in the head or sides of the cylinders. These valves set in metal seats, and are opened by rods driven from an independent shaft fitted with cams, and are closed by coil springs. These cams are governed by gears. The disarrangement of gears or rods, the wearing of valve seats or valves results in loss of power.

In the "Knight" motor there are only the silent, tremorless, sliding sleeves working away perfectly without care or attention. They make no noise for they strike nothing. They cause no vibration. They merely slide up and down in perfect lubrication, and silently. The timing is positive and mechanical, and cannot be deranged by neglect or wear. In fact, it can never become deranged.

What this Sleeve Action is like Take in your hands two smooth pieces of metal, oil them, then slide them one upon the other—this is the simple, noiseless, vibrationless, silent action of the sleeves in the "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight." Fitting the engine cylinder closely, one within the other, with a film of oil between, are these two sliding cylinders, and within the inner one slides the piston. Each sleeve has two slots in it, one on each side. When slot Y in the outer sleeve comes opposite slot X in the inner sleeve, and opposite the intake port C, a charge of gas is drawn into the cylinder. After the explosion has taken place, the sliding of the sleeves brings the slot B in the inner sleeve opposite slot A in the outer sleeve, and right opposite the exhaust port E, allowing the burnt gas to escape through the exhaust manifold.

Why Greater Power The valve openings are larger than is possible with any other style of valve, so that greater power is secured through admittance of a fuller charge of gas, as also because of a more complete scavenging of the cylinder chamber after the explosion. Loss of compression through leakage at the sliding sleeves is impossible.

Complete water jacketing encircles the cylinders, cylinder heads, circulation areas enclosing the spark plugs, and also the gas ways, so that a uniform heat is maintained the entire length of the piston travel.

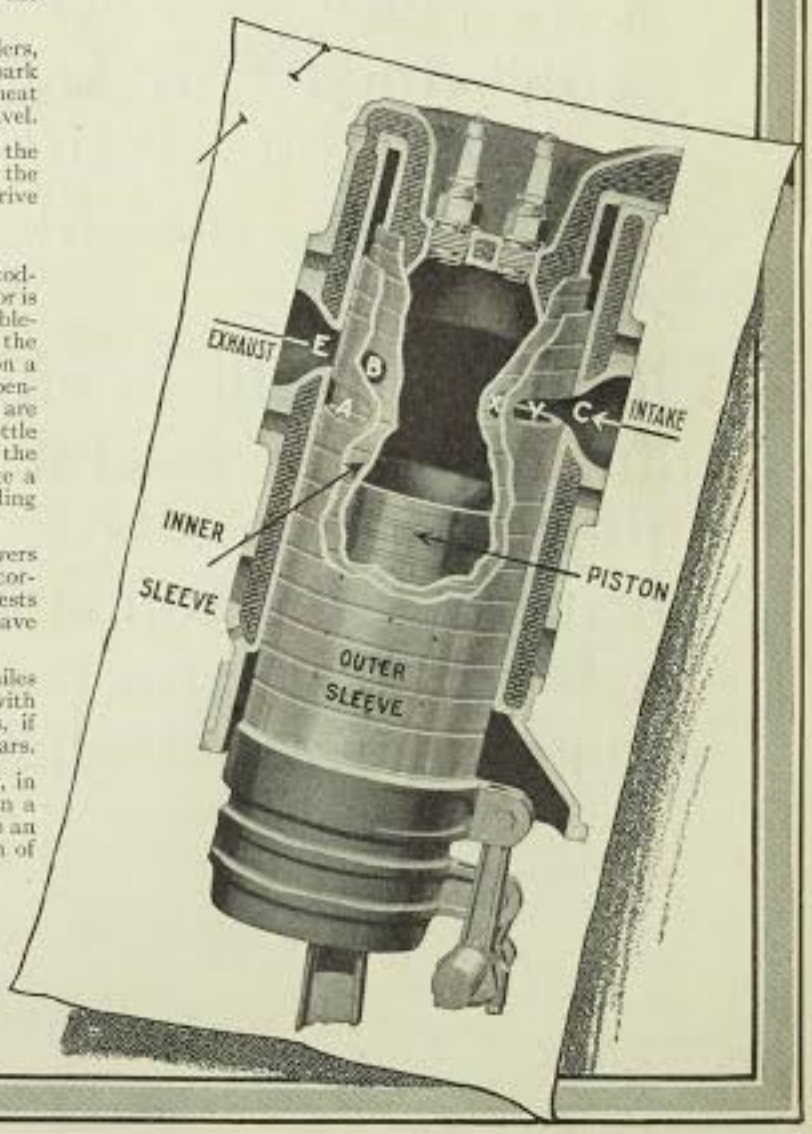
The magneto and pump drive shaft, as also the valve shaft, are driven by silent chains. Today the silent chain is used on scores of foreign cars to drive the cam shafts.

Its Wonderful Oiling System The lubrication of the "Stoddard-Dayton-Knight" motor is what is known as the "movable-dam" system. Located transversely beneath the six connecting rods are six oil troughs hinged on a shaft connected with the throttle. With the opening and closing of the throttle these troughs are automatically raised and lowered. When the throttle is opened, which raises the troughs, the ends of the connecting rods dip deep into the oil and create a splashing of oil on the lower ends of the sliding sleeves.

When the motor is throttled down, which lowers the troughs, the rods barely touch the oil and a corresponding less amount of oil is splashed. Tests of 750 miles of running on a single gallon of oil have been many.

The engine runs with equal smoothness at 50 miles or 15. It accelerates and gets away under load with remarkable ease, changing from 5 to 50 miles, if desired, without slipping the clutch or changing gears.

A "Silent Knight" motor in a five-seated car, in which were two passengers, has accelerated from a standing start on high gear to more than 35 miles an hour in 30 seconds. Surely this is an indication of remarkable low-speed engine torque. Nothing short of an actual trial of the car can possibly convey any adequate appreciation of its characteristics. Its silence, the peculiar light feeling of the engine, and its great reserve power constitute one of the great delights in driving this machine.



Write for Details of Satisfied Owners' Free Inspection Service, and Catalog of all Models.

DAYTON MOTOR CAR COMPANY Broadway at 61st Street **NEW YORK**

Division of UNITED STATES MOTOR COMPANY

RECENT improvements in processes of manufacture enable the Gillette Safety Razor Company to announce a razor blade of greater superiority—a blade that will give you a still better shave than any heretofore produced.

These wonderful Gillette Blades, for use exclusively in the Gillette Safety Razor, are now offered to shaving men everywhere as the ultimate achievement in edged steel.

These blades have been evolved during ten years of untiring experimental research in our own laboratories and workshops, in determining the best formula for producing razor steel and in the gradual perfecting of automatic machinery and tempering systems.

The result is a shaving implement of rare quality—uniform, keen, hard and lasting—as near perfection as human ingenuity can approach.

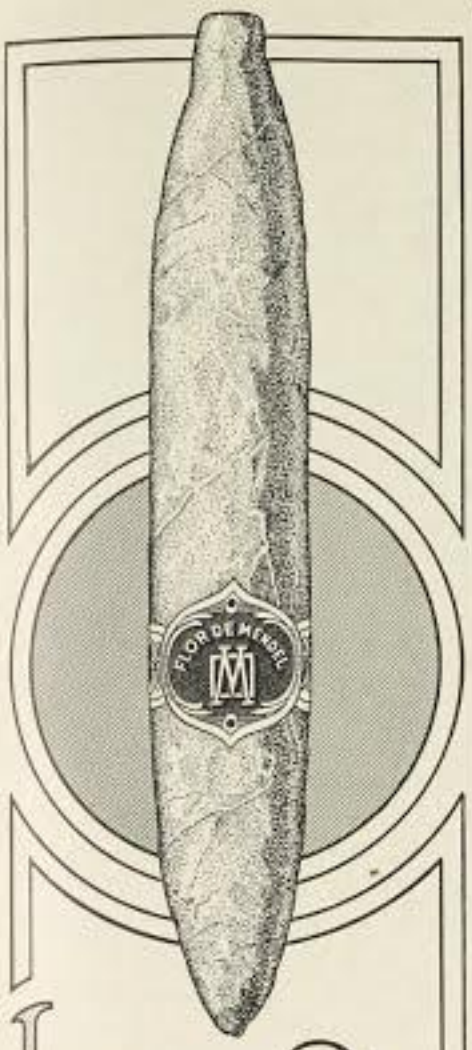
No expense has been spared in bringing about this achievement. In fact, the recent expenditure of over $170,000.00 on special blade machinery has largely made possible the matchless Gillette Blades we are now marketing.

The Gillette Blade eliminates stropping and honing—an irksome, wasteful and ofttimes hopeless task for the man who shaves. This enormously important feature is the fundamental principle of the Gillette Safety Razor, and has done more than anything else to popularize self-shaving all over the world.

King C. Gillette

GILLETTE SALES CO.
22 West Second Street
Boston, Mass.
September 1, 1911

Try the Gillette Safety Razor—and Shaving Comfort



Individuality

Mild enough for steady smoking. Satisfying enough for the steady smoker. An unusual blend of Havana leaf. Wrapped in Sumatra. Rich, ripe flavor. Aromatic bouquet. A good smoke—an all-day-long smoke. That's the whole story.

FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—you'll like it. 3 for 25c, 10c straight, 2 for 25c,—according to size. Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel Cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $3.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY
202 E. 100th St., New York

SUCCESS AFTER FORTY

(Continued from Page 18)

simplified system of bookkeeping that permitted the office to be run with eighty per cent of its former force. For this he was promoted over the heads of the old employees to an assistant managership that pays him thirty-two hundred dollars.

Few stories are as simple as those of the men who in business made successes of themselves after forty—the whole secret resolves itself into the ancient trick of the egg of Columbus. But if the story of the business men who finally succeeded is simple, that of men who entered the professions late in life and "made good" is even simpler. For, whereas the man in business is more or less dependent upon other humans whom he must win over by argument and perseverance, the man who takes up a profession in later life is under no such handicap. Before him, in his field, lies the work of the wide world, wherein he can cut just as wide a swath as he pleases. Success lies wholly within the palm of his own hand and it is his as certainly as he has the energy to fit himself for the practice of a professional field.

There is not today a profession that has not among its bright lights men who entered its ranks late in life. As a matter of fact, it is the late comers in a profession that have passed the ordeal of the primitive law, "the survival of the fittest"; for a mind so eminently fitted for a profession as to master it when past the years of readiest impressions and in the face of difficulties is of no ordinary caliber, and is apt to make a mark in conjunction with a business training and a mature temperament. Extraordinary instances showing how men who at first failed consistently reached success in professions in late life are numerous.

A case of this sort is that of a well-known New Jersey lawyer who was over forty years old before he was admitted to the bar. The bugbear that had entered the life of this man, who from boyhood had had the ambition to be a lawyer, was a factory of no mean importance that had come down to him through his uncle and his father. It had come to him when he was half through the university where he was studying his chosen profession.

In those days the factory was doing splendidly, for it had almost a monopoly in its field; but steadily, under the new and inexperienced handling, the business began to go downhill until it failed; and the owner, who by that time had a family of his own, had to take up with any sort of work to support his little brood. At the age of thirty-nine he was climbing down cellar stairs in tenement houses, nearly breaking his neck falling over rubbish heaps, reading gas meters for twelve dollars a week.

A Thousand a Month at Fifty

On one of his trips into the bowels of the earth he broke a leg—the finest piece of luck that ever struck him; for while he was lying on his back recuperating at the company's expense his wife brought him one of his old college textbooks with which to wile away the time. And he wiled it. He had forgotten everything he had ever learned, but the books brought back the old ambition; and by the time he was able to get about again he had made such strides that he determined to become a lawyer if he had to sit up half of his nights to study.

On his route there lived a lawyer and to him he went for advice, confiding his ambition. In this way he obtained lawbooks that he did not have the money to purchase. When he had studied at night for three years he knew enough to make himself valuable in a law office and his lawyer acquaintance got him a position where he earned as much as he did reading meters. Six months later his employer told him he was worth more money and that he would find him a better opening, which he did.

As the law clerk climbed he figured for himself that quick success in his profession depended on knowing many people; so he spent his spare time with politicians and in the rooms of clubs and societies. By the time he was admitted to the bar the asset he had made through cultivating acquaintances was so valuable that his employer offered him a partnership. This he declined. He struck out at once for himself and from the jump-off made a splendid success. Today his income is more than one thousand dollars a month. His age is not yet fifty.

To the chronic fizzle who spends his evenings lolling on the small of his back in slippers, sucking a pipe, the story of this lawyer may seem almost incredible; but there is nothing strange about it, except that it took an accident to awaken this man to his chances. Thousands of men in various lines of business are studying law at night and will make a big success of it, and hundreds of these are men over forty. The newspaper profession and that vast army of clerks with insurance companies contribute a steady crop of promising lawyers.

Reporter Turned Lawyer

Three years ago a new lawyer, a former newspaperman, was admitted to the New York bar. His practice last year netted him thirty thousand dollars! For twenty-five years this man had been a reporter on a well-known newspaper, where his work as "star" political reporter brought him in contact with many politicians. One of these, a Supreme Court justice, was a special friend of his.

"John," he said, "you're a virile, level-headed sort of man and have a big slice of life before you. Why don't you buckle down and study law? It wouldn't take you more than a few years to make it and with your circle of acquaintances it would prove a tremendous thing."

The newspaperman went home and thought things over; next day he went to his friend and got a list of books to start with, and at regular intervals thereafter he kept in touch with the justice, who guided and advised him. At the end of two years he was offered a private secretaryship to a prominent millionaire; but he declined, for he thought it best to keep in touch with the men with whom he was thrown into close contact in his newspaper work. At the end of four years he was admitted to the bar and there was a wild scramble among several prominent law firms for his services. One of these made him a salary offer that it would not do to mention, for the reason that it would not be believed—but the asset in this case was a matter not of law but of a tremendous circle of desirable acquaintances. For a time this offer tempted the new lawyer. Then he said to himself: "If as a grass-green man I'm worth this sum to these people what ought I to be worth to myself inside of five years?" He struck out for himself and from the outset was successful. In cases where law did not prove a client's purpose he used horse-sense, and where this fell short he used his personal acquaintances.

As for himself, he is running his office along brand-new lines—without assistants. "You go to the average-bid law firm and what happens?" he said to a friend. "You see the head of the firm. After you are gone he turns the case over to a fifteen-dollar-a-week assistant and he thereafter has charge of it. You're paying for a 'star' lawyer and getting fifteen-dollars-a-week services! In my office I do all the work and am paid accordingly."

The salary of this man while he was a political reporter was a guaranty of seventy-five dollars a week. Seldom did he run over one hundred dollars. As stated, his income last year was thirty thousand dollars!

What this lawyer did has been duplicated in other professions. Twelve years ago there was an engine-driver on one of the biggest railroads in the country. He was a mighty good engine-driver, for, although only thirty-five years old, he was intrusted with one of the fastest trains on the system.

This engineer was a widower who had been left with two little girls. These children meant everything to him. Often he wondered how he could better himself for their sake. To rise in the company where he was located was difficult, although not impossible. The men who were certain of reaching the top were "book engineers"—men who had gone to universities and studied coördinate geometry and calculus and mechanics, and had taken degrees. To do this would require time to study and would necessitate his changing to a position that would be less nerve-racking than taking a limited express through pitch-black nights, past a thousand signals and switches and over drawbridges. He took the master mechanic of his division into his confidence and through him landed as an engine-driver on the elevated railroad in the city of New York, where he worked on an average eight

Here is the Instrument Ready—Charged with Pyrene

3 inches in diameter 14 inches long weight 5 lbs.



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Retails for Metal $6. Brass $7. Nickel Plated $8.

Fire in all its Destructive Horrors has at last found its master in

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Pyrene is a combination of powerful gases in liquid form absolutely devoid of moisture, thus rendering it a non-conductor of electricity. When this liquid is subjected to a temperature of 200 degrees or more, it is instantly converted into a heavy flexible, non-poisonous gas blanket, which, surrounding the fire, excludes oxygen, and extinguishes the fire without damaging adjacent property.

Pyrene will not freeze at a temperature of 100 degrees below zero; does not deteriorate with age, thus eliminating cost of renewal; it does not corrode metals or injure varnished surfaces or the most delicate fabrics or materials. It is equally efficient on all classes of incipient fires, including chimney fires, curtain fires, grease and gasoline fires.

Autos, Garages and Motor Boats

Pyrene is recommended by the Automobile Underwriters Association of America and an approved Fire Appliance by the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Pyrene is approved by the U. S. Steamboat Inspection Service and by the Motor Boat General Insurance Agencies.

"Pyrene Liquid" is an absolute non-conductor and an extremely high insulator. It is, therefore, safe to use on fires caused by short circuits or on fires in and about electrical apparatus, regardless of voltage or amperage.

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"Pyrene" is especially serviceable in schools, factories, offices, public institutions and private residences. Its simplicity, and the fact that it is not dangerous to life or property, and can be used by man, woman or child, give it special claims on public favor.

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You can delight the Family with Superior and most Tempting Dishes by using



Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c.—sizes—15c.
(except in the far West)

The codfish caught in the cold deep seas off the coast of Maine are famous for delightful flavor and firm meatiness. These qualities of excellence are so saved for you in Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes that it is easy for you to **make ready in a few minutes**

Fish Cakes
Fish Hash Fish Chowder
Creamed Codfish

tempting, digestible, nutritious, delightfully toothsome—far superior to any results you've ever been able to obtain from dried-up, chip-like, tasteless, "manufactured" codfish.

The well known cooking expert, Janet McKenzie Hill, has prepared in "Good Eating" a valuable and pleasantly helpful little book containing many worth-while recipes—some old; some improved; some new—not all about fish. You ought to have a copy. We'll send you it free if you'll ask for it.

You can have in your home—no matter where you live—Codfish—just as fresh and flavory as the day taken from the ocean—coming to you in a sanitary container absolutely free from any preservative. Every ounce cooked perfectly and said by Food Experts to be the most creditable and desirable Sea Food product ever offered.

Ask your grocer to-day for Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes. If he happens to be out of it he will get it; but to avoid delay send us 10 cents and a full sized 10c. package will come to you by mail prepaid.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.

☞ **Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn**—new packing—always tender—sweet—creamy—is now on the dealers' shelves. If you want to be *sure* of getting a superior quality of canned corn order a case from your grocer to-day.

hours a day. This gave him plenty of spare time to study at night. He sent his babies to be cared for by a relative, and saw them only once a week.

He began his studies in a technical institute that had night sessions. From the outset he worked with concentration and energy that were almost grim, and made headway steadily. At the end of two years he had made such headway that he ranked second in a class of thirty. A prominent engineer learned of the man who was "making himself" and got him a position in the machine shop of a technical college. This was not necessary to his success. He would have finished his course in time under the old plan, but it made life easier for him. He passed the examinations of this college, barring courses in languages and other frills; and, though he took no degree owing to the absence of the tail-feathers, he was considered one of the most promising engineers ever sent out by the institution.

As the class he was keeping up with neared graduation there was rivalry to see who would land the best-paying jobs. Only the former locomotive engineer, now a man of forty, had the proper perspective. He took a ten-dollar-a-week job as a draughtsman in a big locomotive works to work up from the bottom. This was seven years ago. The position that he now holds with this company is assistant to the general manager. He is owner of four important patents used on many of the biggest railways throughout the country. His salary is sixty-five hundred dollars a year, with more to come when he fills the place of his present superior.

Many a man would regard the foundation upon which this engine-driver had to work with envy. The idea of being so situated as to earn enough money to permit studying seems huge to the man who cannot earn enough to make ends meet as it is. There are men—any number of them—who make successes of themselves late in life despite this handicap.

There was a foreman of a big bluestone quarry who had more or less of an eventful career. He came of good family and had gone to a university to study mining engineering. In the middle of his course his father died, leaving but little fortune. This the son lost in a contract for building a section of trunk sewer; so he was left high and dry. He knew no business in particular and was glad to find a job as foreman in the quarry; and for ten years he had charge of a gang of forty or fifty men. Meanwhile he pitied himself because his "career had been blasted."

One Secret of Success

One day he stood watching an old Italian feeding stones into the jaws of the stone-crusher. This man had earned one dollar and seventy-five cents a day for the past five years and had grown rich on it. He had lived on something like fifty cents a week on a black potful of Indian meal cooked with water and a slab of bacon rind—prepared on Sundays and eaten with a relish three times a day, with water instead of coffee. Winter and summer alike this man worked ten hours a day. He was the picture of health and had slept in a home-made bunk in the boiler room. And now he had announced that he was going to throw up his job and buy himself a farm in Italy. In this quarry scores of Italians had made what they considered riches and had returned home to live in comfort after roughing it in this country for a few years; but it was not until the foreman came across the case of the old crusher-feeder that a secret of success was brought home to him. He began to estimate all that he would be able to save if he were to board himself on a cot in the quarry office and pinch expenses with a view to saving enough to enable him again to study engineering; and he found that, including clothes and all other necessaries, he would not fare too roughly on an allowance of five dollars a week. The thought suggested itself to him to pick up his old engineering books and brush up at least to the point where his courses had been interrupted. The task was easier than he had thought. Inside of eight months, using the early mornings, rainy days and Sundays for his books, he had regained the lost ground, had saved four hundred and fifty dollars and had gone far enough to know that eventually he would succeed.

With this money he went to see the president of his former university, who advised him to try for the junior year examinations and to trust to luck and the advice the president could give him for working his way through the course. He entered with three conditions. The day he worked these off he was informed that, upon the recommendation of the president, the trustees had suspended his tuition fees until such time as it would be convenient for him to pay them. By tutoring underclassmen and by teaching three nights a week in a local night school he managed to earn enough to support himself comfortably.

The first job that came to him was of his own making. It was in a Mexican mine which, although rich in deposits, was unworkable because of an acid in the water that quickly ate through the pumps and pipes. The problem was to find an alloy that would withstand this acid. The new engineer found not one but several composite metals that would withstand the acid, and was appointed general manager at a salary of eight thousand dollars a year.

What Came of a Course in Chemistry

In an Eastern city of the third class lived a high-school principal who had started with the ambition of being an analytical chemist. Before he was old enough to go to college he had met a girl he liked and, after marrying her, was kept busy hopping from one line to another in the fight to make ends meet. Finally he found a job as a teacher in a small private school. While there, he studied; and in due time he qualified as a public-school teacher and began the climb until he became principal.

Year after year he had hoped to save enough money to work his way through some college and emerge a full-fledged analytical chemist; but a family of five girls knocked this ambition in the head. By the time the youngest girl was self-supporting the head of the family was forty-six years old—old enough to be a grandfather. Up to the time the girls began to work the family had not been able to lay aside five cents; and the usual specter with a big P was staring husband and wife in the face for their old age.

In the ordinary course of events the young women would have married, one after another; and in due time an appreciative board of education would have given the veteran his walking papers. This is undoubtedly what would have happened in the principal's case had it not been for a clever plan evolved by one of the girls. Her idea was that the young women should support the family as best they could while the father took a course in analytical chemistry.

The proposal to have children pay for the tuition of a parent seemed at first almost grotesquely preposterous; but in it was a germ of wisdom that could not be entirely rejected. The idea grew on closer scrutiny until the father began to investigate its possibilities shorn of its drawbacks. The upshot was that he resigned his position and went to a certain town and began a private course with the professor in chemistry in an engineering school. At first he made his way by tutoring preparatory-school pupils for the college, but this cost so much valuable time, and the plan as originally proposed by the family proved so feasible, that he cut out the idea of self-support and devoted every hour from early morning until late at night to studying. By specializing in the analysis of refined copper the course was narrowed to a single year, at the end of which time the former school principal knew about as much of the delicate operations in this important field as it was possible for a general chemist of twenty years' experience to know. Before he left his chemistry professor he had devised a wonderful new method for determining accurately the percentages of those pests, antimony and arsenic, which it is often so necessary to know in the analysis of refined copper and which up to the time of the new method could not be determined with a proper degree of precision.

Inside of six months he was a recognized authority on the analysis of refined coppers; and the analyses he was making by contract, not to mention the others, were netting him seven thousand dollars yearly. In his laboratory at that time he was using three assistants. This chemist died comparatively young, for he lived to practice his new profession only ten years; but he left an estate valued at forty-two thousand dollars—surely a fitting example of success after forty.



MANY "SINCERITY" styles come from England and many "SINCERITY" Clothes go to England *with the wearers inside of them.* Over here or over sea, they're impeccably correct.

FOR,—sound fashion has *no* boundary line. It girdles the globe. Wherever you wear "SINCERITY CLOTHES," you're kin to the *best-dressed* man.

AND—the *sincerity* of the tailoring preserves and perpetuates the style. It's not just *with* the garment, but *of* it and *in* it. This label in the *coat-pocket* is our business *coat-of-arms:*—

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It pledges that every part and process of the tailoring has been *"search-warranted"*—searched for a fault and warranted to be free from it.

IF you should have trouble in finding a "SINCERITY" dealer near you, it's no trouble for us to send you his name, besides our Book of Modes that unfolds the whole realm of fashion to your eyes. Free. Write for it!

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Builders of
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Did the steam heat in your building fail to give satisfaction last winter? There's still time to assure perfect heating for next winter, in any building, at less cost, by installing

The Reliable Vacuum Pump

For Steam Heating-Plants—New or Old

BY automatically pulling out the air from radiators and piping, the Reliable Vacuum Pump assures quick, uniform heat in every loop of every radiator; eliminates all rumbling, grumbling, hissing and hammering-noises; does away with all danger of leakage. And in assuring these advantages it also cuts off a fourth of the customary fuel-cost.

Cures Sick Heating-Systems

A TYPICAL instance of the way the Reliable Vacuum Pump cures the ills of faulty installations is furnished by the terrace shown at the top—illustration No. 14.

With the boiler located under the owner's residence at the near end of the terrace, it was impossible to heat the farthest residence properly. Heating was slow in ordinary weather and practically impossible in severe weather—no matter how much the steam-pressure was forced.

Today the terrace is one of the most perfectly heated buildings of this type. Installing a Reliable Vacuum Pump cured the troubles. It pulls out the air from radiators and piping, and permits the unobstructed steam to rush at once to every part of the system. Heating is practically simultaneous in every residence, with every radiator doing full duty. All this is accomplished with less steam; and in correcting the troubles the owner actually cuts down his fuel-cost.

Insures New Heating-Systems

BETTER heat at less cost is assured by adding the Reliable Vacuum Pump to new installations—for the same reason that applies in curing the troubles of old systems.

By pulling out the air, it removes the greatest enemy steam heat has to contend with. You don't have to raise steam enough to force the air out. A smaller head of steam will instantly rush to all parts of the system. Moreover, you get the full benefit of every inch of radiation, because even the air that usually lines the loops, inside, insulating them from the heat, has been pulled out.

In Cottage and Skyscraper

ALL the buildings shown in the margin of this advertisement—and very many other buildings—have better heat at less cost because of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

Every steam-heated building—from the smallest residence to the largest business or public building—will find it at once a betterment and economy. This is true whether steam is generated on the premises or obtained from a central station.

How the Pump Works

THE Reliable Vacuum Pump is a simple automatic air-suction pump made in two types—one operated by city water-pressure, the other by electricity.

Once installed, it runs itself. Air in the pipes starts the pump. When the air is pulled out, the pump stops. The whole operation is automatic.

The Question of Cost

UNTIL the details of your heating-problems are known it will be impossible to tell you the cost of installing the Reliable Vacuum Pump. But it is certain that the saving in fuel-cost and the gain in comfort will pay many times over for the cost of the pump.

The cost of operation, which varies with the work to be done, is trifling in any case. Actual meter tests show that the Permanent Building, Cleveland, with 8,000 square feet of radiation, uses but 3 cents' worth of water a day for operating the pump.

Investigate Immediately

ASSURE next winter's comfort and economy by making an immediate investigation of the Reliable Vacuum Pump.

Write today for the handsome free booklet: "Better Heat at Less Cost." If you give details of your heating problem, including the size and character of your building, definite information can be prepared more quickly.

The Bishop-Babcock-Becker Co.

General Offices, Garfield Building
CLEVELAND
Twenty Branches in United States

Canadian Representatives:
The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Ltd., Toronto

THE BISHOP-BABCOCK-BECKER CO

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25 Georgitzer Building, Utica, N. Y.
26 Dominican College, San Rafael, Cal.

Take This Good Job on Sworn Statement of its Worth

YOU CAN do this—anywhere you live—if you get the chance. To begin at once write today for this new proposition, proved wonderfully successful.

No experience was necessary for these teachers, lawyers, salesmen, clerks, writers, business men—and women as well as men—who joined our selling organization, now making better incomes than they had before.

We show you sworn statements before notaries and voluntary enthusiastic letters from our representatives everywhere telling the money they are making—as high as $25 to $50 a week and up—many at the rate of several thousand dollars a year.

Be your own "boss"—independent to work in the time you please. Work when you know you can make the most money.

Do this in part or all your time as Agent, Salesman or Manager

It's well worth your while to write us and get our special offer to you. That costs you only a 2c stamp or a postal.

If we didn't have a good, straightforward proposition this advertisement wouldn't be here.

I want a good man or woman in every territory of the U. S.—as local agent for one county, or as general manager for a number of counties. This proposition offers an opportunity for you, to build up a splendid and permanent income. Hundreds of others are making a big success of this in their territories. No experience is necessary to start, but I want representatives who will do their best, who will treat me square and who will follow plain, easy and helpful instructions. I am organizing my selling force now, and I want you to begin at once.



Guaranteed to sharpen every razor—safety or old style

Absolutely perfect in its work. Has proven its value by the demand of thousands of razor users in every part of the U. S.

The Never Fail Automatic Razor Sharpener

—So Much Talked About

No charge made for territory. Protection against others running over your field. Co-operation, assistance, personal attention to each man.

This is a new proposition. A positive automatic razor stropper—absolutely guaranteed to sharpen to a keen, smooth, velvety edge any razor—safety or old style—all the same. Handles any and every blade automatically. Just a few seconds will put it in perfect and better shape to give a cooling, soothing, satisfying shave than can any expert hand operator, no matter how carefully he works. Men are eager to buy it. Women buy it for presents to men.

The possibilities are unlimited. We absolutely prepare you on how to start at once and make a great success for yourself and us. Investigate. Don't delay. Territory is going fast. Write today and give the name of your county.

Address, Secretary
The Never Fail Co.
1150 Colton Bldg.
Toledo, O.

Tear This Out and Mail Today

Secretary, THE NEVER FAIL CO.
1150 Colton Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Send me your offer, your proposition for me to represent you and all the facts about what others are doing in similar work for you.

*Name*_____

*County*_____
(Be sure to name your county)

*Address*_____

*State*_____

THE FRESHMAN

(Continued from Page 24)

time for no further reflection—the big red team was surging lumpishly into the low blue line.

The little team, fighting with cleats dug into the mud, was forced backward; the slippery soil betrayed it; sapped beneath it its superior speed. It went back, and then again, a few seconds later, to big slow bucks too heavy for it. Almost immediately this took on a sort of mechanical precision. The signal sounded, the red backs came forward, the two lines met in a swirl—and the little team slid back. Carter danced frantically about the whirling mass, afraid to mix in on account of the post he must guard and seeing his mates go back before his eyes. Then suddenly he himself was attacked; and so completely had his whole personality gone to the hammered and distressed center that now he was caught napping. With a shock of surprise he saw the three backs, instead of plunging straight ahead, come toward him; with stupor he watched the rise and fall of their low, galloping shoulders. Only at the last limit of possible action did he remember. He leaped out and back, just escaping being rounded. The red squad swerved sharply. Behind the interference he saw the man bending over the ball. He leaped after him, too late, missed by several feet—and, lying flat, saw the formation, slipping between him and Flannigan and fiercely attacked now, go stumbling on, to collapse at last far behind the blue line.

He got up and ran to his place, full of a bewildered rage. Again heavy bucks hammered the little team back, and another attack, directed at him and succeeding in exactly the same way, brought the reds very near.

There, however, in the shadow of their own goal-posts, the last white line searing their backs like hot iron, the men of the little team, fighting like catamounts, tore to pieces three charges; and, taking the ball, they punted it back to the center of the field.

But the red team came on again, heavy, with that steady inexorable pressure which the little team, slipping in the mud, could not withstand. With slow heaving masses on the center, varied by sudden end runs thrown at Carter again working mechanically like a pile-driver, they crumpled the blue band back upon its own goal-posts; but there again, disgrace cracking its whip, the little teammates stopped the giants.

It was like a nightmare. All the time, in spite of Bloomingdale's relieving kicks, the struggle remained in the blue territory, all the time in the shadow of the goal-posts. All the time, the last white line close to their backs, the little team just saved itself, holding on with clawed fingernails to the edge of a precipice.

But Carter's condition was gradually changing; he was changing it, with concentration, with patience, keeping himself in hand; his mind was speeding up; he was speeding it up. It had caught up with the events; it moved with them; it began to hover ahead of them. The last time he had missed his man by inches instead of yards. He had discovered something. Since always they went by inside of him, between him and Flannigan, he must be playing too far out. He moved in cautiously. Bloomingdale came to him in a lull. "What's the matter, Carter? What's the matter?" he asked, almost tearfully.

"I'll get them next time," answered Carter with absolute assurance.

He felt sure now, for he had discovered something else; he had discovered what was so puzzling in the attacks directed at him. They were no ordinary end runs. It was not the right half who took the ball. The backs all went forward as interference and it was the right tackle, a big fellow with a hard, firm run, who stepped out of the line and, swirling behind the backs, took the ball.

The next moment they were coming at him again. He leaped far back, standing there loose and vulnerable, drawing the interference to him. When their lowered heads were almost at his belly, he suddenly sprang back inside and found himself face to face with the furtive runner carrying the ball. The very success of the maneuver turned it here almost to disaster. Surprised, Carter stood still for the fraction of a second, stupid. The man was so close he could not tackle. Then he fell limply forward with outstretched arms; the arms slid in loose embrace along the burly form, caught at the knees—and the red jersey abruptly flopped to earth.

As Carter rose triumphant, the whistle announcing the end of the first half was trilling over the field.

When the second half began Carter felt that he was another boy than the one who had started in the contest three-quarters of an hour before. He had found himself. He had found himself, all alone, in silent meditation during the feverish disorder of the intermission, while Blair poured upon them hot words—and the trainer cold water.

Again, after some skirmishing, the battle seemed to settle down to the same despairing monotony. The red team again had the ball; again they were coming down the field in heavy, lumpish surges, which the blue team, slipping in the mud, could not hold. One man, though, knew that there had been a change; knew that at least one breach had been thoroughly plugged. This was Carter; watchful and cool at his end, he was waiting with desire to be attacked.

He waited, it seemed a long time; he feared that they had forgotten him; but finally he leaped forward, full of a cold, fierce joy. They were coming at him this time; right away he had caught the sidewise spring of the backs, the swirling of the right tackle out of the line. They were coming at him, the four backs together in interference, the tackle running low behind them, ball under elbow. He leaped toward them; when they were near he went down along the ground, cleats of both shoes dug deep, his back, neck and head rigid in a barlike horizontal line. They were upon him now. An instinct had come to him abruptly—a strange, clear instinct that seemed to possess all the complicated secrets of force-appliance. He felt like a woodchopper at the instant he brings his ax down exactly into the right nick. The rising knee of the interference leader was almost in his face; suddenly his whole body, cleats still dug into the earth, back, neck and head still in a straight, tense horizontal line, went forward with a short, stiff, hard jolt, compact and smoothly violent as a machine gun's recoil. It struck with precision the apex of the charge. A gasp came from the attentive side line, a sort of shocked sigh. The interference was up in the air, asprawl, as if beneath it a bomb had detonated. It struck the ground again in a limp, disordered mass. Crouching there, still in the same posture, Carter waited for the man with the ball; but the man with the ball did not appear—he was beneath the interference.

Carter, going back to his place, was now full of a proud fury. He could have shouted; he could have poured forth yells of provocation and defiance and contempt; his arm wanted to rise and shake a fist. But he only got down low, silent and grim. The quarter of the red team, standing behind his line and about to give his signal, threw him an astonished inspecting glance, as if to assure himself that the holder of the position had not been changed. Carter smiled at him wickedly; and then he was springing forward again. The red quarter had decided to try him once more. Again Carter, cleats dug and back horizontal, met the charge with that short pistonlike movement; again the formation went up in the air and came down in a sprawl.

It was now, for the first time in good position, the blue team's ball; and here the results of Blair's coaching showed—the hours and hours spent charging up and down the campus beneath the sodden rains. With all the strain it had undergone, the little team was still dry and fit. Tightening up for the offense, it looked whittled down, hard and clean. It shot forward; and it was the compressed precise impact of a ram. The red team streamed backward, cut in two.

The signals followed each other fast; the little team went toward the red's goal-posts with metallic, pinging blows. Each man was a perfect cog; each man held a flame within. As they crouched tight, shoulder to shoulder, a current ran through them all, welding them; a mutter of brotherly encouragement ran from end to end; and as, to their reiterated attacks, white line after white line passed successively beneath their feet, they glowed with approaching triumph and derided their

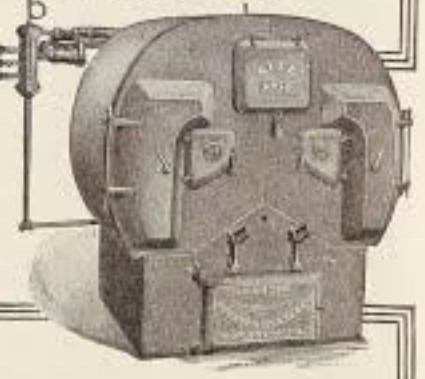
SPENCER SAVES

YOU'LL save from 30% to 50% of your annual coal bill if your new heater is a "Spencer."

By means of two remarkable time and labor-saving features—a magazine feed and raised grates—the "Spencer" successfully burns the small, inexpensive "steam" sizes of hard coal and maintains an even temperature with slight attention.

The saving in coal costs alone will, in a few seasons, easily pay for the

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Steam or Hot Water Heater



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"No need of Slippers —feet feel fine"

When you come home at night—you won't have burning, aching, tired feet—you won't bother with slippers—if you have been walking and standing in

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The soft fibre cushions support your arches, and compress under your heels, the balls of your feet and your toes—distribute your weight evenly over the entire bottoms of your feet—and your feet sink down luxuriantly into solid foot comfort.

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Get quality when you buy collars. Get linen collars—they will last twice as long as cotton. Besides you can get Warranted Linen ones for the same price (2 for 25c).

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have all the style any other collar has, plus wearing qualities, and cost you just the same.

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WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



burly opponents. Carter, close to Flannigan, felt the heat of his body; working together they boxed and upset the big red tackle opposite them, opening holes through which Dyer flashed like an eel. "Oh, you Carter!" cried Flannigan. "Oh, you Flannigan!" cried Carter. "On his head this time, eh?" "On his back this time, eh?" And working together as one being, they threw upside down, on his head, on his back, the poor, weary red tackle.

Five yards from a touchdown, though, Dyer slipped in a puddle and dropped the ball. The reds fell upon it and punted out of danger, clear to the center of the field.

"We'll get you this time!" cried the men of the little team. Tightening up close, in no whit discouraged, taking the ball they again started for the red goal-posts. With short, springy, precise jolts they hammered the tiring red team back along the field; but Fate was still reluctant. Very close to the last white line the ball popped out of a pile-up and the reds again secured it. They punted. Bloomingdale let the slippery sphere slip out of his hands and again a red jersey covered it. It was the red team's ball in the center of the field.

Immediately the red team began to attack heavily again, as it had done throughout the first half. They let Carter's wing alone now and kept at the center of the line, which again was proving vulnerable. They could not withstand there the fearful, heavy pressure. The mud annihilated their superiority in speed. Even as they fought, they felt themselves sliding back along the treacherous earth. The signal rang out; the red backs plunged forward, and immediately the two teams coalesced in a round, whirling human mass. It swayed; it went to the right and to the left; it collapsed; and each time the collapse was toward the blue team and ate up a few more yards of its dwindling ground. Carter hopped and skipped, impotent, about the close-packed human tower, in virtue of his post afraid to weld himself into its composite of forces, hovering about it with eyes keen for the luck of a fumbled ball, for something that could be seized. Before his eyes, beneath his hands almost, he saw his straining mates slip back.

He was getting closer and closer, itching to take part. Finally he could stand it no longer. Stooping low, he applied his shoulder behind his fellows. It seemed as if this alone were enough almost to restore the balance. The mass spilled again toward the blue team, but only with a small gain. Carter was encouraged. "We've got them!" he thought.

Even as he rose, by chance his glance fell upon the red quarter, already up behind the jumble of intertwined arms and legs. The quarter was looking at Carter. Immediately he turned away his head, but Carter had caught the look. It was a look out of slits of eyes; a look that held cunning and satisfaction. It was profoundly discomforting. Somehow it was connected to something else. As he walked toward his position at the wing of the reforming line Carter was searching for this association. It had to do with Eddie Sharon—that was it; the quarter's furtive look had some subtle connection with Eddie Sharon. Carter crouched tense at his post. The red quarter was giving his signal. His look—it had to do with something Sharon had said. And now Carter heard the words as if they were being spoken in his ear. He saw again before him Sharon's excited blue eyes; he heard him speak: "They've a fake mass, with a run around the end!"

The ball moved backward; the backs, gathering it up, plunged into the center. It was a mass just like the others, but Carter did not go into it this time; he remained out on the wing, vigilant.

The backs seemed engaged deep within the press of struggling men; but more and more Carter's distrust—and with it his watchfulness—was rising. The human tower was not whirling this time; it was not oscillating back and forth, to right and left. It seemed petrified; it was still, strangely still. Suddenly two men shot out of it and shoulder to shoulder rammed at Carter. He eluded them with a light, dancing side step; they flashed by him like blind, mad bulls—and uncovered another red jersey. For a fraction of a second Carter saw the man vividly. He saw him running hard, sneakingly and low—so low that his right arm, hanging loose, almost touched the ground in a gorillalike gesture, while the left gathered up to his breast the precious leather oval. He saw



A car of French design of the very latest fashion. Design protected by letters patent.

The "Parisian" (illustrated)—100-inch wheelbase; 30 cell, 13 plate Exide Hycap battery; $2150 F. O. B. Detroit.
The "Regent"—88-inch wheelbase; 27 cell, 11 plate Exide Hycap battery; $1750 F. O. B. Detroit.
The "Torpedo"—Open car; folding top, windshield and lamp equipment; $1650 F. O. B. Detroit.

Your family will be safe in the HUPP-YEATS ELECTRIC COACH

Not long ago the branch managers of the Hupp Corporation—men necessarily in closest touch with the tendencies of the buying public—gathered from all parts of the country at the plant in Detroit.

To a man they confirmed the reports we have had that the prediction we made for the Hupp-Yeats is coming true:—

That the advantages of the Hupp-Yeats' low-hung body are so obvious, so noteworthy, that it would establish a new school of electric carriage design.

The greatest of these advantages is safety—the one factor to be considered first and above all else by the man who buys an electric for his family.

No less an authority than the head of one of the greatest tire concerns in the United States—who devises tires to overcome skidding insofar as tires may overcome it—says the Hupp-Yeats, in addition to the pleasant certainty that it cannot and will not overturn, is more nearly skid-proof than any other car in America, gasoline or electric.

Thus the Hupp-Yeats guards its occupants against the two dangerous possibilities of motor conveyance—capsizing and skidding—because its body, the bulk of its weight, is swung close to the ground.

No other electric can give you the safety of the Hupp-Yeats; but the Hupp-Yeats affords you all that any other electric offers, and more:—

Luxury and elegance; rich interior; a more than handsome exterior; greater ease of entrance and exit; unusual economy of operation because of the direct motor-to-axle drive, the curved roof and sloping hood.

We have just issued a truly beautiful catalog, a copy of which we shall be glad to mail to you.

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Cleveland, 1992 East 13th Street
Denver, 1620 Broadway
Detroit, Woodward and Warren Avenues
Kansas City, 14th and Broadway
Los Angeles, 816 South Olive Street
Minneapolis, 1314 Nicollet Avenue
Philadelphia, 110 North Broad Street

Saved From Being A Poor Inventor!

Out in Caro, Michigan, some years ago, an Inventor conceived a clever idea for an adjustable steel horse collar.

Funny thing for a man to be thinking about, wasn't it?—sort of wasting time?

—that's what the town banker thought and he couldn't see the new-fangled collar even for the loan of a few dollars. But a wiser man put up money for the patent and formed a partnership with the Inventor—

(You're wrong—the "lived happy ever after" don't come yet.)

The first thing they did was to fail—almost. They didn't go the right way about marketing their collars. Tried to sell them through agents. Failed. Nearly gave up.

—and then an advertising agent, who knew both merchandizing and mediums, happened along.

He saw in that patent horse collar a great mail order proposition—and he saw in Farm Journal the medium for placing it before those who needed it.

Finally a one-inch advertisement was inserted in Farm Journal. Inquiries began coming in at once. In answering these inquiries the makers requested an *advance payment* of $15 for three sets of the collars. Orders, with checks, followed. A thrill of busy-ness went through the little factory.

Then the superintendent of a Pennsylvania mine saw the advertisement in Farm Journal, tried samples of the collars and placed an order for *$6,000 worth of them.*

The rest was plain sailing. That collar was and is a money-making success. Farm Journal not only provided the right audience for the makers, but provided an audience WITH CONFIDENCE in the reliability of any advertiser in its columns—a confidence so strong that payment *in advance* was made for the first collars sold.

Our Book "Tests and Testimony" tells of other remarkable successes which have been achieved through advertising in Farm Journal, giving names and details. It also gives many other interesting facts about this "Biggest Little Paper in the World." Besides, the Book contains the most extremely valuable information about agricultural wealth and conditions. It also gives a world of interesting data about the needs of farmers and their families—how to appeal to them, etc.

In short, it's a really wonderful book which all who advertise, whether they are at present reaching farm people or not ought to have. It's yours for a request on your business letter head. Better write for it to-day.

WILMER ATKINSON COMPANY, Publishers

FARM JOURNAL

"Unlike Any Other Paper"

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The November number is about closing. A quick order will catch it. Forms close October 5th.

him thus, vivid for a fraction of a second, and then, with a snarl of eagerness, crashed into him. Even as he crashed, he heard the thump of the escaping ball and, letting go the man, dropped light on his hands and feet. A few yards away, almost under his nose, the ball was spinning on the ground like a shell. His legs straightened out; and to their spring his whole body, flying low along the ground, went like an arrow for that ball. He reached it, his arms were about it; with a convulsive movement he doubled up, rolled, and with a gasp of surprise found himself upright, the whole field free before him. Lowering his head, he drummed the earth with nervous feet and put on speed.

A white line passed beneath him. A red jersey was running parallel to him; the man now diagonaled toward him; he left the ground in a long tackle. Raising high his free right arm, Carter brought it down like a sword and chopped the clutching hands from his knees. Mysteriously another red figure appeared before him. Carter approached it, slacking up the slightest bit, watching warily out of the sides of his eyes. As he neared he slanted off more and more to the right; when almost they were meeting he swerved sharply to the left—and he was free. Before him were greensward, white lines and—far—the goal-posts. He lowered his head, put on a new burst of speed; a white line passed—and something like a snake twined itself about his ankles, throwing him heavily. He had been tackled from behind.

But it didn't matter; nothing mattered now! The little team was running up, forming its line, full of proud, gay fight. They tightened up, shoulder to shoulder. They took the ball; they pinged into the fat red team like bullets into butter; they went forward with attacks precipitate and precise as the bucking of a compressed-air drill. A fierce and joyous confidence bubbled in their veins; encouraging shouts ran along the line. "Oh, you Carter!" cried Flannigan; "Oh, you Flannigan!" cried Carter. "On his back? On his head?" And working as one man they spilled on his back, on his head, the poor, tired red tackle, while Dyer flashed by.

On their last white line the reds made a stand. Twice the little blue men were stopped in their tracks. Then, furious, they took Dyer by the nape of the neck and shot him through, past the white line, past the goal-posts, to the fence!

XII

AFTERWARD Carter found himself back in the dressing rooms beneath the bleachers; about him and his teammates, the substitutes and strangers who had slipped in prattled their joy of success; but those who had played triumphed in silence, the grimness of the fight still upon them. Sharon wandered toward his corner and faced him as he stood against the wall. "You've played a good game, Carter," he said. But Carter felt all screwed-up; his nerves, his muscles, the cells of his brain, were tensed and he could not relax. It was with a scowl that he answered Sharon and the latter turned away with a little, soundless laugh. Blair stood at the door regarding them all, but saying nothing, and smoking a long cigar.

They rode back in the tally-hos the same way they had come, but now the eleven who had played were up on top, inhaling the fresh air.

At the Athletic Club, after cleansing showers, they slipped into the cool, green pool. Carter, floating idly about, felt the relaxing process gradually complete itself. He remembered how a few hours before he had looked at this marble pool wistfully as a consummation, ages of toil removed.

And afterward came the dinner. It was a pretty dinner. Right away, as soon as he was certain of success, the manager had sped downtown to order it. It consisted especially of all the good things that for months had been forbidden them.

The table was long, very white with linen and brilliant with crystal. Joyous yellow chrysanthemums were strewn down the center. Everything you dropped your spoon into, or stuck your fork into, everything you raised to your lips, had an undersavor beneath the real taste—which was good enough already—a subtle exquisiteness, which must have been as the divine ambrosia's. The gold and red glasses tinkled like little bells.

And still more satisfactory was something that ran around the long table. It was something subtle, impalpable and yet perfectly evident; it was felt in the veins. A current it was—a warm, soft current that went from man to man, from heart to heart, binding them all; which made one's chest feel as though inside of it a flower were trying to bloom, were nudging the bony case to make room for spread petals.

Carter was really one of them now. The reservation which had hedged him was gone. They shouted at him across the table just as if he had been one of the others—just as if he had been Dyer, for instance.

The manager got up and made a speech. He said that after the long line of Varsity defeats the Freshmen had today put a new confidence and a new faith in the college; that they had shown the way. He was cheered standing, and napkins flew up into the air.

Some one started a little song. They all took it up.

Oh, here's to Charley Dyer,
Charley Dyer, Charley Dyer;
Oh, here's to Charley Dyer,
Charley Dyer—heigh-ho!

It went on thus, endlessly and sweetly, taking on one after the other all the names of the men of the team. At the completion of each couplet the glasses were lifted against the lights and sipped.

Finally the song had gotten down to Carter.

Oh, here's to Harry Carter,
Harry Carter, Harry Carter,
Oh, here's to Harry Carter,
Harry Carter—heigh-ho!

And Carter sat there very limp, long after the heigh-ho had sounded and the glasses had tinkled and the gentle refrain had gone on to another name.

A little later he became aware that Blair, far off at the head of the table, was getting up. He rose and then came on behind the chairs, toward Carter. He stopped there at Carter's back—it seemed a long time. There was an empty seat at Carter's right—the seat of Flannigan, who was now embracing Dyer on the other side.

Suddenly this chair was filled by Blair. Carter looked straight ahead embarrassed.

"You played a good game, Carter."

A blush rose from Carter's collar to the roots of his hair. He did not look at Blair. He couldn't. The emotions of the day were piling up perilously.

There was a silence. Blair was leaning close, an elbow upon the table. "Say, Carter," he went on at length; "why did you stop that time—after the first day? Why didn't you keep on?"

"Why, I was—I was hurt," said Carter. He could not speak easily because something pressed upon his Adam's apple. "I hurt my knee. The director told me to keep off for two weeks."

Blair gave a little whistle. "But why didn't you tell me?" he questioned again. "I thought you had quit. Thought you were a quitter——"

"I'm no quitter," Carter managed to whisper.

"Even today, I was watching you all the time, ready to yank you out if—— But why didn't you tell me? Didn't you know it was the rule to report to me?"

"I didn't know, but I guessed so," said Carter. "I wanted to tell you and I tried. I tried—several times. But—but—well, I don't know. I didn't seem able to make it; that's all!"

Blair remained very still a long moment. Carter was looking at him slyly out of the corners of his eyes. Gradually a light came into the captain's face; then a smile. Not the old smile, with its reservation, its secret criticism, its indefinable cruelty—a smile soft with retrospect, which looked back at something precious and gentle, now gone. The captain got up. Carter felt his hand, caressing, upon his shoulder. "You Freshman!" said Blair, drawing on the syllables. "You darned Freshman!"

And suddenly Carter went forward on the table, with a little smothered booboo.

He repossessed himself immediately though. Blair was again at the head of the table. He stood on his chair, one foot upon the table, in his hand a brimming glass. The tumult dwindled to silence.

"To the Freshman!" cried Blair.

There was a singular significance in the way he leaned upon the word "Freshman." And as he raised the glass to his lips he looked at Carter and Carter looked at him.

(THE END)



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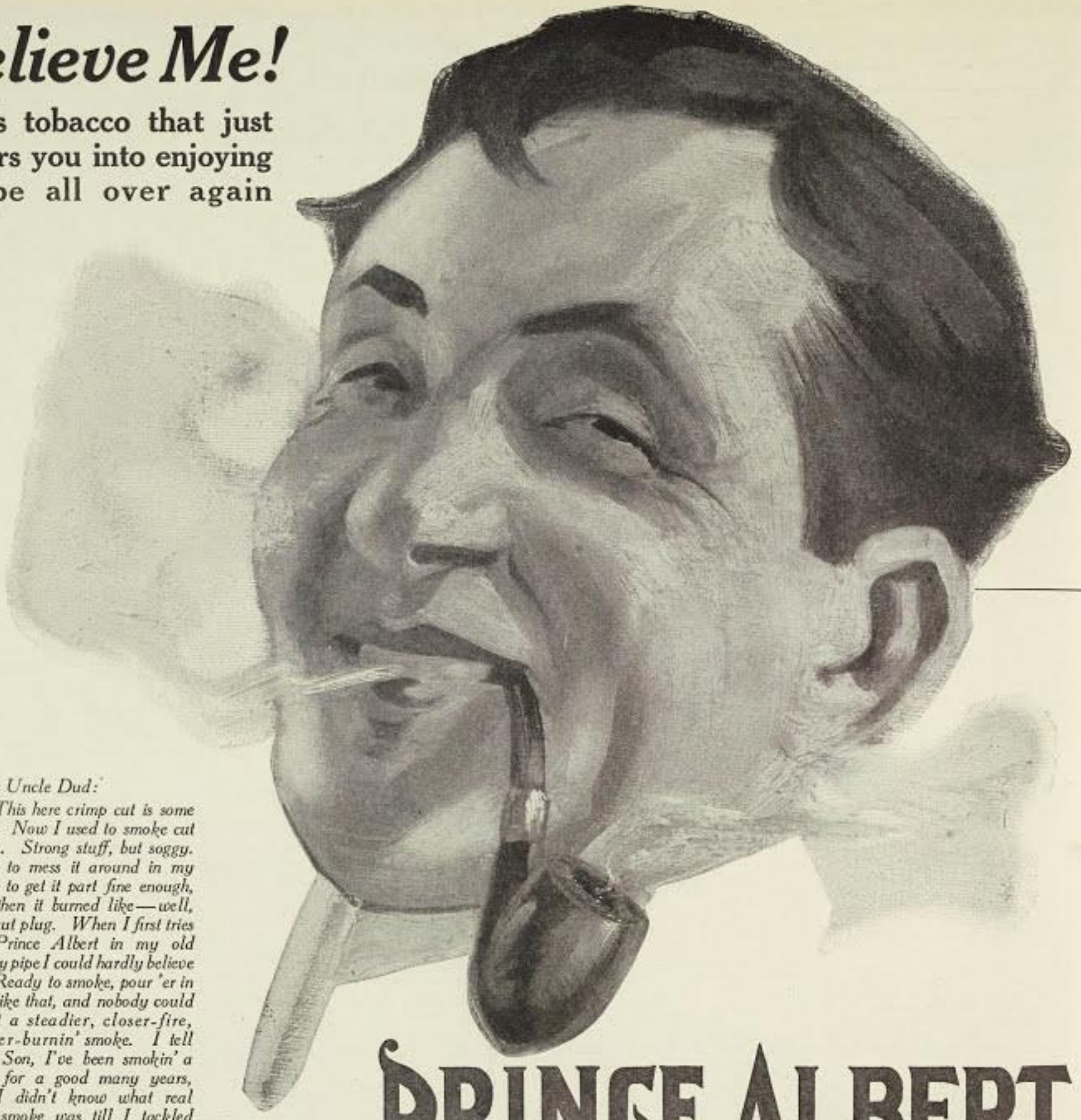
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A GOBOTO NIGHT

(Continued from Page 21)

the way of the two five-hundred bets he proposed to play for two thousand.

"That's progression," McMurtrey warned, and was rewarded by a glare from Deacon. But the manager was insistent. "You don't have to play progression, Grief, unless you're foolish."

"Who's playing this game?" Deacon flamed at his host; and then, to Grief: "I've lost two thousand to you. Will you play for two thousand?"

Grief nodded, the fourth game began and Deacon won. The manifest unfairness of such betting was known to all of them. Though he had lost three games out of four Deacon had lost no money. By the child's device of doubling his wager with each loss he was bound, with the first game he won, no matter how long delayed, to be even again.

He now evinced an unspoken desire to stop, but Grief passed the deck to be cut.

"What?" Deacon cried. "You want more?"

"Haven't got anything yet," Grief murmured whimsically, as he began the deal. "For the usual five hundred, I suppose?"

The shame of what he had done must have tingled in Deacon, for he answered: "No, we'll play for a thousand. And say! Thirty-one points is too long. Why not twenty-one points out—if it isn't too rapid for you?"

"That will make it a nice quick little game," Grief agreed.

The former method of play was repeated. Deacon lost two games, doubled the stake and was again even. But Grief was patient, though the thing occurred several times in the next hour's play. Then happened what he was waiting for—a lengthening in the series of losing games for Deacon. The latter doubled to four thousand and lost, doubled to eight thousand and lost, and then proposed the double to sixteen thousand.

Grief shook his head. "You can't do that, you know. You've only ten thousand credit with the company."

"You mean you won't give me action?" Deacon asked hoarsely. "You mean that with eight thousand of my money you're going to quit?"

Grief smiled and shook his head.

"It's robbery, plain robbery," Deacon went on. "You take my money and won't give me action."

"No, you're wrong. I'm perfectly willing to give you what action you've got coming to you. You've got two thousand pounds of action yet."

"Well, we'll play it," Deacon took him up. "You cut."

The game was played in silence, save for irritable remarks and curses from Deacon. Silently the onlookers filled and sipped their long Scotch glasses. Grief took no notice of his opponent's outbursts, but concentrated on the game. He was really playing cards, and there were fifty-two in the deck to be kept track of and of which he did keep track. Two-thirds of the way through the last deal he threw down his hand.

"Cards put me out," he said. "I have twenty-seven."

"If you've made a mistake!" Deacon threatened, his face white and drawn.

"Then I shall have lost. Count them."

Grief passed over his stack of takings, and Deacon with trembling fingers verified the count. He half shoved his chair back from the table and emptied his glass. He looked about him at unsympathetic faces.

"I fancy I'll be catching the next steamer for Sydney," he said, and for the first time his speech was quiet and without bluster.

As Grief told them afterward: "Had he whined or raised a roar I wouldn't have given him that last chance. As it was he took his medicine like a man, and I had to do it."

Deacon glanced at his watch, simulated a weary yawn and started to rise.

"Wait," Grief said. "Do you want further action?"

The other sank down in his chair, strove to speak but could not, licked his dry lips and nodded his head.

"Captain Donovan here sails at daylight in the Gunga for Karo-Karo," Grief began with seeming irrelevance. "Karo-Karo is a ring of sand in the sea, with a few thousand cocoanut trees. Pandanus grows there, but they can't grow sweet potatoes or taro. There are about eight hundred natives, a king and two prime ministers, and the last three named are the only ones who wear any clothes. It's a sort of God-forsaken little hole and once a year I send a schooner up from Goboto. The drinking water is brackish, but old Tom Butler has survived on it for a dozen years. He's the only white man there, and he has a boat's crew of five Santa Cruz boys who would run away or kill him if they could. That is why they were sent there. They can't run away. He is always supplied with the hard cases from the plantations.

"Naturally you are wondering what it is all about. But have patience. As I have said, Captain Donovan sails on the annual trip to Karo-Karo at daylight tomorrow. Tom Butler is old and getting quite helpless. I've tried to retire him to Australia, but he says he wants to remain and die on Karo-Karo, and he will in the next year or so. He's a queer old codger. Now the time is due for me to send some white man up to take the work off his hands. I wonder how you'd like the job. You'd have to stay two years.

"Hold on, I've not finished. You've talked frequently of action this evening. There's no action in betting away what you've never sweated for. The money you've lost to me was left you by your father or some other relative who did the sweating. But two years of work as trader on Karo-Karo would mean something. I'll bet the ten thousand I've won from you against two years of your time. If you win, the money's yours. If you lose, you take the job at Karo-Karo and sail at daylight. Now that's what might be called real action. Will you play?"

Deacon could not speak. His throat lumped and he nodded his head as he reached for the cards.

"One thing more," Grief said. "I can do even better. If you lose, two years of your time are mine—naturally without wages. Nevertheless, I'll pay you wages. If your work is satisfactory, if you observe all instructions and rules, I'll pay you five thousand pounds a year for two years. The money will be deposited with the company, to be paid to you with interest when the time expires. Is that all right?"

"Too much so," Deacon answered. "You are unfair to yourself. A trader only gets ten or fifteen pounds a month."

"Put it down to action then," Grief said with an air of dismissal. "And before we begin I'll jot down several of the rules. These you will repeat aloud every morning during the two years—if you lose. They are for the good of your soul. When you have repeated them aloud seven hundred and thirty Karo-Karo mornings I am confident they will be in your memory to stay. Lend me your pen, Mac. Now, let's see."

He wrote steadily and rapidly for some minutes, then proceeded to read the matter aloud:

"I must always remember that one man is as good as another, save and except when he thinks he is better.

"No matter how drunk I am I must not fail to be a gentleman. A gentleman is a man who is gentle. Note: It would be better not to get drunk.

"When I play a man's game with men, I must play like a man.

"A good curse, rightly used and rarely, is an efficient thing. Too many curses spoil the cursing. Note: A curse cannot change a card sequence nor cause the wind to blow.

"There is no license for a man to be less than a man. Ten thousand pounds cannot purchase such a license."

At the beginning of the reading Deacon's face had gone white with anger. Then had arisen, from neck to forehead, a slow and terrible flush that deepened to the end of the reading.

"There, that will be all," Grief said, as he folded the paper and tossed it to the center of the table. "Are you still ready to play the game?"

"I deserve it," Deacon muttered brokenly. "I've been an ass! Mr. Gee, before I know whether I win or lose I want to apologize. Maybe it was the whisky, I don't know, but I'm an ass, a cad, a bounder—everything that's rotten."

He held out his hand and the half-caste took it beamingly.

"I say, Grief," he blurted out, "the boy's all right. Call the whole thing off and let's forget it in a final nightcap."

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Grief showed signs of debating, but Deacon cried:

"No; I won't permit it. I'm not a quitter. If it's Karo-Karo, it's Karo-Karo. There's nothing more to it."

"Right," said Grief, as he began the shuffle. "If he's the right stuff to go to Karo-Karo, Karo-Karo won't do him any harm."

The game was close and hard. Three times they divided the deck between them and "cards" was not scored. At the beginning of the fifth and last deal Deacon needed three points to go out and Grief needed four. "Cards" alone would put Deacon out, and he played for "cards." He no longer muttered or cursed, and played his best game of the evening. Incidentally he gathered in the two black aces and the ace of hearts.

"I suppose you can name the four cards I hold," he challenged, as the last of the deal was exhausted and he picked up his hand.

Grief nodded.

"Then name them."

"The knave of spades, the deuce of spades, the tray of hearts and the ace of diamonds," Grief answered.

Those behind Deacon and looking at his hand made no sign. Yet the naming had been correct.

"I fancy you play casino better than I," Deacon acknowledged. "I can name only three of yours, a knave, an ace and big casino."

"Wrong. There aren't five aces in the deck. You've taken in three and you hold the fourth in your hand now."

"By Jove, you're right," Deacon admitted. "I did scoop in three. Anyway, I'll make 'cards' on you. That's all I need."

"I'll let you save little casino——" Grief paused to calculate. "Yes, and the ace as well, and still I'll make 'cards' and go out with big casino. Play."

"No 'cards,' and I win!" Deacon exulted as the last of the hand was played. "I go out on little casino and the four aces. Big casino and 'spades' only bring you to twenty."

Grief shook his head. "Some mistake, I'm afraid."

"No," Deacon declared positively. "I counted every card I took in. That's the one thing I was correct on. I've twenty-six and you've twenty-six."

"Count again," Grief said.

Carefully and slowly, with trembling fingers, Deacon counted the cards he had taken. There were twenty-five. He reached over to the corner of the table, took up the rules Grief had written, folded them and put them in his pocket. Then he emptied his glass and stood up. Captain Donovan looked at his watch, yawned and also arose.

"Going aboard, Captain?" Deacon asked.

"Yes," was the answer. "What time shall I send the whaleboat for you?"

"I'll go with you now. We'll pick up my luggage from the Billy as we go by. I was sailing on her for Baho in the morning."

Deacon shook hands all around, after receiving a final pledge of good luck on Karo-Karo.

"Does Tom Butler play cards?" he asked Grief.

"Solitaire," was the answer.

"Then I'll teach him double solitaire." Deacon turned toward the door where Captain Donovan waited, and added with a sigh—"And I fancy he'll skin me, too, if he plays like the rest of you island men."

A Barrel of Money

SOME of the older and richer men of Montana got their starts toward their present wealth by trading with the Indians. Also the Indians got their starts toward poverty through the same process; but that was many years ago.

One of these men came into a hotel in Helena not long ago, and an old-timer, in from his ranch, watched him for a minute and looked out of the window at his big automobile.

"Do you know how he got his start?" asked the old-timer. "Well, I'll tell you. He sold whisky to the Indians. He used to take a barrel of water, put in a gallon of alcohol to give it a flavor, some burned sugar to give it a color, a few grains of strychnin to make it go some, two plugs of tobacco to make you sick and two bars of soap to give it a head, and trade it to the Indians—one drink for a buffalo robe!"

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THE INDEPENDENCE OF DERMOT

(Continued from Page 15)

"As beautiful an' as well as anny woman ever looked," Prince Mahan said.

"An' you still love her?"

"Of coorse! Why not?"

They'd gone into the best room an' Eileen was out in the kitchen, peelin' peraties for tomorrer's breakfast.

"See here," says Dermot. "I was go'n' to give ye another test an' if ye came out of that you might have the ger-rul—an' I knew she was safe enough. But 'tis the wonder of wonders ye are here tonight after what I know ye saw last night; an' I like your cur-rage. Now this is what I'll do: There's plinty of open land round here suitable for buildin'. You go home to the king, your father, an' tell him that if he'll move the royal pallus here next door to me an' be neighbors wid me you can have Eileen—in case she loves you after last night."

Prince Mahan thought a minute, an' thin he rose to his feet wid all the airs of a prince an' says: "It's plinty of ner-rve ye have!"

"Not anny more than befits me. I'm as good as the next wan if ye stand me alongside of the best of yer pick."

"I'll not do it. It's ridiculous!" says Mahan.

"Ye'll not have Eileen else," says Dermot, wid the smile he had. "Ye love Eileen?"

"Better than me life!" says Mahan fer-rvently.

"Ye can have her if yer father becomes my neighbor. She l'aves this far-rm for no wan. If yer father wants to for-rm the ways of a grandchild prince it's here he'll be doin' it, not beyant."

"You're a marvel!" suddenly says Prince Mahan; an' wid a fri'ndly bow he opened the door. "I'm off home tonight," says he.

Thin he whips round to the kitchen an' finds Eileen cryin' into the peraties.

"Why did ye run away from me last night, me dar-rlin'?"

She stopped an' stared at him. Then, droppin' the peraties on the floor, she runs to his ar-rms, cryin': "I must have dr'amed it!"

"If it was annything bad, ye did. An' now I must l'ave ye, for I have your father's consint an' I must go home to prepare for the marriage."

"Father's consinted?" cries she, snugglin' closer to him.

"Wid a thriflin' proviso," says he, usin' big wor-rds like a prince. Then he kissed the face of her and was off like a shot, an' through the window she seen him gallopin' home in the moonlight, every inch a prince—an' she glad of it—women bein' inconsistent, as ye might say.

"Did I hair voices, me child?" said Dermot, comin' into the kitchen.

"Ye hair-rd the voice of the best man in the wer-ruld!" said she.

"Are there two of thim, thin?" says he sadly, takin' her on his knee.

"Oh, father, somehow it's different! It's not lovin' you anny the less, but—oh! I can't explain it."

"That's love," says Dermot wid a sigh. "I'll be go'n' to bed. I've had a long day."

All night long rides Prince Mahan, wid no need to ur-rge his hor-rse, for he knew he was go'n' home.

The sun was just colorin' the leaves in the tops of the trees whin Prince Mahan sees the tower-rs of his father's castle.

He found th' ould man in the gar-rden. He'd risen air-rly because he couldn't sleep for thinkin' of the prince, an' how, instid of a grandson to play wid an' taich, he'd lost his only son.

King Colum fell on the neck of Prince Mahan an' hugged him, wid the tear-rs rollin' down his cheeks an' him not ashamed.

"Sure, it's good for sore eyes to see you, my son," says he, pattin' Prince Mahan on the back an' ackchilly smilin'—the fir-rst time in yairs.

Nothin' was said about wives until they were at the breakfast table. Thin King Colum says: "I'm wonderin', Mahan, if ye saw anny wan on your travels."

"'Deed an' I did, father. I visited at manny houses."

"Yes; but I mane did ye find the right wan?"

"Oh, is it that, sir? Sure, an' I did. Yes, father; there's an arrer in me hair-rt for fair. The most beautiful, best-hair-rted, most aristocratical, finest ger-rul ——"

"Ah!" sighed King Colum contintedly at the sound of "aristocratical."

"The most aristocratical, finest ger-rul that ever milked a cow!"

"What have ye?" cries King Colum, upsettin' his bowl of milk an' starin' open-mouthed at Prince Mahan.

"A far-rmer's daughter, father; an' she's mine wid on'y wan condition."

"A far-rmer conditionin' a prince!"

"Sure, father; he's the most indepindint man I ever met. He'd not hair of me at fir-rst because I was a prince, but at last, whin he'd seen more of me an' I'd taken some tests he gev me, he bein' a bit of a magician, he says I can marry Eileen if you'll change your castle from here to the village in which he lives."

"Is it mad y'are, Mahan?" said King Colum, comin' over an' feelin' the brow of the young man.

"Not at all. Everything has its price, an' the price you must pay to have me married, an' later on to have the joy of bringin' up a grandson in the ways of crown-wearin', is for you to move south, so's you'll be nair me, who'll be livin' on the far-rm.' I'll niver marry anny wan else—an' I can niver marry her if you stay here. Take it or l'ave it, me dair father. Dermot O'Beirne'll niver back down."

An' Mahan placed his hand on the shoulder of th' ould king an' pressed it. Thin he wint out to see if his hor-rse had been properly cared for after the night of travel.

Well, the upshot of it all was that after several days King Colum told his son to go an' fetch Eileen for him to look at her.

"Not that I have anny idee of movin' me castle, but I want to see what sor-rt of taste ye have in faces."

Well, you may guess that Prince Mahan saddled his hor-rse wid a merry hair-rt.

It's glad Eileen was to see him, an' she kissed him as innocent as a child kissin' its mother; but the kiss of her set him on fire, an' he swore if he had to move the castle himself, stone by stone, he'd bring his father to be a neighbor of Dermot.

At fir-rst the far-rmer didn't like the idee of Eileen go'n' off to visit the king; but whin Mahan swore on his sword that the jour-rney there an' back should be between rise an' set of sun, an' that Eileen should come back O'Beirne by name, he gev his consint. An' saddlin' his white mare, which had blood in her, havin' come from Enniskillen way, he helped Eileen into the saddle an' stood shadin' his eyes ag'in the mor-rnin' sun as the two rode off at a canter.

"It's not much to ask of a king, as he'll realize whin he sees her," said Dermot to himself. "Sure, I couldn't par-rt wid her, but what is it for a king to build a new palace?"

'Twas noon whin the two raiched King Colum's castle an' the happiest mor-rnin' that ayther had ever spint. Whin love is at the new, sure anny way at all l'ades to happiness as long as two travel together.

King Colum was in wan of his tower-rs lookin' t'rough a glass to see was Prince Mahan approachin', an' he seen the couple whin they were a league away; an', just to be civil, but wid no other m'anin' to it, as he said to himself, he got together a cavalcade of lar-rds an' ladies an' rode down to meet his son an' Eileen.

"Here they come," says the prince—"me father an' all his cour-rt. Don't be frightened."

"An' what is it I'd be frightened of?" says Eileen wid spirit. "All I see is men an' women, an' an ould man wid a beautiful white bear-rd at the head of thim."

"The wan wid the bear-rd is me father, an' I want you to love him, Eileen."

"Sure, I love him already—the dair ould man! But it's a sad face he has."

Whin the king was widin sp'akin' distance he stopped his hor-rse, an' all the lar-rds and ladies stopped, an' Prince Mahan dismounted; an', l'adin' the white mare be the bridle, he brought Eileen up to his father.

"This is the choice of me hair-rt, father," says he, bowin' his head.

King Colum looked at the ger-rul for full t'ree minutes widout sayin' a wor-rd—an' the lar-rds an' ladies all ready to tur-rn away in disgust or welcome Eileen, accordin' as the king done.

He looked at her till he'd know her at the resurrection; thin he motioned her



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nairer; an', l'anin' from his saddle, he kissed the white forehead of her, while the courtiers set up a shout.

"Ye have chosen well, me son," says he.

"Now I know why Mahan is such a fine man!" says she, smilin' at th' ould king in a way that captured the hair-rt of him.

"I hope ye'll settle nair us, Your Majesty," says she whin they was comin' away.

"It looks as if I'd have to for me own p'ace of mind," says the king.

"Me father'll be glad to help ye anny way at all."

"Sure, your father's a duck of a man," says Eileen whin they was ridin' home. "Not a bit like a king. Much more like a gintleman. I wonder will he come down soon?"

"There's not manny sleeps between him an' comin'," says Mahan. "It's a new idee he has; an' whin me father has an idee he niver rists till he has it all complated as he thought it out."

It's glad Dermot was to see the two.

"Oh, father, you'll like King Colum. Sure, if he lair-rns to milk, the two of ye'll have p'easant avenin's together. He's a soft-hair-rted ould dair, an' Mahan's th' apple of his eye."

"It's glad I am to hair it. An' whin is he comin' to look over the land?"

"It'll not be long," Mahan says.

A matter of two or t'ree days later King Colum came down. He'd his royal guar-rd an' a couple of these arch-itects, an' the sound of the trumpeters of him told Mahan of his approach in time for him to tell Dermot.

"Do you tell him whin to stop," says Dermot, squarin' his shoulders, "for I'll not go out to ask anny wan in; an' Eily an' me'll be preparin' a little lunch. How manny is there?"

"About t'ir-rty."

"Is it that manny? Sure, I'd been thinkin' of milk; but I've not enough for such an ar-rmy as that. It's whisky it'll have to be; but such whisky as kings don't often get. Sure, the house is too small. I'll have to resaive thim in the bar-rnyard. Is it to the inn they're go'n'?"

"Yes. I've made all arrangemints," said Mahan; an' thin he says: "Sure, ye'll not mind Eileen standin' be me side to welcome him—an' him so soon to be her father?"

"Her father-in-law," said Dermot jealously. "I'm the on'y father she'll ever have. Yes; let the child stand there. 'Twill brighten the road."

Up comes the cavalcade, raisin' a great dust; an' whin the trumpeters see the prince an' Eileen in the road they set up a turrible blarin'. Prince Mahan raised his hand for thim to stop.

"Sure, there's not room in the house, father; but Dermot O'Beirne would like ye all to come into the bar-rnyard to have a bit of the stuff. He's inside."

In at the bar-rnyard gate goes the king an' his nobles an' his trumpeters; an' there stands Dermot, wid a smile on his face an' him sittin' on a keg of whisky, from which he did not get up whin the king appear-red before him.

"The top of the mor-rnin' to ye! Ye've a fine son. Will ye sit where ye are or try standin'?"

Eileen had gone to stand by the king and the hand of him was on her golden hair. If she'd not been there he'd have tur-rned round wid dignity an' rode back; but he seen in a minute that Dermot meant no har-rm. An' he noticed, too, that the keg was of a good size; so he says:

"Sure, we'll all like to stand a bit after ridin'." An' wid that they all dismounted.

Whilst Dermot was broachin' the keg he says: "King, 'tis a fine country hairabout; an' I'm glad you're go'n' to build. The more neighbors the better—so long as they're fri'ndly."

"Yes," says the king. "Me doctors have told me that the farther south I live in the winter the better for me t'roat."

An' whin their glasses were all filled to the brim Dermot stands up, very sober-lookin', an' says:

"Here's to Eileen, who draws princes to her an' kings come tumblin' after!"

An' whin the king raised his glass to his lips he looked at Eileen an' smiled, as if smiles come aisy to him.

An' a yair later he smiled still again whin Prince Mahan crossed the road from his father-in-law's an' entered the palace doors, which stood directly opposite to Dermot's house, an' says he to his father who is pacin' the floor unaisily:

"It's a boy, father! An' Eily sends the top of the mor-rnin' to ye!"

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JOHN F. DUFF, *Vice-President and General Manager*—Mr. Duff has had a cash register experience of 20 years. Has sold cash registers all over the country and knows requirements of retail merchants.

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Special Features

The records of the day's business are easy for the proprietor to read, for the adding wheels appear right on the front of the machine.

Adding wheels are reset to zero with one small key—the size of a Yale lock key. No wrenches necessary.

A counter is attached to the lid over the adding wheels so you can tell how often the lid has been raised.

The Michigan is made so that you can either set it on your front counter or put it back on the shelving, as the indicators show on both sides.

We know so well that the design and construction of this register are right, that we **absolutely guarantee it for five years.** No other company has ever guaranteed a register for longer than two years.

You Know You Need a Cash Register

Without a register you are more than paying the price of one through mistakes and losses it would prevent. Without a register you *guess* at the receipts; with a register you *know*.

You insure your life and the stock of goods in your store. And yet, without a cash register, you leave absolutely unprotected the money for which you sell your goods and the profits which you spend your life to get.

Put a Michigan into your store and increase your profits. Place your order with your jobber or your jobber's salesman for immediate delivery. If your jobber doesn't handle Michigans write us direct.

Michigan Cash Register Company, Detroit, Michigan

YOU can have

the luxury of a real *desk* and a handsome library *table* —combined in the space of one.

$10.50 Is the price of this No. 236 table in the store of any furniture dealer east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio River.



No. 236
One of seventy-five designs
Covered by 4 patents

SIMPLY pulling open a drawer provides desk space with non-spillable ink-well and pen groove, with large roomy drawer beneath desk lid for stationery and correspondence. Nothing on the table needs to be disturbed.

Choice of seventy-five designs at prices to suit in every style.

Styles include reproductions of "Period Furniture" Louis XIV, Elizabethan, Tudor, Flanders, Colonial, Arts and Crafts and Modern Designs; made by skilled craftsmen from the finest materials obtainable.

Look for the patented easy-sliding, nickel-plated steel slide which allows the drawer to open freely. Counter-balanced to prevent tipping.

Cadillac Desk-Table

Our trade mark on the under side of the desk lid is for your protection.

"CADILLAC DESK-TABLES" are sold by leading furniture dealers. If your dealer does not sell them, we will see that you are supplied.

Booklet "P" showing our complete line in half-tone pictures will be mailed upon request.

Wolverine Mfg. Co.
Detroit, Michigan

The largest parlor and library table manufacturers in the world. Our output is more than **"a table a minute."**



No. 267
One of seventy-five designs
Covered by 4 patents

Wolverine Mfg. Co., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen—Please send me your booklet "P" free.

My Name _____

My Address _____

My Dealer is _____

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 11)

Such insults, coming from a man in the inventor's position to a man in Mr. Soule's position, were almost more than flesh and blood could stand. The old gentleman's eyes snapped and he gripped his beard tightly with both tremulous hands—partly in order to overcome an almost irresistible impulse to reach for his wallet.

"I am, am I? I am, am I? Well, what are you? What are you?" he exclaimed in menacing accents.

"You've got to give me twenty-five hundred more," Addison repeated doggedly. "You'll be beating me out of ten thousand dollars then. You're a vampire!" He looked down at the check and added: "You don't need to pay money if you don't want to. I'll take a note—a note for twenty-five hundred, payable any time you please. You're skinning me alive anyhow!"

"All right! All right!" Mr. Soule gasped malevolently. "Understand what you're saying now! You hear that, Reimer? A note for twenty-five hundred dollars, payable any time I like. That's what you mean, is it?"

"That's just what I mean," Addison replied sullenly.

"Go ahead, then! Go ahead! Sign up!" the old gentleman cried in a voice unsteady from rage, nodding his head energetically at the papers and tugging at his beard. His fingers itched to get at his wallet.

Seating himself at the table, Addison dipped his pen in the ink and addressed himself to the documents. Lawyer Reimer, who had discreetly withdrawn to the window during the altercation, now stepped up, glanced over the signer's shoulder and observed soothingly:

"We ought to have an outside witness to your signatures. I'll ask the young lady in the dentist's office to step in."

When the young lady stepped in, followed by Mr. Reimer, she saw Mr. Humphrey standing beside the table and glowering down at Mr. Soule, who was seated at the other side glowering back.

"All right," said Mr. Humphrey; "there's the deed to my house. Take it!" He then shoved one of the papers on the table toward Mr. Soule. His tone and manner were uncivil.

Mr. Soule picked up the deed, glanced at it—having examined it in detail some time before—folded it deliberately and put it in his pocket. He then drew forth a capacious wallet, which was shiny from much use, and took from it a note which he handed to Mr. Humphrey, saying: "All right; and there's your note."

Mr. Humphrey looked at the note and seemed utterly amazed. Turning to Mr. Reimer, he ejaculated, "He pays me with this!" and handed the note to the lawyer.

Mr. Reimer examined the note, front and back, looked over at Mr. Soule and said with astonishment: "You pay him with this?"

"Sure!" said Mr. Soule, with a decisive nod of his head and a tug at his beard. "Sure I do!"

Taking the note from the lawyer, Mr. Humphrey turned to the young lady, like one in a daze, repeated, "He pays me with this!" and handed her the note.

The young lady, who was smiling amiably but much embarrassed, took the note; and, not knowing what else to do with it, she looked at the face and the back of it as she had seen Mr. Reimer do and handed it back to Mr. Humphrey.

"Well, well! Well, well!" said Mr. Humphrey, staring blankly down at the note and apparently addressing it. "Well, well! Well, well! That will be all, thank you; we're very much obliged." The latter words were addressed to the young lady and he opened the door for her.

Not knowing what else to do, the embarrassed young lady went out—and Mr. Humphrey followed her, closing the door behind him.

The inventor's conduct had been quite different from anything Mr. Soule had imagined—especially his abruptly leaving the office. The old gentleman explained it to himself on the plausible ground that Addison's feeble wits had given way altogether; yet he felt vaguely uneasy. He didn't see why Lawyer Reimer should look so very grave and stand plucking thoughtfully at his short, grizzled chin whiskers.

"Guess that note sort of knocked the wind out of him. Guess he wasn't looking for that," Mr. Soule observed with an appearance of complacency which he didn't exactly feel.

"That note, Anson," replied Mr. Reimer very gravely—"that note—of course, I must be mistaken; but they didn't really look to me like Ben Stubbs' and Jim Pentwell's signatures."

"They ain't, either! Neither of 'em ever saw that note! It's a rank forgery!" Mr. Soule declared with satisfaction.

"My goodness! You don't mean that, Anson!" said the lawyer in a tone of alarm.

"But I didn't forge it! He forged it himself!" Mr. Soule exclaimed triumphantly.

The lawyer only repeated, however, in an alarmed tone, "My goodness!" and went over and looked solemnly out of the window.

"He forged it himself, I tell you; and I can prove it!" the old gentleman repeated in some vexation over Mr. Reimer's obtuseness.

"Of course," the lawyer replied very gravely, looking out of the window, "that would have nothing whatever to do with it. A great many people think it's a crime to write somebody else's name to a note or a check; but that's a mistake. I might sign your name to a stack of notes a mile high and, so long as I didn't try to pass the notes for money or a valuable consideration, it wouldn't be any crime at all. The crime consists in passing a forged note. You've certainly passed this forged note on Addison Humphrey for the value of twenty-five hundred dollars—before witnesses too! It looks to me, Anson, as though you'd got yourself in a terrible bad box!"

"But I tell you he forged it himself!" Mr. Soule insisted, his voice rising excitedly; and with some incoherence, owing to an agitated state of mind, he related the story of the note.

Mr. Reimer, however, seemed to find little ground for comfort in the recital. "H'm!—the Allied Lumber Company of Detroit, you say?" he inquired. "Let's look that up now. I'll call up the lumber yard." For two or three minutes he was busy at the telephone and when he hung up the receiver he looked graver than ever.

"Tom Sterling tells me he's looked all through the lumber dealers' directory and there ain't any such company," he said. "Of course, if there ain't any such company there couldn't be a treasurer and an attorney. I'm really surprised at you, Anson," he added sadly—"an experienced business man like you. Two men you've never seen before in your life come into your office and tell you a story and you swallow it whole. Where could you find 'em? How could you prove anything? And even if you could prove all you've told me I don't see as it would help you a bit before a jury. You see, it wouldn't make a particle of difference how many other people had passed forged notes. The question would be whether you passed a forged note on Humphrey for twenty-five hundred dollars; and I don't see for the life of me how you could get away from that. I don't see for the life of me how any jury could do anything but convict. Let me read you the law."

Mr. Reimer was a portly man; but, in going over to the shelf of yellow books, he stepped as lightly as though the occasion were a funeral. Selecting a volume, he adjusted his glasses and read aloud the section of the criminal law concerning forgeries—in a slow and solemn manner, making a slight pause now and then to look impressively down at Mr. Soule over the top of his glasses.

"The penalty, you see, is two to seven years in the penitentiary. I don't see for the life of me how you could possibly get away from it!"

Mr. Soule's face by that time had turned an unhealthy tallow color and his high forehead was slightly bedewed with cold perspiration. He was holding his beard with a deathlike grip in both hands, as a drowning man clings to a straw.

"I'll take up the note," he said in a weak, faltering voice—"I'll give him cash for it."

"Of course," the lawyer replied soberly, "if he should consent to surrender the note that would be the end of it. But if he should insist on prosecuting you"—he sighed and concluded in a low voice—"I can't see's you'd stand the ghost of a show."

UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



For every Hungry-Body

Outdoors or In

ALMOST everyone imagines Underwood Deviled Ham tastes differently than it does. But the way to find out what it really does taste like is to:

Get a small can of Underwood Deviled Ham—be sure it is trade-marked with the "Little Red Devil," that's the *genuine* deviled ham. Cut some nice fresh white bread into thin crustless slices. Spread on the deviled ham, not too thick. Put the slices together, and—

TASTE THE TASTE

You'll know how it tastes and why it tastes so good, to wit:

Because it's just good ham, salted and sugared and hickory smoked; boiled *en casserole* to keep the good taste in; ground fine, and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices.

It's "home-made" in a clean, white, sunlit, Yankee kitchen.

Taste it for breakfast tomorrow, in your omelet. Bake a delicious deviled ham scallop for luncheon. Make a "Red Devil Salad" or some deviled eggs for dinner. And for picnic sandwiches—you just try it!

All these recipes and many others free, in "Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News," a book we'll send you in exchange for your grocer's name. Or, for his name and 15c we'll send a can to try.

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The majority of people vote for *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* because of that friction plug—a patented feature possessed by no other heel—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer.

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The Name is Easy to Remember

THAT PLUG PREVENTS SLIPPING

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NON SLIP CAT'S PAW CUSHION HEEL 7 8 FOSTER RUBBER CO.

50c Attached All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you—FREE—a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

The old gentleman seemed about to faint. "Josh—go find him! See if you can't bring him back!" he pleaded feebly.

"I'm hoping he'll come back," the lawyer replied sadly; "but I see he didn't finish up signing these papers. Maybe he don't intend to sign 'em!" He went over by the window with the open lawbook in his hand and reëxamined the section concerning forgeries with great earnestness. He was thus engaged when Addison stepped in.

"Well," said the inventor gloomily, "I've turned the note over to the district attorney. It's a clear case!"

The old gentleman again seemed about to faint.

"Addison," he said in a weak and tremulous voice, "I'm an old man. My health ain't good. I got a weak heart. I wouldn't live a month in the penitentiary!"

A contemptuous pity did, indeed, touch the inventor's heart as he looked down upon the aged and abject figure at the table. He paused a moment, then addressed Mr. Reimer gloomily:

"He's a miserable old hog! He insulted my wife! He puts children in a deathtrap! Every piece of property he owns in this town is an eyesore. He bullies everybody. He ain't fit to live in a decent community. He ought to be in jail!"

"I'm an old man, Addison; I ain't well," Mr. Soule repeated wretchedly.

"If I was to let you off now, would you try to brace up and be decent and act like a white man?" Addison demanded severely.

Mr. Soule nodded and moaned:

"Yes; I would."

"Will you clean that Benson house from top to bottom and have it thoroughly disinfected, and paint it up and put it in good repair? Will you take that shed and those pigs away and sow those vacant lots to grass? Will you fix up the fence and the grandstand at the ball grounds, so they'll be a credit to the town instead of a disgrace? Will you paint your elevator and warehouse, and clean up the grounds and keep 'em clean?"

To all of these proposals Mr. Soule eagerly assented.

Addison reflected a moment and said with some reluctance:

"Well, I'll let you off then. But, look here; I propose to oversee the job. I'll have the cleaning and painting done to suit myself—and you'll foot the bill."

Again Mr. Soule assented.

When Addison repeated the substance of this treaty to his wife she was as enthusiastic in her praise as any reasonable husband could ask. She said he had done more for the village than any other man and, according to his means, was a greater philanthropist than Mr. Carnegie.

Later on, when it came to carrying out the details of the treaty, this high praise rather troubled him. He couldn't help seeing that the Soule elevator and warehouse and the grandstand at the baseball grounds were the most conspicuous objects in town. He had them painted a dark, pleasant green; but at the last moment he directed the painters to add some white by way of relief. The white said:

"Use Humphrey Wooden Ovens! They Keep the Kitchen Cool—Bake Quicker—Save Fuel!"

This rather shocked Mrs. Humphrey at first, but he assured her it was only what our most eminent philanthropists always do.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The fifth will appear in an early number.

A Born Talker

THEY were talking of silver-tongued orators from the sunny South, and it was stated that former Senator J. C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, was the king of them all.

"Did he learn to make speeches or was it natural?" asked one of the party.

"He was born that way," asserted a friend. "Down in Kentucky they say that on the day that little Joe was born the doctor who it was expected would officiate at the ushering into the world of the coming statesman was not present, and accordingly the youngster was first greeted by an old negro mammy long in service in the family.

"Presently the doctor came. The mammy met him at the door. 'Law-zee, doctah,' she exclaimed, 'dah ain't no use you a-comin' heah now. Dis yere chile done bin a-talkin' foh s' nouh!'"

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The beauty of the fine Closed Car of today, and the luxuriousness of its appointments, emphasize the physical comfort and mental security, which are founded in the reliability and smoothness of its mechanism and its ease of control.

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Two-Color Ribbon, Tabulator, Back Spacer, Every Improvement. One of the best typewriters made.

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One Emerson Typewriter Given Away to any person, **man or woman,** who will do us a slight service, no selling, no canvassing, only a few moments of your spare time required.

Don't pay over $30 for any typewriter made until you first write for our **Grand Offer.**

Our Customers Write Like This:

Received a piano and typewriter free for not more than five hours of my time.—EVERETT WALKER, Turnerton, W. Va.

Earned an Upright Grand Piano and EMERSON Typewriter in 8½ hours. Since getting the "EMERSON" I have set my other machine aside.—R. W. SUTTON, Hillsdale, Ind.

Received a piano and typewriter free. It comes nearer to getting something for nothing than I ever thought possible. There is no typewriter that excels the "EMERSON."—W. C. BENTLEY, Las Animas, Colo.

The EMERSON Typewriter excels all others. I wasn't six hours earning an Upright Grand Piano and Typewriter. People writing for your Free Offer will be greatly surprised and delighted, for they will find they can earn a piano and typewriter free in a very few hours easily.—R. J. MILLER, Benton, Ill.

Consider the "EMERSON" the best machine made. I earned mine in just a few hours.—S. N. CLACK, Lampasas, Texas.

Earned an EMERSON Typewriter in just a few minutes.—F. W. HORN, Burlington, Ia.

Earned an EMERSON Typewriter for less than two hours work. The EMERSON is better than many $100 typewriters on the market.—JOS. M. FRELPS, Centralia, Mo.

The "EMERSON" is beyond anything on the market in the shape of a typewriter. I earned a typewriter and piano in one day.—R. S. VAN ZANDT, Waco, Texas.

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Sophomore Perfect Clothes

Leopold, Solomon & Eisendrath, Makers, Chicago

THE MUSICAL OUTLAW

(Concluded from Page 19)

fashion, yet it was plain that suspense held both. Henderson turned his back on the pretext of adjusting the machine and glanced quickly at his watch.

"Let's have the old reliable again," he cried, and put on the sextette.

Walker was soon lost to surroundings as before. He carried his chair over beside the instrument that he might not miss a note. The rancher remained near the table on which were piled the records and was fussing among some papers in a drawer. Evidently he was hunting for something, because his hands came suddenly to rest and then he thrust one quickly into his pocket. Going to the window, he stood there waiting.

"Hark to that baritone!" he said in a loud voice.

"I've got to go," Walker said, rising.

"No, no! Sit down. It's almost through."

The rancher seized him with friendly hands and forced him back into the chair. Walker did not resist. Through the open window they could plainly hear a horse padding along the road. The man on him was chanting a sort of nursery rhyme:

By-by, Baby Bunting;
Daddy's gone ahunting,
To catch a littul rabbitskin
To wrap our Baby Bunting in.

"He done learned that from her," said Luke hoarsely. "She learned him that."

"Who learned him that?"

"That—oh, nothing. It ain't nothing."

"This here Hathaway," he continued—"you say he ain't a bad sort of feller?"

"No. He's all right. He's a friend of mine. That was Bill that just went by."

"He seemed mighty cheerful." A puff or two on the cigarette and then: "Well, let's forget him."

Walker rested at the ranch for the night. He would not turn his horse into the pasture, but, after unsaddling, put him inside the yard, explaining that he was too hard to catch for him to take any chances.

They breakfasted at dawn; and, just as his guest was mounting, Henderson approached with a letter. It was wrapped in a large, open envelope, which bore no address.

"Do you mind posting this for me, Mr. Walker?" he asked. "You'll be in town sooner than I will, I expect. I put that envelope on the outside so the letter wouldn't crush up in your pocket."

"You're whistlin'. You've treated me mighty white, Mr. Henderson. Well, *adios!*"

The rancher watched him long after he had left the gate. Then he went inside to make the beds. Under his visitor's pillow was a scrap of soiled brown paper. On it, in a scrawling, boyish hand, were the words: "For Mrs. Bill Hathaway." One corner of the paper was turned down. Underneath the flap he found a ring—a bloodstone in a cheap setting. Henderson chuckled and put the souvenir in a drawer.

Meantime Walker was making his way through the home pasture. He showed no haste. When he arrived at the fence near which he had dismounted the previous day he noticed that the wire was down and that several horses had wandered through. He drove them back and patched the break. That done, he opened the gate and was remounting when the placard caught his eye: "$100 Reward!"

Walker wetted the stub of a pencil on his tongue and scratched out from the sheriff's proclamation "about five feet six inches in height, sandy complexion, and with a mole on his chin." Beneath it he scribbled: "Six feet high, dark complected and shaved clean. He has gone to Mexico."

A slow grin lighted his somber features as he set forward again. The letter Henderson had given him to mail crinkled in his shirt pocket. He pulled it out and removed the larger envelope. There, staring him in the face, was his own name—"Mr. Pierp Mayfield."

"Dear Mayfield," the note ran, "the sheriff called for you when you were with me last night. I sent him toward Tom Ketchum's Hill.

"Inclosed is two dollars. Get yourself a new shirt. The one you've got on has P. M. worked into the neckband.

"Regards, J. WRIGHT HATHAWAY.

"P. S. Bill is my brother.

"P. S. S. I had a gun in that drawer!"



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Learn how the **Multoplex Cabinet** will save you money—in the increased efficiency of your filing clerk—in gained accuracy—in inside equipment economy—how it gives everything that other cabinets give and our new features besides—also tells of our great *check file system.*

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The recent announcements of the 1912 Everitt have literally amazed the country. Everyone who has seen the new cars, and investigated their manufacture, knows that every statement made is true. Competitors have doubted and denied; it has been claimed impossible to furnish what we offer, at such a price. It has been repeatedly said, that if such a car as the Everitt Chrome-Nickel, Self-Starting Six can really be sold for $1,850, no man in his right senses would think of buying any other, if he could get an Everitt. Other manufacturers have said they did not see how we *could* do it; they did not believe we *would* do it.

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The 1912 Everitt Chrome-Nickel, Self-Starting "Four-36" Price, Fully Equipped, $1500

The New Everitt Models—The "Six," The "Four" and The "Thirty"—Are Ready For Your Inspection At A Nearby Dealer's—See Them

Chrome-Nickel Steel Construction

The 1912 Everitt Four and Six Cylinder Cars are built throughout from the finest Chrome-Nickel Steel obtainable. By this we mean that every important part is manufactured in our factory from this well-nigh unbreakable, unwearable material.

To those who know anything of fine steels, no argument is needed to show the superiority of Chrome-Nickel. A Chrome-Nickel Steel car is about three times as strong as the usual type. So far as we know, this material has never been used before, to the extent we use it, save in two or three of the finest four thousand dollar cars.

Now, there are different grades of alloy steels. Steels can be bought, quite cheaply, which show a mere analytical "trace" of this or that alloy. Again, for the "top price," a few high-grade concerns furnish an alloy-steel, of which every billet is *guaranteed* to carry the correct pre-determined percentage of chrome nickel or other alloy.

At the head of this list stand the names of Billings and Spencer and the Crucible Steel Co. of America. These concerns are considered the finest producers of forgings and special steels in this country.

It *means something* to show that all the steel used in the Everitt comes from one or the other of these great concerns. The following are their affidavits:

Hartford, Conn., July 24, 1911.

METZGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—

Replying to yours of the 14th, we understand that we are supplying you with all of the drop forgings used on the various models of cars manufactured by you and we can guarantee that the drop forgings furnished by us to your Company are of the highest grade that we can manufacture, and that these parts forgings are made of the highest grade chrome nickel steel.

Yours respectfully,

THE BILLINGS & SPENCER COMPANY,
T. C. BILLINGS, V. P. and Supt.

Personally appeared before me this day, July twenty-eighth, nineteen eleven, T. C. BILLINGS, who acknowledges the above to be a true statement.

[Seal] FRANK H. STOCKER, Notary Public.

And from the Crucible Steel Co.:

Pittsburgh, Pa., July 26th, 1911.

METZGER MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:—

Replying to your letter of July 21st, judging from the large tonnage, and the various sizes of both hot rolled and cold drawn Chrome-Nickel, and other high-grade steels we are furnishing you direct, Billings & Spencer, and others connected with the development of your car, it is evident that you are using these high-grade products throughout your entire car.

Very truly yours,

CRUCIBLE STEEL CO. OF AMERICA,
GEO. WM. SARGENT,
Fourth V. P. and Metallurgist.

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA }
COUNTY OF ALLEGHENY }

Personally appeared before me the prescribed, GEO. WM. SARGENT, who being duly sworn according to the law, doth depose and say, that the facts set forth in the foregoing are true and correct in all respects to the best of his knowledge and belief.

GEO. W. SARGENT.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 26th day of July, 1911.

HARRY E. ZABING, Notary Public.
My commission expires Feb'y 21, 1915.

[Seal]

Manufactured by Unfailing Automatic Machinery

The raw material, as shown, comes from the best sources available. The Everitt system of manufacture is by the most precise processes of "jig and fixture." This results in absolute accuracy to a small fraction of a hair's breadth.

Every manufacturing operation in the Everitt shops is by this infallible mechanical system, working to the finest limits. Go through our factory and test the accuracy of any operation for yourself. Try any two parts intended for each other, such as a piston and cylinder, a train of gears, or any part you see, with the mechanic's millimetre gauge. The first you pick up at haphazard just "goes," and the second, and the third, and *every one*—no more, no less, but every one exactly right.

Perhaps you do not understand just what "jigs and fixtures" mean. Take the "first cylinder operation," for instance. You notice a huge machine called a "miller." A heavy carriage moves slowly along its bed. In it are steel fixtures, rigidly holding in exactly the right position a long row of rough cylinder castings. You see cutters eating their way across the faces of the metal. A finished casting emerges. Every side is bright and true. Test it with the gauge—the next, and the next. You cannot find the slightest variance, even with a microscope. You begin to realize what manufacture by automatic machinery really means.

The Advantages of a "Manufactured" Car

Think how much more desirable is a car manufactured complete in one factory, like the Everitt, by methods like these, than is an "assembled" car. Everything that goes into an Everitt is accurately manufactured in the one factory. Every detail is planned and laid out in our own draughting room; the raw material comes direct from the mill; the heat-treating processes are conducted in our own furnaces by experts, our own automatic machinery shapes, mills, cuts, grinds and polishes; every part is repeatedly checked and re-checked for possible error; and when the finished car passes the final inspector it is *known* to be right—a perfect piece of mechanism.

Examine these marvelous cars for yourself at our nearest dealer's to-day. He is now booking orders. The specifications of the three types are given below:

THE EVERITT "SIX-48":—126½ in. wheel base; 36 x 4 in. wheels and tires; demountable rims; double-drop frame; honey-comb radiator; long-stroke motor; compressed air self-starter and tire pump; chrome-nickel steel construction; silk mohair top, wind-shield, speedometer and prestolite included; price, $1850.

THE EVERITT "FOUR-36":—115 in. wheel base; 34 x 4 in. wheels and tires; demountable rims; double-drop frame; honey-comb radiator; long-stroke motor; compressed air self-starter and tire pump; chrome-nickel steel construction; silk mohair top, wind-shield, speedometer and prestolite included; price, $1500.

THE EVERITT "THIRTY":—110 in. wheel base; 34 x 3½ in. wheels and tires; quick detachable rims; double drop frame; honey-comb radiator; long-stroke motor; high-grade construction, with chrome-nickel steel used in essential parts; silk mohair top and wind-shield included; price, $1250.

Send the coupon for further details.

Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit

Please send your advance catalog and name of nearest dealer.

_____

c _____

The Sohmer Cecilian Piano *The Farrand Cecilian Piano*

The Cecilian Piano

That Any One Can Play

If you have music in your soul you need not be restrained by having untrained fingers. On the Cecilian your own ideas; your own ideals; may mould the musical masterpieces into something intimately your own.

The mission of the Cecilian Player Piano is:

(1) To give to those who have not spent the requisite number of years at finger exercises, the same culture, the same intimacy with music, and the same opportunity for individuality and interpretation, as is given to the trained pianist. It makes the lover of music independent of the whims of his musical friends and suits itself to his own mood.

(2) And to give to trained pianists a perfect instrument—marked by its purity of tone and responsiveness to delicate shades of touch—through which they may find expression of their genius.

If it is to fulfill this splendid mission, it must give to the operator as intimate control of the piano action as is given to the pianist. In the shading from the fast to the slow passage and from the pianissimo passage to the fortissimo, and in giving emphasis to any note as desired, there should be **perfect control of the expression.** In order that there be nothing in the music to suggest the machine, there should be a **non-mechanical touch.** And all the while there should be something which reflects the **individuality of the operator.**

We must not entirely lose sight of the fact, however, that the instrument is a mechanism which we are to operate by our own strength, and must make sure of **ease of operation.**

It is of the utmost importance, that in one and all of these features, there should be **durability.**

The Cecilian Pianos lack in not one of these particulars, and in the hope that it may lead you to investigate and become acquainted with this greatest player of them all, we direct to you the following essential points:



Just a song at twilight with the Cecilian—that any one can play

The Control of Expression

In the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—the expression devices are simple and positive. The tempo regulator is so sensitive that it instantly responds to your slightest wish, and with the THEMATIC BUTTONS you can soften the bass or treble at will, and accent the theme or melody so that it stands out prominently while the accompaniment is subdued. TLis is the original and only perfect "melody device." Beyond this the expression is directly controlled by the pedaling there being no part of the body to respond to a musical impulse so quickly and truly as the feet.

The mechanism of the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—is so direct, and friction and unnecessary leaks have been so obviated, that the slightest effort will bring out a forte note and leave preceding and following notes at pianissimo. And if it is desired to emphasize a treble or bass note, this may be done while other registers remain at pianissimo.

By having within his easy control the ability to make the instrument do precisely what he wishes of it, the performer possesses the power to read himself into his music.

A Satisfying Touch

Touch is a fleeting thing, hard to analyze, harder still to imitate. We speak of the touch of this or that artist and mean in part, his dexterity, his delicacy, but it is more than that. The tone he brings from the piano is different from that which we have heard the instrument give to any one else. It almost seems that the instrument is alive and has entered into a compact with the artist to give its greatest beauties to the world, only through him. Have you never noticed an old piano wake to unusual beauty under the fingers of some greatly gifted person, and have you never heard the remark, "Could one have believed that the piano had such a tone?"

May we say that a beautiful "touch" gives the power to awaken in the piano its most perfect, most beautiful tones?

We have given our best thought to the perfection of an instrument which should have "touch," as delicate, as beautiful, and as satisfying as that of the great virtuoso.

Not only in the more tangible points of expression but also in the most fleeting, the Cecilian Piano fits itself to the ideals of the performer.

The Individuality of the Operator

There is something about the playing of every good musician, which is characteristic. The interpretation of Hofmann is different from that of Paderewski or Gabrilowitsch just as his character is different. Each reads himself into his music.

This individuality is a subtle thing; it is usually a most delicate thing, a thing which cannot be imitated because it takes its source from the inmost being.

The mechanism of the Cecilian Piano is so direct; the touch so elastic; and the adjustment so delicate, that the instrument becomes a part of yourself, and in your playing of every piece there is a subtle something which tells those who hear, that it is you, and not someone else who plays.

In Control of Expression; in the more transitory Touch; and even to giving the final artistic touch of **Individuality of the Operator,** the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—is almost human.

Perfect Ease of Operation

The elements which bring about **Ease of Operation** are largely the same as made for the other characteristics of the Cecilian Piano, as: extreme care in workmanship, in the finishing of parts; nicety of adjustment, made possible in the **metal** of the action of the Cecilian Piano to a degree of delicacy which is entirely impossible in **wood;** perfect air-tightness, making losses by leakage impossible; and by the most exact and easiest running of motors.

The value of the player piano in the home depends upon the amount of pleasure and instruction the instrument gives to each member of the household. The keenest enjoyment comes from personally evoking the music.

Unless the instrument is easy to pedal, it will be useless to almost all women and children. The Cecilian is an instrument which any one can play for as long as is desired, and still not feel fatigue.

The Cecilian Pianos stand absolutely alone, then: First, in **Control of Expression;** second, in **Touch;** third, in the **Individuality of the Operator;** and fourth, in **Ease of Operation.**

The Cecilian Metal Mechanism

Durability is the final test. However excellent the qualities which characterize the player in the beginning, the instrument is not a success unless those qualities endure.

After long experiments with wooden actions, the makers of the Cecilian Piano conceived the idea of using metal, and the Cecilian metal mechanism has proven the greatest improvement ever made in piano player construction. Steel, brass and phosphor bronze are used in the construction of the air chambers, valves and connections in this action, instead of wood, thus doing away forever with the many difficulties occasioned by climatic changes.

Were we even to base our claim upon this point of durability alone, it should suffice to settle the question favorably to the Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—but when we have an instrument which stands above all others: First, in **Control of Expression;** Second, in **Touch;** Third, in responding to the **Individuality of the Operator;** Fourth, in **Ease of Operation;** and Fifth, in the **Durability** which makes all these qualities permanent,—the instrument for those who have regard for artistic results and for the continued usefulness of those things which they buy, becomes of necessity, the Cecilian Piano.

The Piano

There are pianos and pianos. Some are made for ends which are musical, with others this is not so surely the case.

It is not enough for an artist to have a gift for Expression. He must have at hand a piano which in action and tone will respond to his gift. If he is to demonstrate his delicacy of Touch, he must have a piano which is carefully and artistically constructed and perfectly regulated. And if he is to read himself into the masterpiece and give to the music the touch of his own individuality, the instrument must be so perfect in every detail as to become even a part of himself.



Trade Mark

The pianos which can be said to be works of genius are not many, but in a secure place among them stands the **Sohmer,** while the **Farrand** and **Cecilian Pianos** hold the respect of everyone who knows and appreciates sterling worth in pianos.

The Cecilian Piano—that any one can play—is sold by leading music houses of America and Europe. Its market is as world wide as its fame. Write for our catalogue and other literature descriptive of the CECILIAN excellence. You don't buy a piano every day. If you buy one you expect it to last a lifetime. The CECILIAN is greater than any other piano in those elements which make for serviceability with durability.

Correspondence Invited from Dealers in Unoccupied Territory

FARRAND COMPANY, Dept. D. Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 5)

Gamble piled the money into his hands and, with Polly's fountain pen, wrote a clear and concise statement of the option upon the back of an unimportant letter. Gresham, as soon as he had finished counting the money with caressing fingers, read and reread the option cautiously—and signed it.

Polly reached out for it.

"Let me witness this," she requested with a glance of meaning at her friend Johnny; and, writing the word "Witnesses" in its proper place, she signed her name and passed the paper to Miss Joy. "Come in, Constance; the water's fine," she invited. "Be a witness with me and let's all be in vulgar trade."

Constance signed the paper gravely, puckering her lips adorably as she made a careful business of it. She gave the paper to Mr. Gamble, and he felt foolish enough to kiss the signature. She found another paper upon her lap and opened it mechanically. It was the subscription list. Suddenly she burst into laughter.

"This last donation is from Angora!" she exclaimed. "That's a generous subscription, Mr. Gamble; but I don't know whether to thank you or the horse."

"Thank the goat, whoever that is," he suggested, smiling into her eyes. Great Scott, what eyes they were! "Polly, Colonel Bouncer is over there by the bandstand. I'll give you a nickel's worth of peanuts if you'll tell him what I'm doing."

Mr. Gresham turned olive green.

"Wait a minute, Miss Parsons," he protested. "Mr. Gamble, you manage very nicely without Mr. Collaton. If you knew of a probable purchaser for my property you have just taken a most unethical advantage of me."

"You didn't have your fingers crossed," Gamble serenely reminded him.

"Not once," corroborated Polly. "I watched him all the time. Just leave the Colonel to me, Johnny. I'll scare him to death on the way here," and she hurried away upon her errand.

"I suppose I must take my medicine," said Gresham glumly. "I should have sent you to my lawyer. I might have known that your business ethics and my own would be entirely different."

"What are your business ethics, Mr. Gresham?" asked Constance with suspicious innocence.

"There do not seem to be any," he responded.

"I never heard of any," agreed Gamble cheerfully. "My principle is, See it first and grab it."

"That's the rule of every highwayman, I believe," charged Gresham. "You will excuse me for a few moments, please?" And he hurried away in pursuit of a man whom he had seen passing.

"That's the rule of life," said Gamble. "I had to learn it quick. It took me four months to save up my first eighteen dollars. I thought I'd never get it."

"You must have wanted something very much," suggested Constance, smiling sympathetically at her vision of this man as a boy, hoarding his pennies and nickels like a miser for so long a time.

"I did," he admitted simply. "I wanted a cookstove with silver knobs. The day I had it brought home was the proudest of my life. My mother knelt down and hugged it. It had four lids and not one of them was cracked."

Constance looked at him with a musing smile. He must have been a handsome boy.

V

BENEATH the grandstand, Gresham caught up with a thin-faced and sandy-haired man whose colorless eyebrows and almost colorless eyes gave his waxlike countenance a peculiarly blank expression—much as if one had drawn a face and had forgotten to mark in the features. The man started nervously as Gresham touched him on the shoulder, and his thin lips parted in a frightened snarl.

"You have such a ghastly way of slipping up behind one," he complained, brushing the shoulder upon which Gresham had laid his hand.

"You're nervous, Collaton. I'm not Johnny Gamble," laughed Gresham.

"Suppose you were!" indignantly retorted Collaton. "I'm not avoiding Johnny." And he studied Gresham furtively.

"The Gamble-Collaton books are. Do you imagine there are any more outstanding accounts against your firm?"

"How should I know?" Collaton glanced about him uneasily.

"True enough—how should you?" agreed Gresham soothingly. "I'd feel rather sorry for Gamble if an old and forgotten note against your firm, upon which a judgment had been quietly secured 'by default,' should turn up just now."

"I don't think one will," returned Collaton, searching Gresham's eyes. "Why?"

"Because he is almost certain to make a deposit in the Fourth National Bank in a short time."

"That's a very good reason," laughed Collaton, now certain of the eyes.

"If that deposit were to be attached," went on Gresham suavely, "it might embarrass him very much." There was a slight pause. "If you'll call me up tonight I'll let you know how much it will be and when he is likely to bank it."

"Why do you tell me this?" puzzled Collaton.

"Because I want him broke!" explained Gresham, his face suddenly twitching viciously in spite of himself.

Collaton thought it over carefully.

"What's your telephone number?" he accommodatingly inquired.

VI

COLONEL BOUNCER was flattered to have Polly Parsons pause at his seat as she came down the aisle, after an extended passage at arms with Val Russel, and tell him how young he looked.

"Gad, you'd make any man feel young and brisk!" he gallantly declared.

"Wasn't that Paul Gresham in Mrs. Boyden's box?"

"Yes; the very Paul," she assured him, glad that the Colonel was making it so easy for her. "He's going to give you a new neighbor, Colonel. He's just been discussing a deal with Mr. Gamble for the vacant property next to your factory."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the Colonel, rising hastily. "He hasn't actually sold it, has he?"

"He has given Mr. Gamble an option on it," Polly was happy to state.

"You don't say!" exploded the Colonel. "Why, what does Johnny Gamble want with it?"

"He didn't tell; but I think he's organizing a shoe-manufacturing company," lied Polly glibly.

"Goodness me!" muttered the Colonel, and, breathing heavily, he cursed his procrastination heartily to himself, threw discretion to the winds and hurried down to the Boyden box just as Gresham returned. His greeting to the other occupants was but perfunctory, and then he turned to Gresham with:

"You haven't sold your property adjoining my factory, have you, Gresham?"

"Well, I've given Mr. Gamble an option on it," admitted Gresham reluctantly.

"For how much?"

"That would be telling," interposed Gamble.

"For how long is your option?" the Colonel demanded.

"Thirty days."

"What are you buying it for—investment or improvement?"

"That would be telling again."

"Will you sell it?"

"Depends on the price."

"What'll you take for it?"

"Fifty-five thousand."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Why, man, that's robbery! I'll never pay it. I'll take a chance on waiting until your option expires, then I'll do business with Gresham. Gresham, what will you want for the property if Gamble don't take it up?"

"Fifty thousand," said Gresham, and glanced darkly at Gamble.

Miss Joy interrupted with a laugh. Gresham looked at her inquiringly, but he did not ask her the joke. She volunteered an explanation, however.

"I'm just framing a definition of business ethics," she stated; "but really I don't see the difference between yours and Mr. Gamble's."

"Business ethics consists of finding a man who has some money, and hitting him behind the ear with a sandbag," explained the Colonel. "Even your price is a holdup,

The New Sealshiptens



Fresh Sealshipt Oysters in sealed individual packages

Whatever the sealed, individual package means to *other* foods, it means *much more* to the oyster.

With the finest flavored oysters to start with, the new Sealshipten—an individual package of fresh oysters—sold at the better stores, everywhere—insures freedom from handling—freedom from breakage—double freedom from contamination.

It insures oysters that are plump, firm, tender—and with all the delightful tang of the briny sea. It insures, beyond question, your getting the genuine.

Sealshipt Oysters

Whether you buy Sealshipt oysters in the new packages, or from the white porcelain Sealshipticase, as of old, you are sure of oysters at their best.

Only the new sealed individual package is a double guarantee.

Either way, be sure to look for the familiar Sealshipt Shield—shown here.

Sealshipt OYSTERS

Free "The Oyster Cook Book"—full of new ways of preparing simple oyster dishes—will be sent free on request. If you do not know the name of a Sealshipt dealer near you, ask us.

Sealshipt OYSTERS

Sealshipt Oyster System—Boston

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THE Morse Clarifer is a remarkable little device made to fit in tube between reproducer and horn of phonographs. It renders the sound loud, clear and life-like and eliminates that unpleasant metallic effect which is more or less common to all phonographs, regardless of price. Can be attached in a minute by anyone and lasts as long as the machine. Thoroughly tested and proven successful.

PAT. APPL'D FOR



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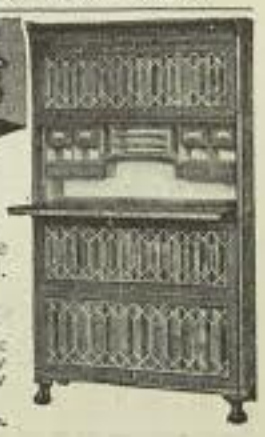


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Corticelli Silk

Makes a "Rip Proof" Seam

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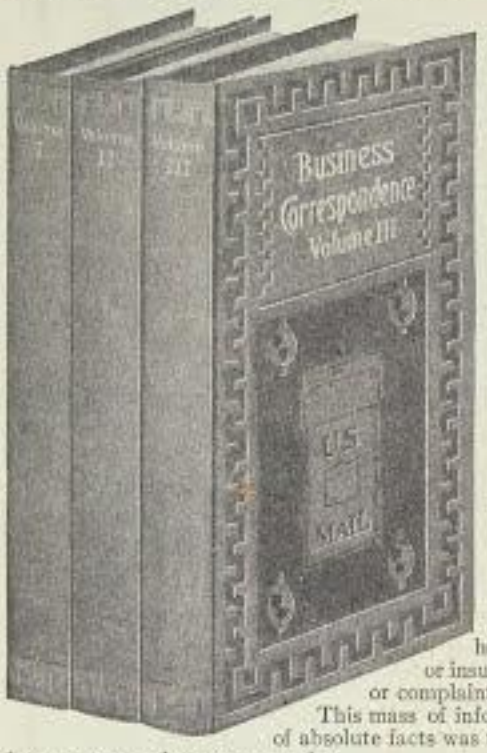
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Gunn Furniture Company 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Library of the World's Greatest Business Letters



The letters that have sold the *most* goods, collected the *most* money, settled the *hardest* complaints, won the *best* jobs, had the *strongest* influence—analyzed and dissected for *you* to learn from, to adapt to your needs, or to develop an original style of your own—with the best examples actually reproduced as they were used and graphically explained point by point.

Here in these three volumes—672 pages—are packed the success-secrets back of the letters that are actually winning the biggest results today, that are bringing orders from you and me, and making other men's fortunes.

Two years of investigation by a staff of experts employed by SYSTEM, the Magazine of Business, were spent collecting the letters of firms and individuals; investigating the actual results; analyzing the comparisons of costs and profits; studying the difference in results obtained by differences in arrangement, wording, enclosures, etc.

Every striking idea found in use by mail order house, wholesaler, manufacturer, retailer, real estate or insurance man, bank, collector, individual salesman or complaint clerk was followed out and its returns studied. This mass of information, this wealth of ideas, this gold mine of absolute facts was then *charted* and *diagrammed*—and developed into one complete, yet concise, library so clear and simple that from it any busy man can pick out for any sort of proposition, an idea or suggestion that he can *know* in advance to be successful; or can turn to for original inspiration.

It is a work that will show any man *how* to write or dictate the kind of letter that arouses attention, tingles with convincing strength, and carries its point; how to conduct a follow-up campaign, how to key results, how to compile and index names, how to fit schemes and plans to any proposition.

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—Letters to Bring Cash With Order
see Vol. I, pp. 189, 191.
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Gresham; but I think I can buy it for less when the time comes—if I want it."

"You'll have four months to make up your mind," said Gamble with a triumphant look at Constance.

"I thought your option was for only thirty days."

"It's renewable three times."

"Bless my soul!" shouted the Colonel. "That puts an entirely different face upon the matter. If you don't want too much money for it, Gamble, I don't mind confessing that I'd like to build an extension to my factory on that property. Now that my defenses are down, soak me."

"I couldn't refuse a little thing like that. I'll soak you all I can. I said fifty-five thousand, you know."

"You didn't mean it, though!" expostulated the Colonel.

"What did I mean then?"

"You meant forty thousand."

"As a mind reader you're a flivver," chided Gamble. "I'll let you down one notch, Colonel. I'll make it fifty thousand—and not one cent less."

The Colonel looked at him sorrowfully.

"Do you really mean that, Johnny?" he inquired.

"I really mean it."

"Well, if you say you really mean it you really mean it. I know you well enough for that," admitted the Colonel with a sigh. "It's a rank robbery though. I'll take you, Johnny."

Gamble turned to Gresham.

"If you don't mind, I'll just transfer my option to the Colonel," he suggested.

"The game is in your hands—for the present," Gresham acknowledged.

"We'll just fix it up that way, then, Colonel. Polly, lend me your fountain pen again. Colonel, you may hand me your check for seventeen thousand five hundred. You may pay the balance of the money to Gresham—upon delivery, I suppose, of the deed."

"Surely," said the Colonel nonchalantly; and, producing his own fountain pen and checkbook, he wrote Johnny Gamble's check, while Gamble wrote a transfer of his option. Constance watched that unquestioning operation between the two gentlemen with puzzled brows.

"You're not taking this matter to your lawyer, Colonel," she observed.

"Certainly not!" he replied in surprise. "I've known Johnny Gamble for years, and I'd take his word for my entire bank account."

"I must confess that business ethics has me more confused than ever," laughed Constance. "You just now accused Mr. Gamble of robbing you."

It was the Colonel's turn to laugh.

"I'd have paid him sixty thousand," he advised her, placing the option affectionately in his pocketbook. "It's worth that to me. I've been afraid to broach the matter to Gresham for a month, for fear he'd want seventy-five when he found out I had to have it. I'm getting it cheaper through Gamble."

A fleeting trace of guilt upon Gresham's countenance told that this surmise was the truth, and Constance shook her head.

"I don't suppose I ever shall understand it," she confessed.

"I don't, myself," observed Gamble, passing the Colonel's check between his fingers quite happily. "I can loaf three hours now on that two-hundred-hour stunt, thanks to you, Gresham."

"You had your start by luck," Gresham reminded him.

"Not at all," insisted Gamble cheerfully. "I would have borrowed the money from the Colonel to buy that option. How's that for ethics, Miss Joy?"

"It's quite in keeping with your methods of the day," rejoined Gresham. "I still insist that you took an unfair advantage of me."

The Colonel, who regretted to be compelled to dislike anybody, turned upon Gresham a dissatisfied eye.

"Oh, play the game or stay out of it!" he advised. "I'll see you at my lawyer's tomorrow at eleven. Come with me a minute, Johnny. I want you to meet a friend of mine who has a big real-estate deal on tap, and he may not go back on our train tonight."

Johnny Gamble made his adieus from the Boyden box with reluctance. The horses were lining up at the barrier for the last race, and he might not return in time. While he was bidding a thoroughly inadequate goodby to Constance, Loring came up hastily and called Polly from the box.

"Sammy Chirp called my attention to Gresham and Collaton talking together rather furtively down under the grandstand a few minutes ago," he said. "I have a curious impression that they mean harm to Gamble."

"It was Gresham got the harm. Johnny just beat him to a fifteen-thousand-dollar profit."

"So that was it," said Loring with a frown. "Tell him to watch out. They were about to attach his bank account the last time he paid an unexpected note," and he lounged into the box.

Polly followed Johnny Gamble when he started to rejoin the Colonel.

"Do me a favor, please, Johnny," she begged.

"Certainly," he returned. "Do you know what it is?"

"Here's my fountain pen. Indorse that check over to me, won't you!"

"What's the joke?" he asked.

"I don't want you to have the money. I'm in a hurry now."

"Well, I'm broke again," laughed Johnny in perfect confidence; and he indorsed the check.

"The most thoroughgoing plebe I ever saw," Gresham commented, looking after Gamble. "It's so fortunate that one is only compelled to meet him in public places."

Constance glanced at him curiously and hurried to the rear rail of the box. She barely mentioned Mr. Gamble's name and it was surprising how easily he heard her and how quickly he came back.

"I forgot to ask you to call," she said. "If you can spare any time from your pursuit of that million dollars we should be glad to see you at the house—Aunt Pattie and I."

"Will you be busy tomorrow evening?" he briskly inquired.

"There's no one expected but Mr. Gresham," she informed him with a smile at his precipitancy.

"I'll be there," he stated with business-like decisiveness. "I'll bring along from five to twenty thousand dollars' worth of time and use up as much of it as you'll let me."

"I'll have a meter," she laughed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The second will appear in an early number.

The Lay of the Investor

Upstairs in a box I've got wonderful stocks,
That I've bought at odd times through the mail;
I've got Mexican Rubber and Antarctic Blubber,
Preferred Ambergris—that's a whale.
I've got oil stocks in wells that the prospectus tells
Are gushing great guns at each cent;
And all that they need is more suckers to bleed
To pay seven hundred per cent.

I've got Pineapple stock that's as firm as the rock
Of Gibraltar, whatever that be;
It's as good as the cash and secured by the ash
Of some volcanic isle in the sea.
I've got gold that will run fifty pounds to the ton,
And copper that's almost pure stuff.
And it's all sure to pay big returns some fine day
When the suckers buy holdings enough.

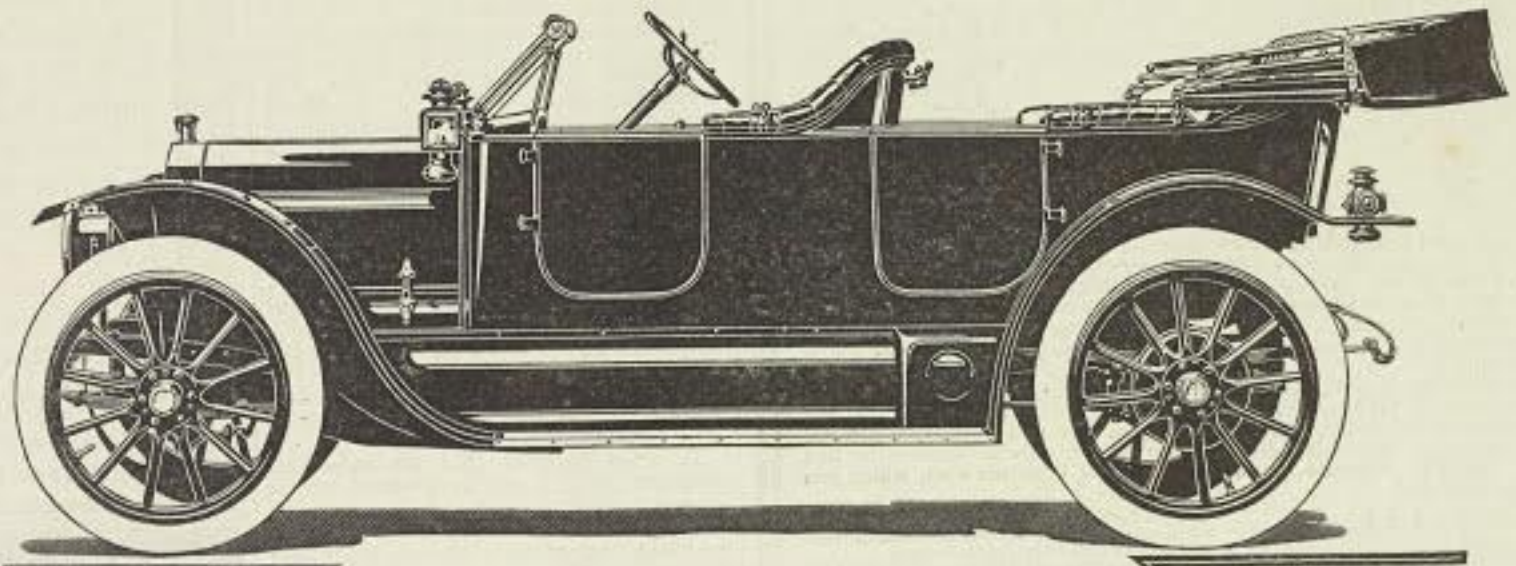
I've got Plain and Preferred, I've got Scrambled and Shirred,
I've got Sugar and Coffee and Trash,
That brings me a line of prospectuses fine
And everything else except cash.
I've got Old Spanish Grants to West Indian Lands
That were deeded one time to Cap Kidd,
And some stock that he bought in this old swampy spot
Is as good as the day that he did.

I've got stocks of all hues—reds, greens, purples and blues,
Guaranteed nine per cent and some ten;
And just when I swear I'll not buy a new share,
Then I get "promoted" again;
I haven't been missed by one Investors' List,
By every new swindle I'm hooked;
Now, here's a new line; come on in—water's fine,
I feel myself biting—I'm hooked!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Rambler

1912–Cross Country–$1650



IT'S 38 horse-power, five-passenger, with 120-inch wheel base and 36 x 4-inch wheels and tires. *It's long, it's low, it's roomy.* Low, with drop frame—long, with front axle set forward and straight line torpedo body. Roomy, with 27 inches from front seat to dash and 30 inches from seat to seat in tonneau. No outside door latches. Enclosed ventilated front and hooded dash. A car of exceeding beauty, finished in English Purple Lake—it's a rare shade of deep maroon—trimmed in nickel. Radiator to conform to body lines, high and distinctive in appearance. Fenders with sweeping grace. Powerful brakes. Rambler ejector manifold, a simple aid to power—it makes the engine hustle. In the ordinary engine every charge is of four parts fresh gas and one part burnt gas. The ejector manifold removes the fifth part burnt gas and every explosion in the Rambler engine consumes five parts of fresh gas. Result—power increased 25 per cent. To drive this car is exhilarating. It runs like a spirited horse. You touch the throttle and it's away. It's the Rambler Cross Country and the flag-bearer for 1912.

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So give Foulds a place on your home table frequently. Its food value is high, it is most economical and the variety of really good dishes you can make with it is almost unlimited.

You will like Macaroni and Spaghetti prepared in the usual ways with cheese or tomatoes better than ever if you use Foulds. And there are forty other combinations with your favorite meats and vegetables, with eggs, fish and oysters, which are equally good or better. Try this recipe and see how a commonplace thing like Hamburger Steak is transformed into a nutritious and delicious dish, which you will be glad to serve often.

Hamburger a La Foulds

Let simmer together for 30 minutes, one-half pound of Hamburger Steak, half a can of tomatoes and a small onion chopped fine. While this is cooking, boil and drain a five-cent package of Foulds' Macaroni or Spaghetti as directed, without breaking the sticks.

When the meat and tomatoes are sufficiently cooked, add half a pound, or less, of cheese, cut fine or grated, and a lump of butter; season to taste with salt and red pepper; simmer until the cheese is melted, then add the Macaroni or Spaghetti and **serve hot.**

This dish can be varied by omitting the cheese and doubling the quantity of Hamburger Steak, or by adding a few mushrooms, either fresh or canned. Left-overs of roasts will never be recognized as such if put through the food chopper and used instead of fresh Hamburger.

Save this recipe, or better, drop us a postal for a free copy of the Americanized Macaroni and Spaghetti Cook Book. It contains 42 other excellent recipes, mostly simple and inexpensive—all pleasing to American tastes.

If your grocer does not yet handle Foulds, give us six name and address and send us 10c in stamps or coin, and we will send you, charges prepaid, a full 5c package each of Macaroni and Spaghetti with a copy of the Cook Book. Then you can try for yourself at least two of these new dishes made with the very best American Macaroni and Spaghetti which you know is appetizingly clean.

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THE TRADE WE ARE SCOLDED ABOUT

(Continued from Page 25)

may be made from a trade directory, without knowledge of its standing, for he runs no risk. He happens to select a tricky concern. The commission house may know that the manufacturer has been doing trade work in that country and it conjectures that demand is growing as the outcome. So it hurries to him with a proposal. If he will give it exclusive selling rights and a commission on all his goods sent to that country for a term of years it will guarantee him a certain amount of annual sales. This amount is probably well within what it figures this single merchant will order; so it runs no risk. If the manufacturer accepts and enters into a contract his growing trade is saddled with a commission for which no real service is performed.

Small, irresponsible concerns among the forwarding agents in this country must also be guarded against in export trade. The forwarding agent of ability, with sound business standing, is a prime necessity to the export department of a manufacturing house, because he knows the best way to route a shipment, the most favorable rate to be obtained on it, how the goods should be packed and how papers sent along should be drawn up. He also pays customs duties in foreign ports, makes collections, and so forth. Export shipping is highly technical in its details, but the forwarding agent keeps himself informed on the technicalities, simplifying matters immensely for the manufacturer. This business is, at the same time, one that can be set up with little capital.

It often happens that an ambitious youngster, with a couple of years' experience in making out bills-of-lading, is found offering his services as a forwarder. He may be honest enough, but can cause losses through inefficiency—as paying foreign customs duties on a shipment before its acceptance by the foreign customer; in which case, if the goods are refused they must be sold in the country to which they have been sent, probably at a loss, as the duties cannot be recovered. Again, downright thieves have been found among forwarding houses, disappearing with considerable sums collected for their customers or sent them to pay duties. The financial test of a forwarding house lies strictly in its commercial rating. If it is sound financially it is usually capable.

Foreign Legal Complications

Suppose that goods for export have been skillfully sold, that the American manufacturer is dealing directly with his foreign customers, and that his shipments and collections are being taken care of by a trustworthy forwarding house. Everything at this end of the transaction seems to be quite straight. Yet he is by no means beyond possibilities for crookedness, because sometimes the foreign brother turns crook, too, and devises interesting little schemes which must be dealt with in the countries the goods are shipped to.

An American manufacturer, for instance, enters certain countries where the trademark laws differ from ours. Here at home, his leading brand, the golden triangle, has been known for two generations. That golden triangle is a valuable asset in his business. If a competitor in this country put out goods under even a colorable imitation of the trademark the courts would stop him by a perpetual injunction. Imagine his feelings, then, when he investigates the Cuban market, finds good customers and sees prospects of building up a lasting trade, but at the same time learns that his sacred golden triangle has been registered there as a trademark by a clerk in Havana. This clerk took the precaution to register many other famous trademarks of American and other nationalities. Cuban laws permit him to do this; and there is no way for the manufacturer to market his goods there under his own brand except by buying this legal right from the Havana clerk.

Japan has the same sort of law. An old manufacturing firm in England appointed a Japanese selling agent in Yokohama. The agent immediately registered the British trademark as his own. Then he imposed harsher and harsher terms on his principals until there was no profit in their Japanese business. Finally they told him to go to Hades and appointed another Japanese



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New patented Automatic Razor Stropper. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quick for terms, prices and territory.

A. Brandt Cutlery Co., 54 W. Broadway, N.Y.

agent. Their next shipment of goods was stopped at the port of entry, however, and the first agent demanded ten thousand dollars for his trademark rights. The matter is now being fought out in the Japanese courts, to the profit of Japanese lawyers.

Another interesting device of the crooked foreign selling agent was that of an Egyptian who secured the rights for his country on an American manufacturer's products, got a contract stipulating terms and commissions for a period of years, and then did nothing whatever toward selling goods. He disappeared, in fact; and the manufacturer, assuming that he had gone out of business or died, filled an order for goods sent by another Egyptian. Then the first agent promptly came to life, charged breach of contract, started a one-sided suit for ten thousand dollars in his own courts and won the case. The goods were seized. Though the loss amounted to only a few hundred dollars, that manufacturer has been shut out of the land of the Pharaohs, during the life of the contract at least.

The crooked foreign brother will sometimes content himself with petty operations, such as writing every advertiser in an American trade journal, flowerily explaining how long his benighted country has been waiting for such excellent goods and asking for samples so that he may sell them. The experienced export department usually makes a charge for samples sent abroad. Only one house in every ten or twenty may rise to the bait, but these small stealings satisfy the foreign brother. In some instances his appeal is most elaborate. He has beautiful letterheads, and poses as an association for the encouragement of trade with his country, promising to exhibit samples in a fine showroom.

The Crooks in Export Street

A more costly foreign swindle is that of the sharper who places an order for goods, refuses to take them out of his custom house and buys them in cheaply when they are sold. An interesting game of this character has been operated in a Spanish city. The American manufacturer receives an order for goods, with references to a number of people in the bogus customer's port who will vouch for his responsibility. Inquiries made of all these people bring favorable reports. If the goods are sent they are allowed to lie in the custom house, and the manufacturer then hears from various other people in that place—a custom-house broker who offers to negotiate the case, an attorney who is eager to sue the bogus customer, a selling agent who thinks he can dispose of the shipment to advantage and trim down the manufacturer's loss. Investigation has shown that all these people are one man working under various names and addresses; and from time to time he moves to another field of operation.

These are some of the more familiar crooks and turns in Export Street. So much publicity has been given to the fakers and frauds of foreign commerce that many an American business man is scared by a letter from abroad asking about his goods.

An amusing instance of this timidity was reported to one of the export journals not long ago by a South American merchant who is resident New York buyer for the largest mercantile concern in his own country. He had been buying small quantities of a certain kind of goods from one of our big Trusts. Its demand was always for cash with order. He paid cash for several years, but the items were troublesome from the bookkeeping standpoint. So, when his next order was sent—for a hundred dollars' worth of those goods—he referred to his New York bank, which constantly carries for him a balance a hundred times that amount.

"Why can you not sell me goods in a regular business way?" asked the South American.

"Well, you see," replied the Trust, "a few years ago there was a man sailed out of New York harbor with a whole shipload of merchandise that he got for export; since then we have been taking absolutely no chances with this export business."

Two brothers in New York were thoroughly familiar with export-trade methods. Some business men who knew them say they had been responsible forwarders, but had lost large sums through advances to customers and took a dishonest way of making good their losses. However that may be, they established an export shipping house in New York and created a fictitious customer for themselves, supposed to be

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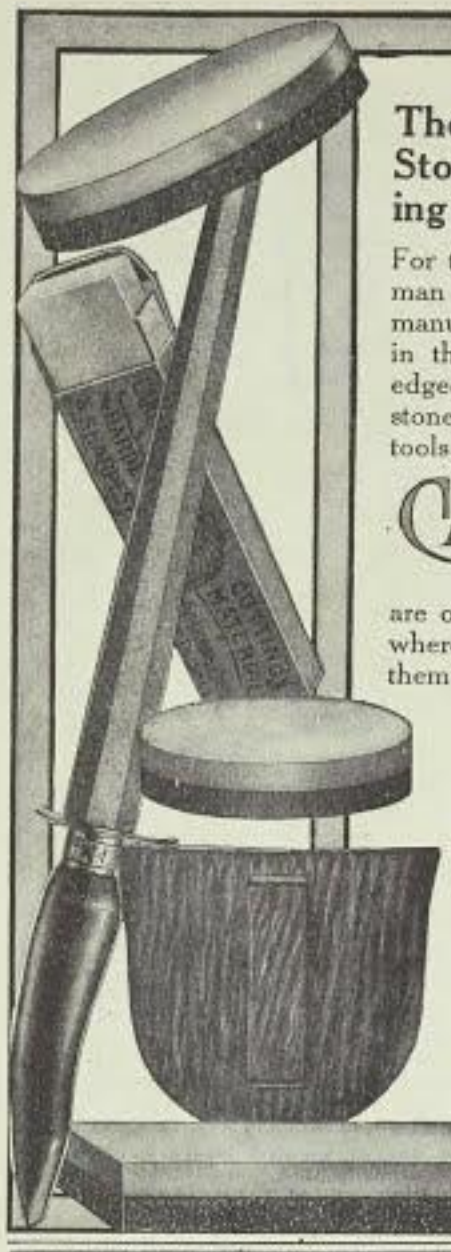
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located in an obscure Australian town. Large orders for machinery and supplies were placed with American manufacturers for this imaginary customer. Goods to the value of tens of thousands of dollars were shipped to the brothers in New York, with drafts attached. They got hold of an old freight steamship, loaded the goods into her, discounted the drafts and sailed away for Honduras. Getting cash on such drafts is more or less easy, for they are backed by the credit of the manufacturer who draws them as well as that of the person drawn upon. So the manufacturers not only lost their goods but had to pay cash for them as well.

When the brothers had departed their export house went into bankruptcy. That, they believed, freed them from legal responsibility, and they planned to dispose of their cargo in South American ports; but there was one little slip—as there usually is. To sail their ship they engaged a British sea-captain whose papers had been taken from him. That made the ship technically a pirate; her registry was revoked and eventually the brothers were captured and sent to prison.

The publicity given this incident, together with constant petty frauds of export sharpers and rumors of frauds, both at home and abroad, have led many American business men to look upon foreign trade as something to be feared and avoided. There are crooked places in Export Street, but they are soon located and marked; and the straightforward, profitable business waiting in that thoroughfare for the man who will boldly go and get it amply compensates for casual losses.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins.

COÖPERATION AMONG THE MORMONS

(Concluded from Page 15)

farmers themselves, and their answers were practically the same. Here it is:

"When we sell direct to the consumer—as, for instance, our hay and beef to the mines and railways—we get the whole retail price. When we team direct to the camp we get twenty to twenty-one dollars for our full-grade hay, fourteen dollars for second grade—which is the retail city price. Suppose we sell that or our wool to the 'coöp.' store. They pay us just the usual middleman price, say twelve to fourteen dollars for first-grade hay. Then with their reserve fund they are able to hold for a rise in the market. Very well—at the end of the year we get the profit back in our store dividend."

"And the cost of handling?"

"Never more than ten per cent, so that we can count on ninety per cent of the consumer's price."

"A possible hitch is at once apparent in the system. How about the drone, the man who will not do his share in the communal herding and freighting and irrigating?"

"We discipline him," answered one of the leaders.

"But how? I'd like to know just how to discipline the drones who are holding back farm progress in the East."

"Well—take water, for instance! If he wouldn't do his share in the ditch we'd turn off his water."

"All right—suppose you turn off the water; what is to prevent his becoming a burden on the community?"

"The fact that he can't sell out except at our price; and a man will work before he will starve—that fact pulls him up sharp and short. If he won't work we can force him to sell at a price that will break him and throw him out; for outsiders do not readily come among us. If he stays on he must do his share or go hungry. As a matter of fact, no case has ever come to such extremities; for advancement and prosperity depend on what we call 'good standing in the order'; and that a man cannot have, even to the extent of owning land, unless he has proved himself fit to be a member of an industrious community."

That a system of such rigidity might work into a tyranny to other than drones is not to be denied. It is also not to be denied that this same system of coöperation is one that might succeed with other than Mormon communities.

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ANGEL FOOD CAKE

IGLEHEART BROS. SWANS DOWN

Here is the Recipe for the Finest Angel Food Cake you ever made

Whites of eight large or nine small eggs (there is such a difference in the size of eggs that it is well to break them in a cup; there should be just one cupful of the whites); a pinch of salt added to the eggs to hurry beating. One and one-fourth cups granulated sugar; one cup of **Igleheart's Swans Down Cake Flour.** Sift flour once, then measure and sift three times; beat whites of eggs about half, add one-half teaspoonful cream of tartar, then beat whites until they will stand of their own weight; add the sugar, then flour, not by stirring but folding over and over until thoroughly mixed in; flavor with one-half teaspoonful vanilla or almond extract. Bake in an ungreased pan, patent pan preferred. As much care should be taken in baking an Angel Food Cake as in mixing. Place the cake in an oven that is just warm enough to know there is a fire inside; let the oven stay just warm through until the batter has raised to the top of the cake mould, then increase the heat gradually until the cake is well browned over; if by pressing the top of the cake with the finger it will spring back without leaving the imprint of the finger the cake is done through. Great care should be taken that the oven is not too hot to begin with as the cake will rise too fast and settle or fall in the baking. Should bake from thirty-five to forty minutes. When done, invert the pan; let stand until cold before removing from pan.

This recipe is only one of the many equally good ones, contained in our splendid recipe book, which we call Igleheart's "Cake Secrets." This recipe book will be sent you, *free of charge*, if you will fill in the coupon in the lower right hand corner and mail to us today. In making this cake, for which the recipe is given, it is necessary that you use

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Ordinary flours will make your cake tough, leathery and soggy. **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** makes cakes so incomparably light and delicious, because it is made expressly for cakes and pastry. We use only the finest selected soft wheat. By our special process, all the coarse, glutinous particles are eliminated. We retain only that part of the best flour which will make fine, light, fluffy cake. It is *not* a self-raising flour, contains no corn starch. It takes months to get **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** just right. But when ready to put in the package it has no equal—as every user of **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** will testify.

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buy **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour,** because they save the cost of the flour in the saving of butter alone. Our special preparation makes cake light without the need of much shortening. This use of less shortening, means the making of more healthful cakes and pastry. Each package of **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** will make ***twelve cakes at a cost of only two cents per cake.*** It will help you make better cake than you have ever made before. It makes superb Angel Food Cake—it makes every other kind of cake best—it makes the most tender and pleasing pie-crust and other pastry. You buy it in the attractive, air-tight, sanitary packages as shown in the lower left-hand corner.

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should have the best goods on their shelves. Good goods make satisfied customers—build reputation and prestige. That is why thousands of dealers from ocean to ocean handle **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour.** Dealers are pleased to supply **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** on request—because they are anxious to please their customers, and because they know it must be a quality product or the manufacturers would not be backing it so strongly with advertising. They know that it is with advertised articles of merit that they can build their business to the largest possible extent.

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have recognized the unusual merit of **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour** and given it their staunch support. Hundreds of jobbers have been handling this flour ever since we first commenced to make it twelve years ago. They know its long record of success—how it was awarded the Grand Prize—highest honors for merit at the World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904. They know how well it pays to handle a product which the manufacturers are advertising extensively to increase the demand. They know it never deteriorates but actually improves with age if the package remains unbroken.



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BEFORE AFTER

AN ALFALFA SCIENCE FARM

(Continued from Page 29)

cornroots throw off an acid. This was way back in 1886, after I had returned from several years of work in European laboratories. Somehow American corn looked good to me then; it interested me. I was then connected with the Medico-Chirurgical College, in Philadelphia, and had quarters in a quaint old Quaker house in Arch Street. That house had marble window-sills, and one day it occurred to me to make a window garden of corn. The windowbox which I used had no bottom and the soil rested directly on the marble sill. I had been raised in the richest corn section of Illinois and had long held the theory that corn threw off an acid secretion in the process of its growth.

"When the corn in my little window garden was about eighteen inches high I swept away its shallow bed of soil and carefully washed the sill. There, etched into the solid marble slab, were numerous fine traceries. In a word, wherever a cornroot had touched the marble it had left its mark. This was true of the tiniest rootlets—for the magnifying glass revealed a system of traceries too fine to be detected by the naked eye. Nothing but an acid could have done this etching into the solid marble. Right here is the explanation of why the farmer must sweeten his soil with lime salts in some form before he can expect a reasonable crop of alfalfa from soil that has produced successive crops of corn. The nitrogen-gathering and fixing bacteria, vital to the growth of alfalfa, will not prosper in an acid soil.

"My soil and plant investigations in the laboratory have convinced me that nitrogen-gathering bacteria are native to the soil and not to certain plants, as is commonly supposed. The soil simply holds them and they locate on the roots of favored leguminous plants when those plants are introduced into the soil. Here we have a basic principle that underlies all advanced agriculture. It is absolutely necessary that the soil should be thoroughly aerated in order that the air may permeate to the roots of these plants, which take their nitrogen from the air and separate and distribute the fertilization into the soil.

"The roots of our plants must be aerated as well as the plants. And, therefore, the breaking up of the crust prevents this hide-bound condition and permits the air to get into the root of the plant. The aeration of soil, as well as the conservation of moisture, is a basic principle; and that is the reason I say you don't want the dust mulch—because your dust mulch with the least little bit of rain will make a cement that will not permit the ingress of atmospheric air. A granular condition will better permit the free circulation of surface air to the micro-organisms of the soil."

Alfalfa Tea for Hogs

A new chapter in the history of swine husbandry has been written in the experiments of the Broadview Ranch, and the title of that chapter is "Alfalfa Tea for Pigs." In the course of his experiments along the lines of higher efficiency in the feeding of alfalfa and of effecting economies and converting waste into profit, Doctor Sudduth discovered that an extract could be made from the alfalfa straw which is not only an almost ideal pig food but which leaves more available protein in the straw after the cooking than was available when the stems were in the raw state. According to his analyses, the meal made from his selected mountain-grown alfalfas, rightly harvested and cured, contains 20.13 per cent of protein after the leaves and tender portions of the stalk have been separated from the straw by a mechanical process. This meal also contains 5 per cent of fat, with carbohydrates running high—43.45 per cent, and with crude fiber only 15.96 per cent.

A less scientific man, having found that he could extract from alfalfa stems a rich and nourishing tea peculiarly adapted to the delicate digestive system of young pigs, would have thrown the teagrounds away—but not the man of the research laboratory! Following the habit of a lifetime devoted to scientific research, and particularly to the purpose of working out a balanced ration for man and beast, he instinctively referred the teagrounds to the laboratory



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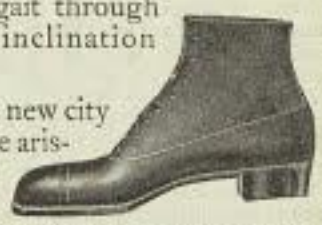


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Just means that you should buy at once
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It's *profitable* advertising in which every Jap-a-lac dealer shares.

Jap-a-lac *makes good* as an advertising proposition because it makes good as a product. Because it sells over and over again.

Wise dealers are glad to sell Jap-a-lac, not only because it pays a fair profit but because of this big proposition of repeat sales—because it actually *sells*.

The poorest way in the world to try to make money is by substituting an inferior article for the genuine. *It won't work out.*

This advertising is bearing fruit every week. Housewives are demanding Jap-a-lac,

JAP-A-LAC

Sell The Genuine!

and the dealers who can and will supply them gain a splendid confidence; not only for now but for all time.

In the United States, Jap-a-lac prices are (Full U. S. Measure): ⅛-Pt. 20c; ¼-Pt. 30c; Pt. 50c; Qt. 90c; ½-Gal. $1.65; Gal. $3.00. In Canada (Full Imperial Measure): ⅛-Pt. 25c; ¼-Pt. 35c; Pt. 60c; Qt. $1.10; ½-Gal. $1.95; Gal. $3.50.

Write for our liberal dealers' proposition.



THE GLIDDEN VARNISH COMPANY

Factories—Cleveland, Ohio; Toronto, Can. Branches—New York; Chicago

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models **$10 to $27**

with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.

1910 and 1911 Models all of best makes . . . . **$7 to $12**

100 Second-Hand Wheels

All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE

We SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow

10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogue and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. M-55, CHICAGO

Colonial Red Cedar Chest



The Ideal Wedding, Birthday or Xmas Gift.

Don't send your garments to a cold storage. Save this expense and inconvenience. A **Red Cedar Chest** protects furs and clothing AGAINST MOTHS without camphor, is dust, dampand moth proof. Board with wide copper bands, VERY ROOMY. Combines beauty and usefulness. Freight prepaid. DIRECT FROM OUR FACTORY AT FACTORY PRICES. WRITE US TODAY for handsomely illustrated catalog. It shows many other styles and gives prices.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 23, Statesville, N. C.

to determine the question: What are they worth? The answer returned by chemical analysis was: "More than they were before the tea was extracted." In other words, in the process of cooking, the teagrounds are so changed in character that the percentage of digestible protein and fat is distinctly increased, instead of diminished, leaving the grounds with a higher food value, in the making of a balanced ration, than the original uncooked straw possessed. By strict computation this net available nutritive gain of the teagrounds over the raw straw is more than enough to cover the expense of cooking, leaving the value of the tea as clear "velvet" for the hogfeeder.

The teagrounds show an analysis of 11.82 per cent protein and 2.5 per cent fat.

In 1910 Doctor Sudduth raised over eight hundred and this year a thousand pigs on alfalfa tea as the main element of the feeding ration and fitted them for market with far less difficulty and expense than the average hog-farmer experiences with the standard food rations. Here is the way in which Doctor Sudduth explains his experiments in pork production from alfalfa tea:

"The alfalfa tea made under ordinary farm conditions and upon a broad commercial basis compares favorably with skim milk in its food value—not so much by reason of the casein or protein content embodied in the skim milk as the fact that it gives a fluid so easily digestible that, when you come to make your mixture of feed with the tea, you have a combination that is almost marvelously capable of quick assimilation—and that is just what the young pig requires, for his digestive apparatus is perhaps the most delicate of all animals'.

"The hog's digestive process comes nearer to that of man than does that of any other creature; it is easily upset, and to get satisfactory commercial results the delicate digestive machinery of the swine must be artfully, systematically and scientifically pandered to from infancy up. The whole agricultural world is practically agreed on the fact that skim milk and shorts are about the ideal food for pigs. It is also admitted—and cannot be disputed—that if any grains are cooked they are thereby put into a much more digestible form than when raw. Consequently, in working out my hog-ration, my aim has been to duplicate—and if possible to improve upon—the heretofore ideal combination of skim milk and shorts."

A Cheap and Nourishing Feed

"Both chemical analysis and what the farmer would call hog-scales analysis prove that the alfalfa-tea ration is not only fifty per cent better than the shorts and skim-milk combination but that it costs less than half as much. More than this, it has another immense advantage. It can be produced in large and dependable quantities wherever alfalfa is raised. On the other hand, available skim milk is always limited to the dairy output, while the supply of shorts is always extremely limited; and the demand is so great that no farmer in Montana—or any other place that I know of—can go to any mill in this country today and place a contract for five cars of shorts. Why? Because the big mills use their shorts as a bait for the sale of their flour.

"Shorts are seldom sold at the mill for less than twenty dollars a ton, and it is not uncommon for them to go as high as twenty-six dollars.

"The ordinary mill-run of ground alfalfa contains too much coarse, woody fiber to be used in compounding this ration. Therefore I take the mill-run and put it over a screen which takes out a certain proportion of the coarse fiber—all that would be injurious to the hogs; the result is a meal that contains seventeen per cent available protein and less than fifteen per cent of fiber and is in a form that compares physically with shorts in practically every particular, having about the same specific gravity and the same general characteristics. By adding a very small proportion of corn or barley meal to this alfalfa meal, and wetting the whole down liberally with alfalfa tea, an almost perfect hog-ration is secured. The proportion of cornmeal used is varied to suit conditions—but at most it is only a small proportion—about one to ten—and even this can be entirely supplanted and the same results obtained by using beet sugar molasses that cost eight dollars a ton. This molasses is 64.5 per cent carbohydrates

(Continued on Page 89)



Sportsmen say they are the best for them.

Beacon Falls Leather-Top RUBBER SHOES

Comfortable, close-fitting and light; soft waterproof uppers of Chrome leather, 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 inches high; fitted with Copper Klondike Eyelets and Rawhide Laces.

Trade Mark Look for the Cross

The Rubber Shoe part is made in two styles—ROCK ELM and MANITOBA. The Rock Elm has a ribbed Over of pure rubber *without heel.* The Manitoba (see picture) is made of the finest quality Gum forced under pressure into heavy duck. The pure Gum soles are *made to wear.*



Dealers everywhere sell the Rock Elm or Manitoba, 10-in. height, at about $4.50 for men and in widths M and F for women. If your dealer "misses fire," send us his name. We will see that you are supplied.

For service and protection no footwear can beat these shoes. The "Cross" is on every pair. It guarantees wear and satisfaction. Don't buy rubbers without the "Cross" on the bottom.

Send for our illustrated booklet A, describing styles for hunters, anglers and out-door people.

The BEACON FALLS RUBBER SHOE CO., Beacon Falls, Ct.
New York Chicago Boston

It's So Simple



and so easy to adjust your tie with this new

OXFORD Necktie Holder

The Tie does not go round the neck



THE wearer ties his scarf upon the Holder and shapes the knot to suit his own taste. It is then always neat and natty and is put on and taken off in a jiffy. Simply attach the Holder to the collar button and the trick is done. No pulling and tugging.

It saves the tie and the collar, your time and your temper

Try one. Gold plated. Printed instructions for tying the tie with each Holder. At your Haberdasher's or sent on receipt of price, 25c—coin or stamps.

The Oxford Novelty Mfg. Co.
Sole Manufacturers

P. O. Box 483, Detroit, Mich. Owen Sound, Canada

Tie attached to Holder. It fits snugly inside collar

Agents wanted. Big money for live men. Write for prices

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Rugs, Carpets, Curtains, Blankets From the Mill We Pay Freight

Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3 %. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well-known **Regal Rug**, 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. Our Brussels Rug, 6 x 9 ft., the greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9 x 12 ft., $13. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9x12 ft., $16. Standard Axminsters, 9 x 12 ft., $18.50. Fine quality Lace Curtains, 65c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at all prices.



Write today for our NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOG, No. 14. Sent free. Shows latest designs in actual colors.

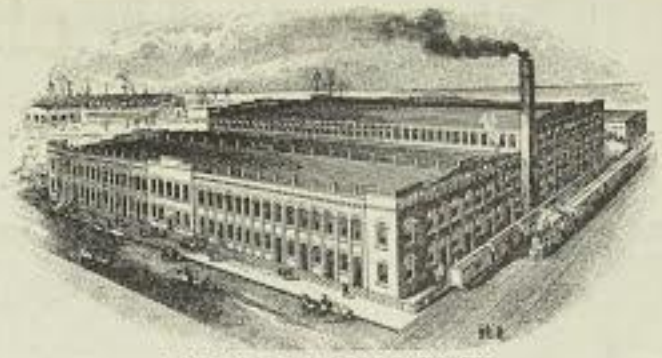
UNITED MILLS MFG. CO. 2452-2462 Jasper St., Phila.



WANT THIS SUIT? Show our samples to three friends, take two orders and make enough to get this swell tailored suit free. Simply show our new up-to-date samples. Everybody sure prices, prices so low, styles so beautiful, orders come easy. Express prepaid, perfect fit guaranteed. You can make Big Money Easy. Write quick and get agents' outfit free, everything explained, and special price on a suit for yourself. It's a wonderful chance. BANNER TAILORING CO., Dept. 220, Chicago

Your Opportunity

To Engage in a Highly Profitable, Exclusive, Retail Business—An Opportunity Never Offered Before



THE NEW PEERLESS FACTORY

The wonderful success of Peerless 5- and 10-cent Wall Paper Stores needs no introduction. The fact that they have made money wherever located proves their success—and you can continue this success right in your own town.

The 5- and 10-cent idea has extended the spring wall paper season to an all-the-year-round trade—it has cut prices to one-fourth—without sacrificing quality—and Peerless stores have made far more money than other wall paper dealers.

This is explained simply by the fact that wall paper manufacture costs but a trifle. Prices have been high because the profit of the manufacturer, the jobber and the dealer must be made in the short spring season.

The Peerless Idea

The Peerless idea has overcome this. By disregarding season—by buying direct from factory—by showing the house owner how to paper two rooms at the cost of one—

Peerless stores have not only multiplied the demand for wall paper but they expect to secure the greater part of the trade.

But the manufacturers finally refused to sell Peerless stores because the 5- and 10-cent idea conflicted with "regular" wall paper trade—so

A New Factory

was purchased, with an annual capacity of millions of rolls, for the purpose of manufacturing wall paper to be retailed by Peerless Agents for 5c and 10c a roll—the same paper for which other retailers get from 15c to 50c.

A Peerless Agency

We are going to appoint an exclusive Peerless Agent in your town. He will operate the store under our name and we will sell him wall paper—first-class wall paper—at prices that should show *120% on his investment at the end of the first year.*

He will be under our expert merchandising guidance and will receive every advantage of our broad retail experience.

He will be able to *sell* wall paper for one-*half* what it *costs* his competitors—because

He pays no jobber's profit—

He pays no salaries for jobber's or manufacturer's salesmen—

He buys direct from an enormous factory that employs no selling force—

He does an all-the-year-round business.

Your Opportunity

This is really an *exceptional* opportunity. If you want to engage in business, you positively cannot find a better one. You will simply continue—under our careful guidance—our wonderful success of the past—will assume positively no risk.

You need no special experience—because we give you the complete benefit of ours—and we are past masters in retailing 5- and 10-cent wall paper.

National Advertising

A national advertising campaign is just about to start. It will stimulate the business of Peerless stores as nothing else could. It will reveal the Peerless plan—why it is possible to sell first-class paper for one-fourth the regular prices.

Mail This Coupon

and we will send you a concrete proposition, going into detail; proving each statement; also, samples and descriptive booklet illustrating over 250 patterns in colors.

TEAR COUPON OFF HERE

Kindly send me, without obligation, catalogue of your 5- and 10-cent wall paper and your descriptive booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

TEAR COUPON OFF HERE

Kindly send me, without obligating me, complete information of your Peerless Agency Plan.

Name _____

Address _____

We will sell to consumer direct until we appoint a Peerless agent in your town.
Fill out coupon on left for Illustrated Catalogue of 250 patterns in colors.
You can order from this booklet to decorate your own home.

PEERLESS WALL PAPER MFG. CO., HOBOKEN, N. J.

"The Curve Cut Strop Gives the Barber's Stroke"



No More Dull Blades For Me!! I Use a

ZIG ZAG AUTOMATIC STROPPER

How to Enjoy Luxuriously Easy Velvety Shaves

Before you shave, slip your safety blade into the holder of the ZigZag, give it a few quick strokes on the "curve cut" strop, and in a jiffy you have a blade with a sharp, keen edge, ready to mow down the heaviest beard without pulling or scraping.

It's the one road to true shaving comfort.

One Model Sharpens any Standard Make of Safety Razor Blade

The ZigZag is strong, compact, light, simple, and will last for years. Weighs less than 4 ounces, and folds to pocket size. Fits easily into any corner of your grip. The large loop at the end of strop makes it convenient to hang anywhere.

The Holiday ZigZag—

For those who wish the ZigZag in a handsome permanent case, we have prepared a special holiday package, with case of seal leather, and all parts of the machine extra nickeled; a handsome gift for any man who shaves. Can be obtained from dealers or sent direct from factory for . . . **$2.00**



"YOU don't use your safety razor any more? Get it out again; all you need is a ZigZag to keep the blades right, and you can get just as smooth, easy shaves with it as any barber can give you.

"The very best safety razor is no better than the blades it uses. And the best blades *will* lose their edge. The maker may say different, but *you* know better.

"But with a ZigZag in your shaving kit, you can put a jim-dandy edge on any safety razor blade that's made, and get a shave that's simply a luxury; no barber could beat it.

"A dollar, that's all—and that includes the fine horsehide strop. Just look at it, you'd pay a dollar for the strop alone in any store."

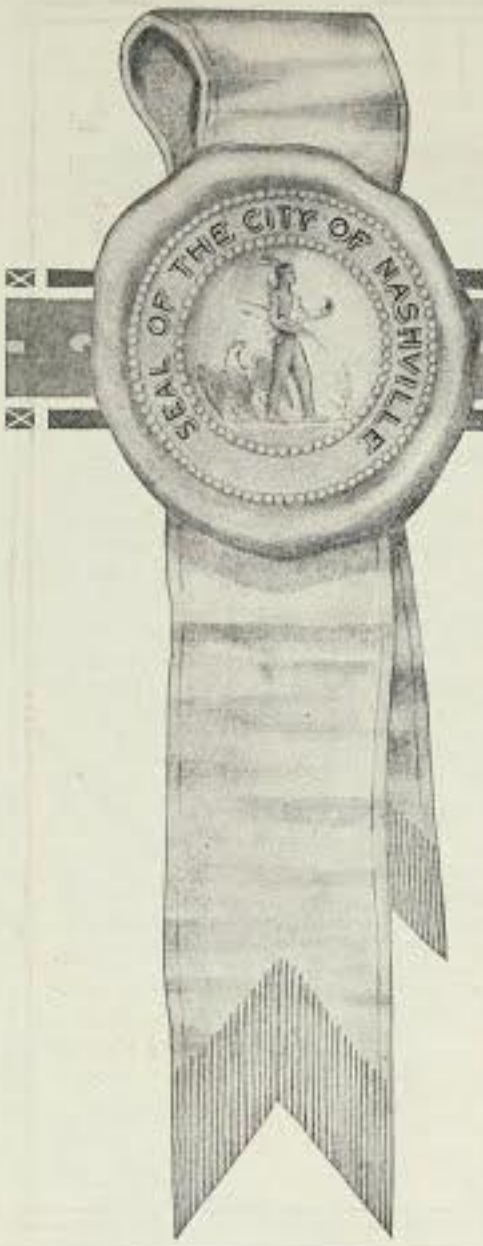
Sold by leading druggists, hardware and other dealers everywhere in the United States for $1.00; in foreign countries, $1.50, or sent prepaid from factory on receipt of price. Send for free booklet, "No More Dull Blades for Me."

$1.00 Complete with fine Horsehide Strop

GIBFORD SPECIALTY COMPANY
274 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Michigan



The Holiday ZigZag **$2.00**



Declaration to Manufacturers

Who want to be located nearer to an abundant supply of raw material

—where they will command a dominant position with reference to the possibilities opening up with the completion of the Panama Canal.

—where they are provided with ready-made, close-at-hand markets, including rich surrounding territory, as well as the Great South and Southeast, admittedly the most prosperous sections in the country.

—where **lowest freight rates** are secured, skilled **labor** is **abundant,** strikes unknown, **cost of living is low, educational facilities are unsurpassed,** climate temperate and healthful.

—where, among a cultivated people, known internationally for their warm-hearted hospitality, an ideal home life may be found.

Such manufacturers are invited to give their serious attention to the unrivalled claims presented for their consideration by the Industrial Bureau of

NASHVILLE

which has been organized by the live Nashville Board of Trade for the purpose of furnishing reliable information to manufacturers who are seeking to improve present conditions.

The Industrial Bureau will show:

—that enormous coal deposits are near by Nashville, insuring always cheapest fuel.

—that Nashville is the largest grain market and milling centre in the South.

—that Nashville is one of the most important cities in the world in the extent of its hardwood timber resources.

—that Nashville presents superior advantages to manufacturers of cotton goods and woolen goods.

—that an inexhaustible supply of high-grade iron ores and phosphate rock, marble, limestone, fluorspar, sand, gravel and clays—all may be found at the very door of Nashville.

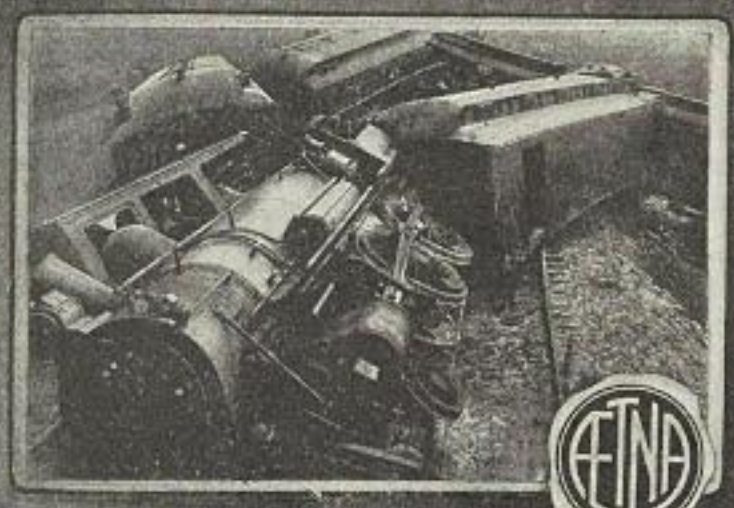
—that manufacturers of farm and dairy products find exceptional opportunities in Nashville.

To manufacturers in any of the above lines The Industrial Bureau is prepared to prove that Nashville offers advantages not possessed by any other city, and in so doing nothing will be presented but FACTS.

No matter where you now may be located, no matter whether your present output may be large or small, you in all probability will find it to your profit to investigate the advantages offered by Nashville. Write for FREE "BOOK OF FACTS." Address

THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, 201 Stahlman Building, NASHVILLE, TENN.

ÆTNA-IZED?



To be **ÆTNA-IZED** is to be protected against accident by a policy in the **ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.** This famous and strong company writes life, accident, health and liability insurance in all forms, but it calls special attention to what it considers the most attractive insurance proposition on the market

The ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination

In the extent and variety of protection this policy gives, it is without a rival. **For $10 a year this policy pays**

$2,250.00 for death from travel or burning building accident
1,250.00 for death from ordinary accident
250.00 for natural death

It also pays liberally for loss of limb or sight, and provides weekly indemnity for accidental injury that results in total or partial disability

The payments for accidental loss of life, limb or sight increase each year without additional cost

YOU CAN BE ÆTNA-IZED FOR A TEN DOLLAR BILL

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.

ACCIDENT AND LIABILITY DEPARTMENT HARTFORD, CONN.

Send me information about your $10 COMBINATION POLICY

Name _____

Address _____



Hotel Sherman

City Hall Square

Chicago

Although open but a few months, the Hotel Sherman has already the reputation of being Chicago's most desirable stopping place.

Every one of its 757 Rooms has its Private Bath and Running Ice Water

The Hotel Sherman offers the traveler every convenience, comfort and luxury. Rooms including bath, from $2.00 to $4.00; suites of 2 rooms and bath, from $4.00 to $8.00; larger suites of parlor, two bed rooms and two baths, from $12.00 to $15.00.

There is no hotel in Chicago that gives you as much for your money as the Hotel Sherman. Elbert Hubbard says in the July Fra:

"Check your baggage to the Hotel Sherman and two surprises will be in store for you. One surprise will come when you behold the excellence, completeness and quiet magnificence of the place. Your second surprise will come when you see the very moderate amount of your bill."

Elbert Hubbard has also written "A Little Journey to Hotel Sherman," which we will be glad to send, free, upon request.

The College Inn—America's Famous Restaurant—is in the Hotel Sherman

Joseph Beifeld, President
Frank W. Boring, Manager

Owned and Operated by Hotel Sherman Co.

This **Centerpiece GIVEN**

Write For It Today

The New Colonial Art Cloth



Design No. 2027

We will send you free and postpaid this large Beautiful Stamped and Tinted **22x22-inch Colonial Art Cloth Centerpiece**—your choice of five new designs—

American Beauty Roses, Poppies, Carnations, Violets or Daisies

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—and you will need no 30 cents to pay factory cost of **2½ yards** Lace and **Four Skeins Richardson's Grand Prize Embroidery Silk** to work and embroider the Centerpiece. The Lace is the beautiful and popular **Old English Tern**, 3½ inches deep, and is **worth more than we ask for entire outfit.**

This is the Biggest Offer

we ever made. We do it to convince every woman that **Richardson's** is the best Embroidery Silk. **Your money back** if entirely unsatisfied. You get **Free** with the outfit our handsome new Premium **Art Book**, illustrating all the latest things in Embroidery. **Write today**, enclosing **30 cents**, stamps or coin, and the name of your dealer. Be sure to state **design wanted.**

RICHARDSON SILK CO.
305-9 W. Adams St., Dept. 2357, Chicago



After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM **Toilet Powder**



and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp

Trade Mark

Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

VEST POCKET



For STORM and SUNSHINE

Cravenette Hat. *Silk Lined WATERPROOF*

An ideal Hat for every purpose; unequaled in stormy weather. WATERPROOF—LIGHT—WARM—DRESSY. Made of Trimble's best grade Cravenette (waterproof), beautifully handfinished; *more folds thread.* Oiled silk sweat band. Weight two ounces. Colors, navy blue, gray and tan. Price $2.00—worth more. State size and color. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GILBERT & CO., Decatur, Ill.



You will never know real chair comfort until you try the famous

Slumber Chair

It supports the body like a hammock. Send for free catalog.

The C. F. STREIT MFG. CO.
1039 Nestor Street, Cincinnati, O.

(Continued from Page 86)

and the cornmeal is 74 per cent. Of course the molasses is deficient in fat, but we make that up by adding a little flaxmeal.

"The alfalfa tea takes the place of skim milk, and is slightly laxative in its effect. It puts the sows in good condition to farrow and supplies them with an abundance of milk. All the sows on the Broadview Ranch are now fed on this mash of alfalfa tea and alfalfa meal for ten days previous to farrowing. This diet is continued for two months after farrowing. The little pigs will begin to eat it at ten days of age; and after they get a good taste of it they will get right into the trough and fight for it with the sow. This mash is fed twice a day, and when the time comes to bring out this ration every sow and pig in the whole outfit is standing with its front feet up on the fence and squealing as if half starved. If hay or any other feed is given them they pay little attention to it. At the end of two months I take the sows off and leave the pigs, carrying on the diet—which is kept down as low as possible in its protein content—until the end of six months, at which time I increase the carbohydrates and give them almost a carbohydrate diet for two months longer, until we finish our hogs. Under this feeding, pigs sixty days old should weigh sixty pounds; and they will do it easily when all the conditions are right.

"In fair weather, without any artificial regulation of conditions, pigs fed on this plan should weigh sixty pounds in sixty days, one hundred and fifty pounds in six months and two hundred to two hundred and twenty-five pounds at the end of eight months. The cost of producing pork on the Broadview Farm, under the feeding system I have described, is ordinarily two and a half cents a pound. Sometimes it is a small fraction of a cent more than this. It is safe to say that this system, conscientiously followed by any farmer in this section of Montana, will produce pork at a cost of three cents a pound."

Shoats Killed by Coarse Fiber

"Before dismissing the subject of feeding alfalfa to hogs, it should be said that many hogs are lost every year by feeders in alfalfa sections because they do not understand the digestive machinery and processes of the hog. Let me illustrate this. When I was attending the dry-farming congress I repeatedly received word from my superintendent that my shoats were dying off at an alarming rate. The messages said that the pigs were 'tucked in the flank,' that they dragged around a few days and then died. As they were running on alfalfa pasture, I surmised that they had managed to get hold of some digitalis along the river-bottom and had been poisoned by it. I wired back to shut the shoats up in a pen. The day I returned home, three big husky shoats had just died and others were languishing. I told the boys, who thought the cholera had struck the drove, that we would hold an autopsy and perhaps learn something.

"In every one of those shoats that had died we found a hard impaction of coarse alfalfa fiber at the upper end of the large intestine. Then I made a mash, fortified with one drop of croton oil for each of the shoats and three drops for each of the sows. After that we didn't lose any more hogs; but we knew better than to give our swine a chance to impact themselves again with coarse alfalfa fiber."

According to the observations of this specialist, alfalfa is the most abused animal-food in the world in the matter of the wastefulness with which it is generally fed; and he insists that this abuse is so common, even among careful feeders, that it may be called universal without danger of slandering more than a few persons. He insists, also, that this waste in most cases begins with harvesting, where, under the common practice, alfalfa is cut so late in its development that a large proportion of the leaves drop off in the process of harvesting and that, under these conditions, the straw and the remainder of leaves adhering to it have not an actual food value to exceed two dollars and fifty cents a ton. Of course the more careful farmer does not lose so high a percentage of the foliage, because he does his cutting before the alfalfa has reached so advanced a stage of overmaturity; but in most cases he makes a considerable sacrifice because of delayed cutting.

Next comes the waste in feeding. This is greatest under the practice of scattering forkfuls of it over the feeding pen. Doctor Sudduth estimates that this wastes fully fifty

The **BELL Tailors** OF NEW YORK TRADE MARK

$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT to your measure $13.50

Have Your Clothes Made to Order in New York by the Bell Tailors

The Bell Tailors are known all over the country. The thousands of satisfied customers on their books, and thousands of unsolicited letters of praise every season testify to the popularity of Bell tailoring.

We'll make you a suit or overcoat cut in the latest New York style, tailored by skillful New York tailors, and from the most seasonable, up-to-date fabrics, for at least one-third less than you could buy it from any other tailoring concern. In other words—



Send for Catalog Today

A Real $20.00 Suit or Overcoat to your order $13.50

The Bell Plan is simple. It is all plainly explained in our new Catalog. Sent *free* to you.

This catalog is our only salesman. By selling you direct from catalog we save you all commissions. Buying direct from the big mills, we get you the benefit of rock-bottom prices on everything. Our catalog contains sixty-four choice fabrics from which to make your selection. It also shows you how to take your measurements with perfect accuracy. All you have to do is to select your fabric and the style you prefer, send us your measurements on form provided, and we do the rest.

If the garment does not fit perfectly or is unsatisfactory in any way, we will refund your money or make you a new garment.

This guarantee accompanies every suit and is positive proof of our good faith.

Send for Fall and Winter Catalog Today

and investigate our offer in more detail. The catalog costs you nothing, and opens an opportunity for you to clothe yourself in Metropolitan style at a tremendous saving to yourself. A postal or this coupon will fetch it.

The Bell Tailors of New York
121-123 Walker St.
New York City

Send Now

Style Book FREE

Bell Tailors, 121-123 Walker Street, New York
Please send me your catalog and samples free.
Mr.



Your Monogram To Order On Finest Stationery 75c

It is a mark of culture these days—as well as a mark of individuality—to have your stationery carry your monogram. Naturally, both stationery and monogram must be of first quality—and this has meant extravagance until the introduction of

Aristocratique Stationery

(Hurd's Lawn Finish—Monogrammed)

Today, a quire of this highest character stationery—with envelopes to match—bearing your two-letter monogram, will be sent you upon receipt of 75c and 10c to cover cost of mailing.

The monogram die is made especially to your order—in gold, blue, red, or any color you choose. Show initials plainly when ordering. Samples sent upon request. Address

W. R. Murthey & Son, 500 Fifth Ave., New York City

To Dealers: This is the greatest value in stationery ever offered. You can profitably participate the demand. Write for particulars.



I will send—as long as they last—my **25c Book**

Strong Arms

For 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with 20 full-page half-tone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms, and hands without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
13 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42d St., New York

Gasoline Engine

Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine, 3 h. p. Absolute Free Trial. If you keep it send only $7.50. Take long time on the balance. Price same as to Cash. Only engine with a **Chilled Cylinder**, the marvelous improvement in gasoline engines. Five years' guarantee. Free book, "How to Use Power." Just send your name and address and get books and all particulars free on this amazing offer.

$7.50

Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 8356, Davenport, Iowa

Moving Picture Machines Make Big Money



Almost no limit to the profits showing in churches, school houses, lodgehalls, theatres, etc., or opening

FIVE CENT THEATRES.

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Better than Tea or Coffee.

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per cent of the tonnage handled. Second to this in wastefulness is the method of stack-feeding so commonly practiced in the West, where the stock is allowed to run to the stack, pull out the alfalfa and trample it underfoot. He estimates that this method never loses the farmer less than twenty-five per cent of his tonnage and in most cases the loss is nearer fifty per cent. This means, according to his figures, that openfield feeding gives the farmer about a dollar a ton in actual food value for the most nourishing forage crop on earth.

"That is not putting it too strong," he declares; "and that is the way most alfalfa is fed today. Even the more careful farmers who feed in racks suffer at least a loss of twenty-five per cent of the tonnage. There is an old saying that you can force a horse to eat shavings—but the horse will die! In rack-feeding you can force your stock to eat a considerable portion of the straw instead of pulling it out and scattering it on the ground—but the forcing will result in a skinny bunch of stock. When chemical analyses demonstrated to me the amount of nutriment—the high percentage of digestible protein—in the stalks and stems of alfalfa, I realized as I had not before the awful and criminal waste of this wonderful stock food going on all over the West. That, of course, directed my investigation toward getting the straw and stems of alfalfa into a balanced ration that stock would eat as eagerly as they do the alfalfa foliage, and that would render the waste of a pound to the ton unnecessary and inexcusable.

"Inevitably this led on to the grinding of the alfalfa into a fine meal—not the so-called alfalfa meal of commerce, that might more properly be called 'alfalfa chop.' Thus far I have attempted to do very little thorough scientific investigation along the line of cattle-feeding, my work having been mainly confined to working out a balanced ration for swine; but it does not need a laboratory test to establish the fact that alfalfa-feeding is just as important an element in the production of milk and of beef as it is in the production of pork."

Beets as a Sideline

The growing and use of sugar beets is an important sideline in the production of pork on the Broadview Ranch. After they are well started they are crossharrowed with lever harrows as a quick and effective means of doing the necessary thinning. They are cultivated with a two-row cultivator.

The beets that are not harvested by the hogs themselves are put into what may be called a furrow-silo. This is one of the most curious processes on the Broadview Ranch. The harvesting is done with a beet-puller. After eight rows are pulled the beets from the two center rows are placed with the roots together and the tops out, with the other beets thrown upon them in the same manner, making a pile about three feet high and some thirty or forty feet long. A plow is then brought into action close along each side of the pile. The dirt thrown up by the plow is then shoveled upon the beets, making a covering of about four inches of soil.

In the dry-farming lands of Montana there is so little moisture in the soil in winter that beets keep in perfect condition when siloed in this manner. In the winter they are uncovered and loaded into manure-spreaders which scatter them upon the feeding fields. In the opinion of Doctor Sudduth the beets are remarkable regulators of the hog's system.

Doctor Sudduth insists that the bad reputation that alfalfa has gained as a horse food is the result of unintelligent feeding. It is true, he says, a horse that is allowed to eat all the alfalfa he wishes is generally put into poor condition; but when the laxative effect of the alfalfa is corrected by the introduction of molasses an almost ideal horse food is the result.

He has also made elaborate experiments with alfalfa biscuits for dogs and alfalfa bread as a poultry food. The poultry bread should be made as a carefully balanced ration, with the carbohydrates and protein combined to meet the needs of the young chick, of the older chicken and of the grown-up fowl. He has also experimented successfully with alfalfa breads for laying hens and for the quick fattening of market chickens. These breads can be manufactured and sold at one-half the price of ordinary wheat breads for human consumption.

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7-inch "Collegian," a medium weight, neat appearing Storm Boot $5.

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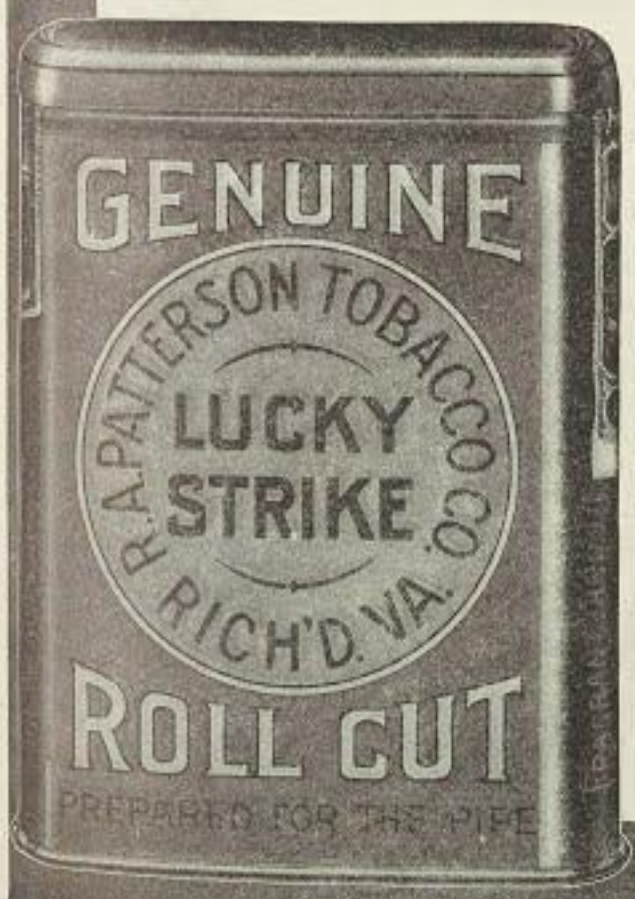


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Settle back with a tin of Lucky Strike for a real old fashioned smoke.

Just note how cool, how mild, how satisfying is every mouthful.

There is none of the bite, bitterness or tang you find in tobaccos that have not been properly prepared. It smokes evenly, too, down to the very last draw. Doesn't clog or choke or splutter.

Burley tobaccos are good—if they're *good Burleys*. We have the very pick. Then we keep it for years to get the proper age and mellowness. After that, Lucky Strike is treated by the secret Patterson Process—originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson—the founder of this business.

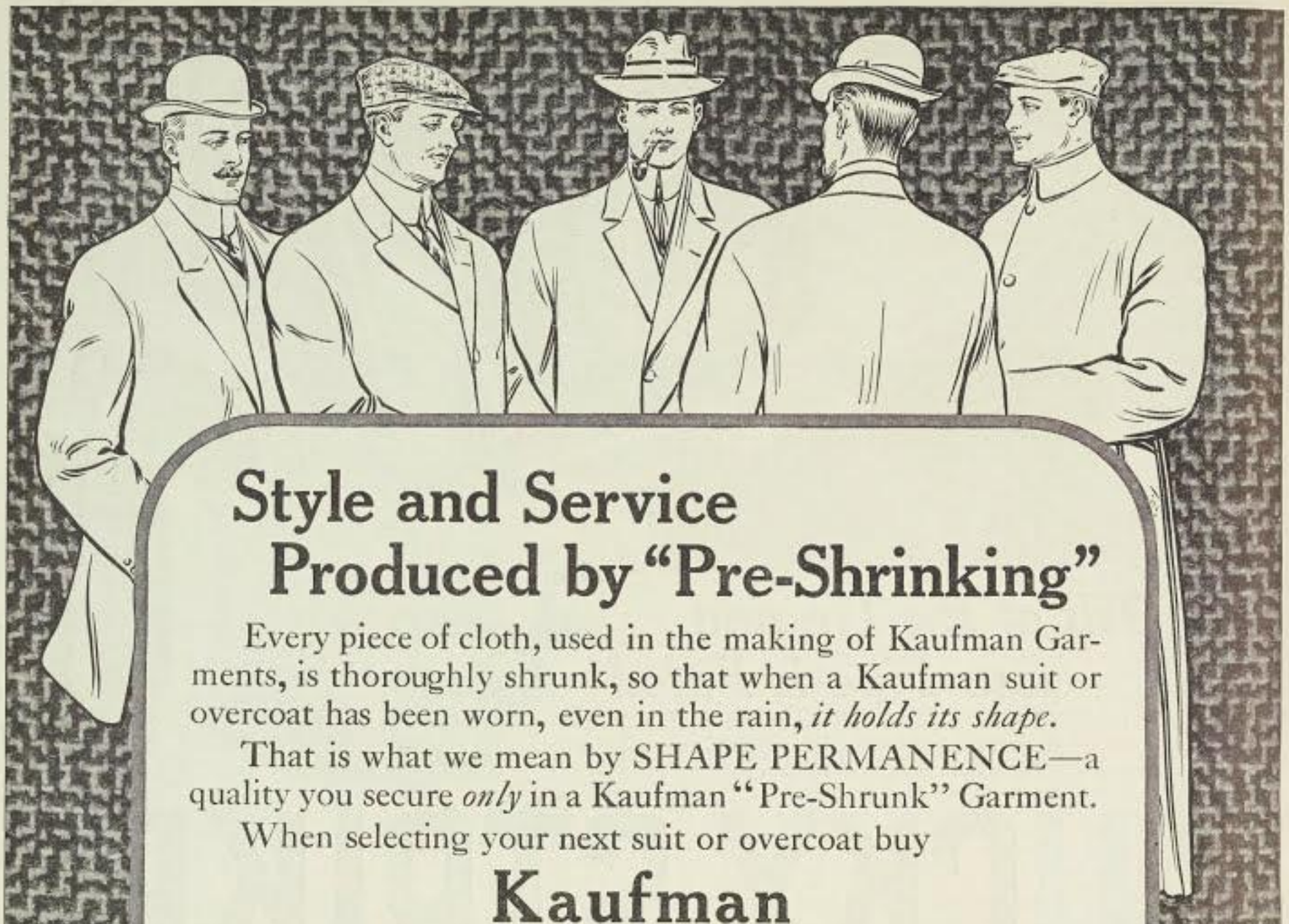
You need go no farther than to the nearest tobacco store. Lucky Strike Roll Cut is on general sale—10c pocket-boxes.

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That is what we mean by SHAPE PERMANENCE—a quality you secure *only* in a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment.

When selecting your next suit or overcoat buy

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For Men and "CAMPUS TOGS" for Young Men

and you are assured of LASTING STYLE and SHAPE PERMANENCE.

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Means that distinctiveness you note when you first try on a Kaufman suit or overcoat at your clothier's REMAINS in that garment during its entire life. "Pre-Shrunk" shape and style last as long as the cloth itself.

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The clothier, who sells you a Kaufman Garment has the authority to make you this guarantee: "If any garment bearing the Kaufman Label is not satisfactory it may be returned and money refunded."

Our handsome Style Book will post you on the correct styles for Fall and Winter. Ask your dealer for it—or send to us direct, if you prefer. It's free.

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Fine for old folks. It aids appetite and digestion.

Fine for young folks. It aids digestion, cleanses teeth and purifies breath.

The refreshing juice of crushed mint leaves makes it beneficial to all ages.

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It bakes a large, creamy, white loaf of surpassing nourishment

It gives the best possible results at the hands of every housewife

Many women who fail when baking with ordinary flour, succeed beautifully with GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

What GOLD MEDAL FLOUR does for your baking today it will do tomorrow—and for every tomorrow to come

It is absolutely dependable

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HOLLANDS VAN
SOCIAL SCIENCE DIVISION
UNIVERSITY OF MICH
ANN ARBOR MICH

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

OCT. 7, 1911

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DRAWN BY
C. D. WILLIAMS

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



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Everything that any man needs and expects to get, is tailored into them; they immediately command the admiration of people who know correct dress.

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Our book showing the latest fashions,
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Chicago New York Boston



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$1800
Self-starting

Chalmers "Thirty-six" Leads

Chalmers "Thirty-six" was the first car at a medium price to have these features:

Self-starting device
Does away with cranking. Simple air pressure type. Nothing complicated—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor.

Genuine long stroke motor—4¼" x 5¼"
Means better pulling, longer service, greater quietness, freedom from vibration.

Five speed transmission—four forward speeds and one reverse
Gives utmost flexibility of control and enables you to climb the steepest grades with speed.

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You can get the proper mixture to suit varying weather conditions without getting out of car and lifting the hood.

36" x 4" tires and Continental Demountable rims
These big tires do away with tire trouble and insure ease of riding. Demountable rims rob punctures of their terrors.

Genuine honey-comb radiator, cellular type
Same radiator found on highest priced cars. Means perfect cooling, longer life, good looks.

Bosch dual ignition
Simplest system yet devised. Nothing equals a magneto for furnishing perfect ignition.

(Read that over again. It is hard to realize at one reading that all these big features are really present in one car selling for $1800. We ask to have Chalmers cars compared with any other cars either above or below our prices)

The "Thirty-six" is the first medium priced car to have any one of these features—much less all of them.

One or two other makers have announced some of these features since the Chalmers 1912 announcement appeared. Others may imitate later. Prices were changed (that is, lowered) in a number of factories, at the last minute, too, following the Chalmers 1912 announcement.

"Thirty-six" an Eye Opener

The "Thirty-six" at $1800 was an eye-opener to the trade—and a benefit to the public in more ways than the public dreams.

It is easy to follow where some one else has blazed the trail. But pioneering requires vision, ingenuity, experimenting, resources and nerve. It brings its own reward though—we've found that out. There isn't any dust out in front.

Three years ago we did our first pioneering—when we brought out the Chalmers "30."

That was the first full size five-passenger car with all the features that a real motor car must have selling for so low a price as $1500.

We set ourselves then to maintain our leadership in the manufacture of medium priced cars. The sensation of setting the pace is enjoyable.

Chalmers "Thirty-six" has set a selling record this season, too.

Trade turns naturally toward quality.

An announcement of this car was made July 8th. Before we could deliver demonstrating cars to our dealers they had booked orders for 1082 "Thirty-sixes." Actual orders from customers, with deposits.

It is with the keenest satisfaction that we are able to cite this record. Not merely because of the sale of 1082 cars, but because of what the sale of that many cars of a new model, without demonstration, really means.

It means that Chalmers cars have become so standardized that people have absolute confidence in them. It means that the reputation of our Company for honest values and fair dealing has become so thoroughly established that people know a Chalmers car must be right because it is a Chalmers.

The Most Important Thing

After all, what is the most important thing to consider in buying a motor car? It isn't merely specifications. Measurements of other cars seem very much like those of the Chalmers. But that doesn't mean that these cars are the equals of a Chalmers.

There is something beyond these measurements. That something is summed up by the Chalmers monogram on the radiator.

We are trying to make the Chalmers name stand for honest motor car building—for care and intelligence and efficiency at every step of the long road from the designer's drawing board to the testing track and the shipping platform. And after the car has left the factory, the Chalmers name stands for well pleased owners, for satisfactory service, for a guarantee backed by years of successful manufacturing.

"30s" and "Forties" Sell Fast

At the same time that the "Thirty-six" has been meeting such an enthusiastic reception all over the country, there has been also a phenomenal sale of 1912 "30" and "Forties." These were ready for delivery earlier and we have been selling them as fast as we could build and test them. For 1912 they offer even greater values than ever before.

The "30" refined and improved, with beautiful ventilated foredoor body, Chalmers mohair top, automatic windshield, magneto, gas lamps and Prest-O-Lite tank—is offered this year for $1500.

The 1912 "Forty," an ideal car for those desiring great power and seven-passenger capacity is sold, with the same complete equipment, for $2750.

We invite you to see these cars. Today all our dealers have their 1912 demonstrating cars. They will be glad to show them and to help you decide.

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.



THIS is a simple, safe and exceedingly satisfactory way to clean rugs and carpets.

It is applicable to the finest oriental rug and to the cheapest ingrain carpet.

Have ready:

A supply of Ivory Soap Paste, made by dissolving one large cake of Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in three quarts, or two small cakes in four quarts, of water, kept nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for 15 minutes. When cool, it will be like jelly. This is sufficient for a 9x12 rug.

A fairly stiff scrubbing brush (a rice fibre brush is excellent).

A piece of zinc, or heavy galvanized iron, 12 inches long and 4 inches wide, with smooth edges. The top should be turned over a little so that it can be held securely. Any tinner will make this for you for 10 or 15 cents and it will last for years.

Some soft clean cloths.

A pail of clean, lukewarm water, to be renewed as often as it becomes dirty.

A pan, or empty pail, to receive the used Ivory Soap Paste.

Proceed as follows:

First, sweep the rug. Begin work at the corner farthest from the door. With a spoon, or by hand, scatter Ivory Soap Paste over the surface of the rug, covering not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously. Scrape up the paste with the zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth, wrung out of clean water. Work with, not against, the nap. Proceed in this way, section by section, until the entire rug has been cleaned. Have windows and doors wide open so that the rug may dry quickly. Do not replace furniture, or walk on it, until it is dry.

Follow these directions, and your rugs will be as clean and bright as when new. The colors will *not* suffer. The fabric will *not* be injured.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

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A LOOK AHEAD IN POLITICS





By
Gifford Pinchot

THE question is often asked why the advocates of conservation cannot let politics alone. It would be answer enough to say that no man can be a good citizen who fails to take his share in the burden and struggle of managing this country. But there is a far more practical reply. If we let politics alone we cannot win our fight. I do not mean the politics of partisan advantage, but the politics of honest government and equal opportunity.

The chief enemy of conservation is the political power of privilege and special interest. We can never safely forget that the most dangerous opponent we have to meet is politics for profit, under whatever party name. As long as our state or national governments are in the hands of men of any party who believe, however honestly, that the rights of property are superior to the rights of men, monopoly will prevail over the fair chance, and the conservation of natural resources will be in danger.

Every monopoly rests upon the control of some natural resource or advantage, and nearly all monopolies are acquired or maintained by political means. An uncontrolled monopoly, run mainly for private profit and not for the general good, is as much against the principles of conservation as an uncontrolled fire in the woods. A monopoly not under public regulation is as dangerous to the general welfare as any forest fire, and ought to be fought as hard; but it can be fought only where its power lies—in public life.

The result of an election often determines whether natural resources and natural advantages, such as water powers, coal lands or franchises, are to be wasted, monopolized, or given away to make a hasty unfair profit for the few, or wisely used to create better conditions of living for the permanent benefit of the many. Therefore elections are not seldom of decisive interest in questions of conservation.

In the work of stopping the waste of our natural resources the master quality is foresight. Political foresight is as necessary to prevent the failure or destruction of the conservation program as practical foresight is to prevent the destruction or monopoly of the forests or the coalfields of Alaska. It is, therefore, not only natural but necessary and right that an advocate of conservation should look ahead in politics.

It is from the Progressives in politics that conservation has the most to hope, and from the Reactionaries that it has the most to fear. This applies to Republicans and Democrats alike. Of all the progressive policies in which the man, the woman and the child outweigh the dollar, conservation is the most typical and the chief.

The Powers of a President for Good and for Evil

THE next Presidential election will decide whether the American people are to drag the car of progress uphill with the powerful assistance of a progressive President, or whether they must attempt to drag it up the same hill with the brakes set. In its effect, both on the conservation policies and on the general welfare, it will be one of the most important decisions of recent years.

It is well known that the control exercised by the President of the United States over the affairs and the prosperity of his fellow countrymen is greater than that of the head of any other nation. The President is the greatest single power for good or evil in America. This is so in part because of his influential share in legislation under the Constitution; in part because of the tens of thousands of officeholders whose appointments lie in his hands; but most of all because, having lost confidence in reactionary Congresses that should have represented them but did not, the American people have come in the last ten years to regard the President as their own peculiar representative. They look to him to be what the Presidency of right should make him—the advocate and leader of the people. There is no stronger impulse among our citizens today than their desire for courageous leadership in the right direction by the President.

We are engaged in a serious effort to free ourselves from the domination of the special interests, a domination based on their control of natural resources. The interests on their side are fighting to maintain control. In this momentous struggle the nation needs a leader, a shaper of issues, and that leader ought to be the President. In any hard-fought contest for popular rights, such as this, as the President goes so most often goes the fight. It is well within the truth to say that if the President is with the people he doubles their power; if he is against them, he cuts it in two.

The selection of the President, therefore, is of supreme importance. It is the most weighty single act of the whole people. But if the people of the United States desire a President who will conduct the government in their interest they must make known their will before the national conventions meet. If the business of selecting Presidential candidates is left to the party machines it is extremely doubtful whether men who really represent the people will be nominated. The free choice of a President by the voters cannot be made effectively after the nominations have taken place. The year before the nominating conventions assemble, the present year, is the time for that. National conventions seldom do more than ratify a choice already made.

Would Mr. Taft's Renomination be Advisable?

DURING the next eight months it will lie with the people either to permit both the Republicans and the Democrats to nominate men whose loyalty is owned by money and privilege, or to force both parties to nominate Progressives who stand first of all for human rights. During these months our citizens will have the power to decide that the fight for conservation, for equal opportunity and for the rights of men shall go forward under a general who will give to the movement the best that is in him, because he is part of it; or under a general who will give it lip service and nothing more. During these eight months the people can unite in selecting candidates of such a kind that whichever one is elected the people cannot lose; or they can permit the selection of such candidates that whichever one is elected the people cannot win. If the voters make that decision for themselves, then the ground gained for conservation and against the special interests in the last ten years will be held. If they allow reactionary politicians or political machines controlled by the interests to make the decision for them, much ground will be lost and the fight will have to be made over again.

The coming nominations of both the great political parties are of deep importance, but at this time the Republican nomination demands first consideration because it will be made first. At the present time, also, Mr. Taft is the most prominent candidate in either party. Therefore the voters, facing once more the weighty task of choosing a President, are in duty bound to consider without delay his qualifications for the great office he now holds and seeks to hold again.

Every citizen who has information likely, in his judgment, to help the country reach a just and wise conclusion upon this question is in duty bound to make that information public. By reason of my connection with the Conservation Movement in this and the previous Administrations, and because of a somewhat unusual opportunity to observe public matters at first hand, I believe I have such information.

The statement I have to make is not favorable to the renomination of Mr. Taft. It is made because I believe my duty as a citizen requires me to help, so far as I can, in preventing the injury to conservation and the general welfare that I believe will certainly result should Mr. Taft be nominated and elected for a second term. I am anxious to avoid the necessity for making other fights like the fight to prevent monopoly of the coal in Alaska, a necessity that would surely arise if the point of view that has controlled in public land matters in the recent past should come to control them again.

Doubtless a variety of unworthy motives will be ascribed as reasons why I make the following statement. As a matter of fact I do not make it lightly, or in malice, or in revenge for any fancied injury. It must be clear to others, as it is to me, that my dismissal did far more good than harm to the progress of conservation, and increased rather than diminished whatever power I may have to advance the policies for which I stand. And whatever the motives with which I may be charged, the important question is not what my motives are, but whether what I say is true.

Lest what I have to say should be mistaken for the diatribe of an unrelenting critic, it is right to add that since my removal from the Government service, nearly two years ago, I have done my best to treat the President with fairness. When what he did seemed to me right I have never hesitated to express my appreciation of it. When I have been obliged to disagree with his actions or the measures he has advocated, I have condemned the actions or the measures, but never the man. In no single instance in any speech, or statement, or interview, have I refused him the respect that is due to the President of the United States.

At the time of my dismissal I uttered no word of criticism, but cautioned my fellow members of the Forest Service to remember that the work upon which they were engaged was too large to be affected by the removal of any man. Ten days later—January 17, 1910—speaking before the National Civic Federation at Washington, I said: "The President urges that the—conservation—measures he recommends shall be taken up and disposed of promptly without awaiting the investigation—by the so-called Ballinger-Pinchot Committee—which has been determined upon. I echo his desire. In the face of this great opportunity let us go farther, and so far as these issues are concerned let us disregard the controversy altogether in a general effort to secure what every good citizen earnestly desires."

When Mr. Taft indorsed the so-called Ballinger Conservation Bills, some of which were wholly indefensible, I condemned the bad bills without mention of the President. When he indorsed a sound water-power policy I praised the action as that of the President himself, and said: "The National Conservation Association heartily indorses the position now taken by the President along the lines laid down by Garfield and Roosevelt, and desires to call special attention to the work of Henry S. Graves, the present Forester, in bringing about this profoundly welcome result."

A Letter to the Ex-President

WHEN Mr. Fisher was made Secretary of the Interior I said that his entrance into the Government service would unquestionably meet with strong public approval; and when Mr. Stimson became Secretary of War I was glad to give public expression to my admiration of the man, which is the result of an intimate association of more than twenty-five years. The foregoing will, I believe, make it clear that I have not failed in courtesy and fairness to the President in what I have said concerning him.

Mr. Taft, as a candidate for renomination, has taken a position very different from that occupied by Mr. Taft, as President of the United States. When any man becomes a candidate for public office, by that very fact he invites the people to examine his record, and offers for the approval or disapproval of his fellow citizens every public act of his, and every private act that bears upon his fitness for office. In particular, every candidate for a second term must submit to his fellow citizens the question whether his Administration has or has not been conducted frankly and effectively in the public interest.

The fitness of any candidate is more safely judged by what he did in advance of his candidacy than by what he does under the pressure of a desire for public office. If the natural tendencies of any official run counter to the public interest, that fact is most freely shown while his term is young and the next election is far away. When another campaign draws near and the approval or condemnation of the people is close at hand, the necessity for meeting the views of the voters begins again to control. Mr. Taft is now once more a candidate. It is reasonable, therefore, to believe that his true attitude toward the great policies he was elected to enforce is more accurately shown by what he did immediately after election and during the first part of his term, than by his position now that the campaign for his renomination has begun. And this would be true of any candidate for reelection to any office.

Mr. Taft's nomination was due to President Roosevelt and his election was due to the Roosevelt policies. He was chosen by the American people, partly because he was the friend and follower of Roosevelt, but principally that he might carry out the progressive policies for which Roosevelt stood. He was pledged to continue the fight for the conservation of natural resources, for equality of opportunity, for honest and efficient public service by public officials and for driving the special interests out of politics. This was the central issue upon which Mr. Taft appealed for the suffrages of the American people. Upon this issue he was elected to the Presidency.

In a signed article, given to the public as soon as he was nominated, Mr. Taft made a formal statement of his position. In it he said:

It remained for Roosevelt to prove how the people will respond to a strong and true leadership when the hour has come for great reforms. The policies which he inaugurated must be continued and developed. They are right and they are the policies of the people. For that reason his successor may well disregard any charge of lack of originality if he does not make an entirely new program of his own.

A President at this time has work before him clearly defined. The enforcement of the law, equally against high and low, the powerful and the weak, should be his first thought. The danger to our country from laxity or favoritism in this is the greatest one we have to face. The conservation of our natural resources and their development for the use of all along the lines of equal opportunity, too, must command his immediate attention. It should be his aim to give high tone to his administration, as Mr. Roosevelt has, by surrounding himself with men of earnest, enthusiastic interest in the public weal and of the cleanest but most effective methods.

In his inaugural address he said:

The office of an inaugural address is to give a summary outline of the main policies of the new administration, so far as they can be anticipated. I have had the honor to be one of the advisers of my distinguished predecessor, and, as such, to hold up his hands in the reforms he has initiated. I should be untrue to myself, to my promises, and to the declarations of the party platforms upon which I was elected to office if I did not make the maintenance and enforcement of those reforms a most important feature of my administration.

It was the cause of profound disappointment to many thousands of his friends—myself among them—that what Mr. Taft thus said when he became a candidate and when he became President could not be seen to square with what he did after he had been elected and after his inauguration. With keen regret we saw him, as soon as the election was over, begin to abandon his former friends for the sake of his former enemies. The men he chose for his political associates, like Aldrich, Hitchcock and Wickersham, were the avowed enemies both of the man to whom he owed the Presidency and of the policies he was elected to enforce. We saw that he did not lift a hand to assist either the Roosevelt policies or Mr. Roosevelt himself, when both were bitterly attacked in Congress during the closing days of the outgoing Administration. Later, as his Administration developed, it became clear that President Taft had forsaken both the friends and the principles to which he was pledged.

On December 31, 1909, shortly before my dismissal from office, I wrote to Colonel Roosevelt, then in Africa, the following description of Mr. Taft's Administration during its first ten months:

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 31, 1909.

HON. THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
Khartum, Nubia, Africa.

Dear Theodore: You may have wondered why I have not written you since you left America. Several times I have set out to do so, but on the whole thought you would be glad to be altogether free for a time from the echoes of trouble. So I let it go until now.

On the reopening of Congress an investigation of the conduct of Secretary Ballinger, the Forest Service, and possibly the Reclamation Service and the Indian Office, will begin. It will probably be made by a special committee of both Houses, to be selected by the Speaker and the Vice-President, but its scope, method and personnel are not yet known. The stated purpose will be to establish whether Ballinger is guilty or not as charged by Glavis, and whether the Forest Service is responsible for the charges; but the chances are it will cover a much wider field. The outcome is doubtful, so far as the report of the special committee is concerned. But whatever the result of the investigation it can have no effect on what has already taken place. So I am taking advantage of the lull before action begins to sum up the situation as accurately as I can.

In my judgment the tendency of the Administration thus far, taken as a whole, has been directly away from the Roosevelt policies. It is not yet certain, however, that the final attitude of the Taft Administration toward these policies has been reached. I think it is still possible that a direct change of front by Taft himself might bring him into conformity with the policies to which he has so often pledged himself. It is my deliberate judgment, however, and it appears to be the deliberate judgment of practically all the men best capable of judging, that such a change is exceedingly unlikely. It is significant that the best-informed newspaper men almost without exception believe that it is now too late for Taft to change.

In so large a matter as this, snap judgment has no place and full conviction supplies the only reasonable basis for action. I am not yet convinced that it is too late to hope for real support of the interests of the people by the present Administration, and as long as I can I intend to give it the benefit of every doubt. The result of the practical repudiation of the Roosevelt policies by Taft would be so serious, the conflict which would follow would be so bitter, and the effect upon the welfare of the people would be so disastrous that no man ought to abandon hope until hope becomes clearly and finally impossible.

On the other hand, it would be utterly foolish to be blind to obvious and well-known facts and tendencies. I have given the situation, as you will easily understand, the most careful and painstaking study of which I am capable, and I believe it to be extremely serious. We have fallen back down the hill you led us up, and there is a general belief that the special interests are once more substantially in full control of both Congress and the Administration. In that belief I share.

I do not attribute the present conditions to deliberate bad faith on the part of Mr. Taft, but to a most surprising weakness and indecision, and to his desire to act as a judge, dealing with issues only when they are brought to him and not as, what the President really is, the advocate and active guardian of the general welfare. The Reactionaries evidently believe that Mr. Taft has a strong tendency to follow the advice of the last man who talks to him as against all others, for they have built a fence round him with their own men. Unless Mr. Taft turns squarely about and promptly abandons his present direction and tendencies I foresee a clear-cut division between the Administration and the Reactionaries on the one side, and the Progressives and the great mass of the people on the other. The coming investigation must inevitably tend to make that division sharp and clear.

Presenting the Situation to the Ex-President

IT MAY help you to understand the present situation if I write down briefly some of the principal reasons for thinking, as I do, that Mr. Taft has gone far toward a complete abandonment of the Roosevelt policies. It is true that he has repeatedly professed his intentions to carry out these policies, but we can no longer rely on professions in the face of actions which continually contradict them.

1. He permitted himself, as soon as he was elected, to be surrounded by a circle of Trust attorneys and other Reactionaries, from which he has never broken away.

2. He allowed the attacks upon yourself in Congress during the last session of your term to continue unchecked, when a word from the incoming President would have ended them.

3. He surrounded himself in his cabinet by corporation lawyers who were necessarily in opposition to the Roosevelt policies.

4. He surrendered to Congress in its attack upon the Executive's power to appoint advisory commissions, thereby abandoning the strong position taken in your memorandum upon the last Sundry Civil Bill. Thus he allowed the work of the National Conservation Commission to be stopped, prevented the commission from formulating the specific measures on conservation which it would otherwise have laid before him, and seriously retarded the practical progress of the Conservation Movement.

5. He affiliated himself in Congress with the leaders of the opposition to the Roosevelt policies and the makers of personal attacks upon yourself. I refer to Cannon, Aldrich, Hale, Tawney and others whom he has chosen as his advisers.

6. By the appointment of Secretary Ballinger he brought about the most dangerous attack yet made upon the conservation policies—an attack now happily checked, at least for the time.

7. He established, by his appointment and support of Hitchcock, a vicious political atmosphere in the Administration, and revived the spoils system of political appointment in some of its worst forms.

8. He failed during the course of the tariff debate to support the Insurgent Republicans in the House and Senate who were honestly trying to fulfill the party pledges and reduce the tariff, and intervened before the Conference Committee only when it was practically too late.

9. He signed and now defends a tariff bill made by and for the special interests, following the passage of which the cost of living rose beyond all precedent.

10. He indorsed, in his Boston speech, in the person of Senator Aldrich, the most conspicuous representative of reaction and special interests in the Senate.

11. He indorsed, in his Winona speech, in the person of Mr. Tawney, your bitterest enemy in the House of Representatives, and next to the Speaker himself perhaps the most conspicuous advocate of Cannonism and reaction.

12. In the same speech at Winona he tried to read out of the Republican party Senators Nelson, Beveridge, Cummins and other Republicans whose fight was made for equality of opportunity and a square deal, and the honest redemption of our party pledges.

13. He has repeatedly set party solidarity above the public welfare, and has yielded to political expediency of the lowest type, as in the case of the reported offer, first of

(Continued on Page 61)

The House That Harry Sold

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

HE WOULD have called himself a grafter, had he tried to be very frank. The police of seven states—the New York police had not yet learned of him by photograph and reputation—would have called him a crook. For thirty-five years, as stripling, man and elderly gentleman, he had followed nearly all the semi-criminal trades, like the plain confidence game, the trimming of farmers at the back entrance of small circuses, "the boxes," the kind of gambling that is a certainty, even a whirl or so



He Drew Out an Impressive Bunch of Keys and Affixed the Express Tag

at green goods. His course had led him over the country, from the snows and savage life of the Yukon on the north to the palms and artificial life of Ormond Beach on the south. He had taken his jail sentence and had beaten it with the help of a shyster lawyer, who bled him for all the profits of his biggest "touch." He had been mugged for the rogues' gallery, and had acquired and destroyed the record through a twist of crooked politics. Hero and villain of a hundred soiled romances, he had reached now to the shores of an uncomfortable age—and reached it without cargo. For when we see him first he is fifty-one years old and "broke"—broke, worst of all, in New York.

"Handsome Harry" they called him in his craft. And the alliterative name fitted. He had been the darling of woman's eye in his babyhood, the observed of all feminine observers in his stalwart youth. Even now his looks justified his "monaker." He was tall and still shapely. Age had taken his black hair, but it had replaced it with a full gray, silky thatch that set off his fine black eyes. It had given him, also, a dignity and distinction of carriage that sat well upon him in these years. His manners had always been pleasant; they were a tool in his craft. He added in his middle age a touch of old-age chivalry that fitted like a glove. Nowhere could the expert observer have read his profession save in his mouth, a little too hard and repressed, and in the stoniness of feature with which he listened as his vis-à-vis talked. He had not even that pastiness of jowl that so generally marks the knight of his own wits.

In mind he was like all his kind, and yet unlike. He had the absolute nerve of the good confidence man, his love of a gamble, his perverse delight in the humors of the game. Like the rest, he justified himself to the rags of his conscience by reflecting that the victim was generally out to "do" him, just as he was out to "do" the victim; so it was a fair game. He seldom let his imagination run on the ultimate results of his operations; generally, though not always, he refused to conjure up the picture of plucked husbands returning to weep with their wives, of children deprived, of twenty-year boarders forced to begin all over again. He had imagination, but he held it under control, as all must in his trade. Like the best of his kind, he had an appreciation of fine things, as pictures, music, even poetry of a sort. The "con game" is an art, decry it as you will; and your real artist loves all arts. So, in his rumblings to London and Paris and Germany on the trail of big game, he had learned to appreciate pictures and porcelains and statuary.

He differed from the rest in the flavor of his personal side, and perhaps that accounted for the extraordinary preservation of his physical part. He had fought his engagement with Demon Rum long ago, and given over the battle in which no man wins. Of late years he even forbore to gamble, except in his business. Besides the contemplation of pictures and statuary and potteries his chief joy and pleasure was dancing. He loved to drop into a public ball, get introductions from the floor manager, and waltz with innocence and delight a whole night long. Sometimes, when his partner suited him and he felt well enough acquainted, he would teach her a little variation on the waltz that he had learned in Paris—a tiny, modest kick, infinitely attractive when it fluttered and vanished among billowing white skirts. It was by dancing that he exorcised away the occasional black moods that come to the men of his craft—just as the others did it by drink. Also he liked golf in moderation and cards for fun.

Next to pictures and dancing he cared for good talk with human beings. That was part of his business, it is true. By talk he gained acquaintance, and by acquaintance he got business. But scarcely ever did he approach any one, except a marked sucker, with business in his mind. He liked people, their ways and their whimsies. He could drink in for a good half-hour at a time the inane chatter of a storegirl, the reveries and remarks of a bartender.

This human curiosity about other humans was both his tool and his brake; it had led him to his biggest operations and it had spoiled some of his biggest chances.

And so we find Handsome Harry at the age of fifty-one in New York, dead broke, with no present outlook and, it seemed to himself, perilously near the end of his tether. New York had proved a hoodoo. The gradual fall of his fortune since he arrived in the city to close a "real-estate touch" that never matured, had dropped him from a suite in a Broadway hotel to a hall bedroom with prunes.

There had come across the great iron-bound, rock-built city, already sweltering in its normal August warmth, a heat-wave so abnormal in its strength that the whole city had fallen prostrate under it. A blanket of hell-mist, that both saturated and burned, shrouded the streets. Moisture everywhere—in the air, in the ether between the air, on the pavements, in ten thousand shops and sidewalk fountains of sticky, gummy summer drinks—and not a drop to cool. In that city of dreadful heat all who had the energy and the money had risen and gone to the ocean breezes. There remained three millions who fought the powers of the air as best they could on front stoops and crowded sidewalks, or dabbled with tasteless and untasted dinners.

Handsome Harry stayed with the rest and fought with them. But he fought something worse. Along with the heat there came across his soul a wave of discouragement that flattened out the last live impulse in him. Like all crooks, he was subject to these periods of self-horror. He had many methods of throwing them off. But this one went deeper. It could not be thrown off. What terrified him was the feeling that he had lost his instinct for graft. He could see no possibilities in the seething life about him. Handsome Harry had always been an inspired crook. Formerly he had walked as through streets piled with gold. He had but to pick and choose—his imagination opened so many avenues to illicit wealth. But now his very *flair* had left him. He was like an artist or a sculptor or an author who suddenly finds that the flow of creative ideas has ceased utterly. Handsome Harry's thoughts sang but one chorus nowadays—"Is this the end?" And ever, immediately afterward, came the desperate corollary—"Oh, for one more chance at big game!"

II

ALL the decorative touches that in wintertime gave to Mrs. Bannard's basement dining room a meretricious effect of warmth seemed now only to accent the terrific heat. The red cartridge paper raised the temperature five degrees. The huddle everywhere of high-colored bric-à-brac lifted it ten more. And the flaring of the unshaded gas added that touch of tangible heat that makes humidity unbearable. The boarders had frankly lain down before it. Notwithstanding their fans, the sweat poured off their faces. Miss Banks came to the table in a kimono. Mrs. Dawson constantly dipped her handkerchief into her goblet and as constantly mopped her brow. The men—with the exception of Handsome Harry—represented every degree of negligee. Alone Otto Gluck, a bushy-haired German, bore-in-general to the establishment, showed no effects of the weather. Almost it seemed that the hotter it grew the more frequently he burst out with Teutonic expletives in praise of intellectual anarchism.

"I see by the Journal, Mr. Gluck," Miss Banks said, languidly pulling up her kimono sleeve the easier to reach the bread, "that your boss is entertaining a French dook in Newport."

"He iss?" answered Otto.

"Sure!" said Mrs. Dawson, mopping her face and neck. "I read that too. And next week he's going to take him off on his yacht—the Ivernia. I don't suppose you was invited, Mr. Gluck?"

"Say, ain't he got the fierce face though!" Miss Banks commented. "When I read last spring that that beautiful Maxon girl was going to marry him I felt terrible for her. I couldn't marry a man with a face like his, honest—I don't care how many millions he had. Have you ever seen Pierce, Mr. Carson?"

Carson was Handsome Harry's latest family name. It was an unconscious tribute to his personality that, hall-bedroomer as he was, every matter of taste, judgment or experience which came up for discussion at the table was invariably referred to him.

"Oh, yes, many times," Handsome Harry answered genially.

As he spoke, a picture of F. Warren Pierce rose before him—black-bearded, piercing-eyed, wolf in the jaw and vulture in the brows. For Pierce was a magic name to all whose thoughts run on money. Just now Wall Street was dancing to his tune. He had risen barely four years ago to be a national figure. Now the newspapers educated the public every day and every week concerning his Newport villa transported bodily from Italy, his unsurpassed yacht the Ivernia, and his little gem of a house in Thirty-seventh Street—his rather modest old house which he had chosen, by one of his whims, to make the shell for a small but unsurpassed collection of pictures, of porcelains and of tapestries. It accented Harry's discouragement that Pierce's name came constantly into the boarding-house conversation. For Otto Gluck was watchman and summer guardian of that matchless house. Every time Otto burst out with the name "Pierce," it stalked like a specter of envy into Harry's mood. "We're both crooks and both cracked on art," he was always saying to himself. "He's forty—look at him! I'm fifty-one—look at me!" The very fact that Harry loved pictures and porcelains, tapestries and bronzes, as much as Pierce could possibly love them, only blackened his mood.



In Another Five Minutes They Were Mounting the Steps of F. Warren Pierce's Residence

"I wonder where he gets all the money to entertain so much?" Miss Banks asked with apparent artlessness, and she flashed a heavy wink in Handsome Harry's direction.

This was the match that touched off the explosion. Otto-baiting was a recognized sport in the boarding house.

In an instant the table was spattered with broken English.

"From the broletariat," bellowed Otto. "From me! From you. From efferyboties! It iss a chr-r-rime!"

"Oh, Mr. Gluck," Miss Banks said reproachfully, "surely you wouldn't do anything so unprofessional as to knock your own boss?"

Otto snorted.

"Mein Gott! And vy not?" he said. "I tage his liddle money. I guar-r-rd hiss—hiss—hiss"—everybody listened hard, for a series of hisses on Otto's part always indicated a phrase much beyond his articulatory apparatus—"hiss unear-rned ingr-r-rement. But I do not braise him. My soul iss mine. It iss not hiss. I say he iss obbressor." Otto pounded his chest and looked bombs.

Mrs. Dawson dropped for an instant behind her fan. When she emerged her face was perfectly straight. Miss Banks imitated for Handsome Harry's benefit Otto's gesture to his chest. But, although Handsome Harry smiled a furtive response to her, his sick soul was saying over and over again: "Is it possible that I am all in? Is this the way we end? Of course it must end some time—but is it possible that my finish is now? What becomes of men like me anyway? Is it possible that I'm all in?"

Miss Banks smoothly took it up again. "Do you know, Mr. Gluck," she said, "I have often had those thoughts myself?"

"It iss not hiss," hissed Otto, again making a bass drum of his chest. "It iss mine like hiss-s. What iss hiss? What iss mine? I haf built it. You haf built it. Yet I do not resiss-st. Not yet altogether. No; anarchy does not resiss-st. Once haf I thought yes-s. I wass before I haf to Hanschmitt listened. Anarchy waits. It gonverts the mind."

"You have expressed those sentiments to Mr. Pierce himself, I suppose," Handsome Harry threw in listlessly. Again Mrs. Dawson ducked behind her fan. Miss Banks bit her lips—but they trembled on the verge of mirth.

"No," shouted Otto; "I haf not those thoughts eggspressed. It is yet not time, however. When speaks the whole voild then speak I. But las-st night I almost have gespoken."

Handsome Harry arose with a sudden sense of distaste over the whole situation. "I'll go off my nut if this keeps up," he said to himself on his way to his room. "The only thing for me to do tonight is to dance." He put on his hat. Then, another thought striking him, his hand went to his trousers pocket where a few silver coins nestled in a single one-dollar bill.

"I can see Mike in the morning," he thought. "I haven't nerve left even for a plain touch."

As he stepped out of the front door he barely suppressed a groan. For Otto, on his way to his night-watching of the Pierce house, stood waiting. He often waited thus to walk, as far as their paths coincided, with his one friend in the Bannard house, the one person who always gave him an appearance of considerate attention. On such occasions Otto would loose a corollary to his talk of intellectual anarchism. He was tired of guarding the unearned increment; to make matters short, he was always asking Harry to get him another job.

"Yes-s," began Otto, exactly where he left off at the table; "he game last night to plot obbression and went away this morgen again to his unear-rned yacht what you and I built. The house wass open last night ——"

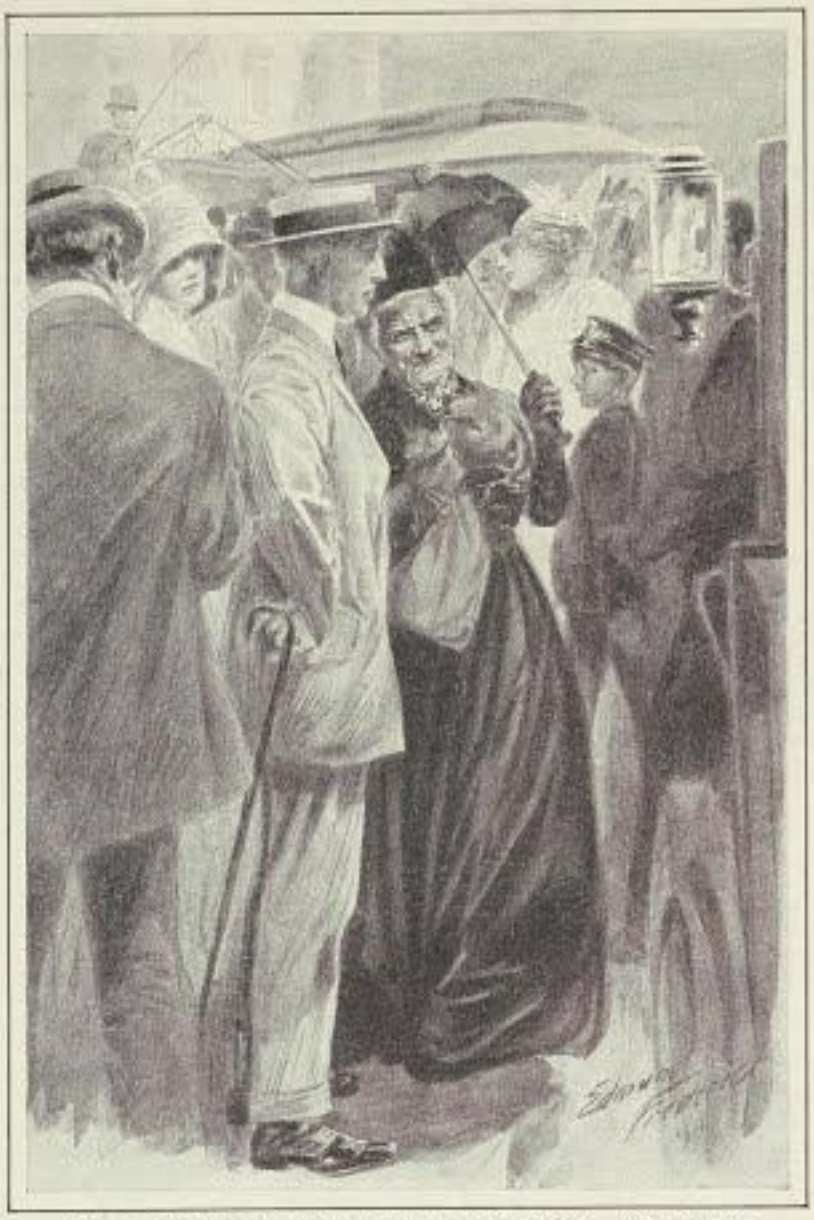
"It must be a wonderful house," said Handsome Harry, his thoughts heavily elsewhere.

"It iss nothing good," responded Otto. "Rucks!"—Harry translated "rugs"—"Bictures!"—Harry translated "pictures"—"Blate!"—Harry translated "plate"—"vich he buys for the brice of a day's labor millions and millions of times added. When the revolution of thought iss, no more will old things collected be. No; peeble will think. They will ——"

On and on it went—"Broletariat," "Social revolutions," "Unear-rned ingrement"—Handsome Harry scarcely heard until he caught the words:

"You shall see for yourself. This night shall I bring you there that you may know what the obbressor buys, and then ——"

The instinct of beauty, dormant under a million discouragements, stirred faintly. More than a whole night of dancing to him, Harry realized, would be half an hour



"They Talk About the Unsociableness of New York—Why, Nobody Could Have Been More Kind Than You!"

with the Pierce treasures. He snatched at the offer, remembering only not to snatch over-eagerly.

"You mean," he said, "that you would take me through the Pierce house?"

"It iss my meaning," replied Otto. "Those are not my orders. Noboddy iss to come. But you are r-ready to believe. I will show you the unear-rned ingrement and you shall believe also. Vot for Pierce's orders? He iss obbressor!"

"I'm sure I should like it very much," replied Harry with a well-managed tone of indifference, "and I have an hour to spare just now."

In another five minutes they were mounting the steps of F. Warren Pierce's residence in Thirty-seventh Street.

III

HARRY stood in the drawing room drinking beauty of the new-found Vermeer which Mr. Pierce had bought of late for the ransom of many rebaters. He was aware with half his mind that Otto still buzzed and bubbled at his right hand. At first this stream of heavy, thick German monologue was merely an irritation; and he heard not. But the irritation grew, so that by-and-by the stream flowed into his conscious mind, disturbing those ripples of his soul set going by this perfect beauty.

"It was r-ridt in this room last night," Otto was saying, "that I hear those obbressors blotting—Mr. Pierce—I shall not call him that more: no, only Pierce—Pierce and four others, moreover. They send for me to call on the telephone a number and ice gedt. And I lis-sen. You bet you. 'I shall to my circle r-report this also,' said I. They send their sbies to vatch on us. Now, it iss, I vatch them. I know what stocks and bonds iss about. Was I not porter in Pierce's office of Wall Street before I get this chob for honesty? So I lis-sen what they do. It iss information."

"What did they do?" inquired Harry, more to keep Otto talking comfortably and steadily than anything else. He was listening now, for his interest in humanity was stirred, but only indifferently; the better part of his being was considering six Satsuma bowls.

"I will tell you," pursued Otto; "but you will not rebeat it. It iss a secret of the cause. Half anarchist you already are. See! You shall be gonverted!"

"I guess you're right," said Harry, shifting position to get a better view of a Renaissance tapestry. "I sympathize at least."

"Ah! And you shall believe! They haf the Western Railroad System. You know. Everybody know. And now they haf nearly controlled the S. V. & C. to add to the Western. I heard Mr. Pierce—I no longer call him that, but Pierce—he said they need less than one hundred shares. But Harrington he wants those shares too, for he also wants to control. And I heard him say: 'Many shares in small blocks are scattered. Half a little block of two hundred shares, or one little block of one hundred shares—it iss all we need. We must send to find them. It may take weeks. Some country boo-cher,' said he"—here Otto exploded with scorn—"'may have the stocks to help us control S. V. & C.' And what did they afterward do?"

"Haven't an idea," responded Harry still contemplating the blended old tints of the tapestry. The practical part of his mind, however, was dimly on Otto's narrative.

"They laughed!" said Otto; "those obbressors laughed. Wall Street! I know what iss. The unearned ingrement. I know. Once I bought stock there where I vork to be robbed. I spend with them no more. Nos-sir! I buy rubber stock, as iss adfertised in mine anarchist paper. The voild's supply of Megzigan rubber ——" Here the monologue flowed gently out of Harry's consciousness again; for he had returned to study the unsurpassed Vermeer.

When, after an hour or so, Otto conveyed by heavy hint and then by direct statement that it was time to close the visit, Harry put on his hat and departed through the area door, heaving a sigh that was both satisfaction and regret. His eye danced with the beauties he had beheld; his soul was soft with them. He had come in all innocence, just to behold; half-criminal though he was, the thought of taking anything had never once occurred to him. Honesty goes by strata; we all have our inhibitions and our limits. Taking from another without appearance of return in goods or "fair gamble" played no part in his business. He would have called it stealing, the same as you or I.

He turned toward Broadway, stepping almost lightly again; and he was aware that the blackest clouds of his mood had blown away on the winds of beauty. He had passed Sixth Avenue before he remembered the narrative of Otto Gluck concerning oppressors and oppressed, and even then he remembered only to smile. Suddenly he drew himself up, for his face was steaming with the unaccustomed vigor of his walk; and a thought struck him.

"Guess I'd better tackle Mike now, when my nerve is good," he said to himself.

IV

A FEW minutes later Harry stalked with the air of a prosperous retired capitalist into the barroom of a Broadway hotel. He leaned on his cane, inspecting the sodden row trying to get cool on alcohol, strolled out again, tried another and yet another before he found his man. A dapper little person, in the clothes of a college sophomore, sat alone at a table in the corner, sucking a mint julep through a straw and meditating. Without a word Harry dropped into the seat opposite. This was the "Mike" of his search, the present uncertain supply of his necessities.

"The same?" inquired Mike by way of greeting.

"The same," replied Harry. Mike summoned the waiter and gave his order before he addressed Harry, inquiring:

"Anything doing yet?"

"If the world was up for ten cents I couldn't buy enough dirt to stop a watch," said Harry, speaking in parables. "The sucker slipped the hook. Here I get an office for that real-estate deal and furnish it with installment furniture, and he loses a lawsuit in Oklahoma and gets cagey with his money and goes back. I'm keeping office hours until the end of the month; then the agents come for the rent and the installment on the furniture, and it's all off with the Big Swede."

"Can't raise nothing on the furniture, can you?" suggested Mike.

"No, thank you," responded Harry. "When I get sent up it won't be for a piker game."

"This listens to me like another touch," remarked Mike, looking him over. "Flag it! My tires are flat. Positively nothing doing in the financial district. Us great money powers is starving."

"It's down to a matter of eats and sleeps," said Harry. "If I don't settle by Saturday night I'm in the bread line. Mike, I've got to have a twenty."

"There's nothing doing," insisted Mike.

"You can't get away with that. You always keep a wad buried. You daren't show me the back of your watchcase right now."

Mike grinned.

"Well, you've come through for me before," he said. "A twenty, huh? But you get busy. It's the last I've got for you. Say, why don't you come down on the Street? You're new. You'll see things. A front like yours would go great."

"Too old to learn a new game," responded Harry. "No, Mike, I'm going to pull off a small touch somewhere, and get back to St. Louis, where I know the layout. Funny, ain't it?" he added, sweeping his hand toward Broadway; "a whole school of suckers, millions of 'em, and not one for me."

Mike was opening his watch, his back cannily toward Harry. He turned about, holding a twenty-dollar bill.

"It's the last," remarked Mike.

"Thanks," responded Harry. His mission was finished; but it seemed indecent to retire without further conversation. His mind returned vaguely to the disclosure of Otto Gluck. This was on Mike's territory.

"Heard something about your game today, Mike," he said. "Maybe it's good and maybe it ain't. I hear that F. Warren Pierce is trying to get control of the S. V. & C. for the Western crowd."

"Gee!" exclaimed Mike; "now ain't that news! I've got something for you. Daniel Webster is dead!"

"You don't say so!" replied Harry, taking the sarcasm in good humor. "Well, I don't follow Wall Street much."

"I should say nit," replied Mike; "or the papers neither. Pierce and Harrington both want that road. And it's out. They've bid her up above one-ninety on the market, and there she hangs, tight as a drum, and they can't either of 'em get the rest.

"Gee!" Mike added; "I wish I could flag an advance tip when one or the other of 'em does get it!"

"Would S. V. & C. go up if Pierce got it?" asked Harry innocently.

"S. V. & C.? Naw! It's on the ceiling already. But Western ——" Mike made with his mouth the motions of one who tastes something good. "If Pierce should ever control S. V. & C., Western would rise like a balloon and we'd all get rich on margins—if I had the tip." He peered at Harry. "You ain't got a tip? Sure?"

"Only that Pierce is after it," replied Harry.

"George Washington has licked Lord Cornwallis," responded Mike.

V

SPITE of the twenty dollars in his pocket, spite of his hour with beauty, Harry's black mood was on him again as he rose next morning to take an open Broadway car to his office in Warren Street. No inspiration—no ideas—no impulse to clutch even one little boob from those wilted, moping crowds that flowed in and out of the great, hot way. He stopped at the street entrance to inspect the new-painted sign—"H. H. Carson, Real Estate, Room 26." He unlocked his door, cast his eye over the varnished installment furniture all sticky with the heat. The sight brought only heaviness of spirit with the memory of opportunity past. There was really no need of coming to the "office" any more, now that the big dupe had slipped back to Oklahoma; almost was he minded to lock the door for good and return no more.

A hot breeze, loaded with the complex, feverish scents of a city waterfront, puffed through the open window. He arose to take off his coat; at that moment a sound arrested his motion. The doorknob, which for a week had turned only at his own touch, was actually moving.

He dropped back into his chair, assumed the pose of a city business man. The door opened and a woman bobbed into the room.

Harry sat blinking at her for a moment before he rose. She was a little old lady—the kind of old lady that man most approves. She wore a black silk gown. She wore black cotton gloves. She carried a doll's size black parasol. Under her diminutive black bonnet shone a little old face, whimsical in every point and wrinkle. Her eyes and her movements were quick and twinkling. There are various kinds of innocence—that of childhood, for example, and that of girlhood. From every look and line and color and movement of this old lady radiated the most innocent of all innocences—that of old age.

"And what can I do for you, madam?" said Handsome Harry with that mixture of deference and interest that he used in addressing anything female between the ages of eight months and eighty years.

The old lady dropped into a chair, fanned herself with her parasol. However, she did not answer the question directly.

"Dear knows," she said, "that I always thought the Fall River boat was cool, but this is the beatenest weather! And when I saw your sign outside I says to myself: 'If it's real estate I'm after I might as well go to the first place as the last, instead of traipsing all over this hot city. It's all alike in New York,' I says."

Handsome Harry, perceiving from the twinkle in her eye that she spoke with conscious humor, laughed richly. She laughed back, her eyes on his.

"Whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked Handsome Harry in his best manner.

"Mrs. Marcia Brewster is my name," she responded—"Mrs. Marcia *Hopwood* Brewster in future," she added with a tightening of her lips. "I can't lose the Brewster name, and goodness knows I don't want to, seeing what kind of a man Abner Brewster was. But I want to stick in the Hopwood now. Kind of takes the curse off the Brewster. Abner couldn't help that name, and he had some Brewster in him, though I've always declared he took most from the Tripps. Still he wan't any too yielding in disposition. He was stubborn as a mule—stubborn," she added with the air of one who admits a fact reluctantly and definitely, "as two mules!"

"They can be stubborn," said Handsome Harry sympathetically. "I have some New England blood myself."

"Goodness, how did you know where I come from?" asked Mrs. Brewster. Harry paused, remembering that people are likely to be sensitive about accents, and said: "The Fall River boat."

He ran over the various names that he had borne in his time and selected one with a Yankee sound.

"My mother was a Perkins," he said.

"Well, if she was a Perkins of North Burnham, Massachusetts, or thereabouts, that's no recommendation to me," said Mrs. Brewster with asperity. "Not that there's anything against 'em, but just my not liking 'em. You ain't related to the Carsons of North Burnham, though, are you?"

"Distantly, it happens," said Harry; "fourth or fifth cousins—I know really nothing about them," he added quickly, to forestall questioning.

Mrs. Brewster pursed her lips and nodded.

"Well, if you should ask me, it's the name—that's why I'm here. The Carsons are good people. A little meechin', but good. When I saw the sign 'Real Estate' and the name 'Carson' I come right in.

"Howsomever," she added, "the Brewsters. The whole stubbornness of 'em has come to a head in Mittie Brewster, Abner's sister." Then she pulled herself up. "How I do run on! But I've got to take it out on somebody."

"I am greatly interested," replied Handsome Harry.

"'Twan't one thing or another. It was a whole lot of things," she pursued. "When Abner died he left the house to her and me—besides—well, an annuity and things. It was just like Abner, anyhow, expecting two women to live together under the same roof. She never married. I guess she was just too mean. And untidy! The house was a pigpen Saturday afternoons. But the thing that tuckered me all out was her stubbornness. We hadn't been together three years before she insisted on keepin' her rose-jar on my best mahogany table—right on the table that came down to me from the Clapps, of Salem. That jar used to sweat, markin' my table up, and so I kept a-putting it on the mantel and she kept a-putting it back, and one day I dropped it and broke it. 'Twan't intentional, though I was slamming it round kind of hard. And she said: 'Marcia Brewster, I ain't a-going to speak to you again until Christmas.' And I says: 'You don't need to.' And she didn't either. I didn't make it easy for her! I never passed nothing to her at table, salt or milk or butter. No, sir! No matter how much I saw she wanted it. She had to get up and fetch it. And Christmas morning, what do you suppose was the first thing she said to me?"

"Begged your pardon?" Harry suggested.

"No, sirree," replied Mrs. Brewster. "Not Mittie Brewster! She got up and met me at breakfast with a set of doilies for a present, and she said like nothing had happened: 'Well, I've mended it.' And I said: 'You ain't goin' to put it there again, are you?' And she said: 'I certainly am!' And it's there today. What was the use of talkin'? That's how stubborn Mittie Brewster is."

She fanned herself; her eyes snapped back every flirt of her parasol. She appeared to be running down.

"And I suppose you couldn't stand her stubbornness any longer?" inquired Handsome Harry.

"It was worse than that," said Mrs. Brewster. "The Brewsters always were an unpatriotic lot. Not but Abner did his duty in the war and was buried by Meade Post, No. 16. But he was more Tripp than Brewster, I've always said. I've heard Mittie Brewster declare time and time again that there was something to be said for the British, and she was always readin' in the papers about the doings of the English nobility. Waal, when the Spanish War was on she didn't commit herself for a long time, but one day we were blackberryin', and she said to me: 'Believe it was blown up from the inside.' 'Mittie Brewster, whatever do you mean?' says I. 'Marshy Brewster, the Maine,' says she. Waal, I near drove her out of house and home right then. I guess she saw I couldn't be trifled with on that p'int. But the thought was right in her mind tight. I could see it! I read Mittie Brewster like a book. And whenever anybody would say anything about the war I'd see that stubborn look come into her face. She never talked to me about it. No, sirree. Not until they begun to raise the Maine. Then I guess she couldn't keep her mouth shut. She was readin' a Boston paper and she p'inted right to a picture of the mess that ship made, and she said: 'That certainly was from the inside.' Then I come right to the front. 'Mittie Brewster,' I said, 'I can stand stubbornness and untidy ways, but I can't stand treason; and I'm going to New York and never come back!' 'Twan't sudden on my part, if it did come out sudden like that. I'd been considering it ever since a year ago last June, when Mittie would take the splasher down from back of the washstand in her room, though she knew she'd ruin the wallpaper. I made up my mind that when I couldn't stand Mittie any longer I'd go right to New York and get a house and have some excitement the rest of my days. 'Mittie Brewster,' I said, 'you take my half of the house for your lifetime and the one of us that lasts longest gets it for keeps. And I'm goin' to New York and I'm goin' to go as I've never gone in my life, and I'm goin' to outlive you, stubborn as you are! When I get settled I'm goin' to pay Cal Hawkins to pack my furniture and send it on. And whenever you want to beg my pardon you can git me back.' And she helped me pack, keeping that mouth of hers shut all the time, and she helped me get my stocks out of the safe deposit, and here I am."

The hound, on taking scent, raises his muzzle and bays. Handsome Harry had schooled himself better than the hound. Only the slightest droop of his eyelid betrayed his thrill at the words "house" and "stocks."



"I Wrote it Down," She Said. "One Hundred and Twelve Shares, S. V. & C. Railroad"

(Continued on Page 65)

An Open Season for Ancestors

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



The Way I Figured It Out Our Family Was as Old as Anybody's

MY NAME is Jones, the full name is Jubal T. Early Jones, and I am one of the Kansas City Joneses. Ours is one of those old or Southern families. My great-grandfather came out across the mountains from Virginia at an early period. I have never been able to understand why he should have come at all, because from what I was able to gather of the facts he could have stayed at home and beaten the case probably. But at any rate he came, in a more or less hurried manner, losing the sheriff and the posse on the way, and settled in Kentucky and raised a large family. Then my grandfather in turn moved West, partly, I take it, because of the inherited pioneering instinct, and partly on account of some litigation arising from his having shot a neighbor with one of those old-fashioned squirrel rifles with a brass-bound stock and bone sights, such as so many of the hardy pioneers of those early days of our country used in conducting arguments over line fences and strayed shoats. We have been in Kansas City ever since and are very well thought of there and socially prominent, an aunt of mine having been one of the first persons in the Southwest to introduce the custom of eating dinner at suppertime and serving the coffee black afterward instead of along with.

At the same time until I married I never undertook to pry very deeply into the family history. I was content to stop with my Grandfather Jones, whom I remember as a small boy—that is, when I was a small boy, not Grandfather Jones—eating his chewing tobacco off the stalk and never wearing a coat except when going to church or to a funeral or something of that general nature, and otherwise deporting himself in the simple, unostentatious style of the good old days. The way I figured it out our family was as old as anybody's if you accepted the Garden of Eden account, and almost as old and perhaps even more active if you believed in the Darwin theory.

But after I married my wife things were different. You see, she was a Lemon. I do not use the word Lemon in the irreverent or slang sense. I would not think of doing so in the case of a New England Lemon. And my wife is one of the Lemons of Providence—Providence, Rhode Island. It seems that up in that section you speak of the Lemons of Providence as you would of the Cedars of Lebanon, say, or the Bulls of Bashan, or anything staple like that. They have lived in Providence for several generations, having come over in the Mayflower; in fact, from what I have been able to gather, the original Lemons made several round trips back and forth on the Mayflower, going over in the spring after fresh supplies of spinning wheels and warming pans and new recipes for serving witches and such things, and coming back in the fall in time to put up their mince meat and salt down the codfish for the winter. So I feel that I am warranted in saying that Mrs. Jones' people come of very old, very aristocratic stock. Nearly all her male ancestors on both sides were in the French and Indian Wars and the Revolution. From what I can learn they must have known General Israel Putnam well enough to call him Izzy, and as for Mad Anthony Wayne—well, I figure that what really made him mad was having so many Providence Lemons hanging round, all of them willing at any time to advise him freely about how to run his army.

It was really romantic the way I came to meet the present Mrs. Jones, she being of the East and I of the Sunny South—or West by South anyway. We met, as you might say, across the bloody chasm. I was having some dental work done at the time, and while I was in the chair she came in to have some work done on her teeth. After the dentist had withdrawn himself from me and I was able to sit up he introduced us. Afterward my wife confided to me that with my mouth shut she never would have known me for the same person; there seemed to be so much more to me.

But that was the way the acquaintance began, and in time we came to know each other better; and she came to Kansas City on a visit to a college chum and we became engaged and were married at the Second Presbyterian Church and went to Niagara Falls on our wedding tour. But it was after we moved to New York to live that this ancestry business first came seriously into our lives. As the home paper put it, I decided to go East to accept a very lucrative and important position with one of the great commercial enterprises of the metropolis, feeling that my talents demanded a larger field than was afforded me in Kansas City. The paper also said that my many friends would wish me all success in my new sphere of activity and briefly sketched my life up to that point. The facts were all stated correctly, I having written the piece myself in order to save the reporter trouble. So we came East and I got a job soliciting life insurance, and we did well and lived in a flat.

At the end of the second year I got a raise and we moved out to North Orange. It was a very exclusive and highly restricted neighborhood; we found that out as soon as we made the first payment on the house and moved in. Nearly every family on our street—Edgemere Terrace—was either High Church Episcopalian or Old Line Republican and in some cases both, and there was hardly a household that didn't keep two servants, or three, if you counted in the man that came to tend the furnace and mow the lawn. For example, the Henry J. Kittengers lived right behind us on their estate. Ours was only a villa plot, forty by eighty, but the Kittengers had an estate consisting of three full lots. Almost every Sunday they were visited by relatives owning a very large touring car, and they themselves had an inlaid piano-playing attachment and a dog that was said to be worth either nine hundred dollars or nine thousand, I forget which. I never saw the inlaid piano-playing attachment myself, as the Kittengers never called upon us and, of course, in view of that we did not return the call, but I saw the dog frequently, because nearly every morning the Kittengers' second girl used to take him out walking on a leash and pass our house. In rainy weather she carried an umbrella—over the dog. I could not understand this at first, but my Uncle Polk Jones, who lives with us and has a very clear way of putting things, explained it. He said if you had a hired girl and she took pneumonia or something and died on you you could always get another for not exceeding twenty-two dollars a month at an employment agency, but it was not so easy to replace a dog worth nine thousand dollars—or even nine hundred dollars, for that matter. I suppose he was right, because he certainly was a very rare and unusual looking creature—I am referring now to the dog. He had a large massive frame with a woolly coat and a peaceful expression on his face, and long fluffy fringes growing all the way down his legs, like you see on certain chickens. Judging from his appearance alone I should say that he was a cross between a Polled Angus and a Buff Cochin China, but Uncle Polk always insisted that there must be some Siberian Yak in him too. However, never having specialized on dogs I would not presume to say for sure.



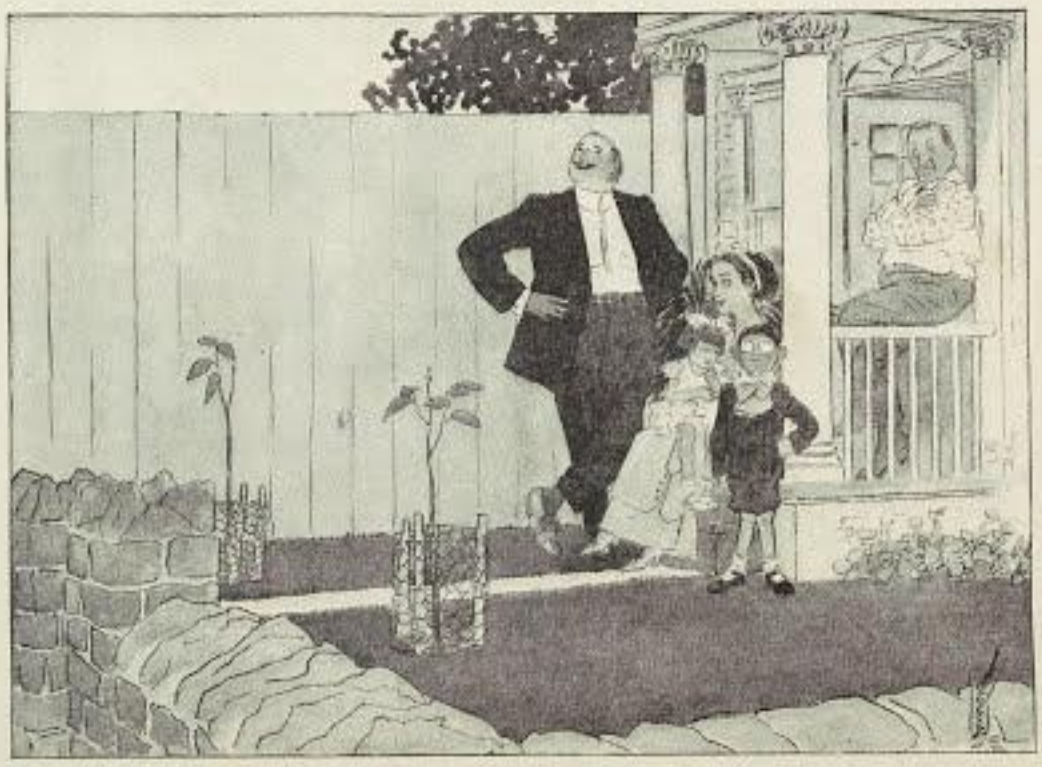
Uncle Polk Chirked Up and Wanted to Know Who It Was That Belted Him and Whether He Deserved It

I forgot to state that the name of our place in North Orange is The Beeches. My wife was set at first on calling the place Gray Gables, but she found out that two of the families on our street had already had a serious quarrel over both families having selected that name for their houses, and we compromised on The Beeches, which has a very attractive sound, we think, and will be exceedingly appropriate just as soon as the two slips I purchased from a traveling agent for a nursery garden grow up into towering trees, which the agent says they should do in a very short time.

Well, anyhow, after we were settled at The Beeches we noticed that there was a space just over the living-room mantel which neither the loving-cup trophy that I won at our bowling club nor the tall drinking stein which Mrs. Jones' Aunt Clara Louise Lemon brought us as a souvenir of her European tour seemed to fit into properly. I thought at first it would be just the place for my stuffed moosehead. I am very fond of that moosehead. It was almost the first thing I bought after we moved into the flat on West One Hundred and Ninety-seventh Street. I bought it at an auction sale, and it was a very handsome head, with the long, sloping Roman nose peculiar to mooses and a pronounced underlip and a very fine set of black whiskers hanging down. I intended it for a decoration for the dining room of our flat, but after we got it hung we found that owing to the size of the room and the ceiling being low his chin whiskers came right down on the dining table, and you had the feeling that you were taking your meals with one of the old Hebrew prophets—Isaiah, say, or Exodus or Deuteronomy—which was depressing.

So we never enjoyed him as we should, and when this question of filling the space over the living-room mantel came up I suggested putting my moosehead there. But Mrs. Jones didn't like the notion, and after sitting looking at the spot with an intense expression for a few minutes she had an idea. She was enthusiastic over it too. She said we could have the coats-of-arms of the Lemonses and the Joneses framed to match and hung side by side there. But right there the hitch came. So far as we knew, the Joneses didn't have any coat-of-arms.

Uncle Polk, who was present at the time, suggested that she just hang the Lemons' family tree at one side, and on the other side a neat worsted motto or something of that sort, stating that the Joneses also ran. But it was plain to see from her expression that my wife resented this suggestion



The Beeches Will be Exceedingly Appropriate as Soon as the Two Slips Grow

as bordering upon the frivolous. At the same time she did not care to hurt Uncle Polk Jones' feelings, because he has property. She pointed out gently, but nonetheless firmly, that it would never do to hang up just the coat-of-arms of the Lemonses, because if we expected our children to grow up and go with the best families of North Orange—and she, for one, certainly did—they, the children, would be under a severe social handicap if the impression should get round that they only had ancestors on one side. She went on to say that all the really representative American families were going in now for ancestors and coats-of-arms and family trees, and that it was a very laudable thing, and she wanted me to take it up and trace the Joneses out for her sake and the sake of the children, if not for my own.

"Just think, my dear," she said, "it might develop that you were eligible for some of our most exclusive military organizations—the Society of the Colonial Wars or even the Society of the Cincinnati."

Uncle Polk spoke up here and said he guessed that wouldn't be possible hardly, because so far as he knew, none of our folks ever lived in that part of Ohio, although his mother had a cousin who married a hardware dealer residing in Galliopolis. But he could tell by the look she gave him, and so could I, that he was making a mistake, and he hushed up and didn't interrupt again for quite a spell. Eudora went on to say—Eudora is my wife's first name—that here she was qualified for the Colonial Dames, and the D. A. R., and the Mayflower Descendants and all the others, nearly, and me with hardly an ancestor to my back, so to speak, and it wasn't right. I inquired then how I was going to remedy the situation at that late date. Eudora said it would be easy. She said there were men in New York and several other cities who made a regular business of searching out genealogical records for people. It was a high and noble and patriotic calling, Eudora said, and the men were very conscientious about it. I could go to one of them and have him look up my whole family tree for me. She said the expense would be trifling compared with the results, and, anyway, I was doing so well in the insurance business that she thought I certainly owed that much to her and the children. When a woman puts a thing that way what are you doing to do?

Well, there it was settled without any argument, and I asked Eudora how we were going to get started. As Uncle Polk said, it wouldn't be fair to walk in on one of these experts and ask him to go ahead and equip me with a complete line of ancestors without giving him something to start on. Eudora said that would be easy. We had only to sit down with a paper and pencil and figure out the Jones family tree as far as we could go, and then when we couldn't go any farther we could hand the net results over to one of these professional family-tree choppers and let him do the rest.

So that very evening after dinner we three gathered round the mission center table in the living room, and Eudora drew a line running straight up and down which she said represented me. Uncle Polk said, seeing how stout I was getting, wouldn't it be better to draw the line a little thicker; but Eudora checked him with one of those looks of hers and wrote my name alongside the stem, as she called it. Then she made another line, branching off the main line, and labeled it Sarah Jane Whittlemore for Ma, Ma having been a Whittlemore; and then she drew another line branching off in the opposite direction, which was for Pa, and she wrote his name on it; and then we worked in some more limbs for my grandparents on both sides. By that time the Jones family tree had begun to look like one of those two beeches on the front lawn, the healthier one of the two. But after that we were up a stump, because I couldn't remember whether my great-grandfather's name on my grandfather's side was Pedigo or Jorgenson; but it was one or the other, I was pretty sure of that, although along here the name Dodson kept coming into my mind. Afterward I recalled that Dodson was the man that my grandfather lamed with the squirrel rifle, so really he wasn't related to us at all and only got worked into the family tree by accident; but I am speaking now of what happened on this first evening when we were tracing out the Joneses.

But Eudora said in order to be on the safe side she would just put my great-grandfather down as Pedigo-Jorgenson, and, anyway, a hyphen inserted here and there wouldn't hurt—many of the leading families were beginning to use them—and then we could go right ahead. But that was just the trouble—we couldn't go ahead. All we had was a short trunk line and two branches, one running up to the Whittlemore country and the other on out to Pedigo-Jorgenson junction. Uncle Polk said it reminded him of a railroad that they built once in Southern Illinois when he was living there. The name of the road, he said, was the Gulf, Continental & Pacific Slope, but after the promoters got thirty-seven miles of it built they ran out of money and stopped but kept the name; and so the name used to protrude out at each end of the right-of-way, and one dark night the engineer—they had only one engineer—mistook the name for the track and ran the train off the end of it, painfully injuring a traveling salesman for a jewelry house at Akron, Ohio. He said he would probably remember the traveling salesman's name in a minute, and he was going on to tell some more anecdotes about the Gulf, Continental & Pacific Slope when Eudora interrupted with an air which indicated that she suspected him of trifling. She said we could talk about railroads any time, but on the present occasion the subject was distinctly ancestors. And after Uncle Polk had begged her pardon my wife said that it was evident we had now gone as far as we were able and must worry along as well as we could with the materials on hand, and she gave us the name of one of the specialists who stood very high among ancestors and told us we'd better go to see him the first thing in the morning. After my wife had retired Uncle Polk told me he was going along with me.

"Jube," he says, "I'm going to see you through this. Remember, boy, I'm behind you to the bitter end. I don't exactly know yet just how many ancestors it now takes to make a mess, but before we're through, you take it from me, we'll have enough. We'll have 'em racked up round here like cordwood. It's evident from what Eudora says that you can't qualify for any of these clubs that she sets so much store by if you merely have an ancestor interspersed in here and there. You've got to be able to produce a full book.

"Up until now," says Uncle Polk, "I'd always supposed the Joneses had as many ancestors as anybody else, but it seems there were considerable many gaps when we didn't have any at all. We just had 'em intermittently, like measles. It's a blotch on our family escutcheon that's got to be unblotched, if it breaks a leg. Darn the expense!" he says; "you and me are going into the open market after a full collection of souvenir ancestors if they're to be had at any price," he says. "And if they ain't we'll get them made to order.

"Of course," says Uncle Polk, "I don't expect that we'll ever be able to meet Eudora even-steven and match her, ancestor for ancestor. She's got too big a start on us. F'r instance, now, take that ancestor of hers back in the old country that she's always throwing up to people, that et off her own private set of gold plates. We can't expect to produce the equal of that. The nearest we can come to it was your Aunt Elvira Jones out in Joplin, and her set was only vulcanized rubber ones. Still," he says, "let us be thankful for small things and not look a gift ancestor in the mouth. Aunt Elvira's served her mighty well for upward of twenty years and gave general satisfaction to all concerned except when she et corn on the cob or winter apples. Give your Aunt Elvira a good, hard cooking apple to work on and she sounded like a fox-trotting horse with a loose shoe crossing a covered bridge. But they never slipped down and bit the hand that would caress 'em, as I've seen some ungrateful sets do in my time. Well, let's go to bed."

First thing the next morning Uncle Polk and I ran into town and we went to an address on Forty-third Street that Eudora had given us. We went up fifteen or sixteen stories on the elevator and knocked at a door that had the name of T. Eustace Winterbottom on it. A soft voice told us to enter in, and we entered in. There was a room full of framed pictures of ancestors and coats-of-arms and shelves loaded with large, serious-minded looking books, and in the center of a rug stood a tall young man with sort of long hair and one of those flowing mauve ties such as I've often seen worn by persons who had obtained their own consent to be prominent in a literary or artistic way. He said he was T. Eustace Winterbottom, and there seemed to be no reason to doubt him, because he looked like the kind of person that would naturally have that kind of a name, and I told him what we had come for. In reply he intimated, in well-chosen and graceful language, that we had certainly come to the right place, because he'd made a particular study of the old Southern families; and with that he began in a familiar way mentioning the Washingtons, and the Lees, and the Lords Baltimores, and the Fairfaxes, and a lot of others who've had colleges and pastry named for them. He didn't lose his confidence either when I handed him the Jones family sapling, showing its progress as far as we'd gone, but said he had no doubt that he would be able to furnish us with some very gratifying information within the space of a few days. He then accepted a retaining fee, or nomination stake, and we came away.

He did it too. In less than a week I had a note on scented monogram paper from T. Eustace Winterbottom asking me to call. Uncle Polk went with me.

T. Eustace was all in a flutter of enthusiasm. He had rarely been called upon, he said, to trace a family of more aristocratic lineage than the Kansas City Joneses. It seemed I was related directly or by collateral ties to practically all of the really important families of Virginia and Tidewater Maryland, and as far back as he'd traced the line on the other side of the ocean we were going better all the time. One of my ancestors had gone on a crusade with a very distinguished crusader named Godfrey D. Boullion, and another he said was a belted earl.

Uncle Polk chirked up here and wanted to know who it was that belted him and whether he deserved it. But Mr. Winterbottom only raised his eyebrows in a genteel way, denoting passing annoyance, and went on to say he regretted to have to inform me that he had discovered there was, back about 1695, a bar sinister on the paternal side. Uncle Polk told him not to let that worry him, because we'd never been what you'd call strict prohibitionists, anyhow, but to go ahead and see if he couldn't tree some more old Joneses, and we paid him something on account and came away. But when we got outside Uncle Polk wasn't satisfied.

He said he didn't much fancy that young fellow's dragging in a member of a family who'd run a saloon, even if it was away back yonder in the seventeenth century; and what was the use, Uncle Polk said, of disinterring an earl that got belted, unless you could furnish the name of the other party and the facts in the case? I also gathered from Uncle Polk's remarks that he thought by collateral ancestors Mr. Winterbottom meant borrowed ones, and he seemed to resent this too.

"I wouldn't like to stop him in his mad career," said Uncle Polk to me as we started down the street, "because you can see with half an eye that if we dragged that young sleuth hound off the scent at this time he'd probably lie right down on his side and die of disappointment. But there's no reason why we shouldn't have another of the T. Eustace boys working on the family tree simultaneously with this one. Variety is the spice of ancestors," he said, "and you and me are going the whole hog on this thing. Let's branch out a little."

It seemed to be pretty good advice, and as Uncle Polk was paying the bills I took it. The next man we struck was

(Continued on Page 57)



The Children Would be Under a Handicap if the Impression Should Get Around That They Only Had Ancestors on One Side



You Had the Feeling That You Were Taking Your Meals With One of the Old Prophets

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Curious Ring—By Melville Davisson Post

In the preparation for acts of guilt the most astute leave unguarded points.—WHARTON.

SINCE the genii who caught men up into a cloud and witches who caused them to disappear by their incantations have been driven over the edge of the world by a bit of lens and a measure of acid, men no longer are accustomed to vanish.

It would seem that with the perils of the sea, of the waste places of the earth and of the elements one might easily be lost sight of. Nevertheless this is strikingly not true. So varied and so numerous are the invisible lines that attach every man to his fellows that the acutest human ingenuity cannot be certain that some one of these threads does not remain unbroken. No criminal ventures can be more perilous than those that contemplate the disappearance of a human being. Again and again, lured by great benefits to be received upon the death of another, a criminal agent has undertaken this adventure. That sprightly Frenchman, Victor Douat, tried it long ago in Paris. He insured his life for one thousand pounds, crossed to England, procured a certificate of death from the Registrar, purchased a coffin, loaded it with lead and jauntily followed it in his own funeral procession to the churchyard in Essex.

But with all his assurance Douat ultimately failed—to his ruin. The coffin was exhumed, the French authorities seized him at Antwerp, and his case has remained as a warning.

One of the greatest illustrative cases in this country is that of the Mutual Life Insurance Company vs. Hillmon (145 U. S. 909). About the tenth of December, 1878, John W. Hillmon and Levi Baldwin resided in Douglas County in the State of Kansas. They formed a conspiracy to defraud the life insurance companies with the assistance of a person named John H. Brown.

Their plan was to take out insurance on Hillmon's life in a large sum, cause the insured to disappear under circumstances indicating his death and thereby secure the insurance.

The story of this remarkable undertaking cannot be better presented than it was in one of the affidavits that Brown finally made in this case, when circumstances began



Observed a Flock of Buzzards Hovering Over the Trees



ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

Uddersook and Wilson Were Seen Together Several Times Under Circumstances Indicating Great Intimacy

to involve him and when in fear he undertook to secure immunity by telling what he knew. He said:

"Our original arrangement was to get Hillmon's life insured for fifteen thousand dollars, but it was afterward changed to twenty-five thousand dollars. Hillmon and myself were to go off southwest from Wichita, Kansas, ostensibly to locate a stock ranch, but in fact to in some way find a subject to pass off as the body of John W. Hillmon, for the purpose of obtaining the insurance money. We had no definite plan of getting a subject, but to in some manner get one. The final termination of the matter was the last I had thought of.

"Our first trip out from Wichita—the last days of December—while the snow was on the ground, we expected to find a subject that would appear to be Hillmon, frozen to death, and that could be identified only by the clothes and papers found on it, and so it would pass off as Hillmon. We went from Wichita to Medicine Lodge; then direct to Sun City; from there to Kinsley; from there to Great Bend on the Santa Fe Road; then to Larned and on to Wichita via Hutchinson. Hillmon and myself were entirely alone on that trip.

"I then stayed at Wichita until the fourth of March. Hillmon in the mean time went to Lawrence to see his wife and get some more money. He returned about the first of March and on the fifth we left on our second trip. We went due west to Cowskin Creek, and then west to Harper City, then to Medicine Lodge, on by Sun City and beyond some miles; then we turned northeast down Medicine River to a camp on Crooked Creek about eighteen miles north of Medicine Lodge, where Hillmon is claimed to have been killed. We got there about an hour before sundown and stayed in camp until the next evening."

Hillmon's Well-Laid Plans

"WE OVERTOOK a stranger on this trip the first day out from Wichita, about one or two and a half miles from town, whom Hillmon invited to get in and ride, and whom he, Hillmon, proposed to hire to work for him on the ranch. This man was with us during all this trip. Hillmon proposed to me that this man would do for a subject to pass off for him. I told him and contended with him that the man would not do to pass off for him, giving him various reasons why the man would not answer the description, and complained and objected because his proposition was to take the man's life, and I protested and said that was going beyond what we had agreed and something I had never before thought of, and was beyond my grit entirely; but Hillmon seemed to get more deeply determined and more and more desperate in the matter.

"Pains were taken not to have more than two of us seen together in the wagon; sometimes one and then the other would be kept back out of sight. On this trip to Lawrence Hillmon was vaccinated; his arm was quite bad. Hillmon kept at that man until he let him vaccinate him, which he did, taking his pocket knife and using virus from his own arm for the purpose. He also traded clothes with him; Hillmon first giving him a change of underclothing; then traded suits, the one he was killed in. The suit he was buried in was a suit Hillmon traded with Baldwin for.

"This man appeared to be a stranger in the country, a sort of an easy-go-long fellow, not suspicious or very attentive to anything. His arm became very sore and he got quite stupid and dull. He said his name was either Berkeley or Burgis, or something like that. We always called him Joe. He said he had been around Fort Scott a while and also had worked about Wellington and Arkansas City. I don't know where he was from, nor where his home or friends were. I did not see him at Wichita that I know of. I had very little to say to the man and less to do with him.

"He was taken in charge by Hillmon and yielded willingly to his will. I dreaded what I thought was to be done and kept out of having more to do with him than possible.

"I frequently remonstrated with Hillmon and tried to deter him from carrying out his intentions of killing the man.

"The next evening, after we got to the camp last named, the man Joe was sitting by the fire. I was at the hind end of the wagon, either putting feed in the box for the horses or taking a sack of corn out, when I heard a gun go off. I looked around and saw the man was shot, and Hillmon was pulling him away round to keep him out of the fire.

"Hillmon changed a daybook from his own coat to Joe's. He said to me everything was all right and in shape, just as he wanted it, and that I need not be afraid, but it would be all right. He told me to get on a pony and go down to a ranch about three-quarters of a mile and get some one to come up. He took Joe's valise and started north. This was about sundown. We had no arrangement to communicate with each other. He first proposed to do so, but I told him I did not want to know where he was; that in case I should I might find out some other way. I have never heard a word from him since.

"At Lawrence Mrs. Hillmon gave me to understand that she knew where Hillmon was, and that he was all right. The man over whom an inquest was held at camp, afterward at Medicine Lodge and at Lawrence, Kansas, was the man Joe Burgis, or Berkeley, killed by Hillmon as related above, and John W. Hillmon I believe to be still living; at least he left our camp and went north, as stated above, after killing Joe."

This was in fact what occurred. But in pursuance of their plan Brown told a different story when he first returned from this adventure. He said that he and Hillmon went into camp on Crooked Creek in Barber County Kansas, on the eighteenth day of March; that after supper he went to the wagon for the purpose of removing some blankets or other like material; that a gun had been put in the wagon by Hillmon so that its muzzle projected from the side; that in his effort to remove the blankets they became entangled with the gun and discharged it, thereby his companion, Hillmon, was shot through the head and instantly killed.

Brown went at once and notified parties living in the neighborhood of the camp that he had accidentally shot his companion, Hillmon, causing his instant death. The persons notified went to the camp, found the dead body with a bullet wound in the head lying by the campfire. Brown told them this person was Hillmon. The body was taken to Medicine Lodge and buried. Brown returned and application was made to the life insurance company for the money. Hillmon was never again heard of.

But for one unforeseen circumstance this elaborate conspiracy might have been carried to a successful issue. Hillmon had picked up a wandering person who seemed to be unknown. The man evidently was a stranger; the country was wild; no living person knew that he was with Brown and Hillmon. There existed, so far as these men could determine, no evidence indicating the presence of this stranger.

Hillmon in carrying out his design took the greatest precautions. He had been vaccinated and he induced the stranger to permit a vaccination so that the mark would show on the body; he changed clothes with him and, having prepared this evidence of identification in the camp at Crooked Creek, he killed him. No living person except Brown, the accomplice, had any knowledge of these facts. They had taken great care that only two men should be seen and every detail of the plan as conceived by Hillmon was perfectly carried out. Nothing interrupted it, no one had any knowledge of it, and Hillmon's attempt to conceal himself was also so successful that no trace of him could be found. Everything that Hillmon thought of, every difficulty that he could foresee, and every difficulty that was patent to any one he safeguarded.

Nevertheless there was one thing Hillmon could not have foreseen that destroyed his plan. There existed here, as in every case, one of those invisible lines that attach individuals to each other. Ordinarily Hillmon could not have found a better subject than the person he picked up on his way to Crooked Creek. This stranger was an easy-going, wandering person named Frederick Adolph Walters, one who drifted about the world and a person not apt to be located. But it happened that Walters had a sweetheart named Alvina D. Kasten, and after he fell in with Hillmon he wrote her a letter addressed to Fort Medicine. The remarkable coincidence of this letter destroyed Hillmon's plan. It was quoted by the Supreme Court of the United States in its opinion:

DEAREST ALVINA: Your kind and ever welcome letter was received yesterday afternoon about an hour before I left Emporia. I will stay here until the fore part of next week, and then will leave here to see a part of the country that I never expected to see when I left home, as I am going with a man by the name of Hillmon, who intends to start a sheep ranch, and, as he promised me more wages than I could make at anything else, I concluded to take it, for a while at least, until I strike something better. There is so many folks in this country that have got the Leadville fever, and if I could not of got the situation that I have now I would have went there myself; but as it is at present I get to see the best portion of Kansas, Indian Territory, Colorado and Mexico. The route that we intend to take would cost a man to travel from a hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, but it will not cost me a cent; besides, I get good wages. I will drop you a letter occasionally until I get settled down. Then I want you to answer it.

There could not be a greater commentary on the inability of the criminal agent to anticipate the innumerable unforeseen agencies that lie in wait to destroy him. While Hillmon was taking his elaborate precautions to prevent the three persons from being seen; while he was laying his plans to establish the identity of the body, and while he congratulated himself that he had picked up a wandering ne'er-do-well in whom no one was interested and whose relations with other persons had been already severed, his victim was writing the letter that destroyed him.

Perhaps the most famous case in this country is that of Udderszook vs. The Commonwealth (76 Penna. State 240).

Winfield Scott Gross, a resident of Baltimore, Maryland, had insured his life to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars for the benefit of his wife. About February, 1872, he occupied a frame shop on the York Road in Baltimore County, Maryland, about three miles from the city; his residence was in the city of Baltimore. He was engaged in his shop in gilding picture frames and also in an invention that would be a substitute for India rubber.

On the second of February the shop took fire and was entirely destroyed; among the ruins were found portions of a human body. It was alleged that this was the body of Gross, and his brother-in-law, William E. Udderszook, made the preliminary proofs as to identity, and so forth, in order to obtain the insurance for the wife of Gross.

It seemed impossible to say whether or not this was the body of Gross, but the insurance companies were not satisfied and they resisted the payment of the policies.

A suit was brought against the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York in the Circuit Court of the United States at Baltimore, and a verdict obtained by Mrs. Gross. A motion was made for a new trial, and while the matter was pending a certain thing happened.

On the ninth day of July, 1873, one John Hurford was traveling the Gap and Newport Turnpike on his way to Penningtonville. When passing Baer's Woods he observed a flock of buzzards hovering over the trees. Gainer Moore, traveling the same way two days later, observed the same thing, went into the woods and about sixty feet from the road he discerned what he called "something mysteriously hidden." He returned for a neighbor. They uncovered the place and found the body of a man.

The question at once arose, Who was it that lay thus buried in Baer's Woods? No one in the immediate vicinity was missing. The thing was discussed and finally some one thought of the Gross case.

The Trinket That Convicted

AN INVESTIGATION was set on foot and it was finally learned that on the twenty-seventh or twenty-eighth of the previous June Udderszook and another man left the William Penn Hotel in Philadelphia. On the thirtieth Udderszook and this man were at West Grove, in Chester County. From this place both went to Gennerville; on the same evening they were at the hotel of Samuel C. Jeffries in Gennerville. On the morning of the first of July Udderszook obtained a horse from a Mr. Patchall, saying that he was going to visit his brother-in-law Samuel Roads who lived a short distance from Penningtonville. Udderszook came back to Gennerville with the carriage and horse that he had hired, and in the evening he started from Gennerville toward Penningtonville with the stranger who had accompanied him. When he reached Penningtonville this man was not with him and was never seen afterward. The stranger had given his name as Alexander C. Wilson.

Who was Alexander C. Wilson?

Following backward from that date it was discovered that this person, calling himself Wilson, had lived at certain places in retirement from July 22, 1872, until within a day or two days of the time when he appeared with Udderszook at Gennerville. During this interval Udderszook and Wilson were seen together several times under circumstances indicating great intimacy.



"We Had No Arrangement to Communicate With Each Other"

The insurance companies now advanced the theory that Alexander C. Wilson was no other than Winfield Scott Gross; that Udderszook and Gross had formed a conspiracy to defraud the life insurance companies; that they had secured a body, put it in the shop on the York Road and burned the shop. This was the plan formed by Gross and Udderszook, but the insurance companies believed that Udderszook had gone a step farther; that after the first act in the drama had been accomplished he had determined upon a second on his own behalf; that he now concluded to kill Gross and that, pursuant to this plan, he did kill him and conceal his body in Baer's Woods. Baer's Woods are on the road between Gennerville and Penningtonville.

The great question, as Chief Justice Agnew said, was the identity of the body found in Baer's Woods. Was it the body of Wilson or was it the body of Gross, or were they in fact the same person? The slight thing that served to solve this enigma is so strange as to be almost incredible.

When Udderszook returned to Penningtonville about midnight with the horse and carriage the dasher was slightly bent; the next morning when the owner came to straighten it he picked up a ring under the dasher of his carriage. This ring solved the problem of identity. Persons who had seen Wilson swore that this was a ring that he had worn, and all those who were intimate with Gross testified that it was a ring that Gross had always worn. There were certain peculiar marks by which it was well known.

Udderszook was indicted and tried for the murder in Chester County at the August sessions, in 1873. He was convicted, and upon appeal Chief Justice Agnew refused to disturb the sentence.

Strange and trivial are the slight things that establish identity. Persons have been identified by the color of their shoestrings, the name of the tailor who made their clothing, letters on buttons, and the like. In one case a person wore a porous plaster on which were the mystic insignia "G—14," which were finally deciphered as Ward G, bed 14, Boston City Hospital.

It may be that the discovery of such curious slight evidences are only the result of the vagaries of chance, but one never can silence the man who maintains that these ever-recurring trivialities are the agencies of some overruling Authority set on ultimate justice.

Editor's Note—This is the second in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The third will be printed in an early issue.

The Clerk With Ideas

A RAILROAD clerk writes: "I have been working for this company over fifteen years. I began in my teens, at forty-five dollars a month, and am getting ninety-five now. Taking railroad salaries as they go, I can fairly claim this proves I have shown some ability; in fact I think I am as well acquainted with the work of this department as any man in it. Some time ago I saw where certain improvements could be introduced that would give the company better results and not cost a cent more than the old way. I worked out my ideas on the subject and took them to the chief clerk; but he poohpoohed. I knew I was right, yet it would have been as much as my job was worth to go over the chief clerk's head and take my suggestions to some higher official. If the chief clerk had not fired me then and there he would have found some way of making life a burden to me. Nearly a year later he put my suggestions partially in operation, so that the company didn't get the full benefit from them; but whatever benefit it did get was naturally credited up to him.

"This one case would not be worth mentioning, but things in the same line occur frequently. I claim the company loses improvements that would in the aggregate amount to a good deal. One railroad has a bureau to receive suggestions. If a suggestion proves practicable the clerk gets credit for it and there is no question of going over anybody's head. Clerks have ideas as well as other people. Where they are so situated that their ideas must go to waste unless a minor official happens to approve them—and then appropriates them as his own!—their interest in their work is less than it would be under the other system."

What valid objection has any railroad—or other large employer of clerical labor—to the plan which this letter suggests?

RICKEY TAKES A WALK

An Educational Episode in the Career of R. Raymond

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



"Don't You Give Me Any of That Magnified Bifocal Glare, Because it Makes Me Want to Slap Your Jacked Chops"

RICKEY RAYMOND was not in an amiable mood as he sat on the porch of the Eagle-Bird and blinked with bloodshot eyes at the suhuara-spiked slopes of Sentinel Butte. When a man falls at one sudden plunge from the height of affluence to the depth of destitution he is not likely to be amiable, and twenty-eight hours before Rickey had been affluent. Cunningly inlaid spurs of steel and silver had been his, a gorgeously stamped saddle and a bridle of pride and pomp; he had also owned and controlled little Nigger-Horse, thirty-eight dollars in coin and currency of the United States of America and a job. Now he had a throbbing pain in the top of his head and an unpleasant taste in his mouth, and that was about all, excepting the clothes he lounged in.

The sun shone brightly beyond the patch of shade that the Eagle-Bird threw out into the street. It set the distant butte quivering to such an extent that Rickey transferred his gaze to the adobes opposite, only to have his bleared eyes shocked by the glowing ruby of the chili strung across the courtyard and then stabbed by parallel flashes reflected from the railroad track. Thereupon he pulled his hatbrim well over on to the bridge of his nose, tilted his chair back and sank into merciful oblivion, from which he was presently recalled by a timid tap on his shoulder.

"Hello, Simp," yawned Rickey to the little dark man who bent over him. "Grub ain't ready again? Don't tell me I've got to eat."

"Not unless you want to," replied Mr. Simpson, of the Café Delmonico; "but if you're dead certain you ain't a-going back to the outfit I've got a job for you."

"I'm not a-going back," said Rickey; "I'm too sensitive and Scotty is too sarcastic and sot. That waddy seems to have an idee that because he pays me wages I've got to tag along after cow-critters like they was the authors of my being and I wasn't old enough to eat grass. What's more, he ain't got no liberal notions. When a person is kind enough to spin a little wheel all night just to amuse me, and furnishes me with pretty chips to push round on any number or color that suits my taste and fancy, I allow the least I can do is give him all my money and anything I can take off without making a scandal. What's the job—dish-washing?"

"Rickey," said Mr. Simpson with a hurt air, "you know your face is good enough meal ticket for me and your say-so is gilt-aidged security for a loan any time you want it and as long as you want it. Still, I s'posed that being this was a Eastern capitalist ——"

"Which was a Eastern capitalist?" asked Rickey mildly.

"This P. J. Cruser party with the fishy eye, who got off Number six," replied Mr. Simpson. "I reckon you was asleep or you'd have seen him coming up the street. You couldn't have missed him. He didn't come on the keen run, a-whooping and a-shooting, and he didn't have no brass band, but he was powerful noticeable all the same. Yes, sir, he sure was. Well, he wants to go up to Garnet and he hasn't got time to have the railroad extended out that far, so he'll have to go like common folks with a pack outfit. I've just got him sort of resigned to that, but he's got his own opinion of sech a country and of me too." The little man sighed. "It's sure hard to bear. Well, come over and see him; he wants you to personally conduck the caravan."

Rickey yawned again and, slowly rising, hooked his thumbs in his gunless belt and slouched across the street.

"Just one thing more, Rickey," said the little man as they approached the restaurant. "This here P. J. Cruser ain't soapy in his manners and customs. He says what he means and I judge he means to be onpleasant most of the time, so you'll just have to consider the source and make allowances and a leetle extra charge. You don't want to do nothing to discourage capital, Rickey. Them Garnet boys is getting right hungry."

"I'll be good," Rickey assured him. "I reckon I've got something onpleasant coming to me. I was thinking of getting a greaser to kick me round a few and this may do as well.

"I reckon it will," he added as he caught sight of P. J. Cruser.

The capitalist, enthroned in a rawhide-seated rocker, surveyed Rickey with the critical impersonality that he might have bestowed upon a doubtful ten-dollar bill. He was a decidedly noticeable man, was P. J. Cruser: big, but looking still bigger by reason of a certain arrogant puffiness about him and a disparaging frown that seemed to have its effect on the entire surrounding landscape. He wore a sandy beard closely trimmed to the square contour of his jaw and round tortoise-shell glasses bridged with gold and attached to him by a broad black silk ribbon, and it was through these that he inspected Rickey.

"This is the gentleman I was speaking to you about, Mr. Cruser," said Simpson politely. "I guess he can accommodate you." He indicated Rickey with a graceful wave of his hand.

The capitalist leaned back in his chair and, removing his glasses, shook them rebukingly at his host. "My friend," said he, "we might as well have a clear and definite understanding from the beginning. I don't want a gentleman and I don't want to be accommodated. What I want is a handy man acquainted with the country, who can cook a decent meal and do, in brief, whatever he is ordered to do. I expect to pay him for his services and I expect to pay him more than they are worth, so that there is no question of accommodation involved. If this man ——"

"I speak some English and I understand it tolerable fluent," interposed Rickey, blinking at him. "I reckon if you talk to me I can make out the general drift of your observations."

P. J. Cruser resumed his eyeglasses, but Rickey continued to blink quite stolidly and showed no sign of withering.

"Well," said the capitalist after a pause, "how much do you want? Speak up. I furnish the horses and the provisions and whatever else is necessary."

"Five dollars a day," replied Rickey calmly.

P. J. Cruser flushed with annoyance. "I'm talking business," he snapped, "and I'll be obliged to you if you'll do the same. I'm not going to haggle with you. Not for a moment. You set a fair price for your services and I'll either employ you or send you about your business. Now?"

"Ten dollars a day," said Rickey.

"My friend," said the capitalist, turning to Simpson, "you see if you can't find me somebody who isn't either drunk or crazy."

"Excuse me, Colonel," said the little man gently, "you must have got me mixed up with somebody you knew right well. You've called me your friend three times in the last five minutes. Now I'm willing to do anything I can to help you, but it's out of politeness and an accommodating disposition and public spiritness, that's all. I don't believe you'll find anybody else round this man's town that's foot-loose, but there's nothing to prevent your trying. Perhaps you'll find the pack outfit, too, but as far as I know I've got a corner on spare horses."

With this delicate hint Simpson turned to enter the restaurant, but the capitalist stopped him with an ungracious apology. "I suppose if I haven't any choice I'll have to take what I can get and pay what I'm held up for," he continued. "I'll agree then to pay you the five dollars a day you ask," he said to Rickey.

"Ten was my last figure, but if you ain't satisfied with that I might be willing to take fifteen," said Rickey significantly, and P. J. Cruser, who was not foolish in some respects, closed the bargain at ten.

. . . . . .

It was an altogether different Rickey that spurred out of Simpson's corral the next morning, a clear-eyed, alert and springy fellow, with life in every motion of his lean, muscular body, tense, fresh and vigorous as the rangy black he bestrode. Leading his patron's mount and a pack-horse he pulled up in front of the Delmonico and emitted an imitation of the Jicarilla war-whoop that made the Mexican cook within jump and seize his meat-cleaver in an agony of apprehension. Fifteen minutes later he and the capitalist were shuffling southward across the desert, headed for the Tularosa Range and Garnet Basin, where "the boys were hungry."

The capitalist was in an ill humor. He had been awakened at an unseemly hour by a vociferous burro in salutation to the dawn and had had some difficulty all through the night in adjusting his anatomy to the unyielding inequalities of a cornshuck mattress. Then the Mexican chef of the Delmonico had never overcome the national predilection for grease and garlic and believed in a full-bodied coffee—something in the nature of a purée. P. J. Cruser's breakfast rankled within him and he made no secret of his dissatisfaction; also the sun displeased him.

"Are we going to have this blistering heat all day?" he demanded savagely of his guide.

"Maybe not," answered Rickey hopefully. "Sometimes it clouds over and gets real cool and refreshing. It did in '83, so the old-timers tell me, and again the year after the Spanish War. I recollect that myself."

"Have you got a good memory?" asked P. J. Cruser with a baleful gleam through his glasses.

"I've got a peach of a memory for some things," replied Rickey.

"Then you just remember that I don't want you to get funny when I ask you a question," said the capitalist.

Rickey extracted a well-worn tally-book from his hip pocket and made a note. "That's just in case," he remarked with a pleasant smile. "If you've got a piece of string I'll tie it round my finger."

Presently Mr. Cruser, with a particularly vicious oath of an inherently harmless variety, stopped his horse. "Come and shorten my stirrup," he commanded. "Take it up a couple of holes."

"Certainly, sir," responded Rickey, swinging himself easily from the saddle and dropping his bridle rein. "I don't blame you for not wanting to get off and fix it yourself," he continued, as he busied himself with the latigo strings. "After you get down you've got to make the toilsome ascent again, haven't you?"

"I'm paying you to do it," snarled P. J. Cruser.

"Ten dollars a day," agreed Rickey blandly.

They proceeded in silence, but soon a gentle following breeze sprang up and wafted the dust they stirred in a cloud that enveloped them completely and augmented the capitalist's normal irritability to a considerable extent. At every gust of wind he swore and from time to time he groaned. At noon they arrived at a little arroyo that gaped at them unexpectedly from a patch of mesquit, and here Rickey halted and relieved the horses of saddles and pack and picketed them. P. J. Cruser sat with his back against a bush that afforded a little shade and sourly watched the preparations for lunch.

"Don't build that fire there," he barked as Rickey began to heap dried leaves. "Don't you see the wind's going to blow the smoke right over to me?"

Rickey shifted the pile to leeward. "Please excuse my thoughtlessness," he begged as he struck a match. "Suppose I leave the lunch for a while and fan you till you cool off? You look warm."

"You get something to eat and be lively about it," said his employer. "Bring me a drink of water first."

"Yessir," replied Rickey, and hastened to the stream with a tin cup. When he brought it back the capitalist tasted the water and then spat it out.

"It's warm!" he ejaculated, with profound disgust.

"Yessir, sorry, sir," said Rickey apologetically. "It's the heat causes it, I think, sir."

"Make some coffee then," ordered P. J. Cruser. "Don't stand gaping at me. Great guns! I wouldn't take this trip again for all the copper mines in the territory."

"All set," said Rickey. "Pass your plate for beans."

"That's a devil of a looking mess!" growled the capitalist.

"It does sort of turn a person's stomach, doesn't it?" said Rickey. "Try the bacon. Can I eat at the first table if I'm quiet about it?"

"It's a filthy meal," said P. J. Cruser. "Do you call that bacon?"

"That's what it was represented to me as," replied Rickey. "Maybe they took advantage of my youth and inexperience. Never mind. I'll get up bright and early tomorrow morning and see if I can't shoot a nice plump patty-dee-foi-graw for you."

P. J. Cruser glared at him over the rim of his tin cup and Rickey nodded back cheerfully.

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Resuming the journey, P. J. Cruser mounted with some difficulty, which suggested to Rickey the happy thought that the horse ought to be taken up a couple of holes. For this pleasantry the capitalist damned him.

"I'd a heap rather you didn't say things like that, Colonel," said Rickey plaintively. "It hurts my feelings and gets on my nerves. I wouldn't do it again."

It was then for the first time that the capitalist noticed the difference in Rickey's eyes. They were no longer blinking; they were exceptionally steady as they stared into the exact center of the tortoise-shell rimmed glasses.

"You attend to your business and I'll attend to mine," mumbled P. J. Cruser finally, averting his own gaze.

"That's a bargain," agreed Rickey; "only," he continued, "you want to get the proper idee of what your business is. You ain't a preacher, you know, and you'll have to do your cussing at your own risk."

But in less than an hour Mr. Cruser's discontent again became too great to allow him to suffer in silence, and from invidious remarks concerning his horse he passed on to a caustic comment on the judgment and capability of the person who had selected him. "I supposed that you knew something about horses," he snarled.

"My legs certainly are some bowed," admitted Rickey, "so it's natural you would. But whether or no, you mustn't expect too much from a horse. They don't raise 'em plush-upholstered, with reclining backs and push-buttons, round here. I ain't advising you to take 'em as you find 'em, because that's considerable risky; but I never knew anybody to improve a horse's gait by beefing about it."

Mr. Cruser cast prudence to the winds. "There's a good many things you don't know and one of them's your place," he retorted. "Why, you ignorant, drunken, insolent ——"

His characterization ended in a yelp not unlike that of a dog suddenly and unexpectedly kicked, for Rickey spurred against him with the shock of a battering ram and, reaching out a sinewy hand, jerked him from the saddle and dropped him with a thud in the dust, where for a moment or two he lay half stunned. On struggling to his feet he saw Rickey and the horses easily jogging along the trail.

"Stop!" he screamed. "Stop!"

Rickey halted and allowed him to come up.

"You ruffian!" panted the capitalist. "You miserable thug! Give me my horse, you brute! I'll send you to the penitentiary for this."

"You're the slowest man to take a hint I ever seen," observed Rickey unemotionally. He slipped from his horse and, walking up to the capitalist, smote him open-handed on one side of the face and, as he reeled under the blow, deftly slapped him on the other side and restored his equilibrium. He repeated this until his victim fell, and then, hauling him to his feet, shook him vigorously. He was undeniably angry, was Rickey.

"I am trying to . . . make you understand . . . that you mustn't use . . . that sort of talk to a grown man," said Rickey between shakes. "It ain't policy . . . You may think it's . . . brutal of me, but it's . . . kindness . . . If I let you keep it up . . . you'd be encouraged to . . . irritate somebody who was quick-tempered . . . and then you'd . . . have to travel back with the Saratoga trunks."

He released Mr. Cruser, who staggered back, pulled the small but ornate pistol from his hip pocket and fired six shots in rapid succession in Rickey's general direction.

"Well, what do you think of that!" ejaculated Rickey as the capitalist continued to pull the trigger.

"He wants my blood. Now I don't like to be severe, but ——"

Wrenching the little pistol from Mr. Cruser's hand he cuffed him mercilessly and, as the capitalist turned to run, kicked him so that he sprawled headlong. Then he mounted his horse and gathered up the lead reins of the two others.

"You're not going to leave me alone in this wilderness," cried P. J. Cruser; "it would be murder."

Rickey looked down at him grimly. "Well," he said, "I do want a handy man to go with me to Garnet Basin, but I don't know whether you'd suit. I don't want a gentleman, and if I took you I wouldn't have one; but I want some person who will know his place and obey orders. Do you think you can obey orders?"

"I apologize for what I said," whimpered P. J. Cruser.

"You'll obey orders, too, if you go with me," said Rickey. "You'll flunkey for me the rest of the trip and, being as you object to the horse, you can walk the rest of the evening."

He shook his bridle rein and jogged along, and Mr. Cruser, after standing with clenched fists for a moment or two, gulped down his emotions and followed.

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It was P. J. Cruser who watered and picketed the horses when camp was made. Rickey it was who directed him in terms of blighting sarcasm and candid contempt. P. J. Cruser rustled fuel, took his first lesson in the construction of a campfire, set potatoes to boil, fried bacon and watched with respectful attention while the master fried flapjacks. Rickey found it necessary to employ more brutal methods to reduce the capitalist to proper docility, but he did not shrink from the necessity, and as a result P. J. Cruser washed the dishes without a murmur.

"It's like this, P. J.," said Rickey, when this task was completed and the capitalist ventured to sit down. "You've been training with the wrong crowd. When your kind of folks look at you they see a million dollars or whatever it is you've grubbed up, and a million dollars looks mighty good to them. They take off their hats to that little old million, and when it talks they keep still and listen with one hand scooped behind their ears so's they won't miss any of the music. You think it's P. J. they're standing round for and you get swelled up a plenty, but that's where you fool yourself."

Rickey rolled himself another cigarette, lit it and resumed: "Do you know what you look like to me? You look like a big fat slob with a skinned nose and a mean eye. You look like a man that's been kicked and needed it." At this Mr. Cruser's expression was malevolent enough to justify entirely his critic's reference to his eye. Rickey smiled and exhaled smoke.

"I've never seen you with your shirt off," said Rickey, "but if there ain't bristles three inches long on your back it's because there's more breeds of you than Berkshire and Poland-China. I don't like the color of your hair or the way you trim your whiskers. If I've got you sized up right you're as honest and straightforward as a coyote and as gritty as a jack-rabbit. Anybody ever tell you the truth about yourself before, P. J.?"

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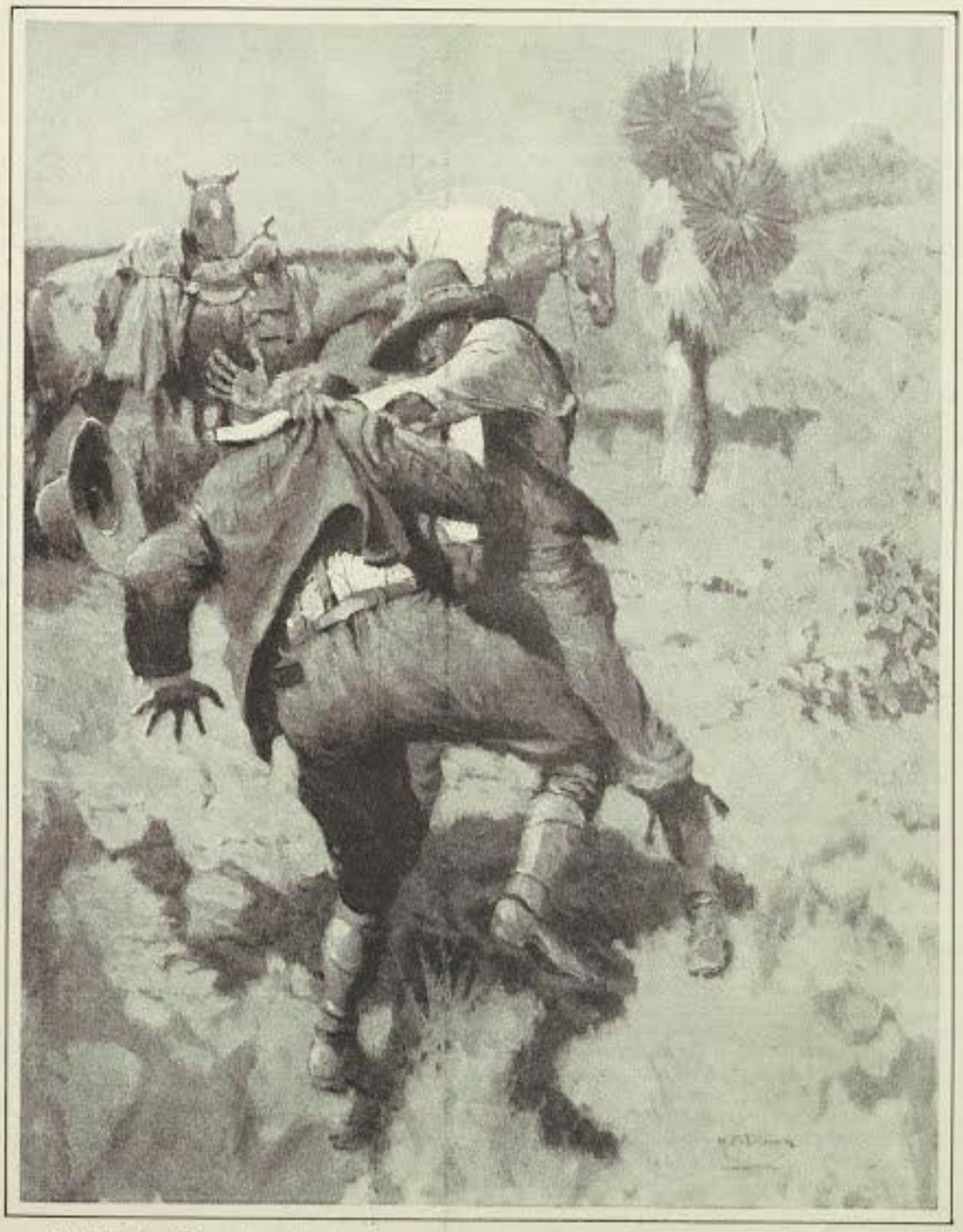
The next morning P. J. Cruser was stirred into a realization of the vicissitudes of life by the toe of Rickey's boot and the time-hallowed adjuration of the range to wake and listen to the little birds. Thereupon he sullenly unrolled himself from his blanket and, under his new master's directions, built a fire and prepared breakfast even to the flapjacks. Rickey was pleased to compliment him.

"You're some thick-headed and awkward," said Rickey, "but you're learning just the same. All you need is a good man to stand over you with a club, and time and practice. I believe I could learn you to shoot in time, and maybe I will when the sunshine gets back into your face, but first of all I'll show you how to pack a horse. Hurry up with them dishes."

"Don't you propose to do anything?" demanded Mr. Cruser.

"Certainly," replied Rickey. "I'm going to educate you, P. J. And don't you give me any of that magnified bifocal glare, because it makes me want to slap your sacred chops," he added with a flash of his white teeth.

He kept his word. Within the next two days the capitalist had mastered the simple



"If I Let You Keep it Up—You'd be Encouraged to—Irritate Somebody Who Was Quick-Tempered"

intricacy of the diamond hitch; he could and did saddle his own horse and mounted it without assistance at the second or third attempt, and he learned an unbelievable self-restraint and patience under the smiling derision of his heavy-handed instructor. On the third day of the journey he began to ask civil questions pertaining to the country and the camp of Garnet Basin, and acquired a large mass of varied misinformation, some of which made his eyes glisten and his tongue-tip move greedily between his thick lips.

"There's the Tularosa Range, P. J.," said Rickey at last, pointing to a purple line on the far horizon. "There's your wealth beyond the pearly pipe-dreams of avariciousness and nothing but a lot of simple, honest sons of toil and trouble to take it away from. I reckon if you make the right kind of a talk they'll turn over all their claims to you if you'll let 'em work for day wages. That's the principle you go on, ain't it?"

"Can we get there this afternoon?" asked Mr. Cruser, ignoring the dig.

Rickey smiled. "Not this afternoon, but maybe by sundown tomorrow if you don't oversleep. It's thirty miles from where we camp to a trail running south along the foot of that peak, and then about eight along the trail to the Basin."

"I see," said Mr. Cruser, looking thoughtfully at the eminence indicated. "I must try not to oversleep."

But any hope the capitalist may have entertained of reaching his destination so soon was doomed to sudden blight, for when an hour later he was leading the horses to water a flattened coil of yellowish green and dusty drab buzzed an all-inadequate warning, straightened a third of its length like a spring released and struck the capitalist on his leg.

Rickey, lounging at ease upon the bank above the pool, heard the same sharp dog-yelp of terror that Mr. Cruser had emitted on a recent occasion. Then an agonized call for help brought him in a couple of leaps to the capitalist's side.

"I'm snake-bitten," moaned Cruser, fumbling at his puttee strap with trembling, ineffectual fingers. "It's just below the knee."

Swift as a flash Rickey's razor-bladed stock knife was out and severed the thong. Another cut ripped trousers and drawers, which were deftly and quickly rolled up, baring the leg of the victim. A glance showed the fang-punctures, and the next minute Rickey had his handkerchief knotted above them and was twisting its folds deep into the flesh with a handy stick. The capitalist was howling.

"Quit it!" snapped Rickey; "I haven't begun to hurt you yet."

Without releasing the tourniquet he scored the bitten place across, and then, as Cruser struggled to seize the hand that held the knife, he jabbed his elbow viciously into his patient's diaphragm and, returning to his surgery, cut back and forth until blood ran freely. Not content with this, he placed his mouth to the wound and sucked again and again.

The capitalist began to croak a hoarse invocation of his Creator. "I'm going to die," he said; "I'm going to die!"

Rickey spat finally. "Sure," he agreed cheerfully. "So am I, sometime, and so's my grandma's brindle tom-cat; but we're going to hang on a while longer, all of us. Now if you can hold that stick just as it is I'll get the rest of the fixings."

He bounded up the trail to the pack and was back in a minute with a bacon slab and a pint flask. "Pull on that," he said to Cruser, handing him the flask. "Get stark, staggering, blind, rip-roaring oreide, if you can. It's on me, so don't be afraid of it." He cut a thick slice from the fat of the meat and bound it on the wound with a handkerchief snatched from the capitalist's pocket. "Now keep on making a beast of yourself while I round up them horses," he directed.

On his way to the horses he heard a significant buzzing from a cactus clump and stopped long enough to pick up a sliver from a dead sushara and terminate the existence of a good-sized diamond-back rattler. This he accomplished in a brisk and businesslike fashion by a few stunning blows and a quick stamp and grind of his boot-heel. The horses secured, he returned to Cruser, and with tremendous effort raised his almost inert bulk and staggered with it to the top of the bank. There he spread blankets and presently got his erstwhile striker comfortably disposed thereon.

"How are you sagaciating by this time, Old Stockings?" he asked sympathetically.

"It's no use," groaned Cruser; "I'm going to die. The leg's swelling and the pain's damnable."

"Fine and dandy!" commented Rickey happily. "Shows the medicine's taking hold. Have another; the evening's young yet. Cheer up! Think of them copper claims that you can tangle up in litigations and injunctions and things till the owners will be glad to let 'em go at any old price you want to give 'em. Let's smooth out that coat under your head a little. There—is that better? Now I'm going to get a little firelight on the subject."



P. J. Cruser Took His First Lesson in the Construction of a Campfire

Talking in this consoling strain, he built a fire and by its flare removed the fat-pork poultice, noting that it was green with venom. Then he applied another slice, rebound it, put the coffee-pot on the fire, rolled a cigarette and began to smoke. Cruser, half stupefied by the whisky he had drunk, presently dozed off. When he awoke the stars were shining brightly above him and Rickey was renewing the dressing of the wound.

"Doing bully!" smiled Rickey as he saw the other's wide-open eyes. His fingers sought the capitalist's pulse. "I think another of the same is indicated. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, and this is also on me. We might as well make a night of it."

"Head's aching," murmured Cruser when he had swallowed his dose. Then he lapsed into a fitful slumber, waking at intervals to find Rickey bending over him in ministration or squatting by the fire in unwinking vigil.

In the morning the crack of a pistol awoke him a little after dawn, and the next thing that he was conscious of was the grateful aroma of coffee and a hissing and sputtering in the frying-pan. Presently Rickey brought him a plate on which were a couple of well-browned small birds, larded with bacon and flanked by fried potatoes.

"Feel able to sit up and take a little nourishment?" asked Rickey. "Them's poor little innocent cooing doves if you've the heart to eat 'em."

The capitalist seized a bird and set his teeth in it by way of answer. Rickey watched him with a sardonic grin as he ate. "I reckon the operation was successful," he observed; "you seem to be quite yourself again. How does the leg feel?"

Cruser stretched it out. "It's better, isn't it?" he said.

"All it needs now is a little rubbing to get the stiffness out," declared Rickey confidently. "You'll be able to resume your duties by tomorrow morning."

"I won't forget this," said Cruser earnestly. "You'll see I won't."

"I was kind of counting on that," Rickey replied with a slightly sarcastic inflection.

"You've saved my life," said the capitalist.

"Well, I suppose that wasn't exactly the square thing to society," said Rickey. "But then I don't make any pretensions to being a moral character, and you couldn't prove it on me anyway."

P. J. Cruser's jaw set hard and the old, ugly gleam shot through the glasses he had just affixed. Through the day his conversation was limited to monosyllabic grunts. Now and then he got on his feet and limped tentatively about the camp, but with many groans of pain. Rickey occupied himself during the rest of the morning with a stew of dried apples, and alternately cat-napped and smoked through the afternoon. After supper he carried the dishes and hot water over to the capitalist's side and set them down.

"It's my professional opinion that you can 'tend to this job without any serious risk, P. J.," he remarked. "Just be careful not to let it excite you, that's all. Me, I'm going to sleep. And don't forget that I'm to be Queen of the May bright and early in the morning."

"I won't," said P. J. Cruser.

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Rickey moved uneasily as the morning sun began to shine hotly on his face and he slowly opened his reluctant eyes, fumbling the while for something to throw. Then he raised himself on his elbow, looked round and gasped, for P. J. Cruser had vanished and with him the horses.

"And I'm blamed if he hasn't taken the pack!" exclaimed Rickey, hastily pulling on his boots and scrambling to his feet. "That's what comes of educating the classes."

He looked southward, and miles away in a line with the ultimate peak of the shimmering Tularosa he saw two or three tiny dots that seemed to be moving.

"Twenty miles on foot to the next water, hotter than Billy-be-damned and not so much as a breakfast to start on!"

He sauntered away in an aimless manner and stopped by the clump of cactus. "Will you tell me why I killed that snake when he would have died anyway after biting what he did?" he muttered. Then he took up the trail.

High-heeled boots, however well adapted to the treacherous capacity of stirrups and the exigencies of the branding corral, are poor things to walk in for any distance; moreover, Rickey had never been greatly addicted to pedestrian exercise. The first three miles of his stilted progress were, therefore, slow and painful. The next mile was still slower and far more painful. Once, with a recollection of happy, barefoot days, he took the boots off and almost immediately stepped upon a cactus. After invoking curses upon the polypetalous dicotyledonous head of the plant he sat down upon another one. Thereafter he rested frequently, but with more care, and he was resting when Opportune Providence on a paint horse bore down on him with a gay tattoo of beating hoofs and a joyous yip of recognition.

"Muh poor che-ild, you seem to be lost," said Opportune Providence, grinning. "Where's Daddy? Well, well! Here, lemme lift you up behind me and we'll go find him. Don't be afraid of the nice horsey."

Rickey got up slowly, but his responsive smile was faint.

"How come you're afoot, Rickey?" asked Opportune Providence.

"It's a right funny story, Sam," replied Rickey. "I'd tell it to you, only ——"

He looked off at the tiny dots that could still be seen moving toward the peak.

"Only it ain't finished yet."

II

MONTE ESCOBEDO differs in many respects from Tapias and from Old Snagtooth, Cedar Knob and Los Dragones. It makes peculiar indentations in the skyline that are easily recognizable, and, seen from a distance of say thirty or forty miles over the desert, it appears to top all elevations of the Tularosa Range southwest of the Blue Mound; but it is, nevertheless, an eminence that will bear watching. Approached heedlessly by one unfamiliar with its tricks, Escobedo develops remarkable protean characteristics; it throws up strange peaks and ridges; it opens gaping cañons and passes that at once multiply and divide it; it squats unexpectedly, uprears uncertainly in dim distances, and dodges behind other more or less craggy heights until its identity is lost utterly and beyond recall.

P. J. Cruser, capitalist, en route for Garnet Basin, had been careless and overconfident. Assuming that shifty Escobedo had the decent stability of the Flatiron Building, he laid a course for it and made his mind perfectly easy as far as direction was concerned. If his mind had been perfectly easy regarding the activities of one Rickey Raymond it might have been the better for him, though the chances are that he would have got tangled up in the foothills in any case. But he worried about Rickey and, in the native phrase, "rode with his beard on his shoulder," whereby he managed to lose his bearings. Within six hours of the time that he had left Rickey slumbering by the dead campfire in happy ignorance of desertion, P. J. Cruser had diverged from his beeline so that he was heading for Cedar Knob, and a feeling of uncertainty was growing upon him. In another half hour he stopped and looked about him helplessly and black wrath arose from his heart and bubbled in his throat.

The packhorse and Rickey's saddled mount dropped their heads and began to crop at the scanty herbage around them. Their placid acceptance of the situation and indifference to his comprehensive curses exasperated the capitalist to such an extent that he struck at the animal nearest to him and, as it jerked away, added a rope-burned hand to his trouble. When things once begin to go wrong they keep right on going.

Fortunately Mr. Cruser was able to catch the horse without more than a reasonable amount of difficulty, but the delay was sufficient to put a stop for the midday meal out of the question, so he munched on some cold biscuit

that he had prudently pocketed after breakfast, as he put about and rode for the now towering Tapias. A little later he was in a maze of broken ground, riding along dry watercourses that wound and twisted to all points of the compass, scrambling up steep banks from whose summits he would find himself facing the plains that he had left, sliding down roof-slants into deeper ravines and struggling through thickets of thorn that shredded his already torn garments into disreputable tatters. And ever and anon he lifted his voice and cursed Rickey, his own folly, the lure of copper, the stumbling and reluctant horses, the universe, and Rickey again.

At last he climbed to a far-stretching mesa and took hope once more of Garnet Basin, for a new and quite convincing Monte Escobedo, that was really Old Snagtooth, loomed through a dust haze not ten miles away. Assuredly not ten miles away—and blessed level ground. In any case he might meet somebody who could direct him—perhaps guide him. P. J. Cruser here resolved that in the latter event he would conduct himself with distinguished affability and polished urbanity. So much his late guide, the deserted and profusely bedamned Rickey, had taught him. He had hardly made this resolution when, seemingly by magic, three mounted figures appeared riding toward him.

Mr. Cruser, before leaving New York, had filled and fortified himself with much useful knowledge of the territory of New Mexico. He had crammed the laws governing its mining districts and he was posted on transportation facilities or their lack; he had a neat map showing the holdings of the Grabenheims and statistics of the copper output. He had the names of various legislators and executive officers doing business, more or less umbrageous, at Santa Fe, and he knew the strategic importance of Garnet Basin in the Tularosa Range; but he had only dim and hazy notions of the natives, white and brown. Dimly and hazily he had always associated steeple-crowned sombreros and swarthy complexions with long, sharp knives, bloodthirsty tastes, moral obliquity, mountain fastnesses and ransom on pain of mutilation and death. So when these three horsemen drew nearer he was conscious of a peculiarly unpleasant feeling in the pit of his stomach, and took a new angle of direction.

Ignacio Laguna, Jose Rosario and Miguel Sanchez, caballeros of consideration in the *estancia* of Don Pablo Corleone y Otero, were dusting along at a lively jog-trot, conversing pleasantly of the Sunday cock fight at Cruces, when they became aware of a dusty and dirty ginger-muzzled gringo riding a jaded horse and leading two others, one of which was saddled but unoccupied. To Jose the circumstance seemed unusual if not suspicious, and Miguel agreed with him. Ignacio was of the opinion that the rangy black horse bearing the empty saddle was the same that ran at the Santa Lucia festival, backed by his owner, the Señor Simpson, of the Café Delmonico in Sentinel Butte, and, as he announced this, the ginger-muzzled gringo turned his horse to avoid them. The three swung to meet him, and at that the gringo abandoned the animals he was leading and set spurs in sudden and panic-stricken flight.

On the instant, Jose wheeled and circled out to head him off, Ignacio made a masterly flank movement, and Miguel rode on to cut off any possible retreat. At the same time Jose drew a pistol and fired, Ignacio pulled an ancient carbine from a well-worn scabbard and fired, and Miguel completed the fusillade with six shots from the cap-and-ball rifle that had come down to him through three generations of unfortunate marksmen.

P. J. Cruser yelped as the bullets spatted and puffed dust, but he only rode the faster. Once his hand went back to his hip pocket, but if he had any idea of using the ornately nickeled, pearl-handled engine of destruction that lay therein he abandoned it immediately and concentrated his energies on his quirt.

Presently his pursuers suddenly and simultaneously slackened speed and grinned at each other, and within a hundred yards Mr. Cruser stopped—on the brink of a yawning chasm at least forty feet deep.

"Hands up!" commanded Ignacio in his native language, leveling his carbine as he came, and P. J. Cruser, although his Spanish was limited to the stencilings on cigar boxes, raised his hands in prompt obedience. Jose forthwith passed his lean, nimble fingers over the capitalist's person and extracted the nickel-plated revolver. Miguel cantered after the horses and in a minute or two brought them back and completed the group, now dismounted.

"What are you going to do with me?" asked Mr. Cruser in a voice that he tried to make stern and steady.

"If the Señor will rep-ply to our questions we shall see," said Ignacio politely. "Where you come from and where you go, pliz?"

"I'm from New York and I'm going to Garnet Basin," the capitalist assured him. "My name is Cruser, and if anything happens to me search will be made and any outrage that I am subjected to will be severely punished."

Ignacio smiled and nodded, and then translated for the benefit of Miguel.

"He says he is from New York and he is assuredly from Sentinel Butte. He says he is going to Garnet Basin and we see him direct himself to Los Dragones. Also we know who is there."

He turned to Mr. Cruser, still smiling. "Eet is the Keed Baker who shall search for the Señor and punish. Yes?"

(Continued on Page 52)

THE AMERICAN FATHER

SPARE THE FATHER AND SPOIL THE CHILD

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

IT IS a wise son that knows his own father" and a rare father that knows his own son. The failure of the two generations to "get together" has been one of the daily tragedies of history. There ought to be a Society for the Promotion of Sociability between fathers and their children.

Too often the average father does not know his boy at all, in the sense that he knows the men in his shop or factory, or his rivals in business, or his fellow townsmen. He has never studied him and gauged him and estimated his powers and tendencies as he has theirs. He just takes him for granted, either as a chip of the old block, a little replica of himself, a "living spit and image" of his grandfather, or as a shapeless lump of protoplasmic putty, which he will make a man of in such form and calling as seems to him best.

To the boy, the father too often is merely the "Governor" or the "Old Man," an obstinate and domineering sort of person—well-meaning and not unkindly at heart—but forming a sort of perpetual constitutional opposition to every proposal that does not emanate from itself and playing the automatic wet blanket to every new and darling scheme of youth.

The perpetual paternal pose, "I am older and therefore I must know better," would goad a rabbit to revolt, even if the boy admitted the logic of the syllogism, which he usually doesn't—and an unprejudiced observer would often be compelled to agree with him.

Nowhere does the luminousness of William Allen White's shrewd phrase, "That type of ponderous folly of the middle-aged which we term mature judgment," stand out more vividly than in some of the chronic and historic clashes between paternal and filial judgment. What is wisdom in the old would often be folly in the young; but naturally the old can't see it. Why can't each generation let the next live its own life and solve its own problems, unaided and unhindered save by its counsel, which the younger generation will be eager to have and value most highly if it is only left to itself and allowed to discover its value by a little harmless experience, instead of having it thrust down its throat unasked in solid chunks. To administer food with a stomach pump four times a day is not the way to stimulate an appetite for it.

In the old, unhappy days of battle, murder and sudden death, which with truly inspired idiocy we usually refer to as the "good old times," when each particular family group, small and large, must literally hang together if they would not hang separately, the power of the father to enforce conformity to his policy was absolutely unlimited; and the family discipline of those days had literally "no nonsense about it." "Fathers were fathers" in those times, as we sometimes hear regretfully remarked. A father then, to successfully rear his children and literally save their lives, had to be, in the quaint but expressive phrase of our English cousins, "a bit of a brute."



With His Power of Life and Death Over His Family

The tradition was a painfully long time in dying out, even after all necessity for it had absolutely disappeared for centuries. One of the highest duties of a father was to chasten his children.

Under such distinguished auspices, and with the encouragement of such humane and enlightened relics of the Stone Age as "Spare the rod and spoil the child," the belief that the chief duty of man was a stern and severe discipline toward his hapless offspring grew and flourished, and the beating and starving and locking in dark closets of innocent and bewildered children became one of the chief virtues and an article of faith and practice.

Possibly it did not do the children much grave, physical harm, for the young human animal is most providentially tough—and it was the greatest relief to the parents. Few things are so soothing as to be able to "take it out of" some one when your equals or superiors have exasperated you and you are afraid to retaliate openly, especially when you can ease your conscience afterward by such pious admonitions as "Chasten thy son in his youth; beat his sides while he is young; spare not for his crying." To be able to relieve your own feelings and at the same time fulfill Scripture, even though Apocryphal, is a rare luxury. This was known as "doing your duty by your children," and, like most other forms of doing one's duty by other people, was a particularly spiteful kind of self-indulgence. The pious gave way to temper in the family circle, just as the profane gave way to drink—and with about equally disastrous consequences.

This sort of thing fortunately belongs to history now in our favored land, save in a few remote and benighted regions, and would be little more than a memory to laugh over were it not that it has left a black shadow behind it in the tradition that a stern rule and rigid discipline is the ideal régime for children, and that any departure from this ancient and barbarous standard will be ruinous to their character and utterly undermine both their vigor and self-control.

The argument is an unanswerable one: "All children of respectable families have been submitted to strict correction and discipline since the world began, and most of them have turned out passably well; therefore, if we leave off the discipline our children will grow up sluggards and shirkers." It may be respectfully pointed out that there is a flaw in the logic, since practically no children have ever been allowed to grow up without any form of discipline, save the society and example of their parents, so as to see what sort of little monsters they would turn out. Such approaches as have been made to this natural and unregulated method of nurture have turned out exceedingly well, but they have only been approaches, so heavy hangs the dread of authority over us all. Our brains know better, but we are morally certain that they would grow up forgers and highwaymen—if not actually crosseyed and humpbacked.

We have the same ludicrously implicit faith that it is only what we do for our children that makes them turn out as well as they do, as the small boy had in the functions of a cat's tail. He was given that interesting animal as the subject of one of those tortures in infantile inquisition known as "essays in composition," and, after several trite and commonplace preliminaries, he achieved this masterpiece of insight and observation—strictly original: "A cat has a long tale which it raps round its pause when it sits down. I no a cat that has no tale and it is afrade to sit down in public for fear that its feet would skatter." Just where the wits and faculties of our amorphous offspring would "skatter" if we did not wrap and surround them with our most efficient and restraining family discipline, we do not and probably never will know, for we can no more refrain from "butting in" at every provocation than we can keep our tongue out of the hole where a tooth has been extracted, even with the certainty that a silver one will come in its place.

Interference just oozes out of parents like sap out of a maple tree in spring, and it would require great powers of self-control to maintain a consistent policy of "hands off," save in real emergencies or serious issues. The indifferent and wishy-washy father of today, with his lack of discipline and his unwillingness to compel his children to appear to respect him, whether they do or not, is inferior to the fathers of heroic times and the good old days of a couple of generations ago only in savagery and selfishness. In all other respects he is superior.

Fathers Changed for the Better

THE father of today has changed for the better in another important respect. Fathers, of course, have always—in the vast majority of instances—loved their children, since the world began, and always will; but some of them in the olden days had considerable difficulty in making the children believe it. When the "stern old Roman" type of father, with his power of life and death over his family, began to decline, the *potestas paterna* began to assume another undesirable and even more galling though less picturesque form—the form of a claim upon the child's earning power and wages.

Like the other form of paternal tyranny, it had a perfectly natural and even rational origin. As the power of compelling obedience in the family was, in unsettled times, a military necessity, so this right of controlling the labor and earnings was an economic necessity for the support of the family group in pastoral and early agricultural times. It rapidly grew past this, however, until it finally developed into a right—which, like that of life and death, was formally recognized in law—of absolute control over the time and earnings of all children up to a certain definite age. In good hands it was little more than a reasonable and bracing method of training for life, but in bad or callous hands it developed into a grasping and grinding tyranny, which the children not infrequently ran away from home to escape; whereupon, if they could be caught, they would be arrested and brought back and flogged like any other criminals.

Our fathers' generation, and even some of the older members of our own, can readily remember the time when to "give a boy his time" before he was twenty-one years of age—in other words, to allow him to go out and work for himself and keep his own wages—was regarded as an act of great generosity and liberality on the part of the father. This tradition and custom was one of the influences which both permitted and promoted those fine large families of an earlier time, whose disappearance or shrinkage is now so absurdly lamented. It is still to be seen in all its glory in some of our Southern cotton mills, which are a perfect haven of refuge for that small percentage of the "cracker" and "tar-heel" class whose only visible assets are a few bad debts, six or eight dogs and ten or twelve children, on which latter he proceeds to realize in cash. It is an admirable arrangement for the father and the manufacturer—but pity the poor children! Fortunately this tendency to regard children as a cash asset is rapidly dying out in America—indeed, has almost disappeared, with the exception of a few instances like the foregoing; but it is in full swing yet in the mass of the population over the greater part of Europe.



In Bad Hands It Developed Into a Grasping and Grinding Tyranny

Only a few months ago, when calling upon some artist friends in Florence, they were in despair because one of those rare jewels, whose worth can hardly be estimated in gold—yea, fine gold—a first-class cook, was about to leave them. An inquiry into the cause of her departure uncovered a pathetic little domestic tragedy. The servant girl, who was twenty years of age, was, it appeared, engaged to be married; but, according to the romantic custom and tradition of the country, her lover's family felt that he would be sacrificing his self-respect if he married her before she had at least two hundred dollars. This sum she was within fifty dollars of having accumulated out of her earnings, and the day was set for the wedding, when suddenly her stern father appeared upon the scene with the news that her mother had met with a severe accident and was likely to be in bed for several months, if not crippled for life, and that she must come and keep house for him and her grown-up brothers until her twenty-second birthday.

Father and brothers were all earning good wages and were abundantly able to pay for a servant—indeed, there was a younger sister who would have been competent to take the mother's place, but she also was at work earning money which she was paying into the family exchequer; and, as they would have no legal control over the elder girl's time after about a year and a half longer, they were going to make use of her while they had the power, regardless of its effect upon her happiness. The girl was perfectly willing to go and keep house for the family; in fact, had no intention of refusing, should her mother's disability prove as serious as feared; but she was heartbroken at the thought of the delay which her period of labor without remuneration would make in her cherished plans.

It is really most gratifying to see to what extent this idea of making profit out of the labor of one's minor children has died out in America. It scarcely exists except in poverty-stricken and isolated communities and among our immigrant population. Even these last outgrow it with surprising rapidity when once they have fairly filled their lungs with the atmosphere of American life—so much so that, in some of the investigations as to the cause of child labor made by our American Committee on Child Labor, it was found, in some five hundred successive cases investigated, parental demands were responsible for only about thirty per cent of the evil. In nearly sixty per cent the children left school and went to work of their own accord, largely on account of the unsatisfying and purely literary and clerical type of instruction which they were given at the school. As a small "doffer-boy" whom I inveigled into conversation on a train put it: "I'd ruther be in the mill than in school; the work ain't so hard and it's more interestin'!"

It is no longer necessary for the American boy to regard his father either as a local representative of the Almighty and the personified "Don't!" in his scheme of life, or as a stern and grasping taskmaster. The American father has come down from his absurd pedestal of perpetual superiority and always knowing better, and is willing to meet and talk with his boy as man to man, and to treat his girls as charming little women in miniature, whose opinions and preferences are entitled to respect and affectionate consideration.



Father Has to Put Some Brains Into It

Family life has become a happy and peaceful republic, or a mild and humane constitutional monarchy, with the father as king and the mother as the power behind the throne, content to rest their authority upon the happy consent of the governed, reserving only a casting vote in a deadlock, and in extreme instances a practical veto through the power of voting or withholding supplies—whether of skates or of hair-ribbons. It is wonderful how the children respond to it—what perfect little codes of morals and manners they form for themselves—much better and more graceful than any that could be imposed upon them—to say nothing of their being genuine and "dyed in the wool." They get a polish which won't rub off, even in the rough jostling of the outer world, and a set of principles that won't break down in after life, because they are self-made and self-supporting.

"But what becomes of parental authority in such a scheme?" some one will exclaim. The only earthly use of parental authority was to produce efficient, self-respecting children, with high courage and good character; and these can be secured far better under a rule of law and of reason than under one of sheer authority by brute force—whether personal or financial. It was not reason which led to the assertion of a supreme authority which must be maintained and a respect which must be insisted upon at all hazards from children, but tradition and selfishness, backed up by a large measure of self-conceit. "I intend that my child shall be a credit to me" was the attitude, though the thing we should have been most concerned about was that he should be a credit to himself.

We are desperately afraid that our children will not be so good as we are unless we strain every nerve to make them so, when, as a matter of fact, they will be better if we only give them the chance. The "reason" which leads parents to argue that they must know better than their children because they are older more closely resembles the cynic's definition of instinct in the classic dialogue:'

"What is reason? That which tells a man whether he is right or not. What is instinct? That which tells a woman that she is right, whether she is or not."

If we fathers will be perfectly frank with ourselves we shall, I fear, be compelled to confess, looking back over our most acute clashes of opinion with our offspring, that, though we firmly and sincerely believed ourselves to be right—and often were—we were inspired more by a determination to uphold our own authority and back up our own opinion—"to save our face," as the Chinese say—than by a disinterested and dispassionate desire for the best good of our children. The battle was far more one between old self-conceit and young self-assertion than between venerable wisdom and youthful folly.

Democratic Family Government

IF YOU are really wiser than your child there is seldom much difficulty in demonstrating it, even to his satisfaction; and one of the most effective methods is to permit him a little harmless experience of the unwisdom of his own view. It is said that we are perfectly right to insist upon respect from our own children. As we sometimes tragically put it: "If they do not treat us with respect, who will?" In fact, there is the nub of the whole trouble: so many people don't; but we can make our own youngsters go through the forms at least. The only sure way to insure respect from your children is to be respectable. If you really are that you needn't worry. They'll find it out and act accordingly.

Nowhere else can be found such devoted worshipers of the God of Things as They Are as healthy-minded children. They survey and transvalue everything with what Robert Louis Stevenson aptly calls "the pitiless eye of youth."

One great advantage of this modern method of democratic family government is that the father has to put some brains into it. It is no longer sufficient to provide liberally for household necessaries and schooling, then give your orders and expect the family machine to run itself within those limits, with a fair amount of supplementary and impromptu nagging, scolding and chastisements. It is necessary to study most carefully the idiosyncrasies and powers and tendencies of every member of your parliamentary body, to know how to steady here, to stimulate there, to conciliate yonder, in order to be reasonably sure of a working majority in a crisis and avoid resort to the veto power as much as possible. In order to do this it is necessary to get thoroughly and intimately acquainted with your own children. It takes time and trouble, but it is astonishing how your respect for and confidence in them will rise when you have done it—to say nothing of theirs in you.

What we are pleased to term morality is inherent—the result of the struggle for existence—a necessary adjustment of ourselves to our surroundings—both personal and elemental. Make the life within the family circle as free and as happy and within a few degrees of as bracing as that in the world outside, and our children will grow into

morals and into manners, and even habits of industry, just as naturally and as inevitably as they will grow into trousers and long dresses. Far from forming no moral standards of their own, it will not be long before you will find them pronouncing solemn judgment upon certain details of your own conduct; and you may have a hard time to justify yourself to the ruthlessly logical and clear-seeing eye of childhood. This is sometimes embarrassing, but it is exceedingly good for you; and you need not imagine there is anything new about it or that it would not have happened under the old-fashioned system of training or discipline. The judgments were formed just the same—only the youngsters were too discreet to pronounce them in public. For this intimate acquaintance with and loving study of his own children the American father has better opportunities than ever fathers had before. This may seem an extraordinary statement in view of the wail that is raised on all hands about the incessant rush and bustle of modern life and the absorbing demands of the American man's business upon his time and energy. As a matter of fact, never was a man less of a slave to his business or handicraft or profession than he is today. Never was it more difficult to determine a man's occupation simply by studying his appearance—never more impossible to pick out a man upon the street as a merchant, a doctor, a carpenter, a broker, a machinist. A man is bigger than his trade to a degree that he never was before; and he has more leisure to devote to the things that are really worth while, such as the society of his wife and children, than he ever had in any age before. The very vigor and intensity and high pitch of efficiency with which he works make it necessary for him to have longer periods of rest and that recreation which is change of occupation and interest; in fact, we are beginning to find that in proportion as a man becomes superior to his trade the better he is at that trade.



We are Desperately Afraid That Our Children Will Not be so Good as We Are

Our proudest boast, and rightly, is the huge sum of money we spend every year upon education. We should spend no less money; but what we most need is to spend more of our own time in the education of our children. We often lament, with but little reason in either fact or judgment, the huge preponderance of feminine influence in our systems of public education, but we need have no fear of this if it be only supplemented by an adequate amount of masculine influence in the family life itself. What our children need and have a right to demand from us as fathers is not our money but ourselves. If the sacred business suffers thereby then it must suffer—though, as a matter of fact, it won't, except perhaps in certain of its more savage and unscrupulous aspects. The master's degree in the university of life can never be granted to the man who has not held a chair in some family college.

The English Boarding-School Illusion

WE HAVE heard so much poetic outpouring and "fond recollection" rhapsody about the superiority of the home life of a generation or two ago over that of today that we are apt to overlook entirely the immense improvement which has actually taken place in the atmosphere of the modern home. To a cynical eye the most interesting comment upon the well-nigh celestial glories and unearthly bliss of the childhood homes of our parents and grandparents was how glad they were to get away from them and the exceedingly early age at which they usually effected their escape! The twentieth-century child thinks nothing of staying at home until eighteen, nineteen or twenty-two years of age, and continuing to enjoy himself thoroughly; while the child of the eighteenth century who had not either escaped from or been pushed out of the family nest before he was sixteen, and often before fourteen, was a rare exception; and, in the language of the advertisements, "There's a reason!"

Part of this early thrusting forth from the sacred shelter of the home into the wide, wide world was due to the bad manners of fathers—part of it to the stern necessity of that darling discipline and means of grace of the successful classes, who have never experienced it themselves—poverty, which compelled these little ones to take the burden of life upon their tender shoulders at this pathetically immature age; but no inconsiderable share of it was due to a singular tradition which grew up from Heaven knows where, that the worst place for a child after twelve years of age—especially a boy—was his own home! This tradition is still in full swing on the other side of the Atlantic and has a curiously equalizing effect in shortening the home life of both the wealthier and the poorer classes, in that, while the laborer's son leaves home to take an apprenticeship or a job at twelve or fourteen years of age, the boy of the merchant and professional classes also leaves the shelter of the parental roof at from ten to twelve years of age to enter one of those survivals of medievalism—European boarding schools. As the vacations of these institutions of learning are, to our American eyes, exceedingly short, averaging about a month in the summer and two weeks each at Christmas and Easter, and as the boy usually goes straight out into business or professional life on leaving school, it will be seen to what a large extent the children of the better classes, as well as of the poorer, for all practical purposes leave home and its influence behind them at the tender age of from ten to fourteen years.

Reason and common-sense are beginning to assert themselves a little, and the vacations in the best European boarding schools are now lengthening until, in some cases, they reach nearly three months out of the year; but when the present generation was at school the conditions were far worse—only one vacation a year being allowed and that being of a month or less—and in the generation before this was cut down to two weeks. And, owing to difficulties of travel and distances to which children had to be sent, it not infrequently happened that the unfortunate little wretches did not come home at all for years in succession, but were left shut up in their boarding-school prison during the whole of their boyhood or girlhood.

Of course there were many homes of the humbler classes from which the children were not obliged to go out and earn their living at so early an age, or, if they did, in which they still lived at home; and of the better classes, in which the children were able to go to good day schools, or have good governesses or tutors at home. The effect of both these influences, however, in breaking up and shortening home life, until within the last fifty or seventy-five years, was very marked; and the decay of both, for which we can never be sufficiently thankful, has really for the first time provided an opportunity for full, adequate and happy home life, for the affectionate and enjoyable association of parents and children.

Much of our abject dependence upon formal or public education outside of the home was due to the narrowness and imperfection of home life in the past, and the coming movement of the twentieth century is unquestionably to rely less upon public education and more upon high-grade, intelligent, thoughtful home training for the best and happiest development of our children.

No small responsibility for the spread of this English boarding-school delusion must be accepted by fathers. It was so much less trouble to pay down a lump sum and shift all responsibility for their boys' or girls' education and training on to the shoulders of some supposed expert—save the mark!—than it was to undertake their training and submit to the burden of their companionship themselves. They were also largely to blame in another way, and that was in the extent to which they shirked the responsibility for actual and consistent family government and management, and left it upon the shoulders of the mother, confining themselves to stern and even ferocious interpositions with the strap and the slipper whenever things went openly and unmistakably wrong.

Thus, too often they came to be looked upon by their children as a sort of professional inflicters of punishment and family magistrates, and the threat, "I'll tell your father on you!" was one the significance of which there was no mistaking in a family fifty or a hundred years ago. This drove the mother unconsciously into an attitude of pitying protection and perhaps undue indulgence, and thus grew up the extraordinary old tradition that mothers would do nothing but spoil their children if they were left unchecked, and that it was better to send them out to boarding schools, where they would be under the charge of indifferent and supposedly impartial teachers. This tradition still survives and was publicly voiced in the astounding statement of the headmaster of one of England's greatest schools a few years ago: "A boy's mother is often his worst enemy."

English boarding schools, in fact, are a survival of the time when women were expected to be fools.

Instead of the influence of the home and parents upon children being on the decline in the twentieth century, it is greater than ever it was before and is increasing every day; and never was home life happier and more influential and more helpful than it is today. Now is the opportunity for fathers to redeem their shortcomings in the past, and nobly are they rising to it.

Never was there a time when fathers were more kindly and affectionately alive to the best interests of their children than today—more ready to sacrifice themselves for them and to do everything in their power to make their lives successful and happy. It would not be any exaggeration to say that the average American father of today knows at least fifty per cent more of what his boy or his girl is thinking and doing and hoping than did the father of a hundred years ago. And the effect of this changed attitude, this improved relation, upon the atmosphere of home life is something delightful to see. There is room for plenty of improvement yet however.

How Shorter Hours Bring Better Work

ONE of the most remarkable and hopeful signs in the business world today is the steady and progressive shortening of the hours of work. The business man, instead of feeling it necessary to be in his shop or factory by seven-thirty or eight o'clock in the morning, comes down at nine or nine-thirty and goes home at four-thirty or five, instead of slaving away until the six-o'clock whistle blows. Besides this, he has pushed his day of rest twelve hours in advance and holds his Saturday afternoon as sacred as his Sabbath. The laboring man, by combining with his fellows and fighting for the right to live like a human being, has succeeded in cutting down his hours progressively from twelve to ten, nine and even eight a day. Thus men of all classes have a better opportunity to be men instead of mere machines than ever before.

Nor is this a mere decline of habits of industry or a sign of increasing self-indulgence on the part of the modern man. Though often initiated for totally different reasons—such as, for instance, a desire to make work go farther, so to speak, and provide places for more men on the part of the employees—it rests upon the unexpected discovery, which one of our greatest political economists has rightly described as one of the most hopeful and cheering for the future of humanity ever made, that the efficiency of the worker and the amount and quality of the work done actually increase in proportion to the time allowed for rest, nutrition and recreation. Of course it must be within reasonable limits; but, so far as the experiment has been carried, those limits have not yet been reached.

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"What is Instinct? That Which Tells a Woman That She is Right, Whether She is or Not"

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Mr. Humphrey's Insanity

A RING at the telephone called E. Addison Humphrey from the breakfast table. Returning a minute later, he looked rather troubled. "Joshua Reimer wants to see me right away," he explained to his wife and added thoughtfully: "I suppose there must be something up; but I can't remember—I can't remember that I've been forgetting anything lately."

"Did he say what he wanted?" Mrs. Humphrey inquired anxiously, for her husband's inveterate absence of mind was always betraying him into some unpleasant situation or other.

"Say what?" Addison inquired blankly. "Oh, no! He just said he wanted to see me right away." He frowned at the table in glassy-eyed abstraction. "It don't seem as though I'd been overlooking anything."

Leaving the house, the inventor kept searching his leaky mind; and so he proceeded to Main Street and up that thoroughfare in the drizzle of a raw March morning, with his umbrella tucked securely under his arm—greatly to the amusement of a number of his fellow citizens. Climbing the steps on the outside of Bane's feed store, he entered Mr. Reimer's office and found the lawyer standing in the middle of the room, with his hands in his pockets, awaiting him. The lawyer was a tall, portly, elderly person; and for a moment he eyed the lean young man in severe silence.

"If you have your wits about you this morning, Addison," he said finally, "tell me how many enemies you've got in this town."

"Enemies!" the young man repeated in surprise. "Why, I've no enemies. Of course," he corrected, "old Anse Soule hates me like poison just because I wouldn't lie down and let him walk over me. And there's Hi Colvard; he always goes around knocking me to everybody, though I never did a thing to him in my life. And there's Ben Stubbs; he's always knocking me too. And ——"

Breaking off, with a sigh, the inventor wandered over to the window, rested his thin hands on his umbrella handle and stared rather gloomily down into the bedrizzled village street.

"There are some people here, you know," he observed in melancholy speculation—"there are some people in this town who can't forgive me because I've struck out into a new thing and am pushing it along and making a success of it. That seems to grind 'em as much as though I was taking the bread out of their children's mouths.

"When my father died, you know," he continued more to himself than to Mr. Reimer, "and I came back from college and took over his hardware store, some people thought I was a freak because I wore green socks and a billycock hat. They told everybody I'd bust up in six months; and when I didn't bust up it made 'em sore. Then I invented my wooden oven and they said I was nutty and would be in an insane asylum in a year. Well, I've kept out of the insane asylum and I've made the ovens go better and better, and that seems to make 'em sorer and sorer. They tell everybody I'm crazy and knock me right and left. I suppose I've said things about 'em that have got back to 'em. Probably I've meant they should get back to 'em. The fact is, Joshua," he concluded, turning to his elderly companion, "I'm pretty sick of their everlasting knocking. But, after all"—his face cleared with an engaging smile—"let 'em knock if they want to. I snap my fingers at 'em. They can't touch me."

"Can't they?" the lawyer inquired with grave sarcasm. "Well, in my opinion, Addison, they can. In my opinion, Addison, under the able leadership of Anson Soule, they've got you this very minute sewed up in a strong gunny-sack, with a large stone tied to the sack, and they're just about to drop you into the millpond."

Addison gaped at the lawyer in half-incredulous alarm.

"I suppose," Mr. Reimer continued patiently, "you've forgotten all about what I called you up here to tell you just two months ago? I suppose you don't remember that I read you a decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Village of Hartwell versus Peckham and informed you that, under the aforesaid decision, this village of Vale owned the waterpower you run your plant by?"

"Oh, that!" said the inventor in a tone of relief. "Why, sure; I remember all about it and I tended to it right away—almost right away. I saw three members of the village board and I told 'em, of course, I'd always supposed I owned the waterpower and everybody else had supposed so; but it seemed by this decision the village owned it. I told 'em I was ready to do whatever was right and reasonable; and they said they'd take it up in board meeting and decide what I ought to do."

"And with that you dropped it," said Mr. Reimer severely.

"Why, you see," Addison apologized in some embarrassment, "I was just waiting for them to take some action—make me a proposition, you know. And then, I've been busy night and day pushing my ovens—I couldn't get a minute's time if my life depended upon it," he complained.

"Well, somebody else has had plenty of time—to wit, your friend, Anson Soule; also your friends Hi Colvard and Ben Stubbs. Pretty foxy old weasel is your friend Anson Soule." He nodded forbiddingly at the young man.



In the Drizzle of a Raw March Morning, With His Umbrella Tucked Securely Under His Arm

"Anson, in short, is going to elect himself and Ben Stubbs and Jim Pentwell to the village board. Hi Colvard is a member already. That will give Anson four members out of five; the other one, Ed Dowd, don't count for anything either way. And Anson's village board is going to shut down your waterpower, which will shut down your plant or else make you pay something for it that will just about skin you alive."

The inventor sat down limply on the corner of the office table.

"Pretty foxy old weasel is Anse Soule," Mr. Reimer repeated. "They've kept it all under their hats and got the wires all laid. They go to somebody like Tom Mason, who's so stingy it makes him sick to pay taxes, and they say they'll make you cough up enough for the waterpower so the village taxes will be cut in half. They go to somebody like Bill Long, who's very strong on local improvements, and say they'll make you pave Main Street. They've got a big bunch all lined up and they're going to carry the election sure as shooting—for two-thirds of the people don't care any more'n the man in the moon who's on the village board anyway. They're going to carry the election sure as shooting, unless—well, just unless, Addison. Now the election is on April seventh. Please don't forget that—not next fall, but April seventh. This is the twenty-eighth day of March; so you've got just ten days to save your hide in—provided you care to save it."

Sitting limply on the edge of the table and staring at the window, Addison speculated gloomily:

"I believe I could go right to the voters and put the issue before 'em and beat those pups. But I don't like to do that. Fact is, Joshua, though my ovens are going like hot cakes and I'm sure to make a fortune out of 'em if I get half a show, I began without any capital, and—well, I owe a lot of money. Seems as though, with the business growing night and day, for every dollar I can get hold of I've got a call for about four dollars and a half. I owe a good lot of money and if a question of shutting down my plant was raised I really don't know what my creditors might do. When a fellow's skating over thin ice, you know"—he sighed—"he's got to keep going like blazes or he breaks through. A holdup just now might bust me. I don't like to have that waterpower question advertised. It's a shame the way those fellows knock me," he commented absently—"a real shame! I never did a thing to any of 'em except old Anse and he forced me to it. Old Anse and Hi Colvard and Ben Stubbs and some others—the way they go round telling people I'm nutty and knocking me right and left—it makes me sick!"

When he was halfway to his oven plant it began to rain more smartly and Addison then recalled vaguely that he had left his umbrella in Mr. Reimer's office. The fact, however, made only a slight and transitory impression upon his absorbed mind. However, as he pushed open his office door, his brain did quite definitely take the impression of a figure by the slow-burning coal stove—a round-shouldered, stringy-necked figure in a rusty coat, wearing a yellowish celluloid collar and a derby hat that was a full size too large. The figure was that of Luther P. Morrow; and Addison frowned, because he had often requested Luke not to smoke his villainous corncob pipe in the office.

"Open the window!" he said almost with severity. "And I say, Lute, I don't want anybody to bother me for a while; keep 'em away." For tasks like that, which involved no bodily exertion, Lute was quite useful.

Being alone in the office, the inventor paced up and down with blank eyes, while his mind toiled at the problem before him. After a while he dropped into the chair at the desk and his mind, relaxing from too intense application, drifted aimlessly. Absently he drew a sheet of paper from one of the drawers and gaped down at the rather staggering procession of figures upon it, which represented his liabilities.

"If I could only be rid of my debts, now!" he muttered in dreamy affliction. "If I could sew up old Anse and those other pups! If I could only be rid of my debts ——" Two or three minutes later he sat upright in the chair, his eyes round and bright with an idea. He arose and paced the floor for half an hour, then stepped to the door and called: "Oh, Lute! Come in here!"

"I want you to do something for me," said Addison, when his disreputable employee shuffled in. "Sit down now and listen." As he explained, Lute now and then nodded gravely or rubbed his chin with his knuckles as a sign of general approval. At the conclusion of the explanation the inventor added cheerfully: "All right, then; you're fired! Go uptown and tell everybody so."

Being out of employment, Lute next morning shuffled down to the business establishment of Anson Soule, which was situated on the railroad track just beyond the Humphrey oven plant. Mr. Soule's business was extensive, prosperous and miscellaneous. He bought grain, livestock and produce from the farmers; sold them stone, sand, berry crates, fencing, fertilizer. Incidentally he acted as a sort of private banker, paying interest on money left in his hands and shaving notes. He was a harsh and angular old gentleman, with a long, slim beard and a high forehead.

"Fact is," Lute explained to him, "E. Addison Humphrey, Esquire, has fired me. I've served him faithful, Anson, and I've done things for him that he couldn't 'a' got any other man to do. Whether he oughta fire me or not ain't for me to say. Between ourselves, Anson, E. Addison Humphrey, Esquire, is gettin' plumb ——" He did not say what, but touched his forehead and nodded significantly. "So I gotta set up on my own hook and I made up my mind to go into collectin'. I've always been a good hand at collectin' old debts, you see; and that's what I'm goin' into. I'll collect on commission; so if I don't git the money it won't cost you a cent."



"When I Took the Locket, I Owed You Ten Dollars, Didn't I?"

Mr. Soule, of course, had heard of Lute's discharge within fifteen minutes after it happened. It had at once occurred to him that a person who had been more or less in E. Addison Humphrey's confidence for several years might prove useful, provided his services could be procured at a merely nominal cost. Moreover, he was quite willing to have some of his old accounts collected on a commission basis.

From Mr. Soule's establishment Lute proceeded halfway uptown to Hiram Colvard's agricultural implement warehouse, where he explained that he had been discharged and was about to set up in the business of collecting old accounts on commission. Ambling on to Main Street he visited successively the drygoods store of Benjamin Stubbs and the jewelry shop of James Pentwell.

While Lute was talking with Mr. Pentwell, Anson Soule was gazing rather excitedly out of the grimy south window of his dingy office, which commanded a view of the Humphrey oven plant. It was a raw March day and some soggy snow was falling; but Addison Humphrey was in front of the plant, in his shirtsleeves, industriously spading up a small plot of ground as though he might be intending to plant a flower-bed. Naturally Mr. Soule mentioned this interesting phenomenon to his friend Hiram Colvard, and next day both of them saw the coatless inventor plying a spade.

The forenoon of April first Addison resumed his gardening in quite a flurry of snow; but, after a few minutes, he abruptly swung the spade over his coatless shoulder and marched down the muddy road to Mr. Soule's office. He not only greeted the proprietor cheerfully but cordially shook hands with him; then stood his spade at the end of the desk and took the vacant chair beside it.

"The fact is, Anson," he said amiably, "I've got to have more credit. Otherwise my business is fine; but I haven't credit enough to carry it on. I figure that if I had just about twice as much credit as I've got now I could make a barrel of money; so I want you to help me out."

Twisting a bony hand into his patriarchal beard, Anson regarded the young man out of the tail of his eye. If he had retained the least doubt that the inventor was crazy as a loon this free and easy application to himself for credit would have removed it.

"Of course," Addison continued with a bright little nod, "I'd put it on a business basis; I wouldn't ask you to give me something for nothing. I've been thinking a lot about this credit business lately," he added with a wise smile, "and I believe I'm about the only man alive that understands it. You see, your credit must always be equal to your debts. For example, I owe about fifteen thousand dollars. Now I couldn't owe fifteen thousand dollars unless somebody had given me credit for fifteen thousand dollars, could I? Whatever your debts amount to, somebody must have given you credit for that amount. So your credit must be equal to your debts. Ain't that as plain as A, B, C?" he demanded.

"Sure! That's plain," said Anson, repressing a powerful tendency to grin.

"Well, what then?" Addison inquired with a bright, triumphant air. "If you want more credit all you've got to do is to get more debts. One side of the account must balance the other. Ain't that plain as A, B, C? It took me quite a while to think that out, Anson; but when you once get the idea it's plain as the nose on your face."

"Plain as the nose on your face!" Anson repeated, twisting his beard and wishing heartily that Hi Colvard and Ben Stubbs could be present.

"All right, then! Here I am," said Addison brightly, holding up his left hand with the fingers spread apart and indicating himself as the first finger. "I want more credit. Here you are." He laid the index finger of the right hand against the middle finger of the left to indicate Mr. Soule. "You don't want any more credit. You've got more credit than you need. But you've got debts. You owe wholesale houses for stuff you've bought of 'em; you owe farmers for grain—and so on. You owe for money that's been left in your hands at interest. So I buy from you two or three thousand dollars of your debts, which makes my debts just that much more; consequently my credit is just that much more. Ain't that plain as A, B, C?" As Mr. Soule looked amazed, he added triumphantly: "You can't get away from that proposition. It's plain as the nose on your face!"

"Well," said Mr. Soule soothingly, "I suppose it is." It had occurred to him, indeed, that a man in the inventor's condition might become dangerous at any moment, and he cast a sidelong, nervous glance at the spade; whereupon Addison picked up that implement and laid it across his wet knees.

"But here's one thing you mustn't overlook, Anson," the inventor warned with a shrewd look: "Your debts didn't cost you anything. They never cost you a cent. So it ain't reasonable for you to charge very much for 'em. I was thinking this over last night," he continued with a sagacious air, "and I figured that seven and a half cents on the dollar would be about the right price to pay. I made up my mind to pitch right in and buy quite a lot of debts, so I stopped at the bank and drew some money." Laying the spade on the floor, he stretched out his leg, thrust his hand into his pocket and produced a roll of bills. "Two thousand dollars of your debts at seven and a half cents on the dollar would come to a hundred and fifty dollars," he observed as he counted off the bills. "There you are."

Anson eyed the little pile of bills and glanced at the spade. Obviously it was perfectly good money. He counted the bills over, tucked them into his pocket and said amiably:

"Very well, Addison; very well. Just consider the debts yours."

Addison cocked his head thoughtfully to one side and frowned slightly: "But, you see, I ought to have some evidence of it," he objected—"something I could put in my balance sheet and file away. Like this, say." Reaching over, he rapidly tore a letterhead from the pad on the desk, seized a pen and wrote:

VALE, April 1.

For value received, I, the undersigned, hereby sell, assign, transfer and set over to E. Addison Humphrey debts which I now owe to the amount of two thousand dollars, to have and to hold, to him, the said E. Addison Humphrey, his heirs, successors and assigns forever.

"Something, you see, like that," Addison repeated, picking up the spade.

Mr. Soule glanced over this singular document and affixed his signature. He was a bit nervous until the inventor left the office with the spade tucked under his arm and the debt-assignment in his pocket.

From Mr. Soule's office Addison proceeded up the road to Hiram Colvard's implement warehouse, where he greeted the proprietor cheerfully with the statement that he wished to enlarge his credit by purchasing some debts.

From Mr. Colvard's he returned to the oven plant, where he removed the thick sweater under his shirt and thoroughly warmed himself. He was wearing an overcoat when he appeared upon Main Street and entered successively the drygoods store of Benjamin Stubbs and the jewelry shop of James Pentwell. The next day he went about his business in a conventional manner and seemed to have temporarily recovered his mental balance.

About seven o'clock in the morning of that day Luther P. Morrow—protected against the inclement weather by overshoes, a towsled felt cap, a knit muffler and woolen mittens—hired a horse and buckboard and drove into the country upon his new business of collecting old accounts. Night fell before he returned; and the next morning he was out early again.

Directly after breakfast on the morning of the fourth, he shuffled into Mr. Soule's office and sat down at the desk with an air of virtuous satisfaction.

"Well, sir," he reported, "I've been workin' about twenty-six hours a day on them accounts of yours and I've got a mighty good lot of 'em collected."

Mr. Soule looked surprised.

"There was some," Lute explained, "that I couldn't git to see; but I landed pretty near every one that I did see. I always knew I had a special knack at collectin'." While speaking he drew from his coat pocket and laid upon the desk a thick handful of crumpled strips of paper. "There you are," he said cheerfully. "Let's check 'em over now."

Mr. Soule eyed the crumpled strips with astonishment; then reached over and picked up one of them. It was a printed form, executed in the workmanlike manner of the Vindicator job-printing office, the date, name and amount being filled in with indelible pencil, while the signature was in ink. It read as follows:

VALE, April 2.

This certifies that I have sold, assigned, transferred and set over to Wesley Potts twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents of the indebtedness of Anson Soule, the same having been duly sold, assigned, transferred and set over by said Anson Soule to me. E. ADDISON HUMPHREY.

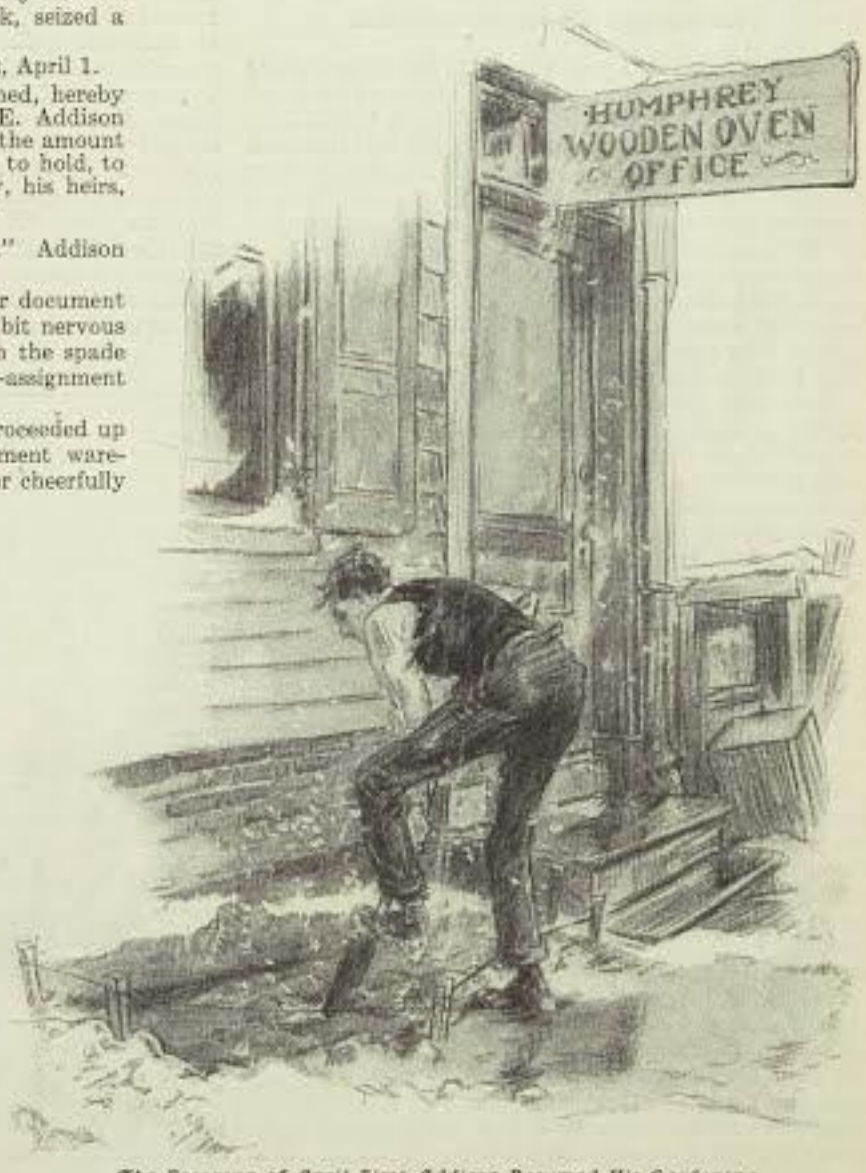
"What's that? What do you mean?" snorted Mr. Soule in anger and amazement.

Lute then looked surprised. "Why, you see, Wesley is payin' his debts to you with your debt to somebody else which he has bought offen Addison Humphrey," he explained innocently.

As Mr. Soule sat speechless and glaring, Lute continued, emphasizing his points by digging his right index finger into the palm of his left hand.

"You see, if you owe me ten dollars and I owe you ten dollars, then the debts cancel themselves and neither of us owes the other anything. Now, supposin' I owe you ten dollars and you owe Ed Dowd ten dollars, and I go to Ed and buy that debt of yours offen him and he signs it over to me. Then you hold my debt for ten dollars and I hold your debt for ten dollars, and the debts cancel themselves, and neither of us owes the other anything. Ain't that plain to you, Anson?" he inquired anxiously. "Now, it appears that Addison Humphrey owns a lot of your debts. So Wes Potts goes to him and buys twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents of your debts offen Humphrey, the same as Wes owes you. Then you've got his debt for twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents and he's got your debt for twenty-eight dollars and sixty-five cents—and you're just even. Ain't that plain, now?"

(Continued on Page 77)



The Forenoon of April First Addison Resumed His Gardening

Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

How the Dalmatians Have Made an Orchard Empire

By FORREST CRISSEY

IN THE mind of the average American the word Dalmatian identifies a certain breed of spotted dog having pronounced stable attachments rather than a plucky race of mountain-reared people in Europe who have for five centuries consistently raised figs, and trouble for their neighbor, the oppressive Turk. But a busy little colony of these Adriatic people on the central coast of California is doing much to change the mental image provoked by the mention of their racial name from that of a polka-dot dog with horsey tastes to that of a type of swarthy immigrants who have developed a country with a few scattering family orchards into one of the greatest apple empires in the world—and incidentally taught the native fathers and native sons of that region the value of their ocean-cooled hillsides.

Something like thirty years ago the first of these newcomers drifted into the Pajaro Valley. He must have found it a pleasant and a fertile land and so reported it to his countrymen, for soon these stocky, dark-skinned men became familiar figures on the Pajaro highways. The farmers, whose herds fed on the hillsides and whose grainfields filled the bottoms along the watercourses, were innocent of any knowledge as to who the Dalmatians were, and consequently set down their strange visitors as Slavs.



A Typical Apple Orchard Near Watsonville, California

When the first scouts of the Dalmatians appeared in the Watsonville district the largest orchard in the whole region was one planted for his personal use by Judge Peckham, a pioneer who had brought his apple appetite with him from the East. This orchard contained eight acres and was regarded by his neighbors as a prodigal waste of land and labor. Few of the settlers had in all more than ten trees and most of them not more than five. But there were enough apple, pear, peach and apricot trees to catch the shrewd eyes of the Dalmatians—especially as the branches were almost literally bowed to the ground with their burden of fruit as the time of harvest approached.

The Coming of the Dalmatians

UNDOUBTEDLY these exiles from the eastern shore of the Adriatic—where all these fruits are produced in marvelous perfection—found a pleasant resemblance between the topography of the Pajaro and that of their own country. Both are nestled between the mountains on the one hand and the ocean on the other, and have the mild and moist climate calculated to mature fruits as no other climate can. But to the invaders the hills of Pajaro looked easy of cultivation by comparison with the rocky mountainsides of Dalmatia. So they decided that they could do things with those hills—but first they would do the trusting settlers, who had grown a harvest ready for their hands.

"The first Dalmatian to enter appearance in our valley," declares the son of Judge Peckham, "had easy picking—at least in a small way. It was at the very beginning of the fruit harvest following the season that had brought the first Slav among us. One day a settler was greeted by a round-faced, dark-skinned stranger who pointed to a heavily loaded apple tree in the dooryard and smilingly offered 'ten cent' for the fruit on the tree. The settler laughed and then said: 'All right—go ahead.' Instantly the Dalmatian produced a dime and went his way. Later it was found that the fruit picked from that tree actually brought its crafty buyer ten dollars. In another instance the prudent buyer paid eight bits for the apples on a big tree and sold them for twenty-five dollars. We didn't know then that the wits of these wanderers had been whetted by generations of trading with contentious Turks, so we were easy at the start. But after one or two of the more inquisitive settlers had traced out the returns received by these alien speculators the apple trade soon shifted to a commercial basis.

"The fact that those Dalmatians bought and sold our apples and made twenty-four hundred per cent on the transaction was the best thing that ever happened to the people of this valley. We owe the Dalmatians a debt of gratitude for it. I do not believe that the easy-going settlers would in any other way have become aroused to a realization of the possible profits in apple orchards. Without just this sort of a jolt it would have taken us many years to learn that our soil would grow nothing so profitably as apples and that it was wasting money to devote our lands to grazing and grain-growing.

"In consequence of this lesson orchard-planting progressed with a sudden and vigorous impulse. This is why most of us feel that we owe our orchard prosperity largely to these Dalmatians, who have steadily increased in numbers and later shifted their methods of operation from buying matured crops to renting orchards for terms of years. And they pay us good rental. Their profits are no longer twenty-four hundred per cent, but still they frankly say that they figure on one hundred per cent profit. They do not always realize this, but they make twenty-five to fifty per cent. The owners have no fault to find with this, for these foreigners are not only adepts at making an orchard produce, but they are just as skillful in finding a market for the crop. They are pushing the apple frontier farther and farther into the remote places of the Old World every year. England is the big market, but these Dalmatians don't stop there. Already they have invaded South Africa, and there is no telling when or where they'll stop. A Dalmatian can pry up the lid of a closed foreign market when a Yankee would meet with a flat failure. They are the best scouts for the American apple in foreign countries that we have, and they are doing a work in that field that will be felt by every American grower of apples of first-class export quality.

"Long-headed apple-growers are wondering if there isn't going to be an over-production when the thousands of acres of young orchards that have lately been planted come into bearing. If all growers and dealers had the Dalmatian's gift of developing foreign trade for American apples there would be no reason to fear an over-production within the next fifty years. Right here is where the native Americans can learn a big lesson from these strays from the Land of the Spotted Dog. About seven hundred cars of choice apples were exported from here during last year. And, remember, the apple-packing industry here is mainly in the hands of the Dalmatians."

Has the Dalmatian delivered the goods in net results in his comparatively brief occupation of the Pajaro hillsides? Taking a list of eight men who "came over in overalls," I handed it to a man who knows the financial secrets of the community and asked: "How much are these men worth? What would be their appraisement from a banking standpoint?" He did some figuring and then replied: "I make it about nine hundred and ten thousand dollars; but another man as well posted as myself might add a hundred thousand or more to that. This would give an average of one hundred and thirteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars to the man.

"The poorest Dalmatian in the list is worth twenty-five thousand and the richest two hundred and fifty thousand or more. If you can find one of those Adriatic Slavs here who hasn't enough money to buy a good Middle West farm you may be sure he hasn't been over long. They certainly do get on fast. They know both the growing and the selling of fruit, and they can't be beaten at either end of the game. They've shown us all along the line things we didn't dream of."

Hereditary Apple Experts

SUCH success is too distinct, too evenly distributed, to be accidental. A little digging into individual history, a few talks with the Dalmatians themselves, easily disclosed the secret. The art of growing and selling fruit is hereditary with them. Insight into fruit-handling is almost a fixed racial trait. It belongs to their race as definitely as do their dark eyes and swarthy skin.

Luke Scurich, one of the leading apple men of Watsonville, looks at the matter in this way:

"Why shouldn't the Dalmatian make the best grower and fruit-seller in the world? It would be queer if he didn't. If I could only show you the farm on which I worked before I came here you would see the reason. Talk about intensive cultivation—over there everything is cultivated intensively, excepting the children! I guess there's where they invented it. Anyhow, they've been at it for a good many centuries. They would have starved if they hadn't.

"American tourists, stopping at the big hotel down at Del Monte, often come here in their automobiles to see the twelve thousand acres of apples in the Pajaro Valley in bloom and in fruit. They declare they have never seen such cultivation before. Operating an orchard on one of our hillsides here looks like a tough proposition to them. But this idea makes me smile—the work over here is so easy compared with what we did at home.

"Why, back there we build our fields—lots of them—right on the



Spraying Apple Trees Near Watsonville, California

sides of the mountains. Farms there are owned in spots. I know a man whose farm is in a dozen different places. As a farmhand I helped to build more than one field. It's done this way: Here's a little ledge on the mountainside, say half an acre in size. Quite a little soil has collected there. The dirt has washed down from higher up on the mountain and has collected a little more each season. A farmer from the San Joaquin Valley or from Illinois couldn't see anything but stones and rocks there.

"But to the Dalmatian farmer that little ledge is a big find. He hustles out the whole family—and the hired man, too, if he is well enough off to have one. The children pick up the smaller stones and the men and women take the bigger ones. Generally the farmer has to use a little powder to blast out the big rocks; but powder is expensive and muscle is cheap there, so he goes light on the blasting. If the job is a big one he calls in the neighbors to help out, later turning about and giving them an equal exchange in his own labor. The stones and rocks are carried to the edge of the ledge and built into a retaining wall from three to six feet high. Frequent loopholes are left in the face of this wall, especially if it happens to be a high one. Into every one of these holes is put a grapevine. But first the farmer has to build his field.

"He is a lucky man who finds soil enough on one of these ledges for a field. Generally it is too shallow. His next task is to fill in behind the wall. He has made the dish to hold his field, now he has to fill it with dirt. If he has a team of stunted little mules or bulls he is a fairly big farmer. Most of them have only half a team—one animal. When heavy hauling has to be done he calls on his neighbor for the other half of a team. They hook up together and go out skirmishing for dirt among the rocks higher up the steep mountain roads. Perhaps they may find the whole wagonload in one spot. If not they scoop it up from half a dozen places where it has lodged between the stones."

Hand-Made Farms

"BUT many a man who builds a field hasn't half a team. In that case he, his wife and every other able-bodied member of the family go out with sacks, fill them and pack the soil on their backs. Every spoonful of dirt procured this way is the best soil in the world. But this is only the basis of the field. In the fall, just as soon as the trees shed their leaves, the woods are full of men, women and children with wagons or sacks that are packed full of leaves. Stooped shoulders and bent backs are fashionable in Dalmatia. Balancing a bag of leaves as big as a feather bed on one's head and shoulders and carrying it down a steep mountain trail is a mighty serious part of intensive cultivation as we have it back there.

"These are put under a shed and a few handfuls of some sort of grain are scattered into them. Then the pigs are turned loose in this mass of leaves and they work it over and over all winter long in order to find the kernels of grain with which it has been baited. By spring it has been reduced to a fertilizer that would put sprouts on a telegraph pole. Then it is carried to the field and carefully worked into the dirt already inclosed by the terraced wall at the front and the mountainside at the back. Soil that has been compounded in this way has a strength and richness that enable a Dalmatian to grow more stuff to the square foot than the American grows to the square yard of his soil.

"All round the edge of the terrace, just inside the wall, a row of apple, fig and olive trees is generally planted. These trees not only are put close to the wall, but they are put much closer together than we would think of planting trees here in America. All this is to save space; and it can be done because the soil will stand it, with the cultivation and the fertilization that are maintained every month of the year. Not an inch of space is wasted in one of those gardens. The rows are so close together that you can just get a hoe between them. But the gardener over there isn't satisfied merely to save space on the soil; just as far as possible he grows the things that are what you might call continuous producers. For example, there is a kind of kale that is a great favorite over there. It sends up a tall stalk that keeps on sending out new growths as fast as you pick from it. One of these stalks will live for years. The quantity of fruit and vegetables produced by one of these little terraced patches is almost beyond belief. It would stagger an American from the Middle West, and so would the yield of grain from soil prepared as I have described.

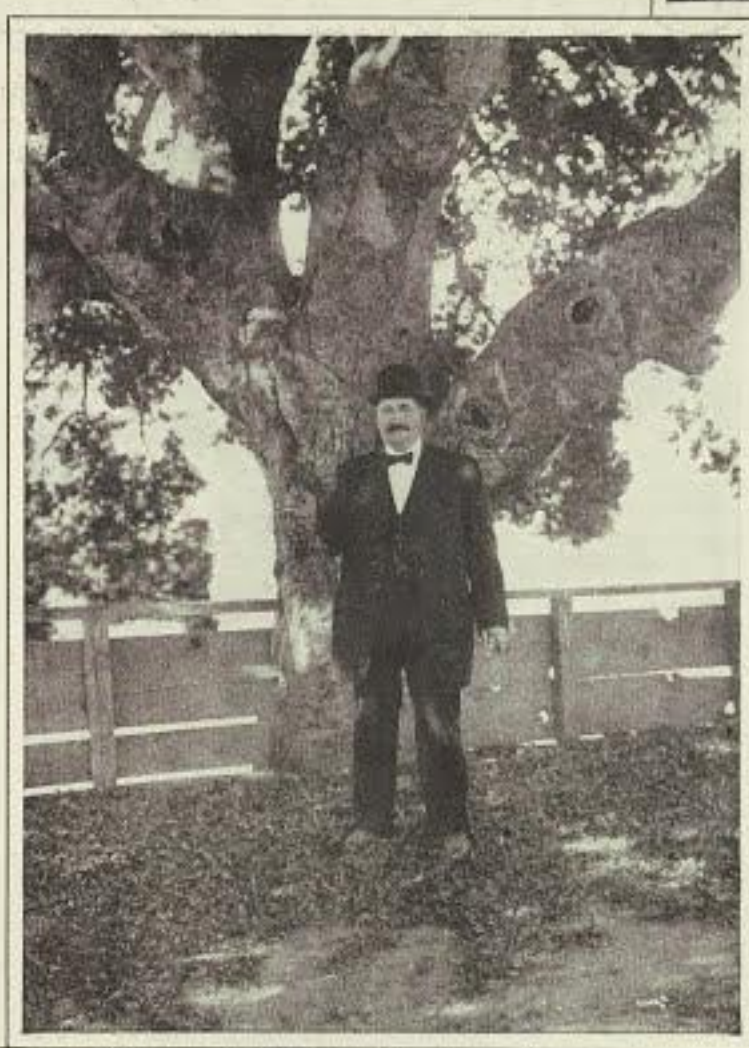
"But to get back to the fruit trees. Every fruit tree in Dalmatia is a separate, individual and almost personal thing, and everything is given individual treatment too. Every member of the family knows each tree and its history and habits—just as he knows every pig and sheep and goat by name. In the family talk a particular tree will perhaps be referred to as 'the one that grandfather planted,' or 'the tree that the Bishop sat under,' or 'the sick tree.' Now all this doesn't seem so very important, but just the same it counts for a whole lot in bringing up one generation of children after another who come to know the trees in a close, personal sort of a way. When a boy knows the history of a tree, and especially after he has carried one sack of manure after another and worked it carefully into the soil about the roots of each tree, a first-hand tree knowledge soaks into him. He can't help it. Then, too, when a farmer has only a few trees, and the biggest part of the money income of the family must come from them, the question as to what a certain tree will yield becomes a matter of considerable importance in that household. Every tree is watched and nursed and nourished like a baby. Taking care of a border of trees on a little mountain farm in Dalmatia will teach a boy more about making trees produce big yields than almost any other schooling I can think of; and selling figs, olive oil and wine profitably to Turkish buyers is as good an education in fruit-trading as anybody needs to have.

"Here I have two hundred acres of apple orchards under long-time lease, and I know that my training over in Dalmatia as a boy and young man is one of the biggest assets I have in the business, and my schooling there counts for just as much when it comes to buying the products of an orchard outright. I buy outright just as many apples as I raise in the orchards that I have under rental. In the Pajaro Valley the practice of buying the apple crop 'on the blossom' is common. All of the native Americans about here and many of the Dalmatians will tell you that this kind of buying is all a gamble. It may be with some buyers, but it isn't with all of them. I've watched and studied fruit buds and blossoms from earliest boyhood—too long to admit that I can't form any reasonable idea from a blossom whether it is going to bring forth a good sample of fruit. I guess there must be something of instinct or second nature about it, for I don't believe I could put into words just how my judgment is formed.



Farm Girls in Dalmatia

I can only suggest it in a vague way by saying that the best blossoms are broad and have good long stems, while the false blossoms have a different look. The knack of judging an apple crop 'on the blossom' isn't a thing that a man can pick up in a day or get out of a book. My notion of it is that this ability comes from the kind of life that the farm boy lives in that part of Dalmatia from which I came. We were close up against the mountains of Montenegro, and our ancestors for a good many generations back have been building and working these little mountain-shelf farms and getting the biggest part of their money income from their hand-tended fruit trees."



Matteo Lettunich, a Successful Dalmatian Apple-Grower in California



In the Dalmatian Apple Country

Selling Crops on the Blossom

A CONFIRMED Wall Street speculator might get a very fair thrill from a transaction in apples "on the blossom" as it is done by the Dalmatians in the Pajaro Valley. When the orchard is a riot of bloom the buyer appears for an inspection, upon his analysis of which he stands to make or to lose thousands of dollars. Instinctively he makes his detailed inspection first to answer the question: Are the blossoms of a character and quantity to promise a full crop of standard grade? He pulls a few blooms apart, notes the number of them set on several fruit spurs, carries his calculations progressively from spur to branch and from branch to tree, and at length arrives at an estimate of the number of boxes of apples that the tree will yield. Then his eye takes in the general condition of the tree as to health and ruggedness. The color and texture of both bark and foliage are as significant to his trained eye as is the color of a patient's skin to a skillful physician.

Next he makes a general survey of the orchard as a whole, walking slowly between the rows and keeping a sharp eye out for signs of variation in the character or the abundance of blossoms or in the condition of the trees. He knows by heart the performance record of that orchard for several years back—probably ever since it came into bearing—knows its age, its varieties and the kind of care it has had. The Dalmatian buyer who resorts to the use of a pencil in making his estimate "on the blossom" of an orchard's producing power is an exception and new at the game. Almost invariably it is a matter of mental arithmetic—an offhand transaction closed as quickly and informally as a deal in the wheat pit.

These "on the blossom" trades seldom if ever fall below three thousand dollars, excepting in the case of very young orchards just coming into bearing, and they are more likely to involve two or three times that amount for each orchard.

Renting contracts run into larger figures, for the reason that they cover a term of years. It is an irresistibly comfortable feeling for the American who has reached middle life and seen his share of hard work to know that he can sit tight for several years and receive a sure and definite income from his land—and one generous enough to enable him to live abroad and travel the earth over if he likes.

This is, perhaps, the main reason why many native Americans who own orchard lands in the ocean-protected Pajaro Valley are content to turn them over into the hands

of Dalmatians, when they know to a moral certainty that such a course is generally equivalent to dividing the returns generously with the tenant. An orchard doesn't have to be a large one to give its owner a good income. Under the terms of most of the Dalmatian leases, the tenant does all of the cultivating, fertilizing, pruning, spraying, thinning and harvesting.

Occasionally the American owner of a Pajaro Valley orchard may be found who insists upon keeping the pruning, fertilizing, cultivating and spraying of the orchard in his own hands, instead of delegating it to the Dalmatian tenant.

"Why do you do this?" one of these men was asked. "Because you think you can do it better than the Dalmatian?"

"No," was the quick answer; "nobody can beat those boys in the art of pumping apples out of a tree. But most good things can be overdone. When my orchard is turned back to me at the end of my lease I want to feel sure that it is in better and sounder shape than when the lease began. I don't say that all or many of our Adriatic friends would deliberately over-stimulate an orchard in the closing years of their lease; but I feel that some would do it, and so I take no chances. They are clever enough to do it to a finish if their scruples don't happen to prevent them."

If Matteo Lettunich were a Celestial he would be known as the "boss man" of his people in the Pajaro country. But, being a Dalmatian, he is simply a friend and adviser of his fellow Adriatics and is a splendid type of his race. His present worldly estate stands out in sharp contrast against the barren background of his boyhood and youth, and he looks to be still a young man at that.

At sixteen he left the little fruit farm in Dalmatia on which he had been reared, and headed for America. A cousin had come on before him, and he expected to look up his prosperous relative and achieve a little reflected prosperity. His own country having less than five thousand square miles of territory—not enough to make a really respectable county in a Western state—the task of crossing America to California did not seem a difficult one to the immigrant lad. But when he had passed through Castle Garden the immensity of the new country overwhelmed him. There was nothing to do but to get work at once and let the quest of the cousin wait. His first job was behind the handles of a freight truck in a transfer station. But soon he found an easier berth as water-boy with a construction gang. From his first month's wages of twenty dollars he saved six dollars—and fixed the saving habit. Later he shipped to Panama on a freight steamer, crossed the Isthmus and worked his way to San Francisco. Here he not only found work washing dishes in a restaurant, but found friends of his own race. It seemed something like getting home to hear his own tongue spoken again.

From dish-washer he advanced to waiter and then to cook. At the end of two years on the Pacific Coast he had saved enough money to join a Dalmatian friend at Eureka, California, where he started a coffee-house. It was small, but a money-maker, and he soon began to use his surplus profits in buying apples. Finally he sold his coffee-house and his other interests and returned to Dalmatia. But after the novelty of visiting had dulled he was drawn back to America again—this time to the Pajaro Valley, where with his cousin he went into apples in earnest.

Now he leases fully seven hundred acres of orchards, has one hundred and thirty acres of his own, and buys enough "on the blossom" to make up almost six hundred carloads in a season.

(Continued on Page 69)

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

JOHNNY GAMBLE INFLATES SOME INFLATED VALUES

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I DON'T know much about bookkeeping, but I guess this will do," observed Johnny Gamble, passing over his first attempt for inspection.

Loring examined the little book with keen enjoyment. Johnny had opened an account with himself and had made five entries. On the debit side appeared the following items:

April 22.	To three working hours	$15,000
April 23.	Sunday.	
April 24.	To desk rent	38
April 24.	To seven working hours	35,000

On the credit side was this:

April 22. By skinning Paul Gresham—good work . $15,000

"How is it?" asked Gamble anxiously.

"Good work!" pronounced Loring with a chuckle. "They may not teach this sort of bookkeeping in commercial colleges. Their kind is stiff and dry. This has personality. Why am I two dollars shy, though? I thought you were to take forty days to make your million dollars?"

"That's right," admitted Johnny; "seven hours on weekdays and three on Saturdays—two hundred hours at five thousand an hour. I started on Saturday, however. Today is Monday. This morning is when I begin to use your deskroom. Here's your dollar a day until four P. M., May thirty-first." And he handed Loring thirty-eight dollars.

"You're not really going to try that absurd stunt?" protested Loring incredulously.

"I have to. Miss Joy will think I'm a four-flusher if I don't."

"Miss Joy again!" laughed Loring. "You only met her Saturday and I don't think you've thought of another thing since."

"Gresham and her million," corrected Johnny. "Also, the million I have to make to replace the one she loses if she should happen not to marry him."

"That was a queer will," mused Loring. "Her Aunt Gertrude must have been crazy to provide that she must marry Gresham or forfeit the inheritance."

"She was a bug about old families, Polly Parsons told me," explained Johnny wearily. "Gresham is eighty-fourth cousin to a lord. Great Scott! There's an hour gone! That's five thousand!" and he started for the door.

"Where are you going—if anybody should ask for you?" inquired Loring.

"Fourth National."

"To deposit that fifteen thousand you made from the sale of Gresham's property on Saturday?" Loring hastily inquired.

"No," laughed Gamble. "Polly took that away from me."

"That's a good, safe place for it," returned Loring, relieved.

"Safe as the mint," corroborated Johnny, and hurried out.

As he went up the steps of the Fourth National Bank a pallid-faced young man, with eyebrows, eyelashes and hair so nearly the color of his skin that they were invisible, watched him out of the window of a taxi which had been standing across the street ever since the bank had opened. As soon as Johnny entered the door the young man gave a direction to the driver, and the taxi hurried away.



"You Mustn't Wait! You Must Get Rid of It Right this Minute"

President Close was conservatively glad to see Johnny. He was a crisp-faced man, with an extremely tight-cropped gray mustache; and not a single crease in his countenance was flexible in the slightest degree. He had an admiration amounting almost to affection for Johnny—provided the promising young man did not want money.

"Good morning," he greeted his caller. "What can we do for you today?" And in great haste he mentally reviewed the contents of credit envelope G-237. That envelope, being devoted to Mr. Gamble, contained a very clear record; so Mr. Close came as near to smiling as those cast-iron creases would allow.

"Want to give the Fourth National as a reference," returned Johnny cheerfully.

"I see," assented Mr. Close, immediately ceasing to smile; for now approached the daily agony of life—the grudging of credit. "I see; I see. Do you propose engaging in a new venture?"

"Just as often as I can find one," stated Johnny briskly.

Mr. Close looked at him with stern disapproval.

"That does not sound like a very stable frame of mind," he chided. "What do you propose to do first?"

"A twenty-story hotel."

"That runs into millions!" gasped Close, and reached out to touch a button upon his desk; but Johnny Gamble stayed that hand.

"You're after my balance," he said. "It's twelve dollars and thirty-seven cents."

"Well, you see, Mr. Gamble, under the circumstances——" hesitated Mr. Close.

"I know," interrupted the applicant; "you can only say I'm good for twelve-thirty-seven. I don't ask you to back me. If anybody 'phones you, just say I'm a good boy."

Mr. Close almost smiled again.

"So far as the moral risk is concerned I shall have no hesitation in speaking most highly of you," he granted.

"And don't laugh when you say it," Johnny admonished, smiling cheerfully, for he knew that Close always did better than he promised. "Tell them this, can't you?—I've banked with you for five years. I've run about a ton of money through your shop. I've been broke a dozen times and I never left a debt behind me. I've been trusted and I always made good. I guess you could say all that if you stopped to take a couple of breaths, couldn't you?"

"I shall certainly say those things if I am asked about them," replied Mr. Close, considering them carefully, one by one. "Don't hesitate to refer to me. I'll do the best I conscientiously can for you."

II

JOHNNY stood waiting for the stream of the traffic to stop for the cross-current, so that he could go over to the subway, when a big blue touring car stopped just in front of him and the driver, a hearty young woman all in blue, including plumes and shoes, hailed him joyously.

"Jump in, Johnny!" she invited. "I found a four-leaf clover this morning—and here I'm lucky already. Sammy, run into the drug store for some chocolates. Johnny, sit up here with me."

Sammy Chirp, who tied his own cravats and did them nicely, smiled feebly in recognition of Johnny Gamble, lugged Miss Polly Parsons' bouquet, parasol, fan, handbag and coat back into the tonneau and went upon his errand.

"Thanks, Sammy," said Johnny, and clambered into young Chirp's place in the car. "Where are you going to take me?"

"Any place you say," rejoined Polly.

"Drive over on Seventh Avenue, then," he directed. "There's a lot of shack property around the new terminal station. I want to build a smashing big hotel over there. I don't see why somebody hasn't done it."

Polly puzzled over that matter considerably herself.

"It doesn't seem possible that New York would overlook a bet like that," she declared and, obeying the traffic policeman's haughty gesture, turned briskly off Broadway.

"Why not?" he demanded. "New York grabs a cinch. The cinch has been kicking around loose for fifty years. New York pats herself on the pink bald spot. 'Nothing gets by me!' she says."

"New York's the best town in the world!" Polly flared.

"I wasn't insulting your friend," apologized Johnny, and looked at his watch. "Great Scott! It's ten-thirty!" he exploded. "I owe myself seventy-five hundred dollars. All I've done is to decide on a Terminal Hotel Company. Want some stock, Polly?"

"I'll take all I can reach if you're leading it around," she assured him. "I can't take much, but I'll make Daddy Parsons go in, and I'll be a nuisance to every moneyed man I know."

"By-the-way, where's the fifteen thousand I made Saturday?" Johnny asked.

"In my bank," she replied. "I just deposited it."

"Why did you take it away from me—if it's any of my business?" he wanted to know.

"I was afraid they'd snatch it from you," she returned. "Gresham was all peeved up because you took fifteen thousand away from him in front of Constance at the races, Saturday. Loring saw Gresham and your old partner talking together immediately afterward; and he told me that they might frame up some crooked scheme to grab the money I didn't have a chance to explain, so I asked you to indorse the check to me."

"Do you think Collaton's crooked?" Johnny asked with a queer smile.

"I can think he's crooked without batting an eyelash. I can think it about Gresham too."

"Why do you have that idea about Gresham?"

"Because I don't like him," she triumphantly argued.

"Shake!" invited Johnny. "I know six reasons why I can do without him. What are your six?"

"One is because I don't like him, and another is because he's going to marry Constance, and the other four are because I don't like him," she carefully summed up.

"Does Constance say he's going to marry her?" he inquired crisply.

"Not in so many words."

"Then I don't believe it. I wouldn't marry him for six millions."

"Constance can't be so careless. If they break you they can't sprint fast enough to keep it; but if they take it away from Constance she's broke."

"It's ten-forty!" groaned Johnny. "I'm slow on that million. Constance'll think I'm loafing."

"Is she interested?"

"She promised last night to keep score. Gresham was there. I looked, any minute, to see him bite himself in the neck and die of poison. Polly, he can't have her!"

"You'd better tell Constance about that," laughed Polly. "Why, Johnny, you had never seen her or heard of her forty-eight hours ago!"

"I know; I didn't have the right chances when I was young!"

Polly gazed upon him admiringly.

"I've seen swift love affairs before, but you've set a new record!" she exclaimed. "Well, I'm for you, Johnny. Since poor Billy's parents adopted me and made me a cousin of Constance, I can trot up her stone steps any minute; and she treats me as if I'd had my first bottle in a pink-silk boudoir. I'll make it my business to run up there twice a day and boost for you."

"Don't be too strong!" Johnny hastily warned her. "Boost half of the time if you want to, but be sure and knock the other half."

"I guess it would be better," soberly agreed Polly—"even with Constance. Here's your terminal station. Pick out your corner and drive a claim stake."

Polly obligingly drove slowly around three sides of the huge new terminal. Directly opposite the main entrance was a vacant plot of ground, with a frontage of an entire block and a depth of four hundred feet. Big white signs upon each corner told that it was for sale by Mallard & Tyne. They stopped in front of this location, while both Johnny and Polly ranged their eyes upward, by successive steps, to the roof garden which surmounted the twentieth story of Johnny's imaginary Terminal Hotel.

"It's a nifty-looking building, Johnny!" she complimented him as they turned to each other with sheepish smiles.

"I'm going to tear it down and put up a better one," he briskly told her. "I'll hand you a piece of private information. If the big railroad company which built this terminal station don't own that blank space it's a fool—and I don't think it is. If it does the property will be held forever for the increase in value. Let's look at these other blocks. The buildings on the one next to it are worth about a plugged nickel apiece—and that would make exactly as good a location."

"But, Johnny; you cou'dn't build a hotel in forty days!"

"Build it! I don't want to. I only want to promote it."

"Does a promoter never build?" asked Polly.

"Not if he can escape," replied Johnny. "All a promoter ever wants to do is to collect the first ninety-nine years' profits and promote something else. Drive me up to the address on that real-estate sign and I'll pay you whatever the clock says and let you go."

"The clock says a one-pound box of chocolates," she promptly estimated. "Wait, though. I did send for some!" And she looked back into the tonneau. "Why, drat it all! I mislaid Sammy!" she gasped.

III

BY THREE o'clock Johnny Gamble had acquired so much hotel information that his head seemed stuffed. Every bright-eyed financier in the city had nursed the happy thought of a terminal hotel and had made tentative plans—and had jerked back with quivering tentacles; for all the property in that neighborhood was about a thousand degrees Fahrenheit. The present increase of value and that of the next half century had been gleefully anticipated, and the fortunate possessor of a ninety-nine-year lease on a peanut-stand felt that he was providing handsomely for his grandchildren.

Mr. Gamble detailed these depressing facts to his friend Loring with much vigor and picturesqueness.

"The trouble with New York is that everybody wants to collect the profits which are going to be made," Loring sagely concluded.

"It's the only way they can get even," Johnny informed him. "Well, that's the regular handicap. Guess I'll have to take it."

"You don't mean to try to promote a hotel against such inflated values!" protested Loring.

"Why not?" returned Johnny. "That section has to have a hotel. The sporty merchants from a thousand little cities will pay the freight."

"I guess so," agreed Loring thoughtfully. "Well, good luck to you, Johnny! By-the-way, President Close, of the Fourth National, has called you up twice this afternoon. I suppose he's gone by now."

"No; I think he stays to sweep out for the gold dust," surmised Johnny, and telephoned to the bank. Mr. Close, however, had gone home an hour before.

"He's sensible," approved Loring, putting away his papers. "This weather would tempt a mole outdoors. I'm going to the ball game. Better come along."

"Too frivolous for me," declared Johnny, eying his little book regretfully. "There's a thirty-five-thousand-dollar day almost gone. All I can credit myself with is a flivver. I'm going to stay right here and figure hotel."

At three-thirty Loring returned.

"So you're not going to the game, Johnny?" he observed with a sly smile.

"At five thousand an hour! Nev-ver!"

"Too bad," regretted Loring still smiling. "I just saw Constance and Polly. They're going out."

Johnny promptly slammed several sheets of figures into a drawer.

"Is there room for me in your car?" he asked anxiously.

"Val Russel and Bruce Townley are with me. There's plenty of room—but you really ought to stay here and figure on your hotel," Loring advised him.

"I can figure any place," stated Johnny briskly, and put away his little book. "Are we ready?"

IV

THE eyes of Constance Joy lighted with pleasure as she saw the group which filed into the box adjoining the one in which she sat with Polly Parsons, Paul Gresham, Colonel Bouncer and Sammy Chirp; and Gresham watched her discontentedly as she shook hands with Gamble. He did not like the cordiality of that handshake, or yet the animation of her countenance. Neither did he like her first observation, which consisted not of any remarks about health or the weather, but about Johnny's intimate personal affairs.

"How is the million dollars coming on?" she had interestedly inquired, and then sat down in Gresham's own chair, next to the dividing rail. "You know, I promised to keep score for you."

"You may mark me a goose-egg for today," replied Johnny, sitting comfortably beside her with only the thin board partition between them.

Gresham, his dark eyebrows meeting in a sinister line across his forehead, smiled with grim satisfaction.

"People with money seem to be watching it on Mondays," he observed.

"They have to sleep some time," Polly quickly reminded him. "Your day for a nap was Saturday."

"I'm guilty," admitted Gresham with a frowning glance at Johnny. "My trance, day before yesterday, cost me fifteen thousand. I shan't forget it soon."

"I'll bet you never will!" Polly agreed.

"Johnny was awake that day," declared Colonel Bouncer, laughing heartily and reaching over to slap Gamble affectionately on the shoulder. "He's fifteen thousand better off; and I guess he won't forget that in a hurry."

"I've forgotten it now," asserted Johnny. "Colonel, I want to talk with you about some stock in a big hotel opposite the new terminal station."

"Bless my soul—*no!*" almost shouted the Colonel. "I nearly got tangled up in my friend Courtney's terminal hotel scheme—and I'm scared yet."

"Courtney?" repeated Johnny. "That's the name they gave me at Mallard & Tyne's office this afternoon. They told me that he has tied up the only available block the railroad company overlooked."

"Tied it up!" exploded the Colonel. "Bless my soul, it has him tied up! Courtney's company blew so high that none of the pieces have come down yet. Meantime his enthusiasm is likely to cost him a round two and a quarter million dollars."

"He must have had a high fever," commented Johnny. "How could a man be so forgetful of that much money?"

"He thought his friends were game," explained the Colonel; "and, in spite of his long and successful business experience, he overlooked the difference between a promise and a promissory note. He nailed his stock subscribers down with hasty conversation only, and then rushed off and grabbed the six collected parcels of that block, for fear it might get away before he had his company legally organized."

"And now he can't unspike it," guessed Johnny smilingly. "Watch out, Colonel."

There was a lively scramble in the two boxes as the first foul tip of the game whizzed directly at them.



Gamble, Who Had Captained His Village Nine, Had That Ball Out of the Air

Gamble, who had captained his village nine, had that ball out of the air and was bowing jovially to the applause before Gresham had quite succeeded in squeezing himself down behind the door of the box.

Naturally it was Polly who led the applause; and Constance shocked the precise Gresham by joining in heartily.

She was looking up at Johnny with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks when Gresham came out of his cyclone cellar—and, if he had disliked Gamble before, now he hated him.

It is a strange feature of the American national game that the more perfectly it is played the duller it is. This was a pitchers' battle; and the game droned along, through inning after inning, with seldom more than three men to bat in each half, while the scoreboard presented a most appropriate double procession of naughts. Spectators, warmly praising that smoothly oiled mechanical process of one, two, three and out, and telling each other that this was a great game, nevertheless yawned and dropped their scorecards, and put away their pencils, and looked about the grandstand in search of faces they knew.

In such a moment Colonel Bouncer, who had come into this box because of a huge admiration for Polly and an almost extravagant respect for Constance, and who had heartily wished himself out of it during the last two or three innings, now happily discovered a familiar face only a few rows back of him. "By George, Johnny, there's Courtney now!" he announced.

Gamble looked with keen interest.

"Do you mean that gentleman with the ruddy face and the white beard?" he inquired.

"That's the old pirate," asserted the Colonel.

"Why, that's the man you wanted to introduce me to at the racetrack in Baltimore Saturday."

"Bless my heart, so I did!" he remembered. "I thought it might relieve him to tell his troubles to you. It isn't too late yet. Come on up and I'll introduce you—that is, unless you want to watch this game."

"I'm pleased to pass up this game till somebody makes an error," Johnny willingly decided. "If they'll hand out a base on balls and a safe bunt and hit a batter, so as to get three men on bases with two out, and then muff a high fly out against the fence, and boot the ball all over the field while four of the Reds gallop home—I'll stay and help lynch the umpire; otherwise not. Show me to your friend Courtney." He turned to take courteous leave of the others and his eyes met the friendly glance of Constance.

"Let's catch Mr. Courtney at the end of the game," he suggested to the Colonel; and then, turning directly to Constance, he added with a laugh: "I think I'll play hooky. I don't want to break up the party."

"If you think you see an opportunity for that million, the official scorer insists upon saying goodby," she laughed in return, and held out her hand.

Johnny shook the hand with both pleasure and reluctance, and obediently left.

"I'm offering my pet vanity parasol against a sliver of chewing-gum on Johnny," Polly confided to Loring. "I could see it in his eye that Mr. Courtney will be invited to help him make that million."

"Somebody ought to warn Courtney," Gresham commented sarcastically.

"Why warn him?" demanded Loring. "I'll guarantee that any proposition Johnny makes him will be legitimate."

"No doubt," agreed Gresham. "A great many sharp practices are considered legitimate nowadays."

"I object, also, to the term 'sharp practices,'" responded Loring warmly. "I don't believe there's a man in New York with a straighter and cleaner record than Gamble's. Every man with whom he has ever done business, except possibly yourself, speaks highly of him and would trust him to any extent; and he does not owe a dollar in the world."

"Doesn't he?" snarled Gresham. "There's an unsatisfied attachment for fifteen thousand dollars resting against him at the Fourth National Bank at this very moment."

Loring's indignation gave way immediately to grave concern.

"So that's why Close was trying to get him on the 'phone all afternoon!" he mused.

"Mr. Gresham," called Polly sharply, "how do you come to know about this so quickly?"

Gresham cursed himself and the blind hatred which had led him into making this slip; and he was the more uncomfortable because not only Loring and Polly but Constance had turned upon him gravely questioning eyes.



"At That Hour We Sold it Outright to Morton Washer for a Cool Half-Million Profit"

"Such things travel very rapidly in commercial circles," he lamely explained.

"I had no idea that you were a commercial circle," retorted Polly. "I wonder who's crooked." Gresham laughed shortly. "It isn't Johnny!" she indignantly asserted. "I know how Johnny's fifteen thousand was saved from this attachment, but I wouldn't tell where it is—even here."

Polly and Loring looked at each other understandingly.

"I suppose that was an old Gamble-Collaton account," Loring surmised with another speculative glance at Gresham. "I am quite certain that Johnny knows nothing whatever of this claim—let alone the attachment. The operations of his big irrigation failure were so extensive that, with the books lost, he can never tell when an additional claim may be filed against him. If suit is made in an obscure court, and Collaton, who hasn't a visible dollar, answers summons and confesses judgment for the firm, Johnny has no recourse."

"Except to repudiate payment," suggested Gresham with a shrug of his shoulders.

"I wish he would," returned Loring impatiently. "I wish he would let me handle his affairs in my own way."

"He won't," Polly despaired.

"Tell me, Mr. Loring," interposed Constance who had been silently thoughtful all this while; "would this unpaid attachment at Mr. Gamble's bank interfere with his present success if Mr. Courtney—or any one else whom Mr. Gamble might try to interest—were to hear of it?"

"It might—and very seriously," returned Loring.

The long somnolent game was suddenly awakened by two blissful errors, which gave the audience something to jeer at. A tally slipped home for Boston. A sharp double play redeemed the errors and closed the inning. The first man up for the Yankees drove a clean two-bagger down the right foul line; the second man laid down his life nobly with a beautiful bunt; the Boston pitcher gave a correct imitation of Orville Wright and presented free rides to the next two Highlanders; big Sweeney stalked to bat—and the congregation prayed, standing. Under cover of all this quivering excitement, and with Gresham more absorbed than ever upon the foul which might yet slay him, Constance turned to Polly with an intent decisiveness which was quite new to her.

"Arrange it so that I may go home in Mr. Loring's car," she directed.

"Three cheers!" approved Polly, with a spiteful glance at Gresham.

V

MR. COURTNEY, a live-looking elderly gentleman who kept himself more carefully groomed than many a young man, shook hands with Mr. Gamble quite cordially, studied him through and through and through in about half a second of time, and finished the handshake more cordially than he had begun it.

"The Colonel has been saying all sorts of kind things about you," he very graciously stated.

"So he has about you," returned Johnny, smiling into Mr. Courtney's eyes and liking him.

"I suppose so," admitted Mr. Courtney. "The Colonel's always blowing about his friends, so we mustn't trust each other too far."

"That's a good way to start anyhow," laughed Johnny. "The Colonel's been telling me you're so trusting that you stung yourself."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Courtney, looking at the Colonel in perplexity. "I don't quite understand."

"On that hotel deal," the Colonel affably reminded him, and was unkind enough to laugh.

"You old reprobate!" protested Courtney. "I don't see why you want to publish my disgrace."

"You deserve it," chuckled the Colonel. "It won't hurt for Johnny to know it though. He's the shrewdest young man of my acquaintance, and he might be able to figure a way out of your dilemma for you."

"I might even be able to make some money out of it myself," Johnny frankly acknowledged.

"Jump right in and welcome, young man," invited Courtney. "If you can pull me out whole I don't care how much you make."

"We'll consider that a bargain," offered Gamble.

"All right," returned Courtney, smiling. "We'll shake hands on it in the good old-fashioned way." And they did so, under Colonel Bouncer's earnestly interested approval.

"Tell him your troubles," urged the Colonel. "If it were my case, Ben, I'd be yelling for help as long as I had breath in my body."

"It's very simple," explained Courtney. "I imagined that a big hotel at the new terminal station would be the best investment in New York. I spoke to a number of my financially active friends about it and they were enthusiastic. I had verbal promises in one day's work of all the money necessary to finance the thing. I found that the big vacant plot across from the station was held at a prohibitive price. Mallard & Tyne had, with a great deal of labor, collected the selling option on the adjoining block, fronting the terminal. They held it at two and a quarter millions. My friends, at an infernal luncheon, authorized me, quite verbally, indeed, to secure the cheaper site without a moment's delay, especially since it was rumored that Morton Washer was contemplating the erection of a hotel upon that very spot."

"I see the finish," laughed Johnny. "Mad with fear, you dashed right down there and broke yourself! Then Union Pacific fell off an eighth; they killed an insurrecto in Mexico; the third secretary of a second-rate life-insurance company died and Wall Street put crape on the door. All your friends got cold feet and it was the other fellow who had urged you to buy that property. The Colonel says you dropped a hundred and twenty-five thousand. That's a stiff option. Can't you get any of it back?"

"Get it back!" groaned Courtney. "They're after the balance. It wasn't an option—it was a contract. If I don't pay the remainder at the end of the ninety days they'll sue me; and I have three million dollars' worth of property that I can't hide."

Gamble shrugged his shoulders resignedly.

"Your only chance is to build or sell," he decided. "It's your property, all right. Have you offered it?"

"Old Mort Washer wants it—confound him! I've discovered that the day after I bought this ground he told my friends that he intended to buy the big piece and build in competition; and they ran like your horse, Angora, last Saturday, Gamble. Now Washer offers to buy this ground for two and an eighth millions—just the amount for which I will be sued."

"Leaving you to try to forget the hundred and twenty-five thousand you've already spent," figured Gamble. "Nice cheery thought of Washer's! Of course you applauded?"

"With a brick—if I'd had one!" declared Courtney still angry.

Johnny smiled and looked thoughtfully out over the sunlit greensward. There were electrifying plays down there; but, "fan" though he was, he did not see them. Something in the tingle of it, however, seemed to quicken his faculties.

"Sell me that block, Mr. Courtney," he suggested with a sudden inspiration.

The mad mob rose to its feet just then and pleaded with Sweeney to "Hit 'er out!" Shrieks, howls and bellows resounded upon every hand; purple-faced fans held their clenched fists tight to their breasts so that they could implore the louder.

"On what terms?" shouted Courtney into Johnny's ear.

"I'll take over your contract," yelled Johnny beneath Courtney's hatbrim.

"On what terms?" repeated Courtney at the top of his voice.

"Bless your heart, Sweeney, slam it!" shrieked the now crimson-visaged Colonel. He was standing on his chair, with distended eyes, and waving his hat violently.

"Your original price!" loudly called Johnny. "Pay you fifteen thousand now, fifty thousand in thirty days and the balance in sixty."

Sweeney fanned. The atrocious tumult was drowned, in the twinkling of an eyelash, in a dismal, depthless gulf of painful silence. One could have heard a mosquito wink.

"Where's my security?" bellowed Courtney in Johnny's ear, so vociferously that all the grandstand turned in that direction and three park policemen headed for the riot.

"Just come outside and I'll tell you," whispered Johnny with a grin.

VI

"ASHLEY, how do you like your car?" asked Polly in the groaning calm which followed Sweeney's infamous strike-out.

"I'm just designing a private medal for the builder," replied Loring.

"Self-cranker, isn't it?"

"Self-cranker, automatic oiler, and supplies its own gasoline. Why?"

"Well, Constance is talking of buying one, and mine is a little too muscular for her. Suppose you take her for a spin after the game and deliver her safely to her Aunt Pattie. I'll take the boys back in my car."

"I'm cheating you in the exchange, but my conscience doesn't hurt me in the least," accepted Loring with alacrity.

"I've never been in your car, Ashley," insinuated Gresham. "You might invite me to try it out too."

"At five-thirty tomorrow evening," Ashley coolly advised him. "I'd be very glad to have you come along now; but the car is engaged for a strictly private demonstration."

Since the others were prepared to guy him unmercifully if he persisted, Gresham hinted no more and, very much to his discomfort, saw Loring gayly drive away with Constance.

On Riverside Drive, Loring spent the first fifteen minutes in extolling the virtues of his car and Constance listened with patient attention; but during the first convenient silence she surprised Loring with a bit of crisp business talk.

"Would you mind telling me the history of Mr. Gamble's partnership with Mr. Collaton?" she asked.

"I guess I heard what you said," he returned doubtfully, and he looked at her in astonishment. "Of course you know that Johnny is a client of mine."

"I know that he is a friend of yours also," she reminded him.

"On that basis I'll tell you anything you want to know," laughed Loring. "Johnny was doing an excellent business in real-estate speculation when this man Collaton came to him with an enormous irrigation scheme. They formed a partnership. Collaton went out West to superintend the reclaiming of some thousands of acres of arid land, while Johnny stayed here to sell rose-bordered farms to romantic city homeseekers. Collaton spent money faster than Johnny could get it, and operations had to be discontinued. Johnny has been paying the debts of the concern ever since. Every time he thinks he has them cleared off, a new set bobs up; and, since the books and all the papers are lost, he can't prove or disprove anything. Johnny can't even dissolve the partnership so long as there are indefinite outstanding accounts. Now, Constance, I'm not a good lawyer or I would not, even in strict confidence like this, say the following—to wit and namely: I think Collaton is a plain, ordinary sneakthief."

They were both silent for a little time.

"Doesn't it seem rather strange that the people who hold claims against Mr. Gamble should just happen to attach his bank account on the very day he was expected to make a deposit, and for the identical amount?" Constance asked in a puzzled way.

Loring gave her a startled glance.

"It does seem strange," he admitted.

"It would almost seem as if these people had been informed by some one who knew Mr. Gamble's circumstances quite intimately," she went on.

"That is a very delicate matter to discuss," Loring, with professional caution, gravely reminded her, fearing that she might mention Gresham's name.

"You are quite right," she agreed. "What does Mr. Gamble think about it all?"

"Johnny does a lot of thinking and a lot of talking, but you can't hear what he thinks," replied Loring with a smile. "He is outwardly assuming—and where Collaton is certain to have it repeated to him—that Collaton was merely unfortunate; but I believe he is only waiting for a proof—and then I imagine he will drop on Collaton and whoever is helping him like a ton of pig iron."

"I hope he does!" declared Constance with such sudden vindictiveness that Loring laughed.

"You seem to have acquired a violent partisanship," he charged her with a curious smile.

"Yes, I have," she admitted with a slight flush. "I like fair play. I believe I have a very even temper, but it angers me to see any one so open and manly and generous as Mr. Gamble made a victim of mean trickery."

"He's a handsome boy too," commented Loring, grinning.

"Well, suppose he is," she petulantly laughed.

"He has a right to be," granted Loring, looking at her with renewed admiration. With a slight flush of confusion upon her she was even more charming than he had ever thought her before. "If I had so tantalizingly pretty a girl so interested in my fortunes I wouldn't care whether they perfected aeroplanes or not," he ventured with the freedom of an old friend.

"You may come down now, thank you," she sweetly informed him. "Can't you get Mr. Gamble to make you his receiver or trustee, or something, for the irrigation company?"

"I might now," mused Loring. "He's so interested in the impulsive attempt to make his million dollars that I think I could persuade him. He seems to be really serious about that million."

"Of course he's serious about it," asserted Constance almost indignantly. "Don't you suppose he can do it?"

"Well, this is the age of financial miracles," acknowledged Loring, but with a shake of his head. "He can't do it, though, if Collaton gobbles up all he makes and injures his credit besides."

Constance drew a deep breath.

"I wish you to act as my agent, Ashley," she said crisply. "Mr. Gamble is certain to make some money, is he not?"

"Johnny will always make money," he assured her.

"If you bring in a bill against him for money you have expended, after you have wound up the Gamble-Collaton affairs, he will, of course, pay it."

"As quickly as he can find a fountain pen and a checkbook."

"I wish to loan him some money without his knowledge. I want you to take fifteen thousand dollars early tomorrow morning and pay that attachment, or whatever it is, at his bank. Naturally I do not want Mr. Gamble to know that I am interested; and I look to you to manage it so that, when the money is returned to me, he shall imagine that you have advanced the funds."

"I can arrange that easily enough," Loring promised her. "Constance, I suppose I ought to advise you that this is silly; but I'm glad you're doing it. Moreover, I feel certain that, if this entanglement is straightened out, Johnny may take a new interest in the irrigation company and, by handling it himself, may recover all his losses."

"I sincerely hope so," returned Constance earnestly. "You know I've taken a queer interest in this quixotic attempt of Mr. Gamble's to make his million. It's like a fascinating game, and I almost feel as if I were playing it myself—I'm so eager about it."

"And your spirit of fair play is aroused," Loring said.

VII

THE other terminal hotel projects had been kept very quiet, indeed, lest the jealous promoters of similar enterprises might be whetted into greediness; but no such modesty seemed to attend the plans of the Terminal Hotel Company; in fact, it seemed to court publicity—and, since Johnny Gamble was known and liked by a host of newspaper men, it received plenty of attention. After the ball game Johnny rode down to Mr. Courtney's club with him to dinner; and when he was through talking to Courtney he immediately called upon his newspaper friends.

When Loring arrived at the office in the morning he found Johnny immersed in a pile of papers—and gloating.

"Say, Johnny, I want you to give me power-of-attorney to wind up the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company," was Loring's morning greeting.

"Go as far as you like," Johnny told him without looking up from a glowing account of the magnificent new hostelry.

"Good for you!" approved Loring. "I'd expected to have half an hour's wrestle with you—and I couldn't afford it, for this is my busy day. I want you to understand this, Johnny: If I take that old partnership off your hands you're to ask no questions."

"Go twice as far as you like," offered Johnny indifferently. "I've forgotten there ever was a Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company. Listen to this, Loring: 'Surmounting the twentieth story of the magnificent new structure there will be a combined roof garden, café and theater, running continuous vaudeville ——'"

"This agreement, entered into this twenty-fifth day of April," began the discordantly hurried voice of Loring. He was dictating to his stenographer a much more comprehensive agreement than a mere power-of-attorney; and as soon as it was ready Johnny signed it without a question.

"Get this, Ashley?" he remarked, handing back Loring's pen and reading gleefully from another paper: "'A subway entrance into the new terminal station is being negotiated ——'"

"All right," said Loring, putting on his hat. "Goodby!"—and he was gone.

If Loring professed but slight interest in the flamboyant plans for the new hotel, there were others who were painfully absorbed in the news of the project. Gresham, for one, read the account with contracted brows at his late breakfast; and at noon, inspired by a virtuous sense of duty, he sauntered over to Courtney's club.

"I see you're involved in another hotel proposition," he ventured.

"I hope involved is not the word," returned Courtney with rather a wry smile.

"Is your company fully organized?" asked Gresham with a trace of more than polite interest.

"I think not," answered Courtney. "I'm not in a position to state, however, as the matter is out of my hands. I am taking some stock in it, of course; but I have nothing to do with the organization of the company, since I have sold the ground to Mr. Gamble."

"Gamble?" repeated Gresham. "Oh!"

His tone was so deprecative that Courtney was sharply awakened by it.

"Do you know anything against Gamble?" he quite naturally inquired.

"Not a thing," Gresham hastily assured him. "Anyhow, you have sold him the property and are fully secured?"

"I've sold it to him under contract," replied Courtney, ready, in

(Continued on Page 72)



"Pay You Fifteen Thousand Now, Fifty Thousand in Thirty Days and the Balance in Sixty"

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The Right to Light and Air

THE nub of the city-housing problem is this: As population increases in a given area, land values rise. In order to make his land yield a reasonable return upon its market value the owner must build over the entire lot—with ill-lighted, ill-ventilated tenements, except at the front and rear. Often, where tenement lots were built upon before land reached its present value, a vacant space was left at the rear; but as land values rose the owner—under a painful necessity of extracting a correspondingly greater rental from the lot—"improved" this vacant space at the rear with inexpensive but rentable cowsheds, rabbit-warrens and pigsties for human occupancy.

One who has long studied this housing problem concludes: "We should frankly recognize that the common, unskilled laborer cannot afford to pay for vacant land at the front and rear of his dwelling. It is too great a drain on his scant income." So Mr. Veiller proposes that city lots in the tenement district shall be only twenty-five or thirty feet deep, precluding dark, airless inside rooms; but it is pointed out that this would double or treble the cost of street paving, street lighting and street cleaning; so that the maintenance of a given strip of land in the form of a street would be a heavier burden than if it remained mere unoccupied back lots.

A simpler solution occurs to us. If the state inflexibly required that every living room receive abundant outside light and air, landlords could not build over the entire lot; but, as the value of real estate would fall, they would no longer be under a painful necessity of constructing lightless and airless tenements in order to extract rental commensurate with the market value of the land. Formerly, of course, a landlord's right to extract the utmost possible rent was considered infinitely more precious than an unskilled laborer's right to light and air; but that view is slowly changing. That landlords have any right whatever to the vast increment in city land values which come about simply by growth of population is now seriously questioned.

Some Church Statistics

THE census of 1890 found one hundred and forty-five religious denominations in the United States, classing "independent churches" as one denomination. By 1900 four of them had disappeared through consolidation with other denominations, and sixteen had ceased to exist independently from other causes; but sixty-one other denominations had appeared, making the total number one hundred and eighty-six.

These many denominations claimed thirty-two million communicants, and occupied church edifices with an aggregate seating capacity of more than fifty-eight millions. This was equal to sixty-nine per cent of the total population of the United States in that year; but just what proportion of the population might be found in church on an average Sunday is a very different matter, with which the census does not attempt to deal.

The various Protestant denominations claimed over twenty million communicants; but the average membership of each Protestant church organization was only one hundred and four. There were one hundred and forty-six thousand Protestant ministers in the United States; so the average Protestant minister's flock numbered one hundred and thirty-seven souls on the church register—with perhaps half that number of really active members. Evidently, under such conditions, the average Protestant minister's lot leaves much to be desired.

Many census figures nowadays reflect a tendency to consolidate and coöperate. Religious statistics are in striking contrast to that tendency.

In Competitionville

YOU live, perhaps, in a good, typical American country town. Passengers alighting at the railroad station are met by two or three dilapidated, dirty and uncomfortable hacks, any one of which will haul them to a hotel for a dime. Discriminating passengers would prefer to pay fifteen cents and ride in a clean, swift motor bus. There is business enough to support one such vehicle; but, if Hackman A bought a motor bus and made ever so little profit, Hackman B would at once set up a competing bus, insuring a loss to both. So passengers ride in a lurching, unclean hack.

Inquiring as to a hotel, the passenger learns there are two or three, all considerably run down at the heel and barely making a living. One really good hotel, getting all the business, would prosper. Three competing hotels give the traveler little pleasure and the proprietors no profit. The passenger learns there are four drygoods stores; but the wives of the local merchants, lawyers and doctors do most of their shopping in a bigger place, fifty miles away. Their own town might support one store as good as that which they patronize at a distance; but, of course, it cannot have such a store if the local trade is divided by four. There are thirty or forty or fifty automobiles in town and as many more in the surrounding country; but for certain repairs and supplies the owners go to the bigger place, because there are two or three competing public garages and no one of them can afford to lay in a complete stock and equipment, as a single public garage with a monopoly of the local business might well do. If the passenger's thoughts rise above bed, grub and punctured tires, he finds there are six or eight competing churches, each one poorly attended and poorly supported, though there is certainly enough religious interest in the town to maintain one fine, powerful organization. If his inquiries extend further he discovers that ambitious young men and women generally leave for a bigger place as soon as they are able, because everything is already overdone at home.

There is another side. A great many people do manage to make a living in your town; but competition's blessings are of a limited and relatively meager nature.

Class Consciousness

IT SEEMS quite possible for the class consciousness of wage-earners to reach a stage of militant development where it defeats itself. Probably the nearest approach to a really general strike occurred in Russia during the abortive revolution that followed the Russo-Japanese War. It was short-lived and it convinced some radical observers that so tremendously destructive a weapon can be employed successfully only very rarely and under very exceptional conditions, if at all. A tolerably general transportation strike in France was ruthlessly crushed by the radical ministry with much public approval. The general strike in Sweden two years ago was opposed by volunteer associations of citizens in many walks of life, who took up and carried on certain necessary businesses that the strike had paralyzed. To a limited degree, that is, the public turned strike-breaker.

England's recent taste of a short-lived general strike on transportation lines has provoked a mild agitation—partly through the constitutional method of letters to the Times—for adoption of the Swedish expedient. It is seriously urged that well-disposed Englishmen of all classes forthwith organize themselves into a sort of weaponless militia, whose ranks may be drawn upon to carry on necessary public service in the emergency of a general or widespread strike. This suggestion must be judged in the light of the fact that the recent strike cut short the food supply in many localities.

This extreme and aggressive form of class consciousness on the part of wage-earners, in short, provokes an opposing class consciousness on the part of all those who suffer by the strike.

The Everlasting-Sucker List

THERE seems to be no historic foundation for the notion that anything whatever can discourage capital. So long as there is an idle dollar it will seek investment—a word, by-the-way, which was quite unknown as a financial term when Doctor Johnson wrote his famous dictionary. The thing itself was only beginning to be known—in its early form of loans to the Government. Having succeeded in borrowing thirteen hundred thousand pounds from the goldsmith bankers, and seeing no convenient way of meeting the obligation, Charles II, in 1672, shut up the Exchequer and repudiated the debt. Yet he again succeeded in borrowing and again, six years later, repudiated. This goldsmith's debt was finally compounded, the Government agreeing to pay three per cent interest instead of the eight originally promised, and reserving the right to discharge the obligation at any time by paying half of the principal; but, in 1694, at the founding of the Bank of England, twelve hundred thousand pounds was promptly subscribed as a loan to the Government. A year after Law's Mississippi Bubble half ruined France the similar South Sea Bubble was offered to British investors and they enthusiastically ran its hundred-pound shares up to two thousand pounds. The Government itself was deeply implicated, but within ten years of the bursting of the bubble it was able to float a loan at three per cent. Within fifteen years, early in the nineteenth century, twenty-six loans of foreign Governments were floated in London. Five years later, interest had stopped on all but ten of them, and of those ten a number defaulted later on.

This is only a casual glance at the everlasting-sucker list; but out of this undiscourageable determination on the part of capital to invest itself wealth has come. The new East India Company, chartered at about the same time as the South Sea Company and on about the same plan, became the most popular symbol for opulence. Buying English Government bonds at about fifty cents on the dollar, when they looked to many even more hopeless than Charles II's debts to the goldsmiths, was an important source of the Rothschild fortune.

The World's Cotton Trade

FOR two years American cotton has ruled above fourteen cents a pound. In the last crop year, ending August thirty-first, the average was fourteen and a half cents, compared with nine and a half cents three years ago. This high price curtailed consumption somewhat, except in England. Last year British mills, working on fourteen-cent cotton, used within a hundred and twenty thousand bales as much as two years before, when the price was about nine cents; but American mills used four hundred and thirty thousand bales less. The year before—the first fourteen-cent year—English consumption decreased quite as much as our own; but last year English mills regained nearly all of this lost ground, while our own mills lost a little more.

When we seek an explanation the most obvious fact is that our exports of cotton goods, meager even in 1909, dwindled still further when the price of the raw material advanced; while English exports of cotton goods in the crop year ending August thirty-first last were greater than in 1909 by nearly a billion yards. We read: "Great Britain's cotton-goods trade with foreign countries has increased to a quite satisfactory extent during the year. Shipments in almost all directions have been larger than in 1909-10."

As to why England can sell the world goods made from fourteen-cent cotton while we cannot, the following from a British review of the year may be suggestive: "Though high prices for the raw material proved prohibitive to the trade in the coarser counts of yarns, the effect upon the finer trade was much less marked. . . . Statistics compiled by the Manchester Guardian prove that year by year there has been a distinct movement in favor of the higher-grade piece goods. . . . It shows that the increasing attention paid by Great Britain to scientific processes is making her competitive ability in foreign markets more formidable than ever."

The Incentive for Tax-Dodging

AN INVESTIGATION by the Department of Commerce and Labor shows that the actual rate of taxation varies comparatively little from state to state. The nominal rate, of course, varies widely; but a high taxrate is almost invariably accompanied by a low assessed valuation, and a low taxrate by a high valuation. Thus a thousand dollars' worth of realty may be assessed at a thousand dollars in one state, where the taxrate is one and a half per cent, and at five hundred dollars in another state, where the rate is three per cent. In both cases it pays the same tax; and the extraordinary thing is that a vast number of taxpayers are happier under the second condition than under the first, though, obviously, to cut the valuation in half and to double the taxrate makes their locality look as though it were half as rich and twice as extravagant as it really is. The everlasting pressure upon assessors to cut down valuations furnishes one of the reasons why the direct property tax falls far short of complete success. Assessments at actual value are the exception. As the assessed value decreases relatively to the real value, the taxrate goes up automatically; and the higher it goes the greater the incentive for tax-dodging. When everybody's property is assessed below the legal rule everybody is in a futile conspiracy to defeat the revenue laws. Low-valuation assessors ought to be unpopular with taxpayers; but they are not.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Red-Letter Days

BILL DAY, III, was playing ball on a vacant lot in Cleveland when his mother came out and called: "Willie! Oh, Will-e-e-e! Come right here this minute and get ready to go and see your father sworn in as judge!"

"Aw, pshaw, maw!" protested Bill Day, III. "What's the use? Seems to me I'm always havin' to get cleaned up to see pop take a new job. Why can't he stay at one thing a while?"

Of course Bill Day, III, was right in a way, but he is not yet mature enough to know he was exclaiming against the inevitable. You see, it comes natural to the Days to be judges. Some people are born with one predilection and some with another. There are men who are fond of dill pickles because the lust for dill pickles was born in them; and there are men who take the keenest delight in playing the trombone, it having been decided by Nature, eons and eons ago, that they should be trombone players. It runs in other families to be plumbers and in still other families to be undertakers. The law of heredity is, as the saying goes, immutable.

Wherefore, there is nothing to it—so far as the Days' becoming judges is concerned. They have to do it. Some of them may have protested and cried out against this stern decree, but to no avail. As soon as a Day is ripe he is picked for a judge. There is no escape. Some, it has been claimed, were picked before they were ripe; but this is neither the time nor the occasion for casting up. To the proof:

Harking back to 1723, which is some hark, we find recorded the birth of one Zephaniah Swift, who, indeed, was rightly named, for he zephaniahed into Yale at the tender age of fifteen, graduating four years later and becoming in the course of time chief justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Zephaniah had a daughter who married Rufus P. Spalding, who became a justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Their daughter married Luther Day, who became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio. Their son, William R. Day, is now an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and his son, William L. Day, concerning whom these few lines are written, is a United States judge for the northern district of Ohio. What chance has Bill Day, III—what chance, I ask you? Undoubtedly he desires to be a policeman or a fireman or an engineer or a cowboy; but the moving finger writes and presently Bill Day, III, will be a judge. It is inevitable. The Days have the habit.

William L. Day marched to the front and grabbed his judgeship at the tender age of thirty-four or thereabout, being probably the youngest Federal judge in captivity and, likely as not, the youngest that ever was. Observing the family trait, he deemed it unwise and unnecessary to linger round until old age came stealing—and took his judgeship in the full flush of his youth. Of course it may very well be that he wouldn't have taken it so early in life had not papa and grandpapa and a dozen or so others of the collateral lines taken theirs previously; but there is no going behind the returns. The basic fact is that William L. Day, II, annexed the ermine and that Bill Day, III, is bound to do the same.



The Youngest Federal Judge in Captivity

Whooping Things Up at Michigan

TALK about fixed affairs! That Day family is as fixed as Electric Peak. Not mentioning the lawyers back of the line, Mr. Justice Day has three brothers who are lawyers and most of his mother's male kin are bright and shining lights in the same noble profession. Then, too, Mr. Justice Day has three other sons besides the new judge who are lawyers. Bill Day, III, might as well resign himself to it. He is now aged seven; and if he doesn't ask for a copy of Kent's Commentaries in a year or so his uncles and grandfathers and all the rest will call in a specialist and operate if necessary. Perish the thought that there should be any person in the Day family so heretical as not to study law and practice the same until elevated to the bench. It would be preposterous!

Certain rules and regulations are observed by all Days. Mr. Justice Day obtained his legal and other education at the University of Michigan, and all the other Days go there too. William, II, the new judge, graduated fifty years after his father completed the course. He is the youngest of the brothers, who are all husky citizens, the four having a combined weight of some nine hundred pounds. Mr. Justice Day, the father, weighs one hundred and thirty-two when fit.

The new judge, William L., or Bill, II—it all depends on whether you are an alumnus of Michigan or not—is the largest of the Day outfit. He weighs about two hundred and twenty-five; and it isn't so long ago—indeed, it seems like only yesterday—when he was going back to Michigan to the big football and baseball games and leading the cheering. Bill—I declare in on Michigan for the moment—is the most popular citizen who ever received a degree at that university. At least, that's what all the younger set say. Every Freshman with red blood in him looks longingly at the marks set by Bill and vows to shoot at them during his college career.

When he was in college Bill was more or less of a thorn—a large, well-panoplied cactus bush, let us say—in the various sides of the various authorities, being Supreme King of the Amalgamated Association of Hellraisers and achieving the great distinction of election as President of the Ram Cats, which was a great honor in those days. No college function where noise was required was complete without Bill; and when he came back to the football games the sturdy warriors of the gridiron, looking up at the student section and seeing Bill Day there with a megaphone leading the cheering, girded up their loins afresh and went in and ate 'em up!

Canton is the home of the Days. It was from Canton William R. Day emerged, after William McKinley became President, to be Secretary of State, Federal judge and associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. After Bill, II, had finished taking the University of Michigan apart to see what made it tick, he returned to Canton and acquired the city solicitorship. Then he was made United States district attorney for the northern district of Ohio. He was still cheer leader for Michigan at that time. He moved to Cleveland. The big attorneys of Cleveland thought it a rare joke that a boy like Bill should be district attorney, and a few of them dropped round pompously—out of sheer regard for his distinguished father, Mr. Justice Day—to tell him how to run the office. One of the most pompous began putting out a line of advisory and patronizing conversation.

"Do you know," said Bill with that rare smile of his, "I think the best way for us to get acquainted will be across the trial table. For the present, let's talk of more impersonal matters."

Bill went at his new job and convicted a lot of people who had broken the law in and about Cleveland, including a gang of blackbanders who seemed immune; and when he was made Federal judge it was agreed on all sides that he was up to the requirements, not only of the position but of the Day family, which, as I have pointed out, runs largely to judges—and very good judges at that.

Bill is a big, broad-shouldered, two-fisted, burly citizen, with a lot of brains, a lot of legal ability and plenty of courage and determination. He is open, aboveboard, hates shams and shammers, and has a habit of saying what he thinks. When he first went to Cleveland he met some of the leading snobs of that town who were impressing Bill with the costliness of their automobiles and other appurtenances.

"By—ah the way, Mr. Day," said one supercilious dame, "what kind of a machine does Mrs. Day drive?"

"She drives a sewing machine," replied Bill succinctly.

The new judge is wholesome, hearty, manly and the best kind of a friend. When he was a boy he was a real boy; and now that he is a man he is a real man, but a good deal of a boy just the same, which adds forty-seven to his string. Also, he has the keenest sort of a sense of humor. Once, years ago, his father, Mr. Justice Day, offered Bill five cents apiece for each rat he would catch in the barn at Canton. Mr. Day could not abide rats. Bill worked industriously with traps and poison and accumulated enough rats to take down two dollars in cash from his learned father. Having acquired the two dollars, Bill went downtown to an animal store, bought a flock of pet white rats and installed them in the judge's library!

Teaching Teacher

THE teacher of the first grade in the district school on Spanish Creek in the Gallatin Valley, Montana, had much trouble with the six-year-old boy who was the sole member of that grade. She was trying to instil a workable knowledge of the alphabet into the boy's head, but he would not learn.

The boy is the son of a cattleman. After a week or so of refusal to learn the alphabet the teacher said:

"Johnny, if you do not learn your letters you never will know anything."

"Shucks!" replied Johnny, "I know more'n you do."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean by such talk?" gasped the teacher. "I never heard of such impudence."

Johnny bolted for the blackboard and drew half a dozen cattle brands, the Flying D, the Lazy B, the Triangle Dot, The Lazy Crutch, the Bar 7, and some others.

"What's them?" he asked.

The teacher couldn't guess.

"Well," said Johnny, "don't you talk to me no more about them things you call letters when you can't tell cattle brands apart."

Whist

FORMER Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Mr. Shiras, is set in his views about the sphere of woman. Mrs. Shiras is a devotee of whist, and was at one time a member of a whist club that met on several evenings each week.

After a club meeting Mrs. Shiras asked one of the club members to drive home with her in her carriage. When they came to the Shiras house the escort stepped to the door with Mrs. Shiras.

The Justice opened the door himself in answer to the ringing of the bell, but as the hall was dark it was not certain who was in the hallway.

"Is that you, Mr. Justice?" asked the person who had driven home with Mrs. Shiras.

"Yes," he replied; "this is the old man waiting for the new woman."

An Apt Answer

AN ATTORNEY for a Western railroad was arguing before the Interstate Commerce Commission for postponement of the enforcement of the safety-device regulations, so far as they applied to his road.

He said the road was in the hands of receivers and the court that appointed the receivers would not sanction the issue of certificates for the purpose of buying automatic couplers.

"So you see, your Honor," he declaimed, "we are between—between ——" he hesitated and concluded lamely, "the upper and the nether millstone."

"Why didn't you say what you started to say?" asked Chairman Knapp.

"Very well, your Honor," replied the attorney blandly, "we shall, in that case, consider your august body the—deep blue sea."

The Boy Who Stayed at Home

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HAMBIDGE

WHEN my old father passed away he left his family of three a farm of fifty acres and the general store in the hamlet of some four hundred inhabitants where we lived. The farm, at his demise, showed the results of having been run by one who was far more of a merchant than a farmer by taste, and the store looked as if it had been managed by one who was far more of a farmer than a merchant by inclination. Frankness compels me to say that my poor father, whose life was one long self-sacrificing struggle devoted to making ends meet that had a mean habit of flying apart, was fitted by nature for some profession or other that bad luck never would let him discover.

My two older brothers, who were respectively twenty-two and twenty-four years of age at the time of my father's death, looked at the mess, threw up their hands and, agreeing to let me have their share in the estate for four thousand dollars' worth of very easy payments, rushed back to their jobs of clerk and bookkeeper in the big city near by. Urban life had spoiled them for rural; and, besides, it was their idea that I, who had on my shoulders only nineteen years and who couldn't earn a living in the city if I went there, could afford to stay at home and get experience at the expense of time; and so they handed me the poker—I quote a neighbor who afterward quoted them—to have and to hold until I cut my eye-teeth or found a substitute by judicious advertising.

The Poker a Divining Rod

HOWEVER, young as I was, I had sized up the situation shrewdly and I intended to waste no money in seeking a successor for a job I was perfectly willing to fill myself. That poker I saw was a divining rod that would turn up gold if one used it aright; and I meant never to let it go out of my hands until, at any rate, I had satisfied myself I was the fool of my fancy as well as what everybody voted me—the fool of the family. I had a suspicion to the contrary, myself. If I hadn't migrated to the city, like my brothers, to work for a pittance for somebody else, it wasn't that I was short on confidence in myself or afraid to test the mettle I wasn't supposed to have, but because there was only one boss for whom I was willing to work when I reached maturity—namely, myself—and because I saw so many opportunities right at home that I didn't intend to leave for some stranger to gobble up while I scampered around the city like mad seeking for what ninety-nine out of a hundred never find, even if they are given the leisure to look for them.

Any fool, provided he was not handicapped by blindness besides, ought to have seen that, if my dear old dad made a fairly good failure out of it, it was his fault and neither the fault of the township, which was quite prosperous, nor of the people who stood waiting to be separated from their money by anybody who could give them just values for it.

Not counting the privileges of the post-office as an asset, my father's whole stock of merchandise, in patent medicines—my mother used to doctor us with the stuff, whether we needed it or not, when he couldn't sell it—in feed, agricultural implements, hardware, calicoes, candies, shoes and sundries, amounted to five hundred dollars in round numbers, most of it out of date, shop-worn and flyspecked. And then he used to inveigh bitterly against people for rushing off to the city to buy what he didn't carry in stock, or for turning up impertinent noses or shaking dubious heads at what he did happen to have for sale—especially after he had worked himself into a perspiration in half an hour's search for the given article and drawn it forth triumphantly, dirty and dusty, from the last place in the world it ought to have been.



Counted the Currency Two or Three Times and Made Sure That None of it Was Counterfeit

He kept his meager stock of legal and note paper, for instance, inside the little showcase with the candies, a few odd bottles of perfume, the cigars and the stogies, the shoestrings and several bolts of faded ribbons. You can imagine what the paper looked like at the end of its tenth year in those overcrowded quarters—also the candies! It was father's idea that all things—no matter what they were—of a certain size and shape belonged in the showcase; and, if he kept the plug tobacco and the nails out of it, it was only because he wasn't altogether consistent and because he had certain esthetic notions—very bad ones, but his own. I often wish I had had a photograph of that showcase taken; it would have been a perfect prize for a commercial museum. The juxtaposition of the calico and the kerosene, like that of the feed and what he so pompously called the hair goods, used to give me the shivers; but when, in my eighteenth year, I took courage enough to suggest a natural as opposed to an artistic arrangement, he scolded me severely for dictating to my elders and warned me tersely that what was good enough for him would have to be good enough for all others; they could take or leave it. They left it, of course. He had learned independence in Germany and he didn't intend to surrender it in America. He kept shop on that theory, which would have been a fairly good working hypothesis if his had been the only general store within a radius of five hundred miles—but unfortunately it wasn't; and our neighbors would drive twenty-five miles to patronize distant merchants whose interpretation of the Declaration of Independence was a little more liberal and a good deal less dogmatic.

And this tendency my father ascribed to human cussedness, human depravity and, above all, to human restlessness. They didn't do their shopping in Centerville, according to him, because they wanted the goods, but merely because they wanted the journey. My comment to the effect that, if this were true, it ought to have worked the other way around and brought the inhabitants of Centerville to his shop almost cost me a thrashing. After that I suppressed my logic and applied all my wits to the mastery of my lessons for the high school, where father, let his other shortcomings be what they may, was wise enough to send me. It seemed to be his notion that the fool of the family should have the best education. Probably he was right—the fool may need it most.

And when it came to farming my father prided himself that all his ideas on agriculture differed from those of his neighbors completely. This was fortunate for our neighbors, as their growing prosperity witnessed. Here his independence of judgment and procedure showed themselves in a truly sublime manner. If he wanted advice—which was mighty seldom—he refused to consult his near-by fellows, but, instead, poked his nose inside of some obsolete German work on agriculture and applied its mistaken precepts with a conscientiousness that would have delighted the author. His one general theory in agriculture—gleaned, I presume, from these wiseacres—was that Nature, as far as possible, should be left to care for herself. And Nature did care for herself, as the tares and weeds and scanty crops amply testified. With his livestock, however, for reasons I never could fathom, he was peculiarly successful. It may have been because, luckily for him, the authorities mentioned above preserved a dignified silence on the raising of stock. And this success he proudly pointed to as an illustration of the fact that nobody understood agriculture so well as the ancients.

When I came into the mastery of the estate I resolved to bend all my energies toward the mercantile end of it, at least for the present; and accordingly I hired a farmer who had lost his property through sheer hard luck and through no fault of his own, to work my acreage on shares. This farmer, you may be sure, knew nothing about the ancients and cared less; he was after so many bushels of corn and wheat to the acre—and he got them.



"Didn't I Tell Ye He'd Overreach Himself?"

This part of my problem settled, I started out to make a clean sweep of the truck bequeathed me at the store. The broom I used, figuratively speaking, was a placard announcing that, owing to the settling of the estate of the late Gustav Schmidt, all goods would be sacrificed for cash or its equivalent in butter and eggs. Candor compels me to say that the sacrifice was chiefly on the side of the purchaser. It is wonderful what people will buy if they can get it cheap enough; it is more wonderful still that they will buy, for butter and eggs, which are money, those unnecessary articles for which they never would expend hard cash. What use they found for patent medicines, at ten and fifteen cents a bottle, which they never would touch at fifty cents or a dollar, is beyond me! Perhaps they went on the principle that they could afford to take chances on curing rheumatism, consumption, hay fever or what-not at such a small cost; whereas, rather than let go larger sums, they might better take chances with the disease. On the whole, though, they were a healthy lot around our place and I rather think they bought the stuff to be prepared at a bargain for the uncertainties of the future. I remember one good old Swedish woman who purchased a bottle of every nostrum. Afterward I learned she took a sip of their varied contents each day. Before she passed away finally, from old age, she remarked that individually all the cures worked as advertised; but collectively she considered they were sure to prove fatal to any one over ninety years of age.

A General Overhauling

EVEN the calicoes, to my unbounded surprise, went with the medicine; the cigars I gave away as a premium for each purchase of over a dollar—it was really repaying good with evil. The candy I distributed to children accompanying their parents; it may have helped the sales of the medicines, but that was quite unpremeditated on my part. The perfumes I raffled at ten cents a chance; the lucky winners remarked afterward that they took one whiff and buried the bottles before another whiff could bury them. Some of the stuff nobody would have at any price, and I sent it to the poorhouse with my compliments. This was deemed erratic; and it was proclaimed that, though I had displayed more enterprise than anybody gave me credit for, my methods were too extravagant to ever permit my making a success as a business man.

The paints I held out, using them to redecorate the store after the sale was over. The post-office, which I painted carmine, I moved over to where had stood the desk of the justice of the peace, which I painted white; and the desk of the justice I moved over to the spot occupied by the post-office. There was really no advantage to be gained by this disturbance of the old order, except that it looked like a change—and I knew it was highly necessary that people should think a change had come with the new management, otherwise the new management would be doomed at the start. The justice, used from time immemorial to his corner, raised a row and threatened to pull out altogether. He couldn't consent to sharing quarters with a vandal who had no respect for tradition and the monuments of ancient history. Being glad to get rid of him, since he subtracted more from my convenience than he could add to my profits, and since I knew he would throw a wet blanket over any innovation I should inaugurate, I let him pull. This gave me the excuse to post another placard to the effect that, in view of contemplated extensions and improvements, Justice of the Peace

Moses Feltner had found it necessary to remove his office to his house. This infuriated Mose and he went about predicting that I wouldn't last two weeks. On the whole, his listeners were disposed to agree with him; but still they were curious, and curious persons always make prospective customers. They come in to see how poorly you're doing—but, then, they come; the rest depends on the man behind the counter.

Meanwhile, leaving my store in charge for the day of Widow Briggs, who was the biggest gossip and the worst pessimist in the whole village, I slipped off to the city to make purchases and to establish a credit. Incidentally, I wanted the widow to brag for the rest of her life about the big business she had done during my absence. She was flattered by the honor, of course, and she repaid me for it by exaggerating to a degree that wouldn't have been believed had it come from anybody else. Some advantage accrues to pessimism. Some ought.

The Wonder and His Methods

I WENT at once to the wholesale drygoods house from which I had done some small purchasing through correspondence and spent there what was left of the one hundred and seventy-five dollars I had cleared up from the sale. They pronounced me a terrible stickler for price and a hard one to sell; and on the strength of that I asked for a credit. They hemmed and hawed and finally said: "Well, we'll take a long chance. You can have two hundred dollars." I jumped at it before they could decide that the chance was too long. The amount of merchandise I shipped home was larger I believe than ever went to the village at one time. Before I left, the chances they took loomed up bigger and bigger; and, to make sure, they suggested that they send one of their men down to visit me, just to see that I was started off right. I wanted nothing more; I recognized my total inexperience and, unlike my poor father, I was willing to take hints, especially when the other fellow would foot the bills. I glimpsed another placard to the effect that Mr. So-and-So, of the great drygoods house of Messrs. Careful & Cautious, was hired by me at a terrific outlay to arrange my windows and install my colossal purchase of all those necessaries and luxuries demanded by the thrifty housewife.

The young man that drygoods firm sent down, to help put me in a position where I could pay back that two hundred dollars, was a wonder. I use the common parlance because no other term I know will describe him. Before he left, I offered to make him a partner in my business; but he turned down the offer with the remark that there wasn't sufficient in it to be capable of being divided by two. He has lived long enough to recognize that his mathematics was fallacious. However, he did his work while he was at it in the grand style. He piled up my shipment of goods, and all the old and empty boxes we could find, on the sidewalk in front of my store and labeled that tottering mountain in big black letters: "First shipment. Other carloads to follow!" Then he trimmed my window in cheap black and white lawns, making it look twice its natural size by the use of mirrors, stuck a couple of wax figures draped in other dressgoods against that flattering background, and hung out the signs: "The window that made the reputation of Worth, of Paris!" "Nothing too good for our customers—while it lasts!" "We have overbought—prices slaughtered!"

Old Mose Feltner, the justice of the peace, wagged his scraggy gray beard at the display and denounced it in one breath as immoral—the combination of wax figures and Paris was too much for Mose—and in the next breath he proclaimed: "Didn't I tell ye he'd overreach himself? He's got to allow, himself, he's overbought; so you kin see fer yourself what's going to happen to him."

Mose, in his rapturous enthusiasm for a literal interpretation of my announcements, couldn't have done better for me if he had tried; and my first shipment of new goods went with a rapidity that astonished my creditors, myself and the window-dresser. The last mentioned, unfortunately, was so pleased that he wrote me he was sure I could get along without his future assistance, and it was several years before I saw him again. Still, what I learned from him in that one visit put me on a path which, with some deviations and turnings, I have followed ever since.

I almost forgot to say that, before taking the train back home, when I went to the city to make my first purchases I dropped in on a commission man and struck with him an advantageous bargain for handling such produce as I might consign to him for sale. This commission man, as I knew from my father's relations with him, was a first-rate seller and a mighty slow remitter; but, when I threatened to take my growing account elsewhere, he promised to do better in both the size and the frequency of the remittances. The moment I reached home I hauled out of the barn the ramshackle wagon my father had allowed to go to decay through disuse; and, sending for the blacksmith, I gave him the job of restoring the thing to life. After that artisan, who was something of a jack-of-all-trades, had finished painting it, I hired an ambitious boy, desirous of paying his own way through the high school, to haul a load of my goods through the adjacent country and barter them for butter and eggs. That wagon paid for itself and his education in less than no time. It did more than that; it invaded the territory of my competitors and taught them there was an aggressive merchant in our village and that they would have all they could do to hold their own trade instead of making sly descents on mine. I looked on everything within a radius of twenty-five miles as my legitimate field, and I took care to cover it as thoroughly as printer's ink, trees, telegraph posts and tacks would let me. Of course those days of barter are over and entirely an incident of the past; for folks nowadays are properly averse to letting the rural storekeeper make two profits out of them; but, all the same, it was mighty remunerative on the scale I conducted it and while it lasted.

Naturally I was considered progressive instead of crazy now—for what is dubbed "crazy" if it fails is termed "progressive" if it succeeds. In less than three years' time I put up a creditable building and tripled my floor space. Messrs. Careful & Cautious gave me a credit as ample as my needs—more ample, in fact; for I always discounted my bills. They had had faith in me from the start, they said; and it worried them considerably lest I might get away from them. During those years, whether it was due to my activity—business drawing people, just as people draw business—or whether it was due to other causes which I cannot pause to discuss now, the population of our village grew from four hundred to six hundred and fifty. This increased my trade by something like the same percentage, and I soon saw that having double the number of people to buy is quite as good as doubling your sales to the customers you already have. Accordingly I pulled off my coat and began to hustle for new settlers. When the trolley line ran through our village, by the example of a liberal subscription I induced my fellow citizens to make the place offer attractions as a sort of summer resort.

The effect of this growth was quite other than I had anticipated—it brought immediate competition in the shape of a combined drug and grocery store—and my monopoly was gone; yet I was wise enough to know that I couldn't sell all of the goods to all of the people all of the time. Old Mose Feltner, who had been biding his opportunity to get me on the hip, was so much more pleasant when he met me than he had been since the parting of our offices that I might have suspected he held an unpleasant surprise up his sleeve. The last Presidential election had given a sweeping victory to the Democrats and Mose was using his political influence, which was considerable, to swing the post-office over to the druggist. It seemed that the druggist, who saw things coming, had changed his politics just before he opened his shop. I give myself credit for having seen things coming too; but I might as well have left the village as to have swapped sides for the post-office only. I stayed awake nights pondering how I could prevent the loss of prestige and patronage that would follow Uncle Sam's stamps; and finally I hit on a scheme that should have been perfectly obvious. I hired our Congressman's son, whom ordinarily I wouldn't have taken for a gift, to work for me as a clerk. The clerk became postmaster ostensibly, the office remained just where it was, and Mose wrote a long letter to the chief paper in the county, in which he declared bitterly that this was proof positive of the corrupt practices of our national representative.

On the eve of the next election, the country showing a decided partiality for the Democrats, I let my worthless clerk go; and Mose, red in the face with righteous anger, went about shouting: "I told ye so! I told ye so! He only hired that feller to git the post-office! This shows ye what politics is in America. The country is going to the dogs! They ought to take the post-office out of politics and give it to the man that needs it most. That's the solution of the problem." A year later, when I married the niece of the Congressman aforesaid, who didn't happen to be on speaking terms with her uncle, Mose predicted another tremendous Democratic victory.



It is Wonderful What People Will Buy if They Can Get it Cheap Enough

Cut Profits

THE quick and cheap transportation to the city furnished by the trolley, to return to that subject, gradually cut into my trade at a rate that forced me to see there would be nothing left of it unless I found some way of stopping the gap. To tear up the tracks or to get a permanent injunction from the court restraining the cars from running, and so save the big business I had built up at the expense of such energy and patience, was of course impossible and out of the question. And, even had it been easy or possible I absolutely would not have made the attempt. I never believed in fighting the inevitable or in setting one's face like flint against progress in any form that redounds to the welfare of the many, though it may cost the ruin of the few. This was due to no magnanimity on my part; it was merely a common-sense attitude. The man who wastes time railing at the moving procession instead of marching with it or scheming in some way how he can get his due share of the perquisites that follow in its wake, even if it be only by establishing a lemonade-stand for the thirsty somewhere along the route, is an idiot. He might just as well squander his energy inveighing against the appearance of a comet in the skies—the comet doesn't care, and he is out just that much power which he might have applied better in a more telling direction.

Therefore I planned to get around the trolley just as the trolley had got around me. I had observed, since the new road had tied our village to the city, that our inhabitants had more money than ever; and this increase was not due to the fact that they earned more but that by purchasing cheaper in the great department stores of the metropolis they saved more. This information I was in a position to gather at first hand, because I had the only burglar-proof

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The Myth of the Four Hundred

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING



His Conversation, No Doubt, Was Not Brilliant

IT TAKES courage to admit that one is a New Yorker. In the eyes of the country at large the character of the New Yorker is bad. He is the narrowest and most ignorant of cockneys. He is more than insular, for his interests stop far short even of the narrow limits of Manhattan Island. North of Central Park and west of Sixth Avenue his imagination goes out of business. If he sets foot on the mainland it is only to take ship from Hoboken. In the inhabitant of a truly metropolitan city this might be forgiven. All roads lead to Rome—and to any real capital. Paris may be France, and London England; but New York is not even a twospot in the national deck. It is the dead center of provincialism.

Yet, in some way that has never been explained, this inconspicuous, this inconsiderable city manages to be a monster in its vices. Wall Street is the fountainhead of watered stock, the frenzied geyser of finance. Broadway is the national hotbed of flashy vice and extravagance. The so-called Four Hundred is the quintessence of all that is vicious in New York life, the negation of all sweet and pure Americanism.

Personally—and such a discussion, I fear, must be largely based on personal experience—I once took these charges seriously. In a vague and helpless way I was sorry. A man must love something, and quite obviously he cannot love that which his cockney imagination has no power to grasp. Whether provincial or metropolitan, virtuous or sunk in Babylonian sensuality, New York seemed to me a great and brilliant city, an inspiring city—yes, with all its extravagant crudities, a beautiful city. Always, in returning from Hoboken, the sight of the tower of Madison Square and the lovely Diana of Saint Gaudens gives me a sharp little thrill of delight different from anything I ever felt abroad.

Transients Known by Their Cocktails

IN TIME I learned to question this city's evil reputation, to regard it as moonshine, a mare's nest—the creation of a childish, myth-making fancy. When a truth is self-evident nobody goes about proclaiming it. Almost everybody not a New Yorker proclaims this. And they are always coming to New York to proclaim it. No city in the world, I believe, has a larger transient population the year round. Arriving at the Waldorf, the first thing a Westerner does is to take a Manhattan cocktail. The second is to curse out the rottenness of Manhattan. Why is this? And why is it that no New Yorker ever drinks a Manhattan cocktail?

In the early stages of a recent panic a few observations on such matters were thrust upon me. I was sent West on an urgent financial mission; in short, to raise the wind—or, as it may be more accurately expressed, to temper the wind to a certain shorn lamb. Chicago was jubilant over the plight of Wall Street, and without the first premonitory qualm of its own. Once it may have been true, a business acquaintance told me, that what Wall Street feels of a Friday will afflict the rest of the country on Saturday. But in this crisis Wall Street could fry in its own fat for all the West would care. The panic was a mere millionaires' panic, and had no terrors for men of stable and competent methods. And so I was able easily to raise the wind.

This particular wind, I found, had blown in from the prosperous farmers' banks in that large region west of the Mississippi where they require to be shown. I was surprised at this, for before the first public evidence of trouble we had offered these same banks seven per cent for precisely this money, and on precisely the same security. They had refused to have any dealings with so iniquitous a place as Wall Street. But they had loaned the money to Chicago at five per cent. Their belief in the myth of Wall Street had cost the sturdily virtuous Western bankers two per cent on a very considerable sum—and the smoke blew up the chimney just the same.

I commented on this, and my ignorance was brilliantly illumined. The recklessness of New York financiers had very naturally alarmed the staid and sober West. I asked the names of the monsters. In the list of plungers and wreckers with which I was confronted four out of five were, if I may be permitted the expression, from the hinterland. The most reckless of all had founded their fortunes beyond the Mississippi. Ultimately one man, by the sheer force of his known honesty and passion for stability, checked the panic and restored prosperity. He was a New Yorker, born and bred.

But I am anticipating. Business took me westward. My journey lasted longer than I expected, and I returned to Chicago short of traveling expenses. Not wishing to confess to my banking acquaintances the need of so small a sum, I presented a check for thirty dollars to the friend of whom I have spoken, who was the head of a mercantile firm. He looked glum, and went himself to the till. The total available cash was twenty-five dollars. "If you had given us a few days' warning," he said, "we could have got the money by adding your name to the salary list we send the bank." What New York had felt on Friday had not troubled Chicago on Saturday; but by Tuesday the financial qualm had been so great that all was up with the sturdy city; everything had gone over the rail. Not even a financial stomach-pump would raise the price of a ticket to New York. A profoundly interesting phenomenon, this myth of Wall Street.

There is a sister myth of Broadway. In New York the virtue of the dramatic muse is even easier than the virtue of stocks and bonds. The pinkly proper West is in revolt against drama as exported from Manhattan. Chicago has become a producing center, and in this respect also is destined to be independent of New York.

On a subsequent trip to the West I went with my friend to the theater. Great producing center though Chicago is, there was nothing to be seen that had not been on view in Broadway the year before for months together. One of the plays, however—a musical comedy—I had not seen. My friend became soberly moral. It was a bad play. Such things, he intimated, may delight New York, but will no longer go down in the West. Man, woman and child, the critics had roasted it. And deservedly. Yet he insisted on taking me to see it—though, as subsequently developed, he had already seen it on Broadway. The theater was tolerably well filled. As the tawdry, cheap, indecent thing unfolded he told me with a chuckle of certain lubricities that had been removed before exporting. The chuckle was unconscious. The purpose of the remark was to prove the moral superiority of the West.

Another flash of illumination! Such plays are not produced for New Yorkers. They are produced for transients from the hinterland. Men who at home hold up the palm of holy horror run wild among the broiler shows and lobster palaces of Broadway. It used to be said that good Americans when they die go to Paris—and bad ones when they are most alive. In book, play and boulevard, the indecency of Paris is very largely a reflection of the indecency of the transient public. It mounted to its height during the Paris fair—or rather sunk to its lowest depth. Broadway is a nearer Paris. And, like the plungers and wreckers of Wall Street, the managers who produce these tasteless vulgarities, almost to a man, hail from the West, to which they pander.

I sounded my friend to see whether he had seen the really artistic productions of the past season in New York, musical and dramatic. Not he! De Bussy and Richard Strauss, Charpentier, Von Hoffmanstahl and Maeterlinck were unknown names to him. One of the plays of that season had been accepted on Broadway, and subsequently on the road, as among the most original and significant of modern American dramas. He had missed it, he explained, because when originally produced in Chicago—that center of chaste, high art—it had been stigmatized as melodrama. Sometimes, methinks, the lady of Western virtue doth protest too much.

Wash Day at the Western St. Regis

TAKEN off their guard, in moments when there is no question of civic or territorial rivalry, the preponderance of the hinterland in Broadway and the Tenderloin is frankly admitted. "I got a pearl out of a blue-point oyster," one of the chorus girls used to remark in a Weber and Fields show. "That's nothing," said her vis-à-vis: "I got a diamond necklace out of a Pittsburgh lobster." Throughout the country that line got a laugh of recognition. High up in the Rocky Mountains is a tiny bungalow on which the owner has placed the name, in large letters, The Waldorf. That is, of course, an amiable jest at his own expense and at the expense of the bungalow. But the point of the joke lies in the assumption that the hotel named is quite the most gorgeous thing extant. In a Southwestern city I was advised to put up at a hotel that rejoices in the name of a New York hostelry which was built to eclipse the Waldorf. Hot and dusty from the railway, I asked for bath towels. It was Monday morning, the chambermaid informed me, and the towels were all in the wash. It is a delightful picture that she unconsciously drew of Saturday night at this hinterland St. Regis.

Of all the myths of Manhattan the most amusingly false, and at the same time the most deeply corrupting, is the myth of the Four Hundred. In New York one never hears of the Four Hundred—at least among folk who are socially current. Except for the visiting critic, one might live and die without knowing that the word of mystery and scorn exists. But to him it has a thousand horrid connotations. The Four Hundred is a gangrened mass of folly, extravagance and moral filth, corrupting all our pristine national virtues. Under the power of telepathic suggestion—the psychology of the crowd—I myself believe

all this. If ever it occurs to me that the people I know present no such hideous mien I at once become inwardly humble. Socially I must be most unfortunate. . . . Unconsciously I have written "unfortunate." I should, of course, have written "fortunate." But at the moment I was perhaps under the influence of the crowd of which I am writing, for in their eyes, strangely enough, nothing is more desirable than to be hand-in-glove with the monsters they so roundly condemn.

The origin of the term tells the whole story. A quarter of a century ago an astute publisher who had observed the social awe, the insensate curiosity, with which the country at large regards the leading families of New York, induced a cotillon leader to write a book on society as he had found it. The author remarked that the people who were indisputably leaders in society did not number over four hundred. The remark was perfectly true and perfectly innocent. The same might be said of London, of Paris, of Vienna. If the estimate erred at all it was on the side of inclusiveness. There is probably no organized social body anywhere that numbers so many as four hundred people of established and generally recognized position. For even in these days of palatial private residences there is a limit to the number of folk with whom it is possible to maintain the social relationship.

The editor of a daily paper, astute as the publisher of the book, perceived that the phrase had a satirical value. We have no nobility, no aristocracy. Up to then we had had no term for the social leaders of that generation. He dubbed them the Four Hundred. It was an old game. Washington Irving satirized the pretensions of the aristocratic leaders of a former generation in his Knickerbocker History of New York. They resented the liberties he took with their ancestors and put him under a social ban. But he had given them the title that was destined to make them famous, their only possible title to distinction.

The country at large bowed down before the Knickerbocker aristocracy.

No one in New York resented this new satiric epithet. The joke was too obvious, too impersonal. Though established leaders are necessarily few, society in any live city is as necessarily vast and multifarious. The Social Register includes some thirty thousand names. The number of those who know members of the principal set is smaller, but still vast. The gentlewoman who, throughout her long life, was recognized as the leader in society, was accustomed to give a grand ball yearly. To this she invited in the neighborhood of a thousand guests. Probably she would have invited more if a greater number were compatible with a dignified and distinguished function. Nothing was more remarkable about her successive balls than the changes in the personnel of the guests. It was evidently her aim to keep in touch with all the new elements that are constantly coming to the surface in the life of the city. Since her death New York society has had no recognized leader, and probably never will have another. The social body is too large, too complex, too constantly shifting. In a nobility it is one of the few remaining functions of royalty to create a recognized social body. The whole



No City in the World Has a Larger Transient Population

spirit of a democracy is against this sort of thing. The idea that we have a social aristocracy has always been and must always remain a joke.

The biggest joke of all, however, is that the hinterland has ended by taking it seriously. Social awe is a very serious thing—to those who are socially awed. And the natives of the hinterland are apparently lost to all sense of dignified self-sufficiency the moment they learn how to eat peas. Many papers throughout the West print a letter several times a week that is signed by the Marquise of Something-or-other, and is exclusively occupied, I am told, with the doings of European nobility. The doings of social New York occupy columns daily, and in the Sunday editions whole pages of gossip and photographs. In a thousand unconscious ways the power of the New York tradition is manifest.

Buffalo's Social Speed Record

IN A SWISS pension I once met a lady from Rome, New York, whose conversation was yea, yea, and nay, nay—except on the subject of society. In a discussion that she fomented it appeared that her traveling library consisted of the Almanach de Gotha and the Social Register. Standing in sight of the strangely, exquisitely blue waters of Lake Michigan, I was told that Lake Forest is the Newport of Chicago. With the Pacific majestically booming in my ears I was told that San Mateo and Burlingame are the Newports of San Francisco. Why this banal, this meaningless name for something near and precious? To the hinterland the idea of New York is an obsession, a crushing, awful nightmare.

To feed the insensate social curiosity of the public is one of the many grave problems of Sunday journalism. The fact is—and it must be obvious upon a moment's sane reflection—that society in New York is essentially the same as society anywhere in America. There is more wealth and more leisure; and with it is to be found a higher degree of the consequences of wealth and leisure. Those who care for the high art of living excel in it. Those who have no resource but vanity and the follies of self-indulgence live accordingly. But to the socially overawed of the hinterland sane reflection seems impossible. They see everything in glaring lights and crude colors. They have an appetite that craves monsters, and with monsters they must be fed.

The lives of the socially overawed are the logical result of their mental diet. Voltaire, rebelling against the mediæval conception of an anthropomorphic deity, remarked that, in point of fact, mankind had created God in its own image. However that may be, the myth of the Four Hundred has been created in the image of the hinterland; and social aspirers there worship their self-created deity with fit orgies. In a buffet car I once fell into conversation with a native of a little city near New York. He was a commercial traveler, and deeply interested in Four Hundreds; for the term has a plural number. The Four Hundred of New York, he remarked, might be going some; but the Four Hundred of Troy! New York couldn't see it for the dust. But of all Four Hundreds, he added, the Four Hundred of Buffalo had made the record for speed.

Bound up with the idea of speed is the idea of exclusiveness. The most portentous thing about Four Hundreds is the way, the superbly cruel way, they have of keeping outsiders out. A New York gentlewoman on her travels fell in with a lady from Denver who, learning the name of her new acquaintance, aired a social grievance. Against the outside world, said the lady from Denver, it was necessary to put up the bars; but she did think that the members of one Four Hundred should recognize and welcome the members of another. Her idea was, apparently, that they should be like college fraternities. There should be a secret Four Hundred grip. It was a difficult remark to respond to. Were there not already, the New York gentlewoman asked, certain signs by which congenial people found it easy to recognize one another? "Oh, you mean this," the lady from Denver rejoined, waving her fingers aloft as if for a handshake. "But everybody does that now. They've even got it on the stage."

If New York fails to live up to this idea of exclusiveness it pays the penalty in reputation. Some years ago a Newport hostess invited her friends to dine with one of the celebrities of the moment, who happened to be an uncommonly well-educated ape.

Throughout the country the incident created a furore of rage and derision. The Four Hundred had at last found its level! Even today it is hard to speak calmly and reasonably of that dinner; but let us endeavor to do so.

This is a free country—a truth that is nowhere more loudly vociferated than in the West. Modern scientific thought has given us all a very real and vivid interest in our nearest kinsman among the animals. Who has not from childhood poked his nose between the bars of the zoo and made responsive faces at his Simian cousins? If one chooses why shouldn't he meet an ape at dinner? What more intimate or agreeable manner of satisfying a curiosity, a capacity for delight, which is as natural as it is universal? The manners of that monkey, I am credibly informed, were far superior to those of men and women who pass socially current in all countries. His conversation, no doubt, was not brilliant; but he must have been a decided advance on people who, having as little to say, insist on talking.

Because one belongs to a certain set, is it necessary to take oneself seriously in every action? John Keats once covered his tongue with red pepper in order to feel how deliciously cool claret can be. The incident does not describe prettily. If he had reflected that he was one of the great poets of the world he would probably not have put that pepper on his tongue. But, on the other hand, if he had been always thinking of the figure he was cutting with posterity he would have been quite a different man—a man in whom posterity would not have the slightest interest. A recent memoir describes a *salon* scene in which Taine and De Maupassant sat together on the floor and played with a box of children's blocks. They enjoyed it hugely. If there had been a yellow journalist present their names would now no doubt be as familiar to the hinterland as the name of that Newport monkey.

I do not deny that the monkey incident resulted unfortunately. But the trouble was all with the hectic imagination, the abasement of social awe, that gave to the





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To brave the foaming sea.
However cold
The waters rolled,
'Twas warm inside of me."

functions of Newport a preposterously fictitious value. Why should one care who or what Newport asks to dinner? There is only one possible reason: one feels it a personal disgrace that one is not asked. At the last analysis all the pother about that monkey reduces itself to this: Man, woman and child, they felt that the social injustice of not being asked to dine at Newport was now obvious. Perhaps they were right.

A young New Yorker gave a ball costumed in the period of Louis XIV. His guest of honor was a visiting French actress—the leading exponent of high comedy the world over. At supper she read a poem, and to be better heard stepped from her chair upon the table. The ball as a whole was one of the most distinguished artistically in modern memory. The only possible criticism was that, in the effort to keep to the spirit of the Grand Monarque, it became a trifle pompous and dull. The actress was costumed with the utmost simplicity and decorum, and she read her piece with an air of pretty innocence that was delightfully childlike. Throughout the country the occasion was depicted in the most lurid colors. The guests were debauched, bacchanalian. The actress mounted the table in an indecent costume, with a bottle of champagne, and executed a sensual dance. Toward morning, I am told by those who remained, the company became less frigid; but it was never indecorous. At daybreak only the host and his aides remained. They put a period to their Ludovican masque by ordering an American breakfast of buckwheat cakes and country sausages. And they ate it, unpunished. I can imagine no better evidence of the prevailing temperance of the occasion.

Manhattan Mania

This social awe of New York, and the ape-like orgies that result from it—I say it with apologies to the ape—are a comparatively recent phenomenon. In a former mood the Western boast of independence and originality was at least an honest boast. This was the mood that Robert Grant has recorded in Unleavened Bread. In that era cities attested their faith in local sculptors and architects by employing them on soldiers' monuments and public buildings—with results that are still, alas, to be seen. Chicago evolved a new and native style of residential architecture, the horizontal lines of which were supposed to interpret the life of the prairie. The women's clubs carried aloft the social as well as the intellectual standard. It was not a mood of beauty—artistic, social or moral; but it was strong and sincere. If the West had persisted in it it might have evolved something really illustrative of our national virtues. But all that remains is the blustering condemnation of the fetish of New York society, which the West created and which the West, secretly or openly, worships.

Manhattan mania takes forms which, if subtler and less obviously vicious, are perhaps more broadly dangerous. A gentlewoman, who had at least the virtue of frankness, told me that though she knew no one in New York she always spent her vacations at the Waldorf. It seemed a lonesome holiday. Not at all! She had made many friends among fellow guests who did the same. The hotel clerk was most helpful. As soon as she arrived he would say: "Mrs. Jones of Richmond is here, Mrs. Brown of Worcester, Mrs. Robinson of Houston and Mrs. Smith of Seattle." It was the most social season of her year.

May it be suggested that all of these ladies have a home and a family, that all the cities from which they register have a social life that needs their loyal devotion if for no other reason than that it is less amiable and gay than it might be?

The aspiration of such women, and often of their husbands, is to live permanently in New York. Their first step, on making their fortunes, to be sure, is generally to build in the city to which they owe their prosperity; but by degrees they succumb to the lure of Manhattan. In every Western city there are palatial residences that are either vacant or occupied by tenants. It is well known where the owners go. The transient hotels of the shopping district and the apartment hotels of upper Broadway are full of them. Many build splendid houses on the Riverside Drive. A few have built pretentious houses on Fifth Avenue. But all this outward show only emphasizes their failure to become a part of the true social life of the city. In nine cases out of ten their new existence, for which they have abandoned their native cities, is of precisely the same kind as that of the ladies of the Waldorf. It may not be lonesome. It may, in a way, be cosmopolitan. But it is the absurdest possible travesty of what social life might and should be.

The loss to their home cities is more than a social loss. The West is, and must always remain, the source of all, or almost all, our national prosperity. Potentially, it is the source of the great national virtues; for there is a solidity, a dignity, in the character of those who labor face to face with Nature, that communities of middlemen tend to modify, even to lose altogether. What is potentially true would be true in fact if it were not for this mania of simian imitation. Just as socially the West needs leaders true to the best native spirit, so in business and in civic affairs it requires, above everything, capital controlled by enlightened and enterprising public spirit. But where the man is lives the power of his millions. A country from which the leading citizens migrate is like a farm that sells both crop and manure. In the present it may seem prosperous; but the future is gravely problematical. There is a reason why Westerners hate New York—until they can go there to live.

New York has less reason to hate the West, for the West has created it, and is maintaining it, the thing I have hitherto refrained from calling it—the metropolis. Yet New York has not purchased its wealth and its national distinction without paying the price. It has ceased to be a livable city, even a wholesome city. What charm have its noisy, treeless streets for childhood? What chance has a boy of maturing in the solider virtues where the lights of Broadway glare near by, up every side street, and the Tenderloin lures mysteriously from beyond? What chance has a girl of finding a worthy mate among the youths whose diversions are in broiler shows and lobster palaces? Even their elders find it hard, with the best intentions, to maintain any real home life. But the plight of New York is not peculiar: it is that of every metropolis. The life of the world, whether vital or vicious, burns to a white-hot flame, in which the tender and delicate values of daily life all vanish.

A City of Homes No Longer

A generation ago and more New York ceased to be a city of homes. People of moderate means fled to Brooklyn, to Harlem, to New Jersey. People of wealth transferred their homes to Long Island, to upper Westchester, to the high land beyond the Hudson. They have apartments or houses in town, into which they move for the social and artistic season in winter. But year by year this season is becoming shorter. More and more New Yorkers are living in the country and giving Manhattan over to spenders from the hinterland.

In its turn fashionable society also has suffered. Even people who have deserved positions of fame cannot always stand the test of notoriety. Here is a set who deserve no such prominence as is thrust upon them. Many would prefer to keep out of the public eye, but they have been forced by repeated and probably intentional misrepresentation to take the reporters into their confidence. Following the better part of valor, they have made friends of society reporters—invited them to receptions and luncheons. The harm of all this, of course, is its effect upon the hostesses. Insensibly they come to regard themselves as figures of national distinction.

Social climbers have no such ready means of obtaining invitations, but their activities are as persistent and as harmful. Common courtesy to a fellow member on a charity board or to a chance acquaintance in traveling is likely to involve a claim for social recognition. To resist such a claim is practically as necessary in the fevered rush of modern life as it is ungracious; and a lifetime of keeping the outside world at bay does not sweeten the disposition or ameliorate manners. It is inevitable and all too natural that aristocracies become aloof and supercilious. And nowhere are the vices of aristocracy as little in place as in the citizens of a republic. Yet, if by nature the people of a republic are socially eager and ambitious, the leaders of society are perhaps justified in being supercilious.

In New York the leaders have suffered in more than their characters—a circumstance of which we have of late had striking evidence. They have attempted to found a theater, as they have already founded an



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opera, to rival the great national artistic institutions of Europe. The promoter was an Austrian, Mr. Conried, who had risen from the directorship of a German theater on the lower East Side to the directorship of the Metropolitan Opera. His belief in the myth of the Four Hundred was absolute, and he persuaded the set who had created the opera that they had only to put their hands to their checkbooks in order to create also a Théâtre Français. Corral the Four Hundred, and the Four Million will flock to the pen! The specifications he gave to the architects called for a seating capacity adapted to a commercial, not an artistic, ambition—namely, two thousand five hundred, or over double that of the ordinary playhouse in London, Paris or New York. He died before the house was built.

His successor, a Bostonian, seems to have been no less under the influence of the myth of the Four Hundred. To emphasize the social character of the institution the founders had been given a deep tier of boxes, as at the opera. But drama is a very different thing—a much more intimate art. The occupants of this golden horseshoe were virtually beyond sight and sound of the stage. Over the founders' boxes was a balcony. Now American playgoers do not take naturally to sitting in the gallery. The new director called these seats foyer stalls, because they opened upon the foyer or grand parade. By means of elaborately engraved stationery he offered them to the socially elect, not founders, at more than twice the price of the best seats on the floor, the price of which had not yet been announced. The proposition, as subsequently appeared, amounted to this, that the few were to pay through the nose, as the French say, for the privilege of being conspicuously seen in the close proximity of the boxholders. They could neither see nor hear all that was most delicate and precious in the acting; but what would they care for art with the founders so near?

The response to the engraved invitations was almost unanimous. Many of those who failed to get seats in the allotment offered double and treble to their successful friends. But with the first performance the bubble burst. An amazing thing became evident: the subscribers cared more for seeing than for being seen, for hearing the play than for talking to the founders! People who had been accustomed to pay the ticket agencies a premium for seats down front, and who never went to a play unless they could get them, found themselves in a gallery the front row of which was behind the last row on the floor. And the general public, who had been honored with no exclusive offer on embossed paper, had the best seats in the house at the price of two dollars. The rage of those stalled above can best be imagined.

The institution itself has come to stay. The opera has had its ups and downs, and has even been suspended for a season for lack of public support. Yet the men behind it have persisted until it is now recognized, even abroad, as among the very foremost organizations of the kind in the world. But I find myself speaking of the real character of the leading citizens of New York. It is an interesting subject. Without the least pretension—civic, artistic, intellectual—they have created a metropolitan life of the very first order. To the arts of painting and sculpture, music and the drama, they have rendered a service such as no other private citizens have ever rendered, here or abroad. To find the equals of the institutions of Manhattan one must go to the capitals of the Continent, where the arts are subsidized by the state or by royalty. But that is another story. My present melancholy purpose is only to show the harm that is being wrought, to New York as to the country at large, by the myth with which democratic envy has enveloped it.

Editor's Note—The Myth of the Four Hundred is written by a Westerner who has lived in New York for many years. Next week we shall publish an article entitled, Reuben in New York, that is written by a Westerner who still lives in the West but who makes frequent visits to New York.

Food for Thought

CAPTAIN PRESCOTT, of the Fifth Infantry, was leading a long hike in the Philippines. Food gave out and his command was forced to resort to the emergency rations, which consist of condensed food of one kind and another.

The captain was riding past some negro soldiers at breakfasttime one morning. An old negro sergeant saluted.

"Cap'n," said the sergeant.

"What is it?"

"Cap'n, we-all don't like these yere imaginary rations!"



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Dining-Car Problems

By EDWARD HUNGERFORD

A MAN coming up into New York City from the South the other day leaned across the table of the dining car and called our attention to the price list of the menu card he held in his fingers.

"This gets me," he said. "Seventy-five cents for bacon and eggs—and nothing thrown in except the bread and butter! I live in the town where this car was stocked early this morning, and I happen to know that bacon sells there now at twenty-six cents a pound retail—eggs at thirty-two cents a dozen. A pound of bacon and a dozen eggs should feed six people, and for them the railroad would receive four dollars and fifty cents—a profit of nearly four dollars, which ought to leave a comfortable opportunity for the upkeep of the service. The service ought to do pretty well. The orange with which I opened this simple meal costs ten cents *au naturel;* if you want it sliced it costs twenty-five cents—a remarkable raise in price. I sliced my own. I never earned fifteen cents more quickly."

He tossed his check over to us. He had eaten an orange at ten cents, two eggs and three slices of bacon at seventy-five cents, and had washed these down with a pot of tea at fifteen cents. Here was a simple breakfast—simple to the very point of skimpiness—yet it had cost him a dollar, outside of the necessary tip for the waiter. Of course his rolls and butter were included, as well as the inevitable two toothpicks in their white paper pajamas—but any hotel would do as much for him. We thought of the average hotel and remarked:

"You would have paid as much as that and perhaps a little more on Broadway for that same breakfast."

His eyes twinkled.

"But I can dodge the hyphenated hotels when I go to New York if that suits me best," was his reply. He lowered his voice. "The old fellow who was sitting across the aisle a moment ago has come through from New Orleans. He had to save and to scrape together the money for the expensive railroad ticket between that town and New York. The sleeping-car berth was another hard tax. On top of that came the six meals on the way, and these will average him about a dollar apiece, manage as he will. The railroad either has abolished the eating houses where the charges were fairly moderate, or else no longer halts its trains long enough to enable through passengers to eat at them."

Square Plates That Save Space

Now there is the dining-car problem from the viewpoint of the passenger. Take that problem with you into the private office of any big general passenger agent—this fellow sitting in control of four thousand miles of line will do. He shakes his head slowly as you tell that doleful story to him—it must be that he has heard it before.

"We lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars last year in our efforts to run a hotel business for the benefit of our passengers," he says with a wry face; "and what the big boss didn't say about that dining-car deficit isn't worth printing. He groans every time he has to buy a new car, and last year we bought eight—the folks up on the branches are beginning to demand them now. It is the one feature of the railroad passenger service that today demands most urgently an overhauling for the sake of economy—and it is also the one that seems to present the most obstacles toward revision."

Then he begins telling you of the efforts that the railroads are making toward bringing down the cost of the dining-car service to themselves, without bringing it up for the passengers or lessening the quality of the service. The New York Central Lines, after sharply abolishing the old-time "dollar meals," are again experimenting with them. Another big railroad is seriously considering stopping its slower through trains—those having coach equipment—at the eating-stations so as to take care of just such cases as the man from New Orleans bound north on a forty-eight-hour trip; and a wise head on a Western system has experimented with every shape of table, and has even hit upon a scheme of square and oblong plates and platters for a greater economy of space in front of each diner. Having been sharply rapped over the knuckles by a gentleman from Boston the railroads are almost falling over themselves in a search for methods of further economy in operation. And when they come to square plates and platters in the dining cars their methods of scientific economy are to the methods of ordinary businesses as integral calculus to vulgar fractions.

When your grandfather went for a ride on the cars for the first time, the dining car was unknown. He edged along somehow without that institution, even if grandmother had to stuff a few cookies into the carpet-bag. In the first place grandfather stayed home more than you do. But when he did travel grandfather was a real traveler. He knew what bully meals they served you at the smoky old depot at Springfield, Massachusetts, particularly if you were over-generous and winked at the sable servitor, handing him a dime as the concrete expression of that wink. You were served with the fat of a land that had not yet been cramped for food. Why, there was a town down in the Southern tier of New York State—we dare say that you would never have heard of Hornellsville if grandfather had not told you of the waffles and chicken they served in the depot there in those days. But they were not all Springfields and Hornellsvilles, those restaurants in the old railroad depots; yet even the worst of them had their place in the formation of a great nation. They were the very foundations of American humor—indeed, one might say that the railroad sandwich was the real cornerstone of that scintillating edifice.

Good Eating at the Junctions

Almost all of these old fellows are gone. Here and there a landmark remains hugging the railroad tracks, its grimy self seemingly sighing for the days that were. When you go West on the Baltimore & Ohio you can see today the Queen City Hotel, at Cumberland, Maryland; and the Logan House rises above the busy rails of the Pennsylvania at Altoona. In its great rooms it hides real secrets of the Civil War, for to them came time and time again the governors of the Northern States and the tired man from Washington—to take counsel with one another. Along the Union Pacific the staunch red pioneers—the combined depots and eating houses at places like Grand Island and North Platte and Denver Junction—still stand, and make gray-haired overland travelers wish that the trains again stopped long enough for them to eat of their bounty. On many sideline railroads, where the busy dining car with all its clatter and convenience has not as yet come, you find the eating houses. Far from the cities things change slowly with the years. There is one up in the northern part of New York State that has never yielded its supremacy to any circuit-riding café on wheels. When a certain high officer of the busy railroad that spreads itself apart at that junction goes up there, he orders the cook of his private car to shut up the kitchen.

"Do you suppose that I would pass by that town," he says, "and the best square meal in the whole state?"

Certain railroads in the far West still cling to the rather gentle and graceful old-fashioned custom of maintaining eating houses along their lines. One past-master of railroad eating in this country—Fred Harvey, of the Sante Fe—came to his glory in the development of railroad eating houses and railroad hotels in the Southwest. Harvey has been given glory because of the fact that he revised the old railroad rule of cutting pie into six sections and merely divided the dainty by four. But it was more than pie that made Fred Harvey. It was infinite attention to the vast details of feeding a traveling army so that each wanderer in that army might think that the meal had been cooked for his own single delight—the sort of thing that is sometimes known as genius—that brought fame to the Sante Fe man. It was the same sort of thing that took George Rector from the



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dining car wherein he was presiding and made him one of the greatest restaurateurs in the land.

The dining car came into its own about forty years ago. It was in 1867 that the Great Western Railway of Canada built the first of these comfortable cars—the President. The President—it was called a hotel car in those pining days of magnified titles—was operated by the Pullman Company, a concern that has waxed fat by extending a degree of comfort to traveling Americans. It was a sleeping car with a kitchen equipped in one end, so that meals could be served to passengers in their own sections—very much after the fashion of the buffet sleepers of today. It was a tremendous success and people began planning their trips so that they could ride on it. The first nail in the coffin of the old-time railroad eating house had been driven home. People began asking why all meals should not be served while a train was in motion. "Steamboats do not tie up at a dock every time dinner is ready," they argued.

Mr. Pullman was delighted with the success of his new car, but not satisfied with its type. So it was only a few years later that he evolved the Delmonico for the Chicago & Alton Railroad. It was devoted exclusively to restaurant purposes and was the forerunner of a mighty army of dining cars. The star of the old-time eating house began to sink. When car vestibules were perfected, along in the eighties, and the railroad began to encourage folks to go from one car to another instead of frightening them out of their seven senses if they attempted such a thing, the star had almost reached the horizon. The dining car had come into overwhelming popularity, and people began asking one another where the limit of luxury might be set.

Profits Become Deficits

But about the time that the dining car reached the height of its popularity there came a new and important factor into its history. At last the steady inpouring at the gates of the land was beginning to fill its once seemingly inexhaustible acres. Food costs began slowly to take the upgrade, and the profits of the Pullman Company from its traveling restaurants began to diminish. There came finally the day when the margin of profit on these was wiped out and the Pullman Company left the catering business. The railroads might open up the eating houses again for all it cared. It never was an eleemosynary institution.

The railroads accepted that challenge with alacrity. They seized upon the dining-car business as a splendid competitive feature, and many and many a general passenger agent went in to his president to explain that, even if they did lose a little on the dining-car business they would more than make it up by the increased traffic that their own particular and excellent restaurant service would bring to their lines. So for a time the man who traveled received for his dollar a meal such as no other land on earth could offer him.

The railroads made their eating facilities their great pride, and of such a generation was Fred Harvey.

Folks began eating regularly at his restaurants in the towns through which the Santa Fe passed, and Harvey had to put little signs up on his restaurant doors saying that his places were only for travelers. The Pennsylvania Railroad maintained in Philadelphia a station restaurant that was the pride of that staid Quaker community. It had another in Jersey City that used to tempt New Yorkers all the way across the Hudson River at lunch-time—and there were no tubes in that day and generation.

If the prices of food had been content to stand still at that level we today would probably continue to have the finest railroad restaurant service in the world. But unfortunately Ellis Island continued to pour its hosts into the land, and the railroads began to draw in on their dining-car expenses. They were fearful. More than one road was serving for a dollar a meal that cost more than that to buy and prepare and serve—and there was, besides, the cost and the upkeep of the cars themselves to come out of the reckoning. The dollar dinner languished and some of the railroads quietly dropped it and substituted the *à la carte* service.

"Bully," said the average railroad president to his G. P. A., when such a change



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was made. "Now, why don't you see if you can't make a profit out of the dining-car service?"

More of the dollar meals disappeared and the *à la carte* prices began traveling upward from the moderate scale at which they were first fixed. A man wrote last year from an interior city to the president of a big railroad, calling attention to the fact that he had on one of its dining cars been charged twenty-five cents for a baked apple with cream.

"I pay thirty cents for a baked apple with cream with my lunch at Delmonico's," was the answer.

The in-country man replied that every man who came to New York did not lunch at Delmonico's. Every mail that comes to the railroad brings its proportion of complaints about the dining-car service. It is one of the things upon which every traveler is most touchy. A woman out on an Eastern road voices a suspicious hint that the clam-shells are used over and over again, and consequently an order goes forth that hereafter all clams are to be served affixed to their shells, so that there shall be no suspicion in Salamanca or in Galion. It is a railroad department of infinite detail. Once a big railroad, in an absent-minded moment, banished pie from its dining cars. That was tempting fate, and folks in Skaneateles and Holland Patent and West Bergen began writing the passenger agent of that road, demanding the reinstatement of pie. The road could not have taken a more daring step if it had tried to abolish its sleeping-car service. There was no state regulation in those days, but it surrendered.

The Pennsylvania succeeded in abolishing pies from its cars five years ago. Still the Pennsylvania is different. With the exception of a single long trail up through Western New York it does not reach the pie belt.

When Poetry Came High

Do not think that the dining-car service of any big road is an inconsequential affair. This general passenger agent with whom we talked but a moment ago has fifty-eight cars in service on his stretch of road and eleven hundred men employed on them, and last year those cars served more than one million three hundred thousand meals. It takes some detail merely for the general handling of that service, but no G. P. A. pauses there. One of them goes so far as to have his dining-car superintendent cull over the negro waiters and sort them out by height and color, so that on one car he has nothing but short mulattoes and on another nothing but tall men of the blackest possible dye. The German army could not do better if it were selecting the Emperor's bodyguard than that G. P. A. does for the finicky patrons of his line. He brings the same regard for exquisite perfection in railroad service that the men bring who order the clams served attached and design square plates and platters. And that perfection must of necessity work itself behind the scenes.

The wife of a Long Island Congressman, bound from Washington to New York the other day, was seized with a poetic frenzy while in the dining car and began writing verse upon the back of a blank check. When she had finished she began to fold the scribbled thought. The dining-car conductor rushed toward her—not to ascertain just the kind of railroad grub that inspires poetry, but in protest. She inquired the reason why.

"They charge me five dollars for every check that is missing," he said, and the lady, being truly a lady, paid the five dollars for the privilege of keeping her verses. Out on Jim Hill's railroads they go a little farther and put before you a combination menu card and check. Opposite the list of dishes offered is the price, and the dining-car conductor punches out that price when you order. Then you pay his total, and your menu card goes the weary way of the company's auditing. The Burlington also finally found a necessity for charging its conductors for each check issued to them. Before it started such a plan it discovered that some of the men were privately printing checks and substituting them to the auditor for those that had already been used by the passengers—and there was an appreciable margin of difference between the sizes of the two sorts of checks.

The railroad is constantly on guard. Every big road has one or more secret-service employees, who do nothing but ride its lines, eat in the dining cars and station restaurants and report to headquarters the

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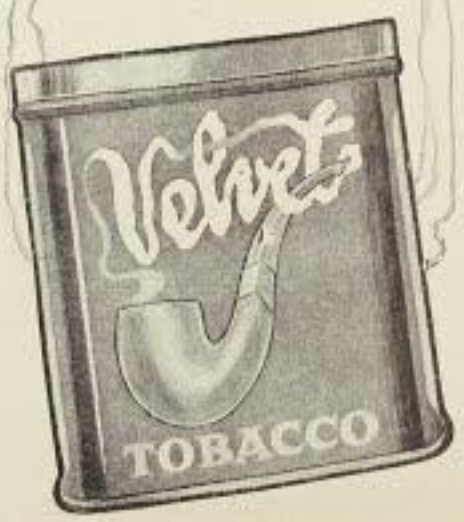
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critical results of their findings. To be a secret dining-car inspector is our idea of the one paralyzingly easy job in railroading. You must make keen inspection of the quality of the food and the manner in which it is being served—and not a report comes to headquarters without stating the manner in which the proffered tip was accepted—whether gratefully or superciliously. A certain woman travels constantly between New York and Chicago and St. Louis, making the inspection of the dress of the waitresses in the station restaurants a part of her work. "No. 18 at J—— has too much false hair," she reports in a way that convinces the G. P. A. that his woman inspector gets along with the few scraggly shreds with which Nature endowed her. "No. 7 at R—— F—— station talks too much with men travelers. She sniffed at the dime I proffered her." And probably that sniff has as much to do with No. 7 losing her job as her predilection for male patrons.

You are still facing that big general passenger agent.

Dining Cars of the Future

"Well, what is going to become of it all?" you demand of him.

"Eventually we are going to go back to the *table d'hôte* dinner," he says slowly, "although the style and price of it must be regulated by food costs. In the long run it is the only practical dinner to serve in a restaurant in which three cooks work in a kitchen eighteen feet by six. The *table d'hôte* has hung on in some parts of the country where the competition for passenger traffic is simply heartrending. I doubt if a certain railroad company could feed its tremendously heavy trains without the *table d'hôte* system. It is in every way a practical sort of meal, because it makes for an economical handling of time and space in the dining car. Did you ever stand in the aisle and hungrily watch a fellow linger over his dessert and then, just as you were about to snatch his chair, have him decide to linger over after-dinner coffee?"

You reply fervently that you have.

"That is the mischief of trying to conduct a general café in a crowded car, with more than crowded facilities. We have tried every way to get round it. One road even went so far as to plan a double dining car—the whole of one car to be used as a dining room and the greater part of the adjoining one for a kitchen. But the only way out of it is the *table d'hôte* for the high-class, high-speed trains and a revival of the eating house for the slower through express trains. That will take care both of the man who has a lot to spend on his meal and of the man who must watch his traveling expenditures mighty carefully. Moreover, we will borrow a leaf from the English roads and serve the dinner in even relays and at set hours. The seats in the dining car will be numbered, and you will have one reserved for you at a set hour, just as you reserve your parlor-car seat today. Such a scheme is already successfully worked on the biggest of the passenger lines on the Great Lakes, and it makes for kitchen order, kitchen discipline and a mighty well-pleased passenger."

Sometimes these G. P. A.'s talk with an astounding amount of good sense. Most of them are steadily working out the problems of the passenger. It is much easier to cross the continent today than it was ten years ago and the traveler of 1901 had comforts of which his forerunner of 1891 did not even dream. So, after all, the dining-car problems are solvable. Most railroad problems are. And to their solution a lot of keen-witted men are constantly working—think of that fellow who wants to put the square plates in the dining cars!

The Difference

PEOPLE who work for wages are inclined to think the army and navy retirement law, by which officers in those services are retired after they reach a certain age on three-quarters pay, is a most desirable proposition.

Army and navy officers do not like it. A brigadier who had just been retired and had nothing to do was asked how he liked the change.

"Well," he said, "the only difference to an officer between retirement by law and retirement by death is that when you are retired by law you don't have to go to Arlington, the national cemetery.

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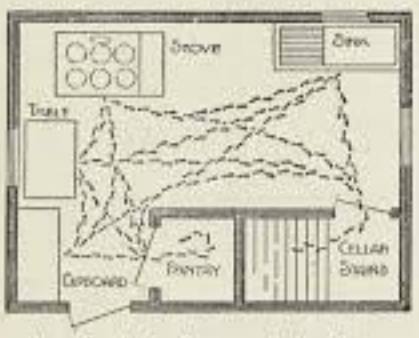
My Escape From Kitchen Drudgery

[BY AN EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER]

Note: This is the second of a series of articles on "Model Kitchens." The next will be a story by a woman who built a new house.

DURING my thirty years of married life, I have lived in seven different houses and tried twenty-four hired girls. Some of the kitchens were so-called "convenient" and some were frankly old-fashioned.

The last house we moved into four years ago had, I think, the most inconvenient kitchen of all. Just at that time



I took hundreds of steps gathering things onto the table

my last hired girl left me. I tried for months to get another and wore myself out meanwhile doing my own work.

I grew discouraged with looking for kitchen help. The drudgery had become intolerable. My health was breaking under the strain. I *had* to do something.

That is what set me looking about. That is how I came to "discover" my Hoosier Cabinet.

Right here let me ask why do women wait until they are worn out before they begin to look for the inexpensive labor-savers at hand? If I had only had my Hoosier when I first needed it! But I am ahead of my story. As soon as I got my Hoosier, which, by the way, I paid for in a few weeks, a dollar a week, I discarded my kitchen table.



When I clean my Hoosier I let sunshine and air into every corner

That was four years ago. As I sit now at the big aluminum work table of my Hoosier, with everything in easy reach, I think of the miles of steps I had to take every day and the extra work I had to do those months before the Hoosier came.

I can see myself baking a cake as I did during the treadmill days of this big kitchen—going to the stuffy dark closet for my mixing spoon and porcelain bowl, then to the cellar-stair shelf where I kept the eggs; one trip down cellar for butter and buttermilk; back to the closet again for sugar and salt; another trip for flour; an extra trip for baking powder and still another for the flavoring extract. I took hundreds of steps around the kitchen gathering onto the table things that went into that cake, and putting them back.



I can reach the highest shelf without getting up

My Hoosier changed all that. It fitted nicely between my stove and sink in less space than my old table filled. I did away with my cupboard and almost entirely quit using the dingy old closet. My dishes, flavoring extracts and package goods I keep in the big cupboard in the top of my Hoosier. I can reach the highest shelf without getting up.

When I want to clean out my Hoosier I simply take out the contents and all the movable shelves—open the doors and roll it on its ball bearing casters in front of the open door. I can let sunshine and air into every corner.

So my Hoosier *is* my model kitchen. It saves me endless steps. If I have to move again, I can have a model kitchen now in a few minutes, no matter how old-fashioned the house. I am independent of hired girls. My Hoosier is better a hundred times than any hired girl I ever had—and the wages of a hired girl for a very few weeks paid for it.

If your kitchen isn't perfect as you could wish send to the Hoosier Company as I did for the fascinating little free Model Kitchen Book, "Saving Miles of Steps."

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BUSINESS HELPS

IN ONE of the great retail establishments of New York there is a salesman who is surely the most silent of his calling. No one ever heard him argue or urge a sale, or solicit an order, or talk back; in fact, no one ever heard him talk at all, for he is deaf and dumb!

The fact is he is relied upon to hold the trade of the deaf and dumb of the city—such being the specialization of modern business methods!—and in this he fully fulfills expectations. The deaf and dumb like to go to the store; for, through the presence of this salesman of their own kind, it is a place where they are certain to be treated in an ordinary and matter-of-course way, instead of being stared and gaped at as astonishing objects of curiosity. Here their infirmity seems to be no infirmity at all.

Of course there is not enough trade of this nature, even in so great a city as New York, to occupy the man's full time; and so, to relieve the case of even the appearance of philanthropy—whether to him or his fellow-mutes—he has also been made one of the receiving clerks, he having a very clear head and being absolutely reliable.

The house is, indeed, a house of wide ramifications in specialization in regard to its salesmen. Every man is not only expected, as a matter of course, to be able to meet successfully the regular run of possible customers, but a policy of unusual scope has been adopted deliberately and carefully followed up—a policy that looks for business advantages to come from the very relaxations of their men and even from the location of their homes.

One man is an ardent yachtsman. His friends, seeing him at regattas or idling round a yachtsman's clubhouse, or hearing him discoursing eagerly of this, that or the other boat and its looks and speed, are apt merely to think that he has employers who are generous in giving him spare time. As a matter of fact, however, he is often working hardest when he is apparently playing. Tact and the ability to make suggestions by apparent indirection are necessary for his work; and he manages, indirectly but none the less successfully, to have the impression get abroad that in the store with which he is connected any man of the sea can find just the things he ought to have.

Another of the selling staff is a bowler. The house knows he belongs to half a dozen bowling clubs. He is an expert, too, and really likes to hear the rumble of the balls and the crashing fall of the pins. He can make fine scores, and thus wins the valuable asset of respect; but he is diplomatic enough to do more than win. Upon this salesman devolves the important duty of gaining for the house the trade of the great army of bowlers.

A Churchman to Churchmen

Still another has the responsibility of the clergy. High-church himself, he is not only familiar with robes, copes, cottas and vestments in general, but also with the precise needs—in coats, waistcoats and ties—of the clergy when off duty. Nor is it only with the needs of the men of one denomination that he must be familiar; he knows the subtle differences between Methodist and Presbyterian, Baptist and Dutch Reformed, and how these differences may sartorially be expressed. In his own appearance he has somehow come to express, modestly and unobtrusively, a certain aspect of churchliness; and he certainly stands as a curious exemplar of wise business strategy. In buying or ordering stock for the store his advice is invaluable, and he is also relied upon when bids are to be made for such things as the outfitting of surpliced choirs.

Upon one of the salesmen falls the duty of keeping in touch with the politicians—an important and free-spending part of the city's population. To him the intricacies of politics and the myriad names of local politicians are as well known as they are to a political reporter; to him, a defeated politician is almost as valuable as a politician victorious, for the defeated man still has money to spend—though not so much as if he had won!—and will spend it somewhere; so why not guide the spending into the best possible line? This man is not active in expressing his own views, nor is he prominent in political clubs, for that way disaster would lie; but he makes himself welcome and companionable and is an excellent guest and has a vast acquaintance. He may be depended upon to buy tickets for the annual College Point outings of the important district leaders; and may even be seen somewhere near the head of the procession when, the outing over and the men landed from the big steamers, they march through street after street to the accompaniment of blaring music and sizzling fireworks.

Most of the leading salesmen live in the suburbs—for in the city there are no neighbors, and neighbors are a potential asset in the purview of this astute house. The choice of the suburb, however—though of course perfectly open, this being the land of the free—is not without such guidance as an intelligent man can discern in a wide-working system. It is seldom that two good men live in the same suburb, no matter how close they may be as friends; indeed, it would be distinctly unfriendly on the part of the newer-comer, for he would seem to be seeking to take the other's trade; the fact being that each salesman is supposed to be able to make friends and customers for the house among his neighbors and those with whom he rides back and forth on the commuters' trains.

A Grocer's Policy Toward Children

"Make friends for yourself and the house!" is indeed the motto more or less plainly set forth by the management and gladly lived up to by the salesmen; for the house has taught them to know that the more friends they make for the house the larger will be their salaries.

. . . . . .

So long as there are characters various, minds various, there will be plans and policies various; and I have been greatly interested to learn that one great house, a grocery house operating a long chain of stores in one of the Eastern cities, owes its success—so its founder believes—to his policy, fixed and definite from the very beginning, of paying special attention to children.

His own practice and the practice of the clerks right under his own eye, even in the first store he started, conformed to this rule: "Never neglect the children. Be fair to everybody, be courteous to everybody, whether old or young, whether man, woman or child. If you can help it never neglect one person for another; never neglect the poor for the rich or the rich for the poor, the young for the old or the old for the young; but, whenever there must be some difference in service or attention and a child is concerned, give the preference to the child."

Said the founder, in explanation of his rule: "My instructions have been precise and peremptory from the first; and I think the policy adopted at the beginning, and kept up as store after store was opened, has been the principal basis of my success.

"You see, I realized from the first that the grocery business is peculiarly a business that depends upon women. And I not only realized that obvious truth, but I acted upon what seemed to me a natural sequence—namely, that all women are pleased if they know their children are pleased.

"If men or children go into a grocery store it is for the woman of the house that they do so; and I knew that women would like a place where their children would be properly and fairly cared for and where they would be treated with consideration—not shoved aside and waited upon only when the store is empty of older folk, as some firms do it.

"Women want to feel, when they are too busy to go to a store themselves, that they can send Polly or Jimmy and that they will do just as well—that the goods will be just as good and the prices just right. And they also want more than that. They want to feel that Jimmy and Polly won't come home feeling slighted and telling how they had to wait or were carelessly crowded aside; and they don't want to feel that the child is given the burnt loaf of bread, the small lemons or the wrong brand of baking powder.

"I don't mean that we look out specially for the children's own tiny purchases. It isn't a matter of the size of the purchase, whether little or big; but, as a matter of

fact, their purchases with us are usually just the same as those of older people, for the very reason that mothers know they can send them and save their own time.

"Now you may think that my standpoint and policy are, at least to some extent, due to the fact that in my string of stores I sell at what are called popular prices; but that is not it. I should have precisely the same rule even if I catered only to the wealthy instead of to all classes. Any woman, poor or rich, likes to feel that her child is not slighted. It's a matter of pride. It is really a very minor matter if the husband, dropping into a store, finds half a dozen kiddies lined up at the counter and must wait his turn until they are served. The wife at home merely smiles tolerantly when the husband complains of it. 'Oh, well; that was too bad. I must try to send Eddie or Nellie next time and not bother you.' You see, she knows it was somebody else's Eddie or Nellie that was well cared for, and she sympathized with the children and liked the store.

"And so, no matter if it's the best customer on my list that's waiting, with carriage and coachman out there in front, every salesman of mine knows that if a little girl who wants only a two-cent yeast cake was in the store first she must be attended to first."

. . . . . .

I knew of a successful grocer in an Ohio city who owes much of his success to his reputation for fairness. In matters of complaint he is ready to be seen personally, instead of hiding behind subordinates.

The Old Soldier's Chipped Beef

"When customers think they have a grievance I don't believe in making them tell about it through a four-by-six-inch hole to a clerk, who is pretty sure to take it indifferently. The handling of grievances is too important to be slighted." Yet this man is far from being what is termed an easy mark. It is merely that he is ready to give complaints a full and fair consideration; and at the same time it gives him an exact knowledge of all carelessness and shiftlessness on the part of his working force.

One day a poor man, an old soldier, sought him out.

"Mr. B," he said, "there is discrimination in your store against the poor."

"Certainly not that I know of," was the prompt reply.

"But there is. And the proof is that you charge me more for chipped beef than you charge most people."

The grocer, though a millionaire, was interested, for he saw that the man was in earnest.

"Tell me just what you mean," he said.

"Well, it's this way: I have just bought a quarter of a pound of chipped beef. I know that is a small purchase, but it's all I can afford at one time. Well, your price is thirty-three cents a pound: and so for my quarter pound I am charged nine cents, or thirty-six cents a pound. If I bought half a pound I should have to pay at the rate of thirty-four cents. It's only the very well-to-do who can buy at thirty-three."

The grocer considered a moment.

"You are right," he said; "and this particular purchase of yours will be at the rate of thirty-two cents. I thank you for calling my attention to the point; and I will try to see that in the future there shall be no prices—of chipped beef or anything else—that won't divide fairly for all classes of purchasers."

This story got abroad and aided materially in strengthening the popularity of the largest grocery in Ohio.

. . . . . .

A widely known business man, an employer of thousands, is generally fair with his customers as a matter of business policy and pride, but is inclined to be extremely sharp with his own employees. He is hard to suit and has little or no consideration for any employee who has not quite measured up to expectations. What he did in the case of two men recently tempted from independent business to join his staff is a story that inculcates caution in the handling of contracts.

Both of the men, treated with separately, held out not only for a big salary but for at least a three-year contract. Nothing that the employer could urge, as to leaving freedom of action on both sides, could move them, for they were closing up their own particular businesses to join him; and so the contracts, to run for three years, were signed.

By the expiration of the second month, however, the employer was dissatisfied. The work of neither man had come up to his expectations, as measured by results. He felt that he was paying too much for them and lamented the existence of the contract.

He sent for one of them to come to his private office; and the man at once responded, much wondering whether he was to get words of condemnation or commendation—for he, too, had been figuring on what business and profits had accrued from his connection with the house.

The employer positively beamed. "Mr. X, I am delighted that thus far your association with us has been so satisfactory," he began; whereupon X expressed his warm pleasure that his employer should feel so well pleased.

"It has always been my policy," went on the employer, "to recognize and reward proved merit. In your case, I feel that the contract with you was for far too small a sum, and so I will increase it by five hundred a year. If the improvement and the unexpectedly good results still continue you may depend upon it that there will be further substantial recognition." Whereupon the man could only try to express his surprised acknowledgments.

At the end of another month he was sent for again, and this time he responded with a smile and feeling of the greatest confidence. He felt the strongest satisfaction, as he approached the private office, that he had closed up his own business and identified himself with this great house. The employer's manner, however, was very cold.

"Mr. X," he said harshly, "I am sorry, but your efforts recently have not been up to the standard and I must lose you. Our association must come to an end."

"But," spluttered the unfortunate, "our contract ——"

"Oh, that!" The employer waved his hand airily. "That was given up, you know, by both of us, and became of no force when I paid and you accepted a salary of a different amount."

Meanwhile the other man had been approached with honeyed words of commendation and a similar offer of increased pay. This man, however, was wiser. He had never heard of this particular game, but his instinct told him to be on his guard.

"I thank you," he said quietly; "but I always like to keep to the terms of a contract, even if it is against me. If, at the end of our three years, you still wish to increase my salary I shall be greatly pleased."

Better Factory Methods

Merchants and manufacturers are fast coming to a better understanding of a systematic handling of their business and every year sees definite steps taken toward safe progressive methods. As these better plans increase and work out there will be correspondingly fewer failures; higher ideals will be established and more satisfactory results will be obtained, affecting both the employer and his men, to their mutual benefit and advantage.

A large retail concern wished to increase its capital; their bookkeeper gave a statement of their past performances, but it failed to have the desired effect on the investors. Not to be defeated in their project, they employed a firm of recognized accountants who prepared a report and whose work was taken at its face value. The plan went through successfully. In the first effort there was no reflection on the bookkeeper, nor were there doubts as to the firm's ability to make good; but careful investors want facts from disinterested outside parties who are professional, unbiased and dependable. This shows the importance of good auditors.

It seems almost incredible that manufacturers who understand their business very thoroughly are so careless about important financial details. A certain small manufacturer allowed his workmen so to manipulate certain articles they turned out that they were actually paid twice for their work, and were not detected until an effective system was placed in operation. This system was arranged in such a way that a perpetual inventory was built up from the payroll; if the workman made six dozen of any article the stock clerk must receive six dozen and credit that number entered. The office knew the exact output at any time and also the amount of stock in the hands of the workmen.



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THESE are the decisive style clothes, positive in high quality, full of character, but without undesirable extremes. They are such clothes as a refined and discriminating dresser will admire and approve. Go to the store that sells ADLER'S COLLEGIAN CLOTHES,—when you try on a suit or overcoat your problem of securing good, stylishly fitting, becoming clothes will be solved. Price range, $15 to $30.

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SAVES twenty minutes on every hour—a third of your time—compared with ironing done in the ordinary way. One iron does all the work and stays hot until the ironing's finished.

You save that continual walking to and from the range, conserving strength as well as time. Thus, with the ironing finished earlier, you have energy for other tasks.

The ironing will be better, for the work is not so exhausting, and the iron always stays clean and smooth.

These advantages are due to the "American Beauty" Iron pictured above.

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Mr. Out and the World

By H. D. KATHVIR

Some Ideas on Securing Employment

IF A MAKER of gaskets or a dealer in cullet were to advertise for a clerk at a splendid salary by means of the usual newspaper ad, and he were to state his business but omit his name, concluding the advertisement with the usual "Address A-B-C, Daily News," the chances are he would receive several hundred letters in reply, but that not one of these applicants would have good generalship enough to open the city directory, make a list of the half dozen firms engaged in these lines of business and make a personal call.

I believe I am entirely correct in saying that the average man is surprised when he loses his job. Somehow a brief period of steady employment gives him an Atlaslike feeling. The world, in short, depends upon his occupying his accustomed post. Yet there is nothing more certain than change. Every worker may soon lose his job. Some day the business man, red and flustered, may emerge from the bank—forced to face the world anew, having lost his business, which is his job. Some day the president of the bank may find that the directors have "regretfully decided to accept his resignation." The salesman or clerk who finds himself adrift differs only in degree from the president of a railroad who is ousted through a Wall Street feud.

A survey of the field is worth the attention of all. A merchant who knows just what he would do in case of panic is far less liable to fail than the cocksure trader who says "They can't get me!" and so forth, meanwhile paying one note with another and starting one new scheme after another in a desperate effort to keep afloat.

Broadly speaking, the reason men lose their jobs is because a round peg won't fit a square hole. In pointed vernacular, they don't "belong." A round peg, as it grows old, often develops sharp edges; and so, though a perfect fit in the beginning, it finally reaches a state where a change becomes necessary. On the other hand, many a square hole of a job contracts and contracts until, in time, it resembles the bore of a nail. Unless the worker is satisfied to contract with the job, a change is the only thing. This being the case, it is safe to say that in the majority of cases there is absolutely nothing in the thought of a worker that "The boss has it in for him!"—or that he has enemies, and so on. I don't believe I ever saw an employer who did not wish a discharged worker well. Of course the really unfit of all kinds are outside the scope of this article.

The Good-Will of Employers

Let us call our cogwheel that no longer runs smoothly Mr. Out. Mr. Out should dismiss from his mind all notions that he is a victim. Even if his employer has been severe, and perhaps unjust, the reason is not a personal one. The employer is only a steward—he cannot have men on his payroll that he considers unprofitable; and the employer must be the judge. Almost always Mr. Out has plenty of intimation that he should move on. Right here he should grasp the vast difference between "resigning" and being "dismissed." A clerk who "left of his own volition" and one who was "put out" are entirely different things in the eyes of the next employer. So great is the difference that one would think Mr. Out would realize it. Yet, in practical affairs, what do we see?" Almost total blindness to this important point. In the next place, when a change is to take place somebody is dissatisfied. Mr. Out should see to it that he is the one. This will help in getting a new job. Let Mr. Out approach his present employer, who has already found fault with him or with conditions that point unmistakably in his direction, and say to him frankly:

"I am not satisfied here. I want to try to better myself. Will you help me?"

Not one employer in a hundred would refuse such a request.

Then what should be done? In the first place, Mr. Out should get permission to write a letter on the letter-head of his old employer to other houses in related lines of business. A letter from a man who is at present in a job, which states that he refers by fullest permission to the man he is now working for—what a different thing this is from the appeal on plain notepaper that the same Mr. Out would be forced to write a few days later!

Men who are in the business like the game. I have known merchants to "stop everything," as the saying goes, to try to place a Mr. Out. When the deed is done the business man congratulates Mr. Out and himself; and what started out to be a tragedy becomes a comedy, with the happiest kind of ending.

Mr. Out will find that the mere point of view makes all the difference in the world. Let us say he is earning twenty-five dollars a week. Now, since he must make the change with all its risk and nervous wear and tear, what folly to even think of accepting a position at twenty dollars! No, indeed! Now is his time to enter the next grade higher. This fits in perfectly with the whole campaign. He is dissatisfied; he can't get any higher where he is. He convinces himself that, given the chance, he can earn thirty dollars in a new field.

Mr. Out, by this course, takes advantage of human nature as it is. Nobody wants a failure—a has-been. Everybody wants a live one—a comer.

That the best plan is to look for a new job in a line of business closely related to that in which he has had training seems too obvious to overlook. Yet Mr. Out, in many cases, falls a victim to the delusion that the grass is greener down the road; so he turns to something new.

The Right Kind of Letter

Rather, Mr. Out should take advantage of this phase of human nature. If he offers his services to a smaller firm than the one he has been working for, or to a firm in a smaller city, he stands an excellent chance to cash in on the scenery. Thus many a man from the East is given preference over home-grown Western talent. On the other hand, we occasionally hear of plums in Eastern circles being given to men from the corn belt.

Assuming that a part of Mr. Out's campaign is to answer advertisements calling for such talent as he has to offer, Mr. Out often realizes that he is at a disadvantage in answering these want advertisements; but, having reached that conclusion, he goes over to the newspaper office just the same and sets forth his need of a position on the manila paper furnished by the newspaper. Often he writes in pencil. Of course he seldom gets an answer to his wretched scrawls. Sometimes he consumes days and even weeks in this almost hopeless exercise.

I knew one Mr. Out, however, who reasoned thus: The best letters asking for jobs are written by those who are out of employment most frequently and thus get lots of practice in writing. As I have never before been out of work my efforts must look very crude. Therefore I will work up one first-class letter and send it to everybody.

As a beginning, he advertised for a clerk for himself. He took the hundred replies he received and selected all the strong points which fitted his case. Finally he produced a letter that was fairly startling in efficiency. It was carefully typewritten on a folded bond letter-size sheet and mailed in a large—number ten—envelope. Thus it stood at least a fifty-to-one chance of being read when received in a pile of a hundred dingy little manila envelopes. It stuck out like a good deed in a naughty world. The comeback was of the positive kind. This letter was the master key to the situation. Postal-card invitations—"Please call"—fell upon this young man in a refreshing shower. It was his to pick and choose. And no wonder; for every merchant is really looking for the same thing, which is an assistant with brains.

One of the delights of literature is the opening chapter of Tommy and Grizel. J. M. Barrie has never done anything better. It tells of Tommy's call upon the colossal O. P. Pym, who has been given a bunch of want-ad replies by a newspaper

friend. Tommy—or "Mr. Landys," as Barrie dubs him—has answered almost every want advertisement in the newspaper and in each letter has described himself as the ideal candidate for each position. His deception in representing himself a model for many different kinds of positions is somewhat offset by his courageous efforts "to find a way." He determines that he is to live in London; and, being without friends, Tommy simply must get a job—and that's all there is to it. Pym extracts vast amusement from Tommy's effort to find out which advertiser he is calling upon; for clearly it is dangerous to talk until he possesses this knowledge. Tommy wonders if Pym could be the Number 123 who had a vacancy for a page boy to whom Tommy had written: "I am a little over fourteen—but I look less!" Or was he the Glasgow man who needed a photographer's assistant, to whom Tommy had written: "I am a little under twenty—but I look more!"

This brings up the point that one of the great underlying troubles with Mr. Out is that he seldom realizes that even the kindest and most humane merchant must recognize the fact that "business is business." Often he fritters away his precious opportunity by telling how grievously he needs the job—or other personal matters. Right from the jump he should forget his angle and talk of the other man's affairs: "You need such a man; you ought to have a man with such and such knowledge and experience." An applicant who can talk intelligently along these lines is seldom out of work long—for the man who can make the chart usually comes pretty near to being a good sailor.

How Mr. Innit Helped

To clinch the importance of the viewpoint, let me narrate briefly an instance which came under my observation in the course of twenty years' conduct of the employment file in a large corporation:

A certain young man who was the assistant of a well-known and successful merchant left that concern to enter a new business. This business failed in the course of a couple of years and the young man found himself out of employment. He had a wife and child and, after a few weeks of idleness, was forced to accept a very poorly paid berth. He tried to regain his former position, but that was being filled in a satisfactory manner by another man. Things were rapidly getting desperate with him, when one evening his wife, whom we will call Mrs. Out—and the Mrs. Outs and the little Outs are what make the problem such a vital one—said to him:

"Fred, I believe your old employer, Mr. Innit, could get you a place if you would ask him."

Fred shook his head despondently.

"You know he has a good man in my old job."

"I mean," Mrs. Out insisted, "that he could get you a position with some other firm."

"Haven't I tried everybody?" rejoined the husband despairingly.

"Well, try Mr. Innit tomorrow."

So the next day Fred asked Mr. Innit to help him. Innit said:

"Why don't you write to somebody and get a job?"

"I have."

"Let me see the letter."

Fred found a copy of the letter and Innit said:

"My goodness! Wasn't it bad enough for you to be connected with Failure & Company without telling everybody so in the first line of your letter. Forget it, man! Forget it! Here—I will dictate a letter for you."

Calling his stenographer, he dictated a letter which began as follows:

"For seven years I was the confidential assistant to Mr. Innit. He will vouch for me. I know that my experience and acquaintance with the needs of your business would make me a very valuable man to you," and so on.

"There!" said Innit when he had finished the letter. "Now just send out three hundred carefully written copies of this to firms that know me; sign each one in longhand and inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope. You can do the whole thing for twenty dollars, and I'll bet you twenty dollars you'll get a job—so you can't lose."

Mr. Out began to see a dim light; but only his faith in Mr. Innit enabled him to carry the matter through. However, he followed directions implicitly.

The letters were mailed about Thursday night. Monday morning, as Innit was sitting at his desk, Fred rushed in, looking fully ten years younger. He had a pile of letters in one hand and half a dozen telegrams in the other.

After a week's correspondence the net result of the whole thing was that he had offers of seventeen positions—all at better wages than he had ever earned in his life.

This story is not overdrawn, but is exactly in accordance with facts—the names alone being changed.

It may interest other Mr. Outs to know that, when Fred was once more in a secure berth and things were again at par in his little home, Mrs. Out could not refrain from saying:

"Well, what did I tell you?"

Record Lobsters

MUCH bitter experience has shown that no animal useful to man is so numerous that it may not be practically exterminated within a comparatively few years. The lobster grounds of the North Atlantic Coast were the finest the world has ever known—a strip seven thousand miles long when measured along the curves of the shore. In Canada alone this field had been known to yield one hundred million lobsters in a single year. It was a vast natural preserve which, if properly dealt with, would have yielded a plentiful supply of lobsters for all time to come.

Man, however—greedy as usual—has killed the goose that laid the golden egg. In the year 1740, lobsters in the markets of Boston—large ones—cost three halfpence each; and this abundance continued for over a century. Today the price is thirty-five cents a pound; and, if one would buy a lobster for dinner, one must pay from sixty cents to one dollar for it.

It is believed that a lobster may live fifty years or more. The male is bigger than the female, and the very large ones are all old males. These giants, occasionally caught, are the lucky individuals who, through sheer good fortune, have escaped capture for an extraordinary length of time.

The fishery, however, has been carried on by such intensive methods—the seabottom being raked as if with a fine-tooth comb—that very few lobsters have been able within recent years to survive for any extended period. Consequently large ones are seldom seen nowadays.

A tabulated list of fourteen of the biggest specimens ever captured on the Atlantic Coast—of which authentic weights and measurements have been preserved—puts the biggest of them all at thirty-four pounds and exactly twenty-three and three-quarters inches from nose to tail. It was taken off the Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, in 1897, and was sent to the New York Aquarium, where it survived only a few days. Though defunct, it was carefully preserved and may now be seen at the American Museum of Natural History, in Manhattan. Measured with its great claws stretched to the fullest extent in front of its head, it is nearly four feet long.

The first attempt to acclimatize the North Atlantic lobster on the Pacific Coast was made in 1874, when five hundred and ninety specimens of both sexes—many of the females bearing eggs—were successfully transported across the continent and planted at various points from Monterey Bay to Puget Sound. Since then other efforts in the same direction have been made, whole carloads of brood lobsters being consigned to the waters of Puget Sound in 1906 and 1907. Up to date, the experiments have not developed any very definite and satisfactory results; but the Fisheries Bureau is confident that the object in view—namely, the development of a lobster fishery on a commercial scale along the Pacific shore of the United States—will be attained sooner or later, perhaps with the help of artificial propagation.



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London and Paris Agents sell "ONYX" Hose successfully and tens of thousands of Americans *Know, Wear,* and *Believe* in "ONYX" Quality and are loyal to this brand.

Every member of the family can find a pair of "ONYX" Hose in every Fabric, Color and at every Price suitable for any Function, from Silk to Cotton.

"ONYX" Silk Hose for Men and Women at $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00 per pair command special attention. Their Beauty and Durability will surprise you.

For Serviceable Fall Wear, qualities especially adapted for Comfort and Durability, we advise you to consider our splendid Silk Lisle, Lisle and Sea Island Cotton Numbers as described below:—

FOR WOMEN

B 489
Women's "ONYX" Medium weight Silk Lisle in black and colors, with "DOUBLE TOP" and Spliced Heel and Toe; exceedingly strong.
25c per pair

310/13
Women's "ONYX" Black four-thread Plain Lisle with six-thread heel and toe; Medium weight; Improved "DUB-L TOP." Extra durable.
50c per pair

409 K
Women's "ONYX" "DUB-L TOP" Black, White and Tan Silk Lisle with "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe; feels and looks like silk; wears better.
50c per pair

E 710
Women's "ONYX" Black and Tan "DUB-L TOP" and "WYDETOP" Light weight Lisle with "DOUBLEX" splicing at heel and toe and double sole—very wide on top without extra width all over.
50c per pair

E 607
Women's "ONYX" Black Gauze Silklisle, with "DUB-L TOP" and "DOUBLEX" splicing at heel and toe and double sole—a perfect lightweight hose.
75c per pair

OUT-SIZE HOSE

170 S
Women's "ONYX" Gauze Lisle "DUB-L TOP" Black, White, Pink, Tan, Cardinal, Sky, Navy, Violet. "DOUBLEX" heel and toe.
50c per pair

120 M
Women's "ONYX" Medium weight Silk Lisle; Black, White and Tan, with Improved "DUB-L TOP" and "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe.
50c per pair

FOR CHILDREN

B 1274
Boys' "ONYX" Seamless 1x1 Ribbed Heavy Cotton Hose; Black and Tan. Sizes 6 to 10.
25c per pair

FOR MEN

1700/14
Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle; Black and Colors; Medium weight; Spliced Heel and Toe; Elastic Ribbed Top. A very superior quality.
25c per pair

300 K
Men's "ONYX" Silk Lisle; Medium weight; "DOUBLEX" Splicing at Heel and Toe; Black and Colors. An exceptional value.
35c per pair
3 for $1.00

E 325
Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored Silk Lisle, "DOUBLEX" splicing at Heel and Toe. "The Satisfactory Hose."
50c per pair

E 310
Men's "ONYX" Black and Colored four-thread Lisle with six-thread heel and toe; seasonable weight. Known by most men as "The Best Hose I ever wore."
50c per pair

755 Z
Men's "ONYX" Superfine Sea Island Cotton; Unbleached Split Sole; Black only.
50c per pair

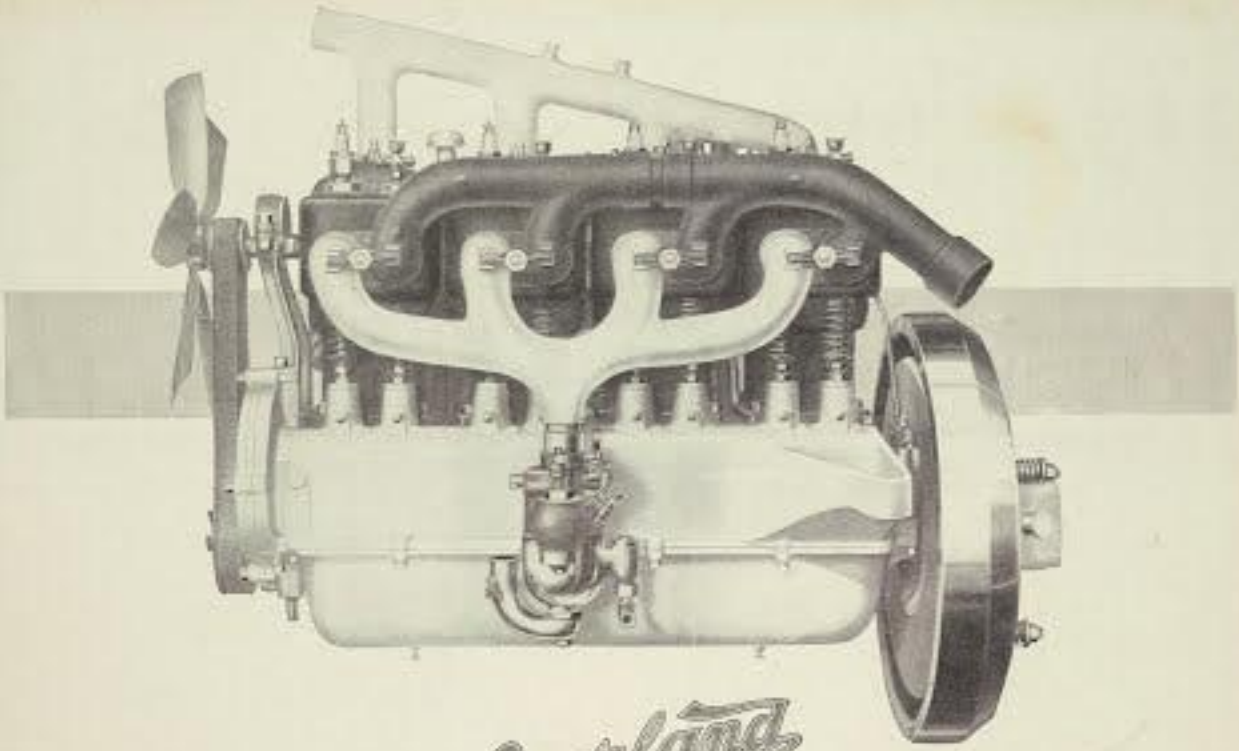
X 54
Misses' "ONYX" Seamless 1 x 1 Ribbed Silk Lisle Hose; Black, White, Pink, Sky, Tan and Red. Sizes 5 to 10.
25c per pair

Sold by reputable merchants everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest dealer or send post paid any number desired.

Write to Dept. E. P.

Lord & Taylor New York

Wholesale Distributors



Overland

A Word About the Efficient Motor In This $900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

The motor of an automobile is like the movement of a fine watch. A fancy watch case might make a very handsome ornament, but if it hides a cheap movement it makes a worthless timepiece. When *you* consider a car the first thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer go into minute detail. This will give you a better idea of the car's real value.

Any manufacturer can tell you his motor is efficient, dependable, reliable, economical—he should give you all of the regular, old, stock-in-trade adjectives. These words are all found in the dictionary. But beyond that you don't hear very much. Anyone can make a powerful motor, but when it comes to backing it up with sound facts—that's a horse of another color. The purpose of this is to tell real power in one 3-inch engine, and how we have put more than one 4-inch motor's power into it and how it is made, and anyone who is the least bit mechanical will recognize a really good engine.

It is utterly impossible in the space in an ad like this to go into the matter as thoroughly as we would like to. But there are facts we can tell you, the effect and relative value of which we know to be by the most efficient test—the one every motor car has to stand—the test of time, when a motor can prove its worth or fail. An action is just as fine as the brains behind it.

The motor in our $900 five-passenger Line-Knight touring car is the four-cylinder four-cycle type.

Cylinders have large water-jackets and are cast singly, increasing cooling efficiency with the advantage of being able to replace a single cylinder at low cost should an accident occur. These cylinders are cast from a close grained metal from our own formula. The crank shaft and connecting rods and all other forgings are of high carbon manganese steel.

All bearings, cylinders, piston and rings are ground to accurate and uniform size, insuring long life, freedom from noisy and positive compression. The cylinders are offset from the crank shaft, to obviate the dead center at the time of impulse. The motor is supported on three points from the main frame, which is braced for this purpose, thus dispensing with the crankcase arm and added weight of a crankcase. This construction is ideal, as it allows for the removal of the oil trough freely and effectively, the handling of the disengagement. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts that might possibly require attention.

The valves are made from heavy drop forgings and heads accurately ground to a uniform thickness. All the working surfaces of the valves are ground to a workmanship part of an inch. They are of the high-speed type and interchangeable. Owing to their peculiar design and large size they enable the motor to develop at least fifteen per cent more horsepower than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The lower end of the valve stem is hardened and ground to contact with a fiber insert in the adjusting screw, which in turn fits into the square push rod. This construction largely to the silence of the valve action, and permits adjustment for proper timing.

The cam shafts are also forged for our own drop-forge plant, which is the largest in the industry of its kind and one hundred. They are ground and machined automatically, which assure positive accuracy in the relative position of cam and its operation. Owing to the large bearing area for support, the motor will run indefinitely without perceptible change in valve timing, for which possibility, however, a means of adjustment is provided.

This is the only car of its class with a live-bearing crank shaft. This feature gives support to each unit of main connecting rod as it delivers its power stroke, which insures the greatest possible rigidity and keeps the crankshaft in perfect line on its bearing. The crank shaft is drop forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of extremely liberal proportions, resulting in quietness and extreme long life.

The timing gears are cast in one section, of the finest grade of aluminum alloy obtainable. Each tooth is used principally for lightness, and while seven inches in diameter, the gears are of unusually wide face and consequently very massive strength. The meshing of these gears is driven on cut teeth.

We equip the motor with a standard carburetor, chosen for its adaptability to the work required. The special advantages are those of quick responsiveness and consequent easy starting, economy of fuel with the greatest possible range of power for a given quantity, and satisfactory operation at all speeds, including difficult and economical at slow running speed. In very accessible location, for simplicity of adjustment and the ease with which the carburetor may be removed in case of repairing.

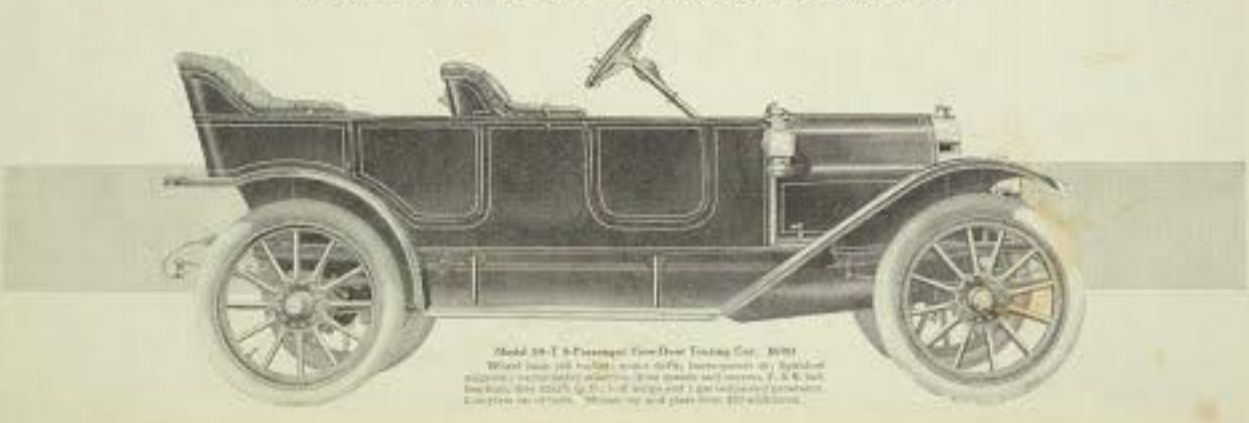
No other motor in the world is given a more severe test and thorough inspection. Just as soon as it is manufactured ready to be tested into the frame, it is sent down to the engine testing room for what is known as a break test. The engine is belted to the test block, and driven by other machinery which power is delivered up to thirty-six horsepower. Then it is put under the load and run from 8 to 10 hours under its own power. During this time you frequently watch the engine performance constantly, noting it responsive to brake, pull, its fuel adjustment, based on long experience, it is ready to be inspected by the foreman in charge of this department. Then the foreman goes into an exhaustive of the engine very thoroughly. And if there is the slightest indication of anything but the smoothest sort of work—if the engine does not turn up the power that it should—it is sent back to the chief inspector of the engine assembly department.

After being thoroughly tested, the engine are sent, together with the remainder of the parts, to the assembled chassis, down to the chassis assembly room, where they are assembled and then carried over to the road testing department.

The above gives you a good idea of the thoroughness of the motor in this $900 car. And every other part of this automobile is just as good as it can be made. It is a high grade car, and a careful comparison of the entire machine will absolutely prove to your own satisfaction that in other motor car but the car at this price without losing money.

We have published a book for those who cannot come to Toledo and have a trip through our enormous plants. It takes you over the entire factory, it shows how we make every part of every Overland car. It shows you the car from start to finish—from raw material to the complete article. It is a treasure of the industry's greatest factory. It explains our organization and shows how we can produce two cars to sell at prices from twenty to forty per cent lower than other cars. It is written in an interesting and readable style and is full of valuable information. What we do not have room to say here of the motor in the $900 car, will be found somewhere in the book. Drop us a line today, and we will see that you get one of these books by return mail. It also shows our complete 1911 line with prices, specifications and full descriptions.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 38-T 5-Passenger Tore-Door Touring Car. $900
Wheel base 120 inches; motor 4x4½, horsepower 30. Splendid equipment, including electric lights, gasoline tank at rear, 34 x 4 tires, demountable rims, etc. Write for catalog and name of nearest dealer. Overland, Model 38, 4-cylinder touring car, $900; roadster, $900; limousine, $1,600; landaulet, $1,600. Prices f. o. b. factory. Catalog and name of dealer on request.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



They Won't Slip

Note the Patented Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes. It not only prevents slipping but makes *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind.

Insist on *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*—the name is easy to remember.

They give you all the advantages of ordinary rubber heels, and in addition *keep you from slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements—yet cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Insist upon

CAT'S PAW

CUSHION

RUBBER

HEELS

The Name is Easy to Remember



50c Attached All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you—FREE—a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

OUT-OF-DOORS

Elks—What About Them?

THERE is in all wild Nature no sound so stirring as the autumn call of the elk. It is an indescribable sound; but, once heard, it is not forgotten. It begins staccato, swells into a roar and ends in a whistle. Some call it the "bugling" of the elk, others the "whistling." One tenderfoot hunter asked his guide what that funny jackass was doing up in the mountains! It is a wide-carrying note and one familiar to all mountain hunters of experience. Once it could be heard night and day. Now it is not so often heard, for there are not so many elks and those which remain have learned that it is better to keep quiet. If you have never seen a calling elk look at Landseer's Challenge. Not that any red deer of the Old World compares with the great wapiti of this continent. In any country but this elks would be reserved for royalty. In the land of the free, very likely they will not long be reserved for anybody.

The war note of the bull elk once might have been heard on this continent from the Sierra Madre mountains of Old Mexico to the north end of the Selkirks, in British Columbia, and almost from ocean to ocean. There are still a few specimens of the giant elk known as the Roosevelt in the Olympian peninsula; and thence east the species was once even more common than the buffalo, which once ranged through Georgia and South Carolina. When elks got scarce on the Yadkin Daniel Boone moved to Kentucky after them. There are many different Elkhorn rivers in different parts of America. Once, in the meadows of the Cascadia Trout Club, in Northern Ohio, there was discovered a curious, willow-grown earthen mound. It was opened and found to contain scores of old elk antlers, placed there no one knows how, when or by whom. Within late years, elkhorns have been found in the bogs near Lake Winnebago, in Wisconsin.

It was only some thirty years or so ago that the last elk was killed on the "Thumb" of the Michigan south peninsula. The story of the last elk in Wisconsin also dates back only forty or fifty years. In 1857 immense herds of elk were found round Spirit Lake, in Iowa, and in Lower Minnesota, where the species outlasted the buffalo. It passed westward then into the Bad Lands of the Dakotas and Montana. It passed west across the Indian Nations to the Blackjack country and into the rough plains. Finally it was driven into the foothills of the Rockies; and now its home is in a deplorably limited district in the roughest part of the great range.

The Habits of the Beast

There would not today be alive very many elks had it not been for the establishment of the Yellowstone National Park. The park, with the addition of the great forest reserves which stretch about it, makes the last refuge of the species today. For two or three years, perhaps, there still will be elks. In the opinion of a good many well-posted men, that will pretty nearly end the species. A royal species it was and worth better handling by a sovereign people.

In the summertime, elks, like most others of the deer family and like domestic cattle, move back into the high mountains to escape the pest of flies. They do this now also to escape the pursuit of man; for, on what is now known as the winter range of the cattle, the elk, buffalo, mountain sheep, antelope and bear once lived pretty much all the year round. The buffalo, driven back to the mountains, established what was known as the mountain buffalo, or bison, as a species. This species would stay in the high hills the year through. There are a few elks that winter in favored parts of Yellowstone Park. The great bulk of the herd, however, like so many domestic cattle, comes down out of the mountains to the lower country before the heavy snows of the winter. Many perish each winter in the upper districts, starved to death, unwilling or unable to get out to lower altitudes. The writer has seen them doing their best to make a living in eight feet of snow in February and March on the Hayden Valley of the Yellowstone Park; but neither they nor the buffaloes were doing any too well or were any too safe, as later events proved.

Some of the elks from the great national breeding ground work out at the western edge of the park into Northeastern Idaho and Southwestern Montana. The natural winter range of the great herd, however, is in the Jackson's Hole country south of the park, in Wyoming; and here for many years there has been a migration as definite as that of the caribou in Newfoundland and more unmistakable than that which formerly obtained of the whitetailed deer in Northern Michigan. The Wyoming herd has for many years supplied winter meat for many ranchers and settlers, and it has permitted the tourist sportsman to get his elkhead—at considerable expense, it is true, but at no great trouble.

Elk Hunting Expensive

Civilization, however, has been pushing up all through the West. The wire fences of the hay ranches have occupied the winter range; and, as a result, elks have starved in hundreds of thousands where once they flourished. Some ranchers have fed them free of charge, perhaps not always to the advantage of the elks; for, once the creatures get the habit of hanging round a hay stack they forget to go out and forage for themselves. Last year and the year before the loss was so great that every one grew alarmed; and last year Wyoming and the United States Government joined hands to purchase hay for the starving elks. It is said this market gave certain enterprising ranchers very good prices for hay that otherwise would have been hard to sell. However that may be, the feeding of the elks on their winter range is now something which must be done, and which ought to be done intelligently both by Wyoming and the Government of the United States. There is, perhaps, no other Government of a civilized nation that would take any chances whatever in a matter of such interest.

It is only this fall that a general sentiment in favor of the protection of the elk has gained place in Wyoming. That state readily can figure out that hundreds of thousands of dollars come to it each year in the way of game licenses and hunting expenses; whereas the cost of a little hay each winter is nothing as an offset. The cost of a hunting trip in the Rockies is higher today, like everything else. Once you could make it for ten dollars a day, but it is safer to figure on twenty-five dollars a day at this stage of the game. The state gets the license money of your guide, of course, and the guide gets his five dollars honorarium a day, whether or not he produces a few last year's tracks—and you have no option in the matter. This easy money Wyoming is going to lose in two or three years unless some rational policy shall be adopted. When the species is wiped out it will go swiftly and mysteriously, as did the wild pigeon and the buffalo. Then we shall rub our eyes and wish it had not happened.

It costs the non-resident fifty dollars for his license to kill one elk. It costs the resident only the cheap local license to kill one, and for two dollars and fifty cents more he can kill two more. At a total cost of seven dollars and a half, every farmer within striking distance of the winter range can get his winter's meat, and legally kill three elks. It is fine, benevolent and excellent for the farmers, but fatal for the elk species. Wyoming would better repeal the law at the next session. Three years of it will wipe out the elk. At the opening of the big-game season this fall there was an absolute cavalcade of hunters of all sorts, resident and non-resident, making for the Wyoming mountains.

The Benevolent Order of Elks of late years has done all it could to set itself right and has forbidden the use of actual elktooth watch-charms, recommending celluloid instead. I can remember seeing a part of the collection of elkteeth of a Montana merchant, which was begun thirty years or more ago. He had trunks full of Indian dresses, some of them with a hundred teeth to the garment. When elkteeth rose from fifty cents to two dollars and a half a pair, a great many hunters went out and killed



The old fashioned straight razor has one quality that has never before been put into a safety razor. You can put the blade at any angle with the handle.

Now, for the first time, you get this quality in a safety razor—in the Young Safety Razor, and in no other. A touch with the tip of the finger sets the blade at any angle with the handle, permitting the diagonal stroke in shaving any part of the face, the only stroke that ensures a smooth, clean shave.

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

$2.50

This compact, attractive, nicely balanced razor sets a new standard in both efficiency and price. The outfit includes twelve keen, hollow-ground blades, of the best steel, all in an attractive leather case for $2.50; additional blades 75 cts. a dozen. Try the Young Safety Razor and note how easily and how naturally you give your beard the necessary diagonal stroke on all parts of your face.

If your dealer does not carry the Young Safety Razor, send $2.50 direct to us, use the razor 30 days, and if you are not satisfied, return it and we will refund your money.

Young Safety Razor Company
1709 Germantown Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.



You cannot shave in comfort without the diagonal stroke. You cannot get the diagonal stroke with any safety razor but the Young Safety Razor.

Boston Garter



THIS is the clasp with the **moulded rubber button.** It keeps a firm hold on the hose, but **will not tear the fabric.** It is shown here purposely enlarged in order to impress its character upon you. You can *identify* it by the *shape*, by its manner of *gripping the hose*, and by the trade marks **"Boston Garter"** and **"Velvet Grip."**

The leg inside the loop is shown here to picture our "Pad" **Boston Garter,** an all-the-year-round type to be worn with any length drawers.

When you buy garters look at the loops, and assure yourself that you are getting the genuine **Boston Garter** because

It is guaranteed against imperfections.
It is most comfortable.
It will give most satisfaction in wear.

For sale in stores everywhere

Lisle, 25 cents
Silk, 50 cents

Sample pair postpaid on receipt of price

George Frost Company, Makers
BOSTON

elk for their teeth alone—hundreds and thousands of them. The price went up to five dollars, ten dollars, twenty dollars! Today, should you return from a successful elk hunt in the Jackson's Hole country, you would perhaps be offered fifty dollars a pair for the tusks of your elk before you got to the railroad. This, at least, has been the experience of friends. Any country in the world but this would stop that sort of traffic forever, and not only legislate against it but enforce the laws against it.

There have been some wild-eyed measures discussed by a few this year looking toward the driving of the great elk herd from the winter range either to the Bighorn Mountains or down into Colorado. It is difficult to believe there can be any sincerity in any such plan. It is absolutely absurd. You cannot drive elks like so many cattle; and, even if thousands of them could be driven away from their natural habitat as it now remains, it would simply mean their speedier butchery, for they would be cut off from their retreat to the only refuge they have left—the high mountains of Yellowstone Park and its vicinity. We need intelligence of a prompt sort in Washington in regard to this matter. The great remaining elk herd, less by some thousands as it annually becomes, is one of our best dividend payers. It would be a national disgrace to allow it to perish. That disgrace threatens now.

Protective Legislation Needed

There was, perhaps, stern necessity back of the extermination of the buffaloes, for the plains could not have been farmed with the buffaloes left on them. There is no reason in the world, on the other hand, why the elks should be exterminated. They cost nothing when left to themselves, unless the trifling expense of a little hay each winter be considered, and use country which cannot be settled. As a matter of fact, the National Government ought to protect the elk forever in all the forest reserves round the park. Elks, sheep and cows do not mix well together. The trifling fees received for the grazing privileges of the reserves over the winter range of the elks in no way means so much in dollars and cents to this country as the protection of the elks themselves. On the other hand, the National Government ought to purchase that winter range—hay ranches and all—and add it to the game-refuge area of the country adjacent to the park. That would solve the elk problem at once and, granted decent administration, would mean practical success for every man who cared to make a fall big-game hunt in the Rockies. It would mean very much money for Wyoming, Idaho and Montana for years to come. What those states will do in Congress remains to be seen.

As matters stand even today, elk hunting is not to be considered an impossible ambition for the man who has financial means to back himself for it. It is more certain than moose hunting, though perhaps a little more expensive than a moose hunt in Canada. It requires a considerable pack train, handled by a considerable camp personnel, but it is fairly sure of success—perhaps more so than any other form of big-game hunting we have left among our American sports.

Practiced as it should be, hunting the elk is big-game stalking at its best. If, however, it all had to be done on foot our elks would last much longer. Mounted on sure-footed mountain stock, the elk hunter does not have to walk very much; in fact, very often can ride horseback almost within shooting distance of his game. At most, the hardest part of the day's travel is done in the saddle; though, when the country grows too rough, one is obliged to dismount and do the rest of his work on foot, of course. For the Eastern man unused to high altitudes this is apt to be rather severe work; but there is absolute stimulant in the air and water of that country, and one can do more work in a day in the mountains than he can in the lower altitudes.

If your guide knows his business you will go pretty directly to the elk country. After making camp you will have to prospect for signs of your game. Once, as has been stated above, the elk would have announced himself with his far-carrying bugle note. Sometimes elks have come into the edge of the camp circle and stood braying their challenge to the horses picketed there. Parties have arisen from bed to drive them from among the tent ropes at night; and

How I Can Make the Rigoletto Cigar at 10c the Best Cigar in the World



PANETELA
Actual Size

THE actual tobacco in a cigar is usually the small part of its cost. It is the expense of making, of wrapping, of packing, the tariff, the waste, and the selling that make the ordinary cigar cost more than it is worth.

It is by cutting down these extra expenses that I have been able to make the Rigoletto Cigar the best in the world—and still sell it for 10c. *I buy the highest priced tobacco that can be bought.* I could not pay a higher price if I wanted to. There is no better tobacco. I pay more for my filler and more for my wrapper than I did when I was making cigars in Havana that sold up to $1.00 apiece.

Eliminating Unnecessary Expenses

I moved my factory from Havana to this country in order to escape the tariff. By this I saved to the smoker at least $7.30 on every hundred cigars.

After 4 years' experience in Tampa, I moved from there to Cleveland to still further cut down unnecessary cost. Here my actual expenses of manufacturing and packing are only one-half as much. In Tampa and Havana, I made as many as forty different sizes and shapes of Rigoletto Cigars. Now I make four **(Perfecto Extra, Club House, Elegante and Panetela),** which are standard. This has enabled me to make a still further saving in production. Conditions in Tampa were such that my annual loss through cigars smoked and taken was $20,000 a year. Here in Cleveland, my employees do not smoke at their work.

All these unnecessary expenses did not contribute one whit to the value of the cigar. They were pure waste, which you smokers must pay when you buy cigars made under those conditions. By eliminating this waste, I have been enabled to put into the Rigoletto Cigar the very finest tobacco. It is the best cigar in the world, barring none, no matter what the price. You will agree with this when you have smoked it. You will then want to buy it regularly. That is why I am making this

Remarkable Special Offer

Send me $1.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will send you 10 Rigoletto Cigars in any one of the 4 standard sizes, which sell regularly at 10c straight. With these cigars I will send you, as an introductory present, a seal leather cigar case which would retail for at least $1.00. Your name will be stamped on the flap in gold.

Send me $5.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will send a box of 50 cigars along with a beautiful mahogany finished humidor with brass name-plate, lock and key. Your initials will be engraved on the plate. This humidor is solid and substantial. It has an exquisite hand-rubbed piano finish. It is equal to any you can buy for $3.00 or $4.00 at retail.



These offers good in U. S. only. Now you understand, gentlemen, I can sell you only one box of cigars—and only on condition that you send the name of your dealer.

In the future you must buy the Rigoletto Cigar through dealers. This offer is merely to get you acquainted with it quickly. Try the Rigoletto, and you will understand what real value you can get in a cigar for 10c when the unnecessary expenses are eliminated.

E. A. Kline

NOTICE TO DEALERS

This is the second of a series of advertisements to tell smokers everywhere about the wonderful value of Rigoletto Cigars.

The distribution of the Rigoletto will be Nation-wide in a short time. It is to your advantage to stock it at once and take advantage of the great interest we are arousing. If your jobber cannot supply you, write to us.

E. A. KLINE & COMPANY

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $ _____ for which you will please send me _____ cigars and cigar (case) (humidor) as described, fully prepaid.

Color _____ Shape _____

My dealer's name is _____

Address _____

My name is _____

Address _____

We'll Pay $2,500

For Letters About Oatmeal

We ask letters from people giving actual examples of the good one derives from oatmeal.

The main facts about oats are quite generally known. Oats are richer in elements that feed brains, nerves and bodies than any other grain that grows.

As an energy food—a food for vim—nothing compares with oats. As a food for growing children nothing takes their place.

Yet only two-thirds of the homes in America regularly serve oatmeal. In but half of the homes is it a daily diet. So we ask you who know what oatmeal does to help us inform the rest.

For the 185 letters which best serve this purpose we offer the following prizes:

For the 5 best letters,	$100 each	$500.00
For the 10 next best,	50 each	500.00
For the 20 next best,	25 each	500.00
For the 50 next best,	10 each	500.00
For the 100 next best,	5 each	500.00
185 separate prizes, totaling		$2,500.00

This contest closes December 1, 1911. Soon after that date checks will be sent to the prize winners. And all who write letters will be given the names of the prize winners.

Valuable Facts

Here are samples of facts which we regard as being of value to others.

Archdeacon Sinclair, an Englishman, says that in his family and his father's family there were twenty six-footers, all brought up on oatmeal.

The Director of Athletics in a great university states that oatmeal is the food for athletes. It has been with him a regular diet for over forty years.

The superintendent of a school for delinquent boys says that these boys, when fed largely on oatmeal, show immediate and marked improvement.

A physician of the tenements, dealing largely with children who are wan and incapable, says their greatest lack is proper nutrition. In those sections only one home in twelve is an oatmeal home.

A nerve specialist states that Avenon (an extract of oats) has proved itself one of our greatest tonics.

A superintendent in charge of 2,000 woodsmen in Maine, after consulting with experts, has adopted oatmeal as the chief food for endurance.

A teacher whose pupils rarely get oatmeal says the children lack concentration. Their usual breakfast fails to fit them for study. Two hours before noon they become entirely incapable.

Sir Critchton-Browne, a high English authority, cites experiments on animals which show how oatmeal develops the thyroid gland.

Dr. Arnold Lorand, in his book, "Old Age Deferred," shows how this gland affects one's apparent age. It is argued that proper care of these ductless glands can ward off age as much as twenty years.

What We Seek

From men and women in position to know them, we seek for other facts like these.

But we also want facts from individual experience. Many a mother has seen wondrous examples of how children thrive on oatmeal.

Many a brain-worker has learned from experience how much such workers need the phosphorus in oats. Many a muscle-worker knows how oatmeal adds to one's endurance. Many a person, when in need of more vigor, has tried a 30-day diet of oats. Doubtless many old people who still retain youth know that oatmeal has helped them do it. We ask for all these facts.

No letters or names will be published. But the facts, when important, will be carried by us to tens of millions of people. The letters most helpful to people in general will be the prize-winning letters.

Address all letters to The Quaker Oats Company, Contest Department, Chicago, Ill.

Quaker Oats

The rich, plump oats make the best oatmeal. We select them by 62 siftings. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

These luscious oats, prepared by our process, form the most delicious oat food in existence. Yet Quaker Oats—the very utmost in oatmeal—costs but one-half cent per dish. Do you think that it pays, in this premier food, to serve an inferior grade?

Regular size package, 10c

Family size package, for smaller cities and country trade, 25c.

The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trade-mark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO

old hunters will tell you that sometimes they could hardly sleep at night for the constant roaring of the elks about them. You are not apt to be troubled in that way so much nowadays. If only you could have the mountains all to yourselves it would be easy, but there will be many hunting parties besides your own; and when the firing begins, early in the season, the game makes back to the high country—so that your success largely depends on your luck in getting into country where you will not find the game frightened away by others.

Field glasses are useful in all such mountain work. You will find a good pair of strong opera glasses very practical and lighter than the regular field glasses. Every ounce counts in mountain climbing. The most powerful glass is by no means the best hunting glass. You want field as well as power in your glass.

The chances today are all in your favor and all against the game. You do not need to be so good a stalker or so good a shot as Kit Carson was in order to get an elk. He used a short-range rifle that shot a round ball—had to get close and put it in the right place. The modern high-power rifle is a terrible thing. With it and its flat trajectory, combined with fearful hitting power, the modern hunter covers a wider range and in a more deadly fashion. He should remember, however, that not even with a high-velocity rifle can he knock down in its tracks an elk simply by hitting it in any chance place. All males of the deer family are full of vitality in the fall season and a big bull elk will sometimes stand three or four shots through the body before it will drop. Many and many an elk, fatally shot, makes its escape over rocks on bare country where it cannot be trailed.

It should be the aim of the man hunting elk, or any other big game, to get as close as possible—and to do the business with one shot if possible. To this end do not be in a hurry about shooting if the animal is partly hidden by cover. Always place the shot well forward—through the shoulder or the lungs. Even thus you probably will not stop your elk instantly. Some old hunters always try the neck shot, knowing that an animal shot through the neck is killed at once. If you are a steady shot and close enough, that is the safest of all shots for you to make. Never shoot an elk through the middle of the body or far back if you can help it. The vital part is well in front.

Choosing Your Head

Do not shoot the first head of horns you see when you get among the game. Take your time; study the herd carefully if you come upon one; and when you have found the big fellow you want put all the others out of your plans, so far as they will allow you to do that. Study all the heads carefully through your glasses. You can still get a fairly good head; but you must not any longer expect the giant heads of earlier years, for they simply do not exist.

The skinning and butchering of a full-grown elk is something like work. The great antlers are awkward to get out of the mountains, and they are awkward to handle even when you get them home, because few rooms of modern houses have ceilings high enough to give them good accommodation. No elkhead looks the same on a wall as it does in the woods. The taxidermist is obliged to mount it, not with the muzzle extended but pointing down at a sharp angle, so that the tips of the antlers will clear the wall behind. When you see your big bull bugling you will notice that his antlers are back, his nose raised; and when he walks he never holds his head in the wooden, perpendicular fashion that the taxidermist always gives him. Sometimes an elkhead is mounted sidewise or horizontal, with the muzzle parallel to the ceiling and not at right angles to the floor. No elk really looks like that either; so you have the choice of two evils in the shape your trophy is to assume. A grand trophy it is, however—one of the grandest of big-game trophies any quarter of the world ever furnished.

Fifteen years ago hunters were selling elkhorns—very good antlers too—for three to five dollars a pair. They get twenty-five, fifty, a hundred dollars for a good pair now; and, by the time you buy a mounted elkhead in a curio shop of a Western city of today you will perhaps pay one hundred to two hundred dollars—if the dealer thinks you have that much. Even so, as a purely commercial proposition, that is the



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IF you want to have your own business, where you will not be "overshadowed" by huge concerns, or frozen out by "inherited ownership of markets," come to Des Moines.

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Des Moines is the natural central market of the most prosperous territory on the globe. No other section is so continuously and increasingly prosperous. In 1910 the agricultural products of Iowa alone were worth $641,000,000. The per capita wealth of Iowa is fifty per cent greater than that of the United States.

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Is the heart of all this great business territory—the metropolis of it all—without city competition—and is great to the interest of the surrounding country that Des Moines today supplies only one-third of it. For example, farm wagons and implements should be made in and sold from Des Moines—the center of demand—instead of to the east.

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it will pay you to send to the factory for them—they're the best shoe laces ever made for high shoes, and stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking.

Give your dealer a chance first, but if he hasn't them don't take a substitute. Send ***10 cents*** to us and get a pair of these unequaled laces—neatest, strongest, longest-wearing.

Guaranteed 6 months

Black or tan in four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. Write for booklet showing complete line.

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Write for Illustrated Booklet.

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cheapest way you can get your elk today. To pick him out on the hoof and bag him to your own rifle will probably cost you from one thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars. In five years, if the present situation of the still remaining elk herd of the continent shall not be changed, perhaps you will not be able to pay twice that money and get a decent head legally in any part of this or any other country.

There is a little—a very little—big game scattered through the remoter part of the Rockies today. Not very much remains. It is a mere chance if you see a grizzly outside of Yellowstone Park in the summertime. It is difficult to get legally a good bighorn sheep or a pronghorn antelope. Whitetail and blacktail deer still may be called fairly common; and, as has been stated, it is by no means impossible or difficult to get a fairly good elkhead today if you have the time and money—in short, it is a certainty you can do so, but that certainty is going to be mighty brief.

By all means, take your elk hunt; and, by all means, when you come back from it start in to stalk your Congressman. It is up to the Congressmen and not to the sportsmen of this country. This splendid animal is too noble a creature—and too commercially valuable a creature, if it comes to that—to be exterminated, as it certainly will be in a very short time if matters continue in the good old American fashion that now exists.

The Phalanger Family

ONE of our consuls in Australia wrote the other day of a scheme now on foot in that country for "farming opossums," which, it is proposed, shall be encouraged to breed under conditions of semi-domestication, their skins being in great demand at high prices for export, especially to the United States.

As a matter of fact there are no opossums in Australia. The animals referred to are those strange creatures called "phalangers," some species of which are provided with flying membranes—somewhat like those of our flying squirrels—stretched between their fore and hind limbs. They have woolly coats, long and usually prehensile tails and large claws.

They feed on the leaves, fruits and blossoms of trees, and to some extent on insects. In the vast forests of New South Wales the yellow-bellied flying phalanger is a numerous species and eats the flowers—some of them huge in size—of various kinds of eucalypts. Very rarely does it descend to the ground; and, if pursued, it seeks flight by climbing to the topmost branch and making a series of astonishing leaps from treetop to treetop.

The so-called "pigmy" flying phalanger is less in size than a mouse and feeds on honey obtained from flowers. Its agility is amazing and it is said to make a charming pet. The two species described as chiefly desirable for their fur, however, are the long-eared and short-eared phalangers—the former being a native of the plains regions all over Australia and Tasmania, while the latter, which has the more valuable skin, is found in the highlands of Eastern Australia.

Unfortunately these fur-bearers have been so persistently hunted and are so easily trapped that they are approaching extinction. It is proposed, therefore, to rear them on farms, providing small boxes for them among the branches of eucalyptus trees. They are very gentle, harmless, easily tamed and spend their days fast asleep, doing their foraging in the night.

Sometimes they are called opossums, but they are very different animals. Opossums are found exclusively in the New World; and the Virginia species, which is the one familiarly known to us, ranges not only all over temperate North America but into Central and tropical South America, where it is called the "crab-eating opossum." In some towns in tropical America it serves a useful purpose as a nocturnal scavenger, seeking shelter by day on roofs and in sewers.

There are many other species of opossums, one of which, the "woolly opossum," ranges from Central Mexico to Southern Brazil. It is bright red in color and only a little bigger than a house-mouse. Most curious of all the opossums, however, is the "yapock"—from Guatemala to Southern Brazil—which has webbed feet. It is aquatic, living on small fishes, crustaceans and waterbugs.

To the Owner of the House

Whether home, apartment building or business block

Every consideration of convenience, health, economy of upkeep, earning power of your investment and security against rapid depreciation demands that you install the

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Like modern heating, lighting and plumbing, the science of cleaning has passed beyond the experimental stage. Every really up-to-date house is assumed to be equipped with the ample piping necessary for the installation of air cleaning machinery.

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In a recent test of five of the leading stationary air cleaning systems, conducted for the City of Detroit, Michigan, by a board of disinterested engineers of international reputation, consisting of Professor John R. Allen, of the University of Michigan; Mr. Charles H. Treat, Chief Designer of the American Blower Company, and Mr. Howard E. Coffin, Vice-President and Chief Designer of the Hudson Motor Car Company, all of whom are members of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the TUEC was unanimously declared to be the system of ***highest efficiency, greatest simplicity, durability, silence, capacity and economy of money, labor and floor space.***

The TUEC scored a total of 97.6 points out of a possible one hundred, its nearest competitor scoring but 85.5 points.

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The Ralston Shoemakers, however, have given a new meaning to each of these old words. A trial will show you what we mean.

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This doesn't happen to men who wear merchant-tailored clothes made of



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These fabrics, cut to your measure by a good merchant tailor, will give you clothes that fit perfectly and are absolutely exclusive as to pattern.

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Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon.

Write us for the new Shackamaxon fall style book and correct dress chart; also the name of a tailor near you handling Shackamaxon fabrics.

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You can secure this beautiful painting in full color. This is a remarkable character study in water color by the famous artist, L. K. Earle, N. A.

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STYLISHLY dressed gentlemen find The Stetson Shoe meets all requirements—those preferring ease and consolation for their feet discover in The Stetson nature-shapes, especially *The Corndodger*, the acme of comfort.

Fall Style Book and Name of Nearest Dealer on Request.

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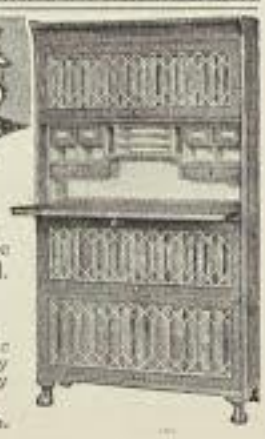
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GUNN OFFICE DESKS—WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Gunn Furniture Company 3 Victoria St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE BOY WHO STAYED AT HOME

(Continued from Page 29)

safe in the district and the farmers for miles round would bring as much as six or seven thousand dollars to me for temporary deposit, at one time and individually, merely out of self-protection. With the advent of the trolley these sums gradually increased.

It struck me forcibly one day that I was neglecting a golden opportunity in not exacting my toll out of the stream of wealth that was pouring in and out of my store. I immediately sent down to the state capital for a copy of the banking laws, brushed up my knowledge of commercial law, which I had allowed to become seedy, and started a private bank. I had the safe and the deposits—what more did I want? As soon as I changed the name of that safe and called it a bank, the deposits, which I got at the prevailing rate of interest and loaned at a higher, began to double and then to go up by leaps and bounds. I have said always that the trolley brought my bank, which now has a capital of ten thousand dollars and deposits of two hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, to my door. I am quite content to let it march off with that share of my mercantile business which it deems fit to take and which no effort of my own can prevent from going anyhow. I was just in time, too, for our village was on the eve of building an electric-light plant and of establishing a sewage system, and the bank at Centerville was preparing to float the bonds. Both issues came to me—not because the promoters wished me to have them, but because, for obvious reasons, they couldn't afford to disregard me.

No matter how long I may live, I never shall forget the bright young engineer the promoters sent down to superintend the construction of our electric-light plant. He was a superior mortal, but he was suggestive; for one day, when our power-house was almost completed and we were about ready to let the water slide over the dam we had constructed in the river to turn the wheels of the machinery, that youth turned round to me, with a supercilious grin on his smooth face, and muttered:

"Good Lord! what in thunder are you jays going to do with the rest of that power?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing," he answered.

Try as I would, that was all I could get out of him. It bored him to discuss scientific matters, he said. It didn't bore me to think about them, though; and all that night I sat up in bed trying to put together two and two, that absolutely refused to make a logical four. Finally they added up and came out even; and then I wanted to run through the village, without pausing to change my nightgown for my clothes, and hang up on my premises the sign: "Owing to the idiocy of the owner, this bank has decided to go into voluntary bankruptcy."

From Banking to Real Estate

I spent the next morning in buying up at my price what I could of the bottom lands on both sides of the river near the dam. They never were considered good for anything; and when my purchase became common talk Mose Feltner's only comment was to tap his forehead with his index finger and wink knowingly. Still, I don't blame Mose; for I had been crazy—that was perfectly true—but I hadn't been more crazy than anybody else. It's an amazingly curious thing what we sit round and neglect to do simply because the other fellow has never thought of doing it. Of course, when my saw and planing mill went up, Mose proclaimed that any fool might have thought of that; and again I take off my hat to Mose's sapience. Any fool might; but then I happened to be the only fool that did. Probably the same observation might have been passed about the discovery of steam.

I was just considering the advisability of putting up a big sign near the railroad tracks—this partly out of consideration to poor Mose, who had fired all his conversational ammunition—proclaiming that I had several choice factory sites, with water-power attached, for sale at a bargain, when big labor troubles broke out in the piano and organ, shoe and corset factories of Moscow, which lay sixty miles to the west of us and boasted of a big foreign population. Changing my tactics at once, I chose

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Probably all that you know about the knit muffler you have guessed—and every guess may be wrong. Why not experience for yourself the delightful comfort of the PHOENIX—first and best of snap mufflers?

Instantly adjustable and beautifully knit, it is a smart addition to the apparel of man, woman or child. Thoroughly protective to throat and chest, it gives warmth without weight.

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The most trying test of varnish is on floors. It must there withstand dirt, water, heels and casters—rocking, romping and wear.

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Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

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We want to send you a book, "How to Finish Floors," filled with expert suggestions about finishing old and new floors. Also samples of **Elastica** coated on paper to try. Also a beautiful bookmark—just to repay you for writing us.

Simply send your name and address—a postal will do.

Ask for Book 106

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STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

Ask Your Dealer

Besides **Elastica** Floor Finish we manufacture **Elastica** No. 1, for exterior use—**Elastica** No. 2, for interior use—Elastica White Enamel, for interior and exterior decoration—Elastone Stain and other Architectural Finishes. Ask your dealer. 649

for my victim a manufacturer of cottage organs who—so I had heard—was selected for especially invidious attention in this strike as in every other, and then I took the train to Moscow to talk my choice factory sites to him. I urged the advantages of being away in a quiet corner by yourself, off from the main line of agitation and out of the strike belt. He couldn't see it at first; the expense of moving and rebuilding appalled him. I left him to himself until the workers grew more violent—the outlook more serious; then I planned my second assault. This time, having seen his balance sheet, I was prepared to offer my land for next to nothing at all, to pay a certain sum toward the cost of migration and to invest a neat little amount for a part interest in the enterprise. A brick hurled through the window while we were buried in our calculations made up his mind for him. I often have regretted that I didn't preserve that brick for an estimable relic and have it turned over into a paperweight, for my direct profits in the factory and the increase in my banking and store business, due to what I may call an unnatural growth in the population, have repaid the sacrifice I made of my land a thousandfold.

When I returned home after my second visit with the organ manufacturer—to go back a bit—I found the superior engineer, accompanied by a couple of cityfied chaps, looking over my lots along the river. He looked disappointed when he caught sight of the sawmill, and his face fell when he learned of my preëmption of all the other land worth owning.

"It will teach me to shut up my mouth after this!" he said curtly.

"Oh, you didn't talk very much," I put in.

"Like thunder I didn't!" he roared.

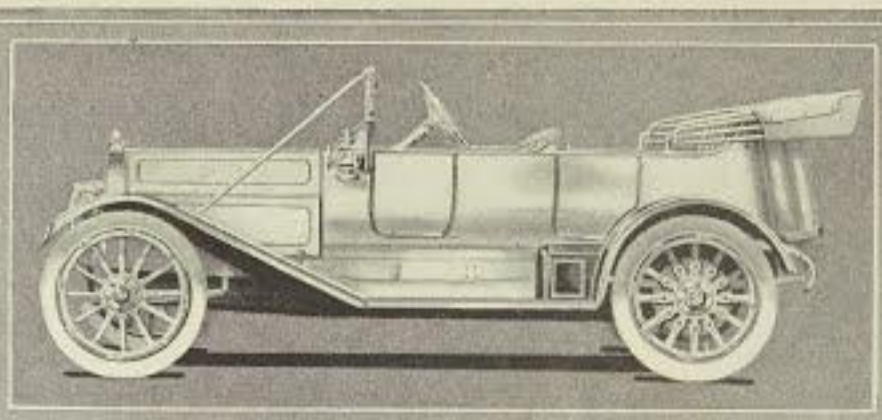
I was deeply touched by his chagrin and his disappointment; he was such a nice young man too—and so bright! I am sorry I never saw him again and that he didn't come back to look at our organ factory after it was in operation. It might have pleased him to discover how little water-power we jays were wasting.

The Yellow Peril Comes to Town

Of course Mose Feltner almost collapsed when he learned that the Rip-Van-Winkle-like sleep of our village and its aristocratic seclusion were to be rudely disturbed by the invasion of forty foreigners. "That feller won't stop," he growled, "until he rings some Chinese in on us. You see! He'll shove all of us old American settlers out of here. He don't care for us; he only thinks of hisself."

However, Mose's gloom over the situation had its compensation. His joy knew no bounds when Hop Lung opened his laundry near the depot given us by the railroad that never had stopped at our village before the erection of the factory; for then, with the thrill known only to the prophet, he could shout until his lungs were tired: "I told ye so! Didn't I tell ye so now? The great hordes of China is swooping down on us. He has doomed this here village to the yaller peril!" Still, though he never brought him his shirts to launder, I believe that Mose was so grateful to Hop for bringing honor on the prophet in his own village that he wouldn't have let the Celestial move away even had the peril been as great as he imagined.

I see, now, that I have been so wrapped up in the discussion of my purely mercantile affairs that I have quite neglected my farm; but this is only figuratively speaking, for actually I had been giving it all along my closest personal attention. It was, no matter how much the term has been abused by those prone to use it too harshly and rashly, a model farm. It showed all the good results of my scientific studies and the summer courses I had taken at the state college of agriculture, which was another decided advantage that the trolley brought into closer relationship with our village. By the rotation of crops and the application of chemical fertilizers I made the land, that netted my father less than seven dollars an acre, yield me considerably over twenty. There were by-products, besides, which meant more to my store and my bank than the returns from the farm itself. Farmers, seeing my success, looked up to me and came to me for advice and assistance; and that brought me all sorts of business indirectly. If they wanted to buy or sell land, or locate elsewhere, they sought my opinion; and since, averaging it all up, my counsel proved good, they soon formed the habit of talking



1912 THOMAS "SIX-FORTY" SURREY $4000

NOTHING COUNTS LIKE SERVICE

Thomas

TECHNICAL SERVICE for THOMAS OWNERS

CONFIDENCE

The success of the present Thomas organization rests upon the confidence of the public in its product, its methods and its business integrity.

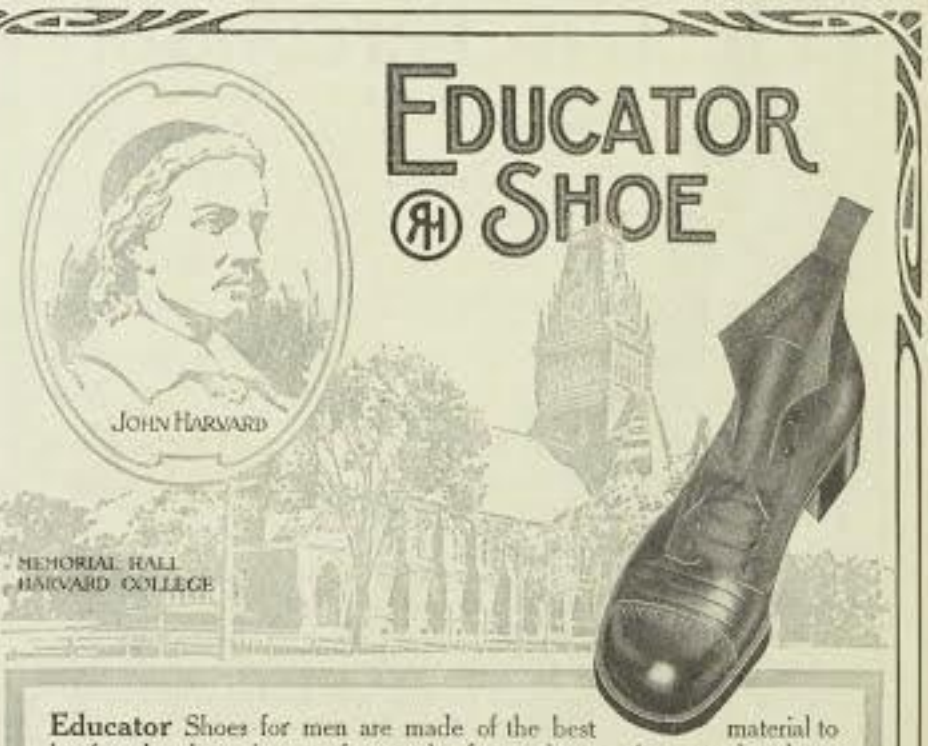
With a full realization of this fact the Thomas Executives place themselves squarely on record as exponents in the broadest sense of "The Square Deal."

Two Chassis 134-inch and 126-inch Wheel Base **Four styles of Open Bodies** Seven-Passenger Touring Car Five-Passenger Phaeton Four-Passenger Surrey Two-Passenger Runabout **Price $4,000 for each type**

Enclosed bodies are built for both chassis and full details are given in our catalogue—**"The Story of the Thomas,"** which awaits your request.

E. R. THOMAS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. J, Buffalo

THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 1) *We assert that the 1912 Thomas "Six-Forty" has the most powerful and effective brakes of any car of its weight and class, insuring the utmost safety to passengers.*



Educator Shoes for men are made of the best material to be found—they give comfort to the feet—they conform to the shape of the foot—they are good to look upon.

Educator Shoes for men are made in all the serviceable leathers, will wear well and are popular with men of good taste and refinement.

One constant wearer has said to us,—"If I could not find Educator Shoes I should be at a loss to know what kind of shoes to buy."

Educator Shoes for men are sold by the best retailers everywhere at prices ranging from $3.00 to $5.50, according to style and leather.

Educator Shoes are made for every member of the family. If your dealer is unable to supply you with Educators, write to us. We also make the All America, Armada and Signet Shoes for men, and the Mayfair Shoe and Mayfair Special Shoe for Women.

Rice & Hutchins, Incorporated, **14 High St., Boston, U. S. A.**



Westinghouse Quality

and the Best Way Ever Devised for Making Coffee in this

Electric Percolator

THE very latest thing in coffee makers is the Westinghouse Electric Coffee Percolator. It has just been placed on the market. It is so clean, so quick in action and so easy to work that the good coffee seems to be made as if by magic.

The percolator is made with the Westinghouse economical internal heating arrangement. *The work must be done before any heat can escape.*

Every coffee lover and up-to-date woman should arrange to see the Westinghouse Electric Percolator at once. There is nothing else on the market in its class.

If you would like your favorite department store to send you one, *write us*, giving name of the store. We will attend to the matter immediately. Any good electrical dealer or your lighting company can get it for you.

There is an equally good Westinghouse electric device for every household purpose. These devices are *practical*. They are *high grade*. That is what the Westinghouse name stands for on anything electrical.

Address your letter about household devices to "Westinghouse, Household Dept. P, East Pittsburgh."

Do you know what electric lamp you are using? This is an important matter. The Westinghouse Wire Type Tungsten stands all the strain of everyday use *and gives you three times the light for the same amount you are now paying*. Rugged construction! A better light! Any good dealer can furnish them.

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company
Pittsburgh

Sales Offices in Forty American Cities Representatives all over the World

all their affairs over with me—from the marriage of their daughters and the placing of their sons to the making of their wills.

In this connection I remember one of my customers—I will call him Caspar Zirndorff—an easy-going, simple-hearted German, who had no end of trouble with his oldest daughter, Rosa. Flat-chested, hatchet-faced, carroty-haired, I am compelled to say in all candor that Rosa was no beauty; but if Rosa was short on looks she was long on will power, determination and character. It was a pity, I always thought, that Rosa didn't have a trifle less character and a little more looks. The girl was a shrew of the first water. She would have flung a red-hot flatiron at the head of Shakspere's tamer of shrews and had him on his hands and knees begging for mercy in less than no time. Good old Caspar and his timid wife, Hannah, didn't dare breathe without looking out of the corners of their eyes to see whether or not the way in which they did it had dear Rosa's approval.

One day Caspar came in to see me; and, after beating about the bush for fifteen or twenty minutes, he came to the point of his visit with: "Mr. Schmidt, Josef Schröer wants to marry my daughter Rosa—on account of her money, I guess."

"Hurry up and let him do it," I advised, "before he changes his mind. Hire an automobile and go with him to get the license."

"That's all right enough," he replied; "but you know as well as I do that Josef isn't what you might call a respectable young man. He drinks; he gambles; and he is so lazy that he lets his poultry farm go to the dogs. Besides, he has a wooden leg. Everybody knows how it happened that he got a wooden leg."

"Nowadays, Caspar," I comforted him, "you can't get a son-in-law that hasn't a few little faults. Give him the best artificial leg that money can buy for a wedding present and leave the rest to Rosa. Women like her just love to reform a man like him."

Six months after the marriage of Rosa Zirndorff and Josef Schröer old Caspar drove in from his farm to see me again, and naturally I asked him how the young couple I had helped to marry were getting along.

"Getting along!" he exclaimed. "You bet they get along! Mr. Josef he went on one spree the first week after the wedding; and when he woke up at eleven o'clock the next morning his old wooden leg was chopped up in the kindling pile and the artificial leg, that cost me one hundred and twenty-five dollars, was locked up in the closet. Rosa, she had the key in her pocket. You ought to see their poultry farm now. Even you would lend money on it!"

Rolling up Power and Money

However, though I am willing to admit that nothing is easier than the giving of advice in general, I still do affirm that nothing is harder than handing it out to farmers in particular. It takes tact. Your farmer is the most independent man on earth. He has never had any other boss than himself on earth; and if there is anything he resents, even if he does you the honor of pretending to come to ask you for it, it is a frank and outspoken piece of advice that may happen to conflict with his own views. That is the reason why, I think, the city man who has served a hard apprenticeship in life misses that bit of rural psychology and so often fails as a country banker. Certain it is that, if I gained power through the exercise of such functions, it was only by being cautious and vigilantly judicious.

I make bold to say that, in my capacity as attorney-at-large for the people, I worked a lasting benefit for our community, though I am just as frank in saying I was actuated in so doing by selfish quite as much as by altruistic motives. Many a young man, through my intervention, was sent to the agricultural college and graduated from it more valuable to the township and more efficient for himself than if he had not had the benefit of that liberal instruction. And many another ambitious young fellow, who wanted to quit the farm for the more alluring and illusionary prospects the city at our door offered, was restrained by a little fable that I never tire of telling. "Once upon a time," so this fable began, "a poor farmer died and left three sons. The older of these sons was a bookkeeper in a neighboring city, the second son was a clerk in the same metropolis, and the third, who was generally considered a fool, always had worked with his father on the farm and in the village store." And the moral of it was, to skip the intervening part with which those who have followed my career are familiar, that the clerk and the bookkeeper were still where we first found them, while the fool—well, you know what became of this fool.

Moreover, since the prosperity of the community meant my prosperity, and quite as much as to protect my loans on mortgages, when one of my customers fell behind in his payments I made it a practice to drive out to his farm, inspect it personally, find out where his trouble lay and correct it—again I speak figuratively—by bending my hand to the plow. Nine times out of ten I discovered that the delinquent had exhausted himself in exhausting his soil and that he was suffering from an oversupply of knowledge in the art of agriculture and an undersupply of the science of farming.

Mose Feltner's Luck

Elevating the standard of efficiency of a community, however, by working with each of its members individually is one thing and lifting up the community all at once and as a whole is quite another. The former process may be more thorough, but the latter is more speedy; and the difference between the two led me to request various professors in the agricultural college to visit our village for the purpose of giving lectures on their various specialties. Afterward I had their lectures printed in pamphlet form and distributed them broadcast. Incidentally—which I almost forgot to mention—I had my name printed in a prominent place on the covers. To further stimulate study along these lines I offered free tuition in the agricultural college for the best essay written by a county high-school pupil on Saving the Soil. Mose Feltner's son won it; and, though Mose swore openly that he wouldn't let him take the money, he came round to my bank privately—the first time he had ever entered the premises—and asked if I had any objection to paying the price of the tuition in advance. When he had counted the currency two or three times and made sure that none of it was counterfeit he chucked it in his pocket and muttered: "It's just my hard luck that it has to be my son who's got to act as one of them there living advertisements of yours. The boy will never amount to nothing anyhow." It was impossible for Mose to utter a false prophecy. The essay, as we discovered after Mose had invested the prize in a wildcat mining scheme, was a skillful paraphrase of one of the reports of the United States Department of Agriculture. I still believe that Mose, and not his brainless son, was the original perpetrator of the infamy.

Peace and good will to Mose! Every village, I suppose, has a character more or less like him—and quite naturally, for the spirit of conservatism gone to seed must be embodied in flesh and blood, and the force inimical to change, enterprise and progress must find a voice. I suppose, too, that nearly all of our successful small communities have bankers more or less like me, who are prospering and making their fellows prosper through the employment of methods akin to those I have here detailed. Anyhow, when I open my Banker's Register and look at the little red marks, each denoting a village banker, with which its map of the United States is peppered, I wonder whether it wouldn't have been more modest and fit to have used the pronoun "we" instead of the egotistical "I" in my—I mean in our—story.





The Multigraph is in single-unit form, for multiple typewriting. It can readily be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use.

THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Adds to the Profits and Improves the Service of Brokerage and Investment Houses—Large or Small

The work of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of business. Prior subjects: Retailing, manufacturing, wholesaling, banking, insurance, publishing, schools, transportation. Don't wait. Write us now for the application to your line of business.

EVERY brokerage and investment house of any size can add to its business and to its profits by using the Multigraph.

It makes new customers by producing printed advertising and actual typewritten form letters—to go direct through the mails, to selected lists of logical prospects. That's one way in which it increases profits.

Another way is by cutting down printing and typewriting costs 25% to 75%—a heavy dividend upon the investment.

But a third way, of peculiar value to brokerage and investment houses, is by rendering better service to customers.

THE better service and absolute privacy it assures are alone an ample reason for investigating the possibilities of the Multigraph in your business. You can get into the mails with your daily and weekly market-letters and quotation-sheets very quickly after the close of the market, without rushing, and without keeping the office-force after hours.

Every sheet will be a legible, clear-cut specimen of actual typewriting, with only one proof-reading.

And think of the inestimable value of having the work done by your own employees, in the privacy of your own office!



Multigraph department of the William R. Compton Company; the office-building in which it is located; and examples of the printing and typewriting it turns out on the Multigraph.

The Multigraph: Complete Unit.

Multigraph department of Bartlett Frazier Co.; the building containing the firm's offices; and a few of the many typewritten and printed forms the firm produces by means of the Multigraph.

In an Investment House

THE William R. Compton Company, of St. Louis and Chicago, is one of many investment houses that are realizing the advantages of the Multigraph.

Here's what Mr. Thomas N. Dysart, one of its Vice-Presidents, says in a recent letter:

"Since the purchase of the complete Multigraph outfit from you last fall, it has been in constant use in our office, both for circular letter work and office printing. We have found that the Multigraph makes good all that you claim for it, and we consider it one of the indispensable office-appliances in a modern, up-to-date office.

"You also installed for us a Universal Folding-Machine which handles all of our work of that character expeditiously and at a great saving of both time and money."

In a Brokerage House

THE house of Bartlett Frazier Co., grain brokers, Chicago, is a large concern—but not too large to appreciate the convenience and economy effected by the Multigraph.

About twenty-five thousand sheets, of one form or another, is the daily average output of the machine. The market-letters are an important part of the output, of course; but besides these the house prints very many of its office and system forms at a substantial saving. Some of these are reproduced in miniature above; and a magnifying-glass will show you that they are real printing—even to the letterheads and sight drafts.

What the Multigraph is

THE Multigraph is a rapid rotary printing-machine and multiple typewriter combined in one handy office-device.

It occupies about the floor-space of the average typewriter-desk, and can easily be operated by your own employees.

As a printing-machine it does real printer's printing at 25% to 75% less than printer's prices. It prints from its initial equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, from special hand-set type, or from electrotypes that reproduce any size or face of type desired, besides line-cuts, borders and ornaments.

As a multiple typewriter it turns out as many form letters in an hour as a stenographer could pound out in a month on an ordinary typewriter. Every sheet is a perfect specimen of actual typewriting, ready for the name and address to be accurately matched in if you so desire. Type-setting is semi-automatic.

Driven by hand or electricity, and fed by hand or automatically, the Multigraph prints and typewrites at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

You Can't Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need it

WHATEVER your business may be, you are safe in permitting an investigation with a view to the installation of a Multigraph.

Our representative's report must prove to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that the Multigraph will prove a profitable investment for you—or there can be no sale. In any event you're likely to receive valuable suggestions.

More Profit with the Multigraph

A BOOKLET bearing the above title explains the Multigraph in detail, and is in itself an eloquent example of the quality of Multigraph printing in colors.

It will be mailed free to men in executive positions who request it upon their business stationery. With it, if you so desire, we shall be glad to mail a booklet describing the Universal Folding-Machine—a great time and money-saver in automatically folding letters, circulars and the like.

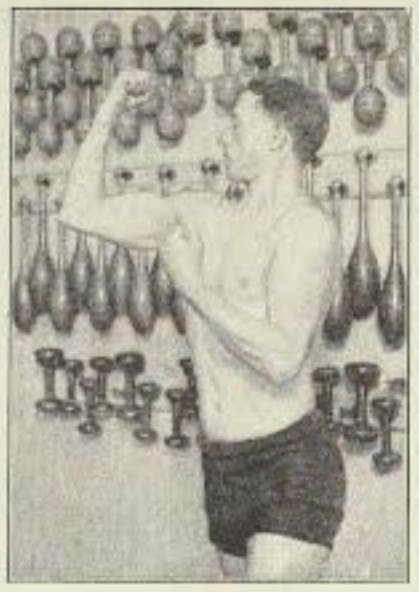
THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.

Executive Offices and Factory, Cleveland 1800 East 40th Street

BRANCH OFFICES: Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta; Baltimore; Berlin, Germany; Birmingham; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; Columbus; Dallas; Denver; Des Moines; Detroit; Hartford; Houston; Indianapolis; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles; Memphis; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; Montreal; Nashville; Newark; New Orleans; New York City; Norfolk; Oklahoma City; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburg; Portland, Ore.; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; San Francisco; Scranton; Seattle; Spokane; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis; Toledo; Toronto; Vancouver; Washington; Winnipeg.

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England.





The Question of Strength

MEASUREMENTS show these two men to be of equal muscular development. But a lifting test shows the blacksmith to be 20 per cent. the stronger man. The explanation of this difference in strength is that the "professor" of physical culture has by the use of his "system" of gymnastics developed his muscles alone, while the blacksmith by actual work at his trade has developed not only his muscles but the tendons which attach the muscles to the bones. Ability to do work is the real test of strength.

How is a fire insurance company's strength determined? By a lifting test, similar to that applied to the strength of these two men—the test of actual work done.

The **Hartford Fire Insurance Company** does today the largest fire insurance business in America. In its one hundred years of life, it has paid the largest total fire loss of any American company and the largest loss in any one conflagration. It has today over twenty-four million dollars in assets, accumulated for the protection of its policy holders by actual work in the business of fire insurance. The **Hartford's** strength stands the highest test, so when you want fire insurance

Insist on the HARTFORD

RICKEY TAKES A WALK

(Continued from Page 15)

"Some sheriff," thought P. J. Cruser, and nodded impressively.

"He is of the accursed band," said Ignacio to Miguel, and Miguel, who had a permanent limp because of Kid Baker's too facile trigger finger, swore a rumbling cataract of orotund oaths regarding the capitalist with an expression that made him shiver.

"We snap the finger at your Keed," remarked Jose, suiting the action to the word.

There was a brief colloquy in Spanish and Miguel made a careful examination of the saddle horse from mane to tail tip, scrutinizing an ancient stain on the stirrup-flap most particularly, but giving it up with a shrug of disappointment.

"We will take him to the *estancia* and let Don Pablo deal with him," said Miguel.

"But the Señor Simpson?" suggested Ignacio. "He may be on the trail—wounded, *quien sabe?* Where is the pistol of the pig?"

Jose passed it over and the brown faces grew grim. The weapon still contained six exploded shells which the capitalist had neglected to throw out in the stress of important matters.

Mr. Cruser partly guessed the conclusion that his captors had arrived at. "Gentlemen," he cried. "I want to explain. I——"

He choked a little, for Ignacio was squeezing his throat while Jose pinioned his arms.

"Where you leave heem?" demanded Ignacio, pointing dramatically with his disengaged hand at the superfluous saddle horse.

"Back—about—eighteen or twenty miles," gurgled the capitalist.

"Nort'?"

"Yes. I guess so. I want to tell you——"

"You shall show," said Ignacio. "But now we do not talk. We ride."

They heaved him upon his horse and, callously indifferent to his exclamations of pain, lashed his feet beneath his horse's belly and set out. They had covered five or six miles when they came to a gulch where a tiny spring trickled from the cottonwood roots on its bank into a pool, and then seeped through a few yards of hoof-holed mud to be soaked up by the thirsty sand beyond. Here they stopped to water their horses and here, for a like purpose, came to them a keen-eyed, lithe and efficient-looking young man on a wiry and well-caparisoned mustang, to whom Mr. Cruser would have cried at once for instant identification and deliverance, if his appeal had not been clogged in utterance by something that might have been shame or pride and something that was certainly fear.

The young man threw up a hand in greeting. "How goes it, Jose?" he said in a cheerful voice. "Hello, Ignacio! How, Miguel? What's the good word?"

The three smiled responsively. It was evident that they were glad to see him. Ignacio was at his feet, Jose kissed his hands and Miguel was his servitor with devotion the most profound. So they assured the Señor Rickey.

"And who's your friend?" inquired the young man, swinging a leg easily over the horn of his saddle and smiling at the trussed-up capitalist.

"Rickey——" began P. J. Cruser imploringly.

"Raymond," corrected the young man. "Rickey's a sort of a nickname my friends here call me by. Natural mistake, though, so don't apologize."

"Raymond, then. Tell these fellows who I am. They seem to think I've robbed somebody or something. I think it's the—that horse of yours. Perhaps I carried my joke a little too far, but you aren't the man to bear malice, and if——"

He stopped at the young man's blank stare. "Oh, do what you like, then, confound you!"

The young man turned to Ignacio, tapped his forehead and raised his eyebrows inquiringly.

"No," replied Ignacio. "He is of the Keed Baker gang. We find heem weeth theese horse of Señor Simpson. See?" He wheeled the capitalist's horse sharply round for Rickey's inspection.



12 colors, 20 x 30 in.

Who Are You?

ARE you the chap who kicks away the dog that sticks a cold muzzle into your hand?

Or do you like the fragrance of October woods, with whiffs of distant brush-fires?

Does the salt-marsh smell make you half burst your lungs with trying to swallow it all?

Does a sudden, strident "honk honk" from up in the clouds snap you up tense and rigid like an electric shock?

Does the snare-drum of a grouse make your hands grip and your eyes run along the tapered twin barrels of the gun you left at home?

In other words, are you a true son-of-a-gun?

If you are, you need, more than you know, to have hanging on your wall the big, colored picture shown above. It is full of the golden out-doors, of springy moss and crackling twigs.

It is as empty of care as a soap bubble, and it will fill your heart plumb-full of dog friendship and game-expectancy. It will make you take down your gun and look it over. It will make you pat your dog and talk over hunting trips with him. It will give you an imaginary but bracing vacation in the finest sport red-blooded, two-fisted men ever knew.

Send 10c for the picture, hang it up, and every time you look at it remember that THE BLACK SHELLS are, like it, an added pleasure to the sport of shooting.

US CARTRIDGE CO

Dept. S, LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.



One pull turns the light on. Another turns it off. A hundred times handier for your electric light than the ancient key socket that hanks back to the old gas jet days.

You don't have to get new fixtures to get "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets, although all good modern fixtures have them.

Just have your electrical dealer swap your old fixtures with

Bryant "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets

Costs about the price of a good tungsten lamp per socket.

Bryant is the maker of all "quality" wiring devices. There is a Bryant "underwriters approved" device for every electrical requirement. Send for "Pull Socket" booklet P, before you buy new fixtures. Shows some of the latest styles. Send for it anyway—right away.

Bryant Electric Company
Bridgeport, Conn.
Chicago San Francisco

Packard

If $500 will buy a style FF Packard piano—and life-long piano satisfaction—why pay more? Or run a risk by paying less? The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from the Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—to-day.



Quicker Sales—Cleaner Merchandise

Sharpening wood pencils is a great annoyance to customers. Wood pencils mean delay, smutty fingers, soiled merchandise.

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

are sharpened in a jiffy by simply nicking the paper with any sharp point and pulling off a strip of paper. The lead in Blaisdell Pencils is imported Bavarian Graphite, the finest lead in the world, uniform, smooth. Blaisdell Pencils come in every degree of hardness, with and without erasers. They are sold for 5c, 2 for 5c, 3 for 5c and 10 each. We also make a complete line of "better" erasers. If your stationer cannot supply you, write for one of our special offers.

Offer No. 1, 10c. 3 assorted high grade lead pencils. **Offer No. 2, 25c.** 5 assorted high grade pencils and 3 crayons. **Offer No. 3, 50c.** 6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Company
2103 Wayne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Corticelli Silk





Be Your OWN BOSS
Make Money Easy

AGENTS wanted in every county to sell the popular Golden Rule Knives with name, address, photo, lodge emblems, etc., on handle. Home agents earn $5 to $200 a month selling our shears, razors, safety pocket knives and razors. Big profits, quick sales. Exclusive territory. Experience unnecessary. WE TEACH YOU HOW. Write to-day for terms and become one of our successful salesmen.



Golden Rule Cutlery Co., 362 Wendell St., Dept. 146, Chicago

ORIGINAL—GENUINE

HORLICK'S

Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.

Delicious, Invigorating

MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink for all ages.
Better than Tea or Coffee.
Keep it on your sideboard at home.

Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF

CLASS PINS

The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. 5, Columbus, Ohio

Just a little *Easier* every minute

No Three O'Clock Fatigue

makes the

Light Touch **Monarch**

the typewriter of efficiency

THE light touch of the Monarch makes good work just a little easier for the operator every minute of her working day. This means much more work in the whole day and no three o'clock fatigue. Hence, more business, more profit. Write us and we will write you.

Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address.

THE MONARCH TYPEWRITER COMPANY

Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 320 Broadway, New York. Canadian Offices: Toronto, Montreal. Branches and dealers in all countries.



WILD'S
PARQUET INLAID LINOLEUM

Looks like hardwood—is less expensive, and much more desirable.

Made of the celebrated WILD'S INLAID LINOLEUM. Patterns are *inlaid* and cannot wear off. Does not crack or chip—has no joints to collect dirt—is noiseless, elastic and presents a safe stepping surface—being impervious to water and grease, is not readily stained—is cleaned with soap and water—is almost as wear resisting as concrete.

Ideal for homes, offices, stores, public buildings, etc.

Sold by dealers in high-grade Linoleum

Write for Folder "P" showing 20 patterns reproduced in colors.

JOSEPH WILD & CO.
386-370 Fifth Ave., New York
Est. 1852

The young man looked at the brand carefully and nodded gravely.

"It's sure Simp's brand," he said as one convinced against his will.

"Why, dammit!" roared the capitalist. "You know ——"

Ignacio signaled to Jose, who shook the interrupter into silence.

"We'll hear you later, man," said Rickey pleasantly. "Go on, Ignacio. Wait a minute. Let's 'light and look at our saddles. Might as well be comfortable as possible under the melancholy circumstances. Untie the gentleman and let him stretch his legs a little too. Ease him down, Jose, *amigo mio*. All set? Now then."

"He lead theese other Simpson horse," resumed Ignacio, "and thees one has saddle. Why two saddle?"

"Looks bad," commented Rickey.

"I tell you," said Ignacio, getting on his feet for greater freedom of gesture, "some one was in thees saddle. Señor Simpson? *Quien sabe?* But he is now ten, feefteen miles nort'. Dead, perhaps? Wound'? I do not know. But here is hees pistol, this briganto pig, and when we come he ron away, and when he is catch he say Keed Baker will punish. *Bueno!* We breeng heem with us."

"What are you going to do with him?" asked Rickey with a casual glance at a cottonwood limb stretching overhead. "Hang him?"

Before Ignacio could reply Mr. Cruser broke out in clamorous protest. "I can explain all of this," he shouted in the fervor of his terror. "You've got to listen to me, I tell you. It's a misunderstanding. Untie my hands and I'll prove it to you. I've got the proof, I tell you."

"Untie his hands, Jose," Rickey interceded. "It won't hurt to see what he's holding, and you can tie him up again if it's a bluff. He's a tough-looking nut, if you should ask me; but we can't none of us help our looks, and rags cover many an honest heart."

"I'll attend to you," said P. J. Cruser hoarsely.

His hands released, he tore his coat open and threw a bulky lettercase at Ignacio's feet. "Read those papers," he said.

Ignacio opened the case and shook his head and smiled helplessly as he turned the documents over and then passed them to Rickey. That gentleman frowned in a businesslike and judicial way as he looked at them. "Here's letters addressed to P. J. Cruser," he announced, "and here's cards, 'Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser,' and here's more letters introducing Paul J. Cruser, Esquire, to the First National and other prominent parties in El Paso, and here's a mess of railroad passes. Also, friends and fellow citizens, you will observe P. J Cruser, Probity Building, New York, in plain, elegant and shiny gold letters on the inside flap of this here pocketbook. There ain't no deception about it. It's a sure-enough pocketbook, genu-ine solid leather. There ain't no doubt but it's the property of P. J. Cruser. The only question in my mind," concluded Rickey with an air of candor, "is what in Sam Hill has all that got to do with the subject under discussion?"

Jose and Ignacio smiled at each other—sinister smiles, it seemed to Mr. Cruser—diabolical smiles. Miguel, who had no English, glowered at the capitalist with all the implacable enmity he could get into his normally ferocious expression.

"I'll tell you what it has to do with it," screamed the capitalist with a twitching face, addressing himself to Ignacio; "my name is Cruser, as I told you right from the first. Didn't I tell you my name was Cruser and that I came from New York? Isn't my name on my lettercase?"

Rickey rolled and lit a cigarette and tossed the tobacco bag and papers to Jose.

"I was going to Garnet Basin on business and I hired this—this man as my guide at Sentinel Butte." He pointed a shaking forefinger at Rickey, who was giving him the curious attention of a disinterested spectator.

"He was insolent and he even assaulted me ——"

"Was that how you got your skinned nose?" inquired Rickey.

"And I finally left him and took the horses with me. That was this morning. I thought I would teach him a lesson. So I got up early while he was sleeping and rode off."

"Didn't I ask you to please stop?" Rickey interrogated, winking at Ignacio.

"He was asleep," explained the capitalist. "Then I got lost," he continued,

LA FRANCE
SHOE *for* WOMEN



WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS

is a stylish, smooth-fitting shoe in the latest Parisian and New York models.

These qualities are present in the new *La France* Fall and Winter designs, now on display in all leading shopping centres. They are made up in all popular leathers and fabrics in button, blucher and lace style.

The button boot is fashion's favorite this season, in both the conservative 12 button style and the extreme 16 button model.

Style 1886—a patent colt 12 button boot with stylish high toe, in dull mat calf or cloth top—is a *La France* leader this Fall. Same style in 16 button.



Let the *La France* dealer in your town fit you to a pair of these superlative shoes. We are sure their style, beauty and fit will make you a *La France* enthusiast.

Our Style Book for Fall and Winter is worth sending for.

WILLIAMS, CLARK & COMPANY,
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WIDE-AWAKE SHOE MERCHANTS WANTED in cities and larger towns where *La France* are not on sale. Earnest co-operation guaranteed shoe merchants who will treat the shoe and the public fairly. Such a dealer never loses the agency. Correspondence invited with merchants who approve of such a policy.

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Cluett

SHIRT

The pleats are continuous, reaching from neckband to skirt edge, instead of being bound off at the waistline. This insures a much better than ordinary appearance to the bosom, and does away with bulging and creasing.

$1.50



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Send for booklet
"Proper Dress"

ONE of the best ways to use these fine, bright fall afternoons and Saturdays is to get out into the fresh air and sunshine with a KING 1000-Shot Repeater.

LEARN to be a good marksman, now, while you are young.

You will acquire a sure and steady nerve, self-control and the prompt, self-reliant qualities of American manhood.



The KING isn't a gun to kill things with

It's a gun for target practice, strong, handsome, accurate and reliable.

Fathers and mothers approve of

KING No. 5 1000-Shot $2.00

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KING AIR RIFLES

The KING Line includes many styles and sizes, from the big, handsome 1000-Shot Repeater down to the 25c pop-guns for the little folks. There's a KING for every one in the family. KING Air-Rifles shoot BB or Air-Rifle shot by compressed air. Air-Rifle shot is preferable because it is more uniform in size.

YOU not only want an air-rifle, but you want the best, so that you can be sure it will shoot straight and won't get out of order; and so that you will have the latest improvements and most handsome styles.

Be sure always to look for the name KING on the side-plate or barrel of the gun. Then you will know that it is the real KING, made by the inventors of the first air-gun in the oldest and most progressive air-rifle factory in the world.

KING Air-Rifles are sold by hardware, sporting goods and toy-stores everywhere.

An Interesting Book

Would you like to know how the first air-rifle was invented; and how the thousands of fine modern air-guns are made in our big factory?

Write us today and we'll send you our free book on "The Story of the Air-Rifle." It tells all about it and also includes pictures and descriptions of all the KING models; so if you can't find the KING in your town you can select any style you wish, send us the money, mentioning your dealer's name, and we'll have the gun sent at once, express prepaid.

An Entirely New Air-Gun



This is the KING Long-Range Rubber-Ball gun, which shoots a soft rubber ball accurately 35 feet. The ball is soft, and only 9-16 inch in diameter.

It will bound off from any object without injury and is perfectly safe for use indoors.

It's a fine gun for your younger brother or sister who isn't old enough for a KING Air-Rifle.

It costs 50c, and you can buy extra rubber balls for 15c a dozen.

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE COMPANY

Original Inventors and Oldest Manufacturers of Air-Rifles

PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

"and when I saw you gentlemen I was—startled, and I tried to get away."

The cigarette makings had got round to Ignacio, and he was giving them grave and apparently exclusive attention. Jose and Miguel talked together in an undertone and laughed. It was an obviously unsympathetic tribunal. Reluctantly the capitalist's eye sought Rickey's. Rickey seemed reflective.

"And Keed Baker?" suddenly asked Ignacio, looking up.

"That was a misunderstanding."

"And thees pistol?" He handed the pistol, broken at the cylinder, to Rickey, who looked at it and shook his head.

"I forgot to empty the shells after ——"

"Shooting at a mark?" asked Rickey blandly.

"I shot at you, as you know," snarled P. J. Cruser. "I shot at you in self-defense when you struck me."

"I'm right slender and willowy," admitted Rickey, "but you must have done some plumb erratic shooting if you couldn't plug me once out of six and me near enough to hit you. And then I forgave you? Didn't make no hostile plays myself? Just called it square and went off to sleep, did I?" Rickey chuckled genially. Then his face grew hard and he turned to the three and spoke rapidly in Spanish. Jose and Miguel scrambled to their feet and looked expectantly at Ignacio, who made a gesture of assent, at which they untied the lariats from their saddles.

"You see," added Rickey, lapsing into English, "if you turn him over to the sheriff you boys will be held as witnesses, and they may keep you in jail a month before they get to trial, and if you turn him loose you'll have Kid Baker on your trail, so there you are. We can do the trick in five minutes, and then we can fog along and see if we can find Simp or whoever it was."

"*Bueno*," said Ignacio, getting up and, as Miguel came, opening the loop of an ominous noose, he took the capitalist by the arm and tried to raise him to his feet.

P. J. Cruser feebly endeavored to shake him off. "Wait!" he said in a hoarse half-whisper. "Wait!" He made two distinct efforts to articulate and then continued: "It was—joke. For Heaven's sake!" His face was tallowy with fright for all the grime of the trail.

"All right," said Rickey, jumping up. "We'll call it off. Here, brace up! Nobody's going to hurt you this time. You've got to learn to take a joke yourself, P. J. Ignacio, old sport, we'll have to let him go. He's got money and he's going to develop our country for us; besides which he's been telling more or less truth for an amateur. His name's P. J. Cruser and he's from New York. He is also one large, ripe, succulent peach. Jose, coil up those ropes and put 'em back."

Ignacio stared. "I do not understan'," he said.

"It's natural," agreed Rickey. "It's a considerable of a mix-up, but the meat of it is that he's P. J. Cruser and he hired the outfit from the Señor Simpson. He hired me to take him to Garnet, but we had a little disagreement and he concluded to do without me and travel in good society by his little lonesome. *Sabe?* He plays a joke on me, as he says, and I play a joke on him. That's all."

"Still I do not understan' thees joke," said Ignacio rather stiffly and with a smile that was confined to his lips and teeth. "You tell me we will make to hang him and he will tell the truth. Then you say he has told the truth. That is not good, Señor Rickey."

"*Camarada*," said Rickey, laying a conciliatory hand on his shoulder, "I suppose I'll have to tell you the rest if you're going to get sore. But I hate to. The reason I slept so sound and trustful was that I'd been up all the night before doctoring Mr. P. J. Cruser for a case of snake bite. *Sabe?* I'd worked over him a night and a day, you see, and I thought I could lay me down in peace. I wake up and I find him gone with the horses. I'm afoot thirty miles out on the desert, and if Sam Boland hadn't happened along I'd have been footsore to the back of my neck by this time, and a heap dry. Con-sequentementally," concluded Rickey, "when I run on to you and see Paul Jarley Cruser, Esquire, of the Probity Building, tied up and full of tribulation, I lay low. I ain't sure that I want to own up to being an acquaintance of his when it's going to help him out. *Sabe?*"

Ignacio Laguna, *caballero* of consideration, looked with deep disgust upon the capitalist who sat huddled, staring dully at the ground. Jose spat emphatically.

"We shall hang him yet. No?" he proposed.

"He wouldn't appreciate it," replied Rickey. "Well, if we're to get to Garnet any time at all we've got to be hitting the breeze, P. J. You've had a nice long rest, so climb on that cayuse and we'll go. Or, do you want to stay here?"

P. J. Cruser got stiffly to his feet.

. . . . . .

Some hours later the moon in full-orbed splendor flooded a trail along Escobedo's rocky sides with mellow light or darkened it with sharply cut inky shadow, and up and down and round about that dipping, mounting, twisting way, a cock-a-hoop cowboy rode recklessly with a cursing capitalist clattering at a hardly kept interval in his rear. The heart of the cowboy was filled with joy for a score evened—and, moreover, there was a girl at Garnet where the trail ended—a girl scornful and sharp of tongue, a girl intolerant of manly weaknesses and unappreciative of manly excellencies, but a delight to the eye withal—one to move the spirit to song. And so Rickey sang as he rode:

Oh, bury me not
On the lone prairie-e-e-e
Where the wild coyote ——

He rose to the keynote here with a truly lupine ululation.

Howls mournfully-e-e-e.

Again and again this glad carol aroused the echoes of the mountain.

In his narrow grave
Six foot by three,
They buried him there
On the lone prairie-e-e-e.

The capitalist groaned.

But all things have an end, and presently the song ceased and the singer drew rein at a turn of the trail and pointed to two or three lights that twinkled a slight distance below.

"Here we are at Garnet, P. J.," said Rickey. "Here's your copper-plated, copper-riveted, copper-bottomed metropolis of the Southwest, the camp that's going to make Arizona bite its teeth with envy and make a copper-nosed billionaire of you. Go to it! There's Ma Turgoose's boarding house on the right, and if you knock softly and speak politely they'll probably let you in. But you've got to speak politely. And don't forget to remember to recollect that you're owing me about two days' wages, if you please, sir. We'll see about that tomorrow, if you don't mind, sir, and you ain't too busy, sir."

P. J. Cruser slowly and painfully shifted his racked body in the saddle and raised his head high enough to look his conductor in the face for one brief instant.

"I won't forget," he said.

The Home Trail

I love to hit the outward trail
'Most anywhere it takes me to,
By foot or steamer, horse or rail—
Whatever fortune stakes me to;
And yet the road that's best of all,
When I've been forth to roam again,
Is—spite of all the wander-thrall—
The road that leads me home again.

I weary of my homebound folk,
Who rail at me for squandering
My every cent—until I'm broke—
In aimless, endless wandering;
But when I've got across the world
I long for native loam again,
And like a leaf in breezes whirled
I flutter gayly home again.

There's joy in seeing curious things
And curious folk in traveling—
In watching life's queer-colored strings
Before your eyes unraveling;
But home folks, after all, are best—
They call me 'cross the foam again,
Until I'm in the same old nest
And chirping: "Folks, I'm home again!"

And, though I wander year on year
Over the trackless track again,
There's something homey, kind and dear
That always calls me back again—
It's not a girl, it's not a wife,
That lures me through the gloam again;
It's just to know from care and strife
I'm once more safely home again!

—Berton Braley.



Firelight Comfort

Dwellers in modern homes that are heated by steam, hot water and hot air furnaces, know but little of the comfort and coziness of an evening spent sitting in the firelight, and there is many a winter evening when a cheerful blaze would be very welcome in some room that is difficult to heat. There are gas stoves and oil stoves aplenty, but there is only one that combines the cheerful glow and genial warmth of the blazing log fireplace and that is the

REZNOR Gas Heating Stove

The Original Copper Reflector

This is the simplest gas stove made. It uses the gas precisely as an open gas jet in a chandelier.

There is no device for making a blue flame, but just a golden glow of light and heat reflected into the room and down to the floor, where it is most needed.

The Reznor is susceptible to a greater range of adjustment than a blue flame stove. It can be turned down to mere points of flame or turned up to its fullest capacity.

The Reznor is light and easy to carry from room to room.

Ask the dealer in your town to show you the wonderful Reznor heater. If you do not happen to know who the dealer is, we will gladly furnish you his name.

Prices range from $3.00 up

THE REZNOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Mercer, Pa.

REZNOR MFG. CO.
Mercer, Pa.

Please send me copy of "Consumer's Booklet," giving facts about Reznor Gas Heating Stoves.

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GUARANTEED ALL WOOL



Blue Serge No. 4130 Special $18.50

THIS is the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special—the best blue serge suit the Clothcraft Shops have ever turned out to sell at $18.50. It gives you an extra-good all-wool serge, made up with all the perfection of style and fit that you would naturally expect only at higher prices—and it is guaranteed to hold its shape through innumerable pressings and to give satisfactory service.

There's a logical reason for putting unusual value into this Blue Serge Special at $18.50. It is our expectation that this announcement of a definite suit at a definite price will largely increase the demand, thereby reducing the cost of production. Anticipating the increased demand we have put the saving in cost back into a better suit.

But to improve upon the workmanship of any Clothcraft suit was a good deal like gilding gold. We might have lavished more hand-work upon this special, but that would have increased the cost without giving you any better result. It was impossible to give better style or fit, for in these the Clothcraft line from one end to the other is well-nigh perfection. The only practicable improvement that could be made was to use an extra-fine serge—and that's what we've done.

Go to the nearest Clothcraft store and examine the suit. Notice the beautiful quality of the serge—its fine, soft finish; its close, even twill; its deep, rich, indigo dye, guaranteed to hold its color.

Then note the style in every line of the suit. Try it on, and observe that the collar fits close and the lapels lie flat, no matter what size you happen to hit upon. Observe the broad, shapely shoulders; the smooth, full coat-front; the heel-hugging trousers. Then you'll know it's the suit for you.

If you don't know a Clothcraft store, write us direct. We'll gladly send you a Clothcraft Style-Book for fall, a sample of this special serge, and the name of the nearest dealer.

Clothcraft All-Wool Clothes for Men and Young Men are the One Guaranteed All-Wool Line at Medium Prices: $10 to $25

THE Clothcraft guaranty, tucked into the pocket of every coat, is backed by the dealer as well as the maker. It assures absolutely pure wool cloth, first-class trimmings and workmanship, permanent shapeliness, lasting service and satisfaction.

These excellences are the result of Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring—the methods used to improve quality without increasing cost. It is the outgrowth of sixty-one years' study of just one thing—the making of *good* clothes at medium prices.

Thus, at medium prices, Clothcraft Clothes have the ear-marks of higher-priced kinds.

THESE are the merits that Clothcraft Scientific Tailoring assures in Clothcraft Clothes at $10 to $25:

ALL-WOOL—Proved by chemical test.

THOROUGH SHRINKING—A necessity for permanent shapeliness.

NON-BREAKABLE COAT-FRONT—Hanging full and smooth, it is built on scientific principles that cause it to retain its shape as long as the coat lasts.

CLOSE-FITTING COLLAR AND LAPELS—Anchored by a special stay-material that keeps them close-fitting during the life of the coat.

CORRECT STYLE—Assured by a well-organized corps of designers in touch with the world's fashion-centers.

ACCURATE FIT—The result of minute care reduced to a science; proved by test on living models.

THE JOSEPH & FEISS COMPANY

Founded 1850—Oldest American Manufacturers of Men's Clothes

No. 620 St. Clair Avenue, N. W.

Cleveland

Clothcraft Blue Serge Special at $18.50. No. 4130

BESIDES Style 4130-C, illustrated above, the Blue Serge Special is made up in the other styles outlined below. When you see the suits you will notice that the young men's styles have all the snap and dash that young men like, without being freakish. Be sure to ask the Clothcraft dealer for No. 4130; for there are other Clothcraft all-wool suits at $10 to $25.



No. 4130-AA No. 4130-BB No. 4130-CC No. 4130-DD No. 4130-EE No. 4130-FF No. 4130-C No. 4130-E



Beehler Folding Umbrella

The best umbrella any one ever carried. It fits into a suitcase; it is stronger and better than non-folding umbrellas; it doesn't cost any more.

Strong steel ribs, rubber enameled to prevent rust; firmly fastened so they can't work loose or rattle; easily raised and lowered by means of a patent catch.

Cover fabrics not only waterproof, but guaranteed not to crack, zip, fade or run.

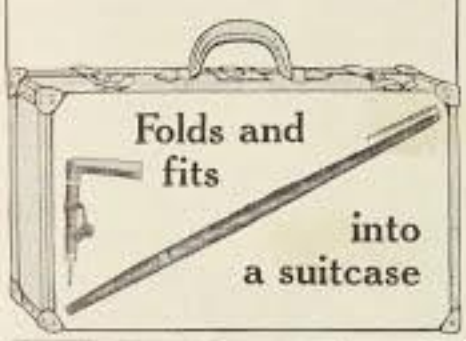
NAME-ON too, if desired. Your name and address worked on inside of the cover—sure protection against loss.

There's a Beehler for you at whatever price you want to pay—$1, $2, $3 up to $25—and the new Beehler booklet, free on request, shows the different handles and cover fabrics.

If your dealer hasn't just the style you want, tell us and we'll see that you get it.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.

Oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828



Toe sticking clear through your sock?

Big hole in the heel?

If not now, *soon?* Experienced it lots of times, haven't you?



Well, the day for *such* troubles is past! No, that doesn't mean to wear coarse, ugly, ill-fitting socks. It means *wear*

Bachelors' Friend Hosiery

—just as good-looking as very high-priced hose, fine-fitting, silky, comfortable—*and guaranteed to wear, too!*

Made of the highest grade long staple combed Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. Heel and Toe twice the thickness of other parts—yet soft as a glove, with the stretch and give of a silk glove. Looped on the most modern two-thread looping machine. Best imported dye. French Welt top. Washed with the best Italian Olive Oil Soap—absolutely sanitary. All made in our own factory. Guaranteed six months. Century of know-how behind each sock.

Colors—black, tan, navy, bordeaux, slate, purple, etc. At your dealer's or we'll supply you direct.

In three grades, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50 per half dozen pairs

JOS. BLACK & SONS CO.
York, Pa.

AN OPEN SEASON FOR ANCESTORS

(Continued from Page 9)

making a specialty of what Uncle Polk called Revolutionary trade. Just as soon as I'd told him what I'd come for he gave a start of surprise and said that I bore a remarkable resemblance to a very prominent aide-de-camp on General Washington's staff, and he was sorry that he didn't have his picture to show me so I could see the likeness for myself. He'd loaned it to an art collection. But he was certain I must be his descendant and, though he wouldn't be sure without looking up the proper authorities, he was likewise under the impression that one of the old Virginia Joneses had intermarried with one of the Rosses, of Philadelphia, which would probably make me a relative of Betsy Ross, creator of the American flag.

"Where does George Cohan come in?" asked Uncle Polk here.

"Cohan? Cohan?" said the genealogical person as if he'd never heard the name before. "I do not understand."

"I reckon that you never saw one of Georgie's musical shows," said Uncle Polk. "What did you say this Ross lady did?"

"She designed the American flag," said the young man rather severely, I thought.

"All right then, just as you say," said Uncle Polk; "but you can take it from me that George collaborated."

It looked as if it was going to take a good time for this to soak into him, so we paid him an initiation fee—or rather Uncle Polk did—and we left before he came out of his trance. Uncle Polk said:

"Son, why should we stop here when we're just beginning to find the going good? Why should we slight that great division of our country, known as the New England States? Seems like to me I've heard that some of our people came from up that way, or if they didn't they might've if they'd thought of it. Let's see if we can't scratch up a stock of good, durable New England ancestors somewhere?"

We did it without much trouble. We located an elderly expert with black-rimmed glasses and a wide ribbon running down over the left ear, who referred with the utmost cordiality to all the old New England families whose names you encounter in those typical New England stories that reach their climax when Miss Mehitable Peabody, the spinster, lets the cat out and winds up the clock for the night. He took something on account and promised he'd do the best he could for us in the territory where he held the patent rights.

And then Uncle Polk fairly cut loose. He lugged me round to every genealogical expert in town and put our case into all their hands too. We made one trip to Boston to see a very fancy and exclusive family tree climber, and handed him a fee that caused him to put on his linesman's spurs and shin up the Jones' family trunk without delay. We made another to Baltimore to connect with a specialist of the Eastern Shore country, and we wrote to all the other large ancestry centers that weren't readily accessible by rail—such as Charleston, and Richmond, and Salem, Massachusetts, and Savannah, Georgia, and New Orleans. Toward the last I noticed that Uncle Polk had sprouted out and was tacking quite a few fancy names on to our stubby little original list. Sometimes it would be one name and sometimes it would be another. I asked him about it, and he told me he was borrowing some of them out of the newspapers and the others he was copying off the signatures on banknotes.

"On the whole," he said, "I find I'm getting the best results from the twenty-dollar bills. Now that Augustus Eversole that I handed in to the last fellow we saw as the name of your maternal great-great-grandfather was mentioned in a dispatch from St. Paul yesterday. He shot a sheriff. The other one I gave him—Milus Q. Pillarshott—he is the president of the First National Bank of North America, at Lover's Leap, Iowa. Son, we're going to qualify, you and me are. Let alone having one family tree—why, we'll have an impenetrable forest, some native stock and some, as you might say, grafted on."

And we have, pretty near it. That was three months ago, and I now have a large orchard with more specimens coming in all the time by mail. I don't want to appear

J-M Asbestos Mines



The largest in the world

J-M Asbestos Roofing



Arlington Hotel, Hot Springs, Ark. Roofed with J-M Asbestos Roofing

Composed of *solid asbestos rock* fibres and Trinidad Lake Asphalt, this ready roofing is literally a pliable sheet of stone.

It is *all* mineral. Contains no perishable material.

Absolutely fireproof. Never needs painting, coating or graveling. Won't rust, rot, melt, crack or peel.

Makes buildings warm in winter and cool in summer.

It is the result of over half a century's experience in the manufacture of roofings.

Sold direct if your dealer won't supply you.

Write our nearest branch for samples of the curious Asbestos Rock and Book T 49.

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Shows the blankets in actual colors. A book you'll enjoy like a story. Fill it out mention dealer's name. Write for this attractive book now.

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PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You

Are the universal *first choice.* They are the handsomest and most durable Garters made and afford the maximum of comfort.

There's a printed guarantee of satisfaction with every pair. Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

A. STEIN & CO., Makers
CHICAGO - - - - U. S. A.



25c and 50c

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The Tenderest Food for Tired Digestions

At every family table there is some one whose appetite needs tempting.

Some one whose digestion will not manage coarse meat dishes day after day.

For such, the ideal food is oysters—the daintiest morsels of the sea.

A delight and a relief—for *oysters carry their own digestive*.

Sealshipt Oysters

Be sure that the oysters are Sealshipt.

The Sealshipt System extends from the most famous Seaside Oyster beds to your own ice box.

Grower, shipper, jobber and the dealer near you who displays the familiar Sealshipt sign—all are a part of a *single* organization.

A $4,500,000 organization which guarantees you solid, perfect oysters—with all of the sea-flavor saved—oysters *at their best*.

Sealshipt

Free "The Oyster Cook Book"—full of new ways of preparing simple oyster dishes—will be sent free on request.

If you do not know the name of a Sealshipt dealer near you, ask us.

Sealshipt

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proud or unduly puffed up, but at this present writing I am probably the most widely connected human being in the habitable globe. As Uncle Polk says, we're several laps ahead of the Belgium hares already and gaining fast on the microbes. And aristocratic—aristocratic is no word for it!

I have the papers in the house to prove that I am a lineal descendant of nearly everybody that ever amounted to anything anywhere. Among my ancestors were such persons as Alfred the Great, Henry the Eighth, Charlemagne, Lucretia Borgia, Brian Boru and the Apostle Paul. I could name many others if I had more time, but these should be sufficient I think to show who I am. I am directly related to every really important figure in the early history of our own country, with the exception of Benedict Arnold and Shays' Whisky Rebellion. In me are mingled the strains of Cavalier, Puritan, Creole, Greenbacker, Huguenot, Mormon, Knickerbocker Dutch, Pennsylvania Dutch and plain Dutch: Quaker, North German Lloyd, Mohawk Indian, Pilgrim, Free Will Baptist, Old Blue Wedgwood, French émigré, Irish refugee, Italian Renaissance, and so on, right down to the Bryan Free Silver Movement. I am eligible for all the military and patriotic societies we now have, and when some new ones are formed I'll be eligible for them too.

I find, on consulting the attested documentary evidence, that my forefathers practically had charge of all the great wars—Civil War, both sides, War with Mexico, War of 1812, Revolutionary War, French and Indian War, and thence straight on back up to and including the Punic Wars—First Punic and Second Punic. I claim blood ties with the Quincys, the Adamses and the Winthrops, of New England; the Beekmans, the VanCortlandts and the Livingstons, of New York; the Rittenhouses and the Biddles, of Philadelphia; the Randolphs, the Tuckers, the Byrds and the Lees—both branches, Light Horse Harry and William Custard—of Virginia; the Prestons, the Clays and the Breckinridges, of Kentucky, with a whole lot of scattering returns from the outlying districts yet to hear from. My immediate forebears may have had some trouble sometimes keeping the family legs covered, but I could change my family arms three times a day, if I were a stylish dresser, and still have a complete outfit left over for Sundays, weddings and afternoon receptions.

It has cost me a good deal of money—or rather it has cost Uncle Polk Jones a good deal—but we figure that it is worth the money. When I encounter some poor, pauperized descendant with only one set of ancestors to his name, I feel like taking him by the hand and leading him into my jungle and losing him. But I am not vainglorious and boastful about it. Why should a man be stuck up even though he is a multi-descendant, fairly bloated with ancestors?

There's a lot of pleasing variety to my ancestry too. Every one of my family tree sprouts out differently after you get above the second branch. There is one of them, in colors, that looks like a picture of the nerve system of the human body.

After all, I don't think I'll frame my family trees and hang 'em up over the living-room mantel along with my wife's. In the first place, the general effect would be that of a small body of Lemons entirely surrounded by Joneses, and I have no desire to lord it over Eudora, because in the matter of ancestors she has done the best she could, and is not to blame for the discrepancy now existing between us. And, in the second place, there would be enough of them to paper the entire room, and I rather like the paper we have on the wall at present. I shall save my family trees as a priceless heritage for the children. But if the Henry J. Kittengers should ever call I shall bring out the whole lot and just naturally overwhelm them in their tracks.

I'm not going to join any of the patriotic or military societies either. If I joined just one or two the others would feel slighted, and if I joined them all I wouldn't be doing anything else for several months. Uncle Polk thinks as I do, that it would be better for me to leave them all on an equal footing and not cause heartburnings or jealousies.

I have talked the matter over very thoroughly with him and I have decided to join the Uniform Rank of the Knights of Pythias. They have a noble uniform and a sword to wear, and I always was fond of turning out for parades and funerals and things.







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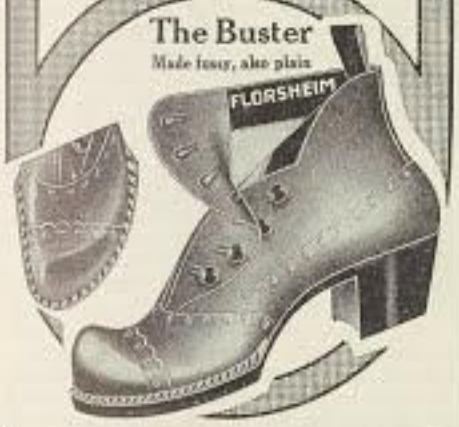
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A LOOK AHEAD IN POLITICS

(Continued from Page 4)

a Federal judgeship and later of a diplomatic post, to ex-Senator Fulton, and the appointment of R. C. Kerens as Minister to Austria.

14. He has apparently impaired or abandoned, through a decision of his Attorney-General, the principle which you established of Federal regulation and control, in the public interest, of water powers on navigable streams.

15. He is placing or has placed himself in a position such that the only alliance open to him is with the special interests.

16. He has allowed the great mass of the people to lose confidence in the President.

The general tendency shown in these examples cannot be mistaken. It is away from the Roosevelt policies and the people, and in favor of the special interests and the few. Nevertheless, I want to say again that while the whole trend of the present Administration has been opposed to the purposes and ideals of the last seven years, I have not yet lost all hope.

The issue is so tremendously important to the public welfare that a man's duty is clear to describe the facts as he sees them. I have known, admired and respected Mr. Taft since my boyhood; I have been anxious to give him the benefit of every doubt. I have reached the point of view herein stated as the result of a period of disappointment through which I would not willingly pass again. If my fears should turn out to be justified I realize that your disappointment will be even keener than mine. I regret intensely that it is necessary to write this letter, but I can see no proper way to avoid it.

I have supported Mr. Taft and I shall continue to support him up to the point where my loyalty to the people of this country requires me to break with the Administration.

This letter will probably meet you at Khartum. It is too bad that such a message should reach you after your great trip. Before it does reach you it is more than likely that the chief question raised in this letter will have been settled.

Special messages on Conservation and Corporation Control are to be sent to Congress early in January. If there is better news to send hereafter it will go forward at once.

Just a final word. The hold of your policies on the plain people is stronger than ever. Many of your former enemies are now your friends. The line between the friends of special privilege and the friends of an equal chance is daily growing sharper. The issue has become immeasurably larger than politics or any man's political fortunes. It is a straight fight for human rights. That is how it looks to me on the last day of 1909.

All good wishes to you for the New Year, and to Kermit. Please give him my love. We are all proud of him.

Very sincerely yours,
GIFFORD PINCHOT.

My letter to Colonel Roosevelt stops with the end of 1909. It would be easy to continue and extend it. Unless its whole tenor is mistaken, we cannot avoid the question of how far Mr. Taft's words and conduct before election supplied to his supporters a safe guide as to what he would do after election.

Of late it has become evident to open-minded men that the progressive policies, having taken possession of the hearts and consciences of the American people, are about to command their political loyalty also. The spirit of liberty among our people is the same now as when the nation was born. That spirit is now everywhere in revolt against the domination of privilege. With a wonderful power and harmony of feeling the people are progressive. In both the great political parties they are more progressive than their leaders. They have outgrown the rule of political evasion and false pretense and are eager for honorable methods and straight talk. Millions of voters have passed beyond the influence of campaign buncombe, and understand at last that the general welfare is more important than political claptrap or empty partisan success.

A movement so fundamental and so vast as the Progressive movement does not gain momentum suddenly, but now that it

Looking Backward



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is in motion nothing can long withstand it. Already many politicians have disappeared from public life and many others are about to follow them. If there is anything certain in our political future it is the ultimate victory of the progressive policies. In this great conflict the people have only just begun to fight.

Most politicians now see clearly that the time has passed when a national campaign can succeed without strong support from the vast body of progressive citizens. In view of this fact, the turning of the Administration toward the progressive policies was obviously inevitable before the campaign for renomination began. Being inevitable, it has long been discounted because it was long foreseen. A year ago, on my return from a journey through many states, I said:

"In one way the Insurgent cause is threatened by its own success. Now that most open-minded men see the speedy triumph of the progressive policies, and because direct attacks upon them usually fail, the hope of the Reactionaries is to join the movement and try from within to emasculate it or steer it to disaster. The soft pedal is still the most dangerous enemy of progress. Already there are signs in plenty that Reactionaries are trying to dominate the Progressive movement. Already the conversions without conviction have begun. Political death-bed conversions, performed in public by politicians whose leadership is dwindling, may fairly be regarded with suspicion. Like certain flowers, these gentlemen turn their faces to the rising sun, but their roots are held fast by the same soil as before."

It is a most instructive fact that Mr. Taft's recent turning in the direction of the Progressive policies has not deceived the political servants of the special interests, or led the reactionary newspapers to waver in their support. They are as vigorously for him when he leans toward the cause they hate as they are when he is frankly and openly on their side. If they are not misled as to the real meaning of Mr. Taft's apparent return to the position he held before the last election there can be no reason why it should deceive the rest of us.

It is well also to recall that one of the lessons of the Ballinger incident was that the President did not understand the purpose of conservation, which is to develop and protect the natural resources for the permanent benefit of the plain people. The Controller Bay incident shows that he has not learned since then.

In reaching a calm and balanced estimate of Mr. Taft and his record it is no more than fair to make generous allowance for every good thing he has done and every good quality he possesses. He should have full credit for his good nature, for the good things he has said, the good measures he has advocated and the good men he has appointed. Account should be taken of his easy-going temperament, and of his well-known willingness to be controlled by the stronger, more active and more interested men into whose hands he falls—the men, as Senator Dolliver said, who know exactly what they want. But when every allowance has been made, when he has been given the benefit of every doubt, still the record is not good. Mr. Taft has himself supplied the proof that he cannot be trusted.

Some one will perhaps object that I am needlessly concerned, because Mr. Taft is most unlikely to be elected even if he secures the nomination. It is probably true that the battle for Mr. Taft's election would be lost in advance. But the present issue is far greater than partisan victory or defeat in 1912.

Furthermore, the Republican party is on trial before the people as it has not been for many years. It has not so much a reputation to maintain as a reputation to retrieve. At this time of all times it can least afford to nominate for President a man as to whose attitude after election there can be any doubt. No candidate will meet the need who cannot be fully trusted to shoot away from the uniform he has on. To sanction a doubtful choice would prove the Republican leaders to be unworthy of public confidence. The renomination of Mr. Taft would drive great numbers of Republican voters, who believe in principles rather than in names, either to refrain from voting at all or to vote for a Progressive Democrat if such were nominated. And no one can doubt that a considerable number of the voters thus estranged would remain so, to the permanent weakening of the Republican party.

I am loyal to the Republican party, as it is understood by the millions who vote the Republican ticket and as it was conceived by the men who founded it. But I believe in the people and the conservation policies before any party, and I reserve the right to vote for the principles I hold wherever I find them. True loyalty to a party is loyalty to the ideals upon which it is founded. No man can be loyal to a party and yet lend himself like a rubber stamp to leaders who have abandoned the essential principles that give that party its right to live.

We need a great administration to do the people's work—an administration untainted with reaction, free from the associations of politics for profit, earnest to conserve the natural resources in the general interest, understanding the needs and troubles of the common man and unshakably devoted to the common good. Without a President who is genuinely progressive such an administration is impossible. Unless the Republican party can rise to the national need by nominating such a man, and so give evidence that the conscience and the courage that gave it birth are still alive, there is little hope for it in the future.

Where the Republican party stands as to principles will be shown by the choice of men that it makes. The standard by which the people will judge it was set by Lincoln when he said:

"I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live by the light that I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right and part with him when he goes wrong."

The Eternal Question

Lem Dreer keeps store where th' crossroads meet,
An' th' river's right close by;
He sets on a box in front, t' greet
Them folks that happens nigh.
But greetin's ain't what they was one day,
Nor mean what they used t' mean;
An' this is all he hears 'em say:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

Folks used t' drive with a spankin' team
An' take th' check reins down
T' let 'em drink at a little stream
Right here in th' heart o' town;
An' Lem 'ud pass 'em th' time o' day
An' gossip a bit between,
But now it's a car, an' they holler an' say:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

A feller would ride up a stylish hoss
An' hitch to th' ol' hoss-rail,
An' holler at Lem: "Hello, there, Boss!"
An' give him a hearty hail.
Now one o' them motor-bikers 'll goe
An' fetch out an ol' canteen,
Er a pail er cup, an' he says, says he:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

An' they used t' row up to Lem's dock
With a yawl er a trim canoe,
An' ast of Lem what he's got in stock
An' look th' hull store through.

Now one o' them motor boats 'll whiz
Where th' rushes grow all green,
An' they'll holler fr'm where th' landin' is:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

An' Hiram Griggs an' his big engine
With forty rod o' plows,
He comes explodin' down th' line
With grease on his chin an' brows;
An' he hollers at Lem fr'm th' ol' crossroads
Th' len'th of th' village green,
While that big engine of his explodes:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

Now they got an airline by Lem's store,
Where th' currents flow jest right,
An' a feller kin see th' airships soar
Way up, half out o' sight.
But they do drop in on Lem sometimes
An' swoop on him unseen,
An' down fr'm th' clouds some feller chimes:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

Lem's sellin' out his stock o' clothes
An' groc'ries, less er more;
He's movin' an' don't keer where he goes,
But he's goin' t' run a store.
He says he's goin' t' try t' find
Some place with a change o' scene,
An' git one question off'n his mind:
"Hey! Got any gasoline?"

J. W. Foley.

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business. This card—made out always in the customer's name and bearing President Vehon's signature—is a complete, specific *contract* to *deliver* satisfaction, or there is no sale.

When you order a Royal Tailor overcoat or suit—this card means to you that your clothes ideals must be realized—that what you *get* must be what you *want*—in fit, in fabric, in style, in construction—

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1—Made To Your Measure
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Built On 6-Day Schedule

"The Clothes That Real Men Wear"

The Royal Tailors

Chicago — Over 5000 Royal Dealers — Joseph Vehon, President — 148 Branch Royal Stores — New York

THE HOUSE THAT HARRY SOLD

(Continued from Page 7)

"Intending to liquidate the stocks?" he asked genially.

"There! I almost forgot. I really ought to have gone first to one of those stock-brokers that buy such things."

"I have connections in that line myself," said Harry, his thoughts for a moment on Mike and the immediate graft.

"Well, I don't know much about 'em," said Mrs. Brewster. "I've got my annuity to live on, and they were laid by for a rainy day. I didn't pay much attention except when dividends come in. Abner bought 'em. There was a pedler or somethin' round last week askin' Mittie about 'em when I wasn't hum. I told Mittie if he come again to say I had gone West, leaving no address. I don't believe in pedlers and agents. If a man's got business to do let him get a shop, I say. I got a paper last night and figured what they were wu'th in New York, and I saw they must have rix. Comes to quite a lot more than Abner and I cal'lated. Somethin' over twenty thousand dollars. Though goodness knows," she added, "I don't believe much I see in the papers and don't read 'em much anyhow, since they said Abner was buried from the Congregational church when he was a Unitarian, and just as stubborn about that as anything else. I can't get Brewster stubbornness out of my mind, seems like."

"What stocks are they—mining, industrial or railroad?" asked Handsome Harry pleasantly. "It makes a great deal of difference, you know."

Mrs. Brewster dove into her bag, ran through its rubbish with swift fingers. She produced a paper, unfolded it.

"I wrote it down," she said. "One hundred and twelve shares, S. V. & C. Railroad." She busied herself replacing the envelope among the crowded possessions of her bag. For an instant the only sound in the room was the crackling of paper.

Handsome Harry did not move. His eyes did not brighten, nor did his expression change. No outsider looking at him could possibly have gathered what was going on in his mind; for, if anything, he became a little more still. But a great deal was going on in his mind. In the twinkling of an eye the whole face of the world had smiled. In the twinkling of an eye his black mood had broken and fallen away. In that lightning-flash of intuition, which is the better half of creative genius, three sentences had leaped out of the day's talk and placed themselves in the order of a dazzling climax:

Otto Gluck had said:

"Pierce said 'We need less than a hundred shares of S. V. & C.'"

Mike had said:

"If Pierce should ever get control of S. V. & C., Western would go up like a balloon. Give me an advance tip on that and I'll get rich quick."

The little old lady had said:

"One hundred and twelve shares of S. V. & C."

And on that same lightning-flash Handsome Harry's big idea came to him—came to him, despite its terrific risks, with the certainty of success.

What his new theme is to the poet, his new plot to the writer, his new vision to the painter—all this surged in the spirit of Handsome Harry. As in letters of fire about the wall he could read these words; as on the tongues of trumpets he could hear them!

"One hundred and twelve shares of S. V. & C."

The crackling of the paper stopped. The little old lady looked up. I repeat, Handsome Harry had not turned a hair. But, with the unfailing instinct of woman, Mrs. Brewster asked: "What's the matter?"

Handsome Harry passed a languid hand over his brow. "Only the heat, I think," he lied glibly.

"Better look out," said Mrs. Brewster with real solicitude. "Don't eat much or drink much this hot weather, is my rule."

"And mine," responded Harry. "But we were speaking of brokers," he went on—and, oh, the briskness, the assurance, that had come into his voice! "It's really lucky, Mrs. Brewster, that you came to me. There is much chicanery among brokers of the Wall Street district. It happens that I have a friend who is thoroughly reliable—he places all my business—and he can advise me how to make your sale to the greatest advantage, I am sure. Of course," he added, "you can see that it is to my advantage as well as to yours to get as much as possible for this stock. We can spend more on the house. And I am agent for one or two pieces of property that I am sure we may be able to buy at the best advantage just now. It is summer and the prices are low. Where will you stay in New York?"

"I was thinking of the Dolly Madison," said Mrs. Brewster.

"An excellent and reasonable hotel for women," answered Harry. "May I see you safe there? I was going uptown myself."

And all the hot way up to her hotel, Harry, guiding her through the perils of the traffic, plied her with those unconscious arts that made woman his handmaid.

"I don't know what I'd 'a' done without you," she said, her smile twinkling bravely through the heat and fatigue on her face. "Why, your being related to the Carsons of North Burnham makes you seem jest like own folks. They talk about the unsociableness of New York—why, nobody could have been more kind than you! I'm so glad I haven't got to hunt up another agent that I don't know what to do. When I think of what does happen sometimes to lone women I sort of feel's if there was a special providence in our meeting."

In that last sentiment Handsome Harry absolutely concurred. Only to himself he put it differently:

"There's no doubt about it," he meditated; "there's one born every minute. It's the only crop we're sure of."

VI

LIKE an arrow Handsome Harry sped toward the Wall Street district, looking for Mike. He found him, after an hour's search, drinking with a stranger in a little saloon just off the curb market. They talked head to head for half an hour, until skepticism became conviction in the face of Mike. Finally he opened his watch and produced a bill.

"I don't see yet," he remarked, "but we'd do better to play the piker game. That's safe. I just know I could gouge something extra out of the Pierce brokers for that block of stock."

"Aw, come off!" snapped Harry. "The big game for mine every time. Mike, you can retire on this!"

"I cer-tainly will retire from this financial district," replied Mike, "but I'm pretty near my finish anyhow." He held out a yellow-backed gold certificate.

"It's my finish," he repeated. Mike's face cracked in a smile. "Say, this is rich. I'd like to see that old Aunt Martha when ——"

"Don't forget the seal and the sign," interrupted Harry hastily.

VII

HARRY had traveled downtown that morning a wilted leaf in a scorched forest. Now, as he stepped lightly into a Broadway and Lexington Avenue car, he seemed the one live, spirited thing in that suffocating crowd. What though he steamed with the rest; what though he, too, tucked his handkerchief in his collar, slapped at the sticky flies, burned, melted? His step, as he proceeded from the car to Mrs. Bannard's, had the spring of youth. He was near his front door and was fumbling for his key, before it occurred to him that he was approaching the delicate operation upon which all depended. In the complex machine built of his brain, since inspiration came on the wings of coincidence, this was the master wheel—this interview with Otto Gluck.

He paused outside Otto's bedroom, which was in the same corridor with his own. The sound of a falling shoe, the splash of water proved that the watchman was dressing. Should he knock at the door? No, best to leave this meeting to accident. He retired to his own room, therefore, opened the door and window, and sat like one overcome by the heat in the doorway. So, as Otto stepped from his door, Harry was coming down the corridor with a—

"Very hot afternoon, Mr. Gluck."

"It iss!"

"I was just going out to have something cool," said Handsome Harry. "Do you ever drink anything at this time of day?"

"I don't mind if I do," said Otto, a smile parting his bristly beard.

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The choice of all the people *off* the stage—





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"Camp"
Same sizes and prices as "Hiker" Shoe.

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Hiker

A new shoe. Almost as popular, already, as the "Camp Shoe." Splendid for school and regular wear. Soft as a glove and wears like iron. Black boarded calf. Full bellows tongue. Extra heavy oak soles.



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Little Boys', Sizes 9 to 13½, **$2.00.**
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"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes are made in "Hiker," "Parade," "Campaign," "Camp" and other styles. In bluchers, high-cut, button, etc. Select black, tan and gun-metal calf, and special elk leather.

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No Boy Scouts Shoes Genuine Without Swastika "Good Luck" Charm

"Good Luck" Charm—illustrated in corner of this advertisement—is attached to all *genuine* "Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes. Refuse shoes without charm attached. Looks like gold. Does not discolor. Splendid for prizes for boys' games, etc. **Call on Your Dealer—or Write Us Today!**

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At close quarters, where personal safety demands instant thought and action, you are master of the situation—if your rifle is a *Remington-UMC* Autoloader.

One shot is enough. The bullet is hurled with the force of a one-ton blow. And you have four others, equally effective, to follow—with lightning rapidity or deliberately, as the situation demands. Each individual shot under absolute control of the trigger finger.

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Remington-UMC the perfect shotgun combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
299 Broadway New York City

"We'd better go to the corner," said Harry. "We can sit down there." Then suddenly he gave a start.

"Well, by Jove!" he said, and stared at Otto.

"Vat iss the madder?" asked Otto.

"Well, I never thought of that—how stupid of me!" responded Harry. He looked Otto over. "You're the very man," he added. Then he ran on.

"I was about to advertise for a good night watchman for my business. There's been—well, some trouble; and I'm afraid about some documents in my safe. I might put them in safe deposit every night, but as I need them every day that would be awkward. Here you've been asking me to get you a position. You'd do, and you'd do fine, and I never thought of you until this moment. Well, well! The position," he added, "would be permanent."

They were on the street by this time. Otto stopped and mopped his forehead.

"Vot iss in it?" he asked.

"What does Mr. Pierce pay you?" asked Harry.

"That obbressor!" grunted Otto. "He gif me ninedy tollars a mont'. Moreover, he would not r-raise me."

"That is a fair amount for my business," said Harry; "but I'll tell you what I'll do. I want a man like you, reliable and trustworthy, and a few dollars each week is little enough to pay for security. I will give you twenty-five dollars a week."

They had reached the saloon and settled themselves at a table in the summer beer garden before Otto spoke again.

"Vot hours should I vork?" he asked.

"What hours do you work for Mr. Pierce?" asked Harry.

"All night and in the middle of the day oop to look the house ofer," said Otto. "When man for an obbressor vorks he vorks!"

"And no other watchman but you?" asked Harry nonchalantly. "Dear me, that's asking a great deal!"

"No, none other. He ee-gonomize!" Otto blew out the verb with fine scorn.

"Well, well! Now I shall ask you to work only from nine o'clock at night until seven in the morning," said Harry.

Otto considered.

"All r-right!" he said. "Negxt veek."

Harry managed to make his face fall.

"Dear me! I never thought of that. Too bad," he said. "You see—I must have a man tomorrow—and tonight would be best."

"But I haf to qvit, ain't id? Mr. Pierce also he huf to get anodder man."

Harry laughed.

"If I were an anarchist," he said—"and I am pretty nearly—I shouldn't consider the interests of an oppressor like F. Warren Pierce. You commit no crime by leaving your position. A man may do that at any time. Quit! Leave him! Will you serve his interests before your own?"

Otto thought for a moment, while the idea bludgeoned itself through six layers of skull.

"But my sel-lery," he said—"I got it last Toosday. And he owes me tonight"—he struggled with mental arithmetic—"thirteen tollars and fifty cents—almost."

Harry seemed to consider. "I'll tell you," he said. "I'll make that your bonus if you'll begin tonight."

Otto considered.

"And," said Harry, "it serves him right! Think of that deal you overheard! Think of the widows and orphans!"

"How shall I inform him?" asked Otto. And Handsome Harry's mind relaxed as with a sigh of satisfaction. For he knew he had won.

"Well, if I were you," said Harry, "I'd write him now—and send him your keys, of course."

"But the keyss imbortant are!" Otto exclaimed.

"Well, is anything safer than the United States mail? Don't you know that it's five years for robbing it?"

"That iss so," said Otto. By this time his mind, revolutionary in theory, docile in practice, was running in grooves greased by Handsome Harry.

"Let's do it now," said the latter. "Boy!" he called to the waiter, and he slipped a quarter across the table, "get us some paper and ink—and ask the boss if he can't send along one of those tags for express packages and two more beers. We're sending a job by mail!"

Beneficiaries both, Otto and the waiter laughed together at this mild joke. The waiter was back presently with the tags, the ink, the paper and the drinks. Otto pursed his brows and set himself to composition. And this—as Handsome Harry learned afterward, just before he destroyed it—was what he produced:

"MR. PIERCE.

"*Sir:* I do not work for you more as an oppressor. I do not harm you because the revolution is by thought. What I think I do not tell you. Here are your keys and send me my money to tonight on the first of the month. OTTO GLUCK."

He sealed this laboriously, addressed it, drew out an impressive bunch of keys, affixed the express tag, addressed that.

"I have stamps," said Handsome Harry. He picked up envelope and keys in the most nonchalant manner in the world and affixed the stamps.

"Well, I suppose we must be going," he said. "I won't wait for change." As he rose, he still held the letter and the keys. At the door Otto's eyes searched these possessions hungrily; and he seemed about to speak.

"There's a mailbox at the corner," said Harry carelessly. And now they were on the street. A stream of foot-passengers, homeward bound for dinner, filled the sidewalk. As they approached the box——

"I'll mail them!" offered Harry. He dove past a bevy of girls, who hid him for an instant from Otto. And in that instant he had made three swift motions. The keys and the envelope went into an inside pocket; out came another envelope and another bunch of keys. Otto saw the white slip drop into the slot, heard the keys rattle as they fell. Satisfied, he awaited Harry's return.

"And here," said Harry, rejoining him, "is the bonus to bind the bargain and here are the keys to my office. Be there at nine o'clock and watch both doors sharp. I'm dining out. Goodnight."

"Thank you, Mr. Carson," said Otto.

"And thank you," said Harry. Which of these thanks was the more fervent only Harry knew.

He was smiling and jaunty as he took his way across Broadway to find Mike and to bait and set the trap against the morrow's hunting.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

An Export Improver

ABOUT five years ago two manufacturing concerns in somewhat similar lines saw possibilities for their goods in South America. One was a great company with ample means. It sent salesmen to Argentina and Brazil. These men spoke the languages, got along well and were cordially received, but they got few orders. The Brazilians and Argentinos held off. Big as that concern was, they had never heard of it; and they seemed to think there was plenty of time to get acquainted. Within two years the salesmen had been called home and the work dropped as unpromising.

The other concern was a little house, with not enough capital to cover the selling end in this country as it would have liked to do; but occasional orders kept coming from South America, and on the salesforce, working as an "improver," was a young West Indian who had asked for employment after finishing at a private school in the United States. The general manager set him to work developing export business. The only expenditure apart from his salary was a small appropriation for correspondence and advertising. Orders from Latin America were followed up and the new export man had friends and relatives in some of the countries, who sent him information. Finally, about a year after the first concern had left the field disgusted, this small house was able to send its export man on a six months' trip through the territory he had been developing. His reception was altogether different from that given the salesmen of the other house, for in many cases he was visiting actual customers. Where a potential customer had not bought goods as yet, very likely he knew the little house by reputation through its letters and printed matter. Enough orders were secured on this trip to pay all expenses and show a profit apart from new customers found and fresh territory laid out for promotion work. Today that little concern is strong in the Latin-American trade, while the big one, which apparently had every advantage, is still a nonentity in export trade.



Pride Before Profit

A Tribute to Certain Worthy Clothiers

There are more than a thousand clothes manufacturers in the United States. More than ten thousand merchants sell their product. Of these, a certain number put pride before profit in clothes.

Are *you* dealing with one of these merchants? Are you getting the best clothes your money will buy? If not, it's time you knew something of the shop near you where are sold

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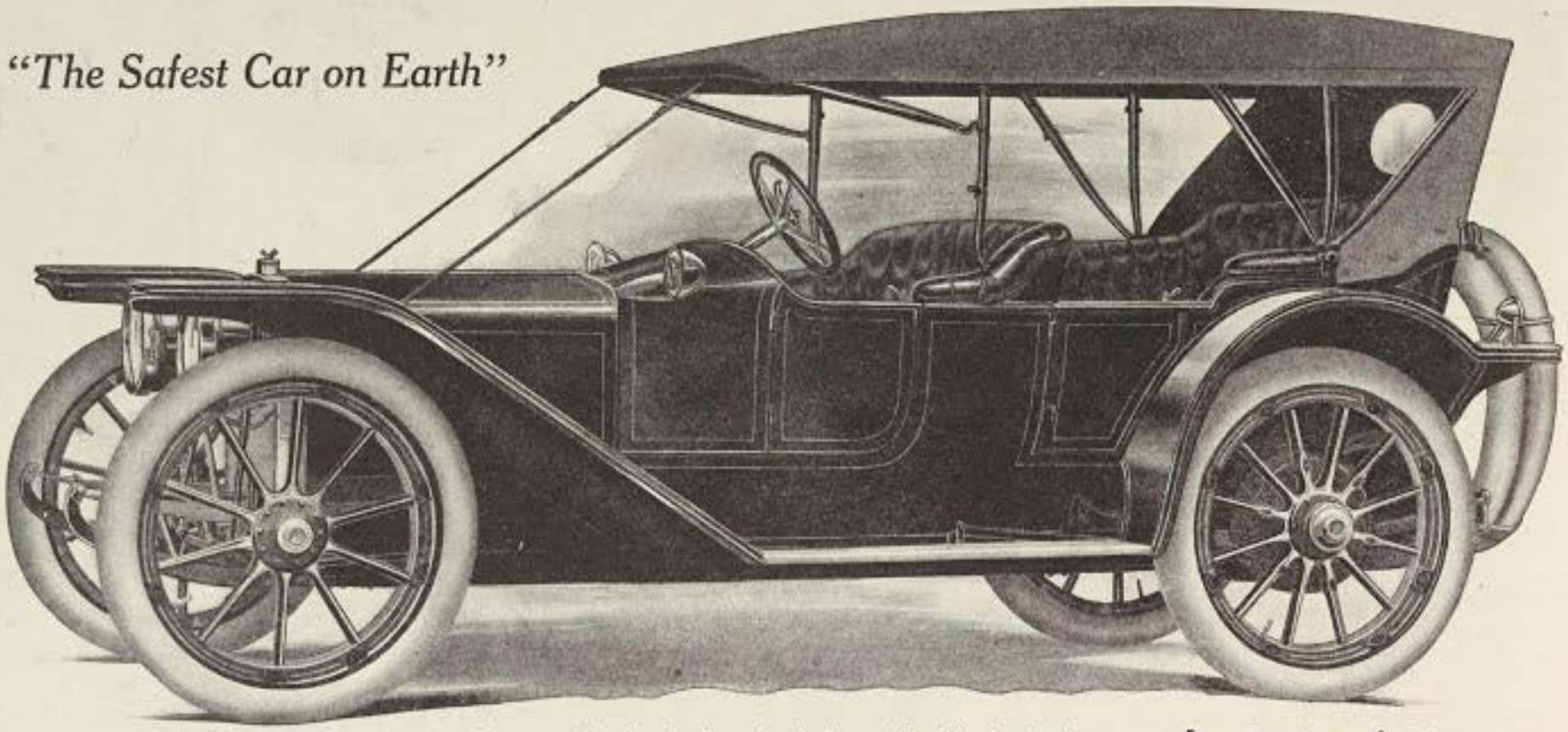
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The 1912 AMERICAN Underslung

A Car for Discriminating Buyers

The "American" is the one car, these days, that attracts more than passing notice on road, street or boulevard.

This is a fact which you can prove with your own eyes the first time you see an "American" anywhere.

Just stop and watch. See for yourself the unstinted admiration that is bestowed upon it.

An "American" owner told us recently that within one week he saw a crowd around an "American" car in five different cities: in New York; Philadelphia; Syracuse; Detroit and Buffalo. At the Pontchartrain Hotel, Detroit (the heart of the automobile industry), an "American Traveler" rolled silently up to the curb and within three minutes the car was literally surrounded by an interested and admiring throng.

It is the one car that is distinct, distinguished and stylish besides combining all the attributes of comfort, *safety* and thorough mechanical excellence.

In the conventional type of construction the designer is forced to sacrifice safety, beauty and gracefulness in lines and to transmit the power through shafts driven at such angles as to waste much of the power.

In the "American" Underslung the straight line drive minimizes this loss of power and reduces the stress and strain on all shafts, bearings, gears and couplings.

The Underslung frame construction, as exemplified in the "American," is unquestionably the logical way to build an automobile, a fact long known and acknowledged by the best automobile engineers the world over. The public, too, has now come to appreciate and demand it.

We were led, by this growing sentiment in favor of Underslung construction, to offer for 1912, in addition to our famous 50 horsepower "American Traveler," the models shown here.

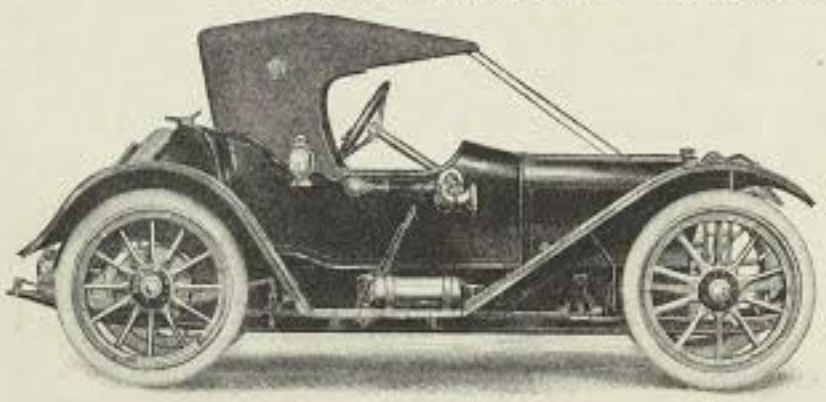
They have all the desirable and distinguishing marks of our exclusive "American" design and contain many unique but tried features in motor and chassis construction which have made the motor car trade and its engineers sit straight up and take notice.

The Underslung frame permits, quite aside from the stylish and striking appearance of the car, large wheels, which means low center of gravity, insuring a steady running car without side lash and undue strain on tires. It obviates driving the power at an angle, prevents turning turtle and the great tendency to skid possessed by all cars with an overslung frame.

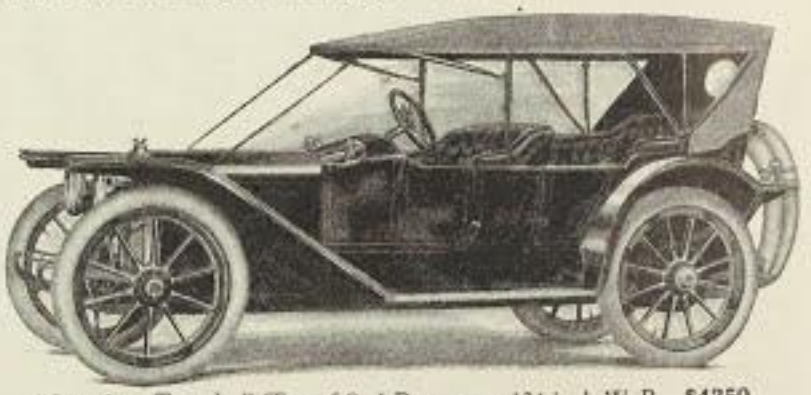
And all this too, mind you, with ample road clearance, fully as much as in other cars.

Before you buy a car of any kind you should investigate thoroughly the advantages of the "American" and the great safety and economy it means to you as an owner.

We have just issued a treatise on "Underslung Construction" which goes into the subject thoroughly. Write for it.



"American Scout" (Type 22), 2-Passenger—**$1250**



"American Traveler" (Type 54), 4-Passenger, 124-inch W. B.—**$4250**
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AMERICAN MOTORS COMPANY, Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.



These trial sizes of the three Woodbury products will be sent for 10 cents

Write today for these samples

The stimulating feeling that Woodbury's Facial Soap gives your skin the *first* time you use it, is a promise of what its *steady* use will do.

Woodbury's keeps the skin *active* and therefore healthy. It gradually gives it a clearness and radiance you can be proud of.

Woodbury's Facial *Soap* costs 25c. No one hesitates at the price after their first cake. We are now making our twenty-fifth millionth cake.

Woodbury's Facial *Cream* is a clear, greaseless jelly; cleansing and soothing. It is different from any you have ever used. 25c a tube.

Woodbury's Facial *Powder* is soft and fine; in four shades; and packed in a convenient double box with *free chamois*. 25c a package.

For 10c we send samples of all three. For 50c, we send the samples and a copy of the Woodbury Book on the care of the skin and scalp.

Woodbury's Facial Soap

For sale by dealers everywhere



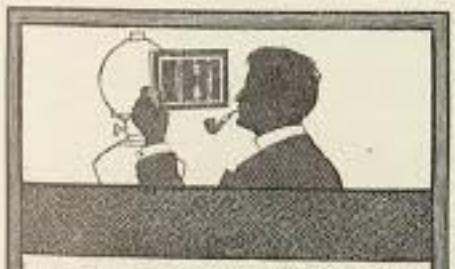
Trade Mark

Mail this coupon today

The Andrew Jergens Co., 5603 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.
I enclose ten cents (in stamps) for sample cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, with booklet telling how to use Woodbury's Facial Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder, and samples of the Woodbury complexion.

Name _____

Address _____



Your best negatives deserve and your poorest negatives require

VELOX

The one paper made expressly to give the best results from the average amateur negative.

If you do your own printing use Velox because it is simplest, if you have your work done for you insist on Velox, because it is also best.

Velox offers a wide variety of surfaces and qualities from which to choose. The Velox Book, free at your dealers or by mail, tells all about them and explains in full the methods of handling the paper.

NEPERA DIVISION,
EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LESSONS FROM OUR ALIEN FARMERS

(Continued from Page 22)

Because he is known as a sound and skillful orchardist he has the entire working of the orchards that he rents. His own apple orchard of one hundred and thirty acres is looked upon as a model. When it yields him forty thousand boxes of export apples he is pleased; when it returns fifty thousand boxes he is satisfied that his Dalmatian birth and training have been justified by his works.

Standing in the oldest orchard on the place, his jolly face glowing with frank pride, Mr. Lettunich declared:

"This orchard has never failed to produce a crop—never! If I were to fix a price on it according to the net return it has actually averaged for a term of years I'd have to ask several thousand dollars an acre—a price that would scare an Eastern man."

Mr. Lettunich is insistent on the fruit-making power of persistent cultivation. "Go at it deep at the start and let it grow lighter—but never shallower than four inches. But above all things never stop cultivating" is his rule. He holds that a good stable manure is about the best fertilizer that can be spread in an orchard. Like most Dalmatians in the Pajaro Valley, he is also as expert in the handling of his fruit as in the growing of it. To prevent bruising all of his apple-hauling is done with spring wagons. His Belleflowers are harvested in two pickings and are handled as gingerly as if they were eggs.

Thinning That Pays

"I want my own people to pick my fruit, because they handle an apple with a delicacy and a respect that few Americans seem to have. In Dalmatia we grow very fine fruit that is generally allowed to reach a more advanced stage of ripeness and maturity than is generally considered commercially practicable here. The result is that men of my country have an instinctively soft and careful touch in handling fruit that does not come naturally to the average American. This isn't so unimportant as it may seem. A tiny bruise in two or three apples in a box pulls down the standard of that box; and if the same thing is carried out through a whole shipment the result is decidedly bad. If every grower and picker and sorter would treat all the apples that come under his hand as if they were going into a prize carload, then the shipper would realize a standard that ought to be found at least in all export apples."

Getting incidental crops between orchard rows is not a striking feature of Dalmatian orcharding, because as a rule the Dalmatian does not take over an orchard until it is in full bearing and has passed the period when extensive interplanting is good practice. He rather puts full force on making the trees produce the largest possible crop of the highest possible quality. And he is always ready to sacrifice quantity to quality. His aim is to get the highest price paid in the foreign market, where only quality stands any chance. This makes him a severe and unsparing thinner. Probably no one lesson to be learned from the Dalmatians by the apple-grower of the Middle West and of the East could be made to pay larger dividends, if put into practice, than that of the relentless thinning of fruit according to the methods followed in the Pajaro Valley.

"In a good year," said one Dalmatian, "when there is a heavy set of fruit, it pays to throw about a third of it on the ground. You Americans don't seem to have the nerve to do this thoroughly. But two apples that are perfect are worth much more than three that are a little off from the standard. The tree can do only so much. Besides, the fruit that goes back into the ground is food returned to the tree for another season. I think nearly all of my countrymen are good thinners and that here is where they will beat the Americans every time."

The most distinctive thing in the Dalmatian's methods as an orchardist is his eternal vigilance. He never walks through an orchard with unseeing eyes. A single discolored leaf is sufficient to stop him for a more extended examination. If the bark or the foliage of a tree is a shade off color he gets after that tree to find out the cause of its variation, not only because he wishes to head



YOU men who would appreciate supreme collar satisfaction—who want a collar that will *retain* style and fit throughout its life, equal to when you buy it)—try IDE SILVER COLLARS—try the new DELMAR.

Collars lose their shape and fit, become uncomfortable, as soon as a buttonhole stretches or tears but a trifle.

IDE SILVER COLLARS have the **Linocord Buttonholes** exclusively. They're easier-to-button and *they don't tear out.*

The newest shape, the DELMAR, is the straight-front that *does* meet close, because *baked* and so shaped in baking by our special **Vertiform Process** that it has the coveted straight-front effect. Has ample scarf space.

Here's the straight-front collar you have sought.

Ide Silver BRAND **Collars**

1/4 Sizes — 2 for 25¢

In Canada, 3 for 50c.

Write for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress; and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences).

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 491 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

FRONT
LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES
Easier-to-Button and Unbutton
They Don't Tear Out
BACK

Foster's IDEAL Spring

There is a science in the making of bed springs as in everything else.

To obtain the greatest comfort, the spring must conform to the body and support it with a springy, airy buoyancy. If the spring sags it causes discomfort—you toss and roll about—your sleep isn't restful. Foster's Ideal Spring is so constructed as to yield correctly under the weight of light and heavy persons. There is no sagging or rolling to the center. It keeps the body in a natural, healthful position, overcoming one of the main causes of sleeplessness.

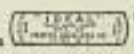
If you want the most comfortable bed, you should take advantage of our thirty nights' free trial. Your money back if you are the least bit disappointed.

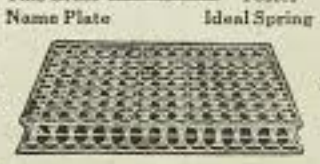
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They cost but little more than the ordinary spring.

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Look For This Brass Name Plate  **On Every Foster Ideal Spring**



Write for booklet and the names of our dealers nearest you who sell Foster's Ideal Springs on thirty nights' free trial.

Ask your dealer to show you Ideal Metal Bedstead and Cribs.

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THE OLD STYLE—Sagging unhygienic spring



THE NEW STYLE—Foster's IDEAL hygienic spring

$1.00 TO INTRODUCE THE Celebrated "LENOX" Brands of Silk and Lisle Hosiery FOR MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN One Box of 6 Pairs

Guaranteed Fine Grade Mocco Hose sent prepaid and insured for One Dollar (Extraordinary Value). Men—Choice black, tan, navy grey. Ladies—Black, tan, Stylewear.

We guarantee no holes in toe or heel within 6 months or **New Ones Free.** Obtainable only through our accredited agents or **direct.**

We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's or any Bank in New York City.

Lenox Silk Works, Desk K, 5 West 31st St., New York City

Field Representatives Wanted in Every County
Splendid income assured.

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For College, School, Society or Lodge.

Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER, 25c each; $2.50 doz.; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 per doz. BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 488, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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SHORT STORIES—1c to 5c a Word. We sell stories and book MSS. on commission; we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Our free booklet, "Writing for Profit" sufficient. The NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 91 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

The gracious art of entertaining knows this invariable rule—

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

should be served.

Like the last delicate touches of the painter's brush, they add charm, delight, completion.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



off any scourge from the orchard as a whole, but because his inherited traditions and his Old World training have instilled into him the value of the tree as an individual.

A ferret's nose is no keener for the scent of its natural prey than is the eye of a Dalmatian for the insect enemies of an orchard. He is always on the alert for them, overturning leaves and spying into tiny crevices of the bark. He may not know the scientific name of a new bug that enters appearance in his orchard, but he is sure to catch the advance scouts of the invaders and he watches them until he finds out what they are there for and how they operate.

In spraying and in cultivation the Dalmatians are thorough and generous. As a rule they use the most modern solutions and methods. Lime-and-sulphur spray is applied as a preventive against scale, and Bordeaux mixture is their favorite insecticide and scab preventive.

There is not a Dalmatian in the apple business, so far as one can find, who is not a living exponent of the fact that the best apple man is equally strong in the cultural and the business functions of his calling. Peter Mengol, of Watsonville, stands as a good representative of this racial characteristic. He has been able to coax twenty-five thousand boxes of export apples from twenty-five hundred trees in the season—which is enough to indicate that he knows how to handle his trees. But his ability to pry open the lid of a foreign market is as pronounced as his capacity for producing a record crop. In fact, Peter Mengol might be called Apple Ambassador-at-Large to Europe. He specializes in Yellow Newtown Pippins, because they are the favorite apples in the English and European markets. Every year he goes to England and makes side trips to the Continent. As he personally handles a hundred carloads of export apples—about one-fifth of the Yellow Newtown Pippins consumed in England—he naturally feels that the market must be expanded and extended into all European countries. In his opinion the opening of the Panama Canal will permit Pacific Coast growers to land their apples in European markets at least thirty cents a box cheaper than they can now be put there.

Not an Apple-Core Wasted

No inquirer can trace the personal histories of the leading Dalmatians of the Pajaro district without being impressed with the uniformity in one important particular that their experiences present—that each of them has served a probation period in both the producing and the selling branches of the business under American conditions. The Dalmatian cannot be divorced from the idea that farming is a business, not a lopsided calling in which the art of production is nine-tenths of the game; and he is willing to serve time in both the selling and the producing of fruits—under the moderate stimulus of a laborer's pay-check—before he feels himself competent to start on his own hook.

Nearly all of the fifty-seven apple-evaporating furnaces in the Pajaro Valley are in the hands of Chinese, as are the apple canneries and cider and vinegar factories. Not even a paring or a core gets away from these thrifty people, who had their training for thrift in Old World poverty. They produce about sixteen hundred tons of evaporated apples every year, twenty-three thousand cases of canned apples and fifteen thousand barrels of cider and vinegar.

It is not the Dalmatian practice to go in debt for land. Usually the grower of that nationality prefers to use all his capital in renting orchards and in handling the crop. When he begins to accumulate a little surplus not needed for driving the wheels of his business he builds a good residence in town. But he is not content to remain permanently landless. After his bank account has attained a certain stage of fatness he generally anchors himself to the soil by acquiring a warranty deed for a choice ranch. Although there are now not more than two hundred Dalmatian families in Watsonville, it is likely that the time will come when most of the Pajaro orchards will be owned, instead of rented, by these survivors of the ancient Illyrian race.

"They'll have to do something with all their money," dryly remarked a native son. "They know more about orchards than anything else or anybody else, so I figure they'll buy the orchards. We always know what to do with ours—we can spend it."



It feels so good and wears so well

Velvetrib is *great* underwear to live in.

It has a pleasant, free feeling—though it fits like a glove.

It gives luxurious warmth—yet is as agreeable to the skin as the softest, silkiest gauze. No itchy irritation or bulkiness about

Velvetrib
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It is knit of the finest Egyptian yarn in two closely interwoven layers and is alike on both sides. Thus, without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric, strength, warmth and velvety softness are obtained.

Velvetrib is remarkably durable. By actual test, Velvetrib shows 80 to 100% more tensile strength than other underwears of equal weight. That means double service.

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MEN'S Separate Garments, $1 Union Suits . . . $2
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Velvetrib Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort.

If your dealer doesn't sell Velvetrib, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet and sample of fabric and see that you are supplied.

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Makers of Famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita-Knit Underwear
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A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside band. Would sell for $2 in most hat stores. **Colors: Black, Dark Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, and White.** Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1. State size and color wanted. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
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100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We SHIP ON APPROVAL *without a cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow*
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our wholesale cut prices. *Write now.*

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Never more than 15c a yd.—27 ins. wide

Be sure you get the genuine Duckling Fleece. Look for the name Merrimack Duckling Fleece and the Duckling branded on the back of the selvage. If your dealer hasn't it, write us. Send for samples.

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LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

The Beauty of Autumn

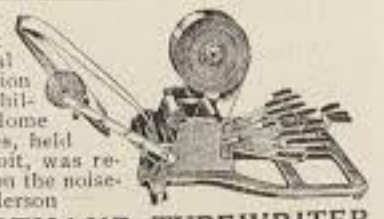
is Nature's preparation for Winter. Women of refinement prepare for the social requirements of the season and keep their complexion smooth, soft and velvety by using LABLACHE, the greatest of all beautifiers. It helps Nature to overcome the effect of Summer exposure. A toilet necessity in every boudoir.

Refuse substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c, a box of druggists or by mail. *Send 10 cents for a sample box.*

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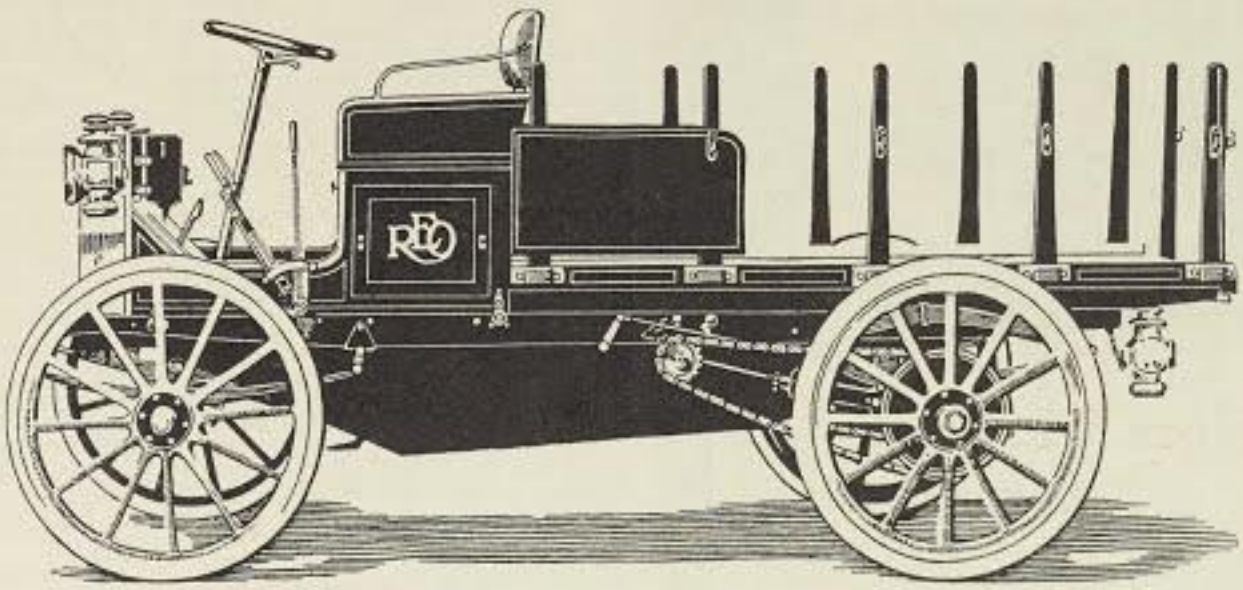
The recent National Convention of the Children's Home Societies, held in Detroit, was reported on the noiseless Anderson



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Wheel base, 90 inches

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For Only $750

The Reo Light Delivery Truck, Designed by R. E. Olds. Does the Work of Three Horse-Drawn Trucks, at Less Than Half the Cost

By R. E. Olds

I have written a book—a practical book—for men who deliver goods. I want every such man to have it.

It gives figures and facts based on tests I've made with a thousand Reo trucks. It shows that horse deliveries, under average conditions, cost 2½ times what they cost with this truck.

It proves that this truck will save its cost in one year with any man who keeps it busy. When idle all cost is stopped. If you think that horse deliveries are going to continue I ask you to read this book.

The Perfect Truck

Lots of costly mistakes have been made in trucks built on a pleasure-car chassis, equipped with pleasure-car engines, sold at pleasure-car prices. They were not economical, not satisfactory. And a good many men have come to think that the horse-drawn truck will continue.

That is folly. Motor car designers have simply been too busy to solve the light motor truck question. In the next three years horse delivery is bound to be nearly wiped out.

I have designed what I regard as a perfect motor truck. I have tested a thousand of them, in fifty sections, in forty lines of business. And any man who learns what I know about it will never deliver by horse.

My 7-Year Motor

Almost the whole truck problem lies in the motor. A truck runs on solid rubber tires and the usual engine can't stand the jar. Most trucks are driven by unskilled helpers. The engine must be simple, must be trouble-proof.

I have built gasoline engines for 25 years—built them for every purpose. For a dozen years I have built motor car engines. The past seven years have been largely spent in perfecting the engine in this truck.

It is radically different from my pleasure-car engines. It is built for moderate speed, for utter simplicity, for immense durability. Just give it gasoline and oil, and let it go. One never needs to think of it.

Let your delivery man drive it and care for it. No mechanic is necessary. It's less trouble by far than a horse.

1,000 Tests

Before committing myself in this way to this truck I have tested one thousand of them. The tests have now covered a year.

I have tried them on cobblestones and asphalt; in mud, clay, sand and snow. I have tried them in rural deliveries and in hilly towns. I have proved their economy in forty lines of business.

I had a milling concern, at one time, make an 18-day test against horse trucks. The horse truck in that time made 133 deliveries—the motor truck made 418. The horse covered 110 miles—the motor truck covered 560 miles.

I have carefully figured comparative costs on the basis of many tests. The average cost of running the Reo Motor Truck constantly is $84.90 per month. That includes a driver at $50 per month. It includes depreciation, painting and repairs, tire usage, gasoline and oil, and 6% interest on the investment.

The cost of running two horse-drawn trucks, figured in the same way, is $135.58 per month. That's 60% more than the cost of one truck. Yet two horses can cover only 50 miles daily. The truck can cover 70, used in the same way.

Then the truck costs nothing when it isn't busy. It is never fazed by the heat, never stopped by the snow. The average difference in cost is about three to one in favor of this motor truck. And it trebles one's range of delivery.

Price, Only $750

We are selling this truck for $750—a seemingly impossible price. No other truck of like capacity has ever been offered anywhere near so low.

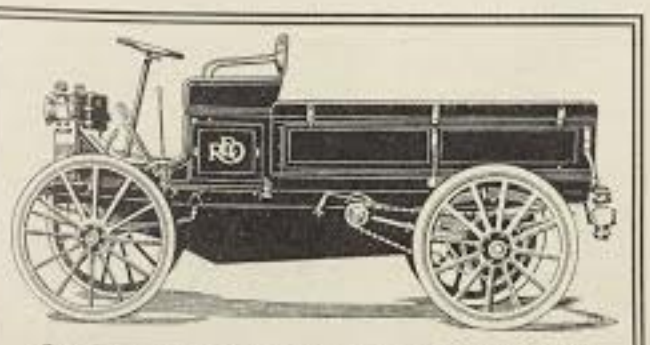
The reason is this: We are going to sell trucks on a business-like basis. We are going to sell trucks at a dray-wagon profit.

This is not an experiment—not any side issue. We have built and equipped a big, separate factory solely for these trucks. Its present capacity is 5,000 trucks per year. Our object is to quickly bring this output up to 20,000 trucks per year. The demand for these trucks, when men find them out, is bound to break all the motor car records. It is good business, we think, from the very start, to quote a minimum price—the lowest it ever can be.

Write for My Book

Write us to send you my book on Trucks. Look into this subject, and into this truck. Wherever you are we have salesmen near you to demonstrate this truck. We have men to teach your men to run it. And these men, year in and out, will render you Reo service.

Just write us now, before you forget it, to send you our book on Trucks.



Same Truck with Delivery Body—same price. Top and side curtains added for $50 extra. A folding top over driver's seat only costs $25

R. M. Owen & Company

General Sales Agents for

Reo Motor Truck Company, Lansing, Mich.

(6)



When Belts Stop, Earnings Stop.

How many hours were lost last year in your factory because of broken, stretched, creeping or otherwise faulty belts?

We can save you those losses. Belting efficiency comes from applying belting commonsense—that is, the right belt for the right place. This rule sounds simple, but it is neglected to an amazing degree.

A factory equipped throughout with

CROWN BELTING

chosen under the advice of our experts will show the highest possible transmission efficiency—an efficiency that will cut a big figure in the year's accounting.

Crown Belting runs perfectly when machines are properly adjusted, because it is of uniform thickness and thoroughly stretched.

For every requirement, whether it be hard service, high speed, extreme pliability, moist or excessively wet conditions, there is a Crown Belt that gives the best possible service.

We guarantee Crown Belting to run true on pulleys when machinery is properly adjusted, and to give satisfaction in every respect.

Send for our Crown Belting Book

which tells how to solve difficult and peculiar transmission problems; the best methods of lacing belts; care of belts; how to figure horse-power, length and tensile strength of belting, etc. The book is free, as is also the advice of our experts on any transmission problem you may have to solve.

Address Department A

PAGE BELTING COMPANY, Concord, N. H.

Boston New York Chicago Philadelphia St. Louis Chattanooga, Tenn. Portland, Ore.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 23)

view of his recent experiences, to become panic-stricken at a moment's notice.

"Of course, if anything happens you can reclaim the property," Gresham considered. "It forms its own security; but still, any one holding a private claim against Gamble might try to attach it and give you a nasty entanglement."

"There doesn't seem to be any danger of that," argued Courtney, looking worried, nevertheless. "He was able to show me an extremely clean bill of health. The only drawback I could find in his record was the payment of some debts which were not rightly his and which he might have evaded."

"Did he refer you to the Fourth National Bank?" inquired Gresham quietly.

"No. Say, Gresham, what have you up your sleeve? Gamble paid me fifteen thousand dollars this morning, as per agreement. I would scarcely think he would risk that much money on a bluff."

"He paid you the fifteen thousand, then?" said Gresham with a smile. "Mr. Courtney, one does not like to mix in these affairs; but you and my father were friends and, though I regret to do so, I feel it my duty to advise you to call up the Fourth National Bank."

"Thanks!" gratefully acknowledged Courtney, and hurried down to the telephone booth. He came back in a few moments, and his manner was distinctly cool. "I 'phoned to Mr. Close," he stated. "He tells me that an attachment was laid against Mr. Gamble's account at his bank yesterday for fifteen thousand dollars, and was returned to the server marked 'no funds'; but that this morning the executor of Mr. Gamble's interests in the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company deposited fifteen thousand dollars for the specific purpose of meeting this attachment, with a statement that Mr. Gamble knew nothing of the claim. Mr. Close informs me that he believes this statement implicitly; and that, though he could not, of course, guarantee Mr. Gamble's solvency, he would take Mr. Gamble's unsupported word on any proposition. I have known Joe Close for years, and I never knew him to be so enthusiastic about any man who possessed no negotiable securities. I thank you for your well-intentioned interference in my behalf, Mr. Gresham, but I think I shall cling to Mr. Gamble nevertheless."

"I certainly should if I were in your place," Gresham hastily assured him with such heartiness as he could assume. "I am delighted to learn that the rumor I heard of Mr. Gamble's insolvency is unfounded."

"By-the-way, where did you hear the rumor?" inquired Courtney with a frown.

"Really, I've forgotten," Gresham confessed.

"One should not forget such things if one repeats such rumors," Courtney reproved him.

Gresham went away both puzzled and annoyed. It was three o'clock before he found Collaton; and that featureless young man, whose lack of visible eyebrows and lashes was a constant annoyance to the fastidious Gresham, was in a high state of elation.

"Well, we get back your fifteen thousand," he exulted after they were safely in Gresham's apartments. "Of course Jacobs gets five thousand for engineering the deal, but that gives us five thousand apiece. Jacobs was told—about eleven o'clock—that the money was there."

"Keep my share; but why didn't you send me word?" snarled Gresham. "I nearly put my foot in it by having a man with whom Gamble is doing business inquire about him at the Fourth National. In place of injuring his credit, we've strengthened it."

"Good work!" approved Collaton. "I hope he makes all kinds of money."

"I don't!" snapped Gresham. "Did you read the papers this morning?"

"I read the racing and baseball returns."

"There was more to interest you in the news. Gamble has a big hotel proposition on—and I want it stopped. Can you get another attachment against him for about fifty thousand dollars?"

"It's risky!" And Collaton looked about him furtively. "It is easy enough to fake an old note for money——"

"You must not say 'fake' to me. I will not countenance any crooked business."

"To dig up an old note for money I am supposed to have borrowed and spent——"

"Not supposed."

"For money I borrowed and spent on the work out there—and have a quiet suit entered by one of my pet assassins in Fliegel's court, have the summons served on me and confess judgment; but I've already milked that scheme so dry that I'm afraid of it."

"You're afraid of everything," Gresham charged him with the scorn one coward feels for another. "Your operations out there were spread over ten thousand acres of ground; and it would take a dozen experts six months, without any books or papers to guide them, to make even an approximate estimate of your legitimate expenditures."

"I don't know," hesitated Collaton with a shake of his head—"I only touched the high places in the actual work out there. I believe I was a sucker at that, Gresham. If I had buckled down to it, like Gamble does, we could have made a fortune out of that scheme. He's a wonder!"

"He has wonderful luck," corrected Gresham. "I tried my best to scare Courtney away from him with that attachment, but he insisted on clinging to his Johnny Gamble; so we'll hand him enough of Johnny by laying a fifty-thousand-dollar attachment against his property."

"You're a funny cuss," said Collaton, puzzled. "If you wanted to soak him for this fifty thousand why did you try to scare Courtney off?"

"Can't you understand that I'm not after the money?" demanded Gresham. "I've explained that to you before. I want Gamble broke, discredited, and so involved that he can never transact any business in New York."

"What's he done to you?" inquired Collaton. "He must be winning a stand-in with your girl."

"My private affairs are none of your concern!" Gresham indignantly flared.

"All right, governor," assented Collaton a trifle sullenly. "I'll fake that note for you tonight; and——"

"I told you I would not have anything to do with any crooked work," Gresham sharply reprimanded him.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Collaton. "You give me the cramps. You're a worse crook than I am!"

VIII

ON WEDNESDAY morning Mr. Courtney, sitting as rigidly at his desk as if he were in church, was handed the card of Morton Washer. He laid the card face down and placed a paper-weight on it, as if he feared it might get away. He turned a callous eye upon his secretary and, in his driest and most husky tones, directed:

"Tell Mr. Washer I will see him in five minutes."

During that five minutes Mr. Courtney signed letters as solemnly as a judge pronouncing a death-sentence. At last he paused and looked at himself for a solid half minute in the bookcase mirror across from his desk. Apparently he was as mournful as an undertaker, but at the end of the inspection his mouth suddenly stretched in a wide grin, which bristled the silver-white beard upon his cheeks; his eyes screwed themselves up into knots of jovial wrinkles and he winked—actually winked—at his reflection in the glass! Thereupon he straightened his face and sent for Morton Washer.

Mr. Washer, proprietor of two of the largest hotels in New York, and half a dozen enormous winter and summer places, looked no more like a Boniface than he did like a little girl on Communion Sunday. He was a small, wispy, waspish fellow with a violently upright raging pompadour, a mustache which, in spite of careful attempts at waxing, persisted in sticking straight out, and a sharp, hard nose which had apparently been tempered to a delicate purple.

"Hear you've revived your hotel project," he said to Mr. Courtney.

"No," denied Courtney. "Sold the property."

"I know," agreed Mr. Washer with absolute disbelief. "What'll you take for it?"

"I told you it was sold. Here's the contract." And, with great satisfaction, Courtney passed over the document.

"Two million six hundred and fifty!" snorted Washer. "That's half a million more than it's worth."

"You told my friends you intended to buy the railroad plot at three and a half," Courtney gladly reminded him.

"It's four hundred feet deep."

"You said you only wanted two hundred feet square, which is the size of this plot—and this is an equally good location."

"I know," admitted Washer, contemptuous of all such trifles. "What will you take for the property—spot cash?"

"It's sold, I tell you. If you want to buy it see Mr. Gamble."

"Who's Gamble?"

"The man who is organizing the Terminal Hotel Company."

"How much stock has he subscribed?"

"You will have to see Mr. Gamble about that."

"Did you take any?"

"Half a million."

"Humph! You could afford to. Now give me the straight of it, Courtney: Is it any use to talk to you?"

"Not a bit. You'll——"

"I know. I'll have to see Mr. Gamble! Well, where do I find him?"

Mr. Courtney kindly wrote the address on a slip of paper. Mr. Washer looked at it with a grunt, stuffed it in his vest pocket and slammed out of the door. Mr. Courtney winked at himself in the glass. Old Mort Washer would try to take advantage of him, to the extent of an eighth of a million dollars, would he! Make his old friend Courtney take an eighth of a million less than he paid, eh? Mr. Courtney whistled a merry little tune.

Fifteen minutes later, Old Mort Washer bounced into Loring's office.

"Mr. Gamble?" he popped out.

Both gentlemen turned to him, but Loring turned away.

"I'm Gamble," stated that individual.

"I'm Morton Washer."

Since Mr. Gamble was aware of that fact and was expecting this visit, he betrayed no surprise.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Washer?" he inquired.

"Are you taking bona-fide subscriptions to your Terminal Hotel Company?"

"No other kind interests me."

"How nearly is your company filled?"

"Why do you want to know? Do you figure on taking some stock?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

"Your price on the property. Will you sell it?"

"Of course I will—at a profit."

"How much?"

"Two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Keep it!" snapped Washer, and started for the door.

"Much obliged," returned Johnny cheerfully, and returned to his combination daybook, journal, ledger and diary. "Ashley, I put in four hours' overtime, Monday. Do I enter that on the debit or credit side?"

Loring stifled a snicker.

"I think I'd open a separate account for that," he solemnly advised.

"I say," renewed Washer, returning one pace, "who are some of your prospective stockholders?"

"Close, of the Fourth National, is one; Mr. Courtney is another; Colonel Bouncer is another. I have more."

"Thanks!" snapped Washer. "I'll give you two and a half millions for that property."

"I'd rather finance the Terminal Hotel. Let me show you a perspective sketch of it, Mr. Washer," and he opened the drawer of his desk.

"You'll have to excuse me," blurted Mr. Washer. "Good day!" and he was gone.

"I didn't know you had Close," commented Loring in surprise. "How did you hypnotize him?"

"Showed him a profit. Mr. Courtney told me last night that Close boosted me yesterday, so I sold him some stock this morning. Say, Loring, how did you square that fifteen thousand attachment?"

"None of your business," said Loring.

Mr. Washer rushed in to see Mr. Close. "I see you've subscribed for stock in the Terminal Hotel Company," he observed. "To accommodate a client?"

"No; because I thought it would be a good investment," Mr Close informed him, turning up the edge of a piece of paper and creasing it as carefully as if it had been money. "Of course I would not care to have my action influence others."

"Do you think Gamble can fully organize such a company?"

"I think so," stated Mr. Close. "Understand, I do not recommend the investment, and my stock is subscribed only on condition that he obtains his full quota of capital."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A very reliable young man, I believe," responded Mr. Close, carefully testing an ink-eaten steel penpoint to see if it was really time for it to be thrown away. "Of course I could not state Mr. Gamble to be financially responsible, but personally I would trust him. I would not urge or even recommend any one to take part in his projects; but personally I feel quite safe in investing with him, though I would not care to have that fact generally known, because of the influence it might have. Perhaps you had better see some of the other subscribers."

"No, I've seen enough," announced Mr. Washer. "Thanks!" and he dashed out of the door.

Ten minutes later he was in Loring's office again.

"Now, name your bottom price for that property," he ordered.

"Two million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars," obliged Johnny with careful emphasis upon each word.

"It's too much money."

"Don't buy it, then," advised Johnny, smiling quite cheerfully.

"Come on; let's close it up," offered Washer resignedly. "I might have to pay more if I waited."

"All right," said Johnny. "It's a bargain, then?"

"It's a bargain—confound it!" agreed Mr. Washer quite affably, now that the struggle was over. "Where do we go?"

"To Mallard & Tyne's office," replied Johnny. "We'll all get together and wind it right up—and Mr. Courtney, Mallard & Tyne, the six original owners and myself will all take a piece of your two and three-quarter millions."

"I ought to take a bodyguard," grinned Washer; "but I'll chance it. Come on."

While the foregoing was in progress Constance Joy was entertaining Paul Gresham, who had the effrontery to drop in for lunch. Of course the conversation turned to Johnny Gamble. Neither of them could avoid it. They had reached the point where Gresham was angry and Constance was enjoying herself.

"I have great faith in him," she was saying. "He has a wonderful project under way just now."

"And he doesn't care who suffers by it," charged Gresham, furious that she should be so well informed. "You'll see that he'll involve Courtney's property with some of his old debts."

Constance's eyes widened.

"Do you think so?" she inquired as quietly as possible.

"Of course he will. His creditors are certain to take advantage of this immediately. I warned Courtney."

She hastily arose and went into the hall.

"Oh, Aunt Pattie!" she called up the stairs. "Mr. Gresham is here." Then to Gresham: "You'll excuse me for a little while, won't you? Aunt Pattie is coming down."

Five minutes after Johnny and Mr. Washer had gone, Constance Joy came into the office with carefully concealed timidity. Her manner was coldly gracious and self-possessed, and her toilette was perfect; but she carried one ripped glove.

"Is Mr. Loring in?" she asked with perfect assurance and also with suddenly accelerated dignity; for the stenographer was really quite neat-looking—not pretty, you know, but neat.

"He has just gone out," replied the stenographer with tremendous sweetness. Anybody could look pretty in expensive clothes like Constance Joy's.

There was a moment's hesitation.

"Is Mr. Gamble in?"

The girl smiled quite brightly.

"Mr. Gamble has just gone out," she stated, and smiled again. She was not at all pretty when she smiled—not by any means—neat, though.

"Could you tell me where I would be likely to find Mr. Loring?" asked Constance stiffly.

"Haven't the slightest idea," answered the girl happily, and gave her hair a touch. Ah! there was a rip under her sleeve!

"Do you know where Mr. Gamble has gone?" and Constance was suddenly pleasant through and through.



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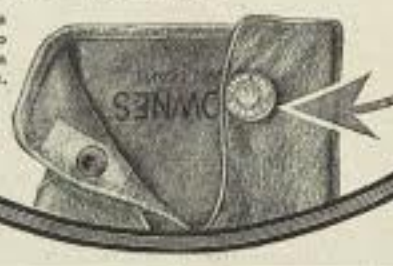


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"Mr. Gamble?" repeated the girl, wondering at the sudden sweetness, and suspicious of it. "Oh, Mr. Gamble has gone over to the office of Mallard & Tyne. He's likely to be back in a few minutes. He's in and out a great deal, but he seldom stays out of the office long at a time."

"Thank you," said Constance hastily, reflecting that there was a public telephone booth in the drug store on the corner, so she need not inquire the address of Mallard & Tyne.

Mr. Gamble, Mr. Courtney and Mr. Washer were in Mr. Mallard's private office, with that acutely earnest real-estate gentleman, when a boy came in to advise Mr. Gamble that he was wanted on the 'phone. Johnny Gamble had never heard the voice of Constance over a thin wire, but he recognized it in an instant; and he hitched his chair six inches closer to the instrument. He gave her a fool greeting, which he tried to remember afterward so that he could be confused about it; but Constance wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Have you any property which could be attached?" she wanted to know.

"Just at the present minute I have," he admitted. "I shall have a nominal title in a big building plot, for a day or two—or until the necessary papers can be signed."

"You mustn't wait!" she hastily ordered him. "You must get rid of it right this minute."

"I'll burn it up if you don't like it," he heartily promised her. "What's the matter with it?"

"It isn't safe for you to have it an instant. I've wasted so much time trying to find Polly or Loring, so that they could warn you, that we haven't time to explain. Just get rid of it immediately—can't you?"

"I can do anything you say," he earnestly informed her, hitching his chair closer. There was only an inch left, but he took that. "You'll explain to me tonight what all this is about, won't you?"

"You may come, but you mustn't ask questions."

"I'll be there as soon as I'm through here," he promptly informed her.

"Not so early," she protested, panic-stricken. "I have a caller just now. You must hurry, Mr. Gamble."

"Yes; I will," and he tried to hitch his chair closer. "You're telephoning from the house, then?"

"No-o-o-o!" and he thought he detected a stifled snicker. "I left him with Aunt Pattie and slipped out for a minute."

Him! Him, eh? And she had slipped out to telephone her friend Johnny the bit of hot information!

He covered the transmitter with his hand to turn aside and smile. This was a pleasant world after all!

"Many, many thanks!" he jubilated. "I think I'll arrange a little dinner of jollification tonight and hand you the official score. I'll have the Colonel, and Mr. Courtney, and Polly, and ——"

"You may call me up and tell me about it as soon as you get that property off your hands," she interrupted him.

"All right," he reluctantly agreed. "You'll come to the dinner, won't you?"

"Well, I have a partial engagement," she hesitated.

"Then you'll come," he exultantly knew.

"Maybe," she replied. "Hurry!"

He declared that he would—but he was talking into a dead 'phone.

"I guess I'll hurry," he decided, and stalked into Mallard's room. "Look here, fellows. Can't we cut this thing short?" he suggested. "There's no use in Mr. Courtney's completing his purchase from Mallard & Tyne, or me mine from Mr. Courtney, or Mr. Washer his from me. All that poppycock is just to conceal our profits. What Mr. Washer wants is the ground; and Courtney and I want half a million dollars, besides the eighth of a million Mr. Courtney had already invested. Mr. Washer, give Courtney your check for five-eighths of a million—and both Courtney and I will tear up our contracts and give you the pieces. Then you settle with Mallard & Tyne for two and an eighth millions."

"Look here, Courtney, is this a put-up job between you and Gamble?" demanded Washer.

"No," returned Courtney with that rarely seen smile of his; "it's only the finish of that job you put up on me when you persuaded my friends to drop out of my hotel company."

Washer looked petulant. Johnny Gamble patted him on the shoulder.

"Cheer up," he said—"but hurry. If you don't hurry I'll sell you some stock in my Terminal Hotel Company."

"Give me some papers to sign," ordered Washer, producing his checkbook.

IX

GRESHAM met the Colonel and Courtney on Broadway in full regalia just as they were turning in at the newest big café to dine.

"I'm sorry to tell you, Mr. Courtney, that my warning of this noon was not unfounded," he remarked. "Perhaps, however, you already know it."

"No; I don't," returned Courtney, eying the correctly dressed Gresham with some dissatisfaction. "I'm not even sure of what you mean."

"About a certain man with whom you are doing business."

"Oh—Gamble?"

"What's the matter with Gamble?" bristled the Colonel.

"Why, Gresham hinted to me this morning that Gamble had financial obligations he could not meet," explained Courtney. "It seems that he met them, however."

"Of course he did!" snorted the Colonel.

"I hadn't intended to make the matter public property," stated Gresham with an uncomfortable feeling that he was combating an unassailable and unaccountable prejudice.

"Bless my soul, you're succeeding mighty well!" blurted the Colonel. "Now, tell us all you know about my friend Gamble. Out with it!"

"I beg you to understand, Mr. Courtney, that I am inspired by a purely friendly interest," insisted Gresham with very stiff dignity. "I thought it might be of value for you to know—if you were not already informed—that an attachment for fifty thousand dollars upon Mr. Gamble was laid against your Terminal Hotel property this afternoon."

Mr. Courtney paused to consider.

"At what time was this attachment issued?"

"At three-thirty, I was informed."

Mr. Courtney's reception of that important bit of news was rather unusual in consideration of its gravity. He threw back his head and laughed; he turned to the Colonel and, putting his hand upon his old friend's shoulder, laughed again; he put his other hand upon Gresham's shoulder and laughed more. The Colonel was a slower thinker. He looked painfully puzzled for a moment—then suddenly it dawned upon him, and he laughed uproariously; he punched his old friend Courtney in the ribs and laughed more uproariously; he punched Gresham in the ribs and laughed most uproariously.

"Why, bless my heart, boy!" he explained for Courtney. "At two-thirty, neither Courtney nor Johnny Gamble owned a penny's worth of interest in the Terminal Hotel site, if that's the property you mean—and of course you do."

"No," laughed Courtney. "At that hour we sold it outright to Morton Washer for a cool half-million profit, which my friend Johnny and I divide equally. I saw him make the entry in his book. He has twenty-four hours in which to loaf on that remarkable schedule of his. Johnny Gamble is a wonderful young man!"

"Who's that's such a wonderful young man?" snapped a jerky little voice. "Johnny Gamble? You bet he is! He skinned me!"

Turning, Courtney grasped the hands of lean little Morton Washer and of wiry-faced Joe Close.

"We're all here now except the youngsters and the ladies," said Courtney, counting noses. "Possibly they're inside. Coming in, Gresham?"

"No, I think not," announced Gresham sickly. "Who's giving the party?"

"Johnny Gamble," snapped Washer. "It's in honor of me!"

A limousine drove up just then. In it were sweet-faced Mrs. Parsons—Polly's mother by adoption—Polly, Loring and Sammy Chirp, the latter gentleman being laden with the wraps of everybody but Loring.

Just behind the limousine was a taxi. In it were Aunt Pattie Borden, Constance Joy and Johnny Gamble. Gresham, who had held a partial engagement for the evening, went to his club instead.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The third will appear next week.

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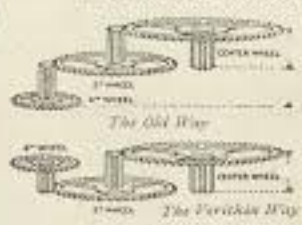
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THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 19)

Mr. Soule strove to speak, but for a moment he could only clutch his beard tightly and glare down at the crumpled heap of papers. There were about thirty of them he judged. His one extravagance was an inordinate use of fine-cut chewing tobacco; and, as he suffered at times from heartburn resulting from that habit, he thought he had heart disease and always strove to control himself.

"Are you an idiot?" he inquired with painful self-restraint as he tremulously stroked his beard. "Don't you see—don t you see, you fool—that I don't owe Humphrey anything? I owe my debts to my creditors."

"Why, Humphrey's got a due and legal assignment of 'em. He showed it to me himself when I asked him about it," Lute replied in a shocked tone, as though he had detected Mr. Soule in a falsehood. "It's got your signature, plain as day. Now, you see, if I owe you ten dollars and you owe Ed Dowd ten dollars ——"

A quarter of an hour later Lute was gazing sorrowfully down at the heap of crumpled papers. "I'm surprised, Mr. Soule, and I'm mighty sorry, too, to see you takin' the attitude you do," he said in meek reproach. "These people"—he nodded at the heap—"will be mighty disappointed. You see, I've give every one of 'em a receipt in full as your collectin' agent. If you force 'em to go into court you can't expect they won't lay it up against you. I've collected over five hundred dollars for you and you oughta pay me the five-per-cent commission you promised. You really owe it to me, Anson! It's plain as the nose on your face. You see, if I owe you ten dollars and you owe Ed Dowd ten dollars ——"

The proprietor laid a trembling hand on Lute's arm and interrupted him in an unsteady voice: "I've got a weak heart; but I've got a ax-handle right behind me too. If you go over that once more I won't be responsible for the consequences."

Lute was about to reply, but the office door opened and two farmers stepped in. One held a printed strip of paper signed by E. Addison Humphrey; the other held a note signed by Anson Soule representing money which he had left in that gentleman's hands at interest. He frowned at Mr. Soule in a threatening manner, and Lute surmised that something or other had inspired him with doubt as to the state of Anson's credit.

Lute, therefore, discreetly withdrew, and proceeded to Mr. Colvard's implement warehouse for the purpose of reporting his success in collecting accounts.

From Mr. Colvard's he went uptown to Benjamin Stubbs' drygoods store, from which he emerged about half past ten, clearing the cement walk in a single leap. Landing in the gutter, he fortunately stumbled and thus escaped being brained by the stool which Mr. Stubbs hurled at him from the store door.

"I'll ten-dollars you, you idiot!" the maddened merchant yelled as he charged across the walk. His short, fat legs, however, were no match for Lute's. By the time he reached the Vale House crossing Lute was half a block ahead and gaining at every bound. Also, Mr. Stubbs' breath was quite gone and perspiration was starting from every pore of his purple face. He gave over the chase, therefore; but by the time he reached the curb quite a knot of excited, solicitous and inquisitive citizens surrounded him. What with rage, shortness of breath and continually mopping his wet face, the explanation that he gave was somewhat incoherent; yet it seemed to startle James Pentwell, who had run into the street when he saw Lute Morrow fly by the jewelry shop.

Mr. Pentwell was already agitated on his own account. Mrs. William Peters had entered his shop that morning and purchased a locket of the value of ten dollars. Having the article firmly clasped in her capacious right hand, she had proposed to pay for it with a printed slip bearing the signature of E. Addison Humphrey.

"Well, when I took the locket I owed you ten dollars, didn't I?" she demanded. "And if you've got my debt for ten dollars and I've got your debt for ten dollars we're even."

Mr. Pentwell argued with her for a quarter of an hour judiciously restraining his temper, for Mrs. Peters was of formidable proportions and belligerent reputation.



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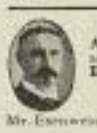
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Write us for illustrated booklet and sample.

General Knit Fabric Company, Utica, N. Y.

He tried to assure himself that it was only a practical joke; yet Mrs. Peters had certainly carried the joke to its logical conclusion by walking off with the locket, leaving the strip of paper on his counter. Hearing Mr. Stubbs' incoherent explanation, Mr. Pentwell returned to his shop more agitated than ever.

Lute, meanwhile, was recuperating from his exertion in Lanham's livery stable, where he could keep an eye on the front door and retire by the rear if that should seem advisable. Mr. Pentwell was the only one of his patrons upon whom he had not called. He waited fifteen or twenty minutes and then discreetly entered the jewelry shop by the rear, taking care to leave the door open.

The precaution was needless, however, for, of all persons, Luther P. Morrow was precisely the one the jeweler then most wished to see. He at once led Lute into the little storeroom at the rear of the shop and closed the door.

"Yes, that's true, Jim," said Lute candidly. "I've been collectin' accounts for Anson Soule and Ben Stubbs and Hi Colvard and you. Seems Addison Humphrey has been buyin' debts offen the same four parties. The seventh is election day, you know; so just search your mind, Jim, and see whether them four names in a row suggests anything to you."

The jeweler looked startled and gave a quick little intaking of his breath.

"It ain't for me to say," Lute continued candidly, "how much this debt-collectin' business and sellin' of debts may git you all balled up in your business, or how much hard feelin's and litigation it might or might not lead to. I will say, though, between you and me, Jim, I think I could git it all straightened out for you if I was to try."

"Whadda you want?" the jeweler gasped anxiously.

Without minding the question Lute continued gravely: "I sort of hate to see leadin' citizens and business men of this town git all balled up in their accounts and made a laughin'-stock of. That's why, Jim, I'm anxious to straighten this out for you. You see, I've been talkin' to Addison Humphrey and I find, sure as shootin', he's goin' to have great big yellow bills printed, big as the side of a house, and stick 'em up all over town and all round the country, advertisin' your debts for sale at public auction. The proceedin's will be very novel and as you four gentlemen are well known all round here he calculates the auction will draw a fine crowd. It ain't for me to say, Jim, whether or not he oughta do that; but it sure looks to me like it would be embarrassin'."

"But whadda you want?" Mr. Pentwell demanded again with deep anxiety.

"Well, comin' round to the election agin, it always seemed to me this present village board was a first-rate village board and oughta be reëlected. Addison Humphrey tells me he feels the same way about it and hopes there will be no change."

"It was all a put-up job!" cried Mr. Pentwell. "He never fired you at all. You lied about it!"

"That ain't for me to say, Jim—that ain't for me to say," Lute replied; "but the time's gittin' short now, and if you gentlemen wanta do anything you oughta be up and doin' it. I feel sure Addison Humphrey won't charge you a red cent to give back them debts, except what he actually paid for 'em and his legitimate expenses."

Entering his office the morning of the eighth, Addison discovered Lute sitting contentedly by the stove smoking a villainous cob pipe.

"These village elections is terrible cut-and-dried affairs," Lute commented. "It's a wonder somebody wouldn't try to git up a little opposition once in a while. Yesterday you'd hardly knowed there was an election."

"Well, it's all fixed up," Addison replied cheerfully. "The board will lease me the waterpower for ninety-nine years, and I'll pay the village a hundred dollars a year. That's fair. I hope everybody else is as well satisfied as I am," he added good-naturedly, glancing through the window toward Mr. Soule's establishment. A moment later he said with a touch of annoyance: "If you're bound to smoke that rotten pipe in the office, Lute, I wish you'd open a window!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The sixth will appear in an early number.

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Few people realize the dangers of infection. Every cut, wound, scratch, prick, every break in the skin, affords an entrance for infectious germs: blood poisoning is one of the very common and most serious results. Sore throat, tonsillitis and many other disorders are due to a weakening of the mucous membrane thus affording another opportunity for germ infection.

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Dioxogen prevents infection; it destroys the germs which cause it; Dioxogen prevents simple injuries and simple affections from becoming infected and serious; it is non-poisonous, harmless, safe and **sure.** Because of the safety and protection it affords, Dioxogen should be in daily use by every member of every family. In many of its uses Dioxogen replaces ordinary toilet articles, doing the same work better and producing a germ-free cleanliness unattainable by any other method.

In emergencies, Dioxogen is invaluable: when accidents happen, it is the first thing to be thought of; it is bringing into the home the best practices of the hospital, so simplified that danger of misapplication is eliminated.

GET DIOXOGEN FROM YOUR DRUG DEALER

More than 36,000 drug dealers in all parts of the United States and Canada sell Dioxogen; the prices are: small size (5⅓ oz.), 25c; medium size (10⅔ oz.), 50c; large size (20 oz.), 75c. Some dealers offer "peroxide of hydrogen" when asked for Dioxogen. Peroxide is not "the same thing" and no peroxide made will produce the same results. Insist upon Dioxogen—sold only in original packages.

Send for Free Trial Bottle A two-ounce trial bottle will be sent free upon request to any one wishing to test the merits of Dioxogen before buying.

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and card case combined. Unusually thin and exceedingly light. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very soft and flexible. The highest class material and workmanship throughout. Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send direct on receipt of price, $2.00, or in genuine morocco, $1.00. Black only.

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DEALERS Should stock the "Masterpiece" line of Men's Pocket Books for their best trade

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If you want really fine underwear you can have it in the LEWIS UNION SUITS. You need pay but $1.00 a suit, if you wish, though LEWIS UNION SUITS are sold for as high as $35.00 a suit. The difference is mostly in the material. The fit is equally good in all suits. The finish is the best possible. The LEWIS Suits are made as a tailor makes fine clothes.



In no other underwear that we know are details of fit and finish carried out so completely. These goods are spring needle, elastic-knit. They fit every curve of the body. They "give" without bagging. The crotch is perfectly adjusted all around. It never loses adjustment. One forgets all about underwear when he wears a LEWIS Suit.

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Elastic-Knit
Underwear

Look for this trademark

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If your dealer doesn't, send us his name and we'll name one that does.

Don't pay merely a trifle less per suit for underwear only half as good.

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No!!!

The bristles aren't supposed to come off the brush—it's the powder.

If the brush is fortunate and has really flexible bristles, tooth-brushing becomes almost a recreation. Our brushes are the lucky kind. The bristles come from Russia. They've taken up permanent lodgings in the Brisco-Kleanwell so they *don't come out.*

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THE AMERICAN FATHER

(Concluded from Page 17)

The vital question is: Where is this new-found leisure on the part of the men and fathers of the nation to be spent? Some moralists and economists have been assuring us with the utmost fervor and conviction that it will be spent in drinking and dissipation; but the facts, as usual, are delightfully against them. Every careful and firsthand observer of modern life will agree that drinking, gambling and dissipation of all sorts are distinctly and encouragingly diminishing, and that the place where two-thirds of their newly gained leisure is actually being spent by men of all classes is in their own homes and gardens, or in open-air concerts in public parks, in places of recreation by seashore and river, White Cities, Coney Islands, moving-picture shows, many of them childish and frivolous, if you like, but—and this is a significant point—in company with and sharing the enjoyment with their wives and children.

Certain reformers, with their customary purblindness, are denouncing the moving-picture shows, for instance, as corrupters of morals and a menace to purity of youth; but the most significant thing that has ever been said about them is the complaint of the saloonkeepers of a number of our larger cities that they are the worst things for cutting into their profits that have ever happened within their recollection—that the working man, who has fifty to seventy-five cents to spend of an evening, instead of laying it all out in beer for his own enjoyment, brings his family downtown and takes them all to the moving-picture show.

Never was there a time when so many men of all classes of society were building and owning their own homes, however small or "cardboardy" and distressingly inartistic in appearance.

Boys Who Go to the Bad

We lament much because we have got away from the healthful and wholesome country and are becoming more and more every year a nation of city dwellers; but we also become more and more a nation of city workers who live practically in the country; and that, from a sanitary point of view, is quite equal if not superior to living exclusively in the country.

A pathetically convincing illustration of the importance of the presence and even simple company of the father is furnished by the reports of workers in reformatories and institutions for boys who have gone wrong. A majority, of course, for obvious reasons, are full orphans and have had no parental care and influence at all. The next largest number are half orphans, having lost either father or mother; and, strangely enough, much more directly disruptive upon the home as is the loss of the mother, the loss of the father appears to exert an even more injurious influence upon the development of the boys.

Still more curiously, it has been found, among those who have both parents living and a home of their own, that the next most potent factor in determining the balance of a boy's life is the nature of the occupation of the father, in respect to the number of hours a day and week which that occupation necessarily keeps him away from his home and family.

Some of the most distressing cases of boys going to the bad occur in families in which the father is necessarily away from home for many days out of the week or months out of the year—as, for instance, in the case of sailors, railroad engineers and traveling workmen generally—even though they may be earning excellent wages and supporting good homes with ideal surroundings in every other respect.

There are fathers in all walks of life who are so busy making money for the boy that they lose the boy himself in the process. What shall it profit a man if he gains a whole million but loses his own son?

When the modern father fully realizes and lives up to his advantages in the way of greater control of his time, higher and broader intelligence, the disappearance of the boarding-school obsession and the decline of the necessity for regarding the labor of his children as an asset, home life will become something which, with all deference to the glamour of the past, it has never been before.

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$1 Complete

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With the "EVER-READY" every man becomes an expert self-shaver, absolutely impossible to cut or scratch the face; it is the safest of Safety Razors. The "EVER-READY" is world-famous. It is sold by dealers everywhere. You can buy the "EVER-READY" in your city from most any drug, hardware, jewelry or general store. At all stores you buy extra "EVER-READY" blades as needed—



10 for 50c

Don't accept a substitute—count the 12 blades and make sure that you see the "EVER-READY" trade-mark face.

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New English Cloth Alpine

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This extension dining table, 45 inch top, with three leaves, $17.75. Four dining chairs, No. 104, $10.00, or six for $13.50. No. 100, dining chairs, four for $11.00; six for $15.00. Any piece sold separately.

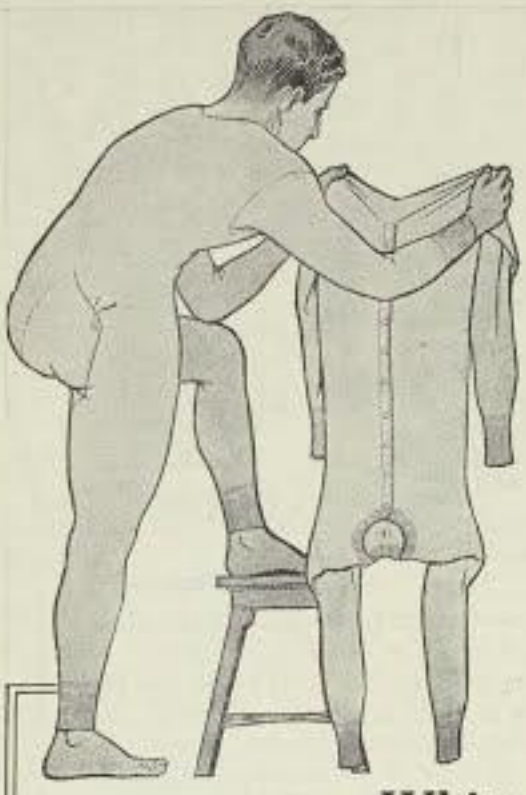
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$20 TO $40

Sense and Nonsense

If Wishes Were Mountains

TWO friends connected with the cloaking and suiting trade went to the Catskills on their first vacation. Shortly after their arrival they went for a tramp among the hills.

"I wish," said one, "that I owned that tallest mountain yonder and that it was solid gold."

"Lovely," said the other. "Say, Ike, if that mountain was solid gold and you owned it all by yourself would you give me some of it?"

"Certainly I wouldn't!" said Ike. "Wish yourself a mountain."

The Relic-Hunters

The Van Dals have come home again; they've
been across the sea,
And brought home forty-seven trunks, packed
full as full can be.
They've been from Dan to Beersheba, touched
many a foreign strand,
Done Europe, Asia, Africa, and toured the
Holy Land.
The relics they brought back with them fill
many spacious rooms.
They've bits of marble by the score chipped
from historic tombs;
They've hangings cut from many a wall, and
bits of holy shrines
Filched capably from Nile to Thames, from
Tiber's bank to Rhine's.

While poking round the Pyramids they
twisted off an ear
From one of the first Ptolemies, ten thousand
years or near
A mummy then, and Mrs. V. said but for the
vast crowd
She thinks she could have snipped a shred
from Cleopatra's shroud.
In England they were seen at court, and in
the crush and stress
She nipped a peeress' coronet and lace bits
from the dress
Of two real queens, and Mr. V. clipped one or
two small tails
From the expensive ermine cape of the young
Prince of Wales.

Napoleon's tomb they chipped a bit while
sleepy gendarmes dozed;
They would have got a piece of him, but he
was not exposed.
Where sleeps the last of Charlemagne they
stood to gaze and gloat,
For they had cut a button from his military
coat.
The Vatican they visited—a knob from one
quaint door
They managed to pry loose, and one small tile
from some old floor.
They roamed Pompeii's ruined streets, and on
the way they stole
A lava baby from its crib and brought it home
quite whole.

They looked about for Eden's Gate when they
were in the East;
They hoped, if they saw that, to pry a picket
loose at least.
On Turkey's Sultan they both called, but,
finding him asleep,
They slipped the fez from his bald head and
brought it home to keep.
And many a monarch's hand they shook, for
passports fine had they.
Invariably he got the hook before they got
away.
Seals, rings, snuff-boxes and old clothes
gained surreptitiously—
"Sic Semper!" Mr. Van Dal cried. "E
Pluribus!" cried she.

All ticketed and marked they lie—the relics
they have brought,
Filched capably from tombs and shrines to
make a World's Whatnot.
Shreds, bits and splinters, teeth and toes,
clothes, armor, chips and stones,
Yes, forty-seven trunks of them—of fragments
and dry bones.
And Van Dal in his will provides a princely
sum to found
The Van Dal Curio Musée with stately parks
around,
Where little folks and large may come and
learn—pray, not in vain—
How Van Dal bore the Stars and Stripes
through tyranny's domain!

—*J. W. Foley.*

The Fire Dance

TWO upstate youths organized a vaudeville team and got a job with a burlesque theater on Fourteenth Street, New York. It was in the days of continuous performances. They had a refined singing and clogging act, beginning appropriately like this:

"Oh, how we love to sing and dance!"
(Vamp with feet)

On their first day as professionals they were sent out upon the stage at half-hour intervals. They opened the afternoon performance and between then and 11:45 that night when they closed the show they appeared eighteen times, to say and do exactly the same thing each time.

Long before quitting time their voices were croaky, their legs were ready to drop off at the knees and their makeup was streaked with sweat. They dared not take off their dancing shoes for their feet were so swollen they knew they could never get them back on again. They would drag themselves to their dressing room and collapse in exhausted heaps, only to be roused a few minutes later by the voice of the relentless call-boy as he pounded at the door and yelled to them to turn out.

At midnight they were finally released. They staggered to their hall bedroom in a theatrical boarding house round the corner in Irving Place, and, too tired to undress, fell upon the bed just as they were, shoes and all. A pickled lodger downstairs overturned a lamp and the house caught fire. The proprietor ran from floor to floor and room to room beating on each door with his fists and yelling:

"Get out! Get out quick!"

Dimly through their slumber the new recruits to vaudeville heard him. They got upon their feet, with their eyes closed and still three-fourths asleep. The firemen, breaking in at the window, found them there in the smoke and flame, side by side with arms intertwined, automatically clogging as they hoarsely chanted:

"Oh, how we love to sing and dance!"

The Human Safety Clutch

IN THE state of Georgia lives a banker who is known behind his back as the Human Safety Clutch. He has been accused of being nearly everything except a spendthrift.

He lives a mile from town on a plantation. One Sunday he remembered that he had left some important papers on his desk, and he gave an aged negro servitor on the place his keys and sent him for the documents.

It was a hot day and the road was dusty, but in an hour the old darky returned with the papers intact. The owner felt in all his pockets.

"That's too bad, Uncle Jim," he said finally; "I thought I had a nickel here I was going to give you."

"Marse Henry," said Uncle Jim, "you look again. Ef ever you had a nickel you got it yit."

Where the Last Was First

A KENTUCKY blacksmith was elected justice of the peace. The first case he tried was litigation involving the ownership of a cow. The lawyers on both sides were young, ambitious and eloquent.

The lawyer for the plaintiff spoke for half an hour in his best vein. When he sat down the new justice said:

"I've done heard enough—plaintiff wins!"

The lawyer for the other side protested that he had something to say, too, and that it was unfair to render a judgment until both parties to the action had been heard.

"Go ahead and talk if you wanter," said his Honor, "but my mind's done fully made up."

The young lawyer went ahead—for an hour. He was a better orator even than his smiling and triumphant adversary. In his remarks on the cow he introduced, among other topics, the American Eagle, the Southern Cross, the Bonny Blue Flag and the Old Kentucky Home. When he sat down the new justice said:

"Well, now, don't that beat all?—defense wins!"



The small tag, reproduced here, is attached at the factory to every pair of shoes we make. Read it carefully; a couple of times

YOU may think it a sign of courage to put such a statement as that on any merchandise, especially shoes. It is; but it's a sign of more than courage; it means that we've got to make good shoes; and *know* they're good. For you'll notice that it guarantees the wearer's satisfaction; an uncertain quantity.

There are several possible grounds for dissatisfaction with shoes. They may not fit; that's the fault of the wearer in buying, or of the dealer in selling; we guarantee satisfaction. They may not wear well; the best leather has its weaknesses; the best workmanship has the uncertainties of all human undertakings; we guarantee satisfaction.

Our intention is this:

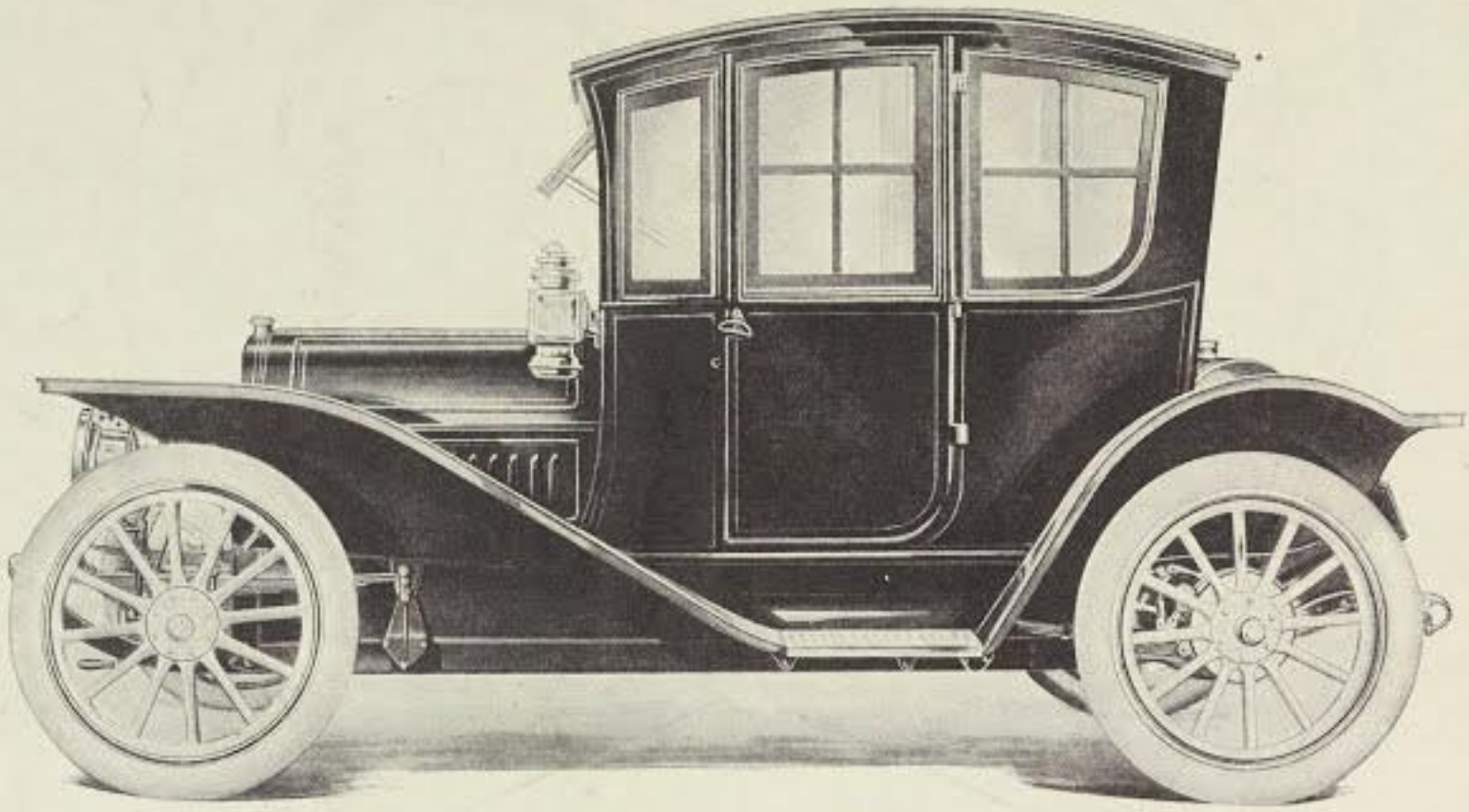
> We don't want anybody to pay money for our shoes and fail to get full value for it. When you buy Selz shoes, you buy something more than just so much leather, so much workmanship, so much attractive style. You expect comfort and service; we mean to see that you get what you pay for and expect. If the shoes fail to give it, claim the guarantee; the dealer will satisfy you; and we'll satisfy him.

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Most Beautiful. Most Distinguished. Most Serviceable

(Seating Comfortably Three People)

WE HAVE A RIGHT to use superlatives in this, our first announcement of the **Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé**, because the ideals of all our experience in the building of automobiles are concentrated in this truly exceptional car. Our pride in this, our latest offering, is justified, not merely by the car's overwhelming appeal to particular buyers, but as an example of progress in the automobile builder's art.

THIS DISTINGUISHED CAR will create its own impressions on prospective buyers because it presents the unusual in Construction, the superlative in Beauty, the last word in luxurious Comfort and a hundred arguments for Service. Let us see—

ITS UNUSUAL CONSTRUCTION? The chassis is the famous Regal "Underslung." We have presented in our publicity the excelling advantages of this type. How the center of gravity is lowered—the weight carried well within the wheels, "slung" below the axles instead of "balanced" above them, giving lavishingly of comfortable riding. We have proved how this construction mitigates 'gainst the dangers of "turning turtle" and skidding, how it prevents "side lash" on springs and tires, makes every working part immediately accessible, also, how it makes possible, because of level motor suspension, a straight line-drive, a perfectly flat dust pan, and gives as much road clearance as the ordinary type of car.

THESE ARE A FEW ELEMENTS, mechanical and constructional, behind the beauty and serviceability of the **Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé.** Now as regards its uses—

FOR THE PHYSICIAN it is pre-eminently the ideal vehicle. Tremendously fast, luxuriously appointed and dependable, it meets superbly every demand of climate, roads and exigencies that Doctors can possibly require in making city or country calls. Aside from its serviceability, it is *the kind* of a car that is in keeping with a big reputation.

FOR THE BUSINESS MAN who appreciates the value of time, the economy of resources and a healthful comfort, here is the care-free car. Light in weight, most economical in up-keep, roomy yet compact, it will answer every question "why" this particular car is the perfect locomotion between business appointments, country home and city office, city home and country club, and outdoor pleasures.

FOR THE LADY. But Milady must see this beautiful creation to appreciate its value to her. She must grace its luxury furnished interior, revel in its refinements—the mahogany ceiling, the dark blue broadcloth panelling, the adjustable front ventilator glass, the electric dome light, silk curtains, etc. To see it is to desire it; to own it for its shopping, theatre, party and visiting conveniences is to be the most envied woman in her social sphere.

MOST IMPORTANT. "Underslung" construction makes possible a low built car with such a roomy height that ladies will immediately recognize its advantages. The most elaborate head-dress can be worn without fear of damage. The comfort and ease of entering and leaving the car without gathering up one's skirts or soiling the daintiest frock is another feature, while the annoying and tiresome swaying motion of motoring peculiar to the closed car is eliminated.

NOW, NOTE THE PRICE. The **Regal "20" "Underslung" Colonial Coupé** is presented at the remarkable low price of $1250. This beautiful car is not only the attainment of a supreme excellence, but is also the attainment of a value that enables us gladly to welcome any and every comparison.

INTERCHANGEABLE BODIES. Here is another advantage that will be appreciated. The Coupé body is interchangeable with our regular Roadster body. We will furnish this car complete with both bodies at $1400.

OWNERS OF REGAL ROADSTERS can purchase a Coupé body for $500. Customers purchasing the regular Coupé body can obtain a regular Roadster body when required at $150.

VISIT A REGAL DEALER. He will show you this car of attainment and supreme excellence, or write us at the Factory.

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS. Wheel Base, 100 inches. Tires, 32x3½ inches. Three-speed and Reverse Selective Sliding Nickel Steel Gear Transmission. Road Clearance, 10 inches. (As much as the conventional built car.) Four cylinder, 20—25 H. P. Motor. Bore, 3¾ inches. Stroke, 4½ inches. Dual Ignition with Magneto, Standard Equipment—Acetylene Headlights, Generator, Oil, Side and Tail Lamps, Jack and Complete Set of Tools.

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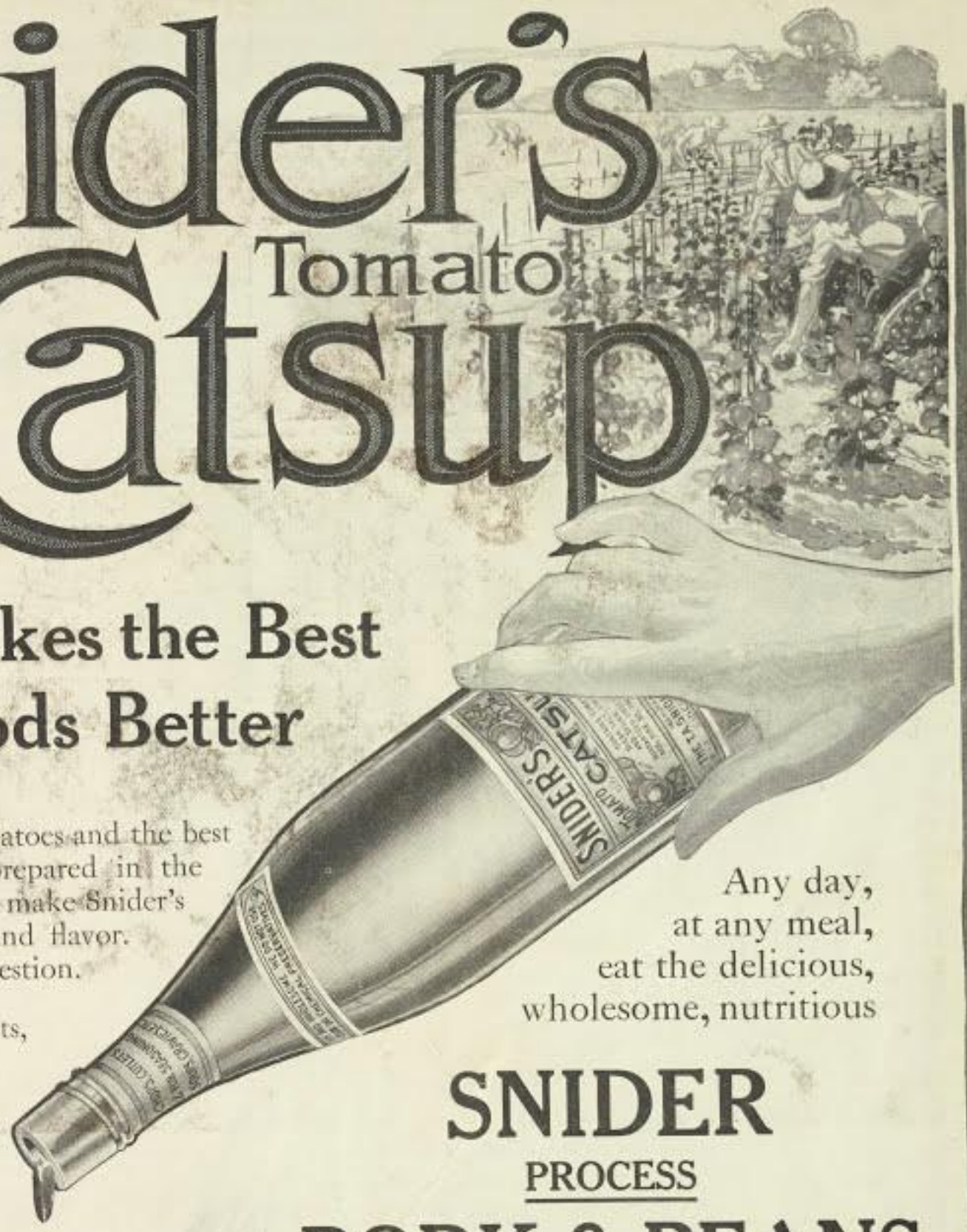
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Regal Motor Car Company, *Automobile Manufacturers,* Detroit, Michigan

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Makes the Best Foods Better



Pedigreed tomatoes and the best of all materials, prepared in the special Snider way, make Snider's Catsup superior in quality and flavor. It is a wholesome aid to digestion.

The perfect relish for roasts, chops, steaks, cutlets, all fish, oysters. A zestful seasoning for spaghetti, all vegetables, also in soups, sauces, gravies, etc.

Any day, at any meal, eat the delicious, wholesome, nutritious

SNIDER
PROCESS
PORK & BEANS



Snider's Oyster Cocktail

Seven oysters on half shell. A few drops of lemon juice and then plenty of Snider's Catsup poured directly on the oysters, and, if possible, eating the oyster without puncturing it, constitutes the ideal oyster cocktail.

Upon meats, hot or cold, nothing surpasses Snider's Chili Sauce

"It's the Process"

THE T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE COMPANY, CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

All Snider Products Comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World



Confidence In[illegible]g Ability

There's exhilaration in a dash into the real [illegible]ough the crisp autumn air,—with perhaps a mountain stream to ford at full speed, [illegible]ave perfect confidence in your car. The owner of an Oldsmobile enjoys every moment of such a ride, without strain or fatigue. The Oldsmobile is *emergency-proof* and the more intimate your acquaintance with the car the more confidence you feel in its ability under "out-of-the-ordinary" conditions.

This ability cannot be measured by rated horse-power or a printed list of specifications. For example: while retaining all the manifest advantages of a long-stroke motor,—such as the persistent application of power over varying grades and smoothness of operation,—the Oldsmobile will accelerate under full load; is "quick on its feet" and marvelously responsive to the throttle.

Engine and Chassis

T head Motor; 5 in. bore, 6 in. stroke. Compression release for easy starting. 4-speed transmission with unusually quiet gears. Demountable rims. ¾ elliptic springs and shock absorber equipment. Improved system of lubrication.

Body and Equipment

Ventilators in fore-doors, an exclusive Oldsmobile feature. Nickel and black enamel finish on metal parts. Regular equipment includes top and slip cover; windshield, speedometer, electric and oil side and rear lamps of new design; tire irons, etc., all of the finest quality.

The "Autocrat," 4-cylinder, $3500
38 x 4½ in. Tires

The "Limited," 6-cylinder, $5000
43 x 5 in. Tires

Touring, Roadster, Tourabout and Limousine Bodies

OLDS MOTOR WORKS LANSING, MICHIGAN

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HOLLAND'S DIVISION
OCT 5 1911
ANN ARBOR MICH

An Illustrated Weekly
Found[illegible]d A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

OCT. 14, '11 — 5cts. THE COPY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



Less than ten per cent of all wheat grown is good enough for OCCIDENT

Occident is the *quality* flour—made for the discriminating housewife who takes a personal pride in providing her family table with the *best* bread, the *best* biscuit, cake and pastry.

We pay top market prices for Premium Hard Northern wheat to insure for Occident users the greatest food value. Our Expert Bakers make tests every day in each of our twelve famous mills to insure for Occident users the most superior *actual baking results*.

The Guaranteed OCCIDENT FLOUR

Sold under a binding Guarantee to be the most satisfactory flour you have ever used or your money refunded.

Costs More —Worth It

The price of OCCIDENT is a little higher than the ordinary price but the slight difference in the first cost is lost sight of in the extra *quality* and *quantity* of your baking.

May we not interest *you* in making a test of our claims of superiority for OCCIDENT FLOUR *AT OUR RISK?*

Ask your grocer to explain the Money-back Plan upon which OCCIDENT FLOUR is sold, and send today for our booklet, "Better Baking" —for North—East—West—South.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis, U. S. A.

WE are living in an age of impressions.

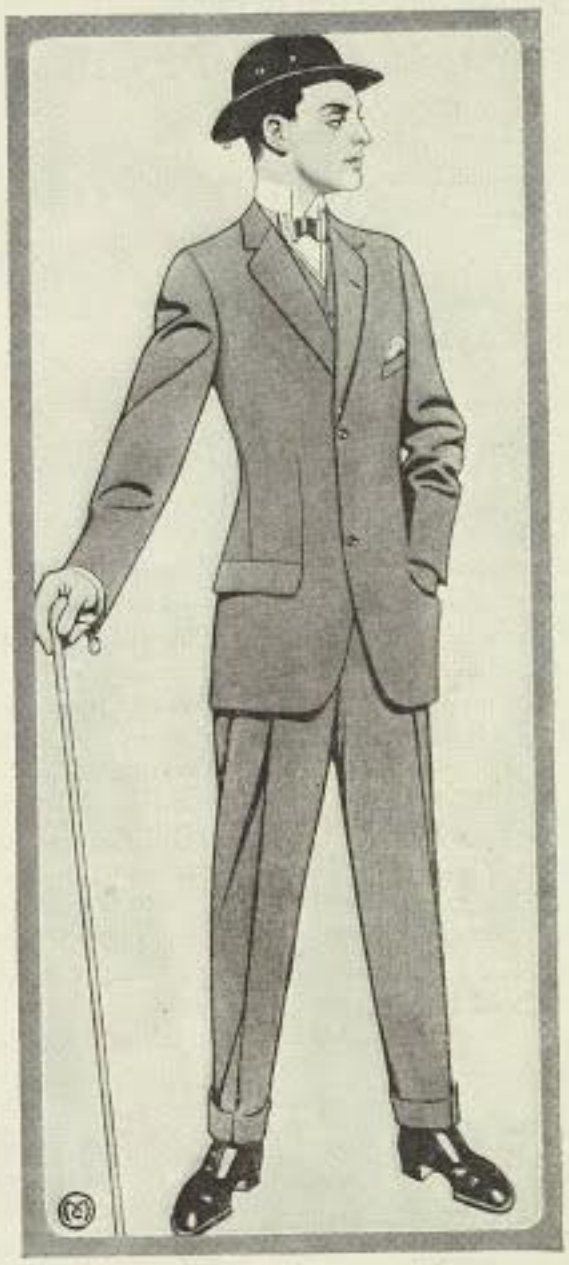
An artistic home gives the impression of a progressive owner.

A stylish suit of clothes conveys the same thought of the wearer.

The appearance of a young man nowadays is a great factor in his success.

His employer wants to be as proud of his "external" appearance as of his "internal" capabilities.

Real, artistic style in ready-made clothes was, until a few years ago, as remote as that of a log cabin from a marble palace.



"The Envoy Suit"

The makers of Society Brand Clothes have done probably more for the advancement of fashion in young men's clothes than any other clothes-maker.

They have made it possible for a young man to go into a ready-made clothing store and buy stylishly cut, expertly tailored clothes at a price within his ability to pay for them.

The result is a general recognition of the superiority of Society Brand Clothes from the standpoint of style, tailoring and fabrics.

You ought to know these clothes.

If you are so located that there is any difficulty in getting them from your local dealer, write us and we will make it possible for you to see them.

Society Brand Clothes

Ready-to-Wear

For Young Men
And Men Who Stay Young

$20 to $40

MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

FALL FASHION PANELS FOUR CENTS IN STAMPS

Copyright Alfred Decker & Cohn

To Open-Minded Women

And the Men They Like to Please

Here are some facts and photographs about Nature's choicest food. Our racial food, exceeding meat in nutrition—hearty, delicious and cheap. Yet a dish which millions never tasted in its fittest form.



Here's a typical bean which came from the top of a dish of home-baked beans.

You call it crisped. As an article of food it is utterly ruined.

That is done by dry heat. But that crust at the top bars out the heat from the main part of your beans. The beans below don't get half enough heat to make them digestible.

That's why you call them a heavy food. That's why they ferment and form gas. Of what worth is a food, however good to the taste, if it cannot be turned to nutrition?



Here is a bean from the soggy mass which lies at the bottom of the home baking dish. Simmered to pieces in a modest heat which cannot make the granules digestible.

But sometimes your beans are not mushy, you'll say. Sometimes they come out whole. That's worse yet. It means that the beans are not even properly boiled. They put a hard tax on the strongest stomach, and a good many people can't eat them at all.

To get this dish you spend sixteen hours in soaking, boiling and baking. The meal must be started the day before. And it will not keep. You must finish the dish not long after you bake it.

So home-baked beans are the once-a-week dish. They are too hard to prepare—too hard to digest—to be served as you ought to serve them.

Most folks like beans as well as meat. Some would like them as often as meat. Yet you pay three times the price of good baked beans for something with no more nutrition.



Here is a bean from a can of Van Camp's. Every bean in the can is like it. Mealy, yet unbroken. Luscious tomato sauce baked through and through. The flavor of pork baked in.

Yet that bean for hours has been baked in an oven heated to 245 degrees. But the oven was heated by live steam under pressure—by superheated steam. It was not a dry heat, so the bean is not crisped. It was not a simmering heat, so the bean is not broken.

These beans are digestible—immensely digestible. They are good to the taste—nut-like, mealy and whole. And the tomato sauce baked with them gives a delicious zest.

If once your folks ever try these beans you'll never get them back to the old kind.

These beans come to you ready to serve. You can serve them cold in one minute, or hot in ten minutes. And they retain all the savor which they brought from the oven.

You can keep them on hand—a dozen meals at a time—ready for any emergency. You can serve them for salad, fry them into croquettes, or serve them just as they come from the can.

By baking these beans for a million homes we can bake them much cheaper than you can. And we have spent full fifty years in learning how best to prepare them.

Van Camp's will be almost a daily dish when you find them out. They'll save you hours of cooking. They'll save a great deal on your meat bills.

Be fair to yourself and try them.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's

BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"



Van Camp's Beans

When you get Van Camp's you get Michigan beans, picked out by hand—beans all of one size. You get a sauce made of vine-ripened tomatoes, costing us five times what some sauce would cost. You get the result of 50 years of experience, applied to a dish which is the pride of this house. It doesn't pay to get a lesser brand. You'll quickly find that out.

Three sizes:
10, 15 and 20 cents per can



Home-Baked Beans

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) **Indianapolis, Ind.**

(175)

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NOBLESSE OBLIGE

Polatkin & Scheikowitz Conserve the Honor of Their Families

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD



A Stunted Lad of Fifteen Emerged, Staggering Under a Huge Bundle

"NU, PHILIP," cried Marcus Polatkin to his partner, Philip Scheikowitz, as they sat in the showroom of their place of business one June morning, "even if the letter does got bad news in it you shouldn't take on so hard. When a feller is making good over here and the *Leute im Russland* hears about it, understand me, they are all the time sending him bad news. I got in Minsk a cousin by the name Pincus Lubliner, understand me, which every time he writes me, y'understand, a relation dies on him and he wants me I should help pay funeral expenses. You might think I was a Free Burial Society, the way that feller acts."

"Sure, I know," Philip replied as he folded the letter away; "but this here is something else again. Mind you, with his own landlord he is sitting playing cards, Marcus, and comes a pistol through the window and the landlord drops dead."

"What have you got to do with the landlord?" Polatkin retorted. "If it was your brother-in-law was killed that's a difference matter entirely; but when a feller is a landlord *im Russland*, understand me, the least he could expect is that he gets killed once in a while."

"I ain't saying nothing about the landlord," Philip protested, "but my brother-in-law writes they are afraid for their lives there and I should send 'em quick the passage money for him and his boy Yosel to come to America."

Polatkin rose to his feet and glared angrily at his partner.

"Do you mean to told me you are going to send that loafer money he should come over here and bum round our shop yet?"

"What do you mean bum round our shop?" Philip demanded. "In the first place, Polatkin, I ain't said I am going to send him money, y'understand; and, in the second place, if I want to send the feller money to come over here, understand me, that's my business. Furthermore, when you are coming to call my brother-in-law a loafer and a bum, Polatkin, you don't know what you are talking about. His *Grossvater, olas hasholem*, was the great Harkavy Rav, Jochannon Borrochson."

"I heard that same tale before," Polatkin interrupted. "A feller is a *Schlemiel* and a lowlife which he couldn't support his wife and children, understand me, and it always turns out his grandfather was a big rabbi in the old country. The way it is with me, Scheikowitz, just so soon as I am hearing a feller's grandfather was a big rabbi in the old country, Scheikowitz, I wouldn't got nothing more to do with him. If he works for you in your place, understand me, then he fools away your time telling the operators what a big rabbi his grandfather was; and if he's a customer, Scheikowitz, and you write him ten days after the account is overdue he should pay you what he owes you, instead he sends you a check, understand me, he comes down to the store and tells you what a big rabbi he's got it for a grandfather. *Gott sei Dank* I ain't got no *Rabonim* in my family."

"Sure, I know," Philip cried, "your father would be glad supposing he could sign his name even."

Polatkin shrugged his shoulders.

"It would *oser* worry me if my whole family couldn't read or write. So long as I can sign my name and the money is in the bank to make the check good from five to ten thousand dollars, y'understand, what do I care if my grandfather would be deef, dumb and blind, Scheikowitz? Furthermore, Scheikowitz, believe me I would sooner got one good, live business man for a partner, Scheikowitz, than a million dead rabbis for a grandfather, and don't you forget it. So if you are going to spend the whole morning making a *Geschreierei* over that letter, Scheikowitz, we may as well close up the store *und fertig*."

With this ultimatum Marcus Polatkin walked rapidly away toward the cutting room, while Philip Scheikowitz sought the foreman of their manufacturing department and borrowed a copy of a morning paper. It was printed in the vernacular of the lower East Side, and Philip bore it to his desk, where for more than half an hour he alternately consulted the column of steamboat advertising and made figures on the back of an envelope. These represented the cost of a journey for two persons from Minsk to New York, based on Philip's hazy recollection of his own emigration, fifteen years before, combined with his experience as traveling salesman in the Southern states for a popular-price line of pants.

At length he concluded his calculations and with a heavy sigh he put on his hat just as his partner returned from the cutting room.

"Nu!" Polatkin cried. "Where are you going now?"

"I am going for a half an hour somewheres," Philip replied.

"What for?" Polatkin demanded.

"What for is my business," Philip answered.

"Your business!" Polatkin exclaimed. "At nine o'clock in the morning one partner puts on his hat and starts to go out, *veratehst du*, and when the other partner asks him where he is going it's his business, *sagt er!* What do you come down here at all for, Scheikowitz?"

"I am coming down here because I got such a partner, Polatkin, which if I was to miss one day even I wouldn't know where I stand at all," Scheikowitz retorted. "Furthermore, you shouldn't worry yourself, Polatkin; for my own sake I would come back just so soon as I could."

Despite the offensive repartee that accompanied Philip's departure, however, he returned to find Polatkin entirely restored to good humor by a thousand-dollar order that had arrived in the ten-o'clock mail; and as Philip himself felt the glow of conscious virtue attendant upon a good deed economically performed, he immediately fell into friendly conversation with his partner.

"Well, Marcus," he said, "I sent 'em the passage tickets, and if you ain't agreeable that Borrochson comes to work here I could easy find him a job somewheres else."

"If we got an opening here, Philip, what is it skin off my face if the feller comes to work here," Polatkin answered, "so long as he gets the same pay like somebody else?"

"What could I do, Marcus?" Philip rejoined, as he took off his hat and coat preparatory to plunging into the assortment of a pile of samples. "My own flesh and blood I must got to look out for, ain't it. And if my sister Leah, *olas hasholem*, would be alive today I would of got 'em all over here long since ago already. Ain't I am right?"



"What Do You Think of Him Now? Ain't He a Good-Looking Young Feller?"

Polatkin shrugged. "In family matters one partner couldn't advise the other at all," he said.

"Sure, I know," Philip concluded, "but when a feller has got such a partner which he is a smart up-to-date feller and means good by his partner, understand me, then I got a right to take an advice from him about family matters, ain't it?"

And with these honeyed words the subject of the Borrochson family's assisted emigration was dismissed until the arrival of another letter from Minsk some four weeks later.

"Well, Marcus," Philip cried after he had read it, "he'll be here Saturday."

"Who'll be here Saturday?" Polatkin asked.

"Borrochson," Philip replied; "and the boy comes with him."

Polatkin raised his eyebrows.

"I'll tell you the honest truth, Philip," he said—"I'm surprised to hear it."

"What d'ye mean you're surprised to hear it?" Philip asked. "Ain't I am sending him the passage ticket?"

"Sure, I know you are sending him the tickets," Polatkin continued, "but everybody says the same, Philip, and that's why I am telling you, Philip, I'm surprised to hear he is coming; because from what everybody is telling me it's a miracle the feller ain't sold the tickets and gambled away the money."

"What are you talking nonsense, selling the tickets!" Philip cried indignantly. "The feller is a decent, respectable feller even if he would be a poor man."

"He ain't so poor," Polatkin retorted. "A thief need never got to be poor, Scheikowitz."

"A thief!" Philip exclaimed.

"That's what I said," Polatkin went on, "and a smart thief too, Scheikowitz. Gifkin says he could steal the buttons from a policeman's pants and pass 'em off for real money, understand me, and they couldn't catch him anyhow."

"Gifkin?" Philip replied.

"Meyer Gifkin which he is working for us now two years, Scheikowitz, and a decent, respectable feller," Polatkin said relentlessly. "If Gifkin tells you something you could rely on it, Scheikowitz, and he is telling me he lives in Minsk one house by the other with this feller Borrochson, and such a lowlife gambler bum as this here feller Borrochson is you wouldn't believe at all."

"Meyer Gifkin says that?" Philip gasped.

"So sure as he is working here as assistant cutter," Polatkin continued. "And if you think that this here feller Borrochson comes to work in our place, Scheikowitz, you've got another think coming, and that's all I got to say."

But Philip had not waited to hear the conclusion of his partner's ultimatum, and by the time Polatkin had finished Philip was at the threshold of the cutting room.

"Gifkin!" he bellowed. "I want to ask you something a question."

The assistant cutter laid down his shears.

"What could I do for you, Mr. Scheikowitz?" he said respectfully.

"You could put on your hat and coat and get out of here before I kick you out," Philip replied without disclosing the nature of his abandoned question. "And, furthermore, if my brother-in-law Borrochson is such a lowlife bum which you say he is, when he is coming here Saturday he would pretty near kill you, because, Gifkin, a lowlife gambler and a thief could easily be a murderer too. *Aber* if he ain't such a thief and gambler which you say he is, then I would make you arrested."

"Me arrested?" Gifkin cried. "What for?"

"Because for calling some one a thief which he ain't one you could sit in prison," Scheikowitz concluded. "So you should get right out of here before I am sending for a policeman."

"But, Mr. Scheikowitz," Gifkin protested, "who did I told it your brother-in-law is a thief and a gambler?"

"You know very well who you told it," Scheikowitz retorted. "You told it my partner, Gifkin. That's who you told it."

"But I says to him he shouldn't tell nobody," Gifkin continued. "Is it my fault your partner is such a *Klatsch?* And anyhow, Mr. Scheikowitz, supposing I did say your brother-in-law is a gambler and a thief, I know what I'm talking about; and, furthermore, if I got to work in a place where I couldn't open my mouth at all, Mr. Scheikowitz, I don't want to work there, and that's all there is to it."

He assumed his hat and coat in so dignified a manner that for the moment Scheikowitz felt as though he were losing an old and valued employee, and this impression was subsequently heightened by Polatkin's behavior when he heard of Gifkin's departure. Indeed a casual observer might have supposed that Polatkin's wife, mother and ten children had all perished in a common disaster and that the messenger had been indiscreet in breaking the news, for during a period of almost half an hour Polatkin rocked and swayed in his chair and beat his forehead with his clenched fist.

"You are shedding my blood," he moaned to Scheikowitz.

"What the devil you are talking nonsense!" Scheikowitz declared. "The way you are acting you would think we are paying the feller five thousand dollars a year instead of fifteen dollars a week."

"It ain't what a feller makes from you, Scheikowitz, it's what you make from him what counts," he wailed. "Gifkin was really worth to us a year five thousand dollars."

"Five thousand buttons!" Scheikowitz cried. "You are making a big fuss about nothing at all."

But when the next day Polatkin and Scheikowitz heard that Gifkin had found employment with their closest competitors Philip began to regret the haste with which he had discharged his assistant cutter, and he bore his partner's upbraidings in chastened silence. Thus by Friday afternoon Polatkin had exhausted his indignation.

"Well, Philip," he said as closing-time approached, "it ain't no use crying over sour milk. What time does the boat arrive?"

"Tonight," Philip replied, "and the passengers comes off the island tomorrow. Why did you ask?"

"Because," Marcus said with the suspicion of a blush, "Saturday ain't such a busy day and I was thinking I would go over with you. Might I could help you out."

II

PHILIP'S trip with his partner to Ellis Island the following morning tried his temper to the point where he could barely refrain from inquiring if the expected immigrant were his relation or Polatkin's, for during the entire journey Marcus busied himself making plans for the Borrochsons' future.

"The first thing you got to look out for with a greenhorn, Philip," he said, "is that you learn 'em good the English language. If a feller couldn't talk he couldn't do nothing, understand me, so with the young feller especially you shouldn't give him no encouragement to keep on talking *Mauscheln*." Philip nodded politely.

"Look at me for instancer," Marcus continued; "six months after I landed, Philip, I am speaking English already just so good as a doctor or a lawyer. And how did I done it? To night school I am going only that they should learn me to write, *verstehst du, aber* right at the start old man Feinrubin takes me in hand and he talks to me only in English. And if I am understanding him, *schon gut;* and if I don't understand him then he gives me a *Klatsch* on the side of the head, Philip, which the next time he says it I could understand him good. And that's the way you should do with the young feller, Philip. I bet yer he would a damsight sooner learn English as get a *Schlag* every ten minutes."

Again Philip nodded, and by the time they had arrived at the inclosure for the relations of immigrants he had become so accustomed to the hum of Marcus' conversation that he refrained from uttering even a perfunctory "Uh-huh." They sat on a hard bench for more than half an hour, while the attendants bawled the common surnames of every country from Ireland to Asiatic Turkey, and at length the name Borrochson brought Philip to his feet. He rushed to the gateway, followed by Marcus, just as a stunted lad of fifteen emerged, staggering under the burden of a huge cloth-covered bundle.

"Uncle Philip," the lad cried, dropping the bundle. Then clutching Marcus round the neck he showered kisses on his cheeks until Philip dragged him away.

"I am your uncle," Philip said in *Jüdisch Deutsch*, "Where is your father?"

Without answering the question Yosel Borrochson took a stranglehold of Philip and subjected him to a second and more violent osculation. It was some minutes before Philip could disengage himself from his nephew's embrace and then he led him none too gently to a seat.

"Never mind the kissing," he said; "where's your father?"

"He is not here," Yosel Borrochson replied with a vivid blush.

"I see he is not here," Philip rejoined. "Where is he?"

"He is in Minsk," said young Borrochson.

"In Minsk!" Philip and Marcus cried with one voice, and then Marcus sat down on the bench and rocked to and fro in an ecstasy of mirth.

"In Minsk!" he gasped hysterically, and slapped his thighs by way of giving expression to his emotions. "Did you ever hear the like?"

"Polatkin, do me the favor," Philip begged, "and don't make a damn fool of yourself."

"What did I told you?" Polatkin retorted, but Philip turned to his nephew.

"What did your father do with the ticket and the money I sent him?" he asked.

"He sold the ticket and he used all the money for the wedding," the boy replied.

"The wedding!" Philip exclaimed. "What wedding?"

"The wedding with the widow," said the boy.

"The widow!" Philip and Marcus shouted in unison. "What widow?"

"The landlord's widow," the boy answered shyly.

And then as there seemed nothing else to do he buried his face in his hands and wept aloud.

"Nu, Philip," Marcus said, sitting down beside young Borrochson, "could the boy help it if his father is a *Gonef?*"

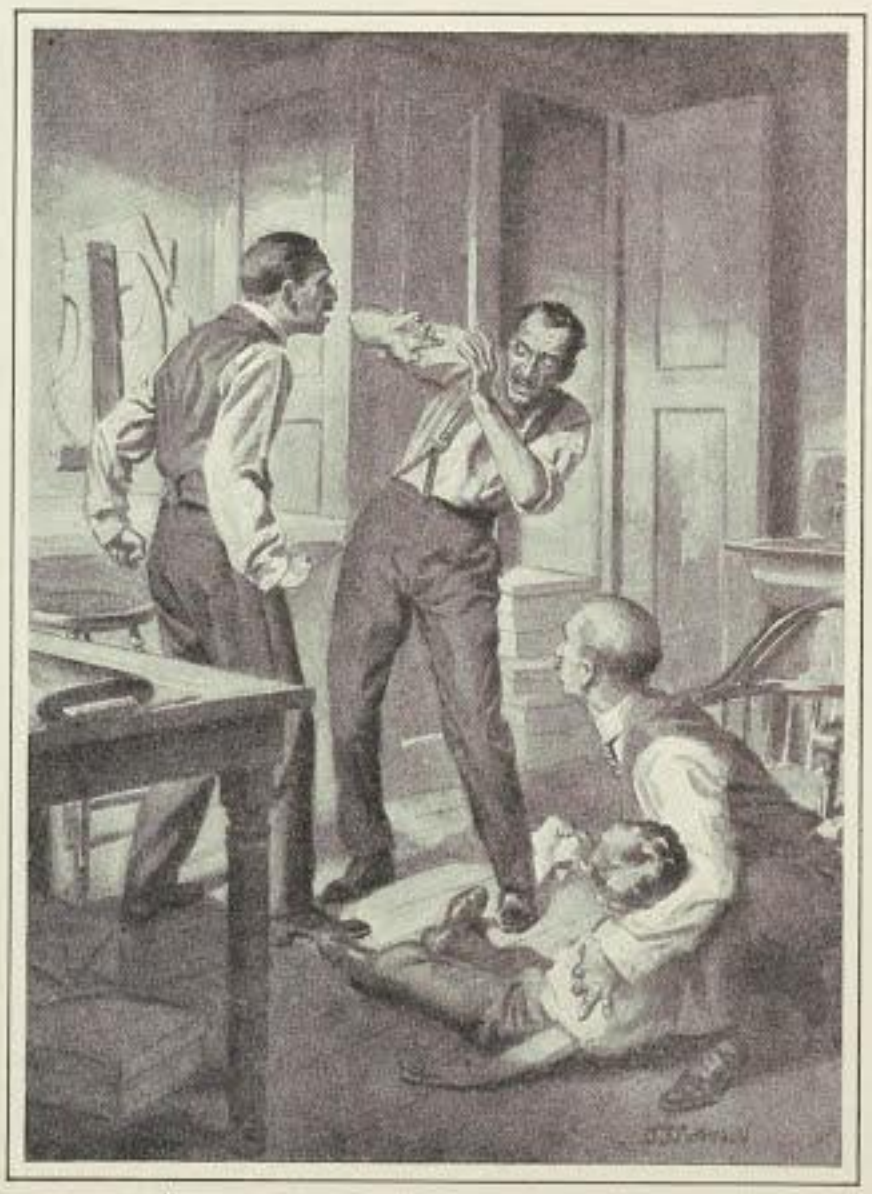
Philip made no reply and presently Marcus stooped and picked up the bundle.

"Come," he said gently, "let's go up to the store."

The journey uptown was not without its unpleasant features, for the size of the bundle not only barred them from both subway and elevated, but provoked a Broadway car conductor to exhibit what Marcus considered to be so biased and illiberal an attitude toward unrestricted immigration that he barely avoided a cerebral hemorrhage in resenting it. They finally prevailed on the driver of a belt-line car to accept them as passengers, and nearly half an hour elapsed before they arrived at Desbrosses Street; but after a dozen conductors in turn had declined to honor their transfer tickets they made the rest of their journey on foot.

Philip and young Borrochson carried the offending bundle, for Marcus flatly declined to assist them. Indeed with every block his enthusiasm waned, so that when they at length reached Wooster Street his feelings toward his partner's nephew had undergone a complete change.

"Don't fetch that thing in here," he said as Philip and young Borrochson entered the showroom with the bundle; "leave it in the shop. You got no business to bring the young feller up here in the first place."



"Liar!" He Shouted. "What Do You Mean by It?"

"What do you mean bring him up here?" Philip cried. "If you wouldn't butt in at all I intended to take him to my sister's a cousin on Pitt Street."

Marcus threw his hat on a sample table and sat down heavily.

"That's all the gratitude I am getting!" he declared with bitter emphasis. "Right in the busy season I dropped everything to help you out, and you turn on me like this."

He rose to his feet suddenly, and seizing the bundle with both hands he flung it violently through the doorway.

"Take him to Pitt Street," he said. "Take him to the devil for all I care. I am through with him."

But Philip conducted his nephew no farther than round the corner on Canal Street, and when an hour later Yosel Borrochson returned with his uncle his top-boots had been discarded forever, while his wrinkled, semi-military garb had been exchanged for a neat suit of Oxford gray. Moreover, both he and Philip had consumed a hearty meal of coffee and rolls and were accordingly prepared to take a more cheerful outlook upon life, especially Philip.

"*Bleib da hier,*" he said as he led young Borrochson to a chair in the cutting room. "*Ich komm bald zurück.*"

Then mindful of his partner's advice he broke into English. "Shtay here," he repeated in loud, staccato accents. "I would be right back. *Verstehst du?*"

"Yess-ss," Yosel replied, uttering his first word of English.

With a delighted grin Philip walked to the showroom, where Polatkin sat wiping away the crumbs of a belated luncheon of two dozen zwieback and a can of coffee.

"*Nu,*" he said conciliatingly, "what is it now?"

"Marcus," Philip began with a nod of his head in the direction of the cutting room, "I want to show you something a picture."

"A picture!" Polatkin repeated as he rose to his feet. "What do you mean a picture?"

"Come," Philip said; "I'll show you."

He led the way to the cutting room, where Yosel sat awaiting his uncle's return.

"What do you think of him now?" Philip demanded. "Ain't he a good-looking young feller?"

Marcus shrugged in a non-committal manner.

"Look what a bright eye he got it," Philip insisted. "You could tell by looking at him only that he comes from a good family."

"He looks a boy like any other boy," said Marcus.

"But even if no one would told you, Marcus, you could see from his forehead yet—and the big head he's got it—you could see that somewheres is *Rabonim* in the family."

"Yow!" Marcus exclaimed. "You could just so much see from his head that his grandfather is a rabbi as you could see from his hands that his father is a crook." He turned impatiently away. "So instead you should be talking a lot of nonsense, Philip, you should set the boy to work sweeping the floor," he continued. "Also for a beginning we would start him in at three dollars a week, and if the boy gets worth it pretty soon we could give him four."

III

IN TEACHING his nephew the English language Philip Scheikowitz adopted no particular system of pedagogy, but he combined the methods of Ollendorf, Chardenal, Ahn and Polatkin so successfully that in a few days Joseph possessed a fairly extensive vocabulary. To be sure, every other word was acquired at the cost of a clump over the side of the head, but beyond a slight ringing of the left ear that persisted for nearly six months the Polatkin method of instruction vindicated itself, and by the end of the year Joseph's speech differed in no way from that of his employers.

"Ain't it something which you really could say is wonderful the way that boy gets along?" Philip declared to his partner, as the first anniversary of Joseph's landing approached. "Honestly, Marcus, that boy talks English like he would be born here already."

(Continued on Page 40)

KEEPING YOUR POCKETBOOK



The Victims of Some Recent Touches are Asked to Look Him Over, Together With the Rest of the Morning's Batch

METHODS OF THE MEN WHO WANT IT

By George Allan England

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

LIKE wolves, jackals and other beasts of prey, pickpockets hunt in packs. The second-story man is a lone-hand worker, and so, more often than not, is the "gorilla" or hold-up man; but the "dip" who works alone is today practically non-existent. Success for him, under modern conditions, depends quite as much on organization as on individual initiative, pluck and dexterity. And so it is that he operates almost universally as one of a close, highly-skilled body which in the lingo of the Underworld is called a "mob."

Now you will please to understand, mob bears no connotation of disorder or violence or aught conspicuous. Quite the contrary. Dips hold themselves as the aristocrats of abstraction. Because of their superior skill they refuse to associate with common thugs who break and enter or who "stick up" pedestrians in obscure alleyways. They entertain a supreme contempt toward all who resort to the crudities of force—contempt and pity.

Such, right or wrong, is the pickpocket's verdict of *vi et armis* methods. For a mob of well-trained "guns" is disciplined. The very nature of pickpocketry is antipathetic to violence of every sort, even to the breaking of a watch-chain. No self-respecting mob tolerates stealing watches; and the dip who indulges in the practice is scorned and avoided as unworthy of respect or confidence. For lo! the dollar-watch is abroad in the land.

Violence is taboo among the fraternity. The well-trained gun is essentially a man whose living depends on his quick eye and nimble fingers, a man whose ambition and whose art is "breech-getting"—the abstraction of pocketbooks from bourgeois raiment without being detected. For this purpose, as in certain other lines of modern business, he has found and utilized the value of organization. The mob is his unit, his fighting-force; and wonderfully efficient it is. Four or five dips, banded together, form its *personnel*. Each member has his place, his duties, his rewards. And, working thus, each finds protection in the strength of all. It is the principle of the Common Good, restricted within very narrow and highly-specialized limits.

The first man of a mob, its head and forefront, is known as the "stall." The second and third are "fillers-in." The fourth answers to the name of "wire." Number five is the "get-away man." Each knows just what to do, and does it—and there you are! For in competition with this trained and clever work what chance doth the burgher's pocketbook stand?

The stall is usually a man of more than average intelligence, one who has enjoyed a variegated experience of crookedness, whether in court or out. A knowledge of the former kind is to him essential; for he it is who attends to all the necessary details of "springing" or liberating from custody any unfortunate member of the mob. He it is who decides whether to do the job by squaring the jury, or again by making the dip stand trial and by defeating the case in the lower court. He it is who pulls the underground wires of rescue, as will in due time be set forth.

He, in short, must be a general, a diplomatist, a man of wisdom and resource. To him the others look in time of peril. Rarely he fails them.

He has to keep, in a memorandum-book on his person, the name of a good lawyer in every city and large town—one who is "right" and can be trusted—that is, one not too familiar with the police. In this book the stall keeps also the names of available persons with pull. Such political allies are indispensable in case of trouble. Of saloon-keepers, too, the stall keeps track. Their friendship is invaluable in the Underworld, though sometimes here a curious conflict of interest arises. It may be that some saloonkeeper, though friendly to the stall, fears the ill-will of the police and the effect that such ill-will may have upon the granting of his license. The keeper, in this case, often refuses to mix personally with a criminal case, but delegates the task to some ward politician, while he himself twitches the strings with a well-covered hand. Thus the saloon is kept out of active participation in crime, and the purity of our municipal politics is upheld. So much, then, for the connections and the duties of the stall.

The fillers-in play the rôle of members of the populace, innocent bystanders, or what-not—anything to jostle and confuse and render easy of attack the chosen sacrifice. The wire does the actual work of theft, and a clever, experienced man he has to be.

The fifth man of the mob has the duty of receiving the "bundle" at the hands of the wire, and of "making his elegant" therewith. Thus it happens (a thing which the uninitiated must often have wondered at) that the man arrested very rarely, if ever, has on his person any money or any evidence of the crime in question.

Mobs letter-perfect in every respect are by no means common, even in our largest cities. I doubt if more than ten "swell mobs" are operating today in America. By swell mob I mean a first-class gang of experts, well-financed and able to hire the best of legal talent for defense.

A swell mob does no business with less than one thousand dollars "fall-money," ready for instant use. The average, everyday, common or garden mob thinks itself lucky to possess five hundred. With a thousand the gang is safe. For that gives each member two hundred, and it is axiomatic among the profession that, so forearmed, the mob can successfully finance five falls. Such a run of misfortune in the course of one campaign is a practically negligible chance.

The fall-money is most zealously guarded by all first-class workers. Second or third-rate mobs sometimes dig into the fund by drinking, gambling or other dissipation—a swell mob, never. For the skilled crook realizes the imperative necessity of ready cash and lots of it when trouble comes. Positively no time must be lost in raising funds. A lack of quick currency in adequate amounts at a critical juncture often means a long term in jail for the miserable wretch within the toils of the law.

Sometimes it happens that a gun welches or refuses to put up his proportion of the safety-fund. Such a miscreant

is called a "rat," and rathood brings its own immediate reward. Violence? Not at all; but something just as efficacious and far safer. Punishment takes the same form that it assumes, say, on the Stock Exchange when a member falls down on his agreements—I mean, of course, exclusion, the boycott, loss of caste and place. In this way the recreant thief can be either ruined or else brought to speedy terms.

"Heard about Spike?" the word passes through subterranean channels.

"Wot's wrong?"

"Fall-money—he's squealed."

"Th' rat!"

Lo, Spike finds himself with his occupation gone. No decent, self-respecting mob will take him out to work with them. The discredited one, in the manner of Davy Crockett's famous coon, climbs down and "comes over wit' de coin."

Only in one way can a member of a mob avoid his share of the fall-money in an honorable manner and in accordance with gun etiquette. This is by discharging himself from the mob before an actual fall takes place. He may have been associated with the mob during an expedition, and may have shared in several successful thefts, yet if he says, "I'm through!" and takes his leave (as Adam should have done) before the fall, he is not only exempt from any claim, but also saves his honor pure and unsullied, "a verray parfit, gentle knight" of thievery.

With fall-money in readiness and everything prepared for business before any move is made, the mob has its "meet" much as fox-hunters have theirs, or high financiers.

This meet they usually hold in the privacy of a saloon back room. Here they decide where to go and how to get there—whether to the beaches, theaters, terminals, auction rooms, L trains, or just the city streets at some congested point. A certain periodical published in this country keeps them *au fait* with the dates of all public events, fairs, shows, race-track meets, processions and the like. The railroad guides furnish them information as to the arrival and departure of trains.

Following the Liberty Bell

CROWDS—these are the first and last things of the mob. Whatever else they need, organized guns always must have large and well-bunched herds of *genus homo*. If the herds migrate, they migrate, too. Especially to sentimental and patriotic gatherings are they faithful, inasmuch as lofty feeling on the part of the suckers gives more than usually ample opportunities on the part of the mob for feeling of a more material and remunerative sort. After the last big G. A. R. reunion in Boston, a few years ago, hundreds of empty pocketbooks were found in post-boxes, eloquent proof of the dips' large activities. Their habit, be it said, is always to keep only cash and negotiable securities. They invariably destroy checks and personal papers, a process which they call "cleaning the poke," and then usually drop the empty "leather" into a mailbox, as a handy, safe and generally desirable place of concealment. *Ergo*, the condition of the boxes, after a big public affair, is in a way a barometer of the storm center of dipdom.

At the time when Thomas N. Hart was mayor of Boston he entertained the French Ambassador. Crowds gathered. A clever dip touched the mayor himself; but alas, the official leather contained only thirteen dollars. Hart, in person, nabbed the man, who put up five hundred dollars cash bail and decamped.

The Old Home Week celebration some time ago in Fredericton, New Brunswick, drew mobs from all over America. So, too, did the tour of the Liberty Bell, an event which is still talked of with reminiscent pleasure in the Underworld. For in the year 1903, when that venerated relic was borne in triumph through eight sovereign States, several topnotch gangs followed it—sticking closer than brethren—through New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island and so to dear old Plymouth; then back again through towns unnumbered till the sacred object reached its home once more in Philadelphia. Where the Bell went, there went they.

Not every year do mobs run into such great good fortune as the expedition of the Liberty Bell. For the most part they have to take what lesser goods the gods provide, and be thankful. Their work, for the most part, is a routine grind, like yours or mine. By night they lay their plans; by day, execute them. Always they map out a definite scheme. Before separating they always know just where to pick each other up, just what they are going to do, and how they mean to do it.

Suppose they choose for their day's first haul a railway terminal. Their best game in this case is usually to take a train into the city from some nearby suburban point. The stall and the wire take seats in the front of the car, while the others sit part way down the aisle. When the train stops, of course everybody gets up. The three men in the rear, having picked the sucker, begin jostling the crowd and shoving the sheeplike commuters forward. This brings them up against the stall and the wire, who hold back.

A jam results. The confusion is opportune for the stall to "sound" the victim—that is, to "fan" his pockets in order to determine where the treasure-trove may lie. Somebody grumbles or remonstrates, only to be met by a "Beg pardon!" a laugh, a jest. But up goes the stall's hand in signal to the wire. Left-hand, hip pocket. Right-hand, coat pocket. The wire gets busy, abstracts the wad, and passes it to the get-away man, who decamps.

If by any chance an alarm be raised the stall holds his ground while the others flee. He willingly submits to search; and since he always proves that he has nothing, after a little parley he usually goes his way undisturbed, the recipient of apologies. The chances are all against the public. So usual is overcrowding on American conveyances, that little is thought of the mob's jostling tactics. In most cases the victim never "tumbles" at all, until redress is quite impossible. Railways, in this country, are the crooks' paradise. In Europe, not so, both on account of the sidedoor-exit system and because of the adequate seating arrangements. The European police, too, are really efficient. They meet every train, watch suspicious characters, and are in general "on to the job" of protecting the pin-witted. The pickpocket flourisheth not on the Other Side, as here.

Were it not for our peculiarly inconvenient traction arrangements, especially in street railway and L service, "reefing a leather" from an inside coat pocket or a waistcoat pocket would be almost impossible. The job is delicate, even on board a crowded car packed with strap-hangers. The stall has to hold a newspaper close up to



The Woeful Female Calls Again and Talks to Both Sucker and Suckeress With Pleadings Accelerando

the victim's face, while under its protection the wire gets a hand inside the coat or waistcoat, or abstracts a diamond pin from tie or shirt front. This trick of "stone-hoisting" is the hardest feat of all (except the very exceptional legerdemain of slitting a woman's stocking and abstracting the purse). It requires great nerve, marvelous dexterity and remarkably quick action. Very few successful stone-getters are operating in America today.

As for our friends the super-twisters of classic reputation, who used so blithely to nick the *bourgeoisie* for "fronts"—that is, watches and chains—the dollar-watch, as has already been explained, has effectually damped their ambitions. Who shall say but a properly depreciated currency may some day curb the leather-reefer, too?

After the day's work is honestly put through, the mob reassembles, if separated, and gets together in the saloon where the meet originally was held. More often than not, they all come back safe and sound to divide the swag. But since their best-laid plans gang aft agley it sometimes happens that the police have caught one of the mob.

"Where's Slatsey?" takes form as a definite problem.

"Looks like he's 'lost'!" is the answer, as the time grows long. "Must be that he's copped out."

The barkeeper brings in a yellow envelope and throws it on the beery table.

"A telegram!"

They rip it open, and instantly know the worst—that Slats has "fallen," for the message reads:

"Broke a leg. In Such-and-such hospital. S."

Momentary annoyance at the untoward incident gives way quickly to the routine procedure.

"Well, we've got to have a mouthpiece (lawyer), and a swell one," is the verdict.

If by any chance it be the stall himself who has fallen, duty then devolves upon the wire, who must free his chief at all hazards. Only one mishap throws a mob into greater consternation than the loss of the stall, and that is the arrest of the wire. With the wire in custody, the mob finds itself in the predicament of a man with a large family when his wife dies. *He* has to get him a housekeeper; *they* have either to find another wire, fill in with another mob, or disband. A wireless mob is like a brainless body, pitiably useless. Its members are "up against it," since to go on without the wire is impossible, and to get a job with another gang is no easier than for any other professional men to step at once into lucrative positions.

Whoever may happen to have fallen, two lines of action at once develop. One line concerns itself with the brother in distress; the other impinges on the sucker, his victim. The trusted mouthpiece is sent for posthaste, the matter laid before him, and information given that Slats McCue has been pinched. The mouthpiece receives ample funds from the mob, and starts on his mission of legal salvage.

The man of law, be it understood, has already at the meet been given a private nickname or "monaker." When he arrives at the jail, whether in the city of the mob's headquarters or in some other town, he gets an interview in short order with the unfortunate "knuck," and mentions the monaker. The knuck, hearing it, knows at once that the lawyer is *right*. He therefore talks freely and gives full details of the case.

Once in possession of these facts, the mouthpiece sallies out and hires the best local luminary, in order to get the bail fixed at a low figure. This roundabout method avoids giving too much importance or notoriety to the case. If the strange lawyer were to arrive from out of town and appear in behalf of the recently-arrested crook, gossip would rise, and with it would soar the figure of the bail. All this is obviated by hiring some good local man, familiar with the judge. Another point gained is that the local lawyer is probably acquainted with the "rapper," or complainant, and can handle him far better than could a strange lawyer from the city.

The Last Resort

ONCE these details attended to, the mob's lawyer usually has the dip give him whatever money he may have—sometimes a very large sum. This money he returns to the other members of the mob, to be used for bail. He appears in court for the prisoner, and if the case be strong has it continued for a week or more, to let the rapper cool off. In case of a bad fall this measure is absolutely necessary and practically universal. I need not say that a "right" lawyer, acting as a mob's mouthpiece, is regarded by his clients almost with reverence. His word is law, for them. He is their father confessor, their guide, friend, comforter, physician. To a gang in distress he is as indispensable as a surgeon to an appendicitis patient.

Whether the fall has taken place in the mob's home city or in some other town, the time before the continued case is well filled with strenuous measures for "exceptional safety," as they say in Russia. The name and address of the rapper, together with those of witnesses, are got hold of. These are matters of public record, and to them access cannot be denied.

They are carefully looked over, these names, to see who and what they are, what their condition in life is, and who knows them—in a word, to find out what can be done with them. Emissaries are dispatched to them, especially to the sucker, to whom a cash offer is made if he will drop the case immediately.

Should he prove obdurate and bent on vengeance, or should his price be deemed extortionate, he is reasoned with and often convinced that to err is human; to forgive, expedient. As a last resort the eternal feminine is brought into play—that is, the dip's wife is sent to call on the recalcitrant one.

Now this wife, you comprehend, is sometimes a real wife and sometimes only one of the common-law variety.

The wife, then, calls of an afternoon on the sucker or, if he be married, on his wife—preferably the latter.

"Oh, ma'am, if you *only* knowed, ma'am, wot a turrible blow this is to me—my poor husband in jail, all on account of a misunderstandin' and ——"

"Nonsense! John caught him with his hand in his vest pocket!"

"I know, ma'am, it looks bad, turrible bad, but you can't most always tell by looks. An' my poor husband that delicate! A bit, I mean a term in jail, would be the death o' him sure. Him with a cough already!"

"You mean ——"

"Sure, ma'am, he's consy—he's got tubbuculousus. Had it since a year ago last May, an' us that desprit poor.

Three children at home, not a lick o' work an'——"

"Three children? Dear, dear me!"

"Three livin'. We've lost six."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, ma'am. Oh, ma'am, you won't be hard on my poor, misguided husband. *will* you?"

Tears, very copious and very gulpy, cap the climax. Only hearts of stone decline to be melted. When the sucker comes home at night he hears the story from his spouse, with variations. The woeful female calls again during the evening, and talks to both sucker and sucker-ess with pleadings *accelerando*. Hardly a case occurs where this procedure fails. A deal is made, the price agreed on, the money put into some third person's hands, and the matter is closed.



Who Used to Blithely to Nick the Bourgeoisie for Watches and Chains

Should things go otherwise and the case be pressed for trial, a copy of the jury panel is got hold of and each member is carefully inquired about. When the panel chances to contain a friend or two, these are "seen" by politicians or by other influential and public-spirited individuals before the trial comes off. Thus, you observe, no direct charge of jury-tampering can be entered.

If there are no friends on the panel; if the witnesses cannot be "squared" or the sucker mollified by argument plus currency; if the dip must come to the bar; if, in short, the case is a desperate one which cannot possibly be fought to a verdict of not guilty, then the lawyer moves whole mountain ranges to secure a "valentine"—that is, as mild a sentence as possible for his client.

When the Innocent Suffer

FROM start to finish, bail plays a most important part in the story of a crook held for trial. About the worst thing a thief can do is put up cash bail; for that makes the police believe that he has plenty of money, and however weak the case may be they are determined to shake him down for some of it. The sucker, too, usually imagines that part of the bail-money is *his* money, which is being used against him, and he grows correspondingly more bitter. When cash bail, however, is decided on, the money can be at once deposited by any well-organized mob. The defendant can then forfeit the bail and thereby become a "lamaster," a forfeiter of bail-bonds, a fugitive from justice.

With defaulted bail in the shape of real-estate securities, or with "straw bail," the case is different, and the crook has pursuit to reckon on. For in the one case his bondsmen will take measures for bringing back the fugitive (to make themselves whole); while in the other the county, bilked by its loss of cash from the defaulted bond, will spare no trouble or expense to recapture the crook for trial.

Straw bail (worthless security) is given in several ways, all known to the fraternity. The best-favored method is for the bondsman to swear that he owns certain properties, when in reality he owns nothing at all. True, this constitutes downright, deliberate perjury, of which the authorities may take judicial notice; but if straw-bail men leave the jurisdiction of the court they can rarely if ever be arrested or detected, so difficult is it to identify them in case they go on only one isolated bond. Only where they make a practice of this perjury, for the sake of easy gain, do they become known to magistrates and jail-officers and sometimes get "in" for long terms.

But even if sentenced they may yet escape the lash of Justice; for they are usually weak-minded, shiftless individuals, who, stung by present necessity, are willing for the sake of a little ready money to swear that they own almost anything from the United States Mint down or up. And should they get enmeshed, one of the mob for ten or twenty dollars hires an alienist to examine their mental status. A certificate of incompetency settles the case, for it is not the province of the law to wreak vengeance on harmless lunatics with plutocratic delusions.

With all these sticks which I have described thrust through the legal cogwheels, the chances are that the guilty dip will go scotfree.

Sometimes a real sucker gets the idea of making something for himself out of an accusation, and sometimes, too, he overreaches himself in his greed. An amusing case happened in Boston a few years ago, when a dip was arrested at Revere Beach, charged with picking a pocket. Now, the pocketbook contained only eight dollars, but in court the owner of it swore it had held twenty dollars.

"If I make twelve dollars on the deal, it's good business," was his enlightened thought.

The dip was called on to make restitution. At first he objected, to his lawyer; but when the lawyer found that three months would clear his man, while if the case went into any higher court the sentence would be from three to five years, he very rapidly delivered the twenty.

He later told the owner of the pocketbook, however, that he would have given up fifty dollars to have had the whole case withdrawn.

It is one of the things not generally known that many a case of pocket-picking is purely the invention of the niggardly or the dishonest, for the purpose of avoiding expenditure or of concealing losses. On the heads of innocent dips are poured many vials of simulated rage. John Jones, for instance, balks inwardly at giving Jenny Jones a bonnet of the *Lustige Witwe* brand. He comes home raging.

"My pocket!" he exclaims. "Picked on the L!"

Commiseration from Jenny Jones, and no milliner's bill. But John, to be consistent, has to enter complaint, and up goes some poor innocent devil.

Or it may be that Smith has lost a hundred at poker, or that Robinson, who collects for some scrouging installment house, is a bit short in his accounts.

"Touched, in Broad Street Sation!" they wail, with similar results as above. So their defections, or Jenny Jones' Merry Widow ambitions land Bill the Knuck behind bars, and peace redescends upon that sacred bulwark of the nation, the American home.

That these allegations are absolutely groundless has not the slightest effect on the fact that Bill has to go to jail. The average gun gets little or no consideration at the hands of the Court. So deep-rooted is the prejudice against pickpockets in general that they can be "buried" on principle, rather than on evidence. There is a conviction coupon attached to every complaint of larceny from the person.

When two mobs are working the same crowd, one wire often gets sent up for touches made by the other. There is, after all, a sort of poetic justice about this. The wire has probably many a time escaped conviction for his own misdeeds. Now he gets sentenced for those of another crook. The scales of Justice "dip the dip," quick and sure, and the State gets even with him. Right here it is that the old adage about honor among thieves gets a severe jolt. One mob makes a good haul. A member of another gets arrested for the crime. The lucky mob refuses to contribute one cent toward the fall-money of the unfortunate one. They believe that such contingencies are part of the game, and decline to pony up. Who shall say they are wrong?

Sometimes, in cases of fictitious crime or of police cupidity, the deals put through to convict an innocent man are raw to the very quick. The prisoner, say, will be brought in, registered, measured by the Bertillon, and his thumbprints taken. That over, he will be thrust into a room to wait identification. Mind you, the man has done nothing, and yet he is surely going to "have the turn called on him" as having just committed theft.

The victims of some recent touches, whether real or imaginary, are asked to look him over, together with the rest of the morning's batch.

The door of the room is then closed, and the complaining officer has a little heart-to-heart with the rappers in the hallway. It doesn't take much persuading to make a rapper admit that Number Such-a-One in the line is the man he's after, and to this numerical identification he willingly swears. Cases have been known where, through the changing of places, rappers have picked out and positively identified, as a thief, a plain-clothes man who was standing in line with the suspects—and have, maybe, done the detective no very great injustice, at that!

Good Work by Tin-Star Reubens

FOR it is only too sadly true that most of these cases can be fixed at once by proper laying-on of coin. The death of a good dip is mourned in police circles. The "fixing" of complaining officers is usually done in the proceedings between the lower and the appellate court. For the officer, when he goes before the grand jury, can say what the spirit moveth him to say. He can remember or he can forget, as he listeth. If his pecuniary wants have already been attended to, the grand jury will often report "No Bill," and the shaken-down dip will be discharged from custody.

Singular as it may seem, the country police are considerably more efficient than their urban brothers in arresting pickpockets. They are sharper-witted and quicker to act. This is contrary to the general impression, but it is true. The country policeman isn't heralded forth to the world, either, in trappings of blue and brass, awe-inspiring to the honest public, but only too gratefully visible to the crook. No, the "jay cop" usually keeps himself disguised in his only suit of five-year-old raiment, and gathers in the evildoer redhanded and all unsuspicious of the proximity of the Law. This accounts for the capture of so many noted thieves in country places—thieves who have successfully eluded city detectives, but who walk fair and square into the waiting arms of Tin-Star Reuben.

As a matter of fact, printer's ink (far more than metropolitan police brain-power) is responsible for the capture of most crooks. There is published monthly in Chicago a little sheet called The Detective. In it are printed the pictures and the Bertillons of all sorts of "wanted" persons. So, if some suspect is rounded up in Oshkosh, all that the Oshkoshian police have to do is consult files of The Detective. They find, for example, that the man in question is a lamaster desired in Providence, Rhode Island. Word is sent forward, and the Providential police have a nice little car ride going for their prey. They sometimes manage to get the prey home with them—if he doesn't escape before they get there, or if he doesn't jump out of a car window on the return trip, or play some other unfair trick on them.

Living is, with thieves, a most uncertain quantity. On the average, it runs rather lower than popular imagination paints it. A good, active dip may reef as high as forty

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And Gathers in the Evildoer Red-Handed and All Unsuspicious of the Proximity of the Law

In the Haunt of the Deadly à La



By IRVIN S. COBB

THEY are now building several new restaurants in New York. When these are done there will then be restaurants for all. At this writing there is only one restaurant to each three of the regular inhabitants, and in New York strangers are almost constantly dropping in.

In connection with the New York restaurants there are certain curious facts that give the scientists pause. There are always too many of them and there never are enough. A new restaurant will jam its way into a block on Broadway or Fifth Avenue or Forty-second Street, where there are already seven or eight restaurants exactly like it, and the pessimists will shake their heads and predict shipwreck and disaster; whereas inside of three months there will be a breadline of the famishing well-to-do stretching out along the sidewalk, all pleading piteously for a chance to come inside and order a lot of expensive things—that is, there will be if the new restaurant conforms to the accepted New York standard, which it will.

The New York standard requires that all its restaurants and all its hotels and all its apartment houses shall be constructed upon certain established models. It seems almost a criminal oversight that none of the Sunday papers ever gave away a cut-out pattern for a New York restaurant—cut along dotted line "A," insert slit "B" in slot "C," fold back on "D" and "E," get a good live boy for the hat-check privilege and open on a Saturday night.

To insure further success the interior must follow the standard pattern, and it does. The owner calls in the inspired victim of decorative dementia who seemingly designs the furnishings and finishings of all the New York restaurants, and turns him loose and tells him to go as far as he likes. When he is through people come and gaze raptly upon the result, and say to themselves that surely the human mind can go no further than this without splitting up the sides. They inquire whether the creator has been conveyed to Matteawan yet, and then speak to the head waiter touching on table reservations, because any New York person can tell that here is an institution equipped with everything calculated to make it instantly popular. All under one and the same roof it has Corinthian pillars and Greek porticoes and Babylonian winged lions and Roman eagles—they look like extra size soft-shell crabs, fried first and then gilded, but they are Roman eagles all right—and North German Lloyd draperies and Pullman palace car hangings and Mississippi River steamboat chandeliers and double lines of palms—both kinds, artificial and waiters'—gently waving in air.

Borgia Brews in Roman Villas

IT HAS a dainty wooden pergola excellently placed in the very center of the main floor, with great clumps of artificial purple hysteria blooms hanging down—oh, very well, have it your own way, but hysteria sounds more appropriate. It has a Ratskeller on the top floor and an Adirondack Mountain hunting cabin downstairs in the basement. It has a Japanese sunken garden, containing a Japanese sinking pool full of Japanese sinker fish, and in close proximity thereto a cast-iron arbor decorated with wrought-iron grapes and sheet-iron leaves, all brightly painted and looking exceedingly lifelike—you'd know it was iron a mile away. Hard by one observes a Roman villa, as complete in every detail as any Roman villa nine feet tall could be expected to be, except that the customary Latin word *Salve* is omitted from over the front entrance. That would look like stealing the head waiter's stuff.

Adding to these an infuriated orchestra of eight pieces, a heroic Swiss Guard of waiters—they will die, but never surrender a tip—and a genuine East Indian chef named Roscoe Sherman Jones, from Tuscaloosa, Alabama, in native costume, making his typical East Indian curried dishes in a chafing dish in full view of the audience, you have a combination that positively cannot lose.

Thereafter the constant aim must be to keep jacking up the prices and cutting down the size of the portions. There are no more half portions to be had in really smart New York restaurants. Some have abolished them altogether, and the others have reduced them to one-sixteenth portions and are studying higher fractions with a view to making still further improvements. Those who have been seeking to find the Greatest Common Divisor will find him in the pantry of almost any swagger New York restaurant, dishing out the orders. Nowhere else in the habitable globe does there flourish in such luxuriance the person who can place upon a large platter two hangnails culled from the frayed portions of a beef critter, immerse the same in a brimming half-pint of the standard mucilaginous sauce, garnish freely with parsley and send it forth under the name of *Filet Mignon Lucretia Borgia*, or *Cow à la Jesse Pomeroy*, or something of that sort, and get ninety cents for it. Nowhere else have they the art so developed of arranging three small kiln-dried mushrooms in a row on the flat, desolate expanse of a slice of toast like a set of smoked pearl studs on a dress-shirt bosom and, after placing the whole under a glass lid to keep the mushrooms from blowing away if the waiter hurries, selling it for one dollar. Viewed in comparison with what a chef in an expensive New York restaurant can do with one slab of meat, a bosky dell of parsley and a vat of the well-known liquid glue sauce, the miracle of the loaves and fishes seems almost commonplace.

Anyhow, when you come right down to cases, the food itself is of no consequence; the main point is that the price should be sufficiently up and uppish. A New Yorker's idea of a good time is to go somewhere and eat something, eating it expensively in public, with music playing about a foot and a half away from him. But unless he pays more for it than he can afford he feels that his whole evening has been practically spoiled. National and state holidays exist for the purpose of permitting him to perform this quaint tribal rite. Go along Broadway on New Year's Eve or election night and observe the police reserves out in force in front of every large restaurant, in their impulsive way clubbing the heads off of New Yorkers desirous of paying fifty dollars for a table, three dollars a head for the *table d'hôte* meal provided on such occasions, and considerably more if they feel hungry and want something to eat. There's nothing like it anywhere.

There is record of but one known failure of a New York restaurant modeled along the accepted lines, and its failure was only temporary at that. This restaurant was to be the last word in New York restaurants and it was—likewise the loudest and the most agonized. It was conceded that in this instance mortal art had run its string clear out. Viewing the front façade the friends of its designer openly admitted that he had achieved his crowning life-work, and canvassed removing him to a place of safety without waiting for the report of the lunacy commission.

This establishment saw all its competitors and raised them the limit. It had more hangings and more draperies than any of them; more pergolas plaintively perging and more grottoes that grot aloud; it had an imported manager and a paid publicity department; it had a menu printed in all the languages that nobody understands and a wine list that was a lesson in the higher finance. It also had three hat-check boys to handle each hat, which, in itself, was looked upon as a stroke of great business sagacity and a certain sign of tumultuous success.

For you should know one thing the writer carelessly failed to mention before, and that is, that the standing of a New York restaurant may be accurately measured by its hat-check system. There are a few places to eat in New York where they do not have hat-check boys at the door, such places being located for the most part on side streets and the food that they serve is liable to be good and—for New York—reasonable as to price. The surest sign that a restaurant of this character is emerging from comfortable obscurity into uncomfortable prominence and prosperity is the appearance at its portals of one of those abandon-hats-all-ye-who-enter-here devices accompanied by a small greedy flunky in buttons. There is one largely patronized restaurant in New York where you can't get in under any pretext—to speak to a friend or kill a waiter or any perfectly legitimate errand—without surrendering your hat. And if you can get it back again without paying a tariff on it, J. P. Morgan will be glad to recognize your abilities by making a place for you in his banking house.

You may have intended to tarry but a moment. You may be attached to your hat and wish to keep it by you. It may be one of those pet woolly Alpine hats that purr when the fur is stroked the right way. Nevertheless, you give it up or you stay out. That is the rule. However, up until this time none of the restaurants had had more than two boys to relay one hat. But this new restaurant had three boys to pass it back and forth between you and the hook, which, by a deft division of the labor involved—such as one boy handling the check and another boy wielding the whisk-broom and a third boy getting under your feet and rubbing up against your leg and mewing—meant three separate tips. In the case of a hat that was somewhat worn it was cheaper, really, just to leave it there and slip out bareheaded and buy yourself a new one somewhere.

Even New Yorkers Have Rights

AS BEFORE stated, none gainsaid the success of the new place. But it failed and it failed fast. The reason was that the new manager insisted that patrons coming in for dinner should wear full dress. New York resented this as an invasion of its rights. Many have contended that a New Yorker has no rights and doesn't want any, because he wouldn't know what to do with them unless he moved; this shows how wrong that contention is. A New Yorker has the right to come to dinner without having on a dinner coat. It is an inalienable and constitutional right, and if necessary he will die in its defense or even eat dinner at home without any music. In this instance he defended it by staying away from the new restaurant, and shortly thereafter it went down with a low, gurgling glug. Its doors remained closed for a period of time and then a restaurant keeper who knew his New York came along and applied artificial respiration. He spread broadcast the gladsome tidings that though no hostile discrimination would be practiced against a man who came fully evening-dressed or evening-dressed and full—the waiters would wear a distinctive regalia, anyhow, so that there could be no

(Continued on Page 55)

THE PEARLS OF PARLAY

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

THE Kanaka helmsman put the wheel down and the Malahini slipped into the eye of the wind and righted to an even keel. Her headsails emptied; there was a rat-tat of reefpoints and quick shifting of boom-tackles, and she heeled over and filled away on the other tack. Though it was early morning and the wind brisk the five white men who lounged on the poopdeck were scantily clad. David Grief and his guest, Gregory Mulhall, an Englishman, were still in pajamas, their naked feet thrust into Chinese slippers. The captain and mate were in thin undershirts and unstarched duck trousers, while the supercargo still held in his hands the undershirt he was reluctant to put on. The sweat stood out on his forehead and he seemed to thrust his bare chest thirstily into the wind that did not cool.

"Pretty muggy for a breeze like this," he complained.

"And what's it doing around in the west?—that's what I want to know," was Grief's contribution to the general plaint.

"It won't last and it ain't been there long," said Hermann, the Holland mate. "She is been chop round all night—five minutes here, ten minutes there, one hour somewhere other quarter."

"Something makin', something makin'," Captain Warfield croaked, spreading his bushy beard with the fingers of both hands and shoving the thatch of his chin into the breeze in a vain search for coolness. "Weather's been crazy for a fortnight. Haven't had the proper trades in three weeks. Everything's mixed up. Barometer was pumping at sunset last night and it's pumping now, though the weather sharps say it don't mean anything. All the same, I've got a prejudice against seeing it pump. Gets on my nerves, sort of, you know. She was pumping that way the time we lost the Lancaster. I was only an apprentice, but I can remember that well enough. Brand-new four-masted steel ship; first voyage—broke the old man's heart. He'd been forty years in the company. Just faded away and died the next year."

Despite the wind and the early hour, the heat was suffocating. The wind whispered coolness, but did not deliver coolness. It might have blown off the Sahara, save for the extreme humidity with which it was laden. There was no fog or mist, nor hint of fog or mist; yet the dimness of distance produced the impression.

There were no defined clouds; yet so thickly were the heavens covered by a messy cloudpall that the sun failed to shine through.

"Ready about!" Captain Warfield ordered with slow sharpness.

The brown, breech-clouted Kanaka sailors moved languidly but quickly to headsheets and boom-tackles.

"Hard alee!"

The helmsman ran the spokes over with no hint of gentling and the Malahini darted prettily into the wind and about.

"Jove!—she's a witch!" was Mulhall's appreciation. "I didn't know you South Sea traders sailed yachts."

"She was a Gloucester fisherman originally," Grief explained, "and the Gloucester boats are all yachts when it comes to build, rig and sailing."

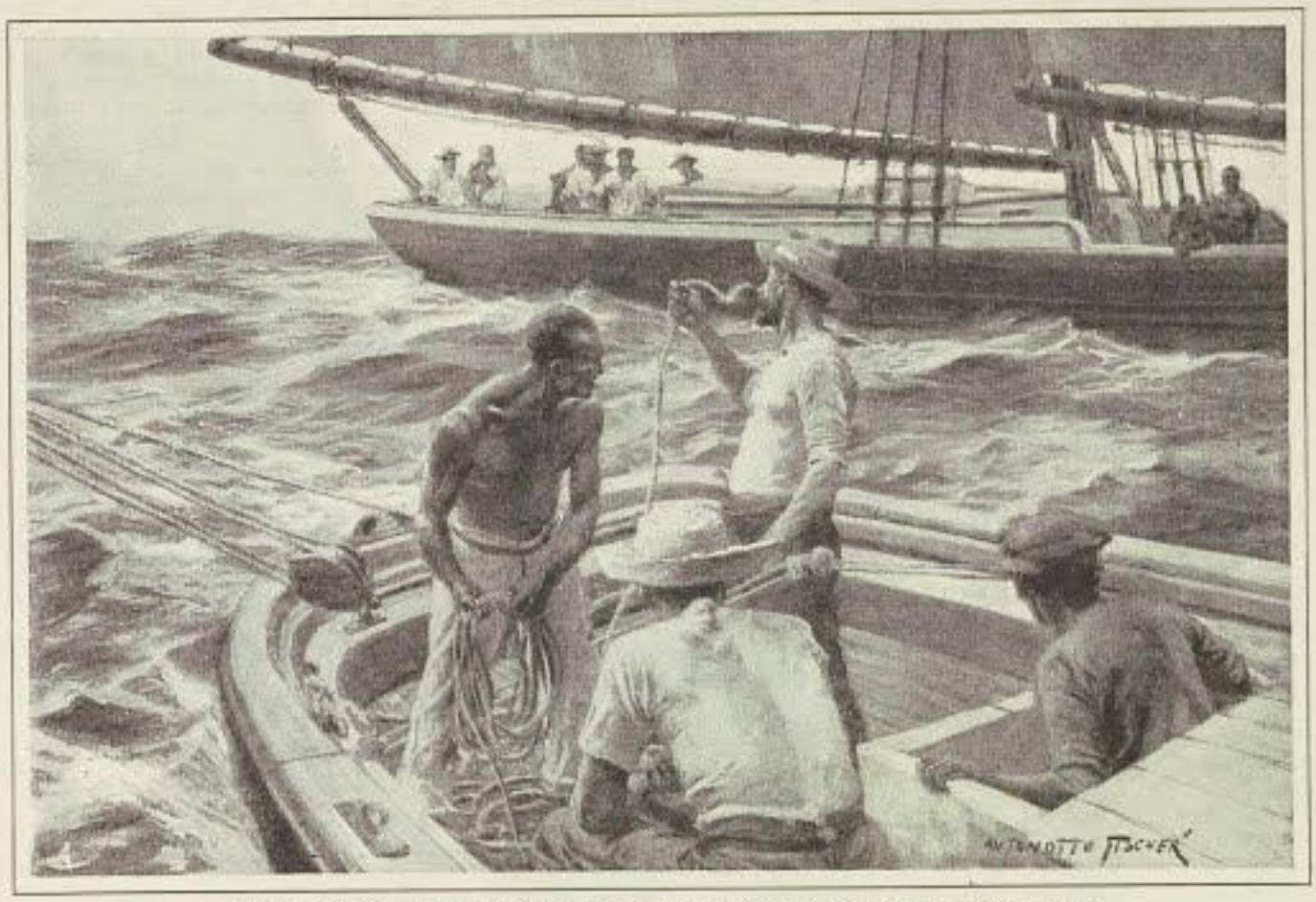
"But you're heading right in—why don't you make it?" came the Englishman's criticism.

"Try it, Captain Warfield," Grief suggested. "Show him what a lagoon entrance is on a strong ebb."

"Close-and-by!" the captain ordered.

"Close-and-by!" the Kanaka repeated, easing half a spoke.

The Malahini laid squarely into the narrow passage, which was the lagoon entrance of a large, long and narrow oval of an atoll. The atoll was shaped as if three atolls, in the course of building, had collided and coalesced and failed to rear the partition walls. Cocoanut palms grew in spots on the circle of sand and there were many gaps where the sand was too low to the sea for cocoanuts, through which could be seen the protected lagoon where the water lay flat like the ruffled surface of a mirror. Many square miles of water were in the irregular lagoon, all of which surged out on the ebb through the one narrow channel. So narrow was the channel, so large the outflow of water, that the passage was more like the rapids of a river than the mere tidal entrance to an atoll. The water boiled and whirled and swirled and drove outward in a white foam of stiff, serrated waves. Each heave and blow on her bows of the upstanding waves of the current swung the Malahini off the straight lead and wedged her as with wedges of steel toward the side of the passage. Partway in she was when her closeness to the coral edge compelled her to go about. On the opposite tack, broadside to the current, she swept seaward with the current's speed.



"That's Narii Herring, the Nerviest and Most Conscienceless Scoundrel in the Paumotus"

"Now's the time for that new and expensive engine of yours," Grief jeered good-naturedly.

That the engine was a sore point with Captain Warfield was patent. He had begged and badgered for it until, in the end, Grief had given his consent.

"It will pay for itself yet," the captain retorted. "You wait and see. It beats insurance; and you know the underwriters won't stand for insurance in the Paumotus."

Grief pointed to a small cutter beating up astern of them on the same course.

"I'll wager five francs the little Nuhiva beats us in."

"Sure!" Captain Warfield agreed. "She's overpowered. We're like a liner alongside of her and we've only got forty horsepower. She's got ten horse, and she's a little skimming dish. She could skate across the froth of hell; but just the same she can't buck this current. It's running ten knots right now."

And at the rate of ten knots, buffeted and jerkily rolled, the Malahini went out to sea with the tide.

"She'll slacken in half an hour—then we'll make headway," Captain Warfield said with an irritation explained by his next words. "He has no right to call it Parlay. It's down on the admiralty charts, and the French charts too, as Hikihoho. Bougainville discovered it and named it from the natives."

"What's the name matter?" the supercargo demanded, taking advantage of speech to pause with arms shoved into the sleeves of the undershirt. "There it is, right under our nose; and old Parlay is there with the pearls."

"Who see them pearl?" Hermann queried, looking from one to another.

"It's well known," was the supercargo's reply. He turned to the steersman. "Tell them, Tai-Hotauri."

The Kanaka, pleased and self-conscious, took and gave a spoke. "My brother dive for Parlay three-four month and he make much talk about pearl. Hikihoho very good place for pearl."

"And the pearl-buyers have never got him to part with a pearl," the captain broke in.

"And they say the old man had a hatful for Armande when he sailed for Tahiti," the supercargo carried on the tale.

"That's fifteen years ago and he's been adding to it ever since—stored the shell as well. Everybody's seen that—hundreds of tons of it. They say the lagoon's fished clean now. Maybe that's why he's announced the auction."

"If he really sells what he has, this will be the biggest year's output of pearls in the Paumotus," Grief said.

"I say, now, look here!" Mulhall burst forth, harried by the humid heat as much as the rest of them. "What's it all about? Who's the old beachcomber anyway? What are all these pearls? Why so secretive about it?"

"Hikihoho belongs to old Parlay," the supercargo answered. "He's got a fortune in pearls, saved up for years and years; and he sent the word out weeks ago that he'd auction them off to the buyers tomorrow. See those schooners' masts sticking up inside the lagoon?"

"Eight—so I see," said Hermann.

"What are they doing in a dinky atoll like this?" the supercargo went on. "There isn't a schoonerload of copra a year in the place. They've come for the auction. That's why we're here. That's why the little Nuhiva's bumping along astern there—though what she can buy is beyond me. Narii Herring—he's an English Jew half-caste—owns and runs her, and his only assets are his nerve, his debts and his whisky bills. He's a genius in such things. He owes so much there isn't a merchant in Papeete who isn't interested in his welfare. They go out of their way to throw work in his way. They've got to—and a dandy stunt it is for Narii. Now, I owe nobody. What's the result? If I fell down in a fit on the beach they'd let me lie there and die. They wouldn't lose anything. But Narii Herring!—what wouldn't they do if he fell in a fit? Their best wouldn't be too good for him. They've got too much money tied up in him to let him lie. They'd take him into their homes and hand-nurse him like a brother. Let me tell you, honesty in paying bills ain't what it's cracked up to be."

"What's this Narii chap got to do with it?" was the Englishman's short-tempered demand. And, turning to Grief, he said: "What's all this pearl nonsense? Begin at the beginning."

"You'll have to help me out," Grief warned the others as he began. "Old Parlay is a character. From what I've seen of him, I believe he's partly and mildly insane. Anyway, here's the story. Parlay's a full-blooded Frenchman. He told me once that he came from Paris. His accent is the true Parisian. He arrived down here in the old days. Went to trading and all the rest. That's how he got in on Hikihoho. Came in trading when trading was the real thing. About a hundred miserable Paumotans lived on the island. He married the queen—native fashion. When she

died everything was his. Measles came through and there weren't more than a dozen survivors. He fed them and worked them, and was king. Now before the queen died she gave birth to a girl. That's Armande. When she was three he sent her to the convent at Papeete. When she was seven or eight he sent her to France. You begin to glimpse the situation. The best and most aristocratic convent in France was none too good for the only daughter of a Paumotan island king and capitalist—and you know the old-country French draw no color line. She was educated like a princess and she accepted herself in much the same way. Also she thought she was all white and never dreamed of a bar sinister.

"Now comes the tragedy. The old man had always been cranky and erratic, and he'd played the despot on Hikihoho so long that he'd got the idea in his head that there was nothing wrong with the king—or the princess either. When Armande was eighteen he sent for her. He had slews and slathers of money, as Yankee Bill would say. He'd built the big house on Hikihoho and a whacking fine bungalow in Papeete. She was to arrive on the mail-boat from New Zealand and he sailed in his schooner to meet her at Papeete. And he might have carried the situation off, despite the hens and bullbeasts of Papeete, if it hadn't been for the hurricane. That was the year, wasn't it, when Manu-Huni was swept and eleven hundred drowned?"

The others nodded and Captain Warfield said: "I was in the Magpie that blow and we went ashore, all hands and the cook—Magpie and all—a quarter of a mile into the cocoanuts at the head of Taiohae Bay—and it a supposedly hurricane-proof harbor."

"Well," Grief continued, "old Parlay got caught in the same blow and arrived in Papeete with his hatful of pearls three weeks too late. He'd had to jack up his schooner and build half a mile of ways before he could get her back into the sea.

"Meantime there was Armande at Papeete. Nobody called on her. She did, French fashion, make the initial calls on the governor and the port doctor. They saw her, but neither of their henwives was at home to her or returned the call. She was out of caste—without caste—though she had never dreamed it; and that was the gentle way they broke the information to her. There was a gay young lieutenant on the French cruiser. He lost his heart to her, but not his head. You can imagine the shock to this young woman, refined, beautiful, raised like an aristocrat, pampered with the best of Old France that money could buy! And you can guess the end." He shrugged his shoulders. "There was a Japanese servant in the bungalow. He saw it—said she did it with the proper spirit of the *samurai*. Took a stiletto—no thrust, no drive, no wild rush for annihilation—took the stiletto, placed the point carefully against her heart and with both hands slowly and steadily pressed home.

"Old Parlay arrived after that with his pearls. There was one single one of them, they say, worth sixty thousand francs. Peter Gee saw it and has told me he offered that much for it. The old man went clean off for a while. They had him strait-jacketed in the Colonial Club for two days——"

"His wife's uncle, an old Paumotan, cut him out of the jacket and turned him loose," the supercargo corroborated.

"And then old Parlay proceeded to eat things up," Grief went on. "Pumped three bullets into the scalawag of a lieutenant——"

"Who lay in sick bay for three months," Captain Warfield contributed.

"Flung a glass of wine in the governor's face; fought a duel with the port doctor; beat up his native servants; wrecked the hospital; broke two ribs and the collarbone of a man nurse—and escaped; went down to his schooner, a gun in each hand, daring the chief of police and all the gendarmes to arrest him, and sailed for Hikihoho. And they say he's never left the island since."

The supercargo nodded. "That was fifteen years ago, and he's never budged."

"And added to his pearls," said the captain. "He's a blithering old lunatic. Makes my flesh creep. He's a regular Finn."

"What's that?" Mulhall asked.

"Bosses the weather—that's what the natives believe, at any rate. Ask Tai-Hotauri there. Hey, Tai-Hotauri, what you think old Parlay do along weather?"

"Just the same one big weather devil!" came the Kanaka's answer. "I know. He want big blow, he make big blow. He want no wind, no wind come."

"A regular old warlock," said Mulhall.

"No good luck, them pearl," Tai-Hotauri blurted out, rolling his head ominously. "He say he sell. Plenty schooner come. Then he make big hurricane; everybody finish, you see. All native men say so."

"It's hurricane season now," Captain Warfield laughed morosely. "They're not far wrong. It's making for something right now; and I'd feel better if the Malahini was a thousand miles away from here."

"He is a bit mad," Grief concluded. "I've tried to get his point of view. It's—well—it's mixed. For eighteen years he'd centered everything on Armande. Half the time he believes she's still alive—not yet come back from France. That's one of the reasons he held on to the pearls. And all the time he hates white men. He never forgets they killed her, though a great deal of the time he forgets she's dead.

"Hello! Where's your wind?"

The sails bellied emptily overhead and Captain Warfield grunted his disgust. Intolerable as the heat had been, in the absence of wind it was almost overpowering. The sweat oozed out on all their faces; and now one and then another drew deep breaths, involuntarily questing for more air.

"Here she comes again—an eight-point haul! Boom-tackles across! Jump!"

The Kanakas sprang to the captain's orders and for five minutes the schooner laid directly into the passage—and even gained on the current. Again the breeze fell flat, then puffed from the old quarter, compelling a shift back of sheets and tackles.

"Here comes the Nuhiva," Grief said. "She's got her engine on. Look at her skim!"

"All ready?" the captain asked the engineer, a Portuguese half-caste, whose head and shoulders protruded from the small hatch just for'ard of the cabin, and who wiped the dripping sweat from his face with a bunch of greasy waste.

"Sure!" he replied.

"Then let her go!"

The engineer disappeared into his den and a moment later the exhaust muffler coughed and spluttered overside; but the schooner could not hold her lead. The little cutter traveled three feet to her two and was quickly alongside and forging ahead.

Only natives were on her deck and the man who was steering waved his hand in derisive greeting and farewell.

"That's Narii Herring," Grief told Mulhall—"the big fellow at the wheel—the nerviest and most conscienceless scoundrel in the Paumotus."

Five minutes later a cry of joy from their own Kanakas centered all eyes on the Nuhiva. Her engine had broken down and they were overtaking her. The Malahini's sailors sprang into the rigging and jeered as they went by; the little cutter, heeled over by the wind, was going backward on the tide.

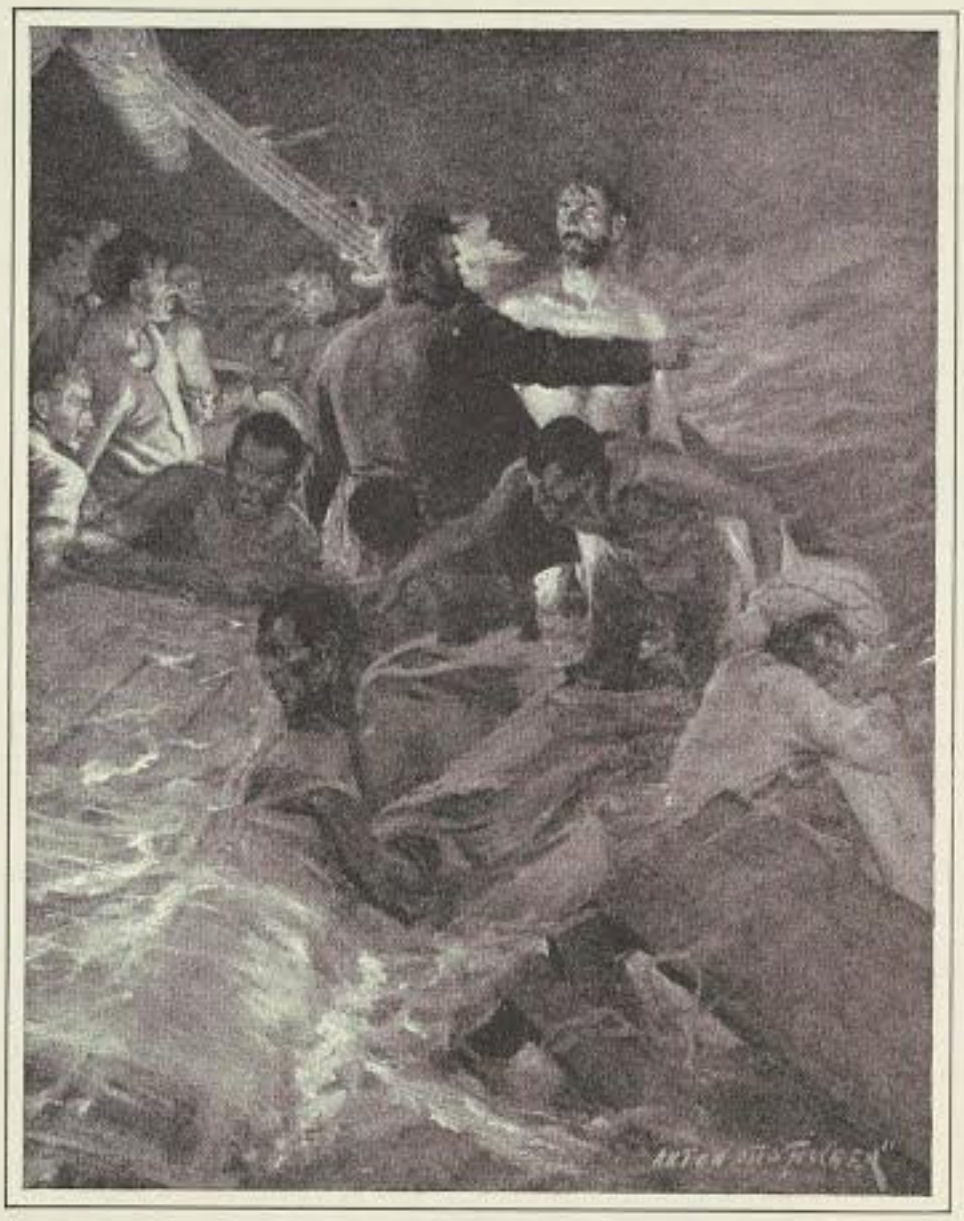
"Some engine, that of ours!" Grief approved as the lagoon opened before them and the course was changed across it to the anchorage.

Captain Warfield was visibly cheered, though he merely grunted: "It'll pay for itself; never fear."

The Malahini ran well into the center of the little fleet ere she found swinging room to anchor.

"There's Isaacs on the Dolly," Grief observed with a handwave of greeting. "And Peter Gee's on the Roberta. Couldn't keep him away from a pearl sale like this. And there's Francini on the Cactus. They're all here—all the buyers. Old Parlay will surely get a price."

"They haven't repaired the engine yet," Captain Warfield grumbled gleefully. He was looking across the lagoon to where the Nuhiva's sails showed through the sparse cocoanuts.



He Stood Up—a Magnificent Figure of a Man

II

THE house of Parlay was a big two-story frame affair, built of California lumber, with a galvanized iron roof. So disproportionate was it to the slender ring of the atoll that it showed out upon the sandstrip and above it like some monstrous excrescence. They of the Malahini paid the courtesy visit ashore immediately after anchoring. Other captains and buyers were in the big room examining the pearls that were to be auctioned next day. Paumotan servants, natives of Hikihoho and relatives of the owner, moved about, dispensing whisky and absinthe. And through the curious company moved Parlay himself, cackling and sneering, the withered wreck of what had once been a tall and powerful man. His eyes were deep-sunken and feverish, his cheeks fallen in and cavernous. The hair of his head seemed to have come out in patches and his mustache and imperial had been shed in the same lopsided way.

"Jove!" Mulhall muttered under his breath. "A long-legged Napoleon the Third—but burnt out, baked and firecrackled. And mangy! No wonder he crooks his head to one side. He's got to to keep the balance."

"Goin' to have a blow," was the old man's greeting to Grief. "You must think a lot of pearls to come a day like this."

"They're worth going to inferno for," Grief laughed genially back, running his eyes over the surface of the table covered by the display.

"Other men have already made that journey for them," old Parlay cackled. "See this one!" He pointed to a large, perfect pearl, the size of a small walnut, that lay apart on a piece of chamois. "They offered me sixty thousand francs for it in Tahiti. They'll bid as much and more for it tomorrow if they aren't blown away. Well, that pearl was found by my cousin—my cousin by marriage. He was a native, you see. Also, he was a thief. He hid it. It was mine. His cousin, who was also my cousin—we're all related here—killed him for it and fled away in a cutter to Noo-Nau. I pursued; but the chief of Noo-Nau had killed him for it before I got there. Oh, yes; there are many dead men represented on the table there. Have a drink, captain? Your face is not familiar. You are new in the islands?"

"It's Captain Robinson, of the Roberta," Grief said, introducing them.

Meantime Mulhall had shaken hands with Peter Gee.

"I never fancied there were so many pearls in the world," Mulhall said.

"Nor have I ever seen so many together at one time," Peter Gee admitted.

"What ought they to be worth?" asked Mulhall.

"Fifty or sixty thousand pounds—and that's to us buyers. In Paris——" He shrugged his shoulders.

Mulhall wiped the sweat from his eyes. All were sweating profusely and breathing hard. There was no ice, and the whisky and absinthe went down lukewarm.

"Yes, yes!" Parlay was cackling. "Many dead men lie on the table there. I know those pearls, all of them. You see those three—perfectly matched, aren't they? A diver from Easter Island got them for me inside a week. Next week a shark got him—took his arm off and blood-poison did the business. And that big baroque there—nothing much; if I'm offered twenty francs for it tomorrow I'll be in luck—it came out of twenty-two fathoms of water. The man was from Rarotonga. He broke all diving records. He got it out of twenty-two fathoms. I saw him. And he burst his lungs at the same time, or got the bends; for he died in two hours. He died screaming. They could hear him for miles. He was the most powerful native I ever saw. Half a dozen of my divers have died of the bends. And more men will die—more men will die!"

"Oh, hush your croaking, Parlay!" chided one of the captains. "It ain't going to blow."

"If I was a strong young man I couldn't get up hook and get out fast enough," the old man retorted in the falsetto of age. "Not if I was a strong young man with the taste for wine yet in my mouth. But not you. You'll all stay. I wouldn't advise you if I thought you'd go. You can't drive buzzards away from the carrion. Have another drink, my brave sailormen. Well, well! What men will dare for a few little oyster-drops! There they are, the beauties! Auction tomorrow at ten sharp. Old Parlay's selling out and the buzzards are gathering—old Parlay, who was a stronger man in his day than any of them and who will see most of them dead yet!"

"If he isn't a vile old beast!" the supercargo of the Malahini whispered to Peter Gee.

"What if she does blow?" said the captain of the Dolly. "Hikihoho's never been swept."

"The more reason she will be, then," Captain Warfield answered back. "I wouldn't trust her."

"Who's croaking now?" Grief reproved.

"I'd hate to lose that new engine before it paid for itself," Captain Warfield replied gloomily.

Parlay skipped with astonishing nimbleness across the crowded room to where a ship's barometer hung on the wall.

"Take a look, my brave sailormen!" he cried exultantly.

The man nearest read the glass. The sobering effect showed plainly on his face.

"It's dropped ten," was all he said, yet every face went anxious and there was a restlessness as if every man desired immediately to start for the door.

"Listen!" Parlay commanded.

In the silence the outer surf seemed to have become unusually loud. There was a great, rumbling roar.

"A big sea is beginning to set," some one said; and there was a movement to the windows, where all gathered.

Through the sparse cocoanuts they gazed seaward. An orderly succession of huge, smooth seas was rolling down upon the coral shore. For some minutes they gazed on the strange sight and talked in low voices, and in those few minutes it was manifest to all that the waves were increasing in size. It was uncanny, this rising sea in a dead calm, and their voices unconsciously sank lower. Old Parlay shocked them with his abrupt cackle.



"Don't Forget, Gentlemen—at Ten Tomorrow Old Parlay Sells His Pearls"

"There is yet time to get away to sea, brave gentlemen. You can tow across the lagoon with your whaleboats."

"It's all right, old man," said Darling, the mate of the Cactus, a stalwart youngster of twenty-five. "The blow's to the south'ard and passing on. We'll not get a whiff of it."

An air of relief went through the room. Conversations were started, and the voices became louder. Several of the buyers even went back to the table to continue the examination of the pearls. Parlay's cackle rose higher.

"That's right," he encouraged. "If the world was coming to an end you'd go on buying."

"We'll buy these tomorrow," Isaacs assured him.

"Then you'll be doing your buying in hell!"

The chorus of incredulous laughter incensed the old man. He turned fiercely on Darling.

"Since when have children like you come to the knowledge of storms? And who is the man who has plotted the hurricane-courses of the Paumotus? What books will you find it in? I sailed the Paumotus before the oldest of you drew breath. I know! To the eastward the paths of the hurricanes are on so wide a circle they make a straight line. To the westward here they make a sharp curve. Remember your chart. How did it happen the hurricane of '91 swept Auri and Hiolau?—the curve, my brave boy; the curve! In an hour, or two or three at most, will come the wind. Listen to that!"

A vast, rumbling crash shook the coral foundations of the atoll. The house quivered to it. The native servants, with bottles of whisky and absinthe in their hands, shrank together as if for protection and stared with fear through the windows at the mighty wash of the wave lapping far up the beach to the corner of a copra-shed.

Parlay looked at the barometer, giggled and leered around at his guests. Captain Warfield strode across to see.

"Twenty-nine seventy-five!" he read. "She's gone down five more. The old devil's right. She's a-coming—and it's me, for one, for aboard!"

"It's growing dark," Isaacs half whimpered.

"Jove!—it's like a stage," Mulhall said to Grief, looking at his watch—"ten o'clock in the morning and it's like twilight. Down go the lights for the tragedy. Where's the slow music?"

In answer another rumbling crash shook the atoll and the house. Almost in a panic the company started for the door. In the dim light their sweaty faces appeared ghastly. Isaacs panted asthmatically in the suffocating heat.

"What's your haste?" Parlay chuckled and girded at his departing guests. "A last drink, brave gentlemen!" No one noticed him. As they took the shell-bordered path to the beach he stuck his head out at the door and called: "Don't forget, gentlemen—at ten tomorrow old Parlay sells his pearls!"

III

ON THE beach a curious scene took place. Whaleboat after whaleboat was being hurriedly manned and shoved off. It had grown still darker. The stagnant calm continued and the sand shook under their feet with each buffet of the sea on the outer shore. Narii Herring walked leisurely along the sand. He grinned at the very evident haste of the captains and buyers. With him were three of his Kanakas and also Tai-Hotauri.

"Get into the boat and take an oar," Captain Warfield ordered the latter.

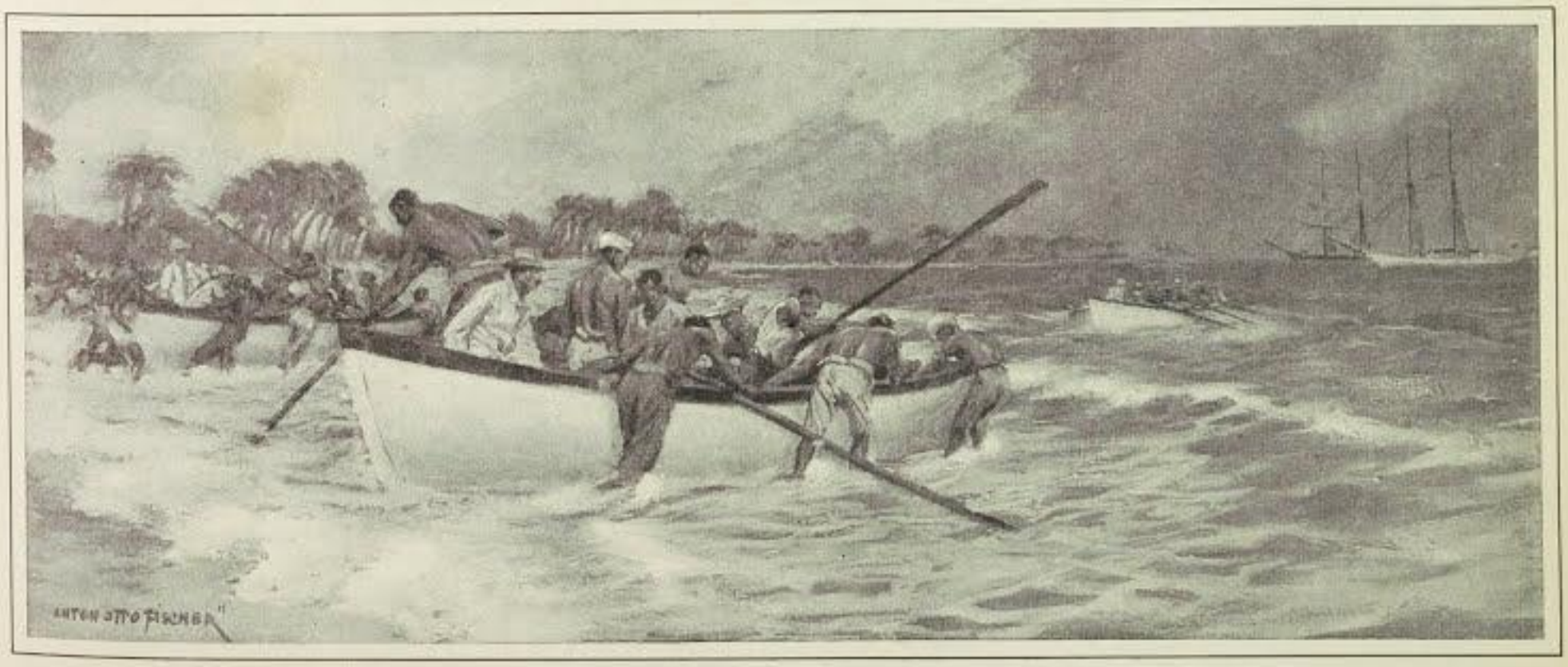
Tai-Hotauri came over jauntily, while Narii Herring and his Kanakas paused and looked on from forty feet away.

"I work no more for you, skipper," Tai-Hotauri said insolently and loudly; but his face belied his words, for he was guilty of a prodigious wink. "Fire me, skipper," he huskily whispered with a second significant wink.

Captain Warfield took the cue and proceeded to do some acting himself. He raised his fist and his voice.

"Get into that boat, you swine," he thundered, "or I'll knock seven bells out of you!"

(Continued on Page 64)



The Sand Shook Under Their Feet With Each Buffet of the Sea on the Outer Shore

Publisher, Author and the Devil



By Robert Sterling Yard

GEORGE, what does this woman want?" asked the publisher querulously, looking at a card which the office boy handed him.

"She's got some poems, sir," said George, "and she says you're to publish 'em, sir."

"George," said the publisher wrathfully, "how often have I told you that I never see people with poems or short stories? All these people and all the first novel people go to Mr. Brown. I'm sure I've told you that twenty times. Take this card to him at once—and do try to remember."

George, probably from habit, his home being across the river in New Jersey, scratched his left ankle with the toe of his right shoe. He also fingered the edge of the publisher's desk and squirmed—but he did not take the card.

"Well," said the publisher sharply, "don't you understand? I said you should take this card ——"

"But she said ——" began George.

"I don't care what she said," snapped the publisher. "It's what I say."

"But there's somethin' written on the back of it," George managed to gasp.

The publisher turned the card over, read it and sighed.

"Hang the Reverend Abinadab Brown and his talented parishioner!" he muttered. "Well, George"—resignedly—"bring her in."

For twenty minutes the publisher listened with a hypocritical smile to the rhapsodies of the Reverend Abinadab Brown's latest literary discovery, but the limit arrived when the lady exclaimed, clasping her hands:

"Why, I could talk to you for hours about my poems—you're so sympathetic!"

The publisher's smile suddenly turned grim; but the poet, lost in contemplation of inner visions, did not perceive the change.

"It is time, I think, that I did a little talking," he said. "I must not mislead you with my—er—sympathy; but the fact is that poetry—even the very best—does not sell in this degenerate age."

"So I've heard," she said; "but, of course, it is because this hard, money-loving age does not produce poems that really penetrate to the human heart—the kind, I mean, that rises above mere ages, that chords with the universal human. Such poetry always will sell. Now mine, for example ——"

"Forgive me if I seem brusk," interrupted the publisher just in time, "but even yours won't sell."

"How can you know that," she asked sharply, "when you have not read even one of them?"

Lean Years for the Poets

"I KNOW it because I know the market," said the publisher. "We have not for some years made anything that, in any tangible sense, could be called money out of any volume of poetry; and more than ninety per cent of those published have failed to return even the cash cost of production. Other publishers have the same experience. Publishing is a business and cannot afford the luxury of even the best poetry. So I'm afraid I shall have to return you your manuscript unread or keep it for a reading only with the understanding that its chance of acceptance amounts to nearly nothing."

"But," exclaimed the poet with some asperity, "poetry is published nevertheless. Hundreds of new volumes appear in the shops every year. How do you square that undeniable fact with the very strange statements you have just made? If publishers lose money on more than ninety volumes of poetry out of every hundred why do they go on publishing them? Tell me that. Are publishers such fools?"

"I did not say the publishers lost the money," was the reply; "but it is lost just the same."

"Who loses it?" This explosively.

"Once in a while the publisher," was the reply; "but usually the poet."

"The poet! How so?"

"Simply because the poet pays the costs of publication when the publisher declines to. It may be a sad comment on our times, or it may not, according to the way you look at it; but the fact remains that people do not buy poetry in this generation. You must not blame publishers for refusing the loss; and the poets, rather than lose all opportunity for self-expression, often—and properly—themselves assume the expense and the customary losses."

The poet's face ran the gamut of expression during this statement, finally coming to rest in indignant resignation.

"Well, I knew this was a degenerate age," she snapped, "but I did not know that it absolutely lacked all the finer feelings."

"It doesn't," said the publisher. "On the contrary, it ——"

"But it must," she persisted, "since it is an age without poetry."

"But it isn't," said the publisher. "It is a sturdy, masculine, powerful age—an age of the loftiest as well as the intensest and hugest of achievement. Only, just as the architect and the miniature painter both express art loftily but in different mediums, so this age works in a different medium than the ages which have expressed themselves in verbal poetry. The poetry of today is expressed, for one example, in machinery. Our modern epics are written in record-breaking propeller-strokes across three thousand miles of ocean. Our modern lyrics are written in the clouds. The Wright brothers would have been poets of exquisite fancy and rare quality a century ago."

The poet sniffed.

"I don't believe it," she said; "but it's a pretty idea. The Atlantic will take a poem on that if you don't mind my using the idea."

"You're quite welcome to it," said the publisher.

"I think I might get twenty-five dollars out of the Atlantic for that," she said meditatively. Then, sharply: "How much will it cost me to publish my own poems?"

"You may pay almost any price," said the publisher. "It depends on the house you go to and the style of publication. In our own case, we simply reverse ordinary methods. Commonly the publisher pays costs, assumes risks and takes profits, paying the author a percentage or royalty; but by this method the author pays composition, paper, printing and binding bills, a fee of several hundred dollars for our trouble and the use of our name, and a commission on sales amounting to our cost of doing business. The fee, you see, insures us a profit whether the book succeeds or not—and it almost certainly will not. You will then own the plates and stock yourself, and get whatever receipts there may be from sales, less our selling commission. You probably won't clear, but you may in a few years. Some do.

"But we don't care much about this kind of business, as too many plugs—excuse the vernacular; the word merely means books that don't sell—hurt us with the trade. So your poems must have other reasons for acceptance—some exceptionally lofty quality, perhaps. If we don't take your book, however, you'll have no difficulty in getting it published. If you fail with one of the regular publishers there are concerns that make a business of this sort of publishing; but naturally they charge you much higher prices, since with them it is a principal source of income."

This applies, of course, only to poets now writing, the "classics"—Whittier, Bryant and the rest—being constant and profitable sellers; but, of course, there are exceptions. The books of Bliss Carman, James Whitcomb Riley, Cale Young Rice, the late William Vaughan Moody, George Sylvester Viereck, Josephine Preston Peabody Marks, and many others, make some money for their publishers, though seldom enough to be really worth while, considered merely as so many commercial units. Their list value, however, looms large. They contribute balance, proportion, quality, tone. They make for literary repute and attract the attention of serious workers in many literary fields. From several points of view, publishers find poetry highly desirable.

Let us peer again, however, into the publisher's sanctum. He is now talking with a young man whose first novel he has just accepted, but only after much debate. The young author's eyes are shining with happiness.

A Wet Blanket for Young Authors

"BUT I must warn you," said the publisher smilingly, "not to expect too much. I know this is a happy moment with you and I wouldn't be a wet blanket for the world; but I want your happiness to be founded on reality and not on hearsay, hope or fancy. And so I must not delay to tell you that the sale of your book probably will not be enough to pay you for your time and trouble. You must not care for that, however. You must consider this your introduction to the public and consider yourself very lucky to get the introduction with the first novel you write. Your real work is all before you. This novel may sell well—it may even sell big; but the great chances are that it will not sell more than a couple of thousand, and perhaps not that. Now two thousand copies at ten per cent royalty amounts to only two hundred dollars—and it may not be that much. You must remember, however, that your publishers will get practically nothing out of it at those sales—and may even lose a little; so we shall be partners in distress."

"But why?" asked the young author anxiously. "Why so little? I thought publishers would not accept any novel that did not look like ten or fifteen thousand anyway. Two thousand! Why, that's ridiculous!"

"It is just as I feared," said the publisher. "You have the popular idea of booksales. My dear sir, no one can possibly guess in advance—even approximately—what the sale of any novel by an unknown author will be—the publisher least of all, I think sometimes. Of course we hope it will be a good success, but we have no expectations; and I want you to banish expectations also. It's safer. You should be satisfied with a couple-of-thousand circulation, because the large majority of first novels do not sell more than that. Then, if your novel happens to sell better than that, or to sell really well, you will be agreeably surprised."

"Then some first novels really do sell well?"

"Certainly," said the publisher. "Every year there are one or two or three that sell exceedingly well and more than that number that sell profitably. That is why publishers go on gambling in new novelists—hoping always to hit one of those destined to success and make a connection which shall be profitable for many years to come. Florence Barclay's The Rosary was a first novel. The publishers had no idea of their good fortune when they put it out without any special acclaim. That was in October, I think. It didn't attract attention by its sales till after Christmas; but then it began to sell so rapidly it was hard to keep it in stock. It did its hundred thousand in a year and is probably three times that by this time."

The young author's eyes glistened.

"How much does Mrs. Barclay get out of it?"

"Well, I don't know," said the publisher; "but I suppose she got ten per cent at the start, being a first novel;

and very likely fifteen per cent after the first ten thousand. Then, when the book began to sell really big, she probably demanded a rise to twenty per cent. Her publishers probably resisted this for a while, but, fearing to lose her succeeding books, yielded—say, from the fiftieth thousand. Now—supposing it really happened this way and that the book really has, as they say, sold two hundred and fifty thousand at full price and fifty thousand cheap edition—let us see what she has made."

The publisher figured a few minutes and announced:

"Sixty-six thousand dollars to date, with probably at least half as much more scattered through the years to come—to say nothing of an assured handsome sale of her second novel, whether it be good or bad, and a reputation with trade and public that should make it possible for her, with industry and good judgment, to earn a very pretty income for a number of years. Besides this, you know, she has her great success in Great Britain and the Colonies.

"Hers, of course, is the great exception. Not every year, by any means, brings a success so great as Mrs. Barclay's, but every year has its group of fine successes, though individually smaller in bulk. Jeffrey Farnol with The Broad Highway, Vaughan Kester with The Prodigal Judge, and Henry Sydnor Harrison with Queed, are three out of several who, during this year, established sound reputations with first novels. They are the glittering exceptions, however, and it would be unreasonable for you to expect to do the same—though, of course, you may. The House of a Thousand Candles was a first novel. So was Mrs. Wiggs. So were many great successes."

Art for Business' Sake

"BUT the greater number of novelists by many times begin sound careers by first books of sound workmanship and no success, followed by a succession of others of sound workmanship and slowly increasing success; until at last, by process of growth, each reaches the degree of popularity which his work calls for. It is rarely that a novelist comes into his own short of six or eight years. Sometimes, as in the case of Octave Thanet, it is many years before a fine commercial success crowns an industrious and noble career; but your success is certain in the end if you pursue your career as a business as well as an art—that is, if you diligently set yourself to discover what you can do best, and then do this best the best you can, but always with a shrewd eye to popularity with your own public. Be yourself always, but always in a businesslike way. Art for art's sake is an excellent motto for a great genius, a great protagonist or a dilettante with an income; but art for business' sake accomplishes the progress of the world."

"You mean I should write blood-and-thunder because it sells?" asked the young author sarcastically.

"You know I don't mean that," said the publisher. "You know I mean exactly the reverse. Moreover, blood-and-thunder does not always sell. Good character novels, on the whole, are much better risks. Above all things, be yourself; but see that you are up to snuff first. That's all. Whatever you can do—whatever it is that the combination of point of view, observation, reason, invention, characterization and dramatic expression which is in you can accomplish, that is what you must do; and, whether you like it or not, you must accept the degree of popularity it commands. Henry James must be content with his two or three or four thousand sale a novel, just as Winston Churchill is happily content with his two or three or four hundred thousand; and each is highly successful, because he follows his own diligently and relentlessly and with a shrewd eye to the getting of all that's coming to him.

"Henry James' attempt to write The Crossing would be as ludicrously disastrous as Churchill's try at The Sacred Fount."



"The Trouble With This Business is That You're Always Between the Devil and the Deep Sea"

"I suppose," put in the young author, "you don't want to make me an advance against my royalties? I'm right at the bottom of my ——"

"Frankly, I don't," said the publisher hastily. "We are sure of the quality of your novel, but we don't know in the least how it will sell and we are taking enough risk in giving it its chance. We are the losers if it fails, you know—not you. Oh, who is this? Why, it's—it's —— Won't you excuse me now? Here's an important call."

And the young author passed, in the doorway, a fiction celebrity of first repute—one of those whose names are familiar among the "six best sellers"; and, looking back, he saw the publisher smilingly extending both his hands to the newcomer. Stopping to question the manuscript clerk, the young author heard through the presently reopened door the cordial words:

"Twenty per cent from the start? Why, of course; that goes without saying. And the advance? I think you said twenty-five hundred down and five thousand on publication. That's just as you like, of course. Boy, here—take this memorandum to Miss Jones and have her draw up a contract immediately. And—hold on!—tell the cashier to draw a check at once to Mr. Aitch's order for twenty-five hundred dollars."

More than any other business man, the successful book publisher must be many-sided. Publishers are said to be cranks, and I honestly believe the best of them—as well as the most of them—are. Like everything else, it all lies in the definition. To the "plain business man," as your single-eyed, one-lobed profitseeker—no matter what his station or calling or success may be—is fond of calling himself, every man of complicated nature is impossible to understand. The one eye can see and the one lobe comprehend only their predestined object; and crank is a convenient term for the great unknown beyond. Your plain business man, were he in book publishing, would find it simple enough, the only question being the amount of profit for each venture. Your plain business man, however, would never be in publishing, or—in it by mistake—would get quickly out, for the plain business reason that almost any other business could be made to pay so much better with so much less effort.

The publisher, on the other hand, sees many questions besides profit—questions of art, of literature, of reputation, of personality, of list dignity, of house influence, for example; and his decisions are often slowly reached—which your plain business man finds unreasonable—and when reached are often utterly beside the premises as your plain business man conceives the premises. Hence he is "queer" or "not wholly normal"—in short, a crank. And if he grows impatient with misunderstanding he also becomes "difficult," and even at times "impossible." You often hear the most celebrated publishers thus described.

The publisher is not only a crank—he is also a shrewd, keen-witted, far-sighted, many-sided business man; he is an enthusiastic cultivator of literature for its own sake; he is an ardent encourager and helper of artistic effort for the sake of the man that he is; he is at times a preacher, at times a self-sacrificing teacher, and many times—at heart always, perhaps—a gay gambler, keenly enjoying the winning and accepting outrageous fortune with a grin. If the burden of odds is against him, and the margin of possible gain one that a plain business man would dismiss as ridiculous, what's the difference? To him the game alone is worth a gross of candles.

Nor is this all the publisher's reward.

He not only loves the game—he loves the very tools of the game. He loves books, not alone for their content but just as tangible actualities. Every detail of the book delights him. The beautiful type page, the well-proportioned margins, the clear printing, the neat, precise binding, like tasteful and stylish clothes—yes, the very smell of the fresh page and the feel of the new, well-balanced volume in the hand are a pleasure to him. He has hovered over the details of manufacture, fussed about the margins, pondered over the balance of the title page; and now, with the first thousand just from the binder piling up on the platform, he feels boyishly gleeful. He strokes the smooth cover, admires the fitness of the form to the contents, and then opens the volume anxiously, for maybe his eye will fall at once on that error which, no matter what the labor, what the care, some one generally discovers—when it is too late.

Yes, he loves books for themselves. He surrounds himself with them in his office, in his den at home—even in his dressing room. He loves to wander into the stockroom to see them stowed in bins and boxes on every side, each reposing in its neat paper wrap. His greatest temptation is to take on the beautiful possibility which he knows from the start won't pay; and he continues to dally with it because he joys in the thought of the exquisite, if extravagant, book it would make. Even the disappointment and exasperation over the failure to sell of some book of much promise is tempered somewhat by his satisfaction in having planned and brought into being so beautiful, so fit, so noble a volume. "If I were a rich man," he whispers to himself, "it would almost have been worth the loss just to have done it." He is not rich and he cannot afford to have those four figures on the wrong side of the account; but—well, it's all in a publisher's life.



Looking Back, He Saw the Publisher Smilingly Extending Both His Hands to the Newcomer

One of the greatest of his sources of happiness, one of the largest items on the profit side of his book of life, is the position his business gives him in reference to literature, art and learning, the affairs of the bustling, palpitating world, the core of life; and, in the same breath, the associations he makes with the men and women who, in innumerable and widely diverse fields of endeavor, are doing this world's living. I used to think, during the most of my eleven years of daily and weekly journalism, that the newspaper afforded the finest facilities—the best reserved seat, so to speak—possible for viewing the game of life. But I have long been convinced of my mistake in supposing journalism the best seat for the viewing of this great spectacle. It is an exceptional seat, an extremely close seat, affording extraordinarily clear vision, so close that the hand may often be extended to rend the draperies of the passing actors for revelations still more intimate; but it is also a side seat and the angle is often deceptive. Often, indeed, the spectacle is badly distorted. It is at life's best that life usually is most truly seen, and journalism usually views life at its worst. The reporter and the policeman enter the house together. Mishap, contention, misfortune, failure, disaster, death—these are more often the laboratories in which the journalist studies life. The subject is usually seen under stress of emotion, often convulsed by emotion.

The Pleasant Part of Publishing

LIFE is studied under ridicule, in strenuous conflict, in disorder, in woe. The point of view has its advantages, uncovering unsuspected depths and convolutions of motive and character; but, on the whole, it is not the simple, straightforward normal life of work and order and happiness that the publisher sees from his vantage-point in the very middle of the stage itself—life busy with its art, its science, its literature, its accomplishment of every sort; life sweating over deeds doing and singing over deeds done. Life working is to life stopped in its work as thousands to one; and, to round out his conception of its fullness, the publisher has much less to infer than the journalist.

The publisher, then, is, in the midst of work, a worker. He is in the midst of life—a part of it. So, I grant you, is the journalist—and yet differently. The publisher puts his shoulder to the wheel and sweats with the rest. He helps; and, because his province is helpfulness, he is—again unlike the journalist—always welcome. In the studio of the artist, the workroom of the novelist, the laboratory of the psychologist, the study of the historian or publicist, he is a gladly greeted visitor. The returned explorer intrusts him with his discoveries; the statesman lays bare his plans. Everywhere men and women who are making life usher him into the inner chambers and lift the jealous coverings for his sympathetic criticism. He is, indeed, in the midst of life in its realest and most wholesome aspects—a helpful agency behind a thousand impulses making for the world's good. The rich companionships, the rich friendships, growing out of such a life are in themselves wealth.

Nor must we overlook the occasional valued chance to recognize genius in crude beginnings and to foster in their infancies careers which may wax great with the decades and make good return of profit and satisfaction. The profits of three or four such relationships spread over the years sometimes amount to a business of themselves;

(Continued on Page 50)

The House That Harry Sold

VIII

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

MRS. Brewster, in answer to his card, met Handsome Harry next morning in the lobby of the Dolly Madison Hotel. "Well!" she exclaimed; "I never knew anything about heat in North Burnham! Though those electric contraptions are cooling. Did you find out about the stocks and the house? I must say this is dreadful weather for folks to be hurrying so, but it's allus the way with the Hopwoods that when we get ready to do a thing we do it!"

"I've had a little luck!" said Harry; "I've found two or three good properties. Some, I'm afraid, may be beyond your means. You wouldn't care, I suppose, to go way up in the Bronx? It's rather out of New York, and then there's the subway ——"

"No, sirree!" replied Mrs. Brewster. "I tried riding on that hot thing yesterday and I don't want any more of it."

"I rather thought so," said Harry. "And, besides, if you're going to live in New York you want to live in it. You might as well be in the suburbs as in the Bronx."

"Way I feel," replied Mrs. Brewster. "Now I ain't buying any pigs in a poke, you understand. I want to look all the properties over, and if I like anything I want to see for certain right in the city records whether the title is right." Mrs. Brewster's face twinkled with delight in her own extraordinary acumen. "Are you sure those stocks will bring twenty thousand dollars? I've got just them to spend, and not a cent more."

"One hundred and twelve shares, you said? I looked that matter up yesterday and found they'd bring twenty-one thousand five hundred dollars, or thereabout."

"That's how I figured it," replied Mrs. Brewster. "'Course I can't say as I'll like any of those houses. I want plenty of room."

"Let's have a taxicab," said Harry at the door.

"You're sure it's perfectly safe?" inquired Mrs. Brewster. "Land knows I'm jess dying to git in one of 'em."

"Perfectly," replied Harry.

Nevertheless she clung desperately to the sills as they took the corners.

Harry had announced to the driver a number on Fortieth Street. There they alighted. This, in fact, was Al Sharp's gambling house during the winter. Mike, taking advantage of courtesy among crooks, had borrowed the key and the place for this day. Al had been in trouble with the police; his gambling apparatus rested now in the property room at headquarters. It was a great old house, of the period when they built the ceilings inordinately high. Also it was overcarpeted, overmirrored and overfurnished.



With Forty-Four Thousand Dollars in Cash, He Was in a State of Driving Unhappiness

Mrs. Brewster sniffed in the doorway, sneered in the drawing room and shivered in the hall.

"I wanted room," she said, "but this suits me too well." She regarded the mirrors, and an instinct seemed to stir within her. "What kind of people lived here?" she asked.

"The furniture doesn't go with any of these houses, of course," said Harry; "and you might arrange it for your tastes. It's a bargain, too, but I'm afraid it is a little beyond your means. Still, if you like it you might pay down what you can afford and take out a mortgage for the rest. The price is thirty-nine thousand dollars."

"No, sir!" replied Mrs. Brewster; "not after what I've seen of mortgages! That settles it, if nothing else."

"Well, it's no harm to show you the goods," said Harry.

"None at all," replied Mrs. Brewster. "Let's look at the rest."

Harry gave a number in the fifties, and as they rode he talked.

"This one's large also. I won't tell you the price and terms until I show you the house. Fourteen rooms and a back yard, but a little inconvenient. However, you may like it."

The taxicab stopped before a stately house that slumbered behind closed blinds. Harry helped Mrs. Brewster from the cab; together they mounted the steps. He drew from his pocket the keys that he had received from Otto Gluck, tried one after another, failed to open the door, and finally looked up with an air of irritated disappointment.

"Well, now!" he said. "That's awkward!"

"The wrong key?" inquired Mrs. Brewster pleasantly.

"That's it exactly! I took the keys from my rack and fastened them on my bunch before I left the office and I must have made a mistake in this one." He stopped to mop his forehead.

"I'm afraid you'll have to wait a while. In the mean time I'll tell you what I know about it. The owner wants thirty-three thousand dollars."

"Now, Mr. Carson," said Mrs. Brewster with her snapping briskness, "I don't want to give you any extra trouble, so I might as well tell you now that I ain't looking at anything that goes above the price of my stocks. No mortgage eating up my annuity!"

Harry was silent as he helped her down the steps. He had the air of a man who wrestles with himself. He stopped still beside the cab, as one who has made a decision.

"Now I might take you to a dozen places, but I won't tire you out. I have only one centrally located house that is within your means, Mrs. Brewster," he said. "To be frank with you, I have hesitated to show it, because—well, it's such a bargain that I wanted to get it myself, but I can't at the terms. Business is poor; the owner has been pinched on Wall Street and must have money right away. Besides," he went on with that rich deepening of his voice that always brought feminine sympathy and sometimes tears, "his wife is sick and he must take her abroad to see a German specialist ——"

Mrs. Brewster pounced on this.

"What ails her?" she asked.

"Gall stones," answered Harry, clutching again at the first device that entered his mind.

"Gall stuns! The poor thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Brewster. "Well, I do pity her"—followed an account of every case of gall stones that North Burnham had harbored in twenty years. The taxicab driver stopped his engine and solaced himself with a cigarette.

"But you were saying," pursued Mrs. Brewster when she had Margery Loring operated upon and safely recovered, "that the owner has got to sell?"

"Yes," replied Harry. "He'd mortgage it, but he can't get enough that way—he's a mortgage on his furniture already. Mrs. Brewster, I'll be frank with you. A friend of mine wanted me to hold an option on this place for him. But my friend can't pay cash, and the owner must have his money by tomorrow night. I've hesitated to mention this house to you, because it's a case where you must make up your mind at once. And you being a stranger here, and I being a stranger to you ——"



She Looked Up and Down the Street Before She Turned Back

"I'd trust you like my own son," replied Marcia Hopwood Brewster. She hesitated, then added firmly: "I think you're a perfectly elegant man."

"Thank you very much," replied Harry in a voice that lacked enthusiasm. "Then I'll tell you all about it. To make the story short—you can get it tomorrow night for twenty thousand dollars. And with real estate bound to rise in the fall there isn't a better purchase in New York."

"Let's see it!" replied Mrs. Brewster, bouncing into the taxicab.

On the way Harry expanded on the terms. "It's a sudden sale. The owner can't get his furniture out until fall, but he's willing that the new owner, if a reliable person, should make use of it until September."

"That would be all right," agreed Mrs. Brewster. "I could put off writing to Mittie for my things." And so they proceeded to a number on East Thirty-seventh Street. In short, they proceeded to the residence of F. Warren Pierce.

It slumbered, this famous house, between two larger residences. Its drawn blinds shut out all glimpses of the glories within. Externally, indeed, it was one of the least considerable buildings in the block.

Harry paused on the curb and pointed at the residence of Mr. Pierce's left-hand neighbor.

"This house," he said, indicating that two-hundred-thousand-dollar palace, "sold last year for forty-five thousand dollars. The one to the left"—it was a mansion worth a hundred and fifty thousand at the very least—"sold two years ago for fifty-three thousand. Shows how depreciated real-estate values are that you can get this, even in an emergency, for twenty thousand. But they're bound to come back."

He mounted the steps and applied Otto's keys. The outer door, the inner door, opened smoothly; they stood in Mr. Pierce's hall. The light streamed from the open door on furniture shrouded in chintz, it filtered through the blinds on pictures veiled in gauze. Harry's eye went, even in that tense moment, to the priceless Vermeer, to the Rembrandt on one side of it and the Frans Hals on the other, to the medieval chest, carved with an old-lace fineness, that stood beneath.

"Kind of skimpy furnished, ain't it?" commented Mrs. Brewster. "What's that wall paper?" She touched it. "Looks like Brussels. Not very tasty, but substantial. Faded too. Roomy hall, though. Be real nice if it was fixed up."

They passed into the drawing room.

"What's that for?" asked Mrs. Brewster, pointing to a Venetian marble fountain in the middle of the room. "Looks like an eagle's bathtub."

"He keeps his drinks cool in it," responded Harry, jumping at the first explanation that popped into his mind.

"H'm! I judge there's a good deal of training goes on in these New York houses," remarked Mrs. Brewster. She lifted the chintz of the nearest chair, revealing a boss of carved oak, all worm-eaten.

"Pretty bad condition," she said. "They don't seem to keep anything in repair. Folks don't go much on old mahogany down here, do they?" She seated herself, leaning her head on that carved back where rested once—if Pierce's agent be a creditable person—the coiffure of Mary Queen of Scots.

"It is a slick-setting chair, though," she commented. "Let's see the pictures." She opened one blind, letting in the warm light.

"That picture used to be in my Sunday-school books," she remarked, pausing before a St. John of Murillo.

"Hand-painted too—it must have cost him a penny to get that colored. Well, I never cared for it. What do you suppose that is?"—it was a Rousseau—"looks like the river by M-a-ashfield. Not much color to it! I never did care about pictures of places unless I'd been there. That's kind of pretty, though," she admitted, indicating a Gainsborough. Then she surveyed the whole.

"Kind of queer-looking pictures, generally speaking," she said; "frames ought all to be done over. And the room ain't very homey, but it could be fixed up real cozy. There'd be a good place for my grandfather's clock. Let's see the kitchen and dining room."

Mrs. Brewster permitted herself to grow enthusiastic over the silver service.

"Goodness sakes!" she remarked. "I should think before he sold his house for ready money he'd get rid of some of that silver. Twice as much as anybody ought to want. That ain't gold on those plates, is it?"

"No, silver-gilt," laughed Harry. "You see, these are heirlooms. He has sentiment about them."

"Well, I know just how he feels," responded Mrs. Brewster. "I'd sell most anything before I'd give up the high-boy that came down from Grandfather Curtis."

They passed on to the kitchen.

"Roomy," she remarked. "I like a small kitchen myself and everything right handy, but I suppose this Mr.—— What is his name anyhow?"

"Mr. Pierce," prompted Handsome Harry.

"Well, I suppose he keeps plenty of help. I don't see how he could get along with less than three girls. What's the good of a glass door on the icebox? I don't know the use of half these things. They must do a lot of eating!"

At first they made the inspection at their leisure, for Harry, in the enthusiasm of the hunt, felt no fears. Only the owner himself was likely to interrupt them. And every morning paper bore the news that F. Warren Pierce, still entertaining the duke on his yacht, had weighed anchor at Newport and was making toward the coast of Maine. But as Mrs. Brewster lingered over the linen closet another idea struck him—the morning was drawing on and there was much to be done in that day.

"I have no wish to hurry you," he said, "but it's nearly eleven, and the broker to whom my friend recommends me may not be in this afternoon. How do you like it?"

"Well," responded Mrs. Brewster, "it's a little big and it ain't very cozy as it stands, but you never can tell how a house will look until you've moved in your own things. And I'd like a front yard. Still you could plant things in that back yard. I suppose I can get those electric lights taken out, can't I? No law against burning oil, I suppose, and I've been suspicious of electricity ever since a man was shocked to death right by my door."

"That can be arranged, of course," said Harry. "What do you think of the offer?"

"You wait," replied Mrs. Brewster with a return of her delight in her own farsightedness, "till I see with my own eyes whether I can get twenty-one thousand dollars for those stocks and whether the title is right."

"Then perhaps we'd better see the register of deeds first," said Harry, as he locked the door. At the corner he excused himself for a moment.

"A business matter that I'd forgotten," he explained. "Please wait a moment while I send a telephone message." Entering the telephone booth at a corner drugstore he got the bucketshop where Mike had been waiting all the morning.

"Register of deeds," he said shortly. "Savvy? I'll make the joint myself. Get the book ready. Coming right away."

IX

THERE is a small and aged office building, only two blocks—but to the worser side—of magic-named Wall Street, where one may get for the day an office, with cheap but impressive furniture, for any purpose short of downright robbery. At ten of the clock on the morning when Handsome Harry took Mrs. Brewster to see the Pierce house, room 106 was unoccupied. At half past eleven Mike Madigan, having paid fifty dollars rent in advance, arrived with two suitcases. From the one he took an impressive ledger and a seal. The ledger he slipped between two of the expired account-books, which gave an air of legitimate business to suite six. The seal he deposited on the center desk. From the other he produced a newly painted sign, reading:

REGISTER OF DEEDS
SEARCHER OF TITLES

This he hung on the hook outside the door, which had borne twenty other signs in the past year. From an inner pocket he produced a stiff collar and a black tie, with which he replaced his college-boy effects. The stage arranged, the costume donned, he sat down by the open window to wait until the curtain should rise on the climactic act.

The wait was short. In ten minutes the door rattled. Mike slipped to the corner; he was poring over a butcher's account-book of the year 1876 when Harry entered, towing Mrs. Brewster.

"Is this the register's office?" asked Harry.

"District 6, Manhattan and the Bronx. What can I do for you?"

"This lady—but perhaps you'd rather do this business yourself, Mrs. Brewster?"

"No," replied the latter. "You know this town better'n I do. I've got eyes in my head and I guess I can read your records when I see 'em."

"Very well. Inquiring as to the validity of the title to property at —— East Thirty-seventh Street," said Harry.

Mike permitted a smile to curve the gravity of his features.

"Excuse me," he said, "but we hear things in this business. Now I heard that Mr. Pierce was putting his house on the market suddenly. A very good property too. You're the second party that's been in today inquiring."

Mrs. Brewster, however, was searching with her eyes the antique oak letter files, the desk, the gilded grill-work.

"Kind of small office for all the business you have to transact in New York," she commented.

"This is only for one small district," said Mike. "There's twenty such offices in New York."

"Oh!" replied Mrs. Brewster. "Well, you can't be too careful."

"Indeed, you can't," replied Mike. "That's what the city pays me for—to help people be careful. Now about this piece. Let me see"—Mike took down a grocer's cashbook of the year 1885, ran his finger carefully along a page, made a note, opened a ledger of 1896, made another note, finally took down the book that he had that very morning deposited on the shelf, and opened it at the "P" section.

"Here we have it, madam," he said; "'Pierce, F. W., property numbered —— E. Thirty-seventh Street. Um-m. Real estate, unencumbered. Improvements, unencumbered. Agent, H. H. Carson. Taxes, paid.' See for yourself." He bore the book over to her, opened it before her face. Mrs. Brewster donned her glasses and followed his finger from line to line.



"That's Kind of Pretty, Though," She Admitted, Indicating a Gainsborough

"Well, now," she said at length, "it does look all right."

In this instant Harry raised his hand to his straw hat and set it back on his head. Mike took in the motion with a glance and withdrew to the corner, where he began to run through a card index.

"What do you want to do, Mrs. Brewster?" whispered Harry. "This sale must be made quickly—it is an emergency. My client needs the money. If it is all right we might have this gentleman begin making out the deed."

"How do I know," questioned Mrs. Brewster, "whether we can sell those stocks for twenty-one thousand dollars?" She thought a moment. "How much will it cost to have him make out the deed? We don't have to use it."

"Oh, I pay for that. Not more than a dollar anyway," Harry replied.

"I guess you can risk that," replied Mrs. Brewster, "though I am taking consid'ble of your time for nothing if I don't buy. Young man!" she called to Mike; "would you mind getting ready a deed to that prop'ty for Marcia Brewster—Marcia Hopwood Brewster, if you please?"

"Certainly," said Mike. "I can have it ready by two o'clock."

"We had better get to the broker's now," counseled Harry.

X

IGNORANT though he was of Wall Street and its ways, Harry was learned in a branch of knowledge better suited to the uses of his own practical psychology. Also Mike had coached him in every blow and parry for his encounter with Boye & Blum, brokers of F. Warren Pierce.

All contingencies that imagination could suggest had been foreseen and provided for in their complete and final plan. It was the first line of that plan, then, when Harry paused at the entrance of the old-mahogany office in upper Broad Street and addressed Mrs. Brewster.

"I think," he said pleasantly, "that I'd better leave you out here while I go in and conduct the negotiations alone—you keep the stock certificate in your possession, of course. They'll be more eager and less likely to cheat me if I don't offer the shares at once. They cheat people whenever they can, these stock brokers."

"I know they do," replied Mrs. Brewster. "That's why I'm glad I found a friend," she added warmly, smiling up at Harry.

"You sit right down here," he said somewhat hastily; and then to the clerk: "I have some stock to dispose of—quite a large order. I must see the head of the firm." And he handed out his card.

"Mr. Boye is on 'Change. I'm afraid Mr. Blum is busy," responded the clerk.

"Assure him that I am here to do a favor, not to ask one, that no one else will do, and that it will be to his great advantage to see me," answered Harry so stiffly and so impressively that the clerk took his card almost automatically. Having failed in his duty of keeping inconsequential strangers from getting their cards to Mr. Blum, he tried to vindicate himself by insisting on the apparent importance of this particular stranger. So it was no more than three minutes before Harry stood in the actual presence of August Blum.

The broker sat at his glass-topped desk, one hand on the telephone, one eye on the tape, his tongue ripping off a letter to a stenographer. Harry stood through the letter, estimating his man with a critical eye, before Mr. Blum looked up with a perfunctory:

"What can I do for you?"

"I want to sell one hundred and twelve shares of stock," said Harry.

Blum glared for one glance; then, as though realizing that control of temper meant saving of time, he snapped:

"Hundred and twelve shares—of what?"

"S. V. & C.," answered Harry.

Mr. Blum's hand dropped the telephone; his eye left the stock ticker; his tongue ceased from dictation.

"S. V. & C.," he said, in a voice that began all eagerness and dropped into indifference as his control asserted itself. "All right—at the market?"

"Yes, but not on the market," answered Harry coolly and pleasantly. "It's to be a private deal between you and me. I'm selling as a friend to a friend." He laughed.

Blum's eyes glistened, but his features were as hard and unreadable as Harry's own. He was weighing pros and cons. To be half-frank, it appeared, was his decision.

"That's against the rules," he said. "I'm a broker. I don't know you. They must go on the market."

"What would they do now, I wonder, to a broker for F. Warren Pierce?" asked Harry. "I suppose Mr. Pierce would move your expulsion personally for helping him get control of S. V. & C., wouldn't he?"

Blum smiled involuntarily.

"You're wise, you are," he admitted. "All right."

"Not all right yet," replied Harry. "Two or three things. First, no check. Cash."

Blum swept him with an eye in which desire struggled with suspicion.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Not a member of the New York Stock Exchange," replied Harry. "See here, I have these shares outside, in the hands of the owner. I want my bit and I'm going to get it—never mind how. I can deliver, and it'll be square. But the owner wants cash because she wants it quick, and I want your receipt."

"My what?"

"Your receipt. A line with your hand on it. Like this. 'Bought this day of'—name of the owner here—'112 shares of S. V. & C.' And the date. And your signature."

"That's committing me in writing," said Mr. Blum.

"And a lot they'll do to you," replied his visitor.

Harry had estimated his man rightly. He made quick decisions. Mr. Blum ran through a rapid pencil calculation on a pad and touched a bell that brought a messenger instantly.

"Rush $21,532 currency," he said. He poised a pen over a sheet of paper. "What name?"

"Mrs. Marcia Hopwood Brewster," answered Harry, writing the name on a desk pad.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Mr. Blum, caution departing with victory, "we knew about that block. We were hunting high and low ——"

"And I've found her," replied Harry. "That's the rest of the point. I'm going to bring her in now. She's a Yankee. She's old and suspicious and crafty. I've worked her up to sell. Start her suspicions and it's all off. My advice to you is to have the money ready and the witnesses ready and carry this through quick. Greased."

"All right," responded Mr. Blum again. "Say," he added, "I wonder what you get out of this!"

"I wonder!" replied Harry. He joined Mrs. Brewster outside. "Everything's ready—the money in cold cash," he told her, "everything. Now I know you won't mind if I give you a piece of advice. These New York brokers are suspicious people. They're just as likely as not to go back on the transaction at the last moment. Got the stock certificate ready? Well, just close it up as quick as you can and get away with the money."

When, five minutes later, Mrs. Brewster left the office of Boye & Blum with Handsome Harry paying devoted attention beside her, she carried her bag tight in both hands—for it contained twenty-one thousand five hundred and thirty-two dollars, proceeds from the sale of one hundred and twelve shares of S. V. & C. at the market price of 192¼. Safe in the pocket of Handsome Harry was the little acknowledgment signed "A. Blum," which Mrs. Brewster had overlooked at the last, thereby saving Harry the trouble of obtaining it by more devious methods.

In another ten minutes Mike was sealing with the old, battered seal that had stamped the false legend "Register of Deeds" in half the states of the Union, an impressive red-taped document. By its terms H. H. Carson, agent for F. W. Pierce, transferred to Mrs. Marcia Brewster full right and title to the improved property at East Thirty-seventh Street.

In one minute more Harry had deftly passed the roll of bills to Mike and escorted Mrs. Brewster through the door. In still another minute Mike had become the busiest little man in the city of New York. And only a district attorney could compute the number of felonies that had centered about Mrs. Marcia Brewster that day.

XI

NO SOONER had Mrs. Brewster gone than Mike took fifteen thousand of the new-gathered roll and placed it with certain brokers, whose ways he well knew, on Western at a ten-per-cent margin. The conspirators were keeping the other five thousand for emergencies, such as fluctuations that would make it necessary to cover, legal expenses, and—most important of all in sudden emergency—a traveling account. While Mike worked downtown Harry covered the other end. He saw that Mrs. Brewster was installed, bag and baggage, in the Pierce house. He saw that Otto remained with his new job and kept away from the old one. Then he joined Mike, and they two spent the rest of the evening inquiring into the habits and knowledge of certain Wall Street reporters.

So it happened next morning that as Jared Smith, best reporter of a Wall Street paper, was speeding from his office to the Stock Exchange, he encountered on the pavement the person of Mike, whom he knew as an occasional tipster of news otherwise unobtainable.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Smith," said Mike. "Want to buy a tip?"

"If it's right and proved," said Mr. Smith.

"It's right all right, and it's hot," replied Mike. "Twenty dollars. It's good."

"Too much," replied the reporter perfunctorily. "What is it?"

"Suppose," said Mike, "I prove that Pierce has got the S. V. & C. tucked right under the wing of the Western."

"Didn't know he was trying," said Smith tersely.

"The deuce you didn't!" replied Mike pleasantly. "Say, I ain't here just to josh."

Smith looked him in the eye and laughed.

"Well?" he answered.

"Well, if I prove he's done it—in writing ——"

"Ten dollars," said Smith.

"I need the money. Done!" said Mike. "How many shares did he need to control?"

"Less than a hundred. Everybody knows that."

"You give me the ten," said Mike, "and if you promise not to give it away that they weren't sold on the board, I'll show you an acknowledgment of one hundred and twelve shares of S. V. & C. bought by Pierce's own brokers."

Smith's hand went to his pocket and Mike's to his.

"Gee-whillikens!" said Smith when the transaction was completed; "I wish we could run scareheads in that conservative old sheet of mine!"

But the sober announcement in the sober columns of the Wall Street paper did very well. It came too late that day to accomplish more than make the market shiver. But the "secular" newspapers grabbed it, for this was a dull news day. By nine o'clock that night a gimlet-minded managing editor caught Mr. Pierce's yacht by wireless and "talked" to him. The great man had just received Blum's telegram. He permitted an acknowledgment to go on the wire. The morning newspapers spread the news over their front pages. The Exchange, next morning, danced with it. Western rose and soared. All day Mike stood by the ticker. At 1:56 p. m. the market began to break. "Let go," he informed his brokers.

That night Mike and Harry sat in the hall bedroom at Mrs. Bannard's and counted money. Fifty-nine thousand dollars, including the five thousand in the kitty—and a few yellow twenties by way of small change.

"Fifteen thousand for you," said Harry. "That's your quarter share, and a tip besides. You'll beat it, of course."

"Gay Paree for mine. Passage booked for tomorrow," responded Mike. "My permanent address for the next three months is Maxim's. And you?"

"I was thinking," replied Harry languidly, "that I'd like to play some golf."

Mike looked him in the eye and smiled.

"I never did understand your system of getaways," he said.

"I don't myself," replied Harry. "Now beat it, and see that you save your jag until you get aboard."

XII

HANDSOME HARRY, in fact, did have a system of getaways. All crooks have these habits, which is a great comfort to the police. One, like Mike, goes abroad; one lingers in hiding near the scene. Harry's method was all his own. He retired for a time to a quiet country place, near enough to watch the newspapers and the other signs of the thief-chase, far enough to elude a general alarm.

The next morning, having paid his shot to Mrs. Bannard, having tipped liberally, having informed Otto by letter that he was going out of town for a week and that the office must be watched sharply, he retired, bag and baggage, to the Halldone Inn, a half-country hotel with golf links and other appurtenances of elegant leisure, an hour up the Hudson from New York. There he took his ease on piazza and links, marked by maid and matron for his looks, liked by the old gentlemen for his courtesy at golf, his conversation at the bar and his skill at bridge.

Of course he was not happy. His kind never are. Yet even now, with forty-four thousand dollars in cash sewed in the bottom of his trunk, he was in a state of peculiar, driving unhappiness. It was hardly conscience; that, one would have said, had long ago ached its last dull ache. No; it was rather sentiment.

He was thinking of Mrs. Marcia Brewster.

For Harry's strength in his profession was the source also of his greatest practical flaw. He had a fine sense of life and a fine imagination about it. This quality made him affix himself to every human being in his immediate neighborhood; but also it made him sometimes—though very seldom—think out his villainies to the end. And a picture kept flashing in and out of his mind. It came between him and the ball at golf, so that he foozled his drive; it thrust itself between him and his newspaper, so that he forgot his reading; it crept across his cards, so that he ignored his partner's signals. It was the picture of quaint, innocent old Mrs. Brewster, thrust from the house where she thought to end her days, sent back weeping and distressed to North Burnham and Mittie. That picture of Mrs. Brewster played strange tricks. Sometimes it was Mrs. Brewster as she bobbed, bright-eyed, into his office. Sometimes it was Mrs. Brewster as, with a final movement of determination, she put her hand to the deed. And then—it was not Mrs. Brewster at all—it was his own mother. His mother—Mrs. Brewster—Mrs. Brewster—his mother—they kept changing and interchanging. He found his mind running on a million half-forgotten tendernesses of his boyhood. His dreams at night were of the little town in Massachusetts where he had been a wild boy, and of the circle about the table—now all buried long ago save for him, the black sheep.

"Grafters ought to be orphans," he remarked to himself as he went to bed on the night of the third day.

He arose next morning with the feeling that the obsession was wearing away; and he hardened his will to break it. In that mood he settled himself to his newspaper. He turned first to the social column; and he noted with satisfaction that F. Warren Pierce was still entertaining his duke on the Ivernia. While that visit lasted Mr. Pierce would probably keep



Fifty-Nine Thousand Dollars and a Few Yellow Twenties by Way of Small Change

(Continued on Page 56)

A FRESH GRIP

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

DID you ever get down flat, blue and hopeless and all-in, with no spirit or spunk left in you, when you didn't see much use in living anyway? Say, did you?

If you ever did and I could see you, I'd say "Put her there!"—for I've been through that myself.

I'm lame and always will be—right leg weak and an inch too short. I didn't use to be built this way. It all came from that confounded motorcycle of mine and my own confounded carelessness ten years ago. Up to that time I was well set-up and as good a lightweight walker as any drummer of my years—better than most younger ones.

People told me afterward that a man of fifty-three oughtn't to try to ride a motorcycle, certainly oughtn't to begin to try to ride one; that it was meant for sprinters and hurdle jumpers and acrobats. But I felt young enough—even though I was a grandfather—until that morning I got tangled up in a wet cartrack and messed up the street with the remains of myself and the wheel.

It wasn't anybody's fault but mine; that made it all the worse. When I was able to get about a little on crutches, a runner for a damage-suit lawyer came after me with his card and began to tell me how many auto cases his lawyer had won.

"Why, sir, in one case he got six thousand dollars for a leg no worse than yours. The carelessness of these chauffeurs is criminal and the owners are no better; they ought to be made to pay for knocking down and injuring innocent citizens. Come up to see us; we'll make it worth your while. Don't put it off; I'll go with you now if you wish."

I thanked him, and told him it wasn't a car but a motorcycle that did the work.

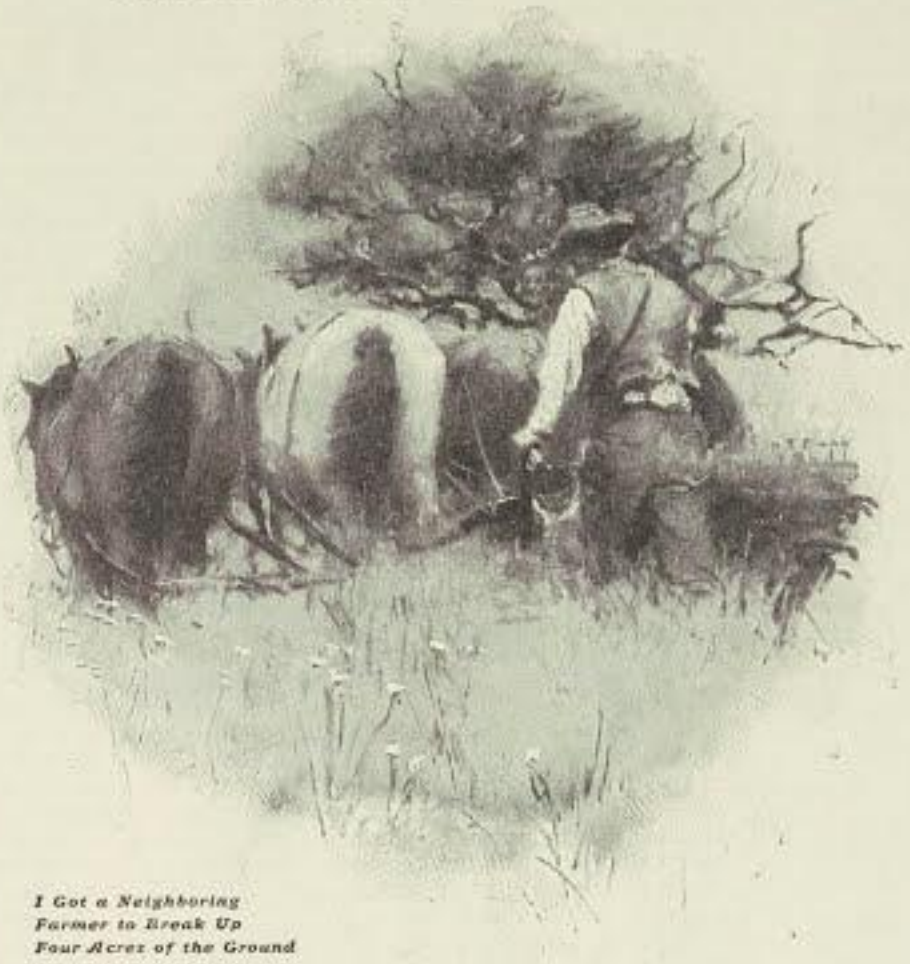
"Oh!" he exclaimed in disgust. "A motorcycle! I'm afraid we can't do anything for you; those fellows are never worth anything."

"Well," I said, "I know the man riding the one that hurt me—sorter like the fellow—and I certainly am not going to bring suit against him, even if it was his fault."

"I don't suppose you could get anything if you did," he replied. "Who was he?"

When I explained that it was myself he couldn't see the joke, and left looking like a reproachful dummy of insulted and hurt feelings.

The doctors said it wasn't their fault I came off my crutches limping; that I ought to be glad I had both legs left. I guess maybe that's so; it certainly was a bad mixup. That soothed my mind a little, but it didn't help me hold my job.



I Got a Neighboring Farmer to Break Up Four Acres of the Ground

Life After the Accident

I WAS a city drummer for the Johnson-Miller Hardware Company—had been for eleven years—and was with the same company in the house for eight years before that. But you can't city drum with a game leg, especially when the company has a little better man for the job with two good legs.

They treated me square though; took me back in the house and gave me a trial there at a small salary. But my slow movements didn't fit in with the work, and I had to sit down every once in a while to rest that leg. I couldn't help it—just had to.

They didn't hire men to sit round even five minutes at a time down there, and I wasn't surprised when they told me after a couple of weeks that they thought the work too hard for me and I'd better learn to run the elevator.

I did, and had a stool in there to rest on. Got on pretty well for a while, until one day when the elevator was crowded the vice-president stumbled over the stool and nearly broke his shin—he did drop and break his glasses.

The next day he let me out—"with great regret," he said, and with two weeks' extra pay—but he let me out just the same. I couldn't blame him; I had sense enough to see for myself that a lame duck on that elevator wasn't the thing for the house.

As a last stand I applied for the position of night-watchman. The vice-president said slowly that the man they had was satisfactory and might be there twenty years longer; but if anything occurred he would be glad to consider my application—with a look at my game leg as if to ask how I could possibly chase a burglar with that.

You don't know how I felt when I left the house. I missed the seven dollars per that the elevator paid, but—badly as I needed that—I missed more the work among men, the feeling that I still had a man's work and wasn't cut off entirely from commercial life.

You needn't think I settled down without trying for another job. I tackled thirty-six of the retail stores to which I had sold goods for the company and actually got a try at two of them. One place I kept for a week; the other for ten days. At the first they didn't like to hear me limping round; I overheard them say it got on their nerves. At the second place they worked me so hard that my leg gave out for a time; I literally couldn't stand up to the job.

I kept on trying for work. I don't like to think even now of the number of places I tried for and didn't get—it brings back so sharply that sinking sick feeling down in my stomach.

I did get in for a short trial at three more places—a corner grocery, a coalyard and a livery stable—but those jobs didn't last, or I didn't. I had lost out and couldn't seem to find a place to fit in.

At the end of five months I had about given up hope—I mean sure-enough hope. Of course I kept on diving into the newspapers and limping round looking for work, but I certainly would have been surprised to get it. There is not much demand for lame grandfathers.

My family was made up of my wife, our only child—a widowed daughter—and her two little girls, aged three and five. I owned the cottage in which we lived, but by the time I had paid the doctors' bills and infirmary fees and had lived on five months after getting well, my saved-up money was all gone—and it was December.

Minnie, our daughter, was a stenographer before she married, and went back to it after her husband's death. She was getting ten dollars a week when I got hurt, and that was all the income there was left for the five of us.

I had made a good salary and had always been a liberal spender; so it was hard to get down to ten dollars per week for food, coal, lights and clothes for five, even though two of them were kids.

But the worst part of it was the fact that it was a woman, my daughter, that made the living. It galled me to think that each mouthful I ate was supplied by a woman, when I felt as active as anybody—until I got up on my feet. It made me feel I wasn't any longer a man, but a dead one, and they'd all be better off without me.

And say, if you've always been a live man among men and then of a sudden have to be with a parcel of women folks all the time, even the children women folks—breakfast, dinner, supper and most of the hours in between—you'll find it hard to stand. I love my wife and grandchildren, but I don't like to be cooped up in the kitchen with them all day to save fire; it isn't natural that I should.

Minnie tried to help me by getting me to read; but I don't care much about reading, except maybe about how people do things. I like that kind of reading and it has helped me a lot in improving my place—my place; did you hear that?

That first winter Minnie would come to me with one of her good novels and, "Father, you just ought to read this!" she would say, all but smacking her lips to let me know how good it was; "it's the best love story!"

You see she wanted to help interest me and keep me from fretting so much. Minnie's all right, but we haven't the same taste in literature. I guess I didn't begin young enough; books are just books to me—that kind of books. Now the garden page of the paper, and The Book of the Horse, and The Householder's Helpful Compendium of Useful Information—say, did you ever see that book? It's a wonder; it tells all about everything, from how to get rid of ants and the best way to plant asparagus to how to pick cherries and how to break a horse!

My wife is a good woman and I wouldn't say anything to hurt her; but as you don't know who I am and she will never see this, I may as well tell you that she was too sympathetic. If she would only sympathize a little and stop, it would be all right; but she gave too much sympathy all at once—it got slushy. Not that I mean any disrespect to my wife, you understand; I'm simply trying to let you see how I felt about it.

It's bad enough to be feeling useless and no account all the time, so dependent, after having always supported your family like a man; you feel ashamed and apologetic, and want to crawl off somewhere and die to get out of the way.

"Oh, you poor, poor man!" she would say after watching me blue and off guard for a while. Then coming over to where I was sitting she would put her hands round my face and let her eyes fill up with tears.

"Never mind, Dan; I know it must be terribly hard for you, poor fellow. You were always so active too!"

By this time I'd like as not feel a tear trickle down my forehead as she softly massaged my face and stooped down to kiss the top of my head, before she went on to moan resignedly over the rest of the family. When she began I felt so important that I liked it a little; then I began to feel sorry for myself, so sorry it took away all the pleasure; and when she got to sympathizing with herself, Minnie and the children—on account of my misfortune—I limped out.

I stood it that winter somehow, but this woman's business—always with them and they doing the work, one supporting me by outside work and one doing the work indoors before my eyes with sympathizing wails—was more than I could stand many months, even though I was a cripple. I felt I wasn't that crippled—for I was a man of average strength and could get about pretty well, only slowly; and I had to sit down and rest every now and then.

No Place for a Lazy Man

I DON'T know how I ever happened to think of moving to the country, unless it was because I felt there was plenty of room out there—enough to get outdoors and potter round in. Perhaps, too, it was the feeling in the air during those few warm days in the early part of March; and the way the daffodils and hyacinths along the backyard fence began to sprout; and seeing the gardening items and the real-estate advertisements of country subdivisions staring out of the daily papers.

I wasn't country-raised and knew practically nothing about making a living in the country; but I felt I knew about as much about making it there as in town, after my experience with my game leg. The more I thought about it the more I was convinced that a little country place was the place for me.

Now I'm a countryman with a small place—a two to five acre place. I tell you it's worth trying! It's made a man of me again!

Of course the country doesn't fit every man. It may do for one that's crippled or untrained or oldish, but it's no place for a lazy man. Even though you are not so young and strong as you used to be and can't get any work in town, if you are willing to sit down in a chair and read all day—you'd better not go.

But if you don't care about reading anything much except the afternoon paper, and there's no work you seem able to get, and you feel generally down because you can't



If She Would Only Sympathize a Little and Stop it Would be All Right

do anything to help support the family, and you hate to be round all the time with the women folks, and don't drink and don't want to loaf round saloons, and are not sick exactly but able to be doing something, and had rather potter round than sit still, and are willing to do all sorts of work, and like to see things grow and a little place improve in value—why, you go to the country as soon as you can.

I didn't know anything about making a country place, but I decided the thing to do was to get a few acres where the ground was not too valuable on or near a suburban trolley line, with a five or ten cent fare in and out for Minnie, where my pottering efforts would help to make a living for the family and at the same time so increase the value of the place that we could sell at a good profit later. These two things, on general principles, I determined: To try to help support my family and to make the holding increase in value.

When I broke the news to my wife and Minnie I expected them to protest. But, no; they had felt the strain too much, the shortness of money, the cramped, hard, nervous tension, not to be glad of any change that offered possible help. As for the children they went squealing with joy.

I looked round considerably; the real-estate agents were glad to talk suburban property with a man who meant to buy, and offered me free rides to see places in all directions—but I did not at once find one to suit.

Making a Fresh Start

WHERE the little houses were the ground seemed poor or overworked, or there was not enough of it, or the location was not what we wished, or it did not seem likely to increase in value, or there was too little house, or they asked too much money—always there seemed some objection. There usually is; objections are as easy to find as dust in the road.

However, I saw a good deal of the surrounding country and picked up one point here and another there about small country places. Finally I decided to buy a few acres and build, for I considered that the best way to get my money's worth of increased value. I sold my city cottage for $1500; and that, less $55 of accumulated winter debts, was the total amount of my wealth.

I knew a young "archey-tect," as some of the neighbors called him, a man of sense and reliability. I talked the matter over with him and told him what I wished to do. I wanted to get a place where I could raise a garden, keep some chickens and a cow—a place I could gradually make into something attractive, full of fruit and flowers, that I could sell at a good profit to some one able and willing to get a little ready-made country place.

He caught on to the idea in a minute; and when I told him I should want him to help me build a little house that would do to add to when I got able, and that I was willing to pay for his taste in selecting a site, he went with me to look at the places I thought cheapest and best.

At last we decided upon five acres of land slightly rolling, just enough to drain well, that set well up from the road, with a good view of the surrounding country.

It wasn't on a hill exactly, yet the road in front dipped down a little and the land opposite some more, until you somehow had a view stretched out before you of rolling country farms and pasture to the hills, seven miles away.

"That will be worth five hundred dollars to you when you get your place done," he said in a convincing way.

I never would have thought all that out by myself, but I could see he knew what he was talking about and I found out later that he was right.

The five-acre tract was about a thousand feet from the interurban carline on a county road, a newly metaled pike. It was nothing but an old field of weeds and grass and trumpet vine, scattered over with three rows of gnarled old apple trees—half full of deadwood—that hadn't been trimmed in fifteen years. Those trees added greatly, however, in comfort and looks, until the trees I set out had time to grow.

It was part of an abandoned orchard on a place that had run down under its former owner, until his death shortly before that and the division of the place among the heirs. That five acres I bought for $500 cash, and it was a bargain—within one thousand feet of a ten-cent carfare. It was the first piece sold off of the forty acres allotted to one of the heirs, who wished to get his money and stop working a while. The land about mine brought $125 and some $150 an acre before fall.

I had heard so much from agents about property advancing along that carline and new subdivisions opening up that this seemed a lucky find. It was decidedly the best thing I found, and it was a lucky find; but it came from three weeks' hard search—looking, listening to what those said who ought to know, thinking, consulting and comparing; it wasn't just the easy luck of dropping into something without trying. My game leg ached many a night on account of that play—or work—for luck.

I tell you this to show that it pays to look carefully before you buy. Often you can tell when an agent is telling you the truth, and often by dropping back to the place alone and talking to the neighbors you can get a sackful of valuable information—the ins and outs of the family that own, why and how much they wish to sell, at what price the adjacent property is selling, what sort of land it is and how it can be worked up, whether it is worn out or rested or not yet worked out, and—Oh, well, you understand you have to look into the matter of buying a country place just like anything else; investigate and get the opinion of persons who know and don't just jump in at a chance.

I had arranged to rent our cottage for two months after selling it, so had a little time to build something on the country tract; but I was eager to get out there as soon as possible.

My wife and Minnie looked doubtful when they heard I had taken more than a third of what we had and put it into five acres of no-account orchard and field. But I guess they didn't have the heart to say much, for I had taken a new hold on life; I felt like a two-year-old at having something to do once more—another chance!



And No Matter Where I Was I Could Rest a Little When My Game Leg Got Too Tired

I realized it was a serious thing to pull up stakes, sell our city property and start fresh in the country—a perfect greenhorn and a lame one too. But I felt if we didn't go buying fancy things—patent churns and incubators and windmills—but put what we had where we could sell out easily and get it back in case anything worse happened to me, that we were reasonably safe.

I didn't think I knew it all and was always ready for advice—even if I didn't take all given me without sifting it a little and comparing it with the quality that some one else gave away.

It may have been partly because it was the spring of the year, but just to go out and walk round those five acres and look at the half-dead old apple trees and the remains of last year's weeds, and consider how I should run the fences, whether they should be of woven or barbed wire or criss-crossed plank whitewashed, and where the house and garden and chicken yard ought to go—why, in three days it made me begin to feel like a different man!

Work ahead of me? Yes, lots of work, hard work; but I didn't mind plugging along at it out there, where I owned down to the middle of the round earth and up into the bluest part of the blue and white sky. For wasn't it a new life, a new grip on life and work I was getting? Couldn't I raise vegetables, have a cow and chickens, and help support my family once more? Work, you say? Why, it was losing my grip on work that hurt so, dropping down below the level where a man has a chance. It was the chance to work once more that made it all so splendid, even to work as a plugging lame man can, in turning over a few abandoned acres into a partially supporting home.

Planning the Tiny House

THE house question caused me considerable anxiety, for I was determined I would not go into debt. We might not have much and we might not have it finished, but I wasn't going to take any chances in having a mortgage hanging over the place to threaten us. I had been knocking round the bottom of hard times too many months to be overconfident and assured of a fortune all at once, even if we did work and save.

I consulted my friend the "archey-tect"—I got to calling him "Arch"—and asked him if we couldn't put up something that could be added to later on, and finally make a house good enough for the value the place would eventually have.

"Yes," he replied heartily; "that's the right idea. Only you may have to build a little temporarily to piece out with if you say you can't spare much money."

Of course I couldn't spare much money; but told him I was willing to help the carpenter all I could if that would cut down the cost.

I must have looked pretty anxious about that, for I remember he hesitated before he answered, as if he didn't want to knock my hopeful feet clear out from under me.

"Yes, a little; and you can do a good deal on the makeshift building—sheds and summer kitchen and lean-to porches."

One bright afternoon we—my wife and Minnie and Arch and I—selected the site for the house, while the kids explored the trees and bushes, looked for last year's birdnests, screamed when they thought they had found a snake in stepping on a crooked stick, and giggled and shrieked when they found out what it was. It was a fine spring day, and everybody looked hopeful and everything seemed encouraging.

We decided that perhaps an acre and a half could go into the front and side yards. That seemed a good deal out of five acres, but Arch insisted that we ought to have an attractive entrance effect if we wished to sell to advantage later; and I realized that we could stake out our proposed cow to graze in our proposed front yard and that fruit trees would grow there as well as somewhere else.

I had a good well bored shortly after that and I put in a pump. That was necessary, for there was no running water on the place. It cost me about $100 all told; but as a result we got a splendid supply of fine water.

In regard to the house I asked Arch what he could do with $500. He said he thought he could put up two good frame rooms with that—high ceilings, with concrete foundation and stained shingle projecting roof, tiny attic space with four-pane windows in gable ends for ventilation above—the

two rooms side by side making a broad front facing the road, to be eventually turned into a large living room and a bedroom if we wished. That meant my work thrown in and no front porch as yet.

A temporary, post-foundationed, stained shingle-roofed and stained shingle-columned ten-foot-broad front porch all across the front would cost $50 more, even if I did much of the work on that; but we decided we must have it at once. That front porch made the difference from the start between a depressing unfinished makeshift of a house and a home.

At the back of the two rooms a temporary structure of porch, dining room and kitchen, unplastered, built of upright stripped boards with rubberoid roofing, planned and framed up by the carpenter but stripped and boarded by me, was added at the additional cost of $100. The total cost of the two attractive good rooms, the attractive but temporary front porch and the rough makeshift of dining room, kitchen and back porch complete was $668, not counting my work under the direction of the carpenter. That left us only about $165; but we had a home and we were out of debt.

Before we had the house fairly started I had got a neighboring farmer to break up and prepare for cultivation four acres of the ground. Then I got him to put the front acre and a half in oats and grass and the back acre and a half in corn, leaving the acre just in front of that for garden. The acre round and back of the house I cleared up a little, cutting out the weeds and briars and dead apple growth. Later we used the dead branches for fuel; every little bit saved helped just that much, I calculated.

We Move In

I KNEW we'd have to figure out the smallest economies if we wished to make good and I told my wife and Minnie that it was up to us to do it. We had had a terrible time making ends meet that winter and spring; in fact, they hadn't quite met, although we pulled as hard as we could; it took that $55 to fill the gap. Minnie was as good as gold about her ten dollars a week, but she couldn't make it the twelve or fourteen that we seemed to need.

Before we moved out to the country we three had a long talk and determined that it was up to us to live mostly on what we could raise, helped out by a cow and some chickens. We decided that we could and would do it, even if it did mean doing without some things sometimes.

I tell you there's no use in mincing matters; if you're hard up and want to get on you'll all have to pull together. Living in the country may be made cheaper than living in town, but most likely at first it's going to cost you more—unless you just make up your mind and stick to it that you are not going to talk about economizing but are going to do it—are going to live for a while on milk and eggs and vegetables and soup meat and fruit and berries, with chicken for Sunday dinners late in the season. That's the way to get a start—that's the way we did it.

We moved into our two-room home before the sides were boarded up over the annex, on May 27, 1902. I shall never forget the date; it marked a point in my life that meant as much to me as sighting land did to Columbus.

We bought a good cow for $57 of the $165 and spent $12 more for chickens—hens and roosters, good stock but not fancy stock at first. I got some wire and had finished a chicken yard before we finished the house.

Our cow supplied us with milk and butter and curd, plenty for all but none to sell, for we wished the children as well as the grown folks to have all they wanted. Although she did not bring us in any money that cow was one of our best assets. Of course I had to buy foodstuff for her and rent pasture that first summer; but the pasture of a neighbor only cost me $1.25 a month, and that and the feed together weren't nearly as much as our former milk and butter bill. And you ought to have seen the way those kids began to grow!

For beginners we had good success with the chickens from the first. Eggs and later chickens often helped us get beefsteak and bacon and sugar at the grocery. There was always a sale for fresh eggs.

I never did like chickens much, except on the table, and I found that it meant a lot of trouble to raise them—cleaning out chicken houses, whitewashing, picking up little chicks out of the rain, feeding them when my wife could not—there's a lot of little measly work about them. As for milking, I don't hanker after it, not a bit.

But I don't mind that kind of work so much now, and even at first it did not seem so bad as I had thought; for with each part of the work, no matter how much I hated it, came the relieving thought that I was supporting my family. You don't know how good that makes a man feel unless you've been knocked out of all chance of doing it—even when you would gladly have worked fourteen hours a day.

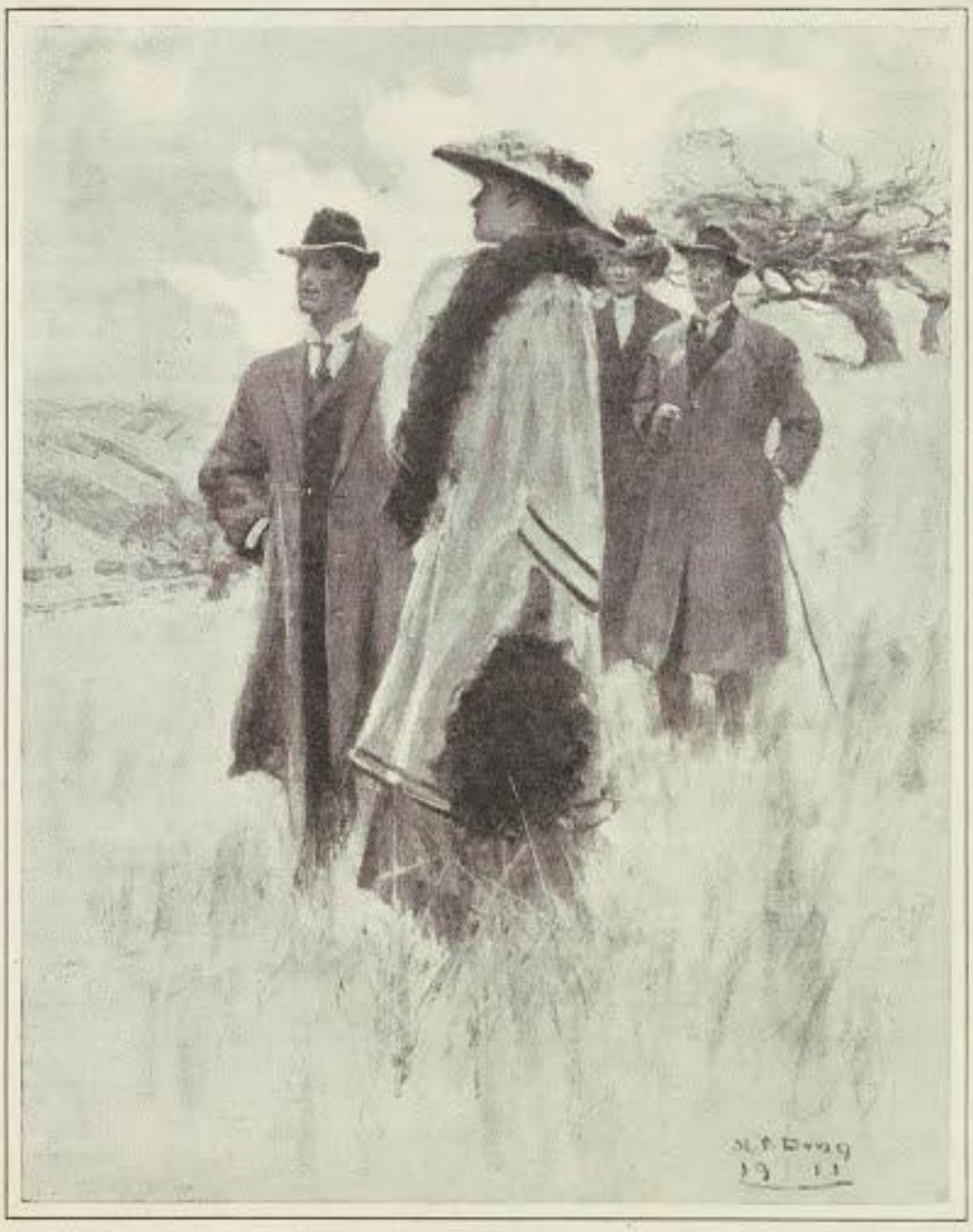
Our place wasn't pretty to look at that first summer; I had too much work to do and we had begun too late to get it in shape. But you would have been surprised to see how much of Minnie's ten dollars we saved each week, after getting a little start with the garden and chickens and cow.

On the whole, we had a good garden even that first summer and lived largely off of it. Early that spring, when most of my time was taken up helping round the building, I used to get seed catalogs and read them going in and out on the cars, and I would often stay out late and talk to the neighbors about their gardens, and work round and plant things. My garden was well planted, and we had radishes, lettuce and green onions in eating order by the time we moved out.

In studying those seed catalogs I was struck with the fact that my old apple trees seemed a sort of valuable calendar for planting, for the catalogs urged me to plant my beans, beets, carrots, celery, parsnips, squash and late tomatoes "when the apple is in bloom."

That phrase came so often in my reading as I went in and out on the cars, that the noise of the wheels for a while got to buzzing the rhyme:

When the apple is in bloom,
When the apple is in bloom,
Beans and squash and beets and parsnips,
When the apple is in bloom!



We Decided That Perhaps an Acre and a Half Could Go Into the Front and Side Yards

My old apple trees didn't do much that first year, though they did bloom enough to announce planting time; and we got plenty of knotty, wormy apples to pick over carefully and work up into apple sauce, dumplings and pies, which helped a lot.

I gradually cut out the dead wood and used it for fuel, and had a man who knew his business trim up the trees. Then I worked about them, scrubbed the trunks with a certain highly recommended mixture, and sprayed the trees the next spring, with the result that the second year I got a fairly good crop of fairly good apples. I tell you it pays to work well over the few things you have on a small country place.

We hadn't much fruit, but we got some cheap from the neighbors and put up a quantity of canned stuff for winter use—canned fruits and vegetables, preserves and pickles. We saved plenty of dried beans and butter beans, and had some potatoes and cabbage that helped out greatly in the fall and early winter; and we had a bed of kale for winter greens.

I got a surprising amount of work done even that first summer, although I was a green city chap with a game leg. At each side of the garden I had a little bench shaded by a few sticks of arbor covered with bean vines, which made a cool resting place. I could work for half an hour or an hour, and then sit down and rest ten minutes. I had seven or eight of those little benches scattered about the place, each under shade; and no matter where I was I could rest a little when my game leg got too tired, and then go on working. Unless you've tried it you can't imagine how much work you can get done in that way.

Hedges and Fences

I MAY say here that the change to the country helped my wife's spirits too. She saw possibilities for me, took fresh heart, and became not less sympathetic but less waily.

Now don't misunderstand me—I love my wife and she's a great help. But she's ten times more of a help as a cheerer—entering enthusiastically into my plans, exulting in my little two-by-four successes, and believing in me as she sees me doing a little something that counts—than she ever was as a sympathetic wailer.

I thought much that first summer about tree-planting and decorative improvement—those are Arch's words—of the place, but could do little toward it until fall. Then, owing to the amount we had saved out of Minnie's ten a week, we were able to do considerable.

I talked things over with Arch—he used to come out every once in a while and take supper with us. I finally decided to grade down the front of our place neatly to the county road, for our land was about three feet higher than the road, sod that grade with blue grass, and make the front fence—about two hundred and fifty feet across—of privet hedge, supported by wire, turned in at the center in a graceful curve to a large entrance gate.

That entrance gate was at first of wood, hung between two rustic wooden posts. However, before the hedge got its growth I managed to get two pillars made of blocks of rough-dressed stone, had them half-covered with small-leafed English ivy, and had a substantial front gate of iron and wire put up, which was painted green to match the ivy. But I am going too fast; the new posts and gate came at the end of the third year.

The privet hedge cost something, but not much more than a good board fence would have cost, and it looked classy—gave a tone to our place that was worth a good deal. I prepared the soil and helped plant it with great care. We liked the effect and promise of the hedge so much that we extended it back a hundred feet from the road on each side as a side division fence, which added still more classiness.

Those first wooden front gateposts I covered with willow saplings about an inch and a half thick, cut from a neighbor's place. This neighbor was glad for me to clean up for him all the underbrush and second-growth stuff I would, and I also got enough material for a large rustic trellis

(Continued on Page 44)

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble is Introduced to Feminine Finance

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

ANY friend of Mr. Russel's is welcome, I am sure," declared Miss Purry, passing a clammy wedge of a hand to Johnny Gamble, who felt the chill in his palm creeping down his spine. "Of the Maryland Gambles?"

"No; White Roads," replied Johnny cheerfully. Miss Purry's chiseled smile remained, but it was not the same. "I came to see you about that vacant building site, just beyond the adjoining property."

Miss Purry shook her head.

"I'm afraid I could not even consider selling it without a very specific knowledge of its future." And her pale green eyes took on a slightly deeper hue.

Val Russel stifled a sly grin.

"This was once a very aristocratic neighborhood," he informed Johnny with well-assumed sorrow. "Miss Purry is the last of the fine old families to keep alive the traditions of the district. Except for her influence, the new-rich have vulgarized the entire locality."

"Thank you," cooed Miss Purry. "I could not have said that myself, but I can't hinder Mr. Russel from saying it. Nearly all of my neighbors tried to buy the river-view plot, about which you have come to see me; but I did not care to sell—to them."

Her emphasis on the last two words was almost imperceptible, but it was there; and her reminiscent satisfaction was so complete that Johnny, who had known few women, was perplexed.

"If all the old families had been as careful the Bend would not have deteriorated," Val stated maliciously, knowing just how to encourage her. "However, the newcomers are benefited by Miss Purry's resolve—particularly Mrs. Slosher. The Sloshers are just on the other side of the drive from the vacant property, and they have almost as good a river view as if they had been able to purchase it and build upon it in the first place."

The green of Miss Purry's eyes deepened another tone.

"Mr. Slosher, who is now in Europe, was almost brutal in his determination to purchase the property," she stated with painful repression. "The present Mrs. Slosher is a pretty doll, and he is childishly infatuated with her; but his millions cannot buy everything she demands."

Ignorant of social interplay as Johnny Gamble was, he somehow divined that William G. Slosher's doll was the neighborhood reason for everything.



"I Came to See You About That Vacant Building Site"

"If you were only certain of what you intend to build there ——" she suggested, to break the helpless silence.

"I have an apartment house in mind," he told her.

"That would be very large and very high, no doubt," she guessed, looking pleased.

"It's the only kind that would pay," Johnny Gamble hastily assured her. "It would be expensive—no suite less than three thousand a year and nobody allowed to do anything."

"I'll consider the matter," she said musingly.

"What about the price?" asked Johnny, whose mind had been fixed upon that important detail.

"Oh, yes—the price," agreed Miss Purry indifferently; "I've been holding it at two hundred thousand. I shall continue to hold it at that figure."

"Then that's the price," decided Johnny. "Can't we come to an agreement now?"

"Tomorrow afternoon at three," she dryly insisted.

He saw that she meant tomorrow afternoon at three.

"Can't I arrange with you for a twenty-four-hour option?" he begged, becoming anxious.

"I shall not bind myself in any way," she declared. "Tomorrow afternoon at three."

"That's a beautiful piece of property," commented Johnny as they drove by. "By George, the apartment house will shut those people off from the river!"

"That's the only reason she'd be willing to sell," replied Val. "What set you hunting up this property?"

"The De Luxe Apartments Company intends confining its operations to this quarter. They'll go scouting among the listed properties first—and they may not find this one until I am asking them two hundred and fifty for it."



He Thought That Her Finger Quivered and Her Cheek Paled—But These Were Dreams, He Knew

II

JOHNNY GAMBLE, always prompt, was ahead of time at the final committee meeting of the Babies' Fund Fair, but Constance Joy did not seem in the least surprised at his punctuality.

"I was in hopes you'd come early," she greeted him. "I want to show you the scoreboard of your game."

"Honest, did you make one?" he asked, half incredulous of his good fortune, as she led the way into the library; and his eyes further betrayed his delight when she showed him the scoreboard itself.

"See," she pointed out, "you were to make five thousand dollars an hour for two hundred working hours, beginning on April twenty-second and ending May thirty-first."

Johnny examined the board with eager interest. It was ruled into tiny squares, forty blocks long and seven deep.

"I want to frame that when we're through," he said, admiring the perfect drawing.

"Suppose you lose?" she suggested, smiling to herself at his unconscious use of the word "we."

"No chance," he stoutly returned. "I have to paste a five-thousand-dollar bill in each one of those blocks."

"You've kept your paste-brush busy," she congratulated him, marveling anew at how he had done it, as she glanced at the record which she had herself set down. "I have the little squares crossed off up to two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars."

"The money's in Loring's bank," he cheerfully assured her. "That pays me up to next Tuesday, May second, at two o'clock. This is two o'clock, Thursday. I have twenty-four working hours to loaf."

"Lazy!" she bantered him. "That isn't loafing time; it's only a safety margin."

Her eagerness about it pleased Johnny very much. When he had his million he intended to ask her to marry him; and it was pleasant to have her, all unaware of his purpose, of course, taking such an acute interest in this big game.

"If a man plays too safe he goes broke," objected Johnny seriously, still intent upon the diagram however. "I notice that none of these Sundays or Saturday afternoons have money in them. According to my plan I also allowed for two possible holidays; but why are those two special days left white?"

"Well," hesitated Constance, flushing slightly, "May thirtieth is Decoration Day; and then I allowed for a possible birthday."

"Birthday?" he repeated, perplexed. "Whose?"

"Oh, anybody's," she hastily assured him. "You can move the date to suit. You know you said you weren't going to work on Sundays, evenings, holidays or birthdays."

"I have but one birthday this year, and it comes in the fall," he answered, laughing; then suddenly a dazzling light blinded him. "It's the scorekeeper's!" he guessed.

In spite of all her efforts to prevent it Constance blushed furiously. "I had intended to give a little party on the nineteenth," she confessed.

"I'm coming!" he emphatically announced.

Aunt Pattie Borden swept into the room, and Johnny immediately felt that he had on tight shoes. He had once made a fatal error before Aunt Pattie; he had confessed to having been a voter before he owned a dress suit.

Paul Gresham arrived, and Aunt Pattie was as the essence of violets. Paul, though American-born, was a second cousin of Lord Yawpingham. He was to marry Constance. True, Constance had not yet said so, but she must. She would lose the million dollars left her by Aunt Gertrude if she did not. Johnny and Paul sat and inwardly barked at each other. Johnny almost barked outwardly.

Val Russel and Bruce Townley came, and everybody breathed a sigh of relief.

"Well, Johnny," said Val, "I just now saw your newest speculation driving down the Avenue in a pea-green gown and a purple hat."

"I never had a speculation like that," denied Johnny.

"Sounds like a scandal," decided Bruce Townley.

"You might as well tell it, Val," laughed Constance with a mischievous glance at Johnny.

"It hasn't gone very far as yet," replied Val, enjoying Johnny's discomfort, "but it promises well. Johnny and I called upon a wealthy spinster, away up on Riverside Drive, this morning ostensibly to buy real estate."

Val, leaning his cheek upon his knuckles with his middle finger upon his temple, imitated Miss Purry's languishing air so perfectly that Aunt Pattie and Gresham, both of whom knew the lady, could see her in the flesh—or at least in the bone.

"'Ostensible' is a good word in that neighborhood," opined Gresham lightly. "Were you trying to buy Miss Purry's vacant riverfront property?"

Notwithstanding his seeming nonchalance Gresham betrayed an earnest interest which Constance noted, and she turned to Johnny with a quick little shake of her head, but he was already answering, and she frowned slightly.

Mrs. Follison arrived, and after her the balance of the committee came trooping by twos and threes, a bright, busy, chattering mob which stopped all personal conversation.

Last of all came Polly Parsons, accompanied by Ashley Loring and Sammy Chirp and by the fluffy little orphan whom she had been keeping in school for the past three years.

"I know I'm late," declared Polly defiantly: "but I don't adopt a sister every day. I stopped at Loring's office to do it, and I'm so proud I'm cross-eyed. Sister Winnie, shake hands with everybody and then run out in the gardens with Sammy."

Dutifully Winnie, in her new rôle of sister, shook hands with everybody and clinched their friendship with her wide blue eyes and her ingenuous smile; and, dutifully, Sammy Chirp, laden with her sun-hat and parasol and fan, her vanity box and lace handbag, took her out into the gardens, and the proceedings began as they usually did when Polly Parsons arrived. Sub-committees took cheerful and happy possession of the most comfortable locations they could find, and Constance Joy walked Ashley Loring out through the side porch.

"There's a very cozy and retired seat in the summer house," she informed him. "I wish to have a tête-à-tête with you on a most important business matter."

"You may have a tête-à-tête with me on any subject whatsoever," laughed Loring. "I suppose it's about those Johnny Gamble attachments however."

"It's about that exactly," she acknowledged. "What have you learned of the one for fifty thousand dollars which was attempted to be laid against Mr. Gamble's interest in that hotel property yesterday?"

"Very little," he confessed. "It was the result of a suit brought in an obscure justice's court against the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company."

"Mr. Gamble did not know that his former firm owed such an amount, I suppose," she conjectured.

"Certainly not," replied Loring. "It was brought by a cheap loan shark, named Jacobs, on a note for money supposed to have been borrowed by Collaton to carry on the Western work."

Constance nodded. "Fraudulent, probably," she guessed.

"I think so myself," agreed Loring. "The summons was served on Collaton, who confessed judgment, and the attachment was issued. Trouble is, nobody can locate the Gamble-Collaton books."

"Perhaps they have been destroyed," mused Constance.

"I doubt it," returned Loring. "It would seem the sensible thing to do; but, through some curious psychology which I cannot fathom, crooks seldom make away with documentary evidence."

"Who is helping Mr. Collaton?" asked Constance abruptly after a little silence.

"I do not know," answered Loring promptly, looking her squarely in the eye.

"Some one of our mutual acquaintance," she persisted shrewdly.

"Twice, now, attachments have been served on Mr. Gamble when the news of his having attachable property could only have come from our crowd."

They had turned the corner of the lilac screen and found a little summer house occupied by Sammy and Winnie, and the low, mellow voice of Winnie was flowing on and on without a break.

"It's the darlingest vanity purse I ever saw," she babbled. "Sister Polly bought it for me this morning. She's the dearest dear in the world! I don't wonder you're so crazy about her. How red your hand is next to mine! Madge Cunningham says that I have the whitest and prettiest hands of any girl in school—and she's made a special study of hands. Isn't that the cunningest sapphire ring? Sister Polly sent it to me on my last birthday; so now you know what month I was born in. Jeannette Crawley says it's just the color of my eyes. She writes poetry. She wrote some awfully sweet verses about my hair. 'The regal color of the flaming sun,' she called it. She's dreadfully romantic; but the poor child's afraid she never will have a chance on account of her snub nose. We thought her nose was cute though. Miss Grazie, our professor of ancient history, said my nose was of the most perfect Greek profile she had ever seen—just like that on the features of Clytie and with just as delicately formed nostrils. We set the funniest trap for her once. Somebody always told the principal when we were going to sneak our fudge nights, and we suspected it was one of the ugly girls—they're always either the sweetest or the meanest girls in school, you know. We had a signal for it, of course—one finger to the right eye and closing the left; and one day, when we were planning for a big fudge spree that night, I saw Miss Grazie watching us pass the sign. There isn't much escapes my eyes. Sure enough, that night Miss Porely made a raid.

"Well, on Thursday, Madge Cunningham and myself, without saying a word to anybody, stayed in Miss Grazie's room after class and gave each other the fudge signal; and sure enough, that night ——"

Constance and Loring tiptoed away, leaving the bewildered Sammy smiling feebly into the eyes of Winnie and floundering hopelessly in the maze of her information.



"I'll Give You Until Tomorrow Night to Secure Your Highest Offer and Then I'll Add Five Per Cent to It"

"I have it," declared Constance. "That lovely little chatterbox has given me an idea."

"Is it possible?" chuckled Loring. "Poor Sammy!"

"He was smiling," laughed Constance. "Here comes the chairman of the floorwalkers' committee."

Gresham, always uneasy in the absence of Constance who was too valuable a part of his scheme of life to be left in charge of his friends, had come into the garden after them on the pretext of consulting the general committee.

"Do you know anything about the Garfield Bank?" Constance asked Gresham in the first convenient pause.

"It is very good so far as I have heard," he replied after careful consideration. "Are there any rumors out against it?"

"Quite the contrary," she hastily assured him. "It is so convenient that I had thought of opening a small account there. Mr. Gamble transferred his funds to that bank today—and if he can trust them with over a quarter of a million I should think I might give them my little checking account."

When they were alone again Loring turned to her in surprise.

"I have Johnny's money in my name. I didn't know he had opened an account with the Garfield Bank," he wondered.

"Neither did I," she laughed. "I told a fib! I laid a trap!"

III

MR. GAMBLE, upon his arrival the following afternoon, found Miss Purry very coldly regretful that she had already disposed of her property for a working girls' home, at a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, having made a twenty-five-thousand-dollar reduction by way of a donation to the cause. Johnny drove back into the city rapidly—for he was now only sixteen hours ahead of his schedule. He was particularly out of sorts because Miss Purry had mentioned that the De Luxe Apartments Company had been after the plot. It is small satisfaction to a loser to have his judgment corroborated.

There was a Bronx project, involving the promotion of a huge, exclusive subdivision, which he had hoped to launch; but during his call upon Miss Purry that scheme went adrift through the sudden disagreement of the uncertain Wobbles brothers who owned the land. It was a day of failures; and at four o'clock he returned to the office and inscribed, upon the credit side of his unique little daybook, the laconic entry:

"April 28. Two flivvers. $0."

Loring, pausing behind him and looking over his shoulder, smiled—and added a climax. "Jacobs attached your account at the Garfield Bank today on that fifty-thousand-dollar note."

"That's my first good laugh today," returned Johnny. "I have no funds there."

"Gresham thought you had," said Loring quietly. "A trap was laid to make him think so, and he walked right into it."

"As soon as I have any place to keep a goat I'll get Gresham's," declared Johnny. "So he's really in on it."

"He's scared," stated Loring.

"I hope he's right," returned Johnny. "I do wish they'd let me alone, though, till Thursday, June first."

On Saturday, the twenty-ninth, and on Monday, the first of May, Johnny Gamble was compelled reluctantly to enter "flivvers" against his days' labors; and on Tuesday at two o'clock Constance called him up.

"Guilty!" he acknowledged as soon as he heard her voice. "I'm caught up with my schedule. At four o'clock I'll be ten thousand dollars behind. Everything I touch crawls right back in its shell."

"They'll come out again," she encouraged him. "I didn't call you up, as your scorekeeper, to tell you that from this hour you will be running in debt to yourself, but that one of your projects has come to life again."

"Which one is that?" he eagerly inquired.

"The property owned by that lady on Riverside Drive. I see by this morning's paper that the working girls' home is not to be built. I suppose you already know it however."

"I overlooked that scandal," he confessed. "Wasn't the building to be ugly enough?"

"This was a little obscure paragraph," she told him. "It was rather a joking item, based upon the fact that there is a great deal of ill feeling among the neighbors, who clubbed together and bought the option to prevent a building of this character from being erected. I'm so glad you didn't know about it!"

Her enthusiasm was contagious. Johnny himself was glad. It seemed like a terrific waste of time to have to wait a month before he could tell her what he thought of her; but he had to have that million!

"You're a careful scorekeeper," he complimented her. "I'll go right after that property. Does the item say who controls it now?"

"I have the paper before me. I'll read you the names," she returned with businesslike preparedness: "Mr. James Jameson-Guff, Mr. G. W. Mason, Mr. Martin Sheats, Mr. Edward Kettle."

"All the neighbors," he commented. "They don't like honest working girls, I guess. That's a fine crowd of information you've handed me. I ought to give you a partnership in that million."

"You just run along or you'll be too late!" she urged him. "I'll take my commission in the five-thousand-dollar hours you donate to the Babies' Fund Fair. By-the-way, from whom do you suppose that option was purchased?"

"Gresham?" inquired Johnny promptly and with such a thrill of startled intensity in his tone that Constance could not repress a giggle.

"No; James Collaton," she informed him. "That's all the news. Hurry, now! Report to me, won't you, as soon as you find out whether you can secure the property? I haven't made an entry on my scoreboard since last Wednesday night. Goodby."

"Goodby," said Johnny reluctantly; but he held the 'phone open, trying to think of something else to say until he heard the click which told him that she had hung up.

Last Wednesday night! Why, that was the night he had given the dinner in celebration of his passing the quarter-of-a-million mark; and after he had taken her home from the dinner she had sat up to rule and mark that elaborate scoreboard! Somehow his lungs felt very light and buoyant.

Collaton, though? How did he get into the deal? Suddenly Johnny remembered Val Russel's joking at the committee meeting. Gresham again!

"Loring, I don't think I can wait till June first to get after the scalps of Gresham and Collaton," he declared as he prepared to go out. "I want to soak them now."

IV

JAMES JAMESON-GUFF, so christened by his wife, but more familiarly known among his associates as Jim Guff, received Johnny Gamble with a frown when he understood his errand.

"You're too late," he told Johnny. "We've turned the option over to our wives to do with as they pleased. We're to have a swell yacht club out there now. I think that's a graft too!"

"If you get stung again, Mr. Guff, let me know," offered Johnny, "and I'll have you a bona-fide apartment-house proposition in short order."

"Nysgh!" observed Mr. Guff.

Johnny dutifully reported to his scorekeeper the result of his errand and, that evening, to explain it more fully he went out to her house; but he found Gresham there and nobody had a very good time.

On the following morning he saw in the papers that the Royal Yacht Club, a new organization, the moving spirit of which was one Michael T. O'Shaunessy, was to have magnificent headquarters on Riverside Drive—and he immediately went to see Mr. Guff. Mike O'Shaunessy was a notorious proprietor of roadhouses and "clubs" of shady reputation, and there was no question as to what sort of place the Royal Yacht Club would be.

Mr. Guff was furious about it.

"I knew it," he said. "The women have just telephoned me an authorization to send for this Jacobs blackguard and buy back the option."

"Jacobs?" inquired Johnny. "Not Abraham Jacobs?"

"That's the one," corroborated Guff. "Why, do you know him?"

"He is a professional stinger," Johnny admitted. "He stung me, and Collaton helped," answered Gamble, linking things together in his own mind.

"I've no doubt of it," responded Guff. "It was a put-up job in the first place. By-the-way, Gamble, you used to be in partnership with Collaton yourself."

"That's true enough," admitted Johnny. "Possibly I'd better give you some references."

"Give them to the women," retorted Guff.

An hour later Johnny 'phoned Guff.

"Did you repurchase the option from Jacobs?" he inquired.

"Yes!" snapped Guff, and hung up.

The facts that the De Luxe Apartments Company was hot after the property and that he himself was now four hours behind his schedule, with nothing in sight, drove Johnny on, in spite of his dismal forebodings.

Mrs. Guff he found to be a hugely globular lady, with a globular nose, the lines on either side of which gave her perpetually an expression of having just taken quinine. In view of her recent experiences she was inclined to call the police the moment Johnny stated his errand, but he promptly referred her to some gentlemen of unimpeachable commercial standing. She coolly 'phoned them in his presence and was satisfied.

"You must understand, however," she said to him severely, "the only way in which we will release this option is that nothing but a first-class apartment house, of not less than ten stories in height and with no suites of less than three thousand a year rental, shall be erected."

"I'll sign an agreement to that effect," he promptly promised.

"And how much do you offer us for the property?"

"Two hundred thousand," he returned, making a conservative guess at the amount they must have paid for the two options.

A deepening of the quinine expression told him that he had undershot the mark.

"Two hundred and ten thousand," he quickly amended.

A chocolate-cream expression struggled feebly with the quinine; and Johnny, who could translate the lines of the human countenance into dollars and cents with great accuracy, knew instantly that their two options had cost them thirty thousand dollars, and that he was offering the four ladies a profit of one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of gowns or diamonds each.

"That will be the most I can give," he still further amended. "I am prepared to write you a check at any moment."

"I think I can call a meeting at once," she informed him, and did so by 'phone.

Mrs. Sheats, who came over presently, was an angular woman who kept the expression of her mouth persistently sweet, no matter what her state of mind might be; and she was very glad indeed that, so long as Miss Purry insisted upon permitting a building of any sort to be erected opposite the Slosher residence, they were protecting that estimable lady in her absence by insuring a structure of dignity and class.

Mrs. Kettle, who was a placid lady of mature flesh and many teeth, and who carried ounces upon ounces of diamonds without visible effort, bewailed the innovation which Miss Purry was forcing upon them, but felt a righteous glow that, under the circumstances, they were doing so nobly on behalf of Mrs. Slosher.

Mrs. Mason, who was a little, dry, jerky woman whose skin creaked when she rubbed it, whose voice scratched and whose whole personality suggested the rasp of saw-filing, was by her own confession actuated by less affectionate motives.

"I'm glad of it!" she snapped. "Mrs. Slosher is always talking about their superb river view and the general superiority of the Slosher location, the Slosher residence, the Slosher everything! I'm glad of it!"

The other ladies felt that Mrs. Mason was very catty.

At four o'clock that afternoon Johnny entered in his book:

"May third. To seven hours—nine hours behind schedule—$35,000. To Purry speculation, $210,000."

To offset this was:

"May third. To a chance, $0."

V

SITTING tight and watching the hands of his watch go round, with a deficit of five thousand dollars an hour piling up against him, was as hard work as Johnny Gamble had ever done; and yet he knew that, if he succumbed to impatience and went to the De Luxe Apartments Company before they came to him, he would relinquish a fifty per cent advantage. He saw another day slipping past him, with a total deficit of sixteen hours behind his schedule—or an appalling shortage of eighty thousand dollars—when, at one o'clock on Thursday, the expected happened—and a brisk little man, with a mustache which would have been highly luxuriant if he had not kept it bitten off as closely as he could reach it, dropped in, inquired for Loring, jerked a chair as close to him as he could get it and said, in one breath:

"Want to sell your river-view property?"

"Certainly," replied Loring, in whose name the property stood. "Mr. Gamble is handling that for me. Mr. Chase, Mr. Gamble."

Mr. Chase, holding on to his chair, jumped up, hurried over to Johnny and once more jerked the chair close up.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

"Two hundred and seventy-five thousand."

"Too much. I understand it's restricted to apartment-house purposes alone?"

"Yes."

"Not less than ten stories and a minimum rental of three thousand dollars a suite?"

"Yes."

"You can't sell it for that price with those restrictions."

"We can build on it," replied Johnny calmly.

"You won't," asserted Mr. Chase with equal conviction. "You bought it to sell. I'll give you two hundred and fifty thousand."

"No," refused Johnny quite bravely, though with a panicky feeling as he thought of that appallingly swift schedule.

"All right," said Chase. "I'll hold the offer open at that figure for forty-eight hours. I think you'll come to it."

"I doubt it," responded Johnny, smiling; but he was afraid he would.

In less than an hour he received an unexpected call from Mrs. Guff, who was in such secret agitation that she quivered like jelly whenever she breathed.

"Mr. Guff and myself have decided to take Miss Purry's river-view property off your hands," was the glad tidings she conveyed to him, smiling to share his delight. "We can't think of letting that river view slip by us."

"I'm glad to hear it," he announced with gratification, as he thought of Mr. Chase. "Have you secured the consent of your partners in the option to waive the apartment-house requirements?"

"Oh, no!" she ejaculated, shocked that any one should think that possible. "We have decided to build the apartment house and to live there."

"To live there!" he repeated, remembering the elaborate Guff residence.

"Yes, indeed!" she enthusiastically exclaimed. "You know the property slopes down to the river beautifully, and exquisite private terraced gardens could be built there. We could take the entire lower floor of the apartment building for ourselves, with a private driveway arched right through it; and we could take the first three floors of the rear part for our own use, with wonderful Venetian balconies overlooking the terraces and the river. The remaining apartments would have entrances on the two front corners, leaving us all the effect of a Venetian palace. Don't you think that's clever?"

"It is clever!" he repeated with smiling emphasis, and mentally raising Chase's ultimatum ten per cent.

"I suppose you'll want to charge us more for the property than you paid for it," she suggested with a faint hope that maybe he might not, since he had bought it so recently—and through them.

(Continued on Page 61)



"She's Dreadfully Romantic; But the Poor Child's Afraid She Never Will Have a Chance on Account of Her Snub Nose"

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

BITING A BITER

MANUFACTURERS: Can you use more capital to advantage? Do you want to double your output? If you are a going concern, with fair credit, manufacturing any article of general use, we can supply you with additional capital to any reasonable amount and double your output. Don't delay!"

Twice before, E. Addison Humphrey had noticed this announcement printed in bold type on the want-ad page of the Big Rapids Express. He was a going concern, manufacturing an article of general use—to wit, a patent wooden oven. Naturally he wanted to double his output and he needed more capital quite badly.

"It's perfectly ridiculous!" he grumbled to his wife. "Here's no end of business waiting to be done—no end of people ready to buy my ovens; but I can't make any more ovens without enlarging my plant and I can't sell any more ovens without more working capital. If I enlarge the plant I won't have any more working capital, and if I have more working capital I can't enlarge the plant. For lack of about fifty thousand dollars I keep tripping myself up and falling on my nose."

The first time he read the advertisement, however, it sounded so much like a fairy tale that he merely wondered what the game might be. The second time it made a more lasting impression. The third time he dropped a note to the address given—a post-office box in Chicago. At any rate, he told himself, that would cost only a two-cent stamp.

Five days later he received a brief, businesslike reply on the neatly engraved letter-head of Halleck & Company, Bankers, at an address on Dearborn Street, Chicago. The reply said that, having looked up the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company and found it met their requirements, Mr. Halleck would take pleasure in calling upon Mr. Humphrey at Vale the following Thursday.

Mr. Halleck's double chin was considerably bigger than his chin proper. This feature, together with a flat nose and unusually protuberant brown eyes set low in the sloping expanse of head, gave him an odd resemblance to a frog. His manner, however, was unassuming, candid and amiable.

"How much additional capital could you use to advantage, Mr. Humphrey?" he inquired as soon as he had introduced himself at the oven inventor's modest little office.

"A hundred thousand dollars," Addison replied—although his dearest dream was really fifty thousand.

"We can get it for you," said Mr. Halleck complacently. Clasping his fat hands across his ample stomach he added with a good-natured smile: "Probably you'd like to know how we're going to do it. How many inhabitants are there in this town, Mr. Humphrey?"

Addison did not see the connection, but replied that the population of Vale was about fifteen hundred.

"Go over 'em in your mind, Mr. Humphrey," the banker counseled, "and tell me how many you can pick out that have got anywhere from five to twenty-five thousand dollars in such shape that they can lay their hands on it and at the same time are not engaged in any very strenuous business—I mean retired farmers, fellows with a little stake who are only puttering round, and so on."

"Why, I suppose I could pick out a dozen," Addison replied after a minute's reflection.

"Exactly," said Mr. Halleck. "It's the same way in every little town and medium-sized town all over the United States, Mr. Humphrey. This is a mighty rich country and Wall Street ain't got it all by a long shot—not yet. The country's full of fellows with a little stake who've got plenty of leisure—retired farmers and so on. It's our business to find those fellows. Here you are, located in Vale, with a fine, promising business that only needs more capital and a larger outlet to make a big success. Here's John Smith, of Vale, with five thousand dollars that he's getting six or seven per cent on and nothing very much to do. He wouldn't invest his five thousand dollars with you—not in a million years! He sees your plant every day—sees you every day. Probably he thinks you're punk. He wouldn't invest with you. We tell him about a plant to make onion oil down in Texas—a fine, promising business that only needs a little more capital and a bigger outlet to make a big success. He'll go right in for that. The Texas man, next door to the onion plant, will go right in for your wooden-oven business up here in Vale. That's human nature, Mr. Humphrey."



"By Jolly! Jimmy Wicketts Has Went and Hung Himself!"

"Well, sir, I guess you're right about that," said Addison who, in fact, had been led to the same conclusion by his own experience in attempting to raise capital at home.

"Now, you take the fellows I'm speaking about, Mr. Humphrey," the banker continued placidly—"the retired farmer who's had to fight hail and drought and chinch bugs, and so on; the fellow who's made a little stake and sold out and is puttering around—that fellow, the world over, thinks a regular salary is a passport to the earthly paradise. There are a million men in the United States, Mr. Humphrey, who'd rather be postmaster at a thousand dollars a year than be President. How many men are there here in Vale who think a regular salary of a hundred dollars a month is the same thing as owning the mint?"

"Well, a good many, no doubt," said Addison who again didn't see the connection.

"Exactly; so here's what we do," said Mr. Halleck—puffing gently, for he had stooped over and lifted a silver-bound morocco case from the floor: "We sell a man five thousand dollars' worth of stock in your company and we give him the agency for the sale of your ovens in a certain district—say, a dozen counties, a Congressional district, a state—depending on population and so forth. We give him the agency in that district for ten years at a regular salary of a hundred dollars a month."

The inventor looked rather startled as he calculated that, if Mr. Halleck appointed twenty agents for him at a salary of a hundred dollars a month, the total salary charge would be twenty-four thousand dollars a year!

The banker, however, had taken a sheet of blue paper bearing a printed form out of the silver-mounted morocco case, and now offered it to the inventor, saying: "There's a sample contract." The document recited, in large, clear type, that blank company thereby appointed blank as its exclusive agent in blank territory for a term of ten years at a salary of one hundred dollars a month. Beneath, in small type, appeared various stipulations as to the duties of the company and of the agent. Among the latter was the following: "The agent agrees that his sales shall amount to at least twenty-five hundred dollars each month."

"You get the point?" Mr. Halleck observed with unruffled composure as Addison, having reached that clause, looked up at him. "If a man sells twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of your ovens in a month you can well afford to pay him a hundred dollars, for that would be a commission of only four per cent on his sales. If he don't sell twenty-five hundred dollars' worth you don't pay him the salary."

"I see," Addison murmured thoughtfully. "Do—er—do many of 'em read that clause before they sign?"

"Some do and some don't," Mr. Halleck replied placidly. "Some read it and object to it. In that case we say: 'Why, a live man ought to sell five thousand dollars' worth of these goods in a month. If you don't think you can sell twenty-five hundred dollars' worth you're not the man we're looking for. We want only live, energetic men.' After a man's been talked to in that strain a few minutes he usually swells out his chest like a pouter pigeon and signs right away. It's all straight and square and legal, Mr. Humphrey. It's fair enough too. Don't you think a live man ought to be able to sell twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of your ovens in a month?"

"Oh, sure! Sure he could!" Addison replied confidently. "Yes, sir; that oven will sell like hot cakes with the right man behind it!"

"Exactly," said Mr. Halleck complacently. "Well, then, we can get you what capital you need and we can get you a staff of good, live agents scattered over the country."

Addison paused a moment and inquired modestly: "What are your terms, Mr. Halleck?"

"Thirty-five cents," the banker replied as though that were rather a matter of course—"thirty-five cents on the dollar. We pay all expenses, you understand, and turn over to you sixty-five cents for every dollar of stock we place."

The arithmetical problem which these terms presented was so simple that Addison could have done it instantly in his head; but he worked it out on a sheet of paper because, for a moment, he couldn't think of anything else to do. If he issued a hundred thousand dollars of stock Halleck & Company would turn sixty-five thousand dollars over to him and retain thirty-five thousand for their services.

Mr. Halleck noticed the computation; and, as the inventor remained speechless, he observed calmly: "I believe you said you wanted to raise a hundred thousand dollars. In that case, of course, you would issue a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of stock. At sixty-five cents on the dollar it would net you ninety-seven thousand five hundred dollars."

"Seems to me," Addison ventured to suggest quite meekly, "thirty-five per cent is a pretty high commission." Indeed he felt curiously flattened out.

"For placing the stock of a practically unknown concern that's got nothing to speak of except prospects?" Mr. Halleck asked with good-natured sarcasm. "Where could you go to raise that amount of capital? Would your bank here help you to ninety-seven thousand dollars on any terms whatever? If your concern, Mr. Humphrey, was a hundred times bigger and better known than it is, and you went down to Wall Street to raise capital—and saw how they trimmed you there—you'd think we were amateurs!"

"Well, I suppose that's so—I suppose that's so," Addison assented.

"If we give you all the capital you need, Mr. Humphrey, and a new selling organization, and you can't win out against a thirty-five-per-cent commission, you might as well give up," said Mr. Halleck with perfect good nature.

"You're right there," the inventor assented heartily. He felt confident, indeed, that with plenty of capital he could win against anything. "But here's a difficulty, Mr. Halleck: I issue a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of new stock and you sell it. Then the control of the company will have passed out of my hands. Your people will hold a great majority of the stock."

This objection seemed really to surprise the banker.

"Why, of course, you wouldn't let control of the company pass out of your hands!" he said as though he were instructing an infant not to touch the hot stove. "If you issued a hundred and fifty thousand dollars of stock for me to sell you'd issue, say, two hundred thousand dollars to yourself, so you'd still have a majority of the stock."

The inventor looked rather embarrassed, realizing that Mr. Halleck must consider him very simple-minded; and the banker added indulgently: "You needn't deliver a dollar of stock to us until we've paid for it. You can send the stock to any bank in Chicago that you like, with

instructions to deliver it to us when we pay for it at the rate of sixty-five cents on the dollar. You take no chances whatever."

To that arrangement, certainly, there could be no objection; and after Mr. Halleck departed—with a contract duly signed, sealed and delivered—the principal doubt in the inventor's mind was as to whether the banker could really place the stock. That he was about to receive almost a hundred thousand dollars of capital seemed so much like going to a prince's ball in a magic coach with a fairy godmother that he could hardly believe it.

Mr. Halleck had mentioned thirty to sixty days as the period within which some returns might be expected. With delight, yet with doubt, Addison paced off the ground that would be occupied by the extension of his plant, drew up specifications, figured the cost of building and sent for estimates on the machinery. At the end of six weeks he received a terse, yet indescribably precious, notice from the Titanic National Bank of Chicago that Halleck & Company had taken up twenty thousand dollars of his stock, paying therefor thirteen thousand dollars, which sum lay to his credit in the bank.

Two days later he was notified that ten thousand dollars of additional stock had been taken up and paid for. By that time he had engaged, in Vale and near-by towns, three stonemasons, five bricklayers and four carpenters; he was wiring for carlots of building material and preparing to place a contract for new machinery.

Thereafter no week passed without bringing notice that Halleck & Company had taken up more stock and paid in more money to his credit. The vicinity of the oven plant was littered with stone, brick, mortar and lumber. Every morning before seven o'clock Addison was there to urge on the dozen workmen. Twice he ran over to Chicago on the night train to see with his own eyes how the new machinery was coming on. Hour by hour his dearest dream embodied itself in masonry, iron and wood. At last he was going to have an oven plant that would be something like. It was a very busy and a very happy time with him.

He had to have his breakfast at six o'clock. Frequently at noon he sent Lute Morrow uptown to get him a sandwich instead of going home to the midday dinner. Supper was more apt to be at eight o'clock than at the orthodox hour of six.

It was half past eight one evening in June. Mrs. Humphrey had already eaten and put the baby to bed. She sat at the table with her husband for company—noticing with solicitude that he was dead-tired as usual. He was very contented, however. At the rate they were going, he told her, the walls would be up within ten days. The machinery company promised to make a shipment by July fifteenth.

"That's good," she commented rather perfunctorily. "I hate to see you work so hard, Addy; and yet—well, thank Heaven, you're an honest man! I mean, if a man's making his money honestly his working hard doesn't matter. I heard a terrible thing today. Mrs. Wicketts has lost all her money."

"Why, how did that happen?" Addison inquired sympathetically.

"You know Jimmy has never been able to work much," Mrs. Humphrey continued gravely—Jimmy being the widow's grown son. "People here blame him for living on his mother and say he's lazy; but he's lame and half sick, and I don't believe he can work much. Maybe he isn't very bright, but he can't help that any more'n he can help being lame. It seems a concern down in St. Louis got hold of him through an advertisement. This concern appointed Jimmy agent for a company in Colorado that's making a new kind of berry crate. They gave him a contract by which he was to have a salary of a hundred dollars a month if he'd invest five thousand dollars in the company."

The fork slipped from Mr. Humphrey's nerveless hand and he gaped at his wife in helpless fascination. He had not deemed it necessary to tell her—or any one else in Vale—exactly how he was raising additional capital for his oven business.

"You know, all Mrs. Wicketts had was her little house and five thousand dollars in First National Bank stock," Mrs. Humphrey continued, her mind too absorbed in the story to notice her husband. "The bank stock paid eight per cent right along and she and Jimmy could just manage to live on that; but she sold her bank stock and put the money in this berry-crate concern. Of course it seemed a fine thing for Jimmy to earn a hundred dollars a month, besides getting dividends on the berry-crate stock; but the company has never paid him any salary, and down in the contract somewhere it says he isn't to have any salary unless he sells so many berry-crates—a great many more than he's ever been able to sell. Then it seems the company has about ten times as much stock as it ought to have, so there isn't much prospect of dividends. Mrs. Wicketts has mortgaged her house for five hundred dollars. When that's gone goodness knows what's to become of them! The poor woman is almost crazy. Mr. Reimer tells her that, though the whole thing is a swindle, it's doubtful whether the law could touch the men; anyway, that would take money—and she hasn't any. You wouldn't think it possible there could be such villains in the world, Addy, would you?" she concluded sadly, looking round at her husband. "Oh! I'm sorry I told you, tired as you are!" she added quickly and contritely—for Mr. Humphrey had turned pale.

Halleck & Company had already placed seventy thousand dollars of his stock, paying forty-five thousand five hundred dollars therefor into the Titanic National Bank. He had actually spent fifteen thousand dollars of this money and was under binding obligations to spend twenty thousand dollars more in completing the extension to his plant and installing the machinery for which he had contracted. He might possibly call off the deal with Halleck & Company, return them the money they had paid in and require them to return his stock; but in that case he must raise thirty-five thousand dollars from some other source to cover the payments he had already made and contracted to make in extending the plant. What other source was there? He could see none.

A fortnight after this conversation at the supper table, Mrs. Humphrey secretly consulted their physician about her husband. His condition alarmed her, she said; he looked all tired out—she was sure he was breaking down from overwork; yet any suggestion from her that he ought to see the doctor or take a rest made him angry; that was the most alarming symptom of all—he had grown so irritable and morose she hardly knew him.

The next morning's mail brought Addison two familiar envelopes—one bearing the return card of the Titanic National Bank, the other that of Halleck & Company. They contained notice that additional stock had been placed and paid for. Altogether, Halleck & Company had now sold one hundred thousand dollars' worth of the stock in five-thousand-dollar lots.

"Twenty of 'em—twenty," the inventor muttered as he glowered down at the list of his new stockholders. "I wonder how many Mrs. Wickettses and Jimmy Wickettses there are in the bunch?" Whereupon something gave his heart a sharp twist and he thought despairingly: "Why didn't I stop 'em two weeks ago when they had sold only seventy thousand dollars of stock? Why didn't I? Why don't I stop 'em now?"

He really couldn't answer those damning questions—except that, seeing no way out of the muddle, he had just sat still in a kind of gloomy paralysis and let the muddle grow. Sounds of building penetrated his office, but they gave him no pleasure. Nowadays, instead of eating and almost sleeping on the building job, he left the workmen to themselves.



Mr. Halleck Would Have Given Five Hundred Dollars for the Privilege of Greeting Mr. Humphrey With a Punch on the Nose



Workmen Dropped Their Tools One by One as the Inventor Went Along

Presently he dropped back into his dull paralysis and mechanically took up the matters on his desk which required attention. A little later he was aware that Lute Morrow had shuffled into the office, but he was aware of it only as one whose mind is otherwise employed may be aware of a chair or like article of furniture near by. Sounds which indicated that Lute was deliberately helping himself to a seat and lighting a pipe made only a vague impression upon his mind. Formerly—since it was evident that Lute wouldn't work except when he felt like it—Addison had tried to have him do his loafing outside the office; but latterly he had given up even that rudimentary attempt at discipline.

A minute passed; then Lute himself broke the silence by remarking thoughtfully: "By jolly! By jolly!"

"What's the matter with you now?" Addison grumbled absently and unsympathetically.

"Well, sir," Lute replied very deliberately—"Well, sir—by jolly!—Jimmy Wicketts has went and hung himself! They just found him."

Quite as though it were a continuation of the task he had in hand, the inventor reached into a drawer, took out some telegraph blanks and wrote two messages: One, addressed to Halleck & Company, said: "Sell no more stock; have made other arrangements; will see you soon." The other was addressed to the Titanic National Bank and read: "Deliver no more stock to Halleck & Company."

"Take these over to the railroad station and send 'em off right away," he instructed Lute, handing him the messages.

Rising from his desk at the same time, he proceeded through the old plant to the new extension. The first workman he addressed was plainly astonished, but laid down his tools after a moment's conversation. Successive workmen were astonished also, but dropped their tools one by one as the inventor passed along. At the end of half an hour the place was silent and deserted.

The remainder of the day Addison spent in his office, sending out for a sandwich at noon; but his occupation had no direct connection with the wooden-oven trade. About four o'clock he called Lute Morrow into the office and bade him sit down.

"I want you to go to Big Rapids on the evening train," he explained. "In the morning, step into the first third-class office building you see and rent deskroom for a month. Then get some circulars and letter-heads printed. Here's the copy." He took up a number of sheets of pencil-written manuscript and for half an hour went on amplifying Lute's instructions. "Now, as soon as you rent deskroom wire me your address and telephone number; and stay right there, so I can reach you by wire or 'phone, until I see you again," he concluded.

Having finished the business with Mr. Morrow, the inventor walked home at a leisurely pace, reaching the house before five o'clock. Mrs. Humphrey naturally mentioned the tragic affair of Jimmy Wicketts.

"Yes; it's too bad!" he said. "I suppose he couldn't stand the idea of having lost his mother's money." He spoke sympathetically, yet with a certain serenity. His wife noticed, indeed, that the extreme nervous irritation which had alarmed her seemed to have left him; he was quite like his old self.

"We've knocked off work at the plant," he informed her. "There's been a delay about the machinery; so I've decided to take a little vacation." He even smiled good-naturedly over the statement. "I've been sort of run down and out of sorts lately. I'm going to skip up north and go fishing for a week."

Mrs. Humphrey was delighted; it was exactly what she had most wished; she had seen for quite a while that he was going to break down if he didn't take a rest.

"Go tomorrow—before anything can turn up to prevent," she urged.

"I think I can get away day after tomorrow," he replied. "I've got to fix up two or three little things first. I'm going over to see Joshua Reimer about one of 'em after supper."

It was pleasant walking along the quiet village street under the maple trees and the inventor felt more peaceful than for many days. Passing the Wicketts house he saw crape on the door and was solemn, but not afraid.

He found Mr. Reimer sitting with his wife on the porch. The portly old lawyer was in his shirtsleeves, and his ample feet, incased in well-worn carpet slippers, were comfortably elevated to the porch railing. He retained this easy pose as the inventor came up the steps; but when he perceived the significant wink and nod which Addison delivered over Mrs. Reimer's head he recalled that he had an errand at the barn.

The inventor accompanied him thither and in the June twilight the two sat down on the steps that led into the haymow. There Addison related his experience with Halleck & Company, from the first reading of the advertisement to Luther P. Morrow's departure for Big Rapids.

"You see, I'm in a terrible fix," he concluded very soberly; "but I'm going to get out of it—even if I have to get into serious trouble with the Post-Office Department. Naturally I don't want to do that and I don't believe I'll have to. Probably it all depends—it all depends on whether the president of the Titanic National Bank is a human being. I've talked with him for half a minute a couple of times. He's a fat man and he looks human. I believe he is. Probably it all depends on that."

The lawyer plucked his grizzled goatee very thoughtfully.

"Well, you're taking a pretty long chance, Addy," he said gravely. "It's a pretty long chance. Still, the president of a big bank might be a human being—he might be."

The following evening Addison took the northbound train for his fishing expedition. He would change cars at Big Rapids, he told Mrs. Humphrey, but he didn't know just what part of the northern woods he would strike for. She mustn't mind if she didn't hear from him during the week.

His failure to leave an address proved excessively annoying to Halleck & Company. The afternoon of the third day following his departure that concern sent him a telegram, which, of course, was not delivered. The next forenoon they sent four telegrams—one addressed to Mr. Humphrey, one to Mrs. Humphrey, one to the First National Bank of Vale and one to Joshua Reimer, attorney. The three latter messages requested that E. Addison Humphrey's present address be sent by wire immediately. At two o'clock—after an hour and a half of painful waiting—Mr. Halleck managed to get long-distance telephone connection with Vale and informed Mrs. Humphrey that it was a matter of the most vital importance, both to himself and to Mr. Humphrey, that he should have the latter's address instantly. Mrs. Humphrey, however, received this exciting statement very coolly—Joshua Reimer having forewarned her that she mustn't pay the least attention to it. Mr. Halleck spent another hour getting telephone connection with Mr. Reimer, who thoughtfully advised him that, as nobody knew Humphrey's whereabouts, his best course would be to go to Big Rapids and ask all the conductors of northbound trains whether they had carried a passenger answering the inventor's description and at what point that passenger had alighted.

Mr. Halleck did, indeed, take a train—to Lurton; and by driving across the country he reached Vale at a quarter to six next morning, thus adding the loss of a night's sleep to his other afflictions. He noted at once that building operations had been suspended on the extension to the oven plant; but he failed to discover the least clue to the proprietor's whereabouts. He therefore took the noon train for Big Rapids; but what he learned there gave him no comfort and he returned to Chicago that night in a painful state of mind.

The next forenoon, however, he received a telegram from Mr. Humphrey dated at Big Rapids. It read: "Just arrived; hear you were inquiring for me; will go to Chicago tomorrow." The inventor also wired Joshua Reimer at Vale: "Meet me at Granger House, Chicago, half past nine tomorrow morning."

In the somewhat tarnished lobby of the Granger House, next morning, the lawyer and the inventor sat side by side. They had very little to say to each other and their occasional remarks were mainly of a casual, irrelevant character; but from time to time one or the other of them looked nervously at the big clock over the desk.

Addison at length gently cleared his throat and said quietly: "Well—it's ten minutes to ten. We may as well go."

The lawyer gave a little sigh and rose, with a vague notion that he would feel more comfortable if he were wearing his Masonic emblems, for he never went to funerals except as a member of that order.

In silence, shoulder to shoulder, they turned in at the monumental entrance of the Titanic National Bank and marched gravely up the broad marble steps. The big office of the bank was admired by many, but not by Mr. Reimer. His mind misgave and his heart sank as he looked about him. It was all white marble and bronze—beautiful, possibly, but quite cold and utterly dead. Here and there were benches, severe in design and of pure marble. Glancing at them, the lawyer almost whispered to his companion: "I suppose that's where they lay out the corpses." He forbore, however—remembering that Addison had enough depressing thoughts already.

In the president's anteroom Addison advanced to the bronze rail and gave his name and his companion's to the private secretary. Half a dozen men were there ahead of them, and for three-quarters of an hour—as one caller after another was admitted to the sanctum, while others were continually arriving—the gentlemen from Vale waited their turn. Meanwhile Mr. Reimer's heart sank lower. That there should be a real human being beyond the beautifully polished rosewood door on the other side of the bronze rail seemed to him extremely improbable.

The being—when their turn finally came—proved to be middle-aged, of a rather corpulent habit, bald and smooth-shaven, with eyes of a warm brown color in which Mr. Reimer thought he noticed a slight twinkle as Addison stepped up to the table. A twinkle, of course, would be very encouraging; and the room itself, with its paneled walls, rugs and fireplace, had a human suggestion; yet the president shook hands with him, upon Addison's introduction, in a perfectly wooden manner—quite as though his job consisted of shaking hands all day at five cents a shake.



"He's a Fat Man and He Looks Human"

Sitting at the president's table and leaning forward upon it, Addison rapidly and candidly recited his experience with Halleck & Company from the beginning to that present moment.

"It's true," he said in conclusion, "that I knew it wasn't exactly a square deal when I went into it; but I never really understood what it meant until that thing happened right in my own town. That brought it home to me and I made up my mind I'd square myself. I made up my mind I'd go to the penitentiary rather than have any Wicketts money in my pocket. This man Halleck goes into it in cold blood. It's his regular business. I don't think he deserves any consideration from honest men. I want you to help me out."

The president had listened without a word or motion, his eyes never shifting from the inventor's face. Now he only said calmly: "But I don't see that I can do anything."

"Sure, you can!" Addison replied eagerly. "All you need do is to lend me a hundred thousand dollars."

About fifteen minutes later the gentlemen from Vale went down the broad marble steps together. At the bottom of the steps Mr. Reimer turned and looked up into the great marble office with a most thoughtful air. With deliberation he removed his hat, passed his hand over his gray head and remarked: "Well, sir, I take off my hat to him. That man's a crackerjack. He's just as human—inside his shell—as you or I."

Parting from the lawyer at the monumental entrance, Addison went briskly to an office building on Dearborn Street, ascended to the fifteenth floor and entered a door marked Halleck & Company, Bankers.

He found himself in a large and handsomely furnished room containing eight or ten desks. At some of the desks young ladies were busily plying typewriters; at others young gentlemen were engaged in clerical operations. Upon a table at one side of the room lay the biggest stack of letters the inventor had ever seen. It was evident that Halleck & Company conducted an extensive business, in which his own affair was merely a detail. Three small rooms opened into this larger one, each having a ground-glass panel in its door with a name painted on the panel. Mr. Halleck's name appeared on the door of the corner room and, as soon as the inventor's presence was announced, Mr. Halleck's fleshy person and froggy face appeared.

Entering the corner room, Addison perceived that the banker was in so disturbed and inflamed a state of mind that he kept himself under control only by a vigorous exertion of will; in fact, Mr. Halleck would cheerfully have given five hundred dollars for the privilege of greeting Mr. Humphrey with a punch on the nose. At the same time he was aware that such a greeting might cost him far more than that sum. His face was a fine mottled purple; his eyes twinkled with wrath and he breathed with audible difficulty.

"First, what do you know about this?" he demanded when they were seated at the desk.

"This" proved to be a circular issued—as the heading announced—by Luther P. Morrow & Company, Investment Brokers, Quibly Building, Big Rapids. Below the heading appeared the injunction, in large type, "Save the Promoter's Commission!" The circular ran:

We can sell you five thousand dollars of stock in the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company at sixty-five cents on the dollar.

When the small investor buys stock through a promoter he pays par for it; but, as the promoter charges a commission of thirty-five per cent, the company receives only sixty-five cents on the dollar.

After mature deliberation, the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company has decided to sell its stock hereafter through us, thereby giving you this thirty-five per cent instead of giving it to the promoter.

If you purchase five thousand dollars of stock through us the company will appoint you its sales agent in any territory you may select and guarantee to pay you a salary of one hundred dollars a month, provided you sell twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of ovens monthly. The company can well afford to do this because one hundred dollars a month amounts to a commission of only four per cent on twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of goods—and the usual commission to salesmen is at least ten per cent.

Have you any friends or neighbors who might like to invest five thousand dollars and take an agency at a hundred dollars a month? If so you can buy the stock from us at sixty-five cents on the dollar and sell it to your friends on any terms you choose. Remember, that every five-thousand-dollar lot of stock carries an agency at one hundred dollars a month, provided the agent sells twenty-five hundred dollars' worth of ovens monthly. Write to us for sample contracts, prospectuses, and so on. Don't delay!

"Why, I know all about it," said Addison cheerfully, having glanced at the circular; "in fact I wrote it myself. Morrow is only an employee of mine."

Mr. Halleck's face became more deeply congested and for a moment he seemed undecided whether to blow up or have a fit.

While the banker struggled against a surge of emotions Addison continued with innocent geniality:

"You see, the way you rolled the money in to me opened my eyes. What's the use of selling ovens when I can make ten times as much, with half the trouble, by selling stock? It costs something to make ovens, let me tell you, and it takes hard work to sell 'em; but stock don't cost anything at all. Between you and me," he added confidentially, "I'm going to increase my capital to a million dollars. The stuff is going fine. That clause about getting their friends to invest has attracted quite a

(Continued on Page 69)

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The Vicious Circle Broken

THE decisive defeat of reciprocity in Canada was mostly due, no doubt, to a general disapproval of the United States. We have lynchings and Trusts; our political graft is not of the time-honored British pattern; we are extravagant, boastful, and frequently dine in our shirtsleeves. Our Lady of the Snows regards us, on the whole, with disfavor. When the Conservatives—aided by a few silly utterances here—raised the cry that reciprocity would lead to divorce from J. Bull and marriage with Uncle Sam, the lady indignantly rejected our proposals.

No one on this side the border need lament the decision. The trade agreement considered by itself was of small importance, offering us comparatively little either of gain or loss. It was chiefly important because it broke the vicious circle by which high protection had been maintained. With farm products virtually on the free list, the agricultural vote could hardly be depended upon any longer to support protection for the Steel Trust. This important effect of reciprocity will be saved, we think, in spite of Canada's veto. Farmers must read all future arguments for high protection in view of the recorded fact that the alleged benefits of that system were denied to them, so far as that was within the power of this Government.

Otherwise, reciprocity would have been important by way of introducing freer, more cordial business relationships with Canada; but in this respect, also, some benefits are saved. There still lingered among us a foolish notion that everybody else must admire us because we admired ourselves, and that American citizenship is a peerless boon for which all intelligent people must be openly or covertly athirst. Canada's refusal even to do business with us, lest that lead to political association, ought to extinguish this lingering notion. Whoever, after this election, talks of annexation as though Canada were ready to fall into our arms must be a surprising blockhead.

Conflicting State Laws

IF A MAN dies leaving a life-insurance policy payable to his "legal heirs" half a dozen different sets of persons may claim the insurance money, provided he had near relatives in that number of states, because a man's "legal heirs" in one state are not necessarily his heirs in another. Or, if the policy were payable to "wife and children" and he had married more than once, there might be different claimants under the laws of different states. Or, if his will gave a hundred thousand dollars of four and a half per cent bonds to each of three heirs who lived in different states and the heirs complied with the state laws, Heir A, living in New York where bonds are taxfree, would have a net income of forty-five hundred dollars a year; Heir B, living in a state where the tax on bonds was one and a half per cent, would have a net income of three thousand dollars; Heir C, living in a state that taxed bonds three per cent, would have a net income of fifteen hundred dollars.

This is not because the people of New York really hold an opinion different from that of the people of Illinois as to who a man's legal heirs should be, or what the phrase "wife and children" should mean, or even whether bonds should be taxed. It is because those matters are left to the legislatures, or rather to committees of the legislatures; and as a rule each committee has gone its own way, in cheerful disregard of what any other state was doing. A great many other examples might be cited of conflicting state laws for which there is no reason, which do no one any good and in the aggregate do much harm. The House of Governors, the American Bar Association, the National Civic Federation and commissioners appointed by several states "for the promotion of uniformity in legislation" are together making a beginning toward that standard and uniform state code concerning certain common interests which we really ought to have.

The Tumble in Steel

THE Sherman Act was passed in 1890. The United States Steel Corporation was organized eleven years later. The plan of organization was widely advertised beforehand. No intimation that it was illegal came from the Government. For years the corporation received more public attention than any other business concern, but no official finger was lifted against it; and in 1907, when it wished to purchase one of its chief competitors, President Roosevelt sanctioned the purchase. Year by year the stock of the corporation became more widely distributed until, at present, there are more than a hundred thousand holders of it. Employees were invited to invest their savings in the stock under a plan which also was widely advertised. At the date of the last annual report over twenty-six thousand employees had subscribed for stock—usually two or three shares apiece.

Following President Taft's Detroit speech, it was reported the Government would compel the corporation to disorganize in the same manner as the Standard Oil Company. This would mean that a man who had invested ten thousand dollars in a hundred shares of the corporation's preferred stock would surrender that stock and receive instead half of one share in a tinplate mill in Indiana, a share and a half in a blast furnace in Ohio, a share or two in a lake transportation company, a share or half a share in an Illinois wire mill, a couple of shares in a beltline railroad, two or three shares in a Minnesota iron mine—and so on. What could he do with this hatful of infinitesimal holdings in fifty or more widely scattered, unrelated concerns? He might sell them for whatever he could get—while the big insiders were working out a plan for a new combination.

The big insiders would have nothing whatever to fear. Reorganizing is their specialty and an important source of their profits; but a hundred thousand small stockholders would be up in the air. No wonder there was quite a rush to sell.

French and German Credit

THE debt of France, since 1870, has increased by eighteen billion francs, of which over eight billions are chargeable to the Franco-Prussian War. The total—thirty billion francs—is now decidedly the largest of all national debts and amounts to one hundred and fifty dollars for each inhabitant against Germany's debt of seventeen dollars a head.

Nevertheless, it is commonly said that France is stronger than Germany financially, and French bonds bearing three per cent have sold of late years as high as German bonds bearing three and a half per cent.

Financial strength, of course, is really a matter of quick assets, and the French gold reserve is three times as large as the German, giving Paris much greater financial power than Berlin. Moreover, the amount of readily investible surplus capital in France is greater than in Germany. In spite of crushing defeat, the French loan of 1870 was subscribed for twice over, and that of the next year thirteen times over.

The borrowing power of a first-class Government depends upon its access to supplies of investible capital and not upon its aggregate wealth balanced against aggregate liabilities. British consols, for example, sell under eighty cents on the dollar, not because British credit is in doubt, but because there are more consols than investors.

It is a rather odd fact that the "greatest military power in the world" has never had a war; but in forty years of peaceful existence the German Empire has created a debt of a billion dollars, while indebtedness of the states composing the empire has increased in a sum nearly as large. In comparison with population this is smaller than the increase of French debt; but France has borne the heavier load more easily. If both nations and England should simultaneously borrow upon a great war scale there would be some rare pickings for investors in Government bonds.

Crossing the Channel

TWO years ago, in July, a Frenchman attracted the world's attention by crossing the English Channel. Last month an Englishman aroused great enthusiasm in his own country by accomplishing the same journey under different conditions. M. Blériot flew over in thirty-seven minutes. Mr. Burgess swam over in twenty-two hours and thirty-five minutes. English papers published columns about it, and King George sent the swimmer a congratulatory message.

So many aviators have followed M. Blériot, even beating his time, that flying across the Channel in half an hour or so is now almost as commonplace as motoring to Dover. On the other hand, the first swimming of the Channel was accomplished thirty-six years ago by Captain Matthew Webb; and, though scores have attempted to repeat the feat, Mr. Burgess, in September, was the first to succeed. It took him nearly an hour longer than it had taken Captain Webb.

These Channel crossings illustrate the contrast between man's muscular and mental possibilities. Probably thirty-six hundred years ago there was somebody who could have swum the Channel and it would have taken him about twenty-three hours. Probably thirty-six hundred years hence there will be somebody who can swim it and it will take him about twenty-three hours.

Thirty-six hundred years ago men could make a living, such as it was, by mere bodily or mechanical exertion unmixed with gray matter. In the same way they can now make pretty much the same sort of living, and we venture to say that, thirty-six hundred years hence, the man whose labor involves no brain power will find that it takes him about twenty-three hours to get from the bread of Dover to the butter of Calais. We recommend this reflection to several hundred thousand boys who entered high school in September.

A Judicial Mind in Action

PRESIDENT TAFT'S Trust speech at Detroit exhibits the judicial temperament in its most discouraging state. He regards the Trust problem as virtually settled by the decisions of the Supreme Court in the oil and tobacco cases, which are "making those great combinations divide themselves into actually competing parts. . . . It needed these two great decisions to teach the business public that not in the supreme tribunal of this country would the claim be listened to that we have passed beyond the possibility of free competition. . . . I am glad to think that business men who have been violating the Trust law are now being made to see the necessity for changing their original organization, giving up the idea that it is necessary to control markets, and reverting to the old principle of free competition in which all limits upon it to prevent its being excessive must be self-imposed by the good sense of each competitor."

Clearly, Mr. Taft rests in a blissful assurance that unrestricted competition has been restored because the Supreme Court has said it should be. By looking into a lawbook he sees "business men giving up the idea that it is necessary to control markets and reverting to the old principle of free competition," and that completely satisfies him. The trifling fact that free competition has nowhere been restored except on paper disturbs him not at all. His innocent belief that the Trust problem is to be discovered in a law library rather than in the markets, and that tacking up some new signs on office doors conformably to a court decision quite solves the problem, exhibits the judicial temperament in its most hopeless aspect. His attention is fixed, not upon what is but upon what a court says shall be. Evidently no progress toward a solution of the actual problem is to be expected from Mr. Taft.

Statesmen and Inventors

IN THE introduction to his recent life of Pitt, J. Holland Rose suggests again the limited part played by statesmen and philosophers in either raising or settling the world's problems. When the Fathers earnestly debated what to do about slavery they were unaware of their obscure contemporary, Eli Whitney; but his invention of the cotton gin, five years later, multiplying the demand for negro labor, made futile the compromises which they put into the Constitution. Two years after Rousseau published his Social Contract, "the Bible of the French Revolution," a weaver named Hargreaves invented a spinning-jenny. Five years later Arkwright patented his spinning-frame. The same year in which the diamond necklace scandal fatally impaired the prestige of French royalty, Watt patented his double-acting steam engine. From these inventions arose the modern factory system, with great masses of labor confronted by great masses of capital—also the enormous increase in the world's productive power and wealth. Upon these things, no doubt, democracy and our largest social problems are really based, rather than upon Rousseau's political speculations and the poor judgment of Marie Antoinette. Napoleon's abdication is practically as far away from us as the death of Alexander the Great; but George Stephenson's first locomotive, brought forth in the same year, still daily exerts its power upon us economically, politically, socially, and raises a new problem every year.

If we were conservative we shouldn't bother a particle about the doings of statesmen and philosophers. We should be out with an ax after inventors.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Hypothetical Question

EVERYTHING depends on getting a good start. Therefore I make bold to say, off the reel, that San Francisco folks have the grandest little city, in the grandest little state, among the grandest little climate, the world has ever known. Also, to cinch it, that every other grand little thing about the city at the Golden Gate is abso-grand-lutely all right. Angels—not even Los Angeles—could say no more. Of course those angelic Los Angelics wouldn't say half so much, or a quarter; but I am free from those jealousies that must inevitably ensue when two cities are striving for the supremacy—oh, well; you know how it is yourself.

Having established myself in the prescribed manner I now place all and sundry in the witness box and hasten to propound a long and seemingly involved but really quite simple hypothetical question—not that there is anything hypothetical about the matter concerning which the question hypothets, you understand, but merely by way of discovering, as a guide for future deliberations and as an index to the object of the meeting, the consensus of opinion on a most important subject. Before beginning the evening's entertainment it must be explained that a hypothetical question, to have any standing whatsoever, must be of extreme length and as complicated as circumstances will admit. Otherwise it would descend to the level of a mere question asked for information. Such questions are of no consequence. One of the greatest fallacies of our day is the asking of questions for which you, the asker, do not know the answers. The only nourishing kind of questions to ask are questions for which you, the propounder, do know the answers. All hypothetical questions are nourishing.

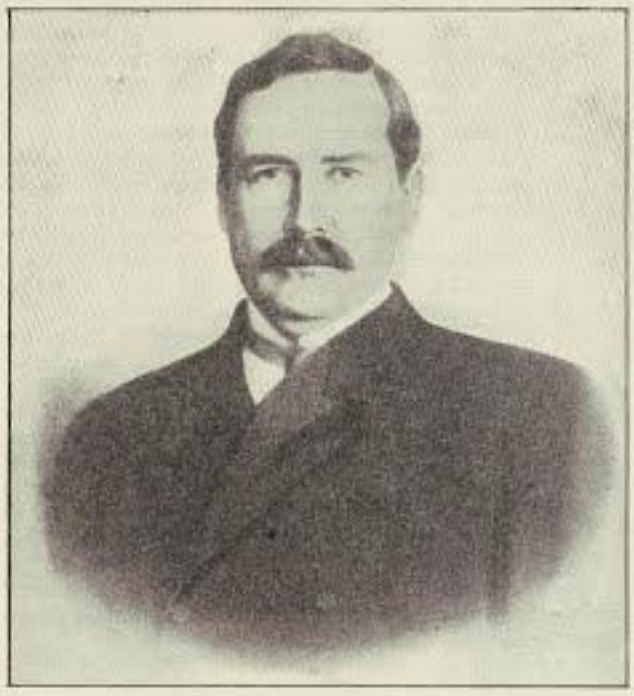
With this brief but illuminating introduction to the matter insistently at hand, I crave your kind attention.

Assuming you are fortunate enough to live in San Francisco—far be it from me to forget the San Francisco cue!—and a young man had grown up in your midst—speaking broadly and in a municipal sense, of course—and had gone into the machinery business as a clerk; and assuming this young man had observed that the machinery business, as conducted at that time, was in the hands of a number of estimable but mossy old gentlemen who appeared on the horizon in the Glorious Days of Forty-Nine or thereabout; and assuming this young man had realized there was a chance for a few methods in the machinery business that need not necessarily hark back to the Glorious Days of Forty-Nine; and assuming he had applied these methods and had displayed talents for salesmanship and organization that wakened said estimable but mossy old Forty-Niners from long and pleasant siestas and, in addition to selling steam engines and dynamos, was personally both an engine and a dynamo, and had grabbed a lot of business and had displayed such energy in getting plants in on time and doing what he said he would do that he completely revolutionized the machinery trade as well as getting a large share of it for his house, garnering a tidy fortune for himself coincidentally to the revolution, and coming to be known as a whale for organization, for energy and for capability ——

The Rest of the Question

ASSUMING all this, let us suppose your fair city—the same being San Francisco, mark you!—had a Chamber of Commerce that had cobwebs on it and was occupied principally in giving luncheons to itself and voting tin medals to its prominent members, which they had set with diamonds and proudly wore at subsequent luncheons while addressing those of the luncheon guests who were awake on the needs of the city in the way of commerce and trade, no address lasting more than three hours; and suppose a young man who had revolutionized the machinery trade had walked into said Chamber of Commerce, opened the windows, swept out the cobwebs, vitalized it, oxygenated it, made it a real Chamber of Commerce, changed the white corpuscles to red ones; had lined up the merchants and told them what was what and made the what stick, and had again displayed remarkable qualities for organizing and directing ——

Assuming this, suppose a fire and an earthquake had come along and devastated your city, and that the work of reconstruction had entailed the most tremendous labor, the most trying circumstances, and had brought out recuperative qualities that will always be the admiration of the world; and suppose further, in this upbuilding of a stricken city, the young man who had made a success of the machinery trade and had brought the Chamber of Commerce to life, had played a most conspicuous part; and that, after three years of heartbreaking labor, magnificent results had been attained and you wanted to celebrate a little and have some fun and had decided on a festival ——



The Answer to the Question

Suppose the giving of this festival, which was to be known as the Portola, was cumbered with do-nothing committees and bound with red tape, as well as depressed by conflicting ambitions and ideas, and a young man had stepped in and had straightened things out; and, when it was deemed advisable to get some foreign warships for the show, had gone abroad, breezed into headquarters and got them; and, instead of waiting for the circumlocutory methods of the Government, had said to the Lord High Chief of the Admiralty—if that is his title—"Send us a warship, old chap, will you?" and had secured a lot of them from various nations, thereby giving the festival an international importance and aspect ——

And assume again that, just when your city was getting on its feet after the frightful disaster by fire and earthquake, it had been discovered there was bubonic plague in some of its byways and a great fear had grown up that the plague would so frighten not only the people of the city but the people of the rest of the country and of the world that business would be driven away because yours was a plague port; and a young man, who had made a success of the machinery trade, and had reorganized the Chamber of Commerce, and had secured the warships for the Portola, had stepped in and raised a fund of a quarter of a million dollars and cleaned up the city—cleaned it from one end to the other by coöperating with the Government authorities in killing the plague-carrying rats and by forcing every housekeeper to take care of his garbage—and had exterminated whatever plague there was, and all without harm to business and with great benefit to the entire community—again, it may be remarked, displaying great talents for organization ——

And suppose the Government had decided to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Panama—a canal that will mean incalculable things to your city; a canal that will be the apotheosis of engineering, that must increase the commerce of your port—and you planned to celebrate the completion of that canal by an exposition greater, broader in scope and more important than any in the history of the world; suppose you had raised seventeen million dollars for that fair and had secured the consent and authorization of Congress for it; that you had four or five years in which to build it and wanted a man to head it who was a San Francisco man, who knew the spirit of San Francisco and California; who, knowing that spirit, was broad enough and big enough to understand the spirit of the whole country; who had made a success of business; who had the confidence and esteem of the community; who was an organizer and a result-getter; who had the courage to go ahead, undeterred by jealousies and conflicting ambitions; who was young, vigorous, loyal to his city, and who was not bound by insularity or swayed by prejudice; who had the skill to straighten out labor snarls and the diplomacy to keep edgewise ambitions in check ——

Suppose you wanted a man to be president of that exposition you had raised the money for and had decided to hold; a man big enough for the job and big enough to make it all you had hoped and dreamed it would be; a business man, but a man who appreciated the artistic requirements of the situation as well—a big, broad-minded, hustling, vital man ——

Supposing all these things, whom would you select to be president, and general manager, and responsible head and whole thing for that fair?

Answer—I knew it all the time—Charles C. Moore!

The Oocuck Clock

"MY HUSBAND," said a Washington woman, "is the handiest man about the house I ever knew. He can do anything. Why, only the other day he took the cuckoo clock apart, cleaned it and put it together, and now it runs beautifully."

"All right again, is it?" asked a bored friend.

"Oh, yes, all right; except, of course, he did get the oo before the cuck when it tells the time."

A Near Compliment

A SCIENTIST who has a wide reputation, both national and international, for his achievements was in New Mexico and met a most charming young lady to whom he soon became very attentive. The young lady was born in New Mexico and thoroughly of the soil.

The scientist, anxious to impress his claims to fame on the object of his attentions, showed her his scrapbook, which contained many articles reviewing his labors in all parts of the world. The young lady read attentively. Then she turned to the scientist and said: "Why, they talk about you almost as much as they did in the local papers when Buddie Rhodes won the roping contest at the Jokewell Ranch last year!"

Good Paddling

JUDGE WILLIAM L. DAY, of the Federal bench in the northern district of Ohio, and his brother Luther, also a lawyer—sons of Mr. Justice Day, of the United States Supreme Court—were in different grades in the school at Canton, Ohio, where they were raised.

They were lively boys; and one day Luther's teacher, much flustered, appeared before the principal and tearfully demanded the paddle kept there for use in extreme cases of insubordination among the pupils.

"I must have it!" she exclaimed. "I cannot stand the actions of Luther Day any longer."

"I regret I cannot give it to you," replied the principal, "but Willie Day's teacher just took it for use on him!"

A Lucid Account

A MAN from the interior of Missouri journeyed to St. Louis and saw a ball game between the Browns and another club that went to an eleven-inning tie, with the score nothing to nothing.

When he got home he was much excited over what he had seen, and he talked to a friend about it.

"Was it a good game?" he was asked.

"I reckon it was the best game ever played. Why, sir, them two passels of boys jist played and played until dark, and nary one made ary one."

Arms Made to Order

A UNITED STATES SENATOR, worth millions which he made rapidly, has a coat-of-arms recently acquired. He gave a large dinner party one night. His coat-of-arms was emblazoned in gold on the top of the dinner cards. The lady who went in with the Senator, the wife of another Senator, observed the insignia when she picked up her dinner card and exclaimed: "How pretty!"

"Yes," replied the Senator proudly, "I think it is rather neat. My wife invented it."

Mudd, of Maryland

THE late Sydney Mudd, of Maryland, was on a train going from Washington to his home when a man who had had too much to drink sat down beside him. The passenger blinked at Mudd for a moment. Then he lurched over and asked: "Shay, whash your name?"

"My name is Mudd," he replied.

"The devil you say!" said the other. "You got nothin' on me. My name's Dennis."

REUBEN IN NEW YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



"It Distresses Me to See My Name in Print, But I Trust You Will Appreciate That This is of Sufficient Importance to Command a Place on the Front Page"

A GREAT many people have lived in New York all their lives. Naturally, therefore, the fact of living in New York does not impress them. They take it as a matter of course. But many other people have lived in New York only a short time and are tremendously impressed with the fact. They want you to know at once that they are New Yorkers, and the method of conveying that information which most readily occurs to them is to say something disparaging about the rest of the country.

The other evening, for example, I was casually introduced to a gentleman who seemed amazingly familiar with stage affairs on Broadway.

"Do you know," he inquired presently, "that Chicago has never sent more than two musical comedies here that New York has accepted?"

Considering what musical comedies usually are, I supposed this was much like saying Chicago had never favored New York with more than two cases of smallpox that had spread; but my new acquaintance had an entirely different view of the matter.

"We must admit," he added with a superior smile, "that Chicago is all right for packing pork; but when it comes to the drama she's just a jay town. They have no taste out there."

The observation at once enlightened me. "And how long is it," I inquired, "since you left Chicago?"

"Oh," he replied fondly, "I've been living in New York nearly two years now."

You see, I hadn't risen to the bait. Although he had the names of Broadway shows and show-people at his tongue's end, I might still suppose that he was a mere Westerner. He was aching to state explicitly that he was a New Yorker, and disparaging Chicago was the most obvious means of satisfying that ambition.

From a man's readiness to assert his metropolitanism by sneering at the West you can usually calculate quite accurately the length of his residence in New York and about how far in the interior he came from. If he speaks of that portion of the United States lying west of the Hudson as "the provinces," or "the hinterland," you may assume that he was reared near the ninetieth degree of west longitude and has been living in New York about five years.

New York No Wickeder Than Peach Tree Crossing

IN THE railroad eating house or the dining room of a country hotel, who is it that insists upon drawing your attention to the circumstance that the horny-handed, bush-bearded guest opposite is eating pie with a knife? Naturally it is the person who discovered only year before last that the fork is a more conventional implement. It is the citizen with his first bathroom who nearly dies laughing over the joke of the farmer's Saturday-night bath. It is Reuben back from town who finds the homely ways of hardworking country folks excruciatingly funny and who cannot contain his amusing rediscovery that the village hotel is short of towels.

Once upon a time, when the country boy went to town and wrote to the boys at home he dwelt upon those phases of town life falling under his observation which are most obviously different from country life. Of course the phases of town life which are most obviously different from country life, and which would most readily fall under the observation of an inquisitive but undisciplined country boy, do not give a really comprehensive view of the town. Reuben's letters, in fact, conveyed an impression that the town was a very devil of a place; but town and country get nearer together all the time and understand each other better. Since 1890 the passenger-miles on steam railroads have nearly trebled and the interurban trolley has come up. Going to town is not so much of an event as it used to be. The typical "hayseed" of today is rather more apt to tell the city man what ails his stalled automobile than he is to blow out the gas. I don't suppose there is an intelligent farmer in the United States today who thinks that New York is any wickeder than Peach Tree Crossing. He knows it's simply bigger.

In two particulars only does New York differ materially from any other urban community in the northern part of the United States. It differs from all of them in being larger, and it differs from some of them—as Boston and Philadelphia, for instance—in being much more Western; naturally, since it is, to so considerable a degree, populated from the West. New York's business, politics, art, vice and "society" are the business, politics, art, vice and "society" of Grand Rapids and Omaha projected on a larger scale—the projection being accomplished in part by people from Omaha and Grand Rapids.

One further difference exists which, however, is merely an effect of size and is not material. There are fewer tall buildings in Omaha and Grand Rapids to obscure the view of those cities as to where their bread and butter come from. The dullest of their inhabitants can see it coming all the time. Consequently their attitude toward the greater communities upon which they live is, on the whole, somewhat more cordial and respectful. In New York, too, men of sound vision see clearly enough where the bread and butter come from. They know well enough, if there were nothing worthy of human interest and admiration beyond the Hudson and East River, what lies between those streams would be of interest only to some speculative junk dealer. But the crowds and tall buildings obstruct some duller eyes. Hence we find an amusing little affectation of self-sufficiency and patronage toward the rest of the country. This is not material, because every fact in the case laughs at it, and the rest of the country, broadly speaking, takes it for just what it is worth. But it may be rather readily adopted by a person bulging with a new consciousness of metropolitanism. The blackboard boy in a broker's office may innocently assume that the trans-Hudson country is merely a border for New York; but the banker upon whose favor the broker hangs is under no such delusion. At least it is to be hoped not; for it is a delusion which has led two or three metropolitan bankers into highly disagreeable predicaments.

Of course there are some things that cannot exist at all except, so to speak, in bulk. Those things, naturally, New York has. But every schoolboy knows that New York would collapse like an empty sack if you should squeeze the hinterland out of it. Even its most distinguished institutions, such as the Metropolitan Museum, the Metropolitan Opera House and the New Theater, have been nourished by money from the country. It is true that in some instances the nourishing funds were extracted without the country's sanction. At the moment of making the contribution the country was sound asleep with its pants injudiciously near an open window. This is one reason why it is such bad taste to jeer at the country when it comes in to enjoy the art its funds have provided, or to reprobate it for not having art on so extensive a scale nearer home. That is like "lifting" a man's watch and then mocking him for not knowing the time.

One of the most notable and costly collections of paintings in the museum was supplied by a gentleman who is said to have peevishly wished the public to be damned even while it was dutifully paying dividends on the copiously watered stock of his railroad. Now what in the world could satisfy such a man? The attitude certainly is grossly unbecoming. Not less unbecoming is it to taunt the country with not having so many fine paintings at home. If it had been luckier in the matter of keeping its own money it might have owned more paintings.

The display of art in New York is richer than in any other city. Wouldn't it be amazing if this were not so? It is impracticable to bisect a painting so that two towns may have a sample of it; and to exhibit a whole painting by itself is unprofitable as compared with the profit of exhibiting many paintings together. Even if the hinterland had contributed the money voluntarily, New York, as the place where most people go, would naturally have the most paintings. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if, in proportion to population, as many Omahans as New Yorkers are acquainted with the contents of the Metropolitan Museum. This is equally true of opera. It is true all round. Cut off the hinterland and nothing would be left.

Now the hinterland is good-naturedly aware of this and has a proper proprietary interest in preventing the ruin of its chief city. Those of it who are so inclined come to New York to see paintings and opera; others, of a different inclination, come to patronize musical comedy and lobster palaces. And may it not be true that still others do both? I happen, in fact, to be acquainted with genuine New Yorkers who do both. They may explain the lobster, on and off the stage, as a characteristic diversion of the hinterland which it amuses them once in a while to witness; while the hinterlander explains it as a characteristic diversion of New York which it amuses him once in a while to witness. As a matter of fact, the person who imagines an essential difference between New York and the interior either never knew either or has forgotten what one was like before having become fully acquainted with the other.

Duck for Duck and Tripe for Tripe

"SOCIALLY," of course, they are practically the same. In any Western city those who are able to entertain lavishly and enjoy spending their money that way naturally get together—on much the same principle that a boy with a bagful of "glassies" will not play marbles with a boy having only "brownies" if he can find another boy who has glassies also. As I recollect it, for a nickel you could get three times as many brownies as glassies. Obviously, therefore, if glassie played with brownie, marble for marble, he would be giving odds of three to one—a highly unbusinesslike proposition. Or, if brownie staked three marbles to glassie's one, glassie, if he had any luck at all, would soon become surfeited with brownies. The only satisfactory arrangement was for brownie to play with brownie and glassie with glassie. So, socially, the only permanently satisfactory arrangement is to stake canvasback against canvasback and tripe against tripe, and thus preserve an even balance.



A Boy With a Bagful of "Glassies" Will Not Play Marbles With a Boy Having Only "Brownies"

Of course there may not always be enough glassies immediately at hand to get up a good game; or, on the score of extreme personal liking or merely for the sake of a little variety, a brownie may now and then come in. But the relation between wealth and the Four Hundred, or the Smart Set, or whatever the most-advertised social crowd may be called, is so intimate and basic that, though some persons with little money may be admitted, no person with much money can finally be kept out. Any person with money—unless he positively chews tobacco in company or is constitutionally unable to remain sober up to half-past eleven—is sure of getting in if he wants to. Sometimes he loses his money, thereby automatically losing his eligibility. Sometimes he dies ere reaching the goal; but in that case his heirs get in.

The money itself is entitled, in fee simple, to admission. Its immediate possessor may not care to exercise the right, or he may be so grievously handicapped by unpleasant habits that "society" enters a sort of stay against him—something like the "conditions" which an undergraduate must work off. If he personally fails to overcome the handicap the right simply descends to his children along with the fortune. If the fortune remains in the family the family is certain of getting in, if so minded. The money carries with it at least the reversion of a seat in the

most-advertised social circle. To understand this simple fact is to understand the Four Hundred—in New York and elsewhere—as a public phenomenon.

In New York, it is true, the probationary period may be somewhat longer; but this is simply an effect of size. The word "exclusive," so joyously applied to much-advertised society, does not refer to the people who are in, but to the people who are out. New York "society" is more exclusive because there are more people in New York to be excluded. The glassies are so numerous that a very good game can be kept going without taking them all in. This condition suggests to the popular imagination a vast accumulation of wealth; and from that suggestion New York's Four Hundred derives its superior advertising power and its whole advantage over Omaha's Four Hundred or Denver's.

Since money constitutes eligibility, to exclude anybody with money strikes the superficial observer as mere wanton cruelty. As he looks at it, the Four Hundred should reason thus: "Here is the Jones family that has just made twenty millions, which is an admission ticket the validity of which we must finally acknowledge. Why shouldn't we acknowledge it immediately, take the Joneses in, persuade Jones to leave off chewing tobacco, and do our best to make them tolerable members of the circle, instead of keeping them out there on the doorstep to nurse up wrath which they may seek to vent in some unpleasant manner when we are finally obliged to honor the ticket?"

But this superficial view overlooks the prime element in the situation. "Society" obviously cannot be exclusive without excluding somebody. What maintains the Four Hundred is not so much itself as Jones—on the doorstep. To exclude is the strength of its position.

Why are the Joneses anxious to get in? As a matter of fact, poor Jones isn't. He is merely a martyr to his female relatives; but the desire of Mrs. Jones and the girls to get in refers mostly to the people who are out. They are thinking less of the effect upon themselves of their admission to "society" than of its effect upon cherished friends



The Typical "Hayseed" is Apt to Tell the City Man What Ails His Stalled Automobile

who are not admitted. The compelling thought in their minds is not that they will be in the same room with the Bullions, but that persons quite unacquainted with the Bullions—poor, dear Mrs. Smith, for one—will know they have been in that exclusive company.

Being in the same room with the Bullions, I am informed, is a joy which of itself would scarcely seduce even the feeblest mind; in fact, it is rather well known the Bullions themselves think so poorly of it that neither of them will stay in the same room with the other except upon compulsion. The really seductive joy arises from a knowledge that many people who can't get in will know one is there.

This brings us back to the gist of the matter, which is that a crowd outside is the essential condition of a Four Hundred's being, and a Smart Set is created less by the people who are in than by those who are out. Indeed, persons who pretend to a first-hand knowledge of the subject assert that a Four Hundred constantly develops centrifugal forces of alarming potency, so that at least one hundred and fifty never meet another hundred and fifty without having their fingers crossed. What Mrs. A. tells Mrs. B. about Mrs. C., who is engaged in telling Mrs. D. something about Mrs. A., while Mrs. E. is snubbing Mrs. F. and Mr. G. is surreptitiously selling out on his fellow pool-member, Mr. H., whose gallant attentions to Mrs. I. have become a subject of sociable comment—all this would disrupt a body which was not subject to some powerful cohesive force. In this case the cohesive force is supplied by the crowd outside.

There is only one way to attract a crowd, and that is by advertising in some form or other. The "society" instinct, as distinguished from a merely social instinct, is largely a feminine gift. I suppose it is an instinctive appreciation of the relationship between "society" and advertising quite as much as it is an innocent vanity that leads many well-intentioned gentlewomen to seek publicity for their society affairs. Any experienced newspaper man will confirm my statement that the pressure for such publicity is quite pathetic. Little Mrs. Johnson can't see why her party shouldn't have at least four or five lines when Mrs. Bullion's has a whole column.

No doubt the newspapers, having only a limited space at their disposal, must draw the line somewhere. Lacking the courage to draw it at Mrs. Bullion, they draw it at Mrs. Johnson. This causes no end of trouble. In the first place, it troubles Mrs. Johnson. Her husband—being, say, a modest haberdasher—may be an advertising patron of the paper. She troubles him and he troubles the advertising solicitor. Indeed, I have seen good, diligent advertising solicitors leave the editorial department almost in tears because, on final appeal to the managing editor, that potentate had ruthlessly thrown on the floor some innocent little society notice which an advertising patron—set on by his womenfolks—had intrusted to the solicitor.

I am satisfied that in actual news-value Mrs. Johnson's party is about equal to Mrs. Bullion's. Pause, reader, and reflect whether you have ever in your life met an intelligent person whose interest in the Four Hundred was any different from his interest in the circus or a prize fight. I do not believe any such person exists, and nobody cares much to read about the mere dining and dancing of circus men and prize fighters. One reason why newspapers exploit Mrs. Bullion's party, while ignoring Mrs. Johnson's, is that some newspaper proprietors are themselves immediately under the influence of persons afflicted with society ambitions; and what one newspaper does, many newspapers must do.

If one has a "comic supplement"—no matter how sad—others must instantly have comic supplements. If one prints sporting news on a colored sheet, others must do the same. If one plays up Mrs. Bullion's party, some others are troubled by a suspicion that they'll get left if they don't play it up too.



What Maintains the Four Hundred is Not So Much Itself as Jones—on the Doorstep

Where News Stories are Hatched

ANOTHER and more cogent reason is that the Four Hundred is a source of real news, and wherever there is a constant source of real news an alert paper will shape its organization to cover it. For example, a popular newspaper may cover the ordinary day-to-day doings of Wall Street only in the most perfunctory way, for which purpose any bright office-boy with a pair of scissors and a pastepot would answer; yet the paper keeps its own special, experienced men in the Street because at any moment a big piece of news may develop there. So, though the merely routine doings of the Smart Set may be quite negligible, a first-rate story may develop in that quarter at any time and the paper wishes to be in a position to cover it to the best advantage. It may care very little about the Bullion dinner party, but about the Bullion divorce case it is truly solicitous. This, I believe, is the explanation of that otherwise inexplicable phenomenon, the metropolitan society reporter.

In a news emergency it is a great advantage to a paper to have on its staff some one acquainted with the scene and the personnel. Suppose, for example, there is report of a row between Mr. Morgan and Mr. Hill. That would be a delicate sort of affair and the persons most likely to know about it would be least likely to discuss it openly in print. A strange reporter wouldn't even know the most likely persons to see; and if he went to them they wouldn't talk. But an experienced reporter probably would have long sustained friendly relations with some knowing person. The person would trust the reporter's discretion. Possibly, in fact, he would be very happy to further the row if he could do so without showing his hand. So he would tell the reporter what started the trouble and at what minute Mr. Morgan hit Mr. Hill in the ribs with an inkstand.

The society reporter stands in somewhat the same relation to the Four Hundred. As an important instrument of publicity he—or, as a rule, she—is usually treated very considerately in those exclusive circles. Besides the society reporters, every really bang-up Four Hundred has its own special corps of press agents. The professional ones—technically known as social secretaries—receive salaries. But there is also a devoted band of amateur press agents who receive no compensation in money. Like immortal Tommy Tupper, they sing for their supper; and they are very often more effective than the paid professionals.

I am quite aware that the Four Hundred themselves disclaim any ambition to appear in print. The newspapers, they say, are bound to publish things about their parties and migrations anyway, and they maintain this somewhat expensive publicity organization merely in order that the papers may get the details right. Every journalist is acquainted with the reluctant contributor of news concerning himself.

"Of course," says the reluctant contributor solemnly to the city editor, "I would very much prefer that you didn't print a word about the matter which I am about to divulge; but I'm sure you'll find out something or other about it sooner or later, and then you'll get it all mixed up. In order that you may publish an accurate account—since you're bound to publish some account—I've written down the facts here to the extent of about two columns and a half. It distresses me to see my name in print, but I trust you will appreciate that this is of sufficient importance to command a place on the front page. By-the-way, here is my latest photograph—for I suppose you're bound to print a picture of me anyway."

If the most advertised society were as loftily indifferent to print as its apologists fondly assert, why should it care a rap whether the newspapers got the details right or wrong? If the press were a matter of supreme unconcern to Mrs. Brown-Johnston, why should it pain her that the press said there were thirteen guests at her dinner instead of only twelve—or even printed her name Johnson? It may be set down as an axiom that nobody goes to the trouble and expense of maintaining a publicity organization unless they are convinced that it pays to advertise.

Of course the papers continually print things about members of the Smart Set that are exceedingly disagreeable to the members, but this is an inevitable penalty of that publicity which the members foster. Whoever appears much in print is invested with a certain news value. For instance, if you become celebrated as the inventor of a flying machine, your elopement with the cook is good news, while an uncelebrated person's is not. Long ago a maid, employed by a now sainted lady who figured largely as a "society leader," was stricken with smallpox in the lady's house. I've forgotten how we found out about it, but that is immaterial. It became my painful duty to telephone the lady—merely as an evidence of good faith—and inquire whether she had any sentiments on the subject that she cared to divulge to the public. She protested passionately that the smallpox was merely her own and the maid's private affair.

"I have always," she pleaded, "given Miss So-and-So"—the paper's society reporter—"all the assistance and



Who is it That Insists Upon Drawing Your Attention to the Guest Eating Pie With a Knife?

ECONOMICAL DELICIOUS



Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10c.—sizes (except in the Far West)—15c.

A delicious and economical variation to the table; solving many a pressing emergency. They are a staple and yet a delicacy, always ready, always delightful and always to be relied upon.

B. & M. Fish Flakes are large, white, succulent flakes of cod-fish, firm and tender. They are cooked to a turn and are no more to be compared with the ordinary dried and salted cod-fish than the fillet of a tender-loin steak is to be compared to dried and salted beef.

They are absolutely pure and fairly melt in the mouth. They are the choicest part of the fish—sweet, fresh and delicious. They are ready for instantaneous use, cooked just as they come from the sea and could really be eaten right out of the tin. They come to you direct "from ocean to table."

B. & M. Fish Flakes are the most economical food product on the market. A ten cent tin is enough for four persons. The fifteen cent size gives plenty for seven. Compare these figures with the price of chops, steak, halibut, smelts, bacon and eggs, liver and bacon and other breakfast dishes.

They can be used in twenty different ways—for breakfast, lunch or dinner. Order a tin to-day. Try it to-morrow. Just one tin and you will never be without B. & M. Fish Flakes again.

There is no soaking, no picking, no boiling. If you cannot get them send us ten cents and your grocer's name and we will mail you a full sized tin. It costs us 11 cents *in postage alone* to do this, which shows our perfect faith in one of the most delicious food products which has ever been put upon the market. A valuable book of recipes will be mailed free on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—new packing—always tender—sweet—creamy—is now on the dealers' shelves. If you want to be sure of getting a superior quality of canned corn under a case from your grocer to-day.

information I could. I'm sure I have given her as much news"—principally concerning herself—"as anybody. You owe it to me to say nothing about the maid."

The poor lady did not understand that the fact that so much had been printed about her "functions" was exactly the reason we were bound to print something about her smallpox—hastily dragging out the new photograph which she had kindly furnished to embellish the account of her latest "function" and using it, instead, to adorn the smallpox story.

Money the Center of Interest

Those who claim the rare privilege of speaking for the Four Hundred say the newspapers must publish their social doings because the public is so intensely curious about them. If you happen to be in Madison Square almost any bright day you will probably see a large, well-laden "sight-seeing automobile" coast ponderously by; and you will hear the urbane barker say, "Ahead, on your right, is Madison Square Garden, the largest amusement structure in the United States," a statement which the voyagers receive with considerable indifference. But when he adds, "It was on the roof of this building that Harry Thaw shot Stanford White," a subtle agitation pervades the cargo; there is a general craning of necks.

Farther north there is the same little thrill of curiosity when the barker points out the habitations of a few celebrated millionaires; for even in New York, alas, there are really only a few millionaires so celebrated that their names have any general significance. Such is the public curiosity to which newspapers cater when they print things about the Four Hundred; and this curiosity—I confess it to the shame of our commercialized civilization—attaches exclusively to the money. What attracts public attention to the Four Hundred is not in the least their social claims, but solely their money. A family might be so swell socially that it had to be hooped to keep it from bursting; but, unless it were also very rich or its association with the very rich persons were expressed, there would be no more public interest in it than in Dennis Casey of Archey Road.

I am speaking now about the public. Of course, everywhere, there are some addle-pated females—yes, madam; certainly, and males too. A female pate when properly addled may dote upon reading all about the Four Hundred and do its poor best to ape their ways; but the persons referred to might exactly as well be doing that as anything else, for whatever they do is of no consequence. Where is the census item which shows there is a higher proportion of silly and essentially vulgar women in the hinterland than in New York? These people, I firmly believe, are so nearly negligible everywhere that they would pass unnoticed were it not for their obvious availability as subjects of satire.

New York's Financial Supremacy

As a subject of general interest, wealth itself, I suspect, has sunk to a lower level of newspaper value in recent years. My impression is that the able papers of late years have been relegating the doings of the Four Hundred—symbolizing wealth—more and more to the Sunday supplements, which represent the lowest level of newspaper values known to man. Honest Dennis Casey, taking his well-earned Sabbath-morning repose, pipe in hand and his feet, incased in wool socks, absorbing the grateful warmth of the kitchen stove, reads, with some wonder and some doubts, that they are going to sink a shaft to the center of the earth for the purpose of piping up primordial fire; that in fifty years battles will be fought in the air—as in graphic full-page illustration; that there are a billion rats in the sewers—also as in graphic illustration; that Mrs. Bullion entertained two dogs, a horse and eleven other friends at a dinner costing fifty thousand dollars. Such is this vast public curiosity about the Four Hundred.

Of course Kansas City and Minneapolis exhibit much the same curiosity concerning their most opulent citizens—a curiosity attaching simply to the money. And on the side of money itself nothing could be more misleading than to draw geographical lines. Financially speaking, five miles north of the City Hall in New York is infinitely farther from Wall Street than La Salle Street, Chicago, is; and, in fact, La Salle Street is as much a part of Wall Street as though it lay next door.

What gives New York its financial supremacy is precisely the fact that it is the reserve city for the country. Here lies a table giving condensed, comparative statements of the condition of the national banks in the city of New York for the last forty years. Glancing over it you will see that "individual deposits"—that is, mostly, local deposits—have been on the average only about equal in amount to "other deposits"—which consist to a large extent of country bank balances. Wall Street is run pretty largely on this country money; and differences of a geographical nature are mentioned only in certain pinches, when the country wants to withdraw its money for use at home and Wall Street finds it exceedingly inconvenient to pay. This, in a nutshell, constitutes about seven parts out of ten in every financial crisis: the country wants its money and Wall Street can't or will not pay.

It may be very true that the country should not want its money in a crisis, but that does not alter the fact stated above. The unsuccessful attempt of some Montana plungers to corner a minor copper stock is sometimes referred to as the initial point of the last crisis—that of 1907; but everybody who knows anything about the subject knows well enough that what really touched off the panic was the run on trust companies—strictly New York concerns, holding mostly New York deposits. Except for other and unsound conditions, the splurge in copper would have no more permanent effect than a thousand similar splurges have had.

Mr. Morgan to the Rescue

In his History of Crises Under the National Banking System, recently published by the National Monetary Commission, Professor Sprague, of Harvard, says: "Crisis conditions were occasioned by the difficulties of a certain trust company. The Knickerbocker Trust Company was the third largest in New York, having deposits of sixty-two million dollars. The connection of its president with some of the Morse enterprises engendered distrust, which made itself felt in a succession of unfavorable clearing-house balances. On Monday, October 21, the National Bank of Commerce announced that it would discontinue clearing for the Knickerbocker on the following day. . . . On Tuesday, after a run of three hours during which eight million dollars"—only thirteen per cent of its deposits!—"was paid out, the company was forced to suspend. . . . On Wednesday, October 23, a run began on the Trust Company of America, the second of the trust companies in size, having deposits of sixty-four million dollars. The president of the Knickerbocker was one of its directors, but the unfortunate disclosure that its affairs had been the subject of a conference on Tuesday was the chief influence in precipitating a panic among its depositors. . . . The country banker and his depositors were apparently unmoved by the Morse-Heinze trouble"—that is, the copper splurge and its immediate consequences—"but hard upon news of the difficulties of the Knickerbocker Trust Company came telegraphic demands from all over the country for the calling of loans and the shipment of currency."

In short, when New York depositors were rushing to draw their money from New York banks—and, in the case of the Knickerbocker, failing to get it—the banker out in Kansas with money deposited in New York began to get nervous.

Now public announcement by the Bank of Commerce—often called Mr. Morgan's bank—that it no longer had sufficient confidence in the solvency of the Knickerbocker Trust Company to continue clearing for that institution was scarcely likely to promote confidence among the Knickerbocker's depositors. The Knickerbocker having suspended, an "unfortunate disclosure" that bankers had been investigating the Trust Company of America would not tend much to tranquillize depositors in that concern; and it is a historic fact that, beyond making this public announcement concerning one big trust company and this unfortunate disclosure regarding another, New York bankers did nothing important to meet the crisis until panic had been raging for three days.

Then occurred that episode which is still described as the sudden staying of the panic by Mr. Morgan with his good right hand.





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Nothing else quite takes the place of this wholesome satisfying soup.

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The lively natural flavor; the richness; the nourishing effect—all this makes it the most delicious soup you ever tasted.

Try it at home on your own table. That is the real demonstration. That is the only way to realize how different and how good it is.

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"A *Campbell* can and a spoon
I'll plant by the light of the moon
Then water and hoe
And watch the tree grow
And pick a can every noon."

What happened was this: Country banks—including in that description everything outside of New York—were calling their demand loans on stocks. The New York banks, in meeting the demands of depositors, had paid out money until their cash reserve was below the amount required by law. Under the legal-reserve rule they had no loanable funds, and they had at that time taken no important concerted action to meet panic conditions. When a country bank called a loan on stocks there was nobody to whom the borrower could turn. He was forced to sell the stocks and comparatively few people would buy stocks at any price, because there was no assurance that any money would be available to carry them with—which tended to create a market of all sellers and no buyers.

This was on Thursday, October 24. Five bankers were in Mr. Morgan's office, about eleven o'clock, consulting as to what should be done. The president of the Stock Exchange telephoned Mr. Morgan that no call money was to be had over there and, unless some assurance could be given promptly that money would be available to carry stocks with, the market, already vastly demoralized, would simply collapse.

It is certainly to Mr. Morgan's credit that he realized the gravity of the situation and counseled meeting it boldly and promptly. By his advice the bankers agreed it should be announced that a pool had been formed to lend twenty-five million dollars for the purpose of carrying stocks. It was also agreed that as little as possible of the twenty-five millions should actually be loaned; but this was not announced. In those exciting moments there was no use in going too much into detail. Only by entirely disregarding their legal-reserve requirements could the banks, in fact, lend a dollar; and, relatively speaking, they did loan only a few dollars. It was the moral effect of the announcement that was needed—a kind of official notice, backed by Mr. Morgan's great and deserved prestige, that the end of the world was not at hand. Its moral effect was, indeed, excellent and important; but, so far as the New York banks loaned any money at all, it was the money of the country banker as much as of anybody else.

The West at the Telephone

Having secured this moral effect, the banks got together and took concerted action to meet crisis conditions. This action consisted of issuing clearing-house certificates and, relatively speaking, locking up their cash—or rather the cash of country bankers and other persons that had been intrusted to their hands.

Now, all this while, on Clark Street in Chicago, there may have been much misapprehension as to what was going on in New York. No doubt there were hatters and barkeepers on that retail thoroughfare who regarded the ruction with much levity, as something happening a thousand miles away. I am sorry to say there may even have been bankers on La Salle Street who, for moral effect, spoke of it in the same light vein; but, as a matter of fact, you may be sure La Salle Street was sitting close to its telephones and telegraph wires. When the banks on Wall Street acted unitedly in issuing clearing-house certificates the banks on La Salle Street promptly followed suit.

Very likely, in thus following New York's lead, the Chicago banks made a mistake; but the point is that the two financial communities—or, rather, the two branches of the same community—practically acted as one.

It has been said that actual cash could not then be procured in Chicago even for the most urgent needs; but that is not true except as it is true at all times, in New York as well as in Chicago, that actual cash cannot be procured for the most urgent needs—by some persons. You will find them sleeping in the parks in the most unpanicky of times.

The particular bench slept upon may have been harder or softer in New York than in Chicago or San Francisco; it is very easy to prove any case by taking only the particular facts one wants. In that way you can prove anything you like about either New York or the hinterland. If the exercise pleases you, by all means indulge it; for neither New York nor the hinterland will care.



YOU can read the enjoyment in your guests' faces when you serve them with

Mrs Rorer's
OWN BLEND
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It is as healthful as it is delicious. It relieves fatigue, saving wear on the tissues, as oil saves wear on an axle. It can be enjoyed in the evening with as full impunity as in the morning or after dinner.

So rapidly has this splendid coffee, blended after Mrs. Rorer's famous formula, swept into favor, that over 4,000,000 pounds have been sold since January 1st.

If you have yet to enjoy your first cup of Mrs. Rorer's Coffee, order of your grocer today. It is sold in patented triple-sealed packages, which bring you the carefully selected coffee berries fresh from the roaster.

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In a recent mail we received this interesting card from Mrs. F. E. Ballard, Washington, D. C.: "Please accept many thanks for booklet. I have found a place where the coffee is sold in this city. I think the coffee is the best I ever used."

Thousands of women are taking the trouble to write us of their appreciation of Mrs. Rorer's Coffee and the book of recipes. You'll like this coffee, too, and be delighted with the book of recipes. *Write for it today.*

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F. S. WEBSTER CO.
335 Congress St. Boston, Mass.

Electric Railroad Securities

By ROGER W. BABSON

The Link Between the Investor and the Voter

LAST week, when looking over a booklet on electric-railroad securities, published by one of the largest banking houses in this country, I was astonished at this statement:

"As the security of Government and municipal bonds lies in the ability of the people to pay taxes and the extent to which they are burdened therewith, so the security of the public-service corporation bonds lies not so much in the plants or real property possessed as in the degree to which the use of their facilities is imperative, things without which the people cannot get along; for to the extent to which their use is absolutely necessary is the sum necessary for their support a tax upon the people, a tax even more impossible to escape than those imposed by legislation, because the laws by which they are levied are natural instead of legislative.

"It is not necessary to explain in detail the way in which public-service corporations tax the people, their commerce and their industries. The throngs of clerks and workmen carried every morning from their homes to the office and shop and back again at night are proof of the security of street-railroad bonds. The flames from burning home and factory quenched by the streams from neighboring hydrants prove the worth of water bonds. The fact that such a recital as this seems so commonplace is proof of the necessity resting upon the people, industries and commerce to support these public utilities."

Though I have since found that this booklet was written by one of my best friends, who is an extremely able man, yet I believe the principle taught in the above statement is radically wrong and is at the bottom of ninety per cent of all financial and political troubles affecting street-railroad properties in our large cities today. The point made later by this writer, that the actual cost or replacement value of the property possessed is a secondary matter and the strength of street-railroad securities lies in the power of the company to tax "the throngs of clerks and workmen carried every morning from their homes to the office and shop and back again at night" is an exploded fallacy. Fortunately for the citizen and unfortunately for the promoter, there has been progress in civic conditions as well as in means of transportation, methods of manufacture and other lines; and, though the principle outlined in the above quotation could have been depended upon and utilized a dozen years ago, this is not the case today.

Public Control of Public Utilities

Today, unless street-railroad securities are reënforced by property, the actual replacement value of which exceeds the market value of the securities, they will not be recommended by conservative banking houses. There was once a time when a street-railroad company could increase its earnings so as to pay the interest on almost any capitalization by simply increasing the rate of fare—or decreasing the service—on its roads; for, as the above writer suggests, it is absolutely necessary for the people to use the street railroads, whatever the rate of fare or the condition of the service. This very fact, however, has caused the courts to rule that this question of fares and service is a public question, to be decided not by the companies but by the public through their official commissioners; and thus, within the last few years in many cities, "the goose that lays the golden eggs" has been killed—or, at least, has had its wings clipped!

Though franchises should not be capitalized, yet they are absolutely necessary to the operation of all public-service corporations. A charter of a street-railroad company differs little from the charter of any manufacturing or business corporation. The charter is derived from the state and is simply a permission to organize a company for carrying on a certain line of business without inflicting personal liability upon the owners. Though in some states the charters are for a limited number of years, yet they can almost always be renewed and, practically speaking, are perpetual. The fact, however, that a charter is perpetual is usually of no special interest to the investor, and it is laughable to see in the circulars of some bondhouses a statement that "the charter is perpetual." What the investor is interested in is the franchise, which is an entirely different matter. To obtain a charter for a company is usually a matter of form; but, after the charter is obtained and the company is organized, to obtain a franchise for operating a street railroad in any city is an entirely different matter.

The franchise is a license to lay tracks and operate cars in the streets of a city, and said license is granted by the local government of said city; in fact, the franchise of a street railroad is identically like the license of a liquor dealer. Three men could at any time organize a corporation to sell liquor in New York or any of our large cities having the license system; but the charter which is obtained from the state is not sufficient. After obtaining the charter a license must be obtained from the license commissioners of the city of New York.

Three Kinds of Franchise

With such a license, the corporation would be able to sell liquor in New York; but without said license their charter would be absolutely valueless. Now, instead of calling this right to operate street cars a "license," like the right to sell liquor, to collect junk or to operate taxicabs, it is termed a "franchise."

There are three classes of these franchises:

1—The so-called perpetual, or nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-year franchise.

2—The limited franchise, operating from twenty to fifty years.

3—The terminable franchise, which, in fact, is often perpetual, but in theory can be revoked at any time.

Certain street railroads in the city of New York serve as the best illustration of the first-mentioned franchise; and, without doubt, these franchises for the old surface lines operating in the lower part of Manhattan Island are extremely valuable. Based on the principle outlined in the quotation given in our first paragraph, they were at one time thought so valuable that the stock of the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company sold at one hundred and eighty-two dollars a share and paid a dividend of seven per cent; in fact, a neighbor of mine, who bought some of it at such a price, then stated that there would be no limit to what the stock would eventually sell for. Said he: "Babson, the stock of the Metropolitan Street Railroad will go above two hundred and fifty dollars, and I believe ultimately to five hundred dollars a share, because the company operates in the largest city of our country; it has a monopoly of the business and, owing to its long franchise, has the people of New York at its mercy."

Fortunately for the voter and unfortunately for the promoter, the courts have ruled that a street-railroad company may have an exclusive franchise for a limited, reasonable length of time—say, twenty or thirty years—or a perpetual franchise which is not exclusive; but it cannot have both. Therefore, one fine morning the city government of New York granted another franchise to the Interborough Company to operate a subway under the same streets on which the Metropolitan Street Railroad operated. But this was not all. In addition, the New York legislature said: "If your franchises are as valuable as you represent, then we will tax you for them." Consequently a tax was imposed on this company which, combined with the competition of the Interborough Railroad, most seriously affected the earnings of the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company. Within the last ten years or so the stock has fallen from one hundred and eighty-two dollars a share to ten dollars a share; and instead of my friend doubling his fortune, as he anticipated, he is now a brokendown, despondent old man; and his condition is



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largely due to making the vital error of forgetting that, in the end, the people of this country must and will rule. Therefore, it will be seen that though the so-called perpetual franchise is a very good thing to have, yet no street-railroad corporation can take undue advantage of it, as no perpetual franchise is exclusive; and, if it is of undue value, said value of the "unearned increment" can be very heavily taxed.

The second class of franchise, known as the "limited franchise," is perhaps best illustrated in the case of Chicago. Here certain franchises were obtained by the late Charles T. Yerkes for definite periods, and these franchises were probably exclusive until they expired. By continually obtaining new franchises for extensions investors were fooled into believing that the new franchises prolonged the old franchise. However, a new franchise for fifty years, obtained for a suburban line, had no effect toward lengthening the franchises of the downtown district that were given, say, forty years previous and had only ten years longer to run. Nevertheless, the value of these suburban lines very largely depended upon the entrance to the business section of the city—or, in other words, on the old franchises which were about to expire. Therefore, when the first of the old franchises in the downtown district expired, the voters of Chicago had the laugh on Mr. Yerkes, or rather the holders of the securities, for Mr. Yerkes had already sold out and gone to London looking for larger worlds to conquer.

The Situation in Chicago

Unlike the citizens of New York, the voters of Chicago were not obliged to resort to building subways or to heavy taxation, but had entire control of the situation through their power to dictate who should have the new franchises on certain downtown lines and upon what terms. The importance of this power held by the voters of Chicago is best illustrated by the fact that the stock of the Chicago Union Traction Company, which sold for twenty-three dollars a share in 1902, declined to about sixty cents a share in 1908; in fact, notwithstanding the city of Chicago was very fair in the final disposition of this problem and in the renewal of these franchises, yet it was necessary to reorganize its street-railroad properties, severely cutting down the capitalization, extracting millions of dollars of water from the stocks, changing fixed interest-bearing junior-lien bonds to income or adjustment bonds, and leaving intact only the underlying liens and the well-seasoned bond issues.* In short, the capitalization was reduced to a point which coincided with the actual physical replacement values of the properties. It is almost fundamentally true that a street-railroad company in a reasonably large city can be depended upon to pay a fair rate of interest on its replacement value; but the conservative investor will purchase no securities that are not fully protected by actual physical property of equal replacement value.

The third form of franchise, known as terminable franchises, or the so-called "good-behavior franchise," is best illustrated in the case of the street railroads of Massachusetts, where franchises are granted with no reference to time in any way. The railroads claim that, as no time is stated, they are practically perpetual; though the public claim that the fact of no time being stated makes them revokable at any time. Practically the railroads' point of view is correct, though theoretically there is no doubt in my mind but the franchise of any street-railroad company operating in any of the large Massachusetts cities could be revoked at any time if a corporation took undue advantage of the people of said city. It might take two or more years to do it, and the approval of the state railroad commissioners would doubtless be necessary; but there is no doubt that the people could force the company to remove their tracks.

Though incomprehensible to many people outside of New England, this Massachusetts system is working out very successfully for all interests, as both parties are kept on their good behavior. To begin with, the street-railroad companies have kept down their capitalization to within the replacement values of the properties, so that they can liquidate at any time without loss to the bondholders. This results in giving a very low rate of fare in large cities like Boston, where it is said one is able to ride farther for five cents than in any other city in the world. On the other hand, the fact of having this power to revoke the franchise at any time has made people more liberal with the companies than they otherwise might be. In many instances, where a fare of five cents has not been sufficient, the people have allowed an increase to six cents, which probably would not have been permitted under a perpetual or limited franchise, so common in our Western states.

Local Ownership

Of course there is one advantage possessed by Massachusetts—and, in fact, other Eastern street railroads—which is not possessed by many in the West—namely, the securities of such corporations are owned largely in the locality in which the company is operating. For instance, the majority of the stock of the street-railroad company operating in Boston is owned in Boston; and human nature is such that it is much more difficult to obtain legislation in Boston adverse to the street railroads than it would be to obtain legislation in Toledo or Detroit against their street railroads, which are owned by men living outside the state. Therefore the residence of the ownership is an important factor to consider when studying street-railroad securities.

When considering street-railroad securities all the various factors that should be studied may be summarized under the two following headings:

1—Franchise and property value.
2—Earnings and management.

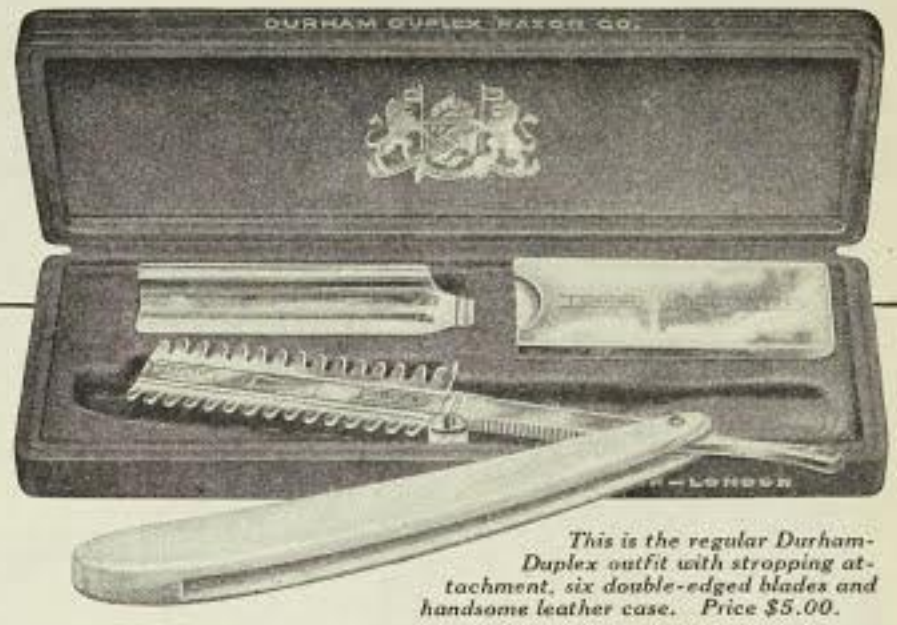
Many writers make four or more factors, but I like to consider only these two because of the relation which the franchise bears to the property value and the earnings to the management, and vice versa. Though the franchise should not be capitalized, we have seen that it is a very vital matter and, in fact, an absolute necessity for the operation of a street-railroad company. However, the investor should not depend upon the franchise itself unless the property has sufficient real value to reënforce the franchise value. A street-railroad company, the securities of which are paying dividends today due to the value of their franchise rather than to the value of the property, is like a battleship with the highest-powered guns and great quantities of ammunition, but without any armorplate. So long as it only does the firing its strength is invincible; but when the enemy fires back its huge guns only tend to make it sink the faster. Therefore I like to class franchise and replacement value together; and investors in street-railroad securities should first ascertain if the franchise is satisfactory and the replacement value is sufficient to cover the securities that are being considered, and, at any rate, sufficient to cover all fixed interest-bearing securities.

*The Chicago Union Traction Company operated three hundred and six miles of the street railroads of Chicago, all rights to operate one hundred and thirty-seven miles of which absolutely expired on or before July 1, 1907. Rights of operation over seventy miles were subject to termination at the will of the city of Chicago, and rights on ninety-nine miles were to expire from time to time, beginning in the early part of 1908. The city granted the new franchise on the basis of a compensation to the city of a percentage of the company's surplus earnings. The surplus earnings, so divided, are net profits from operation after deducting a sum equal to five per cent on an agreed valuation of thirty million five hundred thousand dollars, which was over five million dollars in excess of the total of all of the company's old bonds, and over one million dollars in excess of the entire indebtedness, including unsecured indebtedness.

The new company authorized two issues of bonds. Of the first-mortgage issue, bonds may be issued from time to time to pay for a certain proportion of the cost of extension to the property. It gave new bonds of the consolidated-mortgage issue in exchange for the old underlying bonds, representing the full face value of the latter in proportion to the relative importance to their liens upon the property. It also issued bonds of the same issue to retire the unsecured indebtedness, and reserved six million dollars of the same issue as collateral security to an issue of notes which it sold to pay for improvements and other immediate corporate requirements.

The new franchise provides that the city may purchase the properties at any time at the above-mentioned agreed valuation—thirty million five hundred thousand dollars—plus whatever amount may be subsequently spent upon the properties for extensions, and so forth. The city thus places a minimum valuation upon the properties, which it must pay, and which includes the value represented by the old bonds and by the new investment. In the event that the city does not purchase the property, it agrees not to grant any franchise to any other company, unless that company will purchase the property at the above-mentioned valuation. The old stocks were exchanged for the new company's stock in proportion to certain agreed relative values, and certain junior bonds were adjusted in the same way.

There was no serious attempt to disturb any legitimate securities that were sold in good faith, the money being used on the property; in fact, during my travels about the country and my talks with socialists and other so-called "opponents to capital," I find no disposition to take away or destroy real property values, though there will be attempts to squeeze out some of the water. Therefore, in reorganizations soon to take place, it will be the stockholders who will suffer in the loss of paper profits rather than the investors in the bonds which were honestly sold and used to build or improve the property.*



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This is the safe razor—the real razor made safe. It has the hang and set and real shaving principle of the old straight razor without the dangerous naked blade. With this razor you can really shave. You can sever whiskers with the correct diagonal stroke, leaving the skin smooth and velvety and comfortable.

Durham-Duplex, the safe razor, has made good in the hands of hundreds of thousands of American men who prefer to be good to their faces. It will make good for you. It will show you what real shaving, combined with safe shaving, is. We know this razor so well, we have such faith in it, that we are backing it with the most remarkable offer ever made on any razor.

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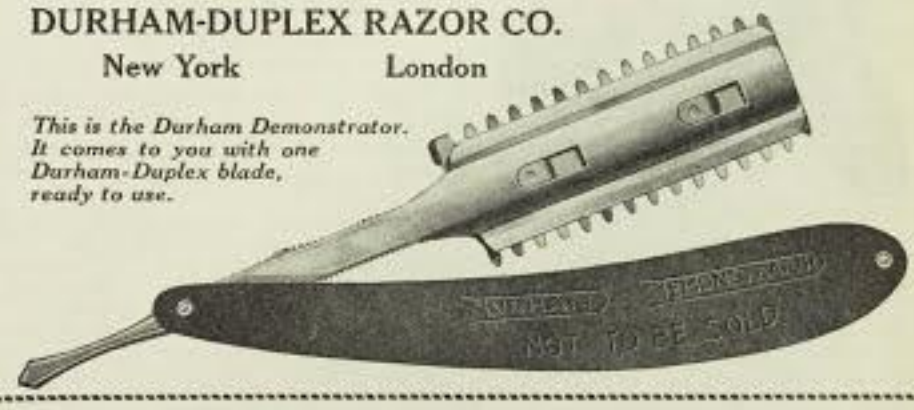
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You will readily see that this is an extraordinary offer. If we did not have unlimited confidence in the quality of our blades, we would not dare to make it.

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This is the Durham Demonstrator. It comes to you with one Durham-Duplex blade, ready to use.



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Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrator Razor with blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

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"Polar" Raglan

English effect in collar, lapels and shoulders. *Shoulders* full Raglan, without padding; seam running through centre of shoulder and sleeve. *Lapels* bold and well rounded.

Length of coat, 46 inches.

Back very full draped from the shoulder point down. Seam and centre vent, 70 inches sweep around bottom.

Front very boxy. Three buttons, buttoned thru. Medium opening. *Patch pockets* cut in harmony with lapels.

Sleeves with false vent and 3 buttons closely set.

Also made double breasted.

In this article I have not given so much attention to earnings, because the earnings of street-railroad properties located in cities are almost universally sure of earning the interest on their replacement value. In the cases of New York, Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities where the street-railroad companies have had difficulties, there has been no trouble with the earnings on a fair capitalization. The record of earnings of our country's street-railroad properties is extremely favorable. Of course the case of interurban lines built in competition of steam railroads is another matter. Here the electric railroad has not a natural monopoly as have the city lines, it being continually subject to competition not only of the steam railroads but also of other electric lines which may at any time be constructed. For this reason investors purchasing bonds of interurban street railroads must use much more care than when purchasing bonds of street railroads in cities. Not only must the franchise and replacement value be carefully considered, but the earnings and management should likewise be most carefully studied; and conservative investors do not buy bonds of interurban roads on estimated earnings, but wait until the company has commenced operation, closed its "construction account" and is earning about double its interest charges, showing what it actually can do when the railroad which it parallels has reduced its fares and real competition exists.

As to management. This is an item that is too often overlooked by the average investor. Many who are very scrupulous regarding their own personal affairs will buy securities of corporations they know to be operated by men of questionable principles—and then be surprised because the securities decline in value. When one buys stock in a company he practically enters into partnership with the other stockholders, and he therefore should take great care to purchase securities only of companies operated by high-grade, honest men and which are offered by well-known, established dealers.

On the other hand, bonds of street-railroad companies operating in the large cities with normal franchises and management, where the bonded debt is less than the replacement value, should be absolutely safe investments, as the earnings are almost certain to be sufficient to pay the interest on all legitimate indebtedness. Moreover, the first-mortgage bonds on many interurban lines should be absolutely safe; though in such cases, in addition to the above-mentioned factors, the record of earnings should be carefully studied and the small investor should confine himself either to underlying liens of such properties or else to issues where the net earnings are doubly sufficient to pay the interest thereon.

In short, there are very few classes of securities which have the extremely good record that our city electric-railroad bonds have. Though I heartily recommend most railroad bonds, the record of the nation's city street-railroad bonds is infinitely more enviable than that of its steam-railroad bonds. Though the people can curtail their requirements, which form the basis of the business of our steam railroads, they can only to a small extent curtail the basis of the business of our city street railroads. For this reason the earnings of a street railroad in times of panic and depression fall off very slightly, if any, compared with the great falling off in the earnings of the steam railroads. Moreover, the population of our cities is rapidly increasing, while simply a normal rate adds greatly to the earnings of their street railroads. It is claimed that the earnings of a well-managed street-railroad company increase as the square of the population. This not only has the effect of causing an increase in earnings but also compels companies to expand and give out additional issues which, in the case of the present outstanding closed mortgages, must eventually be very beneficial. If a street-railroad company, operating in an average city, can now earn a good surplus above its interest charges there should be no question about its ability to earn in years to come, when it shall have made important additions and extensions to its property. Therefore, holders of such bonds now outstanding, the mortgages of which are closed, will in many instances have the satisfaction of soon having their bonds become an underlying lien of a large system, followed by one or more refunding issues.

The strongest feature, however, connected with city street-railroad securities is the fact suggested above, "that business depression seems to have very little adverse effect upon the earnings"; and, in fact, such securities hold a most enviable record in this regard. This can perhaps be best illustrated by the following table, prepared by Gardner F. Wells, which shows three important factors:

1—The constant increase in gross earnings of street-railroad securities.

2—The increase in street-railroad earnings, even during periods of great business depression.

3—The steadiness of street-railroad earnings compared with steam-railroad earnings.

Though the same laws would doubtless be found to apply to the street railroads of any city, the street railroads of Massachusetts are used as an illustration on account of the record of Massachusetts roads being much more complete. The table is as follows:

EARNINGS FROM OPERATION OF MASSACHUSETTS STEAM AND STREET RAILROAD COMPANIES FOR FORTY-FIVE YEARS, FROM 1865

Years	Steam-Railroad Earnings	Percentage of Decrease	Street-Railroad Earnings	Percentage of Increase
1865	$18,974,913		$1,562,171	
1866	21,205,028		1,707,447	
1867	21,561,083		1,734,460	
1868	22,701,647		1,861,111	
1869	24,539,722		2,064,660	
1870	25,601,981		2,081,751	
1871	28,615,459		2,318,401	
1872	29,754,241		2,522,569	
1873	33,510,479		2,561,196	
1874	32,681,956		2,894,024	
1875	30,788,295		2,960,491	
1876	29,855,800		2,975,097	
1877	28,931,988		2,987,906	
1878	28,003,236	—13(a)	3,008,941	+ 17(b)
1879	29,152,829		3,179,702	
1880	33,661,822		3,711,078	
1881	35,936,303		4,033,[illegible]	
1882	39,004,389		4,494,817	
1883	41,635,806		4,583,[illegible]2	
1884	41,458,977	—42(c)	4,901,102	+ 7(d)
1885	41,742,341		5,108,[illegible]1	
1886	46,171,889		5,786,[illegible]8	
1887	50,088,638		6,381,[illegible]4	
1888	53,730,035		6,824,017	
1889	55,856,301		7,523,071	
1890	59,230,761		8,368,683	
1891	61,483,304		8,861,841	
1892	64,142,285		9,708,040	
1893	70,935,920		10,822,174	
1894	64,128,423	—9.5(e)	11,119,886	+2.7(f)
1895	88,154,906		13,186,342	
1896	74,886,480		14,844,202	
1897	71,914,773		15,815,267	
1898	73,599,854		16,915,405	
1899	78,430,062		18,151,599	
1900	83,191,265		19,999,640	
1901	82,345,596		21,708,340	
1902	86,930,345		23,486,474	
1903	93,325,932		25,560,811	
1904	95,280,348		26,207,247	
1905	98,890,235		27,061,291	
1906	105,954,482		29,563,892	
1907	111,433,939		30,557,802	
1908	106,999,486		30,780,802	
1909	108,105,772	—3(g)	31,856,037	+4.5(h)

a—Decrease from 1873
b—Increase over 1873
c—Decrease from 1883
d—Increase over 1883
e—Decrease from 1893
f—Increase over 1896
g—Decrease from 1907
h—Increase over 1907

Note—Steam-railroad figures are for years ending June thirtieth. Street-railroad figures are for years ending September thirtieth.

Of course, when comparing street-railroad securities with industrial securities, the contrast is even more marked, as, though the gross earnings of the principal electric railroad increased about five per cent in 1908 over 1907, the gross earnings of thirteen of the nation's principal industrial concerns decreased about thirty-five per cent, and the gross earnings of the steam railroads decreased in 1908 over 1907 about eight per cent—or from $2,602,757,503 in 1907 to $2,407,019,810 in 1908.

It will be seen, therefore, that the honestly issued bonds of street-railroad companies which are being operated in prosperous cities today by men who stand for what is right and best in the community should be safe and attractive investments, second only to the highest-grade municipal and underlying steam-railroad bonds; in fact, I believe the best combination of yield and security can today be found in certain well-seasoned street-railroad bonds that are now being offered by established bond-dealers of irreproachable integrity. On the other hand, unless one is fully acquainted with all conditions affecting a property, it is well to purchase only the mortgage bonds of city roads and such bonds as are protected by real property of a replacement value exceeding the bonds' debt, preferring underlying liens when they are obtainable.

How's Business and Why

THERE should be no hesitancy about telling the truth—at least, not in matters of this sort; and regard for the truth compels the declaration that at no time during the present season has the general business situation worn a gloomier look than in September. It is not exactly true that when Wall Street weeps all the land is sad, but it probably is correct to say that sentiment in Wall Street has been very blue of late; and, since it seems incapable of throwing off the depression, there is a suspicion that, whether it is aware of it or not, it is really endeavoring to discount something seriously adverse. What that something is there is no pretense of knowledge. Perhaps the apprehension is general and the outcome of many things is feared rather than events from a particular cause. Be that as it may, the future will unfold itself with sufficient definiteness and fittingly in point of time. It is the height of wisdom to be able to make the most of the present while maintaining due regard for what is ahead. That is the conservative attitude and the attitude of the business community of the United States in this year—1911.

Some time ago leading men in this and foreign nations—in this nation particularly—were wont to remark the contrast between depression in the States and the atmosphere of prosperity which pervaded the countries of Europe. The United States was represented as the only country that failed to join in the forward commercial movement. American financiers returning from abroad were prone to comment upon the encouragement extended to commercial enterprises—even monopolies—in Germany, while the habit of "baiting" corporations in this country was referred to deprecatingly. The inference was that there was little chance of betterment of conditions here, though Germany presented an inviting field for business enterprises; but a change has suddenly come over Germany, and it is doubtful if there will be any considerable exodus of capitalists from the States to locate in the land where capital is accorded full opportunities, for the land of Emperor William has raised signals of commercial distress within a few days. The war ghost is dancing and there are runs on the savings banks and threats of bread riots, approximating those likewise reported from communities in France. The French bankers have been calling home loans of money made in Berlin, and Berlin bankers have been seeking to borrow in New York. Germany has her political troubles, and, though of a different sort, they compare none too favorably with those in this country. The United States is not the worst country to dwell or do business in, albeit it doubtless has important economic problems on hand, in the solution of which it may perhaps have to serve as the pioneer among the nations.

The Prospects for Better Times

One such problem is the relation of capital and labor, of production and consumption; and it is round these problems that great economic troubles revolve. All prominent commercial nations have these troublesome questions on hand, and all are perplexed to deal with them. Nor is there indication of change in these matters for the present—unless for the worse—in any nation. Leaders of the labor unions are seeking to organize the broadest sort of federations so as to strike at capital as a body in the enforcement of demands; and they may succeed unless jealousies shall rise among the unions or among their leaders. There are not lacking present signs of jealousy. There is a suggestion that capital will need to organize similarly if it would cope successfully with organized labor; and there is the further suggestion that Federal legislation will alone be adequate to deal with this issue. It is in the last direction that the best hope probably lies, and the United States furnishes a superior opportunity for the enactment of laws whose execution will be backed by a powerful national sentiment—laws made by the representatives of the people and enforced as a matter of public policy and for the common good.

From time to time it has been asked whether the commercial activity noted in Germany, England and other European countries would not soon be experienced by the United States. Recently the query has been, rather, whether those countries would not follow the United States into the commercial shadow. The troubles in all the countries are near kin. They relate to the granting of special privileges to certain classes and to the high cost of the necessities of life, as well as to other matters. The main problem in hand is to establish equality among all classes and to bring about the uplift of mankind. This is a world problem and a very old one, but one that will not pass until it is solved. It looks as if this country might have a serious part in solving this problem or might assist materially in its solution, for perfect solution is doubtless an affair of the far future.

The hardheaded business man will probably laugh at thoughts of this character; but, if he really doubts that some great law is operating to the end observed, let him ask himself why it is that the best-laid plans of the ablest business generals and politicians the world can boast of are entirely negatived in the effort to lift business out of the slough and give it a free course in accustomed channels, and to produce contentment among the masses of people. The unsolved problems involve the progress of humanity, and individual and class effort is powerless to swerve it from its course. When men shall seek the highest good of themselves and their fellows as a community, and shape their efforts with that aim in mind, the way for the return of true and lasting progress will be found. It is not expected that this can be fully realized in this generation or in the generation next to follow; but an advance can and will be made, and men will act as agencies to promote it, suffering inconvenience or loss until they discover the course they ought to follow—for it is through inconvenience, loss and suffering that most, if not all, progress comes.

Why Sentiment is Gloomy

Men feel gloomy over the situation today through disappointment of hopes indulged of better times. They appear now to have commonly concluded that better times must be deferred until conditions are right for the return, which it is acknowledged will not be for some time—at least not until another Presidential election verdict has been as good as rendered. Business, then, is depressed—not to extremes by considerable, but beyond anything more than the semblance of activity, and that in special industries only. They point to the steel industry as an example of the more active lines—and there they say operations approximate seventy-five per cent of capacity; but in the same breath they allow that profits are unsatisfactory.

Then they mention the cotton industry and point to the fact that eighty-five thousand operatives in Massachusetts have been set to work within a given eight days, including two Mondays. That looks fine, and one might infer that business was brightening a great deal in textile lines; but the men most concerned do not admit so much. The mills have gone to work on spring goods with limited orders and at a reduction of one-fourth to one-half cent in prices. With a struggle on to force a higher than the market price for raw cotton it is difficult to plan definitely for the future. The woolen industry has improved, and some big Government orders for woolen uniforms for the soldiers, in place of worsted, will serve as a stimulant; but there looms ahead the liability of tariff changes to interfere with prolonged revival. And whichever way one looks he finds business moving within rather cramped lines and waiting for a change, for a broadening opportunity.

It is about the same way with stock speculation. There they are wont to say there is nothing going on, so very small is the volume of transactions. A compilation shows in the first seven months of this year aggregate dealings at New York, in three stocks, of 38,665,000 shares. That would surely suggest anything but inactivity; but the narrowness speedily appears when it is said that the aggregate sales of all stocks for the same period amounted to only 59,904,498 shares, trading in the three stocks named embracing all save 21,249,498 shares. Obviously there has been no public speculation in the current year, and the professional talent has been playing a game



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devoid of variety all the season. To look closer it is found that the entire capital stock of one of the three stocks—United States Steel common—has been turned over three times in the seven months; that another—Union Pacific common—has been turned over 4.34 times; while Reading common has been turned over ten times.

The combined stocks have been turned over 4.47 times within the period named. Now it is not presumed that all the shares of any of the companies have been traded in even once in seven months; indeed, there are great blocks of Reading so held that they are believed to remain permanently out of the market; and the same may be true of each of the other stocks mentioned; so that it appears that professional traders have been buying and selling over and over substantially the same shares. There have been intervals when the stock market has broadened and a fair list of different stocks been traded in, but the change has been only for a few days; and then the old condition of apathy would return and operations would be mainly restricted to the specialties named.

It has long been conceded that Wall Street gives the first evidence of coming commercial revival, and to find that thoroughfare still dealing in special stocks—and merely swapping one certificate for another, so to speak—has intensified the general feeling of discouragement. It is held that when the great bankers foresee commercial revival they will be the first to appear in the security market as buyers, the purpose being to discount such revival by acquiring stocks to be sold when the evidence of commercial activity shall become manifest to others. It is said that the bankers referred to take little interest in the share market at this time, other than to buy occasionally some of the shares with which their names are identified, perhaps because they appear cheap and perhaps to support the general market.

Business appears to be about the same in all parts of the country, making allowance for the claim that there is more doing in the South than elsewhere. Bank clearings do not bear out this claim; these, in fact, show business about the same as a month ago, everywhere except in the states west of the Mississippi River, reaching to the mountain states but not crossing the divide. The close of the vacation season serves as a sort of quickening force in the business world, men feeling the more disposed to effort as the weather grows cooler and as pleasures are left behind. There is, moreover, a general stocking up for late fall and winter trade at that time. So far as has developed, buyers are still pursuing a conservative policy in the matter of replenishing their stock of goods and supplies, the price factor having some influence in determining their course.

Prices of commodities continue the upward trend and on September eleventh were higher on the average than at any time since the year came in. The advance was 1.8 per cent in September; and, though 2.6 per cent higher on that date than two years before, they were 1.4 per cent lower than on the corresponding date in 1910. Eleven out of thirteen groups of commodities rose in August, textiles and leather alone declining. Agricultural products generally advanced on unfavorable harvests or prospects at home and in foreign countries. Even in the Canadian land of promise the estimated wheat yield has been reduced to one hundred and seventy-eight million bushels from rising two hundred million bushels by killing frost or rust. Coffee has reached the highest price since April, 1896; while sugar has sold higher than at any time in twenty-two years—and the trend is still upward at the time of writing.

There is a regrettable insistence upon high prices for pretty much everything which enters human consumption as food or clothing. There is a renewal of the attempt to establish an arbitrary and unnatural price for raw cotton under the pretense that the crop is nothing like what the public and private canvasses estimate that it is. The great rise in sugar is charged to drought in foreign lands and the competition of refiners for possession of the raw article. It is fancied that the margin for refining profit in case of high prices will be increased. The effect on consumers is obvious. The more they spend for this article the less will remain for other uses. High prices, unless accompanied by a corresponding increase in income, operate adversely to business; and there is small chance of an increase in the average income of the mass of consumers. There are threatened strikes for higher wages, but they are not commonly achieving the object sought. They are ill-timed. This is an occasion for contraction, not expansion, of expenditures for operating or other purposes. More or less of the threatened strikes, as upon the railroads, are thought to be designed as much to avert wage reduction as to secure higher wages.

Building statistics for August are not considered a fair criterion of the state of the building trade, the footings of permits having been distorted by those taken out in Chicago prior to the going into effect of a new building law and not designed for immediate construction. Including Chicago permits, contemplated expenditures as indicated for August were $70,083,293 in ninety-nine cities, an increase—indicated—of 16.6 per cent compared with July, and of 24.2 per cent compared with August of last year. Excluding Chicago, the returns from ninety-eight cities for the month were but $43,882,793, showing a decrease of 10.5 per cent from July and 11.6 per cent from August of last year. Of the ninety-nine cities there were gains in forty-seven and losses in fifty-two.

Sense and Nonsense

Fellow Feeling

THE captain who is in charge of the Bertillon Bureau at the New York police headquarters has been studying the thumbprints of criminals for so many years that he has now as good a memory for them as most men have for faces. Every one of the classified thousands of thumb and finger prints in his cabinets has its individuality for him.

Two burglars broke into a home in Flatbush, Brooklyn, were detected, and in the fight that followed one of them shot and killed a woman member of the household. One of the burglars also was shot and badly wounded. His injury led, on the following day, to the arrest of both. Following the usual police custom the captain was sent for to take the fingerprint impressions of the prisoners for purposes of comparison and preservation.

One of the pair, a surly foreigner, was admittedly a thief; the other was the man who had been wounded. He was a big Austrian named Schleimann. As he lay on his cot he protested over and over again that he had never been concerned in any crime before, that he was an honest artisan who had been induced by a chance acquaintance to take part in the burglary.

"Usually," said the Bertillon expert, in telling the story, "I don't take much stock in the tales of captured thieves. But I couldn't find a duplicate of Schleimann's fingermarks anywhere in my collection, and I was being forced to believe that he had told the truth when he said he was a novice as a burglar.

"I was just about to conclude that he was really what he looked to be—a big, simple-minded, sentimental fellow who had made the mistake of falling into bad company and would probably pay for it with his life—as a matter of fact he died in the electric chair within four months. Still there was something strangely familiar about one of his thumbprints—the left one. The more I studied it the more I was convinced that I had seen it before. I went through the cabinets again—nothing doing. Then al of a sudden it came to me:

"Three months before there had been a burglary in another part of Brooklyn that was marked by at least one very unusual circumstance. Our men never caught the burglars, but following their usual custom they had made careful search of the premises for any evidences that the thieves might have left behind. As a result I had on file an enlarged photograph of a greasy thumbprint that one of the detectives had found upon a cut-glass rose bowl that the burglars had discarded after taking it out of a china cabinet. I got this enlarged photograph out of the case where it was kept and laid it alongside the newly taken

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every line
makes the



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THE Monarch encourages improvement in the operator. The more staccato her touch, the speedier she becomes; the better the quality of the work she can turn out. The Monarch resents pounding, but yields to a sympathetic touch a response in speed and accuracy which tells in more work, more business, more profit. Write us and we will write you.

Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address.

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Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York.
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No Three O'Clock Fatigue

A Collar Button is Little

But there's a mighty deal of satisfaction in having one that is perfect in workmanship—absolutely smooth on the back, so it will not scratch or chafe the neck—made with an honest layer of gold that won't wear off in years of use—made in one piece and so strong that it cannot break—and made in so many different styles and sizes that you can select one to suit your exact needs—either of solid gold or in the best quality of rolled gold plate—That collar button is the



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MENDETS
Mend all leaks instantly in graniteware, hot water bags, tin, copper, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fit any surface. Sample box, 15c. Complete box, assort sizes, 25c, postpaid. Wonderful opportunity for live agents. Write today.
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thumbprint impressions of the wounded burglar Schleimann."

In five minutes more, as the captain describes the sequence, he was on his way back to Brooklyn. He walked into the prison ward of the hospital where his man lay groaning and weeping.

"Schleimann," he said sharply, "when you broke into that house on the Park Slope three months ago why didn't you take the cut-glass rose bowl with the gold filigree work on it?"

So sharp was the shock of this attack that the man blurted out the truth.

"It was too heavy to carry away with me," he said.

"And why, before you left, did you take time to let the canary bird out of its cage?"

"Captain," said Schleimann, "just as we were going away I saw that little bird in its cage. I'd just finished serving a five-year sentence in Joliet and I hated to see any living thing locked up—I knew what it was to be a prisoner—so I stopped to let the canary bird out of its cage."

The Scapegoat

Somewhere between the farmer and the grocer's
where I buy
There's a mysterious Pirate, who is knavish,
bold and sly;
He levies toll on all the goods that pass along
his way
And takes the cream of profit—so I've heard
my grocer say.
When melons leave the farmer's field the price
is very low,
But when they reach the grocer's they are
thirty cents or so.
I ask my grocer why between the field and
store this span.
He always makes the same reply: "Oh,
that's the Middleman!"

Somewhere between the iceberg and the wagon
at my door
An unseen Brigand levies toll of half the ice
or more;
For ice is not so dear a thing in Nature, as
you see,
But cost increases greatly by the time it gets
to me;
I know it should be cheaper, but the iceman's
share is small—
His profit's whittled down until he gets quite
none at all.
And when I ask him why so much for this
small bit I scan
He always makes the same reply: "Oh,
that's the Middleman!"

Somewhere between my butcher and the steer
that's in the corn
An unknown Robber plies his trade, as sure
as you are born;
He calls for half the porterhouse and takes it
as his own,
And I pay thirty cents a pound for stringy
ends and bone.
The butcher gets no profit, as he tells me so
with tears;
The raiser loses money at the price he gets for
steers.
And when I ask them why this spread between
the steer and pan
They always make the same reply: "Oh,
that's the Middleman!"

Somewhere in splendor rich he hides—he
walks on golden floors;
He lolls in velvet, silk and lace; the jewel-
studded doors
Swing at the touch of myriad slaves; the walls
of ivory
Are hung with priceless tapestries—no
Crœsus rich as he!
He wades knee-deep in priceless gems; he
lies at sumptuous ease,
While coins of gold lie ankle-deep and thick
as leaves on trees.
No store of wealth like his was ever seen since
Time began;
The profits of all Trade are his—he is the
Middleman! —*J. W. Foley.*

A Recurring Necessity

THE two young women who recently shot W. E. D. Stokes in New York were released on bail and promptly signed up to appear for a week on one of the roof gardens. On their first night James Thornton, the veteran monologue comedian, dropped in to see them.

"What do you think of it?" asked the house manager.

"If the young ladies wish to get a second week," said Thornton, "they'll have to shoot him again."



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You Have Heard of the Ostermoor Smile

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During the half century the Ostermoor has been the Nation's mattress standard, it has brought the smile of rest and refreshment to *millions* of faces from childhood to old age. This is the Ostermoor Smile; you see it everywhere! But the *reason* for this smile is what interests you.

That reason is the comfort we build into the Ostermoor—four thousand layers of filmy, downy cotton, interlaced and interwoven in such a way that it is like lying on a myriad of tiny interlocking springs of gentle, yielding resiliency, when you sleep on the



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4'-6"—45 lbs.	$15.00
4'-0"—40 "	13.35
3'-6"—35 "	11.70
3'-0"—30 "	10.00
2'-6"—25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long. In two parts, 50c extra. Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking, $1.50 more. French Mercerized Art Twills, $3.00 more.

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All Ages Smile the Ostermoor Smile!



Factory of Buick Motor Co., Flint, Mich.—For 1912, As Also the Largest Motor Car Manufacturing Plant in the World

Buick Offering for 1912

CONTRARY to the fixed policy of this company, which has always refrained from making any announcement in advance of its season's production, this—the only announcement to be made—is being made because of the demand by Buick dealers and Buick users who have been to the factory and have seen the new production. The Buick Motor Co. since its inception has had the distinction of being not only the foremost manufacturer of medium priced cars in point of quality but in numbers of cars built as well, and it enters the season of 1912 still occupying this enviable position.

As evidence of this, Buick again gets first choice of space in Madison Square Garden Show, January 7th to 14th, 1912. Choice of space at this show is always allotted to the manufacturer showing the largest total volume of sales during the past twelve months, as proven by sworn statement furnished by each manufacturer exhibiting. These statements showed that Buick sales exceeded those of every other competitor exhibiting.

Its buildings occupy 160 acres and contain 53 acres of floor space. Its employees number 8,000 people. Its investment represents $13,700,000. It has built and sold to date 83,000 automobiles. It has branches and distributers in 49 cities and is represented in the United States by 3,500 dealers.

Every part of this equipment has but one purpose and that is—to render such service to the user as has made it possible for Buick to openly defy anyone to produce a Buick car that is worn out.

A continuation of this policy is assured for 1912 by a strong, sound organization, backed by unlimited capital and substantial resources.

THE FULL EXTENT OF THIS COMBINATION IS REFLECTED IN THE 1912 BUICK LINE COMPRISING THE FOLLOWING NEW MODELS:

A snappy, powerful, high-grade Roadster.	A handsome, stylish, fore door Touring Car.	A Roadster with distinctive features, with top, glass front, gas tank and demountable rims.	A Touring Car of original design, fully equipped with top, top hood, glass front, Prest-O-Lite tank, demountable rims, etc.	A Touring Car supreme, fully equipped with top, top hood, windshield, Prest-O-Lite tank, demountable rims, etc.
$850	$1,000	$1,075	$1,250	$1,800

All Cars for 1912 have Sliding Gear Transmission

Every Buick Car for 1912 will represent in its construction absolutely every tried and successful feature tending toward the one idea, that of successful performance for the user under any condition of usage in any section of the world. All the speed and power for which the name Buick is famous has been retained; cars are absolutely noiseless, and in detail of finish and equipment are the equal of any car on the market.

WHEN BETTER CARS ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.



If Success Proves Merit

we need say nothing more about the "Frankel Fifteen" than this:—

It is the largest selling brand of men's Suits and Overcoats at $15 known to the American Clothing Trade.

"Frankel Fifteen" Suits and Overcoats are the product of the Frankel System and the Frankel factory. The Frankel System is the "last word" in scientific tailoring. The Frankel factory is conceded to be the country's best model of arrangement, comfort, cleanliness and organization.

All-Wool Fabrics **Superb Tailoring**
Exclusive Patterns **"Classy" Styles**

Every "Frankel Fifteen" bears a printed guarantee-ticket on the sleeve which entitles the purchaser to a new garment, free, if the one he buys disappoints him in wear or service.

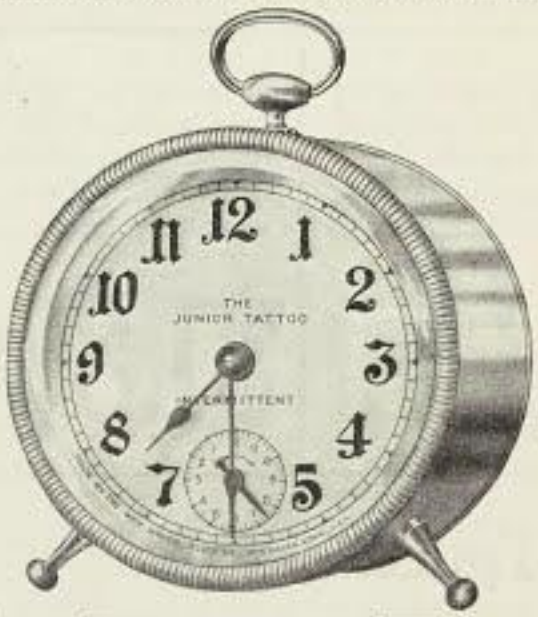
Sold in nearly every city and large town in the United States—and going into the remainder as fast as we can sign up new agents.

If you are a clothing dealer in a town where the "Frankel Fifteen" is not on sale, get hold of the fastest-selling line of clothing that has appeared in the history of the American Clothing Trade.

15
FRANKEL FIFTEEN
Suit or Overcoat

FRANKEL BROTHERS
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If you do not know the "Frankel Fifteen" agent in your city, write for our interesting Style Book "C" and we will tell you how to get a "Frankel Fifteen" Suit or Overcoat.

Exact  Size

The Junior Tattoo

BECAUSE a clock is an alarm clock is no reason why it should be an ugly affair. The Junior Tattoo is artistic, yet it is a gentle but insistent alarm clock. Every twenty seconds for five minutes it will call, unless the silent switch is turned. You cannot resist its morning greeting. You must get up.

Look at the illustration. This is exact size. You can easily carry the Junior Tattoo in a small traveling bag. Useful to call you in the morning, for the afternoon nap, and to warn the cook when the cake is baked. Make your guests independent of servants' calls by furnishing the guest room with a Junior Tattoo.

Price $1.75 *(In Canada duty extra)*

In a beautiful satin-gilt finish, $1. With rich leather (red or black) case, $1. If your dealer cannot supply you, send his name and the price for as many as you want. We ship charges prepaid.

Send for interesting booklet, giving full description of clock, showing various styles and containing an amusing short story of "The Uprising of John Hancock—Salesman."

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN. 139 Hamilton Street

NOBLESSE OBLIGE

(Continued from Page 8)

"Sure, I know," Marcus agreed. "He's got altogether too much to say for himself. Only this morning he tells me he wants a raise to six dollars a week."

"Could you blame him?" Philip asked mildly. "He's doing good work here, Marcus."

"Yow! he's doing good work!" Marcus exclaimed. "He's fresh like anything, Scheikowitz. If you give him the least little encouragement, Scheikowitz, he would stand there and talk to you all day yet."

"Not to me he don't," Philip retorted. "Lots of times I am asking him questions about the folks in the old country and always he tells me: 'With greenborns like them I don't bother myself at all.' Calls his father a greenhorn yet!"

Marcus flapped his right hand in a gesture of impatience.

"He could call his father a whole lot worse," he said. "Why, that *Gasef* ain't even wrote you at all since the boy comes over here. Not only he's a crook, Scheikowitz, but he's got a heart like a brick."

Philip shrugged his shoulders.

"What difference does it make if he is a crook?" he rejoined. "The boy's all right anyway. Yes, Marcus, the boy is something which you could really say is a jewel."

"*Gek weg!*" Marcus cried disgustedly—"a jewel!"

"That's what I said," Philip continued—"a jewel. Tell me, Marcus, how many boys would you find it which they are getting from three to five dollars a week and in one year saves up a hundred dollars, y'understand, and comes to me only this morning and says to me I should take the money for what it costs to keep him while he is learning the language, and for buying him his clothes when he first comes here. Supposing his father is a crook, Marcus, am I right or wrong?"

"Talk is cheap, Scheikowitz," Marcus retorted. "He only says he would pay you the money, Scheikowitz, ain't it?"

Philip dug down into his pocket and produced a roll of ragged one and two dollar bills, which he flung angrily on to a sample table.

"Count 'em," he said.

Marcus shrugged again.

"What is it my business?" he said. "And anyhow, Scheikowitz, I must say I'm surprised at you. A poor boy saves up a hundred dollars out of the little we are paying him here, and actually you are taking the money from him. Couldn't you afford it to spend on the boy a hundred dollars?"

"Sure I could," Philip replied as he pocketed the bills. "Sure I could and I'm going to too. I'm going to take this here money and put it in the bank for the boy, with a hundred dollars to boot, Polatkin, and when the boy gets to be twenty-one he would anyhow got in savings bank a couple hundred dollars."

Polatkin nodded shamefacedly.

"Furthermore, Polatkin," Philip continued, "if you got such a regard for the boy which you say you got it, understand me, I would like to make you a proposition. Ever since Gifkin leaves us, y'understand, we got in our cutting room one *Schlemiel* after another. Ain't it? Only yesterday we got to fire that young feller we took on last week, understand me, and if we get somebody else in his place today, Polatkin, the chances is we would get rid of him tomorrow, and so it goes."

Again Polatkin nodded.

"So, therefore, what is the use talking, Polatkin?" Philip concluded. "Let us take Joe Borrochson and learn him he should be a cutter, and in six months' time, Polatkin, I bet yer he would be just so good a cutter as anybody."

At this juncture Polatkin raised his hand with the palm outward.

"Stop right there, Scheikowitz," he said. "You are making a fool of yourself, Scheikowitz, because, Scheikowitz, admitting for the sake of no arguments about it that the boy is a good boy, understand me, after all he's only a boy, ain't it, and if you are coming to make a sixteen-year-old boy an assistant cutter, y'understand, the least that we could expect is that our customers fires half our goods back at us."

"But ——" Scheikowitz began.

"But nothing, Scheikowitz," Polatkin interrupted. "This morning I seen it Meyer Gifkin on Canal Street and he ain't working for them suckers no more; and I says to him is he willing to come back here

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The Cracker of Economy

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It's not only that **Educator Toasterettes** are made from "whole wheat flour"—freshly stone-ground in the good old-fashioned way.

Or that the flour is mixed with "pure, sweet spring water" from our own artesian wells.

And "savored with table salt." And "toasted to a delicate brown." And "touched with table butter."

No: it's not only because of these facts that **Toasterettes** are so delicious, so wholesome, so delightfully different from all other crackers.

It's mostly because **Toasterettes** are just **Toasterettes**—one of many varieties of Educator Crackers.

And they're still baked by the daughter of their creators—in the same old ovens, in the same old way. She personally samples each day's baking, insisting upon the same high quality that has made **Educator Crackers** famous for twenty-five years.

Ask Your Dealer—If he cannot supply you order from us direct. Anyway send ten cents in stamps for trial package of **Toasterettes**, and mention your dealer's name, if you please.

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WHAT is harder than keeping fingers from a tempting box of Lenox Chocolates? Youngster or dignified grown-up—it's all the same; your mouth waters, your fingers itch till you get "just one more."

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are wonderfully "good," yet they have more to recommend them than mere deliciousness.

Lenox Chocolates are the wholesome, healthful kind of confectionery. The coating is of rich, creamy chocolate of highest quality and the fillings are unusually delightful and delicious.

The list, in part, includes jelly nougat, nut, caramel, fruit, cream, etc. Can you think of flavors more pleasing?

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A style for every writer.

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Guaranteed Fine Grade Necco Hose sent prepaid and insured for One Dollar (Extraordinary Value). Men—Choice black, tan, navy, grey. Ladies—Black, tan, Stocking. We guarantee no holes in toe or heel within 6 months or New Ones Free. Obtainable only through our accredited agents or direct.

We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's or any Bank in New York City.

Lenox Silk Works, Desk K, 5 West 31st St., New York City
Field Representatives Wanted in Every County
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at the same wages, and he says yes, providing you would see that this here feller Borrochson wouldn't pretty near kill him."

"What do you mean pretty near kill him?" Scheikowitz cried. "Do you mean to say he is afraid of a boy like Joe Borrochson?"

"Not Joe Borrochson," Polatkin replied. "He is all the time thinking that your brother-in-law Borrochson comes over here with his boy and is working in our place yet, and when I told him that that crook didn't come over at all Meyer says that's the first he hears about it or he would have asked for his job back long since already. So he says he would come in here to see us this afternoon."

"But ——" Scheikowitz began again.

"Furthermore," Polatkin continued hastily, "if I would got a nephew in my place, Scheikowitz, I would a damsight sooner he stays working on the stock till he knows enough to sell goods on the road as that he learns to be a cutter. Ain't it?"

Scheikowitz sighed heavily by way of surrender.

"All right, Polatkin," he said; "if you're so dead set on taking this here feller Gifkin back go ahead. But one thing I must got to tell you. If you are taking a feller back which you fired once, understand me, he acts so independent you couldn't do nothing with him at all."

"Leave that to me," Polatkin said, as he started for the cutting room, and when Scheikowitz followed him he found that Gifkin had already arrived.

"*Wie gehts*, Mister Scheikowitz?" Gifkin cried, and Philip received the salutation with a distant nod.

"I hope you don't hold no hard feelings for me," Gifkin began.

"Me hold hard feelings for you!" Scheikowitz exclaimed. "I guess you forget yourself, Gifkin. A boss don't hold no hard feelings for a feller which is working in the place, Gifkin; otherwise the feller gets fired and stays fired, Gifkin."

At this juncture Polatkin in the rôle of peacemaker created a diversion.

"Joe," he called to young Borrochson, who was passing the cutting-room door, "come in here a minute."

He turned to Gifkin as Joe entered.

"I guess you seen this young feller before," he said.

Gifkin looked hard at Joe for a minute.

"I think I seen him before somewheres," he replied.

"Sure you seen him before," Polatkin rejoined. "His name is Borrochson."

"Borrochson!" Gifkin cried, and Joe, whose color had heightened at the close scrutiny to which he had been subjected, began to grow pale.

"Sure, Yosel Borrochson, the son of your old neighbor," Polatkin explained, but Gifkin shook his head slowly.

"That ain't Yosel Borrochson," he declared, and then it was that Polatkin and Scheikowitz first noticed Joe's embarrassment. Indeed even as they gazed at him his features worked convulsively once or twice and he dropped unconscious to the floor.

In the scene of excitement that ensued Gifkin's avowed discovery was temporarily forgotten, but when Joe was again restored to consciousness Polatkin drew Gifkin aside and requested an explanation.

"What do you mean the boy ain't Yosel Borrochson?" he demanded.

"I mean the boy ain't Yosel Borrochson," Gifkin replied deliberately. "I know this here boy, Mr. Polatkin, and, furthermore, Borrochson's boy is got one bum eye, which he gets hit with a stone in it when he was only four years old already. Don't I know it, Mr. Polatkin, when with my own eyes I seen this here boy throws the stone yet?"

"Well, then, who is this boy?" Marcus Polatkin insisted.

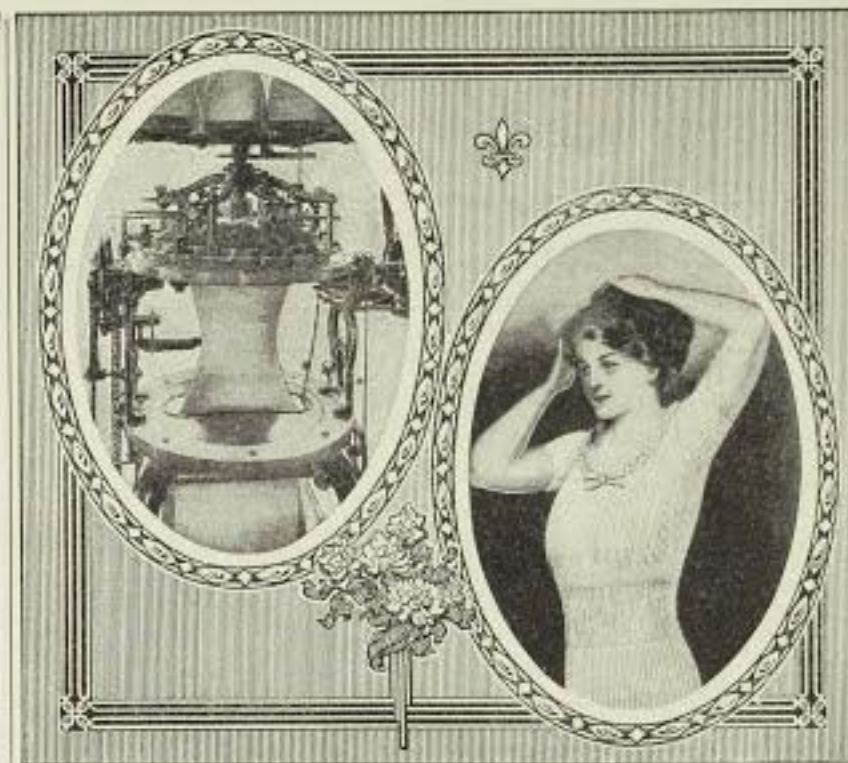
"He's a boy by the name Lubliner," Gifkin replied, "which his father was Pincus Lubliner, also a crook, Mr. Polatkin, which he would steal anything from a toothpick to an oitermobile, understand me."

"Pincus Lubliner!" Polatkin repeated hoarsely.

"That's who I said," Gifkin continued, rushing headlong to his destruction. "Pincus Lubliner, which honestly, Mr. Polatkin, there's nothing that feller wouldn't do—a regular *Rosher* if ever there was one."

For one brief moment Polatkin's eyes flashed angrily, and then with a resounding smack his open hand struck Gifkin's cheek.

"Liar!" he shouted. "What do you mean by it?"



Knitted to Your Form

THERE is *one* make of fine-ribbed union suits knitted to your form, Madam, and *only* one.

That is the

Richelieu

Other union suits, at the same price, are shaped at the waist by coarse seams.

Compare them at your dealer's.

There are two distinct types of the Richelieu, made in cotton, mercerized and merino, and priced from $1.00 to $3.00.

THE WIN-SUM

In the Win-sum, you have a union suit giving the same combination as that found in a summer-weight vest worn with a heavy-weight lower garment—and this without seams.

THE SEEM-LESS

You have in the Seem-less a union suit with a glove-fitting waist of thinner texture and with no waist seams to cause discomfort beneath the corsets.

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By the way, have you entered your ideas for the $500.00 Richelieu prizes? If not, ask your dealer for a blank and particulars—or write us.

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A Cluett Color-Fast Coat Shirt will look best on you longer than ordinary shirts, because it is made of better than ordinary color-fast fabrics. *$1.50 and up*

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress." Cluett, Peabody & Company, 457 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

Barcalo Buffalo

All iron or brass beds and cribs that bear the trade-mark "Barcalo-Buffalo" have UNBREAKABLE CORNERS—bed is guaranteed for 35 years.

Strongest at the point where most metal beds are weakest—at the corners. You can pound them with a hammer, and if they break you get a new bed. Barcalo Beds never sag, because the corners fit snugly.

Tell your dealer you want a "Barcalo" Bed

If he doesn't sell Barcalo Beds, send us his name and ask for our "STYLE BOOK OF BEDS." Shows 100 designs, $10 up. The extra beauty and convenience, and the guarantee back of Barcalo Beds, will repay you. A Barcalo makes a cheerful room.

BARCALO MANUFACTURING COMPANY
No. 4 Louisiana Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

DEALERS: Ask for our plan of co-operation.



Scheikowitz, who had been tenderly bathing Joe Borrochson's head with water, rushed forward at the sound of the blow.

"Marcus," he cried, "for Heaven's sake, what are you doing? You shouldn't kill the feller just because he makes a mistake and thinks the boy ain't Joe Borrochson."

"He makes too many mistakes," Polatkin roared. "Calls Pincus Lubliner a crook and a murderer yet, which his mother was my own father's a sister. Did you ever hear the like?"

He made a threatening gesture toward Gifkin, who cowered in a chair.

"Say, lookyhere, Marcus," Scheikowitz asked, "what has Pincus Lubliner got to do with this?"

"He's got a whole lot to do with it," Marcus replied, and then his eyes rested on Joe Borrochson, who had again lapsed into unconsciousness.

"Oo-ee!" Marcus cried. "The poor boy is dead."

He swept Philip aside and ran to the water-cooler, whence he returned with the drip-bucket brimming over. This he emptied on Joe Borrochson's recumbent form, and after a quarter of an hour the recovery was permanent. In the meantime Philip had interviewed Meyer Gifkin to such good purpose that when he entered the firm's office with Meyer Gifkin at his heels he was fairly spluttering with rage.

"Thief!" he yelled. "Out of here before I make you arrested."

"Who the devil you think you are talking to?" Marcus demanded.

"I am talking to Joseph Borrochson," Scheikowitz replied. "That's who I'm talking to."

"Well, there ain't no such person here," Polatkin retorted. "There's here only a young fellow by the name Elkin Lubliner, which he is my own father's sister a grandson, and he ain't no more a thief as you are."

"Ain't he?" Philip retorted. "Well, all I can say is he is a thief and his whole family is thieves, the one worser as the other."

Marcus glowered at his partner.

"You should be careful what you are speaking about," he said. "Maybe you ain't aware that this here boy's grandfather on his father's side was *Reb* Mosha, the big *Lubliner Rav*, a *Chosid* and a *Tzadek* if ever there was one."

"What difference does that make?" Philip demanded. "He is stealing my brother-in-law's passage ticket anyhow."

"I didn't steal it," the former Joseph Borrochson cried. "My father paid him good money for it, because Borrochson says he wanted it to marry the widow with; and you also I am paying a hundred dollars."

"Yow! Your father paid him good money for it!" Philip jeered. "A *Ganef* like your father is stealing the money, too, I bet yer."

"*Oser a Stück*," Polatkin declared. "I am sending him the money myself to help bury his aunt, Mrs. Lebowitz."

"You sent him the money?" Philip cried. "And your own partner you didn't tell nothing about it at all!"

"What is it your business supposing I am sending money to the old country?" Marcus retorted. "Do you ask me an advice when you are sending away money to the old country?"

"But the feller didn't bury his aunt at all," Philip said.

"Yes, he did too," the former Joseph Borrochson protested. "Instead of a hundred dollars the funeral only costs fifty. Anybody could make an overestimate. Ain't it?"

Marcus nodded.

"The boy is right, Philip," he said, "and anyhow what does this loafer come butting in here for?"

As he spoke he indicated Meyer Gifkin with a jerk of the chin.

"He ain't butting in here," Philip declared; "he comes in here because I told him to. I want you should make an end of this nonsense, Polatkin, and hire a decent assistant cutter. Gifkin is willing to come back for twenty dollars a week."

"He is, is he?" Marcus cried. "Well, if he was willing to come back for twenty dollars a week why didn't he come back before? Now it's too late; I got other plans. Besides, twenty dollars is too much."

"You know very well why I ain't come back before, Mr. Polatkin," Gifkin protested. "I was afraid for my life from that murderer Borrochson."

Philip scowled suddenly.



SUPPOSE it were possible to identify and keep track of each hair of your head. Under normal scalp conditions you would find that shedding and re-growth are practically continuous.

When the scalp gets lazy the re-growth does not keep pace with natural loss.

Then is the time to wake the scalp up—to vitalize it—to form the habit of systematic shampooing with

Packer's Tar Soap

(PURE AS THE PINES)

Packer's Tar Soap is not merely an agreeable and refreshing toilet preparation. It is a scientific blending of Nature's best aids to scalp and hair health. On merit alone it has won and kept the confidence of three generations.

For 10 cents, silver or stamps, we will mail you a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap, also our booklet, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

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Cooking in Paper Bags Explained

You can cook almost everything in Union Cookery Bags—the wonderful Soyer method. Things taste better. No shrinkage, no smell of cooking, no pots and pans to scour. Prepare food as usual and place in bag of proper size. Needs no watching, is self-basting and self-browning. *Ordinary paper bags won't do.*

The Genuine Union Cookery Bag is odorless, tasteless, moisture-proof and unaffected by heat—and bears this mark

SAMPLES MAILED FREE

of various sized bags, with directions and recipes if you send us your grocer's name.

The Union Bag & Paper Co., 1914 Woolsel Bldg., New York

Corner the Fun Market!

Bowling has taken fun lovers by storm—is clearing up from $100.00 to $600.00 a month clear profit for many Managers. One man with four alleys made over

$680.00 in 30 Days



Be a Manager. All you need is energy, and as a small investment you may make the same profits, if not greater ones, right in your own locality.

Bowling is a clean, manly game—an exercise that fascinates the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—colonial in effect, irresistible. Big, regulation-shaped ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no experience of any kind, except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big paying business on an investment as low as $120 to $700. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us, minus what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 270 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



It Isn't Jap-a-lac Without the Jap-a-lac Name and Label

MADAM—please remember that. The market is full of "near" Jap-a-lacs—"almost" Jap-a-lacs—"just-as-good-as" Jap-a-lacs—cheaply made from poor materials to "cash in" on the Jap-a-lac name.

Beware of them. Jap-a-lac is an original, distinctive product. There is nothing like it. Nothing that approaches it. It is made of a special selection of gums and oils combined and blended in the famous Glidden way.

That is why Jap-a-lac gives *far* better—more beautiful—results than any imitation—why it covers more space—why it wears longer.

JAP-A-LAC

Is made in twenty-one different colors and Jap-a-lac Natural (clear varnish). There is no end to the ways you can use it about the home. It brightens old discolored and scarred furniture, floors and interior woodwork. Turns your old tin or zinc bath tub into an enameled one. Fine for kitchen table tops; for pantry shelves; for re-enameling iron beds and re-gilding radiators.

50,000 paint, hardware and drug dealers sell Jap-a-lac yearly to millions of housewives all over America. The prices are right.

In the United States, Jap-a-lac prices are (Full U. S. Measure): ¼-Pt. 20c; ½-Pt. 30c; Pt. 50c; Qt. 90c; ¼-Gal. $1.65; Gal. $3.00.

In Canada (Full Imperial Measure): ¼-Pt. 25c; ½-Pt. 35c; Pt. 60c; Qt. $1.10; ¼-Gal. $1.95; Gal. $3.50.



The Glidden Varnish Co.
Factories: Cleveland, O.; Toronto, Can.
Branches: New York; Chicago



This Label on Every Garment.

Summer Underwear

YOU don't have to take any one's word. You know "Porosknit" every time by this label.

50c a Garment
Union Suits, $1.00

Boys' 25c each. Union Suits, 50c
Sold Everywhere

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.

ANY COLLEGE YOUNG MAN

House of Wright & Street, 225 W. 42nd St., Chicago, Ill.

"My partner is right, Gifkin," he said. "Twenty dollars is too much."

"No, it ain't," Gifkin declared. "If I would be still working for you, Mr. Scheikowitz, I would be getting more as twenty dollars by now. And was it my fault you are firing me? By rights I should have sued you in the courts yet."

"What d'ye mean sue us in the courts?" Philip exclaimed. He was growing increasingly angry, but Gifkin heeded no warning.

"Because you are firing me just for saying a crook is a crook," Gifkin replied, "and here lately you found out for yourself this here Borrochson is nothing but a *Schwindler*—a *Ganef*."

"What are you talking about—a *Schwindler?*" Philip cried, now thoroughly aroused. "Ain't you heard the boy says Borrochson is marrying the landlord's widow? Could a man get married on wind, Gifkin?"

"Yow! he married the landlord's widow!" Gifkin said. "I bet yer that crook gambles away the money; and, anyhow, could you believe anything this here boy tells you, Mr. Scheikowitz?"

The question fell on deaf ears, however, for at the repetition of the word crook Philip flung open the office door.

"Out of here," he roared, "before I kick you out."

Simultaneously Marcus grabbed the luckless Gifkin by the collar, and just what occurred between the office and the stairs could be deduced from the manner in which Marcus limped back to the office.

"*Gott sei Dank* we are rid of the fellow," he said as he came in.

IV

ALTHOUGH Philip Scheikowitz arrived at his place of business at half past seven the following morning he found that Marcus and Elkin Lubliner had preceded him, for when he entered the showroom Marcus approached with a broad grin on his face and pointed to the cutting room, where stood Elkin Lubliner. In the boy's right hand was clutched a pair of cutter's shears, and guided by chalked lines he was laboriously slicing up a roll of sample paper.

"Ain't he a picture?" Marcus exclaimed.

"A picture!" Philip repeated. "What d'ye mean a picture?"

"Why, the way he stands there with them shears, Philip," Marcus replied. "He's really what you could call a born cutter if ever there was one."

"A cutter!" Philip cried.

"Sure," Marcus went on. "It's never too soon for a young feller to learn all sides of his trade, Philip. He's been long enough on the stock. Now he should learn to be a cutter, and I bet yer in six months' time yet he would be just so good a cutter as anybody."

Philip was too dazed to make any comment before Marcus obtained a fresh start.

"A smart boy like him, Philip, learns awful quick," he said. "Ain't it funny how blood shows up? Now you take a boy like him which he comes from decent, respectable family, Philip, and he's got real gumption. I think I told you his grandfather on his father's side was a big rabbi, the *Lubliner Rav*."

Philip nodded.

"And even if I didn't told you," Marcus went on, "you could tell it from his face."

Again Philip nodded.

"And another thing I want to talk to you about," Marcus said, hastening after him: "the hundred dollars the boy gives you you should keep, Philip. And if you are spending more than that on the boy I would make it good."

Philip dug down absently into his trousers pocket and brought forth the roll of dirty bills.

"Take it," he said, throwing it toward his partner. "I don't want it."

"What d'ye mean you don't want it?" Marcus cried.

"I mean I ain't got no hard feelings against the boy," Philip replied. "I am thinking it over all night, and I come to the conclusion so long as I started in being the boy's uncle I would continue that way. So you should put the money in the savings bank like I says yesterday."

"But ——" Marcus protested.

"But nothing," Philip interrupted. "Do what I am telling you."

Marcus blinked hard and cleared his throat with a great, rasping noise.

"After all," he said huskily, "it don't make no difference how many crooks *oder Rabonim* is in a feller's family, Philip, so long as he's got a good, straight businessman for a partner."

Shaves, Strops, Cleans Without Detaching Blade



A TRUTHFUL ADVERTISEMENT

SINCE the invention of the AutoStrop Razor, it is just as unnecessary to acquire barbers' skill as it is to add with the head now that we have adding machines. Just as the adding machine does the adding for you, so the AutoStrop does the stropping for you, and this is how:

You simply slip the special strop through the top of the razor itself—yes, in under the blade.

You push the handle back and forth. The blade falls on the soft strop at exactly the barber's angle, first on one side then the other, and with exactly the same "pert and nimble" touch of the head barber.

After a few strokes you slip the razor straight from strop to face and shave. In all the stropping, shaving and cleaning you take not a single thing apart and put not a solitary thing together.

Quick and handy, you will admit, but does AutoStrop stropping really whet a fine, keen edge?

Shave with an AutoStrop edge before and after stropping, and you will get the answer to that question.

MAKES MONEY FOR YOU—NOT EXPENSE

Consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, twelve fine blades and strop, in handsome case, price $5.00. This is your total shaving expense *for years*, as the stropping makes one blade last often three to six months, sometimes a year. Sets for travelers and others $5 and upward. Factories in United States and Canada and sold in both countries at $5 upward. Send for free booklet.

Your dealer will refund your money if you are not satisfied. We protect him from loss.

If you will get one on trial today and give it a good trial, you will admit enthusiastically that you read the truth in this advertisement. Why don't you get it today? Then you won't forget it.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York; 400 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Canada; 61 New Oxford St., London.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

STROPS ITSELF

Strops, Shaves, Cleans Without Detaching Blade
Far Quicker, Handier Than a No-Stropping Razor

CHEAPER THAN A DOLLAR RAZOR AS THE BLADES LAST SO LONG



Hold a Magnifying Lens Over These Watch Cases

Examine the deep, rich engine-turning or engraving on "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" cases. It is made possible by the thickness of the gold.

Ordinary filled cases may look all right when you pay for them, have a high polish and all that. But the workmanship of such cases is thin and light—merely burnished on—because the surface is only a thin film or wash of gold. You may even find them stamped "Guaranteed for 20 years," but what is the guarantee worth when there is no way to enforce it?

If you want *assured investment value* for your money—service, wear, all-round satisfaction—see that you get a "Crescent" or a "Jas. Boss" case.

Every representative jeweler carries them. He will identify them for you by the trademarks illustrated in this advertisement. These marks mean absolute integrity in material, in construction, in workmanship. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia





The Stetson Shoe Makes Life a Holiday

Foot-ease being essential to mind-ease, comfort is made the first consideration in building The Stetson Shoe.

Shod with the shoe of comfort—The Stetson Shoe—each day will be gay, your work a pleasure and your pleasures complete.

The **Strut** is a stylish model for the young man—a fitter, too—and fit means comfort.



The Red Diamond marks the Stetson agency and the Stetson Shoe. Write today for The Book of Dreams, a unique book of Fall styles, and name of nearest dealer.

"Stetsons cost more by the pair—less by the year."

New York, 7 Cortlandt Street; Springfield, Mass., 170 Worthington Street; Cleveland, Ohio, 6 Hollenden Arcade; Pittsburgh, Pa., Jenkins Arcade Building; 1210 Market Street, Philadelphia,—A. H. Grading Company.

THE STETSON SHOE

The Stetson Shoe Company, South Weymouth, Massachusetts.

I love Shoe Dealers should write for our Stock Book and Proposition.

A FRESH GRIP

(Continued from Page 19)

twelve feet tall, which I put just within the entrance gate and had covered with purple flowering beans the second summer.

That trellis decked out with purple flowers attracted some attention, I tell you, and every now and then we could hear people say as they passed along the road: "Oh, look, how pretty!" That made me feel good, for I had put a lot of work into that trellis as a beauty-adder and I liked, too, to see that the place was getting more attractive to strangers—which meant eventually more salable at a good profit.

We had a broad driveway—or walkway, for at first we rarely rode over it or had any one else do so—that went up straight from the entrance gate toward the middle of our two substantial rooms and front porch. This drive separated at a distance of about one hundred feet from the house and ran about a large oval grass plat, as many more pretentious places we had seen were laid off.

That large oval, about fifty feet long, was carefully sown in bluegrass and carefully tended. In the center we had a large oval rockery with ground ivy and different kinds of red coleus plants stuck in the earth spaces among the rocks; and two clumps of Spanish bayonets and four clumps of white and green striped grass, as well as four little red-leafed dwarf trees—*prunus pissardi*, I believe Arch called them—added a touch of color all summer.

We thought that oval greatly increased the beauty of our place. The point was this, Arch said: the oval was so small that it could be carefully tended like a city yard without much trouble; was so prominently placed—directly in front of the porch and not more than fifty feet away—that it gave tone to the whole front; was so planned that it had bright-colored flowers all summer, but was inexpensive and easy to handle. All growths in the oval were kept low enough not to interfere with the view of lawn and entrance and rolling country beyond the road.

Then the break in the straight road from the gate gave a relief, a rest, Arch said, and added a more elegant touch to our simple place—seeming somehow to enlarge the grounds slightly.

Tree-Planting Time

Just within the front gate, on either side of the driveway and also in the curves of the hedge, we planted large clumps of a red-berried bush which stood out in the fall and winter as welcoming masses of cheerful color to greet all who came—that's what Arch and Minnie said about them. We also had some bitter-sweet and red-berried shrubs up near the house at one side. You have no idea how cheerful and good those bushes were when the leaves were all gone and the country generally looked bare and cold.

Of course living in the country has some inconveniences, but we made the best of things—that was part of our family agreement when we moved out. It was pleasant at first for Minnie to come home from the hot city with a cool ride and short walk in the summer evenings; but when the days got shorter and I had to meet her every evening at the car I don't know which of us wished for city streets the most—I limping along tired after chores and milking, or Minnie coming out from city sidewalks—especially if it happened to be raining or there was no moon. But the pike was good and I bought a small lantern for rainy nights, and after all a thousand feet is not a long walk.

Minnie was nice about it too. She grew more and more cheerful, praised my work and each new thing about the place, told me how fine it was for the children and how she was getting to *love* the country! Minnie has some capacity for loving—and I rather like it.

By tree-planting time that first fall we had pretty well decided what and where to plant. You see you can do a lot of planning in six months when you have things right under your eye all the time. We meant finally to weed out most of the old apple trees, for they weren't of much permanent value; but we left three or four even in front to take away the brand-new look of the place. We put most of the new trees along the sides of the front acre and a half, so as to leave a more spacious lawn effect; that's what Arch said we must do.



Duofold Health Underwear

A sheep wears his wool on the outside. That's where it is in **Duofold.**

The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton, and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

Could anything be more scientific and sensible?

Delightfully smooth on the skin; well-ventilated, keeping the body always at an even normal temperature.

Duofold gives the warmth of wool without the "itchy" sensation of wool against the skin; nor the sticky effect of a solid cotton garment. **Duofold** is always smooth, dry, light and perfectly ventilated.

Single garments and union suits in all weights and various styles for men, women and children. $1.00 and upwards.

Your dealer has them or will get them for you. Write us for Style Booklet.

Duofold Health Underwear Company
Mohawk, N. Y.



Send for
TRIAL BOTTLE
20¢

50 Times the Strength

The most exquisite perfume ever made. Lasts 50 times as long as ordinary kinds. A new process. Gives only pure distilled odor of flowers (not diluted with anything). Don't use a drop—just touch the long glass stopper to handkerchief.

In Cut Glass Bottle in Polished Maple Case, $1.50, at dealers in perfume or sent postpaid on receipt of price. Odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabapple

Money back if not pleased. Send 20c for trial bottle (prepaid).

PAUL RIEGER
178 First Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Exact Size Regular Bottle

Rieger's Flower Drops

San Francisco, New York, Chicago, Paris



Hill's "Hustler" Ash Sifter

Saves the coal you now waste. Sifts ashes quickly and easily—no work, no dust. Ashes sift into barrel; unburnt coal rolls into scuttle. Fits iron can or ordinary barrel. Lasts a lifetime. Pays for itself many times over. Sold by hardware dealers everywhere.

Write today for descriptive Folder, No. 1, which tells all about this great help to household economy.

Hill-Dryer Co. 201 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 423 North Clark Street, Chicago

Every Razor must be stropped

No matter what make of razor you use, it will not keep its edge unless it is stropped every time you use it. Anyone, even the most inexperienced, can keep a razor in perfect condition with

The New Torrey Honing Strop



Over half a century of strop making and our recent discovery of a wonderful sharpening preparation have made this possible. The New Torrey Honing Strop will last a lifetime and never need renewing. If your dealer cannot show you this new strop, write to us and we will give you the address of a dealer who can.

Prices, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00, $2.50

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write at once for our special proposition.

Our booklet—all about shaving—sent free on request.

Get a Torrey Razor—the best made.

J. R. TORREY & CO.
Dept. A. Worcester, Mass.



Only "Whiz" Suspenders have the Triple Take-up

And without it no one pair of suspenders can perfectly fit the tall man as well as the short—the fleshy as well as the slim.

The triple take-up is on "Whiz" suspenders exclusively. Move it one inch, it takes up three inches of slack. This means that the "Whiz" buckle never crawls up on the shoulder to rub and chafe you. No matter who wears this suspender the buckle is always in about the same position on the front here, and within easy reach. In other qualities the "Whiz" is as good as $1.00 suspenders and better than most 50c suspenders.

At your dealer's or by mail 50c

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Patentees and Sole Makers
138-146 West 14th St.
New York City
Makers of "Whiz" Combination



SEND A POSTAL for Sample of
Austin's Dog Bread

Oldest dog bread made in America. Keeps dogs healthy in hottest weather—keeps them in condition during the inactive winter. Austin's Puppy Bread for puppies and small pets. Store which you want to try and be sure to give your dealer's name.

AUSTIN DOG BREAD AND ANIMAL FOOD CO.
207 Marginal Street, Chelsea, Mass.

We used a few water maples, because they grow fast; some Norway maples, because they are such fine trees; pin oaks, on account of their glossy leaves and symmetrical growth; and a couple of tulip trees for their leaves and blossoms. We even put in two chestnuts and a hickory.

We mixed in some cherry trees, both red and white varieties, four pear trees and six young apple trees; but we kept the peach trees away from the front lawn. Their foliage drops too easily in dry weather and they are not even cousins to a shade tree. Instead we scattered about a few plum trees, with dogwoods and redbuds for the effect in early spring.

The side fences back of the first hundred feet of privet hedge were of woven wire on dressed cedar posts painted green. Out in front of the fences we had a row of raspberry vines—red and black both—well wired; in front of them we scattered gooseberry and currant bushes. Farther out from the fence, where they would show well, we put in some snowballs and lilacs, some old-fashioned flowering almond and burning bush. Over near the house at one side we had a large patch of lilies-of-the-valley, and on the other side a long, straggling bed of daffodils. You see we planted mostly perennials that didn't need working or watering and yet made an attractive appearance.

We kept the central part of our front yard or lawn and along the driveway largely free from messy little bushes and flowers, so as not to interfere with staking out our cow to graze. We counted all along on saving pasture bills for Sookey after the first year, and we did.

The grapes and peach trees and blackberry vines and a lot of other things we put farther back, out of sight of the front porch. Out in front we tried to put in as much of the useful as we could without spoiling the ornamental effect—tried to economize on space without letting any one think it looked like simply a money-making or money-saving proposition.

Later Improvements

Our little country place became a family supporter and a little more, even before the trees had their growth. By the time we got through with it it certainly was a complete proposition; we even had an asparagus bed and some prospects for quinces.

Of course we had our troubles, plenty of them. It was sometimes too hot and sometimes too cold, sometimes too wet and sometimes too dry; things would dry up and die, or rot out, or be eaten up by bugs, or simply refuse to grow; and of course as a green hand I had to replant considerably the first two years. But what kind of business can you find where everything always goes just right? Is that the kind you're in? If it is, I certainly should like to have your telephone number!

We tried to get inexpensive conveniences as we improved the place. The second fall I added a good cistern at the corner of the kitchen, with a pump direct to a sink inside. You ought to try that plan when you start your country place; it saves a third of the kitchen work, my wife says.

I put in a pipe, too, to pump water direct from the pump to the chicken yard, which helped a good deal. We had runs for the chickens down under the plum trees and blackberry bushes, to give them extra grass and exercise; and in winter we used to turn them out over the back field at times.

You'd be surprised to see how the grandchildren learned to help in little ways that counted—picking beans and peas in the garden, and strawberries, and weeding out the onion beds for an hour in the mornings or evenings when the sun wasn't too hot; feeding chickens, gathering eggs, and saving about two thousand steps a day—which count, especially when you're lame. The kids liked it, too, and it was good for them. It kept them out of some mischief, I guess; gave them something to do and taught them that it's fun to work.

It's fun to work! I don't think I'll ever forget that, after being laid aside as nonworking material for so many months while we finished eating up my little savings. Thank God for work and for my chance in the country!

I paid a good deal more attention to the chicken proposition after the first summer, for it did not interfere so much with other work in the fall and winter. I never tried to have a poultry farm and have never



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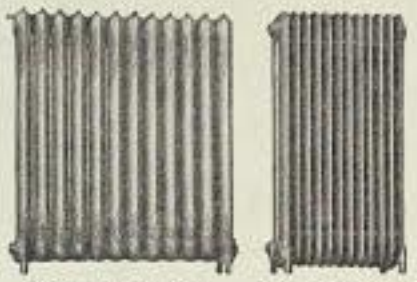
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The picture shows two kinds of radiators. One is cast iron—the kind used in the old days, when steam and hot water radiation were first introduced.

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done anything spectacular with chickens—no "$500 a month from poultry" or "$1800 a year on fifty feet of ground." But even that first year and a half I greatly increased our revenue by eggs, and got the family on intimate terms with fried and roast and stuffed chicken.

Did I tell you, or did I expect you to take it for granted, that in planting fruit we tried to get the best, consulting with neighbors and nurserymen as to the most desirable varieties, those best adapted to that section and climate? It doesn't cost any more to care for them, and you get double the results; that's economy and management. We did that also as far as we could with the vegetables.

We planned it so that even the back yard looked well, with some trees and althea and rose bushes near the house and, farther down, the chicken yard on one side and the kitchen garden on the other.

Arch said we must make our kitchen garden ornamental in an old-fashioned way, that it would add two hundred dollars to the selling price of the place. So we had a row or two of hollyhocks up one side, near the cabbage bed, and other rows of tiger lilies and four-o'clocks—things that came up of themselves every year and didn't have to be watered. You'd be surprised to see how those things add; and I learned to appreciate them for their own sake after I got used to them.

It's a good thing to get the best, if you can; and you can in planting things. But you needn't do without everything you would like, just because you can't get everything fancy.

I used to get a neighbor to break up my ground each spring and put it into condition—I had only about three acres after I got the front in grass. The third summer I got sporty and bought a horse for pleasure, a driving horse. He cost me twenty dollars, and though too old to run a race or run away he was good for two hours at a time of running walk or jog trot.

The Time to Sell

With that perfectly safe horse and a second-hand surrey—I'm not going to tell you how little I paid for the surrey; it wasn't actually given to me and I took off the top when it got too seedy—we had many fine rides on summer evenings. It was nice to take our company riding, too, for many old friends and some new ones in time found their way to our country place.

As I said before, by the end of the third year the entrance and grounds were in nice shape and a year later we managed to finish up the house in a simple way. We tore away the temporary annex and added four more good rooms to the two front ones, making a six-room cottage or bungalow, as we called it then—we had built from the start with a high foundation—with a little bathroom and good closets and porches. When we got the house painted there was some class to the place for an inexpensive one, for the unusual quantity of fruit and careful planning and planting had begun to show.

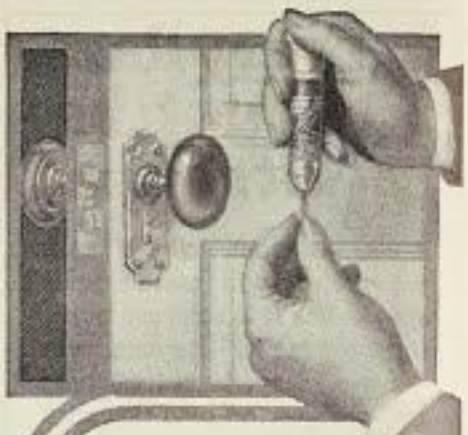
I wish you could have seen the place the next spring, at the end of the fifth year. Of course the new apple trees were not doing anything then, and some of the other fruit trees were just experimenting with what they could do; but the peaches and grapes and berries were as fine as you'd see in a day's ride, and the whole place was as attractive as a picture.

It occurred to me one day that now was the time to sell, though I hated to do it. I guess I'm a sentimental old fool, but I had actually got to love that little place I had worked and planned over so much. I felt sort of grateful to it, too, for it had been like a life-saver to me.

But Minnie had worked hard and faithfully in her office, and the children were growing; and though I had called less and less upon her for help in the family's support, $600 of her savings had gone into the addition to the house.

The place had cost in money—house, trees and all improvements, as well as the land—something like $2600, though I had made part of that besides a living out of the place. But as it stood—the handsome bungalow, with a bath fed from a second cistern under it, all freshly painted and papered, with the handsome little lawn and wealth of fruit and shrubbery—I thought it ought to sell for $5000.

I finally gathered up courage to speak of a sale to my wife and Minnie; then you ought to have heard the howl! Wails and



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reproaches and almost abuse came upon me next: "The idea of such a thing!" "Isn't it our home?" "Aren't we getting on all right?" I didn't listen to it all; I decided it was time for me to see whether the apples were in bloom.

I couldn't exactly blame them, but I got back to the subject every day until they saw I was right. They came to realize that here was my chance to cash in a good profit after five years of hard work; that doing so would help set me on my feet and encourage me still more, and help me feel I'd get back my grip on life and work more than all the little week by week successes at making a living during the past five years.

When I actually got an offer of $5300—after asking $5500—$5300 net, they didn't have the heart to turn me down and consented to a sale. The offer came from an old man and his wife, who just went wild over the place—said it was the most complete proposition they had ever seen and that it suited them exactly.

He had a half-interest in a wall-paper store, with a block of cottage investments on the side, and had been wanting for years to get back to the country, where he had been brought up; $3300 of the $5300 was in cash and the balance in two good cottages in the city: they needed some repairing, but rented for $10 a month each as they stood.

The deal was soon closed. They bought our cow and chickens and even our best carpets and some pieces of furniture, which seemed just to fit the place, and they paid us $310 more for all that. I began to feel like a capitalist—at first like a dreary, homeless one.

They wished to move out at once, so we hiked back to town, to temporary rented quarters until we could decide what to do. If we had had any intention of staying in the city, a week back there would have cured us. Everything was so cramped and on a bought basis—no chickens, no cow, no garden, no fruit, nothing for me to do or look forward to.

Buying All Over Again

You needn't think I sat down and waited for some one to come round and offer me a bargain in another country place. No, sir; I went straight to a dozen agents to see what they had cheap and of a kind that I could improve and increase in value. I went to real-estate auction sales of country property, too, five in one week!

I wanted a place out near the one we sold. I liked that section and the way things were building up out there; and somehow most persons get in a rut, I guess, even in regard to the places where they live. But for a while I didn't find a place that suited.

One day—it was the tenth of May, I remember—I went down to an auction sale of a place below the city, on an entirely different suburban line. It was about seven miles out, in a section that was not fashionable but good, where old farms were being subdivided and partly built up, as the trolley lines encouraged country living.

This place had six and a quarter acres in it. It was a quarter of a mile from the car-line and on a hill that overlooked three miles of bottom land and knobs on the other side of the river—a good view. I think the almost level roll of the six acres with that view was what made me really want the place; I had just been impressed with the value of a view in selling a country place.

This tract had on it an old two-story house badly in need of repair, but with possibilities; and there were some shackly outbuildings. Part of the house was built of logs, weatherboarded. The ground was largely in clover pasture except a desolate, weedy garden. There were a few old, neglected fruit trees and a good well. The place had been bought some years before by a city man who had expected to move out and fix it up; but changes in his plans had caused him to rent it, and four years of rather shiftless tenants had not helped the place. The ground was rather good and capable of being improved.

Well, sir, it happened to be a drizzly, chilly day and there weren't many bidders for country places. Of course it wasn't a very attractive place anyway, as it stood, but it looked good to me for a possibility, and I thought I was lucky when I bid and it was knocked down to me at $1510. Other men also told me it was cheap at that—and it was.

The road from the trolley station to the house was bad, and the place looked so

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dilapidated that when I took Minnie and my wife out to see it next day they were a little disappointed at first. However, by the time I got in my improved agent's small country-place talk—showed them the possibilities of the house and the amount of room already there, the excellent view, the picturesque possibilities, the well, the old fruit trees and elms and honey locusts, the moss-rose bush and lilacs and trumpet vine, and reminded them how little we had started with at the other place—they got quite cheerful and enthusiastic.

"Then think of the two cottages and almost $1800 in cash left, after paying for this," I cried, "besides the little $310 extra. Why, ladies, we are almost rich!"

Then we all got to suggesting and planning, for we were in a position to improve this place at once, and did so.

We did not attempt to modernize that house; we called in Arch, of course, and he told us not to.

"It would be a great mistake," he said, "and would cost you twice as much. Make it as nice as you can for a little money, but keep it old-fashioned; that is its charm and its future selling value. Make it comfortable and attractive, but not modern."

We listened to him. I was always inclined to do that, and Minnie, why, anybody could see she thought anything he said worth listening to. He took such an interest in the place and kept coming so much that I told him we would have to agree on just so many professional architectural visits per week.

Say, did you ever get a sensible young architect—Arch is thirty-five—and see what he could do with a little money in fixing up an old place?

Well, sir, we moved out before it was done, to get in a garden and watch the improvements and help; but you ought to have seen that place grow. It wasn't long before it was in shape.

Arch straightened up the house where it leaned, and put in fresh sills and foundation posts of stone where needed, with new flooring and weatherbounding in places. He put a good, plain Colonial porch, a wide one, clear across the front of the house. It was one of those houses with rooms on each side of a fairly broad front hall. He cut a few windows here and there to give more light and air, but left the old front door with its little side windows and transom above. He left also the high wooden mantels, and the front windows with twelve panes of glass to each sash, and the open fireplace in the parlor, and spindle-legged railing to the front stairs, and a lot of old things like that.

After Seven Years' Work

Why, that chap even took off the good electric front-door bell and put on a great old-fashioned brass knocker, which he said he got at a bargain for two dollars. I paid for it and didn't kick, for that first place sold well, and I realized Arch knew more about "taste" and "art" and "culture" and "the antique"—and the prices people will pay for them—than I shall ever know. And I rather liked it all when it was done.

That house had five rooms downstairs and three upstairs—pretty good rooms too. By the time it was all patched and plastered up and papered and painted it certainly had some class to it in its old-fashioned way.

The improvements, including a new pump, and fencing, and patching up outbuildings, and a new cistern for the bathroom, all told cost me $587—but they were worth it.

People raved over the place when they saw it, especially the women folks; but I didn't rest until I had got it stocked with fruit and berries and had the garden and other ground in shape, and had got the neighbors to go in with me and make that quarter of a mile road to the carline a regular auto kind of pike, metaled and top-dressed and oiled. But two years and a little more money did all that.

I salted down some of our surplus money and the rents into another cottage, and now have an income of $30 a month from the three cottages, besides the living that I nearly make off of our attractive new place. I was offered $4800 for this place the other day—seven years after my country start—but declined to sell. It's our home now, and we feel we are entitled to keep it a while.

One day a year ago, the second spring after we moved to Ridgewood—that's what we named this place—I determined we could get along without Minnie's working so hard. So that evening I got her out on the front porch alone in the hanging swing to give her the glad surprise. The plum trees scattered about the yard were in bloom and there was a freshness in the air; and I remember that the sunset above the hills way off across the valley was especially fiery and classy. I was feeling quite sentimental; it's funny, but somehow quiet evenings and sunsets affect me like that.

Minnie's Personal Plans

"Min," I said, taking her hand and stroking it, "you've been a mighty good daughter to us, and we've got a start at last, thank God! I want to tell you that from now on you can cut out the office work, for here's a home for you and the children always, and I can support you." I was feeling proud and chesty.

Minnie didn't say anything at all for half a minute. I thought that funny, for Minnie's a nice woman and usually a little gushy. It began to feel chilly.

"Min," I said again, "maybe you didn't understand. You won't have to work in that office any more; I'll support you and the children from now on! Do you hear me?"

Then what do you think happened? You could have knocked me clear down with a toothpick. That quiet business woman turned loose all at once, threw her arms about my neck, and half laughing and half crying said:

"Oh, you good old dad! You know I'm thankful. But that's just what Arch said when we were walking back from lunch today, and I told him I'd let him!"

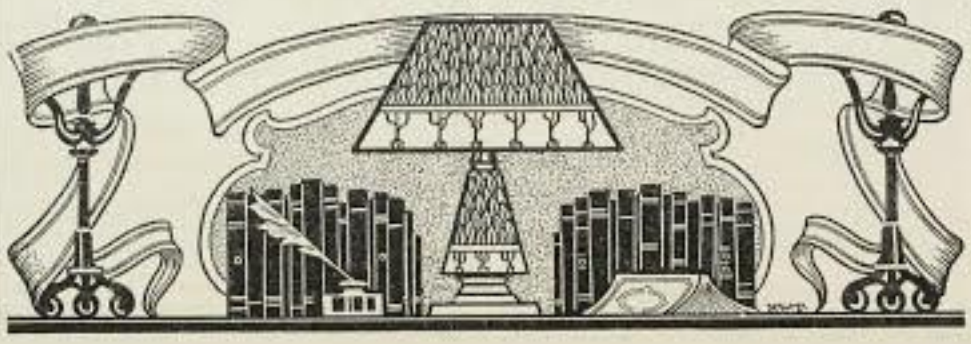
I know I'm a fool, a sentimental fool, though most persons don't know it, and I wouldn't tell you if you knew who I was. I got to choking right then, and all of a sudden the sunset got blurred.

But Min hugged me a little closer, and I patted her on the back and finally managed to say:

"Not on your life, Min! He can support you, if he wants to and you're willing, but I guess I've got some rights in those grandchildren of mine. And you can make up your mind to bring that fellow out here and stay half the time anyway. Your ma and I are not going to spend our lives getting all this wealth and elegance for nothing, do you hear?"

She heard, and I tell you it's worth while to take a firm stand now and then; the women folks soon come round to your view if it's a right one. They were married two weeks after that; but in spite of that we see pretty nearly as much of Min as before the wedding.

You ought to see our place now; it would do you good just to see it. And if you're out of work and feeling down and blue and all-in, and can't seem to get a fresh start, and don't mind working if you only had a chance, and are not so smart nobody can teach you anything, why you get to the country as soon as you can find a place. If you can't buy you rent the cheapest place you can find, and try it! It'll give you a fresh grip on work and life—you'll see!



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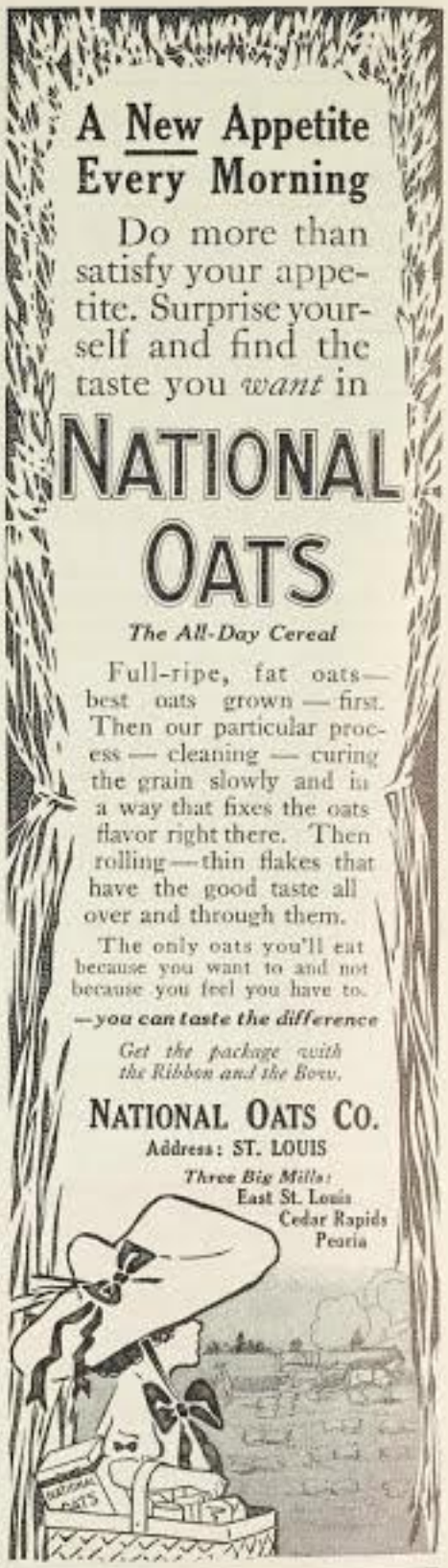
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Also, special shoes for Golf, Tennis, street and dress wear, that embody the extremes of comfort and durability. Made to measure for men and women.

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PUBLISHER, AUTHOR AND THE DEVIL

(Continued from Page 15)

while the publisher's knowledge that he first foretold, perhaps, this triumph of genius and was the encourager and director of its early flights is a satisfaction without compare.

Then there is the building of his list—a lifework. The skillful proportioning of the many parts which join in the making of a library of publications which shall be, as a whole, coherent, sound, self-expressive and profitable, is a work of real creation. Art, biography, history, fiction, sociology, religion, philosophy, science—all the departments of human thought and accomplishment are open to him, and most of the world's workers are at his call. It is for him to choose the design and material of his structure. Its building, brick upon brick, each carefully squared and set with almost painful precision in its place, is a labor of life. No hustling "modern" methods will do here if the structure is to be beautiful and useful. The bull in the china shop is not more ruthless than your so-called "live business man" at work at a publishing business, though he is often successful with commercial publishing. For related reasons, the architect-builder is usually a single personality. Book publishing is essentially a one-man business, though the wise publisher surrounds himself with strong, sympathetic advisers. Publishing by committee is apt to be as ineffectual as collaboration in art.

However book publishing may differ from the purely commercial business, whatever departure it may make toward the professional or the artistic as distinct from the commercial spirit, the financial motive is not only always present but is even knitted into its very fabric. And the financial problem requires, in my belief, a higher skill in this than in almost any other business: in the first place, publishing presents, from the very complexity of its nature, an immensely more complex and difficult problem than to calculate a profit in coal, dress goods or securities; in the second place, the temptation to indulge in the artistic, the beautiful, the highly literary, the worth-while book in any of a hundred fields, that is not also a profitable book, is constant and insistent.

The Monsters of Grub Street

The publisher finds himself most of the time under conditions which tempt him to forget that he is also a merchant; which tempt him to overestimate the actual market for the really fine work of literature. He must be everlastingly on his guard; and, when he deliberately enters such a book upon his list because it should be published in the interest of his list's dignity or the cause of progress, he must offset the commercial error either by inducing the author to stand or to share the risk, or by entering on his list a counterbalancing commercial venture. It is a delicate undertaking, particularly in the early years of a publishing house, while the backlog is still small. Later on, with a superb list of surviving sellers behind him, the publisher's margin of safety is much greater; but by that time, it must be seen, with larger ventures throughout, big and complex undertakings on every hand and a record of growth behind constituting a relentless comparison for present and future growth, the problem remains essentially the same—only on a larger scale.

Constant vigilance, therefore, is the price of success—and constant personal vigilance. Publishing cannot be deputed.

"The trouble with this business," said a celebrated publisher, "is that you're always between the devil and the deep sea. There's harbor nowhere."

"Explain yourself," I cried. "Who is the devil and who the deep sea?"

"The public and the author, of course," he replied.

"Ah!" said I; "but where does the literary agent come in?"

"You're right," he returned with a grin. "I'll have to revise my simile and add a third monster, for the literary agent is surely the devil."

Thus will it be seen that Grub Street today is more fraught with uncertainty than the famous Grub Street of story; for the literary agent, at least in the modern sense, is a brand-new product.



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and you will note the beneficial results after using

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For the *Bath* they give the most *refreshing* and *cleansing* results of any known article; especially adapted for women and children. Always *clean*, perfectly *sanitary*, can be used by the whole family. Millions in use.

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is more than a mere lighting system. It not only gives perfect illumination at any point, but will also operate light machinery and many electrical conveniences for the home and farm.

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Our Agents' Proposition is a strong one. Write.

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Let us tell you fully of its comforts and economies. Ask for book "How Aids in Ideal Heating," which also describes Non-wall Air Valves, Sylphon Packless Radiator Valves and other simple, clever devices which bring about ideal heating results at lowest upkeep cost.



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is a delightful change from lemon and vanilla in all desserts especially if you like the flavor of Maple.

Try this recipe for Mapleine Tapioca Pudding

1 cup Tapioca, 2 eggs (yolks), 1 small piece of Butter, 2 tablespoonfuls Granulated sugar, 1 cup Milk, ½ teaspoonful Mapleine.

Have the Tapioca well soaked in water or milk and cook till limpid in color, then add the milk, eggs, sugar and Mapleine.

Our recipe book "Mapleine Dainties" tells you how delicious and convenient Mapleine is for making fillings and frostings for cakes, for flavoring home made candies, fudges, ice cream, jelly and many other delicious desserts; and for making syrup.

Send for recipe book and if your Grocer does not sell Mapleine send 35c for 2 oz. bottle to Dept. K 1.

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PATENTS INVENTORS OF WIDE EXPERIENCE employ my method in securing Patents. So will you eventually. Why wait? Just send for my book. WM. T. JONES, 521 G St., Washington, D. C.

He is a British invention, finding his excuse and greatest opportunity in the adjustment of relations between authors and publishers seas apart, but carrying his intervention whenever possible—and commonly in England—into the relations of inhabitants even of the same city. He is a necessity or he would not—I had almost said thrive; but he rarely does that. He is often a beneficence to publisher as well as author. It is only when slack business or excessive zeal drives him into forcing royalties or luring authors from their natural publishers in order to win a commission by placing them with others that he becomes the devil.

His lot is most unhappy, for whatever he does gets him into trouble; and the better he does it the greater the trouble. Depending equally upon author and publisher for his livelihood, he is always at odds with one of them. In order to secure clients, he must promise bigger advances and better royalties, which invites the publishers' substantial wrath; but if he doesn't succeed in securing them he is soundly rated by the author. The fact is that the entire trade bookfield is so concentrated that the middleman cannot operate except in a noon of publicity, in which every representation or misrepresentation is visible to all concerned or unconcerned. It follows that his course from study to office and from office to study may be traced by a wake of frothy profanity. He earns his money!

There was a time when, through a natural development, the market for fiction suddenly expanded in a fashion to make publishers and booksellers almost lose their heads; in fact, some of them did, and lost a lot of dollars in the process. We all remember the days of the first sensational circulations and the tidal wave of book advertising and excitement that followed it—when even sporting papers sprouted review departments and new-book supplements were born once a week.

It was then the literary agent entered the bookfield in a real sense. Previously he had sold stories and poems to magazines and Sunday newspapers on commission; now he peddled novels among publishers and moved into a better flat. Publishers were eager for novels then. For several years they plunged. British authors heard of it and deluged America with rejected manuscripts, and drygoods clerks sat up nights on the chance of writing another David Harum. It was then the literary agent learned how to set publishers bidding royalties and advances against one another for supposed best sellers.

A Sporting Chance

A few years later, however, when this great new public had learned its own taste and when trade and authors had adjusted themselves to the new conditions, the literary agent found life again strenuous. Caution reigned once more in the sanctum and new novelists ceased to command advances. Business must be done, however, or there would be no commissions; so he learned the trick of detaching the successful author from one house to attach him to another.

The literary agent does not thrive in America upon commissions from American authors. The American author is more of a business man than his English cousin and much prefers to manage his own publishing arrangements. Nor is he so changeable. As a rule he makes a partner of his publisher and works amicably with him year after year for their common good. The English author, however, is apt to be suspicious of those hustling Americans so many miles away and often lends a ready ear to suggestions that Blank & Company are not paying all they might be made to pay, and that some other house might come down with a better advance.

And often they do. England creates a much larger proportion of sound and profitable novels than America; and, if one must speculate, it is safer speculating with the foreign production. Robert Hichens' agent held Bella Donna for a year and a half at ten thousand dollars advance against twenty-per-cent royalty; and, one after another, most of the big American houses examined it and declined the risk. But Lippincott risked it and won. It practically meant that Lippincott bet the novel would sell forty thousand copies, which, considering the author's former sales, and the unsettled condition of the fiction market at the time, was distinctively sporty.

The matter of big advances is another English institution as unwelcome as the

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OBSERVE now the Styles for *Young* Men, on the feet of the Frivolous! Maybe *you* don't like them. Maybe *we* don't like them. But—they *are* the Fashion. So, be a Hero,—or a Youmarist!

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Stamped there to *insure* that no Regal Shoe shall be retailed *above* the value it was *made* to deliver.

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Invisibly, securely. Simply perfect for "runners"—positively no slipping or curling. Rugs easily lifted for cleaning; refastened just as easily. 25c a box of 12. Ask your dealer. Or send 10c for sample set of four.



The De Long Hook & Eye Co. Philadelphia

English sparrow, and it is his insistence upon it that has chiefly caused the literary agent's American unpopularity. With fiction so uncertain a risk under the best of circumstances, it forces the publisher to add the further risk of a one-sided bet with the author on the sales of the book—a bet in which the author assumes no risk and, even if the publisher wins, makes at least twice as much as he does out of the joint venture.

Consider the author the producing department of a joint business of which the publisher is the selling department, each helping the other for the common benefit and dividing the profits and losses of succeeding ventures covering a series of years on a basis fair to both, and you have the most effective moneymaking machine possible in publishing. Americans, with their superior business keenness, are quick to see this, which accounts for the superior effectiveness and satisfaction of American publishing relations and the small place the literary agent occupies in them.

I heard a publisher say to his advertising man:

"Don't spend a dollar more than you absolutely have to on Brown's novel—not a cent even. Be under rather than over. Let us save every cent we can on this, for it's the last one we'll get. I hear confidentially that he's made a deal with Harpers' for his next three and we're not going to spend money boosting their people for them."

This is how changing often hurts the author's interests.

The same publishers got out three successive books at a loss for a short-story writer in whose future they believed, all the while encouraging her to write a novel. She did so, and it failed too. She tried again and the book sold twenty-five thousand copies, making good money and well recouping all previous losses; but the publisher said to his advertising man:

"Don't spare on Mrs. Doubleyou. Advertise her for the future—not the present. I don't care if we don't make a cent on this book. Let us make her, and her future will take care of the past."

"But suppose, after our losses on her past, we spend the profits on this and then she goes off to somebody else?"

"She won't," said the publisher confidently. "She's the sort that sees and appreciates—that stands by her friends."

With her next book, this author entered the hundred-thousand class, and she remains with her publisher still, though the target of many offers. It is an example of publishing relations in their highest class.

An Author Without a Home

Three or four years ago Bobbs, Merrill & Company read an exciting story in an obscure ten-cent magazine and arranged with the author to publish it in book form. They illustrated it expensively and advertised it enormously. It responded and became one of the best sellers in the country, making the author handsome royalties. After his second book the young man yielded to the suggestion of higher royalties and advances and allowed a literary agent to place him with another house, which advanced him five thousand dollars; but his new publishers did not advertise extensively, fearing he would leave them as he had left Bobbs-Merrill. And so he did; and today, after one failure, he is an author without a home.

If I should tell you that your favorite novelist has to write short stories, and sell at least one a month to the magazines in order to average thirty-five hundred dollars a year, you would be surprised. There are not many who do so well as that, year in, year out, notwithstanding an occasional lucrative hit. Occasional serialization adds several thousand. And yet your novelist will make two or three times out of a book what his publisher does; and many, many times his publisher actually loses money.

So Grub Street needs its compensations!

Once I asked Charles Scribner to define publishing. "Can you call it a business?" I demanded.

"Yes," he said doubtfully; "but that doesn't define it—it is so much more than a business."

"Is it a profession, then?"

"No; certainly not, but it is certainly professional."

He thought a moment and said, smiling: "Publishing is neither a business nor a profession. It is a career."

BURROWES Billiard and Pool Table

A Pleasant Home Pastime at No Expense



Heretofore not one person in a thousand had the opportunity to learn or practice Billiards and Pool without frequenting a public poolroom, which very often means the back room of a saloon.

Now, you can purchase a Burrowes Combination Billiard and Pool Table for your own home, at small expense and on very easy terms of payment.

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The Burrowes Tables are made in sizes up to 4 x 8 feet. Quickly set up, on dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or folding stand. Easily taken down and set out of the way.

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MENZ "EASE"—the Hunting Boot that fits like a glove, always comfortable on an all day's tramp, and as honest and reliable as a boot can be made. The uppers are unlined and cut from Menz "Ease" Special Elk. It's as soft as glove leather, like velvet on the inside, unusually tough and strong and never gets hard.

Catalog C also illustrates the "American Boy" for "Boy Scouts"—*the shoes with the yellow label.*



12 inch Best Goodyear welted double sole. **$7.**
16-inch—$8.00
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If your dealer doesn't sell the genuine Menz "Ease" and "American Boy," the shoes with the yellow label, we will accept your order, ship direct from the factory, prepay delivery charges, and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded.

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At Factory
50 in. long, 31 in. wide, 43½ in. high. Selected Oak, wax finish—(Golden, unless otherwise ordered); has six large drawers, vertical file drawer, letter file, card drawer, private compartment with door and lock, wood pigeon hole boxes, extension slide, brass sockets, etc.

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IN THE HAUNT OF THE DEADLY À LA

(Continued from Page 8)

confusion—still the main effort would be to please those attired in neat business suits or in snappy clothes for varsity men or in just plain clothes. His slogan was "Come just as you are." Business, by all accounts, has been on a most gratifying scale ever since.

And with all the others the scale of business is equally gratifying, if one may judge by the visible signs and portents. But there is a feature to it that is not so gratifying, by any manner of means. The New York restaurant idea is spreading inland into hitherto favored and fortunate districts, spreading in fact to such an extent that in certain pretentious cafés in certain pretentious cities and towns it is no longer possible to get regular food to eat. Instead of food they insist upon giving you New York dishes—a vastly different thing—named for New York chefs and New York cafés.

Possibly these things go in waves, like the Asiatic cholera and other visitations upon the pleasant land. Perhaps you'll remember a few years back when the fad for new and weird kinds of cereals was at its hay-crested height. No self-respecting hotelkeeper then would think of opening his dining-room doors of a morning without at least nine separate and distinct varieties of specially processed grain and produce on the menu; and the song of the hour was Wild Roved a Breakfast Food, Sweet Alfalfaretta.

That era has passed, or at least it doesn't rage in a violent and epidemic form any longer, and here of late it has been succeeded by the mad craze to have something typically New Yorky on the bill-of-fare. A man goes to New York from somewhere else—which is how most people, transients and chronic sufferers alike, go there to begin with. He goes into one of the newest and niftiest of those glittering, sun-bright caravansaries and partakes, let us say, of the newest brand of salad. This is a mad, delirious mixture compounded of the flora and fauna of Europe, Asia and Africa, superimposed upon certain of the fruits, flowers, vegetables, nuts, flesh-meats and medicinal herbs of our own hemisphere. To tell the honest truth, that salad isn't so very good when prepared at extraordinary expense by a continental expert who has spent years of his life learning to put fancy dress clothes on food so as to completely disguise it.

Cruelty to Chickens

But at the moment the preparation referred to makes a hit with the visitor. It seems to him that it must be much better than it tastes. The glamour of the time, the place and the cost has him in its thrall. A Hungarian orchestra is playing that salad down him, a haughty foreign nobleman of a waiter is watching him to see that he uses the right tool in consuming it, and if it is any satisfaction to him he may well reflect that it is setting him back at the rate of about twenty cents a bite, or in the case of a hurried eater, who prosecutes food as the ancient Goths prosecuted war—to the knife and the knife to the hilt—about forty cents a bite.

So he begs, borrows or steals the recipe, or as much of it as he can remember, and carries it back with him to the place whence he came and introduces it to his friends and neighbors as the latest metropolitan conceit, the identical thing that the Vanderbilt boys and the Ogden Goelets are now eating three times a day and in between meals. Thenceforth a long, a last, a sad adieu to the succulent lettuce, the lusty red-heart tomato, the virile and invigorating spring onion, served in the simple yet attractive style of the continent of North America. The adjacent populace will be found devouring a home-made and amateurish imitation of what was but a bogus New York counterfeit to start with. They eat it though. A horse might eat it too. But he would never again be the same horse that he was.

From some restaurant tables, according to direct information, the old-fashioned fried chicken of our forefathers, replete with brown gravy and abounding in crisp flour-dough fritters, has practically vanished. Its noble place has been taken, we hear, by something called *Chicken à la*



Benjamin Clothes



THE most carefully dressed men in the universe are to be encountered in Pall Mall or Piccadilly, London, or on the upper reaches of Fifth Avenue, New York.

Nobody can exactly describe that elusive quality called STYLE, but in the dress of these men it is the first essential—the dominant note.

Benjamin Clothes draw inspiration from authoritative sources in New York and London. No other ready-for-service garments have the truly exclusive metropolitan atmosphere which is the very foundation of Benjamin Suits and Overcoats at $20 and upwards.

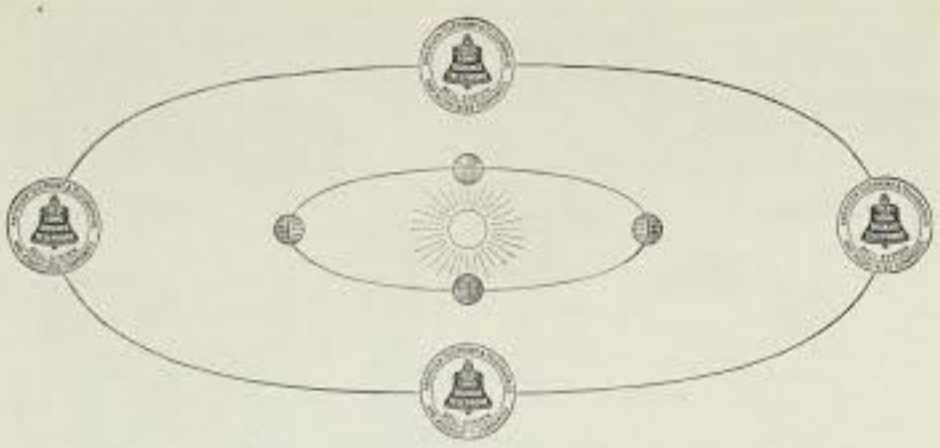
A few BENJAMIN specialties
For Fall and Winter, 1911-1912

THE "GOTHAM" SUIT—*soft roll—English—youngish*
THE "KNICKERBOCKER" and "STANDARD" SUITS—*more sedate*
THE "RAGLAN" and "BERKSHIRE" OVERCOATS—*for motoring, etc.—very "sporty"*
THE BENJAMIN BOX OVERCOAT—*for dress or semi-dress*

Send for Our Fall Book of New York Styles

Alfred Benjamin & Co

NEW YORK



Comparison of the Distance Traveled by Earth and Bell Telephone Messages

The Orbit of Universal Service

In one year the earth on its orbit around the sun travels 584,000,000 miles; in the same time telephone messages travel 23,600,000,000 miles over the pathways provided by the Bell system. That means that the 7,175,000,000 Bell conversations cover a distance forty times that traveled by the earth.

When it is considered that each telephone connection includes replies as well as messages, the mileage of talk becomes even greater

These aggregate distances, which exceed in their total the limits of the Solar system, are actually confined within the boundaries of the United States. They show the progress that has been made towards universal service and the intensive intercommunication between 90,000,000 people.

No such mileage of talk could be possible in such a limited area were it not that each telephone is the center of one universal system.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

This Book Is Worth $5 to $40 to You

Mailed to You FREE



Proof is what you want and get in the Kalamazoo Stove Book—proof of a $5 to $40 saving—proof of the unmatched quality. This book is packed with live, valuable stove facts that the dealer himself doesn't know. 400 styles and sizes in large clear illustrations. Prices from $6.50 up, east of Mississippi. Get the Stove Book—Then



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30 Days' Free Trial—Use the stove or range as your own 30 days, then if not satisfied we'll take it back. We pay all freight charges whether you keep it or not, and the trial costs you nothing. 360 Days' approval test. Cash or credit terms. $100,000 bank bond guarantee. We have more customers than any stove manufacturer in the world. Send for your copy of Stove Book and Catalogue No. 152. Postal or letter.

All Orders Shipped Same Day Received

We pay the Freight—Give you 30 Days' Free Trial—360 Days' Approval Test—Cash or Credit Terms—Shipment within 24 hours of receipt of Order.



Oven Thermometer Saves Fuel

Kalamazoo Stove Company
Manufacturers
Kalamazoo, Michigan

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You" And Gas Stoves Too

HAVE YOU A CAMERA?
Send us 25 cents for three numbers of **AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHY**, full of practical suggestions, formulas and directions for making better pictures. Monthly prizes. Prints criticised. Questions answered. $1.50 a year. American Photography, 910 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Three Months—25 Cents
Let us send you a trial subscription to our freely illustrated magazine.
Electrician and Mechanic Practical descriptions for all kinds of electrical and mechanical work. Aviation, Wireless Telegraphy.
SAMPSON PUBLISHING CO., 910 Pope Building, Boston, Mass.

Marengo, prepared in such a way as to take away the taste of the original chicken and not substitute anything therefor. The *à la Marengo* thing may be all very well for a city chicken. Marengo was a desperate battle, and city chickens are born tough. They pip the shell with a burglar's jimmy and join the Paul Kelly gang the second day out. They require something to soften their natures. But the country-raised chicken deserves better treatment.

One may give thanks, humbly yet gratefully, that in certain of the main divisions of the United States the fashion of treating a brook trout or a pan perch according to his just deserts and qualifications still happily obtains—namely, to wit, as follows: frying him gently on a skillet with salt pork and serving him thus without vain adornment or sinful and frivolous elaboration. You cannot successfully paint the lily nor yet gild refined gold, and the brook fish travels on his own merits. Suitably fried, he has been known to rear right up off the dish and swim down a hungry man's guzzle, fanning the inside of the throat with soothing motions of his fins as he went. Likewise, there are still in our midst divers divinely gifted black mammys, who can take a crockful of ordinary yellow batter and with rare skill and a hot stove convert it into a dream poem known by the vernacular and trade name of waffle. You take about nine or ten of these crisp golden-oak waffles, pile them into a structural formation with a butter corner-stone and a maple syrup mansard, drive back the women and children and eat the whole stack yourself. But what of the day when the waffle shall be replaced by the inflamed and dropsical French pancake, mussily anointed with sticky currant jelly, and the brook trout becomes *Something Sauté, Meunière* or *Something Else au Vin Blanc aux Shucks*, and is listed on the bill under the head of *Poisson*? To get the right conception pronounce *Poisson* as spelled.

Color-Process Pie

Those traveling to and fro report that honest old corned-beef hash, the provender of patriots, is likewise showing the effects of this insidious attack upon our cherished national institution and often now comes to one masquerading and mussy as goulash, which is derived from the two Hungarian words "goo" and "lash"—the goo predominating. Cockered up in a chafing dish with strange juices and bedecked with much foreign suspended matter, the frog leg is no longer his erstwhile self. The oyster becomes another thing altogether when, instead of parading in nude but conscious rectitude in his own shell, or his own can, if far inland, or swimming, swollen but majestic, in his own milk stew, he comes tricked forth in a suit of foreign-made clothes that neither fit him nor become him. Even that citadel of our liberty, the cross-kivered pie, has been threatened. One desiring pie is invited to partake of pallid, spiritless things known as French pastries, which look as though they might have been turned out, twenty thousand at a clip, on a press by the three-color process—regular comic supplements of real pie. Think of that and bust out crying!

Worse things impend. In some quarters, nameless here but shameless forevermore, they have begun to advertise not alone New York dishes, but actually New York service. You would as soon expect a summer resort to advertise that it was malarial, or a girl's boarding school to buy space to inform the public that there was an epidemic of scarlet fever round the place every term.

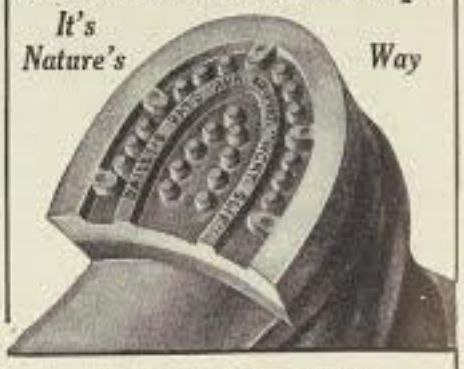
For New York service means, if it means anything, homeopath portions and allopath tips, and waiters that can look right through and beyond the man who only wants to spend about a dollar and a half, but can hear the rustle of a yellow-back treasury certificate turning over in its sleep clear across the state of Iowa; means that should the thing spread, the man who craves the simple homely grub of his childhood may yet be forced to go out and eat the grass off the front lawn in order to get something that still has the taste of the soil to it.

The devastating *à la* is no longer segregated in its natural habitat. Its trail is beginning to lie all over the country. So, *allons*, patriots, *allons!* Allons yourselves up and allons round freely and abas the *à la* before it abasses us. Else—

We'll know not where its waiters lift their
fronded palms in air,
We'll only know we cannot stray beyond its
bill-of-fare.

Soft Pedal Your Steps

It's Nature's Way



BAILEY'S "Won't Slip" RUBBER HEELS

are made on the *proven* "Won't Slip" Tread principle (Bailey Tread) used on auto tires and crutch tips for the past 12 years throughout the *world*. They are the *lightest* and *longest wearing* rubber heel made, as proved under test for over a year.

Applied, 50c per pair; Mailed, 35c
At Dealers. *Send Drawing of Heel*

To you we will mail a pair on receipt of 25 cents and dealers' names in your town.

Dealers Write for Prices.

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manufacturers
22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"HIP-FIT"



The NEW INVISIBLE TROUSER SUPPORT

Does away with Suspenders and Belts

A practical and decided improvement over the old way of holding up your trousers. Makes them hang 100% better all around. Eliminates sagging and binding. Takes weight off shoulders and relieves stomach of pressure. Elastic at sides and back—gives with every movement. Neat, comfortable, dressy. Corrects stooping. Gives military appearance. Attached easily and quickly. Buttons simultaneously with trousers. Trousers can't slip down when bending nor shirt slip up when reaching. Made of finest quality silk, linen, gauze and elastic. Will support large abdomen. An economy. Absolutely nothing to get out of adjustment. Great invention. Thousands sold. Nothing but Praise. Send $1.00 for Trial Order. Money immediately returned if not entirely satisfactory. When ordering send waist measure.

Exceptional proposition to Merchant Tailors, Dealers, Sideline Salesmen and agents. Write us.

STANFORD HIP-FIT

HIP-FIT MFG. CO.
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MAKE MONEY in LEISURE HOURS

Be An Advertising Specialty Salesman

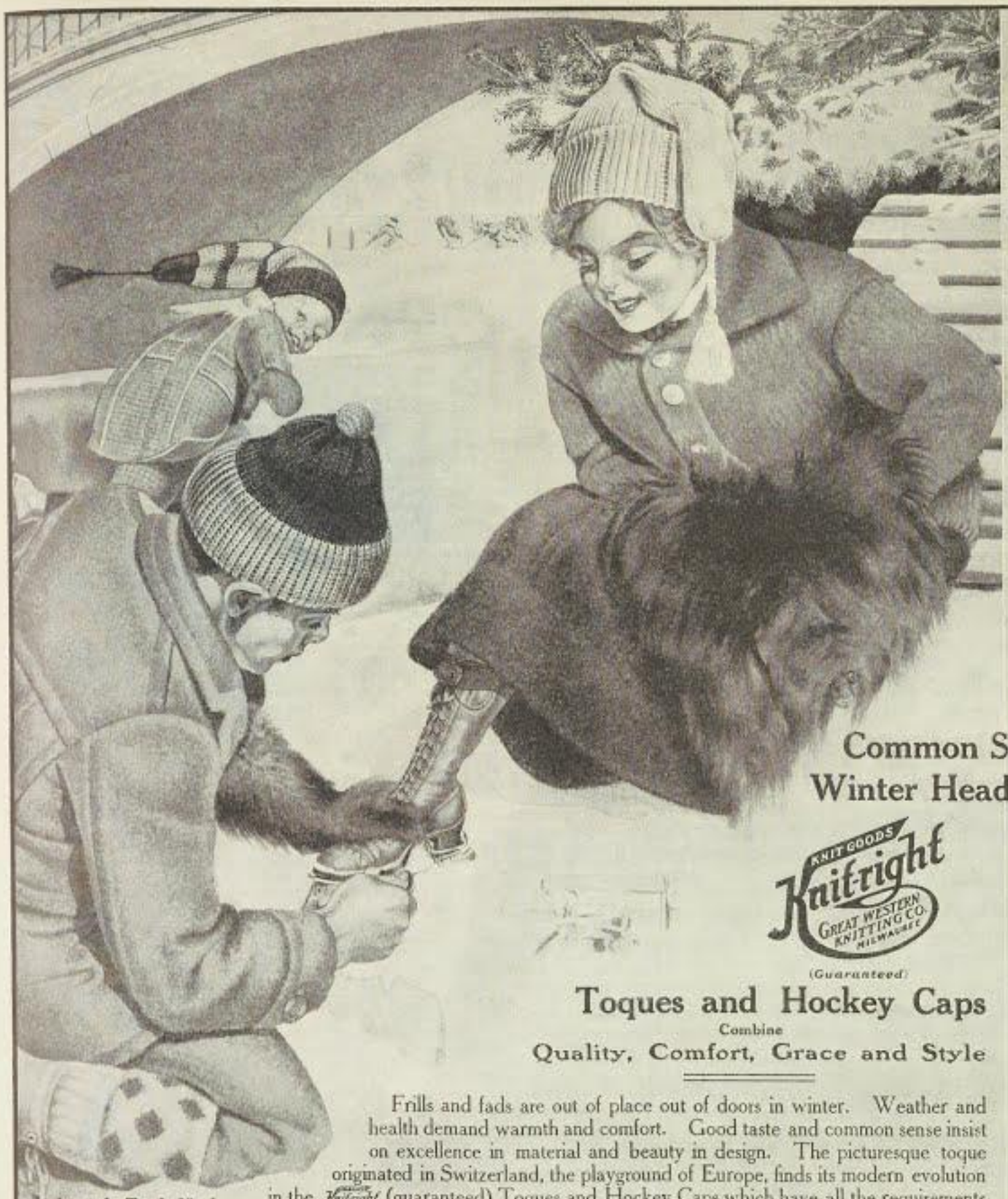
We want active men as representatives in every town and city. Pleasant and profitable work for leisure hours. Call on merchants—no collections. Worth investigation. Write today for particulars, stating age and business references. Sales Manager, Taylor Bros. Co., Rochester, N.Y. Estab. 50 years.

LAME PEOPLE



The Perfection Extension Shoe is worn with ready-made shoes. Both feet look alike. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet S.

HENRY S. LOTZ
313—3rd Ave., New York
The "Natural Walk"



Common Sense Winter Head Wear

KNIT GOODS
Knit-right
GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO. MILWAUKEE

(Guaranteed)

Toques and Hockey Caps

Combine

Quality, Comfort, Grace and Style

Frills and fads are out of place out of doors in winter. Weather and health demand warmth and comfort. Good taste and common sense insist on excellence in material and beauty in design. The picturesque toque originated in Switzerland, the playground of Europe, finds its modern evolution in the *Knit-right* (guaranteed) Toques and Hockey Caps which have all the requirements of the ideal winter headwear. Simple, graceful, handsome, elastic, light, they look, fit and wear well; the texture is the best; the colorings are artistic, harmonious, attractive and warranted fast. They are made in a variety of patterns suitable to every age and sex. They are the best toques and hockey caps in the world and are absolutely guaranteed.

Insist on the Trade Mark

KNIT GOODS Knit-right GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO.

REGISTERED

The article is guaranteed.

The Knit-right Guarantee

This ticket on all *Knit-right* (guaranteed) toques and hockey caps is an absolutely unbreakable contract. We will positively give a new cap in place of one that does not give six months' wear. Could anything be fairer?

Knit-right (guaranteed) toques and hockey caps are made from high grade yarns, by knitters of long experience. Each operation in their making is performed by a masterhand, otherwise we could not offer the most liberal guarantee this country has ever seen. An organization built with thirty years' knowledge of knit-goods is behind every *Knit-right* (guaranteed) Toque and Hockey Cap.



Progressive dealers all over the country have *Knit-right* (guaranteed) Toques and Hockey Caps on sale. They realize if they carry them they can best serve your interest. We show four popular styles of toques and hockey caps in this advertisement. Ask your dealer to see the *Knit-right* goods, if he does not carry them, write us.

Our booklet, "Sensible Headwear," sent free upon request. Address Dept. J.

TO DEALERS

If your jobber does not carry the *Knit-right* toques, etc., write us and we will tell you one who does.

THE GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO.

ESTABLISHED 1881 MILWAUKEE, WIS. N. Y. Office—366 BROADWAY

LADIES'



No. 223 *Knit-right* $1.50

This beautiful hand-knit auto turban is made of the finest imported eider-down. Made in White, Gray, Red, Navy Blue, and combinations of these shades.

CHILD'S



No. 199 *Knit-right* 50 cents

Child's fancy polo cap, made of double pure worsted, pine-apple weave. Made in plain White and White with Pink or Blue Stripes.

BOYS'



No. 198 *Knit-right* 50 cents

Boys' all-wool reversible hockey. Two caps in one, combining a plain color and a two-colored cap. Made in Red, Gray, Navy Blue, and combinations of these colors.

MEN'S



No. 150 *Knit-right* $1.00

A seamless shaker knit cap for men and young men. We are the first to produce a seamless cap in this weave, and its advantages are evident.
Finished entirely by hand.
Same colors as No. 198.

ABOVE STYLES SENT POSTPAID UPON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

Why Not Try for an Agency?

The Demand for Printype Oliver Typewriters Necessitates Increase in Local Sales Forces. The Right Men Can Secure Agencies.

The thunder of Printype Publicity was heard around the world.

Never has the Power of Advertising been more impressively shown than when it heralded The Printype Oliver Typewriter

—Printype, the wonderful new book-type

—Printype, the type that *typewrites print*

—Printype, the most beautiful, readable type that has yet been evolved for the typewriter.



It took months of arduous toil for our type experts to *design and produce* PRINTYPE.

But, through the Magic of Advertising, in the great publications of the English-speaking world, *Printype*—almost in a day—became the Talk of a Continent.

Over ten million repetitions of the Printype announcement, fresh from the roaring presses, were soon in the public's hands.

The answer came like a flash, by letter, by wire, from all quarters: "Send us Printype books!" "Send us specimen Printype letters!" "Send us Printype Oliver Typewriters!"

The pressure upon our facilities becomes greater from week to week. Our army of Local Agents is overwhelmed with business. The whole country is intensely interested in this revolutionary improvement.

Active men, everywhere, desiring the Local Agency for The Printype Oliver Typewriter should communicate at once with the Sales Manager of The Oliver Typewriter Company. There are openings for several hundred men of acceptable qualifications, as Local Agents for

Printype — OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

There are no "salary snaps." We want *workers*, who ask only the *opportunity* to prove their *earning capacity*.

We need additional Local Agents in widely scattered localities, even the most remote. Our advertising leaps all boundary lines—the field is of vast extent. So, when you read this announcement, remember that *you are in Oliver territory* and there is, in all probability, a field near at hand *for you*.

We Help You Successward

Each Local Agent receives from headquarters the names of all individuals, firms and corporations in his territory who write for information and demonstrations of The Printype Oliver Typewriter.

He receives all the profit on every sale in his territory.

The profits are in direct ratio to the sales.

The earnings of many Local Agents compare favorably with those of prosperous merchants, bankers and professional men.

"17-Cents-a-Day Plan"

The immensely popular 17-Cents-a-Day Purchase Plan applies to The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which sells for $100, the standard price for typewriters.

Local Agents are authorized to accept any make of old machine on the small first payment for The Printype Oliver Typewriter.

This Penny Plan makes The Printype Oliver Typewriter as easy to *own* as to *rent*. Its convenience appeals to many thousands of people who need typewriters but lack the ready cash.

Send Coupon for Books and Agency Proposition

The Printype Book and the Opportunity Book will give you surprising information as to the money-making possibilities of the Local Agency for The Printype Oliver Typewriter. Get in communication with our sales manager without delay.

This is the time for action. Better send a *prepaid telegram*. (131)

The Oliver Typewriter Company
336 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send ***Printype Book*** and ***Opportunity Book*** and details of your ***Agency Plan.***

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

THE HOUSE THAT HARRY SOLD

(Continued from Page 16)

out of New York. There was present safety in that. Then his eye fell on another item. "Blown Up From Within," it said—"General Bixby's Opinion on Maine Disaster—Condition of Hull Proves It."

He dropped the newspaper and sat for five minutes thinking. Suddenly he rose, hurried upstairs, burrowed to the bottom of his trunk and took out his roll. He opened the telephone and called the office. "When is the next train to New York?" he inquired. "All right—get me a carriage!"

XIII

HANDSOME HARRY stopped in East Thirty-seventh Street and surveyed the neighborhood. The houses squatted, their shutters closed, as though they dozed in the heat. Only one presented the aspect of having wakened momentarily from its nap. On the little residence of F. Warren Pierce the blinds of the lower floor stood open. That was promising. It indicated that Mrs. Marcia Brewster still held her false tenancy. Nevertheless, he waited for more signs. Presently the area door opened, and Mrs. Brewster herself stood in the doorway, bareheaded, shielding her eyes from the sun. She looked up and down the street before she turned back. Harry marked something weary and discouraged in her move and attitude. Hesitating no more, he stepped into the open, strode up the steps and rang the bell.

Mrs. Brewster greeted him, beaming.

"Well, I declare!" she said. "I was about ready to go down to your office, like a forward young huzzy, just to get somebody to talk to." Her face fell with her thought. Harry noticed that she appeared older, more peaked and lined, than when she stepped into his door just a week before. "New York ain't what you might call neighborly," she said.

"No, it's a pretty cold place," replied Harry. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow. "And a warm place too," he smiled.

"I should say!" responded Mrs. Brewster, sinking into the Mary Stuart chair. "I've just had my dinner. And do you know, I didn't have the energy to red up the dining room or wash the dishes. That's one of Mittie Brewster's tricks. Hot or cold, I haven't done that since Abner Brewster died."

"Let me help you," said Harry, his lip twitching a bit.

"Oh, I couldn't think of it!" replied Mrs. Brewster. Nevertheless, when he rose with male masterfulness and started toward the dining room she made no further objection but followed meekly. A plate, a loaf of fresh-cut bread, a pat of butter dying of heat, lay spread out on the wonderful old carved table.

"I don't want to use any more of Mr. Pierce's good things than I can help," said Mrs. Brewster. "Leave things as you find them is the only honest way. I come across those old plates up on the dresser and I've been using them."

Harry picked up the plate. Though obscured by remains of egg, the pattern and manner were unmistakable.

"Palissy," muttered Harry under his breath. And aloud:

"Now we'll wash up these things. I'll help. You must let me! It will be a pleasure." Together they stacked up the soiled dishes, the bread, sugar and salt, and bore them to the kitchen where Mrs. Brewster insisted on tying an apron about Harry's neck; and, as they worked, her tongue loosened and she talked.

"Is there any neighborliness in New York? I declare, I never saw so many folks and so few that seemed like they was anybody. Just millions and millions of 'em, and all alike. I haven't been out of the house but twice. Too much to do getting this place settled. Some things I just couldn't pass by. There's those old curtains in the back parlor. My land, the moths must have got into them something terrible! Look as though they hadn't been mended for thirty years. And I just had to get out my Saxony and darn 'em up ——"

"What curtains do you say?" asked Harry.

"Those by the door."

"Sixteenth century tapestry," commented Harry to himself.

"I declare, it's the strangest house and there are the funniest things in it!" pursued Mrs. Brewster. "Gives me the creeps sometimes. Why does he keep so many old worm-eaten things? I spent all day yesterday putting Persian insect powder in them. Howsomever, I did get out yesterday afternoon for a ride on that elevated, and again last night. Tried talkin' to people, but land sakes! They just didn't want to talk, and that's all there was to it."

"New York folks," commented Harry, "want to be sure of their people. There are a good many thieves and confidence men about, you see."

"Waal, I don't look like a thief any more'n you do," commented Mrs. Brewster. "And that waan't the worst. Last night I went out to see Broadway. Same thing. Lots of lights and folks, of course, but North Burnham folks look human, and these don't. And by-and-by I asked a man if that was the Flatiron. I guess it was. Looked like the pictures. And he said—he said—'Darn if I know'"—Mrs. Brewster blushed faintly—"only he didn't say 'darn.'"

"He said 'damn,' I presume," prompted Harry.

"Thank you, he did," replied Mrs. Brewster.

"I'm saying the worst I can about 'em," continued Mrs. Brewster. "They're all Mitties—all Mittie Brewsters. There!" She paused as one who has delivered the final, soul-scorching curse. "I don't know but I'd rather have her, stubbornness and all," she continued.

"You don't mean to say you repent your bargain?" said Harry.

"Sometimes I do," replied Mrs. Brewster. She laid down the dish she was wiping and stood with her arms relaxed. "But there! A bargain's a bargain." She took up another dish and rubbed it briskly.

It was Harry who now ceased from his work. He leaned up against the kitchen sink with an air of nonchalance, but his heart beat fast within him. Every creak of the old house had been warning him that these were dangerous quarters.

"You'd hate to go back to Mittie, I suppose," he said.

"Well, I won't go unless she apologizes," said Mrs. Brewster. "And she'd never come to New York. She never liked the idea, and my! she's stubborn!"

"If you were wrong would you apologize?" asked Harry.

"But I ain't wrong!"

"But if you were?"

"I'd have to."

Harry bent on her a meaning smile. She caught it and her eyes searched his.

"You're holding something back from me," she said.

"Two things. First, this: it was in all the papers this morning." He took from his inner pocket the clipping concerning the Maine. Mrs. Brewster read it and her face worked.

"Waal! There ain't no going back of that. I don't suppose the papers would dare lie about such a thing," she said. Then her eyes filled. "But I've got this house now!" she sobbed.

"Perhaps," said Harry, "I can fix that."

"Can you?" asked Mrs. Brewster eagerly. "I'm—well, I'm beat, and I might as well tell you if I haven't given it away before. I'm fond of the pesky, stubborn Mittie, old fool!"

"Mrs. Brewster," began Harry—and stopped. For a moment there was a note of panic in his voice. Along with softening sentiment had come a sudden softening of his nerve. It came across him in such a flash of terror as he had never known—the realization of the risks he ran. Pierce was on the Ivernia, to be sure—or at least the newspapers said so. But Pierce had slipped away from that yachting party once before. Might he not do it again? The perils that he had ignored in the excitement of the hunt rolled up in his imagination. And then, granting Pierce at a safe distance, a hundred other things might happen.

"Mrs. Brewster," he repeated, "Mr. Pierce has discovered that it will be much better for Mrs. Pierce to stay here rather than take the trip abroad. Mrs. Pierce herself says she wants to die in her own home."

"Oh, poor soul!" Mrs. Brewster commented compassionately; "she shall. For, land knows, I'm tired of this hiving round! I guess the country's good enough for me!"

"And, moreover," Handsome Harry went on, "he offers you twenty-one thousand for

"YANKEE" TOOLS



A Push Brace

The very thing the mechanic has been wishing for, this long while:

A speedy and convenient tool in which he can hold all of the cutting tools used in a bit-brace and *revolve them by pushing the handle*—same as he operates "Yankee" Spiral Ratchet Screw-driver.

Chuck, with steel jaws, drop forged and hardened, holds up to ½" squares.

Readily drills ⅛" holes in metal; drives ⅜" auger bit in hard woods and larger bits in soft woods.

Fine for driving heavy screws; is used for tapping, and, with socket bit, to drive in small lag screws, run nuts on bolts, etc., etc.

Beats the bit-brace for all lighter work; operates in places where a bit-brace cannot be used; and with ratchet movement meets the demands of occasional extra heavy work.

A tool particularly appreciated by the outside man, because of its wide range of uses and compact form.

Ask your dealer for the "Yankee" Push Brace No. 75. Price $2.80

To the Dealer

You are going to have responses from this ad. Have you No. 75 in stock? If not, better get an order in to your wholesaler.

FREE TOOL BOOK—An interesting account of "Yankee" Tools and how they save time and labor. Sent on request.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

LIMBERT'S ARTS & CRAFTS FURNITURE MADE IN GRAND RAPIDS AND HOLLAND

MADE BY HOLLAND DUTCH CRAFTSMEN



Beautiful New Style Book Mailed Free

Send for it today, and read its interesting history of this charming style from the 15th Century to the present time. It illustrates over three hundred patterns of our Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts and "Flanders" Furniture, and shows, with colored plates of model Arts & Crafts rooms, what tasty and harmonious effects can be obtained at small expenditure.

Write for our Style Book

before selecting any more furniture—it will show you just what you want—furniture that is artistic and comfortable, and made so well that it will serve several generations.

Ask your local dealer to show you "Limbert's Arts & Crafts," and see our trade-mark branded into the wood. If he cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you the address of our associate distributor nearest you.

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY
Grand Rapids, Mich. Dept. S. Holland, Mich.

the house—and one thousand dollars extra if you get out today—this afternoon."

"My land!" Mrs. Brewster ejaculated. "You don't say! They do things on a huge scale here, don't they? Waal, I'll take you. I'll take you quicker'n a cat ever licked her ear. I'd ought to tidy up here 'fore I go—I'd like to give those windows one good washing—but I guess I ain't got more'n time to pack. Two thousand dollars in one week! I wonder what Mittie Brewster'll say to that. Let's go straight down to that deed man and settle it. And tomorrow I'll be in North Burnham."

"The deed man won't be necessary. It isn't recorded yet. You just have to write across the face of your deed, 'Released to F. Warren Pierce,' and I can attend to that myself."

"When's the next good train to Boston?" inquired Mrs. Brewster.

"Three o'clock," replied Harry.

"Well, I"—said Mrs. Brewster—"I'm going to get it. And I'm going in the parlor car too. You help me pack! Thank the Lord there ain't much to do! Where's that money?"

Harry counted twenty-two thousand dollars from his roll and laid the money in her hands.

"Come upstairs and get the deeds," she said. "My, won't I lord it over Mittie with my two thousand! And she said I hadn't any business sense!"

XIV

AT THE station Mrs. Brewster insisted on sending a telegram to Mittie. "You were right," it said, "but don't crow till I show you."

"That's the second telegram I ever sent," she commented. "Won't she be mad when she has to pay the twenty-five cents for delivery! I want to give her time to think it over." By the train-gate she gave her hand to Harry and looked as though she might have given him her lips on slight persuasion. "Goodby," she said; "come and see me and Mittie sometime when you want good home cooking. You've been real nice to me. I never knew anybody to be nicer."

"Watch your money," whispered Harry, handing her a bundle of magazines.

Again Mrs. Brewster blushed faintly. She had not blushed so much for twenty years as in the last week. That is proper for a visitor to New York.

"It's where it won't be got," she said. "Goodby!"

Harry was laughing to himself as he strode from the Grand Central Station. Then a practical idea struck him. He was in that fine glow of self-sacrifice when a man is all generosity. He went to the writing room of the hotel and wrote a letter to Otto Gluck, discharging him. He inclosed a hundred dollars "for notice." Also he mailed the keys of the house to F. Warren Pierce. Out in the street again, he was laughing once more.

"To think," ran his mind, "that nobody's done—everybody's come out ahead. I wonder if that isn't my hunch to turn straight?"

As I have said, Harry was far more vividly interested in the individual than in society at large; his thought and his imagination could project themselves only so far. He could not know, because he had no mental equipment to know, that everything costs something, that these yellow-backed paper certificates were made, piece by piece, out of green-backed paper certificates wrung at two dollars a day from the soil of the earth and the rocks under the earth. He could not know that some one earned that twenty-two thousand dollars, now reposing in the lining of his waistcoat, by sweat or blood. His conscience was clear; for conscience can see no farther than imagination.

In the happy glow of moral emotion he strolled back to the Grand Central Station and discovered that it lacked an hour of train-time. As he came forth into the hot afternoon it occurred to him that he need not return to the Inn. New York was to him a city of terror no longer. And another idea struck him, whereat he smiled. He turned toward Thirty-seventh Street and proceeded to the sidewalk before the Pierce house. As he regarded the shutters, which he himself had carefully closed only an hour before, he checked back a burst of laughter. He was thinking of the look on Mrs. Brewster's face when some day the lynx-eyed Mittie, who read the society columns, should discover in whose house

SANITAIRE SPECIAL
$15 TO $17
DEPENDING ON DISTANCE FROM FACTORY



Dealers write for the agency of the Sanitaire Special

The CLEANLINESS that COUNTS!

There isn't a *chance* for germs to get in, for dust to lodge in

SANITAIRE BEDS

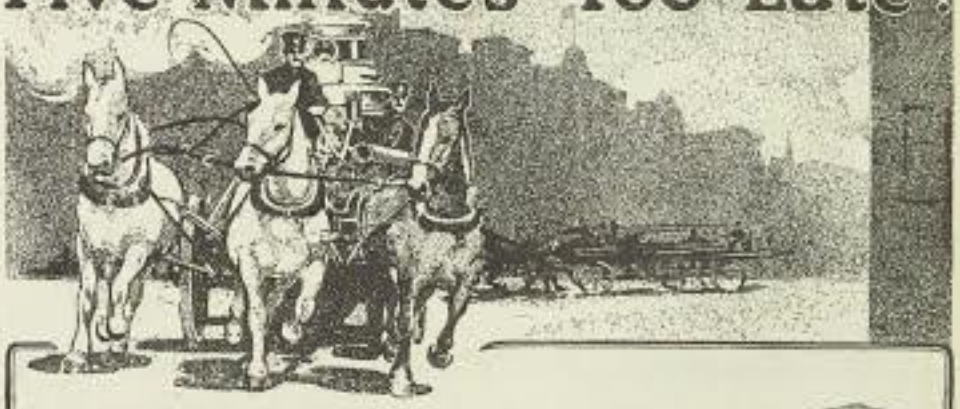
Snow-white purity, scientific simplicity of construction, scrupulous cleanliness—you've "hygienic luxury" in Sanitaire Beds not found in others. Don't take chances with vermin. Be *certain* of cleanliness! **"Sleep in a Sanitaire Bed."**

The **"Sanitaire Special"** is a large, massive, strong, chilless steel, seamless drawn pillar bed. Beautifully enameled in the Famous Sanitaire Gold or Snowy White hard finishes. **Sold by leading dealers everywhere.**

Nearly 200 styles at $5 and up. **Write for descriptive booklet.**

Marion Iron & Brass Bed Co., 200 Main Street, Marion, Indiana

Five Minutes Too Late!



Think for a moment what would happen if fire should break out on your premises—

Think how it takes the fire-fighters at least five minutes to answer the alarm—

Think how, in these vital five minutes, the flames may gain sufficient headway to destroy all of your property and imperil many lives as well—

Then decide to protect yourself and your possessions from this danger and loss by installing



Pyrene TRADE MARK
FIRE EXTINGUISHERS

For, with Pyrene at hand you, alone, during the first few minutes, can immediately put out fires that the entire fire department would probably have to labor hours to conquer five minutes later.

What Pyrene Will Do For You

Pyrene will instantly put out every kind of fire, no matter where it starts or what is burning.

Pyrene will put out
—Fires having birth in such materials as oily wastes, shavings, turpentine, benzine, paints, etc.
—Electric fires starting from ignition or "backfires" in motor cars or boats.
—Fires originating in calcium carbide (acetylene gas).
—Fires in electric wiring and machinery, arcs and short circuits, and what is more astounding,

Pyrene will extinguish all incipient fires without injury to property or the least danger to the operator.

Unlike the cumbersome "chemical" extinguishers, the Pyrene Extinguisher is only fourteen inches long and weighs five pounds, filled, and is extremely simple in operation.

Learn How To Protect Your Property

Write a postal for illustrated booklet, "Fighting Fire With Pyrene," which gives full particulars and actual experiences of others who have saved their property when in danger of total loss.

Send for booklet today before fire strikes you. Or, better still, ask for free demonstration at any "danger point" you wish to protect. Address

Pyrene Manufacturing Co. 1358 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

The Best Oysters Now Sold A New Way

Fresh Sealshipt Oysters in Sealed, individual Packages, called Sealshiptens—just enough for a Meal



Small size Sealshipten, 1-16 gal.—enough for a small family. Large size Sealshipten, 1-5 gal.—enough for a large family.

The new, sealed, individual oyster package is the latest triumph of an organization which has revolutionized the whole oyster industry.

The new Sealshipten puts an end to the practice of dealers who formerly palmed off other oysters as Sealshipt.

It makes it possible for you to rely on the purity and freshness of oysters as you rely on the purity and freshness of package soda-crackers.

It makes it possible for you to *know* that you are getting the *genuine* Sealshipt.

Moreover, it enables you to get your *choice* of the world's best oysters—to buy the particular kind of oysters you prefer.

You get solid oyster meats—no waste, a really economical food.

Try a Sealshipten of these delicious oysters and learn for yourself the delicate sea-flavor which the oyster naturally has.

Be sure to look for the Sealshipt shield—your protection against substitution.

(The variety stamped on top of the Sealshipten is your guarantee of the particular kind of oyster you prefer.)

Free "The Oyster Cook Book"—full of new ways of preparing simple oyster dishes—will be sent free on request. If you do not know the name of a Sealshipt dealer near you, ask us.

Sealshipt Oyster System—Boston

Members Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

To Retail Dealers Write quick for hotline information to the nearest following office

Address Producers Sales Company

EXCLUSIVE SELLING AGENTS

60 India St., Boston, Mass. 136-166 W. 35th St., New York City
Baltimore, Md. 2218 E. 9th St., Cleveland, Ohio
137 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 199 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.
Joanis Building, Dallas, Texas 19 E. Court St., Cincinnati, Ohio
2325 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo. 284 E. Sixth St., St. Paul, Minn.
903 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash. 233 S. Pennsylvania St.,
351 Glisan St., Portland, Ore. Indianapolis, Ind.

Sealshipt OYSTERS Sealshipt OYSTERS

Travelogues in Your Town

ERK-O-SCOPE Pays For Itself

THE NEW ERKOSCOPE is a perfect projector of pictures. Used with electric, acetylene or calcium light. Three typewritten travelogues and slides free of rental with ERKOSCOPE outfit. ***Sold on Time Payments.*** $10 down. Can be used by anybody anywhere. 100,000 slides in stock for rent. Get our book "How to Put On Travelogues." ERKER BROS. OPTICAL CO., St. Louis.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
9 x 10½ ft.	5.00
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 15 ft.	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and guaranteed to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.**



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 634 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Save Winter Storage on Your Auto—ORDER NOW

a Pruden System Fireproof Garage

Use next winter's storage bills to *pay half* the cost of a **Pruden Garage** and have your car always handy and safe. Many owners use their autos all winter long, keeping them in a **Pruden**, without heat.

Unit-Built, Portable, Handsome, Durable as Masonry

LOW COST



Pruden System Construction is entirely original with us and utterly unlike anything else. It gives you *fire-proof* protection in a building as handsome and substantial as masonry, at *one-third the cost.*

Here's the only portable garage that is wholly fire-proof. No wood in a **Pruden.** Entirely built of handsomely embossed galvanized steel units. You erect it in a few hours with screw driver and wrench, and as easily take it down. **Pruden** buildings *last a lifetime,* never need repairs, do not depreciate in value and are *rigidly guaranteed.* You simply can't realize how different and how perfect the **Pruden** is in every detail until you get all the facts.

Write for Catalog

Learn about the **Pruden** interlocking, galvanized steel units which produce a "strong as stone" building without frame work or foundation. Learn what a few of the hundreds of **Pruden** owners say. Investigate *at once* so as to get your **Pruden** in time to save winter storage. You'll be sure of prompt shipment *despite* the heavy fall demand, if you order early.

Other ideal buildings built by the **Pruden System,** are hunting lodges, waterhouses, boat houses and work shops. *Write today,* giving us name and model number of your car or size of building in which you're interested.

METAL SHELTER CO., 5-42 Water St., St. Paul, Minn.

it was that Mrs. Marcia lived during her Alice-in-Wonderland week in New York. Still smiling, he turned toward Madison Avenue.

In spite of the heat, a gang of workmen were repairing asphalt on that thoroughfare. As he approached, a steam roller wobbled up to the corner, stopped, puffed impotently, settled into a depression with a last feeble spurt of steam and stopped, stalled in such manner as to block the entrance into the street. Harry stopped to watch. At that moment a large limousine automobile tried to make the turn, found the passage overnarrow, and added itself to the blockade. The chauffeur jumped down, opened the door and held parley. And presently there descended the unmistakable corporeal body, made so familiar by the Sunday newspapers, of F. Warren Pierce. With baggage and Japanese valet he descended and essayed on foot the rest of the journey to his house.

Harry started with a reminiscent fear; then his smile broke out again as he strolled in leisurely fashion toward the oncoming Pierce. As he strolled he made show of inspecting houses to right and left. They neared each other and Harry let his glance rest on Pierce's face. That face, he was interested to observe, was a fiercer compound of wolf and vulture than the photographers permitted to appear. He stopped, his own look and manner all innocence.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said; "can you tell me whose house that is—the one with the lion gateposts?"

F. Warren Pierce, accustomed to all kinds of approaches for all kinds of devious purposes, frowned momentarily. But the cordial innocence of the handsome face, the Old World courtesy of the manner, quite disarmed him.

"It belongs to F. Warren Pierce," he said.

"You don't say!" exclaimed Handsome Harry. "F. Warren Pierce—one of our greatest financial powers! Well, well, I have heard of him. I thank you, sir." He bowed, smiling; the smiling Mr. Pierce also bowed; and they passed on.

As he turned the corner, Handsome Harry patted affectionately the right side of his waistcoat, beneath which reposed twenty-two thousand dollars in new bills. And all that night until dawn grew white those bills crackled under the shoulder of his partner as he danced the hours away at the grand annual ball of the Timothy P. Harrigan Association, in lower Third Avenue.

(THE END)

A Slow Flyer

A CERTAIN railroad system has been developed not so much by its good service as by its wonderfully equipped information bureaus. When a traveling agent learns that a small social body—singing society or the like—is going on a pleasure trip, he urges the beauty of his particular line and winds up with a flourish by offering to give a private car if they'll buy eighteen first-class fares, or something like that.

Nor is the traveling man always confined to the territory of his own line. The Lake lines send their men to Florida in winter to tell of the cool loveliness of Northern resorts in summer, just as the Southern people send their men North to get patronage for the winter season.

Most towns haven't the same power over the railroads that they had in a certain small city in the North. It seems that a big trunkline ran through four miles of the territory controlled by the board of aldermen of that particular city. Now this board had the right to regulate the speed of trains passing through their city. It was found that a certain local accommodation train didn't pay, and the company took it off. The people of the aforesaid city pleaded in vain to have the train put back, but the company was obdurate. Then the city fathers got busy and passed an ordinance that no train should run through the city at a greater speed than four miles an hour, which act was found to interfere mightily with the eighteen-hour flyer. Within forty-eight hours the local train was put back.



You can now get the diagonal stroke with a safety razor.

That's the stroke that cuts clean and makes shaving a comfort. The razor that gives it is the

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

A touch of the finger turns the blade at any angle, so that it moves *diagonally* no matter what the position of the hand. Try it. Note the smooth work and firm feel of the keen blade, the simple adjustment, the protected blade corners and, above all, the diagonal stroke it gives on every part of the face.

The price is $2.50—another interesting item. The outfit in a neat leather box includes 12 blades, extra blades but 75 cts. a dozen. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to us. If dissatisfied after 30 days' trial return the razor and we will refund your $2.50.

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
1707 Germantown Ave.
Philadelphia, Pa.





Pro-phy-lac-tic

FLEXIBLE HANDLE **Tooth Brush**

with its curved and *flexible* handle, permits of its immediate adjustment to the contour of the gums—avoids friction—keeps the gums in a perfect, healthful condition. Enables you to use a stiffer brush than usual.

The irregular tufts of the Pro-phy-lac-tic reach every crevice in and between all the teeth—clean every tooth thoroughly. *"A Clean Tooth Never Decays."*

These two exclusive features stamp it the ideal sanitary brush. "The brush with a purpose." Packed in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. **Prices, 25c, 35c, 40c.** Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace if defective.

Our interesting booklet—"Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth?"—is yours for the asking. Send for it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO., 32 Pine St., Florence, Mass.

Sole Makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

HOLDS COAT AND SKIRT HOLDS COAT AND TROUSERS



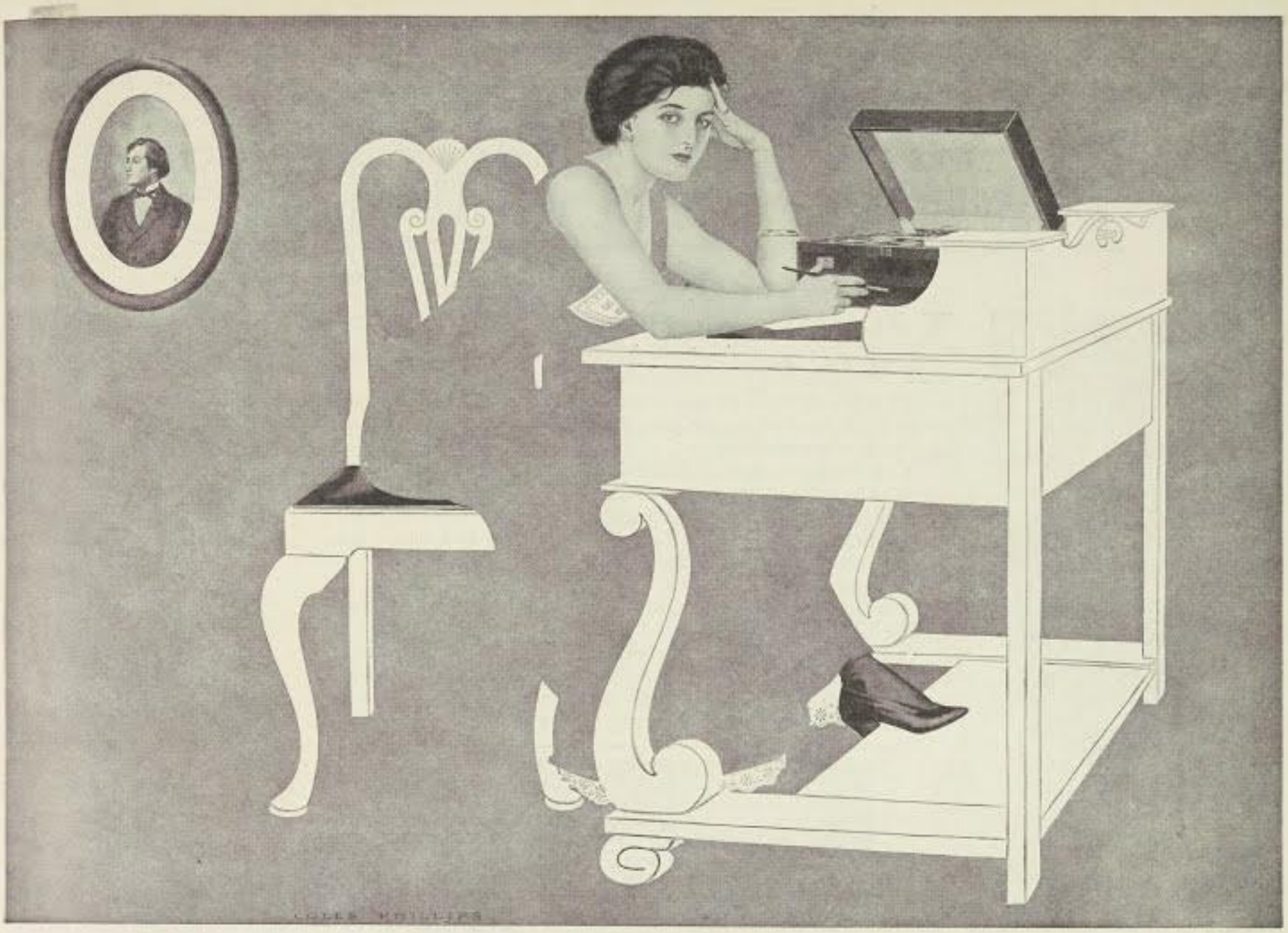
Two Hangers in One

USE either way, back or front. Press spring to open skirt or trouser hanger—release to close—one hand does it all.

Clamp made of hard wood—won't rust.

Sold by all department stores for 25c. If not at your dealer's, don't accept any other hanger, but send dealer's name and 25c and hanger will be sent prepaid.

WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER CO., 45 So. Front St., Philadelphia



"Dearest:

The silver just came and is perfect. (I am going to eat breakfast with you every morning, unless you get up terribly early.) And the designs look better than they did in the store. *On a table* it is much more beautiful, and on *our* table it will be the *most beautifulest*—"

COMMUNITY SILVER

does not make food *actually* better but it makes it *seem* better. And this is the art of good service,—to refine and make pleasant to the mind the creature-needs of food and drink.

Community Silver is built by overlaying solid silver upon a center of stronger, stiffer metal. Do not confuse it with ordinary "plated" silver, for Community Silver is so specially thickened at the wearing points, and toughened to resist wear, that in a long lifetime you will never see or touch anything but the purest of pure silver. *It is guaranteed for 50 years.*

There are many attractive designs at your dealer's. The price is attractive too. For instance, six teaspoons, $2.



¶ FREE OFFER: Any Community Silver customer can obtain ***free*** above Coles Phillips poster drawing in color, together with another of this series. These posters contain no reading or advertising matter, and are printed on plate paper in a size suitable for framing. Ask your silverware dealer to show you samples of these pictures and to get them for you.

Live Over Your Vacation with the Mirroscope

IMPROVED 1912 MODEL



YOU can live over the happy days of your summer outing and make the long winter evenings bright for your family and friends.

The photographs or post-cards of your visit to the seaside, country or mountains, or your trip abroad, will serve a new and fascinating purpose.

The Mirroscope will bring back each well remembered scene and recall interesting and humorous associations.

The original picture will possess a new interest when you see it shown on the screen, perfect in color and detail but enlarged to several feet in diameter.

The family can review the history of many summers in one evening. At the vacation reunion each friend can contribute his or her part.

Special entertainments can be held at which each guest brings a picture illustrating one of his happiest or funniest experiences —to be accompanied by a brief recital of the circumstances.

Many other possibilities will suggest themselves to every user.



How the Mirroscope enlarges small pictures — amusing a room-full of people at once, instead of one at a time



The Mirroscope 1912 Model

THE Mirroscope for 1912 has many improvements over all former projectors.

Any post-card, photograph, painting, original sketch, clipping or any object that can be put in at the back of the instrument is shown on the screen in its original colors, magnified to several feet in diameter.

These subjects may be put in vertically or horizontally and may be any size from a little over that of a postage stamp to a square 6½ inches each way.

The light is reflected from the picture itself, by large parabolic reflectors made with minute accuracy, and is then projected through a strong lens system.

Each of the standard sizes is equipped with a powerful double lens system; the concave holder for the cards ensures clear definition of the picture to the very edge. Owing to our new and improved cooling system the instruments and the subjects shown do not get hot; the method of focusing allows perfect and easy adjustment.

The $15 and $20 sizes are fitted with rack and pinion adjustment for focusing. This gives great accuracy.

The Mirroscope is economical, simple in operation, and needs no complicated or expensive equipment.

No special plates, slides or films are used. Five minutes are sufficient to hang the sheet or screen and begin showing pictures.

Any of the models can be operated by a child but it is by no means a mere toy. It has infinite possibilities for the entertainment and instruction of every one in the family of every age and every taste.

Three Mirroscope Styles

Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene for farm, country home, camp or seashore; Gas, complete with Mirroscope mantles and burners; Electric, complete with Mirroscope high-efficiency lamps; Acetylene, complete with generator.

Seven Sizes

Five Standard Sizes: $7.50, $10, $15 (two), $20 (80% of our sales are in the $15 and $10 sizes).

Note—Our $20 size is made for electricity only, all others for gas and acetylene as well.

One of the two $15 sizes, as well as the $20 size, will accept transparent slides as well as cards, photos and other opaque subjects.

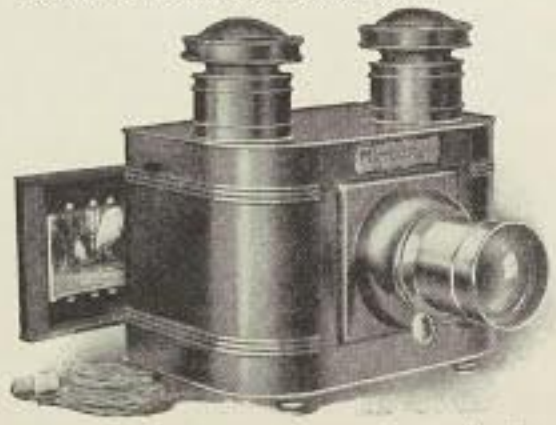
The $15 and $20 sizes are also fitted with rack and pinion adjustment for focusing. This shows clearly in cut of machine below.

Two toy sizes: $2.50 and $5.00. While not as large or elaborate as the standard sizes these instruments are reliable, well constructed, and a great source of enjoyment to the youngsters.

Sold by Photo-Supply, Sporting-Goods, and Hardware stores, and by Photo-Departments of Dry-Goods, Department and Toy Stores.

Note carefully that the name Mirroscope is shown on the face of every machine and is designed in the same way as in the heading at the top of this page. Always look for this name in buying and accept no substitute, as we can readily fill your order direct from the factory, express prepaid.

In Canada, add $1.00 to cover duty and prepaid express.



Mirroscope Model 97 shown here as equipped for electricity, but is also made for gas and acetylene. Has double lens system, throws pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly. Price $15, other models $2.50 to $20.00.

Many Mirroscope Uses

AMONG the many possible ways of using the Mirroscope are those suggested below. It is impossible to do more than hint at a few.

The ingenuity and taste of each user will suggest many others.

The Mirroscope can be used to illustrate a great number of guessing-games, such as "Autograph Ghosts," advertising trade-marks, popular proverbs, names of books, etc.;

To show kodak, post-card, coin, stamp, autograph and other collections;

To illustrate familiar songs from snap-shot photographs;

To illustrate vacation experiences, trips abroad, etc.;

For plays and charades in miniature.

The Mirroscope has unlimited possibilities for amusing children:

Geography lessons—illustrated by views of cities, mountains, national costumes, famous buildings, racial types, products of soil, etc.

History lessons—famous men and women, great battles on sea or land, arts and inventions, etc.

Illustrated folk-lore, fairy-stories, Mother Goose, etc.

Natural-history talks—with pictures of birds, flowers, fish or animals.

The children can also entertain the family by reading or reciting original stories or well-known ones, showing illustrations clipped from periodicals.

Write for Free Booklet: "Mirroscope Entertainments"

Many forms of Mirroscope entertainments described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts—many others suggested—several never before published. The book also contains a complete catalog and price-list of all 1912 Mirroscope Models.

THE BUCKEYE STEREOPTICON COMPANY

Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High-grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes. 500 Sackett Avenue Cleveland

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 22)

"That's what I'm in business for," he blandly acknowledged. "I can let you have the property for two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars."

"How much did you say?" she gasped.

"Two hundred and seventy-five thousand."

"Why, it's an outrage!" she puffed. "You paid only two hundred and ten thousand for it yesterday."

"I'm not telling you its cost to me yesterday, but its value today," he reminded her.

Mrs. Guff had helped her husband to his business success in the early days—and she had driven bargains with supply men which had made them glad when she was ill.

"You may keep the property," she wheezed. "Nobody will pay that price—not even William Slosher; and he'll buy anything if his wife pouts for it in the ridiculous French clothes she's brought back with her."

"So the Sloshers are back?" he guessed, with an understanding, at last, of her agitation.

"They came last night," she admitted, inflating with a multitude of feelings. "The most ungrateful people in the world! So far from being thankful for the time and pains and money we spent to protect them, they're viciously angry and are making threats—positive threats—that they will disgrace the entire neighborhood!"

"Do you refuse this property at two hundred and seventy-five thousand?" Mr. Gamble interestedly wanted to know.

"Certainly I do!" she emphatically declared, positive that no human being would pay that absurd increase in valuation.

"Then the price is withdrawn," he told her; and she left him, puzzling mightily over that last remark.

Johnny Gamble was a man of steady nerves, yet even he fidgeted until three o'clock for fear Mr. Slosher would not call him up. At that hour, however, Mr. Slosher called in person, accompanied by his wife. There is no need to describe Mr. Slosher, who was merely an elderly gentleman of much vigor and directness; and it is impossible to describe Mrs. Slosher, who was never twice alike, anyhow, being merely a spirit of beautiful everchanging youth in a body of beautiful everchanging habiliments.

"What do you want for the river-view property you have just purchased?" Mr. Slosher demanded.

"I don't know," confessed Johnny, laughing. "The valuation is going up so rapidly that I can't keep track of it myself. Mrs. Guff was just in, asking the price."

Mrs. Slosher tapped the toe of a beautiful satin carriage slipper impatiently upon the floor, and a very bright red spot glowed on each cheek; but she did not say a word. She only looked at her husband. Mr. Gamble had a queer idea that her mere gaze could, on an occasion like this, burn holes through a cake of ice. Certain it is that Mr. Slosher turned quickly to her—and then, as if he had been galvanized, turned back to Johnny.

"I'll give you until tomorrow night to secure your highest offer and then I'll add five per cent to it," he stated.

"You understand the restrictions, I suppose?" ventured Johnny.

"Perfectly. My kind neighbors have handed me a ten-story apartment house, with a minimum rental per suite of three thousand dollars a year. I'm going to build their neighborhood ornament and fill it with high-toned niggers!"

Mrs. Slosher smiled. She was a beautiful young woman. To youth belongs much.

Johnny Gamble, caught amidships, as it were, snorted.

"Well, I don't live out there," he said.

Mr. Slosher smiled.

"That is all, I believe," he announced as he assisted Mrs. Slosher to her feet with that punctilious gallantry which defies a younger man to do it better.

At four o'clock Jim Guff called Mr. Gamble on the 'phone.

"Hello, Gamble!" he hailed in an entirely new voice. "You're a robber!"

"You flatter me," returned Johnny quite comfortably. "Is there anything I can do for you in that line?"

"A whole lot," replied Guff. "I'll accept the price you gave Mrs. Guff on that river-view site."

"Too late," answered Johnny cheerfully. "I withdrew that offer before Mrs. Guff left the office. Mr. and Mrs. Slosher have been in since then."

Jim Guff's voice cracked as he hastily said:

"I'll meet any offer he makes you and tack a five-thousand-dollar bonus to it."

Johnny called up the De Luxe Apartments Company and secured the ear of Mr. Chase.

"I withdraw my offer of two hundred and seventy-five thousand for that river-view property," he stated. "What is the best bid you will make me above that figure?"

"I'm not inclined to scramble for it," immediately claimed Mr. Chase, who was aware at the time that he was telling a pointblank lie.

"Very well, then," said Johnny, wondering how he was to get a definite figure without committing himself. "I'll have to drop you out of my calculations."

"When must you know?"

"Tomorrow morning."

"You're bluffing!" charged Mr. Chase scornfully.

"I have two very earnest bidders for the property," insisted Johnny with dignity—and completed his bluff, if Chase cared to regard it that way, by hanging up his receiver.

Before he left the office he entered in his books:

"May 4. Sold; but I don't know who to or at what price. Close to schedule, though."

He entered the next day in advance:

"May 5. The Babies' Fund Fair—Holiday. Nothing doing."

VI

"I WISH I could write poetry," regretted Johnny, looking across at Constance Joy in the violet booth.

"Why don't you try it?" asked Polly Parsons, following his gaze and comprehending his desire perfectly, for she, too, was a rabid Constancite.

"I did," he confessed with a disappointed laugh. "I hadn't the nerve to be mushy enough, though—and nothing else seems to be real poetry. I got one line that listened like the goods, but I couldn't match it up: 'As I lie awake and look at the stars——' Pretty good start, eh? How do you find a rhyme for it?"

"You go down through the alphabet," Polly advised him, rather proud to be able to answer him so promptly. "Bars, cars, fars, jars—that way, you know. How I found out is that Sister Winnie writes so much poetry."

"She's a great kid," laughed Johnny. "Where is she?"

"Round here some place, giving orders to Sammy Chirp. Why are you loafing this afternoon? You're supposed to be making five thousand dollars an hour, but I don't see any chance for it here."

"It's a holiday," he retorted. "You're loafing yourself. I see it's on the program that you're to sell a quarter's worth of violets and a smile for five dollars a throw at the boutonnière booth. Notice how I said boutonnière?"

"You got it out of a book," charged Polly disdainfully. "I called Constance over from the candy booth to take my place because a gray-haired rusher came back seven times to have me pin violets on his coat—and I couldn't smile any more. There he goes now. That's his second trip for Constance."

"This is a cruel world. I suppose it would fuss her all up if I dropped him out of a window," Johnny observed wistfully.

"Constance doesn't need help. Just watch her!" And Polly grinned appreciatively as Constance, recognizing and sorting the tottering ladykiller at a glance, took his money, handed him a nosegay and a pin, and returned to the back of the booth to arrange her stock.

A huge blot of orange and a thin streak of lavender paused on the other side of the palms. Johnny wondered to see these two enemies together, but no man could know the satisfaction they took in it.

"The violet booth," read the big blot of orange, adjusting her gold lorgnette to the bridge of her globular nose and consulting her catalog. "Friday afternoon: Polly Parsons and Mrs. Arthur Follison. That is not Mrs. Follison in the booth, is it?"

"STYLE" FABRICS
For MEN'S and WOMEN'S WEAR



1915 Broadcloth For women is a fabric in which you can put implicit faith. "1915" is a worsted warp of choicest wool—and in point of style, color, appearance and wear is worthy of the finest tailoring.

The price, however, at which you obtain this beautiful broadcloth is exceptionally low, owing to the unlimited output (the largest in the world) attained by the American Woolen Company.

"1915" comes 54 to 56 inches wide in a rich, raven black and in other lustrous shades now in vogue.

When unable to procure "1915" by-the-yard or in ready-to-wear suits, write to us for samples. Upon receipt of money order or check we will see that you are supplied with "1915" in the quantity desired, at $2.25 per yard.

Our "90-45-71" Serge offers a wide range of colors. A strictly pure wool fabric, priced lower than any other Serge of equal quality on the market. Our Blacks and Navy Blues are in especial demand. Write for samples. Price per yard, $2.00.

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Here in Indianapolis, the gate-way to the East and the West—the "melting pot" of style—away from the rush and roar of the "clothing markets," with their "factory" help, we tailor clothes to your measure. Our men are drilled and skilled to *merchant-tailor* only. All that the best "big-city" tailor puts into clothes we put into *yours*—give them *your* body-lines, *your* individual expression, the magnetism of *your* personality—make them refine and radiate YOU.

Our Authorized Representative in your town will measure you, showing you over 500 *pure-wool* patterns to choose from. Wear this one Suit or Overcoat—judge how it looks and feels—ask your friends to judge, too. We *know* that this *one-time* order will make you an *all-time* client. It must, for a single order doesn't pay our Representative or us. We *have* to satisfy you—we can—we will.

Go to our Representative to-day. Our seal pictured below is in his window and on our label. It guarantees our tailoring as though bond-backed. If you don't know our Representative, write to us for his name and for "The Drift of Fashion," No. 6, the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Guff!" protested the thin streak of lavender in a rasping little lavender voice. "Mrs. Follison, though not a doll-face—indeed, far from it—is of most aristocratic bearing."

"I suppose that person in the booth, then, is the adopted actress," guessed Mrs. Guff. "Any one can tell that's beauty and movement of the professional type."

Johnny looked at Polly with hasty concern, but that young lady was enjoying the joke on Constance and gripped his arm for silence.

"One can quite understand how poor Billy Parsons might become infatuated with her doll-face," returned Miss Purry pityingly, since she was herself entirely free from the crime of doll-facedness; "but that the Parsons should adopt such a common person merely because Billy died before he could marry her was inconsiderate of the rest of our class."

"The artfulness of her!" exclaimed the thick one, lorgnetting the graceful Constance with a fishy eye as the temporary flower girl joyously greeted Ashley Loring and Val Russel and Bruce Townley, pinned bouquets upon them and exchanged laughing banter with them.

"Dreadful!" agreed the shocked thin one. "Those are the very wiles by which doll-faced stage women ensnare our most desirable young men."

Constance looked about just then in search of Polly, and her eyes lighted as they saw Johnny standing with her.

"Oh, Polly!" she called.

"Coming, Constance!" returned the hearty and cheery voice of Polly from just behind the critics.

The ladies in lavender and orange were still gasping when Johnny Gamble passed them with Polly. He had made up his mind about the riverfront property.

Loud acclaim hailed Polly and Johnny, for where they went there was zest of life; and the boys, knowing well that Johnny never wore flowers, made instant way for him at the violet booth.

"I'll take some blue ones, lady," announced Johnny gamely, intending to wear them with defiance.

"I'll give you the nearest we have, mister," laughed Constance, and promptly decorated him.

Since this was the closest her face and eyes had ever been to him, he forgot to pay her and had to be reminded of that important duty by Polly and all the boys in unison. There was a faint, evasive trace of perfume about her, more like the freshness of morning or the delicacy of starlight than an actual essence, he vaguely thought with a groping return to his poetic inclination. He felt the warmth of her velvet cheek, even at its distance of a foot away, and there seemed to be a pulsing thrill in the very air which intervened. For a startled instant he found himself gazing deep down into her brown eyes. In that instant her red lips curved in a fleeting smile—a smile of the type which needs moist eyes to carry its tenderness. It was all over in a flash, only a fragment of a second, which seemed a blissful pulsing eternity; and at its conclusion he thought that her finger quivered as it brushed his own, where he held out the lapel of his coat, and her cheek paled ever so slightly—but these were dreams, he knew.

"I'm next, I think," grated a usually suave voice which now had a decided tinge of unpleasantness; and Paul Gresham, selecting a bunch of violets from the tray, held them out toward Constance, impatient to end the all too pretty tableau.

"Next and served," Polly briskly told him; and, taking the boutonnière from his fingers, she whisked it into place and pinned it and extracted his money—all apparently in one deft operation.

"Thanks," said Gresham, blinking with the suddenness of it all and sweeping, with a glance of gloomy dissatisfaction, Polly, the bouquet, Constance and Johnny. "I thought you were to be in the caramel booth, Constance."

"I'm just going back," she informed him, pausing to straighten Johnny's lapel, patting it in place and stepping back to view the result with a critical eye. It seemed to need another coaxing bend and another pat, both of which she calmly delivered.

A handsome passing couple caught Johnny's eye—a keen and vigorous-looking elderly gentleman, and Springtime come among them in the pink and white of apple blossoms—sweet and fresh and smiling; as guileless as the May itself, but competent!

"Excuse me," said Johnny, and tore himself away from the girl whose natural beauty made Mrs. Slosher an exquisite work of art. "Beg your pardon, Mr. Slosher."

Mr. Slosher turned and smiled.

"Hello, Mr. Gamble!" he greeted him, while Mrs. Slosher gave him a bright and cheery little nod. "I played old-fashioned army poker with Colonel Bouncer and Ben Courtney and Mort Washer and Joe Close last night—and the old robbers skinned me out of thirty-two dollars. They spoke of you during the game and I guess you could get backing to any amount in that crowd."

"Thanks for the tip," returned Johnny. "I may need it."

"You're going to give us our apartment house property, aren't you?" Mrs. Slosher knew by his very appearance.

"It's only a matter of closing the deal," Johnny told her with a perfectly justifiable smile which Constance, from a distance, criticised severely. He drew an envelope from his pocket and took from it a paper which he passed to Mr. Slosher.

It was a written offer from the De Luxe Apartments Company for three hundred thousand dollars.

"That makes my offer, then—at five per cent advance—three hundred and fifteen thousand," figured Slosher. "Is that a bargain?"

Johnny, glancing contentedly about the big inclosure, saw Jim Guff waiting impatiently for a chance to speak with him.

"It's a bargain," he agreed, and pretty little Mrs. Slosher nodded her head vehemently with innocent joy.

Gresham passed them by and tipped his hat to Mrs. Slosher, including Mr. Slosher in the greeting. A pleasant idea struck Johnny.

"You scarcely intend to build your colored apartment house under your own name?" he suggested.

"Indeed, no!" laughed Mrs. Slosher happily. "All we wish is the result. We ask for no credit."

"Moreover," warned Mr. Slosher, "I wouldn't care to have my purpose known until after I have sold my own residence. I am a little worried, however, about the detail you suggest. No man of any consequence would injure the good will of his fellows by standing sponsor for such a venture."

"I think I know your man," stated Gamble with pleasant anticipation. "I'll tell you about him if you'll be careful not to let him or anybody else know that I recommended him."

"I can figure out sufficient reasons for that," replied Slosher. "Is he reliable?"

"He can give you security—and I suppose you had better exact it," advised Johnny. "He is the man who first secured the option from Miss Purry."

"What is his name?"

"Collaton," and Johnny gazed serenely after Gresham.

"I'll send for him in the morning," decided Mr. Slosher.

When Johnny returned to the violet booth he found there Winnie and Sammy Chirp, the latter with all his pockets and both his arms full of Winnie's purchases and personal belongings, inextricably mixed with similar articles belonging to Polly; and there was a new note of usefulness which redeemed somewhat the feebleness of his smile. Loring was helping Sammy to adjust his burdens; and Winnie, with the aid of the mirror in her vanity box, was trying the effect of violets close to her eyes. Johnny waited patiently for Loring to get through and then, despite Polly's protest, dragged him away.

"I've arranged for the first dent in Gresham and Collaton," he announced, and outlined the program which later on was carried out to the letter. "I've fixed to have some valuable property placed in Collaton's name, with Gresham as security. When that is done I want you to go to Jacobs and play a mean trick on him: Make him serve that attachment on Collaton's ostensible property. Collaton, having confessed judgment on the note, cannot fight it—and Gresham will have to foot the bill."

Self-contained and undemonstrative as Loring was in public, he nevertheless gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter which humiliated him beyond measure when he discovered the attention he had attracted.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The fourth will appear next week.

See the Self-Starting 1912 HUDSON "33"

NEXT year all leading automobiles are bound to be equipped with a *Self-Starter* and will have Demountable Rims. You make a mistake if you buy any car not now equipped with a Self-Starter and Demountable Rims. You get these features on the HUDSON "33" now. The price complete is less than was charged for last year's model.

We have tested practically every starter thus far produced. The one your HUDSON dealer will show you is *the only one* Howard E. Coffin and his Board of Engineers would approve for use on the HUDSON "33".

It is the most reliable of all we have seen. It starts the motor *without cranking*. We left a HUDSON "33" in a cold storage room for a week. The temperature was below freezing but the motor instantly responded to the operation of the starter.

There is nothing complicated—it has only a dozen parts. It is not heavy. The weight is less than four pounds. In thousands of tests it was 98% efficient.

Do you understand what that *means*?

No more cranking. No more lame backs. No more sprained or broken arms due to "back firing."

A *child* can start the motor of the HUDSON "33" as easily as it can push a button that rings an electric bell.

Why not choose a car with such an equipment? Next year all first rate cars will have Self-Starters. As usual we are again a year ahead of others. Think of the satisfaction *you* will have now with this feature of the HUDSON "33". You will confidently seat yourself at the wheel and in response to a simple operation, the motor *will* start. It will attract the admiration and envy of every automobile owner whose car must be started, in the old way, by cranking.

The *last* objection women have to driving a gasoline car is *thus* removed.

Demountable Rims Also Necessary

About the hardest, most disagreeable work about an automobile, and it usually comes in the most inconvenient places, is changing tires. Not so when you have Demountable rims. The extra inflated tire can be substituted in a few minutes for a flat tire. There is no labor—nothing is difficult. There is no delay.

No other type of tire rim *will be* acceptable on any dependable car in the future. Why accept a car that hasn't this equipment *now*? It makes your automobiling so *much more* satisfactory. It will make your car so much more salable if ever you wish to dispose of it.

Still Greater Reasons For Its Being a HUDSON

But there are still *other* reasons more vital why you should prefer a HUDSON "33".

The item of simplicity is important. There are 900 fewer parts than are used on the average automobile. Compare the chassis with the chassis of *other* cars. Note the *absolute* accessibility of the HUDSON "33". See how clean and free it is from rods, springs and intricate connections.

Unless you are a judge of automobile values you may not fully understand that accessibility *means* low cost of up-keep. If vital parts are placed out of easy access by the intricacies of design and construction, it means just that much *extra* trouble in making adjustments and repairs.

No car is *quieter* in operation. That comes from *perfect* design. It *remains* quiet through months of service. That is due to *good* workmanship. There is all the power you need for the hills that any automobile will make—all the flexibility required for any traffic condition and a smooth, *vibrationless* operation similar to that experienced in most automobiles, only when they are coasting down hill. You can appreciate these conditions *only* by test. You must ride in cars of *different* makes and in the HUDSON "33" to understand what *this* means.

Costs Us $152 More Costs You Less

Instead of reducing manufacturing costs, we have *added* $152 for better materials and finer workmanship.

Yet the 1912 car sells for *less* than did the '11 of similar model and equipment.

Thousands paid $1500 for the 1911 HUDSON with fore-doors, top, magneto and Prest-O-Lite tank. Almost as many more had their cars equipped with 34x4-inch tires, with demountable rims and glass wind shield. This brought the price up to $1630.

The character of the equipment is much superior to and more luxurious than that used last year. Lamps cost us a great deal more. Leather for upholstering this year costs $14.11 more per car. One set of bearings amounts to $7.35 more than did the bearings used for the same purpose last year. It takes three days longer to paint the bodies. Labor charges per car exceed last year by $35.65. We built the best car we could *then* at the price. But *we* have progressed. Our men have greater skill. Many new refinements have been developed. They all make for a *better* car—for *longer* service—for *completeness*. They cost us more, but with all included, the car to *you* is less than was the 1911 model with fore-door and similar equipment.

Don't you think it *wiser* to buy a car in which quality advancement has been made rather than to choose an automobile that has not been increased in value? Think also of the *disadvantage* of owning a car designed after the practices of three years ago. Engineers have advanced far. The ideals of *that* day are practically obsolete now. The HUDSON "33" is the *one* advanced car of the past three years.

Other Great Engineers Also Helped

The 1912 HUDSON "33" is the product of Mr. Coffin, *plus* the assistance of the staff of most experienced and largest number of engineers employed by any one manufacturer. Each, a *specialist*— has had experience that the others have not had. Each knows something the others do not know. These men spent months with the 1911 car. Then Mr. Coffin received their criticisms and recommendations. All was *weighed* against the combined experience and ingenuity of all members of the staff.

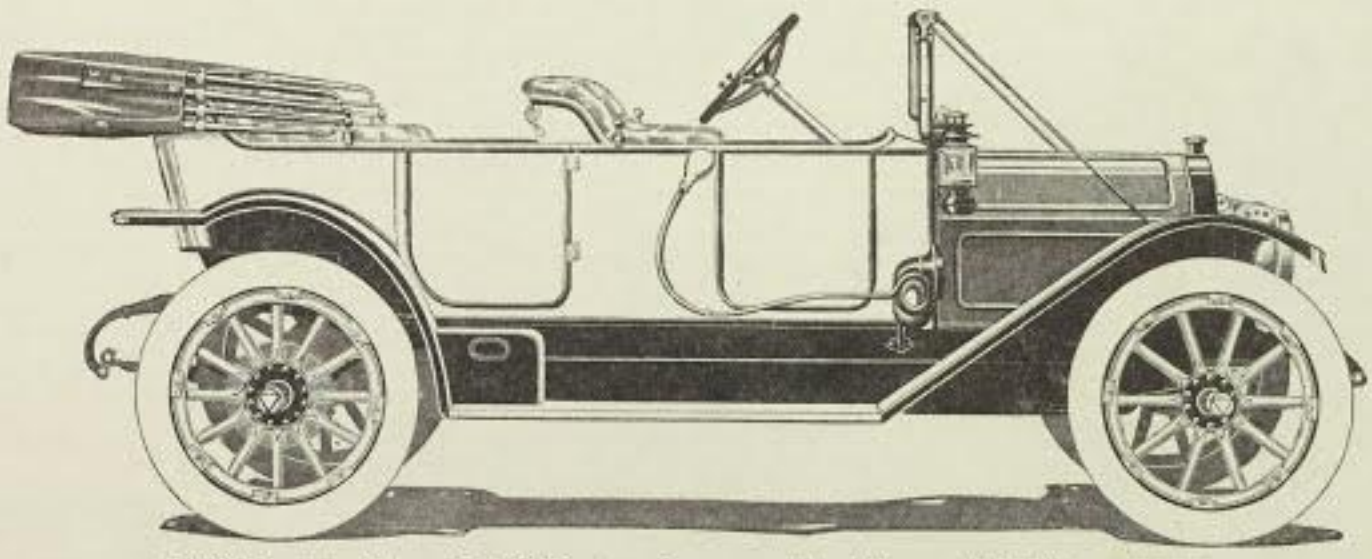
Can you imagine a *more* complete development? Nothing basic was changed. But still the '12 *is* different. It is the *finished* product of many men—the ablest we could get.

Don't you think it better to see the HUDSON "33" NOW?

See the Triangle on the Radiator

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"33" Touring Car with Self-Starter, Demountable Rims and Big Tires, $1600

Models are Touring Car, Torpedo, Roadster and Mile-a-Minute Roadster. Price for all models is the same as above. Regular equipment includes Disco Self-Starter, five Demountable Rims, four 34 x 4-inch tires, tire irons, magneto, glass windshield, mohair top, complete lamp equipment, Prest-O-Lite tank, tools and tool box, tire repair outfit, etc.



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"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

THE PEARLS OF PARLAY

(Continued from Page 11)

The Kanaka drew back truculently and Grief stepped between to placate his captain.

"I go to work on the Nuhiva," Tai-Hotauri said, rejoining the other group.

"Come back here!" the captain threatened.

"He's a free man, skipper," Narii Hering spoke up. "He's sailed with me in the past and he's sailing with me again—that's all."

"Come on; we must get on board," Grief urged. "Look how dark it's getting!"

Captain Warfield gave in, but as the boat shoved off he stood up in the sternsheets and shook his fist ashore.

"I'll settle with you yet, Narii!" he cried. "You're the only skipper in the group who steals other men's sailors." He sat down and in a lowered voice queried: "Now what's Tai-Hotauri up to? He's on to something; but what is it?"

IV

AS THE boat came alongside the Malahini Hermann's anxious face greeted them over the rail.

"Bottom fall out from barometer," he announced. "She goin' to blow. I got starboard anchor overhaul."

"Overhaul the big one too," Captain Warfield ordered, taking charge. "And here, some of you, hoist in this boat. Lower her down to the deck and lash her, bottom up."

Men were busy at work on the decks of all the schooners. There was a great clanking of chains being overhauled; and now one craft and now another hove in, veered and dropped a second anchor.

Like the Malahini, those that had third anchors were preparing to drop them when the wind showed what quarter it was to blow from.

The roar of the big surf continually grew, though the lagoon lay in mirrorlike calm. There was no sign of life where Parlay's big house perched on the sand. Boat and copra-sheds and the sheds where the shell was stored were deserted.

"For two cents I'd up anchors and get out," Grief said. "I'd do it anyway if it were open sea; but those chains of atolls to the north and east have us pocketed. We've a better chance right here. What do you think, Captain Warfield?"

"I agree with you, though a lagoon is no millpond for riding it out. I wonder where she's going to start from? Hello! There goes one of Parlay's copra-sheds!"

They could see the grass-thatched shed lift and collapse, while a froth of foam cleared the crest of the sand and ran down to the lagoon.

"Breached across!" Mulhall exclaimed. "That's something for a starter. There she comes again!"

The wreck of the shed was now flung up and left on the sandcrest. A third wave buffeted it into fragments, which washed down the slope toward the lagoon.

"If she blow I would as be cooler yet," Hermann grunted. "No longer can I breathe. It is dam hot. I am dry like a stove."

He chopped open a drinking cocoanut with his heavy sheath-knife and drained the contents. The rest of them followed his example, pausing once to watch one of Parlay's shell-sheds go down in ruin. The barometer now registered 29:50.

"Must be pretty close to the center of the area of low pressure," Grief remarked cheerfully. "I was never through the eye of a hurricane before. It will be an experience for you too, Mulhall. From the speed the barometer's dropped it's going to be a big one."

Captain Warfield groaned, and all eyes were drawn to him. He was looking through the glasses down the length of the lagoon to the southeast.

"There she comes," he said quietly.

They did not need glasses to see. A flying film, strangely marked, seemed drawing over the surface of the lagoon. Abreast of it, along the atoll, traveling with equal speed, was a stiff bending of the cocoanut palms and a blur of flying leaves. The front of the wind on the water was a solid, sharply defined strip of dark-colored, wind-vexed water. In advance of this strip, like skirmishers, were flashes of windflaws. Behind this strip, a quarter of a mile in width, was a strip of what seemed glassy calm. Next came another dark strip of wind—and behind that the lagoon was all crisping, boiling whiteness.

"What is that calm streak?" Mulhall asked.

"Calm," Warfield answered.

"But it travels as fast as the wind," was the other's objection.

"It has to, or it would be overtaken and there wouldn't be any calm. It's a double-header. I saw a big squall like that off Savaii once. A regular double-header. Smash! it hit us; then it lulled to nothing and smashed us a second time. Stand by and hold on. Here she is on top of us. Look at the Roberta!"

The Roberta, lying nearest to the wind at slack chains, was swept off broadside like a straw. Then her chains brought her up, bow on to the wind, with an astonishing jerk. Schooner after schooner—the Malahini with them—was now sweeping away with the first gust and fetching up on taut chains.

Mulhall and several of the Kanakas were taken off their feet when the Malahini jerked to her anchor.

And then there was no wind. The flying calm streak had reached them. Grief lighted a match and the unshielded flame burned without flickering in the still air. A very dim twilight prevailed. The cloud-sky, lowering as it had been for hours, seemed now to have descended quite down upon the sea.

The Roberta tightened to her chains when the second head of the hurricane hit, as did schooner after schooner in swift succession. The sea, white with fury, boiled in tiny, spitting wavelets. The deck of the Malahini vibrated under their feet. The taut-stretched halyards beat a tattoo against the masts, and all the rigging, as if smitten by some mighty hand, set up a wild thrumming. It was impossible to face the wind and breathe. Mulhall, crouching with the others behind the shelter of the cabin, discovered this; and his lungs were filled in an instant with so great a volume of driven air which he could not expel that he nearly strangled ere he could turn his head away.

"It's incredible!" he gasped; but no one heard him.

Hermann and several Kanakas were crawling for'ard on hands and knees to let go the third anchor. Grief touched Captain Warfield and pointed to the Roberta. She was dragging down upon them. Warfield put his mouth to Grief's ear and shouted:

"We're dragging too!"

Grief sprang to the wheel and put it hard over, veering the Malahini to port. The third anchor took hold and the Roberta went by, stern first, a dozen yards away. They waved their hands to Peter Gee and Captain Robinson, who, with a number of sailors, were at work on the bow.

"He's knocking out the shackles!" Grief shouted. "Going to chance the passage! Got to! Anchors skating!"

"We're holding now!" came the answering shout. "There goes the Cactus down on the Misi. That settles them!"

The Misi had been holding, but the added windage of the Cactus was too much and the entangled schooners slid away across the boiling white. Their men could be seen chopping and fighting to get them apart. The Roberta, cleared of her anchors, with a patch of tarpaulin set for'ard, was heading for the passage at the northwestern end of the lagoon. They saw her make it and drive out to sea. The Misi and the Cactus, however, unable to get clear of each other, went ashore on the atoll half a mile from the passage.

The wind merely increased on itself and continued to increase. To face the full blast of it required all one's strength and several minutes of crawling on deck against it tired a man to exhaustion. Hermann, with his Kanakas, plodded steadily, lashing and making secure, putting ever more gaskets on the sails. The wind ripped and tore their thin undershirts from their backs. They moved slowly, as if their bodies weighed tons, never releasing a handhold until another had been secured. Loose-ends of rope stood out stiffly horizontal, and after whipping the loose-ends frazzled and blew away.

Mulhall touched one and then another and pointed to the shore. The grass-sheds had disappeared and Parlay's house rocked drunkenly. Because the wind blew lengthwise along the atoll the house had been sheltered by the miles of cocoanut trees; but the big seas, breaking across from outside,



How many hours of the day are you on your feet?

Do you come home at night "all in" after being on your feet the greater part of the day?

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"Sampeck Clothes"
The Standard of America



University

A PROMINENT New York Financier of national repute in speaking of points which count for success is quoted in part as saying in a recent interview:

"Spending That Spells Saving"

"Now, of course," continued Mr. ——, "you will expect me to say that extreme economy is the prime feature in the money-making field. Yes. It has its great value. But, so one has made a great fortune without spending. And many a fine spending has been an asset—a saving."

"What would you regard as saving along this line?" I asked.

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were undermining it and hammering it to pieces. Already tilted down the slope of sand, its end was imminent. Here and there in the cocoanut trees people had lashed themselves. The trees did not sway or thresh about. Bent over rigidly by the wind, they remained in that position and vibrated monstrously. Underneath, across the sand, surged the white spume of the breakers.

A big sea was likewise making down the length of the lagoon. It had plenty of room to kick up in the ten-mile stretch from the windward rim of the atoll, and all the schooners were bucking and plunging into it. The Malahini had begun shoving her bow and fo'c's'l'head under the bigger ones, and at times her waist was filled rail-high with water.

"Now's the time for your engine!" Grief bellowed; and Captain Warfield, crawling over to where the engineer lay, shouted emphatic commands.

Under the engine, going full speed ahead, the Malahini behaved better. Though she continued to ship seas over her bow, she was not jerked down so fiercely by her anchors. On the other hand, she was unable to get any slack in the chains. The best her forty horsepower could do was to ease the strain.

Still the wind increased. The little Nuhiva, lying abreast of the Malahini and closer in to the beach, her engine still unrepaired and her captain ashore, was having a bad time of it. She buried herself so frequently and so deeply that they wondered each time if she could clear herself of the water.

At three in the afternoon, buried by a second sea before she could free herself of the preceding one, she did not come up.

Mulhall looked at Grief.

"Burst in her hatches!" was the bellowed answer.

Captain Warfield pointed to the Winifred, a little schooner plunging and burying outside of them, and shouted in Grief's ear.

His voice came in patches of dim words, with intervals of silence when whisked away by the roaring wind.

"Rotten little tub! . . . Anchors hold. . . . But how she holds together! . . . Old as the ark."

An hour later Hermann pointed to her. Her for'ard bitts, foremast and most of her bow were gone, having been jerked out of her by her anchors. She swung broadside, rolling in the trough and settling by the head; and in this plight she was swept away to leeward.

Five vessels now remained, and of them the Malahini was the only one with an engine. Fearing either the Nuhiva's or the Mildred's fate, two of them followed the Roberta's example, knocking out the chain-shackles and running for the passage. The Dolly was the first, but her tarpaulin was carried away and she went to destruction on the lee rim of the atoll, near the Misi and the Cactus. Undeterred by this, the Moana let go and followed with the same result.

"Pretty good engine that, eh?" Captain Warfield yelled to his owner.

Grief put out his hand and shook. "She's paying for herself!" he yelled back. "The wind's shifting round to the south'ard and we ought to lie easier!"

Slowly and steadily, but with ever-increasing velocity, the wind veered round to the south and the southwest, till the three schooners that were left pointed directly in toward the beach. The wreck of Parlay's house was picked up, hurled into the lagoon and blown out upon them. Passing the Malahini, it crashed into the Papara, lying a quarter of a mile astern. There was wild work for'ard on her and in a quarter of an hour the house went clear, but it had taken the Papara's foremast and bowsprit with it.

Inshore, on their port bow, lay the Tahaa, slim and yachtlike but excessively oversparred. Her anchors still held, but her captain, finding no abatement in the wind, proceeded to reduce windage by chopping down his masts.

"Pretty good engine that!" Grief congratulated his skipper. "It will save our sticks for us yet."

Captain Warfield shook his head dubiously.

The sea on the lagoon went swiftly down with the change of wind, but they were beginning to feel the heave and lift of the outer sea breaking across the atoll. There were not so many trees remaining. Some had been broken short off, others uprooted. One tree they saw snapped off halfway up, three persons clinging to it, and whirled away by the wind into the lagoon. Two detached themselves from it and swam to the Tahaa. Not long after, just before darkness, they saw a man jump overboard from that schooner's stern and strike out strongly for the Malahini through the white, spitting wavelets.

"It's Tai-Hotauri," was Grief's judgment. "Now we'll have the news."

The Kanaka caught the bobstay, climbed over the bow and crawled aft. Time was given him to breathe and then, behind the part shelter of the cabin, in broken snatches and largely by signs he told his story:

"Narii . . . dam robber! . . . He want steal . . . pearls. . . . Kill Parlay. . . . One man kill Parlay. . . . No man know what man. . . . Three Kanakas, Narii, me . . . five beans . . . hat. . . . Narii say one bean black. . . . Nobody know. . . . Kill Parlay. . . . Narii dam liar. . . . All beans black. . . . Five black. . . . Copra-shed dark. . . . Every man get black bean. . . . Big wind come; . . . no chance. . . . Everybody get up tree. . . . No good luck, them pearls, I tell you before . . . no good luck."

"Where's Parlay?" Grief shouted.

"Up tree. . . . Three of his Kanakas same tree; Narii and one Kanaka 'nother tree. . . . My tree blow to hell; then I come on board."

"Where are the pearls?"

"Up tree along Parlay. Mebbe Narii get them pearl yet."

In the ear of one after another Grief shouted Tai-Hotauri's story. Captain Warfield was particularly incensed and they could see him grinding his teeth.

Hermann went below and returned with a riding light, but the moment it was lifted above the level of the cabin wall the wind blew it out. He had better success with the binnacle lamp, which was lighted only after many collective attempts.

"A fine night of wind," Grief yelled in Mulhall's ear—"and blowing harder all the time!"

"How hard?"

"A hundred miles an hour—two hundred! I don't know. Harder than I've ever seen it."

The lagoon grew more and more troubled by the sea that swept across the atoll. Hundreds of leagues of ocean were being backed up by the hurricane, which more than overcame the lowering effect of the ebb tide. Immediately the tide began to rise, the increase in the size of the seas was noticeable. Moon and wind were heaping the South Pacific on Hikihoho atoll.

Captain Warfield returned from one of his periodical trips to the engine room with the word that the engineer lay in a faint.

"Can't let that engine stop!" he concluded helplessly.

"All right!" Grief shouted. "Bring him on deck. I'll spell him."

The hatch to the engine room was battened down, access being gained through a narrow passage from the cabin. The heat and gas fumes were stifling. Grief made one hasty, comprehensive examination of the engine and the fittings of the tiny room, then blew out the oil-lamp. After that he worked in darkness, save for the glow from endless cigars that he went into the cabin to light. Even-tempered as he was, he soon began to give evidences of the strain of being pent in with a mechanical monster that toiled and sobbed and slubbered in the shouting dark. Naked to the waist, covered with grease and oil, bruised and skinned from being knocked about by the plunging, jumping vessel, his head swimming from the mixture of gas and air he was compelled to breathe, he labored on hour after hour, by turns petting, blessing, nursing and cursing the engine and all its parts. The ignition began to go bad. The feed grew worse; and, worst of all, the cylinders began to heat. In a consultation held in the cabin the half-caste engineer begged and pleaded to stop the engine for half an hour in order to cool it and to attend to the water circulation.

Captain Warfield was against any stopping. The half-caste swore that the engine would ruin itself and stop anyway and for good. Grief, with glaring eyes, greasy and battered, yelled and cursed them both down and issued commands. Mulhall, the supercargo and Hermann were set to work in the cabin at double-straining and triple-straining the gasoline.

A hole was chopped through the engine-room floor and a Kanaka heaved bilge-water

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over the cylinders, while Grief continued to souse the running parts in oil.

"Didn't know you were a gasoline expert," Captain Warfield admired when Grief came into the cabin to catch a breath of little less impure air.

"I bathe in gasoline," he grated savagely through his teeth. "I eat it."

What other uses he might have found for it were never given, for at that moment all the men in the cabin, as well as the gasoline that was being strained, were smashed for'ard against the bulkhead as the Malahini took an abrupt, deep dive. For the space of several minutes, unable to gain their feet, they rolled back and forth and pounded and hammered from wall to wall. The schooner, swept by three big seas, creaked and groaned and quivered and, from the weight of water on her decks, behaved loggily. Grief crept to the engine, while Captain Warfield awaited his chance to get through the companionway and out on deck.

It was half an hour before he came back.

"Whaleboat's gone!" he reported. "Galley's gone! Everything gone except the deck and hatches! And if that engine hadn't been going we'd be gone! Keep up the good work!"

By midnight the engineer's lungs and head had been sufficiently cleared of gas fumes to let him relieve Grief, who went on deck to get his own head and lungs clear. He joined the others, who crouched behind the cabin, holding on with their hands and made doubly secure by rope-lashings. It was a complicated huddle, for it was the only place of refuge for the Kanakas. Some of them had accepted the skipper's invitation into the cabin, but had been driven out by the fumes. The Malahini was being plunged down and swept frequently, and what they breathed was air and spray and water commingled.

"Making heavy weather of it, Mulhall!" Grief yelled to his guest between immersions.

Mulhall, strangling and choking, could only nod. The scuppers could not carry off the burden of water on the schooner's deck. She rolled it out and took it in over one rail and the other; and at times, nose thrown skyward, sitting down on her heel, she avalanched it aft. It surged along the poop gangways, poured over the top of the cabin, submerging and bruising those who clung on, and went out over the stern rail.

Mulhall saw him first and drew Grief's attention. It was Narii Herring, crouching and holding on where the dim binnacle light shone upon him. He was quite naked, save for a belt and a bare-bladed knife thrust between it and the skin.

Captain Warfield untied his lashings and made his way over the bodies of the others. When his face became visible in the light from the binnacle it was working with anger. They could see him shout, but the wind tore the sound away. He would not put his lips to Narii's ear. Instead, he pointed over the side. Narii Herring understood. His white teeth showed in an amused and sneering smile, and he stood up—a magnificent figure of a man.

"It's murder!" Mulhall yelled to Grief.

"He'd have murdered Old Parlay!" Grief yelled back.

For the moment the poop was clear of water and the Malahini on an even keel. Narii made a bravado attempt to walk to the rail, but was flung down by the wind. Thereafter he crawled, disappearing in the darkness, though there was certitude in all of them that he had gone over the side. The Malahini dived deep; and when they emerged from the flood that swept aft Grief got Mulhall's ear.

"Can't lose him! He's the Fish Man of Tahiti! He'll cross the lagoon and land on the other rim of the atoll—if there's any atoll left."

Five minutes afterward, in another submergence, a mess of bodies poured down on them over the top of the cabin. These they seized and held till the water cleared, when they carried them below and learned their identity. Old Parlay lay on his back on the floor with closed eyes and without movement. The other two were his Kanaka cousins. All three were naked and bloody. The arm of one Kanaka hung helpless and broken at his side. The other Kanaka bled freely from a hideous scalp wound.

"Narii did that?" Mulhall demanded.

Grief shook his head. "No; it's from being smashed along the deck and over the house!"

Something suddenly ceased, leaving them all in dizzying uncertainty. For a moment it was hard to realize there was no wind. With the absolute abruptness of a sword-slash the wind had been chopped off. The schooner rolled and plunged, fetching up on her anchors with a crash that for the first time they could hear. Also, for the first time, they could hear the water washing about on deck. The engineer threw off the propeller and eased the engine down.

"We're in the dead-center," Grief said. "Now for the shift. It will come as hard as ever." He looked at the barometer. "Twenty-nine thirty-two," he read.

Not in a moment could he tone down the voice which for hours had shouted against the wind, and so loudly did he speak that, in the quiet, it hurt the others' ears.

"All his ribs are smashed," the supercargo said, feeling along Parlay's side. "He's still breathing; but he's a goner."

Old Parlay groaned, moved one arm impotently and opened his eyes. In them was the light of recognition.

"My brave gentlemen," he whispered haltingly, "don't forget . . . the auction . . . at ten o'clock . . . in hell!"

His eyes drooped shut and the lower jaw threatened to drop, but he mastered the qualms of dissolution long enough to emit one final, loud, derisive cackle.

Above and below pandemonium broke out. The old familiar roar of the wind was with them. The Malahini, caught broadside, was pressed down almost on her beam-ends as she swung the arc compelled by her anchors. They rounded her into the wind, where she jerked to an even keel. The propeller was thrown on and the engine took up its work again.

"Northwest!" Captain Warfield shouted to Grief when he came on deck. "Hauled eight points like a shot!"

"Narii'll never get across the lagoon now!" Grief observed.

"Then he'll blow back to our side—worse luck!"

V

AFTER the passing of the center the barometer began to rise. Equally rapid was the fall of the wind. When it was no more than a howling gale the engine lifted up in the air, parted its bedplates with a last convulsive effort of its forty horsepower and lay down on its side. A wash of water from the bilge sizzled over it and the steam rose in clouds.

The engineer wailed his dismay, but Grief glanced over the wreck affectionately and went into the cabin to swab the grease off his chest and arms with bunches of cotton waste.

The sun was up and the gentlest of summer breezes blowing when he came on deck, after sewing up the scalp of one Kanaka and setting the other's arm. The Malahini lay close in to the beach. For'ard, Hermann and the crew were heaving in and straightening out the tangle of anchors. The Papara and the Tahaa were gone; and Captain Warfield, through the glasses, was searching the opposite rim of the atoll.

"Not a stick left of them," he said. "That's what comes of not having engines. They must have dragged across before the big shift came."

Ashore, where Parlay's house had been, was no vestige of any house. For the space of three hundred yards, where the sea had breached, no tree or even stump was left. Here and there, farther along, stood an occasional palm, and there were numbers which had been snapped off above the ground.

In the crown of one surviving palm Tai-Hotauri asserted he saw something move. There were no boats left to the Malahini, and they watched him swim ashore and climb the tree.

When he came back they helped over the rail a young native girl of Parlay's household. But first she passed up to them a battered basket. In it was a litter of blind kittens—all dead save one that feebly mewed and staggered on awkward legs.

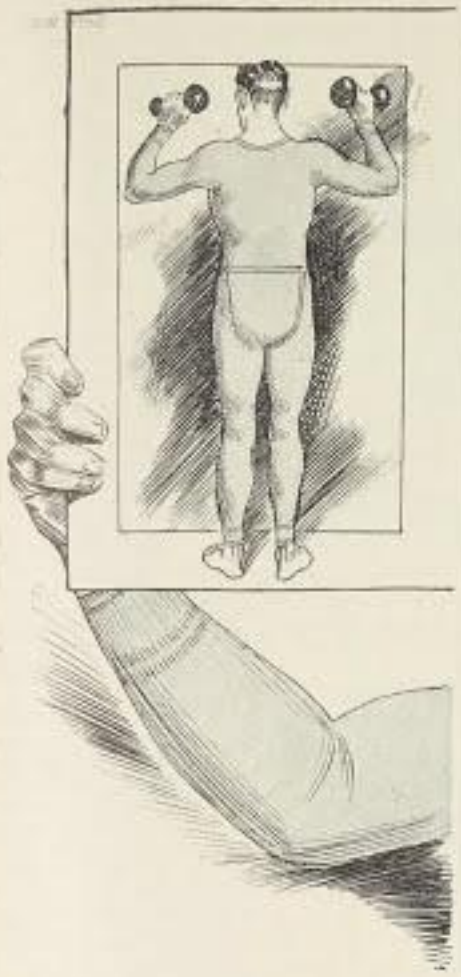
"Hello!" said Mulhall. "Who's that?"

Along the beach they saw a man walking. He moved casually, as if out for a morning stroll. Captain Warfield gritted his teeth. It was Narii Herring.

"Hello, skipper," Narii called when he was abreast of them. "Can I come aboard and get some breakfast?"

Captain Warfield's face and neck began to swell and turn purple. He tried to speak, but choked.

"For two cents! . . . For two cents! . . ." was all he could manage to articulate.



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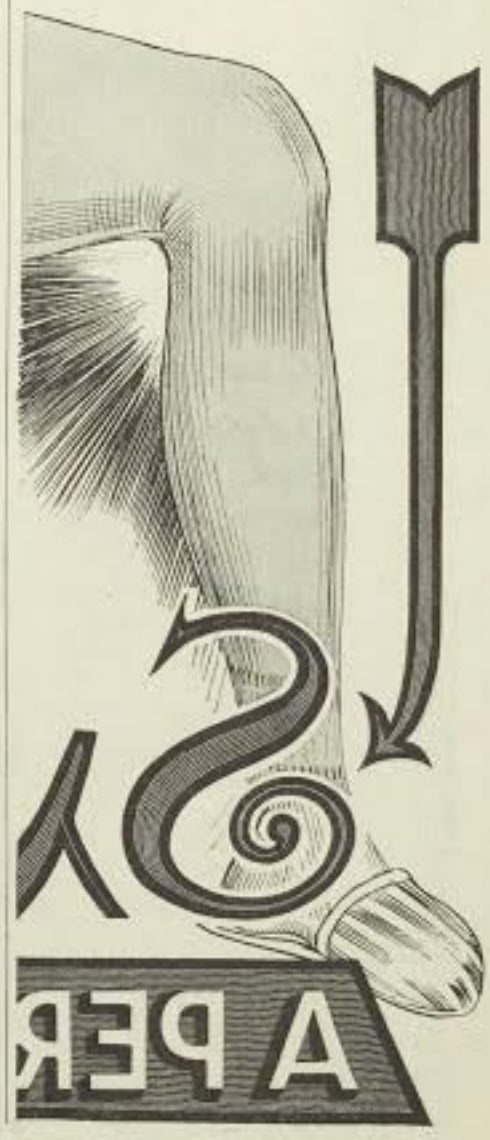
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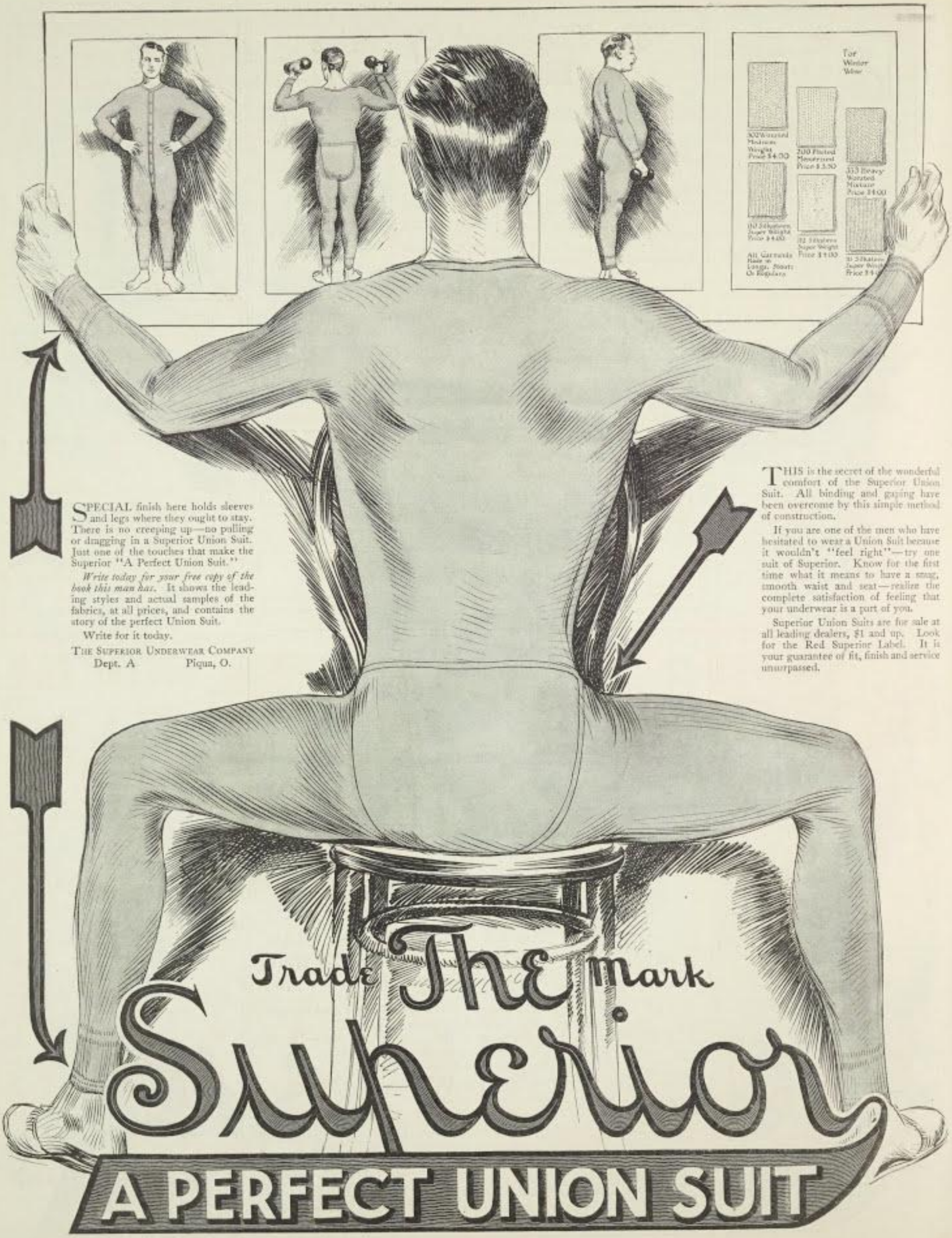
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THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 25)

lot of people. When I've sold a million dollars of stock I'll be ready to retire, you see."

"By that time," said Mr. Halleck with some difficulty—"By that time you'll be in the penitentiary under a twenty-year sentence!" Controlling himself by a powerful effort, although his voice gave evidence of agitation, the banker explained: "The fact is, Humphrey, this is an extra hazardous business at best. I'm careful—careful as a man can be—yet I'm shaking in my boots all the time. If you let a bunch of these suckers make a complaint to the Post-Office Department, and get a United States district attorney after you, you might as well throw up your hands. No matter how careful you've been, understand, once they get you into a United States court, with a jury of cornfed farmers and about a dozen witnesses to swear they invested with you and lost their little all—well, you might just as well buy a ticket to the nearest penitentiary and save 'em the trouble of sending you there. Only day before yesterday they nabbed a fellow in St. Louis in this same business. He got a little too gay and they nabbed him. He'll go over the road, sure as shooting!"

"You don't say so!" said Addison with polite surprise. "You don't say so!"

"Believe me!" Mr. Halleck replied earnestly. "I've been in this sort of business for fifteen years and if I don't know what a man's up against nobody does. And here," he continued with a pained expression, "you've gone and sent these rotten circulars to every fellow I've sold stock to! Four of 'em are on their way to Chicago right now to camp on my trail. The others are writing me letters every five minutes, threatening to prosecute me unless I give back their money. Some more of 'em will be coming on here with their country lawyers. I don't know what minute a post-office inspector may drop in and begin to ask questions. You see, I've got a fine business here, Humphrey, and the salvation of it is keeping clear of post-office inspectors. Once they get to buzzing around, I might as well close up shop."

Mr. Humphrey expressed a decent sympathy, yet ventured to doubt that there was any such danger as Mr. Halleck imagined—thought, in fact, he would be quite safe in selling a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock. At the worst, if the Post-Office Department got after him, he could put the money in his pocket and skip out of the country. His stupid inability to comprehend the peril which Mr. Halleck could see so plainly was quite unbearable and the banker soon lost his temper.

"Oh, very well—very well!" said Addison with great dignity. "If you feel that way about it we'll just call the whole thing off. We'll cancel the whole deal. I'm not dependent on you for selling my stock, anyhow. I can do it as well myself or better; in fact, I am doing it. I've got plenty of money. Buy back that stock you sold and I'll take up every share of it."

"Good!" said Mr. Halleck with profound if angry satisfaction. "That's exactly what I want. You go deposit the money in the bank and I'll get back every share of your stock inside of two days—and be blamed happy to do it."

"Very well, then," Addison retorted. "I'll go right down to the bank and fix it up. Every share—remember!" So saying, he left the office with a dignified air.

Going down in the elevator, he looked at his watch and, having walked halfway round the block, sat down in a billiard hall until thirty minutes had elapsed.

Reëntering Mr. Halleck's office, he wiped his face vigorously with his handkerchief and presented a memorandum signed by the president of the Titanic National Bank which read: "This certifies that E. Addison Humphrey has deposited in this bank one hundred thousand dollars, payable upon the delivery to this bank of one hundred thousand dollars, par value, of the stock of the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company."

Mr. Halleck read the note, looked gravely at the inventor and said: "Just wait a minute." Turning to the telephone, he called up the Titanic National Bank—not because he suspected Mr. Humphrey of having perpetrated a forgery, but because he judged it well to be on the safe side.

"All right?" Addison inquired.

"All right," Mr. Halleck replied; "the money's there. You can bet your bottom

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dollar the stock will be there day after tomorrow too! I'll send every man I've got in the office out after it, and I'll go myself—this very afternoon."

"I hope so! I hope so!" said the inventor airily, and took his leave.

On the second day following Mr. Halleck impatiently awaited his turn in the anteroom of the president of the Titanic National Bank. Being admitted, he laid a bundle of stock certificates on the president's desk and said: "I've got here a hundred thousand dollars of the stock of the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company. A hundred thousand dollars was deposited with you to be paid to me on delivery of this stock. I've brought the stock, but they won't give me the money."

"I'll find out about it," said the president impassively, and rang for his secretary. A few minutes later the secretary returned with a memorandum which he handed to the president.

"I find," said the president, consulting the memorandum, "that E. Addison Humphrey deposited a hundred thousand dollars here on the twenty-sixth, with instructions to pay it out on delivery of a hundred thousand dollars, par value, of the stock of the Humphrey Wooden Oven Company. It appears that Mr. Humphrey's instructions did not designate any particular person to whom the money was to be paid. It was to be paid to anybody who delivered a hundred thousand dollars of the stock. Our records show that, also on the twenty-sixth, one Joshua Reimer delivered a hundred thousand dollars of the Humphrey Wooden Oven stock and drew the money. We forwarded the stock to Mr. Humphrey and that closed the transaction."

"Reimer?" said Mr. Halleck after a speechless moment—"Joshua Reimer? Seems to me I remember that name. Ain't he Humphrey's lawyer?"

"Very possibly," said the president.

"I see," said Mr. Halleck thoughtfully. "I see. Thank you."

Next morning, very deliberately, he sat down at Mr. Humphrey's desk in the wooden-oven plant at Vale.

"I confess," he said by way of introduction, "that you've handed me a hot one. Of course you put a hundred thousand dollars in the bank with one hand and drew it out with the other. I have a suspicion, in fact, that you never had any hundred thousand at all. I suppose the bank just lent you the money for about thirty minutes; but that's neither here nor there. I've got a hundred thousand dollars of your stock, for which I paid a hundred thousand dollars in good money. It's true that in placing that stock I made a commission of thirty-five thousand dollars, less my expenses. Now what do you want to do?"

"In the first place, as you say," the inventor replied amiably, "I got only sixty-five thousand dollars net for that stock, so you couldn't possibly expect me to pay you more than that for it, could you?"

"I suppose not," said Mr. Halleck.

"But then, you see," Addison continued, "I've placed a hundred thousand dollars of my stock—placed it with you. Now you say yourself that thirty-five per cent is a very reasonable commission for placing stock—and you must admit it's a blamed sight harder to place stock with you than to place it with a lot of suckers around the country. So I really ought to have more than thirty-five per cent. However, I'm willing to let it go at thirty-five, just as though you were an ordinary easy mark."

"You mean——" Mr. Halleck began with a touch of anxiety.

"I mean," said Addison, "that I got sixty-five thousand dollars for that stock. Deducting my commission of thirty-five thousand for placing it with you would leave thirty thousand net. If you want to take my check for thirty thousand and turn over the stock—very well. If not I will be happy to have you continue a minority stockholder in my company."

Mr. Halleck regarded the inventor gravely for a moment, then deliberately removed his watch from his vest and thrust it deep into his trousers pocket. "I'd like to make sure," he commented, "that I have my watch with me when I leave this office. It's a keepsake. Make out the check for thirty thousand and here's your stock. You've trimmed me for thirty-five thousand; but, take it all round, I think I'm getting out pretty well. I'll really have some money left!"

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of stories by Will Payne. The seventh will appear next week.

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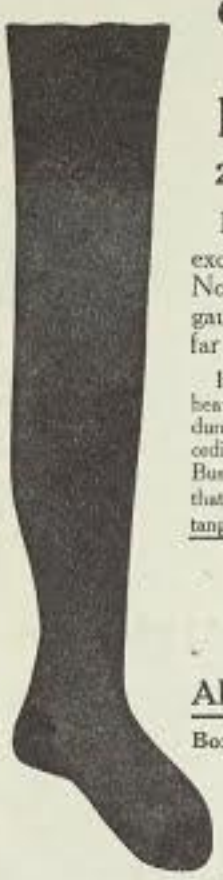
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THESE are the Pioneers, hardy and bold, who traversed the fastnesses rocky and cold, who sledged over mountains and shot over falls, and boated the rivers and scaled all the walls; who builded them cities and bore all the ills of hardship and pestilence, scurvy and chills; discovered the treasures and sent back the word of the things that they saw and the things that they heard; who dug out the dust that was yellow and rich—who sank in the rapids and died in the ditch.

THESE are the mines and the seas and the bays, the harbors, the shores and the great waterways that the Pioneers found in the land of the pick that was bought by your Uncle from Alec or Nick. These are the resources, treasures and such that the folks of this land may observe but not touch, for the goblins are out and the ogres stand by with a watering mouth and a hungering eye. So the mines must be left and the seas and the bays till your Uncle bestirs himself one of these days to fashion some remedies, wholesome and quick, for this far-distant land of the pan and the pick.

THESE are the Plutocrats, hungry and fierce, who wait with their tunnels and channels to pierce the mines and the mountains, to gobble the coal and swallow the bays and the waterways whole; to eat up the icebergs and can all the fish and make of the country just one juicy dish; to tear up the shore lines and pull down the peaks and drink dry the brooks and the rivers and creeks, and then pick their teeth with the spruce and the pine bought once by our Uncle and now yours and mine.

THESE are Conservers, with fury and cry, who want what they want when they want it, but why or how, when and where they are not certain quite, and so they cry "Stop thief," all day and all night. They've chased all the Plutocrats into the ditch and stand with their war clubs to hammer the rich, who would drink all the waters and eat all the fish and root up the coal mines whenever they wish, and drain all the harbors and haul off the bays and stop up the rivers and great waterways in this frozen-up land of the pan and the pick that your Uncle bought once from Pete, Alec or Nick.

THIS is your Uncle—Sir Y. Doodle Sam, who hears all the noise, but he sits like a lamb, while the Pioneers rage and the Plutocrats plot and the lusty Conservers grow noisy and hot and beat on their war drums and brandish their sticks till the whole blessed thing's in a terrible fix. Your Uncle Y. Doodle is splitting some hairs or shelling some peanuts or warming some chairs, and the blame rests on him, as you must plainly see, which is saying the blame rests on you and on me. So if we're unable to settle this spat twixt the noisy Conservers and fierce Plutocrats and aid these far folk of the pan and the pick—let's sell it all back to Pete, Alec or Nick!

—*J. W. Foley.*

Counting the Beans

THERE was once a grocer who filled a quart jar with beans and set it in his window, offering a dollar to the person who guessed nearest to the number of beans it contained. Many guesses were registered; but one man quietly bought some beans, filled a jar with them at home, then poured them out and counted them. Going back to the grocery, he entered his count among the guesses and got the dollar.

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Shumate Razor Company
617 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

(March, 1924)



KEEPING YOUR POCKETBOOK

(Continued from Page 7)

leathers a day, and possibly average one dollar a leather; but this, of course, has to be shared with the rest of the mob. To separate four wads per hour from the populace, and to keep it up for ten hours a day without getting caught argues unusual intelligence and dexterity. It means also a remarkably keen sizing-up of humanity, the more so as a man's dress is no very accurate index of the amount of cash he carries. A well-clad and prosperous-looking gentleman may and often does have very little ready money in his pocket, while on the other hand, some seedy chap with a distrust of banks may carry large sums.

A swell, first-class mob can, by using good judgment, get away with fifteen thousand dollars a year—that is, three thousand dollars for each man. Their pickings have been known to run much higher; but three thousand dollars each is a fair working income. The ordinary, everyday mob makes possibly one-third of that amount, or an average of about three dollars a day per man. Counting exposure, hardships, risks and all, including the certainty of landing in limbo sooner or later, the thief leads, on the whole, a harder life than the workingman at a like rate of pay.

The twentieth-century gun is a very different crook from his forebear of a generation ago, very different and far more scientific. The former dip—say, of wartimes—was a crude and primitive bungler, as judged by modern standards. He was quite unable to reef a "poke" (purse) from an inside waistcoat pocket, or to accomplish many of the feats of the modern American dip. His standard was, in fact, about that of the English pocket-thief of today. For in England there is little or no real dipping. The English mob is bigger than the American—usually it comprises seven persons—and the methods employed are very crude. Force is still used over there; the game is really strong-arm work, and not dipping at all. The English side-door cars, as I have said, hamper the work considerably; and then again, too, the superiority of the English police and the savage sentences given deter this class of criminals. As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb; so they go it strong in England. They excel in house and store breaking, also in forging and other major crimes, mostly against property. The English criminal is something of a failure, however, in crimes against the person. When an alleged gun lands here from Great Britain he has to begin at the bottom and work up. America seems to hold the unenviable distinction of having produced the most expert breed of pickpockets in the world.

Professional Pride

The dip's skill and his high rewards, in America, render hopes of his reformation dim and shadowy. His professional pride is just as real and just as compelling as that of a trained surgeon or writer or engineer. Compared with his average earnings, those of the mid-century crook were meager indeed. Mobs, in those days, were all but unknown. The business (like many others of that time) was unorganized and raw. The styles of work differed too. The old-fashioned trousers, with the pockets nearly horizontal, on top, rendered necessary quite another method from that suitable to the side-pockets of the modern American "pants."

Women in those days used also to wear pockets in their skirts, and as a result stealing from women was more in line with the pickpocket's work than it now is.

There were, I believe, more "gun-molls" forty years ago than today. The type then was a respectable-looking woman, of middle-class appearance, whose dress and manner would suggest rather a *materfamilias* than a criminal. Her favorite game was robbing her own sex in church, at funerals, or in crowded shops, where the crowding and abstraction gave her safety. This style of lone worker has almost entirely disappeared from our twentieth-century life.

The late hours kept usually lead thieves to sleep during much of the forenoon. Evening is their heyday, when they sally out to the congenial atmosphere of the saloon. Most of them spend a barrel of money for liquor—though less for the love of drink than to stand in with the saloon-keeper,



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whose friendship may become invaluable should a fall take place.

In dress the pickpocket is usually careful, even dandified. His appearance must be such as not to excite unfavorable comment in crowded cars and streets, because the public in general, when a hue-and-cry of "Thief!" is raised, will pursue some honest, ragged workman, rather than a seeming business man or clerk. In conversation the dip is usually at home with the average man. He is often a product of our public schools and in rare cases he is a college man. The Western crook is very deft and clever. He is for the most part a man of good breeding who, through dissipation, has drifted into picking pockets.

The Western dip is, as a rule, more open-handed than his Eastern associate in crime. These Western guns go on the principle that it is cheaper to pay damages at once, even though the price be exorbitant, rather than take any chances of confinement. They languish terribly in jail. For their eagerness to spend money in dodging the "dump" they have got themselves well disliked by Eastern crooks, just as heavy-tipping Americans in Europe are often disliked by their poorer compatriots *en voyage*. The reason is not far to seek. The Western freehandedness makes hard sledding for a local Eastern mob, when trouble falls, in the matter of bail and restitution.

Western or Eastern, however, all pickpockets are marked with certain general traits common to the whole genus—the furtive air, reticent bearing, and universal distrust of strangers until vouched for by some pal. Their vanity is everywhere the same. On their varied tricks and subterfuges they pride themselves tremendously. Almost all of them boast freely of their accomplishments—which, in fact, entitle them to the rank of being the most ingenious and expert of criminals. Presence of mind, quick wit, agility, manual dexterity and a real knowledge of human nature—these are all prime requisites for a first-class pocket-thief. Most dips make it a point of honor to show off their skill to their friends, and always to give the public and the police "something new" to wonder at.

Like Whistling Girls

The strength and deftness of a wire's fingers are just marvelous. No good wire *grabs* pocketbooks. To do so would invite detection, as a fist is bulky in another man's pocket. No, the method of abstracting the leather is in itself quite an art, called "scissors-making." The first and second fingers are held close together, and so are the ring and little fingers. These two pairs are then opened, and the object to be stolen is gripped between them, with the hand flat in the victim's pocket. Or, the grip is taken between the first and second fingers. The back of the dip's hand is always kept toward the sucker, and the hand is held as far from the sucker's body as possible in order to avoid suspicious contact. Sometimes the lining of the pocket is seized and pulled up, thus bringing the contents within reach of the fingers.

Like whistling girls and crowing hens, of classic fame, pickpockets almost invariably come to some bad end. About the best that they can hope for, once they lose their nerve and manual dexterity with old age, is to drop into saloonkeeping or be "stowed away"—placed as a ward-heeler on a padded pay-roll. Few of them, indeed, do so well as this. The great majority drift lower and lower, from one mob to another not so good, until they sink to sneak-thievery, and so on, down and out.

Dissipation, dope-habits and the gaming-table usually get them in the end. They are invariably flush today and broke tomorrow. Vagrancy and the jail gather them in, one by one. Disease ravages them. The potter's field is their appointed place.

Some work into higher forms of crime and suffer dire penalties. Even when they "square it" and try to live honest lives, to make amends for the past, they are often persecuted by the police. They are arrested (even after years of honesty) at every celebration, street parade or public festival, till some turn bad again and die sworn enemies of that society which will not let them be.





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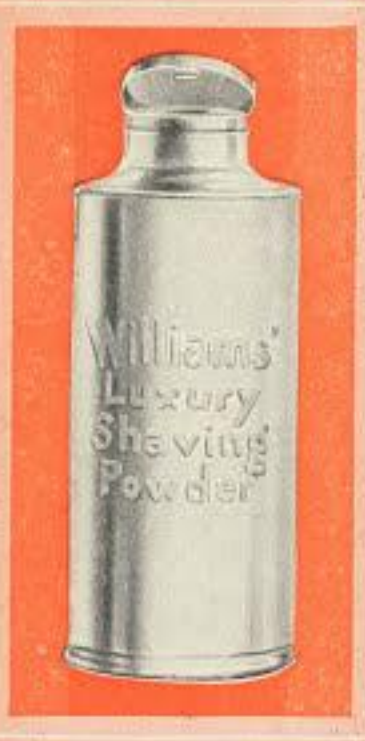
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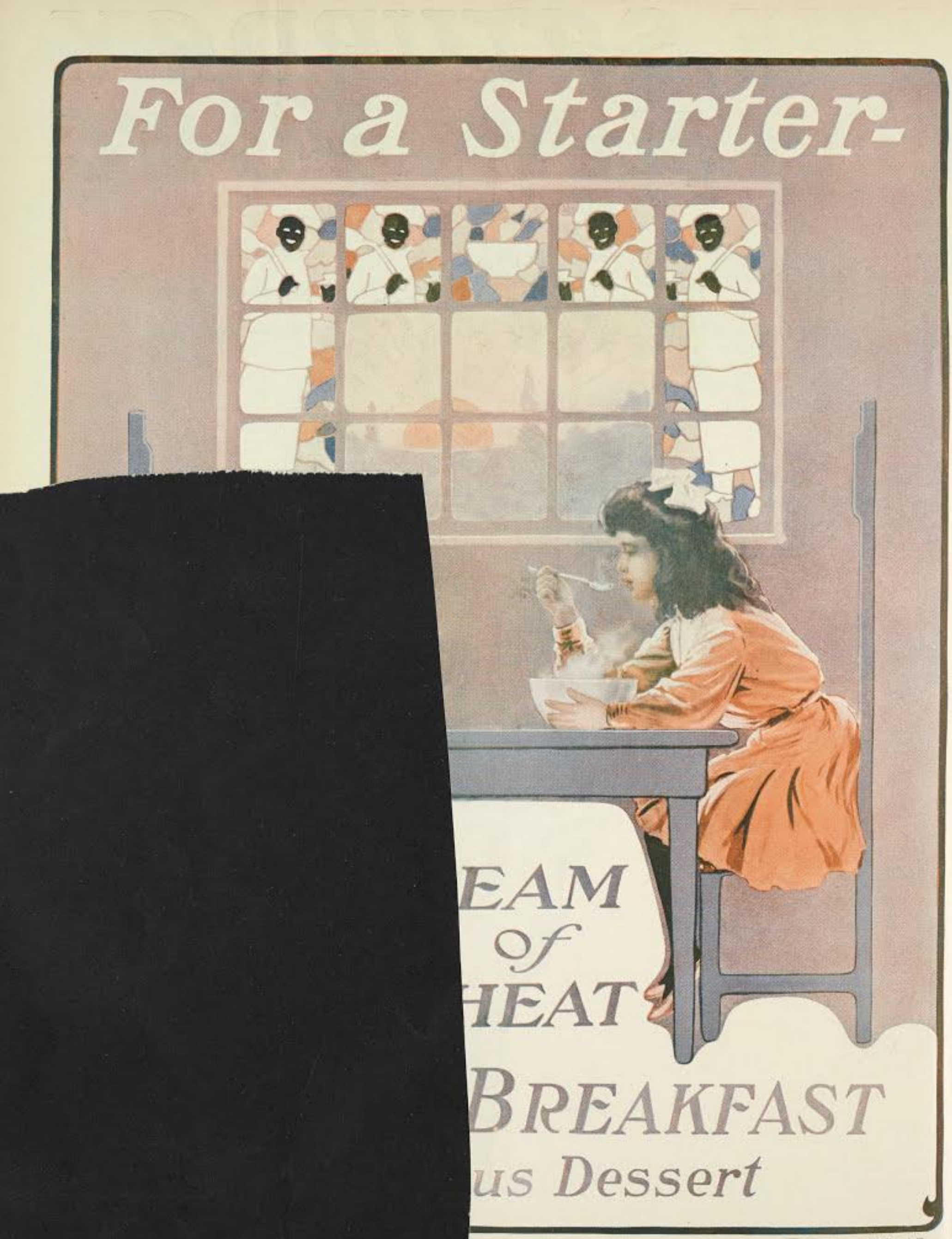
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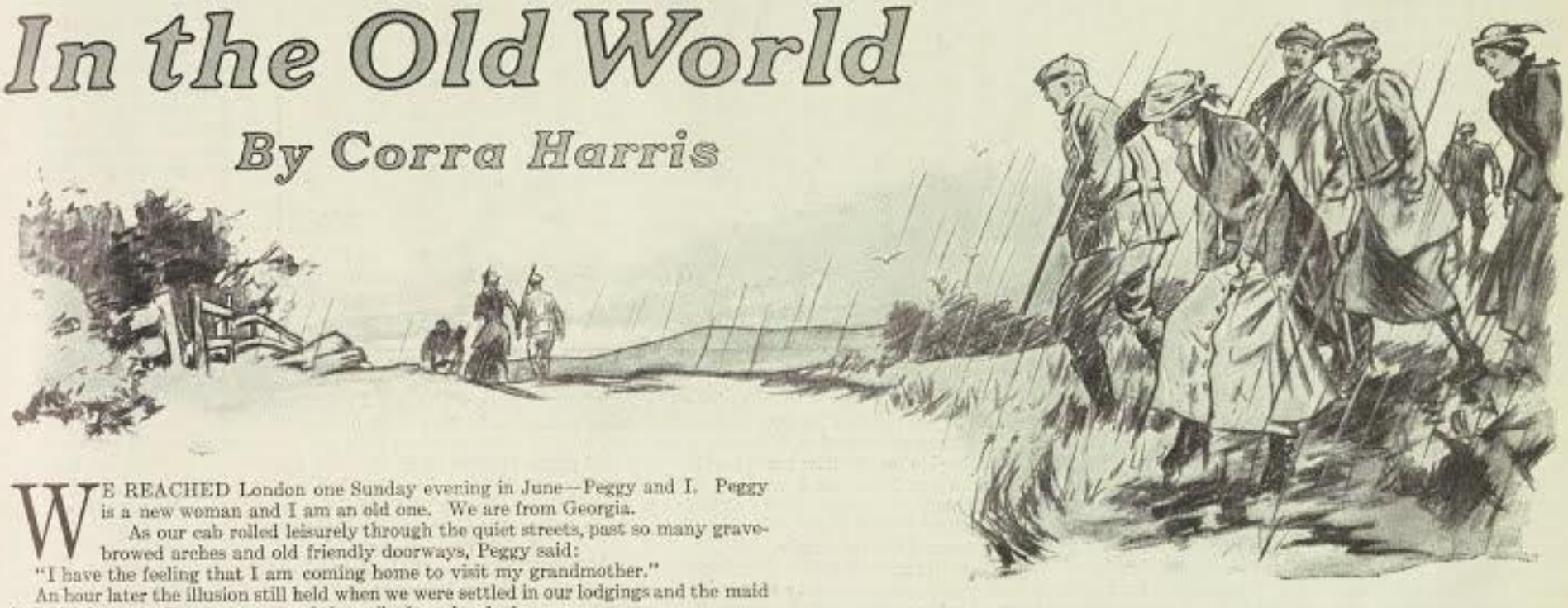
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An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By Corra Harris



WE REACHED London one Sunday evening in June—Peggy and I. Peggy is a new woman and I am an old one. We are from Georgia.

As our cab rolled leisurely through the quiet streets, past so many grave-browed arches and old friendly doorways, Peggy said:

"I have the feeling that I am coming home to visit my grandmother."

An hour later the illusion still held when we were settled in our lodgings and the maid had withdrawn. Peggy murmured drowsily from her bed:

"All the time she was smoothing the covers and folding my things I wanted to ask: 'Yes; but where is our grandmother? Shall we see her in the morning?'"

And the next morning we did, indeed, see her—the old grandmother town—all about us, peaceful, voluminous, gray-headed, with her tucking comb of ancient towers and spires, green and sweet; with little children everywhere playing at her feet—a good old soul of a town that gives the impression of having spent the greater part of her life in prayer. I should never commit the sacrilege of calling London a city. It is the ancestor in the maternal life of every country village in the South that has a big house and a church-steeple in it.

Before we go any farther, however, I must introduce you to Peggy and myself and explain more particularly how we came to embark upon these travels.

As I have said, Peggy is a new woman. She is a slender young being, still in her early twenties, who stands upon her feet gracefully, like a little tea-rose, bending toward you as if some gentle wind were forever blowing her in your direction. Still, she has a countenance that leaves you out—it is so uptilted, so pale and prayerful, and suggests that she has just seen an angel beckoning to her over your head. Her own head is small, with the dark hair drawn close and sleekly braided and bound about it. Her brows are delicately shaded interrogation points written horizontally above a pair of large gray eyes. Her nose is designed chiefly to lift the scene of her face, which would otherwise have been cast too much in the mold of "Now I lay me down to sleep." I mean that it has a point to it, secure and beautiful, between two very thin nostrils. And, though I should not go so far as to say that her mouth is all things to all men, it was evidently made for their ardent consideration; it is by nature so demurely, pinkly kissful, surmounted as it is upon a round, tenderly giving chin.

The Book That Peggy Did Not Finish

ADD to this the fact that she wears severely plain white linen frocks and a broadbrimmed white Panama hat, and you receive an accurate impression of Peggy, the Pharisee. For nothing could have been more misleading than her whole appearance. You could not possibly infer from it that she was no longer the dear woman, but a new one. I attribute much of the trouble we had in England and on the Continent with would-be lovers to this deception. Just as one may see in a green meadow beside a pleasant stream a pretty house placarded "To be let," so Peggy was herself a sign, a little token, labeled "To be loved"; but if the spirit of her had been visible you would have beheld a small, fierce, eaglet-headed thing with sparrow wings and canary-bird claws, bent upon pecking, flapping and scratching all mankind in the name of women's rights! This was Peggy, inside and out, at the time she undertook this remarkable expedition in search of the upper and nether woman in the Old World, which I shall describe off and on.

Her purpose was to prepare a guidebook about them, a sort of Baedeker of femininity, showing how women lived, under what restrictions, what the altitude of their minds was, the longitude of their civic rights. More particularly she purposed to record their relation or lack of relation to the women's movement and to note the differences between them and American women. Her book was to have appeared this winter but for a circumstance which I shall relate in the last chapter. Recently she presented me with the unfinished manuscript—"As a souvenir of our travels," she said, laughing in a way which implied that the thing was no longer of any interest to her.

Women, I believe, like cats, are subject to periods of aberration. You may pet a pussy-kitten—bring it up on cream and a pink cushion, with a blue ribbon round its neck; but suddenly some morning she disappears. So far as you know, she has no reason for disappearing; but she does. She is gone a long time; then quite as unexpectedly she reappears, thin, worn, with a tired look between her ears. She goes back to her saucer of cream, laps it, curls up on her cushion and purrs herself to sleep. That is the end of her movement, of her protest against the pussy-cat order of things. She settles into a faithful house-cat for the rest of her days. You do not know where she went or what she did while she was away. And I doubt if she remembers long. She had an aberration of cat nature. She may have been out in the woods somewhere trying to be a lion. This is an exact history of Peggy's travels and interests in the women's movement in the Old World, and it is like that of most women who get the right opportunity to escape from it after they try going in it. I am not saying this should be so, you understand, but that it is so. So far, Nature has not fitted many women for carrying forward movements or reforms. We are endowed the other way, with static dispositions—a sort of house-cat propensity for cream and cushions and kittens.

Why the Creamfed Cat Left Home

OF COURSE, however, the cat really has a reason for leaving home, and women have nearly always a personal reason for joining a movement. They may act from principle afterward, but you may count on it they start on account of their feelings—some disaster to them. With Peggy it was the occasion of her having been disappointed in love for the last time in the spring before we started. Formerly a young woman in this predicament would have sighed herself into the gentle coma of old maidenhood, an example of constancy to romantic idealism. She would have embroidered and prayed away the remainder of her existence and been laid in her tomb at last a faded wreath of femininity tied with a true-lover's knot in his memory. Now she burns his letters and joins the suffragists. She becomes one of the wriggles in their movement. And this is because her disappointment is of a new kind. She objects not to love, but to the quality of her lover. That was Peggy's experience. She had had many proposals, but the trouble was she had acquired a college education exactly similar to that given to young men in America, and her trained intelligence withstood not the ardor of love, but the inferiority of her lover. "One does not want a husband," she said to me, "who may, indeed, be able to provide for a wife and family, but whose real taste is for food, not art; and whose real passion is for finance, not for home or society!"

It seems to me that we had better blunder along like the lilies of the field in our sweetheart youth and take less thought than women do now of the matrimonial morrow; but there you have it—one explanation of the persistently single woman in America and the reason why she becomes a suffragist instead of a wife. She thinks by voting she can improve things—especially men. Dr. Lionel Taylor, of Oxford, England, declares that, when girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen are made to pursue studies that develop the reasoning faculties, a certain feminine quality of the brain is actually destroyed; and that, if they do exceedingly well in such studies, they are denatured mentally as women. Peggy, poor child, had "majored" in mathematics and had received honorable mention for excellence in science. So, when in the course of Nature she should have accepted some one of her lovers and married, she experienced that aberration into common-sense that is so fatal to domesticity in women if it lasts.



Except That They are More Audaciously Dressed

And, though an infinite number of causes have led to the suffrage movement in America, this eclectic way of refusing sober, industrious men because they are not sufficiently cultured or interesting is peculiar to American women, and has had much to do with their joining the ranks of the suffragists. It would be the exceptional one in England who refused any man sufficiently near her in the social order, even if she were a suffragist raised to the sixteenth power. The English suffragist aims to marry if she can; the American is resolved that she will not unless she gets exactly the pluperfect man she is looking for.

All this fastidiousness about the kind of husband she did not want and an ardent interest in the suffrage, coupled with an independent income, led Peggy to undertake this tour of inspecting women in England and on the Continent with reference to writing the Baedeker of femininity already mentioned. I am her aunt, and I was obliged to accompany her because she threatened to go alone if I did not. From June until November you might have trailed us through England and Europe by the suffrage dust Peggy kicked up, finding all the different kinds of women she could and tagging them in her notebook. She scorned to practice the instinctive prudence of her sex and went alone to places in many of the large cities that must have frightened her guardian angel until his wing-feathers chattered.

I am an old woman myself, with a figure developed largely by sitting down, and it was impossible for me to keep up with Peggy, who was always attending some meeting of the suffragists, or wrestling sympathetically with them over the problem of bettering the condition of girls whose fingers are paralyzed by working in lead, or of the thousands of women in England who make bricks with their hands, and of other thousands who labor in the coal mines—to say nothing of the tens of thousands in the factories and shops. I spent the greater part of my time in quieter tea-table corners observing women in general and setting down these impressions, having it in mind to help Peggy with her Baedeker, because it seemed to me, in her ardor about the new woman, she might fail to get enough about the old-fashioned ones—and there must be more of these in England than in any other country.

Etiquette for Americans in London

I SHALL begin by setting down here some rules of etiquette that should govern American women when they meet English women socially.

First—Do not put on your prettiest frock when invited to a tea-party. They will, but they do not like the instinctive stylishness of American women. And be sure to get a feather boa and a parasol. Wear the boa, even if it is the hottest day in July, and keep your parasol up even if you are on the lawn—even if the skies are so clouded that the whole land seems to be dreaming in a dim minster-aisle light. By their boas and parasols shall you know them—the English women—everywhere. Peggy used to amuse herself counting the number of ladies sitting or walking in their twilight gardens in the late afternoon with their sunshades up.

Second—Suppress all your pleasant manners. Be as cool and glum as you can. This will be counted in your favor as dignity and reserve. English women are constantly calling attention to the bad manners of Americans. What they mean is their scandalous graciousness and friendliness.

Third—Even if you are a very famous person and are known in your own country as a distinguished artist or sculptor or musician, do not mention anything you have ever done. They resent this as being especially indicative of our bad taste, our naïve egotism. Meanwhile you must listen patiently while every one of them tells what she has done. Nothing can surpass the superior air with which she discusses her own performances, or even runs her hand into her pocket—they all have pockets—and takes out a little clipping, say, from the Lady's Field, and permits you to read what the press says about her. And you must continue to look interested while she quite gratuitously explains to you that her friends are so exclusive they never receive strangers—meaning, of course, Americans.

Fourth—No matter how much you have enjoyed yourself, when you take your leave be careful not to say so. They will not understand. They will think you have been so complimented by their invitation that you are quite beside yourself with gratitude.

In short, if you have made a dumb fool of yourself during the entire afternoon you may win the doubtful praise from them of being dubbed a "nice person." If you are bright and charming, however, and talk entertainingly, they will enjoy you as they would an amusing matinée; but they will neither like nor trust you. There is certainly no other woman in the world toward whom they have such a strange instinctive antipathy as toward the American woman. The most attractive women I met in England were two Americans who had lived there so long they had withdrawn into a kind of glistening witty silence when in the presence of British ladies-at-arms.

The Englishman does not feel the same aversion toward American women; but, on the other hand, he is unwilling to be attracted by them. He fights against this with heavy self-protection. He, also, disapproves of American women; and the frankness with which he tells you about it surpasses anything we know in the way of candor.

"Americans do not seem to have any background," a very fine old gentleman said to me, wrinkling his brows and wagging his head deploringly.

"Oh, yes, we have," I replied.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"You," I replied. "We have spread out, gone forward and done a good deal to improve ourselves; but every American claims the English and English history as his background. That is what you are for to us."

He was too outraged for speech. He could not have glared more indignantly if I had stolen his British Museum.

Above everything, I should advise Americans to avoid all contact with the nobility of England, including their side lines of gentlefolk. I was deeply impressed with the effect of social servility these people have upon their own countrywomen in particular; and from what I could see they are extremely provincial, ill-bred persons. This is natural. The only contact they have with the life of the people is in administering the laws or charity to the poor. This gives them ugly, hectoring dispositions. An American lady visiting in St. George's Square went out one day and sat down in the old garden in the middle of the square, a sort of park for the people in that neighborhood, which is inclosed by iron palings. Presently an Englishwoman approached her and said very bruskly:

"Do you know you are sitting in Lord So-and-So's chair?"

"No; I did not know it," said the American, rising. "There is no name on it to indicate that it is private property!"

"Well, it is; and he is too courteous to speak to you, but he has been staring at you for an hour. Why didn't you get up?"

"Because I did not see him; and if I had I should have thought him merely an impudent fellow and I should have gone on sitting. In America a man is not impolite who speaks to a woman courteously, but if he stares at her he is recognized as a rude person!"

This serves as an illustration of the sharpness of the American feminine tongue and of the droll impudence of the English gentlewoman's—and it indicates why they will go on disliking one another for at least another thousand years.

There is the Smart Set in England, which does not differ in appearance from the same class of people at home—except, if possible, they are more audaciously dressed. The first duchess we saw was sitting in her box at the theater, looking like a very fine old white Plymouth Rock hen at a state fair—and she was sucking her tongue! I do not mean that all duchesses suck their tongues, but that any one of them will do it, if it is her habit, before ten thousand people, with a dignity that makes it a phenomenon of gentility rather than an absurdity—just as her daughter will wear a gown with the bodice cut down to the waist-line behind if she decides to show that much of her beautiful spine. A woman is always to be pardoned if she unconsciously lifts her skirts too far when she is out walking; but I suppose if a girl should appear in Central Park during the doxology hour of the Sabbath day with her tight skirt slit from the bottom—back and front—more than halfway to her knees she would be arrested. And certainly one does not expect to see such a sight in a staid old Anglo-Saxon town like London; but there they were, the spoiled short-tailed darlings of their lord and lady papas and mammas, striding along quite nonchalantly—and from church, mind you! The English are never without their visible relics, however; and sitting in Rotten Row, like a strange specter beside a living stream, we saw a very old grand dame in her satin gown. She wore a white peruke exactly similar to that upon the head of the statue of King George III in Trafalgar Square, tied with a black ribbon behind; and upon her ancient wagging head was a black satin bonnet made in the fashion of the seventeenth century. She held a silver snuff-box in one hand and the handle of her parasol in the other. One felt inclined to walk up to her and say:

"Madam, you have made a mistake; you have risen too soon. This is not the Resurrection; it is the old Mayfair you used to know, moved to Rotten Row!"

That Which an English Woman Never Changes

THAT which puzzles the stranger most is the amazing hiatus between the lively, frolicsome English girl of the better classes and her stolid mother. An English woman may change everything else, but not her expression after she is thirty-five. From that time on her countenance is no longer moved by any wind of the spirit. It is fixed, and corresponds in voluminousness with the gathers in her skirt behind. If she looks at you you feel as if the Abbey of Westminster were giving you a cold, stony stare. If she smiles it is as if some wag had taken a red pencil and caricatured the front of that dignified edifice. You feel that her smile is an impiety she has committed against her real nature. And it is a sort of discovery to find out how her plastic youth is changed into this rigid mortar-and-stone effect. The animation of the English girl is in her legs and spine, not in her head. As she grows older, the prison house of custom closes its doors upon her. She is cooled, like a little planet made to revolve forever in a certain orbit. She thinks, but her thoughts do not surprise her enough to change her expression, because they are the same thoughts her foremothers have had for a thousand years. One of the greatest miracles of our time is the escape of an ever-increasing number of these young women into the suffrage movement—but I shall offer an explanation of that later.

We heard so much from Englishmen about the idleness of American women that, though I could not defend them from the charge, I began to look about to see how the English women deceived their lords into thinking them

more industrious. As a matter of fact, they are quite as idle as our women except when they are administering some charitable fund; but they go about it more deceitfully. Your English woman is always doing nothing when you see her with a few yards of lace and fine lawn, or when she has a lot of prettily hued skeins of silk and an embroidery frame, both very attractive to the masculine eye. I mean that practically she is not doing what he thinks she is—making something really useful. She really has her eyes demurely cast down, attracting him, giving him the playful opportunity to hold her skein while she unwinds it—and maybe gets her fingers tangled with his in the web of beautiful threads. American girls do not need to resort to such a subterfuge in order to attract a lover, and our older women of the idle class are too frankly interested in society to pretend they have this ancient darning-needle interest in life. There are a thousand ways to practice idleness honestly besides the way we do it, and the English women are past mistresses in all of them.

So far, the Anglo-Saxon women are less morally meddlesome about their men than we are. I doubt if many of them try to "save" their husbands, as every American wife does at the start anyhow; and she usually keeps it up, even if she doesn't save him from anything except the "use of tobacco." This takes a good deal off the English woman's mind, one can imagine, and accounts in part for the health and placidity of her being. If she marries a drunkard she lets him go on drinking, until she becomes a still more peaceful widow. I have not seen a single one of the better class with that drawn-down, careworn, anxious-hearted expression so common among American wives. On the other hand, she bears healthier children and more of them. Nine appears to be a satisfactory number of offspring in an English home, though many have to content themselves with less; but they all want children. A very distinguished gentleman, himself the father of nine, showed me the photograph of a beautiful woman, a relative.

"She never had any children," he said sadly. "It was the tragedy of her life!"

An Englishman thinks he has said the best thing possible of a young girl when he comments upon her health and physical vitality, and of an older woman when he says: "She is a splendid mother."

On Sunday morning at the same hour that the pageant is passing along Rotten Row, in Hyde Park, at Houndsditch, in Whitechapel, there is a sale of old clothes in progress. This accounts for the fact that so many women and children in London and other large cities of England look as if they had come not out of a ragbag, but out of some old horsehair trunk in the attic. For these second-hand clothes are a staple part of the charity organizations. They are bought by the working classes even more than they are given to the poor. Thus the maid in the lodgings where you stay may not receive enough wages to buy her clothing. They are furnished to her by "the ladies" of whatever organization happens to be looking after her. She may be the daughter of respectable parents; but, where the family consists of half a dozen or more children and the father receives from twelve to twenty shillings a week, it will be seen that the girl is virtually a pauper, even if she works ten hours a day. The effect of the appearance of these lower classes of women is incredible, for it seems that the gentility keep their old things a long time before they give them away. You may see women in Spring Gardens, round St. James' Palace, in the Kensington Gardens, on the streets, everywhere, wearing frocks made in the fashion of twenty years ago—not one here and there, but literally hundreds dressed in every conceivable antiquated fashion. One sees that, by comparison, the reigning ambition of even the poor of our sex in America is to be stylish, while the desire of the English women of the same class is to get something to wear which is serviceable and cheap; though in Scotland the working girls and women achieve a certain effectiveness in dress.

The landladies in London attract immediate attention. They have a passion for capes and little narrow box-shaped bonnets, which they tie under their chins. I counted thirty-two one hot morning in July, going by to the "stores," all wearing capes and bonnets, many of them grotesquely garnished with passementerie and ribbons and feathers. Any one of them would suffer martyrdom to save a threepence. They are astonishingly well informed about everything that goes on in the political or industrial world, and there is not one of them who does not know more than the Lord does about every gentle family in the neighborhood. Their industry and content are amazing. You ring for your bath—and immediately the landlady and the maid climb four flights of stairs, each bearing two great jugs—pitchers—of boiling hot water for the tub.

(Concluded on Page 44)

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



Each Guest Had Had a Dozen Opportunities in the Course of the Time She Had Been in the Kitchen

THEY were discussing languidly, as such groups do, seeking from each topic a peg on which to hang a few epigrams that might be retold in the lip currency of the club—Steingall, the painter, florid of gesture and effete, foreign in type, with black-rimmed glasses and trailing ribbon of black silk that cut across his cropped beard and cavalry mustaches; De Gollyer, a critic, who preferred to be known as a man about town, short, feverish, incisive, who slew platitudes with one adjective and tagged a reputation with three; Rankin, the architect, always in a defensive explanatory attitude, who held his elbows on the table, his hands before his long sliding nose, and gestured with his fingers; Quinny, the illustrator, long and gaunt, with a predatory eloquence that charged irresistibly down on any subject, cut it off, surrounded it, and raked it with enfilading wit and satire; and Peters, whose methods of existence were a mystery, a young man of fifty, who had done nothing and who knew every one by his first name, the club postman, who carried the tittle-tattle, the *bon mots* and the news of the day, who drew up a petition a week and pursued the house committee with a daily grievance.

About the latticed porch, which ran around the sanded yard with its feeble fountain and futile evergreens, other groups were eying one another, or engaging in desultory conversation, oppressed with the heaviness of the night.

At the round table, Quinny alone, absorbing energy as he devoured the conversation, having routed Steingall on the Germans and Archeology and Rankin on the origins of the Lord's Prayer, had seized a chance remark of De Gollyer's to say:

"There are only half a dozen stories in the world. Like everything that's true it isn't true." He waved his long, gouty fingers in the direction of Steingall, who, having been silenced, was regarding him with a look of sleepy indifference. "What is more to the point, is the small number of human relations that are so simple and yet so fundamental that they can be eternally played upon, re-dressed, and reinterpreted in every language, in every age, and yet remain inexhaustible in the possibility of variations."

"By George, that is so," said Steingall, waking up. "Every art does go back to three or four notes. In composition it is the same thing. Nothing new—nothing new since a thousand years. By George, that is true! We invent nothing, nothing!"

"Take the eternal triangle," said Quinny hurriedly, not to surrender his advantage, while Rankin and De Gollyer in a bored way continued to gaze dreamily at a vagrant star or two. "Two men and a woman, or two women and a man. Obviously it should be classified as the first of the great original parent themes. Its variations extend into the thousands. By the way, Rankin, excellent opportunity, eh, for some of our modern painstaking unemployed jackasses to analyze and classify."

"Quite right," said Rankin without perceiving the satirical note. "Now there's De Maupassant's Fort comme la Mort—quite the most interesting variation—shows the turn a genius can give. There the triangle is the man of middle age, the mother he has loved in his youth and the daughter he comes to love. It forms, you might say, the head of a whole subdivision of modern continental literature."

"Quite wrong, Rankin, quite wrong," said Quinny, who would have stated the other side quite as imperiously. "What you cite is a variation of quite another theme, the Faust theme—old age longing for youth, the man who has loved longing for the love of his youth, which is youth itself. The triangle is the theme of jealousy, the most destructive and, therefore, the most dramatic of human passions. The Faust theme is the most fundamental and inevitable of all human experiences, the tragedy of life itself. Quite a different thing."

Rankin, who never agreed with Quinny unless Quinny maliciously took advantage of his prior announcement to agree with him, continued to combat this idea.

"You believe then," said De Gollyer after a certain moment had been consumed in hair splitting, "that the origin of all dramatic themes is simply the expression of some human emotion. In other words, there can exist no more parent themes than there are human emotions."

"I thank you, sir, very well put," said Quinny with a generous wave of his hand. "Why is the Three Musketeers a basic theme? Simply the interpretation of comradeship, the emotion one man feels for another, vital because it is the one peculiarly masculine emotion. Look at Du Maurier and Trilby, Kipling in Soldiers Three—simply the Three Musketeers."

"The Vie de Bohème?" suggested Steingall.

"In the real Vie de Bohème, yes," said Quinny viciously. "Not in the concocted sentimentalities that we now have served up to us by athletic tenors and consumptive elephants!"

Rankin, who had been silently deliberating on what had been left behind, now said cunningly:

"All the same, I don't agree with you men at all. I believe there are situations, original situations, that are independent of your human emotions, that exist just because they are situations, accidental and nothing else."

"As for instance?" said Quinny, preparing to attack.

"Well, I'll just cite an ordinary one that happens to come to my mind," said Rankin, who had carefully selected his test. "In a group of seven or eight, such as we are here, a theft takes place; one man is the thief—which one? I'd like to know what emotion that interprets, and yet it certainly is an original theme, at the bottom of a whole literature."

This challenge was like a bomb.

"Not the same thing."

"Detective stories, bah!"

"Oh, I say, Rankin, that's literary melodrama."

Rankin satisfied, smiled and winked victoriously over to Tommers, who was listening from an adjacent table.

"Of course your suggestion is out of order, my dear man, to this extent," said Quinny, who never surrendered, "in that I am talking of fundamentals and you are citing details. Nevertheless, I could answer that the situation you give, as well as the whole school it belongs to, can be traced back to the commonest of human emotions, curiosity; and that the story of Bluebeard and the Moonstone are to all purposes identically the same."

At this Steingall, who had waited hopefully, gasped and made as though to leave the table.

"I shall take up your contention," said Quinny without pause for breath, "first, because you have opened up one of my pet topics, and, second, because it gives me a chance to talk." He gave a sidelong glance at Steingall and winked at De Gollyer. "What is the peculiar fascination that the detective problem exercises over the human mind? You will say curiosity. Yes and no. Admit at once that the whole art of a detective story consists in the statement of the problem. Any one can do it. I can do it. Steingall even can do it. The solution doesn't count. It is usually banal—it should be prohibited. What interests us is, can we guess it, just as an able-minded man will sit down for hours and fiddle over the puzzle column in a Sunday balderdash. Same idea. There you have it, the problem—the detective story. Now why the fascination? I'll tell you. It appeals to our curiosity, yes—but deeper to a sort of intellectual vanity. Here are six matches, arrange them to make four squares; five men present, a theft takes place—who's the thief? Who will guess it first? Whose brain will show its superior cleverness—see? That's all—that's all it is."

"Out of all of which," said De Gollyer, "the interesting thing is that Rankin has supplied the reason why the supply of detective fiction is inexhaustible. It does all come down to the simplest terms. Seven possibilities, one answer. It is a formula, ludicrously simple, mechanical, and yet we will always pursue it to the end. The marvel is that writers should seek for any other formula when here is one so safe, that can never fail. By George, I could start up a factory on it."

"The reason is," said Rankin, "that the situation does constantly occur. It's a situation that any of us might get into any time. As a matter of fact, now, I personally know two such occasions when I was of the party; and devilish uncomfortable it was too."

"What happened?" said Steingall.

"Why, there is no story to it particularly. Once a mistake had been made and the other time the real thief was detected by accident a year later. In both cases only one or two of us knew what had happened."

De Gollyer and Rankin each had similar incidents to recall. Steingall, after reflection, related another that had happened to a friend.

"Of course, of course, my dear gentlemen," said Quinny impatiently, for he had been silent too long, "you are glorifying commonplaces. Every crime, I tell you, expresses itself in the terms of the picture puzzle that you feed to your six-year-old. It's only the variation that is interesting. Now quite the most remarkable turn of the complexities that can be developed is, of course, the well-known instance of the visitor at a club and the rare coin. Of course every one knows that? What?"

Rankin smiled in a bored, superior way, but the others protested their ignorance.

"Why, it's very well known," said Quinny lightly. "A distinguished visitor is brought into a club—dozen men, say, present, at dinner, long table. Conversation finally veers around to curiosities and relics. One of the members present then takes from his pocket what he announces as one of the rarest coins in existence—passes it around the table. Coin travels back and forth, every one examining it, and the conversation goes to another topic, say the influence of the bicycle on domestic infelicity, or some other such asininely intellectual club topic—you know? All at once the owner calls for his coin.

"The coin is nowhere to be found. Every one looks at every one else. First they suspect a joke. Then it becomes serious—the coin is immensely valuable. Who has taken it?

"The owner is a gentleman—does the gentlemanly idiotic thing of course, laughs, says he knows some one is playing a practical joke on him and that the coin will be returned tomorrow. The others refuse to leave the situation so. One man proposes that they all submit to a search. Every one gives his assent until it comes to the stranger. He refuses, curtly, roughly, without giving any reason. Uncomfortable silence—the man is a guest. No one knows him particularly well—but still he is a guest. One member tries to make him understand that no offence is offered, that the suggestion was simply to clear the atmosphere, and all that sort of bally rot, you know.

"'I refuse to allow my person to be searched,' says the stranger, very firm, very proud, very English, you know, 'and I refuse to give my reason for my action.'

"Another silence. The men eye him and then glance at one another. What's to be done? Nothing. There is etiquette—that magnificent inflated balloon. The visitor evidently has the coin—but he is their guest and etiquette protects him. Nice situation, eh?

"The table is cleared. A waiter removes a dish of fruit and there under the ledge of the plate where it has been pushed—is the coin. Banal explanation, eh? Of course. Solutions always should be. At once every one in profuse apologies! Whereupon the visitor rises and says:

"'Now I can give you the reason for my refusal to be searched. There are only two known specimens of the coin in existence, and the second happens to be here in my waistcoat pocket.'"

"Of course," said Quinny with a shrug of his shoulders, "the story is well invented, but the turn to it is very nice—very nice indeed."

"I did know the story," said Steingall, to be disagreeable; "the ending, though, is too obvious to be invented. The visitor should have had on him not another coin, but something absolutely different, something destructive, say, of a woman's reputation, and a great tragedy should have been threatened by the casual misplacing of the coin."

"I have heard the same story told in a dozen different ways," said Rankin.

"It has happened a hundred times. It must be continually happening," said Steingall.

"I know one extraordinary instance," said Peters, who up to the present, secure in his climax, had waited with a professional smile until the other guns had been silenced. "In fact, the most extraordinary instance of this sort I have ever heard."

"Peters, you little rascal," said Quinny with a sidelong glance, "I perceive you have quietly been letting us dress the stage for you."

"It is not a story that will please every one," said Peters, to whet their appetite.

"Why not?"

"Because you will want to know what no one can ever know."

"It has no conclusion then?"

"Yes and no. As far as it concerns a woman, quite the most remarkable woman I have ever met, the story is complete. As for the rest, it is what it is, because it is one example where literature can do nothing better than record."

"Do I know the woman?" asked De Gollyer, who flattered himself on passing through every class of society.

"Possibly, but no more than any one else."

"An actress?"

"What she has been in the past I don't know—a promoter would better describe her. Undoubtedly she has been behind the scenes in many an untold intrigue of the business world. A very feminine woman, and yet, as you shall see, with an unusual instantaneous masculine power of decision."

"Peters," said Quinny, waving a warning finger, "you are destroying your story. Your preface will bring an anticlimax."

"You shall judge," said Peters, who waited until his audience was in strained attention before opening his story. "The names are, of course, disguises."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Rita Kildair inhabited a charming bachelor-girl studio, very elegant, of the duplex pattern, in one of the buildings just off Central Park West. She knew pretty nearly every one in that indescribable society in New York that is drawn from all levels, and that imposes but one condition for membership—to be amusing. She knew every one and no one knew her. No one knew beyond the vaguest rumors her history or her means. No one had ever heard of a Mr. Kildair. There was always about her a certain defensive reserve the moment the limits of acquaintanceship had been reached. She had a certain amount of money, she knew a certain number of men in Wall Street affairs and her studio was furnished with taste and even distinction. She was of any age. She might have suffered everything or nothing at all. In this mingled society her invitations were eagerly sought, her dinners were spontaneous, and the discussions, though gay and usually daring, were invariably under the control of wit and good taste.

On the Sunday night of this adventure she had, according to her invariable custom, sent away her Japanese butler and invited to an informal chafing-dish supper seven of her more congenial friends, all of whom, as much as could be said of any one, were habitués of the studio.

At seven o'clock, having finished dressing, she put in order her bedroom, which formed a sort of free passage between the studio and a small dining room to the kitchen beyond. Then, going into the studio, she lit a wax taper and was in the act of touching off the brass candlesticks that lighted the room when three knocks sounded on the door and a Mr. Flanders, a broker, compact, nervously alive, well groomed, entered with the informality of assured acquaintance.

"You are early," said Mrs. Kildair in surprise.

"On the contrary, you are late," said the broker, glancing at his watch.

"Then be a good boy and help me with the candles," she said, giving him a smile and a quick pressure of her fingers.

He obeyed, asking nonchalantly:

"I say, dear lady, who's to be here tonight?"

"The Enos Jacksons."

"I thought they were separated."

"Not yet."

"Very interesting! Only you, dear lady, would have thought of serving us a couple on the verge."

"It's interesting, isn't it?"

"Assuredly. Where did you know Jackson?"

"Through the Warings. Jackson's a rather doubtful person, isn't he?"

"Let's call him a very sharp lawyer," said Flanders defensively. "They tell me, though, he is on the wrong side of the market—in deep."

"And you?"

"Oh, I? I'm a bachelor," he said with a shrug of his shoulders, "and if I come a cropper it makes no difference."

"Is that possible?" she said, looking at him quickly.

"Probable even. And who else is coming?"

"Maude Lille—you know her?"

"I think not."

"You met her here—a journalist."

"Quite so, a strange career."

"Mr. Harris, a clubman, is coming, and the Stanley Cheevers."

"The Stanley Cheevers!" said Flanders with some surprise. "Are we going to gamble?"

"You believe in that scandal about bridge?"

"Certainly not," said Flanders, smiling. "You see I was present. The Cheevers play a good game, a well united game, and have an unusual system of makes. By-the-way, it's Jackson who is very attentive to Mrs. Cheever, isn't it?"

"Quite right."

"What a charming party," said Flanders flippantly. "And where does Maude Lille come in?"

"Don't joke. She is in a desperate way," said Mrs. Kildair, with a little sadness in her eyes.

"And Harris?"

"Oh, he is to make the salad and cream the chicken."

"Ah, I see the whole party. I, of course, am to add the element of respectability."

"Of what?"

She looked at him steadily until he turned away, dropping his glance.

"Don't be an ass with me, my dear Flanders."

"By George, if this were Europe I'd wager you were in the secret service, Mrs. Kildair."

"Thank you."

She smiled appreciatively and moved about the studio, giving the finishing touches. The Stanley Cheevers entered, a short fat man with a vacant fat face and a slow-moving eye, and his wife, voluble, nervous, overdressed and pretty. Mr. Harris came with Maude Lille, a woman, straight, dark, Indian, with great masses of somber hair held in a little too loosely for neatness, with thick, quick lips and eyes that rolled away from the person who was talking to her. The Enos Jacksons were late and still agitated as they entered. His forehead had not quite banished the scowl, nor her eyes the scorn. He was of the type that never lost his temper, but caused others to lose theirs, immovable in his opinions, with a prowling walk, a studied antagonism in his manner, and an impudent look that fastened itself unerringly on the weakness in the person to whom he spoke. Mrs. Jackson, who seemed fastened to her husband by an invisible leash, had a hunted, resisting quality back of a certain desperate dash, which she assumed rather than felt in her attitude toward life. One looked at her curiously and wondered what such a nature would do in a crisis, with a lurking sense of a woman who carried with her her own impending tragedy. As soon as the company had been completed and the incongruity of the selection had been perceived, a smile of malicious anticipation ran the rounds, which the hostess cut short by saying:

"Well, now that every one is here, this is the order of the night: You can quarrel all you want, you can whisper all the gossip you can think of about one another, but every one is to be amusing! Also every one is to help with the dinner—nothing formal and nothing serious. We may all be bankrupt tomorrow, divorced or dead, but tonight we will be gay—that is the invariable rule of the house!"

Immediately a nervous laughter broke out and the company chattering began to scatter through the rooms.

Mrs. Kildair, stopping in her bedroom, donned a Watteaulike cooking apron, and slipping her rings from her fingers fixed the three on her pincushion with a hatpin.

"Your rings are beautiful, dear, beautiful," said the low voice of Maude Lille, who with Harris and Mrs. Cheever were in the room.

"There's only one that is very valuable," said Mrs. Kildair, touching with her thin fingers the ring that lay uppermost, two large diamonds, flanking a magnificent sapphire.

"It is beautiful—very beautiful," said the journalist, her eyes fastened to it with an uncontrollable fascination.

She put out her fingers and let them rest caressingly on the sapphire, withdrawing them quickly as though the contact had burned them.

"It must be very valuable," she said, her breath catching a little. Mrs. Cheever, moving forward, suddenly looked at the ring.

"It cost five thousand six years ago," said Mrs. Kildair, glancing down at it. "It has been my talisman ever since. For the moment, however, I am cook; Maude Lille, you are scullery maid; Harris is the chef, and we are under his orders. Mrs. Cheever, did you ever peel onions?"

"Good Heavens, no!" said Mrs. Cheever, recoiling.

"Well, there are no onions to peel," said Mrs. Kildair, laughing. "All you'll have to do is to help set the table. On to the kitchen!"

Under their hostess' gay guidance the seven guests began to circulate busily through the rooms, laying the table, grouping the chairs, opening bottles, and preparing the material for the chafing dishes. Mrs. Kildair in the kitchen ransacked the ice box, and with her own hands chopped the *fines herbes*, shredded the chicken and measured the cream.

"Flanders, carry this in carefully," she said, her hands in a towel. "Cheever, stop watching your wife and put the salad bowl on the table. Everything ready, Harris? All right. Every one sit down. I'll be right in."

She went into her bedroom, and divesting herself of her apron hung it in the closet. Then going to her dressing table she drew the hatpin from the pincushion and carelessly slipped the rings on her fingers. All at once she frowned and looked quickly at her hand. Only two rings were there, the third ring, the one with the sapphire and the two diamonds, was missing.

"Stupid," she said to herself, and returned to her dressing table. All at once she stopped. She remembered quite clearly putting the pin through the three rings. She made no attempt to search further, but remained without moving, her fingers drumming slowly on the table, her head to one side, her lip drawn in a little between her teeth, listening with a frown to the babble from the outer room. Who had taken the ring? Each guest had had a dozen opportunities in the course of the time she had been in the kitchen.

"Too much time before the mirror, dear lady," called out Flanders gayly, who from where he was seated could see her.

"It is not he," she said quickly. Then she reconsidered. "Why not? He is clever—who knows? Let me think."

To gain time she walked back slowly into the kitchen, her head bowed, her thumb between her teeth.

"Who has taken it?"

She ran over the character of her guests and their situations as she knew them. Strangely enough, at each her mind stopped upon some reason that might explain a sudden temptation.

"I shall find out nothing this way," she said to herself after a moment's deliberation; "that is not the important thing to me just now. The important thing is to get the ring back."

And slowly, deliberately, she began to walk back and forth, her clenched hand beating the deliberate rhythmic measure of her journey.

Five minutes later, as Harris, installed *en maître* over the chafing dish, was giving directions, spoon in the air, Mrs. Kildair came into the room like a lengthening shadow. Her entrance had been made with scarcely a perceptible sound, and yet each guest was aware of it at the same moment, with a little nervous start.

"Heavens, dear lady," exclaimed Flanders, "you come in on us like a Greek tragedy! What is it you have for us, a surprise?"

As he spoke she turned her swift glance on him, drawing her forehead together until the eyebrows ran in a straight line.

"I have something to say to you," she said in a sharp, businesslike manner, watching the company with penetrating eagerness.

There was no mistaking the seriousness of her voice. Mr. Harris extinguished the oil lamp, covering the chafing dish clumsily with a discordant, disagreeable sound. Mrs. Cheever and Mrs. Enos Jackson swung about abruptly, Maude Lille rose a little from her seat, while the men imitated these movements of expectancy with a clumsy shuffling of the feet.

"Mr. Enos Jackson?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Kindly do as I ask you."

"Certainly."

She had spoken his name with a peremptory positiveness that was almost an accusation. He rose calmly, raising his eyebrows a little in surprise.



Candles Flaring Up Like Searchlights on the White Accusing Faces

"Go to the door," she continued, shifting her glance from him to the others. "Are you there? Lock it. Bring me the key."

He executed the order without bungling, and returning stood before her, tendering the key.

"You've locked it?" she said, making the words an excuse to bury her glance in his.

"As you wished me to."

"Thanks."

She took from him the key and, shifting slightly, likewise locked the door into her bedroom through which she had come.

Then transferring the keys to her left hand, seemingly unaware of Jackson, who still awaited her further commands, her eyes studied a moment the possibilities of the apartment.

"Mr. Cheever?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes, Mrs. Kildair."

"Blow out all the candles except the candelabrum on the table."

"Put out the lights, Mrs. Kildair?"

"At once."

Mr. Cheever, in rising, met the glance of his wife, and the look of questioning and wonder that passed did not escape the hostess.

"But, my dear Mrs. Kildair," said Mrs. Jackson with a little nervous catch of her breath, "what is it? I'm getting terribly worked up! My nerves ——"

"Miss Lille?" said the voice of command.

"Yes."

The journalist, calmer than the rest, had watched the proceedings without surprise, as though forewarned by professional instinct that something of importance was about to take place. Now she rose quietly with an almost stealthy motion.

"Put the candelabrum on this table—here," said Mrs. Kildair, indicating a large round table on which a few books were grouped. "No, wait. Mr. Jackson, first clear off the table. I want nothing on it."

"But, Mrs. Kildair"—began Mrs. Jackson's shrill voice again.

"That's it. Now put down the candelabrum."

In a moment, as Mr. Cheever proceeded methodically on his errand, the brilliant crossfire of lights dropped in the studio, only a few smoldering wicks winking on the walls, while the high room seemed to grow more distant as it came under the sole dominion of the three candles bracketed in silver at the head of the bare mahogany table.

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, and her voice had in it a cold note. "My sapphire ring has just been stolen."

She said it suddenly, hurling the news among them and waiting ferret-like for some indications in the chorus that broke out.

"Stolen!"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Kildair!"

"Stolen—by Jove!"

"You don't mean it!"

"What! Stolen here—tonight?"

"The ring has been taken within the last twenty minutes," continued Mrs. Kildair in the same determined, chiseled tone. "I am not going to mince words. The ring has been taken and the thief is among you."

For a moment nothing was heard but an indescribable gasp and a sudden turning and searching, then suddenly Cheever's deep bass broke out:

"Stolen! But, Mrs. Kildair, is it possible?"

"Exactly. There is not the slightest doubt," said Mrs. Kildair. "Three of you were in my bedroom when I placed my rings on the pincushion. Each of you has passed through there a dozen times since. My sapphire ring is gone, and one of you has taken it."

Mrs. Jackson gave a little scream, and reached heavily for a glass of water. Mrs. Cheever said something inarticulate in the outburst of masculine exclamation. Only Maude Lille's calm voice could be heard saying:

"Quite true. I was in the room when you took them off. The sapphire ring was on top."

"Now listen!" said Mrs. Kildair, her eyes on Maude Lille's eyes. "I am not going to mince words. I am not going to stand on ceremony. I'm going to have that ring back. Listen to me carefully. I'm going to have that ring back, and until I do, not a soul shall leave this room." She tapped on the table with her nervous knuckles. "Who has taken it I do not care to know. All I want is my ring. Now I'm going to make it possible for whoever took it to restore it without possibility of detection. The doors are locked and will stay locked. I am going to put out the lights, and I am going to count one hundred slowly. You will be in absolute darkness; no one will know or see what is done. But if at the end of that time the ring is not here on this table I shall telephone the police and have every one in this room searched. Am I quite clear?"

(Continued on Page 49)

Rockefeller and His Standard

SOME OF THE UNWRITTEN LAWS HE ENFORCED

By Charles J. Woodbury

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER TITTLE



"Run, Children, or Rockefeller'll Get You!"

THE graces of courtesy, gentleness and good nature won me to Mr. Rockefeller at our first meeting. His operations had bereaved me. He had taken over first our customers, then our refinery; but now, for the vestiges of our goodwill he seemed to give his own freely. I could not realize that this gentleman, colorless of face and dress, was the ogre of the oilfields, the terror of whom Venango County mothers warned their offspring: "Run, children, or Rockefeller'll get you!" Harmless, almost humorous, was his air, and mild, urbane, soft-spoken his manner, as he paused in my laboratory, Number Twenty-eight of the suites in the Standard Oil Building—Cleveland—welcoming, with hands crossed behind his large figure, the heat from the baseburner that morning in 1879; and there was an elfin look in his eyes as he inquired:

"Has any one given you the law of these offices? No? It is this: no one does anything if he can get anybody else to do it. You smile; but think it over. Your department is the testing of oils. You are responsible; but, as soon as you can, get some one whom you can rely on, train him to the work, sit down, cock up your heels and think out some way for the Standard Oil Company to make some money." Without another word he left the room as quietly as he had come.

John D.'s Exerciser

AGAIN, I recall an incident, so far as I know, unusual if not unmatched. One afternoon, just before closing time, a young man who occupied an apartment by himself, where he was employed as accountant, rushed into my quarters pale and agitated, exclaiming:

"I've lost my job! I've got to go! I've insulted John D."—the office name of Mr. Rockefeller. "It was this way," he continued, after collecting himself: "You recollect my telling you of a wood-and-rubber contrivance that had been put up in my room and of the man who came every day to pull and haul at it for exercise? Well, the thing was a nuisance. So this morning when he came in I told him I wouldn't stand for it any longer: that he was to take his contraption out of my place and put it somewhere else. He said, 'All right!'—he'd have it removed; and, sure enough, when I returned after lunch it had been taken away.

"But now—what do you think? I have just come from the barrel department, where I went to make my day's report to McGregor; and he was saying to this same man: 'All right, Mr. Rockefeller, I will have the figures ready for you.' Now what shall I do?" asked the distracted accountant.

I advised him to return to his work as usual and to try to see Mr. Rockefeller the next day and apologize; but efforts for an interview were unavailing. No apology was rendered. Nothing more was said about the occurrence—and the needlessly alarmed man was occupying his position as usual when I left the company.

It was not strange that he could not find Mr. Rockefeller. He was by desire an insulated man. His was the least-known face in the offices. He was reported to inhabit them three hours a day; but his appearances and disappearances were curtained, suggested private approaches, withdrawn stairways and corridors.

"Mr. Rockefeller is unobtrusive," I remarked to one of the secretaries.

"Unobtrusive! He is sly. I never have seen him enter the building or leave it. No one knows when he comes or goes. And yet the other day, when I was at work at my standing desk over there, all at once he stood by my side. With a polite 'Permit me,' he began turning page after page of one of the books. 'Very well kept—very, indeed,' he said. Then he stopped at a page and pointed out a mistake of entry: 'A little error here; you will correct it?' And he was gone. And I will take my oath that it was the only error in the book!"



"The End Has Come. Coal Oil is Not Enough for the Standard"

Rehearsed? I do not know; perhaps instinctive! Since his childhood days of "Ledger A," the lobes of Mr. Rockefeller's brain have been an automatic account. Figures are as near his soul now as when its chief joy was a successful trade. They have even invaded the one primitive taste left him—that for Nature, until it is hardly authentic. In the first chapter of his Reminiscences he tells of his landscape tree transplanting; and the glee and gayety in the narrative appear not in the beauty of the thing, but in its profit, although it is only a transfer of pockets. Pocantico is charged and Lakewood credited. The real frolic, the supreme delight, is that of the bargainer, raising trees at "five or ten cents" and selling them to himself "at a dollar and a half or two dollars."

I return to the pleasant mystery that veiled his movements and to his most agreeable manners. He was persuasive as well. I recall the experience of Turner, our refining superintendent, in the earlier days of Rockefeller & Andrews.

"I was buying residuum of them," related Turner. "One day I went to Mr. Rockefeller to return an invoice for ten barrels. I handed it to him, informing him that he had sent me, by mistake perhaps, not residuum but tar, useless to me or to any one. Three times I caught myself going out of that office with the invoice in my hands, accepting the stuff. Finally I realized what a fool he was making of me. I didn't dare listen to him any longer. I just ran back from the door, threw down the invoice on his desk and yelled at him, 'It's tar; that's all it is. I won't have it!' and got out. I knew I'd be beat if I listened to him again. He sent for the tar all right, for the barrels were good for something. Oh, he's slick!"

That was Mr. Rockefeller's temperamental advantage—attracting people to do what he wanted them to do. In an interview in Compiègne, France, he said of himself: "It is chiefly to my confidence in men and my ability to inspire their confidence in me that I owe my success in life." I was to feel the fascination myself.

Early in the first spring of my engagement, tabulations of the determination of the oil qualities in the products sent to my department from the Cleveland refineries for analysis were required by the sales-office in the form of signed certificates. These were sent out to the larger customers with bills of lading and of sale, in a way substantiating the latter; for I was quite well known, especially by railroad and railroad-supply buyers, in the interior and southern states, and my indorsement that a certain run or blend of marketed oil possessed the qualities it was sold for had character.

All went well until cold weather; then complaints began to come in that carloads of lubricating oil that my certificates pronounced to be fluid at zero congealed at a much higher temperature. Upon retesting I found that the sensitiveness to cold charged was a fact. I was mystified; for the oils had, when received from the refineries, stood the test of the zero ice-chamber. For weeks I sought the cause of the deterioration. Finally I discovered and reported it to Mr. Rockefeller.

The Oil That Went Wrong

"THEY are too niggardly in making the cold-test oils. Genuine permanent cold-test oils cannot be made in the way the refineries are working."

"How do you know?"

"The samples go back. They are all right at first, but they do not stay; and the reason is that the manufactured products from which they come are artificialized. Light ends, lowgrade kerosene—even naphtha—are pumped into them instead of the natural zero oil that should be their base."

"Do you visit the works and witness the manufacture?"

"I do not see the oils mixed; but I have noticed in all the yards during the last few weeks, since the weather made cold-test oils necessary, the small amount of Franklin oil* on hand—and, small as it is, it does not materially lessen. What they do in the works is to combine their Oil City or Bradford stocks with distillates. These, of course, defy any cold and the blend is bound to be satisfactory at first; but soon the volatile fluids vaporize and the oil shows its native weakness."

"This is interesting. I will have it looked into."

The discreditable products continued until warm weather rendered the objectionable process no longer

*From Franklin, Pennsylvania, was obtained the only oil of the East capable of resisting cold. On account of this advantage it had twice the value of any other crude.

necessary. In September, 1880, however, the refineries began turning out weak oils again; and again I was forced to remonstrate, telling Mr. Rockefeller that parsimony was keeping out the essential Franklin. He was very pleasant. I never knew him to be otherwise about anything, as if his manner partook of the article he dealt in; but this was what he said:

"I don't think I would bother about this any more. You had better go ahead just as you've been doing."

Now the company, notwithstanding the immense volume of oil it handled, was in no sense a jobber or wholesaler. Its policy was the suppression of middlemen. After the massacre the vast field was made distinctly provincial, separated into geographic but articulated sections organized under agents, resident and salaried. I had spent years in the territory and was acquainted with all the large consumers. Their trade was an object to the various independent oil companies still competing. How well were the Standard's agents succeeding? Would not a friendly visit to them by an experienced man from the central offices be judicious? I ventured the suggestion. It was adopted. I was forthwith sent out among the stations.



"A Little Error Here; You Will Correct It?"

My report on return was not, on the whole, encouraging. The subsidiary branches were generally well manned and all of them bountifully supplied. Moreover they had carte blanche to cut prices—a resort impossible for their competitors, with their margins already minimized by the partial freight tariffs, double-acting drawbacks on supplies to themselves and rebates to the Standard allowed by the railroads. Then our branches enjoyed the advantage of carrying stocks for their customers, with its incidental inducement of immediate supply not subject to the numerous delays of transportation inflicted upon the outsiders.

Eating Up the Little Fellows

OUR competitors' customers were obliged to inconvenience themselves by ordering in advance of their wants, with liability to disappointment; while the Standard's service was prompt, trustworthy and very convenient. The delivery wagons could be at the engine-room on an hour's notice. Under such circumstances it was not difficult for the agents to effect the countermand of orders given to the opposition. And the opposition itself was being undermined. Substantial rumors that the few independents surviving might not much longer be able to supply oil at all continually alarmed their customers. One by one the roses fell—and even the buds were being trimmed off for the nurture of the perfect flower, as John Rockefeller, Jr., afterward so aptly said.

Hardly a week passed but a plant surrendered. Firm after firm slipped into the body of the mollusk or became one of its tentacles. And of those that were left, who could tell which were really independent and which were already subordinate to the Standard and now merely masquerading? All were in the toils of the powerful and exquisitely organized system. The time did not seem far away now when supplies would have to come from the Standard or not at all; and was it judicious to provoke its animosity for the sake of continuing the purchase of certain favorite brands when others were pronounced "just as good"—or for the sake of patriotically bolstering a competition that already was so plainly losing its fight?

And yet the Standard's agents were not getting the lubricant business. They were selling the burning oil; but as regards profits, luminants are to lubricants as milk is to cream. Yet few of them knew anything about lubricating oils and compounds. Mr. Rockefeller, from the first, had been only a "burning-oil" man. His refineries had been run solely for kerosene and the lower inflammable distillates. The "stocks" and residue had been disposed of to the compounders of lubricants for blending with animal and vegetable oils by processes familiar only to themselves.

When the agents had been selected they were mainly merchants or clerks promoted, acquainted only with the five-gallon oilcan and the house-wagon. They could represent to large lubricating-oil consumers the brands sent for marketing; but they did not understand how they were made or for which, among the diversity of uses, they were adapted. Against educated men, trained to their profession, who could talk intelligently concerning the viscosity, specific gravity, evaporating point, and so forth, of oils, and the different classes of machinery they were designed for, our agents could only oppose what they committed to memory from the circulars sent them from Cleveland.

To make the situation plain, I submitted with my report of inspection on my return a prepared circular letter asking for especial attention to lubricants, which I suggested should be sent to each agent. A list of the agent's present customers and of all lubricant buyers in his district was requested, with his reasons for not supplying them. These letters, I believed, if conscientiously followed out, would at least perform the service of advertising in plain black and white, both to the principals at headquarters and to each agent in the field, just how far the trade was being covered, and would be a basis for future measures.

In a week my form-letter came back from the sales-department, but changed. The inquiries had been retained, but were reënforced by others. My contribution had been but an inadequate basis. These new forms were adroit. They called upon the agent for monthly statements, not only of all products sold by himself but of all sold by any one else. Lists of all resident dealers and outside supplying establishments were required. Opposite the column asking for addresses of oil-consumers were others headed: "Their present sources of supply?" "Amounts and brands?" Specifically the agent was called upon to furnish an accounting of all oil products appearing in his territory and to trace their origin, destination and history, so far as possible, from shipper to consumer! I was complimented on the inspection and informed that I could immediately prosecute the work.

"But not with these?"

"Certainly; your blanks are good, but they do not go far enough. We do not intend merely to grasp the situation—we must control it."

"But this is espionage. I cannot stand over these men and make them go after these details."

My statement was at once censured. The discussion was long and earnest. It disclosed that this was to be one of the ways by which the Standard Oil Company proposed to get the trade in the commodities it dealt in—and that I was to be this part of the machinery. I resigned.

This conversation was not with Mr. Rockefeller, nor do I know that he was aware of the requisitions referred to. They, with other ophidian methods, may have been employed under the ægis of the company, of which its president did not approve. Indeed, he regrets in his Reminiscences—which occasion these—that "employees, overzealous, were acting in violation of the expressed and known wishes of the company."

The regret must have limitations. It should be confined, perhaps, to the poaching of ambitious agents; for, so far as I know, never was overzeal in efforts to "control the situation," as my associate phrased it, disapproved. On the contrary, the entire atmosphere of the offices was warm to them—and why not, since they were the fuel? The regnant principle throughout, under which all the work was done, was first, last and all the time to play the game; that the Standard Oil Company must do—must be—the oil business. "Overzeal" was an error on the safe side, a venial offense.

Any corporation is but the projection of its master spirit. Its work is done by men of its own kind, who are his kind. They may sometimes go farther than he would have the nerve to go—but that is why they are there; and far better is that than for them not to go far enough. Results were what the master asked for. Details he need not know. He could be left to his own self-effacement. He had selected his staff.

Mr. Rockefeller received at birth from his father his vigorous frame and his agile, hardy trading instinct; but he was best born on his mother's side. From her nobility came the careful training to which he so readily responded that he was a model boy, a model youth, a model young man. The better disposition was not to have all the right-of-way; and, with the money mania accompanying emergence into active business, the dynamic, subtle inheritance from the father asserted itself too strongly; but it could not encroach upon the church habit, which had become his best possession. It is much easier to be good, now that he is affluent—*virtus post nummos*—but Mr. Rockefeller was always in his quaint auto-hypnotic way a pious man. And irreproachable habits, quite as much as business tact and address, were insisted on in the selection of his council, the under officers—and even the representatives throughout the country. I asked Mr. Rockefeller once why he did not oftener take over, with the establishments absorbed, the managers who had been in charge of them.

"The men," he said impressively, "who will do as they are told to do, without asking questions or exercising what they call their 'judgment,' are exceedingly rare; and they are not found among the leaders."

Traditions of the Office

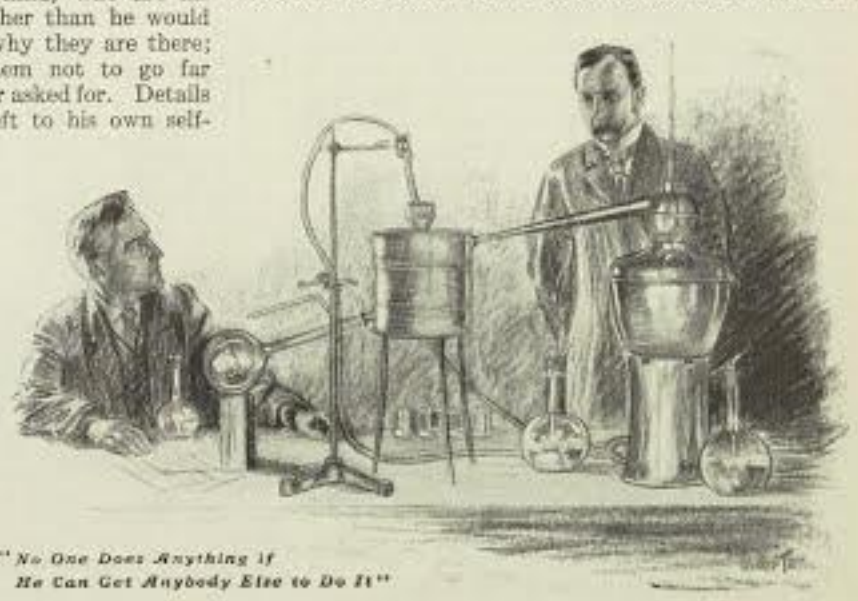
THE business world generally makes itself oblivious of a man's private relations to society if his dealings in affairs are in accordance with accepted formulas; but not so with the Standard Oil Company. No man against whose manner of life there was rumor could be connected with it. One day the newspapers came out with reports of domestic infidelities on the part of one of the prominent officials. They were promptly investigated. He was summoned to headquarters and never returned to his field, which was handed over to inferiors.

Outside of morality, it was felt by every employee in our big building that anything unconventional in dress, demeanor or style of living was disapproved of. Plain, simple, unostentatious himself, the president wanted no exhibitions of the money that was being made. This was his constant lesson and pattern to all subordinates. He showed what was expected of them by what he himself was. They were to reproduce him—to be exemplary, devout, reticent—and at the same time recognize public duties and be to the fore in charities. The music of the offices was keyed to the soft pedal. To conform, be commonplace and conventional, so that society should have nothing to criticise—this was the unwritten law for the entire bureau.

His brother—in Cleveland—was a different type—free-mannered, companionable; the kind of man who smokes cigars spelled with an S. Moreover, he speculated on the Board of Trade—an unforgivable offense. Consequently he was *persona non grata* around the Standard offices; but when the raid swept all the rest of our home refineries his was spared; and so far as I know, Frank Rockefeller and the "Pioneer" are doing business still at the old stand.

F. M. Backus hoped it might be so with him. Mr. Rockefeller and himself had been old acquaintances, even friends. Since the early sixties, when each went into petroleum, the Backus plant had been turning out a few grades of lubricants, for which its founder had built a reputation. Its output of illuminating oil was incidental and, by contract, was delivered to the Standard. Mr. Rockefeller's education having been simply illuminants, the attention of the Standard Company had been confined to them, and Mr. Backus believed it would be content with the accumulation of profit afforded by their control. One morning, however, he came into the office so downcast that he did not open the mail. Instead, he said to me, whom he was at the time educating in his branch of the oil business: "The end has come. Coal oil is not enough for the Standard. It has gone into the lubricating."

After Mr. Backus died, his wife unwisely carried on his business as best she could. The remnant of it was bought by the Standard. Because a lady was involved, I suppose, and perhaps because he was regretful that the necessity of expansion required the sacrifice of a former companion, Mr. Rockefeller has published in his Reminiscences a long defense of the transaction. There can be apparently no other reason for breaking the judicious silence maintained regarding the many other deals of more voracious character. And his contention is correct. The



"No One Does Anything if He Can Get Anybody Else to Do It"

final payment for the refinery with its "goodwill" far exceeded its value after the Standard and Mrs. Backus were through with it. In this particular the Standard Oil Company has been defamed. In any other matters is it the slandered oil company?

What of the muckraking? The term is worthy of rescue. It never meant a hunt for disgraceful details or concealed outlawries. It was and is the sifting and spreading of beneficial material. Taking the Standard Oil compost, what, first, of the name itself?

At the time of its adoption the United States Government and the states had various standards of gravity, fire-test, color, and so forth, for the illuminating oils manufactured from petroleum. The new company chose a name by which it guaranteed satisfaction of all these various demands in the oils it marketed. No one denies that from the beginning it has made good this assurance.

Second, implicitly "Standard" stood for domestic administration. Here it certainly has been faultless. Its internal management has been as safe and steady as that of the Government itself. Its stability, trustworthiness regarding assumed business obligations, consideration for labor, and so forth, are not surpassed—are hardly approached by the foremost business associations of the commonwealth. Even in its earlier years when, wrestling with a new, mysterious, fluctuating and treacherous product, it was struggling for a foothold, heavy loans were granted it on slender securities mainly because of the character it had already established. Its wage, salary and pension system has been more than just—has been generous. It has never had a strike or a dissatisfied workman; and today no business organization cares for its veterans in their old age as does the Standard Oil Company.

In business ethics, however, far from maintaining this criterion, its conduct has not made good the claim of its title.

The judgment is just; and yet, I think, on some of the indictments injustice has been done. It should be stated that the practices by which the Standard earned its merited castigation were mainly representative of those congenial to its contemporaries; and, however they have been condemned by casuists, men of business at large have not disapproved of them, and this because they are American. To have been ultra-moral would have meant catastrophe. The company could never have succeeded if it had abstained from the use of weapons employed by its opponents. Mr. Rockefeller may have known of the bruised urchin who told his teacher that the street was just full of boys looking for the one who wouldn't strike back. That the Standard hit harder than its adversaries and hit sometimes below the belt is true; and for this it deserves and has received public condemnation so effective as to end such operations.

At that time, however, the railroads gave confidential and secret encouragement to any composition of talent and capital elaborating a new business. Manufacturers of harvesting machines, grain elevators, meat packers and other concerns got differentials as soon as they offered business in volume; and the companies the Standard competed with, large and small, to the extent of their ability kept down production—sought partial and discriminating rates and rebates—appropriated processes of manufacture—exercised an elastic scale of prices—gave commissions to purchasers—were down to all the tricks of the trade. The number of them who would not have done much of what the Standard has been arraigned for is minute.

The charge of illegitimacy in the Standard's processes of manufacture is not sustained by the facts. It did seek and take where it could and as cheaply as it could the results of others' experiments; but its best brands are its own. From its own laboratories has come the ennobling of such refractory crudes as those of Ohio and California. In the latter state it was a pioneer; and its long, patient and expensive campaign to redeem for any utility above that of fuel the California asphalt product is a story by itself. When the endless reservoirs of oil were uncovered, disclosing a wealth of petroleum unprecedented—save, perhaps, in Russia—local capital dreaded the coming of the Standard; but it has been abreast of the situation. It has laid pipelines from the distant depositories to its great works on the seaboard at the northern boundary of Oakland; and thence, by lines of tank steamers, the product goes to the Far-Eastern markets. Its friends are all those it buys from and sells to. It has developed judiciously and fairly, side by side with the home associations, the stored deposits of the great West Coast territory with their valuable by-products.

Chicane still taints the ways of the Standard, but its main foundation and business structure are of better material. Tricks may build a small business—never a large one. A material factor in the creation of this great monopoly has been unfair and now illegal and impermanent contracts with transportation companies. But let it be remembered that these were only made possible by the offer of a volume of freight unapproached by any rival; and this output had been reached by a rigid economy covering every item and extending over every department. It was concentration: in manufacture—the company doing its own cooperage, tinwork, and the like; in the field—the torrents of the wells being regulated; in the refining—competition being eliminated. This concentration has been the cause of the Standard's supremacy and was original with its founder.

The common belief that unifying and concentration of oil-properties was a preconcerted plan is a mistake. Early in Mr. Rockefeller's career an important refinery fell in his way. With his associates he gained possession of it. He saw the advantage and purchased another tentatively. In 1872 a score more were cautiously acquired. The purchases of the Morehouse works in 1874; three-fourths of the Vacuum works in 1879; Tweddle's large concern in Pittsburgh; half of the Galena and "Uncle Joe" Sibley works at Franklin, and so forth, were but steps less hesitatingly taken toward advantages clearly to be recognized, not the gradual realization of a lupine scheme originally conceived and mapped out. The Backus, the American, the Republic and the rest of us went the way of the earth as the larger establishments had, because we did not do enough business and did not do it right. Mr. Rockefeller has now at last given us this explanation in his Reminiscences: "It was never our purpose to interfere with a dealer who adequately cultivated his field of operations."

(Concluded on Page 53)

THE WILD TRAIN

By Calvin Johnston

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

I CANNOT tell it as ye wud, Denny," confessed Hogan to the old switchman, while the night yard crew sat at attention; "'tis not in me to make truth as strange as fiction. And the Hogans were niver oraters in public, a curse on thim," he continued in embarrassment.

"It is not in public," observed the foreman encouragingly; "and as no honest man can repate the sthory afther ye the Hogans cannot be blamed for your telling it."

The youngest switchman turned this answer over in his mind, furtively studying the foreman's face meanwhile.

"Sure, I can make nothing av it at all," he said frankly.

"It is a puzzle av a face," nodded Denny.

"I did not mean the face," declared Hogan, but the foreman looked at him so darkly that he hurried into the story to avoid further explanation.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Tam O'Scatter was wance a new man on the Pacific Air Line, which was so called by reason av its being built over high trestles and bridges most av the way across the mountains.

"Sure, 'tis like boulding the throttle on a comet," says Tam the first time he tuk an ingine over it, and figuring the number av times a thrain cud turn ind over ind befoore reaching the right av way he grew nervous, and wud aisily be startled whiniver a timber shuk out av the rotten ould trestles or a crazy box-car cast a wheel and began hopping across on the journal.

'Twas not long befoore his hesitation was noticed at headquarthers and Tam was called up on the carpet.

"Perhaps the time-card does not plase ye," said Doolin, the Gineral Superintindint.

"It is a good time-card for thrains that run on the ground," answered Tam respectfully.

Doolin studied him carefully with wan cold green eye. "I thought so," he said, for Doolin had great knowledge av men.

"Ye are mistaken," replied Tam politely.

Said Doolin: "I am niver mistaken with this eye. O'Scatter," he wint on, "ye came here with good papers and proved that ye know an ingine; it is hard to get good ingineers out here, so I hired ye. But, mind, it was as ingineer, and it is not part av your duty to ripen the fruit shipments as they go over the line. Ivery thrip ye run later; ye are not a dare-divil, O'Scatter!"



"I Will Not Play Tag, But 'Tis a Barrel av Hair Restorer Ye Will Need"

"The more haste the less railroad men," thinks Tam, but the cold green eye is riddling him and he answers bouldly that he will run to time or tear down ivery trestle on the division.

With that he steps off the carpet and goes down to the telygraph office, where Kitty Flanders is the operator for headquarthers business.

Now the O'Scatters have always been men av quiet manner, with shrewd, pleasant faces. But Tam was more pleasant than all others put together and he had a crafty air, as though he must kape all his good humor a secret for reasons av his own.

"Sure, 'tis the most marvelous jokes he has hoarded up," people told aich other; "they will be the death av us if he iver turns loose."

But he niver did, and so the people smiled at him most frindly in the hopes av being taken into confidence whin he cud hould in no longer.

Iver since he had come to the Air Line Kitty Flanders had felt the same intherest in him, and her blue eyes sparkled whin thinking: "Some day the humor av him will overflow, and I shall have something to laugh at for all times to come."

So on this morning she glanced up with her finger on the key and with a nod av welcome. Thin, the message being sent, she inquired for a favorite av hers: "Where is small Barney, the nephew, that ye have not brought him in to visit me?"

"He is out playing conduethor under the cars."

"Sure, it is great care ye take av him," said Kitty indignantly; "no wonder your poor sister left him to so watchful a man."

With that she hastened to the door and spying Barney across the thracks called him up to her.

"Faith, he is safer under the cars av this road than inside av thim," remarked Tam.

"On the road ye grow reckless and think nothing av danger," said the girl sharply; "but I warn ye, Misther O'Scatter, to be more watchful av the boy or I shall stale him away from ye."

"I cud not go unless Uncle Tam came along," Barney tould her.

"Thrue for ye," said his uncle.

"Well, that is more than I bargained for," answered Kitty, with a little blush.

At this insthant a man entering the office tuk the group under his eye wan by wan. This was Dour, superintindint av the Cañon Branch, which ran from the main line through the heart av the mountains to the big town av Smelter.

"Good day to ye all," he said in a pleasant voice that belied his black luk, for the girl's eyes were too bright and her cheeks too flushed to plase him. "I hear ye have been on the carpet this morning," he went on to Tam; "but you shud not let it worry ye. Sometimes it happens that a new man is overcautious on the Air Line and aven the ould wans require nerve to kape on time in the mountains."

The girl's flush deepened a bit and she luked at Tam in an anxious way, for she cud not bear that her frind shud be accused as a coward.

But O'Scatter repeated quietly his wur-rds to the Gineral Superintindint: "I'll run to time if I take out ivery trestle on the road as I go along," he said, and thin luking clearly into Kitty's eyes he shuk hands and wint out with Barney.

And it is no doubt that Tam meant ivery wur-rd he said, for niver had he been afraid befoore on any run.

Yet that very afthernoon he damned a road that is raised on crutches and set back the lever when the fast freight swayed out upon the trestles.

"What wud become av Barney?" he thought, and in that insthant his cowardice stud ixplained.

Niver in all his life had he borne care or responsibility till his sister, dying in the West, had left him her little son to care for. And Tam, growing fond av the counthry, had thrown up the job on his Eastern road and applied to the Air Line.

Afther a few days with Barney he had thought av a sudden: "Sure, I have no chick av my own and this is the last av my kin. Now I wud grow lonesome without the boy, so I will make him my son and he shall be the great wan av the O'Scatters."

In fact, Tam was niver apart from the boy whin in the home town; the new feeling tuk possession av him, and Barney, always waiting in the yard, wud give a cheer whin he pulled in at the ind av the run.

"What wud become av Barney?" he thinks on the trestle and slips back the lever.

"Have ye seen the new carpet in the superintindint's office?" asks the fireman in innocence, for he liked O'Scatter, and knew that a few more late runs meant discharge.

Tam luks down and in a second thinks the thrain is toppling into the gulch below. His brain whirls, but in that insthant he thinks:

"What will Kitty Flanders say if I am marked up late? I must run it blind," he says, and for the rest av that run and the wan afther it he sits stiff and cold with eyes fast shut, while the thrain takes the trestles at time-card speed.

But the third trip he kapes his eyes shut too long, and on the only straight, well-ballasted stretch av thrack that the Air Line has he runs down a stray mule, who goes into the air and takes off the stack on his way back.

Thin the fireman goes mad, and whin Tam is called on the carpet again Doolin says to him:

"What do ye see across the yard yonder?"

"I see a house," answers Tam.

"But cud ye see it on a railroad thrack?"

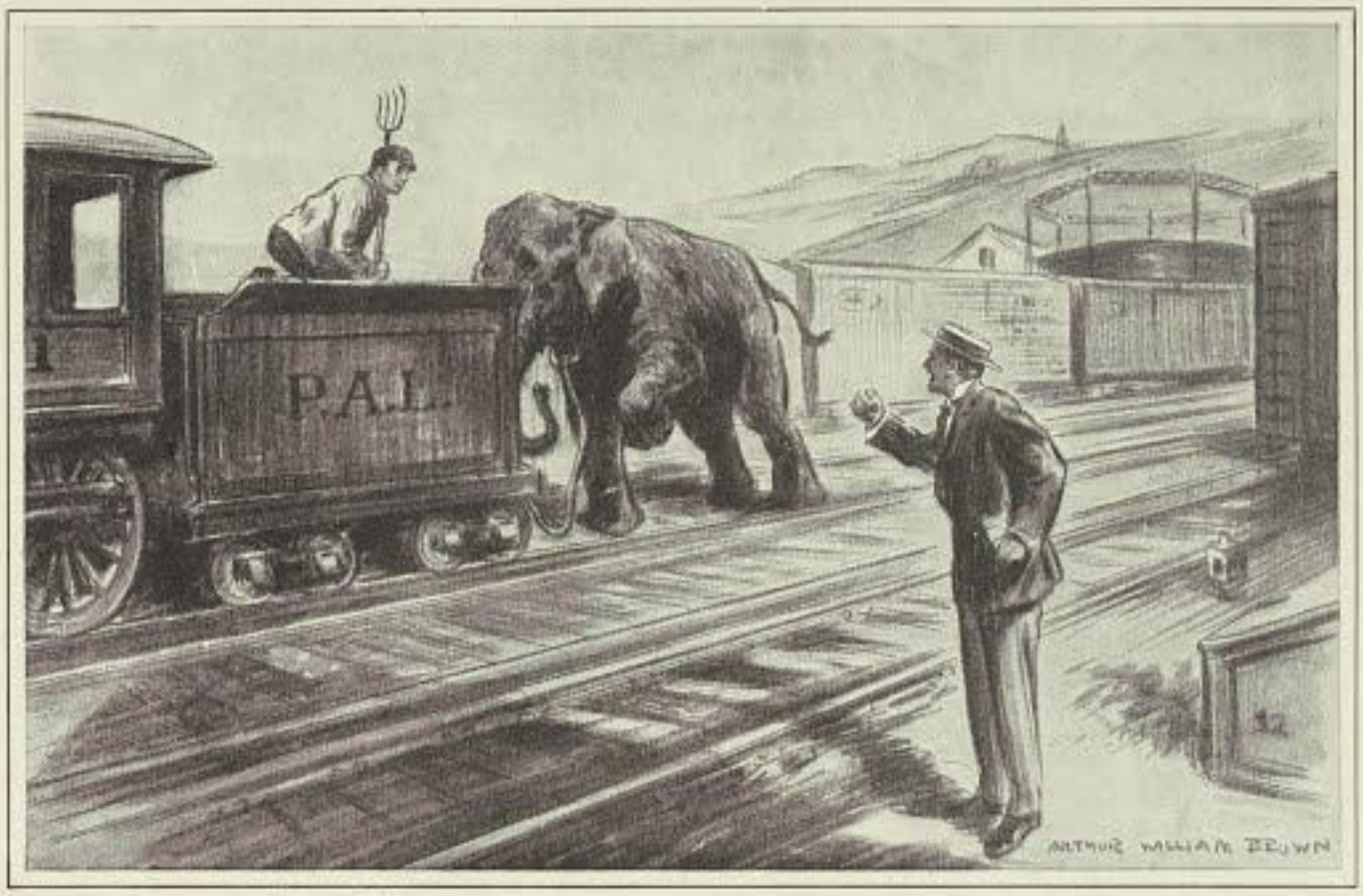
"I cud," replies Tam, for Doolin was in earnest.

"Perhaps ye had taken offense at the mule," says Doolin.

"Sure, we think nothing av such brutes in the East," replies Tam.

"Luk ye," says Doolin, fixing him with the wan green eye; "the fireman says ye were asleep with both eyes. Now I will not set the ixample av placing a call-boy on an ingine. Ye must kape awake and ye must get through the California fast freight on time. I will thry ye wance more."

Tam wint downstairs in a dazed "I can do it; I must do it," he kept saying to himself. Thin he paused in the door av the telygraph office and Kitty Flanders luked up.



"Git Off the Ingine. Ye Craven Loonatic, Ye are Fired ——"

But on the insthant the smile passed from her face, and befoore she cud think to guard her tongue the wur-rds were spoken: "Ye have been on the carpet again?"

"For the last time," he tells her, and thin on the impulse flings out his hand.

"Kitty," he cries, "listen to me ——"

Her clear blue eyes accuse him sorrowfully.

"Not that your being called up shud make any difference to me," she says, and turns away. So afther faltering a moment on the door-sill Tam breaks entirely and walks away to Barney.

"I have only ye and will niver have any wan ilse," he tells the boy; "so I will protect ye, whatever people say."

Barney held his hand and luked on him proudly.

"Sure, ye wud hit the high places a hundred miles an hour to stay here with me?" asks he.

"I wud," answers Tam, with a great contempt av himself at heart.

"They said ye were afraid, but I knew betther," says the boy, doubling his fists.

"If Kitty understood perhaps it wud make a difference," Tam is thinking, and then he meets Dour on the platform.

"Why does he run in so often and haunt the telygraph office?" Tam asks himself. But he knows very well why it is and winces to feel that his explanation wud do him no good with Kitty. "For they say that Dour is afraid av nothing," he thinks bittherly; "and I cannot lay my cowardice to the boy."

On the very nixt run he is pulled off and summoned to the office.

"Ye are a poltroon," declares Doolin, his eye floating in green fire as he gives way to temper.

"It is a hard name," thinks Tam; "if I cud be sure av its maning I might take Doolin by the throat."

"But I will do this," storms the Gineral Superintindint; "we need ingineers, and I will put ye on the Cañon Division; it is level as a floor and ye will have no ixcuse for a frightened hand at the throttle or for running with blinders. Report to Dour by morning."

Tam O'Scatter stands still, shivering cold and hot by turns, for niver till that hour has any man spoken to him in such a voice. But he does not resign.

"I cannot go away with such a mark against me," he thinks, and a moment later appears in the doorway av Kitty Flanders.

This time there is no smile or sparkling luk to greet him, for the girl has been kaping up with his career on the road, which is aisy to do.

"Ye are a great sloth, Mr. O'Scatter," she says quietly enough, though to Tam the wur-rds are as knives flung at him.

"Goodby," he says, and receiving no answer passes on. For an insthant the girl hides her face in her arms, thin straightening up proudly to her wur-rk, "Goodby," she says softly, but 'twas well Tam niver heard, there being a tone which manes foriver.

"Faith, 'tis the day for hard names," reflects Tam bittherly—"a poltroon and a great sloth; sorrow the day an O'Scatter shud answer to thim."

Now the Cañon Division where Tam was going had the town av Smelter at wan ind and Main Line Junction at the other, betwane the two lying Division Station where Dour made headquarters. Here he cud luk out av his windey on schedule ivery day and frighten aich branch crew with the evil eye av superintindince.

After Tam had made transfer and lived in Smelter, he wud wander iverywhere with Barney whin off the road, though niver letting the boy come to the yards to mate him.

"Some frind wud tip him off that I am a poltroon and a great sloth," thinks Tam; "and thin I wud have to live apart from him or luk him in the face, which I cud niver do."

As it is, Dour takes the public into confidence. "I must set brakes on the man or 'tis wild he will run," he tells the roadmen; and wance to O'Scatter himself he says: "I warn ye, Tam, that ye must make no speedway av this division as ye did av the main line, where ye overtuk a mule on the thrack."

And Tam reflects: "'Tis amazing that an O'Scatter does not remove the man's head and limbs by way av answer to his pleasanthry." But instead av doing so he only answers the wicked banter av Dour with a luk sly as a fox, and the roadmen tell wan another:

"'Tis certain the wink av O'Scatter signals danger like a torpedo and ould Dour is heading into a bad joke." They will not belave that Tam is afraid av the high trestles and ixplain that humorous men are not flighty. "Sure, he will be hitting the high places afther yerself prisintly," they tell Dour, always having a pleasant wur-rd for an official in good standing.

So afther Tam has brought the local freight in on time for two wakes the crews know he is a great joker, and say that he has already turned the timetables on the superintindint.

"I will give him a still betther chance to make a record," says Dour darkly to himself, and Tam notices the light av his eye is like the lamp av a switch set against him, with orders full speed ahead.

"Wan bad run and I am a lost man," Tam is always thinking, while he walks with Barney and they admire the circus bills along the walls av Smelter.

"O'Rang-y tang," spells Barney from the bills wan day. "P'rhaps," he says, "I wud be a good boy for having met wan."

"'Tis a scandal the British have put on us to name him so," answers O'Scatter. "I will point him out to ye in the parade."

"If a little boy can see only half as far as a man I might miss him," says Barney afther a bit; "p'rhaps I wud be a much betther boy if I cud see almost against him."

Whin Tam notices how his lips trimble over the wur-rds he swings the boy in the air. "I will not thrifle further with ye," he cries; "for I have intinded to lay off and take ye into the big tent iver since O'Rang and the ilyphant wrote me the invitation."

"They have wrote ye," whispers Barney, with rowling eyes. "I might have known it! 'Twas a big letther. Yis?" He cud say no more thin for the wonder av it, but afterward night and day he considers deeply av the animals on the bills, and whin his uncle comes home must always take him to see O'Rang and the ilyphant. There he houlds tight to Tam's hand, but niver a wur-rd can he say at all.

And yet whin Tam himself is ordered to Main Line Junction to bring in the circus thrain Barney is greatly throubled. "What is it casts ye down?" asks Tam. "Now I am sure to be here circus day, and ye may even come into the yard at daybreak to see me pull in with tigers and lions aboord."

"It is all right," says the boy, and cheers up for a while.

"They will give me a main-line ingine," says Tam, "as there is not an extra on the Cañon Division." Whin he starts away the boy clings to him for a moment. "Sure, ye

will not be late or afraid this time, will ye?" he whimpers, and Tam fales a blush av shame as he shakes his head and goes on to the station.

The Cañon Branch was sixty miles long, and the passenger thrain running up in the morning from Smelter lay at Main Line Junction for the east mail at midnight befoore running back again. Whin Tam reached the junction he found the circus thrain marked up for six P. M., but it broke down three times on the way in and av course the car inspectors wud not let it lave the junction till repairs were made.

Seeing Tam standing befoore the wicket the thrainmaster calls him inside, where they drink from a flask wrapped up in a book av rules.

"I will get ye out as quickly as possible," says the thrainmaster, "so that ye can make Smelter by circus day."

"'Tis more av the banter," thinks Tam.

"Do ye know the Farm Wagon?" asks the thrainmaster.

"Ye mane the retired switch ingine?" answers Tam with still alarm.

"The same. Sure, she is the ghost av the scrap-pile and ye must haunt the right-av-way with her tonight." The thrainmaster turns again to the book av rules and studies the face av the ingineer, who takes on his luk av craft.

"I can decoy a ghost along by moonlight; 'tis an ould profession av the family's," whispers Tam. "We will make a wild run av it." But his heart stands still and the secret thought av him is: "Here is goodby foriver to the road and to Kitty Flanders. As for Barney—'twill be so long befoore I arrive at Smelter that the baby ilyphant will be grown up and he will not mind."

"Ye shud not run wild, but tame," answers the thrainmaster. "There is an order out against ye—freight 24 to pass at Division Station, I think. But that is no matther; ye will niver get so far with the Farm Wagon befoore she blows up again."

"Again?" asks Tam.

"Soon again," answers the thrainmaster, thrying to find a place in the book. "The dom superintindint is crazy to sind out the Farm Wagon," he growls. "A circus thrain late is grief; an ilyphant in the ditch forces the common stock down two points. I am a stockholder," he says; "be careful av the ilyphant, O'Scatter; nurse him along. Now I will relieve ye av the two sleeping cars, with the performers, and av the tent cars, where the canvas-backs and men who drive the mumble-pegs slape. I will send thim down on the passenger thrain."

"How many cars will be left?" asks Tam.

"Sure, it is nine or nineteen," answers the other; "they are all in the shop yard where ye will pick thim up. 'Tis not regular to sind circus cars by passinger, but the show people will be aslape and not know the difference."

Tam thanked him for making the thrain so much lighter. "Perhaps I can get through with nine or nineteen cars."

"The ilyphant's name is Selim; ye may have occasion to spake to him in the ditch; I can see nothing in the book av rules against it," says the thrainmaster. "The agint av the show tould me his name—whispered it—and he has a baboon who travels in the car with him. They are good frinds. Ye will nurse the baboon also, O'Scatter, and the whole thrain till it goes up, ph-s-st! Sure, I know ye do not mind the high places at all, and 'twill be a great joke on Dour. Ha! ha!"

"'Tis the jungle fever he has, by the book av rules, ha! ha!" thinks Tam, but with the hint that he is a tamer and nurse av wild thrains he goes off with the prayer that he will not mate 24 head-on.

"This is a big-league division, with three thrains on bases and a double steal for a siding," he thinks on the way to the roundhouse; "I will be well out av it alive. Aven thin 'twill be with a black mark against me—and, Kitty Flanders, what will ye be thinking av me?"

'Tis nine o'clock whin Tam opens the rusty throttle at the head av his thrain. The Farm Wagon sneezes like a pussy-cat and thin stamps on all eight flat wheels with a loud snort; still they crawl ahead, the ould megaphone av a stack roaring like a cyclone.

"If it was only stame instead av noise," says Tam, "the pressure wud take us to Smelter in the hour. Fireman, do ye take wan or two lumps av coal for the calliope?" he says.

But afther a few yards' burst av speed he trundles along carefully, figuring how long it would be befoore the thrainmaster, with the book av rules, can get 24 into him head-on.

'Twas a bright moonlight night. The valleys seemed swept with the tail av a comet, broad and bright, and Tam begins to fale the peace av the mountains and to grin with hope av the circus with Barney nixt day.

"The Farm Wagon is not alive; she is in a trance," he thinks, and whistles with relief as, still safe on the rails, he slows for the brakeman to throw the switch beyant Division Station and runs rapidly into siding for 24.

So does the Farm Wagon seem relieved; she gives a frisky little jump ahead and stamps her flat wheels with another snort. "Whoa," says Tam, luking back with surprise to see his thrain tumbling into the ditch. Perhaps the rotten circus equipmint cud not stand the strain av running over a switch; at any rate, an axle av the first car had let down and, striking the ties, had left its drawhead dangling to the tender like a tooth drawn out. The car had slid into the shallow ditch, and the second car, coming a summerset over it, stopped with the corner over the main line beyant. The ilyphant in this second car went round and round two trips, and whin it stopped he was shot out av the lower ind, as in target practice.

There followed a moment av stillness, as though ivery-thing aboord had been stunned with surprise; thin a roar as av a giant being murdered burst from the ground; the air seemed grinding with thunder, which raised the flesh and jarred the bones av the brakeman on his way to the woods.

The ilyphant stud with trunk raised in the moonlight. He had already started a roar av his own, but the wan from the car beside him caused hesitation. He tuk a long sniff, listened to the echo, and thin giving up entirely the idea av knocking the wreck on his own account sneaked afther the brakeman.

Barney's ilyphant was iscaping.

"'Tis as well ye have obeyed me in advance," whispers O'Scatter, running toward the wreck; "come out av the ditch!" Thin he begins to pace the ilyphant. "Whist," ixplains Tam, "ye are a through shipmint and have not arrived yet. Barney is waiting to resave ye and cheer in the parade tomorry."

The ilyphant crosses wan eye at him, but kapes on in a slow, thoughtful way, wondering what will show up nixt.

"Selim," commands Tam as the ilyphant flags him with wan ear, "sure, I will wait for ye to come up with me," he says—"almost," and he hops over a fence which the baste, coming fast, takes along with him into a field.

"'Tis not as if we were strangers," says Tam, assaulting him with rocks, "but I know ye by name, and my own it is O'Scatter, who must nurse ye along," he says, and scores an ilyphant's eye with a clod as big as the head av him.

The brute stops, and afther long sniffing locates a haystack where Tam follows him with argymints and introductions. Afther a time, being ixhausted, he tells the other: "Now ye may stand here and steal hay; but wan step farther and ye will be guilty av stealing company freight; thin ye will be mixed up with the claim departmint and niver get anywhere."



Tam Was More Pleasant Than All Others Put Together

Afther this warning he departs with threats, while the baste watches him over a shoulder with his mouth full av hay.

"That is a noisy lion dqwn there," says Tam angrily; "he will annoy Barney's ilyphant. 'Tis an O'Scatter who will give the brute a Donnybrook time.

"In a moment," he calls, and goes to the caboose for a lantern to light up the lion car.

But the conducthor will not unlock the door. "Yer duty is on the other ind as far as possible from a caboose," he calls, and thin as Tam batthers at the door: "What! has something happened?" he adds, putting his head out av a windey. "Sure, it is a wreck," ixclaims the conducthor in surprise. "Thank ye, ingineer, ye may now go away from here while I make out an accidint repoort."

At this moment the door crashes in, and the conducthor, yelling, "Ye will head the repoort," springs forward, but he halts dead in his thracks.

"Come out with yer lantern," says Tam. The thing leaning on a large club and peering through wet, draggled hair with a tiger eye is not the ingineer who has been reduced for cowardly running. "Are ye coming?"

The conducthor seizes all the lanterns he has, wan red and the other white; but the insthant he sets fut to the ground the red lantern is torn from his hand and bobs away up the track.

"Ye may quiet the lion," says Tam, and pursues the red light around a curve; but the conducthor is not disturbed by noisy lions and goes back to his repoort, afther raising the door and setting the stove against it.

Now the faster Tam follows that light the faster it flies, but he notices that whin he pauses the lantern hangs perfectly still. "'Twas my grandfather who was ghost-trapper by profession," reflects Tam, "though no man cud iver see thim afther he caught thim. But I remimber it was cunning he used instead av bait." With this he gives a bitther caterwaul and thin a faint crow, to ixcite intherest and curiosity, and curls up on the track.

Prisintly, out av the corner av his eye, he sees the light hop closer till a hairy shape and wicked face loom redly in the mist av the moon.

"By the saints, 'tis O'Rang himsilf," thinks Tam, and springs up crying that Barney wud not miss him for wur-rlds.

But the ape with the lantern gives wan clean jump from the thrack to a telygraph pole, where he perches jabbering. "I will not play tag," shouts Tam out av temper, "but if ye do not let me give attention to the lion at wance 'tis a barrel av hair restorer ye will need for decency befoore the menagerie."

O'Rang answers by hurling the lantern, which Tam catches, and while standing in the center av the track he hears the rails crackle, the low wailing av a whistle and the ingine av 24 swoops slowly out av the moon-mist. A moment later the conducthor and ingineer run up to him, shouting questions.

Tam answers, surprised to see thim: "Why, the circus thrain is broken down on the siding and the main line is blocked too."

"We hold orders to take that siding afther ye pulled out," says the conducthor; "now how can the passinger get by?"

"It can't get by anyhow till the line is cleared," answers Tam shortly, being a busy man.

"There is no thrain behint us," says the conducthor to the ingineer. "Back up to the first telygraph office and I will meself call up for orders." He turns away.

"Wan moment," calls the ingineer. "O'Scatter," he says in a voice av wonder, "ye are the greatest flagman in the wur-rld. First I saw yer red lantern on the track, it was hopping like popcorn; thin ye leaped twinty fate into the air! A curve wud make no difference, for ye cud flag over a hilltop." But the conducthor is dragging him away.

"Ye are a sucker," he tells the ingineer, "to be surprised at O'Scatter. 'Tis the humor av him broke out at last and there is a great joke behint it."



"I Will Point Him Out to Ye in the Parade"

Tam turns in the other direction, for he has seen the ape slide down the pole and prisintly the latter comes close, jabbering and pointing to the moon.

"I understhand," says Tam, "'tis the moon is to blame," and arm in arm they hurry back to the wreck.

The club scares the fireman from the roof av the cab, and wance more Tam turns out the conducthor, with the loss av a stove.

By reason av not being deaf they can locate the lion car in a moment. It lies flat on its side betwane the two tracks and, sliding back the door, O'Scatter stands on guard a moment with the club. But as nothing comes out along av the racket he drops inside, carrying the club and lantern. Three big cages have been upset in this car and a number av small wans lie scattered about, though none seems to be broken open.

"Shut up," shouts Tam. "I will stand no more nonsinse from any av ye," and the human voice hushes that bedlam like the crack o' doom, while the men outside are seized with surprise and fright to hear him so rough-spoken.

For a moment the car is still, thin a roar av disgust reveals their opinion av O'Scatter, the same being mixed with fierce bumps and sounds av a scuffle. The conducthor answers the roar with wan av his own, as Tam springs out and, sliding the door, laves only a crack open behint him.

"What do ye mane by roaring back," he asks in a threatening way, "just whin I was quieting the others?"

"He bit me on the leg," wails the conducthor, and turning his head Tam sees O'Rang, who jabbers and points to the moon.

"It will not wur-rk ivery time," says Tam, and sinds O'Rang into the ditch with a clout on the ear. "Why didn't ye bite back, ye coward?" he hisses at the conducthor. "Have ye no pride av family?"

The fireman shivers fit to shake the car. "Are they loose in there?" he quavers, observing that Tam has lost the sleeve av his shirt. There is just room for an ould lion to jam his head through the crack av the door and make answer to the fireman, who sits parylized at the spectacle.

"Wan," replies Tam. "Back, ye British dragon!" he says, knocking the lion on the head and closing the door fast.

"'Tis a happy family down there," remarks Tam in disgust, "yet I wud have hushed the passinger's roar against the service if the dom conducthor hadn't begun.

"Ye go and flag that passinger thrain, will ye not," he inquires av the conducthor, bringing the club down against the door, "befoore it smashes into the corner av the ilyphant car sticking over the main track?"

"I will take a pleasure in it," replies the man, and thin his knees quake and his face turns the color av ashes. "What av 24? We were to mate her here," he cries in a panic.

"I flagged her," answers Tam. "I have iverything to think av. But do ye luk afther the passinger, which is due in twinty minutes if the mail is on time."

The others stare with respect as at wan in high authority; and they are superstitious, too, over this nightmare av a wreck.

"If ye have any duty for me?" asks the fireman.

"Sit on the crack av the car door," says Tam.

"I mane away from here; for I am swift av fut, having been a constable and niver caught by any criminal," he urges, for he is eager to help a brave man in difficulty.

The conducthor with his red lantern is already like a glow-wur-rm crossing the horizon, whilst Tam, with a frowning luk, sits in judgmint on the wreck. A great contimpt av the Air Line and its officers seizes him.

"A curse on thim all," he says. "They will put me in bad with Barney. I must be both thrainmaster and ringmaster, and while saving my face I will save the company's too. But I cannot help that," he says; "'tis nature and training to act like a railroad man aven on this system."

For the moment the whole matther is a puzzle to him, and thin his eye lighting on the car door he smiles fondly, thinking av the wallop he gave the lion. Suddenly he rises in ixcitemint. "'Tis an inspiration," he says. "Barney shall see thim all." He faces the fireman. "Turn out the section boss at Division Station and tell him to bring his gang here on the run. I have no time for the wrecking crew thirty miles away. The circus must arrive on time, ye understhand; for it is perishable freight that Doolin himsilf gave me advice on."

"But the loose lion?" asks the fireman as he departs.

"I will fall in with the humor av him," ixplains Tam, and the other does not aven luk back.

Returning to the ingine, where O'Rang follows him, Tam throws in some coal to kape her alive and thin sits down to smoke, with his frind sucking a stick beside him. There is a peace to the hour and place that shud move any man, but as Tam O'Scatter watches the big, swinging shade av the ilyphant across the field and rimimbers the ould lion, he crouches as though his muscles are stringing and a deep glitter haunts the corners av his eyes.

The first sound he hears is the rowl av the section-men's handcar, and whin the gang arrives, without the fireman, Tam has thim attempt to slide the obstructing car into the ditch and so clear the main track. But it is too big a job for thim, aven with the jack and levers, and Tam walks quietly back to the ingine. The ould lion has quieted down, but the section gang stand in awe av the ape, which chins thim from behint Tam's shoulder and waves his arms whiniver Tam does.

"Men, let us beware av this O'Scatter," warns the boss, "for the fireman said he is a man av humor and this is the first joke av his life. It may get away from him."

Tam takes a hook from the tool-box av the ingine and crosses the field. "Bad cess to my ould schoolmaster," he mutthers. "He taught me not A, B, C about ilyphants, says. The ilyphant came fast; Tam had to trot and thin to run, with O'Rang making impatient leaps beside him.

And it is in this order they arrive at the wreck, where the passinger thrain has just pulled up afther being flagged by the conducthor av the circus thrain. The latter had thin hurried into Division Station to have his leg docthored.

There are only four or five passengers aboord, all av whom have left the coaches to luk at the wreck, as Tam and his parade cross the ditch and come down the main track. At the obstructing car the ilyphant halts av his own accord with a great shiver, for he remimbers the two round thrips in that car while traveling like a squirrel in a cage. Tam calls up the passenger conducthor. "Do not wake the show people on your thrain," he commands fiercely. "They think they are on the special and will niver suspect a wreck at all."

Selim, uneasy, with wan eye on the headlight av the passinger ingine, is aisily turned half round by Tam; wance he trumpets angrily at faling the derailed car against his back, and as he throws up his trunk with Tam in the shadow av it a single sharp cry comes from the group av passingers.

Selim's trunk is still raised; he is on the edge av a panic, with Tam sure to be trampled directly befoore him. Aven O'Rang shakes with fright.

"It is a chance," thinks Tam in a flash. "I can niver conthrol him again."

In the dim moon and lantern light the passingers marvel to see him whisper in O'Rang's ear, and with a howl that puts the ould lion and bitten conducthor to shame the ape springs high in air, straight for Selim's eyes. The ilyphant's nerve breaks, and, backing into the car behint him, he topples it into the ditch beside the other. The main track is cleared.

Selim waits wan moment, ixpecting the ingine to jump on him, and thin heads again for the haystack, the only place where he has found peace av mind this night.

As for O'Rang, he mutthers with pain and indignation, while trying to ixamine the spot on his hindquarters where Tam has jerked out a handful av hair.

"Blame it on the moon," Tam tells him sternly. "Now for the big show," he says. He carries himsilf like a man who has wrestled giants to the ground, and the men troop afther as he climbs on the car av lions with his club.

"Faith, he is a safe joker afther all," says the section boss to his men; "niver have I enjoyed an ilyphant so much."

But befoore Tam can carry out his plan to get the circus through to Barney, an interruption comes in the shape av Dour, who has been notified av the wreck by the fireman. He has missed the passinger thrain, but following quickly on his velocipede car now breaks into the group about Tam.

"Come out av that," he commands O'Scatter; "ye are fired bodily, with yer ingine on the line. I shud have known that ye must aither run hours late or wreck the thrain."

"Will ye hear me out wan moment?" asks Tam, though the unfairness av Dour's accusation rankles deep in his breast.

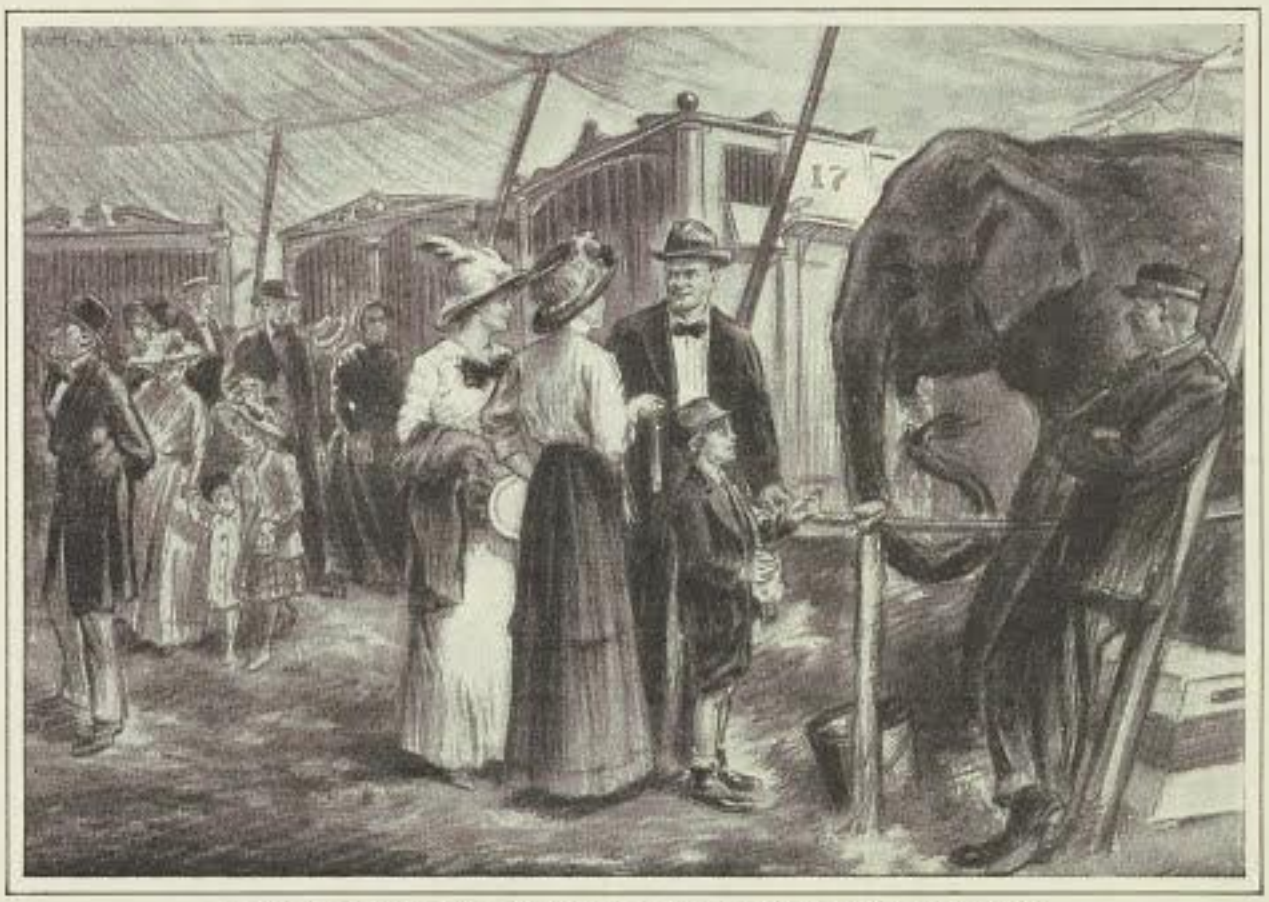
"I will not; ye are fired, I tell ye," answers the other, overjoyed to catch Tam in such trouble.

"I have promised to get through on time," cries Tam, fearing the woe av Barney in his disappointment, and remembering with a pang that Kitty Flanders will niver know the truth av it all.

Dour climbs on the car, laughing: "As ye promised Doolin to ride the trestles," he says, "I warn ye the last time, O'Scatter, to leave yer wreck and ingine as they are."

"Doolin," thinks Tam, the name ringing in his ears. He glances over the wreck, and a spirit which aven Barney and Kitty Flanders cannot rouse rushes into him—the spirit av a great railroad, where he was bred to stand by her interests as a soldier by his counthry. Quit his place in a time av throuble! Abandon his gun in war-time! At last Dour has raised the character av the man against him.

(Continued on Page 69)



"'Twas Only a Question av Whether Him or Meself Was Scared the Wurrst"

FLEECING NEW COMPANIES

The Confessions of a Fake Stock Salesman

SELLING corporation stocks is hard work—hard work. I want to impress that upon you to begin with, not as an excuse for myself or in extenuation of my methods, but because the nervous strain of it, when the work is honestly performed, explains why some of us in the profession look for easier money and a good many of us find it—I among them.

The stock salesman, genuine or my kind, is a product of the last quarter of a century and the development of modern industry, most of which is carried on through the corporations and with other people's money. The corporations' paper is what I claim to sell, and this paper or stock, the country over, represents the faith, hope and avarice of the public at large and its confidence in human nature—meaning the goodness of the managers.

It is said that a sucker is born every minute—which is fortunate, for in the modern game of financing a good many companies suckers furnish the real money, and it is the salesman's business to locate them. Of course this article has nothing to do with responsible stock and bond salesmen.

I seemed to have a natural-born instinct for spotting suckers—"prospects" is the more pleasing term used in the offices. Nevertheless I soon found that it took every bit of my nerve, to say nothing of the time I spent in fruitless interviews, or in waiting for interviews at which I sold barely stock enough to keep me in daily bread until a good commission was paid. I have many a time been so exhausted after two interviews in a day that I could not force myself to go out next day; and when you have wasted a week's time on a rich old party, who leads you on, lets you entertain him at the company's expense and then won't take even a one-dollar share for fear you'll mention it to some other sucker, who might be thereby induced to put in ten thousand dollars and then blame *him* if the company fails, why, you spend Sunday wondering if life is worth living. Honestly, I doubt if there is a man in the profession who would not prefer to do anything rather than sell stock, and who wouldn't get out of the business today if he could.

A Flying Start as a Salesman

I GOT into it myself through accident. My start was on the square and netted me twenty-one hundred dollars in commissions in two weeks. When a well-raised youth, barely out of high school, can honestly turn that amount to easy money in that time, it nails him to a profession he can neither give up nor succeed in at that rate—except through a miracle—so he often hangs on and develops into a confidence man. That is my case precisely.

I was living at home when my start happened. My father is one of the best-known clergymen in town, so I had all the backing of his name.



A Rich Old Party, Who Leads You On

There was a carriage factory, the largest single business in town, owned by two men. One partner died, and the other, a young man of modern ideas, decided to incorporate the company, get more capital and increase the business until he could make it of national consequence.

Our families were intimate—he was then paying attention to my sister whom he later married—and I heard a great deal of the project and the details of incorporation, boards of directors, stocks, bonds, and the like.

One evening, just after the charter had been granted, one of Father's parishioners called on us, and Father being from home at the moment I was deputed to entertain the old gentleman. What more natural than that I should mention the new carriage company and expatiate with a boy's enthusiasm on what it would do for the town and the huge dividends it was bound to pay to investors? I talked so well that without my suggesting it or even thinking of it, our old friend then and there decided to invest ten thousand dollars in the company, which he did a few days later, giving me the credit of the sale of the stock.

Judge of my delighted astonishment on receiving a check from the company for a thousand dollars, with the request that I continue my work on the same basis as one of their regular stock salesmen. In two weeks I sold eleven thousand more—all to friends of my father.



Proficient in the Art of Living on Easy Street at the Company's Expense

I see now, of course, what I was too conceited and too ignorant then to admit—that my success was due to a combination of happy circumstances and luck rather than to my own ability. It gave me the swelled head. I believed I had a profession ready-made, in which I could easily make twenty or twenty-five thousand a year. Ohio became instantly too small for me and my financial talents, and nothing would do for me but New York.

I shall not weary the reader with the account of my dwindling resources and my struggles as I slowly awoke to the fact that a stranger in a strange land has a proposition to manipulate that is very different from the one that confronted me in my home town. Nor is this the story of how I sank, bit by bit, in my attitudes as my needs grew more and more pressing, until at last I was willing to do anything that would bring me in an apparently honest dollar. This is the story of the methods I learned and practiced for living on Easy Street at the expense of the companies.

During my first two years I had remained in New York, working small tradespeople mostly, and had paid my own running expenses, receiving commissions on sales.

Now it is not customary for a stock salesman to receive expense money or a drawing account from his company while he is working in his home town; but when he goes on the road he is allowed from twenty-five to fifty dollars a week, and for as many weeks as the company sees fit to keep him going. This is considered as advance commissions and is deducted from his returns; but if there are no returns it is the company, not the salesman, that stands the loss. Drawing accounts represent the company's faith, hope and avarice, and the amount you can get out of the company is a pretty close measure of the confidence you inspire.

When I got my first out-of-town assignment with a fifty-dollar drawing account my assets consisted of three good suits, a dozen fancy ties, shoes, hat and overcoat in perfect trim, a handsome walrus suitcase, an honest face, an engaging smile, a glib tongue and—one dollar. I simply had to have a drawing account or starve.

The company I engaged with was selling stock in a paper about to start. I was assigned to work Easton, Pennsylvania, and the vicinity.

A worse region could hardly have been found on earth. I was out five weeks—which cost the company two hundred and fifty dollars—and never sold a single share.

It was my first really good chance in New York and my greatest failure. I saw over sixty prospects, most of them of Pennsylvania Dutch extraction, and every last man of them turned me down.

To take "No" from sixty people on end isn't calculated to help any man forward or build up his grit. It broke my nerve—that is the flat truth of the matter. I felt that a dreadful hoodoo had got me, and from that day to this I have never, in my heart of hearts, expected to sell a share of stock to anybody.

It was on this trip that I became acquainted with Nat Caldwell, a stock salesman proficient in the art of living on Easy Street at the company's expense.

I remember just how we were sitting in the hotel lobby after breakfast. Outside it poured. I hate rain—hated it worse on that day than ever before—but I screwed up my courage to remark: "Well, I must get to work and see my prospects."

Caldwell looked at me in a pitying way. "Haven't you got over that?" he asked.

"Got over what—going out in bad weather to see prospects?"

"Going out in any weather to see prospects."

I asked him what he meant and he aired his views. He has told me since that he felt he was doing me a kindness in showing me how to live on Easy Street.

"The biggest suckers in the world," he declared, "are the companies themselves, so why not catch them on your hook? As long as they've got the wad and want to spend it on us, why not let them do it?"

The Philanthropy of Not Working

"THIS is the way I look at it: If I were to sell these Rubes out here twenty thousand of company stock—which I couldn't, as you've probably found out—but if I could, where would the money go? Two thousand to me: the rest would be milked out by the officers. These Rubes wouldn't get a cent of it—not for a million years with the company I'm working now. Dividends! Gee whiz! I think not! I tell you, my conscience won't let me take money from these people, but somebody else will get it away from them if I don't come out on this beat, so I come—to protect 'em. I'm their benefactor, only they don't know it. Anyhow, I've got to live, so have you."

This last statement always seemed to settle and straighten everything for him—it was the final word on life's problems.

I mention the incident partly because it was the beginning of a long friendship; partly because he expressed the general attitude of my tribe toward the companies, many of which are only doing on a large scale under a charter what we are doing on a small scale—viz., living off the suckers. At the time, I remember, I was more shocked than convinced by Caldwell's theories, and I went out in the storm and finished my failure.

I returned to New York that night with about thirty dollars left from my expense allowance, a frightful cold, and several new thoughts buzzing in my head.

The company bounced me next day—after calling me every name known.

By the time I had recovered from my cold and my feelings I had decided to live on Easy Street.

Nearly all Easy-Streeters have, like myself, some former conspicuous success to their credit which forms the basis of



Affectionately Known as Pop

their appeal to a new company, and mine with the carriage company was so good as to make every sales-manager regard me as a very safe risk. Armed with my reference from home I have no difficulty in getting out-of-town assignments with a drawing account of fifty a week.

I generally pose as a new arrival in New York, which puts the sales-manager off the track in looking me up here. Then I hand out a line of talk about my relatives who are always deeply interested in the class of stock the company is selling. They are living in the city I happen to wish to visit. I am confident I can place five thousand with my uncle—I am his dear namesake—and a second five with my cousins and aunts—all very wealthy. It will take me only two weeks to sound them, and if I can't do anything I'll not go on. However, I don't really care to undertake it unless I can be allowed ten thousand dollars' worth and thirty days in which to sell it.

Conservative claims for one's powers inspire far more confidence, I find, than flamboyant talk about selling a hundred thousand in a couple of months, and all that. As I actually did sell twenty-one thousand in two weeks—a fact most managers ascertain independently from my brother-in-law—they set me down as modest and sincere when I assume to place only half as much in twice the time.

Teamwork With Nat Caldwell

PUTTING it this way is my lead to make the manager say, "Don't you expect to do as well for us as for the carriage people?" which in turn is my lead to throw some ideas into him that will serve me later. I tell him how tight money is at present; that several companies—here I mention three fictitious ones in New Jersey—are having such a time to sell their stock that they are paying fifteen and even twenty per cent commission; that this year I—even *I*—could not sell more than ten thousand for the carriage people. Then I artfully suggest reasons why the particular stock under discussion is going to be very difficult to unload on the general public; that no honest salesman could afford to handle it except on a drawing account and with time enough to work every prospect. All this makes the manager the more anxious to engage me and the more willing to give me every chance to get results.

For two years I traveled pretty extensively over the Eastern and Southern states, seeing the country, having a good time and making friends with people, principally hotel clerks, who were willing to do me a good turn. In this way I laid out my beat and got a large collection of hotel stationery on which I later wrote my reports in my own New York bedroom. Of course the reports were mailed by my friends in the cities they purported to come from, so the postmarks were all right. And during all this time I never sold a share of stock. I never meant to. I lived on Easy Street.

Sometimes the company looked up my references before engaging me and required a contract—one manager actually engaged me on written contract for three months, knowing nothing about me but what I told him. Most of them, however, simply handed me fifty dollars on my talk and started me out that same night.

What, you may ask, is there to prevent my skipping out and never showing up again?

Nothing at all but my own pride in my art and policy, for you never can tell when a thing like that will trip you up later, and I set out to work this game for a steady thing. Many do skip out, however. But the stock salesman who makes off with a week's drawing account belongs to the lowest class—he would pick a pocket or snatch a scarf-pin. He is a hobo, a free-lunch man, anything but a professional, and his reputation soon gets about.

With a little thought and effort it is so easy to have everything smooth and apparently aboveboard. All that is necessary is to convince the company that I am actually in the locality to which I have been sent, and this I do, as above noted, by letters that I have mailed for me.

Once in a while a sales-manager is foxy enough to call up the hotel on the long-distance 'phone and ask if I am registered there. I usually suspect what he is going to do and wire for a room. The clerk reports that I am expected and notifies me by wire of the call. I take the next train—if the company is worth it.

I then call up the manager myself and report on the work I am doing, and that is all he knows about it. So far as my working goes he has practically no way of finding out whether I do it or not, unless he were to put a detective on me. This is something I have never known to be done, as no company sends out a man they think they have to watch. The company goes on the assumption that I am after the commission and, therefore, will work as hard as I can. Which is just where they miss it. Nearly all companies drop a man who does not get results in two or three weeks, so that to keep on for any length of time without selling a share requires all the art at one's command.

I soon found that the lone hand is a slow hand, and when I chanced to meet Nat Caldwell in my second year of confidence work we renewed our acquaintance and branched out together. In the main we run two games. The first is so simple that I wonder any company can be taken in by it.

Nat gets a week's assignment at twenty-five dollars to work certain parties in Philadelphia. He likes to go there and see his married sister, and it only costs him his fare and what he blows on her kids. At the end of the week he reports nothing doing and throws up his job, trying to make the company feel that its stock is going to be very hard to place.

When you throw this scare into companies just starting they clutch at anything that seems like money; so on top of it—about three days later—the company that employed Nat gets a letter from me mailed in Philadelphia asking for booklets and prospectuses. I then write letters—also mailed in Philadelphia—to various parties interested in the company, asking confidential information concerning the officers. The replies are generally very flattering.

With these in hand I drop in on the company, give them a big spiel about being in Philadelphia when one of their salesmen was there—a Mr. Caldwell, I think—and how, after he had gone, the President's nephew came in and we all talked about the new company and the nephew said he believed he'd take a flyer of a thousand dollars; and how I was so certain I could sell him and several others of the family who would come in if he did that I had looked the company up privately—here I produce the letters—and had been so impressed that I paid my own fare to come over and see if the company would allow me to handle their stock, or at least close the parties mentioned. All I ask is twenty-five dollars to cover the expenses of my trip, with a few dollars to spare.

I get the twenty-five dollars invariably. You have no idea how effective it is to write in advance for information, or what confidence it inspires when coupled with so modest a demand as twenty-five dollars. I wait two weeks and then get some one to mail a letter for me from Philadelphia, saying that I expect to close my sale next week, and possibly another for two thousand, but as I have already spent more than my commission I should be glad if the company would please forward me a check for twenty-five dollars. I get that also.

Two weeks after that I report in person that there is absolutely nothing doing—I am out my time, my work and my money. My disappointment is almost tragic—I can't understand my failure. Before the manager can get in a word on the company's side I whip out my little notebook and show him my expense account. According to my figures I have spent ten or fifteen dollars more than I got. I never fake up more than that for fear of arousing suspicion. I may say this for my art and the kindness of the managers: four have given me the balance as per account and two have asked me to continue working at twenty-five dollars a week in spite of my failure.

This trick costs us Nat's fare to Philadelphia—sometimes—six or eight carfares and a dozen postage stamps; and it nets us never less than seventy-five dollars.

The Pigs and the Prodigal

BUT our second game, which we call "The Prodigal Son and His Herd of Swine," is our favorite, and always nets us large returns. My part is to do the prodigal son of a rich Western father. Nat is the salesman. When we have sized up a company as suitable for this game Nat goes to the office with the talk, tells them about how I and my friends are fairly throwing money on the streets; how I am really a good fellow and mean to settle down; how the old man dotes on me and would spend any money to buy me an interest in any business that I would take kindly to; how I am anxious to show the old man I can do something if I can only find the right place. At this point the manager generally says something to the effect that "the company can fix that if there is enough inducement," which is Nat's lead to put it strong that by handling things right the company can get the old man to whack up any amount.

I come on the scene for my part about two days later, and I tell you some of the companies go the limit. We've been wined and dined and automobiled by everybody, from the manager to the president. One president took me home for a week-end.

During all the entertaining and talk and showing round I grow more and more enthusiastic, more and more certain, until my entertainers actually see five figures and my father's name on the dotted line.

At the psychological moment Nat rushes to the office and breathlessly announces that I left last night for Butte, Montana—or wherever we located my father—to get the old man to buy me an interest in the business.

The suggestion generally comes red-hot from the manager that Nat shall follow me up on the next train, take no chances on letting me get away or the deal fall through, and incidentally, after closing the old man, sell fifty thousand more to my friends "who will fairly gobble it."

We have done this stunt twenty-seven times in different cities, and only one company failed to take the bait from the beginning and one slipped up. Twenty-five have advanced him the full expenses of whatever trip we had decided on. One even sent him to Portland, Oregon, and allowed him an additional three hundred dollars to blow in on entertaining—all clear velvet, as we neither of us left New York for a day.

The one time we missed fire it was our own fault. We had located my anxious, doting parent in every large Western city we could think of, and having struck what we thought was a dead easy company we decided to endow him with a sugar plantation in the Sandwich Islands.

(Continued on Page 46)



So Convincing in His Acting That A. Getz Considerable Sums of Money

FOR SERVICES RENDERED



"Bion Jora'lemon Bennington"

By Svetozar Tonjoroff

ILLUSTRATED BY CHASE EMERSON

BION Joralemon Bennington, ex-'84, laid the Evening Sentinel down on his desk with a frown. The article that had aroused his disapproval set forth in breezy detail the plans for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his class—or rather his former class—in Camden, the neighboring university town, on the morrow. The publication of the forecast of the great event brought no news to Bennington. For almost a year he had been bombarded by Hartley Hammond, the class secretary, with urgent typewritten warnings and glowing printed announcements of the overshadowing feature of the forthcoming Commencement season at Hartford University. Each of these masterly compositions in its turn he had torn into bits after a hasty reading, and had consigned the bits to the wastebasket at his side. And now, as he glanced out of the window from his desk—the senior partner's desk in the simply but distinctively furnished offices of Bennington, Barker & Stranahan, experts on city building and tenement-house improvement—the shimmer over the rooftops opposite brought vividly to his mind an event which had taken place in a similar shimmer of an early autumn day twenty-nine years ago, less a few weeks. That event stood out in minute exactness against the retina of his brain, despite the passage of half a lifetime.

He saw a large amphitheater crowded with concentric lines of Freshmen, gathered for the first time in the compulsory course set down in the catalog as "English I." In the first line of seats was himself, Bion Joralemon Bennington, in new and ill-fitting clothes bought for a trifle at the country store at Six Corners, and squirming in his seat with a vague sense of unease. Back of him, to the right and the left of him, was a shuffling, humming, well-dressed crowd of youngsters, mustered from the four quarters of America and from a dozen foreign countries besides—the army of recruits who had come to the oldest university on the continent to learn the art of conquering the world. He was aware that curious eyes looked askance at him; that men nudged one another in contemptuous comment. In the midst of the confusion an undersized professor, stoop-shouldered and dried up, moved through the middle aisle, mounted the platform in the pit of the amphitheater, sat down at the desk and peered about him nervously with shortsighted, double-spectacled eyes, amid the clatter of applause—the first organized expression of sentiment the class had ever given—bowed an acknowledgment of the greeting and announced in a high-pitched voice:

"The proctor will now call the roll!"

A tall, gaunt youth, with a shock of reddish hair rebelliously upstanding, bobbed up at the extreme left of the first row of seats, and began in an elocutionary manner, dropping his voice and pausing at the end of each name:

"Sol-omon Past-or Aur-ons. . . . Ed-mund Carle-ton Ab-bey. . . . Eben-ezer Greg-ory Ab-bott. . . ."

Even the names in their order clung to Bennington's memory at this moment as he sat watching the shimmer over the rooftops. He recalled the sharp, barky response—"Here!"—as each name was called, and how the professor leaned forward, straining his weak vision in an effort to fix each face for future recognition.

The A's over, the reading of the B's proceeded serenely until the proctor came to the stumbling-place that was destined to be remembered on the eve of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the class.

"Bion Jor——"

The youth with the upstanding hair coughed, held the list nearer his eyes and made another attempt.

"Bion Jora——"

At last, with a flustered air, he took a running leap at the obstruction and gasped out, completing his phrase:

"——lemon Bennington."

The amphitheater broke into a smothered titter; the titter rose to a roar, and a leather-lunged wag shouted somewhere out of the mass:

"'Rah for old Lemon Bennington!"

An answering round of applause from the class, now lost to the last sense of its own dignity, greeted the merry quip, and a chant arose: "We want Lemon Bennington! We want Lemon Bennington!"

The ears of the head of the firm of Bennington, Barker & Stranahan burned as he recalled that uproar of ridicule, quickly checked by the startled professor with sharp rappings on the desk. In some sensitive recess of his being, uninvaded yet by the balm of success which had come to him in after life, there still survived the suggestive image of the dog to whose tail cruel hands had tied a tin can. From that incident dated the thickening cloud of misunderstanding under which he had left Hartford University at the end of his Sophomore year, after an incident that caused his classmates to pass him by with averted faces.

Bennington's gaze wandered slowly from the rooftops to the picture of a sweet-faced woman on his desk. Her one great regret in life seemed to haunt him with an odd insistence at this moment of unhappy recollections:

"Bion, I do so wish you could have got your degree. Can't you try now? I'm sure the class of '84 would do everything in its power to help you get it."

"The class of '84 be—hanged!" he murmured fervently as he bent over the papers on his desk, the initial project for the beautification of a great and ugly city west of the Mississippi, and plunged into the work which had made him a national figure in a quarter of a century. He would do his part in the labor of the world, degree or no degree; for, after all, what did a degree signify? As to the class of '84——

The office boy entered with a card. Bennington glanced at the inscription, which read: "Mr. Hartley Hammond."

"Show Mr. Hammond in," he responded, a frown wrinkling his forehead.

"Hello, Bennington!"

The hearty voice, of a foghorn resonance, that spoke the salutation belonged to a prosperous, well-nourished person with cool gray eyes and light hair which looked as if it had been bleached by exposure to the sun.

"How do you do, Hammond?" he returned without enthusiasm—for he felt in his bones that the unexpected call had something to do with that abominable celebration.

"I say, Bion," began the secretary, his air of infectious cordiality only slightly subdued by the qualified reserve of his reception—for Hammond was the sworn friend of every member of the class of '84—"I say, Bion, I've come to see you about an important matter."

"Indeed? Take a seat." Bennington sat back in his chair and gazed expectantly at his caller.

"It's this way: The fellows want you to march with them in the Commencement procession tomorrow."

"Very kind of them."

Hammond glanced at a peculiarly frigid face, with clean-shaven lips rather closely pressed together, before he went on:

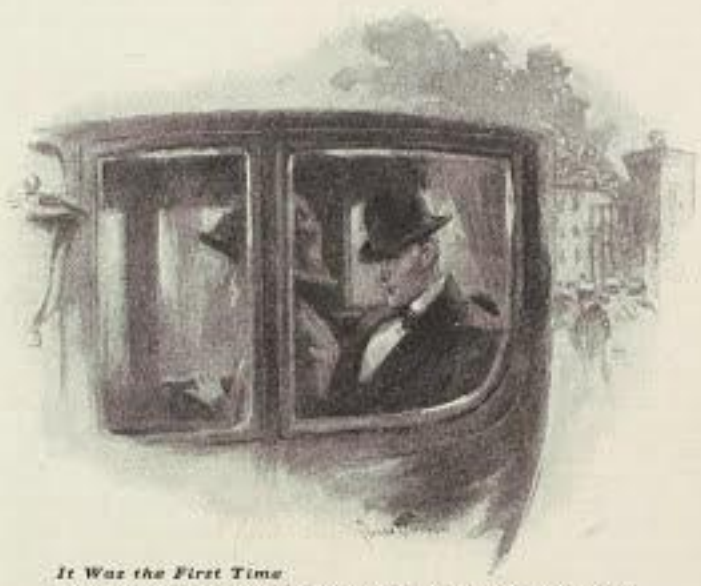
"I've been trying for years to get you to come to the reunions."

Bennington's manner softened perceptibly.

"You've been very decent about it, Hartley; but the fact is, I—I don't consider myself a member of the class. I'm an outcast, you know—a sort of dog in the outer darkness."

"Rot!"

"You may recall that I've written you several times begging you to strike my name from the roll."



It Was the First Time He Had Ventured Into That Land of Unhappy Memories

"Couldn't be done," rejoined Hammond decisively. "You started out with the class and you've got to stay with us."

"But there are reasons why I can't."

"Rot!"

Bennington admitted to himself that the class secretary's manner of confident insistence was beginning to annoy him. Yet he pleaded guilty to a brief pang of envy as he contemplated Hammond's free-and-easy air—the good-natured, hearty air of a man who spends a large part of his waking-time on the golf links, the deck of a yacht or the back of a horse. Obviously, he reflected, Hammond had not been doing much worrying about the problem of the tenements or the task of converting the waste places of hideous cities into beauty spots.

"Look here, Bennington," resumed Hammond, "a good many things are apt to happen in a quarter of a century. A good many things have happened since we left college. There's been a big shakeup in the running since then. Fellows we all put our bets on as sure-thing propositions are loping in at the tail-end of the ruck. On the other hand, men who looked like cart-horses at the start have forged ahead of the procession by lengths and are galloping fresh on the homestretch. It's human to put your money on the wrong pony; but it doesn't take a devil of a lot of divine afflatus to know when the bookies have got you."

"I don't see what that has to do with my case."

"It has everything to do with your case. I could tell you things that would surprise you."

"You could?"

There was a note of sarcasm in Bennington's voice.

"Yes, I could—but I won't. Now I'm going to hand you out some straight talk, old man."

Bennington shook his head deprecatingly. His flinty face seemed to be giving notice of the ultimate futility of words. Hammond caught the meaning with a glance.

"Rot!" he exclaimed with energy. "What's the use of letting a molehill of misunderstanding grow into a mountain of ill feeling? I know the exact kind of lumber that's littering the subcellar of your mind. You haven't forgotten that affair at the end of our Sophomore year. On the level, now, isn't that so? A measly, contemptible little rumpus to worry a full-grown man for a quarter of a century! I say, Bennington, you're too big a chap——" And Hammond threw up his hands in a gesture of desperation, as if language had failed him.

"You call it a little trouble, Hartley—a little trouble—when the class has passed a vote of censure on a fellow?"

Bennington pushed his swivel-chair back, got up and began to pace the Turkey rug with vindictive heels. The light of resentment flared in his eyes.

"That vote of censure has been stricken from the records of the class years ago," rejoined Hammond warmly. "I wrote you at the time. You paid no attention to my letter. That business is a dead issue—as dead as the best seller of yesteryear—what?"

"It's easy to kick a man and call it a dead issue," retorted Bennington, stopping suddenly in his pacing and looking the class secretary straight in the eyes in an attitude of self-defense. "Do you know what that vote of censure has meant to me all these years?"

"No; I can't even come near guessing. I'm no hand at psychology. I was flunked in the course because I sassed old Mahlstück, the strutting little Dutchman who used to give it. . . . But I do remember the handout the class gave you when we first met in English I. Your name was against you. No man who had the word Joralemon tacked on to his means of identification at the baptismal font has any right to get mad at the consequences. And then, your store clothes and your sheepish air—and the fact that you were working your way and didn't have much time to get acquainted—all that was a handicap. I'll admit that much."

"You'll have to admit, also, that it's no small matter to charge a man with moral turpitude; with disloyalty to his college; to enter the accusation in the class records and to cut him dead—as if he were a criminal," retorted Bennington.

"Well, Bennington, you won't deny that you gave the fellows some provocation. No Sophomore can ever hope to be a successful reformer while he is a Sophomore; and you started reforming the world in your Sophomore year. It was a pretty stiff blowing-up you gave your poor old Alma Mater after that losing game. The headlines were stingers. I remember them word for word: 'Hartford Defeat Ascribed to Clique Rule.' 'Student Says Gale Won Because Snobbery Prevented Camden Institution from Putting Its Best Team Forward'—and your name stuck

out at the bottom of the letter like an ulcerated finger. I tell you it looked pretty bad!"

"But wasn't it true? And, besides, I had no personal animus in the matter. The class might have taken cognizance of the fact that I was not a candidate for the team."

"Right you are again; but it didn't. It only took cognizance of the fact that you had committed a felonious assault upon tradition; and in the Sophomore year tradition is the whole thing. To make matters worse, you put in a tacit plea of guilty when you left college instead of staying and fighting it out. Have you ever stopped to consider that little technical point?"

"Yes, and I've ruled it not well taken," replied Bennington slowly in a lowered voice. "My reasons for leaving college had nothing whatever to do with the letter I wrote to the Standard."

"Nobody questions that now. And that's why we all want you to be with us tomorrow. We are a quarter of a century out of college, remember. The roster is shorter by a good many names than it was at the beginning. We want to move nearer together all along the line—to close up the gaps in the ranks. Will you come?"

Hammond's hand went out with a cordial reach as he rose to go. The atmosphere of youthful ardor that surrounded him appealed strongly to the man who had done grave damage to windmills in his Sophomore year. Bennington's fingers closed in a firm grip about the outstretched palm.

"Thank you," he rejoined with a suspicion of huskiness in his voice.

"You will come, then?"

The air-tanned face of the secretary was expanded in an expectant smile. Bennington shook his head decisively. The smile vanished.

"No; I—can't!"

"I'm sorry, old fellow. We especially want to have you with us tomorrow. It's more than a quarter-century, you know ——"

And Hammond walked out of the room with a visibly crestfallen air.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

At breakfast the next morning Helen made an abrupt announcement to her husband over the coffee-cups:

"Bion, I want you to do something for me today."

He looked at her questioningly. He noted with the observant eye of devotion that her cheeks were slightly flushed; that her eyes were moist, as if she had cried or was about to cry; that an air of suppressed emotion hovered about her; but that, withal, a sunny morning smile rested upon her fresh, smooth face. Helen Bennington was one of the few women on the shady side of forty who could look spontaneously charming at breakfast. Bion paid a mental tribute of appreciation to this pleasant fact before he responded cheerfully:

"Name it, dear—name it!"

"I won't—till you promise!"

And she held up a threatening finger.

"Well ——"

"Promise!" she urged smilingly.

"My dear, this mystery is becoming alarming," he retorted playfully.

She pushed back her chair, rose and came over to his side with the odd, brimming manner of a mother-bird fluttering over her brood. The next moment he felt her soft arms creeping about his neck and her lips were at his ear:

"Do you know, Bion, you've made me perfectly happy for these twenty-seven years?"

"It's good to hear you say so, darling," he responded, patting her hands.

"But I've never been able to forgive myself for one thing."

"And what's that, Helen?"

"For allowing you to leave college before you'd got your degree."

"Oh, is that all?" he rallied her.

"Isn't it enough?"

"You've made up for it by conferring upon me the degree of S. H."

"S. H.—what is that, Bion?"

"Why, 'Satisfactory Husband.' Didn't you just make the fatal admission?"

Helen laughed; Bion's fine ear caught a break in her voice.

"Yes," she went on; "but you've broken one of your promises to me."

"You don't say so, Helen!"

"I do say so. Didn't you tell me—oh, ever so many years ago—that you'd take me to Camden on Commencement Day some year? And you've never done it!"

"But, Helen—but ——"

"Bion, I will not be made a butt of! You've given me a promise and I want you to keep it—today! You're completely in my power—so there now!"

She went on, pressing him in a closer embrace:

"I want to see the yard, and the lecture halls, and your old room in Galworthy—and all the other places where you were so hopeful and so unhappy—poor little homespun boy that you were!"

The ultimate denial was upon his lips, but she brushed it away with a kiss and twittered triumphantly:

"It's settled then. I'll come and get you at the office with the limousine at eleven-thirty, and we'll go. Oh, thank you, Bion Joralemon Bennington, P. S. H.—Perfectly Satisfactory Husband!"

Then, with a capricious manner strange to her, she released her hand from his, removed the gentle pressure of her arms and fluttered briskly out of the room. The next moment Bion thought he heard a sob in the hall.

"Helen!" he called, rising from his chair.

"Yes, dear; what is it?"

She reëntered the room quickly. As he looked into her face apprehensively he detected the telltale gleam of tears in the blue of her eyes.

"What's the matter, darling?"

"N-nothing, Bion; only you've made me s-so happy!"

And her voice trailed off into the vague tremor of a sigh.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Once within the remembered precincts of the university quarter, Bion almost regretted his pliancy. As the motor car picked its way through the crowded avenue he sat back looking straight ahead with a cold glint in his eyes. Perhaps that was why Helen's hand stole to his, closed upon it and held it for a moment in a warm, friendly grip. It was the first time he had ventured into that land of unhappy memories since the day he had issued from those gates, sore and heavy with the burden of defeat.



"That Business is a Dead Issue—as Dead as the Best Seller of Yesteryear—What?"

"Do things look the way they used to, Bion?"

The spell of reserve broken by that commonplace question, Bennington looked about him furtively, with the bewildered air of a stranded mariner who vaguely recalls the landscape amid which the hazards of the storm have cast him. It all seemed so familiar—and yet so changed! There were the old elms, to be sure, and the old names over the little row of shops across the street from the college yard; but the shops were new—all except Tilton's. That remained just as it had been. Even the dingy old entrance was unchanged. He recalled with a queer tightening at the throat the stinging moment when, at that entrance, Donald had met his nod of greeting with a stare—Donald, whose clean, infectious manliness had made him president of the class. Bion admitted to himself that the memory hurt deeply, with the poignancy of a raw wound—even now. Then he became aware that Helen was leaning toward him comfortingly; he heard her voice:

"It was so sweet of you to bring me here!"

"You are perverting the facts, Helen. It was you who brought me here," he retorted, smiling faintly at her feminine wile. The smile soon gave way to a wrinkling of the brows—for they had reached the great Memorial Gate.

The place brought to his mind, with insistent distinctness, another tragedy of his youth, wherein, at this very gate, a dozen of his classmates, on their way to "Chem. 2," had passed him by with averted faces—like Brahmins dreading contaminating contact with an outcast. His hands closed in a nervous grip as he recalled the stern reproof upon those faces. There were Perkins and Darlington and Jevons and Winthrop and Ames—all of whom had played the manly part in after life. Then, too, there was Dinsmore, whose name had been recently smirched beyond repolishing in a banking scandal; Witherington, whose domestic infelicities had been bandied about with a prodigality of detail in the columns of the sensational press; Farwell, who had been court-martialed and convicted after the Spanish War; Shirley ——

The triumphant strains of a band struck suddenly like a sharp blow upon the warm, sunlit day.

"What's that? Oh, look, Bion!"

Helen was nodding excitedly toward the other end of the square where a detachment of red-coated troopers sat their impatient horses.

"Isn't it splendid! Who are they, Bion?"

"The Lancers, dear. The escort to the governor—an old custom. They're forming the Commencement procession."

The motor car had stopped in the crush of automobiles and carriages. The hot sun beat upon the square and flashed from the accoutrements of the soldiery. The procession had begun to move, with slow steps, into the yard. At the head of the distinguished "company of scholars" Bion saw the venerable black-gowned figure of the president emeritus marching beside his successor. The sight of the splendid, erect old man moved him strangely. He recalled with minute vividness a long interview in the cool, quiet office in granite-built University Hall, just before he turned his back upon Hartford. "Prexy's" very words, spoken in that sonorous voice which two generations remember with delight, smote upon his ears even now:

"If you must go away I shall not try to detain you. But remember one thing, young man: The undergraduate estimate of things is not the final estimate. Time levels mountain-peaks and elevates valleys into dizzy heights. Don't lose courage. Fight it out!"

Bion felt a glow spreading vaguely about the region of his heart—the warmth of humankindness, of affection for that rugged figure in the nation's life, that lofty old scholar who somehow seemed to typify at this moment all that he himself had missed in the widespreading battle for achievement. He drew a deep breath as he watched the procession sweeping into the shaded paths of the yard, with the triumphant progress of an army with banners,



"Oh, Thank You, Bion Joralemon Bennington, P. S. H.—Perfectly Satisfactory Husband!"

(Continued on Page 57)

MAKING A MANNEQUIN

By Maud Weatherly Beamish



PARIS had moved en masse to Longchamps and was disporting itself in the sunshine of Grand Prix Day. Back of the paddock and beneath the lindens Jacques and Jeannette were in the thick of their little bourgeois fête; but in the tribune of madame and monsieur there was the vivid Paris—the Paris that laid tribute upon thrones.

All was preparation for the Grand Prix itself. A king and his queen sat in the central flower-decked box and, like Jacques and Jeannette, they had seen three minor races run. They looked about for divertisement before the grand event. It was a cosmopolitan crowd. It poured out of the grandstand—a radiant stream—into the paddock. Back of the buildings facing the racecourse the feminine bulk of the crowd swept its costly raiment on the broad green lawns.

Here was a French dame of the *haute-monde*, a symphony in black and white, with masses of white hair set off by a chic hat; there an English girl, conspicuous in this brilliant crowd by the stiff conventionality of bearing and attire; there a fantastic lovely figure, with chiffons and jewels, who might have been French save for the smart walk and dainty feet that mark the American. Gradually the throng divided into animated groups, and almost always a woman whose gown was a prophet of the fashion was the nucleus. A moment before, the horse had been king. Now fashionable woman was the queen, and all men came to do her reverence.

My attention, roaming from group to group, was suddenly fixed upon one larger than the others, which grew each second as a snowball grows when rolled downhill.

The Mysterious Pink Lady

"WHAT is it?" was the query everywhere. The high silk-hatted Frenchmen and the immaculate English sports in their tight, elegant clothes walked excitedly to and fro with eager smiles; and as they passed I heard:

"Ah, she is exquisite! But who is she? It is mysterious!"

At the word "she" I smiled. Paris, so accustomed to beautiful women, has never become so used to them that a new star can appear on the horizon without causing a commotion.

I followed hopefully in the tail of the comet. Stretching my head over the shoulder of a scion of France, I saw her.

Tall, regal and beautiful, she walked with a grace that suggested the women of Burne-Jones' pictures. She was fair, with an unusual shade of auburn blond hair that shone like gold under a wide drooping hat of soft tulle and pink roses which brought out the creamy tone of her skin; but her costume was the most startling I had ever seen.

At first glance she appeared to be enveloped in a pink cloud which floated about her as she walked and suggested the exquisite contour of her lithe body. It was a daring contrivance of shell-pink chiffon over white and flesh-colored mousselines. Around her neck was the keynote to the whole costume—a rope of priceless pink pearls.



Though the gown suggested the latest mode, it was so light and shapeless that it seemed to hint new and elusive styles with every movement of the wearer.

She might have stepped from an old painting or a wonderful Grecian vase, or whirled suddenly into the fantastic dances of the harem.

With it all, her bearing was one of distinction and aloofness. She glanced neither to right nor left. With her was an aristocratic elderly woman, foreign-looking and severe. Back of them walked a maid in her simple black costume of service.

"She is a Russian countess. See the pearls!" "Ah—the Sultan's favorite." "But no—the Emperor's youngest daughter." "What a figure!" "Is she at the ambassadeur's?" These were the ejaculations heard on all sides.

I followed with some others to the entrance of the racecourse, where a magnificent turnout in blue and silver stood with two huge black footmen in attendance.

"Eunuchs, I'll wager. From Turkey, eh? By Jove, she's magnificent!" declared an Englishman who had followed the train.

As they neared the equipage one of the servants approached the elder woman with an envelope in his hand. It bore a vivid crest.

She opened it, read the contents and turned to the girl at her side.

After a few words the beauty, with a slight nod of her head, turned from the carriage and retraced her steps to the tribune with her companion.

This was all very exciting to the beholders, especially as the ebony attendants jumped into their seats and the vehicle rolled away.

After the women had taken their places once more in the box I went into the pavilion where all classes gather and talk. There I found the tiny maid to Mademoiselle Mystery surrounded by women who were asking her about her mistress. She seemed afraid to say very much, and all personal questions as to the beauty she refused to answer. The most eager interrogations were about the costume. I saw several banknotes pressed into her hand, and the interlocutor, after a moment or two of suspense, gave way to another inquisitive one with a satisfied smile.

I followed one of these women. She joined a group and I heard her say: "She wouldn't say who she is, but the dress was made at X's. I got that much from her—though it cost me fifty francs."



X's, I remembered, was a new atelier. Little was known of the proprietor except that he had a shop in Vienna and had gained some reputation through the patronage of royalty in that city; but Paris had not taken the man up.

I hung round until the Mystery left the racecourse. This time there were two closed carriages. One contained a figure with a flowing black mustache. Into this brougham the elderly woman went. The beauty followed in the other with her maid.

I trailed the carriages with several other curious ones and we rolled after them up to the door of the Hotel Royal, on the Champs-Elysées. The attendants of the hostelry were impressively obsequious, but through them I could find out nothing; and though the register showed many exalted names there was no clew to the identity of the lovely woman. The next day I went to X's to see what I could learn; but there, too, silence was maintained. I did find out that several grand dames had been there and ordered gowns similar to the pink-pearl creation worn at the races.

Several newspapers spoke of her and hinted that a well-known Russian princess had been staying at the Hotel Royal incognito.

One day, late in August, when the last vestige of the season was gone, I went into X's with a woman who was ordering a trousseau for the daughter of a Chicago millionaire.

The mannequins, in their wonderful costumes, filed into the room for her inspection. One, prettier than the others, with a regal bearing, seemed familiar. Gradually the velvet lawns of Longchamps came back to me and I recognized the mysterious beauty of the Grand Prix.

She was as lovely as ever, though the gold of her hair was rapidly taking on a brown tinge which was so much the vogue.

I spoke to her of the sensation she had created, and after a bit of coaxing she laughingly recalled the occasion.

"Today is the first time I display gowns since the Grand Prix," she declared confidentially. "I have been in Vienna. I went there three day after you see me at the races. M'sieu' think it is wise that I do not remain here at that time. Ah, what fun I have that day! You see I was discreet—so very discreet, m'selle. No one guessed that it was Babette."

Her history, which she told in her simple peasant way, was exceedingly interesting; and the advertising scheme of Monsieur X which she disclosed was one of the cleverest I have ever known.



"I come from Normandy," she said. "Five years ago I come to my aunt. I live with her yet on the Rue Nicolet. The aunt, m'selle, was engaged, when I come to her, as a skirt-hand at Monsieur X's. It was a good position for my aunt. She make twenty franc a week. One day I go to her at the shop with a luncheon. The m'sieu' lets me stay as errand girl. He liked my hair, though I do not know it at the time. He tell my aunt to let it hang straight—like that. 'It is healthy so and will be very thick—and so yellow,' he said. So it is. The next year I have it in—what you say?—the pig's tail; I grow very tall in that year. One day M'sieu' X say to my aunt: 'Fifi, do not let the niece wear corsets. And take care of the complexion.' 'Oui,' reply the aunt. But I have never worn corsets; so you see it was not difficult to do without."

She turned gracefully as she spoke, and the long lines of her slender figure revealed many curves which would have been lost in the modern stays.

"The next year, M'sieu' one day notices again the color of my hair and say to me: 'Babette, you grow tall. I have a scheme for you. But you must learn to dance. That will make you more graceful.' I have always loved to dance, m'selle. In Normandy we are happy and dance much. But now I take lessons as M'sieu' directs. 'He will make a mannequin of you,' declare the aunt proudly; 'and then you will make much money.' With the dancing I find I do become more graceful. My legs, they do not seem so long. One day M'sieu' say: '*Bon!* You are improving. The body is as it should be—full of curves. All muscles; and not fat like the lazy woman.'"

Monsieur X His Own Press Agent

MEANWHILE she went on to tell me that Paris is learning of Monsieur X, but not so quickly as he desires. The patronage of royalty helps him; but royalty is too conservative to wear the brilliant gowns of which the artist dreams. Royalty would do for Vienna but not for Paris. His Paris shop will, therefore, be different. He will make the exotic costumes which have filled his mind for years and which he may not show when he is unknown. He will create something new, something bizarre, in France; and he will dare the women of Paris not to wear it.

Then he thinks up his scheme and tells it to Babette.

"To interest Paris, one must mystify. This I will do," he declares as he tells her his great idea.

Babette finds she will be the principal actor in a little commercial drama.

"All winter I go to a petite dramatic school in Vienna," she told me. "There I learn how the grand dame walks and how she uses her hands. 'Hold the head high,' say the instructor—and sometime my poor head it ache! But I am happy. Then I am very careful of that complexion. You see, m'selle, it is still good. 'See that she does not eat the sweets and the starches, tell Monsieur X to my aunt. 'Her slenderness is one of the stage properties, and she will not be of any use if she grow heavy.' I do as he say. I drink sour wines. I go early to bed that I may stay up later after it is all over."



Fencing, she said, did much to produce the lithe grace which attracts attention at once. "This was difficult, m'selle; but after the while I do fence quite well."

May comes and she is declared finished by Monsieur X. His little scheme, too, is all in readiness. He goes to Vienna for a week to make her costumes—costumes which will set all Paris talking when worn at Longchamps by the beautiful Babette.

"Now," said Monsieur to her one day, "you will be the grand lady. I will send you two or three days before the Grand Prix to the Hotel Royal, with madame, my wife. You will be very exclusive. You will spend much money on those rooms and those carriages. Antoinette, who works here in the shop, will go with you as your maid. She will be very discreet, but she will talk a little. I think you take the name of Mlle. de Coursenay. It might be the incognito of any country. That Antoinette she will say who made the gowns. That is all. Monday, after the races, you will disappear. Presto! Like that. And we shall see!" he finished, rubbing his hands.

And he did see. Though his advertising scheme cost him many thousands of francs, he reaped a harvest and a reputation. He became the rage by the only method in Paris—sensation. And he has remained the rage.

This all happened several years ago. And Babette—what of her? Unlike most mannequins, Babette had individuality and brains. She realized that beauty is not everything and her little schooling taught her to develop her possibilities. These possibilities took her from the atelier to the stage, and today she enjoys as great a reputation for her clever dancing as for her beauty.

This is unusual with mannequins. Sometimes such a one as Babette will become the rage or have a brilliant career; but as a rule they are commonplace and stupid, and their histories are but the histories of the average Parisian working girl. They have one great common talent, however—that of looking chic; and they bring out the elusive points of a costume as no other race can.



This talent is undoubtedly the result of their love of wearing beautiful garments. In the ateliers they have every chance of being for the moment beautiful and fashionable women. This play-acting and the stage setting of the famous ateliers is not only agreeable but exciting; and to remain successful and admired mannequins these women are willing to give up everything that would lessen their chance to display the creations of the house.

"Many of my mannequins come from Normandy," the head of a great atelier told me. "They are fresh, wholesome and adaptable. I take them into my establishment when they are young—as errand girls and the like. And as they grow I pick the ones who have the most possibilities and train them. You know mannequins are only practicable when they weigh from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty pounds. It is all right for my patron to weigh two hundred pounds, but I must show her gowns on a comely middleweight—that is to say, a hundred-and-forty-pound mannequin. Otherwise I do not sell to the stout woman. For when Madame Stout sees my mannequin she really believes that is the way she will look in the costume. You know they say the elephant thinks he looks like the crane!" he finished humorously.

So the mannequin must remain slender. This is not difficult if she is careful of her diet and leaves starches and sweets alone. It is remarkable to find that these women are perfectly willing to do anything that will aid their comeliness, and will not touch the most tempting morsels if eating them creates the dreaded flesh.

The working girls of France, of whom the mannequins form a large part, have the advantage over their Anglo-Saxon sisters in the system and simplicity of their meals. They do not eat the heavy hurried breakfasts that cause soggy dispositions and sallow complexions.

Instead, the French girls drink a glass of milk in the morning with a biscuit, or coffee and rolls. They rise early and walk to their work. This is a custom rather than a necessity. They arrive at their work bright-eyed and alert. All sleep has gone from their minds and their blood is exhilarated by the fresh air and exercise. At noon they take their *déjeuner à la fourchette*. It is a light luncheon, since a heavy one would be expensive. Often this *déjeuner* is packed at home and consists of sandwiches of hard bread, meat loaf and fruit.

At twelve o'clock sharp the big business houses suspend work until two. On the stroke of the hour the girls pour out of the buildings as from a cornucopia, bareheaded and happy. Their admirers wait for them on the corners; and arm in arm, with their baskets, they go to the nearest small café, where the tiny tables line the sidewalks. Here they sit with a bottle of sour wine which costs but ten cents. Their friends are all about them, as happy as themselves. As they eat, they laugh and sing. On many of the narrow streets that are patronized by the working girls little three-piece bands play daily for the diners. Sometimes these thoroughfares will be blocked with dancers; and the bands seldom go away without a sou from every one, for nobody is too poor in Paris to give a penny for the music she loves so well.

The working girl lives for the noon hour. She enjoys a good digestion because, when she relaxes, she puts away all worry and all thought of work, and gives herself up entirely to the enjoyment of the recreation period.

"I would prefer that my mannequins have the natural figure," declared my friend the dressmaker. "The corset—bah! I do not like it. It kills the grace, it hampers the walk, and it hardens every beautiful line which I make in the costume."

I found that many of the mannequins do not wear corsets. The training which some of the big establishments maintain for the mannequins makes them unnecessary. The French were the first to display, if not to discover, the advantages of the natural figure. The carriage of the corset-free figure is exquisite—provided, of course, the person is not fleshy.

"Women need not be fat," said a Parisian fashion-maker. "Let them exercise. Let them know every muscle and the use of it, and they will be long and lithe, strong with muscular strength and beautiful with firm flesh—not fat and heavy from accumulated tissue and loose, flabby muscles."

Dancing, as prescribed for the development of grace in the mannequin, and fencing, work havoc on fatty tissues, declare the French. One mannequin who had a beautiful face and a wealth of hair reduced her weight from a hundred and forty-five pounds to a hundred and thirty pounds by fencing regularly each night for a remarkably short time; and by exercising and dancing she has kept her weight between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and thirty-five pounds for a year or more.



"A hundred and forty pounds is a good and practicable weight for a mannequin," Eline the mannequin told me; "but it is dangerous. It is very easy to take on a couple of pounds of fat without noticing it—and very disastrous; for those two pounds will make a tight skirt wrinkle at the hips and evoke from the head of the atelier a torrent of abuse. No, mademoiselle—I will remain a hundred and thirty-five pounds, if you please; and then I keep my peace of mind."

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

The Last Years of His Life—By Anna S. Walling

TWO summers ago, in Paris, my husband took me to meet David Graham Phillips. As we drove to his hotel we recalled how he had been called into the field of fiction by a genuine and compelling mission. We said that in having been a journalist he had graduated from the school of life; that, like Dickens, he knew the world like a book. Our epoch had evolved him, and we were glad that America had a writer as serious, as radical and as talented as he. We spoke of what we thought must be the natural growth of his work, the promise already clearly suggested. "His books may live when he is forgotten," my husband said. "But he is a greater man than writer; he hasn't written anything yet as big as himself."

We sent up our names and entered the reading room. He was there and, catching sight of us, he sprang up from the desk at which he was writing, came toward us and grasped our hands. "You people hail from a different world. I feel as if you have dropped down from another star!" he exclaimed. From that moment I felt the alluring nature of his personality, and I said to myself that it was his happiness and brightness that were his most distinguishing characteristics. In the tall, youthful yet mature man before me, in the musical, intense voice, in the expression of the handsome and strong face, there was a suggestion of a fullness of life that seemed Greek. Yet he had lived deeply, had met many people, had studied passionately human affairs—of this I had no doubt as I stood before him. And I congratulated him in my heart, as afterward I did audibly, that his experiences and his outlook were so far from burdening him. Did the deep source of his happiness lie in the fact that his most intimate personal life and his broader interests were one? I asked myself. Was it because he was a complete personality that had found its place in the world? Was it because he luxuriated in the possession of a mind that was capable of seeing through the intricacies of our world—that could make its own generalizations and voice them? Was it because he was so clearly articulate?

Our first conversation lasted many hours. In speaking of a certain Senator he showed his view of America. He defended this man, said he was a typical American whose vices were only the other side of his virtues. He was American in that he was free, spontaneous, impressionable. He was able to shift his position and to come a long way from where he was in the beginning. The power to change, to advance, to abandon oneself, was, he said, the most beautiful and most promising trait in our national character. "It is only when a man is hidebound in conservatism that he is hopeless," he added. "It is a rare thing to be able to get out of a groove and to burn one's spiritual bridges behind one. This is what love means," he continued. "Love also is the getting out of a groove—the power to say farewell to one's old existence and to take a flight toward a new goal." It is the American who can quickly and suddenly cut himself adrift and soar away into a new element, and in doing so feel neither constraint nor unhappiness. But, though he praised the American spirit, he deplored our dearth of ideas, our astonishing lack of intellectuality, our provincialism and fear of a public opinion, itself so often thoughtless or merely traditional. As an example of this he showed how the American people, simple and pure of heart as they were, were at that moment swayed by a man who opposed all their idealism, a spirit as brutal and medieval as Bismarck's, though of smaller caliber than that man of blood and iron.

He spoke of democracy, and we soon learned that it was not the forms of democracy that were in his mind, but its reality. He did not think that all children at birth and throughout life are equal; but he insisted that every child must have an equal opportunity with every other child. He did not speak of the people as from a height. He himself was not on a plane above anybody, except by the accident of privileges either social or inherited, or both. He would have felt it difficult to find words, rich in language as he was, to express any natural inequality among men; but he spoke with memorable eloquence on the unnatural inequalities that exist everywhere.

His sister joined us in a café where we sat and faced the Comédie Française and watched the heavy downpour of rain and the crowded pavement. He asked us about Russia and the revolution. He understood the Russian people through his devotion to Russian authors. Dostoyevsky seemed to him the best expression of the genius of the Russian character, so different from our own. He asked us about the leaders in the emancipation movement, but he was even more interested in the obscure "intellectuals"—the young men and women who were flinging their lives away in the cause. He was a radical. Yet, living among radicals as we did, I found him different from them in that he was objective and held himself aloof from clique, party or even movement. His radicalism was a thing apart from his life, and not life itself. Where they were merged in their cause, abandoned without reserve to the exigencies of the movement, he was always himself, with a program of his own, one not dependent on any outside force. But his individualism was not of the kind that made him put his ambitions before his ideals. He was an idealist, as are all radicals. One could say his work chose him, so great was his devotion to the ideas he promulgated. Unlike some other writers who go farther than he and call themselves Socialists, but whose subjects are conventional or in contradiction to the basic principles of progressive thought, he in all his work had one aim—to unmask his time and to pursue it to the bitter end.

When still in Paris we celebrated together the fourteenth of July. The time-honored custom of dancing on the street corners and converting the city itself into a ballroom, and the animated and successful display of civic gayety, moved the author. He caught its contagion, and I marveled that one could be so young at forty-two. "Life's a minute, youth's a second." I quoted his Joshua Craig to myself, and I hoped it might prove to him a long minute, a long second! He spoke much that evening, and contrasted the

novelists of England and America with the great Russian writers. He dwelt on their sense of human tragedy, on their large scope, on their power to portray pity and sorrow, and I thought it was a remarkable thing for a typical American, in the happiest and most optimistic moment, to be able to hurl himself into such a far world. "Before I die," he said, "I want to learn the secret of Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky—how they were able to write of great things simply and lucidly, so that the truth shone out through every word."

I was confident he would learn it some day, that there waited for him the key to the mystery. What less could one expect from that vitality of his, that unbroken concentration, that daily and year-long activity? He had courage and independence of soul in common with these masters. He had a luminous intellect. He would overtake them yet in the veiled and hidden future, in the waiting years. I thought I could already discern the influence of his ideal of literature upon his books. For him, as for the Russians, his country was writing his novels. Our destiny as a people was the source of his inspiration. Even in the fact that he was prolific he was American. "How do you manage to accomplish so much?" one of us asked him. "Because I restrain myself from accomplishing more," he answered, "from throwing away a book, before it is finished, to begin another—a constant, irresistible and tormenting temptation. I never let my mind make a fool of me," he said half laughing, and behind the laughter one felt his strength.

Some months after this, as we were standing on a platform waiting for a train, we met Mr. Phillips and his sister again. I remember with tears that ride to Montreux, the walk in the garden at twilight, the quiet and intimate evening we spent together. It was on this occasion that we got nearer to him, perhaps, than before. He spoke of the questions that interested him beyond anything else, of love and marriage, their effect on the character, and the rôle they play in human existence. "Love is everything," he said. "The most creative, vital thing in life." Among the things he said of marriage was that, no matter how serious a man may be in his intention of living a simple, useful life, he is lost forever if he falls into the hands of a luxury-loving woman. But if he becomes her prey it means he is probably at bottom as bad as she, and that he simply makes her his excuse for living the life that suits him. "I love luxury so much myself," he said, "that I am more afraid of it than of my worst enemy. I could not trust myself in luxurious surroundings for fear they would soon eat all the manhood out of me." He hoped never to have enough money to have carriages and automobiles. He liked ease and loathed exercise, and he hoped never to be able to indulge himself.

I was glad to hear him say this, because I knew that this gay, esthetic nature, with the love of all that is beautiful stamped on him, made no habit of foregoing what he had a right to enjoy. He was no vain ascetic who denied life to her face, or tortured himself in imaginary payment for the woes of others.

I recalled in this connection how one of the most brilliant men in the country had said of him that he might be contaminated by mixing in society; and I thought this man's lack of faith showed his own inferiority and inability, powerful man though he was, to resist the tremendous temptations that Phillips daily put behind him.

Ideas of Women

HE WAS then planning Old Wives for New, a transitional book, the first in which he was definitely to go over from politics to the more vital questions of the character of our women and their relation to the men of our day. I asked him if he would in this book draw a woman like the one in Joshua Craig—which was up to that time his most original and brilliant work—a characterization that made it impossible ever to forget the type toward which so many of our women tend. Here he had shown how a fashionable woman was capable of changing, of recuperating her moral nature under the fortunate circumstance of meeting with a man who loved her and was a democrat. He was planning another book, The Hungry Heart, in which he would tell again the story of resurrected womanhood. It was this faith of his in human nature that was the basis of his social creed, and I could not see why he might not mean as much to America as Tchernyshevsky did to Russia—a writer who, with one book, inspired two generations of men and women and helped fashion the psychical nature of a whole people.

That evening he spoke further of the degenerate, fashionable woman, declaring that she is a prevailing type in our society, a woman inspired by nothing more than an animal love of comfort and luxury, though not sensuality. In speaking of her he used the word voluptuary, a word that, if given sufficient prominence in his work, would have made a more profound impression than anything that has ever been said upon the subject. This was the kind of life the majority of the American women were leading whenever they had the opportunity, he said. When a few months later I read The Husband's Story, the book in which he incorporated these ideas, I found he used the same construction as Tchernyshevsky, in turning to the reader at the ends and the beginnings of his chapters to discuss the book with him up to the points reached. Yet I knew he had never read the Russian.

As he talked I saw how the moral of his work, largely that of many others which exposed American politics and fashionable society, had grown to a fundamental criticism leveled at the most active and influential class of the men and women of his country. The message he now uttered was more than one of mere political reform or of pointing the way to a more refined and worthy conception of society. It went deeper. It was now subtle, psychological, dealing with the problems of human character and human relationship.

He did not quarrel with the fact that American books are written largely about women and for women; what he deplored was that the truth that women need to hear so much is what our novels most lack. "They think they are reading about life, about things they have a right to know, and instead they are given a false idea, are misled by illusions." This hurt him. It was not fair or just. For one like him, who made justice the keynote of his life, this was intolerable, unbearable.

"No woman on earth," he said, "has been so ridiculously deceived as to herself and so spoiled."

I saw the distance between himself and public opinion, and knew that though most of the reviewers would see the force of his books they would be absolutely unable to muster up the courage to accept their truth. Yet his was not a repellent but a highly cultivated and attractive enthusiasm, not a blasé or cynical but an uncorrupted mind, that set itself the task of teaching people how to live. As one after the other of his books rose before me I saw how he never said "Don't do this or that," but always "Do this; live so; make of your mistakes a ladder, not a grave."

That evening he fired my heart with thoughts that were unrelated to the subject of our conversation. Again and again my mind dwelt on the magnitude of the love of this brother and sister, a love that glowed like a star, warmed like a sun. Every step of the way they took together. It was only a wonderful life that could create a love like that, I thought.

What was there, I wondered, beneath and beyond all his magnetism and intellectuality, that made it so great a delight to know him; and why did merely shaking hands with him make one feel gay, strong, happy? What was it that made one self-confident, self-inspired after talking with him? Was this the secret of his charm?

The next time fate vouchsafed me the happiness of seeing him was also the last time. It was in New York, the week Tolstoi died. He said that Tolstoi's personality was greater than his work, that the future would rest under his spell and would remember his idea and thrill to it, not so much because of the transcendent beauty of the idea as because of the personal force behind it, because it rose in a heart palpitating, vibrant, responsive. He insisted that the impetus with which the truly great hurl their ideas out upon the world is what insures them immortality, and that the impetus comes from the personality of the man—is the personality. The same, he said, is true of Voltaire. Few people know much of Voltaire's reasoning and his doctrines; they know that he attacked the Church and was a deist, but nevertheless Voltaire has lived a hundred years and will continue to live because of his personality, which was so large and simple that all could understand it and come under its influence. So, he said, it is with Bentham. How many men know anything about Benthamism, but who has not heard of Bentham?



David Graham Phillips

The Grain of Dust

HE TOLD me he was engaged on a novel of which he had already written about four hundred thousand words, and in which he showed that the respectable men and women of society were literally responsible for the horrible degradation of the barter in women. "The public will not soon forgive me this book," he said. In The Husband's Story he had already risked much. Here he was willing to risk everything for his ideal—the truth.

The strongest impression I carried away from that last visit with him was how much he and his work were one. He succeeded in expressing the falseness and insanity of our society, I thought, by virtue of a great talent, guided by an intense, intelligent and well-balanced radicalism. I delighted in his analysis of modern life, in the strength of his belief in progress, in his hatred of war and the idea of caste, in his mockery of monarchy.

I thought how natural it was to his big, direct nature to go out to master America, to learn her by heart, inspired by the task of expressing and interpreting her, and to do so in the sledgehammer method she herself employs, caring only to be true to the truth. I saw how the courage of his work rose from the courage of his character. If I could have at that time read The Grain of Dust I should have realized how there was a leap in his power which bore out the feeling he himself had that he was just learning, just beginning, that his years of sustained and concentrated effort were beginning to fulfill themselves, that his voice was about to be lifted in greater strength and inspiration than ever before. For here we find a woman, modern as the heroine of The Hungry Heart, who is thrown upon herself, fortunate enough to be poor but not too poor, to be hard-working but not uneducated, to be in touch with truth, with idealism, with real life. This woman is incorruptible, not because of the fear of social punishment but because to her principle is instinct, and is as binding as natural law. For a long time she cannot lessen herself, cannot even understand the temptations of wealth, position or masculine protection. When she does weaken and yield, it is not in outrage of her belief in romantic love, as she herself for a time believes, but precisely through the power of love which dominates her unconsciously.

He did not happen upon this woman by accident; she existed for him as truly as the fashionable, repellently ornamental type; she existed for him potentially even in that type—for woman, like man, is on the whole the creature of conditions, and when conditions change she too changes.

His vivid personality is before me as I write—his voice, his words, his ideas—and I feel again his passionate democracy and his love and belief in people.

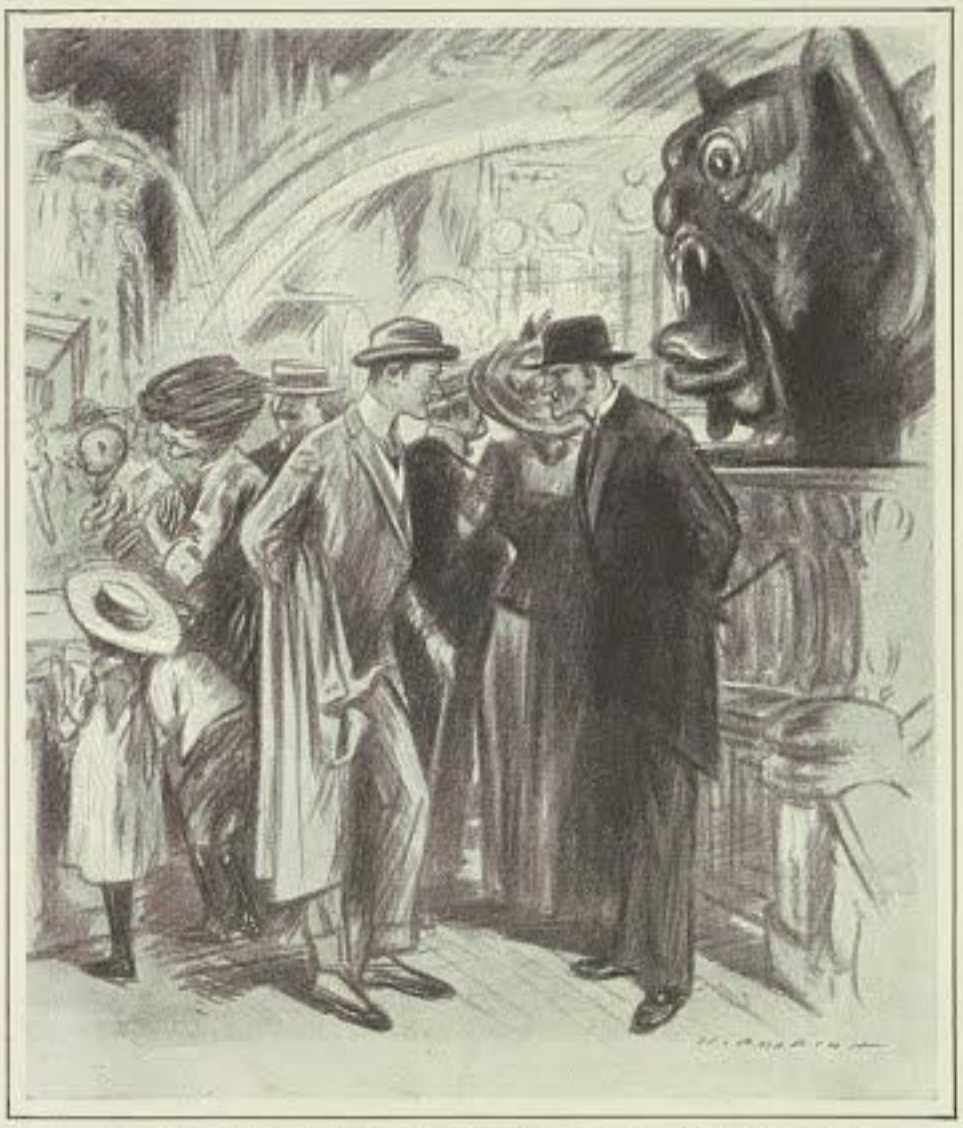
I share it all eagerly with the world instead of locking it up in my heart, in the hope that I may prolong his life, for a day, for an hour—not the life of his work, that I cannot affect, but of himself, the man and the friend too soon lost to the sight of the sunlight and the flowers.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble Handles a Problem in German Psychology

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"You Play Square With Me or I'll Hand You a Jolt That You Won't Forget!"

JOHNNY GAMBLE, relying like a lost mariner upon Polly Parsons and Constance Joy to help him pick out a present for his only mother, approached Lofty's with a diffidence amounting to awe. In that exclusive shop he would meet miles of furbelowed femininity, but he would not have ventured unprotected into those fluffed and billowed aisles for anything short of a penance.

Being a philosopher, however, he kept his mind active in as many other directions as possible, like a child deliberately feasting upon thoughts of Santa Claus though on the way to a promised spanking.

"There's a hoodoo on this block," Johnny observed as they were caught in the traffic crush almost in front of their destination.

"Lofty and Ersten must be the hoodoers, then," laughed Polly. "Everybody else has gone away."

Johnny looked at the towering big Lofty establishment, which occupied half the block, and at the dingy little ladies' tailoring shop, down around the other corner, with speculative curiosity. About both, as widely different as they were, there was the same indefinable appearance of prosperity, as if the solid worth from within shone heavily through.

"Lofty's couldn't move and Ersten wouldn't," supplemented Constance.

"Not that Dutchman!" returned Polly, laughing again as she peered into the low, dark windows of the ladies' tailoring shop. "I was in the other day, and he told me three times that he would be right there to make my walking frocks for the next thirteen years."

"He was having a quarrel with Mr. Schnitt about the light in the workroom when I was in," observed Constance; "but he told me the same thing, in his enjoyable German way, and he seemed almost angry about it."

"That's the extent of his lease," guessed Johnny shrewdly. "They're trying to get it away from him."

"I wonder why," speculated Constance.

"It's as simple as spending money," Johnny announced. "Lofty intends building an extension."

"They won't tear down Ersten's shop," Polly confidently asserted.

"They'll move him in a wheelbarrow some night," Johnny prophesied. "If I could grab his lease I could play a few hours."

Both the girls laughed at him for that speech. The fact that he had committed himself to the staggering task of making five thousand dollars an hour for two hundred working hours was never out of his mind. "You'll be gray before the thirty-first of May," warned Polly.

"It turns anybody gray to dig up a million," agreed Johnny. "It's a good guess, though, Polly. I counted seven new white ones this morning."

"That's a strange coincidence," commented Constance, with a secretly anxious glance at his hair. "You're just seven hours behind your schedule."

Johnny shook his head.

"That schedule goes round like an electric fan," he soberly declared.

"And there's no switch," Constance reminded him.

"Gresham," Johnny suggested with a smile.

Polly cast a sidelong glance at the pretty cousin into whose family she had been adopted. The subject of Gresham, who had tried to injure Johnny in every possible way, and whom Constance must marry or lose her fortune, was a painful one; and Johnny felt his blundering bluntness keenly. "There isn't any Gresham," laughingly asserted Polly. "There never was any Gresham. What time do we start for Coney Island tonight?"

Both Constance and Johnny gave Polly a silent but sincere vote of thanks.

II

WILLIS LOFTY, who continued the progressive fortune of his father by prowling about the vast establishment with a microscopic eye, approached Polly with more than a shopkeeper's alacrity.

"You promised to send for me to be your clerk the next time you came in," he chided her.

"I didn't come in this time," she gayly returned. "Mr. Gamble is the customer," and she introduced Constance and the two gentlemen. "Mr. Gamble wants to buy a silk shawl for a blue-eyed mother with gray, wavy hair and baby-pink cheeks."

"There are a lot of pretty shawls here," Constance added; "but none of them seems quite good enough for this kind of a mother."

Young Lofty, himself looking more like a brisk and natty college youth who had come in to buy a gift for his own mother than the successful business man he was, glanced at the embarrassed Johnny with thorough understanding.

"I think I know what you want," he said pleasantly; and, calling a boy, he gave him some brief instructions. "We have some very beautiful samples of French embroidered silks, just in yesterday, and if I can get them away from our buyer you may have your choice. There's a delicate gray, worked in pink, which would be very becoming to a mother of that description. They're quite expensive, but, I believe, are worth the money."

"That's what I want," stated Johnny. "I understand you're going to build an extension, Mr. Lofty."

The girls gasped and then almost tittered.

Young Lofty ceased immediately to be the suave master of friendly favors and became the harassed slave of finance.

"I don't know where you secured your information," he protested.

"I'm a fancy guesser," returned Johnny with a grin.

"I wish you were right," said Lofty soberly. "We have quietly gained possession of nearly all the property in the block, but we're not quite ready to build, nevertheless."

"I can finish the sad story," sympathized Johnny. "One granite-headed ladies' tailor threatens to block the way for thirteen years."

Lofty was surprised by the accuracy of his knowledge. "I'd like to borrow your guesser," he admitted.

Johnny and the girls looked at each other with smiles of infantile glee. They were delighted that they had deduced all this while waiting for a traffic Napoleon to blow his whistle.

"Somebody's been telling," surmised Lofty. "The worst of it is, we own the original lease. Father covered the entire block, in fact."

Johnny's thorough knowledge of New York business conditions enabled him to make another good conjecture.

"Your firm has made money too fast," he remarked. "Your father hoped to build in twenty years, and you need to build in seven."

"He provided much better than that," returned Lofty in quick defense of his father's acumen. "He only allowed ten-year leases; but the one occupied by Ersten came to him with a twenty-year life on it. We've bought off all the other tenants, at startlingly extravagant figures in some cases; but Ersten won't listen."

"Did you rattle your keys?" inquired Johnny, much interested.

"As loudly as possible," returned Lofty, smiling. "I went up three steps at a time until I had offered him a hundred thousand; then I quit. Money wouldn't buy him."

"Then you can't build," innocently remarked Constance.

Willis Lofty immediately displayed his real age in his eyes and his jaws.

"I'll tear down the top part of his building and put a tunnel around him if necessary," he asserted.

"You won't like that any better than Ersten," commented Johnny. "I think I'll have to make another guess for you."

"I like your work," replied Lofty with a smile. "Let's hear it."

"All right. I guess I'll buy Ersten's lease for you."

"You'll have to find another answer, I'm afraid," Lofty hopelessly stated. "I've had a regiment of real-estate men helping me devil Ersten to death, but he won't sell."

"Of course he'll sell," declared Johnny confidently. "You can buy anything in New York if you go at it right. Each deal is like a Chinese puzzle. You never do it twice alike."

"Try this one," urged Lofty. "There's a good commission in it."

"Commission? Not for Johnny!" promptly refused that young man. "I'll buy it myself, and hold you up for it."

"If you come at me too strongly I'll build that tunnel," warned Lofty.

"I'll figure it just below tunnel prices," Johnny laughingly assured him. The gray shawl with the pink relief came up just then, and all four of them immediately bought it for Johnny's sole surviving mother.

III

LOUIS ERSTEN, who puffed redly wherever he did not grayly bristle, met Johnny Gamble halfway. Johnny's half consisted in stating that he had come to see Mr. Ersten in reference to his lease. Mr. Ersten's half consisted in flatly declining to discuss that subject on the premises.

"Here—I make ladies' suits," he explained. "If you come about such a business, with good recommendations from my customers, I talk with you. Otherwise not."

"I'll talk any place you say," consented Johnny. "Where do you lunch?"

"At August Schoppenvoll's," replied Mr. Ersten with no hint of an intention to disclose where August Schoppenvoll's place might be. "At lunchtime I talk no business; I eat."

The speculator studied those forbidding bushy brows in silence for a moment. Beneath them, between heavy lids, glowed a pair of very stern gray eyes; but at the outward corner of each eye were two deep, diverging creases, which belied some of the sternness.

"Where do you sleep?" Johnny asked.

"I don't talk business in my sleep," asserted Mr. Ersten stoutly, and then he laughed with considerable heartiness,

pleased immensely with his own joke and not noticing that it was more than half Johnny's. After all, Johnny had only implied it; he had said it! Accordingly he relented a trifle. "From four to half past five, at Schoppenvoll's, I play skat," he added.

"Thank you," said Johnny briskly, and started for the nearest telephone directory. "I'll drop in on you."

"Well," returned Ersten resignedly, "it won't do you any good."

Johnny grinned and went out, having first made a swift but careful estimate of Ersten's room, accommodations and requirements. Outside, he studied the surrounding property, then called on a real-estate firm.

At four-ten he went into the dim little basement wineroom of Schoppenvoll. He had timed this to a nicety, hoping to arrive just after the greetings were over and before the game had begun, and he accomplished that purpose; for, with the well-thumbed cards lying between them and three half-emptied steins of beer on the table, Ersten sat opposite a pink-faced man with curly gray hair, whose clothes sat upon his slightly portly person with fashion-plate precision. It was this very same suit about which Ersten was talking when Johnny entered.

"*Na*, Kurzerhosen," he said with a trace of pathos in his guttural voice; "when you die we have no more suits of clothes like that."

"I thank you," returned the flexible, soft voice of Kurzerhosen. "It is like the work you make in your ladies' garments, Ersten. When you die we shall have no more good walking clothes for our womenfolks."

"And when Schoppenvoll dies we have no more good wine," declared Ersten with conviction and a wave of his hand as Schoppenvoll approached them with an inordinately long-necked bottle, balancing it carefully on its side.

Johnny had drawn near the table now, but no one saw him, for this moment was one of deep gravity. Schoppenvoll, a tall, straight-backed man with the dignity of a major, a waving gray pompadour, and a clean-cut face that might have belonged to a Beethoven, set down the tray at the very edge of the table and slid it gently into place. An overgrown fat boy, with his sleeves rolled to his shoulders, brought three shining glasses, three bottles of *Glänzen Wasser* and a corkscrew.

It was at this most inopportune time that Johnny Gamble spoke.

"Well, Mr. Ersten," he cheerfully observed, "I've come round to make you an offer for that lease."

Mr. Ersten, his gnarled eyebrows bent upon the sacred ceremony about to be performed, looked up with a grunt—and immediately returned to his business. Mr. Kurzerhosen glanced round for an instant in frowning appeal. Mr. Schoppenvoll paid no attention whatever to the interruption. He gave an exhibition of cork-pulling which a watchmaker might have envied for its delicacy; he poured the tall glasses half full of the clear amber fluid and opened the bottles of *Glänzen Wasser*. The three friends, Schoppenvoll now sitting, clinked their steins solemnly and emptied them. Ersten wiped the foam from his bristling gray mustache.

"About that lease I have nothing to say," he told Johnny, fixing a stern eye upon him. "I will not sell it."

The other gentlemen of the party looked upon the stranger as an unforgivable interloper.

"I'm prepared to make you a very good offer for it," insisted Johnny. "I have a better location for you, not half a block away, and I've taken an option on a long-time lease for it."

The stolid boy removed the steins. The three gentlemen poured the *Glänzen Wasser* into their wine.

"I will not sell the lease," announced Ersten with such calm finality that Johnny apologized for the intrusion and withdrew.

As he went out, Ersten and Kurzerhosen and Schoppenvoll, in blissful forgetfulness of him, raised their glasses for the first delicious sip of the *Rheinthräsen*, of which there were only two hundred and eighty precious bottles left in the world.

Outside, Johnny hailed a passing taxi. He called on Morton Washer, on Ben Courtney, on Colonel Bouncer, and even on Candy-King Slosher; but to no purpose. Finally he descended upon Joe Close, the iron-hard president of the First National Bank.

"Do you know anybody who knows Louis Ersten, the ladies' tailor?" he asked almost automatically.

"Ersten?" replied Close unexpectedly. "I've quarreled with him for thirty years. He banks here."

"Start a quarrel for me," requested Johnny. "I've been down to look him over. I can do business with him if he'll listen."

Close smiled.

"I doubt it," he rejoined. "Ersten has just lost the coat-cutter who helped him build up his business, and he's soured on everything in the world but Schoppenvoll's and skat and *Rheinthräsen*."

"Could I learn to play skat in about a day?" inquired Johnny.

"You have no German ancestors, have you?" retorted Close.

"No."

"Then you couldn't learn it in a thousand years!"

"I have to find his weak spot," Johnny persisted. "If you'll just make him talk with me I'll do the rest."

Close shook his head and sighed.

"I'll try," he agreed; "but I feel about as hopeful as I would be in persuading a bull to sleep in a red blanket."

IV

JOHNNY had caught Close as he was leaving his club for home, and they went around immediately to Schoppenvoll's. At exactly five-thirty Ersten emerged from the wineroom with Kurzerhosen.



"I Want My Walking Suit," She Demanded

"Hello, Louis!" hailed the waiting Close. "Jump into the taxi here, and I'll take you down to your train."

Ersten and Kurzerhosen looked at each other.

"Always we walk," declared Ersten.

"There's room for both of you," laughed Close, shaking hands with Kurzerhosen.

Ersten sighed.

"Always we walk," he grumbled, but he climbed in.

When they were started for the terminal Ersten leaned forward, with his bushy brows lowering, and glared Close sternly in the eye.

"I will not sell the lease!" he avowed before a word had been spoken.

"We know that," admitted Close; "but why?"

Ersten hesitated a moment.

"Oh, well; I tell you," he consented with an almost malignant glance in the direction of Johnny. "All my customers know me in that place."

"Your customers would find you anywhere," Close complimented him.

"Maybe they do," admitted Ersten. "My cousin, Otto Gruber, had a fine saloon business. He moved across the street—and broke up."

"It was not the same," Close assured him. "In saloons, men want to feel at home. In your business, your customers come because they get the best—and they care nothing for the shop itself."

"They like the place," asserted Ersten. "I make a good living there for almost forty years. Why should I move?"

"Because you would be nearer Fifth Avenue," Johnny ventured to interject, and spoke to the chauffeur, who drew up to the curb. "This is the place I have in mind, Mr. Ersten."

"They come to me where I am," insisted Ersten, refusing to look, with unglazed eyes.

"You have no such show-windows," persisted Johnny.

"My customers know my goods inside."

"There's a big, light gallery—twice the size of your present workrooms."

Ersten's cheeks suddenly puffed and his forehead purpled, while every hair on his head and face stuck straight out.

"My workroom is good enough!" he exploded. "I told it to Schnitt."

"Is Schnitt your coat-cutter?" asked Johnny, remembering what Constance and Close had said.

Ersten glowered at him.

"He was. Thirty-seven years he worked with me; then he tried to run my business. He is gone. Let him go!"

"He objected to the light in the workroom, didn't he?" went on the cross-examiner, carefully piecing the situation together bit by bit.

"He could see for thirty-seven years, till everybody talks about moving; then he goes crazy," blurted Ersten.

"Won't you look at this place?" he was urged. "Let me show it to you tomorrow."

"I stay where I am," sullenly declared Ersten, still angry. "We miss my train."

Close told the driver to go on. Before Ersten alighted at the terminal, Johnny made one more attempt upon him.

"If a majority of your best customers insisted that they liked the new shop better would you look at the other place?" he asked.

"My customers don't run my business either!" he puffed.

"Goodby," stated Mr. Kurzerhosen, who had been looking steadily at the opposite side of the street throughout the journey. "I thank you."

Close stared at Johnny in silence for a moment after their guests had gone.

"I told you so," he said. "You'll have to give him up as a bad job."

"He's beginning to look like a good job," asserted Johnny. "He can be handled like wax, but you have to melt him. Schnitt's the real reason. Do you know Schnitt?"

"I am happy to say I do not," laughed Close. "One like Ersten is enough."

"Somebody must lead me to him," declared Johnny. "I'm going to see Schnitt in the morning. I'd call tonight if I didn't have to be the big works at a Coney Island dinner party."

"I don't see how Schnitt can help you," puzzled Close.

"He's the tack in the tire. I can see what happened as well as if I had been there. Ersten knew he ought to move. Lofty tried to buy him and Schnitt tried to force him. Then he got his Dutch up. Schnitt left on account of it. Now Ersten won't do anything."

"You can't budge him an inch," prophesied the banker.

"I know him."

"I'll coax him," stated Johnny determinedly. "There's a profit in him, and I have to have it!"

V

AT THE last minute, Aunt Pattie Borden fortunately contracted a toothache—and the Coney Island party was compelled to go unchaperoned. They tried to be regretful and sympathetic as the six of them climbed into the big touring car, but Ashby Loring found them a solace.

"Never you mind," he soothed them—"Polly will chaperon us."

"You've lost your address book," declared that young lady indignantly. "Polly Parsons is not the party you have in mind. I'll be old soon enough without that! The chaperon of this party is my adopted sister, Winnie."



"You Must be Careful What You Say to Him. He is Stubborn"

"Oh, fun!" accepted the nominee with delight. "We had a course in that at school." And Winnie, in all the glory of her fluffy youthfulness, toyed carefully with the points of her Moorish collar. "I was elected chaperon of the Midnight Fudge Club, and the girls all said that I fooled Old Meow oftener than anybody!"

Thereafter there was no lull in the conversation; for Winnie, once started upon school reminiscences, filled all gaps to overflowing; and Sammy Chirp, he of the feeble smile, whose diffidence had denied him the gift of language, gazed upon her in rapt stupefaction.

Meanwhile Johnny Gamble found himself gazing as raptly at Constance until the chaperon, in a brief interlude between reminiscences, caught him at it. She reached over and touched him on the back of the hand with the tip of one soft pink finger. Immediately she held that finger to her right eye and closed her left one, and Johnny felt himself blushing like a schoolboy.

There was a trace of resentment in his embarrassment, he found. The strain of being compelled to make a million dollars, before he could tell this only desirable young woman in the world that he loved her, was beginning to oppress him. He wanted to tell her now; but it was a task beyond him to ask her to forfeit her own fortune until he could replace it by another. Times were hard, he reflected.

He was now twelve hours behind his schedule and possessed of sixty thousand dollars less than he should have. At nine o'clock tomorrow morning that deficit would begin to pile up again at the rate of five thousand dollars an hour. By comparison their auto seemed slow, and he spoke to the driver about it. How well Constance Joy was in sympathy with him and followed his thought was shown by the fact that she heartily agreed with him, though they were already exceeding the Brooklyn speed limit.

"I not only want to be the chaperon but the dictator of this tour," declared Winnie when they alighted at the big playground. "I've never been here before, and I don't want anybody to tell me anything I'm going to see."

"It's your party," announced Johnny promptly. "Let's be plumb vulgar about it." And he thrust a big roll of bills into her hands.

"You're a darling!" she exclaimed, her eyes glistening with delight. "May I kiss him, girls?"

"Ask Johnny," laughed Polly, but Johnny had disappeared behind the others of the party.

It took Winnie five minutes to chase him down, and she caught him, with the assistance of Constance, in the thickest crowd and in the best-lighted space on Surf Avenue, where Constance held him while he received his reward.

"It's a new game," Johnny confessed, though blushing furiously. "I'll be 'it' any time you say."

"Once is enough," asserted Winnie, entirely unruffled. "Your face is scratchy. Come on, you folks; I'm going to buy you a dinner." And, leading the way into the first likely-looking place, she ordered a comprehensive meal which started with pickles and finished with pie.

Her party was a huge success, for it laughed its way from one end of Coney to the other. It rode on wooden horses; on wobbling camels; in whirling tubs; on iron-billowed oceans; down trestled mountains; through painted caves—on everything which had rollers, or runners, or supporting arms. It withstood shocks and bumps and dislocations and dizziness—and it ran squarely into Heinrich Schnitt!

Three tables, placed end to end at the rail of a Shoot-the-Chutes lake, were required to accommodate Heinrich Schnitt's party. First, there was Heinrich himself, white as wax and stoop-shouldered and extremely clean. At the other end of the table sat Mamma Schnitt, who bulged and always had butter on her thumb. To the right of Heinrich sat Grossmutter Schnitt, in a black sateen dress, with her back bowed like a new moon and her little old face withered like a dried white rose.

Next sat young Heinrich Schnitt and his wife, Milly, who was very fashionable and wore a lace shirtwaist—though she was not so fashionable that she was ashamed of any of the rest of the party.

Between young Heinrich and Milly sat their little Henry and little Rosa and little Milly and the baby, all stiffly starched and roundfaced and redcheeked. Besides these were Carrie, whose husband was dead; and Carrie's Louis; and Willie Schnitt with Flora Kraus, whom he was to marry two years from last Easter; and Lulu, who was pretty and went with American boys in the face of broken-hearted opposition.

In front of each member of the party—except the baby—was a glass of beer and a "hot dog," and down the center of the long table were three pasteboard shoeboxes, full of fine lunch, flanking Flora Kraus' fancy basket of potato salad and fried chicken, as well prepared as any those Schnitts could put up.

It was Constance who, walking quietly with Johnny, discovered Heinrich Schnitt in the midst of his throng and casually remarked it.

"There's the nice old German who cuts my coats," she observed.

"Schnitt!" exclaimed Johnny, so loudly that she was afraid Schnitt might hear him. "Let me hear you talk to him."

She looked at him in perplexity for a moment.

"Oh, yes; the lease," she remembered. "I'll introduce you and you can ask him about it."

"Don't mention it!" hastily objected Johnny. "You may introduce me, but you do the talking."

"All right, boss," she laughingly agreed, and turned straight over to the head of the Schnitts' table, where she introduced her companion in due form.

"I want my walking suit," she demanded.

Heinrich's face had lighted with pleasure at the sight of Constance, but there was a trace of sadness in his voice.

"You must tell Louis Ersten," he politely advised her.

"I did," protested Constance. "He's holding it back on account of the coat, and that's your affair."

"It is Louis Ersten's," insisted Heinrich with dignity. "I have retired from business."

"You don't mean to say you've left Ersten?" returned Constance in surprise.

"I have retired from business," reiterated Heinrich.

"Ersten wouldn't give papa enough room," broke in Mamma Schnitt indignantly; "so he quits, and he don't go back till he does."

"So I don't ever go back," concluded Heinrich.

"Well, we got enough that papa don't have to work any more," asserted Mamma Schnitt with proper pride and a glance at Flora Kraus; "but he gets lonesome. That's why we make him come down to Coney today and enjoy himself. He was with Louis Ersten thirty-seven years."

A wave of homesickness swept over Heinrich.

"I take it easy in my old days," he stoutly maintained, but with such inward distress that, without a protest, he allowed the waiter to remove his half-emptied glass of beer.

"I'm glad you can take it easy," declared Constance; "but Ersten's customers will miss you very much—and I am sure Ersten will too."

"We worked together thirty-seven years," said Schnitt wistfully.

"I'm sure it's only obstinacy," commented Constance when she and Johnny had rejoined their party. "Why, Mr. Schnitt and Mr. Ersten have grown up together in the business, and they seemed more like brothers than anything else. I'd give anything to bring them together again!"

"I'll ask you for it some time," asserted Johnny confidently.

He caught a flash of challenge in her eyes and realized that he was moving faster than his schedule would permit.

"I'm going to bring them together, you know," he assured her in confusion.

"I do hope so," she demurely replied.

"We're wasting an awful lot of time!" called Winnie. "The Canals of Venice! We haven't been in this." And she promptly bought six tickets.

In the bustle of taking boats an officious guard succeeded, for the thousandth time that day, in the joyful duty of separating a party; and Constance and Johnny were left behind to enjoy the following boat all to themselves.

It was dim and cool in there—all narrow gravity canals, and quaint canvas buildings, and queer arches, and mellow lights, with little dark curves and long winding reaches, and a restfulness almost like solemnity.

It was the first time Johnny had been in such close companionship with Constance as this strange isolation gave them, and he did not know what to say. After all, what was the use of saying? They were there, side by side, upon the gently flowing water, far, far away from all the world; and it would seem almost rude to break that bliss with language, which so often fails to interpret thought.

Constance's hand was drooping idly across her knee and, by an uncontrollable impulse, Johnny's hand, all by itself, slid over and gently clasped the whiter and slenderer one. It did not draw away; and, huddled up on their low, narrow seat, bumping against the wooden banks and floating on and on, they cared not whither, they stared into oblivion in that semi-trancelike condition which sometimes accompanies the peculiar state in which they found themselves.

"Oh-ho-o-o-o!" rang the clear voice of Winnie from a parallel canal just behind them.

Constance, flushing violently, attempted to jerk her hand away; but Johnny, animated by a sudden aggressiveness, clasped it tightly and held it—captive—up to view.

At that interesting moment another sharp turn in the canal brought them face to face with an approaching boat in which were Paul Gresham and Jim Collaton!

VI

"I SAID it was a girl," charged Collaton, studying the green pallor of Gresham's face with wondering interest as they stepped out into the glare of the million electric bulbs.

"That is not a topic for you to discuss," returned Gresham, looking up the brilliantly lighted boardwalk around the bend of which Johnny Gamble, with Constance upon one arm and Winnie upon the other, was gayly following Polly, that young lady being escorted by the attentive Loring and the submissive Sammy.

"That's what you said before," retorted Collaton, his eyebrows and lashes even more invisible in this illumination than in broad daylight. "It's time, though, for a showdown. You drag me into dark corners and talk over schemes to throw the hooks into Johnny Gamble—and I tell you I'm afraid of him!"

"You're mistaken," asserted Gresham dryly. "It was I who told you that you were afraid of him."

"I admitted it all right," sulkily answered Collaton. "He's awake now, I tell you; and he's not a safe man to fool with. He turned our last trick against us, and that's enough hint for me."

"Your trick, you mean," corrected Gresham.

"Our trick, I said!" insisted Collaton, suddenly angry. "Look here, Gresham, I won't stand any monkey business

(Continued on Page 64)



"Before Your Month is Up, Ersten Will Send for You"

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

A Practical Trust-Buster

"WELL, what can I do for you?" the big, swarthy man at the desk demanded peremptorily, as though the act he would most willingly perform could be accomplished with his boot.

He did not invite the caller to be seated—did not even say "Howdy-do?"—merely greeted him with a stony stare.

The caller was a lean, youngish and mild-mannered man with sandy eyebrows, long chin, prominent nose and amiable blue eyes. The card he had handed to the great man's secretary an hour and a quarter before said: "E. Addison Humphrey, President Humphrey Wooden Oven Company." He had supposed the name, by that time, was more or less known "in the trade," but the president of the Big Rapids Stove Works seemed neither to have heard it nor to care to hear it.

"Why, I'm manufacturing a wooden oven down at Vale," the caller began, being somewhat disconcerted by his reception—following a wait of an hour and a quarter in the anteroom. "As my oven is used with a gasoline stove, it occurred to me that it would be a good thing to sell it with a gasoline stove. So I came up here, Mr. Munson, to lay a proposition before you for ——"

"You mean you want me to sell your oven for you?" the swarthy man interrupted impatiently. "Don't want it; no use for it." He turned to the desk.

"I can sell ——" the inventor began.

Mr. Munson, however, cut him short in downright anger.

"I tell you I don't want it—and I don't want to be bothered. I'm busy!"

When Mr. Humphrey emerged upon the street he felt as though he had been kicked down the five stories which separated him from the president's office. He had been prepared for a refusal—but he had not been prepared for a clubbing over the head. He went back to his hotel and inquired when he could get a train to Five Oaks.

Five Oaks called itself a city and boasted of some six thousand inhabitants, but it was chiefly known as the site of H. & A. Weeks' stove works.

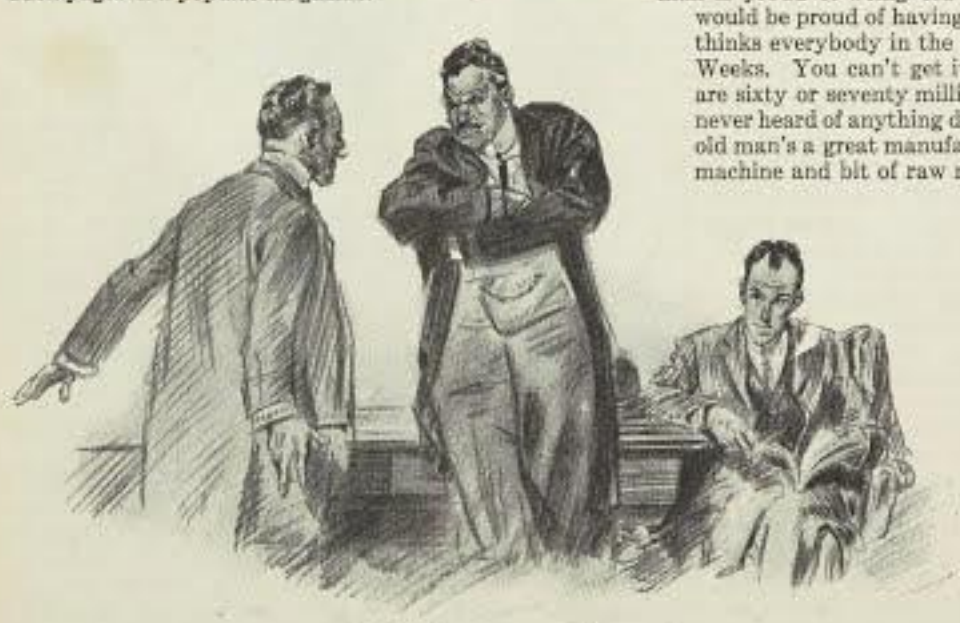
The oven-inventor had often heard Henry Weeks described as a domineering and irascible man. He paused an instant and braced himself, therefore, before entering the manufacturer's office.

The room was small and poor in comparison with Mr. Munson's handsome quarters. The man at the plain desk was in his seventieth year and of an ample, powerful build. He carried no fat, however, and there were still many yellow threads in his hair. His eyes seemed a little dim and in listening while the caller announced his name—for there was no private secretary here; one simply walked in—he cocked his head a bit to one side, as though to hear better.

"Humphrey?" he repeated—"Humphrey, of Vale? That's a danged good oven you make, Mr. Humphrey. I put my foot through one the other day to see what was in it—and it's all right." So saying he reached up a huge hand as hard as a board and invited the caller to be seated.

There were two conferences following this first one, and at the end of the third Humphrey carried away a contract with H. & A. Weeks.

This happened in April. One evening in the September following, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey sat by the living-room table, absorbed in literature. Mrs. Humphrey was reading a love story, but Mr. Humphrey was studying one of the back pages in a popular magazine.



"You'd Only Advertise Yourself for a Blockhead! Nice Mess You've Led Me Into"

The page contained a picture of a beautiful young lady wearing a dainty cap and apron, who was in the act of lighting a gasoline stove. It was evident from her dazzling smile that the operation afforded her great satisfaction. At the top of the page appeared the legend, "Old Reliable," and at the bottom was the signature, "Big Rapids Stove Works."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Humphrey very thoughtfully, "it looks as though they were going to eat Henry Weeks alive!"

Turning from her love story, Mrs. Humphrey asked sympathetically:

"You think they're really going to form a trust?"

"Munson's working on it night and day," her husband replied; "and he's as smart as they make 'em—anyway, he thinks he is. Of course Henry Weeks won't go into it. He won't go into anything. So they mean to eat him up."

Mrs. Humphrey, being aware of her husband's close business relationship with the object of Mr. Munson's cannibalism, laid down her magazine and an anxious little line appeared in the middle of her forehead.

"Where would that leave you, Addy?" she inquired.

"I don't know," the inventor replied meditatively, "as it would leave me anywhere to speak of. I guess I'd be like the man who took passage on a boat that the pirates were just going to scuttle. Naturally they'd scuttle the passenger too. I'm tied up with Henry Weeks now; and if Munson eats him ——" He broke off, leaving Mrs. Humphrey to imagine the rest.

Slipping a little farther down in the morris chair, so that he sat mostly on the small of his back and his shoulder-blades, while his chin nearly touched his breast, Humphrey crossed his thin legs and slowly worked the loose slipper off and on his heel by rhythmically wriggling his toes.

"H. & A. Weeks began making stoves in a little shop down there at Five Oaks forty-one years ago," he continued, addressing the toe of his slipper. "They started to make gasoline stoves as early as anybody. They make the best stove on the market today. They've got a splendid business—worth two million dollars if it's worth a cent—and Henry Weeks is going to let Munson gobble it up.

"My goodness, Carrie!" he went on absently, "that man is proud of being old-fashioned—as though a man would be proud of having a cork leg or a glass eye. He thinks everybody in the United States knows H. & A. Weeks. You can't get it through his head that there are sixty or seventy million people in this country who never heard of anything dating back of Roosevelt. The old man's a great manufacturer—knows every tool and machine and bit of raw material in his shops from the time it was weaned. And there he stops. From what I hear at Five Oaks his brother Arthur was the salesman as long as he was alive; but old Arthur's son, Arthur Junior, is just a well-meaning jackrabbit; and Henry thinks if you make a tiptop stove and put a fine old firm name on it, Mr. Stove will just walk out and sell himself. He's the finest old man alive too—when his fur ain't rubbed the wrong way. They're all fine people. It makes me sick to see a fellow like Munson eat 'em up. I believe," he concluded meditatively, "I'll have to jump in now and see if I can't do something about it."



"It Would Make a Good Article for Some of These Puddin'-Headed Young Dudes"

After a long moment of silent reflection the inventor continued: "Munson's smart—almost as smart as he thinks he is. You see, there's his concern at Big Rapids, and Weeks' at Five Oaks, and a concern in Chicago, and one in Cleveland, and one in Pittsburgh, and one in Detroit. If Munson could get 'em into a trust he'd have the gasoline stove business right under his thumb, and I suppose he'd rake off a profit of a million or two for promoting the combination. He's got that bee in his bonnet and he's the kind of man, once he determines to do something, you can't stop with anything short of a cannon. But Weeks, the oldest and best-known concern, won't go in. So, when it comes to getting underwriters to put up money for the combine, and when it comes to floating the stocks and bonds, everybody will ask: 'But where are H. & A. Weeks?' You see, Munson is doing all this advertising to forestall that very question. He proposes to rub Weeks off the blackboard and put Big Rapids Stove Works in his place; so, if you say 'gasoline stove' to a man, it won't be Weeks that the man will think of but Big Rapids Stove Works. He expects by advertising to build up a trade name in a year that will be better known than the name Weeks has built up in forty years; and the sad thing is you can't get Henry Weeks to see that he can do it. Of course, when they get their trust formed, with Weeks the only important outsider, they'll go right after his scalp—and they'll get it. Munson is doing a tremendous lot of advertising to overcome Weeks' trade name; and in the end he's going to make Weeks pay for it."

"Can't Mr. Weeks see that?" Mrs. Humphrey asked anxiously.

"He won't," her husband replied. "The old man always was stubborner'n a mule. Lately Munson has been running him pretty hard. You might think that would wake him up; but it just makes him sore, and the sorer he gets the stubborner he is. If I was to say to him, 'Block Munson by spending a hundred thousand dollars for advertising right away,' he'd brain me with a monkey-wrench."

"But he owns only half the business," Mrs. Humphrey urged. "Can't the young man see it?"

"The young man can see it if he'd only confess it," her husband replied. "But what good does that do when you couldn't get him to stand up in opposition to Uncle Henry any more'n you could get a jackrabbit to fight a lion. When Uncle Henry gives one roar Arthur Junior turns tail automatically. He can't help it any more'n water can help running downhill. There you have it! There's old Henry, who's stubborner'n a mule and crosser'n a bear with a sore head; and there's Arthur Junior, who's just a jackrabbit; and there's Arthur's mother—old Arthur's widow—who's sixty-seven years old and just a nice, simple-minded old grandma with no more idea about business than she has about trigonometry. If I asked her to assert her right as half-owner and oppose Henry in anything about the business she'd think it was like asking her

to walk down the church aisle Sunday morning and swat the minister in the eye. That's a cheerful sort of combination for an outsider like me to go up against! But I guess I've got to go against it all the same. I ain't going to sit down and see that pup Munson eat those people; and I'd stand a sweet show myself with Munson running a gasoline-stove trust—as much show," he concluded gloomily, "as a one-legged mouse among nine hungry old cats."

A fortnight after this conversation with his wife the inventor sat in Henry Weeks' office at Five Oaks, genially conversing with the proprietor.

"You know, I often look at this desk, Mr. Weeks," he observed with a bright nod toward the object mentioned, "and think how different it is from the desks of other successful business men! Take Munson's desk, for example: it's all heaped up with letters and checks and papers. The only pieces of metal on it are a paper-weight and a pen, while yours, now, is covered with mechanical things. There's hardly a bit of paper on it."

"Oh, Munson's one of your newfangled manufacturers—your up-to-date Yankee sort," the old gentleman replied with contempt. In Canada, fifty years before, he had learned to speak that way of "Yankee" things; and forty-five years of citizenship in the grand republic had not cured him of the habit. "Munson hobnobs with the president of his bank and can hardly remember the names of the foremen of his shops. If I've got anything to say to a banker I telephone or tell Arthur to drop him a note; but if I've got anything to say to a foreman—well," Mr. Weeks concluded with justifiable pride, "that foreman knows who's talking to him.

"I like the feel of metal in my hands, my boy, better than paper," he added. "The shop's where a manufacturer belongs, according to my notion. I let Arthur run the correspondence and so on. And that's the way this business was built up, right from the word go—with a forge and a hammer; not with a pen and any paper fixin's." For two or three minutes he spoke reminiscently of the beginnings of the business.

Addison had heard the same story from the same lips before; but it seemed to make a deeper impression upon him this time.

"You know, Mr. Weeks," he observed thoughtfully, "that's really a great story. It occurred to me the other day —— You see, the magazines are always printing articles showing young men how they can succeed by close attention to business and strict integrity. Besides, some of the magazines are down on trusts and monopolies. Now here's your business; you started without any capital and you've built it up by hard work and strict integrity. You've succeeded by your own improvements and inventions, and because you made a good, honest article and sold it at a reasonable price. Munson's trying to form a trust and get a monopoly in this line; but you don't propose to go into it. I believe that would make an awfully good article that some magazine would be glad to print. It's a fine illustration, you see, of the old-fashioned road to success."

"It would make a danged good article," said Mr. Weeks candidly, "for some of these puddin'-headed, soft-handed young dudes that are loafing round Five Oaks to read."

"Sure! Sure!" Addison exclaimed. "And there are no more dudes in Five Oaks in proportion to the population than there are everywhere else. Yes, sir; it would make a fine article and I believe the magazines would print it. I'm going to try it."

"If you do," the old gentleman grumbled modestly, "don't spread on the taffy too thick. Some of these articles about successful business men make me sick. I'll bet I know more about the inside of a manufacturing plant than Carnegie ever dreamed of." Indeed, honest Mr. Weeks had not the least doubt of his own superiority as a manufacturer to that much-lauded person.

A quarter of an hour later Humphrey stood behind the door in the secretarial office at the Weeks plant talking earnestly to a stoutish man who was verging upon middle age, but whose round, rosy, beardless face looked oddly like that of a large infant. This was Arthur Junior. Though they were alone in the room, and Uncle Henry had already disappeared into the depths of the plant, Arthur had nervously edged the inventor along until they stood behind the door, through the crack of which he kept an apprehensive eye upon Uncle Henry's adjoining office.

"But he consents to it—you heard him consent yourself," Addison urged—having, in fact, arranged that Arthur should leave the door open and so overhear the conversation with Uncle Henry.

"But he doesn't know it's going to cost anything," Arthur replied in alarm.

"Well, it ain't going to cost him anything, is it?" the inventor retorted. "You've got plenty of money of your own."

"It's really my mother's money—every penny of it," said Arthur conscientiously.

"But she leaves everything to you; and if you let Munson eat her up what'll you have to say for yourself? It's just this way: This scheme of mine can't possibly break you; but Munson's scheme will break you. My goodness! Arthur, how would you feel to see your mother and Uncle Henry broke when you could have prevented it as easy as not?"

Arthur was a conscientious person with a lively sense of all the responsibilities that rested upon him, and this suggestion deprived him of breath

"And we're quite sure to get the money back in one way or another," the inventor continued. "We'll form this little corporation—just you and I—so H. & A. Weeks really won't have anything to do with it. You handle all the mail anyhow, and I guess you're entitled to separate your own mail from the firm's mail, ain't you? You'll advance some money and I'll do the managing. When it's all over you can say, 'I saved the works!'—and you'll have your money back too. My goodness! What more could you ask than that? I've got to catch this train now; but don't you worry, Arthur; just leave it to me." With a reassuring smile the inventor patted Arthur's flabby and woeladen shoulder.

The train that he caught was not bound for his home in Vale, however, but for Chicago. There he spent the better part of two days consulting with a firm of experts in advertising. From Chicago he proceeded to Big Rapids and once more found himself in the anteroom of President Munson, of the Big Rapids Stove Works.

The private secretary regarded his card and himself with an exceedingly dubious air and suggested that Mr. Humphrey would do well to state his business by mail, for Mr. Munson was very busy that day and probably couldn't see him. After some persuasion on the caller's part, he reluctantly took the card in to his chief, who immediately confirmed his doubts.

In fact, Mr. Munson not only confirmed the secretary's doubts but officially informed him that he was a fool. Returning to the anteroom with the card and this information, the secretary regarded the caller aggrievedly.

"Too busy to see you," he said curtly. "He says you can write if you want to."

"Very well," Addison replied cheerfully, "I'll write—right here." Taking a sheet of notepaper from the secretary's desk, he wrote thereon: "Have a proposition to make regarding H. & A. Weeks."

He knew very well that H. & A. Weeks were the grand stumbling-block to Mr. Munson's most cherished ambition. He knew also, from Uncle Henry and Arthur, that Mr. Munson had tried in vain to reach them through various intermediaries. Two minutes after he finally induced the secretary to take this note to the inner room he was seated beside Mr. Munson's desk.

Thrice thereafter, at intervals of about three weeks, Addison visited Big Rapids and had the pleasure of being immediately admitted to Mr. Munson's swarthy, beetle-browed and domineering presence. Returning to Vale after the third visit, he found a telegram from Henry Weeks demanding his presence at Five Oaks in the shortest possible time; also an urgent request to call up Arthur Weeks by long-distance telephone.

When he entered the manufacturer's office some three hours later the old gentleman gave him an exceedingly grim little nod and leveled a commanding forefinger at a chair, saying: "Sit down there, young man!"

Addison having meekly obeyed, Mr. Weeks deliberately and in ominous silence took three newly issued popular magazines from a drawer in the desk. Opening the top one, he flattened out the pages by a powerful pressure of his calloused hand, as though he were paying off a grudge against the innocent sheets of paper.

"Tell me what that means?" he commanded, shoving the flattened magazine across the desk toward Addison.

The first of the open pages was headed: "The Story of a Stove." Indented in the text was the pretty picture of a little shop beneath a spreading oak, and the explanation under the picture ran, "In this shop H. & A. Weeks began making stoves at Five Oaks forty-one years ago." The story of the stove occupied four pages of the magazine and was embellished with several other tasteful illustrations.

Having glanced at it, Addison looked up with an air of innocent surprise.

"Why, of course; that's the article about how you built up your business—the article we talked over."

This explanation seemed only to increase the old gentleman's bottled wrath. Leaning over, he tapped the top of the page with a large forefinger and demanded:

"But what does that say?"

"Why, that," said Addison, "says 'Advertising Section.'"

"Advertising!" Mr. Weeks roared explosively. "That means it's paid for, don't it? And it's the same way in these others too," he added as his fist descended like a piledriver on the remaining publications.

"Have they sent you any bills?" Addison inquired mildly.

"No; and they'd better not either!" the old man retorted.

"They never will," said Addison. "It don't cost you a penny, Mr. Weeks—not a penny."

At that confident statement the manufacturer stared in amazement and the inventor could see the wind going out of the sails of his wrath.

"I don't say, mind you," Addison continued with a slight but significant smile, "that it may not have cost me a little something. I brought my ovens in at the end, you see; and if it cost me anything I'm perfectly satisfied. But it don't cost you a cent. The fact is, Mr. Weeks, I know a man who's in the advertising line. Suppose I slipped him a little money." It was Mr. Weeks' old-fashioned and settled conviction that every business in the United States except his own reeked with dishonesty; but at this fresh proof of it he looked rather dazed.

After having considered the matter in this new light for a full minute he said in mild reproach: "I'm surprised at you, Addison. This danged country is rotten with graft; but I'm really surprised to find a young man like you mixing up in it!" He evidently spoke, however, more in sorrow than in anger, and out of the tail of his eye he contemplated the pretty picture of the original Weeks shop.

"They can settle that among themselves," Addison replied cheerfully. "What I wanted, you see, was to get the article printed; I wanted to get it before the young men of this country—and the old men and the women and children—before millions of readers."

This suggestion of a vast currency evidently impressed the old gentleman. He took up the offending magazine and glanced over the four pages quite thoughtfully.

"I don't say," he admitted, "that it ain't a good article. I think it would be a good thing if every danged young man in this country learned it by heart. But I'm really surprised at you, Addison. Graft, now—h'm!—h'm!——" The old gentleman's eye lingered upon a sentence in the story. Then he asked: "Did you write this, Addison?"

(Continued on Page 60)



"I Tell You I Don't Want it—and I Don't Want to be Bothered. I'm Busy!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 21, 1911

Senator Bourne's Letter

THE New York Times, after carefully reviewing the political situation state by state, concludes that out of ten hundred and sixty-three delegates in the next Republican National Convention, the Insurgents may, "at a liberal estimate," have one hundred and fifty-two, leaving nine hundred and eleven to renominate Mr. Taft on the first and only ballot.

And the New York Press, of a somewhat different political persuasion, finds that "William Lorimer has a better chance of being nominated for President next year than Robert M. La Follette has."

No one has ever dreamed, however, that the sentiment among Republican voters against Insurgency and in favor of Taft is nine to one, or that, in the rank and file of the party, Lorimer has more admirers than La Follette. The conclusions mentioned above—which appear to be shared in large measure by the daily newspaper press of the country—are based upon the fact that about a third of the delegates, from Southern states, will be selected by Federal officeholders and a great many more will be named virtually by various state machines. A year ago it was declared with equal assurance that Insurgency existed only in editorial offices and had no real strength among Republican voters. But when the voters lined up at the polls in November this view was found to be sadly fallacious.

What the Insurgents want in respect of the nomination is exactly that lining up of the voters—an actual show of hands. The letter which Senator Bourne, as president of the National Republican Progressive League, has addressed to every member of the Republican National Committee, sets forth that only five states as yet have formally adopted direct vote by the people on Presidential candidates, but the laws of other states interpose no bar to a Presidential primary if the state committee chooses to call one. He asks the National Committee to issue a "strong recommendation that in all states where practicable the state committee call Presidential primaries at least thirty days prior to the convention . . . because the members of the party are entitled to an effective voice in the selection of candidates they are expected to support . . . for no candidate could go before the country with a stronger argument than that he had been selected by a direct vote of the members of his party and not by a convention dominated by a steam roller."

"Assuredly," Senator Bourne adds, "this plan of a nation-wide Presidential primary should receive the cordial endorsement of every man who contemplates being a candidate for the nomination." Assuredly it should. Not only the next Presidential election, but the future of the Republican party, may hinge upon it. A "steam-roller" nomination will probably split the party irrevocably.

Curing the Social Unrest

IN THE last fifteen years Parliament has passed act after act in the interests of British workmen. Perhaps never in any country was a greater program of "social legislation" carried through within so short a time. In 1897 there was the act to compensate workmen for injury or death through industrial accidents, which we are now rather feebly trying to imitate. Hours of labor for women and children, and in some occupations for men, have been reduced and limited by law. In "sweated" trades a minimum wage-scale, at a living level, may be established by the Board of Trade. A special act exempts trade unions from liability to damage suits. Free public employment agencies have been organized. There have been acts to protect workmen's health, limbs and lives in hazardous occupations. The old-age pension law guarantees sustenance to the superannuated at the expense of the state. Next year the national insurance bill goes into effect, providing indemnity for illness and, in some trades, for unemployment. It is very significant that this last bill was supported by both the great political parties; while it was partly to provide old-age pensions that income and inheritance taxes were increased and the state laid its hands upon the "unearned increment" in land values.

Compared with "social legislation" in the United States, this program looks vast and revolutionary; but, after it was all carried through—namely, in July and August last—England experienced one of the greatest, most violent strikes in her history. Never had British workmen seemed more intensely and aggressively dissatisfied. This doesn't argue that the British workman is an especially unreasonable and ungrateful person. For skilled men, such as carpenters, masons, plumbers, painters, pattern-makers, printers, the predominant range of wages in England and Wales is eight dollars and a half to nine dollars and a half a week. What labor wants, the world over, is more wages. All "social legislation" is merely incidental to that.

Steel Prices and Wages

"THE possibility of lower wages in the steel and iron trade is being seriously discussed," says the Iron Age, adding: "In the opinion of some manufacturers it is inevitable that labor will share the hardships which the trade is undergoing."

In 1898 nearly all steel and iron products sold at the lowest prices ever known in this country. Partly to remedy that distressful condition the big steel combinations were formed, culminating three years later in the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust. Also, ownership of the best ore and coke supplies was gathered into a few hands.

Now the price of sheet steel is as low as in 1898. The labor cost, according to the Age, is two dollars a ton less; but the bars from which it is made are five dollars a ton higher, and "it is hard to see how independent mills are living. . . . Nor is there any living profit for a wire mill buying its rods at twenty-six dollars and selling plain wire at a cent and forty-five hundredths a pound."

The Trust, of course, doesn't have to buy rods at twenty-six dollars or bars at twenty-one. It makes both out of its own ore and coke; and it is not within the power of all the attorney-generals in Christendom to disperse the ownership of the ore and coke as it was in the nineties. The cuts fall hardest upon certain independent makers of finished products, who may have to call upon labor to "share their hardships"—as though labor didn't have enough hardships of its own which nobody shares, and though the labor cost, as to sheet steel at least, is two dollars a ton less than in 1898.

That is what free competition usually gets round to—a reduction of wages and then a bigger combination. It is very well known that a great number of steel and iron workers now make barely a living wage, though they perform twelve hours of grueling labor daily.

A British Example

HONORABLE GALBRAITH COLE, a son of Lord Enniskillen and a brother-in-law of Lord Delamere, is an extensive and distinguished landowner in British East Africa. For a long time Mr. Cole was excessively annoyed by sheep-stealers. At length he caught a native in the act of stealing a sheep. The native ran; Mr. Cole fired and killed him. Other white settlers, it seems, had been much annoyed by native depredations upon their sheepfolds. It was contended that, in firing, Mr. Cole meant simply to frighten the native into surrendering. Being brought to trial on the charge of homicide he was acquitted by a jury of his peers.

Thus, according to the ordinary forms of law, the matter was at an end. The Colonial Office at London, however, by an order in council, directed the governor of British East Africa to deport Mr. Cole from the colony for "exciting race enmity," allowing him thirty days to settle up his affairs there. This order provoked great indignation among Mr. Cole's fellow settlers. They declared that his treatment of the natives up to the shooting had been humane and exemplary; that the victim of his bullet was an habitual sheep-stealer; that the jury's verdict should have been accepted as conclusive; that the order of deportation was tyrannical.

The London Law Journal, on the other hand, declares: "It is useless to try and justify such an act"—as Mr. Cole's—"to the conscience of a law-abiding country. . . . The attempt which has been made to do so and the resentment of the white residents at the order of deportation reveal a contempt for native life and native rights which, it is to be feared, is far too common among English settlers. . . . When the partialities of a white jury paralyze the ordinary administration of justice it is quite time for the Colonial Office to give an impressive lesson, such as will be conveyed by this order for deportation."

Unfortunately, perhaps, the Colonial Office's jurisdiction does not extend to lynching towns in the United States.

Europe in a Ferment

PERHAPS not in twenty years has Europe been so extensively disturbed as this fall. At the close of September nearly every great central bank advanced its discount rate—in England to four per cent; in Germany and Austria to five; in Belgium to five and a half; while even the Bank of France marked up its rate for the first time in nearly four years—and British consols fell to a point nearly twenty-four per cent below par. A financial review says: "Distrust is more intense than at any time since the Baring failure, in 1890." American securities, which enterprising Wall Street jobbers had been placing abroad the last two or three years by various means, including the employment of traveling salesmen, were dumped back upon our market in inconveniently large quantities. "Morocco" was the common European explanation of this nervous tension; but political reports said the Morocco question was well in the way of settlement, and it was never perilous enough to account wholly for the uneasy financial state.

Martial law was declared in Spain and Austria; bread riots agitated France; a royalist revolt broke out in Portugal; and something approximating the dimensions of a rebellion was going forward in China. Over a great area, in short, the "lower classes" were as restless as the financiers.

By contrast, the United States appeared not only placid but soporific. The causes for unrest so widespread and differently manifested are as obscure as such causes usually are. Who knows why high cost of living should set people to rioting in several countries at this particular moment rather than at another, or why finance should take a chill about Morocco just now rather than a year ago?

A New Railroad's Report

THE railroads, we read the other day, have been "completely crippled" by the interference of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They can neither earn an adequate return upon the capital actually invested nor secure additional capital for extensions and improvements. We have read the same sort of thing so often in the last two or three years that we might really believe it if all the evidence were not on the other side. The biggest piece of new railroad construction of late is the St. Paul's extension to the Pacific Coast. This comprises nearly two thousand miles of main track and cost, with equipment, a hundred and fifty-four million dollars. The St. Paul, of course, had no difficulty whatever in securing the capital required; but usually not much is expected of a new line of road.

Generally speaking, as Mr. Carnegie long ago pointed out, "pioneering doesn't pay"—immediately. The first report for a full year's operation of this new line was published the other day, however, and it shows that the extension earned seven per cent net on the capital invested. It was able, therefore, to pay interest on the four per cent bonds which cover the cost of construction, to pay a dividend of two and two-thirds per cent on the hundred million dollars of stock which represents merely "good-will," and had a neat little surplus left over. Few railroad men will deny that seven per cent is a very fair return upon railroad capital. If the extension's bonds and stock were listed they would probably fetch a price that would show a promoter's or underwriter's profit of about thirty per cent—which most of us would not regard as discouraging.

The Lady or the Turk

THE cruiser San Giorgio cost eight million dollars and was one of the finest ships in the Italian navy. The gallant commander of the vessel, it appears, was in love with a noble and beauteous lady. Fired by a tender ambition to win her applause—after an excellent dinner in her company—he put the ship through some brilliant evolutions. No doubt the lady would have been charmed, but the final maneuver consisted of steaming at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour past certain danger buoys and straight upon a large, hard reef, which instantly reduced the San Giorgio to junk.

Scorn and obloquy were heaped upon the luckless captain's head. He was written about, indeed, as though he were the prize idiot of the universe. Only a few weeks later, however, the Italian Government sent the entire fleet into war with Turkey over a strip of land in Africa for which the Government really has much less use than the captain had for his lady's smiles. Of the two performances, the captain's seemed decidedly the more sensible.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Wholesale Cleaner

DO YOU remember—of course you do—that good old one about the surveying party that was working in Arkansas and came to the cabin of a farmer? It was a hot day and they asked the farmer for something to drink. The farmer had buttermilk and brought round a pitcher of it.

"This would be great," said one of the thirsty surveyors, "if we had some ice to put in it. Say, my friend, have you any ice?"

"Ice!" snorted the farmer. "Who in blazes ever heard of ice in the summertime!"

Same thing happened in Alabama long before. There was a church row over the proposition in the town where Oscar Dowling lived. Some of the brethren allowed there could be ice in the summer and there should be a few chunks of it at the church picnic. Others claimed ice in the summer was against Nature. It couldn't happen! Things looked squally for the picnic and for the church until Oscar Dowling took hold. A habit he has, that Dowling, of taking hold of things. He got a block of ice and took it to the picnic, and the proceedings were marked with peace and amity—and ice.

He used to edit a newspaper. It wasn't much of a newspaper, but he was a whale of an editor. One day he went to the man who owned the paper and said:

"Say, why don't you boost the town with that paper of yours?"

"Huh!" retorted the owner. "I like your nerve! If you want to boost the town with the paper buy the paper and do your own boosting."

Wherefore Oscar bought the paper and proceeded to boost. He thought it would be a good plan to print pictures of the local celebrities. The first person he pictured was the minister. The community was shocked. Fancy it! There was the picture of the minister right in the paper! The minister, being alive to the advantages of advertising, even for his calling, didn't object and the community soon recovered from the shock, especially as Oscar printed the pictures of a few of the most shocked and showed them it wasn't so unpleasant to have the neighbors say: "Saw your picture in the paper today."

Also, Oscar introduced the first press dispatches in that section of the country. They came in by train, and Jim, the devil, brought them up to the office by mustang. This was too slow, so Oscar rigged up a cigar-box telephone from the station to the drug store; and when the train came in Jim telephoned the news up to the store and Oscar took it hot off the string and put it in the paper.

There were a lot of other things in that town that didn't suit Oscar. He criticised the methods of the man who ran the livery stable. "Dodgast it!" said the man; "I've bin runnin' this stable for twenty years. If you don't like it, buy it and run it yourself!" Oscar bought it and ran it. Also, he bought the hotel and the drug store on the principle that they were not run right, either, and proceeded to demonstrate his theory of editing, innkeeping, drug-storing and livery-stable keeping. There is no telling how much farther he would have gone in reconstructing that town if his mother hadn't decided he must be a doctor.

How a State Got its Face Washed

OSCAR was willing, but being a doctor with him meant being a real doctor; so he studied medicine at Vanderbilt University, and then took courses of from one to three years at clinics in New York, Chicago, New Orleans, London, Berlin, and shorter courses in Paris and the City of Mexico. Once, when a patient of his died in a country town and there was no hearse, he borrowed a hearse from a neighboring village. Nobody would drive the hearse. That, according to local belief, would bring bad luck. Therefore Oscar drove the hearse himself—and drove it well.

It wasn't long before Oscar was one of the great doctors of Louisiana. He specialized as an oculist. The medical profession recognized him as a leader, and he was made president of all their organizations. Having been an editor in his youth he kept on writing for medical publications. Then in September, 1910, he was made president of the State Board of Health of Louisiana.

He was giving up a large practice for a salary of a hundred dollars a week, but he had ideas about sanitation, and he took the place—grabbed it, in fact. Then he removed his coat, rolled up his shirt-sleeves and announced:

"We shall now proceed to clean up the state."

"But how?" asked the citizens, aghast.

"By the simple expedient of removing the dirt," Oscar replied.



A Doctor Who Isn't Afraid to Drive a Hearse or a Hand Car

No sooner said than done. He planned a trip through Louisiana with a "health train." He laid the plan before the railroad men.

"Dowling," said one railroad president whom he had asked for a car, "you are a nice fellow—but a jackass!"

"Undoubtedly correct," smiled Oscar at the railroad president; "but give me that car!"

Instead of one car he secured three. Then began the remarkable trip through the state. It was last November. The health train had a car containing pictures and exhibits showing how disease can be prevented by the removal of dirt. The second car contained models of all sorts of sanitary appliances—from drains to labor-saving and dirt-preventing utilities for kitchens. The doctor and his assistants lived in the third car.

They covered the state, stopping at all sorts of villages and cities. They gave practical demonstrations of how towns can be cleaned, had moving-picture shows and lectures and inspections. The theory of Doctor Dowling was that the best possible health environment can be secured through local aid, and local aid can be enlisted by a revelation of conditions and the education of the public mind. Inspection was the most forcible feature of the work. When the train reached a village or city Doctor Dowling and his force of inspectors began work. They visited hotels, restaurants, bakeries, butcher shops, schools, outhouses, stores, public buildings and residences.

Oscar was everywhere. He worked like a steam engine and went through those kitchens and stores and other places like an avenger. Nothing escaped his eye. He saw grease on the stove, dirt in the milk cans, dough on kneading boards, as quickly as he detected unsanitary plumbing or other unhealthful conditions. It was all dirt to him, and to be eliminated. He didn't stand round and talk either. He demonstrated. When he thought the housekeeper needed a little practical instruction he showed her how to keep her kitchen clean by calling for soap and water and giving an object-lesson.

Well, the way he renovated the state of Louisiana was a caution! He would rush into a town, inspect it, tell the people just what meat markets and what restaurants and what dairies were dirty; show how this dirt helped the spread of disease, and then order a general cleaning up. He made them clean up too! There was no bluffing about it. "Clean up or shut up!" said the doctor. They had to do it. As one marketman in a Louisiana town said in a handbill he distributed: "To my Customers: This is to notify you that I will discontinue my market after April thirtieth, until I can meet the requirements of the State Board of Health, which will be only a short time."

He visited more than two hundred cities, towns and villages, and cleaned them. He established a force of local inspectors that is keeping them clean. There was a good deal of protest. No community likes to be told it is living in filth. Still, Dowling went along and told all communities that was exactly what they were doing—and proved it. As one editor put it: "The more our people read and think about Doctor Dowling's scathing report of the insanitary conditions existing in and round the town the madder we become; and if this thing keeps on we're likely to get mad enough to clean up!"

After Dowling had made his state campaign he took a train out into other states. Having scared Louisiana stiff and made that state clean up, the doctor traveled round and told the people of other states how much Louisiana had improved, how much it was to improve, and how that state had been lied about and traduced as to its health conditions. All of which shows him to be a good sport.

He is forty-four years old, with the heart of a boy and the winning smile of a woman. He is good-natured and happy, but with tremendous energy; and can be as stern as any circumstances demand. He has kept politics out of the State Board of Health and has secured wonderful results. He has proved himself a remarkable organizer and administrator, and the whole state believes in him.

A Poor Stand

SENATOR ALLEE, of Delaware, who served a few years in the Senate, had a pair of very short legs. As a result there was little difference in his height when he was sitting or standing at his desk.

One morning, when the late Senator Frye, of Maine, as president pro tempore, was presiding, Senator Allee arose and waved a bunch of papers, clamoring for recognition. Senator Frye was a bit short-sighted. He looked in Allee's direction and then turned to the assistant clerk and asked testily:

"Rose, is that little man from Delaware standing up or sitting down? I'm hanged if I can tell!"

According to the Charwoman

WHEN Lyman J. Gage went out as Secretary of the Treasury and Leslie M. Shaw came in, two charwomen, cleaning the corridors in the Treasury Building at Washington, were discussing the change.

"'Pears to me," said one of the charwomen, "this yere new man ain't so smaht as Marse Gage. This yere new man an' his clerk—they ain't so smaht!"

"How you mek that out?" asked the other charwoman.

"Why, Mr. Gage an' he's clerks they come down at ten o'clock in the mawnin' an' they all done at three o'clock in the evenin' an' gone home; an' this yere new man an' he's clerks they come down here sometimes early as seven o'clock in the mawnin' an' don't go home so's I kin clean out they office until away 'long about six o'clock in th' evenin'. These gemman ain't smaht like Marse Gage, I tell you!"

What the Yeggman Yearned For

A YEGGMAN imprisoned in the jail at Cleveland asked for something to read. The warden gave him a magazine from a package left by a prisoners' aid society. It happened to be a woman's magazine.

About an hour later the yeggman sent for the warden, showed him the magazine he had been reading, and asked what the game was.

"I can't find a single page in it that interests me," said the yeggman. "I don't care for this dope on fashions. What I want is a little logic!"

Carried by One

THE late Senator Frye, of Maine, was presiding in the Senate. A big appropriation bill carrying one hundred and fifty million dollars was on passage. As is usually the case, no Senator took the trouble to vote when the ayes and nays were called for except the Senator in charge of the bill.

He voted "aye." "The aye has it," announced Mr. Frye, "and the bill is passed."

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Saddles and Accessories—How to Choose and Use Them

EVERY out-of-door man ought to have his own saddle. It ought to fit him and to be his own private property—much the same as his trousers. In the old cowdays it was always held that a saddle was a sacred sort of thing, not to be parted with except in stress of circumstances and honorably—over the counter of the Silver Dollar or the Lone Star. Even so, the original owner was pretty sure to come back after his "leather" on the return of happier days.

The first saddle began when some one spread a skin to soften the projecting vertebræ of a horse. Bareback riding is not really very good fun. The American Indian came as near to riding bareback—both as to himself and his horse—as any mounted race of the world, perhaps; but even the Indian was apt to own a buckskin pad-saddle, stuffed with deer hair. A plains saddle in the writer's possession came from the Pawnees and dates back to 1840. It is beautifully beaded, though now the stuffing has gone to dust. Such a saddle had no stirrups; it was kept in place by a strong rawhide cinch, which even at that time had an iron ring in it. The Indians sometimes made fancy saddles with elk-horn trees, very high fore and aft, steaming and shaping the horn after some process of their own, and covering it with rawhide. Some of these saddles were fine examples of native work. They usually had stirrups, but that sort of saddle was really a squaw saddle and was never used by the hunters in running buffaloes or on the wartrail.

There are all sorts of things used by oriental peoples under the name of saddle, mostly high, narrow, round-seated contrivances, with short stirrups, which would not appeal much to an American rider. The English saddle, hornless and with a low, flat seat, is perhaps the best-known type of racing, hunting and park saddle combined that ever has been devised. The Englishman, at least, thinks it is the only saddle in the world. It has its uses, for there are different styles of riding. For the outdoor man, who hunts or rides in the West, it is worthless. The McClellan, or hornless military saddle, is much better.

The best sporting saddle for this or any other country, and the one most properly called American, is the old cowsaddle of the West. There are many good riders who have never thrown a leg over any other sort of saddle; and for work on the plains or in the mountains no man who has used one would ever care for any other type. It is as much a distinct product of this continent as is the birchbark canoe or the American ax or rifle.

The Old-Fashioned Cowsaddle

The cowsaddle, like pretty much everything else in the cow business, originally was Spanish. It came into our country, across the Texas and California borders, from Mexico, and so worked its way north with the cowtrade. Like many other things Spanish, it was devised with reference to the comfort of man and without regard to that of the animal. An old-time Southern range saddle might weigh from forty to sixty pounds. When cinched on by the hands of an expert it was there about as firmly as though nailed on. It gave the rider command of horse and cow alike. Its weight and strength enabled the puncher to do his roping with safety and the shape of the tree gave the most comfortable seat for long hours in the saddle that ever has been devised.

In the early days these saddles were highly ornamented with stamping and with silver work, and every one knows that the rider's saddle or his hat was worth much more than his horse. Since that time, fashions in saddles and customs on the range have been considerably changed. In the old days on the lower range there were two types of saddle, which varied a little, though both came up from Mexico—the California center-fire and the Texas double-cinch. Twenty-five years ago either of these would have been apt to show a low horn almost as big as a dinner plate. The seat was much longer than is the case today in the average Western saddle. The old Texan liked plenty of room, because sometimes he carried a rifle in front of him instead of at one side. It was not unusual to see a saddle-seat sixteen and a half to eighteen inches in length. The saddle itself was huge and heavy. When it killed the horse the rider got another horse.

The tree of the typical saddle of that time had no swell or bulge in front, any more than the McClellan or United States cavalry saddle had in its original form. The tree was simply spread enough forward to take the shoulders of the horse. The skirts were long and square, the saddle-pockets heavy. The only consideration the horse got was in the saddle-blanket, which sometimes was pieced out with a shaped blanket, or corona as it was sometimes called on the lower range. The stirrups were of wood—wide and deep; and it was customary at that time to have them covered in front with long "taps," which shared in the stamping and other ornamentation then usual for the whole saddle. The thin oval stirrup now in general use on the plains was then unknown. The Southern horseman's outfit was devised for cactus and mesquit country; and it was copied, efficiency and all, on the upper ranges after the trailmen from below had carried it there.

The Visalia Tree

It was the custom of some horse-breakers on the lower range in earlier times to ride with a blanket or a rolled coat lashed across the horse in front of the seat—the forerunner of the buckskin bucking roll which you may have seen adjusted to some saddles. This roll no doubt also was the beginning of the swell-front or bulge-front saddle. The old Visalia tree, which came across twenty or more years ago from California, seems to have been the first to show the swell front. It had a great vogue and was known on the range in any one of a dozen different fashions. Gradually it began to give a cowsaddle a corpulent look in front, where once it had been narrow. It gave the rider a little protection perhaps, but not very much firmer grip, for the swell was continuous from the base of the horn down and out; so that if a man's legs slipped at the base they were apt to keep on slipping all the way up and out. The idea of the bulge front, however, had universal acceptance. It began to be modified in California and elsewhere. After a time, saddles were made in Oregon which showed the bulge incurved, to take the rider's legs under the front. This idea was quickly accepted by Wyoming makers, and today you will see nifty-looking cowsaddles with incurved swell and a bulge as wide as fifteen inches over all—something like a Dutch lighter, which would have been laughed off the range in earlier days, but which has come to stay because it has reason under it.

As the front of the saddle began to swell, the stirrups and the horn began to shrink. The bulge front dates back twenty or twenty-five years, though it has not been in general use east of the Rockies so long as that. A little after its advent saddles began to appear on the upper range with small horns, rather high and raking forward and up. Some punchers demurred at this, saying that such a horn would kill a man if he fell under his horse. The same was really pretty much true of the big, flat horns. Anyhow, the small horns came to stay; and at any time during these dozen or fifteen years the stock patterns in cowsaddles have shown a small horn and a swell front.

The narrow, oval or half-round stirrup seems to have originated also on the upper range. The "taps" disappeared, the flat-bottomed stirrups went entirely out of style. Today the puncher rides almost a knife-edged stirrup, with his foot full in and his weight on the middle of the foot. Old World peoples would call this a barbarian way of riding. For cowwork and for long hours in the saddle on the rough little Western horse, the straight leg and the foot midway of the stirrup has been proved out to be practical and comfortable. All spring from the ball of the foot and ankle has been



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eliminated. The Eastern man in the West is about the only one there who will ride with his knees much bent.

Though a man may put on some airs about getting a saddle to fit him, the horse never has been allowed that privilege. The tree of the saddle is a fixed thing and it cannot be adjusted to different-shaped backs of horses. Of late, much study has been given to devising trees which will be easy for the horse as well as for the man. Small fortunes were made years ago by makers who got a reputation for their special trees. There were firms in Wyoming and Colorado which set fashions for years all over the range east of the Rocky Mountains. Today they must look to their laurels, for enterprising men are in the business who, instead of regarding themselves as autocrats, are eager to hear of any new ideas for the improvement of their output. You can now get a cowsaddle made under thirty pounds, and it will do handsomely for use in the East or anywhere else.

So far as the comfort of the rider is concerned, the seat of a saddle is its most important feature. You can buy by mail a saddle which looks like a cowsaddle and which may be accepted as all right by the ignorant purchaser. The seat of such a saddle may be perhaps sixteen inches long, round and almost level, like a log. You cannot ride with comfort in that shaped seat very long. Examination will show that the expert riders of today are shortening the seats and straightening up the cantles more than the old models showed. Some riders today use a thirteen-and-a-half-inch seat, which formerly would have been called fit only for a boy. The better the rider is the closer his saddle fits today; and the worse actor his horse is the better control he gets from the short seat and the incurved roll. The short seat, also, is better for the horse, for most sore backs are caused by the rider's squirming and twisting round in his seat. You may have seen a cowpuncher riding loose and easy—one leg across the saddle, with only one foot in the stirrup. Close examination would show you that he did not have all his weight on that stirrup, but that his center of gravity, after all, was pretty much over the middle of the saddle.

A Western man who rides a great deal is apt to be much thinner than the average city man, especially if the latter be of convivial habits. The average Easterner who weighs a hundred and sixty pounds is apt to need a tree of fourteen and a half inches—and fifteen very likely will be better for him. There is, however, absolutely no exercise in the world that compares with horseback riding in the reduction of abdominal fat. Spend two months in a cowsaddle and you will find yourself able to ride an inch or so shorter seat. Moreover, no matter what your belief, when you get used to the shorter seat you are apt to fancy it more than the long and loglike pattern. You will find that your expert saddler today gives the seat quite a pitch up forward and considerable breadth at the base of the cantle. Get into a saddle of this kind and you will feel as though you were poured into it.

The Lightning Fastener

At the same time, should your horse start to get out from under you, by the up-and-down, end-for-end or sidewise route, you will find yourself in the position of best mechanical advantage over him, especially if your swell front allows your legs to get in under it. The grade of Western horses has much improved of late; but it will be better for you to figure that every Western horse should be watched, no matter what his antecedents. There is something in the air of the West which makes for equine festiveness.

The cowsaddle in its modern type is perhaps the best saddle for stockmen that the world has ever turned out. Not long ago a rancher of the Argentine Republic came out to Wyoming and saw some of these Western saddles. He bought a number for his own men. The saddle of the Argentine is a different affair, and in that country the *saquero* or *gaucho* ropes from the cinch ring and not from the horn. For use on a mountain trip, this Western type of saddle is the best both for horse and man. Nothing but fashion keeps it out of use in Eastern parks, for it is good no matter where you put it.

If you desire individuality in your saddle you will find plenty of makers today more willing to accommodate you than would have been the old autocrats who set the fashion willy-nilly twenty years ago on the range. You can get your saddle-skirts cut scant or round if you prefer them so. There are firms who make only trees; others who make only horns; yet others who make only saddle-pockets; others again who manufacture only stirrups. Your maker will build you a saddle center-fire, double rigged, three-quarters rigged or Spanish rigged—as you desire. Perhaps you could still get a highly decorated saddle if you really liked, though the taste for that sort of thing has changed. In all essential ways the saddle is better now than it ever was and sheepmen today ride better saddles than cowkings did thirty years ago.

In the old days the saddle-cinch was fitted at each end with a large iron ring. This had no buckle or tongue, and the saddle was fastened simply with the tie—something like a necktie, sailor-knot—of the cinch strap, which was held in place in part by friction on itself. This sort of thing would be called old-fashioned today. The cinch strap is now usually held in place by a big buckle-tongue. About a dozen years or more ago there appeared on the range a California device which the punchers called a "tacksaberry," which in the trade is usually known as a lightning fastener. This is simply a metal contrivance like a flattened ring, with a flanged side bent over in the form of a hook. By its use, you never have to remove the cinch strap in its entirety from its rings, but only need to loosen it enough so that the grip of the fastener will loosen on the latigo ring—that through which the cinch strap passes at its lower end, on the near side of the horse. The cinch proper then drops free on its left-hand or near end. This saves considerable time and trouble; and, as now geared, the saddle has a firmer grip than ever before.

Saddle Anatomy

It will not hurt you, if you are ordering a saddle, to know something about the different parts of the saddle. The latter is not simply a bunch of leather nailed to some wood, but is really a scientific contrivance, evolved after many years of experiment.

The first thing to look at is the tree. All the better if you can see this in the raw, with nothing over the wooden shape excepting its shrunk rawhide cover. A saddle-tree made by a good man consists of five pieces, usually of tough cottonwood, all drawn firmly together by the shrunk rawhide until it is practically one piece. The horn makes an extra piece, which is fastened to the tree strongly by means of branched legs. It nearly always has a leather cover round the shank, sometimes of braided rawhide. Some like the shiny, naked metal top, but most riders do not fancy it, considering it cold in look and feel. The cover of the shank is put on before that of the tree, and the thongs are tacked down to the tree before the bulge cover is fitted. When all is in place the tree and its horn are pretty much one proposition and are hard to separate, even by the weight of the heaviest steer.

The skirt of the saddle is the wide and heavy leather which comes over the tree, which itself usually is softened down by sheepskin, attached by means of flat, thin thongs. Nails and screws are absent.

You will notice that the skirt of your saddle seems double. The cover of the seat and stirrup rigging comes on top of the skirt, and this is made up of the back jockey, front jockey and side jockey, or seat. Sometimes you will see saddles with seams at the base of the cantle, but the best saddle today will have a continuous cover. Of course all these upper leathers can be finished in stamping as you like. The taste seems now to tend toward simpler fashions, and some severe punchers incline to plain leather, with no ornamentation beyond that of the ranch brand—which latter the saddler will put on for you.

The rig of the saddle is covered by these upper leathers, the stirrups being suspended from a ringed band supported fore and aft. The front rig-strap comes down from under the cover of the bulge or swell. You will very likely find a three-quarter rig the best for general work, but your saddler will build your saddle so that you can use a hind cinch if you like. The old Spanish rig, so called, had the side band run clean forward to the front ring or rig.

The heavy flaps that protect your legs from the body of the horse are called

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fenders. The stirrup leathers come above these. Formerly these leathers were made of very heavy stock, but today they are made of rather lighter leather. The makers of Wyoming and Colorado declare that they put out the best saddles on earth, but admit that they get the best of their oak-tanned leather from California. Coarse leather, tanned with acids, does not last long on the range. A good maker will probably hand you your saddle with the stirrup-leathers already bent at the stirrups and not hanging at right angles.

The whang-leather thongs which the Western rider finds so useful on his saddle in carrying his slicker, his can of tomatoes, his fish, game, ammunition or what-not, are called tie strings by your saddler. There are four on each side. The only buckle allowed on top of the saddle is that of the rope strap, which is put in at the right side of the swell. The tie strings are fastened in place by conchos, or tie ornaments, as sometimes they are called in the trade, usually of nickel—sometimes of silver.

You should use care in selecting your cinch. This you may find of braided hair, or of hard or soft twine, or "fish cord." The soft cotton cord is perhaps the best. You will not see the flat band or surcingle used as a cinch.

Your stirrups you can select from many patterns. Severity of style rules in such matters now—though perhaps somewhere in California you could get a two-hundred-dollar pair of stirrups even yet if you felt you had to have them. Of course the stirrup leathers are fastened with thongs and buckles are unknown. Just as well have your saddler give you the right length at first, as it takes some time to change the length of the stirrup leathers on a cow-saddle.

The strap which keeps the cinch permanently fastened to the right side of the saddle is called the short latigo. The long latigo, or that on the left-hand side of the saddle, used for keeping it in place, is usually—by the puncher—called the tie strap.

If you know these different parts of your saddle by their right names you will be more apt to impress a maker. Of course you will never call the horn of a saddle the pommel—or call a cinch the girth!

Your saddler is apt to have other things which you may need—or fancy you need. A pair of "chaps" will be a nice thing for your den. They are easy on a long ride and good in rough weather; but, if you are hunting in the mountains, shuck them off when the time comes for you to walk. Guides and hotel employees affect "chaps." Your saddler will have them in horsehide, calfskin, goat or bear.

Bits and Spurs

Fashions in spurs have changed a little. The rowels are smaller than formerly and the old jinglers or bells are not so frequently seen. The old puncher used to say that these jinglers locked the spur rowel and gave a rider a better hold on the cinch of a bad actor. The bent shank or drop shank is not so generally popular now as the straight shank. You will have to pay from five to twenty-five dollars for your spurs—because, of course, they will be hand-forged. Never wear spurs of the cheap "can-opener" type if you want to make a good impression in Western riding circles.

Nothing better shows the passing of old Western days than the change in bits. When you are in the West on a hunt you ought to pick up for yourself a really good hand-forged bit—not one of the cheap store patterns. Once in a while you can still see in a shop one of the cruel old ring bits or spade bits, which formerly were in general use on the range. These instruments now are passing rapidly out of use. The roller curb—a little wheel with milled edges set in the bent tongue of the bit—is about as much as the average employer wants his men to use now. Such a bit, with a bar, chain or strap curb back of the lower jaw, will do pretty much all the business necessary these days. Some cowmen do not even want a roller curb, but rely on the bend of the tongue or curb to punish the mouth of a horse when necessary. Do not, however, try using a straight-bar bit, or straight snaffle, in the mouth of a Western horse which has been broken otherwise. He is very apt to bolt with you or make other trouble.

It is quite true that the old-fashioned, tongue-tearing, mouth-breaking Spanish bits gave the rider better control over a bad

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are made entirely without the "filling" that cracks and falls out in ordinary shades leaving streaks and pinholes.

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horse. But as horses came to be worth more money and better bred on the range, gradually it was discovered that the punishing bit was what made a great many horses bad. The trade of the bronco-buster still is in demand, but there is much more common-sense used with horses now on the range than formerly was the case. Some horses, for instance, cannot tolerate a hair cinch. Cinch up a horse tight with double cinches of hair, crowd a long spade-bit into his mouth, climb on top of a fifty-pound saddle and begin to jerk the head off of him—and perhaps you may find that your horse is bad. What made him bad is another question. In riding Western horses you want bit enough to control them, but there is no use in punishing them unnecessarily.

In mounting the cowsaddle, gather your reins in the left hand and rest as much weight as possible on the neck of the horse, grasping the mane, but not wrenching it unnecessarily. Face back rather than square forward if your horse is plumb gentle, get your left foot into the stirrup, and go up by taking the horn in your right hand—never catching hold of the cantle with your right hand. That betrays the tenderfoot on the range inevitably. The tenderfoot tries to keep connections with the saddle, but the good rider knows that the main thing is to stay with the horse. If he goes up into the air he throws you into your seat if your hand is on the horn of the saddle. Of course you will see that if your hand is on the cantle it must be removed before your leg can pass across. Never try to saddle a Western horse from any but the left-hand side—and even put your blanket on from that side. Approach him quietly and don't make sudden motions round his head. If your horse is a bad actor get him by the cheek strap and pull his head in toward you. You will have to catch stirrup and horn after that the best you can; but be sure you catch the horn and not the cantle. Turn your horse round a time or two, if you doubt him, before mounting. It serves to take his mind off from what he was planning to do to you.

In riding hard in plains country do not try to jerk up and guide your horse, for that is the best way to get a fall. The horse sees more badger holes than you do and is not anxious to step into them.

On any risky trail in the mountains, granted that you are riding a good mountain horse, let him alone, and do not try to guide him or to hurry him. He is very sure-footed and knows much more about the work than you do. If he wants to stop let him stop. Do not push him straight up a steep slope, but let him zigzag it, as very likely he will want to do, being something of an engineer himself.

In going up a steep slope get your weight well forward over the horse's shoulders and hold the saddle in place as much as you can with the grip of your legs. Don't sag back and gall the poor brute's back. He is having trouble enough without that.

In fording a bad mountain river give your horse the general direction and let him alone, not trying to urge him or guide him. He must find his own footing among the slippery boulders on the bottom and knows more about fording than you do.

If there is likelihood that you will have to swim in crossing a river loosen the hind cinch altogether, if there is one, and ease off the front cinch. If you do not you are apt to drown the horse. A horse cannot swim with the cinch as tight as he would stand on terra firma. He needs room for his lungs.

There is something very interesting to the average outdoor man in saddles and horse appliances. A collection of saddles would be rather a smelly sort of affair, but there live few Western men, at least, with soul so dead as not to put value on the old "leather," and to wish it back again in possession—the same which probably carried you years ago and which went the way of the range at the Lone Star or the Silver Dollar. However, no matter how much the old saddle would delight you now, you can very likely get one just as good or better today. The only time to lend it is to some fellow who will break it in for you—for a new saddle is something like a new pair of shoes. You ought to have a saddle of your own and ought to take care of it. Oil it with neat's-foot oil once in a while, to give it that nice red color and that nice saddley smell—the odor which very likely you wish right now might come to you once more.



Do you know that INSTINCT *is greater than* REASON?

First of a Series of Enchanting Stories About the Mysterious Power of Instinct in Man

"I'VE just been playing the Virtuolo. I wish I could tell my feelings.

"Something told me to close the top panel so I could not see the roll, and to close my eyes too.

"What told me? Instinct!

"I did! I put in 'Elizabeth's Prayer' from 'Tannhäuser.'

"I shut the panel in front of the roll; put my right fingers on the tempo lever; my left on the modulating buttons; closed my eyes and started to pedal.

"Yes, I know what it is to be thrilled to the core with golden music, but I never got *hypnotized* with music until I played instinctively with my eyes shut.

"I shut my eyes to *thought* and to *reason*—I shut out everything, and lost myself in the rhythm and the melody, the expression and the harmony, as they floated out of the piano.

"Did I get lost? Yes, lost in relaxation and joyous feelings of ecstasy—lost in the flowery kingdom of music.

"It is the greatest sensation in the world—to play great music yourself—to play great music instinctively, with your eyes shut.

"Did I need any levers and buttons and stops and Italian ciphers and black dots and red lines and interpreting devices to guide me? No! A thousand times—no!! They would only have spoiled the spell and brought me back to earth, back to things commonplace.

"Immortal instinct, greater than training, greater than practice, greater than reason, carried me along through the music, as if mine was a charmed life.

"I never hesitated once for retards and louds or softs. I never hesitated once to decide the time.

"Immortal instinct told me always what to do.

"Get a Virtuolo player piano and play it instinctively with your eyes closed. Then try to describe the goose-flesh and the thrill and the ecstasy of joy that seizes and shakes the very foundations of your soul. Yes, try to describe it. You can't!"

THIS bit of description came in to us from one of our customers who has owned a Hallet & Davis for many years. In fact, the Hallet & Davis piano has been in their family for over fifty years.

We took it back in exchange and sold her a Virtuolo—the New Instinctive Player Piano—in a new Hallet & Davis piano.

Nothing that we have read yet describes the Instinctive Playing of the Virtuolo as well as the above.

The Virtuolo does away with mechanical player-piano music by doing away with all of the interpreting machinery which you find on other player pianos. That interpreting machinery makes you use your reason, and when you use your reason, instinct cannot work. You can't think of two thoughts at the same time, neither can you operate *instinct* and *reason* at the same time. You've got to operate one *or* the other.

If you operate *reason* in your playing, you drive out your *instinct*, and when you drive out instinct in connection with music, you have driven out all that is musical.

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Therefore, when you play the Virtuolo you find yourself touching the right buttons under your fingers and getting effects your instinct calls for. The inventors of the Virtuolo found a means of complete control over the strings of the piano, which is entirely natural, easy and instinctive. One of these inventions is called the Acsolo buttons; another the Aromgter.

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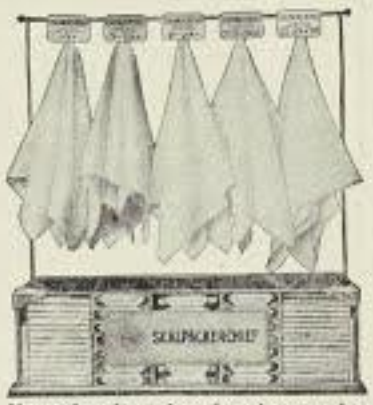
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Under the New Apple Tree

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

I WAS at breakfast in a restaurant at Portland, Oregon.

"Waiter," I said, "bring me a couple of apples."

He brought me two on a plate. They were very ordinary apples; not like the Hood River apples I had bought in the East.

"Those are not Hood River apples," I said. "Get me a couple of those fine Spitzenburgs."

"These are the best we have," the waiter replied. "We don't get any of those fancy Hood River apples here. They send them all East and to England."

Pretty soon the manager of the hotel came along. He was an old friend. "How is it," I asked, "that I can't get a Hood River apple here, when Hood River is only sixty-five miles from Portland?"

"You can't get them because we can't get them," he said. "All the best Hood River apples go to the markets in the East and abroad. They don't sell them to us."

Next morning I took the train out to Hood River to look over this region where they held their fruit for the effete East instead of taking advantage of the short haul and selling it at home.

The Hood River Valley begins at the village of Hood River and runs twenty miles, north and south, to Mount Hood. It is six or seven miles wide, and is split into two uneven parts by the mountain stream called the Hood River, which empties into the Columbia at the village. Village and valley together have a population of between six and seven thousand people, of whom twenty-five hundred live in the village; and there are seven thousand acres of it set out to apple trees.

Those are about all the statistics necessary at this time, and it is well enough to get them out of the way early. When you go into a hotel in New York and order an apple, costing from twenty-five cents to half a dollar, and the waiter brings you a big red Spitzenburg without a blemish, regal on a silver salver and having on its ruddy sides, in yellow, the name of the restaurant—grown, apparently, on the skin—that is a Hood River Spitzenburg. If it is an especially fine one it may cost you seventy-five cents. A man out in Hood River grows those apples for the hotel. When the autumn sun is beginning to turn the apples to that deep and beautiful red he pastes pieces of paper on the sides of the best of the lot. Those pieces of paper have the restaurant name on them, with the letters solid and the spaces around them cut out. The sun ripens and colors the apples, but it does not touch the spots covered by the paper letters. These remain yellow, and when the apple is ripe and red the apparent miracle has been worked and each apple has the name on its red side.

Hood River Money-Makers

That is but an example of the fanciest kind of fancy apple growing. Pictures of men are grown on the apples in the same way. It is an old scheme, and is merely cited to show that the raising of fancy apples is at its height in this Hood River country. They have it down to a science, and by a system of supervision and packing and marketing, which will be described, they have established a quality, made a brand stick, in all the markets of the world.

Apples have been grown in the Hood River Valley for many years. The original settlers of that country set out a few apple trees with no particular reference to varieties, to have some apples for home use. Gradually it was noticed that certain kinds of apples came to the highest perfection there, under those peculiar soil and climatic conditions; and in the course of years the orcharding was specialized. For instance, the Spitzenburg and the Newtown Pippin are the better Hood River varieties. To be sure, they grow fine Jonathans there, and many other varieties, but the Spitzenburg and the Newtown are more sought for, and consequently more profitable.

Within the past ten years the development has been very rapid. Old orchards have been bought and rejuvenated. New



From a photograph of a

"Wear-Ever" Aluminum Saucepan

in which tomatoes *purposely* were *burned* to a *char* and then one-half the utensil cleaned by boiling for a few minutes and scraping with a wooden spoon.

The utensil is not injured. It can be entirely cleaned and will give as good service as if it had not been burned at all. Heat passes through aluminum twice as fast as through tin and three times as fast as through iron. There is no "local over-heating"—which is the cause of burning—unless more heat is used than is necessary.

Almost as soon as a "Wear-Ever" utensil is hot anywhere, it is hot everywhere—the heat runs "all over it." The heat, therefore, is applied to food evenly—from the sides of the utensil as well as from the bottom. There is less liability, therefore, of burning food in a "Wear-Ever" utensil—less stirring is necessary—time and fuel are saved. Since "Wear-Ever" aluminum utensils cannot rust, are solid metal, cannot crack or scale, they will serve and save faithfully for years and years.

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Write for booklet, "The Wear-Ever Kitchen," which explains how to care for aluminum utensils.



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Please send me, prepaid, sample 1-quart "Wear-Ever" Saucepan, for which I enclose 15 two-cent stamps (30c), money to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.

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A tightly Cloth-Surfaced, Rubberized Coat (which will act as light overcoat) that will compare favorably with like garments sold for $10.00 and $12.00 at retail. (Do not confound this with cheap rubber-faced rain coat.) Style and Fit faultless (cut shows style).

Send Post Office or Express Money Order for $7.25 and we will ship Coat express prepaid.

On receipt examine garment and if unsatisfactory return and we will refund your money. State Breast Size (measure over your coat, fairly close), height and weight

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GOOD FARMERS NEEDED

In Escambia County, Florida. Excellent climate, easily tilled soil, abundant good water, well distributed rainfall. Uncle Sam says: "Unlimited opportunity." Write for "Farm Facts and Forage Crops." Dept. A, Commercial Association, Pensacola, Florida.



"No trouble to keep the house clean now, Mary!"

With RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning the dust is not stirred up, but is collected without a chance to escape—all of it—and removed from the room and easily destroyed.

Wherever installed—in a ten-room residence or a building which measures its floor space by the acre—RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning will pay for itself in from eighteen to thirty months.

It pays for itself, first, because it does away with the annual tear-up called house-cleaning, (and house-cleaning costs more than you think unless you have figured it out).

It pays for itself, second, because it doubles and trebles the life of carpets, hangings, furniture, wall-paper, decorations; and keeps everything always bright and new.

RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning does away with the worst drudgery a woman knows; without any of the back-aches or annoyances of sweeping and dusting, it ensures an absolute cleanliness such as sweeping and dusting could never make possible.

But even convenience and ease and perfect cleanliness are of secondary importance when compared with the actual, traceable, provable saving of money that vacuum cleaning brings. (Write us for the proof.)

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Vacuum Cleaning

embraces every provedly successful type of apparatus. It includes Hand Power Cleaners for $29.00; Ten Pound Portable Electric Cleaners for $73.00; and Built-in-the-house Plants for $225.00 to a 40 sweeper plant such as cleans Marshall Field's store, all on our "Easy Payment Plan" of 50 cents per week and upward, or a liberal discount will be allowed for cash.

The RICHMOND Portable Suction Cleaner shown in the illustration weighs but TEN pounds instead of sixty. All that any portable cleaner can do, this one does. It is simple in construction. There is nothing to wear out. There are no gears, no diaphragms, no valves. Nothing to jiggle loose. To operate simply attach to any electric lamp socket. Costs only 1 cent per hour to operate.

Our "Special Agency Plan" enables live, energetic young men to become the RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Representatives of their respective communities. Our "Special Correspondence Course in Salesmanship" together with direct instructions from our trained representatives, insures success. Write for particulars. Local agents wanted everywhere.

Send for booklet entitled "How RICHMOND Vacuum Cleaning Saves Money"; also reference book giving names of 1800 prominent installations all over the world.

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By sending us your order *now* you will do so. And you are buying a typewriter that is the latest and best writing machine sold. It has perfect touch, absolute alignment, quick action, back spacer, tabulator, two-color ribbon, universal key board, etc., and is *fully guaranteed*. The writing is visible at all times. It's mighty easy to secure—just pay



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We are sending out any number of typewriters FREE OF COST to people who are earning them with very little effort. Their names will be sent upon request.

If you will do us a small service, which we will explain, we will

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orchards have been set out. Ground used formerly for the famous Hood River strawberries has been planted to trees, although the strawberries are in great demand and the crop is worth about two hundred dollars an acre. Now the valley is filled with men who, anxious to get back to the land, have come there and bought or set out orchards, and are waiting for their crops or realizing their profits.

Every man who lives in a city and who was born in the country—as most of the men who live in cities were—has, away back in his head, the back-to-the-land obsession. It demonstrates itself in many ways—in the purchase of farms, in the buying of country places, in going into the chicken and the fruit business; and generally those who go back to the land wish they hadn't and those who cannot wish they could. The flat-dweller reads stories of men who make money with orange groves, with prune orchards, in apples, grapes, plums, pecans, and what-not; and the boosting organizations in the West, where the opportunity is held to be greater, see to it that the stories sent out are alluring. The flat-dweller gets the fever. He saves his money and buys a place—somewhere, anywhere. Then he loses or wins, according to his luck and his own ability; just as he loses or wins in any other enterprise whatsoever.

Now of all the allurements that come to the back-to-the-land yearner none is more fascinating than growing apples. Here is the proposition, fostered by the booster stories: You buy five or ten acres of land, set them out to apple trees and in five or six years the trees begin to bear. Then—presto!—all you have to do is to pick your apples every fall, live out-of-doors, and make a fine, big living.

It was with a view to finding out just what opportunities there are for just such people as are yearning to get back to the land that I went to Hood River. I went into the matter thoroughly, and herewith is set down what I found out, based on talks with men who have been in Hood River for years and have bearing orchards; with men who have just arrived there and are at the preliminary work; with college men who have gone there for a career in fruit growing; with professional men who have gone there to spend the rest of their lives out-of-doors at a profitable employment; with real-estate men with orchards to sell; with the managers of the selling combination; with the independents and with the business men of the village—nearly fifty in all.

When You Live With Your Orchard

After making this investigation I have no hesitation in saying that any man of good ability, of capacity for work, who has an aptitude for the work and has five thousand dollars in cash, and who is prepared to work hard and long before he begins to get his profits, can make a success of apple growing in Hood River and some other districts. It will not be easy. It entails hard work, many discouragements and some setbacks. It is no Eldorado where all there is to be done is to set out the trees and, in the full course of time, pick the golden apples.

There is another and the most important point of all that must be made—that is, the man who invests in an orchard in Hood River must go there himself, take *personal supervision*, live with and in his orchard, attend to the work himself and keep watch all the time.

There are alluring advertisements of fruit property that can be bought and planted and tended for you, you remaining at your usual work until the trees are in bearing and then quitting and going out to sit under their umbrageous shade and catch the dollars as they drop. That is all bosh. If any man wants to get back to the land and make a success of an apple orchard he must make a success of it himself. He cannot delegate the work, for if he does the work will not be done properly. Bringing an apple orchard into full and profitable bearing is as exacting an enterprise as raising a child. It must be done by the party of the first part.

The absentee landlord will not get the worth of his money. He cannot be in one part of the country attending to his work and have people raise apples for him in another. They won't raise them. When you are bringing an apple orchard or any other kind of an orchard into bearing you must be on the spot—right there, nursing

We have something to tell you which it will be worth your while to follow up. It may come right in the nick of time. It is all about our Two Excellent Brands of Underwear.

"Mérode" (Hand Finished) *Underwear*

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"Harvard Mills" (Hand Finished) *Underwear*

For Women and Children

Are renowned for Beauty of Materials, Soft and Non-Irritating. Each garment is especially cut by hand, conforming to the figure—Exquisitely Finished.

The Choice of Fabrics and Shapes is very wide and have been selected and adopted after years of experience, resulting in producing underwear which is as nearly perfect as can be devised. Special mention is made of

The Unapproachable, Perfect-Fitting
Union Suit
Cotton Suits $1.00 Merino Suits $1.35 to $2.50

for Slender or Stout forms—the Acme of Comfort—has been the choice of women of discernment for years.

Fabrics of Cotton, Lisle, Merino and Silk Mixtures—Weights suitable for All Functions for any Climate—Repeated washings will not destroy Shape or Finish.

To Realize Perfect Ease and Freedom of Action, try a "MÉRODE" or "HARVARD MILLS" UNION SUIT.

Do not hesitate to select any of the numbers described below which are to be had in

Vests, Drawers, Tights and Union Suits

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505	Cream, Medium weight finest combed cotton.	805
1464	White, Heavy weight combed cotton.	9464
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566	White, Medium weight merino.	866
672	White and Silver, Winter weight merino.	972
513	White, Light weight silk and wool.	813
618	White, Medium weight silk and wool.	918
CHILDREN'S		
2662	White, Heavy weight cotton.	2962
264 U	White, Heavy weight cotton.	294 U
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FOR Nineteen-twelve, standard equipment on nearly all the best electric vehicles will include Westinghouse Motors.

In buying an electric for either pleasure or business the first thing you should make sure of is the quality of your motor. Makers who equip with the highest grade motor are not apt to allow inferior material to creep into any other part of their cars.

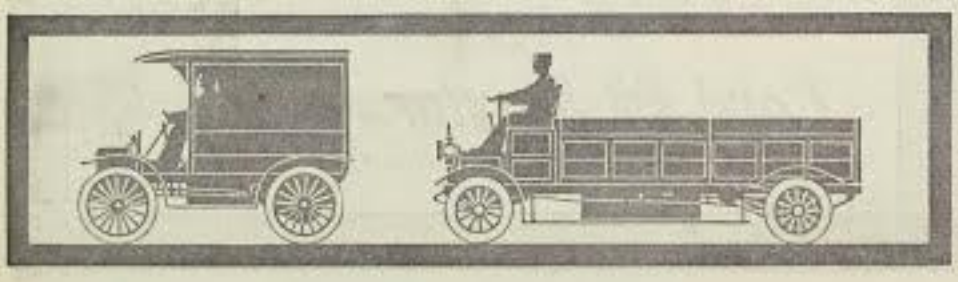
The highest standards of electric auto building call for Westinghouse Motors

No finer piece of electrical machinery is made than the Westinghouse Vehicle Motor. Care for it is confined solely to occasional lubrication and inspection. Otherwise absolutely nothing to do. It meets the most severe conditions perfectly and with no strain on its powers. It is the ideal automobile engine. Insist upon having it in your electric.

Information on electric automobiles and motors for the asking. Address "Westinghouse, Motor Dept. P, East Pittsburgh, Pa."

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the trees and cultivating them and spraying them, and attending to the pick and pack. Otherwise you lose. The beautiful vision of retiring to the orchard and resting luxuriously on the porch while the trees grow money for you does not work out. It is a business, not a beneficence of Providence, and it takes personal supervision. When I was in the Hood River Valley I saw two orchards. One was of twenty acres, on one side of the road, with trees five years old; the other was a fifty-acre tract, on the opposite side of the road. The twenty-acre-tract trees were spindling; some of them were dying, some were ragged and untrimmed, and the ground was not cultivated between the rows. The other tract was filled with sturdy trees that seemed a year or two farther along; there wasn't a lump of dirt as big as a quarter in the ground and the trees were beautiful.

"That tract," said one of the men with me, pointing to the twenty-acre orchard, "belongs to a gentleman who lives in Spokane. He has it worked for him. The trees are five years old."

"How old are those trees?" I asked, pointing to the tract on the other side of the road.

"Five years."

"What makes the difference?"

"Why," replied my guide, "the man who owns those good trees is here. He gives them his personal attention. He is on the ground. The other man isn't here. That's what makes the difference."

Wherefore, rule number one for intending apple growers is: You must do the work yourself. Otherwise you will not win.

The Secret of Successful Growing

When the old farmers who had wheat farms in this valley found that certain kinds of apples grew to perfection there, although given no particular care, the word went out that Hood River was the place to grow good fruit. It had long before been discovered that two or maybe three crops of strawberries could be raised, and small tracts had been taken up by strawberry growers, who mostly utilized the land on the west side of the valley. After a time a man who knew about apple growing looked around, bought and cleared some land, set out some apple trees and cared for them scientifically. Ten years ago there were not more than six hundred people in the village of Hood River, and the valley was sparsely settled and given over largely to forest or laboriously cleared farms, where old-fashioned farmers were trying to raise wheat.

By a slow evolution the market for Hood River apples was built up. New orchardists came in. New tracts were cleared. Old orchards were bought and modern methods applied. Now there is a market for every apple raised in the valley, at good prices.

The orchardists are of two distinct varieties, without consideration of their theories about apple growing, which are almost as many as there are individuals, every orchardman having some crotchet of his own, which he thinks brings the best fruit. The first kind are the men who go in and buy the ground in the rough, clear it and break it, and set out young trees; then wait until bearing time. It is the general opinion that a man who intends to raise apples there and make a living should not have less than ten acres. Of course, there are many men with five acres, and some have as high as fifty, eighty or a hundred. Still, ten acres is considered the right unit for the small investor who hopes to make a competence by his own labor. In round numbers, it will cost the man who buys a ten-acre orchard, clears it and plants it, about three hundred dollars an acre from the time he cuts the first fir tree down or pulls the first stump until his trees are five years old and beginning to bear a little. If he has five thousand dollars he can get along very comfortably until his trees are returning a revenue, and have no debts.

In the second class is the man who comes in and buys the orchard with the trees set out, with the preliminary clearing done and the trees ranging from one year to five or six years in age. A good price for an orchard with five-year trees, just beginning to bear, is fifteen hundred dollars an acre. Some can be had for less, some cost much more. An orchard of trees ten years old, in full bearing, will cost in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars an acre. Thus, to get a ten-acre orchard, just beginning to produce revenue, a total initial investment of fifteen thousand dollars is required.

No young man, with his bride, thinking to spend the years wandering down emblossomed bowers or straying beneath trees ruddy with the ripening apples, should apply; nor should any middle-aged or old man apply, tired of the grind of the city and desiring to end his days in peace and quiet. There is peace and quiet enough, but the main essential for profit-making is work—incessant work and hard work, at that.

Actual, toiling experience is necessary. I saw a man who is half owner in an orchard of fifty acres, with fine trees on it, worth seventy-five thousand dollars at least, working in overalls in a packing house. "I have got to know this business from the ground up," he said. "Now that I have made it my lifework, I am learning every stage of it. I shall work in this packing house all the season, learning how to pack apples; not that I shall want to pack my own apples, but so I can know how they should be packed and direct the men who do the packing for me."

A man with a ten-acre tract can do his own cultivation, do it day after day, which he must do to get the best results. He must know the right distance apart for the trees. He must learn how to spray the trees, when to destroy the bugs and worms, and when to spray for fungus and scale. He will have to hire help for this and also for thinning. The apple trees in Hood River Valley are not big trees. They are kept back and the topmost branches can be reached from an ordinary step-ladder, wherein they differ from the trees of the old orchards in the East. At the proper time scientific thinning is done. Half, and even more, of the set apples are pinched off, thus giving those left a chance to grow big and perfect. This work also requires help on a ten-acre tract.

The greatest care is taken in picking the apples after they are exactly at the perfect period of ripeness for shipping. They are taken off one by one carefully and laid—not dropped or thrown—in the pail that is used. When the fancy brands are being picked the pails are half full of water, and the apples are placed gently in the water to avoid bruising. When the pail is full the pickers climb down from the step-ladders and place the apples gently in the field boxes. They do not pour them in or dump them in. They pick up the apples and lay them in the boxes as gingerly as if they were eggs. This prevents bruising.

Then they are ready to be packed. Here is where the Hood River Apple Growers' Union comes in. This is an organization of about ninety per cent of the apple growers in the valley. The directors call in the growers about the first of August and ask them what their probable yield will be. The directors then market the apples, but do not divulge the price until all the apples are marketed. Then the grower gets his share of the total sum received for the crop, after the operating expenses have been taken out.

Perfection in Packing

An apple grower may cultivate his own trees, spray and thin them and pick his own apples, but if he belongs to the union he cannot pack them. The union does all the packing—so a uniform quality is preserved—and uses the union label on all boxes. When a man has picked his crop and taken it to the apple house the union sends its own expert packers to sort, grade and pack the apples, wrapping each one in a paper on which the union label is printed. They are packed in boxes strictly according to size, running from fifty-four apples to a box, or bushel by weight, to considerably over a hundred of the smaller ones; one hundred and twenty-eight to the box being the smallest size packed.

The packers sort the apples. In the fancy grades, the slightest bruise or blemish throws out an apple—a speck, the sting of an insect, any defect at all. I saw a pile of beautiful Spitzenburgs in one of the apple houses. They had been rejected. Apparently there were no blemishes on them, but the packer pointed out a minute black speck on one, down by the stem, and to a scratch on the skin of another. Nothing but perfect fruit is sent out with the union label, and that is why the union has its own packers.

To be sure, there are some big growers who do not belong to the union and pack their own apples, but then they are competing with union-packed apples.



Fine Tools That Work True

These fine tools do fine work and accurate work, because their *balance* and *hang* are entirely *characteristic*. No one has ever successfully imitated the fine adjustment of a Keen Kutter draw knife, the handle of a Keen Kutter saw or *any* Keen Kutter handled tool. Keen Kutter chisels are the *only* chisels made from *one* solid piece of finest tool steel, *without* welding—not a mere *claim* but a *fact*.

KEEN KUTTER
Quality Tools

are made with a full measure of conscience, are true blue and guaranteed to make good. Any tool or piece of cutlery that bears the Keen Kutter trade mark is the last word in quality or *that* trade mark wouldn't be there. And your dealer will hand you the money spent for any Keen Kutter product that doesn't toe the mark without a *balk* or a *flinch*.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."

Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. SIMMONS.

Simmons Hardware Company, Inc.

St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

Hardware merchants who are reading this preachment should write now and find out about Keen Kutter Tools and Cutlery.



They who talk much need food that "stands by."

Everyone whose profession or business is mentally or physically exhausting needs the sustaining, nourishing, satisfying

SNIDER
PROCESS
PORK & BEANS

84 per cent nutriment and 100 per cent appetizing goodness. Snider Process Pork & Beans contain *more* muscle-making, nitrogenous proteid than *beefsteak*, and *three times* as much as *bread*. Snider's Beans *build strength*, but do *not* make *fat*.

The Snider Process dissolves out the after-distressing gases, insuring greatest nutritive value and perfect digestibility.

We pay a good price, sometimes more than we need, for the beans, because we *will* have the best; we use only the pork jowl, a dainty which imparts superlative delicacy to every bean; we season only with a sauce made from that most perfect relish **Snider's Tomato Catsup.**

All the experience of our grandmothers and mothers, plus 26 years of scientific study and practice, have been devoted to making **Snider Process Pork & Beans** the best that beans can be. They are a delicacy to serve at any meal.

Snider's Tomato Catsup lends a perfect seasoning to gravies. Use it on meats, hot or cold, on chops, steaks, fish and *always* on oysters.

Snider's Chili Sauce is a universal favorite. Use it on meats.

Every argument is in favor of ***Snider's****—the* ***better*** *kind*

"It's the Process"

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.



Sense and Nonsense

The Home of the Julep

A VIRGINIAN spending the summer at Bar Harbor, Maine, dropped into the café of the hotel. The barkeeper said he had some fine mint and offered to make him a mint julep. The Virginian was agreeable.

Presently the drink mixer brought him a tall glass full of a weird, custardy-looking mixture. There was the white of an egg beaten up in it and the juice of a lemon. It also contained ice and a sprinkling of nutmeg and other spices. A pinkish tint had been imparted with raspberry juice. With a crust on it it might have passed for a pie. Chopped up mint leaves showed upon its creaming surface.

The Virginian smelled of it and tasted it, and the barkeeper said:

"Say, boss, did you ever see a mint julep like that in your life?"

"I have traveled all over this country," answered the Virginian, "and I can put my hand on my heart and say honestly that I never did. It's wonderful! Tell me," he went on, "did you make this mint julep by a private recipe of your own?"

"Nope," said the gratified barkeeper; "I learned to make 'em where I came from!"

"And where did you come from?" said the Virginian.

"From the home of the mint julep," said the barkeeper—"Salem, Massachusetts."

The Week in School

Monday's Adenoidal Day—
Bring bandages and salve;
For Doctor Jones will cut away
The adenoids you have.
No doubt you will be overjoyed,
When Doctor Jones is through,
To know no fretful adenoid
Again will trouble you.

Tuesday will be Tonsil Day—
Of that please make a note;
For Doctor Brown will cut away
The tonsils from each throat.
Bring cotton, lint and vaseline.
This class meets sharp at ten,
And tonsils will be snipped off clean—
Nor trouble you again.

Wednesday is Appendix Day
For Classes A and B;
When Doctor Smith will cut away
This superfluity.
Please don't forget the day, as said—
The classes meet at ten.
Bring needles and a spool of thread
To sew you up again.

Thursday's Antitoxin Day—
So kindly be prepared;
Bring gauze and antiseptic spray.
All right arms will be bared,
Or left arms if you so elect.
Be punctual, pray do;
For Doctor Puncture will inject
The serum sharp at two.

Friday's Vaccination Day
For fall and winter terms;
Those who have fresh scars will stay
For antityphoid germs—
Half a billion's the amount.
Classes meet at four.
Doctor Green will make the count—
Doctor Gray will pour.

Saturday's Reaction Day—
Thermometers at three;
Bring stethoscopes—and Doctor Gray
Will make blood-counts, to see
How science triumphs o'er disease—
How antitoxins rule.
Now mark the weekly program, please,
And don't be late for school.

Broadway, Beware!

WALTER KELLY, who does the "Virginia Judge" in vaudeville, was walking up the Strand with an English friend, and he remarked on the darkness that enveloped that famous street after nine P. M.

"Why," he said, "Broadway until after midnight is as bright as noonday. There is one sign alone that contains more than fifty thousand winking, blazing electric lights."

"But tell me, old chap," said the Englishman, "doesn't that make it frightfully conspicuous?"

A Closet for Clothes

SOMETIMES when I go in my closet for clothes that I hung there one time on a hook, I find skirts and dresses in rows upon rows in every niche, cranny and nook. I find suits, waists, blouses, skirts, shirt-waists and such on every hook, nail, knob and shelf, but try as I may I can not get in touch with the suit that I hung there myself. I fume and I sputter while groping about in the dark for that suit that I hung in plain sight before me, all neatly pressed out, one day when the season was young. Somebody has moved it, that's plain to be seen, from where it was then in plain sight, for here's a blue drop-skirt or yellow or green on the hook, but my suit's taken flight. So I make inquiry—a terrible cry: "Say, where is my light suit, or dress?" And from the next chamber my wife makes reply: "It's 'way in the corner, I guess. I needed that hook for my new velvet sacque and your garments were right in the way, so I moved your suit just a bit farther back. What's that? I can't hear what you say." So then I go hunting 'way back in the dark by feeling each clothes-hanger o'er, and after an hour of clothes-hunting lark I find my new suit on the floor.

I THOUGHT when I planned it I had hooks enough to hang all the clothes I should get, but now there are rows of this feminine stuff and I am left out in the wet. If I look for something that ought to be there I hear in accents of distress: "I moved it 'way back in the corner from where it was—it was wrinkling my dress." I had fifty hooks—there were forty to spare and ten I intended to use—and those I reserved as my own special share are hung with pink slips and with blues. And I can find wrappers and calicoes bright and linens and worsteds and crash and limp skirts and starched ones and hued waists and white and house gowns and all sorts of trash. So when I want something in there that was mine and that was hung right near the door, I plunge in this thicket and grope down the line and find it somewhere on the floor, all wrinkled and crumpled and spotted with dirt and then I look up and I see some confounded wrapper or cloak or silk skirt that's hanging there grinning at me.

SO NOW I am planning a closet for clothes not written about in the books, designed for the husbands and fathers of those who never can find enough hooks. 'Twill be in the attic and up a stair which no woman would dare to ascend, and there I will moat it all round with a ditch and mount a spring gun at each end. I'll bolt it and bar it with burglar-proof locks and every protective device, with burglar alarms and electrical clocks and barbed wire wound round once or twice. There'll be just one key to this closet of mine that no one can borrow or beg, for I'll fasten this key to a chain strong and fine and I'll rivet the chain to my leg. It may be some trouble but blessed the day that I may go soundly to sleep, well knowing that when I have hung clothes away I'll not find them six fathoms deep in overflowed wardrobes of daughters and wives, who find my best clothes near the door and move them back, back, until some one contrives to hang them at last on the floor. —*J. W. Foley.*

Wednesday Mislaid

A BROADWAY actor got carried away by the spirit of the times and remained carried away for several days. He came to himself in his own room without knowing exactly how he got there. A friend sat beside him.

"Hello," he said, as he opened his eyes, "what day is this?"

"This," said his friend, "is Thursday."

The invalid thought it over a minute.

"What became of Wednesday?" he asked.

A Wide-Awake City

IN CERTAIN parts of Arkansas everybody eats dinner at midday and then takes a nap. Business is practically suspended for a couple of hours.

A Northern traveling man in a small Arkansas town needed a lead-pencil. Nobody round the little hotel seemed to have one to spare. He walked down the

Better—Even to the Buttons!

FAULTLESS Shirts are the product of many years of always trying to make shirts *better*. We've even discovered an exclusive process for making the pearl buttons retain their lustre in the wash. Close attention to such little details explains the *big* value in satisfaction that FAULTLESS Shirts render.

Faultless Since 1853

Day Shirts

The workmanship in FAULTLESS Shirts is masterly. It tells in the perfectly natural fit of the neckband, the smooth drape of the yoke and shoulders, and in all-round comfort and service. And this same highest grade of workmanship is put into every FAULTLESS Shirt regardless of its price. Materials are carefully chosen—all pre-shrunk to insure permanent accuracy of sizes. Patterns are exclusive, *always*. $1.50 and up—at stores where a customer's satisfaction is the first consideration. Write for our "Day Shirt Book."

Faultless Pajamas and Night Shirts

are made up to the same high standard as FAULTLESS Day Shirts. Luxuriously comfortable garments for lounging and sleeping. Fully described in our "Bed Time Book," which we'll be glad to send you.

E. ROSENFELD & CO.
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Something Good In the Pantry!

Always ready to serve instantly from the package without cooking.

Delicious—
Appetizing

Post Toasties

Thin bits of corn toasted to a delicate light brown.

To be eaten with cream and a sprinkle of sugar—sometimes fruit—either way.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers



Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

deserted main street until he came to a general store. A gentleman in his shirt-sleeves, evidently the proprietor, was tilted back in a chair against the front door taking a nap.

The stranger shook him by the shoulder, at first gently, then forcibly. The sleeper broke a snore short off and opened one eye."

"Well?" he said drowsily.

"I want to buy a lead pencil," said the traveling man, "a good five-cent lead pencil."

"Got no lead pencils," murmured the proprietor thickly.

"Why, I can see a whole showcase full of them right behind you," protested the traveler.

"Them ain't for sale," said the proprietor, and resumed his snoring.

A Surprise Party

FRED KELLY, the Cleveland writer, expected a friend one evening and, knowing that the friend came from a dry town, he put a few bottles of beer out on the back porch on ice, in anticipation of the visit.

The friend didn't come and Kelly forgot all about the beer. Next morning, when he went out to get the milk, he found this note: "Much obliged. dam nice of you. Beats milk don't it. the Milkman."

What's Left?

A PROMINENT citizen of Xenia, Ohio, had just died. As is usual, the townfolk were standing on the street corners wondering how much he left. Some of them put the sum as high as forty thousand dollars, but others argued stoutly that he left not more than twenty-five thousand dollars.

A Xenia politician, notorious as a man who wouldn't pay his bills, listened to several of these discussions. Then he said:

"I suppose when I die people will be standing on the street corners just like that and asking: 'I wonder how much he owed?'"

The Forest Hearth

Turn out, you fellows—blankets down!
There's bacon in the pan;
The coffee's bubbling rich and brown—
So hurry round the can!
The sun, that set in lakes of glass,
Is up in stormy light;
For winter, through the northern pass,
Snapped at us in the night.
The fife is on the frosty gale;
The drum is in the heather,
Where partridge whir and piping quail
Rouse to the hunting weather.
And where the marshland, thinly iced,
Spreads smoking to the sun,
I saw the mist with crimson sliced
And harkened to a gun.
Here, lend a hand—throw on some logs;
They'll welcome us at dark—
When all adventurers, men and dogs,
Troop flagging to their spark.
Like horns, the martial blaring wind
Calls to the outward track;
But, with the day and hunt behind,
No bugle calls us back.
Then turns the chase; the wooded hills
Rush on us with the dark;
The dead leaves clutch, and roar the rills,
While phantom dog-packs bark.
But, Lord, who heeds the threat of night,
When that far welcome flashes
From one old hearth of logs alight,
And home laughs from its ashes!

—*Calvin Johnston.*

Farming on a Lake's Bottom

NEAR the south end of the San Joaquin Valley, in California, there is a body of water known as Lake Tulare. It is quite large; in fact, in 1880 its area was about four hundred square miles. A peculiarity of this lake, however, is that sometimes it is not there at all. Being very shallow, it dries up now and then. In 1904 its surface area was one hundred square miles; but in the following year it had disappeared entirely, and farmers went in and raised a good many thousands of bushels of grain on what had been its bottom.

Lake Tulare is probably the most uncertain piece of water in the world. Whereas now and then it disappears, it has a way, on the other hand, of extending itself to an uncomfortable area in some seasons, overflowing the farming lands. Hence it comes about that the farmers in that region have been engaged for some time past in reducing the lake to order by hemming it in with dikes; and by this means it is acquiring an odd sort of geometrical pattern.

As a result, its floods in future will be restricted. To show how far the possibilities of the case extend, one man is now actually engaged in converting a piece of the lake into dry land by building a dike round it. When the dike is finished he will pump the water out and utilize the inclosure for raising grass.

A Soda-Water Lake

ONE of the strangest bodies of water in the United States—it can hardly be called either salt or fresh water—is a "soda lake," which occupies the cup of an ancient volcanic crater close to the old '49 trail across the Nevada Desert. It is perhaps three hundred yards in diameter and is a saturated solution of soda derived from the surrounding geologic formation—its density being such, indeed, that anybody who fell into it could not possibly sink.

In this immediate neighborhood old-time travelers over the trail died of thirst by scores. They were ignorant—alas!—that all about them was sweet water in unlimited quantities. All round this soda lake, and just above its edge, springs of delicious fresh water flow into the bowl of the crater. The unhappy wayfarers saw them not; but if their comrades had dug their shallow graves some two or three feet deeper they would have found enough good drinking water to quench the thirst of an army.

Following out the idea, so popular nowadays, that nothing should be allowed to go to waste, a factory has been started close by the crater, the fluid contents of which are pumped out and the soda extracted therefrom for commercial purposes.

Not in the Running

CHANGES in the primary law made it possible for almost anybody, who so desired, to run for office in San Francisco at the recent primary election. All that was required was a certain number of signatures to a petition. The consequence was a very large number of aspiring patriots had their names put on the ballot for the office of supervisor.

A friend met Tim McGrath, locally famous as the man who brought out Tom Sharkey, and asked:

"Tim, are you running for supervisor?"

"No," Tim replied. "I'm the one that ain't!"

A Labor of Love

ONE of the star reporters of the New York World was sent down into West Virginia to cover a murder trial for his paper. When he returned he brought with him a half-column clipping from a West Virginia sheet paying him and his ability high compliments. The article reviewed his professional career to date and predicted still brighter things for him in the future.

"Gee, Charley!" said his city editor when he saw this clipping, "it must have cost you a good deal to get that into print?"

"No," said the truthful reporter; "only the trouble of writing it."

Without Straps

THE colonel of one of the negro regiments in the regular army is a Southerner and a small, dignified man. His first name is James. He believes in athletics and organized two baseball teams among his enlisted men.

They played a match game. The colonel didn't think the men were showing enough spirit and vim, although the score was close. He jerked off his uniform coat, grabbed a bat and declared himself in.

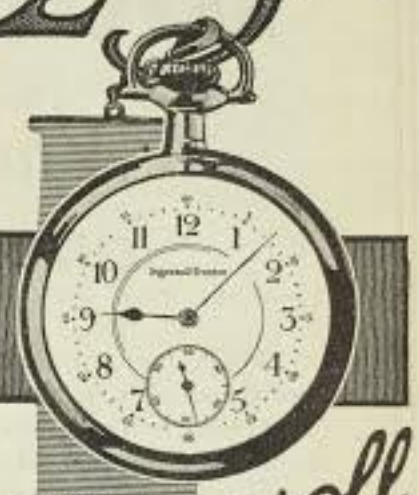
"Now, then," he yelled, as he advanced to the plate, "as long as I've got no shoulder straps on I want you men to treat me just as if I were one of you."

The pitcher whirled the ball across and the colonel cracked out a three-bagger. He tried to stretch it into a home run. As he turned third base on the dead run the coacher for his side opened up:

"Run, you pore little sawed-off, bow-laiged white runt! Run!" he shouted. "Now slide, old Jimboy, dadgum you—*slide!*"

The colonel slid and got there. Then he went over and put his coat on.

$1 to 25.00



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Eighteen years ago we established a *new standard of value* in low priced watches by bringing out the now famous Ingersoll Dollar Watch, of which we have sold over 30,000,000.

On this record of 30,000,000 Dollar Watches, and eighteen years' honest service to the public, we stand with our Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled line, representing Ingersoll value in *fine* watches. In both these great enterprises we have recognized that volume of business is the thing and not large profits, and that volume of business can best be produced and maintained by operating on a minimum profit; hence the 30,000,000 Dollar Ingersolls, and the wonderful values of the Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled line. The Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton cover all your watch needs. You need not look for anything cheaper than the Ingersoll Dollar Watch, nor anything better than the Ingersoll-Trenton.

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Other models $7, $9, $10, $15, $19, $22, $28 and $35

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Use the Warner Auto-Meter to Make Your Car Run Sweeter and Last Longer

When the Warner is used as it should be, upkeep is kept down, performance is kept up and the life of your car will be tremendously lengthened

The Warner is by far the most sensitive and accurate Speed Indicator made. And it is so reliable in construction that it will continue this way for *years*. Warners eight and nine years old are as accurate and reliable as when new. We, ourselves, do not know how long they will continue to give this perfect service, for we have never known of a worn-out Warner or one which has become inaccurate through long service.

This makes the purchase of a Warner a good economy for the man who expects to own a car for more than a year. For the Warner should "Last a Lifetime." You'll never really need but one, no matter how many years you drive, or how many automobiles you own.

Accurate speed and distance is only an incident of Warner desirability, however.

It is true that many of the thousands of Warner users value the instrument most highly because of its Truthful Indication of Speed and Distance. They can depend on it.

Other thousands have the same love for their car that they used to have for their thoroughbred driving horse. They take a personal pride in a quiet, sweet-running motor. They delight to brag at the Club or at the noonday lunch about how "She's run ten thousand miles, and I've never touched a spark plug or spent a dollar on her." And are always glad to "cut her loose" for a friend to show off "her" perfections.

To such owners the Warner is "Worth its weight in gold."

For almost any automobile will run quietly, sweetly, with full power, and require low, if any, repairs if given brief attention at regular intervals. Hit-and-miss methods will not do. Big repair bills and the hundreds of rattling, noisy cars we meet every day are convincing proof of this statement.

Use the Warner this way and you'll never have to apologize for your car.

Every so many miles (per Warner) turn down every grease cup on your car a quarter turn.

Every so many miles (per Warner) drain the oil from your crank case and put in new.

Every so many miles (per Warner) put grease into the transmission case and differential.

This will insure no wear on the many bearings of your car. Because all the wear will come on the *film of oil* or grease and not on the metal. This means no wear, no knocks, no rattles, no squeaks, and a quiet, powerful, sweet-running car.

Once a week—or month—won't do, for the car is driven more at one time than another.

Several turns of the grease caps and a lot of oil at infrequent intervals won't do. A bearing will only hold so much. The rest wastes. And the bearing gets starved and grinds away and you don't know it.

Little and often is the rule—and to oil and grease regularly by means of the accurate, *reliable Warner Auto-Meter* is the only satisfactory way to look after it.

Do this and your car will run good as new for many seasons.

How the Warner helps you dodge repair bills.

You have noticed that your car will make a certain number of miles per hour on a level stretch when spark and throttle are in a certain position.

Mark these spark and throttle positions on the sector and make it a frequent habit to test your car for speed on the level. If it doesn't show the same speed as before, and weather conditions are the same, look for trouble. For what your car will do once it should do again, under the same conditions of roads and weather.

Maybe you will find the carburetor is set up a notch or two and brakes burning up. Some cut of the way bearing has been forgotten and is drying and binding.

A few pennies or a few minutes will make O.K. then. These "stitches in time" will save perhaps hundreds of dollars in repairs each year and keep your car from being unknowingly abused by the ice-wagon class.

The Warner protects your car and your pocketbook in other ways.

When you put on a new tire, any mileage shown by the Warner Auto-Meter is proportionate dum book. When that tire gives trouble you the mileage and refer to that record. You will know whether a new tire—or an adjustment to the you, and you will get the use of the wheel out of argument or quibbling.

The tire people recognize the Warner as a factor ity, but have no data by "guesses."

When you put in gasoline—make a of the amount and the mileage the Warner shows. If you are using more gas per mile than you should, and have traveled average roads, a slight adjustment of the carburetor will save gasoline. Mix of carbon deposits and make your car run better. To lick a minister is bad for the car and sinner soul.

WARNING—These clocks, to be reliable, should be sealed against a Warner Auto-Meter

—because every Warner Auto-Meter is sealed against every other Warner ever made. It is impossible for the factory or its indicators of speed and distance to get out of line. You can depend on it.

This, unfortunately, is not true of all Speed Indicators. With many when in 20 miles today is only 12 miles tomorrow and maybe 12 next week.

There is danger in auditing your car if equipped with an unreliable Speed Indicator.

For it goes without saying that if the car is right and the Speed Indicator is wrong, you will put your car out of adjustment instead of keeping it in perfect tune by following those vitally important hints. You must have a Speed Indicator of known and proved reliability, like the famous Warner Auto-Meter, to make these suggestions of any value whatever.

If you haven't a Warner on your car, get one. It will save its cost many times over if you use it regularly to check your car's performance and to indicate when to lubricate.

No owner of a car at any price can afford to be without this almost indestructible instrument of precision.

At least 80 per cent of all owners of cars costing $2,000 or more are already using the Warner.

When Buying a New Car "Look for the Speed Indicator."

A large number of the Quality Cars for 1915 will equip the Warner as regular equipment.

All manufacturers recommend it, either outright, to letters to their dealers, or by *using the Warner on* their own personal cars, and for checking the performance of their output of stock cars on the testing track.

Don't think of driving without a Warner. You can't afford to do it. Any first-class automobile dealer will supply you. You may have to insist, for our dealers' discount is comparatively small. But it is to your interest to do it.

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Model M2 Auto-Meter

(ACTUAL SIZE)

THIS is the most popular Warner model. It shows speed up to 60 miles per hour. This Warner Large-Figure Odometer, registering 100,000 miles and repeat for hours and 1,000 miles and repeat for Trips. The Trip mileage resets to zero with one turn of button on the side. *Turning Trip-Reset (at right) turns up any desired mileage on Trip Scale, making it possible to pick up and follow a Route Book, beginning at any desired point.*

The Clock is high-grade Chelsea with nut-pick wind and set, electric-lighted from the top.

The instrument itself has electric light under the hood, which confines and concentrates the rays on speed and distance figures.

Price.....$125

Other Models $50 to $145

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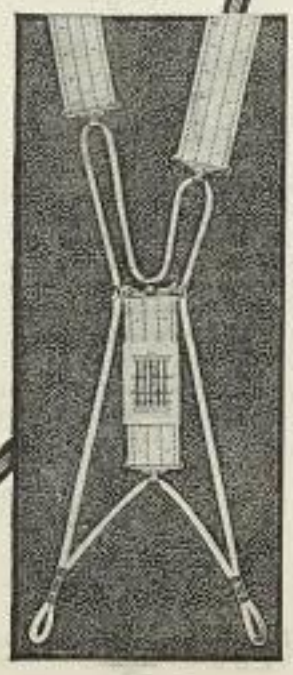
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At the M.P.'s

By Blanche Goodman

MIS' FANNY ain't been feelin' so well of late," said Viney to Uncle Peter as the latter helped her tie up the sweet-pea vines in front of the cabin.

"Shore 'nough?" Uncle Peter painfully straightened up from the stick over which he bent and turned an inquiring gaze on his informant.

"Yes," responded Viney. "She's been lookin' sorter peakid de las' few weeks; an' when I ax her what iz de matter she say hit's some 'monia. I doesn't know de destination er dat word edzackly, but, 'cordin' to Mis' Fanny's pescription of hit, hit's some sort er stuff what p'vents a pusson fum sleepin'; an', what wid dat an' de chillen dancin' on her haid all day, an' she too easy wid 'em to give 'em a taste er hick'ry ten, she's jes' plum wo' to a frazzle."

"Chillen!" said Uncle Peter, with a puzzled look. "Whose chillen is you talkin' 'bout?"

"Mis' May's an' Mistah Robert's chillen. You see, whenever dey goes off to de springs in de summer dey leaves de two ol'est chillen wid dey gran'ma an' gran'pa, but dey sorter 'pen's on me lookin' after 'em, too, specially now dat Mis' Fanny is feelin' po'ly; an', even ef she was well, I'd help, 'cause I knows how ag'avatin' chillen can be when dey's done been spoilt plum rotten by dey kinfolks. I always believes what de Good Book say: 'Cas' yo' chickens on de water an' after many days dey will come home to roos'.' An' de Cunnel an' Mis' Fanny is jes' reapin' what dey cas' on de water, 'cause dey has done been an' spoiled dem chillen wuss'n dey own pa'ents has.

"Ev'y aft'noon I goes ovah to de house an' takes 'em out walkin' somewheres. Dat gives Mis' Fanny time to take a nap an' make herself 'resentable fo' de evenin', 'cause she always dudes up befo' Cunnel Slocum comes home.

"De other day I got up to de house a li'l' earlier'n usual; an' when I come on thoo de dinin' room in de front hall fo' to tote de chillen upstairs an' dress 'em, Mistah Frank Slocum, de Cunnel's nephew, was jes' gittin' ready to leave de house. Befe er de chillen was hangin' on to his coattails an' cuttin' up an' hollerin' lak dey was plum crazy. He had drapped in fo' lunch, an' nothin' wouldn't do dem young uns but fo' him to take 'em downtown wid him.

"'Heigho, Viney!' he hollers, so soon as his eye lights on me—I always did lak Mistah Frank, 'cause he's so full er devilment—'cain't you git dese heah young Injuns offen me? Dey's wuss'n a couple er cockleburs!' An' he shuck hisself to git aloost fum 'em. At dat de chillen holler all de mo'. Hit was all dat I could do to pull 'em off. 'Now,' say Mistah Frank, 'I ain't got no time to fool roun' wid you young uns; but I'll tell you what I'll do: Ise gwine to give Viney some tickets'—an' he pulled out a roll er pink uns fum his hin' pocket, to' off three an' give 'em to me—'an' she'll take you-all to a show dis aft'noon.'

"At dat li'l Robert commence' prancin' an' shoutin': 'A circus! A circus! We's gwine to a circus!'

"'No,' say Mistah Frank; 'hit ain't no circus—hit's a movin'-pitcher show.'

"'Movin'-pitcher show!' say I. 'Where does dey move de pitchers fum an' why does dey move 'em?'

"'I ain't got no time to splain to you now, Viney,' 'spon' Mistah Frank, smilin'. 'You jes' take de chillen to de cornder er Market an' Sevent' Streets an' you'll see de place, what's got music playin' on de outside.' I knowed whar he meant, 'cause hit was a new place jes' started, an' when Ise passin' I has stopped to listen to de music.

"'Dey don't 'low no cullud folks in dat place, do dey?' say I.

"'Not in gin'l,' say Mistah Frank; 'but Ise a half owner, an' ef de boy what takes in tickets say anythin' to you jes' give him dis.' An' Mistah Frank tuck a piece er paper outen a li'l' book an' writ sumpin' on hit. 'Heah you is, an' goodby to you-all.' An', liftin' up Robert an' Mary to kiss 'em, he lit out fo' de gate as hard as he could tear.

"I went on upstairs wid de chillen an' wush an' dress 'em. I has seed chillen what have mo' stricter raisin', but I ain't never sot eyes on none what showed dey was quality mo' dan dem two chillen do. Dey

Old Hampshire Bond

[23]



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See the new *Shackamaxon* fall and winter styles at the nearest tailor's.

Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon

Write us for the new *Shackamaxon* fall style book and correct dress chart; also the name of a tailor near you handling *Shackamaxon* fabrics.

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knows dey is fine-lookin', an' when we went down de street dey was holdin' up dey haids an' steppin' lak a pair er circus hosses on p'rade day.

"When we come to de place we was aimin' fo' I tuck de two chillen by de han' an' march right on up to de boy what was takin' up de tickets. I handed out de three what Mistah Frank gimme. 'Heah!' he say, shovin' 'em back at me. 'We don't 'low no coons in heah.'

"At dat I stiffen up straight as a pokah. 'Yo' po' white trash!' say I. 'I'm heah wid Mis' Fanny's gran'chillen, an' we's come to see de show.' 'I don't care ef dey's Mis' Fanny's er Mis' Annie's er Queen Victory's gran'chillen,' say dat smaht Aleck. 'Ise got orders not to remit no niggers, an' I ain't gwine to!' By dat time a crowd commence to scrowdge up roun' to listen. 'Heah!' say I, th'owin' de piece er paper what Mistah Frank gimme right at de boy, 'I reckon when you sees dat you'll stop shootin' off dat big lip er your'n!' De boy look at de paper an' den at me. An' den he say, mighty sheepishlike, after a minute: 'All right, Aunty; I guess you can go in.' 'Don't yo' Aunty me!' say I; 'fo' Ise mighty p'tic'ler what kin' er folks I 'lows to claim kin wid me.' An', wid de people jes' hollerin' an' laughin', we went on in.

"Dark! I couldn't see my han' befo' me; an' de two chillen hung on to me lak snappin'-turtles, dey was so 'fraid er losin' me.

"'Right down dis way,' say some one, an' I kep' on walkin'. 'Hm!' say I to myself. 'What do dey kick up all dese bejections 'gainst cullud folks comin' in heah?—'cause der ain't no way er tellin' de white fum de black after youse oncet inside!' We kep' on feelin' ouah way 'long, an' mus' agone clean on up to de p'served seats, I reckon, when de voice say: 'Three seats right in heah!' An' we stop.

"I reach out an' grabbed holt of a man's haid by mistake. Den, befo' I could make any excusements, I sot right down on a lady's lap; an' fo' a minute dey was such a mixtry, what wid me an' de chillen tryin' to fin' ouah seats, an' dem people grumblin' at me an' sayin' all kin's er unpolite language, dat I was wishin' I nevah had come.

"By-an'-by we got all straight an' I look roun' fo' to spy de movin' pitchers; but dere was sumpin' goin' on up in front what extracted my 'tention an' I fo'got all 'bout de movin' pitchers an' looked at de place where de light was comin' fum an' folks was walkin' roun' in a room. Leas'ways dey look lak folks; yet dere was sumpin' curi's 'bout 'em what mek hit seem lak dey wan't folks.

"'Where's de movin' pitchers, Viney?' say Mary, snuggin' up to me. 'Sh-h-h!' say I. 'I don't know zackly jes' yet; but be still er we cain't hear 'em when dey do come.'

"Den I look at dem folks up to'd de front agin, an' try to mek out what dey was doin'. Hit was a ol' man an' woman, an' a young man—dey son, I reckon—all in a room togedder; an' hit look lak de son was beggin' de ol' man fo' sumpin' er othah; but he scowl an' shuck his haid an' mek a face lak a thundercloud. His lips was movin' but dere wan't a mossel er soun' come fum 'em. Dat was de curi's part. Den de son turn to his mammy—she look lak a feelin'-hearted ol' lady—an' ax her to ax de ol' man for whatever hit was he was after. De ol' lady look at de ol' man sorter pleadin'-lak an' say sumpin' to him; but he look madder'n ever. Den de boy an' his ma see hit 'tain't no use, an' dey goes on out er de room. At dat de ol' man sets down at his desk an' stahts to look ovah some papers what he gits outen a drawer. But firs' he looks to see dat dere ain't no one roun'. By-an'-by de do' opens slow an' de son slips in de room, tiptoes ovah behin' de ol' man, an'—kabam!—down he comes right on de ol' un's haid wid his fist; an' de ol' man drops ovah in de cheer widout makin' anudder move. De son grab de box er papers an' run out de room.

"At dat de whole place change befo' you could blink yo' eyelid, an' ef heah wan't a railroad track an' de room was gone as clean as ef hit nevah had been in dat place. Befo' I could study out how dey got de place all fix up so quick, heah come a man runnin' fast as a deer, an' way off yonder heah come a train—a shore-'nough train, Uncle Peter—true as yo' bawn! You could see de smoke an' heah dat injine acomin'—puff! puff! puff!—louder'n louder, an' closeter an' closeter. De chillen grab holt



Why do You Pay the Linen Price for Cotton Collars?

YOU wouldn't pay the solid oak price for an oak veneered piece of furniture, and there is no more reason why you should pay the linen price for cotton collars. But some people do. There is only one brand of Warranted Linen Collars selling 2 for 25c. All other 2 for 25c collars are cotton and not linen. When you pay the linen price, get linen.

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2 for 25c ¼, ½ and ¾ sizes

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Wm. Barker Co., Makers, Troy, N.Y.





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A Closed-Front Shape that Remains Closed

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Photograph of one of a pair of gloves made for George IV of England by Fownes Brothers & Co. The mate of this glove was in the possession of Queen Victoria and is still preserved in the royal collection

The Fownes gloves you may secure to-day at your haberdashers are really far superior in fit, in comfort and in stylish appearance to those we made for King George IV of England. Modern progress in the art of making good gloves is contemporaneous with the progress of the house of Fownes Brothers & Company, founded by John Fownes in 1777. Gloves worn then by princes of the blood would not equal the standard we set now even for the most inexpensive gloves in our line.

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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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er me an' commence whimp'in'. 'Lawdy,' say I; 'lemme git out er heah! Ise got charge er dese chillen an' Ise agwine carry 'em back safe to Mis' Fanny ef hit's de las' thing I lives to do.' Nearer an' nearer come dat injine. I wan't waitin' to ax any excusements. I tuck bofe dem chillen up in my ahms an', wid one jump, I busted thoo dem seats an' de folks in 'em, an' run fo' de do'! We was all three hollerin' as loud as we could holler. I ain't no sooner'n got into de aisle dan de whole place riz up an' started fo' de do'. I reckon dey had jes' come to dey senses an' was tryin' to git out er dat injine's way too; but I didn't have no time fo' to stop an' ax 'em 'bout hit. 'Lemme out er heah!' say I, shoutin' at de top er my lungs. 'Dese heah is Mis' Fanny's gran'chillen, an' Ise got to git 'em home!'

"Wid dat, I helt my haid down an' pushed thoo dat crowd wid hit, twel we knocked a openin' fo' to git out de do' an' on to de sidewalk. Heah come all de res', tumblin' out after us, as skeered as we was; but dey all got out in time an' dere wan't no one hurt, tho' some was kinder mussed up.

"'What's all dis crowd an 'noise 'bout?' say a man back er me; an' when I turn roun' dere stan's Mistah Frank. De chillen was still cryin' an' I was straightenin' 'em out; but when dey seen him dey bofe run up to him. 'Somebody hollered fire!' say a boy befo' I could answer Mistah Frank. 'Hit wan't no one hollerin' fire,' say I; 'hit was de chillen hollerin' "Viney!" dat dey must 'a' mistook fo' dat, Mistah Frank.'

"'So,' say Mistah Frank, lookin' at Robert an' Mary, 'you is de cause er all dis excitement!'

"'Hit was me!' say I, speakin' up sorter mad; 'cause I was dat outdid wid Mistah Frank fo' lettin' us go inside dat place. 'Hit was me! When I seen dat injine comin' smack dab at dese heah chillen I knowed dat wan't no place fo' us; an' I lit out fo' de do'.' At dat de crowd commence whoopin' an' laughin' twel hit look lak dey nevah was gwine to stop, but I couldn't see no joke; an' de mo' dey laugh de madder I got. Mistah Frank was chucklin' 'long wid de res' of 'em.

"'Come on, chillen,' say I; 'dis ain't no place fo' us!' An' we went on home. When I tol' Mis Fanny 'bout hit she carry on lak dem other folks did; an' den, when she finish laughin', she tol' me hit wan't no shore-'nough injine ner folks, but jes' pitchers of 'em. Den she try to splain a whole rigmaro' to me 'bout how hit was did; but I ain't understood none of hit. Dat was a shore-'nough injine! I seen de smoke an' heard hit comin' wid my own eyes an' ears, as plain as I seen you tie up dem pea vines, Uncle Peter," concluded Viney.

"White folks is pow'ful smaht—dey ain't no denyin' dat; an' dey knows how to fix up mo' curi's things in a minute dan us niggers could study out in a hun'red yeahs. But de nex' time Ise axed to movin' pitchers hit'll be when Mis' Fanny has housecleanin' an' gits me to take 'em off de wall, 'cause I ain't got no tas'e fo' de newfangled ones."

Brave But Cautious

FRANK SMITH, who pitched last season for Cincinnati in the National League, was reared at Tarboro, North Carolina, and began playing ball there. He became the baseball idol of his fellow Tarborians, and when George Leidy, now manager of the San Antonio team in the Texas League, came to the town to lure the young phenomenon into faster company, the whole community showed their resentment very decidedly.

"I was at the hotel," said Leidy, telling about it, "when a dozen husky, determined looking citizens walked in on me and began making threats. They told me that Frank Smith was going to stay right where he was and that if I wanted to go on living I'd better catch a train leaving at 7:30 o'clock that night."

"What did you say to that?" asked a listener.

"I told them," said Leidy, "to go to thunder. I told them that I was a free-born American citizen and that I would stay there a year if I wanted to. I told them in so many words that they couldn't bluff me, and that I would die in my tracks before I would show the white feather—but I was at the depot at a quarter of seven."

Here Is An Advertisement Nine Years Old

The magazine in which it was first printed is no longer published. The particular issue is out of print. But the cigar that was advertised in that issue is as good today as it ever was. The quality of the Shivers' Panatela and my unique selling offer have gained thousands of regular customers as an indorsement. Read this old advertisement, consider the survival of the proposition it presents, dispel your doubts, and accept my offer.

A customer of mine recently gave a cigar to a friend.
After lighting the cigar and smoking a little, the friend remarked: "Smith (and Smith wasn't his name), you smoke good cigars!"
"Think so?"
"Yes—I'll bet you a dollar I can name this cigar."
"Done."
"It is a ——— Panatela," naming a well-known brand of imported cigar.
"You've lost. This cigar is made in Philadelphia and it costs me five dollars per hundred."
"Will you order fifty for me?"
"Yep."
And now the friend is my customer.

My business is manufacturing cigars, and I sell the entire product of my factory direct to smokers by the box at wholesale prices. It costs me something to sell a man his first order. After that he buys of his own volition. Consequently the cost of selling is practically eliminated, and so are the wholesalers' and retailers' and travelingmen's profits and salaries. Of these profits I can and do give the major portion to my customers.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I have a new cigar at $5.00 per hundred—my Shivers' Club Special, four and a quarter inches long and about half as thick again as the Panatela, and nicely shaped. It is for smokers who desire a richer cigar than the thin shapes give. It is hand made, of clear Havana filler and genuine Sumatra wrapper of the finest quality, and sold on my terms—smoke ten and return the remainder if you don't like them.



Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

In ordering please use business stationery or give reference and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired. Also state whether you prefer the Panatela or the Club Special.

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YOU *compliment* your taste with "LeMar" Cravats. You *supplement* your personality. In pattern they're *intensely individual*—in form and fashion they're *strikingly smart.*

MADE of pure silk, their lustre *lasts to the last.* The scarf won't pull, pucker or show pin-holes. Neckbands reinforced and glide-easy—aprons extra-hemmed—every detail radiates *refinement.*

"LeMar" Cravats are the only guaranteed scarfs. Look for our label and our guaranty on every scarf. Half-a-Dollar everywhere.

Your dealer has the Autumn Shapes and Shades—YOU ought to have our Scarf Book B. A postcard fetches it. Address

Levy & Marcus
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Gillette
"Pocket-Edition"
Price $5.00

No Stropping No Honing

ADJUSTABLE SAFE SIMPLE DURABLE

THESE are six great points of the Gillette Safety Razor, each one of which has helped to make the Gillette famous and popularized self-shaving the world over

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

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You cannot appreciate the comfort of No Stropping—No Honing—the real pleasure of shaving yourself—until you use the Gillette. It is unique and distinctive in this respect.

The double edged flexible blade of the Gillette is adjustable to individual needs. A slight turn of the razor handle curves the blade and automatically adjusts the edge to the varying needs of individual beards.

The Gillette is simple to use. The double edge blade makes shaving easy with either hand in any direction. It improves the shave to use the Gillette with a diagonal stroke.

The Matchless Gillette Blade

The Gillette blade, made with recently improved machinery and processes, is a wonderful piece of edged steel—paper thin, flexible, hard, keen and durable. Packets of six blades (12 shaving edges), 50c; 12 blades (24 shaving edges), in nickelplated case, $1.00. Sold everywhere.

The Gillette Lasts a Lifetime. *Send for our 1911 free Golf Book.*

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Gillette Standard Set
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Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette Line

NO STROPPING ~ NO HONING

TRADE Gillette MARK

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King Gillette

"If it's a Gillette—it's The Safety Razor"

If you are not yet wearing *Interwoven* socks, the chances are that it's because you have not been told about them.

WE have never said much about them heretofore. Even at that we sold 10,000,000 pairs of Interwoven Socks in the past year.

* * *

It took us 50 years to perfect the Interwoven Process of knitting socks. Our idea was to make light-weight socks which will wear as well as or better than heavy, clumsy ones.

We proposed to *darn the socks before you bought them.*

* * *

To accomplish this, we invented a wonderful machine.

It produces an Interwoven Sock at one operation, giving it the distinctive features which make it different from any other sock made.

* * *

The distinctive Interwoven features are:

1. A wear-resisting fabric at EVERY point of wear—not at one or two points like most light-weight socks, but at every point: TOE, HEEL, SOLE AND ANKLE.

2. Perfect ANKLE FIT—not a temporary fit, but a PERMANENT HUG (secured by knitting to form) which cannot be washed out.

There is no other method of giving a sock these two distinctive Interwoven features.

And no other manufacturer can build or use the Interwoven patented machines. They are the only machines of their kind in existence.

* * *

For these reasons, Interwovens are—

The LIGHT-WEIGHT socks that really WEAR;

The SEAMLESS socks that really FIT;

The only mill-brand socks of which 10,000,000 pairs a year are sold.

* * *

You will wear Interwoven Socks when you know about them. One trial will convince you.

Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries.

All fashionable shades. 25c, 35c, 50c the pair.

Interwoven Stocking Company
New Brunswick, N. J.



An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Concluded from Page 5)

You ring for your breakfast next—and they appear again, improvise a pretty table somewhere in your "drawing room," and you are served. After that comes for the landlady the most important moment of the day. She is old—seventy-odd. Her hair is white; she wears a green satin bodice with balloon sleeves, and a black-and-white muslin skirt. She is proud of her "figger," as she will tell you if you are friendly enough to engage her in conversation, because she is getting back her "stomick." She has been ill, and "fell away" until she was afraid she had lost it. She folds her old hands over it, looks you tremblingly in the eye and says:

"What will you 'ave for lunch?"

She is horribly afraid you will demand some foolish American delicacy that will cut down her profits. She gently wheedles you into choosing a lamb cutlet, though you are so tired of lamb you can hardly bear the sight of it. She makes the worst coffee in the world, and if you offer her an extra shilling to get a better grade of coffee she considers you a fool and goes on giving you the chicory you had before. She is the saddest, most put-upon woman in the world. Still, if you insist, she will run her old legs off to find what you want. She is always ready to gossip, and she takes it for granted that every American is interested in the "rilety," by which she means the king and queen. Therefore she will waken you at seven in the morning to say His Majesty is going to take the train at Victoria Station, and if you hurry and have breakfast you may get down there in time to see him do it. Our own landlady could never understand why Peggy and I were not sufficiently interested in this phenomenon to deprive ourselves of a morning nap.

As we traveled up and down through the fragrant land the thing that impressed me most was that England is a good place for grazing and for courting. It is like a cherished old garden, where lovers have walked for ages. This impression was verified by the flocks of sheep and the slow-moving scattered herds of cows in the meadows, and by the number of young men and women seen upon every winding road, between blossoming hedges, walking with their arms round each other. These were the sweethearts of the common people, the next of kin to the sheep and the kine, who do their lovemaking in the open. This of course must be embarrassing to that other class of higher society where the same thing is done privately behind the drawing-room shades! They are to be seen everywhere, these artless lovers; and I must admit that, for me, I could not get accustomed to sitting on top of a Piccadilly bus behind a nursemaid and her lover who kissed each other rapturously, unconscious of the people about them. This publicity courtship is said to be peculiar to the reserved English nation.

The Times, Stately and Archaic

"I have been all over Europe," said an Englishman, "and I have never seen such lovers anywhere else."

"Do they marry?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Whenever you see a man and a maid walking arm in arm in the Spring Gardens, or kissing on top of a bus, it is their style of announcing their engagement."

The quickest and easiest way for a stranger to orient herself in the Anglo-Saxon consciousness is to read the London Times. This paper is a daily interpretation of those qualities that make for permanency in the British character. It is written in the style of the Southern Literary Messenger of 1845. It is archaic; still, one may observe that most scriptural writings have this naïve and dignified simplicity. From the Times you will understand at once why an Englishman keeps a king and why his wife keeps a little dog. They are both sentimental. They have imaginations to which affections appeal most. And kings and dogs are two kinds of animals anybody can keep so long as they want them. I am not discrediting "rilety" with this classification, but I am explaining the nature of an Englishman. He takes a king for a keepsake, not to reign over him. He cherishes him, not because he is good or bad but because he likes to have one. A king is not a man to him, but an old and stately custom.

Another thing one learns from studying the Times is that England is a man's land—just as America is—well, a woman's. The Government is designed to preserve his liberties, his children's inheritances and the virtue of his women. He has a sense of dignity so exaggerated that it amounts to a kind of masculine piety—an awful reverence he has for himself! What we are accustomed to call his reserve is only his egotism, entrenched in the ancient walled town of his being. He does not say "I" so often as other men, because his intimate personal pronoun is so immense he cannot get it out of his mouth without making a tremendous effort. He is not a henpecked husband in the sense that most of our husbands are. One reason he objects so strenuously to the American woman, in spite of her attractiveness, is because he doubts if her peculiar nervous femininity would endure being smacked either literally or figuratively. The basis of his abiding contempt for American men is the weakness he thinks they show in humoring and spoiling their women. The reason he even protects his own is not because he respects them but because he respects himself. He will gossip about every other woman in the world freely. And a good deal was made of this to me when I came to England—that he never talked about his women, the implication being that his silence was due to a deeper reverence for the sex than our men have; but my own impression was, after observing him closely, that the Englishman does not talk about his women for the same reason that he would not discuss the small of his back in society.

The Sense of Water

If these women had as much sense as they ought to have they would resent his reticence instead of praising him for it, as they do. You should understand, of course, that I have not confounded him with the hatchet-faced, squirrel-mouthed Englishman who must belong to that lower branch of the race which has ceased to evolute. Your true Britisher has a jaw that continues to grow forward as long as he lives; a blue, choleric eye; a squatty, bulldog nose, and a mouth that gives him the appearance of holding on to the British Empire with his front teeth as if he never meant to let it go. Looking at him, one gathers the impression that the ancient Atlas must have been an Anglo-Saxon, and that some of the stalking grandeur of him is yet incarnate in these men—like, for example, the engineers in the foreign service, some of whom are now engaged in constructing a dam in India that shall make a lake sixty miles wide in a desert. It requires a sense of water to conceive a thing like that, which no man could do whose mythical ancestor had not balanced two oceans and two continents upon his shoulders.

And speaking of Englishmen brings me to mention one—not that he fits the description I have just written, but he was the only one we came to know very well. His name was Oatleigh. He met Peggy at a garden party and became quite attentive. I used to wish she would make herself more agreeable to him—I mean from the English point of view. He came often to call, and Peggy would sit up quite idle by the hour doing all the talking, performing like a little trick animal—the way our girls do at home; but the idleness, I am sure, made him hesitate. If he had once found her sitting in the garden with her lap full of sewing things, and stitching away, he would have proposed on the spot. The Englishman has been blinded so long, however, by this affectation of industry on the part of his women that Mr. Oatleigh could not risk a frankly idle one whose brains outworked his so fast he could not get in a word edgewise. Peggy either was or pretended to be oblivious of what was in his mind. I think she secretly enjoyed the situation, for he was the first man she had ever met who was afraid to make love to her. She felt perfectly safe, therefore, in showing all her gaits—the way any woman will when she is not interested, but wants to be amused.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The second will appear in an early issue.



THE man who tries to keep his business in his head can't keep ahead in his business.

His brain can't stand the strain—it's built to remember facts—not figures.

The human mind is never completely accurate.

The National Cash Register thinks with a brain of steel.

It keeps track of every detail, of every sale—stops leaks and checks losses.

A store using a National Cash Register is a good store—it's run on system—it's bound to give you "money's worth."

Over One Million have been sold

"Get a Receipt"

The National Cash Register Company
Dayton, Ohio

"Get a Receipt"



When the Children Come from School

THEIR first demand, "Give me something to eat," can be satisfied quickly and without trouble to yourself if you always keep handy a box of

"STEERO" Bouillon Cubes

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Made by American Kitchen Products Co., New York

Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup and add boiling water. No trouble or cooking. The Steero Cube dissolves at once into wholesome and delicious Steero Bouillon that the children as well as grown-ups always like.

"A Cube Makes a Cup"

Prove how delicious and convenient Steero Cubes are.

Send for Free Samples

Buy Steero Cubes of grocers or druggists. If your dealer has none, send 35c for a box of 12 Cubes, postpaid; enough for 12 cups. Tins of 50 and 100 Cubes are more economical for household use.



Distributed and Guaranteed by

Schieffelin & Co., 177 William St. New York

Under Pure Food Law, Serial No. 1

FLEECING NEW COMPANIES

(Continued from Page 15)

So well had we played it up that the sales-manager was ready to advance the expenses of the trip, but the sum was so large, so out of the ordinary, that he felt obliged to consult the president, a canny old Scotchman whom we had neither of us met.

Nat talked and talked and talked. The president listened without a word. There came a pause, artfully left by Nat for the sales-manager to take his cue and ask for the money.

"Are y' crazy, mon?" demanded the president in a broad dialect. "Do y' think I'd send a pairfect stranger on so important a mission? I'll go mysel'."

. . . . . .

The fictitious prospect brought to the company's office, or shown as a means of inducing the company to advance funds, is one of the oldest tricks in the business, and has been and will be worked to yield large returns. The only requirement is that your accomplice be able to act his part sufficiently well to defy detection for a couple of interviews.

Two of the most successful men in the business are A. and B. They have worked New York for years and seem likely to keep on indefinitely. A. poses as a deputy sheriff; shows a badge. His talk is that he knows everybody in his neighborhood—they have confidence in him and will invest if he advises—and that he can sell quite a lot of stock in small amounts to tradespeople he has had dealings with. In particular he mentions one old gentleman, a retired roofer who has just sold out his business and has seventy-five thousand dollars cash to invest. This is B.

A. asks for about twenty dollars just to see what he can do with this old gentleman, whom he produces a couple of days later. B. is a fine-looking, white-haired, genial old Irishman, and so convincing in his acting that A. gets considerable sums of money to follow him on his supposed pleasure trips and close the deal. They are quick-get-away men, B. usually appearing only once and A. two or three times.

Persons in the Play

Playing up fake prospects, though it does not keep a man going long with a company, is on the whole safer than the stock subscription dodge; but the professional con man who is "in it" for a steady living aims to hang on for at least six weeks with every company, so he carries as large a repertoire of plays as an actor and works each company for what it will bear.

I therefore made myself master of the subscription game.

A small sea-coast town furnished just the territory I needed. Many of its permanent residents are plain old farmers and early settlers, who have grown rich through the increase of land values and own city blocks on their former farm sites. Besides these there are numerous summer resort and entertainment hall keepers—ready-cash people who presumably often don't know how to spend it when they get it.

My layout consisted of a hotel man affectionately known as Pop, and his widowed daughter; a pool hall keeper, two saloon men, a professional baseball player, a couple of retired farmers, a chef in one of the hotels and a real-estate man who knows everybody's standing and bank account and can drop enough gilt-edged talk to turn any promoter's head. Of course I pay for the work these people do for me, anything from half profits to a drink.

As I ask the company only thirty-five dollars advance money to let me try, I always get the assignment. In less than a week I am back at the office with a stock subscription, signed and witnessed, for a thousand dollars. This is dated to be taken up several weeks later. I give some plausible reason why the party cannot pay just now and request the manager to look him up and inquire into his financial standing. This is very generally done, to the entire satisfaction of the company.

The second week I present the company with two more future-date subscriptions in the same way and the third week with one. By the middle of the fourth week I plan



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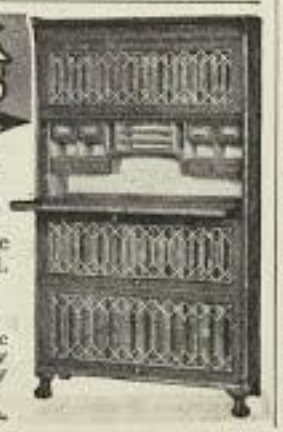
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The PHONOHARP CO., East Boston, Mass.

to have sold about eight thousand dollars' worth—on paper—and it looks pretty good to the company.

At this point I request the manager or other members of the company to go down with me and size up the proposition for themselves, and see if we can't get some other parties I've been working to come in now.

Well, the song and dance I give that manager is a caution. Believe me, he has one happy time!

We start in with Pop and his daughter. She is just selling a house for seventy-five hundred dollars. I explain all this to the manager, then I say: "Now *you* talk to her and get her to put in five thousand—she'll have it next week."

She looks at me archly. "Don't deceive him," she says. "I'm not going to put in more than two thousand, as I told you, and maybe only one."

Then Pop chimes in: "Put in only one is my advice, and you can put in more later if you want to. Don't keep all your eggs in one basket."

"Perhaps I'd better not put in any," she says, looking at her father.

This is the manager's cue—though he doesn't know it—to go on with his part, so he sails in and does his best.

At the end of half an hour she decides to subscribe for two thousand, payable in six weeks.

The instant she says the word I hand the manager a subscription blank, fumbling for my pen which I say I can't find. He whips his out.

The woman edges nearer to him. "Only two thousand, mind," she says, and he fills it in under her eye and she signs. Then he gallantly witnesses her signature and places the paper in his pocket case, where it feels just like cash.

In this way I and my crowd keep him going until he has spent thirty or forty dollars in entertaining—which looks cheap at the price, for we let him carry away eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of subscriptions—all written by himself—and he sees twenty, thirty or a hundred thousand more just round the corner, only needing me to get it ready for him to land.

The Manager Wakes Up

After our good time in that town the manager not only advises but urges me to keep on; raises my drawing account to fifty per; very likely pays a hotel bill for me to Pop—Pop always keeps one ready for the occasion and pockets the proceeds—and sets me down as their star salesman.

When my subscription has been dated far enough ahead I have frequently drawn advance money from the company to the amount of five or six hundred dollars before any one suspected that the whole thing would fall down. But the big test of my ability comes when it does fall—when the payments come due and aren't made. Some are put off for a month; some are flatly refused.

Then the manager wakes up!

A few times in my life I have met a dead game sport who never let me see that he knew he was stung. But most of them rave—call me and my friends every name they can think of—fraud, faker, con man, piker.

When my man begins to froth at the mouth I get cool. I tell him he is using strong and quite unwarranted language; that I kept on working at his request, after he had been over the ground and had seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears. "If I remember rightly," I frigidly remark, "you wrote and witnessed the widow's subscription yourself, as well as all the others we got that day you were out with me. You accepted them, so I don't see how I am to blame. If there has been any fraud it seems to me you have been party to it."

When my man sees his dilemma he gets cold so suddenly you could run an ice plant in the office. Three out of five of the subscriptions are filled in by his own handwriting, making him party to fraud—if he claims there was any fraud. Not once has a manager suspected how easily we put up the trick on him. It is needless to say he stops talking of fraud.

Can the company collect on these subscriptions when they fall due? Not one cent under New York law or in any of the common law states, and many a company has learned through me—not from me, for I never let on—that a stock subscription,



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For Men

"Bench Work" because made by our most expert shoemakers and finished by the slow and careful hand method—in fact—"custom made."

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No. B-72.—Gun metal calf with a snappy cap of graceful design. The button fly has attractive lines. The military heel shows the Bench Work.

The materials used in all "Bench Work" are the very best to be had, which, together with the hand finishing, results in a shoe expressing the latest style and the fine workmanship that are so evident and so very necessary to dressy shoes.

It was the cleverness in style treatment, however, that caused one of our style experts to exclaim "A Bully Last for Young Men." The name fitted the shoe and was made official.

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***Velvetrib* is Guaranteed** not to irritate, shrink, rip, tear, bag—or money back. Medium and heavy weights.

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Wool is the best non-conductor of heat used in textile manufacture and consequently many men prefer flannels for Winter underwear.

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For such we are making three numbers of union suits of fine Australian Lambswool, with a slight admixture of cotton, which are exceedingly soft to the skin.

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Mentor Suits for men combine the maximum of comfort and service—no drawers to slip down, no shirt to crawl up, no double thickness about the waist—perfect fit—perfect satisfaction.

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SAVES Money, Time and Labor. Cheaper and better than lath and plaster. The **ONLY** Wall Board combined with laths and Asphalt Mastic. Laths are necessary in Wall Board just as they are to old-fashioned plaster walls—to prevent warping and to insure solid, rigid, stiff, substantial

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Bishopric Wall Board also is the only Wall Board with a waterproof body. The Asphalt Mastic into which the laths are imbedded is proof against dampness. Does away with all dirt and delays in building. **Applied dry winter or summer.** Easily nailed to studs. Building ready for immediate occupancy. Ready at once for paint, paper or other decoration. Guaranteed not to shrink, warp or crack; also proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin. **Sold Under Our Money-Back Guarantee.** Used for finishing new buildings of every description; partitions in old buildings, attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages, etc. It is the **Original** Wall Board; construction patented.



T. W. Halsey, Carpenter and Contractor, Missoula, Ill., wrote Aug. 15: "I have used 15 crates of Bishopric Wall Board, and the waste could be put in a hat."

Dealers Write for Attractive Proposition.

Write today for prices, FREE booklet and sample of Bishopric Wall Board; also Bishopric Sheathing and Bishopric Ready Roofing.

The Mastic Wall Board & Roofing Mfg. Co., 22 East Third Street, Cincinnati, O.

witnessed or otherwise, is only legally valid and collectable if at least ten per cent has been paid on its face value. That is where I get my innings for the whole game, and I must say it has been a matter of constant surprise to me to find the number of companies that don't know this simple legal fact.

And what can the company do to me? Nothing! You see I always have the company look up all my subscribers, and it is perfectly satisfied with them—at the time.

As for getting anything back from me, that is impossible. The company would have to prove fraud or intent to defraud, and what proof have they got? Not a thing that would stand in court. What I spent was given to me to spend.

The only way they can get me in a civil suit is to prove that I have been working for two or more companies at the same time and that the same people have signed subscriptions for all. And this is something I take care to prevent their finding out.

You must remember that no stock salesman ever guarantees results; he never promises that he will or can actually sell.

He only agrees to try to sell stock—at the company's expense—and to keep on trying as long as the company keeps on paying him. If the company fires him before he gets any cash returns it assumes the responsibility of his failure; for he will then claim that he only needed a little more time—which the company refused—to close his prospects; and who can prove the contrary?

The one way the company can really get a con man in this game is through the Post-office Department, on the charge of using the mails for the purposes of fraud. Letters answering the company's advertisement for a salesman have been held by the Federal Court to be "Come-ons." Two men I know in New York went up the river not long ago for a year through mailing their reply instead of carrying it to the newspaper office box.

Schedule K

HERE is a wonderful sight to see—a sight halfway from A to Z, or near-about: it's full of stars and dashes, and figures and lines and bars; it's ornamented with sheep and lambs and puzzles and ciphers and cryptograms; it's fuller of signs than the weather charts, and no man knows where it ends or starts; and you may look, but you must not touch, for it mustn't be handled overmuch; and you may read it high and low, but the more you look the less you know; you may gaze from afar, but come not nigh, or the sheep will bleat and the wool will fly and the lambs will sicken and fade away—for this Marvelous Sight is Schedule K.

HERE are some Wise Men, old and gray, who are bent and bowed over Schedule K; who wrinkle their brows and worry and fret as they've done for years—and they're doing yet. They add, subtract and multiply, but they cannot solve it—how they try; they count the sheep and they reckon the lambs in squares and cubes and in milligrams; they weigh the wool and they mark each fleece; deduct, divide and then increase; extract square root and raise to *N*; advance, retreat—advance again; they put down one and carry two, and calculate as Wise Men do. The air is charged with gloom intense and the desk is strewn with rate per cents and ad valorems and cubic roots, and stockings and blankets and coats and suits. And this is the Permanent Tariff Board that has studied and reckoned and figured and pored, and halved and quartered and doubled and dreamed, and bleached and combed and sheared and steamed, till the wool's pulled over their eyes someway as they grope through the jungles of Schedule K.

BUT it's all as simple as A, B, C, is this marvelous Schedule K to me; I merely add to the griefs I bear a half, three-quarters or double share: I multiply my ills, you see, divide my joys by two or three, subtract from my store of coats and hose, and wear odd fractions of old clothes; extract the cube roots of my frills and raise to *N* my tailor's bills; for Schedule K's the divisor end, my income is the dividend, and the quotient—small as it can be—well, that's my wardrobe, don't you see? And Schedule K in my income goes just half of once; so I cut my clothes to the lowest terms and you'll plainly see that there's very little left of me! —*J. W. Foley.*

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Maish Laminated Cotton Down Comforts are luxuriously warm—restfully light. Under them, you can sleep comfortably in the coldest weather, with windows wide open, getting the full benefit of the pure, fresh air—without being depressed by heavy covers.

To fully appreciate this lightness and warmth, send for cross section of the Maish filling shown above. With this we send you samples of covering designs to match your bedroom.

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You will be simply *amazed* at the length of time these boys' shoes will wear. Yet they are soft and fit like a glove. Material is genuine Elk leather, tanned by our secret process. Soles are specially fastened, can't pull off, and will outwear two pairs of ordinary shoes. No linings. Greatest boys' shoes ever made.

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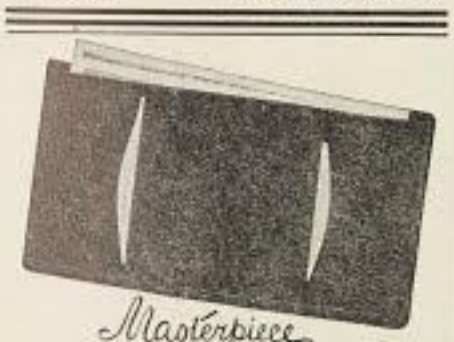
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and card-case combined. Unusually thin and exceedingly light. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very soft and flexible. The highest class material and workmanship throughout. Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send direct on receipt of price, $2.50, or in genuine morocco, $1.00. Black only. Send for booklet showing the full line of "Masterpiece" Men's Pocket Books—a wide range of prices, 50c to $4.50, but "Every piece a Masterpiece."

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Looks dead, but after hour in water bursts into big, rich green, fernlike plant. Can be dried and revived any time; lasts years. To advertise us we'll send a **Mexican Resurrection Plant** *free (while they last)* if you'll send 6c. shipping cost. Will also send free illustrated catalog of Indian and Mexican handicraft, full of Xmas hints.

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Imported German Canaries

Prize the very best breeders in Germany and every one a genius; guaranteed songsters; price only $3. Makes the home cheerful. Catalog free. Complete Bird Book, 25 cents; live arrival guaranteed. Address



$3.00 each

Iowa Bird Co., Dept. D, Des Moines, Iowa.

ONE HUNDRED IN THE DARK

(Continued from Page 7)

Suddenly she cut short the nervous outbreak of suggestions and in the same firm voice continued:

"Every one take his place about the table. That's it. That will do."

The women, with the exception of the inscrutable Maude Lille, gazed hysterically from face to face while the men, compressing their fingers, locking them or grasping their chins, looked straight ahead fixedly at their hostess.

Mrs. Kildair, having calmly assured herself that all were ranged as she wished, blew out two of the three candles.

"I shall count one hundred, no more, no less," she said. "Either I get back that ring or every one in this room is to be searched, remember."

Leaning over, she blew out the remaining candle and snuffed it.

"One, two, three, four, five ——"

She began to count with the inexorable regularity of a clock's ticking. In the room every sound was distinct, the rustle of a dress, the grinding of a shoe, the deep, slightly asthmatic breathing of a man.

"Twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three ——"

She continued to count, while in the methodic unvarying note of her voice there was a rasping reiteration that began to affect the company. A slight gasping breath, uncontrollable, almost on the verge of hysterics, was heard, and a man nervously clearing his throat.

"Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven ——"

Still nothing had happened. Mrs. Kildair did not vary her measure the slightest, only the sound became more metallic.

"Sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine and seventy ——"

Some one had sighed.

"Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven ——"

All at once, clear, unmistakable, on the resounding plane of the table was heard a slight metallic note.

"The ring!"

It was Maude Lille's quick voice that had spoken. Mrs. Kildair continued to count.

"Eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one ——"

The tension became unbearable. Two or three voices protested against the needless prolonging of the torture.

"Ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine and one hundred."

A match sputtered in Mrs. Kildair's hand and on the instant the company craned forward. In the center of the table was the sparkling sapphire and diamond ring. Candles were lit, flaring up like searchlights on the white accusing faces.

"Mr. Cheever, you may give it to me," said Mrs. Kildair. She held out her hand without trembling, a smile of triumph on her face, which had in it for a moment an expression of positive cruelty.

Immediately she changed, contemplating with amusement the horror of her guests, staring blindly from one to another, seeing the indefinable glance of interrogation that passed from Cheever to Mrs. Cheever, from Mrs. Jackson to her husband, and then without emotion she said:

"Now that that is over we can have a very gay little supper."

. . . . . .

When Peters had pushed back his chair, satisfied as only a trained raconteur can be by the silence of a difficult audience, and had busied himself with a cigar, there was an instant outcry.

"I say, Peters, old boy, that is not all!"

"Absolutely."

"The story ends there?"

"That ends the story."

"But who took the ring?"

Peters extended his hands in an empty gesture.

"What! It was never found out?"

"Never."

"No clew?"

"None."

"I don't like the story," said De Gollyer.

"It's no story at all," said Steingall.

"Permit me," said Quinny in a didactic way; "it is a story, and it is complete. In fact, I consider it unique because it has none of the banalities of a solution and leaves the problem even more confused than at the start."

"I don't see ——" began Rankin.

"Of course you don't, my dear man," said Quinny crushingly. "You do not see



It's the MOTOR that counts

The purpose of any car is travel. Of course you want your automobile to look well, but most any car can be made to meet this requirement. After all, it is the motor that will make your automobile satisfactory or otherwise. The car that carries.

THE RUTENBER MOTOR

(and a score of the representative makes of American cars do carry it) climbs hills and fords streams as easily and as surely as it negotiates the level stretches of the boulevards. It is obedient to the slightest touch at the throttle, leaping forward or coming to a dead stop at the will of the driver. It makes no noise, no fuss, no complaining whimper or labored chugging. It just goes and goes and goes, carrying you over the ground with the strength of a giant and the freedom of the winds.

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GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO. MILWAUKEE
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Caps for Fall and Winter

and rightly, for there is no head-wear as pretty, as neat, or as graceful. Made in all colors and combinations, over one hundred and fifty Knit-right (guaranteed) styles to select from. Ask your dealer to show you Knit-right (guaranteed) Caps, and insist on seeing the Knit-right (guaranteed) ticket. **Absolutely Guaranteed for Six Months.**

Every Cap is protected by a binding guarantee that entitles you to a New Cap if it does not give Six Months satisfactory service.

The Cap on the girl is No. 232, price $1.00. All Worsted Cap, very attractive design, rosettes on each side. Made in plain white or white with colored rosettes.

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Above Styles Sent Postpaid on Receipt of Price.

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When the box has been opened, imagine that you are going to taste the daintiest morsels that ever tickled your palate. Think of them as delicate, rich, appetizing, and at the same time thoroughly pure and wholesome. Then nibble a Clover Leaf, for example—you will not be disappointed. The trend of your thought will be, "I wonder how they are made. I wonder where I can buy them."

How does it taste?

Now try the others. You will find them entirely different, yet each is equally enticing. No taste can be so exacting that it will not delight in these unusual dainties.

There are many Sunshine Specialties, all made in the lightest, brightest, and cleanest bakery that your imagination can picture. Literally baked in the Sunshine in the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows."

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Simply write your name and address and that of your grocer, and we will send you *Free* by return mail, postpaid, a package of Sunshine Specialties, including Clover Leaves, Hydrox, and other toothsome morsels. Your grocer will then supply you with the kinds that you like best. For sale packed carefully and daintily in tins, also by the pound. Remember the name "Sunshine."

LOOSE-WILES BISCUIT CO. 321 CAUSEWAY ST.
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits BOSTON, MASS.

that any solution would be commonplace, whereas no solution leaves an extraordinary intellectual problem."

"How so?"

"In the first place," said Quinny, preparing to annex the topic, "whether the situation actually happened or not, which is in itself a mere triviality, Peters has constructed it in a masterly way, the proof of which is that he has made *me* listen. Observe, each person present might have taken the ring—Flanders, a broker, just come a cropper; Maude Lille, a woman on the ragged side of life in desperate means; either Mr. or Mrs. Cheever, suspected of being card sharps—very good touch that, Peters, when the husband and wife glanced involuntarily at each other at the end—Mr. Enos Jackson, a sharp lawyer, or his wife about to be divorced; even Harris, concerning whom, very cleverly, Peters has said nothing at all to make him quite the most suspicious of all. There are, therefore, seven solutions, all possible and all logical. But beyond this is left a great intellectual problem."

"How so?"

"Was it a feminine or a masculine action to restore the ring when threatened with a search, knowing that Mrs. Kildair's clever expedient of throwing the room in the dark made detection impossible? Was it a woman who lacked the necessary courage to continue, or was it a man who repented his first impulse? Is a man or is a woman the greater natural criminal?"

"A woman took it, of course," said Rankin.

"On the contrary, it was a man," said Steingall, "for the second action was more difficult than the first."

"A man, certainly," said De Gollyer. "The restoration of the ring was a logical decision."

"You see," said Quinny triumphantly, "personally I incline to a woman for the reason that a weaker feminine nature is peculiarly susceptible to the domination of her own sex. There you are. We could meet and debate the subject year in and year out and never agree."

"I recognize most of the characters," said De Gollyer with a little confidential smile toward Peters. "Mrs. Kildair, of course, is all you say of her—an extraordinary woman. The story is quite characteristic of her. Flanders, I am not sure of, but I think I know him."

"Did it really happen?" asked Rankin, who always took the commonplace point of view.

"Exactly as I have told it," said Peters.

"The only one I don't recognize is Harris," said De Gollyer pensively.

"Your humble servant," said Peters, smiling.

The four looked up suddenly with a little start.

"What!" said Quinny, abruptly confused. "You—you were there?"

"I was there."

The four continued to look at him without speaking, each absorbed in his own thoughts, with a sudden ill ease.

A club attendant with a telephone slip on a tray stopped by Peters' side. He excused himself and went along the porch, nodding from table to table.

"Curious chap," said De Gollyer musingly.

"Extraordinary."

The word was like a murmur in the group of four, who continued watching Peters' trim disappearing figure in silence, without looking at one another—with a certain ill ease.

Long-Distance Nerve

THE city editor of one of the New York afternoon papers has a wonderful nose for news, but is lacking somewhat in a sense of humor. Once he sent a new reporter up to Harlem to put certain personal questions to a gentleman named Flannagan, whose wife had eloped with a grocery clerk. An hour passed and then the new reporter called up his city editor on the telephone, and in a trembling, shaken voice he said:

"Mr. Blank, I'm nearly killed. I told Flannagan what you told me to ask him, and he choked me and struck me and kicked me all the way down three flights of steps. And he says that if I dare to come back he will kill me."

"Look here," shouted the city editor; "you go back and find that man Flannagan and tell him he can't intimidate me!"



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The Rigoletto Cigar has been a well-known brand among smokers of good cigars for more than 8 years. I made it in Havana for 3 years, and then moved my factory to Tampa to escape the impossible conditions under the U. S. Tariff Laws.

For 4 years I made the Rigoletto Cigar in Tampa. I made good cigars and the brand was known throughout the U. S. More than a year ago I moved my factory to Cleveland. Now I am making and selling more Rigoletto Cigars than ever. I am making better cigars. I am making the best cigar it is possible to make. Yet I am able to sell it at 10 cents straight.

Why did I move from Tampa to Cleveland?

Why can I make a better cigar here than there, and make it to sell for a much smaller price? By cutting out unnecessary expenses in production.

I have found from actual experience that I can obtain as good skilled labor in Cleveland as in Tampa. I have employed the best at both places. The Rigoletto Cigar itself speaks for the quality of my labor here. A better cigar could not be rolled. It is sightly and free-burning, yet it costs me one-half as much to have a cigar made in Cleveland as it did in Tampa.

I have found conditions in Tampa wasteful of material and product. It is the custom for cigar makers to smoke at their work. They smoke their employer's cigars without paying for them. It is the custom to take cigars home in the evening, and the number of cigars consumed in this manner is amazing. Cigars circulate like currency in Tampa. By actual figures kept I know that cigars smoked and used by employees cost me more than $20,000 the last year I was in Tampa. I have saved all this unnecessary waste and expense by coming to Cleveland.

My employees here do not smoke at their work. They do not take cigars home with them. They are skillful, intelligent and well-paid. They make as good cigars as I could ever get labor in Havana and Tampa to make. I have a big, well-lighted factory on the shores of Lake Erie, with the finest of sanitary conditions.

This is why, Mr. Smoker, I am able to put more actual tobacco value into the Rigoletto Cigar.

I bring the very best tobacco from Cuba. And you know as well as I that you can make good cigars out of good tobacco in one place as well as another. No matter where a cigar is made, if right conditions exist, ***the very best cigar should not cost you more than 10 cents.***

I have gotten to the point, through my experience, where I have ideal conditions, and I can offer you the best cigar in the world. I can sell it for 10 cents and make a fair profit.

If you pay 10 cents or more for your cigars, you should know the Rigoletto by all means. I want you to know it, and that is why I am making this



Panetela

Extraordinary Introductory Offer

Send me $5.00, and I will send a box of 50 cigars along with a beautiful mahogany finished humidor with brass name-plate, lock and key. This humidor is solid and substantial. It has an exquisite, hand-rubbed, piano finish. It is equal to any you can buy for $3 or $4 at retail. Your name or initials will be engraved on the plate.

Send me $1.00 and I will send you 10 Rigoletto Cigars in any one of the 4 standard sizes, all of which sell regularly at 10 cents straight. With these cigars I will send you, as an introductory present, a seal leather cigar case which would retail for at least $1.00. Your name will be stamped on the flap in gold.

These offers are good in the United States only.

Now you understand, gentlemen, I can sell you only one box of cigars on these conditions, and then only if you mention the name of your dealer.

In the future the Rigoletto Cigar will be sold only through dealers. This is merely to get you acquainted with it quickly. Try the Rigoletto and you will understand what real value you can get in a cigar for 10 cents when the unnecessary expenses of making and handling it are eliminated.

E. A. Kline

Notice to Dealers

Thousands of smokers are writing to us, wanting to know where they can buy Rigoletto Cigars. The Rigoletto is fast becoming the standard cigar of the country. Are you ready to supply it to your customers who demand it? Get in touch with your jobber at once, or write to us and we will see that you are supplied.



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Enclosed is $_____ for which you will please send me _____ cigars and cigar (case) (humidor) as described, fully prepaid.

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My dealer's name is

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are the "shorthand" way of always having a perfect pencil point. They can be sharpened as much quicker than wooden pencils as shorthand is quicker than long hand. Simply nick the paper with a pin or a knife point, or even a pen, and pull off a strip of paper.

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Offer No. 1, 10c, 3 assorted high grade lead pencils. **Offer No. 2, 25c,** 3 assorted high grade pencils and 3 crayons. **Offer No. 3, 50c,** 6 assorted high grade pencils with extra thick leads and 6 crayons of different colors.

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ROCKEFELLER AND HIS STANDARD

(Concluded from Page 10)

What adequacy is, he has demonstrated. There are trusts for market profit and trusts for industrial development. American petroleum has occupied the civilized world and penetrated the uncivilized. Barbarous peoples have been educated, by the tank steamer and the five-gallon can, to the use of oil pumped in Pennsylvania, Ohio and California. In conflict with the largest and best vitalized capital of the Old World, at home with its greatest oilfields, American mineral oil has blazed its way, facing ignorance and prejudice apparently hopeless. The available world has been treated as one market. Profits scored in its interiors have been expended on and beyond the frontiers.

That American oil should be the house oil has been the one object kept in view, to which profits on sidelines were rigidly subordinated. Methods such as selling lamps in China and Japan for seven and a half cents which it has cost eleven cents to manufacture are only made possible by a synthesis of the powers of production. And the honor and consequent emolument of conceiving—even though the conception was gradual—and successfully proving the great, new business principle of concentration and combination belong to its founder. Consolidated wealth energizes large enterprises. His is the supremacy of that exceptional minority of commercial instinets that has created industrial revolutions that by massed millions make nations powerful; and in him resided an organizing and directive genius of an order that no other country has produced.

Rockefeller Like Emerson

The widely distant geographic depositories of the nation's oil wealth, the volume of capital employed and the prominence of petroleum and its related products in export trade constitute it a national industry. The Standard Oil Company's ascendency consists in a solidarity approached by no other commercial organization, creating a most completely fortified enterprise of production and distribution—and in a system unprecedented in its effectiveness for building its own business and destroying that of others.

Rockefeller's transition from the world of getting to that of giving has been unique. Not only because of the channels through which came his accumulation but also because of his temperament, popular acclaim is slow to recognize the nobility of his well-doing. By disposition a humorless, even taciturn, man, without sympathy or emotion, his gifts have been an application of the same business principle that created the liquid capital that vivified them. Not the nourishing of competitive charities, the offspring of love and tenderness and local patriotism, but concentrated and coöperative giving to wisely selected or created institutions has conferred upon his philanthropy a national character. He has been not only a benefactor but a creator of benefactors where he has financially befriended.

Nevertheless, the public refuses to forget that thousands of individual industries were ruined to pay the bill.

These echoes of an episode must end. It has been my fortune to have had transient personal contact with our two greatest minds—Ralph Waldo Emerson and John Davison Rockefeller—both arctic personalities: one, the most noble, ethical force that has ever appeared on this continent; the other, a translator of ethics into institutions that tend to revolutionize philanthropy—the founder of a most complex and formidable business aggregation and the originator of the most effectual commercial resolvent in the history of the world—who wrought among stupendous material difficulties with the certainty of a perfect mechanism.





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Professor Newton Flinders burned his cerebrum to cinders with the oil of midnight study, and was haggard, thin and wan;
The degrees that he appended to his name were hardly ended when you'd used up all the letters and the alphabet was gone;
His distinctions would bedazzle—he was learned to a frazzle, and the learning he possessed was more than any man could need.
He was Concentrated Knowledge—he was Quintessence of College—he was Saturated Extract of the Information Seed;
He was Wisdom Sublimated, Clarified, Precipitated, till a grain of him would leaven near a whole community;
He was Quadruply Extracted, Boiled, Concentrated, Reacted, Double-Tinctured Oil of Midnight—there was no such man as he.

Now Professor Mike McCarty was likewise a learned party—but his knowledge was of muscles, and he had it and to spare;
But just as to which professor was the greater or the lesser I shall not debate, for truly it is none of my affair.
This Professor Mike McCarty ran a School-to-Make-You-Hearty, and he advertised extensively in papers far and near;
So Professor Newton Flinders, with his cerebrum in cinders, sought his brother-educator for the summer of one year.
And celebrities uncounted he discovered who amounted to as much in worlds of matter as he did in that of mind;
For he found Fistic Aggressors who were just as much professors in the world that he had come to as the one he left behind.
Professor Pat McGuire bade him hold his fists up higher and then sent a stream of crimson down by getting through his guard;
Professor Dan O'Grady took him out where it was shady and then locked a Nelson on him and upset him rather hard.

Professor Mickey Dooley found his pins to be unruly; so he set him the example of a thousand skips of rope.
Professor Shamus Slattery, the star of some old battery, hurled baseballs fiercely at him and declared it "Just the dope!"
Professor Tim McSwatter was his tutor in the water, and he left him—wet and gasping—wrecked and stranded on the shore;
And they slapped him and they rubbed him, and they steamed him and they scrubbed him, till his brain was quite forgotten, since his muscles were so sore.
Professor Mike McCarty, dean of all this learned party, and emeritus professor of the Manly Art of Swings,
Would clinch and uppercut him, would cross-counter him and butt him, and teach him how to lead and duck, and other brutal things;
And when the day was dying they would leave him somewhere lying in the grass, where winds might blow on him and showers on him fall.
And when he had partaken weeks of cabbage, beans and bacon, he began straightway forgetting that he had a mind at all.

In September or October came a giant man and sober to the Flinders chair in college, and his voice was fierce and bold;
He had such a breadth of shoulders as would awe student beholders, and his class in mathematics was not like the class of old:
"Uppercut it, Jenks!" he shouted. "Get a Nelson lock about it! Duck that swing—it's making at you—Hit it right between the eyes!"
"Jones, you're breaking ground—now quit it! Step up close and hit it! Hit it! Cross-counter now, and lead your left and take it by surprise!"
"Smith, grab that first equation and hang on like all creation! Now lift it by the leg, Old Boy, and pin its shoulders down!"
"O'Malley, stand up closer! Hit that X right in the nose, sir; then land on Y with your left glove! Now—strangle-hold it, Brown!"
For, signed by Prof. McCarty, of the School-to-Make-You-Hearty, he had an ornate diploma, framed in some such words as these:
"Passed by McGuire, McNalley, Dooley, Grady and O'Malley—McCarty's Hearty Faculty—with honors and degrees!"



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are good a hundred different ways or more. Try them as they come or with butter, jam or jelly—with poached eggs, soups, salads, Welsh Rarebit. Every new way is a delightful surprise. Buy a package from your grocer today. 12 golden disks for 10 cents. Serve this daintily Dutch Delicacy tomorrow SURE.

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For the price of *one pair* of fifty-cent suspenders you can buy *two pairs* of "UTICA ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS." And—they're *guaranteed for a year*. Send by mail on receipt of 25c, if your dealer hasn't them.

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Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM Toilet Powder



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Here is the engine to do your work. Uses only a gallon of gasoline a day. Pumps all the water the average farm uses, for a cent a day.

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Air-cooled or hopper-cooled.

Write for our four engine books and learn how to jack an engine. Don't be fooled with cheap engines that have to be propped up.

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is larger than most managers realize. Also in producing losses. In fact, good or poor light might even make the difference between a profitable and a losing business.

Good light enables employees to work better—which is the dollar saved. Enables customers to buy better—which is the dollar earned. And it makes everybody feel better—which has a dollars-and-cents value that cannot be measured.

Good light means more product, better product—with less waste; more sales, better sales—with less complaint and less expense of doing business.

Poor light means blunders; accidents; "rejects"; "seconds"; payroll loaded down by sick-absences; patrons uncomfortable and going somewhere else where the light is good, though hardly conscious that the light is the cause.



Registered U. S. Patent Office

Good Lighting not Common

The reason is: people haven't got 'round to it. Even in the great public libraries a large part of the illumination is designed to be seen and not to see by. The magnificent and handsome, but wretchedly lighted, New York Public Library, only recently finished, is a conspicuous example of this fact.

Twenty years ago the business value of good ventilation and scientific heating was not appreciated. At the present time every well-managed establishment is both well ventilated and well heated. Now that they have applied scientific principles to other parts of their business, some managers are beginning to realize that there is such a thing as scientific illumination; that it is absurd to use profit-consuming light when profit-producing light doesn't cost any more—may even cost less.

Scientific Illumination

The subject is new and there is very little printed information on the matter except such as trained scientific minds can understand. Most people do not know where to begin thinking. They need help.

To give everyone an easy grasp of the subject our Illuminating Engineering Department has prepared an easy book on "Scientific Illumination". This elementary but complete book covers the fundamental points of perfect lighting: wiring, lamps, glass, etc.—without prejudice or favor to any lamp, or method, or system, or glass. It helps you to start thinking right about your light problem. It is interesting as well as practical.

Why should we do this—publish a book on illumination when our business is making glass?

Importance of Glass

Because our business is illumination—glass is a most important part of illumination. The right glass distributes light effectively and without waste. The wrong glass destroys efficiency.

We want every user of illumination to think correctly about glass and we are willing to take our chances on his coming 'round some time to using ours; for although we make every kind of glass, we make one kind—Alba—that on the whole is the best general glass for illumination. And where Alba is not the best glass for the purpose we have the glass that is.

Send for "Scientific Illumination". Put it in your pocket, and read it at your leisure. You will read it again. You will fill out the blank that we send you with it enabling you to tell us the facts about your own illumination problem, and mail it to our Illuminating Engineering Department in Pittsburgh.

We will give you such information or advice as will strengthen your good light and your profits, and root out your poor light and your losses.

This applies to everybody—big and little—homes, hotels, stores, restaurants, railroad stations, factories, public buildings, office buildings, individual offices, libraries, and the Capitol at Washington.

MACBETH-EVANS GLASS COMPANY PITTSBURGH

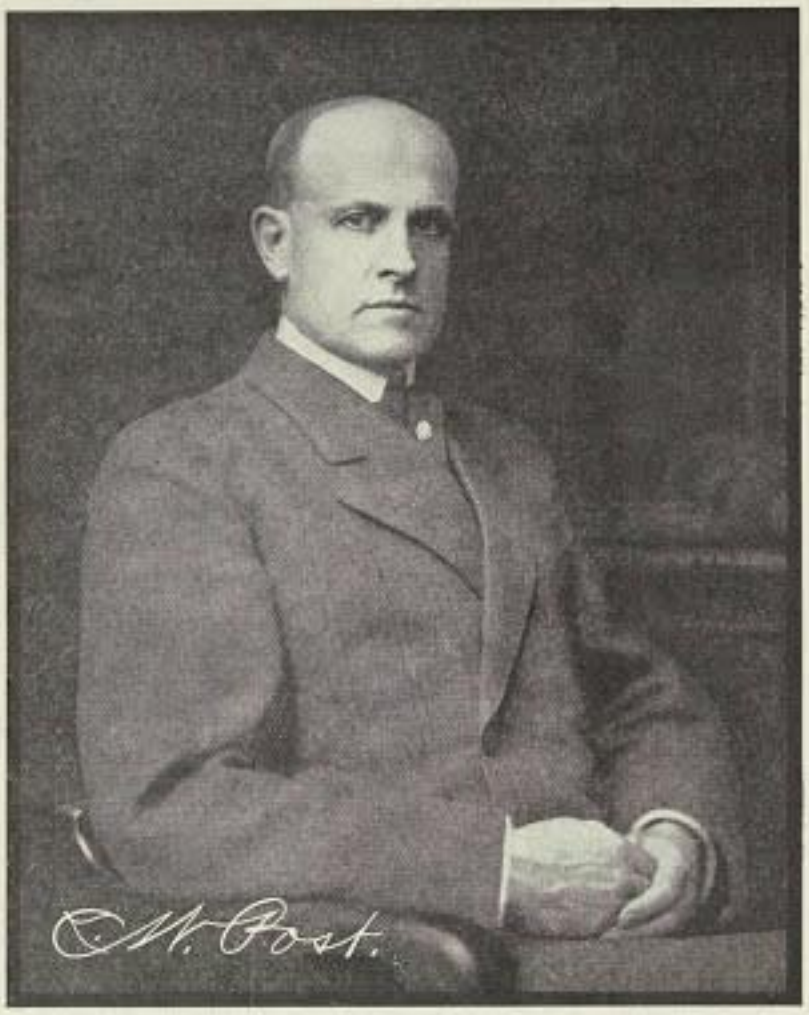
Our Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh. You can see Macbeth-Evans globes and shades at dealers or any of our show-rooms:

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BOSTON: 30 OLIVER STREET CHICAGO: 172 WEST LAKE STREET PHILADELPHIA: 42 SOUTH 8TH STREET TORONTO: 70 KING STREET, WEST

But the Engineering Department is at Pittsburgh, Pa.

Moulding Troubles Into Comforts



YEARS AGO financial disaster and about eight years of invalidism pushed this man into long and exhaustive study of food and beverage better for human health. His own need taught the need of others.

He said: "Thanks for the experience."

Every obstacle in human life is for a purpose.

Overcoming obstacles strengthens character, and, rightly viewed, they can be turned into blessings.

Nature's way to strength of body and mind is through trials and toughening experience.

Take your "bumps" with a smile (even if a bit grim at times) and extract the essence. This man's experience gave to the world better food and drink for the healthful welfare of millions.

The world repaid him a hundredfold. So the world will repay each one who rides down obstacles and considers them as strength-giving experiences for future attainment.

The foods were worked out from years of skillful training, each for a purpose, and hence the world-famous phrase,

"There's a Reason"



This morning beverage was perfected for those who are unfavorably affected by the breakfast drink they have been accustomed to. Postum, when well brewed, has the deep seal brown of coffee and a flavour very like the milder brands of pure Java, but it contains absolutely no ingredients except the nourishing parts of wheat and New Orleans molasses (in small proportion). Its use is health-giving to a marked degree.

Grape-Nuts was made to supply a nourishing food partly digested in the process of making. It contains the most vital properties Nature demands from which to rebuild the nerve centers, brain and solar plexus, and is wonderfully easy of digestion.

Post Toasties are made of thinly rolled bits of white corn toasted to a delicate brown, and present one of the most pleasing foods that the palate is called upon to criticise. The nourishing properties of Indian Corn are sufficiently well known to require no further comment.



"Little White Barn" where the Manufacture of Postum was Started Jan. 1, 1895.

Postum was first made in the little white barn still preserved in the midst of the great group of factories now composing the famous pure-food works at Battle Creek.

The growth from the humble beginning to the present mammoth plant is another illustration of "There's a Reason."

A profusely illustrated book showing the processes will be sent to mail inquirers who ask for "The Door Unbolted."



Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Factories at Battle Creek, Michigan, As They Are Today

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A. Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada

A Game That Gives Pleasure to Everyone

There is no more exhilarating or interesting home entertainment than a family game of Pool or Billiards. With a

BURROWES
Billiard and Pool Table

parents and children will find mutual interest and recreation. It is wonderful how it enlivens the home atmosphere by adding a new and absorbing interest, in which the whole family can participate.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices, $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc. Terms, $1.00 or more down and a small amount each month, depending upon style and size of Table selected.

Burrowes Tables are made in a variety of styles and sizes. They are scientifically constructed and adapted to the most expert play. Finest workmanship and finish. Cues, balls and full equipment free.

FREE TRIAL.—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first deposit we will ship table. Try it one week in your home. If not satisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will promptly refund your deposit. Send today for illustrated catalog showing various styles, with full information as to prices, terms, etc.

E. T. BURROWES CO., 805 Center St., Portland, Me.



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It's risky!

You can't tell by looking at it, how soon an unnamed toothbrush will betray your confidence.

Sometimes it will sting you with loose bristles the first chance it gets.

Go to your dealer and say "Brisco-Kleanwell"—the toothbrush with the fine flexible Russian bristles that stay and stay and stay.

Brisco-Kleanwell
Toothbrush

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Alfred H. Smith Co.
38 W. 33d St., New York



Hang Your Pictures

(weighing up to 100 lbs.) with Moore Push devices. Their tool-tempered steel points will not disfigure plaster walls.

Moore Push-Pins

glass heads, steel points. Try them for calendars, small pictures, etc. Push them in—no hammering. Nos. 1 and 2, ½ doz. 10c.

Moore Push-less Hangers (no hooks, steel points inclined downward) will support hall-racks, mirrors, etc. No tarnishing required; no picture wire used there. Easily put up. No. 25 (holds 20 lbs.) ½ doz. 10c.; No. 26 (100 lbs.) ½ doz. 10c.

Moore Push Thumbtacks, needle-like points firmly embedded in flat brass heads, useful everywhere, 3 sizes, Nos. 31, 32 and 33, 1 doz. 10c. At stationery, hardware, paint stores or by mail. Send 2c stamp for samples.

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., 1110 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

(Continued from Page 17)

toward the triangle dominated by the gothic spire of Peace Hall. The crush in which the motor had been caught began to extricate itself by degrees. He heard his wife's voice as she leaned forward and spoke to the chauffeur, but he did not hear what she said. The machine shuddered in its vitals, honked a brazen warning and began to draw skillfully out of the ruck. The next moment it had started at full speed in the direction of the triangle. It reached the gracious shadows of Peace Hall just as the end of the procession was vanishing into the great entrance. There the car stopped.

"Go right ahead, George!" Bennington ordered sharply.

The chauffeur half turned uneasily in his seat, confused by the conflict of orders. It was Helen who answered with the calm manner of a woman who knows what she wants and is in the act of getting it:

"We're going in, Bion."

"I—I couldn't, Helen."

"Why not?"

"Because—because I don't belong," he protested under his breath.

"Please—please, Bion! Remember; you've promised me!"

It occurred to him with the suddenness of a revelation that, above all things in the world, he would like to be with that "company of scholars" within those brick walls. Yet he dreaded to take the step which would constitute a reversal of the habit of half a lifetime. The pressure of events was becoming strong, however. The chauffeur had opened the door. Helen had risen and was holding out her hand to be helped down. He lifted himself heavily from his seat—and the next moment he had passed with her into the cool cathedral gloom of Peace Hall.

"Oh, Bion, isn't it lovely!"

He discerned, by a subtle sense of intuition, that the exclamation sounded hollow on her lips. For a moment he wondered what had caused her air of strange preoccupation. She seemed to be glancing about her with uncertain, furtive nervousness as they moved slowly with the crowd through the great groined-ceiled hall, with the solemn glory of stained-glass windows casting mellow rays upon the marble panels that bore the university's roster of special honor—the names of her sons who had died that their country might remain one and indivisible. Suddenly he saw a faint, frightened smile upon Helen's face. Out of the crush at the entrance to the theater came the frock-coated figure of Hartley Hammond, marshal's baton in hand. He pushed his way deftly straight toward them.

"Why, Bion, I'm delighted—delighted!" And he thrust the baton under his arm and stretched out both hands in welcome. "Better hurry," he added urgently. "I'm afraid the seats are all taken."

At the door he paused with an air of uncertainty, looked round, turned to Bennington and whispered in a stage aside:

"By Jove! old man, I don't see for the life of me how I'm going to seat you."

Bennington did not notice the look of reassurance that traveled swiftly from Hammond's eyes to Helen's, nor yet the happy content that glowed in her face in response. He heard the secretary's dark foreboding with a sense of relief. Chance was working in his favor. There were no seats to be had; therefore he could withdraw gracefully and go his way. Suddenly the secretary spoke again with resonant buoyancy:

"Hold on—the very thing!"

He nodded commandingly and led the way to two vacant places at the end of the first row of seats facing the platform.

"My, but you were lucky! So long, old man—see you later," he concluded cheerfully as he moved away with the pressing air of a man who had important business elsewhere.

Bennington sank to the oaken bench with a sense of coldness—a quick, troubled flutter in his breast. His breath seemed to come hard. He fervently wished himself miles away—as far as the width of the continent—from this assemblage to which he felt himself a stranger; for this was the festival of the Cherishing Mother whom he had renounced, the feast of learning to which he had come on false pretenses.

He felt the moisture springing to his forehead. It seemed to him that the gaze of

It is Like a Lash Across a Woman's Face: Said a Man When He Read Mr. Kipling's New Poem

It is a "woman's poem," called "The Female of the Species."

With a sting that fairly bites, Mr. Kipling lashes a type of woman: the female of a species that, he says, "is more deadly than the male," and puts on record a poem that will make thousands of women uncomfortable and will take a place all its own in the modern feminine unrest.

As a direct contribution to the "Votes for Women" agitation, the poem is a masterpiece.

In no other American periodical will this new poem by Rudyard Kipling appear save in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*.

For Sale Everywhere at 15 Cents

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Two Words That Every Woman Should Remember

A noted woman-doctor tells what is "the greatest enemy that a woman has": what women do to fight it, and how thousands of women bring about heart-failure and death by doing just the wrong thing. And all a woman, to avoid danger, has to do is to remember two words and keep her eyes open for them.

It is really an actual instance where two words might save the sufferings and deaths of thousands of women.

Every woman should read this article. Husbands, too, for that matter, to help their wives remember.

It is in the November *Ladies' Home Journal*.

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WALTHAM facts that speak louder than words. Waltham Watches have been awarded every gold medal at every international exhibition held in the U. S. since 1876, and highest honors in every world contest in which they have been entered. This is the testimony of experts to the mechanical perfection and superior time-keeping qualities of the WALTHAM Watch.

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WRITE FOR NEW CATALOG OF
CLASS PINS
The D. L. Auld Co., Dept. S, Columbus, Ohio

many eyes—hostile eyes—was concentrated upon the back of his head. His ears caught a subdued comment, emerging with odd clearness out of the muted hum: "Is that Lemon Bennington? I'll be hanged if I should have known him!"

Then came silence, as the distinguished figure of the president, with the red facings of Oxford on his gown, rose on the platform. The multitude burst into applause. The president held up his hand and brought back silence—a silence broken only by the faint rustling of gowns and the crepitant creaking of fans. The president's voice rolled out sonorously as the exercises were opened. The yearly honors accorded by the university were being announced.

Bennington heard the name of a man who in the course of the twelvemonth had negotiated a treaty between nations that had forestalled a conflict and hastened the march of civilization. The designation of the achievements for which the degree of Doctor of Laws was being conferred followed in classic terms—a gem of pure Latinity, a model of condensed and faultless diction. A distinguished gowned figure rose upon the platform and stood beside the president. The vast assemblage flooded the theater with a spontaneous, upspringing round of plaudits that lasted many minutes. Other names were proclaimed for academic honors and new billows of applause surged and mounted to the roof. There came a slight pause in the proceedings. Bennington heard an announcement in Latin and smiled with satisfaction at the ease with which he turned it into English:

"Master of Arts, for services rendered."

Then his breath almost stopped—for he heard his own name uttered:

"Bion Joralemon Bennington."

He became aware that Helen's hand had stolen to his and was pressing it with tremulous fingers. The concise, cleancut phrases of the appreciation beat upon his ears like the roll of drums in a chamber of death:

"Beautifier of cities; dispeller of ugliness and squalor; improver of the dwellings of the poor and enricher of life in his day; a man of learning and distinction in his generation, whom we delight to receive into this company of scholars."

He struggled for breath; stared about him with alarmed unbelief, and a cry of derision out of the past rang through his numbed brain: "'Rah for Lemon Bennington! We want Lemon Bennington!" The early scene seemed to reconstruct itself with convincing vividness. He glanced down apprehensively at his ill-fitting store clothes.

A touch on the elbow roused him. Hammond was standing at his side, urging him forward with pressing insistence. "Come on, old man; he's waiting for you!" he was saying. Bennington saw the president bending toward him from the platform. He arose slowly to his feet. He heard Hammond whispering in his ear as they parted at the steps to the platform:

"That's the way the class feels about you, Bennington."

The next moment the beautifier of cities stood upon the platform with an odd sense of detachment, as if some one else were standing in his shoes and he were staring at him curiously. He felt the grasp of the president's hand as a crash of applause burst from the audience and tore to the gothic beams of the ceiling with a rending roar. It seemed to last for the length of a lifetime, to ring louder and mount higher into dizzy heights of exultation.

He sought his wife's face—and found it. He could see the tears trickling down her cheeks through a smile as radiant as the glorious day. His only wish was that it might soon be over—that he might soon take her in his arms and tell her how happy he was to be enrolled in this "company of scholars."

Toujours la Politesse

MR. MACTAVISH attended a christening where the hospitality of the host knew no bounds except the several capacities of the guests. In the midst of the celebration Mr. MacTavish rose up and made the rounds of the company, bidding each a profound farewell.

"But, Sandy, mon," objected the host; "ye're not goin' yet with the evenin' just started?"

"Nay," said the prudent MacTavish; "I'm no' goin' yet. But I'm tellin' ye good night while I know ye."

Union Suits for Well-Dressed Men

For "tailored" fit. For seams that lie flat. For Elastic, spring-needle knitting. For added wear and real comfort.

No one need pay a fabulous price for really fine union suits. We sell them at popular prices.

Here is underwear at $1.00 a suit as good as most people want. We sell suits of silk with better materials but no better fit, for $35.00 a suit. The difference is in the materials. All LEWIS UNION SUITS represent our forty years of experience. LEWIS SUITS have perfect crotch and seat adjustments. No one knows better than we how to make union suits, for we made the first that were sold.

NOTE BUTTONED CROTCH—Rear View



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LEWIS SUITS are the utmost in underwear. The price that you pay per garment obtains double comfort and wear. All of our goods are elastic-knit. They fit every curve of the body. They "give" without bagging. There is nothing else to compare with them. See for yourself. Compare them at dealers.

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Dept. S, Janesville, Wisconsin (9)

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HERE'S A WARM WELCOME FOR WINTER

B—r—r—r—r!

Here is cheer for chattering teeth, blue noses, numb fingers, goose flesh and shivering spines.

Here is a snug welcome for frosty mornings, drafty rooms and chilly corners—a warm greeting from the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater.

It's a sort of portable fireplace—a real heater.

Blue enamel or plain steel drum, with nickel trimmings.

The wick can't be turned up to the smoking point. The patented burner prevents.

Just strike a match and light the wick. There you are! The Perfection is all aglow in a minute.

Good-by chill!

Away goes Jack Frost before the radiating warmth.

The Perfection is ready night and day. It never grumbles. It gets busy quick. And it keeps busy—giving out cheer and comfort till you say the word.

It is portable, too—easily carried from room to room.

Just put this lively Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in your house. Then—

Bring on the cold snaps!

Bring on the icy blasts!

Bring on the frosty mornings!



Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Bedrooms

Did you ever envy the fellow whose bedroom had a stove-pipe running through it? Now, instead, you can have a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater right near your bed. What a welcome sight on shivery mornings when you peek out from under the covers. Lit in a second. Warms up in a moment.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Nurseries



When you were a youngster, remember how you used to make a tent of the bedclothes on winter mornings and dress underneath? It's hard for the little folks to hop out of a warm bed into a cold room. And they catch many a cold by it. With a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater you can take the chill out of the air in a few minutes. Then the kiddies can dress in comfort and safety.



Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Bathrooms

Don't shave with cold water! Put a pan of water on top of a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in the bathroom. Three minutes later: Chill gone—bathroom comfy—warm fingers—pleasant shave. Makes it nice for the rest of the family, too.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Dining Rooms



Feels like furs and ear-muffs in the dining room on frosty mornings. Somehow, breakfast time always comes before the furnace "gets a-going." But what's the use of eating the first meal of the day in discomfort? Light up the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater and make things cosy in a jiffy.



Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Cellars

To get water in the old days on the farm you had to go out in the morning and break the ice with an axe. That was no worse than thawing out frozen pipes. On extra cold nights place a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater near the pipes in the cellar. That will keep the water running. It will keep fruit and vegetables from freezing, too.

Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater in Attics



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PERFECTION

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The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is 25 inches high and weighs only 11½ pounds. The low price will surprise you. Get one now. Have it all winter.

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Victor-Victrola



Victor-Victrola IV, $15



Victor-Victrola VI, $25

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Good music brightens every home, and with a Victor or Victor-Victrola you can readily satisfy your every musical taste—hear whatever music you wish, whenever you wish.

These three new popular-priced instruments make it easy for every one to own a *genuine* Victor-Victrola.

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Victor-Victrola VIII, $40

All the important patented Victor-Victrola features including Exhibition sound box, tapering arm, "goose-neck", sound-box tube, and concealed sounding-boards, are incorporated in these new instruments.



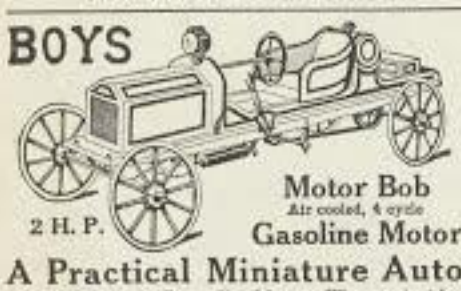
Other styles of the Victor-Victrola $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250
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A Practical Miniature Auto

propelled by a small gasoline Motor. The greatest instructive, mechanical device ever invented. Boys all over the world now building Motor Bobs. Any boy of twelve years and up can build and operate the Motor Bob. Send 25c for our complete instruction booklet, "How to Build a Motor-Bob," which contains simple drawings, diagrams, pictures, instructions for building and operating, and list of parts.

Dept. 10 MOTOR BOB MFG. CO., Main & Amherst Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.



PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$8,500 offered for one invention. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in Manufacturers' Journals.

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HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

THE BEST LIGHT



makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
BEST BY TEST 6-25 E. 5th Street Canton, O.

A Problem Solved By Holstein Cows' Milk.

Wishing others to profit by her experience, a grateful mother writes:

"I weighed my baby this morning and she weighs 21 pounds. Up to the time we started on Holstein Milk, I never had a night's rest and you should see her now. You would never realize that a little over three months ago she weighed only 8½ pounds.

"I have sat for hours thinking and worrying over her and her food and the problem was so simply solved after all. I feel confident that if mothers with poorly nourished children or children with weak stomachs would only give Holstein Milk a trial, they would think as much of it as I do. All my friends are surprised at her progress and they have now no hesitancy in telling me that they felt sure we would never raise her."

Your milkman should be able to supply Purebred Holstein Milk, but if he cannot, send us his name and address, and we will help you get it. Our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," is full of useful information. Send for it.



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
10-B American Building, Brattleboro, Vermont

MARVEL SOLDER



INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS

In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solders Without Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening, it makes solid, smooth surface. Patches all machinery. Fine for tinsmiths.

Send 10c for trial tube.

MARVEL SOLDER CO.
1537 Broadway, Dept. 9, New York

AGENTS WANTED
QUICK SALES BIG PROFITS

THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 25)

"Well, a young man in that line of business helped me put it together," Addison replied with equal modesty. "I thought that was a very good little touch—you and your brother working nights over the forge when you first got the idea of making stoves. Reminds people of Lincoln, you see."

"I cast my first vote for Lincoln," said the old gentleman half absently as his eye lingered along the page. "Yes, sir—I don't say, Addison, that it ain't a danged good article—a danged good article for young men to read —— Oh, what's this here? What does 'Inc.' mean?"

He frowned as he asked the question and his voice again showed irritation. He was pointing to the article, where it said: "Address H. & A. Weeks, Inc., Five Oaks."

"Oh, that!" Addison replied as though dismissing a trivial subject. "No doubt 'Inc.' stands for 'Incorporated.' I suppose the young man put that on to give it a more up-to-date sound."

"I'm not particular about having up-to-date sounds round my shop," the manufacturer grumbled.

"Don't you think he did pretty well with that incident about your creditors offering to double your credit after the fire?" Addison inquired.

"He did first-rate with that," the old gentleman confessed. "That was really the turning point. You see ——" Mr. Weeks retold the episode in detail, and at the conclusion of the interview he patted the young man paternally on the shoulder and bade him in the future to avoid dealing with grafters.

Leaving the works, Addison went directly to the leading hotel and found his way to room 228, where he knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" inquired a nervous voice from the other side.

When the inventor gave his name the door opened a few inches and Arthur Weeks, Junior, peered cautiously out. Being assured it was Mr. Humphrey, he admitted him and promptly locked the door behind him. Addison had urged him by telephone to sit in his office with the door open and overhear the conversation with Uncle Henry; but Arthur had preferred to be absent from the plant when that interview took place. To see even a fish or game bird lie mangled and bleeding made him sick at the stomach. He now listened with relief and astonishment while Addison assured him that Henry Weeks was at that moment in an eminently peaceful and contented frame of mind.

The relief, however, was short-lived.

"This deceit is awful!" he complained miserably as he wiped his damp brow. "I'm deceiving my mother. She asked me if it didn't cost something, and I told her—I told her it did cost a little something. She supposes it's about five dollars a page. If she and Uncle Henry could see those bills they'd fall dead!"

"That's all the more reason, Arthur, why they shouldn't see the bills," Addison replied convincingly. "Why, this money that you're spending is your own, to all intents and purposes. It would be a pity if you couldn't spend your own money to keep the house from going to smash! Just keep cool, Arthur, and leave it to me. You must keep cool now, because you're in it up to your neck and you'd get into an awful mess with Uncle Henry if you spilled over," he added consolingly. "Just keep your eye on the mail and see that Uncle Henry isn't bothered about 'Inc.'"

Having heartened, admonished and got rid of the unhappy young man, Addison went down to the hotel writing room and composed a long telegram to Mr. Munson in the cipher with which that up-to-date person had furnished him.

The cipher was contained in a convenient little book that one could slip in a vest pocket. Addison had occasion to use it a good many times in the next three weeks; for, under application of Mr. Munson's abounding energy, the gasoline-stove trust was rapidly taking shape.

Sitting in his modest office at Vale nearly a month after returning from Five Oaks, the inventor got out his cipher book and translated a wire from Mr. Munson, in New York, which had just been handed him. The translation ran:

"Luderberg wants to see you about Weeks. Come immediately. Wire when you will be here."

THERE is no greater satisfaction than the knowledge that you have in your home ready for instant use a razor that will give you a perfect shave without demanding from you a barber's experience and ability. You get this satisfaction from the

Young SAFETY Razor

"The any-angle razor"

It is the one Safety Razor that gives the *diagonal stroke.* It has the safety feature of all safety razors; it has blades of the finest quality—blades with as keen cutting edges as the careful grinding, honing and stropping by an expert can give them. It is light, handy and nicely balanced, and above all, is so constructed that you get what you cannot get in any other safety razor—the diagonal stroke in shaving.



If your dealer cannot supply the Young, we will send it direct. Money refunded if you want it after a 30 days trial. Price of razor complete, $2.50. Extra blades, 75c. for 12.

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
1709 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

TRADE E. & W. MARK

Shirts for *Autumn Wear*

Our semi-stiff plaited bosom shirt is entirely a new feature. The color combinations have many of them never before been shown. No labels.

EARL & WILSON.

"Wildwood"—a new "Red-Man collar."





LET THIS BOOK BE YOUR GUIDE IN BUYING BUSINESS STATIONERY.

It is the key to the door of efficient business paper.

It will do more in ten minutes to put you on the right road to good stationery than our advertising could do in ten months.

It is a snappy, handsome little book full of unsolicited opinions from Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, and Chiefs—in the business world.

It is "Their Opinion" of

COUPON BOND

Fac-simile Water-mark

The De Luxe Business Paper

To further augment this book it would be well to have our portfolio of Specimen Business Forms—Printed, Lithographed and Die-stamped on the White and Seven Attractive Colors of COUPON BOND.

Send for both today. In writing please use your business letter-head.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO.
17 Main Street Holyoke Mass.

Luderberg & Company was the Wall Street house that Mr. Munson had enlisted to finance his gasoline-stove combination. Addison might have reached New York and satisfied Mr. Luderberg's curiosity on Wednesday; but he replied that he would arrive Thursday, meeting Mr. Munson in Luderberg & Company's office at ten o'clock.

The office was on Nassau Street, and the inventor found it—though this was his first visit to the metropolis—with almost no difficulty, only having to ask his way three times. Mr. Munson and Mr. Luderberg were awaiting him in the latter's private room. Addison found the financier to be a short, plump, middle-aged gentleman with a reddish-golden, curly beard and red hair. His manner was usually quiet; but he seemed, this particular morning, to have something annoying on his mind. Mr. Munson's manner was seldom quiet and this morning he was obviously ill-natured.

"In the first place," he began abruptly, glowering at the inventor, "we'd like to know what this means."

"This"—indicated by the promoter's leveled forefinger—was a popular magazine, issued that day, which lay upon the table with its pages opened so as to display a fine two-page advertisement that began: "Forty-One Years of Success! Forever Independent of All Trusts and Combinations!"

Seating himself at the table, Addison took up the magazine and surveyed the two pages with an air of critical satisfaction.

"This," he explained simply, "is an advertisement of Weeks stoves and Humphrey ovens."

Mr. Luderberg made an impatient gesture with both his short arms and Mr. Munson glared, demanding:

"But how does that affect us? 'Forever independent of all trusts and combinations!'" he repeated bitterly. "And look at that!"

His finger indicated a line in bold type running across both pages and reading: "We can do business successfully without violating the anti-trust laws!"

"Well," Addison confessed candidly, "I suppose that might be sort of awkward for you?"

Mr. Munson contained himself with difficulty.

"See here!" he demanded savagely. "Just where do I stand?—I mean regarding Weeks. Just what have I paid a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for."

"Why, if you don't know yourself, Mr. Munson," the inventor replied pleasantly, "of course I'll 'ell you."

Mr. Luderberg, who had been pacing the floor, paused and listened with deep interest.

"H & A. Weeks, Incorporated," Addison explained, "is a duly organized corporation. A half-interest in that corporation stands in the name of Henrietta Weeks and her son, Arthur Weeks, of Five Oaks. The young man represents his mother by virtue of an unlimited power of attorney. I believe you took the trouble to satisfy yourself on that point. Now, you offered to pay me a commission of fifty thousand dollars if I'd get you an option on Henrietta and Arthur Weeks' half-interest in H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated; and you offered to pay seventy-five thousand dollars for the option itself. Those two sums—fifty thousand commission to me and seventy-five thousand to young Mr. Weeks for the option—make up the hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars which you mention."

Mr. Munson was about to interrupt explosively; but Addison held up a deprecating forefinger and continued:

"You paid over the money like a man; and the shares of stock, representing a half-interest in H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated, have been duly forwarded to a bank in New York, according to your instructions. If you want 'em all you have to do is to step into the bank and pay the remainder of the purchase price."

"But Luderberg's lawyers have been looking it up," said Mr. Munson with the facial expression of one suffering from colic. "They can't find that this H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated, owns anything. The stove works have never been deeded over."

"Oh, the stove works!" said Addison. "Of course the stove works are owned by H. & A. Weeks, which is simply a partnership. H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated, has nothing to do with the stove works."

"Listen, Humphrey—listen!" said Mr. Munson, striving to speak coherently. "You led me to believe that H. & A. Weeks,

KNOX
PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING
GELATINE

Dessert Book FREE

Our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," illustrated in colors, showing just how the dishes look, and giving over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream, Candies, etc., will be sent you, FREE, for your grocer's name. If he doesn't keep Knox Gelatine, send 2c stamp for pint sample, or 10c for 2-quart package.



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Let Me Send You the Rapid
At Factory Price.



FIRELESS COOKER
On 30 Days' Trial

Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 50 per cent on fuel. Time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Boils, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes, Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Also metal composition Heat Radiators, can't break or crack. Send for free book and 125 splendid recipes today.

WM. CAMPBELL CO.
Dept. 14 Detroit, Mich.

The BELL Tailors OF NEW YORK

Thanksgiving Special
$20 SUIT or OVERCOAT to your measure $13.50



$6.50 in your pocket, and a handsome $20.00 suit or overcoat on your back will make a pretty fine sauce to go with your Thanksgiving turkey.

And that is precisely what the Bell Tailor offer means. It gives you a real $20.00 suit made to your own measure, in the latest New York styles, from cloth you yourself select, for $13.50—a direct saving to you of $6.50. We can make this extraordinary offer

Because We Sell You Direct

We don't hire agents or sell through local tailors. Consequently, we do not have to add commission to every suit we sell. That's *one* big saving. We are the biggest mail order tailoring concern in America; buy our fabrics direct from the mill at mill prices; save you the jobber's profit; that's another big saving. We also own our own big factories, do our own designing, cutting and tailoring under one roof, saving you the contractor's profit—another big saving.

Besides these tremendous savings, everything you get from us is of the very best. We buy only the choicest fabrics for our clothes and hire only the most experienced and expert tailors to make them. We have to do this because

We guarantee every garment we sell

Your money refunded or a new garment, if anything we send you is not satisfactory in every way, whether your error or ours. This guarantee of satisfaction is the secret of our great success. Our thousands of customers come back, season after season, for their clothes—a pretty good sign, "ain't it," that they are pleased?

Send for Our Fall and Winter Style Book

It is free. It is our only salesman. It contains 64 choice samples of fabrics and all the latest fashions. It gives you full instructions for taking your own measurements, and we guarantee a fit from these measurements. A postal will fetch this handsome style book. Send today.

BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK
137-139 Walker St., New York, N. Y.

Write to-day for Free Style Book and Samples



Sample Free

Try it on your floor—if it is either waxed, varnished or shellaced—or on your furniture. It cleans, polishes and renews like magic but never injures (important).

Brightener

Saves 2 to 3 times its cost by making the floor and furniture finish last that much longer.

Quickly and easily applied with soft cloth. 1 quart (75c) lasts a home 6 months.

Ask for FREE BOOK, "Beautiful Floors," and the Free Sample.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
2001 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Files of Known Quality

Why take any chances when by asking your dealer for the

Liveright
GOLD ★ MEDAL
Files and Rasps

you are sure of getting the very best. Perfect in temper, sharpest in cutting and finer in quality than any other file made. Known everywhere as

"The File that Files"

If not at your dealer's, write us direct.

Liveright Brothers
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Where is the boy who wants to be a future Edison?

We would like to know him in order to help him develop his genius, which must be cultivated by practice. We are the largest House for electrical experimental goods, and have been at it for eighteen years. Send today Four cents postage for our famous 196 page electrical cyclopedia with over 400 illustrations containing most valuable information on Electricity and Wireless. *No postals answered.*

Electro Importing Co., 233 Fulton St., New York
"Everything for the Experimenter"

Go In Business For Yourself

IF YOU want to be master of your own income, let us hear from you. You can devote all of your time to work or just profitably utilize your leisure hours. We want a representative in every town in the country to look after the subscription business of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and *The Country Gentleman*, and for this work we pay a salary and commission. If you are interested, let us hear from you.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.



Breathing is the Vital Force of Life

A deep breather always has Health, Endurance and a Sound Constitution.

Learn to Breathe—Develop Your Chest

Send for my 64 page, illustrated book, Lung and Muscle Culture. Correct and incorrect breathing is clearly described by diagrams, also contains hundreds of other points of valuable information. 300,000 already sold. Price 10 cts., coin or stamps.

PAUL VON BOECKMANN
1390 Terminal Bldg., Park Ave. and 41st St., New York



Make $25 to $50 Weekly

selling the Automatic Combination Tool in your home county. A Fence Builder's Tool, Post Puller, Lining Jack, Vise, Wrench, etc. Used by Farmers, Teamsters, in Factories, Mills, Mines, etc. Weight 24 lbs. Capacity 3 tons. No experience necessary. Free instruction. Write for special offer to live agents. Send no money. Name county where you live.

AUTOMATIC JACK COMPANY
Box 55 Bloomfield, Ind.

White Cat

Klosed-Krotch

(Trade Mark)

Union Suit



Send for Samples of this Sure-Selling Union Suit

Dealers throughout the country are learning that the White Cat Klosed-Krotch Union Suit is an amazingly easy seller. The closed crotch (patented) feature gives it all the advantages of both the union suit and old-style drawers.

Smooth, elastic, comfortable as the skin itself—it meets the needs of men. The crotch is knitted—no possibility of gaping or chafing.

Men are recognizing that this is the perfect, absolutely satisfactory union suit. Be sure to save a place in your stock for this union suit that is slipping over thousands of counters like hot cakes.

Write for particulars and samples.

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO., Kenosha, Wis.

Incorporated, had succeeded the firm—or was about to succeed. Why, their advertisements are signed, 'H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated.' You can see that for yourself—right there!" He pointed to the magazine page and at the same time turned appealingly to Mr. Luderberg. "Why in blazes would they form a corporation unless it was going to succeed the firm and take over the stove business? What would any reasonable man in my position conclude from the circumstances?" Mr. Luderberg, however, impolitely turned his back upon this appeal.

Staring wildly at the financier's turned back, Mr. Munson continued:

"He let me think there was a row on in the family—and the old lady and her son were anxious to sell out and quit. He told me it was a delicate situation. He said I'd spoil everything unless I kept my hands off and left everything to him."

"Of course I don't know what you may have been thinking," Addison interposed modestly. "I believe it's a universal rule that when business men make an agreement and put it in writing the written document is supposed to express exactly what they mean. If you'll look at our little contract and at the correspondence relating to it you'll see it always mentions H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated. Who would suppose," he added innocently, addressing Mr. Luderberg, "that John Wesley Munson signed a contract and paid out a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars without knowing what he was about?"

"But what is this H. & A. Weeks, Incorporated?" Mr. Luderberg inquired. "Where does it come in? What is it for?"

"Why, it's just an advertising concern," Addison replied frankly. "You see, there was a peculiar situation. Mr. Munson's tactics made it necessary for H. & A. Weeks to advertise. Otherwise Mr. Munson would have broken down their trade position and formed his trust without them—and then eaten them up. But Henry Weeks wouldn't spend a penny for advertising. So what would be more reasonable or natural than to look to Mr. Munson for the advertising money? The hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, I assure you, all goes for advertising."

"I'll prosecute him, Luderberg! I'll prosecute him!" cried Mr. Munson.

"Tush! Nonsense!" said Mr. Luderberg pettishly with a contemptuous wave of his arms. "You'd only advertise yourself for a blockhead! Nice mess you've led me into. I've placed all the underwriting. I've notified everybody we were all ready to close the deal. I've told every man from A to Z that we had an option on a half-interest in H. & A. Weeks. Now out comes this advertisement—'No trusts and combinations; no violations of the anti-trust laws.' That'll alarm everybody. They'll all be down on my neck to know what it means. And, after all, you have no option at all. The whole thing falls through. Nice mess you've got me into! You've hurt the prestige of my house! You've made me look like a fool! You've muddled this thing from start to finish, Munson," he concluded hotly. "You've let this man string you along as though you were a farm-hand going to town with your first five-dollar bill! A promoter! Bah!"

"What have you got to complain about?" Mr. Munson retorted passionately. "I've put in a good year's work on this combine. I've spent two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of my own money. I've told all the manufacturers I had an option on Weeks. What about my prestige? Why didn't you and your fool lawyers look up this option? Nice mess you've got me into!"

Mr. Luderberg's reply consisted of a scornful gesture and three disconnected words—to wit:

"Bah! Nonsense! Blockhead!"

"We're going to come out with a swell ad next month," Addison murmured.

"See here, you!" said Mr. Luderberg, abruptly and impolitely addressing the inventor. "Can you get me an option on a half-interest in the Weeks stove works?"

"Out of the question, Mr. Luderberg—out of the question!" Addison assured him pleasantly. "I don't believe anybody can promote a gasoline-stove trust just now. Anyhow, I'm pretty sure Mr. Munson can't."

"Munson!" Mr. Luderberg exclaimed in affected surprise—"Munson? Why, he couldn't promote an old ladies' Bible class!"

Editor's Note—This is the seventh in a series of stories by Will Payne. The eighth and last will appear next week.



That's convenience for you! Fold your umbrella and put it in your suitcase.

Beehler Folding Umbrella

The handiest umbrella—and the strongest and longest-wearing.

The reinforced construction of the folding end makes the Beehler solid and strong at the ferrule where non-folding umbrellas are weak and easily snap off.

The ribs are crucible steel, fastened in their sockets so they can't work loose or rattle—and they can't rust because they are rubber enameled.

There's a patent catch for raising and lowering—no pinching fingers or tearing gloves.

And guaranteed cover fabrics—absolutely waterproof and won't crack, rip, fade or run.

NAME-ON is another exclusive Beehler feature you'll appreciate. Your name and address worked on the inside of the cover, if desired—the only way of insuring against loss.

Not only is the Beehler the best umbrella so far as materials and construction are concerned, but it is the best value too—costs no more than the non-folding kind.

$1, $2, $3 up to $25—make your own selection of handle and cover fabric from the new Beehler booklet, sent free on request. Then get the style you want from your dealer—if he hasn't it, write us and we'll see that you get it.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.

Founded 1828

Oldest umbrella house in America



Why grope for the key? Modern electric light fixtures have "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets. Chain within easy reach. A pull turns light on. Another turns it off.

Never get loose as ordinary key sockets do. Last a lifetime. Easier on tungsten lamps. Positive in action. Can be installed on old fixtures by any electrical dealer for the price of a good tungsten lamp per socket.

Bryant "New Wrinkle" Pull Sockets

are made by the largest manufacturer of "quality" wiring devices. Bryant makes an "underwriters approved" device for every electrical requirement.

Before buying new fixtures send for "Pull Socket" booklet P. Shows some of the up-to-date styles. Send for it anyway. Write now.

Bryant Electric Company

Bridgeport, Conn.

Chicago San Francisco



$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

PANAMA HAT CO., Dept. A, 830 Broadway, New York City



$500 tells the story. It's the fair price of the piano you'll enjoy most in your home—the splendid standard Packard, style FF. The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—to-day.



A Man's Complexion

is extremely dependent on the razor with which he shaves.

Torrey Razors

never irritate the skin or disposition. They are wonderful for their beautiful sharpness and exquisite temper. It is the one razor with which to shave and thereby enjoy a smooth, velvety, healthy skin.

If your dealer hasn't the Torrey Razor, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Write for our free booklet on how to choose and care for a razor. Dealers should write for our special introductory offer.

The new Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR COMPANY

Dept. Y, Worcester, Mass.

Kaleidophane



Makes art glass out of plain glass

It is a thin, translucent material, easily applied to any pane of glass without removing it. Reproduces perfectly all the rich coloring and beautiful designs found in stained glass at a fraction of the cost. Will not fade from light or washing. Made in many patterns, appropriate for homes, hotels, cafés and other business places. Also churches, clubs and public buildings. Use Kaleidophane wherever privacy is desired. Shuts out the view but admits the light. More economical than curtains or shades for transoms, cellar or bathroom windows and side windows in stores and offices. Costs little and very easy to put on. Write today for free samples.

Kosinski Art Co., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

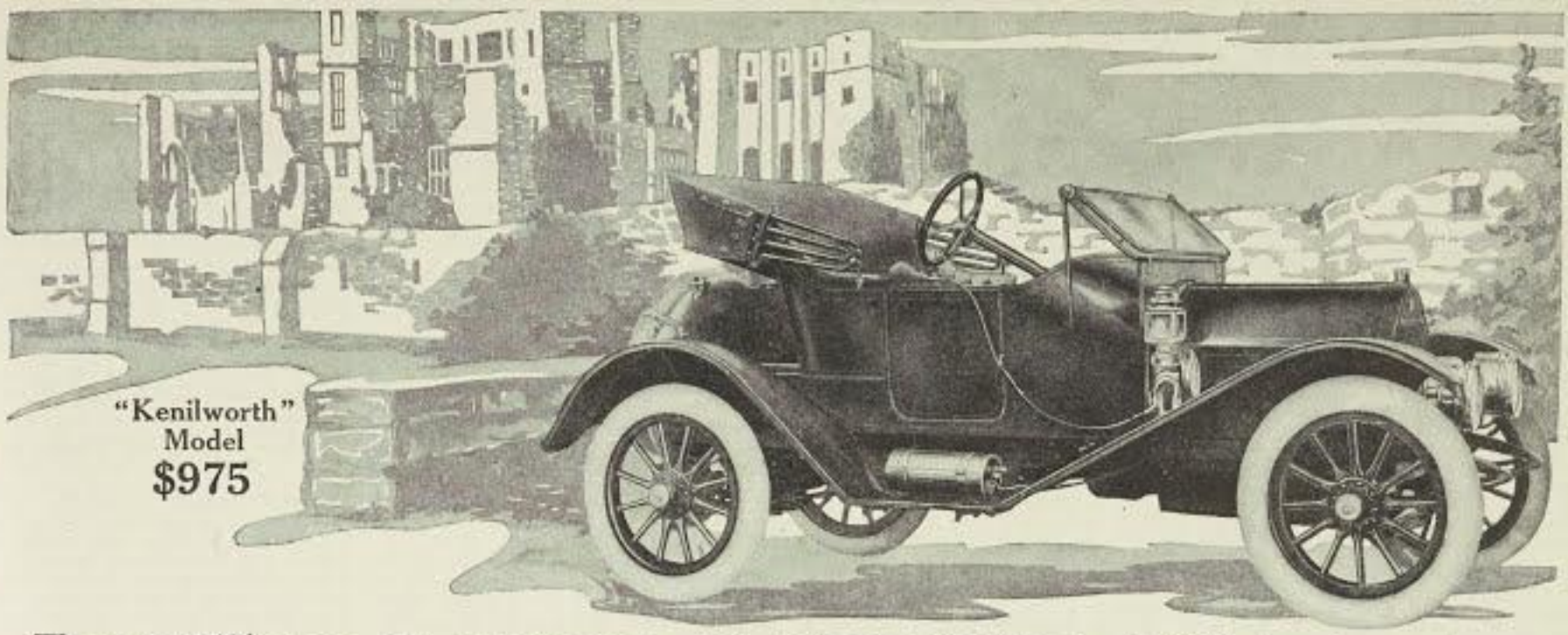
20,000 $18 BENNETT Typewriters In Use



$18 in U.S.A.

You're losing far more than $18 every year by being without the Bennett. This light, thoroughly modern typewriter can be carried wherever you go—slipped into pocket or grip. It saves you time—stenographic charges—losses sent business-like letters, makes carbon of orders, does all the widely advertised $100 machines do. LET US PROVE THIS. See the efficient work. Write for catalog and Special offer. Splendid chance for agents. Foreign Address: 75 Cannon St., London, E.C.

B. O. K. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, New York



There is 25% more value in a PAIGE-DETROIT at $975 than in most cars selling at $1,200

PAIGE-DETROIT cars today possess more in actual value, quality of material and workmanship, than most other automobiles selling for $1,200 or less, and if we could take you behind the scenes of the automobile industry for a moment, you would see why.

For instance, a few weeks ago a prominent motor manufacturer offered to sell us one of our power plant units at 26 per cent. less than our own cost of manufacturing the unit, providing we would allow him to use the same specifications as he was using for another car selling for much more than ours.

We turned his offer down, because we didn't care to cheapen our product at the owner's expense; we couldn't afford to.

Quality is the watchword of the Paige-Detroit. Correctness of design; careful, accurate workmanship, combined with painstaking inspection and expert testing, alone can produce cars of quality. There you have the secret of Paige-Detroit success in marketing the highest grade popular priced car in the market.

We make no boast of our large production, because we know, and you know, that a product of uniformity and quality can be maintained better when large production is not the principal aim of the organization.

The principal cost of the car lies in workmanship, testing and inspection, and that is what some large quantity manufacturers attempt to cut down—at the expense of quality. They try to make machines do the work of men—at least as much as they can—but there is one thing that machines won't do and that is *think*.

No machine has yet been able to exercise the human prerogatives of inspection and selection, to determine which shall be classed as good and which as bad.

Nothing but the mind of an expert, guided by the ethical standards of the factory, can accomplish this satisfactorily.

Paige-Detroit cars must possess quality
They are constructed in a factory whose policy is rigid in this respect.

Paige-Detroit Cars are Built for Service

Not as a vehicle for a large repair parts business, but as an economical investment for the owner—a car which will eventually become his favorite. "A Favorite Born of Confidence."

Paige-Detroit cars are guaranteed for one year by a Company, the Personnel of which is unequalled in the automobile industry.

Read over the list carefully, as the character of the car you buy is measured by the character of the men behind it.

IMPORTANT PAIGE-DETROIT FEATURES

It is a well known fact that Paige-Detroit cars have more horsepowerfor every hundred pounds of weight, than 90 per cent of the motor cars in the market.

A light car and over-sized tires decrease tire cost.

Paige-Detroit cars will run from 20 to 25 miles on one gallon of gasoline—most cars travel only 7 to 15.

Paige-Detroit patented system of spring suspension prevents excessive side tipping and adds greatly to its delightful riding qualities.

Bodies are large and roomy, carefully upholstered and finished.

Latest up-to-date styles of fore-door bodies.

Latest black enamel lamps with brass trimmings, same as used on high priced cars.

Complete interchangeability of parts.

Repair parts are sold to the owner at cost—something no other manufacturer does.

Limited output—only 5,000 Paige-Detroit cars for 1912 means careful personal attention by best experts.

No piece or rush work—product uniformly good—because right inspection makes it so.

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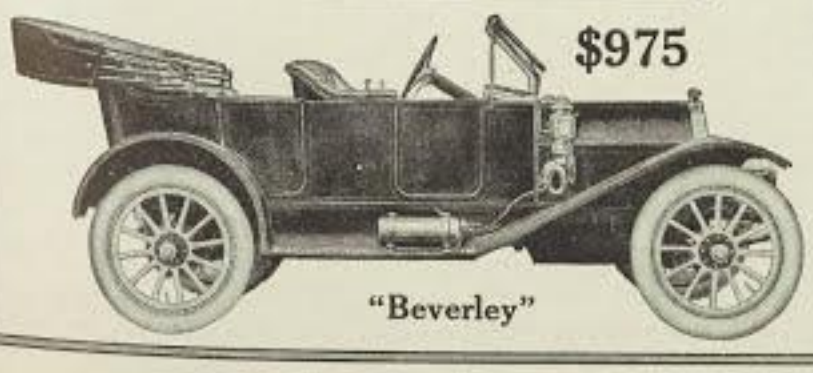
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Macey
Book Cabinets
SECTIONAL

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 23)

from you! If there's ever any trouble comes out of this you'll get your share of it, and don't you forget it! You've had me lay attachments against the Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company on forged notes. Since I had nothing, Johnny paid them, because he was square. The last attachment, though—for fifty thousand—he held off until I got that Slosher Apartment scheme in my own name, and turned it against me; and you had to pay it, because you had stood good for me."

"What difference does that make to you?" demanded Gresham. "It was my own money and I got it back."

"It makes just this much difference," explained Collaton: "Gamble and Loring are busy tracing all these transactions; and when they find out anything it will be fastened on me, for you never figure in the deals. You even try to avoid acknowledging to me that you have anything to do with it."

"You get all the money," Gresham reminded him.

"That's why I know you're framing it up to let me wear the iron bracelets if anything comes off. Now you play square with me or I'll hand you a jolt that you won't forget! There's a girl responsible for your crazy desire to put my old partner on the toboggan—and that was the girl. You see I happen to know all about it."

Gresham considered the matter in silence for some time, and Collaton let him think without interruption. They sat down now at one of the little tables and Collaton curtly ordered some drinks.

"It's a very simple matter," Gresham finally stated. "My father was to have married Miss Joy's aunt, but did not. When the aunt came to die she left Miss Joy a million dollars, but coupled with it the provision that she must marry me. That's all."

"It's enough," laughed Collaton. "I understand now why Johnny Gamble wants to make a million dollars. As soon as he gets it he'll propose to Miss Joy, she'll accept him and let the million slide. Who gets it?"

"Charity."

"Why, Gresham; I'm ashamed of you!" Collaton mocked. "The descendant of a noble English house is making as sordid an affair of this as if he were a cheesedealer! I have the gift of second sight and I can tell you just what's going to happen. Johnny Gamble will make his million dollars—and I'm for him. He'll marry Miss Joy—and I'm for her. That other million will go to charity—and I'm for it. I hope they all win!"

"You're foolish," returned Gresham, holding his temper through the superiority that had always nettled Collaton. "You like money and I'm showing you a way to get it from Johnny Gamble."

The waiter brought the drinks. Collaton paid for them, tossed off his own and arose.

"I've had all of that money I want," he declared. "Whatever schemes you have in the future you will have to work yourself, and whatever trouble comes of it you may also enjoy alone—because I'll throw you."

"You would find difficulty in doing that," Gresham observed with a smile. "I fancy that, if I were to send the missing books of the defunct Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company to Mr. Gamble, you would be too busy explaining things on your account to bother with my affairs to any extent."

"I was in jail once," Collaton told him with quiet intensity. "If I ever go again the man who puts me there will have to go along, so that I will know where to find him when I get out. Goodby."

"Wait a minute," said Gresham. "Your digestion is bad or else you made a recent winning in your favorite bucketshop. Now listen to me: Whatever Johnny Gamble's doing at the present time is of no consequence. Let him go through with the deal he has on and think he has scared you off. I'll only ask you to make one more attempt against him. That's all that will be necessary, for it will break him and at the same time destroy Miss Joy's confidence in him. He has over a third of a million dollars. We can get it all."

"Excuse me," refused Collaton. "If I ran across Johnny Gamble's pocketbook in a dark alley I'd walk square around it without stopping to look for the string to it."

Gresham arose.

"Then you won't take any part of the enterprise?"

"Not any," Collaton assured him with a wave of negation. "If Johnny will let me alone I'll let him alone, and be glad of the chance."

Later, Gresham saw Johnny come back and speak to Heinrich Schnitt; but he had no curiosity about it. Whatever affairs Johnny had in hand just now he might carry through unmolested, for Gresham was busy with larger plans for his future undoing.

VII

JOHNNY GAMBLE was waiting at the store when Louis Ersten came down the next morning. Mr. Ersten walked in with a portentous frown upon his brow and began to take off his coat as he strode back toward the cutting room. He frowned still more deeply as Johnny confronted him.

"Again!" he exclaimed, looking about him in angry despair as if he had some wild idea of calling a porter. "First it's Lofty; then it's some slick real-estate schemer; then it's you! I will not sell the lease!"

"I won't say lease this time," Johnny hastily assured him.

"Then that is good," gruffly assented Ersten with a trace of a sarcastic snarl.

"Heinrich Schnitt," remarked Johnny.

That name was an open sesame. Louis Ersten stopped immediately with his coat half off.

"So-o-o!" he ejaculated, surprised into a German exclamation that he had long since deliberately laid aside. "What is it about Heinrich?"

"I saw him at Coney Island last night. He don't look well."

"He don't work. It makes him sick!" Ersten's voice was as gruff as ever; but Johnny, watching narrowly, saw that he was concerned, nevertheless.

"His eyes are bad," went on Johnny; "but I think he would like to come back to work."

"Did he say it?" asked Ersten with a haste that betrayed the eagerness he did not want to show.

"Not exactly," admitted Johnny; "but if he knew that he could have a workroom where there is a better light I know he would like to come. His eyes are bad, you know."

"I said it makes him sick not to work," insisted Ersten. "If he wants to come he knows the way."

"His job's waiting for him, isn't it?"

"In this place, yes. In no other place. I don't move my shop to please my coat-cutter—even if he is the best in New York and a boy that come over from the old country with me in the same ship, and his word as good as gold money. It's like I told Heinrich when he left: If he comes back to me he comes back here—in this place. Is his eyes very bad?"

"Not very," judged Johnny. "He must take care of them though."

"Sure he must," agreed Ersten. "We're getting old. Thirty-seven years we worked together. I stood up for Heinrich at his wedding and he stood up for me at mine. He's a stubborn old man!"

"That's the trouble," mused Johnny. "He said he wouldn't work in this shop any more."

"Here must he come—in this place!" reiterated Ersten, instantly stern; and he walked sturdily away, removing his coat.

Johnny found Heinrich Schnitt weeding onions, picking out each weed with minute care and petting the tender young bulbs through their covering of soft earth as he went along. Mamma Schnitt, divided into two bulges by an apron-string and wearing a man's broadbrimmed straw hat, stood placidly at the end of the row for company.

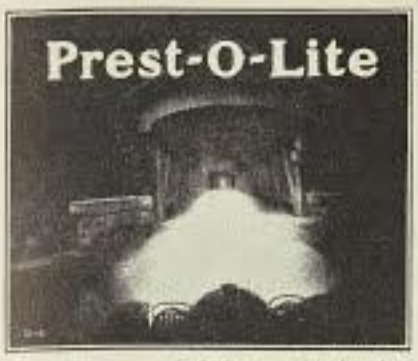
"Good morning, Mr. Schnitt," said Johnny cheerfully. "I have just come from Ersten's. He wants you to come back."

"Did he say it?" asked Heinrich with no disguise of his eagerness.

"Not exactly," admitted Johnny; "but he said that you are the best coat-cutter in New York and that your job's waiting for you."

"I know it," asserted Heinrich. "Is he going to move?"

"Not just yet," was the diplomatic return. "He will after you go back to work, I think."



(From an unretouched photograph taken by Prest-O-Lite at night)

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"I never work in that place again," announced the old man with a sigh. "I said it."

"That shop isn't light enough, is it?" suggested the messenger.

"There is no light and no room," agreed Heinrich.

"Your eyes began to give out on you, didn't they?"

Heinrich straightened himself and his waxen-white face turned a delicate pink with indignation.

"My eyes are like a young man's yet!" he stoutly maintained.

"You don't read much any more," charged Mamma Schnitt.

"My glasses don't fit," he retorted to that.

"You changed them last winter," she insisted. "Now, papa, don't be foolish! You know your eyes got bad in Louis Ersten's dark workroom. You never tell lies. Say it!"

Heinrich struggled for a moment between his pride and his honesty.

"Well, maybe they ain't just so good as they was," he admitted.

"That's what I told Ersten," stated Johnny. "He's worried stiff about it! I think he'll move so you have a lighter workroom if you go back."

"When he moves I come."

"He won't move till you do."

"Then there is nothing," concluded Schnitt resignedly, and stooped over to pull another weed. "Mamma, maybe Mr. Gamble likes some of that wine Carrie's husband made the year he died."

"*Ja toll*," assented Mamma Schnitt heartily, and toddled away to get it.

"I'll fix it for you," offered Johnny. "You go to Ersten and say you will come back; then Ersten will get a new place before you start to work."

Heinrich straightened up with alacrity this time, his face fairly shining with pleasure.

"I do that much," he agreed.

"Good!" approved Johnny. "You want to be careful what you say, though, for Ersten is stubborn."

"He is one stubborn man," Schnitt pointed out with sober gravity.

"You must say you have come back to work in that place."

"I never do it!" indignantly declared Heinrich, his face lengthening.

"Certainly not," agreed Johnny hurriedly. "You tell him you want a month to rest up your eyes."

"I don't need it!" protested Heinrich.

"You only say that so you won't have to work in that shop; but, never mind, I'll fix it so he offers it," patiently explained Johnny, and proceeded to make it perfectly plain. "You say that you have come back to work. Don't say another word."

"I have come back to work," repeated Schnitt.

"Then Ersten will ask you: 'In this place?' You say: 'Yes.'"

Heinrich began to shake his head vigorously, but Johnny gave him no chance to refuse.

"You say: 'Yes'!" he emphatically insisted. "Ersten will tell you to take a month off to rest your eyes."

Again Heinrich started to shake his head, and again Johnny hurried on.

"You say: 'Thank you,'" he directed; "then you go away. Before your month is up, Ersten will send for you in a new shop!"

"Will he promise it?"

"No," confessed Johnny. "I promise it; but Ersten will do it."

Heinrich pondered the matter long and soberly.

"All right; I try it," he agreed.

"Three cheers!" said Johnny with a huge sigh of relief. "I'll be back after you in about an hour." And he reluctantly paused long enough to drink some of the wine which Carrie's husband helped to make. It was probably good wine.

Ersten was in the cutting room when Johnny again arrived at the store, and a clerk took his name up very dubiously. The clerk returned, smiling with extreme graciousness, and informed the caller that he was to walk straight back. Johnny found Ersten in spectacles and apron, with a tapeline round his neck and a piece of chalk in his hand, and wearing a very worried look, while all the workmen in the room appeared subdued but highly nervous.

"Did you see him?" Ersten asked immediately.

"He is anxious to come back," Johnny was happy to state.

"When?" This very eagerly.

"Today."

Ersten took off his apron and tape and threw them on a table with a slam.

"I invite you to have a glass of *Rheinthränen*," he offered.

"Thanks," returned Johnny carelessly, not quite appreciating the priceless honor. "I'll have Mr. Schnitt here in an hour, but you must be careful what you say to him. He is stubborn."

"Sure, I know it," impetuously agreed Ersten. "He is an old rascal. What is to be said?" Johnny could feel the nervous tension of the room lighten as Ersten walked out with him.

"It will be like this," Johnny explained: "Schnitt will come in with me and say: 'I have come back to work.'"

"In this place?" demanded Ersten.

"Ask him that. He will say: 'Yes.'"

"Will he?" cried Ersten, unable to believe his ears.

"That's what he will say—but he won't do it."

"What is it?" exploded the shocked Ersten. "You say he says he will come back to work in this place, but he won't do it! That is foolishness!"

"No, it isn't," insisted Johnny. "Now listen carefully. Schnitt says: 'I have come back to work.' You say: 'In this place?' Schnitt says: 'Yes.' Then you tell him that he must take a month to rest up his eyes."

"But must I do his coat-cutting for a month yet?" protested the abused Ersten. "Nobody can do it in New York for my customers but Heinrich Schnitt and me."

"It may not be a month. Just now he might take some of your more important work home, where the light is better. That would be working for you in this place."

"Well, maybe," admitted Ersten, puffing out his cheeks in frowning consideration.

Johnny held his breath as he approached the crucial observation.

"By the time his eyes are rested you may have a better shop for the old man to work in."

Ersten fixed him with a burning glare.

"I see it!" he ejaculated. "You put this job up to make me sell my lease!"

Johnny looked him in the eye with a frank smile.

"Of course I did," he confessed. "I didn't know either you or Schnitt until yesterday."

Ersten knit his bristling brows, but presently grinned.

"You're a smart young man," he complimented. "But I don't promise Schnitt I move."

"Certainly not," agreed the smart young man, and mopped his brow. The fight was won! "Here is exactly what you must say"—and he went patiently over the entire dialogue again, word by word.

Ersten listened carefully with frowns at some parts.

"Well, I try it," he dubiously promised.

They were in front of Schoppenvoll's now; and Johnny, noting Ersten's fretfulness, proved himself a keen student of psychology by suggesting:

"I'm thirsty for that special drink of yours, Ersten; but suppose we put it off till after I've brought Schnitt."

"Oh, well, if you say so," returned Ersten with poorly assumed indifference.

"It's as fine as a frog's feather!" Johnny assured Heinrich Schnitt half an hour later.

"Will he move?" asked Heinrich.

"Yes; but you mustn't say anything about it."

"Well, I like to know it," returned Heinrich with proper caution.

"I have his promise," asserted Johnny.

"Then he moves," declared Heinrich, fully satisfied.

The mediator conveyed Heinrich to Ersten's with much the same feeling that he would have endured in carrying a full plate of soup—and he had that feeling all through the conference.

"Hello, Heinrich!" greeted Ersten with indifference.

"Hello, Louis!" returned Schnitt with equal nonchalance; then he assumed a rigid pose and recited:

"I have come back to work."

"In this place?" asked Ersten, with parrotlike perfection.

A lump came into Heinrich Schnitt's throat. He struggled with that lump, but the simple word "Yes" would not come.

"I say yes; but I don't ——"

Johnny jerked him violently by the sleeve.

"He said 'Yes,'" he informed Ersten.

"Well, maybe," Ersten was decent enough to admit.

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There was an uncomfortable pause in which the two men evinced a slight disposition to glare at each other.

"Mr. Schnitt's eyes are bad," suggested Johnny hopefully.

"My eyes are like a young man's!" asserted Schnitt, his pride coming uppermost.

"He needs a month to rest them," insisted the buffer, becoming a trifle panic-stricken; and he tapped the sole of Ersten's shoe with his foot.

"Must it take a month, Heinrich?" implored Ersten, taking the cue.

"Well, how soon you move?" inquired Schnitt.

"I don't promise I move!" flared Ersten.

"I never come back ——"

"Till his eyes are better," hastily interrupted Johnny. "Look here, you fellows! You're balling up this rehearsal! Now let's get together. Schnitt, you'll come back to work in this place, won't you?"

"Well, I say it anyhow," admitted Schnitt reluctantly.

"Ersten, you offer him a month to rest his eyes, don't you?"

"I don't promise him I move!" bristled Ersten.

"We understand that," soothed Johnny, "all of us. Schnitt, you'll take some of Mr. Ersten's work home with you from this place, won't you?"

"Sure, I do that," consented Schnitt eagerly. "Louis, what is in the shop?"

Ersten had a struggle of his own.

"All what was in when you left," he bravely confessed. "That coat for Mrs. Follison gives me trouble for a week!"

"She's got funny shoulders," commented Schnitt with professional impersonality. "It's the left one. You cut it —— Let me see it."

There was a sibilant sound as of many suppressed sighs of relief when Heinrich walked into the cutting room, but no man grinned or gave more than a curt nod of greeting—for the forbidding eye of Louis Ersten glared fiercely upon them. He strode across to the table held sacred to himself and spread down a piece of cloth, bounded by many curves. Heinrich Schnitt gave it but one comprehensive glance.

"*Na, na, na!*" he shrilly commented. "Here it is wrong!" And, grabbing up a slice of chalk, he made a deft swoop toward the material. Suddenly his arm stayed in midair and he laid down the chalk with a muscular effort. "I think I take this home," he firmly announced.

"Heinrich, you come back after the work. Just now we go with Mr. Gamble and have a glass of *Rheinthränen!*" Ersten said.

"The *Rheinthränen!*" repeated Heinrich in awe; and for the first time his eyes moistened. "Louis, we was always friends!" And they shook hands.

Johnny Gamble, keen as he was, did not quite understand it; but, nevertheless, he had penetration enough to stroll nonchalantly out into the showroom, where Louis and Heinrich presently joined him, chattering like a *Kaffeklatsch;* and they all walked round to Schoppenvoll's.

While Schnitt thanked Johnny for his interference until that modest young man blushed, Ersten argued seriously in whispers with Schoppenvoll to secure a bottle of the precious wine that only he and Schoppenvoll and Kurzerhosen had a right to purchase. Johnny drank his with dull wonder. It tasted just like Rhine wine!

While Heinrich Schnitt was back in the cutting room, carefully selecting every coat in the shop to take home with him, Ersten drew Johnny near the door.

"I fool that man!" he announced with grinning cuteness. "I move right away. You get my lease for the best price what that smart-Aleck Lofty offered me. And another word: Whenever you want a favor you come to me!"

VIII

JOHNNY GAMBLE walked into the Lofty establishment with the feeling of a Napoleon. "How much will you give me for the Ersten lease?" he suggested out of a clear sky.

Young Willis Lofty sighed in sympathy with his bank account.

"Have you really secured it?" he asked.

"I'm the winner," Johnny cheerfully assured him.

"If it's too much I'll build that tunnel," warned Lofty.

"Make me an offer."

"A hundred and twenty-five thousand."

"Nothing doing," stated Johnny with a smile. "There's no use fussing up our time though. I can tell you, to the cent, how much I must have. At four o'clock today I shall be nineteen hours behind my schedule, and I want a day for a fresh start, which makes it twenty-six. At five thousand an hour, that makes a hundred and thirty thousand dollars. I paid Ersten a hundred thousand. Grand total: two hundred and thirty thousand."

"I don't understand your figures," protested Lofty.

"It's a private code," laughed the leaseholder; "but that's the price."

"I won't pay it," threatened the young merchant.

"Build your tunnel then," returned Johnny—but pleasantly, nevertheless. "Don't let's be nervous, Lofty. I might ask you a lot more, but that's the exact amount the system I'm playing calls for. I don't want any more and I won't take any less!"

Lofty studied his face contemplatively for a moment and rang for his treasurer.

"How did you get Ersten?" he was curious to know; and Johnny told him, to their mutual enjoyment.

At the nearest drug store Johnny called up Constance.

"Heinrich Schnitt is fixing your coat!" he announced.

"*Danke!*" she cried. "Did you get the lease?"

"Yes, and sold it to Lofty," he enthusiastically informed her. "The schedule is paid up until four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"Oh!" she gasped. "Wait a minute." He held the 'phone while she consulted the schedule and did some figuring. "That makes five hundred thousand of your million! Just half! Do we have another dinner?"

A daring impulse came to Johnny.

"Just for two—unchaperoned!" he declared, his breast thumping at his own temerity. "Will you come?"

"At Coney?" she answered, laughing.

"It's the finest place in the world!" he stoutly asserted, and it occurred to him they would take a ride in the Canals of Venice!

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The fifth will appear next week.

The Travail of Grouch

Ol' Grouch is afeard when it rains fer a spell
Thet th' hull of his crop's goin' t' rot;
An' ef she don't rain, it's quite easy t' tell
She'll all shrivel fr'm bein' too hot.
She burns ef it's dry an' she rots ef it's wet,
Till it's jest one continual fight,
An' they ain't any weather they've diskivered yet
Thet ever jest suited him quite.

Ol' Grouch is afeard ef we have a wet spring
Thet he can't git his seed in th' field;
An' ef she's too dry it won't sprout anything,
An' he won't git no average yield.
Ef' th' fall sh'd turn wet grain'll rot in th' stack,
Er mildew, er else purty near;
An' ef th' fall's dry then his chances is slack
Fer gettin' a big crop next year.

Ol' Grouch says when weather is good fer th' corn
Thet it's knockin' th' tar outen wheat.
An' he says thet no feller was ever yet born
Who's got this mixed farmin' game beat.
Ef he's got a big crop, then th' market ain't right
An' all of th' prices has fell,
An' when things are soarin' clear up out o' sight,
Why, he ain't got nothin' t' sell.

Ol' Grouch says it ain't his real natur' t' scold,
He's nachelly peart as a snipe;
But when th' hull summer's onusual cold,
How's anything goin' t' git ripe?
An' ef it turns hot, like some summers'll do,
With wind like a blast furnace breath,
How's any green thing goin' t' weather it through
Without bein' blistered t' death?

Ol' Grouch says sometimes he is tempted t' sell
His hull farm out jest fer a song,
But jest when thet notion gits fixed purty well
Th' don't come no buyers along.
An' some days when buyers is thicker'n fleas
T' pay any price thet he said,
It's one of them days thet's nigh perfect—like these,
An' th' notion's gone outen his head.

—*J. W. Foley.*



How about your evenings?

What are *you* going to do this evening? One can't *always* "go out"—it gets *tiresome*. Not much "news" in the papers. Talk with the folks? It's all been said before, anyway; so what's the use? How *do* you spend your evenings? What does your *family* do?

If you only had a player piano—an Apollo, for instance! *Then*, instead of thumbing over magazine ads, for lack of something better to do, you could be enjoying the *best kind* of piano music—refreshing your brain and entertaining the family at the same time.

You'll soon get so you'll look forward to homecoming and the Apollo. You'll see the influence the Apollo Player Piano will have on the musical development of your children. You'll realize that in all these years you've been without a player piano you've been missing the *biggest* thing that ever came into your life. When you begin to get the habit of slipping a new roll of music into your pocket occasionally you'll find that your Apollo Player Piano never gets to be an "old story"—that, just as long as old music is played and new music written, your enjoyment of the Apollo will ripen with the years that pass.

See the Apollo. Learn about it. The time you spend will be worth while. Find out why the direct, downward touch of the Apollo on the keys produces human-struck notes. Investigate the SOLOTHEME Device, which accents the melody or omits it altogether, playing only the accompaniment and playing that accompaniment in any one of eight different keys to harmonize with the voice or with other instruments.

We want to tell you, too, about the Metronome Motor, which will run through and rewind a roll of music without pedaling. You should know of the TEMPOGRAPH Device, which insures artistic interpretation of the tempo, or time. Send along your name. We'll send back literature that can't help but *interest* you.

MELVILLE CLARK PIANO CO.
EXECUTIVE OFFICES: 422 Fine Arts Building, CHICAGO
NEW YORK SHOW ROOMS: 395 FIFTH AVENUE

Most for your money

Apollo music duplicates the manual playing of music masters because it is produced in *exactly* the same way.

Basic U. S. patents cover the Apollo features which enable it to play *human* music. As a result, no other manufacturer is *permitted* to build a player piano which plays *correctly* before Melville Clark's patents expire.

We could increase the selling price of the Apollo on the strength of the added value of our exclusive patented features and still give money's worth—but—we're satisfied to sell the Apollo at actual manufacturing cost, plus a reasonable merchandising profit—to take our profit on volume rather than individual sales. Our wonderful business development has proven this policy *right*.

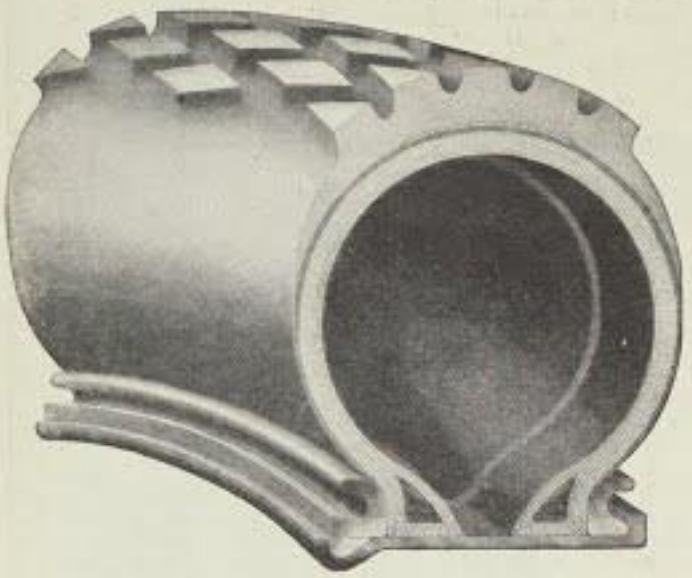
When you're buying a player piano, you're purchasing music. The Apollo offers you best possible music at no more than others ask for *ordinary* kinds. Hear the Apollo play. Listen to what users say and you'll understand what we mean.



Send for these two books—

Reading them is the next best thing to hearing the Apollo play. Proof that we were the first manufacturers in the world to make an 88-note player will accompany the books. Write us TODAY

MELVILLE CLARK'S APOLLO Player Piano



Another Goodyear Invention

The Utmost in Non-Skid Treads

We knew that you wanted a Non-Skid tread. Our experts have worked on it since 1908. We have tried out some 24,000 tires in our efforts to meet your requirements.

But tire users expect a Goodyear device to be utterly perfect—the very best of its kind. So we have waited three years to know that we had it. Now we offer you an ideal Non-Skid tread—a fitting addition to No-Rim-Cut tires.

The Double Tread

This Non-Skid tread is almost as thick as our regular tread. It is vulcanized onto our regular tread, giving double thickness to the part that wears.

Think what that means. Instead of cutting these projections in our regular tread, we add another tread of the toughest sort of rubber. A rubber tread can never be made more impervious to wear. When it does wear off you still have left our regular smooth-tread tire.

Another result is that you get a tire which is almost puncture-proof.

Deep-Cut Blocks

This extra-thick tread permits deep-cut blocks, and these blocks widen out at the bottom, so the load is spread over as wide a surface as it is with the smooth-tread tire. Note how we set them—so the edges and angles grasp the road-surface in every direction.

The grooves between keep clean. They don't fill up. And the swish of the air through them keeps the tire cool, avoiding the damage done by friction heat.

This tire tread is white. Its white, diamond-shaped blocks form the handsomest tread on the market.

Thus we do away forever with the need for ruinous chains. Metal projections are made utterly needless. Rubber and metal never combine, and the friction between them quickly ruins a tire.

Thus we do away with the small, soft projections which wear such a little time. No non-skid device ever invented before can stand comparison with this.

Non-Skid tires are essential in winter. The risk of going without them is too great to take. We consider this tread—durable, effective and economical—as one of the greatest contributions we have made to this industry. Our No-Rim-Cut tire with this Non-Skid tread forms the greatest winter tire in existence.

No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

The Tires That Cut Tire Bills in Two—700,000 Sold

The greatest sensation ever known in tire history has been the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

The control of this tire has multiplied our tire sales six times over in the past two years. Its sales to date exceed 700,000 tires. And we are equipping ourselves for next year to make 3,800 per day.

Every motor car owner who studies the subject is bound to adopt these tires.

23% Are Rim-Cut

We have examined thousands of ruined clincher tires. And 23 per cent, by actual count, have been rim-cut. Out of 700,000 No-Rim-Cut tires there has never been an instance of rim-cutting.

A clincher tire, if punctured, may be wrecked in a single block. No-Rim-Cut tires have been run deflated as far as 20 miles.

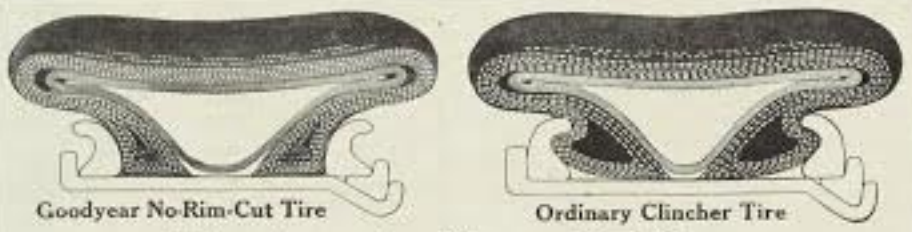
According to our figures, this avoidance of rim-cutting saves nearly one-fourth on tires.

10% Oversize

In addition to this, No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. The extra flare, when the rim flanges curve outward, makes this extra size possible without misfit to the rim.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity—without any extra cost. With the average car this increased capacity adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions, cut tire bills in two. Yet No-Rim-Cut tires now cost the same as other standard tires. The saving is entirely clear.



Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tire — Ordinary Clincher Tire

Both on the same rim. The removable rim flanges are simply reversed to use the No-Rim-Cut type.

GOODYEAR

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

No Hooks—No Bolts

No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. No bolts are needed to hold them on. Through the tire base on each side run three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These bands make the tire base unstretchable, so nothing can force the tire off of the rim. When the tire is inflated it is held to the rim by 134 pounds to the inch.

So your removable rim flanges, when you use this tire, are simply reversed. They are set to curve outward, instead of inward, so the tire comes against a rounded edge. About 96 per cent of the rims that are made—quick-detachable or demountable—take No-Rim-Cut tires.

This braided wire feature which makes this type possible is controlled by our patents. With any other device this type of tire is not practicable. And the old clincher tire is doomed. That is why the demand has lately centered so largely on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut Tires.

Our latest Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities — **We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits**

Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. — Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

THE WILD TRAIN

(Continued from Page 13)

"The Gineral Superintindint nades no promise av mine in a matther like this," he answers, and this time Dour pauses, for though Tam makes not a move there is a scent av danger near him.

"A lion is loose in this car and must be captured befoore we can transfer the other cages," he says; "are ye man enough to take hould with me and help on the business av the road?" He slides back the door and strikes the side av the car with his club.

A terrible roaring drowns the voices outside. The ould lion's head is thrust through with wan claw striking out, and Tam slips the door shut upon his neck, houlding him fast as in a trap.

Tam luks for Dour; he has disappeared; but on the track above, leaning over with clasped hands, he sees Kitty Flanders instead. Tam does not greet her, nor think further av Dour. Raising the club, he calculates the weight av the blow, strikes and thin stoops to watch as the lion's eyes close and the paw falls. Only the section boss who loves a joke is close at hand.

"Take hould," says Tam, and together they draw out the brute's limp body, dragging it to the edge av the car. "To the baggage car," says Tam, and up the bank they climb with the yellow carcass across their shoulders. The passingers flee, the crew makes way; only wan person follows closely, though Dour, wild with ixcitement, wud hould her back from danger. Reaching the passinger thrain, they thrust the body through the open door av the baggage car and follow afther.

"A dead lion," ixclaims the baggageman, clapping his hands. "I will tell ye the joke," says the boss, his fut on the body.

Tam springs the locks on the ind doors, slams the side wans shut, and nixt moment the boss and baggageman stagger, yelling and half fainting, down the car. "It is alive," they tell him; "what shall we do with him?" Tam opens the ind door, and afther wan luk behint they do not wait his judgmint.

The yellow careass gathers with a rumbling growl and two pairs av eyes glitter into aich other. "Ye British bluff!" says Tam, and enjoying the answering roar to the last echo he closes the door.

Tam tells the conducthor: "Now go ahead, and clear the line so I can run behint the switch and pick up the circus thrain."

And Dour standing by says not a wur-rd as the section-men pry off the roof av the lion car and run the unbroken cages up the bank. Thin Tam, backing up the main track with the Farm Wagon, pulls the siding from the upper ind, and in a few minutes the circus thrain is standing beside the wreck where the passinger had stud befoore.

The flat carloads are rearranged so that the big cages will ride crosswise afther being run up on gang-planks. The small cages are passed by hand and loaded wherever there is room.

Wance more Tam takes O'Rang afther the ilyphant, and with some persuasion and a pitchfork brings him up to the Farm Wagon which, av coorse, is now on the rear av the thrain, and standing on the tender he throws a rope about his neck.

"I do not know how fast an ilyphant can walk," says Tam, "but I will try to kape ahead av him," and he ties Selim to the footboard, while all the men wonder at the spectacle.

Luckily there were no bridges in the valley, and by stretching Selim's neck like a giraffe's Tam kept him on card time, arriving in Smelter by daybreak—with Barney on wateh in the yard.

Now, up and down the thrack in the lower yard at Smelter that morning, walked a man with head bowed and his hands gripped behint his back; he had arrived the avening befoore from the southeast by way av the Mid-Continental, which also ran into Smelter.

And during all that trip over the M. C. this man had lost in spirit while watching the wur-rkings av that great system. The track and rolling stock were fairly good; the buildings were not fine, but they were clean. There was no litter along the right-av-way, the mileposts were white as ghosts, the yar-rds swept clear. So whin he compared it in his mind with the Air Line the man groaned and his spirits went down as in a weather-glass.

"I have ingines and cars on wheels," says the man; "and rails that they will stay on—most av the time. Yet it is hard to put business over. What makes the difference?"

He tuk to watching the imployees av the M. C.—thrainmen and agints; he had his car set out betwane thrains and visited the shops. There was a hum av life iverywhere, an open way av talking company matthers; but wheriver a man found fault he was thrying to correct the fault himself. The system av the M. C. was not much stronger than the Air Line, but where the machine was weak men threw in themselves as wheels and bolts, without waiting for instructions, and the whole wur-rks seemed to skip as lightly as a lady's watch.

And so, afther the private car was delivered at Smelter and switched to his own yards, Gineral Superintindint Doolin had a bad night.

"But I have touched the spot on the M. C.," he tells himself; "the spot which discharges all this current av lightning to the tips av the system and kapes it tingling from ind to ind. It is this: Aich man is partly a superintindint, a masther mechanic or a gineral-traffic official. He does not run to headquarthers over a handcar in the ditch or a washout and does not ask for a rate till afther he had secured the business.

"It is men av brains I need, who are not afraid. I will be a boss av bosses, and though the machine jumps at first I will jam it into a groove at last with aich part knowing, ahead av instructions, what it is to do. But have I the men?" he ixclaims, and being so roused and eager he leaves the car at daybreak to walk up and down the thrack. "Men, brains, courage to act against myself and my own rules," he mutthers a thousand times, "where will I find ye?"

At the lower ind av the yards he pauses to listen; the Farm Wagon is approaching like a concertina, poking her megaphone around the very curve he stands on with O'Rang on the head car giving him high signs.

Doolin rubs his eyes and comes to himsilf barely in time to step aside, with the ape cursing him from the bead ind.

As the thrain creeps past like a funeral av snails Doolin himsilf begins to curse with all his heart. Here is the spirit av the Air Line.

"Oh, I have the slashing, dashing runners," he says; "the men who seize on business and jam it through. And a circus thrain tail ind first, hours late; av all business the worst to fall down with!"

He breaks into a kind av cursing chant: "Kicks, claims, damages and a tale av grief on the Air Line, the length and breadth av the counthry," he snarls.

Thin pass the cars with cages loaded on top; crawls up the Farm Wagon, and marches solemnly behint the ilyphant with his neck stretched to the rope. The thrain stops; the ilyphant does not.

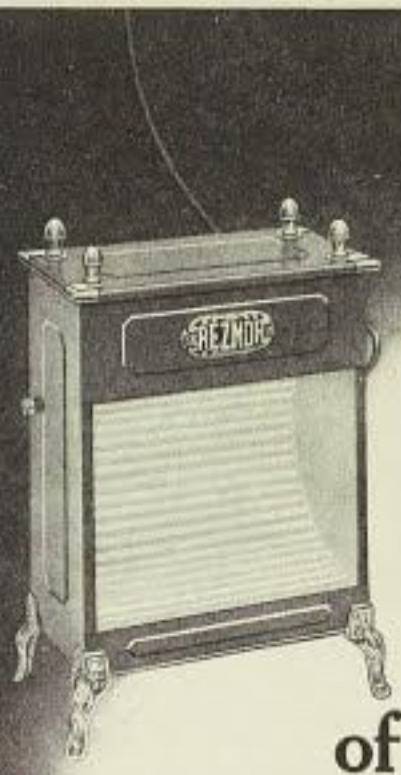
Tam goes back over the tender with the pitchfork: "Stand, ye sassenach," he bawls, "or ye will step on the ingine!"

Doolin, black and gasping with rage, raises his fist: "Git off the ingine befoore I drag ye off; git off the right-of-way, the earth. Ye craven loonatic, ye are fired ——"

"Sure, I know it since three hours agone," answers Tam. There is a shrill cry, the flash av a little body around the ingine and Tam swings Barney to his shoulders.

"Ye were not afraid; I knew ye wud not be late," cries the boy like a song av triumph.

"I will give ye wur-rd av this business befoore I go," says Tam to Doolin, spaking quickly. "We got into the ditch, but we pulled the circus through by pulling it out av the cars and out av the cages. There is a lion in a baggage car somewhere about. The performers' cars were set in the passinger thrain; and here is a pointer for ye: I do not see any av the circus crew about yet; aven the canvas-backs are on the tent car, which also came by the passinger. As they suppose they came on the regular circus thrain they will niver belave there has been a wreck. A section gang can unload these loose cages down here in the yard; ye can say the missing cars were sent to the local shops to be repaired against breaking down again. And it is an aisy matther to pick those wrecked cars out av the ditch today and have thim ready to load by night, with maybe a new truck or



A Gas Stove with the Cheery Glow of a Fireplace

To have mentioned a cheery gas stove a few years ago would have sounded as ridiculous as if you had spoken of a cheery steam radiator, or hot air register.

If a Reznor Gas Stove had no other feature to recommend it than the one fact that it radiated into the room a bright, cheerful glow, it would quickly replace the sombre blue flame stove of the past.

Not only is light reflected into the room, but all of the heat generated is directed downward to the floor and outward into the room instead of up to the ceiling, as was the case in the old-fashioned heaters. There is, consequently, no waste heat, and most of the time that the Reznor is in use it can be turned down low and still give sufficient heat for the ordinary room. The

REZNOR Gas Heating Stove

The Original Copper Reflector

is constructed upon an entirely new principle. The flame is the regular yellow flame of the burners in your gas fixtures, which may be turned as high or low as you please.

The stove is light, compact and easy to carry from room to room. The reflecting principle of radiation makes its warmth instantly felt the moment it is lighted, so that you do not have to wait for the entire room to be heated to get its benefits.

Your dealer will be glad to demonstrate the Reznor for you. If you do not know who he is, we will furnish you his name upon request.

Prices range from $3.00 up

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THE REZNOR MFG. CO.
Mercer, Pa.

Please send me copy of "Consumer's Booklet," giving facts about Reznor Gas Heating Stoves. Address

M_____



SMALL SIZE SEALSHIPTEN

This is the new individual ice-cold container—holding ½0 gal., enough for a small family.



LARGE SIZE SEALSHIPTEN

This is the new individual ice-cold container—size holding ⅛ gal., enough for a large family.



This is the Dealer's Blue and White Porcelain Sales Refrigerator.

Why You Can Order Sealshipt Oysters With Certainty

If other oysters go wrong, the dealer who sold *you*, can blame the jobber, who sold *him*.

The jobber can blame the *shipper*.

The shipper can blame the *grower*.

It is a divided responsibility.

But with Sealshipt Oysters, grower, shipper, jobber, dealer—all are a part of a *single* organization.

No division of responsibility—no chance for excuses.

* * * *

The very day that Sealshipt Oysters are dredged from their ocean beds they are placed in sealed, sterilized containers. These containers, packed in ice, are sent by the fastest express straight to your dealer.

But Sealshipt responsibility does not stop with delivering perfectly fresh oysters to the dealer—it extends *through to you*. So this dealer is provided with a Sealshipticase shown below, a refrigerator—white porcelain inside and out—in which he keeps his Sealshipt Oysters.

From this Dealer's Sealshipticase you receive your Sealshipt Oysters. The Sealshipten—an individual *ice-cold container*—is a double guarantee of the purity and freshness of the oysters—an absolute guarantee that you are getting the genuine Sealshipt.

* * * *

Moreover, it enables you to get your choice of the world's best oysters—just as you buy your choice in cuts of meat.

You can get solid oyster meats—no waste, a really economical food.

Ask your dealer for a Sealshipten of these delicious oysters to-day.

(The variety stamped on top of the new Sealshipten is your guarantee of the particular kind of oyster you prefer)

Sealshipt Oysters

To Retail Dealers Write quick for further information to the nearest following office

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EXCLUSIVE SELLING AGENTS

66 Tufts St., Boston	311 Glisan St., Portland
Baltimore	136-138 W. 124 St., New York City
537 Dearborn St., Chicago	1219 E. 9th St., Cleveland
Juanita Building, Dallas	159 King St., East, Toronto
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963 Western Ave., Seattle	394 E. Sixth St., St. Paul
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One of the finest tooth brushes made. A pure rubber brush, free from defects of other brushes. Order one to-day. You'll like it. If your druggist won't supply you we will.

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San Francisco, Cal.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200-page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

two. Hustle a new ind in the ilyphant car and put back the old roof on the lion car."

Doolin is dazed, but he takes in ivery wur-rd.

"The cage av the lion is on a flat car yonder," calls Tam over his shoulder. "Ye can say it was damaged while unloading; but I belave it can be straightened out by show-time."

Doolin shouted afther him, but Tam did not turn back or give a luk, and the Gineral Superintindint ran his hands through his hair. "Not aven a crew," he says.

His green eyes begin to glitter: "Bad cess to ye, O'Scatter," he says in the tone av filing steel; "ye have left me the jobs av Division Superintindint, masther mechanic, section-boss and lion-tamer; but by the Lord av Railroads I am all av thim, as ivery Air Line man shall be from this day."

Fifteen minutes afther he strikes the office the yards are alive with men, and from that hour till the fall av dusk there is a cyclone busy on that division, with thousands av dry bones in the air.

Tam and Barney have walked up the yard till they reach the car where the small cages are stacked.

"Wan moment here," says Barney; "I thought I saw a name I recognized while they were loading by lantern light."

So the two climb aboord, and afther reading the signs on a number av cages Tam comes to this wan:

"Great Sloth. The Slowest Thing on Earth."

"Now I know," says Tam, and goes away in deep thought.

He will not let his discharge affect his spirits; "nor shall Kitty Flanders aither," he tells himself, and he takes Barney to the p'rade and aftherward to the circus.

There is the ould lion in wan twisted cage and the monkeys in another, O'Rang having thim all closeted in a corner while he tells av his adventures and the new scheme av blaming mischief on the moon.

It is thin that Kitty Flanders, with the young lady she has come to visit, touches him on the arm.

"I saw ye back him over the car last night," she tells him; "'twas a brave thing, though I screamed whin he lashed out with his trunk."

"I wud have screamed if I cud," says Tam; "'twas only a question av whether him or meself was scared the wur-rst."

"'Tis modest av ye to say so. And the wild lion—ah, I shall niver forget it."

"I cannot humble meself again by showing my love for her," he thinks. So with a bow he walks on; but Kitty is by his side in a moment.

"Now I have learned what ye meant," says Tam, pointing, and the girl reads the name av the baste in front av her.

"The Slowest Thing on Earth," says Tam bittherly.

For a moment the girl hesitates and thin spakes up with a quick and angry blush.

"And so ye are," she says sharply.

For the moment they luk hard at aich other and then Tam shakes hands politely.

"I will bid ye goodby," he says; "as I was discharged last night by Dour and this morning by Doolin for being slow, I will be going away tomorry."

And this time he turns his back so squarely that she cannot walk with him if she has a mind to. Yet all that afthernoon she is angry with her friend and on laving the tent goes straight to the station in search av Doolin.

Next morning Tam's trunk is on the platfoorm and he is ready to boord the thrain, whin a windey upstairs in the depot is thrown open.

His name is called, and turning to face Doolin he spakes as usual.

"Come up here," says the Gineral Superintindint shortly.

"I will miss the thrain," answers Tam politely.

"Hold it tin minutes for O'Scatter," Doolin says to the conducthor. So Tam climbs the stairs, lading Barney by the hand.

"I wud not have ye hope to be reinstated," says Doolin, as he enters the room; "but I wish to commend ye for flagging 24 last night. The conducthor of your thrain must have been scared out av his wits."

Tam nodded.

"Enough av that subject," says Doolin. "I am tould ye made a wrecker av the ilyphant. I will pass that, too; and ye tuk no orders av Dour, who was afraid av the club—and with good reason. Is that your respect for officials?"

"He wud have kept me from getting through on the run," ixplains Tam.

"Why were ye so anxious to get through this particular time?"

"An ilyphant is perishable freight."

"They say he has lived about wan hundred and fifty years without perishing. We will pass that too. But, O'Scatter, answer this: What wud ye have done if that lion had come to life on your shoulders?"

"I tell ye, Doolin," says he suddenly; "wan av the two—that ould lion or O'Scatter—was coming here in the baggage car."

Doolin, who has been pacing the room, halts to hear this.

"Yet ye are the man who was afraid av the high places," he says.

"Sure, it is cruel av him to let Barney hear this," thinks Tam, and luks at the boy with such care and hunger in his eyes that light breaks on Doolin's mind.

"Ye have not had him long," he says prisintly; "I felt that way at first with me own family responsibilities."

"Thin ye understand?" asks Tam.

"I understand ivery point but wan," answers Doolin; "why were ye brave in this case and fearful in the other?"

"The boy was waiting for me to bring in the circus," ixplains Tam.

"I will not let that pass; it is no answer."

Tam studies again. "I tell ye, Doolin," he spakes up suddenly; "it was because I had a lion to fight."

Again Doolin stops pacing. "Ah-h," he grates with his iron luk; "that is the truth! O'Scatter, I will give ye lions to fight.

"Now we will take the thrain," he says, and puts on his hat.

"I will be asking ye first," says Tam, "what is 'poltroon'?"

The other repates the wur-rd. "Poltroon," he answers, "manes iverything in the wur-rld that ye are not."

"Thin I will not luk it up," says Tam.

At the ind av the yard the thrain picks up Doolin's car.

"Go back," says the Gineral Superintindint, "and I will join ye later and bring the boy."

So, still wondering at his courthesy, Tam enters the private car, and there it is Miss Kitty Flanders who rises to resave him.

Doolin does not join thim for over an hour, and whin he does smiles wance at the blushes av Kitty, though Tam sits across talking quietly.

"Goodby for the time," he says, shaking hands with O'Scatter.

"Are ye laving us?"

"No," answers Doolin, "ye are the wan to lave—at Division Station. Ye can come on later for Kitty Flanders whin ye have made good as Superintindint av the Cañon Division."

"Superintindint! Me! But Dour ——"

"We are done with Dour; he is gone with the Farm Wagon."

The girl's face blazes, and Tam, startled into an agony av hope, houlds out his hands indifferent to the others.

"Kitty," he stammers.

"What!" cries Doolin, "have I been too forward? I say it again, O'Scatter, ye are a poltroon."

"Kitty said I was a great sloth," says Tam; "ye will take it back ——"

"Niver," she cries desperately, to the laughter av Doolin.

Suddenly the blushes, the laughter and Doolin's wur-rds fling Tam up to a reckless humor.

"Shall I go afther her and bring her back to us, Barney?" he asks.

"Ye must," urges the boy.

"Thin I will do so on time, for I will niver have ye belave me afraid or running late."

The thrain stops, and in spite av his good humor Doolin says in a stern, bantering way:

"'Tis here I pit ye against the lions."

"Bah," answers Tam, "I will outdare thim all," and he kisses Kitty goodby.

"There is no resisting him in his humor," ixplains she.

"I have heard av it," answers Doolin.

"Ye understand that railroads must be run in this way," ixplains Tam to Barney, as they stand a moment on the platfoorm; "on wan day a man must be set down for not running fast enough, and on another day, being Wednesday night, he must be set up again for letting a circus p'rade kape up with him. 'Twas not fast," he says, "and yet, Barney, 'twas the wildest special which iver walked on any railroad. My only regret," he says, as they climb the stair to the office, "is that O'Rang bit the conducthor—but wance."

Marion

1912

This Car Created Its Own Class

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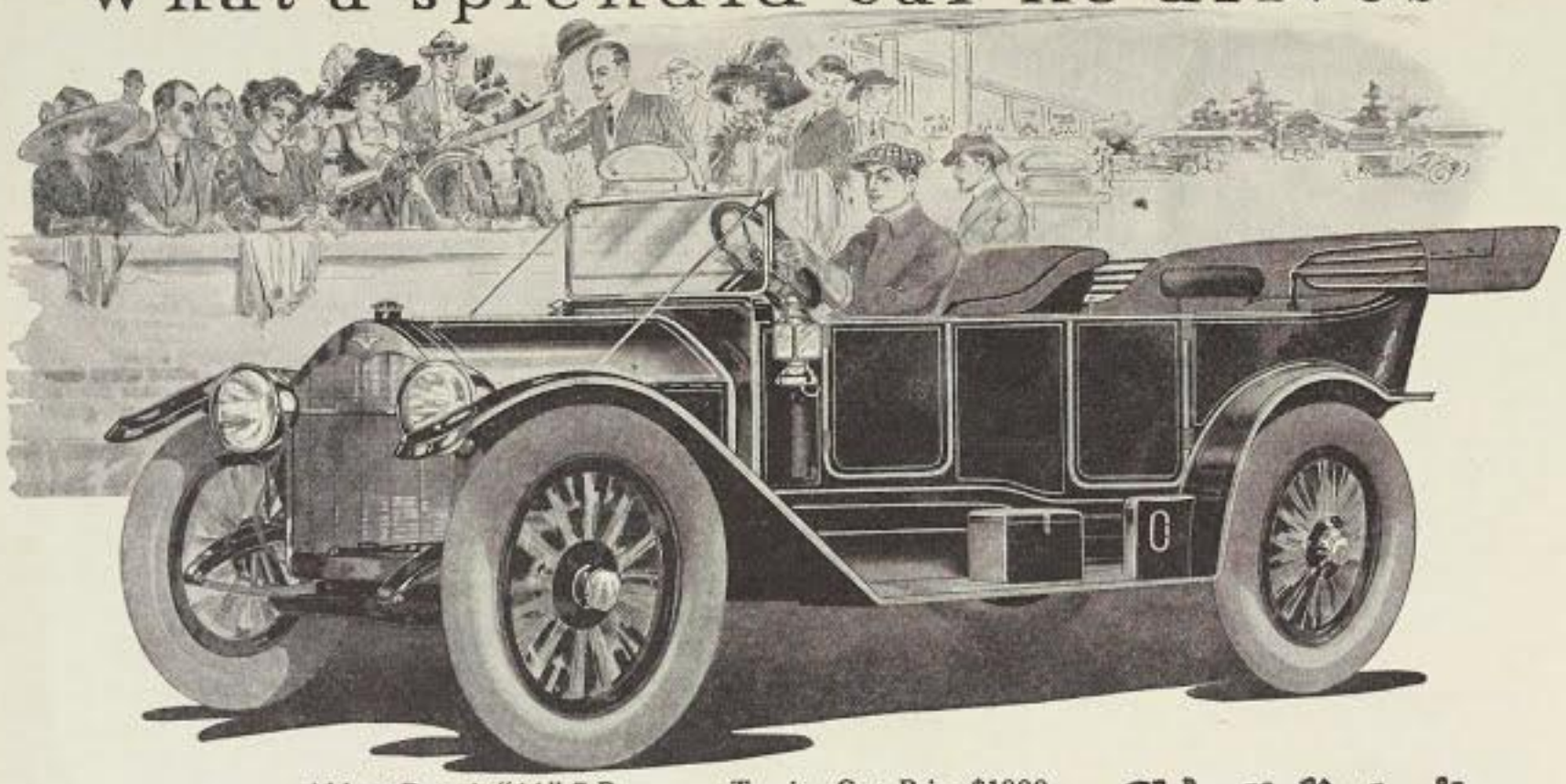
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The writer being the first individual owner of your new model "44", and inasmuch as I personally drove this car right out of your factory a straight 800 miles, I consider that it is nothing more than right to advise you of my trip, and how well pleased I am with the car. I made the entire trip in three days without a single mishap, not even any tire trouble. I know that you will be pleased to know that I made the trip without changing off high gear, which I consider is remarkable, in view of the fact that over 150 miles of it was made in a very heavy rain and mostly up grade, the roads being very muddy.

Since returning to Pittsburg, I have tested it out in the very worst hills we have, which are pretty hard to beat on account of the roughness and steepness—going up each time on high gear with five passengers in the machine, without any apparent extra effort.

You are surely to be complimented on this new model, which should be a self-seller, as I personally feel that I really got more than my money's worth in this car.

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BUSINESS HELPS

THAT one may find profit in apparently worthless waste, and that profit may be made out of even the most astute corporations—corporations supposed to be of such shrewdness that no one could possibly get the better of them—was shown so markedly by an amusing occurrence in the early years of coal-oil refining that the story really ought to be told. The moral of it—the lesson of it—is so pertinent, so relevant to eternal business conditions, that the story is as good today as when the thing happened, especially as the company that was bested has always been looked upon as the shrewdest in the world.

"But we didn't care to talk about this at the time it happened," said the corporation official who told me the tale; and he added with a chuckle: "It didn't seem so funny to us at the time as it does to look back on it!"

I am setting the story down, however, not because of its humor, but because of its practical application.

When the Standard Oil Company began refining oil on a large scale it was greatly hampered by the necessity of disposing of a product called gasoline, that was considered practically worthless. It was so explosive, so inflammable, that it could not merely be thrown out to evaporate—it had to be carried carefully away from their plant and from all houses. If piped to running water it would be a menace on the surface of the stream and would also be sure to get the company into trouble with the Fish Commission. In short, it was a trouble, an expense, a problem and an incubus.

One day, into the main office of the company, which was then in Cleveland, there walked a tall Pennsylvanian who drawlingly remarked that he had an idea he might be able to get rid of that dangerous and worthless product. Whereupon he was welcomed with open arms and a contract was swiftly made. For a long time afterward the department manager who made the contract was openly envied for having sold, at half a cent a gallon, a great proportion of all the gasoline produced within the next two years—and the department manager himself visibly swelled with triumphant importance.

The Big Deal in Gasoline

The information bureau of the Standard was then only in an embryonic stage, instead of being the perfect machine that it afterward became; and so the company did not know that the drawling Pennsylvanian was the owner of some wells that produced in large quantity a particularly heavy kind of oil.

The product of his well was, in fact, unnecessarily rich. It had no volatile oils and possessed no gasoline; yet, not being himself a refiner, he was under the necessity of selling to the Standard and was unable to get a price for his oil that was at all commensurate with its superior value. He had a treasure, but could not sell it as treasure! Hence his quiet and puzzling deal for the gasoline.

He got the gasoline for the purpose of mixing it with his oil! He pumped his oil and poured into it the gasoline, thus successfully lightening a superior product to the customary gauge. He barreled it—and then actually supplied the Standard people, at regular market rates, with crude oil of the specific gravity to which they were accustomed. The scheme worked out so successfully that the gasoline they sold him for half a cent a gallon was repurchased by them at an average price of three and a half or four cents a gallon!

Nor was this paying over of a modest profit of eight hundred per cent the end; for, after buying back the gasoline at his rate, the Standard had to stand the expense of refining it all out! In fact, the story sets forth admirably not only that the right kind of man can be as clever as the cleverest company, but—and this is more important—that there is always likely to be some use for even the most worthless-seeming product; though, in most cases, one does not need to best a corporation in finding and applying the use.

* * * * * * *

As every one knows, it was not very long before the Standard itself began to find gasoline valuable, though it was impossible for even the most optimistic and imaginative to dream that this supposedly worthless by-product of oil was to become of more importance to the company than the oil itself; in fact, the oil business has become entirely revolutionized through the tremendous demand for this once waste product for stoves, engines and automobiles. One is almost tempted to believe that the time is not so very distant when the reverse of position will be so complete that the oil itself will become the by-product—the waste—for which some profitable disposal will be sought. In modern business, conditions are subject to swift and dizzying changes.

The immense demand for gasoline for automobiles has brought about for the oil people the utilization of still another waste product; and this, until recently, was one held to be particularly worthless. There is a disagreeable, smeary, asphaltum residuum which was long supposed to be without any chemical constituents of value. The best experts had heedfully studied it and had declared that here, at least, was a by-product that must definitely be considered hopeless waste. Now, however, this hopeless waste, this disagreeably smeary stuff, is used to settle the dust on countless miles of automobile-traveled roadway! It's all grist that comes to the oil man's mill; but it becomes grist because brains have indefatigably worked, suggested, experimented, invented and discovered.

All of which points out that waste products of any sort should be most carefully studied. Right before your eyes, waiting to be seen, there may be lying a fortune. In every line of manufacture there are good chances in stuff that is thrown away. Everywhere there are lurking possibilities of profit. Little businesses, as well as big, have their waste products that ought not to be wasted.

Spendthrift Uncle Sam

It used to be said freely of the United States that it was a wasteful nation, but there is year by year coming to be less of truth in that reproach. Indeed, a list of other by-products of the Standard, from material that was for years thrown away, ought alone to refute the charge of national wastefulness.

Paraffin made from an apparently worthless scum is sold in immense quantities. Huge quantities of fine candles are made by the oil men from stuff that, until a few years ago, was tossed aside as worthless—worse than useless, for it required expense to do the tossing aside. And there is a long list of greases and lubricating oils and waxes in all productive of immense revenue and all from material that used to be thrown away. Over and over again one sees the importance of studying the apparently good-for-nothing.

For years there was a valueless coke residuum that was peculiarly hard to dispose of. Yet it was pure carbon! And that residuum is of very high value on account of its important utilization in the making of carbons for electric light, though it once lay in neglected heaps on the hillsides.

And it is a further and most curious commentary on bewildering changes in value that electric-light carbons now seem likely themselves to be supplanted through the incoming of other forms of electric light; so that this residuum of pure carbon may once more be looking for a sphere of usefulness—which points out a definite opportunity for some bright mind that will appreciate the situation.

One of the most widely sold products for kitchen use—excellent for its purpose and given worldwide fame by a particularly catchy picture on all its advertisements—is made from slaughter-house material that was not only offensively disagreeable but which, until within a few years, was thought to be utterly worthless from any useful standpoint. A fortune has been made from this because one brain discovered its hidden usefulness and another saw how to make that usefulness known to the world in a peculiarly attractive way. And that is always an important point—to know how to make good use of a discovery after it is made; for many a man has hit upon a good thing, but has not been able to make money out of it.

Why a Fountain Pen Leaks in Your Pocket



WHEN you put a regular fountain pen in your pocket, the ink in the barrel settles in the bottom, and the ink in the feed channel hangs up there in the feed channel, leaving a space of air in between the two inks.

Now air is a gas, as sensitive to heat as the eye is to sight, so when the body (95° hot) begins to heat up your pocket, that air expands like steam and pushes up through the feed channel and pen point. As the feed channel is full of ink, the hot expanding air pushes out air and ink both, and the ink smears all over the writing end of the pen, and all over your fingers when you commence to write.

This is called leaking or sweating. It is the great disadvantage of fountain pens.

But since George S. Parker of Janesville, Wis., invented the "Lucky Curve," leaking and sweating are *passé*, antiquated.

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Therefore, when your warm body expands the air in the Parker Pen, the hot air pushes up and out as in other pens, but it pushes no ink out, as there is none to push. The ink has escaped through the "Lucky Curve." It was sucked down before the heat got started in your pocket. The suction is called capillary attraction. Thus, this new Parker Fountain Pen Invention makes one of the wonderful laws of Nature serve the everyday uses of business.

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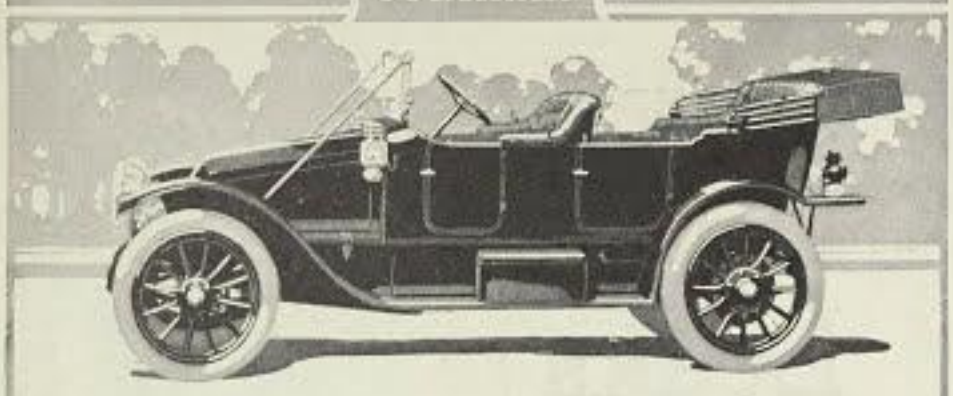
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Elgin National Watch Co., Elgin, Illinois

THE WATCHWORD IS "ELGIN"

It is curious, in regard to this slaughter-house product, that other great cattle-killing corporations are now making similar stuff, having seen their competitor do it, but they do not compare with the first in total sales because they cannot rival that original company's catchy trademark on all its advertisements and packages.

One of the finest of steels—open-hearth—is made from waste product of the steel mills: it is manufactured from scrap-wire and scrap-steel, and is particularly in demand for the making of railroad rails and for other purposes that demand a specially high degree of strength and endurance.

Everywhere one sees that the despised thing of yesterday is the prize moneymaker of today; and nothing can, therefore, be clearer than that the despised thing of today can be made the moneymaker of tomorrow. The old-fashioned writers on business used to expatiate on picking up pins; but nowadays it is the picking up of dollars. Some of the literal stories of fact along the line of utilization of waste read like extravagant fairy tales.

SIDELIGHTS ON OUR INDUSTRIES

COMPLAINT is heard in New York of the slow renting of space in office structures owing to the immense amount of space available for that purpose. Some improvement is hoped for this autumn—though, even then, it is doubted if the business will be satisfactory. It is allowed that in the matter of office space New York is overbuilt. Buildings considered high a few years ago are now looked upon as low. Twenty stories formerly constituted "sky-scrapers." Today foundations are being laid for a fifty-five story building, while towers are reaching nearly to a height of seven hundred feet; and such structures can be reared in about one-third the time formerly required for their construction. Offices multiply fast when such structures are built, and rentals decline. Many buildings in New York City do not pay over one to two per cent—though an instance is known where the rent is as high as fourteen per cent. In Chicago the yield sometimes reaches twenty-four per cent.

Relative to real-estate matters, private correspondence from the city of Oklahoma reports real-estate transactions almost at a standstill, but with a prospect of active resumption of building in the autumn. The legislatures of 1909 and 1911 appropriated each about four million dollars for public buildings, but little was accomplished under the 1909 vote. The appropriation was renewed by the last legislature and the money will become available in October, giving employment to several thousand craftsmen. A quotation from the correspondence shows how abnormal has been the development of the real-estate agency business at Oklahoma: "Except in the matter of real-estate transfers, everything in Oklahoma looks good for a large fall business. However, the time will surely come when there will be a slump in the real-estate boom. In the city of Oklahoma, with a population of sixty-eight thousand, nearly three thousand men derived their living, directly or indirectly, through the sale of real estate. Of course this is an abnormal condition when a city of this size should not have over three hundred or four hundred real-estate men; and lands which should be in cultivation as farms have been cut up in lots and sold all over the United States. These methods can only result in real-estate values decreasing in outside tracts. However, inside property cannot be bought other than at New York prices. The Campbell Building, twenty-five by one hundred and forty feet, ten stories high, costing sixty thousand dollars, was lately sold for two hundred thousand dollars. The rental shows six per cent on this figure. When Eastern men will come here and pay two hundred thousand dollars for a building that does not cost over sixty thousand dollars they admit that a twenty-five by one hundred and forty foot lot is worth one hundred and forty thousand dollars."

When Times are Hard

An interesting incident throwing light upon railroad traffic relates to the provision of depot facilities at Aitkin, Minnesota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. The road had proposed certain repairs upon the existing and dilapidated station; the citizens wanted a new one and protested against the repairs until assured by President Howard Elliott that the repairs would not militate against the chances for a new structure. President Elliott wrote at length to the citizens' committee, reviewing the situation, telling how the road had had plans drawn for a new station, and adding: "As you know, the crops in the territory served by the Northern Pacific were very poor in 1910, and then the business depression all over the country followed. It became, therefore, necessary for prudent men charged with the responsibility of handling the property of some fourteen thousand stockholders and some ten thousand bondholders to economize in any way they could." Then Mr. Elliott tells how the net earnings of the railroad showed a decrease of over three million five hundred thousand dollars for the year ended June 30, 1911, and compelled deferring Aitkin and other improvements. Again this year the crops were poor, though not so poor as in 1910, and general business is not good. Business of the road at Aitkin declined over thirty per cent in 1911, but the company still has a purpose to make the improvements at Aitkin as soon as it can. It cannot, however, promise to do it in 1912, "because, if business conditions continue as they are now, we will have to do what other people do whose business is declining—namely, postpone expenditures until times are better and the money is in hand."

Trade and Traffic

Reference to this subject is made as a sidelight upon the financial position of many of the railroads of the country, and the condition of the railroads is a general index to other conditions relating to business. The car-service statistics of the railroads would suggest that traffic is good, the latest return, August thirtieth, showing the idle cars reduced to 84,541 from 104,170 two weeks earlier. The decrease of eighteen per cent was the same as for the previous fortnight. The decrease was general throughout the country in the last fortnight, but was only seasonable and an incident of the crop movement. The entire surplus of idle cars will probably disappear during this month and a deficit may be shown for a brief time. A thought in this connection to bear in mind is that the railroads have not been buying so much equipment for the last two years as formerly; and, relatively speaking, there would not be so many cars to account for or keep employed as in the past. Railroad traffic is only fair.

The returns of the Copper Producers' Association for August were again moderately favorable, deliveries and exports exceeding production and imports by 4,297,357 pounds and being the third largest amount for a month since the first of January. Production was about normal, though it was over thirteen million pounds larger than in July, when the intense heat interfered with mining operation. The price of the metal is about steady at twelve and a half cents a pound, with domestic demand light and with expectation of a restricted demand for the balance of the year.

The general factors of the situation are little altered. Most things in business are uncertain, while the chaos of politics shows no sign of abatement for a year at least. Labor problems still cause anxiety, though less than they would if business were more active and more profitable. The very fact that business is not profitable will, however, incline men in charge of corporations the more willingly to test their strength with their employees; and if the latter want to engage in strife the chances favor a season of sharp controversy in the period ahead. The doubtful question is whether the labor element will risk defeat by provoking controversy when their employers cannot possibly yield to their demands—and will not be expected by the public to yield. It is possible that labor will do an amount of skirmishing this fall, and postpone the principal strife until about the time of the Presidential election.



How We Make It Easy for You to Find 1847 ROGERS BROS. Ware

For nearly half a century we have been consistent advertisers, persistently creating a greater demand for 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware. As evidence of what we are doing this Fall, the advertisements shown here in reduced sizes are appearing in colors on the back covers of the following magazines:

Pictorial Review
The Ladies' Home Journal
Christian Herald
Youth's Companion
Woman's Home Companion
Delineator
Designer
Woman's New Idea Magazine
Housekeeper
Associated Sunday Magazines
Illustrated Sunday Magazine

Our advertising also appears this Fall in more than 400 other influential daily, weekly and monthly publications. Just think what this will mean to every dealer and how he will benefit from all this advertising, and how much easier it makes it for those who wish to purchase this famous silverware, to find and examine and purchase the line which is universally sold. The popularity of 1847 ROGERS BROS. ware for gifts will be featured. And, above all, the public will be directed to the dealers in every town. Women readers of these publications will be particularly interested in seeing these beautiful advertisements in colors. Look for them in your favorite publication. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "K-90."

TO DEALERS:—An assortment of these designs (here shown) in colors and full size for display purposes will be supplied on application. You should at once take advantage of the many trade helps we offer—free electrotypes, posters, street car cards, circulars, post cards, etc. Write for illustrated circular.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY (International Silver Co., Successor), Meriden, Conn.

Yes, Mr. Grocer, you do pay more for Heinz 57 Varieties. You pay more to give your customers more quality for their money.

Your customers ought to know this. They will appreciate your standards as a good grocer when they realize that in selling the best brands you always have to pay more and that your margin of profit is less. But the *advance you pay* does not begin to cover the *advance in quality* you give your customer when you sell any one of Heinz 57 Varieties.

It isn't possible to duplicate Heinz quality. The same goods could only come from an organization just like the Heinz organization—from kitchens just like the Heinz kitchens, operated in the Heinz way.

We are farmers and gardeners. We raise our *own seed*—we have our own *experiment stations* where we have developed our own types of *vegetables* and *fruit*.

Therefore, you never find Heinz *taste* and the Heinz *flavor* except under a Heinz *label*.

We use no preservatives except those that Nature supplies; we need no chemicals; we use *sound* materials; we prepare them in *clean* kitchens; our uniformed employes are clean, they work in the *sunlight*, under the most modern sanitary conditions.

Chemicals are *only* necessary for preserving inferior materials. *Good* food, *sound* food, *clean* food, does not require artificial preservatives. But, it *costs* more to give you clean, sound, naturally preserved products.

If this were not such a huge industry—if we did not save all *in-between* profits—if we did not operate our own *farms*—if we did not have *canning* and *pickling* and *preserving* plants located right in the *heart* of the *districts* where we *grow*—Heinz quality would cost you from a *third* to a *fourth* more, instead of only the slight advance you now have to pay.

Explain this to the *consumer* when you sell any of the Heinz 57 Varieties.

You are entitled to receive *credit* for giving *more value* at the *same price*.

For instance, when you sell a bottle of Heinz Ketchup, call attention to the fact that you are selling *pure ketchup;* ketchup that is made of fresh, ripe tomatoes direct from the vine and bottled hot—instead of being made of cannery waste, preserved with Benzoate of Soda.

When you suggest Heinz Baked Beans, lay stress on the fact that they are *really oven baked*. And don't forget to mention the quality of the pork in every can, or the rich, fruity tomato sauce that gives such zest and *individuality* to the dish.

So, take your customers into your confidence—*tell* them that you could sell something else and make more profit on the single sale but that you prefer to pay a little more in order to give them more value, and thus deserve their larger patronage.

You should also call attention to Heinz Tomato Soup, Sweet Pickles, Preserves, Jellies, Apple Butter, India Relish, etc., and especially to Heinz Pure Vinegars.

H. J. Heinz Company

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods



THIS is the box that holds the American Standard of Hosiery

excellence. Let it serve as your index to the stores and shops which are trying to serve you with the maximum amount of hosiery value, service, economy, comfort and satisfaction—at the same prices asked for ordinary grades. You can have exactly the style, weight and quality you prefer—in black and all seasonable colors. EVERWEAR is sold and displayed by thousands of the most progressive merchants who aim to serve and please their patrons. When you buy EVERWEAR you get the best obtainable at any price—and a guarantee of definite service—a guarantee of value. *EVERWEAR Hosiery is all that the name implies.*

Order a box from your dealer today—If he hasn't EVERWEAR in the red box we will send them direct to you express paid on receipt of price. Please specify size, weight and color desired.

EGYPTIAN COTTON
6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 Months
Men's—$1.50 a box—light, medium and winter weight.
Women's—$2.00 a box—light and medium weight.
Children's—$1.50 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
$2.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.
Medium weight and heavy ribbed with double knee.

FINE SILK LISLE
6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 Months
Men's—$3.00 a box—2 weights.
Women's—$3.00 a box—2 weights.
Children's—$2.00 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
Children's—$3.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.

PURE THREAD SILK
3 pair in a box—Guaranteed 3 Months
Men's—$2.00 a box—light weight.
Women's—$3.00 a box—light weight.
The most durable silk hosiery it is possible to produce.

FINE CASHMERE
6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 Months
A New Everwear Style
Men's—$2.00 a box—Black, Oxford, Natural Mixed, Tan, and Navy.
Children's—$2.00 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
$3.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO., Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

TRADE MARK

The Call of Good Teeth

ENLIST

Men, Women and Children

WANTED

To join the Army of

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

Join the great movement for dental hygiene that is spreading so far and fast.

Be one of those who know that good health demands clean, sound teeth — who know that Ribbon Dental Cream is an antiseptic, polishing cleanser without harmful chemicals or grit.

Colgate's leaves the mouth sweet, clean and non-acid. Its delicious flavor has solved one nursery problem by making its twice-a-day use a treat, not a task for the children.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. P, 199 Fulton Street, New York

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap — luxurious, lasting, refined.



Trial size tube of this delicious cream sent on receipt of 4 cents.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Il[illegible] Weekly
Founde[illegible]ranklin

OCT. 28, 1911

5cts. THE COPY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



THERE'S genuine worth, refinement, manhood in Kuppenheimer Clothes. They stamp a man for social and business recognition. They're a "letter-of-credit" among strangers.

Look for the Kuppenheimer label and you'll find pure virgin wool fabrics of beauty and permanent worth, crisp style and clean-cut character.

Shown by the better clothiers—worn by the better-dressed men. Our book, "Styles for Men," mailed on request.

The House of Kuppenheimer

Chicago New York Boston



Copyright, The House of Kuppenheimer, Chicago, 1911

Big Ben

A National Sleepmeter Designed by *the* Westclox Community, *La Salle, Ill.*

OCTOBER 28, 1911 $2.50 THE COPY



Alarm clocks and successful men, know one another well -- Big Ben

IT'S Big Ben's business to get people up in the world—it's Big Ben's business to get them up in time.

He does it loyally, steadily and promptly—there's a true ring to his morning greeting that makes early risers sit up and take notice.

And every morn, America over, Big Ben awakens men who are getting up in the world—men who are setting the pace for the rest of the field—men who strike their stride at the flash of the gun.

"Morning ginger—get it, men—great business stuff" says Big Ben.

Big Ben is a thin, beautiful and punctual sleepmeter.—He is easy to read, easy to wind and pleasing to hear.—He calls you every day at any time you say.

A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.* If you cannot find him at your jeweler a money order addressed to them will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only. Three Dollars in Canada.



Twelve Beautiful Fall and Winter Colors to Please All Tastes
Ten Convenient Weights Allowing for All Preferences
Five Grades to Suit All Pocketbooks

The New Season's Holeproof Hose—Now At Your Dealer's

The Original Guaranteed Hose offers more this year than ever to buyers. Never before were such beautiful colors, such comfortable weights and such grades exhibited. All the old dealers and hundreds of new ones are showing them now. Examine this wide assortment before you lay in a supply of hose. Decide after seeing them if you don't want such hose as these, and the guarantee that goes with them. You can get the lightest weights if you want them, yet six pairs of every texture of "Holeproof" are guaranteed to wear without holes for six months.

Why They Last

We pay for our yarn an average of seventy cents a pound. It is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton, the finest cotton obtainable, so we pay the top market price. No other is of the same long fibre. None is so fine and soft and strong. The yarn is three-ply, so it isn't stiff.

We could buy common two-ply yarn for as low as thirty cents a pound. But such yarn is harsh and ungainly. To make hose with this yarn that will last six months you must make them heavy and coarse.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl Pres

Our Minute Inspection

We spend $55,000 a year merely to see that each pair of "Holeproof" is perfection. We pay too much for the making of "Holeproof" to afford many returned pairs, so we make this inspection to keep the grade up to the standard.

In all our experience we have never been asked to replace more than 5 per cent of our output. 95 per cent of the product has always outlasted the guarantee.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

The above signature appears on the toe of every genuine pair of "Holeproof." Mr. Carl Freschl is the originator of the guaranteed hose *idea*. And he conceived the *idea* because years of *tests* proved

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

that the hose *deserved* guaranteeing. There's a difference between such a guarantee and one put on hose just to compete with another brand. Mr. Freschl has had thirty-eight years of experience. He of all men knows how to make stylish hose that will wear a full six months.

If you want hose that are soft, close-fitting and comfortable—hose that eliminate darning and bother—look for that mark on the next hose you buy. There are scores of imitations—hose made with cheap yarn. They can't be compared with the genuine "Holeproof," so see that you get it.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

There are twelve colors, ten weights and five grades for men; seven colors, three weights and three grades for women, and two colors, two weights and three grades for children. Six pairs, guaranteed six months, cost $1.50 up to $3, according to finish and weight. Silk hose for men and women, three pairs guaranteed three months, cost $2 for men and $3 for women.

Look over the "Holeproof" line at a dealer's. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
927 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.
Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Ltd., London, Can.
Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

To Dealers: Almost every dealer who doesn't sell "Holeproof" now has the opportunity. "Holeproof" is the greatest "trade-getter" known. Write us at once for our proposition. Learn of our live selling helps and ideas. Get on the list for "The Hosier," the breeziest little business building monthly published. Write us today for "Holeproof" samples.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(231)

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THE DEFICIT

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Wherein the Prodigal Son Invests in Fatted Calves

OLD John B. Lovett, known in his world of beef and by-products as "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett, had ten million and one troubles. One of them was his son William. He was more of a worry to his father than the other ten million, which latter, being in the shape of negotiable securities, cash in bank, houses, lands and uncounted cows, horses, mules, pigs, sheep and goats, were at least sufferable. At the end of every year "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett had the comforting assurance that his securities were sounder than the year before and worth a trifle more premium; the cash in bank had earned not less than two and one-half per cent; the houses had paid a profit over and above taxes and upkeep; the lands had produced crops and had increased in value; and every head of livestock on his ranches represented so many dollars on the hoof.

Son William, on the other hand, could always be depended on to produce a loss. You could lay any odds on William as the greatest six-cylinder spender on earth, and he would never go back on you. He was a constant, steady, reliable, ever-present deficit, a veritable cipher without the rim.

The trouble with William appeared to be that Nature had equipped him with an irresistible impulse to get all the joy possible out of this gray old world. This impulse took the form of a game known as ducks and drakes, and ducks and drakes, as everybody knows, is always played with money. When he was sixteen months old he gave the first evidence of that remarkable carelessness with cash that was to distinguish him in after life. In a misguided moment his father gave him his wallet to play with, and in sheer exuberance and the joy and pride of his first teeth William chewed all the value out of a thousand-dollar bill.



"I Suppose You Think I Don't Work for My Money"

That was the beginning. After such an experience one would suppose that John B. Lovett would have been on his guard. He was not. He continued to let William play with his wallet for the succeeding twenty-four years, and as a result it would not have been at all a difficult matter to trace the boy through the world by the quarters he dropped.

William's mother died when he was six years old, leaving him to the care of his father, but his father was busy making money and passed William up to the servants. At seven years of age the Lovett heir was an anemic, pugnacious, headstrong child without any digestion to speak of and a dollar a day spending money from his fond but foolish father. At eight years of age he was sent to a boarding school, where he unlearned many things and got back his digestion. At eighteen he graduated from a military academy and for the first time broke into print.

He whipped a policeman.

"Skin-'em-alive" Lovett bailed William out and covered the policeman's wounds with money. Then he shipped William off to college, paying therefor, over and above the cost of tuition, ten thousand a year for three years. Early in the fourth year William was expelled. He had gone up to New York in search of relaxation and found it in the shape of a large black bear which, when equipped with boxing gloves, would put up a very fancy exhibition. William purchased this bear at a very fancy figure, brought him back to college with him, had a pair of gloves specially made for Bruin, and promoted a fight between the bear and a ham-and-egg heavyweight picked up on the Bowery. The affair was held in William's rooms and proved an unqualified success. The bear won in a gallop, but unfortunately somebody left the door open and the bear escaped. At the entrance to the frat house Bruin met a professor of social science. One wallop did the trick, and three days later William Godfrey Lovett was headed back for California in disgrace.

When William reached home his father discovered that for a trifle of, say, fifty thousand dollars he had been able to produce a mediocre athlete and an excellent judge of beer. However, since he was still occupied in making money, "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett left his son largely to his own devices, with the result that William took a post-graduate course in malt and spirituous liquors. He was a wonder. He studied everything in the book and missed nothing in his pursuit of joy unconfined.

Still, William was not a really bad young man. William had many lovable qualities, but, never having known restraint in all his life, he was somewhat puzzled at times to know whether he was halfway through or only just starting. Hence, when his soul commenced to palpitate with an ambition to upset all the statistics in the Internal Revenue office it was a surprise to him when he finished almost before the average man has fairly started.

During those two years following his expulsion from college William frequently furnished spicy copy for front-page stories. When his own dissipated countenance confronted him through an expensive plate-glass mirror he would frequently express his disgust with himself by hurling a mixing glass through the mirror. Upon sundry joyous occasions he had upset the carts of itinerant fruit-pedlers and enchilada venders. He had been known to support tottering lamp-posts—for fear they might fall over and plunge the city in darkness—and to weep when he was led away. And as a finale of his escapades he climbed down an open manhole one day and defied the police to get him out. Yes, William was a trifle wild.

After the manhole episode "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett talked to William for an hour. William was penitent and promised reform, provided certain little debts could be wiped off the slate and he be given an opportunity to start anew. Old Lovett, so shrewd and suspicious in all his dealings with other men, was completely taken in by his son's show of repentance. He patted William on the back and told him to do business with the treasurer.

Jarlath Timmins was the treasurer of the Lovett Land and Cattle Company, and had been for twenty years. He knew William. William realized this and hated him for it. Whenever Jarlath passed coin over the counter to the prodigal son he always looked at him long and hard and kept his lean hand on the money an unnecessary length of time, as if he hated to give it up. So now, when William presented a note from his father requesting Timmins to pay the said William five hundred dollars, the old treasurer did not immediately hand out the five hundred. Instead he sought old Lovett in his private office, and with the privilege of twenty years of faithful service denounced the allowance as unwise. In the end he convinced John B. Lovett that a hundred dollars would be about sufficient for William.

This, of course, did not please William. Said he to Timmins:

"Timmins, some day I'll be in command here, and my first official act will be to tie a can to your tail."

"Get out!" snapped Jarlath Timmins. "You're a disgrace to a good father."

William got out. The next day a local café presented a sight draft on John B. Lovett, signed by William Godfrey Lovett, for four hundred dollars. Timmins, acting on his own responsibility, declined the draft, and two hours later William was occupying a chair in the office of the captain of detectives and furnishing copy for the newspapers.

John B. Lovett paid the draft and had the charge dismissed, but he couldn't kill the story. That hurt. He summoned his son to another conference and placed him on an allowance of twenty-five dollars a week. William promptly went out, cashed another draft on his father and was seen no more for three weeks. The old man paid

the draft, but when his son finally put in an appearance, penniless, shaky and repentant, old Lovett refused to see him. So William went away until his father should have time to think it over and change his mind, and in the privacy of his office "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett wept at his own hardness of heart. In this condition Jarlath Timmins found him.

"Timmins," said John B. Lovett, "I'm a most unfortunate man in my choice of a son."

"Oh, we all make our mistakes," answered Timmins dryly. "For instance, consider the father I picked out. Poor as a church mouse. What's the matter? William been cutting up a little worse than usual?"

"He's breaking my heart," protested the old man piteously. "His profligate habits are undermining his sense of moral values. I've just paid another draft. He knows that while my money lasts I'll pay every draft he signs sooner than see my boy arrested and in disgrace. Timmins, I'd give a whole lot to set my boy's feet in the right path. I would indeed."

Timmins bit at the end of a lead-pencil.

"How much would you give?" he asked.

"A million dollars and ten years of my life," he answered.

"The price is entirely out of reason," retorted Jarlath Timmins crisply. "Pardon me if I seem a trifle frank, but William isn't worth it. Your money and your life and your tears will never save him the way you're going at it. Nothing but adversity will cure that young man. When William's stomach is slack, when his credit is gone and the lace appears on the hem of his trousers he'll be amenable to reason. He knows your heart is as so much putty where he is concerned, and he'll make you suffer until you give him a dose of his own bitter medicine. You spoiled him in his boyhood and you must unspoil him in his more mature years. He has always suffered from too much money. He has never toiled for a living and he doesn't know the value of money. He must be taught. You look at William through the eyes of paternal love. I view him from the wrong side of the ledger, and, by golly, I hate to see so much good money going to waste!"

"Do you know of any way to stop it?" asked the old man.

"Of course," retorted Timmins. "Don't give it to him."

"But he'll disgrace the name of Lovett!"

"He's bound to do that anyhow. Look here, Mr. Lovett; I'd like to unfold a little plan to put the crusher on William, if you'll promise that you won't let him influence you against me. He threatens that when he is in command here he'll tie a can to my tail, which I take to mean that he will have a new man in my job. Well, if he does he'll make of this business an hiatus in a hole. I'm on to William and he knows it. That's why he dislikes me."

"I'll protect you, Timmins; only tell me how to save William. Nothing else matters. I must save him before he disgraces himself."

"All right," said Timmins, "this is the prescription for my bad medicine. Tomorrow I will present to you for your signature your last will and testament, which you will sign without asking a single question. Of course, it will not amount to the value of the paper it will be written on, because you can invalidate it ten minutes later by signing another will. Then, until I give you permission to do otherwise, you are to refuse to receive your son either here or at your home. If you meet him in your club you are to turn your back and refuse to speak to him. If he gets into jail he must remain there until his profligate friends bail him out. Under no condition whatsoever are you to advance him so much as the proverbial red cent. In other words, you are to leave William to my tender mercies and be guided by my advice, until I have either reformed William or am forced to acknowledge that it's too big an order—when I will wash my hands of him, and you can reform him with your checkbook."

"How do you intend to proceed after that?" inquired John B. Lovett.

"Well, there is a spark of something left in William. He'll fight. He'd always do that, and if a man will fight any kind of a fight he's not quite lost. In this single attribute—and it is not with any idea of flattery or fawning that I say it—William Godfrey Lovett is his father's son. I purpose making William fight."

"For what?"

"The right to existence; for his bread and butter; for rags to cover his nakedness. He's to be badgered and bantered until he's fighting mad, and the minute he's fighting mad he'll be sent into the ring—to fight."

"With whom?" asked John B. Lovett suspiciously.

"With his father," snapped Jarlath Timmins almost viciously. "I want to hit that young man's vanity such a rap it'll hurt him. I want to make him so angry with you that, weak as he is, he won't be low enough to take another cent of your money. If I can accomplish that, William will be forced to go to work, and the minute William Godfrey Lovett goes to work the angel of hope may venture to dry her eyes and see what the boy is up to."

"By George, Timmins, I'll go you!" said "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett with that quick decision that had always made money for him—"I'll go you if I lose. I've consulted with you in business matters for twenty years and your advice has always been sound and wholesome at the core. However, this is a very delicate matter, Timmins, my boy, and it is superfluous to request that you do not handle William too roughly. You must remember, Timmins, that he is my son."



He Wondered What the Percentage of Suicides Was Among Men Who Made Their Living Sawing Wood

"I wouldn't waste a thought on him if he wasn't," replied Timmins, "but he must be handled without gloves. Six months more at his present pace and your son is a candidate for the foolish farm. He'll be a hopeless inebriate. And, by-the-way, you realize that where large fortunes are at stake it is quite the fad nowadays for disgruntled heirs to contest a man's will on the ground that at the time he made it he was unduly influenced or mentally unbalanced. I desire to have you examined by the State Board of Alienists before you sign your will, in order that they may make affidavit that you are in good bodily health and of extraordinarily sound mind. In case of a contest these are the fellows they'd call to the stand and ask hypothetical questions to prove that you were insane. My plan must not fail; hence your will must be copper-riveted and free of legal loopholes. You consent to this, of course."

"Well, upon my word, Timmins, that appears to me to be a most extraordinary proceeding. If I ——"

"Do you agree to it?" snapped Timmins. "If not our arrangement is off."

"I'll agree," said old Lovett hastily.

"Good afternoon," said Timmins, and went back to his own office. Here he sat down at a typewriter and slowly and laboriously with one finger picked off this letter to William:

SAN FRANCISCO, March 24, 189—

WM. G. LOVETT, ESQ., City.

Dear Sir: Your father, John B. Lovett, has commissioned me to inform you that, owing to a number of reasons which will doubtless occur to you without further elucidation, it will be impossible for him to communicate with you in any way other than through his attorney, Mr. Anthony Groat, 1045 Mills Building, this city.

If you will be good enough to call upon Mr. Groat on Thursday next at one P. M., he will take up with you the matter of your finances for the future, or until such time as must elapse before your father is convinced that you are able and willing to comport yourself in a manner more pleasing to him than has been your conduct heretofore, and, therefore, entitling you to that consideration which his affectionate regard for his son naturally prompts him to observe. I am, sir, Very truly yours,

J. TIMMINS.

This letter written and sealed, Mr. Timmins smiled grimly, called an office boy and dispatched him to young Lovett's club with the note.

Next Mr. Timmins called up successively on the long-distance 'phone the three physicians who constituted the State Board of Alienists, and them Mr. Timmins induced to come down to San Francisco the following day and institute an unofficial investigation into the mental machinery of John B. Lovett. This matter finally attended to, Mr. Timmins carefully balanced his cash, locked the safe, put on his hat and departed for the office of Mr. Anthony Groat, the attorney. He was closeted with Groat for half an hour, and when he emerged his clerkly features were set in a grim smile that augured ill for William Godfrey Lovett.

II

AT ONE P. M. on Thursday, William Godfrey Lovett, looking slightly more dissipated than usual, sent in his card to Mr. Anthony Groat. A clerk immediately ushered him into Groat's sanctum, presented him with a comfortable seat and the morning paper, and on behalf of Mr. Groat begged five minutes' indulgence for that gentleman. Unfortunately he was occupied with a client in another office and would be in directly.

William sat down and waited patiently for a period that to his fevered brain seemed an hour. In reality it was just eight minutes. He was nervous and jumpy and he needed money. He felt that he would be happier and better able to stand the suspense of waiting if he could afford to rush out and purchase fifteen cents' worth of nepenthe, but in view of the fact that he lacked the fifteen cents and the remnants of his pride forbade the degradation of "kicking out a barkeeper's eye," he nerved himself to await the appearance of the attorney.

In the meantime, however, William felt that to sit still in that chair five minutes longer would set his reason tottering on its throne. He arose and paced nervously up and down the office. He gazed at the pictures on the wall; he scanned the backs of Groat's law library; and eventually he paused beside his desk, gazing aimlessly at the heaps of legal-looking documents with which it was littered.

Suddenly William started and stared. From under a pile of papers the upper half of several sheets of legal cap protruded. A small ruler lay across the typewriting on this protruding document, but there was enough of the writing visible to make out the date and the words:

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF JOHN B. LOVETT

Now William, being fairly well acquainted with his father, knew that for twenty years or more John B. Lovett's will, signed and sealed, had reposed in the office safe. Yet here on Anthony Groat's desk lay a will dated only the day before—conclusive evidence that his father had decided to change his will.

There must be some very potent reason for this, thought William, and with a little shiver of fright he recalled his own unfilial actions of the past few weeks and his father's refusal to receive him.

William Godfrey Lovett was not so far gone in the seductive influences of John Barleycorn that he could not put two and two together and arrive at the answer. He must know the contents of that will at any price, so he glanced furtively toward the door, lifted the mass of papers from the desk and hurriedly read the first page of his father's will. A cold perspiration broke out all over him as he read the first bequest:

First—To my son, William Godfrey Lovett, whose sinful and profligate life has been a source of deep sorrow and shame to me, I leave nothing.

Nothing! Nothing! William gasped and read on:

Second—Knowing full well that some day my said son, William Godfrey Lovett, will occupy quarters in the natural and inevitable haven of his kind, I give, devise and bequeath to the Home for Inebriates, situated in the city and county of San Francisco, State of California, the sum of one million dollars.

The tears started to William's eyes, but he blinked them away and read on, while Anthony Groat watched him through the keyhole. Followed a long list of bequests to old friends and servants, charitable institutions, homes, hospitals and colleges. There were three one-million-dollar trust funds established—one for furthering scientific research in astronomy, another for prosecuting the search for a cure for cancer, and a third to establish beds in a tuberculosis hospital. A veterinarian whom William had never heard of was left fifty thousand dollars as a tribute to his discovery of an antidote for Texas fever in cattle. And last, but not least, the hated Timmins was made executor of the vast estate, to serve without undertakings or bonds of any nature whatsoever; and for his trouble John B. Lovett "gave, devised and bequeathed" Timmins one million dollars.

"Rot and piffle!" muttered William. "I'll break that crazy will in fifteen minutes. There isn't a judge or a jury in the ——"

Twenty-third—Since the breaking of wills by disappointed heirs, under the pretext that the testator was unduly influenced or of unsound mind at the time of signing his will, has become quite the fashion nowadays, and as I anticipate that some such action will be instituted by my son, William Godfrey Lovett, the sworn affidavits of the State Board of Alienists, attached hereto and made a part hereof, will be ample refutation of any such ridiculous charge, should my son, the said William Godfrey Lovett, be foolish enough to bring action to have this will set aside. And I do hereby certify that my action in disinheriting my

said son has been taken after calm and mature deliberation, and is done with a view toward furthering the bodily and mental welfare of the said William Godfrey Lovett.

William carefully replaced the papers in as nearly as possible the same position in which he had found them, walked over to his chair and sat down with his head in his hands.

"Whipped to a frazzle," he moaned, "whipped to a frazzle by the most ungodly, diabolical father that ever lived. The ingenuity of that will is simply devilish."

The door opened suddenly and Anthony Groat bustled into the room.

"Mighty sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. Lovett, mighty sorry. But you can realize how it is. Insistent client—talkative old cuss—hard as the deuce to get rid of. However, our business will soon be finished."

He sat down at his desk, opened a drawer and drew forth a typewritten agreement. He dipped a rusty pen in a dirty inkwell and handed paper and pen to William.

"I am requested by your father to ask you to sign this agreement. It stipulates that in consideration of your promise never to annoy or approach him in any manner, directly or indirectly, he is to pay you a weekly allowance of twelve dollars and fifty cents while you live. In the event of your default in any of the provisions of this agreement the payments cease automatically. Here is the first payment. Sign right there on the dotted line."

William Godfrey Lovett took the paper in his trembling hands and rent it into shreds. Then he swept the money from the desk to the floor, where it rolled musically round among the legs of the chairs.

"Tell my father," he said in a voice husky and vibrant with passion, "that I scorn him and his money. It is unnecessary for me to sign that insulting agreement, for I will never, directly or indirectly, approach my father as long as I live. And you can tell him further that what I am, he has made me. I've been a worthless son, but God forbid that I should ever acknowledge such a contemptible and heartless father. I wouldn't touch a cent of his money, not if I was starving. Money! Money! All my father lives for and thinks of and deals in is money. Damn his money! Groat, you fat little toady you, I tell you my father ruined me with money! When I was a little, impressionable kid my father was too busy making money to take me to a ball game on Saturday afternoon. If he'd made a pal, a chum, of his son, I might have turned out differently. But he let me go my gay way to the devil and provided the funds for the journey, and now let him enjoy his handiwork. Good afternoon."

"William," demanded the lawyer, rising, a little frightened, "where are you going?"

"Out to earn a living," thundered the prodigal son. "I'm going some place where my father will never see me or hear from me again. I'll earn my own money. He thinks I'm helpless and dependent. I'll show him. I'll——"

His rage and shame and mortification overcame him. He choked with sobs. Groat held the door open for him and he passed out of the office.

A minute later Jarlath Timmins took down his telephone in answer to a call.

"This is Groat speaking. The plan worked beautifully. William read the will, and it was as good as a blow in the face. He refused to sign the agreement, scorned the money and paid a splendid tribute to his daddy before he left. I'm afraid the boy is half right. Lovett is the responsible party."

"Where has he gone to?" inquired the imperturbable Timmins.

"He said he was going out to make a living. And it's my opinion, Timmins, that the joke's been carried too far. I'm confident the boy is going to change his name, leave the city and let the world swallow him. If Lovett wants to see his boy again he'd better come off his high horse."

"Thanks for the advice, Groat," said Timmins dryly, "but you don't know William as we do."

"I know the remnants of a man, though, when I see one," snapped Groat, and hung up the receiver.

III

IMMEDIATELY upon leaving the lawyer's office William Godfrey Lovett did something he had never done before. He visited a pawnbroker and pledged every piece of jewelry he owned. With the proceeds he paid his club bills, packed a few toilet articles and a pair of socks in a small hand grip and left San Francisco, with two dollars and ten cents between him and starvation. He planned to go to Seattle and ship as a green hand for the Alaska canneries. Always fond of fishing, the pursuit of salmon for wages presented a charming prospect compared to anything else he could think of. Moreover, he had heard that a man couldn't spend his money up at the canneries and salmon fisheries, for the reason that there was nothing to spend it on except rough clothing and tobacco, and such things, which, being charged at the company store, would be deducted from the total amount due the fisherman at the close of the season. This rigid rule would spare William the mental travail of saving his money, and it pleased him to think that he would get his wages in a lump.

Now the prodigal might just as well have taken ship at San Francisco and saved himself the expense and discomfort of beating his way to Seattle, but his pride forbade. He was too well known in San Francisco and he feared that he might be recognized before the ship sailed and his plans reported to his father. He desired that not a soul who had known him in his palmy days should ever see him or hear from him again. And, since after spending ten cents to cross the bay he had but two dollars left, he decided to keep that for food en route. So he waited in the freight yards at Oakland until he saw a man swing himself under a freight car and take up a position on a brakebeam; whereupon William Godfrey Lovett went and did likewise.

It was a hard, dirty, sickening, exciting trip. Dust, gravel and clinkers flew in his face and befouled him beyond recognition, and in order to hang on he was forced to abandon his little valise; whereat he sighed, for it contained his toothbrush. Eventually the train pulled into Sacramento and the first leg of his journey culminated with a bucket of water down his neck and a gruff command to "come out o' that." William came out, fighting mad, and was immediately collared by a policeman who "shook him down" for his two dollars and turned him loose.

It was now long after William's usual breakfast hour, and he was hungry. So he raided the free-lunch counter in a near-by saloon, and when the proprietor discovered that William was unable to buy the accompanying drink that etiquette demands if one would eat of a free lunch he swore at the prodigal and ordered him out. William obeyed, taking a handful of bologna sausage with him. He went down to a secluded spot by the river, bathed, dusted his clothes and returned to the depot, looking haggard but respectable. That night, when the Shasta Express pulled into Sacramento, William climbed aboard over the brass railing at the end of the observation car and walked boldly into the first sleeper. The porter was standing outside by the steps with his little stool, and hence failed to see William climb swiftly into an unoccupied upper berth, "drape the mantles of his couch about him and lie down to pleasant dreams."

Yes, the good things of the world had always been for William and he hated to give them up. It was a daring attempt to "beat the cushions," and William wondered vaguely what the outcome would be. With the habit of years strong upon him he left his shoes under the lower berth for the matutinal attentions of the porter. They were expensive patent-leather pumps with wide silk laces, and the porter was somewhat puzzled to account for the extra passenger. So he woke William up and respectfully requested his sleeping-car check—whereupon William abused him sleepily and told him to go to blazes. There was something regal and virtuously indignant in the way he said it. "Furthermore," he added, "if you can't keep tab on your passengers call the conductor, but whatever you do don't wake me up again or you'll suffer for it."

Perhaps the porter was new to the business. Perhaps he was so old to it that he knew a gentleman from a hobo. Be that as it may, the bluff worked until four o'clock next morning, when a farmer's wife boarded the train at Red Bluff and showed a sleeping-car ticket for the berth in which William slumbered.

There arose at once a heated dispute. William fumbled in his trousers pocket for a mythical wallet, failed to find it and cried out that he had been robbed of his pocketbook with his berth check in it.

"I had a ticket for upper seven in car three," announced William.

"This is car four," said the conductor.

"Well, I'll be—a thousand pardons, old fellow. How stupid of me! I'll climb out directly and go to my rightful berth."

The Pullman conductor stood by to see that he did. And William's shoes were nicely polished when he left, followed by the conductor, who was wise in his day and generation.

"Perhaps I left my ticket in my grip," suggested William. "Look under the berth and see if you see a tan grip."

The conductor obligingly got down on his knees, and as he did so some one snored in upper seven.

But William had heard that snore first and was already racing out of the car. In a flash he had lifted the platform over the steps, opened the door, as he had seen conductors do all his life, and slipped gracefully off the moving train. Fortunately they were pulling into a station at the time and there was little danger attached to the escape, save from the boot of the conductor, and he was three inches short of his mark.

William stood by the side of the right-of-way and watched the green tail lights fade away up the track. Then he laughed in sheer deviltry and started on a journey over the ties that landed him in Redding at noon. He would have tarried in Redding, but he was acquainted there, so he kept right on, but slowly, for he was faint with hunger. At last, while crossing a railroad bridge over a large creek, he was relieved to observe, in a little clearing among some bushes in the bed of the creek, what is colloquially known as "a jungle scene." That is to say, William saw four tramps gathered around a campfire, enjoying a "mulligan," and feeling himself one of the fraternity by this time he descended into the creek and inquired of the group in his breeziest manner:

"How's the chances for some scoffin's?"

Chances were excellent, it appeared, so William sat among the wanderers and ate heartily of the "mulligan" and "dummy," purloined from goodness knows where. Somehow the unfamiliar food tasted better than any he ever remembered eating, and, the gods be praised, there was plenty of it. His feet were hot and blistered, so he bathed them in the waters of the creek, the while he kept up a running fire of good-humored chaff with the band of hobos. When William told them the story of his adventure in the sleeping car he was unanimously voted a member in good standing and invited to stay over for supper. One of the hobos, a villainous, red-bearded, puffy-faced man named Doc, promised to steal some chickens.



Somehow the Unfamiliar Food Tasted Better Than Any He Ever Remembered Eating

Strange to relate, William Godfrey Lovett was happy. For the first time in his life there was a lilt to existence. The carelessness, the unrestrained freedom of this unconventional life appealed strongly to the contrary streak in him. The little things, the commonplace little necessities of life hitherto held so cheaply by him, had suddenly assumed a distinct value. There is a thrill to

riding brake-beams that is not noticeable in travel *de luxe*, and as William sat on the banks of the little stream, filled with mulligan and reminiscence, and splashed his aching feet in the cool waters, he felt like a boy who has played hookey from school for the first time.

He stayed in the hobo camp that night, and Doc, true to his promise, stole the chickens. William, anxious to prove himself worthy of his salt, went into an adjoining field and helped himself to some early vegetables which he had the satisfaction of seeing boiled in an old kerosene can together with the chickens. He had a glorious repast, and it being early spring and the night chill giving way to the Central Californian warmth of approaching summer, he slept very comfortably on an improvised bed of dry grass with his feet to the fire. In the morning, after a scant breakfast with his new-found acquaintances, he resumed his journey northward on foot.

The hobos, being southbound for the summer, parted from him reluctantly, and at parting gave him much salutary advice on the subject of how to avoid work and still be happy.

All that day he followed the railroad track through the cañon of the upper Sacramento. Along about five o'clock that afternoon the Portland Limited whistled behind him and he stepped aside to let the train go by. As the observation car whirled by a man seated on the platform looked back, and William's glance met his long enough for each man to recognize the other.

The man on the observation car was William's father, "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett. He started slightly as he recognized in the shabby, dusty figure beside the track his once natty and handsome offspring.

Involuntarily he started to wave his hand in salutation, but seemed to change his mind. William understood and a sudden mist came over his eyes. He gulped and hung his head in shame—shame for himself and shame for his father.

A mile farther on he came across something tied in a white handkerchief lying on the ties between the rails. He untied the handkerchief and found that it contained a hundred-dollar bill and eight silver dollars, the latter put in, doubtless, to weight the handkerchief and keep it from blowing away. On one of his father's business cards he read these words, hastily written in lead-pencil:

Son, I'm sorry. Come back. DAD.

In the gathering gloom William Godfrey Lovett stood on the railroad track and thought things over, smiling a little and fingering this peace offering from his repentant father. It did not occur to the prodigal that he had his father on the run; rather he felt a new joy within him at the realization that, in the final analysis, his father was not the monster he had pictured him. "Son, I'm sorry. Come back." Ah, if William could only have sensed the battle between love and duty in those few words; if he could only have known the struggle it cost his father to refrain from getting off at the next station and walking back to meet him, perhaps the miracle of William's reform might have been accomplished then and there. As the matter presented itself to William, however, though the sting of his quarrel with his father was gone, the sting to his pride remained.

He pondered his situation from every possible angle except the right one. From the pine forest far up the side of the cañon came the mournful hoot of an owl; in the distance a panther screamed. The river ran below the tracks with a blithe, agreeable, subdued chuggle, as it pelted over the rocks on its way to the sea. William heard it all and it was sweeter to him than the turmoil of cities and the cramp of existence in the gilded precincts of real money. Somehow this money thrown at random from the train by his father, in the hope that the prodigal would come across it and pick it up, savored to William of insult added to injury. Always it was money. Without money—easy money—he would have grown into a strong, decent, helpful man instead of a neurasthenic dipsomaniac, dependent for the creature comforts of life on his money-mad father; and with this thought the possession of the money became intolerable to William Godfrey Lovett. There in the darkening cañon, hungry and outcast, the fragments of William's manhood bade him starve rather than use one cent of it for food.

That night, hungry and tired, William limped into the reading room of a hotel at Kennett, helped himself to an envelope and a sheet of paper and wrote to his father. It was not a vitriolic letter, but it was short and to the point:

My dear Father: I beg to acknowledge receipt of your card, together with the sum of one hundred and eight dollars. I am returning the money to you herewith, less a slight deduction for cost of money order and stamp to carry this letter. This deduction, being an expense thrust upon me by you, should, in all justice, be borne by you.

(Continued on Page 48)



"I Wouldn't Touch a Cent of His Money, Not if I Was Starving"

The Making of a Ballplayer

I AM in baseball because I like the business and because I can make money at it. I own a quarter interest in one of the major league clubs. Our baseball plant of steel and concrete cost half a million dollars, and our expenses, including salaries of players and officers, run up to ninety thousand a year. Over and above that our club makes seventy-five thousand dollars a season. We are not paying dividends yet, and I have to live on my salary as manager, which I do and save money besides; but some day I shall have a pretty nice investment. Twenty-seven years ago I was working in a shoe factory in Haverhill, Massachusetts.

One reason baseball makes a hit with me is that it is a clean business. Ever since seventy-seven, when the National League blacklisted those four Louisville players for crookedness—selling games—no charge of hippodroming could be made against the national pastime. The lady on the dollar never shows her face beyond the box office. Technically, perhaps, some features of organized baseball might run afoul of the Sherman anti-trust law, if the matter got into the courts, but it never will. The men who control the game are too wise for that. The rights of a ballplayer are better protected than those of a worker in any other industry. If a player is not fairly treated he can air his grievances in the newspapers, and then the fans take up the cudgels for him.

Further than that, the player can take his case to the National Commission—the supreme court of baseball—where it is decided strictly on its merits, with the player getting the benefit of the doubt. A large majority of these cases have been determined in the players' favor. So if organized baseball is a trust, it is the one trust absolutely regulated by public opinion.

To my mind baseball combines the best of American sport with the day's work. There is always enough excitement in it to keep you guessing, and anything that keeps you guessing keeps you young. I'll be forty-nine in December—no one would guess it, they tell me—and I expect to be sitting on the bench directing my team fifteen years from now. An occupation that can make your family comfortable, give you a competence and keep you young—that is a pretty good business.

One of the stars of the eighties studied law, retired from the game and went to practicing his new profession. He was in court one time and said something that the judge didn't like. So he got this call-down:

"You may be a lawyer among ballplayers, but you are a ballplayer among lawyers."

Perhaps he was a bush-league lawyer and got what was coming to him. Perhaps the judge was a born wit. But when I read the thing in the papers it hit me right where I live. I don't apologize for my profession. A player can't succeed without brains, while a manager has got to have everything the manager of any successful business has—and a lot besides. There's one thing to remember—a ballplayer must take the very best care of himself in order to hold his job in the big leagues.

I went to a college one time to sign up a youngster to play short, and a professor told me about a make-believe Greek strong-man—Ant-something was his name. It took Hercules to get the best of him. The point about this Greek lad was that he renewed his strength every time he touched the earth. That struck me as a nice idea, if it was a fake. The man who is next to the ground, near to Nature, out-of-doors, is a stronger man—and is apt to be a cleaner, better man—than the fellow who is cooped up in an office in a dirty city, working half the time by artificial light.

I am not sure now whether I went into professional baseball because of the money in it or because I liked the game; probably it was both. I was twenty-two years old and I had been working five years in a shoe shop. Baseball was my recreation. In the factory I had seen handwork supplanted by machine work until the only hand process left was cutting the leather for the vamps and uppers. I realized that less and less of the workman's intelligence was called into play; more and more he was becoming a mere human machine. I knew my birth certificate specified a pretty fair headpiece, and I thought it was up to me to make the best use of it. Besides, the work was so monotonous. A fellow with imagination couldn't get up any mental excitement wondering what was to become of the shoe he was working on. A shoe is the most commonplace thing in the world, when you think of it—but you don't; you remember it only when it pinches. I demanded some occupation where my imagination wasn't reduced to sole leather. I wanted to be able to show what folks now call initiative—thinking out a problem for myself, without the help of anybody else, before any one else.

Right here my mother enters the grandstand, so to speak. When I tried to decide whether to quit the shoe shop and make my living at baseball—our living, I should say, because I was supporting my mother—I found that the old lady was strong for my making the change. She was the greatest fan you ever saw—is today at seventy-two. Her big argument was something like this:

"Who hears of a man in a shoe shop, Nealie?" she said to me. "Who hears of the superintendent unless there is a strike—and you're far from being a superintendent, me bhoy? Now a ballplayer gets his name in the paper every day he plays and his picture once a week. I want me bhoy to be known all over the country. He will be if he goes on the diamond to stay—for you've the making of a great player, Nealie. But me bhoy won't be heard of if he sticks to his last."

So I told the boss to fill my place the first of March. That was in eighty-four. The time came and the boss asked me to stay another week. He said there wouldn't be much work, but that he wanted me to help take stock. I replied:

"I have worked my last day in a shoe shop." It was a kiddish remark, especially as I hadn't landed a baseball job; but probably it was just as well to cut loose and make a base hit or strike out in my chosen profession. Anyhow I never went back. I have stuck to baseball from that day to this, and mother is forever saying:

"What did I tell you, me bhoy? You were born with a baseball in the back of your head, which is next best thing to coming into the world with a silver spoon in your mouth."

My first season was with a club in Connecticut. I made good. My catching was only fair, but I threw well to bases. I was like the hunter who could not make difficult shots but who seldom missed the easy shots. Thinking was a lost art when I joined the team, and I tried to revive it. Can't say that I was very successful. The playing

manager couldn't always see what I was driving at. He was a good natural ballplayer, but he held the managerial reins because he was a good mixer. People in the town liked him—liked to take a drink or play a game of billiards with him, and so he was able to get next to a certain class of business men and obtain their financial support for the club. He knew that his convivial habits had a bad influence on the rest of the players and he began to hold me up as a good example for the men. He had heard a story, which he kept repeating, about a chaplain in the Civil War—a convivial soul who drank and gambled during the week and on Sundays urged the soldiers, after prayer, to be sober and God-fearing, always winding up with: "Don't do as I do, boys!"

I never set out to be a good example. Though I had a good working set of principles my habits were more or less determined on a business basis. When I was working in a shoe factory I tried to smoke as the other boys did, but I never seemed to like it. When I got into the big league I was rather glad I hadn't the habit, for sooner or later smoking knocks a man's wind. With drinking it was different. The father of a boyhood chum of mine—one of the best carpenters when he wasn't in his cups—was bowled over by drink. The memory of many a night when he was in horrible delirium made a deep impression on me. I grew up in mortal fear of the stuff. I never touched a drop of anything until I was twenty, and then only an occasional glass of beer just to be sociable. But I cut it out entirely when I began to play ball for a living. I made up my mind that my physical condition would always be a help, and never a handicap, to my success on the diamond.

Then smoking and drinking are expensive habits, and I had to be careful with my money. There was mother to look after, if for no other reason than that she looked after me, and besides I had determined to save a little money every year. That is another resolve I've kept, and because I kept it I was able to obtain a much larger interest in the club I now manage than otherwise I could have done.

Saving money wasn't easy the first three years of baseball. I made fifty dollars more a month than I had in the shoe factory, but that was only for the six months I played ball. My yearly earnings were about one hundred and fifty dollars less, which meant a good deal in those days. But when I wasn't playing ball I was clerking in a cigar store. I was quite popular with the fans and the owner evidently thought I attracted trade. It was a queer place for a man who didn't smoke and I should have preferred something else, but nothing offered that paid so well.

With four other players I was sold to the tail-ender of the National League in eighty-seven. Mother said it was the proudest day of her life when she read the write-up and saw my picture with the words, "Will Catch for the Senators." She said it was better than being a Congressman, for I was to go to Washington, be in the public eye and still be a ballplayer. I wanted her to go along, but she shook her head. She didn't want to leave her old friends in Haverhill. She said she would keep the cottage open against my return after my team had won the pennant! I see where I get my imagination. Think of Washington winning the pennant! But I guess mother had a little laugh when my back was turned. She never was wanting in what you call a sense of humor.

The Mistakes I Made as a Manager

OF COURSE I learned more baseball in the big league, but that was only a small part of it. When I went to Washington it was my first trip outside of New England, where I was born. Then for half of the season I was traveling—to Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Travel did a great deal for me—I suppose it does for everybody. It wasn't so much what I saw—sightseeing I mean—as the way I wised up to things. A first-class ballplayer is a pretty keen observer. He becomes trained to it in the game. He must not only keep his eye on the ball, but he must be on the lookout for the unexpected—just as he must pull off the unexpected on the other fellow. Big league baseball is as much a battle of wits as a contest of skill. This habit of observation a ballplayer carries off the field. It shows itself first in matters of dress and of manners. As a rule a big league ballplayer doesn't want to be conspicuous off the field. He may like the limelight all right, but he gets enough of that in the game. When he goes to bat with two men on bases and when he makes a difficult play twenty thousand people may be eying him—and he knows it. But off the diamond he wants to be just like other folks, as well dressed, but not overdressed, and with as good manners as other men at the hotel. For the ballplayer off the lots and for the recruit from the bush league, traveling with a club in the majors is a mighty good finishing school. When a new man is too raw the older players take a hand at teaching him. I remember a substitute catcher with the Senators. He had a pair of hands like two hams and his fingers were about as straight as the branches of a tree. He thought he could become a gentleman by sinking his money in rings. He wore four—one diamond and three near-diamonds. The fellows guyed him about them and told him to get down to one ring at least. He replied: "I notice that them as has 'em wears 'em." But he got wise—or got hard up and pawned the rings.

After a year in Washington I drew twenty-five hundred dollars. This made possible the next important step in my life. At the close of my second season with the Senators I brought a wife home to Haverhill. Mother received her with open arms and my friends and acquaintances were very curious to see the bride. The papers were responsible for that. Through some members of the team the Washington papers got on to the story and made quite a good deal out of what they called "A Slide to the Altar." What they had to go on was this: In a nothing to nothing game with one of the leaders I got a base on balls and was edging off first as far as I dared. The man at bat signed to me that he was going to hit. I started with the pitcher's arm, and the batter poked a single where the short stop should have been—he was figuring on a hit to right field or a throw to second. I kept on to third base and without heeding the coacher I determined to try to pull off an unheard-of play in those days—Ty Cobb's specialty now—scoring from first on a single. The catcher of the opposing team was a big man and hard as nails, and he tried to block me off from the plate. I tried to slide round him, as he had the ball waiting for me. I got my right leg clear, touched the plate and was safe, but my left leg came against his shin and he was down on me in a heap. He was badly spiked and I felt sorry, although he was not playing fair. But I was worse off—at least it seemed so. When I tried to get on my feet I felt sure my ankle was broken, and I was carried from the field into a hospital that overlooked the grounds. My ankle wasn't broken, but I had a beastly sprain that kept me in the hospital a week. During that time Molly—that was the nurse—and I became very well acquainted. She was what you call a thirty-third degree fan. Well—it was Molly I took home to mother.



There isn't much to say about my ten years in the National League—no, it was nine, for I played with the Brotherhood one year—except to tell of my failure. Now that I look back on it my failure meant more to me than anything else in my career on the diamond. Because I failed as the manager I became a good manager—sounds strange, but it's true. I had left Washington and had been with one of the first division clubs four years when I was asked to act as playing manager. The players liked me and there were no dissensions on the team, so far as I knew; but they turned out to be a hard lot of ballplayers to handle. From the standpoint of the game they were thick-headed and obstinate. Several of them were natural hitters, and these men cared more about their batting averages than about the standing of the team in the race. Time and time again I would tell a man, as he stepped to the plate, to sacrifice, and he would disregard my orders and land on the ball. Very frequently he would hit into a double play, and double plays lost us many a game. When I remonstrated with the player his excuse invariably would be that the pitcher had grooved the plate and he saw a good chance to hit the ball out. I tried fining these men and then they laid down on me. The worst of it was that the fans seemed to back them up. The average spectator loves a single or a long hit better than anything else in baseball, and these men were known as good batters.

It hurt me still more to see that I couldn't control the men off the field. They wouldn't take care of themselves. Ballplayers were different in those days from what they are now. Boozing was common among them. I knew it, but I couldn't understand it. It seemed to me that a major league player, with a career before him and sure money in his pocket, ought to keep himself in good physical condition as a matter of course. I found that he wouldn't and I couldn't make him—not the class of players I had in those days. What those men needed, I suppose, was rough handling—some one to curse them out, fine them heavily, or order them to the clubhouse with an indefinite suspension. Somehow I couldn't do it. I've always objected to bad language on or off the ball field—never used it myself and never cared to hear others use it. But those National League players seemed to expect to be sworn at, and plain talk without trimmings had no effect on them. I lay awake nights trying to figure out how to enforce discipline, but I couldn't get the right answer. The fact was I didn't know how to handle the men.

The Need for Knowledge of Human Nature

ANOTHER reason I failed was that Molly had been taken from me. She died when my little girl was born, so I was left with three children, and my oldest boy was only five. That responsibility bore heavily on me, and there is one thing certain—the ball field is no place for troubles. No matter what a man's troubles are off the field he must leave them behind when he goes on the diamond. When he's in the game the player must attend strictly to business. I wasn't attending to business those two years I tried to manage a National League club. Toward the end I began to forget my troubles—but it was too late. My mother was taking care of my children and looking after my home, and that was a great relief. I owe a great deal to my mother. She raised my children and looked after them for seventeen years—and me too.

Meantime I was really learning the game of baseball. More than that—I was learning to be a business man. I went to the minors to get my training—went of my own choice. I turned down an offer from another major league club, bought my release and signed a contract to manage a team in one of the minor leagues. I was to have full control—was to select all the players, play or manage from the bench as I saw fit, and in addition act as business manager. That was a splendid experience.

I didn't have much money to throw away. I couldn't afford to buy players unless it was a case of necessity. I had to discover them. So I started my correspondence bureau. This was recruited largely from ballplayers—men I had played with and men I had met on and off the diamond. When I was a National League manager I made it a rule never to turn down a ballplayer. If a player wanted something and I could possibly accommodate him, I went out of my way to do him a favor. By this I made friends and kept them. Today I am known as "the ballplayers' friend." I suppose I get more tips on promising youngsters than any two major league managers. It is all due to my faculty of making and keeping friends. When I do sign a man after some ballplayer has recommended him I send the player one or two hundred dollars as a present.

As a minor league manager I learned how to train and handle men. Teaching youngsters baseball isn't so difficult if you know how to do it. I learned how—and I learned patience. Handling players is a serious problem. I put it all on a basis of business. It is no use wasting your time with the player who isn't ambitious, who doesn't want to get to the top in his profession. You can make the right sort of fellow see that it is not only common-sense but good business to keep in the best possible condition physically. I made my men see that excesses of any kind will ruin the best player that ever lived. By excesses I don't mean only drinking and moral uncleanliness. I include overeating. One of the greatest batters and fielders of the last ten years ate himself out of the American League.

Another thing I learned was psychology. I didn't get it out of books, but from studying my men—their dispositions, their human angles, their ways of thinking and their superstitions. Ballplayers are terribly superstitious, and the wise manager will humor them in this respect and take advantage of them when he can. My youngest boy had a chum—a little humpback. I was very fond of him myself and one day I took him to the grounds and let him sit on the bench with me. He loved it, as any boy would, and the players took to him. It was an important game, very close for eight innings, and we won out. The players said after the game that the boy had brought them luck, and the captain whispered to me: "We want him for our mascot. His hump will bring us luck." I had it figured out beforehand, but I wanted the suggestion to come from the players. We had a uniform made for him and he looked after the bats—kept them in a row in front of the bench. He always took care never to let the bats get crossed, for the players thought that brought bad luck. Whenever we got started hitting the ball he would throw the bats about in all directions; this meant starting a batting rally—breaking up the game—to the superstitious ballplayer. Our little humpback mascot was with us four seasons. He went on all our trips and, of course,

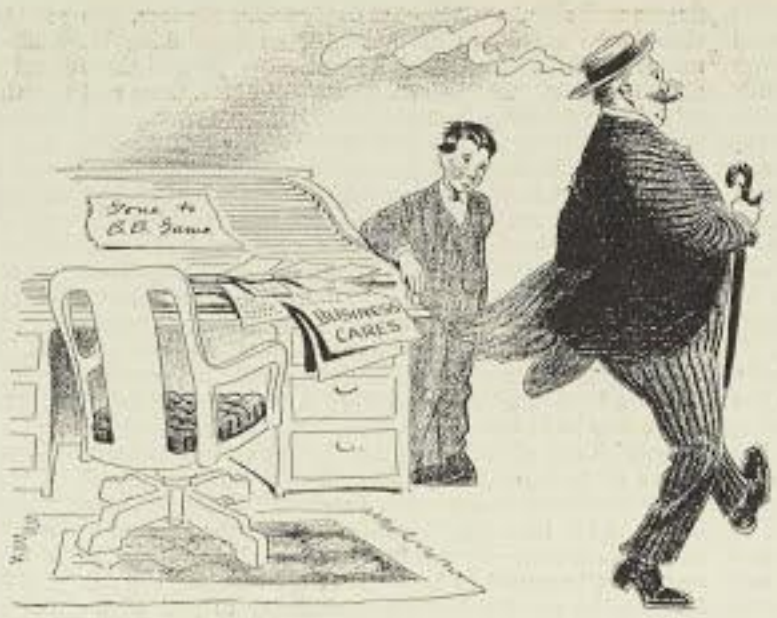
his expenses were paid. He also drew a pay envelope every week. When he died my players were terribly cast down; some of it was real sorrow, some of it superstition. That season we finished in sixth place—the lowest notch the team ever occupied.

Then I "came back." The American League was organizing a club in one of the Eastern cities and I was asked to get together the players and manage the team. I thought it over carefully. Baseball was growing in popularity and I decided that there was business enough for two major leagues. I knew that the war would be bitter and that a pile of money would be lost before the young league could get on its feet, but if we could hold out I knew that we could dictate the terms of peace. During the season a ball club was away traveling half of the time and the fan was deprived of his favorite amusement. Why shouldn't the American League club be playing at home while the National Leaguers were on the road? And might there not be a rivalry between the leagues that would enhance the interest in the national game? I knew I had the right hunch. This time I didn't consult my mother—I didn't dare. I knew she wanted her "bhoy" back in major league company, and I wished to consider it as a business proposition and not as a matter of sentiment.

Once I decided, I went the limit. I had quite a little money saved. With the interest it amounted to eighteen thousand dollars. Say—you should have seen the faces of the men who were promoting our club when I handed them a check for that amount and said: "Give me that much in stock." They asked me what my "side line" was. They never thought of a ballplayer, or a manager either, as a financier. I got the stock. And I was to get more if I made good. I did. Now I own a quarter interest. The first season I finished in the first division. Then I set sail for the pennant. The team was going good when the courts interfered. Two of my stars and three pitchers were enjoined from playing with our club. I had to make over my team in mid-season. I had for some time had my eye on a youngster in New England, but I wanted him to get a little more minor league experience. I gave this young fellow the job of covering the ground in the infield left vacant by one of the greatest players the game has seen. I put it to him right. I didn't expect too much from him and I never called him down when he made an error. He began to gain confidence. His playing improved, and in a month he was going along like a seasoned player. Well—I won the pennant. Yes, I "came back."

Speed and Brains the Great Need

FOLKS call me a success. I simply learned my business, and I love my business. With that combination you can take a lot of beating. If I'm a "wizard," as some say, why—I'll give the game away right here. Take my infield, for instance. At the market price of O'Toole, for whom Pittsburgh paid twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars, my infield ought to be worth a hundred thousand. They didn't cost me a nickel; I got them green and young. Two of them were just out of college; one came from the minors and one was off the sand lots. I suppose some people think that I saw great players in these youngsters.



Nothing to it. The fact is I saw only one of the quartet play before I signed him! Through my correspondence bureau I got a line on them; then I had my scout look them over, and on his recommendation I signed the men. When you don't pay out money for players you can afford to take a chance.

All I really knew about these players was that they were all fast. Speed is the first thing I demand in a player. If he hasn't speed I won't fool with him—unless he is a promising pitcher or a natural catcher. Next to speed is brains. But say—there is something to be said about that gray matter. Some men have it and others are a long time getting it. Sometimes I have told a player what to do, and he would do exactly opposite at the first opportunity. I would tell him over again, and then he would forget. I have a star now who would forget what I told him while he was walking from the bench to the plate. All of a sudden, after I had expended a great deal of patience on him, he got it—got that gray matter. I could name one of the greatest players in our league who, for two years in the majors, was one of the stupidest players I ever saw. All at once he got the right baseball hunch. Now he doesn't make the wrong play twice in a season. You have got to have brainy ballplayers, but sometimes it pays to wait until they get wise to the inside game.

The manager of a business has to look ahead. This is as true of baseball as it is of a manufacturing or a merchandising business—only it is a little more important. You have got to have the players to win. There's no two ways about that. And the players have got to have the manager. But I give all the credit to the players. They are on the firing line. When a team begins to go back no power on earth can prevent it. Once in a while there seems to be an exception to this. Take Frank Chance, manager of the Chicago Cubs, for example. He built up a powerful machine. Three years his club won the National League pennant, then lost to Pittsburgh, and then won again. But that last win was a hard pull. Everybody who knew the team, particularly the weakness of the pitching staff, expected the Cubs to fall way back this last season. But somehow or other Chance kept that once powerful but creaking machine going. How he did it I don't know. I do know that there were four other clubs in the National that were stronger on paper. With any one of them Chance would have won the championship. But he infused those Cubs, several of whom were slowing up, with the true fighting spirit. I hand it to Frank Chance. He may not think it, but to my mind his greatest triumph was in nineteen-eleven.

Now I am anxious to see what he can do to rebuild that team. If he does it and still continues to be a contender in the race, I will take off my hat to him as the greatest man baseball has known. At that he will be a genius. I am a business man. I plan two, three, sometimes four years ahead. I have my eye on every man. I know when, through age or other cause, he ought to slow down. I know when he begins to slow down, and I am ready to fill his place. Take my catching staff. It looks pretty good today, but I know that one of my best men may begin to go back next season. I am all ready for that. Four years ago I heard of a catcher in a bush-league town. He was recommended to me as a natural catcher with a wonderful arm. I sent my scout up there, and on his say-so I drafted him. He caught a little in practice at the close of the season, but I saw he had a whole lot to learn. So I farmed him out—sent him to a minor league club. He will be with me next season. When the team goes South in the spring he will learn all I can teach him. I may be wrong, but I'll bet his best friend won't recognize his catching when he goes behind the bat in a major league game.

The Psychology of Baseball

ALL that is what the managers in the war game call "preparedness." But it is also good business. If your club doesn't put up a good stiff fight, or—if the fans have seen a pennant flapping from the pole—your team is not a contender, why—the attendance falls off and the club revenues suffer. This may be due to the failure of one or two players. Or suppose your mainstay behind the bat should go wrong. Catchers are hard to get at any money and five thousand dollars would be little enough to pay for a sure-fire man. Going back to the catcher I am to bring off "the farm" next season. He cost me, at the draft price, five hundred dollars. Board on the "farm" costs me nothing. So I may be in about forty-five hundred dollars just by looking ahead. Figure it out as a business proposition.

Aside from the business side of baseball the psychology of the game interests me most. If I hadn't gone into baseball I believe I couldn't have kept out of politics. I like studying men. I know just what I can expect of every man on my team in any emergency. When he is going right one of my pitchers is the best that ever curved a ball. In a very important series I was urged by some friends to put him in the box. I knew better. Why? Because he would have gone into the game afraid of the opposing batters. Nothing I could say to him would have given him the heart. He would have been wild at the start, and before I could pull him out the game would have been lost. Yet before a team he knew he could beat—a team with just as

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WORDS AND MUSIC

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

WHEN Breck Tandy killed a man he made a number of mistakes. In the first place, he killed the most popular man in Forked Deer County—the county clerk, a man named Abner J. Rankin. In the second place, he killed him with no witnesses present, so that it stood his word—and he a newcomer and a stranger—against the mute, eloquent accusation of a riddled dead man. And in the third place, he sent north of the Ohio River for a lawyer to defend him.

. . . . . .

On the first Monday in June—Court Monday—the town filled up early. Before the field larks were out of the grass the farmers were tying their teams to the gnawed hitch-racks along the square. By nine o'clock the swapping ring below the wagonyard was swimming in red dust and clamorous with the chaffer of the horse-traders. In front of a vacant store the Ladies' Aid Society of Zion Baptist Church had a canvas sign out, announcing that an elegant dinner would be served for twenty-five cents from twelve to one, also ice cream and cake all day for fifteen cents.

The narrow wooden sidewalks began to creak and churn under the tread of many feet. A long-haired medicine doctor emerged from his frock-coat like a locust coming out of its shell, pushed his high hat off his forehead and ranged a guitar, sundry bottles of a potent mixture, his tooth-pulling forceps and a trick-handkerchief upon the narrow shelf of his stand alongside the Drummers' Home Hotel. In front of the little dingy tent of the Half Man and Half Horse a yellow negro sat on a split-bottom chair limbering up for a hard day. This yellow negro was an artist. He played a common twenty-cent mouth organ, using his left hand to slide it back and forth across his spread lips. The other hand held a pair of polished beef bones, such as end men wield, and about the wrist was buckled a broad leather strap with three big sleigh-bells riveted loosely to the leather, so that he could clap the bones and shake the bells with the same motion. He was a whole orchestra in himself. He could play on his mouth organ almost any tune you wanted, and with his bones and his bells to help out he could creditably imitate a church organ, a fife-and-drum corps, or, indeed, a full brass band. He had his chair tilted back until his woolly head dented a draggled banner depicting in five faded primary colors the physical attractions of the Half Man and Half Horse—Marvel of the Century—and he tested his mouth organ with short, mellow, tentative blasts as he waited until the Marvel and the Marvel's manager finished a belated breakfast within and the first ballyhoo could start. He was practicing the newest of the ragtime airs to get that far South. The name of it was The Georgia Camp-Meeting.

The town marshal in his shirt sleeves, with a big silver shield pinned to the breast of his unbuttoned blue waistcoat and a hickory stick with a crook handle for added emblem of authority, stalked the town drunkard, fair game at all seasons and especially on Court Monday. The town gallant whirled back and forth the short hilly length of Main Street in his new side-bar buggy. A clustering group of negroes made a thick, black blob, like hiving bees, in front of a negro fishhouse, from which came the smell and sounds of perch and channel cat frying on spitting-hot skillets. High up on the squat cupola of the courthouse a red-headed woodpecker clung, barred in crimson, white and blue-black, like a bit of living bunting, engaged in the hopeless task of trying to drill through the tin sheathing. The rolling rattle of his beak's tattoo came down sharply to the crowds below. Mourning doves called to one another in the trees round the red-brick courthouse, and at ten o'clock, when the sun was high and hot, the sheriff came out and, standing between two hollow white pillars, rapped upon one of them with a stick and called upon all witnesses and talesmen to come into court for the trial of John Breckinridge Tandy, charged with murder in the first degree, against the peace and dignity of the commonwealth of Tennessee and the statutes made and provided.

But this ceremonial by the sheriff was for form rather than effect, since the witnesses and the talesmen all sat in the circuit-court chamber along with as many of the population of Forked Deer County as could squeeze in there.



The Sound Swelled and Rippled and Rose—the Marching Song of Forrest's Men

Already the air of the crowded chamber was choky with heat and rancid with smell. Men were perched precariously in the ledges of the windows. More men were ranged in rows along the plastered walls, clunking their heels against the cracked wooden baseboards. The two front rows of benches were full of women. For this was to be the big case of the June term—a better show by long odds than the Half Man and Half Horse.

Inside the low railing that divided the room and on the side nearer the jury box were the forces of the defense. Under his skin the prisoner showed a sallow paleness born of his three months in the county jail. He was tall and dark and steady eyed, a young man well under thirty. He gave no heed to those who sat in packed rows behind him, wishing him evil. He kept his head turned front, only bending it sometimes to whisper with one of his lawyers or one of his witnesses. Frequently, though, his hand went out in a protecting, reassuring way to touch his wife's brown hair or to rest a moment on her small shoulder. She was a plain, scared, shrinking little thing. The fingers of her thin hands were plaited desperately together in her lap. Already she was trembling. Once in a while she would raise her face, showing shallow brown eyes dilated with fright, and then sink her head again like a quail trying to hide. She looked pitiable and lonely.

The chief attorney for the defense was half turned from the small counsel table where he might study the faces of the crowd. He was from Middle Indiana, serving his second term in Congress. If his party held control of the state he would go to the Senate after the next election. He was an orator of parts and a pleader of almost a national reputation. He had manly grace and he was a fine, upstanding figure of a man, and before now he had wrung victories out of many difficult cases. But he chilled to his finger-nails with apprehensions of disaster as he glanced searchingly about the close-packed room.

Wherever he looked he saw no friendliness at all. He could feel the hostility of that crowd as though it had substance and body. It was a tangible thing; it was almost a physical thing. Why, you could almost put your hand out and touch it. It was everywhere there.

And it focused and was summed up in the person of Aunt Tilly Haslett, rearing on the very front bench with her husband, Uncle Fayette, half hidden behind her vast and overflowing bulk. Aunt Tilly made public opinion in Hyattsville. Indeed she was public opinion in that town. In her it had its up-comings and its out-flowings. She held herself bolt upright, filling out the front of her black bombazine basque until the buttons down its front strained at their buttonholes. With wide, deliberate strokes she fanned herself with a palm-leaf fan. The fan had an edging of black tape sewed round it—black tape signifying in that community age or mourning, or both. Her jaw was set like a steel latch, and her little gray eyes behind her steel-bowed specs were leveled with a baleful, condemning glare that included the strange lawyer, his client, his client's wife and all that was his client's.

Congressman Durham looked and knew that his presence was an affront to Aunt Tilly and all those who sat with her; that his somewhat vivid tie, his silken shirt, his low tan shoes, his new suit of gray flannels—a masterpiece of the best tailor in Indianapolis—were as insults, added up and piled on, to this suspendered, gingham-shirted constituency. Better than ever he realized now the stark hopelessness of the task to which his hands were set. And he dreaded what was coming almost as much for himself as for the man he was hired to defend. But he was a trained veteran of courtroom campaigns, and there was a jauntily assumed confidence in his bearing as he swung himself about and made a brisk show of conferring with the local attorney who was to aid him in the choosing of the jurors and the questioning of the witnesses.

But it was real confidence and real jauntiness that radiated from the other side of the inclosure, where the prosecutor sat with the assembled bar of Forked Deer County on his flanks, volunteers upon the favored side, lending to it the moral support of weight and numbers. Rankin, the dead man, having been a bachelor, State's Attorney Gilliam could bring no lorn widow and children to sit before the jurors' eyes and win added sympathy for his cause. Lacking these most valued assets of a murder trial he supplied their places with the sisters of the dead man—two sparse-built elderly women in heavy black, with sweltering thick veils down over their faces. When the proper time came he would have them raise these veils and show their woeful faces, but now they sat shrouded all in crape, fit figures of desolation and sorrow. He fussed about busily, fiddling the quill toothpick that hung perilously in the corner of his mouth and evening up the edges of a pile of law books with freckled calfskin covers. He was a lank, bony garfish of a man, with a white goatee aggressively protruding from his lower lip. He was a poor speaker but mighty as a cross-examiner, and he was serving his first term and was a candidate for another. He wore the official garbing of special and extraordinary occasions—long black coat and limp white waistcoat and gray striped trousers, a trifle short in the legs. He felt the importance of his place here almost visibly—his figure swelled and expanded out his clothes.

"Look yonder at Tom Gilliam," said Mr. Lukins, the grocer, in tones of whispered admiration to his next-elbow neighbor, "jest prunin' and honin' hisse'f to git at that there Tandy and his dude Yankee lawyer. If he don't chaw both of 'em up together I'll be dad-burned."

"You bet," whispered back his neighbor—it was Aunt Tilly's oldest son, Fayette, Junior—"it's like Maw says—time's come to teach them murderin' Kintuckians they can't be a-comin' down here a-killin' up people and not pay fur it. I reckon, Mr. Lukins," added Fayette, Junior, with a wriggle of pleased anticipation, "we shore are goin' to see some carryin's-on in this cotehouse today."

Mr. Lukins' reply was lost to history because just then the judge entered—an elderly, kindly-looking man—from his chambers in the rear, with the circuit-court clerk right behind him bearing large leather-clad books and sheaves of foolscap paper. Their coming made a bustle.



Aunt Tilly Made Public Opinion in Hyattsville

Aunt Tilly squared herself forward, scrooging Uncle Fayette yet farther into the eclipse of her shapeless figure. The prisoner raised his head and eyed his judge. His wife looked only at the interlaced, weaving fingers in her lap.

The formalities of the opening of a term of court were mighty soon over; there was everywhere manifest a haste to get at the big thing. The clerk called the case of the Commonwealth versus Tandy. Both sides were ready. Through the local lawyer, delegated for these smaller purposes, the accused man pleaded not guilty. The clerk spun the jury wheel, which was a painted wooden drum on a creaking wooden axle, and drew forth a slip of paper with the name of a talesman written upon it and read aloud:

"Isom W. Tolliver."

In an hour the jury was complete: two townsmen, a clerk and a telegraph operator, and ten men from the country—farmers mainly and one blacksmith and one horse-trader. Three of the panel who owned up frankly to a fixed bias had been let go by consent of both sides. Three more were sure they could give the defendant a fair trial, but those three the local lawyer had challenged peremptorily. The others were accepted as they came. The foreman was a brown-skinned, sparrowhawk-looking old man, with a smoldering brown eye. He had spare, knotted hands, like talons, and the right one was marred and twisted, with a sprayed bluish scar in the midst of the crippled knuckles like the mark of an old gunshot wound. Juror No. 4 was a stodgy old man, a small planter from the back part of the county, who fanned himself steadily with a brown-varnished straw hat. No. 7 was even older, a white-whiskered patriarch on crutches. The twelfth juryman was the oldest of the twelve—he looked to be almost seventy, but he went into the box after he had sworn that his sight and hearing and general health were good and that he still could do his ten hours a day at his blacksmith shop. This juryman chewed tobacco without pause. Twice after he took his seat at the back end of the double line he tried for a wooden cuspidor ten feet away. Both were creditable attempts, but he missed each time. Seeing the look of gathering distress in his eyes the sheriff brought the cuspidor nearer, and thereafter No. 12 was content, chewing steadily like some bearded, contemplative ruminant and listening attentively to the evidence, meanwhile scratching a very wiry head of whity-red hair with a thumbnail that through some injury had taken on the appearance of a very thick, very black Brazil nut. This scratching made a raspy, filing sound that after a while got on Congressman Durham's nerves.

It was late in the afternoon when the prosecution rested its case and court adjourned until the following morning. The state's attorney had not had so very much evidence to offer, really—the testimony of one who heard the single shot and ran in at Rankin's door to find Rankin upon the floor, about dead, with a pistol, unfired, in his hand and Tandy standing against the wall with a pistol, fired, in his; the constable to whom Tandy surrendered; the physician who examined the body; the persons who knew of the quarrel between Tandy and Rankin growing out of a land deal into which they had gone partners—not much, but enough for Gilliam's purposes. Once in the midst of examining a witness the state's attorney, seemingly by accident, let his look fall upon the two black-robed, silent figures at his side and, as though overcome by the sudden realization of a great grief, he faltered and stopped dead and sank down. It was an old trick, but well done, and a little humming murmur like a breeze coming through treetops swept the audience.

Durham was sick in his soul as he came away. In his mind there stood the picture of a little, scared woman's drawn, drenched face. She had started crying before the last juror was chosen and thereafter all day, at half-minute intervals, the big, hard sobs racked her. As Durham came down the steps he had almost to shove his way through a knot of natives outside the doors. They grudged him the path they made for him, and as he showed them his back he heard a snicker and some one said a thing that cut him where he was already bruised—in his egotism. But he gave no heed to the words. What was the use?

At the Drummers' Home Hotel a darky waiter sustained a profound shock when the imported lawyer declined the fried beefsteak with fried potatoes and also the fried ham and eggs. Mastering his surprise the waiter offered to try to get the Northern gentleman a fried pork chop and some fried June apples, but Durham only wanted a glass of milk for his supper. He drank it and smoked a cigar, and about dusk he went upstairs to his room. There he found assembled the forlorn rank and file of the defense, the local lawyer and three character witnesses—prominent citizens from Tandy's home town who were to testify to his good repute in the place where he was born and reared. These three would be the only witnesses, except Tandy himself, that Durham meant to call. One of them was a bustling little man named Felsburg, a clothing merchant, and one was Colonel Quigley, a banker and an ex-mayor, and the third was a Judge Priest, who sat on the circuit-court bench back in Kentucky. In contrast to his size, which was considerable, this Judge Priest had a voice that was high and whiny. He also had the trick, common to many men in politics in that part of the South, of being purposely ungrammatical at times.

This mannerism led a lot of people into thinking that the judge must be an uneducated man—until they heard him charging a jury or reading one of his rulings. The judge had other peculiarities. In conversation he nearly always called men younger than himself, son. He drank a little bit too much sometimes; and nobody had ever beaten him for any office he coveted. Durham didn't know what to make of the old judge—sometimes he seemed simple-minded to the point of childishness almost.

The others were gathered about a table by a lighted kerosene lamp, but the old judge sat at an open window with his low-quarter shoes off and his white-socked feet propped against the ledge. He was industriously stoking at a home-made corncob pipe. He pursed up his mouth, pulling at the long cane stem of his pipe with little audible sucks. From the rocky little street below the clatter of departing farm teams came up to him. The Indian medicine doctor was taking down his big white umbrella and packing up his regalia. The late canvas habitat of the Half Man and Half Horse had been struck and was gone, leaving only the pole-holes in the turf and a trodden space to show where it had stood. Court would go on all week, but Court Monday was over and for another month the town would doze along peacefully.

Durham slumped himself into a chair that screeched protestingly in all its infirm joints. The heart was gone clean out of him.

"I don't understand these people at all," he confessed. "We're beating against a stone wall with our bare hands."

"If it should be money now that you're needing, Meester Durham," spoke up Felsburg, "that boy Tandy's father was my very good friend when I first walked into that town with a peddling pack on my back, and if it should be money ——?"

"It isn't money, Mr. Felsburg," said Durham. "If I didn't get a cent for my services I'd still fight this case out to the end for the sake of that game boy and that poor little mite of a wife of his. It isn't money or the lack of it—it's the damned hate they've built up here against the man. Why, you could cut it off in chunks—the prejudice that there was in that courthouse today."

"Son," put in Judge Priest in his high, weedy voice, "I reckon maybe you're right. I've been projectin' around cotehouses a good many years, and I've taken notice that when a jury look at a prisoner all the time and never look at his women folks it's a monstrous bad sign. And that's the way it was all day today."

"The judge will be fair—he always is," said Hightower, the local lawyer, "and of course Gilliam is only doing his duty. Those jurors are as good solid men as you can find in this county anywhere. But they can't help being prejudiced. Human nature's not strong enough to stand out against the feeling that's grown up round here against Tandy since he shot Ab Rankin."

"Son," said Judge Priest, still with his eyes on the darkening square below, "about how many of them jurors would you say are old soldiers?"

"Four or five that I know of," said Hightower—"and maybe more. It's hard to find a man over fifty years old in this section that didn't see active service in the Big War."

"Ah, hah," assented Judge Priest with a squeaky little grunt. "That foreman now—he looked like he might of seen some fightin'?"

"Four years of it," said Hightower. "He came out a captain in the First Tennessee Cavalry, you know."

"Ah, hah." The Judge sucked at his pipe.

"Herman," he wheezed back over his shoulder to Felsburg, "did you notice a tall sort of a saddle-colored darky playing a juice-harp in front of that there sideshow as we came along up? I reckon that nigger could play almost any tune you'd a mind to hear him play?"

At a time like this Durham was distinctly not interested in the versatilities of strange negroes in this corner of the world. He kept silent, shrugging his shoulders petulantly.

"I wonder now is that nigger left town yet?" mused the old judge half to himself.

"I saw him just a while ago going down toward the depot," volunteered Hightower. "There's a train out of here for Memphis at 8:50. It's about twenty minutes of that now."

"Ah, hah, just about," assented the judge. When the judge said "Ah, hah!" like that it sounded like the striking of a fiddle-bow across a fiddle's tautened E-string.

"Well, boys," he went on, "we've all got to do the best we can for Breck Tandy, ain't we? Say, son"—this was aimed at Durham—"I'd like mightily for you to put me on the stand the last one tomorrow. You wait until you're through with Herman and Colonel Quigley here, before you call me. And if I should seem to ramble somewhat in giving my testimony—why, son, you just let me ramble, will you? I know these people down here better maybe than you do—and if I should seem inclined to ramble, just let me go ahead and don't stop me, please!"

"Judge Priest," said Durham tartly, "if you think it could possibly do any good, ramble all you like."

"Much obliged," said the old judge, and he struggled into his low-quarter shoes and stood up, dusting the tobacco fluff off himself.

"Herman, have you got any loose change about you?"

Felsburg nodded and reached into his pocket. The judge made a discriminating selection of silver and bills from the handful that the merchant extended to him across the table.

"I'll take about ten dollars," he said. "I didn't come down here with more than enough to just about buy my railroad ticket and pay my bill at this here tavern, and I might want a sweetenin' dram or something."

He pouched his loan and crossed the room.

"Boys," he said, "I think I'll be knockin' round a little before I turn in. Herman, I may stop by your room a minute as I come back in. You boys better turn in early and git yourselves a good night's sleep. We are all liable to be purty tolerable busy tomorrow."

After he was outside he put his head back in the door and said to Durham:

"Remember, son, I may ramble."

Durham nodded shortly, being somewhat put out by the vagaries of a mind that could concern itself with trivial things on the imminent eve of a crisis.

As the judge creaked ponderously along the hall and down the stairs those he had left behind heard him whistling a tune to himself, making false starts at the air and halting often to correct his meter. It was an unknown tune to them all, but to Felsburg, the oldest of the four, it brought a vague, unplaced memory.

The old judge was whistling when he reached the street. He stood there a minute until he had mastered the tune to his own satisfaction, and then, still whistling, he shuffled along the uneven board pavement, which after rippling up and down like a broken-backed snake dipped downward to a little railroad station at the foot of the street.

. . . . . .

In the morning nearly half the town—the white half—came to the trial, and enough of the black half to put a dark hem, like a mourning border, across the back width of the courtroom. Except that Main Street now drowsed in the heat where yesterday it had buzzed, this day might have been the day before. Again the resolute woodpecker drove his bloodied head with unimpaired energy against the tin sheathing up above. It was his third summer for that same cupola and the tin was pocked with little dents for three feet up and down. The mourning doves still pitched their lamenting note back and forth across the courthouse yard; and in the dewberry patch at the bottom of Aunt Tilly Haslett's garden down by the creek the meadow larks strutted in buff and yellow, with crescent-shaped gorgets of black at their throats, like Old Continentals, sending their clear-piped warning of "Laziness g'wine kill you!" in at the open windows of the steamy, smelly courtroom.

The defense lost no time getting under headway. As his main witness Durham called the prisoner to testify in his own behalf. Tandy gave his version of the killing with a frankness and directness that would have carried conviction to auditors more even-minded in their sympathies. He had gone to Rankin's office in the hope of bringing on a peaceful settlement of their quarrel. Rankin had flared up; had cursed him and advanced on him, making threats. Both of them reached for their guns then. Rankin's was the first out, but he fired first—that was all there was to it. Gilliam shone at cross-examination; he went at Tandy savagely, taking hold like a snapping turtle and hanging on like one.

He made Tandy admit over and over again that he carried a pistol habitually. In a community where a third of the male adult population went armed this admission was nevertheless taken as plain evidence of a nature bloody-minded and desperate. It would have been just as bad for Tandy if he said he armed himself especially for his visit to Rankin—to these listeners that could have meant nothing else but a deliberate, murderous intention. Either way Gilliam had him, and he sweated in his eagerness to bring out the significance of the point. A sinister little murmuring sound, vibrant with menace, went purring from bench to bench when Tandy told about his pistol-carrying habit.

The cross-examination dragged along for hours. The recess for dinner interrupted it; then it went on again, Gilliam worrying at Tandy, goading at him, catching him up and twisting his words. Tandy would not be shaken, but twice under the manhandling he lost his temper and lashed back at Gilliam, which was precisely what Gilliam most desired. A flary, fiery man, prone to violent outbursts—that was the inference he could draw from these blaze-ups.

It was getting on toward five o'clock before Gilliam finally let his bedeviled enemy quit the witness-stand and go back to his place between his wife and his lawyer. As for Durham, he had little more to offer. He called on Mr. Felsburg, and Mr. Felsburg gave Tandy a good name as man and boy in his home town. He called on Banker Quigley, who did the same thing in different words. For these character witnesses State's Attorney Gilliam had few questions. The case was as good as won now, he figured; he could taste already his victory over the famous lawyer from up North, and he was greedy to hurry it forward.

The hot round hub of a sun had wheeled low enough to dart its thin red spokes in through the westerly windows when Durham called his last witness. As Judge Priest settled himself solidly in the witness chair with the deliberation of age and the heft of flesh, the leveled rays caught him full and lit up his round pink face, with the short white-bleached beard below it and the bald white-bleached forehead above. Durham eyed him half doubtfully. He looked the picture of a scatter-witted old man, who would potter and philander round a long time before he ever came to the point of anything. So he appeared to the others there too. But what Durham did not sense was that the homely simplicity of the old man was of a piece with the picture of the courtroom, that he would seem to these watching, hostile people one of their own kind, and that they would give to him in all likelihood a sympathy and understanding that had been denied the clothing merchant and the broadclothed banker.

He wore a black alpaca coat that slanted upon him in deep, longitudinal folds, and the front skirts of it were twisted and pulled downward until they dangled in long, wrinkly black tails. His shapeless gray trousers were short for him and fitted his pudgy legs closely. Below them dangled a pair of stout ankles encased in white cotton socks and ending in low-quarter black shoes. His shirt was clean but wrinkled countlessly over his front. The gnawed and blackened end of a cane pipestem stood out of his breast pocket, rising like a frosted weed stalk.

He settled himself back in the capacious oak chair, balanced upon his knees a white straw hat with a string band round the crown and waited for the question.

"What is your name?" asked Durham.

"William Pitman Priest."

Even the voice somehow seemed to fit the setting. Its high nasal whine had a sort of whimsical appeal to it.

"When and where were you born?"

"In Calloway County, Kintucky, July 27, 1839."

"What is your profession or business?"

"I am an attorney-at-law."

"What position if any do you hold in your native state?"

"I am presidin' judge of the first judicial district of the state of Kintucky."

"And have you been so long?"

"For the past sixteen years."

"When were you admitted to the bar?"

"In 1860."

"And you have ever since been engaged, I take it, either in the practice of the law before the bar or in its administration from the bench?"

"Exceptin' for the four years from April, 1861, to June, 1865."

Up until now Durham had been sparring, trying to fathom the probable trend of the old judge's expected meanderings. But in the answer to the last question he thought he caught the cue and, though none save those two knew it, thereafter it was the witness who led and the questioner who followed his lead blindly.

"And where were you during those four years?"

"I was engaged, suh, in takin' part in the war."

"The War of the Rebellion?"

"No, suh," the old man corrected him gently but with firmness, "the War for the Southern Confederacy."

There was a least bit of a stir at this. Aunt Tilly's tape-edged palmleaf blade hovered a brief second in the wide regular arc of its sweep and the foreman of the jury involuntarily ducked his head, as if in affiance of an indubitable fact.

"Ahem!" said Durham, still feeling his way, although now he saw the path more clearly. "And on which side were you engaged?"

"I was a private soldier in the Southern army," the old judge answered him, and as he spoke he straightened up.

"Yes, suh," he repeated, "for four years I was a private soldier in the late Southern Confederacy. Part of the time I was down here in this very country," he went on as though he had just recalled that part of it. "Why, in the summer of '64 I was right here in this town. And until yistiddy I hadn't been back since."

He turned to the trial judge and spoke to him with a tone and manner half apologetic, half confidential.

"Your Honor," he said, "I am a judge myself, occupyin' in my home state a position very similar to the one which you fill here, and whilst I realize, none better, that this ain't all accordin' to the rules of evidence as laid down in the books, yet when I git to thinkin' about them old soldierin' times I find I am inclined to sort of reminiscence round a little. And I trust your Honor will pardon me if I should seem to ramble slightly?"

His tone was more than apologetic and more than confidential. It was winning. The judge upon the bench was a veteran himself. He looked toward the prosecutor.

"Has the state's attorney any objection to this line of testimony?" he asked, smiling a little.

Certainly Gilliam had no fear that this honest-appearing old man's wanderings could damage a case already as good as won. He smiled back indulgently and waved his arm with a gesture that was compounded of equal parts of toleration and patience, with a top-dressing of contempt. "I fail," said Gilliam, "to see wherein the military history and achievements of this worthy gentleman can possibly affect the issue of the homicide of Abner J. Rankin. But," he added magnanimously, "if the defense chooses to encumber the record with matters so trifling and irrelevant I surely will make no objection now or hereafter."

"The witness may proceed," said the judge.

"Well, really, your Honor, I didn't have so very much to say," confessed Judge Priest, "and I didn't expect there'd be any to-do made over it. What I was trying to git at was that comin' down here to testify in this case sort of brought back them old days to my mind. As I get along more in years"—he was looking toward the jurors now—"I find that I live more and more in the past."

As though he had put a question to them several of the jurors gravely inclined their heads. The busy cud of Juror No. 12 moved just a trifle slower in its travels from the right side of the jaw to the left and back again.

"Yes, suh," he said musingly, "I got up early this mornin' at the tavern where I'm a-stoppin' and took a walk through your thrivin' little city." This was rambling with a vengeance, thought the puzzled Durham. "I walked down here to a bridge over a little crick and back again. It reminded me mightily of that other time when I passed through this town—in '64—just about this season of the year—and it was hot early today just as it was that other time—and the dew was thick on the grass, the same as 'twas then."

He halted a moment.

"Of course your town didn't look the same this mornin' as it did that other mornin'. It seemed like to me there are twicet as many houses here now as there used to be—it's got to be quite a little city."

Mr. Lukins, the grocer, nodded silent approval of this utterance, Mr. Lukins having but newly completed and moved into a two-story brick store building with a tin cornice and an outside staircase.

"Yes, suh, your town has grown mightily, but"—and the whiny, humorous voice grew apologetic again—"but your roads are purty much the same as they were in '64—hilly in places—and kind of rocky."

Durham found himself sitting still, listening hard. Everybody else was listening too. Suddenly it struck Durham, almost like a blow, that this simple old man had somehow laid a kind of spell upon them all. The

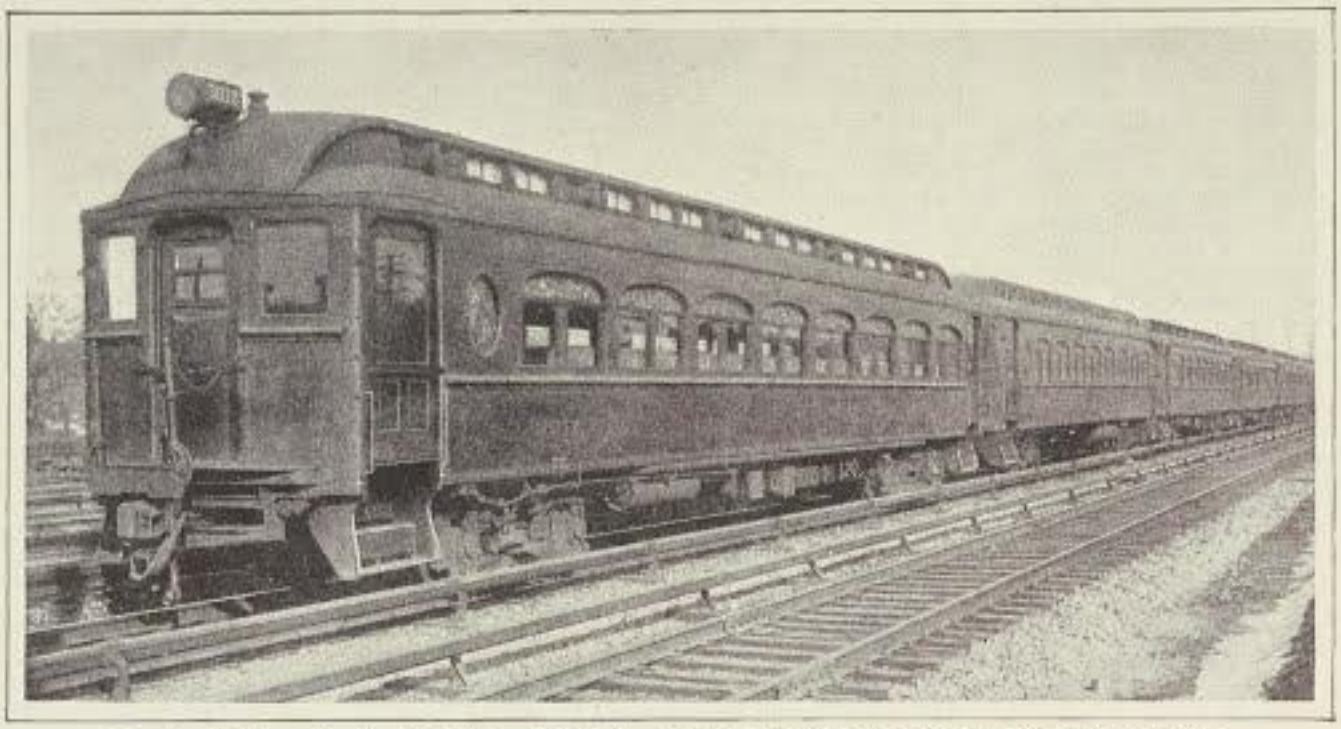
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"We Didn't Always Have Horses Enough to Go Round That Last Year"

The Passing of the Locomotive

MODERN METHODS OF TERMINAL TRACTION



Suburban Train on the New York Central Made Up of All-Steel Multiple Unit Coaches—No Locomotive Used

By Edward Hungerford

THREE big American towns—Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago—are today struggling with the problem of minimizing the use of steam locomotives, with their necessary accompaniments of smoke and noise, within their limits. The solution of the problem, it is conceded, must come through the electrification, first of the great passenger terminals with their approach tracks for a radial distance of from twenty to forty miles, and finally of the freight terminals and their approach tracks. The results of the electrification of both the Grand Central Station and the Pennsylvania Railroad's new terminal in New York have served as an incentive to the men who are trying to bring about like conditions in Philadelphia, in Boston and in Chicago.

In the first of these cities the new order of things seems to be, in all probability, most quickly to be reached. It is known that the Pennsylvania Railroad, which brings many thousand commuters into Philadelphia each business day, is now preparing plans for the electrification of its suburban lines there. Though the officers of that railroad refuse to make any statement of their plans, it is surmised that the famous Broad Street Station, in the heart of the city, is eventually to be abandoned for through express-train service and given over entirely to electrically propelled suburban trains. As a matter of fact, a good many of the Pennsylvania's fastest trains have long since eliminated Broad Street Station, with its timetaking spur extending nearly a mile over the Schuylkill River.

The Pennsylvania officials, it is said, will make all their express trains conform to this rule, rebuilding and developing the outlying stations at North Philadelphia and West Philadelphia for through business. Broad Street Station is now fearfully overcrowded. It has been repeatedly enlarged until it has reached the absolute physical limitations of its site; but that same site, in the geographical heart of Philadelphia, is a delight to the residents of that town. Moreover, the competing Reading system has an equally well-located downtown terminal—which, with a recently completed and enlarged system of approach tracks, is now adapted for electrification at short notice; so Broad Street Station must be reserved for the commuter. Suburban trains composed entirely of steel motor cars can be handled and reversed so much more effectively than any form of locomotive-drawn trains that the capacity of Broad Street can, in this way, be greatly increased without the addition of a single foot of track.

Some Boston Terminal Problems

IN BOSTON the electrification of the two great passenger terminals has approached the dignity of becoming a real issue. And oddly enough the two railroads that would develop the situation there, and that are reticent as to the change at the present time, are the New Haven system—also controlling the Boston & Maine—and the New York Central, the lessee of the Boston & Albany. Though both of these systems have installed electrical operation of passenger terminals and approach tracks in their Grand Central Station, New York, as we shall see in a few moments, neither of them has leaped at the possibility in Boston. In opposing the electrification of the North and South Stations in that town each road bases its arguments upon the tremendous cost of the thing—but each is ready to be convinced; and in the course of a little time Boston will very probably win its electrification and banish the steam locomotive from at least its more congested and its finer residential districts.

The Boston & Albany sees salve for the cost in the possibilities of the development of its Back Bay yards as a high-grade part of Boston. These yards, now used for the storage of empty passenger coaches, occupy tremendously valuable acres on Boylston Street, within a block of Copley Square—the artistic and literary center of the Hub. They are essential to the economical operation of the road's terminal, but a tremendous waste when you come to consider the growth of the city. They have stood—a noisy, dirty, open space—squarely stretching across the path of Boston's finest possible development. If these were marshlands, like those that used to abound along the Charles River, Boston would long ago have filled them in and added valuable building sites to her taxable area.

The electrification of the Boston & Albany will eventually solve that problem. The New York Central, owner of the property, has already found, with the electrification of its Grand Central Station in New York, that it was perfectly feasible to place station approach tracks and yards far enough underground so as to restore city streets and more than a dozen city squares of immensely valuable building sites in the heart of the congested island of Manhattan. In these days of heavy steel and concrete construction, and with the absolute cleanliness of electric railroad operation, it is possible for a man to build a hotel over a big railroad yard without one guest in a hundred ever knowing that a train every thirty seconds is being handled right underneath his feet. Indeed, in the Grand Central scheme, provision is being made for the construction of an opera house right over the station approach tracks, which may eventually become the successor of the present Metropolitan Opera House.

So the Boston & Albany sees its way clear in a development of those tremendously valuable vacant acres back of Copley Square; and the man who goes to Boston ten years hence will probably be rid of the sight of a smoky gash cut diagonally through the heart of one of the handsomest cities in America in order to permit a busy railroad to deliver its passengers and freight at a convenient downtown point. The development of the city squares to the north of the Grand Central Station will minimize the cost of that great improvement to the railroad company that is financing—if, indeed, it does not entirely "carry"—it. A similar financial benefit will result to the Boston & Albany through the development of cellarless city squares over its Boylston Street yards. The benefits to the two cities are hardly to be expressed in mere dollars and cents.

However, at that, electrification costs and the watchdogs of railroad treasuries are bidding the big New England systems go slow in the Boston situation—the estimates of cost running from fifty-eight thousand dollars a mile for the New Haven's suburban lines up to eighty-four thousand five hundred dollars a mile for those of the Boston & Maine. The apparent discrepancy between these two figures is due to the greater number of electric cars and locomotives required for one road as against the other; but, even for the lesser figure, a man could build a pretty good type of new double-tracked railroad. Now consider the attitude of the average railroad president toward the commuter—so eminent an authority as Mr. C. S. Mellen, president of that same New Haven system, having gone on record as saying that his road lost five cents every time it carried one of these unfortunates—and you will see for yourself why the railroads have not been more anxious to electrify their lines in and out of Boston, despite the certain benefits to some of them in the full development of their terminal real-estate holdings.

The Boston situation is not a small matter. It is estimated that three times the number of passengers are now being handled at Boston's two stations as were handled at the Grand Central Station in New York at the time of its electrification—and the Grand Central has always been recognized by keen-witted operating men as representing the keenest condensation of terminal facility ever reached, with the possible exception of the fearfully overcrowded railroad station at the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge in New York.

In Chicago the matter has taken a less definite form than in Boston, though the Chicagoans are making a fearful outcry against the filth that is poured out over their city from thousands of soft-coal locomotives. The Illinois Central, with the roads that occupy its terminals as tenants, has been ranked as a chief offender because of its commanding location—blocking as it does the lovely Lake Front for many miles. Hence it is that the Illinois Central, because of its location as well as because of its tremendously heavy suburban traffic, is likely to be first of all the Chicago terminals to be electrified. The Chicago & Western Indiana, owning the Polk Street Station, which is the terminal for half a dozen fairly important railroads, is planning for a great new station structure, and that may bring the electrification of more suburban lines as a corollary to its planning.

Future Developments in Chicago

IT IS a significant fact, however, that the Northwestern Railroad, which has just opened a superb new terminal station in Chicago, went to a considerable expense to erect a type of patented trainshed designed especially for the reception of steam locomotives with a minimum of heat and dirt. Still that is not apt, in the long run, to weigh heavily with Chicago. The city administration there has been struggling over a measure to compel the electrification of all railroads entering Chicago—an astonishing total of twenty-two hundred miles—before January 1, 1913. And that same city administration calmly states that, if its own powers are found to be lacking in the matter, it will not hesitate to appeal to the legislature. If the legislature of Illinois should compel electrification, which seems unlikely, the big railroads of the country—the Eastern lines especially—will be confronted by an immediate new-construction cost that is almost staggering.

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Before we go too far into the future, however, let us look back upon the beginnings of this popular desire for electrification. As soon as the electric railroads—which were, in almost every case, developments of the old-fashioned horse-car lines in city streets—began to reach out into the country from the sharp confines of the towns, steam railroad men began to take keener interest in the new motive power. It would have been better for some of them if they had taken sharper interest at the beginning; but they finally did begin to wonder if electricity could not be brought to the service of the long-established steam railroad.

In most cases the short suburban railroads, just outside of large cities, which were often operated by small

dummy locomotives, were the first to be electrified, and in many of these cases they became extensions of city trolley lines. People no longer had to come into town upon a poky little dummy train of uncertain schedule and decidedly uncertain habits, and then transfer at the edge of the crowded portion of the city to horse cars. They could come flying from the outer country to the heart of the town in half an hour—and, as you know, the business of building and booming suburbs was born. After these suburban lines had been developed the steam railroad men of the so-called standard lines began to study the situation. So far back as 1895 the Nantasket branch of the present New Haven system was made into an electric line. A little steam road, which wandered off into the hills of Columbia County from Hudson, New York, and led a precarious existence, extended its rails a few miles and became the third-rail electric line from Hudson to Albany and a powerful competitor for passenger traffic with a large trunkline railroad. The New Haven system found the electric third rail a good agent between Hartford and New Britain and the overhead trolley a good substitute for the locomotive on a small branch that ran for a few miles north from its main line at Stamford, Connecticut.

The problems of electric traction for regular railroads were complicated, however, and the big steam roads avoided them until they were forced upon their attention. The interurban roads spread their rails—rather too rapidly in many cases—making themselves frequently the opportunities for such precarious financing as once distinguished the history of steam roads, and also frequently making havoc with thickly settled branch lines and main stems of the steam railroads. In a good many cases the steam roads have had to dig deep into their pockets and buy at good stiff prices interurban roads—a situation that they might have anticipated with just a little forethought.

Such a condition was reached in a populous state along the Atlantic seaboard just a few years ago. A big steam road, plethoric in wealth and importance, had a branch line about a hundred miles in length, which tapped a dozen towns, each ranging from ten to thirty thousand in population. The branch line carried no through business, nor was its local freight traffic of importance; but it was able to operate profitably eleven local passenger trains in each direction daily. These trains were well filled, as a rule, and the branch returned at least its equitable share toward the dividend account of the entire property. As long as it did that no one at headquarters paid any particular attention to it.

Robbing Peter to Pay Paul

THERE was no physical reason why that branch should not have been made into an interurban electric railroad a dozen years ago—the road that owned it has never found it difficult to sell bonds for the improvement of its property. Though no one paid particular attention to it at headquarters, a roving young engineer with a genius for making money looked at it enviously—at the dozen prosperous towns it aimed to serve. A fortnight's visit to the locality convinced him. He went down to a big city, where capital was just hungry to be invested profitably, and organized an electric railroad to thread each of those towns. Before the headquarters of the steam road was really awake to the situation cars were running on its electric competitor. And the people of the dozen towns seemed to enjoy mightily riding in the electric cars—they were big and fast and clean. The steam road made a brave show of maintaining its service. It hauled long strings of empty coaches rather than surrender its pride; but such pride was almost as empty as the coaches.

Sooner or later any business organism must swallow false pride; and so it came to pass that an emissary of the steam road met the roving young engineer and asked him to put a price on his property. He smiled, totaled his construction and equipment costs, added a quarter of a million dollars to the total and tossed the figures across the table. The emissary did not smile. He reported to his headquarters and the steam railroad began to fight—it was going to starve out the resources of its trolley competitor by cutting passenger rates to a cent a mile. When the trolley company met that, the railroad would cut the rate in two again—it could afford to pay people to ride on its cars rather than suffer defeat; but they would not ride on its cars, even at a lower rate. And once again the steam road's emissary went up the branch. He sought out the trolley engineer. The trolley man was indifferent.

"Well," said the steam-road man, "we're seeing you." And at that he threw down a certified check for the exact amount that had been agreed upon at their previous conference.

The trolley man did not touch the paper. He smiled what lady novelists are sometimes pleased to call an inscrutable smile; then shook his head slowly.

"What!" gasped the emissary from the steam road. "Wasn't that your figure?"

"It was—but isn't now!" said the engineer. "It's up a quarter of a million now."

"Why?"

"Just to teach you folks politeness and a little common decency," was the reply. And the lesson must have taken hold—for the steam railroad paid the price. The result was that it again held the territory and could regulate the transportation tolls; but what a price had been paid! Two railroads occupied the territory that was but a good living for one. The trolley line, now that it has begun to depreciate and to require constant maintenance repairs, vies with the desolate branch of the steam road, which runs but two half-filled passenger trains a day upon its rails. A tax is laid upon the steam-road property—a greater tax upon the residents of that valley—for operating man after operating man is going to "skin" the service in a desperate attempt to make an extravagant excess of facilities pay its way. The trolley line has already raised many of its five-cent fares to an inconvenient six cents—the steam branch is held fast by the provisions of its charter and the watchfulness of a state regulating commission.

And in the beginning the entire situation could have been solved easily and efficiently by the comparatively modest expenditures required to electrify the steam railroad's branch.

A good many railroads have taken forethought. The New York Central & Hudson River found some of its profitable lines in Western New York undergoing just such electric interurban competition, and a few years ago it installed the electric third rail on its West Shore property from Utica to Syracuse, forty-four miles. The West Shore is one of the great tragedies in American railroading. Built in the early eighties from Weehawken, opposite the city of New York, to Buffalo, it had apparently no greater object than to parallel closely the New York Central and to attempt to take away from the older road some of the fine business it had held for many years. After a bitter rate war the New York Central, with all the resources and the abilities of the Vanderbilts behind it, won decisively and bought its new rival for a song; but a property so closely paralleling its own tracks has been practically useless to it all the way from Albany to Buffalo, save as a relief line for the overflow of through freight.

The Business in Branch Roads

SO THE West Shore tracks, adapted for high-class, high-speed through electric service from Utica to Syracuse, represented a happy thought. Under steam conditions only two passenger trains were run over that somewhat moribund property in each direction daily, while the two trains of sleeping-cars passing over the tracks at night were of practically no use to the residents of those two cities. Under electric conditions there is a fast limited service of third-rail cars or trains leaving each terminal hourly, making but few stops and the run of over forty-four miles in an hour and twenty minutes. There is also high-speed local service and the line has become immensely popular. By laying stretches of third and fourth tracks at various points the movement of the New York Central's overflow through freight has not been seriously incommoded. The electric passenger service is not operated by the New York Central but by the Oneida Railways Company, in which the controlling interests of the steam road have large blocks of stock.

Similarly the Erie Railroad disposed of a decaying branch of its system, running from North Tonawanda to Lockport, to the Buffalo street-railroad system, though reserving for itself the freight traffic in and out of Lockport. The Buffalo road installed the overhead trolley system and now operates an efficient and profitable trolley service upon that branch. Perhaps it was because the Erie saw the application of these ideas and decided that it was better to take its own profits from electric passenger service than to rent again its branches to outside companies—and perhaps because it also foresaw the coming electrification of its network of suburban lines in the metropolitan district round New York and wished to test electric traction to its own satisfaction—but five years

(Continued on Page 41)

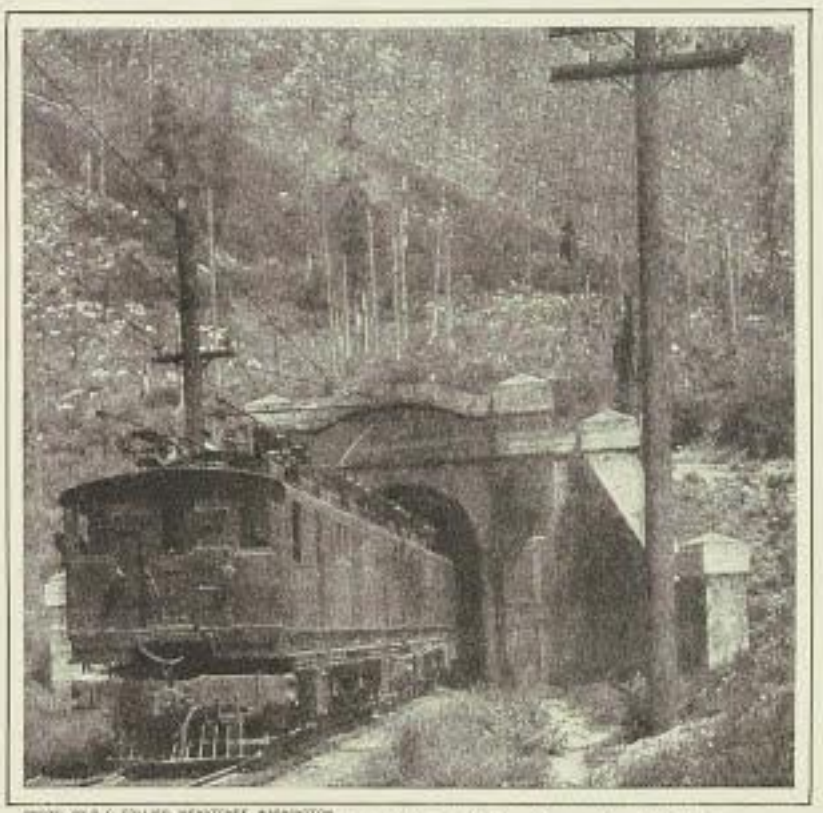
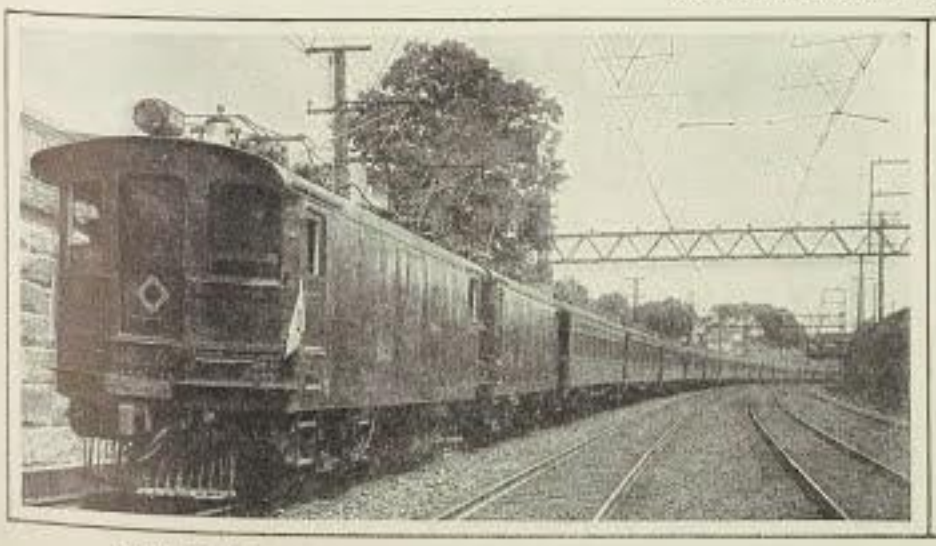
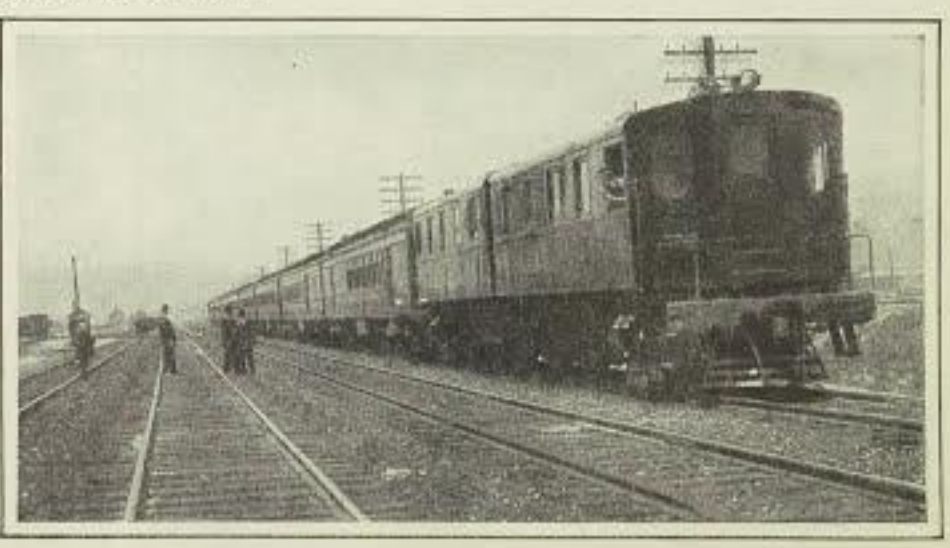


PHOTO BY G. C. COLLIER, WENATCHEE, WASHINGTON

Double-Header "Triple-Phase" Motor Bringing a Great Northern Express Through the Cascade Tunnel, Washington



Two N. Y., N. H. & H. Motors Bringing a Heavy Train Into New York



Pennsylvania Motor and Train Outside of New York City

The Tired Business Man and What Makes Him Tired

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

THE Tired Business Man is a fabulous creature with no soul and two dollars. For a number of years past he has been one of the reigning titular deities of New York. Many votiveshrines, called theaters, have been reared in his name on Broadway and upon intersecting thoroughfares in the forties. Through the example of New York other cities have been moved to accept him, too, but not to worship him with the same blind idolatry.



"Plot? What's This Show Doing With a Plot in It?"

The Tired Business Man is an extinct species. There never were very many of him to start with. The last of the race is said to have been captured eating grass in Central Park in the spring of 1904, but one of the attendants carelessly left both his ears uncaulked at the same time, thus creating a draft, and the wind blew through him unimpeded and he died of whistling cold in the head, or paresis, or something. After his death a chemical analysis was made of his skull, with the following results:

Solid bone	70 per cent
Animal fats	28.09 per cent
Glue	1 per cent
Brains	A trace

Yet though dead, he liveth—or anyhow he liveth in the hearts of a considerable number of the producing managers of New York, who make a specialty of bringing out musical comedies, so-called revues and comic operas. Their lives are dedicated to doing things for the Tired Business Man. They sit up nights—no, days; they're up nights anyhow—they sit up days thinking up ideas to please him.

The Decay of the Cold-Raw-Fish School

HE IS their fetish and their faith and they are ever on guard to serve him and satisfy him. If a dramatist comes along and offers a play that is calculated to make people think, they straightway refuse it, realizing that it would never do to call upon the Tired Business Man to think when he hasn't the necessary machinery. If somebody or a couple or three somebodies write a musical show in which the songs have a meaning and fit into the theme and the humor is the least bit subtle, they pass it up because, they say—and probably they are right—that it would go right over the head of the Tired Business Man. It's a cinch it would never go through it. No doubt it was a good thing for Gilbert and Sullivan, so far as their American market was concerned, that they went out of business when they did. They never could have done anything for the Tired Business Man. They never dramatized a comic supplement picture series in their whole lives. They never made a gap in the second act so that Miss Winona Gall, the noted mimic, could come out and give her famous limitations—no, repetitions—no, imitations—we'll get it right after a while—her famous imitations of Eddie Foy, Eva Tanguay, Anna Held, Harry Lauder and Consul, the Educated Ape. They never interpolated any comic juggling acts or Yiddisher monologs or female impersonations into the action of their operas to liven them up. They wouldn't have done for the Tired Business Man for a minute.

It is true that there is a real Tired Business Man—not the imagined creation of these New York producing managers, but an actual being of flesh and blood. There are sundry thousands and hundreds of thousands of him. He may be and likely is a commuter who lives only forty minutes out from New York, but always seems to take at least eighty to make the trip. Probably he gets in to the theaters only three or four times during the season, and he brings his wife with him and it is distinctly an event. There is but one drawback to their enjoyment. They are the couple who in the middle of the last act arise hurriedly from seats G-6 and G-8 just when the climax is climaxing its blamedest, and stumble over a considerable number of strange feet as they struggle toward the aisle, she dropping her handkerchief and her rubbers anon and he with the hunted, haunted look upon his face of a man who knows that if he misses the 11:03 he'll have to wait for the 3:11. He has to read in the paper the next morning to find how the play ended and who got the child and whether the papers were ever recovered. Nevertheless, these infrequent occasions are emblazoned in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Commuter as big nights.

Other tired business men are scattered all over and about—living in upper West Side apartments or in Harlem flats or in the Bronx, over in Brooklyn and down on Staten Island. Some of them are tired business men from other cities, stopping at the hotels and boarding houses. They are business men—most people who earn their own living in this country are business men—and they go into the theater for amusement and entertainment and mental relaxation. Consequently, as a rule, they shun the morbid or blue-mass drama of the Norwegian cold-raw-fish school. They are not, generally speaking, interested in the triangle plays—plays that take up a problem that is as ancient as the Garden of Eden and as new as the latest divorce suit, as young as the youngest pullet and as old as the oldest egg, and undertake either to settle it or to muddle it up some more, depending on whether the playwright who wrote it was an old settler or a young muddler. They prefer something with laughs in it and a spirit of lightheartedness. They may even like a good, brisk, snappy melodrama with thrills to it, and a few impossible but delightful gunfighters. But when they go to a theater and pay out their good money and find songs that have no meaning—or sometimes no meaning that a modest woman could accept without blushing—and jokes that have fourteen rattles and a button apiece, and centipedelike formations of young women wearing the mere scenarios of clothes, and a plot strangled to death and then buried under fourteen tons of scenery, war paint, tail feathers, city-dressed beef, noise and cloak models—why, then, that's what makes the Tired Business Man tired.



The Last of the Race is Said to Have Been Captured in the Spring of 1904

There are still quite a few managers who seem to realize that there may be a dramatic middle ground somewhere between the Ibsen burly at one end and the Gibson girlie at the other, who aim to produce musical shows that have rhyme as well as reason to them, and that are not all horse-play, pony ballet and Clydesdale chorus—livery stable drama, as you might say. They strive to discover and to produce farces that have at least a semblance of sanity. But seemingly they are in the minority round New York.

We may figure a producer of Tired Business Men's shows dropping in on the first rehearsal of his newest production, entitled, let us say, A Hunk of Cheese. He is wearing the inevitable and distinguishing garb of his calling. All properly accredited New York managers wear a woolly overcoat with at least three kinds of fur on it—it is the badge of their business. There is but one fault to be found with this garment: it is handsome and nobby and distinctive and all that, but if you take it off and lay it down anywhere and somebody leaves the door open it is liable to go back to the zoo. The only safe way is to have the revers and collar made of water-spaniel hide, in which event the overcoat, on wandering, retrieves itself.

Seeing our manager from afar one might take him for a Nature lover who was carrying the thing to an extreme, but viewed closer up where you can discern his memorial window scarfpin and his mica stove-door set as a seal ring you know him at once for a manager. He comes into the



"Mrs. Jones-Brown, the American Public Would Never Stand for a Play Named for a Fish"

theater where the first rehearsal is progressing—in itself one of the most dismal and disheartening spectacles upon which the eye of mortal man has ever rested—and he sits down to hear and to see and to advise. Presently he rouses himself angrily like a lanced polar bear.

"What's that?" he demands. "Plot? What's this show doing with a plot in it? I thought I got rid of all that junk when I was reading the manuscript. Cut that plot stuff out. It interferes with the action of the piece. And say, Louie, whatjer mean by leaving that song in?"

Louie, who is the musical director, seeks to explain that he permitted said song to remain unimpaired because it seemed to have a bearing on the story.

Recipe for a Sure-Fire Hokum Show

"WELL," says the producer, "you chop that out too. Not enough ginger and gimp to it. Better send down to Tinpan Alley and get a good, snappy, zizzy topical number, with some verses in it about the breezes round the Flatiron Building and Uncle Joe Cannon's whiskers and Gaynor and the subway. That ought to fetch 'em. No, never mind: I've got even a better idea than that. Right here we'll stick in a good knockabout skit. I know the very boys for it—Binks and Bunks—they're playing in burlesque now with Mike McSwat's Percheron Blondes, but I can get 'em easy enough. They're the stuff. Binks does the greatest face falls and head spins you ever saw. His makeup is a scream too—paints his nose green and puts spokes round his eyes like wheels—oh, a regular scream! And what Bunks can do with a seltzer siphon and a prop ham!—well, you got to see 'em to make 'em! They've got a dandy act called Fun in a Morgue that we can interpolate. And while you're at it you'd better can that big bull calf of a baritone and cut his lines out, and take the money we're paying him and split it up in six parts and hire half a dozen more show girls—big, tall, rangy good-lookers, see! Never mind their pipes if they're there with the maps. What we want is a sure-fire hokum show that'll catch the Tired Business Man."

The present writer has heard just such orders given more than once. He isn't exaggerating it much; he couldn't exaggerate it much. It was a New York manager, making a specialty of Tired Business Men's shows, but also doing other things for the drama on the side, who

some time ago had a visit from a woman playwright who wished to submit a scenario. She had in mind an historical drama to be written about the mystery of the lost boy king, Louis of France, so very naturally she called her play The Dauphin. She had read through the first two acts when the manager raised a gemmed hand and halted her.

"Very good," he said; "that is very good, Mrs. Jones-Brown, and very interesting and all. I think maybe we might do something with it. But you'll have to change the name."

"Why," she said, "I rather liked the name—I thought it was appropriate. What are your objections?"

"Mrs. Jones-Brown," said the manager, "I have had many years' experience in this business and I know that the American public would never stand for a play named for a fish."

It was' the same man who accepted a play with the scenes laid in New York, in which the character list called for several typical Bohemians in one scene.

"Hold up there," he said, "cut that out. I don't want any Bohemians in this show. The only Bohemians I ever saw on the stage did a glass-blowing turn. I'm not running a dime museum."

It was explained to the learned manager at some pains that there are Bohemians and Bohemians; that the particular Bohemians who were to figure in this particular play were supposed to be members of the care-free and roystering set that frequent certain small restaurants in the lower part of town.

"I get you," he said—"East Side gangs, huh? Well, I don't want any of them either. Those tough-guy acts are all played out too."

These two stories are true. It is also true that another manager, likewise a heavy producer of shows for the Tired Business Man, once became interested in the plan of a playwright to dramatize one of Edgar Allan Poe's stories. The manager listened while the playwright read the story through, pausing now and then to point out its stage possibilities.

"Good stuff!" commented the producer when the playwright was through reading. "I tell you what you do—you fix up a luncheon engagement and bring this fellow Poe along, and we'll talk over the dramatic rights with him."

Some of the managers have the courage of their convictions. They don't believe there is any Tired Business Man and they refuse to cater to him. But the others do—some because they conceive that there may be such a creature and some because they're afraid not to follow the lead of the big men in their profession. Even as scholarly and skilled a producer as Charles Frohman caught the fever—just once. Two or three seasons back he imported an English production, The Girls of Gottenburg, to New York. This musical comedy had been a big success in London. It had a funny story in it that was founded on an actual happening in a German garrison town and it was packed with bright music. Actually many of the lines meant something and had a bearing on the development of the plot. Apparently the author hadn't thought of the Tired Business Man once. Maybe they don't have him in England. Anyhow here was a reasonably coherent, bright musical comedy. For the New York engagement Mr. Frohman brought over most of the principals who had played in the original production. But his stage manager or somebody decided—at the last minute, if one might judge by the visible consequences—to do a little something for the Tired Business Man. Among other things a monolog in dessicated German and some typically New York songs that didn't have anything to do either with the plot or the characterizations were jammed into the piece. The result was a kind of patchwork with the seams showing. Somebody rechristened it The Girls of Rottenburg, a name that stuck, and though the play wasn't a failure or anything of that sort, it lacked a good deal of being a tumultuous success.

On the other hand, Klaw & Erlanger, for a long time numbered among the most persistent worshipers at the altar of the Tired Business Man, last winter brought out an English-American version with music of a European farce called The Pink Lady. On this occasion they controlled themselves. By heroic self-restraint on the part of all concerned the piece was not renamed The Punk Lady or something of that general nature. No slap-stick musical teams were introduced. No popular song hits by the author of that sterling success, They Used to Call Me Birdie Because I Had the Thrush, were interpolated. No tours of discovery were made to the haunts of the Words & Music Brothers. There wasn't a nice, new, self-possessed, highly confident recruit from contemporaneous vaudeville in the entire cast. The songs were left to be sung and the lines to be spoken as the authors had originally intended they should be spoken and sung, and the job of singing and speaking them was attended to, moreover, by persons properly qualified therefor.

The thing was revolutionary, but it was done. One report was that the librettist or the translator or somebody insisted that the work should not be doctored up—and that he prevailed.

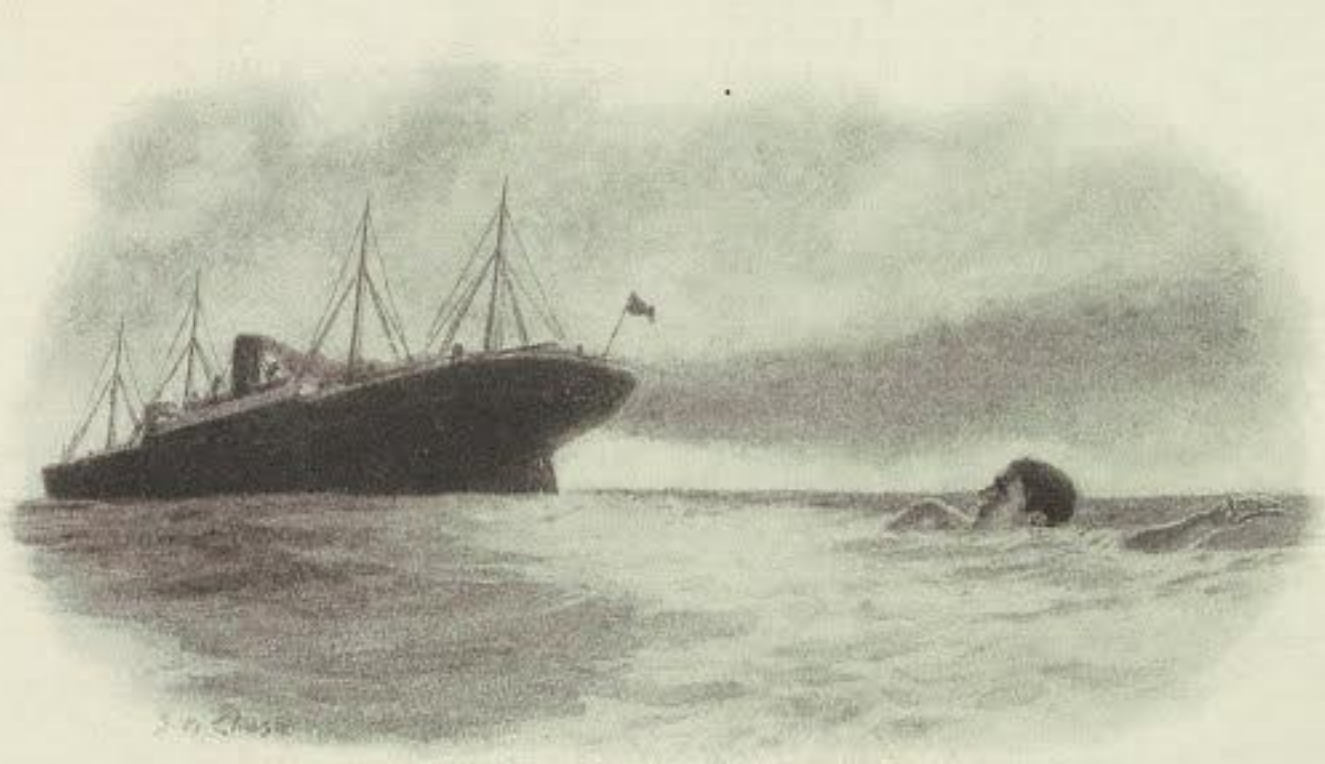
Be that as it may, The Pink Lady scored big from the first night. The Tired Business Man stayed away, probably because there wasn't anything about the opera calculated to win his approval, but nearly everybody else has gone to see it or is going. It opened its second season in September. *(Concluded on Page 72)*

OVERBOARD

By Julian Street and J. S. Reed

ILLUSTRATED BY SIDNEY M. CHASE

He sniffed the scent that
left her lee,
And then he turned and
said to me,
Did that old sailorman:
"For seven murtal years,
ye fool,
She's loaded steers for
Liverpool,
An' Manchester beyan.
Which fact accounts for
it," says he,
"No stronger vessel sails
the sea,
Than the Bostoniyan."
—BULL-PUSHER'S BALLAD.



Peters Turned Toward Boston Light and Fell Into That Crawl Stroke That Is All His Own

TAKE a strong physique, a strong stomach and a strong desire to go abroad, shake them up with strong language and steers in a strong ship, and you have the trans-Atlantic "bull-pusher." His calling is not esthetic, but it enables him to work his way over, entitles him to a free ride back, and teaches him a lot of things concerning men and cattle.

Peters and I didn't know much about it beforehand. We had simply determined to top off our college careers by traveling in search of adventure. I had suggested a cattle boat as a beginner, having happened to see one leave port when Peters and I were in swimming at L Street. As Peters agreed we went to the docks, saw a profane, tobacco-chewing, yellow-tusked old reprobate called Pop, and were booked as bull-pushers on the Bostonia.

Cow-punchers were herding the last of the eight hundred wild-eyed steers aboard the ship, amid much dust and hallooing, when Peters and I arrived in a taxi and looked round for a steward to carry our baggage aboard. But there wasn't one to be seen, so very reluctantly—for it was a sweltering day in July—we took up a hatbox and suitcase apiece and made for the gangway, Peters leading.

Reaching the deck, we came upon the first mate and the purser in trim British uniforms. The purser was small, but the mate was a big, bearded man as tall and well-built as Peters himself, which is saying a very great deal, for Peters stands six feet three and a half in his socks and is planned in proportion.

"Where can we stow our baggage?" he demanded with the confident manner of one who addresses the doorman at a large hotel.

The purser gave a surprised cluck in reply, but the mate let out a roar.

"Get below where you belong," he shouted, "and take your bags with you!"

Peters looked at him with a bland smile.

"For which," he remarked in a perfectly conversational tone, "you will in due course get yours."

The bull-pushers' room was at the bow of the ship under the forecastle head—a small, ill-ventilated place containing forty greasy bunks, most of them already occupied by sweating, smoking cattlemen and their dunnage bags. Outside the door hovered sailors who, though they made it clear that they scorned bull-pushers, were not, as I afterward learned, above purloining a bull-pusher's property.

Peters and I hastily stripped to our undershirts, put our clothes in our suitcases, donned overalls and returned to the deck. It burned our bare feet as they touched it. The heavy, baking air was laden with the mixed smells of ship, cattle, cooking, dirty men and bad tobacco.

We dropped upon a bale of hay.

"I don't seem to care much for this," Peters remarked.

"You have to be game when you go in for adventure," I replied. I was not sure that I liked the cattle ship myself, but having suggested it I felt bound to defend it.

"Adventures don't have to smell, do they?" he demanded.

"I don't believe it will be so bad when we get under way," I encouraged.

"I should rather hope not," said he, rolling over on the hay and closing his eyes. Peters could always fall asleep like a baby. He did so now, dozing until with a hoarse whistle-blast the ship announced her departure.

"Was that the mate speaking?" he asked, sitting up and mopping his brow. Then, regarding the green, glittering harbor hungrily, he drew out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Hi, you!" came a fog-horn voice from the bridge behind us. "Douse that cigarette! 'Aven't you no more sense than to smoke on a bale of 'ay, you bloody West Indian Australian bum of a bull-pusher?"

It was the first mate again. I saw a little twitch of muscles near Peters' cheekbones. He inhaled a cloud of smoke and blew it out defiantly.

"Chuck it, Pete!" I advised under my breath. "He's sore on you for what you said."

"I'm sore on *him* for what *he* said," he replied, throwing the offending weed overboard reluctantly. "I'm going to lick him when it gets cooler."

"All hands aft!" some one shouted.

We arose, went astern with the other cattlemen, and were mustered on the quarter-deck, where for the first time we saw the commander of the vessel at close range.

The well-cut uniform that Captain Evans wore set off a burly, powerful figure of middle height. Poised upon

his bull neck was a bullet head: close-cropped pepper-and-salt hair, shaggy eyebrows and mustache, shrewd brown eyes, a large, lopsided nose, and cheeks the color of raw beef. He paced the deck, his hands behind his back, until we were assembled; then faced us while the mate read the ship's articles.

I was more taken up with the captain's personality than with the reading, so my recollections of the articles are vague. Peters noticed them more than I did. He hesitated before signing them, as all of us were presently required to do.

"Of all the ridiculous rot!" he burst out as we left the after-deck. "Did you ever hear anything like it? Mutiny, manacles, confinement on bread and water, the power of life and death! Why, darn it! this ship's worse than a Roman galley!"

Barely had we returned to our hay when we were ordered below for supplies—straw mattresses, shoddy blankets, tin cups and plates. We carried our bedding to the bull-pushers' room and set to making up our bunks, Peters grumbling, meanwhile, because there were no chambermaids. Suddenly he gave a cry.

"I don't sleep here!" he exclaimed, pointing at something that was promenading upon the wall. "It's occupied already!"

That was enough for us. Retreating to the deck, we resumed our places on the hay.

Boston Light came abeam and dropped astern. The sun scorched down relentlessly. We moped and mopped and wondered what was coming next. It proved to be the thing that they called dinner—greasy, dirty, lukewarm soup and an unsightly mess of stringy beef. A red-faced, knob-headed man, who told us with engaging frankness that he had deserted from the navy, burst into oaths, mysterious and strange, at sight of it; and a half-starved-looking little Irishman named Jerry Murphy, who sat near me, abandoned hope of nourishment after a few half-hearted efforts, and with a wistful look set down his cup and plate. He was a withered, thin-haired little person—a rind of a man—out of whom the gay Celtic spirit must have been squeezed drop by drop, I fancied, in the press of some brutal, inevitable circumstance, until there was left only the shadow of a twinkle in the deprecating eyes.

For half an hour Peters and I grimly refused our food.

"If ye won't be wantin' that bread ——?" said Jerry as we arose.

"No," I said. "Help yourself."

He did so eagerly.

On deck the heat was unabated. We sat and mopped our brows. There was a sadly ruminative look in my companion's eyes.

"It's out of the question to try to live on that stuff," he declared after a time. "Let's go to the purser and see if we can't arrange for special grub."

Accordingly we went.

Had we known that the company had "'ad 'im up" for doing just the thing we wanted him to do we might have spared ourselves the trouble of visiting the purser.

He greeted our proposal with raucous cockney laughter and bad language, which rose from a shriveled, greedy heart. The greed shone in his little eyes as we exhibited money that he itched to take.

Peters is patient with the patience of most large, powerful men, but the purser's language sorely tried him.

"Shut up!" he ordered suddenly. "You are a barnacle, and when you speak I want to scrape you off!"

With that we retired majestically to the sweltering, malodorous region of the hay.

"Gee! doesn't that water look fine!" sighed Peters, gazing wistfully at the glittering sea. Then after a pause: "I wish we had gone to New York and taken a minimum rate on one of the greyhounds."

I wished so, too, but did not say so.

Peters grew restless.

"Come on," he said, rising; "let's go back and look at the wake."

Repairing to the deserted after-deck, we leaned upon the rail and stared into the froth of cream and green lashed up by the screws. Boston Light showed as a pin-point miles astern on the horizon; back of it a smoky streak indicated the position of the city.

"Say," said Peters after a time, "take these."

"What for?" I asked as I mechanically accepted the watch and pocketbook he offered me.

"I've decided not to stay," he replied, throwing one leg over the rail.

"Don't be an ass, Pete."

He took the other leg over.

"I'd be an ass to stick on this stinking old tub," said he.

"You're a quitter!" I retorted.

"I don't like to quit you," he said with a grin, "but everything points that way, unless you'll come too."



"Get Below Where You Belong," He Shouted, "and Take Your Bags With You!"

"I've made my bed and I'll lie in it," I declared hotly.

"I'd advise the hay instead," said he. Then holding the rail with one hand he offered me the other.

I shook it with poor grace.

"I'll take a night train to New York," he said, "and catch a big liner. She'll beat you over. I'll meet you on the dock."

"Look out for the propellers," I warned sulkily.

"Sure," he gave me over his shoulder as he turned and poised himself. "Don't be a grouch. So long."

With that he let go, raised his arms and, as the ship dipped, left her side in a long outward dive.

It is hard to dive from a moving object, especially a flopping, wallowing object like the Bostonia. Peters' body swung from its course in passing through the air, struck the sea sidewise and disappeared into the foamy wash.

For a long moment I watched the wake. Presently the familiar pair of flappers and shock of tawny hair emerged from the water some little distance astern. After reaching the surface Peters rolled for a moment like an old log in the cool, choppy wake. Then he turned, blew a mouthful of water after the ship and beckoned me to follow.

I shook my head.

At this he gave a farewell salute to the Bostonia—at least that is what I suppose it was, for after holding his nose he thumbed it.

Presently the overalls, which he had kicked off as he trod water, floated to the surface, looking like the body of a drowned man; then Peters turned toward Boston Light and fell into that leisurely but speedy crawl stroke that is all his own.

Long after he was lost to view in the glittering waters that lay back of us I could imagine him out there, rolling his great bulk along like a young whale, pawing the ocean with his arms, kicking a foot out now and then in a sharp scissors stroke, shooting the spray on high, burying his head adoringly in the salt sea, letting it run in through his nose and mouth and blowing it out again with joyous guttural sounds like those made by the enamored grampus calling to its mate, or the Dreadnought belching oceans from its hawse-holes.

My reflections were rudely interrupted by a yell from one of the mates, who informed me, in language that I shall not quote, that—adjective—cattlemen were not permitted on the after-deck and that my—adjective—presence was urgently required at my work.

Without explaining to the mate that I had just stepped up to see a friend off, I went, and was instructed by a professional bull-pusher called Scouse—because of his family resemblance to a sort of mariner's plum-pudding of that name—in the art of hoisting bales of hay from the hold with block and tackle, splitting them up and feeding them to the steers.

"Where's that big pal o' yours?" asked Tom Tobin, my cattle foreman, as he passed me at my perspiring occupations.

"He was asleep a little while ago," I puffed.

"I'll see that 'e don't get no more sleep on this 'ere trip!" said Tobin indifferently. Peters' work, however, had to be divided up between the rest of us.

At six o'clock we knocked off and went to our evening meal. Whether it was better than the other meal had been I do not know. I only know we ate it, that we gorged ourselves upon it, that we stole bits of food from one another and gobbled them as though they had been rarest dainties from some fire fairy's golden casserole.

About nine the boys turned in, leaving three of us, who were to be night-watchmen, to our duties. Scouse was the only one among us who had the least conception what these duties were, for Jerry, who was the third member of our nocturnal trio, seemed as inexperienced as I. I had sought the position of watchman, fondly thinking that the duties were akin to those of lookout and conducive, therefore, to sweet rumination in the silence of the sea and stars.

This did not prove to be the fact. Our post was in among the cattle pens, which, as the ship rolled more and more in a heavy, quartering swell, became a bellowing, struggling inferno.

The frightened steers wailed their protests against European voyages like so many seasick, personally conducted tourists, struggling frantically meanwhile to keep their footing or, worse still, lying down. Only three out of every ten of them could be permitted to repose. If four went down at once all the neckropes became taut, compelling us either to beat the animals to their feet or, in an urgent case, cut a rope, releasing one of them to run about behind the rest until we went into the maze of horns and hoofs and captured it. Occupied as he was, Scouse found time between engagements to give the little Irishman and me, in terms un-Christian but not at all uncertain, his opinion of our talents as chaperons for steers.

A cold streak of gray light upon the horizon ahead found us all ready to drop with fatigue when eight bells sounded and our watch came to an end. Taking up a pile of tin plates Scouse threw them through the door of the bull-pushers' quarters by way of calling our successors. Then fleeing before a hurricane of curses we found a pile of hay in a secluded nook and gave ourselves to slumber.

It seemed to me that I had barely closed my eyes when I was roughly shaken and opened them again to find Tom Tobin standing over me. Scouse and the little man, blinking and stretching, were already on their feet.

"All 'ands on deck," said Tobin.

"What time is it?" I yawned.

"Eight-thirty."

"But I'm due to sleep until eleven," I protested.

"Oh, are ye indeed, ye young sea-lawyer?" demanded Tobin ironically. "An' will I tell the cap'n that, eh? It's 'im as 'as ordered everybody out. We've 'unted the bloody tub over for that big partner o' yours without finding 'ide nor 'air of 'im."

As I had slept in my jeans it did not take me long to make a toilet. On deck I found the cattlemen assembled before the mate, while a little way off Captain Evans paced back and forth, his hands behind his back, a scowl upon his face.

"Muster 'em," he ordered gruffly.

We lined up for the roll.

"Here, sir"—"Here, sir"—"Here, sir"—came the singsong answers until Peters' name was called, to be met with silence.

"Where the deuce is Peters?" demanded the first mate.

"He jumped overboard," I said, stifling a yawn.

The captain stopped in the midst of a step, dropped his hands to his sides and swung about in my direction.

"Overboard?" he repeated blankly.

"Yes," said I.

"Say 'sir' when ye address an officer!" the mate commanded. "Now what in blazes do you know about his jumping overboard?"

"I saw him."

"When?" asked the captain.

"About one-thirty yesterday afternoon, sir."

"Well, why didn't you say something," bawled the mate, "you bloody ——"

"That will do, Mr. Peebles," said the captain sharply. "I'll have no profanity aboard my vessel, sir." Then to me: "You stay here." And to the men: "The rest o' ye be off."

"Now, my man," said the captain when the other cattlemen had gone, "how came it that ye didn't mention this before?"

"Peters didn't want me to, sir," I said.

He blinked at me strangely, then inquired:

"Did he give no explanation of his act?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He didn't like the smell of the ship."

An expression of utter stupefaction came across his face.

"He also objected to the food," I added, "and to the first mate's language, sir."

At this the mate lowered at me.

"D'ye think you're in your right senses, lad?" the captain asked me.

"I am, sir."

"Humph!" was his rejoinder. Then: "Ye say it was one-thirty. How do ye know that?"

"I looked at Peters' watch," said I.

"His watch?" put in the mate. "What were you doing with *his* watch?"

"He gave it to me with his money before he dove, sir," I said, addressing the captain.

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"Here, sir," I returned, drawing them from my pocket and placing them in the hand that he extended.

"And ye insecst," he said to me after he had investigated the contents of the pocketbook, "that this mon comeeted suicide for the trifling reasons ye have given?"

"Oh, no, sir!" I exclaimed. "You misunderstood me, sir. He had no idea of committing suicide. He swam back to Boston."

"Ten miles on a turning tide?" the captain said, shaking his head sadly. "Man, ye're mad!"

"No, sir," I persisted. "You'll see for yourself. He's going to beat us over on one of the swift liners and meet me on the dock in Liverpool. You see you don't know Peters, sir. Just let me get his suitcase and show you the medals he has won for swimming."

The old seaman brightened a little at this ray of hope.

"Mr. Peebles," he ordered, "have Peters' effects brought aft."

The mate gave an order, and a sailor presently appeared with the hatbox and suitcase.

"He has been robbed!" I cried on sight of them. "The locks have been forced!"

"So ye deedn't know that before, lad?" the captain insinuated.

I opened the suitcase and ran through its contents. The jewel-case in which Peters always kept his medals was gone.

"How should I have known it, sir?" I demanded.

At this the mate grinned evilly. The captain did not reply, only gazed at me somberly and shook his head from side to side.

"The Lord ha' mercy on your eemortal soul, boy," he intoned after a long silence, "for ye have keeled a fellow man!"

I think I grinned.

"Why, what on earth should I kill him for, sir?" I asked.

"That," he declared darkly, "it will be the proveence of the board of trade at Manchester to ascerteen. 'Tis a black case, my lad. Ye will conseeder yourself under arrest."

Permitted to depart, I went below, flung myself in my old resting-place upon the hay, and contemplated the opera-bouffe developments of the past hour until I presently dozed off to dream weird dreams in which Peters swam for miles beside the ship, apologizing for deserting me.

When, about noon, I awoke and went on deck, I quickly saw that the whole crew regarded me with interest. Gossip flies through a ship as through a country town. They had heard the story, talked it over and, so to speak, promoted me. I was no longer an inconspicuous member of the bull-pushers' chorus, but had risen to importance in the cast. I was the villain. For tuppence I would brain a messmate with a belaying-pin and throw his mangled carcass overboard.

Scouse, my fellow watchman, and another bull-pusher were in my path as I moved toward the forecastle head. They stepped aside for me as supers do for a hot-tempered star.

As time went on my new rôle pleased me more and more. My bread was never stolen at the table now and the language with which I was addressed by my fellows was shorn of casual profanity. In an effort to live up to the part I became silent and gazed at the men narrowly as though contemplating further crime, and I was particularly pleased to see that, of all the cattlemen, Scouse, who had made so free with me the night before, now seemed most overawed. Never did man's manner change more suddenly than his to me. Clearly he dreaded his enforced association with a murderer upon the long night watch. Though the sea was calm and there was consequently little work to do, he kept inventing errands to get himself out of my way, while Jerry, who didn't seem to be at all afraid of me, told me in his soft brogue tales strange and amusing of lumber camps in Canada. When Scouse came back I always welcomed him with a leading question, such as whether he had brought much money with him, whereupon he would go scuttling off again like a crab.

When at four A. M. I retired to the hay the little Irishman came with me as before, but Scouse did not. Mumbling an explanation about its being too cold he withdrew to the safer if less sanitary quarters of the cattlemen. I slept until eleven, when I was once more called before the captain. I found him seated in his cabin, the walls of which were decorated with the photographs of ships on which he had sailed.

He allowed me to stand under his somber gaze for minutes ere he spoke.

"Lad," he began at last, "the Screeptures tell us that there is salvation for them that repent. Likewise a bur-rning hell, hotter than a thousand stokeholes, for them that won't. Come, now, confess that ye creeminally murdered this man Peters!"

My repetition of the facts, with arguments and explanations, rattled against the surface of his super-British mind like a fusillade of peas against Gibraltar.

Somewhere—probably from sea tales—I had got the impression that the loss of a man at sea was regarded by ships' officers as a mere casual occurrence. Had Peters not gone overboard I might have still retained that notion.

The great power vested in the captain of a British ship, as revealed in the obnoxious articles, is not without a balancing responsibility. Each member of the crew must be accounted for on reaching port. To lose a man, even in the performance of hazardous duties at night and in rough weather, is a matter of the utmost gravity, while to lose one under a fair midday sun is little short of scandalous and is likely to involve investigation, delay, expense and reprimand. Captain Evans had hitherto enjoyed the record of never having lost a man. The implication that the food and smell aboard his ship were bad enough to make a man jump overboard distressed him deeply. It was more the loss of Peters' body than that of my soul, I think, that most concerned him.

The captain closed our interview with a curt command that I set down my version of the case in the ship's log. This task, which I attacked at once, proved pleasanter than hoisting bales of hay. Seated in a comfortable chair before the chartroom table, I determined to endow my writing with a style that would reflect credit on my alma mater. Of course it would take longer, but the cushion in the chair was soft.

Beginning with an original Peters at the time of the Norman Conquest and the Domesday Book, I ran on through a stormy family history sprinkled with admirals and privateers. Even Shadrac Peters, who came over on the Mayflower, possessed aquatic talent. Did he not jump overboard off Plymouth Rock and swim ashore, thus being the first man to land? Little did he think that in so doing he was setting an example to a great-great-great-great-great-great-grandson! In writing of the coming of the Pilgrims I took pains to make it clear that they had left their homes because of British tyranny, and in dealing with General Peters of Revolutionary fame I saw to it that he had all the best of it in numerous engagements with the British, who surrendered to him by platoons, companies, battalions, regiments and brigades. The more I wrote the more I saw the possibilities not only of my tale, but of myself as a romantic novelist. At the summons of the supper-bell I left my work reluctantly.

Resuming my efforts next day, I got down to Peters himself, describing minutely his birth, parentage and early education, dwelling with psychological emphasis upon his hereditary recklessness and prowess in the water, and closing with a fine burst of pathos in which I pictured Peters battling with the tide as the smell of the Bostonia was fading, fading down the night. I was proud of my composition and of the way I had sustained it through pages meant for many days of nautical observations and hours meant for hauling bales of hay.

Days of work and nights of watching followed. The captain did not speak to me again throughout the voyage, though he occasionally acknowledged my presence near him with a dismal sigh; the mate lowered, the purser positively grimaced, and the cattlemen regarded me with a distant curiosity. The sole exception to the rule was Jerry. My crime, it seemed, had made no difference to him.

In the middle of the watch on the night before we sighted land he came and sat beside me on a coil of rope.

"Can ye swim?" he asked in his odd, quavering little voice.

I said I could.

"Far?" said he.

"Fairly."

"Three or four miles?"

"I think so."

Through the silence that followed I wondered what was in his mind.

"I been afther finding out something," he said presently. "About half past two this marnin' we'd ought to be three miles off the coast of ould Ireland. There'll be a light on shore with two white flashes."

"Then we should get to Liverpool tomorrow night," I said.

"Not nisissarily," said he. "Ye could slip over the side and swim ashore. I'd mate ye in Quanestown and give ye a lift."

"That's darned good in you," I said, "but you see Peters is going to meet me in Liverpool."

"Oh!" said Jerry blankly.

Presently he rose to his feet and laid a hand on my shoulder.

"I been afther wantin' to tell ye something," said he. "I killed a man out in British Columbia. Niver mind why. They be wantin' me out there. D'ye see?"

I got up and took him by the hand.

"It's mighty friendly of you to mention it," I said, "and if I had anything to tell I'd tell you right now. But you see I haven't, so I——"

"Oh, all right," he broke in hurriedly. "I wasn't afther pryin', y'onderstand."

Then he went away. He was a sensitive and kindly little murderer. Somehow I felt that I had not thanked him half enough.

A cold, dismal rain was beating on the decks when late on the following afternoon we ran up the Mersey. As I scanned the distant shore through a porthole two sailors came and stood beside me. When we drew nearer I braved the rain out on the open deck to get a better view. The sailors followed. I realized that I was under guard.

A launch bearing the port authorities drew alongside. I looked down eagerly in hopes that Peters would be there. He was not. A customs officer boarded us. He told me that the steamer on which Peters was due had been in port two days.

As the Bostonia was warped up to her dock my

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The Chairman Was Banging on His Desk and Calling for Order

THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

Business Advantages in Attractive Design

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

FOR ten years a certain manufacturer in this country had been making a patent kerosene lamp. It was a perfect article, mechanically speaking. The burner was devised on an ingenious principle, the draft and illumination were calculated to a nicety, and the lamp threw an abundance of mellow white light from a broad flame, burning little oil and giving off no smoke or odor. But the sales of this lamp fell far short of its merits. The maker pushed it in various ways, trying plan after plan. He advertised, explaining the principle upon which his lamp was constructed, and his advertisements brought plenty of inquiries from people who should have become profitable customers. There was the general development of suburban and summer homes to favor him. The sale of one lamp to the owner of a large country house, a seaside cottage or a mountain camp ought logically to have brought orders for more. But it was just this sort of business that did not grow. The chief sales seemed to be to farmers and people in small towns, who wanted one lamp to light the living room.

The manufacturer also sold his lamp through the trade. As a rule, after a capable salesman had been shown the principle upon which that lamp operated and had been given some figures comparing it with other kerosene lamps in lighting power and economy of oil, he could go into any territory and place goods with the largest stores. Merchants and buyers too were easily won over by the mechanical beauty of the lamp, but the lamp itself did not stay in the stores. Merchants who stocked it, expecting great things from its ingenious principle, were soon glad to drop it because it did not sell. This manufacturer spent ten years and a good deal of energy and money to demonstrate the truth of something that George Meredith put in a single phrase:

"Ugly is only halfway to a thing."

Lamps of the Periods

HIS lamp was ugly. Its looks were killing demand with the best class of potential customers. When he selected metal receptacles this manufacturer had conscientiously provided good brass, heavily plated to give honest wear. But he knew nothing of the possibilities that lay in design and so his brass containers were squat and square with not one redeeming line. A certain attractiveness might have been secured by leaving the metal surfaces plain. But even this possibility had been destroyed by meaningless ornaments stamped everywhere—four-leaf clover and horseshoe motifs, flubdubs and borders of tinsmiths' delight. The glass shades were ornamented with nonsensical convolutions and their colors were nondescript, like London neckties dyed to be worn in a fog. The whole lamp



A Skillful Designer Took This Patent Lamp in Hand

was so perfect mechanically that people who read about it asked for it in the stores. It was so ugly in design that nobody with half an eye for harmony would have taken it as a gift, especially when it was shown beside European goods of handsome design—as it always was.

A skillful designer took this patent lamp in hand. Several new shapes were worked up in the period styles so popular just now. There was a Colonial model, an Empire model, a Louis-Quinze model, and so forth. When these new goods were put upon the market the effect was immediate. Department store buyers who had thrown the old models out of stock warmed up to that lamp again and put it back. Customers who were shown a Colonial or Empire shape bought without objections. Advertising began to sell goods in good country and suburban homes, repeat orders followed, and wherever a house was fitted with those lamps a center for new sales was created among neighbors who wanted the same goods as soon as they saw them. Today, as the result of a little attention to looks, that lamp manufacturer is getting a volume of trade to which he was entitled all along on account of the utility and honesty of his product.

American manufacturing has now arrived at a point where this item of looks will be taken more and more into account. Looks are in line with a number of similar items that have gone before, enabling manufacturers and merchants to gain freedom from hard business restrictions.

About twenty years ago a young man in Paris set out to learn the wholesale drug business. The head of a great house offered to take the young Parisian into his office as an apprentice, but assured him that several years would be required to master even the rudiments of the trade. The first detail he was to take up was bookkeeping. The young Frenchman thought, however, that there must be a quicker way of learning the business. He went down to Marseilles and looked into the making and handling of crude drugs. One peculiarity struck him at once. All the manufacturers believed that they were bound in by competitive conditions, and to meet fancied restrictions of price rivalry they adulterated their products. The young man from Paris went to a small manufacturer and asked if there was any difficulty about making an absolutely pure grade of a certain staple.

"Oh, it's easy enough to make," said the manufacturer, "but nobody could sell it—the price would be too high to meet competition."

"If you will make it," said the young man, "I'll sell it for whatever price is necessary to turn a reasonable profit."

When samples of this staple were ready he went to New York, showed them to a big wholesale dealer and named prices.

"Why, we can get that stuff for half the money!" said the druggist.

"Your goods are all adulterated," was the reply. "This is the real article—one hundred per cent pure. There isn't a pound like it in your stock. Test it yourself."

When tests had been made the wholesaler bought liberally and other dealers did the same. In a few years that small manufacturer in France controlled the best trade in this specialty. Physicians, druggists, chemists and manufacturers specified his product by name in ordering, and nothing else could be substituted for it, no matter how low the price. Every trade and industry in this country can furnish similar instances. During the past decade business has been steadily rising above price limitations by the development of superior goods, the rendering of more intelligent service, and the identification of products by brands and trademarks. All the tendencies have been broadening, and the price competition that was once regarded as an ironclad restriction is now often looked upon as fun.

The next step in this broadening development will be that of design. A New York selling expert says that whenever he speaks of design to the average American manufacturer, and urges improvements in the looks of his product, the latter is inclined to regard him with suspicion as if he were a visionary reformer, and class him with the socialists, anarchists and fortune tellers. Yet in practically every case where he has succeeded in getting better design into a product the public has seen the point at once and sales have increased. Say the word "design" to a manufacturer and he thinks of long-haired artists, half-million-dollar masterpieces and other remote things.

"That may be all right for fellows who make wall-paper or neckties," he agrees. "But say, where does it come in on the tobacco business?"

Design is tangible and practical, however. Good looks, good taste, beauty of shape and finish are definite mercantile qualities with direct appeal to popular demand. Design comes into the tobacco business at one point, for instance, when moderate-price goods are given something of the form and finish identified with better grades.

Good Looks in Tobacco

IN THE New York offices of the Tobacco Trust there are hundreds of veteran tobacco men. All their business lives they have been judging, grading, blending and making up tobacco. Some years ago an interesting experiment, made half as a joke, brought out the practical side of this matter of good looks. One of the cheapest products of the company was a rough cheroot made of low-grade leaf, which retailed at a very low price. Around the offices the brand name of that cheroot had become a sort of byword for anything cheap. The manager of the cheroot department resented this. He believed his cheroot was excellent value, even if the price was low, and had the salesman's pride in its purity and wholesomeness and in the great volume of business his particular product brought the company. So he sent an order down to his factory. Some of the regular cheroot tobacco was made up in a handsome perfecto shape associated only with Havana cigars, and several hundred of these glorified cheroots were passed round the different

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Several Hundred of These Glorified Cheroots Were Passed Round



The Sales Force Made No Headway in Landing the Business

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

Johnny Gamble Tries One Big Deal to Complete His Million

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"MY DEAR," observed Mr. Courtney as he and his wife approached the jessamine summer-house, "do you pick your week-end guests from a city directory or do you draw the names from a hat?" Constance Joy, sitting in the summer-house with Johnny Gamble, with a complicated-looking score-card in her hand, arose and laughed lightly as a warning.

"My dear," retorted Mrs. Courtney very sweetly indeed and all unheeding of the laugh, "I pick them by a better system than you employ when you invite stag crowds. You usually need to be introduced to your guests. Just whom would you like to have me send home?"

"Paul Gresham for one," replied Courtney bluntly, "and the entire Wobbles tribe, with their friend Birchard, for some more."

"I could be perfectly happy without them myself, Ben," sighed his wife; "but the Wobbles bachelors invite themselves whenever they please, and Paul Gresham was asked on account of Constance."

Constance, in the summer-house, laughed again, although less happily than before, and dropped her portfolio as loudly as possible, while Johnny Gamble merely grinned.

"That's what I wondered about," persisted the grizzled financier, as oblivious to the noises from within the jessamine bower as his wife had been. "I should have thought that on Constance's account you would have dropped Gresham."

"How absurd!" laughed Mrs. Courtney. "Why, she is to marry him!"

"I don't believe it!" indignantly denied Courtney. "She got him in a will with a million dollars, and it isn't enough!"

Constance's foot, twitching nervously, rustled a dry leaf, and her heart popped into her throat lest the noise should be heard. The time had passed for wishing to be discovered.

Johnny Gamble had ceased to grin and was looking scared.

"Mr. Gresham is of a very old family," Mr. Courtney's wife reminded him.

"Age is no recommendation for an egg," her husband kindly informed her. "Gresham is second cousin to Lord Yawpingham, and if they had any sense of shame they'd murder each other for the relationship."

"Oh, Ben, I'm sure you're harsh," protested the optimistic Mrs. Courtney.

"I'm so charitable as to be almost weak," he insisted with a grin. "Seriously, though, Lucy, Gresham's not square. He tried to destroy Johnny Gamble's credit with me two or three weeks ago in a most underhanded manner."

There was a moment of silence, during which the pair in the bower gazed straight up at nothing.

"You seem to like Mr. Gamble," mused Mrs. Courtney. "Everybody does, however. Where is he from?"

"Some little town up the state," returned Courtney indifferently. "He's a fine young fellow, square as a die and a hustler! He's going to marry Constance Joy."

Johnny Gamble, turning the color of a tomato, dropped his sailor straw hat, and its edge hit the tiled floor with a noise like the blow of an ax. Constance could have murdered him for it. They missed a lot of conversation just about then.

Courtney and his wife rounded the corner of the bower and paused a moment before turning into it.

"Really, Ben," defended Mrs. Courtney, returning to the criticism that her husband by now wished he had not made, "except for the epidemic of Wobbleses this would have been a delightful week-end crowd: Constance, Polly, fluffy little Winnie, Mrs. Follison and our own two girls; Mr. Loring, Val Russel, Bruce Townley, Sammy Chirp, Mr. Gamble and Mr. Gresham. For your entertainment you'll have Mr. Washer, Mr. Close and Colonel Bouncer, with whom you will play poker from the time they reach here this afternoon until they go away Monday morning."

"It was a good party!" agreed Courtney. "By-the-way, I owe my poker crowd to Johnny Gamble. He asked if they would be here, and seemed to want them. He's a live member! Did I ever tell you how he helped me skin Old Mort Washer?" And, changing his mind about entering the jessamine bower, Mr. Courtney, explaining with great glee the skinning of his friend Mort Washer, took the other path and the two strolled away without having seen or heard the luckless eavesdroppers.

The miserable pair in the bower, exhibiting various shades of red, looked steadfastly out into the blue, blue sky for some minutes in stupefied silence. Johnny presently picked up his sailor straw hat and surveyed the nick in its brim with ingenuous interest.

"I bought that hat in Baltimore," he inanely observed.

Constance suddenly arose and walked straight out of there—alone!



"I Have Brought Each of You a Certified Check for One Hundred Thousand Dollars"

II

MR. EUGENE WOBBLES, who tried to live down his American ancestry in London clubs and was, consequently, more British than any Englishman, came to Mr. Courtney lazily apologetic.

"I fancy I'm going to give you a lot of bother, my dear Courtney," he observed, lounging feebly against the porch rail.

"I prefer bother to almost anything," returned his host pleasantly; "it gives me something to do."

"Rather clever that," laughed Eugene, swinging his monocle with one hand and stroking his drooping yellow mustache with the other. "Really I never thought of bother in that way before. Keeps one bothered, I think you said," and he gazed out over the broad lawn where the young people were noisily congregating, in pleasant contemplation of Courtney's wonderful new philosophy.

"What is this particular bother?" gently suggested Courtney after a pause.

"Oh, yes," responded Eugene; "we were discussing that, weren't we? I've a rotten memory; but my oldest brother, Tommy, can't even remember his middle initial. Pretty good that, don't you think? Tommy is a perfect ass in every respect." And idly considering Tommy's perfection as an ass he turned and gazed down into the ravine where Courtney had built some attractive little waterfalls and cave paths. "About how deep should you say it was down there, Courtney?"

"Three hundred and fifty feet," answered Courtney. "I think you were speaking about a little bother."

"Oh, yes; so I was," agreed Eugene. "Very good of you to remind me of it. You know, Courtney, Mr. Gamble, who wants to buy some land of ours, has made the remarkable discovery that we're all here together. First time in years, I assure you. No matter how necessary for us to hold a complete family council, one of my brothers—most unreliable people in the world, I think—is always missing."

"And when they're all together I suppose you are somewhere else," suggested Courtney.

That proposition was so unique that Eugene was forced to spend profound thought upon it.

"Curious, isn't it?" he finally admitted. "A chap becomes so in the habit of thinking that he is himself always present, wherever he happens to be, that it's no end startling to reflect that sometimes he isn't."

"I see," said Courtney, grasping eagerly at the light. "You merely happen to be all here at the same time, and you think it advisable to hold a family business meeting because the accident may never occur again. Sensible idea, Eugene. The east loggia off the second-floor hall is just the place. Assemble there and I'll send you any weapons you want."

"Perfectly stunning how you Americans grasp things!" commented Eugene, agape with admiration. "But I say, old chap, that's a joke about the weapons. Really, we shan't need them."

"You're quite right; I was joking," returned Courtney gravely. "I'll go right up and have some chairs and tables put out on the loggia."

"I knew it would be a deuced lot of bother for you," regretted Eugene apologetically. "It's a lot of face in us to ask it. So crude, you know. By-the-way, should you say that this Mr. Gamble chap was all sorts reliable?"

"Absolutely," Courtney emphatically assured him.

"Ow," returned Eugene reflectively. "And his solicitor fellow, Loring?"

"Perfectly trustworthy."

"Ow," commented Eugene, and fell into a study so deep that Courtney was able to escape without being missed.

In the library, where he went to ring for a servant, he found Constance Joy looking gloomily out of a window, with a magazine upside down in her hands. She immediately arose.

"Don't let me disturb you," begged Courtney as he rang the bell. "Do you know where I can find Johnny Gamble?"

"I really couldn't say," replied Constance sweetly. "I left him out in the gardens a few minutes ago." And she made for the door, confident that she had not spoken with apparent haste, embarrassment or coldness.

"Won't you please tell him that Joe Close and Morton Washer and Colonel Bouncer are coming out on the next train?" requested Courtney. "You're sure to see him by-and-by, I know."

"With pleasure," lied Constance miserably, and hurried to finish her escape. At the door, however, she suddenly turned and came back, walking nonchalantly but hastily out through the windows upon the side porch. A second later Paul Gresham and Billy Wobbles, the latter walking with temperamental knees, passed through the hall.

Courtney looked after Constance in perplexity, but, a servant entering, he gave orders for the furnishing of the loggia and went up to make sure of the arrangements. He found Johnny Gamble in moody solitude, studying with deep intensity the braiding of his sailor straw hat.

"Hello, Johnny!" hailed Courtney cordially. "I was just asking Miss Joy about you."

Johnny looked at him with reproachful eyes. Courtney was to blame for his present gloom.

"Thanks," he returned. "What did she say?"

"Not much," replied Courtney, smiling slyly. "She didn't know where you were, but she's looking for you."

"Where is she?" asked Johnny, jumping up with alacrity.

"She just went out on the side porch of the library," announced Courtney. "Her message is from me, however. Washer and Close and the Colonel are coming out this noon."

"Thanks," replied Johnny, starting away. "Did you say the side porch of the library?"

A thin-legged figure stopped in the door and twitched.

"Mornin'," it observed. "I knew Eugene's intellect was woozing again. Always announcing some plan for us to bore each other, don't you know, and never having it come off."

"This is the place and the hour, Reggie," declared Mr. Courtney. "If you'll just stay here I'll send you out a brandy and soda and some cigars."

"Thanks awfully, old man," returned Reggie, looking dubiously out at the loggia. It was enticing enough, with its broad, cool, tiled flooring and its vine-hung arches and its vistas of the tree-clad hills across the ravine; but it was empty. "I think I'll return when the rest of them are together." And Reggie, stumbling against the doorjamb on his way out, wandered away, choosing the right-hand passage because his body had happened to lurch in that direction.

"Johnny, if you say anything I'll be peevish," protested Courtney in advance. "Please remember that the gentleman is a guest of mine."

"I was grinning at something else," Johnny soothed him: still grinning, however.

"I apologize," observed Courtney. "Do you think the Wobbles family will hold their conclave if each of them waits until all the others are together?"

"I hope so," replied Johnny. "I'll make some money if they do."

"How rude!" expostulated Courtney with a laugh. "Business at a week-end house-party!"

"Business is right," confessed Johnny. "They admit that you run the best private exchange in America out here."

Courtney, enjoying that remark, laughed heartily.

"I'm glad they give me credit," he acknowledged. "Well, help yourself to all the facilities. Where are you going?"

"Library porch," answered Johnny promptly. "Excuse me, I'm in a hurry."

III

CONSTANCE JOY was not on the library porch. Instead, Johnny found there Polly Parsons and her adopted sister Winnie, Ashley Loring and Sammy Chirp. This being almost a family party for Johnny, he had no hesitation in asking bluntly for Constance.

"This is her morning for Wobbling," returned Polly disdainfully. "A while ago she was dodging the perfectly careless compliments of old Tommy and trying not to see that his toupee was on crooked; and now she's down toward the ravine some place, watching young Cecil stumble. You could make yourself a very solid Johnny by trotting right down there and breaking up the party."

"I think I'd rather have a messenger for that," calculated Johnny. "His brothers wish to see Cecil up in the east loggia."

"Sammy will go," offered Winnie confidently; whereat Sammy, smiling affably, promptly arose.

"Go with him, Winnie," ordered Polly. "Trot on now, both of you. I want to talk sense."

Quite cheerfully Winnie gave Sammy her fan, her parasol, her vanity box, her novel, her box of chocolates and her hat, stuffed a handkerchief in his pocket and said:

"Come on, Sammy; I'm ready."

"Constance showed me that schedule last night, Johnny," rattled Polly. "You ought to see it, Mr. Loring. On Wednesday, at four o'clock, he was exactly even with it; five hundred thousand dollars to the good; five thousand dollars' profit for every working hour since Saturday, April twenty-second, at one o'clock."

"I know," laughed Loring. "A million dollars in forty days; and he'll make it in less if the Wobbleses will only hold steady for ten minutes."

"You don't mean to say that a Wobbles could be useful!" protested Polly.

"Half a million dollars' worth," Loring informed her; then he drew his chair closer and lowered his voice. "It's a funny story, Polly. Two weeks ago Johnny took Courtney and Close and Washer and Colonel Bouncer up to the Bronx in my machine and arranged to sell them a subdivision for three and a half million dollars."

"Help!" gasped Polly. "Burglar!"

"They'll double their money," asserted Johnny indignantly. "Fanciest neglected opportunity within a gallon of gasoline from Forty-second Street."

"Trouble is, Johnny didn't own it and doesn't yet," laughed Loring. "He's been trying to buy it from the Wobbleses ever since he arranged to sell it."

"He'll get it," decided Polly confidently.

"Will they agree when they get together?" Loring worried. "Individually each one needs the money, and each one is satisfied with Johnny's offer of three million cash."

"Don't say another word," ordered Polly. "I have to figure this out. Why, Johnny, if you carry this through it will finish your million, and this is only the thirteenth of May. That's going some! You weren't supposed to have it till the thirty-first. Polly's proud of you!"

"I don't think you get the joke of this yet, though, Polly," Loring went on. "The Wobbleses don't know that Johnny has already arranged to sell their land, and the subdivision company doesn't know that the beautiful Bronx tract is the Wobbles estate. In the meantime both parties are here, and I'm lurking behind the scenery with all the necessary papers ready to sign, seal and deliver."

"Hush!" commanded Polly; "I'm getting excited. It sounds like the finish of the first act. Oh, lookee! Who's the graceful party with Gresham?"

Both Johnny and Loring glanced up at a tall, suave, easy-moving gentleman, whose clothing fitted him like a matinée idol's, whose closely trimmed beard would have served as a model for the nobility anywhere, and whose smile was sickening sweet.

"Eugene Wobbles' friend, Birchard," stated Johnny, who kept himself well posted on Wobbles affairs. "He is always either with Gresham or a Wobbles, and he travels for a living, I believe." And Johnny suddenly arose.

Coming from the direction of the ravine were Constance and Cecil, Winnie and Sammy, and passing Gresham and Birchard with the nod of compulsion Johnny walked carelessly on to meet the quartet.

"Good morning, Cecil," he observed. "Your brothers are about to hold a meeting in the east loggia, and I think they're looking for you."

"No doubt," admitted Cecil wearily. "It's barely possible that one or two of them are already believing that they will go up. Do you know, I think I shall establish a record for family promptness if I may be excused. Most annoying to be torn away from such a jolly talk, I'm sure." And receiving the full and free permission of the company to depart he did so, changing his mind twice about whether to go through the rose arbor or round by the sundial.

Johnny swung in by the side of Constance.

"Some one told me you had a message for me," he blundered.

"Who said so?" she was cruel enough to ask.

Johnny turned pink, but he was brave and replied with the truth.

"Mr. Courtney," he admitted.

"So I imagined," she answered icily. "Mr. Washer and Mr. Close and Colonel Bouncer are to arrive on the noon train. You'll excuse me, won't you, please?" And she hurried on to the house by herself to dress for dinner.

Johnny Gamble tried to say "Certainly," but he dropped his sailor straw hat. Constance heard it and every muscle in her body jumped and stiffened.

IV

THERE seemed a conspicuous dearth of Wobbleses on the east loggia that morning. Loring, pathetically faithful to his post, entertained them in relays as Johnny brought them up: sometimes one, sometimes two, and once or twice as many as three of them at one time; but they all lost their feeble mooring and drifted away.

Luncheon-time passed; Washer and Bouncer and Close and Courtney went into executive session; two o'clock came, three o'clock, four o'clock, and still no meeting. At the latter hour Johnny, making his tireless rounds but afflicted with despair, located Billy Wobbles, the one with the jerky eyelids and impulsive knees, on the loggia with Loring; Eugene was in the poker room trying numbly to discover the difference between a four-flush and a deuce-high hand; Tommy, his toupee well down toward his scanty white eyebrows, was boring the Courtney girls to the verge of tears; Cecil, stumbling almost rhythmically over his own calves, was playing tennis with Winnie and Sammy and Mrs. Follison; and Reggie, the twitcher, was entertaining Val Russel and Bruce Townley with a story he had started at nine o'clock in the morning.

Suddenly Johnny was visited with a long-sought inspiration and hurried down to the kennels, remembering with much self-scorn that he had dragged each of the Wobbleses away from there at least once.

The master of the dogs was Irish and young, with eyes the color of a six-o'clock sky on a sunny day, and he greeted Johnny with a white-toothed smile that would have melted honey.

"I locked Beauty up, sir," he said, with a touch of his cap, referring to the gentle collie that had poked its nose



With an Effort She Kept Herself From Running



"I Fancy I'm Going to Give You a Lot of Bother, My Dear Courtney"

confidingly into Johnny's hand at every visit. "There was too much excitement for her with all the strangers round, but she'll be glad to see you, sir."

"Give Beauty my card and tell her I'll be back," directed Johnny with a friendly glance in the direction of Beauty's summer residence. "Didn't you say something this morning about a crowd of setter puppies?"

"Yes, sir," replied the dog expert proudly. "Several of the gentlemen have been down to see them, but the day has been so hot I didn't care to bring them out. It's cool enough now, sir, if you'd like to see them."

"I'll be back in five minutes," returned Johnny hastily. "I'll say hello to Beauty first."

Beauty barked and capered when she was let out, and expressed her entire approval of Johnny in fluent dog language, looking after him reproachfully when he hurried away.

Johnny first begged a puppy of Courtney, then he brought Eugene Wobbles and Tommy Wobbles and Billy and Cecil and Reggie Wobbles down in turns to pick it out for him. Each of the Wobbleses was still there, deciding, when he brought another. When the last Wobbles, including their friend Birchard, was in the inclosure Johnny locked the gate and sent Loring on a brisk errand. That energetic commercial attorney returned in a very few minutes, laden with some papers and writing materials and followed by a servant carrying a wicker table.

"Gentlemen," said Johnny in a quite oratorical tone of voice, "suppose we talk business."

The assembled Wobbleses turned in gasping surprise from the violent family dispute over the puppies.

"Upon my soul, this is a most extraordinary thing!" exclaimed Eugene, looking about him in amazement. "Why, the whole blooming family is here, even Tommy. I say, Tommy, it's perfectly imbecile, with all due respect to you, to prefer that little beggar with the white star."

"I'll back him for a hundred pounds before any official committee," indignantly quavered Tommy, feeling in all the wrong pockets for his betting-book.

"Gentlemen," interposed Johnny most crudely indeed, "I am here to repeat my offer of three million dollars, cash, for your Bronx property; one-half million dollars today, one million dollars next Saturday, May twentieth, and the remaining million and a half the following Saturday, May twenty-seventh, title to remain vested in you until the entire amount is paid. Just to show that I mean business I have brought each of you a certified check for one hundred thousand dollars." And he distributed them like diplomas to a class.

Tommy Wobbles, startled to find his toupee on straight, examined his check with much doubt.

"I say, you know," he expostulated; "this can't be quite regular!"

"Why not?" inquired Johnny.

"Well—er—it's so very precipitate," responded Tommy, putting the check in his pocket and taking it out again and folding and unfolding it with uncertain fingers. "No time for deliberation and dignity and such rot, you know."

"An advance cash payment of half a million dollars is so full of dignity that its shoes squeak," announced Johnny. "As to delay, I don't see any reason for it. You want to sell the property, don't you?"

Eugene said yes, and the others looked doubtful.

"You're satisfied with the price?" demanded Johnny.

Since Eugene kept silent the others answered that they were.

"You know that by my plan you are perfectly secured until you are fully paid; so there's no reason why we shouldn't wind up the business at once."

"Should you say that this was regular, Birchard?" asked Eugene, toying with his check lovingly. He had just finished figuring that it was worth something like twenty thousand pounds!

"Quite regular indeed," Mr. Birchard smilingly assured him. "Typically American for its directness and decision, but fully as good a business transaction in every way as could be consummated in London."

"Ow, I say," protested Eugene, but he seemed perfectly satisfied nevertheless.

"As I understand it," went on Mr. Birchard, "Mr. Gamble's proposition is very simple. You are to execute a contract of sale to him today, acknowledging receipt of half a million dollars advance payment, and are at the same time to execute a clear deed that will be placed in the hands of your agent until Mr. Gamble completes his payments. The deed will then be delivered to him and properly recorded. Is this correct, Mr. Gamble?"

"I couldn't say it so well, but that's what I mean," replied Johnny.

"Then, gentlemen," continued Birchard, "I should advise you to sign the papers at once and have the matter off your minds."

Loring had everything ready, but it was Johnny who really conducted the meeting and manipulated the slow-moving Wobbleses so that they concluded the business with small waste of time.

When it was finished Johnny thanked them with intense relief. The Wobbles property was his, and he knew exactly where to sell it at a half million dollars' profit. His tremendous race for a million was to be won, with a day or so of margin. There were only a few technical matters to look after, but in reality the prize was his. He could go to Constance Joy now with a clear conscience and the ability to offer her a fortune equal to the one she would have to relinquish if she married him.

"By-the-way," asked Johnny in parting, "who is your agent?"

"Why, I rather fancy it will be Mr. Birchard," replied Eugene, stroking his mustache reflectively. "Of course nothing is decided as yet, since there are five of us and four stubborn; but I rather fancy it will be Birchard. Eh, old chap?"

"I trust so," responded Birchard with a pleasant smile at Johnny.

V

MORTON WASHER, having acquired a substantial jackpot with the aid of four hearts and little casino, boastfully displayed the winning hand.

"Sometime, when you fellows grow up," he kindly offered, "I'll sit down to a real game of poker with you."

Courtney, keeping the bank, dived ruefully into the box for his fourth stack of chips.

"There's one thing I must say about Mort," he dryly observed: "he's cheerful when he wins."

"He can brag harder and louder than any man I ever heard," admitted iron-faced Joe Close.

Colonel Bouncer, puffing out his red cheeks and snarling affectionately at his friend Washer, corroborated that statement emphatically.

"He's bragged ever since he was a boy," he stated.

"I always had something to brag about, didn't I?" demanded Washer, his intemperate little pompadour bristling and his waxed mustache as waspish as if he were really provoked.

"I don't know," objected the solemn-faced Courtney. "I stung you for half a million on that hotel transaction. Give me an ace, Joe."

"Never!" snapped Morton Washer, picking up his cards as they fell. "It was Johnny Gamble did that. I open this pot right under the guns for the size of it and an extra sky-blue for luck. None of you old spavins was ever able to get me single-handed. A young fellow like Johnny Gamble, that's different. It's his turn. You fellows are all afraid of my threes?"

"The others might be, so I'll just help them stay out," stated Courtney kindly as he doubled Washer's bet. "By-the-way, speaking of Johnny Gamble, he was very anxious to get you fellows out here today. Now I want to give you some solemn advice, Colonel; you'd better keep away from this pot."

"Bless my soul, I have a rotten hand!" confessed Colonel Bouncer, puffing his cheeks. "But you old bluffers can't drive me out of any place; so I'll trail." And he measured up to Courtney's stack. "What's Gamble's scheme, Ben?"

"I'll have to let Johnny tell you that himself," responded Courtney as Johnny entered. "Coming into this scramble, Joe?"

"I'm a cautious man," hesitated Close, inspecting the faces of his companions with calm interest. "I don't think you or Mort has second cousins among your pasteboards, but the Colonel is concealing his feelings too carefully." And he threw down his cards.

"You're most unprofessional to say so," growled the Colonel. "I suppose you won't see that raise, Mort?"

"I'm not much interested," returned Washer indifferently, "so I'll just tilt it another stack." And he did so with beautiful carelessness. "On general principles I'm very favorable to any enterprise Johnny Gamble offers. Isn't that so, Johnny?"

"I hope so," replied Johnny with a laugh as he approached the table and, with perfectly blank eyes, looked down at the hand that Washer held up to him.

Courtney cast only a fleeting glance at Johnny, whose face it would be impolite to read, also impossible, and concentrated his attention upon his old friend Washer.

"You infernal scoundrel, I believe you have them," he decided as Washer folded his cards into the palm of his hand again.

Courtney turned for a careful inspection of the Colonel. That gentleman, daintily picking a fleck of dust from his cuff, looked unconcernedly off into the sky, whistling softly, and Courtney, pushing his hand into the discard, lit a cigar, while the Colonel met Washer's raise and added a tantalizing white chip.

It was now Washer's turn for consideration, and he studied his only remaining opponent with much interest.

"Give me one card, Joe; mostly kings," he requested as he pushed in his one white chip. "What's your scheme, Johnny?" And he looked up quite indifferent to the card he was tossing away. He picked up the one Close carefully dealt him and, without looking at it, slid it in among the other four.

"I'm ready to close with you for that Bronx subdivision," responded Johnny, acutely watching Colonel Bouncer as that gentleman asked for one card, received it and studied its countenance with polite admiration. "It's the proposition I've previously explained to all of you, but had to lay aside because I couldn't nail down the property."

"I suppose you have it now," observed Morton, pushing forward with gentle little shoves of his middle finger a very tall stack of chips arranged in three distinct and equal red, white and blue layers. He had not yet looked at his fifth card, and at Colonel Bouncer he directed but a brief and passing glance. Did he care what the Colonel held?

"I have the Wobbles estate in my pocket," replied Johnny, still watching the Colonel absorbedly. "I must get you together Monday if possible."

"Wobbles!" exploded Courtney. "Did you buy that Bronx property at my party from my guests to sell to us?"

"I did," confessed Johnny with a grin. "This is a lovely party."

The poker game suspended itself for a minute, while all four of the gentlemen looked at him in contemplative admiration.

"He's a credit to the place," observed Joe Close. "Here's where the Texas land grab was arranged, and the wool trust formed, and the joker inserted into the rebate bill."

"Nevertheless, if Johnny Gamble sits in this game I'll cash in my chips and quit," declared Morton Washer.

"He's good enough company

(Continued on Page 60)



"She May Not Be so Keen for That Million as You Think"

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

By Forrest Crissey

A FEW small farmers in the South, a little more alert than their neighbors, are finding a live opportunity in the commercialization of a crop product that has long been a general staple article of home use.

This long-neglected product, which in some hands and in certain localities is taking on the dignity of a very profitable cash crop, is cane syrup.

The place that this commodity holds in the households of the South is indicated by the fact that a Southerner visiting the North will seldom fail to denounce maple syrup as a poor and flimsy substitute for the cane syrup of his native fields. Not until recently could a Southern family living in the North order cane syrup from a first-class grocery with any reasonable expectation that it would be furnished. In the South the local grocery was generally supplied with this commodity from the incidental surplus of those patrons who made more of it than they could use at home. It was more an article of local barter and exchange than a commercial commodity. And this condition still holds to a very great extent, although cane syrup is increasingly making its way as an article of interstate commerce.

One of the pioneers in this commercialization of cane syrup is G. W. Storter, who runs a general store in Florida and does farming on the side. He declares that cane syrup is the most profitable crop that he can produce, and that hundreds of small farmers in those localities of the South where the soil is adapted to cane culture can make it one of the best-paying crops from their lands.

Of course a sudden overproduction would cut down the price and is a contingency to be reckoned with by those who might be inclined to take a hand in it; but this danger is modified by two considerations—the gradually increasing demand for cane syrup, and the fact that a rich soil and a practically frostless climate are required to produce the best of cane and bring it to full maturity.

"I have raised sugar cane and made it into syrup for years," declares Mr. Storter; "and it is the best crop I can grow. My average production is five hundred gallons of pure syrup from an acre of cane, but in certain seasons I have been able to take eight hundred gallons from an acre. And this result has been had without the use of a pound of fertilizer and without cultivation after the first year of planting. It costs money to fertilize land in the South, and when a crop can be made without expense of fertilization or cultivation a big problem has been solved."

'Way Down South in the Land of Cotton

"ONE planting has generally served for ten or twelve years, and certain of my plantings produced handsomely without renewal for a still longer period. In connection with these statements as to yield and duration of plantings, however, it should be said that my soil is almost ideal for cane—rich and deep—and that the climate is as favorable to this particular crop as is the soil. There are comparatively few localities in the South where such a production, with no expense for fertilization, could be reasonably expected or could be secured. Here we never start to grind up cane before the first of January. This means that it has a chance to reach complete maturity. In localities where the frost is earlier the crop must be cut when it is only about seventy-five per cent matured; but in localities where the earlier cutting compels a twenty-five per cent sacrifice there is still enough left to make it a decidedly profitable crop. My net profits vary from season to season. Generally they are somewhere between one hundred and fifty dollars and two hundred dollars. By net profit I mean what is left after deducting all labor and manufacturing costs of every sort. The manufacturing cost is about seven cents a gallon. Into this is figured the expense of cutting, of hauling to the mill, of grinding, of boiling and of putting into cans. The total cost of production runs close to seventeen cents a gallon and I have never received less than forty-five cents at wholesale. Sometimes the price has been very much better than that.

"The man who puts up cane syrup must exercise vigilance to see that every can is so sealed that it is airtight. The one-gallon can is undoubtedly best adapted to this trade. I do not advocate the indiscriminate production of cane syrup, for that would quickly drown out the market; but where a small farmer in the South has a few acres of rich, moist soil, he will do well to put in cane and make a pure, clean article of syrup. This will be the means of adding several hundred dollars to the cash income of the small farmer who is favorably situated for this crop. And even a few hundred dollars additional cash income means prosperity to many a small and struggling farmer of the South."



Pointing a Wound Left by a Branch Removed Correctly

The number of farmers who will be able to find the way to a larger prosperity through the production of cane syrup will depend to a large extent upon the salesmanship of those who become interested in handling this product. If these dealers are alert and progressive in developing a wider market for this commodity the profits from this crop may be maintained and many more producers may share its benefits. In various sections of the South there is a somewhat concerted action along this line among the local merchants. Josiah Chase, of Florida, one of the shrewdest observers in the Southern produce market, declares that the North is almost wholly ignorant of the merits of pure cane syrup, and that when the merchants of the South do the necessary educational work this product will come into its own and bring a new degree of prosperity to thousands of small farmers who are bound still by the traditions of King Cotton.

It is probably true, however, that those who are quickest to act will take the largest percentage of profit. To those who are willing to do a little hand-to-hand work in the task of building a larger market for cane syrup one suggestion may be made: build up a family trade. This may be done by personally soliciting winter visitors from the North, by writing to native Southerners who have located in the North, and by seeking private orders from Southern families in Southern cities and towns. Again, local organization of the syrup producers of any community would be able, under intelligent direction, to do much toward building a trade along family lines for a considerable volume of product.

J. H. Hale, the "Peach King" of Connecticut and Georgia, says there is a "fat, neglected opportunity" for many a man or woman in furnishing to orchardists young peach trees that are budded along "performance lines." Those who qualify for this peculiar specialty, however, must have a natural bent for horticulture and must also be located in a peach-growing section. Mr. Hale's view of the fatness of this opportunity is fully confirmed by George A. Drew, whose work in the restoration of old and neglected apple orchards has made him a national reputation. An interesting feature of this opportunity is the fact that it may be as successfully followed by a woman as by a man. Then, too, it may be started with small capital and carried out on a small place.

"There's a sound old saying," declares Mr. Hale, "that if a horse can trot his pedigree is all right. The same may be said of a peach tree. The stock-breeding world found out a long time ago, however, that the best and surest way to get a winning colt is to breed that colt from a speedy sire and dam. This principle has been applied with proved and satisfactory results in every line—in cattle, in hogs, in wheat, in corn, in strawberries, in about every kind of animal or plant from which the farmer or the orchardist gets a livelihood—except peach trees! Right there the otherwise sound and proved law of breeding from a parent that has demonstrated its pedigree by its works seems to come to a sudden halt.

"I once asked a city child where milk came from. She promptly answered: 'From the milkman.' That's the way it is with the stock for planting a peach orchard: it comes from a nurseryman. And if that nurseryman gives you trees that are true to name from start to finish, and of apparent hardiness, he feels that he has done everything that could be done or demanded by any reasonable buyer. And so he has, according to the accepted standard and practice of the day—but let us go back of the milkman to the cow; back of the nurseryman to the tree and the seed from which the tree starts. The peach tree that the orchardist buys for planting is not one tree, but two; its base is a seedling grown from a wild native peach pit; its top or working part is made of little buds from a developed peach tree of known variety."

The Peach With a Pedigree

"IN THE mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina, where the wild native peach thrives, the mountaineer women and children drive quite a business in gathering these wild peaches and selling the pits to the local store. Practically all the peach seedlings in this country come from this region—the nurseryman buying the pits from the stores.

"Now what happens in the nursery where these pits have been planted? The pits are planted in rows. Along in August or early September, when the little seedlings from the pits are about as big as lead pencils, the work of budding begins. In the big nurseries, where peach trees are grown by hundreds of thousands, boys are often sent out to do this important work of budding.

"These boys slice the buds from the very young trees of presumably known variety in nursery rows budded the year before possibly in a field right next to the seedlings—trees so young that they have never produced so much as a sample of fruit. This process being repeated year after year leads farther and farther away from good fruiting stock. Right here is the whole point. What kind of a tree should those buds, which are to become the working, bearing part of the new tree, have been cut from? From a strong, mature tree that has not only produced enough fruit to show that it is true to variety but has also thoroughly demonstrated its superiority above the average of its orchard companions! And by that I mean a tree notable for the quality of its fruit, for the quantity of its fruit and for the regularity of its crop.

"In other words, the buds should be cut from trees that have given a good 'performance record,' as a stockman would say, instead of from trees of no performance at all. Of course this would greatly increase the expense of the process—but there are plenty of men who are willing to pay the premium on thoroughbred stock in any line. Peach trees would prove no exception to this rule. There are many reasons why the nurseryman has the buds cut from young trees. One is that very young trees produce only wood buds, while mature trees have fruit buds as well. The wood bud is the one required for budding. Buds from a mature tree are likely to be twenty-five per cent of false or fruit buds; while those from a very young tree will get ninety-five per cent of buds that grow. Then, too, the buds from a young tree are easier to cut and easier to insert into the seedling.

"Another point in this connection is that when one mistake is made in the budding process in the nursery it is likely, if not certain, to perpetuate itself anywhere from ten to thirty times as the rebudding goes on from year to year. This would not occur in using buds from mature trees of known performance. The nurseryman does his best to avoid mistakes and the most careful growers have men whose eyes are trained to differentiate between varieties of young trees, inspect the nursery rows and weed out the mistakes. Again, the nurseryman could not afford to sell pedigreed peach trees at the prices now asked under the sharp competition of the contract-bidding system that prevails. I am not accusing the nurseryman of dishonesty or of charging too much for what he gives. What I am doing is to point out the fact that there

is a demand for young peach trees budded from mature trees that have made a performance record. You can get thoroughbred prices for thoroughbred stock—not from everybody, but from those who demand the very best and believe that the best is the cheapest.

"Not everybody can enter into this specialty and make it pay. They must have decided horticultural tastes and considerable practical knowledge and working skill. Again, they must be located near bearing peach orchards of considerable extent in order to secure buds from trees of high performance.

"Personally, I will not plant a Northern-grown peach tree. Why? Because I do not know of a peach section of the North that has not at some time had a touch of the 'yellows.' That is a contagious disease of the peach that science has not yet been able to stamp out. Now I may be a bit extreme in my position that I will not plant a Northern-grown peach tree in my orchards. Probably there are thousands of them not tainted with the yellows. I'll grant that without argument; but, at the same time, I'm not going to take any chances of introducing that scourge into my orchards if I know it.

"Because other growers probably feel much as I do on this score, I would say that the man or woman starting into the business of raising peach stock budded from the best-bearing trees should be located in the South."

The Best the Cheapest

"THE process of budding is very simple. It cannot be adequately described in the printed word, but a few moments of actual demonstration in a nursery will be sufficient to teach the beginner. Not so, however, with the art of selection. This comes only with experience and an intimate acquaintance with the trees themselves; and only the person with a knack for growing things will make a pronounced success along this line.

"I see no reason why any one going into growing pedigreed trees should confine himself to peaches. There is plenty of room for the same high development in other fruit trees. My idea would be to start in with a very small place and give minute, individual attention to every young tree. Of course the specialist would be obliged to charge a much higher price than the prevailing commercial one—say twice as much anyhow—perhaps more; but he could find plenty of patrons, in my opinion, who would willingly pay the premium for select pedigreed stock. Men of wealth who are planting country places want sure and quick results. Then, too, they like to be able to tell their visiting friends that their peach trees are not the ordinary commercial things; that there is fine breeding behind each tree and that the tree from which number three in row four was budded was the greatest producer of its kind in a certain famous orchard.

"Again, I think that such a specialist will find patrons among those who are planting commercial orchards and who feel that they cannot afford to neglect anything that promises to insure and increase results. Suppose you were planting a ten-acre peach orchard with trees fifteen feet apart each way. That would mean a total of about nineteen hundred and thirty trees. Today young peach trees cost about sixty to eighty dollars a thousand. If you felt that an additional expense of one hundred and nineteen dollars and eighty cents would give you trees with a high-performance record behind them—trees true to variety; trees of the 'class' of a thoroughbred Morgan colt, whose ancestors did things—would you hesitate to spend that money? I hardly think so. There are so many advantages in favor of the pedigreed tree—so many chances that it will pay for its extra cost many times over—that the shrewd orchardist will figure that he cannot afford not to insure his enterprise with those advantages. Therefore I hold that here is a neglected opportunity for many a man and woman—but they must have a decided taste for horticultural work and be situated in the right locality."

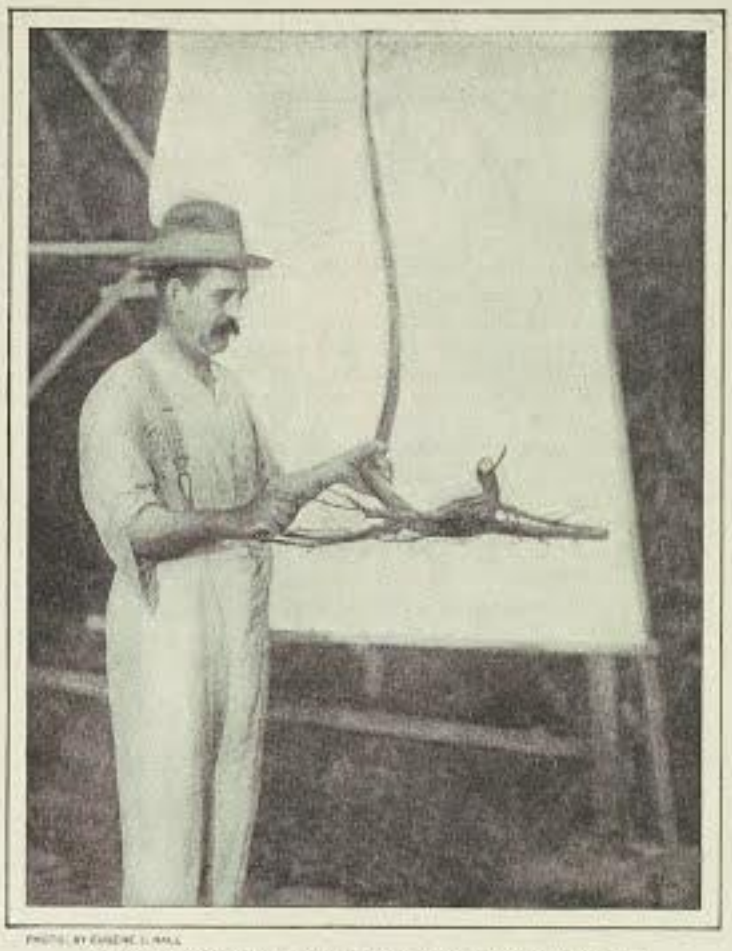


PHOTO BY EUGENE J. HALL

Trimming Roots of Young Shade Tree Before Planting

L. W. Ellis, of Indiana, who was lately connected with the office of farm management in the United States Department of Agriculture, is emphatic in the declaration that hundreds of farmers are missing opportunities for adding to their incomes or their land values simply by neglecting a careful study of what might be accomplished in the matter of rearranging their farms. As a somewhat extreme illustration of this point he tells of a farmer in Iowa who was not content to accept his farm as he found it, but who studied it from the viewpoint of its weaknesses as a marketable piece of farm property.

The farm was two hundred and forty rods long and something more than seventy rods wide. The public road cut across one end of this strip and the farmhouse and barns were next to the road. He had not been working the farm long before he realized that a trip to his back fields entailed half a mile of travel over a road that was rather steep. However, he felt no dissatisfaction with his bargain because his farm paid a good income and the value of his land was steadily increasing.

About the fifth year after he bought the property he received an offer of one hundred dollars an acre for it. This was a decided advance over the price he had paid and was a temptation to him; but he insisted that he must take due time to consider before giving his answer. And he did consider! He walked all over the farm and tried to look at it with the eyes of a possible purchaser. The outcome of these reflections was a visit to the neighbor who owned a forty-acre strip running the length of his own farm. As there were no buildings on this strip he obtained the refusal of it for seventy-five dollars an acre. Then he did more figuring, refused the offer for his own farm and bought the adjacent strip.

Not only did this additional forty acres make his farm far more "sightly" but it gave him an opportunity to reach his back fields by a much easier road. What was the result of his figuring? The added investment of three thousand dollars put twenty-five dollars an acre on the value of the new forty acres. His thinking and attention to the opportunity for replanning his farm brought him an immediate compensation of forty-seven hundred and fifty dollars. That he did not sell the farm at that profit, but considered it a better bargain to keep it for active operation, does not affect the problem. He could have sold it at that advance and the increased value was there.

Often the farmer's opportunity lies not in the purchase of more land, but in the rearrangement of his fields and buildings to the end of saving labor and giving his farm a more sightly and businesslike appearance.

The habit of close and thoughtful observation of the farm plant will uncover many a neglected opportunity to the man who is looking for these overlooked chances right at home. The owner of a large vineyard on the Hudson was somewhat discouraged over the fact that his crop of Delaware grapes did not compare well with those of his neighbors and competitors.

One day, in the harvest season, he noticed that the gang of pickers went to a certain spot in the vineyard and returned with their hands full of compact, ruddy clusters. While they were eating these with their luncheons, the owner of the place went to the exact spot from which the pickers had secured the clusters for their own eating. He was astonished to find the vines there loaded with grapes of the finest quality. They were not only greatly superior to the product of the other parts of the vineyard but were extremely choice.

A Grape-Grower's Discovery

AS THESE vines had received the same cultivation, pruning and fertilization given to all the other vines, he naturally concluded to seek for the explanation of their excellence in some marked difference in the soil. A hurried examination showed him that these superior grapes were all produced from a thin streak or wedge of sandy soil unlike that in which the main body of his vineyard was planted, but similar to that of a considerable acreage of his place still unoccupied with vines. Promptly he changed the location of his vineyard and multiplied his profits by four! Observation of "little things" is a very industrious uncoverer of neglected opportunities.

The man who fails to watch the market and reflect upon his observations is almost sure to miss some valuable opportunity. No matter how keen and close a student he may be of the physical features of his farm and its management, he is almost certain to be well paid for special attention given to the marketing end of his products.

A certain farmer living on the edge of a small town in Minnesota confesses that he found a very fat and welcome opportunity concealed in a pond on his place. Next to his dairy the department of his farm which most interested him was his poultry. He had a knack for getting eggs from his hens, but he could not induce them to produce eggs at their "maximum capacity" when the rest of the hens in the country were on a strike.

This perversity of his hens in connection with the relentless law of supply and demand depressed him. How could he overcome this law, take the eggs when the hens were disposed to lay them and at the same

(Continued on Page 68)



PHOTO BY EUGENE J. HALL

The Kind of Peach Trees to Bud From

THE BIG IDEA

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

How the Tail Wagged the Dog

THREE dominoes, the first and third laid at right angles to the second, give the ground plan of H. & A. Weeks' stove works at Five Oaks. The offices are in the southwest corner; so, in going from them to the railroad station, one walks along the whole front of the plant. Across the macadamized street, between the plant and the railroad tracks, is a long, narrow strip of park that the railroad company generously maintains, where, on pleasant days, somebody is sure to be loitering.

This was a pleasant day in June and E. Addison Humphrey, on his way from the Weeks offices to the station, probably wouldn't have noticed whether there was anybody in the park or not, for he had much more important matters on his mind. Just opposite the southeast corner of the plant, however, a loiterer sat against the trunk of a maple tree with his short legs crossed, smoking a large, black brier pipe—an exceedingly blocky man, with very wide shoulders, deep chest and limbs that made up in thickness what they lacked in length. He was dressed like a day laborer in calico shirt, frayed trousers, rusty shoes and battered felt hat. His face was broad and stupid-looking.

There was really no reason why E. Addison Humphrey should have noticed him—only, in passing, he chanced to glance down and the man was looking up. For the smallest fraction of a second their eyes met and an odd little shock of alarm flashed along the inventor's nerves. He felt subtly that the man was watching him and that he was by no means as stupid as he looked. However, he kept straight on, with his long, rapid strides, to the railroad station.

The signs on the station doors said that the west end of the waiting room was for men and the east end for women; but the two ends were only partly divided by the office for the ticket agent and telegraph operators, which occupied the middle of the building. The two telegraph operators sat at the front of this office behind a big bay window that looked out on the broad brick walk before the station. In pleasant weather the window-sashes were usually raised for ventilation, but a heavy wire screen prevented any inquisitive person on the outside from reaching in.



"After a Little I Got a Trustworthy Man Inside the Place"

At traintime quite a crowd usually collected on the brick walk. Humphrey overheard somebody there saying that the train he meant to take was ten minutes late, so he walked on to the east end of the station. He had much else to think about; but the blocky loiterer had set up a persistent disturbance in his mind. For five minutes, perhaps, he paced thoughtfully up and down at the east end of the station. Then something prompted him to look in through the window. The blocky man was in the station, standing at the telegraph wicket, filing a message. The inventor felt an unreasonable suspicion that the message concerned himself.

From his seat in the train he glanced along the brick walk, but did not see the loiterer. He did, however, see that one of the telegraph operators, behind the big bay window, was sending off a message; and he wondered whether it was the one the loiterer had written.

It was suppertime when he reached Vale and he went directly home. His own proper business of manufacturing Humphrey's patent wooden ovens had to shift as best it could these days.

"I don't know whether I've got any business of my own any more," he grumbled to his wife; "but I do know I won't have any if I let Munson win this fight. He hates me, and he'd smash me flatter'n a pancake the very first thing he did. It's sort of ridiculous for me to be running one end of a big gasoline-stove fight; but there don't seem to be anybody else to run it. Old Henry Weeks can't do anything outside of the plant. Demler would go over to Munson inside of a week if I didn't keep him in line. Murdock will fight all right; but he's no general. So I suppose I've got to pull that whole caboodle out of the hole in order to keep out myself."

Mr. John W. Munson, president of the Big Rapids Stove Works, being disappointed in his ambition to organize a gasoline-stove trust, had inaugurated a trade war. With him were Sprague, of Chicago, and Burnham, of Cleveland. The other side consisted of Weeks, of Five Oaks; Demler, of Detroit; and Murdock, of Pittsburgh—with E. Addison Humphrey virtually in command. All the well-known tactics of trade warfare were in play—prices were cut right and left; advertising expenditures were tripled.

"Something's got to break pretty soon," Humphrey commented meditatively—following his habit of thinking aloud to his wife. "Everybody's losing money hand over fist and straining his credit to the last notch. It's just a question of whose money or credit gives out first.

"Of course Munson's got one tremendous advantage over us," he added absently a moment later. "You see, old Henry Weeks is true blue right to the core, and I hope I'm not a pickpocket myself. So we not only tote fair with our allies, but give them rather the best of it. We're using our credit—I mean Weeks' credit—right now to bolster up Demler, who's a rather weak sister. On the other hand, Munson's running the fight for himself and Sprague and Burnham. I know Munson from the ground up, and it's sure as shooting that he's throwing the hook into them all he can. It ain't in him to be square. When Sprague and Burnham leave things to him it's sure as shooting he's skinning 'em. That gives him a big advantage, you see. We weaken ourselves for Demler and Murdock; he strengthens himself on Sprague and Burnham. I'd give a leg," he concluded thoughtfully—"yes, I'd give a leg and a half if I could catch him at it with the goods right on him, so Sprague and Burnham couldn't doubt it; but maybe that's too much to hope for," he sighed.

"Yes, sir; he's up to all the tricks, is Munson. Oh!" At this exclamation the



Saw Shea Write "Blue Eye" on Some Boxcars With Chalk

inventor's musing tone abruptly changed. Springing up, he snapped his fingers impatiently and cried: "There it is, you see! I've got so blamed much on my mind I forget half the things I ought to remember! I saw a fellow loafing in the park at Five Oaks today, and I'll bet he's a spy for Munson. And here I was, almost forgetting it! I want to write a line."

Dashing to the table in the living room, he seized pen and paper and wrote to the manager of the advertising agency in Chicago that he patronized: "Please send me a good telegraph operator who can be trusted. Want him as soon as possible."

Thus, three days later, Five Oaks was enriched by another loafer—a middle-aged, nervous-looking man in threadbare clothes, who seemed devoured by curiosity concerning trains. When he was not studying the time-tables that were tacked up on the station walls—particularly those near the ticket agent's and telegraph operators' office—he was usually sunning himself out in front beside the big bay window where the telegraph instruments chirped busily. That evening he wrote a letter to E. Addison Humphrey at Vale which read:

Your man's telegrams are addressed J. W. Munson, Big Rapids, and signed C. Shea. I caught one and part of another today, as below—also caught a message dated Big Rapids, addressed C. Shea, Five Oaks, and signed M., as below.

The messages given below, however, were in an arbitrary cipher consisting of code words, such as "connect, disrupt, maintain, prostrate, transact"; so that no possible ingenuity could decipher them without the key.

From the same source Addison soon learned that Mr. Shea was cultivating the friendship of various employees in the Weeks plant and might be seen from time to time sociably conducting them into a saloon—but in this, of course, Mr. Shea was strictly within his constitutional rights.

The strain of the trade war was becoming unendurable. Something obviously must break before long. The credit of H. & A. Weeks was already stretched like a bowstring. The allegiance of Demler, at Detroit, was dubious, and Addison knew, as a matter of course, that ingenious Mr. Munson would overlook no possible opportunity of winning him over; but whoever came out victorious would reap some advantages from the war. Prices cut to the bone—or even right into the bone—and prodigal advertising had greatly stimulated the domestic consumption of gasoline stoves. No manufacturer would have believed, twelve months before, that so many stoves could be sold on any terms.

Moreover, cut prices had opened up quite a brisk little export trade. The eminent South American house of Mendoza & Son—with headquarters at Rio de Janeiro, a branch at Buenos Ayres and an American agency at New Orleans—had already bought a dozen carloads from H. & A. Weeks.

This business was handled by Arthur Weeks, Junior, of that firm—for the senior member, old Henry Weeks, was lost outside of the shops which he had personally built up

and knew intimately. By the simple force of gravitation all war questions that seemed strategically important came before Addison Humphrey—technically an outsider—for his opinion, and were usually decided by him; but matters of routine in shop and office went their ordinary way.

Addison was not informed, for example, that Mr. Gomara, New Orleans representative of Mendoza & Son, wired Arthur Weeks that he would be in Chicago on a certain Wednesday and desired a conference there; but upon returning from Chicago Arthur promptly laid the subject-matter of the conference before him.

Mendoza & Son, it appeared, had decided to transfer their gasoline-stove trade from Germany to the United States. A careful study of the subject had convinced them that the use of gasoline stoves in their territories might easily be multiplied many fold. Señor Gomara supplied Arthur with some figures showing that gasoline stoves were as yet, comparatively speaking, unknown in South America. The field was enormous; its future possibilities unlimited.

The stoves that Mendoza & Son had recently purchased from Messrs. Weeks were superior to the German article; moreover, the house's relations with its German sources of supply were not satisfactory. The house, therefore, invited Messrs. Weeks to coöperate with them in capturing a continent. They would advertise widely and spare no pains or expense to introduce the Weeks product. The future advantages of having one's name and trademark thus sown in a vast new field were easily imaginable. Meanwhile, of course, in view of the trade conditions in the United States and of the house's heavy expenditures for advertising and introducing the stoves, they would expect a very low price on the pioneer consignments. In short, they were ready to sign a contract with Messrs. Weeks for a hundred carloads, deliverable in round installments at convenient intervals, if a satisfactory price were made. Mr. Gomara suggested a price that Henry Weeks found, by careful calculation, to be fifteen per cent below the cost of manufacturing and loading the stoves on the cars at Five Oaks.

Henry Weeks regarded the proposition rather dubiously. To be sure, there were vast future possibilities; but, for the present, there was a dead loss of fifteen per cent—on top of what they were losing in the domestic trade—and a further straining of resources already strained too much. Arthur Weeks, however, was enthusiastic about it. To capture the South American trade was certainly a great stroke; the future would recoup them many times for present losses; in fact, Arthur had already signed the contract.

Addison's own prompt conclusion was that, the contract having been signed, there was nothing more to do or say about it. Indeed, going over the subject with Arthur, he rather thought he would have signed the contract himself. If they won the fight this South American connection would give them an important advantage in the gasoline-stove combination which was sure to result from the fight, whoever won. If they lost the fight nothing else would matter much anyway. The standing of Mendoza & Son was above all question; and if Weeks hadn't taken the contract probably Munson would have taken it. It would not be this contract that either made or broke them—and the inventor was looking for the main chance.

The main chance seemed, within a month, to personify itself in Mr. Demler, at Detroit. A strike suddenly and mysteriously developed in his shops—which saved him from the painful necessity of making stoves to sell at a loss. Clearly, Demler was weary of keeping up his end in the fight; he was "lying down"; and Addison was morally certain that Munson was getting round him. With Demler's weight definitely taken out of their scale and put in Munson's scale, a disastrous ending of the war for the Weeks side might readily be foreseen.

Addison's mind was depressed by this prevision as he stepped from the secretarial office into Henry Weeks' room about five o'clock one July afternoon. It had been unconscionably hot for several days. The old manufacturer sat at his big, plain desk, but his chin had dropped on his breast. One big hand, as hard as a board, lay laxly on the desk, palm up; the other rested in his lap. He was dozing.

Once upon a time he had mentioned to Addison that he rather thought he'd celebrate his seventieth birthday by knocking off work for three or four months and taking a trip back to England. The birthday had occurred three months before this July day. He had celebrated it by entering the shops at ten minutes past seven and working eleven hours.

From the beginning this dozing figure at the desk had been solid rock under the inventor's feet—a faithful old soldier, ready night and day; but he was wearing out. Remorse constricted Addison's heart. Why hadn't he advised the old man to make whatever terms he could with Munson, take the ample competence he would be sure to get and enjoy his old age in peace? He stepped back noiselessly into the secretarial office.

Mr. Weeks seemed to have heard him, however, through the light doze, for he promptly straightened up.

"Don't go tiptoeing round!" he growled, with a formidable frown. "It makes me nervous. I don't know but it's some of Munson's sneaks. I was just looking over Mendoza's specifications again."

As a matter of fact, a number of blueprints and several photographs lay on the desk. Taking the empty chair beside the desk, Addison picked up one of the latter. In an instant his casual glance halted and concentrated, as though something in the photograph specially arrested his attention.

"Mendoza's specifications?" he repeated.

"He doesn't take our regular type of stove," the old man explained casually; "wants a few changes to make it look more like the German stove he's been handling. They don't do the stove any particular good," he grumbled, "or any particular harm—except I never did like that danged tank." He referred to the receptacle at the top of the stove for holding gasoline. It was of a different shape from that on the regular Weeks stove and in a different position.

Addison examined the photographs and blueprints with care and laid them back on the desk without comment; then took up the matter he had meant to discuss. He hadn't thought of the Mendoza contract for many days; but, upon leaving Mr. Weeks, he thought about it until midnight. Thereafter he paid much attention to it.

The first overseas shipment to Messrs. Mendoza was to comprise fifty carloads; but the stoves were to go forward from the works in five-car lots. The first lot was to be loaded at Five Oaks on the fifth of August.

The morning of August third, being at Vale, Addison opened the usual report by mail from his telegraph operator at Five Oaks. He had got absolutely nothing from these reports, with their undecipherable code words. The chance that he would get anything out of them seemed exceedingly slim; yet he held on with a faint hope. This report looked as sterile as the rest. It contained part of a message from Mr. Shea to Mr. Munson and part of one from Mr. Munson to Mr. Shea. The latter ran:

"Administer suspender locomotive tradition multiply concert strenuous predominate blue eye legislature generate territory ——" The operator had been unable to catch the rest.

These were plainly code words arbitrarily picked out of a dictionary—all except two. "Blue eye" didn't sound like code words. But what could they mean? Had Mr. Munson or Mr. Shea turned romantic? Addison concentrated his mind upon "blue eye" until he was dizzy, but could get nothing out of it.

The operator's reports of August fourth and fifth were utterly blind, with no sort of eye in them; but the report of August sixth contained a message from Shea to Munson in which "blue eye" again occurred; also, it contained a postscript which caused the inventor to sit up in his chair as though he had received an electric shock. This postscript read:

Saw Shea write "Blue Eye" on some boxcars with chalk.

If Addison had followed his impulse he would have expressed his excitement by springing up and pacing the floor; but he had learned not to squander nervous energy that way. He was sure that in "blue eye" he held the key to a riddle. The trouble was he hadn't as yet the least idea what sort of riddle it was or how to apply the key. That was his problem. He settled back in the chair and forced his mind to work steadily upon it. About an hour later he called in his unkempt, generally lazy, but dependable employee named Luther Morrow.

"I want you to go to Chicago with me this morning, Lute," he said. "There's no telling how long we may be gone. We're going to find a 'blue eye' or die trying."

Luther removed his oversized derby hat, thoughtfully scratched his head and glanced down dubiously at his seedy attire.

"Maybe I better trot home and put on my Sunday duds," he suggested.

"Come just as you are," Addison replied. "You look just the way I want you to."

The two were gone, in fact, for three days. Then Luther Morrow returned to Vale; but Addison stopped at Five Oaks. While there, incidentally he paid off the telegraph operator and dismissed him.

Yet day after day passed and nothing in particular seemed to have happened. The trade war continued with unabated vigor. Consignments of stoves for Messrs. Mendoza left the Weeks plant in rapid succession. It was not until the middle of September that Addison wired Mr. Munson at Big Rapids:

Am ready to talk combination. Can you meet me at Hotel Regal, Chicago, tomorrow afternoon?

Feeling quite sure that Mr. Munson—taking this as a signal of surrender—both could and would meet him, Addison also telegraphed Mr. Burnham, at Cleveland, to the same effect; and telephoned Mr. Sprague, at Chicago.

When Mr. Munson stepped into the inventor's apartment at the Regal he was disagreeably surprised, therefore, to find his two allies present. He was also a bit surprised to see that the usually frugal wooden-oven man was occupying a two-room suit, as an open door into the bedroom testified. Another noticeable thing stood in the corner of the sitting room—a framework of some sort, with a sheet thrown over it.

"I want to talk consolidation," said Addison pleasantly, after hands had been duly shaken and the three guests were seated. "But I thought it would be better if these two gentlemen"—indicating Messrs. Sprague and Burnham—"were present to hear a sort of statement that I'm going to make."

Mr. Munson—a powerful, swarthy, beetle-browed person—gave a grim little nod of assent. Whereupon

(Continued on Page 53)



A Nervous-Looking Man Devoured by Curiosity Concerning Trains

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Mr. Taft's Idea of Heaven

PRESS reports of the President's speech at Pocatello, Idaho, contain the following: "I love judges and I love courts. They are my ideals on earth that typify what we shall meet hereafter in Heaven under a just God."

In his first annual message to Congress, December, 1909, Mr. Taft said: "The deplorable delays in the administration of civil and criminal law have received the attention of committees of the American Bar Association. . . . I do not doubt for one moment that much of the lawless violence and cruelty exhibited in lynchings is directly due to the uncertainties and injustice growing out of the delays in trials, judgments and the executions thereof by our courts."

In his message of December, 1910, he said: "One great, crying need in the United States is the cheapening of the cost of litigation by simplifying judicial procedure and expediting final judgment. Under present conditions, the poor man is at a woful disadvantage in a legal contest with a corporation or a rich opponent."

Much else in the same strain might be quoted from the President's utterances—suggesting, certainly, that his conceptions of Heaven are deplorably inadequate.

Away back in 1895, Mr. Taft, then a judge of the United States Circuit Court, said:

"The opportunity freely and publicly to criticise judicial action is of vastly more importance to the body politic than the immunity of courts and judges from unjust aspersion and attack. . . . But non-professional criticism also is by no means without its uses, even if accompanied, as it often is, by direct attack upon the judicial fairness and motives of the occupants of the bench; for if the law is but the essence of common-sense the protests of many average men may evidence a defect in judicial conclusions, though based on the nicest legal reasoning and profoundest learning."

Mexico and Russia

FEW political tasks could be more difficult than that undertaken by President Madero: to establish a constitutional government after a generation—or ten generations, rather—of autocracy.

Six years ago, it may be recalled, the Czar established constitutional government in Russia, summoning the nation to elect a representative legislative body and solemnly pledging that the electoral law should not be modified except by consent of the national representatives. The first Dumas proved refractory. There was every probability that another, elected under the same laws, would show equal independence; and the Duma naturally would not consent to a modification of the electoral law that would exclude most of the liberal members. So Stolypin modified the law without the consent of the nation's representatives—that is, the Czar kept his pledge about a year. The third Duma, which was hardly more than a body of bureaucratic appointees, submissively passed Stolypin's measures to destroy the remnants of constitutional government in Finland; but on other measures, which more nearly touched its interest, it, too, presently developed refractoriness. In both houses hostile majorities were mustered against the premier; and, but for his recent assassination, he would very likely have again modified the electoral law so that only himself and his private secretary would be eligible to the national parliament.

In Mexico the old machinery of absolutism is still in fair working order and tolerably ready to President Madero's hand. If he once starts working with it the end of constitutional government will come in Mexico as quickly as in Russia.

Italy and Africa

IN 1893 the scandalous failure of the Banca Romana precipitated a panic in Italy about as severe as our own. There was much slow, painful work of recovery and reconstruction, which was not completed when the affair of Adowa occurred. Defeated and surrounded by Abyssinians, the Italian army was nearly destroyed. That tragic check to Italy's African ambitions, besides overthrowing the ministry, sent Italian bonds down to eighty-six cents on the dollar, while exchange against the country rose to a hundred and twelve. The Government at once borrowed a hundred and thirty million lire, and financial troubles became acute again.

Since then—that is, in the last fifteen years—Italy alone, among the larger European Powers, has got on without adding materially to the national debt. Her foreign trade has more than doubled and her three and three-quarters per cent Government bonds have sold well above par. Indeed, her credit, calculated on the price of her bonds and the interest they bear, is higher than Russia's or Austria's and practically as high as Germany's.

They say no Adowa is to be feared in a war with Turkey; but to lay hands upon Abyssinia doubtless seemed to the statesmen of that day even easier and safer than seizing Tripoli from the Turks now seems. At least, the fruit of fifteen years of fiscal reconstruction is all put at hazard by a new war; and Italy's debt, though it has not increased of late years, is even now seventy-six dollars a head of the population—a population among which dollars are comparatively scarce. The debt, indeed, is estimated at twenty-five per cent of the national wealth—the highest ratio in Europe among first-class nations.

Market Opinions

AT THAT singular British institution, Lloyds, you can take out insurance against almost any contingency, from war with Germany or the death of the king to early frost on Sunday week. Essentially the transaction is this: For a certain premium paid over in cash the underwriter bets that a given casualty will not happen.

If a certain contingency, such as a foreign war, is attracting public attention Lloyds' insurance rate is quoted in the newspapers and commonly regarded as an indication of the probability of war, the popular assumption being that the underwriters have special, secret sources of information. But the war rate, as a matter of fact, is governed by the number of applicants for war insurance.

One man gets a notion that war with Germany is imminent and takes out insurance against it, which he gets at a moderate rate. News that Lloyds have begun to write war insurance is published. A dozen other men rush over to get war insurance, and the rate goes up because the article is in greater demand. The newspapers say the war-insurance rate is advancing, and a hundred men, convinced that war is more imminent, run for insurance. Up goes the rate again; and the man in the street sagely concludes that Lloyds have private intelligence of an order to mobilize the German army.

This is the way nearly all speculative market opinion is formed—by a simple process of reaction upon itself. Owning, let us say, a thousand shares of Consolidated Button, you take fright and consult your broker—with bated breath and glassy eye. He safely opines that Consolidated Button is going down. You dump your stock on the market and it does go down. You then wonder where your broker got his information. From you, of course!

What to Do in Alaska

THE Government still holds title to about half the land west of the Rockies and to nearly all the land in Alaska. Immense deposits of coal and other minerals underlie this public domain. What shall the Government do with them? In view of a diminishing and partly monopolized coal supply, the importance of the question is obvious. It will soon furnish the chief subject of discussion at the American Mining Congress at Chicago.

The acuter phase of the question concerns the Bering coalfield in Alaska. This large body of excellent coal, only twenty-five miles from tidewater at Controller Bay, remains untouched, while the Pacific Coast is importing Eastern coal at a cost of seven to nine dollars a ton on the dock. The navy uses, on the Pacific Coast, about a hundred and fifty thousand tons of Eastern coal yearly—brought all the way round South America by an endless procession of colliers and foreign tramp steamers, which might easily be intercepted in case of war.

The Mining and Scientific Press, of San Francisco, asks why the Government doesn't at once open a colliery of its own in the Bering field, primarily to supply naval needs, but incidentally selling the surplus product at a fair price based on cost of production. This the Government might well do without prejudicing the question of the ultimate disposal of the coalfield. It owns the coal; it has the money to develop a mine; and in the Bureau of Mines it has a corps of experts abundantly able to handle all the technical questions. The bureau's chief coal-mining engineer, Mr. Rice, has had much experience—"He has," says the Press, "opened, equipped and run a number of collieries as large as or larger than any needed in Alaska."

If the Government is finally to lease the Alaskan coalfields it should know all about mining conditions there—cost of production and transportation, the state of the Pacific coal market, and so on. By operating a mine of its own it could gain this knowledge much better than in any other way. If a twenty-five-mile railroad to tidewater is necessary as part of the mine's equipment, why shouldn't the Government build it? After Panama, the silly old talk that the Government can't successfully handle practical matters of this kind will impose on no one.

Our Huge Gold Hoard

IN 1892 we lost fifty million dollars of gold by exportation. The Government, under the act of 1890, was then purchasing fifty million dollars of silver yearly and paying for it in Treasury notes redeemable in "coin." Roughly, every gold dollar that left the country was replaced by a dollar worth about sixty-seven cents in Europe. Before the close of that year a great many European investors sold their American securities lest, by waiting, they might have to take dollars worth sixty-seven cents. Paying for the securities so sold back to us naturally accelerated gold exports. In the first five months of 1893 we lost sixty millions more, and it was an open question whether the Government would not have to redeem its notes in depreciated silver. Everybody, the Treasury and the banks included, tried to hoard gold. The harder everybody scrambled for gold the scarcer inevitably gold became and the more silver depreciated. In the fiscal year 1893 a hundred and two million dollars of greenbacks and Treasury notes were presented to the Government for redemption in gold, but the metal left the country as fast as it was withdrawn from the Treasury, exports in that year amounting to a hundred and eight millions.

By 1896 the total stock of gold in the country had fallen, probably, to five hundred million dollars. The mint figures were somewhat larger, but a special investigation later showed an error in the estimates. With that error corrected, the stock of gold in the country is now above one billion seven hundred million dollars—much the largest stock possessed by any nation. It is absolutely certain, however, that we could never have accumulated this stock had not Congress, at the special session of 1893, repealed the silver-purchase act and later declared unequivocally that our paper money rests on gold rather than on "coin." Intelligent currency legislation has accomplished that much.

Heroes and Common-Sense

DESCRIBING the naval battle of June 1, 1794, the great Carlyle wrote, in his French Revolution:

"But how is it with that Vengeur ship? She neither strikes nor makes off. Fire rakes her fore and aft. . . . The Vengeur is sinking. Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on ropes, fly rustling aloft; the whole crew crowds to the upper deck and with universal, soul-maddening yell shouts: '*Vive la République!*' . . . She staggers; she lurches her last drunken whirl; ocean yawns abysmal; down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la République!* with her, unconquerable, into eternity!"

Several years later, however, upon fuller investigation, Carlyle recast the narrative. The Vengeur, he found, did make off as fast as her crippled condition would permit. Being summoned by a shot over her, she promptly struck her colors. Nearly all her crew gracefully surrendered as prisoners of war. About an hour after the action was over, the deserted Vengeur sank in a most prosaic manner.

The French, in short, were not so heroic as Carlyle first pictured them, but they had far more common-sense. Being beaten, they gave up and saved every life possible. When La Liberté sank in Toulon Harbor the other day, no doubt every one of the crew saved himself who could. As a psychological and prosaic fact, many a "hero" who refuses to desert his post in the face of certain death, even though he can no longer do the least good there, is simply paralyzed by the danger and incapable of moving.

Perhaps the most heroic episode in American history is the defense of the Alamo—conducted in flat disobedience to the orders of a commander-in-chief who was not only brave but wise. It was Houston's prudence and patience that beat the Mexicans and won Texan independence.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Hobnailed Reformer

THERE isn't so much sanity in this world as one would suppose, to hear folks make claims for themselves. All of us have slants in one direction or another, and complete saneness in any one individual is as scarce as any superlatively scarce thing—such as, say, the affection of the people for the Standard Oil Company, or Wall Street's love for T. R.

Nor is it my purpose to set up Gavin McNab as one-hundred-fine in this regard; but he assays so much sanity to the pound he is well worthy of celebration.

Gavin may have his particular line of buzzes, for all I know; but if he has he can conceal them from public view skillfully; and, so far as level-headedness goes, it is fairly safe to pin a medal on him.

Suppose you live in San Francisco, or, on the other hand, suppose you do not—which, by the way, about covers the secret of your habitat—you undoubtedly know of John D. Spreckels, and Rudolph, and James Phelan, and a few others. You must know of them. They are the big men of San Francisco; and, of course, that makes them big men of the nation. All San Franciscans admit that. Well, bearing this in mind, I make free to say Gavin McNab is the biggest man in San Francisco, nevertheless and notwithstanding; and I am fully aware how that statement will be regarded by some of Gavin's colleagues—not to say compeers and colaborers—in the various fields of San Francisco's activities. Comment will concern my sanity—not Gavin's; but I shall be in Denver by that time and a mile high, where such little things escape one.

You see, Gavin is an intense sort of person—concentrated, one might say. When he thinks it is necessary to tell a man about himself he tells that man about himself; not about any other person—just himself! He has a fine flow of language, embellished with a Scotch burr that would make Harry Lauder jealous, and a direct—not to say straightforward—way of speaking. Also, he is at no loss for descriptive titles; and, having been in San Francisco for many years, he knows the number of every one of its denizens and just where such denizen gets off. Likewise, he has imparted these interesting personal statistics to about all who have come within the purview of his burr.

Now this sort of thing does not induce personal popularity. I make me no doubt any person can find in San Francisco numerous leading citizens who will say things about Gavin—when Gavin is not present—that are pretty mean. When a large, muscular person steps on your face with a large, muscular pair of feet that for the moment happen to be incased in hobnailed boots, it does not soften your language concerning the stepper when you have occasion to refer to him afterward and in his absence.

It must be admitted that Gavin has stepped on quite a number of classic San Francisco countenances, but all for their necessary realignment of features. He is an opinionated person with the courage of his conversation—and you know what that means. In his bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as salve. Wherefore there are a good many San Franciscans who walk round the block when they see him coming. Sometimes, though, Gavin gets them in a room or at a dinner, and then there is no escape.



He Has a Fine Flow of Language

A Recipe for Being Lonely

TWO years or so ago the Commonwealth Club gave a dinner in honor of Ambassador Bryce, of Great Britain. Gavin made a speech at that dinner on The Elevation of American Municipal Life, a topic he was competent to address himself to, for he had done considerable elevating of municipal life in that same city of San Francisco. He began by saying he had never met the ambassador before, but that it was through the inspiration of the ambassador's book on the United States, and kindred writings, he first became identified with politics. "Fired with enthusiasm," said Gavin, "a few of us plunged into civics. We immediately encountered two classes of people, from neither of which good government draws its inspiration—those who believe that whatever is is right and those who believe that whatever is is wrong. My advent seemed to have the unhappy result of bringing these together. At the end of a year I was in a delightful position—I would not speak to one half of the people of San Francisco, and the other half would not speak to me."

That about explains it. When McNab went into politics he went in wearing the hobnailed boots. He hasn't taken them off since, though he now claims to be out of politics, which he probably is until some politics comes along to get into. It was years ago that he made his first essay into civics. Reverting to John D. Spreckels and James Phelan—one always has to revert to John and James when writing about San Francisco, you know—they were holding converse with Gavin one day and John D. made an application of a scriptural quotation to fit a present emergency. Whereupon, not to be outdone, James amplified the text a little and also applied it. Whereupon, further, Gavin showed them they both were wrong in their construction. And Spreckels asked:

"McNab, where did you get your profound knowledge of the Bible?"

"Where do you think I got it," answered McNab, "when I was born on a sheep ranch, of a Calvinistic mother, and there was no other book within forty miles?"

That's where he started—on a sheep ranch. Presently he came to San Francisco and got a place as night clerk in the old Occidental Hotel. Latecomers in the hotel found him reading—always reading, all night long. One day he said to a friend: "I'm going down today to appear before the Supreme Court and get a license to practice law." He went—and got his license. Then he began to practice law.

Chris. Buckley, the "Blind Boss," was master of San Francisco. I may be wrong, but I think McNab had a place in the City Hall for a time. However, San Francisco, under Buckley, was what our leading muckrakers would call "a sink of corruption," with Buckley in control and the Southern Pacific running Buckley and the state. McNab and some others started in to clean up. He was against the Boss. Those were the merry days in San Francisco when the free and untrammeled voter had a faint chance to get his free and untrammeled vote in the ballot-box if he went to the polls armed with an ax and a pair of brass knuckles, but not a chance to get that free and untrammeled vote counted except as the Boss directed.

They deposed Buckley and presently had another lot of bosses to fight. Gavin is a Democrat, and he soon grew to be the Democratic leader—in fact if not in name. When there was any fighting to be done he was on the spot. Big, broad-shouldered, courageous, with a bitter tongue, they soon grew to fear him. He has the gift of epigram. He can say much in a sentence.

And so it went through the various struggles. McNab was on the reform side; but he was a politician. Once he defeated his own brother, who was running for sheriff, because party loyalty demanded that defeat. Through it all he was sane. He didn't suffer from the various delusions of the usual reformer. He looked situations squarely in the eye and applied the remedies those situations demanded. He never was and is not a theorist. His big, sane Scotch mind precludes that. And he has been a strong man in San Francisco—and is yet, for he is in the full height of his remarkable powers.

You would think, at times, that McNab is a cynic, but he isn't. He's a philosopher. His gift of apt expression, of comparison, of illustration, of characterization, is marvelous. He is never dull, never prosy and never afraid to say what he thinks about project or projector. Like every strong man, he has vast enmities and enduring friendships. He is either the best or the worst; but he is big, and sane, and courageous, and non-theoretical. And this is about his civic creed and philosophy in a nutshell, as expressed by himself:

"The power of public opinion can purify a city in a day. When enlightened public conscience measures appreciation to the worthy officer, and insures disgrace to the corrupt or inefficient, a rule of action is established stronger than penal statute. . . . When people reach that sense of honor that they ostracize those who bring them shame, they deprive corruption of power. Few men will sin if, with the wages of sin, they are unable to buy back from the community any part of the favor they lose by their acts. The American mind is more influenced by example than by precept."

Frugal Fergie

A MAN locally known as Fergie, who lived in Pendleton, Oregon, years ago, was much interested in the telephone when it was first installed. Fergie stuttered badly. It took him a long time to articulate the simplest sentence. One day he went to Sam Jackson, editor of the Eastern Oregonian, and asked about this newfangled invention. He wanted to know if Sam had talked over it, and was told Sam had. Then he wanted to know if it was true one really could talk all the way from Pendleton to Portland. Sam said this marvel had been accomplished.

"Then," stuttered Fergie, "I'm goin' down and call up my girl in Portland and talk to her."

Half an hour later Fergie came back.

"Did you talk to her?" asked Jackson.

"Yes," stuttered Fergie.

"How'd you make out?"

"Fine!" said Fergie. "I had a fine talk with her."

"But could she understand you, Fergie? You know you stutter a good deal."

"Look here, Sam Jackson," said Fergie indignantly, "do you think I was agoin' to stutter any with it costin' me seventy-five cents a minute to talk over that thing?"

A Side Order of Time

A MAN went into a restaurant in Livingston, Montana. He wrote his breakfast order on a slip the waitress handed him. It read like this:

"Melon. Coffee. Boiled eggs."

As an instruction to the cook he wrote under the third item the words: "Four minutes."

When the check came back it was carried out thus:

"Melon, thirty-five cents; coffee, twenty-five cents; eggs, twenty-five cents; four minutes, ten cents!"

A Confused Chair

THERE was a great deal of noise on the floor of the House of Representatives while a new member was rambling through a speech. Speaker Cannon, who was presiding, rapped hard with his gavel and shouted: "The confusion is so great the chair cannot bear itself think."

"Why should the chair desire to engage in that profitless undertaking?" asked John Sharp Williams.

Which or Neither?

FRED KELLY, the Cleveland writer, was in a small Ohio town. It was luncheontime and he was hungry.

A native came along.

"Where's the hotel?" asked Kelly.

"Which one?"

"Why, is there more than one?"

"I didn't know there was any!" said the native, moving off.

DAISY AIR RIFLE

"The Daisy Boy"

"COME ON, BOYS"

"Get your Daisy Air Rifle, and let's go over in the field, and practice shooting. My, but it's fun these days to get out into the open, and sight along the barrel of your Daisy,—then pull the trigger and know that the shot will go straight into the mark you're shooting at."

"I wouldn't take anything for my Daisy. Sometimes we play soldiers and sometimes we are hunters. Father says that I am getting to handle my Daisy so well that when I get a little older he can trust me with a real hunting rifle. But I'd just as soon have my Daisy. It shoots a thousand times without reloading, and looks just like a real magazine rifle, like father has, and it shoots just as straight. I tell you, I wouldn't trade my Daisy for anything."

That's the way all the boys feel about Daisy Air Rifles. The boy likes them because they appeal to his natural love for a gun, and outdoor play. Parents like them because they help make boys manly and self reliant, yet are entirely safe.

All hardware and sporting goods dealers handle the Daisy line of air rifles. Go to your nearest store, and ask to see these Daisy models. The dealer will be glad to show them to you, whether you are ready to buy or not.



"Daisy Special," 1000-shot Repeater, the finest air rifle made, finished in gun blue and provided with patented shot retaining device, one of the many exclusive Daisy ideas found on no other make of air rifle, ... **$2.50**

Other Daisy Models, ... **50c to $2.00**

Little Daisy Pop-Gun, ... **.25**

New Daisy Targets for indoor and outdoor practice, . . **.50**

Don't let anyone sell you an inferior rifle. If your dealer does not handle the Daisy line, we will sell any model on receipt of price.

Send for our free book, "The Diary of a Daisy Boy," containing complete rules of drill and hints on marksmanship.

DAISY Manufacturing Company,

287 Union Street, PLYMOUTH, MICH.

The largest air rifle factory in the world, making each year more air rifles than all other factories combined.

Export Office, R. M. Lockwood, Mgr., 18 Broadway, New York City

BRANCHES:

Pacific Coast Branch, Phil. B. Bekeart, Manager: 717 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Mexican Branch, Louis N. Chemidlin: Mexico City, D. F., Mexico.

THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

(Continued from Page 18)

departments. Every shrewd judge of tobacco got some of them and was asked for his opinion. The general opinion was favorable.

"What is it?" the experts inquired of the cheroot manager—"something new? Well, it's about time you got a cigar fit to smoke in your line. That's a neat piece of goods—domestic leaf in an imported shape ought to make a fine selling combination."

When they were told that they had been sampling some of the regular cheroot stock the manager of the cheroot section got several months' peace.

American design in lines such as textiles and pottery is often weak beside that in the products of France, Germany and other older countries. We did not invent cotton cloth or chinaware and have perhaps done little to develop them. But when it comes to something like shoes, which we may literally be said to have invented, so far as modern footwear is concerned, our goods have elements of practical design that give them every advantage in markets where it might be impossible for our manufacturers to compete on prices alone.

For example, there is an American shoestore in Berlin selling footwear made in New England. Every so often the proprietor receives something new in goods from this side of the ocean. For a few days after a novelty appears in his window he does a brisk business with his own competitors. German shoe dealers find roundabout ways of buying a pair of those newly arrived shoes and send them to German shoe factories to have them copied. That used to worry the American shoeman; now it doesn't worry him at all, for the German manufacturers take several weeks at least to turn out something resembling the latest American last. They never achieve the comfort, wearing quality or good looks of our footwear. By the time competing dealers have these copies in stock something still more novel and fashionable has arrived from home. That sort of stern chase might go on for a quarter-century, with American shoe manufacturers always in the lead, because this country has become the shoe-designing center of the world.

An Expert Opinion

When good looks come close to the practical market aspects of a product, such as shoes or furniture or plumbing fixtures, the American manufacturer is likely to develop satisfactory design; but in a matter of good looks for their own sake he often misses the point, and lets the Frenchman or the German monopolize all the discriminating demand. A manufacturer of office appliances came to a selling expert with a problem. His devices, he said, were used in many lines of business; but there were several groups of possible customers upon whom little impression had ever been made. High-class restaurants, crack dressmaking and millinery establishments, and so forth, resisted his salesmen's efforts. His appliances were needed there as much as anywhere, and would effect economies in accounting, but the sales force made no headway in landing the business. The manufacturer thought that section of the trade would have to be worked by special salesmen—young men at home in good society, or perhaps a stunning society woman if one could be hired and trained.

"The trouble with your stuff," said the selling expert, "is that you haven't made it look good enough externally to be placed in a handsomely furnished place of business. All your thinking is centered on the mechanism. When it comes to cases you let your pattern shop do the designing. Look at this case! It is only a nickel-plated casting covered with parlor-stove ornamentation. See that other one, finished in oxidized copper with meaningless burnished spots and patches. Those machines are all right for a lager beer saloon or a big railroad office, but would you put them in your own library?"

That manufacturer pays considerable attention to looks in his personal surroundings; his private office was decorated and furnished by a famous architect. He gets his clothes from a New York tailor who charges a hundred dollars for a business suit, largely on looks, for this tailor chooses

Factory Price $16.50 on a $25 Karpen Chair

To advertise Karpen Furniture we make this special offer for a limited time, if bought through a Karpen dealer.

The above price represents our factory cost of labor and materials. All factory selling expenses and profits have been eliminated.

These are most beautiful and comfortable chairs, good enough for a place in the wealthiest home. The price puts them within the reach of people of moderate means. Suitably covered, they can be used in any room or reception hall in any home.

We believe our best advertisement is to place a beautiful example of Karpen Furniture, such as these chairs, in every home in America. To accomplish this, we offer the greatest possible value in two specially designed, beautiful and useful chairs, intended for every-day comfort. Please read this description.

No. 229. English Rocker (Arm Chair to Match)

is a type of an Early English style of Queen Mary's time. It is most beautiful, large and roomy. The exposed frame work is solid mahogany. Full spring seat of Karpen Guaranteed Construction, luxuriously upholstered seat and back cushioned with curled hair, genuine hair over Florida Moss. Height from floor, 3 ft. 7 in. Height of back from seat, 2 ft. 1 in. 28 in. wide and seat is 19 in. deep. Either Armchair or Rocker covered in Art Denim at



$16.50

or your choice of these coverings, Karpen Genuine Sueing Leather, Spanish Morocco Leather, Plaust Genuine Panne Mohair Plush or in Tapestry at equal grade in any coloring at

$20.75

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture

is the highest achievement in furniture design, in comfort and in construction. It is covered with fine fabrics or best genuine leathers. We use Karpen spring construction specified by U.S. Government. All Karpen Furniture is guaranteed to be trustworthy. We know of no other maker who gives you this protection.

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture TRADE-MARK

To identify our productions when shopping, look for our trade-mark.

If you contemplate the purchase of other furniture for any room in your home, you should send for our instructive Design Book "O P," mailed free. Read it and purchase with greater wisdom.

Karpen Furniture is sold only through reputable dealers. Write for dealer's name who can offer you the special prices on the chairs shown above.

S. Karpen & Bros.

Karpen Bldg., Chicago Karpen Bldg., New York
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World's Largest Makers of fine Upholstered Furniture

REMEMBER THE NAME

Shur-on EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS



GRACE THE FACE STAY IN PLACE

$3 Shur-on $5

Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike

Other mountings may look like Shur-on Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted

Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

Write us for "How, Where and Why" a Shur-on.

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Cardinal Gibbons says:

I urge upon all Catholics the use of the



Manual of Prayers

Best Morocco Binding

and a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary—Both for $3.

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Address us 200 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md.

"They Look Stylish and Feel Fine"



The NEW YORK

Why hesitate to give your feet a square deal when you can now get both style and real foot comfort combined?

In the ordinary shoe with a smooth, hard insole, your weight spreads the foot outward causing the uppers to pinch and bag. The slipping of the foot on the smooth surface and the friction against the uppers result in callouses that develop into corns and bunions. In the

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

Your foot sinks down into the soft fibre cushion and *does not spread outward—the pressure of the upper is released.* The heel, ball of foot and toes form impressions or pockets in the cushion insole, holding the foot in place as in a mold, *eliminating friction*—

Therefore—no bagging or pinching of the uppers, friction eliminated—the cause is removed and corns gradually disappear.

Write for Free Style Booklet

If your dealer does not handle Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, we will gladly tell you who does. Send for our booklet "Foot Comfort Means Mind Content" which tells you about the exclusive features and illustrates many styles.

J. P. SMITH SHOE CO. Makers CHICAGO



LIMBERT'S Holland ARTS & Dutch CRAFTS



51

Our New STYLE BOOK Mailed Free

Will be of value to every home maker. It shows over 300 examples of the highest type of Arts & Crafts Furniture that has been made for modern use, color plates of Arts & Crafts interiors in different color harmonies, and gives an interesting history of this charming style since the 15th Century. This furniture is made by Holland Dutch Artists and Craftsmen of recognized ability—who impart an individuality and superiority to each piece bearing our branded Trade-Mark, which is a means of identification—a guarantee of excellency.

If your local dealer cannot show you Limbert's Holland-Dutch Arts & Crafts Furniture, send us his name and we will give you the address of our Associate Distributor nearest you.

CHARLES P. LIMBERT COMPANY
Holland, Mich. Dept. S Grand Rapids, Mich.

individual patterns and colors in keeping with his customer's physique, and visits him in his office occasionally to see what sort of line he follows and the kind of people he sees, so that he can dress him in keeping with his business associates. Yet it had never occurred to the manufacturer to give so much thought to the selling value of looks in his product.

The Custom That Counts

The selling expert had some special cases designed for those appliances. The commission was given to a capable sculptor who worked them out in wax miniatures. Boxlike lines were softened, the cases given proportion, and the pattern-shop ornaments were replaced with *art nouveau* and period effects. These cases, made up in dull finish enamels permitting the use of color, were dainty and tasteful. They masked the machine and could be brought into harmony with any scheme of decoration. From the day that manufacturer's sales force got them an entirely new aspect was put upon trade among milliners and dressmakers.

It is often assumed that design is nothing more than the pictures on a shirt. Business men conclude that if a product is practical the item of looks can be left to take care of itself. But looks go really deeper than that. They grow out of study of the market, and thorough understanding of demand and the human uses of goods. The manufacturer who has the best sense of design is usually the one who has got closest to the public.

The markets of this country are crowded with merchandise that seems to have been made with little understanding of either demand or manufacturing resources. In the average stock of trunks and valises, for example, will be shown hundreds of handsome effects in leather, fiber, metal and other materials, but the hardware used in such goods is almost invariably poor and cheap, with locks that secure nothing and seldom remain in working order long. It has apparently never been studied on a basis of utility or good looks and is, therefore, poor design. The trunk and bag manufacturer who first gets the elements of good looks and honest wear into this class of goods, fitting his stock with real locks and spending a little extra money for better metal, better shape and some skillful burnishing and chasing on his hardware, will undoubtedly fall into a business reputation and a lasting trade with very moderate effort.

He will be doing, in fact, what the clock-watch manufacturers have done. When the cheap American timepiece first appeared on the market it was shaped like a miniature alarm-clock. The case was crude and clumsy, and its size prevented wide sales. Design happened to be the vital end in this proposition. Ingenuity was directed toward cutting down the dimensions, and when these had been brought to a point where the man with a dollar to invest in a timepiece got something that looked like a watch, the appearance was heightened by putting the works in a real watchcase—for even if a watchcase is of nickeled brass its lines may be those of a hundred-dollar watch.

How to Convince the Consumer

Another example of poor design may be found by anybody who will go shopping for saltcellars. Some of the most interesting advances in metallurgy recently have been made in the field of the alloys. To meet definite mechanical needs combinations of metals have been rendered proof against seawater, mine waters, acids, gases and other corroding agents. Yet in the china shop it will be discovered that no manufacturer apparently has applied this knowledge of alloys to the making of a practical saltcellar top. Tops are cast, spun and stamped of many sorts of metal, but all corrode—a defect of design in the broadest sense and one waiting to be remedied.

It is just these minor points of looks and utility that turn sales nowadays, and the manufacturer who has come close to his public is finding it out. New tendencies exist in the consuming public today. Honesty in the manufacture of goods; lower cost of retail distribution; identification of goods so that maker and seller can be held responsible by the purchaser for shortcomings; more direct and intelligent dealing all round—these things are in the air everywhere. Good taste and good looks

Stop Thinking that it Is What it Isn't

A Truthful Advertisement



THE AutoStrop Razor is *not* a stropping machine. It is not a razor strop.

It is not a safety razor and stropping machine in *two* separate pieces.

The AutoStrop Razor is a safety razor—a razor which you can strop and which you can shave with and which you can clean without taking any pieces to pieces or putting any pieces together.

To do it you simply slip the strop through the *razor;* push the *razor* to and fro a few times; slip the *razor* off the strop and shave. You clean it with a few simple wipes.

It does not feel like a rough, coarse, unstropped safety razor edge as it goes through your beard, because it is a finely whetted edge.

The AutoStrop Razor consists of one silver plated self-stropping razor, twelve fine blades and special strop in handsome case; price $5.00, which is your total shaving expense for years, as the stropping often makes one blade last three to six months—sometimes a year. Cheaper than a dollar razor! Other sets, for travelers, etc., $6.50 and up.

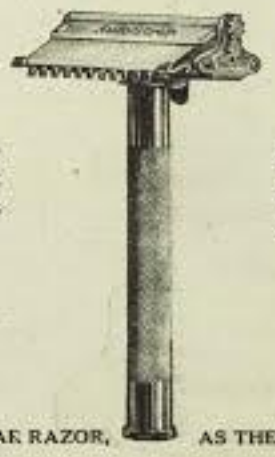
AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR STROPS ITSELF

Get an AutoStrop Razor on trial today. Give it a good trial. In a week or ten days you will be urging every friend you've got to get one.

Any dealer will send you one on trial if you 'phone or post him a post card. If your AutoStrop Razor does not prove satisfactory, the dealer will refund your money, as we protect him from loss. The best time to 'phone or write him is not to-morrow but today.

NOTE:—Factories in the United States and Canada; sold in both countries at $5 upwards. Send for free booklet.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company, 327 Fifth Avenue, New York
400 Richmond St., W., Toronto, Canada: 61 New Oxford St., London.



Strops, Shaves, Cleans, Without Detaching Blade

Far Quicker, Handier than any other Razor

CHEAPER THAN A DOLLAR RAZOR, AS THE BLADES LAST SO LONG

Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Only Writing Machine in the World That Successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT

—17 Cents a Day!

The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which has crowded ten years of typewriter progress into the space of *months*, is now offered to the public for *17 cents a day!*

—Offered at the same price as an *ordinary* typewriter—*payable in pennies!*

The commanding importance of *Printype* is everywhere conceded.

For who does not see what it means to make the world's vast volume of typewritten matter as *readable as books and magazines!*

The Printype Oliver Typewriter is equipped with beautiful Book Type, such as is used on the world's *printing presses.*

Printype illuminates the typewritten page with a marvelous clearness and beauty.

It does away with all strain on eyesight which the old-style *outline* type imposes.

Printype puts life and style and *character* into typewritten correspondence. It makes every letter, every numeral, every character employed in business, financial, commercial and professional fields "*as plain as print.*"

The complete story of *Printype* has never before been told. Here it is:

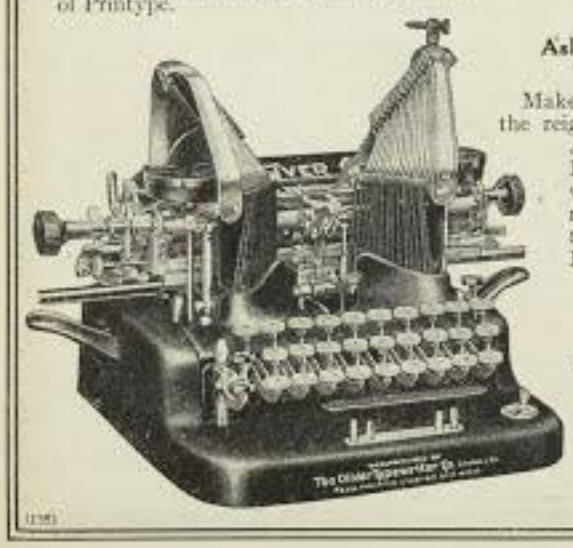
The Real Story of Printype

The idea from which "Printype" sprung resulted from the success of our type experts in equipping a typewriter used in our offices to write "The Oliver Typewriter" in our famous trademark type, just as the name appears on the outside of the machine and in all Oliver publicity.

The beautiful appearance and the marvelous clearness of the reproduction of our "ebony" trade-mark type disclosed the possibilities of equipping The Oliver Typewriter to *write the entire English language in shaded letters!*

We worked for *years* on the plan and finally succeeded in producing, for exclusive use on The Oliver Typewriter, the wonderful shaded letters and numerals known to the world as "Printype."

After Printype was perfected and placed on The Oliver Model 5, came hundreds of interesting tests which conclusively proved the surpassing merit of Printype.



The Public's Verdict

The reception of Printype by the business public has been most enthusiastic. We withheld any formal announcement until the machine had been on the market for some time. Personal demonstrations were its only advertising. The resulting sales were stupendous. Here, there and *everywhere*, Printype letters soon began to appear. Wherever received, these distinctive, beautiful letters awakened immediate interest. Thus the fame of Printype grows as its beauty and utility dawn on the business world.

That the public is overwhelmingly in favor of Printype is impressively shown by this fact:

Already over 75 per cent of our entire output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printypes."

Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

The public is *demanding* Printype.

Within a year, at the present rate, *90 per cent of our total* sales will be "Printypes."

Thus The Oliver Typewriter, which first successfully introduced *visible writing*, is again to the fore with another revolutionary improvement—*Printype, the type that prints print!*

To Corporations:

The Oliver Typewriter is used extensively by great concerns in all sections of the world.

Our "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is designed to help that large class of typewriter buyers who want the same typewriter that serves the great corporations, but prefer the easy system of purchase.

The masses want The Oliver Typewriter because it stands the test of the world's largest corporations.

Meet "Printype"—You'll Like Its Looks

Ask for Specimen Letter and "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan!

Make the acquaintance of Printype, the reigning favorite of typewriterdom. Ask for a letter written on the Printype Oliver Typewriter, which will introduce you to this beautiful new type. We will also be pleased to forward the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan on request.

Address Sales Department,

The OLIVER
Typewriter Company
804 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.
Chicago

Agencies Everywhere

are part of the general trend. The manufacturer has in many cases set his face against the public demand for improvement, only to find, when it was forced upon him in some such shape as the pure-food law, that the change was a benefit, relieving him from dishonest and underhand competition and enlarging his trade in new directions.

Design is an immensely important item in this changing basis of demand. The consumer may not always be able to formulate his wishes, but he recognizes good looks in merchandise when he sees it, and the manufacturer who embodies sound design in his product has something that works for him automatically, puts him above competitors and clinches sales.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early number.



Beauty of Shape and Finish are Definite Mercantile Qualities

LIGHTING SECURITIES

Struggles Between Gas and Electric Companies

By ROGER W. BABSON

FEW people, except those in the innermost councils of certain gas and electric-lighting companies, realize the great revolutionary possibilities in the so-called fireless cookers, different makes of which are being advertised in the leading magazines today. Though little has been written or heard of the underlying principles involved, probably few inventions since the electric motor have the possibilities of so radically changing household methods as has the invention of the fireless cooker; and yet this is by no means a new invention.

I remember, when a small boy, seeing a tea-basket that one of my seafaring ancestors brought from China to his home in Gloucester, Massachusetts, a hundred or more years ago, which operated on the same principle as our modern fireless cookers—namely, that of obtaining a certain degree of heat and holding and concentrating said heat for use exclusively in cooking a certain food.

One of the greatest wastes today exists in connection with the application of heat. Think of the great heat waste connected with the operation today of several hundred thousand locomotives, as they race back and forth across our continent! These locomotives are actually endeavoring to heat all outdoors and at the same time save some of the heat to generate power. Think of the great amount of heat wasted in our nation's blast furnaces simply for the purpose of melting certain ores! Think of the intense heat wasted in the boiler rooms of steamships, office buildings and factories! Not only is this heat wasted, but money and power are expended to remove the surplus heat so as to make such places livable for the engineers and firemen compelled to work there. All this is as nothing compared with the great waste of heat in the millions of kitchens throughout the world. If our mothers and sisters could concentrate all the heat that they are producing in



If it's Guaranteed it's Knitright

Common-Sense Headwear
For Little as well as Big Folks

Knitright
Great Western Knitting Co. Milwaukee

Toques and Hockey Caps for Fall and Winter are ideal. Easy to put on, graceful, light, and above all, warm, yet giving the head proper ventilation, made in every conceivable color effect, they will be worn by millions of American children this Fall.

Each Knitright (guaranteed) Cap is absolutely
Guaranteed for Six Months

The Cap on the little boy in the picture is No. 198. This Cap is our famous "Duplex" Reversible, two caps in one; plain color cap on one side, a two colored cap on the other. The Cap on the little girl is No. 179, Half-Cardigan double-worsted stitch, very elastic, attractive design. The price of each is 50c. in all colors, sent postpaid on receipt of price.

Ask your dealer for "Knit-right" (guaranteed) Hockey Caps and Toques. If you fail to get them write to us. Our booklet "Sensible Headwear" sent on request. Address Dept. J.

GREAT WESTERN KNITTING CO.
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

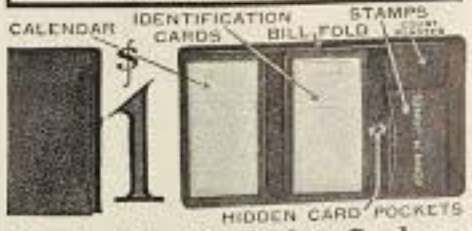
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Odd Lots
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We offer the small investor, the owner of a few hundred dollars, a plan designed especially for his convenience and safety. On this plan, we buy 1 share or more of stock and 1 bond or more.

Send for Circular No. 7—"Odd Lot Investment"

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



Fine Leather Bill-Fold and Cardcase

Just the thing for a man's Xmas or birthday gift. Made of genuine **Black Goat Seal**, 2 x 3 folded, lined throughout. Has 7 useful pockets, including 2 with celluloid windows for identification cards, etc. Made to last for years. Cannot be duplicated elsewhere for same money. **Our price $1. Above in Genuine Seal or Pigskin, $2. NAME STAMPED IN GOLD FREE!** Any name stamped on inside in gold letters free. **Emblems of leading fraternal orders stamped in gold for 25c extra.** Makes a handsome gift. Orders filled promptly, packed in fancy Xmas gift box for 10c additional. 10c for registry insures delivery. **Money refunded if not as represented. Write for FREE Catalogue of our "guaranteed" leather goods.** Address

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BOOK-KEEPERS You can hold a better job if you understand CONTROLLING ACCOUNTS. My book gives full instructions to open and operate them. Price One Dollar. Stamps accepted.

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Why Not Let the Largest Retail Shoe Concern in the World Offer a Timely Suggestion in Footwear?

DO YOU know that for thirty years Cammeyer has dictated the shoe styles of America?

That The Cammeyer Retail Business reached two million dollars in 1910?

That the great New York store has a capacity of a thousand customers at one time?

That 410 competent salespeople (more than any two other stores in the world) are here to handle our customers?

Why Don't YOU Take Advantage of the Same Efficient Service

through the medium of the splendidly equipped Cammeyer Mail-Order Department? A force of thirty people, including Ten expert shoe shoppers, can give you the same careful attention as enjoyed by the New York Men and Women of Fashion every day of the year in this store, though you may live three thousand miles away.

The Cammeyer Catalogue for Fall and Winter, 1911-1912

awaits your inspection. It contains 80 pages of exclusive Cammeyer styles, including portraits of the new shades in Russet Shoes for Fall, and complete facts about shoes in general. Your name and address on a Postal Card addressed to us is all that is necessary.

Dept. B.

Cammeyer
Stamped on a Shoe means Standard of Merit
6TH Ave. & 20TH St.
NEW YORK CITY

The "Broncho Buster"

$3



The kind Texas cowboys are wearing. Originated and manufactured by us. Light tan color, never-flop brim, rich, hand-carved Mexican leather band. Two dozen sizes, all sizes. Crown 4½ or 5½ inches; brim 3 or 3½ inches. Prepaid for only . . . **$3**

Austrian Velour

$5



A superior quality genuine imported Velour hat, so stylish this year. Five colors: black, brown, tan, dark grey and pearl, beautifully silk lined. Regular $8.00 value. Prepaid for **$5**

Money refunded if not as represented.
HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A, Houston, Texas

HOLDS COAT AND SKIRT — HOLDS COAT AND TROUSERS



The WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER

Two Hangers in One

USE either way, back or front. Press spring to open skirt or trouser hanger—release to close—one hand does it all.

Clamp made of hard wood—won't rust.

Sold by all department stores for 25c. If not at your dealer's, don't accept any other hanger, but send dealer's name and 25c and hanger will be sent prepaid.

WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER CO., 45 So. Front St., Philadelphia

their stoves directly on the article which is being cooked, think of the saving of fuel, energy and health!

"Now what has this to do with lighting securities?" the reader asks; and briefly the answer is as follows: The ultimate value of "lighting" securities, whether the lighting is by gas or electricity, rests not in the use of gas or electricity for lighting purposes, but rather in its use for heating and cooking purposes. The people today have all the light necessary; and, though the demand for light will increase to a certain extent with the population, yet it does not need to increase proportionately with the population, as two or three people in a room require no more light than one person; while a family of twelve in the poorer quarter of a city will use only a small fraction of the light used by a wealthy family of three in its city mansion. Therefore the future of gas and electric securities depends upon the use of gas and electricity for cooking and heating purposes rather than upon their original use, which was for lighting purposes.

Up to the present time, gas companies and electric companies have been greatly handicapped in the sale of their product by the expense of manufacture. Though seldom realized, there is little or no expense connected with the "manufacture" of coal, the principal item of expense being its extraction from the mine and the transportation charges. Even the cost of hauling it through the streets from the coal yard to the house and carrying the same into the cellar is often greater than that of the coal itself at the mine. Now all gas companies and such electric companies as do not use waterpower are obliged to purchase this coal, have it transmitted to their plants, and burn the same—even before obtaining the gas or electricity which they, in turn, will sell. Consequently it will be seen that, for purposes other than lighting, gas companies and electric companies are greatly handicapped; and no corporation can buy coal and use it for the generation of gas and electricity and then sell and distribute said product for a price that will enable a housewife to use it for her cooking as cheaply as if she herself purchased the coal and used it herself.

Why Gas Bonds are Safe

As "necessity is the mother of invention," the gas companies, when forced out of the cream of the lighting business by the invasion of the electric-lighting companies, succeeded in cheapening the cost of producing gas so that it could be used for cooking purposes. This use has greatly increased, so that today, instead of the greatest consumption of gas being on Christmas Eve, as was the case twenty-five years ago, it is now on the Fourth of July; in fact, if the gas companies had not been able to reduce the cost and increase the efficiency of that product so as to make it practicable for cooking purposes, there would have been reorganizations of a large percentage of our nation's gas companies since the invasion of the electric light. Instead, as the gas companies have been able to adapt their product to cooking uses, their output has continually increased and gas securities have a most enviable record for stability and strength; in fact, it is claimed that no other class of bonds shows such a small percentage of defalcations as gas securities. The following, taken from the circular of a firm that makes a specialty of selling gas bonds, is doubtless true:

"Gas bonds have a first-class record for safety. A gas bond usually is secured by a mortgage on all the property, rights and franchises of the company issuing it. The condition and value of the property are passed upon by a competent gas and mechanical engineer before the bonds are issued. The bonds are issued only with the approval of a trust company, which is the trustee, after the trust company's attorneys have decided that the bond may be issued in accordance with the terms of the mortgage and trust deed. A gas company operates under the franchise or license of a city, and usually only one company serves each community. Gas is a 'necessity,' and the residents of the community use gas for cooking and lighting with practically the same certainty that they pay taxes or use the utilities furnished by the municipality itself. The business is operated upon a broad foundation, relying upon a small profit from many customers instead of a large profit from a few. Experience has proved that the use of gas is not noticeably



Adler's Collegian Clothes

Eight out of every ten men would wear Adler's Collegian Clothes if they only knew how their ideas of style, fit, fabric and wear are met in these premier clothes.

The suits and overcoats we produce are just the sort that appeal to the man who wants the satisfaction of knowing that his clothes look right on him and that he feels right in them.

When you know you can get these kind of clothes, isn't it wise to see that you get them? The price range is $15 to $30.

Our new style book, a guide for men's correct clothes, mailed to any address on request. It also tells you where to buy Adler's Collegian Clothes right in your town or vicinity.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee — Chicago



It's Time to Get Ready for Winter

The first nip of frost should be a hint to you to put your home in condition for indoor Winter life. The walls and ceilings may need refinishing, floors waxed or painted, woodwork varnished and furniture refinished to make it bright and inviting. Good paint is a preservative—its use outside the house or in is a conceded economy—but you should use the best.

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

offer you a finish for any surface you wish to renew—wood or metal, plaster or cement. Each the best finish of its kind to be had—for instance

ACME QUALITY NO-LUSTRE FINISH—A hard, durable, flat, lustreless finish in white and attractive colors and tints suitable for decorating walls, ceilings, woodwork, or any interior surface. Used directly on plaster or over canvas or burlap. Spreads easily, flows out smooth and even and does not show laps.



ACME QUALITY VUL-K-LAC—Gives very finest rubbed and polished finishes upon fine furniture. Use it on the mantel, mahogany furniture, dining-room tables, etc.

THE ACME QUALITY PAINTING GUIDE BOOK

should be in every householder's possession. We will send you a copy on request. Write for it. This book tells about the all-embracing line of ACME QUALITY products and tells where and how each should be applied. Illustrated. If your dealer does not have Acme Quality Paints and Finishes, write to

Acme White Lead and Color Works

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affected in times of panic or general business depression. The decisions of the highest courts of the land, including the United States Supreme Court, have protected the rights and favored the interests of bondholders. All these facts add safety and soundness and stability to gas bonds as investments."

At the present time most families of average means use electricity for lighting purposes and gas for cooking purposes either all or a part of the year; and, so long as conditions remain *in statu quo*, the earnings of both gas and electric securities should gradually increase in a growing community, where the companies are properly managed.

If, however, any method should be discovered whereby either gas or electricity could be delivered to the housekeeper at very much cheaper rates, or whereby the housekeeper could concentrate all her heat, wasting none, then there is likely to be a revolution in lighting securities. As to whether the gas companies or the electric-lighting companies will reap the greater harvest from such an invention, it is impossible now to anticipate; but certain new developments indicate that the electric-lighting companies are almost sure to receive a distinct benefit.

As readers know, the fireless cooker is today used almost exclusively by those who have gas stoves. The old method of boiling a leg of lamb necessitated the placing of the meat in a kettle on top of the stove and keeping a good fire under it for two or three hours. If wood is used one or two baskets would be consumed—if coal is used nearly a hod would be consumed; while to use a gas stove for such a purpose is a distinct and expensive luxury. Where intense heat is required quickly, as for broiling steaks, cooking muffins, and so on, a gas stove has a distinct advantage and is doubtless cheaper than a coal or wood fire; but for cooking an ordinary dinner, which requires about two hours or more, a gas stove is often far from economical.

The Fireless Cooker

The fireless cooker, however, enables the housewife to heat a metal plate—a performance that takes about twenty minutes—place this metal plate in a compartment of the cooker, put over it the receptacle containing the leg of lamb and a little water, close it up—and in two or three hours the meat is perfectly cooked. It thus will be seen that the fireless cooker has already made the use of gas practical and cheap for general cooking purposes where heretofore it has been a luxury; for, in the above example, instead of using gas for two hours to cook a leg of lamb, it is now necessary to use it for only twenty minutes. Therefore just at the present time gas companies have a distinct advantage over electric-light companies, and their earnings are rapidly increasing; and gas securities of all kinds stand comparatively high.

Certain of our large electrical companies, however, are strenuously working to discover an electric fireless cooker, whereby the metal plate may be heated by electricity directly in the cooker, and thus eliminate the great waste of heat required in heating said metal plate on the gas stove. Whether or not this will ever be accomplished I do not know; but if it is accomplished, and the gas companies do not discover some offsetting invention, the electric fireless cooker should cause an uplift in most electric securities and may be a severe blow to some gas companies.

I have explained this condition of affairs in such detail because this is the great fundamental factor which our nation's large electric and gas interests are so carefully considering today—and because this subject is of most vital interest to purchasers of stocks in either gas companies or electric companies. I say "stocks" because this is not a question that the investor who buys only seasoned gas or electric bonds need bother his head about, as there are much more important factors for him to consider.

As in the case of electric-railroad securities and the securities of other public-service corporations, these other factors to be studied in the selection of lighting securities may be grouped under the two following headings:

1—Franchises and replacement values.
2—Earnings and management.

As we treated so fully the subject of franchises and replacement values in our



Away With Suspenders!

Change Now to

"Hip-Fit"

The Practical, New *Invisible* Trouser Support

Does away entirely with sagging, uncomfortable suspenders, and binding, tight-fitting belts. **A positive improvement over both.**

Makes trousers hang gracefully and evenly—assures neat, tidy, commanding appearance, and easy, graceful, erect carriage.

Keeps up your trousers by gentle elastic pressure at waist. They can't slip down when you stoop. Your shirt can't slip up when you reach.

Elastic in it gives to every movement. Takes off all strain—leaves shoulders and body free—stomach relaxed, giving absolute comfort at all times.

Hip-Fit requires no regulating. Nothing to adjust. Can be attached instantly to waist. Buttons simultaneously with trousers. Neat, clean and **absolutely dependable. You must be satisfied, or your money will be refunded.**

Thousands sold. Voluntary expressions of praise. Every man will, in time, have one.

Send $1 now for Trial Order. Send waist measure with order. Don't hesitate. "Hip-Fit" will **surely** delight you.

Exceptional proposition to Dealers, Merchant Tailors, Salesmen and Agents.

STANFORD HIP-FIT

HIP-FIT MFG. CO.
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A Helping Hand

The I. C. S. actually takes the working man by the hand and helps him to prosperity.

You may be working under such circumstances that advance seems impossible, but the I. C. S. will show you how to GO UP. You may now have a fairly good position, but you can go still higher. Just follow the example set by thousands of I. C. S. men who have made good and are making good.

Every month an average of over 400 students of the International Correspondence Schools voluntarily report an increase in their earnings.

Think of a man who a short time ago was earning but $10 a week and is now earning five times that amount. Think of a day laborer being qualified as a superintendent as the result of I. C. S. training.

These are not exceptional cases. There are thousands of them. The I. C. S. will tell you who they are.

Mark and mail the coupon at once, and the I. C. S. will offer you special advantages.

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Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X.

Automobile Running	Civil Service
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Stationary Engineer	Commercial Illustrating
Telephone Expert	Window Trimming
Mechanical Engineer	Show Card Writing
Mechanical Draftsman	Advertising Man
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How Good It Tastes!

and it is just as good as it is delicious.

Peter's Chocolate

is the ideal food and candy combined. Because of its dulcet flavor and its nourishing qualities it makes a delicious light luncheon. Eat it whenever you are hungry. Peter's comes in several varieties.



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Write for the stove book with the astounding inside facts about stove making and stove selling—how you can save $5.00 to $40.00 by buying stoves direct from the factory. Built by experts—prices $6.50 and up, out of the Manufacturer's Store book **yours for the asking** with descriptions of 400 sizes and styles of stoves—richly illustrated.



Stove or Range

Shipped Freight Prepaid
30 Days' Trial

You don't decide finally until you've used the stove or range 30 days and then if it comes back to us—at our expense—if you're not satisfied, 170,000 people have tried Kalamazoos and **bought.** 360 Days' Approval Test. **Cash or credit terms,** shipment within 24 hours. Repairs at cost or less if ever needed. Your interest demands that you get our proposition **first.** Now send for the **Stove Book** and **Catalog No. 185** at once.



Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs.
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"A Kalamazoo Direct To You"
And Gas Stoves Too



An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes, each pull, 60c. 15c pays for 1,000 shots, delivered at once. Practice for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $2.50. Pacific Coast and Canada Post Conpaid $3.00. Circular free.

Benjamin Air Rifle & Mfg. Co., 2001 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

discussion of street-railroad securities a few weeks ago, it is not necessary to repeat the same here. It, however, should be remembered that the same fundamental principles apply to the franchises of lighting companies as to street-railroad companies. The only reason we do not today hear so much about lighting franchises as we do about street-railroad franchises is that, first, lighting franchises have not yet begun to expire; and, secondly, because the public is not brought into such direct touch with the employees of a lighting company as with the employees of a street-railroad company. Moreover, the manager of a lighting company knows, by watching the volt meter and ampere meter in his library, the quality of light which every patron in the city is receiving; while the manager of a street-railroad company has little direct control over the behavior of its conductors and motormen. For this reason it is a very much simpler matter for the directors of a lighting company to keep the public happy than for the directors of a street-railroad company—which, by the way, is a very important factor, and is probably the factor which has caused me personally to prefer lighting securities to street-railroad securities.

However, the securities of a lighting company should always be kept within the replacement value; and investors, or the banking house upon which they depend, should take great care to see that the franchises are properly written and do not expire until many years after the bond issues mature; in fact, in some ways this is more important to lighting companies than to street-railroad companies—for lighting companies are much more subject to competition. This is especially true in the case of an electric company that has not placed its wires underground, as it is very easy in such cases for other interests to erect a competitive "overhead" plant. The fact that gaspipes are located underground is one of the reasons why gas companies are so little subject to competition and gas securities have been so popular. In the same way, the placing of electric wires underground by the more conservative electric companies is greatly adding to the strength and stability of electric-lighting securities.

Franchises of Various Kinds

Regarding the franchises of different companies, these vary in the different states. Usually they are the same as the street-railroad classes; but in California it is different. California law gives the company the right to do business in any of the municipalities within the territory served for a period extending to the end of the company's corporate existence—usually fifty years. By the terms of this law, the company is not obliged to obtain permission from the municipalities themselves—that right being given in its charter. The company is, however, obliged to comply with such police restrictions as may be necessary regarding the tearing up of the various streets in the municipalities in which the company operates. The privilege given by the state is neither perpetual nor exclusive; it simply extends during the life of the corporation. When the corporation's charter expires it is renewed by special act of the state legislature, as was the Hibernia National Bank's charter that recently expired. A new charter was granted for a period of fifty years. I have never known of any objection to the granting of a new charter to a company operating under this law; but this is no reason why there may not be some day

The same statements as to earnings and management made in reference to street-railroad securities also apply to lighting securities in the case of cities where both the gas and electric-lighting interests are identical. It is for these reasons that many conservative investors, when purchasing stocks of lighting companies, confine their purchases to stocks of such companies as control both the gas and electric lighting of the localities served. Of course, when purchasing bonds, this is not so important to consider as when purchasing stocks, as all honestly issued bonds of well-managed lighting companies, whether gas or electric, in well-established cities, should be absolutely safe; in fact, if the reader has any doubt as to his ability to select such safe bonds, it is only necessary for him to follow the rule I have so often mentioned heretofore—namely, to select an underlying lien—that is, a bond of an issue that is

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For we back this claim, not only with the known fact that the great overcoat house of America is A. B. Kirschbaum & Co., nor yet alone with the half-century reputation of the house, but with the ready return of your money through our dealer, if for any reason you believe that the garment you buy hasn't every bit of the superiority as represented.

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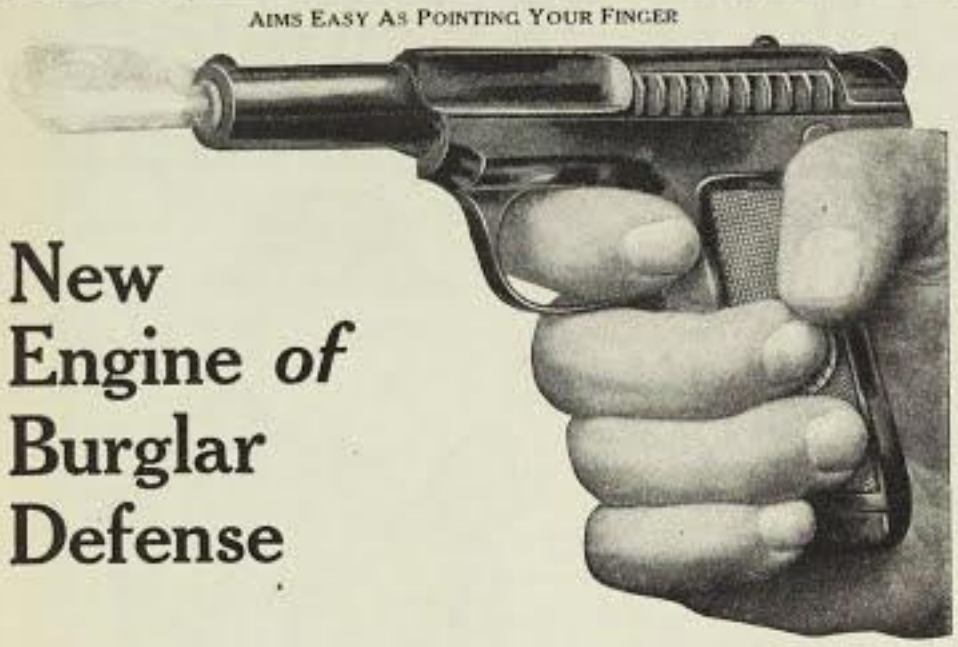
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"The House with the All-Wool Policy"
Philadelphia Chicago New York San Francisco Boston

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"Yungfelo"
Yukon
(Convertible Collar)

Length 52 inches. Sweep around bottom 72 inches.
Shoulders natural.
Collar may be worn (1) as illustrated, (2) buttoned closely up to neck, PROTECTOR style, (3) turned up over the ears as a storm coat.
Lapels bold and aggressive. High gorge.
Front double breasted, with double row of big, imported buttons.
Back straight with movable belt. **Belt** may be tightened and cost made extremely form fitting. 10-inch back center vent.
Sleeves 3½ inch false vent. **Cash pocket** in left sleeve; button over flap.
Also made single breasted.

AIMS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FINGER



New Engine *of* Burglar Defense

THE burglar can get past your burglar alarm. He can break your police communication by cutting 'phone wires; can silently pick your locks and remove your window panes; can coax your dog's friendship with meat. But there is one *unconquerable* home guard against which the burglar is helpless. It is the new Savage Automatic—the new Engine of Burglar Defense.

It shoots 11 shots quick as lightning—no other pocket arm shoots over 9. It aims easy as pointing your forefinger. Nothing can keep your enthusiasm down when you feel the Savage working in your own hand, light and steady. Even though a novice at shooting, you go on putting bullet after bullet into the mark like a crack shot, as fast as you pull the trigger.

Do you see why the Savage banishes night fear, and day fear of vicious intruders? Do you see why great detectives, Wm. J. Burns, Wm. A. Pinkerton, and Walter Duncan carry it? And why crack shots like Buffalo Bill, "Bat" Masterson, Dr. Carver, E. C. Crossman applaud it?

If you have any trouble getting a *Savage* Automatic write us, but *get one—quick*—and get rid of fear.

SEND FOR THE NEW BOOK—"IT BANISHES FEAR"

For interesting facts and gun information, "none such" book has ever before been written. Also "Bat" Masterson's famous Gun Fighter book, "The Tenderfoot's Turn." Free.

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Send also for a book which explains about the famous 303 Savage Featherweight, $25, and the 22 cal. Takedown Repeater, $10. Free for dealer's name. Savage Arms Co., 720 Savage Ave., Utica, N. Y.

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A PERFECT UNION SUIT



This is the idea that made the Union Suit Perfect

Read the panel to the right. It is the highest achievement in underwear making—a union suit that always stays closed—that fits all over—feels perfectly comfortable, always.

Go to the nearest retailer and get a Superior Union Suit. Know for the first time what real underwear satisfaction means.

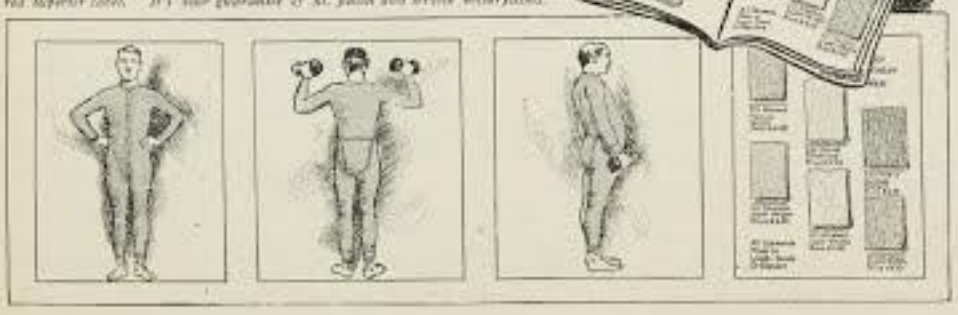
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All the natural union suit advantages with the Superior "Lap without gap" in addition. No gaping here—no bunching or binding. A smooth even fit ALWAYS.



followed by some other issue. Practically speaking, all first-mortgage lighting bonds of established companies in growing communities should be safe for permanent investment purposes, the amount outstanding usually being less than the replacement value of the property. If, however, one has any doubts, he should surely be safe in selecting some first-mortgage issue that is followed by a consolidated or refunding mortgage issue. This is especially true since the great majority of the consolidated and refunding issues are likewise safe—almost universally so when controlled and recommended by established banking houses of unquestioned integrity.

Lighting securities have many advantages; but I am limited by space to mention of only three. First—There is the steadiness of earnings and the fact that the earnings are not adversely affected by business depression. Though electric securities have not been outstanding many years, yet gas securities have passed through the three great depressions of the seventies, eighties and nineties. Instead of the earnings of these gas companies declining during such periods, as did the earnings of nearly all railroad and industrial corporations, they steadily increased, and electric securities would have had the same experience; in fact, the earnings of all lighting companies are even less dependent on business conditions than are the earnings of street-railroad companies.

Second—We have the central control, mentioned above, whereby the manager, sitting in his office, knows exactly what service every customer in the city is receiving, insuring the elimination of the personal-labor factor. In connection with this advantage there is another—namely, that lighting companies are not affected by strikes, the labor factor being a very unimportant matter. In the case of all steam and street railroads the labor factor is very important, not only owing to the effect on the public, but also owing to the effect on the earnings, as men are continually asking for an increase in pay; and, in many instances, the labor costs increase at a greater rate than the earnings. In the case of lighting companies the labor item is very small; and not only have the companies nothing to fear from strikes, but they are fully able to meet all legitimate demands for increased salaries. This is a very important factor and one which is liable to become increasingly so as years go on.

Selecting Public Utility Bonds

The third distinct advantage of lighting and, in fact, all public-utility securities lies in the feature that such a company cannot become bankrupt and retire from business. An industrial or manufacturing corporation can at any time close up, and the business may become almost a total loss. This is one of the reasons why industrial bonds are usually not in public favor; in fact, the value of industrial securities is very dependent upon the energy and constant vigilance of the management, which is continually subject to the keenest competition. In the case of lighting and other public-utility propositions, the courts have ruled that the companies cannot arbitrarily shut down and go out of business, even if their management, for some ulterior motive, so desires. The properties must be operated by some one and a total loss is almost impossible in the case of public utilities.

Of course, when purchasing lighting securities, great dependence must be placed upon the integrity and good will of the bondhouse purchasing the same, as it is impossible for the investor to inspect the franchises, legal proceedings, location of plant, local environment, management and other factors. The following suggestions, however, prepared by a dealer in public-utility securities are of interest in closing:

"In selecting bonds of public-utility companies care should be taken to buy two issues, where the total amount of the bond issue is limited and outstanding—commonly known as a closed mortgage—and is not excessive. The following figures or constants may be safely applied in determining this point: For gas companies alone, the bonded debt should not be over fifteen dollars a head; electric-lighting and power companies, not over twenty dollars; water companies, not over twenty-five dollars; gas and electric companies combined, not over thirty-five dollars; gas, electric and water companies combined, not over sixty dollars."

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Has at last made it possible for you to wear silk hosiery the year 'round, yet practice the strictest economy. Not only do you get this wonderfully fine silk hose at about the cost of good lisle, but with each four-pair box is included our guarantee to replace with a new pair absolutely free, any pair that wears holes in heels or toes within a quarter year from date of purchase.

Men's	Women's
No. 285, medium weight . . 50c	No. 365, medium weight . . 75c
4-pair box $2.00	4-pair box $3.00
No. 281, Winter weight . . 75c	No. 370, Winter weight . . . $1
4-pair box $3.00	4-pair box $4.00

At all good dealers or direct from us on receipt of price and style number.

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
300 Broadway Milwaukee

We Make the Famous
PHOENIX MUFFLER
The ideal neck and chest protector for crisp, cool Fall days. Stylish, distinctive, dressy and hygienic.



Frisbie Collars

FRISCO—the constant choice of comfort-loving men. Speaks for itself as to style. Four ply, hand made. 3 heights. Insist on "Frisco."

15 Cents. 2 for 25 Cents

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will (prepaid) on receipt of price.

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For College, School, Society or Lodge. Descriptive catalog with attractive prices mailed free upon request. Either style of pins here illustrated with any three letters and figures, one or two colors of enamel. STERLING SILVER, 25c each; $2.50 doz.; SILVER PLATE, 10c each; $1.00 per doz. BASTIAN BROS. CO., Dept. 638, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

NHS 13



Just Be Sincere

HE who tries to look *"awfully swagger"* only contrives to look *awful*—he's not sincere.

TO be well-dressed is to be genuine about it—natural about it—void of parade or pretense. We tailor that sort of clothes—genuine all through—all wool all through—hand tailored all through—with the cling and swing and drop and drape that make a man look *distinguished.* These clothes are "hall-marked" and all marked

Sincerity Clothes

THEY'RE for sale at the clothiers' who serve you *best* and *with the best*—those who put a *pledge* behind every *purchase.* Our Book of Modes is a picture-book of "Here's How" in dress.

Free. Write for it.

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co.

Chicago

Builders of

Sincerity Clothes

Sense and Nonsense

Slide Fleming, Slide

WHEN Goff ran against Fleming for the governorship of West Virginia there was a contest that went before a Democratic legislature. The legislature was determined to seat Fleming—and did seat him—but wanted to do the work in an orderly way. Consequently, for several days there were speeches, motions, parliamentary objections and maneuvers.

One of the state senators, who came from an interior county, knew that Fleming was almost certainly to be seated and wanted it done at once. After several days of fussing round he got the floor and made this speech:

"Mr. Chairman: What's the use of all this here speechifyin', argufyin' an' parliamentarifyin'? Ain't Fleming our candidate? He are. Then slide him through!"

Birds of a Feather

IN THE early days in Oregon, as elsewhere in the West, money was scarce and high rates of interest were demanded and paid. Over in Eastern Oregon lenders were frequently able to get as much as five per cent a month interest.

A citizen of Pendleton, who was dying, was worried about this. He had a lot of money with a banker who was lending it at five per cent a month. Still, he knew others were doing it, and among the number his minister, who had a few thousands placed with the banker for the same advantageous disposal.

The dying man sent post-haste for the minister.

"Parson," he said, "there's one thing worries me. Do you think my chances of going to Heaven will be damaged because I have been charging five per cent a month for my money?"

The minister didn't answer for a minute or two. Then he said: "No, brother; I think not!"

Reason Enough

"I would not seem undutiful,"
Said Able Seaman Blunt.
"My loyalty is beautiful—
A highly noble stunt;
But when they tells me, after dark,
To dive an' catch a hungry shark,
I simply says: 'I won't!'"
Said Able Seaman Blunt.

"It's wicked to be mutinous,"
Said Mr. Blunt with zest;
"But when they talks of shootin' us
An' hangin' all the rest
Because our highly docile crew
Won't kiss the mate an' hug him too,
I feels I must protest,"
Said Mr. Blunt with zest.

"Nor would I seem too querulous,"
The Able Seaman said;
"But when the Cap would carol us
Old songs that should be dead,
An' beat us with tremendous force
Unless we cheered till we were hoarse,
It showed him badly bred,"
The Able Seaman said.

"I hate to act seditiously,"
The Able Seaman cried;
"But when the Captain viciously
Propelled me over side
Because I could not rightly trim
An' manicure his nails for him,
It really hurt my pride!"
The Able Seaman cried.

"That pride is not inordinate,"
So Mr. Blunt explained.
"Nor was I insubordinate;
But I was greatly pained,
When I had failed to cure his gout,
To have the Captain knock me out
An' have me bound and chained!"
So Mr. Blunt explained.

"An' so, though very dutiful,"
Said Able Seaman Blunt,
"I took that ship, with booty full,
An' did a pirate stunt;
I threw the Captain in the sea—
There's more I might relate to ye;
But, just the same, I won't!"
Said Able Seaman Blunt.

—*Berton Braley.*

Fishing by Lantern Light

AS AN edible product, the bullhead is not to be sneezed at. First you should kill your bullhead by the use of a knife-point in the back of the neck. Then pass the edge of the knife round the back of his head, at the rear of his side fins. Take hold of the edge of the skin with a pair of pinchers and you can strip it off in two or three pieces. Some nail him to a board for this work. The professional fishermen on the Mississippi and other large rivers usually hang him up by a hook. When the head of the bullhead is removed there is not so very much of him left; but the remnant, residuum or net result is a bit of hard, firm, red meat which, when fried or used in a chowder, is about as good a bit of fish as you are apt to get. There is no better fish in camp, humble though it be and little mentioned in railway literature.

One time a party of us were out chicken hunting on the Iowa prairies in the earlier days, and were encamped on the shores of a little lake that looked as though it might have some sort of fish in it. Unfortunately, however, the lake was surrounded with a fringe of bulrushes which ran out so far as to prevent fishing from the shore. It occurred to some one of the party that we might run our wagon out into the lake, almost to the edge of the rushes, and use that as a fishing platform. We did this, climbing into the wagon over the tongue, which extended inshore. As the night was dark we hung a lantern over the water from the tailgate of the wagon and presently began to fish, using grouse giblets for bait, and each having on his float a tall white feather.

Apparently the light gave notice to all the bullheads in that part of the country that something was doing. The sport, which began on a moderate scale, increased steadily; for, so far as we could learn, no one ever had fished for any sort of fish thereabout. We sat high and dry on the reversed wagonseats and had what seemed to us considerable sport, watching our tall white feathers swim out toward the edge of the lantern's circle of light. Little by little the floor of the wagonbox was covered with a dark mass of amiable and unprotesting bullheads. Had we been provided with sideboards for the wagon, no doubt we could have heaped them up even as the farmer does his corn in huskingtime. Some time past midnight we took up the lantern, closed the tailgate of the wagon, climbed ashore on the wagontongue and went to bed. In the morning we backed the team into the water alongside the wagontongue, hitched up and drew our load of fish ashore. How many there were let us not undertake to say, for this is no fish story; but could you have done that with trout, or salmon, or bass, or pike, or tuna, or yellowtail, or albacore, or bluefish, or tarpon—or any other of the most prized species of our game fishes of salt water or fresh? Certainly not.

In his class, the bullhead is the prince of all fishes. In this selfish and materialistic age he shines forth the one example alike of simplicity, dignity and fairmindedness. We may look forward to a long future of happy association with him. As he was the companion of our fathers and our grandfathers, so will he continue to be the gentle playmate of our sons and grandsons.

Not Posted

A CERTAIN local boss in West Virginia politics always controlled his delegations to the conventions, and the delegates voted the way he told them to—and not until he did tell them.

At one convention a delegate presented a resolution that the boss favored but had not heard about soon enough to post his delegates as to how they should vote on it.

The chairman of the convention put the question: "All in favor of this resolution say aye."

There were a few ayes, and the boss' delegates looked at him inquiringly. Seeing that he would not have time to pass the word and wanting the resolution passed, he dashed down the aisle toward the chairman, waving his hands and shouting:

"Don't put the negative! Don't put the negative! I did that once and got in a hell of a fix."



Part of full length figure of 1912 Panel. Now ready.

"Your Face is Your Fortune"

In the life of every *man* and *woman* some supreme happiness is won or lost by personal appearance. A complexion that is clearer, cleaner and more wholesome than the average is surely—sometime, somewhere, somehow—going to reward you with something dear to your mind or heart.

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In a million families, men and women are happier today because Pompeian has added to the value of their personal appearance. Sometime, somewhere, somehow will come the wish that you had used

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

But you can't "wish on" a good complexion. Now is the time to begin. Discover how Pompeian cleanses, refreshes, improves and invigorates the skin; how it exercises the muscles of the face, stimulates the circulation and creates a fine skin-health. A short use of Pompeian will surprise you and your friends. A test will prove this. Make the test. Sometime, somewhere, somehow you will be glad that your face is really your fortune. "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one." Sold by all dealers, but you can try before you buy.

1912 Art Calendar

of this charming "Pompeian Beauty" sent with each trial jar. Size 32 in. by 8 in., an ideal panel for framing (calendar at bottom, but can be cut off without injuring picture). Reproduced in exquisite colors (dark red and gold) from original $1000 painting by Carle Blenner, painter of beautiful women.

Trial Jar and 1912 Art Calendar both sent for 10c (stamps or coin). This is a rare chance to get a trial jar of the most popular face cream and also a copy of the most popular Art Calendar. Clip coupon before you forget it.

Magazines and Books for Library Slips (one in each package).

Cut along this line, fill in and mail today.

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Gentlemen—Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me a trial jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and a 1912 "Pompeian Beauty" Art Calendar.

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are favored by men who are familiar with the trend of fashion, and who, in their dress, impart an impression of distinguished individuality.

There is an ARROW COLLAR for every man, every face and every occasion. 15c each 2 for 25c

Send for PHOTOS OF DRESS AND EVENING ATTIRE, two good books on fashion, by an authority

Enough of the shirt appears to show that it is a color-fast perfectly fitting CLUETT. $1.50 and up

CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, Makers, 457 River Street, Troy, N.Y.



What makes your dinner a success?

SNOWY linen, delicate china, shining silver and glassware correctly placed, and your own evident enjoyment and ease in knowing that your dinner is exactly right.

That's the beauty of

Campbell's
TOMATO
SOUP

It is *right*. And you know that you are right in offering it.

Your most critical guest—*silently* critical of course—appreciates this perfect soup at the first taste; and approves and enjoys your whole dinner more because of this appetizing course.

No one ever ate better soup. No amount of money and care can produce better. And you can verify this sweeping assertion at *our* risk. If you are not completely satisfied the grocer refunds your money.

Why put it off? Why not learn the facts *today*?

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
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Chicken	Ox Tail
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Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"Roses and buttercups feed,
I know,
On sunshine, earth and air.
And I think my blushing
dimples grow
From *Campbell's* luscious
fare."

BUSINESS HELPS

NOTHING is more surprising than the poor judgment, the lack of judgment, the general shiftlessness of judgment, so often displayed in regard to their own affairs by men of business acumen who earn excellent salaries by using excellent judgment for other people. Many a man who is conscientious, brilliant and painstaking when the interests of an employer are concerned is the very reverse of painstaking, brilliant or conscientious in regard to his own interests, especially the kind of interests that most materially affect the permanent prosperity of his family. And where it is not positive lack of judgment that is to blame it is something much worse—a general neglect and inattention, as if the interests of one's own family were of practically no concern—and this often in the case of men who are ready and eager to give endless care and attention to the interests of others!

I have seen this kind of thing so often, and so often have seen disastrous results, that I will set down some of the cases that have come under my personal knowledge; for this class of fatal business inattention or heedlessness must be startlingly common. A cobbler's children, as the ancient proverb has it, are ill shod.

A year ago a man died who had been earning a salary of seven thousand dollars. His employers had admired the ability with which he watched every detail of the business in their behalf. His mind had been constantly alert to seize upon every opportunity to make better money for them. He was a student of up-to-date methods and carried on his work with a quiet exactitude that enabled him to master any situation that arose. He lived in excellent but not extravagant style, and no one could have doubted that he looked after his own affairs with the same skill that he showed in behalf of his employers. It should be added that he had unusual opportunities to watch the inside workings of various corporations and even the beginnings of some that became remarkably prosperous, and that his work for his employers was not of a kind to take so many hours daily as to weary him and give him no chance for time and thought for his own affairs.

He was very reticent about his own finances even with his wife, except that he let her know the amount of his salary, and said that he was saving annually more than a quarter of it. She had no doubt, therefore, that he had a big sum of money excellently invested; and when he suddenly died, leaving her with two little girls and a boy to care for, she believed that she was a fairly well-to-do woman.

Careless Disposition of Money

What she discovered concerning the actual state of her finances, however, was disconcerting. Her husband's main saving consisted of a sum of twenty thousand dollars, and this was lying in a bank and drawing only three and a half per cent interest. The widow, who had always had her questionings so repressed that she had come to a humble acquiescence in her husband's belief in her utter business incapacity, found that this very bank was paying four and a half per cent on such deposits as were left with an agreement that they should remain untouched for a year. She at once gave the required assurance and the money was entered on the new basis.

It seems that the husband had always had what amounted to a superstition in favor of hoarding money in a bank—he had the tucking-away habit. To him it seemed better to put money into even a poor bank than into excellent outside investments. He had never stopped to realize that bank corporations are like any other corporations, either good or bad, depending upon their capital and management—that is, he had never stopped to realize this for his own capital, although he knew it well enough in regard to the capital of others.

In another bank was sixteen thousand dollars drawing only three per cent interest. This sum, acting under the helpful advice of the cashier of the bank itself, she used in the purchase of first mortgages on excellent property, and secured on the sum an income of six per cent.

She had a dread of anything like dangerous speculation, for she was a woman with three dependent children. Therefore she was not in the least tempted toward companies that alluringly offered ten or twelve per cent, because her business instinct told her that if a company paying ten per cent is safely established, its stock can only be bought at such a rate above par as will not give more than, say, six per cent to the investor, and that if it is not safely established it is not the kind of thing for people to go into who cannot afford to lose if things turn out badly.

As a result of these changes the widow's income was added to at once—an increase that came from the exercise of ordinary business judgment by a woman without business training. It was small enough even then for bringing up a family that had been run with a larger income, but it was enough to get along with modestly.

There had been a few thousand dollars besides, and these—as if to add a final ironical touch—were found to be invested, not in the good companies that the man knew of, but in wild-cat concerns that had never paid a dollar in dividends and probably never would.

Lax Household Finances

I once knew a specialist in business organization, a man whose profession was that of launching new businesses or putting decrepit businesses on their feet. To him the knowledge of every detail of business management had become so absolutely familiar as to be mere matter of course.

His earnings were large, but his mode of living and his extravagant hospitality sometimes frightened his wife. But whenever she tried to talk with him on any business affair of their own, whenever she attempted to lead him into any discussion of their own concerns or suggested holding their expenditures to a known and certain sum each month, he would only say, partly in jest but much more in earnest: "Oh! Spare me vulgar details!" He would not even accept her offer to keep an itemized account of the outgo. "Women don't know anything of business," he would say; "they should pay attention to their homes."

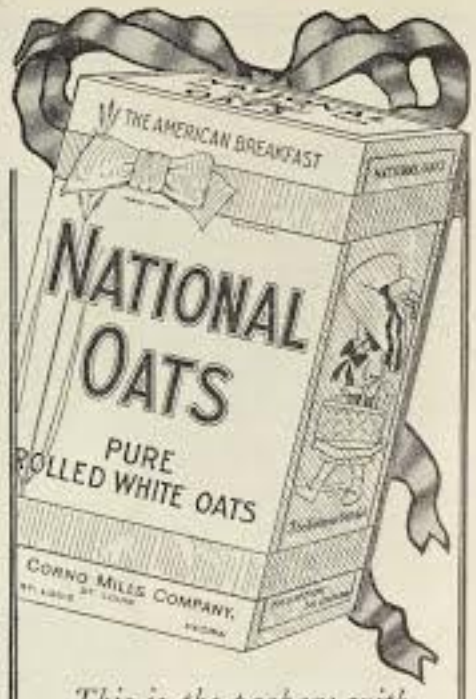
Expenses continued, bills began to pile up, and in spite of the man's big earnings bankruptcy proceedings supervened. Upon investigation it was found that his personal affairs were in a hopeless muddle; and that he to whom order and system had apparently been the very law of nature, had used neither system nor order for himself. As a result both he and his wife had to pay the price of financial carelessness.

I knew a man who was earning ten thousand dollars a year for a lumber company. Nothing was too good for him or his wife. He was a splendid business man, and the company for which he worked would without doubt have continued to raise his salary steadily on account of his good work for them. At the age of thirty-five he died, and when his affairs were looked into it was found that there was no money to pay even the current bills of butcher and baker and the rent. His friends paid the bills, and his wife is now washing other women's hair for a living.

A widow who had found herself faced with the problem of raising a family of young children gradually made herself into an efficient business woman in the handling and reinvesting of property that her husband had left her. Her judgment and opportunities were for real estate, and she made a success through careful study of real-estate locations and values, supplemented by close personal application to collections, repairs and general management.

Her son developed into a thoroughly capable business man who was flatteringly advanced by his firm. As he gathered money for his own investments he showed that he had inherited a family liking for real estate. But no success came of it. He selected property that he might have known would not go up in value. He repeatedly clung to holdings after they had reached their climax in value, and then bitterly watched as the buildings deteriorated and prices sank. To repairs and collections he devoted but a very limited amount of time, and so lost money even on such real estate as was really good; and there were constant deficits to make up from the savings from his salary.

Throughout, however, his services for his employers continued to be excellent, in



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At last you can have what you want—*an all-day cereal food.*

Rich—delightful—oats flavor.

Our own particular process of milling—curing—packing, does it.

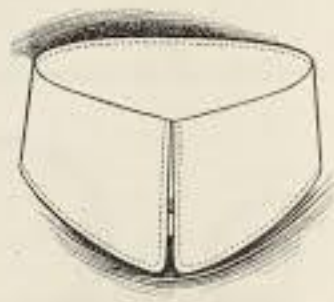
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The new
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No dust or ashes; no hot kitchen.
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You Are Missing Something Good

if you have not learned some of the good American dishes which are made with Foulds' Macaroni and Spaghetti. Distrust the foreign kind if you will, that is no reason you should deprive your family of this appetizing and valuable food.

Where Foulds' is made we are all American and we observe those rules of sanitation and cleanliness that you do in your own tidy kitchen. The American grown Durum wheat and the modern scientific methods we have developed during our 20 years of experience, give Foulds' the flavory, firm and tender qualities which distinguish it from ordinary macaroni and spaghetti.

Foulds' is never sold in bulk, but always in the clean American way, in triple sealed packages that protect it from uncleanness all the way from our clean factory to your clean kitchen. You can distinguish Foulds' from the foreign made by the yellow package with the red band.

Serve this American food often. There are many ways to prepare it, many commonplace dishes that it improves appetizingly. It is the best substitute for high priced vegetables; with its help meat and poultry, or their leftovers, go twice as far, and reduce living costs that much.

Here is a simple recipe that you can make the chief dish of a luncheon, dinner or supper, and no one will ever question the absence of both meat and potatoes. It is especially good for the children's evening meal—no "bad dreams" will follow, no matter how much they eat.

Spaghetti with Hard Boiled Eggs and White Sauce

Without breaking the sticks, boil and drain a five-cent package of Foulds' Spaghetti as directed and arrange on a very hot platter. Have ready the whites of three hard-boiled eggs cut in strips. Put these with the Spaghetti and pour over it a cupful of the white sauce. Grate the yolks of the eggs over the top of the dish and set in the oven a few moments until well heated; then serve.

To make "White Sauce" as called for in this recipe, cook together a tablespoonful of flour or cornstarch and two of butter until they bubble, smoothing out all lumps. Add a cupful of milk and stir until smooth and thick; season to taste with salt and black or red pepper.

Isn't that recipe worth saving and trying right soon? Wouldn't you like to have forty-two others just as practical? Drop us a postal and we will send you free a copy of the Americanized Macaroni and Spaghetti Cook Book.



The Foulds Milling Co.
Sales Dept. Chicago, Ill.

astonishing contrast to his positively stupid services for himself. In a city of rapid growth and of steadily increasing real-estate values—a city of unusual opportunities for money-making—he showed so little judgment as to select houses in locations where it was practically certain that there would be no advance at all.

A particularly clever young man owned his own home, which happened to be located in an unattractive part of the city. He decided that it was desirable to have a place in the suburbs, for the sake of his wife and children, and so he bought a small place at a point some miles away, for occupancy during two or three months of each year. He rather preened himself on his self-sacrificing spirit, for it was really almost a hardship to take the long ride out each evening and start back so early each morning.

"I should like a better location in the city and I should like a better location in the country, but those two places together represent quite as much capital as I can put into homes," he said.

He had won a reputation for clever business ideas, and so the friend to whom he said this looked at him in considerable surprise.

"At how much do you estimate the two places?" he asked.

"Ten thousand for the place in the city and four thousand for the one in the country," was the reply.

"And isn't it a fact that neither of them is in a particularly fine location and that neither of them can be expected to increase much in value?"

This was reluctantly admitted; and the friend continued:

"Every day, going to your country place, you pass through the nearer suburb of B. There the houses stand well apart, the site is high and the air is fine, there are trees and flowers galore, there are the most delightful people, and the prices are steadily mounting. For fourteen thousand dollars, the price of your two indifferent and non-advancing properties, you could buy there to excellent advantage. You would then have an ideal all-year-round home, better for your family from every point of view, and at the same time you would have a property that would year by year be earning money by accretion of value. Isn't that all true?"

The man pondered for a little. "Yes," he said; "that is all true. I didn't realize it, but it's all true."

"In other words, you are one of the men who won't work for themselves," concluded the friend.

Shortsighted Buying

One reason why so many men are ready to act brilliantly for others, but not for themselves, is that when they are judging and acting for others the risk is not their own, and the matters are not such as affect directly their own pocketbooks.

Many a man can judge wisely and farsightedly from the very reason that his judgment is not swayed by nervous fear of personal loss.

I knew a rising young man who had opportunity to buy a home of his own at what seemed, and was, a decided bargain, but he hesitated because it involved a larger investment than he liked to contemplate. "Twelve thousand dollars is more than I can afford," he said, "and even then I should have to take most of it on a mortgage."

"How much rent are you paying now?"

"Sixty-five dollars a month."

"And what interest would you have to pay on the mortgage?"

"I can get it at a low rate—only five per cent." The city where the young man lived was situated in the East.

"Five per cent on the entire twelve thousand would be only six hundred a year. Add taxes and repairs and the total cost would be just about equal to your present rent. And you would have a home of your own, steadily increasing in value and thus working for you instead of for your landlord."

It was just another of the cases that one sees on every hand, where capable men are unable to visualize their own personal problems with clarity of mind.



JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Ask any bank or business house in Ft. Atkinson about the farm.

If you don't know about Jones Dairy Farm Sausages, and don't live out in the country where you can make your own sausages, then we don't know where you are going to get real farm sausages.

Our sausages are real farm sausages, made on a farm by farm people in a farm way. We don't make them all the year 'round, but only during the cold weather months, and we make up only enough each day to fill *that day's* orders. Our recipe is older than the State of Wisconsin. It came down to us from a New England grandmother who had never heard of anything going into sausages but the choicest parts of little milk-fed pigs, home-ground spices and pure salt.

We haven't varied from that recipe in over a score of years. And we do all our work right at home with the help of our neighbors who come to our assistance during the busy season. The flavor of our sausages is undeniably and unmistakably the true farm flavor, the kind that are made to eat and not to sell.

If you live in any of these cities you can telephone now for a delivery of our sausages, and you will get them *fresh*.

New York City
Park & Tilford
Chicago
Rockwood Brothers
Stanton & Co.
L. G. Kunze
Cleveland
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Cincinnati
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Washington
Golden & Co.
Seattle
Augustine & Kyer
Louisville
Zapp & Short
Portland, Ore.
L. Mayer & Co.
St. Louis
Faust's Fulton Market
Kansas City
Guernsey & Murray
Wiedenmann Bros.
Geo. G. Croner
Omaha
Gladstone Bros.
Spokane
Greenough Bros.
Spokane Table Sup. Co.

Our sausages are sold and for the most part delivered on standing orders by the best grocers in every city. This list is only a wee part of our regular dealers—write us and we'll tell you where you can get them in your town. Ask your grocer first and if he does not sell Jones Dairy Farm Sausages and thinks he is unable to get them for you, write direct to us. We will arrange to supply you direct. We also sell old-fashioned green-hickory-smoked hams and bacon, sure-enough maple syrup, and other things, all told about in our booklet which also contains a lot of recipes for old home cooking that the French never heard of. Ask for it and we'll send it to you.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm, Box 605, Ft. Atkinson, Wisconsin



Ten Thousand Openings for Enterprising Men In New Grand Trunk Pacific Towns

Western Canada is in the throes of the greatest railway development in all history. The Grand Trunk Pacific, which in 1913 will complete its All-Canadian transcontinental line, is already completed from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, and is building hundreds of miles of branch lines, tapping millions of acres of the richest wheat land in the world.

—Land that produced this year a 200,000,000 bushel wheat crop.

It is answering the cry of the farmers for adequate *market facilities* by planting more than

100 New Towns

throughout "The Kingdom of Wheat." These 100 vigorous new towns on the new lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific offer remarkable opportunities for enterprising men in a multitude of different occupations, trades and professions.



They want general stores, drug stores, hardware stores, grocery stores, dry goods stores, meat markets, banks, shoe stores, barber shops, laundries, furniture stores, bakeries, carpenter shops, flour and feed stores, implement stores, tinsmiths, confectioners, hotels, amusement enterprises, blacksmiths—*all lines of business found in any live town.* They offer fine opportunities to school teachers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, bookkeepers. They need armies of carpenters, bricklayers, stone masons, plumbers, electricians, mechanics, laborers—skilled or unskilled.

How Towns Grow in Western Canada

10 towns grew	500%	in	1910	
17 "	"	400%	"	"
22 "	"	300%	"	"

What You Will Find in Western Canada

A splendid public school system, good churches, good neighbors (mostly Americans), finest railways in the world, up-to-date newspapers, excellent mail facilities, telephones, good roads, fine climate.

Learn What These Towns Offer You The government and the railroads are behind this great development, and affairs are moving *fast.* The Era of Town-Building in Western Canada presents opportunities that may never again be yours. You owe it to yourself to look into the matter now. Ask for the book, "*A Chain of Opportunities in Western Canada Towns.*"

In writing for further particulars, give your name and address, state your business, profession or trade, give your age and state whether married or single. These facts will be of assistance to us in advising you where to go. Address

(7)

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY

G. U. RYLEY, Commissioner, Room 300, Union Station, WINNIPEG, CANADA





"WEAR A BENJAMIN" whether it be an Overcoat or a Suit, the name symbolizes the highest grade clothes—garments that combine the most advanced development of tailoring skill, with the choicest fabrics of English and American looms.

BENJAMIN SUITS and OVERCOATS at $20.00 up. DRESS and TUXEDO SUITS at $35.00 up. MOTOR APPAREL, WAISTCOATS and other BENJAMIN specialties at correspondingly moderate prices.

Should you be unable to find a BENJAMIN clothier in your vicinity write to us for information and book of New York fashions.



Continuation Schools

IN THE classes of the industrial continuation schools of Munich a skillful workman in the trade carries on the instruction in the shop and in the study of materials and tools, the remaining instruction being given by specially trained teachers from the elementary schools.

The course in business correspondence aims to enable the pupil to compose the most important pieces of writing arising in business life and to fill out the usual business forms. The course is practical and comprehensive, including private correspondence, letters concerning conditions of buying and selling, and communications dealing with debts.

The course in hygiene and civics deals with problems of health, behavior, questions arising in trade, in the community and state, and strives to develop an insight into the necessary union of interests in all classes and groups of industry. It deals with the history of the industry, the organization of industry, apprenticeship, rights and duties of journeymen and masters, protection of workers, factory inspection, taxation, organization of the district, of Bavaria, of the German Empire, colonies, trade, commerce, and so on.

Drawing includes constructive and free-hand drawing. In the constructive drawing the pupils are trained to make a sketch drawn to scale from a given model, and then a working drawing of the same, as well as to read correctly a preparatory working drawing in detail. The freehand drawing aims at producing good taste in the pupil and at developing artistic perception of form. They aim to train the pupil to a feeling for style and to give the power of clear representation.

The shop instruction stands in the middle point of all this instruction. It is divided into instruction in the materials and tools and into real shopwork. The pupil is trained in the technic of the work and is instructed in the physical and mechanical principles involved in the various tools used by him, and the structure and preparation of the materials employed in the trade.

One of my first visits in Munich was to a drawing class of locksmiths' apprentices. The class was beginning the last year's work and numbered twenty-four. The teacher presented to the pupils two or three key-guards and door-hinges that had been made by other locksmith apprentices. They were directed to make original drawings of these articles, keeping in mind the use for which they were intended and the qualities they must have to be useful, but gratifying their individual tastes as to shape, size and ornamentation of the drawings. They must further remember that they had to construct in the shop the articles drawn. Some hints were given by the teacher as to possible variations in the form and a few models were shown, but were not left where the pupils could copy them. I remained in the room two hours and observed the pupils' work. No two drawings were alike. Some were good and some not so good. The class had three hours in which to complete their drawings, after which they went to the shop to work them out in metal. I was unable to see these boys in the shop, but saw specimens of very creditable work done in the school shops.

The pupils were furnished drawing paper by the teacher at a cost of one-fourth of a cent a sheet. Ordinary pencils were used in the drawing. The pupils seemed younger than they said they were, but I was assured that no pupils were admitted to the school except on official evidence of age. About eighty per cent were said to have completed the eighth grade. The hours of instruction of these pupils were from seven A. M. to seven P. M., with one hour's intermission between twelve and one o'clock and a short intermission of fifteen minutes in both forenoon and afternoon. In some cases the pupils come two half days on different days of the week.

Another interesting day was spent in the commercial continuation school for boys, a school with an enrolment last year of twelve hundred pupils. There is also, in Munich, a commercial school of secondary grade for boys, a commercial school and a commercial continuation school for girls.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

No breaking in—Florsheim shoes made over "Natural Shape" lasts insure ease, comfort and perfect fit from the first day.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different.*

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Be Finiky About Collars



Demand more than style. Demand Quality. When you pay 25c for 2 collars, you are entitled to Linen Collars, but you don't get linen unless you get

Barker Brand
WARRANTED LINEN COLLARS
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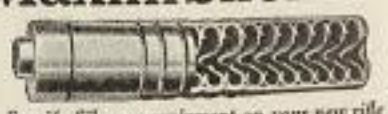


They are the only Warranted Linen Collars at that price. They give you more style, more wear, more comfort and better fit than any other brand. Get them. At most dealers. See the trade mark. If your dealer cannot supply you, send $1 for 5 pairs.

WM. BARKER CO., Makers, Troy, N. Y.



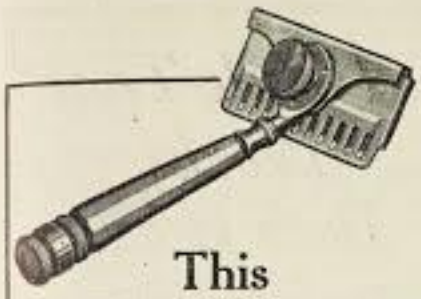
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Specify Silencer equipment on your new rifle

Checks the muzzle blast, preventing report noise and recoil. Wonderful aid to marksmanship. Makes rifle practice possible anywhere. Attaches to any rifle. Write make, model and caliber of your rifle (giving dealer's name). We will tell you what Silencer you need, price, etc.

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Young
SAFETY
Razor
"The any-angle razor"

will do everything that this razor will do



except cut you

THE blade of the old-fashioned razor, in the barber's hand, meets the beard at an angle. That's why his razor cuts clean and smooth.

The Young Safety Razor is instantly adjustable at any angle; a touch of the finger turns the blade.

That is why it gives a shave as smooth and as clean as does the old-fashioned straight razor in the hands of an expert barber.



Try the diagonal stroke shave with a Young Safety Razor. You will find the blade as keen and as smooth-cutting as the finest tempered steel, carefully ground, honed and stropped can be. You will find the razor itself the lightest, handiest, simplest and most accurately balanced of any you have ever used. The price of the Young Safety Razor outfit, including 12 blades, is $2.50.

30 Days Free Trial

Get this razor from your dealer, or from us if your dealer does not carry it. Try it for 30 days. If you do not find it the best razor you ever used, return it and your money will be refunded.

YOUNG SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY
1709 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Passing of the Locomotive

(Continued from Page 13)

ago it changed the suburban service of its lines from the south up into Rochester from steam to electric. More recently it has tried a third method—by organizing an entirely separate trolley company to build an overhead trolley road paralleling its main line from Waverly, New York, to Corning, New York. In some stretches this new trolley road is built on the right-of-way of the Erie's main line.

The Erie people have certainly preferred to conduct their electrification experiments in outlying lines of comparatively slight traffic rather than to commit themselves to a great electrification problem in their congested territory round New York and make some blunder that could be rectified only at a cost of many millions of dollars. That seems good sense, and the Pennsylvania followed the same plan. While its great new station in New York was still a matter of engineers' blueprints, it began practical experiments with electric traction in the flat southern portion of New Jersey. It owned a section of line ideally situated in every respect for such experiments—its original and rather indirect route from Camden to Atlantic City, which had since been more or less superseded by a shorter "air-line" route. The third rail was installed and the new line became at once popular for suburban traffic in and out of Philadelphia and for the great press of local traffic between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Of the success of that move on the part of the Pennsylvania there has never been the slightest question. Regular trains have been operated for several years over this route at a high rate of speed, and not the slightest difficulty has been found in maintaining the schedules.

Nowhere has the substitution of the electric locomotive for the steam, however, worked greater comfort for the railroad passenger—to say nothing of increasing the factor of safety—than in long tunnels. The Baltimore & Ohio, which was a pioneer among the steam railroads in the use of electric locomotives, began to use them in 1896 in its great tunnel which pierces the very foundation of Baltimore. That system, once adopted, became permanent. What was at one time a fearful summer experience between Camden Station and Mount Royal Station in that city has become merely a pleasant novelty.

Electric Tunnel Trains

What was done at Baltimore has been done twice under the Detroit River. The Grand Trunk passed underneath that stream in 1890 by a single-track tunnel six thousand feet in length, in which for seventeen years both freight and passenger trains were hauled by special locomotives fitted for the burning of anthracite coal. Though these engines rendered rather satisfactory service, it was found desirable to substitute electric locomotives for them in order to remove the limitations of haulage capacity in the tunnel; for it is a known fact that electric trains can be operated much more rapidly and also more closely together than steam trains. The change obviated the danger and inconvenience due to locomotive gases in the tunnel. The electric locomotives first went into service in February, 1908. The tunnel is now clean, well lighted and safe to work in; and trains of much greater length than before can be hauled, thus relieving the congestion in the freight yards on both sides of the river.

Similarly electric locomotives have become the tractive power in the great new tunnel which the Michigan Central has just completed under the Detroit River at Detroit, and in the Cascade Tunnel, where the Great Northern Railroad pierces one of the great ranges of the Western Divide. The Cascade Tunnel is interesting from the fact that it is entirely built upon a heavy grade of 1.7 per cent for its length of more than three miles. The steam locomotives are cut out from the service, while on the heavy upgrade of the tunnel an electric locomotive of tremendous pulling power will carry even the heaviest freights through the bore at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. These Cascade Tunnel locomotives are the only ones in the country taking alternating current at triple phase and at the tremendous voltage of sixty-six hundred directly from an overhead trolley wire. And that will bring us to another consideration of this question of the delivery of power.

The most recent of tunnel installations has just been completed in the greatest of all American bores—the Hoosac Tunnel. This famous tube, four and three-quarters miles in length, that took twenty years to build and cost twenty million dollars and some two hundred lives, lent itself very readily to the skill of the electrical engineer, with the result that the Boston & Maine system now finds the greatest impediment to the operation of its main line to the West entirely removed.

. . . . . .

The earlier installations were all what is known as direct current. The power is brought directly from the dynamos in the powerhouses and by means of the third rail or overhead trolley it is delivered to the motors of the locomotives of the cars. Some years ago, however, the larger of the distinctively electric railroads found that, for great current demands over a large distributing district, this system was expensive and impracticable; that, for the chief thing, for carrying a long-distance current it required copper cables so large as to be of very great cost. So some of these, with the aid of the electrical manufacturers, experimented and developed the alternating current of high voltage and low amperage, which is capable of being carried to distant transforming or sub-stations and there reduced to low voltage and high amperage.

The Alternating Current

This alternating-current system, because of its great operating economies, is rapidly becoming the standard for the city railroad systems of metropolitan communities, as well as for the great trunkline interurban roads that are beginning to gridiron the country. The New Haven Railroad, when it first began to electrify its extensive suburban service into the city of New York, was the first to bring it to the service of a standard steam road, and by a clever adaptation of its locomotives was able to bring a single-phase alternating current directly to them at the enormously high voltage of eleven thousand, without the use of transforming stations or direct-current transmission. After some fearfully disappointing experiments at the outset the New Haven system has finally proved the worth of its alternating current, and the road will soon be engaged in erecting its overhead transmission construction all the way from Stamford—the present terminal of the electric service—to New Haven, seventy-two miles distant from New York. Within ten years its heavy New York and Boston traffic will probably be handled entirely by electricity; and the run of two hundred and thirty-two miles will be made without difficulty in four hours or even less.

At present the steam locomotives of these trains and the other trains that serve almost all of New England are detached from the inbound movement at Stamford, and the remaining thirty-three-mile run into the Grand Central Station is made behind a powerful electric locomotive. The process is, of course, reversed on outbound trains. For the twelve miles from Woodlawn into the Grand Central the run is made over the tracks of the Harlem division of the New York Central Railroad, which uses direct current at a voltage of six hundred and fifty, and third-rail instead of overhead transmission. The wonderful adaptability of the alternating current is shown not in the fact that a change must be made from overhead trolley to third rail—for that is merely a slight mechanical problem—but in the fact that a locomotive hauling a heavy train can, without a great slacking of speed, change from receiving an alternating current of eleven thousand volts to receiving a direct current of six hundred and fifty volts. Outbound it reverses the process.

The necessity of clearing out the smoke-filled Park Avenue Tunnel approach to the Grand Central Station brought both the New York Central, its owner, and the New Haven, its tenant, to electric traction for terminal and suburban service at New York. The New York Central's system, as has already been stated, is direct current, and it is supplied from great powerhouses in the suburban district. Through trains are hauled in and out of the station by electric locomotives, while suburban trains, which make their roundtrip runs entirely



Distinctive

The effect of a Triangle Madras Collar is both pleasing and smart. It is just enough out of the ordinary to appeal to the discriminating—yet is not in any sense conspicuous.

Every man who seeks individuality will buy this new collar.

Triangle
MADRAS
COLLARS

15c each—2 for 25c

are made of the finest white madras with stripes of the same *white* material running horizontally and are laundered with the regular stiff finish.

Two Heights

City Club 2⅛ in.
Lotus Club 2⅜ in.

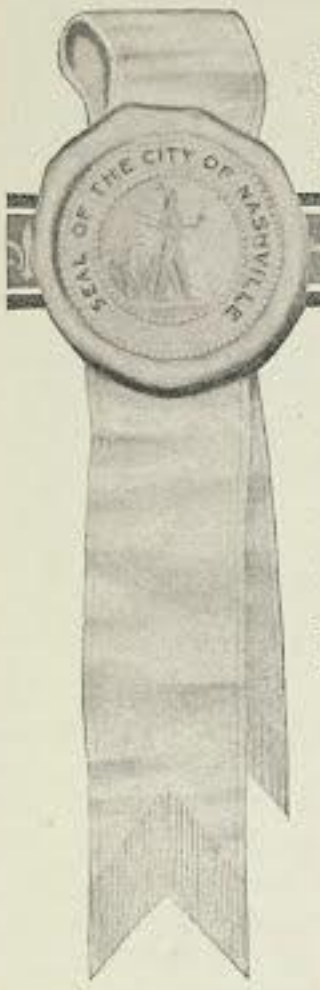
Quarter Sizes

They embody all the exclusive features of our Triangle 5-PLY Collars, "The Collars of Quality,"—the Stout Stay, Slanting Buttonhole, Flexible Bending Points, etc., that make for their high standard of perfection.

If your dealer cannot supply Triangle Madras Collars—send his name and 50 cts. for 4, postage paid. Style Book of Triangle 5-PLY Collars and Sample Buttonhole, mailed FREE.

Van Zandt, Jacobs & Co.
615 River St., Troy, N. Y.

To Dealers—The advance orders indicate a big demand for Triangle Madras Collars—the collar novelty of the season. Write today and be the first to introduce something new in collars to your customers. Window display cards and advertising matter sent with your order.



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Presents to Manufacturers

who may be wise enough to forecast the certainties of the future, striking advantages which they can hardly afford to overlook.

The centre of population of the Mississippi Valley—midway between the Great Lakes and the Gulf—

Commanding a dominant position with reference to the possibilities opening up with the completion of the Panama Canal—

Ideally located in rich surrounding territory, and the natural distributing point for the Great Southern and Southeastern markets—admittedly the most prosperous sections in the country.

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Cheap Fuel—Enormous coal deposits are near Nashville.

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No matter where you may be located and no matter how large or small your output may be, you will probably find it to your profit to investigate the advantages Nashville offers YOU.

Ask for any information you may desire, including the "BOOK OF FACTS"—SENT FREE. Address

THE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU, 201 Stahlman Building, Nashville, Tenn.

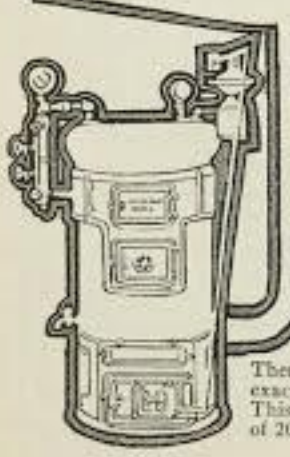


This book tells in simple language all about all kinds of heat, and shows the way to get all the clean, healthful heat you want at a minimum cost. Write for it today.

Send for our Free Heat Primer

There need be no such thing as a cold room in any house if a steam or hot water heating equipment of the right kind is properly installed.

The modern house is steam or hot water heated. No other method is so healthful, so easily cared for, so dependable, or so economically secured. Study house-heating before you plan the heating equipment of your new home, or change the equipment you have. Post yourself on Pierce Boilers and Radiators. Go to the steam-fitter who handles the Pierce line and have him explain the construction of a Pierce Boiler—its durability, its simplicity of operation, its fuel economy, and its wonderful steam or hot water producing ability.



There is a Pierce Boiler exactly suited to your needs. This is the "Modern," one of 200 styles.

Pierce
Boilers and Radiators

Pierce, Butler & Pierce Mfg. Co.
252 James Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
(Showrooms in Principal Cities)

within the twenty-five or thirty miles of electric zone, are run without locomotives, the steel suburban coaches having motors set within their trucks, after the ordinary fashion of all electric cars across the land. The change from steam to electricity at the Grand Central Station did more, however, than merely clear the long approach tunnel of smoke and foul gases; so that nowadays a man can ride on the observation platform through its entire length. The traffic in that wonderfully busy station has for many years had sharp limitations because of the four tracks in that tunnel, two tracks being used for the train movement in each direction.

The limited station-yard capacity at the terminal has necessitated many trains being stored at the Mott Haven yards; and the drilling of these empty trains in and out of the station, combined with the normally heavy movement of regular and special trains, has only added to the great congestion. The minimum three-minute headway between trains operated by steam through the tunnel and its four-tracked viaduct approach fixed the maximum traffic at forty trains an hour in each direction. The capacity of the terminal with this limitation of service was taxed to its utmost and some relief for the constantly increasing traffic was imperative. Now, owing to the improved conditions of electric operation, trains may be run on a two-minute headway or less—this one measure thus increasing the station capacity by fifty per cent at the least.

The Multiple Unit System

The New Haven road has also adopted the practice of running some of its suburban trains without locomotives by means of motors underneath each coach—the multiple unit system, as electrical engineers have come to know it. This is the system, with some slight variations, upon which the elevated and subway lines of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago are operated; and it is quickly applicable, as we have just seen, to some phases of terminal operation for the standard steam railroads. The steam locomotive, however, is to hold its own for many years in many phases of railroad operation; electric traction is practical and economical only when there are fairly congested traffic conditions. The coaches that are standard for it, and which it must haul for many miles across the land, must be handled in the electrically equipped terminals by electric locomotives of one type or another. These locomotives are generally equipped with coal heaters for maintaining the steam in the heating pipes of the through equipment; and in these days, when the electric lighting of through trains is all but universal, they may supply current for this purpose also.

Electric locomotives have been completely successful where they have been used, either exclusively or in connection with multiple unit suburban trains. So it is not too much to expect that their use will increase, and that the electric engineer will climb up into his comfortable cab ready to take his engine for a one-hundred-and-fifty or two-hundred mile run up the main line. For these main lines are yet to be electrified in many parts of the land—in some cases even preceding the thousands of small branches that are already ripe for electrification.

No really big steam railroader in his heart believes that the use of electricity upon the trunkline systems is to stop bluntly with terminal changes and improvements, or with the adaptation of the trolley or the third rail to occasional branches where the territory is thickly settled. What has been done at the Detroit River, the Hoosac and the Cascade tunnels is to be done elsewhere across the land through the dozen or less points where railroads pierce the Alleghanies by tunnels—electric tunnels are yet to bring the Pennsylvania through at Gallitzin and the Southern Pacific through the high crest of the Sierras. Electric traction of the big steam roads is still in its infancy—only six hundred and seventy-six miles out of a total of two hundred and twenty thousand miles of steam railroad are as yet operated by electricity. The other day a big traffic man sat in his office in Chicago and said:

"The first railroad that electrifies the thousand or less miles between this town and New York is going to get all the rich passenger business—not a big portion of it, mind you, but every single blessed bit of it!"

A Rule That Works Both Ways

There's a left-handed man in our offices. He has to do considerable measuring of advertising. He suggested that somebody ought to get out a type rule that would be equally convenient for both right and left handed folks.

This struck us as a good idea—so we went to work and produced the rule that works both ways. It's made of steel, with inch and agate measurements so arranged as to make it adjustable to either right or left handed use. We'll send it free to the man who has charge of the advertising; to others for $1.00.

Whatever way you measure the worth of farm papers you'll find Farm Journal in the lead. Leads in both volume and quality of circulation. Leads in both quantity and quality of advertising carried. Leads in results per dollar expended.

These are not idle words. The proof is forthcoming. Send for our Book "Tests and Testimony." It will give you the most convincing evidence of the leadership of Farm Journal in the agricultural field. And, besides, it will give you statistics about the wealth of the farmer—the needs and tastes of country people, and a world of other information that every advertiser should digest and profit by. The Book is sent free for a request on your business letterhead.

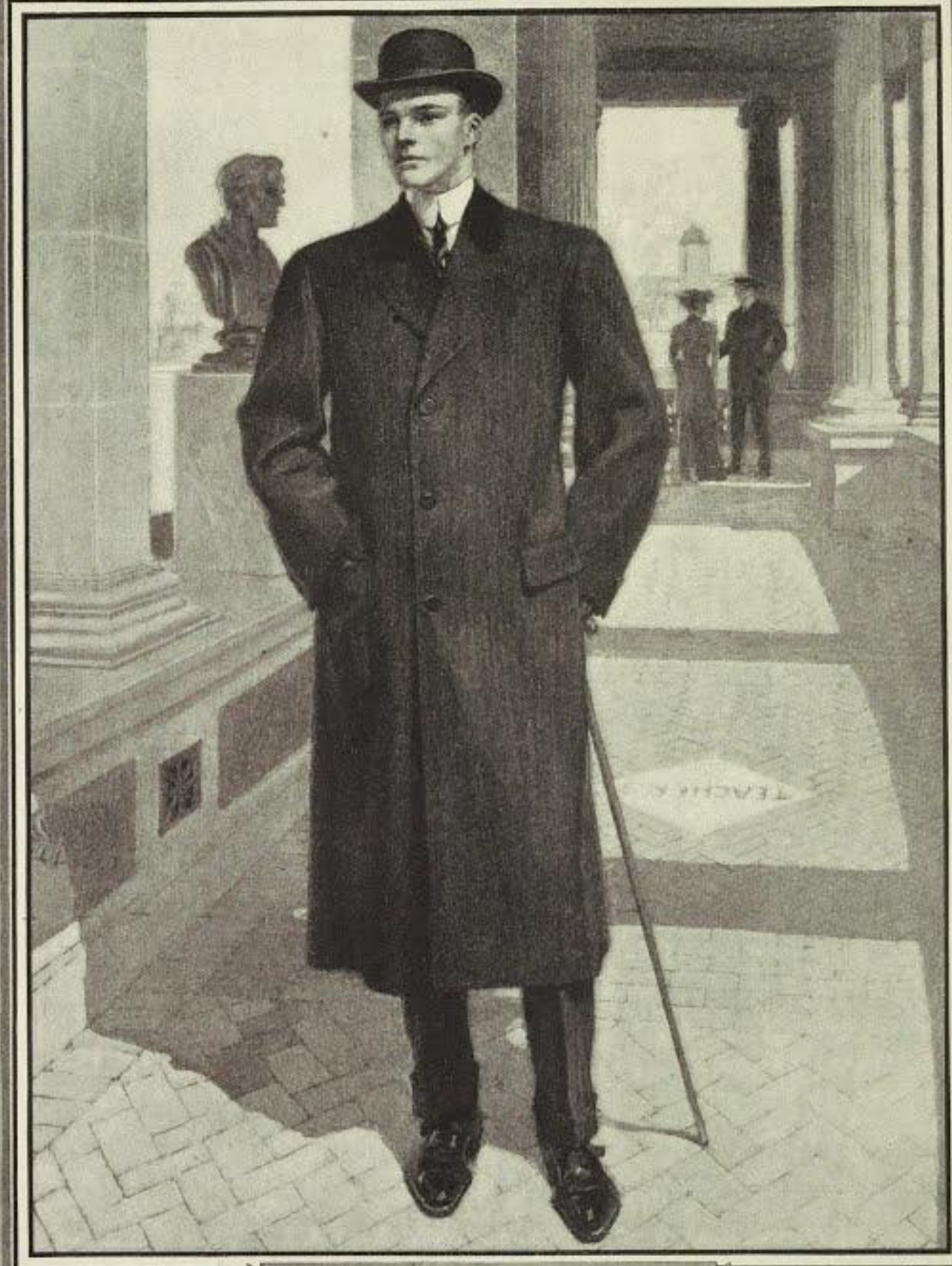
The December number of Farm Journal will go to press November 5th. Over 800,000 copies. Send along your copy.

Wilmer Atkinson Company
Publishers

FARM JOURNAL
"Unlike Any Other Paper."
Philadelphia

By the way, have you Farm Journal's Advertising Record Book? It is in daily use in many offices where accurate returns of advertising results are kept. If you have not received one, or if you need a new one, let us know and the book is yours for the asking, without any obligations on your part. It is handsomely and substantially bound in cloth, and a number of advertisers have written expressing surprise that we could afford to give such a book away.

We believe it is a paying investment for Farm Journal to induce advertisers to find out where their returns are coming from and which papers pay and which do not.



The Hall of Fame, New York

Copyright by Hart Schaffner & Marx

YOU'LL like all our new overcoat models this fall; all good. This button-through style for young men is one of the best.

The Style Book shows others; our mark in clothes is a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

New York Boston Chicago



FITFORM CLOTHES FOR YOUNG MEN

FITFORM CLOTHES — the very name expresses or implies about all the qualities a superior make of clothing could possess. Clothes that fit correctly — that's one. Clothes with the kind of workmanship and materials to make them fit — that's another. Clothes that are distinctive because they fit *you* — that's a third. When clothes excel in these respects, you would expect to find them notable in pattern, style, value — and you do.

YOU'LL like these clothes, Young Men. You'll discover in them all the latest ideas and style features. There are suits with two or three button coats of varying length, close fitting in the waist or loose back, and different style lapels. There are overcoats of medium length or long, big, roomy coats with the convertible collar, or any style for whatever purpose or occasion required. Because these clothes have all the qualities indicated by the name, we guarantee them absolutely and have instructed every retail merchant who sells them to do the same. Buy them with confidence.

Write for Style Book and McFall Art Poster

EDERHEIMER, STEIN & CO., CHICAGO

OVERBOARD

(Continued from Page 17)

eyes strained eagerly through darkness, mist and rain for a first glimpse of the mammoth figure of my friend. We made fast. The rain continued to beat down and I continued to keep watch and make excuses with a sinking heart.

We began unloading steers. Steers, steers, steers, went clattering from deck to dock. An hour passed; two hours; yet Peters did not come. Grimly I fought against a growing terror. Vainly I strove to put out of my mind a hideous picture that kept coming back and back and back, causing successive chills to ripple up my spine until the wet hair bristled on my neck. It was a horrid vision that I had of Peters' body flopping inertly on the waves as it "suffered a sea change" somewhere off Boston Light.

When several hundred head of cattle were unloaded we cast off and proceeded to the Manchester Canal. We had hardly got under way when Captain Evans sent for me. Closely followed by my guard I went up to his cabin, where I found him with the mate.

"We have made eenquiries," said the captain coldly; "the man Peters is not here. Ye will appear before the board of trade tomorrow." Then turning to the mate he ordered: "Mr. Peebles, do your duty."

Without a word the mate bent over and clasped a pair of medieval looking leg-irons about my ankles. Then I was taken down and thrust into a little cabin, outside the door of which a sailor was detailed to watch.

Tired and wet as I was, I could not think of sleep. Throughout the remainder of the night I listened to the beating rain and thought about poor Peters. From the moment that I had begun to doubt his coming I had blamed myself severely. I knew now that, regardless of his wishes, I should have given the alarm when he jumped overboard. Why, oh, why had I not known it then? How could I ever manage to explain it to his family? How could I even face them? I could see his mother and his sisters standing round me, crying and accusing me. Of course they'd know I hadn't thrown him overboard, but they would hate me almost as bitterly as though I had done it.

Dawn and daylight trickled through the porthole without my having closed my eyes. Some one brought me breakfast, but I could not eat. We docked. I heard the last steers go clattering ashore. I was ordered to dress myself. Apathetically I did so. Then, flanked on either side by an enormous British bobby, I left the boat and took up my position in the column that was forming to convoy me to the board of trade.

First marched Captain Evans; I followed, with my escort; then came the three mates abreast; after them the purser, behind whom ranged the cook, the carpenter, the bo'sun and other petty dignitaries and finally a block or two of crew and bull-pushers, stepping along as joyfully as though they were to see a hanging.

The boardroom into which we marched was a supremely British chamber, dark-paneled, heavily furnished, ponderously dignified, gloomy and depressing. In the middle of a dais that ran along one wall sat the chairman, an old Scot, whose vast beard ran down and disappeared beneath the surface of his desk. Below him, grouped about a massive table, were eleven sturdy Britons with faces like walruses.

The officers of the Bostonia grouped themselves at the left of the room, petty officers, tars, bull-pushers and policemen stood at the back, and I was placed in the raised docket to the right.

"Young mon," rumbled the chairman, having got order with his gavel, "ye stand accused of monslaughter upon the high seas. Hov ye onnything to remar-rk?"

"No," I said. The proceedings did not interest me. I could only think of Peters.

The chairman put on his glasses, took up the log-book, and in a droning, burring voice began reading the account that I had written of the pedigree, birth, education and characteristics of one W. Peters. It made me shudder then, that flippant nonsense I had penned of him who lay so far from wind and stars!

A great sob rose in my throat. I choked it back and, turning in my chair, desperately concentrated my attention upon the mural decoration on the wall that backed the dais. I see that painting now as though it were before my eyes: the white-draped, helmeted female enthroned above the chairman's head, one brick-red hand containing cotton, the other clasped about a trident; the reclining figures of a mermaid and a plump and placid lady robed in red, with the horn of plenty in her lap, at either side; the muscular brown men, nude save for leather aprons, holding hammers motionless aloft above an anvil; the female figures at a loom; the mother with a babe at breast and a child at either knee; the father with a skin the color of an old suitcase, grubbing at the margin with a stone-age hoe; the litter of symbolic shields and ships' propellers and bales of cotton and various cog-wheels.

You know the sort of painting: the kind of mural decoration that they put in all the city halls and libraries and courthouses and boards of trade on earth. Art by the foot, in reds and blues and browns, washed over with a fog of diluted white; something rawer than an onion and funnier than Punch. It was no tribute to the painter that I looked upon his work with eyes that burned with scalding tears.

I do not know how long I had been gazing when my attention was distracted by a commotion among the cattlemen and sailors near the door. As I turned I saw the first mate and the captain leap to their feet with startled exclamations. Some one had come in. From my elevated position I saw at once that it was some one who towered almost a full head above the men who crowded eagerly about him; some one with a bland, easy-going smile; some one whom I wished to see just then, as I have never wished to see another mortal on this earth.

"Peters!" I bellowed, jumping from my chair.

He gave me a jaunty wave with his left hand; a score of men were shaking madly at the right. But there was one who thought my hand deserved some shaking too. Jerry, the "other" murderer, came running down the room and wrung it, though no less heartily, I hope, than I wrung his.

Meanwhile the chairman was banging on his desk and calling for order.

"W. Peters," he said devoutly, when the hubbub had subsided, "ye may get doon on yer knees and thenk the leeving God ye aren't drooned!"

"Mr. Chairman!" cried the captain, evidently irritated at the comfortable turn that things were taking, "this man signed my vessel's articles. I wish to prosecute him for desertion."

"And I," said Peters, quite unruffled, "wish to lay a charge of criminal negligence against the captain. While suffering from seasickness caused by the disgusting odors and food aboard his ship I slipped and fell overboard. The captain was on the bridge at the time, but didn't pay the least attention to my cries. I was, therefore, obliged to abandon a brand-new pair of overalls at sea, swim ashore and appear in a respectable Boston hotel, dressed in a pair of old pants loaned by a wharf-rat and the blanket out of a taxicab. Then I had to pay my fare to New York and over here on a liner. I expect damages."

The bull-pushers, who, having finished their service, could no longer be reached by nautical discipline, greeted this brazen comeback with howls of delight.

The chairman beckoned the captain; after a brief whispered conclave he addressed himself again to Peters.

"In view," he said, "of the totally deeferent version of the matter that yer companion has writ in the log, I should recommend for yer best eenterests that ye weethdraw yer charge, providin' Captain Evans has mercy upon ye and does not press his compleent."

"Very well, sir," said Peters, making a show of weighing the matter: "I'll let him off this time, but he must be more careful in the future."

The captain sniffed scornfully and made as though to speak.

"Session adjourned," said the chairman. Then as the officers and crew departed he called Peters up and gave him the watch and the pocketbook.

"Ye're a wild blade, Peters," he said, as he handed them over. "Say, now, weren't ye picked up, lad?"

"No, sir," Peters replied. "A yacht tried it, but I swam under water and



Look carefully at the label on this box.

It is the distinguishing mark of Flor de Mendel, a cigar made of finest Havana wrapped in the best Sumatra. Rich, fragrant and mild—a satisfying smoke. The real smoker likes

FLOR DE MENDEL

Try one—you'll like it. 3 for 25c, 10c straight, 2 for 25c—according to size. Your dealer should have Flor de Mendel cigars. If he has not, send us his name with $3.50 and we will see that you are supplied with a box of 50 three-for-a-quarter size.

MENDEL & COMPANY
202 East 100th Street New York



Anxious Moments

WAITING at the door for a husband who must spend his day amid innumerable chances of accident has its anxious moments.

There is no excuse for having them burdened with additional anxiety about what is to become of the family if the breadwinner does not come.

No man with a wife waiting for his return should try to do without an accident policy when a large amount of insurance can be obtained for less than seven cents a day in the oldest and strongest of all accident companies.

MORAL:—Insure in THE TRAVELERS

Use this coupon, or ask your broker for particulars regarding accident insurance.

The Travelers Insurance Company
HARTFORD, CONN.
Send me particulars regarding Accident Insurance.

Name _____

Sat. Eve. Post Address _____





Whatever the sealed, individual package means to other foods, it means much more to oysters. With the finest flavored oysters to start with, the new Sealshipten — an individual package of fresh oysters — sold at the better stores everywhere — insures freedom from handling — freedom from breakage — double freedom from contamination — and, more, it insures beyond question your getting the genuine.

Perhaps you have never really tasted Sealshipt Oysters

Millions of people who asked for Sealshipt Oysters last season were served with substitutes. The demand was clearly for Sealshipt, because these are the oysters the public has come to regard with certainty—the oysters with a name.

Yet, because these oysters last year were sold in bulk, the temptation was too great for dishonest dealers.

Millions of gallons of nameless oysters were sold to inquirers as Sealshipt, because the inquirer had no protection against the fraud.

* * * *

Perhaps, therefore, you have never really tasted the genuine Sealshipt oysters.

If you have eaten oysters supposedly Sealshipt, and failed to note the difference between them and ordinary oysters, then it is certain that you have never tasted the genuine.

For Sealshipt oysters are tender, firm, plump, and have all of the delicate sea-flavor which oysters have at the shore.

* * * *

Now there can be no more substitution—the new Sealshiptens have put an end to that—that is, if you will insist on these new packages.

Moreover, they enable you to get your choice of the world's best oysters—just as you buy your choice in cuts of meat.

You get solid oyster meats—no waste, a really economical food.

Ask your dealer for a Sealshipten of these delicious oysters today.

(The variety stamped on top of the Sealshipten is your guarantee of the particular kind of oyster you prefer)

Sealshipt Oysters

FREE "The Oyster Cook Book"—full of new ways of preparing simple oyster dishes—will be sent free on request. If you do not know the name of a Sealshipt dealer near you, address any of the following offices:

To Retail Dealers Write quick for further information to the nearest following office

Address Producers Sales Company

EXCLUSIVE SELLING AGENTS

66 India St., Boston, Mass.	311 Glisan St., Portland, Ore.
Baltimore, Md.	106-108 W. 33d St., New York City
537 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.	2219 E. 9th St., Cleveland, Ohio
Jeanin Building, Dallas, Tex.	159 King St., East, Toronto, Ont.
2535 Franklin Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	19 E. Court St., Cincinnati, Ohio
903 Western Ave., Seattle, Wash.	294 E. Sixth St., St. Paul, Minn.
232 S. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, Ind.	

Sealshipt OYSTERS FRESH PURE

Member Association for Promotion of Purity in Foods

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with List of Inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

GOOD FARMERS NEEDED

In Escambia County, Florida. Excellent climate, easily tilled soil, abundant good water, well distributed rainfall. Uncle Sam says: "Unlimited opportunity." Write for "Farm Facts and Forage Crops." Dept. A, Commercial Association, Pensacola, Florida.

PARIS GARTERS

No Metal Can Touch You



In the field or in the woods—at play or hard at work there's comfort and satisfaction for the wearer of

PARIS GARTERS

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Sold 'round the World

Look for the name PARIS on every garter.

25c 50c

Copyright 1911

A. STEIN & COMPANY, Makers
Congress St. and Center Ave.
CHICAGO • • • U. S. A.

shook them off. The water was fine." Then: "I'm no longer under marine authority, am I, sir?"

"No," said the chairman, "ye're not; but it's lucky for ye that Captain Evans deedn't see fit to prosecute."

"An officer on the liner assured me he wouldn't," said Peters quite frankly. "You see my counter-charge would take up his time and make lots of talk."

"Ye young deevil!" said the chairman.

* * * * * * *

Leaving the board of trade we went to the ship and carried our luggage ashore. As we landed the mate crossed the dock.

"So!" he snarled, "there you are, eh, you bloody ——"

"For which," said Peters in a perfectly conversational tone as he planted a ham-like right upon the mate's mouth, "you get yours, as I told you you would."

A sailor brought water and towels to the mate and we walked away. We had not gone far when we were hailed from behind, and turning saw Jerry Murphy making after us, a package in one hand, a stick in the other.

We stopped.

"Some av the sailors are after sendin' ye this," he said, coming up and putting the package into my hand. "The way yer fr'ind handled the bloody fir-rst mate appealed to their betther natures."

I thought it more tactful not to open the package at the moment. It felt like a jewel-case.

I thanked him.

"Don't!" said Jerry, holding up one hand. "'Tis shaming the devil ye are."

Then he handed the stick to Peters.

"'Tis as stout a bit av blackthorn," he declared, "as ever the ould sod grew. I presint it, Mr. Paythers, with the complimints av the Hibernian mimbers av the Bostonia's crew. Ye'll sure find some av us to give ye a thrue Irish wilcome any time ye sthrike Quanestown. Be sure ye dhrop in there, lad, if ye iver find yerself swimmin' by Ireland."

A Mighty Instrument

WE PRESERVE in museums examples of weapons made for slaying men in other ages of the world, ingenious things in their days, on which we go forward continually to improve. The plow, on the other hand, is one of those simple and well-nigh perfect things, and has required but little improvement from the time the first man in the Valley of the Nile dragged a forked stick behind an ox. Later on some one lazily shod it with iron. You may still see that sort of plow today in Mexico or along the Nile. Northern Europe, out of whose cell expanded most of our civilization, was perhaps first to make that pattern of the mouldboard that presently was perfected, some two hundred years ago, in Northern England.

At about the time the city of St. Louis was founded, long before we became a republic, this form of the mouldboard plow was first used on this continent of ours. Iron was the material for another hundred years, until a man living in Illinois began to fashion plowshares out of sawblades. The mouldboard plow with share of steel, in a form simple, perfect and almost changeless, has done our work since then for the most part. The ax, the rifle, the canoe and the plow are great, simple things—tremendous things, each in its way—in our history. Each of them is the implement of the individual man. Of late a few men have combined, saying that they alone shall make plows or sell plows. That is to set them and their product above the individual user of that product—to make the plow the master and not the servant of the man who uses it. That this should be attempted is but a further instance of the vagaries of human effort. It will pass. The plow is the sword of the individual man, the weapon of humanity—and humanity is first of all, after all.

Of late, also, men have harnessed many plows together and drawn them by machines fed by steam or the vapor of gasoline. Such an engine will turn under my plowman's forty acres in three days' time. Let the team stand yonder sleeping under a roof of shingles and not of thatch. Let the plowman ride now far above the ground he turns. Let the ripping shares throw in following furrows the earth lately green, soon to be gray. Does that mean that the plowman still is our servant? No; it means only that more and more he is our master—that more and more we must depend on him.



IGLEHEART BROS. SWANS DOWN

Feather Cake

Here's a fine embellishment for a luncheon or dinner—Follow the recipe carefully—be sure you use **Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour**—the only cake flour—For you cannot do justice to this most delicious cake with ordinary flour—You can get

SWANS DOWN
Prepared
CAKE FLOUR

If your grocer hasn't it in stock, write us and we will tell you how. Send for **"Cake Secrets"** (Book of Recipes). It's **Free.** Here's one of the recipes it contains:

Feather Cake

½ cup butter, Flavor to taste.
1½ cups sugar, ½ cup water,
2½ cups Swans Down Cake Flour,
2 teaspoonfuls baking powder,
4 eggs.

Sift flour once and then measure; add baking powder and sift three times; cream butter and sugar, then add the yolks, which have been beaten to a stiff froth; add half a cup of the flour, then the water, then the rest of the flour, with the stiffly beaten whites alternately. Bake in loaf in moderate oven about forty-five minutes.



If you want something in the cake line altogether new and wonderfully fine, send for this **Recipe Book. Free**—do it today—edition is limited—first come, first served.

IGLEHEART BROTHERS
EVANSVILLE, IND.

Hunting with a

Pennsylvania Knit Coat

on your back, means comfort and satisfaction to you.

Pennsylvania Knit Coats are all made of best to be had yarns; sleeves are woven smoothly to the body and the unbreakable "Notair" buttonholes assure lasting wear and shapeliness.

The garment shown here has adjustable collar and woven-in pockets. Many other styles for men and women can be had at most good stores.

Always look for this silk woven label on the garment before you buy.

Pennsylvania Knit Coat

Write for Full Style Booklet "S," "Going Some," sent to you free.

The Pennsylvania Knitting Mills
1010-12-14 Race Street
Philadelphia





"RANGER" BICYCLES

Have imported roller chains, sprockets and pedals; New Departure Coaster Brakes and Rubber Puncture Proof Tires; highest grade equipment and many advanced features you expect only on other wheels. Guaranteed for...

FACTORY PRICES direct to you are less than others ask for cheap wheels. Other sell-by models from $12.95. A few good second-hand machines $3 to $8.

10 Days' Free Trial We ship on approval, freight prepaid, anywhere in U. S., without a cent in advance. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you get our big new catalog and special prices and our marvelous new offer. A postal brings everything. Write it now.

TIRES Coaster Brake Rear Wheels, lamps, parts and sundries half usual prices. Rider Agents everywhere are coining money selling our bicycles, tires and sundries. Write today.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. M-55 CHICAGO



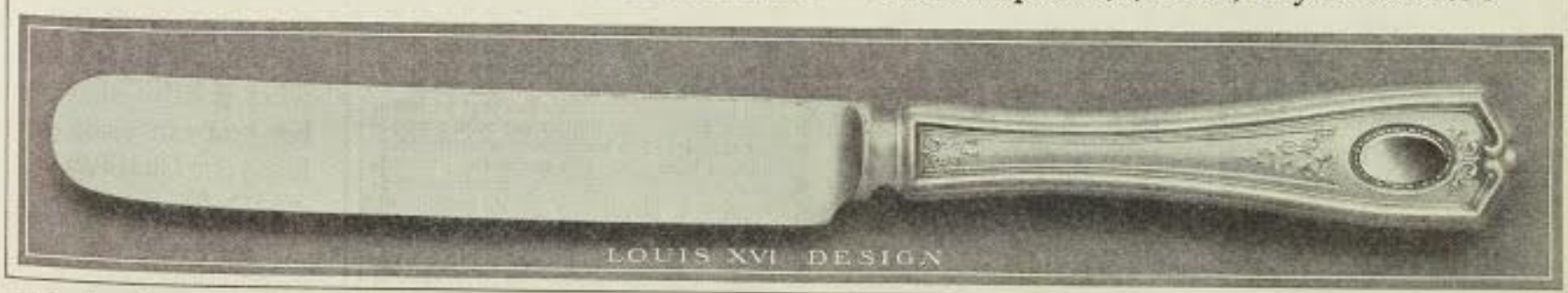
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By ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd.

"I've just got to look, Bob."
"Everybody'll know we're just married."
"Well, they can't bite us for *that*. In fact they might congratulate you."
"Ouch! No fair!"
"Then say I'm as nice looking as this silver."
"My dear, you have it beaten for temper, and on looks you're both about even."

COMMUNITY SILVER

has all the beauty of form and grace of line which the artistic eye can wish. The patterns are classic in feeling, with that fine restraint that marks the superior person. Its designs are often mistaken for "sterling," but our ideals are too high to be especially complimented by that.

Best Plate Made · Guaranteed for 50 Years · Six Teaspoons, $2.00, at your dealer's



¶ Any Community Silver customer can obtain *free*, two Coles Phillips posters of this series. These posters contain no reading or advertising matter, and are printed on plate paper suitable for framing. Ask your silverware dealer to show you these pictures and to get them for you.

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Ltd., Oneida, N. Y.



A Rich Man's Coffee

Barrington Hall has been spoken of as a coffee for rich people, and it is, in so far as it is the best coffee that money can buy, and the best naturally commands the highest price. But it is even more the poor man's coffee, as a pound of coffee Baker-ized makes from 15 to 20 cups more than a pound of ordinary coffee.

A more important fact is that

Barrington Hall
The Baker-ized Coffee

can be used and enjoyed by those who cannot drink ordinary coffee. The same process that makes it the most economical, also makes it the most wholesome coffee.

* * * * *

Excess of tannin, the astringent principle in coffee, is the most frequent objection to its use. This, Baker-izing corrects in two ways.

Everything that does not make coffee flavor is taken out by delicately adjusted machines and the pure coffee that remains is cut into fine, even pieces. When the boiling water is poured upon them, it dissolves out the essential oil from each piece simultaneously. There is none wasted.

If coffee is drawn beyond the proper stage, the injurious tannin is released. It is plain, therefore, that all the oil cannot be extracted from the larger pieces in irregularly ground coffee without releasing the tannin in the smaller particles. Such coffee is at best a compromise.

* * * * *

Anyone with the proper regard for health could well afford to pay $1.00 for the 60 to 70 cups of delicious coffee that a pound of Barrington Hall will make. Still it is sold by grocers at from 40 to 45c per pound, according to locality.

Have you never tried Barrington Hall? You must do so at once. (See coupon.) Learn what true coffee economy is.

TRIAL CAN FREE

Baker Importing Co.
116 Hudson St.
New York, N. Y.

Please send as advertised a free sample can, enough to make 6 cups Barrington Hall Coffee. In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

Name _____

Address _____

THE DEFICIT

(Continued from Page 6)

Until you passed me on the train yesterday afternoon I had resolved never to see you again. I am sorry for that resolve, and have amended it to this extent: I will be mighty happy to come back after I have made good. I bear you no ill-will—in fact, you're a dear, good old father, but your money's counterfeit so far as it concerns your son William. You can't do anything for me because I won't let you. You got me down and you beat me for the good of my soul, but you hurt something away inside of me, and until I get over it you have heard the last of

Your son,
WILLIAM.

IV

THAT night William Godfrey Lovett slept on a pile of sacks back of the railroad station. He awoke early next morning with a very insistent call for breakfast manifesting itself in the guise of a gnawing pain in his stomach and another in his head. He was dizzy with abstinence from food—and drink; yet by exerting a mighty effort his almost disintegrated will power obeyed him long enough to permit him to purchase a postal money order and a stamp. He sealed the letter hurriedly and dropped it in the letter-box, for fear his distress might rout his pride, and then sought a neat little cottage he had observed on the outskirts of the town as he entered it the night before. Perhaps the reader will wonder why William happened to notice this particular house. The answer is easy. There was an immense pile of cordwood in the back yard, and on the front gate William had observed a white X. He had stayed in the hobo camp near Redding long enough to be initiated into some of the mystic symbolisms of the Order of Bo; hence he knew that some member in good standing, having approached this house with a request for a "hand-out" or a "mooch," had been offered the privileges of a bucksaw prior to indulging his appetite. Having been "stung" thereby he had chalked a cross on the front gate—the X representing a sawbuck—as a warning to the brotherhood to give the house in question a wide berth.

Nevertheless, faint and hungry as he was, William resolved to fly in the face of precedent and saw wood. An angular female with thin, uncompromising features, came to the front door in response to his knock and surveyed him questioningly.

William lifted his hat with all the charm and grace of a boulevardier. "I would like to saw some wood for you in return for a square meal."

"Lawsy," murmured the angular female, "are you a tramp?"

"Madam," replied William, "owing to some unfortunate defects in my early education I am one of the great army of unemployed. In its purely sociological sense, however, the term 'tramp' is a misnomer when applied to me."

"Well, I do declare! If this ain't a surprise! You haven't called me 'lady,' you haven't come to the back door, and I'll just bet you never sawed a stick of wood in all your born life. Are you quite sure you want to saw wood?"

"Lead me to the bucksaw," said William.

"Would you care to eat before—or after?"

"After," said William faintly.

The woman chopped hard on her false teeth and there was a ghost of a smile around her hard mouth as she looked her visitor over.

"Come in, young man," she said, "and don't tell me any more lies. Breakfast is ready."

"I insist upon earning my breakfast," began William defiantly.

"I can pay in advance if I choose," snapped his hostess; "and if you think I'm going to deny myself the fun of watching a city dude wrestle with a stick of cordwood you're shy on a sense of humor."

"What a very remarkable woman!" thought William as he followed her into a neat kitchen.

To a man in William's condition there is nothing that so closely approximates the orthodox idea of Paradise as a saucer of prunes, three soft-boiled eggs, a stack of buckwheat cakes and two cups of good coffee.

"By Jupiter, I was hungry!" he remarked with boyish sincerity, and glanced gratefully at his forbidding hostess. Again the ghost of a smile played round the hard mouth, but the woman's eyes were hard and cruel.

"Come out to the woodshed now and I'll show you the difference between a bucksaw and a sawbuck," she said.

With the cessation of his hunger pangs William felt that no world was too great for him to conquer, and the pile of peeled oak cordwood had no terrors for him. Where ignorance is bliss it is foolish to underestimate peeled oak cordwood. At the end of an hour William's hands were covered with blisters, and it seemed as if the very weight of his shirt must cause his aching back to collapse. Nevertheless, he stuck faithfully to his task, and at the end of the second hour his employer brought him out a strip of bacon rind with some fat on it, wherewith he might lubricate the recalcitrant blade of the bucksaw. As a result of the unaccustomed exercise William was so hungry by this time that he had hard work to refrain from eating the bacon rind.

By eleven o'clock he had succeeded in sawing about a fifth of a cord of wood, and it was then borne in upon his consciousness that, come what would, live or die, survive or perish, it behooved him to stick by that woodpile until twelve o'clock, for he must have luncheon at any cost. He wondered if the meal would be spread promptly at twelve o'clock. If he wasn't called until twelve-fifteen he knew that he would faint, and if he had to wait until twelve-thirty death was inevitable. He wondered what the percentage of suicides was among men who made their living sawing wood.

Promptly at twelve o'clock the female slave-driver appeared in the back doorway.

"Dinner's ready," she called.

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell," quoted William with a pitiful attempt to appear jocular. "Thank the good Lord it's dinner! I was afraid it was only going to be luncheon, and there's such a vast difference."

He staggered over to the pump to lave his bleeding hands and let the cool water roll over his throbbing head. He had been stroke oar on the 'Varsity crew and had helped to pull a barge to victory over many a hard-fought course, but never in all his previous existence had he known such utter exhaustion. When he found himself at the table he was almost too tired to eat.

His employer looked him over and there was hearty approbation in her cold glance.

"Let me see those lily hands of yours," she demanded.

William held up the remnants of his sole assets in trade and glanced at her piteously.

"You'll be a man some day," remarked this sage female. "You're spunky. I like spunk. Folks in this country get four dollars a cord and their meals for sawing peeled oak. I ca'late you've sawed a quarter of a cord, and that's good work. You've got one dollar coming to you, young man."

"Thank you very much," said William. "That's an awful lot of money."

"I hope you won't buy drink with it."

"I shall never spend it."

"Why?"

"Because it will be the first dollar I have ever earned in all my worthless life. I'm going to hang on to that dollar always. And now, if you'll furnish me with some clean rags to tie around the handle of that bucksaw, I'll tackle the balance of the pile. I need the other three dollars."

At ten o'clock that night William Godfrey Lovett finished the cord of peeled oak, after which he borrowed a towel from the widow and went down to the river for a swim. This refreshed him greatly, and a few minutes later when he crept into the woodshed and wrapped himself up in an old quilt and a horseblanket that he found there, he dropped off to sleep with a rapidity calculated to inspire one with the idea, had he been there to observe the proceedings, that a stick of the all but fatal cordwood had collided with the outcast's head.

When William awoke next morning his first thought was that he had been in a railroad wreck. Every muscle in his body ached, and the mere process of turning over and stretching his legs caused him to groan with pain. When finally he managed to crawl out and proceed to the pump for his morning ablutions the grim female came out and proffered breakfast and four dollars. William gratefully accepted.

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Regent Sandown

THE REGENT is a "*Sampeck*" Dressy Coat, with leanings to the English idea. Soft, roll lapel; shoulders inclining more to the natural. A *Corking* good Coat to wear over English Cut Suits—as, for instance, "*Sampeck*" "THREAD-NEEDLE"—the "*Sampeck*" style which speaks with an "English accent."

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Styled in New York

An hour later, when he struck off once more up the track, his hands still throbbed, his back still ached and his knees wobbled weakly under him, but in his trousers pocket jingled four great silver dollars earned by the sweat of his brow, and he was content, for he had at last assimilated the great fundamental basis of high finance.

He had learned the exact value of a dollar.

v

THAT day, by dint of walking and a ride stolen on a freight, William managed to make La Moyne. Here he made directly toward the seat of a culinary odor by the very simple process of following his nose. It led him to the cookhouse of a sugar pine sawmill, where he cast his pride to the winds and helped a Chinese cook wash up his supper dishes and earned a rugged repast for his industry. In the evening he went over to the local general merchandise store and bought two red cotton comforters for seventy-five cents each, climbed into an empty box car on a siding, and slept the sleep of the weary. Some time during the night he felt his temporary abode jarred by a "kick" from a switch engine, but he was too sleepy and tired to investigate. In the morning when he awoke he discovered that his box car was moving.

How long it had been moving William did not know. A little frightened he sought the door and endeavored to open it, but failed. He was locked in; and suddenly he remembered having read in the newspapers stories of tramps who had been inadvertently locked up in box cars, shunted on to a lonely siding and left to die of starvation, thirst and suffocation.

While he was pondering over his desperate plight the train came to a stop, and William could hear a man running down a board platform just outside his prison. With a yell he hurled himself at the door, kicking it and pounding it with his lacerated hands like a demon, and in about five minutes a brakeman came and slid the door back from its fastenings.

"Thanks awfully, old man," said William, always polite, and leaped out of his side-door Pullman, his red comforters under his arm. The brakeman threw a rock at him, but missed, and William, remembering his experience with the railroad policeman in Sacramento and trembling for the first dollar he had ever earned, fled due east from the tracks and paused not until he reached a building that bore the legend Hotel Montague.

William was relieved. He was in Montague, and it pleased him to reflect that he had placed more than four hundred miles between himself and his father.

He entered the hotel and deposited his roll of bedding in a corner of the waiting room. From the dining room near by he could hear the welcome sound of rattling crockery and scraping of chairs, and presently a man came out of the dining room, approached a young woman presiding behind the office counter, and presented her with twenty-five cents.

"Gee whillikens," murmured William to himself, "two bits for breakfast! That's cheap enough for me, so here goes."

He hurried into the dining room at once, partook of a plain but wholesome breakfast, and returning to the hotel office proffered the young woman behind the counter twenty-five cents. She eyed him for a moment and then delivered to him his second lesson in finance.

"Fifty cents for transients," she said.

It was rank cruelty. William Godfrey Lovett, who had spent as high as a thousand dollars for a dinner more times than he had fingers and toes, glared at the young woman. Glared is the word. If looks could have slain, William would have been guilty of murder.

"It's a confounded outrage," he burst forth.

"Fifty cents, please."

"It's a hold-up, an extortion ——"

The young woman patted her back hair and surveyed herself in a little hand mirror.

"I suppose you think I don't work for my money," continued William. "I look like a fellow who locks himself up in a safe-deposit vault, twice a year, in order to be alone while he clips coupons from Government bonds, don't I?"

"If you please . . . fifty cents. . . . Thank you."

"Any charge for staying in town for an hour or two?" inquired William acidly.

"No, not unless the constable sees you. He is very suspicious of men with red comforters, and if they happen to have any



Three-Passenger Coupé — $1100 f. o. b. Detroit
Equipped with electric headlights, combination side and tail lamps; dome light inside; shock absorbers in front; 31 x 3½ inch rear tires; horn and tools. Interchangeable runabout body with Coupé, only $50 extra.

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More Hupmobile Coupés were sold last year than any other enclosed car of its type.

The reason is obvious.

The Hupmobile Coupé ceased to be an interesting experiment and became a pleasant certainty two seasons ago.

Consider the coziness and comfort of this enclosed car on sharp, chilly mornings, to and from the office; and back again to the house on wet or wintry evenings.

Consider its convenience for about-town business-trips — for the journeys to and from the depot; for shopping purposes; for the theatre trips and afternoon calls.

There is not a member of the family, from the baby upward, that does not partake of its luxury.

And all this at such blessedly small expense.

There is no doubt at all but that the limousine is the height of motor car luxury — and the Hupmobile Coupé attains limousine luxury at an infinitely lower cost of upkeep.

Your first cost of the Hupmobile Coupé is less than the average depreciation you would have every reason to expect in the largest and costliest car.

Ten dollars a month ought to cover your cost of operation of your Hupmobile Coupé — according to the experience of scores of owners.

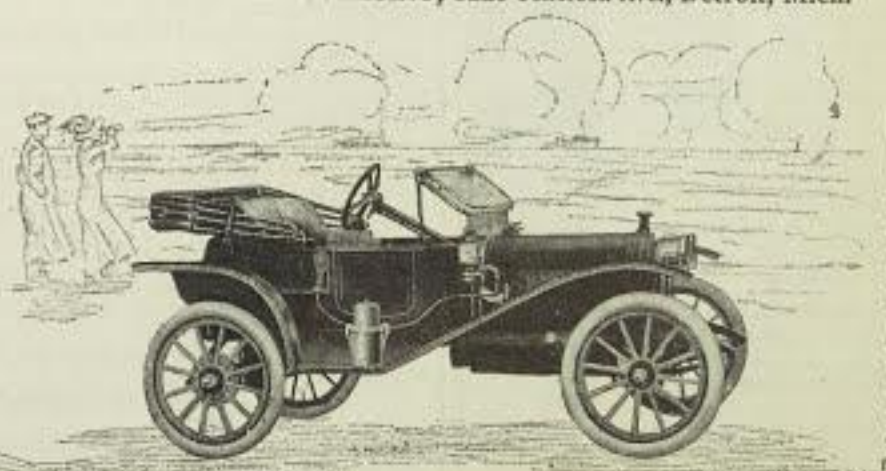
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Here is pictured in a simple, realistic way, an accident that may happen any night in *your* home. It's common happenings like this (without proper protection) that run up our annual fire loss to

A Quarter Billion Dollars

—besides destroying thousands of precious human lives.

Statistics show 78% of all these appalling fires could have been controlled with practically little or no loss. For most fires—even the worst—are detected at the start and could be easily killed by a

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Moreover, statistics show that 90% of all lives lost last year through fire were lost at these fires that could have, and should have, been prevented.

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The most astounding thing about Pyrene is its power to conquer *any* fire—no matter how the fire starts or what is burning.

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It contains neither acid nor alkali, rendering it harmless to machinery, food stuffs, fabrics, or any other material. It will not freeze, there's nothing in it to explode, it cannot evaporate and will never deteriorate with age.

The Quart Pyrene gun weighs, filled, only five pounds, is 14 inches long, 3 inches in diameter and can be handled successfully even by a child. The price is only $7.50. No other worthy device is nearly so inexpensive. These are some of the reasons why Pyrene is now in thousands of homes, garages and boathouses, and has become the preferred extinguisher by the largest electric plants, railroads, traction companies and corporations.

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funds in their possession the justice of the peace has a habit of fining them whatever the amount happens to be."

William snorted contemptuously. "I'd manhandle your old constable and take his big tin star away from him!"

"My, what a long tail our cat has!"

William looked hard at his persecutor and was amazed to observe that she was smiling at him. For the first time he was aware that she was an extremely pleasing-looking young lady, and he noticed that her hair was all her own. It was brown hair, very thick and rebellious, and her violet eyes flashed mischievously from under lashes that are rarely seen except on beautiful babies. She wore an immaculate white shirtwaist with a red four-in-hand tie, and her hands were small and brown, with dimples on every knuckle. Instinctively William knew that he had acted a trifle boorishly. She saw the contrition in his naturally good-natured, good-looking face, and her mouth puckered in a quizzical chuckle.

"What has happened to Mr. Lovett, that he must carry his bed on his back and quarrel with a cashier over twenty-five cents?" inquired this vision sweetly.

William Godfrey Lovett set down his roll of bedding and stared at her.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "I never saw you before in all my life."

"Of course not," continued the girl. "I never expected that Bill Lovett, stroke oar on the 'Varsity crew, would notice me. Are you really hard up for that quarter, Mr. Lovett? If you are I'll pass you through at the local rates."

William struggled to stand meekly under the gaff. "I sawed peeled oak cordwood for that quarter," he said desperately, "and naturally I hated to give it up. May I inquire your name?"

"No. I judge that you're a bird of passage, and since we shall not meet again what's the use?"

"Every use in the world," said William brightly. "You see, I'm going to live in Montague—that is, if I can land a job somewhere."

It is a sad commentary on the inconsistency and general unreliability of William Lovett when we observe with what ease and rapidity he shifted his plans. He had started for Alaska, and yet all in the space of a single minute he had made up his mind that Montague offered a virgin field for his peculiar talents.

"What can you do?"

William thought he detected an undue emphasis on the pronoun, though it is possible that he was mistaken in this. However, there is no denying that there was frank curiosity in the young woman's tones.

"I can saw wood," snapped William. "I'm the champion bucksaw performer of Siskiyou County, and once I used to ride pretty well and I know a thing or two about cattle. Won't you please, please tell me your name?"

"I might—if you'll promise to invest this hard-earned quarter in a shave. In your present state you resemble a hobo, and I suggest the shave for the reason that you will then resemble—a—your old self to the extent, at least, of hoodwinking the constable."

"Well, I am a hobo, and I can't help looking the part, can I? Still, it's a comfort to know that you wouldn't care to see me arrested for vagrancy."

The girl flushed under William's gentle irony. Something told her that if she crossed conversational swords with Mr. Lovett she would fare but poorly. Still her feminine instinct to probe him was hard to resist, so she said:

"You seem to have lost your pride with your money."

"Certainly," retorted William, now entirely at his ease, "haven't you ever heard that pride goes before a fall?"

"Yes."

"Well, you didn't get the straight of it. Pride never goes before a fall. It goes hand in hand with it. They make the leap together."

"You are a wit, I see."

"Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me," chanted William.

"Your hair is a little gray on the temples."

"I suppose so. I've lived a little bit."

"Learned anything?"

"The value of a dollar. You must have observed that."

The girl laughed. "I spent last winter in San Francisco," she said, "and I saw you at a cotillion. Some girls pointed you out to me as the wild Bill Lovett. They said you were very popular because you threw your money away by the handful. I'm glad to find out for myself that they libeled you."

"Thank you for that," said William. "It helps some. I wanted to be popular—with you."

"I spoke of money—not popularity."

William sighed. "Take back the quarter," he said sadly.

The girl laughed a genuine, hearty laugh. "Do you still ——"

"No, I haven't had a drink in five days."

The girl flushed angrily. "I didn't mean that."

"Granted. Still you have heard my history. . . . What, you refuse to take back that quarter? Thank you ever so much. I'm popular two bits' worth anyhow, and that's a great comfort. It gives me grounds to hope that the next time we meet, if I look respectable and all that, I may be permitted to make you my best Chesterfieldian bow and say good morning."

The girl was serious now. There was a hint of irony and dogged defiance of the world and its amenities in his speech, and intuitively she realized that there had been a great crash in the affairs of William Godfrey Lovett. And, dogged and ironical as was his speech, there was a subtle appeal for sympathy underlying it all; so, womanlike, she gave her sympathy quickly to this man with so much of the devil in his moral make-up.

"My name is May Parkinson," she said, and held out her hand.

William took it. "Thank you," he said. "And if you don't mind, just because you're—well, just because your name is May Parkinson, I'm going to make you a promise—and keep it. I look like a wreck now, and my looks do not belie me. But I'm only twenty-five years old, and I'm going to make good. I think you'll understand. I'm going now to see if there isn't a place for me somewhere in Siskiyou County. Goodby."

"Goodby, Mr. Lovett."

She watched him shoulder his hideous roll of bedding and limp painfully out of the hotel. There was just a suspicion of pathos in that painful walk that caused the quick tears to rush to the girl's eyes, even if in that final handshake she had not felt the callous spots and raw blisters on his palm.

* * * * * * * *

That very afternoon Jarlath Timmins, treasurer of the Lovett Land and Cattle Company, received a telegram from John B. Lovett from Portland. It read as follows:

"You have addled all the eggs. Consider yourself relieved of contract in re W. G. L. Your methods harsh and asinine. W. G. L. turned against me irrevocably. I forbid further interference."

"Well," murmured the old treasurer grimly, as he folded the telegram and filed it away in his pocket, "I've started something anyway, and that's better than nothing. If that young scamp is frightened to the extent of reformation, or if I've succeeded in arousing his fighting instinct to the point of making good through sheer cussedness, I've done well. It'll all come out in the wash."

Thus reasoned Jarlath Timmins, arch conspirator. He called up Groat to read him Lovett's telegram and confer over the situation.

"Timmins," said Anthony Groat, "you're an ass."

"You're another," retorted Timmins, and hung up.

Jarlath Timmins continued to reiterate his statement that it would all come out in the wash; but as the years slipped by in fateful sequence and William's face was seen no more at the cashier's window; when the bare mention of his name brought a scowl to the face of "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett and nothing was ever heard from the prodigal son, Timmins came gradually to the conclusion that, after all, Groat had been right.

If the loss of his son hurt "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett, no soul on earth ever knew it. He went his grim, relentless way, making money in his grim, relentless fashion. He altered the daily course of his life not so much as by a jot—and he never mentioned William's name or permitted it to be mentioned in his presence.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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Six months are spent in the making of *every* South Bend Watch. Each watch is then given from a month to six months' regulation. Each is inspected 411 times. The expert jewelers who sell our watches then give each watch "personal regulation to the buyer."

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Only a good jeweler can do this, and it can be done only with a good watch, for common watches are not sensitive enough for such delicate regulation—hence, seldom keep time for anybody.

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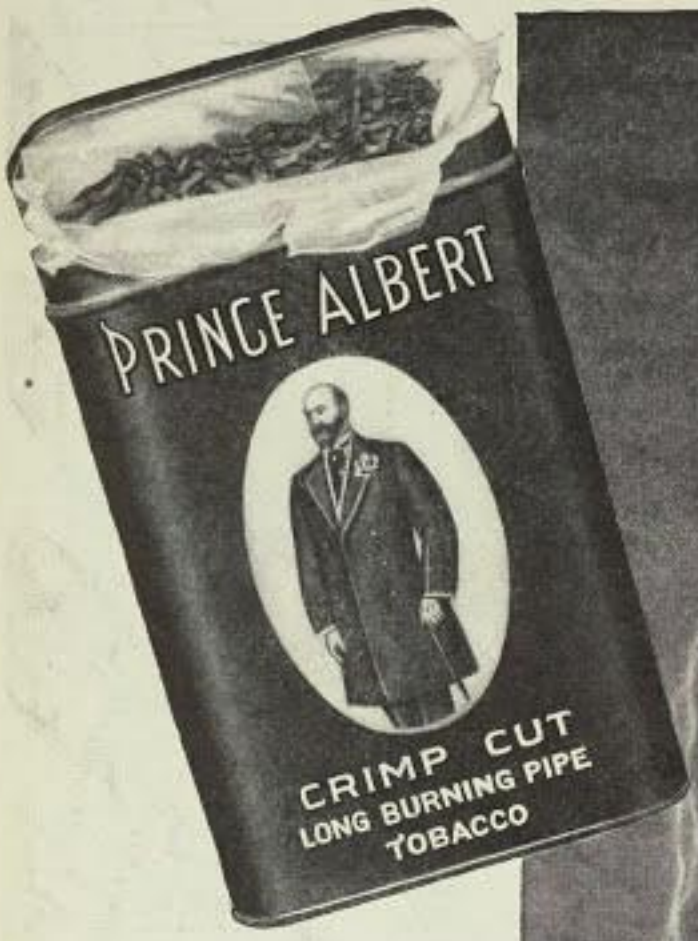
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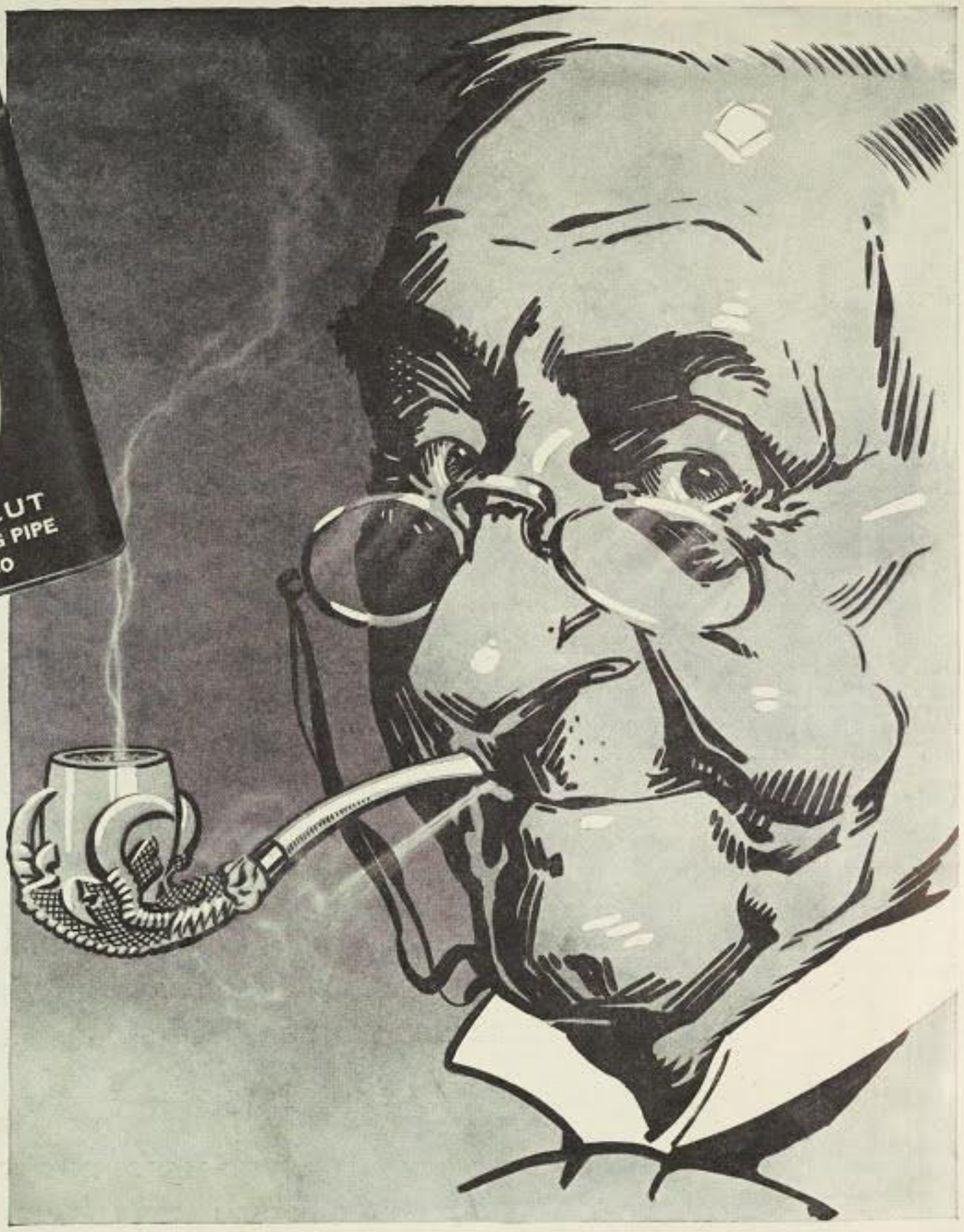
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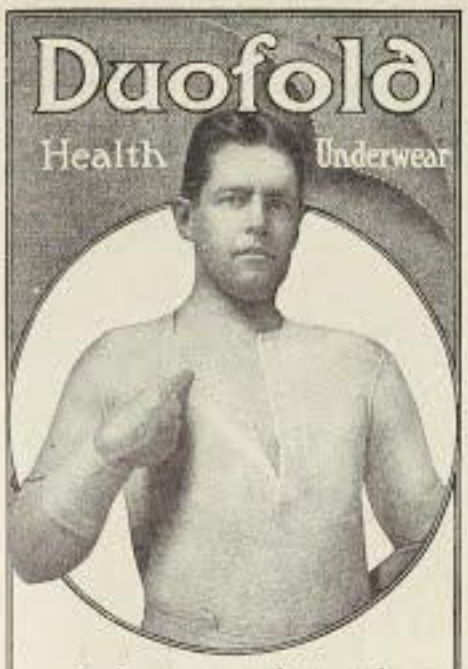
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Like all big winners, P. A. is followed by a bunch of imitators trying to land with the "just-as-good" talk. Remember that Prince Albert is made by a patented, exclusive process that takes out the bite. Don't fall for the substitute bunc. Get P. A.



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The inner fabric hasn't a thread of wool in it. Only fine cotton or silk touches you. The wool is in the outer fabric. Two light-weight fabrics in one, with air space between the wool and cotton and the two fabrics together weigh less than the ordinary thick one.

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THE BIG IDEA

(Continued from Page 25)

Addison stepped to the corner, wheeled the odd-looking object into fuller light and removed the sheet. It proved to be an object with which all present were intimately familiar—namely, a gasoline stove.

"There, gentlemen, is the most remarkable stove on the market," Addison began, addressing Messrs. Sprague and Burnham with quite the air of a professional salesman. "You will notice that it isn't exactly the Weeks type of stove or exactly the Munson type. An outsider might easily mistake it for a Munson stove; but you gentlemen can see in a minute, even from where you sit, that it's really a Weeks stove—with the Weeks nameplate taken off and a Munson nameplate screwed on in its place."

Though he was looking at Messrs. Sprague and Burnham on the sofa, he was well aware that Mr. Munson, in the plush armchair, had doubled his fists and was glaring at him savagely.

"This stove," the inventor continued in his salesman's manner, "is one of fifty carloads manufactured by H. & A. Weeks, and by them loaded on the cars at Five Oaks and consigned to the American agency of Mendoza & Son, at New Orleans. I needn't tell you that Mendoza & Son is a house of the highest standing; but their American representative, Mr. Gomara, is evidently a grafter. How much Mr. Munson paid him I've no idea; but it's clear from what follows that he paid him something—because the stoves never got beyond Chicago. They were cut out there and turned over by Gomara to Mr. Munson, who took off the Weeks nameplate, put on his own nameplate and sold them as his own. I'm sure Mr. Munson will confirm my statement," he added, turning to that gentleman, with a polite smile.

"Well, what of it?" Munson demanded scornfully.

"Nothing, perhaps," Addison replied—"only Mr. Munson got these stoves in the way I have described at fifteen per cent below the cost of manufacture. He used them to fill his orders, instead of filling the orders from his own factory; but he charged them up to your pool exactly as though he had made them himself—assessed one-third of the supposed loss to himself, one-third to Mr. Sprague and one-third to Mr. Burnham. As he got the stoves fifteen per cent below cost and there was no loss, two-thirds of fifteen per cent—which would be ten per cent—simply went from your pockets into his pocket."

"Well, by thunder!" said Mr. Burnham abruptly, staring at Mr. Sprague.

"Go ahead! Tell your story! I'll talk afterward!" cried Mr. Munson menacingly.

"I will," Addison replied mildly. "In order to handle these stoves, change the nameplates, and so on, Mr. Munson, of course, must have some place to store them. After quite a little trouble I located that place—by looking for a 'blue eye.' The place is down here on Blue Island Avenue and was once owned by the Blue Island Storage Company, a concern now bankrupt and out of business. After a little more trouble I got a trustworthy man inside the place. He found a good deal besides Weeks stoves; in fact, he found a lot of Munson's own stoves there."

"By gracious!" Mr. Burnham murmured.

"Of course there's no profit in selling gasoline stoves now," the inventor continued. "On the contrary, there's a loss. While Mr. Munson is running his plant at capacity, and charging you gentlemen with two-thirds of the supposed loss in selling the product, he's storing part of the stoves he makes—incidentally requiring you to furnish two-thirds of the money or credit to carry them with. When he gets his combination formed the price of stoves undoubtedly will advance and there will be a fine profit on them. Mr. Munson unquestionably will then market the stoves he's now putting in store and pocket the profit! I may add," he went on, as Mr. Munson gave a muffled snort of rage, "that this Blue Island warehouse is only thirty or forty minutes' ride from the hotel in a taxicab. I suggest that we call a cab and run down there—if you would like to see the stoves for yourselves."

The two on the sofa turned instinctively to the man in the armchair; but he only glared murderously at the speaker.

"I'm well acquainted with Mr. Munson," Addison commented good-naturedly. "I was perfectly sure from the beginning that



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Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue showing complete line of the finest electric cars built.

The Ohio Electric Car Company, Dept. A, Toledo, Ohio

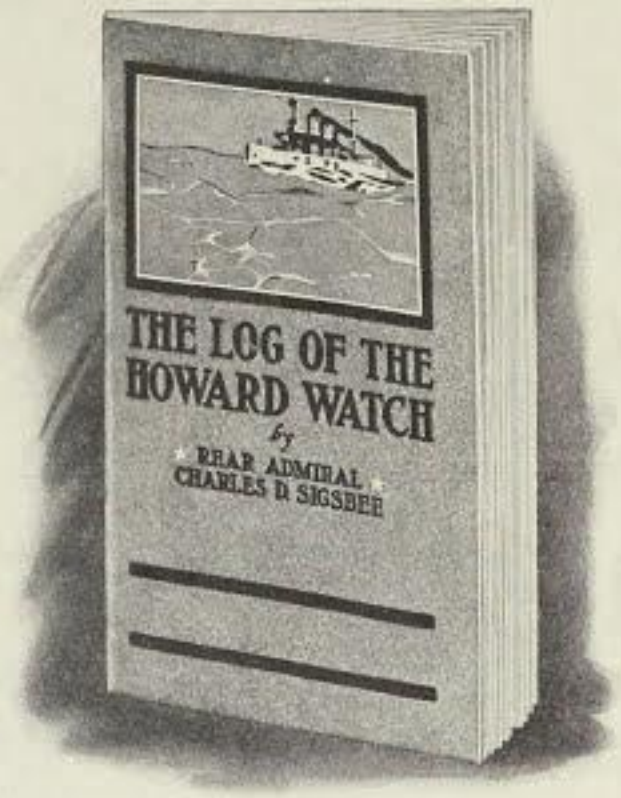
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he was skinning you and I sort of felt it in my bones that I'd catch him at it; but it took me longer than I expected."

Mr. Burnham, turning to Mr. Sprague, drew a deep breath and began, with much feeling: "Well, by ——" But he thought better of it in time to correct himself; and all he said was: "By jiminy!"

"This is the most remarkable stove on the market, gentlemen!" said Addison, reverting to the object mentioned. "When I found that these stoves were going to Mr. Munson I made up my mind to give him an article that would last practically forever. This stove will never wear out. You see, the feed pipes are soldered up tighter than a drum!"

Mr. Munson here said the word which Mr. Burnham had refrained from saying, and nearly jumped from his chair.

"Yes," Addison assured him with a nod and a smile, "that's exactly what's the matter with 'em. I suppose you've begun to hear from 'em already. Every stove in the last forty-five carloads will come back to your factory with a kick a yard long from some outraged purchaser."

Mr. Sprague, who had been quite silent, opened his mouth and stared speechlessly at Mr. Burnham a moment; then gave a yell, which a chambermaid promptly reported to the house detective, and fell to pounding his neighbor on the shoulder. A moment later both he and Mr. Burnham were rocking back and forth and shaking with uncontrollable laughter, while Mr. Munson glared and Addison looked on, smiling.

When order and decorum were restored the inventor said: "I told you, in the first place, that I wanted to talk consolidation. So I do. If you two gentlemen will step into the next room with me I'd like to make you a proposition. Mr. Munson," he added casually, "can wait here—or see me later."

It was several hours later—after ten o'clock that night, in fact—when Mr. Munson finally elected to see the inventor.

"You've got the whiphand, Humphrey," he said sullenly, dropping into the plush chair, "and I might as well know first as last what you've got to say to me."

"Why, I'll give you a fair deal, Munson," Addison replied. "I'll give you what your plant is fairly worth. I'll even see that you're elected a director of the consolidated company. But, as to the real management—of course, we've won; and the management will be in our hands."

"You mean in your hands," Mr. Munson retorted. "It's plain enough that you'll run the thing. By George! ——" He broke off, reflecting a moment. "By George! To think of the gasoline-stove business being run from that wooden-oven plant over at Vale! There's a case of the tail wagging the dog for you!"

"I never heard," said Addison good-naturedly, "the tail was that part of the dog which contained the brains!"

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last in a series of stories by Will Payne.

A Good Excuse

ONCE, when Ned Hamilton was managing editor of the San Francisco Examiner, the other morning papers came out with a sensational story of a shooting affair in an upetate California city. It was a good story. The circumstances were exciting, the persons involved had social position and there was a neat little scandal in it. The other papers had columns and the Examiner hadn't a line.

Hamilton called in the news editor.

"Fire that correspondent!" he shouted. "Fire him by wire! Fire him by airship or carrier-pigeon, or any other way—but fire him! Imagine him getting left on a story like that! Fire him—and do it quick!"

The news editor went out. Presently he came back and said:

"Mr. Hamilton, I think you'll have to excuse our correspondent this time."

"Excuse him!" roared Hamilton. "Excuse him for getting us beaten on such a story! I shall not! Fire him, I say—and do it now!"

"But, Mr. Hamilton," protested the news editor, "there are circumstances ——"

"There can't be circumstances that will excuse him!" said Hamilton. "Fire him, I say!"

"Really, Mr. Hamilton, I can't do it."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, the Examiner correspondent has a good excuse for not sending the story. He is the man who was killed!"

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Mens "Ease" Elk, the upper, is so soft and pliable it feels like glove leather, but so tough and strong it usually outwears the original soles and a pair or two of taps before showing a sign of a break. We sell direct to you and pay delivery charges if your dealer cannot show you the genuine "American Boy." Always look for name on yellow label.

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12 GAUGE, FIVE SHOTS

IN this new Winchester the recoil is utilized to reload the gun. As the trigger must be pulled for each shot, it is at all times as completely under the control of the user as any double or single barreled shotgun. For strength and safety it is unapproached by any similar gun. It is made of Nickel steel throughout, and the receiver has the Winchester patented "Bump of Strength," which makes it strongest at the point where the greatest strain comes. As the recoil is divided in this gun, the "kick" of heavy loads is minimized, which makes it wonderfully pleasant to shoot.

¶ The Winchester Self-Loader is not one of those recoil-operated shotguns which have to be adjusted for different loads. It is a gun that requires no favoring or tinkering. It will shoot any standard load, from a "blank" to the heaviest, without the slightest change being made in the mechanism. It is always ready for any load, be it light or heavy. It is a hammerless, two-part take-down, without any moving parts outside of the receiver to catch in the clothing or injure the hands, and in every detail it is fully up to the established high Winchester standard.

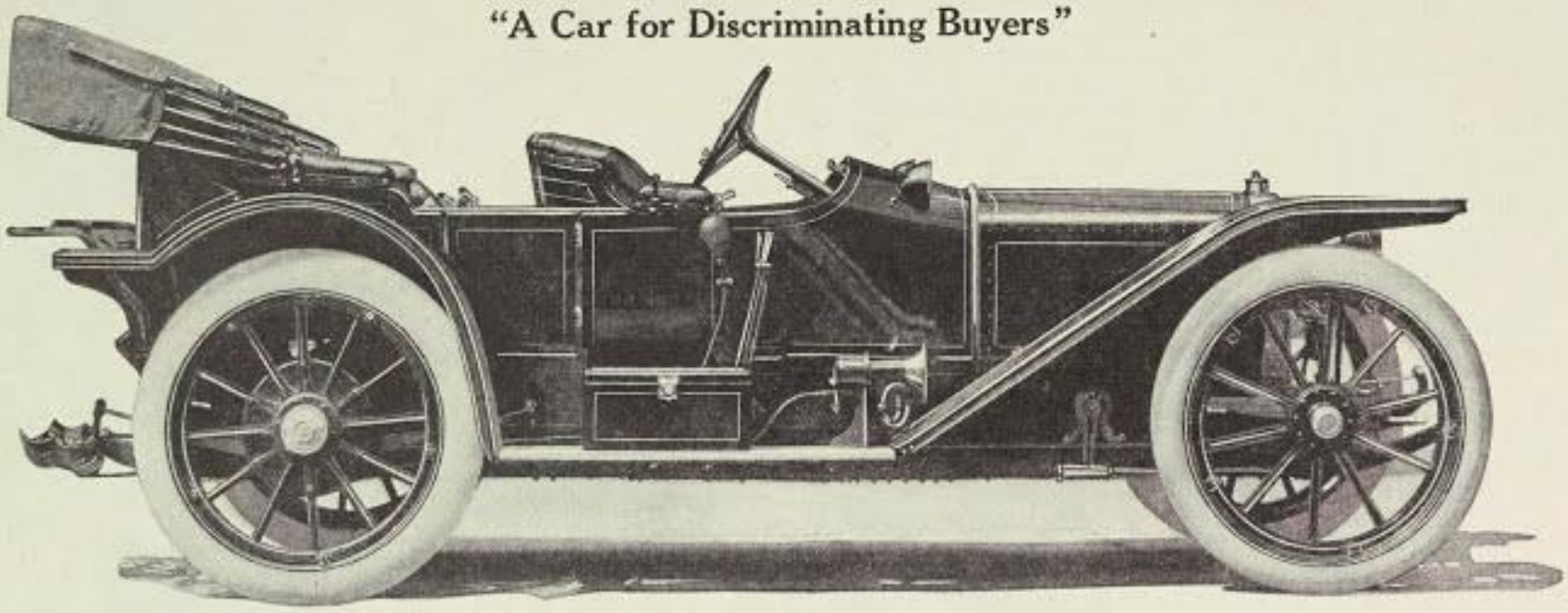
Look one Over at Your Dealer's, or send to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., for descriptive circular

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"The Safest Car In The World"

The 1912 AMERICAN Underslung

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The "American Traveler" (Type 54) $4250

Four passengers; wheelbase, 124 inches; tires, 40 x 4 inches front; 41 x 4½ inches rear, on demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, side and tail lights electric, supplied by battery separate from ignition battery; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.

"American Traveler Special" (Type 56) (6-Passenger) $4500

Exactly the same chassis as Type 54 except that the wheelbase has been increased to 140 inches; tires 41 x 4½ inches front and rear on demountable rims. Springs front, 40 inches; rear, 54 inches. Two auxiliary seats in the tonneau. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, side and tail lights electric, supplied by battery separate from ignition battery; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; two extra rims; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.

¶ It has taken seven years for the public to *appreciate* and *demand* the *Underslung*, and this in spite of the fact that it has long been known in engineering circles that it is the proper construction for all rapidly moving vehicles requiring a low center of gravity. It has always been so in the progress of the world; all the really great things of today were accepted and appreciated slowly. It took six years for the public to decide that side doors were better than a rear entrance in a tonneau. Fore doors were put in bodies as early as 1903 and yet no one wanted them *then*.

¶ At last, however, the Underslung type of construction is coming into its own.

¶ You hear it talked about everywhere—at the club, in the home and at the office. It isn't new, but engineers only recently realized its value used in connection with motor cars.

¶ It costs more money to build this form of car, for it means a radical change in design, and that's why more makers haven't changed.

¶ The American is the *pioneer* Underslung—it is the only one design "from the ground up" as an Underslung car.

¶ *With the Underslung construction* it is possible to lower the power plant, and hence the center of gravity. *A Straight Line Drive*, which means less loss of power behind the motor and the rear wheels.

¶ *An almost total Elimination of Side Lash* on the springs or tires—a particularly desirable feature, as it decreases very materially the wear on the tire tread, and prevents the separation of the tire fabric.

¶ *There is less tendency for the car to skid. It can be driven at a higher speed* with more safety than the ordinary type; corners can be turned with more safety for the reason that the springs are so nearly in line with the horizontal center of the mass of the weight that instead of being deflected vertically, the load is applied to the side of the springs.

¶ *The frame is retained in a horizontal position*—the unpleasant "swinging-out" feeling at a corner is quite obviated.

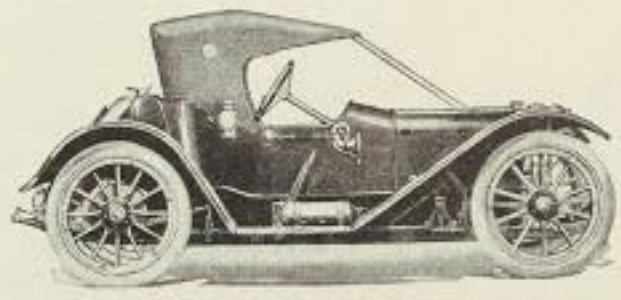
¶ *It allows the use of a lower body* and makes possible a design which is very rakish and beautiful, *and, quite contrary to the general idea, road clearance is not sacrificed.*

¶ In addition to the many foregoing advantages made possible only by Underslung construction, our expert precision in manufacturing—our infinite care in assembly and finish—the use of only the *very best* of everything—makes the "American" an ideal car, thoroughly distinctive and good throughout.



The "American Tourist" (Type 34) $2250

Four passenger; wheelbase, 118 inches; tires, 37 x 4 front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps, dash lights electric; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch magneto and storage battery; one extra rim; shock absorbers; foot rest; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.



The "American Scout" (Type 22) $1250

Strictly a two-passenger car; wheelbase, 102 inches; tires, 36 x 3½ inches front and rear on Q. D. demountable rims. Regular equipment includes top and top boot; 5 lamps; Prest-O-Lite tank; Bosch high tension magneto; tire holders; horn; jack; tools and tire repair outfit.

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Before Soup have this Hors d'Oeuvre

INSTEAD of cocktails the French people sharpen their appetites with mild, piquant things like caviar on toast, with lemon squeezed on. They call this mild sharpener a *hors d'oeuvre* (pronounced hor-durve).

Underwood Deviled Ham makes *hors d'oeuvres de luxe*—*hors d'oeuvres* that rouse latent appetite to riotous hunger, and surprise the guests into ecstasies of adjectives.

TASTE THE TASTE

of this Underwood Deviled Ham *hors d'oeuvre*:

Toast thin, small, crustless slices of white bread until brown but not hard. Spread thick with Underwood Deviled Ham. Sprinkle with chopped onion. Serve as first course on lettuce leaf, with lemon to squeeze on.

"Taste the Taste and Some Cookery News" tells about more Underwood Deviled Ham *hors d'oeuvres*, and more cookery things to make that you have never made. Free for your grocer's name. Send for it before you lay this periodical down, and you won't forget it. Or send 15c and your grocer's name for 15c can to try.

Underwood Deviled Ham is made of ham seasoned with salt and sugar and hickory smoke; ham that's been boiled till tender as marrow; boiled *en casserole* to keep all the good ham flavor and aroma; then ground fine and mixed with the piquant Underwood Deviled Dressing of mustard and 42 spices.

It's economical to use. Get some Underwood Deviled Ham today and try this *hors d'oeuvre*.

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UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM



Branded with the Little Red Devil

WORDS AND MUSIC

(Continued from Page 11)

flattening sunrays made a kind of pink glow about the old judge's face, touching gently his bald head and his white whiskers. He droned on:

"I remember about those roads particularly well, because that time when I marched through here in '64 my feet was about out of my shoes and them flints cut 'em up some. Some of the boys, I recollect, left bloody prints in the dust behind 'em. But shucks—it wouldn't a-made no real difference if we'd wore the bottoms plum off our feet! We'd a-kept on goin'. We'd a-gone anywhere—or tried to—behind old Bedford Forrest."

Aunt Tilly's palmleaf halted in air and the twelfth juror's faithful quid froze in his cheek and stuck there like a small wen. Except for a general hunching forward of shoulders and heads there was no movement anywhere and no sound except the voice of the witness:

"Old Bedford Forrest hisself was leadin' us, and so naturally we just went along with him, shoes or no shoes. There was a regiment of Northern troops—Yankees—marchin' on this town that mornin', and it seemed the word had traveled ahead of 'em that they was aimin' to burn it down.

"Probably it warn't true. When we got to know them Yankees better afterward we found out that there really warn't no difference, to speak of, between the run of us and the run of them. Probably it warn't so at all. But in them days the people was prone to believe 'most anything—about Yankees—and the word was that they was comin' across country, a-burnin' and cuttin' and slashin', and the people here thought they was goin' to be burned out of house and home. So old Bedford Forrest he marched all night with a battalion of us—four companies—Kintuckians and Tennesseans mostly, with a sprinklin' of boys from Mississippi and Arkansas—some of us ridin' and some walkin' afoot, like me—we didn't always have horses enough to go round that last year. And somehow we got here before they did. It was a close race though between us—them a-comin' down from the North and us a-comin' up from the other way. We met 'em down there by that little crick just below where your present railroad depot is. There warn't no depot there then, but the crick looks just the same now as it did then—and the bridge too. I walked across it this mornin' to see. Yes, suh, right there was where we met 'em. And there was a right smart fight.

"Yes, suh, there was a right smart fight for about twenty minutes—or maybe twenty-five—and then we had breakfast."

He had been smiling gently as he went along. Now he broke into a throaty little chuckle.

"Yes, suh, it all come back to me this mornin'—every little bit of it—the breakfast and all. I didn't have much breakfast, though, as I recall—none of us did—probably just corn pone and crick water to wash it down with." And he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand as though the taste of the gritty cornmeal cakes was still there.

There was another little pause here; the witness seemed to be through. Durham's crisp question cut the silence like a gash with a knife.

"Judge Priest, do you know the defendant at the bar, and if so, how well do you know him?"

"I was just comin' to that," he answered with simplicity, "and I'm obliged to you for puttin' me back on the track. Oh, I know the defendant at the bar mighty well—as well as anybody on earth ever did know him, I reckon, unless 'twas his own maw and paw. I've known him, in fact, from the time he was born—and a gentler, better-disposed boy never grew up in our town. His nature seemed almost too sweet for a boy—more like a girl's—but as a grown man he was always manly, and honest, and fair—and not quarrelsome. Oh, yes, I know him. I knew his father and his mother before him. It's a funny thing too—comin' up this way—but I remember that his paw was marchin' right alongside of me the day we came through here in '64. He was wounded, his paw was, right at the edge of that little crick down yonder. He was wounded in the shoulder—and he never did entirely git over it."

Again he stopped dead short, and he lifted his hand and tugged at the lobe of his right ear absently. Simultaneously Mr. Felsburg, who was sitting close to a window beyond the jury box, was also seized with nervousness, for he jerked out a handkerchief and with it mopped his brow so vigorously that, to one standing outside, it might have seemed that the handkerchief was actually being waved about as a signal.

Instantly then there broke upon the pause that still endured a sudden burst of music, a rollickingly jingling air. It was only a twenty-cent mouth organ, three sleigh bells and a pair of the rib bones of a beef-cow being played all at once by a saddle-colored negro man, but it sounded for all the world like a fife and drum corps:

If you want to have a good time,
If you want to have a good time,
If you want to ketch the devil—
Jine the cavalree!

To some who heard it now the tune was strange; these were the younger ones. But to those older men and those older women the first jubilant bars rolled back the years like a scroll.

The sound swelled and rippled and rose through the windows—the marching song of the Southern trooper—Forrest's men, and Morgan's, and Jeb Stuart's and Joe Wheeler's. It had in it the jingle of saber chains, the creak of sweaty saddle-girths, the nimble clunk of hurrying hoofs. It had in it the clanging memories of a cause and a time that would live with these people as long as they lived and their children lived and their children's children. It had in it the one sure call to the emotions and the sentiments of these people.

Strangely enough not one listener had come to the windows to look out. The interruption from without had seemed part and parcel of what went on within. None faced to the rear, every one faced to the front.

There was Mr. Lukins now. As Mr. Lukins got upon his feet he said to himself in a tone of feeling that he be dad-fetched. But immediately changing his mind he stated that he would preferably be dad-blamed, and as he moved toward the bar rail one overhearing him might have gathered from remarks let fall that Mr. Lukins was going somewhere with the intention of being extensively dad-burned. But for all these threats Mr. Lukins didn't go anywhere, except as near the railing as he could press.

Nearly everybody else was standing up too. The state's attorney was on his feet with the rest, seemingly for the purpose of making some protest.

Had any one looked they might have seen that the ember in the smoldering eye of the old foreman had blazed up to a brown fire; that Juror No. 4, with utter disregard for expense, was biting segments out of the brim of his new brown-varnished straw hat; that No. 7 had dropped his crutches on the floor, and that no one, not even their owner, had heard them fall; that all the jurors were half out of their chairs. But no one saw these things, for at this moment there rose up Aunt Tilly Haslett, a dominant figure, her huge wide back blocking the view of three or four immediately behind her.

Uncle Fayette laid a timid detaining hand upon her and seemed to be saying something protestingly.

"Turn loose of me, Fate Haslett!" she commanded. "Ain't you ashamed of yourse'f, to be tryin' to hold me back when you know how my only dear brother died a-followin' after Gineral Nathan Bedford Forrest. Turn loose of me!"

She flirted her great arm and Uncle Fayette spun flutteringly into the mass behind. The sheriff barred her way at the gate of the bar.

"Mizz Haslett," he implored, "please Mizz Haslett—you must keep order in the cote."

Aunt Tilly halted in her onward move, head up high and elbows out, and through her specs, blazing like burning-glasses, she fixed on him a look that instantly charred that unhappy official into a burning red ruin of his own self-importance.

"Keep it yourse'f, High Sheriff Washington Nash, Esquire," she bade him; "that's whut you git paid good money fur doin'. And git out of my way! I'm a-goin' in there to that pore little lonesome thing settin' there all by herself, and there ain't nobody goin' to hinder me neither!"



Bread and Karo

As a spread for bread KARO has no equal. Children thrive on it.

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Our part has been to make HALLMARK SHIRTS a new and higher standard of value—

in quality
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than you've ever been able to get at the prices—

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10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our own factory at Kittanning, Pa. $65 now—later the price will be $100. The best typewriter in the world; as good as any machine at any price. Entire line visible. Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

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Defeats the plans of the typhoid fly; also prevents dogs, cats and rats making a mess of the garbage. Sold direct from factory. Guaranteed. Circular free.
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If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health, you should wear a BREATHE-RITE brace. The BREATHE-RITE brace holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white, elastic fabric. A blessing for growing boys and girls. One size fits anybody. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—One Dollar. Ask your dealer.

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BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., 2337 Third Avenue, New York
Write for interesting agents' proposition. Send for illustrated folder. If dissatisfied, money refunded.

The sheriff shrunk aside; perhaps it would be better to say he evaporated aside. And public opinion, reorganized and made over but still incarnate in Aunt Tilly Haslett, swept past the rail and settled like a billowing black cloud into a chair that the local attorney for the defense vacated just in time to save himself the inconvenience of having it snatched bodily from under him.

"There, honey," said Aunt Tilly cooningly as she gathered the forlorn little figure of the prisoner's wife in her arms like a child and mothered her up to her ample bombazined bosom, "there now, honey, you jest cry on me."

Then Aunt Tilly looked up and her specs were all blurry and wet. But she waved her palmleaf fan as though it had been a baton of command.

"Now, Jedge," she said, addressing the bench, "and you other gentlemen—you kin go ahead now."

The state's attorney had meant evidently to make some sort of an objection, for he was upon his feet through all this scene. But he looked back before he spoke and what he saw kept him from speaking. I believe I stated earlier that he was a candidate for reëlection. So he settled back down in his chair and stretched out his legs and buried his chin in the top of his limp white waistcoat in an attitude that he had once seen in a picture entitled, "Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena."

"You may resume, Judge Priest," said the trial judge in a voice that was not entirely free from huskiness, although its owner had been clearing it steadily for some moments.

"Thank you kindly, suh, but I was about through anyhow," answered the witness with a bow, and for all his homeliness there was dignity and stateliness in it. "I merely wanted to say for the sake of completin' the record, so to speak, that on the occasion referred to them Yankees did not cross that bridge."

He got up somewhat stiffly, once more becoming a commonplace old man in a wrinkled black alpaca coat, and made his way back to his vacant place, now in the shadow of Aunt Tilly Haslett's form. As he passed along the front of the jury-box the foreman's crippled right hand came up in a sort of a clumsy salute, and the juror at the other end of the rear row—No. 12, the oldest juror—leaned forward as if to speak to him, but remembered where his present duty lay in time. The old judge kept on until he came to Durham's side, and he whispered to him:

"Son, they've quit lookin' at him and they're all a-lookin' at her. Son, rest your case."

Durham came out of a maze.

"Your Honor," he said as he rose, "the defense rests."

. . . . . .

The jury were out only six minutes. Mr. Lukins insisted that it was only five minutes and a half, and added that he'd be dad-drotted if it was a second longer than that.

As the lately accused Tandy came out of the courthouse with his imported lawyer—Aunt Tilly bringing up the rear with his trembling, weeping, happy little wife—friendly hands were outstretched to clasp his and a whiskered old gentleman with a thumbnail like a Brazil nut grabbed at his arm.

"Whichaway did Billy Priest go?" he demanded—"little old Fightin' Billy—whar did he go to? Soon as he started in talkin' I placed him. Whar is he?"

Walking side by side, Tandy and Durham came down the steps into the soft June night, and Tandy took a long, deep breath into his lungs.

"Mr. Durham," he said, "I owe a great deal to you."

"How's that?" said Durham.

Just ahead of them, centered in a shaft of light from the window of the barroom of the Drummers' Home Hotel, stood Judge Priest. The old judge had been drinking. The pink of his face was a trifle more pronounced, the high whine in his voice a trifle weedier, as he counted one by one certain pieces of silver into the wide-open palm of a saddle-colored negro.

"How's that?" said Durham.

"I say I owe everything in the world to you," repeated Tandy.

"No," said Durham, "what you owe me is the fee you agreed to pay me for defending you. There's the man you're looking for."

And he pointed to the old judge.

Careful laundries use Borax, in the form of "LAUNDRYAID," not injurious chemicals.

Borax is the only *cleansing chemical* known that will not injure clothes.

Thousands of housewives know this—the reason Borax is used so extensively in the home. Laundries cannot hold their trade if they use injurious chemicals, caustic alkalies and strong acids or bleaching agents.

Borax, in the form of *Laundryaid*, is being adopted by the best laundries.

Combined with any soap, it removes all dirt, whitens garments, brightens colors in colored goods, and prevents woolens from shrinking. All without the slightest injury to any fabric, however delicate.

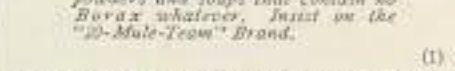
But to give results, Borax must be *pure*.

The "20-Mule-Team" Brand on a package is your guarantee of purity.

Buy a package of your grocer or druggist, and use it as directed on the label, with any good soap, and note the wonderful results. **It is the one harmless washing chemical.**

Warning—*The name "Borax" will be found on many injurious washing powders and soaps that contain no Borax whatever. Insist on the "20-Mule-Team" Brand.*

(1)





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It is a mark of culture these days—as well as a mark of individuality—to have your stationery carry your monogram. Naturally, both stationery and monogram must be of first quality—and this has meant extravagance until the introduction of

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(Hurd's Lawn Finish—Monogrammed)

Today, a quire of this highest character stationery—with envelopes to match—bearing your two-letter monogram, will be sent you upon receipt of 75c and 20c to cover cost of mailing.

The monogram die is made especially to your order—in gold, blue, red, or any color you choose. Show initials plainly when ordering. Samples sent upon request. Address

W. R. Marthey & Son, 506 Fifth Ave., New York City

To Dealers: This is the greatest value stationery ever offered. You can profitably anticipate the demand. Write for particulars.

BUTTON BUTTON WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON

ALL WOOL MOORE

This Button is found only in Men's Clothing made of All-Wool MOORE Cloths

It Guarantees All-Wool Fabrics

TYPEWRITERS FACTORY REBUILT

Save $25 to $50 on any make of Typewriter. Our "Factory Rebuilt" Typewriters are perfect in quality, condition and looks. Durable and reliable in construction and serviceable in every way. Buy from the largest factory in the world with branch stores in leading cities. We guarantee for one year against defect in workmanship and material. Write for catalogue and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co.
345 Broadway, New York

This is a peculiar advertisement

Its purpose is to preach the gospel of good service to laundry users and laundry owners alike.

Of the latter, more than 2,000 are members of this Association; while as many more are not.

We don't want you to discriminate in favor of those who are in the Association just because they are in; or against those who are out just because they are out.

We simply want you to reward the good laundry wherever you find it with all of your patronage.

Just do that and no more—pick out a good laundry and patronize it.

The modern American laundry is one of the forces of civilization. It encourages cleanliness, hygiene, health.

It arrived midway between the telegraph and the telephone; and like those two utilities, its field has widened immensely as its service improved.

Neither the telegraph, the telephone, nor the modern American laundry, has stopped growing. The three together will add millions more to their list of patrons. The better their service, the more they will add; and the faster they will add them.

People used to send nothing to the public laundry but collars, shirts and cuffs—just as they once used the telephone and the telegraph occasionally, where today they use them a hundred times.

Now the tendency is to send more and more of the home work to the laundry.

We want to prove to you that you haven't begun to realize the usefulness of a good laundry.

Modern American Laundries

What some clever women have learned

Nearly 30 per cent. of the tremendous amount of work done every week by the laundries of America is flat work—the class which makes up the larger portion of the home washing.

In other words, 30 per cent. of the women of this country have learned that it pays to send more than collars, cuffs and shirts to the laundry.

These women are sending not only collars, cuffs and shirts, but tablecloths, towels, napkins, bedspreads, pillow cases, sheets, curtains, lingerie, underwear, and a score of other washables.

They are cutting down the unpleasant period in which the house is turned over to washing and ironing—eliminating a great deal of the muss, fuss and bother, saving the cost of fuel, soaps, bluing and other incidentals which many housewives forget to figure into the weekly budget.

Possibly you are one of the women who are in this class.

If you have not realized the benefits set forth, you have not found the right laundry.

The modern laundry is clean, sanitary, careful, and able to handle your work more thoroughly and efficiently than in the home way. This right sort of a laundry in your town will be glad to take you through the plant and prove that this is true.

This is to tell you that the right laundry does exist in your town, and that it is well worth your while to find it.

Can you afford—from any standpoint—not to take fuller advantage than you are now taking of a modern, progressive, cleanly institution which stands ready to save you money and peace of mind?

The Laundrymen's National Association of America
Publicity Department
601-608 Ford Building Detroit, Mich.

The 2,500 laundries represented in The Laundrymen's National Association have learned and are learning:

That capable employees, fairly paid, cheerful, happy and contented, are a profit paying investment.

That laundries which are spotlessly clean are the laundries which win public favor.

That good work carries its own reward.

Find the laundry in your town that practices these principles.

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10c—Sizes—15c

(except in far West)



Is Really Fresh Fish

See How Different It is From Ordinary Codfish

It's Economical too

and so surprisingly delicious that it gives an entirely new flavor to many dainty fish dishes.

This editorial comment in the current issue of "Good Housekeeping" but expresses concretely the economy, purity, convenience and delicate flavor of Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes as they are well known to thousands of good housekeepers all over the country:

"As an example of economical package goods may be cited the recently introduced (*Burnham & Morrill*) fish flakes in small tins. The cod is taken from the water, cured and put into tins in less time than required to move a fresh fish from the boat to the consumer. It is immediately available in the highest possible condition at very low cost—a dime for a tin containing enough to prepare a meal for a family of five.

Compare that with the custom of buying and hanging up a salt cod in the pantry, exposed to flies and insects, liable to turn red or lose its flavor and texture. It is not difficult to see why package cod is the more desirable.

By its use the housewife avoids disagreeable odors in cooking; waste in skin and bone; risk of spoilage through bad cooking."

As a daily help in arranging varieties for the never ending procession of meals B. & M. Fish Flakes is a staple product that every housewife will be glad to know.

The whole family will be delighted if you'll add B. & M. Fish Flakes to the home menu. Just once try it for

Codfish Balls
Fish Hash Fish Chowder
Creamed Fish

and the many other dainty fish dishes you can make, and you'll never again be content with ordinary, dried, over-salted, "manufactured" Codfish.

Then, too, don't forget that B. & M. Fish Flakes will save you money on many breakfast, lunch and dinner dishes right along—a *real saving* in the week's expenses that will surprise you.

We most earnestly urge every housewife to try this choice New England delicacy for herself and see how delicious the true deep-sea flavor can be—how B. & M. Fish Flakes saves not only money but time and patience as well.

Get a tin from your grocer to-day—give the family a treat for to-morrow's breakfast.

If your grocer happens not to have B. & M. Fish Flakes in stock, send us his name and 10c and a regular 10c tin will be sent you. This costs us 11c *in postage alone* and is certain evidence of our belief that *one trial* is all that is needed to make you a constant user.

We have a beautiful little book "Good Eating"—containing many new and original recipes, and shall be pleased to send it Free on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—new packing—always tender—sweet—creamy—is now on the dealers' shelves. If you want to be sure of getting a superior quality of canned corn order a case from your grocer to-day.

FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 21)

for me," blustered Colonel Bouncer, scrutinizing his cards one by one.

"I suppose so," agreed Washer with a smile at Johnny; "but he's full of young tricks and we're outclassed. What's that property going to cost us?"

"Three and a half million," stated Johnny quietly.

Colonel Bouncer, having now made up his mind, deliberately and with nice care measured up blue chips and red chips and white chips matching Washer's, and added to them all the blue ones he had in his possession.

"Taking any stock yourself, Johnny?" he softly asked.

"Can't afford it," confessed Johnny with a smile.

"The property's quite worth three and a half million," announced Courtney decisively, watching the face of Morton Washer as that calm player stared at the Colonel's chips. "I'm willing to take a million of the stock."

"I'll take a million; more if need be," offered Washer. "I've been wanting in on that for some time. Colonel, what have you got?"

"Five cards," replied the Colonel.

"You have threes," charged Washer.

"I'm conducting my business through an agent," laughed Bouncer. "There it is," and he indicated the stack of blue chips.

"You have threes," insisted Washer. "The reason I'm so particular is that I have threes myself, and I want to know which are the better."

"There is one clever way to find out," bantered the Colonel confidently. "You have a lot of chips. Why are you so stingy with them?"

"That's the way I got them," countered Washer. "I'll donate though. I'll do better than that: I'll tap you."

The Colonel promptly counted his remaining red and white chips. Washer as promptly measured up to them and to the blues.

"Told you the truth!" he exulted. "I said I had threes, and here they are! Three tens and a king and another ten!" And he gleefully spread down his cards. "I caught the pink one."

"Had mine all the time!" triumphed Colonel Bouncer, throwing down his hand and putting both big arms round the pot. "Four elevens!" And chuckling near to the apoplexy line he scraped the chips home, while Washer inspected his excellent collection of jacks. "Now brag, you old bluffer!" And, still chuckling, he began sorting the chips into patriotic piles.

"Enjoy yourselves," granted Washer, concealing his intense chagrin with as nonchalant an air as possible. "I give you my word those chips are only loaned. Go on and laugh! You fellows make a lot of fuss over a cheap little jackpot. Johnny, must you see us Monday?"

"Can't delay it," replied Johnny, checking his own laughter for the purpose. "I've paid five hundred thousand of the purchase price. Another million must be paid in one week and the balance in two weeks."

"That's rapid work," remarked Close, with a frown, beginning swiftly to figure interest.

"The Wobbleses are in a hurry to sail. I've looked into the title. It's clear as a whistle. Can't we arrange a meeting at my office?"

They settled upon a meeting at three-forty-five on Monday while Morton Washer dealt.

"Bless my heart, Mort Washer, that's the fourth time you've turned my first card and it's always a deuce!" complained the Colonel. "If you do it again I shall be compelled to give you an old-time, school-day licking."

"You can't do it and you never saw the day you could," bristled Washer, brandishing a bony little fist before the Colonel's big face.

"There's one more question I'd like to ask," Johnny interposed upon this violent quarrel. "Will it be necessary for me to offer any stock outside this group?"

"I can't swing but a quarter of a million to save me; possibly only two hundred thousand," regretted Bouncer.

"If you'd like to carry a little more I'll let you have the money, Colonel," offered his bitter enemy of the bony fist.

"Thanks, Mort," returned the Colonel gratefully. "However, it is not necessary to display the fact to the entire gathering that I now have a pair of those deuces."

Washer quickly reached over, snatched the Colonel's cards, replaced them with his own and went on dealing.

"I think we can handle it all among us, Johnny," figured Courtney.

VI

LORING, in high glee, separated Polly from a hilarious game of drop-the-handkerchief.

"Well, Polly, it's all over!" he exulted. "Johnny's in to see his financial backers, but that's a mere matter of detail. He has bought the Wobbles property and he has made his million dollars."

"If Mr. Courtney hasn't any fireworks he must telephone for some right away," declared Polly in delight, and suddenly her eyes moistened. "I'm as dippy about Johnny as his own mother!" she added.

"And in just the same way," returned Loring, secretly glad to recognize that fact. "When you can spare a little time for it, Polly, you might become dippy about me."

"I am," she acknowledged, putting her hand upon his arm affectionately.

"But you don't want to marry me," protested Loring, a trace of pain contracting his brows. "I need you, Polly!"

"Please don't, Ashley," she begged. "It's a for-sure fact that I'm never going to forget poor Billy. Don't let that stop us being pals, though, please!"

"Certainly not," agreed Loring, with as much cheerfulness as she could have wished, and burying deeply for the last time the hope that he had cherished.

"Look here, Loring," charged Val Russel, striding over with Mrs. Follison; "you'll kindly come into this game or give us back our Polly."

"You'll have to do without your Polly for a minute, children," insisted that young woman. "She is to be the bearer of glad tidings," and giving her eyes another dab she hurried away to the house.

She found Constance alone in the library, instructing herself with an article on mushroom culture.

"I can read your palm without looking at it, pretty lady," bubbled Polly. "A large, blond gentleman with handsome blue eyes and a million dollars in his pocket is about to offer you a proposal of marriage."

Constance, suppressing a rising resentment, turned the leaf of her mushroom article. The next page began a startling political series, which demanded of the public in violent headlines: "Who Spends Your Money?" but Constance perused it carefully without noticing the difference.

"I've had my palm read before," she presently observed.

"You don't seem to be alive to the shock I'm giving you," protested Polly. "Really, girlie, I have some big news for you. Johnny Gamble has finished the making of his million!"

"I wish that word million had never been invented!" suddenly flared Constance. "I'm tired of hearing it. The very thought of it makes me ill." How did Polly come to know it first?

"I wouldn't care what they'd call it if it would only buy as much," returned Polly, still good-naturedly. "And when a regular man like Johnny Gamble hustles out and gets one, just so he can ask to marry you, you ought to give a perfectly vulgar exhibition of joy!"

"You have put it very nicely," responded Constance. "If it would only buy as much! Do you know that my name is seldom mentioned except in connection with a million dollars? I must either marry one man or lose a million, or marry another who has made a million for that purpose."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" charged Polly. She glared at Constance a moment, bursting with more indignant things to say; but there were so many of them that they choked her in their attempted egress, and she swished angrily back to the lawn party, exploding most of the way.

At just this inopportune moment Johnny Gamble found his way into the peaceful library.

"Well, it's across!" he joyously confided, forgetting in his happiness the rebuffs of the day. "I have that million!" and he approached her with such an evident



To Husbands:

If you find your wife has folded the corner of this page, take it as a hint that a

CALORIC
Fireless Cookstove

would be genuinely acceptable at Christmas, in your own home.

Make it a Caloric particularly, because of its permanent quality, worthy of Christmas; because of its new storage cabinet for the radiators and all of the aluminum utensils that come with it; because it is the only Fireless Cooker with a valve securing dry heat; and, because it bakes and roasts, doubling the deliciousness and nutriment of meats, making vegetables more tender and pastry more tempting and wholesome.

Genuine Caloric s are sold in 3000 stores. There are substitutes, as usual, but there is time before Christmas to send for the folder "A Caloric Christmas" and have the full facts for wise selection.

We can see that a nearby store delivers a Caloric in a special Christmas crate at the right moment if you write now.

The Caloric Co., Dept. F, Janesville, Wis.

They Won't Slip



Note the Patented Friction Plug in the back part of the heel—right where the wear comes. It not only prevents slipping but makes *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels* outwear the old-fashioned kind.

Insist on *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*—the name is easy to remember.

They give you all the advantages of ordinary rubber heels, and in addition *keep you from slipping* on wet sidewalks or pavements—yet cost no more than the ordinary kind.

Insist upon

CAT'S PAW

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50c Attached All Dealers

To the Retail Trade

"It pays to give the public what they want." The majority want *Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels*. Order from your jobber today.

FOSTER RUBBER CO.
105 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Send us the name of your shoe dealer and we will mail you—FREE—a Cat's Paw Bangle Pin.

determination of making an exuberant proposal then and there that Constance could have shrieked.

"I congratulate you," she informed him as she hastily arose. "You deserve it I am sure. Kindly excuse me, won't you?" and she sailed out of the room.

Johnny Gamble, feeling all awkward joints like a calf, dropped his sailor straw hat, and Constance heard it rolling after her. With an effort she kept herself from running, knowing full well that if that hat touched her skirt she would drop!

Johnny looked at the hat in dumb reproach, but when he left the room he walked widely round it. He dared not touch it.

"Ow, I say, Mr. Gamble," drawled Eugene, passing him in the doorway, "we've picked out the puppy."

While Johnny was still smarting from the burden of that information and wondering what spot of the globe would be most endurable at the present moment, Courtney came through the hall on some hostly errand.

"Say, Johnny," he blundered in an excess of well-meaning, "why don't you rest from business for a minute? Why aren't you out among some of these shady paths with Constance Joy? You've cinched your million, now go get the girl."

This was too much for the tortured Johnny, and the smoldering agony within him burst into flame.

"Look here, Courtney!" he declared with a vehemence that really seemed quite unnecessary. "I'm going to marry Constance Joy whether she likes it or not!"

A flash of white at the head of the stairs caught Johnny's eye. It was Constance! There was no hope that she had not heard!

"What's the matter?" asked Courtney, startled by the remarkable change in his countenance.

"I've got the stomachache!" groaned Johnny with clumsy evasion, though possibly he was truthful after all.

"You must have some whisky," insisted Courtney, instantly concerned.

A servant came out of the library.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he remarked; "but I believe this must be your hat, Mr. Gamble."

Johnny Gamble broke one of his most rigid rules. He said:

"Damn!"

VII

JOHNNY GAMBLE in the following days was, as Loring put it, a scene of intense activity. It was part of his contract with the improvement company that he put their subdivision plans under way; and he planted himself in the center of the new offices while things circled round him at high speed. His persistent use of the fast-gear clutch came from the fact that he would not bind himself to work for them more than two weeks.

"They're handing me a shameful salary for it," he confided to Loring; "and I'm glad to get it because it pays up all my personal expenses during my forty days' stunt and leaves me my million clear."

"Well," began Loring with a smile, "your million won't be"—he suddenly checked himself and then went on—"won't be a nice, pretty sum of money unless it ends in the six round ciphers."

He had been about to tell Johnny that he owed fifteen thousand dollars to Constance Joy. She had secretly advanced that sum to save Johnny's working funds against a bogus attachment laid upon him by his former partner, Collaton, in the early days of his struggle. Loring reflected, however, that this could be paid just as well after it was all over; that, if he told about it now, Johnny would drop everything to make that extra fifteen thousand; that, moreover, Constance had not yet given him permission to mention the matter; and, besides, there seemed to be a present coolness between Constance and Johnny that nobody understood. On the whole it was better to keep his mouth shut; and he did it.

"It's a nice-sounding word, million," he added by way of concealing his hesitation.

"I don't know," returned Johnny, full of his perplexity about Constance. "I'm tired of hearing the word. Sometimes it makes me sick to think of it."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" reproached Loring with a laugh.

"All right," agreed Johnny accommodatingly. "I'm used to that anyhow. For one thing, I'm ashamed of being such a sucker. That old partner of mine not only stung me for every cent I could scrape together for two years, but actually had the nerve to try to sell the big tract of land we irrigated with money."

"To sell it!" exclaimed Loring in surprise.

"That's all," returned Johnny. "He went to The Western Developing Company with it two months ago and had them so worked up that they looked into the title. They even sent a man out there to investigate."

"Flivver, I suppose?" guessed Loring.

"Rank," corroborated Johnny. "Washburn, of The Western Developing, was telling me about it yesterday. He said his man took one look at the land and came back offering to go six blocks out of his way on a busy Monday to see Collaton hung."

"We'd get up a party," commented Loring dryly, and Johnny hurried away to the offices of his Bronx concern.

He was a very unhappy Johnny these days and had but little joy in his million. If Constance did not care for it, nor for him, the fun was all gone out of everything. Work was his only relief, and he worked like an engine.

On one day, however, he was careful to do no labor, and that day was Friday, May nineteenth. When he had started to make his million he had said jokingly that he did not intend to work on Sundays, holidays, evenings or birthdays. The nineteenth was Constance's birthday, and he had long planned to make that a gala occasion.

On the evening preceding he called at the house, but Aunt Pattie Boyden, who was more than anxious to have Constance marry the second cousin of Lord Yawpingham, told him with poorly concealed satisfaction that Constance was too ill to see him. He imagined that he knew what that meant, but, nevertheless, on the following morning he sent Constance a tremendous bouquet and went down into the midst of the crowds at Coney Island, where of all places in the world he could be most alone and most gloomy.

"What's a million dollars anyway?" he asked himself.

VIII

AT TEN o'clock on Saturday morning Mr. Birchard came into the Bronx office with much smiling, presented his credentials duly signed by each of the five Wobbles brothers, received a check for a million dollars made out, by the written instructions of the brothers, to Frederick W. Birchard, Agent, and departed still smiling.

"One step nearer," observed Johnny to Loring an hour or so later. "Next Saturday I'll have the remaining two and a half million and will only pay out one and a half of it. The other million sticks with me."

"The other million?" repeated Loring. "Oh, yes; I see. The half million you advanced and the half million profit you make on this deal. For how much can you write your check now, Johnny?"

"If I wrote a check right this minute, to pay for a postage stamp, it would go to protest," laughed Johnny. "I guess I can stand it to be broke for a week though."

"You're a lucky cuss," commended Loring.

"In most things," admitted Johnny half-heartedly.

"In everything," insisted Loring. "By-the-way, Gresham was over here to see you yesterday while I was out."

"Gresham?" mused Johnny. "That's curious. He was at the Bronx office and also at my apartments. I 'phoned this morning, but was told he had gone out of town for a week."

"You probably missed something very important," returned Loring sarcastically. "Where were you yesterday anyhow?"

"Having a holiday," said Johnny soberly, and escaped.

He wanted work—the more of it the better. He spent the entire week in the most fatiguing toil he could find, and in that week had no word from Constance Joy except a very brief and coldly formal note thanking him for his flowers.

On the following Saturday morning Gresham walked into the Bronx offices with a particularly smug satisfaction.

"I've come to close up the Wobbles transfer with you," he stated. "I am authorized formally to make over the property to you and to collect the two and a half million remaining to be paid."



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Here is something entirely new in fine, sheer, beautiful Shawknit Socks.

We have developed a process wherewith to knit socks from *silk over lisle* so that the wearer secures all the beautiful effect of silk combined with the durable wearing quality of strongest lisle.

You will wish to test these socks and we wish you to test them *at our risk*.

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Send us $3.00 for each six pairs of Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle you wish. We will ship them to you *charges prepaid*.

Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks are packed six pairs in a box—all one combination or assorted as you prefer.

The solid combinations are Cream-White, Black, Navy Blue, Pearl Grey, and Tan.

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High class stores carry full lines of Shawknit Socks, ranging in price from 25c to 50c the pair—*every pair guaranteed*.

All Shawknit Socks are guaranteed *without limit* (see tag reproduced opposite).

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We guarantee that this pair of **Shawknit** Socks will fit just as well—look just as stylish—be just as comfortable—wear just as long without mending—as your just and fair judgment of socks at this price decides that they should.

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"Barring the slight difference of a million dollars the amount is correct," replied Johnny dryly. "I have the million and a half balance ready, but I had expected Mr. Birchard to come in and finish the transaction."

"Birchard is not representing the Wobblesses," Gresham politely informed him. "I had a little talk with them on the Tuesday following the house-party at Courtney's, and they decided to have me look after the matter instead. By-the-way, I hunted for you everywhere on the day before the first payment was due, to tell you that the Wobblesses preferred to have the two and a half million paid all in one sum today; but since you were not in I didn't trouble to leave you a note. Few men need to be told not to pay out money."

"Do you mean to tell me that Mr. Birchard never has represented the Wobbles family in this matter?" Johnny managed to ask.

"Certainly not," answered Gresham, widening his eyes.

"I have his signed authorization to act for them in the matter," declared Johnny, remembering that circumstance with happy relief.

"You have?" inquired Gresham with great apparent surprise. "Will you allow me to look at the paper?"

Johnny showed it to him triumphantly, but Gresham read it with a smile of contempt.

"I was correct in my suspicions of Birchard," he stated. "This document is a forgery. I hope you did not pay him any money on the strength of it."

Silently Johnny laid before him Birchard's receipt, and a second later as he saw the gleam of gratification in Gresham's eyes was sorry that he had done so.

"I am afraid that you have been swindled," was Gresham's altogether too sympathetic comment. "However, that does not concern the business in hand. This was the day appointed for the final settlement, and I have come prepared to make it with you."

"You'll have to wait," declared Johnny bluntly, putting away the documents.

"I must call your attention to the fact that if you do not close this matter today my principals are at liberty to place the property upon the market again."

"Advise them not to do so," Johnny warned him. "Under the circumstances I am certain that I can secure enough delay for investigation—legally, if necessary. I won't move a step until I've looked into this."

"Very well," said Gresham easily, and walked out.

Johnny, in a consternation that was barely short of a panic, immediately consulted Loring, and together they set out upon a search for the Wobblesses. At their various hotels, for no two of them put up at the same place, it was discovered that they were severally "probably in the country at week-end parties." Tommy alone they found, but he knew so little and was so upset by what they told him that they were sorry he, too, had not attended a week-end party; and they left him gasping like a sea-lion, with his toupee down over his ear, and saying between gasps over and over again with perfectly vacant eyes:

"Eugene's an ass! Perfect ass, don't you know!"

They spent some hopeless time in attempting to trace Birchard, but that gentleman had disappeared on the previous Saturday. No one had seen him or had heard of him or had thought of him. They put the case into the hands of detectives.

"I don't think it was lucky money anyhow," said Johnny gloomily. Constance had not cared for it and it was worthless!

IX

IT WAS not until Monday that they found Eugene Wobbles, and that voluntary expatriate was almost as much taken aback as his brother Tommy had been.

"Ow, I say, it's most extraordinary!" he declared, stroking his drooping mustache and swinging his monocle. "Why, do you know, I met the blooming bounder at Lord Yawp'n'am's—second cousin, you know, of this very decent chap Gresham. Introduced him at my clubs and all that sort of thing, I assure you! I'll have the burning scoundrel blacklisted!"

"Thanks," said Loring with deep gratitude. "Of course that won't get back the million though."

"Well, I'm bound to give you the right there," admitted Eugene; "but at the same time I must insist that it will cut the beggar never to be allowed the privileges of a gentlemen's club again."

"And serve him right, I say; even jolly well right," agreed Loring with a sarcasm that was altogether lost and was intended to be.

"I must say that our friend Gresham has behaved well in the matter," added Eugene. "Birth and breeding are bound to tell. I fancy every one will admit that. What?"

"They tell a great deal," returned Loring dryly. "What did our friend Gresham do that was so decent?"

"Ow, yes," Eugene was reminded; "we were discussing that, weren't we? Well, at our friend Courtney's house-party Gresham was all for Birchard to handle this business; fairly forced him on us, don't you know; but on Tuesday he came to us much pained, I assure you, and in the greatest confidence told us he was sure the beggar was not the man for the place. Been mixed up in a rotten money scandal or so, don't you know."

"So you discharged Birchard," Loring surmised, keenly interested.

"Well, not exactly," replied Eugene. "You see it wasn't necessary. We never had definitely appointed him. Come to think, neither he nor Gresham insisted on it; and, anyhow, the fellow never came back to us."

"I see," said Loring softly with a glance at Johnny. "So, you being without an agent, Gresham kindly consented to act for you—without commission."

"Ow, yes, certainly, without commission," agreed Eugene. "Very decent indeed of him, now, wasn't it?"

"Almost pathetic," admitted Loring. "Well, Johnny," he said as they went back to the office, "you're up against it. While Birchard was forging the papers to get your million Gresham was establishing an alibi for himself. The only thing I see for you to do, besides laying for Gresham, is to repudiate this entire deal and get back as much of your half million as you can."

"And owe the rest of it to my friends?" demanded Johnny. "Not any. I'll pay over the two and a half million I have on hand, complete the deal and stand the loss myself. I'll be broke, but I won't owe anybody."

Loring looked at him with sudden pity. "You'll have to take a fresh start," he advised as lightly as possible, since one did not like to be caught expressing pity to Johnny. "You have two days left."

"Guess again!" directed Johnny. "One of them's a holiday—Decoration Day—tomorrow."

"Tough luck, old man!" said Loring.

"I didn't care for the million, Loring," declared Johnny wearily, driven for the first time to an open confession.

"I know," agreed Loring gently, still suffering from his own hurt. "It was Constance. She may not be so keen for that million as you think."

Johnny shook his head sadly.

"I know she isn't," he admitted. "That's the hard part of it. She didn't seem to care when I had it—not for it or for me. Up to that time I thought there was a chance. Now the loss of this money doesn't really hurt. What good would a million dollars do me?"

They had reached the office by this time and made themselves busy with the final papers. Presently came Gresham and all the Wobblesses, concluded their business, and took their two and a half million dollars and happily departed.

Loring glared after Gresham in a fury of anger. He had seen that gentleman, before he left, slip a square white card under the papers on Johnny's desk; and, though he did not conjecture what the card might be, he knew from the curl of Gresham's lips that it meant some covered trick or insult. Turning, he was about indignantly to call Johnny's attention to the circumstance when the beaming expression upon his friend's face stopped him and sealed any explanation that might have risen to his lips. Johnny had found the card and was reading it with glistening eyes.

"Constance Joy!" he said delightedly. "She must have called." He was lost in pleasant thought for a moment or so and then he looked eagerly up at Loring with: "I wonder if there isn't some way, besides Birchard's, that a fellow could make a million dollars in a day!"

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester. The sixth and last will appear next week.

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THE Detroit ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
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THE MAKING OF A BALLPLAYER

(Continued from Page 8)

good batters—he would pitch air-tight ball. To me that's mighty interesting.

Here is another problem in practical psychology—and the way I worked it out. One of my standby pitchers had a bad year. He pitched poor ball most of the season in the face of the fact that the club was paying him thirty-five hundred. At first I didn't know what to do. Then he gave a newspaper reporter the story that he was to quit baseball and go on the road for some house. I wrote him a nice letter, wished him success in his new venture and thanked him for his services to the club. He had been with us four seasons. I inclosed a contract for the coming season—merely to comply with the rules of the league, I told him. That contract called for a salary of two thousand dollars—fifteen hundred less than he had been getting. Well—he came to my office about ten minutes after he got the letter. He told me that the story about his quitting baseball was all a fake.

"All right, John," I said to him, "but that was your real contract."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"That I can't give you a contract for more than two thousand. Your work last season wasn't worth more—if as much. Now I don't say that is all you will get. What you get depends on you."

"But my wife tore up that contract," he told me.

"There's plenty of ink," I said, "and we can draw up one like it." Which we did. He pitched great ball that season and I gave him a bonus of eighteen hundred dollars. I had intended to give him fifteen hundred—to make his salary the same as the year before—but when he didn't get mad, but said I had always treated him right and he would leave it to me, why—it made me feel pretty bad. So I added three hundred extra.

Contracts With College Men

Before the next season opened I was up against it. I couldn't figure out whether or not to give him a contract based on his last season's earnings. If I did, would he pitch his best ball? I decided to play it safe. So I said to him:

"I rather like that contract we had last year. It worked out mighty well. You pitched great ball, John. I'm superstitious, you know, and I think it might be wise, for luck, to have the same contract."

"I'm perfectly willing," he said. "Give me a pen and I'll sign a blank contract. Make the salary what you like. You'll do the right thing by me, I know."

He pitched better ball than ever before in his life, and the club paid him for his season's work forty-five hundred dollars. He was worth it. There's a lot in psychology—if that is what I am talking about.

Of the twenty-one players I carry eight are college men. That shows I believe in the collegian. Granting he has speed, the college man has several things in his favor. He is ambitious, so he is sure to take good care of himself and make the most of his opportunities. He is quick-witted, and he gets that gray matter I was speaking of quicker than the bush-league recruit. He is also adaptable. You can switch him from one position to another and he will get the hang of it in no time. You may have to change him about because of injuries to your regulars, or you may think he would do better in another position. Let me illustrate. I signed a college man who had always played short. He threw well to first, but he had one fatal weakness in his accustomed position. He couldn't play the half-bound—that is to say, he couldn't stop a ball and pick it up cleanly just as it came to him. As a rule I wouldn't waste time with an infielder who had to get a ball on a true bound, but this man was fast as lightning. And he sure could hit the ball. Well—I tried him at second. He seemed at home in the position after a very few games, but there was still the trouble about the half-bound. Finally, in desperation, I tried him at first base, where a man gets a true bound three-quarters of the time. He made good. He is a star today. Adaptability!

Should a college man go into professional baseball? That is a question I am frequently asked. My answer is this: If he

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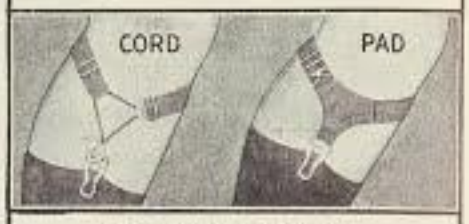
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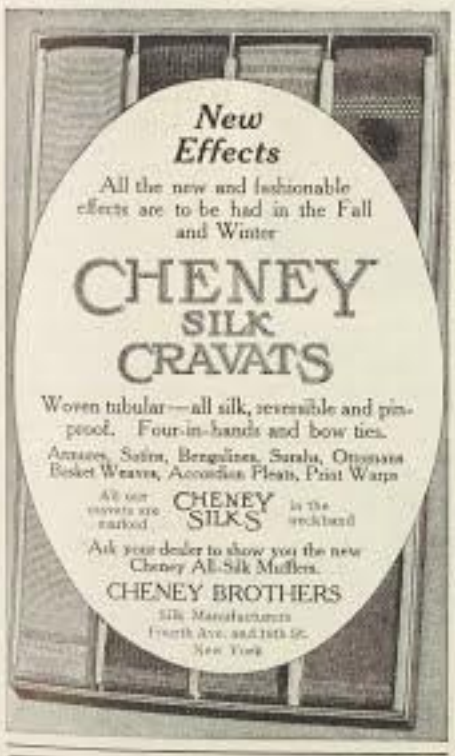
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loves the game, if he will make a serious business of it, let him take a try at it. He must make a business of it, and yet his business gives him employment only six months of the year—that is the drawback to the profession. Idleness isn't good for anybody, and the ballplayer who loafs through the winter often becomes a spender. That type of man doesn't save his money. And if a player isn't going to save money, my advice is—keep out of the game. I find, however, that the collegian *does* work when he is not engaged with his club. Some of them are salesmen, others have a little business of their own—their popularity with the public helps them with that. The tendency, I believe, is to continue their outdoor life. Men who save money in baseball buy ranches or farms. Thus they enjoy a wholesome life the year round.

Look at the matter on a basis of dollars and cents. A college player who has attracted attention and whose services are sought by two or more clubs may draw a salary for the first year of twenty-five hundred dollars. Compare this with the average salary a collegian draws in business. He is lucky if he can make one thousand the first year. One of my men, four years out of college, is paid six thousand dollars. If he gets into a World's Series his earnings, with his share of the exhibition games, will amount to eighty-five hundred dollars. Now this man is quite a writer. His name and fame get him into the magazines. So he could come pretty near making ten thousand dollars a year. Of course he is an exceptional player.

Take the average. Of the twenty-one men I carry the average salary is thirty-one hundred dollars. Even the average man, when the team wins the World's Series, will clean up five thousand dollars. And he has five months' time—eliminating the month devoted to spring training—to run that up a thousand dollars. But only two teams out of sixteen major clubs get into the World's Series, so perhaps that gives a wrong impression.

The Man Who Knows It All

Say a college man at the age of twenty-three gets a job with a major league club and makes good. He attends strictly to business and makes the most of his opportunities. Starting in at two thousand dollars, his salary is increased by from two hundred to five hundred a year. He takes care of himself and stays ten years in the game. At the end of that time he has been paid, we will say, thirty-two thousand eight hundred dollars. Now let us suppose that this wise boy has not been idle during the winter and has saved his money. He ought to have put away at least twelve thousand dollars, which, with interest, amounts to over fifteen thousand. He quits the game with that cash capital—and he is only thirty-three years old!

When he does quit he is a pretty sensible fellow. He has traveled a lot, has met a great many men—business men of every description—and he has learned to size them up pretty well. I remember a conversation I overheard on a streetcar in one of the cities of our circuit. One of my pitchers was with me and he was recognized by some fan, while I was not. This fan opened up a conversation with my player—a college man, by the way. The fan did most of the talking. My player listened, but sized the fellow up all the time. Finally the fan began to criticise the team—so-and-so should be benched, this man put in his place, that man shifted from short to second, and so forth. My player heard the fan out, then he said:

"What is your business, may I ask?"

"I was in the real-estate business," the fan replied, "but I didn't make a go of it. There are too many real-estate men in this town. I'm looking for something better."

"I am not looking for something better," said my player. "I'm satisfied with baseball. It is my business and I am fairly successful at it. Now when I want any outside advice about my business I certainly will go to a man who is successful in his business—not to some one who has made a failure of it."

The fan tried to say something, but there was nothing to say, so he got off at the next corner. Perhaps I enjoyed the incident more than other folks would because it came home to me. A manager, no matter how successful he is, gets more advice about his own business, I guess, than any other class of men—I wouldn't except men in

What the *Inside* of a Shoe costs

YOU can bury a *dollar* of value under the finish in such a way that only the expert Shoeman can discover it at sight.

Seeming trifles such as infinitely *careful* Lasting,—perfect fitting Linings,—smooth, even grain of stretchless Upper Leather,—absolutely *level* Insoles of springy Oak Leather,—cleverly manipulated Welts of toughest fiber,—close-drawn *even* Stitching,—skillfully *adjusted* Filling between Insole and Outsole—

—And,—Lasts withdrawn so *carefully* that they leave the Shoes *unstretched* at points where Shoes should hug closely in order to hold the Instep in precisely the *right* place for Comfort.

These are a few of the "Inside" things that, in addition to Materials, distinguish really "*fine*" Shoes from Shoes that merely *look* fine on the outside and that cost money.

These are the *invisible* details that make Shoes *feel comfortable* from the first hour you put them on, and *wear* satisfyingly to the end.

These are the *internal* characteristics that make you have *such* Shoes re-Soled, when worn out under foot, rather than take chances on finding *another* pair *quite* as comfortable and wear-worthy.

These are the *intangible* features of "fine" Shoes that send you back to the same store for *another* pair "just like the last."

But, they *don't show on the Surface.*

The *invisibility* of such satisfying quality is *why* so many people *have never worn really "fine"* Shoes.

They trusted to their *Eyesight* alone, in buying. And they got what was to be reasonably expected from such *superficiality.*

Now, if you, dear Reader, were to make just *one* experiment with really "*fine*" Shoes you would begin to see *why* the few people who can afford to pay $15.00 to $20.00 per pair for certain "Custom-made" products are willing to do so.

If you *knew* all the *additional* Foot-Comfort, Satisfactory Service, and Pride-of-Possession, that really "*fine*" Shoes give, this is what you would do to-day,—

You would step right over to the nearest Regal Shoe Store and (without any misgivings as to extravagance) you would ask the Salesman to put on your feet a pair of the *$5.00 Regals* pictured herewith.—

Observe that it isn't merely the Regal *Style* which alone makes these $5.00 Regals *worth $7.00.*

—It is the hidden Sources of Satisfaction put *inside* the Style, and which *retain* that Style, till the Shoes are worn out.

—It is that *surprising degree* of Foot-Comfort—that new *Appetite for outdoor Walking*, and that lully feeling of being *very well* Dressed which makes the relatively *small* difference you pay per year (for "*fine*" Shoes) bring back enormous dividends in Comfort and Satisfaction.

Regal Shoes are made in four large Regal Factories,—for Regal Shoe Stores, and Agencies *only*,—and on a factory profit of only 5% *above Actual Cost.*

That is one reason why Shoes *equal in quality* to $5.00 Regals are rarely, if ever, found in other stores, that sell such quality of Shoes, at *less than $7.00 to $8.00* per pair.

Step into the nearest Regal Shoe Store or Agency and verify this *to-day.*



REGAL SHOES

Catalog from Regal Shoe Co., 368 Summer Street, Boston



Keep this Tag

EVERY GARMENT LINED WITH
BELDING'S
PURE DYE GUARANTEED
SATIN
HAS THIS TAG ATTACHED

Every Man Who Owns A Razor



Every woman who owns a knife—

Every man, woman or boy who owns an edged tool—will never realize what smooth, keen cutting sharpness is until

Carborundum

demonstrates it—

Carborundum is the most remarkable sharpening agent the world has ever known—

Hard and sharp and fast cutting as a diamond—smooth and velvety as the finest natural stone—

Made into hones and sharpening stones of every size, shape and grade—for every possible sharpening need—

Here are a few Carborundum specialties that ought to be in every home—



No. 105-A—Razor Hone—very fine—wonderfully efficient—in neat box . . $1.00

No. 78-A—Knife Sharpener—Stag horn handle—solid stick of Carborundum—octagonal in shape—in satin lined box $1.00

No. 107-A—Round combination stone for sharpening carpenters' tools . . . $1.00

No. 149-A—Pocket stone in neat box . . $ .15

Ask your hardware dealer—If he doesn't have them, send direct.

The Carborundum Company
Niagara Falls, N.Y.

DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.





For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c the Grace and in 5c, 10c and 25c Packets
SEN-SEN CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower, New York

Says Home Oil Tommy:



A Sheer Necessity Everywhere

Every home needs HOME OIL, the clean, pure, smooth, easy oil that slicks things up in no time—from a pair of shears to a go-cart.

HOME OIL

BEATS THEM ALL.

is the result of years of untiring effort to produce an oil far superior to the next best. That's why HOME OIL beats them all. Good for every oiling purpose *outside* as well as *inside* the home. Money back if you're not satisfied. Write today for free trial bottle.

Buffalo Specialty Co. 211 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Trial Bottle Free

public office. Letters come to me by the hundred. Most of them are not signed; these my stenographer chucks in the waste-basket. But when a man signs his name to a letter I try to give him an answer—if he seem to be a decent sort of individual. One time we had a big series on the home grounds. It looked then as if it might decide the championship. We were in second place and we needed four of the five games—one was a postponed game—to get into first place. Well—we won both games of a double-header the first day, with my two best pitchers in the box. We won the next game by a narrow margin. The third game was ours up to the ninth inning; two men were out when the opposing team got to our pitcher and hammered out a victory. The fifth game we lost by a big score. One of the substitute pitchers was in the box.

The next day I received a letter from a prominent business man of our town. He said that I owed the public an apology for not pitching my leading twirler in that last game. Fact was that pitcher had a sore arm and I wouldn't risk it. I was told that my apology should take the form of a letter to the press. If I didn't do this he would continue to support the team, but with such misguided management—of course there was no chance for another pennant. Well, I thought I would have a little fun with him. So I wrote him a letter, thanking him for his interest and reading something like this:

"You may not know it, but the club is paying me a large salary to manage the team. I am supposed to be worth it. Now it is all right for you to write me confidentially and tell me how to run the team, and I appreciate it. But you mustn't let the club officials know that you are doing my thinking for me."

And he got mad! He wrote me a reply, saying that he knew as much about his business as I did about mine. I hadn't said a word about his business.

The trouble with the fan is—he has the second guess. The manager has only one guess, and sometimes he is wrong; but the fan can't be wrong with two guesses. There are times when I wish I were just a fan. That is why I was glad to go abroad. I was tired of what that fellow Kipling calls "the tumult and the shouting." I didn't want the noise of the great home-coming arranged for our victorious team. But what a disappointment it was to mother! Her "bhoy" was to be the center of the whole show—a bigger man than the mayor himself. I was sorry to disappoint her, but then—there was missis.

We hadn't counted on this reception, so she and I had arranged to get married on a certain day and then sail on a certain ship. Our passage had been engaged for two months. We had waited a long while for—this trip. All the season I was keen to win the "bunting," but very often I thought that anyhow I was sure to land the one best prize in the game of life—and that was better than a flag marked "Champions—1911."

When the celebration was along about the fifth inning I was sitting on the deck of a ship—and I wasn't alone—thinking that I had stolen home in an extra inning game. I suppose the average fan would say that this was worse than watching the newspaper scoreboard when the club was fighting for the lead in the enemy's country. But then—I am not the average fan. I am only the manager.

A Mystery Solved

A NEW Congressman, having been elected to fill a vacancy, blew into Washington early in December. He was assigned to a room in the House office building. On the morning following his induction into the House he went to his own office. As soon as he entered the room he emitted a loud roar.

"Police!" he shouted. "Murder! Help!"

They came running from all directions. "What's the matter?" they asked.

"Why," he shouted, "when I left this room last night there was a grand new typewriting machine standing there on that desk, and when I came in this morning it was gone. It has disappeared. Somebody has stolen it. I demand a detective to trace down this foul crime."

So they had a look, and discovered that the desk on which the typewriter stood had one of those disappearing devices and that somebody had come along and turned the typewriter down into the bowels of the desk.

Buy Albrecht Furs

Made in Saint Paul
The Home of Good Furs

Almost everybody knows that the best furs in all the world can be had in Saint Paul, Minnesota.

And nearly everyone knows that **Albrecht** has for over half a century been the leading furrier of Saint Paul.



Illustration shows Medici Scarf and Pillow Muff. British Columbia Mink, guaranteed. Sent express paid on receipt of $150.00

You can buy **Albrecht Furs** from your dealer, or if he hasn't them, you can get them direct from the Albrecht store in Saint Paul. We ship thousands of fur garments, neckwear and muffs on approval, express charges prepaid if cash accompanies order, and with our **positive guarantee** of satisfaction or money refunded.

Low Prices for High-Grade Furs

We buy skins direct from the trappers and make them up in our own clean, sanitary workrooms. You get the **choicest, latest style furs** at **lower prices** than you are asked to pay for ordinary, common-place furs.

You'll be **proud** to wear a set of exquisite **Albrecht Furs** direct from Saint Paul—the heart of the fur country.

You Take No Risk

If Albrecht Furs are not perfectly satisfactory, or are not exactly as represented, we **promptly refund** your money, or exchange furs if desired.

Catalog FREE on Request.

Write for handsome Catalog No. 42, showing hundreds of Fur Garments, Neckwear and Muffs in latest styles and at popular prices.

Tells how to choose furs—actual names of all furs—shows photographs of furs in colors. How to take measurements at home.

The finest Fur Style Book ever published.

Ask Your Dealer.

Ask the best dealer in your town for Albrecht Furs. If he hasn't them—don't accept an inferior substitute but write us direct. We will fill your order, express prepaid on receipt of price and **Guarantee Satisfaction.**

References—Any Bank or Mercantile Agency.

E. ALBRECHT & SON, Established 1855
6th & Minnesota Sts., Station Three, SAINT PAUL.

An Opening for a Retail Store



If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

Edw. B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

$1.00

STOP FRETTING Over Your Xmas Presents

The most desirable, most suitable, and least expensive of all CORRECT GIFTS is a dainty

"LENOX" Combination Xmas Box

Sent to any address prepaid and insured for ONE DOLLAR

Contents of Box designed for MEN:

(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Hose, choice Black, Tan, Navy, Gray. Value $1.50

(2) Beautiful "Lenox" All Silk Flowing End "Four-in-Hand" Tie to match. Value .75

(3) 1 pair of guaranteed quality Suspenders. Value .75

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $3.00

Contents of Box designed for WOMEN:

(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Silk Fleyd Lisle Hose, Black or Tan. Value $1.50

(2) 3 beautiful sheer embroidered Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs of superior quality. Value .75

ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $3.00

Don't forget to state the size and shoe size of the one for whom you order.

We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's, or any bank in New York City. **We need good Agents.**

LENOX SILK WORKS, Dept. 23, 5 W. 31st St., New York

ARNOLD BENNETT

Novelist and Philosopher

We have just published a most interesting character study (with new portrait) of Arnold Bennett, together with concise analyses and appreciations of his novels and philosophies. This serves as an excellent introduction to the works of Arnold Bennett, who, as author of THE OLD WIVES' TALE and several other great novels, and of HOW TO LIVE ON 24 HOURS A DAY and other books of genial philosophy, is easily *the* literary discovery of the decade. ***This 32-page booklet sent free upon request.*** All the Arnold Bennett books may be seen at your bookseller's.

GEORGE H. DORAN CO., Publishers
35 West 32d Street NEW YORK

Bachelors' Friend TRADE MARK HOSIERY

Sheer merit has given these hose their high place in favor

They are *guaranteed*—of course—but they are selling like wildfire today on *merit*. They are *perfected* hose with new features that afford maximum wear and comfort. A fine silky "feel," with durability.

Examine this sock carefully. Study its new, improved features. A century of "know-how" is in its making. From the first step—selection of the yarn—to the finish—all is done to give you value.

Latest improvements increase comfort and wear value

Long staple, combed Sea Island Cotton. French welt—the best welt ever put on a seamless stocking. Two-thread looping machines give double strength to the toe.

Leg above the heel reinforced to the proper height, making it impossible for the shoe to come in contact with the thin part of the stocking. Special yarn used in reinforcing, to do away with appearance of double thickness above the shoe. This unsightly appearance is an annoying defect in the ordinary stocking. It is corrected in Bachelors' Friend. Fine part of stocking below the heel also protected by reinforcing.

Reinforcing threads carried beyond the center of stocking in front of heel, forming the heel into one reinforced fabric. Dyes imported from Germany—dyeing the most sanitary that can be devised. Rigid inspection of product that means that every pair of socks that comes to you is right. They do not *need* the guarantee that backs them.

To be free from sock annoyance—look for the name Bachelors' Friend on the box. It means the best wear-value, the best appearance-value, the best comfort-value that you can get for your money.

Made in 3 grades: 6 pairs $1.50; 6 pairs $2.00; 6 pairs $2.50. Colors: Black, Tan, Navy, Slate, Bordeaux, Purple, etc.

Sold by all leading jobbers and retailers of the United States. We do not supply the consumer. But if there is no dealer in your town who handles Bachelors' Friend, send us money order covering the amount and we will see that you are supplied, charges prepaid. Fill out and mail the coupon.

You'll find the guarantee in every box—and it means what it says. We stand behind Bachelors' Friend Hosiery absolutely—they are good enough to stand behind. Every guarantee has six coupons (one for each pair). Should any pair of hose show holes inside of six months, send to us with one coupon and we'll make good.

JOSEPH BLACK & SONS CO., York, Pa.



No need of this if you wear Bachelors' Friend



To The Dealer

Remarkable as the sale of Bachelors' Friend has been during the past season, we are not content to stand still, but have made this hosiery a *little better still*. The new features will interest you, as they are interesting a multitude of wearers. They make Bachelors' Friend the best hosiery you can sell.

_____ *1911*

Joseph Black & Sons Co., York, Pa.

Gentlemen:—

I am unable to obtain Bachelors' Friend Hosiery from any dealer in my town.

Enclosed find_____ for which send me_____ box_____, Quality_____ Size_____ Color_____

It is understood that these socks are guaranteed to wear for six months or you will replace them with new.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____



Keeping the Knives sharp is easy with a Western Electric Motor

Makes Housework Easy

THERE'S many a task about the house that could be made much easier if you had a Western Electric Motor to help. Sharpening the knives and polishing the silver can be done so easily with the little motor pictured above. It takes current from any electric light socket and uses no more electricity than a 16-candle power lamp.

These facts are true of Western Electric Motors that grind the coffee, run the sewing machine, ice cream freezer, washing machine, etc. You can depend absolutely on all

Western-Electric

TRADE MARK

Motors

for they possess that high quality common to all electrical apparatus bearing the trademark —Western Electric. They will last a lifetime and require practically no attention. Simply turn on the current and they will do the work easier, cheaper and better than you possibly could.

Western Electric flat irons, chafing dishes, coffee percolators, toasters, etc., help make home life more pleasant at a surprisingly low cost. Write department 82B for descriptive booklet.

"SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT"

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

Every housewife should write department 82G for information about Western Electric Motors for home use. Tells how simple they are and how they save work and worry.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones.

New York,	Atlanta,	St. Paul,	Dallas,	Los Angeles,
Buffalo,	Chicago,	Milwaukee,	Omaha,	Seattle,
Philadelphia,	Indianapolis,	Saint Louis,	Oklahoma City,	Salt Lake City,
Boston,	Cincinnati,	Kansas City,	San Francisco,	Portland.
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Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver

Antwerp London Berlin Paris Johannesburg Sydney Tokyo

Address the House Nearest You.

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

Velvetrib Oneita Knit UNDERWEAR



"It feels so good and wears so well."

LUXURIOUS warmth without the itchy, woolly feel—velvety softness without a fleece lining that grows soggy with wear—perfect fit without binding or chafing anywhere—That is *Velvetrib* Underwear; and that is why it feels so good.

Velvetrib fabric is made of two closely interwoven layers. It possesses body and warmth without coarseness of yarn or bulkiness of fabric. Highly elastic and by actual test shows 80 to 100% more strength than other fabrics of equal weight. That is why it wears so well.

***Velvetrib* is Guaranteed**

against irritation of the skin, shrinking, ripping, tearing, bagging—or money back. *Velvetrib* is made of especially prepared Egyptian yarn. In medium and heavy weights for men and boys.

MEN'S Separate Garments $1 Union Suits $2

BOYS' Separate Garments 50c Union Suits $1

VELVETRIB Union Suits are Perfection in Fit and Comfort.

If your dealer doesn't sell *Velvetrib*, send us his name. We'll mail you booklet and sample of fabric and see that you are supplied.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS

Makers of famous Oneita Union Suits and other Oneita Knit Underwear

Mill 52 Utica, N.Y.



SPEAKMAN SHOWER

You yourself can put up our portable shower in your own bathroom. We also make showers for every conceivable use—homes, factories, hospitals, clubs. We are the largest manufacturers of showers in the world—write for our catalogue.

Speakman Shower, Wilmington, Del.

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

(Continued from Page 23)

time furnish his customers with good "fresh" eggs in times of famine and at famine prices? There was the pond from which to get his ice!

From rough lumber he constructed a small cold-storage plant, which was built upon modern scientific principles. If the speculator is able to gather eggs from remote farms and carry them over in cold storage to the times of high prices why could not he expect to have a very much superior article by taking the eggs direct from the nest and immediately subjecting them to a low temperature? He did this and it worked admirably. Now he has no eggs to sell when the hens of the whole country are engaged in a free-for-all laying contest. There are no longer any eggs at ten or eleven cents a dozen in his nests. When the time of famine comes, however, and thrifty housewives cut down their egg orders by half, this farmer empties out his storage of precooled eggs and takes the premium with a smile.

Railroad companies and state agricultural colleges are spending thousands of dollars every year to teach the farmers of the corn belt that it pays to plant seedcorn with a pedigree behind it, and that to plant seedcorn that is not subjected to a germinating test is inexcusable folly. All this educational activity means a growing opportunity for the progressive farmer to furnish his neighbors with seedcorn up to the modern requirements. In Iowa an educated farmer by the name of F. S. Bone saw an opportunity in seedcorn. Having been a quarterback on the famous "cyclone" football team of the Iowa State University he was something of a pusher. He procured the best seed obtainable for his start. About ten per cent of his crop is saved for seed. This is, of course, the pick of the field. It is plucked before the frosts have had a chance to impair its vitality and is stored and cared for in a special seedhouse of inexpensive construction. Each ear is numbered and six kernels are taken from it and subjected to a germinating test.

Reasons for Raising Seed

The testing is done in the winter by artificial heat. Whenever the kernels from an ear fail to come strong in the test, that ear is thrown out. The accepted ears are then thoroughly dried and in the spring are delivered to his customers at a standard price of five dollars a bushel. One bushel of seedcorn will plant seven acres of ground. Therefore the seeding cost of an acre is less than seventy-two cents. At the same time, corn at five dollars a bushel is a decidedly profitable crop, and not many bushels are required at this price to amount to a substantial sum.

A point of no small importance, in connection with growing corn and grain for seed purposes, is the influence upon the general crops of the farm that an effort to fill this opportunity is almost certain to exert. It is probably understating the fact to say that the indirect profit to the seed farmer is greater than the direct profit; that the increase in his whole crop, due to his effort to produce corn of the highest type and greatest prepotency for seed purposes, brings him more money than he receives from the sale of seed. This increase in yield is sometimes as high as one hundred per cent and is often fifty per cent.

Sooner or later the influence of this strife for the very best extends to every department and field of the farm. The man who is growing seedcorn finds himself forced by his own convictions to buy the best seed-oats, barley, wheat, rye, clover and alfalfa obtainable; he is aroused to a more vigilant and determined warfare against weeds and to more strenuous and advanced methods of cultivation all along the line. The field-workers of the state experiment stations and the United States Department of Agriculture are of one voice in declaring that the way to make an all-round progressive farmer is to get him to "go after a little money on the side by raising seed of some sort."

There is, perhaps, no neglected opportunity more common than the demand that obtains in practically every opportunity for the services of somebody who knows how to plant, trim and doctor trees. This demand has increased rapidly for several

BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE



Become an Expert at Home!

Every young man should know how to play Billiards and Pool, the most interesting, attractive and healthful of all indoor games. Likewise every young man wants to excel at the game, so as to hold his own with his friends. But many people object to playing in "billiard parlors," which usually are back rooms of saloons.

Why not purchase a Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table, and become an expert at home? The Burrowes Table is scientifically constructed and adapted for the most expert play. The cues, balls, cushions and angles are absolutely true and correct, hence to learn to play on a Burrowes Home Table means to become proficient on a stationary table. Sizes of Tables up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard), with smaller Tables for smaller rooms.

The Burrowes Table may be set on dining-room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or stand. When not in use, it may be set aside out of the way.

$1.00 DOWN

Prices $6., $15., $25., $35., $45., $55., $75., etc., and up; all sizes. Terms, $1. or more down and the balance in a small payment each month.

Free Trial—**No Red Tape.** On receipt of first installment, we will ship Table. You may play on it one week, and if unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for catalog illustrating and describing the Tables, giving prices, terms of payment and all other information.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
804 Center St., Portland, Me.

Stop Forgetting



Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal Dickson School of Memory.

Read What Elbert Hubbard Says About Remembering

Good memory is necessary to all achievement.

Every little while I meet a man who has a memory—a trained memory—and he is a joy to my soul.

Prof. Dickson is teaching a science—a simple system of Memory Training—of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

I recommend that the man or woman whose memory plays tricks, write to Prof. Dickson for *free booklet and facts* regarding his system of *Home* Memory Training—they are convincing.

How To Get a Free Copy of This Valuable Book

How To Speak In Public

This de luxe edition, handsomely illustrated and richly bound, is exactly suited to meet the needs of the man or woman who desires to be a successful public speaker. The price of this book is $2.00—write and learn how you may obtain a copy absolutely free.



Dickson Memory School
932 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago

Corner the Fun Market!

Box Ball has taken **fun lovers** by storm—is clearing up from $100.00 to $600.00 a month clear profit for many **Managers**. One man with four alleys **made** clear

$680.00 in 30 Days

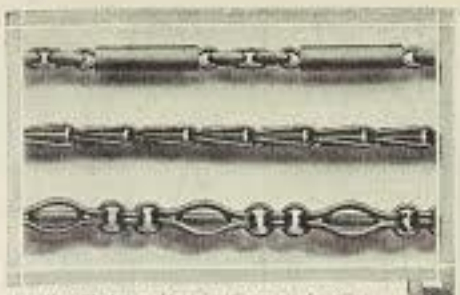


Be a **Manager**. All you need is **energy**, and on a **small investment** you may make the same profits, if not greater ones, right in your own locality.

Box Ball is a clean, manly game—an **exercise** that fascinates the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—noiseless, fast, invisible. Big regulation-shaped ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no expenses of any kind except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big-paying business on an investment as low as $320 to $500. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us minus what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.



Four Fob Chains and Two new Simmons Novelties

New links in vest chains

These four new designs in links will be the popular chains this season. Better in finish than solid gold.

In Simmons goods you have no useless gold hidden at the center to pay for. You buy a beautiful design wrought in the surface gold. You buy human skill and artistic workmanship.

You get the same service you get from solid gold, for the surface gold will not wear through to the baser metal before a solid gold link has worn too thin for safety.

SIMMONS CHAINS and FOBS

For men and women. Ask your jeweler. He knows Simmons. We've been in the business since 1873. "Simmons" very small is on each piece. Look for it.

Write for Style Book FREE.

If no jeweler near you has Simmons, select from Style Book, tell us what you want.

R. F. Simmons Co.
191 N. Main St.,
Attleboro, Mass.



YALE



OUR THREE riders team in the New Jersey Motorcycle Club's 12 Hour Endurance Contest on Labor Day did the usual YALE thing: Finished first with a perfect score—260 miles without one adjustment. An unattached YALE rider also had a perfect score.

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years and will undoubtedly continue to gather momentum for many years to come. This is due mainly to the great increase of country homes, to the wider understanding of the fact that the care of trees is a profession, and to general public appreciation of the fact that trees are lively asset-builders in the matter of real-estate values. Other and more sentimental elements enter into the situation; but the result of all these influences is that manifold more persons today regard their trees as worth taking care of than so considered them ten or twenty years ago, and that it is commonly recognized that tree planting and trimming is not a job for a common laborer but for a man or woman who understands the secrets of treelife. Today, in almost any community where there are well-kept country homes, the statement is frequently heard from the lips of a man who takes pride in his place and has an interest in his trees:

"I wish I knew where I could find a man who really understands trees and how to handle them. I have some choice ones and they need fixing—but I'd rather let them go than turn a bungler loose among them with a saw, a knife and an ax. That kind of a cobbler does more damage in a day than can be repaired in ten years. It takes knowledge to handle trees successfully; and I consider my trees worth too much money to be turned over to the mercies of a tree butcher."

Trees as a Profession

Men who feel this way—and there are hundreds of thousands of them—are willing to pay for knowledge in the art of tree doctoring. They are, perhaps, in a position to furnish the labor, the crude muscle involved in the pruning, the chiseling and the spraying—but they are in the market to buy the professional skill and knowledge to direct that muscle. Therefore this opportunity is practically as open to women as to men—and to men who are not able to do hard physical labor, and those who are looking for something more than a laborer's job, as it is to the man who has both the strength and willingness to handle a spade, or push a saw, or ply a chisel and mallet, for eight or ten hours a day.

Some years ago a professional man in a large city took up his residence in a small suburban town and became interested in trees. He developed into a tree enthusiast and has devoted his whole energy, outside of office hours, to planting, studying and doctoring trees. All of his work has been done for the public good and much of it at a direct expense to himself.

Here is what this man, Dr. Frank Johnson, says of tree care as a neglected opportunity:

"My own experience would go to show that any suburban town of three or four thousand inhabitants is big enough to support a man or a woman in the profession of caring for trees, provided the town is of the residence type and has a considerable number of fine places in it. At the start it would undoubtedly be an advantage to have the strength and endurance to do the physical work personally; but I am inclined to think that, in the long run, this would be a handicap rather than a help. It would tend to perpetuate the idea on the part of the public that the care of trees is a laborer's job instead of a professional service. The sooner the tree owner is brought to pay for professional knowledge and for supervision, the sooner will you find yourself on a professional instead of a laborer's basis.

"This is one reason why I would never discourage a woman from taking up this profession—provided, of course, she has a strong and decided inclination for it. And no man has any business to enter it unless his taste for it is pronounced. No woman can follow it except on a professional footing—not on the same plane as a laborer. Of course she will not be thoroughly equipped in a practical way for this profession until she has had actual experience in the processes themselves; but it is one thing to know how to use the tools of a profession and another thing to keep on using them from daylight until dark. Another reason why this is a good profession for women is that their instincts are keener and often serve them in the place of definite knowledge. They seem to have a natural gift for making things grow and for nursing the ailing to health. This is an asset in caring for trees as well as in caring for children. Again, many of the more delicate processes in tree surgery are not at all beyond a woman's strength.

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"I took up tree planting and tree surgery from love of the work and as a foil to office confinement, and with a determination that I would never make it a source of income. I knew I would enjoy it better than golf and it was my ambition to see how much I could do toward making the town beautiful.

"Most of my special tools have been a matter of evolution, and I have made them myself at a little forge to meet special needs; but my entire outfit has cost me very little money. As to the demand for this kind of service, let me say that it has been so great that I have, at times, been seriously tempted to close up my office, quit the profession to which I have been trained and become a professional treeman. It is moderate to say that the demand for this sort of service is beyond belief in a section of country where city families have their country homes. And they are modest country homes too—most of them owned by men working on a salary. Men of ordinary means, who own their own homes and wish to keep them beautiful, will gladly employ the services of a local treeman or tree doctor if he is right on hand at the hour of need—but they will not send away for a celebrated tree specialist. In the first place, they cannot afford the expense; and, next, they feel that the time for action probably would be gone before the specialist could get there. Only the man of wealth, with the great country estate, is able to command the tree specialist of national reputation."

New Work for Women

"But the local man or woman—who may actually be quite as skilled as the traveling specialist—finds his opportunity in serving the common people and in getting the comparatively small contract—and there are many more of these than of the other kind! Again, the big contract often goes to the local man because he is immediately available and the distant specialist of great reputation is not. So well do I know the demand for this kind of service in a local way that I am willing to say that any man or woman with a natural gift for this work, and who understands it in a practical way, is without excuse if unable to make a good living at it almost from the start, provided they pick their location with any kind of judgment—and they are in a way to make much more than a living.

"There are two desirable kinds of places in which to locate: one is in a fruit region, and the other in a place of good country residences and country estates. In any event, any one entering this profession should be thoroughly abreast of the times with regard to the handling of fruit trees and fruit bushes, as well as ornamental trees. The family fruit orchard is coming into vogue to an extent not known before—at least in the West. Why? Because the commercial orchardists have demonstrated that nearly all the plagues and pests which have ruined the old family orchards can be overcome, and trees can be kept in healthy and productive condition by the right treatment. Then there is a charm about picking fruit from one's own orchard that appeals strongly to the man who has made himself a home in the country. Therefore the tree doctor should not neglect the fruit end of the profession. If equipped for this he is not only able to meet the constant problem of the family orchard but he is likely to be pressed into service by the commercial orchardist in his own or a neighboring locality in a time of stress.

"There are a few schools in the country for teaching this profession. I do not pretend to say how sound they are. It is to be hoped they are upon a right basis and that their teaching is practical—for they are constantly and greatly needed. Then there are many sound books and many unsound trees—and a faithful study of both will do much to give the beginner a basis of theoretical knowledge combined with demonstration, which will in time furnish a practical working basis. Experience was the only school that I had an opportunity to attend, and even my reading has been much more limited than I have wished; but I could leave my own profession today and follow this, feeling sure that it would give me more than a generous living. Every general locality in this country needs a sound and practical treeman—and if that treeman happens to be a keen and capable woman, of good education and social position, she will be able to do more good for the cause of tree planting and tree care in her locality than two men."

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The Tired Business Man and What Makes Him Tired

(Concluded from Page 15)

You might think that a thing like this would teach the producing managers a lesson, but seemingly it hasn't. You might think they'd quit working for the Tired Business Man and try to do a little something for a large mass of men and women who are only reasonably fatigued. And some of them are trying, but the rest of them aren't. So far the new dramatic year has shown only a small falling off in the customary number of shows for the Tired Business Man. The producers are a resolute and determined set of men. They would seem to mean to keep on until they've tired the Tired Business Man plumb to death, but go on the principle that he's just as hardy and just as capable of endurance as they are. It looks like a desperate struggle. May the stronger side win!

But there is one reform in the making anyhow. Some of the big managers have as good as announced that hereafter they will devote themselves less to developing stars and more to making evenly balanced, starless productions, with nobody's name over the theater door in glittering electrics and nobody's more or less mobile countenance in augmented size on the three sheets. In other words, they have discovered that it doesn't always pay a manager to tie the little red wagon of his hopes to a star unless he's careful to pick out the right star. This thing of just scouting round the Milky Way of the theatrical firmament miscellaneously, and hitching on to the first little newly pipped lightning bug that glimmers forth, has been tested extensively, at considerable expense, and has been found entirely lacking in a considerable number of ways.

For years past the tendency has been to star anybody and everybody whose head showed above the surface for as long as twenty seconds. The owner of the head would be snatched out promptly, dried off hurriedly and labeled a star. So it came to pass that the plays were being written to fit the personality of some particular man or woman. A manager didn't get himself a play first and then look round for suitable actors to act it. He got his actor or his actress and then called in a dramatic bushelman to tailor and baste and snip and cut a piece round the individual. Scores of men and women who excelled perhaps as character actors, or had made bit-parts stand out, were elevated to what the press agents love to call stellar ranks. Almost everybody was starred; it took a strong man to escape it.

And if it so fell out that the play failed to fit the star, or the star failed to fit the play, the production ranked as a failure, no matter how uniformly excellent the supporting company might be. Toward the tag end of last season, which was a poor season, Broadway was so full of new-made stars out of work that at times they constituted practically a congestion of traffic. The suffering among these poor creatures was said to have been pitiable. Some grew so weak from privation that they could hardly talk about themselves above a whisper.

But now the statement is made that, with a few notable exceptions in the cases of actors who have honestly earned the right to be starred, the managers, taking them as a lot, will go back to the older, safer plan of producing plays instead of stars.

And so, if the Tired Business Man is still being pampered, there yet remains some balm in the Broadway Gilead, for if there are fewer stars to shine, by the same process of elimination there will be fewer shines to star.

Some Undertaking

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"That's funny!" she said. "It ain't been more'n a year and a half ago since you undertook my first husband."

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The mechanical excellence, speed and endurance of Lozier cars have been discussed in former advertisements and have been demonstrated repeatedly in the greatest races on road and track and in the hands of Lozier owners everywhere. In this advertisement we wish to call your attention particularly to Lozier luxury—that final, supreme quality which, added to these other qualities, justifies the frequently heard assertion that the Lozier is admittedly "the best car built in America."

ONLY Lozier cars can give Lozier luxury. They are built to satisfy luxury-demanding people—those whose position and training accustom them to the utmost in convenience and comfort—the best. To those who measure cost in satisfaction and not in dollars, the Lozier is unequalled.

Lozier is the car used by the man of affairs whose time is measured in big money value, by the family with important social engagements which must be met without annoyance or delay. Owners of the Lozier know they can make the most of a short business or social day. They can be on time not only with certainty, but with luxurious comfort as well.

What Motor Car Luxury Means

The Lozier is essentially for the luxury-seeking, luxury-demanding class. Luxury in a motor car means not alone personal bodily comfort. It means ease of mind, confidence, satisfaction, and—to the man of affairs—increased business efficiency.

An immigrant making a trip from New York to Chicago travels in a day coach and is satisfied. The man of average means hurries to the Pullman office and if he can secure a single lower berth on a regular train he, too, is content.

But the man accustomed to the luxuries of life, the man of means, the man to whom comfort and ease of mind mean more than money, does not stand in line at the Pullman window, nor is he content with a single berth on a slow train. He sends his secretary for a berth, a section, or a stateroom on the limited. For the man of unusual wealth a button brings someone who arranges for his private car.



In the great International Race at Indianapolis, May 30, 1911, Ralph Mulford, in a Lozier, drove the fastest 500 miles ever driven by one man. Average speed 74.47 miles per hour.

The man who rides in a single berth on a slow train pays more than the immigrant, but he would not care to save that money at the expense of day coach travel. The man who travels in stateroom or the private car pays still more. But such a man, accustomed to this luxury, would be even more reluctant to put up with the discomfort of a single berth.

Touring Becomes a Luxury

Touring in a Lozier is like a trip in a private car or a well appointed stateroom. The car is big, roomy and perfect in its appointments. Wheels and tires are large. Long wheel base, deep luxuriously upholstered seats and long nickel steel platform springs render travel over the road a source of constant enjoyment.

There is power not only to take you to your destination and back; but there is a deep, comfortable feeling of great reserve power—power to surmount hills without effort—power for swift and silent going—power for any emergency. There is ease, satisfaction, and a restful, comforting sense of safety on any kind of road.

You Get What You Pay For

Such luxury, of course, costs money, but it is not expensive to the man of means—the man who measures its cost in satisfaction and comfort.

We make no claim that a Lozier Six at $5000 is the car for the man who must economize on first cost. Good cars are sold at a lower price and are worth what they cost. They will usually take a man to his destination and bring him back. So will the local railway train and the day coach.

But to make the same trip with speed, with comfort and safety, with the same comparative luxury offered by the fast limited, you need a Lozier.

Price Has Never Been an Object

In building these cars price has never been an object. Not only has the best been put into every part but comfort, elegance and beauty have always kept pace with admitted mechanical excellence.

And yet the Lozier, despite its superlative luxury, costs no more to maintain than an ordinary car of the same size. In fact it is the lightest car for its power, is easy on tires and, being practically unbreakable, eliminates repair expense.

If you talk with men who are experienced motorists—"the men who know"—they will tell you that the Lozier is the best car built in America, and that Lozier luxury is always worth the price.

1912 Models
6 cyl. 51 h. p. $5000
4 cyl. 46 h. p. $4700
Two chasses only—7 styles of bodies

On request we will send you our 1912 illustrated catalogue and a series of "Talks With Men Who Know."

LOZIER
2111 Mack Avenue, Detroit

ALCO

Motor Trucks

How to Judge a Motor Truck

BUYING a motor truck is like hiring a man. You are not interested in the color of his eyes, the tilt of his nose, or his height and weight.

You want to know what this man has done and what he can do.

Just so with the motor truck.

It's what a truck will do that interests you.

Price alone sells few trucks. It's what you "get for the money" that sells them. In other words *value*.

Four things determine value in a truck.

One of them is good *design*.

The only sure way to tell good design is by results.

If a truck is not well designed the owner soon knows. If it is well designed, and if he can use more trucks in his business, he buys more of the same make—naturally.

Thus you may judge a truck by the number of repeat orders or re-orders.

In the case of the Alco Truck 62 per cent. were purchased on repeat orders. Nine-tenths of this number are in the service of firms and corporations listed in Bradstreet's at over $1,000,000.

Before purchasing, many of these large firms carried on extensive experiments to determine which motor truck was best. If only *one* Alco had been purchased by each of these concerns, its place among motor trucks would be clear. But each of these bought more than one. The American Express Company has 40; the Gulf Refining Company 16; Gimbel Brothers 13; the Long Island Express Company 10; and so on.

Among many the Alco has been accepted as the standard—all future purchases will be Alcos.

The second point on which value depends is the *experience* of the manufacturer.

Good design means little unless experience in building is back of it. The thing to know is "how long has the manufacturer been building trucks." "What does the manufacturer know about the problems of transportation?"

For the American Locomotive Company, builders of the Alco Truck, the experience began in 1905. The Alco Truck was marketed in 1908. The experience of the American Locomotive Company in problems of transportation dates back to 1835 as movers of the world's goods.

The problems of the locomotive and the problems of the motor truck are parallel. One is a power driven vehicle running on rails. The other a power driven vehicle running without rails.

The experience of the American Locomotive Company, as builders of the Alco Truck, is rare.

Value is again determined in the *way the truck is built*.

Little does it matter how well a truck is designed if it is not well built. It becomes a consideration of factory and factory equipment.

The Alco factory represents a very large investment in equipment. In it are built 95 per cent. of the parts of the Alco Truck. It has the most complete heat treating plant of any motor truck factory in the world. It has large chemical and physical laboratories to analyze and test the metals that go into the Alco Truck. In special and automatic machinery the investment is particularly large. Many of the tools are not tools in the ordinary sense of the word, but are fine instruments—like those of a surgeon—and are kept in flannel when not in use.

In this factory is the largest drop hammer in the world. It weighs 250,000 pounds.

The fourth consideration in determining value—and one that is most decisive—is the *responsibility* of the manufacturer.

The safest thing in the world to buy is reputation. Buying a truck from a manufacturer without reputation or responsibility is like making a loan without security.

The American Locomotive Company is capitalized at $50,000,000. It dates back to 1835 as movers of the world's goods. It has built 50,000 locomotives. Its reputation is indelible.

These four considerations—Good Design, the Experience of the Manufacturer, Good Building and the Responsibility of the Manufacturer—provide an "acid test" for judging a motor truck.

There are a few trucks that can stand this test.

Of these the Alco Truck is one.

You should investigate the Alco for one vital reason, if for no other:—the *latent* experience—of its builders in manufacturing power driven vehicles.

The Alco line is in four sizes: 2 ton, 3½ ton, 5 ton and 6½ ton. Special time saving and labor saving bodies can be built on the Alco chassis for various lines of work.

The new Alco catalog tells you what the Alco Trucks are doing in many lines of business in many cities, possibly in the same business as yours. It is a 64 page book. Write for it today.

American Locomotive Company, 1880 Broadway, New York

Builders also of Alco Motor Cars and Alco Taxicabs

Chicago Branch: 2501 Michigan Avenue.
Boston Branch: 567 Boylston Street.

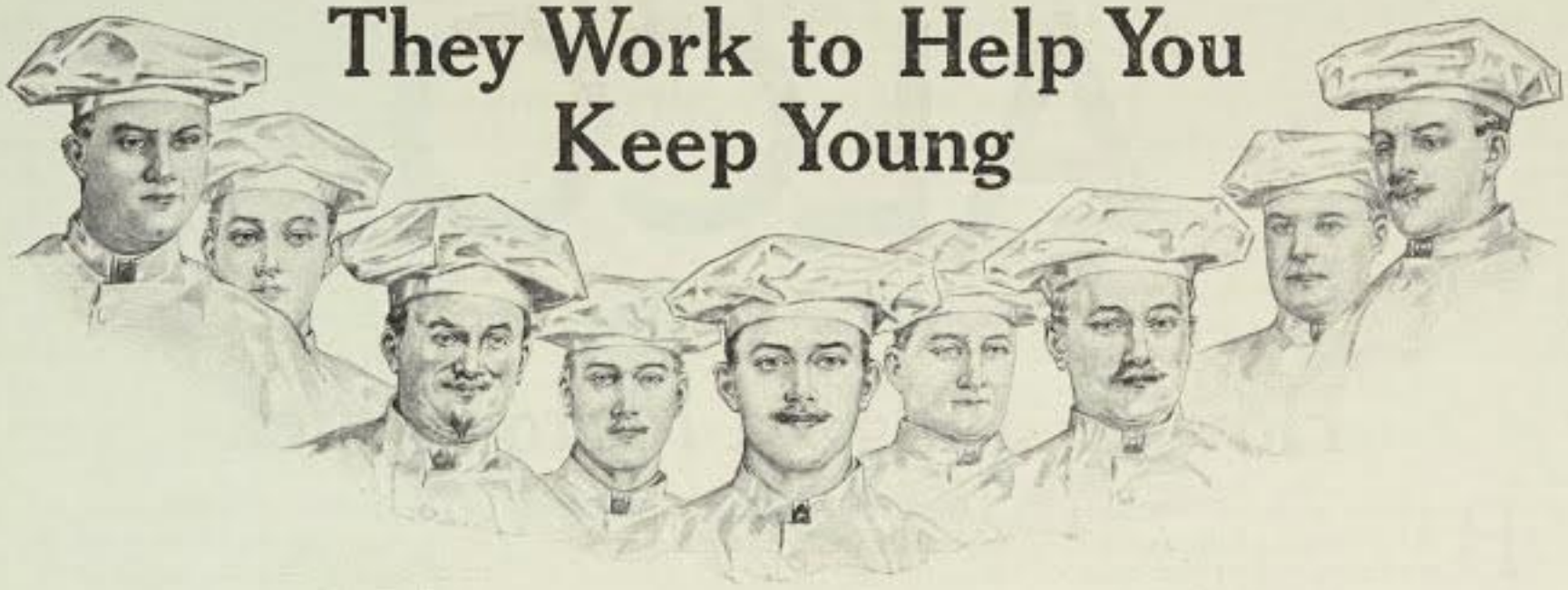
Canadian Headquarters:
596 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal

Movers of the World's Goods since 1835

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE COMPANY — ALCO

Capital, $50,000,000

They Work to Help You Keep Young



Listen, Madam:

You could, if you wished, spin flax and weave cloth, just as our grandmothers did.

You might knit the men's socks, as they did. You *could* get along without a sewing machine, a washing machine or a telephone.

And you can bake beans.

But don't you think that women's time has been better employed since modern helps were adopted? And women retain their youth far longer than fifty years ago.

OUR contribution to these modern conditions lies in baking excellent beans. Our army of cooks now do the bean baking for over a million homes.

They bake the best beans in America—nobody questions that. They've been taught how to do it by fifty years of experience.

They send these beans to you all ready to serve. You get them anywhere, at any time, with all the fresh oven flavor. And they bake for so many that this expert service costs you even less than home baking.

THEY use Michigan beans, picked out by hand—just the whitest and plumpest—the choicest beans that grow. They make their sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes—from Livingston Stone tomatoes. We could buy sauce for one-fifth what they spend to make it, but no such sauce as this.

They bake the whole dish together—the beans, the pork and tomato sauce. The delicious blend permeates every atom. That's a zest which you lack in home baking.

THEY have steam-heated ovens kept all the time at 245 degrees. They bake in small parcels so that full heat goes through. Four-fifths of the beans in the home baking dish rarely get half that heat.

That's why Van Camp's are immensely digestible. They don't tax the stomach, don't ferment and form gas, don't go largely to waste as do home-baked beans.

No beans are crisped, none broken. None are mushy, none soggy, none hard. The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole. That's because we bake in live steam. You know that people like beans baked like this.

ALL that prevents the universal use of these beans is the penchant for home cooking. That means sixteen hours of soaking, boiling and baking. The meal for tomorrow must be started today.

It means everyday beans, hastily picked over. It means baking to pieces to be half-way digestible. It means the adding of cold tomato sauce on top.

The Van Camp way—the modern way—means a dozen meals ready on the pantry shelf. The other way—our grandmothers' way—means waiting and planning and work. Don't you know of a way to spend bean-baking time in some happier way out of the kitchen?

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"



Baked Beans in 1850

There's another pity about home-baked beans. It also applies to poor factory-baked beans. People don't get beans often enough.

Beans are 84 per cent nutriment; they are 23 per cent nitrogenous. They are richer than beef in food value, yet they cost one-third as much.

Beans are our racial food—the favorite dish of the hungry, the delight of the connoisseur. The only reason why you don't serve them oftener is the bother of home baking.

Why make such a dish a burden? Why not serve it at its best? There is no other way to cut the high cost of living so much and so pleasantly as by serving baked beans.

Let the beans themselves tell the rest of the story. Tell your grocer to send a few cans. Not of common baked beans—not inferior beans. Tell him to send Van Camp's.



Baked Beans in 1911

Three Sizes: 10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

Van Camp Packing Company (Established 1861) Indianapolis, Ind.

(180)

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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



"Everything Comes to Him Who Waits"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—Although this novel is complete in itself, it may be interesting to the reader to know something of what has gone before.

Frank Clamart is the son of an American millionaire who died bankrupt when Frank was a child in the care of Tante Fifi, an old French gentlewoman. Tante Fifi dies, after which Frank is thrown on the world and grows up to be a burglar. He works by preference on the Continent, and is one day caught by Prince Kharkoff, whose winnings he attempts to steal at the Auteuil racecourse. Frank is deported to Cayenne, but escapes and returns two years later to Paris, where he makes the acquaintance of Léontine Petrovski, a beautiful Polish girl who is an acquaintance of Kharkoff and, unknown to the Prince, is the "fence" or disposer of the plunder of an organized gang of French thieves. The chief of the gang is the Count Ivan, a prominent figure in Paris society. The most skillful thief is a man known to Parisian society as Monsieur de Maxeville and to the criminal world as Chu-Chu le Tondeur—the Shearer.

At a supper party given by Léontine, Frank attempts to show his skill by stealing a string of pearls from the house of a rich American. Léontine accompanies him into the house while the other members of the party wait outside in Ivan's limousine. Frank and Léontine are surprised by the householder, whom Léontine wishes Frank to shoot; but Frank recognizes the man as his own half brother, John Cuttynge. In attempting to escape, Frank, to save the others from being captured, grapples with a policeman and is himself arrested. Frank is to be deported to the African battalion, but John Cuttynge, learning of their relationship, intercedes for him and, by furnishing a heavy bond, secures Frank's parole. He takes Frank to his house, where Edith Cuttynge, John's wife, extracts from Frank a promise never to steal again. Frank enters the motor business in which John is interested.

Léontine, who is in love with Frank, tries to get him back to the underworld, and failing she persuades Chu-Chu to steal a string of pearls belonging to a guest of the Cuttynges'. Frank guesses the plot, goes to Ivan, the chief, and persuades him to return the pearls. The next day a string of pearls belonging to Mrs. Cuttynge is found to have disappeared. Frank suspects that Chu-Chu has stolen this string on his own account, accuses him of the theft in the presence of Ivan, then searches him at the muzzle of his pistol. He finds, not the pearls but valuable gems stolen from the Baron Rosenthal, which Chu-Chu should have turned over to the chief.

This and other circumstances cause a feud between Frank and Chu-Chu. Frank discovers that Edith Cuttynge's pearls have been stolen by her husband, but out of gratitude and devotion he takes upon himself the blame for the theft. It is with the feud that the present story concerns itself.

LET me tell you, my friend, that when I started out on my stalk for Chu-Chu le Tondeur, or Chu-Chu the Shearer as his name would be in English, I was about the most discouraged man in France. To have to slip back into the underworld just when I had begun to make good at earning a clean, honest living was bad enough, but what took the heart clean out of me was the knowledge that the woman who had saved me from penal servitude and started in to make a man of me should think that I had broken my word to her and gone back to the old graft.

This was what really hurt, though I must say it was this that put an edge on me too. I don't say that I should have felt any scruples at the idea of assassinating Chu-Chu after what had happened between us, but I doubt if I should have had the same savage impatience to do for him if it hadn't been for Edith. Although I had been a thief for thirty years I had never been a danger to society except where its pocketbook was concerned. I had always worked unarmed and had never hurt anybody—except for a few bruises, perhaps, in a scuffle to get away. In the same way I had always managed to keep clear of trouble with people in the underworld, and even when I escaped from Cayenne I had spared a couple of devilish guards that I had every reason for killing and might just as well as not have settled. No, sir; I was never a bloodthirsty man.

But Chu-Chu was. Chu-Chu was wolf or weasel, snake or tiger, according to the hunting-ground and the game he was out for. He had seldom pulled off a big job without leaving blood in his wake, and his reputation as a killer was so bad that even the swells of his own mob were afraid of him and he usually had to work alone. In Ivan's big organization of European thieves there were a good many hard, desperate people, yet I do not believe that there was a single one who would have dared to hold Chu-Chu up at the point of a gun in the presence of Ivan himself, as I had done, and prove him a liar to his chief, to say nothing of depriving him of gems worth a fortune. That alone was plenty to set Chu-Chu on my trail, to say nothing of my having tried to kill him in his motor on the road to Boulogne.

So here we were, each out for the other's pelt. The odds were a bit with me, I thought, and for a variety of reasons. In the first place, I was more of a cosmopolitan and less of a pronounced type, and therefore able to play easily the rôle of Frenchman, Englishman or American. Then I had no little mannerisms, while Chu-Chu was known to his associates as "the man who smiles" and had a trick of smiling slightly to himself. His figure was average, as far as one could see through his clothes, and his physical strength was said to be phenomenal, while his face was an uncommon one for its prominent bony structures. Chu-Chu's features suggested a Spanish or possibly Basque origin, with high cheekbones, red-lipped mouth, the upper lip dropping to a point in the middle and suggesting to me the beak of a snapping turtle, while his nose was long and acquisitive—a nose like the late King Leopold's.

Another thing in my favor was the fact that there was little danger of my being drawn into imprudence by such a hatred as Chu-Chu must have felt for me. There are certain human beings who are affected by the sight of an enemy just as you might expect a wild bull to be. It sends the blood to their heads and makes them a bit crazy, and even if they are able to control their actions their looks are apt to give them away. Chu-Chu was rather of this sort, I was inclined to think, and though he could be as acute as a fox when on the job it wasn't unlikely that he'd make some sort of a break once he thought that I was in his neighborhood.

But what seemed to me by long odds the best card in my fist was the tip that Ivan had given me as we parted: Said Ivan: "Look out for an Oriental type of person with one nostril larger than the other. He is Chu-Chu's familiar. Some people say that he is Chu-Chu's brain."

Well, the stalk was on, and here I was out in the forest of St. Germain hidden in a clump of bay and laurel, rigging myself out like a *prédicateur*, or wandering preacher. I knew the part to perfection, for there had been one of these chaps doing missionary work at Cayenne, and several times I had talked with him and learned all about the fraternity. The costume as well as the rôle was ideal for my business. A man might wear anything under the long black *soutane*, and the round black hat had a wide brim

that shielded the face by the least bend of the head. Another thing that helped was the fact that these preachers often wear shaded goggles, having formed the habit out in the colonies. It's a great point in favor of a man disguised to have his eyes screened. There are fine subtle lines of expression around a man's eyes that are almost impossible to control at all times.

Well, sir, I stuck a little hand mirror in the crotch of a bush and got to work. The skin was brown enough, as a consequence of the Cayenne health resort and of being so much on the road in motors. Then I ran the clippers over my head.

All rigged out and with a tweed knickerbocker suit underneath the long black *soutane*, a grimy black valise in one hand and a big cotton umbrella in the other, I walked over to St. Germain and bought a third-class ticket for Paris. My plan was to get a little room up in Passy, giving it out to any neighbors who might be curious that I was studying English. Then as soon as I was settled I would get to work to locate Chu-Chu; and this might be a hard job, or again it might not, depending on how much he was afraid of me.

It was possible that Chu-Chu, trusting to his reputation as the most dangerous man in Europe when it came to the settling of a score, might think that I had lost my nerve and skipped the country. But, considering the fact that I had made such a good try for him on the road to Boulogne, the chances were that he would be convinced that my heart was in my work and would get under cover himself.

It might seem on the face of it like a pretty hopeless sort of job, combing a big city for a man whom I'd only seen three times in my life and who was pretty sure to be in some sort of disguise. But there was one thing that I thought would help me out. Chu-Chu knew that Léontine Petrovski had taken a fancy to me, and he would never believe that any such woman as Léontine would have to call twice to a man. Her looks and the wonderful alluringness of her were the talk of Paris, and when Léontine walked into a swell restaurant even the musicians got mixed in their notes. Chu-Chu would be pretty sure that I would be hanging about Léontine, and it was somewhere in her neighborhood that he would try to pick up my trail. And it was while he was trying to nose it out that I counted on crossing his.

It was a funny situation, each of us shadowing Léontine's house, trying to get wind of the other. But the more I turned it over in my mind the more convinced I grew that the quickest way to find my man would be to keep a constant watch on the little house in Passy. There would be also the chance of falling on Chu-Chu possibly going to see Léontine on professional business.

All this being so, I took a room in a little hotel just off the Rue de Passy, telling the *patronne* that I was perfecting my English in one of the many little schools in the neighborhood. There was a little café almost opposite Léontine's house, and I found that by sitting back in a particular corner I could look out under the low awning in front and keep a constant watch without being observed from the street. So there I went every day at noon, for it would have attracted attention if I had spent the entire day there, and after a very good little lunch I would get out a copy of Dickens and a pocket dictionary and spend the most of the afternoon reading and looking out of the window. The personnel of the establishment used to hold me up to the other clients as a very model of industry and perseverance.

Most of these other clients were cabmen, *fiacre* and taxi drivers. Like all of that class of French working people, they were quiet, orderly, good-natured fellows, full of good-humored banter and amusing stories in connection with their trade. The second day that I was having *déjeuner* there one of the taxi drivers, who had just finished his meal and was about to crank his motor, was hailed by Léontine's butler. I saw Léontine, more superb looking than ever, come out, get in and whirl away.

It occurred to me, of course, that for all I knew she might be going even then to keep a rendezvous with Chu-Chu; and it occurred to me also that if the Shearer came to Léontine's house even while I was on the lookout it might not do me a particle of good as he would be pretty sure to come and go in a taxi, probably cleverly disguised. A good many people came to and went from Léontine's—some in handsome private limousines, others in taxi-autos, and still others in taxicabs or afoot. In the first week of my watching I recognized several members of Ivan's mob and once Ivan himself.

But for all the folk that came and went I was convinced, at the end of two weeks' watching, that Chu-Chu had not got past me. For all I knew he might be, and very likely was, watching the house from some point not far from where I was stationed. I began to be afraid that we might be alternating watches, he perhaps going on duty at night. I did a good deal of night work myself, dining at the same little restaurant and sitting behind the screen of dwarf orange trees in tubs, usually to see Léontine and Kharkoff roll away at about half past seven in the big six-cylinder car that I myself had sold to the prince. They dined out and went to the play or the opera almost every night, although it was now midsummer and most of the *chic* people were at the springs or beaches.

It was tiresome work watching there for a sign of Chu-Chu, but the two proverbs or maxims of which I have always most admired the truth are "It's dogged as does it," and "Everything comes to him who waits." Personally I believe that there is some sort of compelling, cohesive force given off from the person or animal that sits down and quietly waits and wishes for his prey. That force goes out in time to draw the desired object, especially when the wishing is done conscientiously and without any let-up. So I sat there and waited and watched and read Pickwick Papers and Oliver Twist and Dombey and Son and picked up the dictionary when I happened to think of it. Most of the cab drivers said a word to me when they came in, and I had the general reputation of being an inoffensive but deeply erudite young preacher.

Then one hot day when the little "terrace"—as they call the strip of sidewalk inclosed by dwarf oranges—was crowded and even the inner room was well filled, a freshly painted, saucy little auto-taxi drew up to the curb, and down from the driver's seat stepped a very pretty, smartly costumed chauffeuse. Just at this time the prefecture had decided to issue permits to women, and quite a number of enterprising young persons started in to compete with the men. They have since practically disappeared, the profession not being adapted to the sex, due perhaps to the ladies' insisting on the feminine prerogative of changing their minds when meeting somebody on the road.

There was nothing indecisive about this good-looking chauffeuse. The lunching drivers were watching her and I heard a murmur run through the room: "Look, there she is—the Countess Rosalie!"

"The Countess Rosalie?" I asked of a chauffeur at a table opposite. "That is her sobriquet?"

"Not at all," he answered. "The title is her own. She met with misfortune, and preferred to support herself driving a taxi to pinning feathers on hats. Everybody knows her. Between us, she is the only woman in Paris who can really drive."

Whatever else may have been said about her, the Countess Rosalie was nice to look at. Her glossy chestnut hair was coifed as snugly as she could twist it under her little visored cap, and the trim, pretty figure, mature yet with supple girlish lines, was displayed charmingly and modestly in the costume of light Indian khaki. The skirt was short and showed her small, gracefully rounded ankles and dainty feet, which told of good blood somewhere, and as she came across the sidewalk she began to draw off her little kid gauntlets, smiling, red-lipped, bright hazel eyes dancing as she replied with a charming mixture of friendliness and sauciness to the good-natured greetings from the crowd at *déjeuner*. It may be true that some of the remarks were a bit free, but not one was the least bit offensive, so far as any deeper intention went. All hands "tutoyéd" her, I noticed, which was quite permissible, as here in France there is a sort of *esprit de corps* between members of the same craft of manual labor, who use between themselves the familiar "thee" and "thou."

Nobody scored anything on the Countess Rosalie. She gave them all as good as they sent, and was a pretty sight doing it, with her red cheeks, even white teeth and saucy pouting lips. She was not a little woman, but her daintiness gave one that impression. I noticed, though, that when one of the older chauffeurs got up to look at the carbureter of her car, which she said was flooding all the time, she was rather the taller of the two, although he looked a fair-sized man.

The tables outside were filled, so she came inside where the seat opposite me appealed to her as the most desirable because it was next to the window.

"Monsieur will permit me to sit here?" she asked with a smile and about as keen a look as I ever got from any pair of eyes. It wasn't a hard look, but just a look to size me up and form an idea of how much of a fool or knave lived under that black *soutane*.

"Pray do so, Madame," I answered. "It is not too hot here by the window."

She thanked me and sat down. I picked up my book and I could feel her bright eyes searching me as I read. French is like a mother-tongue to me, having spoken scarcely any English until my old nurse, Tante Fifi, died and I was sent to the asylum. Besides, I had done a good deal of work in France—not housebreaking, you understand, but con graft at the big resorts like Aix-les-Bains and Dinard and Trouville. For all of his acuteness at home there is no such sucker as the traveling American, especially if you strike him when he's a bit lonely and has had his leg pulled—or thinks he has—by Europeans, and thinks that the American language with an Ohio accent is a guaranty of good faith. Mind you, I'd never done any mean little tricks like nicking his leather with his letter of credit and a few hundred francs or accepting his invitation to do Montmartre at his expense, and then going through him when he was filled up with a mixture of wormwood, logwood and carbonated white wine called champagne. But I had once sold an American millionaire an original Rembrandt, which an Italian acquaintance of mine painted during the week that I was showing my friend the Louvre and a few other places. Even the United States customs let him pay duty on it as an original, and the picture is now the pride of his part of the state. My Venetian friend and I shared up a hundred thousand francs between us, and all hands were satisfied.

But making an American think that I was the last living descendant of the Condé family and convincing an alert Parisienne that I was an Alsatian *prédicateur* were two very different things. So I went on with my reading, while my pretty companion ordered her *déjeuner* and went ahead with her meal. But all the time I could feel her bright, curious eyes fixed on me, investigating every detail of countenance and costume.

Presently from across the street I heard a motor slowing down and glanced across to see a taxi pulling up in front of Léontine's house. A slender, well-dressed man with black hair and a thin black mustache stepped quickly out, rang the bell of the garden door and was let in a moment later by Léontine's *maître d'hôtel*. But I scarcely noticed him, for something had caught my eyes and drawn them to the driver of the taxi.

This chauffeur was apparently a man past middle age and seemed altogether of the new type that has now become so common to this class. He looked to be of medium size and weight, was costumed in the usual uniform and wore a closely cropped mustache of iron-gray. His face was rather high-featured, the nose aquiline and the eyes dark and overhung by bushy, grizzled eyebrows.

There was absolutely nothing about the fellow to hold my attention, but for some reason I was unable to take my eyes off him. He reminded me of somebody quite impossible for me to place, and as I stared through the window at him I had that intensely disagreeable sensation of being utterly baffled in memory. Almost as if he felt the force of the mental effort I was making he shot a quick look in my direction, but the awning was low and I was sitting back in the shadow, and all that he could see was the crowded tables on the terrace. Yet something in that sudden glance of his had set my heart to thumping in a way that was mighty disagreeable.

But it was no use. I couldn't for the life of me place him, so I picked up my book again. As I did so my eyes fell on the pretty face opposite. The Countess Rosalie's fork was poised halfway between her plate and her inviting red lips, and the piece of melon on it was quite forgotten. Her face had a look of intense and almost startled curiosity. Seeing that I had noticed it she recovered herself, popped the melon into her pink mouth and looked down at her plate, coloring rather vividly.

I leaned forward: "Madame was about to say something?" I asked suavely, for I knew that something she had seen in my face must have startled her and I did not care to have it leak out that I was spying on the little house in the garden.

"Oh, no, Monsieur!" she answered, slightly confused.

"We missionaries," said I with a smile, "sometimes carry in our minds the pictures of things that one would wish to forget. Now and then some passing thought or something we may read recalls them and at such moments the emotion awakened may reveal itself. You were startled at the expression of my face?"

She nodded. "That is true," she admitted. "When I sat down opposite you your look was that of a studious priest. Then all at once you laid down the book and looked through the window with the mouth and eyes of an Apache about to strike—oh, Monsieur!"

She drew back, checking a little frightened gasp. While she was speaking I had looked through the window again, and as I did so the chauffeur in the taxi across the street leaned forward as if to examine something at his feet. In that second I recognized him for Chu-Chu le Tondeur. There was something familiar in the contour of the bony outline of the face, the poise of the head on the body, the tightening of the sleeve over the muscular arm. There could be no doubt.

And yet it was an amazing thing, and the instant that he had recovered his upright position I could have sworn that my vision had played me a trick, due perhaps to my one constant idea. Chu-Chu's brows were thin and straight and black, his nose was long but low-bridged, his eyes were rather light in shade, his chin pointed. Also he was a more trimly built man, less full in the paunch. I was almost baffled.

But the woman opposite was looking at me as if she wanted to get up and bolt, and that would never do. I smiled at her and wondered at the fascinated look in her eyes. But I didn't wonder long, for in my business I couldn't afford to miss a single trick. The glimpse that the Countess Rosalie had got of the criminal, the assassin, looking out of the eyes of the studious young preacher had frightened and startled her, but it had aroused her curiosity. I saw the chance of securing a valuable pal.

"Madame," said I with a reassuring smile, "what was it that you thought you saw in my face?"

She gave a nervous little laugh. "Something terrible," she answered, and glanced over her shoulder at the sun-flooded street. There was nothing but the gardens and

shuttered houses opposite and the grizzled taxi driver drowsing on his seat.

"You are right," I answered with another smile and a little shrug. "It was something terrible, because it was jealousy. There is nothing more terrible than jealousy, you know."

Her eyes opened very wide. "But you are a priest," she said.

"I will tell you something," I said, leaning toward her and dropping my voice. "You have surprised a secret while sitting here, and I do not want you to say to any of these others that you caught me glaring at that house in the garden across the street. But it is because of the woman who lives there that I have become a *prédicateur*."

The interest that every Frenchwoman always lends to a love story flamed up in her face.

"And the man for whom the taxi is waiting is your enemy?" she half whispered.

"I wish him no ill," I answered, "but I must find out where he goes after leaving here. You have almost finished your *déjeuner*, have you not? May I engage your services for the afternoon?"

She hesitated for an instant, then nodded.

"You want me to follow him?"

"Yes, but without his discovering that he is being followed. That may be difficult, as it is very possible that he will be on the lookout."

"But why should he be on the lookout?" asked the Countess Rosalie. Her pretty face was flushed and eager, and as she spoke she beckoned to the *garçon* and settled her bill. I had already paid my own. We both looked out of the window at the taxi diagonally opposite. The top was up, as was the case with most of the others, for the sun was directly overhead and very hot. Chu-Chu had pulled a newspaper from his pocket and appeared to be reading.

"He may expect to be followed," I answered, "because the woman whom he is visiting is suspected of being a nihilist. So far the police have never disturbed her because she is under the protection of Prince Kharkoff ——"

"It is Léontine Petrovski?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yes," I answered.

"And she is the woman whom you love?"

"I love her no longer."

"But you are jealous of her. It comes to the same thing. I understand. You wish to be revenged and so you want to find out more about this man. Isn't that true?"

"To some extent," I answered. "But I will tell you another thing. The chauffeur is a friend of the man who is in La Petrovski's house. I could learn more, perhaps, from watching him than from watching the other. If you are free ——"

"Look!" she interrupted, and dropped her hand on my sleeve.

For Léontine's garden door had swung open, and out came Léontine herself, followed by the dark man whom I recognized from Ivan's description as Chu-Chu's manservant, or pal, or whatever he was. Chu-Chu, with a quick sidelong glance, got down to start his motor.

"Come, then," said the Countess Rosalie, loud enough for those about us to hear. "I will set you on your way."

"You are very kind," I answered, and followed her to the door. Under the awning I waited for an instant while she said a word of thanks to the man who had regulated her carbureter. The pause gave Chu-Chu time to turn and start down the street toward the Chaussée de la Muette.

One of the coffee-drinking chauffeurs got up and cranked our motor, with some joke about a pretty woman's need of a strong arm. I stepped inside and we started, Chu-Chu being by that time near the end of the street.

My titled chauffeuse certainly knew her work. As soon as Chu-Chu was around the corner she darted ahead, lagging back as soon as he was in sight again. As it was very hot and the hour for *déjeuner*, there was but little traffic; but unless they led us a chase of some length I did not think that they would suspect that they were being followed. It is nothing unusual for two taxicabs to be running the same course at about the same speed; in fact, many chauffeurs drop into the habit of gauging speed by the chap ahead, as this simplifies traffic and tends to an evenly moving procession.

We spun out through the Chaussée de la Muette and into the Bois, past the Auteuil racecourse and, striking the boulevard that leads to the Boulogne gate, followed it straight out. Here Rosalie let Chu-Chu get so far ahead that I was worried.

"Don't lose him," said I through the tube, for the Countess' cab was fitted out with all the modern conveniences, even to flowers and cigar holder and a little red electric light. *Chic* was the word for it, inside and out.

"I want to give him time to pass the octroi," she answered, brisk as a robin redbreast.



"I Have Every Reason to Think That Chu-Chu Has Sworn to Take My Life"

"All right," I answered, "at your own discretion."

But Chu-Chu, instead of going through the Boulogne gate, held on around past the Longchamps racecourse, and at such a clip that Rosalie got anxious and turned on all the power she had. As we passed the Porte de Boulogne I saw an agent raise his whistle to his lips and thought that it was all up with us, but Rosalie blew him a kiss and he lowered it with a sheepish grin and a warning shake of his head. Although I did not know it at the time, Rosalie was quite a well-known figure and had even been interviewed for several of the papers. Being in automobile circles myself I should have known all about her, but did not simply on account of the pressure of my own affairs.

But I was learning about her fast enough now. Under the impression that Chu-Chu was going right around Longchamps she closed in, and when he suddenly darted off to the left and pulled up at the St. Cloud gate we were only about a hundred meters behind him. It was a big surprise for Rosalie, but she wasn't feazed a particle. If she had kept on around we might have lost him, and if we had slowed down and waited for him to declare his essence it might have attracted attention, so up comes Rosalie full bore, brakes down at the gate, coming to a stop just behind Chu-Chu and hops out to get her ticket.

As for me I had put on my tinted goggles and whipped out a little breviary, and was reading away with my head ducked a trifle. Under the rim of the flat hat I watched Chu-Chu as he made his declaration, took his ticket and stepped back to his car. He shot a quick glance at Rosalie, half curious and half amused, at which she shoved out her little chin and passed him with a pout. The octroi men tried to give her a little badinage, and I was frightened for a minute as Chu-Chu was going off at a good clip; but Rosalie snatched her ticket out of the official's hand and came running back, laughing. She had left the motor running, of course, and the next second we were off along the bank of the Seine after Chu-Chu.

"Your Léontine is a beauty," said Rosalie through the tube. "I don't wonder you're jealous. But that chauffeur has the eyes of a wolf. He looks as if he might be Chu-Chu le Tondeur."

"What do you know about Chu-Chu le Tondeur?" I asked.

"Oh, everybody knows about him. For myself I doubt that there is such a person. Every time there is a murder and robbery people say 'Chu-Chu le Tondeur.'"

I wondered what she would think if she knew that the gentleman with the wolfish eyes was actually none other than the celebrated criminal whose performances had sent shivers down the spine of many a respectable bourgeois or lonely chatelaine in her gloomy country house hidden in the trees. It might also startle her, I thought, if she were to discover that the studious preacher in her cab was, even as Chu-Chu walked from the octroi station to his motor, wondering if it might not be possible to hit him with a shot from an automatic pistol and escape in the confusion that would follow.

For precisely this idea had gone through my head. Nowadays when one hears a sharp report the first thing that crosses the mind is the thought that it is a burst tire or a back fire from a motor. As Chu-Chu walked past the window of Rosalie's taxi I was almost on the point of shooting, then jumping out, picking him up and, while the octroi officials were tearing about and the crowd was gathering, slipping off into the bushes and shedding my round hat, goggles and *soutane*. Underneath I wore a tweed knickerbocker suit and russet shoes, and I had in my pocket a tweed tourist's cap to match the suit and a Paris Baedeker. It would have taken me just about two seconds to have made the change from a wandering Alsatian French *prédicateur* to the most harmless of British tourists.

Then why didn't I? It is rather hard to say. I had nothing to fear from Léontine or from Chu-Chu's man. Léontine would have guessed in a flash what had happened and probably would have helped me if the opportunity offered. Chu-Chu's pal would have been principally interested in doing his own getaway before it was discovered that Chu-Chu's face was skillfully made up. I had noticed when he passed that his nose got its aristocratic bridge from shadow-lines carefully laid on, and his eyes, really light, were made to look dark by the blackening of the

lower lashes and perhaps a little atropin. His mustache was faked by the gluing in of white hairs among the black ones already there.

I think that I could have pulled the job off all right. Honestly, my chief reason for not taking the chance was the Countess Rosalie—I didn't want to mix her up in it. She had been a little trump, and the French police are always ready to grab a scapegoat. There's a bit of the Chinese theory about French criminal procedure. Somebody ought to suffer, if only to preserve the reputation of the police. Punish the guilty by preference, but punish somebody. As a matter of fact, the guilty party, or supposedly guilty party, usually gets off in the end unless he's a fairly honest sort of cove; but there's a lot of trouble about it all the same, and I didn't want to chuck it on my bright-eyed Rosalie. I was getting rather keen about Rosalie.

Anyway, Chu-Chu walked past his finish unhurt, and maybe he felt that there was a heap of trouble in the atmosphere, for his little smile showed the white of two fangs that might be useful to a collie, and his eyes were dancing. He may have looked at me; I don't know, because when he got close my own eyes were frozen on an Ave Maria. One spark would have blown up the magazine, and I wasn't taking any more chances than were strictly necessary. Something told me that from the moment that Chu-Chu's eyes and mine actually met any disguise under heaven would be about as effective as a Paquin gown in front of an X-ray machine.

Off we went again, Chu-Chu well in the lead and a car or two between us. He was across the bridge at St. Cloud before we had reached it, but we caught a glimpse of him as he swung round the corner to start up the hill on the road to Versailles. At the first turn, which as you remember is mighty sudden and with a good nine-per-cent grade, we caught up to him, which we certainly should not have done if he hadn't purposely slowed. The man with Léontine was looking back, and as he sighted Rosalie he said something to Chu-Chu, who went from his first to his second speed.

It was plain enough that they were a bit suspicious, although the chances were about ten to one that any car coming out of that gate of the Bois would stick to the Versailles road. Nevertheless, at the top of the hill Chu-Chu still kept on his second speed, and Rosalie was obliged to take her choice of passing him or appearing to slow down purposely. Being a quick-witted girl she did the former, and skipped past in a sort of triumphant way as if pleased at having overtaken him.

Apparently Chu-Chu was satisfied and came to the conclusion that there was no harm in us, for when Rosalie purposely slowed down on the incline farther along he swept past without so much as a glance.

All of this time I had been trying to study out their game, but without any success. The relations between Chu-Chu and Léontine had always been strictly professional, with Ivan as intermediary. That is to say, when Chu-Chu managed to collar stones or pearls he turned them over, or was supposed to turn them over to Ivan, who gave them to Léontine to dispose of. Why Chu-Chu should be lugging her off into the country I couldn't imagine, unless there was some game going that had nothing to do with me.

Chu-Chu's taxi was of precisely the same make and model as Rosalie's, the sort most in use in Paris. But from the way he passed us I could see that he was getting a good deal more out of his motor than we were, and this was not surprising when you come to remember that Chu-Chu was a star driver with a beautiful sense for any sort of machinery, whereas Rosalie was more or less of a novice. Besides, her carbureter was working irregularly and she was always too impatient about going into the speed ahead. I was afraid that as soon as we struck the fast part of the road beyond St. Cloud Chu-Chu might dig out and leave us wondering. There was also the chance of his becoming suspicious of us if at the end of several kilometers he found us still on his trail. Rosalie's taxi looked like any other taxi, but Rosalie herself did not look like any other taxi driver, and what had been at first an advantage—for Chu-Chu would never suspect me of picking out the most conspicuous driver in Paris to hound him—might easily spoil the whole business.

So I picked up the speaking tube. We were working up the last easy part of the grade.

"Madame Rosalie," I said.

"Eh, well?" she answered.

"I'm afraid he smells a rat. He is going to try to leave us once we get past the railroad crossing."

"Don't be afraid," she answered tartly. "There isn't a taxi in Paris that can make this one feel lonely. Besides, he is carrying one more person."

"But how about your carbureter?"

"Don't bother about the carbureter. It's all right."

"Thank you," said I, and hung up the tube.

Evidently the Countess Rosalie was touchy about her car. Or perhaps she felt that some slight compliment was due her, rather than impending doubts. As if she wanted to show what she could do when she really tried she brushed the arm of a bicyclist with her mudguard, then swept past a stone-cart on the wrong side of the road and got a stream of bad talk from the carter, to say nothing of a narrow escape from knocking the head off the leader, which swung to the right from instinct at the sound of the motor.

It was a wasted effort of hers, though, for Chu-Chu fooled us again. Instead of turning sharply to the left at the crossroads he held straight on, slowing a bit to let the stream of cars go past. The result was that we drew up right behind him and he looked back and saw us. After we had followed him across the big road from Suresnes to Versailles he looked back again, then slowed down.

"Keep right on," said I sharply to Rosalie.

"I am not a fool!" she answered, and gave her speed lever a vicious little jerk. I could feel the three pairs of eyes on us as we passed. It was a pretty serious moment and we were in danger of spoiling everything, for we had taken a big, unnecessary détour from Paris to go to any point where that road would take us. There was only one thing to do and I did it. Leaning out of the window I called to Rosalie to stop. She cut off the gas and braked viciously. *(Continued on Page 60)*

"THE SHOPPERS' PARADISE"

Where Good Americans Go to Buy—By Corinne Lowe

WHEN I started out to Europe last spring I must say that my view of my native land was somewhat curdled. I had gloomily accepted the opinion that America is a headstrong, flighty young thing that never does anything thoroughly, and I even went so far as to quote the long-haired economists who speak of her as a "moribund nation." Above all, however, did I honor this creed: Fashion is born in Europe, cradled in every little shop of Paris and London, and there is no article of woman's wear made at home that is not more thoroughly, more fashionably and more inexpensively made abroad.

What was it, then, that changed my viewpoint, that restored me to a triumphant faith in my country's superiority, and that prompted me at the end of my trip to place defiantly a tiny American flag between me and my English vis-à-vis at the *pension* table? It was not the ruins, for on the whole the ruins are kept in a very good state of preservation. Neither was it any cankering disappointment in the local color, for everywhere one can see uniforms and picturesque stone walls almost as comfortably as at a Belasco production. Nor was my patriotism strongly revived even by the ghosts of butterballs with which they put off a healthy American appetite. No, what really led me back to America uttering boisterous Yankee-Doodleisms was a long, desperate, fruitless search for the sort of clothes that most American women want and that every American woman can get at the most unpretentious shops in America.

This would probably be a different sort of a narrative if I belonged to the class that is looking for the "exclusive creations of the great Parisian *ateliers*." But I was not bound for such, and I did not wish to invest in a two-hundred-dollar hat. Sables were not down on my shopping list, and ruby-studded safety-pins had not yet been recognized by me as an essential of daily comfort. For this reason I must leave to the people who desire these things their belief in the supremacy of Paris and London as shopping centers of the world.

I am also bound to admit that my shopping adventures abroad might have been different if I had received a special course of instruction from people who knew just where to go. But this admission urges the fact that the shopping advantages of a place should not have to be estimated by detectives. In America it is surely not necessary to go a-ferreting for the ordinarily attractive and inexpensive articles of woman's wear, and why should one allow more elastic standards abroad? So, as a representative of the blue-serge-suit-and-tailored-shirtwaist woman of America who expects to replenish her wardrobe in Europe, I feel that my lament deserves respect. The conditions that governed my selection were the same as those that are open to the average woman tourist, and I came home with clothes that alienated my friends and that cost me what they would have cost in this country.

To her who in the love of fashion holds communion with the daily newspaper advertisements it would seem that Paris sets the final seal on every article of woman's dress. "The unmistakable *chic* of the Parisienne"; "The deft touch of Paris"—it was phrases like these that haunted me as I set forth on my first shopping quest. The immediate object of my search was a smart little street hat—the kind that will undergo travel, sight-seeing and universal dust without much discomfiture. Remembering the tales of my friends, I felt justified in expecting some such hat on every Paris street corner.

It was with a light step, then, that I bounded into one of a row of little millinery shops on the Rue Lafayette—a street that had been particularly recommended to me for its reasonable and seasonable specimens of millinery. It struck me outside the shop that the window display was rather meager and unimpressive, but I had heard how secretive were French methods of trade, and I had no doubt that the shelves inside were fairly bulging with inspired creations.

"Madame desires something for the street," echoed the little saleswoman, as in cautious, guide-book French I explained what I wanted. "But how do you like thees?"

She was holding out before my eyes with incomparable grace a tall object. As a spire it was immensely satisfying. I can imagine its tall and slender proportions adding grace to the skyline of any foreign sea-town. But as a hat! Nevertheless, I tried it on, and I couldn't help tingling a little at my sudden intimacy with the famed art of Paris.

"*Très, très chic*," chirruped the little saleswoman, dancing in circles about me.

But I shook my head gloomily, for I had seen myself first. True, the thing had line—oh, undoubtedly it had line. You could have proved all the propositions in Euclid by the generosity of it. Yet, after all, I am not a mathematician.

Thereupon the saleswoman grievingly brought me out another model. This also had architectural claims. It was a perfect dome, and settled lovingly down over my left eyebrow and right cheek. Again my saleswoman read my expression.

"Madame does not like thees one?" she inquired, standing off with folded arms and surveying me with an expression of hurt wonder.

"Something more conservative," I ventured. And straightway commenced the quest. One by one she brought them out—spires and domes, domes and spires—and not a single hat becoming! In that next ten minutes I met and faced a tremendous fact, strengthened by all my succeeding experiences with French millinery. It is that there is no variety of model in the small Parisian hat shops.

Now in an American shop the saleswoman shows you something different when you express your dissatisfaction with one type of hat. "You do not like this turban?" says she. "Then I will show you something else." And immediately she brings you a wide-brimmed hat or a tricorne. But in your Paris shop the saleswoman says, "Madame does not like this?" and brings you the very same kind of a hat. It is quite evident, in fact, that she expects to lull you to acquiescence, to dull your senses by her constant play with the two kinds of hats.

Of course my later explanation was that the little French milliner never obtains the models to which the humblest shop in America has easy access, that she is dependent on the veriest whispers from the great milliner-artists to whom she lives so close. I recognized the truth that if one wishes to see French styles one must come to America where they are made public, not stay in France where they are kept under lock and key. But on that first day the wine of those Paris advertisements was still in my brain.

So I tramped the length of the Rue Lafayette. I pressed my nose wistfully against the panes, seeking for some specimen that vaguely promised the charm and becomingness of the American hat. During the course of the day I tried one hundred hats, and I sorely tried twenty-five saleswomen. At last I returned to my *pension* with a haggard gleam in my eyes and without a hat.

The next day, divided between my impulse to cable home for a hat and to transfer a mortgage to one of the real milliner-artists' frothy bits of straw, I again started out on my grim quest. I was again snuffed out by the same old round hats and elongated by the same old high ones, and I again undertook the task of explaining that

I wanted something different. Yet into my perplexities there never once entered any question of price. Prices were indeed remarkably reasonable, and I could have bought any number of hats in a scale that ranged from three dollars and sixty cents to eight dollars. When, however, you consider that in most cases straw, flowers and ribbon were of extremely inferior quality, you will not be swept off your feet by the economy thereof.

One feature that deepened my resentment at the whole lot of French millinery was the prevalence of blue and white. Not a hat apparently could help itself from being dark blue straw with loops of white ribbon. And if the white did not enter as ribbon it appeared as wings. In vain I tried to convince the saleswoman that white was an objection in the wardrobe of the tourist.

"But Madame can change the ribbon," each one would sweetly argue.

I couldn't possibly make them see that I should have to keep changing every night. But I could make them promise any number of amendments. One and all would agree to take a hat up in the back or to lift it from the head a wee bit more or to lower the crown. And, of course, they would change that offending white ribbon to loops of black and blue striped ribbon. Yet when, under promise of such revision, I finally took a hat I was greeted with protests.

"Ah, but, Madame, my dear Madame, we could not make such changes. It would spoil the line—it would destroy the *chic*."

"But you said you would change it," I objected huffily; "I cannot wear it like this. At least," I stipulated after a moment, "you will change this ribbon?"

Then did that saleswoman go through the ritual of shrug, raised eyebrows and explanatory palm. "Ah, Madame, now it is that you seek the impossible," she cried. "We cannot get the ribbon Madame asks. We do not have it. We cannot—it is quite, quite impossible."

There was no use arguing. Her attitude to commerce was quite final. And in this way was I starved, wearied and cajoled into buying a hat that I detested. I paid six dollars for the joy of its possession and it mercifully wore out in four weeks.

My second draft of patriotism was quaffed at the linen suit department of one of the great Parisian department stores. Somewhere I had heard that one could get such perfectly charming linen suits in Paris for six or seven dollars, and I chortled at the privilege of being turned loose in a real linen suit-patch. After an hour's search I did find, too, a very pretty little suit. Of course it needed alteration, and I was overjoyed to find that the alteration charges were much lower than is customary in this country.

In Search of a Nighty

BUT alack the day! You should have seen that skirt when it did come forth from the hands of the tailors. Even in this era of tight skirts it would immediately have been conspicuous as a bolster slip. It rubbed the skin off my ankles whenever I attempted anything so radical as a walk. And to add to my sense of injury they had tacked an extra charge of three francs on my bill!

To show that this mistake arose from no prejudice toward the beauty of the tight skirt I may mention that the skirt of my friend, bought and fitted in the same store, erred quite as much in the other direction. While mine was as tight at the ankles as it was at the hips, hers was as loose at the hips as it was at the ankles.

It was in this mood of hurt enlightenment that I met a friend of mine—a charming elderly woman who knew her Paris thoroughly. "Well, my dear," said she excitedly, "what do you think?"

"That I should like to step on everybody's toes," I answered gently.

"Wait," said she, "until you hear what has happened to me. I have just had a black broadcloth suit made by one of these Paris tailors. I wish you could have seen it when it came back yesterday. It sagged three inches on the floor and I don't touch the coat any place. The strange part about it is that it fits my daughter, who is four inches taller than I am and weighs almost twice as much. I took it back to the tailors, of course, and they insisted that it was all right. I tried it on for them, and they swore by all the legends of the tailor trade that it was a marvel—a poem—a dream."

"But you are not going to pay for it?" inquired I wonderingly.

"Why, of course," said she. "I've got to pay for it. Don't you know this wicked French law that obliges you to pay for everything that you order? It's no worse than the experiences of a dozen other people I know, and it's better than meeting a *gendarme* face to face."

In spite of these depressing experiences my faith in the supremacy of Paris as a shopping center was not yet quite gone. "There are still," I reminded myself, "lingerie and blouses—the two great Parisian specialties. I'll try them next."

So I sallied forth one morning in the bright Paris sunshine, and I gazed kindly at the soldiers in their bright red trousers, and the people who eat at the street café tables, and the bearded old ladies with their fruit-carts. For there is a lilt in the heart of any woman who expects to get a bit of French lingerie at half price. Why, I even anticipated the gleam of envy on the faces of some homebound friends of mine to whom I intended showing my treasures.

"What!" I could hear them say, "did you get that at fifty-nine cents? Why, I simply can't believe it."

So by the time I had reached the lingerie counters of the famous Galérie Lafayette I was in quite a glow. "Have you any nightgowns at seven francs or thereabout?" I asked in a tone of great confidence.

"*Voici*," was the salesman's laconic reply as he pointed to a heap of nightgowns.

Voici indeed! Here were gowns at two dollars and a half, three dollars, three dollars and a half and upward, but where, oh, where, were the dainty little hand-worked Paris garments that one finds in America at one dollar and a half, and that by every law of logic should have been here at even less?



London, Like Paris, Requires a Special Course of Shopping Instructions

"Haven't you anything cheaper?" I asked indignantly.

He shook his head.

"Why," said I, "it would pay you to import your Paris lingerie from America. We have it cheaper with us." And with this Parthian arrow I walked out.

Of course there must be French lingerie in Paris at low prices. I have seen specimens with my own eyes and have heard the vainglorious remarks of American women who bought them. But the fact remains that this place where I tried my lingerie luck was one of the three great department stores of Paris, and that it didn't have a nightgown under twelve francs.

Furthermore, most of the lingerie shown there was not the sort that would please any American woman. Instead of being made of our delicate nainsooks and soft cambrics, it was constructed of muslin as stiff and heavy as that which formed the clothes of our grandmothers. And, except in the very high-priced models, all the garments were absolutely without the little niceties of cut to which our women have become accustomed.

But there were yet French blouses on which to hang the remnants of a shaken faith. Be it confessed I had bought French blouses in America, but it had always been under the more or less subduing circumstances of the "end-of-season" sales. Here in Paris, I felt sure, such blouses, exquisite of frill and fine of tuck, made their everyday exit at similar prices. To other women tourists expecting the same, I might say that there is undoubtedly such a thing as a blouse compass—an intangible thing that leads some women straight to shops where blouses can be picked up at a song. Without this mysterious possession, however, one remains forever "cold." For instance, I quite owe it to this fairy gift that I discovered my own particular blouse preserve—a needlework shop near the Odéon, where it is possible to buy the daintiest, frilliest, most fascinating blouses at absurdly small prices. For I had been wandering around the Latin Quarter one morning in a most romantic mood and with a thought far removed from blouses, when suddenly the compass worked—I *felt* my shop.

Before that, however, I had found nothing that simplified the average woman's problem of how to buy an eight-dollar blouse for four dollars. At most shops French blouses command almost the same price that they do at home. And in the Rue de la Paix—that street noted for having more things you don't want at prices you can't afford than any other shopping thoroughfare in the world—they are, of course, more expensive. As an example, at one shop where I inquired the price of a simple little waist in the window they blandly informed me that it was fifteen dollars. The same waist on Fifth Avenue would probably have cost twelve dollars. There is no doubt, too, that Paris receives much of her revenue from American women who are willing to pay the three dollars difference for the privilege of shopping in Paris.

If you happen to meet a wild-looking individual in Paris, with an "I'd-like-a-tender-little-baby-au-gratin" expression, you may be pretty sure that it is an American woman hunting an inexpensive corset. French corsets, the everlasting well from which the advertisement rhapsodist in this country continually dips for such moving phrases as "The supreme art of the French *corsetière*," "The graceful line that only Paris can give," are, in fact, not all that this enthusiastic fancy represents.

Thus much I found while hunting one with Phyllis. Phyllis is my friend, and she hailed me right outside one of the big department stores. "Come," said she, "this is my last hope. I have been trying all over Paris to find a good inexpensive corset. So far I have failed, but, like Micawber, I'm hoping that something will turn up."

Corsets Come High

WHEN she had looked through all that this store had to offer she shook her head despondently. "No," said she, "I've got to wait till I get back to America." I'm bound to say, too, that the outlook was not encouraging. Not a thing under eight francs—one dollar and sixty cents—and these were as different from the good-looking, well-made corsets to be found at home for such a sum as can well be imagined. Instead of showing half a dozen models at this price, they displayed only about two styles which, with their clumsy appearance and poor boning, were a far cry from our own light, graceful, lace-trimmed models. There was a large selection, I remember, at four and five dollars. But even in these the boning was very poor, and the entire justification of the cost lay in the brocaded materials of which they were made.

I recalled then what a woman corset-buyer in America had once told me. "Do you know," she said, "you can't get those French manufacturers to make a corset the way the American woman wants it? They insist on cutting it for the French woman's figure, and you've simply got to stand over them to make them do it your way."

It was quite evident that no one had "stood over" the French corsets that I saw in Paris!

If you wish to prick this bubble of French corset superiority still further, dare the portals of one of the real hoity-toity French *corsetières*. This is the home of your true French corset. Sometimes there will be a bone here, sometimes there will be none. The corset may or may not be your size. But the French saleswoman will bring each before you as though she were laying at your feet the treasures of the earth, wrested from time and chance and all adverse circumstance. And at the end when you ask the price she will coo into your face: "One hundred and twenty-five francs, Madame." Yet the fact that the French *corsetière* waxes fat on American dollars is a pretty good proof that the gossamer and cobweb business is always a prosperous one.

Another phase of ready-to-wear garments in which American women have felt the smoothing touch of the

(Continued on Page 56)

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



She Was Trying to Find Out What an Englishman Thinks

WHEN we had been in London long enough for our letters of introduction to take effect and began to meet the people socially, I became aware of a curious circumstance, a sort of preoccupation on the part of the women as if they were all being haunted by a new spirit of the times. English women talk extremely well in the presence of each other, but I believe they consider it a sort of Tristram Shandy immodesty to show any kind of animation, either emotional or intelligent, in the presence of men. The women settle into a dignified coma whenever men are about. They answer the men civilly, but you can see that their purpose is to be just women. However, when we withdrew to the drawing room, leaving the men to wine and cigars, or if we all happened to be women together at a teaparty or in a club, I was at once conscious of a singular droning sound among them, not audible to the ear but to the mind, as if somewhere near me they were swarming, gathering about one center. At last I discovered that they were nearly all suffragists, and that though they might entertain an undefined American stranger with plenty of pleasant talk about which museum in which to see the best pictures, and where to find other points of interest—the English always infer that Americans are tourists, interested in their art, their monuments and museums rather than in them, so that the first question they always ask is: "Have you been to the Abbey?"—meaning Westminster—these women were really thinking about their "movement" and, where opportunity afforded, making side remarks to one another upon the progress of the cause.

Suffragists Clash With the Police

THE points of similarity between English suffragists and American suffragists are remarkable and significant, showing that everywhere this movement must come out of the same conditions. They are all women not above the average in native intelligence, but they have in some way managed to get a new and positive use of their minds. Instead of being the passive verbs of human existence almost in the objective case, if one may outrage all rules of grammar with a figure of speech, they have become active transitive verbs with the franchisement of their sex as their direct object. They are either women of wealth with or without advanced education, or they are women from the English universities who have probably "majored" in economics and the sciences, with a large following now of other women that they have recruited from the working classes, which, of course, one never sees except at the meetings or when they are showing off the cause with a demonstration. Like their American sisters, the English suffragists are tall or short, middle-aged or old, but rarely young. *En masse* they do not look what men would call attractive; and it is no wonder the men take this to heart, sneer about it. It is a great loss to the pleasure of mankind when so large and ever-increasing a body of women cease to have for their object in life to be pretty and adorable, but have made up their minds to let their chins grow and strengthen till they get what they want, even if it ruins the contour of their faces. But one thing the stranger cannot help noticing. This is that the English suffragist is invariably ridiculously short-waisted; from Lady S. to Mrs. P. the last one of them has lost the pretty feminine hyphen that exists in most other women. I do not know why one should notice this especially in the suffragists when other English women are afflicted in the same way; but somehow one naturally expects the desire for suffrage to stretch them, just as the giraffe has developed a long neck by being obliged to reach up to bite twigs off the boughs above him! And doubtless in the course of time these ladies will pull themselves out into a waist line, for they are certainly getting in reach of political twigs much more rapidly than are the women in our country. The movement in England is about eighteen months in advance of the same movement in our country, in spite of the fact that it is admitted, I believe, that the idea originated in America. And I have not met any man or woman in the British Isles, however opposed to it, who did not concede that the movement will eventually succeed. This assurance appears to date from that "Black Friday" last November when in front of the Houses of Parliament the police repulsed that great body of suffragists, led by some of the most distinguished women in the land, when they attempted to get into the House of Lords. They were subjected then to systematic tortures and indignities. The men twisted their arms and thumbs. They threw them down, dragged them through the streets, beat them and trampled on them. This was done, it is claimed, by the order of the Home Secretary, who said afterward that it was intended to "frighten the women so that they would never again attempt such a performance." And it succeeded; but today Mr. Churchill is probably the man most hated in England, not only by the women but by the men.

Your Englishman is a queer fellow. He never comes to his senses until he has gone his limit. He burned his martyrs in Smithfield Market, then adopted their creed and erected very grave, high-sounding tablets all round the place in their memory. In less than fifty years there will be just such a tablet let into the front wall of the Houses of Parliament that will read something like this:

HERE IN NOVEMBER 1910

Anglo-Saxon women made their stand for Liberty. Near this spot they suffered indignities in order that those who came after them might enjoy the rights and protection of citizenship. This memorial is set up by Act of Parliament to commemorate their honor and courage.

Then the American tourist will have another famous spot to "do," another inscription to read and copy into her absurd notebook.

As I have said, I am an old woman in more senses than one, and I belong to the Westminster Abbey order of things. I am the resting-place of many honorable traditions. At my time of life I cannot be expected to give up my knitting feelings and join the most revolutionary movement started in the last two thousand years. I have a kind of feminine instinct against voting which, I am willing to admit, is different from having a reason against it. On the other hand, it is a kind of instinct with me to retire into the kitchen during the fruit season and relieve a certain fiery domestic temper by putting up plain jelly and orange marmalade. But following Peggy about and listening to these English women's talk about it has forced me to take a sort of vicarious interest in this new experiment that has for its object the democracy of women—women, you understand, who are the authors and passionate preservers of all the castes in society, and are by nature the most retiring and conservative beings on the earth. The history of the world, as I have read it, is the history of men only, with an occasional figurehead queen or a Jezebel to set it off. It records what men have accomplished in war, in government, in society and in science; women figure in it chiefly as wives and mothers. And the real distinction between men and women, every one has taken for granted until now, is that the souls of good men have always been advancing and the souls of good women have always been retreating, flying for sanctuary to some religion or to some illusion. The "right about face and forward," then, of the present feminine soul looks like a kind of virago phenomenon. How did she come to metamorphize herself? The explanation in our country is simple. We had the idea first, but it was not until this long-toothed, short-waisted, ungraceful, phlegmatic English woman picked up her ridiculously gathered skirts, tucked her dog under her arm and placed herself at the head of the movement for suffrage that her American sisters actually fell in line and followed her. From my interpretation of her in the first chapters of these papers, which is fairly truthful, it does seem that she would have been the last person in the civilized world to break a convention and assume the initiative in bringing about a new order of things.

When Women Do Not Rebel

AFTER I had been in London long enough to convince the suffragists that I was still capable of receiving ideas they took me into their confidence and among other things tried to explain their existence. They thought the movement resulted from the hardships and inequalities of their lot in life. This is the common mistake of applying logic to observation of conditions rather than to the causes that lead to them. As a matter of fact, the more a woman is deprived of her rights, the more she is abused, and the more she suffers from injustice the less likely she is to rebel. This is the everlasting difference between her and a man. In the course of a comparatively short time you may always count upon a man's kicking up a row or a revolution if you deprive him of anything he thinks he ought to have, but it is not so with women; and the British Isles afford two striking examples of this fact. The Scottish and Irish women are poorer, less fortunate in every way than the English women. They have more suffering to endure from their husbands and fathers. The faces especially of the Scottish women are tragically marked with this and with their bitter impotency. But the suffrage movement has gained little or no headway either in Scotland or in Ireland.

It is very commonly claimed by the English suffragists that the inequality of the divorce law has had much to do with starting the movement. The



I Suffered From a Kind of Rheumatism of the Mind

English law is so framed that a husband may be guilty of the most frightful cruelties toward his wife without her being able to divorce him. But I doubt whether this had anything to do with the starting of the agitation. A woman will never be very active about getting rid of the father of her children. It is her way of standing by the children. And she will keep on doing it as long as she has children, no matter if she has two votes to his one and even if he beats her every day. The men have the everlasting advantage over women here. As long as she bears children to him, Nature will not permit her to discredit them by suing for a divorce even on the best of grounds. It is the childless wives who run up the divorce statistics in our own country among respectable people. In England there are not enough childless wives to do this.

Another explanation of the strength and activity of the suffrage movement in England is attributed to the number of women who have come to it from what I venture to call the "administrative class." Not only does this account for its vitality and immense financial resources, but these particular women insure the ultimate success of the cause. Since they are the one class of women absolutely different from any we have in America I shall go more into detail about their origin at the risk of becoming tedious to my old knitting-lady readers.

The population of England is divided into three portions—the nobility, the people and the poor. That part of the people that would be called the idle rich in our country justifies its relation to society here by the fact that it "administers" everything, from the laws to the charities, free of charge. And when you consider that London alone contributes several millions each year to charity you can understand that the administrators of it earn their right to exist. One must be amazed at the sum spent in this way until it is understood that the working men and women receive such small wages that they really belong to the pauper class and are kept up in part by charity. Sir Thomas Lipton, for example, furnishes breakfast every morning except Sunday to fifteen hundred poor children. In short, England pensions, subsidizes, that part of her population that in any other country would revolt at the conditions under which they live. This is what is called a paternal government. Really it is the greatest and most injurious trust ever invented by man, and I marveled at the assurance of those Englishmen who were continually embarrassing Peggy and me by calling attention to the trusts and corporations in our country and saying that no democratic form of government could be effective while they existed, and that England was the only democratic government in the world. Still, this charity trust is a very neat arrangement. It insures against the discontent of the discontented. It makes the poor grateful and servile. And it gives the otherwise "idle rich" something to do in keeping with their station and their bombastic sense of their own importance.



They Consider it a Sort of Tristram Shandy Immodesty to Show Any Kind of Animation in the Presence of Men

Suffrage Forces Split

BUT here is where the suffrage wins—many thousands of this administrative class are women. Recently something has happened that has made them realize that they are tired of their job. They are bored. After managing for five hundred years hospitals and homes for pauper children and old men and women they want a change. The monotony must have long since proved unendurable to any but English women, especially when they have not been able to vary it by any other branch of the administrative service, such as taking a term in the House of Commons as the men do. These women have consequently welcomed the suffrage movement with almost hysterical ardor. It is not only a righteous cause, but it serves as a much-needed diversion. They did not start it, but they are flocking to it by the tens of thousands, bringing with them wealth and through their administrative business a trained knowledge of conditions and of the laws responsible for such conditions, which ordinarily educated women do not have. One sees here the weakness of the American suffrage movement by comparison, for the rich women there who have joined it largely belong to the idle, flamboyant rich. They have merely imitated the ardor of the English without having their experience. Therefore, they have really split the suffrage forces by their insolent and presumptuous methods, and have alienated the more intelligent and independent women who refuse to be dictated to by them. It is probably only a question of time before many of them will desert the ranks altogether.

So much then for the women's explanations of the beginnings of the suffrage movement in England. Not one of them in my opinion knew who had made them what they were. And this is Nature. None of us knows who made us, and it has always struck me as a remarkable circumstance that man should have discovered that God made him. It is more a commentary upon his conceit than a compliment to the Creator. And before I give what is probably the origin of the new woman who has adopted suffrage almost as a religion I must set down here the only explanation offered me by an Englishman. He is the editor of probably the greatest daily paper in London, but like nearly all of his sex he cannot bring himself to consider the destiny of women except in the light of their primitive mate-relation to man.

"There are," he said, "seventeen women to every fifteen men in England. The two extra ones who could not get husbands became restless and started this unfortunate agitation about the rights of women to the franchise."

And he was serious. He believes this is the truth. I did not venture to tell him that in our country we should allow about four extra women to every fifteen men for their second wives!

Now it is much easier to prove that man made woman than it is to prove that God made man. The first one was created indeed, but she was designed especially for the comfort and delectation of a man, a person of simple tastes, from all accounts, still a different kind of being in many particulars. But this was the last woman ever created. Since then men have been the sole moulders of this sex. Wherever you see one of them, new or old in her notions of things, you may know that she was formed by him. So, I say, it is easy to demonstrate that the Englishman made his suffragist, not by neglecting to marry the two extra ones in the seventeen, not by the inequalities of his laws that discriminate against her, and not by the way he is said to domineer over her and occasionally slap her, but he made her tenderly and carefully, offered prizes for her advancement and every possible inducement for her growth and development. He did this when he opened the doors of his universities and other higher institutions of learning to her, where she received the same training that men receive and, what is more important, quite a different point of view from that given by the lady principal of a girls' boarding school. What he had in mind, of course, was to afford his daughter the best possible advantages, so that she would be able to content herself with literature and art and science in lieu of a husband, or, in case she married, be more nearly the equal and companion of her husband. That is the queer circumstance about life. You aim at one thing and by the awful providence of God you get another. Nothing could have been farther from the Englishman's purpose than to have produced this new, intractable, unsentimental, outrageously intelligent female who has become the virago of liberty, who not only wants to do what he does and go where he goes, but wants to vote when he votes—and probably against him. Doubtless the Maker of the heavens and the earth is sometimes astonished when one of His little well-rounded and patted stars turns out to be a comet with a forked tail a million miles long. And nothing mortal can surpass the indignant astonishment and disgust with which the Englishman views this new serpent Eve he has nursed in his bosom.

In New Zealand

BUT there you have it, the explanation of the new woman in England and in our own country. Given the same studies, the same teachers and the same environment, they develop the same kind of minds, the same sense of justice and the same courage in demanding it. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge have for some time been turning out about four hundred women a year, practically every one of them a suffragist. Balliol College, Oxford, opens its doors during the summer to debates between working men and women on the subject of suffrage. Think of the effect upon the public sentiment of a little territory like England of four hundred fresh and ardent women missionaries for the rights of women. And they have organized it into a missionary movement, with the passion and ardor and self-sacrifice of disciples in all ages. No wonder the bored and rich women have joined them—the thing had the look of heroics and charm from the start. It was not the chimera of fanatics but of calm-faced gentlewomen who were refined and learned in all the wisdom of the universities. They could produce an argument, you understand, and did not depend upon emotional excitement for interest in their cause.

But like the followers of every new faith the suffragists have their share of intolerance. In one of the largest and most influential of the women's clubs in London I observed that some of the members who believed in it refused to speak to other members who declined to take the movement seriously, and the men say that where the women have had the opportunity to cast the ballot they are tyrannical in the exercise of their citizenship.

"I would not live in New Zealand!" exclaimed an English gentleman one day.

"Why?" I asked. It was the first time I had seen the masculine British countenance moved and disrupted by an emotional expression.

"It is like this," he replied. "I am a family man; I entertain a good deal. Suppose I live in New Zealand. I send to my wine merchant for so many bottles of wine"—he paused to gain control of himself. "Well, do you know what would happen?"

"No; what?"

"The merchant must take my order to the chief of police, who makes a note of it. Then suppose I am entertaining more than usual and I make out another order for wine very soon. He takes it again to the chief of police, who comes to see me next day, and he says: 'Mr. G., you are ordering more intoxicants than usual; why?'

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APPENWEIER'S ACCOUNT

HOW ELKIN LUBLINER GRADUATED INTO SALESMANSHIP

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

"WHEN I hire a salesman, Mr. Klugfels," said Marcus Polatkin, senior partner of Polatkin & Scheikowitz, "I hire him because he's a salesman, not because he's a nephew."

"But it don't do any harm for a salesman to have an uncle whose concern would buy in one season from you already ten thousand dollars goods, Mr. Polatkin," Klugfels insisted. "Furthermore, Harry is a bright, smart boy; and you can take it from me, Mr. Polatkin, not alone he would get my trade, but us buyers is got a whole lot of influence one with the other, understand me; so, if there's any other concern you haven't on your books at present, you could rely on me I should do my best for Harry and you."

Thus spoke Mr. Felix Klugfels, buyer for Appenweier & Murray's Thirty-second Street store, on the first Monday of January; and in consequence, on the second Monday of January, Harry Flaxberg came to work as city salesman for Polatkin & Scheikowitz. He also maintained the rôle of party of the second part in a contract drawn by Henry D. Feldman, whose skill in such matters is too well known for comment here. Sufficient to say it fixed Harry Flaxberg's compensation at thirty dollars a week and moderate commissions. At Polatkin's request, however, the document was so worded that it excluded Flaxberg from selling any of the concerns already on Polatkin & Scheikowitz' books; for not only did he doubt Flaxberg's ability as a salesman, but he was quite conscious of the circumstance that, save for the acquisition of Appenweier & Murray's account, there was no need of their hiring a city salesman at all, since the scope of their business operations required only one salesman—to wit, as the lawyers say, Marcus Polatkin himself. On the other hand, Klugfels had insisted upon the safeguarding of his nephew's interests, so that the latter was reasonably certain of a year's steady employment. Hence, when, on the first Monday of February, Appenweier & Murray dispensed with the services of Mr. Klugfels before he had had the opportunity of bestowing even one order on his nephew as a mark of his favor, the business premises of Polatkin & Scheikowitz became forthwith a house of mourning. From the stricken principals down to and including the shipping clerk, nothing else was spoken of or thought about for a period of more than two weeks. Neither was it a source of much consolation to Marcus Polatkin when he heard that Klugfels had been supplanted by Max Lapin, a third cousin of Leon Sammet of the firm of Sammet Brothers.

"Ain't it terrible the way people is related nowadays?" he said to Scheikowitz, who had just read aloud the news of Max Lapin's hiring in the columns of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record.

"Honestly, Scheikowitz, if a feller ain't got a lot of retailers *oder* buyers for distance relations, understand me, he might just so well go out of business and be done with it!"

Scheikowitz threw down the paper impatiently.

"That's where you are making a big mistake, Polatkin," he said. "A feller which he expects to do business with relations is just so good as looking for trouble. You could never depend on relations that they are going to keep on buying goods from you, Polatkin. The least little thing happens between relations, understand me, and they are getting right away enemies for life; while, if it was just between friends, Polatkin, one friend makes for the other a blue eye, understand me, and in two weeks' time they are just so good friends as ever. So, even if Appenweier & Murray wouldn't fire him, y'understand, Klugfels would have dumped this young feller on us anyway."

As he spoke he looked through the office door toward the showroom, where Harry Flaxberg sat with his feet cocked up on a sample table midway in the perusal of the sporting page.

"Flaxberg," Scheikowitz cried, "what are we showing here anyway—garments *oder* shoes? You are ruining our sample tables the way you are acting!"

Flaxberg replaced his feet on the floor and put down his paper.

"It's time some one ruined them tables on you, Mr. Scheikowitz," he said. "With the junk fixtures you got it here I'm ashamed to bring a customer into the place at all."

"That's all right," Scheikowitz retorted; "for all the customers you are bringing in here, Flaxberg, we needn't got no fixtures at all. Come inside the office—my partner wants to speak to you a few words something."

Flaxberg rose leisurely to his feet and, carefully shaking each leg in turn to restore the unwrinkled perfection of his trousers, walked toward the office.

"Tell me, Flaxberg," Polatkin cried as he entered, "what are you going to do about this here account of Appenweier & Murray's?"

"What am I going to do about it?" Flaxberg repeated. "Why, what could I do about it? Every salesman is liable to lose one account, Mr. Polatkin."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin answered; "but most every other salesman is got some other accounts to fall back on. Whereas if a salesman is just got one account, Flaxberg, and he loses it, understand me, then he ain't a salesman no longer, Flaxberg. Right away he becomes only a loafer, Flaxberg, and the best thing he could do, understand me, is to go and find a job somewheres else."

"Not when he's got a contract, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg retorted promptly. "And specially a contract which the boss fixes up himself—ain't it?"

Scheikowitz nodded and scowled savagely at his partner.

"Listen here to me, Flaxberg," Polatkin cried. "Do you mean to told me that, even if a salesman would got ever so much a crazy contract, understand me, it allows the salesman he should sit all the time doing nothing in the showroom without we got a right to fire him?"

"Well," Flaxberg replied calmly, "it gives him the privilege to go out to lunch once in a while."

He pulled down his waistcoat with exaggerated care and turned on his heel.

"So I would be back in an hour," he concluded; "and if any customers come in and ask for me tell 'em to take a seat till I am coming back."



With the Exception of a Dozen Wooden Hangers, the Rack Was Empty

The two partners watched him until he put on his hat and coat in the rear of the showroom and then Polatkin rose to his feet.

"Flaxberg," he cried, "wait a minute!"

Flaxberg returned to the office and nonchalantly lit a cigarette.

"Listen here to me, Flaxberg," Polatkin began. "Take from us a hundred and fifty dollars and quit!"

Flaxberg continued the operation of lighting his cigarette and blew a great cloud of smoke before replying.

"What for a piker do you think I am anyhow?" he asked.

"What d'ye mean—piker?" Polatkin said. "A hundred and fifty ain't to be sneezed at, Flaxberg."

"Ain't it?" Flaxberg retorted. "Well, with me, I got a more delicate nose as most people, Mr. Polatkin. I sneeze at everything under five hundred dollars—and that's all there is to it."

Once more he turned on his heel and walked out of the office; but this time his progress toward the stairs was more deliberate, for, despite his defiant attitude, Flaxberg's finances were at low ebb owing to a marked renewal of form exhibited the previous day in the third race at New Orleans. Moreover, he felt confident that a judicious investment of a hundred and fifty dollars would net him that very afternoon at least five hundred dollars, if any reliance were to be placed on the selection of Merlando, the eminent sporting writer of the Morning Wireless.

Consequently he afforded every opportunity for Marcus to call him back, and he even paused at the factory door and applied a lighted match to his already burning cigarette. The expected summons failed, however, and instead he was nearly precipitated to the foot of the stairs by no less a person than Elkin Lubliner.

"Excuse me, Mr. Flaxberg," Elkin said. "I ain't seen you at all."

Flaxberg turned suddenly, but at the sight of Elkin his anger evaporated as he recalled a piece of gossip retailed by Sam Markuljes, the shipping clerk, to the effect that, despite his eighteen years, Elkin had at least two savings-bank accounts and kept in his pocket a bundle of bills as large as a roll of piece goods.

"That's all right," Flaxberg cried with a forced grin. "I ain't surprised you are pretty near blinded when you are coming into the daylight out of the cutting room. It's dark in there like a tomb."

"I bet yer," Elkin said fervently.

"You should get into the air more often," Flaxberg went on. "A feller could get all sorts of things the matter with him staying in a hole like that."

"*Gott sei dank* I got, anyhow, my health," Elkin commented.

"Sure, I know," Flaxberg said as they reached the street; "but you must got to take care of it too. A feller which he don't get no exercise should ought to eat well, Lubliner. For instance, I bet yer you are taking every day your lunch in a bakery—ain't it?"

Elkin nodded.

"Well, there you are!" Flaxberg cried triumphantly. "A feller works all the time in a dark hole like that cutting room, and comes lunchtime he *fresses* a bunch of *Kuchen* and a cup of coffee, *verstehst du*—and is it any wonder you are looking sick?"

"I feel all right," Elkin said.



Flaxberg Crumpled Up on the Showroom Floor

"I know you feel all right," Flaxberg continued, "but you look something terrible, Lubliner. Just for today, Lubliner, take my advice and try Wasserbauer's regular dinner."

Elkin laughed aloud.

"Wasserbauer's!" he exclaimed. "Why, what do you think I am, Mr. Flaxberg? If I would be a salesman like you, Mr. Flaxberg, I would say, 'Yes; eat once in a while at Wasserbauer's'; *aber* for an assistant cutter, Mr. Flaxberg, Wasserbauer's is just so high like the Waldorfer."

"That's all right," Flaxberg retorted airily. "No one asks you you should pay for it. Come and have a decent meal with me."

For a brief interval Elkin hesitated, but at length he surrendered, and five minutes later he found himself seated opposite Harry Flaxberg in the rear of Wasserbauer's café.

"Yes, Mr. Flaxberg," he said as he commenced the fourth of a series of dill pickles, "compared with a salesman, a cutter is a dawg's life—ain't it?"

"Well," Flaxberg commented, "he is and he isn't. There's no reason why a cutter shouldn't enjoy life too, Lubliner. A cutter could make money on the side just so good as a salesman. I am acquainted already with a pants cutter by the name Schmul Kleidermann which, one afternoon last week, he pulls down two hundred and fifty dollars yet."

"Pulls down two hundred and fifty dollars!" Elkin exclaimed. "From where he pulls it down, Mr. Flaxberg?"

"Not from the pants business *oser*," Flaxberg replied. "The feller reads the papers, Lubliner, and that's how he makes his money."

"You mean he is speculating in these here stocks from stock exchanges?" Elkin asked.

"Not stocks," Flaxberg replied in shocked accents. "From *spieling* the stock markets a feller could lose his shirt yet. Never play the stock markets, Lubliner. That's something which you could really say a feller ruins himself for life with."

Elkin nodded.

"Even *im Russland* it's the same," he said.

"Sure," Flaxberg went on. "*Aber* this feller Kleidermann he makes a study of it. The name of the horse was Prince Faithful. On New Year's Day he runs fourth in a field of six. The next week he is in the money for a show with such oldtimers as Aurora Borealis, Dixie Lad and Ramble Home—and last week he gets away with it six to one a winner, understand me; and this afternoon yet, over to Judge Crowley's, I could get a price five to two a place, understand me, which it is like picking up money in the street already."

Elkin paused in the process of commencing the sixth pickle and gazed in wide-eyed astonishment at his host.

"So you see, Lubliner," Flaxberg concluded, "if you would put up twenty dollars, understand me, you could make fifty dollars more, like turning your hand over."

Elkin laid down his half-eaten pickle.

"Do you mean to say you want me I should put up twenty dollars on a horse which it is running with other horses a race?" he exclaimed.

"Well," Flaxberg replied, "of course, if you got objections to putting up money on a horse, Lubliner, why, don't do it. Lend it me instead the twenty dollars and I would play it; and if the horse should—*Gott soll hüten*—not be in the money, y'understand, then I would give you the twenty dollars back Saturday at the latest. *Aber* if the horse makes a place, understand me, then I would give you your money back this afternoon yet and ten dollars to boot."

For one wavering moment Elkin raised the pickle to his lips and then replaced it on the table. Then he licked off his fingers and explored the recess of his waistcoat pocket.

"Here," he said, producing a dime—"Here is for the dill pickles, Mr. Flaxberg."

"What d'ye mean?" Flaxberg cried.

"I mean this," Elkin said, putting on his hat—"I mean you should save your money with me and blow instead your friend Kleidermann to dinner, because the proposition ain't attractive."

II

"YES, Mr. Redman," Elkin commented when he resumed his duties as assistant cutter after the five and a half dill pickles had been supplemented with a hasty meal of rolls and coffee, "for a *Schlemiel* like him to call himself a salesman—honestly, it's a disgrace!"

He addressed his remarks to Joseph Redman, head cutter for Polatkin & Scheikowitz, who plied his shears industriously at an adjoining table. Joseph, like every other employee of Polatkin & Scheikowitz, was thoroughly acquainted with the details of Flaxberg's hiring and its dénouement. Nevertheless, in his quality of head cutter he professed a becoming ignorance.

"Who is this which you are knocking now?" he asked.

"I am knocking some one which he's got a right to be knocked," Elkin replied. "I am knocking this here feller Flaxberg, which he calls himself a salesman. That feller couldn't sell a drink of water in the Sahara Desert, Mr. Redman. All he cares about is gambling and going on theayters. Why, if I would be in his shoes, Mr. Redman, I wouldn't eat or I wouldn't sleep till I got from Appenweier & Murray an order. Never mind if my uncle would be fired and Mr. Lapin, the new buyer, is a relation from Sammet Brothers, Mr. Redman, I would get that account, understand me, or I would *verplatz*."

"*Yow*, you would do wonders!" Redman said. "The best thing you could do, Lubliner, is to close up your face and get to work. You shouldn't got so much to say for yourself. A big mouth is only for a salesman, Lubliner. For a cutter it's nix, understand me; so you should give me a rest with this here Appenweier & Murray's account and get busy on them 2060's. We are behind with 'em as it is."

Thus admonished, Elkin lapsed into silence; and for more than half an hour he pursued his duties diligently.

"*Nu!*" Redman said at length. "What's the matter you are acting so quiet this afternoon?"

"What d'ye mean I am acting quiet, Mr. Redman?" Elkin asked. "I am thinking—that's all. Without a feller would think once in a while, Mr. Redman, he remains a cutter all his life."

"There's worser things as cutters," Redman commented. "For instance—assistant cutters."

"Sure, I know," Elkin agreed; "but salesmen is a whole lot better as cutters *oder* assistant cutters. A salesman sees life, Mr. Redman. He meets oncet in a while people, Mr. Redman; while, with us, what is it? We are shut up here like we would be sitting in prison—ain't it?"

"You ain't got no kick coming," Redman said. "A young feller only going on eighteen, understand me, is getting ten dollars a week and he kicks yet. Sitting in prison, *sagt er!* Maybe you would like the concern they should be putting in moving pictures here or a phonygraft!"

Elkin sighed heavily by way of reply and for a quarter of an hour longer he worked in quietness, until Redman grew worried at his assistant's unusual taciturnity.

"What's the trouble you ain't talking, Lubliner?" he said. "Don't you feel so good?"

Elkin looked up. He was about to say that he felt all right when suddenly he received the germ of an inspiration, and in the few seconds that he hesitated it blossomed into a well-defined plan of action. He therefore emitted a faint groan and laid down his shears.

"I got a *krank* right here," he said, placing his hand on his left side. "Ever since last week I got it."

"Well, why don't you say something about it before?" Redman cried anxiously; for be it remembered that Elkin Lubliner was not only the cousin of Marcus Polatkin but the adopted nephew of Philip Scheikowitz as well. "You shouldn't let such things go."

"The fact is," Elkin replied, "I didn't want to say nothing about it to Mr. Polatkin on account he's got enough to worry him with this here Appenweier & Murray's account; and ——"

"You got that account on the brain," Redman interrupted. "If you don't feel so good you should go home. Leave me fix it for you."

As he spoke he hastily buttoned on his collar and left the cutting room, while Elkin could not forego a delighted grin. After all, he reflected, he had worked steadily for over a year and a half with only such holidays as the orthodox ritual ordained; and he was so busy making plans for his first afternoon of freedom that he nearly forgot to groan again when Redman came back with Marcus Polatkin at his heels.

"*Nu*, Elkin!" Marcus said. "What's the matter? Don't you feel good?"

"I got a *krank* right here," Elkin replied, placing his hand on his right side. "I got it now pretty near a week already."

"Well, maybe you should sit down for the rest of the afternoon and file away the old cutting slips," Marcus said, whereat Elkin moaned and closed his eyes.

"I filed 'em away last week already," he murmured. "I think maybe if I would lay in bed the rest of the afternoon I would be all right tomorrow."

Marcus gazed earnestly at his cousin, whose sufferings seemed to be intensified thereby.

"All right, Elkin," he said. "Go ahead. Go home and tell Mrs. Feinermann she should give you a little *Hruattes;* and if you don't feel better in the morning don't take it so particular to get here early."

Elkin nodded weakly and five minutes later he walked slowly out of the factory. He took the stairs only a little less slowly, but he gradually increased his speed as he proceeded along Wooster Street, until by the time he was out of sight of the firm's office windows he was fairly running. Thus he arrived at his boarding place on Pitt Street in less than half an hour—just in time to interrupt Mrs. Sarah Feinermann as she was about to start on a shopping excursion uptown. Mrs. Feinermann exclaimed aloud at the sight of him, and her complexion grew perceptibly less florid, for his advent in Pitt Street at that early hour could have but one meaning.

"What's the matter—you are getting fired?" she asked.

"What d'ye mean—getting fired?" Elkin replied. "I ain't fired. I got an afternoon off."

Mrs. Feinermann heaved a sigh of relief. As the recipient of Elkin's five dollars a week board-money, payable strictly in advance, she naturally evinced a hearty interest in his financial affairs. Moreover, she was distantly related to Elkin's father; and owing to this kinship her husband, Marx Feinermann, foreman for Kupferberg Brothers, was of the impression that she charged Elkin only three dollars and fifty cents a week. The underestimate more than paid Mrs. Feinermann's millinery bill, and she was consequently under the necessity of buying Elkin's silence with small items of laundry work and an occasional egg for breakfast. This arrangement suited Elkin very well indeed; and though he had eaten his lunch only an hour previously he thought it the part of prudence to insist that she prepare a meal for him, by way of maintaining his privileges as Mrs. Feinermann's fellow conspirator.

"But I am just now getting dressed to go uptown," she protested.

"Where to?" he demanded.

"I got a little shopping to do," she said; and Elkin snapped his fingers in the conception of a brilliant idea.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I would go with you. In three minutes I would wash myself and change my clothes—and I'll be right with you."

"But I got to stop in and see Marx first," she insisted. "I want to tell him something."

"I wanted to tell him something lots of times already," Elkin said significantly; and Mrs. Feinermann sat down in the nearest chair while Elkin disappeared into the adjoining room and performed a hasty toilet.

"*Schon gut*," he said as he emerged from his room five minutes later; "we would go right up to Appenweier & Murray's."

"But I ain't said I am going up to Appenweier & Murray's," Mrs. Feinermann cried. "Such a high-price place I couldn't afford to deal with at all."

"I didn't say you could," Elkin replied; "but it don't do no harm to get yourself used to such places, on account might before long you could afford to deal there maybe."

"What d'ye mean I could afford to deal there before long?" Mrs. Feinermann inquired.



"This Man Insulted Me!"

"I mean this," Elkin said, and they started down the stairs—"I mean, if things turn out like the way I want 'em to, instead of five dollars a week I would give you five dollars and fifty cents a week." Here he paused on the stair-landing to let the news sink in.

"And furthermore, if you would act the way I tell you to when we get up there I would also pay your carfare," he concluded—"one way."

III

WHEN Mrs. Feinermann entered Appenweier & Murray's store that afternoon she was immediately accosted by a floorwalker.

"What do you wish, madam?" he said.

"I want to buy something a dress for my wife," Elkin volunteered, stepping from behind the shadow of Mrs. Feinermann, who for her thirty-odd years was, to say the least, buxom.

"Your wife?" the floorwalker repeated.

"Sure; why not?" Elkin replied. "Maybe I am looking young, but in reality I am old; so you should please show us the dress department, from twenty-two-fifty to twenty-eight dollars the garment."

The floorwalker ushered them into the elevator and they alighted at the second floor.

"Miss Holzmeyer!" the floorwalker cried; and in response there approached a lady of uncertain age but of no uncertain methods of salesmanship. She was garbed in a silk gown that might have graced the person of an Austrian grand duchess, and she rustled and swished as she walked toward them in what she had always found to be a most impressive manner.

"The lady wants to see some dresses," the floorwalker said; and Miss Holzmeyer smiled by a rather complicated process, in which her nose wrinkled until it drew up the corners of her mouth and made her eyes appear to rest like shoe-buttons on the tops of her powdered cheeks.

"This way, madam," she said as she swung her skirts round noisily.

"One moment," Elkin interrupted, for again he had been totally eclipsed by Mrs. Feinermann's bulky figure. "You ain't heard what my wife wants yet."

"Your wife!" Miss Holzmeyer exclaimed.

"Sure, my wife," Elkin replied calmly. "This is my wife if it's all the same to you and you ain't got no objections."

He gazed steadily at Miss Holzmeyer, who began to find her definite methods of salesmanship growing less definite, until she blushed vividly.

"Not at all," she said. "Step this way, please."

"Yes, Miss Holzmeyer," Elkin went on without moving, "as I was telling you, you ain't found out yet what my wife wants, on account a dress could be from twenty dollars the garment up to a hundred and fifty."

"We have dresses here as high as three hundred!" Miss Holzmeyer snapped. She had discerned that she was beginning to be embarrassed in the presence of this self-possessed benedick of youthful appearance, and she resented it accordingly.

"I ain't doubting it for a minute," Elkin replied. "New York is full of suckers, Miss Holzmeyer; but me and my wife is looking for something from twenty-two-fifty to twenty-eight dollars, Miss Holzmeyer."

Miss Holzmeyer's temper mounted with each repetition of her surname, and her final "Step this way, please!" was uttered in tones fairly tremulous with rage.

Elkin obeyed so leisurely that by the time Mrs. Feinermann and he had reached the rear of the showroom Miss Holzmeyer had hung three dresses on the back of a chair.

"H'allow me," Elkin said as he took the topmost gown by the shoulders and held it up in front of him. He shook out the folds and for more than five minutes examined it closely.

"I didn't want to see nothing for seventeen-fifty," he announced at last—"especially from last year's style."

"What do you mean?" Miss Holzmeyer cried angrily. "That dress is marked twenty-eight dollars and it just came in last week. It's a very smart model indeed."

"The model I don't know nothing about," Elkin replied, "but the salesman must of been pretty smart to stuck you folks like that."

He subjected another gown to a careful scrutiny while Miss Holzmeyer sought the showcases for more garments.

"Now, this one here," he said, "is better value. How much you are asking for this one, please?"

Miss Holzmeyer glanced at the price ticket.

"Twenty-eight dollars," she replied, with an indignant glare.

Elkin whistled incredulously.



"I Got a Krank Right Here. Ever Since Last Week I Got It"

"You don't tell me," he said. "I always heard it that the expenses is high uptown, but even if the walls was hung *mit* diamonds yet, Miss Holzmeyer, your bosses wouldn't starve neither. Do you got maybe a dress for twenty-eight dollars which it is worth, anyhow, twenty-five dollars?"

This last jibe was too much for Miss Holzmeyer.

"Mis-ter Lap-in!" she howled, and immediately a glazed mahogany door in an adjoining partition burst open and Max Lapin appeared on the floor of the showroom.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Miss Holzmeyer sat down in the nearest chair and fanned herself with her pocket-handkerchief.

"This man insulted me!" she said; whereat Max Lapin turned savagely to Elkin.

"What for you are insulting this lady?" he demanded as he made a rapid survey of Elkin's physical development. He was quite prepared to defend Miss Holzmeyer's honor in a fitting and manly fashion; but, during the few seconds that supervened his question, Max reflected that you can never tell about a small man.

"What d'ye mean insult this lady?" Elkin asked stoutly. "I never says a word to her. Maybe I ain't so long in the country as you are, but I got just so much respect for the old folks as anybody. Furthermore, she is showing me here garments which, honest, Mister—er ——"

"Lapin," Max said.

"Mister Lapin, a house with the reputation of Appenweier & Murray shouldn't ought to got in stock at all."

"Say, lookyhere, young feller," Lapin cried, "what are you driving into anyway? I am buyer here, and if you got any kick coming tell it to me, and don't go insulting the salesladies."

"I ain't insulted no saleslady, Mr. Lapin," Elkin declared. "I am coming here to buy for my wife a dress and certainly I want to get for my money some decent value; and when this lady shows me a garment like this"—he held up the topmost garment—"and says it is from this year a model, understand me, naturally I got my own idees on the subject."

Lapin looked critically at the garment in question.

"Did you get this style from that third case there, Miss Holzmeyer?" he asked, and Miss Holzmeyer nodded.

"Well, that whole case is full of leftovers and I don't want it touched," Lapin said. "Now go ahead and show this gentleman's wife some more models; and if he gets fresh let me know—that's all."

"One minute, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said. "Will you do me the favor and let me show you something?"

He held up the garment last exhibited by Miss Holzmeyer and pointed to the yoke and its border.

"This here garment Miss Holzmeyer shows me for twenty-eight dollars, Mr. Lapin," he said, "and with me and my wife here a dollar means to us like two dollars to most people, Mr. Lapin. So when I am seeing the precisely selfsame garment like this in Fine Brothers' for twenty-six dollars, but the border is from silk embroidery, a peacock's-tail design, and the yoke is from gilt net yet, understand me, I got to say something—ain't it?"

Lapin paused in his progress toward his office and even as he did so Elkin's eyes strayed to a glass-covered showcase.

"Why, there is a garment just like Fine Brothers' model!" he exclaimed.

"Say, lookyhere!" Lapin demanded as he strode up to the showcase and pulled out the costume indicated by Elkin. "What are you trying to tell me? This here model is thirty-seven dollars and fifty cents; so, if you can get it for twenty-six at Fine Brothers', go ahead and do it!"

"But, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said, "that ain't no way for a buyer of a big concern like this to talk. I am telling you, so sure as you are standing there and I should never move from this spot, the identical selfsame style Fine Brothers got it for twenty-six dollars. I know it, Mr. Lapin, because we are making up that garment in our factory yet, and Fine Brothers takes from us six of that model at eighteen-fifty apiece."

At this unguarded disclosure Lapin's face grew crimson with rage.

"You are making it up in your factory!" he cried. "Why, you dirty faker you, what the devil you are coming round here bluffing that you want to buy a dress for your wife for?"

Elkin broke into a cold perspiration and looked round for Mrs. Feinermann, the substantial evidence of his marital state; but at the very beginning of Max Lapin's indignant outburst she had discreetly taken the first stairway to the right.

"Bring that woman back here!" Max roared. Miss Holzmeyer made a dash for the stairway, and before Elkin had time to formulate even a tentative plan of escape she had returned with her quarry.

"What do you want from me?" Mrs. Feinermann gasped. Her hat was awry, and what had once been a modish pompadour was toppled to one side and shed hairpins with every palsied nod of her head. "I ain't done nothing!" she protested.

"Sure, you ain't," Elkin said; "so you should keep your mouth shut—that's all."

"I would keep my mouth shut *oder* not as I please," Mrs. Feinermann retorted. "Furthermore, you ain't got no business to get me mixed up in this *Geschichte* at all!"

"Who are you two anyway?" Max demanded.

"This here feller is a young feller by the name of Elkin Lubliner which he is working by Polatkin & Scheikowitz," Mrs. Feinermann announced; "and what he is bringing me up here for is more than I could tell you."

"Ain't he your husband?" Max asked.

"*Over a Stück!*" Mrs. Feinermann declared fervently. "A kid like him should be my husband! An idee!"

"That's all right," Elkin rejoined. "*I'm Russland* at my age many a young feller is got twins yet!"

"What's that got to do with it?" Max Lapin demanded.

"It ain't got nothing to do with it," Elkin said, "but it shows that a young feller like me which he is raised in the old country ain't such a kid as you think for, Mr. Lapin. And when I am telling you that the concern which sells you them goods to retail for twenty-eight dollars is sticking you good, understand me, you could take my word for it just the same like I would be fifty-five even."

Again he seized one of the garments.

"And what's more," he went on breathlessly, "the workmanship is rotten. Look at here!—the seams is falling to pieces already!"

He thrust the garment under Lapin's nose with one hand, while with the other he dug down into his trousers pocket.

"Here!" he shouted. "Here is money—fifty dollars!"

He dropped the gown and held out a roll of bills toward Lapin.

"Take it!" he said hysterically. "Take it all; and if I don't bring you tomorrow morning, first thing, this same identical style, only A-number-one workmanship, which you could retail for twenty dollars a garment, understand me, keep the money and *fertig*."

At this juncture the well-nourished figure of Louis Appenweier, senior member of Appenweier & Murray, appeared in the door of the elevator and Max Lapin turned on his heel.

"Come into my office," he hissed; and as he started for the glazed mahogany door he gathered up the remaining garments and took them with him.

For more than half an hour Elkin and Max Lapin remained closeted together, and during that period Elkin conducted a clinic over each garment to such good purpose that Max sent out from time to time for more expensive styles. All of these were in turn examined by Elkin, who recognized in at least six models the designs of Joseph Redman, slightly altered in the stealing by Leon Sammet.

"Yes, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said, "them models was all designed by our own designer and some one *gestered* 'em

(Continued on Page 38)

OUR FIRST CRUISE

By GEORGE FITCH

AFTER Doc Wright and I had labored and argued with the Imp for about five months and had got the engine subdued to a point where it would eat out of our hands without damaging the hands too seriously, we suddenly became afflicted with ennui. We were bored with the whole business. Starting the engine and running the boat up the river for five or ten miles wasn't sufficiently interesting. We wanted to cut loose from civilization and explore the dark corners of the universe, charting unknown regions and pushing the prow of the Imp up rivers hitherto inhabited only by the hungry alligator or the pensive hippopotamus.

We discussed this trip a great deal during the month of September. Doc was for starting for Australia and lugging the boat over the right of way of the Panama Canal. I was more sensible. I wanted a modest little cruise down the Mississippi and round the Gulf, with a dash up the Atlantic Coast to New York, a loaf through the Erie Canal and a romp home through the Great Lakes. I am a lot more practical than Doc. On this trip you can stop for gasoline and postal cards every few miles, while on the road to Australia there are places where you are exactly nine weeks from the nearest baseball extra. In the end we compromised on a trip to Starved Rock. Starved Rock is a little natural wonderland located about seventy-five miles up the Illinois River. We chose it because there is a good hotel there. The people who starved on the Rock were foolish enough to go there before there was a hotel nearer than Philadelphia. The Imp could do eight miles an hour when in good health, and that would land us at the Rock in ten hours—an easy day's journey.

It looked so attractive that we started getting our equipment right away, and by the first of October we had collected a camping outfit, a blacksmith's forge, a pocket anvil, a vise and carpenter's bench, a canoe, a mast and sail, a stock of groceries, a gasoline stove and set of dishes, a water condenser, an icebox, a set of marine signals, a telescope, two guns and a bushel of shells, a medicine chest, two sou'westers, wading boots, a sea anchor, a writing desk, mosquito netting, a correspondence course on camping, a gill net, a trawl net, two fishing poles and a small power lathe, together with upward of a ton of miscellaneous tools.

But after we had collected this equipment we found that if we were going to put it all in the Imp, which was only twenty-four feet long and slim-waisted to boot, we ourselves should have to travel in a small boat tied behind; on the other hand, if we were going to tow the equipment in a boat behind we should have to have a larger craft to do the towing. This discouraged us so that we decided to pocket our pride and ask Alfred DeCurses Greene to come along with us as our guest. Greene, after he had enthusiastically accepted our invitation, suggested that we get a stout oar and lash it securely to the boat.

"We don't need anything else," he said; "but I'll be ding-donged if I am going to travel with a couple of flutter-brained maniacs in a boat they have got as crazy as themselves, without an oar handy."

That settled the equipment business, and we decided right there to go to Starved Rock on October thirtieth.

There is a vast fascination in preparing to launch boldly out on a great river and travel all day and possibly part of the night between unknown shores. Doc and I felt it strongly. We talked and dreamed of nothing else. We had the Imp's engine taken down by a careful machinist and then we hired another machinist, who was even more skilful, to make it run after the first machinist had worked on it. We got maps of the river, and even bought new suits in order to have some old cast-off clothes to wear on the trip. It was with the greatest exhilaration that, on the evening of October twenty-ninth, I set the alarm clock for five A. M. and told my family not to expect me home for three days.

I arose at seven the next morning and got to the dock before eight o'clock, beating Wright by about five minutes. Greene had been at the dock since six and had the Imp all ready for the cruise. In fact, for a guest he had been entirely too officious. He began ordering us round at once, but we settled that matter mighty suddenly by electing officers. I was elected captain, because I liked to steer, and Doc Wright was elected engineer. I voted for Doc and he voted for me. Then we elected Greene deckhand to comfort him. After this was done we climbed into the boat, ordered him to cast off and started for Starved Rock.

It is wonderfully inspiring to start up the river on a long trip in the cold dawn of an autumn day. We were very busy. We had to stow the suitcases and coil up the ropes, and there was a little job of painting still uncompleted that I intended to do when I got tired of steering. We ordered Greene to scrub out the bottom of the boat and clean the anchor, and I had just taken one hand off the steering wheel to light a capacious pipe when the engine began making a peculiar noise.

Funny how terrifying an unknown noise is in a motor-boat engine. It may not be a particularly frightful noise in itself. This noise wasn't. It was just a grinding, purring noise. I have heard more alarming noises out of a tomcat. But it mystified us and worried us. It was a noise that couldn't be made by an engine in good health. Doc looked all over the thing, felt its pulse, tested the exhaust, looked at the carbureter and the flywheel and shook his head. The engine seemed to be all right.

"I wouldn't risk the thing," I said to him. "Maybe if we shut it off and let it rest a minute it will feel better."

We tried to engage Greene in a casual conversation on engines in general, but he only grunted and went on polishing brass. The sulky dog was peevish over those elections. But he couldn't bother us. We could run an engine if we had to, as Doc remarked when he turned on the battery again. The engine started as if it wanted to get to Starved Rock at a single bound. I never saw an engine run so wildly. But the grinding noise still continued. Besides, when I grabbed the wheel and prepared to steer dexterously through the landscape ahead I discovered that we weren't progressing. The engine was running a hundred miles an hour and we were standing still.

"Stop the engine, Doc," I yelled, "the propeller's fallen off." Doc stopped the engine. Then he indulged in some of the most picturesquely hand-embroidered conversation that it has ever been my good fortune to hear. The perversity of a propeller that had stuck on for years and years while we had been nosing round within a few miles of home, only to fall off at the beginning of our first cruise, was outlined in that conversation until even a piece of bronze could have understood the point. If I had been that propeller I should have blushed all over.

"What are we going to do?" asked Doc of Greene, who was still wiping up the floor.

"Engineers don't ask deckhands what to do," said Greene sullenly.

"You bet they don't!" said Doc, flaring up; "and it wouldn't do them any good if they did. You'd have had this engine all apart by this time."

That was handing Greene one in a sore spot and we felt pretty good over it. There was a spare wheel in the boat, and Doc and I tossed up to see which one should put on the wheel and which one should paddle the boat. Doc lost. Then we tossed up again to see whether the loser should paddle or soak himself in the nice cold October river. Doc was elected to soak himself and I began to paddle. The shore was a good distance away, and by the time I had reached it we had drifted two miles below town. We ran on a nice sandy bar and Doc stripped to his underclothes. He stepped off into the water, doused himself with shivering shrieks of woe and began feeling round under the boat. In doing so he got his head under the water because he foolishly left it just where I was poking round with the oar, and when he came up he mixed river water and conversation in such a scandalous manner that we couldn't understand him for some time.

"Th' glub glub, whoush, glub damsh ough glug oughst allsh blurb gurg-gurb timesh," he remarked emphatically.

We cheered. "Say it again!" I yelled. "It's worth listening to."

"Thshhs blashgurg wheelshou-sspssp. Lb-blb-blim on alshsh sdthtime," he said again.

"Say it again," cried Greene, "and say it slower. I want to write it down."

"You gogo ttto tttthundersh phew," said Doc, climbing into the boat. "The bb-b-b-lamed pffffew w-w-wheel's bb-bb-b-been on all the t-t-t t-time." Then he went and coiled himself round the hot engine and refused positively to converse further.

If the wheel was on and the engine was running, why didn't we go? I looked imploringly at Greene, but he continued to polish brass and leave whole libraries unuttered. It made me mad. "That crab is going to stand round and watch us queer this trip just to get a laugh at us," said I to Doc; "but he'll fool himself. I'm going to fix this engine if it takes a week." I pushed the boat off the bar and started the engine again. It ran beautifully and we progressed with the utmost grace and dignity down the river sideways, while I pawed over all the various contraptions and dinguses and runkydorums of one sort and another that had hitherto behaved themselves. I lost a good deal of bark from my fingers and learned a few trifling things of no value. But we still continued to drift except occasionally, when we ran aground and had to be pried off with Greene's long-suffering oar. By noon we were hungry as wolves. By three o'clock we were so famished that it was all we could do to paddle the Imp to shore at Pekin against the will of the current, which seemed bound to take her to the Gulf of Mexico. But we finally accomplished it. I mopped my face, put on my coat and jumped ashore.

"Where are you going?" said Greene.



Doc Wright Begged a Gallon From a Farmhouse

"I'm going to hire a machine shop to fix this boat," I said, feeling more or less bored with the whole trip.

"Wait a minute," said Greene.

He picked up a wrench and tightened up a little screw on the cylindrical rinky-dink back of the engine. Then he started the engine backward. The Imp slid out into the channel. After that he reversed the engine and started it forward. The Imp began plowing her way up the river as if her attention had just been called to the desirability of running.

"Your set screw was loose and the propeller shaft wasn't turning," said Greene indifferently.

Of course the proper thing to do would have been to murder Greene, but somehow for almost the first time we did not yearn to do this. All of a sudden he had become tremendously important to that cruise of ours. I knew all about a set screw now and could put one in with my eyes shut, but for all I knew something might happen to the muffler. It might turn blue and develop a whooping-cough, and then we should be expected to study out this new branch of the science while drifting merrily down the river the wrong way. No, we had to have Greene. So we flattered him and praised him all the way to Peoria, and the result was that the next morning, when we got down to the dock at ten o'clock to start once more, he ordered us round as if we had been deckhands.

"Hop into that boat now as fast as you can, turn on the gasoline and stand by with that headline," he yelled. "And don't stand round there, you lubbers, with your mouths open. Step lively now. For two cents I'd take a rowboat and beat you to the Rock."

I ask you if that is pleasant conversation from a guest. And I ask you further if it is fair to talk that way to a man when he is afraid to talk back. We were so mad that our necks burned, but we didn't say anything. We were afraid Greene would go back home if we did. We just obeyed orders and finally sat in the stern as important as two pussycats on a battleship while he bustled about and finally started the engine and began backing out. Our sternline was trailing in the water and once I thought I would mention it, but I hated to obtrude. Greene backed and backed and the engine got weaker and weaker until it finally stopped altogether.

Greene was vexed. He pulled and hauled on the fly-wheel until finally the engine refused to budge. Then he got up, crowded past us and looked over the stern. So did we with great interest. That little half-inch rope was as tight as a bowstring.

"Well, I'll be sulphur and brimstone and four hundred in the shade!" said Greene—though those weren't the exact words he used.

"What's the matter?" said Doc, looking anxiously over the stern as if he expected to see a shark.

Greene looked at him with utter contempt. "That rope's fouled in the wheel," he barked. "It's got to be cut out before we can go an inch."

"You don't say," I remarked in great surprise. "Would a little rope like that stop a big boat? How did it happen to do it?"

"It fell off the deck, I suppose," snapped Greene.

"I noticed it piled round loosely here when we started," said Doc in lamblike tones. "I was going to ask you if I might coil it up the way we used to, but you were so sharp I was kind of timid about it."

"Yes," said I, "you seemed to know so much about everything that I thought if that rope needed to be coiled up you'd surely tell us to do it."

"What do you think of a captain that makes you mop off the waterline and leaves a rope round like that?" Doc asked of me.

"H-s-s-h," I answered; "he's our guest, you know."

"Well, we're the only ones that know it," said Doc. "He's forgotten it. He's been acting as if he were foreman of a section gang."

"I wouldn't mind his bossing if he knew anything," I complained. "But when a man climbs into your boat and orders you all over it and tells you he knows as much as a national library, and then gets you into trouble because he hasn't sense enough to coil up a sternline, you naturally wonder if he isn't all bluff ——"

At this moment a terrific explosion occurred. It was Greene. We were perfectly happy. When he finished remarking we asked if he was going to walk home in the dusty road among the vegetable wagons where he belonged, or stick to his job and get us out of trouble. That hooked him right through the gills. He announced that he was going to stay with the Imp till she reached Starved Rock if it took a week. He cooled off and went to work and we went to work and we all bossed each other, share and share alike. The result was that late in the afternoon we got that rope off and headed up the river, I steering and Greene and Doc nursing the engine in friendly coöperation.

The Imp ran beautifully once more. We headed up the river into the lake and wrangled over how far to go that night, and I stood at the wheel and surveyed the watery horizon like Christopher Columbus discovering new worlds. It was splendid. We would run in at some friendly little town late that night and sleep like children after our hard exertions, and then in the morning—just then I tried to crawl over the wheel on my stomach. It was painful and disturbing. I unwrapped myself and sat down, feeling particularly unhappy just as Greene said:

"Well, I'm blamed if the lunatic hasn't run us on Mud Island!"

It appeared to be true. I never did get the hang of the channel through the upper lake and it seems that I had been blithely steering for the swamps to the right of the river. The Imp was tilted comfortably bow end up on the bar at the foot of a muddy, squdgy flat a mile from the channel, and after the rest of the crew had taken in the situation at some length they came round to where I sat and began to talk about me.

It was a frightfully painful conversation. They talked over and round and through me, and discussed the most intimate details of my mental equipment without so much as suspecting that I was there. I sat in the stern and took it all, but there was one comfort. Being that proud and haughty, they couldn't of course condescend to ask me to help them get the boat off. They professed to be afraid I would misplace the river. So they waded and dug and pushed and got themselves daubed up until they looked like clay models, while I just sat in the stern and drank in the sunny October air and heard myself compared to all the eminent boneheads that have cumbered the earth since time began. When darkness came we were still nestling in the mud.

"Let's knock off and have supper," said Doc. "I'm hungry enough to eat hay. I hope you or the Rocky Mountain burro over in the stern brought some good substantials. I was in a hurry and I got the dessert myself." Saying which, he produced a sack with three dozen store-made doughnuts of the common gutta-percha variety. Greene looked at them wildly.

"Suffering Cæsar!" he shouted. "That's the first time we ever agreed on anything." Digging out a sack from his suitcase he rolled out another three dozen doughnuts. The design of the hole was different, but they had evidently been made from the same sawdust pile.

Greene and Wright sat and looked at the doughnuts with inexpressible sadness. "There's no use moaning," Greene said at last; "we've got to fall back on the old island wrecker. Hustle up, Timber-top, and produce some real grub. Here's a chance for you to furnish an excuse for living."

Now I had left home in a big hurry that morning and had forgotten all about provisions until I had got downstairs. I had no time to waste on them then, but I had found a jar of fine durable doughnuts with sugar on them in the kitchen and had wrapped them up in a newspaper. They were three times as good as the ancient relics that the lunch-counter men had palmed off on those other two innocents, but do you suppose I got any credit for that? Not a word. They blamed me for the whole business. You would have thought I had been commissioned to bring a banquet. They refused even to sample them. For that matter, Greene wouldn't eat any of Wright's doughnuts and Wright wouldn't touch any but his own, while of course neither one would have offered me a doughnut if I had been attacked by Apaches and had needed it for defense. Each one ate his own brand, reviling the other man's atrocious doughnuts and praising his own make to the skies. We almost got good-natured over it.

We ate our doughnuts and then we sat in the Imp, while the slow centuries winged their way backward into history and the thermometer crawled down toward the frost line. Occasionally Greene, who had the loudest lungs, would jump up and hail some far-off red or green light with no effect. Then he and Doc would discuss me some more. I got awfully tired of these discussions. I finally lay down and went to sleep in the middle of one of them. I woke once, feeling crowded. Greene was on one side of me fast asleep and Doc on the other. The next time I woke the sky was pink and blue and the night fog was rising off the water. There was a particularly homey look to the scenery. Moreover, we weren't aground. We were rocking gently down the river, and not a hundred yards off was our home dock.

I kicked Doc and Greene into consciousness and when they saw that dock they glared at me and called me a liar. I had to paddle the boat up to the dock itself before they would believe it. The river had risen a couple of inches during the night, it seems, and there had been a strong wind from the east that had rocked us off into deep water. And here we were at the starting line once more, with Starved Rock just seventy-five miles away, as usual.

We got on the street car and went downtown to a restaurant, where we filled up with care and thoroughness. As Greene finished his second order of bacon and eggs he turned to us and made a short oration.

"I don't know what your ideas are," he said apologetically, "but my idea would be that the Imp will start for Starved Rock in just half an hour."

"Hurray!" said Doc and I.

"And my idea is that we've got to stop quarreling too," he said emphatically. "This is a serious business, getting to Starved Rock. We've been at it two days and we're just where we started. I don't say that we can't starve just as successfully round here as we can up there, because we've proved it; but we started for the Rock, and by the lee scuppers of Noah's Ark, we're going to get there!"

"Hooray!" we cried once more, and went back to the dock full of noble resolves.

We had the Imp filled full of gasoline and oil and water and sandwiches and fresh batteries and canned goods, and just at seven o'clock we started for Starved Rock once more. The dockkeeper came out and cheered us as we left. That dockkeeper would rise from sound sleep at midnight to be present when we started for anywhere or came home. I never saw anything like the interest he took in our affairs.

We steered the Imp up through the Upper Free Bridge and past the summer resorts into the lake. We missed Mud Island by a comfortable margin and we staggered on past Mossville. We were ten miles from home by a little after eight o'clock. Personally I felt as exploreful as Christopher Columbus, and perfectly confident. But Greene was gloomy.

"She ain't right," he said despondently; "she ain't working worth a cent. Her batteries are weak and there's something wrong with her carbureter. She don't get any compression and I ought to take that pump apart this minute and clean it. She's getting hotter every minute."

That's Greene all over. He was beginning to enjoy the trip now. When an expert begins to sit beside an engine and shake his head with a morguelike expression he is getting into the spirit of the thing. Greene fiddled with the coils and the carbureter and took off the lubricators, holding his hands over the oil-holes to keep the air out in the meanwhile. He is so expert that he can almost take an engine apart while it is running. I believe that is his ultimate ambition. Some day he will take a gasoline engine entirely apart and reassemble it without making it miss a pop. When he has done this he will ask death to take him. There can be no more in life for him.

The Imp surged on past the willow points above Mossville and there arose on the starboard bow the little town of Spring Bay, nestling among the hills and unsoiled by railroads or modernism of any sort. It was an ideal point for a breakdown. No human being could have picked out a better spot. Quietly as a baby going to its rosy rest, the Imp folded its tired cranks and dropped asleep.

"No, you don't!" yelled Greene, leaping up and shaking his fist at the placid engine; "any other time it's all right, but you run today. Understand? Will you run or shall I take the monkey-wrench to you?"

I saw Greene take a monkey-wrench to an engine once and I shuddered at the threat. The result was appalling. That engine was scattered over two docks and four boats in less than an hour. But our engine didn't even pale. It slept on while Greene dissected the carbureter and cleaned the pump and put in new spark-plugs and put everything together and cranked and then said pious things with the reverse clutch on.

"Sounds to me as if she was out of gasoline," said Doc Wright timidly.

Greene looked at him severely. "Boy," he said, "did you or did you not see that dockkeeper pour twenty gallons into the tank? What kind of a thirst do you suppose this engine has?

"Nevertheless ——" said Greene. He scratched his head and looked in the gasoline tank. It was dry as a bone.

But the bow of the boat was full of gasoline. There was an opening for a ventilator in the deck and the careful assistant dockkeeper had poured out twenty gallons into that hole.

We paddled the boat into Spring Bay and went after gasoline like three ravening pirates after gold. The tank wagon was due the next day and supplies were very low. I coaxed a gallon from the minister's wife, and Doc Wright begged a gallon from a farmhouse, and Greene, with a desperate air, bought a bottle of spring tonic. Then we started the Imp again, and with our precious two gallons we ran to within three hundred yards of the dock at Chillicothe, after which we tried the spring tonic out with indifferent results. So we ran the Imp aground in the mud and Greene waded fifty yards ashore with a five-gallon can, returning half an hour later triumphant, but not much to look at, he having negotiated a clay bank on his hands and knees both ways.

And now we fared forth again and a mighty cheer went up, for we were twenty miles from home and had conquered amazing difficulties. So we made merry among ourselves, and Doc Wright playfully slipped a can of water into Greene's sleeve as he bent over the engine, and Greene retaliated with a dipperful in Doc's ear and was rewarded with a young cataract in the hip pocket and gave back good measure in Doc's collar—after which, both being soaked, they stripped to their underclothing and sat on the forward deck in the sun, their shirts waving from the flagstaffs, stem and stern, and the herons and mallard ducks blushing at their shamelessness as we careered madly on toward Henry.

There is a dam and a lock at Henry that the state maintains for the undoing of the unwary. Usually there is enough water over the dam for safe passage, but strangers

do not know this. They sail innocently into the lock, and not only does the implacable lockkeeper lock them in and charge them one dollar and fifty cents, but they have to toil at the windlasses at both ends before they can escape. It was galley-slave work. We panted our way one hundred and eleven times round both windlasses, and just as the job was over a fat old tub put-putted merrily up the river and over the dam with the utmost unconcern. We yelled with rage and demanded our money back, but the lockkeeper only laughed at us. I am going to run for governor some day, or maybe Doc will if he has time, and then that lockkeeper, if he is still alive and sinning, will laugh from the other side of his mouth.

We were almost halfway. The Imp had never been so far from home before. Joy settled down over us like a light fleecy cloud and we swam in bliss. I know now that we should have refrained from rejoicing until the Rock was in sight, but we were inexperienced then and didn't know this. We organized a lopsided quartet and sang so loudly that when a priming cock blew out we could hardly hear the engine's modest remarks about it through the din.

Greene fixed the engine by driving a wooden plug in hard. Then he fixed the coils with a pin—I don't know how—and after that he fixed the carbureter with some pins and part of an old cork, and when he finished that he mopped his brow and began to fix a leaky lubricator with chewing gum. And then it began to dawn upon us that maybe Fate was on the job again and that we weren't going to get to Starved Rock after all. The quartet went out of business abruptly.

Greene fixed the lubricator after an awful struggle. The tiller rope parted a little later, but we didn't fix it. Time was precious. Doc lay down under the transom of the boat and steered by yanking the lever round by hand. I watched the channel and gave him signals by kicking his port and starboard feet. It was hard on Doc, but we were desperate. If we could only get that engine into health again we could fix the rope while running and lose no precious time.

A noisome odor arose. Greene sniffed suspiciously. He laid his hand on the engine cylinder and took it away right off with a yell. The engine was hot enough to fry eggs. Greene looked over the side of the boat and gave a whoop of despair. Not a drop of water was coming from the pump.

We ran to shore and tied up, smothered in gloom, all but Doc, who crawled out from his kennel under the stern looking almost happy and began to straighten out his warped frame. Greene took the pump apart and probed and primed and probed and blew into the intake hose until he swelled visibly. Nothing happened. Far under the boat was the water intake and something had got into it. For the want of a fifteen-cent brass screen we were lost. Fifteen-cent screens are now as bad as horseshoe nails for upsetting men and nations.

A mile up the river we could see the elevator at Hennepin peeping shyly forth from behind a bend. We decided to row the Imp up there and haul her out. After that we could repair her and go on if we had to run all night and all the next day and on until election time. We had two oars this trip and Doc paddled. It would almost have been more convenient to tie up the boat and haul the village down to it. The old-time galley slaves used to complain a good deal over their lot; but a galley slave didn't have to tug on an oar that slipped off a home-made oarlock every third time and allowed him to sit down hard in a bushel of tools.

We paddled the Imp along in the swift current and finally we found a high bank free from brush. Then Doc got out and towed us for a ways while we rested. Then we rowed some more. Sometimes we won and sometimes the current had it all its own way. I'll bet no college eight ever finished with tongues hanging farther out than ours were when we ran the boat on the gravel beach at Hennepin and sat down to pant awhile.

We sat and rested and looked with dull, fishy eyes on quaint old Hennepin. There was never a more magnificent October day, but we weren't interested in it. We were not interested in anything—not even in a steamboat that was poking its way up the river—that is, not until she whistled for Hennepin and stood in for the landing. Then Greene got up and began to hum in a peculiar manner of his. It is the exhaust from his brain. Whenever he is thinking over eleven thousand revolutions a second you can hear that hum.

The steamer came grandly in and the keel grated not fifty feet from us. She was a Government snag-boat, and as Greene gazed at those two immense derricks on her bows he began to slap himself and whistle. Then he jumped out of the boat and made for the steamboat. We sat more or less expectant until he finally returned. To look at his face one would have imagined that he had just been given the State of Illinois for a country home.

"All aboard for La Salle," he grinned; "we start in fifteen minutes."

Which we did. Greene knew the captain, and anyway he could talk a strange bulldog into lending him his tail for a bell rope. The snag-boat was going up to La Salle to get a package of smoking tobacco for the first mate—that's the way they run those Government boats—and anything to relieve the monotony was welcome. In fifteen minutes

(Continued on Page 45)

MODERN METHODS

By CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY J. V. McFALL



Annie Promised. She Would Have Promised to Go to Persia Tomorrow in a Buckboard

EDWARD FITZGIBBON FROMLICH was born—and I wish to give the careless natal fates due credit for the choice—in New York, U. S. A. He was a young man of the newest America, a person who was alive to the present, intensely keen on the future, but who regarded all pasts—Gettysburg, Châlons, Richard the Crusader, Diogenes, Thebes and Olympus and Sinai and the Waters of Ganges—as "put away to sleep." That is to say, that E. F. Fromlich's blood, traditions and general heredity had been whisked to a fine froth in the great metropolitan churn. If he had any antique reverences he did not know them.

Strictly with a view to the future—his own—Edward had gulped down all the free education New York gave in the nineties, and read all sorts of "solid books" in free libraries ever since. He was not bookless, as the commonalty reckon books. To Fromlich himself much of his study appeared mere stuffy chapters of introduction, twaddle about Xerxes and Alexander Hamilton and Fulton and Queen Victoria and Galileo and the Triple Alliance, written by authors who doddered fatally with the past and had difficulty in "coming up to date."

At thirty-two Fromlich had laid by four thousand dollars—for the future, of course—by running engines and dynamos. He came up, tropic-weary from three years on the Isthmus, into the Pennsylvania coalfields, when the dogwood flaunted white promise on all the hills and apple blossoms made the valleys bridal. He was a personable young man. He cherished a general faith in human nature; but his passionate belief was pledged to two realities with real futures to them—New York and the Canal. To these cults a third was added in the course of the summer. He fell in love with Annie Pearl Jones, of 18 Hopkins Street, Granville.

Annie Pearl Jones was a mine boss' daughter, and Edward settled to running dynamos in an underground power house of a coal mine. Her looks, his up-to-dateness, sheer youth and summer moonlight and propinquity—he boarded just round the corner—made the match. They were married in August, deeply in love. They furnished a small, plain, rented house. They began to cut large slices off the future and butter them and eat them.

Then ——.

Edward discovered that everything womenkind did had their grandmothers' customs in it, even to curtaining or not curtaining a window with muslin; and all the other women watched to make each sister toe the traditional mark. Present utilities and rational objectives were nowhere. Annie Pearl Fromlich was a conservative and a ritualistic housekeeper. She wouldn't believe a book or a germ or a Government Bulletin on oath. She would sit on a bed in a darkened room with glass paperweights in her hands whenever it thundered. The worst thing of all, Edward observed, when he patiently and systematically tried to understand her, was that Annie was a woman. Woman, when you come to think of it, is an archaic animal, a vessel of the past.

I omit what Annie Pearl Jones discovered about man and Edward: it would not make light reading. Suffice it to say that on the twentieth of October, 1909, Mrs. Fromlich took a car downtown to the county courthouse, was met by her lawyer, and filed papers for a cruel and incompatible divorce. Then she went home to her mother's, took off her hat, had a cup of strong tea and cried herself sick. Everything women do has their grandmothers' customs cropping up in it.

Weeks drew on. In Pennsylvania anybody not rich or distinguished can get a divorce as neat as Reno's best. Annie Pearl's little case was heard in January. The stereotyped result might have been expected, save that old Judge Fuld was on the bench. He shillyshallied with his power. To Annie Fromlich, who raised sky-blue eyes to him, and whose young face crimsoned and paled too often to bespeak hopes thoroughly embalmed, the judge gave but a travesty of justice. She should have alimony of five dollars a week; she should be separated from her incompatible husband for three months; and after that breathing spell the court would, if she insisted, go on and grant her an interlocutory decree for a period of one year!

After this effort the judge adjourned the session for luncheon. Annie's lawyer gathered up his papers, snapped a rubber-band on the bundle, smiled upon his client with routine courtesy.

"Too bad, Mrs. Fromlich. He's very uncertain on matrimony. And, of course, the law allows a wide discretion. He's the best judge in the state on land titles, practically never reversed; but for the divorce court he's just a waste of time. We'll have to do it all over in three months now. He hopes couples'll come together. He's an old man."

"It can't be helped," sighed Annie Pearl, getting up from her chair. But her knees trembled and her heart thumped. After all, if—if Ned—Oh, if ——

But Ned apparently did not. He conceived it the part of an up-to-date American husband long-sufferingly to permit a few wives to divorce him. He should make no overtures, no complaints, no scandal; and generally accommodate himself to circumstances. The proper man mustn't take to drink or run away, because either extreme would exaggerate the lady's importance. He should say nothing and pay the lawyer. All these things, then, in the strength of his German steadiness, his Irish pride and his American up-to-dateness Annie's husband set himself to fulfill. He puzzled Granville terribly.

Before the settlement of alimony young Mrs. Fromlich had gone to work in the silk mill for, finances aside, her young body had to earn its sleep in that period of troubled mind. After the day in court she kept on for weeks. But in March, as days grew longer and spring stirred

imperceptibly in the Northern world, a great weariness and weakness grew upon her. Twice the spinning machines blurred into blackness as Annie crumpled to the floor. She was going into a decline, she knew. She wouldn't work after this week, not ever again. She didn't care either. It was the effect, she was sure, of a broken heart.

She stayed at home with her mother and puckered her smooth brows with three days of intense thinking. She had no work to do. Finally of an afternoon she looked at herself long in the tilted glass behind her bureau, did her hair three different ways for experiment, and decided to live. She took out a purse from a cubbyhole; it had twenty-two dollars in money and seven yellow checks. Alimonies, these.

"Not everybody's man can write a check!" she exulted for the hundredth time. "There's some class to Ned. How that lawyer-thing sat up and took notice when he saw the first one! Day and Night Bank too. Ain't that exactly like him!" She smiled and sighed.

The morning paper lay on the bed with pre-Easter advertising bourgeoning large. Fifty-seven dollars in hand is a good deal of money. A spruce cockrobin, earliest of his family to make the fashionable migrations, appeared by the pear trees near her window-sill. Spring had come!

"I remember how rattled I was first time he gave me one to cash," she continued in a low tone. "I thought he was putting up a game on me to see if I'd ask for the money instead and show I was green, and give him the laugh. But he wasn't. It's his way. He's as used to checks as I am to the eggbeater, and he'd never think of anybody else being different. My, I'd never dared go to the bank with one of them in my life if Mr. Laval hadn't been my Sunday-school superintendent since I was six."

She slipped off her calico dress and turned to hang it on its hook on the wall. A thought caught her, arms upraised. She moaned and struck her hands to her eyes.

"Checks! Getting them every week by mail, like they were patent-medicine samples! What's five dollars a week when it's him I want?"

The room was small and stuffy, the wall paper a wiggly horror. Annie Pearl revolted once and for all against the renunciations, the disabilities, the sad seclusion implied by the shelter of its four walls. She took down her winter suit from its hanger. Ned had got it for her before their last quarrel in October and had seen her wear it once.

"I am going," said Annie, snatching up the newspaper, "to have the niftiest spring suit fifty dollars will buy!" And she stamped her foot. "No matter what's coming, I'm going to have folks see me in some thor'ly good clothes, and remember it too. The hat I'll charge."

Checks and money she crammed into her purse. Her gloves were shabby. She frowned at them and at her slender hands. Then with a setting of the teeth she took from the bureau her wedding ring.

"I'll put it on this once," said she, flushing. "Downtown some of the saleswomen have the eyes of a lynx. And I won't have folks thinking and guessing and passing remarks on me. The impudent gossips!"

Downstairs and out went young Mrs. Fromlich, aswirl with emotions and the Easter modes. Edward Fitzgibbon, had he been there, would have understood the mood and loved it. But he was fussing with kilowatts and transformers and cut-offs nine hundred feet underground.

II

ON THE tenth of March Saul Dundridge was made assistant electrical engineer at the Parcross Colliery. His qualifications were purely social. An intermittent alcoholic, of Doric tastes and manners, his high-bred people could not tastefully fit him into their Germantown landscape; and as majority stockholders in the Mountain Coal Company they sequestrated him in a mine under a grandmother's maiden name. The career of Saul Dundridge matters very briefly to this story. He was a scamp, a brute and a fool; but he was a gossip shut up with Ned Fromlich ten or eleven hours a day.

"There's a strictly man-tailored piece of grass-widow up our street," Saul confided to his superior on the third morning of their association. "I'd like to get in with her. Might put a shine on life in this dull burg. What?"

"Oh," said Fromlich.

"She dresses!" stated Saul, lolling on the bench of their underground power house and blinking up at the white arcs. He made his words pictorial and gloated over them. "Showy kind of lavender cloth. Fits her like a skin too. Pretty flossy. I'm glad there's somebody up here in the tall weeds that can rag out like a human of some speed. As for skirts in general, I see they ——"

"Clean that," commanded the engineer, throwing him a wrench with excellent aim. "And don't swill oil over my tools again."

The prodigal obeyed. But while he swabbed he discoursed stupidly or grossly of various Eves and various apples of knowledge.

"You don't say!"

"Among the rubes, Ned, you're the nearest thing to a live wire yourself that I've seen yet. What say you come along with me some evening and see if we can't get the sign from the little hay-queen, eh?"

"Nope," the engineer replied crossly. "I don't want 'em. Besides, I'm ——"

"Her name's Jones, this girlie. Ever hear of her? Father's a mineworker. Pretty well to do, by the house they live in. How d'you think she'd like to have a feller from the city for the summer? What?"

"Why, you plastered skunk!" Fromlich's lean figure overhung the lounger on the bench and Saul instinctively raised an arm. "She wouldn't look at you! She's good! Good, you slobbering —— Why, why, I ——" He choked upon his wrath and astonishment. "I know her well," he concluded lamely—"very well."

"All right then," Saul Dundridge assured him hastily. "I didn't know. I didn't say she wasn't, my good man. I just—oh—wondered."

"Then you stop wondering, or I'll just—oh—drop you into a magnetic field, with fatal results, my good man."

Saul grinned nervously. The whirring dynamos were dangerous mysteries, all too handy to the man they obeyed.

"Well, all I know is she has wads of money and clothes up to the minute," he explained. "I never got a word with her. But there's a pious old Sunday-school widower down in the bank here that's after her hot foot."

"It isn't a bank," Fromlich corrected absently; "only a branch bank. Laval's cashier."

"I heard she ran away from her husband, or else he ran away from her, and she hadn't been able to get a divorce, so I naturally just guessed ——"

"No, you didn't." The voice carried an ominous firmness. "Take it from me, thought don't come natural to you at all. I'm going to stop the number two now. And the only natural thing for you'll be to lie on your back between her and four and polish up everything you see till I can't rub a streak off the metal anywhere. She needs it and you need it."

"Oh, come now! It's dangerous. That's no way to treat a fellow. I mentioned the grass widow, but I ——"



She Would Sit on a Bed With Glass Paperweights in Her Hands Whenever it Thundered

"You didn't," Edward Fitzgibbon assured him coldly. "You've been snoring. Took too much of that dope of yours. But you're under my orders, and you're—to—clean—number two."

"With what?" Saul whimpered. "I don't know how. Say! How can I?"

"With cotton waste." Gravely the engineer kicked his helper; and during the rest of the afternoon communicated with him chiefly by these elementary but informative gestures.

For five hours a person of patrician blood lay under the machinery, swearing and swabbing to serve out his sentence.

But the ridiculous tawdry conversation had its reactions. Fromlich, shake himself free as he might, could not be rid of the specter of pious Mr. Laval, the widower cashier, going courting in Woodhull Jones' front parlor. A sneaking yellow cur of jealousy tagged at Edward's heels. He could not but remember that both Laval and Annie were pious conservatives, born and bred. A mere educated, enlightened, modern New Yorker like himself couldn't predict what that kind of people might do.

As for the blabbing Saul he grinned. He had five dollars in his pocket.

After work that Monday he betook him to a florist's shop and sent roses. In his Dundridge-chrysalis he had no cards, so that the flowers went anonymously; but above the street and number of the address he scribbled shakily in leadpencil: "Annie."

III

THE humble-pie that Annie Pearl had in preparation for her own eating received its top crust the evening when three dozen pale pink roses were delivered at her father's house; but by an unfortunate series of coincidences she left the bitter dainty unbaked and uneaten.

In the first place, with thirty-five of the roses in an old English pitcher and one at her breast she sat that evening in the lamplit parlor with shades not drawn, and sewed on a bunch of lacy nothings, and listened and blushed and sighed, and jumped when the doorbell rang.

"It's just like him," she explained to herself as her mother went to answer the summons. "Who else would begin with sending greenhouse flowers? He always has those grand expensive ways of going at a thing. Dear me, I'll be glad to see him sit down in that chair again and square his shoulders back and look me over and begin to fight. I think I'd—Mercy, I'm blushing!"

However, it was a false alarm that time. Mr. Laval had rung. He stood in the hallway just a minute, with the door open to the splashy rainy darkness of the street, to remind Annie that tomorrow evening at seven the Sunday-school cantata would rehearse, and if she'd be sure to go he would call and take her on the ten-of-seven car.

Annie, from her chair beyond the lamp, promised. She would have promised to go to Persia tomorrow in a buckboard, if a ready acquiescence tonight would clear that bothersome old he-sister out of the hall and out of the gate before Ned came. And Mr. Laval prosed, excused, lingered; dripping trickles on the rug, too, from his raincoat. But finally he went.

"He did stare," thought Annie, twirling her thimble. "I'm afraid I looked excited. Or too happy." A little breathless catch of laughter followed and she patted her work. Not for worlds would she look up at those black, rain-beaded street windows! But the wisdom of her grandmothers told Annie Fromlich that at any minute Ned was going to stride along and look in and see—all lavender broadcloth and cream lace and flesh pink flowers—a very pretty wife.

However, he never came.

The code of her grandmothers bade her weep tonight and tomorrow be dreadfully, tormentingly nice to some other man. As for explaining the flowers and Ned, and Ned's not coming, it didn't. The code always had failed on Ned-isms so far.

If Monday had been bad, Tuesday was worse. Cantata evening was thoroughly unlucky. The rain had changed to a wretched spring snowstorm and the Hopkins Street car was late and full of people when young Mrs. Fromlich got on at the corner. Mr. Laval was fussily considerate of her comfort, and an impudent, staring, down-at-heel, bleary man crowded in after them.

Annie had to go through the evening; but Mr. Laval fidgeted so consciously under the car lights that even slighted female affection could not use him as a peg to hang

flirtation on. He had a horror of divorce and he was so obviously afraid of being charmed against his principles. The bleary man had got a seat and smirked in an offensive way.

Then with an awful suddenness Ned Fromlich let go a strap. He nodded to her, raised his hat and bent over the shabby person. His voice she recognized as absolute black fury, though his manner was quietly direct.

"You dirty snooping spy!" was his remark. "Here's your corner. You get off with me."

And he pulled the bellrope and, shepherding his catch, passed out of the front door.

The car stopped, jerked on. Annie peered through the steamy window. Did she, or didn't she, see two men rolling in the snow?

Why on earth ——? Oh, but he was splendid, and awful, and what would people think if she cried about it right now? Oh, oh, oh! If he fought like that he knew how to love like that too. And he was dear. Oh, goodness gracious!

The cantata might have been sung by cats for all Annie knew or cared. To get home and jam on her wedding ring hard, and consult Ned's photograph, and cry into a pillow were all her objectives. And she thought perhaps she'd write him in the morning. Certainly she'd telephone the lawyer man. There was no sense in getting a divorce when you never felt so married in all your life before!

The morning postman brought one of those envelopes with the lawyer's business address in the corner, directed as usual in the lawyer's handwriting.

"Just like him, sending them to the office and not to me!" exulted young Mrs. Fromlich with a proud smile as she turned the envelope over and over. "There's nothing common about Ned. If I didn't want him I needn't have him, see? Strictly business." She ran upstairs, though not so lightly as she once might, and banged the bedroom door.

"Bless your scratchy old chin!" she said softly to a brown photograph that had lately migrated from the bottom washstand drawer to the place of honor behind the pincushion. "This'll be the very last check you give me this way by mail, I know that!"

She unfolded the yellow slip. "E. F. Fromlich." The dear, free, swinging way he signed his name made her heart jump. I suppose her grandmothers' hearts had jumped, too, as far back as any of their menfolks learned reading and writing—back in the Roundhead days at least. It was part of the racial woman code.

It wasn't the usual plain alimony check. It was for ten dollars, and it carried trimmings. Right across the top margin, in plain English for anybody to read, Edward Fromlich had inscribed an opinion:

"I see the Lord has sent Deacon Laval courting you. Here's a new bonnet. You must need it."

The divorcée-presumptive read and read and read those baffling lines. She did not weep; and it has always been her contention that neither then nor later did she accord the document one tear. In fact a quite Fitzgibbonish temper developed in her almost melted heart.

"The idea!" said Annie Pearl.

Then she went to the closet, took down a bandbox, and tried on with some approval the correct little beehive affair of cream and black that belonged to her Easter clothes. Yes, it was. It was a good hat. She restored it to its place and turned again to the study of Ned's yellow check.

"Now imagine," said she to the mirrored Annie Pearl, "me indorsing that lovely thing and poking it in the window at poor, scary, old, innocent Laval!"

She thought again, and came with a great sigh of security to firm ground. "Boo!" said she to Edward on the bureau. "Jealous!"

IV

WITH a sapience Ned would not have credited, Annie put away the alimony and waited for next week's insult. She knew it would be worse. And it was.

"I hate a cold-blooded prig with silly notions." So Ned had written. He hated only five dollars' worth too.

Next week's was literary and complex as a Baconian cipher:

"Kindly read Taming of the Shrew, by Shakspere, and imagine I wrote the worst parts from experience."

That made twenty dollars which Mrs. Fromlich had in unnegotiable securities. However, she put it by and did much beautiful frothy sewing—a waist or two for herself and a dressing jacket, which were worthy of Paris. When her lace was all sewed up, of course she might need more money. Meantime she sat at home and sewed, and often sang like a happy dreamer of dreams.

But the fourth alimony was too much for the patientest daughter of woman. It said:

"I'm glad I had no children."

"Well!" said Annie. "Married in August!" She raged and laughed and cried. Oh, the ridiculous stupid! This indeed was the limit of his rope.

She dressed in her prettiest waist and new hat and an old brown suit, and went downtown to consult her counsel.

"I know you'll laugh," she explained, having opened the matter. "It's perfectly horrid and I don't expect you to help it. He's awfully mean to do so, even if he is smart, because I'm too ashamed for anything to cash 'em. And there are lots of things I want twenty-five dollars for, you know."

"I've seen them already, Mrs. Fromlich," her adviser assured her with a veneer of professional gravity thinly hiding his amusement. "You forget they come through my hands. I can't say I liked the form. But unless my client took some notice of the irregularity I'd not feel that I could approach Mr. Fromlich."

"Well," said Annie, "the question is, How can we get at him? I don't know what'll be on next week's if we don't do something to stop him. Ned's different from other people. He takes short-cuts to things, and they startle you, they're so short. *I* never see him nowadays."

"I'll look him up if you wish," said the gentleman mildly.

"Oh, no! You wouldn't do at all! I mean I know him as well as anybody does—and that's not very well either—and I'm sure he'd just drop you down a shaft or something for interfering, and that'd be murder, and everything would go from bad to worse." Annie paused to take breath after this climax. Then, blue eyes very wistful, she inquired: "Couldn't you get him up before that old judge that didn't give me my divorce last winter? He was such a sensible man!"

"Per-haps," said the attorney, diving into his wastebasket for an elusive and long-sought article that he never found.

"If I was here, and the judge and you, I think between us we might bring him to reason."

"I'll do what I can," said he, coming upright with a grave face, "to cite him in contempt. Maybe I can. Judge Fuld's sitting now. And if I can get the summons how would day after tomorrow suit you, say at four in the afternoon?"

"I'll get here," said this most naïve of clients. "Oh, indeed I'll come! But are you sure he will?"

"Not sure; hopeful. The judge has rather—rather unusual notions of the marriage contract, fortunately. I'll telephone you. And, meantime, I shall need the offensive communications to show the judge. I suppose you'd rather not indorse them? If you cared to I could give you the money, submit them to him, and put them through my own account here in a bank where you are not known."

Annie Pearl shook her head. Banks were a *terra incognita* to her; but in all tangled trails of discretion, taste, business, delicacy, dress, deportment and abstract ethics she steered her way by one fixed star.

"Ned wouldn't like it," she said with finality. "He's—he's strict and—awfully old-fashioned about some things. Never mind the money. And thanks, just the same."

V

NO MAN in a bitterer, blacker humor than E. F. Fromlich ever lost a perfectly good ten hours to dawdle through an entire day in the East Courtroom. He was told to come at nine and he came. An Italian blackhander was suing an Italian saloonkeeper for libel, and getting the worst of his own testimony in a long, stupid bilingual case. No human being, not even the worn, fat old judge, could be interested in the jib-jabber. Nor could Fromlich engross himself in any profitable thinking.

Annie was not on deck. Things went duller and duller.

At a quarter to five finally there was a bustle. The jury retired. The legal machinery began to grind. The judge said this and that in a thin, husky old voice inaudible beyond the immediate circle round him. People went and came. A sheriff or tipstaff or janitor came miraculously straight to Edward and called him by name.

". . . In his chambers—now—adjournment—a contempt," sputtered this person rapidly. "This way, please. Judge presently—wait."

Fromlich entered, and with a sigh of relief shut out the Common Pleas beyond a solid door. It was a small room, plain, with low coloring; there were some chairs, a table, books. The books comforted Edward. He made toward the cases. But—it was Annie, of course.

In a lacy waist and a cream-colored hat with black on it Annie Pearl sat behind a table. She looked up, smiled, flushed faintly; considering that this life is a tragedy she looked altogether too established in content and peace.

"Well!" spoke Ned, advancing haughtily, derby hat in hand; "have you been keeping me down here all afternoon?"

"Have you been keeping me?" queried she, not unskillfully. "I've been here forever, expecting the judge would come in. Where were you?"

Fromlich brushed that aside with an impatient motion. He stared at her through narrowed lids; and though all pasts were, in principle, "dead ones," he could not but approve in retrospect his taste of eleven months ago. In fact, Annie was prettier and sweeter than when he met her last May. Blue her eyes were, blue to dream of; and with a new look in them, too, as if she knew some baffling secret that he didn't. Confound it, that wasn't the way a near-divorced wife ought to look at a modern enlightened American whom she'd tried and found incompatible!

"Those were horrid, those checks," said Mother Eve, stealing his lawful advantage of the grievance. "I really needed the money, Ned, to buy some things; but of course I'd never cash them. You knew I wouldn't. I hate to think you put all that money into them. Can't you get it back?"

"Money back?" he vociferated.

"Yes. Can't you?"

"Why not ask Laval to cash 'em?"

"That's impossible and bad manners," she assured him gently. "The poor old ninnypinny, he'd be about scandalized to his death! You don't need him for a stalking-horse, Ned Fromlich, if you want to quarrel with me."

Edward knew it was true. "All right about that then, Annie," he assented.

And here ended the gossip-motif, introduced for the first time into their major theme by Saul Dundridge down in the dynamo room the twelfth of March.

"Say," the girl's voice continued, "are you happier without me really? Are you, for sure?"

"I don't matter."

She waited.

"Never mind me," elucidated the man. "I don't count, far as this thing goes. You're the one to be suited. I guess I can take my medicine as it comes along. You look out for yourself. I—I'm sorry I made a hash of—this year. You're so young."

"For what?"

"Young to marry. I guess any man that'd made up his mind as hard as I did could have rushed

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"You Dirty Snooping Spy! Here's Your Corner. You Get Off With Me"

How to Beat the Building Game



By B. A. HOWES

ONCE upon a time there was a famous author who wanted to build a house—to build a home, as the real-estate advertisements put it. He had plans drawn by an architect and got bids for its construction in permanent and fireproof material. When he received the amounts he was shocked. "That is half as much again as I have allowed!" he cried. So it was decided to build in cheaper construction and "by day's labor," with the direct supervision of the author's family, thus saving the contractor's profit. When the house was finished—and it was very attractive, even though it would never be a family homestead because it would hardly last long enough for that—and the famous author was happily ensconced he was asked: "And was the house built for your original allowance?" "Half of it was!" replied the famous author.

Now is the time of year when every man who has dreams of building a home, encouraged thereto by a swarm of little magazines, begins to plan to beat the building game. If he tries it he will be lucky to do as well as the hero of our opening tale. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, however, and a new home-builder is born every minute.

A highminded gentleman bought some land from other very honorable gentlemen who were developing a highly restricted community where they owned their own homes. They were also backing a building company to erect houses on it, and they patronized a talented and apparently reputable architect who had drawn the plans for most of the houses. The first-named gentleman thought he couldn't do better than accept their recommendation of their building company and pet architect, especially as these latter were willing to build just the house he wanted at a price he could afford to pay. It was to be built for the cost of materials and labor plus a specified percentage, but was not to exceed a certain sum. He didn't scrutinize the exact terms of this guaranty very closely, perhaps; but then the plans had been very carefully worked out, and by this time they were all friends and he and his wife had been charmingly welcomed by the little community.

When the house was well under way, however, and some of the material going into it seemed to the owner very defective, the architect didn't get round to insisting that the contractor should replace it. And when the cost of the house ran up and up, many thousands over the original estimate, there seemed to be no way of exacting satisfaction. The contractor appealed to the architect, and the architect simply faded away. And the original honorable gentlemen of the select community—why, he couldn't sue them; not if he expected to live there, anyway.

How the Canniest Men are Caught

IN THE end the highminded gentleman who had been above suspecting his new friends, realizing that his guaranty was nothing more than a gentleman's agreement and unable to keep the house which had run him deeply into debt, made arrangements to sell. An expert whom he called in found that the house was really worth nearly what he had paid for it. He had not been cheated, except into undertaking a proposition twice as costly as he could afford. His own lack of experience had prevented his recognizing as a forty-thousand-dollar house what had been promised to him for twenty thousand. He had taken an unsupported estimate seriously, without investigating the business reliability of either architect or contractors.

There is just one way to beat the building game, but that is a way which the canny American consistently refuses to take. He has heard plenty of such tales as those above, but he is perfectly sure that no one is going to get the better of him—rather the other way about. And it is just the canny American who is stung worst. A very astute real-estate man in a Western city decided to build a large house for himself on some land he owned. He was determined to have a house of a certain size and of a certain excellent and solid type of construction, but not to spend too much money for it. None of your extravagant commissions for him! So he found a young architect who was willing to shade his percentage a good bit, and who worked very hard indeed to simplify details and cut down all non-essentials, though keeping all the other points demanded. The specifications were duly drawn up by the young architect and sent out for bids. The result was curious. One very well-known builder declined to put in a figure, without comment. Another reputable contractor put in a bid much higher than the owner proposed to go, but intimated politely that he hardly hoped to do business with him "under those specifications." Two or three other obscure firms, who had pressed for the opportunity, bid somewhere near the owner's ultimatum.

The astute real-estate man thought he was making a good bargain in taking up with the low bidder; but from that day to the present the job has been in hot water. The principal sufferer has been the architect; for when the owner has clamored at something he didn't like about the house the contractor has retorted: "Not called for by the specifications!" or "Nothing in the specifications to forbid that!" And there wasn't. The experienced firms had seen that you could "drive a coach and six" through the loosely drawn specifications of the young architect, and that an irresponsible contractor would certainly greatly underbid them and then do shoddy work to his heart's content. Honestly built—the only way they were willing to work—the house would have cost more than the owner would pay; so they let it alone. In the end the owner will probably blackguard the architect, get into a lawsuit with the contractor—which he will lose—and start all over again; but he will deserve his troubles.

A prosperous business man and his wife proposed to build a large house in which to end their days. It was to be a real home in their old home town, and was to be "just as she wanted it." They, too, had a young architect, who was obliging and conscientious. They, too, wanted to build a sixty-thousand-dollar house for forty thousand dollars. They were much more businesslike, however; they made none of the mistakes just chronicled. They found a contractor, with a high reputation for skill and honesty, who was needing work and willing to meet them halfway. The specifications were properly drawn—partly, to be sure, because the builder wanted "to do a fine job" and worked with the architect to get the best construction for the least money; but the owners insisted on a very low figure for the house—so low that it covered practically the bare cost of the job. The builder had no intention of dropping the standard of his work; but he foresaw that human nature, as he had observed it in the somewhat autocratic pair, would work on his side. He made it clear to them that all details must be exactly what they wanted before signing the contract; that changes or extras could be inserted only on order signed by both owner and architect, for a sum specified in each order. Nevertheless, as the house developed, the prospective mistress saw innumerable improvements possible. She would have them all. She did not like the extra charges, to be sure; but, as it turned out, the "extras" she authorized were the only source of profit to the builder.

On the whole, it may be said that these home-builders did well. They got exactly what they wanted, in good construction, at a fair price; but the incident shows the difficulties under which the conscientious builder—and there are a few—suffers. Failing the extras, he could have either lost money on the work or refused to take it at that figure. The owners then doubtless would have closed with a less responsible firm, who would have "skinned the job" to make their profit. If these home-builders had been willing to trust their architect and builder—as at heart they really did—they could have got the same results with less friction by building their house at "cost plus percentage," which usually implies the right to make changes without extra charge.

Under the present system of letting contracts, the architect prepares plans, including working plans and detailed specifications for the work; these plans and specifications are submitted to a group of building contractors—sometimes as many as twelve to twenty. Some of these are probably well known in that particular architect's office; some are known to the owner; some have asked, either from owner or architect, the privilege of bidding.

The common custom is to bid a certain lump sum, which represents the estimated cost to the contractor plus his margin for profit. Sometimes he figures on doing all the work himself; but he usually has obtained bids for special parts of the work from subcontractors—such as for the heating, plumbing, electric-lighting, hardwood floors, painting, and so on. In an elaborate house the ramifications may be more minute. These subcontractors' bids represent some elements in his cost; to them will be added all the work done by his own workmen, and the proportionate office and traveling expenses. This lump-sum form of contract, however, is not invariable.

The Pressure on the Builder

ANOTHER form is the cost-plus-percentage contract, by which the architect's part is the same but the contractor does the work for its cost to him plus a percentage on the cost, varying from seven and a half to fifteen per cent. In this case, of course, the owner is supposed to be furnished with complete vouchers for all expenditures. A variation on the cost plus percentage, much in vogue among simple-minded owners, is the day's-work plan, by which the owner pays, through the contractor, for the labor and materials employed, plus ten per cent on the cost of the latter.

The objection to the old lump-sum form of contract is, of course, that it offers a premium on "skinning the job." Some contractor will surprise and delight the owner with a low bid, thus securing the contract—unless the architect objects—trusting to his own devious methods to wrest a profit from construction as cheap as he can get the architect to accept. The casual wanderer in these fields will say at once "the dishonest contractor" will do this; but in truth it has become almost an understood procedure in the trade, forced upon the contractor by the owner's usual insistence on giving the work to the lowest bidder, and by the architect's tendency to plan a house more elaborate than can be well built for the appropriation. The tendency of the contractor to get below the specifications when he can and the consequent necessity for coercion and police work on the part of the architect are absolutely logical results. The contractor is always working, though the architect or his inspector sees only part of what is going on.

It is pretty well understood that, even with the most careful specifications and the most rigid attitude on the part of the architect, the contractor can cheat if he wants to. Some dissatisfied owners are inclined to suspect their architects of collusion; but that is a mistake. It can probably be said with truth that there are no corrupt architects—or practically none; but there are innumerable weak-kneed ones. Plenty of artistic temperaments will

accept more or less shoddy work rather than fight it out with a blustering contractor. And they, of course, reflect with truth that it is all the owner's fault, anyway, because of his wanting to get a big house in return for a small outlay.

The great objection to the cost-plus-percentage contract in the mind of the layman is his expectation that the irresponsible contractor will run up the cost in order to increase his percentage. This, however, is what happens least often. In this case the contractor is not forced, as under the lump-sum contract, to get his profit as it were by stealth. It is presumed that he will be allowed by the owner a fair price for good work.

This understanding, however, opens the door to certain trade customs which generally prevail, though not among all the firms of highest grade. In the first place, costs are seldom returned to the owner as original vouchers. It is rather the habit of the contractor to "put in a statement," in which materials and labor are set down at a fair retail price indeed, but not exactly what the contractor is paying.

Exactly the same practice is followed in the day's-work form, where the owner pays for materials and labor according to the contractor's accounts. The latter, however, has probably hired these workmen at a price giving him a profit of twenty-five to thirty-three per cent on their wages; and is getting his regular discounts from the material men besides.

The only thoroughly straight and satisfactory arrangement, under the cost-plus-percentage form of contract, is to have it clearly understood whether or not the contractor is giving the owner the benefit of all his discounts. If he agrees to do so he buys the materials—as the owner could not buy them—pays for them, and sends the owner the original voucher from the man who got the money—not a copy. He also turns in the original timesheet—or labor payroll—signed either by the laborers themselves or by the foreman and timekeeper on the job, showing hours of labor and rate of payment for each man. He may also make an agreed-upon charge for office work, personal expenses, and so on—either a fixed sum or a small percentage charge. When this plan is fully lived up to it is the ideal one, both for owner and builder, reducing the possibility of disputes to a minimum and insuring, as no other does, a good quality of work. When it is combined with the stipulation of an "upset price," beyond which the contractor must meet all costs, it would seem that the owner is absolutely protected.

Some architects occasionally recommend the plan of several separate contracts, let on a competitive basis, for carpenter work, masonry, plastering, painting, and so on, with the idea of saving the general contractor's profit on these contracts; but this expectation is mostly illusory. In the first place, this method of building requires a highly competent and well-salaried clerk-of-the-works, who must carefully watch all operations; and the continual disputes as to responsibility and mutual interference between different contractors, with the consequent loss of time, usually eat up the rest of the saving.

Moreover, it is highly probable that even the competitive bids given to an owner are appreciably higher than a general contractor could obtain, the separate contractors anticipating the usual conflicts as to time, and so on, and recouping themselves in advance. Any one who has had to adjudicate between dawdling painters who said they were waiting for the plasterers to finish, and plasterers who in turn accused carpenters of keeping them back, and carpenters who "couldn't set the trim until it was painted," knows the evil possibilities of this situation. If the owner is prepared to spend all his own time on the job, to ward off every possibility of confusion in the order of operations, he may come out all right; but, unless building is for him a pastime for his leisure, this will hardly be possible.

Some one whispers: "There are people now who will do all the architect's work and the building and furnishing for you at a sum you settle on beforehand. Is that not to beat the building game?" Well, it depends on what you want and on how much you have to spend, for such an arrangement requires a pretty large investment.

The method is usually this: The plans are the work of some young architect at wholesale rates—usually not bad; never very good. The building is fairly well done—usually turned in at about cost. The profit on the affair to the firm is in the decorations, including the furniture, which in such houses always turns out to be excessive in quantity on the persuasions of the salesmen, and is, of course, provided at a profit of anywhere from fifty to five hundred per cent.

The decorator in these days is as much overpaid as the architect, with his beggarly six to ten per cent, is underpaid, and on a transaction involving a house and its contents he can reap a handsome profit on the whole from the decorations alone, provided there are enough of them. For people who don't object to upholstery and have no particular individual tastes, the method seems a fairly good one, and at least involves no chance of such difficulties as I have related above; but it is not often followed by people of simple or severe tastes in interiors, and we may consider this rather a way of evading the building game than of playing it.

As for the people who are rash enough to think they can build without an architect, they do not, to my mind, deserve all the sympathy they get. Of course, with a set of stock building plans and a builder of supernal honesty, they may not go so far wrong; but the second ingredient in the combination is the important one. The difficulty about such building plans, accompanied by estimates, is that the specifications are so loose that the poorest work will meet them—thus accounting for the estimates!

A lady in an Eastern city found in one of the magazines a prize design for a charming house, drawn "to cost not over seven thousand dollars." To her surprise and joy she

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FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

JOHNNY GAMBLE PUTS IN THE BUSIEST DAY OF HIS LIFE

I

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

POLLY PARSONS burst into the boudoir of Constance Joy, every feather on her lavender hat aquiver with indignation. "What do you think!" she demanded. "Johnny Gamble's lost his million dollars!"

Constance, nursing a pale-faced headache, had been reclining on the couch at the side of a bouquet of roses four feet across; but now she sat straight up and smiled, and the sparkle that had been absent for days came back into her eyes.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Really, has he?"

Polly regarded her in amazement. "You act as if you are glad of it," she said.

"I am," confessed Constance, and breaking off one of the big red roses she arose, surveyed herself in the glass, tried the effect of it against her dark hair and finally pinned it on her dressing gown.

Polly plumped into a big rocking-chair to vent her indignation.

"I don't see anything to giggle at!" she declared. "Johnny Gamble's a friend of mine. I'm going home."

"Don't, Polly," laughed Constance. "Why, this is one of Johnny's roses;" and she gave it an extra touch—really a quite affectionate one.

"I'm all mussed up in my mind," complained Polly in a maze of perplexity. "Johnny Gamble made a million dollars so he could ask you to throw away your million and marry him, and you were so tickled with the idea that you kept score for him."

Constance smiled irritatingly.

"I kept score because it was fun. He never told me why he wanted the money."

"You may look like a Miss Innocence, but you knew that much," accused Polly.

Constance flushed, but she sat down by Polly to laugh.

"To tell you the truth, Polly, I did suspect it," she admitted.

"Yes, and you liked it," asserted Polly.

Constance flushed a little more deeply.

"It was flattering," she acknowledged; "but really, Polly, it brought me into a most humiliating position. At the Courtneys' house-party I overheard Mr. Courtney tell his wife that Mr. Gamble was making a million dollars in order to marry me; and Johnny was with me at the time!"



"I Don't See Anything to Giggle At! Johnny Gamble's a Friend of Mine"

The hint of a twinkle appeared in Polly's indignant eyes as she began to comprehend the true state of affairs. "Suppose he did?" she demanded. "Everybody knew it."

Constance immediately took possession of the indignation and made it her own.

"They had no business to know it!"

Polly smiled.

"Every place I went that day I heard the same thing," continued Constance much aggrieved—"Johnny Gamble's million, and me, and Gresham, and the million dollars I would have to forfeit if I didn't marry Paul. It was million, million, wherever I turned!"

"The million-dollar bride," laughed Polly.

"Don't!" cried Constance. "Please don't, Polly! You've done quite enough. Even you came to me out there that day to tell me that now Johnny had made his million and was coming to propose to me. Why, you knew it before I did."

"I'm sorry I found it out," apologized Polly. "I got it from Loring."

"Why didn't you say that it was Loring who told you?" demanded Constance, disposed now to be indignant at everything.

"I didn't know you were jealous," retorted Polly.

"Jealous!" exclaimed Constance. "Why, Johnny wasn't even civil to any other girl."

Polly smiled knowingly.

"Then why did you quarrel with him?"

"I didn't," denied Constance. "He came the minute you left and I'd have objected if he had proposed then, so I went away. He dropped his straw hat, and it rolled after me and nearly touched me. He dropped it every time I saw him that day. Also he added the final indignity—I overheard him tell Mr. Courtney that he intended to marry me whether I liked it or not. Now, Polly, seriously, what would you have done if anything like that had happened to you?"

Polly waited to gain her self-control.

"I'd have taken the hat away from him," she declared.

Constance smiled once more.

"I didn't think of that," she admitted.

"No, and instead here's what you've done," Polly pointed out to her: "You turned Johnny loose to look after himself, and he isn't capable of it since he fell in love; so for the past two weeks he's been as savage as any ordinary business man. That's one thing. For another, you've made yourself sick just pining and grieving for a sight of Johnny Gamble."

"I haven't!" indignantly denied Constance, and to prove that assertion her eyes filled with tears. She covered them with her handkerchief and Polly petted her, and they both felt better. "I think I'll dress," declared Constance after she had been thus refreshed. "My headache's much improved and I think I'd like to go somewhere." She hesitated a moment.

"You know the crowd was to have gathered here to join Courtney's Decoration Day party this afternoon," she added.

"Yes, I remember that," retorted Polly; "but I didn't like to rub it in. Shall I call up everybody and tell them it's on again?"

"Please," implored Constance; "and, Polly ——"

"Yes?"

"Tell Johnny to bring his Baltimore straw hat."



"Polly, I'll Bring One if I Have to Go to Baltimore to Get It"

II

"YOU have your nerve to come to me," said Johnny Gamble to his old-time partner, as that eyebrowless young man sat himself comfortably in Johnny's favorite leather armchair.

"There's nobody else to go to," explained Collaton, with an attempt at jauntiness. "I'm dead broke, and if I don't have two thousand dollars tomorrow I'll quite likely be pinched."

"I'm jealous," stated Johnny. "I had intended to do it myself."

"I've been expecting you to," acknowledged Collaton. "That's one of the reasons I came to you."

"I admire you," observed Johnny dryly. "You bled me for two years on our Western irrigation attempt. When I stopped that leak you cooked up a scheme with Abraham Jacobs to forge notes for money supposed to have been loaned you to carry on the work out there. Jacobs brought suit, you confessed judgment, and attachments were brought against the only live member of the partnership. That was me; and I paid, like a sucker, rather than lose my business standing. Just to fix me so I wouldn't have the chance of a rabbit you lost the Gamble-Collaton books. Yet you have the ingrowing gall to come and tell me you're broke."

"Well, it's the truth," defended Collaton. "Look here, Johnny; I've heard that you made a lot of money in the last few weeks, but you haven't had any more attachments against you, have you?"

"You bet I haven't," returned Johnny savagely. "I've been waiting for just one more attempt, and then I intended ——"

"I know," interrupted Collaton. "You intended to beat Gresham and Jacobs and me to a pulp; and then have us pinched for grand larceny, and try to dig up the evidence at the trial."

"Well, something like that," admitted Johnny with a grin.

"I knew it," corroborated Collaton. "I told them when to stop."

"I guess you'll be a good witness," surmised Johnny. "How deep were you in on this Birchard deal? How much did you get?"

"Did Gresham and Birchard pull something?" inquired Collaton with such acute interest that Johnny felt sure he had taken no part in that swindle.

"Well, yes," agreed Johnny with a wince, as he thought of his lost million. "They did pull a little trick. Did you know Birchard very well?"

"I wouldn't say what I know about Birchard except on a witness-stand," chuckled Collaton; "but I can tell you this much: if he got anything, throw it a goodby kiss; for he can rub himself out better than any man I ever saw. He's practiced hiding till he doesn't know himself where he is half of the time."

"I've passed him up," stated Johnny. "The only people I'm after are Gresham and Jacobs and you."

"I wonder if you wouldn't pin a medal on one of us if he'd give you the other two," conjectured Collaton, smoothing his freckled cheek and studying Johnny with his head on one side.

"We're not coining medals this year," declared Johnny; "but if it's you you're talking about, and you'll give me Gresham and Jacobs, I'll promise you a chance to stand outside the bars and look in at them."

"It's a bet," decided Collaton promptly. "I split up with Gresham two or three weeks ago at Coney Island, when he wanted me to go in on a big scheme against you, and I suppose it was this Birchard stunt. I told him I'd had enough. Your money began to look troublesome to me. That was the day you were down there with the girl."

"There's no girl in this," warned Johnny. "Now tell me just what you can do."

"Will you wipe me off the slate?"

"Clean as a whistle," promised Johnny. "If my lawyer lets you be convicted I'll go to jail in your place."

"It's like getting over-change by mistake," gratefully returned Collaton. "I'm tired of the game, Johnny, and if I can get out of this I'll stay straight the balance of my life."

"You'll die in the top tier, with the penitentiary chaplain writing your farewell letters," prophesied Johnny. "What did you say you could do?"

"Well, I can incriminate not only Jacobs but Gresham in those phoney attachments, and I can hand you the Gamble-Collaton books," set forth Collaton. "Gresham got them away from me to take care of and then held them over me as a threat; but I got them back yesterday by offering to pound his head off. He's a bigger coward than I am."

"How much money did you say you wanted?" inquired Johnny.

"Five thousand," returned Collaton cheerfully.

"You said two."

"I have to have two and I need the rest. I thought maybe I could sell you my interest in The Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company. There's several thousand acres of land out there, you know."

"I haven't laid a finger on you yet," Johnny reminded him; "but if you make another offer to sell me that land I don't know how I'll stand the strain."

"Well, say you give me the money for fun then," amended Collaton. "I didn't know anything about this Birchard deal, but since you've mentioned it I can piece together a lot of things that mean something now. I'll help you chase that down, and you can afford to spare me five thousand. Why, Johnny, I'm a poor sucker that has made the unfortunate financial mistake of being crooked; and you're the luckiest cuss in the world. To begin with, you're square; and that's the biggest stroke of luck that can happen. Everybody likes you, you're a swift money-maker, and you've got a girl—now don't get cheesy—that would make any man go out and chew bulldogs."

Johnny reflected over that statement and turned a trifle bitter. He had no million dollars; he had no friends; he had no girl! He contemplated calling the police.

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello, Polly," he said vigorously into the interrupting instrument, and then Collaton, watching him anxiously, saw his face light up like a Mardi Gras illumination. "Bring my Baltimore straw hat!" jubilated Johnny. "Polly, I'll bring one if I have to go to Baltimore to get it." He paused, and the transmitter in front of his face almost glistened with reflected high-lights. "Engagements! For today?" exulted Johnny. "I'm at liberty right now. How soon may I come over?" He listened again with a widespread grin. Collaton rolled a cigarette with black tobacco and brown paper, lit it and smiled comfortably. "Can't I talk to Constance a minute?" implored Johnny, trying to push in the troublous tremolo stop. "Oh, is she? All right; I'll be over in about twenty minutes. No; I won't make it an hour, I said twenty minutes;" and still smiling with imbecile delight he hung up the receiver and turned to Collaton with a frown.

"I think I can raise that two thousand for you," he decided. "Now tell me just what you know about Gresham and Birchard."

III

"MR. GRESHAM is calling," announced Aunt Pattie Boyden with some trepidation; for Constance, besides being ill, had not been in the best of humor during the past two weeks.

"Paul?" commented Constance with a pleased smile, which both delighted and surprised Aunt Pattie. "I didn't expect him for half an hour," and she completed her toilet by adorning herself with a choice collection of Johnny Gamble's roses.

"You are looking your best, I must say," admired Aunt Pattie after a critical survey, for she was particularly anxious about this visit of Paul Gresham's.

"She ought to," interjected Polly, busy at the telephone; "that's the third gown she's tried on. She's expecting particular company."

"Any one besides Paul?" inquired Aunt Pattie, elevating her eyebrows.

"Lots of people," returned Constance with a gayety she had not exhibited for many days. "Mr. Gamble for one."

Aunt Pattie's countenance underwent an instant change, and it was not a change for the better.

"Mr. Gamble!" she exclaimed, quite properly shocked. "I shouldn't think he'd feel in the humor for social calls just now. He's lost all his money."

"You wouldn't believe it if you had heard him laugh over the 'phone just now when I told him to bring his straw hat," declared Polly.

"Who told you the news?" asked Constance, feeling sure of the answer.

"Mr. Gresham," hesitated Aunt Pattie.

"I bet he couldn't keep his face straight," Polly vindictively charged.

"You do Mr. Gresham an injustice, Polly," protested Aunt Pattie severely.

"It isn't possible," insisted Polly. "If it were not giving him too much credit for brains I'd swear he'd helped break Johnny."

"I'm afraid you don't give him quite enough credit for brains," said Constance, and giving her roses a deft parting turn she went downstairs to meet Paul Gresham.

If Aunt Pattie had been pleased by the change in Constance, Gresham was delighted. This was the first time she had really beamed upon him since she had met Johnny Gamble.

"You are always charming," he observed, taking pleasure in his own gallantry; "but today you seem unusually so."

"That's pretty," dimpled Constance. "I wanted to look nice today."

Mr. Gresham's self-esteem arose several degrees. He smiled his thanks of her compliment to the appointment he had made with her.

"My call today is rather a formal one," he told her, smiling, and approaching the important subject matter in hand directly but quite easily, he thought. "It is in relation to the will of your Aunt Gertrude, which has been the cause of some embarrassment to us both, and to you particularly, I fear."

"Naturally," she assented, still smiling however.

This was easy sailing. Gresham walked over and took the chair nearest her.

"It is, of course, unnecessary to discuss the provisions made by your Aunt Gertrude," he stated. "Even had such a will never been written, I am quite sure that the result would have been the same, and that today, after the long friendship that I have enjoyed with you, I should be asking you, as I am now, to become my wife," and taking her hand in his he very gracefully kissed it.

Constance as gracefully drew it away.

"You have done your duty very nicely, Mr. Gresham," she said. "It must have been as awkward for you to be compelled to make this proposal as it is for me to be compelled to refuse it. It would be wicked for us to marry."

"You are very harsh," he managed to protest. "I am sure that I should not feel wicked in marrying you."

"Perhaps you haven't my sort of conscience," answered Constance, laughing to conceal her intense hatred and contempt of him.

Gresham, adopting also the light manner of smalltalk, laughed with her.

"Really it wouldn't be so bad," he urged. "We would make a very fair couple when we were averaged. You are beautiful and accomplished enough to make up for all the deficiencies I may have."

"You do say nice things to me," acknowledged Constance; "but there is one deficiency you have overlooked. We do not love each other, and that is fatal to Aunt Gertrude's rather impertinent plans. It renders even a discussion of the matter impossible. I cannot marry you ever."

Gresham's lips turned dry.

"I believe you really mean that," he stumbled, unable quite to comprehend it.

"Certainly I do," she assured him.

"But you don't understand," he protested. "You can't understand or you would at least take time for more serious consideration. You are relinquishing your entire fortune!"

"Making myself a penniless pauper," she mocked with a light-hearted feeling that some one—description mentally evaded—would make a fortune unnecessary.

"It is a million dollars," he insisted.

"A million—that sounds familiar!" and she laughed in remembrance of her tilt with Polly.

Gresham swallowed three separate and very distinct times.

"A half interest in that million is mine," he complained. "You cannot turn over your share to an absurd charity without also throwing mine away. It is not fair."

"Fair?" repeated Constance. For an instant she felt her temper surging, then caught herself and took refuge in burlesque. "The only fair thing about it is that my Aunt Gertrude's will gave her orphaned niece the choice between a Title with Riches and Poverty with Freedom," and raising her eyes and hand toward Heaven she started to sweep from the room with queenly grace, stifling a giggle as she went.

"Wait just a minute," begged Gresham, suppressing his anger. "We should arrange in some way to keep the money. We can, at least, be practical."

Constance, whose faculties were not so concentrated as his, heard a rustle on the stairs and, glancing out through the portières into the hall, saw Polly, without her hat, hurrying to the front door. The bell had not rung, and she divined that Polly, out of the boudoir window, had seen some particular company approaching.

"It seems impossible," she returned, and waited.

"Not quite," Gresham assured her with a smile. "There is one way we could carry out the provisions of your aunt's will and still force no repugnant companionship upon you."

"I think I see," replied Constance—"you mean that we part at the altar," and in spite of all her efforts to keep her face straight she finally laughed.

"Well, I didn't intend to put it quite in that melodramatic way," resented Gresham.

"Polly wins," declared Constance. "She bet me a five-pound box of chocolates that you would make that proposal, but I didn't really think you would do it."

"This is too serious a matter for flippancy," and Gresham bit his lip. "The plan I suggest is thoroughly sensible."

"That's why I reject it," stated Constance.

Gresham bent his frowning brows on the floor. Constance, through the portières, saw Polly and Johnny Gamble.

"I think we shall consider the incident as closed," she added hastily, with a wicked desire to have him go out and meet Johnny in the hall.

"You are making a horrible mistake," Gresham told her, losing his restraint and raising his voice. "I think I know the reason for your relinquishing your Aunt Gertrude's million so lightly. You expect to share the million Mr. Gamble is supposed to have made!"

Constance paled and froze. Despite her low opinion of Gresham she had not expected this crudity.

"You may as well dismiss that hope," he roughly continued—"Mr. Gamble has no million to give you!"

Mr. Gamble at that moment pushed through the portières, with Polly Parsons hanging to his coattails. He laid an extremely heavy hand on Gresham's shoulder and turned him round.

"I want to see you outside!" declared Johnny, husky with rage.

Polly, at the risk of life and limb, placed her ample weight between them.

"Don't, Johnny!" she implored. "Don't! Constance doesn't want any doorstep drama, with all the neighbors for audience. Wait till you get him out of sight, and then give him an extra one for me!"

Gresham had retired behind a chair.

"This is no place for a personal encounter," he urged.

Johnny turned to Constance, pitifully afraid that he should be denied his rights.

"Can't I put him out?" he begged.

Constance had been panic-stricken, but upon this she smiled easily.

"Only gently, Johnny," she granted.

"Remember there are ladies present," urged Polly.

"I won't hurt Paul," promised Johnny, responding to her smile with a suddenly relieved grin, and, taking Gresham daintily by the coatsleeve with his thumb and forefinger, he led the unresisting cousin of Lord Yawpingham to the front door. Polly opened it for him, and, grabbing Gresham's silk hat, put it hastily askew and hindside before upon his bewildered head.

Johnny did not strike him or shove him, but the graceful and self-possessed Gresham, attempting desperately to recover those qualities and to leave with dignity, stumbled over the doormat and scrambled wildly down the stone steps, struggling to retain his balance.

Colonel Bouncer, just starting up the steps with Loring, Sammy Chirp, Winnie, Val Russel and Mrs. Follison, hastily and automatically gave him a helping shove on the shoulder that sent him sprawling to the walk, where he completed his interesting exhibition by turning a back somersault.

"Glimmering gosh, Colonel!" protested Val, as he hurried to pick up Gresham, laughing, however, as did the others, on account of the neighbors. "Why did you do that?"

"I thought Johnny Gamble pushed him," humbly apologized the Colonel.

Bruce Townley and the Courtney girls arrived, and in the gay scramble for wraps Johnny had a moment with Constance.

"Well, I lose," he said regretfully. "There isn't much chance to make that million between now and four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."



"I'm Going to Smash His Head In!"

"What's the difference?" inquired Constance, smiling contentedly into his eyes.

Only the presence of so many people prevented her fichu from being mussed.

"There's a lot of difference," he asserted with a suddenly renewed impulse, the world being greatly changed since she had refused Gresham. "I set out to get it, and I won't give it up until four o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

"If you want it so very badly I hope that you get it then," she gently assured him.

Her shoulder happened to touch his arm and he pressed against it as hard as he could. She resisted him.

"Ready, Constance?" called Polly.

"In just a minute," Johnny took it upon himself to reply. "How does the scoreboard look by this time?"

Constance hesitated, then she blushed and drew from a drawer of the library table the scoreboard on which she had kept note of the successive phases of Johnny's forty-day struggle for a million dollars. The neatly ruled pasteboard had been roughly torn into seven pieces—but it had been carefully pasted together again!

IV

THERE being no cozy corners aboard Mr. Courtney's snow-white Albatross in which a couple with many important things to say could be free from prying observation, Johnny and Constance behaved like normal human beings who were profoundly happy. They mingled with the gayety all the way out through the harbor to the open sea, and then they drifted unconsciously farther and farther to the edge of the hilarity, until they found themselves sitting in the very prow of the foredeck with Mr. Courtney and his friend from the West. If they could not exchange important confidences they could at least sit very quietly touching elbows.

Mr. Courtney's friend from the West was a strong old man with keen blue eyes, who sat all through the afternoon in the same place, talking in low tones with Courtney on such dry and interminable subjects as railroads, mines, freight rates, stocks, bonds and board meetings.

Constance wondered how an otherwise nice old man could reach that age without having accumulated any lighter and more comprehensible objects of interest, and she really doubted the possibility of any man's understanding all the dry-as-dust business statistics with which he was so handy. Suddenly, however, Johnny Gamble awoke from his blissful lethargy and bent eagerly forward.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Boise," he interjected into the peaceful conversational flow of the older men. "Did I understand you to say that the S. W. & P. had secured a controlling interest in the B. F. & N. W.?"

Constance looked at Johnny in dismay. If he, too, intended to talk in nothing but the verbal sign language, she had a wild idea of joining the frivolous crowd on the afterdeck, where at least there was laughter.

Mr. Boise looked at Johnny from under shaggy eyebrows.

"It's not generally known," he stated, struggling between a desire to be pleasant to a fellow guest and a regret that he had fancied Johnny absorbed too much in Constance to be interested in *sotto-voce* affairs.

"That's what that territory needs," Johnny briskly commented. "As long as the S. W. & P. and the B. F. & N. W. were scrapping, the Sancho Hills Basin had as good service with burros."

Both Boise and Courtney laughed.

"Be careful, Johnny," warned Courtney. "Mr. Boise is president of the S. W. & P., and is now also virtually president of the B. F. & N. W."

Constance sighed, but stuck gamely to her post. After all Johnny was having a good time, and he actually seemed to understand what they were talking about. There was no question that Johnny was a smart man!

"I'm glad he is president of both," said Johnny; "for with consolidation things will start humming out there."

"Thank you," laughed Boise, no longer regarding Johnny as an impertinent interloper. "That's what we hope to do."

"The first thing you'll start will be a cut right across the Sancho Hills Basin, which will shorten your haul to Puget Sound by five hundred miles and open up a lot of rich new land."

Boise studied him with contracted brows. "That's a good guess," he admitted. "You seem to know a lot about that country."

"I own some land out there," grinned Johnny. "Your best route will be from Marble Bluffs to Sage City, and from there straight across to Salt Pool, then up along the Buffalo Cañon to Silver Ledge and on to the main line."

"That's one of the three routes I've been worrying over," agreed Boise, admiring Johnny's frankness. "I promised to wire my chief engineer tomorrow which one to put through."

Constance noticed a slight squaring of Johnny's lower lip, and she felt leaping within her a sudden intense interest in S. W. & P. and B. F. & N. W.

"What are the others?" asked Johnny.

Mr. Boise promptly drew a canvas-backed map from his pocket. Mr. Courtney reached for a folding deckchair. Constance helped Mr. Boise spread out the map. Johnny weighted down the corners with a cigar-case, a watch, a pocket-knife and a silver dollar.

"The favorite route at present," pointed out Boise, "is from Marble Bluffs round by Lariat Center, across to Buffalo Cañon and up to Silver Ledge. The other one is right through Eagle Pass."

"That one won't do at all," declared Johnny earnestly.

"It's the shortest," insisted Boise.

"You'd have to tunnel through solid granite," objected Johnny; "and the only traffic you would pick up would be from two or three dead mining towns. In the Sage City and Salt Pool route you would open up a big, rich farming territory."

"That route is the one I have practically discarded," said Boise. "Right through here," and he put a broad forefinger on the map, "is a large stretch of worthless arid land."

"Yes, I know," admitted Johnny, hitching closer; "but right here"—and he pointed to another place—"is Blue Lake, and with very simple engineering work, which has been begun, it could be brought down to turn that whole district into land rich enough to load your cars with wheat, corn and cattle. Just now that water wastes itself through Buffalo Cañon and doesn't do a pound of work until it hits the big river."

Mr. Boise studied the map reflectively. Mr. Courtney studied it interestedly. Johnny studied it eagerly. Constance, with her hands folded in her lap, looked on with puzzled wonder.

"Why, there's the S. W. & P.!" she exclaimed, as she discovered the letters along a graceful black line.

"And here," supplemented the smiling Courtney, "is the B. F. & N. W.!"

"I see," returned Constance delightedly. "They're both railroads! They run up into Washington and Oregon, but the S. W. & P. has to go away round this big pink spot. If it cuts right across there it can go to Washington much quicker. Why, I should think by all means that the route by way of Sage City and Salt Pool would be the best!"

Mr. Boise surveyed her with joyous eyes and chuckled until his breast heaved. "It might be," he admitted with a friendly glance at Johnny.

"One big advantage," urged Johnny, "is that it would be an all-level route, with solid ground and but very little grading all the way," and he plunged with breathless energy into the task of convincing Mr. Boise that the Sage City and Salt Pool route was the only feasible one.

They discussed that topic for two solid hours, but before the first thirty minutes had elapsed Johnny had unconsciously reached over into Constance's lap and had taken one of her hands. There seemed to be nothing in particular that she could do about it, so she let him keep it, and he used it occasionally to gesture with. What difference did it make if Courtney and Boise did smile about it at first?

When the railroad party had been dispersed by Polly's adopted sister Winnie, who had constituted herself rigid master of the revels, Constance and Johnny found themselves tête-à-tête up in the prow for just a tiny moment.

"Do you suppose he'll decide on the Sage City and Salt Pool route?" she anxiously inquired.

"I hope so," declared Johnny. "If he does I think I see a chance to make a little money."

"Maybe we'd better talk some more with him," she suggested, looking about for Boise.

"We'll let him alone for a little bit," laughed Johnny. "We've started him to thinking about it, and I have that appointment with him at eight-thirty tomorrow morning. Boise does a day's work before lunch."

Later, in the bustle of preparing for dinner, Boise sat down by Constance.

"Are you still in favor of the Sage City and Salt Pool route for our new cut-off?" he asked with a smile as he inspected her delicately flushed cheeks and her bright eyes and her shining, wavy hair.

"Really, I don't know very much about it," she modestly confessed; "but I should think that an all-level route would be much the best."

v

AT THE pier that night at twelve-thirty the party, on account of the lateness of the hour, very hurriedly dispersed. Johnny and Loring secured a taxi and, with Polly and Constance, headed for Polly's house where Constance had decided to spend the night.

As they crossed Seventh Avenue Johnny excitedly tapped on the glass in front of him and, poking his head out through the other forward window, gave a sharp direction. The driver, a knobby-jawed and hairy-browed individual, turned and tore down toward the big new terminal station as fast as he could go.

"Gresham," explained Johnny briefly, peering keenly ahead.

"What about him?" asked Loring.

"He's jumping the town. I don't trust my detectives."

"Have you secured some proof?" eagerly inquired Loring.

"No, only evidence," laughed Johnny at his lawyer, and for the balance of that brief ride neither the breathless girls nor the concentrated men said anything. They only held tensely forward and helped hurry.



Johnny Felt a Tight Square Bundle of Papers Near the Bottom

There were three taxis preceding them in the congested line that turned in at the terminal station, and as the vehicles began to slow down Johnny stood on the step.

"If I get in a mix-up you keep this taxi right round where it'll be handy," he directed, and ran ahead just as Gresham, as fastidious as ever, emerged at the entrance to the ticket lobby.

Gresham allowed a porter to take all of his hand luggage, with the exception of one small black bag that he carefully carried himself.

"I guess these are those," observed Johnny in a pleasantly conversational tone of voice as he lifted the bag from Gresham's hand.

Gresham made a desperate grab for the bag, but Johnny gave him a shove with one strong forearm, opened the bag and, diving into it, felt a tight square bundle of papers near the bottom. Giving them one hasty glance he rushed back, closely followed by Gresham, to the taxi where his friends sat quivering with excitement.

"Hide these," he ordered. "Get out of here, quick!" he told the chauffeur. "Mr. Loring will tell you where to drive."

"They're hid all right," Polly assured him. "What are they?"

"Amalgamated Steel bonds representing Gresham's half of my million," rasped Johnny, throwing Gresham's weight off his arm. "Ask me the rest of it the next time we meet. Just now I have to see to getting this thief pinched."

"As your attorney I'll have to caution you, Johnny, that your action is entirely illegal," Loring confidentially stated.

"They're my bonds, bought with my money," asserted Johnny.

"I know, but it has to be proved," argued Loring. "Your only way to get possession of them is through the courts. Your present action has no better legal status than highway robbery."

"I got the bonds, didn't I?" demanded Johnny. "Now you move. Here comes a copper, and if he gets those bonds for evidence I won't see them again for months."

A policeman appeared in the exact center of the perspective, followed by a faithful emissary of the Ember Detective Agency.

"The bonds are no good to you just now unless Gresham assigns them," insisted Loring almost tearfully, and both Constance and Polly gave up in despair.

"That's right," agreed Johnny, glancing over his shoulder at the policeman and the indignant detective. Suddenly he pushed Gresham headlong into the midst of the party and jumped in after him. "Hold him, Loring!" he directed, and dismissed the stupefied Gresham from his mind.

With remarkable deftness he had extracted a single bill from his pocket and thrust it into the hand of the experienced chauffeur.

"Break the limit!" he tensely ordered.

"Where?" asked the chauffeur, whirling out of the line with a jerk.

"Any place," and the chauffeur, being a night worker and understanding his business, accepted that direction with grinning relish and left the depot policeman trying to remember the number of his machine.

As they went up the incline from the ticket-lobby door Johnny arranged the bewildered girls on the two little front seats, and wedged the cowed Gresham carefully in between himself and Loring on the back seat.

The chauffeur, knowing the only regular time-killing drive in the city, hit out for Central Park. Gresham was incapable of thought or action. As they crossed Forty-second Street Johnny touched his driver on the shoulder, and that handy criminal came to an immediate halt at the curb. Johnny opened the door. Gresham moved. Loring clutched him by the knee. The chauffeur looked back.

"Leave it to me," he suggested in most friendly tones. "You don't need to change taxis."

"I'd feel more like a real sport if I hired two," Johnny argued, studying his man intently.

"I've got two numbers and I'll switch 'em," offered the assistant brigand.

"I think the police must know you by name," commented Johnny; "but I'll take a chance," and giving Polly's address he climbed back.

"Shall we hide the bonds?" whispered Polly as she prepared to alight at the Parsons' home.

"Certainly not," replied Johnny. "I have to get them signed," and he pressed the hand of Constance with proper warmth as he helped her out.

Gresham made an attempt at that point to prove himself a man, but Loring restrained him from that absurd idea with one hand while he raised his hat with the other.

"Where next?" asked the driver huskily.

"The finest place for a kidnaping is Forty-second and Broadway," answered Johnny with his mind made up.

"I'll take you all the way," almost begged the chauffeur. "You're the only sport that ever handed me enough for a night ride, and I'd like to hand you good service."

"I don't know who else pays you," laughed Johnny, and his chauffeur, with a mighty respect for his fare, drove to Forty-second and Broadway, where Johnny paid him.

VI

THEY walked to Johnny's apartments, and immediately upon their arrival Johnny produced the bonds, spreading them out on his table.

"About the first thing is to sign these," he suggested to Gresham. *(Continued on Page 48)*

THE DEFICIT

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

Wherein the Prodigal Son Invests in Fatted Calves

VI



"Foreman at a Hundred and Fifty a Month"

WHEN William Godfrey Lovett had walked three blocks up the track from the hotel he found himself on the outskirts of Montague. He had no fixed idea of where he was going, though he had a very clear idea of why he had walked out of Montague. He had a battle on with himself and he wanted to be alone to fight it out, for the chances of victory were slim should the battle take place within sight of a saloon. The craving for a drink had him by the throat, and for the first time in his life he was experiencing the agony of the drunkard denied.

He had two dollars left, and as he limped along the thought came to him that a dime expended in a "bracer" would be justifiable extravagance, in that it would soothe his nerves and help him to think. He stood for a moment wavering, irresolute, and suddenly the second clause in his father's will flamed in letters of fire before his eyes:

"Knowing full well that some day my said son, William Godfrey Lovett, will occupy quarters in the natural and inevitable haven of his kind, I give, devise and bequeath to the Home for Inebriates ——"

The prodigal set his roll of bedding by the side of the tracks, sat down on it, and buried his hot face in his trembling, lacerated hands.

His father was right! In his heart of hearts William knew that one drink meant another and still another, and that within half an hour he would be penniless. And with the loss of his money in these unfamiliar surroundings there would be no obliging barkeeper to ring for a cab and have him sent home after more money. Such courtesy as that was not for men with their blankets on their backs. Rather would they be cast forth from the saloon to lie in the public streets.

William shuddered at this picture portrayed in his feverish brain. He must not spend his money, for he would need it for food. The voice of the tempter whispered to him that he would have no difficulty earning another two dollars. Ah, but it would not be *the* two dollars, the first he had ever earned; and with another shudder he recalled the agony they had cost him. He was obsessed with a passionate desire to get value received for one of those dollars; the other he would never spend. He wanted to keep it always. He recalled the amusement with which he had often seen men wearing a battered ten-cent piece, a quarter or a half dollar on their watch-chains. He had always looked upon such men as vulgarians. Now it occurred to him that in all likelihood those watch-charms represented the first money those vulgarians had ever earned; that they clung to those first coins for the same cheap, sentimental reason that prompted him to cling to his dollar.

It would be a wanton waste of valuable space to chronicle the turns and twists, the dips, angles and spurs of William's lines of reasoning as he sat there by the railroad track, hour after hour, and fought with himself for his manhood. His head ached terribly; great beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He felt queer and jumpy. He would have sold his immortal soul for a drink, but something within him would not let him barter his manhood for a drink.

A born fighter, pugnacious from birth, he could not stomach defeat. And yet it is possible that the demon might have won, had not the thought of his father's will and his promise to that girl with the rebellious brown hair kept him clinging to his high resolve like a drowning man to an oar.

Along about twelve o'clock he heard the sound of hoofbeats. He raised his head from his hands and before him stood a small brown range pony bearing a girl on his back. It was May Parkinson.

William stood up and raised his hat.

"Resting?" she queried, and her grave, impersonal violet eyes made mild appraisement of his white, quivering features.

"That's a nice, charitable name for it," he answered with an attempt at jocularity. "But where are you going at this hour of the day? I should think you'd be pretty busy back at the hotel taking in lunch-money."

"The proprietor's daughter relieved me." The mischievous twinkle appeared in her violet eyes. "So I'm going back home now with the mail."

She spurred her pony, gave William Godfrey Lovett a friendly little nod and galloped away in a cloud of white dust. William looked after her, sighed and returned to his engagement with the demon. By four o'clock the demon retired for the nonce, defeated, and William was aroused from his lethargy by a continuous and ever-approaching lowing of cattle.

A mile beyond the town hung a great dust-cloud, and it was from the heart of this cloud that the bellowings and bawlings proceeded. Here at last was something that held an interest for the prodigal. Cattle was the one subject about which he knew something. His vacations since boyhood and six months of his life after leaving college had been spent on one of his father's ranches in Nevada, and he forgot that he was hungry—and thirsty—in watching the approach of the herd.

It was a small drive, a thousand head, perhaps, held well in hand by about twenty cowboys of the tame, commercial variety with an inherent respect for law and order; and when the herd had approached within half a mile it was deftly headed into a great corral, beside which ran a spur track and a long string of empty cattle cars. When the dust finally settled William observed a man riding toward him.

The rider was galloping past in the direction of Montague when the wanderer stood erect and held up his hand. The horseman pulled up.

"What's wanted?" he inquired brusquely.

"A job," said William—"a job that will take me away from these eternal railroad tracks, civilization and booze. A job that guarantees the simplest kind of a simple life. Salary no object. I'm a strong boy, willing to start in at the bottom and work up, and the only guaranty I ask for the first six months is clothes enough to cover my nakedness, three square meals a day and a clean place to sleep. Do you suppose the boss of that outfit would take me on?"

"I'm the boss," said the horseman, and showed a flash of white teeth between parched and dust-rimmed lips. He looked William over, much as he would size up the good points of a steer, and shook his head.

"I need a man, but I'm afraid you'd be in the way. Know anything about cattle?"

"Sure," replied William glibly: "you tell a cow's age by the rings on her horns, and ——"

"How about a muley cow? No horns, no age, I suppose?"

"In that case you eat the animal and then guess at her age. But Herefords have bald faces, and Holsteins are black and white, and a blooded Jersey bull is a good thing to leave alone if you're wearing a red necktie. Oh, I know considerable about cattle."

"What do you know about horses?"

"Everything in the book, including the bookies. Some horses are fast and some are slow, and none of them are quite dependable. I can stick on a bucking pony though."

"I'll think it over," replied the cattleman. "I'm going into town for the mail. In the meantime, if you're undecided just where your next meal is coming from, hike over to the chuck-wagon and tell the cook Hitchings sent you."

"I'll wait here until you come back," replied William, "and in the meantime I commend myself to your favorable consideration. I believe that's the correct thing to say when one makes application for a job, isn't it?"

"We might give you a job as the ranch jester," laughed Hitchings as he rode away. An hour later he rode back, reined up in front of William and surveyed him with new interest. Apparently he did not expect to find the hobo there upon his return.

"Well, son, I've concluded to give you a try-out. What's your name?"

"William G. Lovett."

"We'll call you Bill. All right, Bill. You go on the payroll at twenty-five a month for a starter. Make good and you get forty. If not you get the foot. Grub's ready, so jump lively if you expect to eat."

At the chuck-wagon William found a delegation of rural gentlemen in blue overalls, wide, soft slouch hats and hickory shirts. Spurs were the only hardware visible.

"Boys," announced Hitchings, "permit me to present Bill Lovett. Treat him kindly, for he is weak and fragile."

"Avaunt!" said Bill pleasantly; "no fun at my expense. I may look like a three-year-old haystack in the depth of winter, but I think I can take care of myself without any help from the boys. Gentlemen, glad to meet you all. I've a notion we shall be great friends. By-the-way, Mr. Hitchings, my feet are sore. When do I get a horse?"

"After we load this bunch of steers on the cars I will decide whether or not you are to be trusted with one. Tomorrow morning you will be given a goad. Then you will perch your footsore person on the top rail of the fence inclosing the gangway that leads to the cattle chute and develop your muscle prodding obstinate steers into the cars. If you do that well you shall be given a safe old mare to ride back to the ranch."

A bucolic roar of laughter followed this sally of the boss, and William winced under the banter. He knew he was scheduled to furnish amusement for the party, for once before, in his gay young life, he had ridden a "safe old mare." Somewhat nettled, he rolled himself up in his red comforters, with his feet to the fire, and fell asleep. Before sunup he had breakfasted and hurried off to the cattle pens to help load the stock and make his initial bow as a professional bullwhacker. No job could possibly have suited him better in his present mood. He was feeling cross and irritable, and it was a relief to prod the frightened



On Saturday Afternoons William Rode Over to the Parkinson Ranch

animals as they balked in the gangway, legs apart, uncertain whether or not it was wise to follow an old decoy steer into the car.

It was late in the afternoon before the last car was loaded, and after supper the outfit set forth on its journey back to the ranch. It was a long sixty-mile trip up into the Sam's Neck country to the home ranch of the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company, and Hitchings preferred to accomplish as much as possible of the journey at night. William bestrode a little flea-bitten blue roan, with a miserable habit of switching her tail continuously, laying back her ears and baring her long yellow teeth. She was always promising to do something desperate and never quite making good, and in the end William relaxed his vigilance; for which he suffered the humiliation of being thrown when he least expected it. He picked himself up, boiling with rage at the laughter that greeted his mishap, climbed aboard once more, and then spurred the roan into such a fury that she brought to play all the arts of a long and wicked career to upset William. When finally she quit from sheer exhaustion Hitchings rode up to his new man. "Bill," he said, "your wages will be thirty a month instead of twenty-five."

William turned a face of lamblike innocence toward the boss.

"Was that a try-out?" he asked.

"Why, of course. That mare hasn't been ridden for three months. She runs with the remuda and it was easier to let her come along than chase her back to the ranch. She's been loony since birth."

"By George!" cried William exultantly, "we're soul-mates. I'm going to keep her for my regular saddler."

Thus was William Godfrey Lovett initiated into the cattle business. It was an initiation ill befitting the son of the greatest cattle king in California and Nevada, but it suited William. It pandered to the fight in him.

For a week he did odd chores round the ranch, until the kinks in his spine and legs, begotten of that unaccustomed sixty-mile ride, had been all straightened out. At the end of the first month he was tough and wiry and had taken on twenty pounds in weight. The pasty hue born of late hours and dissipation gradually faded from his face and was replaced by a healthy coat of tan. But during that month he had wrestled many a time and oft with the demon, only to find that after each battle he routed the enemy with greater ease, until finally as the months slipped by the accursed appetite for liquor left him and he thought no more of his past. He had his future to look to.

Upon the occasion of his first payday he rode down to Montague, purchased some woolen shirts, boots, overalls and spurs, and a wide sombrero to keep off the sun. Then with his purchases tied to the saddle he rode back to the ranch. It was six months before he left it again. He reveled in the freedom of his work on the thousands of acres of range, and for the first time in five years he felt clean and strong and decent again.

Of course at first he met with more or less badinage, but he overcame this quickly and soon placed himself on a democratic footing with his fellows on the ranch, though it would have been strange if his natural polish and gentlemanly instincts had failed to rankle in the breasts of a few who claimed that Bill Lovett put on airs. The heaviest man in the outfit insulted William grossly because he refused to drink with the crowd and brushed his teeth daily. William whipped him with that nicety and precision that marks the trained boxer. Hitchings heard of the row five minutes afterward and discharged the vanquished warrior at once.

From the first William's intelligence and whimsical acceptance of what was palpably a new existence to him drew Hitchings toward him. The boss liked William and showed it in a hundred little ways. He liked William's nerve, his easy-going, half-impudent, devil-may-care yet respectful attitude toward the other men, but most of all Hitchings liked Bill Lovett for his sobriety and thrift. At the end of the second month he raised William to forty a month and at the end of six months the new man had one hundred and fifty dollars to his credit on the books of the Fleur-de-Lis ranch.

"Bill," said Hitchings to him one day, in the seventh month of his service, "you're the straightest, smartest, liveliest, most dependable man in my employ. From now on you're foreman at a hundred and fifty a month."

William smiled at him—the smile that very young boys wear when they get their first pair of long pants. Joy and gratitude shone in his face.

"By George, Mr. Hitchings, that's awfully good news, and I thank you more than you will ever realize. It's a heap of satisfaction to a fellow when he gets such evidence that he's making good. If you had known me a year ago, known the life I lived and what a worthless, gilded fool I was, you'd realize what this chance means to me."



His Talk Was Not of Himself, But of His Work

"You're all right, Bill; you're doing fine. I don't care to know whose wandering boy you are, where you came from, or anything about your previous condition of servitude. I only know that you'll make a good foreman, and if you don't I'll fire you and get somebody else. I want value received from you, Bill, for that hundred and fifty, and if I don't get it war will result."

"You'll get it," promised William.

"I want it," continued Hitchings seriously. "I'm not a young man any longer and I need a good, capable, reliable young man. I've been looking for you for a long, long time, Bill, and the day I met you you were anything but inviting. That's what pleases me most and prompts me to give you the chance. When a near-hobo makes good he ought to be encouraged. From now on your time is your own. All I care for is results. Deliver the goods in your own way, but deliver on time. What I'm driving at when I tell you that is to give you a chance for a little amusement. You're a young fellow, Bill, and if you stick round the ranch year in and year out without mixing with some of the agreeable people you've been used to before you came here you'll get narrow and set in your ways, and that isn't good for a man. You ought to ride into Montague occasionally for a dance or a barbecue or a horse race, and meet people. There's some real nice people in this country—the Hortons and the Pinckneys and the Parkinson girl and her brother."

"I'll wait a few months longer," replied the new foreman. "I get a little lonesome occasionally, but I'm not quite ready to stir out as yet. By-the-way, who are the Pinckneys and the Hortons and the—Parkinsons?"

"Jim Parkinson's a cattleman with a big range over west of Montague toward the Coast Range. Pinckney owns the principal store and Horton keeps the hotel. All nice people with nice families."

"Hum," said William. "I met Miss Parkinson one day. She was taking in cash at the Hotel Montague."

"She's friendly with Horton's girl. Just doing it for fun, I guess."

"Hum," said William.

At the end of his first year with Hitchings Bill Lovett had a thousand dollars to his credit on the ranch books. One Friday afternoon he came to his employer and asked for a check for his savings.

"Not going to leave, Bill, I hope?" said Hitchings anxiously.

"No; I'll be back on Monday morning. Going over to Montague, and I thought I'd mail that check to a bank in San Francisco where I still have a dollar sixty-eight on deposit. I want to feel how it is to have a bank account again. Also, I haven't had a drink in a year, and I want to see if I can get into Montague and out again with the thousand intact." He smiled quizzically at the boss.

"I can't believe you were ever much of a rounder," Hitchings commented as he wrote out the check.

As Bill Lovett rode away the boss looked after him.

"What a fool that boy's father has been," he murmured.

VII

ON THE county road a mile outside of Montague Bill Lovett overtook a girl mounted on a brown pony. He pulled up alongside the brown and lifted his dust-laden hat.

"Miss May Parkinson, I believe. Good morning! I believe I was to have the privilege of wishing you good morning when next we met, and I call you to witness that I'm looking quite respectable for a cowman."

He watched the violet eyes and his heart leaped exultantly as he noticed the pleasure that suffused them.

"The man with the red comforters! Mr. Lovett, good morning. It is really a pleasure to see you again and I must congratulate you on your improved appearance. You're quite handsome!"

She held out her hand in a frank, friendly fashion.

"Where have you been all this time?" she queried.

"Oh, I'm the foreman over at the Fleur-de-Lis ranch," he confided proudly. "I've grown to be quite a person. I make one hundred and fifty dollars a month and I'm going into town to put a thousand dollars in the bank."

"My, what a perfect miser you've become! Such commendable thrift! Mr. Lovett, that deserves a reward."

"I was hoping you'd view the matter that way," said William soberly—"I half hoped it anyhow. I said to myself: 'Bill, if you're a good boy perhaps May Parkinson will invite you to a real dinner over at her home some day, where you will feel like a white man again, play the piano and sing, and have a smoke out on the veranda, and talk little things that you haven't talked for so long that it makes your tongue ache just to think of them ——' "

He broke off and looked at her, frankly impudent, a little bit imploring. She smiled.

"Come tomorrow forenoon and we'll ride out some place together, and you can dine with us at six. I have a great curiosity to find out what you've been doing and how you've done it."

She was looking straight into his tanned, good-looking face with its new, strong, rugged lines, and there was a hint of deep approval in her glance. Truly this was not the crippled worldling who had quarreled with her over a quarter a few months before. He read the appraisement in her glorious eyes, and suddenly his heart thrilled with a swift, passionate longing for the world he had known and cast away. She was of that world, yet for some mysterious reason—the democracy of the West, perhaps—she seemed to loom more radiant as a daughter of the soil. It was so good to meet her and talk with her—so sweet, so fresh, so radiant, so unspoiled by the metropolitan follies he knew so well and now loathed so heartily. In the heyday of his existence William had been at once the bane and the attraction of the women who moved in that society where his wealth gave him entrée. Scheming mothers were afraid of him for the very deviltry that made him attractive to their daughters. But William had been essentially a man's man, and the smirking, designing simpletons of his set had never had a rope on him at any stage of his career. In fact, to William girls were an unknown quantity, yet it seemed to him that he understood May Parkinson perfectly. In the frank greeting that she accorded him now he could detect no difference from the greeting accorded him that day he limped through Montague with his frightful roll of bedding on his aching back and his white, dissipated face gleaming sickly through four days' growth of beard.

It was a little tribute to his manhood, a taste of the sweet fruits of victory—that bantering, debonair smile that greeted him now. That was all. And yet it meant the world to William. He resolved to plunge in over his depth.

"Will you let me buy you an ice-cream soda or something of that nature when we get to town?"

"Is that your gait—now?"

"That's my gait—now and all the time."

"Then I accept—with a great deal of pleasure."

In the quaint, poky little ice-cream parlor William sat at a marble-topped table with May Parkinson and talked. His talk was not of himself, but of his work, and with that deft delicacy of the tactful woman she drew from him some hint of his hopes and plans for the future. He told her that after he had saved a couple of thousand dollars he intended to brush up on his law and open an office in some thriving country town.

It was a delightful little party, and after his many years of wandering in devious paths it was sweet to Bill Lovett's soul to walk in Paradise. And after he had mailed his check to the bank in San Francisco and called at the post-office for the mail, he rode out of Montague with her until they came to the road that branched off and led to the Parkinson ranch. Here he left her and rode back to Montague, and as he rode he dreamed. Also he built air castles, but the style of architecture didn't suit him and he smashed them with a ruthless hand, for they didn't seem fit, somehow, to house May Parkinson.

Thus began Bill Lovett's courtship. He spent the following day at the Parkinson ranch and stayed for a

delightful dinner. Jim Parkinson was the usual type of prosperous cattleman and welcomed him heartily. Mrs. Parkinson, a faded replica of her daughter, smiled a gracious welcome and reversed her preconceived estimate of her daughter's unknown guest. Philip Parkinson, son of the house, was a young fellow of twenty-four and a college graduate. He was a fraternity brother of William's, and before William had been on the Parkinson veranda ten minutes he forgot that he was Bill Lovett, foreman of the Fleur-de-Lis ranch, and became again Mr. William Godfrey Lovett.

Twice a month on Saturday afternoons during the succeeding six months William rode over to the Parkinson ranch and stayed for that glorious Sunday dinner and a ride over the rolling foothills of the Coast Range with May; and after each visit Hitchings, watching him closely, noticed that William was growing more and more abstracted. Plainly there was something on his mind, and Hitchings was not long in guessing the answer. Hence, upon the return from one of his delightful pilgrimages, William, on entering Hitchings' office, was surprised when Hitchings carefully closed the door and mysteriously motioned his foreman to a seat.

"Hello," said William, "what's up? Going to fire me?"

"No, but I'm suspicious of you, William. I have a hunch you're going to quit."

"Boss," replied William a trifle shamefacedly, "your penetration is remarkable. However, I didn't figure on leaving you immediately. I figured that about the first of the year ——"

"Look here, Bill, if you want to marry that girl of Jim Parkinson's why don't you come to me and say so? You ought to know that the girl is too good for you and that you're handicapped and need help. And I want to tell you, Bill, if you go looking to other folks for help I'm not going to stand for it."

William looked at Hitchings with perplexity and distress in his glance.

"That's just it," he said. "I've wanted a little help, but I didn't know whom to go to if it wasn't to Bill Lovett. I've got to be something more than the foreman of a cattle ranch before I ask Miss Parkinson to marry me."

"Are you going to ask her?"

"Some day, I hope."

"Expect she'll have you?"

"I have hopes."

William shot a swift, questioning glance at Hitchings, but the boss' eyes were serious and it was evident that his questions were not inspired by idle curiosity.

"William," said Hitchings, "this is a mighty lonesome place, but it wouldn't be so lonesome if you had a fine girl like May Parkinson for your wife. You could have lots of your friends come here and visit you, and life would be lots different. You know, William, I have never married. That was a big mistake. All I have in the world is this ranch and more money than I know what to do with. I tell you I get lonesome. All my life I've worked pretty hard and there hasn't been much fun, and now that I'm hitting up to the fifty mark I want to sit by and take a rest. I've had my eye on you, William. I've watched you every move you've made, and it has seemed to me that you offered bully good partner material. I want to leave the Fleur-de-Lis ranch, but I want to get a young, reliable, honest partner to care for my interests while I'm away. I want to visit my people back East, and then I figure on loafing around Europe in a boiled shirt and a long-tailed coat for a year or two.

"Now, William, I have a proposition to submit. I'll put an appraised valuation of one million dollars on this ranch, lock, stock and barrel, and you know that's a fair price—in fact, it's a little stiff, as the market is today, but in ten years it will be worth double that. I will sell you fifty per cent of the capital stock in the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company on your promissory note, due in ten years, at four per cent, with privilege of renewal at the end of that period, on condition that you take over the entire management of the company and pay for your stock out of your salary and your share of the profits. That ought to make you dig, boy. You'll be somebody then, and you can ask May Parkinson to marry you. And you'll be independently wealthy before you're forty years old. I tell you I'm tired of working. I want some play before I die. Will you accept my proposition? We'll place the stock in escrow in any bank you name."

"I accept," replied William huskily. He could not say more lest words fail him. He wrung Hitchings' hand, opened the office door and walked rapidly toward the stables. Ten minutes later Hitchings, looking through the office window, saw him ride up.

"Oh, William! Come here a minute. There's one more condition. Our agreement is null and void unless the girl question is settled by next Sunday."

William grinned all over his happy, sunburnt face.

"I'll be back the day after tomorrow," he called. "He who hesitates is lost. I'm on my way."

"Hooray!" yelled Hitchings. "Bully boy!" He reached into a corner, abstracted a rifle, thrust it through the window and blazed away at a cloud—twelve shots, as fast as he could work the lever. Thus did Hitchings celebrate.

"God bless the boy," he murmured, and there were tears of joy in his honest eyes—"God bless him! He'll make good."

VIII

THE five years that followed were happy ones for Mr. and Mrs. William Godfrey Lovett. Hitchings left the ranch when the young people returned from their honeymoon, and the new partner settled down to work at once. Every month he sent Hitchings a detailed report of matters at the ranch, and under his able management the affairs of the company prospered. Gradually he got rid of the long-horned, short-legged Texas cattle by interbreeding with Herefords, and gave special attention to the breeding of standard-bred draft horses and mules. In the valley at Sam's Neck he seeded a thousand acres in alfalfa and made a barrel of money on hogs, and at the end of the five years a list of the prodigal's assets would have been substantially as follows:

One wife	Value incalculable
One three-year-old son	Value incalculable
Health, self-respect, manhood	Value incalculable
Equity in Stock of Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Co.	$250,000

At least that is about the way William Godfrey Lovett figured it.

During those five long years William thought many times of his father. He often wondered how the old man was taking his absence, but since he had registered a vow not to communicate with his father in any manner until he had made good he clung doggedly to his task. Through the newspapers and an occasional letter from Groat—for William had taken that astute gentleman into his confidence when it became evident to him that in no other way could he keep in secret touch with his father—William learned that "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett was still very much on the job and not at all interested in his son's welfare.

Nevertheless, William knew that the day he elected to walk into his father's office and bury the hatchet John B. Lovett would help him bury it so deep that nothing on earth could ever possibly resurrect it. So he bided his time. When the baby came it almost broke William's heart to think that he was not in a position financially to break into the old man's office and let him hold in his arms the finest grandson in the world.

But the day that William knew that he was worth a quarter of a million dollars, as men figure their assets, he could delay no longer. He simply had to visit his father. He was obsessed by a notion that if he delayed another day his father might die suddenly and he would never forgive himself.

"May," he said suddenly one evening, "we're going to San Francisco tomorrow. I haven't seen my father for five years and I want him to see the treasures I've accumulated since I left home."

His wife walked up to him, placed her arms round his neck and kissed him. It was the reward for his industry.

"That's quite the finest thing I've heard you say since—the day you asked me to marry you." And as she carried William, Junior, off to his bath she wondered if old John B. Lovett would like her, and what he looked like.

IX

IN THE San Francisco office from which John B. Lovett managed his vast affairs Jarlath Timmins was balancing his cash. Suddenly the door opened and a big, countrified young man, leading a small boy by the hand and accompanied by a very pretty, handsomely gowned wife, came up to the little grilled window that protected Timmins from the world.

Timmins looked up.

"Good morning, William," he said easily. "Can't do a thing for you without a written order from your father. He's in his office. First door to your left and knock twice."

Timmins went on balancing his cash, for all the world as if the same old William stood before him hounding him for money. Inwardly he was terribly frightened at William's return, and in sheer desperation he chose to carry jauntily the knowledge that inevitably his perfidy must come to light. A scene with William was inevitable also; hence Timmins, in preparation for his last stand, chose to ignore the fact that five years had passed and the miracle of William's reform was an accomplished fact.

William's mouth twitched. For one fleeting moment he was undecided whether to climb in through the window after Timmins and strangle him, or drag Timmins out through the window and present him to Mrs. William as the finest, most dependable, honest, affectionate old villain it would be possible to discover in a day's travel. His sense of humor, however, was always uppermost, and he could not resist the temptation to explode a bomb under Timmins. So he scowled at Timmins in the old, peevish manner and said:

"Five years ago, Timmins, I told you that some day I'd be in command here, and that when I was I'd tie a can to your tail. . . . Never mind now. . . . Not a word. Keep right on balancing your cash. I'll look into your case later."

Timmins gasped, and the little crabbed figures on his daily cash balance sheet danced grotesquely before his eyes. He knew the menace in the Lovett voice, the unfaltering fatalism of a Lovett decision, and his old heart skipped two beats in the realization that retribution had overtaken him.

William Godfrey Lovett and family passed through the same old door to the left, walked down a little hall and knocked twice on a door marked "Private."

"Come in!" called John B. Lovett.

The prodigal son and his family entered. Old "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett was seated in a big leathern chair before a small grate fire. He had been looking at something that he held in his hand, but as the visitors entered he slipped it hastily into his pocket.

(Continued on Page 52)



The Prodigal Son and His Family Entered

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 4, 1911

California's Choice

ALONG with initiative and referendum, California has adopted the recall for elective officers, including judges. This is what Mr. Taft described as "so destructive of free government." Another critic inquired: "Was anything more utterly absurd, dangerous, wicked and lawless ever proposed in our history?"

No doubt California saw the question from a different angle. The theory of the opposition is that judges will cherish a prejudice in favor of the power upon which they are dependent for tenure of office; and it may be admitted that, generally speaking, a certain tenderness toward the breadwagon does inspire the human breast, even when figuratively clad in ermine.

For many years—also generally speaking—the power upon which California judges were dependent for tenure of office was the Southern Pacific machine. A judge who signally offended that power must have been quite lucky to secure a renomination.

California knows very well that making judicial tenure more or less dependent upon the Southern Pacific did not destroy free government. By paying toll, the average citizen still went his way unmolested—grew his oranges, watered his posies and whistled his Yankee Doodle right under the Southern Pacific's nose. If anybody doubts that free institutions survived let him consult returns of the last two elections in the state. In view of that experience, California evidently is not afraid that making judicial tenure more or less dependent upon the favor of a majority of voters in a district, or in the state, will destroy free government.

The Clerk's Risk

DISTRICT ATTORNEY WISE, of New York, recently remarked that, of the employees of a wrecked bank who testified for the Government in criminal proceedings against the president of the concern, not one is now employed in a New York bank.

Mr. Wise seems to have inferred that a bank clerk whose testimony, under court subpœna, helps send his superior to the penitentiary is not regarded with favor by other bankers. No one should infer, however, that other banks really wish a dishonest bank president to escape punishment. On the contrary, of late, big-city banks have taken much pains and expense to enforce sound banking. Very likely they are not exempt, however, from the general rule that conscientious independence on the part of a subordinate doesn't specially appeal to employers.

Keeping the institution's conscience is the prerogative of the boss, with which mere clerks are not supposed to meddle. Undoubtedly many employers whose own dealings are well within the law would forgive perjurous loyalty to an employer more readily than they would forgive enforced divulgence of incriminating office secrets to a public prosecutor.

The duty that the clerk owes to his employer is supposed to be superior to the duty he owes to society—which naturally brings up another reason for the condition mentioned by Mr. Wise. When a bank fails, the older and more advanced clerks find themselves at a tremendous disadvantage. Banking is their trade; but other banks, as a rule, want only young men who will begin at the bottom and work up. They have admirable civil-service rules, under which the more responsible, better-paid positions are filled by promotion.

The advanced clerk in a wrecked bank confronts a system that has no place for him. The president who wrecked the bank has robbed him of the benefits of his experience and thrust him, comparatively speaking, back where he was at the beginning. The president, in short, owed no duty whatever to the clerks—or, if he did owe a duty, he certainly didn't pay it.

What Would Have Happened Here?

THEY might have had a panic in Berlin this fall. There had been speculation and overtrading. Credit was under a severe strain. Some eighty million dollars of Treasury notes were maturing. The war-clouded political horizon caused France to draw in her money, and the amount of Parisian funds lying at call in Berlin was estimated at two hundred million dollars. In some parts of the empire signs of uneasiness among bank depositors appeared. The failure of the Bank of Egypt did not help matters.

The gravity of the situation appears from the fact that in a single week the Imperial Bank lost thirty-nine million dollars of its cash reserve. This is a rather larger loss of cash reserve than the New York associated banks suffered in October, 1907, when they resorted to clearing-house loan certificates and restricted cash payments—leading to a wholesale dislocation of the country's banking system. There was no restriction of cash payments at Berlin, however. On the contrary, in six business days the Imperial Bank increased its loans and discounts by one hundred and forty-five million dollars, and in order to do so increased its note issue by one hundred and fifty-four million dollars.

Thus, notwithstanding the severe strain and the large loss of cash, October settlements were met without a hitch and Berlin paid back to Paris a hundred and fifty million dollars of call loans. Ten days later the discount rate at Berlin had fallen to four per cent.

All of which shows how a great central bank can deal with a crisis. What would have happened here under like conditions? Perhaps another suspension of cash payments; another breakdown of the banking system; another six or eight months of business doldrums—because we haven't the apparatus to meet a crisis. We know we are rather more liable to fiscal conflagrations than any other great nation; but we rely upon nothing but a volunteer bucket brigade to put them out.

Cheaper Cotton

COTTON at this writing is lower than it was a year ago by over four and a half cents a pound. The decline amounts to thirty-seven per cent—which, of course, makes a vast difference to the cotton grower.

For a good while there has been a dispute between cotton growers and buyers as to the size of this year's crop. Growers have maintained that there was, in fact, no such abundance of outturn as would warrant the steady fall in price. The Government's first report on ginning from the new crop was published recently. It showed the amount ginned to have been over three and a half million bales against only a little over two and a quarter million bales in the same period last year, and about two and a half million bales each in 1909 and 1908. And in the first month of the new crop year the marketing of cotton was larger than in 1910 by twenty-five per cent.

Arguments on the size of the crop have small effect on the market when the article is coming forward so liberally; and, instead of the fifteen cents that an organization of growers urged farmers to hold for, the cotton actually sold under ten cents.

A Birmingham banker, addressing the Cotton Growers' Convention at Montgomery in September, said: "It is certainly false economy to rush your product pellmell to market, to be placed upon the bargain counter and bought at whatever price the buyer chooses to dictate. Something is wrong when the boll-weevil and the worms are called a blessing because they reduce the size of the crop. Something has gone awry when a crop of eleven million bales will sell for more money than a crop of fourteen million bales!"

Secession in Ireland

PRIOR to the closing days of 1860, no more unequivocal threats of secession and rebellion were heard in the South than are now heard in Ulster—the stronghold of the Orange and Protestant population of Ireland. More than a hundred thousand people, according to London press reports, attended a recent anti-home-rule demonstration at Belfast and cheered the principal speaker when he described government of Ireland by the Irish as a "tyranny to which they never could and never would submit," adding: "Let no man be foolish enough to suppose our action is mere bravado."

Another meeting adopted resolutions that, as home rule will "inevitably lead to absolute ruin in Ireland, the destruction of our material prosperity and our civil and religious liberties, we hereby call upon our leaders to take any steps they may consider necessary to resist the establishment of home rule, solemnly pledging ourselves that under no conditions will we acknowledge any such government or obey its decrees; and we further assure our leaders we will stand by them loyally in any action they may take, and give unwavering support in any danger they may face."

Men most conspicuous in the movement speak publicly of forming a separate government the moment a home-rule bill passes Parliament, and of "marching from Belfast to Cork and taking the consequences—even if not one of us ever returns!"

Though a decided minority, the Orange population is really strong in numbers and wealth. It did not object to a separate Irish Parliament a hundred years ago, because Catholics, forming the great bulk of the population, were then politically disqualified. Its present temper looks ominous; but there is a suspicion that threats of secession will not be carried beyond the point of inspiring opposition in England to the home-rule bill.

Machine and Voters

"SENATOR LODGE and his machine," we read, "were in full control of the Massachusetts Republican Convention."

In 1908, it may be recalled, Massachusetts gave Mr. Taft a plurality of a hundred and ten thousand—nearly two votes to Bryan's one. The famous "downward" revision of the tariff followed and in 1910 Massachusetts elected a Democratic governor by a plurality of thirty thousand. The important issue was the tariff; and the election returns, contrasted with those of two years before, indicate considerable Insurgency.

Insurgent ideas, however, it is needless to say, received scant consideration in this last Republican convention, which was controlled by Senator Lodge and his machine. Its tariff utterances were of a strictly conservative nature. On the other hand, the Democratic convention, held at nearly the same time, adopted a more radical tariff plank, and even indorsed initiative and referendum. The balloting will show whether some seventy thousand citizens of the Bay State—constituting the balance of political power—who voted for Taft in 1908 but did not vote for Draper in 1910, have changed their minds since that election.

Whatever the balloting may show in this respect—whatever the actual strength of progressive political ideas may be in Massachusetts—Senator Lodge and his machine may name the delegates to the next Republican national convention and instruct them to vote against any Insurgent candidate who there presents himself; for Massachusetts is not one of the five states in which the people whose votes are depended upon to elect a candidate are permitted to choose the candidate.

Only a Few Cents

IN THE Stone Age a family named Smith consisted of grandfather, grandmother, father, mother and seven offspring. A neighbor named Jones, in a moment of sportive inebriety, dropped a large rock into the Smith domicile and broke one of the children's legs. When the Smiths protested he demonstrated by means of sticks that, as the family originally possessed twenty-two legs and he had broken only one, his damage amounted merely to four and a half per cent, which was a small matter to make trouble between neighbors.

This arithmetical method has been extensively used ever since. A recent tariff argument affords a typical illustration of it, as follows: Customs duties amount to three dollars and a half a head. The Democrats, judging by the bills that passed the House at the extra session, will reduce these duties at most by one-fourth. One-fourth of three dollars and a half is eighty-seven and one-half cents. Therefore, if a Democratic President and Congress are elected it will make a difference of only eighty-seven and a half cents to each voter.

The wool in an ordinary suit of clothes costs only three or four dollars; so what difference does it really make to the consumer whether the tariff is a little higher or a little lower? The freight on a pair of shoes from Boston to St. Louis is only a few cents; so why should anybody object to a twenty per cent advance in freight rates? The Steel Trust issued five hundred million dollars of common stock that was water, on which it pays five per cent dividends; but if you divide the dividends by the output you will see that to the man who buys a hundred pounds of barbed wire it really amounts to nothing at all.

Hardly any problem comes up but somebody is at hand to work a simple example in long division and thus prove that the thing is really too trivial to talk about. A grave is only five feet deep; but it makes quite a difference whether you are at the top or the bottom.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Book of Samuel

SANDY BOTTOM, down on the Rappahannock, in Virginia, was Sam Jackson's habitat, and he never did get to see Baltimore until his father sent him up by boat, when he was eighteen, to buy some goods for the stores. Sam's father ran one of the stores and Sam ran the other. Sam had heard of railroads, but had never seen one, and there were a lot of other things he had never seen, either, including a lady with web feet.

Being a Virginian, Sam had kin in Baltimore. Virginians have kin everywhere, but particularly in all Southern cities. They can trace kin through convolutions that would stump any but the expert tracers of the Old Dominion. Likewise, as is the custom, Sam went to visit his kin when he got to Baltimore. This pleasant custom not only renews family ties, but saves hotel bills. There was a lady staying with Sam's kin, visiting also. Her third cousin had married the stepson of his mother's grandniece, or something like that. Anyhow, she was a pretty lady, and she lived in Oregon, a place Sam thought was somewhere on the other side of the world. Sam asked who she was, and his male kin told him: "Oh, she's a web-foot"—which is what they used to call Oregonians, you know. Maybe they do yet. It still rains occasionally in some parts of Oregon, I am informed.

Sam hung round revolving that proposition in his mind. Finally when the pretty lady was in the library Sam entered and said with his courtliest bow: "Madam, I mean no offense, but will you kindly let me see your feet?"

The pretty lady rocked with laughter. "Why, Sam Jackson," she said, "do you think I've really got web feet? You're a big enough fool to go to Oregon yourself."

Sam thought that over. When he got home a few days later he told his father he guessed he would go to Oregon. "All right," said Sam's father. "How much will it cost?"

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, I reckon," computed Sam, and they counted out two hundred and fifty dollars from the store safe. Sam pocketed it and in two days he was on the boat again, bound for Oregon via Baltimore. Sam bought himself a trunk and some clothes in Baltimore, getting them at cost because his father kept store, and decided he must have a carpet bag. So he bought one. After he had packed his trunk he found there wasn't anything to put in the carpet bag, and the flapping of its sides annoyed him. So, not knowing anything else to buy, he bought half a bushel of peanuts and put those in the bag, and the sides didn't flap any more.

On the train Sam met a man and they talked. "Let's have some peanuts," said the man to Sam, as the news and candy butcher came along. "Try some of mine," invited Sam, opening his carpet bag and showing the half-bushel of goobers therein. They ate peanuts. The man started to throw his shells on the floor, but Sam made him put the shells in the bag. He figured he must have something to keep those sides from flapping. When he got to San Francisco, which he did after a time, he had a sack full of shells. If he had been smart he would have started a breakfast-food factory, but he wasn't smart. At least that is what they all said.

Samuel's Honest Father

THE pretty lady and her husband lived in Pendleton, which is in Eastern Oregon, and there is where they told Sam to go and begin to grow up with the country. So Sam went there after some vicissitudes. He had no job and not much money. One day he heard the position of stage agent was vacant, and he went to the man who owned the stage line—it was eleven hundred miles long and quite an institution—and said: "I hear you are going to appoint a new stage agent and I want that job."

The stage man looked at Sam, who was tall, thin, cadaverous, lantern-jawed and shambling. "By jinks!" said the stage man; "any chap who favors Abe Lincoln in his homeliest days, like you do, can have anything I've got," and he made Sam stage agent at forty dollars a month and room and board.

Sam went to work. When he drew his first pay, which seemed all the money in the world to him, he wrote to his father:

"Dear Paw: I've got a good job. I get forty dollars a month and room and board as stage agent and I'm doing fine. Your loving son, Sam."

Three weeks later Sam got this reply: "Dear Sam: I have your letter saying you are getting forty dollars a month as stage agent. You must not keep that place, Sam. You are not worth it. Your loving father."

On the first day a stage came in the driver told him part of his work was to wash all the stages, and Sam went down to the barn and washed the stage while the driver loafed. This man passed the word along to the other drivers, and Sam washed stages, in addition to being agent, until the old man happened by, caught him at it, and booted Sam up to the office and told him to stay there. What the old man said to those drivers was something scandalous.

There was a paper in Pendleton called the East Oregonian. Sam had always been interested in types, because he bought a printing press with the twenty dollars his father gave him to go to the Centennial; and he was much impressed with the big hand press and the real type in the East Oregonian office. When he wasn't working he hung round the office. The editor was a Southern gentleman who filled the paper with long editorials on "The Lost Cause" and "The Virtues of Jefferson Davis." Sam soon saw there was no nourishment in that, and one day he said to the editor: "Say, what you want to put in this paper isn't this stuff about 'The Lost Cause,' but locals."

"Where'll I get them?" asked the editor.

"I'll get them," Sam replied; and he did, after hours at the stage office. Presently the editor offered to sell Sam a quarter-interest in the paper, and Sam bought it, giving his note. There were two or three sales and resales, but it wasn't long before Sam owned the paper, and the career of Charles Samuel Jackson, the present big man of Oregon journalism, began.

Sam is a humorous cuss, with a gift for paragraphing and a sense of business as keen as can be. He hitched on to a brilliant fellow for editor and began the upbuilding of the East Oregonian, which presently became a daily and eventually became known as the best paper of its kind in any town of the size of Pendleton on the whole map of the United States. He was a Democrat, but he let his editor do the politics of it and hold the offices. Sam busied himself with the business end, supervising the editorial side of it and writing those biting paragraphs with such effect that once, when his editor was in the State Senate, they had an investigation to try to impeach the editor because they thought he was writing them, when it was Sam all the time.

He started the crusade that led to the adoption of the Australian ballot in Oregon, began the fight for the open river and did a lot of other things—incidentally, got acquainted with Henry George and Tom L. Johnson, and became a single taxer.

He was moving along smoothly when some men in Portland came to him and asked him to come down there and look over the plant and prospects of an afternoon paper called the Oregon Journal, that had been started some time before and had been a total loss as far as making money or getting circulation and influence was concerned.

That was nine or ten years ago. Sam went down, made a proposition that was accepted, and took over the Journal. He borrowed most of the money he put in and had some very lean years. Finally he turned the corner, and now the Journal is one of the great big papers of the Pacific Coast and Sam has a flock of automobiles, is going to build a new building, and lives away up on the finest end of Easy Street.

Jackson is a big, raw-boned but good-looking man with some traces left yet of his native Virginia accent. He has the editorial faculty highly developed and is a great business man as well. His sense of what the people should have and what the rights of the people are is instinctive. His paper is popular in the best sense of the word, has fought many hard fights and has won a large share of them. It is entirely independent and a great power in Portland, in Oregon and on the Pacific Coast.

Sam owns it and runs it his way. It is a one-man paper, that man being Charles Samuel Jackson. You'd think to hear Sam talk that he is as ingenuous as a débutante. He's forever telling stories on himself. It takes him forever to tell some of them, too, but that is neither here nor at the Arlington Club. But forget that débutante business. Samuel is only fooling, as witness many persons who have tried to sell him gold bricks. He is kind-hearted, affable, most companionable and agreeable, but he can be as cold as a wedge when coldness is required.

They had a big cowboy show up at Pendleton in September. Sam took up two special trains filled with Portland friends to see the doings—two special trains, not cars. One of the events was a stage race. The stage that was driven to victory was the stage Sam washed back there in Pendleton thirty years ago.



PHOTO, BY MOORE, PORTLAND, OREGON

Sam Has a Flock of Automobiles

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Where the Fruit Grows

MICHAEL CASEY, a politician in San Francisco who has been in office and on the city payroll for many years, was addressing a meeting of his fellow citizens. It was a labor meeting.

"You men must know," spouted Casey, "that you are the great body politic in this city. You are the roots and trunk of our great municipal tree, while we who represent you in office are merely the branches on that magnificent tree."

"True for you, Mike," piped a man in the back of the hall; "but did ye ever notice all the fruit grows on the branches?"

Nothing to Write About

A NEW reporter on a Western paper was assigned to go to a church meeting and get a story of it. He went. When he came back the city editor asked:

"How did it pan out?"

"Oh," said the reporter as he stuck his feet on the desk and lighted a cigarette, "there was nothing doing. I haven't got anything to write. The meeting broke up in a fist fight between the minister and a deacon—and not a bit of church business was done."

Hughes' Comeback

SHORTLY after Governor Hughes, of New York, was elected the second time, after a bitter campaign, a lawyer from New York came to see him and was told to go to the executive mansion in Albany.

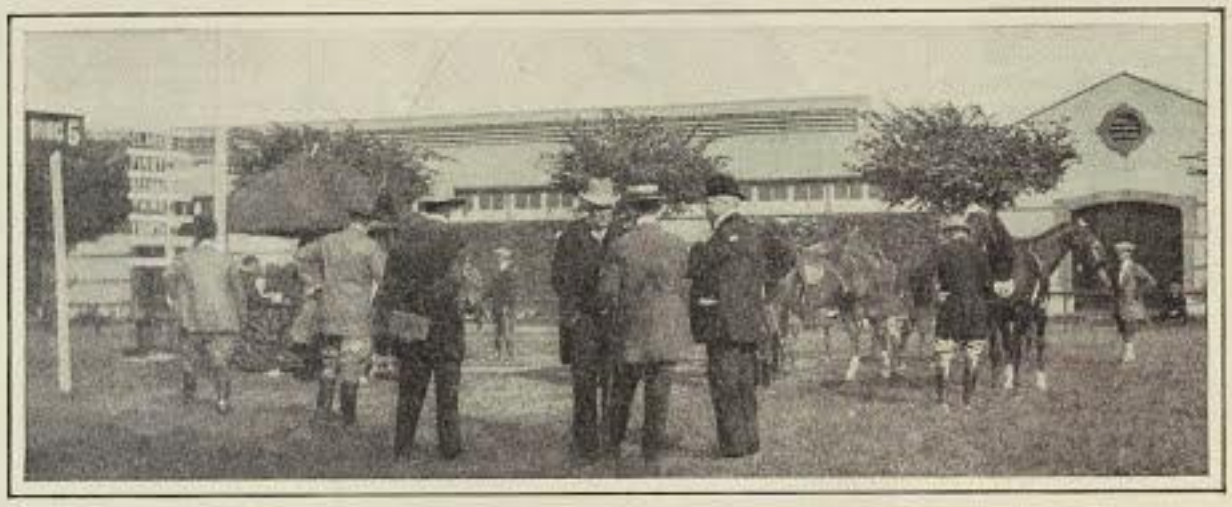
It was the first time the lawyer had ever been in the official residence of New York governors, and, after Hughes came into the room, the visitor said:

"You have a handsome place here."

"Yes," Hughes replied; "but I had a hard time getting the landlord to renew the lease."

THE DUBLIN HORSESHOW

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



Judges and Stewards, Men of Impeccable Personal Honor

DEEP greensward and galloping hunters; acres of stalls and hundreds of sardonic, knowing grooms; hundreds more of men in riding breeches; thousands of Irishmen—peasants, farmers and gentlemen—gathered about the finest horses in the world; shrewd-faced buyers from every angle of the seven seas; plainly-clad farmers' wives and gorgeously gowned countesses; a constant flow of horse talk, witty and fluent, in the brogue or in the musical Dublin accent; a sense of space, color, adroit business and keen, if quiet, enjoyment—such is the Dublin horseshow. It is the most vivid season of Irish life, for on one platform all the Irish stand united, despite the many differences of class, religion and politics—the apotheosis of the Irish horse!

When the Dublin jarveys, or drivers of side-cars, tipped the newly introduced taxicabs into the Liffey it was not so much to save their bread and butter, for they could have learned to drive a motor, but rather to show loyalty to the horse. When the aristocrats of Ireland subordinate to this August horseshow the other social events of the year—the viceregal levees and drawing rooms, and the Punchestown race-meetings—it is out of love for the hunters they ride winter after winter over the slippery banks and uncertain fences of Ireland. Members of Irish county families, once rich but poorer now in this day of the peasant proprietor, make all sorts of sacrifices to take this yearly outing; for, since in no place in the world does a family run down so quickly as in Ireland, appearance at the horseshow is one proof that the family still survives socially, still keeps up with its long historical county position.

Where Men are Made or Marred

AND the Irish of all classes—stable-boy and belted marquis, serving-maid and titled dame, on pleasure and business intent—have, by the sincerity of their worship, so convinced the fashionable and business worlds of other countries that for a week Dublin is as cosmopolitan a place as London or Paris, Vienna or New York. For a week she is a capital as gay as she used to be in the eighteenth century. For one week the Irish experience to the full a rich sense of hospitality, power and prosperity. They enjoy the fact that foreigners, royalties and nobilities come to Dublin; that the red fez of an Eastern potentate and the scarlet and gold of a prince-admiral's dress are emblazoned against the viceregal box; that the gowns of the ladies are not *réchauffé* from Goodwood and Ascot but are fresh for the occasion. And, not least of all, they enjoy the prosperous working-out of the deep commercial purpose that underlies the show. For the shrewd-faced dealers in horseflesh, who have come from all quarters of the world and who can tell to a pound how many stone a hunter is able to carry, or can estimate by a nonchalant glance at her foal the value of a broodmare, pour thousands of dollars every day of the show into the needy nation. There is scarcely a county in Ireland whose welfare does not depend more or less on the business that is done during this week; hundreds of men of all classes are made or marred in purse for the year according to their fortune in effecting sales.

Perhaps it adds a picturesque flavor to the general unity of the national event that the force behind it all is a scholarly one—the Royal Dublin Society. This institution has had for nearly two hundred years the object of encouraging agriculture, science, art and other industries. So far back as the days of Swift it was proposed that an annual horseshow should be held, where prizes should be given for the breeding of good Irish horses, and where the lord-lieutenant and other great ones of Dublin should offer public entertainment to draw in people and enrich the city and the whole country by selling into England, and in time into foreign countries. It took over a hundred years for the suggestion to bear fruit; now the society holds four annual shows for horses, cattle and sheep, administering a grant of twenty-five thousand dollars for improving breeds, and giving some fifteen thousand dollars' worth of prizes. For forty-four years, however, interest has been concentrated on the horseshow of the last week of August. Sheep and art industries are exhibited at the same time, but the spectators more or less forget them—as perhaps they forget the winter lectures and concerts. You cannot ride a Bach symphony.

This scholarly society has shown a keen practical sense in the way it has organized the grounds, buildings and business of the show. The chief business is the adjudication of the horses of the various classes—"judging" is too simple a word seemingly for the ceremony—and the competition of the harness horses; and, above all, the jumping competitions of the hunters. That the week may be full of variety in pleasure and business there are added the Leopardstown races, the races and polo in Phœnix Park, and the bloodstock sales.

The grounds, which are at Ballsbridge, near the site of the old Donnybrook Fair, consist of forty acres, of which nearly eight are covered with fully equipped permanent buildings. The visitors perforce enter first the large central main hall, which contains the offices of the society, some of the manufacturing exhibits and ample luncheon rooms. From this building open an east and a west hall, also full of exhibits; the scholarly society makes some money out of the rental of floor space, not to mention charges for stabling, and for bran and corn for the horses, and, indirectly, meals for the grooms, who must be fed on the grounds. The management cunningly places the exhibits in these first halls, and most visitors eagerly stream past them, their eyes fixed on the south hall, which is full of magnificent hunters, shining in their stalls. Behind the south hall are three large rings for judging the horses, while behind the east and west halls are two smaller rings. The rings and the great jumping inclosure, the most significant areas of the show, are separated from each other by another great hall full of stalls, where lodge the four-year-olds. For some reason, four-year-olds are the most popular of the animals. Along the whole west side of the grounds are the veterinary paddocks and the sheep halls, the coach houses, harness rooms and motor sheds. Just outside the grounds and across the street are the sale paddocks for blooded stock. The whole ground system becomes immediately as clear to a visitor as if he had designed it himself on the spot.

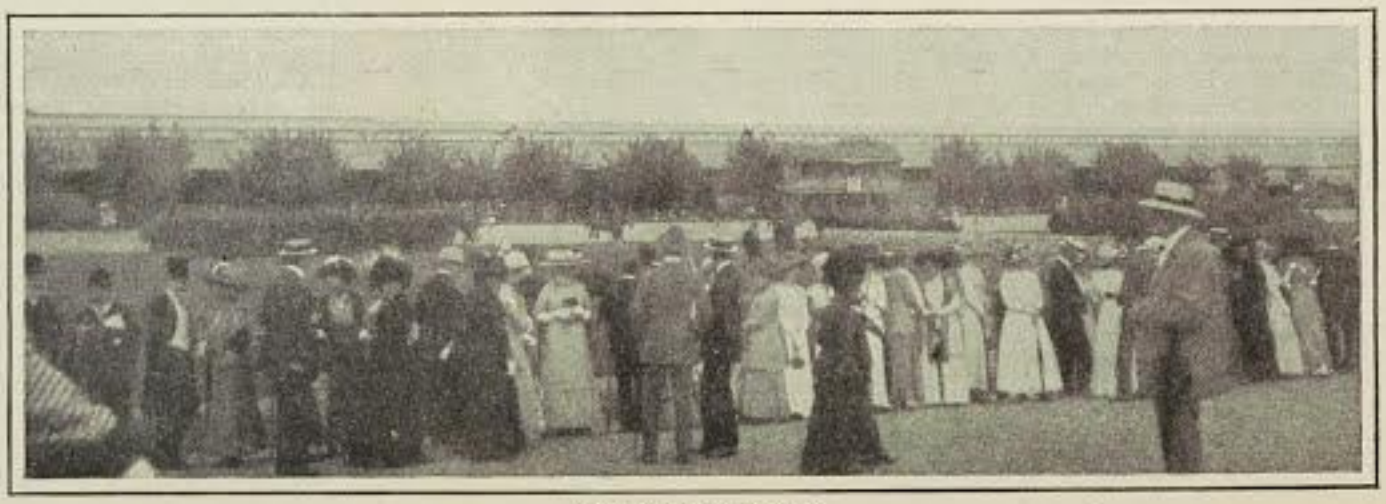
Not less triumphant are the other phases of the organization. The judges and stewards—gentlemen, to use the word technically—selected by the Royal Dublin Society Council are not only experts in horseflesh but men of impeccable personal honor. It is impossible that they could be "approached." It has been rumored that occasionally a veterinary surgeon is not so unimpeachable, but the veterinary legislation is very strict. Every detail of the classifying and handling of the twelve hundred horses is carefully considered. There are almost fifty classes—stallions, mares, geldings, colts and fillies—about half of which are hunters. The classifications are arranged not only according to age and kind, but also according to various capabilities, such as degrees of weight-carrying.

The form of entry that admits an animal to the horseshow on payment of a ten-dollar deposit fee, which may be returned, and an entry fee of from five to twenty dollars, depending on the class of the horse, and on whether or not the owner is a member of the society, is much more elaborate than the certificate that admits a Christian child to the offices of the church or a couple to the holy institution of matrimony. For the animal's class, name, color, general description, age and pedigree must be stated; also his studbook reference, if he has one, and the name and address of his breeder and of his exhibitor. If he is to compete for the jumping prizes he must have another form of entry.

An Assembly of Horsetraders

EVERY man connected with the horses has dozens of rules for his guidance. It is one thing to plan discipline and another thing to see it carried out; but, except in case of an accident to beast or man, the rules are strictly obeyed, from the proviso that each horse must have a neatly dressed groom to the injunction that no horse shall be led forth by the collar-shank. It seems as if there were some rule to provide for every possible contingency. The show, in short, is the last word in good management; the horses are exhibited, lodged and exercised in such a way that there is not the slightest confusion, and nothing exists to impede the comfort and sense of space of the thousands of spectators.

On the first day of horseshow week—Tuesday—more men than women appear, and very few of the women are fashionably clad, for it is ostensibly the great business day. Really, buying and selling go on until the last horse is removed; but Tuesday is adjudication day, when the horses of the various classes enter the rings and are put through their paces before the judges and stewards and an alert crowd of onlookers. Long before the judges are ready to enter the rings the stalls are full of men of all sorts, looking, appraising, but not, as a rule, offering to buy until the horses have shown what they can do in the rings. There are Englishmen who have come for hunters and breeders, Frenchmen who want riding



The Jumping Inclosure

horses, and Germans who, always seeking the best in the world, find here many of their most magnificent cavalry horses. Surrounding the broodmares and stallions are buyers who have come from Buenos Aires and South Africa and America for stud purposes. Invariably some interested owner or spectator is ready to praise an animal—a good mare, deficient in timbre, perhaps, but one who can breed good flyers with plenty of substance, as demonstrated by the foal at foot, which has the wide, thick quarters of his sire, deep barrel, good rein and plenty of bone for one of his size! Acquaintances, who have not seen each other since the last horseshow, meet about the various stables.



An Examination of Prize Horses

If they are owners or exhibitors they examine each other's horses with critical eyes, while their grooms wink jovially or scowl at one another, according to their dispositions. The conversation of these grooms—witty, profane and sophisticated—is not the least interesting part of the horseshow.

Prize Winners

THE talk of every one seems natural and easy, but not a man is unaware of the clock. They are all waiting for half past nine, which generally means a liberal ten, when the judges and stewards enter the yards, each group going to a different ring to commence a strenuous day, which sometimes begins all over again on Wednesday morning. Like every one else connected with the business of the show, they are bound by severe rules. For example, the judges are not supposed to find out the names of the exhibitors of the horses they must pass upon, and the stewards are forbidden to express in the hearing of the judges opinions as to the merits or demerits of any exhibit that is taking place.

The riders, who may be grooms or masters, or perhaps some special jockeys, trot out of the stables and up to the entrance of some particular ring. Each rider carries—usually in his mouth—a ticket of admission, which he hands in at the gate and goes in, slowing down his horse. Every animal wears on his forehead and breast the number which, by reference to the catalogue, shows his class, name, pedigree and owner or exhibitor. Immediately each ring becomes a scene of quiet but enthusiastic animation. The railing about each great greensward is surrounded by crowds of men and women, some of them friends of the exhibitors, some of them owners or buyers; others mere spectators. The judges and stewards stand in the pavilion in the center of the field. On a pole near by are pinned the rosettes that symbolize the prizes, usually scarlet for the first, blue for the second, yellow for the third, green for the fourth and pink for the fifth—if there is a fifth. The prizes range from a hundred and twenty-five dollars to fifteen dollars, and with the first one goes a silver medal. Most of the challenge cups, which cost from five hundred dollars down, and the gold medals go to the hunters that win in the jumping competitions of the three following days; but even the horses under adjudication which receive no prize are likely to sell well.

Some classes of the horses are so few in number that each class to be judged can enter the ring at one time. Others are so large that they can be admitted only in sections. The horses, at given signals, first walk, then trot and then gallop. Their riders are of all conditions. A gentleman paces by, trained, like all his sort, to show absolute lack of self-consciousness; he rides as if he were quite alone, his impassive eyes gazing through the spectators at the roadway beyond. Following him is a pop-eyed, anxious groom, looking exactly like a railway porter. After him comes a sporty young yeoman-farmer in yellow waistcoat, blue tie, gray coat, mole-colored breeches and soft green hat. Behind him is a preoccupied peasant-farmer, riding with his shoulders too high, his face showing how much it means to him to win a prize. All the mounts are in breeches and riding boots; most of them wear green or brown coats; the grooms invariably wear caps, the farmers and gentlemen bowler hats. Some men ride as if they were made for their beasts; one man leans forward in a prayerful attitude; another composes himself with the line of his horse. Many little tricks of character appear: a mare coughs, and her rider boxes her ears exactly as if she were a naughty child; one man, as his horse gallops, rhythmically opens and shuts his mouth, showing wide white teeth. All the time the spectators make telling comments on the strength and manners of the horses, some of which are quite audible to the riders. Even a lay onlooker would want to ride after watching the gait and power of the splendid creatures.

If the class is a large one, the process of adjudication becomes complicated and hard on both judges and mounts. As each section in the ring gallops by, the judges move up and down to look more particularly at certain horses. Some of the judges are quiet and some are fussy; now and then they consult and speak to a steward; and, as a result, a horse is ordered to leave the ring as ineligible for a prize. Some of the rejected ones go out jauntily, as if on the wings of victory; another paces round the ring again and slips out when some other failure departs. Some show their disappointment in grave faces and staring eyes. Finally half a dozen remain; the judges talk together.

"Did he tell you to come back, Jerry?" asks an owner as a fine bay trots out of the inclosure.

"He did, Masther Tom," answers Jerry with a broad grin; and a friend of Master Tom chooses the propitious moment for the asking of a favor.

When the best dozen horses have been selected, sometimes, if the class is large, after several hours of weeding-out, the judges confer with each other; usually they mount the horses themselves. The beautiful creatures try their paces once more—the walk, the trot, the gallop; and that rider has much self-control, indeed, who fails to show his sense of the impending decision, who can restrain himself from looking eagerly at the judges. Even the horses feel the strain. Finally they are lined up in a long single, or perhaps a double, row; the riders dismount, and the judges walk up and down. When they come to a definite conclusion the stewards see that the prize cards are affixed to the horses, and distribute the gay rosettes to the winning mounts, who gallop off the field.



A Parade of the Winners

From this time on bargaining flourishes. The buying and selling of a horse has, in most ways, the same conventions in all countries; but in Ireland there is a dash and spirit about each encounter that disguises to a certain extent the familiar lines of retreat and approach. All classes sell and buy. The owner of a great stud may send up a score or two of horses, some of which are exhibited, some of which are disposed of in the sale paddocks without ever appearing in the rings. He may buy a stallion from some other big owner, or he may buy a hunter from some country gentleman who has all his stake in that one animal. A farmer, with the hope of some day becoming a breeder of renown, may spend every penny he has been able to raise on a good broodmare, or perhaps he may buy a likely yearling on the strength of its ancestry; and on the luck he has with the animal may depend the education of his children and his family's whole scale of living.

How Buyers and Sellers Come to Terms

THE ways of chaffering are many, but it is always more amusing when Irish meets Irish. A gentleman wants the hunter of a friend. He is poor, and like many other clever young Irish landholders who have suffered from the reduction of the rents he depends on what he makes in horses to help him pay, from the estate to the debts of which he is heir, the charges of various aunts and sisters. He has in mind a *nouveau riche* Englishman whom he is tutoring in hunting and who would pay as high as three hundred and fifty pounds for a good hunter. He has already selected the splendid black hunter of his friend. Lighting a cigarette, he strolls up to the box of the horse; the groom is just about to ride her out for exercise and the owner is proffering a lump of sugar.

"Hello, Jimmy!" says the owner—"up on business?"

"Ah, no," replies Jimmy. "My wife wanted to come up for the show. I might get a hunter, though, if I found one that just suited me. Not a bad beast that of yours, Bob."

"Thanks for your enthusiasm," says Bob dryly.

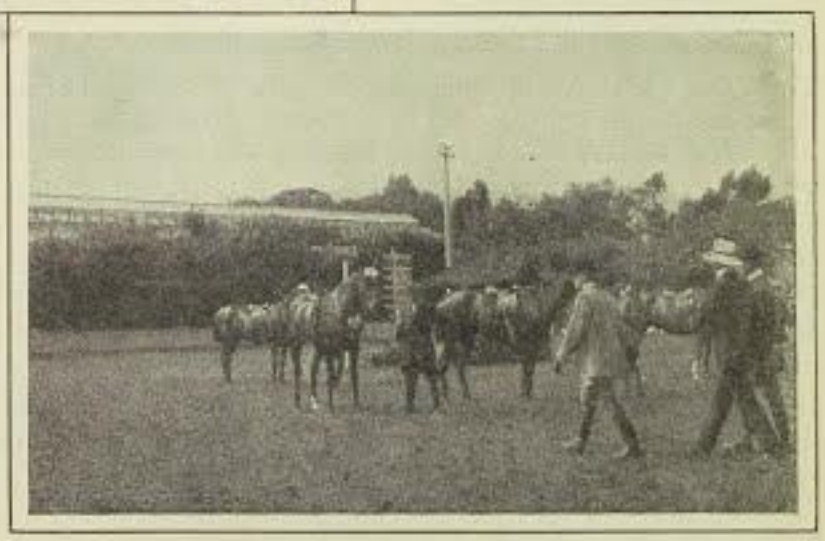
The groom mounts; disgusted at this faint praise of his charge, after they reach the exercising ring he puts the black through her best paces.

"Nice creature, indeed," says Jimmy, delighted with the stride. "Pity she's got such an ugly mouth."

"Ugly mouth! It's like velvet. I'm an oldish man, Jimmy; but I'd be willing to jump anything in Ireland on her, with nothing but a slack rein in her mouth."

"There are others less foolhardy," remarks Jimmy. "What are you asking for her?"

"Three hundred pounds; and two hundred for the bay filly."



Awaiting the Decision of the Judges

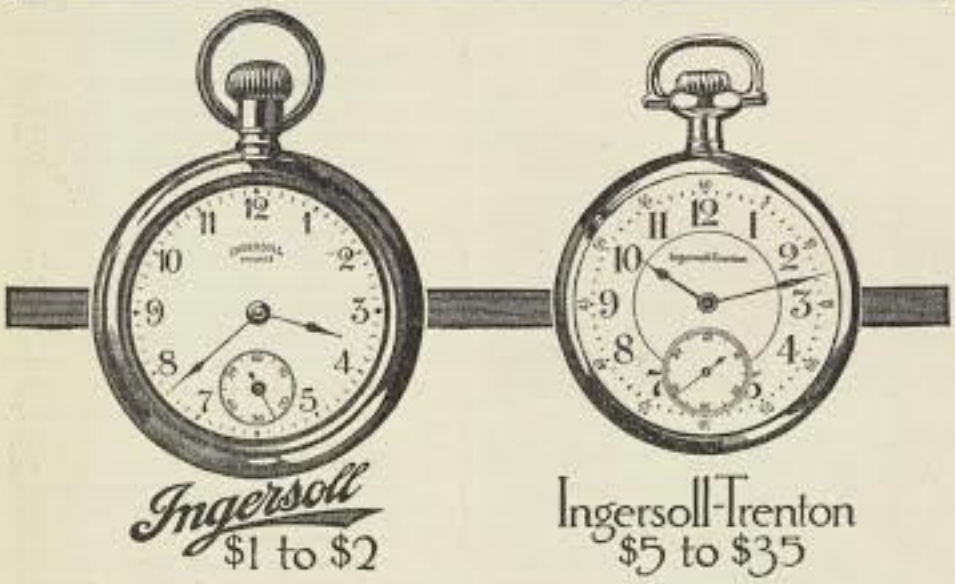
"You mean two hundred for the black, don't you?"

"Three hundred—guineas."

"Maybe you'll get it," says Jimmy airily. "Rawlins has a fine fellow for two hundred and fifty—a bit heavy in the hindquarters, but I'd as soon have that as an ugly mouth."

He saunters off. Bob knows he has no intention of buying Rawlins' horse; he supposes Jimmy will offer him something like two hundred and sixty-five pounds. He knows of another possible purchaser, and he goes off to meet him as if by accident, mentioning that he has had an offer for his black, The Nut; but it's a bit under three

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hundred and he's undecided. No bid forthcoming, he engineers his movements so as to meet, as if casually, Jimmy, who meanwhile has been making an engagement with a veterinary surgeon to examine The Nut for soundness at two that afternoon, as he means to take her away on the six o'clock train. Jimmy has also wired his Englishman that he has bought him the best hunter in Ireland for three hundred and fifty guineas.

"Oh, this you?" says Bob. "Bought Rawlins' horse?"

"Not yet."

"It's just as well, when you're buying a horse, to have one that can get his tail-end over a fence!"

"All the same, Bob, if I were to put a man up on The Nut and she were to give her mouth that nasty twist ——"

"Ah, Jimmy, you know well enough that, when you'll be showing her to sell, you'll have a stretch of field where she'll have no chance to show a trick if she were a circus clown of a beast."

"Two hundred and seventy-five!" says Jimmy suddenly.

"Two hundred and eighty-five guineas!" insists Bob.

"Two hundred and eighty pounds," compromises Jimmy.

"Done. And now, Jimmy, give me your advice. I'm offered a hundred and sixty for the bay filly. I was sticking out for two hundred."

"Take a hundred and sixty," says Jimmy with conviction, "and thank Heaven to get rid of an underbred, larrupin' jade that oughtn't to be desecrating a decent man's stables!"

"I was thinking that same," says Bob calmly; "though I've seen worse—and better too. I wonder I got more than an offer of a hundred and fifty. I suppose it was because of the bit of white heather my daughter sent me for luck," he adds seriously.

Jimmy's groom comes up to get The Nut. Bob's groom approaches Jimmy and, touching his cap, says:

"I took care of that horse, sorr."

"Pity you didn't look after her mouth a bit, then," teases Jimmy.

He puts his hand in his pocket, flicking a glance at Bob. If Bob hands over a half-sovereign to Jimmy's groom Jimmy will do the same by Bob's. Bob lives up to the code, feels in his pocket and the gold pieces change hands at about the same moment.

Murphy's Methods

Among the Irish who are not educated and less conventional the approaches are less cloaked. Murphy has a young hunter on which he has put much more care than he has on his two-year-old son. Corrigan, a groom with a little credit and a sharp eye to business, knows exactly where he could sell it in County Waterford. Corrigan comes up to the stall where Murphy is sitting on a box with a rolling eye for possible purchasers. He sees Corrigan's intentions.

"Ah, glory be, Murphy!" cries Corrigan. "And is that the harse you've been bragging about? Ah, well, a man maybe has the right to be tender to his own, even agin his better judgment."

Murphy emits a short sardonic laugh.

"Who heeds the talk of them that are poor judges of harseflesh?" he asks. "If you'd heard the offers I've had for him ——"

"If I'd heard fairy music!" sneers Corrigan. "Pitch the harse to the divil!"

"Talk away, my lad," says Murphy with apparent calm.

"For wan thing," begins Corrigan in a confidential tone, "he's a cougher ——"

"Ah, indade! I wish you had as good breathing yourself as he has," says Murphy, scoring one, for Corrigan has a touch of asthma.

"And his hocks," pursues Corrigan, unruffled; "sure, the crathur might as well be standing on beer-bottles."

"There's many a harse with a thick hock gets a tumble," says Murphy. "And think of the blood of this harse! D'ye know his half-sister, Starling? She took a prize at the Olympic. D'ye know his cousin, Sheila-of-the-Silver-Eye? Lord Southerford paid eight hundred guineas for her and cried wid joy at the chance. D'ye know ——"

"Ah, what talk have ye?" says Corrigan, spitting derisively. "Larry Dugan's half-brother writes plays that they print, but that doesn't keep Larry from not being all there himself. What might you be asking for him?"

"A hundred guineas," says Murphy with a mixture of defiance and confidence.



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"It makes a delicious brown sauce with rice. I use it for croquettes and tomato-soup jelly and cocktails and tartare, and — I couldn't begin to tell you all. And it is always fresh and rich and perfect.

"Just try it yourself and see!"

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Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato



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"Take my advice," says Corrigan, moving off with an air of washing his hands of Murphy; "if anny wan offers you thirty take it on your knees. If I hear of a man wanting a harse I'll send him round, for you know I'm friendly to you, Murphy."

"You can tell him I'm not afther giving him away!" shouts Murphy. "I'm thinking of rising the price to a hundred and ten."

By this time both know they are embarked on the struggle. Again and again they meet and dispute, sometimes assisted by friends, sometimes losing their tempers and commenting on every scandal in each other's family and almost coming to blows; again talking with a sarcastic politeness that their listeners follow with deep interest. The contest is complicated sometimes by the entrance of another bidder. Each of the two fighters marks the other for his game and disputes every inch of the way. At last the bargain is made at eighty guineas and is sealed, according to the old-fashioned custom of the Irish peasant, by moistening the palm in a primitive way and smiting hands.

"But I'm giving her to you," says Murphy, cloaking his satisfaction in gloom. "Ah, them that keep out of the Dublin harseshow have cut their eyeteeth! It costs you all of ten pounds to get a beast up and back if you don't sell her—and she generally going back with a cold. This fellow won't, Corrigan; but you had the sense to pick a jewel. I'm wondering if anny wan makes anny money except the Royal Dublin Society."

"Well, them that buys don't!" says Corrigan with equal gloom but—since his back is turned—with a glorious grin over his bargain.

Jumping for the Ladies

The buying carried on in the sales paddock is a quieter, quicker process. On Wednesday and Thursday especially some famous auctioneers sell several—perhaps two or three thousand—animals. These may be either racers or hunters. The stand is full of prospective buyers, each holding a catalogue on which are printed the horses' pedigrees. The auctioneer and his assistant, quick-eyed men, call in a horse, which is led through the entrance gate by his owner or groom, as the case may be. The bids may range anywhere from ten or fifteen guineas to a thousand guineas; but, in the latter case, the horse has usually been the winner of a prize cup in some great race. After an offer has reached fifty guineas the bids must proceed in leaps of not less than five guineas. If the owner does not like the highest bid he buys in his own animal. As the bids are called out the horse is led up and down the small paddock to show thoroughly his good points, while the auctioneer cries, in the nervous tone characteristic of the cult:

"Eighty guineas—eighty guineas—eighty guineas! Am I offered more? Eighty guineas!" Then slowly: "Gentle-men, are you all done? Clink!" He strikes a little bell with a gavel, and the sold horse is led out of the exit gate, while the next animal enters the other. The buyers are very quiet, but they whisper comments to each other.

"A fine horse, that," says one of a rather slim yearling.

"Ah, do you think so? If it was any finer there'd be nothing left of it at all."

If the business that begins Tuesday goes on all week, Wednesday and Thursday, superficially at least, are the spectacular days—politely called ladies' days—when the hunters perform in the jumping inclosure. Friday is a jumping day, too, but by that time the tickets of admission have become very cheap, the attendance has thinned and the hour belongs strictly to the people, who seem to care as much for the jumping as the members of society. On Wednesday and Thursday, however, the grandstand is crowded with smartly dressed men and women, whose hunting experiences have trained accurately eye and judgment in the matter of weight-carriers, and who have a very distinct quality of their own. Most of them bear the stamp of race—a thing intangible, but perceptible enough; for the dullest of them seem to show it. At its worst, it is an impassive mask; at its best, it is a combination of perfect self-control, recognition of the consideration due to others and ability to sum up any given situation. From their nurseries they have been trained according to old and tried traditions, and the training has set its seal on them as definitely as the seal of breeding shows in their hunters. All



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As will be noted in both these illustrations, these offices are not larger than those in the average business block; yet they create the impression of ample room for transacting business without interference.

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The great success of the year. Unequalled winter and outing shoe. Full 8 inches high, bellows tongue, double oak soles, soft black boarded calf uppers. If it were not for our tremendous volume of sales we could never make such a shoe at the price.



Other Styles "Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes are made in "Piker," "Parade," "Campaign," "Camp" and other styles. In bluchers, high-cut, button, etc. Select black, tan and gun-metal calf, and special elk leather.

Buy From Your Dealer *Almost all dealers have "Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes. If you can't find them, write us for FREE booklet of styles and name of nearest dealer. Or we will ship order DIRECT and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.*



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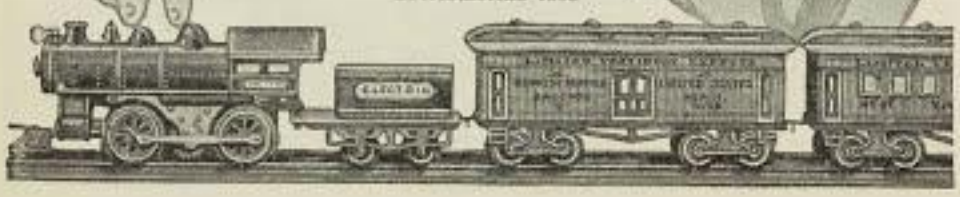
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of them have the look of people used to out-of-doors and exercise, and they are lifted into a kind of likeness because of their common love of the horse; but, being mostly Irish, they have their own individualities in spite of the fine social training that has rubbed down all unbecoming angles. They show more real neighborliness than an English crowd, as they move up and down the aisles of the grandstand to greet each other, meeting perhaps for the first time since the year before. There is genuine pleasure in each other's society, but as they talk they keep their eyes on what is taking place in the jumping inclosure.

This jumping ground is a huge rectangular inclosed field; at one end of the rectangle is the assembly pocket, where the horses stay until they are summoned to the starting point. Some few hundred feet from this starting point is the first obstacle, a bank of the hedge sort, with a ditch behind it, which the horses clear; a few hundred feet farther on, almost opposite the viceregal box in the center of the grandstand, is a ditch, with a sloping bank perhaps five feet high and four feet broad, up which the horses scramble like cats, change feet and scramble down the other side. The only horses in the world that know how to take such banks are Irish. Toward the lower end of the rectangle is a stone wall, built up solid for four feet, with about a foot of loose stones on the solid part. After jumping the wall, the horses gallop in a graceful détour round the lower end of the field and, starting on the return, scramble up a double sloping bank, higher and wider than the first. A few hundred feet farther on, opposite the grandstand again, is the water-jump, consisting of a hedge about four feet high and a couple of feet wide, with a ditch full of water behind it some ten feet across. The last obstacle is a hurdle, four feet high.

The Beasts That are Blackballed

In the center of the field is the judges' pavilion, and close by are the poles on which appear the colored balls and the numbers that distinguish the horses. All round the inclosure is a broad road where those spectators who cannot afford seats in the grandstand take their position. In front of the long grandstand is that portion of the road where costumes, with ladies inside, stroll up and down at intervals during the performances. This strolling is most frequent toward the tea-hour and at the time when the harness horses make their exhibition, for this is never so interesting as the jumping, no matter how outstepping, stylish and well-behaved the animals may be.

In the jumping competitions, as in every other phase of the horseshow, the discipline is severe and the rules numerous. The order in which the horses appear on the program is drawn for by the committee. They are run in pairs, and as they run their numbers are drawn up on the poles, one horse being assigned a red color and the other a white, the riders wearing sashes to show which is which. At the end of the course, if both horses have been successful a red and a white ball are sent to the top of the pole; if one should have failed a black ball is substituted for his color. The same black ball rises alone to show the failure of both. Failure consists in refusing to jump or in making too many mistakes, such as fumbling at the banks or blundering through the top of the stone wall. Sometimes, if competition is keen, the most successful horses will have to make as many as four rounds before the judges can decide on the winning four or five. The riders are required to take the fences at a fair hunting—not a racing—pace.

There is far less noise at the jumping competitions than there would be at a baseball game in America—nobody yells at the umpire in Ireland—but quite as much interest. The onlookers enjoy everything connected with the show, from the red-coated boys who sell programs, and the smartly dressed ladies, to the entrance of the viceregal party, which is accomplished by means of a long row of mounted lancers, the gayest of soldiers in scarlet and gold, carrying brilliant pennants on their lances. These precede and follow the viceregal coach, standing behind it in a long, level row at the moment when their excellencies and the visiting royalties or nobilities dismount.

The chief interest, however, centers naturally in the hunters and their riders, who come to their work showing every possible shade of character and manners. All For Ireland has a curious way of curling his feet

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forward instead of backward as he takes the stone fence. Irish Molly throws her feet to one side as she jumps. The continuous running of subdued comments on the animals shows that every man and woman—and, for that matter, every child—is a judge of horseflesh.

"Well done, Mickey Free; you took that water-jump like a bird!" "That mare was too short-gaited at the fence." "Silly ass, that rider! The horse jumps so easily that he didn't take enough trouble to lift him at the fence; and, of course, off came the stones." "That man's going too fast; he'll come a cropper. There!—but he's hung on to the bridle and come up standing. He deserves those cheers." "Going to sleep on the double bank, isn't he? He'll get the black ball for that." "Look at She Squeaks waltzing through the stone wall!" "Capital mover, that hunter; a trifle coarse on the withers, however." "Tommy took everything at Clonmel last winter; splendid top, fine, straight, short back and long quarters." "Good bone in that fellow; he looks up to any weight." "That jumper has well-sprung ribs and strong loins—nice, true-balanced horse." "Monaghan doesn't go with enough force in his gallop and he lacks length of rein." "A clean, flippant jumper that, and the chap on her is a subtle rider; he's suave all through, for he makes you buy a horse when you don't want to." "Ah, that man looked back to see if his ball went up—the first fellow to show he noticed he was ridin' for a prize."

Sometimes a hunter displays what in horse terms is called bad manners. Perhaps he is restive at having to wait too long at the start and loses his temper—or perhaps the number of spectators troubles him. He balks at each leap and possibly throws his mount. The most fervent applause is given to the rider who conquers his animal, and even if he fails he is still cheered; for, as a rule, he never gives in until the judges send him off the field with his nervous charge, whose failure has cost a good many dollars and a humiliation which may be very far-reaching.

A certain amount of color and dash is lent to the proceedings by the fact that some of the riders in the competitions are officers—frequently visiting officers. Now and then one is thrown; but, as a rule, there are no serious accidents. Nobody leaves on Wednesday or Thursday until the last winner gallops away—prize rosette in his rider's mouth. A large crowd is present on Thursday morning when the challenge cups are presented; and even on Friday, the day of the people, a few fashionables linger to see the final jumping. By Saturday every one is gone, and few have gone ruefully. It is as if Nature and Fate were determined to give Ireland one successful week, when no rain should fall, no differences arise, and plenty of pleasure and business should accrue to the most "disthressful counthry."

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 9)

I say: 'But I have had more guests.' And then do you know, madam, that I have to prove that I have had extra company, or my supply of wine is cut off? It is outrageous; an insult to a man's liberty!"

And really it is pretty hard on him to be so modified by his women in this particular, when you consider how he cherishes the right to drink as much as he pleases. What impressed me, and would come to the mind of any woman, was that he never considered how many hundred years English women have suffered sorrow and degradation because he abused this liberty. The New Zealand Xanthippes are getting it back on him in a mild and salutary fashion. And I could not help wondering how he evades their surveillance there, for of course he does.

I saw a great many suffragists in London, and at a glance you could not have distinguished them from other English women any more than one recognizes a partly deranged person until something said suggests her obsession. Then you feel a certain abnormal tightening of her moral strings. I cannot describe it, but I always felt it, even in Peggy. I have my doubts about their being altogether comfortable persons to live with. But for that matter I should not have liked being the wife of



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Martin Luther. Still, he set at liberty the heart of mankind. And I reckon the women that come after these new women will not be quite so new to our consciousness. The world will have changed some and they will have changed some, so we shall get comfortable in the new environment. After this period of agitation has passed and they get what they want, most of them will drop out of sight and go on about their women's business better satisfied. Only a few men remain in public life even if they can vote. It will be the same way with women. Time indeed must pass before they will exercise the franchise even after they get it. The women of England have long had municipal suffrage, but they are just now beginning to take advantage of it, and even yet most of them have not acquired the habit of going to the polls and voting.

For one I doubt whether the enfranchisement of women will tend to purify political life or do much toward improving the sanctity of their own lives. The world has been ruled too much by the minds of men and too little by the hearts of women. Therefore, it has escaped many of the evils it might otherwise have suffered.

The Music of Great Movements

There is one thing the women's movement lacks in England and in America, and I am wondering whether others besides an old tune-humming woman like myself have also missed it. This is the music, the measured stepping-along rhythm that has always characterized every great movement. In America we had The Battle Hymn of the Republic, Dixie, and Marching Through Georgia. The French revolutionists had their Marseillaise. When Christianity had its single eye and its great heart we got tremendously potent hymns out of it, and even to this day the Salvation Army always enters an engagement with the devil to an inspiring ragged rat-tat-tat tune that seems to be helpful to sinners and that no doubt nerves the leaders of it with fresh courage. But the suffragists have processions without music of their own. This is due in part to the fact that their delicacy and sensibility would reject any but a feminine Wagnerian measure, and partly to the fact that the idea for which they stand and come is so new that it is difficult to translate into a singing rhythm that is at once dignified and feminine. If they were going out to be mothers they would have made a lullaby that would have sung the world to dreaming before this time, but a citizen-woman will be compelled to create a sort of evolution in the old cradle songs before she gets what she needs. Still I have observed this—a cat is never at home in a place until she sits down and washes her face with her forelegs, and a woman is never domesticated in her condition till she takes to humming tunes there. And we cannot be sure that these new women are permanent features of Anglo-Saxon civilization until they have oriented themselves in their faith with a few suffragist hymns. It may be that they have not come far enough yet to get the keynote. It takes a good deal of enthusiasm peculiarly sweet and passionate to make proper music. And though the new woman is sufficiently passionate she has not come into her sweetness phase yet. She is kicking too much against the pricks, which is not a musical occupation. If she made a song now it would be too fiercely anti-masculine and would probably cause the men to hoot and cat-call instead of encore. This is one thing that cannot be changed, not even by the votes of women—it is in the everlasting order of things that women must sing to men not at them, for them not against them. When the suffragists get far enough along in their new-woman consciousness to concede this they will put all the old boy-babies to sleep and have a chance to go where they please and do what they want to do before these huge infants awaken to a realization of what has transpired. A woman never wins from a man by being less feminine, but by being more feminine. And though what I have said here about music for the suffrage movement may seem fanciful, there can be no question that the women engaged in it need more dovelikeness for their new serpent-wisdom. It may be all right to slap the Prime Minister's face just at first to attract his attention, but in the long run it is better for women not to resort to violence. They are not made for it, but rather to ease and sweeten life, especially with their votes.



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What is set down here about suffragists seems to me dull stuff; but there you have it. These women cannot be back-bitten in the old romantic language with which literature has always clothed the gentler sex. Nothing is left except to take them seriously, as you would a bitter pill in economics, or to caricature them. One might draw a funny picture of thick, middle-aged women standing on the London streets with the newsboys, selling the suffragist daily paper, Votes for Women. Or I might have written a sniggering description of those women warts on the face of the movement who are interested chiefly in exploiting themselves for the sake of attracting attention and of winning a little notoriety on account of the publicity of their hysterics. But every issue, whether it is made by men or women, has its absurd features. Ever since I was present one time at a state convention assembled to nominate a candidate for governor, it has been my firm conviction that women have more dignity and better sense about conducting themselves even in a political situation than men often display.

It was with more pleasure than I expected to experience at leaving England that Peggy and I left at last for the Continent. After she had drawn me away from the contemplation of the peaceful, voluminous, old-style, Tower-of-London women whom I enjoyed so much when we first came, and had dragged me about to meet eminent suffragists, I felt strained and embarrassed. I suffered from a kind of rheumatism of the mind. I could not move fast enough this way and that with my creaking faculties to keep up with the thread of the conversation. Whenever we returned from a meeting at Queen's Hall or from a teaparty at a club where the movement was the subject for discussion, I always felt as if my bonnet was on one-sided or as if my jabot had slipped round under my ear. And it was best for Peggy that we left at this time. This is one trouble about being a new woman—she thinks all the time in that strained attitude. She never lets go and enjoys the ancient calm of being just a woman with a pretty face and two little engaging curls at the back of her neck, as Peggy could have done if she had been properly balanced. The young Englishman, Mr. Oatleigh, furnished her some natural feminine diversion, of course. He was quite devoted, and it was a pleasant sight to see them sitting in the old square together beneath the hawthorn trees, with the white butterflies weaving winged garlands round their heads. And it used to provoke me because I knew that, however serious his intentions were, the only reason Peggy had for encouraging him was to study him, as she might have stuck a pin through a particularly long-legged grasshopper and held him down while she pulled his wings off. She was trying to find out what an Englishman thinks and how he thinks of women. She professed to be disgusted with what she discovered.

Under the Microscope

"He is primitive in his mind about women," she said to me one day. "His appreciation of them is—oh, it's so simple! He is always saying what fine specimens physically English girls are!"

Another time she complained with some heat: "He is courteous, but I don't believe an Englishman thinks it comports with his dignity to go so far as to be polite!"

And again, when I think he must have approached the confines of romantic confidence with the grave gait of a Briton stalking his woman, Peggy came in quite flushed either with indignation or with the nimbleness with which an American woman can always elude the lumbering chase of one of these exaggeratedly dignified beings.

"He thinks all our women are dreadfully spoiled, and I do believe he just longs for the chance to subdue one of them back into a proper state of submission."

Maybe this is why so many Anglo-American marriages turn out badly. The climate, which makes her nervous, coupled with our system of education, which makes her independent, and the humoring of the men—father, brothers and lovers—which renders her intractable, all this would insure an American woman's being a "handful" for any Englishman who undertook to subdue her in the marital relation.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The third will appear in an early number.

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APPENWEIER'S ACCOUNT

(Continued from Page 12)

on us. Furthermore, I could bring you here tomorrow morning at eight o'clock from our sample racks these same identical models, with the prices on 'em marked plain like the figures on a ten-dollar bill, understand me; and if they ain t from twenty to thirty per cent lower as you paid for these here garments I'd eat 'em!"

For at least ten minutes Max Lapin sat with knitted brows and pondered Elkin's words.

"Eight o'clock is too early," he announced at last. "Make it half past nine."

"Six, even, ain't too early for an up-to-date buyer to look at some genuine bargains," Elkin insisted; "and, besides, I must got to get back to the shop at nine."

"But ——" Lapin began.

"But nothing, Mr. Lapin," Elkin said, rising to his feet. "Make it eight o'clock, and the next time I would come round at half past nine."

"What d'ye mean the next time?" Lapin exclaimed.

"I mean this wouldn't be the last time we do business together, because the job as assistant cutter which I got it is just temporary, Mr. Lapin," he said as he started for the door—"just temporary—that's all."

He paused with his hand on the doorknob.

"See you at eight o'clock tomorrow morning," he said cheerfully; and five minutes later he was having hard work to keep from dancing his way down Thirty-third Street to the subway.

IV

FROM half past seven in the morning until six at night were the working hours of all Polatkin & Scheikowitz' employees, save only Sam Markulies, the shipping clerk, whose duty it was to unlock the shop at quarter past seven sharp. This hour had been fixed by Philip Scheikowitz himself, who, on an average of once a month, would stroll into the shipping department at closing-time and announce his intention of going to a wedding that evening. Sometimes the proposed excursion was a pinocle party or a visit to the theater, but the dénouement was always the same: The next morning Scheikowitz would arrive at the factory door precisely at quarter past seven to find Markulies from five to ten minutes late; whereupon Markulies would receive his discharge, to take effect the following Saturday night—and for the ensuing month his punctuality was assured.

During the quarter of an hour which preceded the arrival of the other employees Markulies usually dusted the office and showroom; and on the morning following Elkin's holiday this solitary duty was cheered by the presence of Harry Flaxberg. Harry had sought the advice of counsel the previous day and had been warned against tardiness as an excuse for his discharge; so he was lounging on the sidewalk long before Markulies' arrival that morning.

"Na, Mr. Flaxberg," Markulies cried, "what brings you round so early?"

"I couldn't sleep last night," Flaxberg said; "so I thought I might just so well be here as anywhere."

"Ain't that the funniest thing!" Markulies cried. "Me I couldn't sleep neither. I got something on my mind."

He unlocked the door as he spoke; and as he passed up the stairs he declared again that he had something on his mind.

"*You!*" Flaxberg said. "I should got your worries, Markulies. The simple little things which a shipping clerk must got to do would *oser* give anybody the nervous prostration."

"Is that so?" Markulies retorted. "Well, I ain't just the shipping clerk here, Mr. Flaxberg. You must remember I am in charge with the keys also, Mr. Flaxberg; and I got responsibilities if some one *ganvers* a couple sample garments once in a while, y'understand—right away they would accuse me that I done it."

"Don't worry yourself, Markulies," Flaxberg said. "I ain't going to *ganver* no garments on you—not this morning anyhow."

"You I ain't worrying about at all," Markulies rejoined; "but that young bloodsucker, Lubliner, Mr. Flaxberg—that's something else again. Actually that young feller is to me something which you could really call a thorn in my pants, Mr. Flaxberg. Just because he is assistant cutter here and I am only the shipping clerk he treats me like I would be the dirt under his feet. Only last night, Mr. Flaxberg, I am locking up the place when that feller comes up the stairs and says to me I should give him the key, as he forgets a package which he left behind him. Mind you, it is already half past six, Mr. Flaxberg; and ever since I am living up in the Bronix, Mr. Flaxberg, I am getting kicked out of six places where I am boarding on account no respectable family would stand it, Mr. Flaxberg, that a feller comes, night after night, nine o'clock to his dinner."

"You was telling me about Lubliner," Flaxberg reminded him.

"Sure, I know," Markulies continued. "So I says to him the place is closed and that's all there is to it. With that, Mr. Flaxberg, the feller takes back his hand—so—and he gives me a *schlag* in the stummick, which, honest, if he wouldn't be from Mr. Polatkin a relation, Mr. Flaxberg, I would right then and there killed him."

For two minutes he patted gently that portion of his anatomy where Elkin's blow had landed.

"He's a dangerous feller, Mr. Flaxberg," he went on, "because, just so soon as he opens the door after I am giving him the key, Mr. Flaxberg, he shuts it in my face and springs the bolt on me, Mr. Flaxberg—and there I am standing *bis* pretty near eight o'clock, understand me, till that feller comes out again. By the time I am at my room on Brook Avenue, Mr. Flaxberg, the way Mrs. Kaller speaks to me you would think I was a dawg yet. How should I know she is getting tickets for the theayter that evening, Mr. Flaxberg? And anyhow, Mr. Flaxberg, if people could afford to spend their money going on theayter, understand me, they don't need to keep boarders at all—especially when I am getting night after night boiled *Brustdeckel* only. I says to her, 'Mrs. Kaller,' I says to her, 'why don't you give me once in a while a change?' I says ——"

"Did Lubliner have anything with him when he came out?" Flaxberg interrupted.

"Well, sure; he'd got the package he forgets, and how a feller could forget a package that size, Mr. Flaxberg—honestly, you wouldn't believe at all! That's what it is to be a relation to the boss, Mr. Flaxberg. If I would got such a memory, understand me, I would of been fired long since already. Yes, Mr. Flaxberg, I says to Mrs. Kaller, 'For three and a half dollars a week a feller should get night after night *Brustdeckel*—it's a shame—honest!' I says; and—*stiegen!* There's Mr. Scheikowitz!"

As he spoke he seized a feather duster and began to wield it vigorously, so that by the time Philip Scheikowitz reached the showroom door a dense cloud of dust testified to Markulies' industry.

"That'll do, Sam!" Philip cried. "What do you want to do here—choke us all to death?"

Gradually the dust subsided and disclosed to Philip's astonished gaze Harry Flaxberg seated on a sample table and apparently lost in the perusal of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record.

"Good morning, Mr. Scheikowitz," he said heartily, but Philip only grunted in reply. Moreover, he walked hurriedly past Flaxberg and closed the office door behind him with a resounding bang, for he, too, had sought the advice of counsel the previous evening; and on that advice he had left his bed before daylight, only to find himself forestalled by the wily Flaxberg. Nor was his chagrin at all decreased by Polatkin, who had promised to meet his partner at quarter past seven. Instead, he arrived an hour later and immediately proceeded to upbraid Scheikowitz for Flaxberg's punctuality.

"What do you mean that feller gets here before you?" he cried. "Didn't you hear it the lawyer distinctively told you you should get here before Flaxberg, and when Flaxberg arrives you should tell him he is fired on account he is late? Honestly, Scheikowitz, I don't know what comes over you lately the way you are acting. Here we are paying the lawyer ten dollars he should give us an advice, understand me, and we might just so well throw our money in the streets!"

"But Flaxberg wasn't late, Polatkin," Scheikowitz protested. "He was early."

"Don't argue with me, Scheikowitz," Polatkin said. "Let's go outside and talk to him."



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Philip shrugged despairingly as they walked to the office door.

"Flaxberg," he began as he discerned the city salesman again using a sample table for a footstool, "don't let us disturb you if you ain't through reading the paper yet."

"Yes, Flaxberg," Polatkin added, "you could get down here so early like you would be sleeping in the place all night yet, and what is it? Take from the table the feet, Flaxberg, and be a man. We got something to say to you."

"Go ahead, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg said as he leisurely brought his feet to the floor. "I'm listening."

"In the first place, Flaxberg," Polatkin said, "did it ever occur to you that, even if your uncle would got fired up to Appenweier & Murray's, Redman designs for us a line of garments here which them people might be interested in anyhow?"

"*Yow*, they would be interested in our line!" Flaxberg cried. "Lapin wouldn't buy only Sammet Brothers' line if we got Worth and Paquin both working for us as designers. You couldn't convince him otherwise, Mr. Polatkin."

"That's all right," Polatkin went on; "but it wouldn't do no harm for you to anyhow see the feller and show him a couple garments which we got it here. Take for instance them 1080's, which we are selling Fine Brothers, *oder* that 2060—that overskirt effect with the gilt net yoke and peacock-feather-design braid, Flaxberg. Them two styles made a big hit, Flaxberg. They are all hanging on that end rack there, Flaxberg, and you could look at 'em for yourself."

Polatkin walked across the showroom to the rack in question.

"Especially the 2060's," he said as he pulled aside the heavy denim curtain which protected the contents of the rack, "which you could really say is ——"

Here he paused abruptly—for, with the exception of a dozen wooden hangers, the rack was empty.

"What's this, Scheikowitz?" he cried with a sweep of his hand in the direction of the rack. "Where is all them 1080's and 2060's?"

Hastily the two partners examined every rack in the showroom; and not only did they fail to discover the missing samples but they ascertained that, in addition, seven other choice styles had disappeared.

"See maybe is Redman using 'em in the cutting room," Scheikowitz suggested; and forthwith they made a canvass of the cutting room and factory, in which they were joined by Markulies.

"What is the matter, Mr. Scheikowitz?" he asked.

"We are missing a dozen sample garments," Scheikowitz replied.

"Missing!" Markulies loudly exclaimed. "What d'ye mean—missing, Mr. Scheikowitz? Last night, when I was covering up the racks, everything was in place."

Suddenly a wave of recollection swept over him and he gave tongue like a foxhound.

"Oo-oo-ee!" he wailed and sank into the nearest chair.

"Markulies," Polatkin cried out, "for Heaven's sake, what is it?"

"He must of *gonsered* 'em!" Markulies wailed. "Right in front of my eyes he done it."

"Who done it?" Scheikowitz cried.

"Lubliner," Markulies moaned.

"Lubliner!" Polatkin cried. "Do you mean Elkin Lubliner?"

"That's what I said," Markulies went on. "Comes half past six last night, and that *ganef* makes me a *schlag* in the stummick, Mr. Polatkin; and the first thing you know he goes to work and steals from me my keys, Mr. Polatkin, and cleans out the whole place yet."

"Lubliner was here last night after we are going home?" Polatkin asked.

"Sure, he was," Markulies replied—"at half past six yet."

"Then that only goes to show what a liar you are," Polatkin declared, "because myself I am letting Elkin go home at one o'clock on account the feller is so sick, understand me, he could hardly walk out of the place at all. Furthermore, he says he is going right straight to bed when he leaves here; so, if you want to explain how it is the garments disappear when you are in the place here alone, Markulies, go ahead with your lies. Might Mr. Scheikowitz stole 'em maybe—or I did! What?"

Markulies began to rock and sway in an agony of woe.



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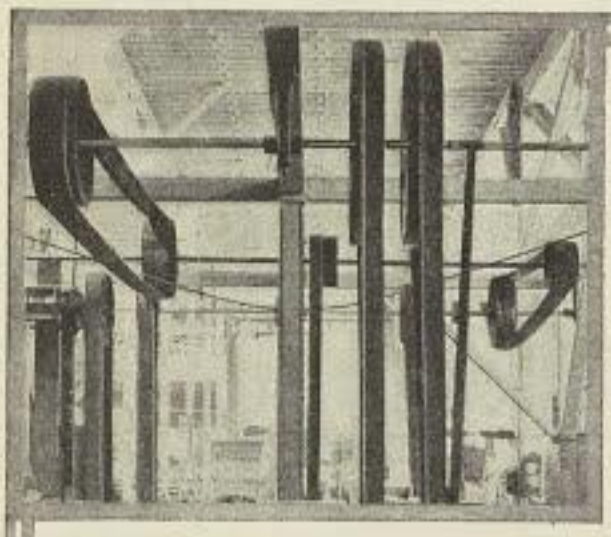
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"I should never stir from this here chair, Mr. Polatkin," Markulies protested, "and my mother also, which I am sending her to Kalvaria—regular like clockwork—ten dollars a month, she should never walk so far from here *bis* that door, if that *ganef* didn't come in here last night and make away with the garments!"

"*Koosh!*" Polatkin bellowed, and made a threatening gesture toward Markulies just as Scheikowitz stepped forward.

"That'll do, Polatkin," he said. "If the feller lies we could easy prove it—ain't it? In the first place, where is Elkin?"

"He must of been sick this morning on account he ain't here yet," Polatkin said.

"*Schon gut*," Scheikowitz rejoined; "if he ain't here he ain't here, *verstehst du, aber* he is boarding with Mrs. Feinermann, which her husband is Kupferberg Brothers' foreman—ain't it?"

Polatkin nodded and Scheikowitz turned to Markulies.

"Markulies," he said, "do me the favor and stop that! You are making me dizzy the way you are acting. Furthermore, Markulies, you should put on right away your hat and run over to Kupferberg Brothers' and say to Mr. B. Kupferberg you are coming from Polatkin & Scheikowitz, and ask him is he agreeable he should let Marx Feinermann come over and see us—and if he wants to know what for tell him we want to get from him a recommendation for a feller which is working for us."

He turned to his partner as Markulies started for the stairway.

"And a helluva recommendation we would get from him, too, I bet yer!" he added. "Wasserbauer tells me Elkin was in his place yesterday, and, though he don't watch every bit of food a customer puts into his mouth, understand me, he says that he eats six dill pickles one right after the other; and then, Polatkin, the young feller gets right up and walks right out of the place without giving any order even. Wasserbauer says he knows it was Elkin because one day I am sending him over to look for you there. Wasserbauer asks him the simple question what he wants you for, and right away Elkin acts fresh to him like anything."

"He done right to act fresh," Polatkin said as they walked back to the showroom. "What is it Wasserbauer's business what you want me for?"

"But how comes a young feller like him to be eating at Wasserbauer's?" Scheikowitz continued. "Where does he get the money from he should eat there?"

"The fact is," said Flaxberg, who up to this point had remained a silent listener to the entire controversy—"The fact is, Mr. Scheikowitz, yesterday I am taking pity on the feller on account he is looking sick; and I took him into Wasserbauer's and invited him he should eat a little something."

Here he paused and licked his lips maliciously.

"And though I don't want to say nothing against the feller, understand me," he continued, "he begins right away to talk about horseracing."

"Horseracing!" Polatkin cried.

Flaxberg nodded and made a gesture implying more plainly than the words themselves: "Can you beat it?"

"Horseracing!" Scheikowitz repeated. "Well, what do you think of that for a lowlife bum!"

"And when I called him down for gambling, Mr. Polatkin, he walks right out, so independent he is. Furthermore, though it's none of my business, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg went on, "Markulies tells me this morning early the same story like he tells you—before he knew the goods was missing even."

"Sure, I believe you," Polatkin retorted. "He was getting the whole thing fixed up beforehand. That's the kind of *Rosher* he is."

As he spoke Markulies entered, and there followed on his heels the short, stout figure of Marx Feinermann.

"What did I told you?" Markulies cried. "The feller ain't homesick at all. He eats his supper last night, and this morning he is got two eggs for his breakfast even."

"S'nough, Markulies!" Polatkin interrupted. "You got too much to say for yourself. Sit down, Feinermann, and tell us what is the reason Elkin ain't here this morning."

"You tell me and I would tell you," Feinermann replied. "All I know is the feller leaves my house the usual time this morning; only before he goes he acts fresh to my wife like anything, Mr. Polatkin.

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[134]

He kicks the coffee ain't good, even when my wife is giving him two eggs to his breakfast anyhow. What some people expects for three-fifty a week you wouldn't believe at all!"

"What do you mean—three-fifty a week?" Polatkin demanded. "He pays your wife five dollars a week *schon* six months ago already. He told me so himself."

"I ain't responsible for what that boy tells you," Feinermann said stolidly. "All I know is he pays me three-fifty a week; and you would think he is used to eating chicken every day from *zu Hause* yet, the way he is all the time kicking about his food."

Markulies snorted indignantly.

"He should get the *Machshoves* Mrs. Kaller hands it to me," he said—"*gekochte Brustdeckel* day in, day out; and then I am accused that I steal samples yet! I am sick and tired of it!"

"*Stiegen!*" Polatkin cried. "Listen here to me, Feinermann. Do you mean to told me the boy ain't paying you five dollars a week board?"

As Feinermann opened his mouth to reply the showroom door opened and Elkin himself entered.

"Loafer!" Scheikowitz roared. "Where was you?"

Elkin made no reply, but walked to the center of the showroom.

"Mr. Polatkin," he said, "could I speak to you a few words something?"

Polatkin jumped to his feet.

"Before you speak to me a few words something," he said, "I want to ask you what the devil you are telling me lies that you pay Mrs. Feinermann five dollars a week board?"

"What are you bothering about that for now?" Scheikowitz interrupted. "And, anyhow, you could see by the way the feller is red like blood that he lies to you."

"Furthermore," Feinermann added, "my wife complains to me last night that young loafer takes her uptown yesterday on a wild fool's errand, understand me, and together they get pretty near kicked out of a drygoods store."

"She told you that, did she?" Elkin cried.

"That's what I said!" Feinermann retorted.

"Then, if that's the case, Feinermann," Elkin replied, "all I can say is, I am paying your wife five dollars a week board *schon* six months already, and if she is holding out on you a dollar and a half a week that's her business—not mine."

"Don't make things worser as they are, Lubliner," Flaxberg advised. "You are in bad, anyhow, and lying don't help none. What did you done with the samples you took away from here?"

"What is it your business what I done with 'em?" Elkin retorted.

"Don't get fresh, Elkin!" Polatkin said. "What is all this about, anyhow? First, you are leaving here yesterday on account you are sick; next, you are going uptown with Mrs. Feinermann and get kicked out of a drygoods store; then you come back here and steal our samples."

"Steal your samples!" Elkin cried.

"You admitted it yourself just now," Flaxberg interrupted. "You are a thief as well as a liar!"

Had Flaxberg's interest in sport extended to pugilism, he would have appreciated the manner in which Elkin's chest and arm muscles began to swell under his coat, even if the ominous gleam in Elkin's dark eyes had provided no other warning. As it was, however, Elkin put into practice the knowledge gained by a nightly attendance at the gymnasium on East Broadway. He stepped back two paces, and left followed right so rapidly to the point of Flaxberg's jaw that the impact sounded like one blow.

Simultaneously Flaxberg fell back over the sample tables and landed with a crash against the office partition just as the telephone rang loudly. Perhaps it was as well for Flaxberg that he was unprepared for the onslaught, since, had he been in a rigid posture, he would have assuredly taken the count. Beyond a cut lip, however, and a lump on the back of his head, he was practically unhurt; and he jumped to his feet immediately. Nor was he impeded by a too eager audience, for Markulies and Feinermann had abruptly fled to the farthermost corner of the cutting room, while Marcus and Philip had ducked behind a sample rack; so that he had a clear field for the rush he made at Elkin. He yelled with rage as he dashed wildly

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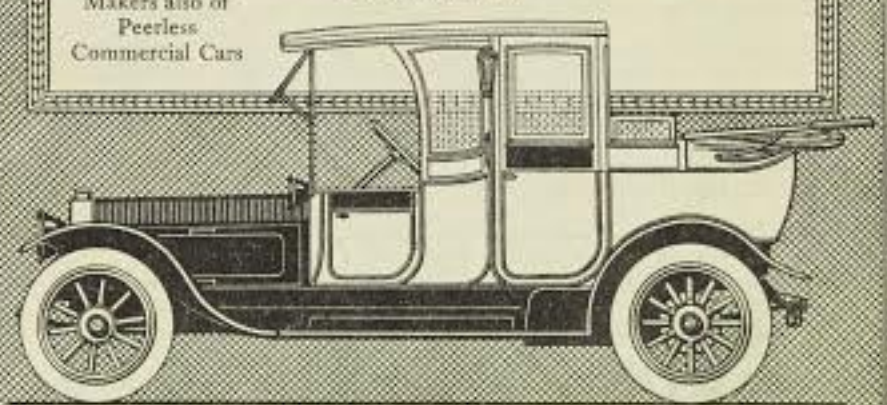
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across the floor, but the yell terminated with an inarticulate grunt when Elkin stopped the rush with a drive straight from the shoulder. It found a target on Flaxberg's nose, and he crumpled up on the showroom floor.

For two minutes Elkin stood still and then he turned to the sample racks.

"Mr. Polatkin," he said, "the telephone is ringing."

Polatkin came from behind the rack and automatically proceeded to the office, while Scheikowitz peeped out of the denim curtains.

"You got to excuse me, Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkin murmured. "I couldn't help myself at all."

"You've killed him!" Scheikowitz gasped.

"*Yow!* I've killed him!" Elkin exclaimed. "It would take a whole lot more as that to kill a bum like him."

He bent over Flaxberg and shook him by the shoulder.

"Hey!" he shouted in his ear. "You are ruining your clothes!"

Flaxberg raised his drooping head and, assisted by Elkin, regained his feet and staggered to the water-cooler, where Elkin bathed his streaming nostrils with the icy fluid.

At length Scheikowitz stirred himself to action just as Polatkin relinquished the 'phone.

"Markulies," Scheikowitz shouted, "go out and get a policeman!"

"Don't do nothing of the kind, Markulies!" Polatkin declared. "I got something to say here too."

He turned severely to Elkin.

"Leave that loafer alone and listen to me," he said. "What right do you got to promise deliveries on them 2060's in a week?"

"I thought ——" Elkin began.

"You ain't got no business to think," Polatkin interrupted. "The next time you are selling a concern like Appenweier & Murray don't promise nothing in the way of deliveries, because, with people like them, it's always the same. If you tell 'em a week they ring you up and insist on it they would got to got the goods in five days."

He put his hand on Elkin's shoulder; and the set expression of his face melted until his short dark mustache disappeared between his nose and his under lip in a widespread grin.

"Come inside the office," he said—"you too, Scheikowitz. Elkin's got a long story he wants to tell us."

HALF an hour later, Sam Markulies knocked timidly at the office door.

"Mr. Polatkin," he said, "Marx Feinermann says to me to ask you if he should wait any longer, on account they're very busy over to Kupferberg Brothers'."

"Tell him he should come in here," Polatkin said; and Markulies withdrew after gazing in open-mouthed wonder at the spectacle of Elkin Lubliner seated at Polatkin's desk, with one of Polatkin's mildest cigars in his mouth, while the two partners sat in adjacent chairs and smiled on Elkin admiringly.

"You want to speak to me, Mr. Polatkin?" Feinermann asked as he came in a moment afterward.

"Sure," Polatkin replied as he handed the astonished Feinermann a cigar. "Sit down, Feinermann, and listen to me. In the first place, Feinermann, what for a neighborhood is Pitt Street to live in? Why don't you move uptown, Feinermann?"

"A foreman is lucky if he could live in Pitt Street even," Feinermann said. "You must think I got money, Mr. Polatkin."

"How much more a month would it cost you to live uptown?" Polatkin continued. "At the most ten dollars—ain't it?"

Feinermann nodded sadly.

"To a man which he is only a foreman, Mr. Polatkin, ten dollars is ten dollars," he commented.

"Sure, I know," Polatkin said; "but instead of five dollars a week board Elkin would pay you seven dollars a week supposing you would move up to Lenox Avenue. Ain't that right, Elkin?"

"Sure, that's right," Elkin said. "Only, if I am paying him seven dollars a week board, he must got to give Mrs. Feinermann a dollar and a half extra housekeeping money. Is that agreeable, Feinermann?"

Again Feinermann nodded.

"Then that's all we want from you, Feinermann," Polatkin added, "except I want to tell you this much: I am asking Elkin he should come uptown and live with me; and he says no—he would prefer to stick where he is."

Feinermann shrugged complacently.

"I ain't got no objections," he said as he withdrew.

"And now, Elkin," Polatkin cried, "we got to fix it up with the other feller."

Hardly had he spoken when there stood framed in the open doorway the dishevel figure of Flaxberg.

"*Na*, Flaxberg," Polatkin said. "What d'ye want from us now?"

"I am coming to tell you this, Mr. Polatkin," Flaxberg said thickly through his cut and swollen lips: "I am coming to tell you that I'm sick and so you must give me permission to go home."

"Nobody wants you to stay here, Flaxberg," Polatkin answered.

"Sure, I know," Flaxberg rejoined; "but if I would go home without your consent you would claim I made a breach of my contract."

"Don't let that worry you in the least, Flaxberg," Polatkin retorted, "because, so far as that goes, we fire you right here and now, on account you didn't make no attempt to sell Appenweier & Murray, when a boy like Elkin, which up to now he wasn't even a salesman at all, could sell 'em one thousand dollars goods."

Flaxberg's puffed features contorted themselves in an expression of astonishment.

"Lubliner sells Appenweier & Murray a bill of goods!" he exclaimed.

By way of answer Polatkin held out the order slip for Flaxberg's inspection.

"That's all right," Flaxberg declared. "I would make it hot for you anyhow! You put this young feller up to it that he pretty near kills me."

"*Yow!* We put him up to it!" Polatkin retorted. "You put him up to it yourself, Flaxberg. You are lucky he didn't break your neck for you; because, if you think you could sue anybody in the courts yet, we got for witness Feinermann, Markulies and ourselves that you called him a liar and a thief."

"*Na*, Polatkin," Scheikowitz said, "give him say a hundred dollars and call it square."

"You wouldn't give me five hundred dollars," Flaxberg shouted as he started for the door, "because I would sue you in the courts for five thousand dollars yet."

Flaxberg banged the door violently behind him, whereat Polatkin shrugged his shoulders.

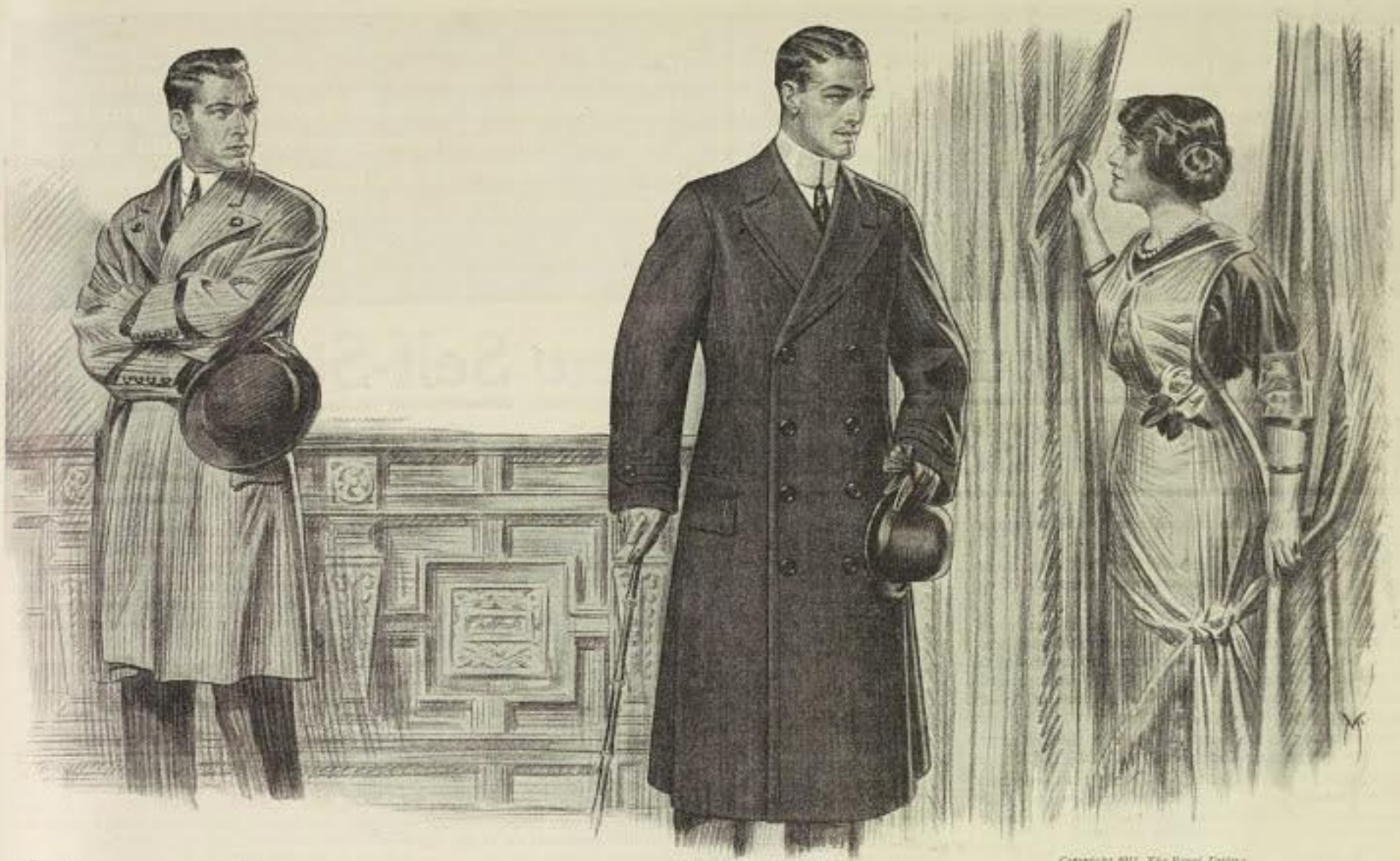
"Bluffs he is making it!" he declared; and forthwith he began to unfold plans for Elkin's new campaign as city salesman. He had not proceeded very far, however, when there came another knock at the door. It was Sam Markulies.

"Mr. Flaxberg says to me I should ask you if he should wait for the hundred dollars a check, or might you would mail it to him maybe!" he said.

Scheikowitz looked inquiringly at his partner.

"Put on it, 'In full of all claims against Polatkin & Scheikowitz or Elkin Lubliner to date,'" he said. "And when you get through with that, Scheikowitz, write an 'ad' for an assistant cutter. We've got to get busy on that Appenweier & Murray order right away."





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Next year, or as soon thereafter as the change can be made, all automobiles will have self-starters. It will be just as difficult two years hence to sell a second-hand car not equipped with Self-starter and Demountable rims as it now is to dispose of a car not equipped with a good magneto.

What other makers cannot furnish before next year you get now in the *new* HUDSON "33."

Don't overlook this feature in buying a motor car. You may want to sell it in two or three years. The feature that all will want then you can get now if you choose the *new* HUDSON "33."

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The bodies were designed for the "33." Every unit is as it was originally planned. Therefore the HUDSON "33" is all new. It is not an old model at a new price—not an old design with a new name.

And best of all, Howard E. Coffin designed it. That in itself establishes its worth. The ablest engineers and the leading specialists in the business gave their aid to him in its building, for they are his assistants.

The automobile world is always on the alert to know what new short-cut to simplicity Howard E. Coffin makes. He is the great constructive builder—the man who, more than any other, has brought about the present high standard of motor cars.

For years he has led. He establishes the trend of engineering practice as certainly as Paris makes the styles and as Edison drives the new mile posts of electrical advancement.

That's the type of car you get in the HUDSON "33" with its almost 1000 fewer parts than are used on the average car—with its dust-proof features, the entirely enclosed motor and its practically noiseless operation—to say nothing of the car's great beauty—the high degree of refinement, soft cushions, easy riding qualities and all the new features not known on any car at its price one year ago. By examining the *new* HUDSON "33" you get an idea of what types of cars will prevail next year and the year after.

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Many good cars are offered now. Many are the result of the most painstaking, skilled workmanship—but they are not so modern. The usual difficulties experienced in automobiles of three and four years ago have in a measure been corrected by good workmanship—but the cumbersome design still prevails.

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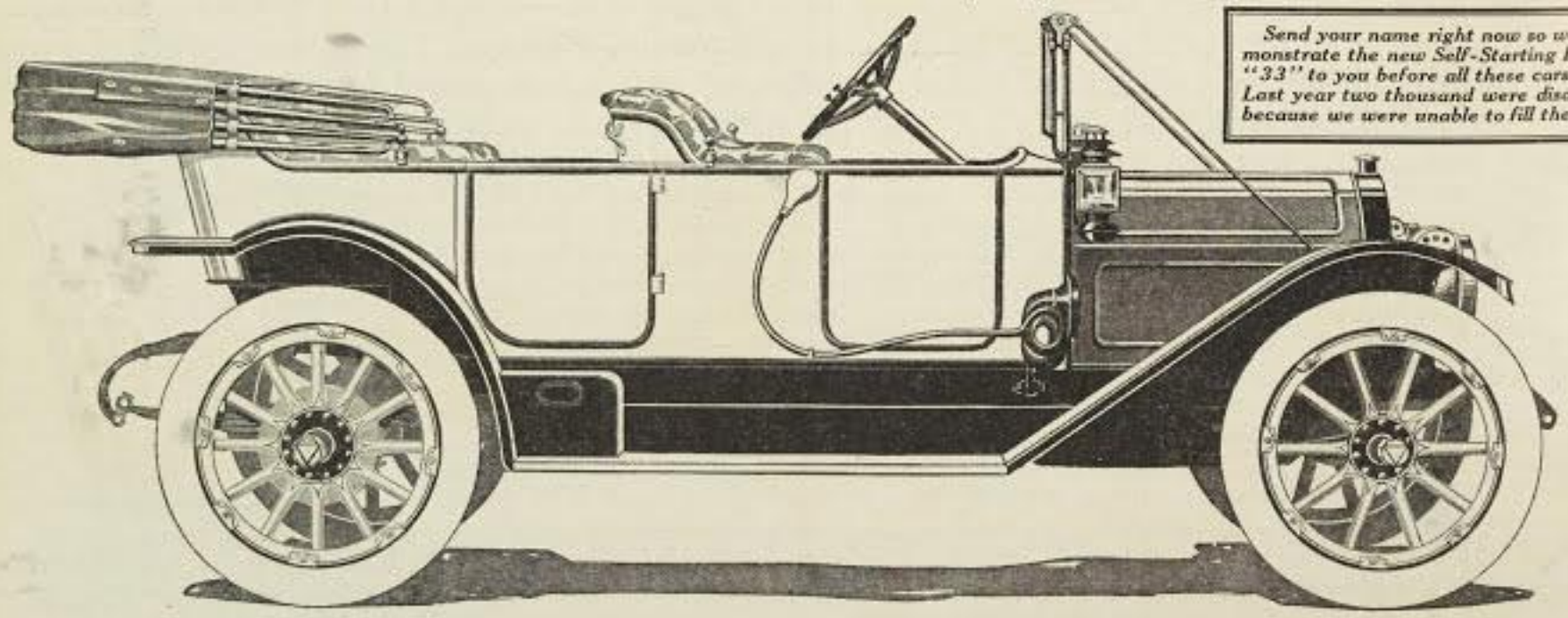
Read Automobile Advertisements In City Newspapers

The classified advertisements in the Sunday newspapers will give you a true insight into the value at which second-hand cars are held. There are thousands of HUDSONS in use. Yet they are not offered for sale at the low prices at which many other cars are advertised.

The HUDSON "33" is distinctly advanced. It is as modern three years after its delivery to the user as are the then current models of other cars. It has always been thus.

Isn't it worth while to insure yourself against taking a big price sacrifice by buying a HUDSON "33"? Do you think any other automobile is quite so certain to have a market value when you are ready to sell it in order to get the then latest HUDSON?

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Send your name right now so we can demonstrate the new Self-Starting HUDSON "33" to you before all these cars are sold. Last year two thousand were disappointed because we were unable to fill their orders.

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TYPEWRITER SALES CO., 185 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

OUR FIRST CRUISE

(Continued from Page 15)

the Imp had been swung on deck. Ten minutes later Greene had pried an extinct sunfish out of the water intake, and then while the grand old steamboat swung us up the river twelve miles an hour we sat in the glorious sunlight and reassembled our disintegrating craft.

How easy it all was! Never had the Imp traveled so fast and never had she given so little trouble. We loitered round the upper deck, played a little whist, ate a good dinner, and at six o'clock the derrick swung us into the water alongside the boat at La Salle and the captain wished us good luck.

"Keep in the current, go under the bridges to the left of the draw-spans and don't abuse any islands!" he shouted.

We laughed and bade him goodby. It was a cinch now. It was only ten miles to the Rock. With any reasonable kind of luck we would be there in time for supper. With any kind of unreasonable luck we could take the Imp's headline and tow her up there by bedtime. Even the old boat seemed to understand the hopelessness of further resistance. She settled right down and purred up the river as prettily as you please.

The smoky dusk was already falling. Before we had gone four miles lights began to twinkle on the hills. Every "ping" of the engine brought us two feet nearer the Rock. We had won at last. Of course we had compromised a good deal in order to win—we hadn't really run the boat all the way—but what did we care? Didn't Henry Clay devote a long and successful career to compromising? We weren't proud. Anything that would suit Clay was good enough for us. The river grew narrower and swifter. The bluffs came stealing down almost to the water's edge. A solitary fisherman sitting on a rock yelled at us as we passed not thirty feet away from him. We yelled back in friendly greeting and went on.

The river got still narrower. Suddenly there was a faint grating sound under the Imp's keel.

"Rocks!" cried Greene, Doc and myself, each one grabbing for the battery switch. But the boat slid over and we went on—at half-speed now. For a majestic stream bearing the name of a big state, the Illinois was certainly in pifflish business sprouting rocks in midchannel.

We ran aground again and pried the Imp past a sandbar with hideous exertion. Then we ran aground again—for good this time. By the faint light we could see nothing but rippling cataracts ahead of us. A butter boat might have navigated them, but we couldn't have run the Imp through there on wheels.

Greene let go of the wheel and sat down with his head in his hands. I stepped ashore—I could almost have stepped to either shore. There was a twinkle of lights on the hill near us and I started for them.

"What you going to do?" asked Greene.

"Get some water for this fool river if they'll sell me any," said I shortly.

I reached the cottages that were producing the illumination. Three or four men were smoking placidly on the doorsteps.

"Starved Rock anywhere near here?" I asked.

"'Bout four miles," said one of them. "Take the road just above here and turn to your left."

"But can't we go by the river?" I asked. "We've got a boat down here and can't find a channel deep enough to float a duck."

"There ain't any," said the man. "You'll have to go back to the Illinois."

"Isn't this the Illinois?" I asked after a minute.

"Lord, no!" said the man. "It's the Vermilion. You ain't the first idiot that's turned out of a good big wide river into this creek trying to find Starved Rock," he said when I showed signs of reviving.

When I reached the boat and told my news it was entirely dark. Doc remained silent a minute or two. Then he tore the wrapper off of a box of hard oil and began writing on it. When he had finished he got a hammer out of the toolbox and nailed the paper to the bow of the Imp. The sign read:

FOR SALE CHEAP

Then he fished out his suitcase and went ashore. "I'm going to walk home," he said briefly.

What do you pay for when you buy a cigar?

NOT only for the tobacco in it. Not only for the labor of rolling the cigar. You pay for the factory expenses, the boxes, the packing, the selling and other costs. If it is an imported cigar you pay an enormous percentage of its value for U. S. Tariff.

Now, as a business man, Mr. Smoker, you know that if these extra expenses are greater than necessary, the cigar must be sold for more than its actual value. If they are brought down to a minimum, more value can be put into the cigar.

That is why I am able to make the Rigoletto the best cigar in the world and sell it for 10c.

I moved my cigar factory from Havana to Tampa so that you would not have to pay duty on the Rigoletto. I moved from Tampa to Cleveland to cut down other excessive production costs so I could put the very best tobacco into the Rigoletto and sell it at a moderate price. My employes in Cleveland do not smoke at their work, they do not waste cigars or take them home. I have ideal conditions here. It costs me only one-half as much to make and pack cigars.

I bring the finest tobacco grown in Cuba and make it into as good cigars as can be rolled—the Rigoletto. I pay the highest prices for tobacco. I could not pay more if I wished. Yet I have so eliminated unnecessary expenses that I can sell this cigar at 10c and make a fair profit.

And you can depend upon it, gentlemen, I will maintain this quality. I shall not cheapen the Rigoletto after it becomes more widely known. I am making a satisfactory profit on it now, although it is made of the costliest tobacco that grows. The Rigoletto will always be as good as it is to-day.

The Rigoletto Cigar is sold by good cigar dealers throughout the United States. If your dealer does not have it, send me his name and take advantage of this remarkable quick-acquaintance offer.

Send me one dollar with the name of your cigar dealer and I shall forward ten Rigoletto Cigars and a handsome seal leather cigar case with your name stamped in gold on the flap. The Rigoletto is always 10c straight. The cigar case would retail for $1.00, so that you will receive double value for your money.

Send five dollars with the name of your dealer and you will receive, express prepaid, a box of 50 Rigoletto Cigars and a beautiful mahogany-finished humidor with lock and key and brass name plate. Your initials will be engraved on the plate. This humidor is solid and substantial, hand-rubbed to a piano finish. It is easily worth $3.00 or $4.00.

These offers are good only in the United States.

I can never sell you more than one box of cigars under these conditions. Your dealer will be glad to supply you with Rigoletto Cigars and you must buy from him in the future, as we shall never do a mail order business.

E. A. Kline

When ordering, specify whether you like dark, medium or light cigars, and what shape you want. The Rigoletto is made in four standard shapes—*Perfecto Extra, Panetela, Elegante*, and *Club House*.



To Dealers

There will be a big market for Rigoletto Cigars in your community. The first to supply it will be in the best position. Get in touch with your jobber at once or write to us.

E. A. Kline & Co.

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

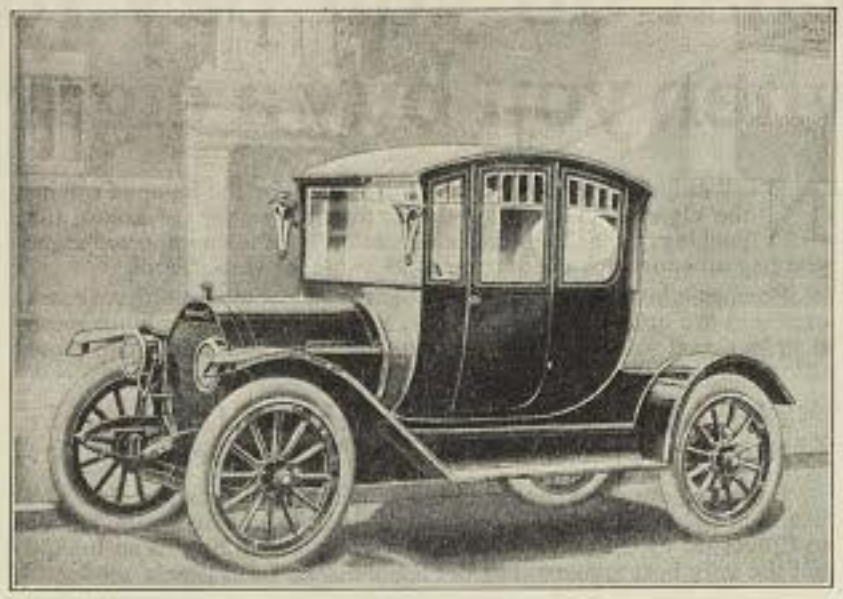
Enclosed is $_____ for which you will please send me _____ cigars and cigar (case) (humidor) as described, fully prepaid. Shape _____ Color _____

My dealer's name is _____

Address _____

My name is _____

Address _____



Beautiful HAYNES Cars

FOR nearly twenty years the Haynes has had all the sturdiness, engine-excellence and superior construction that the best automobile experience and skill could command. And now for 1912 we have added grace of lines and beauty of finish and equipment not surpassed by *any* automobile at any price.

Haynes Model 21 Colonial Coupé has scored a triumph since its introduction a month ago. It will be one of the most popular cars on American boulevards this winter. Haynes Newport and Berlin limousines reflect *character* in every detail.

All Haynes enclosed bodies are *positively* interchangeable with Haynes touring bodies. Model 21 Colonial Coupé for this winter and the same chassis with a roomy 5-passenger touring body for next summer makes an ideal combination at a price only slightly higher than the Coupé alone.

The Haynes for 1912 offers a complete line of body types, on our two standard chassis: Model 21, 40-h.p., 4½x5½ motor, 120 in. wheel base; Model Y, 50-60-h.p., 5x5½ motor, 127½ inch wheel base. Prices $2100 to $3900, fully equipped.

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"Fits your pocket like a silver dollar"

By combining wonderful foreign skill and painstaking workmanship with American ingenuity, we have, in our factories, produced a very *thin* watch, *guaranteed* to be as *accurate* as the old-fashioned thick watch, and even more *durable* on account of its compactness.

The Old Way *The Verithin Way*

The thinness of the **Gruen Precision Verithin** Watch is accomplished naturally. We saw a way (by the invention of a new wheel construction, by the reversal of one wheel) to *build up* the "Verithin"—not to cut it down from a thick watch.

Write for the style portfolio showing styles of cases and works with complete price list. Where we have no agency we will see that you are supplied.

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Gruen Verithin Model

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Gruen Watches for women: $16, 17.50, 25, 30, 40, 50, 75; with precious gems up to $1200.

"Walt," said Greene in a loud, determined voice.

"Not on your life!" said Doc. "You may herd this land-cruiser back into the Illinois if you want to, but I know when I have enough. I am going to walk to the nearest railroad, and I may walk the rest of the way home. I don't think any of us has any more than just enough sense to navigate a parlor car, and I'm not sure that I want to risk it myself."

"Wait," said Greene once more. "I said I was going to take this boat to Starved Rock and I'm going to do it. I've tried the river for three days and it's been a fizzle. But that don't make any difference. The Imp's going to Starved Rock and I'm going to sit on the bow and drive the horses."

Which was precisely what he did—about eleven P. M.—with the aid of an experienced pilot in the shape of the farmer who owned the horses and who knew the treacherous channel through the woods. How Greene's indomitable and mulelike will lashed us back into bondage and made us find a farmhouse; how Greene blandished the farmer into lending us a hayrack, a lot of rope, some planks, a pulley from a hay-loader and two teams of horses—all for a price—and how we toiled and sweated and shouted, and finally, with the aid of half the inhabitants of the little coal-mining camp near by, loaded the boat on to the hayrack and set forth—all these are painful memories. Anyway, when it was done Greene climbed up on the bow of the good ship Imp, grabbed the lines and said "Giddap." And I sat back and steered solemnly the whole four miles, while Doc lubricated the engine, the wagon wheels and Greene's shoes that he had forgotten to put on, with beautiful impartiality.

We got to the hotel just at midnight. The Imp was the first boat that had ever come right up to the front door and the entire registry of guests came down to inspect us. They asked a lot of questions and some of them made ribald remarks. But we didn't care. We were at Starved Rock and so was the Imp. We had navigated her from Peoria in the face of superhuman difficulties, and when it came right down to brass tacks we defied any motor-boat expert in the state to follow our course.

And so far as I know, no one has ever taken up the defi.

Funny Patents

THE patent laws of the United States are much more rigid than those of foreign countries, the first and fundamental rule in the great office at Washington being that exclusive rights in no invention shall be granted unless the latter seems to be of practical usefulness. It is on this basis of discrimination that perpetual-motion machines are shut out.

Nevertheless, it happens once in a while that an absurd and impossible idea gets through the mill, escaping the prompt rejection it deserves.

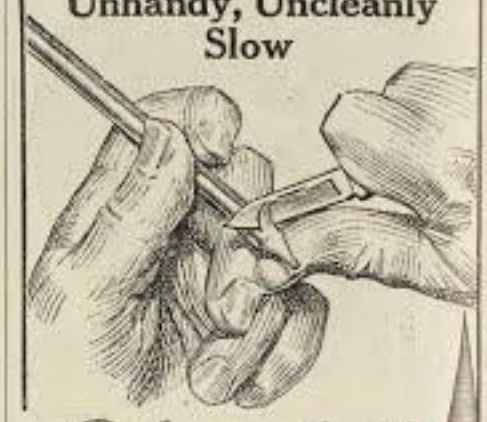
One of the most remarkable of these official lapses was the patenting, in 1891, of that familiar agricultural by-product known as a corncob. The said cob, according to the inventor's idea, was to be covered with corundum paste and used for polishing dental plates; but essentially it was nothing but a corncob, and the granting of a patent on it for any sort of employment was, of course, the wildest nonsense.

Quite as extraordinary, however, was a patent granted some years earlier for a process of chopping beef and potatoes into small pieces and cooking them together. What was that but common, every-day hash?—so the average housewife might ask. And the answer would be that it could be nothing else. Is it to be supposed that the patentee in this instance was indulging in a merry jest at the expense of the Government? If so, it certainly worked.

Another patent is on a recipe for a "tempering solution," whereby iron can be made hard and tough and capable of taking an edge almost as keen as steel. The ingredients are: "Jimson weed, one ounce; apples, one ounce; turnips, two ounces; water, one gallon." What can be said for the examiner who allowed such preposterous nonsense to go through?

Hardly less strange was a patent granted in 1878 for a process for punching pinholes in eggs—the holes to be punched with an ordinary pin. Investigation shows that the idea was to deal in this fashion with commercially stored eggs, in order to prevent them from exploding when boiled.

This Way is Unhandy, Uncleanly Slow



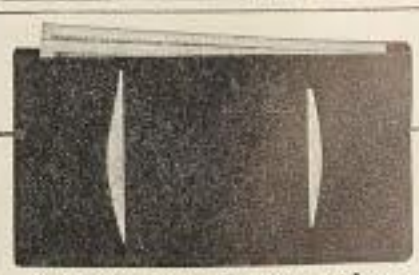
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FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR

(Continued from Page 22)

That abused young man, who had been in the constant expectation of hearing himself yell for the police, but had been as constantly disappointed, had walked along like a gentleman; now, at last, he found his voice.

"This is an outrage!" he claimed.

"I know it," agreed Johnny. "It's even high-handed. Here's a fountain pen."

"I refuse," maintained Gresham. "Why should I assign my own personal property to you?"

"Because your personal property is mine," Johnny informed him. "I don't owe you any explanation, Gresham, but I'll make one. You helped Birchard forge his power-of-attorney from the Wobbles brothers, and you were with him in taxi twenty-three-four-o-six when he collected my million from the First National. You were seen again that night with Birchard on the Boston Post Road, and from then on Birchard dropped off the earth; but you didn't. You got Jacobs to buy you these bonds, and Jacobs is a piker. He confessed and begged for mercy. You're through."

Gresham held doggedly to the thought that never, under any circumstances, must he admit a criminal action; for such a thing was so far beneath him.

"I deny everything that you have said," he declared.

Johnny had a sudden frantic picture of this man touching the hand of Constance, and he leaned across the table until his face was quite close to Gresham's. The muscles in his jaws grew uncomfortably nervous.

"Did you ever hear of the third degree?" he inquired. "Well, I'm going to put you through it."

"The third degree?" faltered Gresham. "I don't quite understand what you mean."

"You don't?" replied Johnny. "It begins this way"—and the watchful Loring suddenly hung on Johnny's arm with his full weight.

"Don't!" implored Loring.

"I'm going to smash his head in!" husked Johnny, quivering with an anger to which he had not given way for years.

"Wait a minute!" pleaded Loring, pulling on him with all his strength. "Wait, I say! I want to help you, but you're in wrong. Listen to me"—and he drew his reluctant client away from the table. "I've no objections to your thrashing Gresham and I'd like to be your proxy, but you'd better put it off. If you compel Gresham by force to sign these bonds he can repudiate that action under protection of the court and it will work against you."

Johnny controlled himself with an effort.

"They're my bonds," he persisted with his thoughts, however, more on Constance than on business. "He'll sign them or I'll smash him."

Gresham, speaking above his panic of physical cowardice with a tremulous effort, interpolated himself into the argument.

"I'll sign," he promised with stiff lips, and tried to write his name on the cover of a magazine. The scrawl was so undecipherable that he arose from the table and walked up and down the room in acute distress, holding his right hand at the wrist and limbering it. "If I sign," he presently bargained as he came to the table, "I must be promised freedom from the distaste of a personal encounter."

Loring hastily complied, and Johnny, after having been prodded into a recognition of the true situation, agreed with a disgusted snarl.

Gresham, with nerves much restored and a smile beginning to appear upon his now oily features, carefully assigned each bond, and then, secure in Johnny's promise, which he accepted at the par value all men gave it, stood up and shook his finger warningly.

"A signature obtained under coercion is not worth the ink it took to scrawl it," he triumphantly declared, having taken his cue from Loring. "Any court in America will set aside this action."

"I know it," Johnny unexpectedly coincided. "I'm going to give you a chance at it," and grabbing his 'phone he called up Central Police and asked for an officer to be sent to his rooms.

"Now, Loring, you disappear," directed Johnny briskly as he gathered up the bonds. "I may have to dismiss you as my lawyer, but as my friend you can hand these bonds to somebody who will lose them."

"As your lawyer I'd have to call you a blooming idiot," declared Loring; "but as your friend I don't think Gresham will raise any question about the bonds. They're yours, Johnny; but, nevertheless, I'll forget where they are by the time the police come."

Gresham had been struggling with an intolerable lump in his throat.

"Gamble!" he abjectly pleaded, "I've signed the bonds. I admit that they're yours. You're not going to have me arrested?"

Johnny turned on him with the sort of implacable enmity that expresses itself in almost breathless quietness.

"I'm going to send you to the penitentiary for a thousand years," he promised.

VII

SEVEN-THIRTY the next morning found Johnny Gamble listening, in awed curiosity, to an insistent telephone bell. Gradually it dawned upon him that he must have left a call, and plodding into the bathroom he mechanically turned on the cold water, reflecting dully that this was a cruel world. Suddenly it came to him with a rush that this thirty-first of May was to be the busiest of his life! He had to have a million dollars before four o'clock!

At seven-forty-five he was out of his bathtub. At eight he was gulping hot coffee. At eight-fifteen he was stepping out of the elevator with an apple-core in his hand.

At the curb in front of his door he found a long gray torpedo touring car throbbing with impatience, and at the wheel sat a plump young lady in a vivid green bonnet and driving coat. In the tonneau sat a more slender young lady all in gray, except for the brown of her eyes and the pink of her cheeks and the red of her lips.

Johnny's Baltimore straw hat came off with a jerk.

"Out after the breakfast rolls?" he demanded as he shook hands with them quite gladly.

"No, indeed; hunting a job," responded Polly. "This machine and the services of its chauffeur and messenger girl are for rent to you only, for the day, at the price of a nice party when you get that million. We have to be in on the excitement."

"Hotel Midas," Johnny crisply directed, and jumped into the tonneau, whereupon the chauffeur touched one finger to her bonnet, and the machine leaped forward.

"You're lazy," chided Constance. "We've been waiting twenty minutes. We were afraid you might be gone, but they told us that you had not yet come down."

"If I'd known you were coming I'd have been at the curb before daybreak," grinned Johnny. "You're in some rush this morning."

"There must be some rushing if you have that million dollars by four o'clock," laughed Constance. "Polly and I want you to have it."

"You're right that I'll have to go some," he admitted.

"Excuse the chauffeur for interrupting your conversation," protested Polly, turning round and deftly missing a venturesome banana-cart; "but you grabbed off half a million of it on a holiday."

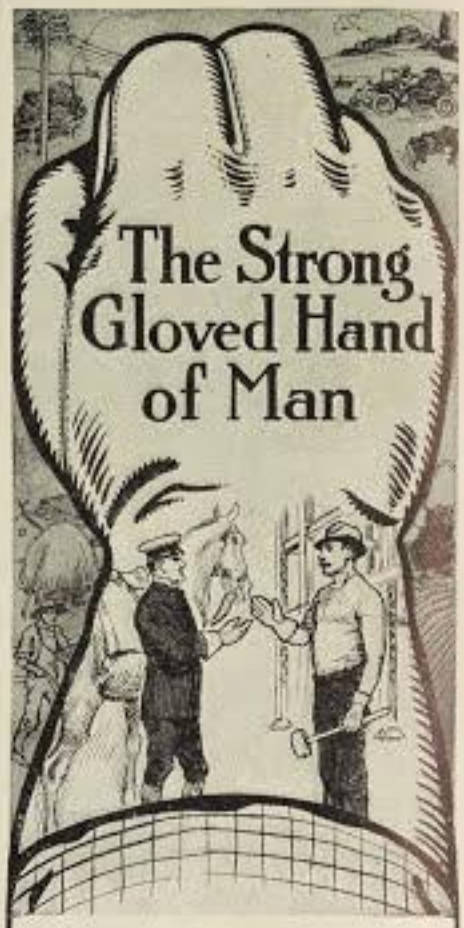
"It was twelve-thirty this morning when we took Gresham," claimed Johnny. "This is a working day."

"Hotel Midas," announced the chauffeur, pulling up to that flamboyant new hostelry with a flourish.

Johnny hurried in to the desk, where Mr. Boise had already left word that Mr. Gamble should be shown right up. He found that fatigue-proof old Westerner shining from his morning ablutions, as neat as a pin from head to foot, and smoking his after-breakfast cigar in a parlor that had not so much as a tidy displaced. His eyes twinkled the moment he saw Johnny.

"I suppose you still have a disinterested anxiety to have me adopt the Sage City and Salt Pool route?" he laughed.

"I'm still anxious about it," amended Johnny, refusing to smile at his own evasion of the disinterestedness. "I brought you a wad of reports and things to show you how good that territory is. You don't know what a rich pay-streak you'd open up in that part of the Sancho Hills Basin."



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contains all the nutriment of whole wheat. Makes delicious whole wheat bread, muffins, rolls, etc. Fine for growing children. Easily digested, highly nutritious. Ask for the checker-board sack.

Mr. Boise laughed with keen enjoyment.

"I don't think I need to wade through that stuff, Johnny," he admitted, having picked up from Courtney the habit of calling young Gamble by his first name. "To tell you the truth, I sent a wireless telegram to my chief engineer yesterday afternoon, off Courtney's yacht when we connected with the Taft, and this morning I have a five-hundred-word night letter-gram from him, telling me that after a thorough investigation he finds that the Sage City and the Lariat Center routes are so evenly balanced in advantage that a choice of them is really only a matter of sentiment."

Johnny paused awkwardly, stumped for the first time in his life.

"I don't know how to make that kind of an argument," he confessed, to the great enjoyment of Boise.

"It is rather difficult," admitted that solidly constructed railroad president; "particularly since I personally favor the Lariat Center route."

Johnny again felt very awkward.

"Can't we put this on some sort of a business basis?" he implored.

"I don't think so," returned Mr. Boise with a cheerful smile. "You probably couldn't influence me in the least; but that charming young lady who was with you yesterday afternoon—your sister or something, I believe, wasn't it?—she might."

Johnny stiffened.

"Then we don't want it," he quietly decided, and took his hat.

"That's the stuff!" yelled Boise in delight. "You belong out West! Well, Johnny, I'm afraid you'll have to have it as a matter of sentiment, and partly on the charming young lady's account, whether you like it or not. Now what have you to say about it, you young bantam?"

"Much obliged," laughed Johnny, recovering from his huff in a hurry. "I thank you for both of us."

"Don't mention it," replied Boise easily, and chuckling in a way that did him good. "Give my regards to the young lady in question."

"Would you care to come downstairs and give them to her yourself?" invited Johnny, a trifle ashamed that he had resented the quite evidently sincere admiration of Boise for both Constance and himself.

"So early in the morning?" laughed Boise, putting on his sombrero with alacrity. "It must be serious," and, clapping Johnny heartily on the shoulder with a hand that in its lightest touch came down with the force of a mallet, he led the way to the elevator.

At the curb Mr. Boise, who was also confronting a busy day, delighted both the girls and Johnny by the sort of well-wishes that a real man can make people believe, and when they drove away Constance was blushing and Polly was actually threatening to adopt him.

The next stop was at Collaton's, where Johnny bought from that nonchalantly pleased young man his interest in The Gamble-Collaton Irrigation Company for five thousand dollars, a check for which amount he borrowed from Polly while Collaton was signing the transfer.

Next he went to the offices of The Western Developing Company, and the president of that extensive concern waved him away with both hands.

"If you've come about that Sancho Hills Basin land of yours, talk to me about it in a theater lobby sometime," Washburn warned Johnny in advance. "We discuss nothing but real business up here."

"I'll bet you five thousand acres of the land that this is real business," Johnny offered. "The S. W. & P. has just secured control of the B. F. & N. W., and intends to run the main line to Puget Sound right square through the middle of my land. Now are you busy?"

"Sit down and have a cigar," invited Washburn, and slammed a call-bell. "Billy," he told a boy, "if Mr. Rothberg comes in on that appointment tell him I'll see him in a few minutes. Now, Johnny, how do I know that the S. W. & P. will actually build that connecting link through your land?"

"Ask Boise," directed Johnny confidently. "He's at the Hotel Midas, and he has appointments in his room for the most of the morning."

"Has that grasping old monopolist gum-shoed into town again?" inquired Washburn, and promptly ordered his secretary to get Boise on the 'phone. "How much do you want for that land?" he asked while he waited.

"Half a million dollars," stated Johnny. "No; I mean five hundred and ten thousand," he hastily corrected, remembering his five-thousand-dollar debt to Polly, and planning a five-thousand-dollar betrothal blow-out that should be a function worth while.

"Half a million's a lot of money," Washburn soberly objected.

"I said half a million and ten thousand, spot cash and today," Johnny carefully corrected.

"You're joking."

"Am I smiling?" demanded Johnny. "Washburn, if I can't get that odd ten thousand I'm in no hurry to sell."

Washburn's bell rang, but he went into the next room to talk with Boise. He came back resigned.

"We'll need a few days for the formalities," he suggested.

"You don't need a minute," denied Johnny. "You looked up the title weeks ago, and you know it's all right. The formalities can be concluded in thirty minutes if you'll send your attorney down with me."

"But what's the rush?" demanded Washburn, averse to paying out cash with this speed.

"I want the money," explained Johnny.

"All right," gave in Washburn. "You may see Jackson at two o'clock and wind up the business. He'll hand you a check."

"For five hundred and ten thousand?" inquired Johnny with proper caution.

"For five hundred and ten thousand," repeated Washburn. "It's a fool-sounding amount, but Boise said that if I wouldn't pay it he would."

"May I speak to Boise a minute?" asked Johnny.

"This deal's closed," hastily cautioned Washburn with his hand on the 'phone.

"Of course it's closed," acknowledged Johnny. "I want to invite Boise to a party."

VIII

THE hired auto had plenty to do. It carried Johnny to court, where he made a deposition against Gresham; it carried him to the office of the Amalgamated Steel Company, where he had the bonds that Gresham had transferred to him registered in his own name; it carried him to the appointment with Washburn's lawyer, who destroyed a full hour and a half of palpitating time; and it carried all of them to Loring's office, into which they burst triumphantly at twenty minutes of four.

At that hour Loring's office was crowded with loafers, the same being Colonel Bouncer, Morton Washer, Joe Close, Ben Courtney, Val Russel and Bruce Townley.

"This being a sporting event of some note, I gathered up a nice little bunch of sports to see the finish," explained Val Russel with a graceful bow. "Loring passed me the word that he expected you to nose under the wire in record time. You must show us the million dollars you were to have by four P. M., on Wednesday, May thirty-first."

"I don't have to flash it for twenty minutes," claimed Johnny happily. "At that hour I will show you a certificate of deposit on Joe Close's bank for half a million in bonds, and a sure enough check for five hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"No fair!" objected Val. "You were to have only an even million, and you've shot ten thousand over the mark."

"I owe Polly five thousand," explained Johnny as he hung his hat on a book and pushed back his sleeves; "and I provided for the other five thousand in order to give a party. May I wash my face while I'm waiting for the time to be up?"

Courtney noticed that Constance had moved over toward the rather inadequately screened basin in the corner in unconscious accompaniment of Johnny.

"We'll excuse you if you'll answer one question," Courtney ventured with twinkling eyes. "It has been generally understood among your friends that when you really secured your million dollars ——"

"That will do," interrupted Polly Parsons. "You interfered once before with Johnny's love affairs —— Well, I'm not giving anything away!" she hotly retorted to a blazing glance from Constance.

The door opened and a boy brought in a package for Mr. Gamble. Loring, guessing the contents from its size, tore off the wrapper.

"Collaton sticks, anyhow, Johnny," he called. "Here are the lost books."

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"Cheap at half the price," laughed Johnny as he splashed in the water. "By the way, Loring, you never did tell me how you steered off that first bogus attachment for fifteen thousand."

Constance and Loring looked at each other in dismay.

"I'll bring in a bill for that after four o'clock," promised Loring, laughing as lightly as he could.

"After four," repeated Johnny, coming from behind the screen with a towel in his hands. "You didn't pay it, did you?"

"That's a separate deal," evaded Loring.

"Where did you get the money?" demanded Johnny, and, scrutinizing the confused face of Constance, he knew.

Johnny smiled gratefully at her and patted her upon the shoulder as he walked quietly behind the screen. Great Scott! He glanced over the screen at the clock. Where could he make ten thousand dollars in fifteen minutes? He had to have that million and it must be clear! He reached for a comb with one hand and for his hat with the other.

Winnie and Sammy Chirp rushed into the office—Winnie in a bewildering new outfit of pure white, beaming with importance, and Sammy smiling as he had never smiled before.

"Where on earth have you been?" demanded Polly. "I've been telephoning for you all day."

"Well," explained Winnie volubly, "I took a notion to marry Sammy. I just thought that if I mentioned it to you you'd want me to wait a while, and when it did happen it would be a regular fussy affair."

"Honestly, child, I don't know whether to scold you or kiss you," broke in Polly. "Sammy, come here."

Sammy came, not only obediently but humbly, though he never ceased to smile; and he looked her squarely in the eyes.

Polly surveyed him long and earnestly. "I guess it's the best thing that could have happened to both of you, but I'll have a dreadful time looking after such a pair."

"I'll look after my husband myself, if you please!" indignantly protested Winnie.

Everybody laughed, and Polly started the popular ceremony of kissing the bride.

Johnny Gamble came thoughtfully from behind the screen. He had not heard the commotion, nor was he even now aware that Winnie and Sammy had been added to the party. He had a broken comb in his hand.

"Bruce," said he, looking steadfastly at the comb, "did you ever feel the need of a comb of your own in a public washroom?"

"I've sent a boy six blocks to buy one," responded Bruce with a surge of recurrent indignation.

"It's the curse of the nation," Val earnestly assured him. "You are ready for the opera. You have fifteen minutes to spare. You drop into a gilded palace of crime to drink a highball. In your earnestness you muss your hair. You retire to primp. A comb hangs before you, with one serviceable tooth. A brush with eight bristles hangs by its side. You smooth your hair with your towel and go away saddened forever!"

"The trouble is," said Colonel Bouncer, "that every man thinks he's going to carry a neat little pocket-comb in a neat little case, and he buys dozens of them; but he never has one with him."

"Thanks," acknowledged Johnny. "Now suppose you could step into any barber shop, theater, hotel, saloon or depot washroom, drop a nickel in a slot and take out a nice papier-mâché comb, paraffined and medicated and sealed in an oiled-paper wrapper. Would you do it?"

"Just as fast as I could push the button," agreed Bruce with enthusiasm.

"Well, I've just invented that comb," explained Johnny, smiling. "Do you think there would be a good business in manufacturing it?"

Courtney, who had been considering the matter gravely, now nodded his head emphatically.

"There's a handsome fortune in it," he declared. "It is one of those little things of which there are enormous quantities used and thrown away each day. If you want to organize a company to put it on the market, Johnny, I'll take any amount of stock you think proper—not only for the investment, but for the pure philanthropy of it."

"Also for the pure selfishness of it," laughed Joe Close. "Courtney wants to be sure to find a private comb in every public washroom."

"When you get your factory going I wish you'd send a salesman to my head supply man," requested Mort Washer. "I'll buy them by the ton, and every guest who comes into one of my hotels will find a fresh comb in an aseptic wrapper by the side of his individual soap."

"That will be up to Bruce," Johnny informed him. "Bruce intends to manufacture this device at his papier-mâché factory."

"Thanks," acknowledged Bruce. "I hadn't contemplated enlarging the factory, but I see I shall need to."

"Johnny isn't kidding, Bruce," Val shrewdly warned him.

"Neither am I," maintained Bruce stoutly. "I'll have that comb on the market so quickly that you can almost afford to wait for it. Royalty, Johnny?"

"No," denied Johnny promptly. "I'll sell it to you outright for ten thousand dollars, me to sign any sort of papers you need and you to pay the patent lawyer."

"I'd be robbing you," protested Bruce. "I should think you'd want to retain an interest in the manufacture, or at least a royalty. There'd be a lot more money in it for you."

"Wait just a minute," directed Loring, sitting down at his typewriting machine from which the operator had fled at the very beginning of the social invasion.

For the next two or three minutes the rapid-fire click of the keys under Loring's practiced fingers drowned all other sound, and then he jerked off a paper.

"Now, Johnny, you sign this," he ordered. "It is a rather legal transfer, in line with your other dubious operations of the day, of all your rights in the Johnny Gamble comb to one Bruce Townley here present. Bruce, give Johnny your check for ten thousand dollars."

"All right, if you fellows are bound to have it that way," agreed Bruce. "I haven't a checkbook with me, Johnny, but I'll send it up to you from the office tomorrow."

"But, Bruce, that won't do!" hastily urged Constance. "He must have the check right now. Don't you see he only has a million and ten thousand dollars? He owes Polly five thousand and me fifteen thousand, and if you give him ten thousand dollars for his invention he'll have a million and how much? I'm all mixed up! But I do know this: that he'll have his million dollars left exactly to the cent!"

"I—I see," stuttered Bruce in a fever of anxiety to help Johnny achieve his million in the specified time. "I—I'm sorry I haven't my checkbook," and he looked about him hopelessly.

Just in front of his chest was suspended a check, already made out in favor of Johnny Gamble, in the amount of ten thousand dollars, properly dated and lacking only Bruce's signature. It was smiling Sammy Chirp who had been quietly thoughtful enough to remember that he and Bruce did business at the same bank.

"The nation is saved!" cheered Val Russel as Bruce dropped down at Loring's desk. Johnny was already busy writing.

"Do hurry!" urged Constance. "It's two minutes of four!"

Johnny jumped up with two checks on the First National Bank and passed one to Constance and one to Polly.

"Tough luck!" suddenly commented Val Russel. "It just occurs to me that our friend Johnny will have to break into his million to pay for his blow-out."

"I'm glad of it," snapped Morton Washer. "He took an eighth of that million out of my pocket. He can afford to give a dinner, with salted almonds and real imported champagne at every plate."

"And a glass-scratching diamond souvenir from the million-dollar bride," added Polly with a wicked glance at Constance.

"Are we positive that he has won a bride?" demanded Courtney, gathering courage from the fact that Polly was not crushed.

"I don't know myself," boasted Johnny with an assumption of masculine masterfulness that he knew he could never maintain. "Will you marry me, Constance?"

"I decline to discuss that in public," declared Constance with well-feigned haughtiness.

Johnny kissed her, anyhow, and the mob cheered.

"Listen!" ordered Constance.

The little clock above Loring's desk struck four.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of stories by George Randolph Chester.

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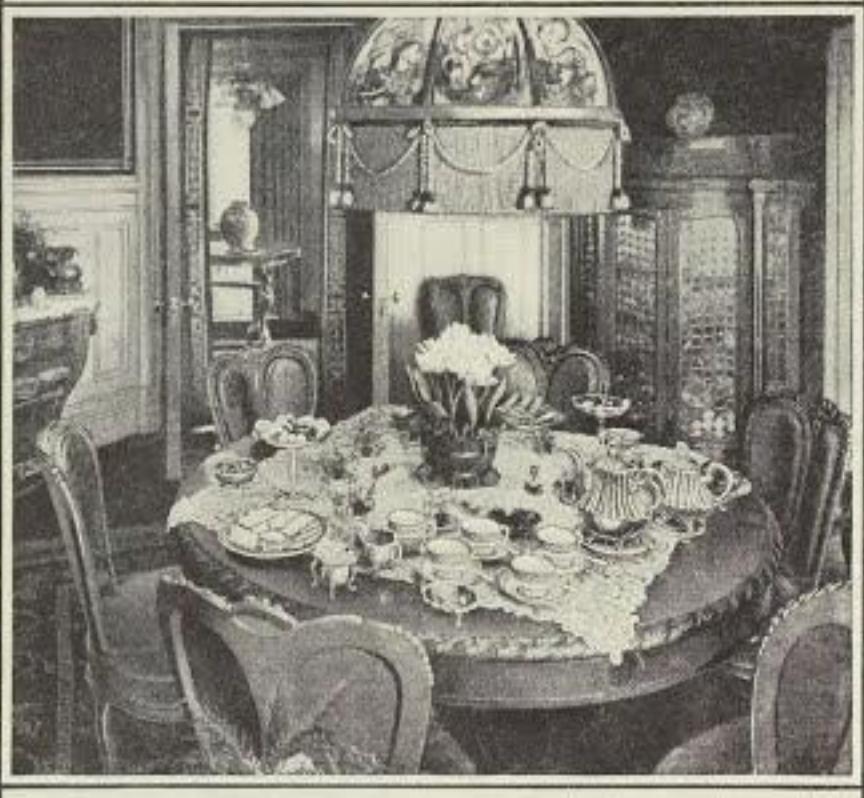
¶ The model, illustrated here, is our "Forty" Town car, priced at $4800—a very practical and unusually comfortable car for this time of the year.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THE DEFICIT

(Continued from Page 25)

William paused just inside the door and looked at his father. The old man's hair had turned snowy white and his shrewd old face was a mass of fine wrinkles, but otherwise he was unchanged. His manner was as austere and stern as ever.

"Well, father," said William, "here I am. I've made good. I'm a man, so I've come back. I don't want a cent of your money, dad, but I would like mighty well to be your son Willie again. I've missed you a whole lot, dad."

John B. Lovett stood up, pushed back his chair and looked at his son.

"My boy," he said, and there was an ineffable tenderness and wistfulness in his voice, "I've waited for you a long, long time. Every time I've heard those two knocks on that door for the past five years I've looked up, hoping it would be you. I've been a fool of a father, William; but, whatever my faults, I ask you to forgive them, for I have never ceased to love my boy."

William Godfrey Lovett's throat became suddenly constricted. He stepped swiftly forward, passed his arm across his father's shoulders and drew the old man to his heart in a crushing embrace.

"Father," he said, "I've been a dog of a son. I——"

"No apologies," snapped the old man almost fiercely; "we've both earned the wages of fools, and what you were I made you. What you are—is different. You might present me to your wife and my grandson."

He opened his arms and took them both to his heart in a good old-fashioned hug. Then, with the baby on his knee, he sat down in his chair once more, drew something from his pocket and looked first at it and then at the face of the baby.

"He's the image of you, William, when you were his age." The old man's voice was quietly reminiscent. "He has your mother's eyes."

At that instant there was a sharp click, and an envelope, thrust hurriedly through the letter-drop, fell into the room. William picked it up and handed it to his father, to whom it was addressed. He opened it, stared a moment and then began to chuckle. The chuckle grew to a laugh, the laugh to a shriek, and for the space of two minutes "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett leaned against the mantelpiece and wiped the tears of mirth from his old cheeks.

"Oh, oh!" he gasped; "I haven't laughed so in five years. I can't stand this—it's too much—crowding all the fun of a lifetime into ten minutes. Read that from Timmins, the scheming old rascal."

William read:

"*Dear Mr. Lovett:* Retribution has overtaken me at last, and I am not fool enough to imagine that your son will forgive me for the suffering I have caused you both. A few minutes ago he came to my window and reminded me of his promise, made five years ago, to 'tie a can to my tail.'

"I cannot stand for the hitching. Therefore, in the classical language of your son, I am 'beating him to it.' Accept this as my formal resignation, to date from this minute. Yours with great respect,

"JARLATH TIMMINS."

"Stop the old schemer, William, and bring him in. I have a confession to make."

"So have I," laughed William, and darted out of the office. He caught Jarlath Timmins at the elevator.

"Come back here, Mr. Timmins," commanded William sternly. "My father has something to say to you."

"I am no longer in your father's employ," snapped Timmins.

William saw that it would be useless to argue with Timmins, so he picked the old treasurer up bodily and carried him, kicking and struggling, into his father's private office. Here Timmins went through the agony of an introduction to Mrs. William, and while the culprit squirmed and blushed John B. Lovett unfolded to his son the story of the conspiracy hatched by Jarlath Timmins, which had succeeded so far beyond all of their expectations. William felt a trifle foolish to think how easily he had been hooked, but his ever-present sense of humor came to his rescue once more. He grinned happily and grasped old Timmins by the shoulders and shook him.

"Timmins," he said, "you're the best friend I've ever had. God bless you!



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Now, unless you want father to take that resignation seriously, run back and lock your safe. I notice you left it open in your hurry to get away."

"Great Scott, did I do that?" gasped Timmins, horrified, and fled immediately.

. . . . . .

One year after the homecoming of the prodigal he was called to San Francisco on urgent business. "Skin-'em-alive" Lovett, in his sixty-second year, had contracted an attack of double pneumonia, and an hour after his son's arrival at his bedside he passed over the great divide, leaving his troubles, now considerably augmented, to William, with the exception of a million dollars that went to Groat and Timmins.

The Monday morning following the funeral William came down to the office of the Lovett Land & Cattle Company and sat in at his father's old desk. The will was read and filed for probate, and after Groat had left the office Jarlath Timmins knocked twice on the office door and entered, bearing in his hand an old, battered tin box that bore on its lid the legend:

(J. B. L.)
(Private.)

"For nearly seven years," he began, "there has been a deficit of one million dollars in my cash, which I have carried as a personal tag against your father. At one time your father, who, of course, owned all of the capital stock of the Lovett Land & Cattle Company, decided to sell a certain piece of property for which he had been offered a million dollars. Your father evidently collected the money from the sale, and instructed me to place the sum of one million dollars to the credit of that particular property account. I made the entry in the company cashbook, but instead of giving me a check for the money your father gave me his personal I. O. U., and despite all of my efforts to get the cash from him, in order that the transaction might be cleared up, he kept putting me off until it was too late. What shall I do with that cash tag, William?"

"Charge it to my father's personal account, or rather to his estate. What's in that box?"

"Your father instructed me to deliver it to you after his death."

Timmins laid the tin box, together with the key, on the desk in front of William and went back to his own office.

The heir to the Lovett millions opened the box and drew out a bundle of papers encircled with rubber bands. In the bottom of the box a faded blue envelope lay, inscribed in his father's handwriting:

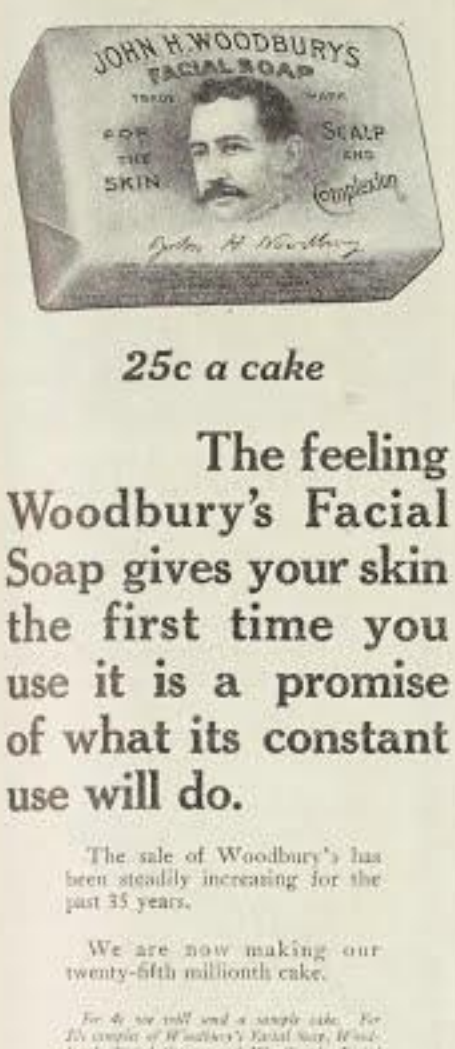
TO MY SON

William had tossed the bundle of papers aside and was about to tear open the letter when he noticed something familiar about the neatly folded documents. Hastily tearing off the rubber bands he opened them and was amazed to discover that they were his reports to Hitchings on the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company's business, sent him years before. Farther on in the heap he came across the note for five hundred thousand dollars, which he had given Hitchings in return for his half-interest in the ranch. It was indorsed by Hitchings to his father, and across the face of the note his father had written: "Paid in full with a few tears, a few heartaches and a great deal of pride in my son."

Next came a stock certificate covering the full amount of Hitchings' holdings in the Fleur-de-Lis ranch and indorsed by him to John B. Lovett.

For a long time William Godfrey Lovett sat in his father's old swivel-chair, at his father's old, battered desk, and stared into his father's old tin box. Presently he reached over, tore off the end of the faded blue envelope and read his father's last message to his prodigal son. It was dated six years back.

"*My dear Son:* The Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company, with its trustworthy manager, Tom Hitchings, and its new foreman, Bill Lovett, together with its dummy board of directors, begins to look like the best investment your old man has ever made. Today I sold you your half-interest at a pretty stiff price—though, frankly, I'm putting the ranch in at cost price and not making a cent out of it myself—but you never batted an eye. You have gone to work with your mind made up to deliver the goods, and if that Parkinson girl will only marry you I'm going to make her the best father-in-law in seven counties. You're



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"Tell him he'll have to wait until I finish checking my postings."

"All right, but how about Mr. Brown—he says to tell you he's been holding up some percentage work for two or three days, waiting for a chance at the machine?"

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a good boy, William, and you will never quite realize the love and joy and pride I feel for you this minute.

"Hitchings is not in Europe. If that man ever got twenty miles from a cattle range he'd shrivel up and die. He has charge of the ranch in Nevada, where he has a healthy financial interest. Hitchings did a whole lot for you and it was only right that you should repay him. So I have taken the liberty of making him a present of five years of your life. If there's a shortage in cash due to the disappearance of one-half the amount you are supposed to pay for your holdings in Fleur-de-Lis, don't bother hunting for it. I will have given it to Hitchings for faithful service rendered. He was mighty fond of you and enjoyed the joke more than I did. Why shouldn't he? He was Johnny-on-the-spot to see the point, while father had to stay home and foot the bills.

"Do you recall that day I passed you on the train? Son, it almost broke the old man's heart to see you hitting the ties like a hobo. I saw it all then. I realized then what a crime I had committed against my own son and I knew that away down low I was the responsible party. I had got you into trouble with too much money and the only way I could help you out was by spending more money. So I jumped off the train at Dunsmuir and wired the constable at Kennett to shadow you. You never met that constable, but he is the real rural gumshoe. His wife wrote me about you.

"From the time you entered Kennett until the present moment you have never been away from my influence. I have had daily reports on your conduct. The night you washed the supper dishes for that Chinaman at La Moyne, in return for your supper, I went out and bought a bottle of champagne and drank it all by myself, just to celebrate.

"When Hitchings rode into Montague that day you met him and asked for a job he received a telegram from me, ordering him to induce you to go to work for him or quit his job. And I told him to 'wise' the outfit up and keep you in ignorance of the real ownership of the ranch. That very night I had incorporation papers for the Fleur-de-Lis Cattle Company drawn up, with Hitchings as the dummy owner. The rest of the story is as you make it. I've done my best.

"I have missed you greatly, William, but I have not been unhappy. The wife of that constable at Kennett sent me a snapshot picture of you sawing a pile of cordwood, and every time I get feeling a little blue I look at that picture and feel reassured. It has done much to revive my faith in human nature.

"Yes, William, you're a good boy and you're going to grow up into a fine, smart man; but you'll have to go some before you're one-half as smart as

"Your foxy FATHER.

"P. S. If you ever have a son of your own for the sake of his soul never give him more than a nickel at a time—that is, if you want your old man to rest easy in his grave."

. . . . . .

The prodigal son bowed low over his father's desk and wept. He had found the deficit.

(THE END)

The Main Attraction

THE town drunkard of a small Scotch community went on an especially vehement tear and the village authorities locked him up until he had entirely recovered. On the second day of his captivity, as he sat in his cell thirsty beyond words, the minister came from a village merry-making to give him consolation and good advice.

They sat down side by side and the dominie read the parable of the Prodigal Son. The prisoner seemed to hang on the words. He nudged up close and closer, bending forward until his face was almost in the minister's face, and listened.

"Please read it through again," he said when the dominie had finished the chapter and started to close the Good Book. Touched by this further sign of penitence, the minister read it over.

"Tell me, poor man," he said when he was done, "what was it held you so close—was it the lesson of the Scripture or was it the words?"

"Nay, nay," said the tippler—"'twas your grand breath!"



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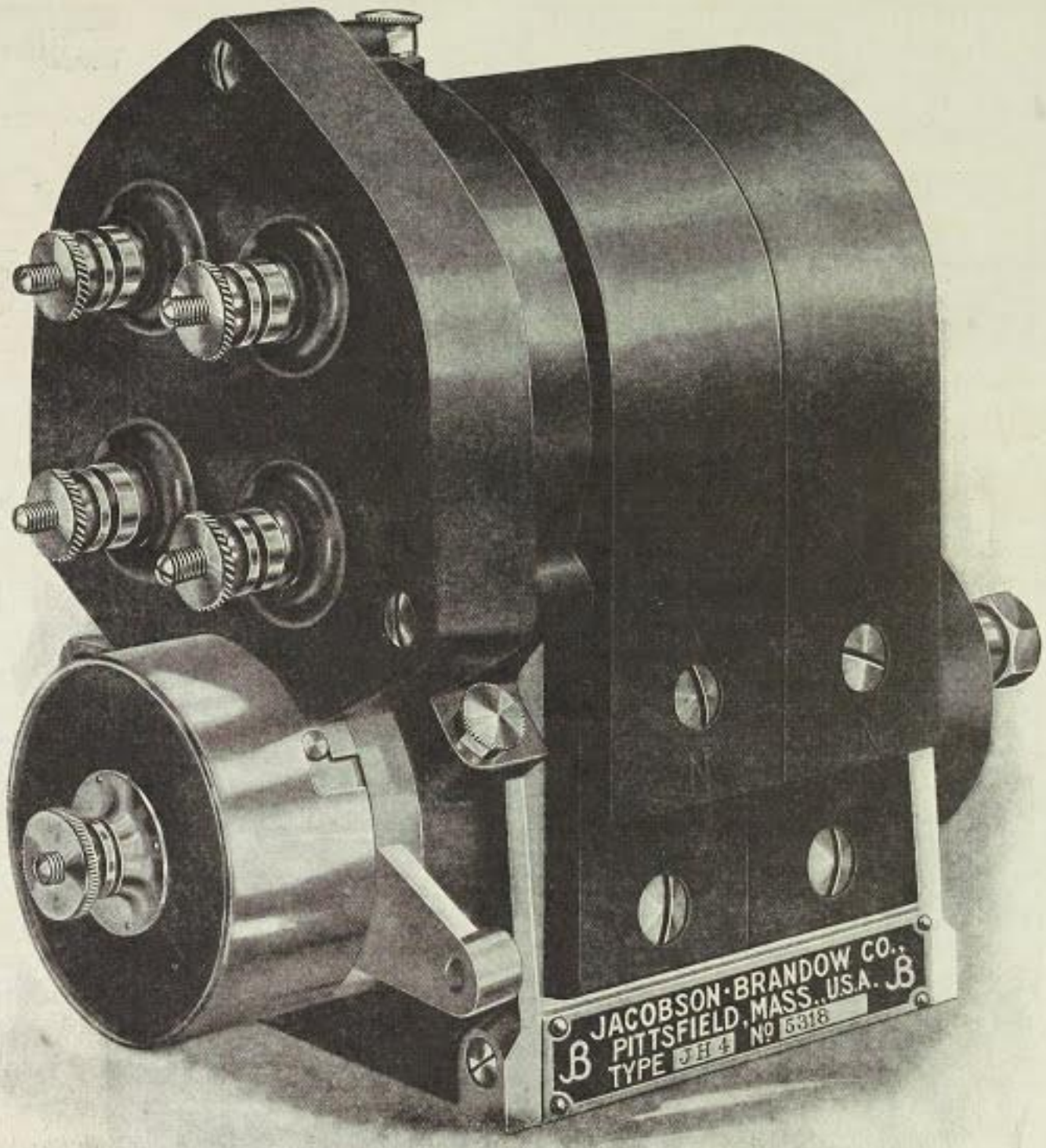
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Like any first class product "J. & B." magnetos have their own good points, two of which are of great importance to you. No one can "monkey" with the breaker. Once on the car and adjusted so that the spark is delivered at the proper position of the piston, all of which should be done before you get the car, there is nothing further to adjust or that can be adjusted.

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EDW. B. MOON, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

"THE SHOPPERS' PARADISE"

(Continued from Page 7)

great American buyer is to be found in children's clothes. Women from home who live abroad say that they can't find in Europe any of the dainty, pretty and convenient things for children brought out by the shops at home. And the boat on which I came back was crowded with apologetic mothers. "Please do not look at my little waifs," said one; "I couldn't get anything for them abroad. The clothes worn by the French and English children are absolutely different from our own. Believe it or not, but I couldn't find any bloomer dresses for my boy in Paris. While I was there I happened to run into the buyer of children's clothes from the home store where I have an account, and she told me that everything they import for children is made according to her suggestion. Size, style and trimmings—all have to be altered to suit the taste of the American patron."

But aside from the trifling inconvenience of not being able to get anything that you want in the way that you want it, there are all the manifold inconveniences of the French shop with which to contend. Most sinister of all these, perhaps, is that of the vanishing interpreter. In the windows of almost all the small shops in Paris you read this encouraging sign: "English Spoken." Thereupon you go within and inquire for that person by whom the English is spoken. But he is never in, it seems—the shop people even look shocked that you should inquire for him. And finally you are forced to the conclusion that those signs tell only half the truth. English is spoken—but it's spoken by the customers.

And even if you find, as you always do in the big shops, some one who speaks English, she goes out like a flame in the wind. She exists only for the purpose of saying "How do you do?" smiling sweetly and passing you on to some one else who does not speak a word of English. She is not intended as a medicine; she is a mere narcotic, and her transient presence is arranged only to soothe your nerves during the subsequent entanglements of buying in French.

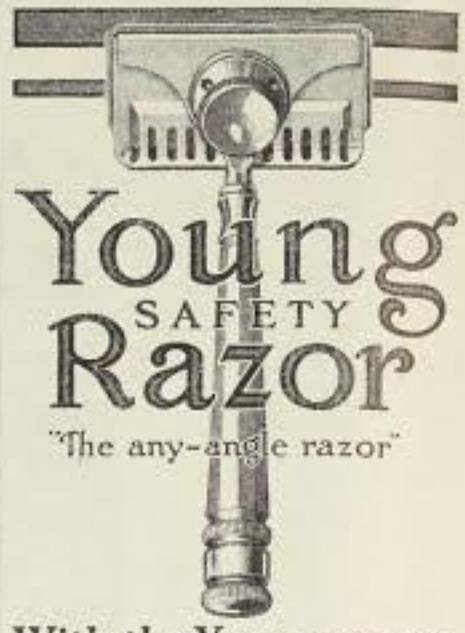
When You are Twenty-Three

Another distressing feature of the big Paris department stores is the fact that just outside these are often counters piled high with the very cheapest bargains of the day—dressing sacques at ten cents, gloves at fifteen cents, umbrellas for the lifting. Over this miscellany there wages fierce Amazonian warfare. A Frenchwoman gives you a vicious jab with her elbow and then hisses "*Pardon*" in your face. Another combatant drags the prostrate form of her child over your toes and scowls at you for being there. Altogether, the business of getting in leaves you exhausted for the severe strain of putting up that necessary French conversation.

But there are even more athletics reserved for one who succeeds in wedging herself into the store itself. I found that in making the smallest purchase I was expected to do as much running about as an automobile. One day, I remember, I bought eighteen cents' worth of ruching and in the process tagged three different desks. At the first one I paid my bill, at the second they wrapped up my package and at the third they dismissed me.

If you don't mind being treated like a carriage at the theater door, and if you understand French numbers when you hear them, you can make use of a rather good device used in the Paris department stores when there are crowds. As you enter the department you are handed a little green slip on which is printed a number. Then if you are "twenty-three," for instance, you wait until the head woman in the department calls that number. This means that "twenty-two" has been satisfactorily disposed of and that there is a saleswoman waiting for you. But, as has been said, this system depends entirely for its success upon your degree of intimacy with French as she is spoken. Therefore, if "*vingt-deux*" sounds in your ears like apple sauce and bread pudding, it can only add to the already discomfiting bewilderment.

Of course I had waited until I got to London to buy that tailored suit, for did not the legend run thus: "My dear, you can have a suit made in London for absolutely nothing—and such a suit, such



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materials and such a beautiful cut!" Why, I had made up my mind that the economy of buying a tailored suit in London would almost offset the extravagance of a trip to Europe. What, then, was my consternation at taking part in the following dialogue at one of the humblest of the London tailors in my address book:

I: What do you charge for a plain tailored suit?

SALESWOMAN: From seven guineas upward.

I: Seven guineas! Why, that's over thirty-six American dollars. I can have a suit made in America at that price.

SALESWOMAN (*sniffily*): Well, it's only at this season that we make anything as cheap as that, and of course our fine suits are much more expensive.

Thirty-six dollars for a tailored suit in London! I simply couldn't believe it. I shouldn't have felt more abused if I had gone to Rome and had been told that they were just out of ruins. Still I would not lose heart. Perhaps there was some secret reason for a privilege extended to this shop; perhaps in olden days its founder had saved the life of royalty. At any rate I went on. I tried on Bond Street and on Regent Street; I explored Piccadilly and the forbidding dullness of Westbourne Grove; I made a special expedition to Chelsea and rummaged through all of Kensington.

But it was quite, quite true. Tailored suits are not handed out as souvenirs in London any more than they are in this country. And little by little I saw that beautiful tailored suit, made to last through five generations, receding into the mist where dwelt all my other shopping dreams.

No tailor would touch a suit under thirty-five dollars; no store handled any respectable specimens under thirty. But what offered the greatest affront to my serene trust in London as the home of the tailored suit was the drab, uninteresting, humdrum appearance that nearly all of these garments presented. Here was none of the high average of smartness encountered in the American shop, and here certainly was no atoning beauty of material. In all my search I never once caught a glimpse of those highly advertised tweeds and heavy, mannish cloths with which England is supposed to be dotted.

Guineas and Guimpes

Well, well, there is no use in growing bitter about it. Suffice it to say that at the end of a week I bought a plain, unspectacular blue serge suit at a London department store. They charged me thirty-one dollars for it, and I dare say it isn't much worse than some you get at home for the price.

Another thing in which London disappointed me was guimpes—the plain net or lingerie guimpes that one wears with a one-piece frock. England may "hold dominion over palm and pine"—I won't dispute Kipling—but she certainly does not control the guimpe situation. Witness the weary day during which I gunned all over London looking for one to fit me—though in America I never have any trouble in getting my size. But over there they regarded my inquiry for it as most irregular.

"Sorry, mudum, but we have naowthing except with size fourteen collar," was the dulcet dictum everywhere handed me.

Why the London guimpe trade should be limited to women who wear size fourteen collars I do not know. Certainly the question becomes thoroughly insolvable in looking over the lean and spare types of femininity that London has to offer.

The women of London go in for toilettes of Aready—they float through Hyde Park under great picture hats, in simple idyllic frocks of voile and with filmy scarfs trembling about their slender shoulders. Long, pendent earrings accent their parted hair, and the shoes on their feet are velvet. Sweetly pretty—every one of 'em—but you must not expect a country that encourages its women to board a 'bus in a garden-party costume to furnish snappy, good-looking shirtwaists. One becomes, in fact, absolutely homesick for a sight of the smart tailored shirtwaist while one is abroad. Blouses there are a-plenty, but neither England nor France understands the art of the starched cuff-and-collar waist.

Equally alien to the foreign shop is the tailored shirtwaist's companion—the sailor hat. While I was in London there befell a woman—a compatriot of mine—who greeted me in this breathless fashion:

"Don't know your name, but I am glad to see you. Good to find any one who has

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Mayfair Shoes for women are made in factories devoted exclusively to the manufacture of women's shoes. The operatives are carefully trained to perform thoroughly the exacting work of making perfect women's shoes.

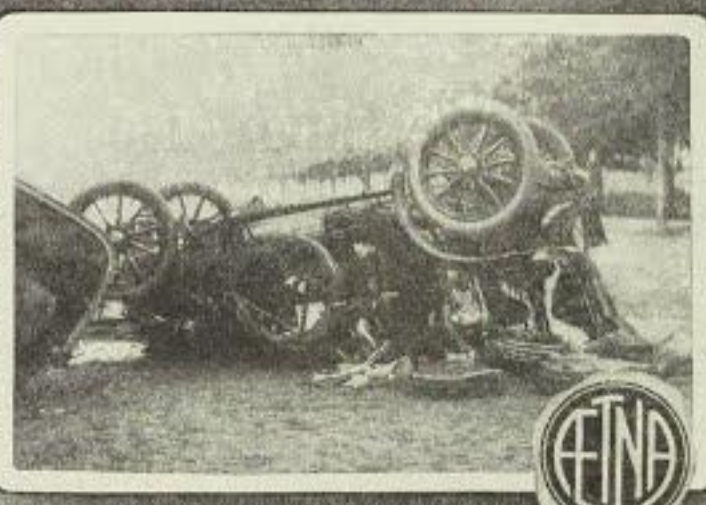
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ever seen an American sailor. I've been to Berlin and Paris and Rome and Budapest, and I can't find a shop where they understand what I mean."

And I agreed with her that it did form a bond!

London, like Paris, requires a special course of shopping instructions. Unless these be followed, the way of the American shopper is particularly thorny. First of all, there is the Titanic battle with English money. Even English trade people get snarled in the maze of shillings, pence, pounds and farthings, and are likely as not to hand you the wrong change. Therefore, it is slowly and with pain that the American mind learns that two shillings and six pence—which is, by the way, almost as popular a price as ninety-eight cents at home—means merely sixty-two cents, and that two guineas are practically the equivalent of ten dollars and a quarter.

This guinea trick of the English trade is worthy of special mention. Not content with making you carry over and take away, and do sums that only the lofty intellects of the grammar school are capable of, they go and get you mixed up with the guinea. Now this coin has had no corporeal existence for nearly a century—it's a ghost, a myth, a tradition—but pretty nearly everything over in England is reckoned by it. It's as much an outrage to shopperdom as if we introduced—well, say, a blunderbus worth one dollar and twenty-five cents—and set the whole nation to thinking in blunderbuses that we didn't coin instead of in dollars that we do.

Another troublesome characteristic of the London shops is the number of affable gentlemen in frock coats that waylay you at every step and ask you how they can possibly serve you. There is a long line of these floor-walkers in every London shop, and you perform the measures of the Virginia reel in passing them. Sometimes they engage you in social conversation, as for instance that attentive person in a large goldsmith's shop who inquired what countries I had been visiting and what I thought of Europe. At all times each one inquires the nature of your visit to the store and is most ready with suggestions. "You do not like our veils?" says he. "Then why not try our carpet-sweepers?" And after you have gently explained that such is not the object of your trip to London he insidiously mentions that they have some beautiful feather boas.

Of course it is to be expected that the service of the shops is somewhat affected by the great god of Britannia—tea. Promptly at four o'clock the wheels of London stop; the business of life relaxes; the politicians in Parliament abandon the nation, and you see reflected on many million faces one great national yearning. It is tea! Even with this knowledge, however, I was surprised upon going into one of the shops for a fitting to be told that the fitter would be back in a minute, but that at present she was at tea.

The Tea Habit's Habitat

For years the American woman has had a slave of the lamp in the American merchant. He has thought out for her the completest comforts of dress, the most manifold conveniences of living. The extent to which this is true is at once apparent when one reaches the other side. All through Europe you can find local color, but you cannot find muslin by the yard or buttonhooks or a cake of soap. Take, for instance, my experience with the sleeve shields that are placed inside coats. It seemed to me that in desiring these I was asking nothing unusual. Certainly I was in the habit of getting them at most unpretentious stores at home. But over there every salesgirl looked stunned when I asked her for such accessories. Nobody had ever heard of them, it seemed, and I was obliged to go without until I reached my own halcyon shores.

While on the subject of conveniences a chapter on European gloves is most apropos. There is a persistent theory in this country to the effect that foreign gloves are cheap. As a matter of fact, they are not cheap. In consideration of the fleeting service that they give they are the costliest investment I know. Foam of the wave, light of the rainbow, rose of the evening cloud—never were these more evanescent than the European gloves.

I had to buy a pair in every city in Europe, and they seldom lasted me between times. I used to look at them tremblingly for fear they wouldn't hold out till I got home. A pair of chamois gloves that I bought in Rome for sixty cents tore hopelessly in two days, a fact that brings the famed economy of foreign gloves up to thirty cents a day. Another pair that I got in London at sixty-two cents showed various fingertips at the end of half a week. As for white kid gloves, those that I purchased in Rome, Naples and Paris dissolved before my very eyes. They would no more have undergone the frequent cleanings and hard wear given to our "expensive" American white gloves than would a whiff of chiffon.

But, aside from the question of cost, the foreign gloves are most disappointing in the fact that they are so poorly cut. And here again we feel the lack of our American buyer's skill and thought. For it is undoubtedly true that he has brought to gloves a beauty of cut and shapeliness of form never before attained.

The pretty ways of Italy—soft airs and blue bays and olive-clad slopes—have drawn to her thousands of Americans who would not think of returning to their native shores. Yet as a place where it is almost impossible to get the little things that American women want Italy stands high on the list of examples. Personally, I tremble almost as much at being left in Italy without a tailored suit or a row of pins or a proper supply of buttons as I do at the thought of attending a tea without having read the latest books.

At the Price of Pearls

Yes, it is true. The lover of romance must face the gaunt fact that shopping privations await her in Italy. The land of Michael Angelo and Dante has a marvelous assortment of Old Masters, but it has absolutely no selection in buttons. I well remember the day I went about Rome in search of four small pearl buttons. They were not the priceless ornaments with which one furbishes an eighty-dollar suit; there was, in fact, nothing furbishing about them. They were the chastely simple kind that one hides with a four-in-hand tie—and I only wanted four.

What then was my astonishment at hearing the price! Thirty cents, if you please, and communicated to me without one blush of shame, without one quiver of an eyelash! I raged, I stormed, I protested; but it was no good. The man behind the counter stood pat, and I faced the terrifying fact that pearl buttons in Italy come at ninety cents a dozen.

Another thing that came between me and Italy was the difficulty of buying a silk petticoat in Florence. They had only a few sizes which, as it unfortunately happened, did not include my size; so they sent to Milan to have one made. At the end of two weeks they charged me seven dollars for an ordinarily good silk petticoat. But for the delay I was not compensated.

It is in the same city that one buys, in any number of those quaint shops on the Ponte Vecchio or on the Lungarno, the "fascinating" jewelry over which you hear American women raving. Very pretty it is too—as long as you are content to look at it in its box. Once engage the services of this Florentine jewelry, however, and you are promptly converted to the theory that fascinating things are untrustworthy. Stones fall out of settings without any provocation; pins dissolve partnership with brooches; hinges become decrepit in a trice. I expect, in fact, to dedicate my life and the little money I have left to the repair of that Italian jewelry.

As for the specialties of various Italian cities, I found them one and all specially high in price. For instance, a dab of Venetian lace costs in Venice more than it does in New York; corals blush almost as expensively in Naples as they do at home; beadwork may be quite as profitably bought in Des Moines as in its local habitat.

But why should one multiply instances of the shopping canker with which the fair flower of European travel is eaten? Suffice it to say that when, at the end of five months, I again stood on American shores the customs officer surveyed with contempt the remnants of my purchases.

"Is this all you have to declare?" he asked.

"This and my American allegiance," I replied.

I think that the customs officer felt that the dignity of his position had been impugned, but I could not help that. I was singing the Star-Spangled Banner and calculating the minutes it would take to get to an American shop.



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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 6)

"Pretend to be arguing about the route," I said quickly.

Rosalie caught my drift and began to gesticulate; I did the same. Chu-Chu was coming up slowly behind.

"Turn round and start back," said I, and jerked my head back into the cab. Rosalie stuck out a gauntleted arm, then hauled to the side of the road. Chu-Chu swept past in a cloud of dust. He turned a corner and disappeared.

"What now?" asked Rosalie, turning round.

"Wait a minute," I answered; "he suspects. We've got to change places."

I slipped off the *soutane* and round black hat and stepped out into the road in my knickers. Rosalie stared at me with her lips like a big red "O."

"Quick, Madame," said I; "you must let me drive."

"But why?" she gasped.

"Don't ask questions; I am a chief of the secret service. Do you know who that chauffeur is? You said his name not long ago."

"Not Chu-Chu?"

"Perfectly. Jump inside and let me run the car. Don't be afraid. I shall not hurt your motor."

Rosalie obeyed without a word. I stepped up and took the wheel, and we were off.

II

JUST as I had feared, once given a little start on a fairly good road Chu-Chu was hard to catch. The dust hanging in the air showed that he was not far ahead, and I might have overhauled him if it hadn't been for our carbureter which kept on flooding when I cut off the gas on curves and down grades so that, when we started to climb, the mixture was too rich and we were smothered. The only way to keep any speed was to throw out the clutch and let the motor spin going downhill, and this practice is not the best in the world for the motor. Presently I heard from Rosalie on the subject.

"You'll soon heat up if you keep on doing that," said she through the tube. "Reach down and cut off the essence from the reservoir when you go downhill."

That was sound doctrine and I acted on it, though from this point on the road mounts pretty steadily until you get to Rocquencourt. As we passed the old soldiers' home I noticed that it was about five minutes to one. Rather to my surprise we found more motors on this road than before we had reached the crossroads. Three handsome cars had passed us, and presently a fourth—a big, heavy limousine—went lumbering by.

"That was Orelovna, the Russian dancer," said Rosalie's voice in the tube at my ear. "The man with her was the Grand Duke Alexander. Those people in the *torpilleur* that passed a moment ago were of the Comédie Française—at least I recognized Martet, and I think the man driving was Parodi."

That was all I needed to know. The whole mystery was cleared up in a flash. Just before you get to Rocquencourt, as you may remember, the road passes between two big estates surrounded by heavy walls that inclose park, *chasse* and farms. One of these, I remembered, had been rented by a retired millionaire banker of Frankfort, a Baron von Hertzfeld, who was a prominent figure in the theater and café life of Paris and who was probably giving a big *déjeuner*.

Léontine was no doubt on her way to this function, and very possibly Chu-Chu's associate was also an invited guest. Chu-Chu, in his character of Monsieur de Maxeville, had very likely received an invitation, as I had several times seen him with Von Hertzfeld and his little group of intimates; for outside of Ivan's mob Baron Rosenthal and I were the only ones who knew that Monsieur de Maxeville was other than a clubman of sufficient fortune, an excellent companion and a devotee of outdoor sports.

But Chu-Chu, knowing that I might even at that moment be hot on his trail, had not cared to run the risk of sticking his head above the surface. On the other hand, he must have some definite reason for wishing to be on the Hertzfeld premises during the luncheon party. Either there was some work on hand—another string of pearls perhaps, for some of the women guests would be sure to be decked out in wonders—or else he might want to have a look at the house and its surroundings. He would be kept waiting until Léontine's return, and as a *brave garçon* of a taxi driver it is not probable that in an establishment as lavish as Hertzfeld's he would be neglected by the butler's department. Hertzfeld was a man who handed out hundred-franc notes as a tip for opening the door of his limousine.

There was no room for any doubt. Léontine was bound for Baron von Hertzfeld's, and the taxi would, of course, wait inside, so there seemed nothing for me to do but to hang round outside until the party was over, which would probably be late in the afternoon. It was to be an elaborate affair, as two more big cars swept past us, also a couple of taxis.

Sure enough, when we reached the estate the big iron gates were wide open and a footman was stationed on either side to salute the guests as they entered. I held straight on and pulled up in the shade around the first bend. Here I stopped the motor and, getting down, opened the door.

"Eh, well?" asked Rosalie a little sharply. I don't think she cared much for being a passenger in her own taxicab.

I jerked my head toward the corner of the big wall. "That's where they are," I answered, "at Baron von Hertzfeld's luncheon party."

"Oh? So that is his estate? I had heard that he lived out this way. What do you want to do now?"

"I want to keep them in view," I answered, "especially Chu-Chu. But I don't exactly see how I'm to do it. If we wait in front of the gates we shall be too conspicuous, and if we wait here we shall not be able to see them come out."

Rosalie threw me a peculiar look. She gave her pretty shoulders the slightest shrug.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"That is what I am asking myself," said she with a little smile. "To tell the truth, there are some things about this affair that strike me as funny. First you say that you are jealous of *la belle Léontine;* then you say that the affair is all over and done with and that you are pushed along by a desire for revenge. That is easy to understand. It is not difficult to believe, also, that you have become a missionary and a *prédicateur* on her account. Then, while we are following her, you step suddenly out of my taxi as a *comme il faut* English milord, telling me that you are an officer of the secret service and that the driver of the taxi we are following is Chu-Chu le Tondeur. That is startling to hear, but possible to believe. But now what I do not understand is, if you are an officer of the secret service and the driver of that taxi is Chu-Chu, why don't you go in and arrest him? If you do not care to attempt it alone there is a station of the *gendarmerie nationale* not very far away."

"Madame Rosalie," I answered, "there is but one way to arrest Chu-Chu, and that way requires but one person and no assistants. Such a person as our friend Chu-Chu should be shot first and arrested afterward. But this is something that one dislikes to undertake in a crowd."

She gave me that peculiar look that had already puzzled me.

"And is it for that that you are following him?" she asked.

"I wish to take him single-handed," I answered. "Of course if he resists ——" I shrugged. "But," I added, "I want to do it as quietly as possible. It is a very bad thing for everybody when the taking of a notorious criminal is attended with a lot of noise."

"And makes it necessary to divide the credit of his capture," said Rosalie, giving me one of her intelligent looks. "You would like to arrest him without any help from outside, but are not quite sure that you could manage it. Well, then"—she turned away and began to unfasten the hood of the motor—"while you are trying to make up your mind let us see if we can't do something to correct the trouble in the carbureter."

I stepped over to lend a hand, for there was no hurry and I liked being with Rosalie. It wasn't hard to guess at what she thought. She had me sized up as a jealous lover of Léontine's. She thought that I had been giving her a lot of guff and was really a theatrical sort of fool who had put



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on a priest's hat and a *soutane* over my outing clothes and had sat down in the café opposite Léontine's house to watch for whatever might happen.

But what did puzzle her, as I could see from her attitude toward me, was to determine whether I was a gentleman or merely some cheap imitation. You see, though the blood in me is about as good as you'll find, even if it never paid duty, my early education was a queer one; and though I can act the part of swell, and often have, to the point of making it mighty expensive for a critical audience, it's usually a part that I'm playing. Then my speech puzzled Rosalie, for I can talk the most affected society Parisian or the toughest La Villette argot, and never change my gait. Tante Fifi started me with pure French and I'd perfected it later working society graft, and Tante Fifi had been a swell in her day; the second was a sort of post-graduate course in the University of Cayenne, to which I earned a scholarship from the French Government by getting nabbed while trying to lift Kharkoff's wad at Auteuil a few years before.

So it wasn't surprising that Rosalie had some trouble to place me or that she began to get a little suspicious and resentful about the way I had commandeered her motor and herself. She seemed a little sulky as we leaned together over the carbureter, but it wasn't in her nature to wear a grouch for long, and when I had located the trouble in the feed-pipe and got it cleaned out and flowing properly again her smile had come back and we seemed to be getting to be friends again.

There was no hurry about anything for the present, as Léontine would be at Hertzfeld's for the next three hours or so, and I was pretty sure that Chu-Chu would wait to take her home. Besides, a plan was buzzing round in my head and I wanted to study it out a bit. This was a scheme for coming to grips with Chu-Chu by letting him spot me and do the stalking himself, not letting him know that I had piped off his disguise. It was a scheme that I felt pretty sure would work, and was rather like hunting a tiger by ramming round through the jungle at night, pretending to be a sheep or a kid.

But to work it right I needed Rosalie's help, and although I could not see how she would be in any danger herself I wanted her to know and believe just what I was up against. So as soon as we had finished with the carbureter I said:

"Madame, I am afraid that you don't believe what I have told you about this affair. Some of the things I have said were true and some were not. I have now formed a plan, but before going ahead with it I wish to tell you more about the situation, and I will ask you to believe me as I shall tell you nothing but the truth. After hearing it, if you would prefer not to be mixed up in the business you have only to say so, when I will pay you for your services up to this point and you may return to Paris."

Rosalie gave me one of her bright, searching looks.

"Monsieur is fond of romance," said she. "Well, then, so am I. Tell me the story if you please. Are you D'Artagnan, and is La Petrovski Milady? And if I help you what is to be my reward?"

She seated herself on the cool, shaded bank, clasped her hands in front of her knees and looked up at me with a mocking little smile. I flung myself down beside her, for the day was hot and the grass sweet and cool.

"In the first place," said I, "let me tell you that the man who drove La Petrovski's taxi is certainly Chu-Chu le Tondeur. Of that there can be no doubt."

Rosalie raised her eyebrows. She looked incredulous yet startled.

"I cannot tell you how I happen to know him," I went on, "but I have every reason to think that Chu-Chu has sworn to take my life. It is in fact on that account that he is in disguise, for I will tell you another thing that many people suspect but few know for a certainty. This clever thief and murderer called Chu-Chu le Tondeur is actually a man very well known and well received in Paris society. If I were to tell you his name you would probably know at once who he is."

Rosalie's red lips parted and her breath came faster.

"Some time ago," I continued, "I discovered Chu-Chu's identity. We have also quarreled and there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that he has put aside all other interests to try to find and murder me. It is on this account that I shaved my head, put on goggles and a *soutane* and took to watching Léontine's house from the Bon Cocher. In his life of man about town Chu-Chu knew that I had been attentive to La Petrovski, and has probably been hanging about there with his taxicab either in the hope of my taking him for a course or perhaps merely to locate me. You see, as soon as I learned of my danger I gave it out that I had left the country, then disguised myself and set out to watch Chu-Chu."

Rosalie's pretty face was pale with excitement, and her eyes sparkled.

"You are really serious?" she cried pleadingly.

"I wish that I were not."

"And are you yourself of the police?"

"No. I told you that when I slipped off my preacher's rig so that you would not make any difficulty about going on. I am a private citizen and in the motor business. All that I ask is to be left in peace, but Chu-Chu will not do that, for two reasons. In the first place, he hates me for having spoiled a good job of his; in the second, he considers my assassination necessary to his own safety."

"But if this is so and you can identify him as Chu-Chu le Tondeur, why do you not go to the police and have him taken?"

"Because," I answered slowly, "Chu-Chu is the leading light of a very powerful criminal organization. To denounce Chu-Chu would be to involve others, and in that case I probably should not live long enough to drink a *petit verre*. But Chu-Chu himself is not in very good favor with the gang, and nobody would hold it against me if I were to settle my affair with him quietly."

"You wish ——?" gasped Rosalie.

"I wish to protect myself."

She glanced at my face, then drew back a little, face pale and breath coming quickly. But the fascinated look I had observed in the café was there again.

"What do you want to do?" she asked almost in a whisper, and her hazel eyes never left my face. "And what do you want me to do?" She moistened her lips with her tongue.

"My plan is this: In about an hour, or, say, an hour and a half, I want you to drive me, dressed as I am now, into the Hertzfeld place. I will tell the *maître d'hôtel* that I am a journalist, a correspondent of some English paper, and ask to be favored with a list of the guests, the menu, and, if possible, a few words with the Baron. This ought not to be difficult, as he is *nouveau riche* and his title a recently purchased one and he likes notoriety. While in there I will contrive to let Chu-Chu get a glimpse of me. He will recognize me at once, but I shall pretend not to have seen him. Chu-Chu will think that I have come in the hope of a word with Léontine, whose house I might be afraid to visit. Then, unless I am very much mistaken, when we leave Chu-Chu will follow us."

"To learn where you live?"

"Yes, and possibly even to make an attack on the road. That is what we must avoid."

"*Mon Dieu!* But how?"

"We must not let him catch us until we reach the forest of Marly. It begins less than a kilometer from here. We shall have a sufficient start to keep ahead for that distance. Once in the wood I shall jump out and walk into the trees. If Chu-Chu follows me we will settle our difficulties then and there."

Poor Rosalie looked scared to death. I waited for a minute, expecting to hear her say that she wanted nothing to do with the whole business. Instead of that, after a minute of reflection:

"Do you think that he will believe that I know?" she asked.

"If I thought that for a single second," said I quickly, "I should walk into that place and shoot him off the seat of his taxi before I would permit you to have any hand in it. No. Chu-Chu will believe that I chose you either by chance or because I should naturally expect him to think that the last person I should choose would be the most easily traced taxi in Paris. He would never for a second dream that I had taken you into my confidence. Besides, he would never believe that if you knew what was going on you would dare tackle it."

She dropped her hands at her sides, straightened out her pretty limbs and took a deep breath. I looked at her admiringly, for it was plain that she was frightened and was making a plucky fight to get the



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upper hand of her scare. Lithe as a cat, she twisted over presently on one hip, dropped her chin on her knuckles, her elbow on the sward and began to pluck at the grass. Neither of us said anything. Her long reflection made me begin to believe that she was wondering, perhaps, what there was going to be in it for her in mixing up with such an ugly business. That idea was in my own mind, and I had decided to offer her a thousand francs for the afternoon's work and four thousand more to be paid later if the business turned out all right for me. I really did not see how Rosalie ran any risk, especially as I should be taking good care that Chu-Chu should not haul up very close to us. And anyway she was free to turn the proposition down if she chose.

Rosalie rolled back, put a stem of grass between her lips and turned to me with the color in her cheeks again. I expected to hear her ask: "What do I get?" or words to that effect. Instead she asked:

"You are well armed?"

I grinned and nodded. A few minutes before she had been advising me rather sarcastically to get a troop or two of the *gendarmerie nationale* to help me out; now she was worrying about my armament.

"Don't you worry about me," I answered; "think about yourself a little. After all you aren't in the motor business for your health."

We were speaking in French of course. I had no earthly reason for suspecting Rosalie of knowing any other language, as for all of her title she had nothing of the *grande dame* about her and might have been a farmer's daughter or run a decent little restaurant, so far as distinction went. But when I said, "You're not in the motor business for your health," I translated the American slang literally. Now, as a matter of fact, most slang translates literally from one language to another, and it has often surprised me when I've been in the States to hear some local mug that had never got farther from his alley than the first full gutter, spouting what was considered the very latest hot talk and what I've recognized straight off as good old moth-eaten, fly-bitten Montmartre or La Villette. If some person with a lot of time on his hands wanted to take the trouble he could dig up an old English or old German or old French gag for the bulk of American slang. I can only think of a few this minute. For instance: "to have a good front," *avoir du front;* "chippy," *chipie;* the word French crooks have for prison, *couloir*—corridor—and, in American, "the cooler"; or to get right down to recent American slang, not over five years old, "gink." The Apache French for that, and old as the hills, too, is *ging*, and comes from the word *ginguet*, which means a soft, easy mark. So, mind you, what I said to Rosalie about not running a taxi for her health might have been said in French slang in exactly the same way. Maybe my way of putting it was the American one, for she stared at me for a second, then answered in perfectly good American: "Not on your life!"

I felt like a fool. Some years before I'd worked Kansas City until I thought that the ground needed to lie fallow for a while, and I was on to the accent. I'd been a "distinguished foreign guest," and the leading citizens trimmed me at poker while I was making myself popular and finding out where they kept it. When I was all fed up with the place I worked a couple of banks, then ran over to Monte to give it away to the Prince of Monaco, for you mustn't forget that the greatest rest for the grafter is to become a happy, idle sucker for a while. That is the reason why so many American millionaires go to Europe for their vacations.

So when Rosalie came back at me with that "Not on your life!" and no mistake about the "your-r-r-r," I was about as startled as if Chu-Chu had stuck his head over the wall behind us—which belonged, I believe, to Prince Marat. No Frenchwoman could have got that accent, any more than an American woman could ever hope to pronounce the simple French word for "king."

Rosalie threw back her head and laughed. She was mighty inviting to look at when she laughed, and I got an impression of soft throat, moist red mouth and her tantalizing eyes looking down half closed over her cheeks. I must have looked like a fool, because she laughed harder than ever; in fact she laughed too hard for just ordinary amusement.

Suddenly she straightened up and wiped her eyes. She had laughed so hard that she had slipped down the bank, and her short skirt was drawn up over her knees, and this and the dimpled face made her look like a little girl hot and flushed after some frolic.

"Well," said I, as she straightened her skirt and pushed back her hair, "that's one on me all right. I've taken the elementary courses in human nature and knocked around the world a bit, but I'll be hanged if I could ever have spotted you for an American!"

"Wichita," said she.

"The rest wasn't hard to guess," I answered; "but how did you manage to spot me for an American?"

"I had my doubts from the first," she answered. "Your telling me that you were Alsatian put me off; then I thought that you were English. I knew you weren't *French* French."

"What gave you the clew finally?" I asked.

"Your business methods."

"My what?"

"Your scheme for drawing Chu-Chu off into the forest of Marly and having it out with your guns—or knives, or whatever comes handy. That doesn't match up with the local color. What's your state? Arizona?"

"I've been there," I answered; "but never mind about me. I wish you'd tell me how it happens that a Wichita girl should be driving a Paris taxicab and speaking French like a *Parisienne de Paris*. Then you are titled too."

Rosalie gave a little mock sigh. "Such is fame," says she. "Now if you ever read the Matin and the Kansas City Star you'd know all about me. Not that there's such an awful lot to know. My father was Mr. Michael O'Rourke, and he emigrated from Ireland to Chicago, where he started in business driving a cab. You see it's a sort of inherited gift. Pretty soon he owned most of the cabs, and then he owned a street-car line and a good bit of the city and a lot of the people in it. But he stayed Mike O'Rourke, and when he married my mother there was an awful row from all the old snobs. Mother was proud and asked odds of nobody, but a few years later they went to Wichita, where I was born. Mother never forgave the people who turned her down for marrying beneath her, so as soon as I was old enough she sent me to a French convent, saying that she wasn't going to have me grow up a snob. The last year that I was in the convent mother and father were both killed in a railway collision"—Rosalie blinked a few times—"and I went home and found myself a mighty lonesome heiress. Then my mother's sister came over for the winter and brought me with her, and while we were away her husband took such good care of my estate that in a few months there was nothing left of it but enough to give me a fairly decent *dot*. To compensate for what her husband had done my aunt made what she considered a very good match for me with the Comte de Brignolles. Of course, being convent-bred, it never occurred to me to object, so we were married and started off on our honeymoon, and—and"—Rosalie's face got crimson—"and five minutes after we had left my aunt's I found that I loathed him, so I stopped the motor and got out and jumped into a taxi and went straight to where the Mother Superior lived—for the convent had been closed by this beautiful Government and the nuns driven away. I stopped with Sœur Anne Marie, and my aunt was furious and wouldn't see me and the Comte got a separation and my *dot*. A year ago he died, and his lawyers kindly gave me back what he hadn't gambled away—about fifteen thousand francs. It wasn't enough to go on long and about that time the prefecture decided to issue permits for women taxi drivers, so I bought my little car and went to work. You see, I'd learned to drive after leaving the convent and I liked it, and I must say I haven't done so badly." She looked at me and smiled.

"You're a wonder," said I. "Now let me tell you something. I'm going to square up with you for our promenade, and then I want you to get into that little taxi of yours and spin back to Sœur Anne Marie as fast as God will let you. You still live with her, I hope?"

Rosalie shoved out her little chin. "That is none of your affair," says she.

"I beg your pardon," I answered; "I said it out of pure friendly interest. You



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see, a girl in your position is like a pheasant in the hunting season, and I'd like to feel that you had a high fence that you could fly over and be unmolested if you had need."

Her face softened. "Well, then," says she, "I don't mind telling you that I have taken a little apartment for Sœur Anne Marie and myself, and I go straight there just as soon as ever my work is over. I'm my own mistress and can do as I please, but sometimes it's hard to finish up and get home. You can wait for an hour or so on a stand, then get a little twenty-sou fare and start home, and the chances are that if you're very tired and your lamps need filling, and you're not quite sure about one of your envelopes, and the bougie is full of burned oil, and a little grease has got into the clutch and is making it slip, and Sœur Anne Marie is waiting for you to come in and make the omelette, that is just the time that you'll be hailed by three or four American college boys who want to run out to Versailles or Fontainebleau for dinner. And you can't refuse."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because, for one thing, I can't afford to. Besides, they make me homesick. I always have a fight to keep them from digging into their jeans and giving me all the money they've got. Of course I never let them guess that I'm American too. Only last week a youngster sat beside me coming in from Chantilly. He offered me a hundred francs for a good-night kiss. I told him that he could have the kiss for nothing if he'd promise to go straight home and go to bed. What do you think he did?"

"I don't like to say," I answered, and maybe my voice was a bit nasty, for somehow or other I wasn't very keen at the thought of this nice little girl being mauled and jollied by a batch of cub collegians.

Rosalie pushed out her lips and chin. "You needn't be afraid," she said. "He thanked me very nicely, and when we got to the Champs Élysées he said: 'I'll claim my forfeit now. Stop at the Carleton.' I was awfully upset because, you see, he'd called my bluff and I didn't like to cheapen myself before the *concierges* and chauffeurs. But I had to make good, so I turned in under the *marquise* to let him out. Instead of trying to kiss me he got down, walked round to my side and said: 'Permit me to kiss the hand that has saved me from destruction'—and kissed my hand, or my glove. Then he went in and went to bed."

"And the next day?" I asked.

Rosalie's color was like a big crimson dahlia.

"He had less sense when he was sober than when he was drunk," she answered, and laughed; "but he's safely on the way to his fiancée in Newport now, so it's all right. He'll always think of the little French chauffeuse who gave him such good advice and asked no more than what was indicated on the 'clock,' as those boys called it."

Rosalie stopped talking and looked thoughtful. I was a bit thoughtful myself.

"Well," said I, "suppose you look at the clock and tell me what time it is in louis. It's time that you were getting back to Sœur Anne Marie—and that I was getting on the job."

Rosalie looked at me with her queer little smile.

"You engaged me for the afternoon," said she. "I'm no quitter, as they say in Wichita."

"That's plain enough," I answered, "but I am. How much do I owe you?"

"A little straight talk," she answered.

"You're right there," I answered, "and you shall have it." Perhaps it was the strain of the last week or two or perhaps it was the knowledge that things were coming to a focus. Maybe Rosalie had something to do with it. Anyway, said I:

"What if I were to tell you that you were talking to a crook?"

Rosalie gave me a steady look.

"I wouldn't believe you," she answered. "But if you were to tell me that I was talking to a man that was settling off old scores"—she smiled—"I think I'm on," says she, "and I stand pat."

(TO BE CONTINUED)





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HOW TO BEAT THE BUILDING GAME

(Continued from Page 19)

found that the architect lived in her city and that she knew him. The house was "exactly what she wanted." So she went happily to give him the commission to get out the plans, and so on, for bids after the usual method, and found him strangely unresponsive.

"Oh, you don't want that house!" he said. "Now let us do it this way, and change that wing ——"

"But I do want that house," she interrupted. "I want that house line for line—it is just my ideal!"

Well, to cut the story short, she found that he would not undertake to find her a contractor for "exactly that house" under fifteen thousand dollars. She was not surprised that his "house for seven thousand dollars" had taken the magazine prize!

The only way to beat the building game is, first, to find an architect who has some strength of character and business sense, and a contractor who has a reputation for good work; and then—not to corrupt the contractor by demanding that he forego his profit in too low a bid or overstrain the architect by thus forcing him to play policeman. The whole matter reduces itself to the willingness on the part of the owner to make a rigid and searching investigation into the contractor's record and character—and his pecuniary circumstances are not less important. The architect isn't going to do it; he isn't going to shop round indefinitely to save the owner's money for the small fee he can charge—architects are greatly underpaid if they do what the fond owner thinks they ought to do. His duty at this stage is done if he weeds out the bunch of contractors. And, in spite of the fact that there are no corrupt architects, their interest in the choice of a contractor is not always precisely identical with the owner's interest.

Sensitiveness of Architects

Architects as a class are intensely sensitive and intensely susceptible to flattery—probably the last trait is a consequence of the first. They are sensitive because they are too often without honor in their own country; they are underpaid for the responsibility they carry; they see their province encroached on every day by the speculative builder from stock plans; by the great engineering firms who finance and design business buildings without them—or without them except nominally; by the decorating firms who take on the whole-house proposition. The largely historical and esthetic character of the architect's training and its lack of emphasis on construction and the business problems of building have put many architects at a great disadvantage in dealing with building contractors.

In the vast amount of literature on the subject of house-building written by architects you will never find a hint of the real reason for many building disputes, in which, of course, the owner is the sufferer—the vague specifications and unbusinesslike methods of the architect. They know how things ought to look but not always how they ought to be done and seldom what they ought to cost—and they resent being informed for the reasons above suggested. The tradition of the architect's infallibility must be insisted on.

This peculiar sensitiveness of architects is well understood among builders and the unscrupulous among them play upon it. "If you treat So-and-So as if he were a young god he won't bother you," said one of this ilk to the writer. They find it pays to take an attitude of discreet humility and silently accept or remedy the architect's mistakes. One well-meaning architect had sent out plans for a house which, in one or two places, had not allowed enough headroom for stairs. The successful bidder saw it but said nothing. When the construction of the house was advanced to the point where the mistake would soon be obvious, the builder suggested a variation in the plan which would remedy the difficulty. In strict business this should have been an expensive "extra," which would have given the architect a bad quarter of an hour with the peppery owner; but the builder said never a word—only, when the six-inch concrete cellar floor called for in the plans came to be put in the builder made it three-inch,

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and was nevertheless sure of being the favorite bidder in that office thereafter.

Since, in general then, an architect's business acumen is quite likely to be in inverse proportion to his artistic ability—and since, in any case, if the contractor is dishonest he can cheat—the one absolutely essential element in the successful conduct of the game is to find a good builder; and by good builder I mean one who will respond to fair treatment by good work. No human being will do good work for the man who is determined to get something for nothing. Since, as I have shown, an exhaustive search is not the duty of the architect, it must devolve upon the owner; and if he lacks knowledge of character and business judgment to such an extent that he cannot size up such a proposition when he actively puts his mind to it, then he would better rent.

A short time ago one of the small home-building magazines contained a tragic story of some young couples who bought some apparently charming houses—concrete and shingle cottages de luxe with English brick fireplaces, chestnut wainscoting and ceiling beams, small-paned windows, and so on—which began to go to pieces as soon as lived in and were only made habitable by vast expenditures; and it enlarged on the cruel treatment by the wicked contractor of the young, ambitious to own a home. Now I know nothing of the facts in this case, but I would wager something that those young people would have turned away with scorn from houses on which the sum they were willing to pay had been expended to make a really good job. If those ambitious young people hadn't wanted twenty-thousand-dollar-looking houses for ten thousand dollars the wily contractor would not have deceived them. Half as much examination as the young head of the house would have put on his new automobile might have made them wiser, but I doubt if it would have changed their action. They didn't want small, plain, solid and well-built little houses. I think they did get about what they bargained for.

The Futility of Spoken Words

The owner, however, may rejoin: "How am I to know whether the bid or estimate for my house is too low or too high if the architect cannot tell me?" One answer may be made in the words of a recent story: "There is only one satisfactory way to build a house. First, become an architect for several years; then a practical builder for several more; then learn each of the building trades in turn until you become a master of all of them. After that, if you have plenty of born executive ability and a good deal of bull luck, you may possibly get what you want, built in the way you want it—if it's a house you require by that time and not a mausoleum!"

This, however, seems unnecessarily discouraging! If you, Mr. Owner, have a definite amount of money to spend—and no desire to "do" your contractor—probably your safest procedure is about as follows:

First, choose your architect, preferably young and not too successful, whom you know well enough to have some idea of his business sense and equipment of backbone—not too fashionable; because, if still modest, he will give your plans careful individual attention instead of handing them over to an underling in his large office. Give him your sketches—including dimensions—and ideas, for, of course, you will have some; tell him how much you can spend, making it clear that this sum must cover all equipment of the house exclusive of furniture—that is, lighting and heating plant and fixtures, kitchen range and laundry stove, hardware, screens, awnings, papering, painting, and so on. Ask him for preliminary sketches, including an approximate estimate from some trustworthy builder, and have it understood that these sketches are to be paid for separately. For a ten-thousand-dollar expenditure these plans would probably cost in the neighborhood of two hundred dollars, and there is nothing in the situation to prevent your trying out more than one architect in this way.

For the traditional types of construction, however, if the sketches please you and the estimates fall anywhere near your appropriation, you may commission the architect to go ahead with the complete working plans—in writing. Here is the place to warn you never to give verbal directions after signing the building contract; or, if given, to confirm them by letter at once.

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Have a written contract with your architect as to the amount of service he is to give you, the frequency of his inspections and the commission he is to receive, including a provision for changes, cuts, or unexpected increases in the cost. Your wife will probably feel hampered by this restriction—until she has unwarily ordered changes in construction in the course of chats with architect or contractor, which will bring in a heavy bill of extras.

Then, when at last you have the detailed plans and the typewritten specifications before you, go over and over them with your wife and other members of the family. See whether all the closets she wants are included—all the shelves, laundry and dust chutes; whether the servants' quarters, especially the sanitary arrangements, are adequate—service and cellar stairs properly placed; whether the passages from kitchen to dining room and kitchen to front door are planned for silent and quick service; whether there is sufficient storeroom; and whether the radiators and electric-light outlets are well placed for use and for appearance. The specifications should be read principally to be sure of the inclusion of all necessary equipment, especially for kitchen and dining room. In these days of built-in refrigerators, specially designed screens, and so on, all these should be carefully scrutinized.

Bidding for Buildings

Now comes the great question of the fair estimate. I have tried to show the influences leading contractors to bid too low for good work and the reasons why architects are not to be expected to be authoritative here. A method that is too seldom followed has always been productive of good results—that is, to get a disinterested estimate from a good consulting engineer who has experience in building. Then, when one bidder gives you a figure very much higher and another one very much lower, you will be justified in rejecting the second and using all pressure to bring the first down. Possibly the low bidder may be able to convince you of special circumstances by which he is able to save money—such as, for instance, his intention to be his own foreman on the job; or his nearness to the seat of operations; or his chance to use certain workmen; or you may have outside testimony as to the sterling character of his work—but, except under such conditions, beware of the very low bidder.

This counsel is especially to be followed in the case of one of the modern types of construction, which are not very well understood by contractors of the old school. Many of these have come to grief by putting in a low bid out of sheer ignorance of the costs of construction of concrete and its various combinations. Here, too, the risks of poor construction are greatest; for the contractor who has put in his bid in good faith but with inadequate knowledge, and finds his costs running up unduly, is more than human if he is not tempted to skimp cement or steel, or substitute poor tile or brick.

The owner who wants a fireproof house in concrete or tile would do well always to consult an engineer on the cost of construction, for these matters are not yet common knowledge in the building trades.

The supposedly reliable and carefully investigated contractor having been chosen and the work under way, the next care of the owner should be that there are no misunderstandings as to details. If materials are not up to standard he has a clear case, and can demand of the architect that he force the contractor to replace crumbling concrete or ill-matched hardwood flooring, for instance.

A failure, however, to get just the shade in staining wood or tinting plaster, or just the texture of an artificially roughened plaster surface, or just the color on a concrete wall, which the owner had in his mind's eye, may occur with the best intentions on both sides. All such work should be based on small samples accepted by the owner, and every reasonable contractor will be glad to furnish them.



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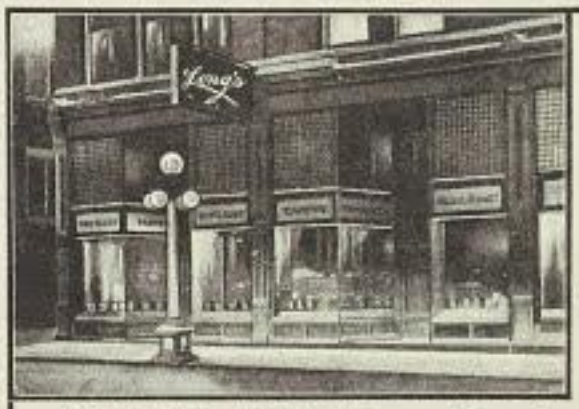
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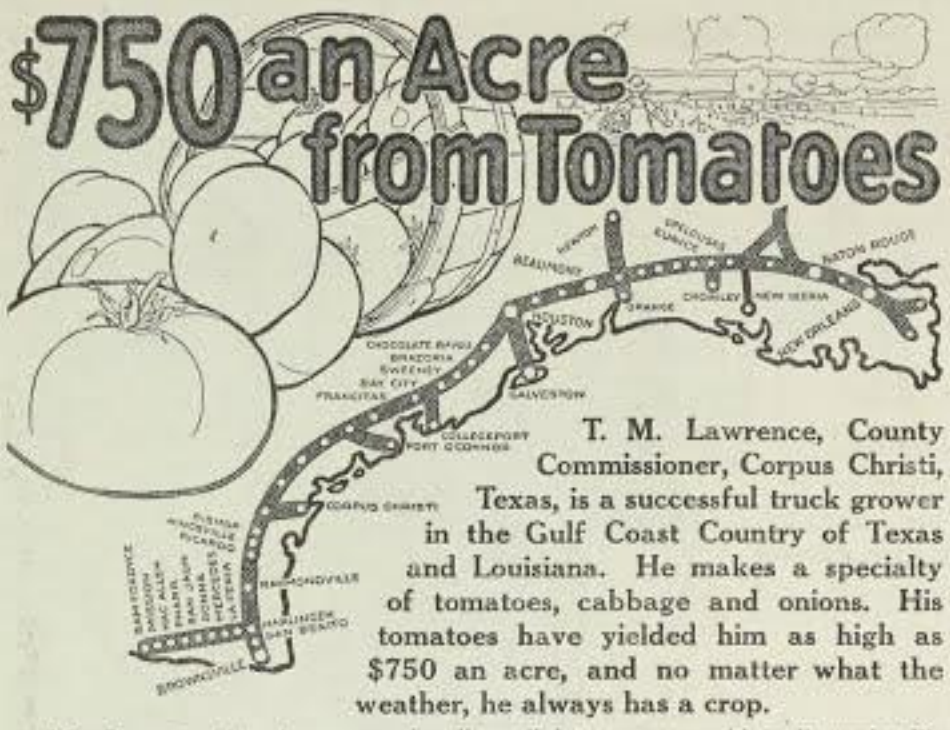
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MODERN METHODS

(Continued from Page 17)

you into a corner; you didn't rightly get a choice, I mean. Why, you were just a kid! And it turned out a trap."

She gazed at him, a heavenly softness in the blue eyes, but that stupid modern knew too little of the immutable probabilities of her sex to expect mercy. He stared only at the floor.

However, he had a good profile; and Annie was in earnest. She tried again.

"Well, but Ned—didn't you miss me at all?"

"Now, don't cry! Don't cry! I never can stand it! And remember, anyhow, we're down at the courthouse scrapping over your divorce!"

"'Tisn't mine!" said little Mrs. Fromlich, laughing between odd tears. "And if you make me do all the talking, why I will. I've been—perfectly silly about you—always. And lately! My! Ned, Ned, Ned, what business has a full-sized man got to let a greenhorn wife be a fool?"

"I don't know," said he through his teeth. He took her by the shoulders and governed himself in order to read her mutinous, flushed face. "I don't understand," he muttered. "There's something I don't understand. It's got to be reasoned out, this thing. Not—not patched up easy because you're a woman. And I don't under——"

"But I am," said Annie, low.

"It cuts no ice if you are." But his breath came short. "Not this time. I'm not going to make a mistake again. I've got to decide. That kind of feeling isn't—isn't reason. I have to think for a future. I'm blamed if I can seem to reason us out. Seems as if I—can't—understand."

"Don't then, goose!" cried she furiously. And she slapped him open-handedly, unromantically slapped him along cheek and jaw.

It is a grand old specific for the sulks. Its reactions are prompt and sure. Skeptics may try it. The only reason that it does not get printed oftener is that men do most of our printing, and discriminate against the recipe not later than the galley proofs.

"Of course," Edward Fitzgibbon admitted between hot kisses on hot cheeks and neck and chin that somehow cried to him for more and more because they were so common-strange, "I do. And I don't and I do. But we'll—have to try it—whether or no. Try it again. Together."

"I'm not afraid," said Annie, tightening her hold to draw the stooping figure even lower over her big chair. "Don't matter whether it's sensible or not. I don't care, Ned."

"We don't get along."

"But you like me," she triumphed, "as well as if we did."

"On that point," he whispered sentimentally, "I certainly have to admit bats up under the eaves."

"And I'm the same way. Oh, you can say I'm too young! But oh, you know very well how it seems to me. You feel how it feels. You do; because you're mine! Why—why, Ned—Ned——"

"I know," he said. "Hush, hush! At least I think I do, judging by——"

"I'm tired of hushing," cried Annie, choking on a laughing sob. They clung together.

"Shall I own up?" he inquired when the silence had grown heavy.

"Yes. It'll do us both a peck of good."

"All right. But it's a secret. You listen close." Annie was very still. There were no more kisses. He bent and whispered.

"There. That's the exact truth. Does that do you?"

"Only it makes me afraid I'm not worth it. But it's what I wanted you to say, you darling dear! Just about ten times as much."

"It's been true a long time, only someway I daren't tell you. You seemed such a kid. And a fellow isn't apt to talk out."

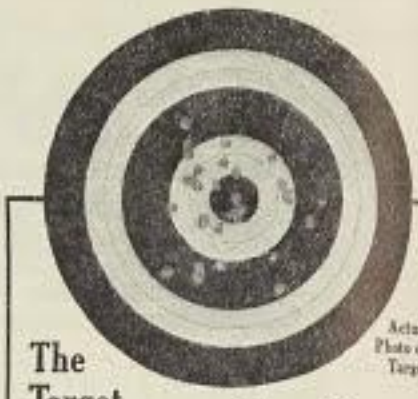
"Why?"

"Oh, I dunno. But you were just a sweet little girl kid."

"O-o-oh!" crooned Annie with a great relief. "That all?"

"Yes. Just about. I didn't know a man's wife understood." His voice recovered a casual, shaky bravado. "P'raps I'll tell you other items, though, from time to time. Seems pretty good to get this much off my chest."

"You can. I—I like this kind of thing, Ned."


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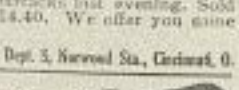
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Simultaneously they sighed. The relief in each of those great exhalations needed no commentary.

"Have you got a handkerchief?" Annie inquired in muffled tones. "I need one. No, don't you move your hands; don't you move one! I can get it, can't I? Which pocket? That suit of clothes has eleven."

"I've got one of yours right there under your ear," confessed Mr. Fromlich. "One night on the car lately—aw—well—you dropped it. That, and a kinda fancy dress-cap piece of goods."

"But you had on your old black that night!"

"Did I? I wonder how I happen to have changed the things then. Sure of the black suit?"

"Who under the canopy was the queer man that time?" Annie inquired, disdaining the argument.

"Oh, a stiff. Nobody. I just thought he was sassy to you. I was feeling sore's a boil, and it did me good to paste somebody."

And because old Judge Fuld was so dilatory in coming into his chambers to settle the Fromlich alimony case the engineer had time to kiss his wife with his whole heart on his lips.

"That marriage ceremony of you pious church people," said the defendant to the plaintiff musingly, "is an awful back number. Besides, it made me feel like a fool, sticking bolt upright in the parlor with my back to the people reciting it over. But I'm here to tell you now there's something in it. It stands for something. Why, I could say the whole thing to you now, and mean it. Why is that?"

Annie had no theory; the fact was the interesting thing.

"It's queer that lots of the newest writers think different. But probably they haven't got the actual experience. They mightn't be married—the Russian ones anyway. There are lots of things they don't seem to know."

"Oh, my!" cried Annie suddenly. "There's something you don't know too! I forgot. I honestly forgot. I'll have to tell you."

"All right. Any time. You're blushing."

"Oh, Ned!"

"Well, all right," he responded, dense and tolerant. "Bills? Never mind. I don't care a hoot; serve me right, anyway, for the checks. This ice-cream-sociable waitress-cap didn't swell the estimates much, by its size." He flipped on to the table a folded white bit from his pocket.

There before her lay the muslin bit, a thread hanging, needle still in the fabric, lace on one edge. She uttered a soft cry.

"Oh, in the street car! The careless niddynoddy I am! And you've been—carrying it round in your pocket four weeks? Honest, Ned?"

"Why not?" He was back on the chair arm again, unshakably possessive.

"Well," said Annie softly, "for want of that I haven't been able to finish a certain work. But here's what it looks like. No, no, don't peek; wait till I get it done."

One of the judge's pencils traveled swiftly up and down the back of a sacred-looking folded document. A trick of line-drawing Annie had, and often in teasing jest she had kept Fromlich waiting to have a sentence finished till a sketch made the last word clear.

"Two bunches of tucks!" she exclaimed, throwing away the pencil and clinging wildly to him. "There, you can look. And oh, my man, my man, my man, I hope you're pleased! What you found, this teeny piece, it's the left sleeve. Because, far as I'm concerned, I'm just the happiest one alive. You see it'll be ours. Brand new, and strictly ours. Oh, Ned!"

The little drawing stared up at the man: the clinging soft thing in his arms was so close her heartbeats echoed muffled in his ears between the pounding strokes of his own blood. He understood. Something primordial and up-welling stirred in the ultra-modern soul of Edward Fitzgibbon Fromlich. The stalest of the back-number processes of Nature suddenly became a future—became, in fact, the chief star-stuff of all the futures men can frame. Home, a child—what else makes the race?

"Great God Almighty!"

Whether it was a song, or prayer, or merely big rhythmic syllables, his tone had a passionate exultation; the feeling behind the verbal symbols Annie caught. "Oh, you do!" she cried, thrilling with rapture shared. "There's lots of time, of course. And I am the very happiest one alive! Do say I am!"

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He raised the hidden face and kissed it gently. "Bless your little heart! How do I know? A man only guesses. But I shouldn't wonder—— Come on, let's get away from here. I want to go home and talk it over in a house. Nobody lives in this place."

"Let's," sighed Annie happily. "Dear me, Ned, I am so glad to see you again and know you know!"

The judge's chamber was really darkish. Outside a city clock struck six. With sheer wonder and solicitude the man pulled back the heavy oak and leather chair and saw Annie get to her feet. He had an indescribable pang of relief when her first natural, customary motion was to set her hat straight and surreptitiously powder her nose.

"I don't look so awful, do I?" She smiled upon him. "I did wish, for a minute or two when you first came in today, that you'd make friends with me while I was wearing my new lavender. It's a dress you'd appreciate. Come along. We'll go up home for the present, of course, till we can get set up for ourselves. It'll do. There'll be tea tonight for supper instead of your coffee, and mother'll pour it. But I'll enjoy passing you the butter."

"You kid!" said the husband, laughing uncertainly. "My word, you're nothing but a sweet little girl kid, after all! You make me feel—feel ——"

"That's so nice!" decided Mrs. Fromlich.

Success by System

THOSE who are looking for opportunity on a large scale may gain a valuable hint from the course followed by four young college men who were all fairly familiar with farming conditions in the South. They wished to go into a good-sized farming venture. They sought for information from every available source, including the Department of Agriculture. Their attention was directed to the fact that, looking at the problem of supply and demand in a large way, there is room for thousands of acres of hay and alfalfa in the South near the great mule markets. This hint was followed up by personal investigation. In Northwestern Mississippi these young men found a thousand acres of alfalfa land for sale at a reasonable price. The one thing that determined their purchase was the fact that a wideawake farmer in that locality, following modern methods, had produced eight tons of alfalfa to the acre and sold it for fifteen dollars a ton, delivered at the local railroad station. These young farmers are now on the highroad to prosperity—raising alfalfa, corn and hogs.

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"Why isn't this being done today? Because the farmers there are in a rut. You can travel through New England and at about every crossroads hear the farmers declaring that it doesn't pay to raise horses. And in about every community where machine farming has secured a foothold and is driving out the little patches and the stone fences there is some progressive farmer who has paid five hundred dollars or more for a span of workhorses brought from the Middle West."

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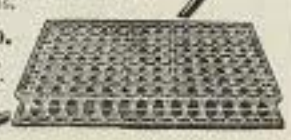
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On receipt of $1 DOWN we will ship you any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Larger Tables for $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., on easy terms. All cues, balls, etc., free.

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FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for catalogue fully describing all the Burrowes Tables, with prices, terms of payment, etc.

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Design No. 7014. Size, 18 x 22 inches.

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Pillow Top and Back

This startling offer is made to introduce Richardson's Grand Prize Embroidery Silk in every home in this country. Here is the newest thing in the very popular conventional design for pillow tops. It is of **Exquisite Grash**, the new material so admirably adapted to fine color combinations in silk embroidery. On this great offer we give you an entire pillow outfit positively free. It includes the following:

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Richardson's Silk

We make this great free offer to you to introduce to you Richardson's Grand Prize Wash Embroidery Silk. We want you to know how beautifully you can do art embroidery with our materials. All we ask of you is that you send us 25c in stamps or silver to cover the regular retail price of six skeins of Richardson's Grand Prize Wash Embroidery Silk to commence work with, and postage on package.

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Joy's Epitaph

AN OLD-TIMER in the Dakotas and Montana, named Doctor Burleigh, among other things practiced law. A young lawyer named Joy opposed Burleigh in a case. It was a criminal case and Joy said something in his address to the jury about wanting for his epitaph the fact that he had successfully prosecuted the criminals of that vicinity.

When he had finished Burleigh arose.

"Your honor," he said, "our young friend who has just sat down said something about his epitaph, the writing of which we all hope will be many years deferred; but when in the course of nature he does come to die, your honor and gentlemen of the jury, judging from his course in this case, his epitaph will be 'Peace on earth and joy in hell!'"

Optimistic Lincoln

DOCTOR BURLEIGH was one of the earliest settlers of Dakota and Montana, and was a boyhood friend of Abraham Lincoln. The doctor used to tell this Lincoln story on himself.

When Lincoln was nominated Burleigh was in Minnesota on his way to a logging camp. He laughed at the thought of Lincoln running for President, and went into the woods. He stayed in the woods until the following summer; when he came out he found that Lincoln had not only been elected but inaugurated.

Burleigh hurried to Washington and demanded a job.

"What kind of a place do you want?" asked President Lincoln.

"Any kind—where there's not much work and big pay."

"I'm afraid," smiled Lincoln, "that most of those jobs are gone. I'll have my secretary look round and see what we can find for you. Come back tomorrow."

Burleigh went back.

"Burleigh," said President Lincoln, "there isn't much left. The best thing I can offer you is the agency of the Yankton Sioux Indians. It pays fifteen hundred dollars a year."

"But, Abe," expostulated Burleigh, "a man can't live on that salary! I'd either have to starve to death or rob the Government."

"Well, Burleigh," replied the President, "you'll never starve to death!"

That Chicago Readiness

SIMEON FORD, the New York hotelkeeper and after-dinner speaker, brought this one back from Europe. He says a Chicago man in London was invited to a ball where everybody except himself talked with an exceedingly broad a, as people will do in England—and Boston, Massachusetts. The accent was puzzling to his Chicago ears, but the guest did his best.

He danced a waltz with the wife of his host. The lady spoke with an especially broad accent and she ran somewhat to flesh. When they had finished the round of the floor she was panting in a repressed and well-bred way.

"Shall we try another whirl?" inquired the Chicago man.

"Not now," she said; "I'm danced out."

"Oh, no," said the Chicago man, "not darn stout—just nice and plump!"

The Absolute Minimum

CAPTAIN JOE FOWLER, now dead, was a famous Southern steamboat man of the old days. One afternoon, after he had reached the age of retirement, he was sitting on the wharf of a Tennessee River town when a boat landed and a Northern woman came ashore, carrying in her arms the first Mexican hairless dog that Cap'n Joe had ever seen.

As the lady approached him he rose and made a low bow.

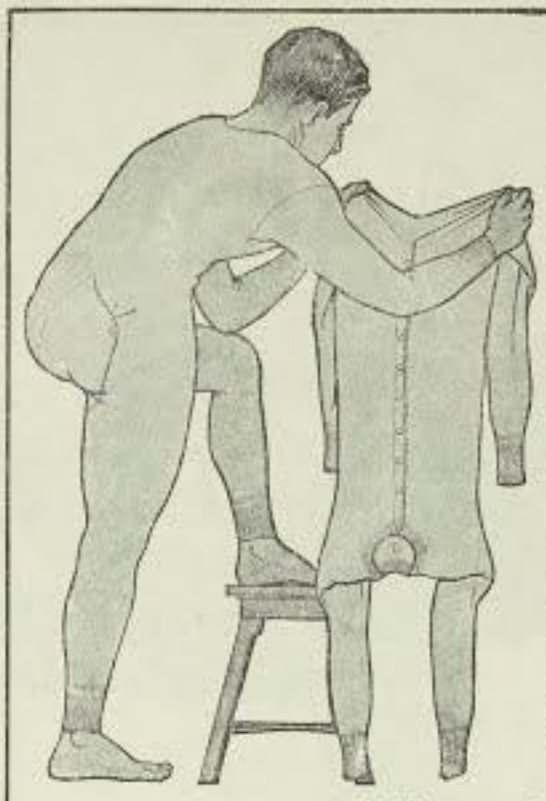
"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, "but is that your dog?"

"It is," she said.

"Is that the only dog you've got?"

"It is."

"Madam," said Cap'n Joe, "ain't you mighty near out of dog?"



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There's a good reason why this union suit sells easily and gives absolute satisfaction to the wearer.

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The most desirable, most suitable, and least expensive of all CORRECT GIFTS in a dainty "LENOX" Combination Xmas Box

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Contents of Box designed for MEN:
(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Hose, choice Black, Tan, Navy, Grey, Value $1.00
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(2) 5 beautiful corner embroidered Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs of superior quality, Value .75
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Don't forget to state the size and shades desired.

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This Desk $21 At Factory



50 in. long, 34 in. wide, 45½ in. high. Selected Oak, wax finish (Golden, unless otherwise ordered); has six large drawers, vertical file drawer, letter tray card drawer, private compartment with door and lock, wood pigeon hole boxes, extension slide, brass sockets, etc.

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The New Application of an Old Principle

Regal "35" 5-Passenger "Underslung" Touring Car

TO MAKE A BETTER AUTOMOBILE is, or should be, the ambition of every manufacturer. To that end experiments are constantly being conducted, designs created and thoroughly tested, improvements added from time to time often at the expense of thousands of dollars and long months of trial under every possible condition of service before embodied in the car for public appreciation.

THAT IS WHY the automobile in its present form has been brought to such perfection, yet any expert will frankly tell you there are still many and great opportunities for improvements. It is a recognized law that the closer to perfection a thing attains, the clearer do we recognize its imperfections. This is supremely true of the motor car.

BUT SOMETIMES the very simplicity of a problem defeats the skilled engineer. Often do we hear people say, when discussing a great invention, "how simple, why was it not thought of before?" and right here, that is the point we wish to impress upon the reader. Why has the simple, safe, durable, well tried, old "Underslung" principle of construction not been adapted by automobile manufacturers before?

THE ANSWER IS EASY. It was so simple, so old in practice, that its very superiority escaped them. There can be no other answer, because all swift moving, weight carrying vehicles, such as railroad, interurban trolley cars, etc., have been built the "underslung" way. The interior of a Pullman, traveling anywhere from 10 to 50 miles an hour, would be a very uncomfortable, unsafe place if the body of the car rested upon steel springs balanced upon axles, wouldn't it?

WE DO NOT MEAN TO INFER that automobiles built the ordinary way are unsafe or uncomfortable, but we do claim that the underslung construction adds to the safety, the comfort, the riding qualities of a car, and not only adds these elements of pleasure and economy beyond argument (for they can be mathematically and concretely demonstrated) but adds also, an element of beauty that goes deeper than paint—most noticeable.

THE MAN WHO IS ABOUT TO BUY an automobile, naturally desires the "advanced" car. The Regal "35" five-passenger "Underslung" Touring car is at least a year ahead in improved construction. It presents so many advantages for a moderate expenditure, as prices go to-day, that to see this car and to ride in it, is to buy it, because there are no present existing comparisons in competition with it.—

WHY SHOULD THIS CAR BE YOUR CAR? Because the center of gravity is very much lower by reason of the frame being slung below the axles instead of balanced above them. Because this means "safety," practically eliminating the terrible dangers of turning turtle and skidding. Because this means "economy," preventing destructive side lash on springs and tires, giving also a straight line drive—the maximum power from motor to rear axle—saving gasoline. Because "Underslung" construction makes the springs shock-absorbing, adding to the life of the car.

BECAUSE the motor and transmission are get-at-able, and being level, ensure a perfect lubrication. Because to ride in this beautiful "Underslung" car will give you a demonstration of what comfort really means—no side swaying—no weaving motion—always straight ahead, while the road clearance is as much as the ordinary type. Last and most urgent reason, because in 1912 and 1913 your Regal "Underslung" will be up-to-date.

THE CAR ITSELF will prove to you infinitely more than we can put in words. But recently it was the big surprise of all 1912 announcements. Over a thousand have already been sold and we will gladly refer you to any owner—anywhere. The remarkable advantages of the "Underslung" construction, the roominess, beauty, big power, speed, simplicity, care-free comfort and economy in upkeep, and above all, safety, places the Regal "35" Underslung Touring Car at the pinnacle of automobile values. Just try to equal it at $1400.

SERVICE. Behind the Regal Car is the Regal Service. A chain of Regal Service warehouses, extending from coast to coast, placed at strategic points, is the Regal method of taking immediate and consistent care of buyers and owners of Regal Cars. Any Regal dealer wherever located can supply any model, any part at short notice through the nearest Regal warehouse. So, every Regal car is under direct factory supervision. The thousands of Regal owners are each and every one members of a great organization which exists for the specific purpose of rendering them not only efficient but instant service.

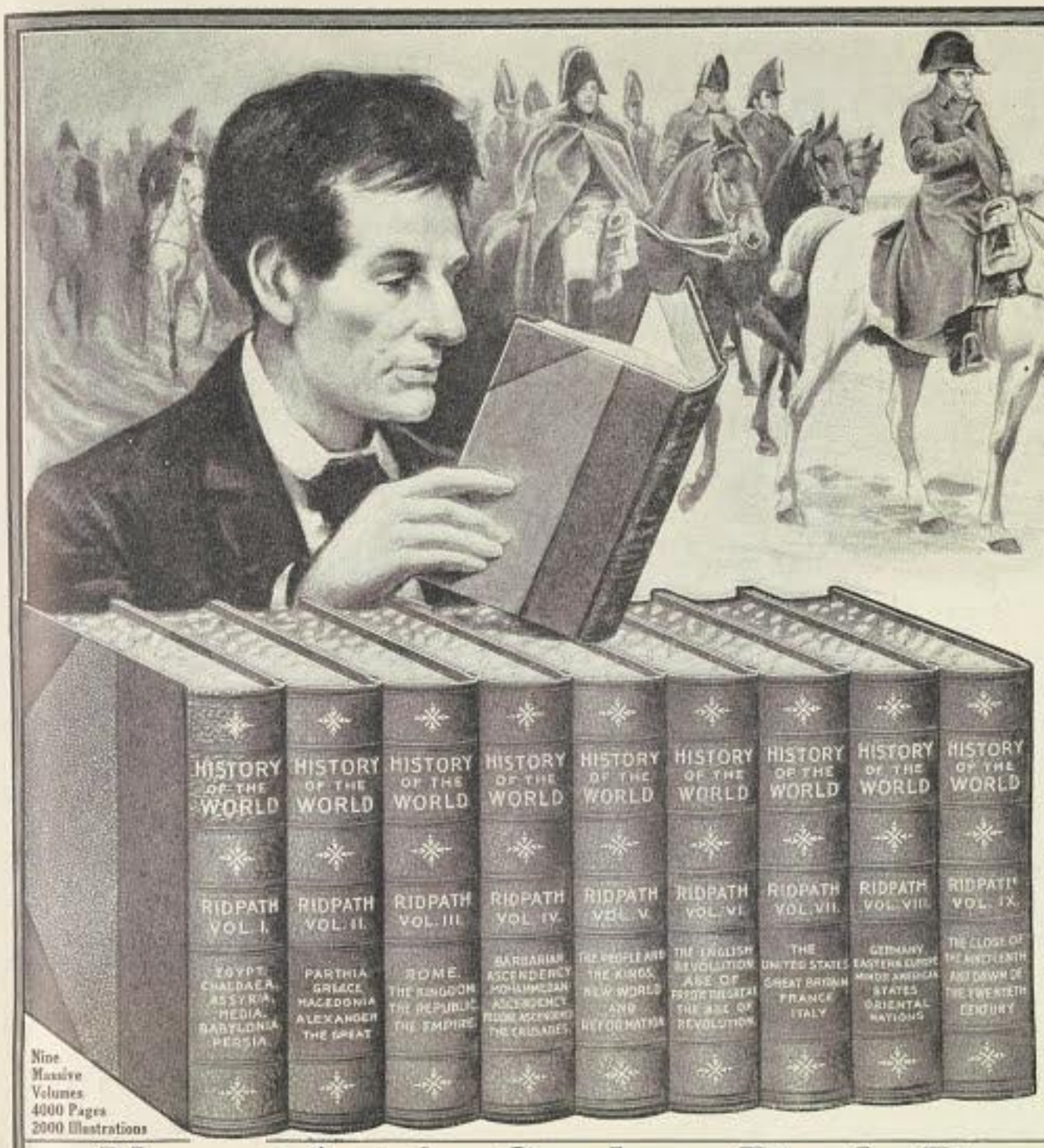
THE REGAL "35" UNDERSLUNG TOURING CAR is furnished with Demountable Rims (one extra Demountable Rim included). It is the complete car.

HERE ARE A FEW SPECIFICATIONS: Wheel Base, 118 inches—Tires, 34 x 4 in. Three speed and Reverse, Selective Sliding Nickel Steel gear transmission. Four cylinders (in pairs) 35 H. P. Motor. Bore 4½ in., stroke 4½ in. Dual ignition—with magneto. Transmission Hyatt Nickel Steel roller bearings. Standard equipment. Gas searchlights, etc.

OTHER REGAL CARS. Regal "20" Underslung Roadster $900 (the car that created a furore). Regal "30" 5-passenger Touring Car (open body), $1000. Fore-door, $1050. Regal Demi-Tonneau, open and fore-door type, $1000 and $1050. Regal "20" Underslung Coupé, $1250 (the most talked-of car in the country). Regal dealers are everywhere. Visit one or write for descriptive booklet.

The Dealers who handle Regal cars are especially chosen for a high standard of service. They are representative of all that tends to upbuild a permanent and highly profitable business upon the foundation of service. Their interest in customers does not end with the sale of a car but begins with the purchase of a car. We are always looking for the **"Regal Standard"** among dealers. Wire or write.

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JUST about the time when Abraham Lincoln shouldered the awful burden of the Presidency of the United States, a little Indiana boy wrote one day to the President of Harvard. He was a boy of the Lincoln type—thirsting for knowledge. He wanted to know if there was a world's history, trustworthy, not too bulky or expensive. The reply was that no man had yet appeared with sufficient ambition, judgment, courage, patience and literary skill to construct a practical, useful, reliable history of the world. "I'll be that man," said the boy to himself. For 22 years he prepared himself thoroughly for this task. For 17 years he toiled at it. The boy was John Clark Ridpath and his History of the World is, in the opinion of every student and scholar, a masterpiece for all time.

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WE AMERICANS are literally "heirs of all the ages, foremost in the ranks of time." Every good American should know the history of the world, for it is his history—the story of his ancestors. He cannot understand fully our laws, our social and political institutions, the very language he speaks, without a comprehensive knowledge of the world's history. Every red-blooded, intelligent, patriotic American owes Dr. Ridpath a debt of gratitude for placing this knowledge within his reach in so pleasing a form. Read the coupon and use it.

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NO MAN can be called educated who is ignorant of history. Scraps of information about the great men of all times, the battles of the world, the struggles for freedom, the advance of civilization, do not constitute a knowledge of history. You must have a picture of the whole course of history—see clearly the relation of event to event—know the world's heroes as intimately as your neighbors. Now there is not in all the libraries of all the world a set of books that will enable you to do this—easily, comprehensively and in a reasonable time—outside of Ridpath's History of the World. *Use the coupon—it will save you money.*

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Prepare Generous Bounty

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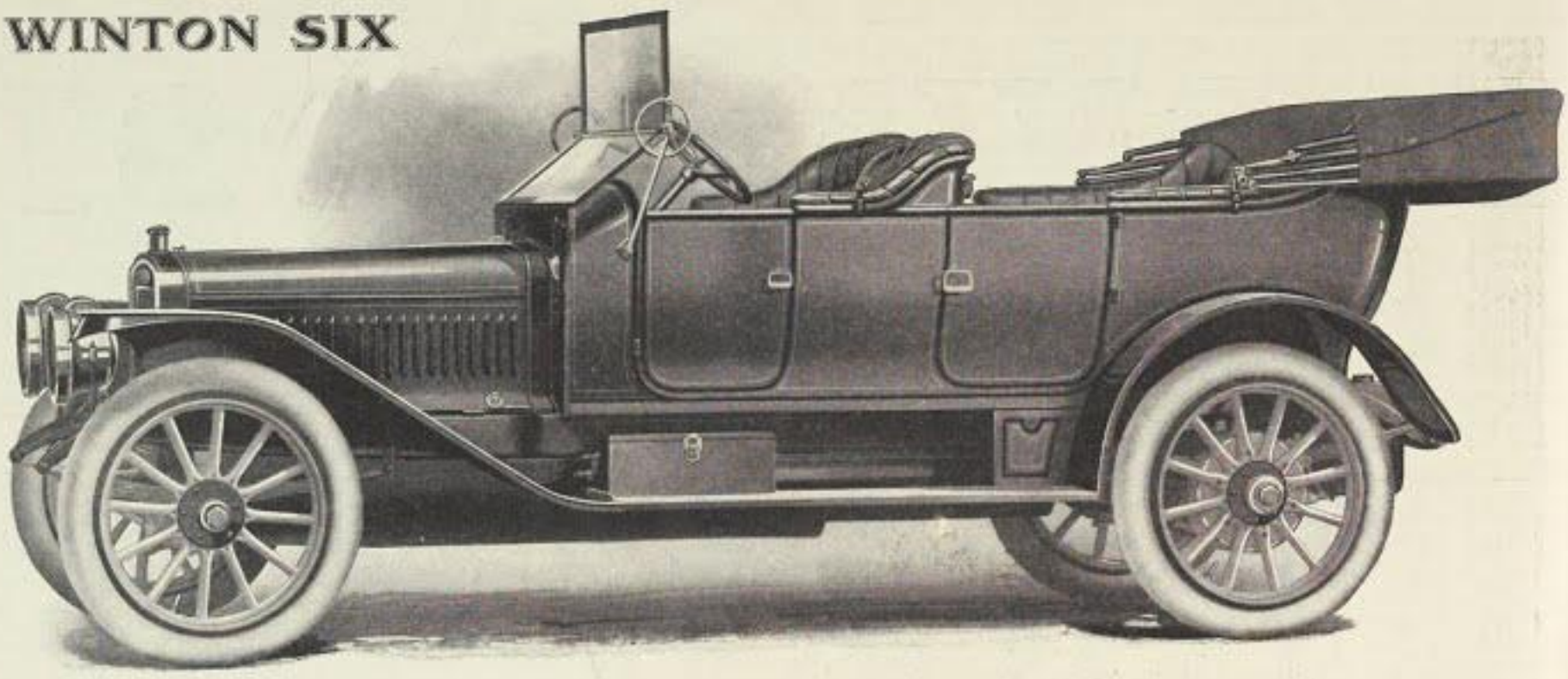
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Accordingly, it is worth knowing that the Winton Six established its individual right to leadership by winning the fight for Six supremacy absolutely single-handed.

It was the Winton Six that *proved* that Sixes could be superior to all other types, thereby converting many makers of fours into makers of sixes, and changing the trend of high-grade demand into the Six channel.

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This Car is Free From Experimental Risks

THE Winton Six of today is the *same* car we have been making for four years, in which time it has not required a single radical change in design or construction. The Winton Six holds the world's lowest sworn repair expense record of 43 cents per 1000 miles, and it is as beautiful and delightful as it is economical.

The Winton Six sells at $3000. That's a big money advantage in your favor, just as its proved dependability and its total freedom from experimental features are an assurance of your satisfaction in its use.

The Winton Six has a 48 H. P. *self-cranking* motor, electric dash and tail lights, multiple-disc clutch and four-speed transmission running on ball bearings, 130 inch wheel base, Booth Demountable rims, 36 x 4½ inch tires all around, and a luxuriously comfortable body having *four* doors with operating levers *inside*.

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Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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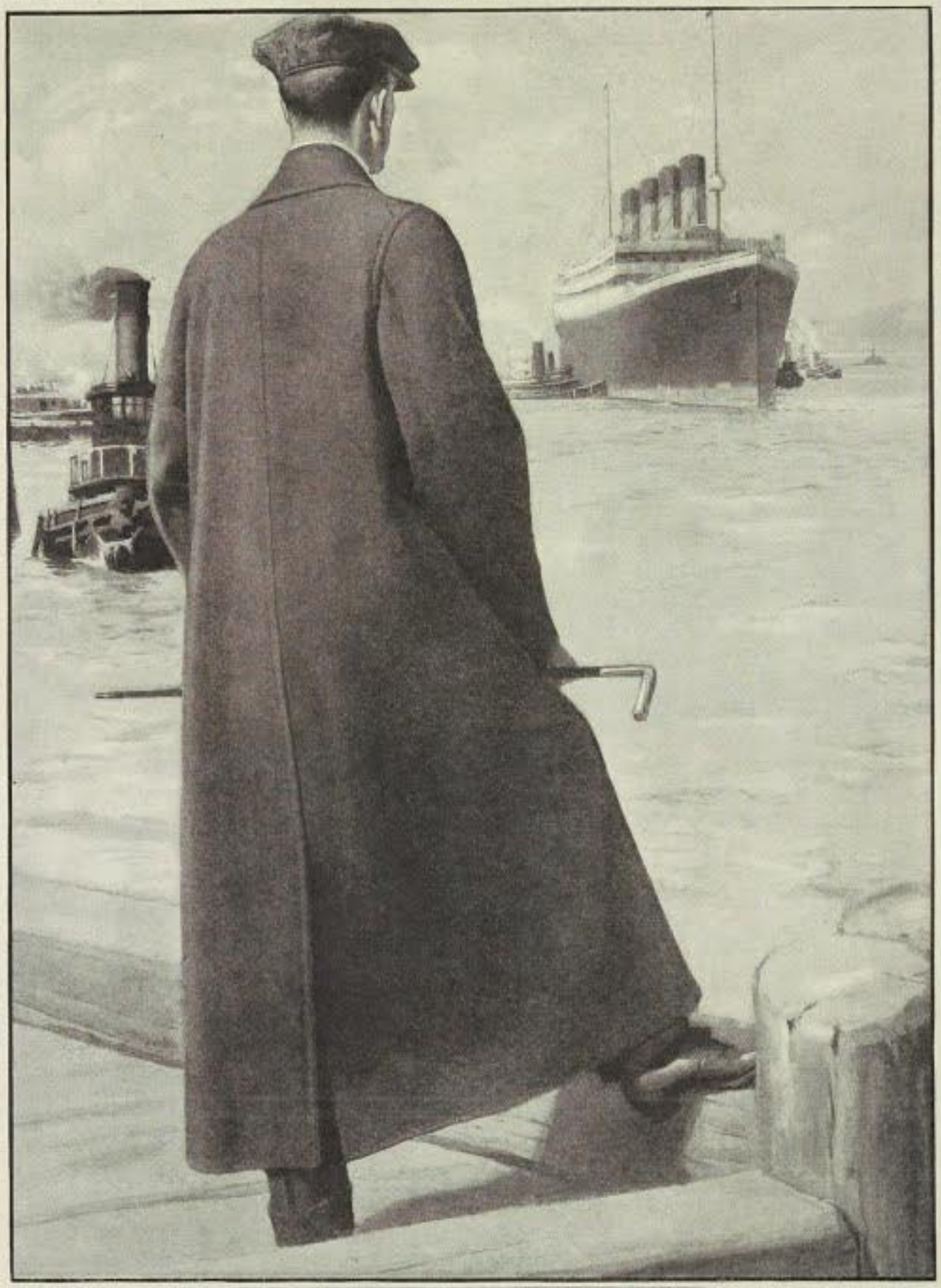
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CLEVELAND—Sixth City

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Look for our name in buying; a small thing to look for, a big thing to find

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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In every nursery, should be a cake of Ivory Soap.

The need for it arises a dozen times a day—not for the bath only, but for shampooing; for removing spots and stains from baby's dresses and underwear; and for cleaning bottles and other receptacles for food.

For these purposes, and for many others that might be named, a pure soap is absolutely necessary.

Ivory Soap is pure.

There is no "free" alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most sensitive skin.

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Volume 184 *PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 11, 1911* *Number 20*

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

ON A CERTAIN June evening, not so far in the past, the clocks in a certain Ohio city suddenly struck five. Not too suddenly however. Each clock, as is the nature of clocks, took its time about it. Quite a time, in fact. At any rate, six or seven minutes before the hour the first prematurely sprang its news, while the last, a lazy, deliberate affair, stolidly waited till all the rest had finished and then clanged sulkily.

Very human of the clocks—I say, rather a bit like men. Some beat it to their jobs, others get on them promptly to the dot, while a third sort, forever tardy, need oil in their works and constant regulation.

Boom!—count one, then add four. F-i-v-e by the town clocks—yes! and I have yet to mention the whistles!

They were a thousand and some more. No industry was without its pipe. One was on each and every mill and machine shop, on each and every foundry, factory, power house and pumping plant. On the big blast furnaces down by the lake there were several, a dozen, half a hundred maybe. Moreover, each was of a size proportionate to the size of the particular industry that supported it. Over among the tanks and pots of the Standard Oil Works they turned loose a brass Pan-pipe as big and fat as a nail-keg, a thing with the voice of a dragon of Wantley. For a full minute this screamer whooped and blatted stridently, tearing into tatters what remained of the vesper silence.



"You Want More Money, Don't You—Another Raise?"

Noise? You may make up your mind it was noise! Not even by italics and exclamation points can I ever emphasize the fact. Because noise means bustle, and this was a busy, bustling town!

Among these clocks and whistles there was one timepiece that far and away led all the others in impulsiveness. It was an office clock, an eight-day clock that for years had looked down upon the desks, the inkwells and the ledgers from the wall space above the door of the fireproof vault. A staid, orderly clock you'd have called it—a respectable, sober affair. Truth spoke roundly out of that round, bland face; there was a strict sobriety even in the way it ticked—or, let us say, it clucked. Tick tock! tick tock!—never hasty, never eager; in no case ever impulsive. Each tick it tocked was, in fact, exactly as if some benevolent old gentleman uttered something mild—"Hmph! bless my soul!" or "Well, well, now I never!" How long it had hung there none in the office knew, not even Mr. Driggs, the head bookkeeper, and he himself had been with the office since Heaven only knows when.

Coal—soft coal—made up the firm's business; they dealt in it by the carload, in trains and in steamer cargoes. However, as Mr. Driggs could have told you, it was a trade far from being as soft as its name implies. Instead, toil, often drudgery, was involved—a continuous grueling grind. The bookkeeper looked tired and wan. Frost had touched his hair whitely at the temples, there were deep lines about his eyes, and his shoulders stooped unhealthily. All his life Mr. Driggs had worked—no, slaved! and now, past middle age, he had arrived only at that point reached by some millions of other tired fellows when they arrive at middle age. However, it was through no fault of his, for day in and day out, every day for years, Mr. Driggs had devoted to his employers all his loyalty, nearly all his strength, and with these a very great deal of patience. Nevertheless, in a few more years now—say, eight or so—or five, perhaps—for that matter, maybe less—well, pretty soon, anyway—a new man, one just verging on middle age and not too wan and overworked, too mussed and tired and listless, this new fellow, I say, would quietly shove aside Mr. Driggs from his place at the slanting ledger desk and fittingly would step into Mr. Driggs' shoes. Then the worn-out, lemon-squeezed, silenced Mr. Driggs would retire to a little farm somewhere out on the lake shore, there to grow beans and spinach, and there to try and forget how long and how hard a man may moil and sweat and labor in this world without drawing a prize in any package. Beans and spinach—garden truck! Yes, and no doubt in his past, buried youth Mr. Driggs had confidently looked forward to a finale of blooming orchids. *Vale! Te salutamus*, old sport! Out on your farm, I dare say you wonder whether it has all been worth it, and whether, if you had your life to live over again, you would ever . . .

"Why, God bless my soul!" suddenly exclaimed the bookkeeper.

It was not without a cause. Over his head the clock, giving first a preliminary creak and rattle, now whirred a bit, then after a moment's impressive pause ponderously struck the hour.

"Well, well, who'd have thought it!" chirped Mr. Driggs in surprise.

The remark involved nothing against the clock. For years each and every day at five Mr. Driggs had uttered the selfsame observation, likewise always in astonishment. It was a habit, nothing more. Indeed, he would as soon have thought to catch himself misstating facts and figures as he would to nab the clock in a fib. Together they were equally ancient and honorable; each, like Cæsar's wife, would not have lied even for Cæsar.

However, in this case the clock had not only fibbed, but had fibbed outrageously. In brief, at the moment it struck almost a half-hour—twenty-eight minutes, to be exact—was still wanting to five.

A good reason though! Indirectly the clock's momentary fall from grace lay in the fact that it was a Saturday; more directly it was attributable to the shameless activity of one of the younger clerks.

A fact! Quite surprising, of course; nevertheless, as true! Two hours before, or at a moment when Mr. Driggs was immerged temporarily inside the office vault, this clerk had first climbed nimbly upon a chair, then as dextrously had turned the hands ahead. By this means, and blandly indifferent to the business morals involved, the youth in question had gained for himself a little extra precious liberty. This he would spend happily, guiltlessly, out at Lakeside Park, there to wander in the gloaming, his head filled with thoughts of nothing at all in particular, while at the same time he sipped nut sundaes, took a whirl in the roller-coaster or the bump-the-bumps, or, more delicious than all, while he and a "sutt'n party" with whom he was "keepin' comp'ny" sat upon a secluded bench and held hands in sweet distraction. But now exit!—for outside this brief episode of the office clock the clerk and his lady friend have no place within these pages.

After all, all work and no play is no sort of a whetstone for the wits of any Jack. Elsewhere the day was a half-holiday—not here however; and over in another corner of the office sat a second young man, also a clerk, who too had ideas upon the subject. In age thirty-two or thereabouts, his appearance included the successive items of medium good looks, medium stature, blue eyes, brown hair and an expression of fair-to-middling intelligence. A highly average, ordinary, entirely medium young person you would have called him, and so he was without doubt. Just now the blue eyes, framed behind a pair of spectacles, were fixed intently on a sheaf of yellow tissue sheets stacked before him on his desk. On the top sheet one read the legend, "Str. Winnie Grousmuller, Escanaba, Mich.," under which there ran off into seeming infinity a succession of cabalistic letters and numerals, as for example: "P.R.R. 153956—100,000," "P.R.R. 233802—80,000," "P.L. 736859—110,000," "P.R.R. 257684—70,000," and so forth.

In brief, each sign and numeral, the integrals of this involved abracadabra, stood for a railroad car and its contents of Pittsburgh bituminous coal. In the aggregate some one hundred and eighty-odd cars, they formed the cargo of the aforesaid Winnie Grousmuller. To check each carload in turn, then to add up the sum total of their tons was the work that engrossed the brown-haired, blue-eyed clerk. It was a highly intellectual pursuit. In its stimulus an inspiriting mental recreation, the task compared

favorably with other well-known brain indulgences: picking hemp, for instance, or cracking refractory roadrock. However, one must not overlook its variety—certainly not! After the cars—the cargo—of the Winnie Grousmuller came the cars—the cargoes—of the whaleback Sampson, the barge Lucy Halloran, steamer Osceola, schooner Hiram Bloodgood, and so on, and so on. Variety, eh? Oh, yes, indeed! Each sheet in that sheaf of yellow tissue sheets stood for a ship; bunched together they represented a regular Homeric catalog of ships. It had been a busy day at the coal docks—there were steamers and barges, whalebacks and schooners to burn. The young man looked at the clock, then he looked at the yellow tissue manifests. Afterward he grunted a grunt that was a toss-up between a grumble and a groan. Pushing back his chair, he slung down his pencil, ran a moist hand through his hair and now treated himself to the indulgence of a sigh.

Not only do I know all this expressly, particularly, I know also the reason why. A good reason too.

I myself was that young man.

Mr. Driggs was paring an apple. Why bookkeepers always have an apple on their desks or in the drawer I cannot say. Possibly it gives them something to think about. Anyway, always at the hour of five Mr. Driggs first put his ledger and journal in the vault, locked the black japanned-tin petty cash-box in the safe, then with his sharp-edged ink-eraser attacked the daily pippin. It was a task that required care and skill together. This was owing to the fact that often during the day in moments of abstraction Mr. Driggs dipped his pen into the apple rather than into the inkwell. Accordingly he must now excavate and tunnel to remove these several blemishes. Leaning over the waste-paper basket he pared and probed deliberately. Presently he spoke:

"Finished yet?"

Obviously the remark was meant for me, though it as well might have been for the scrap-basket, since it was into this that Mr. Driggs had directed it. However, he and I were alone now, the other clerk having, so to speak, seized time by the forelock and skipped. Out in the hallway he could already be heard hallooing to the elevator boy: "Hi, there! Buck up, you sleepyhead!"

I said "No." Somewhat ironically I referred him to my desk—to the fact that there Ossa still remained piled on Pelion.

As before Mr. Driggs again spoke hollowly into the scrap-basket.

"Five o'clock, Agnew—time to quit!"

So far as it concerned me it was neither five nor yet the hour to quit. I, in fact, remarked so impressively with bitterness. "Eh, what?" popped out Mr. Driggs. Thereat wonder dawned in his eye, and swinging hastily to the clock he at the same time snatched out his watch. Upon this a second exclamation left him, one that now was almost startling.

"Why, God bless my soul!" cried Mr. Driggs, dismayed.

I dare say it all sounds farcical enough. There was, however, in Mr. Driggs' manner no hint either of farce or any other sort of merriment. He looked ruffled and worried—downright guilty, you'd say, as if indeed he had been caught red-handed in something really shameful. Plainly, had Mr. Driggs been trapped dead in the act of dipping into his employers' cash-box he could not have seemed more conscious, more shamed and overwrought.

And why?

Why, because carelessly, unwarrantably, Mr. Driggs had for the first time in many years **quit**—knocked off—slid his job before the whistle blew! He had stolen, or he was innocently about to steal, close to a full half-hour of his employers' precious time!

Ye gods and little fishes!

They say that the devil finds work for idle hands—sure he does! I had mine shoved in my pockets just then, but that's no matter. Not only was I idle, but inside me a devil was at work. It was the devil of discontent. It had been there now for many days.

Poor old Driggs! Dropping his apple, he scuffled—or I should say rather he scrambled—back inside the vault. Emerging presently, I saw that he bore with him one of his fat canvas-covered tomes, the day-book, which he flopped down upon his desk, then flung open with a hurried hand. Across the ground-glass front of a door to the inner offices the shadow of a man's figure moved momentarily; it was Mr. Bloodgood, the senior partner, making ready to depart; and with one eye upon the door the bookkeeper fumbled for a pencil. Till he had found it he still watched, silently covert and furtive; and then, with shoulders by habit drooping awkwardly into their old familiar posture of weakness and weariedness—the telltale of his nearing decrepitude—Mr. Driggs sprawled himself upon the journal's pages. He worked! Again—now red to the ears, as I could see—again Mr. Driggs plunged back into the midst of his lifelong task. Guiltily and with shame, in penance and with pain, he set forth to scourge himself with an extra hour's labor of casting out the nines!

Ye gods again! Once more the little fishes! I stared at Driggs agape. I, too, was a hired man; like him, was I doomed likewise to become in my old age a drudge, a slave, Atlas and Sisyphus in one? Well, if that was the case . . . But just then something snapped inside me.

I don't know what it was. All I do know is that at this precise, particular moment the something in me snapped, cracked, flew apart in flinders. Possibly it may have been hope. It may as well have been my loyalty—that, or, to put it in another way, the doglike fealty of the clerk class that had led me, along with all the rest, to go on striving not for myself, but for others. I hated the hot, stuffy office. Especially I hated the office clock, it and its bland, smug, round and shiny face—its lazy, complacent clucking, that and the swing of its heavy, deliberate pendulum. It was like a wagging finger warning and admonishing. "Tick tock! work hard! that's the way to get there! Tick tock! hard work—be patient, loyal, earnest!"

It wasn't only the beastly clock that had said it. There were others—my employers, in brief. "Ahem! Rome was not built in a day, my boy—no, of course not! Certainly not!" After this pet speech of his Mr. Bloodgood, the head partner, would puff out his cheeks, purse his lips and try hard to look as important as he felt. "Rewards come slowly in commercial life—yes, yes, to be sure! Why, I myself—ahem!" Mr. Bloodgood would add as he again pompously cleared his throat. "Now I myself was forty-five before I ——"

If you've ever had a fussy, bombastic, self-important old boy for an employer you can well imagine the rest of it. Yet for all his egotism old Bloodgood meant to be kindly. About him in his dealing with the office staff there was something paternal, patriarchal. An Abraham without either whiskers or wisdom, I'd call him—a well-meaning old party who in his speech ever affected the benevolent. "Be patient, my lad, loyal and patient—that's the way to get on. Now I—I myself now ——"

Ousley, the junior, somewhat differently expressed it. "You do your work," said Mr. Ousley in his curt, crisp tones, "and if you show yourself able and alert you'll have a chance here. If you don't though —— Well, that's all there is to it," added Ousley bluntly, not to say grimly, chopping off his words.

Frankly I'd heard him say it only once—on the day I took the place. Afterward the junior partner rarely addressed me except to give an order. Nor was he more loquacious with any of the dozen other clerks.

Sometimes, though, I thought I noted a difference in his dealings with the superannuated Driggs. Then, or as I fancied anyway, a hint of mildness crept into his tone—a manner of soft and quiet, dignified, friendly deference. It was as if some high captain of a corps paused on the battlefield to salute a warworn, wearied veteran. For this I respected Ousley, yet even so I doubt if at any stage I was ready to rub up for him the bright jewel of my liking, the gem of manly liking.



She Was Not Overdressed Like One or Two of Those About Her

To the moment, indeed, I recall how instead—and with what a vigor of hearty, youthful cocksuredness it was too!—I disdained the junior partner. He, too, was young, in age not above ten years my senior, and it was, I dare say, his youthfulness coupled to his authority that first irked and fretted me. It rankled that I must take my wage from him; that I was, in fact, the paid servitor of a man who, in years at any rate, was so little my superior. Again, the reality that I must take my wage from any one was in itself bad enough; to take it from one that in many ways I held to be my inferior was galling. Exactly! I looked down on Mr. Ousley. I was a college man; he was not—and I begin to suspect, too, that more than one clerk out of the college class has so regarded his superiors. Besides, I had antecedents—a name, traditions—family traditions—all that sort of thing—as, for instance, a grandfather safely and reputably filed for reference. In brief, my grandfather had once almost become governor of our state. And had Ousley such traditions? If he had I was sure I'd never heard him brag of them. He was, instead, entirely self-made, a man who by the bootstraps of his own wit and effort had raised himself out of the most humble of ordinary beginnings.

However, about Ousley was one thing I somehow never seemed able to remember, while about myself was another thing I never seemed able to forget. The first was that if Ousley had started life as chore-boy in a Cincinnati gift-and-premium tea store, now both Dun's and Bradstreet's were unanimous in declaring him AA1. This, as I say, I always overlooked; the other fact, one that I never forget, was that if I was today a clerk, a hired man, once my family had been wealthy.

In America, so you hear, a family's fortunes run three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves; and I—I was a living exemplar of the rule. It was the chief, the most vivid of my traditions. Constantly my wits mulled upon the remembrance. I was a clerk, you know; and as a clerk, of course, it was only natural that my wits should go gathering shoddy wool like this.

Let me be brief now. It was my grandfather's money I dreamed about; he had made it and my father had lost it—or, at any rate, he had somehow let slip through his fingers the share handed down to him. Of course, not all of my ancestor's fabled wealth had been lost. A part remained. Little good it had done me though; for this was my Uncle Jessup's share, and between us ——

I omit this for the present. That is, I prefer to say nothing at the moment of my uncle and his wealth. Later on, though, you'll hear some echo of my Uncle Jessup's dealings—something concerning himself and his activities, his wealth and his ways of life and living.

As for myself, the story is this, this only: I, of the third generation, had indeed fallen into the predestined shirt-sleeve class. For eight years hand-running here now I'd been toiling at the treadmill, a hired man slaving with his coat off.



"Five o'Clock, Agnew—Time to Quit!"

Eight years of toil, of drudgery!—or so I thought—of menially trotting here and there at the beck and call of others. This was my life, I told myself—oh, yes! and what had I got to show for it?

Well, I knew—or, that is, I thought I knew. And to tot up the sum total, moreover, of what I thought it had brought me seemed an effort as easy as it was unflattering.

Item, my wages—viz.: thirty-five dollars a week.

Ditto ——

I couldn't think of any ditto. I had my wages only—only my wages, I said. Other items, of course, existed; but to my jaundiced eye they belonged on the debit rather than on the credit side. However, life is all bookkeeping anyway. You can cook up your books to make whatever showing you wish. Somehow, though, it never dawned on me to cook the books to my advantage. No, I should say not—because had I done so I might perhaps have struck a different trial balance!

Item, one home. Post this, if you please, over on the ledger's credit side. It was a five-room, thirty-dollar flat out at the end of the West Side trolley line. Post also on the ledger's same side its plain but comfortable, substantial furnishings. One more item now. It is an item that even was foremost in my mind; though, to be sure, I had yet to learn its actual rather than its mere book value. This, if you please also, I will post where it shows out prominently, the most prominent of my possessions either then or now.

Item, one—only—wife.

A wife? Oh, yes: I had a wife! Like any other clerk, for that matter, I, too, had given a hostage to fortune!

Boom!

At last now it was five—veritably five o'clock. Outside the city bells clanged authority for the fact; the whistles, too, had begun to blat and screech. Shrugged down in my chair I sat with outsprawled heels, both hands thrust deep in my pockets, and let my eyes once more cruise back to Driggs.

He still hung there, his shoulders hunched over the pages of the day-book. Once, at the noise, the bustling clamor of the whistles and the bells, I saw him glance briefly at the clock. Then again Driggs' weary eyes drifted back to the journal's columned figures, to them and his endless labor of totting up their totals. Lord! Well, I at any rate was no bond slave, a shackled drudge, what though indeed I might be one of Bloodgood & Ousley's hired men. Driggs, if he saw fit, might plug away forever, or till he was turned out to pasture, let's say, to his predestined beans and spinach. As for myself——

A telephone stood upon my desk. Its presence there, I might say, was a little mark of importance—my importance. Whenever one of us clerks arrived at the dignity of thirty-five dollars a week Bloodgood & Ousley at once saw to it that his desk was so equipped. Usually the clerk was highly flattered. He was, in fact, as puffed up about it as some underpaid man stenographer might be puffed up when, in lieu of a raise in pay, he gets his name on the firm's letterheads as "secretary." However, it's only just to say that Bloodgood & Ousley had no intent either to flatter or to cozen us. The telephone was there to save time—Bloodgood & Ousley's time. Ousley, I may add, kept always a strict eye on every penny.

Never mind about that now. Just at this moment the telephone rang, and halfway in the act of slamming down the roll-top of my desk I stopped and snatched up the receiver.

"Well?"

A woman's voice came trilling over the wire. It was in its tone soft and self-contained, a cultivated voice. Jennie, my wife, was speaking. "Is that you, Jimmy? Coming, aren't you?"

Jennie never came to the office; rarely, too, she telephoned. Once, three years before—it was in the first year of our marriage—she had come to the office on a Saturday afternoon and Mr. Bloodgood had seen her. "Ahem!—ah—Mr. Agnew, any distractions—yes, to be sure! especially in business hours. Ahem! you, of course, understand ——" I understood perfectly.

Waiting till he had finished his hemming and hawing I told him so; so after that Jennie kept clear of the office. Nor would she even telephone unless she thought the matter of importance.

Now what stirred her I well knew. "Look here, Jennie," I began slowly—dubiously, besides, let me add, "if you don't mind ——"

She let me get no farther. "Oh, but, Jimmy!"

"Yes; I know," I listlessly returned; "only I wish you wouldn't insist. I've been at it all day"—what it represented would, of course, be clear to her—"and really now a party ——"

Again she broke in on me.

"But, Jimmy, you promised! Besides, it's the biggest sort of an affair. Every one will be there—then, you know—you know I'm asked to pour tea!"

This clincher settled it—I might say, also, it almost settled me. If the thoughts in my head were hardly of a sort that add hilarity to an occasion—least of all to the gayety of a daylight lawn party—Jennie, at any rate, must not be disappointed. For Jennie had a new dress to wear and with it a new bonnet; in fine, it would be a shame to deny her the simple pleasure of displaying them, especially since each was the creation of her own hands, made by herself, hat and gown together! Oh, yes! And out at the garden party there would be matched against my wife's modest small display all the high-priced art of the professional—creations stamped with the hallmark of the best and the very most expensive dressmakers and bonnet shops. These other women would, in fact, wear hats that had been boxed to them from nowhere else than New York, or perhaps Paris. A few even would be decked out in headgear that hailed even from Vienna, which, if I am credibly informed, in all that has to do with gowns and bonnets voices the *dernier cri*. Yes; and the least of these hats, if their value be now considered, would have cost its wearer's husband as much as the sum of my weekly wage, if not more. Or, were I likewise to price the gowns shown off, there would be more than one effect—the art of Fifth Avenue, or, say, the Rue de la Paix, even the Koenigstrasse as well—gowns, let me remark, that in cost would make my month's pay look like small change.

They were not overdressed, these women—that is, not remarkably so. They wore their rich trappings as if they were used to them—and so they were. They were, in brief, as used to them as they were used to the money that bought them. It was their husbands' money. Their clothes were its evidence. Hats and gowns, gloves, shoes, hosiery and parasols each of itself and in the *tout ensemble* advertised by its costliness, its own particular richness, the wealth of the wearer's good man.

This was a business community, a society of business people. As such they made few other pretenses. Money talks, you're told; here it shouted! Really money was the one, the only impulse of their lives—mine, too, you understand, what though I hadn't any worth talking about. I am not scornful now. I merely state the facts. They—and I—being in business but for money, it is only natural we should rate both ourselves and others by the standard of dollars and cents. But, as I say, it was as much by their wives' get-up as by any other means that these men placarded their wealth, their worth, their place in life. Plumes for themselves they scorned; ordinarily a pepper-and-salt sack suit was good enough for the best, the richest in the lot. For their women, though, nothing costly was stinted. Gems and gewgaws, fine feathers, big—if not fine—homes, plenty of pocket-money, horses, motor cars, so on and so forth—these were the caste-marks of class, the handbill evidences these men put forth to show their class, their caste.

And now to mix in among these birds of paradise would come a bird of quieter, more sober plumage—a little gray dove, in fact. It would be my wife, she in her four-dollar hat and the ten-dollar dimity gown hemmed and stitched and tucked by herself. In these she would show herself, my advertisement—that I was a clerk, a clerk only, and in the eyes of these other men—well, to take a phrase out of the usual business jargon—"not getting on!"

What's the use? I had a grouch on, a good grouch, there's no disguising the fact. I was not only sore on myself, but I was sore on the world in general. Only, like a good many others in need of a general mental poulticing, I neglected to remember that if I was sore at what I was—that I was a hireling, nothing else—I had only myself to blame. In point, a remark I once heard Ousley make still sticks in my head: "You can't hold down a good man!"

What Ousley said, though, I pooh-poohed generally. Had it been otherwise this story never would have been written.

"—— and, Jimmy," remonstrated the voice which through all this had been steadily harranguing me over the wire, "unless you hurry you won't get to the party till every one else has left."

"All right, Jennie. You get on a car and I'll meet you out there."

Hanging up the receiver I put on my hat and shut the desk with a bang. Driggs started at the noise. Turning slowly, he stared at me with his dull, solemn eyes.

"Finished?" murmured Driggs.

"You can make up your mind I'm finished!" I retorted grimly. He was still gaping when I stamped out. At Bloodgood's door I paused, gave my collar an emphatic jerk, then rapped smartly on the glass.

No answer. I rapped again; afterward I turned the knob and walked in. Bloodgood was gone, but in the room adjoining I could hear Ousley stirring; now he raised his voice.

"Yes, who's there?" he called.

It was almost disconcerting. The fact is, that while I was ready enough to say to Bloodgood what I had to say, to say it to Ousley was quite a different matter. But what were the odds? I knew Bloodgood's timidity, his habit of hedging. Even with me he would dodge and twist, hemming and hawing excuses till he'd had a chance to get an opinion from the junior. So, taking the bull by the horns, I opened Ousley's door.

He sat at his desk, signing the night's letters—a man of medium stature, no larger and no heavier than myself. Somehow, though, his figure gave one the impression of bulk, of bigness and strength. Even his face seemed large and strong, perhaps because of his heavy chin—it, his deep-set eyes and the stiff, bristly, close-cropped mustache that only half hid the straight firmness of his narrow lips. These—the lips—looked like the jaws of a trap, so I fancied. They showed force only, no hint of softness or of sympathy.

At my entrance he had not even raised his eyes. "Well?" he inquired briefly—bruskly, in fact.

I waited. What I had to say demanded attention. Least of all would I say it to any one that seemed more interested in something else. Presently Ousley spoke again.

"Yes, what is it?" he remarked.

"When you're finished, Mr. Ousley," I retorted.

He looked up then. In the glance he shot at me I think he must have read my mission. At any rate, without removing his eyes from mine, Ousley laid down his pen.

"Well?" he again rapped out tersely.

It is no easy matter to unburden one's self to a figure of stone—that is, unless perchance the stone image happens to be your worshiped idol. Ousley was not mine certainly! After a bit, though, I managed to beat up to what I had in mind. Out it popped, and having said it I stood and waited, watching the man's inscrutable face.

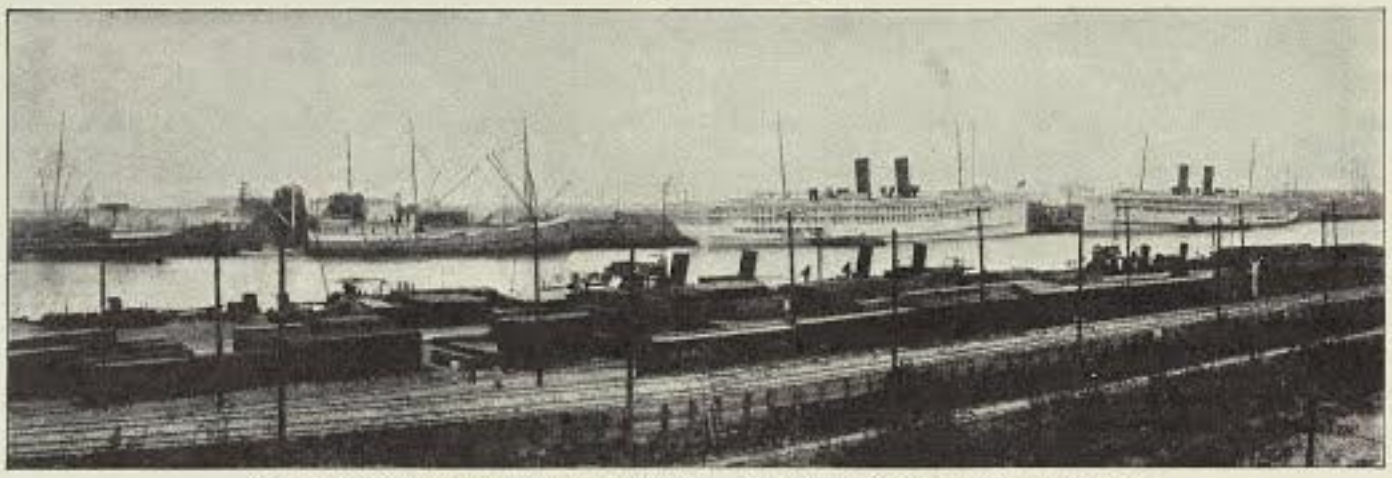
Quite a pause followed. Through it he sat still with his eyes on mine. Then quietly he echoed what I'd said.

(Continued on Page 45)



"Put This in Your Pipe and Smoke It: Ogleby's Paying Me Five Thousand Dollars a Year!"

Will Panama Revive the Merchant Marine?—By Agnes C. Laut



Part of the Water-Front at San Pedro Harbor. Steamships Yale and Harvard at Docks

WILL Panama Canal revive America's merchant marine?

Or will "the water route be rendered innocuous," as the Interstate Commerce Commission expressed it in the decision on the Reno rate case?

Or will the United States be raising a fine crop of lily-pads and water-cress for seasoning political salads on the three-hundred-million-dollar ditch inside of ten years, as the foremost railroad man of America has openly predicted?

Or will other nations get the cream while the United States has left only skimmed milk on this three-hundred-million-dollar investment?

Or should a flat tonnage toll of one dollar and fifty cents be levied against all shipments through the canal to pay interest on the investment?

. . . . . .

These are the questions uppermost on the Pacific Coast today. They are the questions that Congress has to answer very soon; and it does not require the illumination of X-rays to discern who is behind the campaign just now being launched for a flat tonnage of one dollar and fifty cents against the water route. One can guess a chance shot without hitting all over the barndoor as to why the steel sections of Pittsburgh and Cleveland boom a ship subsidy, though you don't hear much about a ship subsidy in shipping sections and the seaboard country.

Lily-Pads or Gold and Silver

THERE is not the slightest doubt, when Panama opens, things are going to happen—happen quick and happen thick. Ask your broker. He tells you: "Be careful! Panama is going to bedevil things and force a readjustment for a year or two." Ask your railroad man; and he smiles with pity over that "lily-pad business." If he chances to be President Hays, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, he declares: "We will ship a hundred million bushels of wheat annually from Prince Rupert to Europe by way of Panama. We are going to have our terminals ready for the opening of the canal." Your steamship man does not deal in futures at all. He is down to brass tacks right now, and quotes you a rate by Panama for eight thousand miles by water cheaper than the rail rate for five hundred miles. For instance, for grocery imports you pay from Antwerp to Los Angeles six dollars plus a ton. The rail rate from Los Angeles to San Francisco for those same grocery imports is seven dollars plus a ton.

If you want detailed lists of these rates write to the president of the Jobbers' Union, Los Angeles; or the traffic manager of the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco; or the president of the California-Atlantic Steamship Line, San Francisco; or the manager of the Balfour-Guthrie Shippers from Liverpool and Antwerp to the Pacific.

At the mere mention of Panama the Western shipper goes clean through the roof! He is so sure of what is going to happen! He is paying ninety cents a box now to ship oranges to New York. Plus refrigeration it comes close on the dollar. When Panama opens he has been quoted rates of from forty to fifty cents a box, always supposing and presupposing—and please put a peg or a handspike through the fact to fix it in your mind, for that is the crux of the whole matter—always supposing and presupposing there are ships!

Ask a traffic lawyer like J. B. Teal, of Portland, or a traffic expert like William H. Wheeler, manager of the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, "What about Panama?" and to a man they will declare in the very words of W. A. Mears, transportation manager of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce: "There is no question but that the Reno decision will force westbound shipments to the water"—always supposing—again, please note—the existence of boats! Why the Reno decision? If you want to know what the Reno decision has to do with Panama write to Mr. Wheeler for his report to the Merchants' Exchange, or to Mr. Bates, of the California-Atlantic Line, for the paper he read before a group of Pacific Coast shippers.

In a word, the decision compels an equalizing of rates—that is, the railroads can no longer charge inland points seaboard rates plus the rate back inland. There must be either a lowering of the rates to the inland points or a raising of the rates to seaboard points, in order that there shall not be such unjust discrimination between the two; and, as the inland rates represent eighty per cent of the total traffic, and the seaboard rates twenty per cent of the total traffic, there is not much doubt that the equalizing will take the form of raising seaboard rates. In the words of the interstate decision: "The coast cities are rendered secure so long as they choose to avail themselves of the advantages of the ocean."

There isn't the slightest doubt that things are going to happen when Panama opens. Even the army engineers, who cannot be quoted owing to their position, acknowledge: "There's going to be tremendous traffic; but whether the United States gets it or not depends on whether we develop a merchant marine for this carrying trade. We pay the cost; but other nations may reap the profits!"

Take a brief survey of preparations for Panama.

Every harbor on the Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Prince Rupert—Canadian as well as American, in spite of the defeat of reciprocity—is busy dredging, building breakwaters, replacing old wood with steel and concrete, extending dockage facilities, lessening pilotage and stevedoring charges, and dispatching commercial agents to ransack foreign countries for markets. If you add up Federal work on harbors; civic bonds to improve harbors; canal work—like the Celilo, above Portland—to give water access to four hundred miles of inland territory; new dockage, such as is planned for Seattle and Oakland; elevator capacity, such as the Grand Trunk is building at Prince Rupert—you will find the sum total of preparing Pacific harbors for traffic through Panama nearly a hundred million dollars.

In all my six months in the West I met only one pessimist on the subject of the Panama Canal—a man who denied all the facts set down above as to harbors; and I want to set his denial down so that any other pessimist can write for the facts to the merchants' exchange and chamber of commerce of each city. This man was a sorehead because the chamber of commerce in his city had organized a non-profit-sharing stevedoring civic company in preparation for Panama—and the pessimist was partner of a private stevedoring company.

Preparations for Prosperity

SO MUCH for harbors, which presuppose ships. What about the ships? I would be safely within the mark to say there is not a big ocean line in the world that has not had representatives on the Pacific Coast this last summer, planning to catch a share of the new Panama traffic. English, Scotch, German, Japanese, Norwegian, French and Spanish lines—all have had their agents on the coast spying out possibilities. Other companies, like the American California-Atlantic, with twelve ships, and the Scotch Balfour-Guthrie, already have their liners on the route—for the present the former utilizing the Panama Railroad, the latter sending its liners round the Horn.

In addition to the old liners a new company, financed chiefly in Baltimore, plans to put on fifteen new ships for mail, passengers and freight. One Hawaiian line is to increase its nineteen steamers to a fleet of forty-five, with service from New York to Seattle and Hawaii. Eight new coal and lumber freighters are planned to carry coal from the East to the Pacific fleet, which now utilizes fourteen British bottoms—think of it, the American Navy dependent for its coal supply on foreign carriers! Seattle and San Francisco have had applications for wharfage for five other freight and passenger lines to run on a weekly schedule after the opening of Panama. Chicago is pushing forward the Lakes-to-the-Gulf route as a feeder to Panama. St. Louis has established the Mississippi Valley Transportation Company for freight barges down the old waterway. Kansas City capitalists have subscribed stock for a new Missouri line, and the city of Portland is already operating a Columbia River line which—when the Celilo Canal is finished—will tap inland shipping for four hundred miles.



Prince Rupert Harbor

Yet more—and these are practical plans for which surveys are now being made—little inland towns back from the coastal railroads are planning independent civic spur lines down to the ocean front. Any one wanting details of these should write the Board of Trade at a town like Medford, Oregon.

Yet, in spite of the railroads' predictions and the brokers' fears and the army engineers' hopes; in spite of the shippers' calculations and the steamships' cheaper rates; in spite of the three hundred millions spent on the ditch and a hundred millions spent on harbors; in spite of the inland towns planning spur lines to the sea and the big Mississippi cities subscribing for the revival of river freighters; in spite of an old line putting on forty-five new ships and a new line planning fifteen steamers of ten thousand tons each, all these things may not lead to the increase

of America's merchant marine by one flag, by one ship, by one ton! In spite of all these factors, "The water route"—in the words of the Interstate Commerce Commission—"may be rendered innocuous." As far as America is concerned, in the words of Mr. Hill, Panama may grow lily-pads. Other nations may reap the profit, while we pay the bill.

How?

Why?

"How?" repeated Mr. Freedlander, secretary of the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco. "By many of these new lines buying their ships abroad and flying a foreign flag. Why? Because we are up against two difficulties in the case of the American merchant marine which a foreign flag has not to contend against: First—It costs from sixty to two hundred per cent more to build and operate a United States ship than to build and operate a British or a Norwegian or a Japanese line. Second—Because the navigation laws of the United States are obsolete and impossible, and have killed our merchant marine. These laws were an attempt to apply protection to the sea. Now the ocean is free. It cannot be chained or fenced by any man-made laws; and our navigation laws have simply thrown our commerce into the hands of foreign nations. The laws of the United States prohibit the registry of foreign-built ships under the American flag. Now you can build ships at just half-cost abroad. What is the result? Ships used in American commerce, owned by American capital, register under a foreign flag."

"If the laws of the United States also prohibit vessels under a foreign flag trading between ports of the United States, how do these vessels under foreign flags ply here?" I asked the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Portland.

"That is easy," he answered. "Take the case of these Norwegian freighters carrying lumber down from British Columbia; or the English colliers bringing coal from Virginia for the Pacific fleet. They come down here and unload, say, the coal at Seattle or San Francisco; the lumber at San Pedro. Then they load up with wheat or lumber and carry that to Europe. They are practically plying from port to port with us under a foreign flag; but, by calling at foreign ports also, they evade our navigation laws which are so obsolete they cannot be enforced against foreigners and only hurt our own shipping."

Our Obsolete Navigation Laws

"THE first thing necessary to enable us to profit from Panama," declared Mr. Freedlander, "is to wipe out these old navigation laws. They have killed our merchant marine. The big ironworks here in San Francisco do not object to ships being built abroad. As it is now, these ironworks have very little ship-repairing to do. If we had a big merchant marine they would have more than they could do attending to ships putting in for repairs. Look out on this harbor!" He waved toward the blue waters of the Golden Gate. "Scarcely a ship moving—and our harbors should be busier than railroad freight yards! Not only should the old navigation laws be abolished—unless we are to lose the benefit of Panama—but no tolls should be charged United States ships between United States ports. High tolls for the canal are not needed and will only throw the traffic into the hands of foreigners. You will notice that the people howling loudest for a subsidy are not the coast crowd. They are the steel crowd. All the



Looking Toward Portland Canal From Prince Rupert

shippers want is to have their hands untied so they can compete on equal terms with the ships of Germany and England and Norway. And no hostility should come from the railroads; for with a flat immigrant rate of forty dollars from Europe to the Pacific Coast the railroads will have the traffic of twenty million people to look after instead of the traffic of two millions. In fact," declared Mr. Freedlander, "abolish the old navigation laws and Panama will make the Pacific Coast a front door to America instead of a back door."

"The navigation laws are not only obsolete on general principles," declared Mr. Wheeler, formerly Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor, "but they are impossible in detail. For instance, as you know, the railroads and steamships in the West are now using oil as fuel. It is cheaper and lighter and cleaner than coal; but for American ships to carry both oil and passengers is against our old navigation laws; and that is only one example of the unworkable character of these laws. A subsidy? If the old navigation laws are abolished we shall not need a subsidy to stimulate a merchant marine. The great traffic available will be stimulant enough. If you average up the freight rate a ton from San Francisco to New York now it will run from about sixteen to twenty-five dollars. By water this rate will not exceed five dollars a ton. The traffic will be enormous. One way a subsidy might be worked would be in free tolls or mail contracts to United States ships."

As a matter of fact, the Canadian passenger steamship lines are now using oil as a fuel, but the American ships cannot do this.

When I repeated San Francisco's advocacy of free tolls to the pessimist of Portland he declared that such discrimination would be contrary to the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. "Very well, then," said the secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, and reiterated Mr. T. E. Gibbon, the harbor commissioner, "if discrimination in tolls is contrary to treaty then give United States ships port advantages or some countervailing duty, or some reduction in tariff."

Though the Seattle Chamber of Commerce has put itself on record in favor of a subsidy, it has put itself more emphatically on record in favor of rebated tolls. "As it is now, how are we situated?" asked Secretary Hadley, of the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. "Alaska coal is suitable for the navy and equal to that of West Virginia. Yet, up to 1910, nine hundred thousand tons of West Virginia coal had been brought round to the Pacific in British colliers for our Pacific fleet. The old navigation laws must be abolished and some kind of aid given our merchant marine, either in a straight subsidy or rebated toll that will not conflict with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty."

And now, when you repeat the questions: Will Panama revive America's merchant marine? Will "the water route be rendered innocuous"? Will Panama grow lily-pads and watercress for grafter salad? Will other nations reap the benefit while the United States pays the bill? Should a flat tonnage be levied to pay interest on the investment? What should the United States do to reap the greatest benefit from Panama?—it will be noticed that the answers of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle are practically unanimous on three points:

First—All agree to abolish the old navigation laws.

Second—All advocate the granting of free tolls to United States ships.

Third—If free tolls are contrary to treaty, as against a rate for foreign ships, then give a rebate, or tariff concession, or port favor to United States ships.

A ship subsidy is advocated by only one of these cities.

So much for the views of shippers and transportation experts; but, when all is said as to theory, it is the man who has already launched his ships via Panama whose argument should weigh most.

American Steel Cheaper Abroad

"YOU see," declared Mr. Bates, of the California-Atlantic line, "we are up against more than navigation laws. Labor costs just half as much abroad as here. English captains get twenty pounds a month. We pay our captains two hundred dollars. Japanese boathands live well on seven dollars a month, while Americans, to live well, need twenty-five and thirty and fifty dollars. In addition, consider the cost of material. I know a foreign shipowner who is building ships for American trade. He called me out one day and showed me a steel girder going into his new ship. 'See that?' he said. 'That is from Pittsburgh; yet I can buy it abroad forty per cent cheaper than you can buy the same girder for your ships in the United States. It is the same with the timber we use.' Now the ocean is a free highway. You can't jack prices up on the ocean with a protective tariff.

"The object of a subsidy is to create a merchant marine for carriers in case of war. Now ninety per cent of a subsidy would go to the existing big liners and not increase coast-to-coast carriers by one ship; but, if coast-to-coast United States ships were given free tolls through the canal as against foreign carriers—so long as the discrimination did not apply to United States ships plying to foreign ports, that would not violate the treaty—such free toll would so stimulate a domestic merchant marine that thousands of vessels would be built.

"Another point, please notice—it is most important: The railroads say, and the campaign now launched by the railroads is now saying, that this loss through free tolls of ten million dollars a year would pay interest on the money invested in the canal. Notice, and have the public get it

(Concluded on Page 49)



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The Water-Front of San Francisco

FIND X

By RILEY ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LOVE is the *x* of life's algebra. An unknown quantity, it defies the mathematician, laughing at logarithms and locksmiths. It bloweth whither it listeth. The Eskimo dreams his blubbery dreams of fat and fair maidens shining with grease and amorously rubbing noses. His brother in Italy twangs a guitar and soliloquizes in three octaves and a passionate crescendo of one with dark eyes and a 3B foot. The descendant of a hundred earls has wayward longings for the goosegirl; Antony had his Cleopatra; and there have been many lesser and easier marks for Cupid's rapid-firing gun.

So much for a sympathetic contemplation of the abstract. For the concrete, turn to Col. Hiram H. Fiskett and the North American Matrimonial Agency, Limited, Chicago, United States of America.

Colonel Fiskett sat in his office at ease. It was on the seventeenth floor of the Products Building, and the roar from the great surging tide of men and affairs in the Loop came faintly up from the streets, where early twilight was already giving way to the glare of gas and electricity that civilized man throws against a late November afternoon. A pile of letters lay in front of the Colonel. He opened them one by one. From some fell checks, from others money orders, from others bills and occasionally coins that clinked excellently. The Colonel's fat white hands worked industriously—slitting the envelopes with a little ivory paper-knife, putting the letters on one side and the fast-growing heap of coins, bills and checks on the other. He swept the letters into a wire basket, the heap into a drawer of the desk, and, leaning forward, pressed a button.

Before the genie comes that answers the call of the button, the Colonel deserves more extended notice. No poet laureate has yet arisen to strike a harp attuned to the feateful doings of the Wire Trust or to blow the Be horn in celebration of the Railroad Merger, or I should turn over to him the prose story of the rise of Colonel Fiskett, founder, organizer, manager, president and sole owner of the North American Matrimonial Agency, Limited, assured that there would presently be heard strophes worthy of the theme. In other fields the Colonel would have headed a timber steal—deal, I mean—gone to the coronation, or been called before a Congressional committee to lay bare the secret of the panic of 1907. Or he would have spoken on a wool-revision platform in the spring and a Chautauqua platform in the summer. He would have worn more medals and fewer diamonds; and his correspondence system would have dealt in Dick-to-Dick letters.

In his more modest circle of endeavor the Colonel had displayed qualities that might well gain the attention of the bard of business. Nature had cast him for some mighty part in public affairs. Circumstances had foiled the original playwright. He had started carrying a spear and had now risen to a speaking part, albeit only an aside.

The Colonel owned to thirty-five years of age and was probably forty-seven. The first forty years of this his light had been hidden under one bushel after another. Newsboy, peanut-butcher, circus-hand—he had attended the school of adversity twenty-four hours a day, always with his eyes open, both of them, to the main chance. Ten years ago you might have seen him standing on some vacant city lot handing out bottles of hair-restorer that would lift the armor off a dreadnaught, and ten years before that he was proving to the dissatisfaction of honest agriculturists that the hand is quicker than the eye. In that school of adversity he had taken most of the courses that lead to master of arts, and had come out with a *summa cum laude;* but once, in Elgin, where he had gone to see the wheels go round and incidentally to attend the county fair in the way of business, his hand had not been quicker than the eye of a stout yeoman with a tempting wallet—and the Colonel had gone to Joliet for a year as a "dip." From contemplation of the past he emerged with a firm resolve to do right as long as it paid, and also with the ideas of the dip forever behind him. It was at this stage that he turned to the gray Quaker hat and the ten-cent bottle of capillary anodyne that the street crowds scrambled for at fifty cents. In a week the Colonel had found himself. Four years later he had established the North American Matrimonial Agency, Limited.



"Don't Worry About Me. Go and Spend the Money"

Sing, O bard of business, of the rise of the Colonel, then! He Morganized matrimony; he Harrimanized Hymen; he capitalized Cupid. He incorporated, floated, bonded and, with the care of a financial conservationist, watered the stock of Venus & Co., and made that firm pay twenty per cent dividends.

He went through the successive sartorial changes of brown derby, gray fedora and shiny tile, and along with the tile came a frock coat and gray spats, side-whiskers, a deprecating wave of the hand—a smile professional and unctuous. You would have picked him out for a prosperous, respected personage.

Colonel Fiskett revolutionized the industry. Into the methods of the get-hitched-quick promoters he introduced system. He bought up mailing lists from patent-medicine kings, seed firms and mail-order houses. If you were divorced today, tomorrow morning the postman would bring you a letter from the Colonel, offering you helpmeets in assorted lots. He established the Matrimonial Register and sent it broadcast through the country. His agents were scattered over the land, not overlooking Utah, and paying particular attention to Vermont and Massachusetts. In the Colonel's dictionary there were no such words as single blessedness; he would have persuaded Solomon to try his luck again on the little-down-and-little-at-a-time plan.



Mars Hath His Victories as Well as Cupid

The Colonel's correspondence school had no college yell, but he graduated his pupils by hundreds, each with a marriage certificate for a diploma. He brought hearts together, soothed the elderly maiden in her spinster loneliness, cheered the bachelor with a promise of spousely comforts, stimulated the disappointed to try again, healed the aches of alimony, and gave guaranteed osteopathic treatment for any case of cold shoulder. He harvested the crop for many a grass widow and sowed new seeds for her, and picked peaches instead of lemons in the garden of love with the unerring eye of your true horticulturist.

At the end of three years of growing but still modest success Miss Marie St. Claire Vandemeer blew in on her old pal. Let me introduce you. Some years before, while the Colonel was distributing his liquid tomahawk from the street corners, Miss Vandemeer had been Mary Crawford, waitress, Green River Hotel, Green River, Indiana. The Colonel stopped at the Green River, and the waitress, blonde, already daring—perhaps one should have said already blonde too—had caught his eye.

"I'll show you a way to make some easy money," he had said to her; and she answered: "Any easier than you're making it now?"

That settled it. When the Colonel left Green River Mary Crawford left too; and thereafter in many a town, as the Colonel, aloft on his box, chanted the virtues of the hair-restorer, a stylishly dressed woman slipped through the crowd, bought two bottles, smiled, murmured her thanks—and after that no chanting was necessary. Or perhaps she sat beside the Colonel, handing out change. There was her own blonde hair to attest the efficacy of the mixture; it was hers, and she could prove it.

Mary Crawford and the Colonel continued their hirsute hike for nearly a year. Each day she grew prettier; and as she learned the ways of the world outside Green River she picked up pointers on dress and manners that made the Colonel gasp. After a while he made his peregrinations alone, for Mary gravitated to New York and adopted the stage for her career. You may have seen her in The Fairies—that statuesque one on the right, you know.

The stage career palled, and Miss Marie St. Claire Vandemeer looked up the Colonel in Chicago. Then he carried out a plan that had long been growing in his mind. It was his master stroke of business. He took Miss Vandemeer into his confidence and his profits. One day a wealthy sheepman, or copper king or something, from Montana, yearning for home life, wrote to the Colonel: "Will pay you one thousand dollars cash if you can fix this up for me right"; and the Colonel, considering himself a first-class fixer, telegraphed the Montana man to come to Chicago. He came—and met Miss Vandemeer. She was no longer the somewhat forward waitress of Green River. A good dinner, several bottles of—well, not hair-restorer—and many glances from Miss Vandemeer's big brown eyes, and the cattleman, or copper king or whatever he was, offered his ranches and ore and a solitaire to Miss Vandemeer, and to Colonel Fiskett the check for a thousand, which that farseeing man promptly cashed.

Miss Vandemeer was to become Mrs. Something-or-Other next day. At luncheon there was a quarrel. The cattleman never knew how it happened. He found himself out on the sidewalk, swearing Montana oaths as a taxicab whirled up the street. Next day he hunted up the Colonel for his thousand.

"But, my dear sir, you broke this off yourself! After I had it fixed for you, you insulted the lady!" explained the Colonel gently but firmly; and the cattleman, in the end, went back to Montana minus his thousand, minus a wife, plus experience.

That simple transaction opened a new line of business for the North American Matrimonial Agency. Henceforth the Colonel carried the agency merely to facilitate the ventures upon which he and Miss Vandemeer now embarked. It was surprisingly easy. Sometimes the Colonel made unexpected visits out of town; sometimes he had to shrug his shoulders and refund. There was a sad experience with a rude Southerner who insisted on pulling the Colonel's nose. A lumberman from Wisconsin sat in the outer office all one afternoon full of rage and Swede dialect, waiting for an opportunity to pour them forth; but Colonel Fiskett devised cunningly and reaped bountifully. His lines extended. He rented the big suite in the Products Building, with his general offices and multitudinous stenographers elsewhere, furnished it in mahogany—and grew his side-whiskers and a stomach. He landed a Klondike millionaire for ten thousand—and added an office boy resplendent in bright buttons and uniform. Miss Vandemeer invested in Paris gowns and an accent that Green River, Indiana, would have accepted as English. You could see her at the opera or the horse show for nothing.

. . . . . .

The Colonel pressed the button and said to the uniformed office boy: "Tell Miss Graham to come here."

The Colonel and Miss Vandemeer have occupied many paragraphs. Let one suffice for Miss Graham. She came from the North Side, had an invalid mother and two small brothers. Stenographers with an invalid mother and two brothers, especially if they live on the North Side, usually draw down six dollars a week. Miss Graham was paid twenty-five. The Colonel could have had a stenographer for six, but not a Miss Graham. On this she supported the mother and brothers, dressed neatly and saved fifteen a week. If I were writing articles for ladies' magazines on How to Live on Nothing a Year, I should follow Miss Graham's tips and play them on the nose, as they used to say while they were still allowed to improve the breed in New York. And Miss Graham did not look underfed. She was small and fair. If the dramatic unities require a stenographer to chew gum, wear a pencil in her back hair and a rat under her pompadour, she transgressed the unities. She had the deepest of blue eyes, a sunny smile, and no rodential aid was needed to fluff her shining hair. For the rest, she wore a shirtwaist, a blue serge skirt and a businesslike expression.

The Colonel waved at the pile of letters. "Look after those, Miss Graham," he directed, "and check them up—mostly subscriptions to the Register. Now take this."

He dictated several letters. One was to a miner in Northern California. One went to New York—a big hotel too; a third to Wyoming; a fourth to Washington. With each went a photograph of Miss Vandemeer. "I guess that will bring some of them!" the Colonel observed.

The office boy knocked and entered with a telegram. Colonel Fiskett tore it open. "Ah!" he said; "that Oregon man is coming next week. Get out the Barnett correspondence, Miss Graham."

Miss Graham returned in a moment with a bulky envelope. It contained several letters from a post-office in Oregon and a typewritten sheet. The Colonel's eye ran over the sheet. "Barnett, William J.," it began, and ended with a signature—"Lavin."

Between the heading and the signature were such items as "Wheat lands. Steady, but not a dead one. Age, twenty-nine. Mixes some in politics. Ready to spend money. Looks like good prospect."

As the stenographer withdrew, she heard the Colonel calling Miss Vandemeer's apartments at the Hotel Bergau. She looked at the letters from Oregon and for a moment her expression was not exactly sunny.

"Hello, Mary!" said the Colonel over the telephone. "I've got a man coming in next week. All the way from Oregon, and ought to be good for two or three thousand. Dead crazy to get married."

"I hope he's a live one," said Miss Vandemeer at her end of the line. "Say, if he's another rube like that last one you'll have to count me out. I can't stand for any more sword-swallowers, Fisky."

The Colonel shuddered at "Fisky," a relic of other days; but he answered hastily:

"Sure! Sure, I know. I saw you across the café and he did look like a freak. But listen, Mary! This one is all right. Lavin says so."

"All right," she assented. "Hope he keeps his feet out of the fingerbowls. See you tomorrow——So-long."

The Colonel hung up the telephone instrument a trifle savagely. "Gettin' too fresh!" he said. "Just because she's in business with me and draws a bankroll, she's tryin' to pull that temperament thing now!"

The Colonel owned an automobile and at five o'clock it appeared. Simultaneously he disappeared for the day. At half past five Miss Graham closed the office and fought her way through the daily rush on the Elevated. A young man, with clothes a little too extreme, heels a little too high, face a little too flushed, stared at her impertinently. She looked at him wearily, but steadily and coldly; and the young man, after an uneasy attempt to look her out of countenance, pushed farther down the aisle. She retired behind a paper.

. . . . . .

At five minutes to eleven the following Tuesday, William J. Barnett, of Malheur County, Oregon, locally known as Bill Barnett, stepped into the elevator in the Products Building and went hurtling up toward the seventeenth story. If Miss Graham transgressed the dramatic unities Bill broke them; he shattered them, he smashed them. He did not wear a sombrero or a gun loose-hung over his thigh; no spurs jingled on high-heeled boots, nor did he walk with the graceful roll of one spending his life in the saddle. You would not have looked at Bill's clothes twice on either Broadway or State Street; but you would have noticed his six feet of height, the deep, clean tan of his face, the clear gray of his eyes, the squareness of his jaws and the width of his shoulders. For the rest, he might have been a lawyer, a doctor—a stockbroker instead of a stockbreaker. He got his clothes in Portland, Oregon, that purveys tailor-made togs as well as crawfish and referendums.

Mr. Barnett's conduct in the elevator did not distinguish him as a product of the Wild West, unless, indeed, the removal of his hat at the entrance of a lady be accounted an eccentricity of the plainsman. Nor did he enter the outer office of the North American Matrimonial Agency rolling his gun. He walked in quietly, lifted his hat to Miss Graham and asked for Colonel Fiskett.

"Not in yet," said Miss Graham. "Any message, please?"

"My name's Barnett. I was to see the Colonel at eleven. I'll wait, I guess," he answered.

Miss Graham flashed him an interested look for the hundredth of a second. She had seen many types of men in that office—rich and poor, old and young—all bent on the one purpose of assisted conquest. Heavy-eyed roués, bankrupt in purse and health, seeking to ease the former and recuperate the latter; uncouth laborers, risen to fortune at a lucky turn of the pick or the market; pasty-faced youths in search of a meal-ticket and idleness—they had drifted in and out. In that hundredth of a second Miss Graham put Mr. Barnett down as a type that was new to her.

Half an hour went by. Colonel Fiskett did not appear. As a matter of fact, that captain of industry had been attending a late supper the evening before, not strictly in the line of business, and was even then rising in his luxurious apartments and trying to remember his engagements for the day.

The Colonel was long in coming and Mr. Barnett moved uneasily.

"Would you mind my asking you a question?" he inquired mildly.

"Not at all."

"I suppose you know who I am from the letters I wrote," said Mr. Barnett. "So long as Colonel Fiskett doesn't show up, I'd like to know more about this. He wrote me to come here and he'd see"—the color came under his tan—"that I met some nice girl. I'd sort of like to find out who she is."

"Sorry," said Miss Graham briefly. "You'd better talk that over with the Colonel."

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Barnett; "I didn't know." The color came higher in his somewhat boyish face.

Miss Graham had decided by this time that he wasn't fresh. She liked the way in which he said "nice girl." Most of the men who talked—or tried to talk—to her on the one subject that brought them all to the Colonel's office mentioned "Nice little auto rides" and "Nice little suppers." When the carriage on her typewriter ran to the end and the little bell rang its periodic alarm she glanced at the Westerner and was sorry she had snubbed him.

"I believe the Colonel's not coming down this morning," she said. "Perhaps you'd better come back this afternoon."

"All right," answered Mr. Barnett, and got up to go. He walked to the door and then turned.

"I've got a notion not to come back," he said.

"Why not?" asked Miss Graham.

"I guess it's a fool chase, coming here like this. I've been sitting there thinking it over. You might tell the Colonel I've changed my mind," and he opened the door.

If the Colonel had been a minute longer putting the gardenia in his buttonhole that morning; or if his big touring car had been held up a minute more at Sixteenth Street; or if the elevator had stopped at the twelfth, thirteenth and sixteenth stories instead of the twelfth, thirteenth and seventeenth—the North American Matrimonial Agency would have lost a patron and Mr. Bill Barnett would not have lost the four-o'clock Express home. But none of these things happened; and, as Mr. Barnett opened the door, Colonel Fiskett, immaculate and beneficent, entered.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Barnett!" said the Colonel immediately. He had the eye of a boss barber. "Just step into my private office. Miss Graham, if any one calls I am out, y'understand?"

. . . . . .

"We meet him at six, Mary," said the Colonel. "Then a little dinner, y'understand—and it's up to you. Leave the dinner to me. The same place. An' what you want to do is to get into some clothes that would go for Portland, Oregon. Cut the Broadway stuff. Rich but subdued's the idea. He'll shy on the cheap actress line. Genteel—that's the word."

"Say, Fisky," protested Miss Vandemeer, "what's this goin' to be—a sewing-circle? Didn't I hear you say he was a live one?"

"He's live enough for a thousand if this goes through," answered the Colonel. "That fellow's got a roll big enough to choke a horse. I reckon he uses it for a pillow. All he needs is some one to talk about leaving the great city with its cares and heartaches behind and going into a new country to make a happy home for some good, true man. About the time he gets that into his system, along with some of the grape, he'll be wondering whether the parson keeps open nights and trying to bribe the waiter to leave long enough for him to hold your hand and ask you how you'd like to have your post-office address changed to Cow City, Oregon."

"All right, Fisky," said Miss Vandemeer. "I get you. Run along now. Bring round your fair-haired boy at six o'clock. I'd just as soon rob a cradle as a grave anyway."

At six o'clock the motor stopped in front of the hotel and the Colonel and the Westerner ascended to a first-floor parlor, swept and garnished, and varnished and



"And if We Split, It's Back to the Chorus and Twenty a Week for Yours"

gas-logged. Miss Vandemeer kept them waiting eleven minutes by the marble clock on the near-oak mantelpiece. She knew the value of those few moments of suspense before the star's entrance on the stage.

Then the grilled-work elevator came down and Miss Vandemeer made her entrance. Even the Colonel, censorious critic of the art of making a hit, found her début flawless. Her plume was not too long, her hat too large or her complexion too perfect.

She hesitated perceptibly as the Colonel introduced them in his handsomest manner; the color came into her cheeks; her eyes dropped a moment, and then she looked straight into Barnett's eyes for the fraction of a second and gave him her hand with just the right degree of cordiality and just the right degree of reserve.

"Bernhardt's got nothing on her," said the Colonel to himself as they went out to the motor.

The Colonel had selected a quiet place for the dinner. The excellence of the cuisine suggested a restaurant; but, by the token that no prices appeared on the hand-painted menu card, one gathered that it was a café. Louis, the waiter, deft of hand, soft of foot, deferential of voice, served them faultlessly. The orchestra, faithless to tradition, ignored the wornout airs of popular operas; and the Colonel, sensitive to the harmonious in stage setting, felt a glow of satisfaction as his roving eye failed to pick out a single jarring element in the groups of well-dressed, well-bred people at the tables. "Genteel—that's the word!" he murmured to himself.

. . . . . .

"Life in a city is not always so gay as it seems, Mr. Barnett. Sometimes one gets tired of the rush and wants to get away from it. . . .

"Now you're a man who has seen life as it really is among real men. I'd love the West, the mountains and the big plains and—and the other things!

"Society!—I don't care for society. One has to worry over dinners and teas and receptions and clothes—you simply have to do it. I don't do it because I want to. I'd rather be a poor country girl than to have to keep up this pace."

At the Colonel's slight sign Louis brought another bottle, wrapped lovingly in a towel.

"Thanks," said Mr. Bill Barnett. "I'm not much on this anyhow."

"It's some of a special old vintage they keep for me here," said the Colonel urbanely. "I propose a toast to the Great West, Mr. Barnett—the Great West, where men are men!"

Miss Vandemeer sipped daintily.

"I'm drinking the toast just the same; but, really, I never touch liquor to any extent," said she.

. . . . . .

The Colonel came into the office next morning smiling, his step light; and by that Miss Graham knew the business in hand was prospering. She did not see Mr. Bill Barnett. In the afternoon the man from Oregon and the Colonel went motoring, and that evening they called again at Miss Vandemeer's hotel. This time it was dinner and the theater.

The next morning, however, the Colonel did not smile and his step and eyes were heavy. He looked over his correspondence, snapped out a few orders and went out. Half an hour thereafter he was in Miss Vandemeer's sitting room, and Miss Vandemeer, suave and serene, ordered her morning cocktail, sat on the arm of a chair and drank it while the Colonel strode up and down the room.

"What's the matter with you, anyway, Mary?" demanded the Colonel angrily. "You had him going the first night; but last night you fell down. Looks to me as if you were trying to throw the game!"

"Did it, Fisky?" murmured Miss Vandemeer. "Well, what ought I to have done?"

"Done!" cried the Colonel. "Just kept up that play you started the first night—that's all. Hand that soft-music stuff to him strong. He'll fall for it. Pass it out about wanting to quit the bright lights—and be a real woman. You ain't losing your grip, are you?"

"That's it, I guess, Fisky," answered Miss Vandemeer. "Say, do you think I couldn't get him if I wanted to? I don't want to—that's the size of it."

The Colonel stared and then ripped out some distinctly naughty words.

"Go on—swear!" said Miss Vandemeer. "I'm going to renig on Bill Barnett, Fisky."

Colonel Fiskett's face began to look dangerous.

"Why?"

"I'll tell you why. Because he's on the level with me. Because he's a boy and a good one too; and I haven't got the nerve to keep it up. The others—they've been different. They were all looking for the best of it and putting up the coin to marry me. Talk about stealing pennies from a blind man! That'd look like handing out Carnegie libraries compared to us trimming this boy. That's why, Fisky."

(Continued on Page 60)



Miss Marie St. Claire Vandemeer Looked Up the Colonel in Chicago

On Main Street—I is for Ibex

IN THE alphabetical rhyme that we used to study in our childhood, the same being decorated with woodcut engravings that looked as if they might have been done with a knife and fork, it was set forth among other things that U was for Unicorn and Z was for Zany—but I was for Ibex. Pursuing the last-named topic to its proper conclusion, one learns from Webster's Unabridged Dictionary that the Ibex is a large goat, with curved horns, found in the Alps and the Apenines. No doubt Webster meant well; but naturally, when wrestling with so many different words, he was bound to let a few mistakes creep into his well-known work, and it would appear to be the duty of the present writer to set the world right in the matter of the Ibex.

The true Ibex has a horn all right, and there is often something about him suggestive of the goat; but his favorite haunt is not the Alps or the Apenines. It may have been so once, but not any more. His favorite haunt at this time is Broadway—city, county and state of New York. He is to be found there in countless numbers—blowing his horn—and with the accent always prominently on the I; in fact, if you left the I off there would be no occasion really for the bex part.

Everywhere on Broadway you encounter him—leaping from crag to crag, and from crag to café and back again, uttering the characteristic flutelike note of his kind, consisting of the sounds I-I-I-me-my-mine-I-I-I, followed by a long, rapid and continuous roll of the I's. You find him singly, in pairs, in flocks and in dense herds. You find him on the stage and in the audience, on the sidewalk and between the cartracks, on his uppers and on your toes, on velvet and on the hog. And wherever you find him he's working at the trade.

It seems that the first Ibex—old Mr. Isadore Bex, I think his full name was, or possibly it may have been Isaiah—was one of the first settlers of Broadway. He moved there when it was only a post road to Yonkers and the block where the Metropolitan Opera House stands could have been bought for nine dollars and seventy-five cents cash—only nobody had that much cash. Dying, he left behind him a large family.

Let's see now—there were Ignatz and Israel and Ike and Ichabod, and Ivan the Terrible Bex, who were sons; and Irene and Isabel and Iolanthe and Iuka and Iodine, who were daughters—and several others, all with the initial and the emphasis in the right place. And to this good day their descendants and namesakes populate the thoroughfare from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth to the exclusion of almost all others. Distant relatives and adopted members of the family are constantly moving in from other sections, but as soon as they become thoroughly acclimated they throw off all pretense and come forth as true Ibexes, remembering always that I is for Ibex and the Ibex is for I—first person I, pronoun I, objective case I, capital I, upper-case I, world-without-end I, forever and ever I, amen I.

On Broadway the I's have it by acclamation. The man who talks about himself most is the man who is most talked about by others. That would appear to be the set rule. What is the Flatiron Building but a large I standing on end? What are the slanted city blocks but italicized I's—and the straight blocks but Roman I's? What is Broadway itself, as some one has already pointed out, but a very large, exhausted I, lying down flat on its side to rest?

Moving to Boston, you learn to use the broad A. Moving to Chicago, you learn to insert into your conversation the Lake Michigan or rolling R. Moving down South, you learn to drop it. Moving to New York, you learn to feature the large and upstanding I—and the trick is done. You belong then. You may prefer to tootle on it like a flute, producing shrill, piercing notes, with the I for their motif; or you may pull the stops all the way out and play on it like a slide trombone. You may have it tattooed on your chest as a mural decoration, or you may use it as a fountain pen to write things about yourself upon the available blank spaces; but never must you forget and leave the I at home. If you did you'd catch your death of cold from the exposure.

Assuming that a typical Broadwayite is a typical New Yorker—which of course he isn't—but assuming for the sake of argument that he is, there is at once visible a striking difference between a typical New Yorker and a typical resident of any other American city that is growing rapidly, such as Chicago, to take a fair example of the North, or Atlanta of the South, or Los Angeles of the West, say. Catch a Chicago man or an Atlanta, Georgia, man at a banquet board or on a sleeping car, at a funeral or at a wedding, or anywhere, and barely mention—just barely whisper the name of his town. That's his cue; he's off then, telling you how much it increased in population in the last ten years and how much more it is going to increase during the next ten, and how many new factories have started up during the past six months, and how many miles of new sidewalks are being built this fall, and how many loaded freight cars a minute or a second are leaving its railroad yards on an average. He has all the available figures right where he can put his fingers on them. His pockets are loaded with statistics and he hauls them out by the handful and sprinkles them over you like confetti at a carnival.

You may begin to wish, after an hour or two, that he would change the subject and talk about the Russian Dancers or the newest White Hope or something; but, in any event, you are impressed with the facts that the place he comes from is quite some place, and that Heaven, with a few modern improvements, would be something like it—only, of course, Heaven hasn't anything like the number of trunklines running in. He is organized to boost his town first, last and all the time. Speak slightingly of him and possibly you may get away with it; but raise your voice

against his town and it would exceedingly behoove you to be good at one of two things—fighting or running.

In regard to the Broadway person we were speaking of a minute ago, however, it is different. He has all the sense of local pride that an angleworm has. Mention to him the large and no doubt gratifying growth in New York's population as shown by the recent census, and he says, stifling a yawn, that figures never interested him particularly; but if it is true, then something ought to be done right away to keep these rubes from swarming in and taking all the good jobs. Direct his attention to the figures of New York's gross business in a year, and he remarks wearily: "Yes, it has been a fair season for the musical shows." Complain to him of some crying municipal evil and ask him what he thinks ought to be done about it, and he thinks probably you'd better call a policeman. Aim a bitter jeer at New York and he shows no heat whatsoever. Either he doesn't care a hang whether it's true or not, or else he goes on the broad Broadway principle that New York is the only finished and complete thing in the world and anybody who criticises it must be either a liar or an ass, or both; but hand him one little short-arm personal jolt—just one—and you certainly will get his goat—pardon me, his Ibex.

Once there was a cyclone that hit a town in Arkansas and turned it inside out. It wasn't one of those little one-ring cyclones that are here today and gone tomorrow. It was a three-ring-and-elevated-stage cyclone, with a hippodrome track and a street parade three miles long, traveling with its own private besom of destruction. It did all the things that one of those orthodox old-line Southwestern cyclones naturally would do. It was immediately preceded by a swallow-tailed bolt of lightning, which completely undressed a prominent citizen, hung his clothes, neatly pressed, over the top limb of an adjacent tree, branded him on the stomach with William Jennings Bryan's initials, and passed into the earth with a loud roaring sound and a smell like somebody frying ham. Then the main attraction proper came along and proceeded to act up something scandalous. It blew julep straws through the three-foot brick side of a distillery; it removed the paper from the walls and left the pictures hanging there; it spared the hovel and smote the palace, and it fell upon that well-known Arkansas Democrat who swore never to shave until Samuel J. Tilden was President and mowed all the everglades off one side of his face, but left the rest of his hoscage comparatively untouched. And then it moved on to the next stand, leaving that town looking as though it ought to be reshuffled and dealt over again.

In the course of a few hours the editor of the leading home newspaper—there was but one—dug himself out from under several tons of plastering and laths and unpaid subscriptions and suchlike flotsam and jetsam; and, after he had excavated a lone printer and a crippled press and a stickful of type, and one thing and another, he got out an extra, giving the main details. As extras go, this wasn't such an extra extra, but across the front page, in the biggest font of type the editor could resurrect, ran the lines so satisfying to local pride:

HICKSVILLE DEVASTATED BY THE BIGGEST STORM THAT EVER HIT A TOWN THIS SIZE!

Twelve Dead, and the Wind Blew Eight Miles an Hour Faster Here Than it Did in the St. Louis Cyclone!

Now there was an editor who was wasted on Hicksville, Arkansas. He belonged by rights in Chicago or Seattle or Portland or Atlanta or Birmingham—but he wouldn't have done for New York—not for a minute! The appropriate treatment for such an affair in New York would have been a headline reading something like this:

COLONEL JOHN JACOB ASTOR PROVIDENTIALLY SAVED!

By Being in Newport at the Time He Escapes Death in a Storm That Kills a Number of Practically Unknown Persons!

On Broadway, as elsewhere, modesty is even as the shrinking violet; but on Broadway it keeps right on shrinking, until after a while it has vanished altogether. Besides which, the national flower of Broadway is not the violet, anyhow, and never will be; it's that quaint French floweret known as the Camembert cheese, which catches your attention from afar and holds it when you're close up. And its national emblem is the Ibex—the star-eyed, double-eyed Ibex. And the ego in its cosmos is visible to the naked eye in a thousand ways. It's egoing all over the place constantly. A stranger strolling on Broadway, and listening as he goes, gets the idea that Broadway is a street lined on both sides with double rows of extra large-size Gothic I's, like triumphant columns, with smaller I's running along continuously like picket fences, and millions of little i's scrambling round underfoot like red ants.

Contrary to a somewhat common belief, the Broadway Ibex is not much given to hammering the achievements of others. To begin with, he hasn't time. He's too busy slipping in a few kind and earnest words touching on his own unique and peculiar qualifications for doing whatever he may happen to be doing at the moment. And in the second place, what is the use of wasting figures of speech on somebody else when there is ever a more interesting and timely subject right at hand? Ibexing must pay—it has to pay or so many bright people wouldn't follow it as a trade. Judged by the yardstick of dear old Broadway, the man who seeks to do something for the community at large is a butt-in or a bogus reformer, and the best thing he can do for himself is to take his foot in his hand and hurry right on downtown and join one of those antisomething societies that are so common in that district; but the person who is constantly uttering a few enthusiastic remarks in behalf of himself—now there's a person you want to watch! He has taken the third degree and ridden the Ibex. First thing you know, he will be the biggest I in the lodge!

You may watch the procession drifting by—the playwrights and the play-brokers, the first-nighters and the second gravediggers, the various kinds of agents—press, wire and road—the brokers and the broke, the actors and the actresses, the models and the misfits; and each one is for himself strictly and the Tom show take the hindmost! It is conceded that a good many women dress to attract attention. They may do it in a perfectly modest, proper, ladylike way; but, nevertheless, that is the purpose and the intent—to attract the roving eye.

The Power of the Press Agent

ON BROADWAY the men do it too. Certain tricks of dress have come to be the badge for certain callings. For the playwright, the manager and the successful actor, there is the fur-trimmed overcoat; for the literary personage, the extra large nose-glasses, like cold frames over a forced growth, with the extra-heavy black rubber rims round 'em and the extra-wide black silk ribbon to tie 'em on by; for the successful pugilist, the yellow gloves and the diamond horseshoe looming up in his necktie like an illuminated subway entrance. And in each and any event the conversation is restricted to two general topics—namely—first and foremost—the individual Ibex, who is doing the talking; second and last—the lives and doings of such lesser Ibexes as are then ranging the official Ibex preserve, which, as already stated, is Broadway from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth Street inclusive. When these two subjects are exhausted it is time to retire and get a night's rest before starting in fresh all over again tomorrow morning.

Personalities are capitalized on Broadway, deliberately and premeditatedly. There is one man in New York who advertises himself to the madding throng by wearing about all the portable jewelry there is. Seeing him decked out in his official regalia of gems, metals and precious stones at a horseshow or on a first night at the opera, you would get the impression that the reigning houses of Europe were now entirely out of crown jewels and had been reduced to using moss agate and aluminum wear for decorations on state occasions. He is one of New York's property celebrities, of whom there are several hundreds. He is megaphoned by the orators on the sightseeing wagons; he is pointed out in the theater lobbies, where he blazes between acts, all red and green like an all-night drug store; he is mentioned in every regular and orthodox story of Broadway that is printed in a New York newspaper. What a great many people do not know however, is that, on the side, he is a successful business man, who has made a fortune out of perfectly commonplace commodities which have nothing whatever to do with jewelry. Merely mounting his personality in an emerald and ruby setting has helped him to make his money.

There was once a young New York dramatic critic who hit on the happy and original idea of attending first-night performances attired as though for a walking tour through the Ozark Mountains. First, all the other critics would enter in a solid phalanx—whatever a phalanx is—lofty-browed, swallow-tailed and white-tied, each minding his p's and q's to a serious and painful degree. Then this young critic would stroll in—blithely minding his I's only—in a flannel shirt and a pair of trousers that hadn't been pressed in so long they were accordion-plaited. There were other critics who wrote criticisms as good as his and maybe better, though he was rated among the best; but, as the critic who did first nights in a sweater and a pair of gum boots, he won a Broadway fame that lasted long after some of his contemporaries were gone and forgotten.

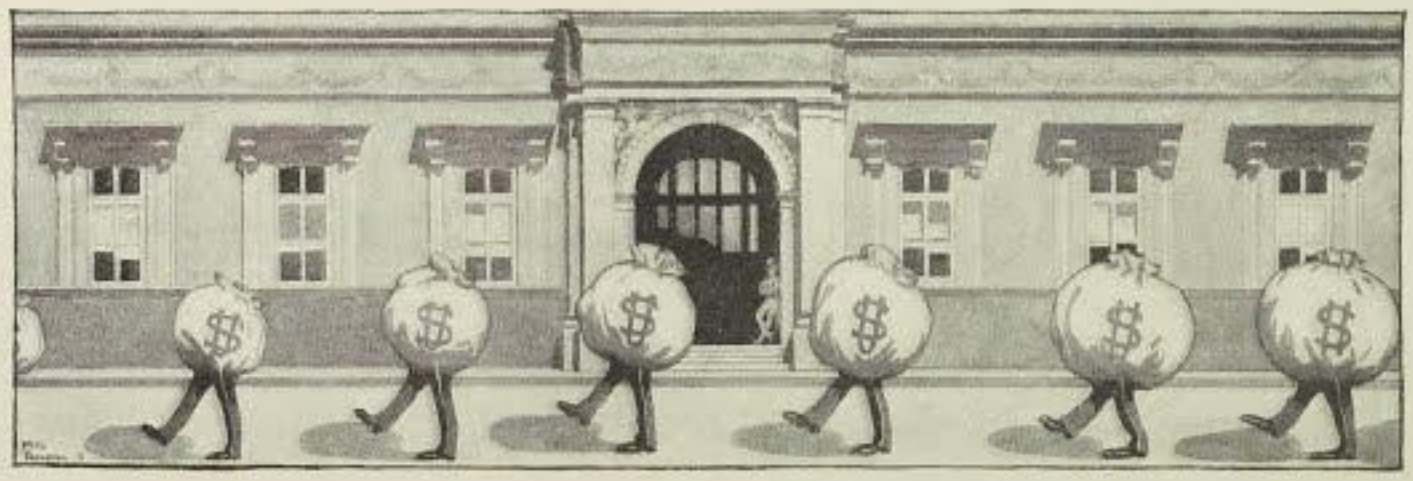
Broadway in the season is fairly gummed up with press agents—each an expert of publicity retained by some member in good standing of the Ancient Order of Ibexes, to advance the fair name and reputation of the employer when he isn't engaged in doing a little something of the sort for himself. Let us suppose, as sometimes happens, that one firm owns a theater and another firm has the theater leased and a third firm is renting it to put a play on. The owner will have a press agent, the lessee will have a press agent, and the producers, who rent from week to week, will have their press agent.

An outsider who didn't know the Ibex industry might think this would be almost enough press agents; but the star must have his own specially retained private press agent to do his boosting for him and see that he is properly featured in the first line of every press story that goes out, and the first deputy star will have his press agent to see that he is not overlooked in the betting either. And the same, likely enough, will be true of the prima donna and the ingénue and the principal comedian and the chief showgirl, and, for all I know, of the electrician and the man who plays the snare drum in the orchestra.

Sometimes there will be a whole elephant quadrille of ponderous pachyderm press agents, all performing round one small theater at the same time. Nor is the press agenting confined to the theatrical and kindred professions. Capers the agile Ibex by day and by night, and the zeal with which all sorts of people fight to get their names into print when they haven't done anything to deserve it is only equaled by the zeal with which they fight to keep them out when they have.

There must be something about the climate that brings on Ibexitis in its virulent form within a few months' time. A young and struggling playwright—I believe young and struggling is the term customarily used—a young and struggling playwright, I repeat, puts across his first play. From the outset it is impressed upon him that he is but a poor dub of an amateur who has had the marvelous good fortune to secure the coöperation of an unparalleled manager and a splendid stage director and an unapproachable cast and a perfect gem of a stage carpenter, all of them uniting to give his feeble and futile little brain-child a chance for its gasping young life. It would seem that this treatment should make him sufficiently humble and wormlike. And it does—until his play goes over. Then, if he is still able to wear his old hat and doesn't have to go to a tent and awning maker to get a new one, he is the exception.

There are some young playwrights who are not spoiled by their first success or their second, or their twentieth, for the matter of that; but the other variety of playwright is the commoner variety. He is the one who, in his second summer, forgetting that second summers are almost as hard on new playwrights as on new babies, is observed toting an upper-case I up and down the street like a banner. You draw near and listen to what he has to say. He has just had a violent quarrel with his old firm of producers because the boneheads cannot grasp the subtle significance of his lines, and is now looking for another firm of managers who are not boneheads—only there aren't any. Pausing only to tell you how and when he first felt this strange power stealing over him—it was in the nighttime, and he instantly rose and dashed off a first act, which has since been pronounced a masterpiece by press, pulpit and public—pausing only to tell you such details, he mentions casually a stinging rebuke that he was giving only yesterday to



(Concluded on Page 58)

THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

When the Factory Force Meets the Artistic Temperament







By James H. Collins

AT A RECENT trade exhibition two shoes were shown side by side in contrast, to emphasize the advance in American shoemaking during half a century.

The first shoe was made about 1860. Its material was a coarse, stiff, bark-tanned leather. The lasting had been done by hand and the sole put on with wooden pegs that stuck up inside. The men who made that shoe probably regarded it as a marvel, because the pegging was done on one of the earliest machines developed for the purpose. The shape of that shoe was clumsy. It was rough, uncomfortable and unattractive inside and out.

The other shoe, a product of 1910, was of our beautiful chrome-tanned leather, an American material that has almost displaced morocco and French kid in our markets. It was soft, silky, tough, waterproof and nearly fireproof. It was a welt shoe with the sole sewed on by a method unknown when the first shoe was made. It was a machine-made shoe from start to finish.

By far the greatest improvements revealed in this second shoe were matters of design—good looks. Manufacturing methods had been cheapened and quickened, quality bettered, comfort enhanced; but all these contributed to looks. In fifty years of shoemaking progress the United States has perfected many ingenious machines and built up large factory organizations, but her best asset in this industry is a shoe-designing ability—a definite sense of what looks good in a shoe and an instinct for putting it into her footwear. That sense of design puts her beyond aggressive competition all over the world. Other countries can buy the machinery and materials but not the knowledge of design.

Within the next five to ten years this item of good looks will unquestionably become vital in many American industries. For ten years past our manufacturers have been working out from under the narrow limitations of price competition. Quality, convenience and individuality have been developed in goods. The manufacturer's name has been identified with his product, giving a basis upon which to build more lasting trade. Quicker and straighter ways have been found to get goods to the consumer and to find out what the consumer wants. Methods of selling and distributing have been improved. On every hand manufacturers are working toward broader opportunities.

The Secret of the Crooked Chimney

BETTER design is part of this general advance. Public taste is growing to such a degree that when a practical article is given beauty of design and finish there is a decided gain in marketing.

Good looks are a matter of atmosphere and feeling. To secure them in most of our industries, a new man must be added to the factory organization—the artist.

Years ago, when Andrew Carnegie hired the first chemist ever attached to a steel mill's staff, his action was looked upon as a foolhardy concession to mere theory. Today every steel mill has a staff of chemists, and there are practically no industries that do not profit by the chemist's services, either directly or indirectly.

The time is coming when the steel mill will have a designing department to impart beauty of line and ornament to tons of structural material that is now as ugly as it is useful; and in many other industries the artist seems destined to follow the chemist. The business world today, however, regards the artist with even more distrust than was shown the chemist a generation ago. For where the chemist was looked upon as only a harmless theorist made in Germany, the business world's slight experience with the artist thus far has given the impression that, besides theories, it has to deal with a baffling quality called "temperament."

Some years ago an American foundry company brought over from France an expert capable of installing a plant for casting bronze figures by the wax process. When Monsieur found himself in a New England factory, separated from compatriots, obliged to talk largely to himself and confronted with a steady diet of fried steak and pie, he became gloomy, irritable, mysterious.

By the wax process of casting bronze the sculptor's original model, made in wax instead of clay, is cased in plaster and baked in a special oven. This process melts the wax and leaves a hollow plaster mold into which the bronze is poured. Monsieur made no end of trouble while this oven was being built. Other operations throughout the foundry had to be arranged with respect to his grand undertaking. Only a chosen few were allowed to approach, and countless small details had to be carried out exactly as Monsieur directed, with no reasons given. Monsieur was full of secrets, whims, artistic aloofness. On the day of his first melting he keyed himself up to high tension; and when a mold was finally ready for the first pouring he put a razor edge on the whole foundry for several days. By the time his contract had been completed and he had left for France, that foundry was glad to be rid of him and thankful that it dealt with the artistic temperament only about once in a generation.

An interesting temperamental memento of Monsieur exists to this day.

His melting oven needed a chimney to carry off gases. He had one made of sheet iron, carried up through the roof and then suddenly tapered off to a small opening and brought downward in an eccentric curve. Nobody could figure out this chimney. It looked like a cow's horn. Ingenious theories of draft were propounded to account for that shape, but none seemed to clear it up; and, no matter how diplomatically Monsieur was sounded in his happier moments, he refused to give explanations. His secret was kept till the day of his departure. Then he confided it to a compatriot.

The Americans, said Monsieur, were clearly an inartistic people. In France, where every one understood such things, he would have felt safe in carrying his chimney up normally; but in America precautions were necessary. He had bent that chimney into its distorted shape—for why? My faith! So that when he had an exceptionally fine piece of sculpture in his oven no barbarous American could endanger it by climbing on the foundry roof and throwing bricks down the chimney!

To take the raw materials available in the United States at the present time and to create for them an atmosphere that will produce good design for a manufacturing establishment, is an interesting problem in management.

A certain factory superintendent had accomplished this. Bound in by competitors at various sides of his product, he set out to get the advantage of beauty in goods that had long been uniformly tasteless and ugly. Designing had been so neglected that there were no capable men to be had, so he went round among illustrators and painters, formed friendships, got them interested in his work by the simple means of taking an interest in theirs. Several artists of reputation were eventually persuaded to make him some original designs for goods. It was not easy to bring them round. They had plenty of profitable commissions; and as far as glory or interest went, making designs for a factory seemed a joke. They worked for this superintendent, however, because he was a good fellow—sympathetic, appreciative—a business man who seemed almost human enough to have been an artist, they said. Their first productions were excellent from an artist's standpoint—original and beautiful; but there were manufacturing shortcomings.

The details could not be executed by the factory's processes. Many of them were too novel for public taste. By working with his artists tactfully and not too seriously the superintendent got what he wanted, and they grew into a better understanding of manufacturing conditions. Finally the day came when his concern put on the market a new line of goods so original and beautiful that merchants and the public wanted them at sight, and all competition was swept aside. The superintendent had a staff of designers and an atmosphere that would produce more novelties whenever they were wanted.

A Call for Craftsmen

WHEN competitors saw the point they went in for beauty, too, but made little headway. Their first resource was to turn out clumsy copies and adaptations of the originator's designs. Coming from the factory, however, these lacked life. After a while artists were engaged; but the men they hired were not first-rate craftsmen, and there was no bond of sympathy and understanding. Sketches were picked to pieces in directors' meetings, petty details criticised and revamped without appreciation, and in the end all feeling and spontaneity disappeared.

"By ginger!" said the superintendent of a competing factory one day, "if I could get such artists as you have I'd show you something in design."

The first superintendent was a farseeing man.

"Which man would you like?" he asked.

A certain artist was chosen and the competitor got a note to this designer, asking him to undertake a commission. That artist worked faithfully for this new client, but the outcome was utterly disappointing. There was no personal bond between artist and client, and the design revealed exactly what had been put into it and no more.

American industry and American art are today widely separated at many points where they must eventually come together. In developing his goods practically and commercially the manufacturer has often overlooked the possibilities of good design. The artist, too, is at fault; for he has been manipulating beauty with false ideas about its practical and commercial uses.

A youngster going to school in some small American town is found to have some facility in drawing pictures. He copies the comics in the Sunday supplements and caricatures the teacher. It has always come easy to him, and he likes nothing better.

If that boy lived in Paris, Munich, London or New York, where picture-making is a business at which men

work ten hours a day, nobody would make a fuss over him and he might have a chance to develop his ability along natural lines, making some definite kind of pictures for use and the market; but in his small town maybe he is the only boy who has ever done that sort of thing. Well-meaning persons single him out as a budding Michelangelo. The local woman's club raises a fund or maybe his widowed mother mortgages her home to send him abroad for study. He joins the vast colony of American students in European centers—American art students who paint French peasants—American music students who wear their hair like Rubinstein and all the rest of them. Before the mortgage money is gone foreign teachers switch this talent out of its own nationality, fill it full of false ideas of art and set it painting useless pictures after bygone traditions. Maybe it was only a small talent anyway. If the youngster had stayed home and the superintendent of the local tinware factory could have got hold of him and understood him there might have been the making of an excellent designer, who could put lines into tinware and ornament it with something better than the dim artistic gropings of the die-cutting shop. If the boy were, indeed, another Michelangelo he would work out his destiny, and his tinshop experience would be useful to him in his career; for the great painter must be as capable a workman as the great surgeon.

One of the most profitable industries in this country is that of making calendars. Several large concerns turn these out by the million in lithography and color process. The chief feature of a calendar is its picture and the companies producing these goods are important picture buyers; but the calendar men say that pictures suitable for their purpose are extremely scarce and hard to obtain. Hundreds of American artists paint pictures every year for the art exhibitions in our leading cities; but it is exceptional to find an appropriate calendar picture among them. The requirements of a good calendar picture are not in the least foreign to art. It ought to tell a plain story and deal with American scenes or characters if possible. After that it may be as wonderful a work of art as the painter can make it. He has all our history and contemporary life to draw upon for subjects. The calendar publisher will give it the finest reproduction and a circulation far exceeding the cliques and cabals of the art shows. Yet most of the calendar pictures are painted by a few men who have taken the pains to study the requirements.

Manufacturers are now reaching after design in a number of ways. Some of them go to the artists and, by patience and tact, bring a staff of men to some realization of their requirements. The artistic temperament, on the whole, is as susceptible of management as the sales temperament. Others find designers in allied industries and still others buy designs abroad. In certain industries, such as those producing silverware and jewelry, where factory processes and the splitting up of work have destroyed the old-fashioned craftsman, good results are being secured by training bright lads by means of apprenticeship courses, which ground them in the elements of the business as the old-fashioned workman understood them and at the same time give them a grasp on the latest technical knowledge. If these apprentices show designing ability it is developed in keeping with the requirements of trade.

The remarkable expansion of our publishing and advertising industries the past five or ten years has also brought the artist and designer in closer touch with business and is working interesting changes.

Our big department stores are another important influence in the improvement of looks in goods. The department-store buyer is more closely in touch with the consuming public than the average manufacturer; for where the manufacturer's attention is centered on one sort of goods the department-store man is part of an organization that keeps track in an entire community of demand and taste in many different lines. Styles and tendencies that appear in one line may be applicable to others. He buys, too, all over the world, seeking original and beautiful merchandise, and most of his foreign buying centers on superior design.

To such a buyer comes the American manufacturer's salesman, showing samples of goods for the new season. The concern he represents may have accomplished notable things in turning out honest quality at reasonable prices, and yet be weak in design. The buyer, with his knowledge of public taste and the world's markets, makes a few suggestions and places an order. When the goods arrive they have been improved and refined in the matter of looks at practically no additional cost.

A furniture manufacturer, for instance, brought some samples to the buyer of a big store in the Middle West. He knew materials and processes thoroughly, and had got hold of some new stuff from the Orient that made summer furniture more durable and cheaper than anything known up to that time. Skillfully handled, his product would greatly broaden the demand; but his designs were atrocious. There was no line, no proportion, no grace in anything. The buyer has a decorating department, with his own designers. Two of these artists were set at work drawing up specifications, and those goods eventually were wholly transformed in scheme and color.

(Concluded on Page 37)

A Judgment Come to Daniel

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY RIENDON CAMPBELL



Mr. Irons Hit Him Just Once More, a Straight Jabbing Center-Blow

THE sidewheel packet, Belle of Memphis, landed at the wharf, and the personal manager of Daniel the Mystic came up the gravel levee with a darky behind him toting his valises. That afternoon all of the regular town hacks were in use for a Masonic funeral, or he could have ridden up in solitary pomp. You felt on first seeing him that he was the kind of person who would naturally prefer to ride.

He was a large man and, to look at, very impressive. On either lapel of his coat he wore a splendid glittering golden emblem. One was a design of a gold ax and the other was an Indian's head. His watch-charm was made of two animal claws—a tiger's claws I know now they must have been—jointed together at their butts by a broad gold band to form a downward-dropping crescent. On the middle finger of his right hand was a large solitaire ring, the stone being supported by golden eagles with their wings interwoven. His vest was the most magnificent as to colors and pattern that I ever saw. The only other vest that to my mind would in any way compare with it I saw years later, worn by the advance agent of a trained dog and pony show.

From our perch on the whittled railings of the boat-store porch we viewed his advent into our town. Steamboats always brought us to the river front if there was no business more pressing on hand, and particularly the Belle of Memphis brought us, because she was a regular side-wheeler with a double texas, and rising suns painted on her paddle boxes, and a pair of enormous gilded buckhorns nailed over her pilot house to show she held the speed record of the White Collar Line. A big, red, sheet-iron spread-eagle was swung between her stacks, and the tops of the stacks were painted red and cut into sharp points like spearheads. She had a string band aboard that came out on the guards and played Suwannee River when she was landing and Goodby, My Lover, Goodby when she pulled out, and her head mate had the loudest swearing voice on the river and, as everybody knew, would as soon kill you as look at you, and maybe sooner.

The Belle was not to be compared with any of our little sternwheel local packets. Even her two mud clerks, let alone her captain and her pilots, wore uniforms; and she came all the way from Cincinnati and ran clean through to New Orleans, clearing our wharf of the cotton and tobacco and the sacked ginseng and peanuts, and such commonplace things, and leaving behind in their stead all manner of interesting objects in crates and barrels. Once she brought a whole gipsy caravan, the Stanley family it was called—men, women and children, dogs, horses, wagons and all, a regular circus procession of them.

She was due Tuesdays, but generally didn't get in until Wednesdays, and old Captain Rawlings would be the first to see her smoke coiling in a hazy smudge over Livingston's Point and say the Belle was coming. Captain Rawlings had an uncanny knack of knowing all the boats by their smokes. The news would spread, and by the time she passed the Lower Towhead and was quartering across and running down past town, so she could turn and land upstream, there would be a lot of pleasurable excitement on the wharf. The black draymen standing erect on their two-wheeled craft, like Roman chariot racers, would whirl their mules down the levee at a perilous gallop, scattering the gravel every which way, and our leisure class—boys and darkies—and a good many of the business men, would come down to the foot of Main Street to see her land and watch the rousters swarm off ahead of the bellowing mates and eat up the freight piles. One trip she even had white rousters, which was an event to be remembered and talked about afterward. They were grimy foreigners, who chattered in an outlandish tongue instead of chanting at their work as regular rousters did.

This time when the Belle of Memphis came and the personal manager of Daniel the Mystic came up the levee, half a dozen of us were there and saw him coming. We ran down the porch steps and trailed him at a respectful distance, opinion being acutely divided among us as to what he might be. He was associated with the great outer world of amusement and entertainment; we knew that by the circumstances of his apparel and his jewels and high hat and all, even if his whole bearing had not advertised his calling as with banners. Therefore, we speculated freely as we trailed him. He couldn't be the man who owned the Eugene Robinson Floating Palace, because the Floating Palace had paid its annual visit months before and by now must be away down past the Lower Bends in the bayou country. Likewise, the man who came in advance of the circus always arrived by rail with a yellow car full of circus bills and many talented artists in white overalls. I remember I decided that he must have something to do with a minstrel show—Beach & Bowers' maybe, or Thatcher, Primrose & West's.

He turned into the Richland House, with the darky following him with his valises and us following the darky; and after he had registered, old Mr. Dudley Dunn, the clerk, let us look at the register. But two or three grown men looked first; the coming of one who was so plainly a

personage had made some stir among the adult population. None there present, though, could read the name the stranger had left upon the book. Old Mr. Dunn, who was an expert at that sort of thing, couldn't decide himself whether it was O. O. Driscoll or A. A. Davent. The man must have spent years practicing to be able to produce a signature that would bother any hotel clerk. I have subsequently ascertained that there are many abroad gifted as he was—mainly traveling salesmen. But if you couldn't read his name, all who ran might read the nature of his calling, for 'twas there set forth in two colors—he had borrowed the red-ink bottle from Mr. Dunn to help out the customary violet—and done in heavy shaded letters—"Representing Daniel the Mystic"—with an ornamental flourish of scrolls and feathery beaded lines following after. The whole took up a good fourth of one of Mr. Dudley Dunn's blue-ruled pages.

Inside of an hour we were to know, too, who Daniel the Mystic might be, for in the hotel office and in sundry store windows were big bills showing a likeness of a man of magnificent mien, with long hair and his face in his hand, or rather in the thumb and forefinger of his hand, with the thumb under the chin and the finger running up alongside the cheek. Underneath were lines to the effect that Daniel the Mystic, Prince of Mesmerism and Seer of the Unseen, was Coming, Coming! Also that night the Daily Evening News had a piece about him. He had rented St. Clair Hall for two nights hand-running and would give a mysterious, edifying and educational entertainment dealing with the wonders of science and baffling human description. The preliminaries, one learned, had been arranged by his affable and courteous personal representative now in our midst, Mr. D. C. Davello—so old Mr. Dudley Dunn was wrong in both of his guesses.

Next morning Daniel the Mystic was on hand, looking enough like his pictured likeness to be recognized almost immediately. True, his features were not quite so massive and majestic as we had been led to expect, and he rather disappointed us by not carrying his face in his hand, but he was tall and slim enough for all purposes and wore his hair long and was dressed all in black. He had long, slender hands, and eyes that, we agreed, could seem to look right through you and tell what you were thinking about.

For one versed in the mysteries of the unseen he was fairly democratic in his minglings with the people; and as for D. C. Davello, no one, not even a candidate, could excel him in cordiality. Together they visited the office of the Daily Evening News and also the office of our other paper, the Weekly Argus-Eye, which was upstairs over Leaken's job-printing shop. They walked through the market house and went to the city hall to call on the mayor and the city marshal and invite them to come to St. Clair Hall that night and bring their families with them, free of charge. Skinny Collins, who was of their tagging juvenile escort, at once began to put on airs before the rest. The city marshal was his father.

About the middle of the afternoon they went into Thurston Brothers Oak Hall Clothing Emporium, steered by Van Wallace, who seemed to be showing them round. We followed in behind, half a dozen or more of us, scuffling our dusty bare feet on the splintery floor between the aisles of racked-up coats. In the rear was Willie Richey, limping along on one toe and one heel. Willie Richey always had at least one stone bruise left over from the stone-bruise season, and sometimes two.

They went clear back to the end of the store where the office was and the stove, but we, holding our distance, halted by the counter where they kept the gift suspenders and neckties—Thurston Brothers gave a pair of suspenders or a necktie with every suit, the choice being left to the customer and depending on whether in his nature the utilitarian or the decorative instinct was in the ascendency. We halted there, all eyes and ears and wriggling young bodies. The proprietors advanced and some of the clerks, and Van Wallace introduced the visitors to Mr. Howard Thurston and to Mr. Ike Thurston, his brother. Mr. Howard said, "Pleased to meetcher," with professional warmth, while Mr. Ike murmured, "Didn't catch the name?" inquiringly, such being the invariable formula of these two on meeting strangers. Cigars were passed round freely by D. C. Davello. He must have carried a pocketful of cigars, for he had more of them for some of the business men who came dropping in as if by chance. All of a sudden Van Wallace, noting how the group had grown, said it would be nice if the professor would show us what he could do. D. C. Davello said it wasn't customary for Daniel the Mystic to vulgarize his art by giving impromptu demonstrations, but perhaps he would make an exception just for this once. He spoke to Daniel the Mystic who was sitting silently in the Messrs. Thurston's swivel office-chair with his face in his hands—the poster likeness was vindicated at last—and after a little arguing he got up and looked all about him slowly and in silence. His eye fell on the little huddle of small boys by the necktie counter and he said sharp and quick to Jack Irons: "Come here, boy!"



Inside of an Hour We Were to Know, Too, Who Daniel the Mystic Might Be

I don't know yet how Jack Irons came to be of our company on that day; mostly Jack didn't run with us. He was sickly. He had spells and was laid up at home a good deal. He couldn't even go barefooted in summer, because if he did his legs would be broken out all over with dew poison in no time.

Jack Irons didn't belong to one of the prominent families either. He lived in a little brown house on the street that went down by the old Enders place. His mother was dead, and his sister worked in the county clerk's office and always wore black alpaca sleeves buttoned up on her forearms. His father was old Mr. Gid Irons that stayed in Scotter's hardware store. He didn't own the store, he just clerked there. Winter and summer he passed by our house four times a day, going to work in the morning and coming back at night, coming to dinner at twelve o'clock and going back at one. He was so regular that people used to say if the whistle on Langstock's planing mill ever broke down they could still set the clocks by old Mr. Gid Irons. Perhaps you have known men who were universally called old while they were yet on the up-side of middle life? Mr. Gid Irons was such a one as that.

I used to like to slip into Scotter's just to see him scooping tenpenny nails and iron bolts out of open bins and kegs with his bare hands. Digging his hands down into those rusty, scratchy things never seemed to bother him, and it was fascinating to watch him and gave you little flesh-crawling sensations. He was a silent, small man, short but very erect, and when he walked he brought his heels down very hard first. The skin of his face and of his hands and his hair and mustache were all a sort of faded pinkish red, and he nearly always had iron rust on his fingers, as though to advertise that his name was Irons.

By some boy intuition of my own I knew that he cut no wide swath in the lazy field of town life. When the veterans met at the city hall and organized their veterans' camp and named it the Gideon K. Irons Camp, it never occurred to me that they could be offering that honor to our old Mr. Gid Irons. I took it as a thing granted that there were some other Gideon Irons somewhere, one with a K in his name, a general probably, and no doubt a grand-looking man on a white horse with a plume in his hat and a sword dangling, like the steel engraving of Robert E. Lee in our parlor. Whereas our Mr. Irons was shabby and poor; he didn't even own the house he lived in.

This Jack Irons who was with us that day was his only son, and when Daniel the Mystic looked at him and called him Jack stepped out from our midst and went toward him, his feet dragging a little and moving as if some one had him by the shoulders leading him forward. His thin arms dangled at his sides. He went on until he was close up to Daniel the Mystic. The man threw up one hand and snapped out "Stop," as though he were teaching tricks to a dog, and Jack flinched and dodged. He stopped though, with red spots coming and going in the cheeks as though under the stoking of a blowpipe, and he breathed in sharp puffs that pulled his nostrils almost shut. Standing so, he looked as poor and weak and futile as a sprig of bleached celery, as a tow string, as a limp rag, as anything helpless and spineless that you had a mind to think of. The picture of him has hung in my mind ever since. Even now I recall how his meager frame quivered as Daniel the Mystic stooped until his eyes were on a level with Jack's eyes, and said something to Jack over and over again in a half-whisper.

Suddenly his hands shot out and he began making slow stroking motions downward before Jack's face, with his fingers outstretched as though he were combing apart hanks of invisible yarn. Next with a quick motion he rubbed Jack's eyelids closed, and massaged his temples with his thumbs, and then stepped back.

There stood Jack Irons with his eyes shut, fast asleep. He was still on his feet, bolt upright, but fast asleep—that was the marvel of it—with his hands at his side and the flushed color all gone from his cheeks. It scared us pretty badly, us boys. I think some of the grown men were a little bit scared too. We were glad that none of us had been singled out for this, and yet envious of Jack and his sudden elevation to prominence and the center of things.

Daniel the Mystic seemed satisfied. He mopped drops of sweat off his face. He forked two fingers and darted them like a snake's tongue at Jack, and Jack, still asleep, obeyed them, as if he had been steel and they the two horns of a magnetic horseshoe. He swayed back and forth, and then Daniel the Mystic gave a sharp shove at the air with the palms of both hands—and Jack fell backward as though he had been hit.

But he didn't fall as a boy would, doubling up and giving in. He fell stiff, like a board, without a bend in him anywhere. Daniel the Mystic leaped forward and caught him before he struck, and eased him down flat on his back and folded his arms up across his breast, and that made him look like dead.

More wonders were coming. Daniel the Mystic and D. C. Davello hauled two wooden chairs up close together and placed them facing each other; then lifting Jack, still rigid and frozen, they put his head on the seat of one chair and his heels on the seat of the other and stepped back and left him suspended there in a bridge. We voiced our astonishment in an anthem of gasps and overlapping exclamations. Not one of us in that town, boy or man, had ever seen a person in hypnotic catalepsy.

Before we had had time enough to take this marvel all in, Daniel the Mystic put his foot on Jack and stepped right up on his stomach, balancing himself and teetering gently above all our heads. He was tall and must have been heavy; for Jack's body bent and swayed under the weight, yet held it up in the fashion of a hickory springboard. Some of the men jumped up then and seemed about to interfere. Old Mr. Howard Thurston's face was red and he sputtered, but before he could get the words out Daniel the Mystic was saying soothingly:

"Be not alarmed, friends. The subject is in no danger. The subject feels no pain and will suffer no injury."

"Just the same, Meester, you get down off that little boy," ordered Mr. Thurston. "And you please wake him up right away. I don't care much to see things done like that."

"As you say," said Daniel the Mystic easily, smiling all round him at the ring of our startled faces. "I merely wished to give you a small demonstration of my powers. And, believe me, the subject feels no pain whatsoever."

He stepped off of him, though, and Jack's body came up straight and flat again. They lifted him off the chairs and straightened him up, and Daniel the Mystic made one or two rapid passes in front of his face. Jack opened his eyes and began to cry weakly. One of the clerks brought him a drink, but he couldn't swallow it for sobbing, and only blubbered up the water when Mr. Thurston held the glass to his lips. Van Wallace, who looked a little frightened and uneasy himself, gave two of the boys a nickel apiece and told us we had better get Jack home.

Jack could walk all right, with one of us upon either side of him, but he was crying too hard to answer the questions we put to him, we desiring exceedingly to know how he felt and if he knew anything while he was asleep. Just as we got him to his own gate he gasped out, "Oh, fellows, I'm sick!" and collapsed bodily at our feet, hiccoughing and moaning. His sister met us at the door as we lugged Jack in by his arms and legs. Even at home she had her black alpaca sleeves buttoned up to her elbows. I think she must have slept in them. We told her what had happened or tried to tell her, all of us talking at once, and she made us lay Jack on a little rickety sofa in their parlor—there was a sewing machine in there, too, I noticed—and as we were coming away we saw a negro girl who worked for them running across the street to Tillman & Son's grocery where there was a telephone that the whole neighborhood used.

When I got home it was suppertime and the family were at the table. My sister said somebody must be sick down past the old Enders place, because she had seen Doctor Lake driving out that way as fast as his horse would take him. But I listened with only half an ear, being mentally engaged elsewhere. I was wondering how I was going to

get my berry-picking money out of a nailed-up cigar-box savings bank without attracting too much attention on the part of other members of the family. I had been saving up that money hoping to amass seventy-five cents, which was the lowest cash price for Tom Birch's tame flying squirrel, a pet thing that would stay in your pocket all day and not bite you unless you tried to drag him out; but now I had a better purpose in view for my accumulated funds. If it took the last cent I meant to be in St. Clair Hall that night.

There was no balcony in St. Clair Hall, but only a sort of little hanging coop up above where the darkies sat, and the fifteen-cent seats were the two back rows of seats on the main floor. These were very handy to the door but likely to be overly warm on cold nights, when the two big, pear-shaped stoves would be red hot, with the live coals showing through the cracks in their bases like broad grins on the faces of apoplectic twins. The varnish on the back of the seats would boil and bubble visibly then and the scorching wood grow so hot you couldn't touch your bare hand to it, and a fine, rich, turpentiny smell would fill the air.

Being the first of the boys to arrive I secured the coveted corner seat from which you had a splendid view of the stage, only slightly obscured by one large wooden post painted a pale sick blue. D. C. Davello was at the door taking tickets, along with Sid Farrell, who ran St. Clair Hall. It kept both of them pretty busy, because there were men paying their way in whom I had never seen there at all except when the Democrats had their rally just before election, or when the ladies were holding memorial services on President Jefferson Davis' birthday—men like old Judge Priest, the circuit-court judge, and Major Joe Sam Covington, who owned the big tan yard, and Captain Howell, the bookdealer, and Mr. Howard Thurston, and Doctor Lake, and a lot of others. Most of them took seats well down in front, I supposing that the educational and scientific features of the promised entertainment had drawn them together.

The curtain was cracked through in places and had a peephole in the middle, with black smudges round it like a bruised eye. It had a painting on it showing a street full of back-water clean up to the houses, and some elegant ladies and gentlemen in fancy-dress costumes coming down the stone steps of a large building like a county court-house and getting into a couple of funny-looking skiffs. I seem to have heard somewhere that this represented a street scene in Venice, but up until the time St. Clair Hall burned down I know that I considered it to be a picture of some other, larger town than ours during a spring rise in the river, the same as we had it every March. All round the inundated district were dirty white squares containing the lettered cards of business houses—Doctor Cuppe, the dentist, and Anspach, the Old-Established Hatter—which never varied from year to year, even when an advertiser died or went out of business. We boys knew these signs by heart.

But to pass the time of waiting we read them over and over again, until the curtain rolled up disclosing the palace scene, with a double row of chairs across the stage in half-moon formation, and down in front, where the villains died at regular shows, a table with a water pitcher on it. Daniel the Mystic came out of the wings and bowed, and there was a thin splashing of hand-clapping, mostly from the rear seats, with Sid Farrell and D. C. Davello furnishing lustier sounds of applause. First off Daniel the Mystic made a short speech full of large, difficult words. We boys wriggled during it, being anxious for action. We had it soon. D. C. Davello mounted the stage and he and Daniel the Mystic brought into view a thing they called a cabinet, but which looked to us like a box frame with black calico curtains nailed on it. When they got this placed to their satisfaction, Daniel the Mystic, smiling in a friendly way, asked that a committee of local citizens kindly step up and see that no fraud or deception was practiced in what was about to follow. I was surprised to see Doctor Lake and Mr. Howard Thurston rise promptly at the invitation and go up on the stage, where they watched closely while D. C. Davello tied Daniel the Mystic's hands behind him with white ropes, and then meshed him to a chair inside the cabinet with so many knottings and snarlings of the twisted bonds that he looked like some long, black creature helplessly caught in a net. This done, the two watchers slipped into chairs at opposite ends of the half-moon formation. D. C. Davello laid a tambourine, a banjo and a dinner bell on the bound man's knees and whipped the calico draperies to. Instantly the bell rang, the banjo was thrummed and the tambourine rattled giddily, and white hands flashed above the shielding draperies. But when the manager cried out and jerked the curtains back, there sat the Mystic one still a prisoner, tied up all hard and fast. We applauded then like everything.

The manager unroped him and went back to his place by the door, and after Daniel the Mystic had chafed his wrists where the red marks of the cords showed he came down a sort of little wooden runway into the audience, and standing in the aisle said something about now giving a demonstration of something. I caught the words occultism and spiritualism, both strangers to my understanding up to that time. He put his hands across his eyes for a moment, with his head thrown back, and then he walked up the aisle four or five steps hesitating and faltering, and finally halted right alongside of Mr. Morton Harrison, the market master.

"I seem," he said slowly, in a deep, solemn voice, "to see a dim shape of a young man hovering here. I get the name of Claude—no, no, it is Clyde. Clyde would tell you," his voice sank lower and quavered effectively—"Clyde says to tell you that he is very happy over there—he says you must not worry about a certain matter that is now worrying you for it will all turn out for the best—and you will be happy. And now Clyde seems to be fading away. Clyde is gone!"

We didn't clap our hands at that—it would have been too much like clapping hands at a funeral—because we knew it must be Clyde Harrison, who had got drowned not two months before trying to save a little girl that fell overboard off the wharfboat. Just a day or two before there had been a piece in the paper telling about the public fund that was being raised to put a monument over Clyde's grave.

So we couldn't applaud that, wonderful as it was, and we shivered in a fearsome, wholly delightful anticipation and sat back and waited for more spirits to come. But seemingly there weren't any more spirits about just then, and after a little Daniel the Mystic returned to the stage and announced that we would now have the crowning achievement of the evening's entertainment—a scientific exhibition of the new and awe-inspiring art of mesmerism in all its various branches.

"For this," he stated impressively, "I desire the aid of volunteers from the audience, promising them that I will do them no harm, but on the contrary will do them much good. I want fellow townspeople of yours for this—gentlemen in whom you all have confidence and respect. I insist only upon one thing—that they shall be one and all total strangers to me."

He advanced to the tin trough of the flickering gas footlights and smiled out over them at us.

"Who among you will come forward now? Come!"

Before any one else could move, two young fellows got up from seats in different parts of the hall and went up the little runway. We had never seen either of them before, which seemed a strange thing, for we boys kept a sharp eye upon those who came and went. They were both of them tall and terribly thin, with lank hair and listless eyes, and they moved as though their hip joints were rusty and hurt them. But I have seen the likes of them often since then—lying in a trance in a show window, with the covers puckered close up under the drawn face. I have peered down a wooden chute to see such a one slumbering in his coffin underground for a twenty-four or forty-eight-hour test. But these were the first of the tribe our town had encountered.

On their lagging heels followed two that I did know. One was the lumpish youth who helped Riley Putnam put up showbills and the other was Buddy Grogan, who worked in Sid Farrell's livery stable. Both of them were grinning sheepishly and falling over their own feet. And following right behind them in turn came a shabby little man who had iron rust on his clothes, and walked all reared back, bringing his heels down hard with thumps at every step. It was old Mr. Gid Irons. We gaped at him.

I had never seen Mr. Gid Irons at St. Clair Hall before, none of us had; and in our limited capacities we were by way of being consistent patrons of the drama. In a flash it came over me that Jack must have told his father what a wonderful sensation it was to be put to sleep standing up on your feet, and that his father had come to see for himself how it felt. I judged that others besides us were surprised. There was a hurring little stir, and some of the audience got up and edged down closer to the front.

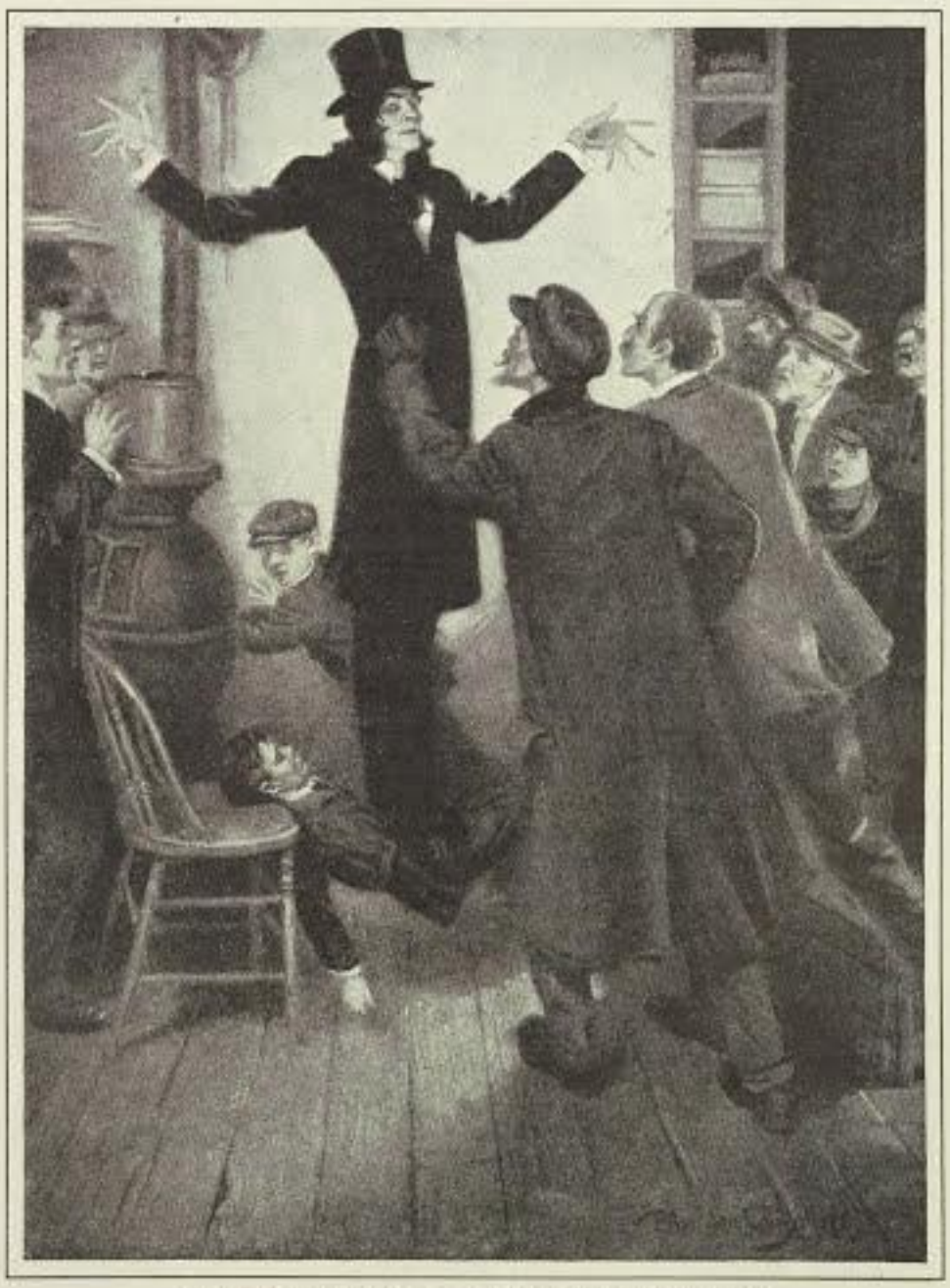
Mr. Gid Irons went on up the little runway and took a seat near one end of the half-moon of chairs. Where he sat the blowy glare of one of the gas footlights flickered up in his face and we could see that it seemed redder than common, and his eyes were drawn together so close that only little slits of them showed under his sandy, red-gray, bushy eyebrows. But that might have been the effect of the gaslight at his feet. You could tell though that Daniel the Mystic was puzzled and perplexed, startled almost, by the appearance of this middle-aged person among his volunteers. He kept eying him furtively with a worried line between his eyes as he made a round of the other four, shaking hands elaborately with each and bending to find out the names. He came to Mr. Irons last.

"And what is the name of this friend?" he asked in his grand, deep voice.

Mr. Irons didn't answer a word. He stood up, just so, and hauled off and hit Daniel the Mystic in the face. Daniel the Mystic said "Ouch!" in a loud, pained tone of voice, and fell backward over a chair and sat down hard right in the middle of the stage. George Muller, the town wit, declared afterward that he was looking right at Daniel the Mystic, and that Daniel the Mystic sat down so hard it parted his hair in the middle.

I heard somebody behind me make a choking outcry and turned to see D. C. Davello just bursting in upon us, with shock and surprise spreading all over his face. But just at that precise moment Fatty McManus, who was the biggest man in town, jumped up with an awkward clatter of his feet and stumbled and fell right into D. C. Davello, throwing his mighty arms about him as he did so. Locked together they rolled backward out of the door, and with a subconscious sense located somewhere in the back part of

(Concluded on Page 50)



"Be Not Alarmed, Friends. The Subject is in No Danger"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

Fabricated Defenses—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



The Man Had Been Dragged Upon the Ground for Some Distance

For with the true all things that exist are in harmony; but with the false the tree at once disagrees.—ARISTOTLE.

STARKIE said that it was impossible to construct a false consistency of circumstances beyond a very limited extent. Nevertheless, this is one of the truths that criminals, in spite of all human experience, have never learned.

Given a certain fixed series of physical events, it seems to the average man comparatively easy to construct an explanation that will fit into and be supported by these events. The fact is that nothing is more difficult.

Every natural event is so dovetailed into other events that precede and follow—it is so delicately fitted into the intricate machinery of human affairs—that no human intelligence can, in fact, make that exquisite adjustment. If one carefully examines any natural event he will presently realize that if an intelligence placed it there then that intelligence must necessarily have known everything that preceded and everything that followed this event with an infinite sweep of comprehension.

On the other hand, if one examines an event arbitrarily created by a human agent or an explanation or a theory arbitrarily created to explain a certain sequence of events, he will presently realize a certain limitation and he will presently see that there were certain things that the author of this event knew and certain other things that he did not know.

The Way It Really Happened

NOW in spite of our egotism it is certain that the human mind has only a feeble conception of all the intricate relations of one event to another, and no intelligence has so far arisen of a sufficient capacity to create a false piece of so perfect a contour that it will perfectly fit along all of its lines into the natural order of events.

One has only to examine the cases in which persons have undertaken to exculpate themselves by fabricated defenses, in order to see how quickly the average man fails to make his story coincide with physical evidence.

In the case of the State vs. Anderson (1 S. E. R. 335) the prisoner declared that he had killed the decedent in self-defense. There had been a fight in a room; the decedent attacked him, firing on him with a pistol, and as he could not escape and to defend his life the prisoner said that he had finally succeeded in killing the decedent with a shot-gun. But the story was immediately shown to be false, because an examination of the room showed no bullet-hole anywhere in it and as there were no wounds on the prisoner, the bullets said to have been fired from the decedent's pistol could not have vanished into the air.

In the case of the State vs. Turlington (15 S. E. R. 141) John S. Turlington, alias William E. West, was indicted for the killing of Thomas C. Cramer. Turlington said that he did not intend to shoot Cramer. His story ran as follows:

"On the evening that Cramer was shot the dishes were being taken out, the door was open, and I stepped outside the door with my pistol under my coat. . . . I said: 'I am going away from here,' and when I said that he pulled his gun and fired, and when his gun flashed in my face I turned to run and fell. I stumbled and fell down, and when I fell my pistol went off. I was so excited I did not know whether I was looking at him or not when my pistol went off; and he fired again. I really do not know whether he fired more than once after that or not. I was so excited . . . I did not fire off my pistol intentionally."

On his examination he was asked: "What position were you in when you fired?"

He answered: "I was down on my hands and knees. I fell down, my gun went off accidentally."

It was shown in the post-mortem examination that the ball that had been fired went through the decedent's body in nearly a horizontal direction, ranging a little downward.

The Court said: "It would have been a physical impossibility for the defendant, while on his hands and knees, to have inflicted the wound described by the physicians. The hand that held the pistol must have been at least as high as the wound inflicted; he must have fired before he fell. Defendant cannot be believed when contradicted by the physical facts. Neither courts nor juries should be required to base their actions or beliefs on physical impossibilities."

In the case of the State vs. Detmer (27 S. E. R. 1117) the prisoner testified that, while playing pool in Dick Porter's saloon in the city of St. Joseph, Missouri, one Frank Breeze was about to throw a pool ball at him and to defend himself he shot Breeze. The Court said:

"The prisoner is contradicted by the physical facts in the case—to wit, . . . that no man was ever known to attempt to throw at another while looking at him over his left shoulder, or by turning away his head from him at the very instant he was attempting to throw at him. When witnesses attempt to establish certain theories by their testimony they must first look to it well that their testimony must not go counter to the physical facts in the case, for, if it does, neither courts nor juries are required to stultify themselves by disbelieving the immutable physical facts in the case."

Sometimes the ingenuity of the criminal is so taxed by the intricacy of these physical facts that a story made to fit becomes on its face an absurdity.

A striking instance is that of the State vs. Rainbarger (74 Iowa 197). Here Rainbarger was charged with the killing of Enoch Johnson. The facts were as follows: The decedent was seen driving in a buggy on the night when last known to be living; he was later found dead, his body being some distance from the buggy and showing death as a result of violence. A wheel and other parts of the buggy were broken. The indications showed that the man had been dragged upon the ground for some distance, the lines broken from the harness were fastened to one of his legs and there was blood on the horse.

The theory of Rainbarger's defense was that while Johnson was driving he had met with an accident that had broken the buggy; that in this accident he had sustained some injury causing blood to flow; that he had got out of the buggy, arranged the harness on the horse, unbuckled the lines from the bits, looped them up, using them to assist him in the support of his feet as stirrups, and mounted the horse. The horse subsequently became frightened, ran away and threw him; thereby his leg became entangled and fastened in the lines and by them he was dragged to the place where he was found. According to Rainbarger's theory the injuries on his head, which were the cause of his death, were inflicted by the horse's feet.

But the defendant might have spared himself the labor of constructing this involved explanation, as there was found in the buggy a bitters bottle that was afterward identified as being one sold to Rainbarger.

Telltale Wounds

SOMETIMES the thing that discredits the prisoner's story is an unexpected break in a usual routine. In the case of Gay vs. the State (49 S. W. R. 612) the prisoner was charged with having made away with his partner Charles Lindeman. The evidence for the state was that he and Lindeman had formed a partnership for the purpose of dealing in cattle. On the twenty-fifth of August the two men came to Kyle, in Hays County, Texas. Lindeman drew a considerable sum of money out of the bank, and it was said that the intention of the two men was to go to San Marcos and deposit their money in a bank there, which was believed to be safer than the one in Kyle. They were seen together on that evening twelve or fourteen miles from Kyle in a bushy, mountainous region. No one ever saw Lindeman after that. On Friday morning, the twenty-eighth of August, Gay was seen about daylight in Buda, a little station on the International and Great Northern Railway. He was riding one horse and leading another. He said that he had brought Lindeman to Buda to take the train there. But as it was afterward shown, on this morning the train did not stop at Buda!



It Was Shown That This Clock Had Not Been Running For Years

Perhaps the greatest difficulty with which the criminal agent has to contend when he comes to establish a false defense is to explain the cause of the injuries found on himself or the decedent. The medical authorities have pointed out that self inflicted wounds, except in the cases of suicides, are usually trivial and superficial, while the symptoms that the criminal declares accompany these injuries are usually out of all proportion to the cause. Take for illustration the case of the State vs. Tettaton (159 Mo. 354).

About nine o'clock on the twenty-sixth of April, 1899, a house was discovered to be on fire. When the neighbors were able to reach it the fire had gained such headway that no entrance was possible. Tettaton was found lying outside, wounded, bleeding and unconscious. The inmates of the house had been killed.

When Tettaton finally returned to consciousness he said that he had gone to this house in the evening for the purpose of paying a sum of money he owed; that he had made the payment and intended to remain with the family that night. About nine o'clock two men wearing masks entered the room; they demanded money; the inmates of the house attempted to escape and were shot.

Tettaton said that he put his pistol on a bed in one of the rooms; that he had taken the cartridges out of it and put them in his vest pocket, as he feared the children might explode the pistol. He now explained that when the robbers entered he endeavored to jump through the west window of the room to get into the south room where he had left the pistol; that he was struck over the head with a gun by one of the robbers. While he lay outside he heard shooting in the house. He got up and staggered to the east side of the house and fell; he got up and was hit again.

But the physicians who examined him immediately pointed out that the wound on his head had been made with a knife. They declared that it would have been impossible for Tettaton to have been cut in the head by any person other than himself, because the wound commenced at the back part and ran around over the top of his head to the forehead; and that it was certain the knife had entered the back part first as the wound was deeper there than toward the front. In fact, it was exactly the sort of wound that one would inflict on himself.

Right-Handed Evidence

A FURTHER fact confirmed the theory that Tettaton had gone to the place and murdered the inmates, after having compelled them to give him a receipt for his debt. No cartridges were found in his vest pockets when he was picked up, and there was found a receipt for the money folded up in his pocket and on the inside of this folded paper was a telltale bloodstain.

It is perhaps worth while to remember some things that the medical authorities have particularly called attention to: namely, that self-inflicted injuries are usually on the left side of the body, because most people are right-handed. One who cuts his own throat will begin with a strong, heavy incision on the left side, but pain and faintness cause the pressure on the knife to relax and the wound tails off on the right side. Also, one who is attacked by an assassin usually makes some effort to seize the knife and thereby is almost always certain to be cut on the hands, while the man who inflicts wounds on himself is never so injured.

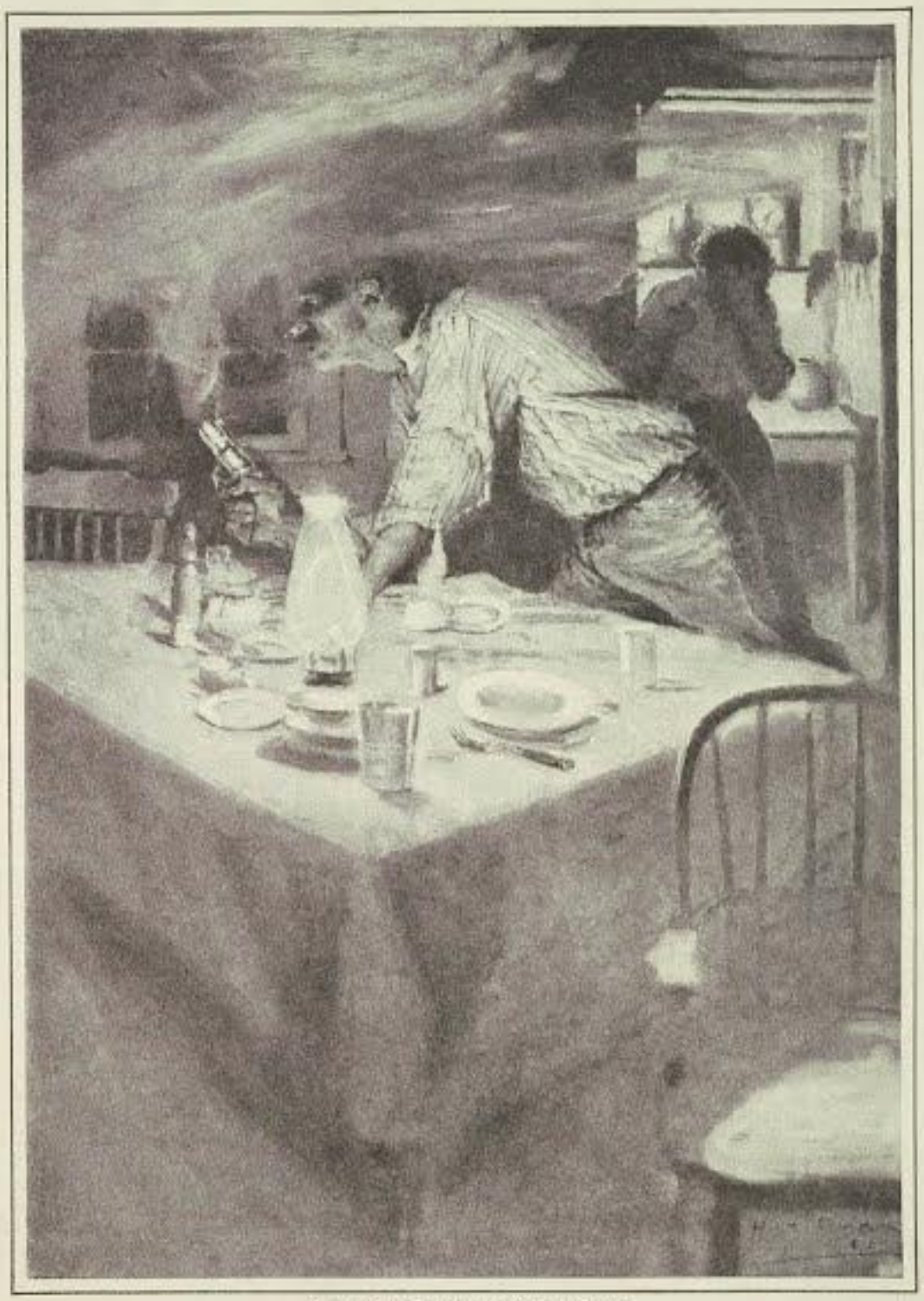
"Fraud may at times be detected by noticing the discrepancy between the injury and the assigned cause. The soldier who says his fingers were blown off by a gun and whose stumps are, nevertheless, evidently severed by some sharp instrument, is open to grave suspicion. In gunshot injuries the presence of powder-stains, burns or scorched clothing would prove the falsehood of the statement that the injury was inflicted by some one at a distance; although individuals have been known to wrap a cloth about the part before shooting themselves. It should be noticed whether the bullet fits the patient's own weapon or not. If the pretender be requested to place himself in the position in which he was when injured he is often unable to do so. It is a curious and confused fact that should be remembered, however, that when the barrel of the firearm, at least of small caliber, is held very close to the body the bullet may not penetrate the skin at all, or at least the damage may be greatly lessened."*

Schuelke destroyed a prisoner's explanation in a case by showing that the hammer of the prisoner's revolver had a certain slight dent and that this defect was imprinted on the exploded shell. The direction in which grains of powder are driven into the skin is sometimes sufficient to prove the direction the weapon was pointing when it was fired. The obliquity of the wound may show from what direction the ball came, or this may be shown by projecting splinters of bone or fiber dragged along the course of the bullet. It has been shown that one may tell by the examination of a hole in a pane of glass whether the bullet was fired from without or from within the room. [Ibid.]

*[Text Book of Legal Medicine.]

Doctor Work reports a case where the decedent was found dead in bed, a bullet having passed directly through the head and entered the floor directly under the place where the bed stood. The prisoner said that the shot had been accidental, from the falling of a revolver from a trunk. But the face of the decedent was thickly tattooed with powder-stains, except over the lower part of it. How could this have happened unless the decedent, when about to be shot, had undertaken to protect the face with the hands? The backs of the hands were tattooed with powder-stains and the prisoner was convicted.

Another very remarkable case is reported by Draper.



There Had Been a Fight in a Room

A person was assassinated; the prisoner was arrested near the place of the homicide. A long knife was found on the prisoner; this knife was examined, but nothing was found except a few small hairs adhering to the handle and scarcely to be seen. When attention was called to these hairs the prisoner said:

"Yes, I dare say there is hair on the knife, for as I came home I found a rabbit caught in a snare and I cut its throat with my knife."

This knife was sent to an expert in microscopy. The expert was not given a history of the case; he was absolutely without any knowledge of the facts, and was required to say what were the origin and identity of the hairs. The expert, after he had made his examination, reported that they were squirrel hairs.

This report seemed to leave the case involved in still greater mystery, until it was presently determined that the person who had been assassinated had worn a garment trimmed with squirrel skin.

In the case of Reg. vs. Watson (cited by Doctor Taylor) the prisoner had killed a man by the name of Ranol, and had placed his body across the railroad track, intending that it should be struck by the train and the case should thereby have the appearance of an accident. But it happened that on this night the train then due was late and the body of the man was found. The house of the prisoner was searched and an iron rake picked up. In the teeth of this rake Doctor Taylor discovered some substance that had been burned; this substance had the smell of burned shellac and upon a careful microscopic examination it showed traces of rabbit hair. Now when the body of the man on the railroad track was discovered all his clothing was intact except that no hat could be found. Doctor Taylor concluded that the thing that had been burned was the decedent's hat. He obtained a hat similar to the one the dead man was known to have worn, burned it and obtained a result similar to that found on the rake.

It is not always by some single striking fact that a fabricated defense is exposed. The criminal's defense frequently shows that he has used a certain care of selection in putting together the essential features of his defense. As, for instance, in the case of the People vs. Larned (7 N. Y. 449).

In this case the Otsego County Bank, in the village of Cooperstown, was entered and robbed of thirty thousand dollars on the twenty-ninth of December, 1850. The prisoner was said to have been seen near the place of the robbery at the time. Burglar tools were found near his mother's house some two hundred miles from the place of the robbery, and he was arrested.

Caught by the Clock

HE ENDEAVORED to prove an alibi. He called three witnesses, and by these witnesses, if their testimony was to be believed, the alibi was established. But when the Court came to inquire into the residence of these witnesses it appeared that they had been selected from over a considerable territory. The first witness, Lamb, lived a mile from the home of the prisoner; the second, Ransom, three miles; and the third, Bacon, twelve miles. The query instantly arose why, if the prisoner, as he said, was at his mother's house, he did not call his mother, the domestics in the house and the immediate neighbors as witnesses, rather than these three particular persons?

The trial judge said:

"It is undoubtedly true the defense of an alibi is not infrequently the felon's plea; when a prisoner finds himself surrounded with facts and circumstances which threaten to overwhelm him and establish his guilt he not infrequently resorts to this defense. . . . An eminent English Judge said that in his opinion more perjury had been committed in defenses of this description than in all other defenses interposed in criminal trials. In defenses of this character time is an important element, and in fabricated defenses which are to be sustained by perjury the witnesses generally have some memorandum, entry or other fact by which they fix with certainty the date."

One recalls the case where the witness, in endeavoring to sustain an alibi, fixed the time by saying that he looked at his watch and was able to see it by the light of the moon, when it was shown that on that particular night there was no moon.

In another case of similar character it was the prisoner who declared that he was in a certain saloon and fixed the time by looking at the clock there, and it was shown that this clock had not been running for years.

So consistent and so intimately related is one event to another, that when the criminal agent undertakes to construct a theory that will move harmoniously with these events and indicate something other than the truth he will inevitably fail.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The fourth will be printed in an early issue.

THE JOKERS OF NEW GIBBON

By JACK LONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. ASHLEY

I'M ALMOST afraid to take you in to New Gibbon," David Grief said. "It wasn't until you and the British gave me a free hand and let the place alone that any results were accomplished."

Wallenstein, the German Resident Commissioner from Bougainville, poured himself a long Scotch and soda and smiled.

"We take off our hats to you, Mr. Grief," he said in perfectly good English. "What you have done on the devil island is a miracle. And we shall continue not to interfere. It *is* a devil island, and old Koho is the big chief devil of them all. We never could bring him to terms. He is a liar, and he is no fool. He is a black Napoleon, a head-hunting, man-eating Talleyrand. I remember six years ago, when I landed there in the British cruiser. The niggers cleared out for the bush, of course, but we found several who couldn't get away. One was his latest wife. She had been hung up by one arm in the sun for two days and nights. We cut her down, but she died just the same. And staked out in the fresh running water, up to their necks, were three more women. All their bones were broken and their joints crushed. The process is supposed to make them tender for the eating. They were still alive. Their vitality was remarkable. One woman, the oldest, lingered nearly ten days. Well, that was a sample of Koho's diet. No wonder he's a wild beast. How you ever pacified him is our everlasting puzzlement."

"I wouldn't call him pacified," Grief answered; "though he comes in once in a while and eats out of the hand."

"That's more than we accomplished with our cruisers. Neither the Germans nor the English ever laid eyes on him. You were the first."

"No; McTavish was the first," Grief disclaimed.

"Ah, yes, I remember him—the little dried-up Scotchman." Wallenstein sipped his whisky. "He's called the Trouble-Mender, isn't he?"

Grief nodded.

"And they say the screw you pay him is bigger than mine or the British Resident's?"

"I'm afraid it is," Grief admitted. "You see, and no offense, he's really worth it. He spends his time wherever the trouble is. He is a wizard. He's the one who got me my lodgment on New Gibbon. He's down on Malaita now, starting a plantation for me."

"The first?"

"There's not even a trading station on all Malaita. The recruiters still use covering boats and carry the old barbed wire above their rails. There's the plantation now. We'll be in in half an hour." He handed the binoculars to his guest. "Those are the boat sheds to the left of the bungalow. Beyond are the barracks. And to the right are the copra sheds. We dry quite a bit already. Old Koho's getting civilized enough to make his people bring in the nuts. There's the mouth of the stream where you found the three women."



A Fearful, Wheezing, Propulsive, Strangling Cough

The Wonder, wing-and-wing, was headed directly in for the anchorage. She rose and fell lazily over a glassy swell flawed here and there by catspaws from astern. It was the tailend of the monsoon season, and the air was heavy and sticky with tropic moisture, the sky a florid, leaden muss of formless clouds. The rugged land was swathed with cloud banks and squall wreaths, through which headlands and interior peaks thrust darkly. On one promontory a slant of sunshine blazed torridly, on another scarcely a mile away a squall was bursting in furious downpour of driving rain.

This was the dank, fat, savage island of New Gibbon, lying fifty miles to leeward of Choiseul. Geographically, it belonged to the Solomon group. Politically, the dividing line of German and British influence cut it in halves, hence the joint control by the two resident commissioners. In the case of New Gibbon this control existed only on paper in the colonial offices of the two countries. There was no real control of the island at all, and never had been.

The *bêche de mer* fishermen of the old days had passed it by. The sandalwood traders, after stern experiences, had given it up. The blackbirders had not succeeded in recruiting one laborer on the island and, after the schooner Dorset had been cut off with all hands, they left the place severely alone. Later a German company had attempted a cocoanut plantation, which was abandoned after several managers and a number of contract laborers had lost their heads. German cruisers and British cruisers had failed to get the savage blacks to listen to reason. Four times the missionary societies had essayed the peaceful conquest of the island, and four times, between sickness and massacre, they had been driven away. More cruisers, more pacifications had followed, and followed fruitlessly. The cannibals had always retreated into the bush and laughed at the screaming shells. When the warships left it was an easy matter to rebuild the burned grass-houses and set up the ovens in the old-fashioned way.



Grief and Wallenstein, on Either Side, Gripped the Black and Held Him

New Gibbon was a large island, fully one hundred and fifty miles long and half as broad. Its windward coast was ironbound, without anchorages or inlets, and it was inhabited by scores of warring tribes—at least it had been until Koho had arisen, like a Kamehameha, and by force of arms and considerable statecraft firmly welded the greater portion of the tribes into a confederation. His policy of permitting no intercourse with white men had been eminently right, as far as survival of his own people was concerned; and after the visit of the last cruiser he had had his way until David Grief and McTavish the Trouble-Mender landed on the deserted beach where once had stood the German bungalow and barracks and the various English mission houses.

There followed wars, false peaces, and more wars. The weazened little Scotchman could make trouble as well as mend it, and, not content with holding the beach, he imported bushmen from Malaita and invaded the wildpig runs of the interior jungle. He burned villages until Koho wearied of rebuilding them, and when he captured Koho's eldest son he compelled a conference with the old chief. It was then that McTavish laid down the rate of head-exchange. For each head of his own people he promised to take ten of Koho's. After Koho had learned that the Scotchman was a man of his word, the first true peace was made. In the meantime McTavish had built the bungalow and barracks, cleared the jungle land along the beach, and laid out the plantation. After that he had gone on his way to mend trouble on the atoll of Tasman, where a plague of black measles had broken out and been ascribed by the devil-devil doctors to Grief's plantation. Once, a year later, he had been called back again to straighten up New Gibbon; and Koho, after paying a forced fine of two hundred thousand cocoanuts, decided it was cheaper to keep the peace and sell the nuts. Also, the fires of his youth had burned down. He was getting old and limped of one leg where a bullet had perforated the calf.

II

"I KNEW a chap in Hawaii," Grief said, "superintendent of a sugar plantation, who used a hammer and a ten-penny nail."

They were sitting on the broad bungalow veranda and watching Worth, the manager of New Gibbon, doctoring the sick squad. They were New Georgia boys, a dozen of them, and the one with the aching tooth had been put back to the last. Worth had just failed in his first attempt. He wiped the sweat from his forehead with one hand and waved the forceps with the other.

"And broke more than one jaw," he asserted grimly.

Grief shook his head. Wallenstein smiled and elevated his brows.

"He said not, at any rate," Grief qualified. "He assured me, furthermore, that he always succeeded on the first trial."

"I saw it done when I was second mate on a limejuicer," Captain Ward spoke up. "The old man used a calking mallet and a steel marlinspike. He took the tooth out with the first stroke, too, clean as a whistle."

"Me for the forceps," Worth muttered grimly, inserting his own pair in the mouth of the black. As he pulled the man groaned and rose in the air. "Lend a hand somebody and hold him down," the manager appealed.

Grief and Wallenstein, on either side, gripped the black and held him. And he, in turn, struggled against them and clenched his teeth on the forceps. The group swayed back and forth. Such exertion, in the stagnant heat, brought the sweat out on all of them. The black sweated too, but his was the sweat of excruciating pain. The chair on which he sat was overturned. Captain Ward paused in the act of pouring himself a drink, and called encouragement. Worth pleaded with his assistants to hang on, and hung on himself, twisting the tooth till it crackled and then attempting a straightaway pull.

Nor did any of them notice the little black man who limped up the steps and stood looking on. Koho was a conservative. His fathers before him had worn no clothes, and neither did he, not even a gee-string. The many empty perforations in nose and lips and ears told of decorative passions long since dead. The holes in both ear lobes had been torn out, but their size was attested by the strips of withered flesh that hung down and swept his shoulders. He cared now only for utility, and in one of the half dozen minor holes in his right ear he carried a short clay pipe. Around his waist was buckled a cheap trade belt, and between the imitation leather and the naked skin was thrust the naked blade of a long knife. Suspended from the belt was his bamboo betel-nut and lime box. In his hand was a short-barreled, large-bore rifle. He was indescribably filthy, and here and there marred by scars, the worst being the one left by the bullet which had withered the calf to half the size of its mate. His shrunken mouth showed that few teeth were left to serve him. Face and body were shrunken, but his black, beadlike eyes, small and close together, were very bright, withal they were restless and querulous and more like a monkey's than a man's.

He looked on, grinning like a shrewd little ape. His joy in the torment of the patient was natural, for the world he lived in was a world of pain. He had endured his share of it and inflicted far more than his share on others. When the tooth parted from its locked hold in the jaw and the forceps raked across the other teeth and out of the mouth with a nerve-rasping sound, old Koho's eyes fairly sparkled and he looked with glee at the poor black collapsed on the veranda floor and groaning terribly as he held his head in both his hands.

"I think he's going to faint," Grief said, bending over the victim. "Captain Ward, give him a drink, please. You'd better take one yourself, Worth; you're shaking like a leaf."

"And I think I'll take one," said Wallenstein, wiping the sweat from his face. His eye caught the shadow of Koho on the floor and followed it up to the old chief himself. "Hello, who's this?"

"Hello, Koho," Grief said genially, though he knew better than to offer to shake hands.

It was one of Koho's *tambos*, given him by the devil-devil doctors when he was born, that never was his flesh to come in contact with the flesh of a white man. Worth and Captain Ward, of the Wonder, greeted Koho, but Worth frowned at sight of the rifle, for it was one of his *tambos* that no visiting bushman should carry a weapon on the plantation. Rifles had a nasty way of going off at the hip under such circumstances. The manager clapped his hands, and a black house boy, recruited from San Cristobal, came running. At a sign from Worth he took the rifle from the visitor's hand and carried it inside the bungalow.

"Koho," Grief said, introducing the German Resident, "this big fella marster belong Bougainville—my word, big fella marster too much."

Koho, remembering the visits of the various German cruisers, smiled with a light of unpleasant reminiscence in his eyes.

"Don't shake hands with him, Wallenstein," Grief warned. "*Tambo*, you know." Then to Koho: "My word, you get 'm too much fat stop along you. Bime by you marry along new fella Mary, eh?"

"Too old fella me," Koho answered with a weary shake of the head. "Me no like 'm Mary. Me no like 'm *kai-kai* (food). Close up me die along altogether." He stole a significant glance at Worth, whose head was tilted back to a long glass. "Me like 'm rum." Grief shook his head.

"*Tambo* along black fella."

"He black fella no *tambo*," Koho retorted, nodding toward the groaning laborer.

"He fella sick," Grief explained.

"Me fella sick."

"You fella big liar," Grief laughed. "Rum *tambo*, all the time *tambo*. Now, Koho, we have big fella talk along this big fella marster."

And he and Wallenstein and the old chief sat down on the veranda to confer about affairs of state. Koho was complimented on the peace he had kept, and he, with many protestations of his aged decrepitude, swore peace again and everlasting. Then was discussed the matter of starting a German plantation twenty miles down the coast. The land, of course, was to be bought from Koho, and the price was arranged in terms of tobacco, knives, beads, pipes, hatchets, porpoise teeth and shell-money—in terms of everything except rum. While the talk went on, Koho, glancing through the window, could see Worth mixing medicines and placing bottles back in the medicine cupboard. Also, he saw the manager complete his labors by taking a drink of Scotch. Koho noted the bottle carefully. And, though he hung about for an hour after the conference was over, there was never a moment when some one or another was not in the room. When Grief and Worth sat down to a business talk Koho gave it up.

"Me go along schooner," he announced, then turned and limped out.

"How are the mighty fallen!" Grief laughed. "To think that used to be Koho, the fiercest red-handed murderer in the Solomons, who defied all his life two of the greatest world powers. And now he's going aboard to try and cadge Denby for a drink."

III

FOR the last time in his life the supercargo of the Wonder perpetrated a practical joke on a native. He was in the main cabin, checking off the list of goods being landed in the whaleboats, when Koho limped down the companionway and took a seat opposite him at the table.

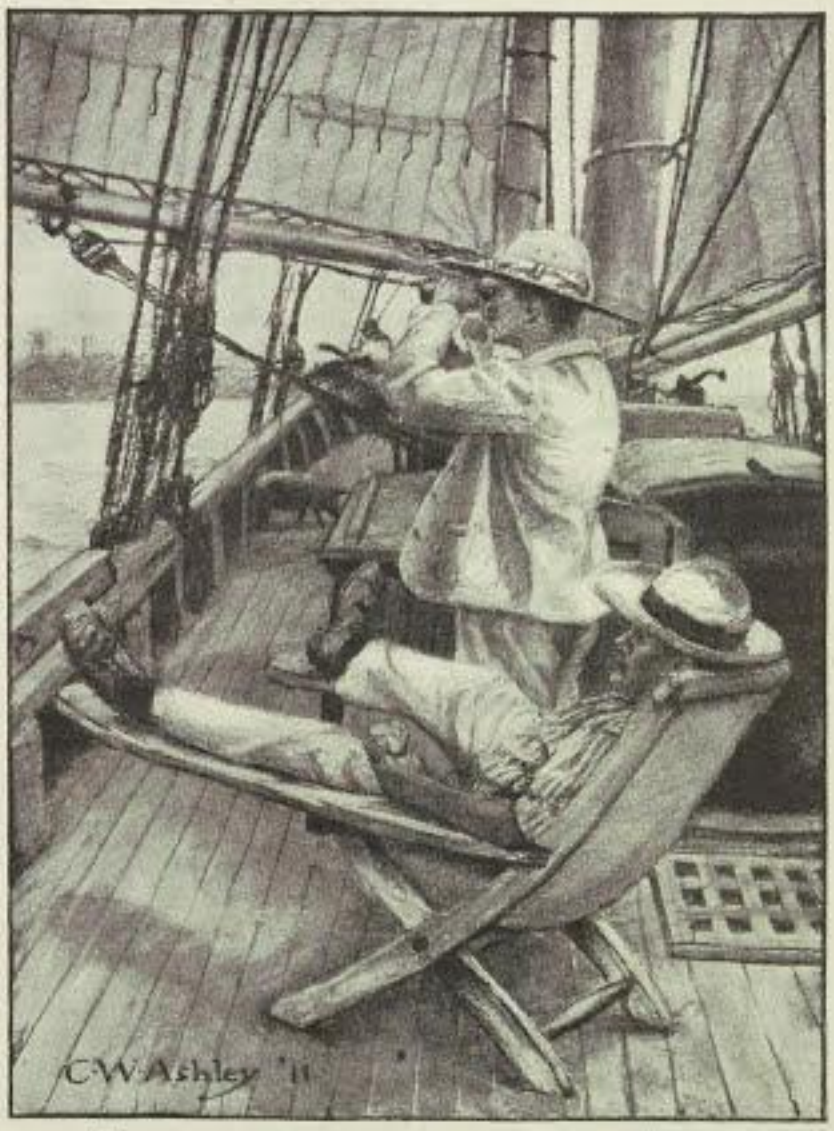
"Close up me die along altogether," was the burden of the old chief's plaint. All the delights of this world had forsaken him. "Me no like 'm *kai-kai*. Me too much sick fella. Me close up finish." A long, sad pause, in which his face expressed unutterable concern for his stomach, which he patted gingerly and with an assumption of pain. "Belly belong me too much sick."

Another pause, which was an invitation to Denby to make suggestions. Then followed a long, weary, final sigh, and a "Me like 'm rum."

Denby laughed heartlessly. He had been cadged for drinks before by the old cannibal, and the sternest *tambo* Grief and McTavish had laid down was the one forbidding alcohol to the natives of New Gibbon.

The trouble was that Koho had acquired the taste. In his younger days he had learned the delights of drunkenness when he cut off the schooner Dorset, but unfortunately he had learned it along with all his tribesmen, and the supply had not held out long. Later, when he led his naked warriors down to the destruction of the German plantation, he was wiser, and he appropriated all the liquors for his sole use. The result had been a gorgeous mixed drunk on a dozen different sorts of drink, ranging from beer doctored with quinine to absinthe and apricot brandy. The drunk had lasted for months, and it had left him with a thirst that would remain with him until he died. Predisposed toward alcohol, after the way of savages, all the chemistry of his flesh clamored for it. This craving was to him expressed in terms of tingling and sensation, of maggots crawling warmly and deliciously in his brain, of good feeling and well being and high exaltation. And in his barren old age, when feasting was a weariness and when old hates had smouldered down, he desired more and more the revivifying fire that came liquid out of bottles—out of all sorts of bottles, for he remembered them well. He would sit in the sun for hours in mournful contemplation of the great orgy that had been his when the German plantation was cleaned out.

Denby was sympathetic. He sought out the old chief's symptoms and offered him dyspepsia tablets from the medicine chest, pills, and a varied assortment of harmless tabloids and capsules. But Koho steadfastly declined. Once, when he cut the Dorset off, he had bitten through a capsule of quinine; in addition, two of his warriors had partaken of a white powder and laid down and died very violently in a very short time. No; he did not believe in drugs. But the liquids from bottles, the cool flaming youth-givers and warm-glowing dream-makers—no wonder the white men valued them so highly.



"There's the Plantation Now. We'll be In in Half an Hour"

"Rum he good fella," he repeated over and over plaintively and with the weary patience of age.

And then Denby made his mistake and played his joke. Stepping around behind Koho, he unlocked the medicine closet and took out a four-ounce bottle labeled essence of mustard. As he made believe to draw the cork and drink of the contents, in the mirror on the for'ard bulkhead he glimpsed Koho, twisted half around, intently watching him. Denby smacked his lips and cleared his throat appreciatively as he replaced the bottle. Neglecting to relock the medicine closet, he returned to his chair and, after a decent interval, went on deck. He stood beside the companionway and listened. After several moments the silence below was broken by a fearful, wheezing, propulsive, strangling cough. He smiled to himself and returned leisurely down the companionway. The bottle was back on the shelf where it belonged, and the old man sat in the same position. Denby marveled at his iron control. Mouth and lips and tongue, and all sensitive membranes, were a blaze of fire. He gasped and nearly coughed several times, while involuntary tears brimmed in his eyes and ran down his cheeks. An ordinary man would have coughed and strangled for half an hour. But old Koho's face was grimly composed. It dawned on him that a trick had been played, and into his eyes came an expression of hatred and malignancy so primitive, so abysmal, that it sent chills up and down Denby's spine. Koho arose proudly.

"Me go along," he said. "You sing out one fella boat stop along me."

IV

HAVING seen Grief and Worth start for a ride over the plantation, Wallenstein sat down in the big living room and with gun oil and old rags proceeded to take apart and clean his automatic pistol. On the table beside him stood the inevitable bottle of Scotch and numerous soda bottles. Another bottle, part full, chanced to stand there. It was also labeled Scotch, but its content was liniment which Worth had mixed for the horses and neglected to put away.

As Wallenstein worked he glanced through the window and saw Koho coming up the compound path. He was limping very rapidly, but when he came along the veranda and entered the room his gait was slow and dignified. He sat down and watched the gun-cleaning. Though mouth and lips and tongue were afire, he gave no sign. At the end of five minutes he spoke.

"Rum he good fella. Me like 'm rum."

Wallenstein smiled and shook his head, and then it was that his perverse imp suggested what was to be his last joke on a native. The similarity of the two bottles was the real suggestion. He laid his pistol parts on the table and mixed himself a long drink. Standing as he did between Koho and the table, he interchanged the two bottles, drained his glass, made as if to search for something, and left the room. From outside he heard the surprised splutter and cough; but when he returned the old chief sat as before. The liniment in the bottle still oscillated.

Koho stood up, clapped his hands and, when the house boy answered, signed that he desired his rifle. The boy fetched the weapon and according to custom preceded the visitor down the pathway. Not until outside the gate did the boy turn the rifle over to its owner. Wallenstein, chuckling to himself, watched the old chief limp along the beach in the direction of the river.

A few minutes later as he put his pistol together Wallenstein heard the distant report of a gun. For the instant he thought of Koho, then dismissed the conjecture from his mind. Worth and Grief had taken shotguns with them, and it was probably one of their shots at a pigeon. Wallenstein lounged back in his chair, chuckled, twisted his yellow mustache, and dozed. He was aroused by the excited voice of Worth, crying out to a house-boy:

"Ring the big fella bell! Ring plenty too much! Ring plenty!"

Wallenstein gained the veranda in time to see the manager jump his horse over the low fence of the compound and dash down the beach after Grief, who was riding madly ahead. A loud crackling and smoke rising through the cocoanut trees told the story. The boat-houses and the barracks were on fire. The big plantation bell was ringing wildly as the German Resident ran down the beach, and he could see whaleboats hastily putting off from the schooner.

Barracks and boat-houses, grass-thatched and like tinder, were wrapped in flames. Grief emerged from the kitchen, carrying a headless black child by the leg.

"The cook's in there," he told Worth. "Her head's gone too. She was too heavy, and I had to clear out."

"It was my fault," Wallenstein said. "Old Koho did it. But I let him take a drink of Worth's horse liniment."

"I guess he's headed for the bush," Worth said, springing astride his horse and starting. "Oliver is down there by the river. Hope he didn't get *him*."

The manager galloped away through the trees. A few minutes later, as the charred wreck of the barracks crashed in, they heard him calling and followed. On the edge of the river bank they came upon him. He still sat on his horse, very white faced, and gazed at something on the ground. It was the body of Oliver, the young assistant manager, though it was hard to recognize it. The black laborers, breathless from their run in from the fields, were now crowding around, and under Grief's direction they

(Continued on Page 65)

Making a Living by Literature

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

I AM thirty-eight years old. For the past fifteen years I have been making a living by literature. I mean by this that I have been writing things and selling them. Practically speaking, I have never had a job. Out of the fifteen years the time covered by pay-checks totals about twenty months and is divided between three different jobs. The rest of the fourteen years and a little more I have been a man without a boss. In all the time I have worked I have never made a really big hit. The most that any book of mine has ever sold is twenty thousand copies in the standard one-dollar-and-fifty-cents edition, and that is twice as many as the next best sold. Leaving out these two, the average sale of my novels has been about five thousand copies.

It is perfectly clear, you see, that I am not a genius, and I probably haven't a highly specialized talent for fiction. I think I may be regarded fairly as an average type of writing man. It is always interesting to read of brilliant successes and of tragic failures. My story hasn't the merit of either, but it has, perhaps, a merit of its own. I believe that anybody with sufficient industry and intelligence and a certain natural aptitude—which, of course, it would be folly to try to start without—can do substantially what I have done. When you have read this I intend you to be in a position to judge whether or not, from the point of view of the doer, it was worth doing.

I meant to be a lawyer, and the college I went to—a little old-fashioned college that still refuses a degree of Bachelor of Arts to every one who hasn't studied Greek—was a professional man's college. The senior classes, when they graduated, split into three parts as certainly as did Ancient Gaul—preaching, teaching and the law. There was almost no literary atmosphere in the place. Belles-Lettres represented something frivolous and purely ornamental—something that serious men could hardly be expected to pay any attention to. All colleges, no matter what their principles, publish a more or less literary annual and a literary monthly magazine. At my college this was a labor of superhuman difficulty. Short stories and verses were at a tremendous premium. The raggedest bundle of rhymes, the feeblest fictional experiment, always found a desperate editor ready to grasp it in. So I took to writing—verses mostly.

Junior year I edited the Annual and wrote most of it, because that was easier than the discouraging quest of contributions. And my senior year I edited the "Lit."

The Climate of College Hill

I CAN'T think now that there was anything very promising about those performances, but the fact that they had no competitors raised them to an eminence that was wholly factitious. I was the only man in the college who could pull a quotation from Matthew Arnold or who read Pope for fun, and the impression got abroad among my classmates, and to some extent among the faculty, that I was literary and that certainly I wouldn't do for a serious profession like the law. I wasn't madly enthusiastic about the law myself, so I acquiesced in the general opinion and decided to go in for literature.

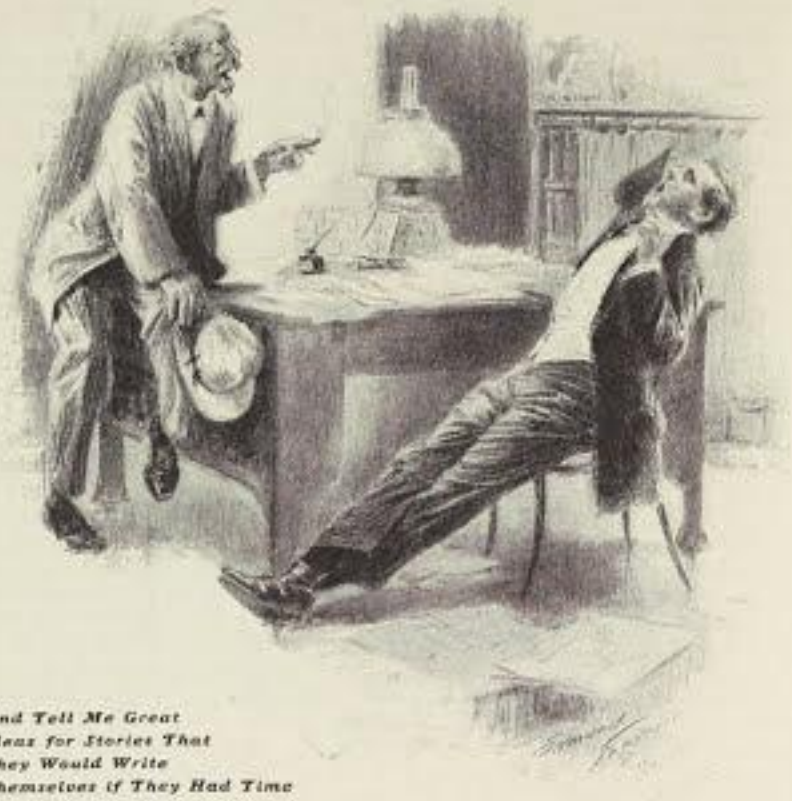
How did one go about it? I wondered. Where did one learn to be a literary man? I often smile over the naïveté of my answer to that question. But after all it was natural enough. If you were going to be a preacher you went to a divinity school and learned how. You went to a law school to learn law. Well and good! I would go to Harvard or Columbia and put in a couple of post-graduate years at literature. That isn't quite such a joke now as it was then because there are, I believe, men in some of the faculties who have made the sapient discovery that the way to learn how to write is to write. But in those days—well, you studied Gothic and Anglo-Saxon, and counted weak endings in Troilus and Cressida to determine whether it was written before or after Timon of Athens. It was Providence and nothing else that saved me from falling into that pit.

Just after I graduated I got an offer of a job as cub instructor in rhetoric in a near-by college at the princely salary of seven hundred and fifty dollars a year. I don't know exactly why I took it, for my father was perfectly willing to give me two years more of education. For one thing, I suppose I was tired of being a schoolboy. The opportunity to begin earning a living was an alluring one. Then the offer was a compliment, and the man who offered it, the professor of rhetoric at the college in question, had a name in letters that I already knew. The chance of associating with him seemed promising.

I taught for a year with moderate success, chiefly, I think, because I hadn't the academic point of view. I was still a student at heart and I knew what to expect of the boys in my classes. Certainly, though, I learned a lot more than I taught, and I got a shadowy notion of one real idea—namely, that the climate of College Hill was not favorable to the growth and production of fresh literary vegetation. When you spent all your time contemplating the bleak glories of antiquity it seemed a piece of impertinent presumption to try to create anything new on your own account. Writing about literature might be all very well, but what man in his senses would try to write an original play after Sophocles had already written seven? Compete with Sophocles! Ridiculous!

Luckily at the end of the first year, before the virus had fairly had time to work, I was fired—no, not fired exactly; they pulled my chair out from under me. At commencement time the affable president assured me that there was no doubt I would be reëngaged; but in July came a letter from the board of trustees to the effect that the college had to retrench and that my chief would have to worry along without an assistant. It was too late to get another teaching job for the next year, and the only way I could see of pursuing a literary career was to wait until fall and then go to counting unstopped lines and deciding which was Beaumont and which was Fletcher, as I had meant to do the year before.

But in the meantime I had a story in my head—a novel, and it suddenly occurred to me to sit down and write it without waiting to pursue researches into the origin of the English language. It was a pretty good story that had been brewing in my head for two or three years. I hadn't any literary technic whatever, any ideas about creating an atmosphere or sustaining a scene. All I knew about telling a story was that you began at the beginning and told it as simply and directly as possible. I didn't do it wholly as an exercise either—in the back of my mind there was a wild, unacknowledged hope.



And Tell Me Great Ideas for Stories That They Would Write Themselves if They Had Time

Out in Chicago, which is the metropolis of the part of the country that I live in, was a publisher, a youthful fanatic with a hope of his own of making Chicago a literary center, of encouraging Western writers by publishing their books, of shaking off the tyrannous thralldom of New York. That man, I thought, might possibly publish my story. I was working on the last chapter of the book when his failure was announced in the newspapers, and by that time my own hope had grown big enough so that the heartless little two-stick announcement was a crushing calamity.

But I had been reading the story aloud, a chapter at a time, to the family, and they liked it, especially my father, who thought it was a good yarn—ever so much better than lots of the rot you read. He even announced a vague intention of financing its publication himself. But one day he talked to a man, a college professor he knew, who had published books, and that man spoke as follows:

"Take the three biggest publishing houses in the United States. Begin with Arthur & Company. Send the manuscript to them in turn. If they all reject it tell the boy to forget it."

To me, at the time, that seemed the most heartless pronouncement that ever had been uttered by the mouth of man. But it struck my father as good sense. In fact, I could see that it was good sense myself. That was why it hurt so horribly at the pit of my stomach. But I braced up and did it, and within a week after Arthur & Company had received the manuscript I got a letter from them. They'd be glad to publish my novel. They'd pay me ten per cent royalties on all copies sold up to five thousand; after that fifteen per cent. Through a golden haze I read the long printed agreement that came inclosed in the letter.

A Plot On a Pattern

THERE'S never been another day like that. The thing was unbelievable, but it was true. I had reached the pinnacle of ambition at a bound. I was to have a novel published. The joy of it was untempered by the faintest misgiving. The door of the Temple of Letters had swung wide open at the slightest touch and let me in. I don't believe my feet touched the pavement all day. I went to a musical show that night. You very likely went to it yourself, but you have forgotten the name of it. You probably grunted and said "Another of 'em" as you went out. To me that show has always been the most sparkling, witty, melodious thing that ever was put on the boards.

I plunged pell-mell into another novel. It was another old story, one I'd been carrying round in my head for a long time. I had begun to get a little self-conscious about it though. It was no longer a question of beginning at the beginning and marching straight on in little two-thousand-word blocks to the end. I turned a few literary handsprings at the beginning and did a shuddery chapter in unconscious imitation of Dickens' worst. I read, as it happened, for the first time an essay of Stevenson's: Some Technical Considerations of Style I think he calls it. I learned from him that a plot was just a pattern, and in the joy of that discovery I drew a pattern on the blackboard. The funny thing is that the story didn't go



When My Card Had Got Me Into the Private Office of Some Captain of Industry I Didn't Know What to Ask Him

absolutely to smash. The thing that saved it was the joyous, enthusiastic confidence I got from the acceptance of the first book. My fortune was already made, you see. And that glow of enthusiasm swung me into my stride, made me forget my monkey tricks and stick to my yarn. It was a good yarn, too, and it told about a lot of people that I knew from the ground up.

My first story had been accepted in January. It was published the last day of April and the appearance of the volume in its poster cover, with my name stamped on the back, gave me another great day. It was well received by the newspaper reviewers, judging at least from the little excerpts that appeared in the advertisements, and it went almost at once into a second edition. It didn't occur to me that the first edition might have been tentatively small.

I'd have said that I knew the terms of my agreement by heart; certainly I had gloated over it often enough. I knew that I was to have a check in August and I had my royalties all figured out. Say my book sold a hundred thousand copies—that was the figure one saw oftenest in the advertisements of successful books. But be conservative. Cut it in two. Call it fifty thousand. Ten thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. I was as sure of it as I was sure of August itself. Meantime I lived cheerfully at home, kept in pocket money—which I meant munificently to repay—by an allowance from my father. Well, the day came at last and with it the bulky yellow envelope. I opened it carefully in order not to destroy the check. The check was there, sure enough.

But they had made a mistake about it. Certainly the mistake of a decimal point. For the check was made out for $40.35! It was written that way too—forty and thirty-five one-hundredths dollars. I looked at the statement. "Royalties on two hundred and sixty-nine copies at fifteen cents." Then I got the clew. The statement was dated May first. I got my agreement out of its iron box and for the first time surveyed it with a dispassionate eye. I was entitled to an annual statement in the month of August on sales up to the first of the preceding May. My book had been published on the thirtieth of April and my forty dollars and thirty-five cents were one day's royalties. The rest was due a year from then. Probably it was lucky that I was let down easily, for the royalties on the whole first year's sales of that book were less in hundreds than I had expected in thousands; but before they came in I had come out of my day dream and was facing the facts.

Swift Success

I FINISHED up novel number two, still living on my allowance, but by the time it was done number one had put me in the way of earning a little real money. The story tapped a vein that was new then, and several magazine editors wrote to me and wanted short stories. I found these hard to write—there was no chance to get up the momentum that pulled you along through a novel—but I managed to turn out three or four at from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars apiece, and that put an end to the allowance. Then Arthur's took novel number two, offering me an advance of five hundred dollars and a flat royalty of fifteen per cent. I hadn't asked for either of these things. I'd never heard of an advance, and the old royalty had seemed ample; but they offered it as a matter of course. They also offered me a contract for novel number three, which wasn't written yet.

I declined it—on instinct, I think, for I hadn't any experience then to guide me. I'm sure now that I was right. It doesn't do you any good, in the long run, to sell things before they're written. If you can deliver the goods you never have any trouble selling them; and if you can't deliver the goods you don't gain any permanent advantage by having stung somebody for them. I thought over the offer the president of Arthur & Company made me; then I spoke as follows, and it still seems like pretty good sense:

"If I can write another novel as good as number two, here, I'll have every reason to bring it to you and you'll have every reason to take it. That's as good as a contract. And if it turns out to be so bad that nothing but the contract forces you to publish it I'm better off if it isn't published."

So I went off home and set to work on number three.

You see I hadn't gone to live in New York. I had made a few literary acquaintances down there—not many, for my visits had been brief and far between—and they were all frankly curious as to why, when I might as well as not, I didn't down come to join them. I didn't precisely know. Certainly it was pleasant to associate with people who knew what I was doing and were interested in it, who were doing the same sort of things themselves and could talk shop agreeably. Out in the small city where I lived, where everybody on Main Street called me by my first name, nobody knew what I was doing and nobody cared. There was a prevalent impression that I didn't work and that it was hard on my father that I hadn't gone into the business. Family friends used to smile indulgently and tell me great ideas for stories that they would write themselves if they had time. But, after all, they were the sort of people I was trying to write about. I was one of them and they couldn't be self-conscious with me. Certainly there was no encouragement to be literary out there, in matters of hair and collars and conversation, and perhaps that made it easier to take my literariness out in writing.

When I was within a chapter or two of the end of number three I got a letter from the Editor of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, asking me to come in to Chicago to meet him. He wanted a serial along the line of the work I was doing. I showed him number three. It didn't seem to stampede him at all, but he offered me twelve hundred dollars for the serial rights to it and I took him. I was getting engaged to be married at the time and that check looked pretty good.

Meanwhile number two was selling better than number one had done. I think it ran eventually to between seven and eight thousand copies, and of course most of it was in the first check. Number three, which was published just after my marriage, was the biggest success I have ever made. It, too, was an old story, one that I had been carrying round. It is by far the best of the three. I don't know now exactly what the quality of it was that made it go; I think a sort of sincerity and fidelity to detail. I knew just what I was talking about when I wrote that book. Its sales were something over twenty thousand copies, but under twenty-five thousand, I think, in the regular royalty-bearing edition. It is supposed to have done a great deal better than that. I find people every now and then with the idea that I must have made enough out of that book to live on the income of it. All told it brought me in about five thousand dollars. Of course it made the market for number four an absolutely sure thing. I sold the serial rights to that book for two thousand dollars and Arthur's raised my royalty to a flat twenty per cent, which means thirty cents for every copy sold.

The period I have been talking about covers the first four years of my attempt to earn a living by literature. In that time I hadn't had a single refusal, even of a short story, or a single failure; and, except for my ludicrous expectations regarding my first check, hardly a disappointment. I considered myself—naturally enough, I think—an established person. Number four didn't sell so well as number three, but there was nothing especially ominous in that. It went to seven or eight thousand copies—plenty to be called a success in the book-publishing world. I wrote novel number five, serialized it through an agent for five cents a word, the highest price I had been paid up to that time, and went off with my wife to Europe. We planned to stay about two years, living in Paris and working there and making little trips about the Continent and England.



My Father Thought it Was a Good Yarn

A Year of Play in Paris

I HAD no more doubt, having mapped out that program, that I could go on doing what I had done in the past than I have now that I can get up out of the chair I am sitting in. I was in perfectly good health and spirits; I hadn't any worries. I had lost some money in an investment I had made, but that didn't bother me much. I felt that I knew my work and that I had a market.

I spent the spring and summer writing novel number six, the plot of which I had talked over with Mr. Brown, of Arthur & Company, before I sailed. We were both enthusiastic about it; both thought it was going to be the biggest success yet. When it was finished and I packed it off to America I was as confident that it was worth at least four or five thousand dollars to me as if it had been a bundle of municipal bonds of that face value. To be sure, I had got word that number five, which I had serialized before leaving America, wasn't doing very well as a book, but the publisher's explanation of that seemed a very good one. The story was a little too short. It didn't look, to a person who picked it up on the counter and ran over the pages, like one dollar and fifty cents' worth. There is something to be said for the person who buys more or less by bulk, although he is much derided. I have felt outraged many a time by the discovery, on a train perhaps, that a novel for which I had paid the regular price had only an hour's reading in it.

Meanwhile we were having a beautiful time in Paris. We had a microscopic apartment over on the left bank. We got acquainted in no time at all with most of the American painters, sculptors and musicians who make up that colony, and we met a lot of pleasant French people besides. I particularly enjoyed the painters. Not being a painter myself, I was allowed to hang round and watch them work and ask innumerable questions. I began evolving esthetic principles, discovering parallels between their work and mine; my mind was full of "keys" and "values." It was a wonderful revel, easily the most stimulating, exciting time I have ever had. There was a lot, of course, beside the studios—the theaters, the Lamoureux concerts on Sunday afternoons—and then Paris itself—beautiful, gay, tragic Paris. It wasn't easy to work there. It was so much better for one's soul to play. You learned so much playing you could fairly feel yourself grow.

I got a rather surprising letter from Mr. Brown, saying that he was having a great deal of difficulty in serializing the manuscript I had sent him and that he thought I had better publish it as a book without trying any further. I was too far off to go into the matter on my own account, so I took his word for it and wrote him to do as he thought best and publish the book. If it made anything like the success he expected it to make the loss of the serial money would not seem very important. But the effect of it was to make me settle down to work in earnest. It hadn't diminished my self-confidence a bit. What if there were something radically wrong with the book? I knew an infinite lot more now than I had known a year ago. I was full of all sorts of brilliant technical ideas, fine little *tours de force* that I meant to pull off. I made up my plot like a pictorial composition. I worked, once I got started at it, with a good deal of the old exuberance that I had felt over number two when I was expecting that

ten-thousand-dollar check. I was going to make a tremendous advance this time. The reviewers, who had always complimented me on "a rattling good yarn," were going to find something else to say.

We had to come home about six months earlier than we had planned to do. The reason that caused our return made us glad to go; made the prospect of a home of our own, among our own people, a very attractive one.

Just before we sailed I got a short story back from the editor I had sent it to. It was the first time this had ever happened to me and I remember now the vague, momentary discomfort that editor's letter gave me. The story was beautifully done, he said, but it didn't seem precisely to get anywhere. The story was one of a series I had been doing for him and he wanted to print it, but neither he nor the rest of his staff could see it in the magazine. According to my own ideas it was the best one of the series, and I cheered myself up with the reflection that that editor needed a little educating.

The novel I had written a year before, the one I had not been able to serialize, came out a few weeks before we sailed. When we got to New York we stopped off for a day or two on our way West and I went up and had a talk with Brown.

The book had fallen absolutely flat; had been an instantaneous and total failure. Even the advance sales had been much less than those of my other books and there had been practically no reorders whatever.

Even then I did not regard the situation as more than temporarily embarrassing. The new story I was doing would be finished in a month or two and there couldn't be any doubt at all about its success. It was entirely out of the class of anything I had done before. I had really begun to learn my business. I didn't show the new story to Brown, but promised to send it to him as soon as it was finished. It took me longer to finish it than I had anticipated. My new standards of workmanship, I told myself, were higher, and this wasn't to be wondered at. It was a little disquieting though. I had very little money left and I was going to need it in the next few months more than I had ever needed it before. I got the thing finished at last, just before Christmastime and about a week before our baby was born.

I had never worked so hard nor any more enthusiastically on anything. When it was done and the express package containing the manuscript was dispatched to New York I told myself that the thing was absolutely sure fire. But that was, after all, a very different frame of mind from the one in which I had sent off the other story from Paris. I got a letter from Brown about it within a week.

"I have read your story over," he said, "very carefully, and there isn't any doubt in my mind as to what I have got to say to you about it. There are scenes in it that are completely charming; they have a power of lingering in the memory even of a man who reads as many manuscripts as I do. But I am sure it would be a serious mistake to publish this story in its present form. There is some vital essential quality wanting in it. Of course, if you want to try it on some other publisher I haven't a word to say. But if I may venture to advise you, you will put it on the shelf and forget about it for a while, and then take it out and make of it the story that it deserves to be."

I am rather proud to say that I took his advice. The event has proved that he was absolutely right about it. I read that story a year or two ago and arrested a destroying hand to preserve the thing for a horrible example of what an intelligent, conscientious craftsman can do when he gets off on the wrong tack. But at the time it was a stern rebuff not only as a blow to my confidence, my belief in my own powers, but as a question of plain bread and butter.

Golden Days for Muckrakers

IT WAS all very well to talk about putting the story on the shelf and forgetting it; that was probably wise, but certainly not remunerative. How was I going to earn a living? There didn't seem to be much use in starting another piece of fiction. Now that I had got a line on the thing it was perfectly evident that I had been coasting along downhill toward this failure for the last two years. I hadn't a single excuse to make for myself. I had been perfectly well, I had been industrious, enthusiastic, I had played the game for all I knew. Well, there were things to write other than fiction, of course.

Those were the golden days of the magazine period, the days when Lawson was writing about the System. The muckrake was being wielded with tremendously satisfactory results. One knew the day of the month when every magazine appeared and ran to the newsstand confident of opening the door upon a new chamber of horrors. I doubted whether I should be a very good hand at the muckrake, because at the bottom that was a reporter's job, and I had never had any newspaper experience. But I got a notion for a series of articles—I called them articles—on what I called Sub-Conscious Socialism, and outlined them in a letter to an editor I knew in New York.

He was a young editor and a bit of an enthusiast, and somehow or other that harebrained idea of mine appealed to him. He sent for me to come down to New York and we talked steadily for about three days. He didn't accept the series—I don't know what saved him from that—but he did hire me to write articles for his magazine at a salary of fifty dollars a week.

It was the first job I had had since I had been fired from my college instructorship, and it worried me nearly to death. Fifty dollars a week—eight dollars and thirty-three cents a day, not counting Sundays! I used to lie awake nights and wonder whether what I had done that day was worth eight dollars and thirty-three cents. I was under two pretty big handicaps. In the first place, I had never had any experience in running down a news story. When I was turned loose on an assignment I felt absolutely lost. I didn't know whom to see; and when my card had got me into the private office of some captain of industry I didn't know what to ask him. And when, with infinite labor and an agony of spirit that I don't like to think about now, I had got my story or something that would pass for it I didn't know how to write it. A piece of fiction has a sort of inevitable beginning and middle and end; but what was the beginning and what was the end of an article?

Nevertheless I did manage to turn out a lot of stuff, and after all I fancy I earned my wages. But I had the misfortune always to arouse great expectations. I could suggest an idea for an article, talk about it in editorial conference, hazard all sorts of stimulating speculations regarding it and get the office worked up to a white heat of enthusiasm. And when my tame though intelligent little story came in it always drew down a corresponding disappointment.

Finally they gave me a really big assignment. The editor told me about it with his eyes shining. It was an absolutely first-class story. I was to take all the time I needed to get it up. It involved traveling over about half of the United States and spending a lot of money. It was to make a series of about three articles, and when that series was done it was to ring the big bell. The editor had the facts in a general sort of way; I was to go out and confirm them, amplify them, interpret them.

Well, I went out on the job. I traveled for about three months. I scoured the country for that story—my fifty dollars a week and my expense account looking bigger and more menacing all the time. At last I went back to New York. The facts that the editor had given me to start with were mighty interesting, but they simply weren't so. The story wasn't there.

There was a story there—an interesting one, I thought, well worth telling—but it wasn't going to scorch the leaves off the trees by a long way.

I said to that sad-faced editor: "The real facts could be twisted into a confirmation of the story you gave me if I stretched them enough and suppressed all the facts on the other side. If I had a brief for that story, as a lawyer has for his client's side of the case, I could make a pretty fair showing. But a magazine writer isn't supposed to have a brief."

"Well," said the editor, "I can't disagree to that. Make the best story you can."

I had already written the first article of the series and I went to work on the others. When the first article came out the head man of the industry I had been investigating came and offered me the editorship of his trade paper! And if a would-be muckraker ever got a worse shock than that I have never heard of it.

They let me go on and write the other two articles of the series and then sorrowfully they fired me.

"The trouble with you," said the editor, "is that you write about things. You ought to be working for one of the stodgy reviews." But that didn't seem a feasible project—indeed, I hadn't altogether liked his grin when he said it—so I went back home and started writing short stories.



I Had Made a Few Literary Acquaintances

Out of a Job Once More

I HAD a ghastly year and a half after that. During this time I succeeded in selling one story and one article. I don't know how many stories I wrote—ten or a dozen probably, and all but one of them made the rounds down to the unillustrated ten-centers, who'd have paid me, if they'd liked the stuff, perhaps fifty dollars apiece for them. I had a thin trickle of royalties from my books, the successful ones, which in a small way kept on selling. They brought me a few hundred dollars a year. And for a while I had another job—an assignment from a pyrotechnic weekly to do a series of articles showing up a great public-service corporation. Why such a job was ever offered to me I don't understand. Certainly I didn't stop then to inquire. They offered me a hundred dollars a week and I took it the way a parching sailor takes a drink. I got my story after a fashion and wrote my introductory article, but it appeared in the last number of that weekly that ever was published.

Do you remember Philosopher Dooley's Cubian Workman, who came home in the evening to his sorrowful wife and children and said: "Thank Gawd, I'm fired"—and how all was joy in the cottage that night? Well, I felt a little like that when that meteoric weekly blew up. The old terror of a salary had already struck through clear to my marrow. In my innermost heart I knew I'd never be able to finish that series. I hadn't got my story nailed down as Adams or Irwin or any of those old star reporters, who had gone into the article game, would have nailed it down. There were many spots in it where I only had the scaffolding of a theory instead of the solid pillar of a fact. I knew it, but I couldn't get the facts. The thing had grown to be a horrible sort of nightmare to me. So it is literally true that I put up a rueful prayer of thanksgiving when it was over.

I was pretty near all in. Of course the hundred dollars a week for the last ten weeks or so had been an enormous financial relief, but it hadn't been enough to make me even with the game by a good deal. Then my health for the first time showed signs of breaking down. My family doctor, who looked me over, prescribed, as they will do in such cases, two or three months of complete rest and gave me stuff to make me sleep at night, which for the past weeks I hadn't been able to do.

I looked the situation over soberly and dispassionately. To all appearances I was a total failure. Of the last three novels I had written, the first, which I succeeded in serializing, had failed as a book; the second, which I couldn't serialize, failed worse as a book; and the third I couldn't publish at all. I had a drawer full of shabby short-story manuscripts that had gone the whole editorial rounds of New York. I had made two separate attempts at article-writing and had failed at both of them.

I never laid the flattering unction to my soul that my work failed because it was too good, because people weren't intelligent enough to appreciate me. That soul-destroying poison I wasn't even tainted with. No, it was clear enough I had lost my grip, I had forgotten how to write.

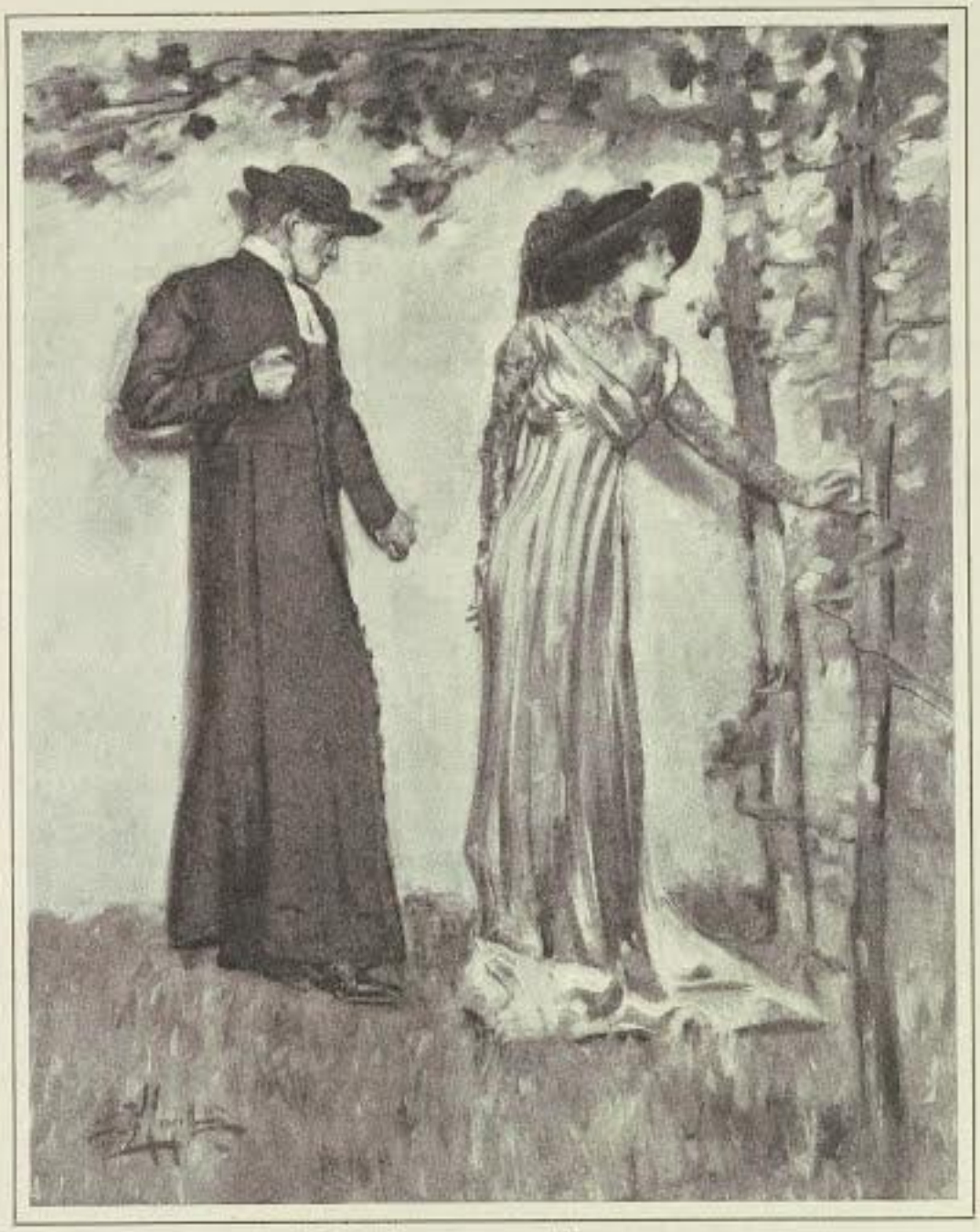
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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

III

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



"You're a Wolf, Frank," She Whispered. "How Did You Manage It?"

THERE was no use in trying to send Rosalie back to Paris. She wouldn't go. The girl was no fool; and, totting up what she'd seen and what I'd told her, and making a good fore-and-aft guess at the rest, she came pretty near piping down the situation.

"As I dope it out," said she, sitting there on the edge of the bank with her round knees cuddled under her clasped hands, "there's a feud between you and this Chu-Chu person—and it's coming to a head. Now let me tell you something: there's been only one time in my life when I've started something that I couldn't finish—and that was my marriage to De Brignolles. I don't know whether you're what they call a 'grafter' over there at home or whether you're a sort of Arsène Lupin or Sherlock Holmes—or what you are. At first I thought you were a jealous lover; then I thought you were a secret service man; then I thought you were a liar." Rosalie looked at me sort of doubtfully.

"What do you think I am now?" I asked.

She smiled a little and shook her head.

"I don't know," she answered, "and I don't care very much; but you're an American and you're up against something that is very difficult, and I'm not going to scud off and save myself."

Let me tell you, my friend, I wanted to reach over and gather the girl in and kiss her. She was a little brick. Here she was, a girl who had spent two-thirds of her life in France and had her ups and downs in both countries, yet had never been smirched—you had only to look at her to see that—and had kept ideals.

"Look here, Rosalie," said I; "you're the best little girl in all the world, and I feel that I am going to be a better man for having known that there really are some like you. I've only been up against one in my life and she thinks I'm all wrong—and I don't blame her. Now it ain't included in my route-card to bring trouble to the only two really unselfish women that I ever met; so you and I are due to part *immédiatement*. You said a minute or two ago, 'That's all you get for being famous'; so there's no kick coming if you don't recognize me when I tell you one or two of my old business names. Until a month or so ago, when I went on the level for my own good reasons, I was about as slick a thief as ever tried to collect what he thought the world owed him. The police in London and Frankfort—and even 'way off there in America, where they love a thief until he's pinched almost as much as they do here in Paris—would feel real broken up if they knew I'd chucked graft. Maybe you never heard of Frank Clamart, alias the 'Tidewater Clam,' alias 'The Swell,' alias 'Sir Frankie'—and a few others?"

Rosalie looked embarrassed.

"No," said she. "I never had a chance to see the papers in the convent." She looked at me and laughed outright. "That squares us, doesn't it? So it was an old score, just as I thought."

"No," I answered, "it's not an old score. It's a brand-new one. It all happened after I'd chucked graft and passed my word to—to ——"

"Léontine?"

"Faugh!" said I.

"I beg your pardon," said Rosalie, and the smile had clean gone out of her face.

"Look here, little girl," said I quick as a flash; "don't think for a second that I'm pretending to be in love again. I'm not. The woman I passed my word to is the wife of my half-brother and she's not like the rest of us down here."

"Hush!" said Rosalie. "You needn't shout. I understand. Sœur Anne Marie is that kind. Just knowing them makes the rest of us who have naughty thoughts and too many feelings and a certain amount of honesty feel that, after all, it's worth while to kick along. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," I answered. "You're on, my dear. And now, after what I have told you, I fancy you won't mind climbing up on that seat and twisting your little wagon back to Paris. If you start right now you'll just about get to the Champs-Elysées in time to pick up another fare. Will a hundred francs cover our account?"

I spoke roughly on purpose, because I wanted her to flare up and clear. Here was a nice little woman, and an American at that, who had had troubles enough of her own; so I spoke to her as if what I said could have only one possible answer.

Instead of acting up as I had counted, however, she gave me a quiet little smile and answered:

"Do I strike you as the sort to file away and leave a fellow American in a bad corner? Not much! You've engaged me for the whole afternoon and it's not yet two o'clock. What you are after, as I dope it out, is to draw the fire of this Chu-Chu person. You want to make sure that he means business and you think that, if he does, the sooner you liquidate the better. Well, the forest of Marly is just the place for two people with your trouble. And"—she glanced at me and a sort of warmth came into her eyes—"I'm not worrying myself to death over the result. You look as if you could take care of yourself."

I shook my head.

"It won't do, Rosalie," I answered. "If Chu-Chu should happen to know that you were an American he would suspect you of working with me or trying to help. He's as revengeful as a Pathan and there's no telling what he might do to you afterward. Besides, he's seen you once today and if he were to catch sight of you again he might get suspicious. I'll manage some other way. I've got a little scheme. It may not work, but there's no great harm in trying it. If you're interested to know how it pans out drop into the Bon Cocher at about noon tomorrow."

She saw that I meant it, so she gave in; and I thanked her and squared up. Rosalie would let me pay her only the regular amount and the regular tip for an out-of-town *course*. Then we shook hands and she stepped up to her seat when I cranked the motor; and she moved slowly off in the direction of Paris. I had made a bundle of my *prédicateur* costume and carried it under my arm.

So back down the road I went and in through the big gates, which had been left open—though, the guests having all arrived, the footman had gone up to the house. The place was a very handsome one with a big park and straight alleys cut through the trees, with grottoes and fountains and statues—all very stately and well kept. Beyond the house one caught a glimpse of a *jardin d'agrément*, with a bank of crimson dahlias all in bloom and a sort of *temple d'amour* at the far end.

As I drew near the house I discovered that the stables were off to the left and some distance in the rear, the waiting motors, both private cars and taxis, being parked out on the shady terrace. Some of the servants had brought out a couple of tables, and the chauffeurs were partaking of the refreshment offered. There was a good deal of tobacco smoke and the distant murmur of talk and laughter, but the house itself was silent, as if deserted; and this was explained by a file of waiters going in a double stream, like ants, down one of the paths which led off into the park. Apparently the *déjeuner* was being served *al fresco* some distance from the house. I stopped to listen and heard the faint ripple of women's voices—then a silvery laugh.

Not a soul was in sight about the front of the château. Such servants as were not occupied in helping to serve were apparently hobnobbing with the chauffeurs or on duty in the kitchen. Even the dogs were assisting at the banquet, for I could hear intermittent yappings—and once a sharp ki-yi!

At the foot of the big stone steps I paused and looked about for somebody to hail, wishing that I had rung at the gate; but I had never counted on finding the place deserted and had thought that once inside the better my chance of success would be.

For this was my plan—and you can see, my friend, that if the first was a sporting proposition this second, which I had fallen back on rather than have Rosalie mixed up in the business, was almost dangerous: I meant to go to the *maître d'hôtel* and explain to him that I was a reporter and ask for the names of Monsieur le Baron's guests. A five-franc piece would get me all the information I might seem to need. I would then explain that I had come from Paris in a taxicab which had broken down on the road within about a kilometer; that I had walked the remainder of the distance. And I would ask him if he thought that one of the waiting taxis might not set me over to Versailles, which was only about three kilometers away. The *maître d'hôtel*, I fancied, would tell me that I might go and ask them and this I would do, feeling sure that Chu-Chu would immediately recognize me and volunteer, trusting to his disguise. Once in the cab and on the way, he would

probably pick out the first unpeopled part of the road to turn sharply on his seat and shoot into me. And my particular business was to beat him to it.

It was a nice little plan and there seemed no particular reason why it shouldn't work. Chu-Chu would think I had come out in the hope of getting a word with Léontine and no doubt find nothing to suspect in the story of my motor having broken down.

So I stood at the bottom of the steps, looking round for a servant; and, seeing no one but the distant waiters carrying dishes, I was about to try the side entrance when my ear was caught by a low sound which had for me a peculiar significance. Nobody but an ex-cracksman would have given it a second's thought. On a lovely summer day, with birdsongs all about, the distant sounds of careless revelry, bursts of laughter and the occasional squeal of a maid coming from the direction of the stables, and the big, sunny, wide-open country house, its front shaded and silent, but the rear teeming with activity—let me tell you, it seemed the very last place in the world for such a sound as fetched me up all standing!

It was no more than the gentlest purr; and if I had not been standing directly before the open door, so that it came to me amplified through the vaulted corridor within, I never could have heard it. As it was, I recognized it instantly and knew exactly what was going on.

I took a quick look round. There was nobody in sight for the instant, and I slipped like a cat up the steps and through the front door. There I stopped again to listen. It was cool and silent inside—so still that I could hear the ticking of a clock on the floor above. The noise which had attracted me came also from the floor above; and as I listened it ceased for an instant, then changed in character, becoming more metallic and even more difficult to hear.

There was no need for me to listen, however. Chu-Chu was at work up there. I wondered that he went to the trouble of blow-lamp and drill when in his wonderfully sensitive hands the lock of a country-house safe would have been a mere child's puzzle, to be solved in a couple of minutes at most. I decided that the safe must be a very ancient one, with a heavy, rusty old lock—the meanest sort, by-the-way, for the cracksman.

It made it all plain enough. Chu-Chu had run out to look the house over with an idea to a future job, but, finding the conditions so favorable, was acting on the bird-in-the-hand principle. Chu-Chu was an avaricious man and loved his profession, and he couldn't resist the opportunity. I doubted he'd find much in the safe; and no doubt he felt the same way, but thought he might as well gather in what there was. And, mind you, it was only about three weeks earlier that he had skoffed the Allerton-Stairs jewels on the Calais-Dover boat. Chu-Chu was certainly a greedy hog!

I laid my bundle on a big Renaissance chest in the hall and crossed, as silent as a weasel, to the stairs. I was wearing felt-soled shoes these days, and they made no more noise on the marble than the pads of a wolf. Chu-Chu's merry little mill was turning again as I stole up the stairs, and it stopped just as I reached the first landing.

It was better to stalk him while he worked, so I waited; and as I did so there came a squeal and a giggle from somewhere in the rear of the house and the sound of a ringing slap. Next, a throaty-voiced but panting "*Voyons!—ma belle!*"—half reproachful, half indignant. Another squeal, another slap, followed by the rustle of muslin skirts in swift flight. This time the "*Tiens, p'tite!*" had a fierce sort of ring to it and there was the clatter of pursuit. Out of the pantry they burst, through the salon and *salle-à-manger*, where something got overturned and came down with a crash. A lap or two round the table, then out into the antechamber, and for a second I thought they were coming up the stairs; but no, she dodged him at the foot of the stairs and I caught a glimpse of them—and a mighty pretty, healthy specimen of an eighteen-year-old *poulette* she was, and he a trim young chauffeur in maroon livery and gaiters. He chased her into the conservatory and there I think he caught her and kissed her, for there was the sound of a scuffle, a stifled squeal or two—and a couple of flower-pots coming down. Then silence, and I reached for my knife.

For it was knifework—this job ahead. No fourteenth of July, Fall-of-the-Bastile celebration for Chu-Chu and myself. Our work had to be quick and silent; and I wondered what old Hertzfeld would think when he saw a respectable-looking, middle-aged chauffeur lying in a pool of blood in front of his safe—and nothing touched—and learned later that the man was none other than the celebrated Chu-Chu, who was commonly thought to be part myth, I think. Chu-Chu had earned the name in his youth and was trying hard to live it down by sincere and steady work of an unspectacular sort. When he felt the need of murdering somebody he did it quietly and without any limelight, and for some definite purpose—usually a money one. I remember that, the night of Léontine's party, Chu-Chu spoke pretty bitterly about a play that had appeared at the Grand Guignol under his name.

This sort of obituary notice of Chu-Chu was going through my head while I waited for the scufflers in the conservatory to come to terms and Chu-Chu to start to work again; and pretty soon the house got quiet and I heard the little purr of the blow-lamp.

Up I went, knife in fist, impatient to be done with the business and out into the bright sunlight, with the perfume of the oleanders and the birdsongs. That was what I wanted—to be out in the bright upperworld again, a free man with no vampire from the underworld dogging me in and out. Compunction? I had no more of it than the man who blows the head off a crocodile or sneaks out and poisons a wolf. That sort of sentimentality was never my trouble; and, between you and me, there's a lot of nonsense about the sacredness of human life anyway. Send 'em back where they came from and let 'em start fresh! Next time, maybe, they'll get started on the right thread. Only that Edith had pulled me up when I was ripe for it and put a right way of thinking into me, I'd wish that somebody had snuffed me out before I did any more mischief. And as for the fairness or lack of it in stabbing to death an unsuspecting man—well, this wasn't exactly a sporting event, like a prizefight or a duel. It was just a plain feud.

At the top of the stairs I paused to listen. The blow-lamp had stopped and the drill was at work again, but I didn't hear it, as one of the chauffeurs had started his motor for some reason and the hum of it filled the place. A couple of seconds later I had slipped down the hall and was looking through a crack between the portières and the door—and there was Chu-Chu, squatting on his knees and just in the act of drawing out the drill.

The little room where he was at work was a sort of boudoir, just off the Baron's bedroom probably, and finished in English style—Jacobean, with desk and safe and writing table, and the walls hung with English hunting prints. There was a big *armoire*, one door half open and a goat coat hanging inside; and a couple of golf sticks were lying on a Breton chest. The place seemed a sort of little den—part writing room, part cozy corner—the sort of place that the man who lives there usually takes more comfort in than all the rest of the big house put together.

Chu-Chu was squatting in front of the safe which, just as I had thought, was an old-fashioned affair, clumsy and rusty and, as a matter of fact, a hanged sight more burglar-proof than lots of your modern contraptions. I once knew of an expert cracksman losing his temper and making such a row getting into an old-fashioned buffet after a drink that it got him pinched. The first glimpse I got of Chu-Chu showed him hot and angry as he pocketed his drill and half turned to listen before going on with the job.

My friend, I don't care what they say, there's certainly such a thing as pure animal instinct that can be developed in a man just as in a dog or wolf, to warn him and put him on his guard when his human senses tell him nothing. Chu-Chu could not possibly have heard me. In the first place, the motor in the rear of the house was buzzing away; and, in the second, I had not made so much noise as a spider walking across his web. He could not see me, as the hall was darkened and the slit between the portières no wider than the cover of a book. But, all the same, he felt danger and was on his feet like a flash, his legs braced, his head dropped between his shoulders, and a long blade flashed from somewhere and lay in his hand as a man holds a foil.

I waited for a second, feeling that the alarm might pass. Chu-Chu's eyes were on the portières. His hand went out to the oak chest and picked up something lying there. I caught the glint of it and whipped out my pistol; and even as I did so Chu-Chu fired pointblank—straight into the portières.

There was a sharp pain in my shoulder and the pistol flew out of my hand. I tore aside the portières and leaped into the room. Chu-Chu fired again; but I ducked under his arm, grabbed his wrist and sent the knife home just under it. He squalled like a cat and struck at me with his knife, putting the blade through my right forearm. Mad with pain, I loosened my hold of the hilt and struck him under the chin with my left fist. It was a solid, short-arm blow and keeled him over. At the same instant somebody grabbed me from behind. I flung back my head and writhed round like a cat. A footman had me by the shoulders, but I got an arm free and landed him one between the eyes that sent him floundering across a chair. Then I turned and darted out of the door, down the stairs, grabbed up my bundle and dashed into the nearest thicket, a mass of shrubs and flowers, and out into the more open park behind. Back of the house there was yelping like kennels at feeding-time, and two or three of the waiters who were carrying dishes down the path with the grass carpet caught sight of me as I sped under the trees and raised a squall. Chu-Chu had drilled me through the shoulder and sliced me through the arm, and before I'd gone fifty meters my head began to swim. The shoulder didn't bother me a bit, but the blood was welling out of my arm rich and red, and I knew he'd got an artery. So I pulled up for a minute and tugged off my tie and twisted it round a couple of times, tying it with hand and teeth; and hardly had I got it fast when things began to get black and I had to stretch out on the ground, knowing that unless I did I was pretty sure to flop.

The faintness passed in a few moments and I shoved up my head to look and listen. I was lying in a heavy clump of ivy that covered not only the ground but the trees and shrubs thereabout and made a splendid cover. Voices were shouting from here and there, and the hum from the house was like a beehive kicked over. Somebody was crashing round in the underbrush not far away, but out of sight from where I lay. You know how jungly and overgrown these French places get—so different from the spick-and-span English ones.

It was a bad lookout for me, as I knew that some of the people would have run out into the road; but all hands would be looking for a man in a tweed knickerbocker suit, according to the descriptions of the footman and the waiter who had sighted me as I burst from the house. So as quickly as I could I climbed into my long black *soutane*, round hat and goggles. Then, walking carefully and making as little noise as possible, I stole through the underbrush toward the wall, where I fell on a path.

Nobody was in sight for the moment, but there were shouts and cries coming from all over the place. Then down the path in my direction came running a couple of chauffeurs, both of them with very flushed faces. At sight of me they paused for a second.

"Have you seen anybody?" asked one of them.

"Have I seen anybody?" I repeated. "I do not understand. What has happened?"

"There has been a thief in the house! Where do you come from anyhow?"

"I am afraid you have had too much to drink," I answered. "Too much wine is a bad thing during this hot weather."

"Come on!" said the other impatiently. "Don't stop to argue!" And the two of them started to run down the path.

The whole park was swarming, and from all sides came the sound of crashing foliage and shouted questions and answers. The *déjeuner* had been abandoned, of course, and guests, waiters, cooks, chauffeurs, stablemen and field-workers were scouring the place—some beating out the bushes, others patrolling the road outside on the lookout for the criminal, should he break for the wall. I came suddenly upon an exquisitely dressed gentleman and lady adventuring through the woods, hand in hand. He was pushing slightly in advance, armed with an enormous carving knife and glaring ferociously into the shaded coverts. I recognized him at a glance as Maret, the actor; and the woman I had seen in the restaurants with her husband, a prominent playwright. She was very pretty and appeared frightened; and as I drew near the actor turned and gave her an embrace that ought to have reassured her, so far as the desperado was concerned. Then, as he loosed her, she caught sight of me and let out a little scream, at which Maret gave a jump that might have taken him to the top of the wall if it had been in the right direction. Seeing what I was, he scowled ferociously and picked up the carving knife which he had dropped.

"Have you seen anything suspicious?" he demanded in his sonorous stage voice.

I smiled and made a little gesture with my hand.

"A slight indiscretion, Monsieur," I answered. "I have already forgotten it."

The lady giggled. Maret frowned, then burst into a laugh.

"*Touché, mon ami!*" he said. "I was, of course, referring to this scoundrel of a burglar, not to a slight touch of midsummer madness."

"Indeed," said my lady, raising her eyebrows. "So it was that—and the champagne perhaps."

I smiled, touched my hat and passed on, leaving them to squabble and make it up. A little farther on I saw a tall white figure moving toward me at right angles. It disappeared behind some evergreens; then out into the path in front of me stepped Léontine.

I moved aside to let her pass, raising my hand to the brim of my hat. She shot me a quick glance and seemed about to look away; then stared, and her amber-colored eyes seemed to darken. Then she raised her hand warningly, seemed to listen for an instant, and stared in a stealthy way under the lowhung branches.

"You're a wolf, Frank," she whispered. "How did you manage it? Getting honest has turned you preacher in not much but costume—has it, my friend? And"—she turned her head aslant and surveyed me with a critical smile—"I must say, you look rather nice."

"Is he dead?" I asked, and leaned against the wall, for the tourniquet on my arm was hurting me horribly.

"No. You've missed again, my little boy. The surgeon, Doctor Lemaitre—who was lunching with us, you know—says the knife passed between the ribs and the heavy muscles of the chest. He is painfully but not dangerously hurt."

"Do they guess who it is?"

"On the contrary, he is the hero of the moment. He is the brave chauffeur who, while walking under the trees, saw a man scale the wall and followed him to the house, where he surprised him at his work and tried to take him single-handed. Hertzfeld is going to give him a handsome

present for having prevented the robbery. There was in the safe a diamond tiara for which our friend the Baron paid two hundred thousand francs, and which he had intended to present to a certain young actress of his acquaintance on her *jour de fête* as a slight token of his appreciation of her talent."

I whistled.

"Chu-Chu's chest is not the sorest part of him!" I observed.

"He is very vexed," said Léontine. "As he was my taxi driver I have volunteered to look after him and shall take him to a *maison de santé* that I know of. Don't try to kill him while he's laid up, Frank. That would not be nice."

"All right," I answered. "By-the-way, Léontine, where are your sympathies? Am I to count on your help or not?"

"Neither, *mon ami*. My position is precisely that of Ivan. Personally I sympathize with you, as there is a great deal about Chu-Chu that I have never liked; but he is one of us and you are a renegade. So, as the case stands, I am strictly neutral. Fight it out, my little dogs, and may the best pup win! What you did on the road to Calais set my blood on fire; I would have given my jewels to have been in the car with you. And what you have done today was daring too—and I like daring things. No; you've missed again—but perhaps you may catch it on the third coup. I won't help you, Frank; but I'll tell you what I will do: I'll walk to the gate with you and see you into the road—and if necessary say that I know you. They might wonder what you were doing here."

"I'll say that I was passing and came in when I heard the row."

"I don't think that it will be necessary to say anything. The *gendarmerie* has not yet arrived and everybody is off his head. It was so funny, Frank, to see the way the party broke up. Some of the men got pale and some got red, and two or three began to arm themselves with empty bottles and some with full ones; and some ran to the house ——"

"And some are spooning in the park," I interrupted.

"I don't doubt it—— What's the matter, Frank? You are getting ghastly!"

"Chu-Chu pricked me in the arm."

"Here—rest a minute! Sh-h-h!—somebody's coming. Brace up!"

I managed to brace up after a moment or two and we started to walk to the gate. Fortunately it wasn't far, and—would you believe it!—the first person I saw was Rosalie, her taxi pulled up to the curb and she talking, with a very white face, to a mottled-looking footman armed with a billiard cue.

IV

WHEN Rosalie caught sight of me I thought she was going to keel over, but she pulled herself together and her eyes fastened on Léontine in a hard little stare.

There was quite a group round the gate—people belonging to the estate and passers-by who, seeing the commotion, had stopped out of curiosity and were asking silly questions.

Everybody looked at us as we came out and somebody asked:

"The poor fellow is dead—or dying?"

"No," answered Léontine. "He is in no danger. Fortunately a priest was not needed, after all." She glanced about and her eyes fell on Rosalie's taxi and Rosalie herself standing beside it.

"You are free, Madame?" asked Léontine.

"Yes, Madame," Rosalie answered.

"Then will you take Monsieur to Paris to prepare them at the *maison de santé* to receive our brave chauffeur? I cannot get the place on the telephone. One can never get anybody at any time on the telephone, in Paris or in the suburbs."

"Perfectly, Madame," answered Rosalie, and stepped down to crank the motor.

I lifted my hat to Léontine and walked to the taxi; and as I passed the group at the gate I heard somebody say in an undertone:

"He looks badly frightened, that *prédicateur*."

As soon as we were clear of the gate I put my lips to the speaking-tube. "Rosalie!"

"Oui, M'sieu'!"—for we had both dropped into French again.

"There's a road just below here that leads off to the right into the forest," said I. "Run in there, please. I am wounded and must look after myself a little before we go into Paris."

"Very well," said Rosalie, and suddenly accelerated her speed.

A few minutes later she slowed, then turned sharply to the right and began to creep up a little wood road. When presently it forked she took the less used of the two, which was no more than an alley cut for the chase, and presently came to a stop in a tangle of dwarf oaks and briers. Rosalie jumped down and opened the door.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asked anxiously and in English.

"I got a bullet through my shoulder and a knife through my forearm," I answered. "The bullet wound doesn't bother, but the knife cut an artery and I've tied it up so tight that it's giving me the devil. It will need a surgeon, I'm afraid, and I can't go to one in this *soutane* over a golf suit."

Rosalie knit her pretty brows and looked at me thoughtfully. "Let's see it," said she. "I know something about wounds. I've often helped Sister Anne Marie. Everybody in the quarter comes to her with anything—from a flybite to cancer. Most of those people would rather go to the guillotine than to the hospital, and I don't blame them. An American surgeon that I drove to Beaujon one day came out and spit on the sidewalk before he got into the cab. 'Genius working in a pigpen!' was his comment. Let me see your arm."

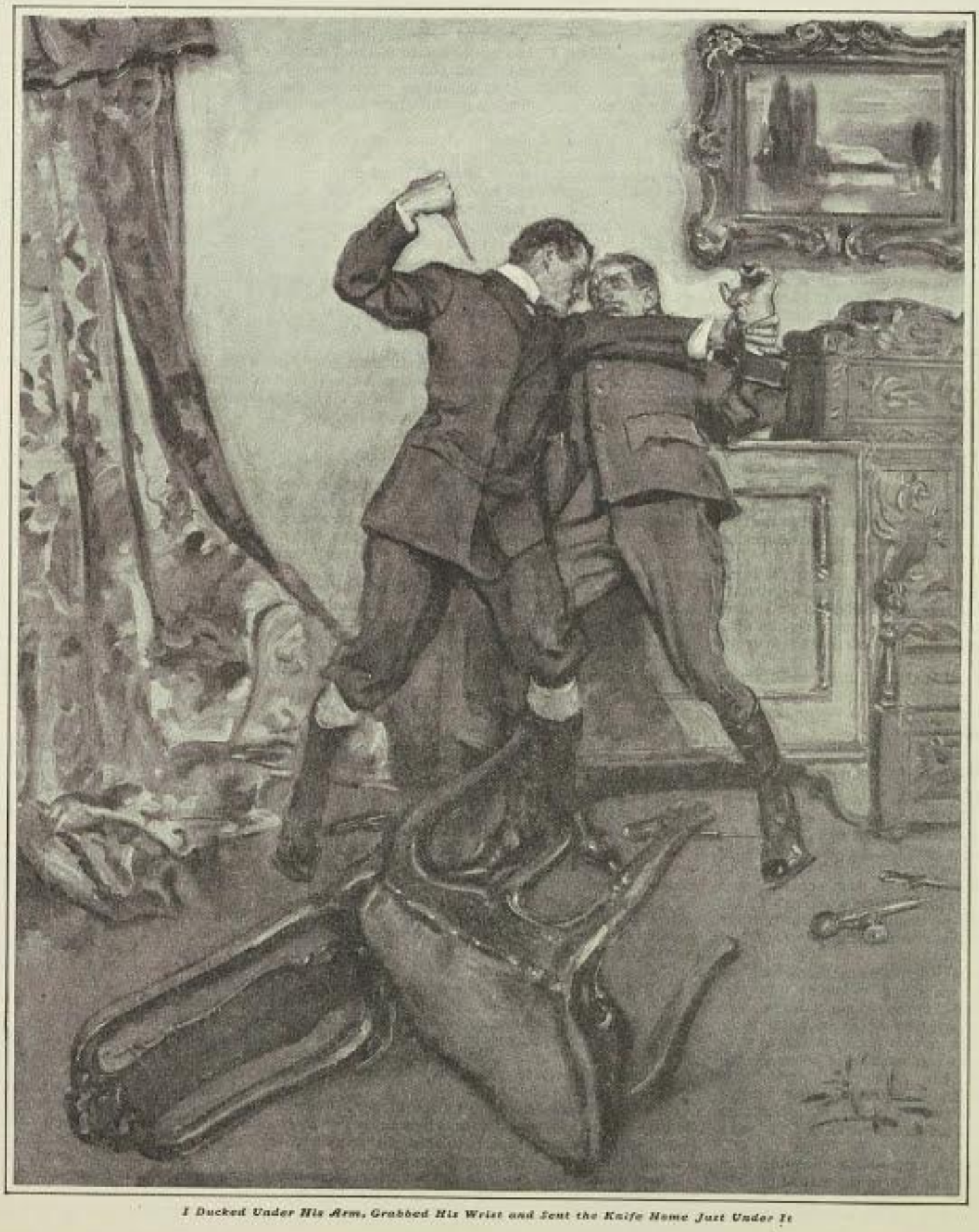
The sleeve of the *soutane* was soaked; and, as Rosalie began to pull it off, she looked at her hands and gave a little scream. The tweed coatsleeve was a mess; and while I was working out of it things began to grow dark again. This time the twilight was very short, and I woke up after a while to find myself on the grass and Rosalie putting the final touches on a beautiful white bandage that gripped my arm from the hand to the shoulder. As I began to get sensible I noticed that the sun was rather low for so early in the afternoon and wondered why.

"What time is it?" I asked.

Rosalie leaned over me and laughed, but her voice had a queer little quaver in it.

"I'm glad you're awake," said she tremulously. "I was afraid you'd gone to sleep for good. You must have lost an awful lot of blood. I've been tying

(Continued on Page 32)



I Ducked Under His Arm, Grabbed His Wrist and Sent the Knife Home Just Under It

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 11, 1911

Loans to Salaried People

A SMALL investigation in the city of New York covered three hundred patrons of loan sharks and showed that the average interest paid by them was at the rate of one hundred and eighty per cent a year.

Probably this is typical of the loan-shark business, to correct which the New York legislature last year passed the Brooks bill, limiting the rate of interest on salary loans to eighteen per cent a year. The bill went into effect September first; and the workings of the act since that date are said to demonstrate anew that the salary-loan business cannot possibly be conducted at so low a rate as eighteen per cent, because the losses are too great.

Undoubtedly the losses in this business are very great. Every loan shark asserts it, and the manner in which the business is conducted lends verisimilitude to his assertion. Here is the loan-shark proposition: Lend money to almost anybody with a job who applies, and charge so high a rate that if only three out of five meet their obligations you will still be ahead of the game. In short, make the man who pays his loan stand the loss involved in lending to the man who doesn't. That this puts an enormous handicap upon honesty goes without saying.

A great many men do repay their loans, or the loan-shark business couldn't survive at any rate of interest. For a loan to a man who pays punctually, ten per cent is sufficient interest; but, if you are going to saddle him with all the losses involved in lending indiscriminately to every clerk, fifty per cent may be too little.

The Bank of France will lend ten dollars as cheerfully as a hundred thousand and at the same interest; but our credit system puts everybody who wants to borrow a small amount in one category—as tramps.

Wages in the United States

TO DETERMINE whether the United States is prospering we turn to a familiar set of figures—bank statistics, railroad earnings, exports and imports, the make of iron, the crop report, and so on; but these figures—except the last named—throw precious little light upon the far more important question whether the people of the United States are prospering. To answer that question we must know first of all the state of wages, for two-thirds of the inhabitants of this country who are gainfully employed live by wages.

And it is only occasionally, or here and there, that any satisfactory report upon wages can be found. Professor Nearing, of the University of Pennsylvania, in his interesting book on the subject, says that of all the states of the Union not more than five publish good up-to-date wage statistics. These five are Massachusetts, New Jersey, Kansas, Oklahoma and Ohio. Students of contemporaneous politics may find it significant that interest in the wage-earner's income is rather livelier in agricultural Kansas and Oklahoma than in industrial Pennsylvania and Illinois.

Massachusetts is fourth among the manufacturing states in point of output, but first in the matter of wage statistics. The report for 1908 shows that, of three hundred and fifty thousand adult males employed in leading industries, one-third received less than four hundred and sixty dollars a year—or under forty dollars a month—and three-quarters averaged under sixty dollars a month. Of a hundred and forty-five thousand adult females in the same industries, two-thirds averaged under thirty-five dollars a month. Oddly enough, the well-protected cotton-goods trade, though employing the largest number of hands, paid the poorest wages. Nearly a third of its adult male employees got less than eight dollars a week and four-fifths of them less than twelve dollars a week.

Two-thirds of our people live by wages, and about two-thirds of them find the living quite pindling.

Has Mr. Kipling Heard of This?

PERHAPS we shall get Canada yet, in spite of the rejection of reciprocity, unless stirring appeals from the Overseas Club in London and from various patriots in Canada are promptly heeded. At any rate, we are steadily, if stealthily, seducing the minds of her younger inhabitants.

More than ninety per cent of the moving-picture films exhibited in the Dominion are made in the United States, it appears, with the result, as one indignant correspondent points out, that in nearly all heroic and patriotic pictures Yankee soldiers and sailors are the heroes. Another correspondent describes his experience upon dropping in at a moving-picture show. The subject exhibited was the capture of Ticonderoga, and "Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys were represented as performing prodigies of valor, while the British soldiers were pictured as poltroons. The exhibition of such pictures in Canada is insulting," he declares. "It should be considered that moving pictures are having a powerful educative influence over our young people"—who may grow up with the impression that a discharge of firearms makes British soldiers hysterical. The proprietor of a number of moving-picture shows, who declares himself "heart and soul in favor of any plan that will enable Canadian theater managers to obtain pictures portraying British valor or glorifying the British flag," explains, however, that, though English manufacturers are favored by a preferential tariff, they do not send any films to Canada that will compete with the obnoxious Yankee output. In this dilemma, perhaps the Overseas Club should subsidize some Yankee manufacturer to make films showing whole regiments of American soldiers in precipitate retreat, with a corporal's guard of redcoats in valorous pursuit.

Probably it would grieve the patriots still more deeply to learn that Canadian youths—like youths in the United States—don't care a rap whether the British chase the Continentals or vice versa—if only it's a good picture.

High Steel Standards

LACKAWANNA is a model town, having been created within a few years by the big steel company of that name with a view to meeting all its special requirements in the most scientific manner. The arrangements for handling ore, rails, and so on, were planned with great care and are said to be admirable.

About two-thirds of its male inhabitants, says John A. Fitch, in the Survey, are day-laborers in the steel mills—mainly raw peasant immigrants who know nothing about urban congestion and the sanitary problems raised thereby. They get a dollar and a half for a ten-hour day or a dollar and eighty cents for a twelve-hour day. Many of them inhabit lodging barracks that are thoughtfully built round and over a large swamp in the center of the town—"of practically stagnant water, foul with unspeakable accumulations of all sorts," and receiving the sewage of the district through open sewers. "I saw heaps of garbage in the rear of a great many houses every time I passed along the street," Mr. Fitch reports; and he suspected that much of it went into the swamp.

Last summer a distinguished steel man wrote Congressman Mann that if certain steel products were placed on the free list wages would have to be readjusted to the European level. "Owing to the high standards of living enjoyed by our working people," he said, "such a readjustment could not be accomplished without great suffering." Possibly he meant the steel operatives would be deprived of their swamp and open cesspool.

A Footnote to the Constitution

THE Fourteenth Amendment, a fruit of the Civil War, was popularly supposed to be for the protection of former slaves. It says: "Nor shall any state deprive a citizen of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

Under that simple paragraph a whole library of Supreme Court cases has arisen. In an annotated copy of the Constitution the paragraph is followed by column after column of small-type references to decisions.

These do not exist because former slaves have been appealing for protection. A corporation is also a "person"; and as early as 1878 the court said: "While the amendment has been part of the Constitution, as a restraint upon the states, only a few years, the docket of this court is crowded with cases in which we are asked to hold that state courts and state legislatures have deprived citizens of life, liberty or property without due process of law."

An act regularly passed by a state legislature or a decree formally entered by a state court may not be "due process of law" at all. Whether it is or not, it has been held, "depends upon whether it was in substantial accord with the law and usage of England before the Declaration of Independence and in this country since it became a nation, in similar cases." Any corporation that deemed itself afflicted by a state statute might resort to the Supreme Court to learn whether the statute was "due process of law."

This is not the popular impression of what the amendment was for; but, in an argument before the court in 1882, Roscoe Conkling, who was an influential member of the committee that framed the amendment, said: "At the time it was ratified, as the records of the two houses will show, individuals and joint-stock companies were appealing for protection against invidious and discriminating state and local taxes. . . . The condition of the freedmen and the manifest duty owing to them no doubt brought on the occasion for Constitutional amendment; but when men set themselves to the task the accumulated evils falling within the purview of the work were surrounding circumstances in the light of which they strove to strengthen the safeguards of the Constitution." According to this statement, the amendment was really framed to protect suffering corporations as well as freedmen. As it happens, it has been infinitely more efficacious in the case of the former than in the case of the latter.

The Dismal Science

WHO takes political economy seriously? The reluctance at Washington to undertake monetary legislation, and the astonishing blunders Congress has committed in comparatively recent years when such legislation has been forced upon it, suggest that among politicians the notion is still prevalent that a nation can get on very well with almost any sort of fiscal arrangements.

However, no doubt bad management of finance is more dangerous to a nation than bad management of armies and fleets. Frederick the Great suffered overwhelming defeats in the field, but an ever-solvent treasury enabled him to wage seven years' war against Europe and come out victorious. When peace was made with the American Colonies, England's debt was equal to that of France. Interest on it absorbed three-quarters of the national revenue. England's credit was so weak that to raise twelve million pounds she had issued bonds for twenty-one million pounds. Frederick said she was ruined and could never again hope to rival victorious France. In the next six years the English Government strove with might and main for retrenchment and sound fiscal reconstruction, while the French exchequer fell into the hands of Calonne, whose cheerful theory was: "In order to establish public credit one must cultivate luxury." Pursuing this sapient notion, in less than four years of peace he borrowed six hundred and fifty million francs and squandered a large part of it. France, then, was floundering in insolvency and the Revolution was beginning, while the Continental prestige of England was higher than for many years. If Adam Smith could have impressed Lord North and George III as deeply as he impressed Pitt a few years later probably there would have been no American Revolution in 1776.

Unscrambling the Eggs

PRESIDENT TAFT has declared himself quite satisfied with the Sherman Act as now interpreted. Setting the Supreme Court to "unscramble eggs" under that act seems to him an adequate method of dealing with the Trust problem. So long as the President holds this view no advance toward a solution of the problem can be expected from him. Some corporate names may be changed, as in the case of the Standard Oil Company, or from time to time some smaller stockholders may be frightened, as when the district attorney objected to the Tobacco Trust's reorganization plan; but the essential problem will remain just what it was before.

The day the Tobacco plan was filed, Insurgent Republicans, in convention at Chicago, declared:

"The present condition of uncertainty in business is intolerable and destructive of industrial prosperity. It is worse than idle to leave the question of whether great business enterprises are legal or not merely to judicial determination. Industrial corporations should, by affirmative legislative enactment, be given definite rules of conduct by which business conducted in accordance therewith shall be made safe and stable, while the interests of the public shall be fully safeguarded. We seek constructive legislation and not destructive litigation."

With the Trusts, as formerly with the tariff, the Regulars stand pat and the Insurgents demand progress. We have no doubt that the Insurgents will carry the day in the latter case, as they have already virtually carried it in the former.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Knight Thoughts

MANY men have sold mines that were dreams, but Uncle Jesse Knight is the only man I ever heard of who sold a dream that was a mine.

Uncle Jesse did it, all right. Likewise he has sold a good many other dreams or the results of them; for, when it comes to having visions that cash in for coin of the realm, Uncle Jesse makes any other prophet, seer or prognosticator look like a reactionary who reacted something like forty years ago.

Uncle Jesse is a Mormon and lives at Provo, Utah. Therefore, he is entitled to have visions. He is a miner and a developer of mines. Every time he needs a good mine in his business he has a dream—and, presto! he goes out and finds the mine where the dream told him to look. Of course it was not always thus. Uncle Jesse had a good many dreams about mines in his earlier days that didn't pan out. Probably he was only practicing—rounding into form, as the saying is.

Presently he dreamed the real dream. He dreamed that if he started digging in a certain place, and dug until he came under a certain sagebrush, he would make his strike. Uncle Jesse had been pestering a lot of people with his dreams; and they all thought he was a harmless old party and humored him, but they would not invest. This time Uncle Jesse was sure he had the right sort of a revelation; so he went out and tried to get six hundred dollars for expenses.

They all laughed at him, being bright mining men and knowing the exact ratio between dreams and discoveries, which is as one is to a million or a billion, or any other portly number you can think of.

Uncle Jesse kept on having the dream and saw that Eldorado of a sagebrush every night. Finally he raised the six hundred dollars and dug. It was a good dream. Right under the particular sagebrush he had seen in his dream he made his strike. That dream developed into the Humbug Mine.

After that Uncle Jesse had no difficulty in capitalizing his dreams. All he had to do was to have a revelation and the money came pouring in. I don't know whether he dreamed the Uncle Sam Mine or not, but he owned it and sold it for five hundred thousand dollars, of which sum he gave one-tenth to the church, being a good Mormon and bound by the tithing system.

They say out in Utah that Uncle Jesse has done more than any other one individual—as an individual—toward developing the mineral resources of the state. He wouldn't be much of a dreamer if he hadn't the courage to back his own dreams; and he is enough of a dreamer to get other people to back them also. He has been in mining for many years. You hear Utah people scoff at Uncle Jesse's revelations, but most of them have stock in his mines, just the same.

Uncle Jesse gives the impression of being earnest but simple-minded—an enthusiastic, well-meaning, but not very acute sort of a citizen, who is ambling along with his visions and dreams and revelations. Uncle Jesse gives that impression, I said. Gives is the word. Also, that is the exact, the identical impression Uncle Jesse desires to impart. You can hear people say he is a bit touched in the upper story, as they put it. Ladies and gentlemen, take it from me, Uncle Jesse Knight is crazy exactly like a fox. "They're talking too much about that mine," he said one day about one of his properties. "They are claiming too much for it. It isn't worth so much as they say it is—not by a lot!"

Uncle Jesse's Visions

CAN you imagine any such flow of conversation from a miner? You cannot; nor could any one else. Simple-minded old person decrying his own mine! "Huh!" said all the wise ones. "He doesn't want us to buy into it!" Wherefore they rushed to buy into it. Oddly enough, Uncle Jesse, having issued his warning, was willing to sell! Foolish move on his part, wasn't it? Oh, certainly; but he sold the stock.

He has visions about other things too. One of his illuminating revelations was about land in Alberta, Canada. He dreamed that proposition out some years before Alberta was not anything much but a place for the mounted police to ride over. So he went up and bought a few thousand acres for not much an acre. Then he dreamed about raising sugar beets up there, and dreamed a sugar factory; and now that land is worth dollars where it was worth cents when Uncle Jesse dreamed about it first. A good dreamer, I should say!

Uncle Jesse is a Democrat. Two or three years ago he had a revelation that he ought to run for governor on the Democratic ticket. It was a good revelation too; but, as is the way with some political dreams, it failed in one particular. This sort of a revelation—in Utah—has to come from headquarters in the Mormon Church; and, before Uncle Jesse could get his dream in good working order, somebody in authority in the official-revelation department short-circuited it or grounded it—and Uncle Jesse didn't run. However, the Democrats nominated Uncle Jesse's son, known as J. William Knight, changed his name for campaign purposes to Jesse Knight, Junior, and came mighty near winning with him.

Since that time Uncle Jesse has been convinced his dream about running for governor was a perfectly good dream; and he took occasion to nominate himself the next time in a speech not long ago. Inasmuch as he is easily the most popular Democrat in the state and the strongest, he probably will make this proposition stick if he is still of the same mind when nomination time comes round—and if others are.

No man in Utah stands higher in the estimation of the people—Mormons and Gentiles alike—than Uncle Jesse. He is open-hearted, generous, charitable, a developer of resources. He cloaks a great natural shrewdness with his homely manners and speech, and always has a faraway look in his eyes. However, his mind is never far away, but always, inevitably and invariably on the exact spot where business is being done. Being of a kindly nature he lets others into his ventures—and, being simple as a child, always retains the controlling interest himself. He has developed fifteen or twenty mines, some good and some not so good; and he still has those dreaming qualities unimpaired.

Uncle Jesse's father was one of the earliest converts to Mormonism and was the close friend and adviser of Joseph Smith, the original prophet. The marriage of Uncle Jesse's father and mother was the first marriage Prophet Joseph Smith performed. This was at Kirtland, Ohio, in 1834. Later, his parents moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, where Jesse was born in 1845. After his father died his mother took her seven children to Salt Lake, where the Mormons had moved, and became a schoolteacher.

Jesse worked at anything he could find to do—was a scout in the Black Hawk War, and in 1868 was a freighter and teamster on the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. He was at Tintic when the first mines were discovered; had his first dreams there and made some locations. He went into the cattle business and into farming, but he kept dreaming of mines—and finally dreamed the Humbug Mine. Since that time he has become rich and has moved to Provo, where he now lives—a sturdy though visionary citizen.



PHOTO, BY OHNE, SALT LAKE CITY

Being of a Kindly Nature He Lets Others Into His Ventures

Uncle Jesse is greatly interested in Brigham University, in Utah; and one time, not long ago, he called a meeting to raise money to pay an obligation of eight thousand dollars hanging over the school. Uncle Jesse was chairman of the meeting. He appointed a secretary and made a speech, telling of the needs of the university. As he concluded he subscribed two thousand dollars for himself. He started to sit down, but another thought struck him and he talked some more. As he concluded his second speech he subscribed two thousand dollars for his wife. Just as he was about to resume his seat he was impelled to talk again. He finished this section by subscribing two thousand dollars for his son who was up in Alberta at the time in the sugar factory and who was an alumnus of the university. That seemed about all; but, after the secretary had put down the subscription for the son, Uncle Jesse had another line of thought which he elaborated. Having completed this argument he subscribed two thousand dollars for his daughter. Then he did sit down.

"Now, Mr. Chairman," said a man in the meeting, "I move this meeting do adjourn."

"What for?" asked Uncle Jesse excitedly. "It ain't hardly begun yet. What do we want to adjourn for?"

"Well, Mr. Chairman," said the secretary, "we only needed eight thousand dollars and we have that; so there's nothing else to do."

And they adjourned.

Absolutely Hemmed In

A LOUISVILLE editor went to a dinner one night and stayed late. It was after two o'clock in the morning when he reached his house afoot. In front of the house was a very small yard, hardly more than an ornamental grassplot; and in the exact center of it stood a maple sapling, with a two-inch butt. The newspaper man made for the door, but tacked off at an angle and bumped into the little treelet. He made a fresh start, executed a wide and uncertain détour—and came back smack up against the maple. This time he put his back against its swaying trunk in order to be sure of getting the direction right—and off he went again, plowing up the grass.

It wasn't any use—he circled the lawn twice, but he finished up holding on to the sapling.

Thereupon he sat himself down with great care, removed his hat, his shoes and his dress coat, and rolled up the dress coat for a pillow; and as he sank to rest beneath the stars he muttered in a voice of resignation:

"Lost, by Heavens!—completely lost in the midah of an impen'trable foresh!"

When History Didn't Repeat Itself

THE cook for a well-known Seattle family left and no other could be obtained, so the lady of the house did the cooking herself, with such satisfactory results that, after a month, her husband gave her a beautiful set of sables as a token of his appreciation of the good dinners he had had.

Of course the neighbors soon heard of this; and when the cook left in another equally well-known family the lady of that house said to her husband:

"Well, the cook has gone and I'm not going to bother to get another. I'm going to do the cooking myself, deary. And, deary, you heard what Mr. So-and-So gave his wife when she did the cooking?"

And, putting her arms round his neck, she cooed: "What shall I get for my cooking?"

"Woman," said her husband, pushing her away, "you will get a long black veil!"

A Butte Candidate

THEY were nominating justices of the peace in a convention at Butte, Montana. An orator named Dugan had the job of presenting the names of several of them. He had the names on slips of paper.

"Gentlemen of the convention," he roared, "it is my duty, as it is my pleasure, to place in nomination for the highly important office of justice of the peace a man whose name is a household word in our community; a man whose name is known to us all; a man who is popular with us all; a man whose name, as I said, is a household word in Butte ——"

All this time Dugan was shuffling his slips and trying to remember what the man's name was. He saw the anxious candidate in the back part of the hall frantically making signs.

"Hey, you!" shouted Dugan. "Come on up here and tell us what that household-word name of yours is!"

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Telephone Securities

By ROGER W. BABSON

AS WE have discussed the securities of street railroads and lighting companies in preceding articles and are now about to consider telephone securities, it is rather interesting to note the extent to which each of these public utilities is said to be a tax upon the people.

Steam Railroads	$20.00
Street Railroads	8.50
Gas	3.50
Electric Light	2.60
Telephone	1.75

This does not necessarily mean that each reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST spends $20 a year on railroad fares and only $1.75 on telephoning; but it does mean that, for every $1.75 spent on telephoning in this country, $20 is spent on railroad fares or freight. As in economizing it is natural and easiest to curtail first those disbursements which are heaviest, economizing last on those which are smallest, it is found that the earnings of telephone companies are less affected during periods of depression than the earnings of any other class of corporations; in fact, it is greatly due to the efforts of Mr. Vail, the present able president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, that most careful studies have been made of this and other features in order to detect the effect which a business depression has upon the earnings of telephone companies. These studies not only show that there has heretofore been no decline in telephone earnings during a period of depression, which is also true in the case of the earnings of certain other public utilities, but there has been a continuous increase in earnings of telephone companies throughout such periods. By tables prepared by the statistical department of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, its president has been able to demonstrate conclusively that telephone earnings are the most stable of any class of public utility corporation earnings; and therefore the securities—especially the bonds of certain telephone companies—should be attractive to most conservative investors.

Independent Lines

As so often emphasized in this series of articles, there is no class of securities that has all the advantages or all the disadvantages; and telephone securities are no exception to the rule. Though the record of telephone earnings is one of continual and marked increase, yet telephone companies have been subjected to fierce competition, owing to the fact that competitive plants can be installed so cheaply—especially in the smaller cities, where wires can be placed largely overhead. It is true this competition is theoretically against public welfare. An ideal telephone system should be universal, and all the various exchanges should be so bound together by toll lines that there is ample provision for intercommunication between all communities. Any telephone system failing to meet these requirements falls short of satisfying the public. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this fundamental principle, a host of independent companies has sprung up all over the country, so that there was a time a few years ago when the total number of "independent" telephones exceeded the total number of Bell telephones. This has resulted in fierce competition, both as to rates and service.

In some cities, where the Bell telephone has been the sole company, for instance, it charges nearly fifty dollars a year for a house telephone private line. An independent company is organized which starts out with a rate of about twenty dollars a year for the same service, or less than one-half of the Bell company's charge. Of course the Bell company may have been charging too much, but the independent company doubtless is charging too little to provide for proper maintenance, depreciation and overhead charges. The Bell companies have wisely very seldom come down to as low rates as the independent companies; but, in instances like the above-mentioned, the Bell sometimes cuts from fifty dollars to about thirty dollars. Of course, in the case of a family having only one telephone, this is an apparent saving; but as a large number of people and especially most business houses, under such circumstances, are obliged to install both telephones, the total cost is in excess of the cost under the one company, the subscribers being also subjected to the double nuisance of always finding that the party desired has "the other 'phone."

The local independent companies have been greatly aided by the fact that they have been owned and operated by local interests and thus have been referred to as the "home company," while the Bell companies have been represented as being operated by "Wall Street" and "some hard-hearted Eastern capitalists." Under these conditions the independent systems have grown so rapidly that, though twenty years ago the Bell company did nearly ninety per cent of the business—and, moreover, has increased its clientèle with most rapid strides every year since—yet the independents have grown with such strides that, out of nearly 26,000 telephone companies or lines operating today about 8,000,000 stations, the Bell system proper operates only about one-half of the total number of stations, though over 8000 friendly companies or lines operate about 1,500,000 stations. The remaining telephones are operated by about 17,000 smaller companies, with an average of about 75 telephones a company. The companies are made up largely of small rural associations along coöperative lines and in many cases do not in any way compete with the Bell system, but rather tend to become feeders for the same. On the other hand, there are over 200 companies that have, on an average, about 5000 stations to each company, and these companies are a source of great trial and annoyance to the so-called "Bell interests"; in fact, it is very interesting to see what the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in an official bulletin, says relative to these companies:

"The scattered localities, lack of comprehensive toll lines, diversity of methods and variety of apparatus make it impossible to form these companies into a system in the sense that the term is applied to the Bell system, much talk and some little attempt at doing this to the contrary notwithstanding. These companies may be formed into three groups:

"Group I—Companies of less than $500,000 capital, that may be termed legitimate companies, started for the most part to fill a real or fancied want by local interests, conservatively organized and operated. Many of them are not active competitors of the Bell; most of them were started with the belief that low rates are profitable. Some 10 per cent have failed in the last few years, or as soon as the plant wore out, while most of the others acknowledge that rates must be raised before any profit can be made. This group numbers about 150 companies, with total outstanding capital obligations of $25,000,000, and some 250,000 stations—or about $100 capital a station. Not having any considerable amount of toll lines this capitalization is high but reasonable.

"Group II—Companies with a capital of $500,000 to $1,000,000. There are 35 of these companies, with a total of $20,000,000 capital outstanding, claiming 108,000 telephones capitalized at $185 a station. Considering that this covers but a small proportion of toll lines, it is absurdly large.

"Group III—Companies with $1,000,000 capital. There are 38 of these companies, with a total outstanding capital of $185,000,000, claiming 764,000 stations—or a capitalization of $242 a station. The remarks about overcapitalization above will apply with greater force here."

Promoted Companies

"Groups II and III comprise what may be termed 'promoted companies'—that is, companies formed by syndicates independent of or connected with manufacturing companies that finance them through construction companies, as a rule, and distribute the stock, when possible, to local or outside people. They were not formed to fill any definite want and were built under franchises promising low rates and large profits—seemingly a ridiculous proposition, but still sufficiently attractive to



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Beef	Mock Turtle
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Chicken	Ox Tail
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Then twixt us both we're
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To eat up many a mile."

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Don't waste any more time fussing with over-salted, unpalatable, unwholesome, "dried cod," so difficult to digest. We enable you to enjoy **fresh** sea foods no matter where you live.

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Two sizes—10c and 15c
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have enabled the promoters to distribute something like $200,000,000—nominal—of securities.

"The history of these groups is similar—apparent prosperity so long as the plant was new or securities were readily absorbed; then trying or calamitous times, application for higher rates, reorganizations, and so on. The failures in these groups have been from 15 to 20 per cent in the last few years. The probability is that the stations claimed are not what might be called legitimate subscribers. One of the largest companies lately, still in process of reorganization, stated to its bondholders that, out of over 11,000 subscribers, 3800 had refused to pay and had ordered the telephones out; 3000 could not afford to have telephones and had not paid, and 4200 were paying $30 a year—or less than half the published rates. Few of such companies are paying dividends; and fewer of them show anything earned after taking care of the plant, while most of them are paying fixed charges out of capital obligations. As before remarked, overcapitalization, insufficient provision for deterioration of property in addition to current repairs, low rates and the lack of intercommunication are slowly but surely bringing these companies to grief. The latter alone would do so, independent of any other cause. Intercommunication is the life of our social and business organization, and a universal system is the only one over which comprehensive intercommunication can be had.

"The public are thoroughly imbued with the idea that one system is the best system, but some argue that competition is needed to keep the business within bounds. In these days of official regulation, however, it is questioned whether there is need of competition. Regulation and competition cannot work together. Regulation would demand equal service and equal conditions of each competitor. There is no such competition in the telephone business, and to establish such competition is probably impossible; but, independently of that, is there such a thing as competition in the telephone business? To build a telephone exchange in the center of an existing system and give limited service over a restricted area is not competition—at least, not the sort of competition that is talked about by its advocates."

Telephone Franchises

Of course this is the Bell's side of the story, and I give it here only because most readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST throughout the great Middle West hear only the independents' side. It, of course, is much more popular to talk in favor of the independents, as all of us who are filled with good, red American blood like to be "independent" and fight. Moreover, I believe the above statements may be prejudiced and exaggerated. Nevertheless, before investing one's hard-earned savings, it is well to hear both sides of a story; and, however much the above may be exaggerated, the small investor would better "count ten" before investing in new small "home" or independent telephone companies.

As in the selection of street-railroad and lighting securities, the questions of franchise and replacement value, earnings and management must be carefully considered. We do not hear much about the franchise in the case of telephone companies, as it is not yet time for the important franchises to expire. Moreover, certain telephone franchises are more after the style of steam-railroad franchises and are not so dependent upon local authorities as are the street-railroad and lighting companies. On the other hand, the time is coming when the terms and expirations of telephone franchises may cause a great deal of discussion. Therefore investors should confine their investments in telephone securities to those where the franchises have been approved by large banking interests.

The same remarks apply to the replacement value, but to a much greater extent; in fact, it is doubly necessary that the replacement value of a telephone plant should be very much less than the bonded indebtedness, owing to the great depreciation involved in telephone plants. Therefore conservative investors select telephone bonds of companies where the bonded debt is only about half the cost of the property.

Discussing earnings and management brings one back again to the subject of competition, mentioned above. Given an honest management in a fair-sized community, there is no reason why a telephone

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One iron does all the work—heats while it's working, and works while it's heating



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Prices of "American" Electric Irons anywhere in the United States: "American Beauty," $5; other types, $4 to $8. Prices higher in Canada.



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PERCOLATOR—Figure 3—The best means of making the best coffee—at the table, or in the living-room after dinner. No odor—all the aroma is confined, making richer coffee. Three styles: "Empire," $9 to $11; "Newport," illustrated above, $12.50 to $15; "Argenta," $14.50 to $17.50.

WARMING-PAD—Figure 4—A hot water bottle that isn't a bottle and contains no hot water. Always ready; constant heat; never burns. Single heat, $5.50; three heats, $6.50.

LUMINOUS RADIATOR—Figure 5—A portable fire-place that takes the chill off the bath-room or dining-room, cool mornings and evenings; gives a cheerful glow and comforting heat without fire. U. S. prices, $17.60 to $18.50.

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company cannot pay a reasonable return on the amount invested, provided it has the field to itself; but when one-half of the business must be turned over to another company it is very uncertain whether both companies can long continue to be successful. In every community served by two companies one of these companies assumes the lead. Sometimes it is the independents and sometimes it is the Bell—but one is almost always forging ahead more rapidly than the other.

For this reason I have no sympathy with those bankers who advise the purchase of only Bell securities or with those who advise the purchase of only independent securities, as much depends upon the locality. In the case of St. Louis, the bonds of the independent or local company stand very high and are considered by many as a safer investment than the bonds of the Bell Telephone Company operating in that territory; but throughout New York and Pennsylvania the Bell securities stand, as a rule, much higher than the securities of the independent companies.

Moreover, I do not consider it fair to assume that the Bell interest will not permit any of its companies to default on their obligations. Though the old Erie Telephone and Telegraph Company was not a Bell company in the full sense of the word, nevertheless the Bell interests owned a large proportion of the stock, and the securities of the Erie Telegraph and Telephone Company were purchased by New England investors largely on the theory that it was a Bell company. Therefore it was quite a shock to these investors to have this stock decline from $122 a share to $15 in about two years' time; in fact, had it not been for the heroic efforts of Mr. N. W. Harris, of Chicago, who represented the bondholders in their struggle to force the Bell interests to terms, even the bondholders would have been obliged to assume a distinct loss.

In short, telephone securities have so many distinct advantages that, were it not for this continual warfare between the Bell companies and the independents, telephone securities might today be the very choicest form of investment. So long as this competition exists, however, great care should be exercised in their selection; and the conservative investor will confine his purchases to securities of the largest and strongest companies. In addition to the factors mentioned in connection with other public-service corporations, there should be an examination into the physical and political side as well as the financial.

Matters to be Investigated

One should make a careful examination into the extent and condition of the physical property in order to ascertain whether the bonded debt is secured by property having a real market value in excess of the face amount of bonds issued. The extent and valuation of the company's real estate is the first point to be determined. If the appraised value of the land upon which buildings have been erected is alone greater than the amount of bonds outstanding it is useless to investigate further, for the bonds in such a case would be practically a real-estate mortgage. Seldom, however, is this the case; and, after careful appraisal of the real estate, it is then necessary that a careful valuation be made of the physical property—namely, copper wires, conduits and equipment.

The average investor usually finds it an impossibility to make such an examination himself, and it is likely he would not possess sufficient technical knowledge to render his investigation of much value. For an accurate estimate of the value of a telephone company's physical property it is necessary to depend upon an established bond house, which will obtain such information by the employment of trained engineers. Owing to the length of time that statistics have been available for railroad and other public utility companies, they can be properly judged by the careful investor; but satisfactory comparative figures relative to telephone companies are not available.

Especially should investors refuse to consider the cost of property and equipment as shown by the companies' books, as the actual replacement value is the only safe figure to consider. Of course many companies having expensive conduits have been so liberally maintained that the replacement value of the property is greater than the book value, but in most instances this is not the case, owing to the rapid



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deterioration of all overhead construction work. If the examination shows that the property could not be duplicated for an amount one-half or two-thirds in excess of the bond issue that is a very strong point in favor of the bonds.

In many cases, however, it will be found that the bond issue is in excess of the value of the real estate and the replacement value of the physical property, the franchise having been capitalized. To determine the real value of the franchise is a very difficult matter and involves many complicated legal and political questions. As heretofore suggested, every franchise has its distinct value, and there are many franchises that are extremely valuable; but the conservative investor should not count on the value of any franchise when considering the liquidating value of a property. A franchise is of value only because it enables a corporation to make money, and if a corporation's earnings under a given franchise are not sufficient to pay the interest on its bonds there is little real value to the franchise.

If the company whose bonds are being considered passes these tests satisfactorily—that is, if its replacement value is sufficiently in excess of the amount of bonds outstanding and the franchises are satisfactory—an examination of the company's financial condition and earnings should then be made. First, the gross earnings should be examined for a number of years back to ascertain whether the growth and rate of increase are satisfactory, considering the population served, and whether said increase compares favorably with that of other companies operating in similar territory. The position in which the company stands for obtaining new business should also be noted and especially its position for holding its present business.

Relations to the Public

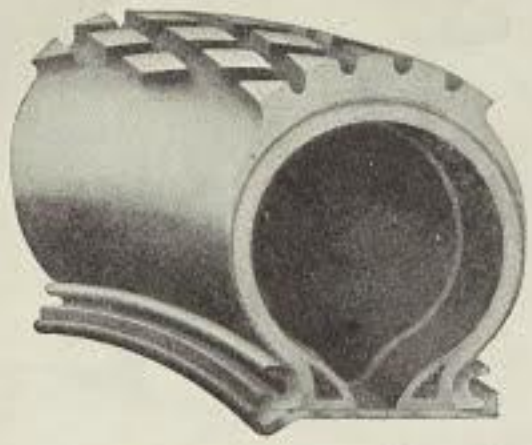
The next item to consider is the net earnings, and this involves a study of the operating expenses. In this connection the relations of the company to the public are of great importance, and it should be ascertained whether the directors of the company follow the policy of conciliating or ignoring public sentiment. The payments of a telephone company should be analyzed to determine whether sufficient capital has been spent and is to be expended for renewals, extensions and other improvements sufficient to keep the property in a high state of efficiency. This is a question which has caused much discussion in telephone circles. As to the amount which should be spent upon maintenance, I have no knowledge; but certainly, unless proper allowance is made for depreciation, it is only a question of time before the strongest company will become bankrupt.

Deterioration of plant and equipment, which goes on constantly, can be offset in only two ways: one is out of earnings, and the other is out of the security-holders—that is, by a decline in the market value of the securities. And in this connection a writer makes the following statement:

"It is difficult to measure depreciation accurately; but a safe rule is to write off ten per cent of gross earnings each month for depreciation. In this way the charge for depreciation will be proportionate to the business, which provides automatic adjustment. If the net earnings, after making this allowance for depreciation and after providing all expenses of operation, including ordinary repairs, amount to more than twice the interest charges upon the bonds outstanding, it is probable the bonds may be purchased with safety.

"Before finally determining the question, however, certain political factors must be taken into consideration. The relations of the company to the leaders of the dominant political party must be investigated. The likelihood of agitation looking toward a reduction of fares must be considered and the possibility of increase in taxes—if below the legal limit—must be weighed. The probable attitude of the legislature and municipalities on the question of renewing the franchises when they expire—or if the terms are broken—must be considered. In general, it must be learned whether any real ground of contention exists between the company on the one hand and the public and its representatives on the other; because it is inevitable that the company will weaken its independence of position by a too close connection with politics, and that the physical property will suffer if there is any lack of uninterrupted attention to it."

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After three years of effort—after testing 24,000 treads—we offer you all you have looked for in a Non-Skid tread. And we combine it with Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires—10% oversize—the tires now wanted by every man who knows.

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"It must be immensely effective on any sort of slippery road. And it must remain effective as long as a thick, tough tread can last.

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Here's the Result

Here is the tread they created. An extra tread, almost as thick as our regular tread, onto which it is vulcanized. A double-thick tread, nearly puncture-proof.

Made of the toughest sort of rubber, as impervious to wear as rubber ever can be. When it does wear off, there's our regular tire left below it.

The blocks are deep-cut and enduring. They are wide at the base, so the load is spread over as wide a surface as it is with the smooth-tread tire. They present to the road surface edges and angles in every direction.

The grooves can't fill up, and the air rushing through them keeps the tire cool—saves the damage of friction heat.

And the tread is white. You have never seen a device against skidding which compares with this ideal tread.

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But the greatest fact is that this tread is combined with our famous No-Rim-Cut tires. These patented tires have quickly become the most popular tires on the market. Over 700,000 have been sold to date.

The control of this tire, in the past two years, has multiplied our tire sales by six. And we are equipping ourselves for the coming season to build 3,800 per day.

One important fact is that these tires can't be rim-cut. With the old-type tires—the clincher tires—23 per cent of all ruined tires are rim-cut. Such a tire, if punctured, may be wrecked in a single block.

The myriad of motorists who use No-Rim-Cut tires avoid all of this cost and worry.

10 Per Cent Oversize

Then No-Rim-Cut tires are 10 per cent over the rated size. The method of fitting permits this. That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

These two features together cut tire bills in two. Yet No-Rim-Cut tires cost just the same as other standard tires. They fit any standard rim. And they come, if you wish, with the best Non-Skid tread ever put onto a tire. How can you afford to use lesser tires?

GOODYEAR
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With or Without Non-Skid Treads

Our Tire Book, based on 12 years of tire making, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
Main Canadian Office, Toronto, Ont. Canadian Factory, Bowmanville, Ont.

(207)



Get down your old jimmy pipe and try it

That's the way to find out that Prince Albert is a real, bang-up, joy smoke. You'll find it different from any other tobacco you ever smoked. It has some things the others don't have, and lacks some they do have. A pipeful will prove its wonderful flavor and fragrance. ***A thousand pipefuls won't bite your tongue!*** And right there you have the reason why P. A. has revolutionized pipe smoking. Our ***patented process*** takes out the bite and the sting without lessening the rich, mellow, satisfying tobacco flavor.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Maybe you have a grudge against a pipe. Forget it. The pipe wasn't to blame; it was the tobacco. Tuck P. A. in the bowl, and that pipe is as good as gold. It takes on a new value, becomes a source of simon-pure, unadulterated, endless joy.

But try it, we say. Get a tin now at the nearest smoke shop. All live dealers sell it, and all know that when a man once tries P. A. he fights shy of substitutes.

10c tins, 5c bags wrapped in weather-proof paper, half-pound and pound humidors. The pound humidors of crystal glass make jim-dandy Christmas gifts.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

As in all new enterprises, speculation has run ahead of the reality, while financing built upon oversanguine calculations has had difficulty in squaring accounts when brought face to face with facts. In most of the calculations insufficient allowance has been made for the wear and tear of service—in other words, for renewal. After a few years' test of earnings against expenses it has become evident that a proper allowance for depreciation of plant would show a heavy deficit in the income account, as in most cases no allowance—or only a meager one—has been made. For a time this method of bookkeeping proved less disastrous than might have been expected, owing to the rapid growth of population and business in American cities. It has also been possible in many cases to consider the enhanced value given to the franchise by growth of business as an offset to the depreciation of equipment. So far, also, as the plant was kept up to a high degree of efficiency by charging the expense of repairs to operation expenses, the absence of a depreciation account was partially offset.

This, however, will suffice only for a limited period, and all telephone companies must sooner or later meet the real problem of providing for very heavy maintenance and depreciation charges.

As a general rule, telephone bonds, in common with the obligations of all public-service corporations, sell upon about the same income basis as high-grade industrial bonds—that is to say, under normal conditions they return considerably more than railroad or municipal bonds.

Opinions of Other Writers

A friend of mine, who is a partner in one of the large New York bond houses which sells public-utility bonds, has made some remarks concerning the same that especially apply to telephone bonds. Though these remarks are more pessimistic than I should naturally make, being myself a believer in public-service corporation bonds for permanent investment purposes, I will close this series of articles with the thoughts of this well-known bond dealer:

"The question remains: Do public-utility bonds afford a desirable security for the investment of a business surplus and of trust funds? In regard to the former, it may be said at once that public-utility bonds do not meet the necessary conditions. The security is too doubtful and the convertibility features are not sufficient. For private investment, however, the case is somewhat different. Keeping in mind the desirability of diversifying investments, and admitting the attractiveness of investing in a class of property the earnings of which are comparatively stable, it seems clear that public-utility bonds cannot be dismissed without consideration. When a company is found whose property is substantially greater in real value than its bonded debt, whose allowance for depreciation is ample, whose franchises are satisfactory, whose earning capacity is large and whose management is capable and upright, the investor is justified in giving careful consideration to its issues. Unless all these points are found to be satisfactory, however, the investor should content himself with some other form of security. For some years to come it is to be feared that many of our public-service systems will suffer from the war of discordant elements—disregard of the rights of the public on the part of the management and socialistic agitation for control on the part of the community."

Therefore, until these warring factions are reconciled and the questions at issue adjusted with fairness to the security-holders and the public, the investor should be most prudent in his purchase of public-utility obligations, though nearly all underlying liens and certain other issues of established properties which are recommended by bond houses of undisputed integrity should be perfectly safe. For, as another friend of mine has written:

"The business of public-utility corporations is among the most substantial of the century's industries, by reason of the necessity for their products, the tendency to growth of communities served, natural freedom from competition and the economies effected through consolidation. Bonds of such properties constitute a safe investment, providing they conform to certain stringent requirements. They yield more liberally than municipal and railroad bonds of equal security."

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Any leather in any style for any foot can be had in the "Natural Shape" Florsheim Shoe.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.



1888-1911

John Muir & Co.

SPECIALISTS IN

Odd Lots of Stock

The out-of-town and out-of-reach man finds our Partial Payment plan a convenient way to buy stocks and bonds.

Send for Circular 7—"ODD LOT INVESTMENT."

Members New York Stock Exchange
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

New Cloth **Alpine** Scratch-up

$2



King of them all

Sold by metropolitan hatters for $3, we sell American made for $2, expressage paid. Rough cloth with long, hairy nap. Colors: dark gray, medium brown. **New English Cloth Alpine,** same price. Colors: light gray striped, dark gray striped, brown striped. Both styles are finer cloths. Silk serged, heavy silk stitched crown and brim, band and bow same cloth as hat. Money back if you don't like it. Send $2 today. Write for **New Fall Style Book—Free.** French Pocket Hat Co., 38 S. 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BONDS

Accepted by the U. S. Government as security for

Postal Savings Bank Deposits

are the only class we offer. Instead of the 2% the Postal Banks pay these Bonds will yield from **4½% to 4¾%**

Write for FREE Circular.

New First Nat'l Bank, Dept. H-1, Columbus, O.

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates, quick time on household goods to and from Western points. 453 Marquette Bldg., Chicago

736 Old South Bldg., Boston
320 Whitehall Bldg., N. Y.
1502 Wright Bldg., St. Louis
501 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco
338 Central Bldg., Los Angeles

Write nearest office.

No Other Sock is made like this

The only machines in existence which can knit socks by the "Interwoven" process are in the Interwoven Mills. It took us 50 years to perfect these machines. They make Interwoven Socks light where they should be light (that's for comfort) and strong where they should be strong (that's for wear).

The light-weight sock that really wears



Many sock makers take care of the toe and heel, but let the sole and ankle take care of themselves. The Interwoven machines wear-proof the toe, heel, sole and ankle of Interwoven Socks —*every* wear-point.

The seamless sock that really fits

In most cases, a sock small enough to fit the ankle is too small to fit the foot. The Interwoven machines knit Interwoven Socks to *shape* and make them fit the foot and hug the ankle. The fit can't be washed out.



Silk-Lisle that's really silky



Interwoven yarn costs double the market price of the usual hosiery yarn. Interwoven Socks have a softer, smoother, silkier look and "feel" than many socks that cost you more.

High Lustre that's really permanent

Some socks lose their lustre after one or two washings. Interwoven Socks are dyed only with the very best of imported dyes. Their intense silk-lustre is absolutely permanent. It cannot be affected by washing.



You will wear Interwoven Socks when you know about them. One trial will convince you.

Sold direct from mill to retailer only. None sold by mail. You will find Interwoven Socks at the high-class haberdashers of practically every city or town in the United States and in many foreign countries. All fashionable shades. 25c, 35c, 50c the pair.

INTERWOVEN STOCKING COMPANY
New Brunswick, N. J.

How's Business and Why

TO SAY that business could be much worse and might be very much better pretty nearly summarizes the general situation. There is an occasional sign of betterment, while here and there are evidences of recession, and both the betterment and the recession seem to a certain extent to be temporary in their operation. There is a large volume of business in the aggregate, but without much stocking up in expectation of higher prices of either raw material or manufactured articles. Most business is, in a word, done on conservative lines, and this condition offers a good and sound basis for future expansion; but to a people ambitious to compress the reasonable effort and achievement of a lifetime into a few brief years at the risk of paying a severe penalty for maintaining a furious pace, the slower pace becomes irksome. Nevertheless, there is no possibility that any man or set of men will alter the normal progress of action and reaction or revolutionize the process. This process is an old one and one often witnessed heretofore. Moreover, it has ever been effective and will unquestionably be the same this time. To accept the situation as it is and conform individual effort to the facts and necessities of the case will avoid a lot of worry and promote the return of the good times every one is anxious to welcome.

Man is self-willed, and none more so than the business man. He wants his own way; has inherited the trait and has developed it by exercise. Without this quality the race would have made slower progress in many directions and specially in the direction of business. But in the development of civilization the time comes when the exercise of self-will in business produces what enlightened civilization styles an inequality of privilege and opportunity and entails an oppression upon human beings; and when this condition becomes sufficiently pronounced steps are taken to correct the evil. Now in a republic like the United States the corrective force often operates through politics, which, though not always a just or even agreeable way of bringing about the desired change, is wont in the end to be effectual. Business men just now protest the method with great vehemence and lay the blame for interference with industrial, commercial and financial affairs at its door. The oft and widely quoted Mr. James J. Hill is reported observing, as if it were not trite, that the trouble with the present situation is too much politics, a remark that wins tremendous applause and may in a sense be true. But it is inevitable that politics shall rage on occasions like this; that unlimited disturbance shall thereby be created; and, judging from precedent, it is also inevitable that out of it all shall come a better country in which to live and do business. Civilization is moving forward by aid of, or in spite of, those agencies and events that some good men declare wrong and may even contend against.

Mr. Taft on the Trusts

The business community keeps begging to be let alone, and that extremely sensitive part of the community known as Wall Street hopes against hope that the National Administration will modify or abandon its program for enforcing the statute against the monopolistic corporations. It also seconds the wish of the protected industries or those who conduct them that the tariff be not disturbed. And so it is claimed that Presidential and partisan politics are operating as an almost unbearable handicap to business in general and to stock speculation in particular. There is, no doubt, something of truth in this claim, and yet business would likely be dull and speculation on the stock exchanges unsatisfactory even if the political factor were to be eliminated from the problem. For there are wage factors, cost-of-living factors, crop factors, international-trade factors, social factors and many others that need not be enumerated that would still influence the situation, and would severally have to be dealt with before it would be possible for the conditions that make for progress to assert themselves.

"What this country needs above all," says a Southern publication, "is prosperous and active business. . . . What is wanted is a wise and sensible administration that will put business on a just and equable basis and keep it there, so that it may be active and profitable. Neither capital nor labor should be allowed to assume any dictatorial authority. Business is the life of the entire population and should be kept for the general benefit." At Pocatello, the other day, President Taft, after defining his duty as regards the enforcement of the Sherman Law and the relation of the enforcement to general business, said: "To one in my place, charged with the enforcement of the law, there is no discretion. . . . The prosecutions must go on. . . . Business must reform itself. When the business community—that part of it that has thought that this statute did not mean anything—understands that it is to be enforced, then we may reach a solution that will enable the business community to settle down on a proper, legitimate basis. I hope that is near at hand. When that is done, with the railroads under proper machinery and supervision, with the principles of right business settled with reference to the general government, then we must get together for the purpose of prosperity." Here, then, is the wish and the program for its realization. If the business community yearns for prosperous times let it coöperate with those who will seek to bring about those times only when they can be brought about with honor and with fairness to all interests involved. Such at least is the idea of the President, and it is probably useless to clamor for a variation of the administration plan as relates to these matters.

Fewer Idle Cars

Though it is true that general business is large in volume and that there is betterment here and recession there, it will be advantageous to get a nearer view of conditions in many lines of activity. Here is the bulletin of the American Railway Association with its statement of idle cars as of September twenty-seventh, showing a net surplus of freight cars out of use amounting to 50,033, a reduction of 14,245 in two weeks, the decrease being chiefly in coal and box cars and applying to all sections of the country except the Middle Atlantic states. As this is the season when cars should be in demand, if at any season, the decrease is no more than normal; indeed a year ago the decrease for the fortnight was 22,548 cars, leaving but 24,528 cars in the association out of use. This car statement bears witness to the considerable volume of traffic, but is not an index to the effect of that traffic upon the earnings of the railroads. These are fair as to gross and not so good as to net. The situation is such as to keep open the question whether some of the railroads will not have to reduce dividends by next spring or earlier. Though this is the condition as regards the railroads, some of the industrial companies, as in the case of the American Agricultural Chemical Company, are beginning dividend payments on the common stock; and some, like the United States Rubber Company, are resuming payments on the common stock. The Utah Consolidated Copper Company likewise resumes dividends in a small way, thereby exciting surprise. The industrial companies appear to have fared rather better than the railroads in this period of shrinking trade and profits.

Relative to railroad traffic, Western roads had the smallest business in early October that they have had in several years, not even the strikebound Illinois Central having any congestion, which is fortunate for that particular road. Except in the matter of box cars there is a surplus on all the Western lines, an unusual experience in October. Loadings on all lines except the Atchison show a heavy decrease compared with last year. The traffic of that road is running ahead of last season, particularly the colonist traffic to the Southwest. It is remarked as singular that the loadings of the railroads should decrease while there is a decrease in the idle cars of the country, as shown in the statement above. There was a free movement of grain into Chicago for the period in review, last year's record for the same time being exceeded. In case of flour, however, there was a marked decrease, the input being scarcely half that of the same period last year—112,988 barrels compared with 203,794 barrels in 1910 and 222,284 barrels in 1909. The marketing of cattle from Western and Northwestern ranges during the early part of

(Continued on Page 36)

Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Only Writing Machine in the World That Successfully TYPEWRITES PRINT

–17 Cents a Day!

The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which has crowded ten years of typewriter progress into the space of *months*, is now offered to the public for *17 Cents a Day!*

—Offered at the same price as an *ordinary* typewriter—*payable in pennies!*

The commanding importance of *Printype* is everywhere conceded.

For who does not see what it means to make the world's vast volume of typewritten matter *as readable as books and magazines!* The Printype Oliver Typewriter is equipped with beautiful Book Type, such as is used on the world's *printing presses.*

Printype is distinguished by marvelous clearness and beauty. It does away with all strain on eyesight which the old-style *outline* type imposes. Printype puts life and style and *character* into typewritten correspondence. It makes every letter, every numeral, every character "*as plain as print.*"

The complete story of *Printype* has never before been told. Here it is:

The Real Story of Printype

The idea from which "Printype" sprung resulted from the success of our type experts in equipping a typewriter used in our offices to write "The Oliver Typewriter" in our famous trade-mark type just as the name appears on the outside of the machine and in all Oliver publicity.

The beautiful appearance and the marvelous clearness of the reproduction of our "ebony" trade-mark type, disclosed the possibilities of equipping The Oliver Typewriter to *write the entire English language in shaded letters!*

We worked for *years* on the plan and finally succeeded in producing, for exclusive use on The Oliver Typewriter, the wonderful shaded letters and numerals known to the world as "Printype."

The Public's Verdict

That the public is overwhelmingly in favor of Printype is impressively shown by this fact:

Already over 75 per cent of our entire output of Oliver Typewriters are "Printype."

The public is *demanding* Printype in preference to the old-style type.

Within a year, at the present rate, *90 per cent of our total* sales will be "Printypes."

Thus The Oliver Typewriter, which first successfully introduced *visible writing*, is again to the fore with another revolutionary improvement—*Printype, the type that prints print!*

To Corporations:

The Oliver Typewriter is used extensively by great concerns in all sections of the world.

Our "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan is designed to help that large class of typewriter buyers who want the same typewriter that serves the great corporations, but prefer the easy system of purchase.

The masses want The Oliver Typewriter because it stands the test of the largest coöperations.

Meet "Printype"—You'll Like Its Looks.

Ask for Specimen Letter and "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan.

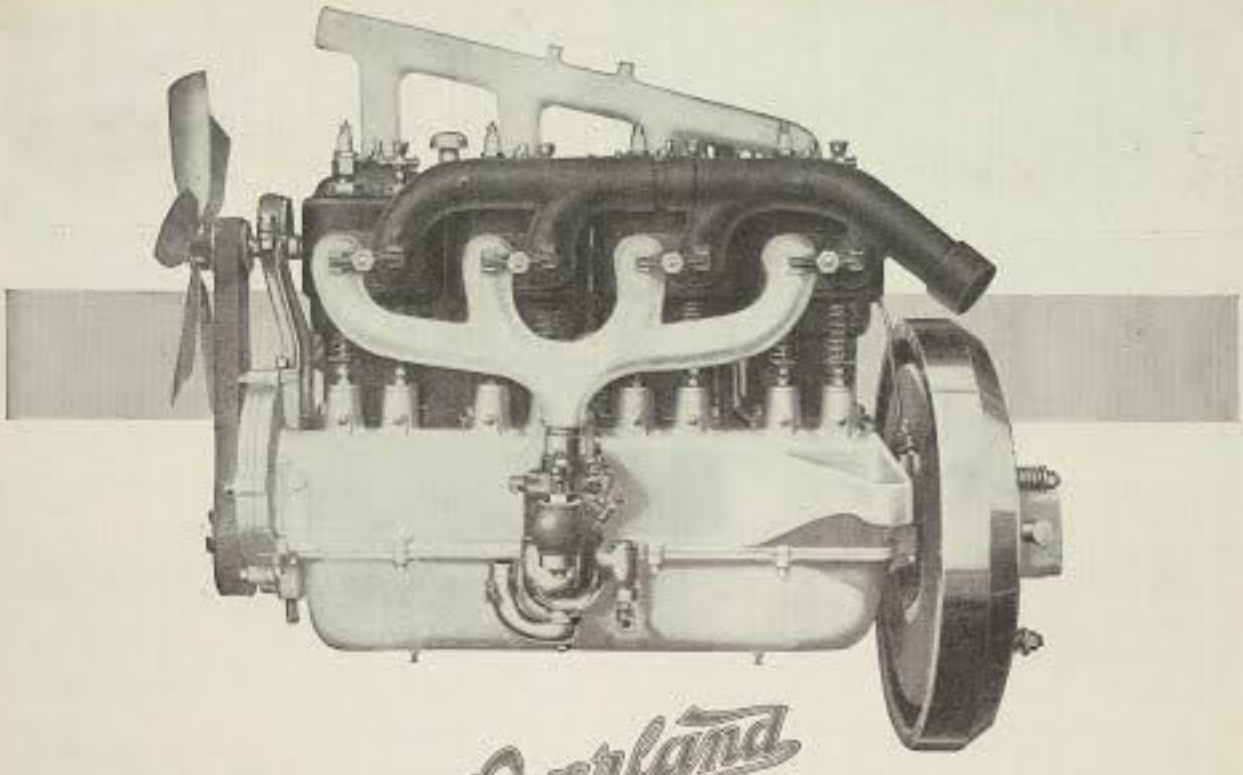
Make the acquaintance of Printype, the reigning favorite of typewriterdom. Ask for a letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter, which will introduce you to this beautiful new type. We will also be pleased to forward the "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan on request.

Address Sales Department,

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
805 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago
Agencies Everywhere



(136)



Overland

A Word About the Efficient Motor In This $900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

The motor of a fine watch. A fancy watch case might make a very handsome ornament, but if it hides a cheap movement it makes a worthless timepiece. When *you* consider a car the first thing to do is to take a good look at the engine. Look it over carefully. Make the dealer go into minute detail. This will give you a better idea of the car's real value.

Any motorbuyer can tell you his motor is efficient, dependable, reliable, economical—in short, give you all the regular, yet much-to-be-desired adjectives. These words are all found in the dictionary. But beyond that you don't hear very much. Anyone can make a general statement, but when it comes to backing it up with sound facts—that's a horse of another color. The purpose of this is to tell and prove to you (still supposing here how good the motor in our $900 motor car is—what it is and how it is made, and anyone who is the least bit mechanically will recognize a really good motor.

It is simply impossible in this space to go into this matter as thoroughly as we would like to. But must few facts tell you the story and wherever in a motor which we know to be the most efficient for its size ever made. You can see by the illustration what a crane can jerk it in. Its action is just as fine as its looks.

The motor in our $900 five-passenger four-door touring car is the four cylinder four cycle type.

Cylinders have large water-jackets and are cast singly, insuring cooling efficiency with the advantage of being able to replace a single cylinder at low cost should an accident occur. These cylinders are cast iron, a close grained metal from our own formula. The crank shaft and connecting rods and all other forgings are of high carbon manganese steel.

All bearings, cylinders, pistons and rings are ground to accurate and exact measurements, insuring long life, freedom from wear, and positive compression. The cylinders are offset from the crank shaft to obviate the dead center at the time of ignition. The motor is suspended on three points from the main frame, which is braced for this purpose, thus depending with the complications and added weight of a sub-frame. This construction is ideal, as it relieves the motor of the strain on rough roads, and eliminates the liability of a misalignment. The entire motor is constructed with a view to accessibility of all parts that might possibly require attention.

The valves are made from thirty-five per cent nickel steel heads electrically welded to carbon steel stems. All the bearing surfaces of the valves are ground to a one-thousandth part of an inch. They are of the mushroom type and interchangeable. Owing to their peculiar design and large size they enable the motor to develop at least fifteen per cent more horsepower than any other motor of the same bore and stroke. The lower end of the valve stem is hardened and comes in contact with a flat lever in the adjusting screw, which in turn fits into the spark plug rod. This construction largely to the silence of the valve action, and permits adjustment for possible wear.

The cam shafts are drop forged from carbon steel heat-treated, which is the largest in the industry, carbonized and case-hardened. They are ground and machined accurately, which insures positive accuracy in the relative position of one cam to another. Owing to the large bearing areas throughout, the motor will run indefinitely without perceptible change in valve-timing, for which practically, however, a number of adjustments is provided.

This is the only set of its class with a five-bearing crank shaft. This feature gives support on each side of each connecting rod so it delivers its power strokes, which insures the greatest possible quietness and keeps the crank shaft in perfect line as to bearing. The crank shaft is drop forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, resulting in quietness and extreme long life.

The crank cases are cast in two sections, of the finest grade of aluminum alloy obtainable. Each metal is used principally for lightness, and while more expensive than other kinds, it enables us to use a refined construction of very superior strength. The casting of these cases is done in our own foundry.

We equip this motor with a multiple-disc clutch, chosen for its sharp ability to the work required. The special advantages are those of quick engagement and consequent easy starting; accuracy of load with the greatest percentage of power for a given amount of gasoline, and satisfactory operation at all speeds, obviating difficulties often encountered at slow motor speeds. In very accessible location, its simplicity of adjustment and the ease with which our enthusiasts start the motor are inherent points of superiority.

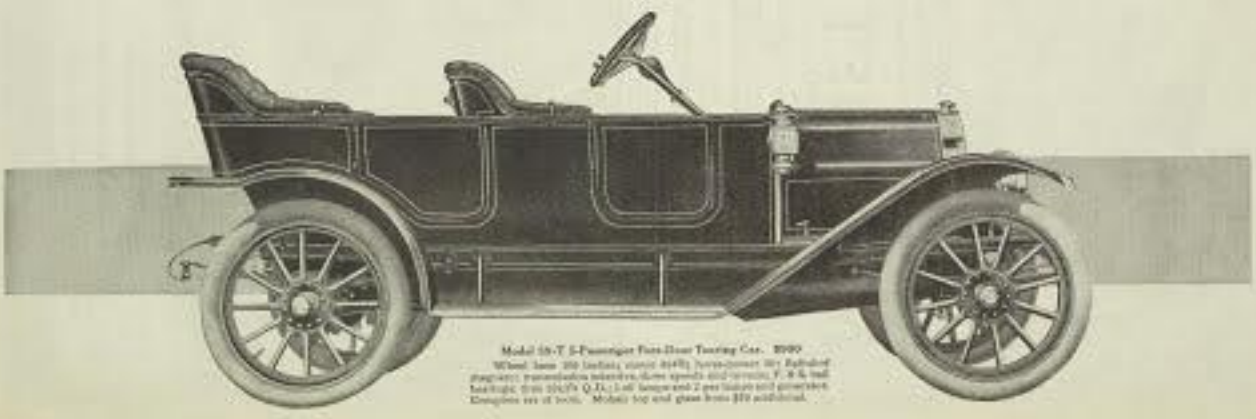
The other motor in the world is given a more severe test and thorough inspection. Just as soon as it is assembled and ready to be bolted into the frame, it is sent down to the engine testing room for what is known as a break-in run. The engine is belted up for two hours, and driven by other than its own power or further it up so that it will start easily. Then it is put on the block and run from 4 to 10 hours under its own power. During this time two inspectors watch the engine performance constantly, making a frequency by broken, and, in their judgment, based on long experience, it is ready to be inspected by the foremen in charge of the departments. Then the foreman goes into an examination of the engine very thoroughly. And if there is the slightest indication of anything but the smoothest sort of work—if the engine does not turn up the power that is should—it is sent back to the cold inspector of the engine assembly department.

After being thoroughly tested, the engines are sent, together with the remainder of the parts that make up the assembled chassis, down to the chassis assembly room, where they are assembled and then towed over to the road testing department.

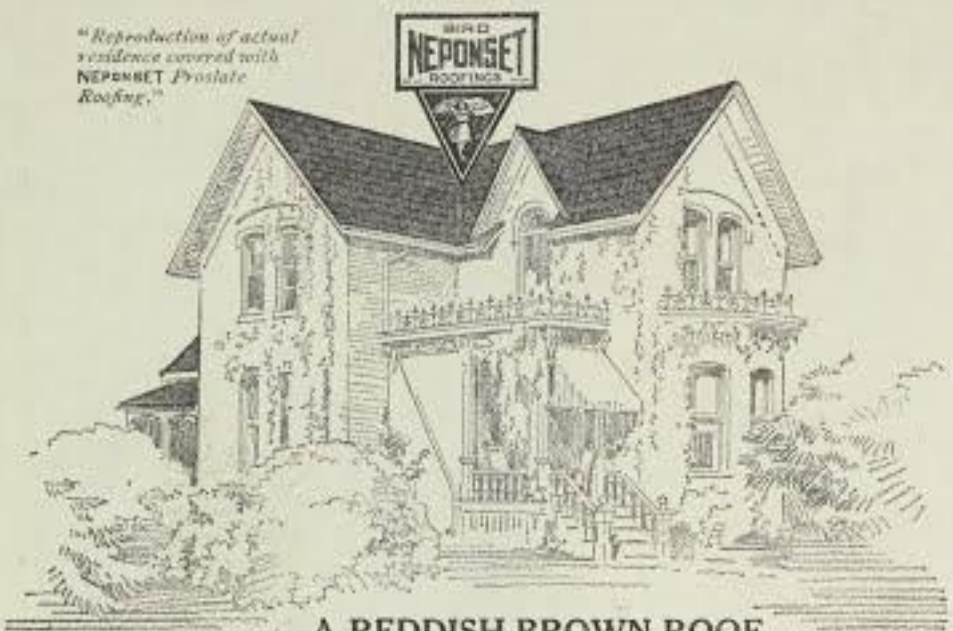
This should give you a good idea of the thoroughness of the power in this fine car. And every other part of the automobile is just as good as it can be made. It is a high grade car, and a careful comparison of the entire machine will absolutely prove to your own satisfaction that no other motor car will ride as it for this price without losing money.

We have published a book for those who cannot come to Toledo and have a trip through our enormous plants. It takes you over the whole 40 acres. It shows how we make every part of every Overland car. It shows you the car from start to finish—from raw material to the complete article. It is a treasure of the industry's greatest history. It explains our great equipment and shows how we can produce and sell at prices low enough to forty per cent lower than other cars. It is modern. It is interesting and readable style and is full of valuable information. What we did we have room to say here, of the motor in the $900 car, will be found complete in the book. Drop us a line today, and we will see that you get one of these books by return mail. It also shows our complete 1912 line with prices, specifications and full descriptions.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 58-T 5-Passenger Four-Door Touring Car. $900
Wheel base 106 inches; motor 4x4½; horse-power 30; Schebler carburetor; transmission selective, three speeds and reverse; F. & S. ball bearings; tires 32x3½ Q.D.; Gas lamps and 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set of tools. Model top and glass front $50 additional.



"Reproduction of actual residence covered with NEPONSET Proslate Roofing."

A REDDISH-BROWN ROOF

More Attractive Than Stained Shingles

Costs less to buy and less to lay. Can't catch fire from sparks or burning embers. And for permanent wear

NEPONSET

PROSLATE ROOFING

Is the Real Rival of Best Shingles

Adapted to steep pitched roofs—*dwellings, churches, school houses, bungalows*—any roof suitable for shingles.

NEPONSET Proslate is supplied with straight edge or ornamental edge as you prefer. It is the *modern idea* roofing material—combining long life, fire protection, handsome appearance, moderate cost. Unless you know about NEPONSET Proslate you do not know the latest thought on roofing.

Write today for facts and photographs—also name of NEPONSET dealer.

NEPONSET *Paroid is the* NEPONSET *Roofing for barns and factories.*

F. W. BIRD & SON, *Established 1795*, 248 Neponset St., East Walpole, Mass.

New York Chicago Washington Portland, Ore. San Francisco

Canadian Plant, Hamilton, Ontario



THERE IS pronounced prestige in the ownership of cut glass or engraved crystal which bears the Libbey trade mark—and a lack of it when that trade mark is missing.

Both types of Libbey craftsmanship suggest, at this season, beautiful gift possibilities.

THE LIBBEY GLASS COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 33)

October was the largest for the season since 1908. Sheep arrivals were the largest for the period for five years. There was a heavy decrease in arrivals of hogs, so that, counting all livestock, there was a decrease of 36,000 compared with 1910. Eastbound traffic from Chicago was less than last year, though it showed some gain over previous shipments. Westbound traffic was better than eastbound. The traffic in provisions did not quite hold its own, but was larger than last season. The heavy arrival of cattle at Western markets is attributed to shortage of fodder crops and high prices for mill feeds.

The October crop report shows a nominal gain only in the condition of corn, indicating a yield of a little less than 2,800,000,000 bushels—say, about 356,000,000 bushels less than last year's yield. The shortage in production of oats, barley and spring wheat compared with last season is rising 300,000,000 bushels, while all wheat is about 40,000,000 less than last year. These are the principal grains that enter into stock feed, not forgetting, of course, the part played by cottonseed and flaxseed, both of which are in larger supply this year than last; and cottonseed products should at least be cheaper than in 1910. Flaxseed is dear, the oil manufactured therefrom being in great demand.

The Rubber Market

Interesting in connection with the declaration of a dividend upon United States Rubber common stock are the reasons assigned for the act—to wit, good trade prospects for the weeks ahead, and the belief that the days of extreme fluctuations in the price of crude rubber are over and that the company is permanently protected against liability of rubber at $3 a pound or any such price. There are under rubber cultivation in the Far East some 875,000 acres, and the United States Rubber Company expects to obtain from its own plantations twenty-five per cent of its supply within three years and seventy-five per cent within five years. The acreage aforenamed is likely practically to double the world's product of about 75,000 tons within six years. What the world's consumption of rubber will be six years from now is beyond present power of conjecture. That it will increase is certain; and so, likewise, may the area devoted to the growing of rubber trees be enlarged. Until lately the bulk of the rubber has come from the wild rubber trees of Brazil, but the practicability of the development of orchards privately set out and cultivated has now been fully demonstrated. To what extent the manufacturers of rubber goods will divide the benefits of cheaper rubber with the consumers of their goods is past saying. The dividend plans of the United States Rubber Company attest expectation of enlarged profits for the manufacturer as the consequence of cheaper and more stable prices for crude rubber. Stability of prices for crude rubber will obviously lessen the capital required to carry a supply of this commodity. Enlarged production by rival interests should diminish likelihood of corners being formed in the article, although this alone may not positively guarantee immunity from that danger. The United States Rubber Company has its own company engaged in the cultivation of rubber, and by supplying itself from that source the expense at least of several middlemen will be avoided, for the crude rubber industry is peculiarly subject to an excess of middlemen's profits.

As an index to the condition of the electrical trade it is worth noting that, after several months of declining business, the Western Electric Company experienced an increase of twelve per cent in the orders billed in September, while sales were the largest for any month in its history. For nine months of the calendar year the gross business of the company was four per cent larger than for the same months of the previous year. This concern manufactures telephone and other electrical apparatus and hopes to do a gross business of $66,000,000 for the full year. The telephone industry reflects at least approximately the growth of social and general business conditions of the country. Incidentally it indicates somewhat regarding the copper industry. The latest statistics of copper production, imports and deliveries in this country show a declining tendency.

The figures are for September, when production and imports were 115,588,950



The College

Style does not mean discomfort

Possibly you are one of the many who have worn "stylish" shoes that hurt your feet and were uncomfortable all the time.

Here is a shoe built on a stylish last that will give you genuine foot comfort all day long—make walking or standing a pleasure—bring your feet back into a normal, healthy condition. It is no longer necessary for you to sacrifice style for foot comfort. The

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

has a soft, yielding, pliable, patent Cushion Insole which is a guarantee against tired, aching, burning feet. Your foot sinks down luxuriantly into a natural position—your weight is evenly distributed over the entire sole—all pinching of the uppers is eliminated.

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You will find just the style and leather you want, illustrated in our Free Style Book—*Write for it today.* If your dealer does not sell Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes, we will gladly tell you who does.

J. P. Smith Shoe Co.
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A Permanent Edge

You can keep your razor constantly keen, so it will give you a close, comfortable shave every day, if you use our

New Torrey Honing Strop

You don't need any experience or any special skill—the new strop will do it all. The sharpening side is prepared with our newly discovered sharpening dressing. This is *our secret* and no other strop in the world has it. That is why the New Torrey Strop keeps your razor in so much better condition than any other strop. If your dealer cannot show you the New Torrey Honing Strop—write us for full information. Booklet, all about shaving, sent free on request.

Prices 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50

Get a Torrey Razor—the Best Made

Every dealer who is not now selling the New Torrey Honing Strop should write at once for our special proposition.

J. R. TORREY CO., Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.



Educator Toasterettes are a delicious dainty beloved alike by young and old

One of the many varieties of **Educator Crackers.**

They are baked by the daughter of their creator. She personally samples each day's baking and insists upon the same high quality that has made **Educator Crackers** famous for twenty-five years.

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Character and Economy

Educator Toasterettes are made from whole wheat flour—freshly stone-ground in the good old-fashioned way.

The flour is mixed with pure, sweet spring water from our own Artesian wells.

Then it is savored with table salt. And toasted to a delicate brown. And touched with table butter.

Yes, you'll find **Toasterettes** a unique and wholesome delicacy—delightfully different from any other cracker you ever tasted. Just try them once. Then you'll never be without them.

Ask Your Dealer—If he cannot supply you, order from us direct. Anyway send ten cents in stamps for trial box of **Toasterettes** and mention your dealer's name, if you please.



Our Grandfathers

Used it nearly Eighty Years ago, as a keen relish for many a dish.



LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Is known in Every Country. It adds just the savor needed for **Soups, Fish, Roasts, Steaks, Gravies, Salads and Chafing Dish Cooking.**

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York



Mends all leaks instantly in graniteware, hot water bags, tin, copper, cooking utensils, etc. No heat, solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them. Fits any surface. Smooth. Durable. Sample box, 10c. Complete box, assorted sizes, 25c, postpaid. Wonderful opportunity for live agents. Write today.

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N.Y.

pounds, a decrease of 9,904,717 pounds compared with August and 3,931,033 pounds compared with September of last year. Domestic deliveries were 2,623,780 pounds less than in August and 24,282,485 pounds less than they were a year ago. Exports were 19,031,649 pounds less than for August and 7,189,434 pounds less than for September, 1910. Stocks at the end of September were 140,894,885 pounds, an increase of 7,453,355 pounds for the month compared with August and a decrease of 7,898,858 pounds compared with September a year ago. Stocks on January first were 122,030,195 pounds. The foreign visible supply on September thirtieth was 150,841,600 pounds, and the world's approximate supply was 291,736,456 pounds compared with 385,970,911 pounds at the beginning of the year. The September production was the smallest—except during the drought period of July—for any thirty-day month this year. Exports were the least since February, and domestic deliveries the least since February barring the July drought. The general condition of the copper industry appears to be about what it has been. The decision of the Calumet & Hecla to abandon the plan to consolidate with certain other companies at Lake Superior is not a business factor of immediate consequence, though there may be after effects that will be felt in a limited circle.

Reports regarding the iron and steel industry indicate about the same degree of activity that has obtained all along—say, about seventy-five per cent of the capacity of the works both of the United States concern and of the smaller properties, though this percentage appears to be maintained at a sacrifice of profits. At Chicago they say that the percentage is over seventy-five, but that the equipment companies are not running at more than fifty per cent of capacity, and as for the railroad end of the steel industry it is described as being in a state of coma with no improvement in sight. But it is said that fully seventy-five per cent of labor is employed in the Chicago industrial district, the reason being that the building industry is extremely busy. The building trades receive the highest wages on record and would strike, it is said, if any reduction in the scale were made. Chicago expectation is that wages of steel employees will be cut and that the cut will be accepted by the men. Further shading of the prices of manufactured steel has lately occurred, the latest important cut mentioned being thirty-five cents in the Bessemer quotation to $14.65 Valley from $15, a price that has held for over a year. It is said that further decline is likely to occur. Orders on the books of the United States Steel Corporation September thirtieth, which amounted to 3,611,317 tons, showed a decline of 84,668 tons for the month compared with 2,674,757 tons at the end of December, with 8,489,718 tons—the high record—at the close of 1906 and 2,674,754 tons as the low record.

Cotton Goods

The cotton-goods market is described as more quiet again, buyers being slow to purchase in a weak market for raw cotton; but a remarkable development has occurred in the export business of the Southern cotton mills. This is in a direction where American cotton manufacturers have long been losing ground. Several New England mills are said to have been lately figuring on foreign orders. There is little profit in selling prices based on nine-cent cotton when the cotton used in these goods cost several cents more in the raw state; but export sales in volume will clear off a lot of goods in store. Favorable things are being said regarding the woolen industry, though it is recognized that conditions are very irregular among the mills. Certain fabrics for women's wear are in large demand and the mills are working overtime, while other mills have little to do. The raw-wool trade is declared rather quiet.

A little quickening of trade in leather is mentioned and is applied to both upper and sole leather, though purchases are in small lots just as they have been for more than a year. Prices hold firm with tanners, who seem disposed to advance them when they feel that they can do so. They are still operating at only about half capacity. Shoe manufacturers speak of a little better trade. Most factories have started on spring and summer wear. In eighty-one cities the building operations for September amounted to $51,921,690, against

One Visible Model 10 Remington Typewriter

in use in your office, will absolutely prove to you the enduring leadership of the Remington. And every additional one simply piles up the proof.

Remember that we *guarantee* your satisfaction

Remington Typewriter Company
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New York and Everywhere





The Baldwin Piano

Note the effects of incomparable beauty he creates with Baldwin-tone

Beginning October fifteenth the great Chopin-interpreter will duplicate this winter his former memorable tours throughout the United States with the Baldwin Piano.

De Pachmann's preference for the Baldwin covers the ripest period of his matchless art. His own explanation of it is eloquent:—

". . . . . It cries when I feel like crying, it sings joyfully when I feel like singing. It *responds*—like a human being—to every mood. I love the Baldwin Piano!"

THE BOOK OF THE BALDWIN sent free upon request.

The Baldwin Company
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142 West Fourth Street

New York, 5 E. 34th Street · Chicago, 323 So. Wabash Avenue · St. Louis, 1111 Olive Street · San Francisco, 309 Sutter Street
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We also build the Baldwin Piano with the Baldwin Interior Player Mechanism. If interested in a Player-Piano write for information.



The Newest Shape

DELMAR, 2¼ in.; REXTON, 2 in.

A Closed-Front Collar that Does Meet Close

This Buttonhole is Your Security that IDE SILVER COLLARS Retain Their Style, Fit and Comfort.

THE newest style is the DELMAR. It is baked, and so shaped while baking by our special **Vertiform Process,** that it is a straight-front collar that actually *does* meet close. Has ample scarf space.

You can see in the illustration how LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES are protected where the *strain* comes—why *they don't tear out.*

Ask for IDE SILVER COLLARS at your dealer's, or write us for "What's What," an illustrated authority on dress, and the clever story booklet, "What I Know About Laundries" (actual experiences).

GEO. P. IDE & CO.
491 River Street Troy, N. Y.

Please examine these buttonholes at the dealer's—they're only in IDE SILVER COLLARS

Then, if you will *try* IDE SILVER COLLARS you will find that LINOCORD BUTTONHOLES *keep* your collars as smart as when bought. For collars simply cannot retain fit, style or comfort when buttonholes pull or stretch the merest trifle.

These collars come in styles for every man and every occasion. If you have a favorite shape, we make it.

Try the DELMAR and learn its style *supremacy.*

Ide Silver BRAND

1/4 Sizes Collars 2 for 25¢

In Canada, 3 for 50c.

$45,349,188 for the same month in 1910, a decrease of 26 per cent for the month, but an increase of 14.4 per cent for the year. There was an increase in forty-nine of the eighty-one cities and a decrease in thirty-two cities. In all cities reporting for the September quarter there was an increase of 12.1 per cent as against last year, compared with a decrease of 6.5 per cent for the second quarter, a decrease of 10.7 per cent for the first quarter and a decrease of 2 per cent for nine months. The total expenditures called for in nine months' permits was $624,388,927, against $637,674,615 for like months last year.

September bank clearings for the country were made to look rather unfavorable chiefly from the showing of New York City. Exclude New York and the exhibit is quite satisfactory. The bank clearings of the United States for the nine months of the current year were $116,599,529,023, compared with $121,133,029,715 for like months in 1910. This shows a decrease of 3.9 per cent for the country, whereas the clearings of New York City alone—$68,676,922,060—were 6.6 per cent less than for the same months last year. In the rest of the country there was an increase of 7 per cent. In Canada there was a decrease of 5.4 per cent in clearings in September compared with August, but an increase of 9 per cent compared with September, 1910, the greatest amount for any September. The decrease compared with August is attributed to distraction caused by politics. For nine months Canada shows clearings of $5,017,699,182, an increase of 14.6 per cent compared with like months of 1910.

Bank Loans and Deposits

The increase in business failures in the United States in the nine months ending with September was greater than the increase in the liabilities of the concerns that had failed. The number was 9293, an increase of 8.5 per cent over 1910 and 5.9 per cent over 1909, but a decrease of 13 per cent from 1908. The liabilities this year were $137,882,251 with assets amounting to 56 per cent, the liabilities being only .7 per cent in excess of those of last season, 27.7 per cent more than in 1909, but 43.7 per cent less than for the corresponding period in 1908. Compared with the boom year of 1906 failures were 35 per cent more and liabilities 52 per cent more this year. In the same nine months of 1906 assets were 49.4 per cent of liabilities. There was some indication of firmer money in the early part of October, but that it was anything more than an incident of the October settlements is open to doubt. It certainly accompanied a heavy shrinkage in New York bank surplus that resulted from preparation for the settlements. That the banks had amply provided for fall requirements there was evidence in the loan increase of some quarter of a billion of dollars between early January and the report to the comptroller at the beginning of September. This refers to the loans of the national banks of the country at large. It is worth remarking that since early 1910 the loans of the banks have expanded $437,000,000, the expansion being almost constant. Lately, while loans in the leading central reserve cities have been decreasing, those of the banks at large have further expanded, particularly in the West and South, the former of which sections has practically financed its own crop movement this fall. The banks have kept most of their money busy and have not maintained a high ratio of reserve at any time. This on the first of September was 21.36 per cent, with loans $5,690,000,000, deposits $6,684,000,000 and cash $895,000,000, compared with a ratio of 21.40 per cent on the seventh of January last, when the loans were $5,443,000,000, the deposits $6,267,000,000 and the cash $836,000,000; also compared with 21.57 per cent a year ago, when the loans were $5,496,000,000, the deposits $6,247,000,000 and the cash $851,000,000. Two years ago—September, 1909—the percentage of reserve was 21.67 and a year earlier still it was 22.97 per cent. It thus appears that the ratio has been declining quite steadily for three years, and the same is true of a longer period. In other words, the banks have scarcely maintained their strong standing, and had there been a sudden development of commercial, mercantile or even speculative demand it is queried what would have been the effect upon money rates. Such query is purely academic, however.

Why not drink

Mrs. Rorer's OWN BLEND Coffee

You can get it from your grocer in a

Triple Sealed Non-Aroma-Leak Package—Always Fresh



Sarah Tyson Rorer

No other coffee so good and wholesome—made from selected coffee beans—blended after Mrs. Rorer's own recipe. Over 4,500,000 lbs. sold since the first of the year.



Get your first package now—then drink the most delicious coffee you ever tasted—simply by following directions in

Mrs. Rorer's Free Booklet—"27 Coffee Recipes"—sent *free* on request. When you send for this helpful booklet please mention your grocer's name and whether or not he handles Mrs. Rorer's Coffee.

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Harry B. Gates, President
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EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTINGS

Persons Often Look Alike Without Being Alike



Other mountings may look like Shur-on Eyeglass Mountings, but close inspection will show that better mechanical construction which makes Shur-ons, when properly adjusted,

GRACE THE FACE STAY IN PLACE

Comfortable, Convenient, Durable

Write us for "How, Where and Why" a Shur-on.

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Established 1864
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UTICA



25c a pair

ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS

Guaranteed for One Year

AT the *small* of your back is the *big* feature of "UTICA ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS" — the free-rolling *double cords.* These are the *strain bearers*—the easy-givers—the "shock-absorbers." They keep you from "suspender fag."

A *quarter* buys these suspenders—a *dollar* couldn't buy them back. They are the suspenders for active men—for doers, who want to feel "fit" for the day's tasks. Sent by mail on receipt of 25c, if your dealer hasn't them.

UTICA SUSPENDER CO., 241 Columbia St., Utica, N. Y.
Canadian Mfrs., Imperial Glove Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.



Sample Free

Try it on your floor—if it is either waxed, varnished or shellaced—or on your furniture. It cleans, polishes and renews like magic but never injures (important).

Brightener

Saves 2 to 3 times its cost by making the floor and furniture finish last that much longer.

Quickly and easily applied with soft cloth. 1 quart (75c) lasts a home 6 months.

Ask for FREE BOOK, "Beautiful Floors," and the Free Sample.

A. S. BOYLE & CO.
2061 West 8th Street, Cincinnati, O.

Let Me Send You the Rapid

At Factory Price



FIRELESS COOKER On 30 Days' Trial

Satisfaction guaranteed or no charge. Saves 50 per cent on fuel, time and work. Pays for itself in a month or two. No experience needed. Bolls, Steams, Stews, Roasts, Bakes, Fries. GENUINE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSILS WITHOUT EXTRA COST. Also metal composition Heat Radiators, can't break or crack. Send for free book and 128 splendid recipes today.

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10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

We ship on approval without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. DON'T PAY A CENT if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.

DO NOT BUY *a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price* until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our *unheard of prices and marvelous new 1912 offers.*

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at *half usual prices.*

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Send Sketch or Model for FREE SEARCH
Books, Advice, Searches, and Big List of Inventions Wanted FREE
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Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Kolmat Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

Just a little *Shorter* every day *makes the* Light Touch Monarch *the typewriter of efficiency*

No Three O'Clock Fatigue

IT seems shorter to the operator and so actually is shorter, for the light, quick, easy touch of the Monarch typewriter makes each day seem shorter than it can possibly seem with a heavier machine. The old three o'clock fatigue is forgotten and the day is finished with more work done, easier than ever. That means efficiency and more profit for the business. Write us and we will write you.

Better yet, let our nearest representative show you the Monarch. If he isn't near enough and you know of a good salesman, send us his name and address.

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Executive Offices: Monarch Typewriter Building, 300 Broadway, New York.

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After Shaving

Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM **Toilet Powder**



and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the skin diseases often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

Sample box for 4c stamp

Trade Mark — Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

50 ENGRAVED CALLING CARDS $1.00

Hand copper-plate engraving of the highest grade. Latest style. Fashionable wedding invitations and announcements, die stamped stationery, at lowest prices. We pay delivery charges. Samples free. Charles H. Elliott Co., 1820 Lehigh Ave., Philada.

MAKING A LIVING BY LITERATURE

(Continued from Page 32)

It was possible that I might learn how again, but that wasn't the form in which the great question confronted me. The question was, What could I do to earn a living? If I could make it by writing, well and good. But, in one way or another, I had got to make it. If I had had any training at any other sort of work I'd have taken to that. But I wasn't a stenographer, I hadn't any business experience, and it was hard to know what to do except to go on trying to write.

I went to a man who was on the editorial staff of a group of magazines. There were eight or nine of them, all owned by one man, headed by a fifteen-center that published a certain amount of first-class work, with the others all ranged round it and below each other to catch its editorial overflow. The cheapest of these magazines was very cheap indeed. It was filled up mostly with the work of aspiring amateurs who are delighted with a check for fifteen or twenty-five dollars and the satisfaction of seeing their names in print. The magazines were edited more or less coöperatively, the men on the staff shifting back and forth. It was and is a highly efficient organization.

I asked the man I knew if he had any assignment that he could turn over to me for the cheapest kind of articles, the sort of thing they print in the feature supplement to the Sunday papers. It doesn't matter much what you say in those articles so long as you say enough to fill in round the photographs. Of course twenty-five dollars would be high pay for a performance of this kind.

He looked a little surprised when I asked him for that kind of work. "I'd be afraid to take anything else," I told him. "I simply haven't the nerve to tackle anything big, and I have got to earn some money."

The Blows That Tell

He said thoughtfully: "I have read all the stuff you have been sending us, your short stories, and I acquiesced in the decision to send them back to you. So far as their workmanship goes they are beautiful, but you haven't any punch. Get your punch back. You used to have it."

I asked him if he had any prescription for getting it back. He thought a while and said he believed he had. He turned back the covers of the cheapest magazine of the eight and pointed out a serial story. It was called The Red Hand, or something like that, and it was one of those stories that begin like this:

"Richard Abercrombie leaped lightly to one side and the blow which had been aimed at him from behind whistled harmlessly by. The three dark figures which loomed suddenly out of the mist huddled together. Swiftly and in silence Richard struck. One of the figures fell, an inert mass on the pavement at his feet. The others fled. He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully and stooped to pick up his walking-stick which had fallen from his hand. As he did so the gleam of something white on the pavement caught his eye. He picked it up. It was a woman's handkerchief—a filmy nothing of lace—and as he raised it to scrutinize it more closely his nostrils inhaled a subtle and lovely perfume, faint but almost intoxicating. And at this a voice . . ."

"That's the sort of thing for you to do," said the editor. "We can use worlds of that stuff. We never get enough of it. Give it to us in sixty-thousand-word lengths, with a big bang at the end of every ten thousand for an installment ending, and a little bang at least every thousand words."

"Do you pay real money for that stuff?" I wanted to know.

"I'll pay you a cent a word," he said.

A cent a word for a sixty-thousand-word story would mean six hundred dollars. It used to take me six months in the old days to do as much as that.

As if he read my thoughts the editor said: "Don't take longer than three weeks. You'd better take an old plot—Othello, The Lady of Lyons—anything. Transpose it, of course. Give it a modern twist and there you are. Will you try it?" I said I would.

I knew I couldn't write it as fast as that. Writing was always a slow, laborious process for me. Not because I thought so



Mutt gets another brainstorm on Jeff's delivery

MUTT and Jeff are never so funny as when shown on the sheet or screen by the Mirroscope.

You can cut them or any other well-known comic out of the newspapers, paste onto cards, and your family and friends will be overcome with merriment when they see these well-known characters perfect in every detail—but enlarged to a height of several feet.

Still better—You can make accurate tracings of the figures, and fill in original remarks of your own.

Better yet—You can cut the heads from photos of your friends and paste them on the bodies of Mutt and Jeff.

This is but one of countless ways in which you can find year-round amusement and instruction for grown-ups and children with the

Mirroscope

ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON EACH INSTRUMENT

IMPROVED 1912 MODEL

Here are just a few of those countless

Mirroscope Nights' Entertainments

Any of the following can be carried out without any expensive equipment or elaborate preparation.

A great number of guessing games, such as "Autograph Ghosts", advertising trade-marks, popular proverbs, names of books, etc.

Showing Kodak, post-card, and other collections; burlesquing familiar songs; illustrating vacation experiences; plays and charades in miniature.

The Mirroscope has unlimited possibilities for amusing and instructing children, such as:—Geography lessons illustrated by views of cities, mountains, national costumes and famous buildings; history lessons; illustrated folk-lore, fairy stories, Mother Goose, etc.; nature history talks, showing pictures of birds, flowers, fish or animals.

Mirroscope 1912 Model

Shows small pictures or other objects horizontally or vertically, in full detail, original colors, clearly defined to the very edge and magnified to several feet in diameter.

The light is reflected by large parabolic reflectors and projected through a powerful double-lens system.

1. Hang up a sheet (ordinary window-shade material is still better) for a screen.
2. Insert any post-card, clipping, photograph, painting, sketch or other object (not over 6½ inches square) in the back of the instrument.
3. Turn on the light.

That is absolutely all there is to it; a child can operate the Mirroscope, but it is by no means a mere toy.

No special plates, slides, films or other expensive equipment needed.

Note carefully that the name Mirroscope is shown on every instrument and is designed in the same way as shown in this advertisement. Always look for name in buying and accept no substitute, as we can readily fill your order direct from the factory, express prepaid.

In Canada add $2.00 to cover duty and prepaid express.



Mirroscope Model 97 shown as equipped for electricity, but is also made for gas and acetylene. Has double-lens system, shows pictures clear to the edge, doesn't get hot, focuses perfectly. Price $15, other models $2.50 to $30.

Mirroscope Styles and Sizes

Gas and Electric for town or city; Acetylene, for farm or country home, camp or seashore. Gas, complete with Mirroscope Mantles and Burners; Electric, complete with Mirroscope High-efficiency Lamps; Acetylene, complete with generator

Five Standard Sizes: $7.50, $10, $15 (two), $20. (80% of our sales are in the $15 and $10 sizes.)

Note—$20 size electricity only; all others gas and acetylene as well.

One $15 size and $20 size accept transparent slides as well as opaque objects.

$25 and $30 sizes fitted with rack-and-pinion adjustment for focusing.

Two Toy Sizes: $1.50 and $5. Not as large or elaborate as standard sizes, reliable, well-constructed and a great source of enjoyment to the youngsters.



Entertaining the family by showing Mutt and Jeff with the Mirroscope.

Write for Free Booklet "Mirroscope Entertainments"

Many forms of Mirroscope entertainments described by Mirroscope enthusiasts—many others suggested—several never before published. The book also contains a complete catalog and price-list of all 1912 Mirroscope Models.

The Buckeye Stereopticon Company

Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High-grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes.

500 Sackett Avenue
Cleveland—Sixth City

The Right Carbon Paper at Last!



100 Copies and All Clear

—all easily readable; all permanently written, fade-proof, rub-proof, smut-proof. Here is a carbon paper that really makes carbon records that will guarantee permanency in your files.

On every possible point you or your stenographer can think of, you will find it profitable to insist on getting

TRADE MULTIKOPY MARK

CARBON PAPER

For instance, compare these features exclusively Multi-Kopy's with your present paper, then write for a sample sheet of MultiKopy.

MultiKopy will make 100 clear copies.

MultiKopy will make 20 copies at one writing.

MultiKopy isn't affected by weather conditions; won't rub, fade, smudge or soil the fingers; and its copies are permanent.

That's carbon paper economy. Learn how it will reduce expenses—send us your name and address and dealer's name for a free sample sheet.

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slowly, but because I could never synchronize the thought and the writing. The sentence in my head and the sentence under my hand were always clashing and neutralizing each other. And it occurred to me, as I was on the way home to try the experiment, that I might be able to dictate it. It seemed a rather wild idea for a man in my financial situation to engage a first-class stenographer, but it looked like sense and I decided to do it.

I followed his advice literally. I stole a plot—one of the best-known plots in the world—and I named my characters as closely as possible to the names they bore in the great original. I transposed the story, point by point, into the new setting I had selected for it. Then I engaged a stenographer at eighteen dollars a week and set to work. I made up my mind that whatever I had to say, whatever sort of junk I had to shovel into that story, I would do two installments a week. There were to be six of them in all, of ten thousand words each. I would divide each installment into three chapters and I would do a chapter a day. Whatever happened I would finish the day's work on the particular big or little bang that concluded that day's chapter.

I attacked the job in a spirit of savage hostility toward it. That editor wanted punch, did he? Well, he should have it! I had two deliberate murders, a suicide, an unsuccessful attempt at poisoning and three justifiable homicides in self-defense in the course of that sixty thousand words, together with a passionate love story that occupied at least one chapter in each installment. That editor thought he knew what he wanted, did he? Well, I'd see whether he did.

I began work on one Monday morning and on the third Saturday night I mailed the last installment to New York. Then I stretched, ate a big dinner and discovered I was perfectly well again. I had been eating and sleeping like a navvy all the while, but I had been too much occupied during the past three weeks to notice it. And I had really enjoyed the work.

I expected a letter of remonstrance from the editor, telling me, perhaps, that he had expected me to take him seriously and not make a joke of his advice. But I didn't care much what he said. I was tingling all over with a fine exhilaration.

In the middle of the next week I got a letter. All the staff, said the editor, were so enthusiastic over my story that they wanted to know whether I wouldn't sign my own name to it. In that case, he said, they'd run it in a higher-grade magazine than the one it was intended for and pay me a cent and a half a word for it. I wrote him to go to, that I meant to make that name worth a cent and a half or two cents a word, and in the meantime he could send on his six hundred dollars. He did by return mail.

Perhaps you can imagine what it meant, after three years of consistent and perfectly self-conscious failure, to have done something, even an humble thing like that, that other people regarded as a success; to have done it easily and confidently; to know, moreover, that it hadn't been a fluke, that I could do it again.

On the Plan of Six Novels a Year

I made up a new plot—that was easier, after all, than stealing an old one and transposing it—and sent on a two-thousand-word outline of it to the editor. He wrote back that it was great, but gave me a friendly warning not to overtax my strength. It seemed he had set that limit at three weeks more in order to provide me with a useful kind of a shock and to give me a mark to aim at rather than in any belief that I could do it in so short a time. Evidently he didn't know how easy it was.

I spent another week laying out my plot in somewhat greater detail, engaged another stenographer and went at it again. That story ran to just under eighty thousand words and I wrote it in eighteen days' total elapsed time—sixteen working days and two Sundays when I knocked off. I kept a carbon copy of it, more from force of habit than for any other reason, for it didn't occur to me that it would be possible to put the story to any other use than the one for which I had intended it. The editor took it, asked for more and mailed me a check for eight hundred dollars by return mail.

Just about the time when that check came in, and before the glow of the discovery that I could really earn a living after all had faded out, a representative of a big book-publishing house in New York came to Chicago and ran out overnight to the town where I live, to see me. He wanted to know what I was doing, for being a good friend he had been worrying about me more or less. I hadn't meant to tell anybody about this new occupation of mine, but I felt so good over having come to life again that I couldn't keep it back. He laughed over the idea and wanted to know what the stuff was like, so I handed him out the carbon of that manuscript. He read the first chapter under my eye, then asked if he might carry it back to Chicago with him.

"It won't do you any good," I said. "I wouldn't sign it."

He said he didn't care whether I did or not and carried it off with him, and a week later I got a letter from him offering to publish it as a regular dollar-and-a-half book over the pen-name I had used in the magazine.

There isn't much more to tell about how I make a living by literature. I applied the brakes a little to my rate of production and have never written more than six novels a year. When I hit upon an idea that strikes me as an unusually good one I spend a little more time on it, caulk the seams a bit tighter and demand a higher price for it. When the plot is nothing more than a combination of the regular ingredients I slam it through as I did the first one and sell it at the old rate of a cent a word. About half the work I do gets published, after serialization, in book form with the imprint of some entirely reputable publisher on the title page. The other half runs a lurid course for six months or so in the pages of some cheap magazine and disappears. I have used altogether, since I started this business, five pen-names, and I try to classify the stories more or less by the signature, for I find that readers like to know what they are going to get.

An Ambidextrous Author

The highest price I have got for a serial since I came back to life is twenty-five hundred dollars. I signed my own name to that, as I generally do once a year to the story that seems not necessarily the best but the most nearly in the manner of my former work.

I dispose of a good part of my unsigned output through an agent. That helps, in the first place, to preserve my anonymity. The editors and publishers themselves don't know who writes the stuff. And then the agent cleans up the minor possibilities better than I can take the time to do. Here is an example:

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	$1737.55
Agent's commission 10 per cent	173.75
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During the last two or three years I have lowered my rate of production still further. I find that I can earn about five thousand dollars a year, which is a perfectly respectable living out in my town, and still save out a few months' time every year for a different sort of work—work that I can put my whole heart and ambition into. I haven't said goodby to ambition yet by any means. In other words, I am to a certain extent earning my living with my left hand and keeping my right hand free for experiments. "Extra hazardous" would be the classification that a literary insurance agent, if there were such a creature, would give to this right-handed work of mine. So far, at least, it has nothing to do with the subject of this article, Making a Living by Literature, for it has never paid me a cent yet and I don't know if it will.

I am aware that I am not quite sincere in making that statement. Everybody is a compound, in varying proportions, of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Don Quixote is ready to swear by the right hand. It is going to make me famous some day; yes, and rich besides. In another year or two the left hand is going out of business. But Sancho Panza loads his pipe and keeps the left hand busy.

I said at the beginning of this article that I meant to put you into a position to decide whether earning a living by literature as I have done it was worth while or not. "Commonplace, sordid, cynical!" I fancy

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I hear some of you saying. "That man runs a fiction factory. He calculates his costs like a shop superintendent. He deliberately cheapens himself; does less than the best he can, with no better excuse than that it earns him a living."

Well, it seems to me that earning a living is a pretty good excuse. I have come to the conclusion that to earn an honest living is the first duty of man. If he can earn it by writing poetic dramas or composing symphonic poems, well and good. He is in luck. But if his five-act tragedies fail, if the world says they are not good enough to pay money for, I am not sure that he is entitled to ask the world to go on supporting him.

There is a certain group of cultured people who judge a piece of work by its pretensions rather than by its intrinsic merit. To their minds the dullest piece of musical writing in the form of a string quartet is more admirable than an irresistible bit of melody in some ragtime tune; the feeblest dramatic failure, huddling under a corner of the mantle of Maeterlinck or Ibsen, is more admirable, better worth doing, than the best modern short story. I don't agree with those people, but I don't expect to convert them. To my notion a comic-opera lyric, or a set of pictures in a Sunday supplement, or a romantic thriller such as I turn out every three months or so from my fiction factory may be good enough to be worth doing. I try my best to make them good enough.

Putting artistic considerations aside and taking my way of earning a living as a commercial proposition, there are things to be said both for and against it. I work very hard—harder, I honestly believe, than most of the men of somewhere near my age who make as much a year as I do. There is an element of uncertainty about it: the possibility that I may lose my grip again, as I lost it once before. On the other hand, I don't know any other sort of work that could give me so large a measure of independence. I haven't any boss. I don't have to keep a corner of my eye on the man just behind me, wondering when he will get my job. I don't even have to commercialize my friendships—play golf with a man or invite him to my house for business reasons. When I have done what will satisfy me as a day's work I am my own man.

Of course I work more or less in a vacuum. I have nothing corresponding to the rustle of applause or the chuckle of laughter that reminds the actor that he is giving pleasure to people—making them forget themselves for an hour or two. My publishers' statements and my editors' checks convince me that a certain number of people read what I write. Once in a while I get a more intimate reminder that I am doing something more than making a living. I was introduced once to the head of the English Department in one of the great state universities. To my astonishment he identified me at once with my work. "I have always wanted to thank you," he said. "I am an incorrigible lover of romance. Every time I get hold of one of your stories I am sure of two hours of solid enjoyment."

When I get to feeling slack and tired, and inclined to wonder what's the use, I tell myself that story.

Perhaps I have got a sort of trust after all. Even if Sancho Panza is right about it I think I'll stick to my job.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Life and Adventures of the Bullhead

A GREAT deal of innocent amusement can be extracted from that pleasing fish known as the mudcat, horned pout or bullhead; but it is just as well to wear a thick pair of gloves while extracting it. The bullhead is organized on a basis of millions for war but not a cent for tribute, and his system of interference and defense is nearly perfect. Any well-regulated bullhead has a horn on each side of his face and one in the middle of his spine, and if necessary can get all three of these into action at the same time; in which case, though he does not speak Latin and knows nothing about *noli me tangere*, he certainly is, so to speak, no tangerine.

In regard to this armament of the bullhead, it is obvious that the human hand was devised with five fingers for the purpose of handling the bullhead in proper fashion. To do this, place a finger on each side of the sticker on his starboard side, as many on the larboard watch, and one directly behind his back spine, compressing all the fingers uniformly and pushing the latter spine as far forward as possible while holding the side wings laterally extended at right angles to his chest. Of course one of your fingers will have to be a thumb, but in this situation the bullhead will be rendered as nearly as possible *hors de combat*. Really it would be much better if the human hand were constructed with six fingers and a thumb, as in that case the remaining digits could be used with reasonable restraint of trade in the course of an exploratory operation in search of fishhooks, chicken gizzards, or anything else at the time temporarily concealed in the bullhead's person.

Whether it be some residue of chicken not fit for chop-suey, a fishhook large or small, a human thumb or finger, a piece of minnow, or, indeed, almost any other conceivable and swallowable object, the bullhead in course of all investigation proves himself to be the most amiable of fishes and as willing to oblige as a clerk in a country grocery store. Indeed—without intentional offense to those great Democrats, Governor Harmon, Governor Wilson, Champ Clark or Hoke Smith—the bullhead may be called the most democratic being now existent in our midst. He takes anything that comes along, and can, if need be, attend to two or three jobs at the same time.

Moreover, no matter what happens, he is no clam. He always has a smile and he never has any trouble with his smile. It works automatically on oiled ball-bearings. Though with one corner of his mouth he may close down on your finger like a new baby on a nursing bottle, he will laugh merrily at you from the other side of his countenance, even though his grasp of the situation is such that you will have to go to the dentist's for chloroform or other anesthetic to get him to let loose. Always pleasant and companionable, no matter how busy he is, you can see the spirit of camaraderie in the twinkle of his dark blue eye. Even as he tries to swallow the rest of your hand you can't help thinking that he wishes to say to you: "Aren't we the grand little pair of partners?"

There is a certain indestructible quality about the bullhead. You may break, you may shatter the bullhead if you will, but the scent of the bullhead will linger there still. He is not so much strenuous as he is persistent. If he horns you under the thumbnail, according to his usual practice, and if you, according to your usual practice, cast him violently upon the boardwalk for that same, the only word of reproach you can get out of him is a low, muffled grunt of more or less amiable derision. As to killing him, it is not possible. No one ever saw a dead burro or a dead bullhead, nor even one that had been permanently discouraged. If you catch a string of bullheads and put them under the seat of the family buggy, with no other covering than hay during a drive of, say, thirty miles, you can take them out from under the seat when you get home and on the face of each there will be a bright and welcoming smile. "Greetings and salutations, brother!" is what he wants to say to you; though, like a dog, he can only wag his tail. It is too bad he cannot bark, for it would add much to his repertory.

Handicapped as he is, he will manage to let you understand that he bears no malice, no matter what you have done. Even when skinned and frying in the pan, sometimes he will give a last waggle in proud defiance of the worst that Fate can do—and this though you may have amputated his smile in connection with a frontispiece that is by no means of solid ivory. Always he is what the Germans call *gemütlich;* always he has what the French call *esprit;* always he shows what the Anglo-Saxon calls sand.

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not been investigated, politically, socially or piscatorially. This, perhaps, is because he has so little to conceal—perhaps because he operates in the open, in plain view of all men. Some careless man has called the dog man's best friend. Not so. That title should go to the humble bullhead, unknown to song and story. He is a boon to the overworked hired man, who, after finishing the day's chores about midnight, can hie himself to the nearest waterside and engage in the dissipation of catching bullheads for the next day's sustenance. Other fishes are notional, even declining to bite after dark; but the bullhead draws no line. He is organized to oblige and please the populace. Who can fail to love him?

Where is the bullhead to be found? Where, indeed? Has any place ever been discovered by any of our great explorers where the bullhead has not been found—where he has not been discovered ready and waiting, like the Indians who greeted Columbus? He is in the old swimming hole—in the old millpond. If you go to a summer resort and walk out along the boat pier you will see him lying alongside, gently wagging his tail in greeting and waiting for you to drop him anything that you do not happen to need yourself. Amid the wreck of matter and the crash of worlds he survives, our one resource that even Mr. Pinchot admits is not needful of conserving.

We mourn our passenger pigeons, our buffaloes, our great auks, which erstwhile were wont to sing their merry roundelay at our bedroom window of a gentle morn in May. Whither have they gone? We ask—nay, demand; but we have no answer. Not so with the bullhead. He is with us still; and he intends to remain, let Wall Street do its worst, and let our rapacious corporations extend themselves to their utmost in covetousness and greed! Stained a little, millions of him have been sold for salmon; yet other unstained millions of him have been sold on Mott Street, in New York; and other millions still go to make weekly holidays on Friday in young ladies' seminaries. Yet, when you go back to the place whence all these millions came, other millions await the catching. He is the only feature of our wild life in America that has served notice that it does not propose to be extinct. He is the best proof that the resources of our country are not going to be exhausted.

A Democrat of the Deep

Blessed are the meek and the pure in heart. The great virtue of the bullhead is that of simplicity and meekness. He puts on no frills whatever. You never hear him boast of his productivity, his longevity, his avoirdupois, or anything else. He never refers to his family tree. He never casually asks his clerk to look up and see how many shares of this or that stock he has while you are listening. He never tells you how far he could jump when he was young, or mentions his earlier deeds in peace or war, in love, intrigue or finance. He makes no long talk in prayer-meeting and boasts not of his humility. The longer you associate with him the more you feel he is such a comfort in this hectic age! His simplicity and sincerity shine like good deeds in a naughty world. He knows no artifice, and egotism abides not in him. He conquers, but does so by yielding, and is the one master of piscatorial calisthenics as you may learn when you try to separate him from anything he fancies.

In his class, a well-trained bullhead can whip anything that offers, though when out of training he rarely goes over four pounds at his best—and can make one-pound ringside without difficulty. Once warmed up, he can prod a pickerel to the point of emitting shrieks of anguish, or cause tears to start from the eyes of the strongest four-pound bass. If casually swallowed by a muskellonge, as sometimes happens, the bullhead makes no complaint, but bides his time. The coroner's jury that later sits on the musky will find the bullhead still undisturbed.

The bullhead, therefore may be called the great commoner of the watery world—the democrat of the deep. Like the country editor, he has come to stay. Perhaps you may sometime have seen, moving about in the sluggish water of some bayou or lagoon, a dark mass made up of small objects half the length of your finger to a total bulk as large as a half bushel, or perhaps a bushel and a half. This black mass was simply one bullhead family—some several in number, did you undertake to count

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them. They circulate en masse in that way so that nothing is apt to come along and swallow them individually. Thus they advance to health and happiness by virtue of vim, vigor and victory, as the large-type maxims say in the newspapers.

Race suicide being unknown to him the bullhead has increased and multiplied in all the regions of the earth. It would not be surprising did Doctor Cook say that he caught him at the North Pole through the ice. Without doubt Colonel Roosevelt must have discovered the Bullhead Africanus during his late researches as a faunal naturalist, and—not to gratify a lust of slaughter, but because the naturalists of the party wanted a group—collected a series for later mounting at the Smithsonian Institution. From Greenland's coral strands to Afric's icy mountains the bullhead permeates, percolates and prevails—the mainstay of our piscatorial past, present and future.

His Character and Color Scheme

There are some slight variations in the bodily contour and color scheme of the species in different regions. As our great naturalists have pointed out, the color of the more northerly portions of the body of the bullhead, whether Arcticus or Africanus, is of a somber, olivaceous hue. Underneath he may be fawn-colored, écru, ocherous, tan-colored, or even yellow, this blending through a gentle chiaroscuro with the darker body color, longitudinally and latitudinally speaking. It cannot be said that the bullhead is what is known as a fashionable dresser; and having chosen a fashion he hangs to it like Daniel Webster—buff waistcoat and all. The lizard shifts his colors to suit his surroundings. Even the brook trout may change from dark to light in twenty minutes when changed from dark water to clear. Not so the bullhead. Having struck out for himself a given line of life, he adheres thereto, and he always wears his old clothes.

In personal appearance the bullhead is rather durable than graceful. His eyes do not bulge out so much as his abdomen. Still, though the eyes are small, as are so often those of any fighting creature, they are wide apart, one at each corner of his head, and just far enough behind his mouth to enable him to use the latter organ most effectively. Though his eyes are not limpid they are gentle—and, indeed, merry. His tail is rather square—something like that of a brook trout; but at that point the resemblance mostly ceases.

While the salmon or trout requires a habitat of Apollinaris water, and whereas the bass insists on graveled bars in running streams, the bullhead will frequent or infest any sort of water thin enough to run down a steep hill. If the water will percolate it need not purl, because he is constructed for utility himself and not for decorative or landscape purposes. Thus he finds surroundings suited to his simple needs all the way from Maine to Kansas, and from Louisiana to Minnesota. Nay more, he may be found even in Canada; and of him it is to be said that he is the one commodity that even Senator La Follette or Senator Cummins would say ought to be admitted free of duty under Mr. Taft's reciprocity bill. So long as we are permitted to exchange barreled chucks, necks, shanks, plates and other packing-house products for an equal avoirdupois of skinned bullheads, we are going to be all to the good. A pickled bullhead now and then is relished by the best of men.

United Games Concern

ANNOUNCEMENT. A new and absorbing pack of cards has been perfected and is now ready for your use.

It lends itself to solitaire, two, three, four or five handed games of "I Win—You Lose," the most fascinating of all card games.

"As easy to learn as Euchre, yet profound as Whist. Flexible enough to entertain children, yet experience and study of older heads make it the most complex and absorbing card game.

"I Win—You Lose" is not to be simply a "fad," but as standard as the old style playing card. For this reason it has been made up with the same regard for quality and appearance as the highest grade playing cards.

Makes an ideal Xmas Gift—one which will remind the recipient of your thought each long Winter evening when the cards are used.

The fact that this is put out by us should be sufficient guaranty of quality—but money back if you say so.

Mailed postpaid for 50c.

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Main Office and Works, Beaver Falls, Pa.

Keep Your House Clean *Without Work!*

IT'S OVER! All the laborious sweeping—dusting—beating of carpets and rugs—moving of heavy furniture. All the futile back-breaking work that in winter especially cannot keep a house free from germ-laden dust.



THE TUEC STATIONARY Air Cleaning System
is the housewife's emancipation


The Only Way

Installed in the cellar with connecting pipe to each floor, it sucks out and swallows up every tiny grain of dust, drawing it down to the cellar where the dirt is caught in an air-tight receptacle and the dusty, germ-laden air passes outdoors.


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No dust remains on your carpets, furniture and hangings. No dust is stirred up from one place to settle in another. No dusty air remains in your home. Your house is *scrupulously clean* and *always absolutely healthful*—all this without dragging a machine from floor to floor and without a moment of tiring work.

As a stationary system has solved your heating problem, so you can look to the TUEC to solve your cleaning problem. Easy to install in any building, old or new, large or small, public or private.

Actual use in thousands of buildings proves the TUEC to be *the* system for *any* house. Why should you waste money experimenting with other methods? Install the TUEC *now*.



Write today for illustrated booklet and letters from enthusiastic owners of TUEC-equipped buildings in all parts of the country.

THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY
24 Hosford St. Canton, Ohio
TUEC Companies in most large cities. Some territory still open. Write for terms.



Razor blade excellence will not, in itself, produce a clean, smooth, comfortable shave. The Young Safety Razor combines with blades of the highest quality, the correct shaving method. Its keen, substantial, expertly-ground blades meet the beard at an angle, just as the old-fashioned straight razor does in the hands of an expert. A touch turns the blade, producing the slanting stroke.



Young SAFETY Razor $2.50

"The any-angle razor"

The Young Safety Razor outfit includes 12 of these superior blades. New blades can be bought at 75 cents a dozen. The price of the razor, with 12 blades and handle for stropping, in a neat case, is only $2.50—a price as unusual as the razor.

30 Days Free Trial

Get this razor from your dealer, or from us if your dealer does not carry it. Try it for 30 days. If you do not find it the best razor you ever used, return it and your money will be refunded.

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Now, we will not give you any grand prize—or a lot of free stuff if you answer this ad. Nor do we claim to make you rich in a week. But if you are anxious to develop your talent with a successful cartoonist, so you can make money, send a copy of this picture, with 5c. in stamps for portfolio of cartoons and sample lesson plate, and let us explain.
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Gillette "Pocket Edition" No. 500. Price, $5.00.

FACILITY—

the final word in shaving

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

The STANDARD *of* SAFETY, EASE *and* COMFORT

WHEN you speak of the "facility" of a safety shaving device, you cover practically every quality essential to a perfect shave.

The "facility" of the GILLETTE signifies a total absence of trouble and annoyance from the time you take the razor out of its case until you replace it after shaving.

First, the GILLETTE is ready for shaving *always*—NO STROPPING—NO HONING. It is simply constructed and simple to use. The double-edged blade enables you to shave in any direction with either hand.

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The most wiry beard slips off easily and the razor glides safely.

Go to your dealer's and look over the GILLETTE line. You will find a variety of patterns from $5.00 to $50.00.

The Matchless GILLETTE blades we are now marketing are keener, harder, better than ever. On sale everywhere—6 blades (12 shaving edges) 50c, and 12 blades (24 shaving edges) in nickel plated box, $1.00.

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Gillette Combination Set, No. 00—Triple Silver-Plated Razor, Soap and Brush in Cases, 2 Blade Boxes, in Velvet-Lined Morocco Case, Price $6.50.

"If it's a Gillette—it's the Safety Razor."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 5)

"Your chances, you ask," repeated Ousley, and he added: "Tell me why."

His coolness was disconcerting. It irritated me and openly angered me as well. I had again the galling sense—not that I was menial, inferior, but that he held me as such. At any rate Ousley's brusk, curt tone seemed now more than ordinarily demeaning.

"I've said what I mean," I retorted crisply. "I wish merely to find out what chance I stand in the future. That's plain, isn't it?"

There was another pause. Ousley's eyes dropped down to his desk, while with an outstretched hand he played idly with a pencil. My remark, or rather its tone of marked sharpness, insubordination, he seemed to have overlooked. He seemed to debate; then presently he gave me his answer.

"I don't know what your chances are."

"You don't know?" I repeated sharply.

"No," said Ousley. "Your chances, as you call them, depend entirely on yourself."

It was his tone, not so much the words themselves, that stung; the remark was like a slap in the face. I construed it as a slur on my ability. "Since you say so ——" I began, when Ousley cut me short.

"No, wait!" he said, or rather ordered. "Let's be frank about this," he observed sharply. "You've asked me a question and I've asked you another. Yours I've answered, but mine you evade; I ask it again now. Why, at this particular moment, must you know what your future chances are? Is it because you're dissatisfied?"

There was no doubt of it. For eight years I had given Bloodgood & Ousley all my effort, all my most earnest loyalty and intelligence, and in return for it I was getting only thirty-five dollars a week.

Ousley gave me a sudden, curious look. "Mr. Agnew, for thirty-five a week I can get my pick of clerks; you know that!"

I slipped up here. My retort, an echo of my own hurt self-conceit, gave Ousley the chance I think he must have been awaiting. What I said was: "You can get clerks, Mr. Ousley, but at the price you can't get loyal, intelligent clerks."

Then he said what he had to say, a surprising admission. "Loyalty be damned!" he rapped out; "that's obligatory—you're paid to be loyal! And what of it? A clerk may be as loyal as Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; that's nothing! As for intelligence, I don't care whether a clerk has the brains of a Daniel Webster. What he's got to have is the know. He's got to know business. Whether he ever learns it rests with himself. He's got to live, eat, sleep with his business. It's the only way he can get the know. Even then a lot of you clerks never get it—the loyal, intelligent kind, I mean," said Ousley, and snapped his jaws together.

It was a long speech for him. Why he took such pains on my account I was at a loss to understand. However, I hadn't gone to Ousley to argue why and wherefore. What I was after was to learn exactly where I stood.

"Then, as for myself, Mr. Ousley, you think ——"

He answered my question before I'd even asked it.

"If I hadn't thought it was in you you wouldn't be here. Much less would you be getting thirty-five a week."

If the speech was a compliment it certainly was not a gracious one. Again irritation got the better of me. "That's all right," I returned; "but I'd like to know definitely what chance I have."

A glint of fire sprang into Ousley's eyes; I saw now that my insistence had roused his ire. Little I cared though! As he, however, controlled himself, again sat silently playing with his pencil, I took advantage of the pause to express myself to my employer more fully.

"I'd like to know, Mr. Ousley, whether I'm to be always a clerk paid by the week, or ——"

"Ah!" said Ousley. "So that's it, is it?" The words popped forth as if surprised out of him by some sudden, illuminating revelation. Yes—but had I said anything to warrant it? A good deal astonished, I gaped at Ousley who again played with his pencil, smiling covertly.

"Well?" I retorted.

Ousley looked up at me. "You want more money, don't you—another raise?" he inquired.

I did, yes; though this was only a part of what I wanted.

"Let me ask you another question," said Ousley quietly.

"Yes."

"Now don't get angry—business is business, and this is merely a business proposition. Are you in debt?" asked Ousley as blandly, as lightly, as he might have asked me whether I took cream and sugar in my tea.

"What?" I exclaimed.

"I begged you not to be angry," Ousley answered. "Are you living beyond your means?"

"I am not, Mr. Ousley!" I retorted sharply.

"Thanks, that's what I wished to know. . . . Now would you mind saying," he inquired, "whether you find it difficult to live on what you make?"

Raging inwardly, I controlled myself far enough to retort curtly: "What's that got to do with it?"

"Everything," said Ousley bluntly. "A clerk who's in money difficulties is of little use to his employers."

Such being the brutal truth, I gave him his answer. "If you've ever lived on thirty-five dollars a week you'll know what it means, I imagine."

Ousley smiled as if reminiscently. "Yes; but you're not in debt; and you and your wife are able to make both ends meet, aren't you?"

It was so of course. I say nothing of the struggle it had cost us. There are countless families, no doubt, who would regard the pay I then drew as affluence. On the amount, or less, many men, I dare say, are able not only to rear families but also to lay by a little in the bank. I, however, was not of that frugal class. Through tradition and otherwise I held myself as of a higher stratum in life. "Don't slump," my wife had said. It was sound counsel. At the same time, let me say frankly, she had never urged me to make a show. All she intended was that I should hold to a certain standard of living, that we should keep ourselves from sliding backward until the time came that I had my feet firmly planted and could think of going ahead. But the admission of this! It was only a raw, money-grubbing cad like Ousley, I thought, that would vulgarly try to worm it out of me. What business was it of his anyway?

I see now it was more his business than I at the time suspected. "No, Mr. Agnew, you don't need money. If you did you'd have sung a different tune. I know you clerks. The kind that get into debt don't clap a pistol to the employer's head, growling, 'Stand and deliver!'—not much! They whine and wheedle. I know exactly what's your trouble."

"Indeed!" I remarked.

Once more Ousley overlooked the rancor, the marked dislike and defiance in my tone. "Do you want to know," he inquired quietly, "exactly what's the matter with you? Mind me now, I have no wish to say it unless you say so, but—but—— Well," snapped Ousley abruptly, uncomfortably—it was a good deal to my astonishment besides—"well, I was once a clerk, . . . And when I was, too," he added roughly and emphatically, "I suffered from your same disease."

Disease? What disease? As I continued to stare Ousley took my silence as permission to say his say.

"It's not swelled head, it's worse!" Then, giving me no chance to interrupt, he put his finger, so to speak, right upon the center of the raw, festering sore that I thought I had concealed.

"The trouble with you," said Ousley, "is just this—Agnew, you're ashamed of your job!"

It was so. I could not deny it. I was sore at myself, at my place, at the firm, the office, everything—all for this one and only reason. Even the doubts of my future chances had been secondary. True, Driggs' subservient drudgery had stirred me to ponder where I was heading; but had my place pleased me—had I been convinced, content that it was dignified—no such doubt would ever have entered my head. Or again, had I by chance been satisfied, my reflections on Driggs must have ended only in spurring me to greater effort. But no! for months now I'd looked down upon my place. I'd debated only whether

No hill too steep. No sand too deep.

Jackson

Size, and power, and ease of riding.

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Size, and power, and ease of riding.

Three factors absolutely vital to your bodily comfort—absolutely essential to the unwavering, unfailing efficiency of your car.

Three sign-posts pointing the way to the extraordinary value of the new Jacksons.

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What size; what power; what ease of riding; what prices?

Full 50 horsepower in the Jackson Model "52," at $1800, and wheel-base of 124 inches—more powerful and longer than any other $1800 car ever has been or is to-day—with the luxurious riding ease of an extreme wheel-base enhanced by 36-inch wheels and four full elliptic springs. Demountable rims included.

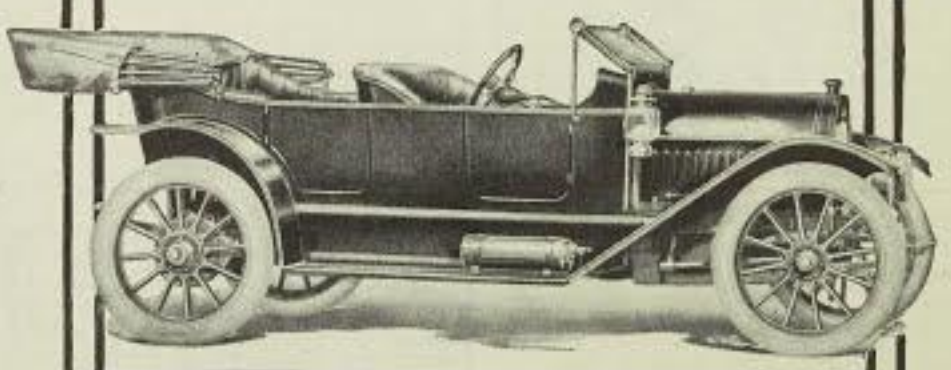
Model "42" (illustrated), at $1500, holds the same relative advantage over other cars of the same price, with its 40 horsepower, wheel-base of 118 inches, 34 x 4 inch tires and full elliptic springs—a value made more pronounced by the inclusion of top, windshield, etc.

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If you can find any other cars, at these prices, having the size, and power, and ease of riding of these new Jacksons, we relinquish our claim on your consideration—save to suggest that you demand also a reputation and experience equivalent to the Jackson reputation and automobile manufacturing experience of ten years' standing.

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Write for Book "The Timekeeper"

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If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

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65 XMAS NOVELTIES FOR 10c
Post Cards, Tags, Labels, Seals & Stamps



An assortment that is really worth 25c. Sixty-five separate pieces, consisting of 8 Embossed Post Cards; 4 Xmas Tags; 2 Gummed Xmas Labels; 24 Gummed Xmas Post Stamps; and 32 Gummed Xmas Seals—all printed in colors and gold in many handsome designs. Everybody wants one or more of these packages, for they can use the Seals in wrapping Xmas presents; Labels and Tags for addressing packages, and Post Cards and Xmas Greetings or to notifying friends that a present is on the way. 3 packs for 25c, 7 for 50c, 15 for $1.00. **Agents Wanted.**

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Union Suits, $1.00

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Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine, 3 h. p. Absolute **Free Trial.** If you keep it send only $7.50. Takes long time on the balance. Price same as to dealers. Only engine with a **Chilled Cylinder,** the marvelous improvement in gasoline engines. Five years' guarantee. Free book, "How to Use Power." Just send your name and address and get books and all particulars free on this amazing offer.

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Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 2358, Davenport, Iowa

the job I was ashamed of was worth sticking at, if at the end I was to become nothing better than a Driggs.

Nor was it without a reason. I felt keenly I had cause to be ashamed. Whether it was a good cause I leave to your own conclusions.

Hark now! By chance have you ever thumbed the pages of a college graduate directory? I dare say there are more inspired writings, though I recall none—that is, unless it might be the Apocrypha, or its mate, the Congressional Directory. Anyway, in the class-book that came to me yearly each individual appeared as his own historian, so that not infrequently the reading matter was far more entertaining than perhaps even the biographers themselves suspected.

The book was of a piece with all its kind. In it, on one hand, bombast boomed and blustered; on the other, there was a like egotism cloaked in self-conscious modesty, blushing, as shrinking as a violet. None seemed to have failed. All were rising in the world. Each with his wagon hitched to a star appeared to have been towed sky-high. Of course there was here and there an entry in which the writer struck the note of rugged, robust simplicity, but as a rule these that played Boswell to their own Johnson spared little in dressing up their hero. Taking it in all, the book from cover to cover was a veritable flower-bed, a bit of life's garden bright with thriving, vigorous blossoms—paper blossoms, let me say.

I append one or two of the best examples.

"Abbott, A. B., '98. After graduation, decided to look over the field carefully before embarking on a career. Finally concluded that the law offered the most excellent opportunities, so out of many offers at length accepted position of trust with Hamilton, Hamilton, Morgan & Hill, corporation law. Recently was nominated for office on the judiciary ticket. Unmarried. Address, Terre Haute, Ind."

I knew Abbott. He roomed across the entry from me. He had crisply curling hair and the back of his head was shaped exactly like the end of an egg—the pointed end. As for his biography, had he been rubber he might have stretched himself to fit it. Boiled down to the facts, his position of trust consisted in looking up references, serving processes and taking care of the stamp drawer. The nomination on the judiciary ticket was that for justice of the peace—something like it anyway. He was defeated at the polls by a shocking majority.

Across on the next page appears the opposite of Abbott's brass trumpeting.

"Ainsworth, H. N., '98. Address Lippett & Ainsworth, Providence, R. I."

Just that, nothing more! It was like Ainsworth. He was center rush on the 'Varsity eleven of which I was captain and quarterback. Every one liked Ainsworth. He was a big, grave chap who had worked his way through college by waiting on table at a students' eating club. Ordinarily he was about as loquacious as a cigar-store Indian. "What are you going to be, Ainsworth?" I asked him the day we left college. "Me? Why, rich," answered Ainsworth. "I know that," I laughed; "but what are you going to do?" "Work like hell," answered Ainsworth solemnly.

He had been as good as his word. Behind that rescript—"Address Lippett & Ainsworth, Providence, R. I."—stood the fact, unmentioned by him, that he was the firm's junior partner, that already he had piled up half a million.

And there, too, in the A's stood another entry.

"Agnew, James, '98. With Bloodgood & Ousley, coal operators."

I suppress the address. Aside from this, though, my given biography stands complete. No doubt in its lack of telling anything it displays an egotism of a patch with that of the egg-headed Abbott. I, too, lied by inference; for to confess myself nothing but a hireling was beyond me.

Do not think we were all Abbotts and Agnews. More than one Ainsworth appeared among those pages. I, who could read between the lines, knew well enough that many were succeeding. The book, this catalog, was to me more than a mere directory of names. It was a mirror up to which I held myself. I saw in it my own image, that and the figures of many others. They were getting on, I was not, or so at all events I thought. Nor was it alone in the catalog that I read my apparent failure. I, in fact, saw it thrown back at me, like a reflection, out of the prosperity of many other friends. These were the associates of my boyhood, friends of the time when I and my family had been rich. They had money still; I hadn't. To be sure none happened to have made it himself; theirs was inherited wealth; but having it behind them they had forged up in the world high above my head.

Let me add now one last biography.

"Oglebay, Francis, '98. Banker and Broker, N. Y. Stock Exchange. Address Oglebay & Prentiss, Broad Street, New York."

Oglebay plays a top-line part in the staging of my career. He was my roommate at college, to begin with. No man in his class was more popular. He was manager of the eleven, a member of the prom committee, and had his choice of both junior and senior societies. Even the grinds admired Oglebay; to use the college lingo, "Oglebay could have anything he wanted." What is more, he got it. In fact, Oglebay himself saw to it that he did.

"Mr. Agnew," said Ousley—he still had his eyes on me as if to search me through and through—"Mr. Agnew, you're not only ashamed of your job but if I'm not mistaken you're ashamed of your trade as well."

Again he had hit the nail on the head. It was so. Not only my job but my trade besides I felt had in a way declassed me. Men that I knew—my collegemates and others, friends of the time when I and my family had been wealthy—these friends had gone into other occupations. Wall Street had the choice—that is, the banking and brokerage business. Par excellence it was considered the gentleman's calling, though, of course, others looked as favorably on the law, medicine, and so on and so forth. Besides, there was the steel and iron trade; in this business community from which I sprang it had long stood as *akme*, the real *kudos*, in our aristocracy of money-getters. However, while formerly our young sprigs would have nothing but a future of pigs and billets, now they looked as kindly on one of stocks and bonds.

Indeed, Wall Street is a gentleman's occupation. To get into it—that is, if you mean to shuffle and deal—undoubtedly requires money.

I had no wealth to become a Wall Street gentleman. Hobson's choice had made me take the first job offered. As for coal being a gentleman's occupation ——

"Well?" said I to Ousley, smiling covertly.

I saw his lips jerk themselves together.

"I'd better be plain with you, Agnew. If I'm not mistaken you demand not only more pay but more authority. Is that it?"

"Exactly, Mr. Ousley."

"In other words, a higher place all round?"

"Yes," I answered.

Ousley for a moment intently regarded me; then he smiled.

"I admire your spunk, Agnew. No clerk has ever talked to me as frankly as you have. As a matter of fact, I've always admired your directness, and if there was one man in the office I wished to see get along it has always been you."

He smiled again; in return I smiled at him. I began to see that Ousley was coming round. Moreover, it was the first time I'd ever known him to show me any friendliness.

Ousley suddenly arose. "You have the offer of another place, haven't you?"

My own smile suddenly faded. I'd said nothing about any other place.

"Or tell me," said Ousley; "by any chance have you made up with your Uncle Jessup?"

My Uncle Jessup! Since the day of my father's funeral I hadn't even so much as had a word with my father's niggardly brother. But what did Ousley know about him? By the same token, what affair was it of his to ask me such a question?

"What do you mean?" I demanded roughly.

"Nothing, nothing," Ousley answered crisply. "I merely wondered whether some windfall had not made you so contemptuous of your work. . . . But there, there!" he said abruptly; "no need to say anything further on that score. You dislike your work, and that's all there is to it. Now about this raise of yours."

He broke off there. Again I saw he debated, or rather that he seemed to debate.



"There Won't Be Any Left for You"

LENOX CHOCOLATES are simply irresistible. The creamy, melting goodness of the rich brown outer coating—the different and delightful flavors found inside—all combine to make a confection so very tempting that it's wholly *natural* to want them all yourself.

An old proverb says "the proof of the pudding is the eating," and this is also true of

Lenox Chocolates

We might call these splendid confections "delicious, luscious, melting"—and yet not disclose their peculiar and distinctive quality of goodness which comes entirely from purity of materials.

There's not an *ordinary* confection in a box of Lenox Chocolates—each piece is a new surprise—a morsel of fresh sweetness that leaves you *wishing*

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Then, with his eyes on the carpet, he pulled out a cigar and deliberately bit its end.

"Well?" I inquired, as brusk as himself. "Do I get it?"

Another pause followed. After it Ousley looked up, his lips tightly clenched upon his cigar. With a face devoid of all expression he slowly and deliberately shook his head.

"No," said Ousley, and calmly struck a match.

I could have knocked him down. I felt, indeed, as if I had been played with as a cat trifles with a mouse before the *coup de grâce*.

"No, indeed," he added, and puffed out a cloud of smoke.

"Is that flat?" I asked, somehow controlling my voice.

"Flat as a pie-plate!" snapped Ousley, his manner again brisk and brusk. "So long as you're ashamed of your job, Agnew, you'll get nothing out of me. If in the future though ——"

I cared nothing about any future possibilities he might have to suggest; with a word I cut him short.

"Good night!" I said.

He answered me quite pleasantly. "Good night, Agnew. I won't make it goodby, for I hope you'll take time to reflect."

"Thanks, but I've already reflected!" I announced.

His lips again snapped together like the jaws of a trap. "Then goodby!" he retorted curtly, and turned his back on me.

As I closed the door behind me he had returned already to the task of signing his letters.

. . . . . .

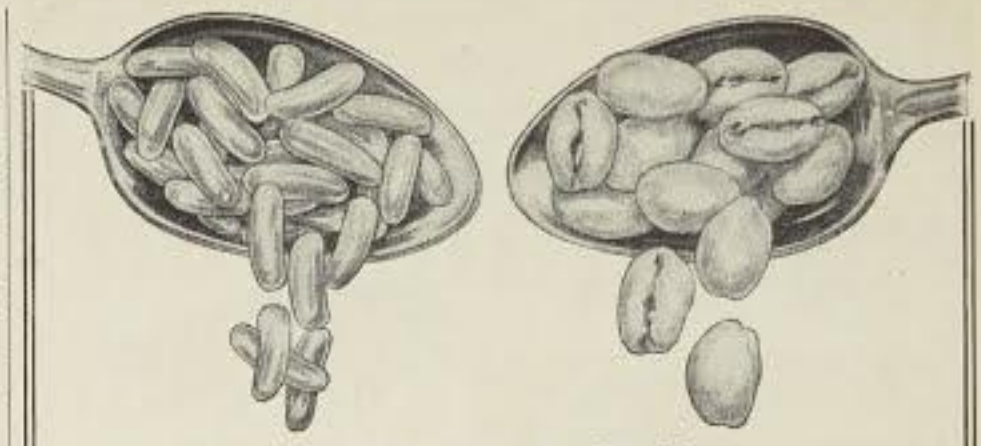
Only a few belated guests remained at the garden party when I at length arrived there. The servants, in fact, were beginning to take in the chairs and tables scattered about on the grass and here and there among the shrubbery. However, I felt I'd missed little. Tea and toast, cakes with pink icing, a wishy-washy punch and all that sort of trash are hardly the stuff to cosset a man who felt as weak in the knees as I did. What is more, I was in no state of mind to gabble hilariously in a key with the hilarious gabble that one hears at such affairs. Chatter socially—sociably? I should say not! The thing I wanted most was solitude—some nice, quiet place where I could sit with the shades drawn and reflectively nibble my fingers.

For I was out of a job. The place I'd despised was no longer mine even to despise. As little as I'd liked it, though, the fact that I'd lost it seemed somehow to augment, to magnify, its advantages. Few men resign any sort of a place without some sense of emotion. It would be folly for me to say now I lacked a feeling of regret. I was even conscious of a little twinge of fear, of trepidation. It was the clerk in me having its last fling at my clerkishness!

They were removing the tea-table now. Jennie had arisen, and she in her modest gown stood among a group of women whose costumes, in contrast, as I had foreseen, seemed almost gorgeous. However, there was one other woman as modestly, as simply, attired as my Jennie. My eye darkened as it fell upon her. It was Mrs. Ousley—*his* wife—and she had her hand on Jennie's.

I am striving now to rush this, the first act, to its curtain. Mrs. Ousley, however, I cannot overlook. She was a tall, thin woman with a nervous, agitated manner, the direct opposite of her husband. In his presence, moreover, she seemed impelled to chatter endlessly. I am convinced, however, that as the Ousleys rose in life the wife's manner changed. She talked less, appeared to have more poise, repose, and would have passed anywhere as a woman whose well-bred bearing was inborn. Ousley's hand I saw in this. It was another instance of the fact that marriage rarely means spontaneous teamwork from the beginning. Either the man makes the woman, or the woman makes the man. Self-made himself, Ousley ultimately made his wife. Even at this early stage of their career he had seen to it that she was not overdressed like one or two of those about her.

I cared little for Mrs. Ousley. In the way I'd looked down on him I looked down on his wife. She seemed to me a dowd, gawkishly simple, ignorant of the best ways to use her husband's money. I would have avoided her now had I been able. Jennie, however, had seen me, and, besides, there stood laughing and chatting with these women the one man I wished to see.



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The taste of the grains is like toasted nuts, made porous and crisp and digestible. They are used like nuts in a dozen ways, including candy making.

These are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. No other process applies so much heat to a cereal. No other method makes grain so digestible.

And never before were wheat and rice made nearly so enticing. The people who like them better than anything else now eat 20,000,000 dishes monthly.

Ways to Serve

The morning way is with sugar and cream, or mixed with fruit. Try them with sliced bananas.

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(207)

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Membership in the telephone democracy of the Bell System means equal opportunity for every man, no matter who he is or where he is.

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VELLASTIC is made of a soft, elastic-ribbed fabric with a silky inner-fleece. The fleece won't wash away or mat.

It is warmer than many of the heavy bulky underwears. And so underwear is more finely finished or more perfectly proportioned in sizes.

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UKC UKC

It was Oglebay, my roommate at college. I walked toward him with a quickened step. He was still chatting and laughing when I wet my lips and spoke.

"You're on, Oglebay!" I said tersely, meaningly, and with a toss of my head I snapped my jaws together as I'd seen Ousley snap his.

"Eh, what?"

For a moment Oglebay stared at me uncertainly. That he should fail to grasp my meaning struck on my sense like a little shock. It was as if some one had dashed cold water in my face.

"Last night, don't you remember it?" I added meaningly.

Then it dawned on him. "Oh—well, all right," he answered lightly; "I thought you'd come round."

That was all. A moment later he was again laughing, bantering, with the women that surrounded him.

I dare say it was all pretty raw and abrupt. Jennie stared at us curiously; then, as the other women, too, had begun to stare, she quietly made a diversion.

"Mr. Oglebay's been telling us something of life in New York," she laughed. "It seems very complicated."

Mrs. Ousley raised her chatter.

"I'd be fussed to death," she announced, both her hands and face working together, nervously agitated. "Just imagine, sometimes folks give big dinners every night in the week—at home too!" added Mrs. Ousley, gasping as if shocked.

Here a hostess rarely entertained at home. Hers might be the biggest of the big houses that made up Millionaires' Row, yet one rarely saw its inside. If she gave a dinner, a dance, a luncheon or what not, however grand or however simple, it was almost invariably given at her husband's club. Home hospitality was too involved. If given at the club one had merely to sign a check. Even at this lawn party—a startling novelty, by-the-way—the club steward had taken charge.

"And just imagine too!" cried Mrs. Ousley, now desperate. "They often bring home a perfect stranger to dine!"

At this astounding revelation, not only Mrs. Ousley, but all the others, clucked and nodded impressively. One and all they were duly scandalized—that is, all but Jennie.

"Oh, well," laughed Jennie, "possibly I'd live through it—that is," she added still lightly, "that is, if I didn't lose my head about the bills."

Oglebay was watching when she spoke. I saw him grin lightly at her words. Some one else spoke then and I touched Jennie on the elbow. At the look in my face she started. "Come away," I whispered to her quietly.

"Jim!" she exclaimed.

"Come, hurry!" I again whispered.

Out on the driveway I broke the news to her.

"We must begin to pack tonight," I said.

"Pack!" gasped Jennie.

"Yes," I answered lightly; "I've thrown up my place with Bloodgood & Ousley. You and I are going to New York."

Jennie turned as white as a calla lily. "New York!" she echoed faintly.

"New York it is, Jennie! Oglebay's offered me a position as manager of his uptown office. . . . Now what's the matter with you?" I demanded sharply.

She had one hand on her breast and her breath was coming fast.

"Oh, but, Jim! Jim!" she faltered. "New York—why, I'm almost scared to death!"

"Nonsense!" I retorted contemptuously; "I know exactly what you mean; it's the bills. All right! then put this in your pipe and smoke it: Oglebay's paying me five thousand dollars a year!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

His Fears Confirmed

A VIRGINIA darky got a job as waiter at an Atlantic City hotel. The glare of the sun on the beach affected his eyes and the manager of the hotel sent him to an oculist.

The sufferer was leaving the specialist's office after the first treatment when his eyes fell on a large and glittering machine.

"Boss," he asked, "whut is that?"

"That," said the oculist seriously, "is an ophthalmometer."

"Yes, suh," said the darky—"that's whut I thought it wuz frum the fust!"

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glass heads, steel points. Try them for calendars, small pictures, etc. Push them in; no hammering. Nos. 1 and 2, ¼ doz. 10c.

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The AMERICAN ART WORKS, Coshocton, O.

Will Panama Revive the Merchant Marine?

(Concluded from Page 7)

clear and right—ten million dollars yearly loss is a mere bagatelle compared to a ship subsidy of hundreds of millions a year! Another point is equally important: The Government could not collect ten million dollars a year on heavy, bulky commodities; for, under the minimum toll of a dollar a ton, bulky commodities cannot be shipped from coast to coast. The price at which they sell will not justify a freight rate to which one dollar has to be added for canal toll; and these commodities will not be shipped at all!

"For instance, lumber will carry a rate through the canal of about seven dollars and a half a ton; but add a canal charge of a dollar and a half and you are going to increase the price to the buyer or diminish profits to the seller, so that the shipments will shrink. Manganese ores used in tremendous quantities by steel factories are a still better example. They will stand a freight rate of five dollars a ton; add a toll rate of a dollar and a half and you put them at a figure which neither buyer nor shipper can afford. They simply will not be shipped. The same of infusorial earths and granite and graphite and borax and salt, and other low-grade bulky commodities—they cannot stand even the lowest freight charge of the railroads; but, with free tolls through Panama, they would afford a good profit to a merchant marine! In return, the vessels enjoying free tolls could bind themselves to be turned over to the Government, in case of war, at cost, less depreciation. On these terms the vessels could be built and manned in the United States in spite of the differences in cost and labor."

"What do you think of the proposed flat rate of a dollar and a half?" I recently asked an eminent army engineer who had studied the problem thoroughly.

"I think," he answered bluntly, "that a flat rate of a dollar and a half will drive all the benefits of Panama to the shipping interests of other nations."

The Trust-Busters

We've smashed the Ice Trust up here flat,
We lawed 'em up and down
And got injunctions on 'em that
Will drive 'em out of town;
So we get Independent ice
By fightin' this trust game,
And justice reigns—although the price
Is purty much the same.

And Justice Ezry Emmer found
The milkmen here had made
A combination all around
In clear restraint of trade;
So then we lawed 'em and their ilk
And made th' fur to fly,
Till we got Independent milk—
But jest about as high!

And then, by jing! Hi Peters learns
The woodyards here last fall
Was all a-mergin' their concerns
Without no leave at all;
So we lawed them as best we could
The big part of a year,
Till we got Independent wood—
But jest about as dear!

And all the groc'ry stores, by jing!
Was operatin' by
A price agreement on each thing
A feller went to buy;
So we went at 'em spoke and hub,
And stopped that little game,
And we get Independent grub—
By payin' jest the same.

And we cleaned out the village board
By battlin' for reform;
We had our ammunition stored
And made about as warm
A fight as you would want to see
When we cleaned up the town,
But even now we've licked 'em we
Can't get the taxes down.

It ain't so much the price we pay
Or how high taxes are;
It's principle—that's what we say,
We've hitched up to a star;
We want to show them Trust upstarts,
And show 'em, too, we will,
That revolutionary hearts
Is beatin' in us still! —*J. W. Foley.*





A Joy Complete In Roomy Stetson Shoes

Means that you do not have to sacrifice style for comfort. Here you have style *and* comfort,—complete shoe satisfaction.



No nightmare haunts *any* Stetson Shoe,—the snappiest *style* or the most conservative last,—but if comfort be the dominant consideration ask to see ***The Stetson Corndodger.***

The Red Diamond marks the Stetson agency and the Stetson Shoe. Write today for *The Book of Dreams*, a unique book of Fall styles, and name of nearest dealer.

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Put it on—Stoop in it—Sit down in it—Stretch in it. It won't gap in the seat—won't bind or bunch.

The "Lap without the Gap" does it. There are no flaps—no buttons. Just a simple method of construction—but it has made this union suit perfect in every way. Any good dealer will sell you a suit.

A Postal will bring this book free

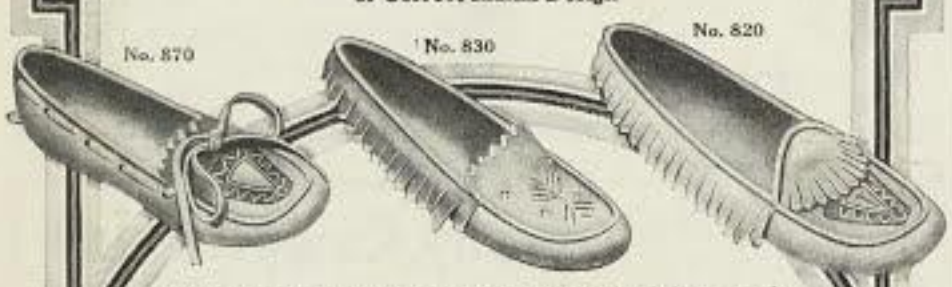
Send us your name and address on a postal and we shall send you this illustrated book showing actual samples of all the best fabrics at all prices. Write today.

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Superior Union Suits retail for $1.00 and up. Look for the red Superior label. It is your guarantee of fit, finish and service unsurpassed.

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Luxurious, Hand Sewn "Foot Resters" of Correct Indian Design



The above shoes are all made from genuine buckskin—a rich cream color—soft and pliable as thick velvet, warm as heavy felt, durable as rawhide. No. 830 is trimmed with Wampum Beads, the other two burnt and tinted with real Indian dyes. No. 810 (below) is similar but has a flexible Elk sole, sewed on.

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Ideal Den Slippers—Dainty Dressing Shoes—"Dandy" Play Shoes

Everybody, young and old, likes the "YIPSI." Men like them to smoke in. Mothers find them silent and warm to slip on at night. Travelers put a pair in the grip. "Boy Scouts" declare them "just the thing." Children play in them.

For Indoors—For Outdoors YIPSI **For Comfort—For Service**

These are a dozen other uses for this novel, practical footwear, and a dozen other patterns and designs. Many are made in a darker leather, Ypsilanti Moosehide, with soles of Flexible Elk, sewed on. No. 900 A (below) is one, especially for gymnasium use, for running, for camping, canoeing, etc. The prices (postpaid) are:—**$2.50** for Men's, **$2.25** for Ladies' and **$2.00** for Boys' sizes.

See Your Dealer or Our Catalog (mailed free). Any Department Store or Shoe Store can get "Ypsi" Indian Shoes for you if they haven't them in stock. Write today for our catalog and name of nearest dealer. We will fill your order if that is most convenient to you. We guarantee to please you or refund your money.

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1160 Cross St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

DEALERS—Better get posted on our big advertising and selling plan if you are not handling our line. Ask for wholesale prices.

No. 810 No. 900 A

A JUDGMENT COME TO DANIEL

(Concluded from Page 15)

my skull I heard them go bumping down the steep stairs. I think there were ten distinct bumps.

David Pryor, one of our policemen, was sitting almost directly in front of me. He had been a policeman only two or three months and was the youngest of the three who policed the town at nights. When old Mr. Gid Irons knocked Daniel the Mystic down David Pryor bounced out of his seat and called out something and started to run toward them.

Old Judge Priest blocked his way on the instant, filling the whole of the narrow aisle.

"Son," he said, "where you almin' to go to?"

"Lemme by, Judge," sputtered David Pryor; "there's a fight startin' up yonder!"

Judge Priest didn't budge a visible inch, except to glance quickly backward over his shoulder toward the stage.

"Son," he asked, "it takes two, don't it, to make a fight?"

"Yes," panted David Pryor, trying to get past him, "yes, but ——"

"Well, son, if you'd take another look up there you'd see there's only one person engaged in fightin' at this time. That's no fight—only a merited chastisement."

"A chesty which?" asked David Pryor, puzzled. He was young and new to his job and full of the zeal of duty. But Judge Priest stood for law and order embodied, and David Pryor wavered.

"David, my son," said Judge Priest, "if you, a sworn officer of the law, don't know what chastisement means you oughter. Sit down by me here and I'll try to explain its meanin's." He took him by the arm and pulled the bewildered young policeman down into a seat alongside his own and held him there, though David was still protesting and struggling feebly to be loose.

This I heard and saw out of a corner of my mind, the rest of me being concentrated on what was going on up on the stage among the overturning chairs and those scattering recruits in the cause of mesmerism. I saw Daniel the Mystic scramble to his feet. He was wildly, furiously pained and bewildered. It must be painful in the extreme, and bewildering too, to any man to be suddenly and emphatically smitten in his good right eye by one who seemed all peace and elderly sedateness, and to behold an audience, which though cold, perhaps, had been friendly enough, arise in its entirety and most vociferously cheer the smiting. How much more so, then, in the case of a Seer of the Unseen, who is supposed to be able to discern such things ahead of their happening?

Old Mr. Gid Irons was frightfully quick. His hands shot out with hard, fast dabbing motions like a cat striking at a rolling ball, and he planted his fists wheresoever he aimed.

Daniel the Mystic's long arms flew and flailed wildly in air and his mane of hair tossed. He threw his crossed hands across his face to save it and Mr. Irons hit him in the stomach. He lowered his hands to his vitals in an agonized clutch and Mr. Irons hit him in the jaw.

I know now in the light of a riper experience of such things that it was most wonderfully fast work, and all of it happening much faster than the time I have taken here to tell it, Mr. Gid Irons wading steadily in and Daniel the Mystic flopping about and threshing and yelling—he was beginning to yell—and the chairs flipping over on their backs and everybody standing up and whooping. All of a sudden Daniel the Mystic went down flat on his back, calling for help on some one whose name I will take oath was not D. C. Davello. It sounded more like Thompson.

Doctor Lake dropped his walking stick and ran out from the wings.

"It would be highly improper to strike a man when he's down," he counseled Mr. Irons, as he grabbed Daniel the Mystic by the armpits and hesved him up flappingly. "Allow me to help the gentleman to his feet."

Mr. Irons hit him just once more, a straight jabbing center blow, and knocked him clear into and under his black calico cabinet, so far in it and under it that its curtains covered all but his legs, which continued to flutter and waggle feebly.

"Get a couple-a chairs, Gideon." This advice came from Mr. Howard Thurston who jumped up and down and directed an imaginary orchestra of bass drummers with his umbrella for a baton—"Get a couple-a chairs and stand on the son-of-a-gun's stomach. It does the subcheck no harm and the subcheck feels no pain. As a favor to me, Gideon, I ask you, stand on his stomach."

But Mr. Irons was through. He turned about and came down the runway and passed out, rearing back and jarring his heels down hard. If he had spoken a single word the whole time I hadn't heard it.

It must have been just about this time that D. C. Davello worked his way out from underneath the hippopotamously vast bulk of Fatty McManus and started running back up the stairs. But before he reached the door the city marshal, who had been standing downstairs all the time and strange to say, hadn't, it would appear, heard any of the clamor, ran up behind him and arrested him for loud talking and disorderly conduct. The city marshal obtusely didn't look inside the door for visual evidences of any trouble within; he would listen to no reason. He grabbed D. C. Davello by the coat collar and pulled him back to the sidewalk and had him halfway across Market Square to the lock-up before the captive could make him understand what had really happened. Even then the official displayed a dense and gummy stupidity for he kept demanding further details and made the other tell everything over to him at least twice. This also took time, because D. C. Davello was excited and stammering and the city marshal was constantly interrupting him. So that, by the time he finally got the straight of things into his head and they came back to St. Clair Hall, the lights were out and the stairs were dark and the last of the audience was tailing away. The city marshal stopped, as if taken with a clever idea, and looked at his watch and remarked to D. C. Davello that he and his friend the Professor would just about have time to catch the 10:50 accommodation for Louisville if they hurried; which seemed strange advice to be giving, seeing that D. C. Davello hadn't asked about trains at all.

Nevertheless he took it—the advice—which also necessitated taking the train.

Even in so short a time the news seemed to have spread with most mysterious speed, that Daniel the Mystic had canceled his second night's engagement and would be leaving us on the 10:50. Quite a crowd went to the depot to see him off. We boys tagged along, too, keeping pace with Judge Priest and Doctor Lake and Major Joe Sam Covington and certain other elderly residents, who, as they tramped along, maintained a sort of irregular formation, walking two by two just as they did when the Veterans' Camp turned out for a funeral or a reunion.

There must have been something wrong down the road that night with the 10:50. Usually she was anywhere from one to three hours late, but this night she strangely came in on time. She was already whistling for the crossing above Kattersmith's brickyard when we arrived, moving in force. D. C. Davello saw us from afar and remembered some business that took him briskly back behind the freight shed. But Daniel the Mystic sat on a baggage truck with a handkerchief to his face, and seemed not to see any of us coming until our advance guard filed up and flanked him.

"Well, suh," said Judge Priest, "you had a signal honor paid you in this community tonight."

Daniel the Mystic raised his head. The light from a tin reflector lamp shone on his face and showed its abundant damages. You would hardly have known Daniel the Mystic for the same person. His gorgeousness and grandeur of person had fallen from him like a discarded garment, and his nose dripped redly.

"I—had—what?" he answered, speaking somewhat thickly because of the swollen lip.

"A mighty signal honor," said Judge Priest, in his thin, whiny voice. "In the presence of a representative gatherin' of our best people you were licked by the most efficient and the quickest-actin' scout that ever served in General John Morgan's entire cavalry command."

But the reply of Daniel the Mystic, if he made one, was never heard of living man, because at that moment the 10:50 accommodation came in and her locomotive began exhausting.



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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 35)

you up and trying to decide which was best for you—St. Lazare or a happy death."

I reached over, took her hand and kissed it several times.

"Neither," I answered. "I want life. I only started it a little while ago. Bloodletting is good for hotheaded young men. I feel as fresh as a daisy!" As a matter of fact, I didn't feel that way at all. "Where did you get that bandage?" I asked.

"Never mind," said Rosalie, and turned very red. "And what are we going to do now?"

"The first thing," I answered, "is for me to get out of these tweeds and back into my *soutane*. What if somebody should come along?"

"Somebody has come along already," said Rosalie. "It was a *garde-champêtre* with a police dog. I went to meet him and said: 'Monsieur le Comte begs that you will not disturb him while he finishes his poem and asks me to give you this louis.' He grinned, then made a sort of barnyard joke and went away."

"If I weren't badly wounded," said I, "your cheek would have no reason to criticise your hand. You are a darling and a wonder, and I don't care if I didn't manage to kill Chu-Chu. It's been worth it just to know you. Now if you'll kindly step over there in the bushes and gather a few bluets and poppies for the ear ——"

"They don't grow in the woods," said Rosalie demurely.

"Then carve your initials on a beech while I crawl out of these tourist's clothes. Then we'll bury 'em and go to Paris. At the octroi I'll get another cab and go to where I live."

"No, you won't," said Rosalie—"I'm going to take you to Sœur Anne Marie."

"*Jamais de la vie!*" I answered.

"But I am! You won't feel so gay tomorrow."

"Maybe not; but I'd feel a lot worse if I thought I was running you into a possible mess."

"See here!" said Rosalie with a little jerk of her head. "I don't know what your name is and you tell me you've been a crook; but you've been mighty square with me and you are a countryman of mine and are badly hurt, and I'm not going to leave you in such a fix as this. That arm of yours will be a good many days getting well, and there's no telling about the hole through your shoulder; and if you go to a hospital, or even to a private doctor, somebody might get to talking and give the game away. There's bound to be a tremendous sensation over this thing and every wounded man in Paris is apt to be overhauled. Now, Sœur Anne Marie and I have got a nice little apartment, and there's a little room looking on a garden that you can have until you are fit to be about again. So don't let's have any more nonsense!"

"But what would Sœur Anne Marie say?" I asked rather weakly. "And what are you going to tell her?"

"Exactly what you've told me. She's not the kind to lie to. The neighbors can think that you are a missionary who has come home ill—a relative of hers, or something of the sort. Sœur Anne Marie was once a surgical nurse in one of the hospitals, and I'd rather trust myself to her than to most surgeons."

So at last I agreed—and mighty thankfully, too, you can bet; and I managed to get out of my sporty knickerbockers and into the taxi. Rosalie made a bundle of the tweeds and promised to go to the little hotel the next day where I had been stopping and square up for me and fetch away my things. Then off we went, going in through Suresnes and the Bois, down the Champs-Elysées and across the Alexandre Trois Bridge, finally to pull up at the entrance of an *impasse* on the Rue Vaugirard.

"It's not much to look at from the outside," said Rosalie as I got out, "but it's not bad."

She nodded and smiled and said a few words to some of the people sitting outside their little shops, and they smiled and nodded back. It was plain enough that Rosalie was a local favorite and quite a celebrity in her quarter. I noticed, too, that the manner of a couple of women she stopped to speak to was mighty respectful. There was none of the free-and-easy *bonhomie* of the cabmen.



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My arm and shoulder were quite numb now and felt as if turning to stone, and I guess I was pretty white and pinched-looking. Rosalie led the way and I followed her into the *impasse*, then across a little paved court and up some dark, dilapidated stairs; but the house was clean enough and the people we met seemed to be of a very decent class.

We went to the top then.

"Here we are," said Rosalie, and whipped out a key and opened the door. "Where are you, Mother?" she called.

"I am here, deary!" came a cheerful voice from down the corridor. Rosalie turned to me.

"I will go and tell her. I won't be a minute. Go right in, Mr. ——" She paused, smiling.

"Clamart," I answered—"Frank Clamart."

"Thanks. I won't be long." She gave me a nod and hurried off.

The room where she asked me to wait was a small studio, high-ceilinged, with a skylight and a long window that looked out on some fruit gardens. It is amazing the amount of cultivated ground there is behind the houses in all parts of Paris! Some of the sections between streets hold young farms. These gardens belonged to some old mansion of the nobility, and the family had probably grown their fruit and vegetables there for several hundred years.

Rosalie's was one of those little, old-fashioned studio apartments of which there are so many in that quarter. There was nothing bourgeois about it, for the few pieces of furniture were old and massive and pure-style, and were the sort you might expect to find in the residence of a prelate. There were some big, richly framed pictures which appeared to be old and valuable copies of some of the Old Masters—among them Murillo's Virgin of the Conception, after the one in the Louvre; Tintoretto's Crucifixion, and a small but very beautiful copy of Michelangelo's Kneeling Angel. There were also some smaller paintings, two landscapes and a Madonna.

The most valuable article in the studio was a large and very handsome tapestry which looked to me like a genuine Gobelin, though the colors were of deeper and more neutral tints than you generally find in this manufacture. I judged that Sœur Anne Marie must have had at one time a little money, and that when the Church goods were confiscated she had bought back in different sales some of the articles that had grown dear to her.

Here and there Rosalie's touch brightened the place. This was not always in keeping, but it was cheerful and it looked as if Sœur Anne Marie tolerated the frivolous bits through her love for the girl. On an ancient piano in one corner lay a violin; and I hoped that the two played together, for I loved music.

Altogether, my friend, it was not a usual situation. Here there were about to live for some days under the same roof—for I knew Sœur Anne Marie would take me in—a devout Mother Superior, who was likely enough the daughter of some old and noble family; an American girl from Wichita, Kansas, the daughter of an Irish cab-driver and divorcée of a French count who had never so much as kissed her, she now earning a good living as the chauffeuse of a taxicab; myself, an ex-burglar and confidence man, coming there red-handed from a sincere and conscientious effort to kill an enemy, badly wounded and feeling on the verge of physical collapse. We were an assorted trio, now, were we not?

These thoughts were going through my head to the accompaniment of a subdued but steady babble of talk from what seemed to me an interminable distance, for I had lost an awful lot of blood and there was a humming in my ears that seemed to put other sounds 'way beyond. I was drowsy, too, and horribly thirsty; and all that I wanted was a long drink of water and to be allowed to sleep. I was almost sorry I had come there, since there had to be so much palaver—and then something tickled the palm of my hand. I thought it was a fly and wriggled my fingers; but the tickling increased and I looked down and saw a thin stream of bright red blood crawling like a wicked little snake from under the rim of the bandage. I slapped my arm—and it was wet through.

Thought I: "Here I am, bleeding to death while those women talk and talk and talk!" It would be a mean trick on Rosalie



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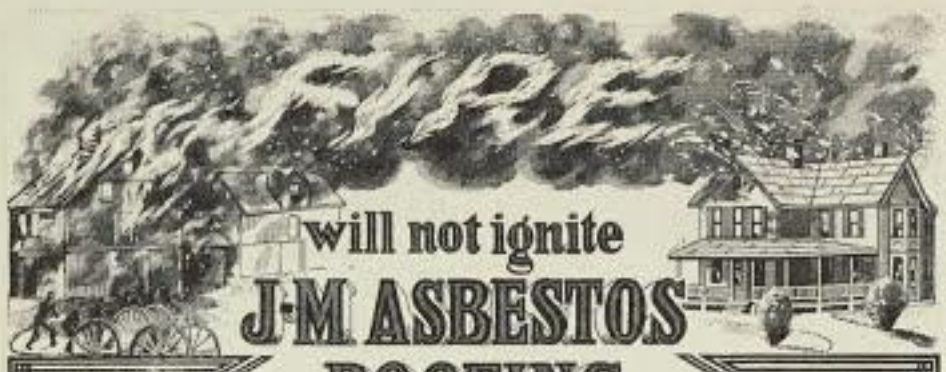
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The Post's way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its value. This year we have prepared a beautiful reproduction of Emlen McConnell's picture in all the soft, dainty colors of the original. This is "tipped" on the third page of the four-page announcement and can be removed and framed if so desired. The first page bears this announcement in illuminated design:

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we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to

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Subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* may be ordered in the same way. *The Journal* announcement has the same beautiful colored reproduction on the third page, but the decorations are entirely different and of course it bears the name of that magazine.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

to bleed to death in her house, and I was just going to call out when the curtains parted and there came into the room the sweetest little lady with those clear, wonderful eyes that make you feel about six years old and glad that you are still a child. Her face was very smooth, with wonderfully few wrinkles; her cheeks were a delicate pink and her hair as silvery white as moonlight on the snow.

I couldn't see her very clearly; nor was I quite sure that she was real, as it seemed to me I'd already noticed two or three people come through those curtains—and one I thought was Aunt Fifi until she smiled at me and disappeared. Besides, I'd pictured Sœur Anne Marie as big and full of that sort of goodness that seems to say: "Here is virtue enough for myself and all hands who happen to need it—and most of you do."

Behind Sœur Anne Marie came Rosalie; and as her eyes fell on my face she gave a gasp.

"*Ma mère!*" she cried. "But look!"

And then I fell asleep.

My friend, did you ever die and float round for a while in that fleecy-clouded between-world, finally to be dragged back to your troubles by the slack of your angel pants? Most people have.

A wounded hero, however, who has lost a lot of red ink trying to assassinate an enemy, comes to earth very easily; and I flittered back as lightly as Mr. Paulhan to find myself in a sweet, cool bed with a sheet over me, some ruffles round the elbow of my free arm, a cool breeze wafting in the window and a *merle* in a cage singing away from somewhere, while from the distance came the bad blending of yelps that Paris makes, just as London makes a baritone rumble and New York a bass growl.

I was all alone in a pretty little room with chintz curtains and primrose wall paper. There was an old *armoire,* an enameled washstand and a little ivory night-table beside my bed, which was of enameled iron with brass knobs. I took a look at myself and judged that the fleecy-cloud effect might have been suggested by the cambric nighty I was in, which I strongly suspected to be a part of Rosalie's trousseau for which she had conceived a distaste. However, it was just the thing for a wounded burglar.

When I stirred there came a rustle from the next room, and there in the doorway stood Sœur Anne Marie—and Whistler could never have painted her! She was looking at me with the least bit of a smile on her lips, and there was something about her face that struck me as so familiar that for a moment I was almost startled. She saw the look, I think, for the wonderful eyes gathered me in and put me at my ease again; but I had already found out why her face or her expression—or whatever it was about her—had struck me as so familiar. It was the same look that Edith had—that "Don't be afraid; it's not so bad as you think" look. Mothers have it, I think, for their little boys. Aunt Fifi had a little of it; but of course she wasn't my mother.

"Rest tranquil, my son!" said she—that's the literal translation, and I don't know of anything that so expresses it.

"I do, *ma mère,*" I answered. "I was startled when you came in."

"And why should you be startled?"

"I took you for my other best friend. I think that all good women must have the same look. Did Rosalie tell you how I got hurt?"

"Yes. We will talk about that another time. Now try to sleep again; but, first, drink this."

She gave me one of those wonderful slushy combinations that modern doctors laugh at and that the French are so fond of. There must have been something good in it, for I felt better right off.

"Where is Madame Rosalie?" I asked.

"She is asleep. She was up all of last night and has had no sleep today. Just at present Paris is full of Americans and she is always in demand at the big hotels—but you yourself must sleep now. You have lost a great deal of blood." And after a few motherly directions she left me, drawing a curtain to keep out the glare.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Footwear



The Peerless

A Comfy-Felt slipper trimmed with ribbon in colors to match. Very handsome and of course very "comfy."

Women's, *Black, Red, Brown, Light and Dark Gray, Purple, Wine, Old Rose, Lavender, Taupe, Pink, Wisteria, and Light Blue* . . . . . Price $1.50 Delivered



Picture Comfys

For Children

Dutch Kids and Rabbit . . *Brown, Blue*
Clown . . . . . *Red, Pink, Light Blue*
Misses' $1.25, Child's $1.10, Delivered



The Tailor-Made

Women's, *Navy Blue, Light and Dark Gray, Red, Wine, Brown and Black* . . . . . Price $1.25

Men's, *Red, Brown, Navy Blue and Dark Gray* . . . . . $1.50 Delivered

Send for our handsome illustrated Catalogue No. 38, showing many new styles.

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



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This generous trial will prove to *you* all the merits of our delicious and beneficial dentifrice. Send 4c

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SWEET, DELICIOUS, MEATY NUTS!



Our new crop of choice Wabash Valley wild pecans is the finest ever grown. Sweet, meated, easily cracked. Toast them—makes your mouth water! We ship direct to the consumer in 10, 15 and 25-pound bags at 25c a pound, express prepaid (east of the Mississippi River). A generous sample, if you wish it, for 10 cents. ORDER TODAY. We also have Wild Hickory Nuts and Walnuts.

Southern Indiana Pecan Co., 230 W. 3rd Street, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP YOU SAVE ONE THIRD



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I CAN SAFELY BUY OF BAIRD-NORTH CO. BECAUSE their goods are of the best quality; BECAUSE they have thousands of satisfied customers in every state; they have sold reliable goods by mail for 17 years; BECAUSE any banker in Providence will vouch for their honesty—my own banker can readily ascertain their reliability for me.

BAIRD-NORTH GIVES ME THE FOLLOWING GUARANTEE. That their goods are high in quality; that the catalog price covers the entire cost; that they will make free and safe delivery and return my money if I am not entirely satisfied.

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872 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

We illustrate over 2500 rings and a full line of watches in our large catalog

REGULAR CATALOG GOODS AT CATALOG PRICES, SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE, UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

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872 Broad St., Providence, Rhode Island.

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It's a big book, containing 192 pages of beautiful pictures. Over ten thousand articles shown—Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Gold and Silver Jewelry, Silver Plated Tableware, Toilet and Leather Goods, and Novelties—of Rings alone we picture nearly 2500 designs.

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Some Gas Mantles are not *Welsbach*

The Century Dictionary says a gas mantle is the "Cylinder used in the incandescent gas light of *Auer von Welsbach*."

It is true that more than half the mantles sold are *Welsbach* mantles.

But at least four-tenths of them are not *Welsbach*. They are imitations, deceptively similar in outward appearance, but utterly lacking in the essential *Welsbach* quality—that of service.

The reason we sold 31 million mantles last year is because the 27 million we sold the year before made good.

If you want a brilliant, durable mantle that will give excellent service—buy the genuine *Welsbach*. Look for the "Shield of Quality" on the box. This trade-mark is our guarantee and your protection against imitators.



Welsbach Company

Sold by all gas companies and most dealers.

Ask your dealer for our free booklet, "Making a Mantle."

Let Us Tell You

that the reason that you like

PETER'S CHOCOLATE

so much is because it has the most exquisite true chocolate flavor that has ever been obtained in candy making.

This is due to the fact that the cocoa beans and the milk and cream are of the finest, and the process, which was invented by Mr. D. Peter, of combining them has never been equaled.

It is a food and candy combined.



You can get it either in the plain or nut cakes.

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.
Sole Agents New York



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Everything connected with a Buckeye Incubator is so simple that a beginner can operate them just as successfully as the experienced poultryman. Our confidence in this statement is so great that we guarantee every Buckeye

To Hatch Every Hatchable Egg

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Be sure to see a Buckeye before you buy an incubator! Send for our free book called "Incubator Facts" and learn how the chickens are hatched—also learn all about our five-year guarantee and the name of your nearest dealer. Write today.

Mr. Dealer If you are selling Seeds, Poultry Supplies, Stock Foods, Farm and Garden Implements, Hardware or General Merchandise—you can sell Buckeye Incubators. Ask us about an exclusive agency for your city.

The Buckeye Incubator Co., 567 Euclid Ave., Springfield, Ohio



Save Over Half Buying Direct

Shipped in finished sections. You can set up any piece in a half hour. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Furniture catalog of 100 bargains, free.

$25.00 Buys the Frame of This 23 Foot Launch

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Anyone can build a boat by the Brooks System. We furnish all materials shaped. Send for free boat catalog.

Brooks Mfg. Co., 211 Rust Ave., Saginaw, Mich.

THE NEXT BIG ITEM—LOOKS

(Concluded from Page 13)

In another case a manufacturer of low-price goods came with his season's samples. For his first-quality product that year he had got hold of a fairly graceful design; but his second-quality stuff, though durable and honest in workmanship, was altogether ugly. The buyer ordered liberally of this manufacturer's second-quality product, but stipulated that the materials be made up on his first-quality model. That store, like others, has a basement salesroom where cheaper grades of merchandise are sold. The combination gave the buyer an attractive novelty for his basement trade.

It has been the common practice among both manufacturers and buyers to take a high-class article and work toward lower selling price by cheapening the materials and processes. Thus a fine grade of underwear will be "designed down" to a lower price by substituting less expensive yarns, cutting out little niceties of finish, and so forth. When the new product is ready for market it offers something superior in quality, but most of the attractive points in design have disappeared. Recently, however, it has been found that better results are secured when the designing is done upward instead of downward. A cheap grade of underwear is taken in hand. Materials and workmanship are usually the best that can be sold for the price, because the manufacturer has been compelled to center all his ability on quality for a given price. His product lacks nothing but good looks. This cheap line is then built up by taking from better grades of underwear all the refinements and improvements that can be incorporated into it without greatly increasing cost. Shape is improved here and finish there. The outcome is a garment of decidedly better selling value.

The Bridge Across the Seine

Good looks are strikingly definite from a market standpoint. Points of technical worth, of superior materials and better processes may have to be explained to the public; but good design tells its own story at a glance. The appeal to the eye is certain. After the manufacturer, the buyer and the designer have all concluded that it would be useless to make a given product too beautiful, because the public will never appreciate the refinements or pay for them, it is the safe course to embody every point of grace and harmony. The public sees them immediately.

The public in this matter is like a certain American engineer who visited Paris. He was a man of severely practical training, and his work had been chiefly on great, unlovely concrete structures for strictly utilitarian purposes. An engineer friend asked him what he wanted to see in the French capital and he said there was only one thing. The museums and pictures, the boulevards and parks, the statues, monuments and historic places did not appeal to him at all—all he cared about was the Alexander III Bridge.

This bridge is notable for its engineering. It had to be kept low to preserve a magnificent view across the Seine and at the same time clear traffic in the river at a point so narrow that there was room for only a single span. The result was an arch that is among the most beautiful architectural accomplishments in the world.

The concrete engineer went over the structural points of the bridge, and while he was doing this the arch captured him. Presently he led the way to a place on the bank where the arch could be seen without obstruction and sat silently for half an hour, gazing at it, filling his eye with its aerial, living curve. Finally he sighed and rose.

"What do you think of it?" asked his friend.

"Well," replied the concrete engineer, "I guess that's about right!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by James H. Collins.



This is a Crescent gold-filled watch case enlarged to show detail. You will find "gold-filled" watches sold by all sorts of jewelers at all sorts of prices. If you buy on price or *guarantee* stamp you are pretty sure to get a shoddy case.

You can tell a reliable case by the depth of the engraving and engine-turning—and by the "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" trademarks stamped inside.

Deep engraving always indicates a thick gold-wearing surface. In a trashy case the gold is not thick enough to stand deep cutting. The design is shallow cut or merely burnished on.

Don't be misled by irresponsible "guarantees" stamped inside the case. A true warranty of value and service is the "Crescent" or "Jas. Boss" trademark. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

The Keystone Watch Case Co.
Established 1853
Philadelphia

MENZ "EASE"—the Hunting Boot that's designed for comfort and built for service. You will say you never pulled on a boot that fit any better. You'll enjoy their comfort on an all day's tramp, and will appreciate the money-saving service they give you.

16-inch height Goodyear sewed double sole **$8.**

Look for Name on Yellow Label



Catalog D

describes other styles, also the "American Boy" for "Boy Scouts."

If we can't refer to a dealer you can buy direct from factory, delivery prepaid and money refunded if not all we claim.

Menzies Shoe Co., Makers, Detroit, Mich.



Next time try the effects of the flexibility of the Pro-phy-lac-tic flexible handle Tooth Brush. It fits every curve and hollow of the gums, so as to prevent that irritating friction which makes them swell, bleed and become sore. The tufts of the

Pro-phy-lac-tic
Flexible Handle **Tooth Brush**

as with every other Pro-phy-lac-tic, are so peculiarly shaped as to reach all the crevices in and between every tooth, cleaning them thoroughly. *"A clean tooth never decays."*

Packed in an individual yellow box, which protects against handling. Rigid handle if you prefer. Every Pro-phy-lac-tic fully guaranteed. We replace it if defective.

Our interesting booklet, "Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth?" is yours for the asking; send for it.

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
72 Pine St., Florence Mass.

25c.
35c.
40c.

Sole makers of Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth, Hair, Military and Hand Brushes

Consult your dentist regularly and always use Sanitol



Exquisitely Dainty

—A Sanative Measure

Bright eyes, rosy cheeks, coral lips—and now for the final touch to unspoiled beauty—glistening *white* teeth.

The pure, unacid mouth and the clean, sound teeth that influence these things are best preserved by

SANITOL
POWDER or PASTE

There's the very freshness of youth about the nice cleanness and cool, delightful after taste of these most efficient tooth preparations. The use of either by young and old—anybody and everybody—is the longest step towards an assurance of sound, white teeth and a pure, clean mouth.

Keep the mouth and teeth clean and free from acidity with Sanitol Powder or Paste. You can depend on them. Do not neglect to go to your dentist at least once a year—two times is really preferable. The result is bound to be tooth health.

Trial Size Package

of Sanitol Powder or Paste, Face Cream, Talcum Powder, Sanitol Liquid or Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4 cents to pay postage and packing.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Co., St. Louis, Mo.



What is Electricity Worth to You?

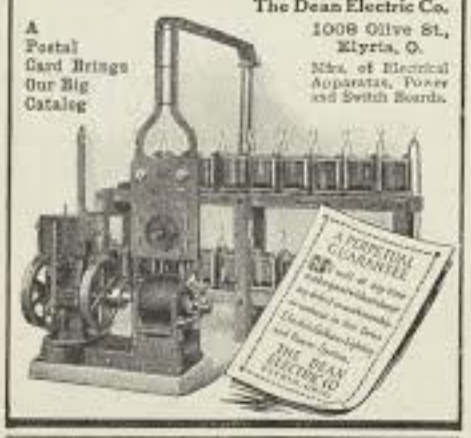
The day that you install a Dean Electric Co. House-Lighting and Power System in your home you have added to its selling value more than twice what this electrical outfit cost you. Besides this increased value you have all the time, labor and money saving advantages of a private electrical power and illumination plant. The cost of our outfit and operating expense is extremely low—the benefits of electricity are innumerable. Write for our free descriptive catalog.

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carries a perpetual guarantee. We will at any time make good without charge any defects in workmanship or materials. It can be handled and operated successfully by anyone. The engine working a few hours daily will supply the "Chloride Accumulator Battery Set" with electrical power for 24 hours' service.

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None Genuine Without This Trade Mark



STAB most scarfs with a pin and the pinhole shows, ugly and gaping. A mere rub-o'-the-thumb effaces pinholes from "LeMar Cravats," because the silk in them is *firm* and "*hefty*"—of a quality woven expressly for these famous scarfs.

But—look for *more* than length of wear and strength of weave in "LeMar Cravats." The patterns, colorings and shapes are *strikingly smart*—counterparts of the silk-loomed cravats of the London and Paris "studios."

Half-A-Dollar

at your dealer's. Accept none but those labeled, "LeMar Cravats." Have you our fascinating Scarf Book Bf No? Then send a postcard for it right away—it's *free*—to

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ARITHMETIC
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A plain, easily-understood volume for all who have not had the opportunity of learning this subject thoroughly, or who have forgotten what they once learned. **287 Pages. Requires no teacher.** This great little book sent postpaid for **60 cents**, stamps accepted. Leather binding $1.

GEO. A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
Est. 1870. 4470 W. Bells Pl., St. Louis, Mo.



ON MAIN STREET—I IS FOR IBEX

(Concluded from Page 11)

Dave—that's David Belasco—which recalls some good advice that he handed out recently to C. F.—C. F. being Charles Frohman—which naturally brings to mind a letter that K. & E. wrote him just last week, in which they practically went down on their knees and begged for a chance at his next work. Any Broadway Ibex who doesn't begin calling Klaw and Erlanger by the shorter and sweeter title of K. & E. within two weeks after he strikes town is no true Ibex—that's all; and he might as well go back where he came from and start all over again.

No rising or risen pugilist may be said to have attained the height of his career until he joins the Ibex rookeries. He may be as full and as yellow as a vanilla éclair and have a punch that wouldn't jar a fly from the brow of a sleeping babe; but if he is a good instrumental soloist on Broadway's favorite musical instrument—the big bass I—he need have no fear. Somebody will soon be starring him in drama or signing him up for vaudeville. Dear Old Broadway certainly does admire the manly art of self-pretense.

Fowl Affectation

And as for the actors—well, truly, the ranks of the Ibexes would be frightfully depleted if it weren't for the actors! Under almost any circumstances it seems easy for an actor to become passionately addicted to himself. It is one of the commonest vices of his profession—and on Broadway the habit is literally forced upon him and soon grows chronic and incurable. He makes a hit and becomes a star, and for almost thirty minutes he is perfectly happy; but suddenly he discovers that his managers have deceived him. They are putting somebody else's name on the billboards in letters larger than those his name is printed with. It is not a thing to be borne in silence—at least it never is borne in silence. He tells his friends about it in impassioned language, merely using due care to see that each new sentence starts in the proper way—to wit, with a capital I. He breaks his contract or threatens to. He has even been known to rent space in the newspapers at preferred advertising rates to tell a sympathetic public of the outrage that has been put upon him. In the case of an actress, all this goes double and then some—the loud cries, the broken contracts and the piece in the paper. Does Broadway laugh at this? Broadway does not. Broadway feels that there is nothing else for the aggrieved one to do and applauds the stand he has taken. Three loud cheers for the Ibex!

Even the dumb animals catch the disease just as the dumbless humans do. There is the case of the troupe of educated fleas, who, after playing their first vaudeville engagement on Broadway, refused to take the road again unless they could travel on their own private dog.

Then there was a rooster who was imported from the provinces, as we say on Broadway, to take part this season in the barnyard scene of a musical comedy. He was only a small-part rooster, and he deported himself as any plain Dominique rooster should until he made a hit and caught the contagion and developed the artistic temperament. First he got jealous of the laughs that a Muscovy duck was getting and threatened to quit and walk out unless the stage manager fired the duck and gave him the duck's lines.

Then he insisted that a certain brown pullet, an ingénue pullet, was crabbing his big scene; and he served warning that one or the other of them must leave the company. It got so he didn't go to roost until three o'clock in the morning, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays they could hardly get him up in time for matinées; and frequently he didn't begin crowing for day until half past two o'clock in the afternoon.

After the third week he also quit crowing for day. It kept him busy crowing for himself.



"That feels fine!" "I'm refreshed, invigorated, buoyant."

YOU'LL find that shampooing with Packer's Tar Soap is not merely a temporary sensation of tingling, stimulating cleanliness. It's much more; for the pure piney lather brings healthy activity to the scalp—increased vitality to the hair roots.

Packer's Tar Soap

(Pure as the Pines)

Send 10 cents for a sample half-cake of Packer's Tar Soap and a useful booklet "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."

THE PACKER MFG. CO.
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Moore's Modern Methods

A practical Instruction Book on Loose Leaf Record-keeping

Contains much valuable information, 160 pages. Illustrates and describes 40 different Loose Leaf Record forms. Covers the entire subject. Tells how to install and use this **money and time saving** system of Loose Leaf Bookkeeping in any business, large or small.

We offer to send this book without charge, to any business or professional man who sends for it **on his business stationery. Write today.**

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MAKE MONEY in LEISURE HOURS

Be An Advertising Specialty Salesman

We want active men as representatives in every town and city. Pleasant and profitable work for leisure hours. Call on merchants—no collecting. Worth investigation. Write today for particulars, stating age and a business reference. **Sales Manager, Taylor Bros. Co., Rochester, N.Y. Estab. 50 years.**



The Multigraph in its simplest form, for multiple typewriting. It can readily be adapted for printing without interfering with its primary use.

THE MULTIGRAPH

How it Aids the Work and Extends the Usefulness of Fraternal Orders, Charitable Associations and Churches

The truth of a series of advertisements dealing with Multigraph applications to various lines of endeavor. Prior subjects: Retailing, manufacturing, wholesaling, banking, insurance, publishing, schools, transportation, investments. Write us for the application to your line of business.

MULTIGRAPH methods that have proven profitable in practically every field of business endeavor can with equal success be applied to the work of religious and charitable organizations, fraternal orders, and associations of almost every sort.

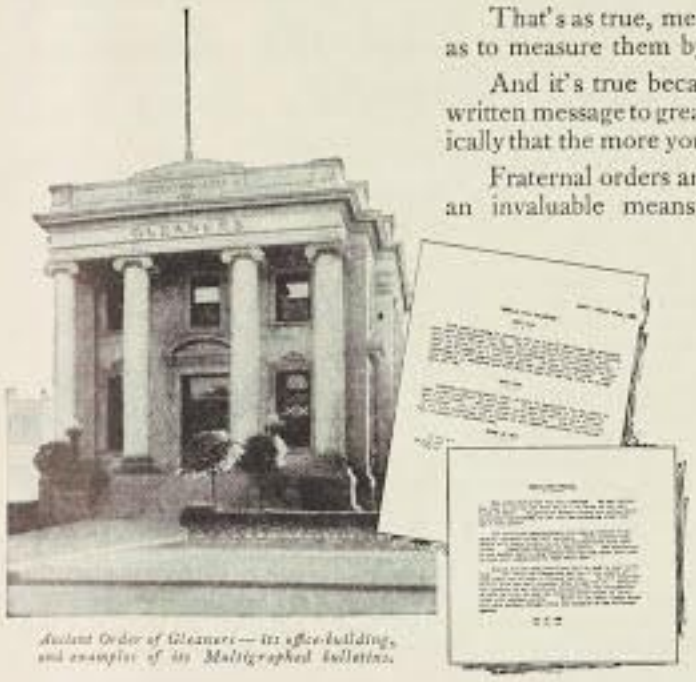
That's as true, measuring the results by their benefit to fellow-men, as to measure them by the more material standard of dollars and cents.

And it's true because the Multigraph carries your printed or typewritten message to great numbers of people so quickly, easily and economically that the more you use it the more good you can accomplish with it.

Fraternal orders and associations of many sorts find the Multigraph an invaluable means of increasing membership; of collecting dues and assessments; of communicating with subsidiary organizations; of securing and instructing organizers; and of producing system-forms and printing stationery and advertising.

Charitable organizations find Multigraph letters a personal and most effective appeal in raising funds to carry on their work; in enlisting the co-operation of the workers; and in acquainting the public with the results accomplished.

Religious organizations find the Multigraph a most efficient aid in many ways—weekly bulletins of church activities; enlarging pastoral work by letters of greeting to strangers and letters of encouragement to inquirers; recruiting the Sunday School and following up absentees by letters to parents; raising funds for current expenses, or for unusual expenses such as new buildings or equipment.



Ancient Order of Gleaners—its office-building, and examples of its Multigraphed bulletins.



Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit, and examples of its Multigraphed letters.

How the Multigraph Aids the Work of Many Organizations

THE Ancient Order of Gleaners is a protective, benevolent and co-operative fraternity with headquarters in Detroit—in the substantial structure illustrated above.

Its membership is largely made up of farmers, to whom it is striving to be of great practical benefit by circulating Multigraphed market reports and information as to crop conditions, and by co-operative buying of supplies. Its assistant secretary writes thus: "The machine has become a necessity in our business. We have for several months been carrying on a special publicity campaign, and have issued many thousands of circulars, letter forms, reports, etc., at a great saving in printers' bills."

Aiding Church Work

The Woodward Avenue Baptist Church, Detroit—illustrated at the right—is one of many churches using the Multigraph as briefly outlined above.

Aiding Foreign Missions

Writing of the work of the Executive Committee of Foreign Missions, Presbyterian Church in the United States, Mr. D. W. Gordon, of Nashville, makes the following statement concerning Multigraphed letters: "One-hundred-twenty-five letters, in thirteen days, produced $10,720. One-hundred-eighteen answers to a letter we sent out October 25th were received up to November 7th. The contributions received from the churches to which that letter was sent amounted, in that length of time, to $9,355. One letter collected thirty-eight past-due accounts in thirty-seven days."

Aiding a Funeral Benefit Association

The secretary-treasurer of the American Funeral Benefit Association, with headquarters in Baltimore, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to any who desire to save in printing matter of every description, that the Multigraph is the greatest saving machine for an office that can be purchased."

Aiding the Salvation Army

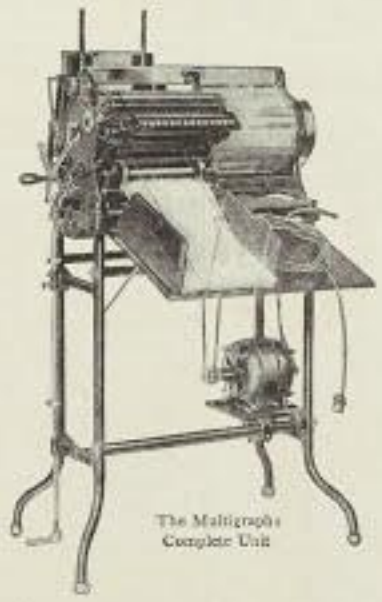
The general secretary of the Provincial Office of the Salvation Army at Cleveland says: "We consider it indispensable. From a standpoint of economy of time, labor and expense, it has no equal . . . . in short, we could not do without our Multigraph."

Electing a Moderator

Rev. James F. Black, then pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian Church, Detroit, sent as a Multigraphed letter of which he said: "One thousand of these sent to the right spot elected our man, or helped to, to the highest office in the Presbyterian Church."

Aiding a Chamber of Commerce

The Chamber of Commerce of Binghamton, N. Y., issued an annual report produced throughout, with the exception of the cover, on the Multigraph. The report contains the following statement: "A Multigraph has been purchased for the purpose of printing the daily bulletins containing the records of the County Clerk's office, also the members' bulletins which may be sent out from time to time, and the many circular letters which the office is compelled to send in connection with the various departments that have been established. As an illustration of the work which is being done, the Annual Report for this year is printed thereon at a very great saving to the organization."



The Multigraph Complete Unit

You *Can't* Buy a Multigraph Unless You Need It

THERE can be no sale unless, after proper investigation, our representative's report proves to our satisfaction, as his demonstration must to yours, that the Multigraph will be a profitable investment for you.

That's a rule we enforce because we honestly believe it's the best policy.

What the Multigraph Is And How it's Operated

THE Multigraph is a rapid rotary printing-machine and multiple typewriter combined in one handy office-device.

It occupies about the floor-space of the average typewriter-desk, and can easily be operated by your own employees.

As a printing-machine it does real printer's printing at 25% to 75% less than printer's prices. It prints from its initial equipment of typewriter or Gothic type, from special hand-set type, or from electrotypes that reproduce any size or face of type desired, besides line-cuts, borders and ornaments.

As a multiple typewriter it runs out as many form letters in an hour as a stenographer could pound out in a month on an ordinary typewriter. Every sheet is a perfect specimen of actual typewriting, ready for the name and address to be accurately matched in if you so desire. Type-setting is semi-automatic.

Driven by hand or electricity, and fed by hand or automatically, the Multigraph prints and typewrites at the rate of 1200 to 5000 sheets an hour.

Specific Information Upon Request

DATA concerning special applications of the Multigraph to a wide range of vocations is on file in our office. If you occupy an executive position in any business among the vocations represented, we shall be glad to prepare and present upon request, without obligation upon your part, very definite information of how *you* can get business or save money with the Multigraph.

To business executives we shall also be glad to send "More Profit with the Multigraph"—a descriptive booklet that is in itself a good example of Multigraph printing—or a booklet that describes the Universal Folding-Machine, which saves time and money in folding letters, circulars and booklets. Write today, and specify which literature you wish.

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES COMPANY

Executive Offices and Factory, Cleveland 1800 East 40th Street

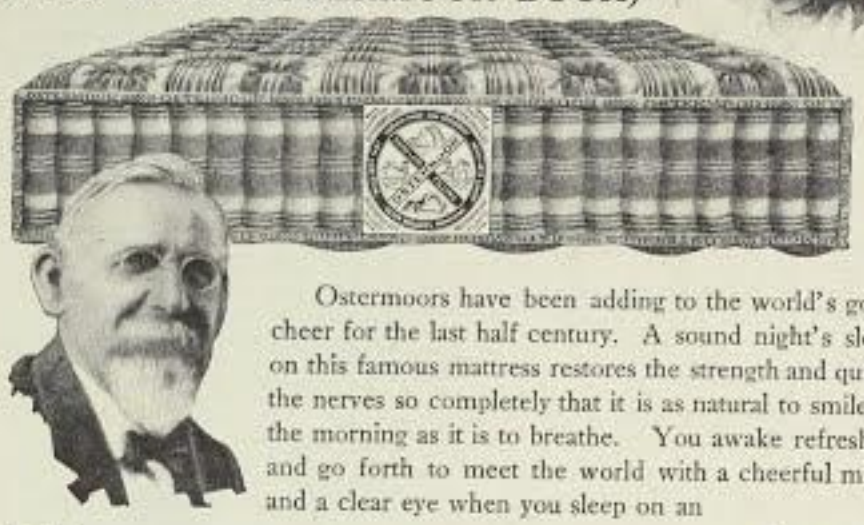
BRANCH OFFICES: Where the Multigraph may be seen in operation: Atlanta; Baltimore; Berlin, Germany; Birmingham; Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; Columbus; Dallas; Denver; Des Moines; Detroit; Hartford; Houston; Indianapolis; Jacksonville, Fla.; Kansas City, Mo.; Los Angeles; Memphis; Milwaukee; Minneapolis; Montreal; Nashville; Newark; New Orleans; New York City; Oklahoma City; Omaha; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; Portland, Ore.; Providence; Richmond; Rochester; Salt Lake City; San Francisco; Seattle; Spokane; Springfield, Ill.; Springfield, Mass.; St. Louis; Toledo; Toronto; Vancouver; Washington; Winnipeg.

EUROPEAN REPRESENTATIVES: The International Multigraph Co., 79 Queen Street, London, E. C., England.

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Built—Not Stuffed

FIND X

(Continued from Page 10)

The Colonel laughed—sneered. Then he spoke quietly.

"Just cut out that talk, will you? It don't fool anybody—it don't fool me, anyway, Mary. You think you can't land him—that's all. Take it from me, Mary, you act different tonight or I'm through with you. And if we split it's back to the chorus and twenty a week for yours, and in a couple of years you'll be down and out. This is pretty easy money for you"—he waved his hand round the room—"and there's plenty more of it. Next year we might go to Europe and see what we can do there. Anyway"—and he glanced at her guardedly—"you needn't worry about your Mr. Bill Barnett. He was telling me last night about some widow he had on the string in Portland and this afternoon he's got a girl from the hotel out in my machine."

As a matter of fact, the Colonel's machine, had Miss Vandemeer cared to look, at that moment was standing at the curb downstairs, and Mr. Bill Barnett was making a personally conducted tour of the stockyards—but Miss Vandemeer did not look.

"I don't believe it!" she said.

"All right," answered the Colonel. "Think it over. Take a good think while you're about it. We'll be round at six."

. . . . . .

Once in a long while Miss Graham extracted some money from her hatbox on the top shelf of the closet, where she kept the loose change hid against burglars, and gave herself and her mother a treat. Sometimes it was an evening at Riverside Park; sometimes a Sunday in the country. On this particular evening they went to hear the Apollo Musical Club in The Messiah. Still thrilling with the stirring tumult of the last chorus, they went out into the streets toward the Elevated. As they crossed State Street a motor car whirled sharply past them and Miss Graham looked for an instant into the flushed face of the man from Oregon. He was laughing wildly. His arm was round a fur coat and in the fur coat was a figure that Miss Graham recognized at once. The Colonel sat on the front seat.

"What's the matter, dearie?" asked Miss Graham's mother anxiously. "Did you know those people?"

"No," said Miss Graham, lying to her mother for the first time in her life. And then, with some vindictiveness: "They're just—just joy-riders."

. . . . . .

By all the laws of fiction and space this story ought to end here. You know that next morning, or the next, or the next at the very latest—for the North American Matrimonial Agency had others besides the man from Oregon to engage its attention—by three days, then, at the most, Mr. Bill Barnett waked in his room in the hotel to a blinding headache, a dull, slow, confused review of the events of the past few days, and finally to a bitterness of heart that only disillusioned youth can feel. Long before the Ancient Mariner broke the closed-season law on albatross-shooting, sadder and wiser men were rising the morrow morn. And, if the weather prophets would stick to the cold gray dawn of the morning after, the Ananias Club would lose its charter members.

Mr. Bill Barnett awoke to all the symptoms—bacchic and cardiac—above described. He lay for a long while, thinking. Then he rose, rang, paid tribute to a bellboy and received his cup of cold water, and dressed slowly. He packed his suitcase, ordered a taxicab and left the room.

Promptly at eleven o'clock Colonel Fiskett entered the portals of the North American Matrimonial Agency, smiling, confident, arrayed as the lilies of the field. He greeted Miss Graham with high good-humor and passed on into the private office. Presently he called her.

"If that gentleman from Oregon should call up or come in today," he said, "just tell him I've gone to New York for two weeks."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Graham, and retired.

As she sat down at her typewriter again, the gentleman from Oregon opened the door and walked in. He carried a suitcase.

"I want to see Colonel Fiskett," he said, smiling a little; but the smile did not hide the fact that his face was white and rather



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tired, and to Miss Graham it did not seem exactly the face of the man who had come from Oregon a week before.

"Colonel Fiskett left word this morning that he had gone to New York for two weeks," said Miss Graham, rigidly truthful.

"I'm sorry," answered Mr. Barnett. "I had some things I wanted to tell him." He set down the suitcase and came toward her. "I'm going back home today," he said, smiling again, "and I came to congratulate the Colonel. You needn't look surprised. I know you're on, all right. It's a pretty clever game."

"I beg your pardon," said Miss Graham coldly. "I don't understand you."

Mr. Barnett moved closer. "Yes, you do," he said. "So did the Colonel and Miss Vandemeer—if that's her name. You all had me down right. I'm what they call an easy mark." He laughed shortly. "I thought, because I could come East every year or two and go back without carrying home a trunkful of gold bricks, that I was pretty wise. I suppose it's done me good to find out just how big a fool I am." He rose, smiling again, and held out his hand. "So long as the Colonel isn't here, let me congratulate you. Tell him for me it was smooth work. I want to be a good loser."

Miss Graham rose, too, but she did not take his hand. Instead, she looked out of the window.

"Don't!" she said; "please don't! I'm sorry—I'm more sorry than I can tell you."

"That's all right," said the Westerner "Don't worry about me. Go and spend the money." His voice hardened.

It has been recorded somewhere before that Miss Graham had eyes of deepest blue; and now suddenly these were filled with real tears.

"I'm sorry because—because it hurt you, not because of your money!" cried Miss Graham. "And I'm sorry because you think I'm with them. I'm not. I'm his stenographer—that's all. And I'll never be again after today. I don't want you to go away thinking—that. Goodby!" And, sitting down at her typewriter without another look at Mr. Barnett, she began banging the keys furiously. She might have been trying for a speed record. The eyes of deepest blue did not look up; and Mr. Barnett, not being superhuman, did not know of the tears mentioned above. He stood gazing down at her a moment, turned, picked up his suitcase and walked out, followed by the clatter of the typewriter.

After the door closed, the clack of the keys became slower and slower until it ceased altogether. Miss Graham stared very hard at the door. Presently her shining head went down on the desk and tears fell from the eyes of deepest blue. Even a stenographer on a small salary may indulge in a good cry.

As Colonel Fiskett heard the door close on the Westerner, he smiled with the agreeable expression a well-fed wolf might be supposed to assume, lit a fat cigar and tiptoed cautiously to the door of the outer office. Silence. A minute after Miss Graham's head went down on the desk—enter the Colonel.

Miss Graham raised her head and exhibited two slightly reddened eyes and a small nose from the tip of which every speck of powder had been washed. She rubbed her eyes with an absurdly small handkerchief, adjusted her office cuffs and laughed faintly.

In that moment of weakness she resembled not at all the collected, business-like stenographer who took dictation from the Colonel at the rate of two hundred words a minute. She looked all at once small and forlorn and helpless; and the Colonel, with the wolf-smile still on his lips, moved quickly to the desk and put his arm round her.

"There—there, girlie!" he said. "What's the matter?" And he attempted to kiss her.

Miss Graham jumped up and retreated toward the other end of the room, her face flaming.

"Don't—don't!" she gasped.

. . . . . .

Mr. Bill Barnett, disgorged from the elevator, stood at the entrance of the building with his suitcase. He looked at his watch. He had half a day to catch his train for the West. Were this a regular romance, I should write down that he went to Jackson Park and spent a bitter hour by the side of the lagoon, contemplating the frailties of mankind and the wages of sin. He had a fleeting idea of going again to the stockyards for a glimpse of friendly bovine

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faces; but the thought of a pair of troubled blue eyes and a small and agitated voice would not leave him.

"I guess that girl is on the square," he said to himself; and, with the words still framing themselves, he turned and started back to the elevator. "I'll go up and apologize anyway," he thought—and the cage shot upward to the seventeenth story.

As Mr. Bill Barnett entered, with an apology on his lips, Colonel Fiskett had just succeeded in cornering Miss Graham. Neither heard the Westerner. Miss Graham, pleading, trying to cry aloud, struggling with face turned away, suddenly saw Mr. Barnett's right fist connect with the Colonel's jaw and the Colonel bite the dust of the office floor.

Wipe off Sapulpa, Oklahoma, from the fight map! Put down Oregon and a brand-new "White Hope." Followed two minutes that Mr. Barnett spent in scientifically demonstrating to Colonel Fiskett that Mars hath his victories as well as Cupid.

The Colonel arose from the floor in time to receive a straight left on the bridge of his aristocratic nose that brought the claret and curses; he staggered forward from a violent collision with the wall and, falling toward a clinch, was doubled up by a shattering right swing to his aristocratic stomach. He was deluged in a flood of blows, tossed in a whirlwind of hooks, jabs, crosses and punches; and when, sobbing and sputtering bad words and false teeth, he collapsed on a desk and begged for mercy, he was lifted bodily in a mighty grip and tossed into his private office, to lie crumpled on the floor.

This done to his entire satisfaction, Mr. Barnett straightened his coat, picked up an overturned chair and looked at the girl.

"I'm sorry to start a row with him in here," apologized Mr. Barnett, "but I can't stand that kind of a man!"

"Oh, I'm so glad you came!" cried Miss Graham unevenly. "I—I can't thank you enough!"

"Yes, you can," said Mr. Barnett, seizing the psychological moment by the forelock—"and I'll tell you how." He took a long breath. "I came back to apologize for thinking you were one of—his bunch. And I made up my mind between the first floor and this one that I'm going to stay in Chicago and get to know you and take you back out home with me—if you think you could ever care to. Do you?" he asked. "Will you let me stay here and find out?"

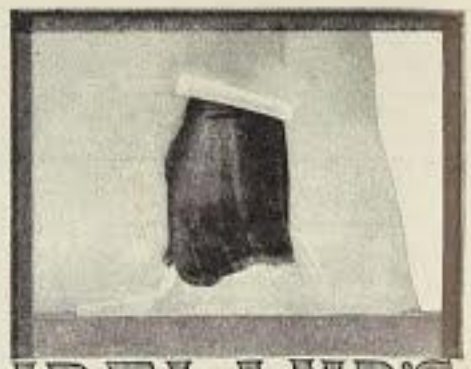
As was said when this story started, Love is an unknown quantity. It bloweth whither it listeth. The descendant of a hundred earls may look at a goosegirl—and why not a man from Oregon at a Chicago stenographer? Find the *x*, O ye of little faith!

The Climbers

AS THE number of travelers increases each year the following advice may be of use to the many who delight in climbing high mountains.

It takes energy to climb in the mountains and that means food. As you cannot carry much bulk and, perhaps, in our country will not have porters to take along tinned fruit, spirit lamps and the like, as they do in select Alpine circles, you might take along some chocolate and a handful or so of raisins. They will not hurt you for a day or so if you cannot get other food. It is a mistake in any athletic performance to change your daily habits at the time when you need your strength and your nerves. It will do you no good to cut off tea or coffee—or, indeed, any other stimulant—on the supposition that this will give you additional strength. Whisky does not climb mountains. The best use for it in a mountain camp is to rub it on your feet if your lower extremities are badly chilled and not really frozen. Most of the Rocky Mountain hunters drink little or not at all while on a march over snow, and it is absolutely forbidden to begin eating snow. Some say that a drink of cold water now and then does no harm, but it certainly lowers the heat of the body and usually it will cause a man to slow up very quickly.

Beyond a few such simple rules as to equipment and practice, your natural mental attitude, your health, your physique and your experience will alone prove of value in making you a finished performer at high altitudes. To succeed, you must be sound of wind and limb, and you must take the thing seriously enough really to desire success.



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THE JOKERS OF NEW GIBBON

(Continued from Page 19)

improvised a litter for the dead man. Wallenstein was afflicted with paroxysms of true German sorrow and contrition. The tears were frankly in his eyes by the time he ceased from lamenting and began to swear. The wrath that flared up was as truly German as the oaths, and when he tried to seize Worth's shotgun a fleck of foam had appeared on his lips.

"None of that!" Grief commanded sternly. "Straighten up, Wallenstein. Don't be a fool."

"But are you going to let him escape?" the German cried wildly.

"He has escaped. The bush begins right here at the river. You can see where he waded across. He's in the wild-pig runs already. It would be like the needle in the hay-stack, and if we followed him some of his young men would get us. Besides, the runs are all man-trapped—you know, stake pits, poisoned thorns, and the rest. McTavish and his bushmen are the only fellows who can negotiate the runs, and three of his men were lost that way the last time. Come on back to the house. You'll hear the conches tonight and the war-drums and all merry hell break loose. They won't rush us, but keep all the boys close up to the house, Mr. Worth. Come on."

As they returned along the path they came upon a black who whimpered and cried vociferously.

"Shut up mouth belong you!" Worth shouted. "What name you make 'm noise?"

"Him fella Koho finish along two fella bullamacow," the black answered, drawing a forefinger significantly across his throat.

"He's knifed the cows," Grief said. "That means no more milk for some time for you, Mr. Worth. I'll see about sending a couple up from Ugi."

Wallenstein proved inconsolable until Denby, coming ashore, confessed to the dose of essence of mustard. Thereat the German Resident became even cheerful, though he twisted his yellow mustache up more fiercely and continued to curse the Solomons with violent oaths.

Next morning, visible from the masthead of the Wonder, the bush was alive with signal-smokes. From promontory to promontory, and back through the solid jungle, the smoke pillars curled and puffed and talked. Remote villages on the higher peaks, beyond the farthest raids McTavish had ever driven, joined in the troubled conversation. From across the river persisted a bedlam of conches; while from everywhere, drifting for miles along the quiet air, came the deep reverberations of the great war drums—huge tree trunks hollowed by fire and carved with stone and shell.

"You're all right as long as you stay close," Grief told his manager. "I've got to get along to Guvutu. They won't come out in the open and attack you. Keep the work gangs close. Stop the clearing till this blows over. They'll get any detached gangs you send out. And, whatever you do, don't be fooled into going into the bush after Koho. If you do he'll get you. All you've got to do is wait for McTavish. I'll send him up with a bunch of his Malaita bushmen. He's the only man who can go inside. Also, until he comes, I'll leave Denby with you. You don't mind, do you, Mr. Denby? I'll send McTavish up with the Wanda, and you can go back on her and rejoin the Wonder. Captain Ward can manage without you for a trip."

"It was just what I was going to volunteer," Denby answered. "I never dreamed all this muss would be kicked up over a joke. You see, in a way I am responsible for it."

"So am I," Wallenstein said.

"But I started it," the supercargo urged.

"Maybe you did, but I carried it along."

"And Koho finished it," Grief said.

"At any rate I, too, shall remain," said the German.

"I thought you were coming to Guvutu with me," Grief protested.

"I was. But this is my jurisdiction partly, and I have made a fool of myself in it completely. I shall remain and help get things straight again."

V

AT GUVUTU, Grief sent full instructions to McTavish by a recruiting ketch that was just starting for Malaita. Captain Ward sailed in the Wonder for the

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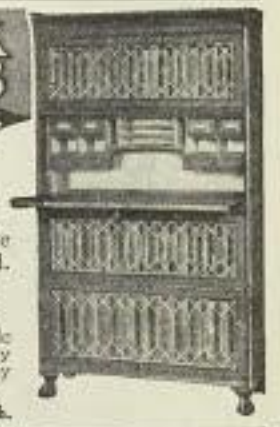
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Santa Cruz Islands; and Grief, borrowing a whaleboat and a crew of black prisoners from the British Resident, crossed the channel to Guadalcanar to examine the grass lands back of Penduffryn.

Three weeks later, with a free sheet and a lusty breeze, he threaded the coral patches and surged up the smooth water to Guvutu anchorage. The harbor was deserted, save for a small ketch, which lay close in to the shore reef. Grief recognized it as the Wanda. She had evidently just got in by the Tulagi Passage, for her black crew was still at work furling the sails. As he rounded alongside, McTavish himself extended a hand to help him over the rail.

"What's the matter?" Grief asked. "Haven't you started yet?"

McTavish nodded. "And got back. Everything's all right on board."

"How's New Gibbon?"

"All there, the last I saw of it, barrin' a few inconsequential frills that a good eye could make out lacking from the landscape."

He was a cold flame of a man, small as Kobo, and as dried up, with a mahogany complexion and small, expressionless blue eyes that were more like gimlet-points than the eyes of a Scotchman. Without fear, without enthusiasm, impervious to disease and climate and sentiment, he was lean and bitter and deadly as a snake. That his present dour look boded ill news Grief was well aware.

"Spit it out," he said. "What's happened?"

"'Tis a thing severely to be condemned, a shame, this joking with heathen niggers," was the reply. "Also, 'tis very expensive. Come below, Mr. Grief. You'll be better for the information with a long glass in your hand. After you."

"How did you settle things?" his employer demanded as soon as they were seated in the cabin.

The little Scotchman shook his head. "There was nothing to settle. It all depends how you look at it. The other way would be to say it was settled, entirely settled, mind you, before I got there."

"But the plantation, man? The plantation?"

"No plantation. All the years of our work have gone for naught. 'Tis back where we started, where the missionaries started, where the Germans started—and where they finished. Not a stone stands on another at the landing pier. The houses are black ashes. Every tree is hacked down, and the wild pigs are rooting out the yams and sweet potatoes. Those boys from New Georgia, a fine bunch they were, five score of them, and they cost you a pretty penny, Mr. Grief, and not one is left to tell the tale."

He paused and began fumbling in a large locker under the companion-steps.

"But Worth? And Denby? And Wallenstein?"

"That's what I'm telling you. Take a look."

McTavish dragged out a sack made of rice matting and emptied its contents on the floor.

David Grief pulled himself together with a jerk, for he found himself gazing fascinated at the heads of the three men he had left at New Gibbon.

"I don't know how it happened," the Scotchman's voice went on drearily. "But I surmise they went into the bush after the old devil."

"And where is Koho?" Grief asked slowly.

"Back in the bush and drunk as a lord. That's how I was able to recover the heads. He was too drunk to stand. They lugged him on their backs out of the village when I rushed it. And if you'll relieve me of the heads, I'll be well obliged." He paused and sighed. "I suppose they'll have regular funerals over them and put them in the ground. But in my way of thinking they'd make excellent curios. Any respectable museum would pay a hundred quid apiece. Better have another drink. You're looking a bit pale. . . . There, put that down you. . . . And if you'll take my advice, Mr. Grief, I would say set your face sternly against any joking with the niggers. It always makes trouble, and it is a very expensive divertisement."



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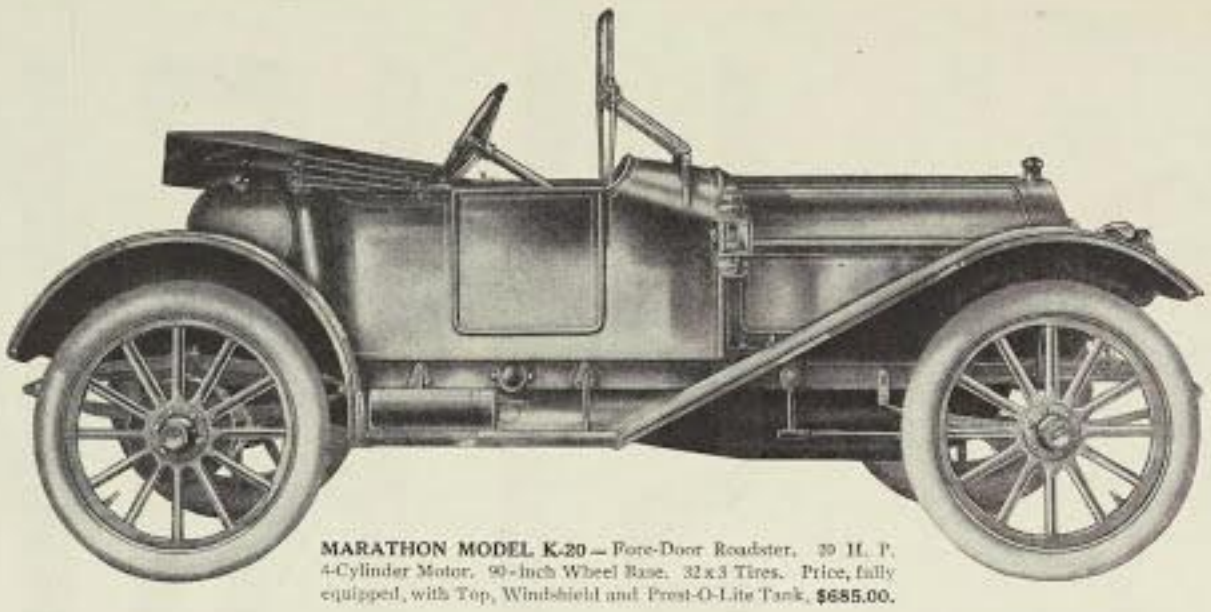
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MARATHON MODEL L-30, is built in Fore-Door Touring and Fore-Door Roadster, completely equipped with top, windshield and Prest-O-Lite tank, 30-horsepower motor, 116-inch wheel base, and 34 x 3½ tires. Prices: Fore-Door, **$1,200**; Roadster, **$1,000.**

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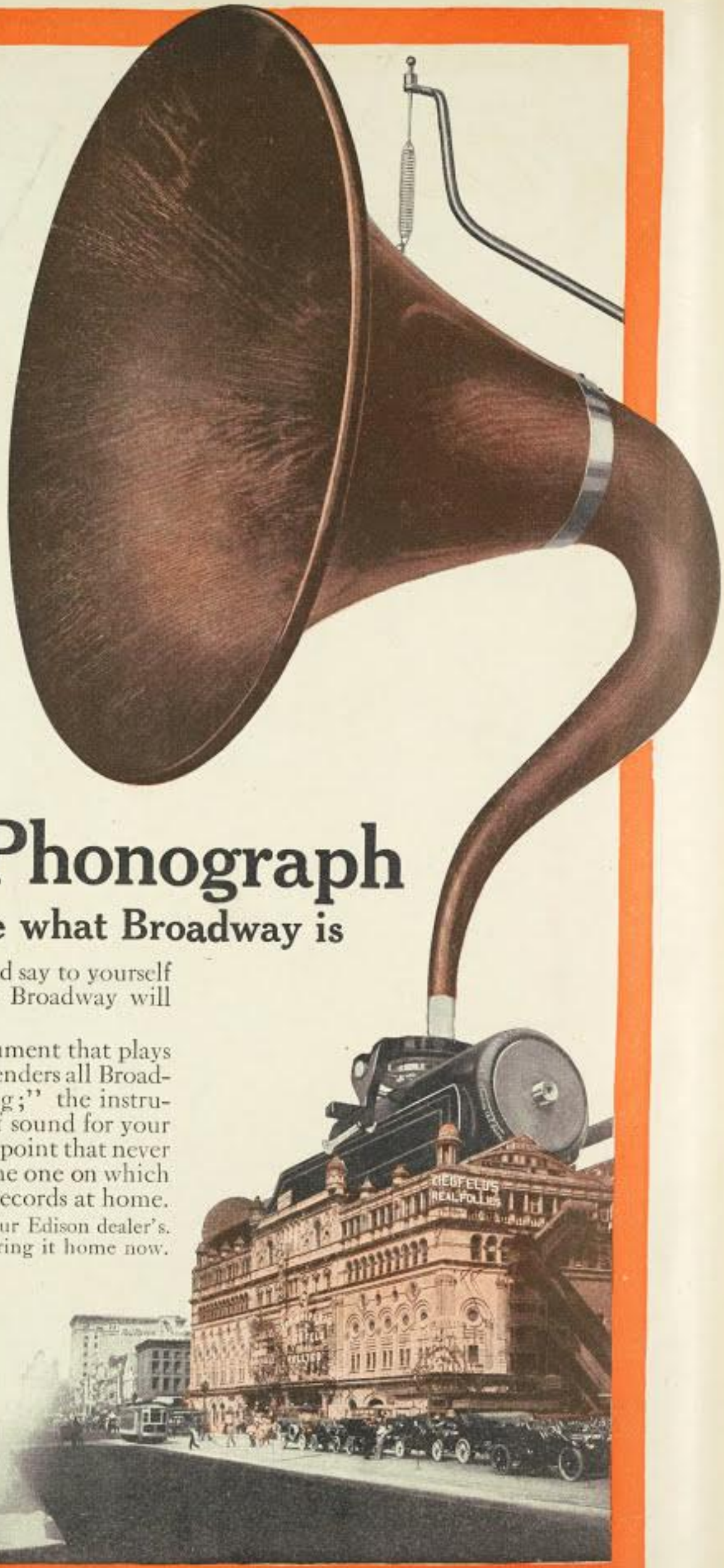
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D° Benj. Franklin

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The Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

By Mary R. Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

An Account of the Strange Occurrences at Dunkirk Hospital

STRICTLY speaking, this is Tish's story; but Tish is unable to write it, being laid up, as you probably know from the newspapers. We all three felt, however, that a record of the affair ought to be kept while it was fresh in our minds—though goodness knows we're not likely to forget any of it! A good many people wondered, when the story came out, how Tish had come to be mixed up with it at all; but, as Tish herself says, it was very simple. The people at the hospital had become demoralized and some firm hand had to take hold. Besides, Tish was a member of the Ladies Committee and felt responsible.

Tish says the first thing she knew about it was a piercing scream just outside her room. This was followed by a number of short, sharp cries—feminine—and steps running past her bedroom door. Now, as Tish also remarks with truth, one hears a variety of strange sounds in a hospital at night, and at first she thought it was the woman across the hall who had had her appendix removed that afternoon, and who had been very unpleasant as a neighbor all the evening; but when the noise kept up, and only died away to be followed by somebody crying hysterically down the hall, Tish was roused. She sat up in bed and threw her small traveling clock at Miss Lewis.

Miss Lewis was Tish's nurse—a splendid woman, but a heavy sleeper. She slept on a cot in the room; and, until Tish learned that it did not hurt the clock to throw it, she had been obliged to ring for one of the night nurses to come in and waken her. So now she threw the clock. Miss Lewis picked the clock from off her chest and sat up, yawning, to look at it.

"Twenty minutes after one, Miss Carberry," she said. "Would you like some buttermilk?"

Now Tish was not really ill. She was taking a rest cure that autumn while her apartment was being painted and papered, and while she recovered from a twisted knee. She'd bought a second-hand automobile some months before and learned to run it herself, and the knee was the result of her being thrown out over the steering wheel and ten feet beyond the potato wagon she had collided with—though, as Tish says, it is a strange thing that her *knee* was twisted, when she brought up standing on her head in three inches of muddy water and a family of tadpoles.

Both Aggie and I went to see her daily, the three of us being old friends, though not related; and she was always glad to see us, though she grew sarcastic when Aggie remarked that, except for the meeting of the antivivisection society, we might also have been flung over the potato wagon. Well —— "Would you like some buttermilk?" said Miss Lewis, beginning to draw on her kimono. Tish says that provoked her and she reached for the clock again—but Miss Lewis had it in her hand.



"Asleep! There?" She Said in a Low, Sweet Voice. "Could You?"

"No!" she snapped. "Go out in the hall and see what has happened."

Miss Lewis yawned again and groped round in the half-light for her slippers. It was more than Tish could stand. She hopped out of bed and limped to the door.

The hall was almost dark and across it the woman with the appendix—or without—was groaning; but halfway along, where the night nurse has her desk and keeps her papers, and where the annunciator for the patients' bells is fastened to the wall, Tish saw a group of five or six nurses gathered about somebody in a chair. One of them came running past with a glass of something, and the crowd opened to admit the girl and the glass and closed again. Miss Lewis came and looked over Tish's shoulder.

"Gee!" she said, and ran down the hall with her slippers flapping and her braid switching from side to side. Just then the woman across gave another groan; and, it being dark and the scream still echoing in her ears, Tish reached inside the door for her cane and hobbled out in her nightgown.

The girl in the chair, she said, was as white as milk and her lips were blue. She was half lying, with her head against the back of the chair, and a violent shudder now and then was the only sign of life about her. One of the other nurses was stroking her hands and talking to her in a soothing tone.

"Now, listen, Miss Blake," she said. "It couldn't be! We all have these queer feelings here. It's the nervous strain and loss of sleep. I'll never forget the first time *I* had to do it."

"Nor I," said another girl—"I went with you. Do you remember? It was that dwarf that died in J. We'd forgotten something—and you had to leave me alone."

"Hush!" another nurse broke in, and Miss Blake began to shudder again. "If we had some hot coffee for her—will you drink some coffee if we make it, Miss Blake?"

The girl in the chair shook her head, and Miss Lewis dragged one of the nurses from the group and whispered to her. Tish heard part of the answer.

"Went up with Linda Smith; and, as usual, Linda forgot something: she's been overworking; went to raise the window for fresh air—she says she heard a sound, but didn't notice it. When she turned round ——" Then more whispering that Tish couldn't catch.

"No!" Miss Lewis said, and looked queer herself. "Then, if it's true, it is still ——"

"Yes."

Miss Blake sat up just then and tried to wipe her blue lips with her handkerchief, but her hands shook so that one of the nurses did it for her. She mopped the girl's pallid forehead too, and put her arm over her shoulders protectingly.

"You're going off duty, girl," she said. "About all the hard work in the place has been falling to you lately; if we don't take care we shall be minus the class flower."

Tish says the girl tried to smile at that, and she was very pretty. I can answer for her looks myself, having seen her often enough later. She had soft, wavy black hair and Irish blue eyes, and she was rather small. Partly for that and partly because she was so young, we fell into the way of calling her the Little Nurse. But to go back to Tish's story.

"You're sure you didn't doze off?" one of the girls asked, pressing forward. The Little Nurse shook her head.

"Asleep! There?" she said in a low, sweet voice. "Could you?"

"What enrages me," Miss Lewis burst out, glaring at the group through her glasses, "is why Linda Smith left her there alone."

"She forgot something," said Miss Blake.

"She usually forgets something!" Miss Lewis began. "When she dies Linda'll forget ——"

"Hush!" somebody whispered. "Here she is."

Miss Smith came quickly along the hall, her arms full of bundles. She stopped when she saw the group and ran her eye over it.

"Well!" she said. "What is it? Fudge?"

One of the girls detached herself from the group and started for her. Miss Smith was a tall, rawboned woman with curly hair and a rugged but good-natured face; and Tish says she stood smiling at them.

"I suppose you know," she said. "The Spiritualist from K has 'passed over.' Didn't want to go—poor old man. Said he had three wives waiting in the spirit world."

The other girl went up to her then and caught her by the elbow and whispered to her. Tish was standing in the shadow, leaning on her cane, and she didn't know from Adam what was the matter—but she was covered with gooseflesh.

"Nonsense!" said Miss Linda Smith suddenly. "She's been dozing."

Miss Blake got up and steadied herself by the back of the chair, looking across at the other woman.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Smith," she said. "You—remember when—when the orderlies carried up poor old Johnson. They—laid him on the table in the mortuary, didn't they?"

"Yes," said Miss Smith, half smiling. "They usually do. They don't generally throw 'em out the window."

Miss Blake clutched the chair tighter, Tish says, and her lips trembled.

"I want you to come with me and see," she said. "We—covered the body with a sheet, didn't we?"

"Yes." Miss Smith stopped smiling.

"And then you left and I was alone. I—I tried not to mind. I haven't been here very long. But I was afraid, after a minute or two, that I was—getting faint. I—seemed to feel eyes on me."

Some of the girls nodded as if they understood.

"So I went to the window and threw it up to get air. Then I thought I heard something moving behind me. I—I felt it, like the eyes, rather than heard it. And—I didn't look round at once—I couldn't. It was so far from the rest of the house, and—I was alone with it. And when I turned"—she stopped and moistened her lips with her tongue and her face was ghastly—"it was gone, Miss Smith. Gone!"

Now Tish isn't easy to frighten; but at that moment the appendix woman gave a groan, and she says her heart jumped and turned over in her chest. The nurses were all standing huddled together, and one of them kept looking over her shoulder.

"Gone!" said Miss Smith blankly, and sat down in a chair suddenly as if her legs had given way. "Wha-what have you done?"

"Sent for Jacobs, the night watchman," one of the nurses explained. "Doctor Grimm and Doctor Sands are in the operating room on a night case, and the medical internes had a row with Mr. Harrison and left last night. We'll be in nice shape if G ward gets busy!"



She Threw Her Small Traveling Clock at Miss Lewis

"What's G ward?" Tish asked, edging over to Miss Lewis.

"G ward?" said Miss Lewis coolly. "G ward is where the stork drops that part of the population that has only half the legal number of parents. You'll have to go back to bed, Miss Carberry."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" said Tish, and glared at her.

. . . . . .

Tish told us the rest of the story the next morning, sitting propped up in bed with Aggie on one side and me on the other. We'd brought her some creamed sweetbread, but she was so excited she could not eat. The change in her was horrible; she had passed through a crisis and she showed it.

"You'd better let us take you home, Tish," Aggie pleaded when Tish had finished. "This is no place for a nervous woman."

Tish took a mouthful of the sweetbread and made a face over it.

"Heavens!" she said. "It's easy seen salt's cheap! No, I am not going home. I will stay to see the end of this—if it's the end of me."

"Listen, Tish," Aggie said miserably. "Hasn't my advice always been good? Didn't I beg you on my bended knees not to buy that automobile? Didn't both Lizzie and I protest with tears against the motor boat—and you'll carry *that* scar till you die. And now—now it's spirits, Tish! Don't tell me it wasn't."

"Where's that Lewis woman?" was all Tish would say. "Speaking of spirits reminds me I haven't been rubbed with alcohol yet."



"And Now, Miss Smith, Would You Mind Telling Me Exactly What Happened Last Night?"

But I'd better tell Tish's story in her own words.

"Once for all, before I begin, Aggie," she ordered—Tish is a masterful woman—"you open the collar of your waist and put a pillow behind you. I'm not going to be broken in on in the middle of this by your fainting away. Faint if you want to, but get ready beforehand. Lewis is not usually round when she's wanted."

"I don't want to hear it if it's as bad as that," Aggie protested, opening the neck of her waist. "Lizzie, reach me that pillow."

"I don't know that I want to hear it myself, Tish," I said. "You'd better do as Aggie says and come home. You're a wreck this morning; and I've telephoned for Tommy Andrews."

Tommy is Tish's doctor, the son of her cousin, Eliza Peabody Andrews—a nice enough boy, but frivolous. He is on the visiting staff at the hospital and makes rounds once a day, I believe, with an attentive interne at his elbow and the prettiest nurse he can find carrying the order book.

Tish set the sweetbread on the bedside table with a bang and looked at me over her glasses.

"Don't be a fool, Lizzie!" she said. "Do you think Tommy Andrews can make me do anything I don't want to? Do you think the entire connection could move me one foot if I didn't want to go?"

"You can't spend another night here!" I put in somewhat feebly.

"Can't I?" she said grimly. "Not only I can and will, but you and Aggie are going to take turns here with me, night and night about, until this is cleared up. Mark my words, last night was not the end."

She turned over on her side then and proceeded to have her back rubbed with alcohol. And while Miss Lewis rubbed, Tish told us the story.

"Miss Lewis wanted me to go back to bed," she said when she had reached that point, "but I refused to go—You needn't take the skin off, Miss Lewis—I stood there in my gown and watched them making up their minds to go to the mortuary. That's up a narrow flight of stairs from this end of the hall, not far from this very room. Nobody was anxious to lead off, but Miss Blake seemed determined to go back and prove she hadn't been asleep; and at last they moved off huddled in a group and left me there—You haven't got a spite against my right shoulder, have you?—Miss Lewis followed them."

"I didn't," said Miss Lewis sourly. Tish turned and looked up at her over her shoulder.

"You looked as if you were going to—and you know it," she asserted. "And don't interrupt me—Miss Lewis followed; and, seeing I was going to be left alone and feeling somewhat creepy along the back, I followed her."

"Really ——" Miss Lewis began.

"We went up the staircase—and if you and Aggie go out and look you'll see how it leads. There's a hall up there, with a few private rooms along one side and a small ward across. The mortuary is up a flight of about eight steps—at the far end.

"The hall was dark and all the light came from the mortuary. The door was open, and it seemed bright and cheerful enough. I was feeling pretty sure the black-haired girl had dozed and had a dream, when I saw Miss Smith, who was in the lead, stoop and pick something up, and hold it out to the other nurses.

"'That's queer!' she said, and her eyes were fairly starting out of her head.

"'What is it?' said I, limping forward.

"The nurses were staring at the thing she held.

"'It's impossible,' she muttered; 'but—that's the bandage I tied Johnson's hands together with!' Miss Lewis, will you let Miss Pilkington sniff that alcohol for a moment?"

"Fiddle!" Aggie protested feebly. "I'm not at all upset." Then she put her head back on her pillow and fainted as Tish had arranged, with decency and order.

Well, to go on, it seemed that Tish began to lose her courage about that time; and when one of the braver nurses came running back, after a hasty look, and said that Miss Blake was right and there was no body in the mortuary, there was almost a stampede. And then it was, I believe, that heavy steps were heard on the staircase; and it proved to be Jacobs, the night watchman.

Now Tish was in her nightgown; and I fancy, though she never confessed it, she fell into some sort of a panic and darted into one of the empty rooms. She herself says

Miss Lewis pushed her in, out of sight, and closed the door; but Miss Lewis indignantly denies this.

"I stood inside the door, in the darkness," Tish said. "The night watchman was just outside, and I could hear plainly everything that was said. He didn't believe the body was gone and said so. I heard him go toward the mortuary and the young women follow him. I could feel a chair just beside me and my knee was jumping again; so I sat down.

"That was when I saw I'd stepped into an occupied room. There was a man in his nightclothes standing not ten feet away in the middle of the room, and I jumped up in a hurry.

"'Good heavens!' I said. 'I didn't know there was anybody here! You'll have to excuse me.'"

Tish is an extraordinary woman. She was apparently quite cool; but I happened to glance at Miss Lewis, and she was pouring a small stream of alcohol into the lap of Aggie's black broadcloth tailor-made. She was a pasty yellow-white.

"The man didn't say anything, though I could see him moving," Tish went on. "I thought he was rude. I got the door open and stepped into the hall—almost into the arms of the Blake girl.

"'Well, were you right?' I asked her.

"She nodded.

"'Absolutely gone—without a trace!' she said with a catch in her voice.

"'Maybe he wasn't dead,' I suggested. 'There's a lot of catalepsy round just now.'

"'He was dead,' she insisted. 'Quite dead. He's been dying for a week.'

"Well, what with the watchman and lights moving round, I wasn't so nervous as I had been, and I was pretty much interested.

"'Then there's one thing sure, my dear,' I said, 'he won't go far in that state. I'll just hobble down and get my wrapper on and we'll have a search. I stepped into that room in my nightgown, and I dare say the man in there nearly died himself—of the shock.'

"'The man in there!' she said. 'Why, all these rooms are empty, Miss Carberry.'

"We stood staring at each other.

"'There's a man in there,' I repeated. 'He stood up and stared at me when I went in.'

"She got very white, but she walked right over to the door and pushed it open. I saw her throw up her hands, and the next minute she had fallen flat on her face in the doorway and the night watchman was running toward us with a lighted candle."

Tish leaned over and moistened her lips with a drink of water.

"This bed's full of crumbs, Miss Lewis," she grumbled. "It's queer to me that the only part of this hospital toast that is crisp is the part I get in the bed!"

"For Heaven's sake, Tish," I said impatiently, "I suppose she didn't faint because there were crumbs in your bed!"

"No," Tish said, hitching herself to the other side of the mattress. "She fainted because the body of the missing Spiritualist was hanging by its neck to the chandelier, fastened up with a roller towel!"

"Dead?" Aggie asked, opening her eyes.

"Still dead," Tish replied grimly.

II

AGGIE was really frightfully upset. Aggie is rather emotional at any time; and, though she herself is a Methodist, her mother's only sister had been a believer in Spiritualism. They dug her up ten years after she died, to make room for somebody else, and Aggie's mother said her hair had grown to be fully ten feet long and was curly; whereas in life it had always been straight. We may sneer at Spiritualism all we want, but things like that are hard to account for.

Well, of course Aggie declared that no human hand had strung poor old Johnson to the chandelier by a roller towel round his neck; and, though Tish ridiculed the idea, she had to admit that the fourth dimension had never been accounted for and that table levitation was an accepted fact, even known to the ancients.

We sat there gloomy enough while Miss Lewis fixed Tish's hair and massaged her knee. In the middle of the massage Tommy Andrews came in whistling.

"Morning, Aunt Tish," he said. "Morning, Miss Aggie. Morning, Miss Lizzie. How's the knee? Looks as handsome as ever!"

"She's been walking on it," said Miss Lewis sourly, giving the knee an extra jab.

(Continued on Page 28)

A Match for Elkan Lubliner

MADE IN HEAVEN, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF MAX KAPFER

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

I WOULDN'T care if Elkan Lubliner was only eighteen even," declared Morris Rashkind emphatically; "he ain't too young to marry B. Maslik's a *Tochter*. There's a feller which he has got in improved property alone, understand me, an equity of a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and if you would count second mortgages and Bronix lots, Mr. Polatkin, the feller is worth easy his quarter of a million dollars."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin retorted. "With such a feller, he gives his daughter when she gets married five thousand dollars a second mortgage, understand me; and the most the *Kahlo* could expect is that some day he forecloses the mortgage and gets a deficiency judgment against a dummy bondsman which all his life he never got money enough to pay his laundry bills even!"

"*Oser a Stück!*" Rashkind protested. "He says to me, so sure as you are sitting there, 'Mr. Rashkind,' he says, 'my dear friend,' he says, 'Birdie is my only *Tochter;* I ain't got no other one,' he says, '*Gott sei Dank*,' he says; 'and the least I could do for her is five thousand dollars cash,' he says, 'in a certified check,' he says, 'before the feller goes under the *Chappah* at all.'"

"With a feller like B. Maslik," Polatkin commented, "it ain't necessary for him to talk that way, Rashkind, because if he wants to get an up-to-date business man for his daughter, understand me, he couldn't expect the feller is going to take chances on an uncertified check *oder* a promissory note."

"That's all right, Mr. Polatkin," Rashkind said. "B. Maslik's promissory note is just so good as his certified check, Mr. Polatkin. With that feller I wouldn't want his promissory note even. His word in the presence of a couple of bright, level-headed witnesses, which a lawyer couldn't rattle 'em on the stand, *verstehst du*, would be good enough for me, Mr. Polatkin. B. Maslik, y'understand, is absolutely good like diamonds, Mr. Polatkin."

"All right," Polatkin said. "I'll speak to Elkan about it. He'll be back from the road Saturday."

"Speak nothing," Rashkind cried excitedly. "Saturday would be too late. Everybody is working on this here proposition, Mr. Polatkin. Because the way property is so dead nowadays all the real-estaters tries to be a *Shadchen*, understand me; so, if you wouldn't want Miss Maslik to slip through Elkan's fingers, write him this afternoon yet. I got a fountain pen right here."



"Who's This Crazy Feller?" Scheikowitz Demanded

As he spoke he produced a fountain pen of formidable dimensions and handed it to Polatkin.

"I'll take the letter along with me and mail it," Rashkind continued as Marcus made a preliminary flourish.

"Tell him," Rashkind went on, "that the girl is something which you could really call beautiful."

"I wouldn't tell him nothing of the sort," Polatkin said, "because, in the first place, what for a *Schreiber* you think I am anyway? And, in the second place, Rashkind, Elkan is so full of business, understand me, if I would write him to come home on account this here Miss Maslik is such a good-looker he wouldn't come at all."

Rashkind shrugged.

"Go ahead, he said. "Do it your own way."

For more than five minutes Polatkin indited his message to Elkan and at last he inclosed it in an envelope.

"How would you spell Bridgetown?" he asked.

"Which Bridgetown?" Rashkind inquired—"Bridgetown, Pennsylvania, *oder* Bridgetown, Illinois?"

"What difference does that make?" Polatkin demanded.

"About the spelling it don't make no difference," Rashkind replied. "Bridgetown is spelt B-r-i-d-g-t-a-u-n all the world over; *oder* if it's Bridgetown, Pennsylvania, that's a very funny quincidence, on account I am just now talking to a feller which formerly keeps a store there by the name Flixman."

"Do you mean Julius Flixman?" Marcus asked as he licked the envelope.

"That's the feller," Rashkind said with a sigh as he pocketed the letter to Elkan. "It's a funny world, Mr. Polatkin. Him and me comes over together in one steamer yet, thirty years ago; and today if that feller's worth a cent he's worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Sure, I know," Marcus agreed; "and *Gott soll hüten* you and I should got what he's got it. He could drop down in the streets any moment, Rashkind." Rashkind nodded as he rose to his feet.

"In a way, it's his own fault," he said, "because a feller which he could afford to ride round in taxicabs yet ain't got no business walking the streets in his condition. I told him this morning: 'Julius,' I says, 'if I was one of your heirs,' I says to him, 'I wouldn't want nothing better as to see you hanging round the real-estate exchange, looking the way you look!' And he says to me: 'Rashkind,' he says, 'there is a whole lot worser things I could wish myself as you should be my heir,' he says. 'On account,' he says, 'if a *Schlemiel* like you would got a relation which

is going to leave you money, Rashkind,' he says, 'it would be just your luck that the relation dies one day after you do, even if you would live to be a hundred.'"

He walked toward the door and paused on the threshold.

"Yes, Mr. Polatkin," he concluded, "you could take it from me, if that feller's got heart disease, Mr. Polatkin, it ain't from overworking it. So I would ring you up tomorrow afternoon three o'clock and see if Elkan's come yet."

"I'm agreeable," Polatkin declared; "only one thing I got to ask you: you should keep your mouth shut to my partner, on account if he hears it that I am bringing back Elkan from the road just for this here Miss Muslik, understand me, he would never let me hear the end of it."

Rashkind made a reassuring gesture with his right arm after the fashion of a swimmer who employs the overhand stroke.

"What have I got to do with your partner?" he said as he started for the elevator. "If I meet him in the place I am selling buttons and you don't want to buy none. Ain't it?"

Polatkin nodded and turned to the examination of a pile of monthly statements by way of dismissing the marriage broker. Moreover, he felt impelled to devise some excuse for sending for Elkan, so that he might have it put upon the return from lunch of his partner, Philip Scheikowitz, who at that precise moment was seated in the rear of Wasserbauer's café, by the side of Charles Fischko.

"Yes, Mr. Scheikowitz," Fischko said, "if you would really got the feller's interest in heart, understand me, you wouldn't wait till Saturday at all. Write him today yet, because this proposition is something which you could really call remarkable, on account most girls which they got five thousand dollars dowries, Mr. Scheikowitz, ain't got five-thousand-dollar faces; *aber* this here Miss Maslik is something which when you are paying seventy-five cents a seat on theayter, understand me, you don't see such an elegant-looking *Gesicht*. She's a regular doll, Mr. Scheikowitz!"

"Sure, I know," Scheikowitz agreed; "that's the way it is with them dolls, Fischko—takes a fortune already to dress 'em."

Fischko flapped the air indignantly with both hands.

"That's where you are making a big mistake," he declared. "The Masliks got living in the house with 'em a girl which for years already she makes all Miss Maslik's dresses and Mrs. Maslik's also. B. Maslik told me so himself, Mr. Scheikowitz. He says to me: 'Fischko,' he says, 'my Birdie is a girl which she ain't accustomed she should got a lot of money spent on her,' he says; 'the five thousand dollars is practically net,' he says, 'on account his expenses would be small.'"

"Is she a good cook?" Scheikowitz asked.

"A good cook!" Fischko cried. "Listen here to me, Mr. Scheikowitz. You know that a *Shadchen* eats sometimes in pretty swell houses. Ain't it?"

Scheikowitz nodded.

"Well, I am telling you, Mr. Scheikowitz, so sure as I am sitting here, that I got in B. Maslik's last Tuesday a week ago already a piece of plain everyday *gefüllte Hechte*, Mr. Scheikowitz, which honestly, if you would go to Delmonico's *oder* the Waldorfer, understand me, you could pay as high as fifty cents for it, Mr. Scheikowitz, and it wouldn't be—I am not saying better—but so good even as that there *gefüllte Hechte* which I got it by B. Maslik."

Scheikowitz nodded again.

"All right, Fischko," he said, "I will write the boy so soon as I get back to the office yet; but one thing I must beg of you: don't say a word about this to my partner,



"The Fact is, Lublimer, You are Acting Like a Fool"

y'understand, because if he would hear that I am bringing home Elkan from the road just on account of this *Shidduch* you are proposing, understand me, he would make my life miserable."

Fischko shrugged his shoulders until his head nearly disappeared into his chest.

"What would I talk to your partner for, Mr. Scheikowitz?" he said. "I am looking to you in this here affair; so I would stop round the day after tomorrow afternoon, Mr. Scheikowitz, and if your partner asks me something a question, I would tell him I am selling thread *oder* buttons."

"Make it buttons," Scheikowitz commented, as he rose to his feet; "because we never buy buttons from nobody but the Prudential Button Company."

On his way back to his office Scheikowitz pondered a variety of reasons for writing Elkan to return, and he had tentatively adopted the most extravagant one when, within a hundred feet of his business premises, he encountered no less a personage than Julius Flixman.

"*Wie geht's*, Mr. Flixman?" he cried. "What brings you to New York?"

Flixman saluted Philip with a limp handclasp.

"I am living here now," he said. "I am giving up my store in Bridgetown *schon* six months ago already, on account I enjoyed such poor health there. So I sold out to a young feller by the name Max Kapfer, which was for years working by Paschalson, of Saraheuse; and I am living here, as I told you."

"With relations maybe?" Philip asked.

"*Yow*, relations!" Flixman replied. "I used to got one sister living in Bessarabia, Mr. Scheikowitz, and I ain't heard from her in more as thirty years, and I guess she is dead all right by this time. I am living at a hotel which I could assure you the prices they soak me is something terrible."

"And what are you doing round this neighborhood, Mr. Flixman?" Philip continued by way of making conversation.

"I was just over to see a lawyer over on Center Street," Flixman replied.

"A lawyer on Center Street!" Philip exclaimed. "A rich man like you should got a lawyer on Wall Street, Mr. Flixman. Henry D. Feldman is our lawyer, and ——"

"Don't mention that sucker to me!" Flixman interrupted. "Actually the feller is got the nerve to ask me a hundred dollars for drawing a will, and this here feller on Center Street wants only fifty. I bet yer if I would go round there tomorrow or the next day he takes twenty-five even."

"But a will is something which is really important, Mr. Flixman."

"Not to me it ain't, Scheikowitz, because, while I couldn't take my money with me, Scheikowitz, I ain't got no one to leave it to; so, if I wouldn't make a will it goes to the state—ain't it?"

"Maybe," Philip commented.

"So I am leaving it to a Talmud Torah School, which it certainly don't do no harm that all them young loafers over on the East Side should learn a little *Loschen Hakodesch*. Ain't it?"

"Sure not," Philip said.

"Well," Flixman concluded as he took a firmer grasp on his cane preparatory to departing, "that's the way it goes. If I would got children to leave my money to I would say: 'Yes; give the lawyer a hundred dollars.' But for a Talmud Torah School I would see 'em all dead first before I would pay fifty even."

He nodded savagely in farewell and shuffled off down the street, while Philip made his way toward the factory, with his half-formed excuse to his partner now entirely forgotten.

He tried in vain to recall it when he entered his office a few minutes later, but the sight of his partner spurred him to action and immediately he devised a new and better plan.

"Marcus," he said, "write Elkan at once he should come back to the store. I just seen Flixman on the street and he tells me he's got a young feller by the name Karpfer *oder* Kapfer now running his store; and," he continued in an access of inspiration, "the stock is awful run down there; so, if Elkan goes right back to Bridgetown with a line of low-priced goods he could do a big business with Kapfer."

Polatkin had long since concocted what he had conceived to be a perfectly good excuse for his letter and he had intended to lend it color by prefacing it with an abusive dissertation on "Wasting the Whole Afternoon over Lunch"; but Scheikowitz' greeting completely disarmed him. His jaw dropped and he gazed stupidly at his partner.

"What's the matter?" Scheikowitz cried. "Is it so strange we should bring Elkan back here for the chance of doing some more business? Three dollars carfare between here and Bridgetown wouldn't make or break us, Polatkin."

"Sure! Sure!" Marcus said at last. "I would—now—write him as soon as I get back from lunch."

"Write him right away!" Scheikowitz insisted; and, though Marcus had breakfasted before seven that morning and it was then half past two, he



"Actually the Feller is Got the Nerve to Ask Me a Hundred Dollars for Drawing a Will"

turned to his desk without further parley. There, for the second time that day, he penned a letter to Elkan; and, after exhibiting it to his partner, he inclosed it in an addressed envelope. Two minutes later he paused in front of Wasserbauer's café and, taking the missive from his pocket, tore it into small pieces and cast it into the gutter.

II

"I SUPPOSE, Elkan, you are wondering why we wrote you to come home from Bridgetown when you would be back on Saturday anyway," Scheikowitz began as Elkan laid down his suitcase in the firm's office the following afternoon.

"Naturally," Elkan replied. "I had an appointment for this morning to see a feller there, which we could open maybe a good account; a feller by the name Max Kapfer."

"Max Kapfer!" Polatkin and Scheikowitz exclaimed with one voice.

"That's what I said," Elkan repeated. "And in order I shouldn't lose the chance I got him to promise he would come down here this afternoon yet on a late train and we would pay his expenses."

"Do you mean Max Kapfer, the feller which took over Flixman's store?" Polatkin asked.

"There's only one Max Kapfer in Bridgetown," Elkan replied, and Polatkin immediately assumed a pose of righteous indignation.

"That's from yours an idee, Scheikowitz," he said. "Not only you make the boy trouble to come back to the store, but we also got to give this feller Kapfer his expenses yet."

"What are you kicking about?" Scheikowitz demanded. "You seemed agreeable to the proposition yesterday."

"I got to seem agreeable," Polatkin retorted as he started for the door of the factory, "otherwise it would be nothing but fight, fight, fight *wit* you, day in, day out."

He paused at the entrance and winked solemnly at Elkan.

"I am sick and tired of it," he concluded as he supplemented the wink with a significant frown, and when he passed into the factory Elkan followed him.

"What's the matter now?" Elkan asked anxiously.

"I want to speak to you a few words something," Polatkin began; but before he could continue Scheikowitz entered the factory.

"Did you got your lunch on the train, Elkan?" Scheikowitz said; "because, if not, come on out and we'll have a cup coffee together."

"Leave the boy alone, can't you?" Polatkin exclaimed.

"I'll go right out with you, Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkan said as he edged away to the rear of the factory. "Go and put on your hat and I'll be with you in a minute."

When Scheikowitz had reëntered the office Elkan turned to Marcus Polatkin.

"You ain't scrapping again," he said, "are you?"

"*Oser a Stück*," Polatkin answered. "We are friendly like lambs; but listen here to me, Elkan. I ain't got no time before he'll be back again, so I'll tell you. As a matter of fact, it was me that wrote you to come back, really. I got an elegant *Shidduch* for you."

"*Shidduch!*" Elkan exclaimed. "For me?"

"Sure," Polatkin whispered. "A fine-looking girl by the name Birdie Maslik, *mit* five thousand dollars. Don't say nothing to Scheikowitz about it."

"But," Elkan said, "I ain't looking for no *Shidduch*."

"S-ssh!" Polatkin hissed. "Her father is B. Maslik, the 'Pants King.' Tomorrow night you are going up to see her *mit* Rashkind, the *Shadchen*."

"What the devil you are talking about?" Elkan asked.

"Not a word," Polatkin whispered out of one corner of his mouth. "Here comes Scheikowitz—and remember, don't say nothing to him about it. Y'understand?"

Elkan nodded reluctantly as Scheikowitz reappeared from the office.

"Nu, Elkan," Scheikowitz demanded, "are you coming?"

"Right away," Elkan said, and together they proceeded downstairs.

"Well, Elkan," Scheikowitz began when they reached the sidewalk, "you must think we was crazy to send for you just on account of this here Kapfer. Ain't it?"

Elkan shrugged in reply.

"But, as a matter of fact," Scheikowitz continued, "Kapfer ain't got no more to do with it than Elia Hanové; and, even though Polatkin would be such a crank that I was afraid for my life to suggest such a thing, it was my idee you should come home, Elkan, because in a case like this delays is dangerous."

"Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkan pleaded, "do me the favor and don't go beating bushes round. What are you trying to drive into?"

"I am trying to drive into this, Elkan," Scheikowitz replied: "I have got for you an elegant *Shidduch*."

"*Shidduch!*" Elkan exclaimed. "For me? Why, Mr. Scheikowitz, I don't want no *Shidduch* yet a while; and anyhow, Mr. Scheikowitz, if I would get married I would be my own *Shadchen*."

"*Schmooes*, Elkan!" Scheikowitz exclaimed. "A feller which is his own *Shadchen* remains single all his life long."

"That suits me all right," Elkan commented as they reached Wasserbauer's. "I would remain single *und fertig*."

"What d'ye mean, you would remain single?" Scheikowitz cried. "Is some one willing to pay you five thousand dollars you should remain single, Elkan? *Oser* a *Stück*, Elkan; and, furthermore, this here Miss Birdie Maslik is got such a face, Elkan, which, honest, if she wouldn't have a cent to her name, understand me, you would say she is beautiful anyhow."

"Miss Birdie Maslik!" Elkan murmured.

"B. Maslik's a *Tochter*," Scheikowitz added; "and remember, Elkan, don't breathe a word of this to Polatkin, otherwise he would never get through talking about it. Moreover, you will go up to Maslik's house tomorrow night with Charles Fischko, the *Shadchen*."

"Now listen here to me, Mr. Scheikowitz," Elkan protested. "I ain't going nowheres with no *Shadchen*—and that's all there is to it."

"*Aber*, Elkan," Scheikowitz said, "this here Fischko ain't a *Shadchen* exactly. He's really a real-estater, *aber* real estate is so dead nowadays the feller must got to make a living somehow; so it ain't like you would be going somewheres *mit* a *Shadchen*, Elkan. Actually you are going somewheres *mit* a real-estater. Ain't it?"

"It don't make no difference," Elkan answered stubbornly. "If I would go and see a girl I would go alone, otherwise not at all. So, if you insist on it I should go and see this here Miss Maslik tomorrow night, Mr. Scheikowitz, I would do so, but not with Rashkind."

"Fischko," Scheikowitz interrupted.

"Fischko *oder* Rashkind," Elkan said—"that's all there is to it. And if I would get right back to the store I got just time to go up to the Prince Clarence and meet Max Kapfer; so you would excuse me if I skip."

"Think it over, Elkan," Scheikowitz called after him as Elkan left the café, and three-quarters of an hour later he entered Polatkin & Scheikowitz' showroom accompanied by a fashionably attired young man.

"Mr. Polatkin," Elkan said, "shake hands with Mr. Kapfer."

"How do you do, Mr. Kapfer?" Polatkin cried. "This here is my partner, Philip Scheikowitz."

"How do you do, Mr. Scheikowitz?" Kapfer said. "You are very conveniently located here. Right in the heart of things, so to speak. I see across the street is Bleimauer & Gittelmann. Them people was in to see me last week already and offered me a big bargain in velvet suits, but I was all stocked up along that line so I didn't hand them no orders."

"Velvet suits ain't our specialty at all," Polatkin replied; "but I bet yer if we never seen a velvet suit in all our lives, Mr. Kapfer, we could work you up a line of velvet suits which would make them velvet suits of Bleimauer & Gittelmann look like a bundle of rags."

"I don't doubt it," Kapfer rejoined; "but, as I said before, velvet suits I am all stocked up in as I couldn't afford to carry very many of 'em."

"That's all right," Polatkin said as he led the way to the showroom. "We got a line of garments here, Mr. Kapfer, which includes all prices and styles." He handed Max a large, mild cigar as he spoke. "So let's see if we couldn't suit you," he concluded.

For more than two hours Max Kapfer examined Polatkin & Scheikowitz' sample line and made so judicious a selection of moderate-priced garments that Polatkin could not forbear expressing his admiration, albeit the total amount of the purchase was not large.

"You certainly got the right buying idee, Mr. Kapfer," he said. "Them styles is really the best value we got."

"I know it," Kapfer agreed. "I was ten years with Paschalson, of Sarahcuse, Mr. Polatkin, and what I don't know about a popular-price line of ladies' ready-to-wear garments, underwear and millinery, Paschalson couldn't learn me. But that ain't what I'm after, Mr. Polatkin. I'd like to do some high-price business too. If I had the capital I would improve my store building and put in new fixtures, understand me, and I could increase my business seventy-five per cent and carry a better class of goods too."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin said as they returned to the office. "Everybody needs more capital, Mr. Kapfer. We ourselves could do with a few thousand dollars more."

He looked significantly at Elkan, who colored slightly as he recognized the allusion.

"I bet yer," Scheikowitz added fervently. "Five thousand dollars would be welcome to us also." He nodded almost imperceptibly at Elkan, who forthwith broke into a gentle perspiration.

"Five thousand was just the figure I was thinking of myself," Kapfer said. "With five thousand dollars I could do wonders in Bridgetown, Mr. Scheikowitz."

"I'm surprised Flixman don't help you out a bit," Elkan suggested by way of changing the subject, and Kapfer emitted a mirthless laugh.

"That bloodsucker!" he said. "Why, when I bought his store, Mr. Scheikowitz, he took from me in part payment notes at two, four and six months; and, though I got the cash ready to pay him the last note, which it falls due this week already, I asked him he should give me two months an extension, on account I want to put in a few fixtures on the second floor. Do you think that feller would do it? He's got a heart like a rock, Mr. Polatkin; and any one which could get from him his money must got to blast it out of him with dynamite yet."

Polatkin nodded solemnly.

"You couldn't tell me nothing about Flixman," he said as he offered Kapfer a consolatory cigar. "It's wasting your lungs to talk about such a feller at all; so let's go ahead and finish up this order, Mr. Kapfer, and afterward Elkan would go uptown with you." He motioned Kapfer to a seat and then looked at his watch. "I didn't got no idee it was so late," he said. "Scheikowitz, do me the favor and go over Mr. Kapfer's order with him while I give a look outside and see what's doing in the shop."

As he walked toward the door he jerked his head sideways at Elkan, who a moment later followed him into the factory.

"Listen, Elkan," he began. "While you and Scheikowitz was out for your coffee, Rashkind rings me up and says you should meet him on the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Lenox Avenue tonight—not tomorrow night—at eight o'clock sure."

"But Kapfer ain't going back to Bridgetown tonight," Elkan protested. "He told me so himself on account he is got still to buy underwear, millinery and shoes."

"What is that our business?" Polatkin asked. "He's already bought from us all he's going to; so, if he stays here, let them underwear and millinery people entertain him. Blow him to dinner and that would be plenty."

Once more Elkan shrugged despairingly.

"You didn't say nothing to Scheikowitz about it, did you?" Polatkin inquired.

"Sure I didn't say nothing to him about it," Elkan said; "because ——"

"Elkan," Scheikowitz called from the office, "Mr. Kapfer is waiting for you."

Elkan had been about to disclose the conversation between himself and Scheikowitz at Wasserbauer's that afternoon, but Marcus, at the appearance of his partner, turned abruptly and walked into the cutting-room; and thus, when Elkan accompanied Max Kapfer uptown that evening, his manner was so preoccupied by reason of his dilemma that Kapfer was constrained to comment on it.

"What's worrying you, Lubliner?" he asked as they seated themselves in the café of the Prince Clarence. "You look like you was figuring out the interest on the money you owe."

"I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Kapfer," Elkan began—"I would like to ask you an advice about something."

"Go as far as you like," Kapfer replied. "It don't make no difference if a feller would be broke *oder* in jail, he could always give somebody advice."

"Well, it's like this," Elkan said, and forthwith he unfolded the circumstances attending his return from Bridgetown.

"*Nu!*" Kapfer commented when Elkan concluded his narrative. "What is that for something to worry about?"

"But the idee of the thing is wrong," Elkan protested. "In the first place, I got lots of time to get married, on account I am only twenty-one, Mr. Kapfer; and though a feller couldn't start in too early in business, Mr. Kapfer, getting married is something else again. To my mind a feller should be anyhow twenty-five before he jumps right in and gets married."

"With some people, yes, and others, no," Kapfer rejoined.

"And in the second place," Elkan went on, "I don't like this here *Shadchen* business. We are living in America, not *Russland*; and in America if a feller gets married he don't need no help from a *Shadchen*, Mr. Kapfer."

"No," Kapfer said, "he don't need no help, Lubliner; but, just the same, if some one would come to me any time these five years and says to me, here is something a nice girl, understand me, with five thousand dollars, y'understand, I would have been married *schon* long since already." He cleared his throat judicially and sat back in his chair until it rested against the wall. "The fact is, Lubliner," he said, "you are acting like a fool. What harm would it do supposing you would go up there tonight with this here Rashkind?"

"What, and go there tomorrow night with Fischko!" Elkan exclaimed. "Besides, if I would go up there tonight with Rashkind and the deal is closed, understand me, might Fischko would sue Mr. Scheikowitz in the court yet."

"Not at all," Kapfer declared. "Fischko couldn't sue nobody but B. Maslik; so never mind waiting here for dinner. Hustle uptown and keep your date with Rashkind." He shook Elkan by the hand. "Good luck to you, Lubliner," he concluded heartily; "and if you got the time stop in on your way down tomorrow morning and let me know how you come out."



"You Mean to Say You Got to Do Washing Here?"

III

WHEN Elkan Lubliner arrived at the corner of One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Lenox Avenue that evening it might well be supposed that he would have difficulty in recognizing Mr. Rashkind, since neither he nor Rashkind had any previous acquaintance. However,

he accosted without hesitation a short, stout person arrayed in a wrinkled frock coat and wearing the white tie and gold spectacles that invariably garb the members of such quasi-clerical professions as a *Shadchen*, a sexton or the collector of subscriptions for a charitable institution. Indeed, as Rashkind combined all three of these callings with the occupation of a real-estate broker, he also sported a high silk hat of uncertain vintage and a watch-chain bearing a Masonic emblem approximating in weight and size a tailor's goose.

"This is Mr. Rashkind, ain't it?" Elkan asked, and Rashkind bowed solemnly.

"My name is Mr. Lubliner," Elkan continued, "and Mr. Polatkin says you would be here at eight."

For answer Mr. Rashkind drew from his waistcoat pocket what appeared to be a six-ounce boxing glove, but which subsequently proved to be the chamois covering of his gold watch, the gift of Rambam Lodge, No. 142, I. O. M. A. This Mr. Rashkind consulted with knit brows.

"That's right," he said, returning the watch and its covering to his pocket—"eight o'clock to the minute; so I guess we would just so well go round to B. Maslik's house if you ain't got no objections."

"I'm agreeable," Elkan said; "but, before we start, you should please be so good and tell me what I must got to do."

"What you must got to do!" Rashkind exclaimed. "A question! You mustn't got to do nothing. Act natural and leave the rest to me."

"But," Elkan insisted as they proceeded down Lenox Avenue, "shouldn't I say something to the girl?"

"Sure, you should say something to the girl," Rashkind replied; "but, if you couldn't find something to say to a girl like Miss Birdie Maslik, all I could tell you is you're a bigger *Schlemiel* than you look."

With this encouraging ultimatum, Mr. Rashkind entered the portals of a hallway that glittered with lacquered bronze and plaster porphyry, and before Elkan had time to ask any more questions he found himself seated with Mr. Rashkind in the front parlor of a large apartment on the seventh floor.

"Mr. Maslik says you should be so good and step into the dining room," the maid said to Mr. Rashkind. Forthwith he rose to his feet and left Elkan alone in the room, save for the presence of the maid, who drew down the shades and smiled encouragingly on Elkan.

"Ain't it a fine weather?" she asked.

Elkan looked up, and he could not resist smiling in return.

"Elegant," he replied. "It don't seem like summer was ever going to quit."

"It couldn't last too long for me," the maid continued. "Might some people would enjoy cold weather maybe; but when it comes to going up on the roof, understand me, and hanging out a big wash, the summer is good enough for me."

Elkan gazed for a moment at her oval face, with its kindly, intelligent brown eyes.

"You mean to say you got to do washing here?" he asked in shocked accents.

"Sure I do," she replied; "*aber* this winter I am going to night school again and next summer might I would get a job as bookkeeper maybe."

"But why don't you get a job in a store somewheres?" he asked.

"I see myself working in a store all day, standing on my feet yet, and when I get through all my wages goes for board!" she replied. "Whereas, here I got anyhow a good room and board, and all what I earn I could put away in savings bank. I worked in a store long enough, Mr. ——"

"Lubliner," Elkan said.

"—— Mr. Lubliner; and I could assure you I would a whole lot sooner do housework," she went on. "Why should a girl think it's a disgrace she should do housework for a living is more as I could tell you. Sooner or later a girl gets married, and then she must got to do her own housework."

"Not if her husband makes a good living," Elkan suggested.

"Sure, I know," she rejoined; "but how many girls which they are working in stores gets not a rich man, understand me, but a man which is only making, say, for example, thirty dollars a week. The most that a poor girl expects is that she marries a poor man, y'understand, and then they work their way up together."

Elkan nodded. Unconsciously he was indorsing not so much the matter as the manner of her conversation, for she spoke with the low voice that distinguishes the Rumanian from the Pole or Lithuanian.

"You are coming from Rumania, ain't it?" Elkan asked.

"Pretty near there," the maid replied. "Right on the border. I am coming here an orphan five years ago; and ——"

"Nu, Lubliner," cried a rasping voice from the doorway, "we got our appointment for nothing—Miss Maslik is sick."

"That's too bad," Elkan said perfunctorily.

"Only a little something she eats gives her a headache," Rashkind went on. "We could come round the day after tomorrow night."



"My Name is Elkan, Liebchen, and We Would Send All the Heavy Washing Out"

"That's too bad also," Elkan commented, "on account the day after tomorrow night I got a date with a customer."

"Well, anyhow, B. Maslik would be in in a minute and ——"

Elkan rose to his feet so abruptly that he nearly sent his chair through a cabinet behind him.

"If I want to be here Friday night," he said, "I must see my customer tonight yet; so, young lady, if you would be so kind to tell Mr. Maslik I couldn't wait, but would be here Friday night with this here—now—gentleman. Come on, Rashkind."

He started for the hall door almost on a run, with Rashkind gesticulating excitedly behind him; but, before the *Shadchen* could even grasp his coattails he had let himself hurriedly out and was taking the stairs three at a jump.

"Hey!" Rashkind shouted as he plunged down the steps after Elkan. "What's the matter with you? Don't you want to meet Mr. Maslik?"

Elkan only hurried the faster, however, for in the few minutes he had been alone in the room with the little brown-eyed maid he had made the discovery that marriage with the aid of a *Shadchen* was impossible for him. Simultaneously he conceived the notion that marriage without the aid of a *Shadchen* might, after all, be well worth trying; and, as this idea loomed in his mind, his pace slackened until the *Shadchen* overtook him at the corner of One Hundred and Sixteenth Street.

"Say, lookyhere, Lubliner!" Rashkind said. "What is the matter with you anyway?"

Elkan professed to misunderstand the question.

"I've lost my address book," he said. "I had it in my hand when you left me alone there and I must of forgotten it; so I guess I'll go back and get it."

"All right," Rashkind replied. "I'll go with you."

Elkan wheeled round and glared viciously at the *Shadchen*.

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" he roared. "You get right down them subway steps or I wouldn't come up with you Friday night."

"But what harm ——" Rashkind began, when Elkan seized him by the shoulder and led him firmly downstairs to the ticket office. There Elkan bought a ticket and, dropping it in the chopper's box, he pushed Rashkind on to the platform. A few minutes later a downtown express bore the *Shadchen* away and Elkan ascended the stairs in three tremendous bounds. Unwaveringly he started up the street for B. Maslik's apartment house, where, by the simple expedient of handing the elevator boy a quarter, he averted the formality of being announced. Thus, when he rang the doorbell of B. Maslik's flat, though it was opened by the little brown-eyed maid in person, she had discarded the white apron and cap that she had worn a few minutes before, and her hair was fluffed up in becoming disorder.

"You was telling me you are coming originally from somewheres near Rumania," Elkan began without further preface, "and—why, what's the matter? You've been crying?"

She put her fingers to her lips and closed the door softly behind her. "They says I didn't got no business talking to you at all," she replied, "and they called me down something terrible!"

Elkan's eyes flashed angrily.

"Who calls you down?" he demanded.

"Mr. and Mrs. Maslik," she answered; "and they says I ain't got no shame at all!"

She struggled bravely to retain her composure; but just one little half-strangled sob escaped her, and forthwith Elkan felt internally a peculiar sinking sensation.

"What, do they mean you ain't got no shame?" he protested. "I got a right to talk to you and you got a right to talk to me—ain't it?"

She nodded and sobbed again, whereat Elkan winced and dug his nails into the palms of his hands.

"Listen!" he pleaded. "Don't worry yourself at all. After this I wouldn't got no use for them people. I didn't come here on my own account in the first place, but ——"

Here he paused.

"But what?" the little maid asked.

"But I'm glad I came now," Elkan went on defiantly, "and I don't care who knows it. *Wir sind alles Jehudim*, anyhow, and one is just as good as the other."

"Better even," she said. "What was B. Maslik in the old country? He could *oser* sign his name when he came here, while I am anyhow from decent, respectable people, Mr. Lubliner."

"I don't doubt it," Elkan replied.

"My father was a learned man, Mr. Lubliner; but that don't save him. One day he goes to Kishinef on business, Mr. Lubliner, and ——"

Here her composure entirely forsook her and she covered her face with her hands and wept. Elkan struggled with himself no longer. He took the little maid in his arms and, as it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do, she laid her head against his shoulder and had her whole cry out.

Elkan spoke no word, but patted her shoulder gently with his right hand.

"I guess I'm acting like a baby, Mr. Lubliner," she said, after a quarter of an hour had elapsed. To Elkan it seemed like an acquaintance of many months as he clasped her more closely.

"My name is Elkan, *Liebchen*," he said, "and we would send all the heavy washing out."

IV

"WELL, Lubliner," Kapfer cried as Elkan came into the café of the Prince Clarence the following morning, "you didn't like her—what?"

"Didn't like her!" Elkan exclaimed. "What d'ye mean I didn't like her?"

"Why, the way you look, I take it you had a pretty rotten time last night," Kapfer rejoined.

"What are you talking about—rotten time?" Elkan protested. "The only thing is I feel so happy I didn't sleep a wink, that's all."

Kapfer jumped to his feet and slapped Elkan on the shoulder.

"Do you mean you're engaged!" he asked.

"Sure!" Elkan replied.

"Then I congradulate you a thousand times," Kapfer said gleefully.

"Once is plenty," Elkan replied.

"No, it ain't," Kapfer rejoined. "You should got to be congradulated more as you think, because this morning I am talking to a feller in the clothing business here and he says B. Maslik is richer as most people believe. The feller says he is easy worth a quarter of a million dollars."

"What's that got to do with it?" Elkan asked.

"What's that got to do with it!" Kapfer repeated. "Why, it's got everything to do with it, considering you are engaged to his only daughter."

"I am engaged to his only daughter! Who told you that, Mr. Kapfer?"

"Why, you did!" Kapfer said.

"I never said nothing of the kind," Elkan declared, "because I ain't engaged to Miss Maslik at all; in fact, I never even seen her."

Kapfer gazed earnestly at Elkan and then sat down suddenly.

"Say, lookyhere, Lubliner," he said. "Are you crazy or am I? Last night you says you are going up with a *Shadchen* to see Birdie Maslik, and now you tell me you are engaged, but not to Miss Maslik."

"That's right," Elkan replied.

"Then who in thunder are you engaged to?"

"That's just the point," Elkan said as he passed his hand through his hair. "I ain't slept a wink all night on account of it; in fact, this morning I wondered should I go round there and ask—and then I thought to myself I would get from you an advice first."

"Get from me an advice!" Kapfer exclaimed. "You mean you are engaged to a girl and you don't know her name, and so you come down here to ask me an advice as to how you should find out her name?"

Elkan nodded sadly and leaned his elbow on the table.

"It's like this," he said; and for more than half an hour he regaled Kapfer with a story that, stripped of descriptive and irrelevant material concerning Elkan's own feelings in the matter, ought to have taken only five minutes in the telling.

"And that's the way it is, Mr. Kapfer," Elkan concluded. "I don't know her name; but a poor little girl like her, which she is so good—and so—and so ——"

Here he became all choked up and Kapfer handed him a cigar.

"Don't go into that again, Lubliner," Kapfer said; "you told me how good she is six times already. The point is you are in a hole and you want me I should help you out—ain't it?"

Elkan nodded wearily.

"Well, then, my advice to you is: *Steigen*," Kapfer continued. "Don't say a word about this to nobody until you would, anyhow, find out the girl's name."

"I wasn't going to," Elkan replied; "but there's something else, Mr. Kapfer. Tonight I am to meet this here other *Shadcken* by the name Fischko, who is going to take me up to Maslik's house."

"But I thought Miss Maslik was sick," Kapfer said.

"She was sick," Elkan answered, "but she would be better by tonight. So that's the way it stands. If I would go downtown now and explain to Mr. Scheikowitz that I am not going up there tonight and that I was there last night—and ——" Here Elkan paused and made an expressive gesture with both hands. "The fact is," he almost whimpered, "the whole thing is such a *Mischmasch* I feel like I was going crazy!"

Kapfer leaned across the table and patted him consolingly on the arm.

"Don't make yourself sick over it," he advised. "Put it up to Polatkin. You don't got to keep Scheikowitz' idee a secret now, Lubliner, because sooner or later Polatkin must got to find it out. So you should let Polatkin know how you was up there last night, and that Rashkind wants you to go up there Friday night on account Miss Maslik was sick, and leave it to Polatkin to flag Scheikowitz and this here Fischko."

"But ——" Elkan began, when the strange expression of Kapfer's face made him pause. Indeed, before he could proceed further, Kapfer jumped up from his chair.

"Cheese it!" he said. "Here comes Polatkin."

As he spoke, Polatkin caught sight of them and almost ran across the room.

"Elkan!" he exclaimed. "*Gottsei Dank* I found you here."

"What's the matter?" Elkan asked.

Polatkin drew forward a chair and they all sat down.

"I just had a terrible fuss with Scheikowitz," he said. "This morning, when I got downtown, I thought I would tell him what I brought you back for; so I says to him: 'Philip,' I says, 'I want to tell you something,' I says. 'I got an elegant *Shidduch* for Elkan.'" He stopped and let his hand fall with a loud smack on his thigh. "Oo-ee!" he exclaimed. "What a row that feller made it! You would think, Elkan, I told him I got a pistol to shoot you with, the way he acts. I didn't even got the opportunity to tell him who the *Shidduch* was. He tells me I should mind my own business and calls me such names which honestly I wouldn't call a shipping clerk even. And what else d'ye think he says?"

Elkan and Kapfer shook their heads.

"Why, he says that tonight, at eight o'clock, he himself is going to have a *Shadcken* by the name Fischko take you up to see a girl in Harlem which the name he didn't tell me at all; but he says she's got five thousand dollars a dowry. Did he say to you anything about it, Elkan?"

"The first I hear of it!" Elkan replied in husky tones as he averted his eyes from Polatkin. "Why, I wouldn't know the feller Fischko if he stood before me now, and he wouldn't know me neither."

"Didn't he tell you her name?" Kapfer asked cautiously.

"No," Polatkin replied, "because I says right away that the girl I had in mind would got a dowry of five thousand too; and then and there Scheikowitz gets so mad he smashes a chair on us—one of them new ones we just bought, Elkan. So I didn't say nothing more, but I rung up Rashkind right away and asks him how things turns out, and he says nothing is settled yet."

Elkan nodded guiltily.

"So I got an idee," Polatkin continued. "I thought, Elkan, we would do this: Don't come downtown today at all, and tonight I would go up and meet Fischko and tell him you are practically engaged and the whole thing is off. Also I would *schenk* the feller a ten-dollar bill he shouldn't bother us again."

Elkan grasped the edge of the table. He felt as if consciousness were slipping away from him, when suddenly Kapfer emitted a loud exclamation.

"By jiminy!" he cried. "I got an idee! Why shouldn't I go up there and meet this here Fischko?"

"You go up there?" Polatkin said.

"Sure; why not? A nice girl like Miss—whatever her name is—ain't too good for me, Mr. Polatkin. I got a good business there in Bridgetown, and ——"

"But I don't know what for a girl she is at all," Polatkin protested.

"She's got anyhow five thousand dollars," Kapfer retorted, "and when a girl's got five thousand dollars, Mr. Polatkin, beauty ain't even skin-deep."

"Sure, I know," Polatkin agreed; "but so soon as you see Fischko and tell him you ain't Elkan Lubliner he would refuse to take you round to see the girl at all."

"Leave that to me," Kapfer declared. "D'ye know what I'll tell him?" He looked hard at Elkan Lubliner before he continued. "I'll tell him," he said, "that Elkan is already engaged."

"Already engaged!" Polatkin cried.

"Sure!" Kapfer said—"secretly engaged unbeknownst to everybody."

"But right away tomorrow morning Fischko would come down and tell Scheikowitz that you says Elkan is secretly engaged, and Scheikowitz would know the whole thing was a fake and that I am at the bottom of it."

"No, he wouldn't," Kapfer rejoined, "because Elkan would then and there say that he is secretly engaged and that would let you out."

"Sure it would," Polatkin agreed; "and then Scheikowitz would want to kill Elkan."

Suddenly Elkan struck the table with his clenched fist.

"I've got the idee!" he said. "I wouldn't come downtown till Saturday—because we will say, for example, I am sick. Then, when Fischko says I am secretly engaged, you can say you don't know nothing about it; and by the time I come down on Saturday morning I would be engaged all right, and nobody could do nothing any more."

"That's true too," Kapfer said, "because your date with Rashkind is for tomorrow night and by Saturday the whole thing would be over."

Polatkin nodded doubtfully, but after a quarter of an hour's earnest discussion he was convinced of the wisdom of Elkan's plan.

"All right, Elkan," he said at last. "Be down early on Saturday."

"Eight o'clock sure," Elkan replied as he shook Polatkin's hand; "and by that time I hope you'll congradulate me on my engagement."

"I hope so," Polatkin said.

(Continued on Page 44)

Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

POINTERS IN PROFITS FROM THE THRIFTY PORTUGUESE

By Forrest Crissey

THAT a nation of seafaring people should furnish America with a colony of landsmen whose skill in agriculture is distinct and conspicuous seems a strange contradiction; yet the fact remains that, as practical farmers, the Portuguese of the Pacific Coast—who are almost exclusively from the islands of the Azores—have few peers.

In the old days of plunder and adventure on the high seas no pirate crew was quite complete without a sprinkling of these swarthy islanders. The annals of buccaneering bristle with the bloodthirsty doings of these dark men recruited from the Azores; but times have changed, and today you may visit whole sections of the Pacific slope peopled by these Portuguese islanders and listen to scores of personal stories of how sea legs have been trained into steady plow legs, and of the individual transformation of ocean wanderers into plodding farmers, who are disinclined to stray further from their homes than they can drive with their own teams.

Land hunger is a ruling passion with the Portuguese; and men of this blood, who have spent their youth on the decks of whalers and trading ships plowing the remote reaches of the high seas, are those who, once settled on the soil, have made the largest fortunes from plowing the land. Men of this stamp own the major part of the best tillable soil in San Leandro and Haywards, near suburbs of Oakland, California; and the Portuguese are scattered throughout the state to the number of about sixty thousand. Few of them go to the cities; they strike for the soil as soon as they arrive, and only death seems able to dislodge them from the land.

Has the native American farmer anything to learn from the methods of the Portuguese? He can hardly miss learning something worth while on the farm of any Portuguese who has acquired a property of his own; but he will have to use his eyes rather than his tongue to do so, for the man transplanted from the Azores—where sixty per cent of the peasantry is illiterate—does not trust himself readily in conversation with an American. However, let this question be answered by an incident.



Live-Wood Bolts Near the Crotch of an Apple Tree

Pointing to a steep hill, the sides of which were set with orderly rows of apple trees and the top capped with a tiny vineyard, a native son of Santa Cruz County exclaimed:

"Nobody but an Old World alien would cultivate a hill like that. Perpendicular farming is too much for us native sons or any man of Western birth. Plowing and cultivating level land is hard enough work for us."

"What kind of an alien runs this farm?" he was asked.

"Probably a Portuguese. From the amount of plain hard work that shows on the place, I should judge so. It's all right to be looking for new or novel methods of growing things; but don't let that kind of a search keep you from seeing the biggest thing that the average American farmer can learn from the Portuguese who have come over here—and that is the lesson of tremendous thoroughness! On a farm that is only another name for incessant hard work. Miss this and you miss the main thing; but perhaps you'll find something in the way of individual methods as well. Let's stop and see."

Not a dozen paces had been taken between the rows of clean young orchard trees in early bearing before the searcher for new methods stopped. Before him was a shapely bellflower apple tree, the opposite branches of which were connected, some two feet above the main crotch, by a brace or rod of living wood! There being four main branches in the head of this tree, two of these live-wood rods intersected each other at right angles, one about three inches above the other. The twisted appearance of the bark on these natural bolts told the story of how they had been formed. The ends of two sprouts—one from each branch—had been overlapped, twisted about each other and bound together when the tree was young. In time they had grown together into a strong

but semipliant brace of living wood that gave far greater power of wind resistance than the iron rod often used by careful orchardists to prevent breakage and splitting, because of being yielding instead of rigid, and because the limbs of the tree were not weakened by the holes necessary for the insertion of the iron rod.

Some of these live-wood braces were found to be as thick as a man's wrist. Higher up, in the head of the tree, were several other braces of the same sort, but still more flexible and ropelike. These had evidently been formed after the tree had reached a much more advanced stage of growth. When seen for the first time these live-wood braces are almost certain to compel the exclamation: "Why wasn't that thought of a hundred years ago? It's so simple!" No explanation is needed to convince the observer of the thorough practicability of this clever horticultural device. To look upon a tree equipped with these natural bolts and ropes—part and parcel of its own living fiber—is instantly to understand the kind and quality of resistance that it would offer against a high wind or a heavy storm; the supple strength with which each branch would at once support and accommodate the other branches, all the members of the head yielding and resisting together.

Only the man who is familiar with modern commercial orchards, crowded to the highest point of production by intensive methods, is able to appreciate the weight that a comparatively slender tree is required to support when carrying its full burden of nearly matured fruit. And the master of such an orchard will support the statement that the placing of props under those weighted branches is not only a laborious task but one requiring no little skill and judgment when rightly done—for a prop wrongly placed is likely to invite the breaking of a heavily burdened limb rather than prevent it. Few trees in good commercial orchards that have come into full bearing require less than five props, and some trees demand twice and three times that number. There are generally about fifty trees to the acre in a commercial orchard, where the trees are thirty feet apart; and this would mean the cutting and placing of at least twenty-five hundred props in a bearing orchard of only ten acres!

Progressive People

TO START a live-wood brace by the joining of two twigs or young branches requires less trouble than the cutting and placing of a single prop; the natural brace is placed for the entire life of the tree, while the artificial prop must be removed and replaced each year.

Again, as the tree grows older its liability to splitting at the crotch increases and the careful orchardist often will feel himself forced to take measures of prevention in the form of iron rods connecting the main branches. These rods are expensive and so is the labor of fitting them. The live-wood bolt grows with the tree and is largest and strongest when the tree reaches its time of greatest need.

As the scout for new farming methods stood in admiration before a tree equipped with a set of these live-wood supports, the native son who was with him remarked:

"I don't know that this thing was invented by the Portuguese or that the idea of it was brought over from the Azores—very likely not; but you may depend upon it that every Portuguese orchardist in this whole valley is on to the trick, and is not only using it but is doing so to the limit. That's the nature of the race. They're sharp—and nobody has to show them a clever thing in the line of better farming methods the second time. They are keen for the really practical things and few of that sort get past them. When one Portuguese has found a better method of doing something worth while, you may depend upon it that the others of his blood will have it in short order and that it will run through the whole settlement. They get their information from each other by personal contact—by first-hand observation and word-of-mouth, not from the printed page. And even if the men and women who were born in the Azores are often strangers to the mysteries of print, they are strong supporters of the public schools!"

S. Davies, the Portuguese who planted this orchard twelve years ago, declares:

"Uncle Sam good flag. A man don't like, he ought not to live."

The visitor who travels the public highways of Merced County, California, is practically sure to encounter a little caravan that tells an interesting story of Portuguese thrift and resourcefulness. Incidentally, too, it reveals the fact that these men from the Azores are always ready to meet the demands of changing conditions without resisting the march of progress, for fear their own toes are going to be stepped on in the process of readjustment.

This caravan usually consists of a dark man or boy, a yellow dog and about two thousand sheep. The stranger meeting this band is inclined to think that the sheep are being transferred from one grazing ground to another, are being driven to market or are on their way to be delivered to a new owner.

"There," exclaimed a Merced County man with whom I was riding, "is an example of Portuguese methods that is worth the attention of any American in almost any part of the country. This district through here is rapidly changing from a range country to a farming country. Every few miles you'll run across a new irrigation canal with freshly cut laterals. Now a big change like this is all right for the man who is financially fixed to meet the new demands, but it plays hob with the small man who has started in under the old and easier conditions, and who hasn't made enough money to meet the new demands and change his whole style of farming. Suppose you had come in here when this was all range country, had bought a little place and started into the sheep business—knowing that you could have all the range you might need on which to graze your flocks for nothing, or next to nothing. You are just getting a nice start when along comes the band-wagon of agricultural progress in the shape of a big irrigation project, and you are told that your free or cheap range is to be cut up into farms and practically closed out. In addition to this, you could see a lot of unexpected expenses loaded on your back. You'd fight, wouldn't you? Almost any American in that situation would do all he could to stave off the change for a little while, at any rate.

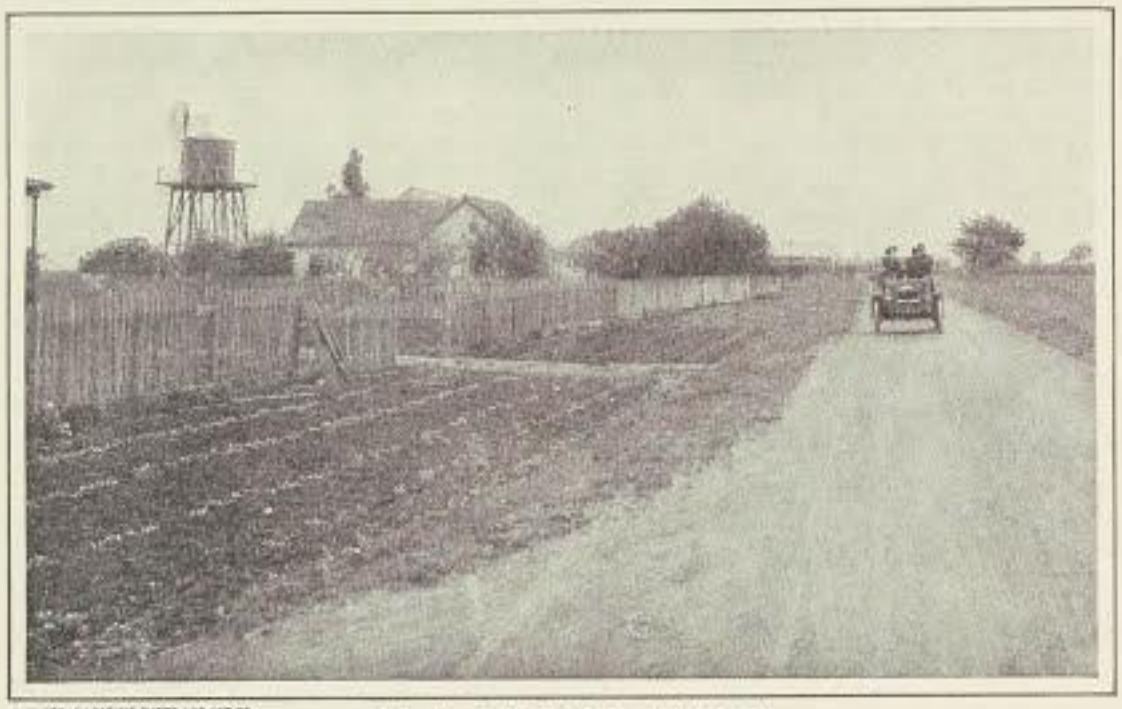


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A Roadway That Has Been Cultivated

"Well, many Portuguese were in just that situation when the transition from range to irrigation farming struck this section. They had drifted in here as sheepherders and hired hands on the ranches—many of them working for fifteen dollars a month at the start. They all have a natural liking for animals, and stock in their hands always thrives. As soon as the ranch-owners found this out they encouraged the firstcomers to send back to the Azores for their husky young relatives. Then, when these earlier ones had learned the country and the business and had saved their wages for a few years, they started to get land of their own by paying a little down and giving a mortgage for the remainder. The ranch-owners were willing to accommodate them, because they wanted to keep up the supply of Portuguese help, and because they knew them to be thrifty and natural farmers.

"When the hour struck to change this section from a range to an irrigated country, however, many Americans felt that the Portuguese settlers would oppose the change so far as they could; that they would naturally be against it, and that it would work considerable hardship to some if not all of them, on account of pinching out the range.

"Right there is where we made a mistake in our figuring. Almost to a man the Portuguese were for the irrigation project that covered their particular locality. They welcomed it and said that they'd raise alfalfa and keep dairies of blooded stock. And when we wanted to know what about their flocks they smiled and said: 'Keep sheep too.' And they did! As soon as fences and irrigating canals invaded a Portuguese settlement, these small flocks of sheep began to appear on the public highways. One old man or a young lad, with a good dog, can handle two thousand sheep easily; and the dog is the big end of the combination every time. Their range does not cost them a cent except for the time of the herder—and it makes a fine job for the young boy or the old man of the family, who is not able to do a man's work in the field.

"They move these flocks about four miles a day and plan their progress so as to camp at night alongside an irrigation canal. A flock is seldom taken more than twenty miles from home. When they get about that distance away they take a road at right angles and keep on turning until they finally reach home again, where they stop just long enough to allow the herdsman to see the folks and stock up for a return trip over the same circuit. I know of one flock of two thousand sheep that does not go outside of a district comprising fifty square miles.

"There seems to be a general understanding among them as to the limits of each man's range. I've never heard of a quarrel among them on this score. Nor do I know of a single Portuguese who has felt obliged to cut down the size of his flock to any material extent because the coming of irrigation has pinched out the big range. The sheep do amazingly well on this roadside range.

"But this clever trick of our Portuguese friends has done more than fatten their sheep without any cost for pasturage. It has been a Godsend to this whole section of country. Why? Before this practice was started the roadsides grew up to long grass and weeds; and when our dry seasons came on the public highways were simply long tinderboxes waiting to be fired by some careless smoker or roadside camper. Folks who live in a humid section don't realize the proportions that the fire terror assumes to a farmer in a region where there isn't a drop of rain for several months. Of course this danger could be minimized by a lot of public highway work involving a heavy expense. And it looked as if that was what we were coming to when the Portuguese roadside grazers put in an appearance and solved the whole problem for us. The public could well afford to pay them something to range their flocks on the highways if self-interest were not a sufficient motive to keep them at it."

A New Use For Sheep

IN THE roadside grazing the sheep are herded more closely together than upon the open range, with the result that the highway on each side of the wheel track looks as if it had been clipped by a lawnmower. Not a blade of grass or a weed is left. The public and private utility of this kind of flock-grazing is a matter that well deserves consideration in communities that are not passing through the transition from the range to the closed country, and where a long, dry season does not put peculiar emphasis upon the peril from roadside fires.

In the humid regions and in the long-settled part of the country the pest of roadside weeds is universal. It is a fortunate rural township in which the roadsides are not the perpetual seed-beds from which the fields of the farmers are perennially supplied with an unfailing stock of noxious weeds. True, some enterprising townships provide funds for a reasonably consistent warfare upon these roadside pests; but such townships are comparatively rare. Again, the ordinary roadhand with a scythe seldom contrives to get more than the thickest of the weeds—and often his work is done at a time when it is ineffectual so far as preventing seeding is concerned. And in all localities the fire protection of a close-cropped highway is an important consideration.

In the thrifty expedient of the Portuguese sheepmen of Merced County there is a suggestion for every rural community of the country—a way to weedless and lawnlike highways, shorn of their perils as fire-spreaders, and without raising the road tax to the extent of a dollar. By the same token, here is also opened the way for many a farmless farmer to find a free range for a flock of sheep that would require an extensive private pasturage if kept on the American instead of the Portugese plan. Such an opportunity will appeal especially to the man with a small place, just large enough to house his flock; and to the man who, because of age or other disability, must look for lighter labor than the heavy toil of the fields demands. Permission for this public grazing would undoubtedly be readily granted by the proper township authorities. Such an undertaking, however, should never be entered into without the assistance of a well-trained sheepdog; and these dogs are not easy to obtain. To manipulate a flock of sheep on a public highway without a dog that is thoroughly trained to the work may be set down as an impossibility.

San Leandro, a little out of Oakland, is a city of orchards and gardens, and is almost as Portuguese as old Lisbon itself. Cherry orchards, in the pink of cultivation, line the main boulevard for miles and only give place to the business blocks. The stranger from the East, however, who visits San Leandro and strays off the automobile boulevard into the side streets will see intensive cultivation as it is seldom seen outside of a Portuguese settlement, and will get a quick and convincing insight into at least one of the secrets of Portuguese success on the soil.

These town orchards contain from one to fifteen acres and the houses in which the owners live are of a comfortable village type—some of them might be called luxurious; but the parkway, like the orchard, is a vegetable garden! This is the Portuguese sign. As a native American expressed it: "When you see a house surrounded by an orchard, and the sides of the road planted to vegetables clear out to the wheel tracks, you may know that a Portuguese lives there; but don't make the mistake of thinking that it's poverty that pushes his gardening up against the wheels of passing vehicles. It's thrift! These men with street gardens are the solid men of the town. They own business blocks and ranches, and have bank accounts that put some of us Americans here 'way in the shade. It hurts a Portuguese to waste an inch of land. He'll buy the best land out of doors—knows the best when he sees it too—and will pay a top price without question or flinching; but after he gets it he wants every inch of it to be working for him, night and day, every minute of the growing season. And he'll generally contrive to get three crops a year where an American will be content with two."

Hundreds of verifications of this observation are to be found in San Leandro, San Lorenzo, Haywards, Alvarado, Niles and Centerville, and other Portuguese centers. One of these town orchards in San Leandro has currants between the orchard rows, beans between the currant rows, a row of beans close on each side of the trees, beans between the trees in the row and beans from the ends of the rows to the wheeltrack in the street. Not satisfied with this degree of intensiveness and interplanting, the owner doubled the number of rows in the space or corner where his private sidewalk joined the public street! Peas are also used extensively for this interplanting; and they are a delight to the eye.

Mendonsa's Truck Farm

THERE are miles of roadway planted to horse beans along the two hundred and eighty-five acres of rich valley land owned by Joe Mendonsa in and about San Leandro; and the dooryard of his townhouse yields a crop of onions that makes it as profitable a piece of soil as one could wish to own. Mendonsa doesn't particularly need the money either. Tillage land in San Leandro is worth several hundreds of dollars an acre—some of it a thousand dollars; and there is no better land in the valley than the Mendonsa holdings. In addition to this, however, he has a ranch of two hundred and eighty acres in the hills, stocked with good cattle and horses. No; Mendonsa could worry along without his roadside crop of horse beans and his dooryard onion field, but he would keep that land working if he were worth a million instead of a hundred thousand or two. Land that the American would not think of working the Portuguese will keep in crops, irrespective of his fortune.



Natural Wood Braces in an Apple Orchard Near Watsonville, California

The buying of the hill ranch after Joe Mendonsa had reached the age and fortune for normal retirement is another point in which he is typical of his race. Your man from the Azores may spend the better part of his life raising garden truck, walnuts, chickens, apples, cherries, lima beans, or any other special crop—but his idea of ease and retirement is to run a stock ranch on which he can raise thoroughbred cattle, horses and sheep. When his fortune is made his sons and daughters may clamor for the city, and, as a compromise, demand that they move into town—but the father will buy a ranch where he can see his herds increase and watch his fillies develop into fast steppers.

There is no false pride in the Portuguese blood. The two sons of Joe Mendonsa work like hired hands—and the well-schooled young wife of one of the sons offered no objection to being photographed in the act of trimming onions for market. There is a saying among the Portuguese that a boy of four years who can't look after a cow is a poor stick. In other words, the whole family works. With thirty acres in peas, forty in tomatoes, five in asparagus, eight in rhubarb, twenty in cucumbers and twenty in other vegetables, besides fruits and general crops, the Mendonsa boys are able to occupy themselves in a way to satisfy the strictest Portuguese standards. Concerning the roadside crop of horse beans, young Mendonsa declared:

"It seems a little odd to us that American farmers, as a rule, don't appear to appreciate the horse bean better than they do. You can't find a Portuguese who doesn't raise them. There is one class of Americans, however, who know their value, and that's the stockfood dealers. I guess they'd be hard pushed to do business without them. We've secured thirty sacks, or three thousand six hundred pounds, of the clear beans to the acre right along, and they bring two cents a pound from the stockfood men. Seventy-two dollars an acre for a crop that takes as little care as horse beans isn't bad—especially when it's mainly a roadside crop or a filler. Feeding the beans to hogs as a finishing food is a far better and more profitable way of marketing them, however, than selling them outright."

The Modern Jack and His Beanstalk

"YOU can harden a hog in short order by feeding a liberal ration of these big horse beans when they are well soaked or cooked. They are not only rich but they give just the right texture to the flesh. You can find plenty of American orchards with nothing growing between the rows of trees after they have come into bearing. A few rows of horse beans between those trees would give one of those orchardists enough food to fatten a hundred hogs without any extra cost for land, fertilizer or cultivation, and with scarcely any expense for planting or harvesting. Besides, the beans do not injure the orchard any. We know that, for we've seen it tried out year after year; in fact, every Portuguese farmer knows it from practical experience. I don't believe there's a Portuguese farmer in California who doesn't raise some horse beans for his stock; but it does seem queer that the Americans don't realize what a great stockfood these big beans make and how easy it is to raise them on land where they can be filled in without interfering with other crops."

From the coarse horse beans to the luscious limas is an easy step, which many a Portuguese has taken to his great profit. Ventura County, California, is well settled with Portuguese who have made fortunes in this specialty and who are the admitted adepts in lima-bean culture. No visiting stranger can escape from Ventura-by-the-Sea without hearing how Schiappa Pietra laid the foundations of his great fortune in limas and lately died leaving an estate of two million dollars; but the seeker for lima-bean lore need go no farther than Antoine Peters to learn the secrets of this farming specialty—and some sound tillage principles of a far broader application in the bargain. This man, who now rides in his own touring car, shipped from the Azores on a whaler when a lad of thirteen, landed in New London, Connecticut, a few years later and followed his adopted flag into the Civil War on board a Northern battleship. Later he drifted to Nevada City, and after six years in the mining country was seized with the inevitable Portuguese soil hunger. Then he followed relatives to Ventura and began to raise beans on rented land—until he learned how and found the particular piece of soil that pleased him. Incidentally he had observed that Judge Daly, of Ventura, had an eighteen-acre orchard of young English walnut trees that were thrifty and promising—trees that are now thirty-three years old and are said to yield a gross return of five thousand dollars a year.

With characteristic Portuguese shrewdness and determination to make the land do double duty, he bought his selected piece of forty acres, set it to English walnuts and then proceeded to raise his crop of limas between the trees.

(Continued on Page 12)



A Steep Hillside Set With Apple Trees and Capped With a Tiny Vineyard



PHOTO BY PACIFIC PHOTO AND ART COMPANY

Setting Tomato Plants Wrapped in Paper Cones

THE BOOM

A Theatrical Manager's Story

By LEONARD MERRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK



"You are Mistaken," I Said Promptly

IT HAPPENED so long ago that I do not mind publishing the facts now. It happened a few weeks after those sublime officials, those pillars of the state, Thibaudin and Hazard, had disappeared from Paris with a couple of million francs. Everybody must remember the sensation. They were leading the police a pretty dance, and people said: "Oh, they are probably at the world's end by this time!" I used to think to myself how securely a man who had a mind to do so might lie hidden within an hour's journey of the Grands Boulevards. It was really the disappearance of Thibaudin and Hazard that originated my idea.

I was manager at that period of the Théâtre Suprême, where shortly we were to produce Beauregard's play, Omphale. I descried a way to attract additional attention to our project. I went to see Beauregard one morning and gave him a shock. He was breakfasting in bed.

"*Bonjour, maître*," I said. "Are you too much occupied to talk business?"

"Panage," exclaimed the dramatist, "if you have come to demand any more mutilations in the manuscript I will tell you without parleying that no consideration on earth will induce me to yield. There is a limit to my forbearance. Rather than omit another line or substitute another syllable I will put the contract in the fire."

"Dear friend, you have evidently slept ill and are testy this morning," I said. "Compose yourself. I come to exhilarate you with a great scheme!"

He still eyed me apprehensively, and to pacify him I made haste to explain: "It has nothing to do with any alterations in the play."

"Ah!" He breathed relief and dipped his *croissant* in his cup. "It is a scheme for booming it."

My host was forthwith genial. A smile suffused his fat, munching face and he offered me a cigarette.

"I ask your pardon if I was abrupt," he said. "As you surmise, I passed a bad night. A boom? Well, you know my views on the subject of booming. The ordinary puff preliminary is played out. One needs something novel, Panage, something scholarly. Scholarly is the word. For Omphale, a play of pre-Hellenic times, one needs the boom scholarly, classical and grandiose!"

"You voice my own sentiments," said I. "One needs nothing less than a production of 'unrivaled accuracy'—costumes 'copied from designs discovered in Crete and dating back to the dim days of the Minotaur'! That would look tasteful in print, would it not? *Alors*, what do you say to our going to Crete and discovering them?"

"Crete?" stammered Beauregard. Have I mentioned that he was stout and indolent, and never stirred farther from Paris than his villa on the Normandy coast?

"What think you of exploring the Minotaur's lair?" I questioned. "Of penetrating to the apartments of Phædra? Of examining with your own eyes the labyrinth of Ariadne?"

"I?" he ejaculated.

"You and I together, my old one! Our adventures would make pretty reading, eh? Would not all Paris be chattering about your Omphale? What a fever of impatience for the first night! Think of the effect such paragraphs would have on the advance booking!"

The corpulent Beauregard lay back on the pillows pale and mute. I had spoken too earnestly for him to suspect that I was pulling his leg and I could see that he was very seriously perturbed. His mind was torn in halves between his longing for the advertisement and his horror of the exertion and expense. After a moment he sat up, perspiring, and wrung my hand.

"Panage," he cried, "you are a man of genius! Your idea is most brilliant; I have never heard its equal. With all my heart I congratulate you. I, alas, cannot accompany you on account of my wife's ill health, but you are free. Go, *mon ami!* Your inspiration will crowd your theater."

His wife's health was offensively robust. I shook with laughter so unrestrained that the cigarette fell out of my mouth.

"Let me be a trifle more explicit," I said. "It is not essential to my scheme that either you or I should actually go to Crete. It is only essential that we should be reported to have gone there. I propose that we should blazon our departure in all the journals—we might give them interviews in the midst of our packing—and that we should then retire for two or three months to some secluded spot near at hand where there will be nobody to recognize us. I shall confide only in my secretary; I can rely on him, and he will keep the press well supplied with anecdotes of our vicissitudes during our absence. *Mon Dieu!* we will make Paris bubble and boil with anticipation."

He was admiring but timid. "Don't you think it would be very risky?" he demurred. "If our imposture were found out it would be ruin. For example, what spot?"

"Well, I am not prepared with spots at the instant. I came to you on the effervescence of the notion. But some little place off the beaten track! One can hide very effectually without going far—I would not mind wagering that Thibaudin and Hazard are lying low in some hamlet. While the police are watching Marseilles and Havre, or picturing them already in South America, they are probably concealed within an easy run of the Gare St. Lazare waiting till the search is relaxed. What about Veules-les-Roses? Have you ever stumbled upon Veules-les-Roses in winter? It is a desert. To all intents and purposes we should be the only inhabitants."

"Three months of it?" he queried piteously.

"Our investigations, which we undertake 'to complete the previous labors of the archæologists,' ought to be thorough," I pointed out. "Is it not worth our while to suffer a little tedium for such an end? Lift your gaze to the cash that will accrue, Beauregard! Dwell upon the box-office besieged! Positively we shall double the value of your play. Also, you can take plenty of exercise and improve your figure."

"I abhor exercise," he murmured.

"And you could keep early hours and prolong your life."

"My life is all vexation; to prolong it would be fatuous."

"Further, everybody will say what a conscientious artist you are. I don't mind asserting that your passion for accuracy is sweeping me to the Minotaur's lair against my will!"

"Well, I will think about it," he said heavily.

He promised to write to me on the morrow.

II

AFTER consideration I hit upon a place even more stagnant than Veules-les-Roses in January. I did not expatiate upon its qualities to Beauregard for fear of scaring him, but said simply that it was "farther away." I had extracted his consent, and a fortnight later I hustled him into a cab. He looked as if he were to be chief mourner at a funeral, and I believe he had half a mind to back out even when we had taken our tickets. On the journey I perused with pleasure Le Matin and the current issue of L'Illustration, in which the program of our imaginary trip was set forth with a wealth of invention that did me credit. The deception, in fact, had been engineered so eloquently that in moments I had almost begun to fancy we were really bound for Crete.

At the one hotel that was open at this time of the year we had no difficulty in securing a sitting room to ourselves. We could have had all the sitting rooms in the house. To account for our descent upon a scene that was frequented only in summer I mentioned to the proprietor that my friend had been ordered here by his doctor for the bracing air. The fellow immediately assured me that medical men recommended people to the forsaken spot in midwinter from all parts of France, and I pretended to believe him. We registered on the books as Messieurs Poupard and Bachelet. It was my precaution to choose names beginning with a P and a B—I thought of the initials on our luggage and our washing! The dramatist had overlooked the point.

Well, I shall not pretend that I was in for a rollicking time. I have a high esteem for Beauregard in the theater, but Beauregard in a village was unspeakable. His lamentations linger with me yet. We had nothing to do and nothing to look at, unless you count a dismal sea. That fat Parisian's melancholy, his reproaches, his attitudes of despair defy description. Even when the weather improved he would perceive no virtues in it. I exclaimed once: "Doesn't the sky look beautiful tonight?" He replied: "It would look beautiful from the Champs Elysées!" He had brought a cartload of novels—enough to stock a medium-sized shop—and before we had been in the place a week he was complaining that he had nothing to read.

"I shall die if I remain any longer," he declared. "I shall be buried here, I foresee it. The climate doesn't agree with me. Honestly I feel very unwell. I ought to return to Paris; it is my duty; I have my wife to consider."

"You were never so well in your life," I remonstrated sharply. "Rubbish; there's no escape now. You've got to see it through. Foretaste the triumph of Omphale and be blithe!"

"How much will a triumph be worth to me if I am dead?" he wailed. "*Mon Dieu*, what an existence; what demoniac desolation! I shudder when I wake in the morning; the thought of the terrible day before me weighs me down—I have scarcely the energy to put on my socks. To wash my neck exhausts me. Is there nothing, nothing to be done for an hour's respite? Is there no café concert within reasonable distance? I will hire an automobile and defray all the charges."

"My beloved 'Bachelet,'" I said, "you forget; at a café concert we might be recognized!"

He threw up his arms. "It is like being in jail; word of honor, it is like solitary confinement! Who directed you to this fatal hole, this wasteground, where the morning papers arrive in the afternoon? By what perverse ingenuity did you contrive to find it? How long have we endured it now?"

"Ten days," I told him cheerfully. "Why, we have only got about eighty more!"

He groaned. "It seems like centuries. My misgiving, of course, is that it will drive me to intemperance; such ordeals as this develop the vice. The natives themselves are staggered by our presence; they whisper about me as I pass. Children follow me up the roads, marveling; if the



"Compose Yourself. I Come to Exhilarate You With a Great Scheme!"

population sufficed I should be pursued by crowds. I tell you we are objects of suspicion, we are a local mystery; they conclude we must have 'done something'!"

I yawned. Don't imagine that he had finished! Don't suppose that it was merely a bad mood! It was the kind of thing I had to bear from him daily, hourly—from the early coffee to the latest cigarette.

III

ONE afternoon when I had gone for a stroll without him a *contretemps* occurred. I had entered the outfitter's and stationer's and tobacconist's and provision merchant's—the miniature shop was the only one in the place—to obtain a pair of bootlaces. That the clodhoppers cackled about our sojourn was a small matter to me and I paid no more heed to the woman's curious stare today than usual. But I was to meet another stare!

As I waited for my change, a shabby young man came in to ask for a copy of Le Petit Journal and a toy for five sous. Le Petit Journal, which I had just read, contained the latest details of my explorations in Crete, and instinctively I looked round. His eyes widened. I did not know him from Adam, but it was evident that he knew me, at least by sight! I turned hot and cold with confusion.

Grabbing at my coppers I hurried out, wondering what I had better do if he addressed me. Before I had time to solve the question I heard him striding at my heels. With a deprecating bow that told me he had favors to solicit, he exclaimed: "Monsieur Panage!"

"You are mistaken," I said promptly.

"Oh, monsieur, I beg you to hear me," he cried. "I entreat you! In the theater you are forever inaccessible—will you not spare an instant to me here?"

He was so sure of my identity that I realized it would be indiscreet of me to deny it any longer. Since I could not deceive, my only course was to ingratiate him.

"What do you want?" I asked, fuming.

"Monsieur," he broke out, "I am an actor. I have been acting in the provinces since I was a boy. I have played every kind of part from farce to tragedy. I have talent but I have no influence—and the stage doors of Paris are shut and barred against me! No manager will listen to me, because I am too obscure to obtain an introduction to him; no one will believe that I have ability, because I cannot get a chance to prove it. Oh, I know very well what a liberty I have taken in speaking to you, but I want to get on, I want to get on—I implore you to give me a trial!"

He had me in a nice fix. Apparently he was unaware that I was believed to be in Crete, but he would soon learn it by the newspaper in his pocket, and if I snubbed him he would certainly give me away. He could hold me up to ridicule—I should be the laughingstock of Paris. It was a fine situation for me. I, the director of the Théâtre Suprême, was compelled to temporize with this provincial mummer!

I scrutinized the young man in encouraging silence, as if mentally casting him for a part. I saw hope bounding in him.

"Ah!" I said thoughtfully; "y-e-s. . . . What is your favorite line?"

"Character, monsieur," he panted. "And, of course, I would accept a very small salary, a very small salary indeed!"

I did not doubt it. I could picture him strutting and ranting on the boards of a booth for a louis a week—and counting himself lucky when he earned that!

"Walk on a little way with me," I said graciously; "we can talk as we go along! I should have to see you do something before I could consider you, you know. I must be sure that you are capable. Even the gentleman who plays the servant at the Suprême, and hasn't a single word to utter, is an experienced comedian. You are not playing anywhere in the neighborhood; you are not in a traveling theater about here?"

"No, monsieur," he sighed. "I am out of an engagement; I am here because this is where I live."

"Rather remote from the dramatic world?" I suggested, smiling. "Something of a drawback, is it not?" His simplicity in crediting me with the notion of recruiting the Suprême from a traveling theater tickled me nearly to death.

"A grave drawback, monsieur," he agreed. "But I am not alone—I have a child, and she is too delicate to thrive in a city."

"A good many delicate children have thriven in Paris," I remarked.

"In thriving households, monsieur, in healthy quarters! Paris is dear and I am poor—my child would be condemned to live in the slums. I should see her fade away. Better to be a barnstormer all my life than lose my child! She is all I have left to love."

"There is your art!" I said, humbugging him.

"My art?" He gave a hysterical laugh. A nervous, jumpy fellow, without a particle of repose! "Listen, Monsieur Panage, I am an actor, and if I could demolish the barrier that keeps me out I might be a great one, but



"You Bungling Idiot! You Shall Suffer for This Outrage!"

I confess to you that I would abandon art, and cast figures on an office stool, or break flints on a road, and thank God for the exchange, if it would buy my child a home! I want money. I want to give my child the comforts that other children have. That's my ambition. I have no loftier pose than fatherhood. My prayer is, not applause and compliments and notoriety, not the petty pleasure of hearing I have equaled one favorite or eclipsed another; my prayer is—to give things to my child! I want to buy her nourishing food, and physicians' advice, and the education of a gentlewoman. I want the money to send her to the South when it snows and to the mountains when it's hot. I want to see her laughing in a garden, like the rich men's children in Paris that you spoke of. I stand and watch them sometimes when I go there—to beg at stage doors till an understrapper kicks me out."

"Well, well, the sort of things you desire are not so expensive," I said suavely. "Some day your salary may provide them all."

"You think it possible, monsieur? Really?" His haggard eyes devoured me.

"You have only to make one success. After that you will be grossly overpaid, like every other star."

"If I could but do it!" he gasped. "If I could only convince a Paris manager that I have it in me! Year after year I've hoped and tried and failed to get a hearing. You may judge my desperation by my audacity in stopping you on the streets. What course is open to me? What steps can I take? Even now, when I am pouring out my heart to Monsieur Panage himself, how much does it advance me?"

He was not so simple as I had thought.

"My dear—By-the-way, what is your name?"

"My name is Paul Manesse, monsieur."

"Well, my dear Monsieur Manesse, you must surely understand that until I have seen you act I cannot be of any service to you?"

"I could rehearse on approval!" he pleaded.

"Moreover," I added hastily, "all my arrangements are made for some time to come. Later on when an opportunity arises we shall see what we shall see!" I halted. "Write to me during the run of Omphale; I shall not forget our little chat. Apropos, I am starting tomorrow for Crete. I see the papers are reporting that I am already there, so you need not mention that you have met me—it is never policy to contradict the press. Yes, I shall bear your name in mind, I assure you!"

He did not look assured, however; he stood silent and his lips were trembling. Heaven knows what solid help my amiability had led him to expect, but it was plain that honeyed phrases were a meager substitute.

"You have been most courteous to me," he stammered. "You have done me a great honor—as long as I live I shall remember that I have talked with Monsieur Panage; but you are leaving what you found, monsieur—a desperate man!"

"Bah! Who knows when an opening may occur?" I said, a shade embarrassed. "I may see a chance for you sooner than you think. When I want you I shall send for you."

I little dreamt in what strange circumstances I was to send for him!

IV

BEAUREGARD was snoring on the sofa when I burst into the room.

"Well, you can bestir yourself and pack!" I volleyed. "The place is too hot to hold us; we have to get out!"

"*Hein?*"

"There is a 'pro.' here who knows me, confound him! I had to tell him we were leaving for Crete in the morning—he mustn't see me here again!"

The playwright shifted his slippered feet to the floor and sat up. "We go back to Paris?" he inquired, beaming.

"How can that be? Of course not! We must discover another retreat."

"Fugitives!" moaned Beauregard. "Nomads! Do you not think, Panage, that I might go back to Paris—I could remain cautiously in the house? The truth is, my wife is of a very high-minded character and it distresses her to have to address tender letters to a Monsieur Bachelet; she feels that it is not correct."

I was in no mood to be tolerant of his subterfuges. He wept.

I determined to effect our departure the same evening, while he was still intimidated, and if I had only been able to accelerate his movements my change of intentions would have spared us much. His dilatoriness exposed us to a thunderbolt. We had pealed the bell in his bedroom for the lamp, and when the door was at last opened I turned to utter a sharp complaint of the delay. To my surprise I saw that a stranger was walking in. There was a fraction of a second in which I stared indignantly, waiting for an apology for his blunder. Then it was as if my heart slipped slowly to my stomach and I felt catastrophe in the air before I heard his rustic, official tones. He arrested us as Thibaudin and Hazard!

Behind me I heard Beauregard's dressing-case drop with a thud.

Our eyes met and we stood petrified, realizing the impossibility of concealing our names. In my terror of the public scandal that was imminent my clothes stuck to my skin. Curs, as well as criminals, we looked! I rather fancied that our provincial captor was relieved to see what knock-kneed miscreants he had to deal with.

"You bungling idiot!" I gasped. "I am Monsieur Panage, of the Théâtre Suprême; this gentleman is Monsieur Beauregard, of the Académie Française. You shall suffer for this outrage!"

He shifted his feet slightly. It was the least bit in the world, a centimeter, but that motiveless movement betrayed misgiving. I deduced from it that, in his eagerness to distinguish himself, he had taken more responsibility upon his bucolic shoulders than lay quite comfortably on them. I flung my card to him. "Look!"

"What of it?" he said surlily; "what evidence is this? I see you were preparing for flight. No violence!"—Beauregard had impotently wrung his hands—"I have *agents* in the passage. You will offer your explanations in the proper quarter. Come!" He advanced upon me.

"Now, listen to me!" I cried, backing in a panic. "Put so much as a finger on us and you are ruined! Not only will I have you discharged from the force, I will have you hounded out of any employment that you find to the end of your days. It is I who say it! You have no excuse; we bear no resemblance whatever to Thibaudin and Hazard. If you were of Paris you would know as much!"

Again he faltered. Again he saw distinction within his grasp. The workings of a dull intelligence, a fool's passion for promotion supplied a fascinating study, even in

(Concluded on Page 66)

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

II

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

HOME! Dusk had already fallen when we two, Jennie and I, returned to ours. Absorbed in thought, we got off the trolley at the corner and trudged silently down the side street.

The garden party, it and its world of wealth, lay far behind. This was the West Side, a lesser neighborhood. In place of the big, often ugly, houses that formed Millionaires' Mile, here only little villas lined the way. They were, as a rule, boxlike, two-story affairs with gabled roofs, a shady porch and in front of each a narrow strip of closely barbered lawn. Trees lined the curb, or rather they were saplings, slender elm shoots no larger round than one's wrist. They were as young, as new, in fact, as the new, newly painted villas beside them. Together they shouted vociferously the neighborhood's kind, its character. It was indeed exactly as if its creators had stamped each individual villa, each tree and plot of turf with the ordinary catchy, bourgeois trade-mark—"Homeseekers' Improvement Company."

To complete the picture, this ideal of a suburb, the thoroughfare was paved with glittering vitreous brick. The eye fled from its newness, its virtuously immaculate, still unchipped hardness. All day it had soaked under the June sunlight, so that now it gave off heat as if just laid baking hot from the kilns. Extending for one block only, it and its associate improvements abruptly ended in a vacant lot. In this there throve an informal garden of jimson and burdock, tin cans, rusty wire, ashes, garbage and other suburban flora, among which a cat now howled peacelessly. Beyond was the railroad. Upon it a night freight lurched to and fro, shattering the night silence with the clanking of its couplings.

There were others, however, that did not seem to mind. On every porch men in their shirtsleeves and women in wrappers rocked and fanned contentedly. Before one villa stood a motor into which a man and three women were just climbing. I knew the man—that is, by hearsay. He was a tradesman of the smaller sort—a penny postcard stationer, to be exact. His stand, one could hardly call it a shop, was a booth in one of the main street's arcades. His wife did her own housework. At night, though, after she had washed the dishes, she, her husband and a friend or two got into the motor and honked gleefully out into the country.

Jennie and I had often debated this. With money enough to have a motor, why had they not instead supplied themselves with a servant? I thought it ridiculous, whereat Jennie laughed. Besides, for the money they could have rented a better, a more convenient home. Nor was this couple an exception. Another of our neighbors, a salaried man like myself, maintained a horse and surrey; still another had a thirty-foot motor boat anchored down the river. In each case the wife did her own dishwashing, swept her own carpets, made her own beds. However, to do your own housework appeared consistently the fashion of the street. There were not above six of the sixteen villas in which help was kept.

Jennie and I, however—well, we had a maid. She was a Swede, a person of uncertain age, with a distinct aversion to caps, frilled aprons and—though I hesitate to add this—manicuring. By the nature of her native tongue she sang rather than spoke when spoken to. One speech of hers I can never forget. It was couched in the newly acquired lingo of the housemaid American and was truly graphic. "Shall"—or rather she said "skoll"—"skoll you have hand-pass or family-reach?" As "hand-pass"—that is, service at table—was not to her liking, we agreed, after argument, to "reach" for ourselves.

In words of the domestic vernacular, our Swedish nightingale "slept out." Every morning at six-thirty o'clock she arrived coincidently with the milk and the breakfast rolls, whereupon I in my dressing gown went down and let her in. A faithful, simple-hearted creature was our Lena. Long may her song be heard!

Yes, we had a servant. We had, however, no motor, no equipage of any kind, not even a motor boat. We had not even a villa, in fact. I dare say you'll be surprised to hear this, especially since I've led you down a side street filled only with villas. True! but then at the end of each row and flanking that cat pasture, the vacant lot, stood a villa, say, two-thirds larger than its fellows. It was surprisingly big, in truth. A further surprise met you when you walked up to the porch and saw that it had two doors. Each door had its own bell, besides, and each bell its name-plate. On one of these was the name Hotchkiss. Mr. Hotchkiss was floorwalker in Whalley & Thatch's main-street emporium. On the other bell was the name Agnew. Hotchkiss, the floorwalker, occupied the ground floor; Agnew, the clerk, had the floor above. In brief, the overgrown villa, less magnificent than it looked, was but one of those architectural whatnots known to the building trade as a double tenement.



Every Morning She Arrived With the Milk and the Breakfast Rolls

Our rent was thirty dollars a month. In extent the flat boasted five rooms only. They were a parlor, a bedroom, the dining room, the kitchen and a bath. Five rooms—count 'em—five! Just these—no more, no less. Here in this cheap, cheaply surrounded side-street crib Jennie and I had started life together.

A woman's home, they say, is where her hearth is; a man's home, where his woman is. So it had been with us. Moreover, at first we had been as pleased as Punch that we even had a home.

Like me, Jennie had nothing. Her story was, in fact, a good bit like mine. For years her father, a man high up in the lake shipping trade, had been reputed well-to-do. Death, however, had proved a better Bradstreet than this popular report, for when his estate was settled it showed he had played ducks and drakes with his money. In other words, Mr. Gregory had lived up to every cent he made. Consequently, as neither of us two young persons had a papa to pay the rent, Jennie and I had done the best we could. First we took the flat. Then Jennie took what furniture her father's creditors hadn't taken and put it in the flat. Afterward we got married.

It was a simple wedding. Neither of us had anything on which to make a splurge. However, at the ceremony were many of the town's best people—that is, the richest anyway. On our return home some of these promptly called on Jennie. A few called again. A much lesser few kept on calling. In time, though, these too had begun to dwindle.

Perhaps the West Side was too far away. Perhaps also they disliked being stared at. Anyway, whenever a carriage or a motor rolled up to our door all the street had a look. Shades were edged aside or the blindslats rattled suspiciously. At the windows of the flat beneath us all the five little Hotchkisses pressed their noses to the glass. In the background, aproned and with sleeves rolled up to her ample elbows, peeped also madam, the mother of the five. It was as if Lady Godiva rode through the street—not in character, of course, but, let's say, in a wrapper with her hair done up.

As for the flat itself, our home——

In silence, still absorbed, I took the key out of the door-latch and turned the knob. Jennie, brushing by me, hurried down the hall. Beyond, a clatter of pans and kettles told that the faithful Lena was performing her usual calisthenics with the evening meal. There was in the air, too, an equally potent reminder that the meal impended. By the same token I knew also the Hotchkiss dinner became imminent. Boiled beef and cabbage was to be their *pièce de résistance*. Yesterday they'd had fish. One, however, had not to know the day was Friday to know that their meal was to consist of fish. Not even a hay-fever victim could have erred. Today's beef and cabbage was equally indisputable.

I walked into the parlor and raised the shades with a bang. A cloud of soft-coal smoke drifted in. It was from the Union Welding Works down by the railroad. Coal was my trade—or it had been, anyway, up to that afternoon—and we'd sold the works their coal. Just the same I'd long despised both, separately and together. Smoke got into our curtains, into the carpets, the furniture, our clothes, everything. There was nothing it didn't get into, our hair and our eyes included. I swore at times when I pulled out a handkerchief and found it blotched with grime. I swore all the more loudly when the shirts in the drawer were thickly powdered with soot. Jennie laughed at me. "You silly fuzz-buzz! Why, the more coal they burn the more money they'll make at the office."

"Hang it!" I'd retorted.

Now I said it again. Slamming down the windows, I flung myself into the nearest chair and contemptuously looked round me.

Though there were but five rooms in the flat, all but the bath were large. Even that, compared to some I've seen since, was big—as big, in comparison, as a skating-rink. Moreover, all were sunny. Little by little Jennie had been adding to our store of possessions; round me, indeed, were many little comforts—some big ones too—evidences of her taste, her aptitude at making the best of everything. Even so, one thing I could not forget. It was a flat, nothing else. I'd lived there because it was cheap; for this reason only, none other. In our town people look down on flats. It was especially so among those I counted as my friends.

Never before had the flat looked so mean, so dingy. Then and there a grin spread upon my face. Thank Heavens! we were done with it. Tonight we must begin packing; by Tuesday at the latest we should have everything in a car; then Tuesday night we could flit. No regrets moved me. I was glad now, not only to get out of the flat, our first home, but to get out of the life it represented. In New York it would be different. I told myself that once there I would no longer be looked down upon. Five thousand a year! It was a lot of money. The reverie led to other reveries. Five thousand was merely a beginning. In time——

Enough! Icarus himself could have flown no higher. However, after I'd soared sky-high to my heart's content I came back to earth again.

There was the packing. If I wished to get away by Tuesday we must begin to pack at once. A few minutes still remained before dinner, and rising abruptly I looked about the room, trying to decide where I should begin. The pictures, of course! Once they and the other ornaments had been taken down it would look like a beginning anyway. So with my coat off now I climbed upon a chair.

The first I attacked was a heavily framed enlargement of Jennie in her wedding gown. I prized it highly. Where it is now, though, I can't say. Lost somewhere in the shuffle probably. Anyway, I had this off the hook and lowered to the floor when I heard Jennie's step in the hallway. Reaching for a second picture I was trying awkwardly to unhook it when she entered.

"Jim!"

The hook had caught in the molding; with a vexatious jerk I yanked it free, a piece of carelessness that tore a wide gash in the wall-paper. But what the odds!

"Jim!" cried Jennie.

"Well?" I retorted idly.

I heard Jennie catch her breath. "What are you doing?" she faltered.

Doing? Why, what did she suppose? "Packing, of course," I retorted.

"Packing?—not already?" There was something in Jennie's voice that made me turn to her curiously.

"Why, what's the matter now, Jennie?"

She stared blankly at me for a moment, then her lips twisted themselves into a silly little smile. "Why—why——" said Jennie, and with that two big tears rolled up in her eyes, hung there momentarily and trickled down her cheeks. "Oh, Jim!" cried Jennie, and turning to the wall she buried her face in her arm. "Oh, Jim! Jim!"

You can never tell about a woman. The very things that will please one may exert just the opposite effect on another. Hopping down from the chair, I put my arm round Jennie and did my best to soothe. "My word, Jennie!" I exclaimed, dumfounded. "You don't mean to say you're sorry to leave this—what!—this joint—this frowsy, third-rate tenement?"

A fresh burst of tears shook her. She tried to speak, but could not.

"Look here, Jennie; it's not really that reason, is it?" I demanded.

Then she caught her breath. "Oh, Jim!" wailed Jennie, and clung to me while she shook. "You don't know how I hate to give it up. We've been so happy here that I hate to think of leaving it."

Ridiculous! However, I refrained from saying so and did my best to comfort her. "Why, just think, dear. In New York, with our money, you and I will ——"

Jennie awkwardly freed herself.

"Leave the parlor till the last," she said in a low voice. "After dinner we can begin on the dining room."

It was at this point that the voice of Lena, our handmaid, broke in on us. Raising her singsong to meet the distance, she announced from the kitchen doorway that dinner was served. "Sooper's set," was how she rendered it.

Somehow it was a silent repast. Jennie ate little. Her air was detached and pensive, and though indeed I made many efforts to rouse her it was with scant success. Finally I grew nettled. It seemed to me that Jennie took a poor way of showing her pleasure in the day's good fortune. Before this, though, there had been times when I suspected that Jennie lacked ambitiousness—that is, the ambition that is represented by dollars and cents. I had, in fact, heard her say as much to another woman. "I don't want Jim to make money just so he can be rich. I want him to be rich so we can do something." The other woman had responded interestedly: "Oh, yes, with money you could dress as you like and go everywhere—Paris, London, Newport, all those places. . . . I was just dying to spend the winter at Palm Beach, only Wade said he could not afford it." Smiling queerly, Jennie had abruptly changed the subject. I was rather sorry, inasmuch as I had been intently listening, wondering what the something was that Jennie would do had I the money to do it.

It was this, the thought of money, that brought me now another thought. In part it had to do with something Ousley had said to me.

Smiling faintly, I looked up at Jennie. "I say now," I laughed, "what do you think Ousley asked me today?"

Jennie swiftly raised her eyes. "Ousley?" she echoed. "Was it about your going to New York?"

Her question, that and the interest in her tone, was disconcerting. At the same time it ruffled me a bit.

"He doesn't know I'm going to New York," I grumbled, adding that it was no business of his, anyway, where I went. "What he asked, Jennie, was whether I'd made up with Uncle Jessup. Ousley has his nerve with him, hasn't he?"

Jennie disregarded the slur on Ousley.

"Your Uncle Jessup!—him? Humph!" she murmured, and shrugged herself.

There were many reasons why Jennie did not like Uncle Jessup. Many of them were my reasons. I've said before that my father died a ruined man. True! it was my Uncle Jessup that ruined him. As far as I'd been able to find out it was in a transaction over certain lands in the Lima oil-field. Uncle Jessup had urged my father to plunge heavily on these lands. Unknown to him they were Uncle Jessup's lands; also they were worthless. This was the reason why I despised my enterprising relative. In fact, I had still to learn that all is fair in business—that not even blood-ties may stand in the way of turning an honest dollar.

Some of Jennie's reasons were different. She despised my uncle not so much for what he had done to me and mine, but for what he was himself. He was a pillar of the church; his name appeared prominently among those that gave to charity. Just the same, privately, by reason of his private life, Uncle Jessup was a whited sepulcher, inwardly a mass of corruption. A trail of wrecked lives, ruined in more ways than by mere money trickery, lay behind the man. It was in many more ways than one that my Uncle Jessup was evil.

Yet there was this about the man that could not be overlooked—my uncle's name spelled power. Everywhere men important in finance fairly licked his boots. Everywhere they schemed to get into his good graces, sparing neither pains nor pride. In Wall Street his name was known to all. He dealt in thousand-share lots by the thousands. Time and again, as more than once I had heard, it was he who had shuffled—or, let us say, stacked—the cards dealt out to an unsuspecting public. Brokers scrambled for a share of his business. To get even a part of his commissions insured a firm's success. Manifestly he was an important person—a personage, this uncle of mine. There was an excellent reason why the many should kotow to him.

All but Ousley, let me add. More than once I'd heard my former chief vent his opinion of men that gambled in stocks, and that this opinion extended to my uncle I had little doubt. There was a little affair, in fact, that had plainly made it evident. A year or so before, when the local press had aimed an especially bitter attack against my noted relative, some of the town's most eminent boot-lickers had decided to give Uncle Jessup a public token of their confidence and esteem. I understand my uncle himself suggested it. At any rate, it was planned that all the town's most prominent citizens should call on him in a body, and among those invited to join the procession was Ousley.

I still recall the picture of that silk-hatted, frock-coated band of faith, the committee appointed to drum up volunteers.

"What!" said Ousley, snapping his jaws together. "What! softsoap that old fraud? I guess not!"

That was all. The little coterie of prominent lick-spittlers filed out of the office as if each had a flea in his ear.

However, if Ousley, as I've said, had no use for Uncle Jessup, there were still plenty of others that had.

"You see, Jennie," I faltered, perhaps uncomfortably, "if it's just the same to you I wish you'd be careful what you say—that is, why, to Oglebay, you know."

Jennie glanced at me curiously.

"Careful? How do you mean?"

I affected an air of carelessness. "It's funny," I laughed lightly, "but Oglebay asked almost the same thing as Ousley. I shouldn't wonder if he thinks Uncle Jessup and I are on good terms."

Jennie said quickly: "Of course you told him you're not?"

It grew awkward now. "Why—er—to tell the truth, I didn't. You see, Jennie, how it is."

"No, I don't see," she retorted. "You don't mean you didn't tell him?"

"I mean just this, Jennie. I've begun to see it does me little good to have people know of this family feud. Uncle Jessup's pretty powerful, you know; and, anyway, feuds are vulgar. Now, if Oglebay says anything, you change the conversation. He's too much a man of the world to persist."

"Yes, but why should he wish to persist?" Jennie inquired pointedly.

I made a clean breast of it then. With Jennie's eyes on mine I could no longer evade, shuffle over the truth. "Well, the fact is, dear, Oglebay's belief may have had something to do with his making me this offer. You know it won't exactly hurt him to have it known that Uncle Jessup's nephew is stationed in the firm's uptown office."

Jennie waited a moment, and in that moment I saw a new shadow drift across her eyes.

"Tell me," she said slowly, "did Frank Oglebay say that when he offered you the place?"

No. What he had said was this:

"Jim, you're not the sort to grub out your life as a clerk. Great Scott! a college man like you! Come down to New York now—I'll see you get a chance. Are you on?"

For more than a year he had been saying this. Every time he was in town he'd made a point of looking me up, of urging me to accept. Once or twice he'd also written it. "New York's the place for a good fellow—a good mixer! Now how about it, old chap?"

All this he had said. What he hadn't said was:

"I'll give you five thousand a year. In return you get me your uncle's business."

It was upon these terms, unspoken yet perhaps clearly meant, that I had flung up my place as a clerk to become in New York a Wall Street gentleman.

Do you know the type? This is the story of one.

. . . . . .

It was half-past eight on a sultry, sticky June morning when our train drew into the Grand Central Station. Long before, Jennie and I had arisen. As a matter of fact, we'd slept little during the night, for the unrest, the bustle and excitement of packing, of flitting in a hurry, had told upon us both. Jennie seemed tired. In silence, her chin upon her hand, she sat at the car window fixedly staring at the view. As for myself, though, it was different, for no schoolboy going home for the holidays could have felt in higher spirits. New York! Why, its very name meant new life to me, the beginning of a real existence. At last I had come into my own! And, filled with the thought of it, eagerly I counted the miles that brought me nearer to the city, glancing with an added excitement at the station sign-boards that told the distance—Hudson—Poughkeepsie—Peekskill—Tarrytown—Yonkers. At last with a beating of the heart I heard the sleeping-car porter cry: "New York! This way out!" I had arrived!

New York I knew, at any rate I thought I did. Jennie, however, had visited Manhattan only once or twice, years before. As we emerged from the station the noise of the street burst upon us, and at this uproar, the rattle of many wheels, the cries of cabmen, newsboys, street porters and baggagemen and the rumble of the L spur overhead—at all this noise and commotion Jennie shrank back timorously and gripped me by the sleeve.

"Come along, Jennie—hurry!" I exclaimed, my eye dancing in delight. The night before I'd wired Oglebay I'd see him at his office at nine. It was already close to the hour, and I hated to think that on my first day I should keep an appointment tardily.

"You stay here with the bags, Jennie," I bade her; "I've got to telephone Oglebay."

Jennie gazed round her nervously. A line of men beckoned



"My Word, Jennie! You Don't Mean to Say You're Sorry to Leave This Third-Rate Tenement?"

and vociferated from the curbstone. "Cab! Have a cab! Cab, sir!" One at the head of the line darted forward and tried to take our bags. Jennie shrank closer to me. "If you don't mind I'll go with you," she murmured.

It took some time for the telephone operator to get Oglebay's office. Then when I'd cried, "Hello, is that you, Frank?" a woman's voice responded:

"Mr. Oglebay hasn't come yet."

"Do you know when he'll arrive?" I asked, whereat the voice answered negligently: "'Deed I don't."

At Bloodgood & Ousley's all hands reported promptly at eight A. M., the two partners included. Now it was almost nine, a fact that I mentioned to the telephone girl. Surely Mr. Oglebay must arrive shortly.

The young woman tittered audibly. "Oh, he never gets round at nine!" she remarked lightly. "Leave your name if you want to, and I'll tell him that you called him up."

When I gave her my name her tone changed instantly. In it now she displayed keen interest, a flattering deference. "Agnew?—oh, yes! Mr. Oglebay left a message for you last night. He may be out all day, so you needn't come down. You and Mrs. Agnew are to dine with him tonight. Sherry's at eight o'clock. He'll meet you there. Understand?"

I understood perfectly. However, in order that there should be no mistake I made her repeat the message.

"And, Mr. Agnew, listen!" said the girl, now earnestly deferent. "Where are you stopping? I'm to have Mr. Oglebay's choofer call for you in the auto."

I was stopping at—at—— The truth is I wasn't stopping anywhere. One of Jennie's friends had suggested a hotel, an old-fashioned house with moderate rates that stood a few squares below the station. Its guests looked like itself—middle-class and eminently respectable. I dare say it is an excellent hostelry—comfortable, a fair table, medium good service and all that sort of thing. At any rate——

"Thanks," I said to the telephone girl; "tell Mr. Oglebay's chauffeur to come for us at the Waldorf."

I rejoined Jennie, and at the station's main exit nodded to the nearest cabman. Jennie instantly plucked me by the sleeve. "Jim!" she protested, "we don't need a cab. We can walk."

Walk to the Waldorf? Stroll in, bearing in our hands our bags and bundles? I blushed to think of it.

"Or we can take a car," Jennie suggested hurriedly. "See, there's a car-line running right past the door."

The cabman already had our bags. "Where to?" he asked, and when I told him Jennie gave a little gasp.

"The Waldorf!" she exclaimed. On the way down Fifth Avenue she sat back in a corner, silently preoccupied. I grinned when I peeped at her. Naturally Jennie had yet to overcome her old feelings, the sense that she must scrimp and save at every turn. As it was, our transition from thirty-five a week to five thousand a year had been pretty sudden. No doubt it would take a little time to realize the extensive change in our fortunes, our new prosperity.

"Something with a bath, Mr. Agnew?" suggested the room clerk, in a flattering "of course" tone of voice.

I nodded, whereat he further suggested it should be a suite—say, parlor, bedroom and bath.

Again I nodded, whereat the magnificent reached for a key, regally handed it between his thumb and forefinger to the attendant bellhop, then as royally dismissed me from his presence. Jennie on the way up in the elevator continued to frown intently. When the bellhop opened the door to our suite she flashed me an inquiring glance. I dare say Jennie thought some mistake had been made.

"Anything else?" asked the bellboy. As he had already unlocked the door, brought in our bags, opened the windows, turned on the electric light, turned it off again, tried the bathroom spigots and changed the doorkey from the outside lock to the one on the inside, I could think of nothing else whatever.

"Ice water?" he inquired earnestly, not to say meaningly.

Then I realized. "I have a dime," said Jennie, after I'd fished fruitlessly in my pockets for something less than half a dollar. A dime? I saw the boy's eyes widen—the corners of his mouth disdainfully droop. "Here!" I laughed, and tossed him fifty cents.

Sunshine shone instantly through the cloud upon his face. He flitted happily, then Jennie had her say.

"Jim, what's all this costing us?—you didn't ask."

Ask? Certainly not! To be sure I'd thought of asking, but somehow the room clerk's manner had silenced me. To be frank, I lacked the inclination to haggle and bargain like a cheap-ticket tripper. Before this I'd seen too much of bargaining and cheapening. Now it went all the more against the grain.

"For all you know, Jim," said Jennie quietly, "the charge may be twelve or fourteen dollars a day. It's without the meals too."

As a matter of fact, the charge, as I learned later, was sixteen dollars. Jennie picked up her gloves from the centertable. "Jim," she said, "I think we'd better go down and ask for something less expensive."

I laughed at the suggestion. Many of my classmates lived in New York, and naturally they and their wives would call at once on Jennie. When they called I meant to have them received in proper fashion.

"But I can see them downstairs in the parlor," Jennie protested.

Nonsense! "Look here, Jennie," I announced; "the fact is it's necessary to make a good impression. In Wall Street—my new position—a good deal depends on what people think of you. If a man doesn't look prosperous—— Oh, well, you know what I mean. Anyway, what's the use of talking about it? We have the money now to enjoy ourselves."

She waited quietly till I had finished. "Jim," said Jennie earnestly, "there's just one thing I'd like to say. After breakfast we must decide once and for all just how we mean to live. You have five thousand a year—yes! But, Jim, money isn't rubber. . . . Remember," said Jennie, "even five thousand a year you can't stretch indefinitely. That amount will go just so far, then no farther."

The remark shot home. Somehow it made me feel less light and airy over the light-as-air plans that I'd had brewing in my head. Breakfast—or rather the cost of it—also had its effect. Simple as the meal really was the check amounted to two dollars and seventy-five cents, not including the tip. Once upstairs again I dug out a pencil and began to figure. Jennie, it proved, had already forestalled me.

"Decidedly," she advised, "we shouldn't think of spending a cent more than thirty-five hundred."

"Thirty-five!" I exclaimed, looking up quite scandalized. "Why, I mean to get along on three thousand at the most."

She smiled abstractedly. "That's better still," she answered, smiling hazily. "Just the same I wish you'd look at my estimate."

Like other men I had little liking for the dry details of a woman's household economy. Ordinarily all I had asked of Jennie was that with the money I gave her she should make both ends meet. This estimate, however, was a revelation. It showed conclusively that Jennie in no wise shared my views of the place, the position, we should make for ourselves in New York.

Here are her figures:

Rent	$ 900
Household expenditures, servant included	1800
Dress allowance	300
Jim's tailor	200
Incidentals, the theater, trips, flowers and so forth	300
Total	$3500

Gad! it fairly took my breath away. In my estimate—I had yet to find its total—rent had been figured at a thousand a year; household expenses at two thousand and Jennie's dress allowance at six hundred. Incidentals I had figured at the same amount, six hundred dollars, while my own tailoring I put at three hundred dollars. The total was forty-five hundred dollars. Truly, as Jennie had said, not even five thousand a year may be stretched indefinitely. Only by the utmost caution could I save anything. Not only that, but I began to see that I must watch out lest I tumble into debt. Almost in wonder I began to respect the ability that had enabled Jennie to manage on only thirty-five a week.

She smiled idly. "If you like we can still live on that amount. . . . But if we do," she added directly, "you'll have to give up your ideas of entertaining. I doubt if we can anyway—at any rate not on the scale you've been intimating."

But I called a halt there. Thirty-five hundred a year was about the right figure, I decided. We might spend that, not a cent more. The remainder we must save. Not a cent should we waste. A penny saved is a penny earned. I was determined to live wisely, sparingly.

"Good! and why not begin right now?" suggested Jennie. "Let's move at once to some cheaper hotel."

Just as it was on the tip of my tongue to say "Yes" I remembered the dinner at Sherry's and that Oglebay's car was to call for us.

"Why—er—tomorrow," I answered. "The very first thing in the morning."

The fact remains, though, that we did not move on the morrow. For ten days while Jennie and I waited for our car of household belongings we stayed there at the Waldorf. The bill was two hundred and nineteen dollars and forty cents, and to pay it I had to draw an advance on my first month's salary.

. . . . . .

That first day in New York was eventful. Through the open window, though we were high up on the eleventh floor, I could hear the noise of the streets, a murmuring echo of the town's bustling commotion. By now it had got into my blood. "Come along, Jennie; let's see something," I impetuously proposed. "We'll get a taxi and run up the Avenue into the Park. Hurry! get your hat on."

"Nothing of the sort," said Jennie flatly; "we're going to spend the day looking for a house. . . . Besides," she added bluntly, "we'll walk or we'll take a street car. . . . A taxi! Why, the idea!" she exclaimed, scandalized.

I believe I blushed.

It was the day's hunt for a home, I think, that really gave me my first clear idea of what life, what living involves in New York City. So far I'd talked house—nothing but house. Flats I airily rejected. In my mind's eye I had pictured a nice little dwelling—a mansion, say, of three stories—a corner house by preference, with light, sunny rooms. They need not be large rooms, though I indeed did demand—in imagination—a drawing room

(Continued on Page 68)



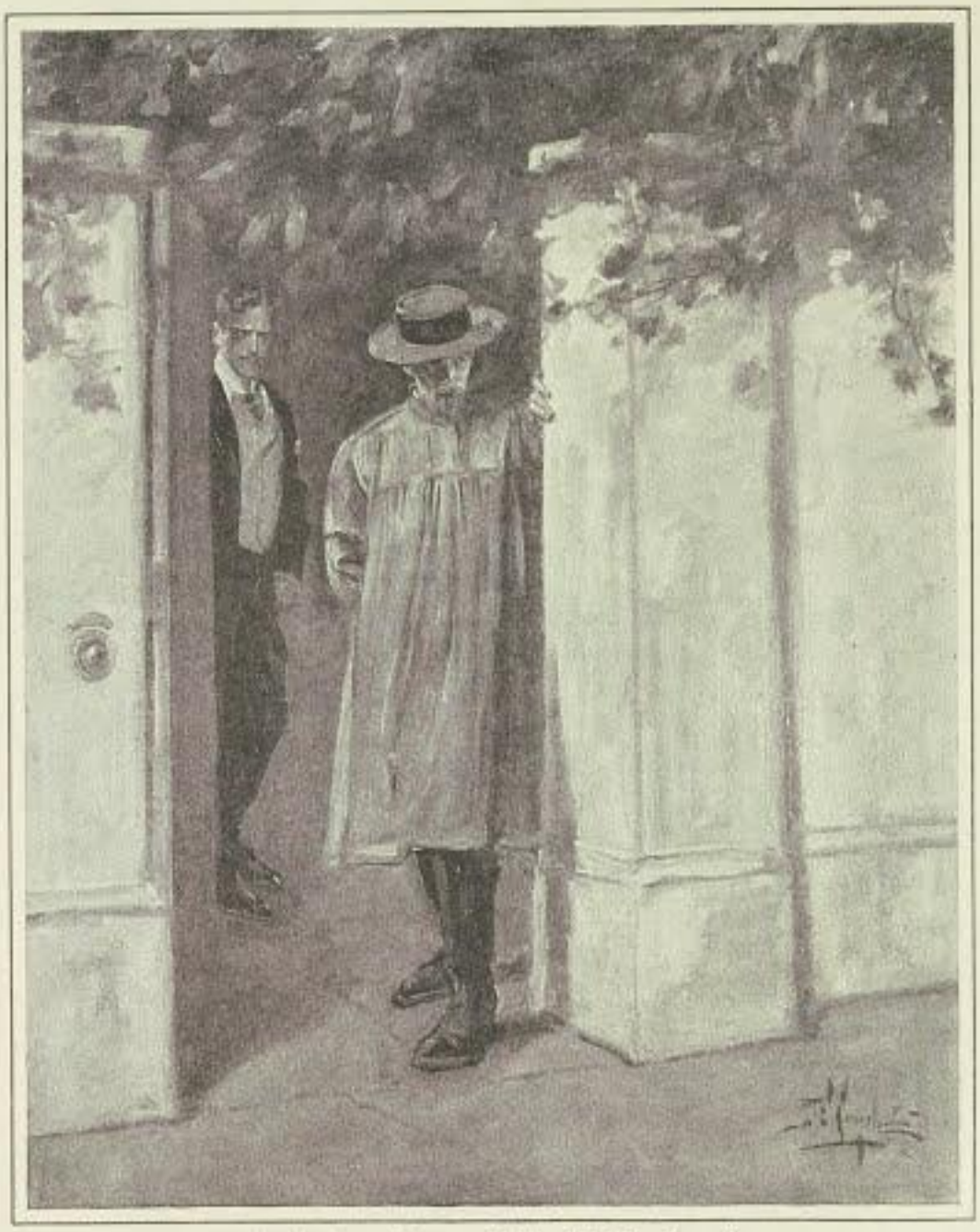
I Was, in Fact, Pleased Far Beyond My Anticipation

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

V

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL



Chu-Chu Slipped Out—and I Watched Him Hungrily

SŒUR ANNE MARIE, for all her sweet gentleness, had the quiet finality of the Angel with the Flaming Sword. Not a wriggle or so much as a word out of me were the orders for the next two days—not a glimpse of Rosalie or even a *bon jour* through the door; and as for a newspaper—what horror! She came in but little herself; so I did a Chinese rest cure with the result that the evening of the second day my fever was gone and Sœur Anne Marie said there was no more danger.

The next morning as I rolled over, clean slept out, there came a little rustle at the door, and I looked round to see Rosalie peeping in.

"Good morning," said I. "Is my sentence commuted?"

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Like a hundred-horsepower racer. Whenever you get tired holding that food ——"

She laughed and set down on my little table a bowl of coffee, some toast and a roll of fresh butter.

"And the arm—and shoulder?" she asked.

"I've forgot 'em!" And I started for my breakfast in a way that made Rosalie smile. Wounds, after all, are nothing much to a man in perfect health. The blood-letting had made me feel nice and cool and relaxed. I always had too much blood; but what had knocked me over was having it let out of me too suddenly. Nature gives good fighting men more blood than they really need.

"Where is your angel companion?" I asked.

"She is visiting a woman who has a new baby. Isn't she a dear?"

"She is more than that. I can't say what she makes me feel. I'd rather not try. Why can't all children have mothers like that? The prisons would all have steeples on 'em in ten years, and graft would be as rare as cannibalism."

Rosalie nodded, looking rather thoughtful. "I suppose God cultivates them, just as He does rare flowers," said she. "When He thinks they're too good for us He takes them to Heaven, where they'll be appreciated. There are actually people in the quarter who are nasty to Sœur Anne Marie simply because she is a nun."

"I'd like to catch 'em at it!" I growled.

Rosalie gave me a pensive look. "You are a good deal of a savage, aren't you?" said she.

"My real nature is nearer the surface than most people's," I answered.

She nodded. "I know. I'm a bit that way myself. I could live a thousand years in a convent or work among the poor, or suffer, or enjoy—but I'd always be a bit of a savage. In spite of my convent training and Sœur Anne Marie's influence, it blazes out once in a while."

"How does it blaze out?" I asked.

Her color deepened. Rosalie's skin was of that clear sort that the weather seems to have no effect upon, and the rich blood was always going and coming in a way that was very pretty to see. Her face was round rather than oval, and wore habitually an expression partly alert, partly saucy. It was not a beautiful face, nor was it by any means aristocratic in feature, the nose being small, turned up at the end and rather low in the middle, while her upper lip was pulled up in a habitual pout which showed the red, and the lower one was tucked in at the corners like a baby's. You see lots of faces like Rosalie's in the front row of a pretty chorus, with figures to match; but Rosalie's expression had something which most of the show girls lack—and that was force and character, partly the result of a resolute little chin and partly from a sort of childish purity, such as you sometimes notice under the big hood of a Sister of Charity. One felt instinctively that she was a good girl; also that the person who tried to make her otherwise stood a good chance of getting hurt. Rosalie possessed the inherited virtue of the Irish girls, who are as proverbially careful of themselves as they are devoted to the man with whom they choose to mate. A Celtic trait that, and French girls well brought up are very similar.

"I must go and start the luncheon," said Rosalie. "Here's the Matin and here's the Daily Mail. Sœur Anne Marie said you might see the papers if you had no fever—and you look cool enough." And with a bright little nod she went out.

Just as I had expected, the papers were full of the attempted robbery at Baron Hertzfeld's; and the artists who assisted at the luncheon party must have thought they'd struck a good vein of advertising value.

Chu-Chu, who gave the name of Numas, was the hero of the yarn. He told how he had seen the thief climb over the wall and had followed him into the house and up the stairs. Spying from the curtains, Numas had seen him start to work on the safe, when he had waited for about ten minutes, hoping that somebody might come and assist in the capture. Numas had not wished to call or to go to look for assistance for fear the thief might escape, but had finally determined to tackle him single-handed. In the scuffle he had managed to disarm the marauder and had shot at him with his own revolver and received a knife-thrust in return. Then another chauffeur had come to his aid, but the burglar had managed to overcome them both and make his escape.

The beautiful Princess Petrovski, who was such a familiar figure in the theaters and fashionable restaurants and was so often to be seen at the races with Prince Kharkoff—the chap who had got me deported, you know—had taken the chauffeur for the afternoon, her own car undergoing repairs. Acting from a sentiment impossible to commend sufficiently, she had ordered that the hero be sent to a hospital in her own quarter, where she might be able personally to superintend his nursing.

Then followed a lot of rot about the attempted burglary and the heroism of the other chauffeur. I had taken him for a winebibbing footman, but it appears he was a large, fat, private chauffeur in a fancy uniform. He described how he had first heard a suspicious noise in the conservatory—more flower-pots knocked off the shelf, I suppose; but, on entering the house, the pistol-shot had rung out and he had dashed up the stairs—this last was manifestly untrue, and in my private opinion he had been taking a little snoop round on his own hook. He had entered the boudoir to find his comrade, Numas, grappling with the desperado, a broad-shouldered man of prodigious strength. The chauffeur had flung himself upon the marauder in spite of the fact that he was himself unarmed; but he was not in time to save his colleague from being stabbed, while he himself, though, as any one could see, a powerful man, was flung aside as if he had been a child and dealt a blow upon the side of the jaw which had stretched him senseless on the floor.

The burglar was described as a man rather above the average height, very broad of shoulder and dressed in ordinary street clothes rather light in color. He was said to have had dark hair and a black mustache—and here I began to rub my eyes. As you see, I am fairly tall, but I am by no means heavily built and of medium coloring. I was smooth-shaven and wore tweed knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket.

A second's thought, however, showed me the reason. Chu-Chu naturally did not want me to be taken, so he had put them off as much as he could, considering that one or two others might have caught a glimpse of me. As for the fat chauffeur, he was a fool and had been so excited that if Chu-Chu had described me as a red Indian in warpaint and feathers he would never have denied it.

The funniest part of all, though, was that the article went on to say that, in the opinion of the police and others more or less in touch with the criminal world, the daring burglar was none other than the notorious Chu-Chu le Tondeur. Everything went to establish this identity—the physical appearance of the thief; his superhuman strength and activity, and his cleverness in escaping unseen except by a waiter, who caught a glimpse of him as he plunged into the shrubbery; the speed and skill with which he had done his work, for the door of the strong-box was on the point of being pierced, though Numas said that he had waited for only about five minutes in the hall before trying to seize him and had then made the attempt single-handed, as he was afraid to cry out or to leave the spot in search of help, fearing that the burglar might escape. When, after what had seemed to him not over ten minutes at the outside, he had decided to tackle the thief single-handed the hole into the lock was already drilled.

The most significant fact, however, was that the object of the robbery was to steal a valuable diamond tiara which had been purchased by Monsieur le Baron von Hertzfeld as a gift for a friend. Intercepting gems in this way was known to be a specialty of Le Tondeur's—and so on.

I laid the paper down, smiling to myself. Then it struck me all at once that here I had interfered with Ivan's business again—and I stopped smiling. Yes, come to think of it, the grin had better be kept for another time.

Ivan was neutral as far as Chu-Chu's and my feud went; but breaking up trade was another business. Ivan had, no doubt, put Chu-Chu on this job, Léontine to dispose of the loot afterward; so that, in jumping on Chu-Chu's back at this particular moment, I had probably done the concern out of at least a hundred thousand francs. And, now that I came to think of it, Léontine herself looked rather sick when I met her in the park.

This was mighty serious business—more serious, as a matter of fact, than my feud with Chu-Chu. Ivan had squared things between us when he gave me back Mary Dalghren's pearls, and he had acted handsomely and on the square. Now he might easily say to himself: "Being neutral is one thing, but standing pat while this virtuous young man interferes with my star worker and takes the bread out of the mouths of the lot of us, is another. I will give orders that he be eliminated."

And I knew that, once such orders were issued from headquarters, it would be all up with me. Those ferrets of Ivan's would have been hanging from my throat in a week's time, no matter how deep I burrowed. The association was rooted in Paris like a cancer and there was no telling where its fibers might penetrate. If Ivan made up his mind that I was in the way, I should probably never know what finished me. The best thing, I thought, would be to go to Ivan and tell him how the thing had happened and assure him that I had no intention of interfering with his work, even if I had chucked the game myself. Sounds a bit weak-livered? Well, maybe so; but, after all, there are limits to the nerve-strain a man can stand when it's long-continued. Also, I'd like to state, it's the dash of caution with his courage that makes a man a master and carries him the greatest distance.

I went ahead and finished the papers and was glad to see by the society column that Mr. and Mrs. John Cuttynge were touring the Lake Country in their sixty-horsepower Franco-Helvetia, one of our new cars. I hoped they would stay across the Channel until I finished up my affair with Chu-Chu, as John and I looked too much alike to make it safe for him to knock about Paris.

Then Rosalie stuck her head in to tell me to be good and was off for the afternoon and maybe most of the night. It struck me that if I had a wife I wouldn't want her to be a chauffeuse. Rosalie was well fitted for the job, because she had that peculiar combination of cheek and good-natured repartee which will take a woman almost anywhere and can turn a bad intention into a laugh.

I was getting a bit tired of myself when I heard a little rustle and Sœur Anne Marie came in. She gave me a quick, smiling look, then said:

"There is no need to take your temperature, *mon ami*. Another day of such good behavior and you can sit up. Now I will dress your arm."

So she went ahead and I must say she was a master hand at it. The wound, though a nasty one, was so clean that Sœur Anne Marie was surprised.

"My son," said she, "if only your heart were as clean as your blood and tissues you would be a strong worker in God's garden."

"And what makes you think that it is not, *ma mère?*" I asked.

"I do not think so," she answered; "but from what Rosalie tells me I fear that your soul is sick. You told her that you had an enemy whom you were seeking to destroy."

"Yes," I admitted. "That is quite true; but this man is not only my enemy but one to all society. It is Chu-Chu le Tondeur; and every year of his life—every month, one might almost say—adds its new list of thievery and murder. Besides, if I do not manage to kill him he will certainly kill me."

Her great, intelligent eyes rested thoughtfully on mine.

"It were perhaps better that he should destroy you, my son," she answered, "than that you should destroy your own soul. Will you tell me your story? Perhaps I may be able to help you."

It seemed to me that I owed her this confidence; so I told her all that had happened, holding back only the names. When I had finished she sat for a while, thinking deeply. Then she said:

"It is just as I thought when I first looked into your eyes. Your soul is not one of those poor, unfortunate, deformed ones. It has been ill and now it is beginning to recover. Your own strength must make this recovery complete. My son, your duty is very plain."

"Perhaps you mean," said I, "that I ought to take the whole affair to the police?"

She nodded her silvery head.

"But that would be impossible," said I quickly. "I passed my word to the Chief that I would not betray him or any of his crowd."

"There are times, *mon ami*," said Sœur Anne Marie, "when it is necessary to break one's word rather than cling to a wrong resolve."

"Don't tell me that!" I cried. "My word's the only god I've got. It's the only thing that's never failed me!"

Maybe my voice was rough, for she drew back a little and looked startled and a bit frightened. Then she looked at me and her eyes softened.

"And you have always kept your word?" she asked.

"Always," I answered. "I don't give it lightly; but, once given, I stick to it."

"Then in this case I will not advise you to break it, since to do so would be to break faith with yourself. But there is something else which has occurred to me. This man who is at the head of the criminal organization is, you tell me, so powerful that if you were to incur his enmity you would feel as if already dead?"

"That is true," I answered.

"And if he were to forbid you to destroy this terrible criminal, Chu-Chu, you would not dare?"

"It would not be worth my while to try."

"Then, is it not possible that your enemy might feel the same way—that if he were forbidden by this same Chief to murder you he would not dare?"

I hesitated. It had never occurred to me to ask Ivan to call off Chu-Chu under pain of punishment from headquarters. Yet, when I came to think of it, I doubted that Chu-Chu would dare to go ahead against Ivan's strict injunction any more than I should. Sœur Anne Marie saw the hesitation in my face and went on quickly:

"You tell me you have twice attempted the life of this man and that he has narrowly escaped; that you have been saved from being a murderer by a miracle"—that was her way of looking at it. "Do you not think it possible your enemy would be quite willing to obey the order for a truce if he knew you would do the same?—especially since he would hardly dare to disobey? Why do you not see this Chief and suggest to him that he put a stop to the feud?"

"Then you would advise me to discontinue my efforts to put an end to a dangerous enemy to society?" I muttered.

"No, my son. I have already advised you to take the matter to the proper authorities, and you have told me that this was something which you could not do and remain true to yourself. So I urge you next, since you cannot protect society with due authority, at least to keep your own hands clean of blood. Might not this be possible?"

I thought hard for a moment.

"*Ma mère*," I said finally, "I much doubt if it could be done. This enemy of mine is a human tiger, and I doubt if he knows what real fear is. In this way the man is superhuman—or, perhaps, less than human. For another thing, I doubt if the Chief himself would dare issue such an order; for Le Tondeur, after all, is still a member of the association, while I am a renegade and a foreigner. It would be dangerous, I think, for the Chief to attempt such a thing. It might weaken his influence with his followers—and besides, Chu-Chu might kill him, secretly and without leaving any trace, if he thought himself in danger."

She was silent for a moment, then asked:

"At any rate, could you not see the Chief and ask his opinion? You tell me he has shown himself to be friendly-disposed to you. Could you not have a talk with him?"

"That is possible," I answered.

"And, until you have heard what he has to say," she went on eagerly, "will you not promise me that you will not raise your hand against your enemy?"

"Not even in self-defense?" I asked quickly.

"It will not be necessary. God will protect you, for you shall go forth clothed in my prayers."

It occurred to me that the dear lady's prayers had not saved her from being driven from the convent and the institution broken up; but of course I did not hint at such a thing. What she asked of me was pretty stiff, as, for all I knew, Chu-Chu might be at that moment on the stairs. A flesh wound in the muscles of the chest isn't much, and the man had the vitality of a gorilla or timber wolf. I hesitated.

"You do not realize what you ask of me, Sœur Anne Marie," I said. "It is like sending a man into the arena unarmed."

She looked at me sorrowfully. "It is a terrible thing for a *religieuse* to nurse a man back to strength in the knowledge that, as soon as he is healed, he means to go forth to slay a fellow man," said she. "But if you are unwilling, my son, I will not urge you."

I raised myself on one elbow. "I will promise you this," said I: "that, until I have seen the Chief and heard what he has to say, I will take no offensive action. I will strike only in self-defense and to save my own life—if I should get the chance. And I will promise you, also, *ma mère*, that if the matter can be settled without bloodshed it shall be so."

The old lady leaned over and patted my shoulder.

"Thank you, my son," said she. "God will reward you!"

VI

A FORTNIGHT saw me practically sound again. The bullet-hole in my shoulder had been drilled clean and it closed up again without a drop of pus. The knife-wound was also benign, though in healing it left the outer side of my hand rather cold and numb.

Then came the time to say goodby; and it wasn't easy, for I had grown mighty fond of these two sweet, brave women, each so different from the other, yet in a way so much alike. They liked me too—that was plain enough from their actions; and all three of us knew it was pretty uncertain when and where we should meet again. Naturally I had not stuck my head out of the door since the afternoon I came to the little studio apartment; and, once I had left it, I did not intend to risk going back. Neither would it do to meet either of them outside. Once Chu-Chu discovered that they were my friends there was no telling what horrible thing might happen.

I had decided to leave at midnight and go straight to Ivan's house. Sœur Anne Marie was suffering from a headache and at nine o'clock I made her go to bed. She gave me her blessing and made me promise to send her a few words from time to time. Rosalie was resting, for she had come in about two, after an eighteen-hour trick, and was going out again to get on the boulevards before the theaters were over.

My plan was to leave a little after Rosalie and go directly to Ivan's house, over by the Parc Monceau. After looking the ground over carefully, I would go in and try my luck with Ivan. I might or might not succeed. It was very possible that I might not get out alive, as Ivan might consider the opportunity of suppressing me too good a one to let go by, and the armed weasels that were his servants would make quick and quiet work of it. I was getting rather tired of the whole filthy business, however, and asked nothing better than to have it over with, one way or the other. I felt like the old man whose wife had been a bedridden invalid for five years, when he said to the physician: "Waal, doc, I do wish she'd git better or—somethin'!"

A little before ten Rosalie came out, clad in a kimono, her hair tumbled about her ears and her eyes red-rimmed and tired.

"I couldn't sleep," said she; "so I thought I'd come out and talk to you. Oh! Isn't it all horrid?"

She caught her breath and covered her face with her hands. She was pretty well used up, poor girl, for the tourist crowd had kept her on the trot night and day, and my own affair had got horribly on her nerves. More than once I'd cursed myself for a fool for having let her take me home.

"Rosalie," said I, "you are all fagged out. You've been going it too strong. Can't you take all night in and rest up a little?"

She turned and gave me a queer, sarcastic sort of look.

"Rest up!" she echoed scornfully. "I'd go crazy and jump down into the plum trees."

"That's what comes of getting overtired," said I.

"Oh!" snapped Rosalie—"is it?"

She stood under the glow of the tall reading lamp, nervously straightening the books and papers on the center table. Her chestnut hair, which was full of natural waves, glowed and glistened like spun gold as she moved her head. She turned her back to me and I couldn't help noticing how sweetly her pretty little neck rose from the fold of the kimono.

Her restless hands stole in and out among the papers; and then, as I watched her thoughtfully, the rounded shoulders gave a little heave, there was the sound of a smothered sob, and her bare arms slipped up out of the flowing sleeves as she covered her face with both hands.

"Rosalie!" said I sharply, and sprang up from the divan where I was sitting.

She turned away from me. The sobs came quickly and noiselessly.

My friend, I've seen some harrowing things in my sinful life, but I don't know when I've been so upset as I was at the sight of that little girl, sobbing quietly under the lamp. Even though it were no more than a combination of heat and overwork and insufficient sleep—and the chance of losing a friend who had grown companionable—it was mighty pathetic. Women or children in trouble always hit me hard; and the next moment I was standing beside Rosalie, my arm behind her and my hand resting on her shoulder.

"Rosalie," I said, "don't cry, little girl. There's nothing to cry about. It's coming out all right—you wait and see."

She shook her head, her face still covered with her hands and her body rocking back and forth. Once or twice before, when she had been tired and nervous, I'd seen her on the edge of a breakdown; but she'd always managed to laugh and chatter it off. This time, however, the storm had caught her aback, and her body shook and shuddered under the struggle. Yet, game little girl that she was, she was as silent as a wounded bird for fear of disturbing Sœur Anne Marie.

I left her for a moment to close the door of the corridor. Rosalie tottered to the divan and flung herself down in the corner. Her sobs were almost convulsions and I got frightened. There's only one thing to do when a woman gets to crying like that, and that is to comfort her, no matter what comes of it. So I sat down beside her on the divan, slid my arm under her shoulders and transferred the chestnut head and the round arms and all to my own chest. She pulled back a little at first, but feebly—then yielded; in fact, she went me one better, for her pretty,

round arms slipped out of the kimono and went up round my neck and her tear-stained face was buried under the rim of my jaw.

For several minutes I held her so; and it must have been the best thing to do, because the sobs slowed down and stopped and her breathing grew quieter. To help the cure I lifted her face and kissed her eyes and lips. This was good for the sobs if not for the breathing, and I could feel her heart hammering against my chest.

Rosalie was fast coming to herself, however, and pretty soon she stirred uneasily, drawing her arms from round my neck and letting her head slip down against my shoulder.

"Whatever must you think of me, Frank?" said she.

"Just what I've always thought—that you're a brave, warm-hearted darling, and as good as they make 'em."

She caught her breath; then her laugh rippled out, quavering and unsteady.

"Look in the glass, Frank. What a picture!"

I looked across the room and saw the reflection of a young priest in a long black cassock, sitting on a divan with his arms full of an uncommonly pretty girl with very red cheeks, hair tumbled round her ears and a flowered kimono far enough open to show a very demoralizing throat. That part of it was corrected while I looked in the glass, and Rosalie drew herself up, then turned and looked at me.

"That was a bad breakdown, Frank—but I feel better now. I was all in, as they say at home. You are a sort of rock of refuge, aren't you?"

"Now go wash your face, my dear, and put on your dinky business clothes," I said, "and we'll eat a bite; and——"

"Don't!" She held out her hand.

"But, Rosalie, it's not so terrible. Something good will turn up, you see. And I'll write you every day."

"You might come into the Bon Cocher sometimes."

"It's too dangerous—for you, I mean."

"I'm not afraid."

"You weren't afraid a minute or two ago. Somebody's got to be afraid sometimes."

She looked at me with eyes curious and alight. Then she said: "You are right, my rock of refuge. I shall do as you say. Now I'll go and put on my business clothes—and you can hook me up." She laughed gayly—a little too gayly, it seemed to me.



There's Only One Thing to Do When a Woman Gets to Crying Like That

So she got into her khakis and I hooked her up—and dear old Sœur Anne Marie, who had put me in the most dangerous position of all my life by extracting the promise she had, resting and, I hoped, sleeping in a room close by, and never guessing at the little drama that had been played out right alongside her!

Rosalie stirred up an omelet and we ate it with a bit of salad, some *brioche* and a bottle of beer. You'd have thought we were starting out for a joy ride and to do the town!

Then, our little supper finished and the clocks striking the half-hour—half-past eleven—I got up quickly.

"I'm off!" said I. "*Au 'voir*, my dear!"

Rosalie's face went white.

"Not—yet!" said she falteringly.

"Time's up. Be a good girl and don't get nervous and blue."

She threw herself into my arms. I kissed her, then turned to the door and went out and down the dark stairs into the street. The last I saw of Rosalie she was standing in the middle of the room, staring with wide eyes and pale cheeks.

Once in the street, I'm ashamed to say I soon forgot—or, at least, put out of my mind—Rosalie sobbing on my shoulder and the look of her face when the door closed between us. The street was always a tonic for me—just what drink is to some, and the sea or the woods or the road to others. Whenever I've been down I've slipped into the street, like an ash-cat; and there I've gradually bucked up and taken a fresh grip and got a new interest in things. The look of the houses and the guess at what's going on behind their walls, and the glimpse at the faces that pass you—let me tell you, my friend, that's my wine! It's to me what the jungle is to the hunter of big game, or the icefloe to the arctic explorer, or the desert to the Bedouin. My place is in the street—that maze of human purpose; it's my hunting-ground—or was. And when the curiosity to know what was behind those inscrutable walls got too strong, or was mixed with the need of whatever there was to be found there, I went in and had a look round; and I seldom came out empty-handed.

Talk about crime! Faugh! I was a criminal, just as we all are; only when I got crowded a little I went after what I needed. I knew that if I made a false step or blundered the least bit they'd nab me and tuck me away for years and years where there'd be no more street or jungle or sea or desert, or freedom of any kind. And yet I risked it. Sometimes I think that many criminals take these risks merely because there is no other class that loves its liberty so much. Criminals are all gamblers, more or less; and, though I don't believe in such a thing as a criminal class, I do believe in a class of gamblers. And I think that most of the real criminals—mind you, I'm not speaking of those silly, pitiful, weak, honest folks who fall to a temptation because the payment on the car is due and the wife has run up a milliner's bill—the real criminal, the wolf of society, loves to play with the trap. He loves it just as another type, still higher in the scale of perversity, loves to gamble with his life—or another man with his fortune.

Well, the street was my passion; and when you've got that city-prowling in your blood there's no such place to gratify it as Paris or London. American cities are laid out too much on the plan of a safe-deposit vault or a model chicken farm. Everything is squared and angled and numbered and tallied and patrolled; and when a burglar wants to do a job he doesn't go out and slip over a wall, with his little kit swung from his shoulder. He turns lobbyist and starts with the mayor, and works down until he finds somebody whom he can "fix." That's not sport—it's business. No wonder American crooks call burglary and pocket-picking and a bill through the legislature all by the same name—"graft"!

It's different in the Old World cities, however, where a man goes about his job as a hunter might—but, there, I'm forgetting that I'd chucked all that and was out for something even bigger than cracking a safe—my life and the right to live in the open. And I was handicapped now, as a hunter might be who had lost all his ammunition. I'd given Sœur Anne Marie my word not to strike except to save my life—and if I'd promised her to roam round unarmed I'd have felt more secure; but this promise was good only until I'd had my talk with Ivan. So you see I was in some hurry to have this over with.

If Ivan thought it would be worth his while to call off the feud between Chu-Chu and myself there was the possibility that he might manage it through Chu-Chu's avarice. Chu-Chu loved money even more than he loved revenge, and he had found out that he couldn't do much without Ivan. The Shearer had wonderful cunning, ruthless methods of getting rid of obstacles, the cautious but desperate courage of a wolf and a dexterity that was equal to that of any safe expert or prestidigitator; but his lacking quality was imagination. Once given the data and general directions, there was no living man so capable of pulling off a job; but, without these, Chu-Chu might easily have gone a year without turning a single trick. He had no criminal initiative. He was like a trained hunting dog of marvelous scent and instinct; taken out by the master, he could do his work and delight in it—left alone, he would have scratched his fleas round the house through the whole hunting season.

Ivan was, in his way, as remarkable as Chu-Chu. Through his underground system—which, as a matter of fact, was probably nine-tenths his own imagination—he always had a job on hand. Ivan seemed to know in some clairvoyant way when valuable jewels were about to make a journey, and where; and how much gold was in such and such a bank; and who had just bought a rope of pearls or a tiara or a dog-collar, and when they were to be delivered. Ivan had all of the data clear and distinct for the man detailed for the job; and he would let it pass unless he could see the whole business from beginning to end. Chu-Chu was his star man for this sort of work and I had an idea that he operated on half shares, though Ivan made the bluff of paying only fifteen per cent for such jobs as he himself outlined.

It seemed to me, therefore, that Ivan, having no particular interest in the feud between us and having as much use for Chu-Chu as Chu-Chu had for Ivan, might persuade the Shearer that there was nothing in it and rig up a truce between us. Ivan did not want me to kill Chu-Chu. When he told me to go ahead I think that he felt quite sure that Chu-Chu would finish my affair within the week. On the other hand, I doubted very much that he wanted Chu-Chu to kill me. In spite of what I had said to him, Ivan would not be quite sure that I had not made a confidant of some friend who might get up and do a lot of talking if I were picked up somewhere with a knife through my gizzard. Ivan's methods were all for quiet and no scandal. He was, in his way, just like the church-going head of a big, dishonest corporation, and no doubt felt himself a person of wealth and consequence. He was

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IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN



A BIG FACTOR IN MODERN SCIENTIFIC RAILROADING

By Edward Hungerford

A HIGH operating officer of the Erie Railroad found himself at the busy junction town of Hornellsville, in Western New York, a few months ago, with an hour to be spent awaiting the train that was to bear him east. He alighted from his car and walked down the track. At the end of the depot stood a big passenger locomotive, and over it the engineer and fireman were both extending loving care—making its nickeled parts fairly glisten in glittering cleanliness.

"What train do you take out of here?" said the Erie man to the engineer.

"I make the Susquehanna division with Number Umpty-seven," was the reply.

"She isn't due out of here for an hour and a half," replied the officer without identifying himself. "I didn't suppose you boys showed up at the roundhouse before half an hour of leaving time."

The engineer did not answer for a moment, but kept polishing with his waste. After a time he spoke:

"Life is a joke for me anyhow. I get up at six-thirty, spend an hour and a half on this baby, tote her up the division a hundred and fifty miles, get home at eight o'clock at night, work in the garden for a couple of hours and then get to bed, knowing that tomorrow I won't have a thing to do but work."

The Erie operating man was puzzled.

"I don't quite get you," he said. "I don't see why you are putting in all this time on your engine."

The engineer dropped his waste and faced him.

"Stranger," said he, "I guess you didn't take any special notice of this engine."

Then he took the operating man round to the front of the locomotive.

"See there!" he said. "She belongs to the Order of the Red Spot."

The other looked. The big cast-iron numeral plate on the front of the boiler had been painted a bright red. He was perplexed and showed it.

"That's our superintendent's idea. We keep our engines up to a certain standard and we get into the Order of the Red Spot. There's certainly some class to that order. Do you see?"

The Order of the Red Spot

THE Erie man saw. All the way down the division he looked for other engines that belonged to the order—you could see their flaming insignia a long way off—and he also remembered. He went into an official conference down in New York, and a little later they sent up to Hornellsville and brought the superintendent down to the city to run the big and busy New York division of the road.

The Order of the Red Spot has spread upon the Erie—more than that, a sort of exalted branch of the order has been created upon that historic railroad. When an engineer makes a clean record extending through long years of steady service, the railroad seeks to make more than a perfunctory recognition of his services. Do you remember some years ago when the locomotives of a railroad were all named—generally after some president or governor or senator, or perhaps a plain citizen who had loaned it the money with which it built its line? The Erie folks have gone back in a way to that plan, only the names that the cab-panels of its selected locomotives bear are those of the men who have sat in those same cabs for a quarter of a century, more or less. When the first of these locomotives—the Harvey Springstead—pulled into the Erie's Jersey City terminal a little less than a year ago, commuters—who are hardened to pretty nearly everything—took notice of the trim bit of motive power with the gilt lettering along her cab-sides, and above it Springstead himself, grinning in joy; for never was there a monarch who had accomplished half so great a triumph.

Other engines on the Erie have been brought into this exalted degree of the Order of the Red Spot. W. R. Benedict has been up on the Buffalo division of the old road since 1860, starting at the bottom rung as an enginewiper, being gradually promoted to fireman and to engineer. So it was that engine 506 was assigned to him, his name painted in gilt letters on her cab; and if Benedict had a quitclaim deed to the engine he could not be more proud of her. J. M. Dando has run an Erie engine down through Ohio since 1864. His forty-seven years at the throttle are years full of efficient service, and so engine 854 has been given his name and assigned to him. The list already runs to some length on the Erie. There are no exact qualifications that an engineer must reach to attain this signal honor, the general provision being that he must have veteran service behind him, a long-standing ability to keep his engine clean and up to working capacity, and that his run is of such a nature that an engine can be permanently assigned to him. This last provision is not difficult to meet. The older engineers are generally given shorter passenger runs which can be easily handled with a single assigned engine.

Do you think that these things can easily be measured in dollars and cents? The brotherhoods generally take pretty good care of the wage necessities and demands of the men who fill their rolls; the operating departments of the railroad, as a rule, manage to see that these same men earn the wages that are paid to them. There is a something more to railroading, however—a something that is not expressed in the dollars and cents of the pay envelope or in the hours of efficient service that a railroader gives his employer. That something is more truly expressed in the creation of an *esprit de corps*—the intangible spirit that gives to a transportation organism more than its dollars and cents can ever buy from its men. That spirit may cause economies, avoid long, heartrending strikes and save a road accidents, harmful both in cost to its treasury and to its reputation. That something—that spirit—is what we call keeping in touch with the men; and today it is a big factor in modern scientific railroading.

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Here are two railroads—in very much the same section of the land. The one road is rich and possibly a bit arrogant. It pays its men well and treats them fairly. In return they render to it the service that it pays for—and nothing more. Loyalty and affection to the property are lacking; the fireman is hired on this X—— system to keep the locomotive's firebox filled and to look sharply to the upkeep of his part of the machine. The station agent is hired to sell tickets, and sell tickets he does, though the folk who may line up before his window wish that there was another road through the county so that they might show this particular employee what they think of his blamed old railroad! They might engage its employees in confidential conversation, as we ourselves have done, and find out their private opinion of its management. Its president is a pinhead and its general manager a grafter; but what can you expect of a road whose directors have been chosen from the forty thieves? That is the X—— road.

Now consider the other of these two roads that run their rails in much the same territory—the somewhat attenuated Y—— system. The Y—— road has had its own part in the history of this country, and not a very creditable part at that. Its own history for many years was a dismal sort of tragedy. Today the reflection of that past can be seen in shabby equipment, unpainted stations, and the like; but for its sins it has paid penance many times over, and today its shippers and its passengers honestly believe that it is making a sincere effort to retrieve its past. The other day we stood in a town in the middle-western section of the country, where the rails of the main line of the X—— system cross those of the main line of the Y—— system. We found ourselves talking with an old flagman of the Y——. He was pointing to a crack flyer of the X—— road, tearing along the rails.

Odious Comparisons

"SHE'LL be on time," said the flagman. "She always is, and they are advertising the fact—but they ain't saying a word about the record of some of their other trains. We don't make the same run within four hours of their time, but our flyer's on time three hundred and fifty days out of the year—and so are every one of our other trains. They've double track every inch of the way and get to crowing when they can move ten thousand freight cars in twenty-four hours. We're single track for fifty per cent of our main line—and yet we have eight thousand cars here of a Sunday and manage to keep our mouths shut."

"How's that?" we ventured to ask.

"The big boss likes it better that way," he said gravely. "He must 'a' heard some of them X—— fellows talk. They're chesty sometimes."

"How do you know what the boss likes?" we pressed.

He went into his disreputable little shanty—on the Y—— they put a high value on a can of paint—and brought out a well-thumbed little magazine. It was called the Y—— Visitor, and a copy of it went each month to every man on the road, no matter how humble his rank.

"The boss has got a habit of telling us here each month jus' what he likes," said the flagman. "It's sort o' nice—jus' almost as if he was in the habit of droppin' in at th' cabin here for a chat; an' I can get my own idea of how he wants me to run my own part of this road."

Which of these two systems, the rich X—— or the poor and struggling Y——, is best in touch with its men? Entirely apart from any ethical point of view, there is not a railroad man of the new school that is springing up among the big carriers of the land who will not tell you that this practical work is of great help in making the dollars of the payrolls go farther in bringing returns, direct and indirect, to the company.

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The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad was the first of all the big systems to recognize these things; and away back in 1857 it established a relief fund for its employees. That

led a precarious existence for years until 1880, when the Baltimore & Ohio Employees' Relief Association came into existence, which has since remained an active force in the operation of the road. And, even dating back as recently as 1880, the Baltimore & Ohio was the first railroad to have an institution of this sort. Briefly stated, its work is divided into three divisions—the relief, the savings and the pension features. The first of these provides in the event of injury for the employees of the road who become members of its association, and in case of death takes care of their families. The men pay a sum of from one to five dollars a month, according to their rate of pay, receiving graduated weekly benefits in case of accident, and in case of death a payment varying from two hundred and fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars. The fund, with the aid of an annual contribution of six thousand dollars from the railroad company, is self-supporting.

The Pennsylvania also has a relief or insurance department as a part of its big scheme of organization. Its rates of assessment upon such of its employees as care to join the scheme are almost the same as those of the Baltimore & Ohio, the daily benefits varying from forty cents to two dollars and fifty cents for sickness or accident, with the death payments also from two hundred and fifty to twenty-five hundred dollars, according to the class of membership and death benefit held. Almost all of the big railroads have followed the example of these two representative systems. These roads have also found savings schemes of one sort or another of real benefit in keeping the men content.

Almost every big road, like a good many other long-established businesses, is confronted with the problem of taking care of the veterans in its service. The experiences of just one property—which has barely rounded its first half-century of existence—may be of interest. These older men, the men who gave the road their loyalty when pay was small and the safeguards for human life few, have been the special concern of its general manager.

"For a dozen years," he will tell you, "I had been carrying from fifty to sixty of these old fellows on a sort of private payroll, each month mailing them a check representing about half of their old pay. We were glad to do it, for we were proud of what we call our 'old guard.'

"Then of a sudden I realized that I was all wrong. Our company was giving these men money as a gratuity when it was really their right—the right earned by long and faithful service. It was not right that we should pauperize them or humiliate them by making them accept what was nothing more or less than charity."

Good Policy in Pensions

"OUT of that sudden change of heart was born our pension system. What was a matter of courtesy toward our men became their right; or, if you choose to look at it in that way, it was their salary still being paid to them after years of service and loyalty to the road had exhausted their physical and mental vitalities. So strongly did that come to us, we made our pension system a matter of organization and incorporation; so that the men are protected against any whims of a change of management. It protects us by permitting us to insist upon a man's retirement—be he section hand or vice-president—at what we think is a suitable age and in accordance with the impartial requirements of our pension system."

We do progress—a little. Twenty-five years ago a pension scheme would have been laughed out of the office of the average railroad president. Today it is a recognized important factor in the diplomatic handling of the men—that, in its turn, is one of the very great factors in the successful management of any great railroad property. Only two years ago Louis D. Brandeis, the New England lawyer whose name is known to every traffic man in the country, prepared a very elaborate pension scheme for the Boston & Maine. In his plan the pensions were to be provided by equal contributions from employer and employees—the employer to make up any deficiency; so that the minimum annual payment should not be less than two hundred dollars. The scheme was to be codperative in management and, once adopted both by the road and the men, was to have an irremovable right of existence. Mr. Brandeis called it "obligatory contributions secured by democratic methods," and it was on the point of adoption by both the railroad and the men when the Boston & Maine fell into the hands of the New Haven road. Neither the New Haven nor its president having any great faith in pension schemes, the plan was abandoned.

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The work of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. has come to a full development within recent years. Railroad operators, no matter what their personal religious preferences or convictions, have seen in the work of this organization a way of keeping in touch with the men, though having all the details of the work lifted from their own busy shoulders. The Vanderbilts, with their tremendous railroad interests in the northeastern section of the land, were the first of the very big railroaders to recognize the tremendous economic value of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. to a far-spreading carrier. Cornelius Vanderbilt, when president of the New York Central Railroad, built for the men of the two great systems having their terminals in the Grand Central Station, New York, a clubhouse—as fine as anything of the clubhouse kind in the city at that time—and put it under control of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. For more than a quarter of a century the railroaders coming from the end of their runs in the historic passenger terminal have been made welcome to it. Engineers, firemen, conductors and trainmen enter its hospitable doors after a long, hard run to enjoy the clean comfort of good meals, baths, comfortable beds.

After all, however, the real test of the Railroad Y.M.C.A. has come not in great and comfortable cities like New York but in isolated junction points; and here it has won its real triumphs. Few railroaders in train service can leave their homes in the morning, double their runs and be home at night. The hard part of the business is that in most cases a man will have to spend one night, occasionally two nights, out on the run. While in a large city the railroad man finds that it is a shabby sort of hotel or lodging house that can come within his scheme of economy, the little town, or the division terminal or junction where there is no real town at all, only multiplies the problem.

Seven Years of Progress

SUCH a town was Bradford Junction, Ohio, where the big and busy Panhandle divides its main line into two great forks, one reaching northwest to Chicago, the other southwest to Indianapolis and St. Louis. It is a really big freight point on the Pennsylvania—a black, broad-breasted yard with track mileage almost equal to that of a decent side-line division; a sprawling, smoky roundhouse—all the paraphernalia of train administration. When the traffic runs flood-high seventy-five trains a day are frequently handled at that yard—engines, crews and cabooses changed and sent back over home divisions. There are always railroaders, tired and hungry and dirty, being turned off the trains at Bradford; always demands for men, fed and freshened up, to take the outgoing freights.

In the old days there was not much joy for the railroaders at Bradford. A so-called railroad hotel stood there. Back of the depot stood a row of ramshackle saloons. Bradford was known the entire length of the Panhandle as a "pretty rough town," in all the significance of that phrase as applied to a railroad operating point. And yet the other day an old railroader told of the change that had come upon it.

"When I first started in," he said, "whisky flasks were as common on this road as coupling links. I haven't seen a whisky flask on the Panhandle for seven years!"

Such was the change that came about when the management of the road decided that Bradford had been an eyesore long enough. They turned to the Railroad Y. M. C. A. and in a little time the dirty old railroad hotel was being pulled down and a strong, substantial, comfortable clubhouse, set in an immaculate lawn, was replacing it. That building, plus a keen, aggressive young secretary-manager, has worked a reformation for decency in three big divisions of the Panhandle. There is not much religion in bringing a tired and hungry man in to good meals, a good wash and a good bed—letting him loaf in a comfortable reading room or on a shady porch, where a phonograph is grinding out the popular lyrics of the moment. Of course there is religion in that big clubhouse when it is wanted—sympathy when it is wanted. One Andy Heffert is the wreckmaster there at Bradford Junction. Heffert can take a two-hundred-ton locomotive up out of the ditch and set it on the track in almost no time—that's part of the routine of his business. He can pick a two-hundred-pound railroad man up out of the ditch and set him on his feet—like a new man! That is accomplishing something more than routine. But religion does not obtrude itself at Bradford. That is the secret of the success of the place.



We have spoken of Bradford not because it is exceptional, but because it is typical of the sort of work that the Railroad Y. M. C. A. is doing at the lonely junction points and the results it is achieving at them. There are other Bradfords, other competent leaders all the way across the land—and up into Canada as well. An engineer from the New York Central, a man who had slept many nights at that comfortable clubhouse at the Grand Central Station, went up into Canada a few years ago and took an engine on a Canadian Pacific division running out of Kenora. At that time the only place at which he could find board and lodging was a boarding house with a saloon attachment. He was only welcome there for a limited time unless he was a reasonably liberal patron of the saloon. The engineer changed that order of things and established a branch of the Railroad Y. M. C. A. which in four years gained three hundred members and threatened to close the saloons of the place. The average railroad operator does not set down his dislike of the saloon to any high moral attitude that he is taking—he knows that liquor is a bad thing, either in the cab or the caboose; and so he makes its use one of the unforgivable offenses in the railroad rulebook. It is pretty hard, however, for a superintendent to enforce the sharp provisions of that section of his code when his men have to seek food and rest either in a saloon or in close proximity to it.

The so-called Harriman lines—the Southern Pacific, Union Pacific and some smaller allied roads—have gone even farther than the plan of the Railroad Y. M. C. A., and have taken the details of the important sociological problem of railroad operation upon their own shoulders. A man trained for this sort of work was given charge of it from the start. He began by establishing employees' clubs at various important operating points on most of the allied systems.

These clubs, though similar in arrangement and management to the railroad branches of the Y. M. C. A., have one great distinction: there are no membership fees or dues. An employee of any of the systems is a member of the club just so long as he remains on the railroad's payroll. Every one of these is made welcome at any one of the clubhouses. And, lest there should be even the faintest taint of philanthropy about the thing, the men pay for what they use and the service they get. The library and the general conveniences are free, being regarded as part of the inducement that brings the men into the clubhouse. Meals, baths, beds, billiards and pool, cigars, soft drinks and candies are sold to them at prices sufficient to insure the best of supplies and of service; but the prices are always kept cheap—fifteen cents a night for a fine bed, ten cents for a bath and five cents an hour for pool are proofs that the price-card is kept somewhat more than reasonable.

The Mind of a Master Mechanic

"IT CANNOT be exactly shown what the financial returns to the railroad are from these clubs—this human block system," says F. G. Athearn, who was placed in charge of this work at its inception, "any more than from the automatic block-signal system upon which millions of dollars have been spent. Ledger balances do not show the saving in wrecks and human lives and increased safety for the traveling public because of greater mental alertness, better physical fitness and added contentment, due to good food, proper rest and recreation, and places that add to the joy of living—the grand averages tell the tale."

The New York Central lines have begun to get in touch with their men through their wonderfully efficient mechanical department, and the method of the Vanderbilts has been educational—not merely pedagogy but an intimate personal touch between the big road and its apprentices. The idea sprang from a suggestion made in a technical paper read by G. M. Basford at a master mechanics' convention six years ago. That suggestion was food for thought for J. F. Deems, the mechanical head of the Vanderbilt system, and he prepared to make it fact at the several shops of that property. Already there were evening apprentice schools at several of the repair plants, but attendance at these was entirely voluntary; and sometimes a boy, after standing at a lathe all day long, lacked enthusiasm to go into a schoolroom for two or three hours in the evening. Mr. Deems changed that thing. He made the schoolhours the first part of the day's work, when the scholars were fresh in mind and in body, and then did a little more—making them part of the day's work for which the railroad paid its apprentices. Attendance having been made compulsory, the railroad could enforce both discipline and a strict attention to work.

It has not been really necessary to enforce those things, however,

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A COWBOY OF THE SEA

THE MEMORABLE CRUISE OF THE OUTLAW MELVILLE

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

THE directors of the California and Far Eastern Steamship Company had listened to the auditor's semiannual report, and the president was trying to explain why he thought it best to charge off $634,768.15 to profit and loss. His associates, who included two bankers, a lumber merchant and a retired cattleman, scowled at the polished surface of the littered table along which they sat and refused even a nod of approval.

"I am sure," the president concluded, "that it will be cheaper to lay the Melville up permanently than it will be to keep her in commission."

"It is exactly one year since we bought her, and it was understood at the time that we were getting a first-class vessel very cheap," snapped a banker. "I fail to understand the situation."

"I've done my best to make it plain," rejoined the president wearily. "I've told you the Melville was launched three years ago in Scotland as the Huwarden Castle, and that she ran ashore two years ago off Fort Point in this harbor just as she was starting for Antwerp with a full cargo of grain. The underwriters took her over, repaired her and sold her to us for two hundred and ten thousand dollars—half her actual cost. We registered her under the American flag and added her to our fleet. Now just listen to the history of the past year, gentlemen, and you will comprehend my purpose when I recommend that the Melville be written off as a bad investment.

"On her first voyage under our flag she ran aground outside of Yokohama, and it cost us one hundred and eleven thousand dollars before we were through. Her next voyage was to Honolulu, and when we pulled her off the reef the Melville had additional charges of seventy-six thousand dollars against her. Then occurred the lamentable collision between the Melville and our own new express steamer Inyo, resulting, as you know, in the sinking of the Inyo. In accordance with the terms of the findings at the investigation we were forced to charge one-half of that loss against the Melville. And a month ago she did fifty thousand dollars' worth of damage to the drydock at Hunter's Point. The total deficit, over and above the earnings of the Melville, now charged to her is, as I have said, approximately six hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"But why lay her up? Why not keep her running and make her pay that off?" demanded another director.

The president took off his eyeglasses and rubbed his lids.

"That, gentlemen, is for you to determine," he remarked. "But my advice is: Put that vessel in Oakland Creek and leave her there."

"Hum!" muttered the lumberman. "Who got us into this mess?"

"It was a unanimous vote of the board," the president replied.

The cattleman glanced up, his blue eyes meeting the chairman's questioningly.

"As I understand it," he said in a soft voice, "the Melville is a kind of outlaw? Do I get you?"

"I can't sleep o'nights as long as she is in commission," sighed the president.

"Haven't we a man who can handle her?" continued the cattleman.

"Suppose we listen to our general superintendent about this," the president suggested, ringing a bell.

A short, heavily built and elderly man stepped in. His keen eyes under grizzled brows swept the board and rested on the chairman.

"I am here, sir," he remarked in a hoarse tone.

"Captain," the president began, "the directors wish to know exactly how it is that the Melville is costing us so much. Can you inform us?"

"She's cost us more than money," rumbled the superintendent, laying his heavy hand on the corner of the table.

"Heaven knows the money end of it is enough to make us sweat," said a banker.

"Yes, sir," the superintendent went on. "She's cost this company the services of three of the best skippers that ever took a ship out of her berth."

"I remember we fired Slocum after that Yokohama fiasco," murmured another director.

"And it wasn't Slocum's fault," said the superintendent slowly; "no more than it was Harrison's fault that the Melville went on the reef at Honolulu. You fired Harrison, after being master ten years and never having an accident. Then Martin lost his ticket because of the collision with the Inyo. It wasn't Martin's fault."

"I don't recall whom we discharged for doing all that damage to the drydock with her," said the lumberman.

"You've got to fire me for that," said the elderly superintendent. "I was in charge of the Melville at the time."

In the silence that followed this bluff statement the president resumed his glasses and studied his papers.



"I've Found Out One Thing About This Old Girl. She Likes to Go!"

A vague smile hovered about the corners of his mouth. He did not lift his eyes when a director remarked in a keen voice:

"I am in the dark. Will you please explain to me, Mr. Superintendent, why it is that this company is unable to find a master for the Melville? Have we no seamen?"

The old man's face took on a deeper flush.

"We've seamen as good as any, sir," he muttered. "I myself never had an accident in forty years till that blasted steamer nosed into the concrete and bit out a steel gate like a mouse in a cheese."

"You can't tell me that a first-class man can't handle a first-class ship," snapped the director. "What this company needs is new blood."

The ex-cattleman shook his head.

"I reckon the Melville is just an outlaw," he said gently. He turned his blue eyes on the superintendent. "Do you think you know of any fellow who might take that ship and make her behave?" he drawled.

"Not I," was the prompt answer. "You couldn't get a captain for her on the Coast. With three men out of a job on account of her no man in his senses is going to risk his own certificate and his reputation and his living on her. I don't want ever to see her again!"

"Can you give me any notion of just what is the matter with this ship?" continued the cattleman gently.

"I don't know," was the slow response. "She won't handle, sir. She is crazy! Just goes her own way spite of helm and engines. Old Harrison told me she went on the reef down at Honolulu after he'd tried for half an hour to keep her off. Just took a sheer and went ashore. Lay her up, sir," he burst out, "or she'll be the death of us all!"

"I think we had better sell her if she is going to demoralize our employees this way," said a sharp voice.

"You can't sell her," said the president with a grin. "Nobody would take her as a gift!"

A new silence followed this, and the chairman resumed his scrutiny of the papers before him. Suddenly the cattleman spoke out.

"I always like to bet against myself," he remarked slowly. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy that Melville ship from the company and run her myself if you will charter her from me on a cargo basis."

"I must insist that we have no further responsibility or liability," said the president.

"You can fix that to suit yourself," answered the cattleman. "I'll give you two hundred thousand dollars for her."

"Mr. Snowden," remarked a banker, "I think you ought to pay more than that."

"That's my price for her," drawled his fellow director. "And from what I've heard today I think it's a little above what you ought to expect."

The superintendent cleared his throat.

"It's none of my business, Mr. Snowden," he rumbled; "but I wouldn't have that ship at any price, sir."

"Oh, I reckon I'll risk it, captain," was the response. "Now do you gentlemen wish to sell her to me for two hundred thousand dollars?"

"I do," said the chairman fervently.

"I move you ——" began a banker, and in two minutes the Melville was duly sold to John Snowden and $434,768.15 was ordered charged off to profit and loss. "And may we never have such a proposition on our hands again!" ejaculated the president.

The meeting over, John Snowden walked out of the boardroom, his felt hat on the back of his head. He stopped a moment in the superintendent's office.

"Say, captain," he remarked gently, leaning over that officer's desk, "what's the matter with that vessel anyway?"

The grizzled seaman looked up.

"If I were a younger man I'd find out," he replied. "But ——"

"Sure," said Snowden easily. "We need you here. I reckon I can find some one to take charge of her. If I can't I'll run her myself." He grinned suddenly at the older man's blank face.

"But you're no sailor," rumbled the captain.

"I haven't had any real fun for fifteen years," Snowden went on thoughtfully. "And this looks to me like a heap o' fun." He walked out, leaving the superintendent to stare after him.

For a week John Snowden might have been seen loafing round the San Francisco water-front, soft felt hat tilted on his head, a cigar between his teeth and an expression of good humor on every feature. At times he would walk down a pier and watch a ship warp in, or riggers at work far up among the lofty spars of a sailing vessel. Now and then he would go aboard of some likely looking steamship and ask for the captain. Sometimes he would merely introduce himself and chat a moment; at other times he would invite the skipper to lunch and there gently pump him as to the Melville. Meanwhile that craft rode to her anchor off Mission Rock in charge of a watchman.

Twice Snowden broached the subject of a job on the Melville to master mariners who took his eye. Both times he was given to understand that no captain in his senses would touch the brute. After the last rebuff he smiled more warmly than ever and said to himself: "This is going to be fun."

Gradually he abandoned the big steamers and began to keep a keen eye on the tugs that went in and out on their business. He became a familiar figure at the piers where the boats lay with steam up, and his cigars gained a reputation among the hardworked superintendents and wharfingers. He spent two weeks watching the mates and skippers, took one trip outside to see how they managed to get hold of big sailing ships and tow them in, and then dropped into

an office on East Street and asked for Captain Gaines. A tall, lanky man of thirty came out of an inside room and shook hands with him.

"Anything you want me for, Mr. Snowden?" he asked, brushing his curly hair back under his cap.

"Yes," said the ex-cattleman. "I want you to take charge of a steamer of mine."

"My word!" said the young captain. "Didn't know you needed me in the big line."

"I'm not getting skippers for the company," Snowden remarked, offering Gaines a cigar. "I'm looking for a master for a vessel of my own. I'd like mighty well to have you take her."

Gaines smiled.

"I certainly thought you were going to offer me that Melville," he remarked. "I understand that your company has offered her to everybody except myself and the watchman on the dock."

"It is the Melville," Snowden drawled, puffing at his cigar. "I bought her from the company."

The young man's smile broadened into a grin.

"Say, Mr. Snowden, are you a kind of marine Salvation Army? Do you really know the reputation of that packet? She's supposed to be a lost soul, all right."

"So I'm told," Snowden went on; "but I generally like to have something to occupy my mind, and I've had mighty little to do for a long while. I kind of thought the Melville would keep me busy."

"You know I've got a pretty nice little tug," Gaines remarked.

"It is a nice little tug," Snowden agreed; "but it's only a tug. The Melville is some bigger."

"Some bigger!" Gaines snorted. "She's a good eight thousand tons, that Melville is—of wickedness!"

"Maybe she's never been handled right," the cattleman suggested.

"You've had three of the best men on the Pacific in her," was the crisp answer.

"I'd really like you to take her," Snowden insisted gently. "She'll be under charter to our company and all that. Only I own her and I'm responsible if she misbehaves. I have a notion that ship ain't ever been really taken charge of. She's young and sort of skittish——"

"Skittish!" exclaimed the tugboat captain. "My word! Look what she's done the last year!"

Snowden's voice suddenly became incisive.

"Will you go as captain of her?"

"How much time have I got to think it over?" said Gaines, also dropping his languor.

"Three minutes," was the reply.

Gaines relaxed.

"Oh, if you put it that way, what's the use of discussing it? I'll go."

"Come on," said Snowden.

"Wait a moment until I throw up my job," was the response. "I'll be back in five minutes."

At the end of that time Gaines came out of the inside room with his cap gone and replaced by a hat.

"The boss told me I was crazy," he remarked as they passed out into the street.

"They intimated to me that I was kind of insane to buy the ship," Snowden returned.



"Say, Captain, What's the Matter With That Vessel Anyway?"

"Well," said Gaines capably, "let's go and have a look at her. Maybe we can make the old girl behave herself. We'll get a launch at Peterson's and run up."

That night a launch deposited two dirty and tired men at the foot of Mission Street. As they stretched their legs across the planks Snowden remarked:

"Is she in good shape?"

"Everything has been done except to cure her bad temper," Gaines replied. "That's up to me. My word!" He shook his lanky figure and met his employer's eyes.

"I appreciate your giving me the job," he said simply.

"And you can have her ready for cargo by the first of the week?" Snowden inquired with a slight wave of the hand.

"Sure. I'll get a crew tomorrow and berth her wherever you say on Monday morning. Now I must go down and get my stuff off the tug. Good night!"

Snowden walked to his rooms, changed his clothes, ate a hearty supper and then took a car out to the home of the president of the California and Far Eastern. When he had been welcomed by three children he retired with his host into a den.

"Can you give me a cargo on Monday morning for the Melville, Sinclair?" he asked.

"Sure. But how in the dickens did you ever find a master for her?"

"Oh, I've been looking round and I came across a young fellow running a tug who struck me as about the man I was after. I offered him the job and he took it. Just let him know what pier you want him to berth her at on Monday morning."

Sinclair glanced at his associate and smiled.

"It's your funeral," he remarked. "But I tell you I'm glad the Melville isn't on my conscience any more." His tone fell into earnestness. "And remember, old man, that the Melville may break you. Just be ready to stand from under when she begins to pile the charges up on you. The man doesn't live who has money enough to finance a hoodoo ship."

Snowden grinned.

"I expect to make my everlasting fortune out of her."

"We've got six thousand tons of freight for the Columbia River ready for her," Sinclair added. "And you can bring wheat down. Have you a good man for her?"

"I'll trust him," said Snowden quietly.

On Monday morning the ex-cattleman stood on the end of a pier and watched six tugs trying to get the Melville into her berth. He could see the slim figure of Gaines on the bridge and hear the hoarse yells of tugboat masters as the great hull refused to respond to their exertions. Twice her sheer bows loomed up over the big sheds piled high with precious freight and twice the tugs dragged her away just in time. For a full five minutes the Melville lay in the fairway, held between wind and tide. Then a whirl of white water foamed up under her high stern, and Snowden heard the hoarse voice of the old superintendent in his ear.

"You'd better come back with me, sir, Mr. Snowden!" he growled. "That packet will sure fetch this pier clean away! What kind of a fool have you got for a captain? Look at him! Say, he'll do a hundred thousand dollars' worth of damage in the next five minutes!"

Snowden shook his head and watched the great mass swing slowly and forge ahead. He heard the shout of a tugboat man, a scream of impotent rage from the superintendent who now danced agilely on the edge of the planks and waved frantic arms. Then he heard the screech of taut hawsers as the six tugs backed furiously. A moment later the lofty stem slipped into the opening of the slip and nosed gently toward and along the fender piles. A heaving line thumped behind him. He saw wire cables spin out from the steamer on every side. He looked up and saw Gaines smiling down at him. The Melville was safe in her berth. The superintendent was wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief and staring into his hat.

For five days the freight poured into the big hatches of the Melville while Snowden either loafed about the captain's quarters or sunned himself on the pier. The night of the fifth day Gaines came into his cabin.

"We're all ready for sea," he remarked. "And that coastwise trip to the Columbia River will certainly prove whether this packet is to be handled or not. My word!"

Snowden answered his grin and said:

"I'm going up with you."

"Want to see just how the old girl behaves?"

(Continued on Page 64)



It Took Fifteen Minutes to Straighten the Vessel Out for the Channel

PLAYS THAT ALMOST FAIL

By JOHN CORBIN

TWO voices may be heard almost any time in the world of the American drama. One is the voice of the manager who loudly proclaims that he is not to blame for the quality of his productions—that he can give the public only as good as the public will take. The other is the voice of the playgoer, and it murmurs multitudinously that if things keep on as they are he will no longer be a playgoer. A third voice has been heard in the past two seasons. Again it is the voice of the manager; but this time it is as still and small as if it were the voice of his conscience. It whispers that business is rotten—that it takes a nimbler hand to tag a real dollar than to put salt on the tail of a real eagle. Strange paradox! The public refuses to take plays that are only as good as the public will take. And so there are murmurs in the auditorium, lamentations in the desolate solitude of the box-office, and in the frigid region behind the curtain there are tears.

Whence the agony? It comes from many sources—among them the overbuilding of theaters and the overproduction of plays, the undercasting of parts and the underrehearsing of performances. These shortcomings are merely mechanical. He who runs from the theater may read them. And he who runs the theater must find the remedy. But there is one source of trouble, and it is by far the most important, which is obscurely hidden from all but the most thoughtful observers. And the remedy will have to be found by the public. In point of fact, a movement in the right direction is under way in many widely scattered theatrical centers—a movement that, if it succeeds, will give every community, however small, a voice in determining what plays shall come to it, and will make it, so to speak, a local censor of the drama. But first we must recognize the obscure problem that the movement is attempting to solve. A bit of recent biography will put us on the trail of it.

The Great Divide on the Great White Way

TWO young playwrights a few years ago were trying out on the road the latest offspring of their muses in the hope of getting them through to Broadway. One of them was a poet of distinction—perhaps the most vigorous and authentic talent of the present generation. He had been a professor of English in a large university; but he hated the life—said there was "no greater hell on earth"—and had cut loose from his job and his salary in the hope of being able to spend all his energy in creative work. His play had been produced in a Western city and had been indulgently characterized as rather shocking melodrama for a professor. In the cities on the way East it had been denounced as violent, sensational, immoral. Washington found it all of these things and more. Apparently it was all up with the aspirations of the poet-professor turned playwright. His comrade's play, which had also reached the capital, was a little drama of the Civil War, clever and graceful—of the kind that had succeeded many times, has succeeded since and will no doubt succeed many times more. It was pleasantly received and had every prospect of a run on Broadway and a very profitable tour of the country. The poet-dramatist conquered his gloom sufficiently to go to his rival's play and to grin as he congratulated the successful man.

But the end was not yet. It so happened that the professor's managers, Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, had leased a Broadway theater, and that the second string to their bow could not be licked into shape for production short of a week. So the much-condemned piece was put on as a stop-gap and the unhappy author faced a metropolitan drubbing, beside which all other drubbings are lovetaps. He faced it as pluckily as he could—and his play was acclaimed as few plays have ever been acclaimed on Broadway. It was found to possess that rarest of all combinations, intensely dramatic vigor and subtle, momentous meaning. It was a big play and an intimately American play. It stood in a very small class at the top of our dramatic output. In short, it was The Great Divide, by the late William Vaughn Moody. The other play, so successful on its preliminary tour, was tepidly received and was presently heard of no more.

The Great Divide ran two whole seasons on Broadway. The word went along the Great White Way that the mountain system from which the play took its title was a mole-hill compared to the weekly divide in the box-office. And that was only the beginning of the play's popularity. The road that had scorned it, denounced it on its preliminary tour, fell for it completely after its New York success. It received the final hallmark of popularity in local stock companies—"twice a day and every week"—rising even to the altitudes of "the ten-twenty-thirts." The play that would probably have been dead and done for if its managers had had anything to put on in place of it established them in the front rank of artistic producers; and it made Mr. Moody independent—enabled him to give himself wholly to the work of his heart. His recent death put an end to splendid possibilities.

The most extraordinary thing about this experience is that to those who are familiar with the inner workings of the paradoxical world of the theater there is nothing at all strange in it. In a measure it is typical. In one way or another a good majority of our most popular plays have almost as narrowly escaped an untimely drop into the pit of oblivion. Here are a few among innumerable cases of the kind.

The press representative of one of the leading managers had written a brief sketch for a vaudeville performer. It presented a chorus-girl character—not the pampered reveler in lobster palaces, the perfumed darling of stage-door millionaires, but the hard-working young woman, struggling honorably against odds, as so many girls do, to make her own living. It was full of strong and sympathetic feeling and racy stage slang. It made a great hit. The next step was to expand it into a full evening's entertainment. The author did so, but the "great scene of the third act" was forced and conventional. The success of the play was so strictly qualified that many a manager would have withdrawn it. This is the early history of The Chorus Lady. When some one suggested to the author that it would have stood a better chance if the title had sounded less like the title of a musical comedy a wistful look came into Mr. Forbes' eyes. His manager, however, Mr. Henry B. Harris, felt that there was a new note in the play and that the personality of Miss Rose Stahl was of a fresh and broadly popular quality; and so he stood behind the production. By slow, very slow, degrees the receipts picked up. And then one day Mr. Forbes and Miss Stahl awoke to find themselves on the pinnacle of fame.

In a young woman who was playing leading parts with John Drew, Mr. Charles Frohman thought he discerned the qualities of a popular star. He secured from a leading English novelist the dramatization of one of his stories. In Washington the production was a failure. New York took to the play, and so we have Maude Adams and The Little Minister. The story of Shenandoah is similar. It quite failed when produced at the Boston Museum; but the Frohmans got behind it and it became the most popular—indeed, the only permanently popular—drama of our Civil War. When Mr. Daniel Frohman produced Hazel Kirke in Philadelphia it played to thirteen hundred dollars for two weeks. After its New York success it returned to Philadelphia for another two weeks—and played to thirteen thousand dollars.

Now what is the meaning of this sort of thing? To return to The Great Divide—had the public of the road, which condemned it at first sight, developed second sight? Had it been converted by the New York criticisms—fortified so that it could take the theme of the play without shock, enlightened so that it could read the play's deeper meanings? The critics themselves would be the first to disclaim such credit—for themselves or for the public of the road.

Is it that there are excellent plays that fail of a hearing, plays that should have cheered the heart of the great public? It has often been said that there are—and especially by unproduced playwrights! Perhaps there are a few such plays, but they are very, very few; and here I speak out of some experience, for it lately fell to my lot to read virtually all the unproduced plays that were in circulation during two solid years. The demand is so great that sooner or later really able pieces gain a hearing.



PHOTO. BY HALL, NEW YORK

The People's Institute Kept Peter Pan From Starving



PHOTO. BY HALL, NEW YORK

Forbes-Robertson Frankly Confessed That He Brought Out The Passing of the Third Floor Back Because He Had Nothing Else

Paradoxes of the Playhouse

IT IS quite obvious, however, that play-writing is the most precarious of all professions. Many plays die on the road or die in New York for no better reasons than those that were alleged against The Great Divide. Except for a happy accident Mr. Moody's name would now be added to the long list of distinguished men of letters who have miserably failed as dramatists; and, man of genius though he was, he would have died a failure financially. It has lately been said on authority that no man is justified in writing plays who has not an independent income. There may be truth in this; but the applicability of the truth is diminished by the fact that there are few if any among our successful dramatists who have had independent incomes—that is, before they began writing plays. But at best they have suffered the ordeal by frost and fire—and especially the ordeal by frost. Unquestionably the hardships of beginning account in some measure for the fact that it is impossible to keep our many playhouses properly supplied. But the significant thing about experiences such as I have cited is not the narrowness of the escapes, but the completeness of the ultimate triumph. And here we strike the trail of the obscure and mysterious source we are seeking.

Again the theatrical paradox! From the point of view of the playgoer the trouble with universally popular plays is that to a very large element in every audience they are distasteful. As a rule, in such cases the Broadway success has no substantial merit—is a flashy, meretricious product of the Tenderloin. The American public is essentially a serious and an intelligent public; and it comes away from such plays with a sense of having been betrayed. Examples of this sort of thing are too numerous and too painful to be recorded here. It sometimes happens, however, that a very good play succeeds in New York that the public as a

whole is not prepared to appreciate. Once more we hark back to The Great Divide.

The last time I saw this play it was given in the Academy of Music in New York—a huge theater far downtown that was once the home of grand opera, but is now given over to popular drama. The auditorium was almost full, but a practiced eye could note that a large part of the audience was mystified, restless, inwardly rebellious. A man in the gallery gave voice to their mood. Inexperienced in the artistic drama, he had mistaken the hero for the villain; and all he could make of the rather contemptible brother of the troubled heroine was that he should have been the hero. He rose in his wrath and loudly exhorted the brother: "Shoot him! Shoot him!" Now the man whose life he demanded was not only the hero, but the star and the manager to boot. Mr. Henry Miller strode before the curtain, and his visage was such that the silence of awe fell upon the multitude. It is a pity that the critics of the preliminary road tour were not there to make note of what Mr. Miller said. Taking the gun-play advocate as representing all that is dull and vile in the great American public, he told it what he thought of it.



PHOTO. BY BAKER, NEW YORK

Margaret Anglin, Who Made a Success of The Great Divide After its Near-Failure on the Road

Personally, though I have always been an admirer of Mr. Moody, as also of Mr. Miller, my sympathies were all with the *sox populi* in the top gallery—who by this time had landed in Fourteenth Street. What business had The Great Divide in that Circus Maximus of melodrama? The people in it are real people; and, though the story of this play has its beginning in an act of drunken violence, the motives that dominate thereafter are intimately true to normal life. The moral standards of the play are so advanced that a good half even of the thinking public have not yet caught up with them. But the devil of publicity had gone up and down in the land proclaiming that the play was a huge success, and so, whether it liked it or not, the great public flocked to it.

Here we are, then, at the source of so much trouble—the devil of publicity. He is as obscure, this devil, as the air we breathe, which no man has ever seen. And the reason why New York is so powerful in its judgments is that he makes his headquarters there. The metropolitan papers have a very wide out-of-town circulation. More than that, they are carefully followed, if only for the news in them, by dramatic critics throughout the land. Most of the great dailies in other cities publish theatrical correspondence from New York. Many of the magazines publish theatrical articles monthly, and these are written from the viewpoint of Broadway. It is an axiom of the theatrical business that what New York thinks on Tuesday will be thought by the whole country on Sunday.

You Never Can Tell

STRICTLY speaking, this is not true. Certain cities—as, for example, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco—take a special delight in attacking the metropolitan judgment and often succeed in turning down a Broadway success. Elsewhere it may be doubted whether there is much effective thinking of any kind in matters of the drama. What counts is not the quality of the play, but the fact that it is successful. When a piece falls on Broadway, or is known to be fighting for life, the rest of the land keeps silence. It is not good policy for out-of-town papers and magazines to give space to it, for the chances are that by the time the letter or article appears the piece will be dead. But when a play succeeds, for whatever reason, accounts of what it is about, together with the photographs of the actors, come out everywhere. It does not much matter whether the play is praised or blamed, it is advertised. The pugilistic hero of Augustus Thomas' comedy, The Other Girl, put the case very pithily: "Anything them newspaper fellers say about you, good or bad, helps you in your business."

The simple fact is that the manager aims to produce, not the best the public will take, but the play, whatever its quality, that seems most likely to win instant and wide publicity. For him there is only one public, and his aim is to stampede it like a flock of sheep. It does not matter—or, what amounts to the same thing, he thinks it does not matter—that in the end a large part of the flock finds out that it has been trimmed. It has run the way he wanted it to run, and he has the fleeces.

As a consequence no play, however excellent artistically, has any charm for him if in theme or in treatment it seems unlikely to win a good majority of the critics and the public. Great as is the number of plays that have been jeoparded by lack of critical recognition, the number of those that have been held back by the timidity of the managers is far greater. Here again I cite a few of many instances.

For years an English playwright had prospered by writing the sort of play the public wants—which means, of course, the sort of play the managers think it wants. He had done this very ably and had won his way to the top of his profession. At heart, however, he was a very serious observer of life, a keen, uncompromising realist. He used his independence to write a play to please himself. It centered in a woman of the underworld. Up to that time the managers had held that such women were possible on the stage only when they were shown as finally repentant. A moralist who had only the contemporary drama to judge by would have concluded that the wage of sin is salvation. Our playwright knew better. He knew, as all thinking men had known from the beginning of time, that the logical, the natural end of a life of shame is a shameful death, and he wrote a tragedy to exhibit the fact. Both in England and America his managers, though they conceded the power and the truth of the play, felt that the public would say, in its favorite parrot phrases, that the play "leaves a bad taste in the mouth," that "there is enough of the sordid and ugly in life without paying to see more of it in the theater." Both Mr. George Alexander and Mr. Daniel Frohman offered to give the piece in a series of special matinées, and the unhappy author consented, though he must have known that of all the many engines of sudden death in the theater an obscure, fitful and half-hearted production is the speediest. Again chance came to the rescue. The run of Liberty Hall, in which Mr. George Alexander was playing, gave signs of a collapse, and having no more fitting successor for that play of airy mirth he decided to put on the tragedy of sin and perdition. The best actress he could secure for the leading part was a young lady who had given up society for the stage and was appearing at the Adelphi in bowwow melodrama. And so the world was given The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

The sequel was even more significant. Finding that redemption was not necessary, the managers concluded that the public liked its erring ladies as bold and bad as possible. And so we had the well-remembered epidemic of women with a past. One critic, bursting into rhyme, called them:

—long parades
Of Arthur Wing
Pinero jades.

It presently became evident, however, that what had taken the public in Pinero's tragedy was not the fact that it "had no redemption," but the fact that it was a superlatively able play affording a rare opportunity for the actress.

The second result was that Pinero was encouraged to attempt not the best the public would take, but his own best. And so we have had Iris, Letty, His House in Order, The Thunderbolt, and Mid-Channel. Some of these have not greatly interested the public, and they are, indeed, a rather somber and austere collection. They have, however, revealed to us the deepest and truest mood of their author; they are genuine works of art, and the literature of our stage is richer for them.

The story of the arrival of Bernard Shaw is similar. He may have stretched the truth when he declared that the causes nearest his heart were atheism, anarchy and vegetarianism; but at best he was the very antithesis of everything the managers had found to be popular. Supporting himself by dramatic criticism, he used his leisure moments, while riding on the tops of omnibuses, to write half a dozen plays, none of which was regularly produced. Most of these were typical Shaw extravagances; but one of them, You Never Can Tell, was a deliberate effort to please the taste of the fashionable London amusement seeker. It was put in rehearsal by Cyril Maude—and was taken out of rehearsal because Mrs. Maude threw up her part. The turning point in Shaw's career as a playwright was when Candida was produced in New York for a single matinée, which exhausted the entire capital of the producer, Mr. Arnold Daly. In the same week two gorgeous spectacular affairs were produced, each one of which must have cost upward of fifty thousand dollars. Against the loud protests of the managers of these two plays the critics would write of nothing but Shaw and Candida. With the aid of Mr. Winchell Smith, who has since become famous as author of The Fortune Hunter, Mr. Daly secured enough money for another matinée, and another. And so the Shaw craze was upon us. Plays that had lain for years in the dust of managerial shelves were produced with almost unvarying success, You Never Can Tell justifying its title by being one of the most fortunate. The public does not yet want atheism, anarchy and vegetarianism, and it has no particular interest in socialism or any other of the extreme and often preposterous ideas that are actually to be found in the Shaw plays; but it does want its entertainments to entertain and its novelties to be novel—a fact that apparently had escaped managerial observation.

A Rule-of-Thumb for Genius

OUR own leading playwrights have had similar experiences. After eight years of poverty, which did not stop short of cold and hunger, Clyde Fitch wrote Nathan Hale. This play was refused by all the regular managers. The hero was a spy and the heroine was unsympathetic—each of which facts was sufficient in their eyes to condemn a play. As a last resort he took it to Nat Goodwin, whom he found in his dressing room; and, gaining permission to read it, he then and there locked himself in and read it to the defenseless comedian with a fervor born of hunger and despair. His spy-hero had the further disadvantage of being played by a light comedian and his unsympathetic heroine was played by an inexperienced girl, Maxine Elliott. But there was something new and interesting in the play, and it opened the doors to one of the most successful careers of our time.

None the less, when Mr. Fitch wrote The Climbers he ran against precisely the same sort of managerial rule-of-thumb. One manager put the case in a nutshell. The public, he said, would not stand for a comedy that began with a funeral and ended with a suicide. Again Mr. Fitch appealed from the managers. Amelia Bingham had

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PHOTO. BY BAKER, NEW YORK

Ethel Barrymore in Mid-Channel

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The Trust Muddle

THE first important prosecution under the Sherman Act was aimed at the Sugar Trust and the Government was defeated. Referring to that adverse decision in his report for 1895, Attorney-General Harmon said:

"Combinations and monopolies, therefore, though they may unlawfully control production and prices of articles in general use, cannot be reached under this law merely because they are combinations and monopolies, nor because they engage in interstate commerce." The following year he said:

"The restricted scope of the provisions of this law as construed by the courts, especially in the case of United States versus Knight Company—the Sugar Trust case—makes amendment necessary if any effective action is expected from this department."

In the opinion of so able a lawyer as Judge Harmon, then, the Sherman Act, as interpreted by the court in 1895, was quite powerless against the Trusts.

There followed the Trans-Missouri Freight and the Northern Securities decisions, which seemed to many able lawyers—including the late Justice Harlan and several judges of Federal circuit courts—to bring every combination in restraint of trade under the ban of the act. Then followed the Standard Oil decision, in which, by the light of reason, only unreasonable combinations were banned. At present, as Richard Olney recently declared, combinations which carry on a large part of the country's business can never know whether they are legal or illegal until the Supreme Court, in the course of years, gets round to their particular case.

This twenty-year muddle must end sometime. We doubt that Congress, however fixed its intentions may be, can get through the next session without taking up this Trust question and attempting to discharge its long-neglected duty in regard to it. The differently interpreted Sherman Act, which may be interpreted some other way next year, is impossible.

What Next for Steel?

THE Steel Trust in its present form is a child of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. In 1897 the Supreme Court refused to read the word "unreasonable" into that statute, saying: "If the act ought to read as contended for by the defendants Congress is the body to amend it and not this court by a process of judicial legislation wholly unjustifiable."

Writing in the Yale Law Journal two years ago, G. H. Montague said: "The immediate result of this decision was a rush to consolidation in every branch of industry. If contracts, associations and loose combinations restraining trade in the slightest degree were illegal, the corporation lawyers reasoned, then such associations should be abandoned for consolidation under single ownership in holding corporations. Gigantic holding corporations were formed on every hand. Before 1897 there existed scarcely sixty concerns that were dominant in their respective trades. During the next three years a hundred and eighty-three such corporations were organized, with a capitalization of over four billion dollars," followed in 1901 by the Steel Corporation, with a capitalization of a billion four hundred million dollars, over half of which, according to the Commissioner of Corporations, was water.

If the steel industry had been permitted to combine in a normal way, by open contracts and association subject to governmental inspection, as it did combine in Germany, this huge stock inflation and the subsequent manipulation of the shares upon the Stock Exchange would have been avoided. In ten years the inflated stock has been more and more widely distributed until it is now held by more than a hundred thousand persons.

Now the Government demands that the Steel Trust unscramble itself. What legal devices, reorganization plans, stock jugglings and Wall Street underwritings may follow we do not know; but when the smoke has cleared away the Trust will be substantially where it was before and it will be found that the real slaughter was confined to innocent bystanders.

Eating the Children

SWIFT'S modest proposal that the poor of Ireland ought to eat their younger offspring, thereby at once both increasing the scant supply of food and diminishing the number of mouths to be fed, has generally been regarded as a terrible satire. We don't know, however, but there are some very respectable persons now living who would ponder the proposal in all seriousness and rather incline to the opinion that it was not without merit.

Legislative halls and lobbies in the South this year have resounded with some solemn warnings against child-labor laws, which Swift might have adapted to his modest proposal. In Georgia, where factory employment of children under twelve years of age was permitted and the children's work-schedule was sixty-six hours a week, two bills proposing only slight ameliorations were bitterly opposed by manufacturers.

"I have been to New England and I know how these laws have hurt them. If you want to ruin Georgia just adopt the same kind of laws they have got there!" said one enlightened employer of children. Another held up the dire threat that, if children under twelve were kept out of the mills and the workday reduced to ten hours, the manufacture of cotton in the state would be reduced by a hundred and fifty thousand bales annually. Similar bills in other states provoked similar wails.

No doubt manufacturers can make some money by employing operatives in pinafores and working them for hours that would tire a robust adult. The mill-owners don't quite ask that children be served on their tables, but they demand them as food for their mills with an unblushing earnestness that brings Swift's satire uncomfortably near home.

Socialists in Office

WRITING in the Journal of Political Economy on The Rising Tide of Socialism, Professor Robert F. Hoxie finds that the number of Socialists elected to and now holding office in the United States is not less than four hundred and thirty-five—chiefly as follows: one Congressman; one state senator; sixteen state representatives; twenty-eight mayors, village presidents and township chairmen; one hundred and sixty-seven aldermen, councilors and village trustees; sixty-two school officers; twenty-three city or town clerks and treasurers. The remainder are sheriffs, coroners, supervisors, and so on. These Socialists were elected in one hundred and sixty municipalities or election districts, scattered in thirty-three states, Milwaukee being the only large city they have won.

This roster of Socialist officeholders is interesting. Theoretically Socialism is the most ambitious of political programs, involving nothing short of a whole-nation-wide—or worldwide—revolution; but, except a solitary Congressman and seventeen members of state legislatures, Socialists so far have been elected only to local offices, and those usually of an administrative rather than legislative nature—elected, that is, not to bring in a brand-new, all-embracing revolutionary program, but to work the lumbering old bourgeois machine in a little honester, more intelligent, kindlier manner perhaps than some Republican or Democrat would work it.

Designing a new world is more fascinating than scrubbing off some small particular dirtspot on the old one—but less practical.

What Income Should be Taxed?

UNDER the new Wisconsin law, which goes into effect next year, incomes above eight hundred dollars a year as to single persons and twelve hundred as to married persons are taxed; but for each child in the family under eighteen years of age, or other dependent, there is a further exemption of two hundred dollars. For an average family, then, the tax begins when the income reaches sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars. It is one per cent on the first thousand dollars above the exemptions, increasing a quarter of one per cent on each additional thousand up to five thousand; then increasing one-half of one per cent up to twelve thousand. Above that it is six per cent. This is intended to supplant the farcical personal-property tax; and any personal-property tax that a citizen pays is deducted from his income tax.

This Wisconsin law is interesting, because sooner or later—sooner, probably, rather than later—the income tax will be a permanent feature of our revenue system, and all of us enjoying incomes above a certain amount will be subject to it. The first question is, What income should be taxed?

The exemption is small in Wisconsin. The Federal law of 1894 began with incomes above four thousand dollars; but there was no abatement, of course, on account of any personal-property tax paid by the incomeholder. Under the Wisconsin law a man, with wife and two children, whose income is three hundred dollars a month would pay twenty-two dollars and a half—roughly one-third of one week's income—which is not an excessive contribution to the public purse.

This is the fairest form of taxation yet devised, for under it a man pays more nearly according to his ability to pay. Thus a married man pays less than a single man; a married man supporting children pays less than one supporting none; one whose income exceeds his reasonable needs pays more proportionately than one whose income is below that point.

Germany's Rise

WHEN some millions of Emperor William's present subjects were born, Germany, industrially speaking, was still in the Middle Ages. Roughly, sixty years ago there were only two thousand steam engines, developing forty-three thousand horsepower, in Prussia, against five thousand in England nearly half a century earlier; industrial wage-earners were only three per cent of the total population and Germany's industrial output was only half that of France. The fee for forwarding a letter within the confines of Prussia rose as high as forty cents and post-offices were open only on certain days in the week. Ten years after Great Britain had introduced uniform penny postage, only three letters a year for each inhabitant passed through the Prussian post-office. Capital and banking were so little known that the number of persons employed in handling money and credit in Prussia was only eighteen hundred, comprising, in round numbers, six hundred principals and two assistants to a principal. Even in comparatively rich Frankfort, porters trundling boxes and barrels of silver money were a very common street sight. During a quarter of a century the total capital of all joint-stock companies formed in Prussia was under a hundred and thirty million dollars. Of the small amount of iron used in Germany, over half was imported from England.

Sixty years ago, in short, Germany had barely recovered from the appalling devastation of the Thirty Years' War of two centuries before, in which something like two-thirds of the people and of the dwellings were destroyed and three-fourths of the land relapsed to a wild state. Industrially the rise of the United States is less remarkable than the tremendous expansion of Germany within a lifetime. A generation of peace, following the fall of Napoleon, prepared the way for this expansion, and the consolidation of the country in a tariff union, with free trade among the various states, gave a powerful impetus.

The Wage Problem

A CAREFUL study of the best available evidence suggests that in a normal year one-half of the adult male wage-earners east of the Rockies and north of the Ohio get less than five hundred dollars each, and three-fourths of them less than six hundred dollars; while three-fifths of the adult female wage-earners get less than three hundred and twenty-five dollars. This calculation embraces an immense number of persons—literally millions. The sums named do not represent a decent living for free and industrious inhabitants of the richest country in the world in a prosperous time.

Unquestionably, as a general statement, wages ought to be higher; but where is the additional money to come from? Some industries that pay the lowest wages yield only a moderate return upon the capital employed; and if the price of the products is enhanced in order that wages may be increased what will the people who already complain of high prices say to that?

There is a huge maladjustment here. Socialists think they know how to cure it, but they are only a handful and other people prefer the disease to their remedy.

Certainly competition is not the cure, for competition usually is the cause of low wages and low return upon the capital.

One point is clear: If a great number of industrious people are unable to get a decent living in normally prosperous times, as a country we are still considerable of a failure.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Hope of St. Joe

LOOKING at the matter in the cold light of reason, there is about as much apparent connection between a bluebottle fly and a psychological moment as there is between a wimple and a huckleberry pie. And yet—and y-e-t—you never can tell!

Let us probe, for the moment, into the case of Herbert S. Hadley, the first Republican governor of Grand Old Missouri—"thar she stands!"—in forty years; which fact, the crusted and crusty old-style Democrats of that impatient and imperious commonwealth declare, is responsible for the decrease in rural population noted by the latest census; but that is a purely scientific line of thought. Our investigations shall pursue the psychological trend.

They were holding a Republican State Convention at St. Joseph, Missouri, on July 28, 1904. Those of you who have been in St. Joe, Missouri, on any July twenty-eighth within the limits of recorded time need not be told what kind of a day July twenty-eighth always is in St. Joe, Missouri. To all others I casually remark that any July twenty-eighth in St. Joe, Missouri, could and can make any selected twenty-four hours of equatorial Africa seem like the period Peary—or was it Cook?—spent at the Pole.

They were holding a Republican State Convention in St. Joseph—a formality indulged in from time to time for the purpose of identifying those sterling patriots throughout the state who held the post-offices and other Federal jobs with the National Administration and the Grand Old Party, and not with the slightest hope of putting anything over in the shape of state officials. They were holding a Republican State Convention in St. Joseph on said date, and St. Joe was running true to form as regards heat.

The Republican leaders, by dint of gagging and chloroforming and bludgeoning, had forced several protesting citizens to take nominations for all the state offices, from governor down, except for attorney-general. That place was open. One young man wanted it, but he wouldn't do, even in a year so hopeless as this, when Joe Folk was running for governor on the Democratic ticket. The weather was hot, the hall was hotter and the delegates were hotter still. They wanted to get out, to go away from there; and they grew impatient at the leaders, who were hesitating about putting up a man for attorney-general.

"Dodgast it!" gasped the delegates. "Put up somebody—anybody—and let's get outen here!"

Desperate and hot, the leaders sent Homer Mann, a Kansas City orator and politician, up to the platform and told him to make a speech nominating a candidate for attorney-general. The leaders said they would hand Homer the name later and went to the rear of the hall to consult. Homer took off his collar—he had taken off his coat previously—and went at it. For five minutes he dwelt on the qualities desired in the next attorney-general of Missouri, all the time keeping an anxious eye on the consulting leaders at the rear of the hall. When Homer had finished with his recital of the virtues required he had no name; so he thrust his hand through his matted hair, shook his fist at the leaders and began again. This time he described the perfect creature he had in mind for the nomination. To hear Homer tell it, his candidate was a whale. He had old Mr. Blackstone and old Mr. Kent at sea in a storm, in a leaky rowboat without any oars.

When Homer Saw Herbert

"THIS man," yelled Homer, stepping aside so he wouldn't get his feet wet in the perspiration that was dripping from him to the floor—"This man, than whom, I may say, there is no greater, no more rising, no more popular, no more ——"

He stopped and waited for the leaders.

"Keep it up!" they shouted. "Go to it! We'll slip you the name in a minute."

"Name him!" demanded the delegates. "Name him! Who you talkin' about?"

"Than whom," continued the orator—"than whom there is none more—than whomer—than whom ——"

Right there—right at that identical psychological moment—a large and sassy bluebottle fly that had been sampling the various delegates lighted on the back of the neck of Herbert S. Hadley, of Kansas City, sitting in the front row as a delegate from Kansas City, a young lawyer.

The bluebottle fly nipped the neck of Herbert—nipped it good; and Herbert, exclaiming "Ouch!" or "Dammit!" as the case may have been, made a wild swipe at the fly and the heated air—and half rose to his feet as he did so.

The eagle but moistened eye of Homer Mann saw Herbert.

"Than whom," roared Mann, "there is no more brilliant exponent of the law and the immortal principles of the Republican party in Missouri. I refer, gentlemen of the convention, to Herbert S. Hadley, of Kansas City, whom I present to you as your candidate for attorney-general."

This time Herbert rose entirely. "Quit it!" he yelled. "Stop, I say! I won't have it! I don't want it! Nix, I tell you!" Fate and the bluebottle fly and Homer Mann had done their deadly work, however. The Kansas City delegates cheered wildly and chased Herbert out into the street; and the convention adjourned *sine die*.



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Fate and the Bluebottle Fly Had Done Their Work

Hadley told Homer Mann what he thought of him for playing it low down in that manner; but he didn't withdraw, for he soon found the Democrats were split over the election of Folk. The old guard was fighting the young Democratic candidate—whom, it will be remembered, Napoleon Bonaparte looked like. Also, T. Roosevelt was running for President on the Republican end of it. And when it was all over T. Roosevelt had carried Missouri—and so had Hadley; though Folk was selected as governor.

Hadley was then thirty-two years old. Inasmuch as he was attorney-general, he deemed it wise to do a little attorney-generaling; and he looked round for a place to begin. Attorney-generals, both state and national, love shining marks; and there was the Standard Oil Company looming up through the murk, shining like a newly gilded gold dome. The Octopus was octopusing in violation of Missouri's anti-trust law. Nobody had thought of this before, but Hadley thought of it. He landed on the Standard Oil—landed hither and yon, and here and there, and once and again! His fight to make H. H. Rogers tell of the inner workings of the company was notable, and he finally brought the entire outfit before the Supreme Court of the state, and made them all roll over and play dead.

This work nearly cost Hadley his life. It was thought he had developed tuberculosis; and he went to a ranch in New Mexico, where he regained his health, but also contracted a fondness for life in the open. They told him he must run for governor. He refused. Hadley, as a delegate-at-large, went to the Chicago convention that nominated Taft. He was mentioned for Vice-President, but shook his head. The ranch for his. They tried to make him take the nomination for governor. He wouldn't have it. Then the leaders appealed to Taft, and Taft wrote to Hadley: "You are the only man who can win; and unless you run I shall lose Missouri." Hadley gave in. He ran and carried the state by about seventeen thousand, while Mr. Taft got about six hundred. Hadley was inaugurated as the first Republican governor in Missouri in forty years.

He has not been idle as governor. He has built up a fine Hadley machine and has done as much as Democratic legislatures would let him. Hadley is a Progressive Republican. He thinks the two greatest men the world has ever known are Theodore Roosevelt and Augustus Cæsar, with T. R. about two laps in the lead and coming strong. Lately Hadley has indicated a friendliness to Taft. No man can succeed himself as governor of Missouri, and it wouldn't be so bad to be Attorney-General of the United States in case of Taft's reëlection.

Hadley is an exponent of the back-to-the-land movement and runs a farm outside of Jefferson City. He rediscovered the Ozark regions of Missouri and has done much to exploit those hills for dairy and fruit farming. He is an astute politician, and has made the Democrats of the state both hate and respect him. He makes many friends and has the support of the young independents of both parties. He has said himself he is a better Democrat than many in that party. He believes in state rights in state government and has attacked the Federal courts for interfering with Missouri's two-cent fare and maximum freight-rate laws.

He was born in Kansas in 1872 and educated at the University of Kansas, where it was predicted he would amount to nothing. He began to practice law in Kansas City in 1894, and was once elected prosecuting attorney of Jackson County. He rides horseback and plays golf. Recently he and a partner beat President Taft and Archie Butt on the Sedalia links, which may or may not establish his status as a golfer. Just at present there are many eminent Republicans who say the combination of Taft and Hadley sounds good to them for 1912. One of this number, it is rumored, is Herbert S. Hadley.

A Brutal Revenge

DRURY UNDERWOOD, the Chicago paragrapher, says that a negro played a brace game at a circus one night and lost his roll. Then he began to suspect that he had been cheated and he accused the gamekeeper of skinning him. The man was packing up his outfit to hike for the train, and he had no time to waste on idle complaints. "Well, what if I did trim you?" he demanded. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I ain't aimin' to do nothin' now," said the victim; "but I 'lows to git even with you, Mister."

"How?" inquired the sharper.

"Well," said the darky, "the way I figures hit out, you'll be comin' back heah with the circus next yeah. And I'm goin' to be right heah too. And I'm goin' to wait until somebody comes up and starts to play yo' game. And then I'm goin' to put both hands in my pockets and rare back on my heels and look right straight up at the roof of the tent and say: 'Oh, oh!'—just like that—'Oh, oh!'"

Up in the Air

THOMAS C. DENNEKY, of the Chicago Athletic Association, was greatly interested in the recent aviation meet in Chicago. His gardener, a fine old Irish gentleman, was interested also.

"Tim," said Denneky, "would you like to go up in one of those airships?"

"Sure, I'd like to, Mr. Tom," he replied—"if I can keep one fut on the ground!"

Denneky got his gardener to go up in a captive balloon at one of the Chicago amusement resorts. The old man was keen for the ascent until the balloon got up to what he considered a dangerous altitude. Then he turned to the man in charge and shouted:

"Lave me out! Av ye don't I'll cut the rope!"

A Request Granted

A BOOK agent came into the office of H. W. Child, a busy business man of Helena, the other day.

"Mr. Child," he said, "I desire only a second of your time."

"All right," replied Child, not looking up from the letter he was writing. "You've had it. Good day!"

A Bully Job

A CIRCUS came to Helena, Montana, and the small boys hurried down to the circus lot to get jobs that would let them in free. One young hopeful came home.

"Did any of the boys get in for nothing?" his mother asked.

"Yes'm."

"How?"

"Oh, some of them carried water for the elephant and some of them ran errands—and all that."

"Did you get in?"

"You bet! I had a bully job—I washed the snakes!"



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(Sectional)

FOR THE HOME

Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

(Continued from Page 5)

Tommy gave Tish a ferocious frown over his glasses.

"Humph!" he said. "I told you to keep off it! Miss Lewis, if she is obstreperous again just tie her down with half a dozen roller towels."

"Roller towels!" Tish ejaculated. "Why, it was a roller towel that—that ——"

"So you said," Aggie said somberly; and we stared at each other—we hardly knew why.

Tish told Tommy the whole story as he strapped her knee with adhesive plaster. He hadn't heard it, and he was as much puzzled as we were. It was Aggie who remarked afterward how his face changed when Tish mentioned Miss Blake.

"Blake!" he said with a start, and glancing up quickly—"not the little nurse with the dark hair?"

"Yes," Tish said.

"Damn!" said Tommy. "To have left her alone, like that!" And to Miss Lewis: "Is she ill today?"

"She's in bed, but she's not sleeping," said Miss Lewis with more feeling than I'd have expected. "I was going to ask you if you would see her, doctor. Since the



She Pushed Them Back Quietly and Hesitated, Candle Still High

shakeup yesterday we have no medical internes and the surgical side is full up."

"She—she didn't ask for me!" said Tommy with his brown eyes kindling. Miss Lewis shook her head.

"She's hardly spoken at all. She just lies there with her eyes wide open and her face white, watching the door. An hour ago one of the nurses pushed it open quietly, for fear she was asleep. Miss Blake lay and watched it moving, and when Linda—Miss Smith—went in she'd fainted again."

Tommy took a turn up and down the room.

"She's had a profound shock," he said. "I'm not afraid of it, unless ——" He stopped at the window and stood looking out.

"Unless what?" said Tish; but he didn't answer. Instead, he stalked over and rang the bell.

"I'll have the hall nurse relieve you, Miss Lewis," he said. "We can't leave my aunt alone, and somebody must see to Miss Blake. There's some natural explanation for what happened last night, and we must find it and tell her."

Aggie began to tell about the aunt with the hair, but before she had even buried her the door opened and Miss Blake herself came in.

"Did you ring?" she asked. She was dead white, lips and all, with deep circles round her eyes; but her steps were brisk and her voice cheerful. As Tish said, if you



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could only have heard her and not seen her, nobody would have believed what had happened.

Tommy gave her one look and hauled a chair forward.

"Sit down," he ordered. "You're not fit to be on duty."

"Thank you, but—I am all right again," she said, hesitating.

"Please sit down," said Tommy with a note in his voice that I never heard him use to Tish. And she took the chair, glancing round at all three of us and then at him. Tommy perched himself on the foot of Tish's bed.

"Miss Blake," he said, "I have decided to become your medical adviser!"

"Thanks, very much!" she said with the ghost of a smile.

"On one condition," he went on, polishing his glasses very hard with his handkerchief. "You will have to obey orders."

"That's the first lesson in the training school," she assented, the smile deepening. "Always obey the doctor's orders."

"Stuff!" said Tommy. "If I order you to bed this minute you'll refuse to go! The trouble is, Aunt Tish and Honorary Aunts Lizzie and Aggie," he said, addressing us each in turn—"the trouble is that, in a hospital, medicine is a drug on the market. It's too accessible. So are doctors. They're always on tap, like city water, plentiful and free; and therefore subject, like the said water, to the scorn and contumely of the beneficiaries."

"Indeed, doctor ——" Miss Blake began; but he interrupted her.

"Now, Miss Blake," he said, "at your earnest solicitation I am about to undertake your case; and the first condition is ——"

"Obedience?" She shot a glance at him from under her long, dark lashes, and Aggie raised her eyebrows across the bed at me.

"Exactly," he said. "The three aunts, actual and honorary, are witnesses. You have promised obedience. The first condition is, you are to leave the hospital immediately and go to a place I know, just out of town—a nice, normal place, with a dog and kittens—no, Aunt Tish, not a cat and kittens; a ——"

But Miss Blake stood up suddenly. She was even paler than before.

"Not that!" she said almost wildly.

Tommy came over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"We can dispose of the animals," he said gently. "Can't you see yourself, little girl, that you are about at the end of your string? Quiet nights, sleep, fresh milk—you won't know yourself in a week."

"I cannot go," she said, and stood looking straight ahead with such misery in her face that Aggie's eyes filled up.

"You can take your vacation," Tommy persisted gently. "I'll take you out myself, in my machine."

"I don't want to go, doctor; I—I can't be spared just now. Don't send me away! Don't!"

She began to cry—wildly, hysterically, with her shoulders quivering and her whole body tense. I was considerably upset and Tommy looked dumfounded. After all, it was Miss Lewis who knew what to do. She is a large woman, and she simply took the Little Nurse into her arms and petted her into quiet. Finally she coaxed her into the hall; and, as the door closed behind them, the four of us sat silent.

Aggie was sniveling and wiping her eyes, and Tish turned on her in a rage.

"What in the name of sense are you bleating about?" she demanded.

"The child's in trouble," said Aggie. "I—I never could see anybody cry—and you know it, Tish."

"I know something else too," said Tish grimly, sliding her feet out of bed carefully and reaching for her cane. "That young woman knows more than she's telling, Tommy Andrews. We're not through with this yet."

Now Tommy will always have his joke with Tish, and they differ on a good many subjects—politics, for one thing, and religion—Tommy not believing very much in a future life and maintaining that no medical man ought to—it made him more saving of life in this. He has great respect for Tish's opinion, however.

"You may be right," he said. "There must be some reason; but, whatever it is, it's not to her discredit. I'll swear to that."

"Listen to the boy!" Tish sneered, picking up the traveling clock and putting it back on the bedside table again. "That's what a pretty face will do. Suppose it had

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been Lewis who stood there, crying into a starched apron and saying she couldn't leave! Don't—don't ask her!"

"Why should she leave when she has you, dear Aunt Letitia?" asked Tommy; and Tish reached for the clock again.

Well, we talked the thing over, but we couldn't come to any conclusion. There didn't seem to be any manner of doubt that Johnson, having died peaceably and in order, had been carried to the mortuary and laid on the table, there to await the final preparations for burial. And the fact was incontestable that, shortly after, the said Johnson, as Tommy put it, was hanging by the neck to the chandelier in a room fifty feet away and down eight steps. We all agreed up to that point. As Tommy said, the question then became simply: Did he do it himself or was it done for him?

Aggie was confident that he had done it himself.

"Why not?" she demanded. "Isn't it the constant endeavor of people who have—passed over, to come back and prove their continued existence on a spirit plane? Shall I ever forget that the third night after Mr. Wiggins died ——" Aggie was once engaged to a roofer, who "passed over" by falling off a roof. "Can I ever forget that a light like the flame of a candle rose in one corner of the bedroom, crossed the ceiling and disappeared in my sewing basket, where I kept Mr. Wiggins' photograph? Why should not Mr. Johnson, before deserting the earth plane for the spirit world, have come back and proved his continued existence? Why?"

Tommy lighted a cigarette and puffed at it.

"Well," he said, "I should call it indecent of him if he did—and bad taste too. Maybe he didn't think much of his body; but it had lasted pretty well and carried him around a good many years. And to have his spirit cast off its outer garment and hang it to a chandelier—it was heartless! Heartless!"

III

NOW Tish is a peculiar woman. Once she starts a thing, whether it is housecleaning or learning to roller-skate, she keeps right on at it. She learned to skate backward, you may remember, though she nearly died learning and lay once for twenty minutes insensible on the back of her head. And, as Tish acknowledged later, by that time she had made up her mind to find out who or what had hung Johnson by the neck to the chandelier.

So, after Tommy had gone, she got into her roller chair and asked me to ring for Miss Lewis.

"What time do you go to your luncheon?" she asked her sharply when she came.

"I don't eat luncheon," said Miss Lewis.

"Why?"

"It's making me stout. Besides, there's never anything fit to eat."

"Humph!" said Tish, eying her. "I guess the meals provided in this training school are above the average. I myself engaged the housekeeper. You'd better have luncheon today."

"But ——"

"At twelve o'clock," said Tish firmly. "Any nurse who takes care of me must eat three meals a day."

Miss Lewis stood in the doorway with her cap over one ear, and stared at Tish; and Tish glared back.

"I prefer not," she said defiantly, giving her apron belt a twitch.

"At twelve o'clock!" Tish repeated, and then Miss Lewis gave it up.

"Very well," she said unpleasantly. "Does it make any difference what I eat?"

"None whatever," said Tish calmly. "And now send me the Smith woman, and shut the door. There's a draft."

Miss Lewis slammed out and, whatever reason Tish had for wanting to get rid of her at noon, she deigned no explanation. In ten minutes Miss Smith knocked at the door and came in.

"Do you want me, Miss Carberry?" she asked.

"If you are not busy," said Tish in her pleasantest manner. "Sit down, Miss Smith. Lizzie, Aggie, this is the Miss Smith I told you about. You will pardon the curiosity of three old women, won't you, Miss Smith, and answer a question or two about last night?"

"Certainly." She looked surprised and, I fancied, amused.

"In the first place," Tish asked, getting a pencil and sheet of letter paper from the table, "has any investigation been begun?"

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"I think not," said Miss Smith. "There are always queer goings-on in a hospital; and, besides, there has been a stir-up in the management and things are at sixes and sevens. Two internes left last night and the superintendent is pretty busy this morning."

"Indeed," said Tish, and wrote something down. "Where is the—er—body now?"

"It went to the anatomical board this morning. He had no relatives and no money. If he isn't claimed in a certain time he'll be sent to the dissecting room."

Aggie shuddered.

"And now, Miss Smith," said Tish, leaning back in her roller chair, "would you mind telling me exactly what happened last night?"

"Not at all!" said Miss Smith, smiling. "We have a rule here that when a patient dies in one of the wards at night the day nurses for that ward must go with the body to the mortuary and prepare it for burial. The night nurse, having charge of several wards, cannot easily leave. I am in charge of K ward, and Miss Blake is my assistant."

"She's not in K ward today," said Tish.

"No, she is relieving the hall nurse here for her 'off duty.' Miss Blake is not well, and this is lighter."

"One moment," said Tish. "What is the K Ward night nurse's name?"

"Miss Durand."

"What time did Mr. Johnson die?"

"Shortly after midnight. It was marked twelve-ten on the record."

"And you were called at once?"

"I—think not," Miss Smith said slowly. "It was nearly one o'clock."

"Is that customary?" Tish demanded.

"Not usually," said Miss Smith; "but it is not extraordinary, either. The night nurse may have been giving a fever bath or doing something else she could not leave."

"You are very indulgent to the curiosity of three old women," Tish said with her pleasantest smile. "Will you be amiable a little longer and tell us what happened in the mortuary?"

"Well, really, nothing happened to me. Doctor Grimm had seen Johnson and pronounced him dead; he had been called from the operating room to do it, though Johnson was a medical case. The night orderlies, Briggs and Marshall, took the body to the mortuary and waited with it until Miss Blake and I arrived."

"Briggs and Marshall," Tish put down.

"The lights were on and Briggs was smoking. We had a few words over that, because the orderlies are not allowed to smoke on duty and tobacco makes my head ache."

Tish leaned forward in her chair and looked at Miss Smith.

"Do you often have words with the orderlies, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith smiled cheerfully.

"Quite often," she said. "They're such a stupid lot."

"You don't think it possible that these men may have retaliated by playing a practical joke on you?"

Miss Smith considered.

"No," she said, "I don't. When I found the linen closet up there locked and went downstairs for sheets, they were both at work in the wards. Anyhow, they might be willing to play a ghastly trick on me, but I don't think they would try to frighten Miss Blake. She's very well liked."

"And after you went for the sheets?"

"That's all I know, Miss Carberry. The rest you heard Miss Blake tell."

"Are you sure," Aggie broke in suddenly, leaning forward—"Are you sure, Miss Smith, he didn't do it himself?"

Miss Smith stared.

"Why, he was dead, Miss Pilkington," she said. "He'd been sick for months; and if he was as alive as I am this minute he couldn't hang himself by the neck, the way he was hanging, with nothing to stand on near or any chair kicked away. The center of the room was clear when we found him and the nearest thing was the foot of the bed—a good eight feet away."

"He was a—Spiritualist, I think?"

"Yes—yes, indeed," Miss Smith laughed. "It would have made you creepy to hear him, lying there carrying on whole conversations with nobody near—and raps on his bed until the nurses balked at changing the sheets!"

Aggie shivered.

"Gracious!" she said. "I hope they don't send him back here for the dissecting room. I shan't be easy until he is safely buried."



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One pint large oysters, half cup flour, half cup milk, half cup Snider's Tomato Catsup, half teaspoonful salt. Mix thoroughly the flour, milk, catsup and salt; dip oysters into mixture, then roll them in cracker crumbs; fry in sweet, fresh lard until a dark brown. Serve very hot.

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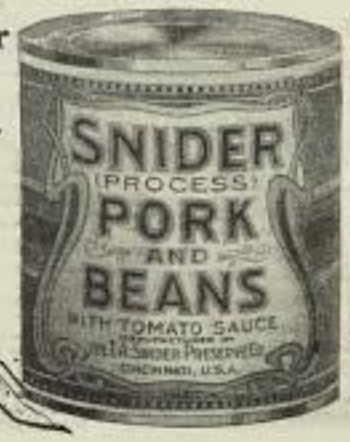
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"Oh, you needn't worry about that," Miss Smith said cheerfully, getting up to go. "We wouldn't be likely to get all of him anyhow!"

Well, as Tish said, she hadn't learned much she hadn't known before, except that Johnson had been left in the ward fifty minutes after he died, instead of ten. However, though the people in the hospital seemed disposed to let the affair alone after sending the body to the morgue, and to get back to its business—which, as Miss Smith said, is full of curious things anyhow—Tish, as I say, having taken hold, was not going to let go.

Promptly at noon by the traveling clock, she lifted herself out of her wheel chair and reached for her cane.

"You can stay here, Aggie," she said; "and, if Lewis comes back, I'm seeing Lizzie to the elevator."

"She won't believe it," Aggie objected.

"Then think up something she will believe. Lizzie is coming with me."

I wasn't surprised when Tish turned to the left in the corridor and hobbled to the foot of a flight of stairs. She stopped there and turned.

"We're going up to see that room by daylight, Lizzie," she said; "but I want you to read this first. You're a practical woman; and if any of your family ever grew a head of hair after they died, at least you don't brag about it."

She took a page of the morning paper, folded small, from the sleeve of her dressing gown and pointed to a paragraph.

"Amos Johnson, once a well-known local medium, died last night at Dunkirk Hospital after a long illness. Johnson was sixty-seven years of age and had lived in retirement and poverty since the murder of his wife some years ago, a crime for which he was tried and exonerated. The woman's body was found in the parlor of the Johnson home, hanging to a chandelier by a roller towel knotted about the neck."

Tish was watching me.

"Well, what do you make of that, Lizzie?" she asked.

"Coincidence," I said, with affected calmness. "Many a man's hung his wife to something when he got tired of her—and, when you come to think of it, a roller towel is usually handy."

We didn't look at each other.

IV

WELL, Tish and I examined the room, and I must say at first sight it was disappointing. It was an ordinary hospital room, with two windows and a bureau between them, a washstand, a single brass bed, set high and not made up, the pillows being piled in the center of the mattress and all covered with a sheet, and two chairs—a straight one and a rocker. Except that the heavy chandelier was bent somewhat from perpendicular, there was no sign of what had happened there.

Tish sat down in the rocker and looked thoughtfully about the room.

"Under ordinary circumstances," she said, "if you hang a broadcloth skirt on a chandelier to brush it you'll have the whole business and half the ceiling about your head in a minute. And yet, look at that—hardly bent!"

The room had evidently not been disturbed since Johnson had been found there. The straight chair had been drawn beneath the chandelier, and Tish pointed out the scratches made by the feet of whoever had cut down the body. Over the back of the chair still hung the roller towel, twisted into a grisly rope.

Tish picked it up and examined it.

"Pretty extravagant of material, aren't they?" she said. "No Ladies' Aid that I ever saw would put more than two yards of twelve-cent stuff in a roller towel. Look at the weight of that—and the length!"

"There's something on it," I said; and we looked together. What we found were only three letters, stamped in blue ink.

"S. P. T.," said Tish. "What in creation is S. P. T.?"

She sat down with the towel in her hand, and we puzzled over it together.

"They're the initials of the sewing circle that sent it in," I asserted. "That S. stands for Society."

"I've got it," said Tish—"Society for the Prevention of Tetanus."

"That doesn't help much," I said. "We could find out by asking. I dare say the nurses know."

Tish wouldn't hear of it however. She said the towel was the only clew we had, and she wasn't going to give it to a hospital full

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of people who didn't seem to care whether their corpses walked around at night or not.

She rolled up the towel under her arm—and in the doorway she turned to take a final survey of the room.

"Well," she said, "we haven't examined the dust with a microscope, but I think it's been worth while. It would be curious, Lizzie, if his murdered wife's initials were S. P. T."

"They couldn't be," I said. "Her last name was Johnson, wasn't it?"

But Tish wasn't looking at me. She was staring intently at the wall over the head of the bed, and I followed her eyes.

The wall was gray—a dull gray below and a frieze of paler gray above. The dividing line between the two colors was not a picture-molding—the room had no pictures—but a narrow iron pipe, perhaps an inch in thickness and painted the color of the frieze. Why a pipe, I never asked; but I fancy its roundness, its lack of angles and lines, had been thought, like the gray walls, to be restful to the eyes.

Directly over the head of the bed the pipe-molding was loosened from the wall, as if by a powerful wrench, and sagged at least four inches.

"Look at that!" said Tish, pointing her cane. "Lizzie, I want you to help me up on the bureau."

"I'll do nothing of the sort, Tish!" I snapped. "You ought to be ashamed—with that leg."

She had pulled out the lowest drawer and was standing on it by that time, and there wasn't anything for it but to help her up. She caught hold of the pipe-molding between the windows and jerked at it.

"I thought so," she said. "It doesn't give a hair's breadth! Lizzie, no picture ever pulled that molding down like that."

Well, it was curious, when you think about it. It's easy enough to read Mr. Conan Doyle's stories, knowing that, no matter how puzzling the different clews seem to be, Mr. Doyle knows exactly what made them and at the right time he'll let you into his secret; and you'll wonder why you never thought of the right explanation at the time. It is different to have to work them out yourself however; and to save my life I couldn't see anything to that bent pipe but a bent pipe.

Tish's next move was to crawl upon the bed, and that time I helped her willingly. She stood quite a while gazing at the pipe, with her nostrils twitching, steadying herself with one hand against the wall to put on her glasses with the other.

"Humph!" she said. "I can't quite make it out, Lizzie. There are prints against the wall just underneath; but it doesn't seem to be a hand."

I got up beside her and we both looked. It was a hand—and it wasn't. It seemed like a long hand, with short fingers. Tish leaned down and rubbed her hand on the headboard of the bed, which was dusty, as she expected, and then pressed its imprint against the wall beside the other. They were alike—and they were different; and suddenly it came to me—and it made me dizzy.

"I know what it is now, Tish," I said as calmly as I could. "That's the mark of a foot!"

"A foot!" Tish repeated gravely, and we climbed off the bed in a hurry and went out into the hall.

Tish had left her cane in her excitement and she refused to go back for it alone. I went with her finally; and we stood at the bottom of the bed and looked at the foot, with its toes pointed up toward the ceiling and Tish's hand beside it.

"You know, Lizzie," she said, clutching my arm, "if there were a fourth dimension we could walk up walls easily."

And we went down to her room again.

It was careless of us to forget Tish's handprint on the wall, for, when things got worse and they discovered the two marks, somebody suggested that no two hands make exactly the same print; and they had an expert make an impression of it. As Tish said, she expected to be discovered every time she had her pulse counted—and the strain was awful! They might have accused her, you know, of carrying off old Johnson and stringing him up—for they reached a state when they suspected everybody.

v

NOW Aggie has hay-fever, and the slightest excitement starts her off. So, when we heard her sneezing as we went down the stairs, we were not surprised to find Tommy Andrews in front of her, with



Toast Your Toes

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an order book on his knee, and Aggie trying to hold a glass thermometer in her mouth.

"I can't," she was protesting from round the thermometer. "Justh try sneething yourthelf with a—a—choo!"

Her teeth came down on it just then with a snap and her face grew agonized.

"There!" she said. "What did I tell you?" And she pulled the thermometer out minus an end.

"Where's the rest?" Tommy demanded.

"I—I swallowed it!"

Tommy jumped up and looked frightened.

"Heavens, it's glass!" he said. "What in thunder—why, there it is in your lap!"

"I swallowed the inside," Aggie said stiffly. "I should think that's bad enough! It's poison, isn't it?"

Tommy laughed.

"It won't hurt you," he said. "It's only quicksilver."

Aggie was only partly reassured.

"I dare say I'll be coated inside like the back of a mirror," she snapped. "Between being frightened to death until I'm in a fever, and then swallowing the contents of a thermometer and having it expand with the heat of my body—and maybe blow up!—I feel as if I were on the border of the spirit land myself."

In spite of Tommy's reassurances, she refused to be comforted and sat the rest of the morning waiting for something to happen. She ate no luncheon and absolutely refused to go home. Aggie is like most soft-mannered people—trying to make her do something she doesn't want to do is like pounding a pillow. It seems to give way and the next minute it's back where it was at first; and you can pound till your hands ache. So, when she said she was going to stay at the hospital until she felt sure the mercury wasn't going to blow up or poison her, we had to yield.

We got the room next to Tish's and put her to bed; and she lay there alternately sneezing and sleeping the rest of the day.

I went out during the afternoon and brought a nightgown for her and one for myself, and some methylated cotton wool for her nose. The walk did me good; and by the time I got back I was ready to sneer at footprints that go up a wall and at Johnson hanging to a chandelier.

As I left the elevator at Tish's floor I met Miss Linda Smith and stopped her.

"Is there anything new?" I asked her.

"Nothing, except that Miss Blake has had to go back to bed," she said. "She's a nervous little thing, anyhow, and she has not been here very long. When she has had almost three years, as I have, she'll learn to let each day take care of itself—not to worry about yesterday or expect anything of tomorrow."

"And how about today?" I asked, smiling at her pessimistic speech and her cheerful face.

"And to work like the deuce today!" she said, and went smiling down the hall.

I had brought in some pink roses; and when I'd put Aggie's nightgown on her and the wool in her nose I had Miss Lewis take me to Miss Blake's room.

It was close at hand. If you know Dunkirk Hospital you know that the nurses' dormitory is directly beside the main building, connected with it by doors on every floor. One of these doors was at the end of Tish's corridor and Miss Blake's room was the first on the other side.

Miss Lewis knocked and tried the door, but it was bolted.

"Who's there?" asked a startled voice, quite close, as if its owner had been standing just inside.

"Miss Lewis, dear."

"Just a moment."

She opened the door almost immediately and admitted us. She had on only her nightgown and slippers, and her hair was down in a thick braid. I have reached the time of life when I brush most of my hair by holding one end of it in my teeth; so I always notice hair.

"You're up!" said Miss Lewis accusingly.

"Only to be sure the door was fastened," she protested, and got into her single bed again obediently.

"Now don't be silly!" Miss Lewis said. "Why should you lock that door in the middle of the afternoon? I thought you were the girl who rescued the kitten from the ridgepole of the roof!"

"That was different," said Miss Blake, and shut her eyes.

"I don't want to disturb you," I said. "Only—my friend and I felt sorry that she caused you such a shock last night. And I want you to have these flowers."



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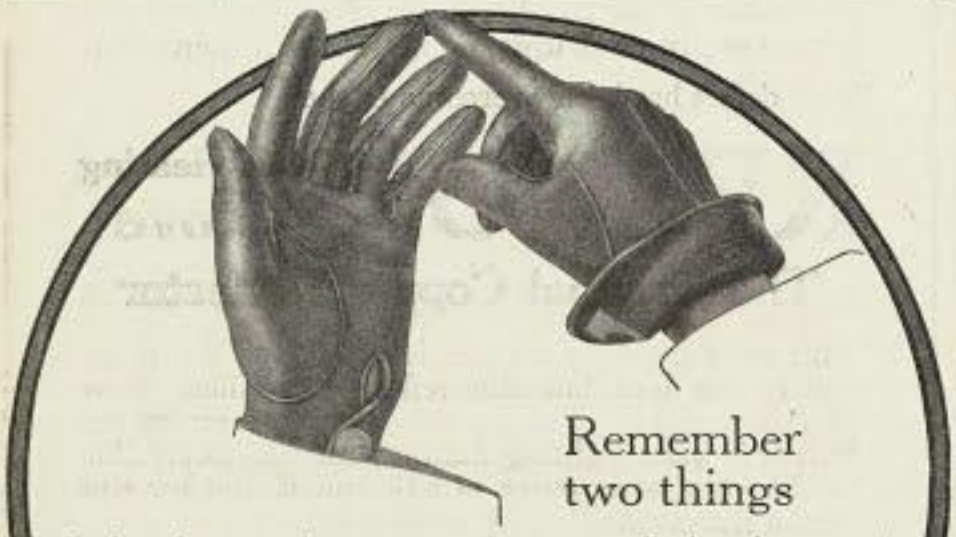
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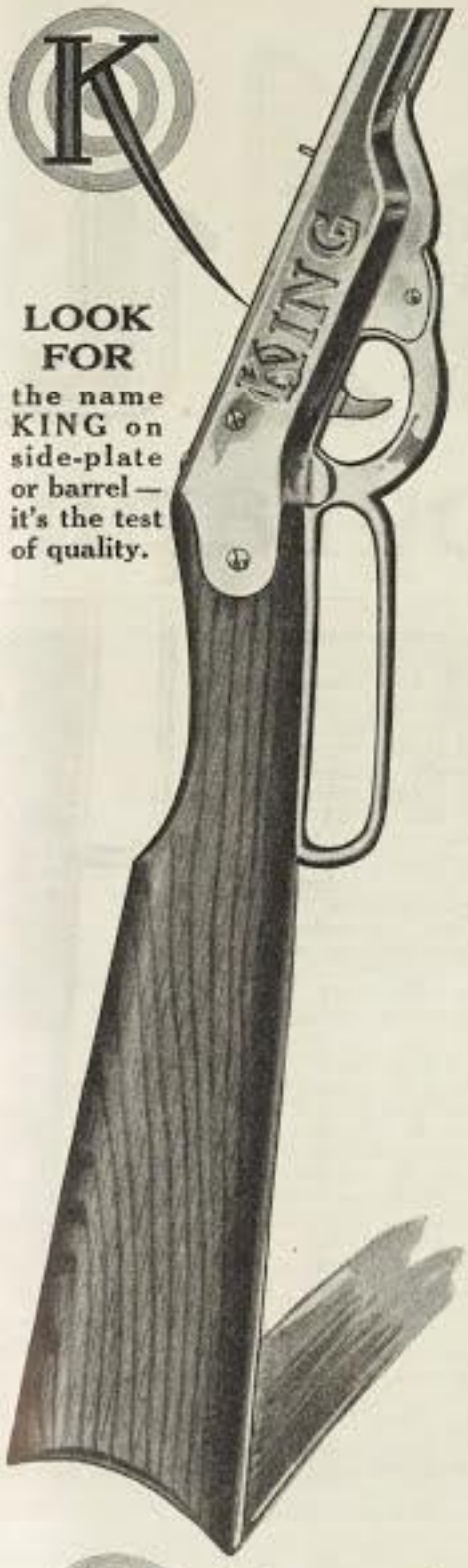
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She seemed much pleased and Miss Lewis put them on the table by the bed, beside another bouquet that was already there—a huge bunch of violets and lilies-of-the-valley. Violets and lilies-of-the-valley are Tommy's favorite combination!

"Doctor Andrews been here this afternoon?" Miss Lewis asked, looking up from arranging the roses.

"Once—twice," said the little nurse with heightened color.

"I see," said Miss Lewis. "And the husband of thirty-six telephoning all over the city for him."

"The husband of thirty-six!" I repeated, astounded. They both laughed and Miss Blake looked for a moment almost gay.

"He is not a Mormon," she said. "It's a case of 'container for the thing contained.' Thirty-six is a room."

I think the laugh did the little nurse good; but when we left, a few minutes later, Miss Lewis halted me a few steps from the door. We heard Miss Blake cross the room quickly and the bolt of the door slip into place.

"Queer, isn't it?" asked Miss Lewis. And I thought it was.

Tommy Andrews came back late that night to see Aggie, but she had stopped sneezing and dropped into a doze. He beckoned me out into the hall.

"How is she?" he asked. "Having been quicksilvered inside, I dare say she's been reflecting! Never mind, Miss Lizzie—I couldn't help that."

"Tish wants to see you, Tommy," I said. "She—we found something this afternoon and I don't mind saying we are puzzled."

"More mystery!" he asked, raising his eyebrows. "Don't tell me somebody else has shed his fleshy garment and hung it up——"

"Please don't!" I said, looking over my shoulder nervously. The hall was almost dark.

"Look here," Tommy suggested in a whisper; "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll go in and listen to Aunt Tish without levity—I give you my word; no frivolity—if you'll come over and play propriety while I see Miss Blake." Seeing me eye him, he went on guiltily: "She's—sick, you know, and I've been there two or three times today already. If it gets out among the nurses—Please, dear, good Aunt Lizzie!"

Now I'm not his aunt. For that matter I'm a good ten years younger than Tish—but he's a handsome young rascal, and when a woman gets too old to be influenced by good looks it's because she's gone blind with age; so I agreed, on one condition.

"Yes, if you'll see Tish first," I said, and he agreed.

That was how we happened to be in Tish's room when Aggie screamed. Tish had just got to the footprint-on-the-wall part of her story, and even Tommy was looking queer, when Aggie sneezed. Then almost immediately she shrieked—and the three of us were on our feet and starting for the door before she stopped. As we reached the hall a nurse was running toward us and the stillness in Aggie's room was horrible!

It was dark—which was strange, for I'd left the night light on at Aggie's request. Tommy pushed into the room first.

"Where's the light switch?" he demanded. "Are you there, Miss Aggie?"

There was no answer; but in the darkness every one heard a peculiar rustling sound, such as might be made by rubbing a hand over a piece of stiff silk. It was the nurse who found the switch almost instantly, and I think we expected nothing less than Aggie hanging by her neck to the chandelier; but she was lying quietly in bed—in a dead faint.

When she came to she muttered something about a dead foot and fainted again. By eleven o'clock she seemed pretty much herself once more, and even smiled sheepishly when Tommy suggested that it had been the fault of the thermometer. She thought herself that she had dreamed it, and Tish and I let her think so; but both of us had seen the same thing.

Just over the head of Aggie's bed the pipe-moulding was wrenched loose and pulled down out of line!

VI

TISH sent Miss Lewis in to sit with Aggie and the three of us, including Tommy, met in Tish's room. She had brought her alcohol teakettle with her, and she insisted on making a cup of tea all round before we talked things over.

(Continued on Page 38)



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(Continued from Page 35)

"Besides," she remarked, measuring out the tea, "it's about a quarter of twelve now and we may need a little tea-courage by midnight."

"If that's the way you feel," Tommy said from the bed, holding his empty cup ready for the tea, "I can get something from the medicine cupboard outside that has tea knocked out in the first round."

"Not whisky, Tommy!" Tish said, with the teapot in the air.

"Certainly not! *Spiritus frumenti*," Tommy said with dignity, and Tish was reassured; but I knew what he meant, my great-uncle having conducted a country pharmacy and done a large business in that very remedy among the farmers.

When we'd had our tea and some salted wafers Tish drew up a chair and faced Tommy and myself.

"Now," she said, "what did Aggie see?"

"Personally," Tommy remarked, balancing his teaspoon across the bridge of his nose and holding his head far back to do it—"Personally I'm glad she only saw—or felt—a foot. It proves her really remarkable quality of mind. The ordinary woman, in a stew like that, would have seen an entire corpse—not to mention smelling sulphur."

Tish took the spoon off his nose and gave him a smart slap on the ear.

"Thomas," she said, "you will either be serious or go home. Do you remember what we told you about the room upstairs—a footmark on the wall not three feet from the ceiling?"

Tommy nodded, with both hands covering his ears.

"Do you realize," Tish went on, "that room is directly over the one Aggie is occupying?"

"Hadn't thought of it," said Tommy. "Is it?"

"Yes. Tommy Andrews, Aggie may or may not have dreamed of that ice-cold foot; but one thing she did not dream—Lizzie and I both saw it. The pipe-molding over Aggie's bed is pulled loose from the wall and bent down!"

Tommy stared at us both. Then he whistled.

"No!" he said, and fell into a deep study with his hands in his heavy thatch of hair. After a minute he got off the bed and sauntered toward the door.

"I'll just wander in and have a look at it," he said, and disappeared.

It was Tish's suggestion that we put the light out and sit in the dark. Probably Tommy's nearness gave us courage. As Tish said, in five minutes it would be midnight—and almost anything might happen under the circumstances.

"And, as honest investigators," she said, "we owe it to the world and to science to put ourselves *en rapport*. These things never happen in the light."

We could hear Tommy speaking in a low tone to Miss Lewis, but soon that stopped, though he did not come back. Even with the door open—a dimly outlined rectangle—I wasn't any too comfortable. Tish sat without moving. Once she leaned over and touched my elbow.

"I've got a tingle in both legs to the knee," she whispered. "Do you feel anything?"

"Nothing but the slat across the back of this chair," I replied, and we sat silent again. I must have dozed almost immediately, for, when I roused, the traveling clock was striking midnight and Tish was shaking my arm.

"What's that light?" she quavered.

I looked toward the hall—and, sure enough, the outline of the door was a pale and quivering yellow!

"The doorframe is moving!" gasped Tish.

"Fiddle!" I snapped, wide awake. "Somebody's out there with a moving light. Where's Tommy?"

"He hasn't come back. Lizzie, go and look out—I can't find my cane."

"Go yourself!" I said sourly.

Well, we went together finally, tiptoeing to the door and peering out. The light was gone—only a faint gleam remained and that came down the staircase.

"Damnation!" said Tommy's voice, just at our elbow. And with that he darted along the hall and up the stairs, after the light.

Now Tish is essentially a woman of action. She's only timid when she can't do anything. And now she hobbled across to the foot of the stairs, with me at her heels.

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[18]



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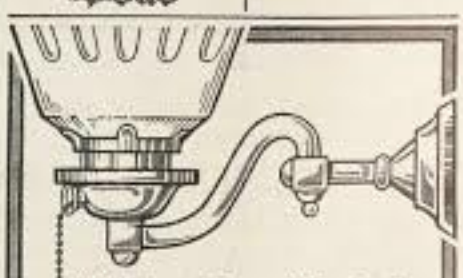


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"That was no earthly light, Lizzie!" she said in a subdued tone. "Do you remember what Aggie said about the light when Mr. Wiggins died?"

I'd been thinking about it myself that very moment.

"I'd feel better with some sort of weapon, Tish," I protested as we started up; but Tish only looked at me in the darkness and shook her head. I knew perfectly well what she meant—that no earthly weapon would be of any avail. Considering what we thought, I think the fact that we got up the staircase at all is very creditable.

The light was there, coming from one of the empty rooms and streaming out into the dark hall. There was somebody moving in the room. We heard a window closing and then the footsteps coming toward the door. The next moment the light itself came into the hall. It was a candle—and Miss Blake was carrying it!

I made out Tommy's figure flattened in a doorway; and then the light disappeared again as Miss Blake went into the next room—the one where Johnson had been found. She was there a long time, and once we heard her exclaim something—and the light from the doorway wavered as if the candle had almost gone out.

She went into each private room, then into the ward, and finally there remained only the mortuary. Tish clutched my arm. Would this bit of a girl—in her long white wrapper, her childish braid, her small bare feet thrust into slippers—dare that grisly place?

She did not keep us in doubt long. She went directly to the foot of the mortuary steps and stood, her candle held high, looking up. Then she began to mount them slowly, as if every atom of her will were required to urge her frightened muscles. Tommy stirred uneasily in his doorway.

The large double doors to the mortuary stood partly open. She pushed them back quietly and hesitated, candle still high. Then she went in, and by the paling light we knew she had gone to the far end of the room. Tommy came out from the doorway and tiptoed down the hall. We could see his outline against the gleam.

The stillness was terrible. We could hear her moving round that awful place—could hear, even at that distance, the soft swish of her negligee on the floor. And then, without any warning, she spoke. It was uncanny beyond description, though we heard nothing she said.

"My God!" said Tish, forgetting herself.

There was a sound immediately after. Tish said it was a thud, as if a chair had been upset; but I insisted that it sounded more like a window thrown up with terrific force. The light went out immediately and we heard footsteps running away from us.

"Tommy!" Tish called; but nobody answered. We were left there alone in the darkness, shivering with fright.

I am very shaky about what happened next. I remember Tish fumbling for her cane and saying she was going to follow Tommy, and my holding her back and telling her not to be a fool—that the boy was safe enough. And I remember seeing a light behind us and the old night watchman coming up the staircase behind his electric flash, and trying to tell him something was wrong in the mortuary.

And then, as my voice gave way, we heard a shout overhead and immediately the crash of broken glass and a thud in the hall just ahead of us. The watchman pushed us aside and ran.

Tommy was lying unconscious on the floor with the pieces of a broken skylight all round him!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Fever Register

A HOT-AIR plant was installed in a small church in Tennessee where stoves had been used. On the first Sunday night after the new furnace was in operation a widow came to services accompanied by her son, a tall and gangling youth who suffered from the breakbone ague of the district.

It so befell that they took a pew directly over one of the registers in the floor. Down in the basement the janitor began to fire up.

The boy stood it for a while. Then he nudged his parent.

"Ma," he whispered, "I got to go home. I'm gittin' sick agin."

"How do you know you air?" asked his mother.

"I kin feel the fever coming up my laigs."

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I HAVE been making the Rigoletto Brand of Havana Cigars for more than 8 years. I made them for 3 years in Havana. Then I moved to Tampa, so you would not have to pay the tariff duty on Rigoletto Cigars. This tariff amounts on the average imported cigar to 7.9 cents. That is why a cigar that costs 10 cents in Havana must be sold for 25 cents in this country to make a profit.

I made Rigoletto Cigars in Tampa for 4 years. Conditions there were wasteful of time and materials. It is the custom there for cigarmakers to smoke all day at their work—smoke the very choicest tobacco without paying for it. They usually take cigars home every evening. The number of cigars that are smoked and taken amounts to about 10% of their work each day.

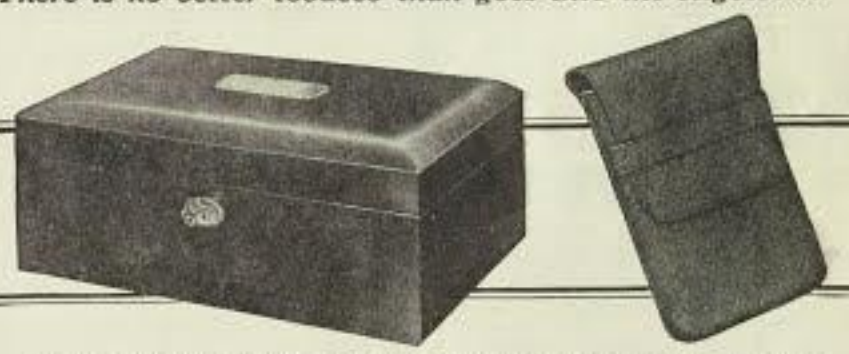
What would a shoe manufacturer, for instance, think of conditions under which every employee would demand the right to take out every tenth pair of shoes he made, for his own use? It was to avoid these unnecessary expenses and wasteful conditions that I came to Cleveland, where I am now making more and better Rigoletto Cigars than ever.

Here I have a well-lighted, thoroughly sanitary factory on the shores of Lake Erie.

I have most skillful, intelligent employees. I pay them well, but they do not smoke at their work and they do not take cigars.

It costs me less than one-half as much to produce a cigar in Cleveland as it did in Tampa. That is why I am able to make a better cigar and sell it for less money. I am making the Rigoletto Cigar the very best in the world. I can sell it for 10 cents through dealers and make a profit. That's all you should have to pay for the best cigar made, if it is made by efficient methods.

I use the very highest priced tobacco grown, imported from Cuba. I could not pay more for tobacco if I wished. There is no better tobacco than goes into the Rigoletto.



You should know the Rigoletto Cigar if you like a good smoke. It is sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer doesn't have it, take advantage of my remarkable quick-acquaintance offer.

Send me $1.00 with the name of your dealer and I will forward you 10 Cigars and a handsome Seal Leather Cigar Case as shown above, with your name stamped on the flap in gold. This case is worth at least $1.00 retail, so you receive double value for your money.

Send me $5.00 and I will forward, express prepaid, a box of 50 Rigoletto Cigars and a beautiful mahogany humidor with your initials engraved on the brass plate on top. This humidor has a rich, hand-rubbed piano finish, lined with metal, with perforated moisture pads, and has a lock and key. These offers apply only in the U. S.

The Rigoletto is made in four standard shapes—Perfecto Extra, Panetela, Elegante and Club House. Specify shape you want and also color (light, dark or medium).

Please understand that I will never be able to sell you more than one box of cigars on this offer. In the future you must buy from your dealer. Be sure to send the name of your dealer when ordering.

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Shape ____

My dealer's name is ____

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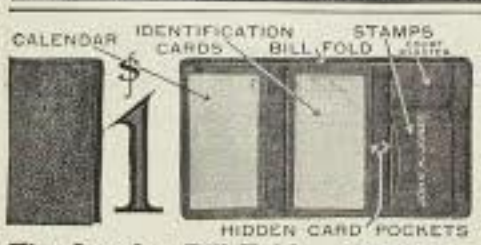
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PLAYS THAT ALMOST FAIL

(Continued from Page 25)

decided to become a star, but had no play. Mr. Fitch sold her The Climbers, reserving the right to cast all other parts and have full charge of the rehearsals. And so the managers evolved a new rule-of-thumb—that the public, for some unfathomable reason, liked Fitch plays. In the following season no less than five of his pieces were running on Broadway at the same time—and most of them were failures.

The story of Augustus Thomas is much the same. As a young man he was employed by A. M. Palmer, partly as press representative and partly to edit the text of plays about to be produced. Thomas employed his leisure in writing a play and in getting married—both of which activities were of the nature of speculations, as his salary was fifty dollars a week. The play was a particularly daring gamble, for it was written in an unprecedented manner of quiet naturalism. His characters actually talked more or less as folks do in real life. Three times Mr. Palmer had put up the play as a stop-gap—and as often had taken it down again in favor of one of those affairs that are as good as the public will take. It so happened that when the play was finally produced Mr. Thomas had just lost his metropolitan job and had been ordered out on the road as advance agent. By this time his own faith in the play had ebbed, and though he had bought the morning papers in the station neither he nor Mrs. Thomas had courage to read the first-night criticisms until after breakfast on the train. As one paper after another was unfolded it dawned on bride and groom that they were too advanced for the job of advance agent. At the first opportunity they doubled on their trail and returned to Broadway to enjoy the success of Alabama.

Arizona, scorned by the leading managers, was produced by Kirke La Shelle, then a struggling independent. The Earl of Pawtucket did not even have a manager to rescue it from oblivion. Against the solemn if friendly warning of a leading syndicate manager Miss Elizabeth Tyree staked her sense of humor and her bank account on it.

Psychological Surprises

When Mr. Charles Frohman read The Witching Hour it filled him with such enthusiasm that, in his own graphic phrase, "it made him want to jump out of the window." But all that Mr. Daniel Frohman could make of the play, with its curious mingling of advanced psychology and deep spiritual feeling, was that Mr. Thomas had already jumped out of his senses. Mr. Frohman acknowledges this himself with a smile. Mr. Thomas remained so far in his senses that he backed his play financially, though he had never done so before—and thus, in addition to his royalties, received half of the managerial profits.

It was Mr. Lee Shubert who received the other half; but he did not, it seems, at the same time gain a just appreciation of the new phase of the public mind that lay behind the success of the play. And this is the more remarkable in view of the fact that it had already been made evident in the triumph of The Servant in the House. When The Passing of the Third Floor Back was submitted to the New Theater, of which Mr. Shubert was business director, he stood with the majority of the committee that refused it. The play had already been refused by David Warfield, for whom Mr. Jerome wrote it, and who was in need of a success to follow up The Music Master. Even Forbes-Robertson had no great faith in it. He brought it out only because he had nothing else. Its ultimate triumph was almost as great a surprise to him as to the men who had refused it.

In the case of Edward Sheldon's daring tragedy, The Nigger, the New Theater did actually profit by courage and discernment. Refused by the regular managers, the play scored the biggest success but one of the theater's first season, and it proved so popular that three companies were sent out.

The list of such cases could be almost indefinitely extended. It is scarcely too much to say that the success of every great new talent in the world of the drama has been a hairbreadth escape from utter and entire defeat. Are we to conclude that the managers—to adopt the phrase of an English statesman—"are a lot of silly people who

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do not even understand their own silly business"? Some such idea has haunted the minds of the men who have during the past two decades attempted from time to time to found artistic theaters. But it is to be observed that the managers are still doing business at the old stand, while each successive attempt to elevate the stage has ended in the sinking of money.

Is there something, then, in the persistent cry that the drama has gone to the dogs? There is a great deal in it—but perhaps not precisely what those who raise it imagine. Viewed in the cold light of history, that cry would seem to mean that the drama was in a particularly flourishing condition. As a certain professor has lately pointed out, Ben Jonson, in a preface to a long-forgotten comedy, proclaimed himself the only champion of pure, high drama in the year when Shakspere was occupied with Lear and Othello. He might have added that in the year in which Shakspere was shaping Hamlet into its final form Sir Francis Bacon lamented that the era was one of decadence, and while he was devoting serious attention to "the art cosmetic" mentioned the art of the drama only to say that it was not worth talking about. A quarter of a century before that, in the decade in which the Elizabethan drama was blossoming into its full luxuriance, Sir Philip Sidney cited it as evidence of the crude barbarity of English taste. In the heyday of the Spanish drama and of the Greek drama similar cries were raised by men of similar distinction. And so we of today, when the old voice is heard again, have assuredly reason to take heart.

Certain hopeful circumstances are obvious. We have a larger body of playwrights than ever before, and they are producing more and better plays. In spite of the failure of so many artistic endeavors, moreover, the movement seems on the whole to be gaining strength. Thus, when the New Theater closed its doors after some three or four millions had vanished, the result was the appearance of two newer theaters—one backed by the very men who had backed the old enterprise, the other by its director.

Meantime another movement had appeared, the movement toward an appreciation of which we have gradually been working. Its primary object is to rescue from oblivion plays of merit that are on the verge of failure.

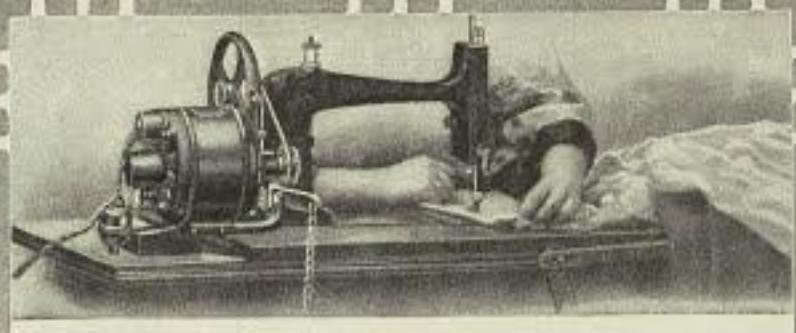
The Power of the People's Institute

The movement started, to the best of my knowledge, with the People's Institute of New York. This semi-philanthropic organization formed a committee whose business it was to go to new productions and recommend plays to the patronage of the members of the Institute as a whole or in part. Thus some plays were recommended to workingmen's clubs and to public-school teachers, but not to pupils; and others to pupils in high schools, but not to those in grammar schools. Those to whom a play was recommended were enabled to buy tickets at about half the box-office price. It was found that many of those who received half-price coupons sold them through cigar shops and barber shops, and the managers very naturally objected. The Institute procured the enactment of a law making such sales a penal offense.

Among the many plays that the People's Institute has piloted out of heavy weather two are notable. The Man of the Hour was all but done for when the half-price people began coming, yet within a few months of that time Mr. Broadhurst refused an offer of seventy-five thousand dollars for his author's rights in it. And there was more than the financial gain.

The author of What Happened to Jones and Why Smith Left Home had struggled for years to win recognition as a serious dramatist, but had always been balked by the managers, who refused to believe that he could be serious or that the public would take him seriously if he could. The second instance is even more memorable. The personal popularity of Maude Adams, reinforced though it was by the fame of J. M. Barrie, had failed to attract the public to Peter Pan. The People's Institute kept the production from starving—with results that are happily familiar to all of us. Owing to the death of the two leading spirits in the dramatic committee of the Institute its work was lately taken over by a separate organization, the Wage Earners' Theatrical League.

In a slightly different form the idea was taken up by the Macdowell Club, a fashionable organization devoted primarily to



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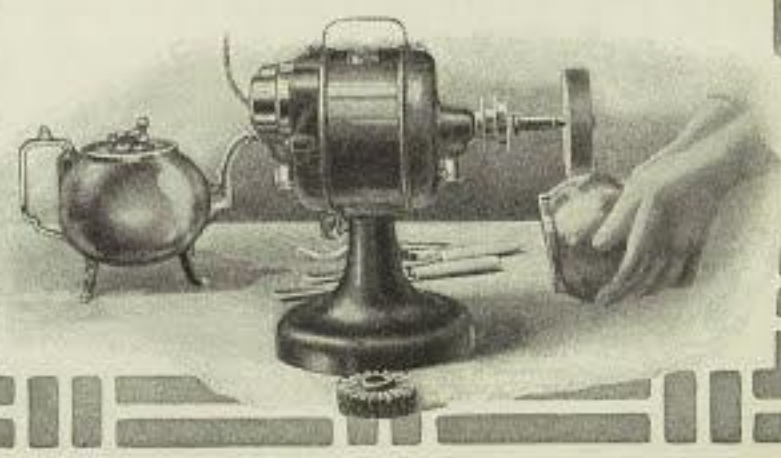
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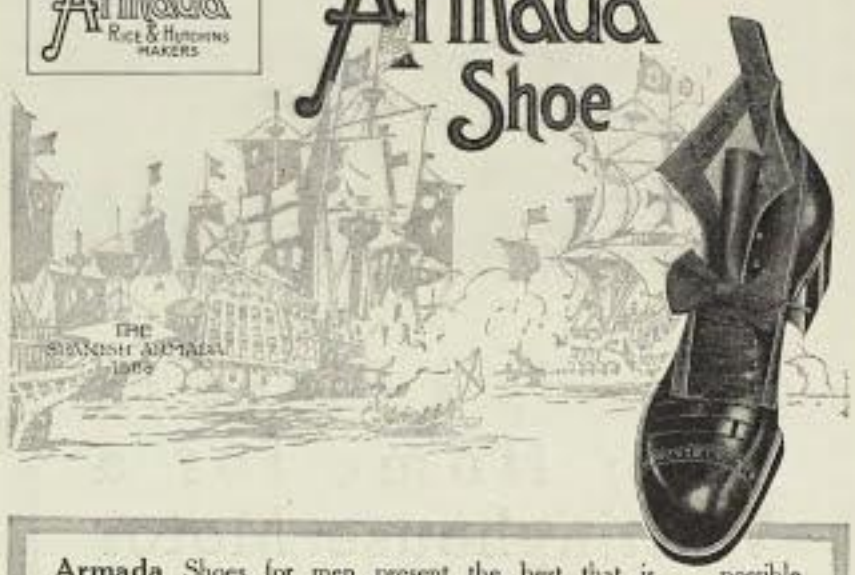
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It is probably owing to the efforts of the Macdowell Club that Percy Mackaye's extraordinarily interesting if uneven little tragedy, The Scarecrow, is still alive on the stage. But its most striking achievement has been in the case of The Seven Sisters. Produced toward the end of a highly disastrous season, this most enjoyable if insignificant little comedy was so coldly received by the critics that its manager, Mr. Daniel Frohman, judged that four weeks would see the end of it, and leased his theater for the rest of the season to Mrs. Fiske. In spite of increasing receipts, largely stimulated by the Macdowell Club, the play had to be transferred to Chicago. It so happened that the movement that had developed in the two New York organizations had appeared spontaneously in the Western metropolis. Inspired by a clergyman who is a scholar and an enthusiast in the drama, a number of women in society had organized what they called The Dramatic League of America.

The Chicago organization did not wait for the play to appear. It obtained copies of the report of the Macdowell Club, adopted it as its own, and gave it a very wide circulation. The result was an instant and extraordinary success.

What the Cities Welcome

Unless all signs fail this Dramatic League of America is destined to work a veritable revolution. In the Eastern metropolis events come so thick and fast in the artistic world, and social engagements are made so many weeks ahead, that it is hardly possible for the Macdowell Club to swing any great body of people to immediate attendance at a play, however great the need. But this is only half the story. If the West has more time it has also more enthusiasm. The mailing list of the League numbers some twenty thousand, and the response is large in proportion. More than this, the League is in correspondence with similar if newer and less powerful associations in Boston, Louisville, Detroit and St. Louis. Just as it acted on the advice of the New York association, so it is itself able to pass the word along to other cities.

Is it likely that the movement will end with the larger cities, or even the one-week stands? The severest sufferers under the old order have been the one-night stands. They have had to decide in advance—"sight unseen," as the boys say—what plays they will go to; and, in consequence, they have been the chief sufferers from second and third companies, padded casts and shopworn productions. Yet in the vast majority of such stands there are organizations—church clubs, women's clubs and the like—that might easily form dramatic committees. These could subscribe to the reports of committees in the nearest large city; or, better still, they might take a journey to some other stand up the circuit and judge for themselves.

Throughout the country, wherever there is a theater, good or bad, the question presents itself at every fireside: Shall we continue to be at the mercy of the managers and their slapdash, wholesale methods of publicity, or shall we become ourselves intelligent and helpful censors of the drama? With this question is bound up another that is of far greater though less immediate importance. Shall we as a people permit the greatest of all arts to remain the most precarious, or shall we stretch out a welcoming hand toward those who are struggling against odds to give us new creations of significance and beauty?

"The theater is irresistible," wrote Matthew Arnold; "organize the theater!" That was a generation ago; and it will take another generation, no doubt, to establish permanent artistic producing houses. Meantime a cry has been raised of more immediate and widespread interest: The theater is irresistible; organize the public!



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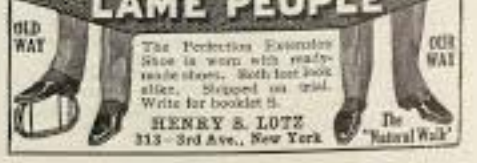
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A MATCH FOR ELKAN LUBLINER

(Continued from Page 9)

"Me too," Kapfer added after Polatkin departed; "and I also hope, Elkan, this would be a warning to you that the next time you get engaged you should find out the girl's name in advance."

V

"YES, siree, sir," said Charles Fischko emphatically, albeit a trifle thickly. "I guess you made a big hit there, Mr. Kapfer, and I don't think I am acting previously when I drink to the health of Mrs. Kapfer." He touched glasses with Max Kapfer, who sat opposite to him at a secluded table in the Harlem Winter Garden, flanked by two bottles of what had been a choice brand of California champagne. "Née Miss Maslik," he added as he put down his glass; "and I think you are getting a young lady which is not only good-looking but she is got also a heart like gold. Look at the way she treats the servant girl they got there! Honestly, when I was round there this morning them two girls was talking like sisters already!"

"That's all right," Kapfer rejoined; "she's got a right to treat that girl like a sister. She's a nice little girl—that servant girl."

"Don't I know it!" Fischko protested as he poured himself out another glass of wine. "It was me that got her the job there two years ago already; and before I would recommend to a family like B. Maslik's a servant girl, understand me, I would make sure she comes from decent, respectable people. Also the girl is a wonderful cook, Mr. Kapfer. A simple, plain, every day dish like *gefillte Heckte*, Mr. Kapfer, she makes it like it would be roast goose already—so fine she cooks it. She learned it from her mother, Mr. Kapfer, also a wonderful cook. Why, would you believe it, Mr. Kapfer, that girl's own mother and me comes pretty near being engaged to be married once?"

"You don't say!" Kapfer commented.

"That was from some years ago in the old country already," Fischko continued; "and I guess I ought to be lucky I didn't do so, on account she marries a feller by the name Silbermacher, *olas hasholem*, which he is got the misfortune to get killed in Kishinef. Poor Mrs. Silbermacher, she didn't live long, and the daughter, Yetta, comes to America an orphan five years ago. Ever since then the girl looks out for herself; and so sure as you are sitting there she's got in savings bank already pretty near eight hundred dollars."

"Is that so?" Kapfer interrupted.

"Yes, sir," Fischko replied; "and when she is got a thousand, understand me, I would find for her a nice young man, Mr. Kapfer, which he is got anyhow twenty-five machines a contracting shop, y'understand, and she will get married *und fertig*. With such good friends which I got it like Polatkin & Scheikowitz, I could throw a little business their way, and the first thing you know she is settled for life."

Here Fischko drained his glass and reached out his hand toward the bottle; but Kapfer anticipated the move and emptied the remainder of the wine into his own glass.

"Before I order another bottle, Fischko," he said, "I would like to talk a little business with you."

"Never mind another bottle," Fischko said. "I thought we was through with our business for the evening."

"With our business, yes," Kapfer announced; "but this story which you are telling me about Miss Silbermacher interests me, Fischko, and I know a young feller which he is got more as twenty-five machines a contracting shop; in fact, Fischko, he is a salesman which he makes anyhow his fifty to seventy-five dollars a week, and he wants to get married bad."

"He couldn't want to get married so bad as all that," Fischko commented, "because there's lots of girls which would be only too glad to marry a such a young feller—girls with money even."

"I give you right, Mr. Fischko," Kapfer agreed; "but this young feller ain't the kind that marries for money. What he wants is a nice girl which she is good-looking like this here Miss Silbermacher and is a good housekeeper, understand me; and from what I've seen of Miss Silbermacher she would be just the person."

"What's his name?" Fischko asked.

"His name," said Kapfer, "is Ury Shemansky, a close friend from mine; and I got a date with him at twelve o'clock on the corner drug store at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street that I should tell him how I came out this evening." He seized his hat from an adjoining hook. "So, if you'd wait here a few minutes," he said, "I would go and fetch him right round here. Shall I order another bottle before I go?"

Fischko shook his head.

"I got enough," he said; "and don't be long on account I must be going home soon."

Kapfer nodded, and five minutes later he entered the all-night drug store in question and approached a young man who was seated at the soda fountain. In front of him stood a large glass of "Phospho-Nervino," warranted to be "A Speedy and Reliable Remedy for Nervous Headache, Sleeplessness, Mental Fatigue and Depression following Over-Brainwork"; and as he was about to raise the glass to his lips Kapfer slapped him on the shoulder.

"Cheer up, Elkan," he exclaimed. "Her name is Yetta Silbermacher and she's got in savings bank eight hundred dollars."

"What d'ye mean she's got money in savings bank?" Elkan protested wearily, for the sleepless, brain-fatigued and depressed young man was none other than Elkan Lubliner. "Did you seen her?"

"I did," Kapfer replied; "and Miss Maslik's a fine, lovely girl. The old man ain't so bad either. He treated me elegant and Fischko thinks I made quite a hit there."

"I ain't asking you about Miss Maslik at all," Elkan said. "I mean Miss Silbermacher"—he hesitated and blushed—"Yetta," he continued, and buried his confusion in the foaming glass of "Phospho-Nervino."

"That's just what I want to talk to you about," Kapfer went on. "Did I understand you are telling Polatkin that you never seen Fischko the *Shadchen* and he never seen you neither?"

"That's right," Elkan replied.

"Then come right down with me to the Harlem Winter Garden," Kapfer said. "I want you to meet him. He ain't a bad sort, even if he would be a *Shadchen*."

"But what should I want to meet him for?" Elkan cried.

"Because," Kapfer explained, "I am going to marry this here Miss Maslik, Elkan; and I'm going to improve my store property, so that my trade will be worth to Polatkin & Scheikowitz anyhow three thousand dollars a year—ain't it?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Elkan asked.

"It's got this much to do with it," Kapfer continued: "Tomorrow afternoon two o'clock I would have Polatkin and Scheikowitz at my room in the Prince Clarence. You also would be there—and d'ye know who else would be there?"

Elkan shook his head.

"Miss Yetta Silbermacher," Kapfer went on; "because I am going to get Fischko to bring her down there to meet an eligible party by the name Ury Shemansky."

"What?" Elkan exclaimed.

"Ssh-sh!" Kapfer cried reassuringly. "I am going to introduce you to Fischko right away as Ury Shemansky, provided he ain't so *shlikker* when I get back that he wouldn't recognize you at all."

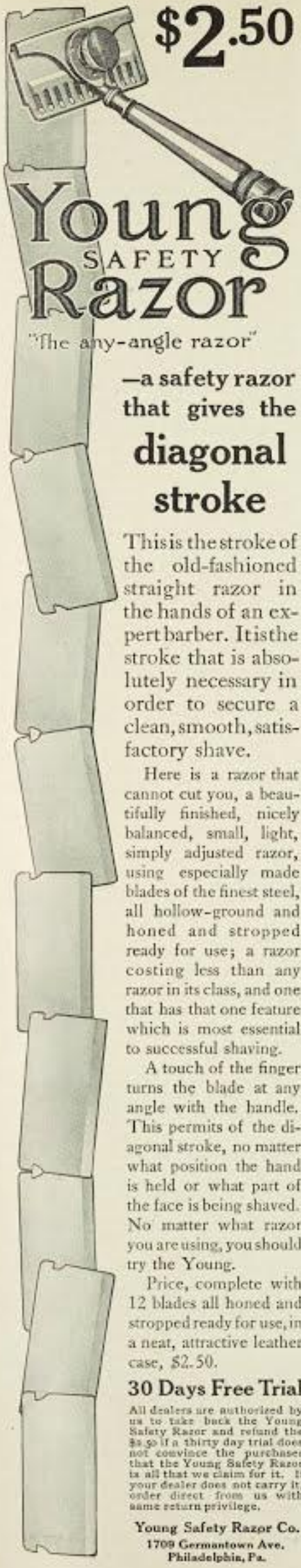
Elkan nodded and paid for his restorative, and on their way down to the Harlem Winter Garden they perfected the details of the appointment for the following afternoon.

"The reason why I am getting Fischko to bring her down," Kapfer explained, "is because, in the first place, it looks pretty *schlecht* that a feller should meet a girl only once and, without the help of a *Shadchen*, gets right away engaged to her; and so, with Fischko the *Shadchen* there, it looks better for you both. Furthermore, in the second place, a girl which is doing housework, Elkan, must got to have an excuse, understand me; otherwise she couldn't get away from her work at all."

"But," Elkan said, "how do you expect that Yetta would go with a *Shadchen* to see this here Ury Shemansky when she is already engaged to me?"

"*Schafskopf!*" Kapfer exclaimed. "Telephone her the first thing tomorrow morning that you are this here Ury Shemansky and she would come quick enough!"

"That part's all right," Elkan agreed; "but I don't see yet how you are going to get Polatkin and Scheikowitz there."



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Kapfer nodded his head with spurious confidence; for of this, perhaps the most important part of his plan, he felt extremely doubtful.

"Leave that to me," he said sagely, and the next moment they entered the Harlem Winter Garden to find Charles Fischko gazing sadly at a solution of bicarbonate of soda and ammonia, a tumblerful of which stood in front of him on the table.

"Mr. Fischko," Kapfer said, "this is my friend Ury Shemansky, the gentleman I was speaking to you about."

"No relation to Shemansky who used to was in the customer pedler business on Ridge Street?" Fischko asked.

"Not as I've heard," Elkan said.

"Because there's a feller, understand me, which he went to work and married a poor girl; and ever since he's got nothing but *Mazel*. The week afterward he found in the street a diamond ring worth two hundred dollars, and the next month a greenhorn comes over with ten thousand rubles and wants to go as partners together with him in business. In a year's time Shemansky dissolves the partnership and starts in the remnant business with five thousand dollars net capital. He ain't been established two weeks, understand me, when a liquor saloon next door burns out and he gets a thousand dollars smoke damage; and one thing follows another, y'understand, till today he's worth easy his fifty thousand dollars. That's what it is to marry a poor girl, Mr. Shemansky." He took a pull at the tumbler of bicarbonate and made an involuntary grimace. "Furthermore, I am knowing this here Miss Silbermacher ever since she is born, pretty nearly!" Fischko cried.

"You did!" Elkan exclaimed. "Well, why didn't you tell me that, Kapfer?"

"I couldn't think of everything," Kapfer protested.

"Go ahead," Elkan said, turning to Fischko; "let me know all about her—everything! I think I got a right to know—ain't it?"

"Sure you have," Fischko said as he cleared his throat oratorically; and therewith he began a laudatory biography of Yetta Silbermacher, while Elkan settled himself to listen. With parted lips and eyes shining his appreciation, he heard a narrative that justified beyond peradventure his choice of a wife, and when Fischko concluded he smote the table with his fist.

"By jiminy!" he cried. "A feller should ought to be proud of a wife like that!"

"Sure he should," Kapfer said; "and her and Fischko would be down at my room at the Prince Clarence tomorrow at two."

He beckoned to the waiter. "So let's pay up and go home," he concluded; "and by tomorrow night Fischko would got two matches to his credit."

"*K'mo she-ndemar*," Fischko said as he rose a trifle laboriously to his feet, "it is commanded to promote marriages, visit the sick and bury the dead."

"And," Kapfer added, "you'll notice that promoting marriages comes ahead of the others."

VI

WHEN Marcus Polatkin arrived at his place of business the following morning he looked round him anxiously for his partner, who had departed somewhat early the previous day with the avowed intention of seeing just how sick Elkan was. As a matter of fact, Scheikowitz had discovered Elkan lying on the sofa at his boarding place, vainly attempting to secure his first few minutes' sleep in over thirty-six hours; and he had gone home truly shocked at Elkan's pallid and careworn appearance, though Elkan had promised to keep the appointment with Fischko. Polatkin felt convinced, however, that his partner must have discovered the pretense of Elkan's indisposition, and his manner was a trifle artificial when he inquired after the absentee.

"How was he feeling, Philip?" he asked.

"Pretty bad, I guess," Scheikowitz replied, whereat a blank expression came over Polatkin's face. "The boy works too hard, I guess. He ain't slept a wink for two days."

"Why, he seemed all right yesterday when I seen him," Polatkin declared.

"Yesterday!" Scheikowitz exclaimed.

"I mean the day before yesterday," Polatkin added hastily as the elevator door opened and a short, stout person alighted. He wore a wrinkled frock coat and a white tie which perched coquettishly under his

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left ear; and as he approached the office he seemed to be laboring under a great deal of excitement.

"Oo-ee!" he wailed as he caught sight of Polatkin, and without further salutation he sank into the nearest chair. There he bowed his head in his hands and rocked to and fro disconsolately.

"Who's this crazy feller?" Scheikowitz demanded of his partner.

Polatkin shrugged.

"He's a button salesman by the name Rashkind," Polatkin said. "Leave me deal with him." He walked over to the swaying *Shadchen* and shook him violently by the shoulder. "Rashkind," he said, "stop that nonsense and tell me what's the matter."

Rashkind ceased his moanings and looked up with bloodshot eyes.

"She's engaged!" he said.

"She's engaged!" Polatkin repeated. "And you call yourself a *Shadchen!*" he said bitterly.

"A *Shadchen!*" Scheikowitz cried. "Why, I thought you said he was a button salesman."

"Did I?" Polatkin retorted. "Well, maybe he is, Scheikowitz; but he ain't no *Shadchen*. Actually the feller goes to work and takes Elkan up to see the girl, and they put him off by saying the girl was sick; and now he comes down here and tells me the girl is engaged."

"Well," Scheikowitz remarked, "you couldn't get no sympathy from me, Polatkin. A feller which acts underhand the way you done, trying to make up a *Shidduch* for Elkan behind my back yet—you got what you deserved."

"What d'ye mean I got what I deserved?" Polatkin said indignantly. "Do you think it would be such a bad thing for us—you and me both, Scheikowitz—if I could of made up a match between Elkan and B. Maslik's a daughter?"

"B. Maslik's a daughter!" Scheikowitz cried. "Do you mean that this here feller was trying to make up a match between Elkan and Miss Birdie Maslik?"

"That's just what I said," Polatkin announced.

"Then I can explain the whole thing," Scheikowitz rejoined triumphantly. "Miss Maslik had a date to meet Elkan last night yet with a *Shadchen* by the name Charles Fischko, and that's why B. Maslik told this here button salesman that his daughter was engaged."

Rashkind again raised his head and regarded Scheikowitz with a malevolent grin.

"*Schmooes!*" he jeered. "Miss Maslik is engaged and the *Shadchen* was Charles Fischko, but the *Kahlo* ain't Elkan Lubliner by a damsight."

It was now Polatkin's turn to gloat, and he shook his head slowly up and down.

"So, Scheikowitz," he said, "you are trying to fix up a *Shidduch* between Elkan and Miss Maslik without telling me a word about it, and you get the whole thing so mixed up that it is a case of trying to sit between two chairs! You come down *mit* a big bump and I ain't got no sympathy for you neither."

"What was the feller's name?" Scheikowitz demanded hoarsely of Rashkind who was straightening out his tie and smoothing his rumpled hair.

"It's a funny quincidence," Rashkind replied; "but you remember, Mr. Polatkin, I was talking to you the other day about Julius Flixman?"

"Yes," Polatkin said, and his heart began to thump in anticipation of the answer.

"Well, Julius Flixman, as I told you, sold out his store to a feller by the name Max Kapfer," Rashkind said and paused again.

"*Nu!*" Scheikowitz roared. "What of it?"

"Well, this here Max Kapfer is engaged to be married to Miss Birdie Maslik," Rashkind concluded; and when Scheikowitz looked from Rashkind toward his partner the latter had already proceeded more than halfway to the telephone.

"And that's what your *Shadchen* done for you, Mr. Scheikowitz!" Rashkind said as he put on his hat. He walked to the elevator and rang the bell.

"Yes, Mr. Scheikowitz," Rashkind added, "as a *Shadchen* maybe I am a button salesman; but I'd a whole lot sooner be a button salesman as a thief—and don't you forget it!"

After the elevator had borne Rashkind away Scheikowitz went back to the office in time to hear Marcus engaged in a noisy altercation with the telephone operator of the Prince Clarence Hotel.

"What d'ye mean he ain't there?" he bellowed. "With you it's always the same—I could never get nobody at your hotel."

He hung up the receiver with force almost sufficient to wreck the instrument.

"That'll do, Polatkin!" Scheikowitz said. "We already got half our furniture smashed."

"Did I done it?" Polatkin growled—the allusion being to the chair demolished by Scheikowitz on the previous day.

"You was the cause of it," Scheikowitz retorted; "and, anyhow, who are you ringing up at the Prince Clarence?"

"I'm ringing up that feller Kapfer," Polatkin replied. "I want to tell that sucker what I think of him."

Then it was that Kapfer's theory as to the effect of his engagement on his relations with Polatkin & Scheikowitz became justified in fact.

"You wouldn't do nothing of the kind," Scheikowitz declared. "It ain't bad enough that Elkan loses this here *Shidduch*, but you are trying to Jonah a good account also! Why, that feller Kapfer's business after he marries Miss Maslik would be easy worth to us three thousand dollars a year."

"I don't care what his business is worth," Polatkin shouted. "I would say what I please to that highwayman!"

"What do you want to do?" Scheikowitz pleaded—"bite off your nose to spoil your face?"

Polatkin made no reply and he was about to go into the showroom when the telephone bell rang.

"Leave me answer it," Scheikowitz said; and a moment later he picked up the desk telephone and placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello!" he said. "Yes, this is Polatkin & Scheikowitz. This is Mr. Scheikowitz talking."

Suddenly the instrument dropped with a clatter to the floor; and while Scheikowitz was stooping to pick it up Polatkin rushed into the office.

"Scheikowitz!" he cried. "What are you trying to do—break up our whole office yet? Ain't it enough you are putting all our chairs on the bum already?"

Scheikowitz contented himself by glaring viciously at his partner and again placed the receiver to his ear.

"Hello, Mr. Kapfer," he said. "Yes, I heard it this morning already. Them things travels fast, Mr. Kapfer. No, I don't blame you—I blame this here Fischko. He gives me a dirty deal—that's all."

Here there was a long pause, while Polatkin stood in the middle of the office floor like a bird-dog pointing at a covey of partridges.

"But why couldn't you come down here, Mr. Kapfer?" Scheikowitz asked. Again there was a long pause, at the end of which Scheikowitz said: "Wait a minute—I'll ask my partner."

"Listen here, Polatkin," he said, placing his hand over the transmitter. "Kapfer says he wants to give us from two thousand five hundred dollars an order, and he wants you and me to go up to the Prince Clarence at two o'clock to see him. He wants us both there because he wants to arrange terms of credit."

"I would see him hung first!" Polatkin roared, and Scheikowitz took his hand from the transmitter.

"All right, Mr. Kapfer," he answered in dulcet tones; "me and Polatkin will both be there. Goodby."

He hung up the receiver with exaggerated care.

"And you would just bet your life that we will be there!" he said. "And that's all there is to it!"

VII

AT HALF past one that afternoon, while Max Kapfer was enjoying a good cigar in the lobby of the Prince Clarence, he received an unexpected visitor in the person of Julius Flixman.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Flixman?" he cried, dragging forth a chair.

Flixman extended a thin, bony hand in greeting and sat down wearily.

"I don't do so good, Kapfer," he said. "I guess New York don't agree with me." He distorted his face in what he intended to be an amiable smile. "But I guess it

(Continued on Page 48)

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B-4335—Pendant, 10k gold, 2 baroque pearls, $2.00

B-257—Scarf Pin, 14k gold, sapphire, baroque pearl, $2.50

B-4614 Locket, 10k gold, Roman finish, $3.00

B-4633 Tie Clasp, 10k gold, $1.00

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(Continued from Page 46)

agrees with you all right," he continued. "I suppose I must got to congradulate you on account you are going to be engaged to Miss Birdie Maslik."

"Why, who told you about it?" Kapfer asked.

"I met this morning a real-estater by the name Rashkind, which he is acquainted with the Maslik family," Flixman replied, "and he says it happened yesterday. Also they told me up at the hotel you was calling there this morning to see me."

"That's right," Kapfer said; "and you was out."

"I was down to see a feller on Center Street," Flixman went on, "and so I thought, so long as you wanted to fix up about the note, I might just as well come down here."

"I'm much obliged to you," Kapfer interrupted.

"Not at all," Flixman continued. "When a feller wants to pay you money and comes to see you once to do it and you ain't in, understand me, then it's up to you to go to him; so here I am."

"But the fact is," Kapfer said, "I didn't want to see you about paying the money exactly. I wanted to see you about not paying it."

"About not paying it!" Flixman cried.

"Sure!" Kapfer replied. "I wanted to see if you wouldn't give me a year's extension for that last thousand on account I am going to get married; and with what Miss Maslik would bring me, y'understand, and your thousand dollars which I got here, I would just have enough to fix up my second floor and build a twenty-five-foot extension on the rear. You see, I figure it this way." He searched his pocket for a piece of paper and produced a fountain pen. "I figure that the fixtures cost me twenty-two hundred," he began, "and ——"

At this juncture Flixman flipped his fingers derisively.

"Pipe dreams you got it!" he said. "That store as it stands was good enough for me, and it should ought to be good enough for you. Furthermore, Kapfer, if you want to invest Maslik's money and your own money, *schon gut*; but me I could always put a thousand dollars into a bond, Kapfer. So, if it's all the same to you, I'll take your check and call it square."

Kapfer shrugged resignedly.

"I had an idee you would," he said, "so I got it ready for you; because, Mr. Flixman, you must excuse me when I tell you that you got the reputation of being a good collector."

"Am I?" Flixman snapped out. "Well, maybe I am, Kapfer, but I could give my money up, too, once in a while; and, believe me or not, Kapfer, this afternoon yet I am going to sign a will which I am leaving all my money to a Talmud Torah School."

"You don't say so!" Kapfer said as he drew out his checkbook.

"That's what I am telling you," Flixman continued, "because there's a lot of young loafers running round the streets which nobody got any control over 'em at all; and if they would go to a Talmud Torah School, understand me, not only they learn 'em there a little *Loschen Hakodesch*, y'understand, but they would also pretty near club the life out of 'em."

"I'll write out a receipt on some of the hotel paper here," Kapfer said as he signed and blotted the check.

"Write out two of 'em, so I would have a copy of what I am giving you," Flixman rejoined. "It's always just so good to be businesslike. That's what I told that lawyer today. He wants me I should remember a couple of orphan asylums he's interested in, and I told him that if all them suckers would train up their children they would learn a business and not holler round the streets and make life miserable for people, they wouldn't got to be orphans at all. Half the orphans is that way on account they worried their parents to death with their carryings-on, and when they go to orphan asylums they get treated kind yet. And people is foolish enough to pay a lawyer fifty dollars if he should draw up a will to leave the orphan asylum their good hard-earned money."

He snorted indignantly as he examined Kapfer's receipt and compared it with the original.

"Well," he concluded as he appended his signature to the receipt, "I got him down to twenty-five dollars and I'll have that will business settled up this afternoon yet."

He placed the check and the receipt in his wallet and shook hands with Kapfer.

"Goodby," he said. "And one thing let me warn you against: A *Kahlo* should always get his money in cash *oder* certified check before he goes under the *Chuppah* at all; otherwise, after you are married and your father-in-law is a crook, understand me, you could kiss yourself goodby with your wife's dowry—and don't you forget it!"

Max walked with him down the lobby; and they had barely reached the entrance when Charles Fischko and Miss Yetta Silbermacher arrived.

"Hello, Fischko!" Max cried, as Flixman tottered out into the street; but Fischko made no reply. Instead he suddenly let go Miss Silbermacher's arm and dashed hurriedly to the sidewalk. Max led Miss Silbermacher to a chair and engaged her immediately in conversation. She was naturally a little embarrassed by her unusual surroundings, though she was becomingly—not to say fashionably—attired in garments of her own making; and she gazed timidly about her for her absent lover.

"Elkan ain't here yet," Max explained, "on account you are a little ahead of time."

Miss Silbermacher's brown eyes sparkled merrily.

"I ain't the only one," she said as she jumped to her feet; for, though the hands of the clock on the desk pointed to ten minutes to two, Elkan Lubliner approached from the direction of the café. He caught sight of them while he was still some distance away, and two overturned chairs marked the last of his progress toward them.

At first he held out his hand in greeting; but the two little dimples that accompanied Yetta's smile overpowered his sense of propriety, and he embraced her affectionately.

"Where's Fischko?" he asked.

Both Kapfer and Miss Silbermacher looked toward the street entrance.

"He was here a minute ago," Kapfer said.

"Did you tell him that I wasn't Ury Shemansky at all?" Elkan inquired.

"Sure I did," Miss Silbermacher replied, "and he goes on something terrible, on account he says Mr. Kapfer told him last night you was already engaged; so I told him I know you was engaged because I am the party you are engaged to."

She squeezed Elkan's hand.

"And he says then," she continued, "that if that's the case what do we want him down here for? So I told him we are going to meet Mr. Polatkin and Mr. Scheikowitz, and ——"

"And they'll be right here in a minute," Kapfer interrupted; "so you go upstairs to my room and I'll find Fischko and bring him up also."

He conducted them to the elevator, and even as the door closed behind them Fischko came running up the hall.

"Kapfer," he said, "who was that feller which he was just here talking to you?"

"What d'ye want to know for?" Kapfer asked.

"Never mind what I want to know for!" Fischko retorted. "Who is he?"

"Well, if you must got to know," Kapfer said, "he's a feller by the name Julius Flixman."

"What?" Fischko shouted.

"Fischko," Kapfer protested, "you ain't in no Canal Street coffee house here. This is a first-class hotel."

Fischko nodded distractedly.

"Sure, I know," he said. "Is there a place we could sit down here? I want to ask you something a few questions."

Kapfer led the way to the café and they sat down at a table near the door.

"Go ahead, Fischko," he said. "Polatkin and Scheikowitz will be here any minute."

"Well," Fischko began falteringly, "if this here feller is Julius Flixman, which he is coming from Bessarabia *schon* thirty years ago already, I don't want to do nothing in a hurry, Mr. Kapfer, on account I want to investigate first how things stand."

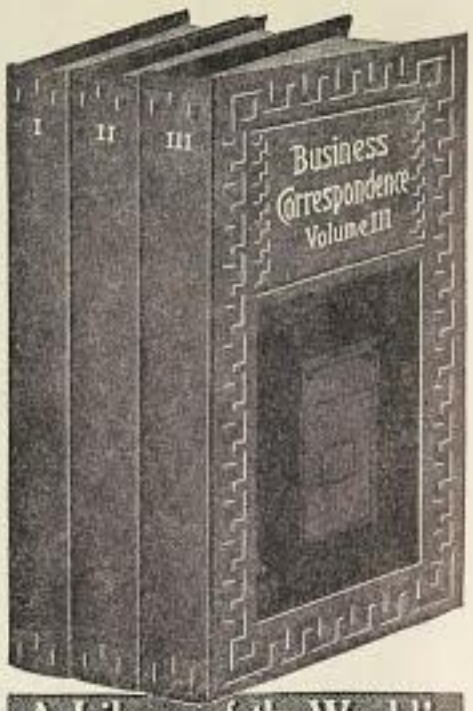
"What d'ye mean?" Kapfer demanded.

"Why, I mean this," Fischko cried: "If this here Flixman is well fixed, Kapfer, I want to know it, on account Miss Yetta Silbermacher is from Flixman's sister a daughter, understand me!"

Kapfer lit a cigar deliberately before replying. He was thinking hard.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said at last, "that this here Miss Silbermacher is Julius Flixman's a niece?"

"That's what I said," Fischko replied. "He comes here from Bessarabia thirty years ago already, and from that day to this I never heard a word about him—Miss Silbermacher neither."



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"Ain't the rest of his family heard from him?" Kapfer asked guardedly.

"There ain't no rest of his family," Fischko said. "Mrs. Silbermacher was his only sister, and she's dead over ten years since."

Kapfer nodded and drew reflectively on his cigar.

"Well, Fischko," he said finally, "I wouldn't let Flixman worry me none. He's practically a *Schnorrer;* he was in here just now on account he hears I am going to marry a rich girl and touches me for some money on the head of it. I guess you noticed that he looks pretty shabby—ain't it?"

"And sick too," Fischko added, just as a bellboy came into the café.

"Mr. Copper!" he bawled, and Max jumped to his feet.

"Right here," he said, and the bellboy handed him a card.

"Tell them I'll be with them in a minute," he continued; "and you stay here till I come back, Fischko. I won't be long."

He followed the bellboy to the desk, where stood Polatkin and Scheikowitz.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he said.

"Well, Mr. Kapfer," Scheikowitz replied, "I guess I got to congradulate you."

"Sure!" Kapfer murmured perfunctorily. "Let's go into the Moorish Room."

"What's the matter with the café?" Polatkin asked; but Scheikowitz settled the matter by leading the way to the Moorish Room, where they all sat down at a secluded table.

"The first thing I want to tell you, gentlemen," Kapfer said, "is that I know you feel that I turned a dirty trick on you about Elkan."

Scheikowitz shrugged expressively.

"The way we feel about it, Mr. Kapfer," he commented, "is that bygones must got to be bygones—and that's all there is to it."

"But," Kapfer said, "I don't want the bygones to be all on my side; so I got a proposition to make you. How would it be if I could fix up a good *Shidduch* for Elkan myself?"

"What for a *Shidduch?*" Polatkin asked.

"The girl is an orphan," Kapfer replied, "*aber* she's got one uncle, a bachelor, which ain't got no relation in the world but her, and he's worth anyhow seventy-five thousand dollars."

"How do you know he's worth that much?" Polatkin demanded.

"Because I got some pretty close business dealings with him," Kapfer replied; "and not only do I know he's worth that much, but I guess you do, too, Mr. Polatkin, on account his name is Julius Flixman."

"Julius Flixman!" Scheikowitz cried. "Why, Julius Flixman ain't got a relation in the world—he told me so himself."

"When did he told you that?" Kapfer asked.

"A couple of days ago," Scheikowitz replied.

"Then that accounts for it," Kapfer said. "A couple of days ago nobody knows he had a niece—not even Flixman himself didn't; but today yet he would know it and he would tell you so himself."

"But——" Scheikowitz began, when once again a page entered the room, bawling a phonetic imitation of Kapfer's name.

"Wanted at the 'phone," he called as he caught sight of Kapfer.

"Excuse me," Kapfer said. "I'll be right back."

He walked hurriedly out of the room, and Polatkin turned with a shrug to his partner.

"Well, Scheikowitz," he began, "what did I told you? We are up here on a fool's errand—ain't it?"

Scheikowitz made no reply.

"I'll tell you, Polatkin," he said at length, "Flixman himself says to me he did got one sister living in Bessarabia, and he ain't heard from her in thirty years; and——"

At this juncture Kapfer rushed into the room.

"Scheikowitz," he gasped, "I just now got a telephone message from a lawyer on Center Street, by the name Goldenfein, I should come right down there. Flixman is taken sick suddenly and they find in his pocket my check and a duplicate receipt which he gives me, written on the hotel paper. Do me the favor and come with me."

Fifteen minutes later they stepped out of a taxicab in front of an old-fashioned office building in Center Street and elbowed their way through a crowd of over a hundred people toward the narrow doorway.

"Where do yous think you're going?" asked a policeman whose broad shoulders completely blocked the little entrance.

"We was telephoned for, on account a friend of ours by the name Flixman is taken sick here," Kapfer explained.

"Go ahead," the policeman said more gently; "but I guess you're too late."

"Is he dead?" Scheikowitz cried, and the policeman nodded solemnly as he stood to one side.

VIII

MORE than two hours elapsed before Kapfer, Polatkin and Scheikowitz returned to the Prince Clarence. With them was Kent J. Goldenfein.

"Mr. Kapfer," the clerk said, "there's a man been waiting for you in the café for over two hours."

"I'll bring him right in," Kapfer said, and two minutes afterward he brought the gesticulating Fischko out of the café.

"Do you think I am a dawg?" Fischko cried. "I've been here two hours!"

"Well, come into the Moorish Room a minute," Kapfer pleaded, "and I'll fix everything up with you afterward."

He led the protesting *Shadchen* through the lobby, and when they entered the Moorish Room an impressive scene awaited them. On a divan, beneath some elaborate plush draperies, sat Kent J. Goldenfein, flanked on each side by Polatkin and Scheikowitz respectively, while spread on the table in front of them were the drafts of Flixman's will and the engrossed, unsigned copy, together with such other formidable-looking documents as Goldenfein happened to find in his pockets. He rose majestically as Fischko entered and turned on him a beetling frown.

"Is this the fellow?" he demanded sepulchrally, and Kapfer nodded.

"Mr. Fischko," Goldenfein went on, "I am an officer of the Supreme Court and I have been retained to investigate the affairs of Mr. Julius Flixman."

"Say, lookyhere, Kapfer," Fischko cried. "What is all this?"

Kapfer drew forward a chair.

"Sit down, Fischko," he said, "and answer the questions that he is asking you."

"But——" Fischko began.

"Come, come, Mr. Fischko," Goldenfein boomed, "you are wasting our time here. Raise your right hand!"

Fischko glanced despairingly at Kapfer and then he obeyed.

"Do you solemnly swear," said Goldenfein, who, besides being an attorney-at-law was also a notary public, "that the affidavit you will hereafter sign will be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"But——" Fischko began again.

"Do you?" Goldenfein roared, and Fischko nodded. Forthwith Goldenfein plied him with such ingeniously fashioned questions concerning the Flixman family that the answers presented a complete history of all its branches. Furthermore, the affidavit which Goldenfein immediately drew up lacked only such confirmatory evidence as could easily be supplied to establish the identity of Miss Yetta Silbermacher as Julius Flixman's only heir-at-law; and, after Fischko had meekly signed the jurat, Goldenfein rose ponderously to his feet.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Polatkin," he said. "I think there is no doubt that your nephew's fiancée will inherit Flixman's estate, thanks to my professional integrity."

"What d'ye mean your professional integrity?" Kapfer asked.

"Why, if I hadn't refused to accept twenty-two dollars for drawing the will and insisted on the twenty-five we had agreed upon," Goldenfein explained, "he would never have suffered the heart attack which prevented his signing the will before he died."

"Died!" Fischko exclaimed. "Is Julius Flixman dead?"

"*Koosh*, Fischko!" Polatkin commanded. "You would think you was one of the family the way you are acting. Come down to our store tomorrow and we would arrange things with you." He turned to Kapfer.

"Let's go upstairs and see Elkan—and Yetta," he said.

Immediately they trooped to the elevator and ascended to the seventh floor.

"All of you wait here in the corridor," Kapfer whispered, "and I'll go and break it to them." He tiptoed to his room and knocked gently at the door.

"Come!" Elkan cried, and Kapfer turned the knob.

On a sofa near the window sat Elkan, with his arm surrounding his fiancée's waist and her head resting on his shoulder.

"Hello, Max!" he cried. "What's kept you? We must have been waiting here at least a quarter of an hour!"

THE TRUTH about Huyler's

IN spite of rumors to the contrary, the ownership, operation and management of Huyler's have never left the Huyler family since the business was founded in 1874.

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New York: 793 Broadway
New York: 1145 Broadway
New York: 2149 Broadway
New York: 2593 Broadway
New York: 2723 Broadway
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Also Sales Agents Everywhere

These Premier Hotel BARBERS Recommend AutoStrop Safety Razors

Read Why



HOTEL ST. REGIS

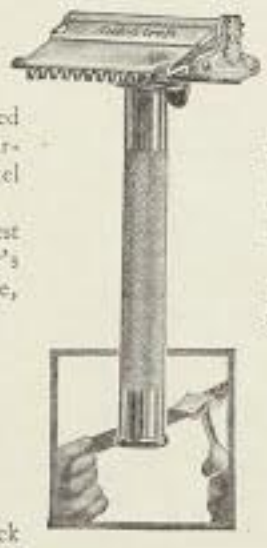
Mr. Butts, Prop. Barber Shop

HOTEL ST. REGIS

New York, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—When one cannot be shaved by skilled barbers and in a fine, antiseptic barber shop such as we have here at the Hotel St. Regis, a man should shave himself.

The AutoStrop Razor, in my opinion, is the best for novice use, because he can strop a keen barber's edge onto it, and the barber's edge, of course, enables him to shave smoothly, comfortably."



Mr. Ritz, Prop. Barber Shop

RITZ-CARLTON

New York, says:

"Gentlemen:—The perfect mechanical construction of the AutoStrop Razor which permits the novice self-shaver to strop onto it a 'barber's edge,' should commend itself to every Barber in the world.

I do not hesitate to endorse this feature which places the AutoStrop far in the lead of other safety razors."



RITZ-CARLTON



PLANTERS HOTEL

Mr. Atchison, Head Barber

PLANTERS HOTEL

St. Louis, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—I would like to put in a stock of your AutoStrop Razors here in the Planters Hotel Barber Shop, provided you will make me the same price you make to Druggists and Hardware Dealers. The handy stropping contrivance in your AutoStrop Razor is the one thing I ever saw, outside of a barber's fingers, that would strop a keen barber's edge."

Mr. Hoffman, Head Barber

HOTEL BELVEDERE

Baltimore, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—Your AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor I ever recommend to my customers, because it is built on the right idea, i. e., the principle of expert stropping.

Very few Barbers can strop a keener edge than a novice can strop with your AutoStrop Razor. That is why everybody to whom I have recommended it comes back and thanks me enthusiastically."



HOTEL BELVEDERE

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BARBERS have many customers who are obliged, at times, for one reason or another, to shave themselves. Naturally, under such conditions, they ask their barber what razor to get. The above barbers always recommend the AutoStrop Razor because, as they say, it is the razor on which a novice can strop a keen edge. It is this expert stropping which makes AutoStrop blades give anywhere from 50 to 300 Head Barber Shaves. And it is this expert stropping that makes the AutoStrop Safety Razor less expensive than a cheaper razor.

These Premier Hotel BARBERS Recommend AutoStrop Safety Razors

Read Why



BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

Mr. Motz, Prop. Barber Shop

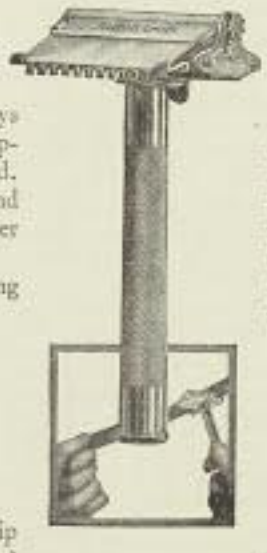
BELLEVUE-STRATFORD

Philadelphia, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—When a man can, it is always best to be shaved in a thoroughly hygienic, antiseptic Barber Shop like that of the Bellevue-Stratford.

But when he travels or when he cannot find a perfectly or antiseptically equipped Barber Shop, he should shave himself.

For this latter purpose I know of nothing better than the AutoStrop Safety Razor."



Mr. Corey, Head Barber

HOTEL LA SALLE

Chicago, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—Referring to your favor of the 4th, asking my opinion of your AutoStrop Razor, I beg to say that if a man wants to shave himself and cannot strop a razor, the best thing he can do is to get an AutoStrop Razor because it will do the stropping for him and will do it quickly and conveniently, and give him an edge which will remove his beard to his entire satisfaction."



HOTEL LA SALLE



PONTCHARTRAIN

Mr. Emery, Head Barber

PONTCHARTRAIN

Detroit, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—Will you be kind enough to ship me by express one-half dozen Autostrop Razors?

I am occasionally called upon to fit out a customer with some means for shaving himself, and frankly I always feel safe in recommending your AutoStrop Razor because your handy stropping mechanism makes it possible for a novice to give a keen barber's edge to his razor."

Mr. Myers, Prop. Barber Shop

NEW WILLARD

Washington, says in part:

"Gentlemen:—To be shaved in a fine, hygienic barber shop like the New Willard will always be the best way to be shaved. But many of my customers ask me how they can shave themselves when they have not access to such a barber shop. To those customers I always recommend the AutoStrop Safety Razor, because of its easy and effective means of stropping a good sharp edge."



NEW WILLARD

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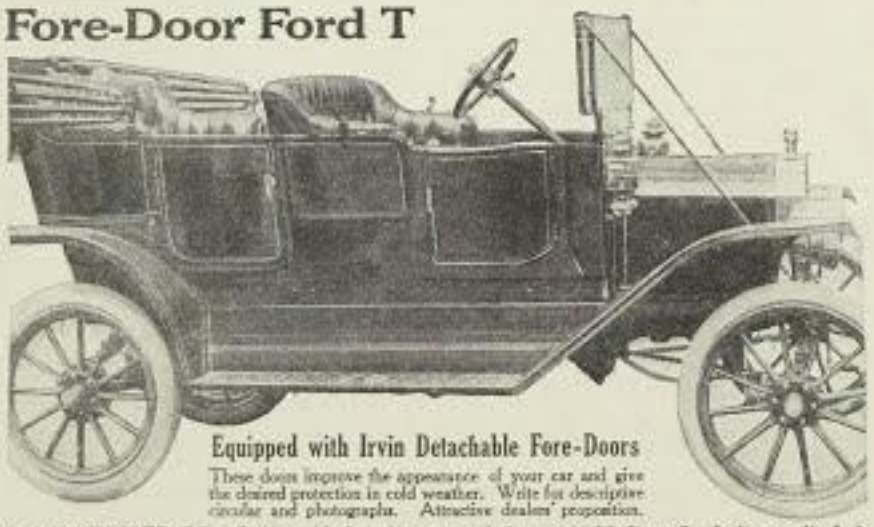
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Lessons From Our Alien Farmers

(Continued from Page 11)

"For years," he declares, "I have raised just about as big a crop of lima beans between those walnut trees as if the ground had been clear. Now I have a splendid orchard of English walnuts that, as I figure it, has cost me next to nothing—for I have charged up the cost of cultivation to the bean crops. And I have been offered five hundred and fifty dollars an acre for that orchard. Land was cheap when I bought here. If I had only made a bare living from the land, in addition to growing the orchard, I couldn't have complained much. Some years I made my beans pay me a profit of forty dollars an acre; other years not so much—but always a good profit. I think the reason that some of my neighbors didn't do so well as this with their limas was because they didn't know how to handle their soil. There is nothing that pays a farmer so well as a close acquaintance with the soil—his own soil! That's what I tried to get, and I guess I did it, for I got the results where many others failed. After I had studied my soil I made up my mind that it was a mistake merely to scratch the surface, as some farmers here were doing. So, in the plowing that was done before the rains, I put the plows down deep—about twelve inches—and got under the pan, as we call it. In this soil the depth to which you plow before the rains fixes the depth of the hardpan. By plowing ten or twelve inches deep, instead of five or six, as others plowed, I gave the roots of my beans double the depth in which to grow and from which to get nourishment—for their roots will not penetrate the hardpan. And, at the same time, I gave the young walnut trees a chance to strike out their roots and get moisture that they could not have had with the ordinary shallow plowing.

"It is a mistake to pulverize the soil too finely. Lots of farmers here have made that mistake. My best results have been with soil that has been left lumpy; it has held the moisture better. When the surface is powdered fine it has a tendency to pack and let the moisture escape. With this kind of handling I have made my own ground yield me as high an average as forty sacks of beans to the acre, and my rented bean land has sometimes given me an average of thirty-three sacks an acre on one hundred and thirty acres. Those are high averages, as any lima-grower will tell you; and it takes something to account for them. I think the secret is in the deep plowing preceding the rains and in leaving the land lumpy instead of finely pulverized."

Perpendicular Farming

Manuel Farias is another Portuguese of the Ventura district from whose example Americans have something to learn. When he came into the lima country six years ago he had only money enough to make a small payment; and proved lima land was held at a high figure and there were buyers with ready money to take the best of it. Therefore Manuel began to look about for a bargain. He found two hundred and eight acres that the owner would sell at twenty-five dollars an acre on long time. Much of it was steep hillside that even a courageous New England farmer would hardly have tried to cultivate; but the plucky Portuguese continued to plow it after a fashion, and did his harrowing with three horses, mounting the lead horse in order to make the turns. From this perpendicular saddle farming, however, he contrived to produce twenty sacks of beans to the acre—this without irrigation.

There are some forty varieties of lima beans, and when Manuel Farias first came to Ventura he happened to see a small field of pink beans. He studied the conditions under which they were grown and decided that they were just the thing for his hillside farm. This decision was not in line with local traditions, but he had the courage of his convictions and planted the pinks exclusively. They have done well by him, having paid for his farm, given him a living, improved his land and increased his equipment. The Portuguese has eyes of his own, uses them shrewdly and is plucky enough to act upon his own conclusions. He will tackle an uphill farming proposition, apply original methods and compel it to pay.

Obstacles and emergencies seem to act as spurs to the Portuguese temperament. An experience on the part of Frank Williams, who is declared by his San Leandro neighbors to have made a fortune of fifty thousand dollars in vegetables, shows this trait. He was found with a gang of men setting out tomato plants. Each plant was wrapped in paper and the wrapping was stuck into the soil along with the plant.

"What is the idea of that?" he was asked.

"The difference between next to nothing and a full crop!" was his quick answer. Then he laughed and continued: "That's the Portuguese of it. I'm half Irish and half Portuguese, but it's the Portuguese part of me that does the farming." Now a man with Azores blood in him hates to be done out in a farming problem as badly as an Irishman hates to be licked in a fight. That little paper-tipped tomato plant tells the story of one of the toughest propositions that this particular Portuguese farmer ever went up against. "I had been raising tomatoes for the Eastern market and the canneries for some time—long enough to find out that they were about the most profitable things I could grow. Then, one season, my young tomato plants began to die. Of course I pulled up plants to see what the trouble was. It was a black beetle that cut the little plants straight off just below the surface—didn't leave them a leg to stand on! For a time the tomato outlook appeared about as black as the little bug that was doing the business. We tried tobacco, lime, sulphur—everything that we could hear of or think of; but the little bug kept right on eating off the plants as fast as we could stick them into the ground."

First Aid to Injured Tomatoes

"It was a mighty serious matter to me, with a big tomato acreage that ought to clear fifty dollars an acre for the cannery crop and seventy-five to a hundred and fifty dollars for the table varieties. It made me sweat. Something had to be done at once; and so I said to myself that the way to do it was to sit down and think the thing out. I went at it on that basis, and reasoned that anything that would keep the beetle from cutting into the plant for the first few days, while the plant was young and tender, would probably save the day. Then the idea came to me—Why not wrap the plants in paper, clear down to the roots? I lost no time in putting the thing to the test with a few hundred plants. I was so anxious to see the results that I could hardly bear to leave them in the ground long enough to allow the beetle to get a good toothhold. Every little while I'd go out to the field where I'd planted the paper-tipped Trophies and pull one up to look at it. They were not touched the first day, or the second, or the third.

"Then I began to have hopes. I stuck close to that experimental patch until finally I was convinced we had the beetle backed off the field. Then we started in wrapping by the wholesale, using ordinary light wrapping paper. Of course I told my Portuguese neighbors about it; and now every tomato plant that goes into the ground in this locality is paper-tipped. That experience taught me a lesson—there's a way to beat most anything that bothers a farmer, and the man on the ground can often find it out for himself if he just goes after it hard enough."

It is said of Frank Williams: "Oh, he's Portuguese, all right—you never catch him running to town on a two-bit errand! He sticks right on the job." And, with three hundred and twenty-five acres in vegetables and cherries, he has a job of a man's size.

A man who is in position to know asserts that, on the same physical security, a representative Portuguese farmer can borrow twenty-five per cent more money, in a community where Portuguese thrift and resourcefulness are well understood, than can a native American farmer.

"The reasons for this condition," declared this informant, "are that once a Portuguese gets hold of a piece of land he never rests until it is paid for, and he sacrifices his personal ease and comfort until the mortgage is wiped out, to that end saving every dollar above the sternest actual necessities. A mortgaged homestead and an automobile are contrary to the Portuguese catechism! He never stints his land or his stock, however. Again, in addition to being an untiring worker, he is an intelligent farmer. I never knew a Portuguese farmer who was not a good farmer."

To this may be added the statement that the possession of native executive ability is



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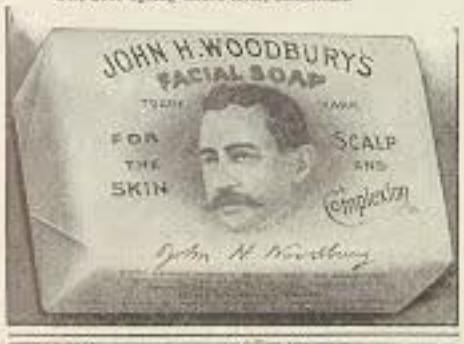
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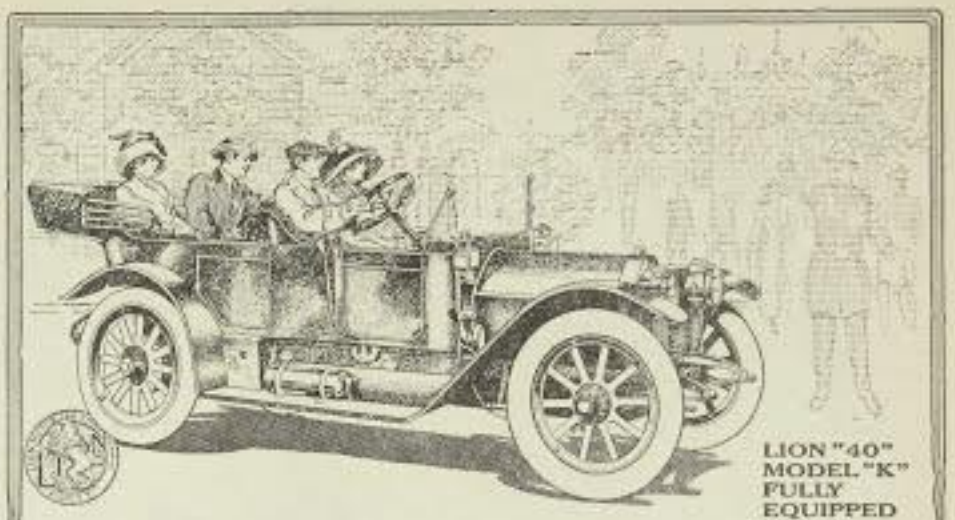


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a marked Portuguese characteristic. This is seen in every locality where men from the Azores have settled. They are very likely not to know how to read or write, but they have a strong latent ability for the management of men and affairs. They start with little propositions and keep on expanding their capacities after their farms have grown to a size that compels them to act as executives and to leave the actual labor to others. Many examples in point are to be found in the Stockton and Sacramento districts, where operations, as a rule, are on a large scale.

"The average Portuguese," declares an American who has extensive business relations with the aliens from the Azores, "will grow with his fortune in spite of the most discouraging handicaps. This means they are not only possessed of a surprising stock of native ability but that they study over everything they do. With them, no business experience, no matter how trivial in itself, is allowed to go to waste. The Portuguese farmer abhors waste—and most of all the waste of knowledge or experience.

"I know a Portuguese farmer not far from Sacramento who came here with only the clothes on his back. Worse than that, he could neither read nor write, either Portuguese or in English. He secured a job as a farm hand at low wages and kept looking about for a chance. Eventually he rented a few acres of asparagus land and learned how to handle it. Each year he enlarged his operations and evolved from a laborer into a business executive. Then he bought eighty-five acres and paid down what he could. I have known him to take fifteen thousand dollars in asparagus from those eighty-five acres. When a man runs eighty-five acres of asparagus he is a business man rather than a farmer—an executive instead of a personal tiller of the soil; for growing asparagus is an intensive proposition. This illiterate Portuguese has grown in a few years from a cheap laborer to an immensely capable business administrator. Considered individually, this is unimportant; but the whole race seems to have the same gift of so digesting their personal experiences and observations as to apply them in a large and constantly expanding way."

According to the Market Value

"I can't read or write," frankly declared another Portuguese of San Leandro; "and when I came here I was not only without a cent, but I didn't have a blanket to my back. A good American here staked me to a pair of blankets in which to sleep and I went to work as a laborer. It took me longer than it does most of our people to strike out for myself. I worked for ten years for the same man; but, of course, I kept my eyes open for the right thing to go into. I decided there was good money in tomatoes, with cucumbers and peas on the side. Then I began to study the tomato game by talking with everybody who grew them about here, and especially with the men connected with the canneries. There is generally about one main trick with every crop that makes it a big thing instead of just a fair thing or a failure. To get a line on what that trick is right at the start counts on the heavy end of the game.

"I made up my mind, after studying the question for months, that the big knack in tomatoes was to have them come on at just the right time to get the top price. I went ahead on this line and I'm satisfied. My seeding is done in December, January and early February, and all on the basis of giving the market and the canneries what they want when they want it most and can get the least of it from other sources. This is a thing that thousands of growers in every part of the country overlook, or at least they pay too little attention to it. If I were going to start in growing some new crop the first thing I would figure on would be: On what date should I have this stuff mature in order to have it get the top price and keep out of the way of other growers? It is so simple a proposition that you would think every grower would see its importance and have it down fine—but only a few wise ones realize what it can be made to count for in dollars and cents when you go after it hard."

This farmer operates two hundred to five hundred acres, according to his outlook upon the season, and employs forty to one hundred men—always preferring Portuguese.

The natural progressiveness of these men from the Azores is typified by a dairyman

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at Alvarado, whose large herd is milked by the highest type of modern milking machine, operated by electricity. Electrical pumping plants are not uncommon with Portuguese farmers, particularly those who have made fortunes from the soil and have retired to ranches devoted to thoroughbred stock.

A Portuguese farmer seldom becomes so absorbed in the producing end of his farming that he neglects its marketing end. There are no keener observers and analysts of market tendencies than these uneducated men from the Azores, to whom a Government Crop Report would be a sealed mystery. A member of the Portuguese colony at Stockton affords a good example of this trait. Under ordinary conditions he operates a dairy, gets a good price for his milk and pays special attention to raising his young stock; but when dairy cattle become specially high he sells out his herd and turns his attention to raising beans. Later, when the price of milch cows drops below normal, he will quietly pick up a selected dairy herd and once more enter the dairy business. In a word, he buys his stock always on a low market and sells it on a high market. And not only this, but he gets a top price for the increase of his cattle and he is an adept in growing calves. It has taken him only eight years, according to a man who has bought much of his produce, to accumulate twenty thousand dollars' worth of clear property above all his family expenses.

Another interesting trait of the representative Portuguese is his freedom from crop traditions. He raises nothing because his father or his grandfather before him raised it—perhaps for the reason that these ancestors were in all likelihood serving before the mast instead of behind the plow. This racial tendency to sudden and complete changes in the character of the farming followed by the Portuguese of California once played an important part in the history of Petaluma. A number of adventurers from the Azores settled there, bought small tracts and decided that the soil was right for the production of asparagus. Men of this race seldom make a mistake in fitting the crop to the soil and their venture was highly successful—until the deadly blight of the "rust" entered its appearance. As modern agricultural science has found no dependable protection against this scourge, it is not strange that these men were unable to combat it.

A Field for Chicken Farmers

The average American, under those circumstances, would probably have sold out his land at a sacrifice and moved to a new asparagus district—but not the Portuguese! Once he has laid hold upon a piece of land he seldom loosens his grip upon it. Practically every Portuguese family raises its own fowls; and these men with blighted asparagus fields decided that the prices they had received for their surplus chickens indicated that chicken farming on a commercial scale could be made to pay. Therefore their asparagus farms were soon dotted with tiny coops and white hens and their downy broods. These men have no complaint to make against chicken farming—and the assertion of the Middle-West farmer that "chickens do not pay" is music in the ears of these Portuguese ex-asparagus growers, who stick to their land at Petaluma.

Almost every vital point in the life stories of hundreds of immigrants from the Azores is finely focused in the experience of Francisco Pacheco, of San Benito County. Back in the Azores, just before he reached the age of compulsory military service, Francisco was suddenly missed from his boyhood haunts. He had left "between two days" on a whaling ship, according to the time-honored practice of his people. He wanted adventure—and he found it—more than he had bargained for! However, too high a percentage of excitement of the voyage came from a cat-o'-nine-tails. Floggings were more frequent than meals under the master with whom he had shipped, and when the whaler finally put in at Honolulu Francisco was again among those not present. He did not reappear until the whaling ship was well out to sea.

Then he shipped again; and when he was finally set ashore on California soil he decided that he had seen enough of the high seas for a time. Scores, not to say hundreds, of others from his home country had preceded him by much the same route and had settled in San Leandro. Therefore he sought men of his own blood and in that place found employment as a ranch hand, outside of the Portuguese settlement; but his sailor habits still clung to him and each payday saw him on the streets of San Leandro distributing his wages and singing sailor songs. One day he met by chance a plump Portuguese girl, with snapping eyes and a laugh that lingered in his memory through the long period of work until the next payday. Before starting for town on this occasion he inquired of the ranch owner if he would like to have another girl to help in the house. The rancher laughed and responded:

"Sure, Francisco! I'll pay her good wages. Bring her back with you."

Francisco's sudden proposal was accepted and they were impetuously married; but on the way back to the ranch Francisco grew unaccountably solemn and finally confided to his bride:

"Mary, I'm almost sorry I married you!"

"Why?" she asked with a sudden flush.

"Because I don't see how I'm going to support you. I always spend my money as soon as I get it. Sailors always do."

"Oh, that's all right!" was the quick answer. "We'll both work."

The Wife of Francisco

And they did work. Moreover, there was a perceptible shrinkage in Francisco's sailorlike disbursements. Later they both found employment at much better wages on a San Benito County ranch. There the inevitable land-hunger gradually gripped his Portuguese heart; and one evening, as he and Mary sat in the moonlight outside their little shack, he suddenly broke out into cursing his luck in three languages.

"Why! What's the trouble, Francisco?" his wife mildly inquired.

"Just to think—if I hadn't been a worthless spendthrift I could now buy that ranch below here at a quarter of what it's worth! And it would only take a few hundred dollars. Then we could have a home of our own and children, and you could have your own people come from the Island; and ——"

Without waiting for further particulars, Mary instantly arose and fled inside the shack. Her husband couldn't bear her crying—but he didn't blame her any for doing so.

Unexpectedly she reappeared, dangling one of her own stockings that looked as plump as that of an only child on Christmas morning.

"Come in and count it—see if it's enough!" she said. He was too astonished to speak.

"Enough!" he exclaimed after he had laboriously arranged the gold and silver pieces into hundred-dollar piles. "It's more than enough. Where did you get so much money, Mary?"

"Saved it from our wages," she answered with glowing eyes.

The farm bought, Francisco straightway forgot he had been a sailor. They must pay off the mortgage! This was done and soon a new mortgage was made to permit the purchase of an adjoining three hundred and twenty acres. In 1902 this process was repeated and his holdings were increased to nine hundred and sixty acres. Then he built a new house and said to his wife:

"Mary, the time has come to send to the Island for your people. They may have the house that we have lived in and your father may have as much land as he cares to work himself. The young men I will hire. I haven't any folks of my own now and you have worked hard; so we will send the money to bring your relatives and you can have them near to you and be happy."

Consequently eight hundred and thirty-four dollars and seventy-five cents was paid to a railroad agent for the steamship and railway passage of the nine adults in his wife's family. Francisco Pacheco and his wife have brought up eleven children of their own and they have all been sent to the public schools.

"I had to come to this country," remarked the father, "to learn to count up to ten; but my children will all be well educated for farmers—and that is what they will all be."

Not all the unlettered Portuguese boys who have drifted into California before the mast own nearly a thousand acres of land and about two hundred head of cattle and horses, as Francisco Pacheco does; but his story is suggestive of the experiences of scores of other settlers from the Azores that vary from his only in detail.

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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 19)

supporting a home for tuberculous children, and half a dozen other charities. Ivan, all things being equal, would be quick to see the advantage of a peace treaty between a man who might yet bring him great profit and another who might land him in the Andamans. The only question was: Could he do it? And that's what I was going to try to find out.

It was good to be out again and I couldn't remember when I had felt so fit. The night was soft, very dark, and the air heavy and oppressive with a sort of tension to it that made me think there would be a thunderstorm before morning. Everybody seemed to be out, and the sidewalks in front of the cafés were crowded.

It was different, however, when I got over in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceau, for this was a rich quarter and the residents were off touring or at the springs and beaches. Most of the houses were tightly shuttered, and there was scarcely a cat on the streets. I began to be afraid that Ivan might be out of town himself, though it was not often he left headquarters.

When I got to his house, sure enough, it was closed up as tight as a box, with never a sign of life. It was a pretty little Renaissance building with a small garden in front and a larger one behind it, this running down to a high wall which was on a small street that cut at an angle the street on which the house faced. Another house, with a garden of its own, occupied the sharp corner plot. There was a small door in the back wall of Ivan's garden, so that the house could be left or entered from front or rear. The arrangement was the same in Léontine's house—and is, in fact, a very popular one in Paris.

I approached the house from the front and, after a quick glance up and down the street, stopped in front of the grilled iron gate and looked in. The little path seemed to be littered with leaves and twigs, and looked as if it had not been cleaned for some time. This fact struck me as suspicious, for it looked as if Ivan were trying to give the impression that the house was closed. I did not believe that he would leave it empty, even if he went away. Still, it was possible; and feeling rather disappointed I slipped round the corner to see if I could discover any evidence that the back entrance was being used.

The street was dark and silent. I walked noiselessly to the little door and, after a quick look round, dropped on my knees and examined the sill. Sure enough, somebody had crossed it, and that recently, for there were light dustmarks showing on the darker stone.

For a moment I hesitated, not knowing exactly what to do. It was mighty important that I should see Ivan, as I had promised Sœur Anne Marie to let up on Chu-Chu until I had made the effort to fix up a peace treaty. Chu-Chu hadn't promised anybody to let up on me, however; so, for the time being, the odds were all with him, and that's bad business when you're out to do a man up.

Well, there was only one way to find out if Ivan was in the house, and that was to go in and see. Naturally enough, he wouldn't want me yammering at the door when he was trying to give out the idea that the shop was closed; so I reached up and fumbled round in the ivy until my fingers got a grip on the edge of the wall, then hove myself up and lay for a moment stretched out at full length on the top, well hidden by the heavy growth of ivy, listening and watching.

My friend, if you want to find out something, let me tell you there is nothing like quiet watching. No matter where you watch, you always see something. Animals understand this principle better than humans, and the wilder an animal is, the more patient he is about this watching game.

I'd learned the lesson already; so now I just lay there with every sense alert, waiting for something to turn up—and pretty soon it did.

The garden was perhaps about thirty meters long by twenty wide and was a sort of little terrace, completely shaded by closely trimmed *marronniers*. I had been perhaps ten minutes on the top of the wall when I heard a door open softly and the sound of light footfalls on the gravel. The



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trees were trimmed a little higher than the wall and, looking under their low branches, I saw two figures coming toward the door. As they drew near I was able to make them out, even in the gloom, as Ivan and Chu-Chu.

Straight up to where I lay they marched and halted directly underneath. I could have reached down and touched Chu-Chu's straw hat. He was in the costume of an artisan—a plumber or painter—and wore a long cotton blouse buttoned round his wrists.

Apparently he and the Chief had disagreed about something, for Ivan said sharply, though in a very soft voice:

"Then you will not undertake it? That is final?"

"It is not worth my while," growled Chu-Chu. "After all, I am the one to risk my liberty—not you."

"You risk nothing if you carry out my directions to the very foot of the letter," snapped Ivan.

Chu-Chu shrugged. "Perhaps," said he; "but you must remember that I am the only man who could do the job."

"It is very plain," said Ivan in about as nasty a tone as a man could use, "that you are suffering from the malady of egoism, Monsieur de Maxeville—though why, I cannot imagine. One would have thought that your recent misfortunes might have taught you a little modesty. I could name a man who could do this piece of work in a way to make you look like a tyro!"

"And who is that?" growled Chu-Chu, and I wondered at Ivan's daring. I had sized him up as the least bit afraid of his operator; but either he was very angry or else had more nerve than I had given him credit for.

"That, my friend," Ivan answered in a catty voice, "is our American friend, Monsieur Clamart, alias the Tidewater Clam, alias The Swell, alias Sir Frank, alias—this one I heard the other day in Berlin—*Der Meisterführer*. Did you ever hear of him, you Basque apprentice?" There was a snarl of rage in his voice and I began to think that Ivan was a more dangerous man than I had thought. "He stood you in the corner of my study while he took away from you the Baron Rosenthal's gems; he ditched you on the road to Calais and would have made you pay your dominoes then and there if your sponsor the devil had not taken care of you; he cut you up the other day and spoiled a job worth a good thirty thousand francs—and, for all you know, he might land on your fat neck this moment. And yet you have the *toupet* to tell me that you are the only man in Europe who can do this job which I have more than three-quarters done already!"

Chu-Chu seemed actually a little cowed. As for me, I could feel myself beginning to puff up until I was afraid the bushy ivy might fail to hide me. You can say what you like, a sincere worker is bound to take a certain pride in the thing he's been trained to, honest or dishonest. I'd chucked graft and asked nothing better than to live and work on the level; but somehow those words of Ivan's cheered me up inside and gave me a sort of homesick feeling. It was plain enough that he had a deal on, and Chu-Chu was standing out for the first squeeze of the press.

From the tone of Ivan's voice I could almost have hoped that he was trying to pick a quarrel and that, with a little luck, my work might be done for me, as I doubted that Ivan would have dared to take that tone unless he had his mines of defense all laid. No doubt his hand cuddled a pistol as he spoke, and perhaps Chu-Chu may have known it. At any rate, Chu-Chu probably thought that one fead on his hands at a time was enough; nor do I believe that he wanted to quarrel with the Chief, for he said in a surly sort of way:

"You need to remember that you were making a stork-leg at the same time, my dear Count; also that both of the times this cursed American attacked me I was at work on one of your jobs and giving my whole attention to that. If I've got to attend to our joint business it seems to me that you might at least give orders that this *rôdeur* be put out of business. If you will do that I will agree to take up this job on your own terms."

Ivan shook his head. "No," said he; "that is strictly your own affair. I don't want anything to do with it."

Chu-Chu hesitated a minute; then he said: "Chief, I will tell you what I'll do. If you will have me disembarrassed of the American I will consider that as my share

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"Polar" Raglan

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"Polar" Raglan

English effect in collar, lapels and shoulders. **Shoulders** full Raglan, *without paddings*, seam running through centre of shoulder and sleeve. **Lapels** bold and well rounded.

Length of coat, 46 inches.

Back very full draped from the shoulder point down. Seam and centre vent. 70 inches sweep around bottom.

Front very boxy. Three buttons, buttoned thru. Medium opening. **Patch pockets** cut in harmony with lapels.

Sleeves with false vent and 3 buttons closely set.

Also made double breasted.



THE hostess who appreciates the niceties of snowy linen, rare china and glistening silver, also knows the appropriateness of

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

as the perfect auxiliary to any dessert. With ices or frozen puddings, with fruits or beverages, these fairy-like sweets are equally delightful.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins.

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—Delightful confections of unusual goodness—chocolate covered.

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PYRO-METAL-CRAFT is the art of burning on wood and the art of piercing on brass combined. The combination is new and is our exclusive production. Old and young people, whether artists or not, can easily become **Pyro-Metal-Crafters** with our **Free Instructions**, and there is no more fascinating work on long winter evenings. Beautiful presents for others are thus made with one's own hands, or the work can be sold and **Money Made Regularly.**

Special Christmas Outfit
Sent prepaid and insured to any address for $1

Contains: One finest quality Ajax white basswood Handkerchief Box, with brass-edges and corners. One Circular Panel of same materials. One Fine Pen for burning into the basswood the beautiful designs which you will find stamped on this wood. One Complete Set of Tools for Piercing out the designs which you will find stamped on the brass mounting. These tools consist of a polished Hardwood Mallet, a Pierce, a Veiner and a Package of Sterlwool for Cleaning. **Also One Set of Full and Simple Instructions That Will Enable Anyone to Do This Work.** Your burning will bring out the designs on the wood in beautiful Sepia and Cream color effect, and this will be set off by the brass mountings, which, with your piercing, will make the designs look as if hammered out of solid metal.

Finished box can be sold for $3.00, panel for $1.25, total $4.25.

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You may inquire from any local Bank about our reliability.







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The new Cheney Holiday Box will prove a most acceptable gift to any man. These boxes contain

CHENEY
SILK
CRAVATS

and one Cheney Silk Handkerchief in colors to match. Two style boxes. One contains four-in-hand tubular tie and one silk handkerchief in matched shades. The other contains one four-in-hand, one bow tie and one silk handkerchief—matched colors. To be sure of the genuine, see the name Cheney Silks in neckband of cravat.

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Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St., New York



SHUMATE TUNGSTEN RAZOR

A Christmas Gift That's Guaranteed For Life Here, at last, is a razor good enough to guarantee for life. *READ OUR OFFER:* Buy from your dealer (or send to us) for a *Shumate Tungsten Razor.* Use your "*Tungsten*" and if it falls short of perfect service at any time it will be exchanged *free.* Even if you *misuse* it, our offer holds good. *You can't lose!*

The secret of Shumate Razor superiority lies in the *exclusive* process of genuine *Tungsten Alloy Steel,* which takes a keener edge and holds it longer than any steel known. Full concave, hand ground blade, elegant plain handle. No matter how many razors you have, you should own a *Guaranteed-for-Life Shumate.* It will shave its way into your favor.

THE PRICE IS $2.75 at all good stores. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us. Other Shumates at various prices. Put up in a handsome velvet lined gift box. The Shumate Tungsten is a Christmas offering every man will appreciate.

To Dealers:—If your stock is low, order at once. Over 3,000,000 Shumates in use. The number increasing daily.

SHUMATE RAZOR COMPANY (Estab. 1884) **619 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.**

of the transaction and do the job gratuitously. I can't do my work when I don't know what minute I may get a knife under the shoulderblade."

Here was high praise, let me tell you. Chu-Chu asking for help. That was more than I had hoped for; and, if it hadn't been for my promise to Sœur Anne Marie, let me tell you that his cry for help would have come too late. Did you ever see a bull-terrier crouching in front of a badger's cage, watching, as silent and as still as a tombstone, barring only the fine shiver rippling through him every few minutes? That's the way I was watching Chu-Chu. Maybe I was more like a cat, for there was no shiver going through me—only a sort of quiet, deadly patience; for I knew that he was not for me just yet. Perhaps the very fact of my not intending to kill him was what kept him from sensing me up there on the wall, though I was screened by the heavy foliage of the *marronniers,* to say nothing of the ivy, while a street lamp at some distance lighted the leaves overhead and put me in the shadow. Just the same, nothing could persuade me that Chu-Chu would have stayed long within my reach if I had been meaning to kill him. That extra sense would have made him restless.

If Ivan was tempted by his offer he failed to show it. Perhaps, like myself, he was a man of his word; or maybe he considered it beneath his dignity as Chief to bargain. At any rate, he answered:

"As I told you before, I want nothing to do with that affair. Never mind my motive—that is my own business. If you had dealt fairly with me in the matter of the Rosenthal stones you would never have got yourself in such an embarrassing position."

"But how many times have I got to say that I was waiting only for the opportunity to tell you of that job?" Chu-Chu snarled.

"It seems to me there was plenty of time," snapped Ivan. "At any rate, you must admit that you got us both made fools of. However, all this is not what interests us now. About this other affair. Do you want to undertake it or not? You may have until tomorrow forenoon to decide. Come and tell me your decision at eleven. I am going to lunch with Léontine at twelve-thirty. And now I must wish you good night, as it is indiscreet for us to stand here talking."

Chu-Chu muttered something under his breath. Ivan opened the door. Chu-Chu slipped out—and I watched him hungrily; but there was my promise to Sœur Anne Marie!

Ivan closed the door softly and stood for a moment as if in thought. Once he laid his hand on the bolt and I thought he was going to open the door and call Chu-Chu back; but apparently he thought better of it, for his hand dropped to his side again while he twisted his black, wiry mustache with the other. I guessed that he was hard put to it, that he had a big job going and that Chu-Chu was the only person he dared trust with it. If Chu-Chu failed to come to terms the whole thing was going begging.

Chu-Chu's heavy footsteps died away in the distance and still Ivan stood there twisting his mustache and thinking. Suddenly he swung on his heel and started for the house, and as he did so I moved my arm, rustling the ivy.

"Who is there?" asked Ivan in a low voice, and I saw his hand slip into the side pocket of his coat.

"It is I—Clamart," I answered softly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Not at Home

AL THOMAS, author of plays, says that when he was a reporter on the New York Sun he heard a member of an East-Side gang lamenting the ingratitude of a former comrade.

"Reddy he gits nailed wit' the goods on him," said the gangster, "and it's a case of takin' a plea. I goes to see him reg'lar twicet a week in the Tombs before his trial, and takes him things to eat and all the comic supplments. The judge gives him five years and he goes up the river. I think it's no more'n right to pay him a call, so one Sunday I gits on the rattler and rides up to Sing Sing. I goes to the warden's office and a guy in uniform asks me what I want. I tells him I wants to see me old pal Reddy. The guy in uniform takes me name in to Reddy, and do you know wot message that Reddy sends back to me?

"He sends back word he ain't in."

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A revolution in building materials is taking place, the Brick Era is here. The use of Brick is increasing tremendously because it is the best possible material and it now costs little if any more than wood.

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When writing, state character of work you have in mind.

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$1 **English Knock-about Hat**



A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be slipped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: **Black, Steel Gray, Brown.** Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. **Money refunded if not satisfactory.**

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Please credit your Cadillac dealer with sincerity when he warns you not to lose your "place in line."

Many Cadillac dealers have reported sales of the entire number of cars which have been allotted to them for the 1912 season. Others have only a limited number yet to sell.

Your dealer may be confronting a similar situation.

At any rate, nothing he can tell you concerning the conditions in your own city can begin to do justice to the profound impression created throughout the world by the new Cadillac.

Prior to this year, the public has rightly looked upon the principle of automatic starting and lighting as speculative and theoretical.

But this same public remembered, when it learned of the perfection of the Cadillac system, that the Cadillac Company had never promised what it could not perform.

Indifference immediately gave way to eagerness, interest and enthusiasm.

The mere advance rumor that the Cadillac Company was about to announce its achievement made such an appeal to the public that the paramount problem confronting other cars is that which has ceased to be a problem in the Cadillac.

No one, now, is wasting any time or thought in debating the question as to whether the Cadillac electrical system is the correct and dependable system of starting and lighting.

Three thousand of the new cars, revealing the luxury of the Delco system, are stimulating the normal Cadillac demand to such an extraordinary extent that we advise you, again, to accept the first delivery your dealer can give you.

You who have not grasped their full significance—stop and consider these new comforts created by the Cadillac Electrical System



TOURING CAR, $1800



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COUPÉ, Four passenger, $2250

It has no crank.

Its "cranking" is done by an electric motor.

It has no gas nor oil lamps.

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It has two complete systems of ignition, either of which is efficient for operating the car independently of the other.

But, best of all,—the three functions, starting, lighting and igniting, are all performed by one compact system, a system which is not obtainable, either whole or in part, on any other car.

The dynamo charges a storage battery.

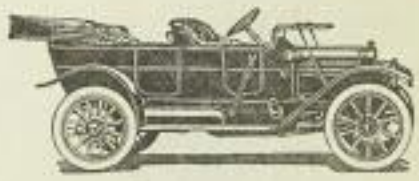
The dynamo is temporarily transformed into a motor and, acting as a motor, it automatically starts the engine.

Then—it reverts again to a dynamo and generates current for lighting and for ignition.

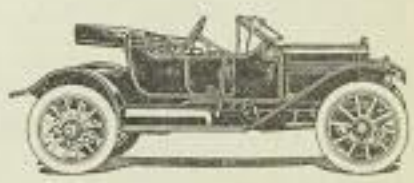
You—press a button and push forward the clutch pedal. The engine starts.

Nothing for you to think of—except the luxury of no cranking. Reliable as the motors which drive the trolley cars.

Nothing for you to think of—except the luxury of no lamps to light; and the brilliant, steady glow of electric lights instead. Reliable as the electric lights which illuminate your home.



TORPEDO, $1900



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LIMOUSINE, Seven passenger, $3250

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Now for the Cold!

Here is a roomful of good clean warmth.

No smoke. No odor. No ashes. No waste.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is quick and ready. Scratch a match. Light the wick. You get a clean, hot flame in a jiffy.

The secret is perfect combustion. The oil burns up clean. It gives neither soot nor odor.

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You needn't give a thought to smoke.

The wick of the Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater can't turn high enough to smoke. The patented burner prevents.

Just light the heater and go about your dressing or reading or housework.

You'll have clean, glowing warmth before you know it.

And you can easily carry this cheery comforter from room to room. The top, base ring and legs are stamped steel—light and strong.

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The drum comes in plain steel, or rustless turquoise-blue enamel—with nickel trimmings. The enamel finish is new this year. The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is bright, clean and cheery. And it is a friend—a good homey friend to snuggle up to on cold, shivery days.

It holds a gallon of oil and keeps on giving out cheer and comfort for nine steady hours without refilling.

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Kerosene with a good burner and proper combustion is an ideal fuel. It gives quick heat without fuss or bother. You burn it only while you want it—then turn it out. You have no waste, and no delay in getting heat.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater burns kerosene oil as it should be burned.

It gives you only the cheer, the heat and the comfort.

Always Ready

On chilly mornings, during cold snaps, in bedroom and parlor, from cellar to attic, you'll find the Perfection a ready, cheery comforter.

The Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater is 25 inches high and weighs only 11½ pounds. The low price will probably surprise you.

If you have chilly rooms in your house, get one now. Have it all winter—ready for instant warming up.

How To Get It

Sold wherever good stoves are sold. Ask your dealer to show you a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Be sure that it's a Perfection. If your dealer shouldn't have it, write us. We will see that you are promptly supplied. Address our nearest agency.

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We have made union suits for forty years for men who want the best. They are sold at popular prices, but the fit is perfection—not simply *fair*. Every suit is finished as a tailor finishes fine clothes. It fits the *entire body*. Yet there's no "binding," for each is elastic-knit. That means plenty of "give" without bagging.

We sacrifice output to finish. We serve a class who want the fine touches, so we spend more time on every suit. One need only compare Lewis Suits with others—compare the general neatness of make.

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We made the first union suit ever sold, and no one has ever made better. Lewis Suits are sold in all the best stores, the stores that sell to the highest class trade. Although they are sold at popular prices, they give the best service because of the care we use in details.

See them at your dealer's at $1.00 a suit up to what millionaires can pay. The difference in price is for material only. The fit is the same at all prices and the finish the highest possible grade. If he hasn't Lewis Suits, send us his name and we'll name one who has. Don't buy underwear until you have seen Lewis Suits. (15)

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is the floor finish that stands the wear of many feet and lengthens the life of linoleums. It's heel-proof, mar-proof, water-proof.

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With 45 inch top, round or square. With 54 inch top, $21.50. Three leaves, top and pedestal lock included. Choice of Eight Finishes—If completely assembled the price elsewhere would be $42.00. Shipped in finished sections, saving freight and expensive packing, from factory to you.

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Our Adjustable Wall Mirror makes barbers independent of poor lighting arrangements in hotels. Adjusts to any angle—only 8 inches high in your grip. Large imported French plate mirror. Finish either Gun Copper or Triple Nickel Plate. Just the **Christmas gift** you have been looking for. Magnifying, Shaving and Ladies' Toilet Mirrors, etc., described in free 1913 catalog. Goods returnable at our expense if not satisfactory. **Agents write for terms and territory.**

THE ADJUSTABLE MIRROR CO., Toledo, Ohio

IN TOUCH WITH THE MEN

(Continued from Page 21)

The atmosphere of a big railroad shop and the ethical codes of the high-grade unions do not encourage loafing, and the seven hundred boy apprentices of the New York Central have developed a keen interest and a decided initiative in their work. C. W. Cross, a veteran in railroad shops, who came up through the ranks, is in direct charge of the work.

"There is a scarcity of good material for the making of the skilled mechanics of the next generation," he says; "and so you see our schools are not philanthropy, but simply good business. We develop boys—machinists, boiler-makers, all the car and locomotive trades—who are not merely good workmen but who understand the science and the making of working plans, as well as some of the fundamental principles of mechanics. In this way we are making for increased efficiency in these shops for many years to come."

"Do you draw your boys right from the grammar or the high schools?" was asked.

"We are more apt to draw them from that industrial scrapheap, the delivery wagon," he replied; but then he earnestly tells you how a boy who has laughed at study and neglected his opportunities is glad, after a year or two on the delivery wagon, to escape from it and to have the opportunity of entering railroad service, with the further opportunity of being taught one of the more profitable trades. The pressure on the road by boys who are anxious to enter its apprentice schools is the proof of that. Preference in selecting the apprentices is given to the sons of the road's employees—that is just one of the tiny details of keeping in touch with the men.

Rewards for Records

These things—not merely teaching a boy how to handle machinery and to keep it going to its fullest efficiency, but hiring school-teachers and shopmen to give their entire attention to training him—are good examples of the newer sort of railroading that is coming to pass across the land. More than a dozen other roads have already followed the example of the New York Central. Like it, these big carriers give help to their men of the shops, not through any sentimental claptrap of affection for them, but because every dollar spent on the improvement of an employee's mind, body or living conditions of any sort has been found to be a dollar spent toward improving the efficiency of the railroad for years to come.

Sometimes the result is accomplished by means of prize competitions. A good many years ago an Eastern railroad inaugurated the scheme of giving a liberal award to the section foreman who managed to show the cleanest and best maintained stretch of track. Public recognition was also given to the winners in the form of black-and-gold signs on their toolhouses, so that he who rode in the fastest trains might know that John Smith was the best section boss on the whole east end of the A—— & B—— road. The success of this plan led to its almost universal adoption; and on every big road the track foremen look forward to the annual day when merit is recognized, the awards are distributed and the prize signs located for a twelvemonth. What was a good scheme to stir up a friendly rivalry among the trackmen has been recently brought to the firemen. Locomotive firemen making the best records in an economical use of coal and of engine supplies have been publicly commended, and the commendation made in the form of a check from the treasury of the railroad.

The Pennsylvania Railroad recently announced from the superintendent's office at Buffalo that it would pay for ideas from its men leading toward the efficient and economical operation of its lines. This announcement, sent from a far corner of the big system, has brought astonishingly good suggestions from the rank and file of two important divisions, and the plan will probably be adopted for the entire property.

A time ago that flagman on the Y—— road was telling us how his biggest boss talked to him each month in the columns of the magazine that came regularly to his little shanty. The so-called employees' magazines have been decided factors in keeping the railroad in touch with its army



Just the Winter Ralston for You

"Tans" will be much favored for Winter wear. This Ralston Tan Cresco Blucher is as nearly an *ideal* Winter shoe as it's possible to make. Wears like iron and at the same time measures up to the exacting Ralston style and comfort requirements. Made of the finest French Calfskin rendered waterproof by a secret process which retains the soft flexibility of the leather. It takes an excellent polish.

RALSTON SHOES

During the last few seasons we have made hundreds of thousands pairs of Crescos, and to the best of our knowledge *every* pair has "made good."

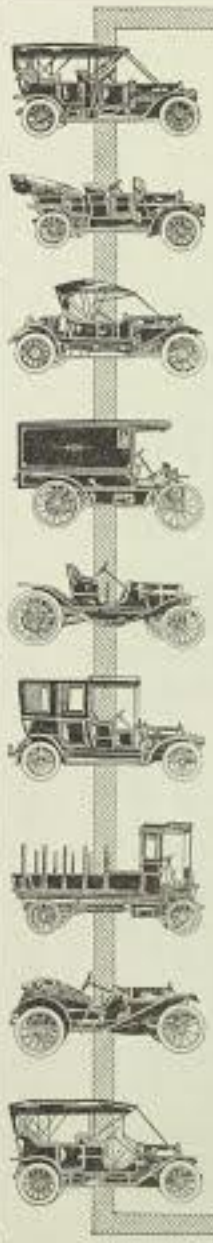
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Tan Cresco Blucher
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Double Waterproof Sole.
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$4.00 $4.50 $5.00





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Northwestern Compo-Board Co., 4303 Lyndale Ave. No., Minneapolis, Minn.

of men. The Erie was a pioneer in this work five years ago; the plan has since been adopted with signal success by the Northwestern, the Illinois Central, the Santa Fe, the Frisco, the Pere Marquette, and some other lines. These little magazines, made interesting enough in a general way to catch and hold the attention of their readers, are sent out each month to every man on the system with his paycheck.

It is not always in the big and carefully prepared plans that a railroad best succeeds in getting in touch with its men. Sometimes the little things are astonishingly successful. A while ago the president of a well-known Eastern road offered a prize of fifty dollars to any man who should discover a broken wheel under a train in active service on the road. A fortnight later, while he was hurrying to an important conference in New York, he awoke to find his car on a side track at a division point three hundred miles inland—one end of it held up by jacks. He had missed his appointment in New York and he was pretty hot. Before he cooled down he was out of the car and hunting for the man who had had the impudence to cut out the president's car and put it on a side track. He found the man, a little, wizen-faced car-tinker, who only grinned as the big man poured out his wrath upon him, and pointed to the posted notice of the reward for broken carwheels.

Now the president of that road was as big in mind as in body; and when the tinker was done he apologized. Fifty dollars was not enough in such a case. Without wasting further time in conversation he marched the inspector up to a near-by jeweler's shop, bought a gold watch and handed it to him.

"The next time," he said quietly, "you keep right on minding orders."

Where it Pays to be Polite

Boston has always had the reputation of possessing the most courteous conductors on its trolley cars of any city in the country. And the reason for that cannot be far from the fact that the system there makes, each year on New Year's Day, presents in gold, ranging from twenty to thirty-five dollars, to each of its men who has a clean record for courtesy to patrons. The Boston road has also inaugurated a policy of giving free legal advice to each of its employees who may need it. It has always been a perquisite of high railroad officers to avail themselves of the services of their road's legal department for their personal needs. Under the Boston plan this perquisite is extended to every man on the road—the young motorman who had foolishly gone to a loan shark and who is being harried by him, or the old conductor who wishes to convey a house or draw a will. The road's legal department will advise each of these in his best interest. It will draw up his legal papers—do anything for him, in fact, except take his case into court; and even then it will secure an honest and capable attorney. As for that motorman who went to a loan shark when he found an immediate need of fifty dollars, the road stands ready to advance him the money and will charge him only a nominal rate of interest until it has gradually repaid itself from his wages. His division superintendent is empowered to hear his story with sympathetic ear and to arrange for the loan.

These, then, are some of the things which, if indirect, are indirectly powerful in the operation of a modern railroad. After many years of neglect the sociological side of railroading is coming to the fore. Nowadays it pays to keep in touch with the men, not from the sentimental side, but from the only side that ever really hits any big business enterprise, the credit side of its ledgers. Mismanaged railroads have lost great aggregates of wealth in years of neglect of the by-products.

In other words, if you are running a railroad you will quickly find that with money you can do much: you can build great bridges and showy terminals, stifle irritating competitors into silence, buy great locomotives by the hundreds and cars by the thousands. All these things money will buy. One thing it will not buy and that thing is men!—their interest and cooperation—the latent forces that make for the thrifty and profitable operation of a railroad. Modern railroaders are finally beginning to see this. It is one of the distinctive features of the new railroading—this simple business of getting in touch with the men!

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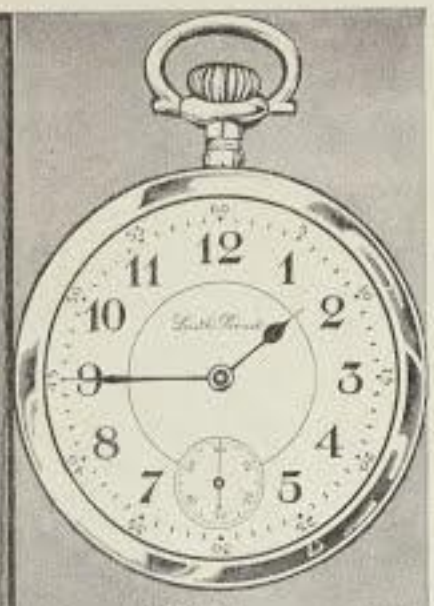
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THE SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
Dept. 250, South Bend, Ind

A COWBOY OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 23)

"Well," the ex-cattleman remarked, "I never like to ask a man to take my risks alone. I reckon I'll be just about useless, but then I can always back you up."

"Take my room here," said Gaines genially. "I'll bunk in the chartroom."

"I'll take nobody's room," was the brief reply. "You sleep here, son. I guess I can find a bed all right."

Gaines threw his cap on the desk and brushed his hair with brown fingers.

"Say," he burst out, "we'll have to show these people something. Did ye hear what the old superintendent was howling at me that morning we berthed here?"

"I heard him howl some," Snowden admitted, "but I didn't catch what he said."

"He called me an infant navigator," Gaines replied with a smile. "The old boy couldn't think of anything else to say. But there—I don't wonder he was afraid for his wharf. I was afraid myself!"

"You didn't look much scared."

"My word! If I looked scared every time I was I'd be an awful warning," snorted the young man. "And there have been mighty good men on this ship."

"Mighty good men aren't always good enough," Snowden remarked. "I reckon you understand that this ain't a ship for mighty good men. It's a ship for a man."

"Much obliged," Gaines murmured. "If you'll excuse me I'll turn in. It may be my last good sleep."

"Who's your chief engineer?" Snowden inquired, rising.

"Webber. Wait a moment and I'll bring him up and introduce you to him."

Snowden held up his hand.

"No. You're running the ship. I'll meet him some other time. Good night!"

An hour later Snowden in his stroll along the deck met the chief mate anxiously surveying his moorings. That officer nodded and remarked:

"They say she'll fetch adrift in a dead calm with twenty lines ashore."

"Ever been on her before?" Snowden asked carelessly.

"Who? Me?" demanded the mate. "Not I. I'm along this voyage just because Gaines wouldn't listen to my tears. I've got a wife and children ashore, and I can't risk my ticket on such packets as these."

"I observe you are here," was the calm response.

"Oh, that's Gaines' fault," was the curt answer.

"And Gaines is my fault," murmured the owner. "This thing has got to go through all right."

Next morning early two tugs appeared to chaperon the Melville into midstream, and as soon as they were fast alongside Gaines ordered his lines in and the deeply laden steamer slowly backed out of the slip. That she barely missed sinking a ferryboat elicited various shouted comments addressed to the imperturbable Gaines. He merely smiled. It took fifteen minutes to straighten the vessel out for the channel; then the tugs cast off and Snowden felt the steady, heavy beat of the engines. He left his position at the rail and went to the bridge, where his captain paid no attention to him whatever until Alcatraz was astern and the Melville was swung for the Golden Gate. As they passed Mile Rock at a twelve-knot clip Snowden saw the young skipper's face relax and heard his low-voiced comment to the mate:

"If we can miss the Farallones now we're all right."

"Till we get to the Columbia River bar," that officer returned gloomily.

"By that time," said Gaines, "we'll have trained this ship to behave herself." Then he walked across to Snowden's side and remarked: "I'm not turning the engines up to their capacity. We'll make the bar at daylight at this gait. No use of butting in at night-time."

All day long the Melville steadily plowed along the coast, lifting now a mountain, now a cape, which rose, loomed largely and then diminished astern. Snowden wondered how it was that so even-gaited a vessel could have gained a bad name. He was slightly curious at the evident and constant watchfulness of his young captain, who never left the bridge for a moment and was always giving low-voiced orders through the trap-hatch to his helmsman. Now and then he observed a slight swing in the big, powerful bows, always followed by the rattle of the tiller ropes and the champing of the steering-engines on the main deck; but he asked no questions.

At intervals during the next night he came on deck to see the lanky figure of Gaines against the bridge rail. And the sight of that motionless and vigilant employee would make him smile to himself. "I sure picked out the man for the job!" he thought.

The day before they were to arrive off the bar Gaines came down from the bridge for luncheon. His eyes were bright and he gave no indication of fatigue, but his smile was less confident. When he had eaten he accepted one of Snowden's cigars and invited him to the bridge. Once there he drew his employer into a corner.

"My word!" he remarked. "This ship is a bad one!"

"She's been behaving all right so far," Snowden replied.

Gaines took off his cap and rubbed his head. "Maybe she isn't loaded to suit her," he suggested. "At any rate, she steers like a waterlogged barge." A sudden brilliant smile lit up his face. "Say, just wait till we get to the bar! Then you'll see some fun!"

Snowden frowned. "Can you handle her?"

Gaines put on his cap. "Leave that to me," he said curtly.

It was a gray, windy dawn when Snowden dressed and came on deck. Right abreast he could see the lightship, her lamps still lit, swinging to the long swell that set in from the west. Far in he discerned a straggling line of piling, which he surmised was the south jetty. A glance up assured him that Gaines was on the bridge. He walked forward and saw a little group on the forecastle head. "I wonder what the mate is doing there!" he said to himself.

On the bridge the captain greeted him amiably and pointed to the double line of white that fenced in the mouth of the river.

"Rough bar," he remarked; "but it's high water and we'll just drop right in."

"What's the mate doing forward there?" Snowden asked.

"He's ready to let go the anchor if we get in a tight place," was the reply.

Snowden nodded and went to the end of the bridge and stared round at the mountains far in, at the buoys bobbing on the surges, at the foaming and tossing breakers ahead. Suddenly the clang of a gong resounded from the depths and the engines stopped. A sailor on a little platform below him swung the lead and cast it. Slowly the Melville lost way.

For half an hour Snowden listened idly to the cries of the leadsman, the low orders to the man at the wheel, the intermittent clang of the marine telegraph to the engines. Then he observed that the steamer was swinging wide. He heard Gaines' calm voice saying: "Set those engines astern, Mr. Holmes. We'll see whether the old girl will answer her helm." He felt the thudding of the propeller as it revolved; but the Melville still swung. A huge swell hastening from the sea suddenly blossomed into foam, and the deck below became a boiling oblong of broken water. He heard Gaines say above the uproar: "Set the engines full speed ahead!" Then came a bump, a great jar which made the steel structure of the bridge vibrate musically. Snowden glanced round and saw Gaines' lanky form against the rail. He was smiling down at the murky water that swirled alongside. There came another bump.

The second mate muttered: "I knew she'd play the deuce!"

Half an hour later the Melville was outside once more, swinging round for the bar again. Gaines was speaking to the engine room and Snowden felt the increasing tremor of the ship as the engines were opened out. As the ship's head pointed for the distant crossing Snowden heard his shipmaster at his elbow.

"Now she'll have to make it," the young man was saying gently. "She'll take that bar at a good sixteen knots an hour."

"But ——" Snowden demurred.

"There aren't any 'buts,' sir," Gaines interrupted.

Snowden himself felt the exhilaration of their growing speed. His new ship cut crisply through the great swells, throwing them in roaring fields of white to each side. He heard Gaines' occasional calm orders, saw the astonishment on the upturned face



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of the mate forward, caught the quick breathing of the second officer beside him.

Suddenly a soaring surge exploded, as it were, beneath them, and there shivered through the careering steamer a gentle shudder as if she were tensing her muscles for a leap. Something seemed to drag her almost to a standstill; then she plunged forward into the breakers. This time she did not swerve a hair's breadth, but kept directly on. The drag eased away, the white breakers fell behind. Snowden heard Gaines saying gently:

"Haul her up for the next buoy, Mr. Holmes."

He glanced round and saw the smile on his captain's face. The mate came aft, wiping his forehead. As he reached the bridge he gasped:

"My God, sir, I thought we were done for!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Gaines said with a grin. "I've found out one thing about this old girl. She likes to go!"

"Go!" echoed his chief officer. "If we'd struck that time—why, we'd——" He flung out his open hand in an inclusive gesture.

"She didn't take the ground," was the curt reply.

To his dying day Snowden never will forget that trip up the Columbia. With engines turning up to their utmost capacity, swinging at full speed round sharp curves, plunging swiftly by craft of all kinds, leaving staring mouths and open eyes behind them, the Melville tore up through the hills to Portland. When she left the Columbia and entered the Willamette the pilot, who had apparently been stricken with paralysis within ten minutes after he had boarded the steamer at Astoria, uttered his first complaint.

"Say, captain," he growled, "you'll bust something yet!"

Gaines pulled the whistle lever for the long bridge ahead and smiled.

"D'ye say we must slow down here?"

"Six miles," was the response. "Better stop her now."

"Stop nothing!" was the reply. And he whistled again.

As the echo flowed down from the high hills the pilot's face changed.

"Stop her, before it is too late!"

"If they don't swing that draw in time," Gaines remarked calmly, "we'll go right through their bally bridge."

The draw swung and it was not until the Melville was almost to it that the young captain stopped his engines. As the vessel slipped through and was clear he started them again.

"You'll have to pay a fine," growled the pilot.

"Better than losing time," was the gentle answer.

"This craft ain't got any too good a reputation," continued the pilot crossly.

"Nobody knew how to handle her," Gaines returned.

The other stared at him.

"Say, young man," he said austerely, "you aren't a seaman. You're a cowboy! That's what you are. You think this big ship is a horse. It ain't a horse. You'll find it out to your cost."

Gaines turned to Snowden.

"I believe we berth at the Albina Dock, don't we?"

"Yes," Snowden replied.

"All right. The Albina Dock, Mr. Pilot!"

An hour later that excellent functionary took his leave of the Melville. "I'll never take your ship up the river again!" he bawled from the dock. "Say, you're no seaman. You're nothing but a crazy cowboy!"

Gaines grinned down at him from the height of the bridge.

A week later the Melville, loaded with grain, left her dock and started down the river. Snowden saw that the same pilot who had brought them up was again on the bridge. He went up and Gaines introduced him as the owner. The experienced and soured man gazed at him reproachfully. "You hadn't ought to let boys run your ships!" he muttered. An hour later, as the Melville cleared an incoming vessel by a scant fifty feet, the pilot stamped on his hard hat in rage.

"Put me ashore!" he bawled.

"Never!" said Gaines mildly. "I'm going to take you to Astoria."

"But you nearly sank that steamer!" said the outraged mariner. "And they'll say I did it. I'll lose my branch!"

"You'll lose nothing," was the tart answer; "but if you try to monkey with



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this old girl she'll make you sorry enough. Don't slow her down for that turn, Mr. Pilot! Keep her full speed!"

Snowden felt his heart sink as the Melville stormed along toward the lofty cliff dead ahead. He barely heard the language of the pilot, who by this time was almost beside himself. Suddenly he heard Gaines' sharp voice, the clang of the engine-room telegraph, and watched with absolute amazement the steady, sure swing of the ship away from the cliff and into the open reach beyond. The pilot stared about him, swore softly to himself and relapsed into a profound silence. When he left the Melville as she slowed down at Astoria he turned his austere face once more to the smiling face of the young man on the bridge; but he said nothing as he dropped into the waiting launch. Gaines rang the engines ahead and the steamer went her way.

Three days later Snowden walked into the office of the president of the California and Far Eastern Steamship Company. "Got another cargo for my ship?" he said.

The president looked up.

"Sa-ay!" he remarked. "Where did you find that skipper of yours? He's scared the wits out of half the men on the coast."

Snowden sat down.

"Oh, I picked him up on the range," he replied, lighting a cigar. "He's a sort of cowboy of the sea—and he's tamed that outlaw, all right!"

"If nerve makes a good captain ——"

"That's it—nerve!" Snowden assented.

"Well, you got the vessel cheap enough; so you can take any risks you like."

"I'm taking no risks," said Snowden gently. "I'm betting on a sure thing—a man. You gentlemen bet on a ship; I bet on the man that runs the ship. I win!"

THE BOOM

(Concluded from Page 18)

my fear. "'Hollow cheeks, small gray mustache, slight stoop!'" he recited, eying me. His sheep's gaze traveled to Beauregard. "'Age forty, bald at crown. Fat!'"

"Is he the only fat man in France, fool? We can call all Paris to prove who we are!"

"Monsieur will have his opportunity to prove it elsewhere," he returned stubbornly. "But the 'Monsieur' hinted that I was impressing him against his will."

Beauregard began to collect his wits. "If we are compelled to prove it elsewhere it will be the end of you!" he raged. "Better be convinced in time, I warn you! Hazard is 'fat,' yes; I am perhaps a little plump."

"What do you show me?" mumbled the fellow; "I see the card of Monsieur Panage. That does not demonstrate that Monsieur Panage is present!" Complacence was in his gesture. He seemed vain of the brilliance of his reasoning. "All is said! I have no time for discussions."

"Stop!" I cried, inspired. "What if we produce a living proof, a resident of this very village, to say who I am?"

"*Mon Dieu!* the man you met," roared Beauregard. "*Sauré!*"

"There is no such person—we have made our inquiries."

"There is a gentleman well known, who has lived here with his daughter since—I don't know how long!"

"Give me his name."

"His name," I said, "is ——" I could not recall the name—it had had no interest for me. I could remember saying hypocritically: "I shall bear your name in mind," but what it was I had no idea. I stood dazed. "His name—it escapes me."

"Enough! The pretense is idle."

"*Morbleu!*" thundered Beauregard. "Think, Panage, think!"

"I am trying! But I paid no heed to it."

Heavens! What a revenge for the mummer—the name that had fallen on careless ears was now my only chance of rescue. I thrashed my brains for it.

"The name—it evades me because I have met him only once in my life."

"Or not so often! I am not to be duped."

"Let me think; don't speak for a minute!"

"*Farceur!*"

"His name, I—I nearly had it! Wait!"

"I have waited too long. Come, the pair of you."

"His name, his name"—I sought it frantically—"his name is—Paul Manesse!"

I mopped my neck. Our persecutor made a note.

"Where is he to be found?"

"*Mon Dieu!* How should I know that? But it is not difficult to ascertain; doubtless any villager could direct you to him. Now, mark you, I have supplied the name of a resident in a position to correct your monstrous blunder; I advise you to bring him here to identify me before the matter becomes more serious for you still. If you put us to public ignominy apologies will not satisfy me when you discover your mistake. Here is your last chance to extricate yourself!"

He ruminated. "*Enfin,* I will send one of my men to inquire for him," he said grudgingly. "If it turns out that this Monsieur Manesse is unknown I warn you that you will suffer for your game."

We were on the fourth floor—I saw him attentively considering whether, in his absence, we were likely to walk out of the window. He marched into the corridor and gave a whistle. I heard two voices before he came in again.

Uninvited he sat clasping his knees. None of us spoke any more. The lamp having still made no appearance I lit the candles. I do not forget the tedium of that long delay in the melancholy bedroom. The yokel himself grew restless under it at last—he rose and went to the corridor again.

"Hark!" exclaimed Beauregard suddenly; "the man has come back. Do you hear Manesse? Listen!"

"I cannot distinguish," I murmured.

Some minutes passed. To our dismay our oppressor reëntered alone. Perplexity darkened his brow. He hesitated before he broke the suspensive hush.

"Monsieur Manesse agrees that this afternoon he met Monsieur Panage," he announced. "But"—he raised a forensic forefinger—"that does not establish that either of you is Monsieur Panage. Monsieur Manesse is occupied in telling a fairy story to his little daughter and cannot spare the time to come here to identify you. *Enfin,* you will accompany me to the bureau of police and you will obtain his evidence in due course. *Vogons!*"

"*Sacré tonnerre!*" I screamed. It was the last straw. This strolling player declined to "spare the time"; this mountebank neglected *me!*

"What did he say?" I spluttered. "What were the ruffian's words?"

"My man reports that the gentleman replied: 'Monsieur Panage must have had immense difficulty in recollecting my name; he would not stir an inch to save my life—why should I take a walk for him?'"

I sat down. I felt dizzy. I feared I was going to be extremely ill. The man himself seemed moved by my collapse—or increasingly uncertain of his position; he said: "Perhaps a note might be effectual? *Alors,* if monsieur wishes to write, I will wait!"

"Give me your fountain pen, Beauregard!"

"But"—again the forefinger was uplifted—"there must be no secret instructions; I must be satisfied there is no private meaning in the note."

"*Ciel!* What am I permitted to say?"

He pondered. "'To Monsieur Paul Manesse: Monsieur ——' Has monsieur written 'Monsieur'?"

"Yes, yes, go on!"

"'I am now convinced that you can act. I hereby engage you, at the small salary of two hundred and fifty francs a week, for prominent parts in my next three productions at the Théâtre Suprême.'"

The silence was sensational.

"Who the devil are you?" I stuttered, when I found my voice.

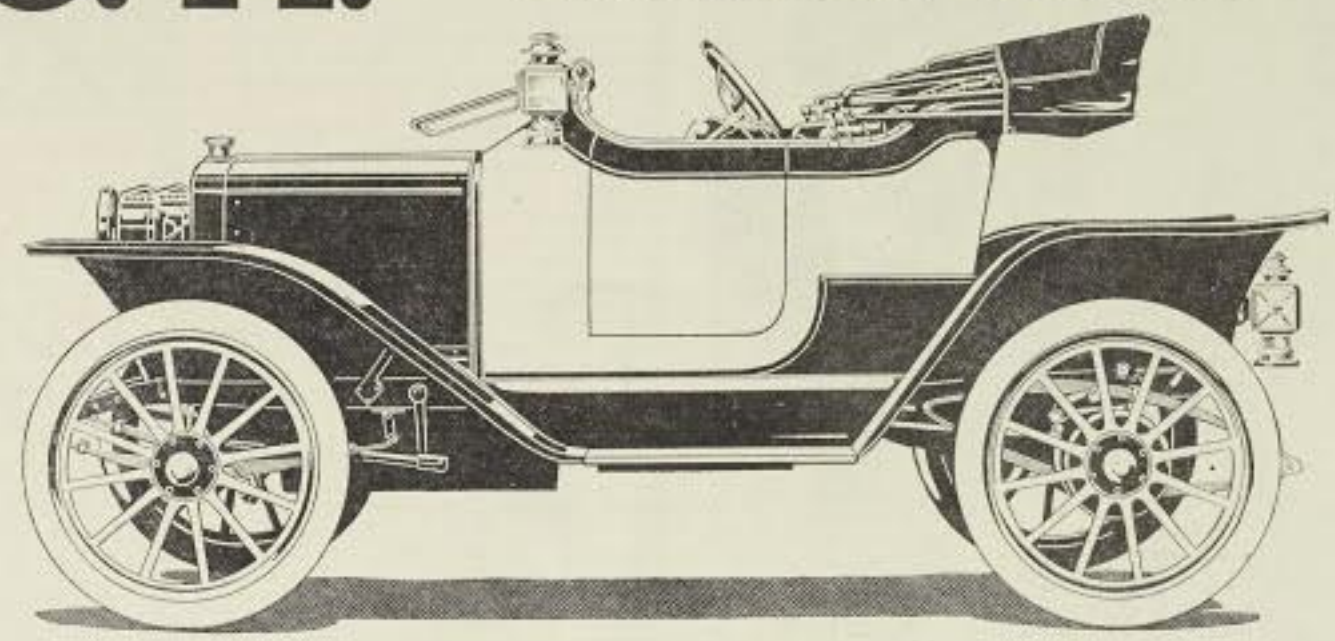
"Paul Manesse, your new comedian, monsieur," he told me—"if you sign!"

I signed. You have heard how we boomed Omphale and I found a star! That jolly little Manesse girl has a rich papa today.



R. C. H.

"Twenty-five" English-Body Roadster



$700
F. O. B. Detroit

Fully Equipped with Top, Windshield, Gas Lamps and Generator—Long Stroke Motor—Three Speeds—Enclosed Valves—Bosch Magneto

A Car For Which Comparison Must Be Sought
Among Cars Costing $1500 And Up

It's the hardest thing in the world nowadays, to write a motor-car advertisement, more especially the announcement of a new car. "Sensation," "masterpiece," "greatest value"—all the linguistic firecrackers and superlatives in the English language have been overworked until they no longer mean anything at all.

So, in this announcement of the R. C. H. English-body roadster, we're going to stick to plain facts in simple language and let your own judgment decide on the value of the car. We'll let the enthusiasm and the superlatives about the car develop in the owners of it.

Naturally, your first thought on reading of the R. C. H. would be of price—a wonder that so good and so complete a car could be sold at such a figure. But price is the very last thing we want you to consider. Look at the mechanical efficiency, the sound construction, the beauty of line, the complete equipment—**then** the low price. We want you to feel—and we think after thorough investigation you **will** feel—that the R. C. H. would be the car for you if the price were doubled.

In building the R. C. H. "Twenty-five" our aim was not to produce a car to sell at $700, fully equipped. What we aimed to do, irrespective of price, was to build a perfect roadster, which would be the ideal car for five large classes of the public:

A. The business or professional man.
B. The Farmer.
C. The Salesman.
D. The pleasure-car owner with small or no family.
E. The large car owner who needs a smaller car, economical in upkeep, for day-to-day motoring uses.

We knew that such a car, at a reasonable figure, was bound to have an enormous sale, so we built the R. C. H. as staunch, sturdy and sound as a car could be. We used drop-forgings of nickel-steel throughout. We put in a powerful long stroke (3¼ x 5) motor, water-cooled, with valves enclosed, three speeds and Bosch magneto. We made every part as sound as though for a $5,000 car.

When we came to study body designs, we decided on the English Roadster type as being at the same time the most artistic and most comfortable. This is a type familiar to all who have motored much among English country homes. It is exceptionally roomy, easy and graceful.

We added a full equipment, too—top, windshield, gas lamps and generator.

Then, and not till then, we began to figure on price. We found that making practically all parts in our own large and well-equipped plants, we could turn out such a car in quantities and sell it at a moderate profit for $700. The figures were surprising. Nothing approaching them had ever been attempted in the automobile industry. But our cost experts verified them.

Then we placed the car on the market. Dealers came, looked at it, saw it tested, studied every part thoroughly. They came skeptical—they left convinced. In a few days over half the 1912 output was contracted for. As we go to press each day sees these contracts increase.

Bear in mind that this car is not the product of men untrained in the designing and building of motor-cars. The name of R. C. Hupp is well and favorably known in the industry, to both trade and public, through long years of favorable association. And gathered around Mr. Hupp is a body of men carefully selected from lowest to highest, each for his peculiar fitness for his particular task.

So we come to the public with confidence, asking them only to note the specifications and equipment of the R. C. H.—to examine thoroughly the car itself, and to compare it item by item with any other.

We are convinced that the judgment of the public at large—your judgment—will coincide with that already expressed wherever the car has been shown—that the R. C. H. "Twenty-five" English-body roadster offers a value for which a comparison must be sought among the cars costing $1,500 and more.

Write for descriptive folder, or examine the car itself at our nearest dealers.

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Specifications

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EDW. B. MOON, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 16)

and dining room fairly spacious. It was not necessary that the house be on an avenue; in fact, I rather preferred the quiet of a side street. Nor was I particular as to the neighborhood so long as it was convenient and good.

On the way down from the station I had seen numbers of such houses. They were in the streets that lie between Fifth and Lexington Avenues. As this was a neighborhood near to the theater district, the L roads and the subway it appealed most favorably. All this I announced to Jennie as we strolled out of the hotel into Thirty-fourth Street.

Jennie gave me a sudden stare. "A house, you say?" she echoed. "Jim, I suppose you know if we take a house we shall have to keep at least three servants, possibly four?"

Nonsense! The houses I had in mind were small, not above eleven or twelve rooms in extent. Rather than forego a house I was willing to stand the expense of an extra servant. Two would do, I was sure. To meet this extra expense, the wages of another servant, we could economize in some other way—in our amusements, for example.

Jennie wasn't satisfied. "Another thing," she remarked. "How do you know we can afford a house?"

"Afford it?" I exclaimed. "Why, at home"—Ohio, you know—"for nine hundred a year I could have my pick of houses!"

To this Jennie made sententious answer: "Yes, but Ohio's not New York, Jim."

There was but one way to settle the discussion. I appealed to the carriage-starter, asking him whether he could direct me to a good real-estate agent.

"Sure, sor, there's one seven or eight blocks north up in the Avenny." He referred to Fifth Avenue. "The parties is real gentlemen," he assured, and to back up the statement added, "Sure, they lunch here at the Waldorf itself every day."

Mindful of Jennie's nudge I declined the man's offer of a cab. Afoot we trudged up Fifth Avenue to the crest of Murray Hill, and on the way I saw in the side streets more and more houses of the sort on which I'd set my mind. I was by this time in high feather.

The real-estate concern lived well up to the good opinion of the Waldorf's carriage-starter. A very gentlemanly young gentleman in gentlemanly flannels and a knitted necktie, itself as select and genteel—this young gentleman, I say, attended to us in the most gentlemanly manner imaginable. The whole establishment, in fact, was composed of gentlemen only who aimed—or seemed to aim, at any rate—to do business only with other gentlemen.

"A house?—oh, yes, indeed!" our young aristocrat brightly assured us. Inviting us to seat ourselves he at the same time begged me to inform him what locality I had in view and how large a residence I required.

I told him briefly, not to say negligently. "Something in the forties will suit me if it is not too far from the Avenue."

"Ah, yes! off the Avenue in the forties!" he echoed in a tone and manner exactly as if he had been Broadway's best, most cultivated walking gentleman taking his cues in his most elegant tea-scene act.

"Not too large a house," I explained. "Say, one of twelve rooms about."

Possibly he had hoped better than this. "Ah, I see," he murmured politely, his manner just a shade less particular. "And about what rent would you wish to pay, may I ask?"

Not only could he ask, but I would answer him. "Ahem!" said I, clearing my throat. Then I told him.

In view of the gentleman's most gentlemanly bearing I did not say nine hundred. Somehow in such a presence as his the amount seemed bourgeois, uncouth. There is a smoothness, a finish in round numbers that must appeal better to one of such smoothness himself, such perfection.

"One thousand dollars!" I said, and I wish you could have seen his face.

He gaped first—not clownishly, however. It was, in fact, a perfectly well-bred gape. Then one of the most cultivated gasps I ever heard fall from the lips of one truly cultivated fell from his. Afterward he parted his lips to exclaim, but immediately thought better of it. I recall, also, that he

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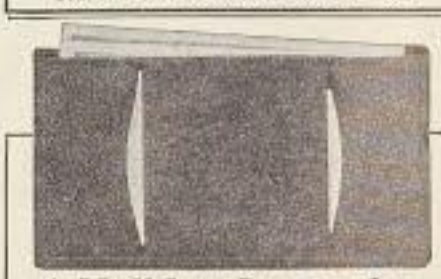
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did an embarrassed little *pas seul* with his neat, neatly polished tan Oxford ties.

"Why——" he began hesitatingly, and had said this when suddenly a great light seemed to dawn upon him. It lit up his face in relief. "Ah! oh, yes, naturally—a thousand dollars a month," he exclaimed.

I did not mean a thousand a month. I meant a thousand a year, and, moreover, when I'd said it I was conscious that Jennie plucked me by the sleeve.

Perhaps, as a small boy, you have prodded a turtle with a stick and seen it draw in its head and legs. I do not say the real-estate young gentleman essayed this with his head and legs. He did, however, draw into himself in a manner quite as complete.

Said he icily: "We have no such houses."

"What! no small houses!" I exclaimed.

After a moment, as if by the pause he meant to give it weight, he launched upon me a retort that was crushing. I may describe it as an avalanche of ice.

"Aw! we have plenty of small houses, but none at a thousand a year. . . . Have you tried Harlem?"

I feel sure he sincerely pitied me. At any rate, after he had seen me crushed he advised me that of the houses such as I'd described the cheapest he had to offer rented at thirty-five hundred a year.

Jennie and I came away from there. I was conscious as he bowed me out that I was red to the ears. Jennie maintained a discreet silence, but once we had reached the street I exploded.

"Tommyrot!" I exclaimed. "That fellow had nothing to offer and was just putting on airs. We'll try some other agent."

We found another shortly. It was round in Forty-second Street, and less elegant than the other both in situation and refinement. An elderly man, whiskered and wearing a skullcap and seersucker coat, received us. He neither patronized nor snubbed us, nor yet did he manifest well-bred amusement when I mentioned a thousand a year.

"Sorry, sir," he remarked briefly, "but you'll find nothing for a thousand a year short of Harlem or across town close to the rivers." There he glanced at Jennie. "Over by the river wouldn't suit your lady, I'm afraid. It's a pretty grimy, grubby neighborhood."

Rather than surrender, though, I asked to see what he had. Accordingly he filled out half a dozen permits, and armed with these Jennie and I sallied forth. Still she kept silence. It is my belief, however, that she knew beforehand what faced me, yet wished me to learn for myself.

The first house we looked at was enough. It was a three-story affair faced with greasy, grime-stained brick, hedged in on one side by a tenement and on the other by a livery stable. Three doors east of it a corner beer groggery exhaled scents certainly not of Araby the blest, and in and out of the doors of this fly-blown den lurched equally frowsy men and an occasional drab slattern.

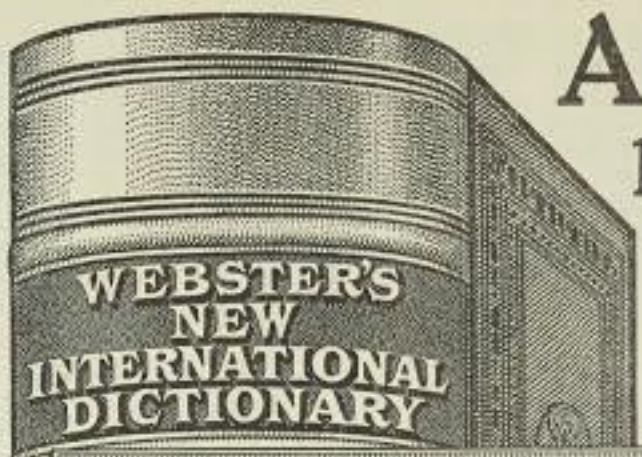
"Jim," said Jennie at this point earnestly, "in New York lots of nice people live in apartments. Why can't we look at a flat or two anyway?"

"All right," I agreed grumpily. "It seems pretty certain we can't afford a house."

However, if we were reduced to the level of living in a flat I determined that at the least we should pick and choose from the best. Nine hundred a year certainly would give us our choice of a variety. "Of course, Jennie," I remarked thoughtfully, "the rooms in a flat will be small, so we must take a large flat. Twelve rooms won't be a bit too big for us." I also asked that the flat should be centrally located.

In a side street close to Central Park we found an apartment that looked really suitable. The building was big and there was about it an air of refinement that at once caught me. Certainly it was a flat-house that bore no resemblance to the double tenement of the by-street villa back at home. The entrance was of fine chased marble. Liveried attendants stood at the door, and in place of the usual always grimy janitor a businesslike person, suave and deferential and clad in a well-cut business suit, showed us the premises. "On the fifth floor we have an apartment of twelve rooms and three baths. . . . Will you step this way?" he inquired deferentially, and bowed us into the elevator.

I saw Jennie's eyes begin to roam about her. As for myself, I eyed the surroundings, the richness of the decorations, with



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casual, utterly innocent interest. I was merely struck with the idea that, for a flat, the place looked rather luxurious.

As soon as I saw the apartment itself I was really charmed. I was, in fact, pleased far beyond my anticipation. In one room real tapestry hung upon the walls; in another—a bedroom—silk replaced the usual figured paper. The dining room, too, was a marvel. It was paneled with oiled mahogany, while elsewhere throughout the flat all the woodwork was heavily enameled in white. Rich cut-glass globes ornamented the finely wrought chandeliers, and mirrors of the thickest and clearest plate reflected our figures on every side. Best of all, each and every room was light. A perfect flood of sunshine, in fact, poured in through every window.

I stood in the paneled dining room and my mind's eye pictured it filled with my guests. It was with difficulty then that I held back a smile of satisfaction. Glancing about me with affected unconcern I turned to the superintendent.

"Why, yes, this does very well," said I blandly, in an offhand way. As I said it I saw Jennie bite her lip, stare at me for a moment, then edge out of earshot. I know now that she guessed exactly what was coming. "Yes—this is about what I'm looking for. . . . And now, what rent do you ask?"

The superintendent drew out a notebook. "We supply refrigeration and electric light. Gas is extra," he announced. Then—and the words fell from him as lightly as if he mentioned carfare—then he added negligently:

"The rent is five thousand dollars a year."

I spare you the remainder. Somehow I got out from under, escaping the place with at least a remaining shred of self-respect. Five thousand dollars a year—Gad! Had I been nipped taking money under false pretenses I could have felt no cheaper than I did on emerging from the place.

That day we found another flat. It was in One Hundred and First Street west of Broadway. A negro hallboy in a greasy uniform yawned in our faces as he showed us through it. There were seven rooms and a bath. Two of these rooms looked out on an air-well. Taking it altogether it was the one possible habitation offered at nine hundred a year.

Jennie critically inspected it from the parlor back through the kitchen to the maid's room.

"Fine!" she whispered, pinching me on the arm. "I can do splendidly with this."

I had my doubts. However, nine hundred a year was the most I felt I could spend on rent. Eventually Jennie's enthusiasm revived me. The flat, of course, would look far better when it was furnished. Besides, even if the bedrooms were dark we'd have lots of light in the drawing room.

"Oh, well," I mumbled wearily, "I suppose it's the best we can do."

Jennie looked at me with a smile. "Yes, Jim; it's a bargain at nine hundred a year."

I never saw the place again. At dusk we left it to go back to the Waldorf, there to dress for the dinner that night at Sherry's.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sullivan Rex

WHEN Will Irwin, the writer, lived in San Francisco, he had a friend who was the captain of a small trading schooner that used to visit the most remote corners of the South Seas. Once when he came home after a long voyage he told Irwin this story:

He said that he landed at a little island of the Friendly group where no white men had been seen in a dozen years or more. The chief with his wives and his whole tribe came to the beach to greet the strangers.

There was the customary palaver and exchange of gifts and then the chief seemed to be struggling with a question. Finally the interpreter was able to make out what the chief was trying to say.

"He wants to know," the interpreter translated, "whether you come from the land of America?"

"Tell him yes," said the trader, surprised that this naked savage had ever heard of other countries.

The chief nodded that he understood and jabbered some more.

"He wants to know now," said the interpreter, "whether John L. Sullivan is still king of America?"

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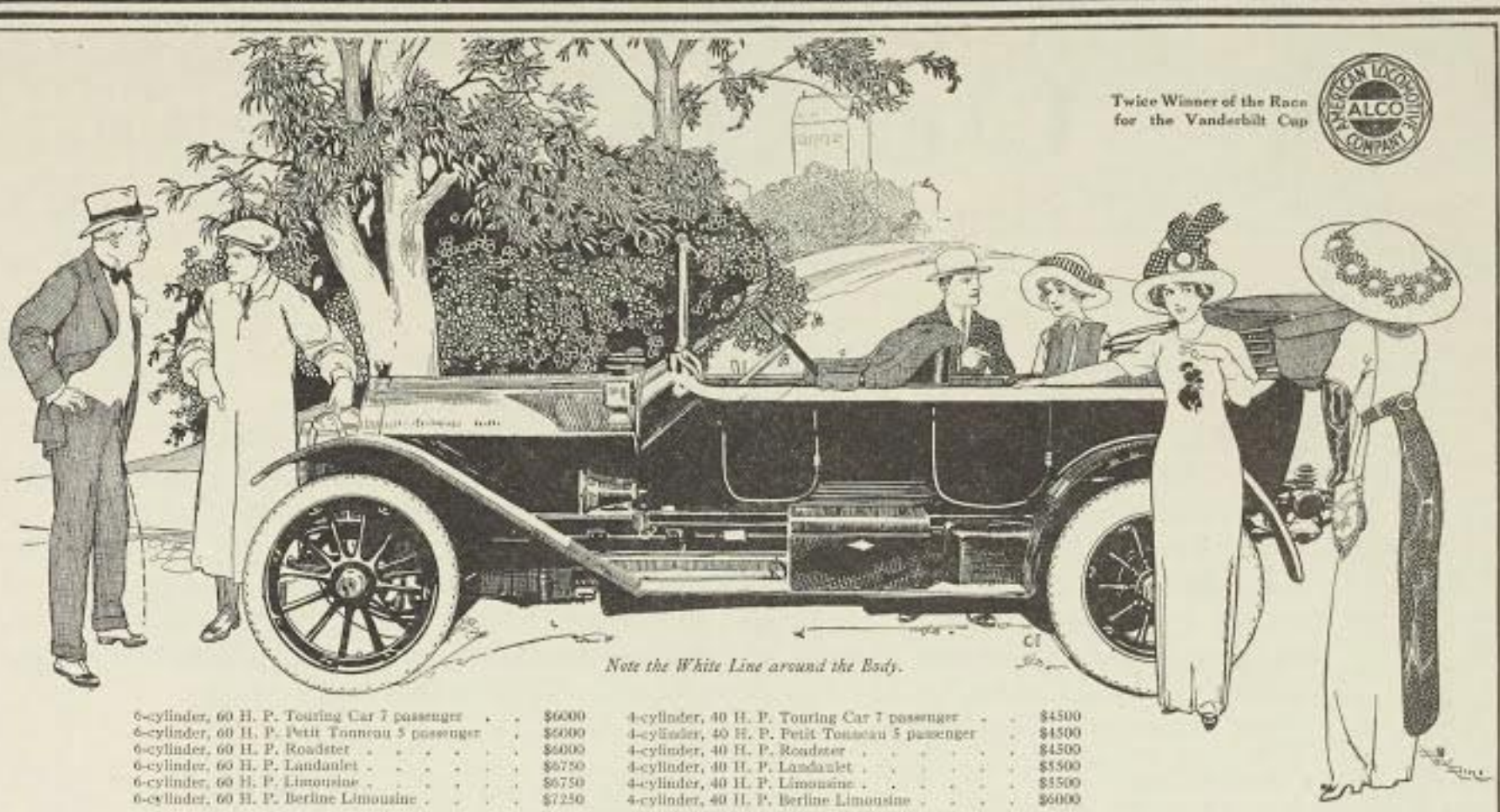
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ALCO

1912

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Beneath the tonneau door, and concealed, is an electric bulb which lights automatically at night as the door opens. It illuminates vividly the step and assists one in alighting.

And beauty runs *deep* in the Alco. Down to its strong, clean chassis—a good metal feast to the man who loves a thing well made. One need not be a mechanic to enjoy this engineering.

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Oakland Cars for 1912

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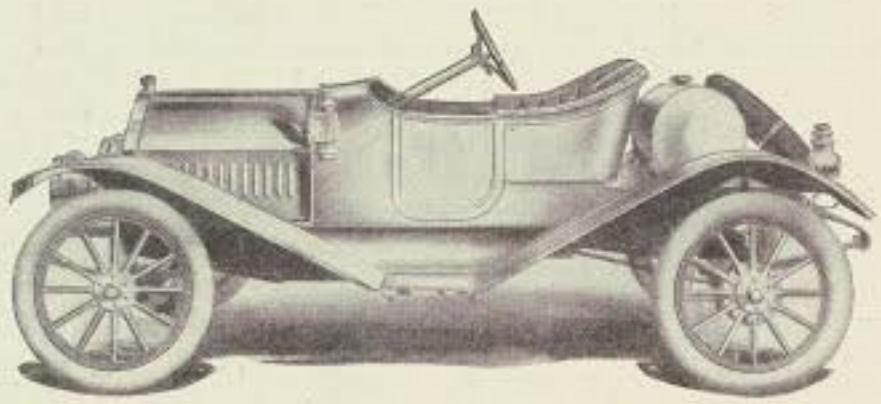
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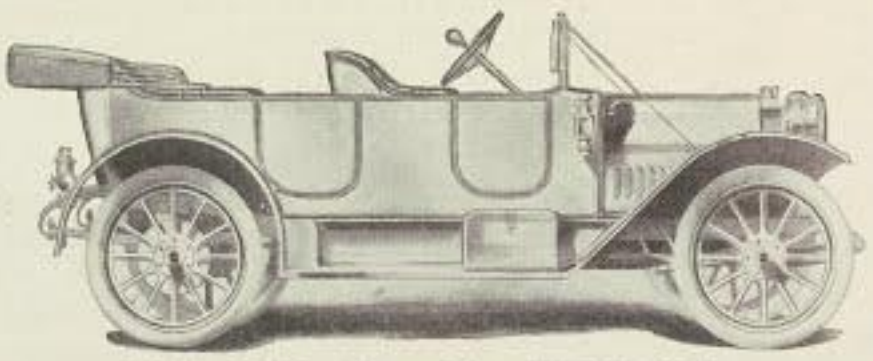
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Oakland Record for 1911

Birmingham, Ala., May 24th:
Two Firsts:
First in free-for-all.
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Algonquin, Ill., June 8th:
First in $801 to $1200 class.
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Two Firsts in Chicago Formula Division.

Portland, Me., June 17th:
First in $1201 to $1600 class.
Second in free-for-all.

Columbia, S. C., July 4th:
First in free-for-all.
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Oskaloosa, Ia., July 6th:
Oakland "30" won two firsts.

Cleveland, Ohio, July 17th, 18th & 19th:
Cleveland News Reliability Contest:
Two perfect scores.

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 29th:
First in 161 to 230 cubic inch piston displacement class.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 12th:
First in $801 to $1200 class.
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Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 6th, 7th, 8th & 9th:
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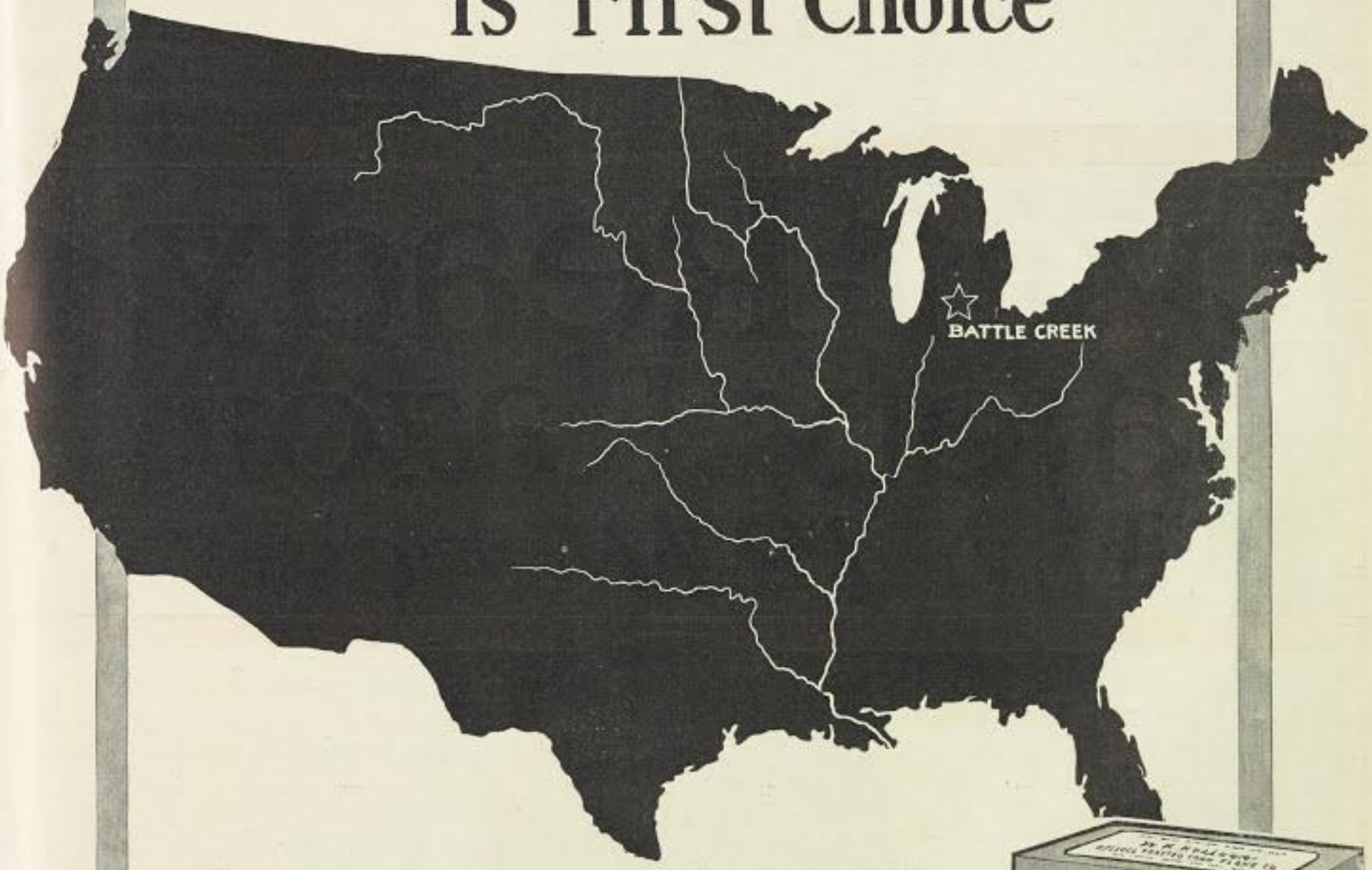
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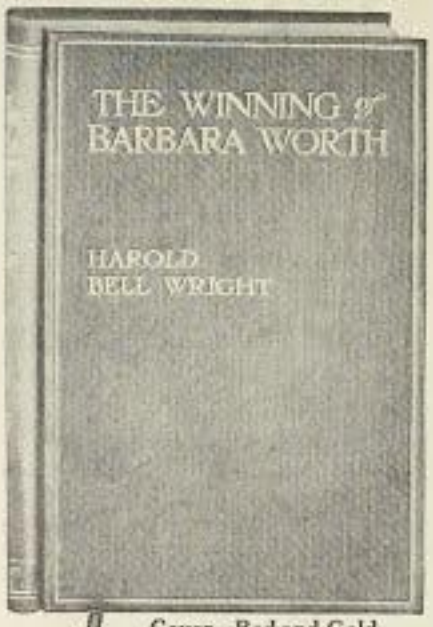


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WHAT OF 1912?—By Samuel G. Blythe

I—West of the Mississippi

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT will be renominated for President next June if he continues in his present attitude and demands renomination.

William Howard Taft will not be reelected President next November unless the Democratic party is guilty of the incredible political stupidity of nominating for President some man for whom the hundreds of thousands of dissatisfied Republicans will not vote.

If the Democratic party is thus stupid and nominates for President some man who stands, in the public mind, for about the same things Taft stands for, or some man who, from his own record and personality, does not meet the requirements of the newer elements in both Republican and Democratic parties, there will be a strong movement—which may or may not be successful—for a third-party ticket that shall be made up of men who will command the support of the Progressives in both parties.

I have reached these conclusions only after personally taking evidence on a trip that covered more miles than the President's and embraced every state in the Union, with the exception of three or four that are practically boroughs and to which personal visits were not necessary. Moreover, what is here written is written with a full knowledge of the uncertainties of politics, without prejudice one way or the other—and written seven months before the nominating conventions.

The old-line Republicans, the men who recognize the futility of opposing Mr. Taft's desire for renomination, though fully cognizant of his weakness with the Republican party, have but one hope of success—and that is based on the slender thread: "It is a year before election and a lot of things can happen in that time!" Granting that almost anything—politically—can happen in a year, it is true also that the dissatisfaction with the Republican party among the people that found expression in the election of a Democratic House of Representatives last year is just as great now as it was then. It is greater. A year has passed since that demonstration.

Nothing has been done—even after that warning—that has rehabilitated the Republican party.

Party ties and party obligations have meant a great deal in this country—more to Republicans than to Democrats in late years; but much to each. The Republican party has been superior to the Democratic party in organization, in discipline and in leadership. Democrats grew used to bolting and splitting and protesting in 1896, and have done more or less of all three since; but during that time the Republican party has lost its cohesiveness. Its leaders have lived in the past instead of in the future. The counsel of its wise men has been in keeping with the times when the wise men were active, not with the times upon them; and the acts of the party have been directed by those men who have affected a disregard of the spirit of protest in their own ranks, or have been too blind to see what was approaching.

There is one great political fact in this country. That fact is that there must be a period of political readjustment. It has had its beginnings. It is still in progress. It will not be accomplished next year or the year after; but—and here is where the old-time politicians fail in appreciation of actualities—there will be a readjustment! It cannot be prevented. It has many of the aspects of a revolution—peaceful and political, but a revolution none the less.

The younger generation of this country has small patience with the old political fetishes. The Civil War means nothing to them but a historical record of great deeds in a quarrel that has lost its significance. No political leaders can now lead on such trumperies as: If you are a Republican you are a friend of the Union, and if you are a Democrat you are its foe. The old boss system is being swept away. "Stand by the organization!" provokes more jeers than cheers. The newer generation in this country is concerned with the present and the future, and indifferent as to the past.

Most men inherit their politics. Ordinarily a youth is a Republican because his father is a Republican, or a Democrat for the same reason. This actuating reason for party allegiance is strong. It holds. Thus, when we see a condition arising where the younger Republicans have forgotten their hereditary political instincts and are taking action politically because of reasons that are not sentimental, but are practical, the fallacy of the cry of the old-timers that a lot of things can happen in a year is exposed.

It took more than a year for the Republicans of this country to revolt sufficiently to bring on the Democratic landslide of last November. It took more than a year for those Republicans to bring themselves to the point of voting for Democrats; and when they did vote for Democrats it was not because of any superior virtue of the Democratic party, or superior ability or superior patriotism, but because of the degeneration of the Republican party in those respects. Since that time, not one single act by the Republican Administration has brought to the protesting Republicans any excuse for changing their minds or their votes. Having protested once with some results, they are ready and anxious to protest again. It took more than a year to change them. It will take much more than another year to get them back—if, indeed, they ever go back.

I do not think they will. There is one thing politically inevitable in this country. It is as certain to come as it is certain this union of states will continue. That one thing is that the political parties of this country will realign themselves into a radical party and a conservative party. Ours must, of necessity, be a government by parties. It cannot be anything else. At

HELPING MOTHER



"Willyum!"

this time we have two parties in the Republican party and two parties in the Democratic party. The once solidified Republican party is split into two wide-apart sections—one Progressive and one Conservative. The Democratic party is similarly split. When two parties are split into four parties no party can have the ascendency.

It is immaterial whether these new parties shall be called Radical and Conservative or remain under the old Democratic and Republican designations. The conservatives must get together and so must the radicals. And they will. It may not be next year or for ten years, but the realignment is fixed. Lacking a medium, the dissatisfied Republicans voted for the Democrats last year or did not vote at all. Lacking a medium, they may do the same thing this year; or, as happened in 1896 and 1900 and 1908, the dissatisfied Democrats may vote with the Republicans. This clumsy subterfuge cannot long prevail, for the terms Republican and Democrat are rapidly losing any significance they may have had, and the people are gradually beginning to appreciate the advantage of voting for themselves instead of for organizations.

Pending this realignment, which may be nearer than the reader thinks, the old situation exists. If a Progressive Republican has no Progressive Republican candidate to vote for he must vote for a Democrat or not at all. It is the same with the Democrat. Apply that nationally. This is what exists.

A Hope Without Terminal Facilities

THERE are hundreds of thousands of Republicans in the United States who will not vote to make Mr. Taft President again. These men do not want a Democratic President. They are anxious to have the Republican party remain in power; but—and here is the point—they prefer to have a Democratic President than to have Mr. Taft President again! If Mr. Taft is renominated, as he probably will be, they hope the Democrats will be wise enough to give them a candidate for whom they can vote with the knowledge that he will be a real progressive President. Nor are they making too many specifications. They are not demanding superlative qualities. A fair, average, level-headed man is what they want—one who has shown reasonable independence and reasonable appreciation of the responsibilities that shall be his.

A year may bring forth many things politically, but a year will not bring forth anything that will change the views of these men. They were too slow in changing to change again quickly; and the thought of the old-timers that some miracle will happen which will bring back to the fold these wanderers may be consoling, but it lacks terminal facilities. No political miracle will happen while Mr. Taft is in the White House. He will continue to be the same kind of President he now is; and it doesn't make any difference whether he signs a wool bill or a free-list bill, or any other kind of a bill, at the end of the coming session of Congress. He had two tariff chances—the tariff will be the great issue in the coming campaign. He could have vetoed the Payne-Aldrich bill or he could have signed the tariff bills handed to him last summer, and put the responsibility on the Democratic party. He did neither; and his cry for more information and his affected surprise that the political House of Representatives should have put politics into tariff-making didn't help a bit.

The Republican party is on the defensive before the country for the first time in a great many years. The President's long trip, just completed, was a trip of explanation. Explanations get nowhere in politics. There is no nourishment, political or otherwise, in telling why you didn't do a thing that almost everybody thought you should have done. And when that is coupled with the fact that the condition the explanations are predicated on is gratuitous and unnecessary and could have been avoided, and—especially in view of results—absurd, a perambulating President cannot hope to get much out of the situation except the evidenced respect the people have for the high office he holds and their admiration for him as a fine, jolly, genial citizen.

Political historians will write down the calling of the Sixty-second Congress into extra session last April as a curious sort of political blunder. Some of the drastic ones may call it a political crime. Looking at it non-partisanly, stripping it of all the flubdub about good to the country, the facts are that the President and his advisers—or some of them—were so obsessed with the political good that might come from Canadian reciprocity that they sought to press the project to accomplishment, and took the chances on what other legislation might be presented.

It is childish to assume that a Democratic House of Representatives would not accept its first chance at tariff revision, especially when that very Democratic House was in existence because of the dissatisfaction of the people with the alleged tariff revision of the Republicans. Complaints about "tariff for politics" are childish too. There never has been a tariff in this country that was not political. Mr. Taft—or anybody who knows anything about politics—knows that. Also, the Payne-Aldrich tariff Mr. Taft signed, and portions of which he afterward stigmatized as "indefensible," was the most political of all the political tariffs we have ever had. And Mr. Taft knew that. Mr. Taft also knew he had an adverse House of Representatives, elected on a tariff issue, and that these Democrats would try to revise the tariff. They couldn't do anything else and keep even a portion of faith with the people. Hence, if lack of information from the findings of the Tariff Board was a sufficient reason for vetoing the tariff bills that came to the President, that same lack of information was trebly a reason for not calling Congress into session last April for the purpose of ratifying reciprocity, when every person in this country who can read and write knew the Democratic House would pass some tariff bills. As it turned out, this was more apparent when Canada rejected the reciprocity convention at the polls. Of course Mr. Taft could not have known what an overwhelming defeat reciprocity was to have in Canada, but he did know he couldn't get it through the Congress of this country without Democratic votes, and he did know the Democrats would do some tariff-revising. Furthermore, reciprocity might have waited until this winter. It was not so pressing as it was held to be, except as a political bolster for Mr. Taft. There was no economic demand for it.

Now there is nothing altruistic about this view of the situation. Unfortunately there is nothing altruistic about American politics. The end and aim of all politics is to secure and hold control of the Government—that is all there is to that; and praters about the good to the country and the good to the people can prate until they are black in their faces and not put a dent in the fact. What happened was that the Republicans, or a part of them, played mighty poor politics; and what will happen is that they are to be reminded of their shortcomings at the polls. As has been said, the Republican party is on the defensive—and the party has not yet appeared in this country that can explain itself back into power.

Taft's Nomination for the Asking

IN WRITING of political conditions as I found them I shall divide the country into three parts: That portion west of the Mississippi, not including Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas or Oklahoma, but including Arizona and New Mexico; that part east of the Mississippi, including all states in the easternmost part; and, third, the South, which will include Missouri and Oklahoma. No attention will be paid to state or local questions, except those that affect directly the national situation; and the eligibility of the various candidates will be discussed on the basis of present conditions, subject to that remote contingency to which the old-timers hang so desperately: "A lot of things can happen in a year."

So far as the West is concerned at present—the West west of the Mississippi and north of Missouri, Oklahoma and Texas, which is the real West, by the way, for Illinois and Indiana and Ohio are Eastern states to all intents and purposes, however strange that may seem to New Englanders, and Wisconsin is put arbitrarily into that classification for present purposes—there are but two possibilities for the Republican nomination for President—William Howard Taft and Robert M. La Follette. Of the convention votes for President, Mr. Taft will have by far the greater number. Mr. La Follette, if he continues as a candidate, will have votes from this section; but Mr. Taft will have the majority—I mean votes in the national convention to nominate, not votes for President in November.

This does not mean that Mr. Taft is any stronger than Mr. La Follette with the people, but that Mr. Taft is President and can renominate himself; that Mr. Taft has control of the organization, and that the people have not yet secured the control of their own affairs everywhere that will enable them to name the man they want.

A large proportion of the Republicans in this section do not want Mr. Taft renominated and will not vote for him if he is renominated, provided they have any sort of an opposing candidate for whom to vote; but the organizations, the men who control the machinery and elect the delegates in enough of the states to give Mr. Taft a considerable number of the delegates—though secretly, as many of them are, they may be opposed to Mr. Taft—are in duty bound to send to the national convention the men who will vote for Taft's renomination, whether they think that renomination good politics or not.

Any President can renominate himself—especially any Republican President. That was demonstrated in 1892, when Benjamin Harrison renominated himself in the face of certain defeat. Leader after leader went to Harrison and told him he would be beaten. "That makes no difference," was Harrison's invariable reply. "I shall be nominated!" And he was, in spite of the opposition of Quay and Platt and other great politicians. How much simpler the problem is today, when Quay and Platt and most of the other big Republican politicians are dead and the President has the same power for collecting Southern Republican delegates that Harrison had!

Progressive Sentiment Crystallizing

NOW Mr. Taft may refuse to run. It isn't likely; but he can if he wants to. If he does not—if he demands his renomination—he can get it. That is arranged already. The pins have been set up for months. He will have the Southern delegates. He will have Pennsylvania, probably most if not all of Ohio, New York and New England; and that is more than enough. If there could be a Presidential preference primary in every state it might be Mr. Taft would refuse to run, for reasons that will be shown later. Still, it isn't likely the National Committee, being mostly reactionary, will provide for Presidential primaries; and in most states the old convention system will prevail, which means, in almost every instance, that Mr. Taft will have the delegates if he shall continue to want them.

Taft's problem is simpler than the problem of the man who will get the Democratic nomination. A Republican national convention nominates by a majority of delegates. A Democratic national convention nominates only by two-thirds of the delegates. Taft has more than a majority of the delegates already in his hands—if he wants them. And he says he does.

So far as La Follette is concerned in these states—Wisconsin is not considered in this article—he is popular with the people and strong, but he is not so popular as the cause he represents—that is, the sentiment of the Republicans throughout the West is not so much pro-La Follette as it is anti-Taft. The Progressive movement, as a whole, has not yet centered on any individual. The people are working with such materials as they have at hand, but they have not yet found the man who types all they feel. However, they consider La Follette the strongest material at hand and he will have plenty of followers. The fact is the Progressive movement in the Republican party is bigger than any man who represents it.

Notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, Theodore Roosevelt is just as strong in the West—in the West to which I am referring—as he ever was. If Mr. Roosevelt could be induced to be a candidate he could get the delegates in many of the states referred to. However, Mr. Roosevelt is not a candidate. He has impressed that on his friends out there in every possible way. He has written to them and told them, and insisted they shall write and tell others. Mr. Roosevelt may be a candidate in 1916, but he is not a candidate for 1912—and he wants the entire world to know it. It may be he thinks he couldn't be elected—that no Republican can be elected, which is a reasonably wise thought if the Democrats have any sense—and does not want to be defeated; or it may be for any other reason. Be it thus or so, the fact is Mr. Roosevelt does not want the nomination and will not take it.

Hence, with Mr. La Follette not strong enough to defeat Mr. Taft for the nomination and with Mr. Taft a weak candidate, the men who run things in every state have canvassed other names. They all come back to the same finding: "If Taft wants the nomination he's got to have it." They realize the weakness of Mr. Taft; realize that his recent trip did him no good; that his academic proposition of world arbitration and world peace is too academic to be a rallying cry; that the only positive position he has

(Continued on Page 40)



THE PENNY PANIC

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Proving That a Little Learning is a Dangerous Thing



He Waited in the Safe-Deposit Rooms Until the Board of Directors Counted the Cash

PRAISE be, the penny panic is over! And now that the excitement has dwindled away and the hysteria of a great commonwealth has subsided—now that the cost of living in San Francisco has been reduced, at the very least, fifteen per cent, and the dwellers in that city have at last learned how true is the old adage, "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves"—it is eminently fitting that those thousands of generous souls throughout the United States who hearkened to the call of a great city in her distress and sent their pennies to the firing line should have their curiosity sated.

A due regard for the marvelous facts in the case demands that the story of T. Beverly Binks and the penny panic be traced from its inception to the logical conclusion designed for it by Mr. Binks. There are people in San Francisco ungenerous enough to maintain that T. Beverly Binks started the penny panic through sheer ennui—a desire for a new and startling thrill to his placid existence. That is not the fact. T. Beverly Binks started the penny panic partly because he knew it would be good for the people, but mostly because Helen Hoggit, daughter of Daniel P. Hoggit, the merchant prince of the city, refused to marry him because he was a waster, a non-producer, a leech on society. She insisted that he locate a job for himself and become one of the workers of the world instead of enjoying a life of selfish ease and indolence. She demanded that T. Beverly Binks perform his share of the world's work; and when he branched out as a professional numismatist and philatelist—and the thousands of women who have married numismatists and philatelists will tell you that a more precarious or unprofitable business can scarcely be imagined—Helen Hoggit came to the conclusion that he was a fool and called off the engagement. No matter what any one may tell you, those are the facts in the case.

Still, it is possible that T. Beverly Binks would never have attempted his great coup, even under the impetus of these two most potent reasons, if Daniel P. Hoggit hadn't interjected his say to complicate matters still further. That was the last straw. It broke Binksy's heart and awoke in him the dormant fighting blood of his ancestors.

To a soul as gentle as that of T. Beverly Binks, a defi from Daniel P. Hoggit was unbearable. It was insult added to injury. When T. Beverly Binks decided to humble Daniel P. Hoggit his decision might have been likened unto a declaration of war on Br'er Bear by Br'er Rabbit, for Daniel P. Hoggit was a bear—and an arrogant old bear at that. He was, in addition, self-made and rated AAA-1. It was his proud boast that he had been dragged up by the hair of his head, and he considered it eminently proper to advertise his humble birth and democratic proclivities by wearing carpet slippers and eating in his shirtsleeves. Like his daughter, he believed that hard work was the best thing in the world for a man. Daniel P. Hoggit had won out by hard work. He was sole owner of the great Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, and he had an unreasonable grudge against T. Beverly Binks. He used to say that Mr. Binks was a dude.

. . . . . .

Mr. T. Beverly Binks was a young man of many peculiar hobbies and the unearned increment requisite to indulge them to a very considerable extent. For instance, when the agitation over the currency problem and the establishment of postal savings banks spread over the country, Mr. Binks was enabled to spend several months' time in exhaustive study of these subjects, without being put to the ignominious necessity of hustling for a livelihood in order to continue his pursuit of monetary knowledge. He knew all about the demonetization of silver and could prove to you that the ratio of sixteen to one was entirely out of proportion. And when he became interested in bugology it was a small tax on his purse to purchase a tin box, a butterfly net and a bottle of alcohol, with which he repaired to a distant rural community to pursue uninterrupted his study of insect life. It is not of record that he ever studied zoölogy. If he had he would never have appealed to Daniel P. Hoggit for advice on the ——

I anticipate my story, however. To return to Mr. Binks: That harmless young man basked in the golden effulgence of an income of about a thousand a month from the wreck of his father's estate, and in addition he was the only ostensible heir of his uncle, Zachary Binks. It was teatable gossip in Mr. T. Beverly Binks' set that when Uncle Zach died T. Beverly would slip naturally and inevitably into a prodigious string of ciphers. However, pending the final removal of Uncle Zach—who, by the way, enjoyed a most villainous state of good health—Mr. Binks' monthly income was about one thousand dollars.

The real reason for Daniel P. Hoggit's antipathy is now out. He was a director in the bank where Mr. Binks' modest monthly stipend was deposited. He knew that, barring accidents, Uncle Zach was good for twenty years at least. Hence, T. Beverly Binks did not appeal to him as a son-in-law. He was as poor as a church mouse; he was too fastidious in his dress and too rabid on the subject of accumulating definite and exact knowledge on outlandish and unprofitable subjects.

Yet, in spite of all these handicaps, T. Beverly Binks blithely entered the lists, won Helen Hoggit's love and in a misguided moment asked her to marry him. In this he erred. He deserves no sympathy. He knew she had read Progress and Poverty, that she simply devoured Nietzsche, that she was an enthusiastic suffragette and loved to converse on The Greater Socialism; and he should have known that a young woman thus inclined might ultimately question his right to attend to his own business in his own peculiar way.

"I will marry you, Beverly, dear," said Miss Hoggit, "if you will only promise to engage in some sensible, profitable pursuit. Even if a man can afford to do so, it is sinful to be idle. One should not live without helping others to live in this world. It is a duty we owe to humanity. If we ——"

Thereupon T. Beverly Binks placed his arm round Helen Hoggit and kissed her.

"I promise, darling," he said tremulously. "I'll get into business by the day after tomorrow. I'm not quite decided what it shall be, but I'll work at something."

Helen Hoggit beamed love unutterable at T. Beverly Binks. His poverty had no terrors for her, provided his humanity was well oiled and in working order. The man that Helen Hoggit married must leave a few footprints in the sands of time. As for money—bah! She had enough for two. She merely wanted T. Beverly to be a leader of men.

Two days later, as Helen Hoggit was driving her electric down Market Street, she was horrified to read on the plate-glass window of a tiny store the following legend:

T. B. BINKS
NUMISMATIST AND PHILATELIST

Two minutes later Helen Hoggit stepped into the store and was greeted with the eyes of love by T. Beverly Binks. He was standing behind a showcase in which was arranged quite a display of postage stamps of all nations, gold, silver and copper coins, Confederate greenbacks and other evidences of wealth.

"Beverly, dear," inquired Miss Hoggit, "what is a numismatist and what is a philatelist?"

"A numismatist," T. Beverly informed her proudly, "is one who collects, buys, sells, trades, deals in and otherwise acquires the coins of all nations since money first began to jingle. For instance, I have here a Chinese coin that was in circulation about the year 287. It is worth not less than two hundred dollars, yet its intrinsic value is less than one cent. I paid the ridiculous sum of fifty dollars for it, and I have hopes of disposing of it to the Earl of Buffington for two hundred and fifty. We have been in correspondence over the matter for the past four months. However, I am not anxious to sell. I rather think I shall keep it for my own collection. You may not know it, Helen, but I am considered an authority on old coins and I have made an exhaustive study of the monetary question. Professor Thingumbob's Monetary Systems of the World is not more of an authority than my book on the same subject, entitled From Clam Shells to Clearing-House Certificates."

"And a philatelist?" reiterated Miss Hoggit.

"Oh, a philatelist is a great deal like a numismatist, only his hobby is stamps. A stamp may be canceled or unused; it may be made of laid paper or watermarked. It may have a hundred distinguishing characteristics; but, so long as it's out of issue and the other fellow hasn't got it, a stamp has a certain value—to collectors. My business is entirely among collectors. I work off my mediocre stuff and strive at all times to improve my own collection."

"But is there any money in it? It strikes me, Beverly, as a very queer business."

"Well," replied Mr. Binks lamely, "I must confess that there's more pleasure in the business than money, though in a public place one is more apt to run into a collector

with something new than if he stayed at home. Collecting stamps and coins is without doubt one of the most fascinating and exhilarating hobbies ——"

"Beverly," said Helen Hoggit, and in her dulcet tones there was a note of disappointment and severity, "I cannot marry the keeper of an old curiosity shop. Our engagement is at an end."

Before T. Beverly Binks could say Jack Robinson, even if he had been remotely inclined to give vent to that time-honored ejaculation—which, by the way, he was not—she had swept out of the store.

. . . . . .

T. Beverly Binks, numismatist and philatelist, disappeared from Market Street almost as quickly as he had arrived. Ten minutes after Helen Hoggit left his store Mr. Binks gathered up his stock in trade, filed it sadly away in two trunks and a suitcase, called an express wagon and had it sent up to his bachelor apartments in an uptown hotel. Then he took out his pocket-knife, scraped the gold sign off the window, turned the key in the lock and faded away.

He was out of business.

At four o'clock that very afternoon, properly and immaculately arrayed for such a social call, Mr. Binks tripped lightly up the steps leading to the Hoggit mansion and sent in his card by the butler. When Helen Hoggit appeared T. B. Binks noticed she had been crying.

Now, in returning thus to the attack, it is an open question whether T. Beverly Binks was a brave man or only lovesick. I incline to the latter hypothesis. If this were to be a long story, I could write much of an interesting nature regarding this second interview between T. Beverly Binks and his heart's desire. In order to make a long story as short as the editor desires, however, I am forced to omit much of the ensuing conversation. Be it known, however, that Helen Hoggit firmly resisted any further encroachment on her time and affections by the perfidious T. Beverly. She admitted that she loved him—but —— She knew she would never know a happy moment again—but —— She disliked to offer a personal criticism of Mr. Binks—but ——

And T. Beverly Binks listened to all that. He did. It's a fact. Did it, knowing she was only a woman with ideals, and that any brazen brute of a man can kick an ideal to smithereens in jig time if he only knows how to go about it.

T. B. Binks, poor fellow, didn't know. His was too serious a mind. So he humored Miss Hoggit; and the more he humored her the worse she became. She wept until T. Beverly thought he would have to take soundings in order to navigate his way out of the drawing room.

She suggested law. T. B. Binks said the law was musty. He proved to her that no lawyer could possibly measure up to her standard. The law was a hard, vicious game. He could never have the heart to charge a widow or an orphan a fee commensurate with his services, and so on. And, while Helen Hoggit wept and argued and T. Beverly Binks protested and evaded, who should enter the room but Daniel P. Hoggit!

At sight of Daniel P. Hoggit, Mr. Binks brightened under the impetus of a sudden, brilliant idea. Here was the financial genius who could give him just the kind of advice he needed. So he said:

"Good evening, Mr. Hoggit. How do you do? I have just asked your daughter to marry me; and, though she has done me the great honor to say that she—er—loves me, she cannot marry me until I become a producer, a worker in the world, and all that sort of thing. It appears that the fact that I do not earn my living is repugnant to her ideas of political economy. I intend to meet Helen's requirements if possible. Provided I—er—meet them, sir, I trust the—er—situation meets with your—er—approbation."

"Huh!" That was all from Daniel P. Hoggit, and it sounded very much like the startled "Woof!" of a bear.

T. Beverly continued: "As a business man, Mr. Hoggit, and one versed in the—er—hard school of practical experience in financial matters, may I presume to—er—request a little advice on the quickest way to become a man of parts? The necessity for work or earning a living has never been apparent to me, and I must confess myself—er—er—somewhat—somewhat at sea, sir."

"My dear," said Daniel P. Hoggit, addressing himself to his daughter, "you know I don't like this young man. I would forbid him the house and forever set the seal of my displeasure on an alliance with him, were it not that your very sensible course proves to me that you are entirely capable of looking after your own love affairs." He turned to T. Beverly Binks.

"Perfect frankness, sir, compels me to inform you that I consider you, sir, a trifler and a dude. Your financial condition, sir, does not warrant your assumption in seeking the hand of my daughter in marriage. For a young man who will not work for money, it appears to me, sir, that you are not above marrying for it. Miss Hoggit, sir, has not been reared in the turgid atmosphere of the decadent rich and I should like to see her married to a man of energy, spunk and brains—not a dawdler on club verandas and street corners. However, sir, since my daughter has seen fit to impose certain restrictions, I think you should turn to her for advice and not to me. I am opposed to you, sir."

For the first time in his life T. Beverly Binks was angry. There was a quiver of rage in his voice as he turned to Helen Hoggit.

"What shall I do, Helen, to prove to you that I am a man of energy, spunk and brains?"

Now, while Miss Hoggit had a monopoly on the baiting of T. B. Binks, she was content to bait him; but when Daniel P. butted in she flew, womanlike, to the succor of Binks. She dried her tears and favored Mr. Binks with a smile that was at once tender and inscrutable. She endeavored to relieve the awkward tension by saying something ridiculous. How well she succeeded is now a matter of history.

"Well, you might break father and drive him out of business. That should be a fair test. I'll marry you the minute you show me you have him on the run."

A glad smile overran the classic features of the late numismatist and philatelist. He actually beamed.

"I accept," he said pleasantly—"I accept—with pleasure."

Daniel P. Hoggit stared a moment at his daughter and then exploded in demoniac laughter. I imagine that when a spider catches an unwary fly in his web he feels very much as did old man Hoggit at that moment.

"Bless my sweet-scented soul!" he managed to gasp finally. "What a task to set a man! Beverly, my boy—who the dickens labeled you Beverly?"

"My first name is Thaddeus," replied Mr. Binks acidly.

"Well, Thad, old man," chortled Hoggit, "Helen has named the test and I'm agreeable. If you can remove as much as a thousand dollars' worth of my cuticle I'll be the first man to say 'God bless you, my children!'"

Binks' eyes gleamed coldly. "I have undertaken a contract to break you and put you out of business," he said, "and I shall not be content until I have you on your knees begging for mercy. That goes. I'm going to have a little praying carpet woven specially for you. I'll smash you into little bits. I'll make the great Hoggit stores the haunt of rats and bats and cockroaches, and I'll retire you from the game ten years before your time. Daniel P. Hoggit, consider yourself on the shelf!"

The owner of the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, thought hurriedly of a shady little transaction wherein he, as president of an electric light and power company, had figured with the city board of supervisors; and for one single, fleeting instant he wondered if this aimless, helpless dude could have heard a whisper of anything! He followed Binks to the door.

"No blackmail!" he muttered in a threatening aside, as the visitor took his departure.

"Now I will finish you!" snapped Binksy; and, seizing his hat and his cane from the butler, he sprang angrily down the front steps.

"Ta-ta, Thaddeus!" said Daniel P. Hoggit pleasantly.

. . . . . .

T. Beverly Binks went back to his club and sat for four hours with his head in his hands. For once his sense of humor had deserted him. It was all a harsh, crass reality to Binks. He must break Daniel P. Hoggit; and, with the ferocity of a naturally gentle man aroused, he resolved to make no halfway job of it.

At the end of the fourth hour he had formulated the groundwork of his plans for the annihilation of the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated. This much progress having been made, one would naturally suppose that Mr. Binks would recollect that it was now nearly ten o'clock and he had had no dinner. In the face of a great problem in finance, however, such a detail as dinner was too infinitesimal to be considered. Mr. Binks donned overcoat and gloves, called a taxi and rode downtown for a quiet look at the Hoggit store. There were two stores in the Hoggit company, but the oldest store and the moneymaker whose duty it was to support the Los Angeles store, recently established, until it should be able to break in on its fair share of the trade of that city and become self-supporting, was in San Francisco. Mr. Binks had heard that Daniel P. Hoggit was planning to start department stores in Portland, Oregon, and Seattle, Washington, and an anticipatory smile fringed his mouth as he thought of the awakening that was coming to Daniel P. Hoggit. With the parent store killed off, the Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle stores would go down with a crash that would echo up and down the entire Pacific Slope. Mr. Binks decided that he must await the establishment of the two new stores before commencing his campaign, as by following this plan Daniel P. Hoggit would be using all of the power of his immense resources to accomplish his own ruin.

Now as T. Beverly Binks stood in Grant Avenue gazing into the windows of the magnificent Hoggit department store it came to him that he had his work cut out for him at last. He must bid farewell to his delightful life of ease and buckle down to sixteen hours of labor each day. It was going to take a heap of money to ruin Daniel P. Hoggit, and it behooved Mr. Binks to see to it that in ruining Daniel P. Hoggit he was not biting off his own nose to spite his face. The thing to do was to ruin Daniel P. Hoggit and make a fortune for himself out of the Hoggit wreck, and in order to accomplish this it was necessary that T. Beverly Binks secure ample backing and go into the department-store business himself.

Do not suppose for one single fleeting moment that the thought of running a huge department store baffled T. Beverly Binks. Far from it. Mr. Binks had studied the currency problem until there was nothing left to study. The carefully laid plans of most men resemble a section of Swiss cheese, in that they are generally full of holes. Not so with the plans laid by T. Beverly Binks. His was a mind fashioned for the mastery of infinite detail; and because of his absolute knowledge of the currency problem, the demonetization of silver, and so forth, together with his knowledge of human nature, he had been enabled to hit upon a plan that was infallible. He needed money, but



"Strike Me Pink, Sir! I'll Teach Him to Taunt My Nephew With His Poverty!"



"It's Up to You, Helen, My Girl!"

Uncle Zach would supply that. What he needed most was a location for his business in the immediate neighborhood of the Hoggit store. Once established, Mr. Binks knew he had Daniel P. Hoggit where the hair was short. In other words, he had the prescription and lacked but one small ingredient. He must find a location for his business.

Across the street from the Hoggit store stood a vacant lot, with a frontage of seventy-five feet and running back to Stockton Street. It was one of the few lots in that neighborhood still remaining unimproved since the great fire of 1906, and a real-estate agent's sign announced that the property was for sale. Mr. Binks made careful note of this, sighed pleasurably and went home to bed.

At seven o'clock next morning T. Beverly Binks routed his uncle, Zachary Binks, out of bed to inform him over the telephone that he would be over at nine o'clock to breakfast with him. Promptly at nine o'clock T. Beverly appeared. Before they were half through breakfast Mr. Binks had unfolded the tale of his rejection by Helen Hoggit; of her suggestion, acquiesced in by her father, that T. Beverly should break Daniel P. Hoggit in order to prove himself a man of parts; of Daniel P. Hoggit's insulting and unmannerly treatment of him and of his—Binks'—promise made to the Hoggit family that he would smash Daniel P. into little bits.

As he proceeded with the recital of his troubles, T. Beverly waxed earnest and oratorical, and Uncle Zach's apoplectic countenance commenced to swell and his gray eyes to flash beneath their shaggy brows. Finally he could contain himself no longer. Bringing his fist down on the table with a smash that jarred the breakfast dishes, Zachary Binks gave vent to his most cherished oath.

"Strike me pink, sir! Why, the man's a fool! I'll teach him to taunt my nephew with his poverty! Not good enough for his daughter, eh! Huh! The pompous old alligator! Thaddeus, when I shuffle off you'll have enough to buy and sell the Hoggit tribe, root and branch, and never miss the money. As for the girl, by the Lord Harry, sir, you shall marry her for spite, if nothing else; and if you don't force her to an unconditional surrender, Thaddeus, I'll leave every last red cent I have to charity!"

"I am very glad you see the matter in that light, sir," said T. Beverly respectfully, "as I will need your help, and need it badly, if I am to carry out my plan to put the rollers under Daniel P. Hoggit. For a long time, Uncle Zachary, I have had in mind a scheme for reducing the cost of living in San Francisco by introducing the penny into general circulation. Our system of legal tender throughout the West is all wrong. As you know, sir, the Pacific Coast has never taken kindly to the use of pennies as a medium of exchange; and as for San Francisco, the very thought of using pennies is abhorrent. I'll wager that right now it would be next to impossible to find more than five thousand dollars in pennies in circulation in the entire state. I doubt if one could find that much. Now if a merchant buys an article for four cents, when the lowest medium of monetary exchange is five cents, it stands to reason that he must, perforce, sell that article for ten cents, or one hundred and fifty per cent gross profit. If we had pennies in general circulation in San Francisco that merchant would be forced by competition to sell his article for, let us say, eight cents, or one hundred per cent gross profit. The other fifty per cent, which formerly came out of the pocket of the customer, would then revert to the customer as a direct saving. With the introduction of the penny into California we would shortly have penny newspapers. At present a newspaper costs five cents. Throughout the Eastern states a newspaper sells for a penny. Carfare would be reduced from five cents to at least three cents, moving-picture shows would have to come down to the level of the penny arcade—why, before the poor people of this city had operated under the penny system six months they would have saved enough to buy a life-insurance policy! In a year they could send the oldest boy to college. In five years they could own their own homes. In eight years they could ——"

"Thaddeus," interrupted Uncle Zach, "spare me these statistics! Political economy is something I could never understand. If you have a reasonable plan to put this man Hoggit on the toboggan let me hear it, and if it sounds O. K. I'm with you, my boy, to the last—penny—to the last penny, sir!"

T. Beverly Binks drew a neatly folded manuscript from his pocket. "Here is my plan, sir, outlined in writing to the smallest detail. Read it over and tell me what you think of it."

Zachary Binks adjusted his glasses, propped the written plans up against the sugar bowl and proceeded to read. When he had finished the last page he peered over his glasses at his nephew, for all the world as if he were viewing that young gentleman for the very first time.

"Well," queried T. Beverly, "what's the matter with that plan? See any weak points in it?"

"Nephew," said Zachary Binks huskily, "I'm overwhelmed. You're a genius, my boy—an absolute, gilt-edged, bona-fide genius! You can't lose; and, what's more, there's millions in it for you! I'll supply the money for a half interest—no, by George, I'll supply the money for forty-nine per cent of the stock! You're smart enough to hold control. I only want to get into it as a purely sporting proposition."

"Agreed, Unkie," replied T. Beverly. "Thank you very much. I thought it would appeal to you. Are you prepared to risk about three million dollars?"

"Can a fish swim?" retorted Uncle Zach. "I'd bet my whiskers on a sure thing like that!"

"Then," said T. Beverly, "sick your attorney on to the real-estate agent whose sign is up on that lot, and do it now. I want that lot in our possession within twenty-four hours. Also I want you to see to it that, when the purchase is consummated and the deed recorded, it goes in under some other name than Binks. I want to work secretly right up to the day I fire my first gun."

"Thaddy, my dear boy," said Uncle Zach, "you're a child wonder! It shall be done."

. . . . . .

The deal on the lot was closed next day, and Uncle Zach parted with three hundred thousand dollars. Before the ink was fairly dry on the deed Zachary Binks' attorney had instructed a firm of architects to commence at once to prepare plans for a ten-story building, costing in the neighborhood of seven hundred thousand dollars. Within a month the plans were ready, T. Beverly Binks accepted them—through his attorney—contracts for the building were let and work commenced on the excavation for the basement two weeks later. Simultaneous with these moves came news that Daniel P. Hoggit had established stores in Portland and Seattle. Uncle Zach heard it first and telephoned to his nephew.



"I'll Make the Great Hoggit Stores the Haunt of Rats and Bats and Cockroaches"

"Get me a letter of credit for about a million and a half," ordered T. Beverly laconically. "I'll start east tomorrow night, Unkie, if I can secure a drawing room on the Limited. I've merely been waiting for this information regarding Hoggit before making my final move. We have him now. He simply cannot escape."

Half an hour later Mr. Binks received a telephone message from a private detective agency:

Parsons, the buyer for the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, leaves for New York tomorrow night.

"Thank you," said Mr. Binks, and hung up. "I must make the acquaintance of Mr. Parsons on the train, and induce him to leave the employ of Daniel P. Hoggit. He's a six-thousand-a-year man, worth ten thousand—and knows it. I must secure the services of Mr. Parsons!"

Four days later Daniel P. Hoggit received a wire from his buyer in Chicago, resigning his position. Frantically Daniel P. Hoggit wired him a raise of one thousand dollars a year. Mr. Parsons wired back two words and forever damned himself in the estimation of Daniel P. Hoggit. "Small change!—Parsons" was the only comment of that astute gentleman on the niggardly proposal of his late employer. Daniel P. Hoggit cast about him for another buyer.

T. Beverly Binks was absent in the East for nearly six months. During that time he visited every important city on the Atlantic seaboard. In each city he visited he opened an office, placed a manager in charge under heavy bonds, and instructed him to devote all his time and that of a carefully selected staff of assistants toward the job of gathering all of the pennies in circulation in that particular city and vicinity. It was Mr. Binks' ambition to acquire the sum of one million dollars in pennies. He bought them from banks, from the mint, from the United States Treasury, from penny arcades. He inserted ads in hundreds of newspapers offering one dollar and ten cents for one hundred pennies. Within three months he had his million dollars in pennies, which he had packed in iron chests and shipped to San Francisco by express. This matter accomplished, he wired his uncle for another half million and proceeded to deplete the market of pennies still further. When three more months had passed T. Beverly Binks had accumulated sufficient pennies for his purpose and decided to return to San Francisco.

The first thing Mr. Binks did upon his return was to inspect his new building. It was ready for occupancy.

Then followed busy days and nights. There were consultations with his uncle, with bankers, lawyers, fixture contractors, and so on. During all of these proceedings, where it was at all necessary to deal with those not absolutely in the confidence of Mr. Binks, the attorney was the ostensible principal. It was Mr. Binks himself, however, who cast about for a manager. He wanted the best man in San Francisco, and he had little difficulty in finding him in the employ of Daniel P. Hoggit.

Meantime the vast quantities of goods purchased by Parsons during his visit in the East were now arriving, and as soon as the fixtures were installed the store commenced to fill rapidly. At the end of thirty days the store was ready for the grand opening—and Mr. Binks set the trap prepared for Daniel P. Hoggit.

The first gun fired was a billboard campaign. Just one week before the date set for the opening of the new store the residents of San Francisco awoke to find that overnight the city had been placarded from the Ferry to Ingleside, from Channel Creek to the Presidio, with huge vermilion posters containing nothing more interesting than these mysterious words, in bright green letters a foot high:

HAVE YOU ANY PENNIES?

For three days the public was given an opportunity to gaze upon this query and wonder what it could possibly portend. Then, overnight, the following words were added:

SAVE THEM!

It was the direct command—and, in advertising, the direct command never fails. People began to ask each other what it meant; and by Sunday night every man, woman and child in San Francisco was waiting eagerly for the addition of the final line that would satisfy their curiosity regarding the necessity for saving their pennies. On Monday morning it came. The secret was out—and on every billboard the answer flared:

YOU CAN WIN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WITH THEM. SEE T. B. BINKS COMPANY'S AD IN ALL THE MORNING PAPERS FOR FULL PARTICULARS

. . . . . .

For fully a month there had been a vague feeling of unrest noticeable among the hundreds of employees in the Hoggit store. It is possible that T. Beverly Binks could have explained why this feeling of unrest had made itself apparent at this particular time, though more than once the long hours and starvation wages had almost driven the Hoggit clerks to the point of organizing for shorter hours and more wages; but Daniel P. Hoggit was too shrewd a man not to notice these signs of unrest and he had the situation well in hand at all times. Through the influence of certain employees, nominally the leaders of the disaffected element but secretly receiving larger salaries than their fellows, he had always managed to avert trouble, until the preparations for the opening of another

department store in the immediate neighborhood, and the consequent demand for experienced help, fanned the embers of insurrection into open revolt.

A small, ferretlike person, by name Theophilus Dabney, head of the dress-goods department, fomented the trouble, after many long conversations with the attorney for T. Beverly Binks; and upon a Saturday night—the Binks department store was due to open the following Monday morning—Mr. Theophilus Dabney headed a committee of employees of the store and called upon Daniel P. Hoggit. Their demands were few enough. They merely wanted an eight-hour day and a twenty-per-cent increase in wages. Also they demanded an answer immediately. As Mr. Dabney put it, they wanted an answer "right off the bat!"

The prospect of competition had been working on Daniel P. Hoggit's nerves of late and consequently he was in ill humor. Mr. Theophilus Dabney could not have chosen a more unfortunate occasion to present his ultimatum. Daniel P. Hoggit lost his temper, berated the committee savagely, scorned their demands and advised Mr. Dabney to undertake a speedy visit to his Satanic majesty. The committee bowed humbly and retired without further ado.

However, if Daniel P. Hoggit was furious on Saturday night his rage on Monday morning was dreadful to behold. The blow fell on Mr. Hoggit as he sat chipping the shell from a soft-boiled egg at breakfast. He was called to the telephone by one of his department managers, who informed him that only ten employees had reported that morning for work, and that he had been forced to close the doors temporarily to prevent shoplifting, as there were not sufficient clerks present to watch the crowds of early morning shoppers. Daniel P. Hoggit choked with rage. He had an immense white-goods sale on that very morning—one of his great Monday specials.

"Call that pup, Dabney, to the 'phone!" he ordered.

"Not here."

"Find him!"

"Dabney and the rest of your employees, with the exception of the few who have reported for duty, went to work this morning for that new store that has opened up across the street. He offered them eight hours, with a twenty-per-cent increase over the scale you paid them."

"I'll be right down," replied Hoggit, and returned to his unfinished breakfast. As he hurriedly bolted the remainder of his meal, his daughter looked up from the morning paper with an expression of amazement.

"Well—for goodness' sake! Father dear, look at this big ad in the Clarion! That silly Beverly Binks has opened up a big department store and is offering—Father, Beverly Binks is after you!"

Daniel P. Hoggit choked on a piece of toast and his eyes stuck out until one could almost have knocked them off with a stick.

"Binks!" he croaked. "Binks! That nincompoop!"

He snatched the paper from Helen's hand and read the headlines of a big double-truck ad. There it was, in sixty-four-point type; and through eyes blurred with rage he caught glimpses of such phrases as "T. B. Binks Company," "Grand Opening," "Most Complete Department Store West of Chicago," "Special Bargains," "Cut Rates," "Most Phenomenal Offer Ever Made by Any Store on Earth!" "Save Your Pennies and Win One Hundred Thousand Dollars in Cash!"

At this point the type changed to twelve-point and Daniel P. Hoggit handed the newspaper back to his daughter. "I see the scoundrel advertises a Monday special in white goods—but read the rest of it to me."

He leaned forward attentively, one hand back of his large red ear, while Helen read the most remarkable announcement ever promulgated by any advertising manager since department stores first came into being:

In order to advertise its business and to induce the San Francisco public to trade at its store, the T. B. Binks Company will this day place in a special trust fund in the Traders National Bank, of San Francisco, the sum of

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

as a prize to the winner of a GRAND GUESSING CONTEST, to be held under the following conditions:

At exactly ten o'clock this morning, in the magnificent new department store of the T. B. BINKS COMPANY, two thousand pennies will be placed in a plain, ordinary wooden box. This box will then be placed on top of another box, which will be empty. Fitted into the upper box will be a spigot, which, upon being turned, will permit the passage of pennies into the lower box. This box will be heavily lined with cotton and absolutely soundproof. The spigot will be concealed—only the handle showing.

(Continued on Page 28)

ON MAIN STREET

A SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROLLIN KIRBY



He is All Over the Place, Dropping His R's So Hard They Plunk When They Hit

HISTORY up and says—just dry so, and lets it go at that—that the late Fernando de Soto, while engaged in the hopeless task of trying to collect a large quantity of gold without working for it, finally reached the banks of the Mississippi River, and sickened there, and died, and was buried in its waters. History also says—and will not be gainsaid—that, in his celebrated march to the sea, General Sherman was actuated by a desire to break the backbone of the Confederacy.

The present writer is prepared to disprove these allegations. He is prepared to prove that what De Soto was really looking for was the original Professional Southerner, intending, when he found him, to kill him and stuff him, and take him back to Spain with him for exhibition purposes; and that General Sherman really hurried along so, on that trip of his from Atlanta to Savannah, because he understood the grandpa of all the present generation of Professional Southerners was just ahead of him, and he hoped to capture him and burn him at the stake, or something of the sort, thus killing off the breed.

The mistake both of these distinguished cross-country travelers made was in picking out the wrong territory for their operations—because the Professional Southerner is not to be found in the South. In cases he may have been born there, though this does not necessarily follow, by a long shot; but he is a product of the North, and particularly of New York City. Geographically New York is exactly fitted for the development of the Professional Southerner in his full fruitage—it being bounded on one side by a bluff of some size and on the other by a large sound.

When the writer of these few lines was considerably younger than he is now he was born in a certain small town in the Southwestern portion of the United States; and there was an elderly gentleman of that town who daily expressed in a public way his intense and abiding hatred of all things Northern. He was unreconstructed to an extent where you could say he was practically undone. One gathered from his conversation that, though Robert E. Lee and Albert Sidney Johnston might have chipped in occasionally and helped out a little, the burden of the entire Southern Confederacy had practically rested upon his shoulders. Our section of the state, years before, had produced a very distinguished man, who became prominent as a Union man and a Southern Republican and, after being mentioned as a Presidential possibility, held a secretarial portfolio at Washington, and filled the place with honor. One day when I was a small boy I heard a stranger in our town, a visitor from a Northern state, asking this old gentleman what had become of the former Secretary. The old gentleman snorted angrily.

"I have no information to impart upon that subject, sir," he grunted. "The person you have mentioned turned Black Radical; and the last I heard of him, sir, he had some sort of a job in the Cabinet of your Mr. Grant."

Being at an impressionable age, I was profoundly moved by this remark; and I went and repeated it to another elderly gentleman who had been an officer of high repute in the Southern army. He smiled gently.

Then, innocently enough, I added: "Old Mr. So-and-So must have done a lot in the war, didn't he?"

"My son," was the answer, "he certainly did. He spent the whole four years keeping out of danger!"

Now our town, though located on the border between North and South, had been a little center of red-hot Southern sentiment in the big war. The small county of which it was the county-seat gave to the Confederacy a brigadier general and a colonel—both killed in action—another colonel or so, sundry majors, any number of lesser officers, several companies of infantry, a troop of cavalry and part of a very famous little battery. There was hardly an old-established family but had in it at least one veteran, living or dead. It was taken for granted that nearly every household of importance in the community had been slaveholders before the war and had suffered in nearly every imaginable way for the cause; but, except for a few of the very young and a few of the very old, no one was given to boasting of the part his people had taken in the war between the states.

To have been a Confederate soldier was a political asset, but not a social one. No person who had reached the years of common discretion, and had not yet passed them, ever went about bragging of what his father or his grandfather had done. He would as soon have thought of advertising that he had the customary number of legs or the regulation equipment of teeth. And this old gentleman that I mentioned a bit ago was the only ablebodied grown man in town, as I remember, who made a business, in season and out, of belittling the North and enlarging on his own military record. Even then I realized that he did not fit into the picture. And I know now what he was. He was the first Professional Southerner, and for a good many years—or until I came to New York—the only one I ever saw.

He didn't belong down there in that country, but he would have done amazingly well in New York. For New York, above all places, is the home of those who follow the trade of capitalizing the places of their nativity. There are a few Professional Irishmen in New York, who profess a violent and open hatred of all things English; and a few Professional Englishmen, who profess a contempt for all things American. I have heard that in London one occasionally happens across Professional Americans, who wear small American flags in their buttonholes and sneer at the institutions and traditions of the old country, and otherwise make star-spangled, cross-barred asses of themselves. I have heard, further, that most of these interesting objects of natural history hail from New York.

There are also in New York many Professional Bohemians and Professional Californians—oh, plenty of these!—and

professional men-about-town, who are likewise men-about-broke very often; and a few, a very few, Professional New Englanders. There used to be quite a slue of Professional Westerners, but these are a decayed and a dying race, having mainly been laughed out of existence by real Westerners. But the greatest and the most numerous is the Professional Southerner. He is all over the place, dropping his r's so hard they plunk when they hit.

A few years back it was customary for the Professional Southerner to dress the part. He would never think of venturing forth into company without his low, black, rakish string tie, and his low, black, rakish slouch hat, and his strong Southern accent; and the accent, like the hat and the tie, was often acquired at considerable trouble. The newspaper humorists, however, poked so much fun at him that he was guyed into discarding the trappings; but he kept the accent. As a general proposition, it may be said that the Professional Southerner in New York is a person with the kind of a Southern accent that an actress born in East Rome Center, Vermont, uses when she is playing an ingénue Southern part; and that he opens the conversation with a stranger by telling who his grandfather was and closes it by trying to borrow two dollars. Very frequently he gets the two dollars, too, because the Southern pose is remunerative in New York.



Those Haughty Young Persons are Prone to Confess for Publication That They Belong to Old Southern Families

Ladies on the music-hall stage are much given to modestly billing themselves as the Southern Blossom or the Southern Songbird or the Southern Something-or-other. Those haughty young persons called showgirls, who seem to float languidly across the stage in musical comedies, wearing from nine hundred to nine thousand dollars' worth of clothes apiece, are also prone to confess for publication that they belong to Old Southern Families.

If you read the New York newspapers you may have noticed that all Southern families are old! There are no new Southern families; no middle-aged Southern families. The interesting point about this is that most of the theatrical ladies who advertise themselves as Southern are not Southern.

There are several very capable actors and actresses in America who were born and reared in the South; but they do not find it necessary to advertise it. Their popularity is based on merit, not climate.

Selfmade Southerners from the North

A SHORT time back there was a get-rich-quick gentleman who started one of those attractive stockselling propositions which while they live they live in clover, but when they die they die all over. Amid such a multiplicity of schemes one cannot remember whether this particular person was engaged in exploiting Amalgamated Mexican Salve, or Bull Con Consolidated, or Suckerfish Preferred—or what; but in its main essentials his plan was like all the others. You sent him some money and he sent you some handsomely engraved certificates of shares; and he kept the money and you could keep the certificates or use them to paper the spare bedroom with—just as you preferred; but the advertising he distributed was a work of art. It certainly was mighty lovely literature. On the back cover was a beautiful likeness of the old he-promoter himself, wearing his hair a trifle long and on his face the oily smile of a famished fish-duck apprehending a school of minnows. He called himself Major. Inside was the solemn printed promise that everybody who took stock would make a hundred per cent on the investment, and from this figure he refused to abate one jot or tittle. Also and moreover—so ran the announcement—the Major was a son of the Old South, with all that indescribable charm and warmth of manner which ever marks the true Southerner. Or other words to that effect. I think I quote the prospectus pretty near literally.

Whether it was the jot-and-tittle touch or the True-Southerner stuff, or merely the prospect of being expeditiously harpooned, deponent cannot say; but, anyhow, for quite a spell there was a fine run of the customary catch—roach, dace, gudgeon and goggle-eyed perch. On one of those Monday mornings, however, the post-office authorities swooped down upon the Major with a glad cry and, confiscating him, his coin, his accounts and his hired help, locked them all and severally up in places where the authorities could put their hands on them when needed. By evening the Major had thrown off all of the jots and considerably abated the visible supply of tittles; and by the next morning he didn't have a tittle to his back—but it was every bit true about his being a son of the Old South. I've forgotten whether it was Old South Bend, Indiana, or Old South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. It may have been Old South Church, Boston, or Old South Brooklyn. But, anyway, it was some Old Southern point several hundred miles to the north of Mason and Dixon's Line.

Recently there was a young person of the male sex pirouetting round in and about New York, who would confess, without being unduly pressed, that his family was probably the oldest and the best and most aristocratic family in the whole Eastern Shore country—where the terrapins also come from. He spoke often and lovingly of the old retainers that had been forty years in the family and were still going strong, making frequent mention by name of such as Ike the valet, and dear old Pompey the butler, and Henry the bodyservant.

One happy day, further to impress a couple of friends—who were from Michigan or Massachusetts—he hauled out a photograph of an impressively large Colonial mansion, with a pillared portico, and passed it round, stating casually that it was a picture of the family domicile down in Maryland. One of his audience was duly impressed; but the other one, it would seem, was of a skeptical turn of mind. Maybe he had been South and knew that most of the typical old antebellum Southern mansions were burned down during the war or had fallen down since, and that, to get the best idea of the typical old Southern mansion, one should go up to Connecticut or over on Long Island, where they put them up in rows on fifty-foot lots for retired New York business men to live in. Perhaps, I say, he knew these things. At any rate, he turned over the picture and read on the other side the names of the New York architects who had designed it in the year 1909 for a rich woolen manufacturer.

Once the writer saw a well-dressed, quiet negro walk up to the bar of a small, out-of-the-way café downtown in New York and order something to drink. A youth there present with difficulty restrained himself from rending the negro apart. One might judge from his remarks that he would prefer to destroy this negro with his bare hands or with an ax, and was only dissuaded from so doing by reason of certain finicky laws framed by a benighted Yankee commonwealth. Some of us inquired the reason of his rage; and he told us quite frankly that he was one of those hot-blooded Southerners, like you read about, and that such sights made him desperate and bloodthirsty almost to the point of madness! Later I learned on reliable authority that he was born in Delaware, which is not so very far south if you remember your geography, and was reared in Trenton, New Jersey, which also lacks considerable of being a typical Southern community.

The Touching Loyalty of Bert Williams

STILL another time I overheard another member in good standing of the same lodge remarking in an offhand way that Bert Williams, the negro comedian, had been born and raised on his father's plantation in Georgia. Then he added a really beautifully artistic touch. He said:

"I never meet Williams on the street that he doesn't take off his hat to me and ask how things are back home on the old place."—Appreciative murmurs.

It seemed almost a shame to spoil the effect by telling his listeners the truth about Bert Williams—which is that he is a West Indian negro, who probably never saw a Georgia plantation or any other kind of a plantation until he went South on his first theatrical engagement. So the writer stole away, leaving the speaker giving the others the exact statistics on how many hundred slaves his grandfather owned and how many Yankees his father killed in the war. This sort of thing went fine before a strictly Northern-born audience; but where he came from—admitting that he really came from the South—it wouldn't have done for half a minute! They'd have laughed in his face. The Professional Southerner is like a snowball—the farther he rolls from the place where he started the bigger he grows!



Passed it Round, Stating Casually That it Was a Picture of the Family Domicile Down in Maryland

These are scattered instances, but not uncommon ones. Everywhere you go in New York you strike the Professional Southerner. Sometimes he is selling something; rarely ever does he buy. Sometimes he is living precariously but jauntily on the glories of a splendid but more or less imaginative past. Sometimes he is young and long-haired. Sometimes he is elderly and has an iron-gray mustache and a breath like a hot mince pie—the same

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The Autobiography of a Small Homesteader in Wyoming

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

THERE is a joke going the rounds out here now that somebody asked an Irishman to explain the homestead law; and he said: "I'll tell you all there is to it—the United States Government bets you one hundred and sixty acres against fourteen dollars that you can't live on the land five years and not starve to death!" And it tickles us small homesteaders a lot, for that's just about the size of the situation. It sounds great to you, back East, to hear you can get one hundred and sixty acres of farm land for nothing but living on it five years and paying a small filing fee; and three hundred and twenty acres of desert land besides, if you want it, that "only needs irrigating to produce enormous crops." There are mighty few people, however, but the ones who have tried it out who have any real idea of what it means to take up a homestead—particularly for a young man with no capital and only his labor to fulfill the conditions the Government has laid down, live on his land and prove up on it honestly. I am not speaking of bogus settlers who file for some big company or file only to sell out, or who work all sorts of tricks with false witnesses and get a title. I mean the man who intends to be a bona-fide settler—how does he make a go of it and not starve to death?

The answer is: He doesn't make a go of it generally—he goes broke the third year. And if he does make a go of it he has so little to show for his five years' hard work that he wishes he'd stayed on wages for one of the big companies and saved his money.

What the Government Gives Away

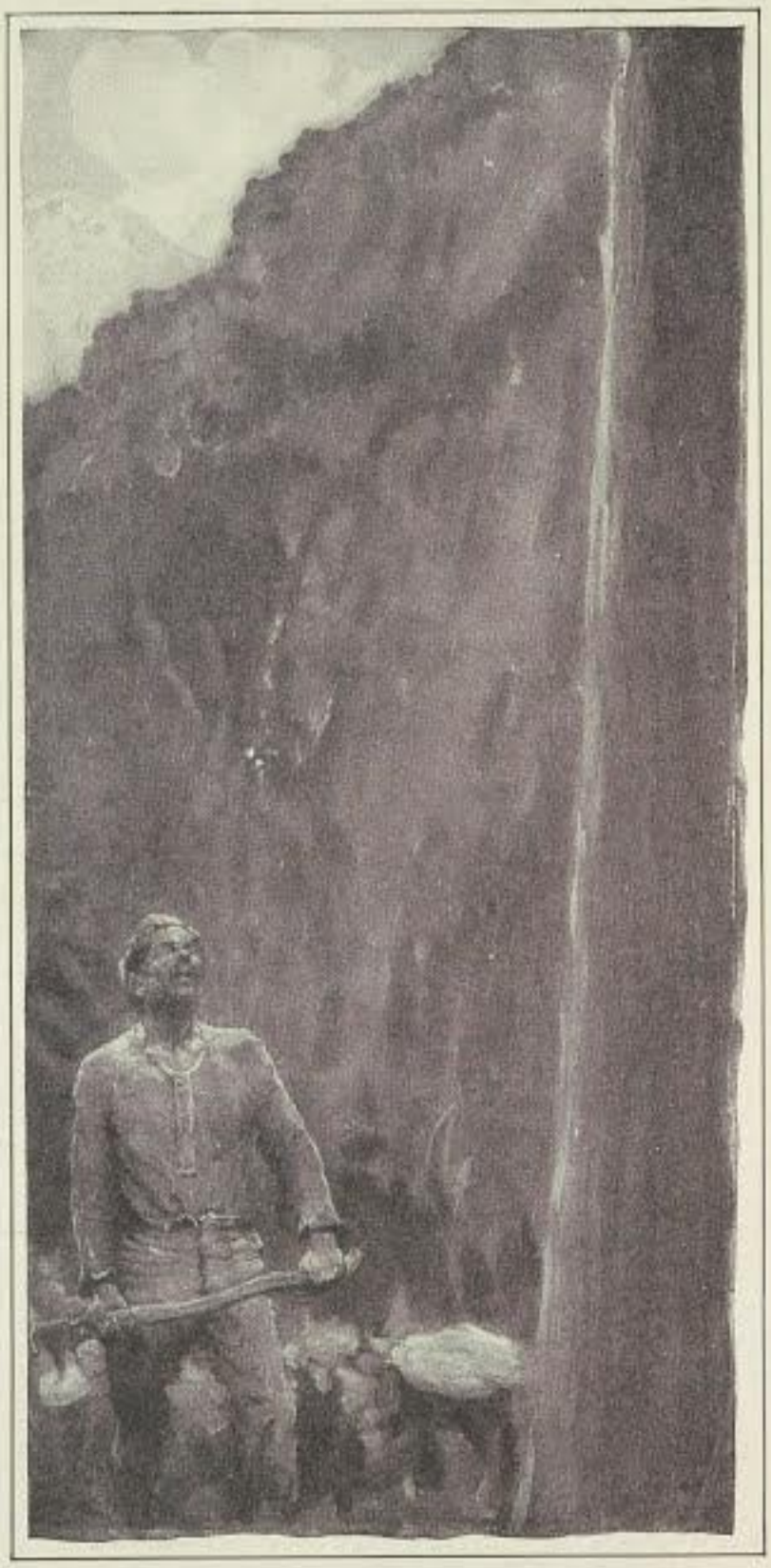
MY PEOPLE were small farmers in the East. I thought I could better myself by coming out West and taking up Government land. I was nineteen and I had a friend in Wyoming—a boy who went to school with me. He wrote very enthusiastic letters and said I could get rich here in a little while in the cattle business. I came to Wyoming first, but I meant to look round over several states—Montana, Idaho, Nevada, Utah—until I found what suited me. I thought all you had to do was to select a nice piece of land and help yourself.

I had very little money when I reached here and went to work for one of the big cattle companies in the plains country. I soon saw several unfenced tracts of land near the railroad that I liked, and decided to file on one. They were all owned by the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Government gave the railroad every other square mile for twenty miles on each side of the track—a checkerboard of land forty miles wide—in return for building the road. The Union Pacific was willing to sell me all it still owned, but I had no money to buy it with.

I went on looking about and asking where there was any land to file on, for there didn't seem to be an acre left within twenty miles of the railroad. I have since found out that there was plenty of land; but people were using it, and they told me it was filed on or already deeded so I wouldn't get it away from them. How was a green Eastern boy to know enough to go to Cheyenne and look up the records in the land office? Instead, I went on looking up land and asking about it until I was discouraged.

Land itself is different here from what it is back East. In the part of Pennsylvania I came from most of the land is good and only needs to be cleared and planted. Out here there are hundreds of miles of desert land without water and covered with stones; hundreds of miles of hills and mountains—the Rocky Mountains that are well-named, indeed, for they are masses of rock, with little or no soil on them. There are miles and miles of hills that raise feed enough to graze cattle, but that cannot be plowed or irrigated. Only the draws—or valleys between the hills—are any good for farming. When the sagebrush and cottonwoods are cleared off and the land put under ditch these strips are very rich and cut large crops of hay.



The Man Who Intends to be a Bona-Fide Settler

The fact that every acre near the railroad was gone was not the worst for me—I found you have to take your land all in one lump, just as it lies on the Government survey lines. You may take it as a square in four forty-acre lots, or as a long strip, or as an L; but the Government won't let you pick out four good forties scattered round over the country and call that a homestead. You must take it just as it comes, good and bad, on one hundred and sixty adjoining acres, or go without. So, when you come right down to it, you may not have more than ten acres of tillable land on your homestead—twenty is a fair average; and you are a lucky fellow if you can get out forty—that is, one quarter of your homestead—after working years to reclaim it, clearing off sagebrush and putting in hundreds of dollars' worth of ditch.

The best ranch at Garrett—which is the best in hundreds of square miles—has only fifty acres that can be plowed; the remaining hundred and ten acres are fit only for grazing. It takes about one acre of this land to support a sheep—ten to feed a cow.

My fine dream of a homestead, free for living on it, came down to this: A small strip of soil, with a stream, and a hundred and forty acres of worthless rock, seventy or eighty miles from a railroad—and even that I didn't seem able to locate.

There was one time I thought I should give it all up and go back East; but the second summer, when I was working on a ranch at Garrett forty-five miles from the railroad, I heard of a good claim seventeen miles farther off and went over to see it. I liked the place and it appeared to be the best I could get; and I decided to file on it as soon as I was of age.

That fall there was a surveyor out our way, and I carried him over and had him locate my lines and bounds. I paid him forty dollars for his work—that was my first cash outlay. The filing fee would be fourteen dollars.

I kept my place at the ranch, saving my wages, which were forty-five dollars a month. By the end of the winter I had calculated to have three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

The first thing I did after I found my homestead was to look for a good team. Out in this country a man without a horse is a lost soul. I had bought a good cow-pony when first I came out, but I had to have a heavy team for hauling logs, plowing and working my homestead. I wanted mares to breed, and I figured that the sooner I got them and started my bunch of horses the better off I should be.

I traded my cow-pony, worth sixty dollars, and fifty dollars in cash for a young, unbroken mare that I broke to harness. On the ranch where I was working they had a good mate to her—a five-year-old broken mare that had had one colt. They wanted two hundred dollars for her and wouldn't take a cent less; but they were willing to do this for me—hold out my wages to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and take my note, payable in six months or a year, for the rest.

I now had one of the best workteams in the country. During the winter I bought a second-hand democrat wagon and double harness that I repaired almost like new, for six dollars and fifty cents. With this outfit I drove to Cheyenne and filed in April, a month after I became of age.

I found that I had about twenty-two acres of rich land that could be cultivated, though there was not so much as a square yard that didn't have to be cleared.

Between the Devil and the Deep Sea

NOW a man in this country gets five dollars an acre, on contract, grubbing sagebrush, which meant that I must put in about a hundred dollars' worth of labor on my homestead before I could cut a crop of hay; and I couldn't cut even a pound of hay the first year because I could not spare the time to clear my land. I learned then—what I've been finding out more and more ever since—that the small homesteader spends his life between the devil and the deep sea. If I took my time to clear my land I could not earn money to put up my cabin and pay for my keep while I did it. I had barely enough when I got back from Cheyenne to pay for my lumber. The law requires you to put up your house inside of six months or forfeit your claim. I didn't want to starve to death waiting for my crop of hay, so I let the clearing go and earned all the money I could through the summer—working out in order to have something to go ahead with.

I got a week off the last of April, borrowed a tent, bought some grub and went up to my homestead and cut and hauled the logs for a fourteen-by-thirty cabin. My window-sashes, doors, nails, hardware, and so on, cost twenty-two dollars; my lumber for the roof, floors and partitions, eighteen dollars. I ordered these things and kept them stored where I was working, and hauled them up when I was ready to build in September.

From May until the middle of September I worked out with my team, wherever I could get haying. I earned three dollars and fifty cents a day—more than I could make at steady wages without the team. I cleared two

hundred and eighty-five dollars that summer. Except twenty-five dollars I still owed on my note for the mare, I was clear of debt when I started to put up my cabin.

I did not feel I could afford to hire an expert carpenter at three dollars a day to help me build, and during the summer I traded the work of myself and team with two of my neighbors, giving them each a week of my services, haying, in exchange for two weeks each of their work, building. I agreed to board them.

This seemed to me a very good and economical arrangement at the time I made it.

We three men lived in a tent while we put up the cabin, and we took turns cooking and cleaning up and shooting sage chickens. This used up a great deal of time—more than a person has any idea of—and the three of us got away with twenty dollars' worth of groceries and a sheep I bought for three dollars and butchered.

The men rated their time at one dollar and fifty cents a day, and their combined work amounted to twenty-four days—thirty-six dollars' worth of labor on the cabin. If I had hired a good carpenter at three dollars a day instead, he and I could have done the whole thing in a week, and it would have cost me only half as much to board him.

Every dollar counts to a man who has nothing but his two hands between him and starvation; and you can't always do things in the cheapest way because you haven't the ready money. Anyway, I was a happy fellow when the cabin was done, though it cost me quite a bit more than I had calculated.

COST OF CABIN ON HOMESTEAD

My time, with team, cutting and hauling logs, 1 week	$18.00
Board for self, 1 week	3.50
Window-sashes, hardware, etc.	22.00
Lumber	18.00
Labor—2 men	36.00
Board for 3 men 2 weeks	23.00
Own time building, at $1.50 a day	18.00
Freight and hauling window-sashes, etc.	4.25
Own time hauling lumber, etc.	6.00
Tools—saws, planes, hammers, etc.	18.40
Ax and shovel	2.50
Lantern	1.00
Log chain	2.50
Post bar	1.50
Incidentals—cartridges, oil, soap, etc.	5.50
Total	$180.15
Labor—not paid in cash	78.00
Cash cost of cabin	$102.15

A hundred and two dollars was more than I had expected to spend, though I must admit it was a very reasonable amount. Cabins generally cost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars, with the labor of the homesteader; and from that up, according to the fixings. I have included the tools with the cost of mine because they were part of what I had to spend—and earn—in order to build at all.

My cabin had only two rooms—a kitchen-living room, with a bedroom partitioned off. I planned to have an L later, but not the first year, as I was thinking of getting some cattle and did not like to spare a dollar. I put a dirt roof on the cabin. Dirt is cheap—though if you do not have tight boards under it your roof leaks mud over everything inside when it rains.

There was lumber enough left over for a bunk, a table, a bench and some shelves. Still, I needed a good deal more than that to make the place comfortable and homelike. The law requires you to have a stove and a bed. While I was making out a list of what I needed—which footed up nearly two hundred dollars—Bill Moore, the man who owned the cows I had been looking at with a view to buying, came over to see what I would do about them. He had sold out his homestead to one of the cattle companies and was going to Oregon. He was holding his seven cows, with calves running by them, at thirty-seven dollars a head, with the calves.

I had a guess coming that he'd take less, as it was late in the season and he was anxious to get away. I offered him two hundred dollars cash for the bunch and handed him the roll. He took me up and drove the cows over next day. Three of the calves were heifers. I should have to wait three years for them to breed and three or four years before I could ship the steers. It did not seem a long time to me—then!

But where was my fine new furniture? It was another case of the devil and the deep sea. If I didn't get a bunch of cattle as soon as possible I'd have no income; and if I missed a chance to buy a bargain I'd lose my profits. I had only forty-one dollars left after this transaction and my housebuilding; but there were a few things I had to have, such as cooking utensils, dishes, bedding, a few chairs and the stove. I hooked up my team, drove in to Laramie—a two-days' trip—bought what I couldn't get on without and came home with just one cent in my pocket! I have kept that cent ever since as my mascot, and it has been all the cash I had in the world many a time since.

A Mascot in a Pocket Penny

MY PLACE seemed very homelike when I got my new furniture in. All the same, I realized I was in a pretty bad hole. I had the cattle, but no hay. During the summer they fed on the range, but it would cost me six dollars a head to winter them.

I had been meaning to spend most of my winter at home, clearing my land and getting it fenced; and the money I paid for the cows would have seen me through nicely; but as I had only a few groceries and a sack of flour—and one cent—I could work on my place, cutting fenceposts, only as long as the flour held out, which was two weeks.

I tried to get work with my team hauling logs, but nobody seemed to need it; and I had to take the only other job that came along—herding sheep up on Cow Creek.

It was a lonely ranch, several miles from the nearest house. The man I worked for had twelve hundred sheep, and his son was helping him—a young fellow my age.

That was a hard range to run sheep on—mostly rock ledges, where the sheep fed; but once they got up we had lots of trouble getting them down. It was climb, climb, climb all day long! At night we put the sheep in a big corral back of the cabin.

We thought they'd be safe there from everything; but pretty soon we began to miss some out of the flock and after looking around we found bear tracks about the corral.

One morning at daylight I heard a commotion among the sheep. I jumped out of bed and ran to the corral. There was a big brown bear standing on his hindlegs, with a sheep in his arms. He looked at me and I looked at him. He climbed over the fence, hugging the sheep in his arms, and made for the woods. I didn't have a rifle or anything with me, and he got away.

We kept the rifles ready for him after that, but when he came again it was in the dead of night and we never had a single shot at him to pay for the sheep he took. This happened in the fall before the bears went to sleep in their winter quarters. After the snow fell we weren't troubled with them, but wolves and coyotes were round in plenty. We tried trapping and poisoning, and got a few coyotes but no wolves—wolves are too sly now. I shot one wolf and seven coyotes that winter. The bounty on the wolf was five dollars and on the coyotes ten dollars and fifty cents. I sold the hides for sixteen dollars. This was quite a help to me and paid the balance on my mare.

I went home every little while to sleep on my homestead and spent every daylight hour grubbing sagebrush or cutting fenceposts. It seemed pretty hard to pay out my wages for wintering my cattle. I thought my homestead ought to keep them.

I did not like herding sheep—very few people do—and I was glad when the job was over. I went home with one hundred and ninety dollars on the first of May. This was my second summer on the homestead and I could not let the fencing and clearing go any longer.

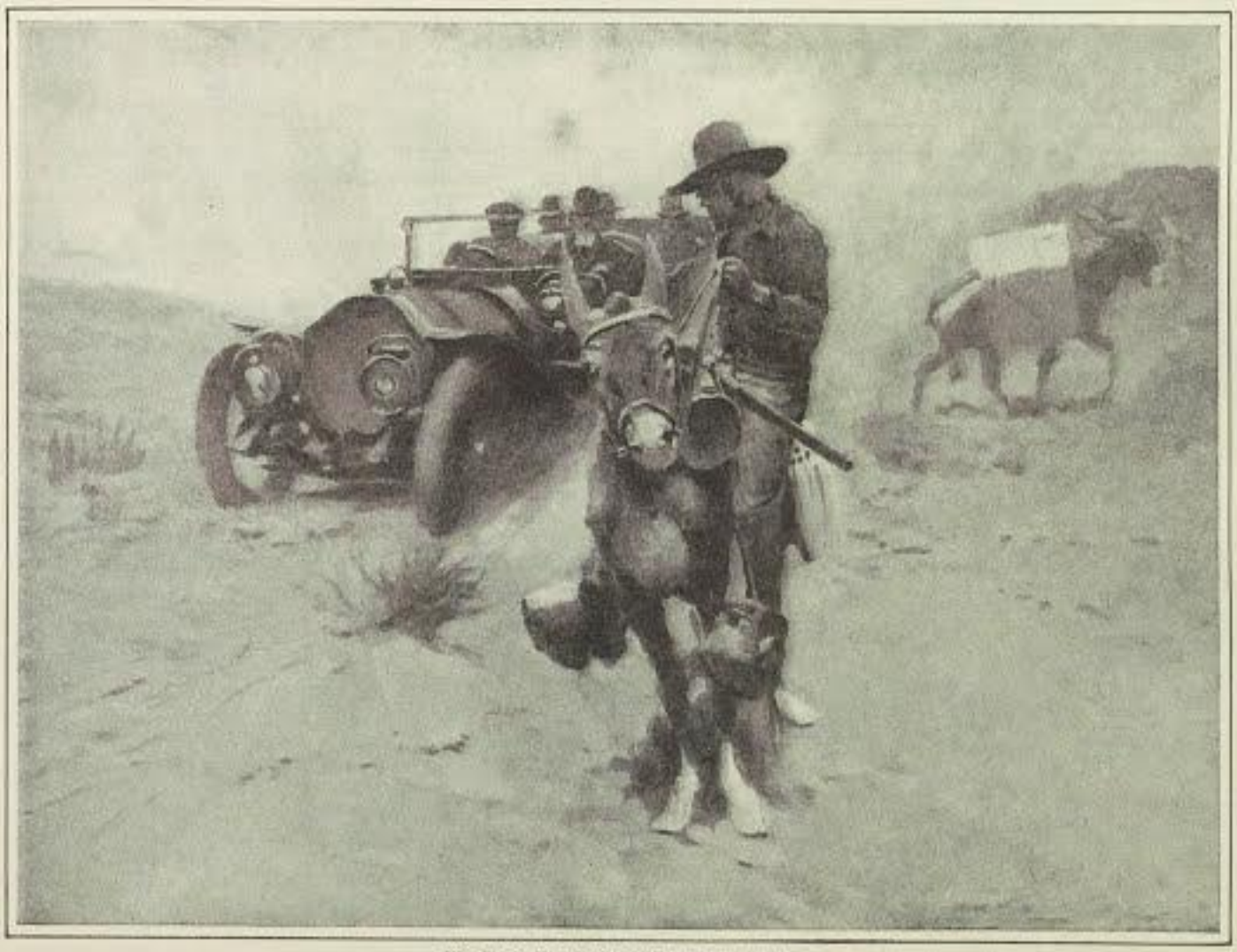
One of my neighbors who helped me with the house was willing to trade work with me again on the same terms—two days of his time to one of mine with the team—up to one month. I was to pay him for whatever more he spent and board him. Together we finished cutting fenceposts and building the fence. My wire and staples cost me one hundred dollars; our board for five weeks amounted to forty dollars. He helped me finish clearing, plowing and seeding five acres of meadow and getting it under ditch. From this I could cut enough hay to winter my cattle.

I paid him nine dollars for his extra week and bought a plow. These expenses and a few incidentals left me with my one cent again.

I had a hay contract of a month in July and August that would about see me through the summer and leave me free to go on clearing my remaining land and getting it seeded, so it would bring me some income; but when I came to study out the rest of my proposition I made a very painful discovery. I found I could not get the head of water to irrigate the upper meadow unless I started nearly a mile upstream and ran the ditch half of the way through solid rock. If I had known this at the time—if I had thought to ask the surveyor, who could have told me—I should never have filed on the homestead at all, for it meant all of five hundred dollars' worth of labor and blasting-powder to get even those few more acres under cultivation. That settled my land-clearing for the present. There was but one thing for me to do—work out all summer at anything I could get and save every dollar!

It is the truth that I was so discouraged at this prospect that I had serious thoughts of renouncing my homestead, selling out and following Bill Moore to Oregon. He had written me that there was no place like it and for me to go in with him on an apple-orchard proposition. I believe I should have done it, too, only I was interested in a young lady, the daughter of the people for whom I had been working; and she did not want to go so far from her father and mother. She said she couldn't see why I couldn't make a go

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We Don't Want Those Things Anyway

The Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VII

MISS LEWIS had heard the crash and came running with the hall nurse from the floor below. Tish was sitting on the floor among the pieces of glass, with Tommy's head on her knee, crying over him, when they got there. He opened his eyes just then and lay staring up at the hole in the skylight above as if he was puzzled. Then he turned his head and saw who was holding him, and made an effort to sit up.

"You—needn't look so tragic, Aunt Tish," he said. "I'm—I'm all right."

Then he fell back on her lap again.

Miss Lewis got down and began to feel him for broken bones.

"Skull's whole, thank goodness!" she muttered. "Can you move your legs, doctor?"

Tommy lifted them in turn, making grimaces of pain. Then he lifted his right arm. It fell as if he couldn't support its weight.

"I've bruised my shoulder," he said, and lay back with his eyes closed.

"Get his coat off," ordered Miss Lewis, and I knelt to help her; but Tommy resisted.

"I'm all right," he said crossly. "I'll look after it later myself."

"Tommy!" said Tish. "Let them take your coat off."

"I won't have it off!" he insisted; and when she persisted he was almost vicious.

Miss Lewis sat back on her heels and shook her head at me.

"He's a little dazed," she said. "How in the world did it happen?"

"I was walking on the roof," said Tommy, more agreeably, "and I stepped on the skylight by mistake. It was dark underneath. It was a darn-fool thing to do!"

The hall nurse and Miss Lewis exchanged glances, and the hall nurse looked at me and smiled.

"He is still dazed," she said, smiling. "How could he step on the skylight? It has a four-foot fence round it!"

We waited for him to explain further, but he let it go at that, and lay for a little while with his mouth shut hard and a queer, thoughtful look on his face. He roused pretty soon, however, and grunted as if his shoulder pained him. Then he made Tish get up, and after a minute or so he sat up himself. He sat there gazing at the skylight, and a few drops of rain came down through the opening. Tish and I shivered. We were only partly dressed.

Tommy saw it and was on his feet at once, pretty much himself.

"Now don't let's have any fuss about this, please," he said, addressing us all. "I forgot the skylight—that's all. I'm not hurt, Aunt Tish, and you and Miss Lizzie must go to bed this instant."

"What are *you* going to do?" Tish demanded sharply. "Going up on the roof again?"

"I'll be down pretty soon," he evaded. "Jacobs and I will just straighten out this mess a bit."

I caught a look of intelligence between the two of them and Jacobs spoke up:

"If the doctor'll lend a hand ——"

"Tommy," Tish said suddenly. "The shoulder of your coat is soaked with blood!"

Tommy put his hand up and felt it.

"I've got a scratch somewhere up there," he said coolly. "It isn't going to be touched until two ladies in negligee and curl-papers are safe in bed, with hot-water bottles at their feet. Miss Lewis, Miss Carberry is using her knee again!"

"I'd use a switch if I had one," said Tish almost with tears in her eyes. But Tommy has the same will that she has herself; and we were downstairs between blankets—I on the couch in Tish's room and Tish in bed, with our feet against hot-water bottles, and drinking cups of hot milk—almost before we knew it.

But Tommy and the watchman did not clean up the broken glass in the upper hall. Whatever they did, that glass was still there the next morning, and none of us disturbed the general belief that it had been broken by the hailstorm that came just before dawn.

I was so hoarse the next morning that I could hardly speak, and Tish kept me on her couch. Her knee was stiff again too. Including Aggie, though she had slept through the skylight incident, we were pretty well used up; but Tish would not let us go home. It was just as well. She could hardly have faced the events of the next two days without us.

Aggie had her breakfast in bed, but Tish and I had Briggs, the orderly who carried in our trays, set out a table for us, and we were really very snug. Tish was as cross as two sticks until she'd had her tea, when she grew more companionable.

"I want to ask you something, Lizzie," she said as she poured her second cup. "How, when we saw Tommy go into the mortuary as plain as day, could he fall down from the roof?"

"Well," I said, buttering my toast, "you know about the what-you-call-'ems in India. They send up a rope into the sky and then a boy up the rope, and after he has disappeared they give the rope a jerk and he falls—apparently from nowhere. It's some sort of optical illusion."

"Don't be a fool!" Tish observed sharply. "I've been thinking it over in bed. There must be a fire-escape there somewhere."

"Oh!" I hadn't thought of a fire-escape.

"Now then," said Tish, "suppose there *is* a fire-escape and the Blake girl went up by it to the roof and Tommy followed her—which is what happened, Lizzie. I'm nobody's fool. I've got eyes in my head. If that young woman had jumped off the windowsill Tommy Andrews would have jumped too. Now then, *why* did the Blake girl go to the roof?"

"Maybe she wanted air," I suggested. Tish waved her napkin at me.

"Air!" she snapped. "When you want air do you generally climb a fire-escape to a roof, when there's a staircase up to it, and entice young men to fall down through skylights and break their shoulders? Lizzie"—she leaned over—"Lizzie, that young vixen pushed him through that skylight and I can prove it!"

"No!"

"Yes!" She got up and, going to the cupboard, lifted down her best hat.

"Look here!" she said, and took from its crown a brass candlestick, the base bent almost double. "I was sitting on that while I held Tommy's head last night. It came down with the skylight," she said. "That's the candlestick the Blake girl was carrying. What do you make of it?"

I was speechless. Tish unlocked the lower bureau drawer and put the candlestick in it, beside the roller-towel marked S. P. T. and something else, which I learned later was the bandage Linda Smith had found in the upper hall and identified as the one that had tied Johnson's hands.

"Now," she said, locking the drawer again, "I'm going to have a little chat with Miss Blake. It's my belief she let old Johnson die from neglect or gave him poison by mistake. And now he's haunting her—or she's haunting him, which is what it looks like."

We had no chat with Miss Blake that day, however. The day nurse, taking her a tray of breakfast, found her delirious in bed with a raging fever. Miss Lewis went over to see her.

"She's been preparing for this for some time," she said when she came back. "She was queer yesterday—you remember, Miss Lizzie—and last night she did a funny thing. She got the night nurse to give her a bottle of morphine—enough to kill a horse. And I found it under her pillow this morning, almost half of it gone!"

"Great Heavens!" Tish said. "Why, the girl's a potential murderess!"

Miss Lewis turned, with a pillow in her arms. "Not a bit of it!" she said. "There's something queer about this place lately—and I don't care who hears me say it. But folks will have to make insinuations against Ruth Blake over my dead body." She glared at Tish and Tish at her.

"I have reasons to doubt that Miss Blake is all you think her," said Tish stiffly; but Miss Lewis came and stood over her unpleasantly.

"I'm not for making any trouble, Miss Carberry," she said; "but this house was calm enough until two days ago,



"It Came Down With the Skylight. What Do You Make of It?"



"No, Ma'am; if You Think I Did That You Think I'm a Braver Man Than I Am!"

and Ruth Blake has been here six months; and, what's more, I notice one thing: The most of the excitement has been round where you are. Maybe you're a psychic, as they call it, and don't know it. Maybe it's—something else; but it wasn't Miss Blake who first saw Johnson hanging by his neck, and it wasn't Miss Blake the skylight all but fell on, and it wasn't Miss Blake's nephew that fell through the skylight, and it wasn't in the room of Miss Blake's best friend next door that a death-cold foot ——"

Tish put her fingers in her ears and fled to Aggie. Nevertheless, Miss Lewis had set me to thinking.

VIII

AGGIE'S hay fever was bad that morning and she stayed in bed. Tish and I went in and sat with her after breakfast, and she was very disagreeable.

"I shall certaidly tell Tobby whad I thig of hib!" she grumbled. "I told hib I could not hold that therbobeter. That is what gave be that dreab—if it was a dreab!"

"Certainly it was a dream," said Tish.

"I'b not so sure!" Aggie retorted.

Well, relieved of the hay fever, Aggie's story was something like this: She had been asleep and was dreaming she had turned into a thermometer herself; and as she got hotter, having too many blankets on, she said she felt herself expanding until her head touched something that she thought was the head of the bed. She said, in her dream, she kept on expanding; and she was just saying to Tommy Andrews, in a fury, that if it grew any hotter she'd burst, when something gave way at the head of the bed with a sort of tearing sound—and she wakened. She said it was a full minute before she was certain she wasn't a thermometer and hadn't expanded right up through the top. Then she reached up to turn over her pillow—and just beside her was a dead foot! She had thought she was still dreaming and had actually caught hold of it; but it disappeared under her fingers—dissolved, as you might say—and there was no body. Aggie was positive about that. It was then she sat up and screamed.

Well, we kept the knowledge of what had happened to Tommy from her and left her sitting up in bed using a nasal spray. Tish was wonderfully better after breakfast and we walked up and down the corridor, she without the cane and with hardly a limp.

It was Tish who suggested that we go into the nurses' dormitory and ask how Miss Blake was; and after we had located Miss Lewis, gossiping with the day nurse in a corner, we slipped in. Patients are forbidden in the dormitory.

The door to Miss Blake's room was closed, but somebody was inside, talking. Tish and I waited outside, and we could hardly help hearing what was said. It was a woman's voice—familiar enough, but I couldn't place it.

"You must stay in bed, Ruth," she was pleading. "Oh, my dear, how can I forgive myself!"

"Let me up!" Ruth Blake's voice, insistent and querulous. "They are hanging him up by the neck ——" Her voice died away in a groan.

The other woman broke into frightened sobbing and Tish put her hand on the knob; but I held her back.

"I have killed her!" said the voice. "Always thinking of myself! Ruth! Listen to me!"

"Through the skylight!" babbled Ruth. "I say he's dead!"

"Ruth!" begged the voice, and there was more sobbing, growing gradually quieter. Then silence, as if the sick girl had dropped asleep.

Tish and I slipped away and back through the connecting door to our room. Once there, by common mute consent we left the door into the corridor open and took up such positions as enabled us to watch the people who passed along the hall. Ten minutes brought nobody. Then we heard the door open and brisk steps coming along the hall.

"Well?" said Miss Linda Smith in her cheerful way. "Well, how's the knee this morning?"

"Better," Tish replied genially.

"That's fine," said Miss Smith and hurried along, humming a bit of a song. Tish and I looked at each other. In spite of the cheerfulness, of the eyes bathed in cold water and face carefully powdered, it was Miss Smith's voice we had heard in the Blake girl's room.

When we got to talking it over, however, we couldn't see that what we had heard had really any importance. Miss Smith had left the girl alone in the mortuary and was reproaching herself for having done it—that was all. But, as Tish said, what did she mean by saying she was always thinking of herself? It was hardly, as Tish pointed out, an act of supreme selfishness to go down and get an armful of sheets to cover a corpse!

Tommy came in at eleven o'clock, freshly shaved and linened, and apparently as well as ever. He had been over to see Miss Blake first, but found her sleeping, which he considered a good sign. I noticed that he kept his right hand in his pocket and did not use the arm at all. He said the shoulder was stiff, naturally, and that he must have been sleep-walking himself to get over that fence and through the skylight the way he had.

"Sleep-walking!" said Tish sharply. "Do you think that girl was sleep-walking?"

"I certainly do," said Tommy.

"Then you're a fool," said Tish. "If she was sleep-walking, so was the burglar who took my disciple spoons last fall. Sleep-walking!"

"I wish you ——"

"You're wishing me bad luck if you feel the way you look!" said Tish shrewdly. "Now, Tommy, I'm going to get to the bottom of all this—and so are you. It will take twice the amount of effort separated as united. Don't try any evasions with me—half a truth is worse than a good lie. Now—out with it. What happened on the roof?"

"I wish I knew!" said Tommy, and looked at us gravely. "You saw what there was to see upstairs. I happened to see Miss Blake going up the stairs with the candle, and I noticed something strange in her expression. I followed her and you followed me. She went into each room and then to the mortuary. That's proof, isn't it, that she was sleep-walking? I've worried over it all night and I'm sure of it. Anyhow, why would she take a candle, when there is electric light everywhere? I tell you, the shock of the night before was on the girl's mind while she slept."

Tish had got out her sheet of letter paper.

"Well?" she said, putting something down.

"I saw her go into the mortuary and I heard her talking. I couldn't make out what she said. Then there was a crash and I ran. When I got there one of the stained glass windows was wide open and she was climbing up the fire-escape outside. The candle had gone out. Aunt Tish, that fire-escape up there is five high stories from the ground. Awake, she couldn't have done it."

"Humph!" said Tish. "It isn't hard at night, when you can't see how far it is to the ground." Then, seeing that Tommy was looking sulky, she added: "Still, you may be right."

"Up to that point," said Tommy, "I'm perfectly clear. I was out on the escape by the time she got to the roof, and I lost her there. I saw her again, however, when I climbed on to the roof and went toward her. I've heard a lot about the danger of waking sleep-walkers suddenly, and I spoke to her quietly. I said: 'Miss Blake!'"

"Well," he continued, "that's about all I remember. Or, no; it isn't. The girl was asleep and not responsible. She turned like a flash when I spoke and cried out; and—I think she threw the brass candlestick at me! Then, I seemed to be falling forward—and when I knew anything again I was in the hall below."

"Having fainted over a four-foot fence!" Tish observed sharply. "Tommy, that won't do."

"I give you my word, Aunt Tish," he said, "I haven't any idea how I got over that fence and through that skylight."

"I have!" Tish said, and put away her notepaper. We both stared at her and Tommy even smiled.

"Exactly," he said. "I've thought of that; but how do you account for the fact that not a patient left his ward or private room last night—that every servant and nurse was in his proper place? Jacobs and I took pains to find that out. And that I've got as pretty a bite in my right shoulder as you would care to see!"

"Bite!" Tish exclaimed, and reached for the paper.

"Bite!" I repeated. "Then it must be an animal ——"

"Who knows?" Tommy said quietly. "Jacobs and I got it cauterized. I don't want the internes to get hold of that part of the story—they're apt to talk to the nurses. I hardly know what to do next. Since Mr. Harrison had the trouble last night with the medical men he is too busy holding down his job to have much time for anything else. If there's to be anything done I think it's up to me."

"It's up to *us!*" said Tish firmly.

IX

AFTER all, it was my suggestion that we bring in Briggs, the orderly, and ask him about the night Johnson's body was moved. Tish acknowledges this; and if she does not realize how much poor Briggs helped us in unraveling the mystery I am not the one to remind her. Briggs was on night duty and went to bed after carrying the breakfast trays on our floor.

Tish, however, having approved of my idea, had appropriated it as her own—which is a way most self-willed people have; and she insisted that Tommy send for him.

Briggs came about twelve o'clock, looking rather surly and presenting a general appearance of having his coat and trousers on over his nightshirt.

"Come in, Briggs," said Tommy when he knocked. "Sorry to wake you, old man."

"I wasn't sleeping," he replied sourly. "The noise in the place is enough to waken the dead."

"Perhaps," said Tish—"perhaps that's what ailed Johnson!"

Briggs turned quickly and looked at her. He was a tall man with a heavy black mustache and powerful, stooped shoulders. He had one drooping eyelid that gave him an unpleasant appearance. Whether it was consciousness of this, or shiftiness, which was Tish's theory, he never looked directly at one. As Tish said, his gaze seemed to stop at your collar; but if you averted your eyes you were sure to have the feeling that he'd darted a stealthy glance at you and got away with it before you could catch him.

"No," he said, after a moment; "nothing will waken Johnson but the trumpet on the last day."

"Do you know, Briggs," Tish said coolly, "I have my own little theory about that night. You don't like Miss Smith; and you and Marshall prepared a little surprise for her. Shame on you, Briggs!"

He positively looked straight at her. It was so surprising that it presented him in a new light, with a sort of aureole of outraged virtue.

"No, ma'am!" he said. "You're right, I don't get along with Miss Smith; but as for playing a trick of that sort ——!" He took his handkerchief out and wiped his forehead. "I wouldn't have done it on anybody," he said; "and as for Johnson"—he glanced at Tommy, half ashamed—"I tell you, the things I've seen about that man's bed would make me respect him, dead or living—raps on the footboard, and his bedside stand with two legs in the air and beating time like a drum. No, *ma'ams;* if you think I did that you think I'm a braver man than I am!"

"Humph!" said Tish, and put down "raps and bedside stand—Johnson."

"Suppose," Tommy suggested, "you tell us exactly what happened the night Johnson died."



We Kept the Knowledge of What Had Happened to Tommy From Her

"He died at ten minutes after twelve on Tuesday night, sir. I was staying by a delirious patient in the next ward, doctor. Miss Durand, the night nurse, was busy and asked me to watch him. It wasn't until an hour after he died that I was notified to take Johnson's body to the mortuary. I called Marshall from the floor below and we took the body up on the elevator. Jacobs runs the elevator after midnight, it being not used except for emergency—night operations, ambulance cases coming in, or a death.

"We put the body on the receiving table and Marshall uncovered his face. Maybe we were both nervous, having talked many a time during his sickness with the old man, and him saying he'd come back and bring us some sign from the spirit world after he'd passed over. Anyhow, Marshall uncovered his face and looked at him, and he said: 'Johnson, now's your time to make good. Here you are and here we are. Come over with the sign!'"

Briggs looked at Tommy, and Tommy nodded for him to continue.

"Sign," wrote Tish on her memorandum. "Then what happened, Briggs?"

Neither of us would have been a bit surprised if he had said the dead man moved a foot or that unseen hands pulled the pipe-molding loose and bent it down before their very eyes; but Briggs shook his head.

"Nothing—then," he said; "but when I heard about what happened later I had a talk with Marshall. I don't believe in fooling with things you don't know anything about."

"Briggs," Tommy said suddenly, "you say the body lay in the ward almost an hour before removal. Why was that?"

"Because," Briggs replied significantly, "there was no nurse in that ward when he died or for nearly an hour after. The ward was in charge of a convalescent typhoid named Bates."

"Why was that?" Tommy demanded. But Briggs only shrugged his shoulders with his good eye fixed about four inches below Tommy's chin. When he got no answer——

"Bring Bates here!" Tommy said sharply; and during the interval, until the two men appeared, he walked somberly up and down, his face thoughtful.

Bates was hardly prepossessing. He shuffled in in a pair of carpet slippers much too large, a pair of faded trousers and a garment that was evidently his nightshirt with the tail tucked in. But Bates was shrewd if unshaven, as we found out.

"Bates," said Tommy, "you are a patient in K ward?"

"Yes, sir."

"You helped to look after Johnson—the man who died night before last?"

"Sometimes—when the nurses were busy."

"Have you heard anything about—what happened after his death?" Bates smiled.

"There's been a good bit of talk going round, sir," he said. "He'd got the ward worked up some—talking about coming back after he'd cashed in. One of the men claims to have seen him looking in the window near his bed last night, and there's a story about his corpse being found hanging—but that's quite too ridiculous, sir."

"It's true, Bates."

Bates' jaw dropped. "Oh, no, sir! Surely not!" he said, and changed color.

"Now, Bates," Tommy said, "we are men of sense—you and I. We know Johnson didn't do it himself, don't we?"

"Yes, sir." He was not so convinced as he might have been.

"Then it was done for him."

"Yes, sir."

"Presumably by somebody in the house."

"Yes, sir."

"Bates, was any one missing from your ward, during either last night or the night before, that you know of?"

Bates thought. "No, sir," he said. "I don't sleep much—that's my trouble, insomnia; I can hear a kitten stir in my ward—not, of course, that we're liable to kittens, sir. Night before last I was up and dressed all night, wandering round; and last night I sat up with that railroad case. The boy was out of his head."

"Then, either night, no patient could have stolen out from K ward into the house and been absent for any length of time without your knowing it?"

"It's hardly possible," Bates said. "Mr. Briggs or I would know for sure, sir."

"Do you help in the other wards on the men's floor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are there any delirious patients?"

"None able to stand or walk about."

"I see," Tommy said thoughtfully. "And now, Bates, is it correct that Miss Durand, the night nurse, left her ward for fifty minutes, knowing that Johnson was dying?"

"Fifty-five minutes, sir." Bates' shrewd eyes said more than his words.

"It was, possibly, for night supper?"

"That's at two o'clock." Bates knew a good bit about the hospital and enjoyed showing his knowledge.

"You have no idea why she left?"

"Yes, sir. Miss Smith came to the door, and they went away together. Miss Smith looked upset and nervous—as if she'd been crying—if you will excuse my saying so, sir."

"Did you notice in which direction they went?"

"They went down stairs. When they came back Miss Smith was looking more cheerful and she had a bundle in her hand."

"What sort of a bundle?"

"Darkish. It might have been clothing. Miss Durand was frightened when she found Johnson had died and she asked me not to say she had been away."

"Thanks, Bates. You'd better go back now," said Tommy. "And, Bates, if you hear or see anything that strikes you as curious, let me know, will you?"

Bates promised and flapped out, with Briggs behind him. Tommy called Briggs back.

"Briggs," he said, "I have asked the superintendent to let me put on a few guards tonight. This thing has gone beyond a joke. Mr. Harrison will give us the scrubbers, Frank from the elevator and two assistants from the laundry. The internes have volunteered also—that makes eleven—with you and myself, thirteen."

"Thirteen!" said Briggs. "Would you mind making it fourteen, doctor?"

Tommy looked surprised.

"Briggs!" he said. "Surely you ——" Then he took a good look at Briggs' pasty face and nodded. "All right," he said. "We can have Hicks, from the ambulance. And just a word," he said as Briggs made for the door. "We are not talking, Briggs. Most of these men are watching for a thief. Do you understand? And I'd be glad to have your help in placing them where they'll do the most good."



Bates Was Hardly Prepossessing



The Day Nurse Found Her Delirious in Bed With a Raging Fever

x

MISS LEWIS came in a few minutes after Briggs had gone and, closing the door behind her, looked at Tommy.

"Miss Blake is conscious," she said. "Temperature only ninety-nine; pulse a hundred and forty."

"Good!" Tommy said heartily. It was evident to us all how relieved he was. "But I don't like the pulse." He was brushing his hair back with Tish's brush. "She's had some terrific shock."

"Yes, sir," said Miss Lewis over her shoulder.

Tommy leaned over and kissed Tish's cheek. He was delighted at the mere prospect of seeing the Little Nurse, and showed it. "Now try to be good until I come back—both of you," he said. "All right, Miss Lewis, we'll have a look at our patient in the dormitory."

Miss Lewis looked flushed and uncomfortable.

"I'm sorry, doctor," she said. "Miss—Miss Blake doesn't—she has asked for Doctor Willson instead."

"What!" said Tommy, and turned a dark red.

"She's asked for Doctor Willson," repeated Miss Lewis. "There's no mistake. I've been coaxing her for ten minutes."

"She's still delirious," Tish snapped. "And it is not necessary to coax people to retain my nephew's professional services, Miss Lewis."

"Why, that's all right," Tommy said with affected cheerfulness. "Willson's a fine chap—she couldn't do better."

"Fiddle!" Tish was angry. "Who is Willson anyhow?"

"Big fellow; dark eyes—very distinguished-looking man," said Tommy humbly. Tommy is handsome, if being straight and slim and young counts for anything; but I dare say one could hardly call him distinguished. Tish and I differ about this. "Good gracious, Aunt Tish, the girl ought to have the privilege of selecting her own doctor!"

"Humph!"

"Suppose you go back to the dormitory, Miss Lewis," Tommy said, "and say to Miss—Miss Blake that she's made a wise choice and I'll send Willson to her as soon as he comes in. And ask her if she will let me see her for a moment—not professionally."

Miss Lewis looked doubtful, but she went. When she came back in five minutes she was evidently irritated, and her cap was more than ever on one ear.

"She's sitting on the side of the bed, half dressed," she grumbled, "and she says she won't see anybody."

"Then she doesn't want Willson?" asked Tommy, looking relieved.

"No. Says she's all right; and if people don't stop bothering her she is going out somewhere in the country where they have a dog and kittens! That's what she said! Not cat and kittens ——"

"Sensible girl," said Tommy, happy again. "She—hasn't changed her mind about seeing me?"

"No; nor about locking the door. And what's more"—she stopped and glanced at Tommy—"I'd like to speak to you a moment in the hall, doctor."

"What sort of shilly-shallying is that?" demanded Tish. "Can't you speak to him here?"

"I can *not*," said Miss Lewis, glaring back at Tish, and with her thumbs inside her apron belt. "It isn't considered shilly-shallying in this hospital for a nurse to make a report to a doctor; and if you'll read the rules on that door ——"

"I'll speak to you in the hall," said Tommy. "Miss Lewis is right, Aunt Tish. If it's in line with what we've been discussing, I'll tell you."

Tish isn't a woman to take chances. Afterward she justified her looking through the keyhole on the plea that she was making a scientific theory to fit the case, and if it were not for keyholes many a murderer would have gone unhanged to his grave. At the time, however, I was rather horrified.

She had plenty of time to tell me what she saw, as it happened, for Tommy did not come back until late in the afternoon, after the guinea-pig incident.

(Continued on Page 61)

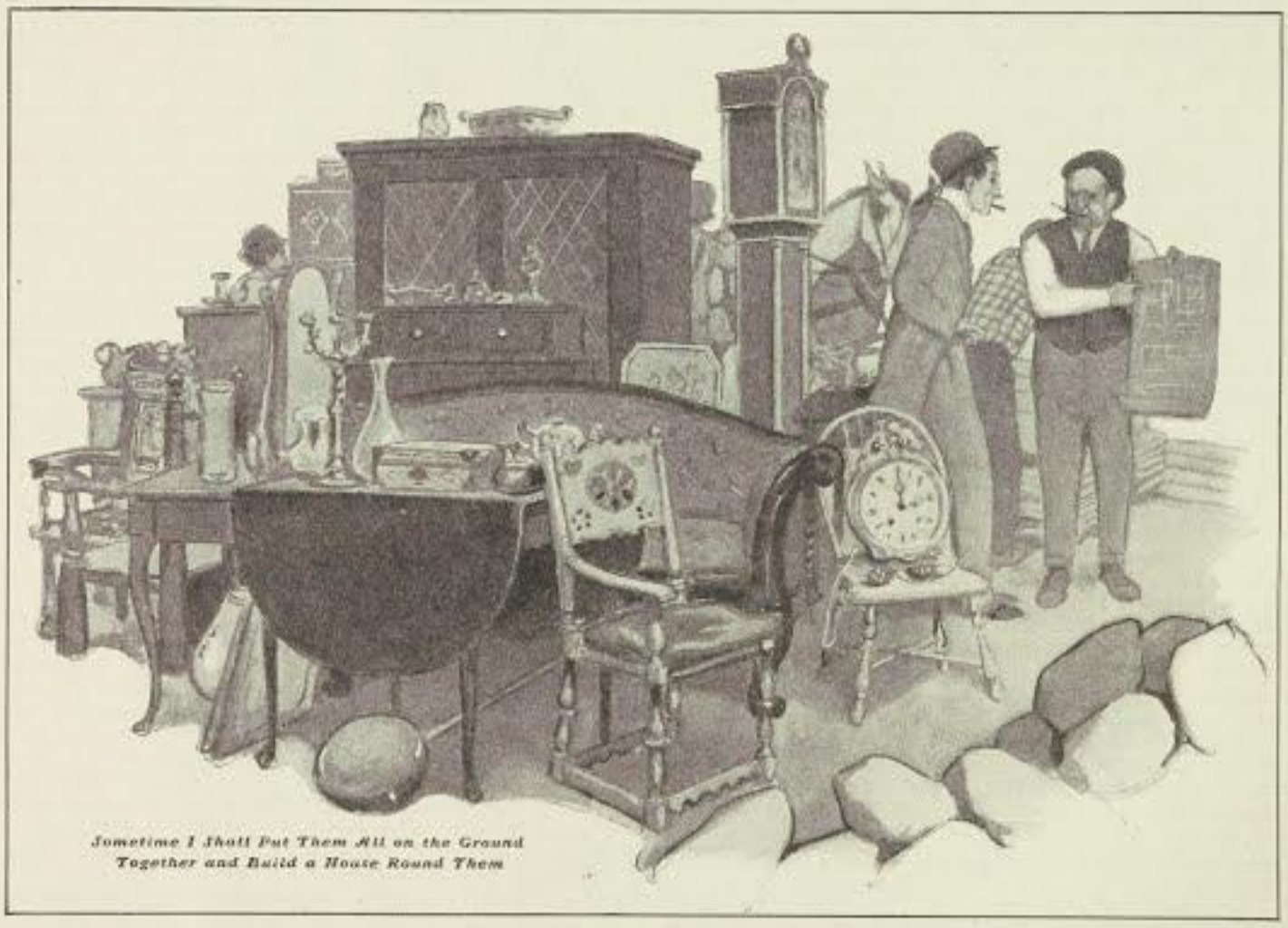
ADVENTURES IN ANTIQUING

Studies in Total Depravity—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

VERY much can be learned about antique furniture in the many books which have been written on the subject. Much also can be learned about horseracing by studying the form books. The best way for you, as a sportsman, either in antiquing or horseracing, is to get your own money down, or—in sporting parlance—to get in and get your feet wet. The literature of old furniture, old china, old silver, old pewter and the like is large and fascinating; but it is discouraging to see appended to the photograph of some handsome old piece the comment: "Owned by the author. Price paid, two dollars and thirty-nine cents." There are, of course, no very great opportunities today to get collectors' pieces at two dollars and thirty-nine cents, and envy and hatred are not good for the human soul. The successful antiquer must dree his own weird.

A study of the types of antique furniture is very useful, and a study of actual pieces in collections or in the houses of your friends is far more useful. When once you get the "feel" of old mahogany it will become more and more difficult to deceive you in it. An expert cannot tell you how he distinguishes ivory from bone, or a diamond from glass, or a real ruby from a manufactured ruby; yet he will make few mistakes. The market is full of fakes and of reproductions, of course, but it requires no very great skill to avoid these if you want to avoid them. Beautiful furniture, made today on the old lines, can be bought. It is the worst of folly to buy anything simply because it is old. If you seek out good material, good lines and good workmanship, and if you can secure these in an old piece at a price less than you can get a reproduction made today, the argument in most minds is in favor of the antique and not the modern product. The old makers had better wood and more time than we have today. They furnished the best models.



Sometime I Shall Put Them All on the Ground Together and Build a House Round Them

Sometimes, on rare occasions, the eager collector even today will find a desirable piece which has not been picked up by a dealer. This, however, rarely happens, for the country has been combed out thoroughly by dealers these many years. If you take into account your traveling expenses you will find it cheaper to collect your assortment of antiques from dealers than to collect them yourself directly. The dealers are now going into reproductions and into importations very largely. There remain, however, a few good stocks of genuine old pieces, mostly of American Colonial make. Nearly all of this furniture has been picked up in a very dilapidated condition.

Most dealers are finishers and repairers also, and the cost of an antique piece of furniture today is perhaps a third for the purchase price and two-thirds for repairs. A perfect piece in need of no repair and over a hundred years of age is something you are not apt to see. Chairs are especially fragile. Sofas come down in fairly good condition; bureaus not so good. Sideboards are apt to show wear. Bureaus and highboys will be apt to retain their old lines and the feel of the old material, but the drawers and backs and corners show wear.

Perhaps within twenty-five years the black-walnut furniture of the horrible era beginning some forty to sixty years ago will acquire value, for the wood is very scarce. For a long time the beautifully carved rosewood pieces which antedated the black walnut—sofas, chairs, and so on, of the Louis XIV and XV styles—were not sought for by antique dealers. They are now beginning to come into notice and can still be bought for much less than they can be reproduced today.

Earlier than this rosewood furniture comes what we usually, although loosely, call the "Colonial period"; and it is the furniture of that type, made in either this country or the old country, which offers keen appeal to the average student in mahogany. The type of this furniture we are accustomed to call English. It was really Georgian; and the Georgian ideas really came from Italy, brought from that land of classics to the British Isles by Sir Christopher Wren. In architecture, and in sideboards and other pieces, also of that time, you will see the trace of Rome and of Greece, original homes of beauty. The Victorian mahogany and silver do not compare with the Georgian.

What can you get today in these old things? Certainly you cannot get genuine Chippendale or Heppelwhite chairs—they were broken or collected long ago. Sometimes you can pick up very old chairs made later than the time of Chippendale or Heppelwhite by American makers on their lines—very beautiful and worth having. Most of the old-furniture books sneer at the idea of collecting the old American-made fiddle-backed, spindle-backed or ladder-backed chairs—the three sorts which used to stand in grandma's parlor or those of her neighbors. Do not let these scoffing litterateurs affect your judgment. The day of Chippendale is past for you, except in reproductions. All these American chairs can still be found once in a while, the fiddle-backs in greatest numbers—the old ladder-backs and spindle-backs much more rarely. They are all worth having, no matter what the writers say. Pick them up, for the supply will never be greater and is rapidly lessening.

When the funereal black walnut got too much on our nerves we turned madly to brass and iron beds. At that time, too, we began to build flats with low ceilings. The four-posters went into the barn or under the porch. You can still get a four-poster, and sometimes the old solid mahogany posts are beautifully carved. As these things have never been very possible for general use in our cities, they have never reached fancy prices, unless in instances of rare old pieces which have developed into artistic things under the finisher's hand. Some of the best mahogany went into these old beds, and I have known beautiful specimens bought of dealers at from twenty-five to fifty dollars, though the finishing sometimes cost four or five times as much as the bed itself in the rough. These old pieces are worth collecting.

The amateur collector ought to have relatives, friends or neighbors of charitable and kindly instincts. Thus, it is my fortune to live for the time in a city apartment—commodious, it is true, but none too large now in view of the fact that it is packed full of old mahogany. Yet last winter I made a tour of some of the Southern states and casually picked up forty-three more chairs and seven additional tables to add to the earlier family possessions of nineteen tables, of all the known types, makes and brands of the Colonial period. Added to this were a four-poster bed, a lowboy, a highboy, a French *lit de repos*, a hall table or so, some more rocking-chairs, also four divans or "baby sofas," and a lot of other things—for none of which was there any room whatever!

Ah, well! How fine it is to have friends! I have sofas, sideboards, highboys, chairs, bureaus, card tables, and so on, scattered pretty much all over the American continent. They are not for sale. Sometime I shall put them all on the ground together and build a house round them. It is much wiser to buy the furniture of a house before you build a house. Otherwise you may not know how large to make your residence. Besides, it is much better to buy antiques than to buy some stocks, even though antiques are not listed. Some very comfortable fortunes have been made by dealers in antiques who held on to some of the old stuff they bought long ago.

At different times in the last dozen years I have bought old things in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Richmond, Charleston, New Orleans, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, and many other American cities—not to mention Paris, London, Rome, Venice, Vienna, Edinburgh, and many English towns, such as Chester, Warwick, Stratford, and others. In some way all these things have been preserved and none sold. The habit of prowling round antique shops has now become a fixed one. Beware lest you fall a victim likewise!

You never can tell where you are going to have the best luck in antiquing. There is a certain amount of shifting of the visible supply; and occasionally the supply is increased as some old family estate breaks up, so that the mahogany and silver come on the market. Old things keep on working to the top, like rocks in a frosty field, no matter how many you carry away. Not wishing to hurt the feelings of many dealers with whom I have had pleasant hours, it is only fair to say that there is no sort of merchant who requires closer watching than the antique dealer. Dealers in certain localities I once found to be especially unreliable—possibly an unusual thing. Let us hope so, at least. New York is high-priced and the home of many importations. The highest prices paid for genuine old pieces are received in New York, and there is more money spent there than

anywhere else for things which are not in the least valuable. Philadelphia is good, though once in a while you strike a place there which has a suspicious number of highboys all just alike—whereas you know, of course, that genuine old highboys are very difficult to find. Baltimore, though it has had some fake firms, has long been a fine collecting place for some genuine things.

Richmond, of course, had a lot of fine things at one time, though it has been much combed out. One time I wanted to buy a dressing table in Richmond. I was taken into a loft and shown two dozen "antiques"—all alike and all of them reeking with fresh varnish. You may perhaps find something good in Richmond, and you surely will find something good in Charleston even yet. Mobile has been pretty well sold out; but sometimes, even yet, you can get something there reasonable and fine.

All of New England and the eastern part of the South will extol the old English furniture and decry what they call the French Colonial; yet the city of New Orleans, where the French influence is strongest, has collected and sold into the North more splendid antiques than any five cities of the entire country. The French style was a trifle more ornate than the English, but it held to the classic lines and it was rich rather than meager and scrawny.

The old sugar planters before the Civil War would make perhaps a hundred thousand dollars a year and go to Paris to spend it. They brought over shiploads of the finest mahogany, silver, glass and porcelain ever manufactured in the world. After the war these things began to come out from the homesteads of the shattered families. Had I known twenty years ago what I now know about antiques, I could have grown rich with small capital invested in antiques at New Orleans—always provided I could have had the heart to part with such things, once in my possession.

It is only fair to say, however, that the glory of New Orleans has departed, and that the fame of New Orleans has been tarnished very much by the operations of more than one unscrupulous dealer who sold goods that never were delivered, or misrepresented them in one way or another, or made substitutions in shipments.

The Story of the Orphan Highboy

THE buyers from New Orleans work out all the South today and even go to Europe. At the time that city was counting on the Panama Exposition there was imported, for sale to the expected tourists, a shipload of walnut furniture, mostly from Italy, much carved, but not having the quality of the old American Colonial stuff. The supply of American Colonial was below the demand. New Orleans is worth visiting today, but purchases should be made with care and there is little genuine stuff left. There are dealers, of course, who will give you a square deal and who have goods very well worth owning.

One meets all sorts of curious adventures when following out the habit of prowling round after old things. Sometimes they are interesting and expensive as well. Long ago I learned, when starting out on a trip of a month or so, to make the estimate of expenses double or treble those of conventional travel. There is a fatal certainty that something will turn up which one will be obliged to have. For instance, I made a solemn resolve to buy no more furniture—that is to say, made the resolve over again not long ago—with one reservation. I did not have a good highboy and would not accept a reproduction. There was no place in the flat for a highboy, anyhow, because I had just bought a new cow-saddle and bridle which took up the only remaining hole along the wall in the front parlor; but in Baltimore I ran across an old friend in a dealer who had sold me knife urns, girandoles, sideboards and chairs many times in the past when I did not think he was going to.

This time he led me softly into the presence of a highboy—a big one, an old one and a genuine one. Ah, but it was a honey! I should think it would take up about as much room as a sixty-horsepower automobile. It was very old and made of light walnut—probably at Annapolis, Maryland—by a good dealer, before mahogany was generally used in this country, and was collected at Hagerstown. Most of the really old highboys were made of walnut, applewood, cherry, or the like, though few fancy these woods so much as mahogany. This one had a massive hood, and it stood high on its cabriole legs, just as its maker left it. The needed repairs were but trifling and the piece was in the rough, as I always prefer to buy old pieces. There was nothing in the world I needed so little as a highboy, or wanted so much. Ah, well! Some good friends who have a country place near Philadelphia took in this orphan highboy and have given it a home. I have never seen it since—but it is mine, and some day I shall assemble it. If that shall never happen it is mine just the same! It makes you feel kind of warm and comfortable to know you have a highboy, even if you never see it.

I don't know just why, either, I accumulated eight carved posts originally belonging to two four-posters. I don't really need these posts and was obliged to store them; but they are beautiful and give me as much delight as any painting of perhaps much greater cost. An artist made these things, and they endure. Neither do I know why I should have two fenders—genuine brass and beautifully chased—when no place remains for them; nor why I should have five sets of andirons which never get into use. But they are beautiful! As much can be said of five ancient door-knockers picked up in old Alexandria, Virginia. You may not need a door-knocker at your apartment, but somehow it seems more comfortable to know that you have five or six under the parlor sofa. Besides, my daddy used to go to school in Alexandria when electric bells were unknown.

A good way to play the game is to pick out something which you want and then keep after it till you get it. Eventually you will find what you wish. I have been pursuing a genuine Pembroke table for many years, and did not land it until last March. A revered aunt of mine had such a table—short drop leaves, a drawer in each end, and inlaid in white—but selfishly insisted on retaining it for her own use; and none had come down in any of the other branches of the family. I finally found my Pembroke in the exact center of a woodshed full of tables, sofas, chairs, and so on, in a far-off Southern city—and twenty-five dollars seemed little for it.

Of course any collector has a vague and almost hopeless dream of sometime owning a piecrust table—one of the old tip-top teatables, with scalloped edges and a raised rim carved out of the solid wood. They fake these things horribly and one has to be very careful. At the same time it never rains but it pours. I found what we finally concluded to be a genuine piecrust in Baltimore. Two weeks later I found another in Charleston. We managed to get them both into the flat somehow. The clawfooted legs do rather stick out in a narrow hallway.

Of course every one knows the distinction between the tip-top table and the turn-top. The latter pattern was used in card tables made by Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and countless later makers in England and America. The most beautiful of these tables—to my fancy, at least—were found in the South, in the Empire clawfoot or lionfoot pattern. A few years ago I found two of these tables, actually a pair—twins—resting in fragments in a repair shop in a Mississippi city. They were genuine San Domingo, and I have never seen such carving in mahogany. Price for the two, forty dollars! For once in my life—though I knew the price might be called low enough—I tried to drive a bargain, since a friend said the tables were worth no more than twenty-five dollars in the rough, as they were. Two years later I bought these tables, one at a time, for forty dollars each, and spent about fifty dollars on each in restoration and finishing! Perhaps they are not worth it, but I should not like to take two hundred dollars each for them today, because of the interesting chase they led me. Neither could be made new for that sum.



She Was Simply Frozen to That Pink-and-Gold Teapot

Sometimes, however, you get a bargain even from a dealer. Once I bought in New Orleans, of a dealer, two French clocks, the model and decorations of which appealed to me. I paid twenty-five dollars for the two, took them to a Chicago watchmaker and had them put in order. One day I strolled into the shop and saw two resplendent French clocks standing on the shelf, shining as I had never seen clocks shining before. The watchmaker had to argue with me quite a while to make me believe these were mine. "I just used soap and water on them," said he. "That's the old mercury gilt, baked in; and you can't get it today. In cleaning these clocks I found a cleaner's date scratched on the works of one, showing it was cleaned in 1824. Repairers always or often leave these secret marks. The other was cleaned in 1820. The clocks must be quite old, for the pendulum is suspended by a silk thread; and I haven't seen one of that sort for many years."

"How much would one of those clocks be worth today?" I asked quite carelessly.

"I should say about two hundred and fifty dollars apiece," said the dealer with equal carelessness. I caught at the edge of the counter. For once, in spite of myself, I had fallen into a bargain. Not that the clocks are for sale—because there is room for them under a bed.

The Empire Candelabra

ONE time, in a remote little canal in the back part of Venice, a friend of my gondolier brought out a pair of old bronze candlesticks. I have no idea when they were made, but they are old and beautiful bronzes. They cost me about five dollars and about five hours of the most interesting conversation one can imagine. I presume I could sell them for fifty dollars if I liked. One time, in a Southern city also, I picked up a pair of old candelabra—dating back to the Empire, I should say.

Not long ago, while walking through some of the showrooms of the Royal Palace, in Rome, I heard Willie Lou gasp as she touched my arm. There, on a grand malachite table, stood exact duplicates of the bronze candelabra which we thought were perhaps worth ten dollars or so. We marked them up a bit and found a good place for them in a shoebox.

One time, coming home from Europe by way of the St. Lawrence, I saw in a Montreal repair shop a couple of beautiful old Chippendale girandoles, or bull's-eye convex glasses—bird on top and all. Dealer said he thought they were worth about seventy dollars the pair, since he had fixed them up after importing them from a little town in Southern England. Buyer didn't have the seventy dollars, else would have had to walk home from Montreal, of course. Yet somehow those girandoles lingered in my mind, and one year later I wrote to the Montreal man to ship them. He did so, in a heavy box. The express company apparently thought this box contained pig iron. The delicate frames arrived badly smashed. Of course



"All Right, Boss, ef Ye'll Do Dat I'll Throw in the Bureau!"



You May Not Need a Door-knocker at Your Apartment, But Somehow It Seems More Comfortable to Know That You Have Five or Six Under the Parlor Sofa

the express company said this was my fault; but at last the worm turned. Threatened with suit, the company came across and paid the cost of repairs.

Meantime Uncle Sam had soaked me for duty on the mirrors, broken though they were. A recent ruling of the Treasury Department is that works of art over one hundred years of age, proved to be such, may be imported free of duty—provided you have proper affidavits and all that sort of thing. I next tackled Uncle Sam, bringing action for recovery of the duty. So far as I know, Uncle Sam never has been known to pay back any duty when he once has got his hands upon it. In this case, however, after a pretty little trial and a pretty little wait of six months, Uncle Sam graciously admitted that he had been in error and consented to refund the duty! As this puts the seal of authenticity on my judgment in the matter, I have marked up the girandoles. There is a perfectly fine place for them in one of the closets.

Of course any of the insane people who like to collect antiques will have plenty of superior friends who will blow in and loftily say they wouldn't care a cent for anything old unless it had come down in the family. That is all very well if families all ran true to form, which they don't. In my own case, a pioneer parent moved from Old Virginny into the Far West just at the beginning of the black-walnut era. I can remember old brass candlesticks and blue sugar bowls, and old clocks and things, that we threw away out there. Meantime other descendants of grandpa and grandma, who had not moved into the Far West, had also given away or thrown away a great deal of the old mahogany and replaced it with nice new brass, iron or black-walnut stuff. The trouble was that when our parents moved West—say, sixty years ago—transportation was not good and they could take little with them in the way of household furnishings. What are you going to do in a case like that?

A Reunion of Ancient Heirlooms

ONE thing you are going to do is to go back to grandpa's house and comb it out for relics and heirlooms. Unfortunately there was such a thing as the Civil War, and in some parts of Old Virginia it did not leave all of everybody's ancestors very well fixed. In this particular case, a son of grandpa had let go of the old home. Of course the usual system had gone on there. Some of the old chairs still existed within recent memory; but "somebody" had come there from New York or some other city and asked for them, and they had been given away. I traced the two ancestral grandfather's clocks, but their present owners hold them in too grim a grip. At last I found a cousin who had a woodshed, and in the woodshed I found one little broken-legged tip-top table, which he gave to me. Repaired and finished, it made a nice little candlestand. Later on, by mere accident, I found that this was one of the pieces which had come out of the old house in Virginia. Maybe a certain old clock, with wooden works, did also.

It became rumored about that a fool and his money had dawned in that neighborhood and it was considered excellent good to separate the two. I got a solid mahogany dining table through a commercial transaction—one of the old family pieces without doubt. Then a lady living out in the country was insistent on selling me a pair of andirons purporting once to have been owned by a great-uncle. I bought them and learned later they had stood for many years at the fireplace of the old home, and had been given to the kind lady who sold them to the descendant! Again, I found in a negro house six old handsomely painted chairs, and have reason to suppose that these also once belonged in the family—long, long before the Civil War. Grandpa's ancient hickory cane, grandma's fire-tongs and shovel, and a few other things, by theft, purchase or gift, I accumulated. The old silver was gone, I know not where. There remained one teapot, pink and gold, on the what-not in the parlor of the old family home, which no longer was in the family.

I can't tell how long I was in getting that teapot, but it was several years. Every time I was in Washington I would take a trip out into Virginia and go and look at the teapot, and ask the lady if she wouldn't let it go to a survivor of the family that built the old house three generations back. She was a kindly old widow-lady, but she was simply frozen to that pink-and-gold teapot, cracked and lidless though it was. With much finesse, on the fourth trip I made into Virginia after this teapot, I at last succeeded in getting her to say that if her son consented to its sale she would do so. Great suspense for several days! At last I kept my appointment at the old place and demanded my fate at the widow's hands.

"Well," said she, "my son told me that he didn't really care to part with this teapot; but that if you would give as much as three dollars for it he would let it go!"

Discretion keeps me from saying how much I really would have given for this teapot and how much I really value it today. I packed it in a box and carried it in my own hands all the way home. Yes, it is nicer to have things that came down in the family; but sometimes the accumulation of heirlooms is difficult. When you can't get the original get as close to it as you can.

Willie Lou has a sofa which is known to be over one hundred and thirty-five years of age and portraits of the two old people—ancestors—that owned it; and other family things of various ages in descent. In the generation last before our time the family had on the dining-room walls—nicely framed in oval walnut frames that would cost fifty dollars apiece today—four engravings known as The Seasons, taken from the statuary in the Louvre in Paris, and once very popular in parlor decorations in this country. These pictures I always coveted, but they went elsewhere. Not long ago I found a full set of them in a dirty little shop in Indianapolis, and the dealer was glad to sell them at fifty cents apiece! It is the truth that you get everything you want in this world if you want it badly enough—even heirlooms!

Any totally depraved and hopelessly abandoned collector is sure to meet all sorts of odd adventures in the pursuit of his operations. Once in an aristocratic Southern city there came to me a dainty note from a maiden lady of good family but rather reduced circumstances. She had some old mahogany and silver with which she was willing to part. Result, a very interesting interview with the lady herself. She really was of good family, and she really had some good silver and some good mahogany—among other pieces some excellent chairs worth about their weight in gold, I presume.

After two days of polite negotiations we were so far along that I tendered the lady my check for some pieces which I fancied and on which she had put a definite price quite large enough. To my surprise, the check was declined, she saying that she was not used to business operations and would rather not have a check. Very well, I told her; I would bring her up the cash the next day. I did this, only to be told that she did not see how she could get the things packed for shipment—and finally to be advised that the lady had changed her mind and really did not wish to sell anything at all!

Chagrined, I told a dealer of my experience. He laughed heartily. "Those old heirlooms have been on sale by Miss —— for five or ten years to my personal knowledge," said he. "I don't know how many times I have bought them myself, and two or three times I have had my wagon up to accept delivery. She wouldn't sell any of them for any price. It's simply a game with her and she does it for the excitement. She's all alone in the world and has to have something to amuse her." She was a dear little woman—such as would have delighted Dickens.

One time, in another Southern city, I was drawn into an adventure in aristocratic quarters in a singular way. I was in search at the time of a pair of old glass candleshades or *cylindres*—"seel-ans," they call them in the South. Some of these old glass candleshades stood three feet high and were beautifully engraved. They were used, of course, before lamps were invented. Ten years ago you might have got them for four or five dollars a pair, but today you will have them offered up to a hundred and fifty dollars a pair. This dealer knew of just one pair in all his city, and they were in the possession of an old negro woman named Aunt Charlotte, who had always refused to sell them.

A Deal With Aunt Charlotte

AFTER half a day's search I found old Aunt Charlotte, a fine old "befo' de wah" darky lady—a widow, perhaps eighty or ninety years of age—who lived, the angels of the Lord only know how, in a falldown shanty. Aunt Charlotte was courtesy itself, but she did not have the seel-ans. No; she had "done sont 'em back" to her old "missus" about two years before. "Dey stood right dar on dat dar bureau for more'n thirty yeahs," said Aunt Charlotte. "I couldn't sell 'em nobow, because I only taken 'em to keep fo' my family."

Dear old Aunt Charlotte! There remained little in her cabin except three spindle-backed mahogany chairs. She didn't think she ought to sell these either. In such cases, even the hardest-hearted collector is helpless. She finally made me a "present" of the chairs, and I made her a "present" of about five times their worth. The seel-ans, however, now rested on the mantelpiece of Charlotte's old missus, who lived on the best boulevard. Even I myself hesitated a little bit about approaching the owner. I did this eventually, however, though very much ashamed of myself. The result was a cordial invitation to call and a very pleasant acquaintance, which I hope is not yet ended. The seel-ans—which had been left with Aunt Charlotte and forgotten for thirty years—remain where they belong, in the house on the boulevard, with many other beautiful heirlooms of an earlier day. Happily, however, within a week I found in New Orleans another pair, not quite so good, but purchasable—and an odd one as well. Good fortune brought these all home, each safely packed in a barrel of rice chaff. They may be considered almost safe in their new surroundings—carefully stowed behind the bookcase, where no one can see them.

Once I saw a splendid pair of old glass decanters, without a nick on either bottle. I would gladly have given twenty-five dollars for the pair, for I have paid as much for a pair no better, it being very difficult now to get old pairs in perfect condition. They were not for sale, though their odd shape pleased me very much. As luck would

(Continued on Page 44)



I Have Been Pursuing a Genuine Pembroke Table for Many Years



They Found in Each Other an Intellectual Solace

IN JUNE

By Grace Ellery Channing

ILLUSTRATED BY C. EVERETT JOHNSON

HE HAD written a book, in the intervals of teaching biology for a small salary, to prove how much better things would be if they were entirely different from what they are—wherein he was undoubtedly right; she had reviewed it for the highly socialized magazine that employed her services at a rate that barely permitted her to live at all in a world of things as they are. This was what originally brought them together. They stayed together because that had no doubt been intended in the scheme of creation from the beginning, but this they would have been the last to admit, for they were essentially reasonable beings, governed by law and an unconsciously carefully cultivated myopia. According to them, they stayed together because each appealed to the other's unbiased judgment. They had more and better reasons for their choice of one another's society than had the Vicar of Wakefield for choosing his wife.

She admired his "clear mentality" and he respected her "power of logical thought"; she rejoiced in his lack of a "coarse masculinity" and he in her "superiority to feminine weaknesses." He was thirty, she twenty-eight; of a seasoned maturity, according to themselves, therefore; about the age of their grandparents at eighteen or twenty actually. He had a lofty brow, from which he was forever boyishly tossing back a lock of hair, and deep-blue eyes; she had a broad forehead and a firm chin, also a wave in her brown hair to which she made no concessions. They found in each other an intellectual solace, and since nobody has ever classed intellectual solaces among intoxicants, they imbibed freely.

It was at the end of the first six months that they decided—not impulsively or on the spur of any moment, but by the aid of a well-reasoned afternoon—that it would be wisdom to marry. It was obviously inconvenient for him to have to carry all his manuscripts, proof sheets and bound volumes twenty city blocks for her criticism; and she had been more than once delayed, if not absolutely impeded, in her literary labors by an inability to consult him at a scientifically critical moment. Both were thus losing time, and time, to reasoning beings, is an appreciable entity. They knew that to squander it is to squander your capital—therefore the world's—therefore it is doing a species of grand larceny to the universe. We do not live to ourselves alone. And there was every indication that things were going to get worse instead of better, for each had made the independent discovery that he—and she—could not do his best work without the other.

"This alone," said the Biologist gravely, "would seem to make marriage almost a duty."

"For our work's sake, and with our views of marriage," she acquiesced guardedly—"perhaps ——" For she was not quite sure what the Biologist meant by "alone."

"Of course—with our views of marriage," he assented hastily.

If they had been two hot-headed young people it would have been the highest imprudence, they were both agreed; but since they were neither hot-headed nor young—on this point, too, they were both agreed—and since they had the same ideal of marriage, seeking in it only the higher satisfactions of intellectual companionship, there was really nothing to be urged against it. Why wait another six months, after all—why even three? They would simply be two friends under one roof instead of two friends under two roofs. There would even be a positive economy in the arrangement, since they could occupy one common sitting room, to the sparing of coal and gas.

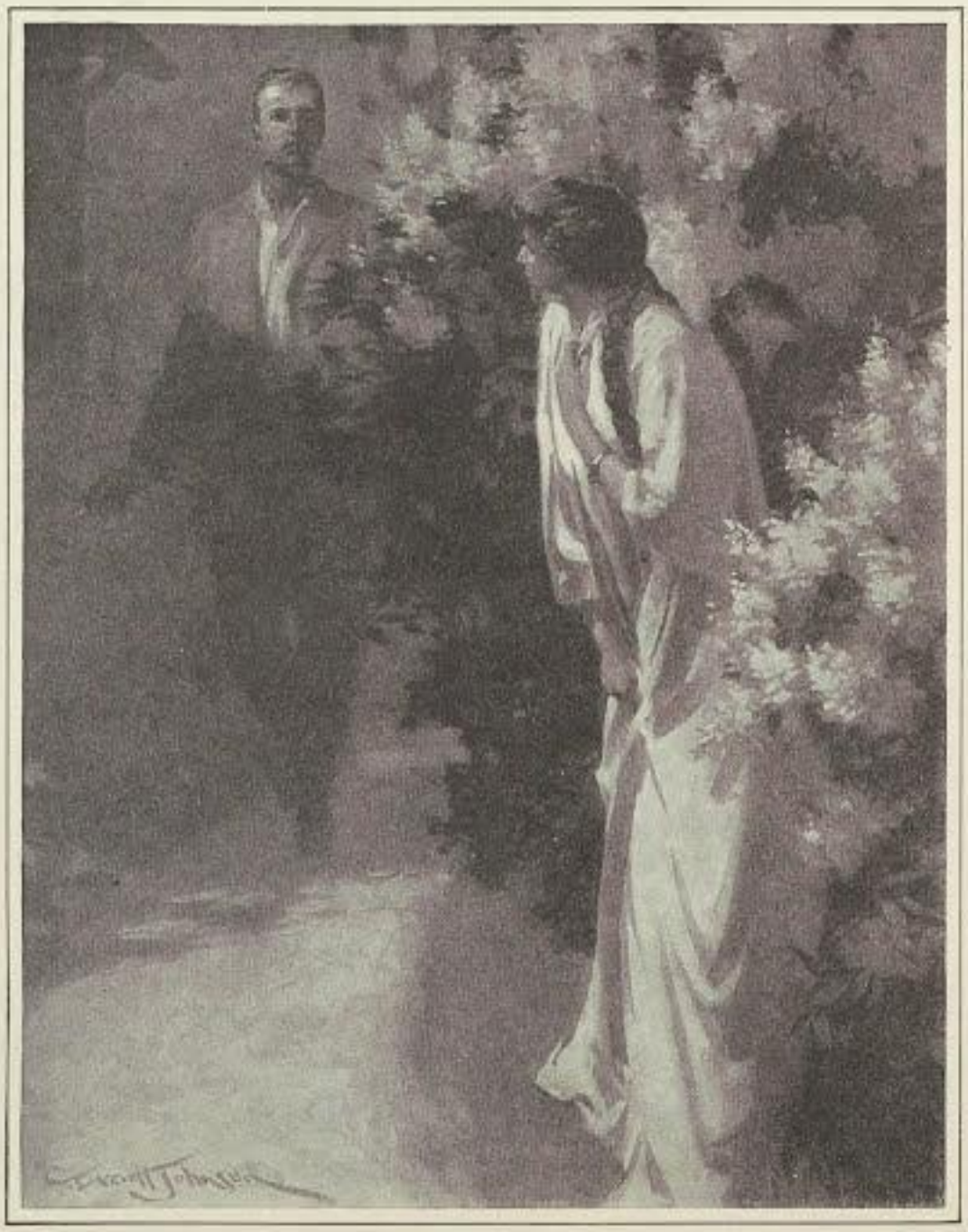
"It is surprising we did not think of it sooner," said the Biologist, tossing back the lock of hair and running his fingers through it in the excitement of the moment—but this was a month later, in the garden of an infinitesimal suburban cottage they were exploring, having long since exhausted the city.

She—also in the excitement of the moment—with her hat and veil caught in the long arm of an impertinent rose thicket and her hair half pulled down, was prying her way through to what lay beyond. As she had divined there was actually a clearing in it, and a bench. She clapped her hands like a child. With her lost hairpins she had also lost ten years.

"A bower—a real bower!" she cried exultingly, looking up at him for sympathy, and then she stopped abruptly. He was gazing at the tumbled down masses of her hair. She put up her hands and began to coil it hastily. The Biologist stopped gazing and began instead to hunt for hairpins on the ground. But when he had found them he kept them in his own hand and doled them out to her one by one, standing beside her and making an unconscionably lengthy operation of the job. What a lot of hair—also, what a lot of hairpins! He had never realized before how different women looked with their hair down—or how prettily they put it up.

"It will be a nice, quiet place for your work," she said with primness when she had finished, giving the bower a glance of measured disinterest. Probably because she had had to keep her arms up so long her face was flushed.

"Or yours," he said; he gave the rose a secret look.



"'And Who are You?—Said One Dim Shape'"—She Quoted With a Nervous Little Laugh

"For that matter we can have seats on either side of a table." Then she waxed enthusiastic again. "If this were Europe we should eat out here."

"Why not, even in America?"

"Tea, possibly—sometimes," she made cautious concession.

The Biologist was looking at the shrubbery; he put up a hand and touched one of the leaf buds with which it was already covered.

"Lilacs! It will be very pretty here in a month."

"Yes," she assented, "and we shall have the fun of seeing it get pretty. I am glad we happen to come in the spring."

He agreed soberly enough upon the advantage.

"There were lilacs in our dooryard when I was a boy," said the Biologist thoughtfully. "They were my mother's favorite flower."

She looked at him with sympathetic understanding; every man needed a mother, she reflected—or at least some one to mother him. Men were helpless beings. Well, she was glad she could do that for him.

They walked back to the cottage, as soberly discussing improvements—on a scale proportioned to their joint lack of income.

"This will be my expense," he said from time to time.

"And this mine," she responded.

It was a part of their admirable compact that there was to be no "ours"—nothing plural. Everything, they kept repeating, was to be exactly as it had been. This was inconsistent, considering the book that had brought them together, but so it was. More than a little talk there was accordingly of mine and thine. Their work, their incomes, their lives—it could not be repeated too often that these were to be kept jealously separate. Instead of two good friends under two roofs they were to be two good friends under one; this was the true relation of which only high souls were capable. Any modifications of this plan of life were to be referred to an indefinite future. The possibility of such modifications they did not refuse to admit, for they were, above all, reasoning beings and acknowledged a duty to the race—but every duty had its time and place in the scale of action. When they should be older, when they should be richer, when they should have done many great works, then with dignity and without the degrading intermixture of any element of impulse they might deliberately and rationally assume closer ties, as they were now rationally and deliberately assuming this. In the meantime it was distinctly understood that they were not marrying "on that plane"; they would offer to their world the spectacle of a rational union, of a lofty, disinterested companionship—a friendship raised to the nth power. This would not be their least important contribution to the social welfare. Above all they were resolved to preserve their illusions. This preserving of their illusions was a great point with them, who believed in none; they insisted upon it with a hard realism.

From the garden they went back to the house and apportioned it between them. As it was a very little house this did not take long. They wandered through it side by side.

"It is so easy for two reasonable people to arrange anything," she said.

And he assented evenly: "Is it not?"

"This will be the dining and sitting room, of course; and this—shall it be mine?"

"No." He spoke with decision. "The other is to be yours—it has a view."

"That is no reason ——" she began, but he interrupted her.

"It is every reason; I insist."

"Very well." She smiled a little; he looked so young when he insisted like that, and the lock of hair

had fallen over his forehead again—she was tempted to push it back. She gave him an almost maternal glance. "This then is mine——"

"And this"—he pushed open the adjoining door—"naturally mine."

"No." It was she who spoke with hasty decision this time—why so hasty or so decided she did not herself know. "Yours must be the one across the hall; this will be the study."

"As you please, of course."

He resigned himself to the room across the hall; it is so true that anything is easily arranged between reasonable people.

They were married on Friday, the thirteenth of May; it was not their fault that they could not obtain a more unhappy combination of circumstances—a "numerically larger protest against collective superstitions," they called it—but it was the best they could do. Even to do it they had to sacrifice a good deal of budding and blossoming lilac, as the Biologist pointed out to her—but she was firm.

"I want every step of our new life to count as an affirmation of the rational," she said.

There were no new clothes and there was no wedding; they went before a magistrate and signed a paper. On the plane on which they were marrying it was not quite clear why they should take even this trouble, but they were integrally law-abiding people and acknowledged society's interest in a contract. After the event they notified their friends.

"Why before," she asked, "since we are merely changing our addresses and making slightly different housekeeping arrangements? Surely these concern nobody but ourselves."

"Quite so," replied the young Biologist a little dreamily, for they were again in the little garden and the lilac showed purple in rich clusters. The Biologist had never had a home since his boyhood, and he was vaguely stirred by many things.

"I remember now," he said; "we used to break branches of them for Decoration Day."

"We will break some now for our—for the table," she said graciously. "They will open wide in water."

He helped her to break the heavy sprays, and as they walked back to the house the low sun shone on the gold in her hair and the mass of pale purple in her arms. It was certainly very pleasant to have a garden to walk in and some one to walk in it with one, and the Biologist wondered greatly that more men did not make early rational marriages. He wondered more as the days went on. They took up their life with a sweet reasonableness.

"Nothing," she exultingly bade him observe, "is changed"; and he repeated obediently, "Nothing," while watching her hands emerge from the ruffles of her housegown as she poured his breakfast coffee. She really could not be expected to live in a tailormade suit forever!

Once, through the accidentally half-open door he had caught a faint glimpse of her in a soft white kimono, with her hair in two long braids down her back. He had gone at once to his own room across the hall on that occasion, and had shut the door closely behind him; and—perhaps to withdraw still more completely—he had leaned out of the window a long time and listened to the birds in the lilacs.

It was she, on the contrary, who urged him to put on his studio jacket when they were alone—just as if she had not been there. She told herself she liked to see the line of his firm throat above the low rolling collar—and she did not blush at all. She had a good conscience.

Nothing could have been more admirable than their arrangements. The little favorite possessions of each took up their respective stations in their respective rooms where each worked except when the exigencies of their professions obliged them to seek one another in their common study for consultation. This occurred rather often, but as it was exactly one of the foreseen advantages of their common home there was in this nothing inimical to their program. They ate their simple meals together and discussed

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KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

III

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

PROMPTLY at a quarter to eight Oglebay's car arrived. I tingled with a little touch of exhilaration as I took down the telephone and heard the operator say: "Your motor's at the Thirty-fourth Street entrance, Mr. Agnew."

"I'll be down directly," I responded, affecting an air of unconcern I nowise felt.

Jennie's one dinner dress was her wedding gown. With her own hands, unaided, she had cut and altered it skillfully, converting it to its present use. It was a pretty dress, I'm sure, but long before this its prettiness had palled on me. I knew it too well. I had seen it far, far too often. There was no denying, though, that in it Jennie looked very fetching. The tint of the white satin was just right to show off her rosy cheeks, the color of her deep gray eyes, the softness of her girlish arms and throat. If I were not proud of Jennie's dress at any rate I was proud of my Jennie that wore it.

"You look bully, dear!" said I buoyantly. It was the truth, moreover. I'd never seen her looking better.

Jennie turned from the tall pier-glass in which she had been critically eying herself with a little puckering of her brows. "Do I? I'm so glad!" she answered, smiling as if reassured. "I was afraid the dress was getting a little out of date. I guess not though," she added lightly.

Out of date? Jove! It was at least five years old. As I helped her on with her wrape I, too, eyed it critically. There was a worn spot where the back laced together. It was the first time I'd noticed it, and I wondered whether the other guests would see it.

Oglebay's car I shall always remember. I recall it especially inasmuch as it bore me straight into a new life, new scenes, new experiences. It was a limousine, big, of foreign make and costly. One knew it at a glance to have been built from a special design. It was lined throughout with dove-colored cord almost like velvet to the touch and otherwise was as dainty as a boudoir. A cut-glass vase filled with pale pink roses and a spray of fern hung from the front window-casing; beneath it was a silver-mounted morocco case fitted with other cut-glass ornaments, vials containing smelling salts and perfume. A small, jeweled dash-clock of finely wrought French gilt ticked on the front panel, and within easy reach of the hand was a silk speaking-tube with a silver mouthpiece through which to communicate with the driver.

The car, in effect, was not a man's car, and Oglebay was unmarried. To have a toy such as this, a limousine, was merely part of the game, the game of riches. I imagine, however, it must have been an excellent investment besides. In Oglebay's garage were two other cars, a runabout and a big motor with a touring body. These and the limousine were put constantly at the disposal of his friends—mainly his business friends. In the open cars he took favored clients on a whirl up through the country. The limousine he devoted to their wives.

Jennie was enraptured. She sniffed the roses, rubbed her cheek on the soft, velvety cord, tried the salts and perfume, and for a moment I feared she meant to experiment with the speaking-tube. I began to see now—at any rate I thought I saw—what the something was Jennie would do had I the money to let her do it. She was still exclaiming delightedly when we drew up at the restaurant.



He Was an Old Bird in the Wall Street Game

Oglebay had yet to arrive. In the foyer a few smartly dressed women sat waiting, negligently staring at each fresh arrival. Not all were in evening dress. It was late June, you remember, and some women were even in blouses—handsome, of course, yet still blouses.

One group in particular at once caught my attention. It comprised two men and three women. Two of the women had on street costumes, quiet yet smart to an extreme. One knew indisputably that the dresses, for all their quietness, had cost something. A string of matched pearls, small but faultless in color, adorned the first of these women, while there dangled in the ears of the other a pair of emeralds that would have paid the ransom of a Burmese prince. The third woman—she in the dinner dress, a soft, clinging effect of pale gray, cloudlike silk—wore but one gem. It was a diamond pendant, a single stone, large but rather yellow, coarse.

As for the two men, each was in flannels with soft shirts, colored ties and tan shoes. In contrast my evening coat and white tie looked conspicuous. They were big men, but in their bigness was a difference. One was fat, a mere soft and flabby bulk, while the other was all brawn and muscle—a well-kept, clean, vigorous fellow, clear-eyed and stalwart.

It was Ainsworth, my old classmate, the last of all persons I'd expected to see.

"Jim!" he cried, and came blundering toward us, as blushing, as shy and delighted as a schoolboy. Meanwhile, the other man and the three women sat and still eyed us casually. Ainsworth was genuinely glad to see me. "This is Jennie, isn't it? Mrs. Agnew, I mean!" cried the big hobbledehoy, reddening furiously as he corrected himself. Jennie knew him at once. "Of course it's Jennie," she laughed gracefully. "And you're Butch Ainsworth, the Big Wagon," she added, giving him his college nickname. "You see I know all about you!"

He fairly beamed. "I call that real pleasant now," rumbled the awkward colossus, in his shyness falling unconsciously into the down-East vernacular of his early youth. "Say, you come over now and get acquainted with Prentiss and the ladies."

My ear alertly caught the name Prentiss. So this was Oglebay's partner. As it happened to be my first sight of him I stared with interest. Ordinarily the mind pictures the successful financier—Prentiss was truly successful—as a lean, hawk-eyed figure, a machine, a bloodless mechanism, rather as a man, chary in speech and responsive only when the dollars jingle. The truth is, such men are in Wall Street surprising by their rarity. Prentiss was fat, as I've said—all grossness, heavy bulk. A more loquacious, not to say jocose and familiar, person I have rarely met. That is, he was such, at all events, when things were going his way. A bartender then could not have been more friendly. It was his business to be so. When things were not going his way, however, Prentiss was a bit of the bear—that or a fretful porcupine.

Though in age only forty he was an old bird in the Wall Street game. Self-made, like Ousley, he too lacked a college education; and, again like my former employer, he had begun at fourteen as an office boy, from then on impetuously forging ahead. Here, however, the likeness between Prentiss and Ousley ends.

Ousley aimed neither at being a good fellow nor at being a good mixer; in fact, I suspect he would have disdained the title of either. But Prentiss—— Well, there is a multitude of good fellows, good mixers, in the Street. That you be one is almost a requisite to success.

And Prentiss' success was indisputable! Indeed he would assure you of it himself; though, to be sure, he could well have saved himself the breath. As is the case with so many in the Street, his appearance—his dress, manner, expression, even the way he was barbered—everything, in fact, fairly shouted the information.

I've often wondered what brought Prentiss and Oglebay together. Away from the Street the two had exactly nothing in common. Prentiss spent his nights mainly along upper Broadway, while all of Frank's leisure was put in at dawdling, as I once heard a hanger-on express it, among the *faubourgs* of Fifth and Madison Avenues. I don't say he was a social climber. I mean merely that he was welcomed at good houses, among good people, and was a member of several good clubs. A good club helps a lot in the Street. If one has high social connections these help even more. Understand, though, one must not mix the two—mix Wall Street with one's social life. Drumming up trade in a drawing room is part of the game, yet none dares do it openly. Nor may you mix your two kinds of friends, business and social. There was one broker, a member of New York's best clubs and noted as a leader of the four hundred's cotillons, whom at noon I have seen slapping a customer on the back, and in the Avenue at five o'clock the same broker I saw cut dead the selfsame customer. Of course it may in the mean time have

happened that the customer had been cleaned out. I do not know. I merely report the circumstance.

But I return to Ainsworth.

Here he was now presenting Jennie to the others, and a blundering mess he was making of it too! In the midst of this I saw Oglebay enter.

Apparently Frank did not see us. Two women were with him and together they passed down the wide room. Prentiss gaped unaffectedly, while the woman beside him—she in the dinner dress—stared openly, all agog. Somehow I sensed the fact that these two others must be persons of note, personages, though they were indeed in street gowns, inconspicuous, even more quietly robed than the bloused and hatted pair with us. Oglebay, oblivious to our presence, walked with these friends as far as the main dining room. As they passed I heard the woman at his right say in a low, modulated voice that still carried far: "Not dining with us then?"

He shook his head. Then Oglebay said something, what I could not hear; yet it seemed to me I saw his lips frame the words: "Business friends."

"What a bore!" the woman murmured.

Ainsworth's voice recalled me. "Hey, wake up, Jim!" he laughed, or rather rumbled in his big, hearty voice; and I turned to find the two in blouses smiling at me. The other, Mrs. Dinner Dress, was eying me also with a smile—superciliously.

The lady with the matched pearls was Mrs. Parmlee. She was a big woman, rather dull, I thought—the wife, I learned later, of one of Oglebay's best customers. Parmlee himself I never saw. He held some sort of a high position in the insurance world, and—for reasons best known to himself—communicated with Oglebay's office by telephone rather than in person. At the moment he was out of town.

As a matter of fact each of the women owed her presence to a business reason. Mrs. Hodge, the lady in the emeralds, was the wife of another of Oglebay's traders.

Mrs. Hodge—Amy! Even now I recall our first meeting with a vivid sense of its pleasure. If ever a woman was born to enjoy life it was she. I will not say that she enjoyed it intellectually or that the life she led would appeal in any way to cultivated minds. The fact is, enjoyment was Mrs. Hodge's one and only pursuit, and she got it—without stopping to think—by whatever means was handiest.

She was a plump, roly-poly person with flashing white teeth, big and innocent gray eyes and the features of a child. She seemed to have been born to laugh. Good nature radiated from her presence, and in all the time we knew her I fail to recall hearing her make an unkind speech against another. Her age was about Jennie's.

Both husband and wife were New Yorkers by birth. Hodge, a lively rattletrap in his ways, was still shrewd and alert in business dealings. He had quit a small but prosperous business in the metal trade to become a Wall Street speculator. Reversing the usual order of things, however, Hodge not only had made money, but seemed to be able to hold on to it.

Jennie and I were at once attracted to the pair. They seemed to personify in every way that brighter, happier life I had come to New York to get. They were very friendly, Mrs. Hodge especially so. Certainly she had no airs. I believe Amy would as cheerfully have rubbed elbows with a charwoman as with a countess—that is, if the charwoman were amusing. Likewise, the countess.

There was a plenitude of airs, however, about the other lady, she in the dinner dress. Mrs. Figler was wife to Mr. Figler, Oglebay's downtown manager. One needed but to glance at the lady to know her sort, for in New York there is a legion of Mrs. Figlers. Each and every day is begun by them with a feverish, consuming study of the social column; on Sundays they gorge, revel in it. Not a notable in all the smart world of New York society lived unknown to Mrs. Figler—by hearsay at any rate.

Figler drew four thousand a year and at least a half of this he and his wife spent on dress and in Fifth Avenue and Broadway public places. They were assiduous "first nighters." Few of their friends ever saw their home. It consisted of a parlor and bedroom in a West Side apartment hotel. But for a recent—and luckless—stock venture of her husband Mrs. Figler would not have been at the dinner. She would have been at Narragansett Pier. I presume you know the type.

Turning down the corners of her mouth, Mrs. Figler bobbed her head at me.

"Oh, howdy-do," she murmured indifferently. I knew then that at least one of the guests had seen the worn spot on Jennie's gown.



If Ever a Woman Was Born to Enjoy Life it Was She

Oglebay had just left his other friends. Looking suddenly toward us, he advanced with outstretched hand. "Why, here you are!" he cried, his tone surprised. Laughingly he elbowed the embarrassed Ainsworth to one side and warmly greeted Jennie. Prentiss had merely grunted when presented. At college it used to be said that Oglebay's smile could charm a bird off a bush. Now I saw little change in its cordiality.

Mrs. Figler edged up to him, a simper on her face. "Oh, we saw you!" she laughed mincingly, her tone exactly as if she'd said "Naughty! naughty!" and tapped him on the arm. "That was Tessie So-and-So you were with, now wasn't it?"

The name she mentioned was that of a noted fashionable. A slight frown contracted his brows.

"Possibly," he murmured. Though his tone was polite, his annoyance was still evident. Mrs. Figler flushed at the rebuke; she folded up exactly like a fan. "Where's Pete?" Oglebay inquired.

Pete was Mr. Figler. Before she could reply her spouse answered in person by emerging from the neighborhood of the bar. With him was Hodge.

If you lack an image of the usual broker's tout Figler perfectly fills the bill. For years he had been a Wall Street hanger-on and the life had set its mark on him. Though in age over forty he had the light buoyancy of a college freshman, a steady flow of high spirits to which were coupled the fawning manners of a lapdog. His face was dark, almost Latin in its hue, and cadaverous, not to say lean and hungry. His manner was apologetic, and when he spoke he smiled constantly, even when you insulted him. Behind the smile, though, there was less earnestness than cunning, and one also often detected in the smile a little shadow of care. Duns pestered him constantly. He was run to death by them. Even so, Figler always talked big, though always, too, his hearers knew it to be bombast. Still his affability was pachydermatous. "Good old Oglebay!" "Good old Prentiss!" It was even "Good old Agnew!" too, when Figler had no one else to fawn upon. But, as is often the case with brokers' touts, all Figler's good nature was purely surface. He meant to trim you if he could. Even in the small club to which he belonged not even his clubmates were safe from him. There every afternoon, from four to six, Figler could be found playing either pool at a dollar a corner or bridge whist at ten cents a point. Inasmuch as he always picked his opponents he almost invariably won.

"Here, Figler," Oglebay curtly ordered, "you go tell the head waiter."

Our table was in the center of the room. It was specially decorated, and from that and the anxious deference of both the head waiter and his aides one saw instantly that Oglebay was a known and favored patron.

Frank nudged my elbow as we entered. "Sorry not to have a few of the old crowd, Jim. They're all away. Ainsworth I just happened to meet downtown."

I answered that it made little difference. I was glad to see him and to meet his partner. Oglebay nodded brightly. "Lots of time yet though," he added. "Later on we'll have plenty of chances to get the gang together."

The dinner was a great success. Mrs. Hodge sat at my right, chatting amusingly—incessantly, I may add; on my left was the big and dull yet pleasant Mrs. Parmlee. Across the table I saw that Jennie, too, enjoyed herself. She sat between Oglebay and Ainsworth, and next to Ainsworth was Hodge.

Poor Mrs. Figler! Now pensive and detached, she found herself hedged in between her husband and Prentiss, who for the moment had on one of his fits of bearlike grumpiness. The dinner was an old story to her. She was there only for business reasons. It was cruel of Oglebay, I think, not to allow her at least once to meet his social friends.

But I, who then knew nothing of New York's distinction between social and business friends, merely wondered that Mrs. Figler should look so downcast. I saw her even glance at us with disdain. Presently, however, the lady revived. Jennie, smiling mischievously, was relating our day's adventures in search of a home.

"Only twelve rooms—imagine!—and they asked us five thousand dollars a year!"

Inwardly I writhed. Rather tactless of Jennie, I felt. Oglebay smiled politely. "Rents are ridiculous in New York, aren't they?"

Then Mrs. Figler raised her drooping crest. At the same time she also raised that languishing voice of hers.

"Have you seen the new Mogador apartments? Some friends of mine have taken an apartment there. They pay fifteen thousand a year."

A distinct pause followed. Though Mrs. Figler's tone was offhand, casual, it could be seen how much satisfaction she got from her statement. Then she sighed. "You can get anything in New York—if you have the money." Here Mrs. Figler raised her brows briefly in Mr. Figler's direction. I should hate ever to have Jennie fling me such a glance. Figler winced.

Mrs. Hodge relieved the strain. "Fifteen thousand a year? My! Why, that's more than Sam makes in a month!"

Sam gave his wife a profound wink. "Nix, child wife, not this month!" chuckled Sam.

Together they laughed. "I forgot!" bubbled Mrs. Hodge, who felt consciously of her emeralds, then blushed.

There was a good deal of the bulldog about Mrs. Figler—in conversation, I mean, as well as other ways. Having once got hold of a good thing, she clung to it tenaciously. "Of course not all the flats are fifteen thousand. Some are as low as three thousand. I wonder you don't look at them."

The question was put at me. Before I could answer there was a diversion.

Cocktails had been served with the oysters. With a grunt Prentiss had snatched up his and gulped it down. In the same way he had given happy dispatch to the oysters. Thus fortified by both food and drink, Prentiss apparently revived.

"Hey, what?" he boomed in his loud, swaggering voice. "Say, Mrs. F., why don't you look at 'em yourself?"

There was a coarse innuendo in this that fell upon all like a dash of icy water. Mrs. Figler started. A tide of color swept up in her face, then with a struggle she somehow regained her aplomb. "Mercy, man!" she exclaimed. "What would I want with an apartment like that? Why, it has eighteen rooms and four baths! I'd have to hire a housekeeper!"

"Aw, you'd keep a housekeeper, would you?" rumbled Prentiss contemptuously. "Well, I don't mean the fifteen-thousand kind. I mean the cheap, twenty-five-hundred kind. Yes," he drawled, "I was wondering why you don't look at one yourself."

I imagine Mrs. Figler would have answered or tried to answer, had he given her a chance. "If some folks hasn't the price," said Prentiss with a loud laugh, "that doesn't mean others hasn't. I guess you don't know about Agnew here, Mrs. F."

I suppose you'll think this pretty vulgar—rough and raw, in fact. It was. But the name Agnew—my name! Why had he dragged me in? I found out soon enough. Any pretext suited Prentiss, for if there was one thing he lacked it was subtlety. His attack on Mrs. Figler was merely the way he took to drag conversation into a channel that interested him. His next words disclosed his intent.

"Agnew can get what he wants, I guess. I'd have the same too—yes!—if I was old Jessup Agnew's nephew!"

They all stared. Distinctly I heard Jennie give a little gasp. Oglebay, himself astonished, flashed at his partner a look of sharp annoyance—of warning too. As for myself,

I sat gaping like a country clod. Yet the bull in the china shop, so far from heeding, kept on trampling the crockery. "Say, old chap," he remarked, leering affably at me, "I hear your uncle's getting busy in Aches and Pains?"

Aches and Pains? It was a sample of the man's jocose wit. In the same way that he would have spoken of Steel Preferred as "Big Steal" and Steel Common as "Petty Larceny," he now referred to the Corn Products Company whose stock had just grown active.

But if my uncle was again at his thimble-rigging, if indeed he had a hand in the stock's activity, I was the last to know it. Not that I confessed it however. Instead I sat there debating, and for the first time now a chill of apprehension shook me.

For I had guessed right. Oglebay had not brought me to New York out of sheer friendship only. Should I tell the truth? For a moment it hovered on my lips. Then before me rose an image, a clear and vivid picture.

It was a picture of myself. Together with Driggs, Agnew the clerk sat at a desk in a musty Ohio coal office, drudging away his life.

"Yes," drawled Prentiss carelessly but with a half-tipsy cunning. "Something's doing in the stock. I guess your Uncle Jessup's going to mark it up."

There was a pause. My wits were working fast.

"Or down maybe," Prentiss prompted insinuatingly.

Then I caved. I lacked courage to lie; I feared to tell the truth. Like any weakling I fled to the middle course of weak deceit.

Said I with a laugh:

"Up—down, did you say? Well, if my uncle's getting busy you can make up your mind he'll do one thing or the other."

At once a burst of talk broke out round the table. "Huh!" grunted Prentiss, baffled. For the moment I'd staved him off; still I wondered how long I could go on dodging him. Prentiss had made a small sensation. None had known I was my Uncle Jessup's nephew. Mrs. Figler now eyed me with interest, not to say seductiveness. My position, so to speak, was established. Spuriously I'd put myself among those that money places. I awoke as if from a dream to hear Jennie exclaim in surprise:

"But why a larger apartment? Seven rooms seem plenty just for two."

Mrs. Hodge laughed amiably. "It isn't the number of rooms; it's their size. Western people that have been used to lots of space and air just perish at first in our New York flats. I don't know what sort of an apartment you've rented, but take my advice—pick out one with at least a large drawing room. When you entertain you don't want your guests literally tumbling over one another."

I think it was on the tip of Jennie's tongue to say she didn't mean to entertain. Possibly she realized it would sound ungracious. Mrs. Hodge rattled on.

"Sam and I started out in one of those West Side bandboxes—we didn't know any better. Our only idea was to save money—yes! It makes me laugh even now." Here both she and her Sam chuckled as if reminiscently. "I tell you, though, we got sick of it soon enough—skimping. Life's too short," Mrs. Hodge added decisively. "When I save I prefer to save in comfort." Her philosophy was self-evident. If indeed she was determined to get on in the world not even this ambition must stand in the way of enjoyment. "Anyway," she laughed, "what's the use of saving till one is earning something worth saving?"

Jennie laughed too. Then she said seriously: "But we mean to save, willy-nilly."

Through all this Oglebay had maintained a polite interest. It was clear, though, how bored he was. Prentiss, lounging with one arm over the back of his chair, yawned openly; and I saw the Figlers exchange disdainful glances. Mrs. Parmlee, however, leaned forward, clearly intent on Mrs. Hodge's proclamation. So far Mrs. Parmlee had said little; now she dropped an observation. "Not many in New York have the courage to save, Mrs. Agnew. I'm glad to hear you say it."

There was a significance in her tone rather than in the speech itself that made her words surprising. Mrs. Parmlee smiled faintly. "One never needs an umbrella till a rainy day," she added; "then one needs it badly."

I fancy many other women have felt this, especially the women whose husbands dabble in stocks. Parmlee, as I've said, gambled heavily in Wall Street.

Again as amiably as before Mrs. Hodge gave a little laugh. "I don't mean that you need spend recklessly all you make. No, indeed! But I do mean, just the same, there's nothing in living stupidly. And more than that," cried the vivacious little woman, giving her brows a funny, serious twist of distaste, "stupid, dowdy people never get anywhere. Mark me now," said Mrs. Hodge decisively; "no one ever gets prosperous in New York till first they've learned how to look prosperous!"

"Hear! hear!" cried Mr. Hodge. "Regular little stump speaker, isn't she?"

A loud yawn echoed him. Prentiss, with no pretense of concealment, was gaping cavernously at the ceiling. Oglebay, too, had ceased even to show a polite interest. To be sure, it was rather unusual dinner conversation. Besides, I suppose he felt himself as far above it as I would have felt myself had I heard, say, a pair of housemaids discussing their weekly wages. Oglebay's eyes drifted to a distant corner of the room, where those two other women sat chatting animatedly in a party of eight. In New York one may talk of money—that is, inferentially; but one may not talk of the want of it. Not only Prentiss and Oglebay were bored; the Figlers, too, had long ceased to heed us. Figler was signaling the waiter to give him more of the Chablis, while his wife's eyes followed Oglebay's across the room.

Mrs. Hodge broke off suddenly. "There's a vacant flat just under ours, just what you want. I'm going to send my car for you in the morning."



"I'm So Glad! I Was Afraid the Dress Was Getting a Little Out of Date"

She had hardly finished when Mrs. Parmlee, after a queer, not too approving glance at Mrs. Hodge, suddenly leaned toward Jennie. "If you're not doing anything later, Mrs. Agnew, will you lunch with me at one?" she asked.

Mrs. Hodge at once interposed. "Oh, but she's going to lunch with me!"

As she spoke, Mrs. Hodge made a funny little mouth of defiance at Mrs. Parmlee. Hodge grinned, while I smiled. It pleased me immensely that already the ladies were tilting to possess Jennie.

For a moment Jennie looked baffled. However, she was not called on to decide, inasmuch as Mrs. Hodge saved her the trouble.

"I spoke first," said Mrs. Hodge triumphantly; "I guess, Mrs. Parmlee, you'll have to try some other time."

Mrs. Parmlee sat back quietly. "Yes, some other time," she murmured. Her tone, however, lacked interest.

Through all this Ainsworth had remained a silent auditor. A stone image of the sitting Buddha could not have stared more impassively. At the tilt between Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Parmlee his eyes had brightened a little; then when Mrs. Hodge declared herself victor he settled down in his chair almost with a shrug.

Conversation at this point became general. As New Yorkers they talked of the things that make up New York life and living. It was talk I hungered to hear. Jennie, too, I saw, was exhilarated by it. Much of it was perhaps beyond us, but we were learning now. In Ohio, as I've said, money talks. Here, I began to see, it also talked, but more politely. Instead of shouting—as in Ohio—it spoke in a cultivated, lower tone. One heard it just as clearly.

I learned one fact beyond question of a doubt. In New York, to save, to be thrifty and far-seeing, stamps one as bourgeois. If you save you must save secretly. It is not a thing to be known.

I've said the Hodges saved their money. They did—and they didn't. Hodge told you he invested his. It is a broad distinction. A wide gulf exists in New York between those that save and those that invest.

These people did not talk of money—that is, none but the Figlers, who hadn't any, and Prentiss, who had nothing else. By inference, though, every topic they touched on denoted cash. All but the Figlers and I had motors, Ainsworth included. All but Ainsworth talked of their motors; and motors, at any rate the kind they had, mean money. They talked also—and as lightly, unconcernedly—of expensive travel, of trips abroad, of jaunts to Palm Beach, Monterey, the Hot Springs and so forth. They spoke of London, Paris, Rome, the Riviera and all the rest of it, exactly as if a trip abroad meant no more than a week's end run into the suburbs.

To be sure, plenty of my Ohio friends enjoyed as much. At the same time, though, when my Ohio friends talked of this it was in a tone as if they themselves were astonished at how much they themselves had seen. For months, perhaps years, at a time they lived perfectly humdrum, ordinary lives, then they made a splash! Either they went abroad or they hied even more expensively to some American resort, and for a brief period blew in their money like sailors. Their splash was a large event, an epoch in their lives.

But in New York—well! With the Hodges, with Oglebay and Prentiss as well—in fact, with all of each class they represented—the case was different. It was a case of splash every day in the year. Even the Figlers attempted it. They made their little ripple. It was in the air.

Halfway through the dinner I was already figuring mentally how much I must have to buy my wife a limousine!

It was close to eleven when at last we arose. One more surprise awaited. As we left the table that other party in

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Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Time Element—By James H. Collins







THE world's chief steel center, when it comes to quality and the making of special steels for special purposes, is Sheffield, in England. Our own Pittsburgh district leads in tonnage, and the German steel industries are important; but Sheffield is the mother of modern iron and steel working. She developed the great processes of the nineteenth century and she is still the active head of the family.

One of the most necessary factors in the making of Sheffield steel is the Sheffield workman. Iron has been wrought in that district from prehistoric times. Father and son, grandfather and great-grandfather, have smelted and forged the metal from generation to generation. The Sheffield workman was an ironmaster in the days when fine steels often came from as far as India and their cost ran to thousands of dollars a ton. He was the first to take hold of Huntsman's crucible, Bessemer's converter, the open-hearth process and other basic inventions; and he developed the powerful machinery needed in working iron and steel for present-day uses, and followed the application of steel to countless modern useful purposes.

The Sheffield workman's knowledge of steel, according to an English expert, Dr. Arthur Shadwell, is instinctive and unerring. The workman is not versed in the subtleties of modern metallurgical science and may be but indifferently schooled in the three R's; but he can take a piece of steel and, by the precision of his senses alone, tell its composition with certainty. After his offhand estimate of the percentage of carbon has been given, based on temper, the metallurgical chemist may take the same specimen into his laboratory and confirm the percentage by delicate tests. What the chemist ascertains by scientific refinements, the Sheffield workman has long known by watching the behavior of the metal, following its caprices in working, and by his sympathy and feeling for steel, acquired from previous generations.

What is true of the Sheffield workman in steel holds good in John Bull's other basic industries. Lancashire workers have this same instinct for cotton; Yorkshiremen for wool; the people of Staffordshire for clay and pottery.

Two Yankees in New York

DOCTOR Shadwell has investigated these peculiarly English industries in other countries and finds that when they fall short of efficiency it is usually the workman's instinctive knowledge that is lacking. Capital may be raised for a steel or cotton mill in a British colony. Demand for the product is there. Materials are close at hand. Shorter distance gives market advantages. Money will buy the latest and best machinery available to the English manufacturers. English workmen may be brought from Sheffield or Manchester. The management will probably be English. The feeling and experience of the industry cannot be transported however. The colonial mill will show that this something is missing. Processes slacken; things run at loose ends somehow, compared with the solid efficiency found in England.

Here is an interesting factor in business—the factor of growth. Call it the time element, and regard any business from the standpoint of whether it has it, or has it not. Many a staid old house, that ought apparently to be out of existence by reason of its conservatism, is found running along prosperously because the time element is behind it. On the other hand, many a vigorous, enterprising young concern falls short of complete success because the time element is lacking or not properly utilized.

Nearly twenty years ago a keen young man from a small town in New England went to the city of New York and started business for himself. He had practically no capital, but possessed some ideas regarding the trade he entered. He thought he knew what the public wanted and that trade was not supplying it. He believed he could make this necessity both better and cheaper than the trade had ever made the goods, and get his product to the consumer by a shorter route. His ideas were exactly in line with the tendencies in the trade at that time, though he was the only one who saw conditions clearly. For several years he had a hard fight. From one month to another it was never clear whether he would pull through. Bills and notes had to be met and business houses persuaded to extend the modest line of credit that would keep the enterprise going; but the young Yankee was right—and he was square. He hung on until the tide turned; and when it did the flood of prosperity came so high and flowed so fast that he was quickly made rich. Ten years after he started he was a millionaire.

The time element was with this Yankee. For two generations or more, other men had been at work developing the goods identified with that trade. First, they had made them known to the public when they were new and novel, and then made them familiar, and finally staple. Some had succeeded at the business and others had failed, but all had helped along the general welfare of the trade—building demand. When the young man from New England came along the public was prepared for better and broader things than even the trade itself perceived, and he stepped in and carried the business farther. The need for going slowly saved him from making costly mistakes.

About the time the tide turned, another Yankee came into the business. He was a young fellow from the same town, and they had worked together as clerks at home. This newcomer soon had such a grasp of the business that the management shifted into his hands. The founder was fond of foreign travel and, as money came, spent more and more of his time abroad. Finally matters got to a point where he stayed in Europe most of the summer and in Egypt all winter. Twice a year he would come home for a few weeks, bringing a lot of fussy, half-baked plans for modifying his business, and setting the offices in a turmoil while he was there. Everybody was relieved when he sailed again—and his plans were promptly pigeonholed. The manager had entire control. People dealt with him and saw nothing of the founder.

By-and-by a belief grew up in the trade.

"Seamon started that business at the psychological moment," said the trade. "Anybody else might have made the beginning; but Weybridge has the brains and the ability. Weybridge is the real business head. Weybridge is the power behind the throne."

Naturally the manager heard this. It came to him from all sides. Eventually he inclined to believe it himself. As years went by, the idea took firm root in the trade. Weybridge prospered and his success as manager created strong confidence in him. Again and again the tempter came to him and whispered; and in the end he yielded, and announced that he would start in the same business for himself.

"There!" said the trade. "Now you'll see something happen! Seamon has lost the real executive. Without his whims and freaks to hold him back, Weybridge will do something magnificent!"

And Weybridge did. He made the most magnificent failure ever known in that business. Capital was easily secured, for everybody believed in this power behind the throne. Instead of starting on a modest scale, as Seamon had done, thoroughly adjusting his enterprise to conditions and making his mistakes on an economical scale, Weybridge laid out an organization larger than Seamon's. The time element was disregarded. He disregarded what had gone before in the trade, and the factor of growth was so little considered that the business had no babyhood. It was expected to walk the moment it was born. For months ahead, Weybridge canvassed the trade for bright particular stars. Every young man who had distinguished himself with another concern in details such as factory management, selling, and so forth, was bought up with a long contract at an unheard-of salary. Even the office boy came all ready to be set up and operated.

Trade That Went Down Grade

THIS great organization assembled on a given day in an office and factory designed to be set going at the pressure of a button. It started out to clean up the earth after an elaborate housewarming lunch, and for about three weeks the trade was horribly scared at the unexampled competition looming up; but in a month the trade laughed. Weybridge's business became a joke. All the bright young men, drawn from different concerns and accustomed to working by different policies and methods, ran at cross-purposes. There was abundant ability and energy, but

they got nowhere. The factory force was out of joint with itself and could not deliver the goods, and the sales force was too much at sea to sell them. Within six months Weybridge failed—and it was a failure in three rings and an elevated stage! The trade still remembers how his picked men hustled for jobs again—the bright particular stars coming down. As for the business of Seamon, his old boss, that went right along making money as usual. Its famous "power behind the throne" was not missed. An obscure assistant took his desk, and production and sales continued automatically. The concern was so rooted in the time element that even the caprices and neglect of its owner seemed not to impair it.

One of the commonest figures in business life is the man who can never be found twice in the same place. He may be a salary-earner who has a new job every time one meets him and a long explanation of why there was no chance for him to develop properly in the old place. Again, he is the small promoter who sends out several times a year an engraved announcement to the effect that, on account of the unprecedented increase in his business, he is reorganizing and moving into a smaller, cheaper office. This type is also found among the executives. Many a corporation falls just short of paying dividends because it is hampered by a president who will not stay long enough in one spot for the lightning to strike again.

A shrewd policymaker at the head of an Eastern concern says that there is a definite advantage in staying in the same place. If a little cobbler sticks to his little shop in a city neighborhood fifteen years he may be only a little cobbler after all, earning about the same income with his piecing and patching; but a certain unearned increment will have resulted from his staying there so long. For a year or two at the start, he got chiefly odd jobs. Then customers who liked his work and himself began to come back again and recommend him to others. In five years everybody knew him. In ten years he had become a neighborhood landmark. By the time fifteen years have passed, people assure one another that he has been there in that same shop for forty years at least—to their personal recollection; that he cobbled the shoes of their fathers and grandfathers before them; that he looks today exactly as he did forty years ago—not having changed a bit; that he is about the only cobbler left in town nowadays who can be trusted to do a job of tapping in the good old-fashioned way.

Business is largely a matter of healthy roots.

The Naugatuck Valley, in Connecticut, is famous for brass-working. Three-fourths of all the brass goods made in this country are turned out there, and the district takes a large proportion of our copper output. The roots of that industry date back almost to Colonial times. In the days of the old Yankee tin pedler—long before steam was available for manufacturing—every little stream in the hills roundabout had its little workshop, run by water-power, or sometimes a horse and treadmill. The Yankee tin pedler brought in old copper kettles, taken in trade, and the small manufacturers turned the metal into brass buttons and other light trinkets that could be shipped to New York. By-and-by, when steampower came and the more successful manufacturers moved into towns, the knack of brass-working had become general enough to serve as a basis for expanding the industry. Many staples in brass were then imported from England. The Connecticut men took these up one by one, sent over to Birmingham for skilled workmen and gradually captured our home market. There still stands in Waterbury an old stone mill where the first brass wire ever produced in this country was drawn and the first brass pins made.

There is an old trade story about the workman who drew that first American brass wire and furnished the knowledge upon which the industry was founded. British manufacturers greatly feared the growing competition in Connecticut and opposed every attempt to take skilled workers to America. After a Connecticut manufacturer had persuaded this man to come to America he had to smuggle his new employee over to Ireland and put him aboard a ship in a hogshead.

As copper production developed in the United States, the Naugatuck Valley thrived. All the new ideas for brass goods gravitated there and the district furnished ideas of its own abundantly. The workmen manipulated brass naturally and worked in a brass atmosphere. Today, despite the fact that other big brass centers have arisen in the Middle West, the valley still leads. Newer centers owe their establishment to Naugatuck workmen. The time element in this valley is as strong as yeast. A bit of it transplanted elsewhere sets a brass-mill going, but the original leaven is in no way decreased.

Similar stories of growth can be found in connection with our other staple industries—collars and gloves in New York, pottery and silk in New Jersey, textiles in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Our great Trusts are all founded on industries that, through solid development of technical practice and sure linking with basic demand, have sent strong taproots into the time element.

Ireland furnishes an interesting illustration of what happens when such roots are pulled up. After the introduction of tobacco from America the Emerald Isle became an important producer of the leaf. Irish peasants learned how to grow and cure it; their product was so much in demand during the time of Charles II that growers in the American colonies complained and the production of tobacco in Ireland was stopped by law. Act of Parliament did not wholly kill the industry. For years after the prohibition, tobacco was raised surreptitiously in Ireland and smuggled across the Channel; but finally, by sending soldiers to root up the plant, the industry was obliterated and the peasants who understood this crop died off.

Within the past few years there has been a general movement to build up Irish industries—tobacco among the rest. The law has been amended to permit tobacco-growing, and the leaf is now being cultivated again in various parts of the island; but everything had to be begun from the very bottom. All the strong old roots of the industry had died out. Peasants had to be taught to take care of the plant in the fields. When the leaf was ripe and harvested there arose the difficulty of curing. All the men who knew how to cure Irish tobacco had been in their graves two generations, and it was necessary for rich land-owners to establish warehouses where the crop could be properly handled, even though no profit resulted.

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CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VII

IVAN stepped to the little door, opened it softly and took a quick look up and down the street; then closed the door again.

"Will you come down?" said he in a low voice.

I reached for the branch of a tree, swung silently clear of the wall and dropped to the ground. Even through the murk I could see the gleam of Ivan's white teeth as he looked at me with his thin-lipped smile.

"Let us go inside," said he. "I should like to talk with you."

I followed him up the path and into the house, and as we entered I heard a rustle from an adjoining room.

"It is all right, Pierre," said Ivan. "*Merci, m'sieu'.*"

Ivan touched a button and the light streamed out.

"Let us go up to my office," said he. "We can be more comfortable there, and I have quite a good deal to say to you."

So up we went to the handsome room, with its stately Empire furniture, Oriental rugs and valuable paintings, for Ivan was a connoisseur and collector. He seated himself behind his desk and motioned me to sit down in a big easy-chair opposite.

"Let me compliment you upon your quick recovery of health," said Ivan, eying me keenly. "Chu-Chu told me he shot you through the body and ripped a hole through your arm with his knife. He was unable to understand how you made your escape, and has been cursing modern high-velocity pistols with small-caliber, steel-jacketed bullets ever since. He is also inclined to suspect Léontine."

"He drilled me through the shoulder," I answered, "and the knife wound was nothing much. For my part, I've been cursing my own clumsiness."

Ivan gave that peculiar smile which might have stood for amusement or malice.

"I wonder you didn't drop on his back just now," said he.

There was no use in telling him of my promise to Sœur Anne Marie, so I answered:

"I might have done so if it had been anywhere else. Naturally I would not make a row on your premises. Besides, I gathered from your talk that you had need of him and I did not want to run against your interests."

His eyes bored into me like gimlets. "You are getting very considerate of my interests all at once, Monsieur Clamart. You were less thoughtful the other day at Baron von Hertzfeld's. That little interference of yours cost me a good many thousand francs, a sum of which I stand in considerable need just at this moment."

"I am very sorry, Count," I answered; "but how was I to know? When we last met you told me that you were finished with Chu-Chu and that I might do what I liked to him for all you cared. I supposed, of course, he was working on his own hook."

Ivan leaned back in his chair, twisting the waxed end of his thin black mustache, his pale, handsome



Ivan Had a Pack of These Stinking, Stealthy Apaches at His Disposal

face clouded. For several moments he did not speak, but his luminous eyes shot up at me from time to time from under the long black lashes.

"Why have you come to see me tonight?" he asked suddenly.

"Because," I answered, "it occurred to me that perhaps I might be running counter to your interests, after all, in hunting Chu-Chu, and I wanted to make sure that it was all right. A man may carry on a feud with another man, but there's no use trying to fight a whole organization."

"But what made you think that I might be employing Chu-Chu when, as you just said, you believed that I had done with him? Whom have you been talking to? Léontine?"

His eyes were snapping now and his delicate features were as hard as steel.

"No," I answered. "Léontine has told me nothing. Nobody has told me anything. It was merely a surmise on my part—and it appears that I was right."

Ivan stared a second, then nodded. "Yes," said he, "you were right—confound it! I did not expect to use Chu-Chu again, nor did I intend to; but I was driven to it. I have recently lost two of my best men and there was nobody else to do the work. There were two or three big jobs I wanted to finish up, then leave France for a while. I do not quite like the way things are going. To tell the truth, I have a vague instinct that I am under observation"—he gave me another of those ocular dagger-thrusts—"and that the prefecture is beginning to smell a rat. That is the reason why I closed up the house and went to Trouville for a fortnight. I wanted the secret-service men to make a search in my absence, and I find they have done so. I left everything prepared for them—a few letters to indicate that I am somewhat involved in a Balkan conspiracy, and so on. Balkan conspiracies don't interest them much, but they had to find something. I just returned tonight, having got hold of a good proposition and wishing to see Chu-Chu. There is no one else. You heard the conclusion of our conversation?"

"Yes," I answered; "and it made me feel ashamed of myself for the trouble I've made you. I'd never counted on your squareness to me resulting in your own loss."

Ivan gave his thin smile. "It has though," he answered. "First it was Miss Dalghren's rope of pearls, which I gave back to you; then you came within an ace of doing me out of that big Calais boat haul; then you broke up the Hertzfeld job, and now it looks as if you might spoil the best thing yet. I won't say anything about the Rosenthal stones that you took away from Chu-Chu, though he swears that he would have turned them over and was waiting only until the other business should have been disposed of. Now, Monsieur Clamart, I am like yourself a man of my word; but, after all, there are limits to one's patience." He smiled again.

Was he starting to threaten me? I could feel the muscles of my jaw harden. It was one thing to try to keep Ivan's good-will and another to be cowed. The blood started up my neck and I think that Ivan saw that he'd taken the wrong tack, for he went on smoothly:

"Don't misunderstand me. What I mean is that keeping my word to you is proving more expensive than I can afford; and it seems to me there exists some little obligation on your part. Don't you agree with me?"

"I certainly do," I muttered.

"I have stretched some points for you," Ivan went on; "and I don't mind telling you that, all money loss aside, it has hurt my authority with the association of which I am the head. Chu-Chu has been intriguing." His face darkened and grew sinister. "He is accusing me of favoring a renegade and traitor who has great influence at the prefecture. The mob knows your story; it knows that you got caught while working the Cuttynge house and that for some miraculous reason you got off scot-free. It's been hinted that you belong to the police, and it's also been hinted that I am too well disposed to you. Do you understand? Now one good job on your part would remove that impression and restore confidence in myself and enable me to put Chu-Chu where he belongs."

"But, my dear Count——" I began, almost stammering; for now I saw what Ivan was after. He interrupted me.

"Listen, Monsieur Clamart. It is true that you passed your word to Mrs. Cuttynge never to steal again; but I understand that she believes you to have broken your faith and that the circumstances are such that she can never be undeceived. What you wish most of all is that she should continue to believe you guilty and her husband, the real thief, innocent. Is that not so?"

"Yes," I stuttered; "but——"

"Let me finish." Ivan leaned toward me across the desk and projected the whole weight of his powerful magnetism. "Mrs. Cuttynge, I take it, is the only person whose faith in you you value, and hers is irrevocably lost. She believes you have dropped back into the underworld—back to your old trade; but if you were to reëmerge you could resume your former position in your half-brother's motor business and his wife would gradually regain her faith in you, and at the end of a certain time it would be absolutely restored. Now what keeps you from going back? Chu-Chu le Tondeur? I do not wish to tempt you, Monsieur Clamart, nor shall I offer you a cent of money as inducement; but I am going to appeal to your sense of obligation to me and offer you the means of extricating yourself from your difficult position. I have a job on hand which would be practically impossible to a bungler, but presents no difficulties to the expert. Moreover, the loss will fall upon a rich and dishonest organization. If you will undertake this one bit of work and are able to carry it off successfully I will promise never to call upon you again and I will give you my assurance"—his face grew hard as flint—"that you need have no further cause to be on your guard against Chu-Chu le Tondeur. And that part of my compact would be a real pleasure to carry out."

The cold, deadly hate streamed out of Ivan's burning eyes as he said these last words; and let me tell you, my friend, I had no fear of his not making good on that part of the contract. For the first time I realized how Ivan loathed and hated the Shearer; but it showed me, also, how badly the Chief must be crowded, hating Chu-Chu as he did, to put up with him.

Well, here was the proposition, as cold and square as a flagstone in a prison yard. I could take it or I could leave it. If I took it I broke my word to Edith—and what did that matter, when she would live and die thinking that I had broken it anyway? If I left it there were Chu-Chu—and the thought of him didn't bother me any, because, after all, he wasn't much more than a bloodthirsty animal with an animal's cunning—and Ivan.

And let me tell you, my friend, that Ivan was a very different sort of type to tackle. It was within the range of human possibility that I could be afraid of Ivan. He was a man of cool thought, acted on impulsively. Ivan, I felt, could be swift and cruel and terrible; and his acts would not be governed by any principle, but purely by the emotion of the moment. Personally he could never have frightened me; but a braver man than I might easily dread that swift, cruel intelligence, directing such ferrets as you catch sight of slipping in and out of the shadows about the *barrières*. Ivan had a pack of these slinking, stealthy Apaches at his disposal; and, though he had probably never so much as laid eyes on one of them to recognize him, they were nevertheless ready and waiting to do his will as transmitted through one of his sub-lieutenants. Once this cheerful horde was loosed on a victim, he might as well try to fight a swarm of mosquitoes, of which the sting of any might easily prove fatal. They represented a disease rather than an enemy.

So here, on one side, was the promise of freedom from the underworld and life in the open again, all for a few hours' exercise of the skill that had taken me years and years to perfect. Just one theft added to the many which I had done and gloried in the doing of! It may seem strange to you that the odd chance of making a fluke of it and getting nabbed never entered into my head. The idea of getting caught never had entered into my head except in a vague sort of way just as the thought of being taken with cramp might occur to the strong, long-distance swimmer.

No, I had no fear of getting caught; in fact, I had and have still a supreme contempt for the Continental police, and you can take it as a great truth that the reason there are no more big robberies in Europe is because people take better care of their dust. When a Frenchman gets a bone he buries it; he doesn't give it to some big dog to guard for him, the way we do at home. And as for jewels—well, if folks knew how few of the sparklers they see are the real thing they'd stare at the moon instead. There's plenty of petty graft in Europe because the people are naturally suspicious and therefore suckers, but there's never such an awful lot of money in any one place; and when there is you're apt to find a couple of dozen people guarding it.

I took so long to answer that Ivan must have thought it was all fixed, for presently he said:

"I am glad to see that, though you are a straight man in your dealings—just as I am when personal questions are involved—you are not, nevertheless, pigheaded. You kept your word at great sacrifice; and now, when this sacrifice has proved futile, you are quite at liberty to——"

"To break my word?" I asked quietly.

Ivan gave me a startled look, then his eyes narrowed.

"So far as that goes," said he, "the person to whom you gave it considers that you have already broken it. To all practical purposes, Monsieur Clamart, you have broken your word to Mrs. Cuttynge."

"Perhaps," I answered; "but I have not yet broken my word to myself."

Ivan smiled. "Perhaps when you come to try yourself before the tribunal of your own conscience," said he, "the court might find extenuating circumstances——"

I interrupted him impatiently.

"Count," said I, leaning forward, "there is no use in our saying any more. Nothing would please me more than to be able to pay my obligation to you, though my own position is not one that I am in any way keen about. If I could do what you suggest I would in a second; but I can't. I don't pretend to be a reformed character or anything of the sort. It's simply that I've passed my word and can't go back on it without losing all my self-respect and going all to pot generally. If I were to do this one job do you suppose I'd stop there? Not for a second! I'd pitch in again and make Chu-Chu think he was the apprentice that you called him a little while ago. It's not as though I'd given my word in a fit of uplift ideas, or to please a woman, or because I happened to feel noble for the moment and wasn't in any particular want. I did it to square a debt—and I'm going to stick to it!"

Ivan stared at me gloomily. I'd rather expected he would threaten or sneer—or possibly, because there were some fine streaks in his complex nature, approve my stand. Instead, he sat and tugged at his mustache and stared at me from time to time in a sort of bored, despondent way, just as a man might at being turned down in some business proposition.

"Eh? Well," said he, suddenly rousing himself, "I was afraid I might hear something of that sort. I know your sort and I won't say you're not right. Only, it's apt to be a bit unfortunate for both of us."

"You mean that I can no longer count on your friendship?" I asked.

"No more than I can count on your help!" he snapped. "Mind you, I'm not going to order your assassination or anything of that sort; but, if you decline to take up the work and Chu-Chu decides to come to terms, I can't have him interfered with. Naturally I've got to protect my own man."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Just this, Monsieur Clamart," said Ivan, looking me squarely in the eyes. "If you want to prolong your life you will have to leave the country. As long as you leave Chu-Chu alone, all right and good. I need him for my business."

"Then order Chu-Chu to leave me alone," I answered.

"He wouldn't obey. Chu-Chu means to kill you or have you killed; but, as for your killing him"—he lowered his head and looked at me fixedly—"take my advice, Monsieur Clamart," says he, wagging his slender index finger at me, "and leave Chu-Chu alone. That is all."

Well, it was enough. At least he'd put the case plainly. As long as Chu-Chu was working for Ivan, I could hunt his scalp only at the risk of my own, though Chu-Chu was perfectly free to murder me. On the other hand, I had nothing to fear from Ivan so long as I left Chu-Chu alone. It was all logical enough. If I didn't like the situation I could always get out of the country; but there was my business and the desire to make good, and—oh, there were many reasons why I did not want to clear out.

Ivan reached over rather wearily and touched a bell. His servant Pierre, who looked rather like a mink, came to the door.

"Get a bottle of champagne and some sandwiches," said Ivan; then looked at me, and his thin smile parted his lips again. "You'll join me in some refreshment, won't you?"

So we drank a bottle of champagne between us and ate some sandwiches and talked about different things. Ivan asked me no questions about my stalk of Chu-Chu. The business seemed to bore him. It was plain enough he was bothered by troubles of his own; and once or twice, when there came a step outside on the pavement, he stiffened like a birddog that scents game. It was after two when I got up to go, and Ivan went down with me through the garden and let me out through the little door in the wall.

"Some day, when we've both retired and are living in the world where we belong, we may be good friends, Monsieur Clamart," said he in a tired voice. "But, meantime, business is business. Take my advice and clear out for a while. If you don't Chu-Chu will surely get you, because, as I said before, I need the man and can't have him interfered with. I've offered you your chance, and if you haven't chosen to profit by it you have only yourself to blame if anything unpleasant happens."

"Is that a polite way of saying that if I scrag Chu-Chu I'll have the association down on my back?" I asked.

"I'm afraid that's about what it amounts to," said Ivan; and he wished me good night.

The night seemed darker than ever when I went into the street; but, let me tell you, it wasn't any blacker than my own feelings. There seemed mighty little left but to skip the country and to go somewhere else and make a fresh start, this time on the level; but the very thought of that was hateful. To begin with, I couldn't stomach the idea of being chased out by Chu-Chu with a gang of Ivan's Apaches at his heels. Then, there was the business that I'd got so well started! And then there was the biggest thing of all—the wish to win back what I'd lost in Edith's eyes! Don't make the mistake of thinking for a second that I was in love with Edith. My feeling toward her was the sort a child might have for an angel. The distance between us was too great to admit of anything else.

There were other reasons too. I had an awfully warm spot inside me for Rosalie, and I wanted to see her often and be free to be with her. The remembrance of her bare arms round my neck and her tear-stained face against mine set me all aglow. I realized that I was on the verge of falling in love with Rosalie. And there was my life in town, and the clubs and theaters and cafés and spins over

the road—no, sir; to tell the truth, I almost regretted for an instant that I hadn't taken Ivan up on his offer. I knew, however, that things would never have been quite the same for me afterward if I had. Such a step would have cost me my self-respect even more than getting out of the country would; and when a man of my stamp loses his self-respect there ain't much left of him but his clothes.

So here I was, forbidden to hunt Chu-Chu under pain of being exterminated by Ivan's rat-terriers—and Chu-Chu free to do for me the first chance he got! It was a pretty exasperating state of affairs, and the more I thought it over the less good I was able to see in it—until suddenly I had an inspiration.

In the very beginning of my feud with Chu-Chu I had asked Ivan if he had any objection to it, and Ivan had unequivocally answered "No." He had told me that, as long as I did not furnish any information which might be dangerous to the mob, I could go ahead; and he had even given me a tip as to Chu-Chu's familiar. At that time Ivan had decided to break off all relations with Chu-Chu. Since then, however, he had come to need him again; and as a result he had now forbidden me to interfere.

When I had given Ivan my promise not to furnish information to the police it had been with the understanding that he was not to interfere with my feud with Chu-Chu. And now he had done it—and his doing so let me out. Mind you, the last thing in my mind was to turn state's evidence and actually lay information against the mob. That's a thing I've always despised; and besides, there were too many old, extraditable accounts against me to make such a move healthy. As the girl said when her young man wanted to kiss her: "I'm not that kind of a girl—and besides, mamma would hear!"

At any rate, I could make the bluff and put Ivan in the position of my guardian angel. And the minute that idea struck me I laid a course for an all-night café on the Avenue Wagram, where I called for writing materials and scratched off a letter something like this:

My dear Count: Since it has pleased you to declare the hunting season closed to me in the rôle of *chasseur*, though wide open if I am to be considered as game, I feel the necessity of falling back on the close preserve.

I am preparing tonight a full statement which, by the time this has reached you, will be in the custody of a trustee, with instructions to place it at once in the hands of the prefect of police should I happen to be the victim of any accident of a violent character.

I would, therefore, advise that our mutual acquaintance be issued instructions similar to my own.

In acting as I have, I am actuated solely by a sense of fair play. As to my good faith, you may remember that when I passed my word to make no revelations which might incriminate your associates or yourself it was done on your assurance that I should not be interfered with in the carrying out of my personal affairs.

Tomorrow morning I shall return to my place of business and resume the administration of my affairs as formerly, trusting to your discretion to prevent aught of an unpleasant character.

Please accept, monsieur, my most distinguished sentiments.

FRANK CLAMART.

This note finished, I sealed and addressed it and took it straight to Ivan's house. There I yanked at the bell until finally Pierre came to answer it.

I handed him the note.

"Take this to your master," said I, "and tell him it was brought by Monsieur Clamart himself."

Then I turned on my heel and went back to my little hotel in Passy, with the feeling of a man who has come to the surface after a deep dive.

VIII

IT DOESN'T take long to step from the underworld into the upper when you happen to be at home in both. I paid my little hotel bill, walked out into the Bois with my old black valise, found a thicket over by the bicycle path and did a lightning-change act from a goggled *prédicateur* into a young man of fashion, then walked over to the Pré Catelan, picked up a taxi and went to my quarters.

The concierge seemed glad to see me. I told him I had been working up the car in England and had run over for a few days to see if there was anything new. Naturally I'd left the black valise in the Bois and my being without luggage meant nothing, as he might have thought that I had left it at the Cuttynges' or the Automobile or Travelers Club. Your Paris concierge is a past master in the art of never being surprised at anything; and if you happen to be a foreigner the only thing that could possibly surprise him would be at the lack of things to be surprised about.



"Take My Advice, Monsieur Clamart, and Leave Chu-Chu Alone. That is All"

I read a few letters and then walked over to the office on the Avenue de la Grande Armée; and, let me tell you, the luxury of that walk in the open was greater than any I'd ever enjoyed. Chu-Chu might have walked up and shoved a knife into my solar plexus, and I'd scarcely have tried to stop him. I was enjoying my respectability just as a respectable person might enjoy a dip into vice—not because it was vice, but because he was a bit fed up on the other.

Gustave, our little *mécanicien*, was the only person at the office. He seemed very glad to see me back and said that there had been practically no business at all since I had been away. He had taken several people out to show the car, but did not know that anything had come of it. He believed there had been two sales from the Basle office and one from the Geneva.

I next called up the Cuttynges and learned from the butler that monsieur and madame were expected home the following night, but only to stop over twenty-four hours en route for Baden, as monsieur had been suffering from his stomach. Gustave told me that he had been forwarding all letters to Monsieur Cuttynge.

There was really nothing for me to do, and I was about to lock up my desk and stroll down to the Automobile Club when Gustave brought in a note that he said had just been left by a man who looked like a *valet de chambre*. One glance at the envelope showed me that it was from Léontine. It read:

Dear Frank: Ivan has just called and showed me your note. We both think that you have gone mad or else that you must have a wild and exaggerated idea of Ivan's authority over our mutual friend.

Let me warn you to get under cover at once. Ivan is practically powerless, and you are doing him a great injustice in the action you are taking. He has now gone to keep a rendezvous with our friend. There are many urgent things I wish to say to you, and I want you to lunch with me today at noon, *chez moi*. It will be quite safe.

Sincerely, L.

This note caused me no surprise. I had expected something of the sort—but from Ivan. However, as Léontine might expect to be entangled in the net of any general revelations, and had no idea how much I might have told in my statement, she was naturally uneasy and no doubt wanted the chance to convince me that I was behaving foolishly and meanly.

There seemed no special reason for not complying with her request as, now that I had broken cover, I was in no more danger in one place than another. If Ivan dared he could have me assassinated when he liked—and so might Chu-Chu. Mind you, I wasn't feeling so dead safe, by any means; what I was doing was simply the best of several poor choices—leaving the country, killing Chu-Chu and then taking a chance on Ivan's carrying out his threat, or skulking round in disguise and waiting for something to turn up. I don't count the possibility of going back to graft as a choice, because I never for a second considered it.

A little after eleven a man whom I knew came in and the clocks were striking twelve when I jumped into a taxi and started up to Léontine's. It seemed nice to be going about the city openly and well groomed again. After all, I thought, maybe it's better to take a chance of being scragged like a gentleman than to go slinking about like a street cat. I'll keep my eyes open, and if he can get me let him go ahead and do it. As for Ivan and his mob, they can go to the devil too.

It was in this frame of mind that I arrived at Léontine's; and then, as I got out and turned to pay the driver I got a jolt that knocked all the newborn impudence out of me—for there on the terrace, sitting at a table on the edge of the cleared space leading up to the door, was Rosalie, watching me intently; and at a table just abreast of her on the other side of the opening was a man in an artisan's blouse and a black straw hat, with one of the little round carpetbags in which plumbers, locksmiths and others carry their tools, on the pavement at his feet.

Bearded though he was, I knew him at a glance for Chu-Chu. Even if I had not seen him vaguely in the dark the night before, I think I should have known him. Some instinct seemed to label him with his true self, and the same instinct warned me to let my eyes move absently past and to turn slowly on my heel and reach for the bell of Léontine's little door.

"Was it a trap?" I thought like a flash. Did they mean to put me quickly and silently away and take a chance on such revelations as might or might not be produced? Was I a fool to go into the spider's web like an innocent little fly? The butler's steps were coming down the path. Had I better leave a verbal message and go away? I could say that I had just got back to the office and found the note and was sorry that I was engaged to lunch in the Bois, and had stopped on my way to make my excuses.

All this went through my head like a single thought. Then the door opened and I entered in the most natural way in the world and followed the *maître d'hôtel* up the path into the house.

Why did I do so? Was I fascinated by the danger? Hypnotized? Hardly that. I'd got too used to danger to

(Continued on Page 33)

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 25, 1911

An Opinion From the Ticker

THE Oil Trust is legally dead. The New Jersey corporation is divesting itself of ownership in all the subsidiary companies and is distributing their stock pro rata among its own shareholders, thereby reinstating a condition of free competition and fully complying with the Sherman act as interpreted by the Supreme Court.

The latest Stock Exchange quotations, as this is written, show that six hundred and forty-five dollars a share is asked and six hundred and twenty-five dollars a share is bid for the stock of this defunct, dissolved and virtually buried Trust. In May, 1906, when it was announced that the Government would sue for a dissolution of the Trust, Standard Oil stock sold at six hundred and thirty dollars a share. In fine, the Trust is worth exactly as much after its legal death as it was before. Obviously six hundred and twenty-five dollars a share would not be bid for oil stock, nor would the lowest offer be six hundred and forty-five dollars a share, if anybody supposed that the concern's profits were going to be a penny less in its dissolved, disintegrated and "unscrambled" condition than they were before; and nobody with wit enough to possess six hundred and twenty-five dollars dreams that the constituent parts of the oil combine could begin actively competing with one another without decreasing the aggregate profits.

The ticker opines, in short, that there will be no more competition than there was before—that oil products will not be cheaper to the consumer; nor will the price paid the producer be a bit higher.

Deposit Insurance in Kansas

KANSAS is progressive, but she progresses with deliberation. Her bank-depositors' guaranty law is an illustration. Unlike the Oklahoma law, which brings every state bank into the guaranty plan, the Kansas act is optional; a state bank may join in the guaranty or not as it pleases—except that no bank can join without the approval of the state bank commissioner, and he approves only institutions that are beyond criticism in every respect. No bank that pays more than three per cent interest on any form of deposits is admitted; and if any officer of a bank whose deposits are guaranteed under the act promises to pay, directly or indirectly, more than three per cent interest on any deposit he is liable to five thousand dollars fine and a year's imprisonment.

Having joined in the plan, a bank deposits with the state treasurer approved Government, state or municipal bonds equal to one-half of one per cent of its deposits, and pays in an annual cash assessment of one-twentieth of one per cent of its deposits until the accumulated cash amounts to five hundred thousand dollars.

If a guaranteed bank fails the commissioner shall, as promptly as possible, issue to each depositor a certificate bearing six per cent interest for the amount of his claim. He shall then wind up the affairs of the bank and apply its assets to the payment of depositors; if any deficit remains he shall draw upon the guaranty fund to make it good. Thus, the commissioner's certificate issued to a depositor in a failed bank is sure to be paid, plus interest; and the depositor can realize upon it as upon a gilt-edge note.

In his last annual report, Bank Commissioner Dolley says: "I hold that the first duty of the banking department is to protect the depositing public; and I believe firmly that when the banking department issues a permit, bearing the state's seal, for a bank to do business, every dollar deposited in that bank should be returned to the depositor—a hundred cents on the dollar and no less."

To anybody belonging to the depositing public, that certainly sounds like a reasonable doctrine; and under the guaranty law Kansas seems to be working her way toward that goal—progressively, yet with due caution. Over half the state banks are already participating in the guaranty plan and the proportion tends to grow.

Strikes and Government

WINSTON CHURCHILL has propounded a capital-and-labor puzzle to his British constituents.

To a modern state, he says in substance, railroad transportation is a necessity of life—and how literally true this is of England was shown in the general strike of last August, when the food supply in some localities ran down to only a few days' requirements. So the Government cannot permit railroad transportation to be paralyzed indefinitely by a strike. It cannot sit by and see communities starve. A point will soon be reached where it must intervene and force resumption of transportation.

Strikes, however, form one of the modern means of collective bargaining between employer and employees. They are, in fact, the workmen's final and most effective resource in driving a bargain. Denied the right to strike, labor unions would be only so many wooden cannon at which employers could laugh. If the employer knew absolutely that the men could not strike he might offer any terms he pleased. In wage-bargaining the men would not stand on a level footing but be bound and gagged.

If, then, the Government takes away, or seriously restricts, the right of the men to strike, isn't it bound to step into the breach and readjust the balance between them and the employer, by compelling the employer to pay them fair wages? There can be no free bargaining if it is known that at a certain point the Government will intervene on one side. Must it not, then, also be known that at a certain point the Government will intervene on the other side and compel payment of adequate wages?

Mr. Churchill carries his puzzle only that far. On our own account we add, How far will that leave us from regulation of wages as well as of rates by the Government, and how far will that leave us from Government ownership?

Taxing Extravagance

THERE is something to be said for the crude window tax which was one of the props of British revenue for many years. The present income tax retains some flavor of it in the distinction between earned incomes and those not earned. The ideal tax, no doubt, would be one upon expenditure rather than income, the expenditure that was necessary for decent living being exempt. Until the Socialists revolutionize us, a steady accumulation of investible capital will be necessary if trade and industry are to expand. Thus, an income of ten thousand dollars, of which half goes to the maintenance of a family while the other half is saved, swelling the investible fund that supports industry, deserves better than an income of the same size which the family next door "blows in." A ten-thousand-dollar man who is trying to live in a twenty-thousand-dollar house ought to be taxed four times as much as a ten-thousand-dollar man who lives in a five-thousand-dollar house. A fifty-thousand-dollar income, four-fifths of which is put back into the business for enlarged plant, additional machinery and the employment of more hands, is much more healthful than an income of the same size that goes for cutting a figure in the society column. The number of persons in the United States that extravagance supports in absolute unproductiveness, which is economically the same thing as complete idleness, must be huge. There are ninety thousand bartenders, for example, of whom half no doubt could be released to productive toil without any serious inconvenience to society.

The trouble lies, of course, in devising a tax to fit the case. Windows are a very humble and inconsiderable item in ostentation, and the man with an income from investments may be no more extravagant than one with an earned income; in fact, he himself may have saved the money for the investments.

The German Elections

INSURGENCY afflicts the Fatherland also, and Berlin reports say the ministry is rather aghast at an intimation that the Emperor proposes to take a personal hand in the pending elections, "swinging round the circle" and making speeches in the approved manner of an electioneering American President.

The last general election, nearly five years ago, gave great comfort to the Conservatives, because the Socialists lost thirty-eight seats in the Reichstag. Victorious conservatism proceeded to mangle the plan for electoral reform in Prussia, where one rich man's vote counts for as much as a dozen poor men's votes. Burdens incident to supporting the finest army in the world and building a navy to rival England's were still further increased. Partial crop failures this fall, coöperating with a high protective tariff framed in the interest of the big landowners, gave a painful upturn to the cost of living. American cattle are still virtually excluded, while the only meat with which many thousand tables are familiar is horseflesh. Recent bye and local elections indicate an alarming turn of the tide toward the Socialists. There are gloomy forebodings of a landslide which will disrupt the "bloc" by which Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg gets his majorities in the imperial parliament. It has been noted of late, indeed, that the several parties which occupy a more or less middle ground tend to lose weight, leaving the battle drawn more and more decisively between the extreme Radicals and the extreme Conservatives.

The outlook, no doubt, is displeasing to the Emperor. If the Prussian suffrage had been honestly reformed; if there had been some lightening of military burdens, some moderate tariff concessions—but when and where did true-blue conservatism ever yield an inch until it was hit over the head with a club?

"Typically American" Success

ONE of the heroes of the old chapbooks is that "famous and worthy clothier of England, Jack of Newbury," otherwise John Winchcomb. It is recounted as a wonderful thing that he kept a hundred looms at work in his own house and marched at the head of a hundred of his own workmen to the battle of Flodden Field. More exact history records his will, but does not commit itself as to his antecedents. No doubt, however, he was born in the humblest circumstances and worked his way to the top by native genius, thereby achieving a "typically American" success not long after America was discovered.

We are reminded of this by reading in various quarters that Joseph Pulitzer's success was "typically American"—as much so, indeed, as the success of that other poor young immigrant, Andrew Carnegie. Sons of Austrian Jews and of Scotch weavers, beginning poor, succeed everywhere, and have always succeeded by the same combination of genius and luck which, once in a hundred thousand times, wins preëminent success in America. These preëminent successes signify nothing anywhere.

Writing of poor Corsica before Napoleon was born, Rousseau said: "I have a presentiment this island will one day startle Europe." If that was prophetic of Napoleon one may, with confidence, make the same prophecy of any civilized tract of earth. Wait long enough and, in the inscrutable dispensations of Chance, some preëminently successful man will arise there.

The Judicial Mind in Politics

CHICAGO voters, under the referendum, were privileged this month to say "Yes" or "No" to the following proposition:

"For consenting to the act entitled An act to amend the act entitled An act in relation to a municipal court in the city of Chicago, approved May 18, 1905, as amended by an act approved June 3, 1907, entitled An act to amend an act entitled An act in relation to a municipal court in the city of Chicago, approved May 18, 1905."

The proposition actually was whether salaries of the judges and other employees of the municipal court should be raised one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a year; but to state it in such bald and intelligible terms would presumably have been shocking to the fine legal sense of the persons most directly interested.

The referendum is supposed to be a method of submitting public questions to the common-sense of the average voter. We have wondered before this why it is so often deemed necessary to present the questions in a technical jargon which no common-sense can penetrate.

The Fortunes of The Sun

NEW YORK CITY, November 3, 1911.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST:

IT WOULD be improper for any one to assume—as I understand some have assumed—that my story, The Fortunes of The Sun, published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, September second, ninth and sixteenth, was a literal chronicle of actual events that occurred in St. Joseph, Missouri, when I was the editor of The St. Joseph Star.

The story portrays a condition broader than that of any particular city. Some of the incidents actually occurred in St. Joseph, and some were taken from my experiences and the experiences of other editors in other cities.

My purpose in writing the story was to show fairly typical newspaper conditions in a typical American city. The incidents should not be applied to any particular places, individuals, or associations. OLIVER P. NEWMAN.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

T. R.'s Trustbuster

ONE morning, when The Colonel needed something to do—of course The Colonel needed something to do every morning; but this was one particular morning when the need was great, for the ordinary divertisements of the Presidential office, such as chasing General Miles across Lafayette Park and giving E. H. Harriman the third degree, had begun to pall—one particular morning The Colonel was being shaved, eating his bacon and eggs, dictating to Billy Loeb, composing a message to Congress, writing an ancient Irish ode and chastising a Nature-faker—and a thought struck him!

Now when a thought struck The Colonel the impact was terrific!—something like the irresistible force impinging on the immovable object, but not quite. That comparison only went when The Colonel struck the thought—not when the thought struck him. Well, to be explicit, The Colonel was occupying his time with a few little trifles of work when he and the thought met. Everybody in the vicinity of the White House imagined the boilers had blown up; but such was not the case. What happened was this: The Colonel decided to bust a few Trusts.

"By Jove!" he said—or exclaimed, or ejaculated, or shouted, or yelled—it all depending on how near the hearer was to The Colonel—"I'll do that!"

Hence, he did—that is, of course, he didn't; but he started to. And what Trust should he bust? For the nonce The Colonel hesitated—there were so many Trusts in eminent shape for busting. His hesitation lasted but a brief moment. It seemed so ridiculous that he hesitated at all! Often, in later days, The Colonel was wont to refer to this hesitation as an inexplicable display of temporary weakness. There was nothing to it, you see—absolutely nothing. From that day dates the immortal axiom of Trustbusting: When in doubt soak the Standard Oil. So The Colonel decided to bust the Standard Oil—a job not without its difficult angles; but, none dismayed, he so decided. We had had Trustbusting rash before on the body politic; but then and there the thing became epidemic. And since that time Trustbusting, which began with The Colonel, has become an industry, and the profession of Trustbuster is recognized in all walks of life—like being a Scotchman or a Southerner.

Having decided on the bustee, it was clearly up to The Colonel to pick out the buster. Nobody expected The Colonel to do aught but supply the impelling thought. He couldn't take a few days off from lambasting the coördinate branches of the Government—jabbing the judiciary and chastising Congress—to do the actual busting. It was not to be considered. So he looked round for a competent Trustbuster who should be able to take the Standard Oil Company apart and see what made it tick; and his choice fell on Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul.

Now there are various methods of crimping a corporation and desiccating a combination in restraint of trade. I have always held that the late Colonel Mose Wetmore, of St. Louis, had about the right theory. He contended vigorously that the way to bust a Trust was to sell out to it. He was in the tobacco business; and many an otherwise bright morning of Thomas F. Ryan's life has been saddened by the chilling news from his secretary: "Well, Mr. Ryan, Mose Wetmore has organized another tobacco company and American Tobacco will have to buy him out again!" Mose was right. The acutest agony that can be imparted to a Trust is imparted by taking money away from it. You may abuse a Trust, and write scathing articles about it and hold it up to public condemnation, and the Trust will worry along; but subtract money from it and a Trust will instantly begin yelling like a living skeleton with the lumbago—than whom there is no more agonized individual extant.

Having at Them

MANIFESTLY, it was impossible to start another Standard Oil Company and sell out to it, for the Government could not go into the oil business, though a good many people connected with said Government are pretty oily, at that. Hence, the thing to do was to select a man to bust this Trust who had a good general working knowledge of Trusts—knew their vulnerable points, so to speak. Well, Frank Kellogg had what might be called a fair line of information on the subject, having worked for Trusts and corporations for a period of lucrative years and having accumulated a million and a half or so in the process, whereby he was amply justified in snapping his fingers at Trusts all and sundry, and engaging in this holy work.

Frank had a wire from Washington on the day the thought occurred to The Colonel and hastened down.

"Frank," said The Colonel, "I want you to bust the Standard Oil! Have at it! Go out and walk round the block three times, and when you come back bring me John D.'s head on a salver, garnished with the remnants of this giant monopoly. I'm going to be busy this afternoon, and I'd like to have it all done and cleaned up before I go to luncheon!"

"But, sire," protested Frank, "this is an enterprise that requires time!"

"Time!" roared The Colonel. "That's the idea! That's what I want. Make 'em all do time. Have at them!"

So Frank went out and walked round the block three times—somewhat nonplused, to be sure, but eager for the fray; and when he got back to the White House The Colonel was engaged with a covey of authors he had at luncheon and had dismissed the episode from his mind. Thus Frank had all the time he desired; and The Colonel didn't refer to the subject again until he left for Africa. Nor did he refer to it much there—because the safari wouldn't understand, of course.

Kellogg plugged along and was the chief inheritance of Mr. Taft when Mr. Taft came into office. Presently Kellogg, after producing enough law and references and such gear on the subject to stuff the dome of the Capitol, yanked the S. O. into the United States Supreme Court; and presently the United States Supreme Court busted the Standard Oil, in a reasonable and entirely judicial way, you understand—but let that suffice.

Meantime Kellogg had become a National Character. It was a legitimate growth too. When he dropped in at the Chicago Convention, in 1908, where Mr. Taft was nominated, the newspaper correspondents mentioned him for Vice-President—and there was no forty-cent cigar appendaged to it either, as in the case of John Hays Hammond. To be sure, Kellogg hastened to say his nomination was out of the question—which it was; but that detracted nothing from the fact that he was mentioned. There were heaps of people at the Chicago Convention who were not mentioned for Vice-President.

Time wore on and the Standard Oil suit remained in the Kellogg workshop. Likewise Mr. Kellogg grew more and more a National Character. He was in the papers pretty constantly; but he deprecated that, as well he might. The reporters were very presumptuous. For example, the newspapers printed, with appropriate comment, the fact that Mr. Kellogg happened to be abroad at the time The Colonel emerged into the glare of the courts of Europe from the jungles of Africa, and by an odd coincidence came home on the same boat with The Colonel. Then, almost immediately, when Mr. Kellogg happened to be contiguous to the summer capital, there was some small chronicle of the fact that he played golf several times with Mr. Taft—and so it went. It did seem as if Mr. Kellogg couldn't get a quiet chat with T. R. or a quiet game of golf with W. H. T. without publicity. Very annoying, I should say.

A whole lot of people expected Kellogg would be the Attorney-General for the present Administration. Indeed, it may be said, nearly everybody except Mr. Taft—including Mr. Kellogg—expected it; but instead, Mr. Taft annexed the eminent, though somewhat incendiary, Mr. Wickersham. The expectation then became general that Mr. Kellogg would run for the United States Senate against The Black Eagle of Fergus Falls—to wit, the Honorable Moses E. Clapp. Once more expectation languished and became limp. Mr. Kellogg did not run.

Then he won his case against the Standard Oil—won it in a manner that further increased his reputation as a great lawyer; and now he is resting on those laurels—resting with his eyes turned toward the future. They are talking of him for Vice-President in some parts of the West. Who knows but he may go on the United States Supreme Bench? Answer: Mr. Taft knows.

However—and this is the main point—he is big enough for the Vice-Presidency and big enough for the Supreme Bench; a big lawyer is Frank B. Kellogg. Any person who doubts that statement is at liberty to inquire concerning its truth of the large bunch of handpicked hothouse lawyers who opposed his contentions *in re* the Standard Oil Company, said lawyers being the flowers of the bar—except that nifty little blossom, Mr. Kellogg himself.



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He Was Mentioned

A Realistic Performance

THE manager of a moving-picture factory wanted to depict a lynching. He hired a darky whom he found loafing about one of the New York piers to play the part of the victim and selected a quiet corner of Bronx Park for the scene of the make-believe hanging.

First the darky fled from a pack of ravening bloodhounds that had been borrowed from an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe. The dogs treed him and a mob of ten, twenty and thirty cent actors, made up as stage Southerners, dashed up on horseback and dragged him down. A rope was thrown about his neck, fitting over a leather harness that was supposed to protect his throat and enable him to breathe. His arms were bound and he was yanked up high in the air, while the cameras clicked and the counterfeit lynchers capered about and brandished revolvers.

The manager and his assistant stood some distance away studying the general effect.

"Do you know," said the manager admiringly, "that colored man with a little training would make an actor. I told him to kick and wriggle his legs and carry on, and just look at him. Did you ever see anything more realistic in your life?"

"I never did," said his assistant. "He's even bugged his eyes out and stuck his tongue out."

Just then a mounted policeman rode up and took in the situation, and cut down the darky actor in time to save his life.

The noose had slipped up over the leather neckguard and in another minute or two there would have been a dead negro on somebody's hands.

The policeman revived the strangled victim and took him and the rest of the troupe to the station house, and there the story came out.

A Wise Old Man

THREE aged Yankees wanted to go from Portland, Maine, to St. Louis, but got on a wrong train and missed connections. Cy Warman, the author, found them. The men were between ninety and a hundred, and had with them a lady aged ninety-two, the wife or sister of one of them.

Warman expressed regret that they had been misdirected.

"It's all right," said the older man. "There's jist two things I never worry about—things I can help and things I can't."

Dix's Fix

MRS. DIX, the wife of the Governor of New York, has decided ideas of her own on various political matters. Mrs. Dix's name is Gertrude.

At a dinner party at the executive mansion in Albany the talk turned on the difficulties of the Governor's position, with some comment concerning Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall.

"Yes," piped in the Governor's niece, who was present; "Uncle John certainly is in a dickens of a fix trying to compose what Aunt Gertrude says he must do with what Charley Murphy says he must do."



THERMOS

The Gift That Is Never Exchanged

"It is exactly what I wanted." How much pleasure is added to your Christmas when you hear that said enthusiastically. Give Thermos articles and you will surely make presents that will be appreciated. Thermos never returns to the shops for exchange.

Thermos Bottles
now $1.00 up

In past years you may have felt that Thermos cost a bit more than you could afford to pay. To-day it is within the reach of even the most modest income. Handsome full pint Thermos Bottles are on sale at all our dealers for $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 each. One quart Thermos Bottles can now be had for $3.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 each. Sets of two or more bottles in a carrying case can be had at moderate prices.

Any man, woman, boy or girl who is fond of outdoor sport will be enthusiastic about a Thermos Bottle. They will use it constantly not only afield, afloat and on the road, but in the home as well. For the invalid and the aged, for the young mother and the baby it is the ideal gift.

Thermos keeps any liquid ice cold for 72 hours or piping hot for 24 hours.

The New Thermos Carafe

The Thermos Carafe is made for indoor use. Its handsome design and finish have earned for it the title of "Thermos De Luxe." For serving refreshing beverages in the dining room, card room, billiard room or on the piazza it is ideal. In the bed chamber the Carafe has ice water fresh and ready at any hour of the day or night.

Many hotels—including the famous Kalckerbacker and new Vanderbilt of New York—have equipped all guest rooms with the Thermos Carafe.

Thermos Carafes sell for $5.00.

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters make splendid gifts. Price $5.00.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets

Thermos Lunch Kits contain two compartments—for sandwiches, etc.—and a Thermos Bottle. They are luxurious necessities for anyone who must eat lunch away from home. Give them to the school boys or girls and to your friends who are fond of picnics.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets range in price from $2.50 Kits—for individuals—to elaborate sets for motor tourists, coaching parties, etc., at $75.00.

Thermos is sold by all good stores. The word Thermos is stamped on the bottom of all genuine Thermos articles. It is a word that infringers dare not use, and is placed on each article to protect you against worthless imitations.

Thermos Carrying Cases

Thermos Carrying Cases make acceptable gifts for those who already own Thermos Bottles. They sell for from 85 cents up.

Write for Catalog

The Thermos Catalog and Price List will be sent upon request. It is a handsome illustrated booklet which describes all Thermos articles. You should not fail to write for it before you do your Christmas shopping. You will be wise to guard against imitations by writing now.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Thermos Building, New York



THE PENNY PANIC

(Continued from Page 8)

Mr. T. B. Binks, president of the company, will then turn the spigot and permit a number of pennies to run into the lower, soundproof box. Next, a representative from each of the five daily newspapers will be asked to turn the spigot and allow some pennies to run into the lower box. Inasmuch as the size of the spigot is unknown to any one except Mr. Binks, and as the lower box is soundproof, it will be absolutely impossible for any of these gentlemen to estimate the number of pennies that have run into the lower box.

From the moment the spigot is turned for the last time until the end of this great contest, the lower box will not be touched—this precaution being taken in order that no one may judge, by the weight, the number of pennies in either box. A heavy sheet-iron case will then be placed over both boxes and bolted to the floor. It will be secured with padlocks and seals placed upon the padlocks by the newspaper representatives present, and the box will be guarded night and day by armed guards from the Everalert Detective Agency until the close of the contest.

Now, it is obvious that in the lower box there is more than one penny and less than two thousand. It is up to you to guess the exact number of pennies in the lower box. If you guess the correct number you will win

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS

Rules of the Contest

1—If more than one person guesses the correct number of pennies in the lower box the prize of one hundred thousand dollars will be divided equally among them. If one person only guesses the correct number of pennies in the lower box he gets the entire sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

2—With every five-dollar purchase made at the store of the T. B. Binks Company, a numbered ticket will be given the purchaser. This ticket will be printed in two sections. Tear off the gummed section at the perforated line, go to Counter K and ask the clerk for a Contest Box. If you guess there are twenty pennies in the lower box place twenty pennies in the small box which will be given you at Counter K, seal it with the gummed section of your numbered ticket and leave it at Counter K. The remaining section of your ticket you will retain to identify your guess in the contest. *Do not lose this Identification Check!* No award will be made under this contest unless the ticket bearing the number corresponding with the box containing the winning guess is first presented.

3—Award will be made to any person presenting a ticket for the winning guess.

4—The boxes containing the pennies representing the amount of your guess will be stored in a safe place, under guard day and night. When the contest is over, and you find that you have not won the prize, present your ticket at Counter K and receive a receipt. The box, with your pennies in it, will be delivered to you *free* by our drivers within three days. If you should be fortunate enough to be among the list of winners you will receive your pennies back just the same! *The T. B. Binks Company is giving this one hundred thousand dollars away free. It is not running a lottery. It takes this means of sharing its profits with its customers—that is all.*

5—The seals on the locks of the box in the store will be broken in public and the pennies counted in the presence of a committee of ten bankers of this city.

6—In order to arrive at an *approximate* determination of the winning number and thus save months of delay in counting the pennies deposited in the small boxes received at Counter K, these boxes will be weighed on the best possible scales, adjusted by an employee of the United States Mint. All contest boxes within half a pound of the winning weight will be opened in public and the results published.

7—These boxes will be opened in the presence of their owners; and if any box is found to contain anything but pennies it will be thrown out of the contest and the contents returned to the owner.

8—In order to assist contestants in this Grand Guessing Contest to obtain pennies, every article for sale in the store of the T. B. Binks Company will be marked in *odd cents*, and pennies given in change.

9—The contest will run for six months. You may put in as many guesses, in as many different boxes, as you desire.

10—It is not at all necessary that a contestant purchase five dollars' worth of goods *at one time*. *Save your Sales Tags*, and when you have five dollars' worth turn them in at Counter K and get your ticket for the contest.

Take Care of the Pennies and the Pounds Will Take Care of Themselves!

For perhaps a minute after Helen Hoggit finished reading this unusual contest notice Daniel P. Hoggit sat staring into space, a half-amused smile playing round the corners of his grim old mouth. His daughter was the first to take up the conversation.

"Well, daddy," she said, "Beverly Binks appears to have taken my proposal seriously."

"Yes, that's his first gun," chuckled Daniel P. Hoggit, and licked his lower lip in anticipation of the fray. "I'll soon clean out that young man!"

"His first gun!" replied Helen. "It looks to me like a volley!"

"Nonsense! He hasn't capital enough to carry him thirty days. I've been forty years building up the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated, Helen, and it's taken millions to do it. The man's crazy."

"But the ad says the hundred thousand dollars will be placed in trust with the Traders National Bank."

"I don't believe it. There's only one man who would give young Binks one hundred thousand dollars to make good on his bluff—and I don't think Zachary Binks is that great a fool. If he's bluffing I, for one, will call his bluff. He'll put up that one hundred thousand dollars or go out of business. However, he's managed to steal some seven hundred of my employees, and I must hurry downtown and see about it. Ungrateful set of whippersnappers! They'll be blocking my front door in a month, looking for their old jobs; and when they do—— And by the way, Helen, under no circumstances are you to notice this Binks person again. If you should meet him socially or accidentally, or otherwise, you are to cut him dead. Understand? If he dares to come to this house the butler will have orders to throw him downstairs. He's a contemptible harebrained dude—a spindle-shanked, lazy, dawdling fool. I can reach any of his banking connections in this city; and the first time he asks for an accommodation—Biff! Bang! Farewell!"

"Evidently he hasn't been dawdling a great deal during the past six months," retorted Helen rather spiritedly; "a lazy man could not have accomplished a tithe of what he seems to have done."

"Enough!" snapped Daniel P. Hoggit. He grabbed his hat, dashed downstairs to his automobile and was whisked away.

As he turned down Grant Avenue from Post Street a captain of police rushed out into the middle of the street and held up a warning finger.

"One minute," he ordered. "You can't get by until this procession has passed."

Very reluctantly Daniel P. Hoggit ordered his chauffeur to park the automobile alongside the sidewalk while he glared angrily at the strange cavalcade coming down the avenue. At the head came a brass band of fifty pieces. Next came a bronze and bottle-green landaulet driven by a chauffeur in bronze-colored livery, with the words "T. B. Binks Company" in gold letters on the front of his cap. Within the landaulet, smiling, debonair and evidently very much pleased with himself, sat T. Beverly Binks. As he passed Daniel P. Hoggit, Mr. Binks removed his silk hat, bowed and smiled in the most friendly manner possible.

"Dude!" hissed Daniel P. Hoggit.

"Ta-ta, Daniel, old top!" said Mr. Binks, and passed on.

Following Mr. Binks came a huge auto-truck on which reposed five large chests, bearing huge padlocks. In gold lettering on the sides and ends of each box appeared the figures $20,000. Beside this truck marched twenty patrolmen from the Everalert Detective Agency, each man carrying a sawed-off shotgun and with a revolver strapped to his waist. On the seat of this auto-truck, with the chauffeur, sat a colored trumpeter with a trumpet fully five feet long. From this trumpet—blown every minute or two—drooped a long, gold-embroidered banner bearing these words:

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN ON THIS TRUCK

SEE T. B. BINKS COMPANY'S AD IN TODAY'S PAPERS

"Follow that outfit," said Daniel P. Hoggit, and fell in behind the cavalcade. He had intended proceeding immediately to his store and posting a notice that the store was closed temporarily for repairs or owing to the death of his mother-in-law; but the sight of T. Beverly Binks banished from his brain all thought of defensive tactics. He must follow his competitor and see what he was up to.

The procession proceeded down Grant Avenue to Market, down Market to Montgomery and over Montgomery to the

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
Chainless

THOMAS A. EDISON chooses the Detroit Electric *Exclusively* as the one car properly made to use efficiently the tremendous capacity of the Edison battery. The Detroit Electric is the only electric pleasure car allowed to install his famous battery.

For several years Mr. Edison and our engineering staff have done "team work" to produce a battery worthy of the Detroit Electric car and a car worthy of the battery. Mr. Edison has personally seen every blue print of the car and today owns and operates a Detroit Electric. From the beginning the Detroit Electric has been built with the Edison battery in mind.

Think what this means! The Edison battery in a Detroit Electric saves 325 pounds in weight over the lead battery and still gives much greater permanent capacity. Consider what this means in mileage, speed, tire economy and running expense.



Model 25, One of Ten Beautiful Designs

In perfecting our motor, controller and wiring so as to offer the least resistance to the flow of energy from the enormous capacity of the Edison battery under all conditions, we have also obtained a more economical use of current when the lead battery is used. Sheet-steel asbestos-lined compartments give absolute protection to the battery and car.

For 1912 we will build one chassis in four sizes, 85-inch, 90-inch, 96-inch and 112-inch wheel base. All with drop frames, permitting low hung bodies. Ten stunning body designs.



Model 30

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair. All fenders are of aluminum, full skirted to protect car from dirt.

All models equipped with our Direct Shaft Drive—"Chainless."

Brakes are extra powerful, with a double safety device (patented), operated by either hand or foot, or both.

Wonderful springs of improved design smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball-bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

Your choice of Pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires.

BATTERIES:—Edison—nickel and steel; Detroit, Ironclad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire.

Art catalog now ready sent on request.

Anderson Electric Car Company
401 Clay Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES

New York, Broadway at 80th Street
Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue
Brooklyn, N.Y. — Kansas City, Mo.
Buffalo, N.Y. — Minneapolis, Minn.
Cleveland, Ohio — St. Louis, Mo.

Selling representatives in all leading cities.



Something entirely new—Simmons Cigar Cutter Fob and Seal (used also for vest chain seal) and another new seal. Two new link designs in vest chains.

You're wasting money when you buy solid gold

The Simmons process substitutes a core of baser metal for the gold hidden away in a solid gold chain.

By the time a Simmons chain wears through the heavy, seamless outside gold, a solid gold chain will have worn too thin for service.

To repair it, to renew the worn links with added gold will cost more than a new Simmons chain. To sell it, you get only its old gold value—less than half what you paid for it.

SIMMONS CHAINS AND FOBS

are solid gold where gold is needed. You save much on the first cost and have a far greater variety of attractive designs to choose from.

Write for Style Book—FREE

It will help you to select what you want. A great help for birthdays, weddings, and for CHRISTMAS.

Simmons chains and fobs **for men**, lorgnette chains, fobs, necklaces, bracelets, chatelaine pins, eye glass chains **for women**—displayed by live jewelers everywhere. If your jeweler hasn't Simmons, select from Style Book—we'll see that you are supplied.

"SIMMONS" very small is on each piece. It is your protection and guarantee for wear.

R. F. SIMMONS CO.,
191 N. Main Street,
Attleboro, Mass.

For women: four new watch chains with slide. Two armlets.



Traders National. Here a small army of porters came out of the bank and the five boxes were carried down into safe-deposit vaults. Daniel P. Hoggit followed to the very doors of the vault.

"I demand that those boxes be opened and the contents counted," he announced to all present. "For all the public knows to the contrary, those boxes may contain iron washers."

"If you will be so good as to take this chair," said T. Beverly Binks hospitably, "the board of directors of the bank will be here presently and the coin will be counted to your satisfaction. I shall be more than delighted to have it counted and delivered in the presence of my chief competitor."

"Go to—Halifax!" growled Daniel P. Hoggit. Nevertheless, he waited in the safe-deposit rooms until the board of directors arrived and counted the cash. It was all there without a doubt. The trust agreement was presented for the signatures of the officers of the T. B. Binks Company and the bank, and Daniel P. Hoggit was requested to read the remarkable document, which he did.

"Though the whole thing appears to me to wear the earmarks of fake," he grudgingly admitted, "still I am forced to state that thus far everything is regular and legal."

"Thank you, Mr. Hoggit," said T. Beverly Binks. "Perhaps you would be interested in visiting the offices of the express company with us. A considerable quantity of our capital is waiting there; and as we will need it in our business I am about to go down after it now and have it brought up to the store."

Without further ado, Mr. Binks returned to the sidewalk, climbed into his landaulet and followed the band down to Second and Mission Streets. Daniel P. Hoggit followed in his automobile. Before the main office of the express company stood about a dozen large trucks, each drawn by six horses. Employees of the express company were wheeling out ironbound boxes and loading them on the trucks, and when the last truck had been loaded banners were strung along the side of each truck and a new procession formed for the triumphal march up Market Street to Grant Avenue and thence to the store of the T. B. Binks Company. On the banners Daniel P. Hoggit read these words:

THESE CHESTS CONTAIN MONEY! IT IS PART OF THE SURPLUS CAPITAL OF THE T. B. BINKS COMPANY

WE HAVE COME TO STAY!

Daniel P. Hoggit hung like a leech to the tail of the procession; and when the last of the boxes had been lowered on the sidewalk elevator and stowed away in the basement Hoggit descended from his automobile and entered the store of his competitor.

Every face that greeted him was a familiar one. Mr. Theophilus Dabney, resplendent in a long-tailed suit of gray tweeds and now promoted to the job of floorwalker, came up to him, rubbing his hands, and desired to know his pleasure. Daniel P. Hoggit glared at Mr. Dabney and continued his tour of the store.

As he prowled round between the aisles and counters piled high with merchandise, he was amazed to notice that the interior of the Binks store was laid out in exact duplication of the Hoggit store. There was the same arrangement of stock and the same employees handling the stock. All goods were marked plainly, but every price was in odd cents.

As a result of this clever scheme Daniel P. Hoggit saw very plainly there would be no confusion in the new store. From the moment the doors opened everything had moved and would continue to move like a new red buggy. However, Daniel P. Hoggit had not learned all that he desired to learn, though he had seen enough to frighten him. If all of those boxes contained coin he had a formidable rival to fight. He concluded that, after all, Zachary Binks was the company; and, as he walked across the street to his own store and the troubles there awaiting him, he marveled much that Zachary Binks should so far forget his habitual business caution as to put money into a scheme hatched and fostered by his harebrained nephew.

There was chaos in the Hoggit store for the next month. Late in the afternoon of the first day applicants for positions began to arrive in answer to the Hoggit ads in the afternoon papers, and the store was enabled to open next morning with about fifty clerks in attendance. A sandwich man appeared in front of the store, however, the minute it opened, and the sign he bore begged the people of San Francisco not to support long hours and starvation wages. Daniel P. Hoggit had the sandwich man arrested for disturbing the peace. The T. B. Binks Company bailed him out; whereupon Daniel P. Hoggit had the T. B. Binks Company enjoined from maintaining and supporting the sandwich man. There being no proof that the T. B. Binks Company had so maintained and supported said sandwich man, suit was at once instituted against Daniel P. Hoggit for defamation of character, and heavy damages were demanded.

By the end of the first week Daniel P. Hoggit was managing to do business in a half-hearted fashion; though, owing to the inexperience of his crew and the wretched service consequently accorded customers, hundreds of the stanchest traders at the Hoggit store departed in high dudgeon, after waiting round half an hour, and made their purchases at the Binks and other stores. Then, too, the employees of the Binks store carried fully fifty per cent of the Hoggit trade with them when they left the Hoggit employ; and, all in all, matters were looking very desperate for Daniel P.

It was about this time the public began to wake up to the real state of affairs. Of course Mr. Binks' first thought had been to provide himself with an A-No. 1 press agent, and the stories that press agent sprung day after day will be remembered in the halls of San Francisco newspaperdom for many a year. The T. B. Binks Company ran a full-page ad in all three morning papers; hence Mr. Binks' press agent had no difficulty in springing his freak news stories. Mr. Binks' unique plan to teach the people of San Francisco not to despise pennies received a column and a half of space on the front pages. It was recalled how, during the early history of San Francisco, the twenty-five-cent piece was the lowest medium of exchange. How later, and not so very many years ago at that, the street-car companies found difficulty in inducing the banks to accept for deposit the vast quantities of nickels collected in payment of fares. The economic side of the question was discussed editorially; and, after the public had been thoroughly interested and aroused, Mr. Binks' press agent incited the afternoon papers, the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce and every civic federation and improvement club in San Francisco to fight the introduction of the penny into general circulation in San Francisco. That was the final move, and chaos broke loose. Daniel P. Hoggit was induced to give a signed statement of his views on the subject, and, the day following its publication in the afternoon papers, the morning papers hinted that Daniel P. Hoggit's remarks were not altogether unbiased, and so on.

We anticipate the story, however. The day following the opening of the Binks stores, the penny arcades all over the city discovered that they were doing a remarkable business. Their receipts that day were ten times greater than they had ever been before. The arcades were crowded with people; and at closing time that night, when the proprietors opened their machines in order to abstract the pennies poured into them during the day—lo, they contained but a tithe of the amount of pennies that should have been there even at the close of an ordinary day's business! Within three days every penny arcade in San Francisco was practically out of business through their inability to get together sufficient pennies to do business. Before the week was finished, all of them had closed their doors; whereupon Mr. Binks' press agent sprang another story in the newspapers and commented on the immense moral advantages that must accrue to the childhood of the city through the retirement of the penny arcades. The Binks Company was given full credit for this, though their name was not mentioned. Nevertheless, every soul in town big enough to read knew the identity of the prominent merchant referred to.

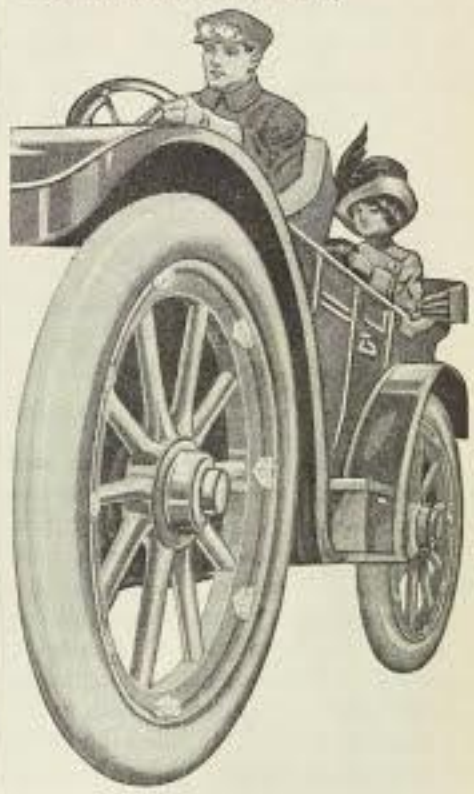
At the post-office people stood in line to buy a one-cent stamp, for which they tendered a nickel, receiving in change, of course, four pennies. The supply of pennies was exhausted the first day and a hurry call was sent to the mint. The few hundred thousand pennies on hand at the mint lasted less than a week and the banks were appealed to. Before the first two weeks had

Why Let Road Tire Troubles Spoil The Trip?

—You ***can*** avoid "road tire repair" annoyance and time waste—by equipping with

DORIAN "On Again - Gone Again" DORIAN REMOUNTABLE RIMS

Here's how they save your road time—
—when a blowout occurs—
—Just loosen four nuts
(with only a wrench and your hands as tools)
—**OFF** with the damaged tire and rim—
—**ON** with the Spare—
—**Re**fasten the four nuts—
—And you're off again—
—Takes only as long as it takes to tell—
—See what a difference and a ***pleasure*** DORIANS make in motoring—



—We will arrange to give you a DORIAN Demonstration at ***your own convenience*** anywhere you say—
Ask your supply dealer about it.
—NO OBLIGATION ON YOUR PART—
—The time you take to See this evidence will be well spent—
you'll admit it AFTER—
—Your car can be easily equipped with DORIANS by any wheelwright—
—Your new car will be fitted with DORIANS by the manufacturer—
If you Insist—
—To SEE a DORIAN demonstration—is to BELIEVE in DORIANS—and to REALIZE your NEED for them—
—Sign and mail Coupon NOW before it slips your mind—

DORIAN REMOUNTABLE RIM CO.
Dept. A, 1804 Broadway, New York
Gentlemen: Please send booklet to
Name_____
Address_____



Right off the vines!

GREEN, tender, delicious—*these* are the peas we use for Campbell's Pea Soup.

They cost us twice what we would have to pay for dried peas such as ordinarily used. But the flavor is worth the difference.

The question of cost never enters into the quality of

Campbell's Soups

These peas come right from our own farms and are made into soup the same day—boiled, rubbed through fine colanders, and blended with rich milk and uncolored creamery butter.

Topped with a tablespoonful of whipped cream and served at one of your dinner affairs or dainty luncheons, this perfect soup is a delight both to the eye and the palate. It brings the flavor of springtime to your table in mid-winter if you choose.

You cannot realize the exceptional quality of Campbell's Soups until you try them. That is the only way.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
Clam Bouillon	Pepper Pot
Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



When sleigh-bells jingle and pulses tingle
And frost is in the air
This bouncing boy finds health and joy
In Campbell's luscious fare.

passed over the heads of the citizens of San Francisco, the town was practically denuded of its pennies, and T. Beverly Binks wore an enigmatic smile as he watched the pennies of San Francisco slowly but surely accumulating in the little boxes in his huge basement, where armed guards watched them night and day.

That bait of one hundred thousand dollars did the trick. The city went contest-crazy. Binks' press agent faked up every argument he could think of to brand the contest as a fake and a bunco game, and then proceeded to disprove his own arguments. Excited discussions arose on every hand, but the consensus of opinion was that there were no loopholes in the contest. Undeniably it was on the square. That matter settled, heated arguments rose as to just how many pennies constituted legal tender. Strange to relate, in this city where pennies had always been despised, nobody could settle this knotty problem. Some said five pennies was legal tender, others declared that five dollars constituted the proper amount. Out of this question rose fist fights, shooting scrapes and assaults with intent to kill. The calendars of the police courts were clogged with untried cases of this nature.

Perhaps the first man to foresee the disaster that was about to overwhelm the merchants of the city was Daniel P. Hoggit. With no pennies on hand wherewith to make change they were out of the running, and T. Beverly Binks could afford to laugh at his so-called competitors. The vested interests of the city quickly rallied at Hoggit's call to arms. The Chamber of Commerce passed resolutions condemning the introduction of the penny into California. The Clearing House did likewise. Mass-meetings were called to protest against the unpatriotic practices of the T. B. Binks Company. As a result, a few hundred capitalists attended the mass-meeting, while the common people stayed home and figured out various schemes for the acquisition of pennies, in order that they might enter the Binks guessing contest.

All day long a frantic mob of penny-mad persons surged through the great Binks store. A baby carriage, offered at a ridiculously low price, with the further incentive of twenty-five pennies in change to the purchaser, was bought in by an old maid. A hostler in a livery stable paid thirty-seven dollars for a vacuum cleaner because he got the change from two twenty-dollar goldpieces entirely in pennies. A deaf-and-dumb boy purchased a harmonica for ninety-one cents and got nine pennies in change from a dollar. A man from New York boarded a street car and gave the conductor five pennies. A plain-clothes man seated opposite pounced upon the New Yorker immediately and hustled him off to the central police station, where he was booked on a charge of insanity. Cafeterias, which heretofore had enjoyed but a feeble and unsatisfactory trade, owing to the fact that various articles of food were sold at odd cents, experienced a phenomenal rush of business until their supply of pennies for change was gone; after which nobody patronized them and they were forced to close up.

The most amazing schemes were resorted to on the part of the public to secure pennies. A man sneaked upstairs in the dead of night and opened the savings bank where his young son had secreted sixty-seven pennies. The post-office records showed one hundred and forty-two per cent increase in the average number of postal money orders purchased, and attributed this to the fact that people who had friends or relatives in the East were sending them postal money orders in exchange for pennies.

Before the first month had passed, a veritable penny panic was on. The capitalists and old fogies stormed, fought, hooted and derided the grand guessing contest of the T. B. Binks Company, but the proletariat stayed with the contest to a finish. Some branded the scheme as unethical, visionary and unbusinesslike; others declared hysterically that T. B. Binks was two thousand years ahead of his time and cheered him when he appeared in public.

All over the city, homes were cluttered up with the most outlandish furniture and utensils imaginable. A frenzy for trading at the store where the precious pennies were seemingly inexhaustible seized the people. The newspapers regarded the whole thing as a prodigious joke. So-called funny men wrote freak stories and verses about it, but the supply of pennies at the Binks store continued to stand the strain.

Then the newspapers began to awaken to the fact that a real danger threatened them. If the panic continued they knew that ultimately they would be forced, with the entry of pennies into general circulation, to sell their papers for a penny instead of five cents. They would have refused the Binks advertising, but the foxy Binks had sewed them all up on advertising contracts for one year, and they were helpless from that point. How they did rave and revile Binks editorially and in the news columns! The common people were quick to perceive the reason for this quick change, and it began to dawn upon them that T. Beverly Binks was the workingman's friend. The fall campaign was approaching, and in the heat of their enthusiasm the Labor party nominated him for mayor.

Immediately the newspapers raised a hue and cry and attempted to blacken Mr. Binks' character by charging that he was using the pennies that belonged to the people; that, if the owners of boxes in the guessing contest could only peep into their boxes, they would find them rifled of their pennies. Binks invited a committee of one hundred, to be named by the editors making the charge, to examine the boxes to prove that they were intact. He made the announcement, also, that he still had in the basement of his store half a million dollars in pennies, and anybody that didn't believe it could come in and see. Then he sued all the papers for criminal libel and a jury of the common people awarded him the largest damages ever collected from a newspaper.

The reader is wondering, however, what Daniel P. Hoggit was doing while all this was going on. He was busy enough, but accomplished nothing. All he could do was to rave and howl and damn T. Beverly Binks. Finally he had to quit even that, for whenever people heard him they murmured something about "sour grapes," "quitter," "poor loser," and so on; and every remark cost him a customer.

At the end of the second month pennies began to come into the Binks basement rather slowly, for the supply of pennies in circulation was beginning to get cornered. About this time the Binks agents throughout the cities of the Atlantic seaboard sent out another consignment of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of pennies, and Binks was put to it to devise schemes to get his pennies into the hands of the public and revive the waning interest in the contest. His first scheme proved to be a winner.

On the right-field fence at the local ball park an immense sign advertising the T. B. Binks Company made its appearance. Right in the very center of this sign was painted a huge facsimile of a penny, with these words underneath:

HIT THIS SPOT WITH THE BALL AND GET ONE THOUSAND PENNIES

That was the finish. Human nature could not stand more. Interest in the race for the pennant was subsidiary to interest in the man who could clout a ball across right field and wallop the Binks penny. As a result, left field was neglected and the standing of the several clubs shifted so often that dozens of fans were led away, gibbering and mowing, to the Home for the Feeble-Minded. Then, one day, a sign appeared on the left-field fence, with another penny painted in the center of it and the notice:

HIT THIS SPOT WITH THE BALL AND GET TWO THOUSAND PENNIES

A low moan came from the crowd gathered in the bleachers that afternoon. The strain was terrific. Each fan begged, entreated, prayed to his particular hero to clout the ball to left field. Slugger McCabe drove one into right field and won one thousand pennies, and the very next time up whanged the left-field penny for two thousand more. The crowd grew hysterical. In the grandstand an elderly man stood up, opened his mouth, raised his hands and cheered until he lost his breath and had to be thumped on the back twice by a peanut-butcher. Slats McGilligan, next at bat, drove a home run out to center-field, and the elderly man just managed to gasp: "Rotten! Rotten!" That elderly man was Daniel P. Hoggit.

The following day a sign appeared over the box office that bleacher seats would be twenty-one cents. Twenty thousand

The Harvard



Warm, Dry Feet in Cold Weather

Cold weather diseases, such as pneumonia, rheumatism, etc., are very frequently caused by insufficient protection of the feet from cold and dampness.

The hugging of the uppers of most shoes, caused by the spreading of the feet, compresses the blood vessels and prevents a free, warm circulation of the blood. To insure warm feet in cold weather, wear the

Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe
TRADE MARK

which has specially constructed Cushion Insoles that are non-conductors, and prevent cold and dampness penetrating through to your feet.

Furthermore, there is no compression of the blood vessels when you wear the **Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe**, because the hugging of the uppers is released by the sinking of your feet into the soft Cushion insole. The result is a free circulation of warm blood through your feet, keeping them warm and comfortable. One trial will convince you. Investigate by sending today for

Free Style Booklet "C"

which shows shoes that combine real foot comfort and all the most exacting styles.

If your dealer does not handle **Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes**, we will gladly tell you who does. Write us today.

J. P. Smith Shoe Co.
Makers
Chicago



Files 20,000 Papers on Edge—For Quick Reference

All Solid Oak Golden or Weathered.
Roller Bearings Drawers Roll Easily.
Dust-Proof—Your papers are kept clean.

$13.25 *Freight Paid*

You can't get better service. This does all any vertical letter file can do.

Various sizes and capacities at corresponding prices.

Three more *Complete Lines* of higher grade files shown in Catalog "D."

FREE—Booklet "Filing Suggestions"—helps solve your filing problems.

If you have an office you will need Catalog "D"—64 pages helpful of time and trouble saving devices.





Weis Sectional Bookcases

Serviceable for home or office. Dust Shield makes them dust proof. Expansion guides and controls easy operating door. Handsome designs. Beautiful finishes. Standard or Mission—all popular woods and finishes.

The cases you need will cost you less than you think. Make a comparison between them and other makes before you buy.

FREE Catalog "E"—shows 100 sectional bookcases

The Weis Mfg. Co.
68 Union St., Monroe, Mich.
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PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS
Catalog of thousands sent FREE! FREE! FREE!
SAM'L FRENCH, 30 W. 38th Street, New York



"Going away without an umbrella?"
"Not a bit of it. I have the best kind of an umbrella in my suit-case—a

BEEHLER
Folding Umbrella

That's the umbrella for you, too, whether you go away much or little—or not at all.

The folding arrangement is a great convenience, but it isn't the only thing to recommend the Beehler.

You want the strongest, lightest, best-looking, longest-wearing, most-for-the-money umbrella—and the Beehler is it.

The frame is not only made from extra-strong steel, but it is rubber enameled to prevent rust.

The cover fabrics are not only waterproof, but guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or run.

The folding end is not only simple in construction, but doubly reinforced, so the ferrule is actually stronger than in non-folding umbrellas.

And there's a patent catch that makes raising and lowering easy—look for the name "William Beehler" on it.

Never have you had an umbrella so superior in every particular, and yet the Beehler costs no more than non-folding kinds—**$1, $2, $2.50 up to $15.**

NAME-ON, too, if you want it—your name and address worked on the inside of the cover fabric. Positive insurance against loss.

The ideal Christmas gift

There's nothing so new, so unique, so sure to be appreciated, as a Beehler Folding Umbrella.

Write today for the new Beehler book showing cover fabrics and 140 different handles. Pick out the style you want and if your dealer hasn't it, tell us and we'll see that you get it.

William Beehler, Baltimore, Md.
Founded 1828. Oldest umbrella house in America.

KNOX
PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING
GELATINE

Dessert Book FREE

Our recipe book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," illustrated in colors, showing just how the dishes look, and giving over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream, Candies, etc., will be sent you, FREE, for your grocer's name. If he doesn't keep Knox Gelatine, send 2c stamp for pint sample, or 15c for 2-quart package.



CHARLES B. KNOX CO
323 Knox Ave.
Johnstown, N. Y.

6% Interest on Deposits of $100 and multiples and 5 per cent on smaller sums, ample security through Trustees holding $1,500,000 approved First Mortgages, also by $180,000 Capital, Surplus and Stockholders' Individual Liability. Write for "Safety Dollar" booklet and double your interest.

6% $100. DEPOSITS

5% SMALLER SUMS

GEORGIA STATE SAVINGS ASS'N
175 York Street Savannah, Ga.

people attended the game and a riot ensued outside the gates when they were locked. The following day bleacher seats were twenty-five cents as usual and grandstand seats were advertised at forty-one cents with full nine cents change in pennies. There was no game that day. So many players had cramps or rheumatism, and were unable to appear on the field, that the game was called off. The following day prices were normal and every ballplayer was as fit as a fiddle.

Slowly but surely, as the panic continued, the immense trade that Daniel P. Hoggit had been forty years in building up left him. At first, he did business with about half of his old force. Presently business slackened away to such an extent that he was forced to discharge twenty-five clerks. His banks began to notice the alarming decrease in his deposits. They commenced to sit up and take notice. He had borrowed a million dollars on his bare note when he founded the Portland store; and, though all three of his subsidiary stores were doing nicely—in fact, better than he had anticipated in the beginning—the loss of revenue from the parent store was a telling blow. Hoggit was quick to perceive how things were going with him. Goods bought on sixty days' to four months' time were still on his shelves in the San Francisco store, unsold; and when the penny panic had run for three months, and showed no sign of cessation, Daniel P. Hoggit could read the answer to his riddle in the requests to remit wherewith his mail was burdened. When a man has always discounted his bills and then suddenly asks for a thirty-day extension, it's a mighty bad sign. Still, Daniel P. Hoggit got his thirty-day extension, and in the interim he tried to borrow another million from a bank which he controlled. A storm of protest arose from the minority on the board of directors and Hoggit had to be content with half a million. This he sank in the Los Angeles, Portland and Seattle stores, and in a week's time he was hard up again.

He began to get uneasy and suffer from loss of sleep. The sight of the penny-mad crowds round the counters of the Binks store across the street drove him into frenzy. He had to do something; so he tried to secure some pennies and get into the game himself. Too late! Pennies were too scarce. Moreover, he had fought the introduction of the penny; he could not connive at it now. In the midst of his worries a Los Angeles bank called a stiff note on him and he was unable to meet it. He mortgaged his home and gave some bonds as security. This action of the Los Angeles bank leaked out through a director who was also a director in the Traders National, and it commenced to be bruited about in financial circles that old Dan Hoggit was on his last legs.

Then the scramble to get in on the ground floor commenced. In one day Daniel P. Hoggit had requests from three banks to call and take up his paper or else put up more collateral. Broken and despairing, the financial cripple crawled into a taxicab at three P. M. and went home, to be away from the horror of impending ruin.

His daughter found him in the library, his leonine head in his arms and the look of death in his small gray eyes.

"What's happened, father?" she demanded anxiously.

"Ruined!" croaked the old man. "That devilish fellow Binks has put the crusher on me for fair! There'll be a plaster on my front door tomorrow just as soon as the sheriff can get there. I'm absolutely ruined! Binks took away all my trade with his penny contest and that hit me in a vital spot. With the revenue gone from the main store, I couldn't carry the new stores until they were on a paying basis; and now ——" He looked up at his daughter, a sudden gleam of hope in his face. "It's up to you, Helen, my girl!" he said, and hung his head for very shame. "If you don't make this man Binks call off his dogs we're paupers! You put the notion in his head; and, by all the powers of the devil himself, the infernal dude has made good. I'm licked to a frazzle!"

"Lady to see you, Mr. Binks," announced the office boy.

"Show the lady in," replied Binks severely.

There was a rustle of silken skirts as Helen Hoggit entered his private office.

"My dear Helen," began T. Beverly Binks, "this is indeed an honor I didn't expect. Pray be seated."

We have something to tell you which it will be worth your while to follow up. It may come right in the nick of time. It is all about our Two Excellent Brands of Underwear.

"Mérode" (Hand Finished) *Underwear*

or

"Harvard Mills" (Hand Finished) *Underwear*

For Women and Children

Are renowned for Beauty of Materials, Soft and Non-Irritating. Each garment is especially cut by hand, conforming to the figure—Exquisitely Finished.

The Choice of Fabrics and Shapes is very wide and have been selected and adopted after years of experience, resulting in producing underwear which is as nearly perfect as can be devised. Special mention is made of

The Unapproachable, Perfect-Fitting
Union Suit
Cotton Suits $1.00 **Merino Suits $1.50 to $2.50**

for Slender or Stout forms—the Acme of Comfort—has been the choice of women of discernment for years.

Fabrics of Cotton, Lisle, Merino and Silk Mixtures—Weights suitable for All Functions for any Climate—Repeated washings will not destroy Shape or Finish.

To Realize Perfect Ease and Freedom of Action, try a "MÉRODE" or "HARVARD MILLS" UNION SUIT.

Do not hesitate to select any of the numbers described below which are to be had in

Vests, Drawers, Tights and Union Suits

DESCRIPTIONS

"MÉRODE" Style Numbers	Color	WOMEN'S	"HARVARD" Style Numbers
505	Cream, Medium weight finest combed cotton.		805
1464	White, Heavy weight combed cotton.		9464
562	White, Light weight merino.		862
566	White, Medium weight merino.		866
672	White and Silver, Winter weight merino.		972
513	White, Light weight silk and wool.		813
618	White, Medium weight silk and wool.		918

"MÉRODE" Style Numbers	Color	CHILDREN'S	"HARVARD" Style Numbers
2662	White, Heavy weight cotton.		2962
264 U	White, Heavy weight cotton.		294 U
2666	White and Natural Winter weight merino.		2966
270 U	White and Natural Winter weight merino.		290 U

Sold at the leading shops. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will direct you to the nearest one, or send postpaid any number desired.

Write to Dept. E. P.

Lord & Taylor *New York*

Wholesale Distributors

"Dried" cod has had its "day"

A better way to market codfish has been devised.

A way that means fresh, ocean-flavored fish for everyone, EVERYWHERE.

Thoroughly cooked and ready for instant use.

No more soaking.
No more picking.
No more boiling.
No more "fussing."

It's "good-night" for "dried" cod.

Good-bye to the familiar slab that has hung on its hook for nobody knows how long, unwholesome, tough, time-wasting, unpalatable and almost indigestible.

Welcome the new and better codfish.

At last it takes its rightful place among most favored foods.

Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes

10 cts.—two sizes—15 cts.
(Except in the Far West)



Cooked fresh cod in sanitary containers.

The choicest fish.

Hurried ashore to our ocean-side kitchens and cooked within a few hours after being taken from the cold, deep waters of the Atlantic.

Mildly salted and immediately packed in air-tight, new-style containers that bring the ocean flavor and freshness right to your table.

Ready for instant use in preparing delicious Codfish Balls, Creamed Fish, Fish Hash, Fish Chowder, and many other healthful fish dainties.

Absolutely boneless.

Large, firm, juicy pieces of fresh cod.

No waste, no spoilage.

And economical, too—a 10 cent tin is plenty for four persons.

Try one tin of B. & M. Fish Flakes—your grocer will gladly endorse and supply it. If he is out of it, mail us 10c and we will send you a full size 10c tin, all charges prepaid.

FREE BOOK OF RECIPES

Every housewife should write for **Good Eating**, a little volume containing many new recipes, menus and valuable table information by the well-known domestic scientist, Mrs. Janet McKenzie Hill, Editor of the "Boston Cooking School Magazine." It is FREE on request.

BURNHAM & MORRILL CO.
PORTLAND, MAINE, U. S. A.

Burnham & Morrill Paris Sugar Corn—New packing now ready—tender, sweet, juicy—a revelation in canned corn. Order a case from your grocer to-day.

Helen Hoggit would not be seated however. She came close to T. Beverly Binks and took him by the lapel of his coat.

"Do you remember our agreement—foolish as it was?" she queried.

"Perfectly. When I ruined your father you were to take it as a signal that I was a man of energy, spunk and brains. You said you'd marry me when I showed you that I had your father on the run."

"Well, Beverly," she said, and smiled a little, "father's running!"

T. Beverly Binks went to a closet, took from it a beautiful little Mohammedan praying rug and spread it on the floor.

"Helen, my love," he said pleasantly, "this little business Marathon that I have promoted ends right here—see?—right on this little praying rug. I shall be in the office here until six o'clock. Your father isn't attached yet; but I hold half a dozen of his notes, and unless he sees me before six P. M. I'll see him before six A. M. That's final. By the way, Helen, you're a sight for sore eyes!"

"Beverly," said Helen Hoggit, "I'm a bad, wicked, brainless girl, and you're a silly, vindictive creature to have taken my foolish remark in such good faith. For my sake, Beverly, you must cease your attacks on my father. A failure at his age would break his heart. He couldn't stand the humiliation of going through bankruptcy."

"He insulted me; and you—well, never mind what you did—but you hurt my feelings. You thought you knew a whole lot about political economy, Helen, and you made me the goat. You were merely suffering from a fad, Helen, and I'm the real philanthropist. Your father's old employees are living like human beings now; and, through my great scheme for the introduction of the penny into California, I have lightened the burden of living for two million people. I have statistics to prove that the cost of living, through the introduction of pennies, has been reduced fifteen per cent. Now nothing remains for me but the final interview with your father. He must come here in person, apologize, and on his bended knees ask for mercy. If he asks for it that way he'll get it. I can save him today, but tomorrow will be too late! And I can't call off this penny panic. The thing has gotten beyond me and I must let it run its course."

"Are you going to make dad come down here and kneel on that carpet?" inquired Helen Hoggit.

"I certainly am—and he'll be getting off mighty lucky at that. I really ought to make him kneel in the main aisle of the store, where all his old employees could crowd round and enjoy the spectacle. For your sake, I will not be that harsh."

Helen Hoggit favored T. Beverly Binks with a keen, searching look in which there was a world of love and undisguised admiration. That this well-groomed, coldly calculating commercial giant could have been evolved from the studious, amiable, gentle-souled T. B. Binks, numismatist and philatelist, was one of the miracles of the twentieth century, and Helen Hoggit was too sensible to attempt to unravel a mystery. She knew only that T. Beverly Binks was the biggest man in town and that she loved him dearly—by the way, have you ever noticed that the women whose husbands beat them are always the first to beg off for them in the police court? At any rate, Helen Hoggit quietly took down the 'phone and called up her father at the house. T. Beverly Binks stepped out of the office while she talked to him, for T. B. Binks was the most considerate of men.

It lacked just a quarter of six when Daniel P. Hoggit appeared on the scene. Mr. Binks greeted him courteously, but with reservation.

"Well, Thad, my boy, it's all off but the shouting. I'm down for the count!" began Daniel P. Hoggit. "What's the program?"

"There's that little praying carpet I told you I'd have woven for your special benefit. Get down on your marrowbones, D. P. Hoggit, and say: 'Please, Mr. Binks, have mercy on me!' Then you can get up and I'll talk to you."

Hoggit flushed until his face threatened to fry and fall off in sections. He glanced from Binks to his daughter; but, finding no ray of hope in the face of either, he reached for his hat.

"I have abused and insulted you, Mr. Binks," he said with dignity, "and I am sorry. You have taught me a great lesson; but there's one trick you can't teach an old dog—not if he's a thoroughbred. You can't make him lie down. I can take my beating. Good afternoon!"

"Here, hold on a minute!" expostulated T. B. Binks. "I'll waive that part of the program. I wanted to see if you loved money enough to barter your manhood for it. If you had gotten down on that carpet, Mr. Hoggit, I should have known you were a crook, and I could not have accepted you as president and manager of a big merger of the T. B. Binks Company and the Hoggit Stores, Incorporated. I have had the papers in this merger deal prepared for the past five days. You may take them home with you tonight and look them over; and I will be glad to consider any changes you may suggest. Meantime, it might be well for you to furnish me with a list of the names and addresses of the wholesalers who are harassing you, and I will wire them a guaranty of your account by night letter. I'll 'phone the banks in the morning; and, if you're here at ten o'clock, Uncle Zach will be here also—and between us I think we can manage to pull one Daniel P. Hoggit out of a bad hole before anybody does anything nasty."

"Thad," said Daniel P. Hoggit huskily, "you're a bear-cat! Shake!"

This story, though a short story, is not quite finished as yet. I shall state merely that there was quite a jubilee in the office of Mr. Binks for the next five minutes; and that Daniel P. Hoggit gave the young folks his blessing; and that T. Beverly Binks kissed the bride-to-be and swore that happiness was cheap at the price they'd all paid for it. And I imagine he was right at that.

The penny panic is over now, and the pennies have all been tossed back into circulation. They are here to stay and the people have learned not to despise them. As T. Beverly Binks frequently remarks, it was, after all, quite a job to invest with an appreciation of a penny a people who in days agone despised a nickel. Still, the plan was simple enough. All that was required was the pennies and an intimate knowledge of Professor Thingumbob's Monetary Systems of the World. The rest was easy.

What's that? You ask who won the great prize? I had almost forgotten that part of it. The day that Slugger McCabe rapped the two-thousand-penny spot on the left-field fence he sold his two thousand pennies for five hundred dollars, gold. The man who bought them hurried downtown to the store of the T. B. Binks Company, bought a five-dollar hat, rushed over to Counter K and demanded his ticket and a large contest box.

"Let me see," he soliloquized: "in that second, soundproof box there are less than two thousand pennies and more than one. I'll go it blind."

He abstracted a handful of the pennies from the sack he carried and dumped the balance into the contest box. Then he sealed the box, stuck his identification check carefully in his pocketbook, gave the handful of pennies to the girl at the counter and hustled out of the store in a hurry.

The man was Daniel P. Hoggit—and I hope to sneeze if he didn't win the capital prize! He was the only one that guessed it. And how he did guy T. Beverly Binks! He was the happiest man in town until his son-in-law led him aside and asked him if he had any idea of what would happen if the news leaked out that T. B. Binks' father-in-law had won the prize.

"Why, no; I haven't any idea," admitted Hoggit. "What would happen?"

"The newspapers would hint at fake and collusion. They'd print funny stories about our desire to keep the money in the family. The whole thing would have an unpleasant aftermath; and I wouldn't be surprised if there aren't in this city half a dozen penny-mad cranks who wouldn't count ten before coming downtown and shooting one or both of us. With the penny firmly established, the Hoggit-Binks Company has the cream of the trade and the good will of the people. It isn't worth one hundred thousand dollars to prejudice our standing."

"Great grief!" sighed Daniel P. Hoggit. "This is the first money I've made in six months—and now I have to give it up! You're right, Thad, old man. I must forget it. But what shall we do with the money?"

"Call it no contest and divide the hundred thousand dollars pro rata among the employees of the Hoggit-Binks Company."

"Greatest cure on earth for strikes!" replied Hoggit. "I'll do it!"

Facts About Oliver Typewriter Local Agencies

For the benefit of hundreds who want to know the basis on which appointments to Local Agencies of The Oliver Typewriter are made and the money-making possibilities of such agencies, we submit these facts:

The Local Agents' sales organization of The Oliver Typewriter is made up of a force of 15,000 men. This sales force, great as it is, is constantly receiving additions because of the remarkable expansion of our business and the vast territory which must be covered. It is at the present time the strongest and most successful selling organization in the typewriter industry.

Believing as we do in the principle of intensive cultivation, we appoint Local Agents in the smallest towns and villages as well as in the great trade centers of the country.

This policy has built up an organization that is unique in many ways, but conspicuously so in the fact that its units are drawn from a multitude of different classes.

Instead of selecting only those who have had experience in selling various lines of merchandise, we waive that qualification in favor of inherent *ability and willingness to learn.*

We assume the responsibility and expense of providing the necessary training in practical salesmanship in order to secure men of the right stamp.

We have found that men who are ambitious to *succeed*, men who are willing to *learn* and are possessed of *good hard sense*, make the best Local Agents.

Printype OLIVER Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

One need not have a silver tongue to sell Oliver Typewriters—just know the machine, believe in it, *fight for it! Nothing can withstand such salesmanship, applied to such a product.*

Did space permit we could cite many instances to show how telegraph operators, clergymen, bankers, mechanics, clerks, teachers, printers, lawyers and tradesmen have done wonders as Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter.

Local Agents are not required to devote their entire time to the work. Men who are engaged in some other business or occupation can take on a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter without sacrificing their interests. This plan enables men now employed on salaries or engaged in business enterprise to materially *increase their incomes* without assuming the slightest risk.

The man who takes the Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter has nothing to lose and everything to gain. But look what we risk when we give a man the exclusive agency of The Oliver Typewriter in his locality:

We risk the *profits* which may be lost through the agent's neglect or inefficiency, for every town, however small, has definite sales possibilities.

We risk our *prestige*, for the Local Agent has our honor in his keeping.

The Local Agent makes money on every sale of new Oliver Typewriters in the territory assigned, during the full life of the arrangement, even though our travelers may help him or make sales independently of him.

Because of the risks we assume in tying up exclusive territories with Local Agents, we exercise the greatest care in an effort to "pick the winners."

How It Pays

The Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter, considered purely from the standpoint of its *money-making possibilities*, is exceedingly attractive. We set no limits to earnings. Where the field warrants a man in giving it his undivided attention, the Agency can be made to pay a handsome income. The man who gives only *spare time* to the work can easily make it pay.

The young man in the small town or village who wants to get out in the great world, who seeks broader opportunities, is fortunate if he succeeds in securing a Local Agency for The Oliver Typewriter.

He becomes an integral part of a business of world-wide proportions.

A business where ability commands a premium.

Men who started as Local Agents for The Oliver Typewriter are today officers of the company.

The Local Agent's work brings him in contact with one of the most progressive and successful sales organizations in the world.

Think of the inspiration, the enthusiasm, the incentive to *succeed* that comes from this vital contact with a 15,000 man-power sales organization!

The business man who takes up the Local Agency as an auxiliary source of income can apply to the promotion of his own business the knowledge gained from this great force of sales experts.

Our famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan of selling Oliver Typewriters is a powerful aid to Local Agents.

With this splendid machine, our best product, offered on such tempting terms, the Local Agent must succeed if he puts forth proper effort.

How to Secure a Local Agency

Applications should be forwarded by mail direct to the Agency Department.

There are still a large number of towns where we have no Local Agent. There are other towns where The Oliver Typewriter is not represented satisfactorily.

If there is no opening in your immediate locality, we will find a place for you elsewhere if you are the man we want. You will readily understand the necessity for immediate action. Every mail brings a large number of applications, and Local Agency assignments are being made as fast as we find properly qualified men.

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"Wear a BENJAMIN"

OVERCOAT OR SUIT
absolutely correct for
MAN OR YOUNG MAN
Alfred Benjamin & Co
NEW YORK

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

(Continued from Page 23)

act like a silly song-sparrow confronted by a blacksnake. My reason was one which any American can understand in a second, but which would be absolutely incomprehensible to many older and more subtle nations. I was out of patience. I wanted action, even in the smoke. I was sick of dodging about and pined for a showdown. My morning as a free and independent member of the upper class had soured me on stealth, and the middle of the Champs-Elysées had spoiled me for a niche in the wall of a back alley. I slipped my hand into the side pocket of my coat, cuddled the butt of my little automatic heavenly ticket-punch and walked into that house a sort of living fighting machine. Thought I: "They'll think they've got mixed on their natural history and caught a hot-ended hornet instead of a harmless fly in their blooming net." Chu-Chu would come slipping over directly—to mend a lock or wipe the joint of a waterpipe—and there'd be some quick curtain work.

I followed the sleek rascal ahead with the sparks fairly sizzling out of me; and when he stepped aside to usher me into the darkened little boudoir which overlooked the garden in the rear my eyes were boring through the portières, shining into shaded corners, and the tail of one of them watching to see that the servant kept both his hands in sight. The room was empty, however, and the man bowed himself out, saying that mademoiselle would be down immediately.

The picture of Rosalie's face was the next thing that flashed through my mind—the shock, astonishment, then the deep, burning flush that overspread it as she realized that I was going into the house of Léontine! Poor girl, she little guessed the fond, lover-like emotions which I did *not* have as I stood there with my hackles on end. I wondered if Rosalie had recognized Chu-Chu, and decided that she could not have done so. His disguise was too cleverly done. Only a blood enemy could have pierced it—and perhaps not even he unless forewarned.

I was pining to get to the front of the house to have a look at the Bon Cocher, but there was no time. There was the peculiar swish which seemed so characteristic of Léontine when she moved, for she had a way of switching her skirt as she walked; and she stood in the doorway, ravishingly lovely in a summer costume of old embroidered linen and lace, pale cream in tint, over satin of a deeper and luscious yellow. The color was in perfect harmony with her rich ivory skin and clear, dark amber eyes. Her short, heavy curls were held as usual by the golden fillet, with its great emerald.

It did not look like a costume that a woman would be apt to put on to assist at the murder of a man; nor did anything in her expression or the warmth of her greeting suggest this idea.

"Oh, Frank! Frank!" she murmured, as I bent over her hand. "What a lot of trouble you do make us!"

"I'm not altogether free from it myself," I answered. "But you must remember that you began it all."

"And we are apt to end it unless you show a little sense," she retorted, smiling.

There was a sound in the corridor, and I felt myself harden up. Léontine noticed it and laughed.

"For shame, Frank! It's only Victor to announce luncheon. Surely you don't think I'd set traps for you in my own house?"

"The idea never entered my head," I answered, "until I saw Chu-Chu sitting in front of the café opposite. Considering that you had told me ——"

"Chu-Chu!" she whispered; then was silent. Victor announced that she was served and I followed her into the charming little dining room. There were places for three.

"Ivan said that he would try to get in for an ice and coffee," said Léontine.

Victor served us, then went out.

"Help yourself to wine, Frank," said Léontine. "That is Chablis by you and Chambertin in the other decanter. Now tell me what you mean by saying that Chu-Chu was in the café opposite. He had a rendezvous with Ivan at this hour."

"Then he failed to keep it," I answered.

"How was he dressed?"

"Workman's blouse, black straw hat, grizzled beard."



New Parker Gift Pens of Gold, Silver, Pearl, Diamonds, Rubies, etc.

He Gave 8000 Pens

When He Found *It Wouldn't Leak*

A CAPTAIN of Industry walked into a Chicago store.

"What makes fountain pens leak?" he said.

"I'll tell you," replied the dealer. "You set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket point up. The ink stays in the feed tube—won't run down. The heat of your body makes the air in the pen expand and blow out through the inky feed-tube, pushing the ink ahead of it, so that ——"

"So that I get smeared, when I take off the cap," put in the Captain of Industry.

"Just so."

"Is there any fountain pen that won't leak?" asked the "Captain."

"There is," replied the dealer. "It's the Parker. When you set a Parker fountain pen in your pocket the ink doesn't stay in the feed tube, but drops back to the reservoir. The air heats, expands and blows out of the feed tube, but it can't blow ink ahead of it, because no ink is there."



Make This Test Yourself

Then the dealer explained how capillary attraction draws the ink down through the Parker "Lucky Curve," as a blotter draws ink. He even showed him, by dropping ink into the feed tube of a Parker pen, touching the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall and letting him see the ink scoot down.

"Don't you want one of these Parker Pens?" asked the dealer.

"I want 8,000," said the "Captain."

He meant it. He bought one pen of the dealer, tried it for a time, then sent for George S. Parker and contracted for 8,000 Parker Fountain Pens, to give to his employees for Christmas.

PARKER JACK KNIFE SAFETY PEN

can be carried in any position in any pocket. Also *pen knife* size for lady's purse. Can't leak, smear or spill ink. Great gift for anyone. $2.50 up.

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before the Christmas crowd. Dealer will hold them till Christmas week, and engrave recipient's name on pens costing $4.50 up. Every Parker Gift Pen comes in a handsome box of special Christmas design.

Don't chase up a different gift for each person. Give Parker Pens to everybody. Settle your whole Christmas with one trip to one store, and spend but a few dollars.

If your dealer doesn't keep Parker Pens and won't get you an assortment to select from, send for our catalogue and buy from us direct.

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PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

Most everybody wastes money by wrong illumination

There are three ways of doing it wrong—all are easily avoided by correct planning.

Insufficient illumination is the worst form of extravagance. It wastes the money you spend for rent, materials, and labor, by reducing the efficiency of employees, turning out a lower grade of product or driving trade away.

Too much illumination is obvious waste. It is worse than that. It makes it hard for people to see and do things right—whether it is buying (at a store), or selling, or manufacturing.

Smothered illumination is the most common way of wasting money. In order to get a desired effect, people produce more light than they need, and then dim it down with the wrong shades or globes. Generally they don't get what they want after all.

Scientific Illumination prevents all this waste—makes every candlepower of light do its part towards producing the proper effect. It plans. It is just common sense, plus specialized knowledge of how to get results.

Think about your lighting losses, and send for our book on "Scientific Illumination". It will help you see your problem and find the way to its solution. A clear, accurate, unbiased statement (first one ever made) of the fundamental requirements of good illumination, and the means at hand for meeting them.

It is better, of course, to plan ahead; but even if your equipment is already installed, Scientific Illumination will improve it.

With your copy of "Scientific Illumination" we send a blank to enable you to describe your lighting troubles and conditions in essential particulars. Fill this out and mail it to our Illuminating Engineering Department *at Pittsburgh*. Ask any question you like. We will help you.



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FOR HIS X-MAS GIFT

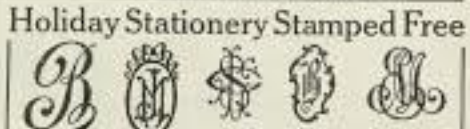
buy him a beautiful transparent handle, three-blade Golden Rule pocket knife No. 3, same as above cut. Lodge emblem or personal photo on one side and name and address on the other side. All knives forged from finest razor steel and are fully guaranteed. Makes a useful and treasured gift. Price, prepaid, $1.00.

Cut ½ actual size.
Agents wanted. Write for catalog and terms.



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Fancy 3 quire box, postpaid, $1.50. White initials plainly. Most suitable Xmas present. Larger boxes $2 to $10. Send draft, money order or stamps, no checks.

GESSNER CO., 609 Canal St., New Orleans, La.

Léontine knit her brows. I grew suspicious.

"May I help you to wine?" I asked.

"No, thanks. I never take it with *déjeuner*. But help yourself, please."

"Thanks. I am also abstemious," I answered.

Léontine shot me a swift look, then leaned over and laid her hand on my sleeve. Her eyes were positively melting, and it seemed to me there was the slightest quiver to her voice.

"Frank," she whispered, "is it possible that you do not trust me?" The swift color rose and spread over her high, Slavic cheekbones, which were soft and rounded, yet high and of a Cossack prominence that lent character and intensity to her passionate face, though in no way diminishing its sensuous beauty.

"Don't you think me loyal, Frank?" she pleaded.

"It's your loyalty that keeps my hand in my pocket," I answered with a sort of dry grin. "I don't mind giving it to you straight, my girl, that when I spotted Chu-Chu in front of Le Bon Cocher I made up my mind that you and Ivan and a few others had set a little trap for me over here."

Léontine's fresh caviar stopped halfway to her expectant mouth, and she looked at me with her amber eyes wide open. Usually you got only an impression of them between a double fringe of long, curved lashes black as ink.

"Then what made you come in here," she cried, "if you thought me capable of treachery of that sort to the man I—I love?" she whispered hotly, and leaned forward so that her bosom was crushed against the polished table.

"I came in to bust up the trap," I answered, and took a big bite of caviar and toast. Now that the ice was broken I was beginning to have a good time; and I must say that, after living round in punky little restaurants, that fresh Orsova caviar, with eggs a pearly gray and as big as buckshot, wasn't the least of it.

"Yes, my dear," said I, "when I walked in here I was like a Fourth of July pinwheel, just waiting for the match. And, though I'm having a splendid lunch and admiring you more than ever, I'm none the less all organized for war. Only, if there's to be rough-house, I wish you'd hold it off until I finish this caviar. Remember, Léontine, I've been acting and living up to the rôle of a wandering preacher—and I'm hungry."

Léontine's eyes sparkled. "Do you know what I really wish?" she cried.

"What?" I asked.

"I wish that I actually had about half a dozen bravos hidden round the house—just to see the fun."

"And Chu-Chu ——"

She shook her head with a little shudder. "No," she answered—"not Chu-Chu. I am too fond of you, Frank!" And she put her hand on my sleeve. A queer girl, Léontine!

Presently she looked up with a sad sort of smile.

"Drink your wine if you like it, my dear," said she. "I will take some with you if it will make you feel any easier."

The blood poured into my face and without waiting to serve her I dashed my glass half full of the Chablis and drank to her happiness. Her color deepened and she was about to say something, when Victor came into the room.

"There is a workman downstairs, m'amselle," said he. "I asked him what he wanted and he tells me he has been sent by the proprietor of the house to look over the plumbing."

Léontine threw me a swift look. "What sort of man is he in appearance?" she asked.

"He is a respectable-looking person, m'amselle—middle-aged, with an intelligent face and a beard streaked with gray."

"And his costume?" Léontine interrupted.

"He wears a blouse and a black straw hat."

"I know that man," she interrupted fiercely. "He is an impostor. You may go down and tell him that mademoiselle knows all about him, and that he has come to the wrong house and at the wrong time. Tell him that I say he had better go to the Pare Monceau, where he belongs. See that he leaves the premises, Victor."

"Very good, m'amselle." And the man slipped out.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

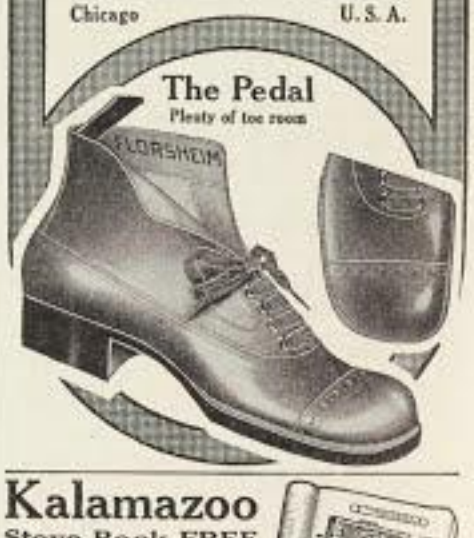
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Corner the Fun Market!

Box Ball has taken fun lovers by storm—is clearing up from $100.00 to $600.00 a month clear profit for many Managers. Our man with hour always made clear.



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Be a Manager. All you need is energy, and on a small investment you may make the same profits. Is not greater opportunity right in your own locality.

Box Ball is a clean, moral game—an exercise that has fascinated the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—noiseless, fast, irresistible. Big, regular-shaped ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no expenses of any kind except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big-paying business on an investment as low as $150 to $300. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us, minus what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Sense and Nonsense

A Vanishing Language

THE coming of the railroads and the coal mines to Southeastern Kentucky and Southwestern Virginia has wiped out the last frontier of this country and killed off what has been called the pure-feud industry. A few years ago there were ten or fifteen separate feuds in ten or fifteen separate mountain counties; now there are but two—and only one of them is prosecuted with any vigor.

The moving in of new people and the bringing in of new ideas are responsible for the breaking up of century-old traditions. New blood is leavening the old and the bitter blood of the clans; and schoolhouses, paved roads and even automobiles are doing the rest.

Probably no living person will regret the passing of the feud spirit, but students of Elizabethan English will mourn the dying out of the primitive mountaineer type; for he talked, and in some instances still talks, the same language, slightly modified, that his ancestors brought with them two hundred years ago from the Virginia and Carolina plantations when they came west through the Gap and settled in those back eddies of civilization among the Southern Alleghanies.

Once, in the trial of a mountain murder case, the writer heard a shaggy hillsman from Red Bird Creek, a small town in remote Eastern Kentucky, who took the witness stand to testify, using the following language in answer to the questions of a lawyer.

"Abe Eversole came up to the stillhouse, where the other boys was, and he was lookin' sort of dauncy; and purty soon he raised a rippit with Craig Philpott. Both of them was all in a swivit in no time."

"Wait a minute!"

This from the lawyer. "How many did you say were there?"

"Oh, several—several."

"And Eversole made trouble, you say?"

"Yes, he had things in a mommux in no time."

"Did he call any names?"

"Yes; he called Philpott a sorry old heifer."

"Anything else?"

"Yes; he said he was a fice-dog."

"And then what happened?"

"Well, Philpott ran for his fuzee; and I seen that the rippit was startin' and I ran up the mounting. But when I got a little ways and was out of sight I heared a gun quote twice."

All this was perfectly intelligible to a mountain jury and a mountain judge. To them a man described as looking "dauncy" meant a man who was out of sorts or in an ill temper. "Rippit" in the Southern vernacular means a disturbance, but, except in parts of Kentucky and Tennessee, is almost obsolete. "Swivit" is a state of excitement—literally a sweat. When the witness said there were several persons present he didn't mean six, or ten, or a dozen; he meant a crowd of fifty or a hundred, perhaps, using the word in the same sense that it was used two centuries ago. "Mommux" is mountaineer for a mixup, an affray. Calling a man a "sorry heifer" is to call him a hard name, because "sorry" to a mountaineer doesn't mean distressing or regretful. It means worthless, shiftless, no-account. And "heifer," instead of meaning a young cow, is applied to any one, regardless of sex or age, who is foolish or irresponsible or shiftless.

"Fice" is a corruption of the old English "fiest"—a cur. "Fuzee" is, of course, understandable to lowland ears, though it is in more common use in the mountains than elsewhere.

"Quote," though, puzzled the writer for a good while. He learned finally that the witness from Red Bird had employed it in exactly the same sense that Chaucer did—to describe a report or sound heard from a distance.

Put Up to Stay

TONOPAH BUTLER had made his big strike in the gold country several years before he paid his first visit to New York. When he got back to Nevada one of the boys asked him what he thought of New York.

"Well," said Tonopah, "it looks to me as if she'd make a permanent camp."

The Appropriate Tipple

COLONEL HAL CORBETT, of Paducah, Kentucky, met a party of fellow Kentuckians at a hotel in New York, and invited them in to have something.

They sat down at a table and the Colonel called a waiter over. The first man ordered vichy and milk. The Colonel gave a start of surprise, but said nothing, of course. The second man took a seltzer lemonade, and the third thought he wanted a little mineral water. Finally the waiter reached Colonel Corbett.

"Waiter," he roared, "bring me a quart of bluing!"

The Tourney at Bridge

My aunt sometimes plays bridge—a social game
Compared with which the ancient poker's tame.

Where friend meets friend across the table, so—
One hand is played and friend becomes a foe.

Where nerves grow taut and tense, where breath comes short
And timid women are crucified for sport.

The chances are, says Elwell, if you're strong
Or weak in any suit you'll lead it wrong.

So when you cast your fat into the fire
'Tis well to bow and gracefully retire.

My aunt plays afternoons—she wades right in
With hat and gloves stripped off—and plays to win.

Though she declares to me she never tries
In all the games she plays to win the prize.

But when prize-playing women win a leg
She does her best to take them down a peg.

An instinct truly feminine, you must
Admit, and nothing more than right and just.

So when she mixes in this playing bout
For half a day she comes home all worn out.

And cannot quite compose herself till she
Has got her best gown off and poured some tea.

And from some bag or purse she takes a prize
Worth forty cents and dangles in my eyes.

And says: "Amanda Skinner thinks that she
Is Foster, Hoyle and Elwell—all the three.

And when you have a sharp like that in town
The only thing to do is take her down."

And then she seeks that early rest that serves
To quiet minds and pick up shattered nerves.

—*J. W. Foley.*

Professional Discourtesy

FRED LENNOX, the actor, had a room in a hotel overlooking a railroad yard. At the end of the second day he paid his bill.

"Did the locomotives bother you at night?" asked the proprietor.

"No—not at all," said Lennox. "Actors and locomotives both have to work at night, and I can stand for that; but what I object to is having a couple of engines come under my window every morning and rehearse until noon!"

A New Translation

WHILE Woodrow Wilson was in Chattanooga on his recent tour one of the features of the program arranged for his entertainment was an automobile sightseeing trip through the city. As the party slowed up from time to time at some particularly interesting point the colored chauffeur volunteered bits of local information.

They were passing the new city hall and Mr. Wilson read aloud the date on the cornerstone—1909 A. D.

"George," remarked one of the party, addressing the chauffeur, "can you tell us what the A. D. stands for?"

"Suttinly, boss, suttinly," responded George, without the quiver of an eyelid. "Why, dat dere 'A. D.' stands fo' 'all done.'"



This is the Clothcraft guaranty you'll find in the pocket of every Clothcraft coat and overcoat.

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CLOTHCRAFT CLOTHES All Wool At $10 to $25

THE Clothcraft guaranty assures the things you ought to be sure of before you spend your money: absolutely pure wool cloth; first-class trimmings and workmanship; permanent shapeliness; lasting service and satisfaction.

These qualities, coupled with the correct style and unusual perfection of fit that you can see for yourself, should lead you to investigate Clothcraft Clothes—

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CLOTHCRAFT Scientific Tailoring is the means that has made these advantages possible. It is the result of sixty-one years devoted solely to making *good* clothes at medium prices. It is built up on "efficiency" methods that improve the quality while cutting down the cost.

To assure all these advantages in your clothes at $10 to $25, buy Clothcraft Clothes—and make your selections early, while assortments are good.

The Best Way to Investigate is to Go to the Nearest Clothcraft Store

ASK the dealer to show you the Clothcraft Blue Serge Special No. 4130, at $18.50. Try on several Clothcraft coats and overcoats, so you can see the becoming styles and accurate fit. Notice the close-fitting collar, the shapely shoulders, the smooth coat-front. And read the guaranty that assures lasting satisfaction.

If you don't know a Clothcraft Store, write us today. We'll promptly send you the Clothcraft Style-Book for fall and winter, with the name of the nearest dealer.

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Hotpoint



THIS is the Standard Hotpoint Iron. Furnished in three domestic sizes, identical except in size and weight. The three pound iron, shown on the left, is for light ironing. Long and narrow, for sleeves, tucks, etc. The six pound iron shown in the center is medium weight and will do any form of household ironing continuously. The five pound iron shown on the right is large enough for all except the very heaviest household ironing, such as blankets.

These irons have the stitched stand (or 10-cup, the Hot Point (shown left), the cord handle (see below), which have made "Hotpoint" famous the country over. Price in U. S. $5.00. In Canada duty added. If your dealer cannot furnish one wanted, we will prompt express

El Warmo



THIS is the most convenient form of electric heater yet devised. It attaches to any light socket and gives off a genial radiation continuously. With electricity at 10c it costs about 2½c per hour to operate.

Made of pressed steel in ornamental design, with elevator handle, and can be readily moved from place to place. Weight three and one-half pounds. Uses the same cord and plug as the Hotpoint Iron.

For invalids, old people or convalescents it is a great comfort and is very useful under the desk or dining table. Price in U. S. $5.00. In Canada duty added. We pay express charges if your dealer cannot supply you. There is no substitute.

THE only way to make perfect coffee is with a percolator. And the most simple, practical and efficient percolator is the one illustrated here, which is furnished either in a coffee pot style or the tea pot style.

The boiling water drops slowly through the ground coffee, which [illegible] boiled.

El Perco



The brewing element is immersed directly into the water and therefore operates very economically. So less than a minute after the electric current is turned on, percolating begins and after one or another interval you have a delicious cup.

A [illegible] automatic [illegible] that [illegible] makes the percolator rest on the plug and turn on the electric current. When coffee is ready, pull out the plug.

You get the full flavor and aroma of the coffee without the bitter taste or sediment which comes from boiling.

El Perco, pot style, is burnished copper or nickel, five cup size $7.50; seven cup size $8.00. Window style, seven cup size $10.00; nine cup size $11.00 in the U. S. Duty added in Canada.

THE immersion heater that gives the maximum efficiency. It is a highly polished cylinder, which is plunged into the liquid and begins to heat it instantly. Small one heats a glass of water in a couple of minutes.

El Boilo



Perfectly sanitary and should last indefinitely, if the heat is not turned on except when it is immersed.

Toilet size $1.00. Kitchen size $4.00. This size can be used in a great many cooking operations very economically. El Boilo uses same cord and plug as El Combo.

If your dealer cannot supply you we will prepay charges at above prices in the U. S. Duty on Canadian shipments to be paid by customer.

Hotpoint Guards

AND the suggestion is—electric appliances for holiday giving—what so new, so novel, so serviceable, so charming? What like outlay would add so much comfort and cheer to your home this winter?

Any of these appliances attach to any light socket of proper voltage. First cost is nominal. Operating expense is very slight. Fully guaranteed for Two Years, and if not abused will last indefinitely.

El Stovo



THIS handsome and efficient stove runs about the same amount of electric current as our Hotpoint Iron. It will do all of the lighter forms of cooking with entire satisfaction.

Highly nickel plated, with a lower shelf which protects the table. The legs also have rubber tips so that it can be used directly on the dining table or sideboard.

Price $4.00 in the U. S., including cord and plug. Duty added in Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will ship to you on receipt of order.

Guaranteed for two years. Like all Hotpoint appliances El Stovo is also furnished in 6 or 220 volts.

We furnish a chafing dish to be used on El Stovo which is extremely efficient. It is shown at the right as El Chafo, Style 8. This makes a most satisfactory combination. Price of El Chafo No. 8 same as El Stovo.

Other Appliances

ALL of the appliances described in this announcement can be used on the lamp socket. We make a great many other appliances which require special wiring, viz.—Laundry and Table irons in many weights and sizes—El Stovo in eight inch and ten inch sizes, competent to do heavy cooking—the Heaters which will warm a good sized room, etc. Dealers will give you full information.

El Chafo



THE delights of the chafing dish are now at your command without the fuss and inconvenience of older methods. Fully nickel plated, with [illegible]. Attach to any light socket—simply slip the plug two places. Since no small an amount of current is required, the current consumption is extremely slight.

The one on the left (El Chafo Style 4) consists of [illegible] and dishes especially fitted to El Stovo. This gives you the advantage of a separate stove. Price [illegible] El Chafo $5.00; El Stovo with cord $5.00.

The other two styles have self-contained heating elements which is completely electric into the water. Extremely neat and economical in operation. The center one (Style 5) is [illegible] Price $4.50. All are equipped with [illegible] In Canada add duty. If your dealer has not the style [illegible] Style 6. Price complete, in U. S. $5.00.



WE have arranged to include all of our electric [illegible] with three appliances in attractive holiday packages for the holiday trade. If your dealer has not yet received his stock, please notify our nearest office or agent. Illustrated booklet sent on request to this announcement will also be accepted in holly paper and tied with gold cord when requested.

WHAT is more appropriate for Holiday gifts than dainty [illegible] appliances with their suggestions of luxurious comfort and refined entertaining? This is the Electric Age—give electrical gifts. In these covered and semi-covered types. But remember the Hotpoint [illegible] and see that your guarantee and [illegible] the goods shown here.

PACIFIC ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY

PRINCIPAL OFFICE AND FACTORY
ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA.

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	[illegible]	TORONTO
136 Liberty St.	860 Washington Blvd.	[illegible]	Canada

El Eggo



THIS is the very newest addition to the "El" family and provides the most modern way of cooking eggs. A small quantity of water is placed in the bottom of El Eggo, the eggs are placed in the ring [illegible] the water is connected to mains. The eggs are steam cooked. Or boil them if you prefer.

A shining pan with convenient handles is also furnished for shirring, scrambling, poaching and similar operations. In effect, El Eggo becomes a small but efficient chafing dish. Same plug and silk covered cord as the other table appliances. Price in the U. S. without the chafing dish, $8.00. With chafing dish, $9.00. In Canada add duty. If your dealer cannot furnish, we pay charges.

El Teballo



WHAT El Perco is to coffee brewing, El Teballo is to tea infusing—it does it right. The heating element being immersed in the water, it is quickly brought to a bubble. The plug is then removed, and the tea ball is dropped down over the element, which keeps the water at bubbling temperature, while infusion is made.

The ball is then drawn up out of the infusion. This means that the delightful fragrance and delicate flavor of the tea leaf are retained without any of the bitterness and other undesirable principles.

Heating element guaranteed two years, but unless used without having [illegible] should last as long as one.

El Teballo is furnished in highly burnished nickel or copper. The style shown [illegible] price $8.00; nickel [illegible] price $10.00 in the U. S. In Canada add duty. If your dealer has not yet received his supply of El Teballo we will gladly pay delivery charges.

Ask Your Dealer

ABOUT 5000 [illegible] conveniences and devices in the U. S. and Canada, sell our appliances. We prefer that you buy of them. Their assortment will be valuable to you. However, if the dealer near you [illegible] our goods, please write us and we will send you, free, our new booklet. And you may be sure the statements we make in this announcement [illegible] Canadian customers are to pay duty.

Utility



THIS combination set is called the Utility. Invaluable for travelers, flat dwellers, bachelor men and women. Iron weighs two and a half pounds and will do all lighter forms of ironing. Inverted on the stand, it becomes a small stove. Boils the dish of water (about three cups) in ten minutes or less. An opening in the iron heats curling irons without additional electric current.

Price, including stand, dish with cover and handle, cord and plug, all packed in neat leather shopping bag, is $6.00 in the U. S. Duty added in Canada. If your dealer cannot supply you with this Utility Outfit, we will ship by prepaid express. There is no substitute.

EL COMFO pad will feel almost motherless toes. It displaces the hot water bottle and all other devices for applying heat locally. It is almost priceless in the nursery. An ideal bed warmer.

El Comfo



Attaches to any light socket and is controlled by a thermostat so that it cannot become overheated by the danger point. Also a convenient [illegible] switch, so that the current can be cut off by the person using it.

Turn the electric current on when you go to bed. The thermostat will cut off the current when it becomes hot and turn it on again automatically. Therefore, current consumption will be very slight.

El Comfo furnishes the ideal way to apply dry heat to any part of body and can be used much better than a water bottle. The heat is continuous and so simple to adjust.

Price in the U. S. $5.00. In Canada duty added. We have not mentioned this. If your dealer has not accepted his stock, write us.

YOU never see such wheezy tasting toast as you can make any morning on your breakfast table if you use El Tosto.

El Tosto



Highly nickel plated and extremely ornamental. Uses about the same electric current as the iron, but of course you use it for much shorter intervals than it is necessary to use the iron. Toasts bread in the most economical way of making toast.

And the toast is so appetizing. You simply have the bread set in front of the wire with that one glowing side toward it until it is just as brown and just as crisp as you like it. Turn it the other side and it is done.

El Tosto, along with El Perco and El Eggo stands [illegible] the dining table. Handsome [illegible] Price $4.00 in the U. S. In Canada duty added. If your dealer cannot furnish any El Tosto, we will gladly get it for you. Or we will ship by prepaid express to any place you desire in the United States.

Nothing to get out of order. Guaranteed two years, but should last for many years. Furnished complete with cord and plug. Price in the U. S. $4.00. In Canada duty added. Your dealer probably has El Tosto, as it is a very popular article, but if not we will gladly get it for you. Or we will ship by prepaid express to any place you desire in the United States.



Adler's
Collegian Clothes

EXPERT judgment of quality and authentic knowledge of style are entirely unnecessary when you select these garments. The name "Collegian" in a suit or overcoat is evidence of the utmost in quality and style—all that anyone expects or can ask for in clothes. Look for the "Collegian" label. It is the safe way to buy clothes, for it removes all guesswork as to fabrics, workmanship, style, cut, fit or finish. All you have to do is to go to the store that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes, choose something becoming, and then your clothes problem is solved. The price range is moderate—$15 to $30—and whatever you pay you are sure to secure the greatest amount of genuine clothes value.

Our new Style Book—a fashion guide for men's correct clothes—mailed to any address on request. It also tells you the store in your town or vicinity that sells Adler's Collegian Clothes.

David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee Chicago

BUSINESS HELPS

SYSTEM—and then more system! System is an excellent thing; therefore get system—get as much system as you possibly can! All this is what is most strenuously heard in these days amid the struggle and the turmoil of up-to-date business. Never before was systemization attempted in so many fields, in such wide variety of work. Scientific system has been introduced into many and many a business where it was supposed that further systemization was impossible. And all this is most excellent; for system saves time—and nothing is more true in business than the trite old saying, "Time is money."

And yet some of the wiser and more experienced business men are watching heedfully to see that system be not carried too far; or—it would be more correct to say—to see that men do not come to depend upon system rather than upon themselves.

"Already there is a tendency, in this sudden new rush of everything for system," said to me a business man who has an army of employees on his payroll—"already there is a tendency toward believing that system is the final word; that if perfect system can be obtained, all is obtained. There could not be a more serious mistake, however. System, excellent though it is—and I have myself been adopting new systems along lines that I had supposed could not be further improved—system can never take the place of individuality, originality, personality, initiative. Compared with personal qualities such as those, system must always remain in a secondary place."

A Bold Beginning

It was along this same line that another business man was talking when he said that, though he thoroughly approved of the machines that automatically set down answers to all sorts of arithmetical problems, and though he has installed such machines to keep abreast of modern methods, he has feared that too absolute a reliance upon machines would so weaken a man's own ability to figure correctly as to injure his usefulness materially. "And so I especially try to impress upon those who use automatic calculators that they must not let themselves forget how to do all sorts of calculations themselves; for at any moment in business a man may find it of vital importance to be able to estimate a thing instantly with his pencil, or perhaps just in his head; and if he has got into the way of trusting everything to a machine he won't be able to do it himself—won't be up to the mark. No man can hope for real success unless he acquires and retains a readiness to handle figures. But, of course," he went on whimsically, "it is certainly a convenience to have a machine that can multiply 7⅝ by 16¼, for even the best of my assistants would take some little time for such a sum and then wouldn't be absolutely sure of being right."

. . . . . .

Some of the great houses adhere to system even in regard to the advancement of employees in their own service—persons entering their employ must be within certain limits as to age and can only be put ahead after a certain time, and so on. And, though here one can see the general utility of such a system, it is peculiarly a branch of business management in which the wisest business men admit leeway.

How a young man thought out a system all his own—a system he planned for that best of all purposes, to get on in the world by rising through increase of his own merit—and how he induced a great concern to let him apply his system, was told me just the other day.

The young man, with only the equipment of a high-school education in a small city, picked out the line of work he felt best fitted for and most desired to go into. It was electricity that he determined upon for his career; and next he picked out the concern he wanted to work for—a concern whose name is known in every part of the world. All this seemed bold enough for a beginning, but it was still bolder to plan a system by which he would make his way upward after once getting his start with the great house he had selected.

We Will Not Be In To See You

We have no visiting list—nor any solicitors to do any visiting for us.

Not that we have any objection to solicitors. None whatever—some of the finest men we know are solicitors of advertising, and we are glad to see them when they call.

For our part, we need no solicitors. Right from the start we knew that if we got the circulation, advertisers would come of their own desire.

We did. They did.

Go through a copy of Farm Journal. Note the quantity of advertising—the quality of the advertisers and the diversity of lines advertised—

—then you will truly appreciate the significance of the fact that we employ no solicitors and that every line in the paper has come in or been sent in by someone without personal solicitation.

Any paper that can, without personal solicitation, secure the great volume of advertising that Farm Journal carries needs no further proof of its extraordinary efficiency as an advertising medium.

To get a full understanding of the unique position which Farm Journal holds among publications, write for our book, "Tests and Testimony." It will give you a wealth of interesting and valuable data about the folks that support Farm Journal and how they support themselves. Then you will realize why Farm Journal is such a powerful puller for its advertisers.

This book also contains experiences of advertisers in Farm Journal, together with testimonials from both advertisers and subscribers. It also gives the most complete and helpful statistics about the Farmer and the Farm.

Glad to send it in response to a request on your business letterhead.

Still time to catch our January issue if you act promptly. Send along your copy.

Wilmer Atkinson Publishers
Farm Journal
"Unlike Any Other Paper"
Philadelphia



Insures Against Cake Failures

This flour is prepared *expressly* for cake baking, from a special variety of winter wheat, grown only in Southern Indiana. By our own exclusive method we eliminate all the gluten—gluten makes cakes *coarse* and *tough*. We pack our product in a sanitary, air-tight package, where it keeps indefinitely, in any climate. No corn starch or any other ingredient is added.

SWANS DOWN
Prepared
CAKE FLOUR

is the most economical flour you can use for cake baking. It makes lighter, daintier, more delicious cakes with *half the shortening* required with ordinary flour. It prevents failure and wasted ingredients.

Each package contains flour enough for ten or twelve elegant cakes, with twelve recipes. Cost about two cents per cake.

FREE:— IGLEHEART'S Book of "CAKE RECIPES"

It's a delightful collection of cake creations. Will help you time and time again when you're puzzled what kind of cake to bake. Just send us your name on a postal for this book, stating your grocer's name and address, and whether or not he handles Swans Down Prepared Cake Flour.



IGLEHEART BROTHERS
2214 First Ave.
Evansville, Ind.

Insure Your Baby's Vitality With Holstein Cows' Milk.

Has your baby that vitality which often seems to stand alone between life and death? Do you know how to build it up? Try Holstein Cows' Milk and see if it doesn't impart to your baby the wonderful vitality of the splendid Holstein breed. We know it will.

Holstein Cows' Milk is the very nearest thing to mother's milk, so of course it is the best milk for babies. Compared with ordinary milk, it corresponds very closely to mother's milk in the percentage of butter fat and other solids it contains, and more important still, in the form in which the butter fat occurs. In ordinary milk, the fat is in large globules, which form tough greasy curds in baby's stomach instead of being easily broken up by the digestive fluids.

Holstein Milk costs no more than common milk. If your milk-man cannot supply you, let us know.

Send for our free booklet, "The Story of Holstein Milk," and see what the great specialists say about milk for babies.



HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN ASSOCIATION
11-B American Building, Brattleboro, Vt.

FOR CHRISTMAS



Only $28.50 Freight Prepaid East of the Mississippi

Size 48½ in. long; 20½ in. wide; 17¾ in. high. Your furs, blankets, linens, laces, silks and woolens come from the fragrant depths of a Piedmont Southern Red Cedar Chest as perfect as the day they were laid away. Absolute protection from moths, mice, dust and damp. Very **decorative** and the most acceptable of all Christmas gifts. Shipped direct from factory, at factory prices, freight prepaid, 15 Days' Free Trial. Send for "The Story of Red Cedar" and big catalog showing many styles, sizes and prices of Chests, Upholstered Wardrobe Couches, etc.

PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. 9, Statesville, N. C.

His first step was necessarily to get the concern to employ him. He wrote a letter, applying for the place; in the letter he said it was his ambition to make a lifework of electricity, and he told of his modest educational equipment, with its absence of technical training.

The management of that particular concern is altogether too wise to bar any young man absolutely because of not coming with a technical-school diploma in his hand. It knows very well that, though the majority of its high-class employees are necessarily technical graduates, there is always the chance of picking just the right man without a diploma. More important than this theoretical broadness of view on the part of the management was the personality, in this case, of the applicant—and the personality must have shown in his letter.

He was engaged and for six months he worked indefatigably, watching everything, saying little and spending his nights in correspondence-school study in electricity and mechanics. He felt that he had really begun to improve in his daily work, and therefore felt that he would be justified in beginning to apply the system he had planned. So he went to the superintendent. "I should like to be put into another department," he said, "where I can learn another kind of work."

The superintendent smiled. He was the kind of superintendent who watches his men and understands human nature. He knew this young man had been working with almost fierceness of effort and that he gave high promise. So, though he smiled, it was a tolerant smile, and he put the young man into another department.

A Six-Months' Man

For two years and a half the young man appeared regularly at the superintendent's office at the end of every six months. It got to be a sort of pleasant joke and the superintendent fell into the way of referring to him as his "six-months' man." "How is my six-months' man coming on?" he would ask of some department head; and always there came the reply that he was devoted, untiring, painstaking and successful.

At the end of two years and a half the young man was extremely proficient. He was earning a good salary. He was one of the few upon whom the superintendent had come thoroughly to depend; but there were no more departments. What remained now was advancement in whatever department best fitted the young man's abilities. And so, when there came the regular six-months' appearance, the superintendent met him with a new geniality.

"What is it now?" he said. "You have served your time in every department."

"No," came the reply; "there is another department I want to try—the sales department."

The superintendent did not like this. "I want you to stay right on in the works with me," he said.

The young man was firm, however. "I appreciate what you have done in making it possible for me to get experience," he said; "but I came here with the determination to take in enough departments to get a comprehensive knowledge of the business, and I cannot get it without experience in the selling end."

The superintendent smiled. "Well, I suppose I've got to help you carry out your system," he said. "Go down tomorrow to the city office and see the sales manager. I've told him about you."

The sales manager had clearly been told to give him a good trying-out, for he put him through a grueling examination on all sorts of electrical subjects—construction, operation, material, machinery, theory and practice. And soon a curious fact became evident. Not only did the young man show himself really and thoroughly proficient and able to answer questions, but it soon became apparent that in some branches he knew more than his questioner. "You'll do," was the brief verdict when the examination was over, and the young man was given his wished-for chance.

This was only a few years ago. He now draws a large salary, and it is in considerable degree because, after learning everything broadly—but not until then!—he was wise enough to devote himself to specialization, and is now looked upon as the highest authority in the United States on certain phases of constructive electrical operation in steel mills.



INSTINCTIVE PLAYING *vs.* REASON PLAYING

THE great aim in all player piano constructions has been to overcome mechanical banging. The tendency has been to build player pianos with mechanical contrivances intended to enable the operator to give expression to the music. To try, in other words, to eliminate by mechanical means, a mechanical sound.

We contend that these mechanical expression devices require the Reason to operate them.

Reason, we think, is a thing for doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists, to conjure with. But music, like all art, is Instinct. It is created by Instinct and must be recreated (played) by Instinct.

The Instinctive Virtuolo is built as sensitive as a nerve. Like a nerve, it responds, in a flash, to your sensitive feelings, to your musical Instinct.

Put into the Virtuolo some familiar piece of music, like the Lohengrin Wedding March, or Marching Through Georgia. Then close the sliding panel in front of the roll so you can't see the roll. Put your left hand over the accenting and modulating buttons, and your right on the speed lever. Then close your eyes and begin to pedal.

You may think you have no musical Instinct at all, but you'll be surprised to find yourself playing the piece with perfect time and rhythm and expression. You can't help it. An unconscious something is guiding you.

You'll discover that Instinctive playing gives the natural touch and fine expression which you never thought could be got out of a player piano. You'll discover that mechanical thumping is entirely absent. You'll discover that Reason playing is the cause of mechanicalness in the player piano. And you'll discover that the Hallet & Davis Piano Company discovered the greatest idea in player pianos when it discovered that Instinct and not Reason is the thing to rely on in playing a player piano.

After running the roll through a few times to get familiar with the piece, you'll find you can play the most difficult classic pieces by Instinct, just as easily as you played the Lohengrin Wedding March.

We want to send a Virtuolo to call on you in your home. We want you to keep it there a month. Instead of sending a talented salesman to prejudice you, we want you, yourself, to find out how ingenious this new Instinctive playing is, by playing the Virtuolo in the privacy of your own home.

(P. S.—No cash payment, charges or obligations of any kind.)

SEND FOR "THE INNER BEAUTY" BOOK

This is a free book that explains Instinctive versus Reason playing. It tells also of the wonderful meaning the composers put into all music, and how the invention of Instinctive playing gives every one the power to enjoy and to express this meaning. Send for it today.

PRICES AND TERMS

The Virtuolo in Hallet & Davis Piano, special mahogany case, Colonial design, complete (no extras), $700. In Arts-and-Crafts case, complete, $775. The Virtuolo in Conway Piano, mahogany or walnut, complete, $575. Lexington Player Piano, $450 to $485. Terms: Three years in which to pay, if you desire. Pianos and ordinary player pianos taken in exchange at fair valuation.

Shall we send you a Virtuolo to try for a month or "The Inner Beauty" Book? Use coupon below.

The VIRTUOLO

THE NEW INSTINCTIVE PLAYER PIANO

HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO.
Dept. B1, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me full information about your Free Home Test Plan on the Virtuolo; also free copy of "The Inner Beauty," a book about music and its inner meaning.

Name_____

Street Address_____

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HALLET & DAVIS PIANO CO

ESTABLISHED 1839

BOSTON NEW YORK NEWARK TOLEDO

Her Engagement Ring



THAT sparkling, shining diamond, so full of fire that it seems to belong on *her* hand, passed through the scene pictured above before ever you saw it.



The effect of these 11 exquisite diamonds in a fine platinum setting is that of a most costly ring. Our direct importation of diamonds and our manufacturing policy enable us to sell it for $90

From the blue clay of African Kimberley to the diamond markets of Europe—and thence to New York.

That was its course, and its American destination was the store of Lambert Bros., so you may be sure it was a far better diamond than most others.

A Jewelry House Renowned for Value

For thirty-five years Lambert Brothers have been noted for their wonderful jewelry values.



Nothing could be more brilliant than the contrasting beauty of these 18 superbly matched diamonds and the Australian sapphires which they surround. They are finely set in platinum with solid goldbank. The price is but . . $90

Intimate knowledge of the gem markets of the world, the ability to buy in large quantities and to take advantage of every discount, have enabled us to keep our prices well below those of other jewelers.

So,—ask us to send you one of our sample sheets—it shows a few illustrations of Lambert Engagement Rings. See the rings shown on the sheet,—priced from $50 to $400. Here are values you cannot equal elsewhere.



Superb white diamond, beautifully cut; the Lambertsystem makes its price $75

We also have diamond rings that range from $10 to $1500, each exceptional value for its price.

Probably you are thinking about some little piece of diamond or gold jewelry at this very moment.



A diamond of good size and fine quality, full-cut; solid 14 karat gold mounting, $50

Then write for our beautiful 168-page catalogue. You will find in it every worth while thing in gold and diamond jewelry—rings, brooches, watches, pins and silverware—and at prices that just suit *your* purse.



A fine diamond directly imported, hand-matched; 14 karat gold mounting . . $25

Lambert Bros.

Established 1877

Where shall we send *your* sample sheet and catalogue?

Address us at

3rd Avenue cor. 58th Street New York City



WHAT OF 1912?

(Continued from Page 4)

taken during his residence at the White House—for reciprocity—was nullified by the refusal of Canada to reciprocate; that there is great dissatisfaction with him among Republicans—but they ask: "What other man is there?"

Surely enough! What other man is there? Never, since the days of John C. Fremont, has there been such a dearth of available men for the Presidency in the Republican party. That once formidable organization is so widely split that the Progressives will not vote for Taft and the conservatives will not vote for La Follette. There are men in it who cherish the hope that a way out can be found by a compromise. Even in the remote contingency of Mr. Taft's stepping aside, what other man is there? Some have suggested Mr. Justice Hughes and some have thought Governor Hadley, of Missouri, might do. Attorney-General Wickersham thinks the lightning might strike him, and Secretary Knox, of the State Department, has never lost his bee. The suggestions show the dimness of the hope of getting together. Even if the plan for a widespread Presidential preference primary comes to nothing, as it probably will, the Republican National Committee being a stern and rockbound and standpat institution, there will be primaries in various states that will show something. North Dakota and Oregon and Minnesota, and some others, will have real tests. At that, the primaries for the purpose of selecting delegates to the national convention will not be conclusive. They hold the primary in North Dakota early in March, for example, when it will be hard for the farmers to get out. If that primary were to be a general election the farmers would get out and the conservative Republicans would gain wisdom and experience.

However, the primaries are reasonably certain to prove a good deal in one way, but not a thing if Taft is renominated; for there isn't much disposition to care who is nominated, it being the intention of a large proportion of the voters in these states to let them nominate Mr. Taft if they want to, and then express their convictions at the general election in November—provided always there is a suitable Democratic nominee.

The Democratic situation is livelier and more interesting. There are some Democrats and remnants of Democratic organizations in all these states. So far as this section of the country is concerned, there are but two leading Democratic candidates, Governor Judson Harmon, of Ohio, and Governor Woodrow Wilson, of New Jersey. Of the two, Wilson is much the stronger.

If Wilson should be nominated against Taft, Wilson would carry most of the states in this section, with conditions as they are.

Bryan a Remote Possibility

The Progressive Republicans, who are against Taft, would vote for Wilson—not all of them but most of them. Wilson is very strong in the states where the revolt against the Republican party is greatest.

On the other hand, the old-line Democrats, the former organization men who helped put Parker over in 1904—the old chaps who have hung on to the machines—are invariably for Harmon. There is your split emphasized and made clear. The new-thinking Democrats, the Progressives, are for Wilson. The old-line men are for Harmon.

If Harmon should be nominated, so far as this part of the country is concerned, and the opposing candidate should be President Taft, the time would be ripe for a third-party movement and there would be a strong effort to get one started. In the section I am writing about they think Taft and Harmon stand for about the same things and are both reactionaries.

Bryan, who has many friends, is openly against Harmon and has indorsed various other Democrats, including Wilson, Champ Clark, and Governor Marshall, of Indiana. Bryan's closest friends think he does not want the nomination, but all political observers see a Bryan possibility in the game of setting up a large number of candidates, in which Mr. Bryan has had an active hand. With numerous candidates and two-thirds required to nominate, after several ballots what is to hinder any delegate from getting up and shouting: "What's the matter with William Jennings Bryan?" And what would be the matter with him—with the convention deadlocked? Perhaps nothing if it were a mass convention. It will not be a mass convention. It will be a delegate convention. It is easy to stampede the galleries but hard to stampede the delegates.

Some of President Taft's closest advisers think Bryan will be nominated, and they are living in the fool's paradise that Mr. Taft surely can beat Bryan again. Failing Bryan, they think the other easy man for him to defeat is Champ Clark. They think either Bryan or Clark will be named. These advisers have caused Mr. Taft to think his opponent will be Mr. Bryan. Thus hope springs eternal in the human breast.

William Randolph Hearst is fussing round in various states and is quite active in California. Nobody attempts to solve Mr. Hearst's motives, but he will have some delegates in the Democratic convention just the same—not so many, perhaps, as he had in the St. Louis convention of 1904; but some—those from California, for instance, who will give him a complimentary vote if he still wants it at convention time. Mr. Hearst, also, is friendly to Champ Clark, and has recently paved the way for himself by declaring himself back in the Democratic party. He has agents working in Illinois and in other states. Probably he knows why.

California Not for Taft

So far as Mr. Taft's trip through this territory is concerned, it was a neutral proposition. It did him no good and did him no particular harm. The people received him politely but indifferently. There were good crowds and little enthusiasm. They heard his explanations civilly but that was all. They were neither interested nor impressed. Of course in some localities there was a good deal of organized noise; but the spirit in general was that of respect for the office, liking for the man, but no tolerance whatever for his policies. Every effort was made to excite enthusiasm. They paraded Mr. Taft all round every city. He went to ball games and luncheons and fairs and dinners, and participated in all sorts of local celebrations. The newspapers showed where he would be every minute.

The President arrived in California almost simultaneously with that state's adoption by a large majority, on October tenth, of the initiative, referendum and the recall—extending to judges! California is a Republican state, but it is one of the most Insurgent of the lot. Last fall they elected Johnson governor of California—and Johnson is a Progressive for fair. They had put a dent in the old and corrupt Southern Pacific machine that used to nominate the candidates on both sides and then graciously allow the people to go to it; that controlled the politics, the government, the courts and all the other functions of California except the climate—and had a mortgage on that! By the aid of primaries they managed to nominate Johnson. Later they elected him. Then the Johnson people promptly put before the state a set of amendments to the constitution, including the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and woman suffrage, designed to eliminate the last vestige of the obnoxious Southern Pacific rule. That is why the recall, applying to judges, was adopted. The Southern Pacific used to own the courts. In the future if any judge is owned by any one he can be attended to at once.

The delegates to the Republican national convention from California will be against Taft. They may or may not be for La Follette, but they will be against Mr. Taft. So far as the Democratic candidate is concerned, William Randolph Hearst can have the delegates for a complimentary ballot or two if he still wants them at convention time; but Mr. Hearst cannot deliver those delegates, nor can he have them sent to the convention city under instructions to vote for him. Gavin McNab, who is the biggest Democrat in California, will fight to the last against instructions, though he is willing to allow Hearst to have a complimentary vote because of Hearst's efforts for the San Francisco fair; and McNab undoubtedly can control. Next to this compliment for Hearst, Woodrow Wilson is the strongest Democrat. Wilson made a good impression when he was in California and



I Want Some of

THE BLACK SHELLS

When you say that to your dealer you'll see him smile, for he'll know there's another member in the "Sure-Shot Club"—another customer for him who knows good ammunition. Oh! they are all joining, for one by one they are giving the BLACK SHELLS a trial and are learning for themselves what these better shells will do for their scores.

The success of the BLACK SHELLS didn't "just happen." There are reasons why they give the men who try them the best shooting they've ever known. Here are a few of the reasons—look 'em over.

The primer used in the BLACK SHELLS contains no mercury and no ground glass. The results are quickness and uniformity—better scores and bigger bags. You doubt it? Try it.

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he is likely to be the second choice of California, subject to whatever manipulations may ensue.

There will be a direct test of the popularity of Mr. Taft and Mr. La Follette, or some other Progressive Republican, in Oregon. The Oregon election law provides that every qualified elector shall have an opportunity to vote his preference, on his party nominating ballot, for one person for President and one person for Vice-President, either by writing the names of such persons on the ballot or by marking a cross before the printed names of the candidates on the ballot. Names of candidates can be printed on the ballots by petition of their supporters in sufficient number. The friends of Mr. Taft in Oregon will see to it that his name is on the ballot and so will the friends of Mr. La Follette see to it that his name is on the ballot. This election will select the delegates to the party conventions and the Presidential electors. It is further provided that no person can vote for more than one person for the office of national delegate and that each delegate shall have two hundred dollars for traveling expenses. This restriction to voting for one delegate makes it almost a certainty that, whatever happens, some delegates will be sent to the convention to oppose Taft; and the probabilities are that the majority of the delegation will be against Taft. Delegates elected are expected to carry out the wishes of their party as to the national candidates as expressed at the primary. There is no way of forcing this, of course; but the moral obligation is there and probably will be regarded by all delegates who want to return to live in Oregon.

Wilson is strong in Oregon; but there, as elsewhere, the old-line Democrats are for Harmon. Wilson made a good impression when he spoke there, and both he and Harmon have had emissaries in the state. There isn't much of a Democratic organization in Oregon, but what there is is in favor of Harmon, so far as the individual preferences of the old-timers and old-liners go. There is some talk of Clark, and Hearst has done some prospecting also. The probabilities are, at this time, that Wilson will get the delegates.

In Washington

Washington is strongly Insurgent in a Republican sense. The Republican regulars will not tell you so, but it is true just the same. The old-timers say the state is disgusted with the Insurgent experiment it made when it sent Poindexter to the Senate, but the mass of the people do not reason that way and are not for Mr. Taft. Conservation of the resources of the state is an absorbing topic in this state, as in Oregon, Idaho and elsewhere, and is likely to have its effect on the political complexion of the delegation. The Washingtonians and the Oregonians are not strong for the present system of conserving their resources. They want to have a hand in that business themselves.

Washington will vote next spring on the initiative, referendum and recall as applied to state affairs. At a recent election the state declared for woman suffrage and some of the cities have the recall municipally. Under the primary laws of the state, it seems difficult to provide money for the expenses of a state convention to name delegates to the national convention, and there has been some talk that the executive committee of the state committee will select the Republican delegates. If the executive committee of the state committee tries this there will be a row that will be heard as far as Boston. The Insurgent Republicans will not submit to this, as the old crowd is in control of the state committee. It is doubtful if the executive committee will have the nerve to attempt this procedure. If it does it is certain the delegates selected will be for Mr. Taft; but if such a delegation is sent there will be another delegation at the convention, selected by primary, that will clamor for admission.

As elsewhere on the Coast, Wilson is strongest with the people in Washington, but the Democratic politicians are for Harmon. There is little discussion as yet of Democratic candidates and the Democratic organization in the state is nebulous. The only concrete thing in the state, as this was written, was a Harmon organization. Harmon himself is due in Washington in December. Wilson has been there and was warmly received. The old-liners are not in a majority in the state and there has been a recent interest in the candidacy of Champ Clark. As it stands now, the chances are that Wilson will get the delegates as against Harmon.

The death of Senator Thomas H. Carter left the regular Republicans in Montana without a leader, but there isn't much doubt that Taft will have the delegates when the time comes to choose them. Senator Dixon, who is a candidate for reëlection, is classed as a near-Insurgent; but he will probably not oppose a Taft delegation. In any event, the delegates will be for Taft in all probability. So, too, will the delegates from Idaho, where there is much Insurgent sentiment, but where it is doubtful if that sentiment could be crystallized for La Follette. Taft will unquestionably have the delegates from Wyoming and Utah. Senators Warren and Clark will see to that in Wyoming, and the Mormon Church, as represented by Senator Smoot and the so-called "Federal crowd," will attend to it in Utah. Nevada will also be for Taft.

Colorado and the Dakotas

It is likely that uninstructed delegations will be sent from these states to the Democratic national convention. If the Montana Democratic leaders can be said to favor anybody they favor Wilson. Of course strong efforts will be made to get instructed delegations by Wilson and Harmon, and mayhap by Clark; but the likelihood is that the unterrified Democrats from this bunch of states—Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho and Nevada—will go without instructions and be prepared to jump the right way when the time comes.

Arizona and New Mexico will send Taft delegations to the convention. There is plenty of Insurgent sentiment in Arizona; but the men who run the party there are mostly officeholders, and they will comply with the wishes of the President. Champ Clark is strong both in New Mexico and Arizona, but the big interests of the state seem to favor Harmon; and that about settles it in these new stars in the flag. The scheme in both Arizona and New Mexico will probably be to send uninstructed delegates, but really for Harmon; and they will jump to Champ Clark or some other man if Harmon cannot be nominated. There are a good many Missouri Democrats in Arizona who like Clark, particularly among the active politicians. The Taft forces will dominate in New Mexico.

The Republican party in Colorado is all shot to pieces. It is disorganized and disgruntled. It doesn't care much who will be nominated by the Republicans for President, though the delegates will be for Taft. Very few Republicans, and none except the most optimistic, think any Republican can carry the state nationally, though there is hope that the state ticket may pull through. There was a nasty Democratic row over the election of a United States Senator that is not settled yet. Former Senator Patterson, who owns the Denver News, opposed the election of Mayor Robert Speer, of Denver, and prevented it by keeping enough Democrats out of the caucus to stop election. That doesn't make any for Democratic harmony; but Patterson and Speer are widely apart as Democrats, Patterson being a radical and Speer a conservative. Patterson thinks of Bryan as a possibility—that is, he thinks circumstances might arise that would nominate Bryan. He will make no such fight and is content to let things shape themselves. Wilson has a lot of supporters in the state; and, as elsewhere, the Old Guard of the Democrats is for Harmon. An uninstructed delegation is likely unless some Democratic candidate develops more strength than is at present apparent, and goes in and makes a big fight.

North Dakota and South Dakota are both highly Insurgent in a Republican sense. On a question of voting for Mr. Taft in a general election, with present conditions prevailing, it isn't likely he could carry North Dakota, and he might have difficulty in carrying South Dakota. The first primaries where there will be a direct Presidential preference will be early in March in North Dakota. It is the present intention of both sides in the Republican party to force a test. La Follette's chances of getting the delegation are brighter than Taft's in both the northern and southern parts of these two great agricultural states. So far as the Democratic candidates are concerned the Democratic organizations do not amount

(Concluded on Page 70)

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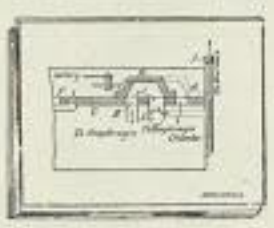
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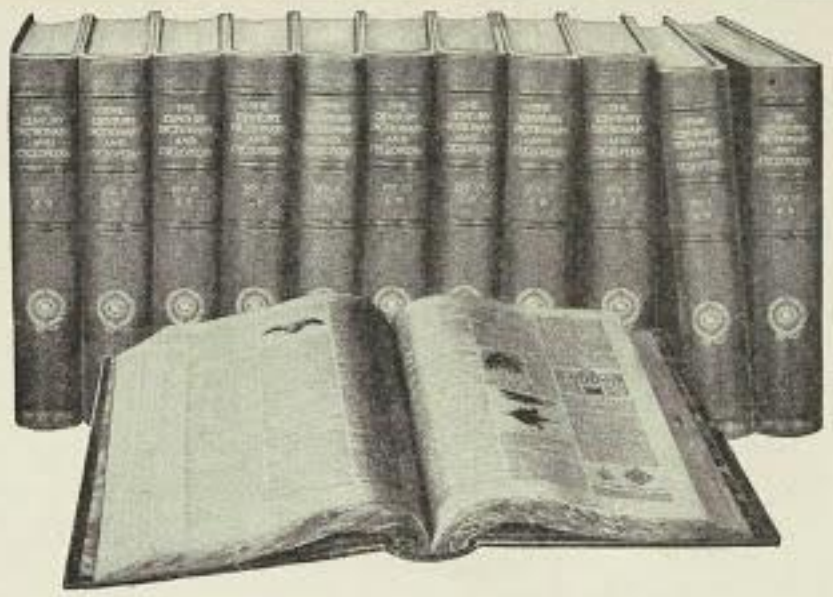
THE CENTURY records the progress in the discovery of serums for the prevention and cure of disease, such as cancer, consumption and other malignant diseases. This is only one instance of the progress of both medicine and biology; in both the latest discoveries are described and all the terms used are fully defined in this up-to-date edition of The Century.

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Nature

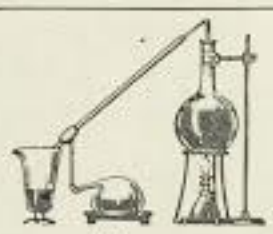
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ADVENTURES IN ANTIQUING

(Continued from Page 17)

have it, within ten days I found a pair precisely similar and bought them for five dollars, undamaged—except that the bottom of one stopper was broken.

One time, in far-off Alaska, I found in a hut on Kadiak Island a splendid Russian samovar and a beautiful teapot of Russian china, heavily banded in gilt. How did they come to be in those surroundings? The answer is that my host was once a sea-otter hunter, in the times when Russian ships brought in all sorts of things to sell to the Aleuts, when the latter had all kinds of money, the product of the rich fur of the sea otter. Both the samovar and the teapot were in use on the family table, but I managed to carry them away and I have them now—very good proof that no corner of the world is safe to leave uncombed. The cashier of a safety-deposit company in Chicago has the finest fish-set in silver I ever saw, and will not part with it. His wife, a summer tourist, bought it in Sitka, where it had been sold by an old English family. You wouldn't usually call Sitka or Kadiak a good town for antiquing.

I recall a delightful afternoon or two spent with a regular Dickens character, an old Englishman whose father was a chair-maker before him and who now sells antiques in a little English town. What a delightful little spot that crowded shop was, forsooth! The old man and his wife took us into their sitting room and gave us tea. His eye gleamed with added light as he leaned toward me. "Look about you, sir," said he. "This room is not much, you think? Well, sir, I will tell you. His Majesty, Edward VII, has sat in that very chair where you are a-settin' of now. The Queen and the Prince of Wales was with him—all right in this little room; and they had tea with us, just as you are having. My father made chairs for the Queen, his mother; and I made a presentation chair for His Majesty himself—and here's a letter from his chamberlain acceptin' of it."

Knockers as Knickknacks

This semiroyal reception made a pleasant memory—that of the old man and his kindly wife. Of the two tall clocks they showed us, Willie Lou could not make a selection, for one had chimes and the other had a Chippendale case; so we took them both, of course—the only proper way in which to compromise a matter of that kind. The spandrels, or brass corners of the dial-faces, proved the antiquity of those two clocks. And as to the old brasses and the heaps of blue china, and the fine old Sheffield, which rested in that little shop, I can only hope they have not yet been discovered by American collecting dealers. I was unfortunately pretty near broke or I would have bought the whole works. It makes me very unhappy to think that anybody else should own such treasures.

I recall a pleasant afternoon we had one time on the Rag Market, in Rome, and an hour or so of chaffing with a female representative of the *populus Romanus*, whose nose might have been called a beak. She wanted four and a half cents each for some hammered brass doorknobs, and I thought three and a quarter cents was abundant. Paid the four and a half, of course, and paid further duty and freight all the way home to America. When I showed these doorknobs to Willie Lou she declared they were nothing more than old battered tops off of brass bedsteads. I don't like to urge the matter—Willie Lou is occasionally right. She also doubts some Venetian bronze door-knockers, and others of Parisian origin. Personally, I think any front door would look well with several knockers—a caller could take his choice. One solitary knocker on a door does not look half so large and generous as half a dozen.

Once, when riding through an unknown back street of Paris, my partner in misdeeds frantically clutched me by the arm. "There it is!" she cried, and stopped the *fiacre* with another frantic grab. "It" turned out to be an old *liqueur* set, apparently a counterpart to one that had cost us twenty-five dollars in Baltimore years ago. The little second-hand dealer was glad to take ten francs for this. With great care I personally packed this and sent it home; and with equal assiduity the customs department in Chicago smashed one

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Be your own "boss"—independent to work in the time you please. Work when you know you can make the most money.

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It's well worth your while to write us and get our special offer to you. That costs you only a 2c stamp or a postal.

If I didn't have a good, straightforward proposition this advertisement wouldn't be here.

I want a good man in every territory of the U. S.—as local agent for one county, or as general manager for a number of counties. This proposition offers an opportunity for you, to build up a splendid and permanent income. Hundreds of others are making a big success of this in their territories. No experience is necessary to start, but I want representatives who will do their best, who will treat me square and who will follow plain, easy and helpful instructions. I am organizing my selling force now and I want you to begin at once.



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Send me your offer, your proposition for me to represent you and all the facts about what others are doing in similar work for you.

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(Be sure to name your county)

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State _____

of the twin bottles—Bohemian glass which cannot be found today. When is a bargain not a bargain?

Once we found an absolute nest of fine old French mahogany in a little known but very delightful hotel in a side street in Paris, the address of which I should not like to give, lest the place should be spoiled. Not a thing would be sold, however. Ah, well! Some of them may die some day; and if so I know what will happen to a certain dressing table there. It is even better than the Duchesse dresser we found in New Orleans, which caused us to discard dressing tables bought in Richmond, Montgomery and Mobile.

If you are happy enough to find some of these really good private hotels in the great cities of Europe, you will have a great deal better time and better accommodations than you will in the great caravansaries that are practically American in every respect and cater to the American trade. Such a quiet and exclusive place we once found in Half Moon Street, in London—a delightful stopping place whose name, of course, cannot be given. This little place bore the name of its founder, who had been dead some twenty or thirty years. It seemed he was a butler, long in service with a noble family, and he knew what good things were. When he went into business for himself in his modest little city place, some seventy-five years or more ago, he had all the passion of a collector; and whenever there was a sale of the belongings of a good family anywhere in reach he was on hand.

Here, for once in my life—and perhaps the only time in my life—I saw Chippendale and Heppelwhite chairs that were without doubt genuine originals. There were many other pieces of old English mahogany such as collectors do not find nowadays. The successors had actually sold some of these old chairs as low as five or ten pounds each, but had wisely concluded never to part with any more of them.

The Feel of Mahogany

The butler in the quaint little dining room—where sometimes you might meet real people—one time brought to show us some of the old Georgian silver that the former master had collected. There were nine little silver cream jugs, worn thin as eggshells—I think they were the handsomest examples of the silversmith's art I ever saw. "We 'ad ten of them, sir," said he; "but one came up missing about five years ago." He did not say whether he suspected one of the servants or one of the guests. I hastily told him to put all of them in the safe and to invent a new combination for the safe—because, of course, no money would buy any of these pieces, and I did not want to rest under later suspicion. And yet—such good fortune comes to the collector sometimes—I later found two creamers almost as good as these which had made us so unhappy.

The old city of Edinburgh, in Scotland, is one of the best places in the world to find old silver—for what reason I cannot say. On Princes Street in that city I once met a tall, slender, gray-haired, ruddy-faced Scotchman, with silver side whiskers, who also surely had stepped directly out of one of Scott's novels. He was both antiquarian and fancier, and he really glowed as he showed us some of the splendid silver that had been accumulated by his house, most of it of fabulous prices, to be sure. Here you saw, indeed, the flowering of an unrestricted art—that of an earlier century, when there were artists who did not work on an eight-hour day, nor for their pay alone. These things are not for persons of moderate means; yet I did manage to accumulate two Georgian sauceboats and some forks and spoons whose hallmarks brought them in duty-free, as certainly over one hundred years of age. That is one beauty about British silver—the hallmark tells you what you are getting.

Our customs officers have been much troubled and confused in construing this law on free entry of antiquities of artistic nature. No mahogany has any hallmark; and, of course, it rarely is the case that affidavits of living persons can be obtained as to the origin of a really old piece, let alone proof of an age of over a century. The expert must simply rely on the feel of the wood and the workmanship. I have had the best obtainable modern carvers make clawfeet to match the old ones on a piece of ancient mahogany—but you can tell the difference in the dark.

AIMS AS EASY AS POINTING YOUR FOREFINGER



Only the Burglar Need be Afraid

YOU often hear people say: "I'd like a pocket arm in our home, as we feel so unprotected and helpless at night, and even in the daytime, but I'd be more afraid of the gun than of the burglar or the tramp."

If you will just call up your hardware dealer *now* and tell him to send up a Savage Automatic and a hundred rounds of cartridges quick, and then go out into an open place and shoot a few rounds you'll not only forget all about fear of the Savage Automatic, but you'll be proud of your shooting. You know the Savage aims as easy as pointing your forefinger, so when you find yourself firing shot after shot into the target (some into the bull's-eye) nothing can hold your enthusiasm down. It's great sport. Fear? Your fear of the gun will be gone, and your fear of burglars will go with it.

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TO a widowed mother with children to support, the future looks a little brighter, if there comes to her each month, as the result of her husband's foresight, a monthly income.

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To the man who is content to pay the full price for a standard typewriter, without question, we have nothing to say.

But to the man who realizes that the full price is due to the keen competition of high-salaried sales forces and expensive salesrooms, we offer food for thought.

Our new selling plan makes it possible for you to buy a typewriter of standard name and fame, at *one-half* the market price and on *very small payments.*

These typewriters represent the climax of countless superiorities found only in the best makes, besides many exclusive features not contained in any other.

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We will not send a salesman or agent—we won't try persuasion.

It costs you nothing to investigate—we will gladly tell you all about it and then leave it all to you—*WRITE.*

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You yourself can put up our portable shower in your own bathroom. We also make showers for every conceivable use—homes, factories, hospitals, clubs. We are the largest manufacturers of showers in the world—write for our catalogue.

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Of course every one knows that Sheffield ware of the old sort—copper engraved, with solid silver mountings rolled on—rarely had a hallmark. Much of this ware was quite as old as the solid pieces and today brings almost as good prices. I found a tea urn one time in a little English town, a massive Sheffield piece, evidently Georgian, but bearing no hallmark. I took it to the Government assayer. We found that the plating was almost as thick as an eggshell. The assayer smiled. "No doubt about the age of that!" he said. "It was made long before electroplating." The urn came in duty-free, and justly so.

Once in Richmond, while buying old snuffers and candlesticks and other brasses—the sort you now pay five dollars for and once threw away—I found some old snuffer trays and snuffers in Sheffield ware. These were beautiful things, but the man wanted about twelve or fifteen dollars a pair—and got it. Within two weeks, in another Southern city, I bought, in an auction room, three pairs of the same snuffers for one dollar! I suspected very strongly that somebody was making these antiques. Three weeks later I saw, in a plantation house in Mississippi, an old tray and pair of snuffers almost exactly like those I bought in Richmond, and these were known to have been in the family for three generations. The collector usually has a guess or so unsolved. I still am guessing about silver snuffers.

Once I paid eighty-five dollars for one of the old bookcase desks—the kind your father used to have, where he stood up and shaved at the reflection from the glass doors, not using any mirror. Two years later I found, away out in the country in a Southern state, quite as good a specimen, and finally bought it and a turn-top table for eighteen dollars. You never can tell about these things. The main thing to remember is that if you want a thing you will always get it some time.

Thus I always wanted an old wine chest and a pair of old knife boxes like those which the late George Washington possessed. For six years I pursued these things in American cities but could find nothing genuine. At length I found the wine chest in an English village, and got a pair of knife boxes—genuine in lines, and certainly in pieces—in an odd old second-hand shop in London. They came through duty-free and are undoubtedly genuine. Knife urns and knife boxes are, however, much faked today, and one should beware of these and of piecrust tables. You will see many fakes of these in London.

The banjo clock is a distinctive product of New England, and you will hear stories that they hide them out in blacksmith shops and farmhouses so that you may discover them. There was one very shrewd dealer on Boylston Street, in Boston—the local home of the antique industry—who stung me one hundred dollars for a dining-room table, only parts of which I later found to be genuine. As he let go a banjo clock for twenty dollars that I am still convinced is genuine, I am willing to call the honors even.

Back of the Blue Ridge

There are all sorts of things that the collector may find in out-of-the-way places—negro cabins, old houses and back streets, and so on—such as old engravings and paintings, jewelry and brasses. You now pay ten to fifty dollars for cameos you could have bought ten years ago for fifty cents. Once I got a good old blue teapot and some pieces of pewter in a little village inn in the middle of the Blue Ridge Mountains; and again, in a Virginia county-seat, I got yet other of good china. And once, alas! I bought an absolutely perfect old blue teapot, only to have it arrive home with both handle and lid-knob broken off by the express company—one of the frequent tragedies in antiquing. One time I bought an old silver wine-cooler which the owner thought was a lamp.

Perhaps the luckiest find I ever made, however, was in an old log house owned by a negro in a county in Virginia. This person of color took me into the worst-looking upstairs I ever saw and showed me, in a dark corner, what he called a chest of drawers. I guessed the material to be black walnut, and did not fancy it, as it was rather plain in line and very black. It had, however, four of the original brass drop handles, and I told him I would give him two dollars for these handles. "All right, boss," said he; "ef yo'll do dat I'll throw in the bureau!"

Just to be game, I took the bureau and paid freight on it to my home. My repair man there—who is a fine workman but an utterly conscienceless robber as to prices—said that by great care he might scrape and finish this bureau for forty dollars. In desperation I told him to go ahead—he is always explaining how high-priced labor is today. In six weeks he came to me with his eyes shining and said: "That is one of the best pieces you've got, and maybe it's the very oldest. This was made before they began to use mahogany in America—and it was made by a good workman."

What had happened to the old black bureau? Nothing much, except that the outer coating of dirt and varnish had been scraped off. A beautiful, fine, close-grained walnut was found underneath, light in color and much superior to the average American walnut. It matches my highboy treasure perfectly. There were ivory escutcheons round the keyholes in the drawers. Lastly the drawers and frame showed a fine inlay of holly or some other white wood, the presence of which had never been suspected. In short, the piece had been done by an artist, and when rediscovered by one it stood out wholly self-respecting and beautiful. I don't know whether it was made in England or America, but believe it saw the Revolution. I gave it a place in my own room, putting out a mahogany bureau with a mirror that once I had fancied as something fine. What value can be put on such a piece as this? That is hard to say. It came from the old town where my people lived many generations ago, in the state first settled of all the original thirteen. I try to fancy my family once owned it.

A Cry for Corners

Many collectors go in for china and articles of art value alone. When our flat got so full of saddles, snowshoes, chairs, tables and so on that there was absolutely no vacant space along the wall, Willie Lou suggested it might be well to abandon mahogany and saddles for a while and go in for china, because you can put a good deal of china under the chairs and sofas. Yet it was Willie Lou herself who discovered, down in Charleston one day, an absolutely different corner closet—just the place for blue china, and just matching other pieces in our dining room—price, two hundred and fifty dollars—which the dealer didn't really get by some several dollars. We had to leave that in storage, because when we came to investigate the dining room we discovered that it had only six corners—and they were all full. What the country really needs is a dining room with eight corners, and some intelligent architect ought to fill this want.

My associate in this mild form of insanity was awkward enough to begin to count up things the other day, and made some mild protest about having four Colonial sideboards in the dining room of our city apartment—not to mention twenty-odd tables in the flat or the houses of friends adjacent or elsewhere, and the surplus of forty-two chairs in storage, for which we could find no room at all. To my mind, this only shows the unreasonableness of woman. I would not care at all for a dining room which had less than four sideboards in it, exclusive of the abomination which builders put into dining rooms and call a sideboard.

A great many of my friends ask me mildly why I should buy so much furniture before building a house. To repeat, this seems to me a very stupid question. If you build a house first, how can you tell how much furniture you are going to have to put in it? Indeed, you might have to build an extra house—and what would you want with two houses? It is far more reasonable, it seems to me, as I have earlier said, to buy all the furniture you want and then build a house of proper shape and size to contain it. Anybody can build a house in a few months, but it would take several years to get old furnishings for it.

Of course antiquing is one indication of an unbalanced mind; but everybody is crazy over something—so why not be crazy over antiques? It is a very sporting kind of amusement. You can follow it no matter where you happen to be—from Sitka to Jacksonville, from Frisco to Paris; and you are always taking a chance with each piece you purchase. Besides, I know of no more sporting proposition than the wonder which often arises in Willie Lou's mind when we start out to go anywhere. She never knows whether we're coming home first-class or on foot, though she is always sure that something will come home by freight.

Play Billiards at Home

On a Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Table



"I have a billiard table in my house and every Christian family should have one. The game is a noble one; it should be encouraged."—
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"I regard the game of Billiards as the most refined and innocent recreation ever invented. No residence is complete without a billiard table."—
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"If one must be indoors, a game of Billiards I find to be a grand exercise. A private table is a great attraction to young members of a household."—
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Home Billiard Tables of Finest Quality for Small Rooms

Sold at Attractive Prices and on Very Easy Terms

THE ever-increasing popularity of BILLIARDS, the world's premier indoor game, has induced us to design the new Brunswick "Baby Grand," a high-grade, HOME-SIZE STANDARD TABLE on which *real Billiards* can be played.

This opens up to thousands who live in average-size Houses or Apartments the delightful possibilities of having a perfectly appointed Billiard Room as a rallying point for the young folks.

Billiards, the royal game of gentlefolk, the most fascinating pastime for young and old, now becomes, in the broadest, truest sense, the "Magnet of the Home." The Billiard-Room in the Home is no longer the exclusive luxury of the wealthy class, as it was when spacious rooms were required to accommodate large and expensive Billiard Tables.

The coming of the Brunswick "Baby Grand" *makes a room as small as 11 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft. 6 in. available for billiards!*

The finest make of Billiard Table in the world is now *within easy reach of all* who love the game.

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They are not cheap imitations of Billiard Tables, but embody the essential features which characterize the larger size and more expensive tables and tend to intensify the player's interest and enjoyment of the game.

All shots that can be made on any billiard table can be executed on the Brunswick "Baby Grand." Some of the most expert billiard players in America have duplicated their most wonderful shots on the Brunswick "Baby Grand."

The Tables are arranged both for Billiards and Pocket-Billiards or as Combination Tables for all games played on Carom and Pocket-Billiard Tables. You can secure a genuine Brunswick Billiard Table, with complete equipment, for as low as $65, on such convenient terms of payment that your bank account will not feel it.

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Fit up one of your rooms with a Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Table. Let the Home Billiard Room be the center of social life for the young folks of the family and neighborhood. The game of Billiards combines wholesome physical and mental exercise with that stimulating rivalry which adds interest and excitement.

This ideal diversion will keep the boys—and girls—at home evenings by the sheer force of its attractions.

The whole family will share in the pleasures and benefits of the Home Billiard Table. Billiard Parties are *fashionable* and *popular*. The possession of either a Carom, Pocket-Billiard or Combination Table will enable you to entertain your friends on gala occasions in this delightful way.

The Brunswick "BABY GRAND" Billiard Tables

Genuine Mahogany (Inlaid Design), Richly Finished

Style A—Size 3 x 6. Style B—Size 3½ x 7. Style C—Size 4 x 8

Each Table fitted with best quality Slate Bed, celebrated "Baby Monarch" Cushions, Cloth, Cues, Rack (Ball Rack, Ball Basket, Composition Pocket Balls for Pocket Tables). Billiard Balls for Carom Table, Chalk, Tips, Glue, Bridge, Table Cover, Brush, Cue Clamps, Markers, Set of Rules, etc. Also Book of Instructions on Billiards and How to Play. Complete information accompanies Table, showing how any one with ordinary tools can easily set it up.

Rooms should measure at least: For 3 x 6 Table—11 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft. 6 in. For 3½ x 7 Table—12 ft. 6 in. x 16 ft. For 4 x 8 Table—13 ft. 6 in. x 17 ft. 6 in.

The Growing Appreciation of Home Billiards

It is a noteworthy fact that in recent years there has been a widespread awakening to the fascination of billiard playing in the best class of homes. Nearly every large modern country or city home in America and abroad has its Billiard Room.

Billiards affords one of the greatest mental relaxations in the world.

It is a highly entertaining, invigorating, exciting game, in which old and young indulge with equal pleasure and benefit. As a physical exercise its importance ranks very high. Calls into healthful activity nerves, muscles and brain. It is *fun*—and more—for *beginners*, and as the player gains in skill its allurements grow ever stronger. Nothing promotes good fellowship more than Billiards.

The high opinion which Billiards has won as an ideal game for young people is shown by the many Y. M. C. A. Branches, Institutional Churches and Church Clubs which maintain Billiard Rooms. Clergymen, Physicians and Famous Educators are strong advocates of Billiards.

Send Coupon for Attractive Illustrated Book

"Billiards—the Home Magnet"

This handsome book gives interesting sidelights on "HOME BILLIARDS," suggestions for social evenings, amateur tournaments, hints for beginners, *etc.*; shows the various styles of Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Tables, with detailed description of Table and complete Playing Equipment. Write for it today. Get our **Special Introductory Prices and Easy Terms of Payment.**

Have a *real* Billiard Room, with standard equipment, made by the concern that supplies over 80 per cent of the world's Billiard Tables and whose name is the symbol of excellence in Billiard Table qualities throughout the entire world.

Use the coupon or write a letter.

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Our Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Table makes a magnificent Christmas, Birthday or Wedding Gift. Its strikingly rich and attractive appearance, its scientific accuracy in design, its reliable construction, its perfect playing qualities, make the Brunswick "Baby Grand" one of the most highly-prized possessions of a well-appointed home.

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The room in my home available for Billiards, clear of any projections, measures ____ x ____ ft.



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That's Prince Albert. Tuck it in the bowl of your old jimmy pipe. A light—and there you are, enjoying a smoke as you never did before. Prince Albert is the make-good tobacco. You don't have to mix it or season it or mull it around in the palms of your hands. It's crimp cut, ***ready*** for use, ready to light up and begin joy smoking at once.

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Say! your chips are always blue
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Is packed down in your "jimmy"—
Then the world looks good to you.



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R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

The Autobiography of a Small Homesteader in Wyoming

(Continued from Page 11)

of it now, with the splendid start I had—my cabin up, my homestead fenced and a bunch of cattle—all in a little over one year. I had seven new calves from my cows, though one was mavericked and one was killed by wolves; and I had three good colts. I forgot to mention that one of my mares gave me a fine filly the season before.

On the other hand, I had only five acres ready to cut hay from that summer; my cattle and horses wouldn't be ready to sell for two years, and—I wanted to get married!

I worked like grim death that summer and until late in the fall, taking anything anywhere—some jobs fifty, some eighty and one ninety miles off—stopping my outside earnings only long enough to put up my own haycrop, which cut five and a half tons and would winter my stock, with none left to sell.

I had to buy a mower for fifty dollars and a rake for twenty-seven—I couldn't possibly get on any longer without them and put up contract hay. In spite of these heavy items I came out two hundred and sixty dollars ahead of the game and got married in November.

I confess my cabin didn't seem much of a house to bring a nice girl into; and before I cleared any more land I decided to make things comfortable for ourselves. It was another devil-and-deep-sea case. We needed an addition, a milk cellar, a bunkhouse, cattle shed, corrals and chicken house.

I wasted no time getting ready to put up these improvements. I cut and hauled logs and ordered my doors, sashes and lumber. I dug the milk cellar while the ground was soft, going down three feet below ground-level, and built with rock three feet above, putting on a thick dirt roof. The cattle shed I roofed with poles and dirt; the corrals I made of poles.

When everything was ready I hired a carpenter at three dollars a day and we put up the addition and the bunkhouse in ten days.

This was a whole winter's work for me. I did nothing else but my chores and some hunting, to keep the table supplied with fresh meat. The lumber and sashes, and so on, cost me more than for my original cabin—fifty-six dollars; the labor, thirty dollars, and the carpenter's board about eight dollars—a total of ninety-four dollars cash.

Perhaps I was wrong in doing all this first—we should have lived like early settlers until I had my land cleared and under ditch; but I couldn't do two things at once, and I thought it was better to have the buildings than thirty tons of hay. Anyway, it meant that I had to work out again for the summer, because by June we were down almost to my last cent.

Selling Stock to Meet Expenses

We had been as careful as ever we could be, but the money got away from us in spite of everything. We needed things in the house that I got along without well enough while I was "baching"; but Alice couldn't.

Now that I was married, however, working out to get money to build up the homestead was a very different matter from what it had been while I was single. I couldn't go off eighty or even fifty miles to a job and leave my wife alone on the ranch, with no neighbor nearer than three miles. My wife's father helped us out by getting me to put up hay for him for three weeks; so I took her back home and she stayed two months. I worked out at places near enough for me to get over and see her on Sundays.

I cleared only a little over a hundred dollars that third summer—nowhere near enough to see us through the winter—supposing I could not get work—and meet the extra expenses that were coming on us. My first child was born in September. When the bills were paid and a few groceries bought we were down to our last cent. It was now our standing joke—that last cent; but it wasn't much of a joke to live on it. Even if I could get work, which was very scarce, how was I to leave my wife alone with a nursing baby and all that stock to look after and feed, rain or shine?

I simply couldn't—yet I had to have money or we'd starve to death on our homestead! If I could not earn it I must sell off some of my stock or mortgage it. Alice would not hear of a mortgage—she had seen too many small homesteaders go broke in the second year mortgaging their cattle and losing the whole bunch. So had I.

It was really only a question of what we should sell to keep us going. Again I was between the devil and the deep sea. If I sold the four young steers I had of Bill Moore that would not be ready to ship for a year yet I should lose a hundred dollars profit on them at the very least. Yet they were the animals destined for market—our legitimate income. If I sold some of my cows my supply of calves would stop until my heifers grew up. My three heifers that I got from Bill Moore were bred by an extra fine bull—I was saving them to improve my stock with. If I parted with them now it might be years before I could get as good again—perhaps never. To sell any of my she-stock was like a manufacturer selling off one of his machines to get money to keep the rest going. As for my team, I could not part with it and live at all.

Looking back on it now I see we had reached the critical point in our lives as small homesteaders. To saddle ourselves with a debt then, or to part with the source of our future income would probably have meant that we could not get on our feet and would have ended by our losing the homestead. I saw it—not so clearly as I do today with other similar cases in mind—and it cost us a great deal of anxious discussion before we finally figured out what it was best to do. This is what it came to: We sold one of our Bill Moore cows, her fine heifer two and a half years old, and her bull calf that was still running with her. They brought seventy-five dollars. I sold my first filly, two and a half years old, for fifty dollars. That gave us one hundred and twenty-five dollars, with which we determined to go through the winter or die in the attempt!

The Cost of High Living

We lived more economically than ever. Three of our cows were good milkers, and we got enough milk, without robbing the calves, to make butter for our own use and sell about two pounds a week. My wife's mother had given us twenty hens and a rooster, and our flock had increased to fifty-two, old and young. With butter at from twenty-five to fifty cents a pound and corn at two dollars a hundred, including freight, the sale of butter that winter just paid for the corn for the chickens—that is, we, so to speak, changed butter into eggs. We had all the milk, butter, eggs, chickens and wild meat we needed, but we had to buy everything else—flour, sugar, groceries, potatoes and vegetables.

It was now forced home on me how important it was for me to raise larger crops that would give us some little income; hay that we could sell and potatoes that would save buying. I went to work grubbing sagebrush and laying out the big ditch; but I had hardly begun when the ground froze solid. I kept on after that as long as I could—until the snow buried everything and I had to quit. From December until the middle of April I could do nothing to the land, though I had a great deal of ranch work—caring for the stock, hauling and splitting logs for the stove, milking and general chores.

That winter I was lucky in killing two wolves and five coyotes. The bounties and sale of the hides brought me twenty-eight dollars. I may say here that I make a little money in this way almost every winter; but, of course, it is not a source of income to be depended on.

As soon as the ground was soft I went at my land improvement again. Here was my fourth summer on me and only five acres of land yielding hay. Some of my neighbors shook their heads solemnly and told me I "ought to have cleared the land first"—before I did anything else; but I don't see now how I could have done any differently, situated as I was. My first summer as a homesteader went in earning wages to build my cabin with and get a few cattle; my second, in earning money to get married on; my third, in earning money to keep my family from starving to death while my stock grew up; and my fourth was destined to be spent in the same way, for the ditch

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and clearing was too much of an undertaking for me then, with our finances in the shape they were.

My wife went home to her folks for three months and I took anything and everything I could get anywhere—fifty miles off—two hundred miles off! I didn't care so long as it brought in some money to live on. I had to hire a man to ride over to my homestead every day and look after things, feed the chickens and see that the water was on the hayfield all right. The cattle were out on the range and did not need care.

I worked like a fiend. I put up my own hay—that was all I did on the homestead. I cleared two hundred and thirty dollars in wages and hay contracts, and spent literally nothing—except for tobacco and cartridges.

My second child came at the end of August. I took my wife to town to get proper medical care and nursing. I spared nothing that would make her comfortable. When we got back to the homestead we had a hundred dollars.

At last, however, I had something I could legitimately sell. My four steers were now three and a quarter years old—fine, heavy stock. I had hoped to keep them till they were four-year-olds and had added several hundred pounds of flesh. Still they were large enough for market, and I shipped them to Omaha. They netted me two hundred dollars; and this was actually my first proper cash income from my labor and my homestead after waiting three and a half years.

The First Crop Income

We had three hundred dollars ahead for the winter. The necessity for more land under cultivation was now pressing. My bunch of cattle was increasing—I was short on hay for wintering them by four or five tons, which I had to buy.

I dropped everything and went to work. The job on the ditch was worse than I had expected. I had to hire a man to help me, and paid him ninety dollars. My own work with the team, calculated at three dollars a day, amounted to four hundred and sixty dollars. We blasted rock and frozen soil, for I had to get the ditch done.

I paid another man forty dollars and board for a month's work grubbing sagebrush.

When May came my ditch was carrying a flood of water, all the land that could be cleared was cleared, plowed and ready for planting, and—we were down to our last cent again!

I hadn't money to buy seed. I had planned to put in an acre of potatoes—I hadn't money to buy seed potatoes. There was nothing for it but to sell something. This time it wasn't quite so bad as the first. I had a couple of two-year-old steers; and, though I sacrificed large future profits, they brought me ninety dollars. I bought ten dollars' worth of seed potatoes and nineteen dollars' worth of alfalfa seed, and got my crops in on time. With the remainder of the money—sixty-one dollars—my wife and I promised ourselves to live through the summer—and we did it.

Having all this land to irrigate and my wife needing me at home I could not work out at all that summer, except on short jobs of a few days. My wages were only fifty-six dollars for this, my fifth summer's work. On the whole, though, it was the happiest I had had since I took up my claim. I felt I was very nearly on my feet and needed only a good tug more to pull through.

My potatoes that fall yielded a good crop—five tons to the acre. I held out one ton for home use and for seed and sold the rest for seventy dollars. I cut five tons of hay and thirty-five tons of alfalfa. I kept twenty tons of alfalfa for my stock and sold the rest at six dollars a ton—ninety dollars.

A hundred and sixty dollars—that was the crop income from my homestead and I had waited until my fifth summer to get it!

It was now nearing the time when I must prove up on my claim. I should have to take witnesses to Cheyenne and it would cost me about thirty dollars.

I proved up in May. Homesteaders have to wait anywhere from six months to five years while the Government investigates them. Two years is what several of my friends have had to wait. Of course you can't sell till you get your deed. I was one of the lucky ones at last, and my deed came in eight months. The homestead was mine and I was on my feet—a small but prospering rancher!

I have been a small homesteader seven years now and here is how I stand: I have the finest wife in the state and three children; a very comfortable house—I have added a fourth room recently; twenty-eight head of cattle—cows, calves and steers; fourteen head of horses—mares, colts and geldings; twenty-two acres of land under ditch; all necessary buildings and all necessary farm tools—this is what I have acquired, starting with nothing but my labor and taking up a homestead in Wyoming.

Up to now we have never been able to lay by a dollar for our old age and possibly we never shall. The best we can do is to keep a small amount of money always ahead in case of sickness, accident or emergency. In this matter I have been unusually fortunate—I have never had a serious sickness. Had this happened—had I broken a leg or an arm—I doubt if I could have pulled through, my margin was so narrow.

I have always been a hard and steady worker, very saving—"parsimonious" I have been called; but that is the only way I have been able to get the money necessary to build up with. In spite of this our income does not keep pace with the increase of our expenses. If I could go on from year to year increasing my productive land until I had one hundred and sixty acres yielding crops—or even one hundred acres—my future would be entirely changed; but twenty-two acres is my limit on this homestead—I cannot squeeze out another acre of tillable land, no matter how I try, because it doesn't exist within the bounds the Government survey has laid down.

If I could look forward to clearing five hundred dollars a year cash off my ranch as a steady income I should be a happy and proud man and a successful homesteader. As I see it today, three hundred and twenty-five to three hundred and seventy-five dollars a year is all I can expect for many years to come—perhaps for always.

In one way this seems next to nothing to pay for my yearly labor and the interest on the investment. In making my homestead what it now is I estimate that I have put in and paid for two thousand dollars' worth of labor and spent five hundred dollars on building materials and fencewire—a total of twenty-five hundred dollars. If you figure the interest on this investment at eight per cent—and you can get first-class security out here at that rate of interest—and deduct two hundred dollars from the income of the homestead, I have only about one hundred and twenty-five dollars left to pay for my labor as general manager and hired man in keeping things going.

To do things on a larger scale I should require more capital—enough to buy a big bunch of cattle. This means leased land, hired help, bought hay, heavy responsibility and endless work for me in looking after the stock, and endless work for my wife, cooking and washing for the hired men. Would it pay? Well, for me I think it wouldn't; so I keep out of it.

More Comfort Than Cost

On the other hand we live rent-free. We get all the firewood we need for the labor of cutting it. We have all the milk, butter, eggs, meat and potatoes we can use for nothing but my labor. This is the easiest country I know of to make a living in. There are plenty of sage chickens, grouse, ducks, geese and rabbits; and for large game there are deer and antelope. Almost every rancher has one deer a season; and, by trading about, we keep ourselves in fresh meat most of the year at the cost of cartridges. There are fish in the rivers and wild gooseberries and choke-cherries by the million.

When you look at it this way three hundred and twenty-five dollars a year cash income does not seem quite so pitiful. It pays the taxes; buys all our simple clothing—for we don't dress up much out here; pays for the groceries, the repairs and general upkeep of the place; gives us a few pleasures, including a magazine and a paper, and allows us to save a bit ahead in case of sudden need. It doesn't provide the family with annual trips to Europe—nor does it buy us automobiles or flying machines; but we don't want those things anyway. We have enough of what we need and are happy together in our family and with our friends. It is an absolutely independent life; and, now that we have our deed and own our land outright, my wife and I would not exchange our life here with life in town if I could get a place at three dollars a day. And so—for all I see now—I shall be only a small homesteader to the end of my days.

Mr. Grocer, why don't you sell more Mince Meat? We believe it is because you haven't told the housewife enough about Heinz Mince Meat.

She naturally *lacks confidence* in *any* commercially-prepared mince meat.

Then why don't you—Mr. Grocer—*explain to her* the difference between Heinz Mince Meat and the kinds usually sold?

Why don't you tell her of the Heinz Pure Food Institution? Why don't you describe to her its clean, model kitchens, sand scoured and flushed with water *regularly,* to keep every corner sweet and spotless?

Tell her of the cleanly, uniformed work people who guard the purity and quality of all Heinz products.

Every housewife would *want to eat* Heinz Mince Meat if she could see it made. Every detail of its making is open to inspection, and thousands of visitors *do* see it made every year.

Tell her that we use selected apples—ripe, juicy, and tart; that we wash, pare and core them—taking out every bruise and speck.

Tell her of the luscious Valencia raisins—every one seeded; that our currants, too, are the finest imported and thoroughly washed.

Then you know we get choice cuts of fresh beef every day. And clean, whole knob kidney suet—snow-white and wholesome.

These things, with the finest candied fruits and peels and Heinz-ground pure spices, impart to Heinz Mince Meat its wonderful flavor—delicious—*incomparable.* And it is as *pure* and *wholesome* as the finest home-made product *can* be.

The particular housewife will appreciate your telling her these things because you can save her the trouble of home mince-meat making; and she'll appreciate, too, the fact that you actually pay more in order to give her more quality for her money—in all Heinz 57 Varieties.

Heinz Mince Meat, as you know is sold in glass jars, in stone crocks—in Heinz Improved Tins, also by the pound from bulk packages. In selling it by the pound you will, of course, always tell your customer that the flavor will be even better if it is allowed to simmer slowly fifteen minutes before using.

And tell your customer that every pound and every package really constitutes a trial sample, because she can return it to you and receive full purchase price if it fails to please her.



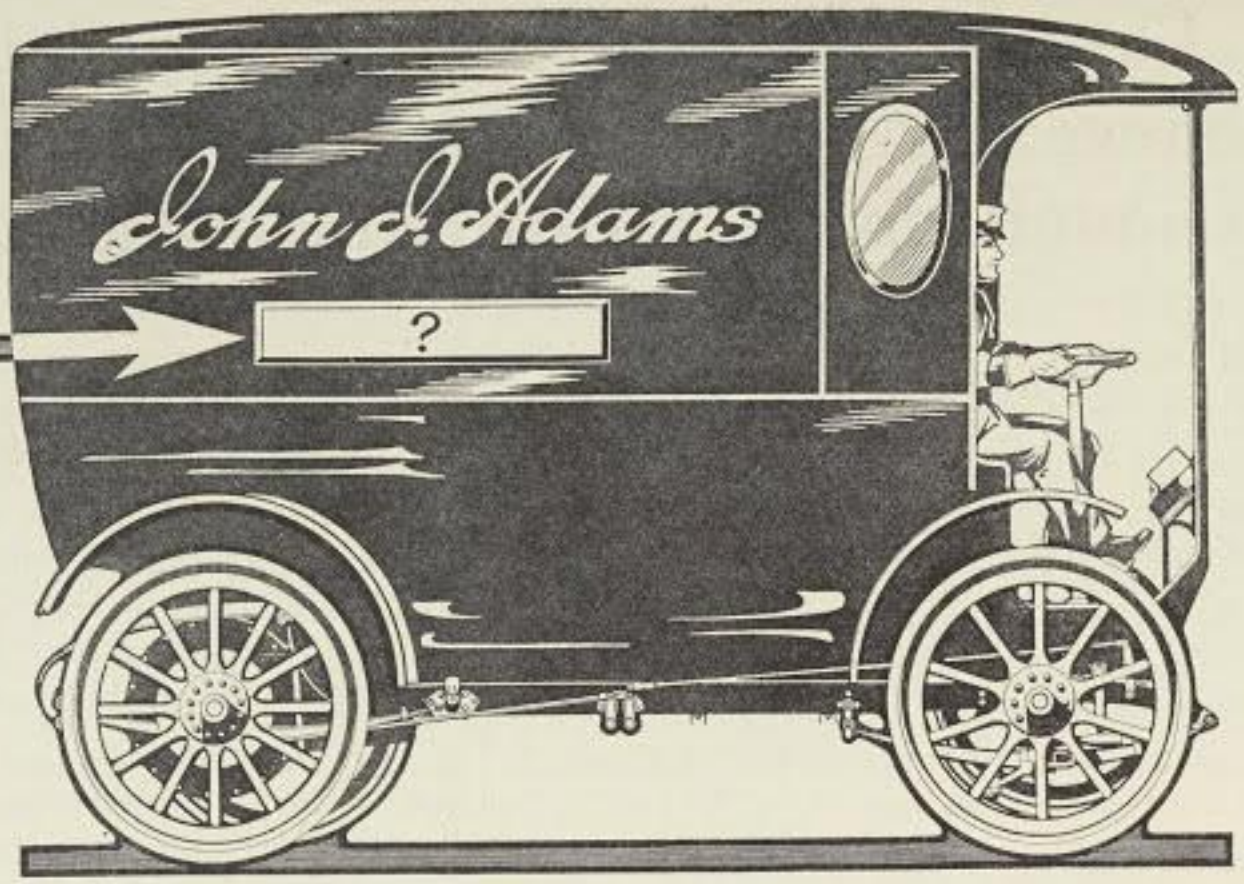
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WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS

HUPP-YEATS

ELECTRIC DELIVERY WAGON

We Have Perfected a High-Grade, Efficient, Trouble-Proof, Delivery Wagon of 1000 Pounds Carrying Capacity— at a Price You Can Afford to Pay

Most merchants who have given any thought to delivery problems realize the vast economy of motor delivery and its many other advantages—provided the car is right.

The trouble heretofore has been that manufacturers concentrated their efforts on the heavy hauling needs of the man who was a possible customer for twenty, fifty or a hundred wagons. The merchant who could profitably use one or two or three light delivery wagons in his business has not been considered to any great extent. He has been offered wagons designed for heavy work which were too costly at the start, and which cost more to operate than business conditions justified.

The Hupp Corporation began over a year ago the consideration of the light delivery problem. We manufacture both gasoline and electric pleasure and commercial vehicles. So we were in a position to consider impartially the relative merits of gasoline and electricity as the motive power for a wagon of 1000 pounds capacity.

When we were sure that our design was right, we built an electric truck and ran it side by side, day in and day out, with a light gasoline truck. The gasoline truck, by the way, had only one-half the carrying capacity of the electric.

In covering a total of four thousand miles, averaging 50 to 60 miles a day, in and around Detroit, the electric never had a dollar charged against it for repairs or breakage. The expense of operation was less than half that of the gasoline car, with far more continuous service.

Moreover, the electric was run on Motz electric cushion tires, while the gasoline car had pneumatics, as any light gasoline wagon must have to stand the strain. The tire up-keep expense on the electric was nothing, while the gas car was out of commission on several occasions on account of tire-trouble.

The test demonstrated conclusively that the solution of the light delivery problem is in the economical, efficient, electric wagon designed especially for light delivery needs—and that, exactly, is the Hupp-Yeats.

Electric as Compared to Animal Delivery

If you are at present making deliveries with horse-drawn wagons, we stand ready to furnish you in detail with figures to prove that Hupp-Yeats electric wagons, instead of an expenditure, represent the very best-paying investment you could make.

A Hupp-Yeats will do the work of two horse-drawn wagons and do it better. And unlike a gasoline car, no experienced mechanic at high wages is necessary to run it. Any delivery boy can handle the car—and he can't handle it wrong.

Again, Hupp-Yeats wagons lend a tone and character to a business obtainable in no other way. Dealers in food-stuffs will find their spick-and-span, neat, clean atmosphere much appreciated by the housewife, while such lines as jewelry, dry goods, flowers and furs, find only in the electric wagon that high tone so essential in their business.

Hupp-Yeats electric wagons are trade-makers, trade-bringers; they are the best advertisement that a store can have—and they are saving big money for you all the while.

Electric Delivery in Your Business

We give elsewhere on this page a list of businesses—necessarily incomplete—in which Hupp-Yeats wagons will effect a big saving.

But if you are in any line of business which involves light hauling within say a 20-mile radius, write us, stating how many wagons you use, about what the average load is, and over what sort of pavement.

If you can't use a Hupp-Yeats wagon to advantage we'll tell you so frankly, for we expect to sell more in your town, and we don't want any tombstones in our front yard.

If the economical, efficient electric delivery of the Hupp-Yeats would benefit you, we'll prove it to you—and give you a chance to prove it to yourself—without obligation on your part.

Remember that the Hupp-Yeats electric, light delivery wagon is today the one electric designed and built especially for your needs, without regard to the heavy, long-haul man. And it is built to the standard of perfection in materials and workmanship which have distinguished all vehicles bearing the Hupp-Yeats name.

Price for chassis, complete, without body, Fifteen Hundred Dollars ($1,500) f. o. b. Detroit.
With standard body, completely painted, including top and windshield, Sixteen Hundred Dollars ($1,600) f. o. b. Detroit
With special body and enclosed panels, painted to order, Seventeen Hundred Dollars ($1,700) f. o. b. Detroit.
Bodies to suit any business.
Chassis can be seen at any one of our branches. Demonstrations gladly made.

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KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 21)

the room's distant corner followed us. The lady I have described as Mrs. So-and-So was in the lead. She overtook Mrs. Parmlee at the door. "Hello, Mathilda," she murmured with a friendly smile: "still clinging to town, I see." Mrs. Parmlee nodded. "Yes. Even in summer I can't get over being fond of home," she laughed.

Mrs. Figler could hardly restrain herself. "Why, do you know her?" she gasped as the woman passed on. A faint gleam showed itself in Mrs. Parmlee's quiet eyes. "Oh, yes," she answered, her tone ordinary, quite unimpressive. Mrs. Figler gasped anew as Mrs. Parmlee turned to nod familiarly to two or three others in the party.

I, too, began to wonder. Months later I still was wondering that Mrs. Parmlee should have been a guest at that first night's dinner. Ultimately I learned the reason.

I will not say that Oglebay meant deliberately to wash his hands of us—that is, socially. Three types of women were asked to meet Jennie. There was Mrs. Figler, who was merely vulgar; the happy-go-lucky Mrs. Hodge; then Mrs. Parmlee. She was the one big-minded woman in New York that Oglebay knew at all intimately. Had we responded to her quiet advances I dare say this story would have been different.

Our party scattered at the restaurant door. A quartet of motors awaited us. There was our car—or rather Oglebay's; a large, white-bodied touring car for the Hodges, and a small electric brougham for Mrs. Parmlee. At the tail end of the procession came a public taxi in which the Figlers embarked. Prentiss, meanwhile, had shambled off toward the bar. As Mrs. Parmlee's brougham drew up at the curb she suddenly held out her hand to Jennie. "May I come to see you soon—very soon?" she asked. Jennie answered "I'd be delighted!" gratefully.

Mrs. Hodge gave me a hearty handshake. "You're dining with us tomorrow—the theater afterward, you know." I didn't know. Obviously Jennie and she had already grown busy. With a clatter and a hoot the big white car swung perilously into the Avenue.

"We've had a bully time, Frank," I said impulsively to Oglebay.

"Glad to hear it, old chap. Pleasure to have had you," he answered. As he helped Jennie into the limousine I turned to Ainsworth. "Going anywhere, Butch?"

"Yes, to bed," the big fellow grunted unamiably. He was staying at a small hotel far down Broadway. When I offered him a lift he shook his head. "No. Need the exercise," he rumbled.

I wanted to see Ainsworth. It was a long time since we'd had a chance for a powwow, and on the morrow he was returning to Providence. Telling Jennie not to sit up for me, I gave the chauffeur the direction. The car whirled off down the Avenue, with Jennie reclining gracefully among its cushions.

Oglebay left us at the corner. "See you at the office—ten o'clock," he said carelessly. Hailing a passing taxi, he was borne northward to his club; and linking arms with Ainsworth I turned to the south.

For a block or so the big fellow was silent. Then in the midst of something I was saying he suddenly cut me short. "Say, Jim," he growled crustily, "what you going to do in New York?"

"I?" Hadn't he heard already I was going into Wall Street?

"Yes, I know that all right," he answered heavily. "It's what made me wonder."

Somewhat astonished, I asked him what he meant.

"Nothing much," he grunted. "Kind of surprised me, though, that Frank took you on. Plenty of others would have liked your new job."

I called Ainsworth's attention to the fact that Frank and I had been roommates at college, that we were friends of old.

"Yes, I know," said Ainsworth slowly, "only Frank ain't strong on the old crowd. I guess you wondered a little that a few weren't asked at the dinner."

"Why, they were all away. He said so," I protested.

Ainsworth smiled a little. "Frank's all right," he rejoined. "Yes—but just the same he gets what he wants when he goes after it. You remember what he was at college."

Ainsworth was right. Oglebay had been a perfect type of the college good fellow. To gain his own ends I'd known him to hobnob even with the grinds—the polars, as we called them. "Say, Dot," Ainsworth had once growled at him, "I'm switched if you ain't a regular politician, a glad-hander for fair."

What he said now was in line with that old remark. Having no more use for the old crowd Frank had quit it. That is to say, he had quit some and some had quit him. Ainsworth was truly a blunt citizen. I learned much. What he said to me, however, he would as freely have said to Frank himself. "Maybe Oglebay's not all to blame though," he added reflectively; "Wall Street's a rotten game. You can't rope in your friends to gamble and expect them not to kick when they're trimmed."

In other words I learned that Oglebay, like more than one other college good fellow who goes into Wall Street, had used his popularity to drum up trade. And why shouldn't he? By common consent it is the approved thing down there.

Ainsworth gave another grunt. "Forget it! Frank's able to look out for himself. What's got me guessing is you!"

By now I was a good deal irritated. It was this same straightforward bluntness that had made Ainsworth liked by the old crowd—myself among the others. Now, however, that I was in part a victim of this bluntness I found it less commendable. "You don't say!" I retorted caustically. "Well, you needn't worry yourself."

He gave no heed. "Just the same it does worry me, Jim. I can't see yet why you flung up your old job—yes! and to go into a stock-dabbling joint besides!"

I disliked his terms. I disliked, too, the tone in which he said them. However, I gave him my reasons why I had left Bloodgood & Ousley's employ. Personally I'm afraid I made rather a mess of it too. Ainsworth listened quietly, then made another sententious comment.

"Sure it hurts to be only a clerk," he agreed, and instantly qualified the speech—"I mean it hurts if you know you're no good for anything else. But it's nothing to be ashamed of. And another thing," added Ainsworth; "I thought you were doing fine, getting right along."

I laughed. Had I remained with Bloodgood & Ousley I should have been a clerk all my life.

"Well," returned Ainsworth, "I was told different."

"Pshaw! Who told you?" I demanded.

Ainsworth pursed out his lips and looked down at me. "Ousley," said Ainsworth.

The revelation, coming as it did, was to me like a clap of thunder. I'd supposed—or, at any rate, I'd grown to believe it as so—that Ousley had little use for me.

The two, Ousley and Ainsworth, had met abroad only three months before. Ousley's one passion was paintings. He would have denied it, I'm sure, in business circles, but secretly the man's delight was a canvas—a good canvas. He haunted the art galleries, and in the Luxembourg he and Ainsworth, as Americans, had gravitated together. In the course of their talk Ainsworth had mentioned college. "I'd have liked a college experience," Ousley had said simply, "only I couldn't go." Then he'd asked whether Ainsworth knew me. Ainsworth had nodded, but hadn't said how well. "Getting along all right?" he inquired, and Ousley had answered: "Yes, indeed! He's doing fine!"

I felt silent. Even though my new place was so much better, not only in pay but in dignity, I still felt a twinging qualm of regret. Somehow I felt as if I'd made a sacrifice.

Ainsworth changed the subject. "Quite a dinner Frank gave us, wasn't it?" he remarked, then added: "The talk, though, was a leetle beyond me. I didn't cotton much to those Figlers and Prentiss."

No, nor had I. "But the Hodges were nice, weren't they?" I rejoined.

"I guess they'll do, oh, yes," Ainsworth answered indifferently. Then he brightened. "But Mrs. Parmlee is sure fine. You and Jennie ought to get real fond of her, Jim."

"Why, do you know her well?" I exclaimed, surprised.

He shook his head. "No such luck, only I've heard a lot about her."

Moreover, what he knew hugely interested me. "She lives in a big, old-fashioned house down near Washington Square,"



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said Ainsworth, "and knows every one in New York—all the swells, I mean. What's better though," he added, "she knows a lot of people that are doing things, scientific chaps and fellows in politics, then a crowd of folks that write and paint. A man I know goes there a lot. He says every one talks about everything, so that you never know whether the one next to you writes music or builds railroads or whether he's a millionaire or teaches in a school. Frank used to go there a lot till he got all the crowd catalogued. Then he tagged on after the sociables—the moneyed swells, you know."

I made up my mind that Jennie and I must cultivate Mrs. Parmlee. To be sure, I cared little about her high-life acquaintances. I was interested in the others. I felt that it would amuse me to know even the writers and painters. Mrs. Parmlee, I decided, would be among the first that I'd have Jennie ask to dinner.

Instantly with the thought came another thought. It was an image, a full-sized picture, frame and all, of Mrs. Parmlee toiling all the way northward from Washington Square to One Hundred and First Street, all for the sake of dining modestly with a modest couple in a modest, not to say dingy, nine-hundred-dollar uptown apartment!

And would she? By the same token, would even the good-natured Mrs. Hodge care to do it more than once?

"Well, so long, Jim," said Ainsworth as we shook hands at the Waldorf door. "I guess your Jennie won't let you take any wooden money. Only you keep your eyes skinned here in New York. It's no place for small children."

. . . . . .

Jennie had disobeyed me. She was still sitting up and in her eyes was a little cloud of trouble.

"Here! what's wrong with you now?" I demanded.

Jennie thoughtfully stared at the wall for a moment.

"I've been thinking, Jim. Mrs. Hodge has asked us to dinner tomorrow night, then to the theater. On Saturday I'm to lunch there and play bridge. Besides, on Sunday they're going to take us out on Long Island in their motor."

"Well, what of it?" I asked.

"Why," said Jennie reflectively, "we can't accept all this without doing something in return."

"Certainly not!" I emphatically replied to her.

"Well, then," suggested Jennie, "why shouldn't we give them a little dinner Friday night here at the Waldorf? It won't kill us if we keep our rooms till Saturday."

"Of course it won't!" I said. "It's the very thing."

"I think too," said Jennie reflectively, "that we should go to a roof garden afterward. But mind now!" she added quickly, "we mustn't stay here one day longer than Saturday."

"Not a single day!" I agreed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Speaking Likeness

THE manufacturers of moving pictures pay well for ideas that can be worked up into film plays. Not long ago one of them received a scenario that ran something like this:

"Interior showing room in an upper story of a New York apartment house. Young man and young woman are sitting side by side on sofa. They exchange caresses. Door leading into hall is opened quietly and a second man slightly older appears, carrying umbrella and valise. Couple do not hear him enter and as he looks at them expressions of horror, surprise and rage are depicted upon his face.

"He puts down his valise quietly, draws a revolver, and tiptoeing up behind the unconscious pair shoots both of them dead. Their bodies fall upon the floor. Holding his smoking revolver in his hand he advances and gazes for the first time upon the faces of his victims.

"Expression of intense annoyance appears upon his face and he exclaims: 'How distressing! I must have made a mistake and got off the elevator at the wrong floor.'"

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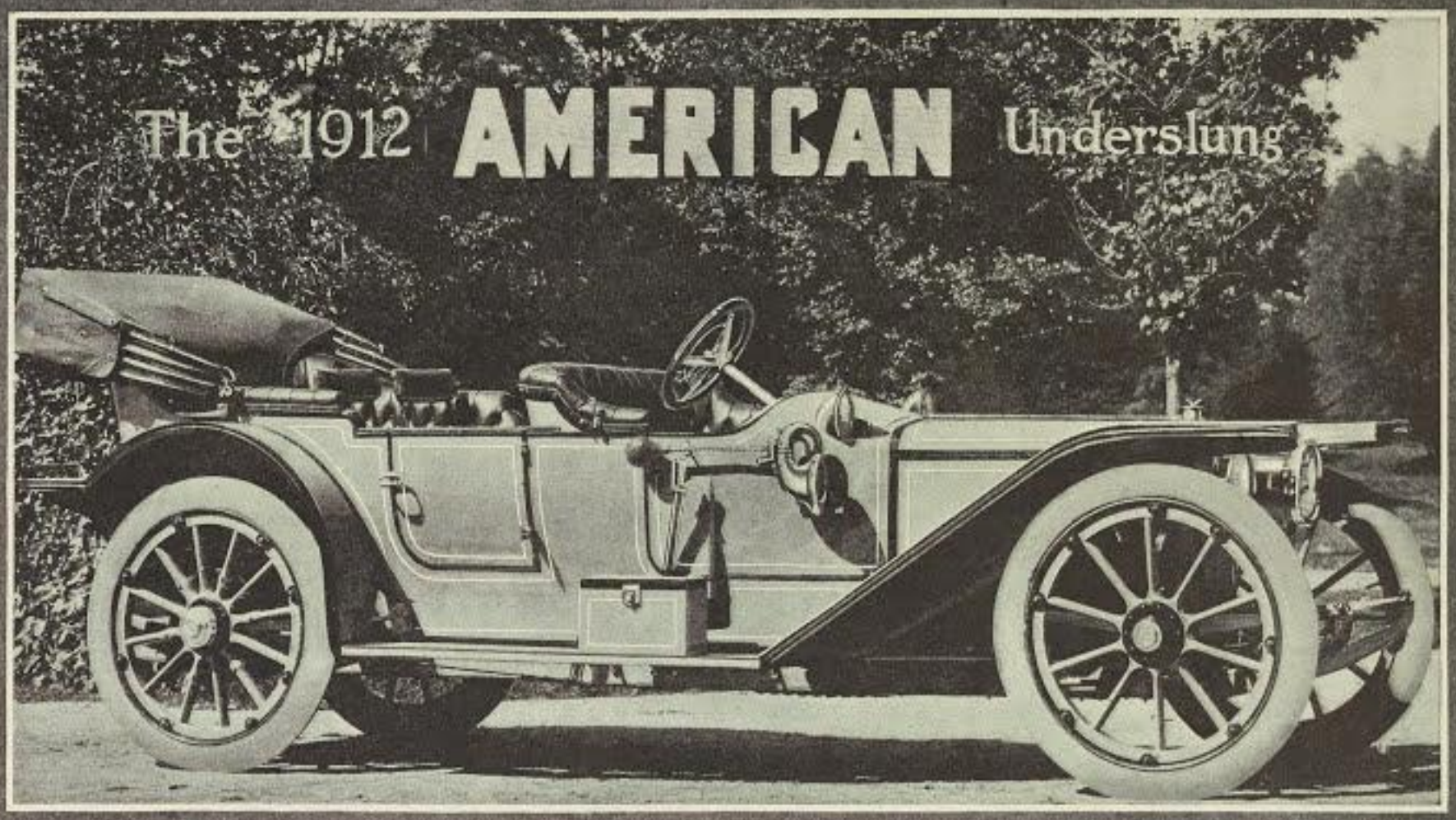
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¶ "Another advantage is that the rebound of the springs on the road acts upward instead of downward, so that the effect of a bad bump is merely to cause a slight sinking instead of a violent jerk. Of course, this arrangement makes a car more stable; in fact, it is almost impossible to overturn it. Larger wheels can be used, thus giving easier running and less tire wear. I have long since proved that low seats are a great advantage, and a low built four-seated body on this chassis looks very well and will provide ideal comfort. I hope one of our leading makers will take up this idea, as it does not involve much alteration of existing designs." ¶ There are a great many advantages of Underslung construction not commented upon in the above article. It is a fact, well understood, and acknowledged in automobile engineering circles, that Underslung construction is absolutely ideal. We have just issued a book, which covers the matter thoroughly, and at the same time goes carefully into the designing and construction of all "American" Models, showing good pictures of Underslung cars made by us; complete specifications, prices, etc. ¶ We would be glad, indeed, to mail a copy of it to any one who is contemplating the purchase of any kind of an automobile.



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The "American Scout" (Type 22), $1250

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BULWARKS OF BUSINESS POLICY

(Concluded from Page 23)

When the leaf had been cured and made up in cigars and smoking mixtures there was still difficulty with the selling. Demand for Irish tobacco had died out, too, and the product had to be put into the market to make its way slowly against established taste. The present status of Irish tobacco was humorously expressed by a London journalist who, after smoking some Irish cigars at an exhibition, said they were not so bad as was commonly supposed; and that, for his part, he would be glad to smoke them if he could get no others.

This time element, traced to India, where caste has kept men at the same occupations for more than a thousand years, makes the accumulated skill of European workmen seem new and raw; for it is said that the Hindu worker in jewels and precious metals has acquired, through a dozen generations, a facility and delicacy of touch that make him capable of performing operations not at all possible to the European workman.

Through every line of business this time element runs. It may not always be recognized or used; but it is behind the success or failure of many an enterprise, and can be made a potent force in the hands of an executive who lays out business policy in accordance with it.

An energetic, ambitious young firm enters a given trade. The men behind it have original ideas. It will take a year's hard work to make the new firm known and perhaps five years to make it secure. Meanwhile some conservative old house in the same trade holds the balance of patronage and prestige, because it possesses ancestors running back two generations and keeps its old customers and its old workmen.

If competition by the energetic young house is felt at all, very often a slight change in policy, a minor concession to customers or one young man on the board of directors will set it right. The time element is behind it.

In another line a new invention is announced. It seems so practical, ingenious and economical that its effect upon existing staples will be revolutionary. Goods that the world has used for that purpose seem destined to disappear. Yet they seldom do. They hold their own because they are rooted in the time element. Years of missionary work will probably be needed to put the new invention on a profitable basis, and stratum after stratum of public custom and prejudice must be cleared away before it is made a rock-ribbed staple in the market. That missionary work was all done for the existing staples years ago. They are rooted in the time element—and the burden of proof and work rests on the innovation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

A Stumped Speaker

FRANK M. EDDY, of Minnesota, a noted stump speaker, some years ago went to the little town in New York where his father was born.

They asked him to make a speech and filled the town hall for him. Eddy started in by praising New York, but did not get a hand. Then he took a hack at this great and glorious country, but there was not a ripple of applause. He knew they were all Republicans and he extolled the accomplishments of the Grand Old Party—to no avail. They sat silent. Then, desperate, he began to abuse the Democrats. No result. He quit with a starry-flag peroration amid dense silence.

When Eddy finished the chairman rose and said:

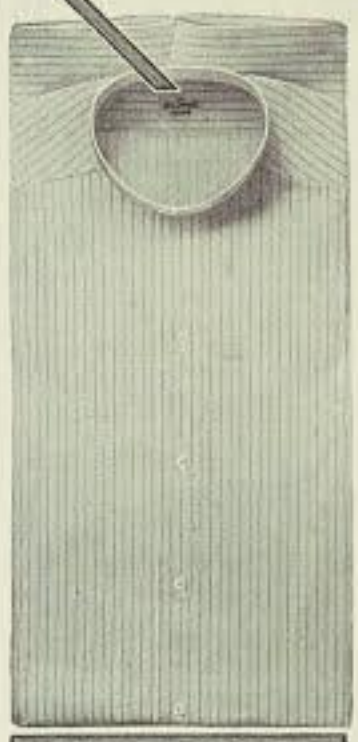
"In view of the most excellent address the Congressman has given us I would move that we give him three cheers. It is so ordered. Let the meeting disperse."

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the collars with the tie and time and temper saving shield—the finest and most imitated collar improvement ever made. **15c—2 for 25c.**

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We want school children everywhere to show their friends how easy it is to sharpen Blaisdell Paper Pencils,—just pull a shaving off the end and have a new point.

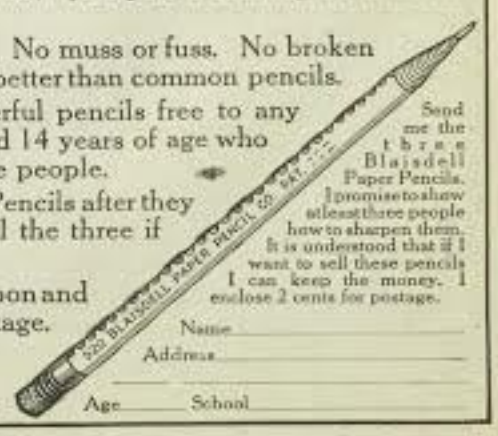
It's fun—almost like doing a trick. No muss or fuss. No broken leads, no soiled fingers. Much better than common pencils.

We'll send three of these wonderful pencils free to any school boy or girl between 6 and 14 years of age who will agree to show them to three people.

Everybody wants Blaisdell Paper Pencils after they see how to sharpen them. Sell the three if you like and keep the money.

To get these pencils, fill out the coupon and enclose with a 2c. stamp for postage.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.
4500 Wayne Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.



Send me the three Blaisdell Paper Pencils. I promise to show at least three people how to sharpen them. It is understood that if I want to sell these pencils I can keep the money. I enclose 2 cents for postage.

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Western Electric Motors will help any housewife.

In the kitchen they will sharpen the knives, polish the silver, turn the coffee grinder and the meat chopper—and replace the hot, odor-laden air with breezes fresh and cool.

Washing machines, cream freezers, vacuum cleaners, pumps—almost any household device can be easily and satisfactorily operated by

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The Western Electric sewing machine motor will save many a backache at a cost of about one cent an hour.

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Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3%. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well-known **Regal Rug**, 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, $5.75. **Our Brussels Rug**, 6 x 9 ft., the greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid grade **Brussels Rug**, 9 x 12 ft., $11. Famous **Invincible Velvets**, 9 x 12 ft., $18. Standard **Axminsters**, 9 x 12 ft., $18.50. Fine quality **Lace Curtains**, 45c per pair and up. **Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums** at mill prices.

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The WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER

Two Hangers in One

USE either way, back or front. Press spring to open skirt or trouser hanger—release to close—one hand does it all.

Clamp made of hard wood—won't rust.

Sold by all department stores for 25c. If not at your dealer's, don't accept any other hanger, but send dealer's name and 25c and hanger will be sent prepaid.

WEST ELCO SUIT HANGER CO., 45 So. Front St., Philadelphia

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Stupendous offer on Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine, 3 h. p. Absolute **Free Trial.** If you keep it send only $7.50. Take long time on the balance. Price same as to dealers. Only engine with a **Chilled Cylinder**, the marvelous improvement in gasoline engines. Five years' guarantee. Free book, "How to Use Power." Just send your name and address and get books and all particulars free on this amazing offer.

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FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS.



An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes, rock drills, etc. 15c pays for 1,000 shots, (delivered 30 cents). Practical for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $2.00. Pacific Coast and Panama Post Countries $3.00. Circular free.

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Says Horse Oil Tommy:



Use the Right Oil

When you oil the sewing machine, or any other delicate piece of mechanism about the house, use the very best oil—

HOME OIL

BEATS THEM ALL

Then things will run smoothly and noiselessly. It took years to produce HOME OIL. It cannot gum or turn rancid—that's why it is just as good for every oiling use outside as for inside the home. Made by the Liquid Veneer people. Money back unless you're delighted. Learn what a splendid lubricant it is by writing today for free trial bottle.

Trial Bottle Free

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
212 Liquid Veneer Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

ON MAIN STREET

(Concluded from Page 9)

as a retired officer of the regular army. Sometimes—but rarely—he is a she.

Anywhere, except in a company of real Southerners, he has a vogue. Ever since the Spanish War it has been popular in New York to be Southern and to have Southern leanings—whatever they are! A young person of the chorus will speak with almost tearful affection of the happy days of childhood which she spent in her father's orange grove near Lexington, Kentucky. Women who spent a winter once in New Orleans or had a cousin who married a traveling salesman in Little Rock, Arkansas, will tell you that they are almost Southern, and, anyhow, their sympathies are vuhhy, vuhhy Southern—they just despise the negroes, and everything like that, you know! Almost universally these persons seem to labor under the distinct impression that Southerners dislike negroes!

The officers of any Southern society in New York—and there are a good many of them, including the various state societies—will tell you that for every orthodox Southerner seeking membership there is usually a Northern-bred applicant with a claim based upon some remotely far-fetched or purely mythical claim to Southern ancestry. In New York a theater audience or a café crowd will cheer louder for Dixie, as played by a Hungarian orchestra, with Italian interpellations and German variations, than any crowd of similar size in Mobile or Savannah would cheer—the difference being that in the South the song means something real to the people, while in New York it means that a lot of persons are throwing the sixteen-pound bluff.

In New York there are probably a quarter of a million Southern-born men and women who wear human clothes and use human speech and customarily deport themselves as regular human beings. Except that their voices may be a trifle softer and less nasal than the voices of most other New Yorkers—though the New York street noises may generally be counted on to correct that—they differ in no material aspect from their neighbors about them. In bursts of confidence they may, perhaps, appear to be a trifle more enthusiastic over having come from Virginia or Alabama than an Ohio man would be of having come from Ohio; but that is a reflection of their early training and inherited instincts.

The Work of the Imagination

For that matter, every man who moves out of the United States into New York is apt to look back on the place of his birth with an enhanced affection. The farther away he gets from it the dearer it becomes to him—in imagination. It may be that nothing short of requisition papers, properly signed, would take him back; but, all the same, he loves to think about and talk about the joys of the old home town; and probably it's just as well, in the New York atmosphere, to be able to retain a regard for something that isn't readily convertible into cash, reputation or gladsome raiment. Distance lends enchantment and the transplanted native son collects the interest on the loan.

As I was saying, the Southerner possibly has this trait developed to a slightly higher degree than his average fellow citizen or citizeness; but he is rapidly learning to hide it. For one thing, the fact that his people bore an honorable part in the great war is to him a proud thing, almost a sacred thing; and therefore he doesn't prattle about it in mixed company. And, for another thing, he has a deadly fear of doing anything or saying or wearing anything that might give him even a remote color of relationship to the Professional Southerner. He knows what his Northern friends do not know, that the Professional Southerner is often a counterfeit, and is never a typical representative of any class or condition of Southern life.

So far as I know, the South that is to be found south of the Ohio River has in its midst but two real Professional Southerners:

One is the hookworm.

And the other is the boll-weevil.



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SEND for it *now*. It will make you **Expert** in the purchase of stockings. It will teach you how to know Hosiery that's woven in a manner which assures an always *smooth, trim, snug fit*, even after many washings.

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Style 833—Pure thread silk hose, mercerized lisle double garter top. Reinforced sole, heel and toe. Black only. Per pair . . **50c**

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Black and all colors

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After a shave the tender skin needs something to relieve that drawn feeling and take away the smart.

Daggett & Ramsdell's

Perfect Cold Cream

is the ideal after-shaving application. It gives a fitting finish to the morning shave, imparts a feeling of cleanliness, comfort and freshness that starts you off in harmony with the world and in the right humor for the day's business.

Whether you shave at home or at the barber's, an application of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream afterwards will make you feel better and look better than you otherwise would.

As a clean-up after a dusty ride by train, trolley or motor, it is perfect. Try it. Tubes 10c, 25c, 50c; Jars 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.



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Send 10c (to cover packing and postage) for a trial tube, and a beautifully colored reproduction in calendar form, 10 x 15, of a charming boudoir study.

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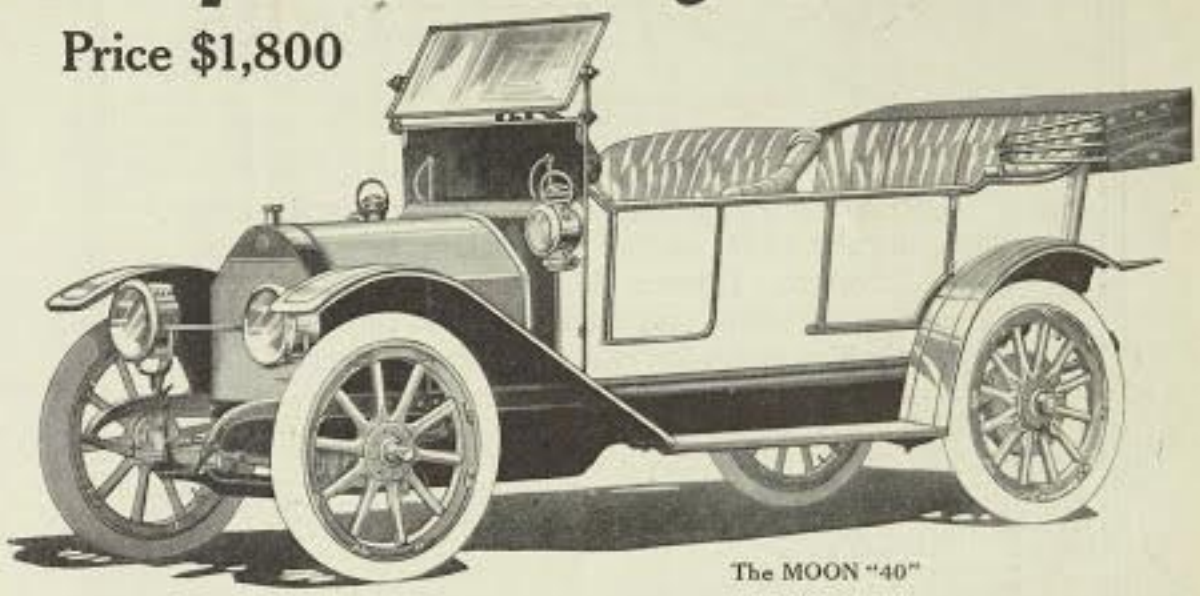
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"This Great Big Self-Starting MOON '40' Is the Triumph of My Life!"



Price $1,800



The MOON "40"

I HAVE put more than thirty years into fine machinery. My father before me was a manufacturer, whose one absorbing interest was high grade steels. Ever since the era of the automobile came in I have made this my task:

To build the best automobile possible to the art. That first. Then a **fair** price. Never an **excessive price**—never to add $500 or $1,000, no matter how good the car—no matter how fine the automobile business is going.

I have been building **good** automobiles all these years. Lots of them. People all over the country know MOON cars—

Now Comes My "Kingpin" Car of Ten Years' Work!

There is nothing else like a MOON "40" within $1,000 of the price. Look at its T-head motor! Full 45 horsepower, and she goes to the 45-horsepower notch on the brake test.

Remember that aside from the MOON you find T-head motors only on the highest priced cars.

The MOON has a 4½-inch bore and a 5-inch stroke. It is a **long**-stroke motor. Nobody who pretends to keep pace with automobile science uses anything but a long-stroke motor nowadays.

I spent five years in building motors—testing—driving through sand stretches, mud roads up to the hubs—up hard hills—before I developed this motor. Look at its big four-bolt connecting rods—fan-in-the-fly-wheel—three-bearing crankshaft, the largest bearings we know of in a motor of this size (1¾-inch); mark you, this is the life of an automobile motor—**genuine** honeycomb radiator—no fake front.

Of course, my new MOON "40" has a Self-Starter. We have been using a Self-Starter in our factory and road experiments since 1908—in fact, we exhibited one as a novelty at the New York Automobile Show that winter.

Notice that 120-inch wheel base. That means **easiest** riding. Short wheel bases are the curse of medium-priced cars. 36-inch wheels, and demountables, too. They are **big** wheels, each spoke 1⅜ inches in diameter—36x4-inch tires front and rear. Look at that all-metal body—nickel plate and black finish. Tell me, is there anything more stylish at any price?

Send for My 1912 Catalog

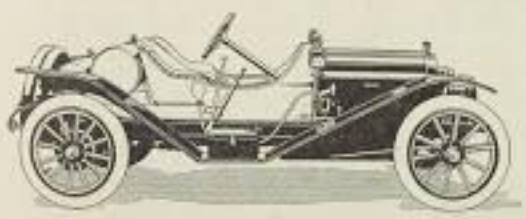
It tells you more about this wonderful MOON—and illustrates it better. It shows the other MOON models, too. It contains a revised 48 page booklet "Book of Charts"—tells you how to analyze all automobile construction, with big diagrams and everyday talk that any man can understand. If you are interested in automobiles you can't afford to be without my "Book of Charts." Send for it today.

Look at the Car— and What Comes With It

- Self-Starter.
- Demountable and Quick-Detachable Rims.
- One Spare Demountable Rim.
- Special Demountable Tire Holder.
- Combination License Holder and Tail Light Bracket.
- Full Kit of Tools, Pump, Jack and Horn.
- Commodious Tool Box.
- Driver's Glove and Goggle Box; between seats.
- Prest-O-Lite Tank.
- Large nickel and black New Style Solar Head and Side Lamps.
- Folding Foot Rail.
- Combination Coat and Cloak Rail.
- Ebonized Finish.
- Nickel Plated Trimmings.
- Stromberg Carburetor, with self-starting attachment.
- Magneto, of course, and Battery; auxiliary ignition.
- Genuine Honeycomb Radiator.
- Big, strong, Safety Grip Steering Wheel.
- Seasoned Hickory Wheels.
- Spokes 1⅜ inches in Diameter.
- 36x4-inch Tires, front and rear.
- Unusual roomy Metal Body.
- 120-inch Wheel Base.
- T-head Motor.
- 45 Horsepower, actual brake test.

(34)

MOON MOTOR CAR CO. 4402 N. Main Street **St. Louis, Mo.**



Model "30" Raceabout, $1,650



Model "30" Foredoor Touring, $1,600



Model "30" Torpedo, $1,600

Garford MOTOR CARS

Society is our great pace maker. It selects and rejects for the whole nation. It decides the correct and incorrect. It sets style and regulates fashion. It chooses impartially and answers to no one. Its choice is always a positive indication of that which is right and best.

¶ For years the Garford has held the right of way among the most fashionable folk in America. Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish for five solid years would have no other car. She always drove in her Garford whether in this country or abroad. Mrs. Potter Palmer, another social leader of two continents, always chose the Garford. And these two women had every motor car in the world at their disposal. They chose the Garford not alone for its luxurious comfort, but for the fact that it had proved itself a practical, reliable utility. Besides that the Garford must have fitted in with their idea of conservative exclusiveness and proper individuality. It has always looked and performed as a thoroughbred. It is now an established fact, among the most aristocratic people of the civilized world, that the Garford is the finest and most distinctive American car built.

¶ Here we show the "Forty" Town car priced at $4800—correct in every detail—mechanically as perfect as the most eminent engineers can make it, with a magnificent body—rare in its design—rich in its hand polished coach finish.

¶ The Garford line now includes a "Four-Thirty" and "Six-Fifty." We would like to send you a handsome book which shows the complete line. When you write please ask for Book A.

The Willys-Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio

We will show a polished chassis of the most advanced six cylinder car made, at both the New York and Chicago automobile shows

If interested in trucks ask for a truck book



THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF LETITIA CARBERRY

(Continued from Page 14)

Tish says that when she'd got them in focus, as you may say, Miss Lewis was pulling something out of her sleeve. It was a knife, Tish says, with a short, thin blade that looked as sharp as a razor.

"One of the knives from the operating room, doctor," Miss Lewis said. "I thought I'd better not let the old ladies see it."

I dare say that was when I saw Tish's back stiffen.

"Great Scott!" said Tommy.

"I found it on the floor under her bed," Miss Lewis went on. "She didn't see me pick it up."

Tommy was staring at the blade.

"It's been used," he said. "Look at this!"

"Exactly," said Miss Lewis. "It's from the operating room, doctor, and they don't put away their knives in that condition."

"What do you mean by that?" Tommy demanded sharply. But Miss Lewis only looked at him.

"I don't mean anything against Ruth Blake, if that's what you are indignant about," she said; "but I'm glad *I* found that knife. There's enough talk, doctor."

They moved down the hall then, so that was all Tish heard; but she added, "Knife, blood-stained," to her sheet of paper.

Aggie being half drowsy and altogether sulky, we took a little time to go over the notes Tish had made, and they pointed as many different ways as a porcupine—Johnson, with his raps and his talk about coming back, taken from the mortuary and hung by his neck with a roller-towel marked S. P. T.; the coincidence of Johnson's wife being murdered a few years before and hung up the same way; Miss Blake wandering round at night with a brass candlestick and a blood-stained knife from the operating room, and Tommy Andrews falling or being pushed through a skylight and coming out of the excitement with a bite instead of a fracture! And then there were smaller things, though strange enough—the twisted pipe-molding and the footprint on the wall upstairs in the room where Johnson's body was found; the loosened molding in Aggie's room and her story about the foot; the fact that Johnson was left to die in the care of a convalescent typhoid, and the ward left alone for fifty-five minutes; Linda Smith and her speech to Miss Blake—not to mention the darkish bundle.

It was Tish who advanced the gigantic ape theory. She'd been reading the Murders in the Rue Morgue, and some of the clews seemed to fit, especially Tommy's shoulder. The loosened molding helped out the theory, and, as Tish remarked, also the stringing up of Johnson's body which, if you left out the supernatural, had apparently been done by something tremendously strong but without intelligence.

Well, the more we thought of it, the more certain we felt. The footprint part of it, too, we considered corroborative evidence until we got the encyclopedia and learned that the great apes have the equivalent of four hands and not a foot at all.

Tish was undaunted however. "Mark my words, Lizzie," she said; "they've lost a chimpanzee or a gorilla from the Zoölogical Garden—not that they'll acknowledge it. You remember when the lion got loose and ate a colored woman out on the Ralston Road, and how the papers denied everything until they found the beast dead of indigestion in a cellar? But that is what has happened."

Well, I thought it likely enough myself; and Tish called up Charlie Sands, who is on a newspaper and is another of Tish's nephews.

"Lizzie and I," said Tish over the 'phone, "have reason to believe that there is a great ape—a-p-e, ape!—Monkey, *monkey*—yes—a large monkey loose, and we want you to trace it."

There was a long pause. Tish said afterward that Charlie claimed to have fainted at the other end of the wire, and to have had to be restored with whisky and soda. However, which is more to the point, he promised to find out for us what he could, and Tish hung up the receiver.

"He'll do it, too, Lizzie," she said, "though he spoke to me gently, as if he thought my reason had entirely gone. But as he said, it won't hurt to scare up the Zoo people anyhow. They're very casual about their animals."

Now two things were discovered that afternoon, neither of them to be explained by anything we knew.

The first one was that Tommy Andrews and Mr. Harrison the superintendent, making a careful examination of the roof, found a spattering of dried blood leading from the broken skylight to the ridgepole, where it ceased abruptly. The second one was made by Aggie and myself.

About three o'clock that afternoon Aggie got into her clothes and insisted on coming into Tish's room, which was inconvenient, Tish expecting a message from Charlie Sands at any moment. Aggie was nervous but her head was clearer. She'd been thinking things over and she knew now that what had happened the night before had been a message from the roofer.

"Then the least said about it the better!" Tish snapped. "If he hasn't any better sense than to materialize his foot—and you a woman of your years and respectability—he'd better go back where he came from!"

"For Heaven's sake, Tish!" Aggie pleaded, looking over her shoulder. "He may be listening to us now!"

"I don't care if he is," said Tish recklessly. "If he'd materialize a will now, leaving you that house in Groveton! But a foot!"

"I'm not so sure it was a foot," Aggie said restlessly. "I've been thinking, Tish—he was a large man, you know. It may have been a hand."

Now at that moment the telephone bell rang and Tish signaled to me to take Aggie out at once. I got up and took her by the arm.

"I'll walk up and down the corridor with you, Aggie," I said. "You need exercise."

"I don't care to walk," she objected, trying to sit down. "See who is at the telephone, Tish. I expect my laundress is through washing and wants her money."

"I'd like you to see the hospital," I said desperately, as the 'phone rang again. "The—the guinea-pigs, Aggie." Miss Lewis had told me about them.

Now Aggie loves a guinea-pig. It's a queer taste, but she says they neither bark like dogs nor scratch like cats, and they have a nice way of wiggling their noses.

"Guinea-pigs!" she said in ecstasy. "Where?"

"In the laboratory," said I, and led her out of the room.

She put on all her wraps and Miss Lewis took us to the laboratory, which is a small brick building set off by itself in the hospital yard, with Aggie cooing in anticipation and wanting to send out and buy a cabbage for them. Doctor Grimm, who was the surgical interne, met us in white ducks as we were crossing the yard and volunteered to let us in.

"You know," he said, feeling in his pocket for the keys, "they're not as attractive as some guinea-pigs and rabbits I have known under happier circumstances. They scratch a good bit—some think it's fleas, some say it's germs."

"Germs?" Aggie asked, puzzled.

"Oh, yes," he said, opening the door and leading the way into a narrow hall. "Some of them have been inoculated with several different kinds of germs. That's why we keep this place so well locked up—for fear the germs may escape. You know"—he unlocked the second door and threw it open—"You know, suppose you were walking up the street and met a solid phalanx of, say, sixteen billion typhoid germs, or measles! It would be horrible, wouldn't it?"

He stepped into the room and looked about him.

"Come in," he said. "It's a little close. We had a tearup among the resident staff and nobody has been here today. Hello!"

He threw open the shutters, and a broad shaft of gray daylight lighted the room. Aggie gave a little cry of dismay. The doors of the small cages round the walls were all open, and in the center, a pathetic heap of little brown-and-white and black-and-white bodies, lay the guinea-pigs.

Doctor Grimm picked one up and examined it closely.

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for Christmas

The Junior Tattoo

The Alarm Clock of Many Uses



Your jeweler will be glad to show you this beautiful little clock—hardly larger than a man's watch.

It makes a sensible—always useful and ornamental Christmas present—suitable for bed-chamber or library, the children's, guests' or servants' room; for the chauffeur, in the office—anywhere. A most serviceable travelling clock.



Price $1.75 (In Canada $2.25)

Satin Gilt Finish $2.00 in U. S. A.

Rich leather traveling case, $1.25 Extra in U. S. A.

Ask your dealer to show you the Junior Tattoo. If you cannot buy it at home, send price for as many as you want. We will ship charges prepaid if you give dealer's name. Also ask for the Junior Tattoo circular showing the members of the Junior Tattoo family—various styles and designs—in gilt, brass, silver and solid mahogany.

Christmas is near at hand—make your selection now.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
NEW HAVEN CONN.
Established 1817. 139 Hamilton Street

Williams' *Quick & Easy* Shaving Powder



The same abundant and emollient lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Stick from others—the same soothing and antiseptic properties that preserve the natural softness of the skin are found in Williams' Quick and Easy Shaving Powder. And the hinged-cover box—snap open, shake on the brush, snap shut—adds greatly to the quickness and ease.

If you prefer your shaving soap in stick form, get Williams' Shaving Stick in the nickeled box with patented hinged cover.

Sample of either Williams' Shaving Stick or Williams' Shaving Powder mailed on receipt of four cents in stamps. Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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SPECIAL OFFER

A miniature sample package of either Williams' Talc Powder, Shaving Stick, Shaving Powder, Jersey Cream Toilet Soap or Dentalactic Tooth Powder, mailed for 4 cents in stamps. **All five articles in neat combination package for 18c. in stamps.**



Ten Thousand
Business Openings
for Enterprising Men in

Western Canada

Merchants, Manufacturers, Homeseekers, Investors—

Men and Women who work with hands or brains—are you alive to the opportunities the last and most favored West offers? In Western Canada millions of virgin acres are being plowed; railways are being built; villages, towns and cities are springing into existence; a nation is being made. No matter where you live or what your business or employment may be; no matter whether you have few or many dollars, or whether you are a young man, a man of mature age or a self-supporting woman, your big opportunity is in the Canadian West. Your big opportunity is in one of the new, or yet unborn,

100 Grand Trunk Pacific Towns

The year of 1913 will see the completion of this great Transcontinental Railway with its more than 8,000 miles of main and branch lines. Hundreds of towns are being established along this railway, and it is the purpose of the Railway Company to make these towns the leading ones of the Canadian West. You are invited to become a partner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in this great work.

Those who have already taken advantage of this lifetime opportunity are profiting. In 1910, in a Grand Trunk Pacific new town of less than 500 population, one Implement Dealer did a $90,000 business; one General Store sold $53,000 worth of goods; a Hotel did a $47,600 business; a Lumber Yard did a 870,000 business.

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"I'm damned!" he said, and put it down. "Throats cut—every one of them! And where are the rabbits?"

Aggie sat down and began to blubber, but Miss Lewis scolded her soundly.

"There'll be plenty more where they came from," she said sharply. "What does concern us is—how could anybody or anything get in here with both doors and all the windows locked, and not a chimney!"

Aggie wiped her eyes and got up.

"You laughed at me last night, Miss Lewis," she said with dignity; "but I wish to remind you that to the fourth dimension there are no locks, no bars, no doors or walls."

"When they invent that," said Miss Lewis, opening the door to let us out, "they'll have to invent something like these X-ray-proof screens, or a woman won't dare to change her clothes!"

"And what's more," said Aggie, turning in the doorway, "the hand that slew those innocent little creatures is the one I touched last night!"

"Hand!" cried Miss Lewis. "It was a foot then!"

Aggie was holding her shawl over her face and hurrying across the yard. At the far side she threw back a contemptuous sneeze.

. . . . . .

Tish's commission to Charlie Sands had an unexpected result. She was almost bursting with it when I got back.

"Listen," she said, while Aggie got her spray; "doesn't this bear out what I've been saying right along? The Zoo people say positively that none of their animals has escaped; but they took such an interest in his inquiry that Charlie grew suspicious and bribed a keeper. He sent this up by messenger from the office.

"'*Dear and revered spinster aunt,*'" she read—the young rascal!—"'I couldn't tell you this over the 'phone, for it's our exclusive property and will be published tomorrow morning, with photographs of the late deceased, etc. Hero, the biggest ape in captivity, pining for his keeper, Wesley Barker, who has been away, committed suicide in his cage last night by hanging himself with a roller-towel. He was found dead when the assistant keeper unlocked the cage at six o'clock this morning. Nobody knows how he got the roller-towel. CHARLIE.

"'P. S. I've got the roller-towel—a fine long one and marked S. P. T. Do you think the letters stand for Suicidal Purpose Towel? C.'"

Tish looked at me triumphantly over her reading-glasses.

"You see, Lizzie, what a little logical thinking will do! If it hadn't been for me, you and Aggie would have gone to your graves expecting to be able to come back at any time and hang from chandeliers or do any of the ridiculous buffoonery that seems to be expected of returned spirits. We search for a ghost, and we find a gorilla."

She meant ape, of course, but the other was alliterative.

"I'm not quite clear about it yet, Tish," I said with my head in a whirl. "If his cage was locked, and the keepers say he hadn't been free, and if Miss Blake——"

"If! If!" said Tish impatiently. "I haven't had time to figure it all out, of course; but mark my words, Lizzie, the mystery is solved. We shall sleep tonight."

But, as a matter of fact, we never even went to bed.

XI

IT IS curious to think that if Tish had been able to finish her story to Tommy Andrews that evening, and to have given him Charlie's letter to read, the thing that occurred that night could scarcely have happened. For, with Tommy knowing what he did, he could have put two and two together and have gone about things in a different way. Aggie, of course, is a fatalist and believes it would have happened anyhow.

In the first place, Tish felt so sure that everything was cleared up that she told Aggie the whole story, ending with the suicide at the Zoo. Aggie sat with her mouth open and didn't speak, except to sneeze, until Tish was through. Then she surprised us.

"Maybe you are right, Tish," she said. "I know I hope so. I don't know much about gorillas, but I guess they're mostly hairy, aren't they?"

"Mostly," said Tish grimly. "I haven't heard of any Mexican hairless ones."



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"Well, the hand by my bed—you needn't sneer, Tish; you can call it a foot if you prefer foot ——"

"Listen to the woman!" cried Tish. "I haven't called it anything."

"The hand—or foot—was not hairy!" said Aggie, and stuck to it. She is that kind. Tish says she has a small mind, but I think there are some large minds that can only hold one idea at a time.

Well, we told the whole thing again to Tommy, who had heard about the guinea-pigs from Doctor Grimm and who listened gravely; and Tish was just getting out Charlie's letter to read to him when Miss Lewis came in.

"Drat that woman!" Tish muttered. "She's never round when she's wanted and always butting in when she isn't. Well, what is it?"

"Miss Blake is better, doctor," she said. "She is sitting up, dressed, and she's leaving her door unlocked. That's a good sign."

"Thanks, very much," said Tommy, looking conscious.

"It's supper hour now," remarked Miss Lewis. "If, when I come back, you would care to go over to the dormitory ——"

"I suppose she hasn't asked for me?"

"No; but she asked if you were in the house."

"Thanks," said Tommy again. "When you come back, then. Ah—thanks, very much."

Miss Lewis left, and Tish spread out Charlie's letter. "'*Dear and revered spinster aunt,*'" she began; but Tommy was looking at his watch.

"How long does she usually take for supper?" he asked. "Excuse me for interrupting, Aunt Tish."

"About an hour," said Tish grimly. "She says she's been ordered to chew her food thoroughly. '*Dear and revered*——'"

"You know," said Tommy, "she may get tired and go to sleep, or something like that."

"Not while she's eating," said Tish.

"I mean Miss Blake. I—I think I'll just run over for a moment now, if you don't mind."

"Not alone!" Tish got up and reached for her cane, but Tommy pushed her back in her chair.

"No, indeed, dear Aunt Tish," he said. "You must not use that knee. Nor Miss Aggie either ——"

"Aggie has no intention of using my knee," said Tish crossly. Tommy was sending me messages with his eyes. I'm notoriously weak as to love affairs.

"I'll go," I volunteered, obeying Tommy's signals; and go I did, leaving Tish clutching her cane with one hand and the letter with the other! Aggie was, as usual, oblivious and quite calm.

It was my suggestion that I play propriety from just outside the door. Tommy went in and I heard a rustle from the window, as if she had turned to look at him.

"I—my aunt is just outside," he began, hesitating. I am not his aunt, as I have said.

"Won't you ask her in?" She had a low, sweet voice.

"Certainly, if you wish," he said, and made no move to do it. "You dismissed me today," he accused her.

"I didn't need a doctor."

"I need not have come professionally. I am here now only—well, because I couldn't stay away."

She said nothing to that, so far as I could hear.

"I came also," he said, "to ask you not to stay here alone tonight."

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"Only that you might do the same thing again tonight—walk in your sleep, you know."

I heard her chair move as if she had turned abruptly and faced him.

"Why do you say that?" she demanded. "You know I was not asleep last night."

"I assure you ——" he began, clearly startled. "I—really thought ——"

"Please!" she said, and there was another silence. Then I realized she was crying softly.

"Don't do that!" pleaded Tommy. "Don't!"

"I thought you were killed!" she said in a smothered tone. "All the rest of the night I sat and wanted to die. I thought I had killed you!"

"Where did you sit?" asked Tommy gently.

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Very much—to me."

"I was—here," she said, hesitating.



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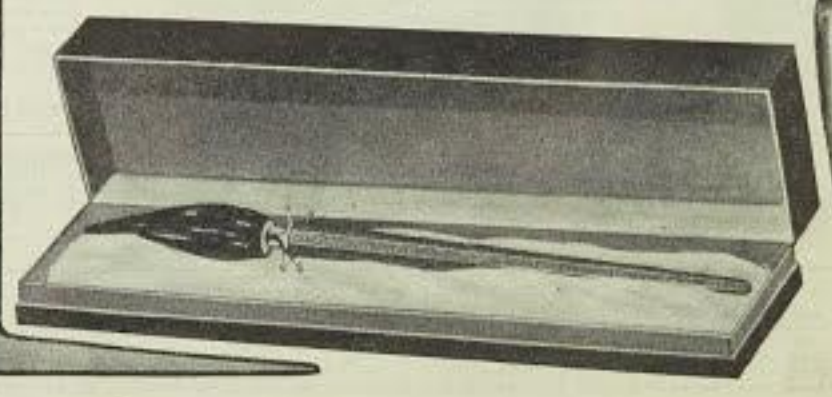
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"You were not here," said Tommy. "Between that and morning I was here four times. Where were you?"

"I was safe," she said. "Why do you question me so?"

"Because," he said gently, "I was in the laboratory at two o'clock this morning. Jacobs helped me with a wound on my shoulder. I had looked everywhere for you and failed to find you. I thought I heard somebody moving across the hall and we made a casual search. We found nothing—nobody; but, during the fifteen minutes the door was unlocked, somebody entered the building and cut the throats of eleven guinea-pigs, piling them in the center of the room. And—on the floor underneath them I picked up this afternoon a small pink rosette, apparently off the toe of a woman's bedroom slipper."

"Ah!" she said as if she found it suddenly hard to breathe. And then she burst out unexpectedly. "After all, was it so terrible? They—they were only guinea-pigs!"

"Yes," said Tommy gravely, "they were only guinea-pigs."

He came out the next moment and went back along the hall into the hospital, having quite forgotten me. His chin was sunk on his breast and he walked heavily. He was as bewildered as I had been. We saw him only once again that evening, and then only for a minute. He was preparing to station his guards through the house, much to Tish's disgust.

"It's idiotic," she confided to Aggie and me that night, as Aggie was getting ready for bed. "Isn't the creature dead? Do they expect it to come back from the spirit world and do a materializing séance for them while they wait?"

"That's all very well, Tish," said Aggie, turning on all the lights and getting into bed; "but that hand was not hairy."

"Foot, you mean," said Tish. "If that is a footprint on the wall of that room upstairs it was a foot you touched last night."

At nine o'clock that night Tommy had a talk with Miss Durand, the night nurse of K ward. She denied being out of the ward between twelve-ten and one o'clock and characterized Bates' whole story as a fabrication.

"He's always making trouble, doctor," she told Tommy. "He brings in tobacco and morphine and sells it to the men—and you take his word against mine!"

And Tommy said that, having sent for Bates, with Miss Durand's outraged eyes on him he reduced the time of her absence to ten minutes—and might have gone farther if Tommy hadn't turned away in disgust.

XII

TOMMY was very gloomy that night. He went about placing guards, with his mouth set in a grim line and his eyes hard. A few of the nurses knew what was going on; but, with the exception of the three of us, none of the patients had been told.

To Tish's assurance that the trouble was over, that the death of Hero meant the end of the disturbance, Tommy turned a tolerant smile and a deaf ear. I would have given a good bit to have had Tish's conviction, but no theory that was based on Hero at the Zoo could possibly involve Miss Blake. And Tommy and I knew that Miss Blake was involved.

I had not told Tish the particulars of Tommy's visit to the girl's room or about the rosette he had confronted her with. To be candid, Tish was disagreeable about my having gone with Tommy and only relaxed when, at suppertime, a package came from Charlie Sands that proved to contain the very towel with which the giant ape had been killed.

"Thought you might like it," Charlie wrote. "I snitched it while the keeper's back was turned. Gruesome, but interesting, isn't it? The beast was almost human; and, as far as I know, this may be the towel with which he performed his final ablutions—or do apes ablute?"

Tish laid it solemnly out on the bed and, going to the dresser drawer, brought out the one that had, as you may say, suspended Johnson. They were absolutely alike, even to the position of the S. P. T. which distinguished them both.

Tommy came into Aggie's room about eleven o'clock and sat down, as usual, on the foot of the bed. He had lost his customary air of good-natured raillery and looked tired.

"I've placed them all," he said. "Counting myself, there are fourteen of us, and



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I don't think a germ could escape from any of the wards without my knowing it."

"How about the private rooms?" I asked. "Mischief is as apt to be done by pay patients as by charities."

"You're right there. Well, every corridor is under secret surveillance. The doors into the nurses' dormitory are being watched on every floor, and we have a man on the roof."

"Humph!" said Aggie from the bed. "You'd do better to have a barrel of holy water. Things that dissolve under your fingers as the clock strikes midnight —— It was just midnight, Tish! The clock in the hall is five minutes fast by my watch."

"Fiddlesticks!" Tish said tartly. "Then the sun's too fast. No, Tommy; it would have been more to the point if you'd taken all these precautions last night. You are too late."

"I hope so," Tommy observed and got off the bed. "I'll come round now and then and keep you posted." He started toward the door and stopped, looking at me. "You haven't seen—Miss Blake? She has not come from the dormitory?"

"No."

He looked relieved at that and went out.

A little before midnight Miss Lewis brought in three glasses of buttermilk and some crackers on a tray.

"I knew you were none of you sleeping," she said. "This will do you good. I don't mind saying my nerves are all twittering. This house is enough to set you crazy. If you go round a corner unexpectedly you come across a figure ducking into a doorway. A nurse from L ward just fell across one of the moppers squatting in a corner by the pantry and threw a bowl of chicken broth at him, thinking it was Johnson."

"They might as well calm themselves," Tish observed, sipping her buttermilk. "Nothing will happen."

"Then why don't you take off your clothes and go to bed?" Aggie asked; but Tish scornfully refused to answer.

"I'm not expecting anything myself," observed Miss Lewis, straightening her cap at the mirror. "These things have a way of petering out—and yet, on the other hand, things in a hospital usually go in threes. If we have one burned case we'll get two more. Shot cases will come in threes every time; and as for suicides —— Well, I've seen three carbolic acids every time I've seen one. And that reminds me," she said, turning from the mirror and, with a dive, thrusting a footrest under Tish's leg, "a carbolic case has just piped out in one of the wards."

And at that instant the hall nurse appeared in the doorway and spoke to her.

"Miss Lewis," she said, "you are to go to the mortuary with that case. Miss Grimes is having an attack of hysteria."

Miss Lewis turned and surveyed us through her spectacles. "Can you beat that?" she demanded. "Wouldn't a self-respecting mongrel pup rebel at a life like this?" She jerked her head, and her cap fell over her ear with the facility of long practice. "All right," she said to the nurse. "I'm coming; but"—she turned in the doorway and waved her hand to us—"if I am found strung up with an S. P. T.," she said, "I'll not hang alone—believe *me!*"

An S. P. T.! We all three stared at each other and Tish tried to call her back; but she had gone.

At five minutes of midnight Tommy stopped in to see us.

"Nothing yet," he said. "Heaven knows, I hope there won't be anything at all; but there's an uneasy feeling in the house. I've had to make a few changes. The man on the roof refused to stay."

"Naturally," Tish observed with the lofty air she'd had all evening. "If the wind blew he would declare he heard groans."

"Exactly what he did say," replied Tommy. "Says he heard groans and felt eyes looking at him. But we had the roof searched and found nothing. I put Hicks there instead—the ambulance man."

"I beg your pardon, doctor," said the hall nurse from the doorway. "But—Hicks wants to see you."

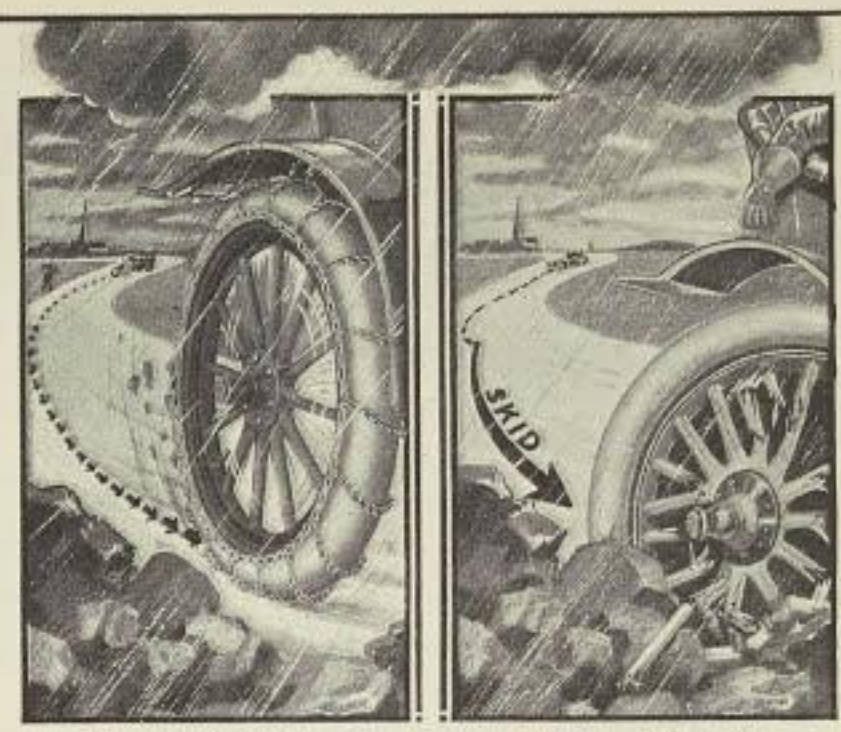
"Just for a moment," a voice came from behind the nurse. "I'll go back up there, doctor, if I've got to kick myself up; but ——"

"Well?"

"Doctor, as sure as I'm a living man, something is singing on the roof."

"Singing!" said Tommy.

"Half singing, half chanting. I—I'm going back, doctor. Nothing ain't ever



Story of This Car

Rain and sleet. A muddy, icy, slippery road.

In the distance a car appeared. Steadily and with perfect traction it rapidly approached. On it came, sure as a shuttle in the loom. With speed unchecked it struck the sharp curve. *Yet it did not skid—it did not even slip or swerve from its course a single inch.*

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Story of This Car

The same rain and sleet. The same muddy, icy, slippery road.

In the distance a car appeared. It slipped and swerved from side to side as it approached because the wheels did not hold to the road.

On came the car and peril came with it!

With speed unchecked the car struck the sharp curve.

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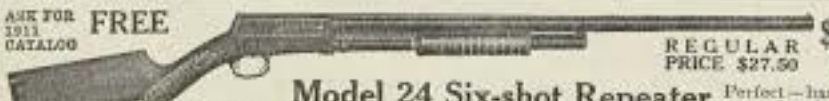
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scared me yet. But—it's singing Nearer, my God, to Thee—not the words—just the tune."

"Did anybody else hear it?"

"They heard something in the mortuary. They said it didn't sound exactly like singing. But I heard it as plain as I hear you, sir. It—it's horrible!"

"Are the nurses still there?"

"No, sir. Miss Lewis was sent to take Miss Grimes' place, but she insisted on having her night supper first. Mr. Briggs is in the mortuary with the—you know."

"I'll go up with you to the roof," said Tommy, and went at once.

Aggie had been getting white round the lips during the whole scene; and when Hicks said Nearer, my God, to Thee she almost keeled over against her pillows. The moment Tommy had gone she burst into tears, declaring that something awful was going to happen, that being the tune they had sung at the roofer's funeral.

Tish, however, was stonily calm, though I could see she was shaken.

"I don't for the life of me see what you are bleating about!" she snapped. "If you argue from hearing that tune that he's coming back tonight there will be more ghosts walking than this hospital can hold. It's been sung at a good many funerals. And another thing: if he was as good as you think he was he's sitting round with a harp, learning celestial melodies—not coming back to string up innocent corpses with roller-towels and break skylights! It's only the bad ones that aren't satisfied where they are and come back."

It is hard to say just why that line of reasoning made Aggie dry her tears, but it did, and she sat up and finished her buttermilk. It was when I was passing her the crackers that I heard a creak and knew that somebody had stealthily opened the door into the nurses' dormitory. Tish heard it, too, and put down her crocheting.

All our lights were on, though the hall was dark. This time we saw no candlelight, but we each felt who it was. I stepped to the door and looked out.

Miss Blake, fully dressed, was on the narrow staircase to the floor above, and at the top somebody with an electric flash was barring the way.

"Sorry, miss," said Jacobs, the night watchman. "We have orders not to let anybody pass here tonight."

"But I must!" she pleaded. "I can't endure the suspense another moment, Jacobs! Where is Doctor Andrews?"

"On the roof, Miss Blake."

"Oh, no; not on the roof!" she cried. "Let me pass. I must pass!"

"Sorry," he said, not moving. "My orders ——"

Suddenly, from somewhere overhead, came a woman's scream—a shrill note of horror that left my ears aching, my heart beating madly. It rose and fell, and then rose again; and the silence that followed was the silence of paralysis.

Immediately after there was the sound of scurrying feet. Tish and I never knew afterward how we got up the stairs and were almost the first on the scene.

The hall was dark, as on the floor below; but from the mortuary a bright light streamed down the short, wide flight of steps that served as its approach.

On one side of the receiving table Tommy was standing. On the other, Miss Lewis stood as if frozen, with one hand turning down the covering sheet. But the body on the table was not wrapped in a shroud. It was the figure of a tall man, fully dressed and with the head and shoulders tightly wrapped in what looked like a brown coat.

Tish gripped my arm, shaking so she could scarcely speak. "Johnson!" she said. "Oh, my God, Lizzie, it's Johnson!"

It was not however. When they had untied the sleeves, tightly knotted about the neck of the motionless figure, Tommy himself gave a cry of horror.

It was Briggs, the orderly, dead about ten minutes and with his ribs crushed in.

The "carbolic case" was lying in placid peace under the table, its bandaged hands folded, its jaw relaxed, its half-shut eyes looking calmly up at the horror overhead.

Tish and I put Miss Lewis to bed that night and Tish sat with her until morning. It was dawn when Tommy came in, looking haggard and tired. They had found nothing—except one curious fact.

The brown coat that had covered poor Briggs' head had belonged to Johnson. The pockets were full of his private papers.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)



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Our increase in tire sales over September, 1910, **was 343%.** That means that they multiplied **about 4½ times over.**

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No other tire in existence today commands such a demand as these. And note how this demand is growing as the tires become better known. We have now increased our capacity to **3,800 automobile tires per day.**

That's the simple result of experience. Men who once use No-Rim-Cut tires never go back to the old types. They tell others about them, and the others tell others. And our figures announce the result.

For No-Rim-Cut tires **cut tire bills in two.** Their freedom from rim-cutting—their extra capacity—save millions of dollars to motor car owners. And those owners to date have used over 700,000 of our tires. When will **you** prove them out?

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For three years we have worked to equip these tires with a perfect Non-Skid tread—to do away with chains.

Not any mere makeshift—not any flimsy protection. Not short, soft projections on a regular tread. Not metal and rubber, which never combine.

There were many problems to solve in a perfect Non-Skid, and we waited until we solved them. Then we waited until we tested 24,000 before we announced the tread.

Now we have a durable tread which is proof against skidding—a fitting addition to No-Rim-Cut tires.

It is an extra tread, vulcanized onto the regular. So it gives you a double-thick tread.

That means long wear. It means that the blocks can be deep and enduring. And it means, in addition, almost a puncture-proof tire.

This extra tread is of very tough rubber. We tested forty formulas to secure for it the utmost wear resistance.

The deep-cut blocks present to the road surface countless edges and angles. They grasp it in every direction.

The base of each block spreads out, so the strain is distributed over just as much tire surface as it is with the smooth-tread tire. That's immensely important.

The rush of air through the grooves keeps the tire cool. It saves the damage of friction heat.

Note all these advantages—these vital advantages—over all other non-skid treads.

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This Non-Skid tread, when wanted, is vulcanized onto No-Rim-Cut tires—10% oversize.

Then you have a tire which can't skid, a tire which can't rim-cut, and a tire which can't blow out through slight overloading.

Think what that means.

Our statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires have been rim-cut. Those hooked-base tires will often rim-cut even when partly inflated. When a tire is run flat, because of a puncture, it may be wrecked in a single block.

This isn't a rare damage—it is exceedingly common. It adds more to tire cost than any other one factor. And it compels stopping at once when a tire goes flat.

No-Rim-Cut tires are utterly proof against rim-cutting. We have run them flat in a hundred tests, as far as 20 miles. Yet there has never occurred a single instance of rim-cutting.

Then No-Rim-Cut tires have no hooks on the base. They do not hook into the rim flange. They never stick to the flange when you want to remove them.

When you unlock and remove one of your rim flanges the tire slips off in an instant. No other type of tire is so quickly removed and replaced.

The secret lies in a patented feature. We vulcanize into the tire base three flat bands of 126 braided wires. These make the tire base unstretchable.

The tire can't come off without removing the flange, because nothing can stretch it over the flange. It needs no hooks, no tire bolts.

This braided wire feature is controlled by us. And all other devices to make a tire base unstretchable have proved very defective. That's why the flood-like demand for this type of tire has centered on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

10% Oversize

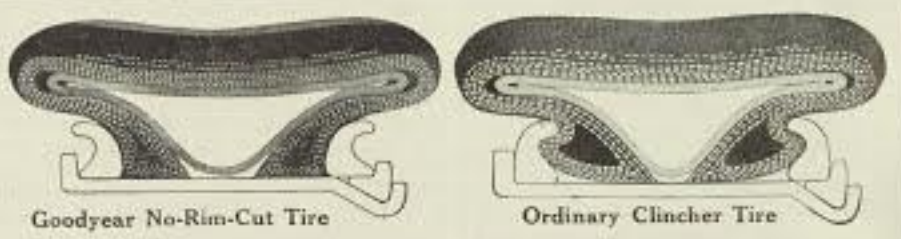
As the rim flanges flare outward with No-Rim-Cut tires, we can make the tires 10% over the rated size without any misfit to the rim. And we give you this extra size without extra cost.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. And that, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage. It takes care of the extras you add to a car. It saves the blow-outs due to overloading.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions, cut tire bills in two. Yet these tires are now selling just as low as other standard tires. The saving is entirely clear.

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IN JUNE

(Concluded from Page 19)

earnestly the great questions of the day. And in the evenings they entertained each other with stately courtesy.

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"Don't let me interrupt your cigar—you are to feel perfectly free."

At the end of the first month they made the discovery that they were saving both time and money; this transformed the solid ground of their position into adamantine rock.

They were exaggeratedly careful of each other's liberty. One day the Biologist, coming home unexpectedly early—a growing habit—caught her red-handed in the very act of mending his glove. He took it from her hands reproachfully.

"This is against our compact—you were not to do anything of the kind. I did not marry a seamstress."

This time she blushed guiltily.

"It was the merest stitch ——"

"But it is the principle. If you once begin ——" and he carried the glove away to his own room.

Evidently she had no principles, for after that she stealthily sorted out his socks from the wash and darned them surreptitiously, sitting before her desk, in the intervals of literary labor. Then she patted them triumphantly and folded them neatly back among the rest of the wash. The Biologist, after the manner of men, either thought they had a self-mending laundress or else thought nothing. But sometimes while she mended the mending fell idly into her lap and she sat idly gazing. Never had she felt so idle as that spring.

The Biologist, on the other hand, had never felt so restless. He said it was the spring, and he wandered in and out of the garden and house, and made many errands into their common part of it, where he sought repose in reading aloud to her chapters from his great new book on Eugenics. This enabled her to indulge her rare laziness without looking lazy; she sat on the sofa and listened. And one day, because she was too comfortable to move, she sent him into her room for a paper from her desk. The Biologist went with alacrity. She watched him cross the threshold of her room and suddenly she leaned back and closed her eyes, with a little color in her cheeks. The spring, doubtless!

The Biologist found the paper just where he had been told to look for it; there was, therefore, no excuse for his not instantly returning with it. Instead he stood hesitating and allowed his eyes to wander about the room. It was full of troubling feminine things—the most ordinary things in the world, but to him they seemed absolutely and utterly extraordinary. The white kimono was on the foot of the bed; a small—they were not really small at all—pair of slippers was beside it on a chair; and the modest toilet-table was covered with an array of subtle articles—brushes and combs and hairpins—the Biologist remembered the curious feel of those hairpins that day in the bower. Probably purely in the interests of science he now felt an overpowering curiosity to feel it again. He walked deliberately to the toilet-table and stealthily touched with his fingertips, delicately, not only the hairpins but one after another of the little objects lying there, and every one of them gave off that same electric sensation from his fingertips to his brain as on the day in the garden.

"Can't you find it?" called out his wife's voice softly.

"I am coming," he called back, endeavoring to make his voice natural. He did not dare to say a word more, but when he handed her the paper he avoided touching her hand and went and sat down quite a way off with the table between them. Something pounded in his temples, and instead of waiting to hear the contents of the paper he made an excuse and went out into the garden. As soon as he had gone she laid down the paper and, leaning from the window, watched him till he disappeared round the thicket. How straight he was—and tall and young!

The birds nesting in the lilac under the window were cheeping their good-night cheep. There were little ones in the nest—naturally, at this time of the year; it was an annual phenomenon, but it struck her as new. She pushed the unlucky paper to the floor with an unconscious elbow and sat musing. Some time, of course, it had been an understood thing there would be a bird in their nest, a child, all in due and reasonable season—a child of reason and light, when time and tide and all conspired; but of course that was a long way off. For the first time she wished they were richer now—or older—or something else that they were not yet. She closed her eyes; then hearing the Biologist's step returning she opened them and got up hastily and going into her room closed the door.

That night at dinner they had very little to say to each other and each made an excuse to go away early—each to his own room.

But she could not sleep; it was as if there was a fever in every vein. The spring—of course. People were often upset in the spring, she had heard. She braided her hair in two long braids and threw on the white kimono and stole softly out. The night was full of sweet sounds; there were little stirrings of the nesting birds, little rustles of leaves, and the heavy-sweet perfume of lilacs—more lilacs.

All at once at the turn of the little shrubbery path she heard footsteps; she would have withdrawn, but in all that bright moonlight there was no place to withdraw into. Instinctively she drew closer about her the loose kimono and shrank into herself. The footsteps drew nearer; it was her husband, hatless and collarless. The rolling, low-cut study jacket hastily thrust on revealed the throat—and the moon shone upon them both.

"You!" he exclaimed. They looked at each other.

"'And who are you?—said one dim Shape'"—she quoted with a nervous little laugh. "What brought you out?"

He tossed his cigarette far away.

"The same thing that brought you, I fancy—whatever that was." He, too, seemed nervous, ill at ease. There was something shamefaced in their manner of facing one another.

It was the woman, of course, who recovered herself.

"Well, after all, I don't see anything so very wicked in taking a stroll in one's own garden," she said with bravado; "even if it is midnight or after."

"No, of course not," he assented.

He turned and fell into step with her. Somehow neither found anything more to say. They walked on down the little path—the silver, silver path toward the great clump of shadow from the shrubs near the bower; they walked to it, step by step, irresistibly. Just as they reached it a bird of the night burst into song, poignant, unseen. He had put up his hand to hold back a branch and it touched hers raised for the same purpose. They stopped, breathless.

"How—beautiful the night is!" she tried to stammer.

"How beautiful you are!" It burst from him like a low cry.

"And you!" her eyes said plainly.

At that moment they were both as beautiful as youth.

He saw her shadow tremble in the moonlight and made a movement; involuntarily she raised a hand in protest and he caught her in his arms. He buried his face in the loose braids of her hair; then he lifted up her face—and found her lips.

Suddenly she remembered; she tried faintly to free herself.

"Oh!" she protested; "it wasn't to have been so—or now!"

He laughed a low, tender laugh, exulting.

"But it is going to be so—and now," he said.



Cutting Down the Selling Cost

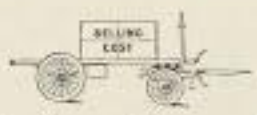
A DOZEN years ago, Thompson in Ohio built a wagon that was different from all others, and better. He showed it to his neighbors and to persons who came to town. Six people ordered wagons that season.



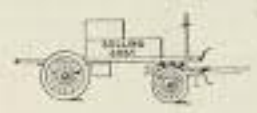
Thompson now had enough capital to build ten wagons, but he had no orders. However, his knowledge that his wagons gave great satisfaction encouraged him to build ten and trust to his own efforts to dispose of them. He made trips throughout the neighboring country with several of his wagons hitched in a string. In course of time, he visited one hundred farmers, sold all his wagons and received orders for more. This method of selling was effective, but it cost a lot for each wagon sold.



The next year Thompson built fifty wagons. He taught one of his employees how to explain the advantages of his vehicle, and by hard work they together got rid of his whole output and secured an increased number of orders for the coming season. This plan worked well and, though still costly, reduced the cost of selling each wagon.



In the fourth year Thompson's strings of wagons threaded the country for many miles around. Frequently a man who had bought in previous seasons ordered another or recommended the wagon to his neighbors. This marked the best assurance of success a business may have. The merit of Thompson's wagon was beginning to show itself as an active help in making sales. With a good article and straight, sound selling principles, Thompson's business was prospering and growing; but the cost of making each sale was still high.



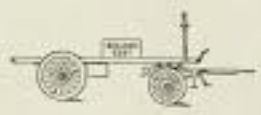
As the frontier of the business expanded, some expansion of selling method was needed. Thompson couldn't send strings of wagons across two states except at a loss. So he tried his first experiment in advertising. He had a catalogue printed picturing and describing his wagons. He sent this book to every vehicle dealer in ten states and to many farmers. The cost of printing and mailing the catalogue was disconcerting, and Thompson feared that many copies were absolutely wasted, as not one man in a score even answered his letter. But on casting up the year's accounts he found that his business had increased very satisfactorily, and that each wagon was sold at a lower cost than ever before.



Within the next three years Thompson was flooding a score of states with his catalogues, and a dozen salesmen were travelling for him, not calling on the farmers now, but only on retail dealers. The men reported that it was growing easier to interest dealers and that they were selling the more influential merchants because Thompson's wagons were no longer unknown. He found that, as in the past, his selling cost had been lowered by the new methods introduced; but he wanted to extend his sales over the whole United States, and in order to do that with confidence he sought to work a still further economy in his method of creating a demand for his wagon.

Accordingly, Thompson turned to the magazines. He selected those which seemed best adapted to reaching his clientele, and, after making big allowances for wasted circulation, he found that he could put descriptions and pictures of his wagon before his buying public vastly cheaper than by sending his catalogue.

His first year's results disappointed him in a way because he expected too much (which, incidentally, is the case in nine campaigns out of ten); but, being a man who believed in trying thoroughly any plan that he adopted, he kept on, and learned to his surprise that the first year's advertisements were still productive the following year and that the second year's returns were steadily increasing. They increased so much that Thompson found that he had again cut down the cost of selling each wagon.



This year opened the greatest era of expansion in Thompson's business, because the advertising stimulated every nerve and tissue in its entire structure. The farmer who used to say: "My wagon was made by a chap in Ohio named Thompson," now boasted: "That's a Thompson wagon and it's the best on earth." Exporters were writing him about trade connections with Australia and the Argentine. His dealers were advertising in local papers that they carried the famous Thompson wagon. His salesmen and employees were proud to be connected with an enterprise that was known all over the land.

But to return to our text: Thompson had learned that the fundamentals of building a big business were:—make good wagons—advertise their merits—keep up their good repute—and the cost of selling each wagon will be steadily reduced.

If you have a product as good as Thompson's, it will pay you to write us for a book that we have published on "The Modern Selling Force." To business men it is sent gratis.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Avg. 6 mos. cir. 1,503,982

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Avg. 6 mos. cir. 1,840,729

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present cir. 30,000

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA NEW YORK CHICAGO



You must make *Your* time fit the barbers.

"Dan says he's awful sorry, Mr. Brown, but there's three ahead of you now; says can't you come round later in the afternoon." It makes no difference how busy you are, it's the same story day after day. Another Declaration of Independence should read, "My time is my own"—the **GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor** can make it a pleasing reality. You're always fit, always ready and it's so easy—just a few minutes when it suits *you*.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor has educated millions of men to the delights of self shaving and freed them from the expense and troubles of the barber shop—**Outfit complete sells for $1.00** everywhere, including seven **Damaskeene blades,** frame, new bar and shaving and stropping handle in handsome plush lined case.



GEM JUNIOR $1.00 OUTFIT

GEM Damaskeene Blades

Made of the highest grade Damascus silver razor steel and tempered by our secret process—a blade known for its keen, smooth cutting edge, which it retains indefinitely—can be stropped. Fits most standard safety razors but gives best results in a **GEM JUNIOR** frame. Separate set **Damaskeene blades 7 for 35c.**

Insist upon Damaskeene Blades—there is a difference.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
25th St. and 11th Ave. New York
Montreal—Canadian Dist. Co., 393 St. Catherine St. W.
The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

Keith's Konqueror SHOE FOR MEN

A New Feature, characteristic of this popular line of fine footwear, is emphasized in

Konqueror Specials At $4.50

The **Nailless Heel Seat** gives absolute protection from heel nails, providing a permanently smooth insersole of all sole leather.

When you get it in combination with all the many points of superiority possessed by the regular Keith Konqueror line, it affords an unparalleled opportunity to become comfortably shod.

We sell Konqueror shoes direct to wearer, when not obtainable locally. Send for free illustrated catalog and mention your dealer's name.

THE PRESTON B. KEITH SHOE COMPANY
Makers of Keith's Konqueror Boots for Men
Brockton (Campello Sta.), Mass.

THE BEST PIPES

Are stamped
TRADE MARK
Frank

The name typifies perfection in quality and making. Every pipe so identified is sold with a positive GUARANTEE not to crack or burn through.

ALL SIZES
ALL STYLES
Dealers Send for New Catalogue

AT THE BEST SHOPS

S. M. FRANK & CO. MFRS. NEW YORK



Genuine Calabash



NEW—Wonderful Standard Gillett Safety Lamp

Portable—can be placed anywhere. Brightest light known. Twice as bright as electricity. Costs 1-5 of a cent per hour. Beautiful soft mellow light, particularly desirable for reading. Base of lamp made of nickeled brass. Shades in all colors to suit any taste. Write for illustrated circular No. 296.

Standard Gillett Light Co., 8-9 Michigan St., Chicago, Ill.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 453 North Clark Street, Chicago

Your Christmas Money

If you desire money for Christmas and are willing to give us a few hours of your time, we can provide you with what you desire.

Agents' Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia



TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

"Visible" Typewriters, factory rebuilt and all other makes **sold or rented anywhere** at ½ to ½ rates, prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Cata. D.

Typewriter Emporium, 92-94 Lake St., Chicago

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions wanted** and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free.

VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.





BREATHE-RITE





If you have any regard for your personal appearance, or your health, you should wear a BREATHE-RITE brace. The BREATHE-RITE brace holds the body gently but firmly erect, whether walking, sitting or standing. It corrects round shoulders and strengthens the back. Made of white, elastic fabric. **A blessing for growing boys and girls.** One size fits anybody. Sent prepaid anywhere on receipt of price—**One Dollar.** Ask your dealer.

$1

BREATHE-RITE MFG. CO., 2337 Third Avenue, New York

Write for interesting agents' proposition. Send for illustrated folder. If dissatisfied, money refunded.

(Concluded from Page 41)

to much, and the men who are in control will make desperate attempts to get on the bandwagon they think will head the procession. Wilson is strong with the people who vote the Democratic ticket, but the leaders favor Harmon. The probabilities are for uninstructed delegations, with instructions to jump into the softest place.

The Democratic situation in Nebraska is much more interesting than the Republican. The Republican leaders profess the greatest confidence of being able to get the entire Nebraska delegation for Taft, but the probabilities are that La Follette will have some of the delegates, or, at least, that some of the delegates will be anti-Taft.

Last year William Jennings Bryan opposed the election of James C. Dahlman, the regular Democratic nominee for governor of Nebraska, on the liquor issue. Bryan wanted county option and Dahlman favored the retention of the present liquor law. Dahlman had been Bryan's right-hand man for years and took Bryan's desertion very much to heart. Dahlman is the strongest Democrat in the state, leaving Bryan out of consideration. He is determined to be avenged. Bryan is opposed to Harmon—bitterly and persistently opposed—on the published ground that Harmon does not represent the true sentiment of the Democratic party. Dahlman, who controls Douglas County, in which Omaha is located, is for Harmon and so are all of Dahlman's friends. They intend to force the issue, and, if Bryan wants to go to the convention as a delegate or as a delegate-at-large, to send him there under instructions for Harmon.

Kansas is not for Mr. Taft for renomination. He made himself a few friends on his three-day tour, but there was no enthusiasm for him, except in Leavenworth and Independence—standpat communities. The Kansas farmers are against Taft. They are strong for Progressive policies and do not feel that Taft is a Progressive. If the selection of the delegates is left to the old plan the regulars will probably get a majority of them for Taft. La Follette would carry a primary, though Insurgent policies are much stronger in Kansas than La Follette is. Senator Bristow has declared for La Follette; but the other Progressives, including Governor Stubbs, had not declared for the Wisconsin man at the time this was written. There is a strong movement for a Presidential primary, which is in the hands of the state committee, as there is no Presidential preference law in Kansas.

Kansas doesn't bother much about Democracy, except in Presidential years. At present there is no sentiment in Kansas for Folk, very little for Harmon, considerable for Champ Clark and most of all for Wilson. If Wilson were nominated to run against Taft he would carry Kansas, in the view of some of the keenest political observers of the state. The feeling for Champ Clark is very kindly, and if he can iron out his differences in Missouri he would have a very good chance to get the Kansas delegates in spite of Wilson's popularity. Of course much depends on the kind of a campaign Wilson and Clark make. The chance of Harmon's getting any delegates in that state is very remote.

Iowa was one of the first of the Insurgent Republican states and Iowa is still largely Insurgent. Iowa does not like President Taft. Senator Cummins, the leader of the Insurgents in the state, is for La Follette for President; and he is opposed in this by Senator Lafe Young and what is left of the old and formerly powerful standpat machine of that state. Cummins is in favor of taking an anti-Taft delegation to the convention without specifying any particular candidate. He thinks the Insurgents can win the majority of the delegates.

The temper of the Republicans in Iowa is the same as the temper of the Republicans in the neighboring states—Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. An interesting demonstration of how the Republicans feel toward the President is furnished by a series of questions and answers from one of the smaller Republican counties in the state. A man living in that county picked out sixty Insurgent Republicans in all parts of the county and sixty standpat Republicans, and wrote each of them a letter involving identical questions. The results of that inquiry were as follows—ninety-seven replies being received to the hundred and twenty letters mailed:

1. Do you approve the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill? Yes, twelve; No, eighty-five.

2. Do you approve President Taft's action in the Ballinger matter? Yes, two; No, ninety-one.

3. Do you favor conservation as taught by Roosevelt and followed by Pinchot or as proposed by Ballinger and Taft? Roosevelt, ninety; Taft, two.

4. Do you approve the attack on Doctor Wiley? Yes, three; No, eighty-one.

5. Do you approve Canadian reciprocity as proposed by President Taft? Yes, twenty-one; No, seventy-one.

6. Do you approve the action of Senator Cummins and other Insurgents in opposing reciprocity? Yes, seventy-two; No, fifteen.

7. Do you approve President Taft's veto of the woolen schedule as passed by the last session of Congress? Yes, eighteen; No, seventy.

8. Do you believe President Taft's Administration favors the farmers and laborers or the Trusts? Farmers, six; Trusts, fifty-eight.

9. Choice for President: First—Taft, twenty; Cummins, fifty-six; La Follette, twenty-one. Second—Taft, fourteen; Cummins, twenty; La Follette, fifty-nine.

10. If President Taft is renominated will you support him? Yes, twenty-one; No, sixty-four; blank, twelve.

Now there is a fair, average poll of a fair, average lot of Republicans—both Progressives and standpatters. It represents in a fair, average way the temper of the Republicans not only of Iowa but of about all the West, except the boroughs.

Senator Knute Nelson, who has never favored much that President Taft has favored, is, by stress of circumstances, the Taft leader in Minnesota and charged with the responsibility of getting delegates for him. Senator Moses E. Clapp, Nelson's colleague, is one of the most ardent Progressives in the country, and in favor of nominating La Follette. The fight will be made on these lines, and the result in all probability will be a divided delegation, with Taft having some of the delegates and La Follette some. The young Democrats like Wilson, but the old-line men are for Harmon. Harmon is most likely to get the delegates.

Thus it will be seen that in this section of the country Taft will have a preponderance of the delegates to the convention; also, that Wilson and Harmon are the two leading candidates, with Champ Clark a bad third. So far as the Republicans are concerned, the spirit is largely Insurgent; but the result in delegates will be largely Taft. The great reason for this is that almost everybody recognizes the futility of trying to defeat Taft for the nomination and nearly all are willing the nomination shall go to him. The nomination doesn't concern them so much as the election.

The election is another matter. If conditions remain as they are, which is more than likely; and if Wilson, for example, is nominated against Taft—or any other candidate for whom the Republicans have a friendly feeling—Mr. Taft will carry very few of the states I have included in this summary. He will carry Utah and Wyoming without question, and probably Nevada. He will lose California, and he will lose Montana and Colorado. The chances strongly favor his losing Oregon and Washington. If the Mormons are strong enough he will carry Idaho. He will lose Arizona and will probably carry New Mexico. Assuming that conditions remain about as they now are, Mr. Taft will be hard put to it to carry Kansas against a man like Wilson, and will lose North Dakota and, likely as not, South Dakota. He will have desperate troubles in Nebraska and be in most difficult case in Iowa and Minnesota. The chances are against him in all three states unless the miracle works out and opinion shifts to the other side.

Mr. Taft is scheduled to do everything in his power to solidify his shattered party. His pursuit of the Trusts and the Trust-makers is to be more active. Some more of the big men are to be indicted if possible. He will come out against lynching, et cetera, to help along with the negroes. He will continue on world arbitration and universal peace. He will overlook no bets; but the fact is his recent trip did him no good, and these demonstrations will not do him much, if any. So far as this section of the country is concerned Mr. Taft can hope for little—and he will get even less than he hopes.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Samuel G. Blythe. The second will appear in an early issue.

From Kick-off to Goal—



Whenever You See a Pipe You'll Think of LUCKY STRIKE

—At every stage of the game—Lucky Strike Tobacco is the joy of the grandstand. Football fans find it a splendid *solace*.

Lucky Strike has stood—a leader of its kind—for over half-a-century. *Always* a mild, pure, cool and biteless smoke. It burns slowly and evenly. And how it does *satisfy!*

Lucky Strike Sliced Plug is the pipe-favorite of thousands.

The new Lucky Strike—the old Lucky Strike ready rolled for your pipe—has made an amazing jump into popularity.

Suppose *you* get a tin of Lucky Strike Roll Cut today. In convenient pocketboxes—10c all dealers.

LUCKY STRIKE

TOBACCO

All Patterson Tobaccos are treated by the famous Patterson Process—discovered by the founder of this business, Dr. R. A. Patterson—50 years ago. That's why all Patterson Tobaccos have a *distinction* of quality that you can't describe—but you *can* enjoy.

R. A. Patterson Tobacco Company
Richmond, Va.

10c
At All Dealers
16-oz. Package, 90c

To The Tobacco Trade:

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.



Special Features
40 Horsepower
116-in. Wheel Base
34x4-inch Tires
Demountable Rims
"Michigan" Self-Starter
Nickel Trimmings
Automatic Spark Control
Three-Bearing Crankshaft
Enclosed Valves
Absolutely Silent Motor

Michigan 40

Price $1,500

10,000 Michigan Agents Combine to Save You ONE-THIRD!

A most remarkable plan for marketing automobiles, as here explained, has caused a marked saving to buyers of motor cars. To own a 40-horsepower car of ample size and character to satisfy every requirement of the experienced motorist, one need no longer pay the long price—$1,500 BUYS IT! For that is today the pace-setting price of the Mighty "Michigan Forty."

Selling Expense Practically Abolished

We take some credit to ourselves for this unusual saving.

But our Ten Thousand Retail Dealers, members of a wonderful Selling Organization, were mainly responsible. It was their readiness to push "Michigan" cars that allowed us to wonderfully reduce selling expense.

They save us (and you) the expense of establishing branch houses
—the expense of giving to automobile agents extra discounts
—the expense of maintaining special racing equipment and high-salaried drivers
—the expense of recruiting, equipping and supporting a large number of expensive road salesmen.

These manifold economies enable us to sell the "Michigan Forty" at hundreds of dollars below what it would cost you, were it marketed in the usual way. (It can cost more to market automobiles than to make them.)

Our Fortunate Position

In 1909, when we began building motor cars, we had been in the manufacturing business 28 years. We were then, and are today, one of the world's largest makers of pleasure vehicles.

We entered the automobile field with a wealth of manufacturing experience. We had the factory and office equipment to produce the goods. It was but a matter of paying the price to get the best automobile designers and engineers in the country.

But our greatest asset was the Retail Selling Organization which, during these 28 years, we had perfected. *Ten Thousand Live Retail Agents!* They constitute one of the most magnificent distribution machines in the world.

These 10,000 agents knew the excellence of our goods. So, when we announced to them our first season's output of motor cars, they promptly bought all we could make. Thus, for *distribution* which otherwise must have cost a fortune, we paid *not one cent.*

And so it has been ever since. Each season our regular agents oversubscribe our output. Notwithstanding that we are building 10 times as many machines as we could build one year ago, our agents will take all we turn out.

The Masterpiece Car

No automobile manufacturer, with such a wonderfully inexpensive selling plan as ours, ever could feel the slightest temptation to skimp. His one thought would be Quality. He would put in all the Quality that his money could buy—and then determine the Selling Price.

That is exactly the way it has been with us. We built a perfect car, then figured what we had to get for it. The Mighty "Michigan Forty" is truly a *masterpiece*—possesses every grace, every improvement that master minds can produce.

Our dependable self-starter means freedom from lame backs and broken arms. Simply press the button and you are *on your way.*

Our long-stroke motor (4¼ x 5¼ inches) assures abundant power. With it you can take *any* hill in *any* weather—*with a car full of people.* All valves are enclosed. Motor is absolutely silent. Three-bearing crankshaft type.

Demountable rims do away with delays from punctures.

116-in. wheel base and 34 x 4-in. tires make rough roads smooth.

A large, roomy body and most comfortable upholstering insures luxurious ease and comfort.

Stylish nickel trimmings, that do not tarnish, save the cost and trouble of polishing brass.

The "Michigan Forty" bespeaks its own beauty and style. One need but inspect this magnificent car (or the new "Michigan" Catalog) to see that it is perfect in its every specification.

The "Michigan" Self-Starter

We have tried out nearly every self-starter made.

The one self-starter that our engineers found entirely practical we have approved for use on the "Michigan Forty."

It is a *real* self-starter.

Nothing complicated. Very light—and thoroughly dependable. We gave it thousands of tests under all sorts of conditions, and it proved itself absolutely efficient.

And we do not charge for this equipment as an expensive extra. It all goes in free—with the car.

Avoid This Common Mistake

Most every man, when buying his first car, buys Price. The machine itself is of secondary consideration. To the beginner all cars look alike.

But "experience is a great teacher." For when this same man buys his *second* car the paramount issue is Value—Value and Power. Moral: Buy your second car first—the Mighty "Michigan Forty."

5 New "Michigan" Models

Model "K"—40 Horsepower, Self-starting, 5-Passenger Fore-door Touring Car. 116-in. wheel base, extra large roomy seats, inside control. Dual ignition system with Briggs Guaranteed Magneto. Cylinders 4¼-in. bore, 5¼-in. stroke. Three bearing crankshaft. Enclosed valves and dust-proof motor, absolutely silent in operation. Nickel trimmings. 34 x 4-in. tires and demountable rims. Price $1500.

Model "M"—40 Horsepower Roadster, built on same chassis as Model "K" Touring Car—same style, same finish. A two-seated business or suburban car with 40-gallon gasoline capacity. Speed 70 miles per hour. Equipment same as Model "K." Price $1500.

We also build three machines of 33 horsepower: Our model "H" Torpedo Touring Car, Model "E" regular Fore-Door Touring Car and Model "D" Roadster.

All models are sold equipped with magneto, 5 lamps, generator, horn and all tools.

Write for Catalog

Ask our agent in your town for our beautiful 1912 catalog, which describes each integral part of "Michigan" cars. Or write us today and we shall be pleased to mail it to you. The coupon is for your convenience. (67)

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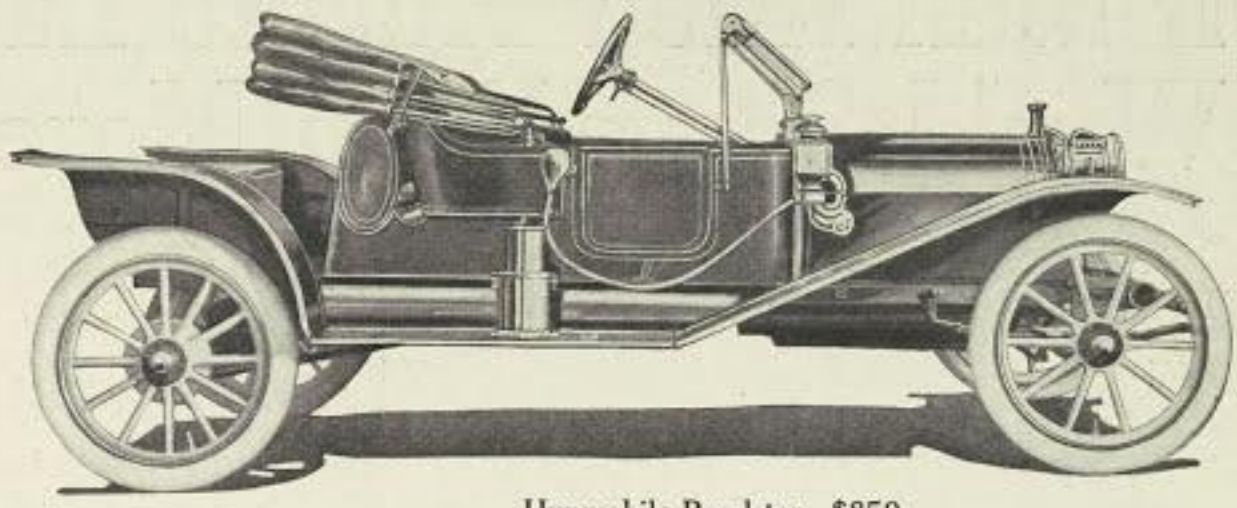
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Public demand produced this Roadster



Hupmobile Roadster—$850

F. O. B. Detroit, including complete equipment of top, windshield, gas headlights and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. 110 inch wheelbase; two passenger body, with gasoline tank and highly finished steel tool and accessory box mounted on rear deck. Ample room for baggage and extra tires. Four cylinders, 20 H.P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto.



Hupmobile



YOU can thank the insistence of the motor-buying public for this new Hupmobile Roadster.

Newspaper reports of the impressive performances of the World-Touring Hupmobile have had a three-fold effect.

They have stimulated, everywhere, the always-extraordinary demand for the Hupmobile Touring Car and the Hupmobile Runabout.

And, in addition, they have given rise to a new demand; which has voiced itself in a persistent call, from all parts of the country, for a Hupmobile Roadster with the same chassis and the longer wheelbase of the globe-girdling car.

The achievements of the World-Touring Car—which is winning new honors at this writing in far-off India—have fired the public imagination; and advocates of the Roadster, everywhere, have urged our dealers to give them a Hupmobile of that type.

So, here you have it—a Roadster with the specifications which have proven so marvelously efficient in the 25,000 miles of land travel credited to the Hupmobile Touring Car since it left Detroit last November; and the thousands of touring cars in use in all parts of the world.

Having its two seats midway between front and rear axles, and with the flexible springs and long wheelbase of the touring car, the Roadster is a particularly easy-riding car. Thus it is especially fitted for road work.

Its power plant and other mechanical features are identical with those which have given the Hupmobile its high reputation for durability, long life and efficiency; and you can see for yourself that it is one of the most beautiful members of the notable Hupmobile line.

The tool box on the rear deck can be removed, affording an extra large carrying space for the individual requirements of owners for touring or for commercial purposes.

We have produced a new portfolio picturing the trip of the World-Touring Car, with views of Australia, New Zealand, India, the Philippines, China, Japan and other countries, which is like a miniature edition of the Travels of Burton Holmes or Frank Carpenter.

Use the coupon and secure a copy of the first edition, which is now ready.

Hupp Motor Car Co., 1229 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Hupmobile World-Tour

The World-Touring Hupmobile left Detroit last November.

It is now in India.

It has traveled some 25,000 miles on land, under its own power.

It has crossed the United States; toured the Hawaiian Islands and climbed to the smoking crater of the volcano Kilauea.

It has penetrated the Philippine wilderness, going where no other car has ever ventured; it has climbed the steepest mountain slopes of Australia and New Zealand.

It was one of the very first cars to attempt an extended tour of mountainous Japan.

It has gone to China.

No other car has ever attempted a trip of the severity or duration of this tour.

Before the Hupmobile's return to Detroit early in 1912 it will have visited North Africa and Egypt and toured the continent of Europe.

The pictures reproduced on this page give the merest glimpse of some of the difficulties from which the Hupmobile has emerged triumphant.

Many more, as interesting as these, are contained in the portfolio covering the Oriental section of the tour.



Hupp Motor Car Co.
1229 Jefferson Ave.
Detroit, Michigan

Mail me your portfolio, "The Conquest of the Orient."

Name_____

Address_____

If Men Knew How to Lather, They Would Shave With More Comfort

THE action of lather on the beard is a ***double*** one.

First—the natural oil which covers each hair is removed by the soap.

Second—the water is thus enabled to get to the hair, ***moistening*** and ***softening*** it.



Stick
Moisten the beard with the wet brush, rub stick over face, work up lather with brush.

A certain amount of ***friction*** aids the lather in the performance of its duty.

Too much friction irritates the skin and causes that smarting sensation for which soap or razor is often blamed.

It follows that the method of lathering which most thoroughly penetrates the oil-covered hairs, with the least amount of rubbing, is not only the ***quickest*** but the most ***comfortable.***

Mixing the lather in a ***cup*** and then spreading it over the face does not properly soften the beard. That mussy but frequent habit of rubbing in the lather with the fingers must then be resorted to.

And rubbing in means not only skin irritation, but ***a waste of time.***

It is logical that the ***proper*** place to mix the lather is ***on the face,*** where every motion of the brush not only works ***up*** the lather, but also works it ***in.*** With this method it is unnecessary to touch face or lather with the fingers, and, without a wasted motion or a wasted moment, you obtain a thoroughly softening lather.

In Colgate's Lather—Stick, Powder or Cream—you find the ***fullest perfection of lather.*** And you have your choice of the three methods. Use whichever you prefer—the result is always the same—a perfect lather.



Cream
Squeeze a little cream into the wet brush or on the face and work up lather with the brush.

For cleanliness, convenience and comfort Colgate's Lather sets a new standard for simplified and sanitary shaving.

From the first motion of lathering, the beard is softened as the plentiful, soothing lather rises under the brush.

No rubbing in with the fingers is necessary. The face after shaving has a cool, comfortable feeling. Owing to its remarkable freedom from uncombined alkali Colgate's Lather prevents the "smart" you used to dread.



Powder
Shake a little powder on the wet brush and work up lather on face.

Analyses by eminent chemists have proved that Colgate's Lather is antiseptic.

A trial package of Stick, Powder or Cream will be sent on receipt of four cents in stamps. Address Colgate & Co., Dept. P, 199 Fulton Street, New York.

Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap

COLGATE'S
STICK-POWDER-CREAM

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

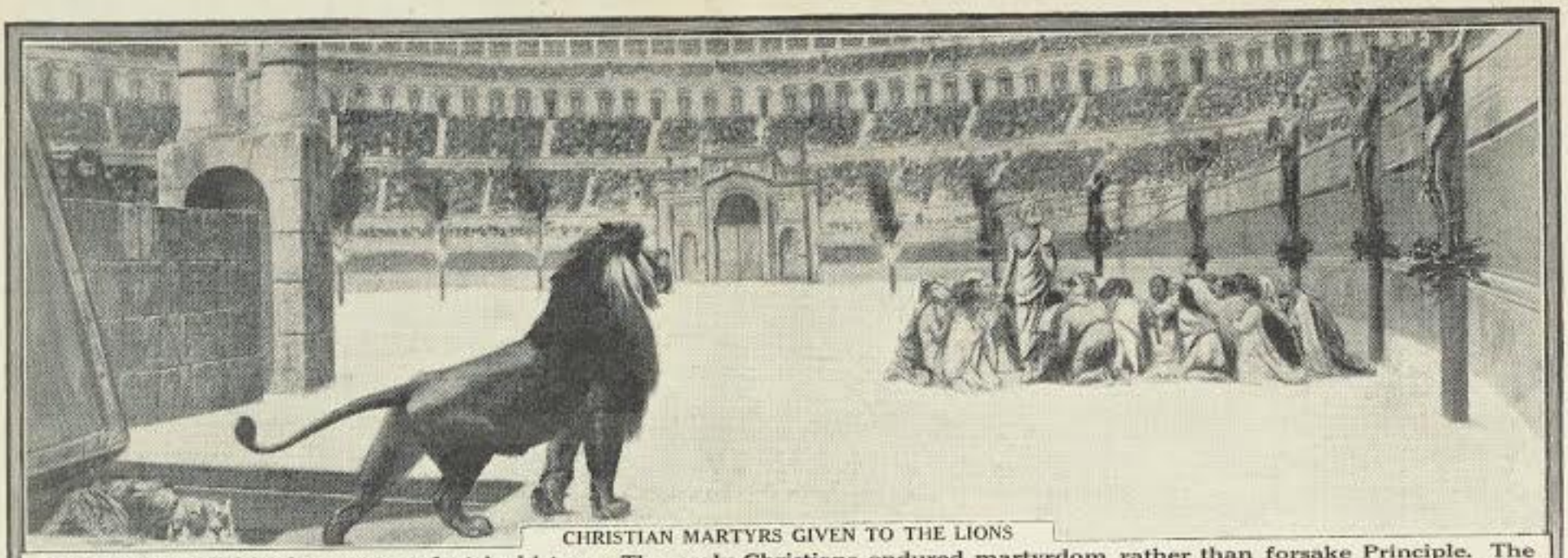
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An Illustrated Weekly
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DEC. 2, 1911 5c. THE COPY



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



CHRISTIAN MARTYRS GIVEN TO THE LIONS

CHRISTIANITY is the greatest fact in history. The early Christians endured martyrdom rather than forsake Principle. The picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, depicts 87,000 people assembled in the Coliseum at Rome to witness the Christians given to the lions. In such a scene may be read the inevitable doom of the Empire that ruled the world. The blood of the Martyrs is the seed from which Christian civilization sprang. If you would know the history of mankind—every sacrifice for principle, every struggle for liberty, every conflict and every achievement, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time—then embrace this splendid opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication,

Ridpath's History of the World

SATURDAY EVENING POST READERS have shown wonderful appreciation of our remarkable offer on this great history. We have shipped this splendid work to delighted readers living in every state of the Union, and to the far away islands of the sea. Over 200,000 sets of this monumental work have been sold in the past twenty years and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We offer the remaining sets of the last edition brand new, down to date, beautifully bound in half Morocco, to SATURDAY EVENING POST READERS at such a low price and easy terms as to bring this great work within the reach of all.

Never Again Such a Book Bargain as This!

We will **name our price** and easy terms only in **direct letters** to those **sending the Coupon** below. **Tear off the Coupon,** write **name** and **address** plainly and **mail now before you forget it.** Dr. Ridpath is dead, his work is done, but his widow derives her income from his History, and **to print our price broadcast** for the sake of more quickly selling these sets would cause **great injury to future sales. Send Coupon Today.**

President McKinley said: "I am familiar with the merits of Ridpath's History of the World, and cordially commend it to the scholar as well as to the plain people generally."

President Warren, Boston University, said: "I should be glad to see it placed in the library of every young person in the United States. In families where there are bright children it will render excellent service to the cause of popular intelligence."

Superintendent Long, Public Schools, St. Louis, said: "I unhesitatingly commend Dr. Ridpath's History of the World as the ablest work on that subject which I have ever examined."

Hon. Wm. J. Bryan said: "Dr. Ridpath's History of the World is a lasting monument to the author's intelligence and industry. It is thorough and comprehensive and will be a permanent help to an increasing number as a reference library."

The Boston Post said: "John Clark Ridpath is above all things an historian. His historical works are accepted as standards in schools and colleges, as well as in business houses and homes. His style is simple, his manner charming."



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RIDPATH'S enviable position as an historian is due to his wonderfully beautiful style, a style no other historian has ever equalled. He pictures the great historical events as though they were happening before your eyes; he carries you with him to see the battles of old; to meet kings and queens and warriors; to sit in the Roman Senate; to march against Saladin and his dark-skinned followers; to sail the southern seas with Drake; to circumnavigate the globe with Magellan; to watch that thin line of Greek spearmen work havoc with the Persian hordes on the field of Marathon; to know Napoleon as you know Roosevelt.

RIDPATH in your home means you need never spend a lonely evening. You can associate with the world's heroes; you can cross the Rubicon with **Caesar,** after which Rome was free no more. You can sit at the feet of **Socrates,** the loftiest genius of the ancient world. You can kneel at the shrine of **Lincoln,** "the greatest character of all time; the gentlest memory of our world." It is ennobling to commune with these children of destiny. To be associated with great men and events is to be great one's self, and you will add to your store of knowledge, which is power, and to the richness of your life.

RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylonia's wealth and luxury; of Grecian and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers **every race, every nation, every time,** and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

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12
2-13

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION
H. E. SEVER, President
140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago

Please mail, without cost to me, your 46-page sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth, engravings of Socrates, Caesar and Shakespeare, diagram of Panama Canal, and write me full particulars of your special offer to **The Saturday Evening Post** readers.

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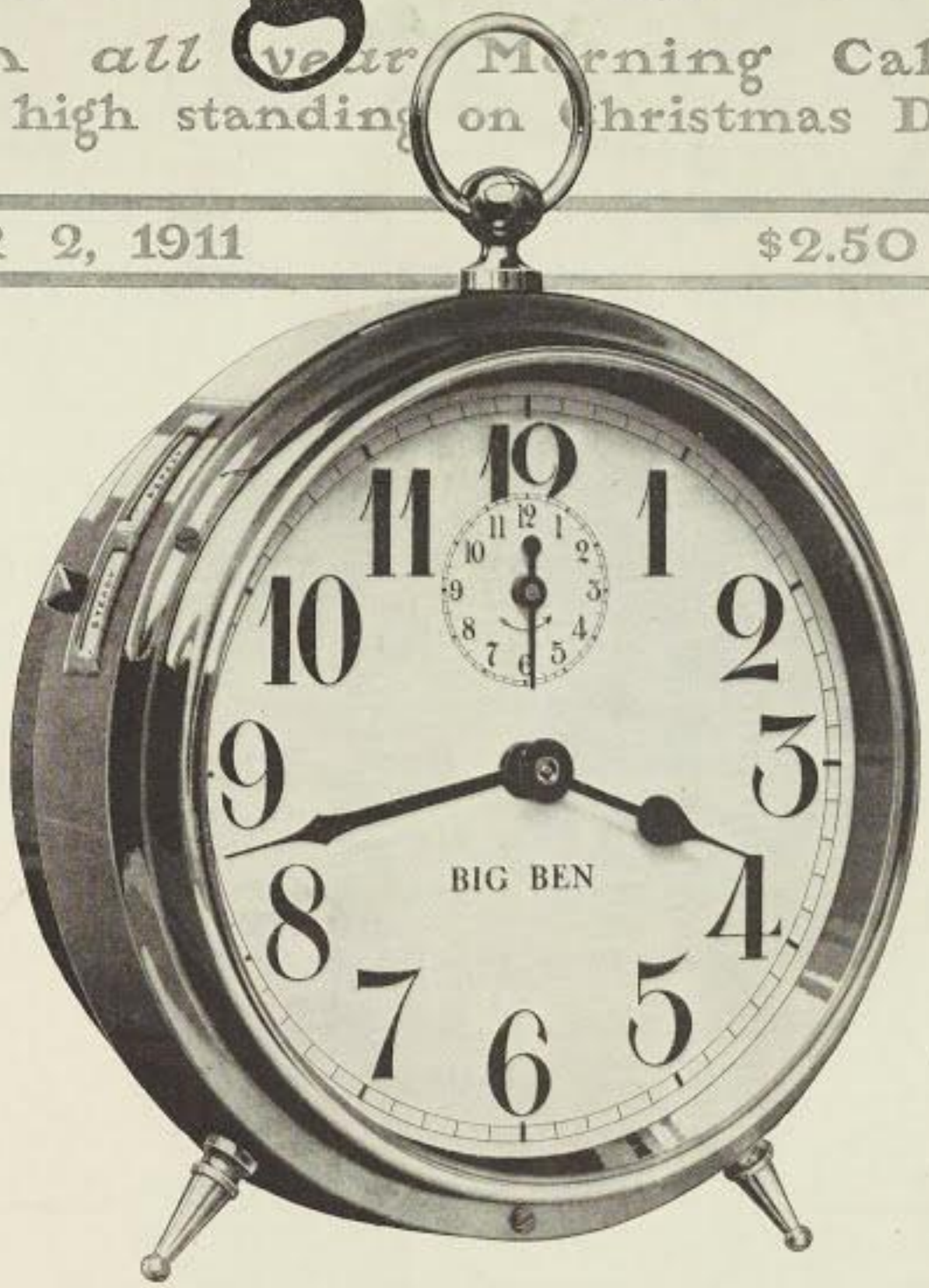
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Big Ben

An *all year* Morning Call,-
in high standing on Christmas Day

DECEMBER 2, 1911 $2.50 THE COPY



Fir from the mountains and holly from the glen
Toys for the children and for grown ups Big Ben

THERE'S a ring of welcome in Big Ben's morning call—there's lifelike service in his punctual greeting.

There's a glow of frankness in his big, clean cut face—there's sturdy comfort in his large winding keys.

There's a pledge of long health in his strong, well set build—and there's heartfelt wishing in the jolly tidings "Merry Christmas—here is Big Ben—may he wish you many of them!"

So drop in at your jeweler's—sneak him in while *they* sleep—let him wake them on Christmas Day.—He's as good to look at as he's pleasing to hear and he calls every day at any time he says.

Big Ben comes attractively boxed, ready for reshipment.—A community of clockmakers stands back of him—*Westclox, La Salle, Illinois.*—If you cannot find him at your jeweler's, a money order addressed to them will bring him to you express charges prepaid.

$2.50

Sold by Jewelers only. Three Dollars in Canada.



This is the time of year when most youngsters suffer from chapped hands and rough skins.

It is easy to understand why.

The average American boy is full of life. He is always doing something or going somewhere. He will wash his hands and face—when you tell him. But he is apt to waste very little time in drying them.

That is what causes all the trouble—that and the use of soaps containing "free" alkali.

You should use a pure, mild soap—Ivory Soap. You should see, also, that, in winter, the younger members of your family thoroughly dry their hands and faces before venturing out of doors.

For bath, toilet and fine laundry purposes, Ivory Soap is in a class by itself. It contains no "free" alkali. It floats. It is pure. It lathers freely, rinses easily and leaves the skin soft, sweet, smooth and exquisitely clean.

Ivory Soap . . . . . 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure

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HOW KANSAS DROVE OUT A SET OF THIEVES



By Will Payne

NOT less than a hundred million dollars, in the opinion of those most competent to judge, is stolen from the people in this country every year by the sale of fake and wildcat "securities." The Post-Office Department puts the sum rather higher. Virtually every one of the swindling concerns that prey upon ignorance and credulity to this staggering extent is "duly incorporated" and possesses a charter under the great seal of some sovereign state, qualifying it to go out and rob as many suckers as it can find.

Though nearly every state and territory, with the greatest good nature in the world, will incorporate any sort of rank swindle that comes along, only one state, so far as I know, seriously attempts to protect its citizens from these stock-peddling pirates.

In every state, of course, a purchaser of fake stock may sue for the recovery of his money—which is about as satisfactory as the privilege of suing a pickpocket for the recovery of your watch. There are also general statutes against obtaining money under false pretenses; but nine times out of ten the fake stock scheme is framed up with sufficient ingenuity to make conviction extremely doubtful, and almost always the victim simply pockets his loss. Generally speaking, it's as safe as taking candy from unprotected infants.

With the exception that I am about to describe, the Post-Office Department is the only effectual barrier between credulous people with money to lose and harpies with wildcat stocks to sell. If the fraud involves use of the mails, and a complaint is made to the Post-Office Department, prosecution will follow—and most of the prosecutions end in conviction; but, unless the fraud does involve use of the mails, the Department has no power to intervene; and in any event it cannot intervene until the swindling operation is actually under way—which almost always means not until a great many people have lost their money.

A state official recently remarked: "Of course ninety-nine per cent of the mining companies that go round peddling stock are either rank frauds or mere wildcat prospects in which the investor is pretty certain to lose his money. Every intelligent person knows that; but if people are foolish enough to buy such stuff I don't see how you are going to keep them from doing it."

That is the prevailing view. It is, of course, exactly equivalent to saying: "Why, if a merchant is silly enough to take a counterfeit bill let him stand the loss. Why should we try to protect him by passing laws to prevent counterfeiting? If a bank teller doesn't know any better than to pay a forged check why should the state try to save him from the consequences of his own blundering?"

In Kansas they have taken an entirely different view of this fake stock swindle. They have not only done something about it, but have virtually stopped it so far as the limited power of any single state can accomplish that end.

The credit for this Kansas innovation belongs mainly to J. N. Dolley, state bank commissioner. Mr. Dolley stands, I should judge, rather better than six feet and possesses an adequate chest development. His shoulders are as big with his coat off—and it is rather apt to be off in business hours—as with it on. He has a chin. No person with any skill in reading physiognomy would pick him out as a promising subject with whom to stir up gratuitous trouble.

"Why, I had been in the banking business here in Kansas a good many years before I became bank commissioner," he explained when I asked him about the genesis of the Blue Sky Law. "Every now and then I would hear of one of these swindles—that somebody had lost his money through buying stock in a fake mine, or in a Central American plantation that was nine parts imagination, or in some wonderful investment company that was going to pay forty per cent dividends. Sometimes I knew the man or woman who had been swindled. Of course I thought it was an outrage, but I don't know as it occurred to me then that there was any way to stop it.

"After I was appointed bank commissioner I heard more reports and complaints of fake stock swindles than ever. The banks hear of such cases because usually the victim draws money out of a bank to buy his wildcat mining shares or his stock in a lunar oil company, or whatever it may be. Kansas has been prosperous of late years, you know; the people have accumulated money. If you go back fifteen years you will see that all the state banks in Kansas then held less than fourteen million dollars of the people's deposits. Now they hold ninety millions and the national banks of the state sixty millions. That's fat picking.

"So reports of these stock swindles drifted in to me. I received complaints and inquiries direct from people who had been swindled, wanting me to look up the company and see if they couldn't get their money back—after they had parted with the money! An old farmer I used to know came up to Topeka to see me. He'd sold his Kansas farm and had the money in the bank. A couple of smooth gentlemen came along and persuaded him to invest the money in developing a magnificent tract in New Mexico that was just about to be irrigated. He invested; and, after waiting patiently a good many months for the promised returns, he came up to see me. I advised him to invest some more money in a railroad ticket and go down and look at his land personally. He did go down there. He got off at the railroad station that was to be their shipping point and walked half a day through the sagebrush, and then climbed some bare, mountainous hills until his wind gave out. The land he'd invested in was still higher up. The only way to irrigate it would be from the moon. That was only one instance out of a good many. There was no law to reach the sharks—except, of course, that a man might sue them or prosecute them for getting money under false pretenses; but a man couldn't do either until after he had lost his money. So far as the law went there seemed nothing to do by way of protecting him from losing his money; but I made up my mind I'd do something."

I may mention here that doing something in this connection was no part of the official duty of the state bank commissioner. So far as law and custom went his duties consisted in supervising the state banks. There are—or were at the date of the last annual report—eight hundred and sixty-two of them scattered throughout the state, holding a hundred and twenty-five million dollars of assets. To supervise them under the law is a fairly full-sized man's job. I may also mention that Kansas does not specially encourage her bank commissioner to go outside of his official duties for the purpose of discovering extra burdens to assume, for she pays him only the very modest salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. Mr. Dolley did not touch upon these phases of the situation. Evidently, however, there is a well-defined theory at Topeka

that, as regards banking, the grand duty of the state government is to protect depositors rather than merely to make things pleasant for bankers; and the systematic raids by stock-sharks upon the state's fat bank deposits might be considered a matter in which the state bank department could properly interest itself.

"I started an investigation, as best I could, into this fake and wildcat stock-selling," Mr. Dolley continued, "by inquiries from this office and through the bank examiners who visit every town in the state. I concluded that there must be at least five hundred agents in Kansas selling wildcat stocks. A large majority of them seemed to make that their regular business. Some of them had been at it for years. I believe they were getting anywhere from three to five million dollars a year out of the people of this state; and I am certain that at least ninety-five per cent of all the money put in those stocks was irretrievably lost.

"These fellows had become experts at the business. They had a regular system. They watched real-estate transfers; and if a man sold his farm they were right after him. They kept an eye on probate courts; and if anybody that might prove an easy mark inherited money they were on the spot with some gilt-edge investment yielding anywhere from twenty to a hundred per cent a year. They were always on the lookout for farmers with ready money in the bank; but about their best hold was life insurance, especially fraternal life insurance and the smaller policies—one, two, three or five thousand dollars."

The Wiles of the Agents

"A GREAT many men carry such insurance in some lodge or mutual association—farmers, workmen, small tradesmen, and so on. The life-insurance money is enough to tide over the crisis in the family's affairs that is caused by the breadwinner's death; it gives the widow ready cash to meet debts, pay expenses and support herself and the children for a while. As a rule, the widow has no business experience, has never earned a living, and is more or less bewildered and terrified by the prospect ahead of her; but just about the time the life-insurance money is paid over—and these fellows are so well up in the game they can calculate it to a day—Mr. Agent drops in.

"'You have two thousand dollars,' he says. 'The bank will pay you three per cent interest, or sixty dollars a year. Of course that will do you no good. You will have to live on the principal and in a couple of years it will be gone; but here is a perfectly safe investment that will pay you thirty-five per cent a year. That will give you a sure yearly income of seven hundred dollars. You and the children can live on that quite comfortably!' And in scores and scores of cases he got the money. Do you think the state ought to stand for that?" Mr. Dolley inquired.

The bank commissioner himself didn't think so. On his own initiative he began investigating such stock-peddling concerns as he could hear of. A year ago last April he sent to every newspaper in the state a circular letter as follows:

To the Editor: As you perhaps know, I have established a department in the bank commissioner's office to protect the people of Kansas from fakers with worthless stock to sell. I give you below a small item concerning the matter, which I hope you may be able to use in your paper. I have no funds for advertising purposes; and the only way I can get this information before the people is through the generosity of the Kansas press. Thanking you for whatever you may do, I am ——

The small item read:

TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS

TOPEKA, April 9, 1910.

The State Banking Department has established a bureau for the purpose of giving information as to the financial standing of companies whose stock is offered for sale to the people of Kansas. If you are offered any stock and want information as to the financial standing of the company offering the same, before investing, please write to this department and I will furnish it.

J. N. DOLLEY, State Bank Commissioner.

The newspapers very generally printed this item. Many of them supplemented it with advice and warning of their own. Inquiries regarding stock-selling concerns poured into the commissioner's office and the fake stock industry in Kansas thereby suffered some check; but the commissioner had no legal authority whatever to require a statement of any kind from a concern that was selling stock in the state, and no power to stop the sale of the stock, however rotten it might be.

As fast as he got names and addresses of stock-selling concerns he wrote to them, asking for a detailed statement of financial condition, property owned, plan of operation, and so on; concluding by saying that, unless a satisfactory statement were forthcoming within a reasonable time, he should feel obliged to advise all inquirers not, under any circumstances, to buy the concern's stock.

Many companies replied and furnished statements; but they could make the statement in any form they pleased—touching very lightly or entirely ignoring such points as they did not care to have the commissioner scrutinize. Others failed to reply and there was no way of compelling them to do so. In addition to inquiries of the companies themselves, the commissioner wrote to banks, commercial agencies and other sources that seemed likely to be in possession of useful information; but he still stood, so to speak, on a level footing with the fake stock-seller. The law gave him no advantage. If he could persuade a citizen not to buy a worthless stock, well and good. If an eloquent agent could persuade the citizen to buy it the commissioner was helpless.

In his report for 1910 Commissioner Dolley called attention to the wildcat stock industry and urged the passage of a law to stop it.

The legislature took up the subject at its last session and in March passed the Blue Sky Law—so nicknamed because it is designed to prevent the swindling of people through sales of "securities" that are based mostly upon atmosphere.

State and national banks, trust companies, real-estate mortgage companies, building and loan associations and corporations not organized for profit are exempt from this law—as there are other statutes governing them.

Every other corporation or company, whether organized in Kansas or elsewhere, that sells or negotiates for the sale of any stocks, bonds or other securities of any kind—except Government, state or municipal bonds—is brought within the scope of the act. Before offering any stock, bond or security for sale in Kansas it must file with the bank commissioner a statement in complete detail, in the form prescribed by him, giving an itemized exhibit of its financial condition, assets, liabilities, description of property owned, the plan upon which it proposes to do business, a copy of its charter, by-laws, and of all contracts that it proposes to make with its contributors—"and such other information regarding its affairs as said bank commissioner may require"—all to be verified by the oath of a responsible officer of the company.

"And if said bank commissioner shall deem it advisable he shall make or have made a detailed examination of such company's affairs, which examination shall be at the expense of the company. . . . And all such companies shall be subject to examination by the bank commissioner or his deputies at any time the bank commissioner may deem it advisable, in the same manner as now provided in the case of state banks." The company must, moreover, make a detailed statement of its condition to the bank examiner twice a year after being admitted to do business in the state, or oftener if he requires it.

Some Provisions of the Act

HAVING before him all the information he requires, and having decided that the company is legitimate, solvent and operating upon a plan that is fair and equitable to all classes of security-holders, the commissioner shall then decide whether its operations "in his judgment promise a fair return on the stocks, bonds and other securities by it offered for sale." If his judgment is favorable he then issues to the company a revocable license to sell its securities in Kansas.

The company may then appoint one or more agents to sell its stock or bonds; but the agent also must procure a license from the bank examiner, "subject to revocation at any time by the bank commissioner for cause appearing to him sufficient."

Section XII provides that: "Any person who shall knowingly subscribe to or make or cause to be made any false statement or false entry in any book of such company, or make or publish any false statement of the financial condition of such company or the stocks, bonds or other securities by it offered for sale, shall be deemed guilty of felony; and upon conviction thereof shall be fined not less than two hundred dollars nor more than ten thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned for not less than one year nor more than ten years in the state penitentiary."

Section XIII says that any agent who attempts to sell the stocks, bonds or other securities of a company that has not complied with the act, or any agent who attempts to sell stock or bonds without having received a license from the bank examiner, shall be fined not more than five hundred dollars or imprisoned in the county jail not more than ninety days, or both.

The Blue Sky Act, in short, is a real law with real teeth in it. As soon as the act was passed, Commissioner Dolley instructed his bank examiners, who are continually traveling about the state, to keep a lookout everywhere for "investment agents." He also requested the eight hundred-and-odd state banks of Kansas to report any stock-peddling operations of which they might learn. "If you hear of anybody offering any stock for sale," he wrote, "find out whether he has a state license. If he hasn't wire me and I will send an officer after him on the first train."

Usually banks do hear of any stock-peddling operations that are going on in their localities, for the cash to pay for the stock comes out of a bank in one way or another. Naturally no banker likes to see money drawn out of his institution and put into a wildcat investment where neither he nor anybody else thereabout will ever see it again. Consequently the banks form an excellent detective force for the enforcement of the law; and the passage of the act was immediately followed by a great clearing out of wildcat concerns and their stock-peddling agents.

The law, it will be noticed, is very broad, so that perfectly legitimate enterprises fall within its scope. It would include, for example, the offering of stock in a manufacturing concern that was entirely solvent and reputable. The legitimate concern has only to comply with the act—file its detailed statement with the bank commissioner, show who its directors are, and so on—to receive a license.

The law went into effect March 15, 1911; and some idea of the extent of the fraud at which it was aimed may be gathered from the fact that within six months the bank commissioner received more than five hundred applications to sell stocks or bonds in Kansas—and out of about five hundred and fifty applications he approved just forty-four! No doubt the most outrageous schemes simply withdrew from the state without any attempt to get a license; so that the five-hundred-and-odd that did apply and were rejected represent, so to speak, the upper crust or the more plausible of the Blue Sky fraternity.

A Simple Way to Call a Bluff

BEARING that probability in mind, the rejected applications on file in the commissioner's office are really amazing. They show, more graphically than anything else I know of, with what sublime assurance ingenious gentlemen go out after the money of suckers in exchange for stock engravings; in fact, the astonishing tolerance of the law toward this form of fraud has elevated it into a sort of respectability. It has become a kind of vested interest. Apparently some of the people engaged in it think they have an inalienable constitutional right to sell worthless "securities"; and they resent any interference with their operations as an act of tyranny and oppression.

For example, soon after the law was passed two well-dressed, prosperous-looking gentlemen, who made their headquarters at Topeka, waited in person upon the bank commissioner. They were surprised and rather indignant because an application to sell stock in which they were interested had been peremptorily rejected. They thought the commissioner must be mistaken as to the sort of gentlemen he was dealing with; they had good clothes, jewelry and money in the bank; were well acquainted with various substantial and more or less leading citizens; could furnish references. When they had stated their case the following colloquy occurred:

"How long have you been selling stocks round here?"

"Seven years."

"You must have sold stocks in that time to a good many people."

"Oh, yes; a great many."

"Good! I'll give you two dollars a head for all the people you will bring to my desk who ever bought stock of any kind from you and got back as much as five per cent of their money!"

Whereupon the prosperous agents faded away.

Coming back to the applications, a majority, it is hardly necessary to say, are from mining concerns. Undoubtedly people will fall more readily for a fake or wildcat mining stock than for any other variety. Nothing but bitter experience, it seems, will convince them that any mine, anywhere on earth, which is in such a state of development that large dividends are assured doesn't need to go about peddling its stock at a discount, any more than a man with a pocketful of five-dollar goldpieces needs to stand on a street corner beseeching passers-by to purchase them at four dollars apiece.

Next in number, perhaps, come oil companies—and there is a remarkable assortment of irrigation schemes, plantations in Mexico, Central and South America, transportation enterprises and what not; in fact, the undertakings described in these applications dot the Western Hemisphere from the Equator to the Arctic Circle. In running them to earth, Commissioner Dolley has written to every state in the Union, to the State Department at Washington and to foreign Governments. In some cases the accumulated documents make a pile an inch thick.



For example, here is the case of a corporation with a high-sounding title, duly incorporated under the laws of a sovereign state, as a copy of its charter, adorned with the state's great seal, duly attests. Headquarters of the concern for stock-selling purposes, however, are at Chicago, a thousand miles from the place of incorporation. A beautifully typewritten letter from the president, on fine linen paper, sets forth that the company is engaged in developing and marketing a tract of one hundred and twenty-five thousand acres of fruit land in Central America specially adapted to banana culture. It has a contract on the land from the Central American Government, under which it receives title direct from the Government on payment of two dollars and a half an acre; but similar land, with a little additional improvement, sells readily at twenty dollars an acre. The company is offering five hundred thousand dollars of its treasury stock. With the proceeds it will take title to the land and make judicious improvements. The land may then be sold at twenty dollars an acre or it may be held and cultivated, in which case handsome profits are certain. Any purchaser of the company's stock may turn in his shares and receive a clear title to an equivalent amount of land at the original price of two dollars and a half an acre, plus cost of improvements made by the company; or he may keep the stock as an investment and participate in the company's profits.

Attached to the letter are certified copies of the charter and by-laws; a handsomely engraved stock certificate on bond paper that looks quite like a Government bond; reports as to the character of the land. There are also references and a quite imposing list of directors.

All this looks very plausible. One trouble with it is, it looks too plausible. Why should gentlemen who can buy land for two dollars and a half an acre and very soon sell it for twenty dollars be coming out to Kansas in order to raise the necessary capital in one-hundred-dollar and two-hundred-dollar lots, incidentally paying a large commission to stock-peddling agents? The commissioner begins to investigate. He doesn't get anything in particular "on" the men at the head of the concern. The land is undoubtedly there, and from the best information obtainable it seems to be very good land, quite suitable for fruit culture and capable, under proper management, of returning good profits. The commissioner continues to investigate, however, and discovers that the Central American Government has repudiated the entire contract upon which the scheme is based. At best, the purchaser of stock would be buying a dubious lawsuit or an equally dubious diplomatic negotiation. He writes "No" upon the application in large, firm letters.

Here is an application from a corporation that proposes to build a railroad through a section of the United States that is now without transportation facilities, but that promises to develop an enormous traffic. My notes, I find, are a bit blurred, so I cannot tell how many ciphers there are in the capitalization; but a few ciphers more or less are immaterial. This, of course, is frankly a "prospect." The corporation doesn't pretend it has any railroad now. So the first question is as to the character of the men behind the undertaking. The commissioner begins inquiring; and it presently appears that one man, though he doesn't figure so prominently on the letterheads as some others, is really the guiding spirit.

Now, fortunately, any man engaged in this stock-vending industry must leave some sort of trail. He can't say: "My name is Smith and I just alighted from the moon." If he is a man of standing, as he claims to be, he must have come from somewhere, and at that somewhere he must have left a record and have told people where he came from before that. So the commissioner patiently followed up the arch-promoter's trail and discovered that, within nine months of the time he launched this imposing transportation project, he had jumped a sixty-dollar board-bill. A little farther back he appeared as the defaulting borrower of small sums. Derogatory letters from the trail showered in upon the commissioner. A country banker in a state far from Kansas, whose experience with the promoter was some four years old, wrote feelingly: "All the common honesty in his composition could be put in the hull of a mustard seed."

This personal trail is one of the chief reliances in running down fake stock schemes. Other standard sources of information are the commercial agencies and the banks; but it is a fact that a great number of banks are scandalously good-natured in lending countenance to stock-selling projects which every banker must know are disreputable. It looks as though the average banker cannot find it in his heart to think ill of a man who deposits money with him. He may not, and probably will not, actually indorse the scheme; but often he will write a letter saying that Mr. So-and-So has done business with the bank for such and such a length of time, has always met his obligations promptly and the bank's relations with him have been highly satisfactory—or something of that sort, which the average sucker will regard as tantamount to a bank indorsement of the stock project.

It is another melancholy fact that a great number of men who are considered respectable and responsible in the

(Continued on Page 71)

IN THE BIG DRIFT

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

IN EVERY standard Christmas story there ought to be a bachelor. For strong effects select an old, grouchy one, and let him suddenly be smitten with love of his fellowman to an extent that drives him to provide royal good-cheer for a homeless waif. To be sure, men over fifty years of age invariably prove tough subjects for conversion, being set and hardened in their ways; yet 'tis a pretty notion much favored of young persons, and we will believe well of everybody in this time of unselfish delight and general gorging.

To double-rivet the bachelor interest in this narrative I give you two of them. But they exhibit no such saccharin tenderness as the season induces in your customary hero.



"Oh, Well, Get Going, You!"

In the first place, their situation was different. Your bachelor friend invariably occupies luxurious apartments, attended by his man Smithers, and there are Scotch and soda and cigars on the sideboard. Whereas these two lived in a dugout, and would probably have been most respectful to Smithers and have called him "Mister," had they enjoyed his acquaintance.

This was in the year of the Big Drift which, again, was in the eighties. For twenty days Andy Ballew and Paint Murray sat prisoners in their dugout by Blanco and watched cattle go by. The stream never ceased, though it faltered. Now in driblets, now with a forward surge like a choking flood the hordes came down from the north, bellowing to a sullen sky. And all day the snow drove in long, stinging slants, and the wind blew, and it was so cold they could hear steady, strumming music of nights when the norther paused for breath.

It seemed to Andy that all the cattle in the world were headed south, turning tail to the storm kings. Thousands upon thousands of northern beeves went by. Andy bit his nails to see them escape him. He sallied out one afternoon in a vain effort to hold some, and returned much troubled in mind and rather awed.

"I reckon the bottom's done dropped out of the sky and we're done for," he told Murray. "Yes, sir; me and you we'd better get ready for our harps right now. Say, there was a bunch of Wineglass steers in that drift. Lord A'mighty! Why, they're up near Canada, that brand."

The grumblings of the marching cattle swelled regularly as waves on a beach. Twice after that did Ballew and Murray make attempts to cut off a portion. If they could hold a small herd in shelter until the storm died their fortunes were made. By heart-breaking feats of endurance they succeeded in driving twelve hundred head into Blanco Cañon and crowded them close under the lee of its wall. There they were out of the squalls and the snow sped over them. But the cold was deadly.

After five hours Murray jogged round to where Ballew stood guard. He opined that he would have to quit.

"Let's stick it out a li'l' while longer," Paint, said Ballew. "We've got twenty thousand dollars here."

An hour later, or perhaps two, Paint returned and began to describe extraordinary things he perceived in the heart of the herd. There was a big wolf there, running across the backs of the cattle; it had leered at him twice. Murray was in deadly earnest. He besought Andy to look closely and he would discern vast shapes, too, and waving arms. Moreover, something kept talking to Paint; it would whisper in his ear, and frequently cackled like a hen.

Ballew was becoming drowsy and indifferent and begged him to be reasonable and go back. Paint wheeled his dejected horse. A dozen yards and he tumbled to the ground. Ballew laughed uproariously. Suddenly grave, he said in a listless voice: "Oh, well, get going, you! I kind of figured you'd get away from us."

With that he drew back a few paces to give them an opening. At first the cattle stared stupidly at the two men—one sprawled on the snow, the other stolidly waiting fifty yards off. Then a big steer stepped forward with caution, as though to test their freedom. The others followed slowly, trailing out behind. Andy surveyed them without resentment. He was too worn to feel anything but a passive disgust with cattle and all things. When the snow had blotted them out he noted Murray lying on the ground, heaved him on to his horse and struggled back out of the cañon to the dugout.

Paint did not appear especially pleased when he was himself again. As they were washing the breakfast dishes the

next morning he said: "Why didn't you leave me there? I swan I'd have been better off."

Ballew answered: "Blamed if I ain't half sorry I didn't."

They had been cooped together too long and the strain was beginning to tell. Men cannot live isolated without inviting madness. Even whole barracks of soldiers will fall to fighting if rigidly held in. Ordinarily the duties of these two kept them apart the entire day and brought them back at night in tolerably good humor. They were sure to be wolfishly hungry. Also, somebody from headquarters would drop in on them at intervals. Thus they had got along fairly well until the storm broke. Their responsibilities were large. The western division was given to their keeping and the two line-riders had something over one hundred thousand acres to patrol. They had charge of all the cattle therein, and so each rode daily the boundaries of the range to mark the movement of any bunch and the condition of the herds.

This regular program was altered now. The cold forced them indoors and kept them there. Nothing could be done for the cattle while the norther raged in such violence, and they gambled with death in venturing a mile from camp. So they nursed their knees in the stuffy dugout and smoked until their brains reeled. Worse still, they were often silent, thinking.

Four days after their experience in the cañon Ballew exclaimed: "Why the devil cain't you get up when you're called? Chuck, I hollered."

Murray stuck his head out of the blankets long enough to retort: "I'll get up when I'm good and ready. You act like you're the boss. You cain't smear it on me. Go ahead and eat your fool head off. I'll get mine myself."

He turned over and went to sleep again. The other eyed the bunk from time to time as he moved about the room, but he made no further complaint, although Paint did not rise until almost noon.

There was one room only in the dugout, with a tiny lean-to for a kitchen. The pair had no stove, but a deep adobe fireplace gave warmth and they cooked in it with Dutch ovens and frying pans. Two sides of the room were given over to bunks. If they had nothing better to do Andy and Paint would make the beds fortnightly, or it might be weekly. The walls were of logs and the interstices were filled with clay, and the roof was so low that Ballew, who was a tall man, acquired a habit of stooping, although his head did not quite touch it. Coyote and wildcat skins hung wherever the wind betrayed a leak in the structure and there were Navajo blankets on the earth floor. One covered the single window, too, at night.

"Where's them playing cards?" asked Murray on an evening. The cattle were still going by and the wind blew a gale.

"I ain't seen 'em. You had 'em yourself."

Murray retorted that he bet Ballew had hidden the cards, and, even when he discovered them in his own bed, muttered that he would not put it past Ballew to have placed them there. Instead of asking his companion to join in a game he applied himself to solitaire. Ballew pretended that he did not hear his monolog and brought out from under his bunk an old violin. It was a blackened, villainous instrument, had only two strings and suffered grievously in tone from having been beaten on with sticks to obtain the effect of an orchestra. It took Andy a considerable time to tune up—he really was longer than necessary—the wretched fiddle whining dolefully. Murray stopped his play and watched him, holding one card suspended in his hand. He looked as if ready to spring. Despairing of getting harmony out of the two strings, Ballew threw back his head and began to yowl a song.

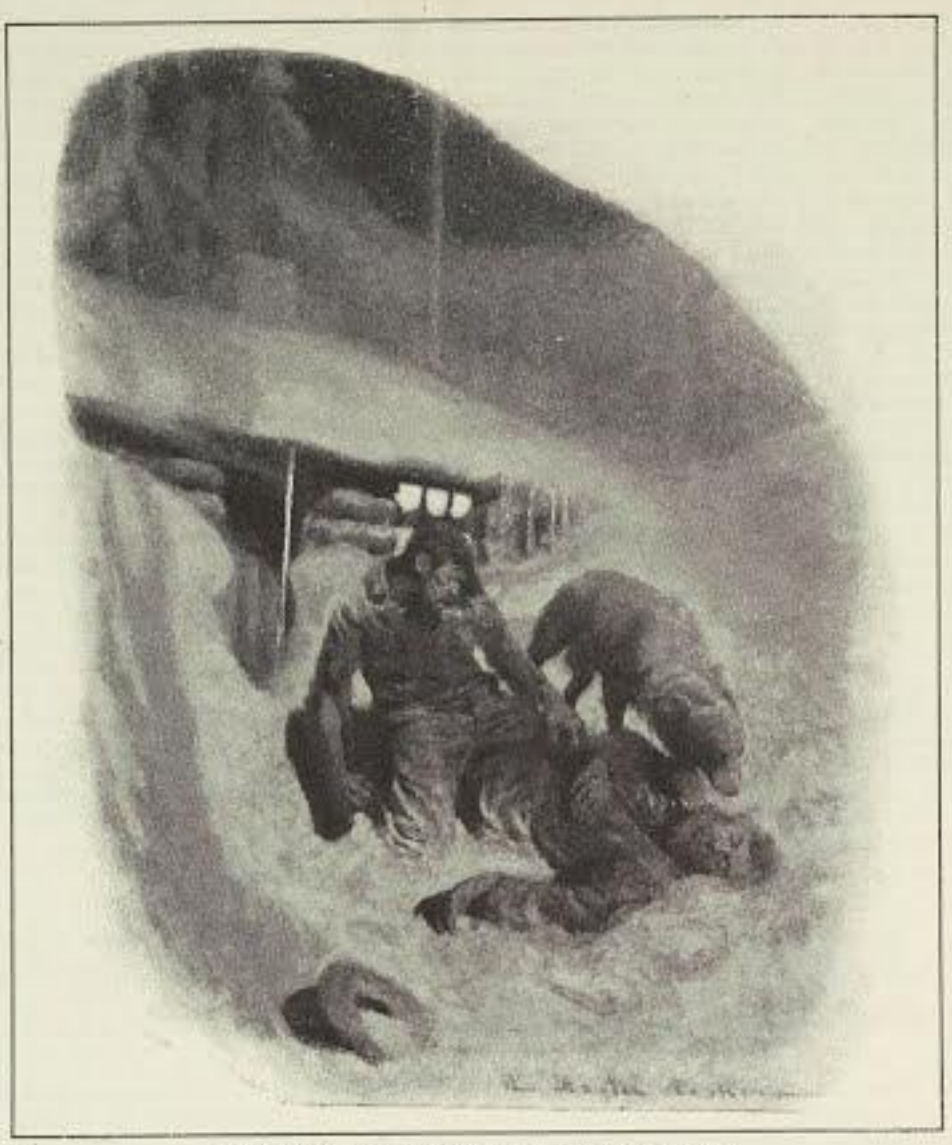
While I was walking down the street,
All down the street of San Saba,
I met a lit-tul filly neat
Who closed at me her eye-o,
Who winked at me her eye-o.

Of course that is the most respectable verse of the ballad Andy sang, balancing the stool with his feet on a bunk, his nose tilted toward the ceiling. Murray listened with a sort of stern patience. He forced himself to resume his game, but the cards would go wrong and tremble in his hand. At the end of the fifth chorus he stood up and spoke in a level, carefully civil tone:

"I wouldn't sing that song no more if I was you, Ballew."

Andy straightened on his stool. "Oh, indeed! You wouldn't, hey? What for wouldn't you?"

"Because I wouldn't. It ain't decent, that's why."



What Was Anniebelle Thurber's Dog Doing There?

"Oh-ho! It ain't decent! Well, now—I've heard you sing The Red Light Saloon a thousand ——"

"Never mind what I done. You let up on that."

Ballew burst into a guffaw. "So! I reckon you're too nice now for that song. You're too nice since you took to letter-writing, ain't you? Yes, sir; I'm sure an awful coarse man."

Murray jerked out a gun and said in a furious whisper: "You so much as say another word—just peep once about my writing—and I'll shut that dirty mouth of yours for keeps."

This was quite sufficient for Andy. Murray was deathly pale. Ballew wisely preserved silence, licking his lips and rubbing his moist palms on his knees. What chance had he? His six-shooter was in his bunk and Murray had him covered. The latter went to the bed and took possession of this weapon; he likewise took a rifle from a corner.

"Now we'll get along better," he observed. "It's like you'd murder me when I wasn't looking if I didn't keep these."

"Pshaw, Paint. What's the use of talking that way?" said Ballew, a trifle huskily.

No other word was exchanged that night. They resumed their usual relations in the morning, although Murray retained the weapons. To all appearances Ballew overlooked the incident of the song; but a man does not forget it when another forces him to back down. In the course of the day Murray remarked that he had buried the guns in order to be on the safe side. Ballew shot at him a glance full of apprehension.

"Shut up, will you?" Murray yelled, although the other had not opened his lips. He was shaking and his cheeks quivered close to the nostrils. "I ain't going to hurt you."

Ballew was tempted to voice a doubt on this point, but did not. He stretched himself in his bunk and spent the afternoon staring at the wall. While he lay there Murray took pad and pencil and went to writing very laboriously, for Paint had mastered the alphabet by slow plugging. Occasionally Andy would steal a look at him. He knew that Murray was writing to a girl—one Anniebelle Thurber. On his side, Paint kept a furtive, vigilant watch. He had not forgotten Andy's covert sneer at his letter-writing, or the expression on his face when he had first guessed the nature of the composition. Had Andy so much as ventured a query Murray would have killed him where he lolled. Once or twice he almost wished that Ballew might give him the opportunity.

All day the wind blew; the snow drove in long, stinging slants; and it was so cold they could hear steady, strumming music of nights when the norther paused for breath. It was perpetually dusk in the room, even with the blanket removed from the window. The air was stale; in the dwellings of primitive man or of the poor there abides always a distaste for ventilation. Often the fireplace smoked, and then they would cough and growl and curse the wood and the chimney and themselves and all on earth below and in Heaven above. Still the cattle moved by—now more frequently in driblets, occasionally still with a surge like a choking flood.

Their food threatened to give out. The larder had been stocked for a month—flour and bacon, coffee, sugar and a few potatoes. It was now five weeks since the hoodlum-wagon had visited them.

One dawn Ballew saw Murray crawl out of his bunk and go to cooking before he went to the washbasin. He raised himself on one elbow, impelled to protest, but for reasons not unconnected with the loss of his six-shooter he refrained. True, Andy had a knife, but he had not believed a word that Paint said about burying the guns. Murray had said that because he wanted to catch Andy off his guard and shoot him. Instead, therefore, of charging him with dirtiness, he pretended to be ill at breakfast. Afterward he washed the dishes and cooked his own meal.

"So," said Paint, blowing smoke-rings, "you cain't eat my cooking, hey?"

"I'm feeling a mite better, Paint."

Getting no reply to this, he suggested a little later that each man cook his own food. This would enable either to keep whatever hours suited his whim. All they had to do was to divide the chuck and to assign first turn at the fireplace alternately. Murray nodded, holding his peace.

Were you and one other ever housed for weeks, unrelieved by other companionship? Have you ever traveled abroad in pairs, where through ignorance of languages you were forced to be constant companions? Then you can appreciate to the one one-thousandth part of a degree what Andy Ballew and Paint Murray were passing through. You know how quickly every act of your companion swells to the proportions of deliberate, cold-blooded selfishness. If he be tolerant or meek it but exasperates you the more; if he show spirit and quarrel you do not speak for days on end. Just let him become noisy or awkward when you are in the blackest of your black fit, and it is very certain his presence will inspire in you a frightful loathing. You lose all patience and brood over past mutual experiences, magnifying trifles into wrongs and nursing them into reasons for hate. Then suddenly other company arrives and you are grinning at him in solid companionship.

But the lone dwellers in the dugout by Blanco had no relief. There came no visitors to restore their normal humanity. They holed there like wolves in a burrow, and grew as shaggy and almost as fierce. Ancestors who roamed the bleak Scotch hills had bequeathed to Murray a certain dourness that thrived extravagantly on solitude. He would sit on a stool and watch Ballew by the hour. Every time Andy moved it threw him into unreasoning anger. If he coughed or hummed or gave symptoms of breaking into song Paint would rage in his heart. But his sniffling was worse than all. Murray was conscious of his childishness even while he raged, but was helpless to control his passion.

About this time, also, he began to entertain a suspicion that Ballew was trying to impose on him. It was plain to be discerned—had he not on two consecutive days let Paint carry the water from the spring, a good hundred yards through the hurricane? It was like Ballew to plead sickness. Murray recalled that this had been a favorite trick of his when the tasks grew too heavy during roundups. Moreover, Andy did not keep his bed tidy and was so careless in washing dishes that Paint had always to wash them again—or thought he had and pretended he had. One grievance begot another, and all swelled like dead, poisoned animals in summer heat. In the cruel dragging hours Murray took to scrutinizing his tobacco and all his possessions. He would weigh it in his hands and then look obliquely at Ballew. The latter answered the unspoken suspicion.

"I ain't took your tobacco," he said; "I've got enough of my own."

In proof of this he exhibited a considerable store, but all Paint did was to snort. That might mean anything. Ballew took it to mean that he had stolen this supply, and so another wrong was added to his score.

The want of exercise hurt the health of these full-blooded men and the unvarying fare turned their stomachs. Andy complained more than usual of nausea and his looks gave

his complaints the color of truth. For this reason it fell to Murray to do the major share of feeding the horses. The poor brutes had come in from the pasture to the shelter of a windbreak near the dugout and Paint fed them daily of their scant store of grain. He gave impartially to his own and Ballew's; indeed, Andy's favorite horse got something more than his due. It was curious how each of them distrusted the other in the matter of cooking, yet relied implicitly on fair dealing in the care of the horses.

For forty days and forty nights the cattle went by and the wind blew. As often as it cleared and they were tempted outside to squint at the sky, the angry clouds threatened an immediate renewal of storm and they were driven indoors. Once Murray woke from sleep, conscious that somebody was moving in the room. It was Ballew, who was groping in the hole under his bunk where Paint had been wont to secrete his six-shooter and his valuables. Holding himself ready, Murray cried out: "I done told you I hid 'em out."

The other tumbled back into bed.

It came the night of the twenty-fourth of December. Toward eight o'clock the wind abated and the snow ceased. Murray walked outside to get a look at the weather. The clouds were dispersing. Low in the sky hung a pulsating fiery pendant—the great star that guided the Magi to the manger when they journeyed to lay their gifts at the feet of the Child.

Murray folded his arms and gazed aloft. It was all so coldly peaceful. He clenched his hands and raised them above his head. From his lips came choking oaths, scarcely breathed. At last he turned to reënter the house. In that instant Ballew sprang on him from behind.

They dug their heels into the loose snow and for a moment looked to be at rest as they strained, chest to chest. Murray had both of Ballew's wrists gripped tight. They felt hard as iron to him. While one might count forty they were motionless. Ballew, the heavier, thrust a leg back of the other. Again they strove without sound or movement, while the skin across their foreheads grew taut. Ballew let the air out of his lungs with a great gasp. There came a scarcely perceptible droop to one of Murray's shoulders. Next moment his feet flew from under him and he went heavily to the ground.

"Don't, Andy," he begged. "Oh! You've stabbed me!"

Ballew drove again, grunting: "So you don't like my singing, hey?"

He had his knife raised for the third stroke when something moist touched his cheek. It sent a cold chill all down Ballew's spine and he started away, crying out. There beside him was a dog, an abject mongrel collie, shivering from cold. Its tail was tucked between its legs and the beast whimpered. It crept up to Murray. Ballew gave a sort of groan when it began to lick his face. He could do nothing but gape at the animal, fearful of his own senses. How had it come? What was Anniebelle Thurber's dog doing there?

He raised Murray and carried him into the shack. Then he went feverishly to work to revive him. Over beside the fire the dog crouched, whining at intervals, one yellow eye following Andy's progress.

Four hours after dawn the two Thurbers came up the cañon with a force of Matador men. There was surprisingly little snow after such a downfall. The wind had dissipated it. In spots where the drift towered twenty feet high they had only to make a slight détour to ride clear ground. Dragged along by main force in their midst was a packmule bearing food and a keg of whisky. The cowboys laughed and sang and playfully rode one another into the snowbanks as they advanced.

In the line camp they found one hairy man bending over another, feeding him gruel made of ground jerkey and flour gravy. The man with the bowl blinked at them and was sullenly shy. These roisterers did not seem of his species, so long had he been immured. Little could be seen of the other except a yellow beard, two feverish eyes and a hand hanging down.

"Hello, Andy," the boss cried jovially, and clapped him on the back. Then he saw Murray and turned suddenly stern: "What's the matter, Paint?"

Now two knife wounds, one in the shoulder and the other among the ribs, cannot be explained away by the ordinary mischances of daily life. A fall from one's horse will not make a slit an inch deep in a man; neither will collision with a door or a tree in the dark do more than bruise or bark the skin.

For this reason Murray knew it was useless to lie, so he told almost the truth.

"Oh, it ain't nothing. Me and Andy here we had a few words. You know how that is, judge? I tried to bust ol' Andy open with a stool. I just happened to be feeling mean."

"Hem!" said the boss; "and what did Andy do?"

The line riders looked at each other. Ballew was feeding gruel to Murray at the moment and he spilled some of the contents on the patient's face. They both broke into a cackle intended for merriment.

"Pshaw!" the boss bellowed, discreetly incurious. "A fight, hey? You boys should ought to know better. Besides, it's Christmas."

"Christmas!" said Ballew dazedly. "It is?"

"Yes, I knew it," Paint said in a weary voice, and closed his eyes.

The cowboys completely filled the dugout. There was much confusion and chinking of spurred heels. They had the pack off in a trice and somebody built up the fire; another man scoured the pots and two more proceeded to put the shack in order. Soon the beef was roasting in the coals, the water was boiling in the coffee-pot and a man was making bread.

"Hey, don't be so slow with that bottle. Send her round. Send her round," rose a shout.

They were a rakehelly crew, and I am ashamed to tell you how much whisky was drunk that Christmas day. But let us take solace from the fact that every mother's son of them swore a solemn pledge of temperance before the new year arrived. They meant these resolutions at the time they made them, too, their stomachs being in mutiny.

While he chaffed and talked and directed the preparations for dinner the boss prowled about the dugout, prying into holes and corners. He would get to the situation in his own way. He called out to Ballew to know where they kept their guns.

"Oh, they're all right," Murray cut in; "I done put 'em away."

"Sure!" said the boss heartily.

Just before the cook yelled "Come and git it, or I'll throw it away!" Murray called the boss to him and whispered. Thurber went out and reëntered with a bundle wrapped in an old coat. This he gave to Paint, who said: "Here's your gun, Andy."

Ballew took the weapon and shoved it under his pillow, remarking that it belonged to Steve Halsell and he would have to return it. From out the bundle Murray now drew another six-shooter, pearl-handled, with a silver-scrolled barrel. This was his own, his special pride and care. Ballew had long coveted it, and Paint thrust it into his fist.

"Say, ol' hairy-face," he croaked, "here's your Christmas present. I been saving it for you."

Andy, muttering something, turned it over and over in his hand. The boss went to engage in a game of pitch and left them alone.

After everybody had eaten he said, trying to repress a sigh of content and to look worried: "All our cattle 've done gone."

"We'll get 'em agin, judge."

"Sure!" said Thurber. "We'll start in tomorrow. Oh, Andy!"

"What?" answered Ballew from the side of Murray's bunk.

"Don't you reckon we can find our cattle in that drift? We'd ought to be able to get some. There's half a million head gone south."

"I reckon we won't lose none on the count," Andy replied, and checked himself in a laugh as though the sound scared him. He had almost forgotten how.

Ballew thought well of the jest, anticipating rich profits from the general turmoil of the Big Drift. He winked at Murray, who grinned back at him. They spoke very little. Andy contented himself with fondling the mongrel's ears, or inquiring gruffly from time to time whether Paint needed anything. Likewise he fed the dog large strips of beef. The visitors noted this extreme care and put it down to companionship bred of loneliness. One of their number seemed puzzled and called the brute to him.

"Why," he said, "that's Anniebelle's dog. I thought he looked kind of familiar. I done saw that li'l' ol' dog three days back at headquarters. How did you come by him, Andy?"

Ballew swallowed hard. The other noted his wild eyes and feared that Andy might have contracted a fever.

"I reckon He done sent him," he said.

"Who?" the boss called from the fireplace. He was holding a bottle halfway to his mouth. "Who? Me? No, I didn't bring that ol' dog."

All afternoon they sang and smoked and drank. Tomorrow would bring the wearing work of reclaiming their scattered herds; let tomorrow take care of itself. That was always their maxim—besides, today was Christmas.

By dint of persuasion and three drinks of rye they got Andy to his

(Concluded on Page 48)



"Say, Ol' Hairy-Face, Here's Your Christmas Present"

Billy Fortune and the Original Apple

By William R. Lighton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



I Knew He Could Tell Me if He Wanted To

DON'T you like to know things, if they're true? I do. But you don't like 'em to be too true, do you? I don't. A thing that's too true gets to be terrible tedious. The kind of true things I like are them that have got some variety to 'em, so as to keep you guessin' and interested. Variety—I think that's a great little old word.

See what I mean? Do you know the tale they tell about the first man? That's an awful human tale, ain't it? That shows the kind of thing I mean. "You mustn't eat that apple," they tells the man. "I know I mustn't," he says. "It would injure you," says they to him. "I know it would," says he. "I ain't a-goin' to eat it," he says. I reckon he didn't mean to either; but all the while he must have knew he would, sooner or later, and it kept him considerable fretful and bothered. "Now, why mustn't I eat it?" he'd say—talkin' to himself, you know, with the woman stickin' close round and listenin' and studyin' him out of the corner of her eye. I expect she was a heap amused by the solemnness of him. A woman don't care about things like a man does—not the real, melancholy, true things, I mean. When he got so plumb absorbed with it by and by that he couldn't cinch his attention on to her any more, she commenced to get provoked with him. "I declare, ain't a man funny?" says she. "Shucks! Be a sport. The way to find out why you mustn't eat it is to eat it and get it off your mind. I'm gettin' real wore out with your broodin'." Ain't that just like 'em? You can't tell if she got the man right convinced; but anyway he done it. And then he found out, didn't he? They don't tell us what it was, but it must have been one of them true things with lots of variety in it, like I'm tellin' you about. You'd judge so, because the way the story runs I can't help believin' that the man would have spells after that, as long as he lived, when he'd set for a whole evenin' with his chin in his hands, starin' into the campfire, not sayin' a word, but just millin' it over in his mind, tryin' to figure out whether it was all as true as it might be or if somebody or other mebbe hadn't tried to run a whizzer on him.

Yes, sir; that tale shows what I'm gettin' at. If that man had took their word for it and let that apple alone he might've been a whole lot more peaceable afterward, but he wouldn't have knew. There's always two kinds of wise men—them that just believes and them that's had experience. I can't say I care much for the first kind; his wiseness is too true and humdrum, like I'm tellin' you. If that man had let that apple alone you wouldn't care much for the story, would you?

And supposin' I hadn't turned round and gone back, that time at Lusk, for a second look in the store window at that bunch of Mexican jewelry with the blue stones in it? Oh, yes, I've had a bite out of that apple myself. I might as well tell you.

I'd hit the town perfectly quiet, not meanin' to tear loose any whatever, because I didn't have but about a dollar on me. I wasn't broke—I just hadn't drew any before I left the ranch; I was savin' up till I'd have enough for a real time later in the fall. All I'd come for was to get a load of wire and then pull right straight back out to Box-X. I wasn't even thinkin' about apples.

But there wasn't a load of wire in town, nor there wouldn't be till a car got in next afternoon. I was real vexed with havin' to wait round and lose all that good time from workin', with nothin' to do but leanin' my back up against the horserack and whittlin', or tellin' the man in the newspaper joint about how the fall pastures was comin' on up our way, or playin' a little game of pitch for matches with that red-headed biscuit-shooter at the lunch counter. There wasn't a glimmer of wickedness in me till Steve Brainard rode in from Nine-Bar, along in the end of the afternoon.

It's right funny about me and Steve Brainard. You keep us far enough apart and there ain't hardly anybody in the country that's got more first-class, responsible reputations than us two; but you put us together and it's all off. I ain't explainin' it; I'm just tellin' you. Millions of times it's happened. Millions and millions of times I've been plumb religious for as much as a month at a stretch, off on the range or workin' round, till sometnin' would happen to bring me and Steve up against each other. It's always been a sure sign of trouble for either one of us to set eyes on the other one. There was the time when we stole the tombstones down at Fort Robinson to scare them nigger soldiers. And there was the time when we made old Uncle Peter Bassett believe he'd asked the Widow Wilson to marry him in one of his absent-minded spells, till it cost him a whole carload of wool from his spring clip to buy her off. And there was the time when we dressed that travelin' camp-meetin' preacher up with the schoolma'am's corset and silk petticoat and made him ride that way clean out to Casper on top of the baggage car. Them kind of things don't hardly sound reasonable, like growed-up men would do 'em; but we've done 'em. We've done thousands of 'em. It's got so that whenever I see Steve Brainard I don't try to resist any more; I just know there's somethin' comin'.

I was settin' in the livery stable, talkin' with the mail-stage man from Willow, when Steve come up in front in the mountain wagon and got down, and stood there slappin' the dust off his hat and hitchin' up his breeches.

"Oh, gee whiz!" says I to myself. I had a notion of tryin' to duck out the back way, because I knew how bad the boss needed that wire; but then I knew it wouldn't be a speck of use, so I just set and waited till he come on in. He seemed to feel pretty much the same way, because when he caught sight of me he stopped still and stiffened up.

"Hello, Billy," he says. "What you doin' here?"

"Hello," says I. "Doin' here? Me? Nothin'."

Steve give another hitch to his belt. "Billy," says he, "I'm in a rush this time. Got to rustle a couple extra men for the alfalfa-cuttin' and get back as quick as I can."

"Here too," says I. "They've got a couple miles of posts set and they're waitin' on me to fetch the wire."

"We're horrible busy at Nine-Bar," says Steve. "Work's 'way behind."

"Same up our way," says I. "We ain't even started the calf-brandin' yet, and we've got all them new horses to break."

"We're goin' to build a couple new tanks in the big pasture this side Rawhide when the alfalfa's up," says Steve. "They ought to been done last month."

"Beats all, don't it, how the work piles up!" says I.

We kept on like that for a spell, apologizin' to each other; but all the while we was siftin' up the road toward Holsapple's place, sort of casual; and in a minute there we was, both of us with one foot up on the brass railin', grinnin' at each other. Steve pushed his hat back on his head, with the front brim turned up, and his eyes commenced dancin'.

"Billy," says he, "I was just thinkin', comin' up the trail. Do you remember the time when we built the fire round the drunk constable down at Laramie, and burned his wooden leg off him?" And with that he reached out for the bottle and then shoved it along to me. That was the way the thing started, just like I'm tellin' you. Yes, sir; she started that way, but the finish didn't come till four days afterward. Even at that I might have stayed steady if Holsapple hadn't happened to remember.

"I reckon you've seen her, you two?" says he, just after we'd had the second one and was startin' to go over to the hotel for supper.

"Saw who?" says Steve. "I don't hardly expect we have. You talk like it was some new one."

"Well, my land!" says Holsapple. "You don't mean you ain't even heard about her? The Chicago actress girl? The one that's come here to Lusk?"

Steve give me a sideways look. "Billy?" says he. I shook my head at him. "No, I ain't," says I. "Not a blessed word—honest. What's she doin' here? How long's she been here? What sort is she for looks?"

"She come yesterday mornin'," says Holsapple. "Just to rest up, they say, in some place where it's high and dry and quiet. Thunder, I reckoned everybody in the whole country had heard about her!" He waves his hand round at the different pink and blue and yellow pictures on the walls—whisky pictures and cigar pictures and calendars, with the different ladies on 'em. "I ain't seen her myself yet," says he, "but they tell me she looks like 'most any of those. And they tell me she's got as much as a mealsack full of diamonds—wears 'em everywhere on her, different places, where you wouldn't hardly look for 'em—on her garters and in her hair, and suchlike. I don't know; mebbe so. And clothes! They tell me she's got different dresses for every day in



There Was Steve Chattin' Away, Big as Life

the week. She ain't been round much yet, but don't you expect she'll make considerable of a splash in society when she gets a-goin' good?"

Steve was lookin' at the pictures. "'Most any of those ladies would," says he. "Come on, Billy." And we piked off together. I can't tell you what he was thinkin' about, but I know mighty well I wasn't thinkin' about fence wire. We wasn't sayin' much. That was a bad sign.

We had our supper pretty near over before I caught sight of her. I'd been watchin' out steady. Steve had too. We both saw her together when she come in the door and walked over to the far table in the corner, where they didn't put anybody but particular strangers.

Listen: I liked the looks of her right from the jump. She didn't resemble none of the pictures in Holsapple's, so far as I could notice, and she was dressed a sight different from just the cobwebs and woolly clouds the picture ladies had on; but she was all right—tall and slim and supple, with a way of carryin' herself when she walked as if she was plumb used to havin' folks look at her. And she had on just a nice frock, white with pink flowers on it, and some fluffy trimmin's round her neck and arms, and she had loads and loads of smooth, shiny black hair done up like they do it. If she'd come up for a rest she sure had made headway; she looked right rested to me, with her big, dark eyes all lit up and shinin', and her red lips, and the soft color showin' through her dark skin. Health? Why, she was just laughin' full of it. Yes, sir; she pleased me, that girl, so she did.

Neither one of us said anything till we'd gone out and set on the edge of the sidewalk and was makin' cigarettes. Steve got his to goin' first, and then he set there, lookin' over at the hills across the railroad tracks, with that funny look he gets round his eyes and mouth when he's thinkin' some devilment. It made me uneasy. With me I mostly let folks know what's on my mind. Steve don't though. The only way to find out what's goin' on in the back of his head is to ask him—and then he don't ever tell you the truth.

"What did you think of her?" says I when he didn't seem to mean to start the talk.

He give me a quick look and a slow grin. "Holsapple said she was an actress girl," says he. "Do you reckon she could act?"

"What's that got to do with it?" says I. "Didn't you hear him say she's restin' now? Anyway, ain't it about time you was goin' and huntin' up them hay-hands of yours, if you've got to start back tonight?"

He didn't answer me right away, because we both heard a woman's dress rustlin' through the hall from the dinin' room. It stopped right behind us for a minute, as if she was lookin' out the door; and then we heard her goin' upstairs, hummin' a little tune to herself, and turn into the parlor; and pretty soon the piano started up. Steve flipped the end of his cigarette away and stood up. "I expect I better," says he. Only he didn't. He went right straight into the hall and upstairs.

I guess from the way it turned out I'd ought to followed him; but I didn't. I had somethin' else in my mind. I drilled off up the street and got me a clean shave, and bought me a new blue shirt and a blue silk handkerchief for round my neck, and a snakeskin belt and a snakeskin band for round my hat, and then I slid back to the hotel and got me a room and went up to put my things on. When I went by the parlor door there was Steve chattin' away, big as life, tellin' her things about the cow-country, and there was her settin' over on the piano-stool, listenin' and laughin' like she'd knew him since the year one. I was right pleased with the sound of her laugh too—low and soft. It made you think of clear water makin' music back in the pine hills.

When I'd got me fixed up and come back down the hall I heard her laughin' again; but it wasn't in the parlor this time. Steve and the girl was just goin' downstairs together and out on the street. And there was me, standin' on one foot and just lookin' after 'em.

"Billy," says I to myself, "that's always the trouble with you—you didn't start soon enough. And you got eleven dollars' worth of new clothes on you that you didn't need at all. What you figurin' on doin' now?"

"I don't know," I says. "Don't blame me. It ain't the start that counts anyway; it's the finish. But how much of a start do you reckon he's got?"

I couldn't answer that. While I was standin' there somethin' happened that seemed as if it might help. I heard a funny little noise comin' out of the parlor—cooin', it was, and chucklin'; and then a funny sort of a voice says: "Quit! Quit!" I'd clean forgot about him, but it was the big green parrot hangin' in his cage over by the window, and he was swingin' upside down and talkin' to himself real sociable. "Quit!" says he. "Don't!"

"Oh!" says I. It come over me all at once, and I went on into the parlor and over to his cage. "Hello, Polly!" I says; and then I stood and waited for a spell, till he might take a notion to say somethin' more. They said he was a real bright parrot, and he'd been present. He didn't seem in much of a rush with the talk though—just dangled round the cage, squawkin' and fussin' to himself like they do. "Polly!" I says again after a bit, to get him started, me not bein' used to their manners.

"Quit!" says Polly. "Don't!" And then he went off in a long fit of his cooin' laughin'. "What was it he said to her, Polly?" says I; but all the parrot would do was grab hold of the wires with his bill, and wall his eyes at me and make a mess of foolish noises in his throat. It didn't suit me. That there parrot had heard, and I knew he could tell me if he wanted to, if I could just get him to goin'. I tried several different ways to coax him along, but he seemed like a terrible close-mouthed rascal all of a sudden.

"If you was a human, now," says I, "I'd know pretty near what to do." And then the notion struck me. "He's darn near human," I says. "Try it. Mebbe it would work." And with that I went out and got me a half-pint of rye, and then I sneaked back and got the parrot and stuffed him in a pillow-case, and took him out by the back stairs and over beyond the tracks.

I had considerable of a time with him, gettin' him to take to the bottle. His mouth wasn't built right and he was horrible wasteful of it; but I got some of it down him after a while, and then I held him in between my knees till it would get in his blood. "Now," says I, "if that don't loosen you up then nothin' will."

Well, it did. You'd have been surprised, I expect, at the different things that parrot commenced to say. It was sure comical. He must have listened to a heap of different people talkin' since he was young, and every blessed thing he'd ever heard 'em all say begun to boil up out of him all at once. It wasn't all nice talk, but it certainly did sound amusin', with him reared back on his tail-feathers, with his head to one side and his eyes full of red fire and his tongue goin' like a windmill in a stiff breeze. My word, in two minutes that old rooster had told me more wickedness than I'd ever knew, till he had me layin' back against the railroad bank behind me and laughin' cramps in my cheeks. I was so interested that I hadn't noticed he wasn't tellin' me anything about what I wanted to know.



Cheap at $140. That Was What She Said

"Yes," says I to him, "but what was it Steve said to that girl? Here," says I, "take some more and mebbe you'll recollect." What with the lot he let spill out the sides of his bill there wasn't but a little bit of a drink left after he'd had his second one, and I took that myself. "Now," says I to him, "you whirl in and tell me what it was that Steve said to that girl; you hear?"

I ain't got the least notion what the parrot said after that, because right then I heard a noise behind me; and when I jerked round to look there was Steve and the girl standin' on the railroad track right over me. And there was me squatted flat on the ground, with my legs spraddled out and a jingled green parrot held in between 'em, with the two of us drinkin' out of the same bottle. And there was what I'd been sayin' too.

"Well, Judas Priest!" says I, and I scrambled up on to my feet. "How long have you been there?"

Steve's eyes were shinin', but he was holdin' in. "Not so awful long," says he. "Billy, come up here. I want you to meet this lady. Miss Walden," he says to her, "this is my friend, Billy Fortune. He's a real nice man."

She give me her little hand, holdin' her eyes on mine. They felt as if they was lookin' away deep into me. I was that bothered the sweat started out on my face thick. "Gee whiz, ain't it hot!" says I, tryin' to wipe it off with the sleeve of my shirt. She'd been doin' her best, that girl, but that seemed as if it was too much for her; and she dropped down on the end of a railroad tie and commenced to laugh. It was none of your polite little laughs; it was a real rollicky one that come straight up out of the heart of her. I couldn't see the fun of it right then; but even with my fluster I sure did enjoy the sound of her laugh. It lasted a long time, too, before it begun to taper off in little fits of happy gurgles, and when she got up she was wipin' the tears out of her eyes with a foolish little handkerchief.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fortune," says she. "I couldn't help it."

"Don't mention it," I says; "it wasn't any consequence. I hope you won't mind what that there parrot said, with his bringin' up." She shook her head at me, with her handkerchief over her mouth and her eyes dancin'. I had a notion that Steve would start to joshin' me; I pretty near hoped he would, so as to start my mind; but he didn't. He just left it to me to explain if I wanted to, and I couldn't think of a blessed word more to say. We was all perfectly still on the way back to the hotel. I was plumb disgusted with myself. "Well, good evenin'," says I when we got to the door. "I'm real pleased I met you." And then I streaked over to Holsapple's. The parrot? Oh, I don't know what ever did become of him.

It was real late when I went to bed. Steve hadn't showed up till an hour or so before I was ready to quit, and when he come he never said a single word about what had happened. He was awful polite to me, with that soft voice of his, talkin' about different things, but not a whisper about the girl, nor the parrot, nor my new things. It was only when I'd take a square look at him



"Hello, Billy," He Says. "What You Doin' Here?"

that I'd see the fire a-burnin' away back in his eyes. He sure did have it on me that time. I couldn't see but what I'd made a bad fool of myself. When I'd crawled into bed I had my mind all made up that when that car of wire come in the next afternoon I'd be waitin' for it and ready to make a heap of trail before sundown. I reckoned I knew when I'd had a-plenty.

I'd have done it, too, most likely, if it hadn't been for that Mexican jewelry in the store window. Yes, I'm comin' to that. I had to wait till I worked round to it in the right place in the tale.

It was after breakfast in the mornin' and I was goin' up the sidewalk, not headed for any place in particular, but just moseyin'. Steve had got out ahead of me and I'd eat by myself, with nobody to talk to and nothin' to do but think, so I was sort of rasped and sore in my mind. And then I saw Steve standin' in front of this window and lookin' in. I hadn't noticed it the day before, but there was this jewelry spread out—silver, it was, real heavy, made up in some fancy openwork shapes, and all full of them blue turquoises. And there was a card layin' beside it that told how much it was: Cheap at $140. That was what she said. Mebbe it was; I don't know. I didn't stop to think about that part of it, because Steve got me goin' on another trail.

"Hello, Billy," he says to me, when I pulled up beside him. "Say, ain't that a whiz of a thing? Where do you reckon they'd wear it though; round their neck?"

"No," I says, me bein' cross; "round their waist, I'd say, with them dangles down. You can't tell."

But Steve didn't pay any attention to my crossness. "It's a wonder that actress girl ain't bought it," he says. "They're all so fond of different jewelry."

I didn't answer him, and in a minute we was passin' along. Steve, he was lookin' straight ahead and meditatin' real serious, it seemed like. I figured that I knew pretty near what he was thinkin'. Don't it seem right natural to you? After a bit, soon as I could, I ducked away from him and went on back to the window. You can tell what I was fixin' to do, but it took me quite a spell to get it argued out.

"Now, see here, Billy," I says, "don't you go and be a darned fool. You know you ain't got any excuse."

"I know I ain't," says I, "but I sure do hate to let that Steve put it over me. Ain't I got as much excuse as him?"

"Shucks!" I says. "Quit it. Let it alone. What do you care for her anyway?"

"Oh, nothin' much," says I; "but that ain't what's eatin' me. You know it ain't. Is it like me just to lay down and let him get away with it?"

"Yes, but look at the price of it," I says. "Four months' pay. You know you oughtn't to do it." That's the way it went on, just for all the world like that lad fussin' at himself about that apple. But all the while I knew I was goin' to do it, same as him.

"If you get to messin' any more with it," I says, "you know mighty well what it means—there's no tellin' when you'll get back to the ranch. Ain't you goin' to have any confidence in yourself any more?"

"Oh, shut up!" says I. "What's it to you? Wire fences ain't all there is in this life anyway. There's other things. Come on in; I'm goin' to do it." And with that I went in and told 'em not to sell that jewelry to anybody else till I could have time to sort of rustle round and make my arrangements. Even at that I didn't have myself all convinced. "You're sure goin' to set yourself back by it, Billy," I'd say—just like when you think you've got all done scratchin' at a fleabite, it'll still keep breakin' out itchin'.

It didn't matter, though, because I got to speculatin' on how I was goin' to make my raise the easiest, without havin' to let 'em know at the ranch. If it had been anything else I'd have riffled it off of Steve till I could have time to draw mine, but that wouldn't do on this deal; and a hundred and forty was a good bit to try to raise in little chunks from a lot of different ones. It would get circulated round so everybody would be payin' attention to me. There was just one good way left, if I happened to be lucky—I might get some of the boys started on a little game of draw. That's a way that always seems reasonable when you want money quick. If I could get Steve in, it would help my spirit some if I was to win part of it from him, wouldn't it?

"Yes," says the melancholy part of me, "but how do you know you're lucky today? You better not fool with it."

"My land, but you've got a horrible grouch on!" says the cheerful part of me. "Here, I'll tell you what I'll do—

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Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Gifts

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



"Who's This Big, Immense Pink-and-Purple Cuspidor For?"

By RUPERT HUGHES

THE morning after Christmas Eve is the worst morning-after there is. The very house suffers the headache that follows a prolonged spree. Remorse stalks at large—remorse for the things one gave—and did not give—and got.

Everybody must act a general glee which can be felt only specifically if at all. Everybody must exclaim about everything: Oh! and Ah! and How sweet of you! and Isn't it perfectly dear? The Very Thing I wanted! and How did you EVER guess it?

Christmas morning in the town of Carthage is a day when most of the people keep close at home, for Christmas is another passover. It is Santa Claus that passes over.

People in Carthage are not rich and the shops are not grandiose, and interfamily presents are apt to be trivial and futile—or, worse yet, utile.

The Carthaginian mother generally finds that father has credited the hat she got last fall to this Christmas; the elder brothers receive warm underthings and the young ones brasstoed boots, mits and mufflers. The girls may get something ornamental in their stockings, and their stockings may be silk or nearly; but then girls have to be foolishly diked up anyway, or they will never be married off. Dressing up daughters comes under the head of window-display or coupons and is charged off to publicity.

Nearly everybody in Carthage—except Mrs. Ulysses S. G. Budlong—celebrates Christmas behind closed doors. People find it easier to rhapsodize when the collateral is not shown. It is amazing how far a Carthaginian can go on the most meager donation. The formula is usually: "We had such a lovely Christmas at our house! What did I get? Oh, so many things I can't remember!"

Mrs. Ulysses S. G. Budlong, however, does not celebrate her Christmases behind closed doors—or, rather, she did not; for a strange change came over her this last Christmas. She used to open her doors wide—metaphorically, that is; for there was a stormdoor, with a spring on it, to keep the cold draft out of the hall.

As regular as Christmas itself was the oh-quite-informal reception Mrs. Budlong gave to mitigate the ineffable stupidity of Christmas afternoon—that dolorous period when one meditates the ancient platitude that anticipation is better than realization.

On Christmas Day Mrs. U. S. G. Budlong took all the gifts she had gleaned and piled them on and around the baby-grand piano in the back parlor. There was a piano lamp there, and it was about as large and as useful as a date palm tree. Then she invited the neighbors in. It looked like hospitality, but it felt like hostility. She passed her neighbors under the yoke and gloated over her guests, though seeming to overgloat her gifts.

She got the gifts though. There was no question of that. By hook or by crook she saw to it that the bazar under the piano lamp always gleamed.

One of the chief engines for keeping up the display was the display itself. Everybody who knew Mrs. Budlong—and not to know Mrs. Budlong was to argue oneself unknown—knew that he or she would be invited to this Christmas triumph. And being invited rather implied being represented in the loot.

Hence ensued a curious rivalry in Carthage. People vied with each other in giving Mrs. Budlong presents. Not that they loved Mrs. Budlong more, but that they loved comparisons less.

The rivalry grew to quite ridiculous proportions, but of course Mrs. Budlong did not care how ridiculous it grew; for it could hardly have escaped her shrewd eyes that people gave her presents in order to show other people that some people needn't think they could show off before other people without having other people show that they could show off too, as well as other people could—or something like that. The psychology must be correct, for it is incoherent.

Mrs. Budlong herself was never known to break any of the commandments; but in her back parlor her neighbors made flitters of the tenth—against coveting thy neighbor's and so on.

As Mr. and Mrs. County Road Supervisor Detwiller were walking home from one of these occasions Mr. Detwiller was saying: "Well, ain't Mizzes Budlong the niftiest little gift-getter that ever held up a train? How on earth did we happen to get stung?"

"I don't know, Roscoe. It's one of those things you can't get out of without getting out of town too. Here we've been and gone and skimped our own children to buy something that would show up good in Mrs. Budlong's back parlor; and when I laid eyes on it in all that clutter—why, if it didn't look like something the cat brought in I'll eat it!"

Mr. Detwiller's only consolation—and he grinned over it—was:

"Well, there's no use cryin' over spilt gifts; but did you see how she stuck old Widower Clute for that Japanese porcelain vase?—I noticed she called it vahs!"

"Porcelain?" sniffed Mrs. Detwiller. "Paper-musshay!"

"Well, getting even a paper-what-you-said from old Clute is equal to extracting solid gold from anybody else. He's the stingiest man in seven states. He doesn't care any more for a two-dollar bill than he does for his right eye. I bet she gave him ether before he let go."

"Oh, she works all the old bachelors and widowers that way," said Mrs. Detwiller with a mixture of contempt and awe—"invites 'em to a dinner party or two round Christmas marketing time, and begins to talk about how pretty the shops are and how tempting everything she wants is; says she saw a nimitation bronze clock at Strouther & Streckfuss that it almost broke her heart to leave there.



"It's Artistic—But What is It?"

But of course she couldn't afford to buy anything for herself now when she's got to remember all her dear friends; and she runs on and on. And the old bach growls, 'Stung again!' and goes to Strouther & Streckfuss and tells Mr. Streckfuss to send Mrs. Budlong that blamed bronze clock she was admiring. And that's how she gets things. I could do it myself if I'd a mind to!"

Mr. Detwiller felt that there was more envy than truth in this last remark, and he was rash enough to speak up for justice.

"You could if you'd a mind to? Yep!—if you'd a mind to. That's what somebody said about Shakspere's plays—'I could 'a' wrote 'em myself if I'd a mind to!' says he; and somebody else said, 'Yes—if you'd a mind to,' he says. And that's about it. Anybody could do what Mizzes Budlong does if they had the mind to; but the thing is, she's got the mind to. She goes after the gifts—and gits 'em! She don't almost git 'em and she ain't just agoin' to git 'em—she gits 'em! And what gits me is how she gits 'em!"

"Roscoe Detwiller, if you're goin' to praise that woman in the presence of your own lawful wife I'll never speak to you the longest day I live!"

"Who's praisin' her? I was just sayin' ——"

"Why, Roscoe Detwiller, you did too!"

"Did what? Why, I was roastin' her to beat the band!"

"And to think that on Christmas Day, of all days, I should live to hear my own husband, that I've loved and cherished and worked my fingers to the bone and never got any thanks—other women keepin' two and three hired girls—and after him denyin' his own childern things to get expensive presents for a shameless creature like that Budlong woman ——"

All over Carthage on Christmas afternoon couples were similarly celebrating Mrs. Budlong's annual triumph.

Now, of course Mrs. Budlong did not get all these presents without giving presents—not in Carthage! It might have been possible to bamboozle these people one Christmas, but never another. Mrs. Budlong gave lots of presents. Christmas was an industry with her—an ambition. It had long ago lost its religious significance for her as for nearly everybody else in Carthage.

Even Mr. Frankenstein, the Pantatorium magnate, is one of the most ardent advertisers of Yuletide bargains, while Isidore Strouther and Esau Streckfuss are almost persuaded every December. They might be entirely persuaded if it were not for the scenes they witness in their aisles during the last weeks of shopping and the aftermath of trying to collect from the Gentile husbands.

Mrs. Budlong's Christmas presents were of two sorts—those she made herself and those she made her husband pay for. He was the typical husband who never fails to settle his wife's bills so long as he may raise a row about them until his wife cries and looks like an expensive luxury which only a really successful man could afford. Then he subsides until the first of the next month.

II

MRS. BUDLONG'S Christmas campaign was undertaken with the same farsightedness as a magazine editor's. Along about the Fourth of July she began to worry and plan. By the second week in August she had her tatting well under way. By the middle of September she was getting in her embroidered doilies. The earliest frost rarely surprised her with her quilts untufted. And when the first snow flew her sachet bags were all stuffed and smelly.

She was very feminine in her sense of the value of her own time. At missionary meetings she would shed tears over the pathetic pictures of oriental women who spent a year weaving a rug that would sell for a paltry hundred dollars and last a mere century or two. Then she would cheerfully devote fifteen days of incessant stitching at something she carried round in a sort of drumhead.

At the end of that time she would have compiled a more or less intolerable piece of colored fabric which she called a "bureau cover" or a "drape" or a "throw." It could not be duplicated at a shop for less than one dollar and seventy-five cents, and it would wash, perhaps three times.

Mr. Budlong once figured that if sweatshop proprietors paid wages at the scale Mrs. Budlong established for herself all the seamsters and seamstresses would curl up round their machines and die of starvation the first week—but he never told Mrs. Budlong this. Fancy stitching did not earn much, but it did not cost much and it kept her mysteriously contented. She was stitching herself to her own home all the time.

The Christmas presents Mrs. Budlong made herself were not all a matter of needle and thread. Not at all! One year she turned her sewing room into a smithy. She gave Mr. and Mrs. Colonel Tisnower the loveliest hand-hammered brass coal-scuttle that ever was seen—and with a purple ribbon tied to its tail. They kept flowers in it several summers until one cruel winter a new servant put coal in it and completely scuttled it.

The same year she gave Mrs. ex-Mayor Cinnamon a hammered-brass version of a C. D. Gibson drawing. The lady and gentleman looked as if they had broken out with a combination of yellow fever and smallpox, or suffered from enlarged pores or something. And the plum-colored plush frame didn't sit very well on the vermilion wallpaper; but Mrs. Cinnamon hung it over the sofa in the expectation of changing the paper some day. It stayed there until the fateful evening when Mr. Nelson Chur called on Miss Editha Cinnamon and was just warming up a proposal that had been held over almost as long as the wallpaper, when bang! down came the overhanging brass drawing and bent itself hopelessly on Mr. Chur's cranium! Mr. Chur said something that may have been Damocles—but he did not propose; and Mrs. Budlong was weeks wondering why Mrs. Cinnamon was so snippy to her.

The hammered-brass era gave way to the opposite extreme of painted velvet. They say it is a difficult art; and it must be. Mrs. Budlong's first landscape might as well have been painted on the side of her Scotch collie.

Her most finished roses had something of the look of shaggy tarantulas that have fallen into a paintpot and emerged in a towering rage. It was in that velvetocene stratum that she painted for the church a tasseled pulpit cloth that hung down a yard below the Bible. Doctor Torpadie was a very soothing preacher, but no one slept o' sermons during the reign of that pulpit cloth. Mrs. Budlong was so elated over the success of it, however, that she announced her intention of going in for stained glass. She planned a series of the sweetest windows to replace those already in the church; but she never got nearer to that than painted china.

The painted-china era was a dire era. The cups would break and the colors would run; and they never came out what she expected after they were fired. Of course she knew the pigments must suffer alteration in the furnace—but such alteration!

She soon became accustomed to getting green roses with crimson leaves, and deep blue apple blossoms against a pure-white sky; but when she finished one complete set of table china in fifty pieces, each cup and saucer with a flower on it, the result looked so startlingly like something from a medical museum that she never dared give the set away. She lent it to the cook to eat her meals on.

During this epoch, Master Ulysses Budlong, Junior, was studying, at school, a physiology ornamented with a few pictures in color representing the stomachs of alcohol specialists. They were intended, perhaps, to frighten little schoolchildren from frequenting saloons during recess or to warn them not to put whisky on their porridge.

It was at this time that Mrs. Budlong spent two weeks' hard labor painting Easter lilies on an umbrella jug. When it came home from the furnace her husband stared at it and mumbled:

"It's artistic—but what is it?"

Little Ulysses shrieked: "Oh, I know!" And darting away he returned with his physiology opened at one of those gastric sunsets; and—well, it was this that impelled Mrs. Budlong to a solemn pledge never to paint china again—a pledge she has nobly kept.

From smeared china she went to that art in which a woman buys something at a store, pulls out half of it and calls the remnant drawnwork. A season of this was succeeded by a mania for sofa cushions. It fairly snowed sofa cushions all over Carthage that Christmas; and Yale, Harvard and Princeton pillows could be found in homes that had never known even a nightschool alumnus.

There ensued a sober period of burnt wood and a period of burnt leather, during which excited neighbors with a keen sense of smell called the fire department out three times and the board of health once. And now Indian heads broke out all over town, and the walls looked as if a shoemaker's apron had been chosen for the pennant.

There were various other spasms of manufacture, each of them fashionable at its time and foolish at any time. But, foolish soever, Mrs. Budlong was fair. A keen sense of sportsmanship led her to give full notice to such people as she planned to honor with her gifts. She knew how embarrassing it is to receive presents from one to whom no present has been sent; and she made it a point of honor somehow to forewarn her prospective beneficiaries betimes. Her favorite method was the classic device of pretending to let slip a secret. For instance:

"Yesterday morning, my dear, I had the strangest experience. It was just ten o'clock. I remember the hour so exactly because for the last few days I have made it a rule to begin work on your Christmas present just at ten —— Oh! but I didn't mean to tell you! It was to be a surprise. No; don't ask me—I won't give you an inkling; but I really think it will please you. It's something you've been needing for such a long time."

And she left the victim hopelessly to writhe from then on to Christmas, trying alternately to imagine what gift was impending and what would be an appropriate countergift.

III

IN MORE ways than one Mrs. Budlong kept Carthage on the writhe. Christmas was merely the climax of a ceaseless activity. All the year round she was at work like yeast alert in a soggy dough.

She was forever getting up things. She was one of those women who return calls on time—a little ahead, in fact. That made it necessary for you to return hers earlier. If you didn't she called you up on the telephone and asked you why you hadn't. You had to promise to come over at once, or she'd talk to you until your ear was welded to the telephone. Then, if you broke your promise, she called



"But I Told Her You Was. And She Seen You at the Windy"

you up about that. She got in from fifty-two to one hundred and four calls a year, where one or two would have amply sufficed for all she had to say.

It was due to her that Carthage had such a lively social existence—for its size. Once she fell ill and the people felt as passengers feel when a street car is suddenly braked back on its haunches—all Carthage found itself wavering and poised on tiptoe and clinging to straps; and then it sagged back on its heels and waited. Mrs. Budlong was the town's motorman—or "motorneer" as they say in Carthage. Before she was up she had invitations out for a convalescent tea; and everybody said: "Here we go again!"

If strangers visited Carthage Mrs. Budlong counted them her clients the moment they arrived. Of course the merely commercial visitors she left to the hackmen at the station, but friends or relatives of prominent people could not escape Mrs. Budlong's well-meant attentions. It was sometimes embarrassing when relatives appeared—for everybody has somewhere concealed some relatives he is perfectly willing to leave in concealment.

Mrs. Alex—pronounced Ellick—Stubblebine never forgave Mrs. Budlong for dragging into the limelight some obscure cousins of her husband's who had drifted into Carthage to borrow money on their farm. Mrs. Stubblebine was always bragging about her people—her own people, that is. Her husband's people, of course, after all, were only Stubblebines, while her maiden name was Dilatush—and the Dilatushes, as everybody knew, were related by marriage to the Tatums.



"Gimme This! Gimme That! Gimme Two of These! Gimme Six of Them! Gimme That! Gimme This! Gimme Them!"

These were Stubblebines that came to town however. Mrs. Stubblebine could hardly slam the door in their faces, but she would fain have locked the doors after them. She would not even invite them out on the front porch. She told them the back porch was cozier and less conspicuous. And then Mrs. Budlong had to call up on the telephone and sing out in her telephoniest cheer:

"Oh, my dear, I've just this minute heard you have guests—some of your dear husband's relatives. Now they must come to me to dinner tomorrow. Oh, it isn't the slightest trouble, I assure you! I'm giving a little party anyway. I won't take no for an answer."

And she wouldn't. Mrs. Stubblebine fairly perspired excuses; but Mrs. Budlong finally grew so suspicious that she had to accept or leave the impression that the relatives were burglars or counterfeiters in concealment. And they were not—they were pitifully honest.

The result was worse than she expected. Mr. Stubblebine's cousin was so shy that he never said a word except when it was pulled out of him, and then he said: "Yes, ma'am!"

In Carthage when you are at a dinner party and you don't quite catch the last remark, you don't snap "What?" or "How?" or "Wha' jew say?" Whatever your home habits may be, at a dinner party or before company you raise your eyebrows gracefully and murmur: "I beg your pardon?"

Mr. Stubblebine's rural cousin, however, said "Huh?"—like an Indian chief trying to scare a white general. And he was perfectly frank about the intimate process of mastication.

And when he dropped a batch of scalloped oysters into his watchpocket he solemnly fished them out with a souvenir after-dinner coffee spoon having the Statue of Liberty for a handle and Brooklyn Bridge in the bowl.

And the wretch's wife was so nervous she talked all the time about people the others had never seen or heard of. And she wasn't ashamed of what she was chewing either. And she said she "never used tomattus."

Mrs. Stubblebine would have felt much obliged to Fate if she had been presented with an apoplectic stroke, but she had to sit the dinner out. And from what she said to her poor husband afterward you would have thought he picked out those relatives just to spite her, when, as a matter of fact, he had always loathed them and regretted them; and the next day he borrowed enough money to lend them and send them back to the soil.

Mrs. Budlong had constituted herself an entertainment committee for all sorts of visitors. If a young girl came home from boarding school with a classmate the real hostess had hardly time to show her to the spareroom and say, "This is the bathroom round here; watch out for the steps—and if the water don't run just wait——" when the telephone would go br-r-r-r-r! And there would be Mrs. Budlong brandishing an invitation to a dinner party.

When the supply of guests ran low she would visit the sick. If a worn-out housewife slept late some morning to catch up, Mrs. Budlong would hear of it and rush over with a broth or something. It is said that old Miss Malkin got out of bed in spite of the doctor's orders, just to keep from eating any more of Mrs. Budlong's wine jellies.

In Carthage one pays for the telephone by the year. The company lost money on Mrs. Budlong's wire. She was an indefatigable telephonist. She would spend a week-end at the instrument while the prisoner at the other extreme of the wire shifted from ear to ear, sagged along the wall, postponed household duties, made signals of distress to other members of the family and generally cursed Mr. Alexander Graham Bell.

Three wall telephones were changed to table 'phones on Mrs. Budlong's account, and Mrs. Talbot had hers put by the bed. She used to take naps while Mrs. Budlong talked, and she trained herself to murmur "Yes, dear!" at intervals in her sleep.

By means like these, Mrs. Budlong kept Carthage more or less under her thumb. Carthage squirmed, but it could not crawl out from under. This is the history of how the thumb was removed for good and all. It was Mrs. Budlong that removed it. Carthage could never have pried it up.

And the thumb came off because it grew popular.

Hitherto Mrs. Budlong had never been truly popular. People were afraid of her. She was a whipper-in, a social bushbeater—driving the populace from cover like partridges. She would not let the town rest. The merchants alone admired her, for she was the cause of much buying of new shoes, new hats, new clothes, fine groceries, olives, Malaga grapes, salted almonds, raisins, English walnuts and other things one eats only at parties. She was the first woman in Carthage who ever gave a luncheon and called it breakfast as, years before, she had been the first hostess to give a dinner at any time except in the middle of the day. She was also the first person there to say "Come to me" when she meant "Come to our house." It had a Scriptural sound and was thought shocking till Carthage grew used to it.

It was due to her that several elderly men were forced into their first evening dress. They had thought to escape through life without that ordeal. Old Clute would have preferred to be fitted for a pine box and would have felt about as comfortable in it. He tried to compromise with the tailor on a garment that would serve as a "Prince Albert" by day and a "swaller-tail" by night; but Mr. Kweskin could not manage it, even though he struggled valiantly.

So Mr. Clute blamed Mrs. Budlong for yet another expense. Husbands all over town were blaming Mrs. Budlong for running their families into fool extravagances. Mothers were blaming her for dragging them round by the nose and never letting them rest. They never dared trust themselves about the house in a wrapper, for Mrs. Budlong might happen in as like as not—rather liker than not. Everybody in town resentfully obeyed Mrs. Budlong. Roscoe Detwiller wanted to organize a Homekeepers' Union, and strike.

And then, just as the town was fermenting for revolt, Mrs. Budlong came into a lot of money.

IV

THAT is, Mr. Budlong came into a lot of money. Which meant that Mr. Budlong would be permitted to take care of it while his wife got rid of it. One of those relatives very common in fiction, and not altogether unknown in real life, finally let go of her money at the behest of her impatient undertaker; and the Budlongs had the pleasure of seeing the glorious news of their good fortune in big headlines in the Carthage paper. It was the only display Mr. Budlong ever received in that paper without paying for it—except for the time when he also ran for mayor on the opposition ticket and was referred to in letters an inch high as "Candidate Nipped-in-the-Budlong."

Now the cornucopia of plenty had burst wide open on the front porch. It seemed as if they would have to wade through gold dollars to get to their front gate when the money was collected.

And now it was Mrs. Budlong's telephone that rang and rang. It was she who was called up and called up. It was she who sagged along the wall and shifted from foot to foot, from elbow to elbow and ear to ear.

After living in Carthage all her life she was suddenly, as it were, welcomed to the city as a distinguished visiting stranger. And now she had no need to invite people to return her calls. They came spontaneously. Sometimes there were a dozen calling at once. It was a reception every day. There were overflow meetings in the room that Mrs. Budlong called Mr. Budlong's "den." It was a place where she kept the furniture she did not dare keep in the parlor.

People who had never come to see her in spite of her prehensile telephone dropped in to pay up some musty old call that had lain unreturned for years. People who had always come formally, even funereally, rushed in as informally and with as devouring an enthusiasm as old chums. People who used to run in informally now drove up in vehicles from MacMulkin's livery stable; or if they came in their own turnouts they had the tops washed and the harness polished, while the gardener and furnaceman who drove had his hat brushed, was not allowed to smoke, and was urged to sit up straight and keep his foot on the dashboard.

People who had been in the habit of devoting a day or two to cleaning up a year's social debts, and went up and down the streets dropping doleful calls like wreaths on headstones, walked in unannounced of mornings. It was now Mrs. Budlong that had to keep dressed up all day. Everybody accepted the inevitable invitation to have a cup of tea, until the cook struck. Cook said she had "conthracted to cuke for a small family, not to run a continurous bairbecue!" Besides, she had to answer the doorbell so much she couldn't get her hands into the dough before they were out again. And dinner was never ready. The amount of tea consumed, and bakery cake, and the butter, began to alarm Mrs. Budlong. And Carthage people were so nervous at taking tea with a millionairess that they kept dropping cups or setting them down hard.

Mrs. Budlong had never a moment, the whole day long, to leave the house; and she suddenly found herself without a call returned. She had so many invitations to dinners and luncheons that her life became a hop, skip and jump.

During the first ecstasy of the good news Mrs. Budlong had raved over the places she was going to travel to—Paris—now pronounced Paree—Westminister Rabbi, Vienna, St. Mark's, the Lion of Lucerne! She talked like a handbook of Cook's Tours. To successive callers she told the story over and over until the rhapsody finally palled on her tongue. She began to hate Paree, St. Mark's and the Lion of Lucerne. All she wanted to do was to get out of town to some quiet retreat—for Carthage was no longer quiet. It simmered to the boiling-over point.

Once it had been Mrs. Budlong's pride to be the social leader of Carthage. Now that her husband was worth—or to be worth—a hundred thousand dollars, Carthage

seemed a very petty parish to be the social leader of. She began to read New York society notes with expectancy, as one cons the Baedeker of a town one is approaching.

She lay awake nights wondering what she should wear at Mrs. Stuyvesant Square's next party and at Mrs. Astor House's sociable. She fretted over the choice between taking a letter from her church to St. Bartholomew's, or to Grace, or St. John the Divine's. And all the while she was pouring tea for the wives of harnessmakers and druggists, dentists and grocers! All the more reason for not appearing before them in the same clothes incessantly. With a dinner or a reception or a tea or a ball every night, her two dressy-up dresses became so familiar that she could hardly afford to trot them round much more. And she could hardly afford to get new ones; for, after all, she had not come into the money. She had just come at it or toward it or, as her husband began to say, "up against it."

Mr. Budlong was kept on such tenterhooks by lawyers with papers to sign, titles to clear, executors and executrices to consult, and waivers, deeds, indentures and things, that he had no time for his business.

Like housemaids' knee and painters' colic is millionaires' melancholia. And the Budlongs were enduring the illness without entertaining the microbe.

It is almost as much trouble to inherit money nowadays as to earn it in the first place. Mr. Budlong was confronted with such a list of postmortem debts that must be prepaid for his deceased Aunt Ida that he almost begrudged her her bit of very real estate in Woodlawn. And they began to think that funeral monuments were in bad taste if ostentatious.

They had always accounted Aunt Ida a hardfisted miser before, but now she began to look like a slippery-palmed spendthrift. They began almost to suspect the probity of the poor old maid. Worse yet, they feared that some later will might turn up, bequeathing all her money to some abominable charity or other. She had been addicted to occasional subscriptions during her lifetime.

The Budlongs themselves were beginning, even at this distance from their money-to-be, to suffer its infection, its inevitable reaction on the character. Those who live beyond their means joyously when their means are small become small themselves when their means get beyond living beyond. The Budlongs began to figure percentages on sums left in the bank or put out on mortgage. They began to think money—and money is money, large or small. Mrs. Budlong began to feel that she had been unjust to Aunt Ida. What she had called miserliness was evidently prudence and thrift, and other pleasant sounding virtues.

When it came to the point of deciding that she must give a large dinner to wipe off a number of social obligations all at once, and she found that the olives, the turkey, the Malaga grapes, the English walnuts and a man from the hotel to wait on table would total up twenty-five dollars or so, she found herself figuring how much twenty-five dollars would amount to in twenty-five years at compound interest.

She grew frantic to be quit of Carthage—to rub it off her visiting list. Unconsciously her motto became Cato's ruthless *Delenda est Carthago;* but she could neither wipe Carthage off her map nor free her feet from its dust. Her husband's business required him yet a while. Even to close it up took time; and he would not and could not borrow money on Aunt Ida's estate until he was sure it was his.

All the while, however, the festival reveled on. People in Carthage, to whom New York was an inaccessible Carcassonne, were now planning to visit Mrs. Budlong there at the palatial home she had described. Some of them frankly told her they were coming. Wealth took on a new discomfort.

Mrs. Sally Swezey afflicted the telephone with gossip: "Mrs. Talbot was saying yesterday, my dear, so many people have threatened to visit you in your home on Fifth Av'noo, that you'll have to hang hammocks in your yard."

That was the discomfort of the morrow, however. Today was busy enough. One morning she was called to the telephone by the merciless Sally Swezey with a new infliction. There was something almost ghoulish in Mrs. Swezey's cackling glee as she sang out across the wire:

"We're all so glad that the next meeting of the progressive euchre club is to be at your house."

Mrs. Budlong's chin dropped. She had quite forgotten this. Sally chortled on:

"And, say, do you know what?"

"What?"

"Everybody says you're going to give solid gold prizes, and that even the booby prize will be handsomer than the first prize was at Mrs. Detwiller's."

"Ha-ha!" laughed Mrs. Budlong in a tone that sounded just like the spelling.

Mrs. Budlong's wealth seemed to be accepted as a sort of general legacy. All Carthage assumed to own it in community and to enjoy it with her. Her walls rang with the hilarity of her neighbors; but her laughter took on more and more the sound of icicles snapping from the eaves of a shed.

She became the logical candidate for all the chief offices in clubs and societies and circles. She suddenly found herself seven or eight presidents and at least eleven chairwomen. The richest woman in town heretofore was Mrs. Foster Herpers, wife of the pole-and-shaft manufacturer. He owned about half of the real estate in the county, but his wife had to distil money out of him in pennies. With a profound sigh of relief she resigned all her honors in Mrs. Budlong's favor.

Being president chiefly meant lending one's house for meetings, as well as one's china and tea and sandwiches, and being five dollars ahead of anybody else in every subscription. Mrs. Budlong was panic-stricken with her own success, for there is nothing harder to handle than a dam-break of prosperity.

Worse yet, Mr. Budlong was ceasing to be the meek thing of yore. Every day was the first of the month with him.

It was well into November when he flung himself into a Morris chair one evening and groaned aloud:

"I don't believe Aunt Ida ever left any money! If she did I don't believe we'll ever get any of it. And if we do I know we'll not have a sniff at it before January. One of the lawyers has been called abroad on another case. We've got to stay in Carthage—at least over Christmas."

"Christmas!" The word crackled and sputtered in Mrs. Budlong's brain like a fuse in the dark. The past month had been so packed with other excitements that she had forgotten the very word. Now it blew up and came down as if one of her own unstable Christmas trees had toppled over on her, with all its ropes of tinsel, its eggshell splendors and its lambent tapers.

V

FIRST, Mrs. Budlong felt amazement that she could have so ignored the very focus of her former ambition. Then she felt shame at her unpreparedness. She caught the evening paper out of her husband's lap to find the date. November ninth and not a Christmas thing begun! Yet a few days and the news-stands would apprise her that Christmas was coming; for in the middle of November all the magazines put on their holly and their Santa Clauses, as women put on summer straw hats at Easter. Mrs. Budlong's hands sought and wrung each other as if in mutual reproach. They had been pouring tea and passing wafers when they should have been Dorcasing at their Christmas tasks. And now, at the eleventh hour, she found herself without a single present tatted or painted or hammered or fired. It had been left for her husband—of all people—to warn her that Christmas was imminent!

If he had been a day later the neighbors would have anticipated him as well as the magazines. The Christmas idea seemed to strike the whole town at once. Mrs. Budlong became the victim of her own classic device of pretending to let slip a secret. The townswomen shamelessly turned her own formula against her.

Mrs. Detwiller met her at church and said:

"Yesterday morning at eleven I had the most curious presentiment, my dear! I remember the hour so exactly because I've been making it a rule to begin work on your Christmas present every morning at —— Oh, but I didn't intend to let you know. No, dearie, I won't tell you what it is. But I can't help believing it's just what you'll need in New York."

Myra Eppley, with whom Mrs. Budlong had never exchanged Christmas presents at all, but with whom an intimacy had sprung up since Mrs. Budlong came into the reputation of her money—Myra Eppley had the effrontery to call up on the telephone and say:

"Would you mind telling me, my dear, the shade of wall paper you're going to have in your New York parlor, because I'm making a —— Oh—but will you tell me?"

Poor Mrs. Budlong almost swooned from the telephone. She did not know what the color of her wall paper would be in New York. She did not know that she would ever have wall paper in New York. She only knew that Myra Eppley, too, was calling her "My dear!" Myra Eppley also was going to give her a Christmas present—and would have to be given one.

Mrs. Budlong had received fair warning, but she felt about as grateful as a wayfarer feels to the rattlesnake that whizzes: "Make ready for the coroner!"

Next, young Mrs. Chur—Editha Cinnamon that was, for she had finally landed Mr. Chur in spite of the accident, or because of it—called up to say:

"Oh, my dear, my husband wants to know what brand of cigars your husband smokes; and would you tell me, deary, what size bath-slippers you wear?"

When Sally Swezey came to the progressive euchre fight at Mrs. Budlong's she noted with joy that her hint had borne fruit. The prizes were, indeed, of solid gold. Mr. Budlong did not learn it until the first of the following month, when the bill came in from the jewelry store.

As if she had not done enough in forcing solid gold prizes on Mrs. Budlong, Sally had to say:

"I'm just dying to see your back parlor, my dear, this next Christmas afternoon! It has always been a sight for sore eyes; but this Christmas it will be a perfect wonder, for I do declare everybody in town is going to send you something nice."

This conviction was already chilling Mrs. Budlong's marrow. Of old she would have rejoiced at the golden triumph; but now she could only realize that if everybody in Carthage sent her something nice it was because everybody in Carthage expected something nicer. And she had not tatted or smeared or hammered a thing! As usual, too, the excess of work on hand had a paralyzing effect. At a time when she should be half done she could not even begin!



"Mishing You a Merry Murchriz and a Nappy Hoosier!"

VI

DAYS and days went by in a stupor of hopelessness. Thanksgiving came and the Budlong turkey might as well have been a crow. In desperation she decided to make a tentative exploration of the shops now burgeoning with Christmas splendor.

(Continued on Page 30)

WHAT OF 1912?—By Samuel G. Blythe

II—East of the Mississippi



A Deadlock Might Occur, and Dix is Safe and Sane

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT'S strength as a candidate for reëlection to the Presidency does not increase as you come east from the Mississippi, but his strength as a candidate for renomination for that office does increase.

There is just as much dissatisfaction in the Republican party in this territory as in the territory west of the Mississippi, but the means for expressing it in opposition to the nomination are not so available. Few of the states in this section have primary laws that will enable the voters to select delegates to the national conventions, and the machinery of the Republican party has not yet been taken from the men who have long controlled it—men who are old-line, Old-Guard, old-idea and old-method politicians. They will, in most instances, control the delegations; and, as a matter of course, those delegations will be for Mr. Taft's renomination.

That is about as far as the oldsters will go however. They will not be able to control the election; and, as it stands now, Mr. Taft will lose at the November election some of those states that have been consistently Republican in national elections since 1896. Indeed, if the Democrats nominate the right kind of man Mr. Taft will lose most of them—not all, but more than he thinks or the Old Guard leaders suppose.

Still, the Old Guard leaders are not entirely blind to the situation. To use a Wall Street term, they—or a good many of them—have taken their losses for 1912 and are playing now for 1916. They might be able to complicate the nomination of Mr. Taft if they wanted to by throwing their state delegations against him, but they do not think that worth while; and as long as Mr. Taft, the President, wants a renomination, they are in duty bound to give it to him, no matter what they may think concerning the chances of his election. On the other hand, some of them profess to see little in this dissatisfaction and opposition to Mr. Taft, and say, once he is nominated and the spellbinders get out and begin to yell "Rally, boys! Rally!" the Republicans, bound to the Grand Old Party by old ties, will come flocking back to the standard and will vote for Mr. Taft to prevent what every sane Republican must know—the Old Guardsters say—will be a tremendous calamity to the nation: the election of a Democratic President.

Will Mr. Taft Withdraw?

MEN who are in touch with conditions in the West and elsewhere have gone to these leaders and asked them: "Why nominate Taft and wreck the party?" Their only answer has been the famous one of Colonel Roosevelt when he was asked why he made James R. Garfield Secretary of the Interior. "Jimmie wanted it," said the Colonel. "Mr. Taft wants it" is their reason. It has been pointed out to the Southern Federal officeholders who will be delegates that there will be positively no nourishment for them in the election of a Democratic President. They will all lose their jobs. However, favors past and to come in the period between the nominating convention and the exit from office of a possibly defeated candidate on the following March fourth hold them. They have had theirs and they are willing Mr. Taft should have his.

Moreover, these Old Guard leaders are not so sure that it wouldn't be a good thing for all concerned to have the Republican party defeated, and they are quite pleased with the idea that Mr. Taft shall be the instrument. Those who have watched White House policies and understand national politics know that the men who have posed as the friends of Mr. Taft; the men who have been his dependence in Congress and with whom he has consulted as much as he has consulted with anybody; the men who have taken his orders—in a sense, at least—and who have tried to carry out his policies or, to put it another way, have not opposed his policies to too great an extent—these men were all opposed to the original nomination of Mr. Taft. They fought him—not very intelligently, to be sure, but in the only way they knew how—before the convention. They financed and carried on the campaign of the "Allies."

I have before me the last statement issued by the authorized press agent of the Allies a few days before the Chicago convention, where Mr. Taft was nominated. It is interesting, in view of the fact that the men in the East who are now in line for Mr. Taft's renomination—Senator Crane, of Massachusetts; Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania; Secretary of State Knox; former Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island; former Senator Hemenway, of Indiana; Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois, and many others—were the upbuilders and upholders and financiers of the fantastic movement of the Allies.

After commenting on the claims made by the Taft managers as to the delegates they had secured, the authorized press bulletin says:

HISTORY WILL REPEAT ITSELF AT CHICAGO. No pre-convention FAVORITE ever won a nomination for President in a Republican convention since the founding of the party except William McKinley; and back of him was a tidal wave of popular sentiment which is not surging for Secretary Taft; and Harrison in 1892—nominated by officeholders and beaten by the people. Seward had two-thirds of the delegates to the convention of 1860 pledged. Blaine was within twenty-six votes of a nomination on the first ballot in 1876—nearer than Secretary Taft will be.

The fatal weakness of the Taft candidacy is that it is an absolutely MACHINE-MADE product, not vitalized by popular sentiment. Its bandwagon is loaded down with men who will jump over the wheel the moment the vehicle shows signs of stalling—and that sign is in sight.

The Chicago convention will make a nomination not the product of INTIMIDATION; not the result of COWARDICE on the part of party leadership; not involving the surrender of party prospects in a hundred Congressional districts and a dozen Northern and border states; and not imposing upon the Republican party the necessity of proving that the support of predatory wealth has not been secured for the Taft candidacy at the sacrifice of the policies which the Progressive wing of the Republican party has been led to believe it represents.

Now that bulletin is interesting from two viewpoints. It sounds like a regular Progressive outcry instead of the last word of the most reactionary section of all the reactionaries in the Republican party. It shows what was the pre-convention temper of the men who, in the East, are now all for the renomination of Mr. Taft. The bulletin was never recalled or disowned. It shows the reason for the present position of these men. Mr. Taft was not President in 1908, but Mr. Roosevelt was! It amounted to the same thing. Mr. Roosevelt used the power of his office to nominate Mr. Taft, just as Mr. Taft is using the power of his office to renominate himself. The results will be the same, as far as nominating goes—if Mr. Taft persists.

The candidacy of Philander C. Knox, now Secretary of State; of Charles E. Hughes, now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; of Joseph B. Foraker, of Ohio; of Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois; and of Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, were all a part of the so-called Allies' campaign. Back of these candidacies were the Old Guard of the Republican party, who are now all acquiescent in the renomination of Mr. Taft. Pre-convention literature is likely to be ill-considered and not to be taken too seriously, and it would seem that the author was a better prophet for 1912 than for 1908; but he knew the sort of game his employers were up against and referred to it feelingly. Likely as not the dose of fighting against Presidential power in securing delegates which the Allies got in 1908 sufficed them. They know now, as they should have known before, how useless it is, with that big block of Southern delegates to be had by any Republican President for the command.

With the party machinery largely in the hands of these men in the East, and these men—in most of the states—ready to turn their delegates to Mr. Taft, it is apparent that his strength for renomination increases east of the



Mr. Hearst is Very Friendly to Clark's Candidacy

Mississippi. New York and Pennsylvania and New England were assured to him long ago. That has been fixed for months. If Taft sticks, the leaders in these states will stick too. If Taft does not stick, they will begin to look for a compromise candidate.

They will never support La Follette or let him have any delegates if they can avoid it. They all consider Taft as renominated, will do what they can to help him make a campaign, and are getting their houses in order for a Democratic President.

The Proceedings of Big Business

ONE of the traditions to which the old-line leaders in both parties cling is that pleasing one about the power of Wall Street and all it types in the way of Big Business in effecting nominations and elections. Wall Street was powerful in the past; but Wall Street isn't so powerful now, owing to various little restrictions placed on election manipulation by the Congress and the people in various parts of the country. Wall Street, or men representing Wall Street, nominated Judge Parker in 1904, and what the people did to Judge Parker is still a shuddering memory. Even with direct primaries, Big Business might spread about a lot of money and get some results, but—and here is the pecuniary point—Big Business isn't going to spread about any money in primaries or elsewhere. Big Business has had its lesson two ways—one from the people and one from the White House.

Big Business does not want Mr. Taft elected, but Big Business is sorely put to it to find some Democrat it does want. It abhors Woodrow Wilson and isn't any too sure of Governor Harmon, who certainly did do some scandalous tax-raising things—to the Pennsylvania Railroad, for example. So Big Business is marking time and contenting itself with saying: "Nothing could be worse than the situation now, and we won't contribute a darned cent to anybody." The trouble with Big Business is that, though its representatives are kings in finance, they are pigmies in politics. They know all about money, but they know so little about the United States and the people in them that these manifestations of distrust and attack, which are and have been so frequent, made those representatives throw a succession of fits of surprise and grief.

J. Pierpont Morgan, for example, is a large and imposing financial magnate who has an intimate acquaintance with all kinds of money and all the kinds of money-dodges there are; but Mr. Morgan and the men who revolve round Mr. Morgan have but a crude conception of what is going on politically in this country, and the meaning of the political manifestations of the upheaval. At that, they know more now than they knew a few years ago; and the work of their education is going on slowly but surely. They have messed in in some Presidential campaigns before now, with varying results, more especially after the elections; and they may mess in this coming election—not in nominating on the Republican side, but in election on that side and in nomination on the other side. Still, their broad and free financial style has been cramped a good deal by laws that make it possible to find out about corporation contributions. Furthermore, if there is any corporation

in this country that would feel safe in getting anything from either side after contributing, it surely is long on confidence and hope.

There is no doubt that Big Business would like to be in a position to dictate, but Big Business isn't and never will be again. Big Business doesn't know it yet, but it has glimmerings and presently will come to understand. So, when you hear the political wise men gravely discussing whether this man or that is acceptable to the Big Fellows, it doesn't mean so much as it once did. Indeed, that is a good time to laugh. Big Business cannot stop Mr. Taft's nomination if it tries—nor can Big Business nominate any Democrat the way Judge Parker was nominated; in fact, the Democrat who will be nominated is likely to be as objectionable to Big Business as Mr. Taft must be—probably more so.

However, there are evidences here and there that certain crafty gentlemen who have turned tricks before now for the safe-and-sane outfit are not without knowledge of the possibilities of the Democratic situation in the territory I am considering; and that makes that situation extremely interesting. The two-thirds rule in the Democratic National Convention gives any group of manipulators a good fighting—or, better yet, gambling—chance. If a long-continued, stanch deadlock can be maintained for a time between leading candidates there will be an opportunity to slip almost any man over. Suppose the two leaders should be Harmon and Wilson, each with a lot of delegates, but neither with enough to nominate. Suppose there was a deadlock for several days, with these two leaders grinding one against the other. Everything in politics is the result of compromise, as is everything in legislation. Hence, the compromisers would become active; and one man's chance is as good as another's if his geography is right.

The Oldest Political Game

THE oldest political game in the world is the multiplication of candidates to defeat any one candidate. That is why—in the East particularly—the favorite sons are being trotted out. Big Business and its satellites in the East do not want Wilson and are not so ardent for Harmon as formerly. So, when you examine into the states where the local leaders have always been responsive—to be mild about it—to the demands of Big Business, you will find some of these leaders are supporting favorite sons, as many of them as have reasonably good excuses in the shape of reasonably good favorite sons.

In this situation there appears a choice collection of fine Italian hands—fine Democratic Italian hands, to be exact. There is the fine Italian hand of William Jennings Bryan, who does not want Judge Harmon nominated and who has bestowed his blessing and benediction and the benison of his indorsement on half a dozen or more candidates. Then appear the fine Italian hands of the old-liners, the men who have retained control of the organizations—who do not like Bryan; and they are multiplying candidates to prevent the nomination of Wilson, standing for Harmon at the moment here and there—but operating with favorite sons where opportunity presents. Also, the f. I. h. of William Randolph Hearst, who wants what he wants—whatever that may be.

Take Indiana, for example: Tom Taggart and his outfit are all excited about Governor Marshall as a candidate. To be sure Tom didn't want Marshall nominated for governor, but Tom wants him nominated for President; or, rather, there are some other people Tom doesn't want nominated for President. The state of New York will be in the game with a delegation for Governor Dix. Illinois is in the throes. They say Carter Harrison, mayor of Chicago, is waiting for a chance to come out; but Mr. Hearst has designs on Illinois himself. Mr. Hearst had the delegation from Illinois in 1904. One of the most affecting sights ever seen at a national convention was John P. Hopkins and Roger Sullivan leading that 1904 Illinois delegation to St. Louis and voting it for William Randolph Hearst! And over in Massachusetts, if Governor Foss is reëlected—this was written before the decision at the polls—he will be a candidate and turn up with the Massachusetts delegates; and mayhap some others from New England. Of course, if he is defeated he won't be much of a candidate; but if he is reëlected governor he will be on the spot with his handful—a sort of a free-lance fine-Italian-hander—waiting to see what will come out of the stress and turmoil.

You see, it's a great game. There are possibilities for almost anything—from murder on the broad political highway to kidnaping of a favorite son; from quick work with the stiletto to course work with the ax. There are chances for manipulation, combination, assassination, fascination, coalition, extermination and sensation. And the stake is a big one! The Democrats think—with reason—they have a better chance to elect a President this time than they have had since 1892, and they are hungry for the perquisites. They will fight desperately and maneuver skillfully, for they think the prize is theirs.

The West has no candidate for President on the Democratic side—I mean the Far West. Indiana has one and Illinois is likely to have one. Missouri, of the Southwest, has two. Then come Ohio and New York and Massachusetts and New Jersey; and the South—the real South—is likely to have Underwood, of Alabama, and mayhap Bailey, of Texas, just to make it more difficult. That next Democratic National Convention will be worth going miles to see!

The situation is simpler in this section of the country from a Taft-nomination viewpoint. Mr. Taft will have a big majority of the delegates. There is no doubt that Wisconsin will be for La Follette. That is a certainty—if Mr. La Follette continues as a candidate. Nor is there any doubt that Michigan will be for Mr. Taft in the convention. There is considerable insurgency in Michigan, but it will not manifest itself in delegates for Mr. La Follette.

Illinois is in a turmoil. The venerable Shelby M. Cullom, who must be reëlected to the Senate by the legislature to be chosen this fall, recently went to Illinois to compose the difficulties in his party. He is somewhat of a composer, too, is Uncle Shelby; but he could make no progress and sorrowfully gave up the job and went back to Washington, saying he would run again if his party should desire him to; but that, as far as he was concerned, he could find neither head nor tail to the politics out there.

The Insurgent wing of the Republican party is very active. It is headed by Charles Crane, who was selected for Minister to China by President Taft and who was recalled from the dock in San Francisco just as he was about to sail, and after he had scattered interviews about what he intended to do in China, all the way from Washington to the Golden Gate. Mr. Crane has never felt there was any reason for this humiliation—and he is an active person, with a large fortune and a retentive memory. He has associated with him Professor Merriam, who was defeated for mayor of Chicago by Carter Harrison last spring, and is a strong La Follette man—and some others equally important.

When these men determined to try to get Illinois away from Taft they came to Washington and conferred with the Progressive Senators. They asked for something definite to tie their movement to. They demanded a candidate. Their visit resulted in the letter proffering the leadership to Senator La Follette, which was written but not published, because some of the Progressive Senators did not see how they came to have any powers for naming a candidate for the Presidential nomination, and would not sign it. Senator Cummins didn't sign, for example, and others. Still, the Chicago men got what they were after, which was a knowledge that Senator La Follette would be a candidate for the nomination; and they went back and began work.

There is plenty of Progressive Republican sentiment in Illinois if it can be crystallized, and that is what Crane and Merriam and the others are trying to do. Meantime the Old Guard is making desperate efforts to secure an undivided delegation for Mr. Taft. The result is likely to be a split delegation, with some Taft men and some La Follette men on it. It is too early to suggest the proportion, but it is safe to say the delegation will not be unanimous either way.

Mr. Taft will have the Indiana delegates unless a fight is made there. Former Senator Beveridge would be able to wedge some La Follette men into the delegation if he were disposed to make a personal fight. Mr. Beveridge's old opponents in his own party, the Fairbanks-Hemenway-Watson crowd, are for Mr. Taft as it now stands. In case Mr. Taft should retire there would be an immediate movement to get Charles W. Fairbanks into line for the nomination. However, as Mr. Taft, at the time this was written, had said nothing about retiring, Mr. Fairbanks must, for these purposes, be considered a very dark—almost an effaced—horse. The result in Indiana depends entirely on the fight that is made. If the Progressives put up a hard fight they have a good chance to get some of the delegates.

Even in Mr. Taft's own state, Ohio, there are rumblings against him. James R. Garfield and some of his friends up Cleveland way are beginning to get active. They might be able to squeeze in a delegate or two here and there, but the probabilities are that Mr. Taft will go to his renomination supported by his own state. He will have New York, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, as the situation now is, unquestionably, if he remains a candidate.

Massachusetts in the Mix-Up

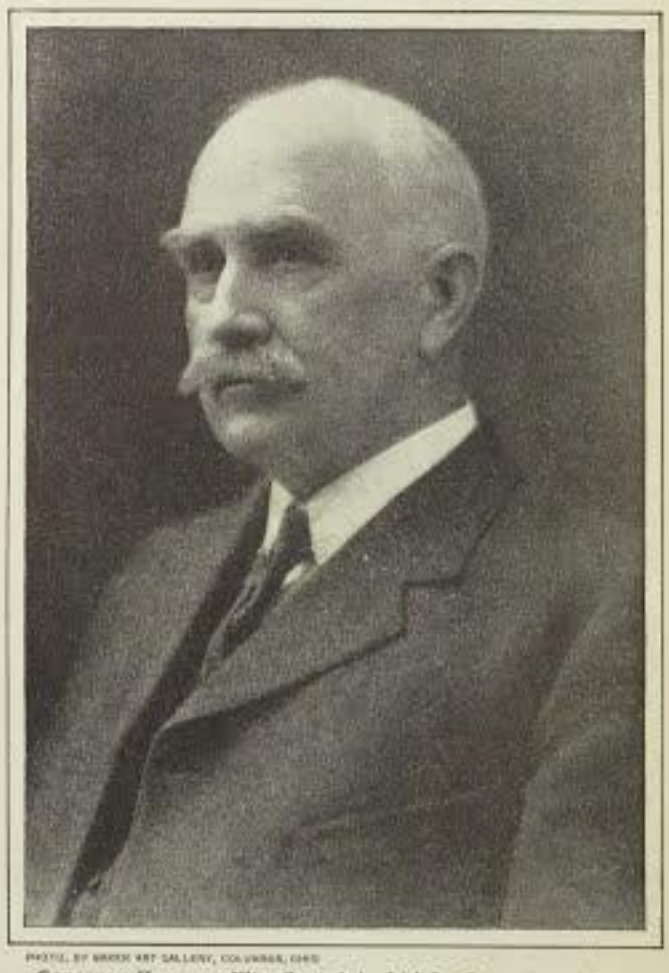
ALSO, New Jersey and Delaware will be for him, and Murray Crane and other New England powers will see to it that New England casts its vote—in the convention—for him. There are more Insurgents in New Hampshire than elsewhere in New England, judging by results, but Massachusetts has a strong Insurgent spirit. The fight for governor over there between Foss and Frothingham is being made on the tariff issue. It was not decided when this was written, but will be decided before it is read; and the result will be a sort of index to the temper of the people in the East—an indication that will be interpreted variously and temperamentally. Too much dependence must not be placed on it either way, however, for the personality of Governor Foss and various other things will be mixed in the result.

The disposition of the dissatisfied Republicans of New England is not to oppose Mr. Taft's renomination, but to

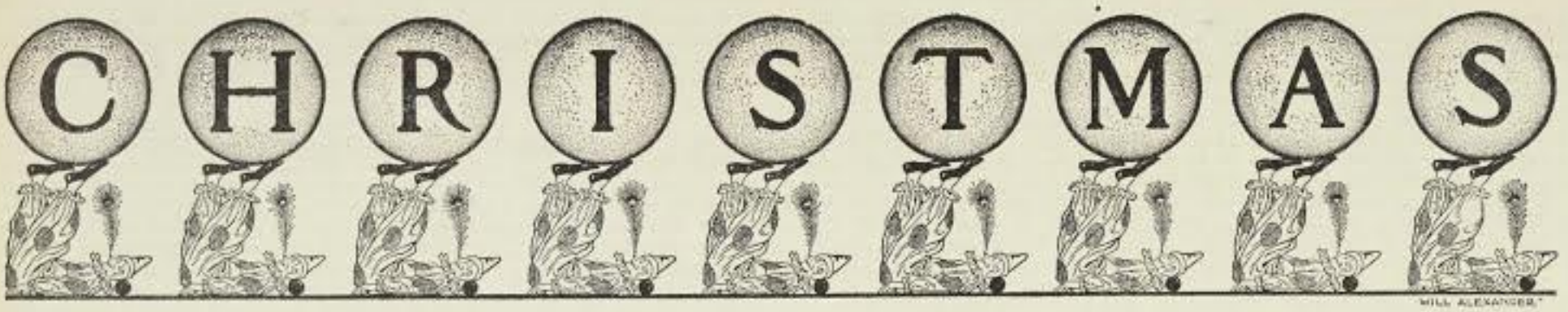
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Big Business and its Satellites in the East Do Not Want Wilson



Governor Harmon, Who Certainly Did Do Some Scandalous Tax-Raising Things to the Pennsylvania Railroad



White Folks' Rights

I STOPPED in fo' to git a cuttin' er dat wax gerangium yistiddy," said Uncle Peter to Viney, indicating a small plant among the rows of flower-pots improvised from tin cans and preserve jars that decorated the porch's edge; "but Henry Clay tol' me you was up at de Slocumses he'pin' Mis' Fanny make some kind er tea, so I 'lowed dat I'd wait twel you was home to give me de cuttin'."

"I wan't he'pin' Mis' Fanny make no tea," denied Viney. "I was he'pin' her serve refreshments at a meetin'."

"Dat's funny now," said Uncle Peter meditatively. "Seem lak to me Henry Clay say hit was some kin' er tea—sass'frass tea hit soun'ed lak—on'y diffunt."

"Oh!" Viney assumed an air of importance. "I reckon Buddy was tryin' to say suffidge tea, on'y he didn't git de p'nouncement right."

"Suffidge tea!" repeated Uncle Peter wonderingly. "Ise hearn er boneset tea an' catnip tea, but I disremembers evah hearin' er suffidge tea. What kin' er ailment am hit good fo'?"

"Uncle Peter!" Viney's face took on an expression of superiority born of recently acquired knowledge; "Ise s'prised at yo' ign'unce. De suffidge tea what Mis' Fanny had was a meetin' give by de white ladies in town what ain't got nothin' to keep 'em busy, an' dey done met fo' de puppose er 'scussin' how dey gwine to git mo' rights den dey am got now. Leas'ways, dat's what I mek out fum de talk what I ketch heah an' dere whiles I was passin' de ice cream an' cake.

"You see, white ladies am a way yondah smahter an' higher up dan de cullud women, an' de Lawd knowed what He was doin' when He fix things de way dey is now. But dey am somep'n I has always tuck noticement of, an' hit's dis: take any of us cullud folks what's got enough to do us jes' middlin' well, lak a good place to sleep in, plenty er co'nmeal, an' bacon an' coffee 'nough fo' de nex' week, two good ahms to wuk wid, an' a cl'ar day fo' to dry de clothes, an' you don' fin' none of us traipsin' roun' lookin' fo' Ol' Man Trouble. No, suh! But white folks, Ise noticed, ain't no sooner'n got one thing dey am aftah, dan dey sets hit down on de flo' an' picks up an' chases aftah sump'n else dey sees a way off yondah. De trouble wid white folks is dat dey am runnin' aftah tomorrow all de time, stid er stickin' clost to today.

"Take Mis' Fanny, fo' ninstance. De las' time Cunnel Slocum went to Nashville he brung her one er de fines' dresses what evah you sot eyes on. Mis' Fanny say hit was a important gown, an' when I ax her what kin' er gown am dat she say hit mean dat hit was brung fum ovah de sea. Well, I knows dat dey was a heap to see on hit, an' ef 'twas me dat own such a gran' dress I'd be struttin' up an' down lak a turkey cock an' dat swole up an' proud dat couldn't none er you niggers touch me wid a ten-foot pole.

"But Mis' Fanny ain't no sooner'n kiss de Cunnel fo' de dress dan she say: 'Yes, hit's jes' lovely, Cunnel, but now dat Ise got de dress Ise got to have a hat to go wid hit, an' de on'y kin' er hat dat's fitten to match hit am one wid a bird er Pa'dise plume on hit.' Fum dat minit she didn' give de Cunnel a mossel er res' twel he sont ovah to de city fo' de plume—an' hit costin' all of fifty dollahs. Den she had to git shoes an' gloves an' a pa'sol to match hit, an' de Lawd knows what else. An' dat's de way hit goes all thoo.

"Ef a pusson's a-gwine to keep on huntin' fo' mo' rights all de time dey is somep'n gwine to go mighty wrong in no time. When de Lawd give women de right to bawn dey own chillen an' fetch 'em up de way dey ought to be fotch up, an' look aftah de chillen's pa de way he ought to be looked aftah, she's got 'bout as many rights as she can lay holt on an' take keer of. I don' want no mo' rights dan I has already. I has so many of 'em now dat sometimes I sets back an' wonders dat some of 'em don't spill off'n me 'cause dey am so crowded fo' room. I has de right to take in five washin's a week. I has de right to pay de rent 'cause Isom's out of a job mos' er de time, er else ef he has a job de mizry in his side keeps him fum wukkin' at hit. I has de right to nuss him an' de chillen when dey am sick. Dem's de big rights I has, an' I don' know how many li'l' rights I has.

"'Lawsy!' says I, when Mis' Fanny tol' me dat some day all de white ladies is gwine to vote. 'Ain't dey 'nough things fo' a man an' his wife to qua'l 'bout widout fussin' ovah who dey wants to be Pres'dent?'"

"Maybe dey won't qua'l," suggested Uncle Peter. "Maybe de wife'll vote fo' de same man as her husband."

"Ef dat's de case," said Viney with some asperity, "what's de use in her havin' rights? All dis heah talk dat I heerd 'bout suffidge 'minds me er somep'n what happen in de Buffo'd fam'ly oncet, an' when I tells hit I ain't meanin' no disrespec' to de white ladies. Mistah Robert Buffo'd was down in de Torpid Zone one time, an' when he come back he brung a li'l' monkey 'long wid him fo' a pet. De monkey was so plum full er fleas dat Mis' Buffo'd wouldn' have hit roun'. Not dat de fleas worrited de monkey, 'cause hit was as cheerful as a cricket when hit fus' come an' hit was 'cause de fleas kep' hit busy chasin' aftah 'em all day long. But John, de drivah, tuck hit outside an' sprinkle some stuff on hit what driv ev'y las' one er dem fleas away. Den de monkey was brung in de house agin, but he wan't de same animal. He jes' set an' look mizzable, not havin' hisself to keep him busy; an' de fus' thing you knows dat monkey had scratched up mo' funisher twel hit was somep'n scan'lous. Dey sent him out to de barn an' locked him in a li'l' room, an' he got full er fleas an' happy agin."

Viney gave Uncle Peter his cutting. "Mis' Fanny say dat she's a 'suffered yet'; but hit ain't near as much as she's a-gwine to ef she don't quit monkeyin' wid politics an' leave em to the men."

—BLANCHE GOODMAN.

Merely a Legend

By Wallace Irwin

A wealthy Broadway waiter bought a paper from a newsy;
He gave the boy a punctured dime and said: "Oh, keep the change!"
But the honorable urchin cried: "You're evidently woozy!
I don't take coin wot I don't earn! Go on; quit actin' strange!"
So the waiter kept his pennies and resolved at once that he
Would straightway stop accepting tips from folk of high degree.

Next day a politician slipped a quarter to the waiter;
The waiter turned the coin for luck, then gave it straightway back.
"Excuse me, sir," he stuttered; "I'm a stern corruption-hater,
And I can't accept a quarter smelling loudly of the sack."
The politician grasped the coin and very nearly ran
To seek a new environment and be an honest man.

The Boss he poked a hundred at the chastened politician,
Who spurned the tainted token with a word of bitter thanks.
"I can't afford," he murmured, "to debauch my high position
By taking money garnered from the corporation ranks."
So the Boss he closed his checkbook in a highly Christian vein
And swore he'd never turn his hand to bribery again.

The Financier he slipped ten thousand ducats to the Boss,
Who chucked it back imeejut at the wicked malefactor.
"If I'm to lead the cause," he said, "I can't be taking dross
From organized corruption, like the merest vice-contractor."
So the Financier, quite edified, put on his hat of silk,
Fired all his hireling Senators and lived on malted milk.

And thus began a great crusade of honest legislation—
The railroads changed their policies to suit the public good;
The grocer and the butcher shunned each vile adulteration,
And the Best Man got the vote of all the people—as he should.

Here's the moral: If we ever wish to reach Utopia's state
Let our Newsboys start a movement that will educate the Great.



Stripping the Tin

DEARIE, I'll help you to open that can. See how ingenious these new-fashioned keys; just twist the wrist—see how clever the plan—off comes the cover as nice as you please. Give me the tin—see, we lay it down flat; where is the key that you twist the top in? See, now I find where that small nib is at, twist the key in it and strip off the tin. Now the key's placed as intended to be; one little turn and the lid starts to strip. Pshaw, that one must be an imperfect key; too small, I think, for the nib starts to slip. Now hold it tight while I try it again; something's the matter as sure as you're born. I seem to start it all right and just then off slips the key. There—that tin thing is torn! Put this can back on the shelf for just now; get me another that's perfectly made; put it down here and I'll soon show you how to strip this tin top off, so don't be afraid.

THERE—that is better; now get me a key. See—the nib fits it and starts to unwind; this is the way 'twas intended to be. Once in a long time you're quite sure to find a can that's imperfect. Now watch me and see just how it works—just a firm, simple twist. Some time you may want to do this and be sure of the method with fingers and wrist. Here at the edge is the nub of the thing; once over that and the rest is quite plain. Now we have got the lid started and—Bing! That blessed key-top is broken again. Well, we'll unwind it and start in anew; bring me a key from another tin can; bring me an old one—I think that will do; they should make keys on a bit stronger plan. Better put back this can also, my dear; we'll start afresh with a new tin and key. Now I'll put this can right down over here and then strip the lid off as it ought to be.

THIS one goes better—I knew that it would; patience is virtue in such things as these. All that you need is a key that is good and a can that is perfect—it's clear as you please. See how the lid strips as smoothly as grease; hardly an effort to strip off the tin. Just start it right in that little tin piece—much will depend on the way you begin. Now the edge lifts and the worst of it's done; this is the hard place, this little spot here: once that is started the rest of it's fun. Oh, we'll have lunch soon, of that never fear! Give me a napkin to put in my lap, lest the oil spatter and soil my good clothes; watch this top roll up as smoothly as——Snap! Now the lid's split—how provoking it grows! Send these cans back and these keys to the store. What's in this tin, Dearie—sardines or cheese? Bring me a new tin; we'll try it once more. Get me the old-fashioned can-opener, please!

—J. W. FOLEY.

The Amazing Adventure of Letitia Carberry

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

XIII

AS I HAVE said, Tommy came in about dawn. Miss Lewis had dropped into an uneasy sleep and Tish was dozing in the chair beside her; Aggie was stretched out on the couch, with a cubeb cigarette burning in a saucer beside her, and was resurrecting her mother's sister again when he came in. He beckoned me out into the hall after he had told us about the coat.

"Miss Blake is ill again," he said. "The second shock after the first, you know."

"Not seriously, Tommy?" I asked, putting my hand on his arm.

"I don't know," he said miserably. "People don't go from one fainting attack into another, without —— I guess you've seen how it is, Miss Lizzie. I—it would kill me if any harm came to her!"

"No harm is coming to her," I reassured him. "If the strain has had this effect on Miss Lewis, who has about the same nervous system as a cow, of course it would go hard with a finely organized girl like Miss Blake. And—don't be foolish, Tommy. No finding of surgical knives in that girl's room, or of rosettes where they don't belong, is going to make her guilty of anything wrong. If she's in trouble it's not of her own making."

He fairly put his arm round me and hugged me, to the horror of a passing nurse.

"Blessed are the spinsters," he cried, "for they are the salt of the earth! Do you really think that?"

"I do," I said firmly. "And shame on you, Tommy Andrews, for having thought anything else! I shall stay with her for an hour or two."

"If you will," he said gratefully, and we started toward the dormitory.

On the way over, Tommy told me more clearly what had happened. The body of the "carbolic case" had been taken to the mortuary by Jacobs and Briggs—Marshall, the other night orderly, having refused to go. On the way up, Jacobs, who was running the elevator, complained that it was out of order. It was an old-fashioned lift, moving always very slowly, and built on the familiar cable-and-wheel principle. Twice during the ascent the cage stopped entirely.

Near the top floor the cage began to vibrate wildly and Briggs had been obliged to steady the wheeled table on which the corpse lay.

Jacobs, who had told Tommy the story, said that both he and Briggs were alarmed, fearing that one of the cables had broken; while he worked with the lever Briggs looked up apprehensively through the metal grill in the center of the cage. The car was still shaking from side to side, and refused to obey the lever. Jacobs turned to Briggs and threw up his hands.

"It's stuck!" he said. "Either it's going to drop, when it gets ready, or ——"

He said Briggs wasn't listening, but was standing looking up at the grill with his face blue-white. Jacobs looked up too, but he was a second too late. He had a sense of something white moving just out of his range of vision and the car ceased vibrating.

Briggs was still staring up and the car was moving again, as if nothing had happened to it. At the mortuary floor Jacobs had touched Briggs on the arm, and he shivered and helped him wheel the table out of the cage. Then Briggs asked him to lower the cage until he could see the top; but there was nothing there. After that they took the body to the mortuary.

"What did Briggs think he saw?" I asked nervously, holding to Tommy's arm. The hall was dark.

"It's rather fantastic," Tommy said; "but—he declared there was a bare foot planted directly on the grill of the cage."

"A foot!" I gasped.

"A foot," said Tommy soberly. "And I'm going to tell you what I wouldn't care to tell Aunt Tish or Miss Aggie. I've been on top of the cage myself, just now, with a candle. There are innumerable footprints in the dust—distinct marks of a naked foot; but it is always the right foot!"

I shivered. "Tommy!" I quavered. "The mark on the wall where Johnson was found was—the print of a naked right foot. Tish and I saw it."

"I know," he replied, and fell to thinking. "Well," he said after a moment, "I'd better go on. Jacobs moved the cage down, but there was nothing on it or in the shaft over their heads. It ends just above that floor; and, as the doors to the shaft were all locked, if anything had been above the cage it could hardly have got away. Briggs himself said he thought it was an optical illusion and was apparently not nervous when Jacobs went down to get Miss Lewis. He was gone some time, Miss Lewis having insisted on being fortified by something to eat before she went up.

Finally, as we knew, he had got Miss Lewis and they went to the mortuary.

Briggs was sitting there quietly with his pipe lighted and a newspaper on his knee. He was neither reading nor smoking, however, and Jacobs said he was staring overhead with a queer expression on his face as if he were listening to something.

He started to say something to Jacobs, but Jacobs signaled him to be cautious and pointed to Miss Lewis. Briggs had nodded and resumed his pipe. Everything was quiet and peaceful, Jacobs insisted. Tommy and Hicks had appeared some time before and gone up the stairs to the roof. The man who had been sent to guard that corridor, one of the laundry men, was dozing in a chair halfway down. Jacobs, not being needed in the mortuary, went down to him and roused him by shaking. He and the laundry man were talking when Miss Lewis came down to the empty ward across from them and, turning on the lights, went in in search of something she needed.

Jacobs was positive there had not been a sound from the mortuary, except that a gust of air from its open windows had swept along the hall and the glass-topped doors had slammed shut. There had been no outcry, no struggle. When Miss Lewis went back briskly and opened the doors she found Briggs apparently gone and the sheeted figure on the table as before.

It was only when she turned down the sheet that she discovered the truth—the body of the murdered orderly on the table and the corpse not to be seen. It was then she screamed.

"We have sent for the police," Tommy finished. "We didn't want any publicity, but now it has to come. It's beyond us. The strange thing is," he said, "at the time it happened every corridor, every ward, every possible means of access to the mortuary was guarded."

"Yes, and with the one nearest it sound asleep!" I commented scornfully. "And goodness knows how many of the others!"

"Jacobs was in the upper hall," he contended; "and, whoever was asleep beforehand, none of them was asleep after Miss Lewis shrieked, Miss Lizzie. There are only two means of access to the mortuary, the fire-escape and the steps. Jacobs was just beyond the steps all the time, and Hicks and I were on the roof near the fire-escape. Nobody left by those two exits. That's positive."

"There is another door in the mortuary," I said. "What is that?"

"Mortuary linen closet," said Tommy. "Always kept locked, and still locked."

"You haven't examined it?"

"The linen-room woman carries the key and she is away overnight."

"Nobody was missing?"

"We made a tally immediately, with the guards all watching every door and window. The two internes and I made the count ourselves—not a soul was missing."

"He was—strangled?"

"No. That's one of the queerest things about it. He had been squeezed—his chest is caved in, and I think the autopsy will show that a point of one of the ribs entered the heart. Death was instantaneous."

"And the brown coat?" I asked. "How did it get there?"

"God knows!" said Tommy, and rapped at Miss Blake's door.



I Dare Say We Looked Queer

XIV

TISH stared at me the next morning when I told her the story Tommy had told me and laid the key of the mortuary linen closet on her tray.

"The Blake girl is still out of her head," I finished up, "and I found the key, as I tell you, on her dresser, labeled as you see it. I don't want you to show it to Tommy, Tish."

"Tommy!" said Tish scornfully, and pushed away her breakfast untasted. "I tell you, Lizzie, if I had had charge of things last night that poor wretch would have carried in this tray this morning, with the tea slopped over everything as usual. Tommy is a nice boy; but he's stupid."

"But I don't understand," said Aggie from the bed. "If you think, Tish Carberry, that finding the key to a linen closet is going to prove anything against that pretty Little Nurse, I'll tell Tommy about it myself."

"Exactly," said Tish coldly. "And if you do I wash my hands of the whole affair. So far as I'm concerned in that case, she can go under suspicion for the rest of her life."

"Suspicion of what?" Aggie demanded tartly. "She didn't kill Briggs, I suppose. Even if she could have broken his ribs, as Lizzie says, and she's a perfectly respectable girl—you can see that in her face—she was right here on the stairs when it happened, wasn't she?"

Tish got up and put the key of the linen closet in the lower bureau drawer.

"Don't be any more of a fool than you can help, Aggie," she said, and shut the drawer. "I don't think Miss Blake

killed Briggs, or got up on the wall and made a footprint a foot and a half long near the ceiling, or hung Johnson by the neck to a chandelier. And if my nephew chooses to be so head over ears in love with the young woman that he's no more capable of logical thought than a guinea-pig, I shall look into the thing myself."

"Guinea pig!" said Aggie. "Now then, that's another thing, Tish. The rabbits ——"

"Lizzie," Tish said, snubbing her completely. "Will you see if Miss Durand is off duty yet? I want to talk to her. Lewis won't be back from breakfast for an hour. She can't Fletcherize and tell that story at the same time."

The hall nurse promised me to find Miss Durand and send her to Tish's room, and started at once on the search for her. She turned to say, over her shoulder and with bated breath, that detectives were in the building now; that Tommy was with them, and that there was a story that they'd found some curious prints on the wall in the room where Johnson's body had hung.

"A foot, and just beside it a woman's hand," she said. "I hear they are going to take impressions of all the hands in the hospital today!"

I carried this to Tish and she affected indifference; but she was visibly uneasy, and at different times I caught her staring fixedly at her palm.

At eight o'clock Miss Durand came in, looking tired and white. Tish asked her to sit down and offered her a little port wine, but she refused.

"No, thanks," she said. "I'm off to bed soon; and if I can only sleep—I didn't sleep much yesterday."

"Too noisy, I dare say," said Tish. "Poor Briggs complained of the same thing in this very room yesterday."

"Oh, it wasn't the noise. I—I got to thinking." She tried to smile. "There have been so many strange things happening!"

"I should think so," said Aggie. "That poor Miss Blake! Do you think ——"

Tish fixed her with a cold eye and Aggie's voice trailed off to nothing. She looked frightened.

"Miss Durand," said Tish, suddenly hitching her chair forward, "I would like you to tell me why you left Johnson to die alone and why you absented yourself from your ward for fifty minutes."

Miss Durand turned even paler and got up. "I didn't understand that you ——"

"Sit down," said Tish. "You'd better tell me, as a member of the Ladies' Committee, than tell the police. I don't start with the belief that half the hospital is guilty and the other half accessories to the crime—and that's what the police will do, according to my experience."

"You may ask Bates ——" she began.

"So I may," said Tish cheerfully. "And if you are round he'll say you were away a scant ten minutes; and if he's alone he'll swear to an hour or more."

"It was less than an hour—I'd swear to that anywhere," said Miss Durand. "It couldn't have taken as long as that!"

"What couldn't have taken so long?" Tish demanded.

Miss Durand looked round at the three of us and seemed to be thinking. "What do you mean by saying I'd better tell you than tell the police?" she asked.

"Just this," Tish said briskly, getting out her sheet of notepaper. "I flatter myself I can see as far through a stone wall as most people, especially if there's a crack to look through. I've been looking at this particular stone wall off and on since four o'clock this morning; and—I think I see daylight."

"Humph!" said Aggie. "Then, the least I can say, Tish ——"

"Now, Miss Durand," Tish began, biting a point on her pencil, "we'll get at this systematically. Did Briggs have any enemies in K ward?"

"He wasn't popular. I guess old Johnson hated him about the most."

"Ah!" said Tish, and put that down. "Did you know Johnson was dying when you left the ward?"

"He'd been dying for twenty-four hours and had been unconscious for six," she defended herself. "Nobody can tell when that sort will make a clean getaway."

"Good gracious!" Aggie ejaculated, and even Tish looked shocked. Miss Durand was clearly not in Miss Blake's class; seen in the morning light, her face looked hard as well as tired.

"I see," said Tish, and put down "clean getaway." "Now, Miss Durand, why had Linda Smith been crying when she came to you at midnight that night?"



I Made Her as Respectable as Possible, at Least on the Surface

"Miss Smith told me she had had some words with the head nurse. She had missed a lecture that evening."

"Why did she miss the lecture?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know or won't tell?" asked Tish.

"Don't know," snapped Miss Durand; and, for all I didn't like her, I thought she was telling the truth.

"Now, Miss Durand," Tish observed, sitting back and fixing her lame leg on its hassock, "I'd be glad to hear why Miss Linda Smith took you away from your ward that night and where you went."

"She had forgotten to attend to something and she came back to fix it."

"What?"

Miss Durand stared at Tish and Tish leaned back, with her pencil stuck through the knob of her hair, and stared at Miss Durand. As I have said somewhere else, Tish is a masterful woman, and Miss Durand felt it.

"She had forgotten to turn in Johnson's clothes," she said. "That is always done after a death; the clothes are held in the office for the friends to get. We went to the basement clothes room."

"But Johnson was not dead." "The chances were he would die that night. The clothes should have been ready in case relatives had wished to remove the body at once."

"The trip to the clothes room would take," Tish said dryly, "about ten minutes. Why didn't she go alone?"

"I—I hardly know. She was nervous and upset. You see, her three years are almost up, and she and the superintendent are on bad terms. She has always said that he would make use of any small mistake she made to keep her from getting her diploma."

"When would she naturally get it?"

"Next week."

"Very good," said Tish, and put something down. "Now then, what happened in the clothes room?"

"I didn't go in."

"Where were you?"

"The morning milkcans were being delivered. I went to the other end of the basement past the engine room, and got a glass of milk. I was thirsty."

"I see. And that took forty minutes?"

"No," said Miss Durand. "When I got back to the clothes room I couldn't find Miss Smith. The cellar man sitting on the stairs said she had not gone up. I was worried and we both searched for her. We couldn't find her."

"But you did find her. You went back to K ward together."

"I didn't find her," said Miss Durand. "When I came back to the stairs she was sitting there with a bundle in her lap. She was white. The cellar man asked her if she felt sick."

"How did she explain her absence?"

"She didn't," said Miss Durand with her curious smile. "She's a very queer woman, Miss Smith is."

"Humph!" Tish said, and put down a line or two. "Well, I reckon the next thing to do is to see Miss Smith. She looks pleasant enough, but you can't tell by looking at a toad how far it can hop."

Miss Durand got up and prepared to go. She still wore her curious smile.

"I think this toad has hopped a good ways, Miss Carberry," she said. "Linda Smith has gone, bag and baggage—nobody knows where!"



"Excuse Me, Ma'am, But You Haven't Noticed a Small Green Snake, With Red and Yellow Markings, Anywhere Round Here, Have You?"

XV

AGGIE being better, and having declared that no power on earth would make her spend another night in the place, we planned to leave about noon that day; but Tish's astonishing conduct drove all idea of leaving from our minds.

In the first place, Miss Lewis came in from breakfast, looking a little bit better, and insisted on giving Tish's knee its massage as usual. Tish was sitting poring over the notes she had made, however, and wouldn't even as much as look up.

"Get away!" she snarled, with her pencil in her teeth. "There's nothing wrong with my knee."

Miss Lewis looked at me.

"There was something wrong with it yesterday," she said, with her thumbs tucked inside her belt and her spectacles flashing. "It's got cured pretty quick, I think."

"I don't employ you to think," said Tish, hopping past her and opening the lower bureau drawer.

"You needn't employ me at all."

"That's a fact," Tish said in a relieved tone. "It hadn't occurred to me. You go in and take care of Miss Pilkington today, Miss Lewis. There's nothing pleases her like being taken care of."

"There's nothing the matter with Miss Pilkington either," snapped Miss Lewis; but Tish was getting down on her knees by the drawer, groaning as she did it, and she only threw an absent reply over her shoulder.

"Oh, well," she said, "you know what I mean. I didn't mean to offend you. You're a good nurse, but I've got something else on hand. Give Miss Pilkington a bath and put talcum on; she'll take to it like a baby."

Miss Lewis opened her mouth to refuse, thought better of it and went to Aggie's room. Tish drew a long sigh.

"Thank Heaven!" she said. "They'll keep each other busy for the rest of the day."

Which they did. Aggie emerged from her room when Tish and I, breathless and dirty, got back late that morning. She was powdered and manicured, curled and French puffed, and she knew the history of every private case on the floor—name, age, family scandal and operation. She was primed to talk, but by that time Tish and I had no time to stop. Things were approaching a climax.

Well, Miss Lewis and Aggie off our hands, Tish emptied the lower drawer and spread its contents on the floor in front of her. First of all she laid out the two roller-towels, with the S. P. T. showing. Then followed the brown tweed coat, secured by a dollar to Jacobs; the small surgeon's knife; the dented brass candlestick; the bandage Linda Smith had picked up in the upper hall; the linen-room

key; and Charlie Sands' letter about Hero at the Zoo. Then, with the sheet of notepaper in her hand, she began to play a sort of checkers with the different things. The two S. P. T. towels she put together and, using this combination as a king, she proceeded to jump the other articles, one by one, moving them around in the intervals and consulting her notes.

At the end of the game, as well as I could make out, the king had it. At least, the two towels seemed to have Charlie Sands' letter cooped up in a corner, and the other articles lay in a humiliated heap on Tish's lap.

"Well," I said, "I see the towels win, though I think you cheated once."

Tish stuffed the notes into the bosom of her dress and tumbled the other things back into the drawer. Then she got up, making horrible faces as she straightened her knee.

"I'm sorry it's raining, Lizzie," she said. "We'll have to go out."

"Where?" I asked sarcastically. "To the matinée?"

"To the Zoo," she replied; and hauling down her bonnet from the cupboard she stuck it on her head. "Shall we need a taxicab?"

"Probably, if you intend to go out in your nightgown," I said coldly.

If I expected Tish to be confused, however, I was disappointed. With her bonnet still on, she put on her shoes and stockings, her black broadcloth skirt, a lambs'-wool vest and her long fur coat. It wasn't until she was finished that she remembered her nightgown underneath everything.

"It's a little long, isn't it?" she said when she'd started for the door with six inches of white trailing all round her. "Pin it up, Lizzie—that's a good girl."

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" I said. "If you want to make a goose of yourself with a knee that you are forbidden to step on, and maybe a taxicab accident with you fixed like that underneath, I'm not going to be a party to it."

"Very well!" said Tish; and, getting a pair of scissors, she was about to cut off eight inches of her best French nightgown when I weakened and got the safety pins. It was plain Tish was in no mood to stop at trifles. I made her as respectable as possible, at least on the surface, and by that time, seeing she was determined to go, I got ready and went with her.

Now a patient can't leave a hospital without a card being sent down, signed by the interne and countersigned by the superintendent, and brought back by the elevator boy for the signature of his family, his religious adviser, and the police bureau, or something almost as complicated. Not knowing anything of this, however, Tish and I went down in the elevator, past the door man and out the front door, called a taxicab and drove away with perfect ease and calmness.

We went to the Zoo. That is generally known now, though that Tish went in her nightgown is here for the first time set forth. What we did at the Zoo I do not know exactly. I might as well have been back with Aggie, being bathed and talcumed. Tish let me help her into the building, pointed to a chair in the anteroom and spent twenty minutes in the private office of the superintendent.

I was rather bitter about it. In the first place, I don't like Zoos; and, in the second place, after I had been there ten minutes a man in uniform came in and examined all the corners of the room and turned over every chair. When he came to the one I was on he said: "Excuse me, ma'am, but you haven't noticed a small green snake, with red and yellow markings, anywhere round here, have you?"

I was frozen in my chair.

"No," I said as calmly as I could; "unless I absentmindedly put him in my handbag!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that, lady," he hastened to explain, "I meant—he may be curled on the rungs of your chair."

I got up at that almost instantaneously, and he turned the chair over.

"Not here," he said, disappointed. "Little devil—this is the third time he's slipped out this week!"

"Is he—is he poisonous?" I asked.

"Well," he said thoughtfully, "some people say he isn't, but personally I shouldn't care to sit down on him in the dark."

He went out and closed the door; and when Tish came back she declares I was standing in the middle of the room with my skirts held up, and turning slowly round in a circle.

There was a glitter in Tish's eye that I had never seen before, as we drove back to the hospital. I attempted to explain a little of how I felt at being left in a place like that, where at any moment something might break loose for the third time that week, and why I was turning round; but she told me tartly not to bother her.

We returned to the hospital in silence and I paid for the taxicab. It was not until we were back in Tish's room, and I had put her into her chair and got a hot-water bottle under her knee—which had gone on a strike about that time and refused to bend at all—that I spoke.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well—what?"

"Have they lost anything—any animals?"

"No," said Tish calmly. "I knew that before I went there. Lizzie, what day was it the two medical internes left?"

"This is Friday," I said. "It was Tuesday evening, Tish."

"I thought so," she observed. "Now reach me my notes, Lizzie, and go call Bates."

XVI

BATES came unwillingly. His shrewd face was pale and twitching, and he insisted on knowing why he was wanted.

"I cannot tell you, because I do not know, Mr. Bates," I said. "Miss Carberry wants to speak to you. That is all."

"I haven't time," he said. "I'm helping out in the wards today. One of the day orderlies has got to take Mr. Briggs' place tonight, and he has gone to bed to get some sleep."

But I got him to go finally and we went together along the hall, his carpet slippers flapping loosely as he walked, his shirt open at the throat and showing his lean brown neck. I thought to myself uneasily that the man looked like at least a potential criminal himself. Just as we reached Tish's door Tommy came out.

I sent Bates in, for Tommy put his hand on my arm.

"What has she been up to?" he asked as the door closed. "She's sitting in there in a kimono, with her foot on a stool; and she's got her bonnet on."



"The Mark on the Wall Was—the Print of a Naked Right Foot!"

"We've been out," I said tartly. "Or she's been out; I only went along. We went to the Zoo, Tommy, and she left me to sit on snakes, with green and red markings ——"

"What!"

"Well, it only happened that I didn't. And she's got hold of something. I never saw her in such a state."

"The Zoo!" cried Tommy, and whistled. Then he smiled. "I see," he said. "The Murders in the Rue Morgue, eh? Well, what happened?"

"I haven't any idea. She's got some sort of a scent, and she's got her nose to the ground and is running like mad. If she's interfered with today she'll bite!"

"I see," said Tommy. "Well, good luck to her!"

"How is Miss Blake?"

He lowered his voice. "She's conscious; but don't tell Aunt Tish, please. She wants to ask her some questions and I don't want her disturbed. She's very weak." He looked down at a little case he had in his hand and then at me. "I'm going to give her a hypodermic," he said, "and the nurse is doing something else. Would you mind coming over with me?"

Well, of course I'd wanted to hear what Tish asked Bates; but, as I've admitted before, I'm a good bit of a fool when there's a love affair on hand, and I'm fond of Tommy.

"All right," I said, and we went. I thought I heard Tish's voice raised angrily as we left the door, but the next moment there was only the quiet hum of Bates' speaking.

The Little Nurse was lying in bed with her eyes closed. She looked white, but her lips had more color than the day before. She opened her eyes as we came in and put out her hand to me.

"You're very good," she said. "You see I am better." Tommy beamed.

"And just in time!" said I. "One more fainting fit and Dr. Tommy Andrews would have been tied up in a strait-jacket."

She colored a little and looked at him.

"I've been telling her," said Tommy, catching my eye, "about Miss Lewis and the mouse last night. A girl with a set of lungs like that is lost in a hospital. She ought to be in a garage, blowing up auto tires."

"And—everything was quiet last night?"

"Not a sound—except the aforesaid yell. Never knew the house quieter." He reached over and caught her wrist. "Nerves as tight as a string!" he said. "You're going to have a hypodermic and relax a bit."

"Since you *will* be my medical adviser ——" she said half shyly, and held out her right arm.

Tommy fixed the hypodermic and came over to the bed. "Ready!" he said; but, instead of the right arm, he leaned across and drew up the short white sleeve of the left. She made a quick movement, but was too late.

"Good Heavens!" he said, and we both stared. The arm was covered with bruises from elbow to shoulder!

. . . . . .

Tommy walked back with me to Tish's room, but at first he said nothing; and neither did I. The girl had offered no explanation and he had asked none. The poor little arm had been too pathetic.

Just before we reached Tish's door, however, he stopped.

"The sheer brutality of it!" he said. "She's only a bit of a girl and she's been through something horrible. But I'm not going to ask her about it and I won't have her questioned by anybody else. If I'm satisfied it's nobody else's affair."

"Listen to the egotist!" said I. "And why is it your affair only?"

"Because I'm going to marry her if she'll have me," he said hotly. "And after I have her, and can protect her, I'm going to kill whoever put those fingerprints on her arm."

"Fingerprints!" I cried.

"Yes," he said, and opened the door.

Bates had gone and Aggie and Tish were together. Tish still wore her bonnet and she had a crimson spot on each cheek.

"Tommy," she said, the moment we entered, "I've sent for the linen woman and I want you to stay by. As soon as I've seen her we're going to the Blake girl's room."

"Oh, no; you're not," said Tommy calmly. "You'll go there over my dead body."

"That wouldn't be much of an obstacle!"

"She's very ill. I won't have her disturbed," said Tommy, and set his jaw. They both have the Carberry jaw. Tish made an impatient movement. "Is the top of the elevator flat?" she added.

"The center is, I believe." Tommy was doubtful. "What on earth ——"

"Never mind!" said Tish grandly, and the linen woman knocked.

"Mrs. Jenkins?" asked Tish.

"Yes'm," said Mrs. Jenkins. She was a tall woman in black, with a white apron and a thimble as badges of office.

"I wanted to ask you for the key to the mortuary linen closet, Mrs. Jenkins," said Tish.

Mrs. Jenkins fidgeted and glanced at Tommy.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I—haven't got it just now."

"Indeed!" Tish raised her eyebrows. "Aren't you responsible for that closet? I have a particular reason for asking."

Mrs. Jenkins turned to Tommy. "Since you're here, Doctor Andrews," she said, "I suppose it's all right; but we don't give the keys of any of the closets to the patients usually."

(Continued on Page 40)

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



The Way Socrates Must Have Looked After He Had "Made a Night of It"

YOU may refuse to be a wife or a mother, but it is beyond the power of any woman to refuse to become an aunt. If I could have exercised choice in this matter I should have preferred to have been Peggy's uncle during this expedition in search of the super and nether woman. When a young and beautiful American girl goes abroad she should take two steamer trunks, seven languages and an uncle. If she wants more let her take another language at least and a change of uncles. No mere woman is equal to the hardships involved in keeping up with her.

After a night's voyage from Harwich to the Hook of Holland and a day's journey by rail we reached Berlin, more dead than alive. The sea between England and Holland is designed specially for the confusion of the inner man, even more for the confusion of the inner woman. And the trains on the Continent dash along with a kind of hysterical, jerky speed that is distracting. Peggy sat on one side of our compartment like an infirm little white ghost with disheveled hair, and I sat on the other wishing for a seat in a parlor car at home. We were both too outraged by our discomfort to talk to each other, but there was no one else to whom we could speak and be understood. Peggy's four years of classroom German proved to be a foreign language in Germany.

After we had submitted to the frugality of our first continental breakfast of rolls and coffee, Peggy fell asleep leaning back with her lips closed in a grim pink new-woman line across her softly rounded face and I began to feel the spell of the land through which we were passing. Even in one's old age one may enjoy the mental anesthetic of fresh impressions. I untied my bonnet strings and took off my gloves. It was very early in the morning. I had the sensation of having my face bathed in a new kind of dew as the sun arose and spread a yellow fan of light over all the windmills and meadows and thatched roofs of the houses. The canals glistened in it and the pale leaves of the lindens and poplars shone like trembling silver-green veils. The same sun shines upon the cotton fields in Georgia and over the smoky New England villages, but he does a different business altogether in Holland. The flowers are not the same—nothing fancy about them; just stocky little yellow and red blossoms all in a row. The very grass is faded and coarse. The cows are made so much alike with the same black and white spots that I wondered as we passed herd after herd how they told themselves from one another. The very people are different from our people. They are more related to the earth, as if they had literally sprung from it.

Privilege Versus Prejudice

THE homeliness of everything in Holland is so harmonious as to be entrancing and to convince any thoughtful person that beauty is not a surprise in some eccentric perfection, but depends upon a sort of consistency of the whole. Anywhere else these men and women would have seemed homely, but here they made little groups in the fields and along the roads like some pictures in the art galleries of Europe before which Americans stand reverently. The women reminded me of old-fashioned posies in their white headdresses, red bodices and blue skirts. They are thick, as if they had plenty of room in their wide bodies for the bearing of a sturdy race, and they appear to have achieved a beautiful peace of mind upon the subject of style that English and American women of the same class have never accomplished. They have worn their white-winged bonnets so long that their features belong inside them, as a prayer belongs in a poor heart. What dignity, what peace of mind—to have one fashion for a thousand years! Never to be obliged to worry over new Easter bonnets! To survive half a dozen civilizations with a white-winged head, a red bodice and a blue petticoat! How much one might accomplish then in the way of bringing the features up to match the matchless integrity of art, provided we chose the right garments in the beginning! But it cannot be done in our country, not without destroying too much vanity and too much commerce, to say nothing of our fear of caste.

For if we American women chose one dress and held to it even five years half the business of France would be ruined and our own Wall Street wrecked. Also the time we spend changing our fashions twice a year would require reinvestment—and it is harder to invest the time of idle women than any amount of better capital. After all I reckon it is an open question which is the higher type—the woman who buys two fifty-dollar hats every season or the one whose thoughts never go beyond a headdress designed for her in the middle centuries. It may be better to exercise the mind about fashions than not to exercise it at all; for it is generally understood that the Dutch women are not particularly clever; but they are thrifty and industrious.

Peggy slept peacefully through Holland and I was glad she did. To have had her pressing her nose against the windowpane and staring at these quaint inverted tulip-shaped women and wondering whether they were awakened to a proper sense of their rights to suffrage would have destroyed the languid good humor of my own observations.

That is one trouble about the new woman—she lives, moves and thinks insistently in that one vernacular of equal rights for all and special privileges for none. Maybe it is the way for her to win her cause. "What two generations of women want they get!" is how a clever Englishwoman expresses it. But it is often wearisome to be with them long in the wanting period. I may be disloyal to my sex, but there are times when I like to lean back and take my ease in the old order of things. I confess a guilty comfort in the knowledge that probably I shall never live to cast a ballot or to see any of my female relations run for the office of sheriff. And I cannot help feeling sorry for the men, even if they have brought all this trouble on themselves by the naïve advantage they have taken of women's helplessness. There is a good deal of the Ichabod in the modern man—departed glory—as far as women are concerned. He may refuse them their rights, but he can never restore himself to the splendor of their old-time illusions concerning him. They have turned out the sweet pink glow cast by the romantic imagination, pulled up the shade, and they are looking at him for the first time calmly, too dispassionately in the awful revealing daylight of commonsense. This is not the kindest way to judge any one. Women could not bear it from men any better than men do from them. We are all poor creatures, male and female, and we die before we can face our existence and get our proper bearings. I reckon it is the Lord's will or it would not be so, but it is hard luck if we do not get the chance to rise and live again, if merely to show how much better we could have lived if we had known sooner what was right.

A Confession of Helplessness

I WAS just composing myself to follow Peggy's example and take a nap when the train stopped at a station. Immediately the corridor outside our compartment was filled with men wearing uniforms and an air of authority, much fiercened by bristling upturned mustaches. Peggy opened her eyes, stared and then assumed the astonished spitting expression of a small white kitten flattened against the wall at the sight of a strange dog. The men gesticulated and spoke at length, using more consonants, I thought, than ought to be in any language, and sounding them in their trombone noses until the very air was resonant with the fearful din.

"Peggy, we are going to be arrested!" I whimpered. "Help me find our passport; I've got it somewhere in my bosom."

But I had so many things in my bosom that I became confused and pulled out my coral earrings instead. I never wear them, but I always like to have them with me. Meanwhile my niece found her voice.

"What does this intrusion mean?" she demanded with dignity and the best Georgia accent.

The men replied, but of course we could not understand, and as they began to make threatening motions toward our bags Peggy arose and sat down on her suitcase. I have never seen so much desperation depicted in so small a face. This appeared to increase the suspicions of our tormentors and one of them made as if he would pluck her up. She slid off and took refuge between my knees, hiding her face there and trembling with truly feminine terror. The man ripped open the suitcase and began exploring the contents. Suddenly it dawned upon me that they were customs officials, as one of them looked up and repeated a number of times:

"Cigarettes? Spirits?"

"No!" I screamed, thoroughly indignant that two respectable American women should be suspected of smuggling tobacco and liquor into Germany. We had passed through the customs at four o'clock in the morning at the Hook of Holland and did not know that we had to endure the same ordeal again till we reached Berlin.



No Theory of Suffrage Will Make a Woman Brave Except Along Her Own Sacrificial Lines

Peggy was so chagrined over this incident that she made a poor companion during the rest of our journey. That which mortified her, I think, was the fact that she had confessed her entire feminine helplessness before two persons of the opposite sex. Your new woman has not yet learned that no theory of suffrage will make a woman brave except along her own sacrificial lines.

We reached Berlin at five o'clock in the afternoon and had our first interview with a foreign cabman, and whatever

may be said of cabmen of other nations it is best never to try to make a German jehu understand English. Though you speak with the tongues of men and of angels, if you do not speak German he will take you to Potsdam when you want to go to Kalckreuth Strasse. They are all old, bald-headed, paunchy, very red in the face, with patches of half-foraged whiskers on their chins. They remind you of the way Socrates must have looked after he had "made a night of it," if you can picture Socrates in a dirty shirt, a red string tie and a black oilskin beaver mashed in at the top.

I might write an interesting chapter giving the experiences of two strangers in a hospitable foreign country. I shall never forget Peggy's mortification when she ordered lemonade for some American friends who called on us and was served with an immense platter of ham and eggs. There is no doubt about it, a woman's tongue is her sword, and when she is deprived of the use of it she becomes a meek and cowardly being. Peggy never appeared to a better or falser advantage than she did among the Germans—demurely silent, patiently, exquisitely dramatic in her efforts to make herself understood. And I shall set down here before we come to more important matters that she escaped all romantic complications, because she refused to translate the ardent eye speech of a young German officer belonging to the household where we visited.

Concerning Matrimony and Mustaches

BERLIN is to Germany what New York is to the United States—its caldron, the place where the human temperature reaches fever heat and stays there. The life of the country is no more to be inferred from it than that of America can be inferred from New York. But it has the advantage of containing all the elements of the Empire. It is a magnet that draws men and women of every degree and station, from the peasant to the Kaiser. After London, Berlin gave the impression of having been founded in the mythological period, rather than in that of romance or Christianity. In London the monuments are to kings and to martyrs and they commemorate the courage, loyalty and Christian piety of the people. In Paris the monuments that predominate are to poets, artists, musicians, novelists and philosophers. If there ever were any raised to kings there most of them have been destroyed. But in Berlin one could imagine that Brobdingnags were the first inhabitants and that they were all sculptors bent upon commemorating the myths of antiquity, there is so much primitive ruthless strength displayed in the numberless statues, the great majority of which are pagan in their significance. The city is decorated everywhere with strange leviathan sea-monsters. We could scarcely look up without beholding some old Merlin fish lashing his tail against the side of a great building, or a merman struggling in the net of two or three mermaids in the arid center of some *Platz*. This is queer when you think how far inland the people are, and that in England, with its seafaring people, not one monument of this kind could we find.

The people are very cordial to Americans, but they are not inclined to look on them as desirable matches for German men. The theory is that our women have too much influence over their husbands. This suspicion of the American woman exists throughout the Old World to such an extent that it is certain neither an Englishman nor a German could marry one without sacrificing some part of the respect of his envious countrymen. In Germany the objection to the American woman is especially strong because there the men pride themselves upon the dictatorship they enjoy in the marital state. It is the custom for the husband to command his wife, if he sacrifices his comfort by marrying.

I may as well deliver my whole mind on the German man now while he is in the reader's sight. Nature appears never to have forgiven him something, and has taken the grudge out by endowing him with a kind of hardy bulbous countenance. His one protest against her is his mustache. This is to him what the tail is to the peacock. It is the one operatic note in an otherwise rather commonplace countenance. By brushing it up the wrong way he gives himself a falsely frisky air or one of great fierceness. To see him with it drooping naturally the way it grows is like looking at a dog with his tail between his legs. He makes an inexpensive-looking soldier, a slovenly student, a grimy artisan, a dingy-looking commercial and professional man, and an official with baggy trousers; but he has the best-groomed mustache in Europe. He is so domestic that he will domesticate himself anywhere, even on the sidewalk with a chair, a table and a pot of beer. Peggy and I used to sit in the Zoological Gardens in the evening and observe about five thousand German men and women making themselves at home under the trees between the two bandstands. They lacked that stiffness Americans always show in public places. They smoked, drank beer, sang snatches from the prevailing opera, entertained each other in family groups varying all the way from the grandparents to the youngest child, exactly as we should do at home before an open fire with the blinds drawn.

The German men must have been especially designed by Providence for fat husbands, with a disposition to bounce children upon their knees—but on account of poverty the tendency among them is not to marry. This is first because they earn enough to support themselves comfortably, but not enough to maintain a family on the same plane of life on which they move as bachelors. Second, because they serve those years in the army during which young men are most willing to risk marriage. But this celibacy on the part of so many men does not affect the population of Germany.

It is difficult to imagine a place where more children are to be seen than in London, but Berlin has more of them. The streets are full of little round-faced, straight, very fat-legged boys and girls, always singing like incipient tenors and prima donnas and having as good a time as you can imagine. The Old World is kinder, more intelligently considerate of the needs and nature of children than we are in America. Every little three-cornered lot left over between two converging streets is made into a playground for them. One of the prettiest spots in London was a barren mudbank on the Thames that had been converted into radiant flower gardens for the poor children of that quarter.

Presently I shall discuss the women of Germany more particularly, especially in their relation to the Woman's Movement. But before we come to that I must write it down here that the person who has had more practical influence upon German life during recent years is a woman who does not belong to the movement and is a foreigner. This is Ellen Key, of Sweden. Not only do her broad views upon love and marriage appeal to the Germans, but her working theory of life as it is coincides with their practical needs.

The women of Germany are divided into the usual classes by society and youth. The men there do not begin to receive and honor a woman until she is nearly fifty. Then they show that ideality and graceful sentimentality in their bearing and attentions to her for which the nation has so long been famous. In the home where Peggy and I visited the elderly women of the family were invariably received with a kind of filial acclamation by the men when they entered the room. Their hands were kissed and they were always conducted with quick impromptu gallantry to the seat of honor at the table or in the drawing room. The reverse is the case in our country. A woman may be that truly feminine sovereign, a leader in society, after she is fifty, but if ever you see the men paying her any pleasant attention it is usually because they are afraid of her, not because they particularly admire her. Americans do not like anything that is old except pictures and tapestries and graven images of bronze and stone, among which they invariably appear egregiously new themselves, as any one will tell you who has seen a touring party of them making a sort of charge of the light brigade through the art galleries of Europe.



Peggy Slept Peacefully Through Holland and I Was Glad She Did

Thrifty Customs of the Fatherland

I DO not know why elderly women should be more inclined toward gossip than toward movements, but they are. I should have much preferred spending the whole of our visit in Berlin in this natural old-lady fashion, listening to the tattle of the engaging *Frauen* of my own age tell of the customs of their country, and comparing, say, the frugality of the German lover with that of the American. When he becomes engaged he places a gold ring upon his sweetheart's left hand. When they are married he takes it off and puts it on the middle finger of her right hand as the wedding ring. The custom seemed more honorable to me than the effort an American clerk makes to save two hundred dollars out of a seventy-five-dollar-a-month salary to buy a diamond for his betrothed. But, in spite of my own inclinations, I could not resist Peggy's enthusiasm after she discovered the various heads of the Woman's Movement in Germany. Toward the last I was obliged to go about with her to the meetings of their councils and even to call upon some of the leaders.

In Germany there are a million more women than there are men, and two-thirds of all the women in the Empire must work for their own support. Out of the remaining one-third come the idle rich and the wives and mothers. The universities have been open to women about fifteen years, and though most of the *Fräulein Doktoren* know how to take care of themselves, higher education has already bred enough bachelor women to make them a feature of the situation. The Kaiser sets the highest standard of what is expected there

(Continued on Page 61)



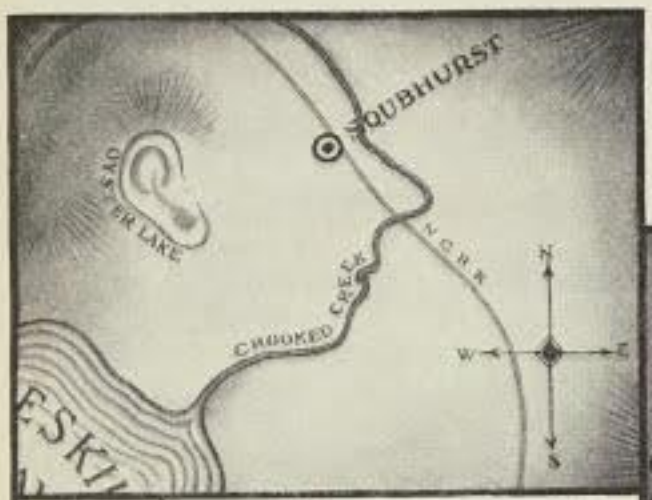
Peggy's Four Years of Classroom German Proved to be a Foreign Language in Germany

SANTA CLAUS, JR.

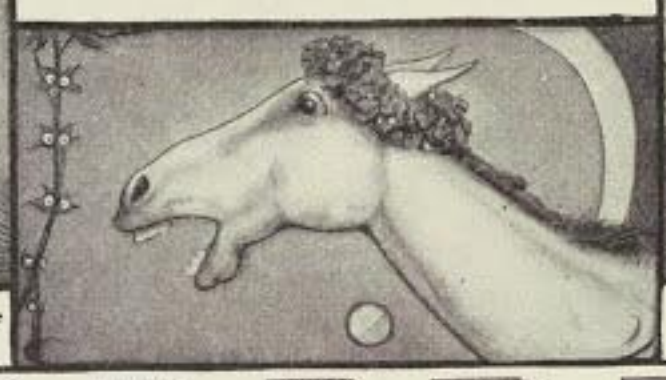
By Wallace Irwin

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

A Modern Myth in Which the Gift Horse Opens His Mouth and Bites



"'Twas the Night Before Christmas." Our Scene Is the Home Of Charlemagne Grinder in Squbhurst, N. J.





"You Can Stuff Little Bobby, Who's Wearing a Bib, But You Can't Jolly Me With That Santa Claus Fib"



I SUPPOSE, since I'm writing a holiday "pome,"
That I might as well start in the time-honored way—
"'Twas the night before Christmas." Our scene is the home
Of Charlemagne Grinder in Squbhurst, N. J.
Average, practical folk were the Grinders—
Neither of them was a very high stepper;
Jogging life's road in respectable blinders,
Salt of the earth—somewhat lacking in pepper.
Mother kept house with a slavish endurance;
Father, engaged in the trade of Insurance,
Shoveled the dross
For a rather tight boss
Doubling his dollar wherever he turned it,
Made a fair salary—Lord knows he earned it!
Owned his own home and a few shares of Steel
And drove a two-cylinder automobile.

'Twas the eve of the Yule. Mr. Grinder put on
A smile of hypocrisy, aimed to deceive—
A manner, I own, which the best of us don
When we flimflam our children and hope they'll believe.
"Now, dears, off to bed!"
He affably said,
"For Santa won't come while the children are waking."
Wee Bob scaled the stair
With obedient air,
But the preter-mature and sagacious Belle Claire—
Aged twelve—wisely winked. "Dad, you know that you're faking!
You can stuff little Bobby, who's wearing a bib,
But you can't jolly *me* with that Santa Claus fib."
So saying, she grinned at her parents' confusion
And retired with the look of one lost to illusion.

Now, dressing a tree, though it's sacred to Yule,
Is a job that in detail would weary a mule.
Poor father was tired. Soon his lips formed a pouch
Portending a really un-Christmaslike grouch.
"Great Kelley!" he grunted, "this darned Christmas Spirit
Is driving us all to destruction, or near it!"
Though poor Mrs. Grinder
Spoke just a bit kinder,
Her voice took the tone of a gloomy reminder:
"I've oftentimes thought—though the thought may be rash—
That Yule is the time of Competitive Trash,
When we're loaded with junk, though we're dying for cash.
Why *should* we be pestered because
We've dozens and dozens
Of forty-third cousins
And thousands of something-in-laws
Who eagerly fasten their claws
On many a bargain-sale pack
And send to us smugly
The Cheap and the Ugly,
Which we haven't the nerve to send back?"

"Very true," replied Grinder, "I almost can't bear it—
There's a ton of their rubbish packed up in the garret;
Two dozen plush albums from poor Cousin Polly,
A barrel of picture-frames, thanks to Aunt Dolly,
Eight sets of 'Earth's Wonders' from old Uncle Raleigh,
And—merciful golly!—
The climax of folly,
Those hand-gilded fire-shovels painted by Molly!"

"Yes, and some stingy Scrooge," Mrs. Grinder exclaimed,
"Is the worst of the lot and the most unashamed.
He's been sending our children, these several years,
The very same presents—my poor, harmless dears!—
For I find by the stockings of Bobby and Claire
On each Christmas morn near the mantelpiece there . . ."
"I know what you find," grumbled Grinder in scorn,
"A twenty-cent doll and a little tin horn
Marked 'From Santa, With Love for a Good Girl and Boy.'
It's a pretty poor joke, though a joke I enjoy.
What dime-squeezing, purse-pinching, stingy old dog
Dares send us such gifts under such an incog? . . ."

What was that?
On the roofs,
Pit-pat, tit-tat,
Came the clatter of hoofs,
Then an Elfland, heart-fluttering jingle and jangle
Of frost-silver bells in harmonious tangle!
Aloft, in the snow,
A voice shouted "Whoa!"
The scampering trotters grew slow and more slow.

Mr. Grinder's complexion went pallidly green,
Mrs. Grinder's went pallidly white
As they scrambled confusedly back of a screen,
For even they knew what these portents must mean—
Santa Claus riding the Roads of the Night!

Came a slip
And a slide
Down the chimney
With a rip
Of a glide—
And by Jim'ny!
Pell
Mell
In
Fell
A little fat gentleman out of the gloom,
Out of the fireplace and into the room;
A white-whiskered optimist, peaceful and Hague-y
With a striking resemblance to Andrew Carnegie.
He slung from his back
A whacking fat sack
Which he loosed with a look that was sly.
The Grinders observed and became so unnerved
That they wanted to giggle or cry;
For that bundle contained—Oh, ye folly of follies!—
Not a thing but tin horns and wee twenty-cent dollies!

A flaxen-haired doll Santa took from the rest
And a little red horn, which he blew as a test,
Then with a smile
Of benevolent tact,
Which is always worth while
In a generous act,



Now, Dressing a Tree, Though It's Sacred to Yule, Is a Job That in Detail Would Weary a Mule





"I'll Give You Directions," He Said, "How to Use: First Pick Out the Presents You Wish to Refuse"

He labeled the presents and laid them with care
By the stockings of Bobby and haughty Belle Claire,
And he said, as he raised a plump finger in air,
"Bless the small lad,
Bless the girl dear!
Won't they be glad
That Santa was here!"
Then whisk! up the ingle he flew with a jingle,
And lo! through the room thrilled a warm human tingle,
A happiness-wave in the wake of Kriss Kringle.

II

'Twas a week after Christmas, and poor Mrs. G.
Was cleaning the house with a vigorous spunk.
She said she believed
They had never received
Such a deluge of ugly and meaningless junk.
She banished the rubbish with cynical glee—
Away to the attic! To limbo, ye dozens
Of monstrous reminders from uncles and cousins!
And she dumped with the rest, sniffing loud in her scorn,
Santa Claus' presents, the doll and the horn.
"So much," said she, "for that annual bore——"
But hark! what's that stopping outside? Such a roar!
Look! a whale of a limousine car at the door
Paused, trembling in gasoline rage—and behold!
An Eskimo driver stepped forth in the cold
To help down the owner, a dapper young man
Whose manner was spick as his clothing was span.
He wore a green tie and a derby of tan.
Came a ring at the bell.
The housemaid breathed hard
As she let in the swell
And took up his card
To her mistress. The pasteboard, which seemed to distress'er,
Read:

SANTA CLAUS, Jr.

HIS FATHER'S SUCCESSOR

On the drawing-room sofa he sat. As he sighted
The lady he rose and exclaimed: "Ah, delighted!"
Then before she could speak he went on: "I believe
My Governor called here on last Christmas Eve
And left for your kiddies a doll and a horn?"
"He did," Mrs. Grinder said, "sure as you're born—
But how did you know?" Whereat Santa Claus' son
Replied: "Oh, your case is a typical one.
Poor Dad's getting old. Now I took him in hand
And I find that for years he's been ranging the land
Dropping down flues with the object forlorn
Of leaving each child—what? A doll or a horn!
That stuff might have gone in your grandfather's time,
But for kids of today—my dear Madam, a crime!
The Pater, though awfully kindly at heart,
Is 'way out of date—fact, he never *was* smart.
How lucky it is—I'm of age now, you see—
He's turned over Christmas entirely to me.
The way it's been run both a shame and disgrace is;
I'm bound to reorganize—strict business basis;
Trading stamps given with every transaction,
Value received—guaranteed satisfaction."
"But how?" gasped the lady. "Dear Madam, I know
That Yule has become both a byword and taunt.
For the Perfectly Useless your money you blow
And get in return what you plainly don't want.
All this shall be changed."
"But how?" she began.
"I've got it arranged
On an up-to-date plan.
First, if you please, take this plain if not quaint blank."
He took out a bundle of slips marked
"Complaint Blank,
Number 10,000,000—Form A—Series 2."
Its shape was commercial, its color was blue.
"I'll give you directions," he said, "how to use:
First pick out the presents you wish to refuse
And on each paste a blank
Stating candid and frank
Just why you don't care for the gifts that you spurn
And the sort of a present you'd like in return.
Then fill in with sender's address and full name;
And I will arrange
That he sends in exchange
The gifts that you ask for. Fair trade is our aim."

(Continued on Page 69)

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

IV

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

LIFE in New York, or rather that part of New York life to which the Hodges introduced us, was in more ways than one a revelation. In effect, briefly, it liberally expounded the text, "Eat, drink and be merry." Its philosophy, however, embraced no thought of tomorrow. They—and in time we as well—lived entirely in the present.

These people were not fast; they were merely quick. Inactivity bored their active minds. At the same time, if the life they led was not exactly wholesome it was still never scandalous. They lived thoughtlessly, carelessly, but it was always openly.

The Hodges' apartment was in Park Avenue close to Central Park. The building was one of the best. Marble, bronze, gilt, enameled woodwork and other costly fittings predominated. Evidently the architect had striven his utmost to bury the least hint of modest simpleness. In other ways besides—the service, for example—one saw the same effort. Liveried attendants—they were English too—stood at the entrance; the carriage man on guard under the glass portico was a real functionary; and even the boys that ran the elevator were trained, responsible servants. In their maroon, scarlet-piped uniforms topped off with white cotton gloves they looked always spick and span, spotlessly whisked to the last straw. The first time I saw them I blushed to think of the greasy negro that had yawned Jennie and me through the cheap nine-hundred-dollar flat uptown.

I didn't take that flat. As I've said, Jennie and I never again set eyes on it. Once we had seen the Hodges' home—had heard Mrs. Hodge's opinions on the matter—we felt it would never do for us to submerge ourselves in anything so cheap and dingy.

There were nine rooms and three baths in the Hodges' home. It was on the eleventh floor; and in New York the higher up you go the higher go the rents. Hodge paid four thousand a year. Of the nine rooms, all but the kitchen, the servants' quarters and a guest chamber opened on the street. The three others faced a court. It was a deep, narrow court and quite dark as well. As in a mine shaft, daylight entered its depths only for a brief period at midday. However, this was the one, the only drawback—as Mrs. Hodge assured us—that the apartment house possessed. Otherwise, in its style, its smartness and the luxury of its appointments it was exceptional. As Amy said—Mrs. Hodge, you know—it was a home into which you might ask any one.

Personally I wanted an apartment like hers. On the eighth floor one was vacant, but naturally the rent was beyond me. However, in West One Hundred and Twelfth Street I found an almost identical suite. All its windows were on the street, its nine rooms were even larger and more airy and, what is more, the rent was only sixteen hundred dollars. The agent offered it at fourteen hundred dollars if I would sign a three years' lease.

"Gracious, man!" Amy exclaimed, horrified. "One Hundred and Twelfth Street! Do you want to bury yourself alive? Why, up there you'd never see a soul!"



It Was My Father's Watch. On It I Raised the Money I Must Pay Out to My Housemaids

"Yes, but look here!" I retorted. "I'm not going to pay four thousand for an apartment. At that figure I'd rather have a house."

Incidentally I didn't say four thousand was more than I could afford. For by this time I'd learned that Amy and Amy's friends never mentioned what they couldn't afford.

"I know," answered Amy decisively; "but you've got to remember location's everything. If you don't care to pay four thousand why not look at one of the smaller suites downstairs?"

We did look at one. It consisted of a drawing room, dining room, one bedroom, a bath and a kitchen, and a servant's bedroom. Everything in it was admirable, elegant. Its decorations were exactly as in Amy's apartment—rich to a degree. As it was in the rear of the house, however, all but the drawing room looked out on the court I've just described. As for the drawing room it was exceptionally large and ornamental. Moreover, the suite being on the fourth floor, the drawing-room windows did not face the court. Instead they looked out over the roofs of a row of side-street dwellings.

Amy made us see that a view, or rather the lack of one, was not material. As she said, our chief use of the apartment would be at night when the shades, of course, would be drawn. So we took the suite. Its rent was fourteen hundred dollars a year.

There was, in fact, nothing else to do. Especially was this the case since Amy had been so kind, insistently kind—so kind, I might say, as virtually to insist upon it. In the matter of everything else she was equally kind. "You must begin right, you know," she declared, another result of this being that the one maid of all work we had planned developed into two. We paid twenty-five dollars a month to the chambermaid, who served also as waitress; and thirty dollars a month for our cook.

Jennie began to grow aghast. At each new arrangement that Amy arranged Jennie gasped the more.

"But, child!" exclaimed Amy, rolling her doll-like eyes; "you don't understand. Haven't I said that in New York, if you wish to grow prosperous you must first look it? Of course," added Amy with a deprecatory droop of her heavy lashes, "if I seem officious now——"

The contrary rather. Amy knew New York, whereas neither Jennie nor I, as it had now begun to dawn on me, in the least knew it. I was sincerely obliged to Amy for her counsel.

Moreover, I saw no reason to disclose that I had only five thousand a year—that aside from my salary I was penniless. Even had I confessed it I doubt if Amy would have minded me. She knew, and consequently it was at once known to her friends, that I—well, that I, to be frank, was the nephew of rich old Jessup Agnew. My position was flatly settled.

Of course this new way of living demanded a new adjustment of the schedule. Our rent now was fourteen hundred. Service at approximately fifty dollars a month was another six hundred, and the household bills I figured in at a hundred and fifty a month, or eighteen hundred for the year. This total of thirty-eight hundred dollars left a balance of twelve hundred flat. On this both Jennie and I must dress, amuse ourselves and our friends, find pin-money for luncheons, cabs, carfare, and so forth. Decidedly it left me no chance whatever to save anything. However, as I pointed out to Jennie, there would be time for that later on. As soon as I learned the ropes—the ways, I mean, by which Hodge and his friends made money—I'd make money too. This also I said to her largely, magnificently.

"Very well then," agreed Jennie. "If it's for the sake of your position, your future, we won't try to save for a while. But mind me now," she added, bobbing her head, "we must spend five thousand a year, not one cent more."

So at the rate of five thousand a year Jennie and I began.

Somewhere I've said that Hodge made money. He did; in fact he made off and on a great deal of money.

But there was this about it—in the word's larger meaning neither Hodge nor his friends had wealth. All had incomes, of course—some of them pretty good incomes too—but the fact remains that not one of them possessed a fortune. However, the lack of one seemed to make little difference. Each one lived exactly—as luxuriously, I mean—as if the money he spent was the interest on large invested capital. Whether any of them saved anything out of their incomes I can't say. I doubt it, though. Each was a consistent spender. Theirs was the class that makes New York's lavish night life what it is.

It was to this life that we were introduced. Not that I cared for it, but these were our friends and we must do as they did. In short order I'd learned to expect nothing of Oglebay socially. Out of the office I never saw him. At the close of business he was as far away from me as if daily he went to Europe for the night. His path rarely crossed the path on which our new friends took us straying.

Take Hodge, for example. He was known to every head waiter from Washington Square to Central Park. One pays for this privilege, let me add—pays heavily. By tipping right and left, by buying lavishly and never questioning the bill, Hodge got what he wished. He achieved distinction. He had his pick of the best. The best table in the best restaurants always was his; the best waiters always waited on him. Every time Hodge and his parties entered a Broadway or a Fifth Avenue establishment a little sensation ensued. Waiters, from the captains down to the omnibus, fluttered about him, and you saw at once he was a somebody. At any rate Hodge ranked high in the life, the society, he chose, and that apparently was what he sought. To be known—to be called by his name even by the usher at a Broadway first night—seemed to afford him no end of satisfaction. Restaurants and cafés were his clubs. He belonged to no others.

Amy seemed also to share this complacency. However, Amy had no delusions about it—dreams, for example, such as a Sherry dinner gave to Mrs. Figler. The life was to Amy merely a means of amusement. Least of all did she imagine that it led to social prestige. It didn't, she knew it didn't, and that it didn't still left her serenely, perfectly satisfied. To be utterly frank, Amy would not have bothered herself with the effort that social prestige entails. The bright currency of a saying coined by herself exactly states her case. "In New York, when you're out for a good time it's easiest to buy it ready-made."

I don't know what Hodge made a year. It may have been fifteen thousand dollars—possibly it was as much as thirty thousand dollars, even more. There was one queer side to it, though, a condition that showed through Amy and the other women in that life. It was this: If Amy and these others had everything in the way of dresses, gems, motors, and so on and so forth, one thing they lacked frequently—ready money! Unlimited credit was theirs, but they seldom had any cash.

Ultimately I learned why. Hodge—his friends as well—each and all of the lot were using their ready money for all it was worth. Only when they'd made some exceptionally lucky stroke were they willing to convert part of their paper profits into coin. On these occasions, and they were rare enough, let me add, the wives for a while were flush. All the bills were paid, and further credit was established at the butcher's, the florist's, the dressmaker's, the jeweler's. It established also, I may say, confidence in other quarters—that is, between husband and wife—between the money-getter and the spenders of the money.

They fairly took one's breath away, Hodge and these other men. Extraordinary fellows! In their talk one heard of but one thing. It was "opportunity"—always opportunity, nothing else. One was a lawyer with a good clientele; another was a doctor with a growing practice; a third was the high-salaried New York selling agent of a Western manufacturer. I mention these merely as types, for Amy and Sam numbered their friends by the dozen. However, though each man was active in some particular vocation, not one of the lot looked for the expected opportunity to arise in his own particular calling.

Sustained effort as a means of growing rich cut no figure in their minds. Either they were Wall Street dabblers, hopeful that in the market they would make a sudden killing, or if not that they had their eyes open for chances in some equally speculative field. They plunged on real-estate options, in mines and mining shares. They took fliers in all sorts of ventures—any old sort, in fact—the various, most often visionary promotions of which New York seems to be a fruitful field. Of course each attended more or less to his own particular duties; otherwise he could not have escaped a downfall. The fact remains, however, that not one of them had his heart in his own special calling. Work was to them merely a means of existence until the happy day arrived, the moment when they had made their killing.

I have been at some pains to describe these friends of ours. They form a large class in New York City. They are big talkers and sometimes they even do big. But enough! From the moment that Jennie and I gave our dinner at the Waldorf to Hodge and his wife the fever



Jennie Turned White to the Lips. "You Haven't it?" She Exclaimed

that was in his blood, the thirst for sudden riches, seized me too! I felt that some day Hodge—he or his friends—would help me to one of these opportunities. The thought had much to do with my future course. Incidentally the five thousand dollars I'd once thought so much now shamed me by its smallness.

Amy, along with her other aids, introduced us to her tradesmen. I may say they were in keeping with Amy's means of living. Jennie was scandalized, utterly aghast at the prices they demanded. "Oh, yes," Amy said idly; "everything comes higher in New York." This explained, of course—though it in no way reassured us—why our first four-months' bills ran far above the hundred and fifty dollars we had allotted. Jennie began to grow dubious. "Jim, you must not ask so many people to dinner," she announced, and added: "We mustn't have so many dinners either." Then she brought out the household bills.

I am like other husbands. I hate household bills. The drudgery of skimping, saving here and there on a beefsteak or even a chop, bores me stiff. All I ask to know about the bills is their sum total. My only concern was that the amount of them should not run above the allowance I had made. "Look here, Jennie," I said grumpily, "I don't want to see your bills. If you can't manage on what I give you I suppose I'll have to give you more."

Jennie said nothing. Presently, however, I began to note my words had made an effect. When we had guests our dinners were as before; when we were alone there was a difference. Dishes like boiled beef and cabbage began to make their appearance *en famille;* and I can still recall the air of supercilious disdain with which Norah, our waitress and chambermaid, delivered them to the table. However, at the end of the next month—it was our fourth in New York—the bills had come down appreciably.

"We've had less; and besides," added Jennie, "I've been buying over in Third Avenue. Things are much cheaper over there than in Park and Madison avenues."

"Eh, what! You've quit Amy's tradesmen?" I exclaimed.

Jennie nodded, then laughed. "They rather sniffed, you see, when I began buying corned beef instead of capons." Amy had said that no one ever thought of buying in Third Avenue. According to her it was the haunt only of East Side tenement bargain-hunters. "But you can't go over there, Jennie!" I protested.

"Can't I?" she retorted, laughing.

The fact remains, however, that even with Jennie's bargain-hunting our expenditures were not materially decreased. Jennie's domestic economy was apt, yet not even that could keep pace with our growing obligations. It was a condition of the life.

For six months this life went on as full of change and color as the changing images of a kaleidoscope. Hodge and his friends were assiduous entertainers. On one night there would be the theater, perhaps the opera, or more likely a roof garden or a vaudeville show. Supper always followed, usually on Broadway. Next night found us at Sherry's, the Plaza or the Waldorf. Other nights they—and we—devoted to bridge, or again Hodge and his friends were off up the road in their motors and we went along. None was ever idle. It looked as if they—we too—never rested. In New York, too, if one is active one can be active only at a cost. Be sure of this!

Amy and her husband were, to be sure, quite free-handed, a generous pair. Had I wished it, I dare say we two might indefinitely have sponged on them. At any rate, I knew the Figlers did. Day in and day out—rather, night after night—Figler and his wife ate the Hodges' dinners, sat in the Hodges' theater seats, rode in the Hodges' motor, yet never so much as made even a pretense of returning this hospitality.

I was not like Figler nor was Jennie like his wife. We at least made some effort to pay our way. Of course it was beyond me to return Hodge's favors in the same scale on which they were given; still we must do our little. Hodge's bill for wine and cigars alone would have supported a family; a single dinner such as his wife gave would have maintained another family for a week. The flowers with which Amy decked her home in themselves cost enough to have dressed Jennie in style. And mark me! all this was not laid out merely with an eye to ostentation. Hodge thought it all literally a necessity. But this is not the point. What I seek to make clear is that even the hangers-on in such a life pay heavily some way for the experience.

It was not only in our home that the drain began—and ran. Every time we and the Hodges met it meant a hole in my pocket. I recall one instance in particular that illustrates. It occurred halfway in our acquaintance, a night in November. Hodge on the spur of the moment had suggested a run up the road in his motor. Eight o'clock found us at an inn twenty miles up the Hudson River. The place was distinctive, distinctive in itself, in its kind, as a place for Hodge to seek. The house, an old-time mansion, had been converted into a hostelry, the bar and restaurant of which were main features. Hodge called for dinner, leaving its choice, as was his habit, to the head waiter. "Something simple, you know what," was Hodge's only recommendation.

The repast was as he had ordered, simple. It was served, however, with a delicacy, an art, that even Fifth Avenue could not have surpassed. At ten o'clock, after the cigars, Hodge called for the bill. I demurred at his paying it. It was my turn to stand treat, I insisted.

"Nonsense!" laughed Hodge, drawing out a pencil. Hodge always signed, in fact. Cash he rarely paid.

I still demurred. "All right, old chap," he promptly suggested. "Let's match."

To match was Hodge's favorite amusement. "Heads or tails?" he cried, and flipped a double eagle.

"Heads!" I called.

It came down tails and I turned up the restaurant check. The amount was twenty-two dollars and seventy cents. The one bottle of claret had in itself cost seven dollars.

To make up for this extravagance I lunched for a fortnight in a Fulton Street quick lunch. The place was far enough from Wall Street to assure me that I should be seen by none that knew me. "Beef and ——" at ten cents the plate is hardly a dish that a Wall Street financier cares to eat in public.

Another experience was when at supper I asked the party "What will you have?" Hodge did this invariably. Mrs. Figler promptly took boned squab and an endive salad; her husband took a broiled lobster. Total, three dollars. Amy, on her part, enjoyed a *canapé;* her husband ordered a caviar sandwich. The *canapé* was only seventy-five cents, but the sandwich cost two dollars. A fact! It was real Astrakhan caviar. I took a sandwich too—Swiss cheese. The check, including drinks, cigars and ices for the ladies, amounted to eleven dollars. Again it was Fulton Street for mine.

I merely mention these as instances. Alone they amount to little. Occurring regularly as they did though, twice a week, often more, they soon became vital.

We quit entertaining in public. As Jennie said, there was little good in paying a dollar a portion for fresh mushrooms that she could serve at home for a quarter. Mrs. Figler's boned squab that had cost also a dollar Jennie served at home for thirty-five cents. Not that we often had mushrooms and squabs, however. They were reserved for our guests, who at their own homes had given us the like. Corned beef and cabbage were more and more entering into our life as early winter approached. Still Jennie and I really didn't mind. We were quite willing to make any little sacrifices that were necessary for the pleasure of entertaining our friends. What really bothered us was the way my money kept dribbling out.

But if in my case it was a dribble, in Hodge's it was a deluge. I wondered how even he could stand it. In Wall Street, even among the luckiest, it is either a feast or a famine. At the moment famine ruled. Presently, however, I learned how Hodge—he and his like—manage to keep up the pace.

It came out through Amy. She and Jennie had gone shopping and Jennie had seen a dress. It was a lovely dress, from all accounts, and Jennie had eyed it longingly.

"Yes, it is nice! Why don't you take it?" Amy suggested.

Jennie shook her head. Though she didn't say so, there was already a big dent in her dress allowance. Not

that Jennie had been spending it on finery though. Unknown to me she had secretly taken the money to meet our growing household bills.

Amy still urged her to take the dress. "It's a bargain and so pretty!"

Upon this Jennie said frankly that she couldn't afford it. "Not this month at any rate," she added, whereupon Amy had rolled her doll-like eyes.

"Gracious, child!" she ejaculated, almost as if scandalized; "do you mean that you buy what you want only when you have ready money?"

It was precisely what Jennie meant. Again Amy had exclaimed; and in her voice, after once she had caught her breath, pity and indulgence sounded wonderingly.

"My dear girl, this isn't Ohio! Don't you know that if the butcher and the grocer—all the rest too—didn't expect to wait for their pay half the families in New York would have to shut up shop?"

Jennie didn't know. It was now her turn to look wonderingly.

"But, Amy!" she protested; "it can't be possible that you buy things without knowing when you'll be able to pay for them!"

Amy sighed. It was a sigh, however, less for herself than for Jennie.

"Gracious goodness, child! One gets the money somehow—now, don't we? But that's not it! You'll find that if you don't set yourself a certain standard of living, and stick strictly to it, your friends will drop you like a hot potato!"

Not an elegant speech, of course, yet true! Undeniably true! At all events even the normally good-hearted Amy would drop her friends should they suffer reverses, exactly as she herself would expect to be dropped under like conditions. It was, perhaps, the reason why in Amy's set all were rated, not by what they had, but by what they seemed to have.

There came finally a moment's pause.

"Look here, Jim," Jennie one evening abruptly said; "Sam Hodge said something last night about some business chance—you and he together."

Yes, so he had. Only—and this I didn't mention, however—I'd begun to wind the fact that Hodge was pumping me for a tip—Uncle Jessup again, you know.

"Well?" I prompted.

"Oh, nothing," murmured Jennie, and added thoughtfully: "Of course we need a little extra money, there are quite a lot of bills; but that's not what I mean. I was wondering," said Jennie quietly, "if Hodge offered to let you in on any chance where you'd get the money."

Gad! I'd begun to wonder too. Nor was that the worst of it. One thing led to another, and I sat down to figure where I stood. The result was disquieting. My bank balance totaled sixteen dollars and ninety cents only; my account at the office was overdrawn a full three weeks' pay; and my bills outstanding footed up to the neat little figure of six hundred dollars or thereabouts.

"The fact is," said Jennie, "we'll have to go slow till we get some of these bills paid off. We'll be in hot water if we don't."

"Nonsense!" I retorted; "we can't do that now, especially just when Christmas is coming on. Why, what would they think of us? But after Christmas," I added, "if nothing in the meanwhile turns up we'll go a little slow."

Micawber himself could not have sounded more promising. Something turn up?—oh, yes! By now I, too, had begun to nose about me, scenting here and there the possible opportunities that Hodge and his friends talked about so big.

Wall Street offered many chances. Perhaps some may now wish to know what I was doing down there. Let me say it was little. My duties were, in fact, so slight that they seemed hardly duties at all.

The firm of Oglebay & Prentiss was, as such things go, a fairly large concern. They had big offices, many customers and were well thought of in the Street. "Investments" one read on their letterheads, but it is a fact that the income from this source would hardly have paid their rent. Marginal trading, speculation, made up the bulk of their business. However, Wall Street fully sanctions this. Without marginal trading—call it gambling, if you like—without Wall Street's speculation there would be no Wall Street. Be that as it may, though, Wall Street's life, its methods, have little part in my story. I touch upon them only as they concern myself.

I never became manager of Oglebay's uptown office. The first day I reported for duty we had a little talk. "Between us, Jim," said Frank briefly, "I've decided to give Figler the sack. When he goes I mean to bring the uptown man down here and put you in his place. You just stay round and learn the ropes."

It astonished me to learn this about Figler. It was especially astonishing when I recalled that only the night before he had been Oglebay's guest at dinner. "You see," said Frank lightly, "Figler's getting rather useless. Lately he hasn't brought in trade enough to pay for his salt. Besides," he added with a sudden show of warmth, "I've just caught him playing the market, and that's something I won't stand for—anyway, not among the men I hire!"

I was again astonished. Why it should be all right for customers to deal in stocks and all wrong for an employee to do the like I couldn't see. Later on I learned. Stock speculation makes a man unfit for other work. Any Wall Street employer will tell you so. But be that as it may, I hung round and learned the ropes. Occasionally I took an order from a customer. As occasionally I suavely asked another to put up a little margin. The most of my time, though, was put in at conversing with those in the customers' room and dodging their efforts to get my opinion whether stocks were going up or stocks were going down. I had been cautioned not to commit myself. All brokers' employees are so instructed. To have given my opinion would have been on a par with a faro dealer's forecasting the turn of a card.

Figler was there always. I felt sorry for Figler, though indeed I might well have spared myself the feeling. At any rate, out of my pity grew a little regard for him. Besides, he was well grounded in Wall Street practice, knowing all its ins and outs, and generously enough he tried to share his knowledge with me. At first, though, I would have nothing to do with the man I thought myself slated to replace, yet gradually I let him get a little closer. It was Figler, in fact, who gave me my first inkling of Wall Street's many chances.

He himself, however, was one of the unluckiest, and at the same time most hopeful, of all the stock gamblers I have ever seen. Everything he touched seemed to go wrong, so that had I coppered Figler's deals—that is, sold when he bought or bought when he sold—I believe I should have made a handsome profit.

By one method, however, Figler kept himself in spending money. It was a scheme employed by more than one sharp Wall Street clerk. The game is known as "beating the wires" and is substantially this:

As is no doubt known, no bucketshop ever makes a bona-fide sale. They merely bet against you on price quotations. For these quotations each bucketshop depends on a central organization, which itself steals the information from the New York Stock Exchange tickers. On very active days, however, these tickers are often as much as five minutes behind the market on price quotations. Therefore, the bucketshops not only lose this five minutes, but in every case where the news has to be relayed they suffer a still greater loss of time. Out-of-town bucketshops may, in fact, fall as much as ten minutes behind the market, sometimes even more.

This was how Figler worked it. Oglebay & Prentiss, as members of the Exchange, had a direct wire to the floor. They had also direct private wires to several out-of-town correspondents. Using the telephone first, Figler would get the news of some stock that had just begun to rise or to break and would instantly telegraph—by the firm's private wire—to a friend in an office out of town. Then this friend would as instantly bet on the sure advance information in one of the local bucketshops.

The game, in fact, is practically identical with that by which the old-time wire-tapper beat the poolrooms. Its only drawback was that it could be played only once or twice in the same bucketshop. Whoever wins in a bucketshop, you understand, is instantly open to suspicion.

I scorned a share in such games. As a matter of fact, Figler never offered me a share. Instead, I suspect that in my case he was out for bigger game. He looked to make a killing more lawfully—that is, by a regular market deal—and relied on me for the tip. As you'll note, my old bogey still lurked vitally in my background. I again refer to Uncle Jessup.

I dare say Figler did much to spread my high renown. At any rate, one by one every dabbler in the customers' room took a shy at me. Figler, however, was the most

(Continued on Page 65)



"Look Here, Jennie, I Don't Want to See Your Bills"

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The Crime of Being a Politician

CONSERVATIVE persons never wearied of repeating that Roosevelt was a politician. They now make the same point against La Follette. He keeps poll lists of voters all over his state, burdens the mails with correspondence and uses every honest device he can think of to get people to vote for him.

La Follette is a politician, and from the conservative point of view that constitutes his whole crime. The ancient régime in France was exceedingly complaisant toward radical philosophy—until somebody proposed to act upon it. Conservatism in the United States has no objection to La Follette's doctrines—except as he is able to put them into effect by being a politician. For a La Follette who preached radicalism, but was unable to carry his own precinct, not even the Financial Chronicle would have a harsh word. If La Follette were not a politician he would be as harmless to the Manchus as he was useless to the rest of the population.

Paying As You Go

AN ASSESSMENT life-insurance company, said to be the most successful of its class in the country, recently announced its intention to abandon the assessment plan and write new policies only on a reserve basis. For a generation this company has furnished its members good insurance at a remarkably low rate. Meanwhile a great many other assessment companies, less fortunate and less ably managed, have gotten into trouble because they attempted to furnish insurance too cheap.

Many persons join an assessment company. When one of them dies the others are assessed pro rata to pay the death benefit. The members thus pay the death claims as they arise and, theoretically, nothing else is required; but practically, as experience shows, this simple paying as you go, with no forethought of tomorrow, seldom works well. Young, healthy members drop out; ailing or aging ones, who would have difficulty in getting insurance elsewhere, do not drop out. The death-rate rises. Members find their insurance rate is increasing and they are dissatisfied.

Paying as you go isn't enough to be safe. You must pay a little ahead. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" is a poor maxim in money matters. The day's burden isn't sufficient unto the day. For a true balance it must bear, in addition, a little of next year's burden. The man who just makes both ends meet is losing ground. No life-insurance scheme is sound which doesn't regard the man of twenty-five as coming seventy. Nor is any young man's personal budget sound if it omits that forethought.

Broadening Federal Control

IN APRIL last the United States Circuit Court at St. Paul invalidated a railroad-rate schedule prescribed by Minnesota, one reason being that, though the rates applied only to business within the state, they would necessarily impose burdens upon the railroads in respect of their interstate business as well; and this amounted to a regulation of interstate commerce, control of which is vested exclusively in the Federal Government. The idea obviously was that the railroad system must be regarded as a whole; for, even though a state regulation purports to touch only that part of the system lying within the state's boundaries, it may and usually does affect the entire line.

This idea has been carried still farther by the Supreme Court in deciding an equipment case. The equipment in question was in use between points within the state of Alabama. The court held, however, that it must conform to Federal regulations, not only because a car that is used today in state traffic may tomorrow be used in interstate traffic, but because "the several trains on the same railroad are not independent in point of movement and safety, but are interdependent; and whatever brings delay or disaster to one, or results in disabling one of the operatives, is likely to impede the progress and imperil the safety of other trains."

This decidedly views the railroad system and railroad traffic as a whole, of which the part that lies within a state's boundaries can hardly be touched without some effect upon the remainder. The logical deduction from this view is of course that, though the states may retain some local police jurisdiction, control of the railroads in all more important matters lies exclusively with the Federal Government. This view, we think, will finally prevail—to the benefit of both the railroads and the public.

Deposit Insurance in Wisconsin

IN RESPECT of bank laws, Wisconsin occupies an extraordinary position. Her constitution was adopted when men were still thinking of Jackson and the second Bank of the United States, and it withheld from the legislature any power to pass a bank law. For more than half a century, therefore, her banking code consisted of an act passed by the people in 1852. The panic of 1893, however, set men to thinking about bank reform, and soon thereafter a carefully prepared bank act was submitted to popular vote and defeated—largely through the opposition of mossbacked bankers. The legislature returned to the task and in 1902 submitted a constitutional amendment, which carried. This provides that the legislature may enact banking laws if such laws receive the affirmative vote of two-thirds of all the members elected to both houses.

This condition killed a very ingenious deposit-guaranty law at the last session. The bill provided that every state bank should open an account with the "depositors' insurance fund" on its own books and credit to that fund yearly an amount equal to one-half of one per cent of its deposits, until the credits amounted to two per cent of its deposits. If a bank failed the state bank commissioner was to issue to each depositor a negotiable interest-bearing certificate for the amount of his claim. If a deficit remained after applying the bank's assets to the payment of its depositors the commissioner would draw pro rata upon all the banks for the amount of the deficit, each bank charging the draft to its "depositors' insurance fund." The novelty was that each bank retained possession of its contribution to the guaranty fund, simply crediting it on its books subject to the commissioner's draft in case an insolvent bank failed to pay its depositors in full. This bill received a majority vote in the Senate on engrossing and third reading, but fell short of a two-thirds vote on final passage—again, it seems, owing to the opposition of some excessively conservative bankers.

Gold and High Prices

LOGICALLY one would expect glyptodons to be rather more plentiful in the United States than greenbackers. Our mail shows the latter still survive, however. A Western correspondent who wants the Government forthwith to issue five hundred million dollars of greenbacks and lend the same to deserving citizens on real-estate mortgage is a typical example. This, he thinks, would loosen the strangle-hold of the "money power."

The same mail, as it happens, brought a proposal from the East that the output of gold be restricted by law. Our stock of that metal a head has doubled since the late nineties; the world's stock has increased enormously; and few economists doubt that this is one cause of the rise in commodity prices. Since 1896 the total stock of money in the United States has more than doubled, and the stock for each person has increased more than one-half. If ever an economic dogma was overthrown by experience our experience has shown there is nothing in the theory that greatly increasing the stock of money in the country makes the rich relatively less rich and the poor relatively less poor. With thirty-five dollars in money to every inhabitant, the indigent population is the same number of laps behind the banker that it was when the country had only twenty dollars in money to each inhabitant.

South African mines, we notice, are again increasing their output. In September the production exceeded seven hundred thousand fine ounces—ten per cent ahead of last year—and for nine months the excess over last year is nearly the same. So the world's gold stock continues to climb. To restrict this output by law would be an exceedingly complicated undertaking. In ten years, however, our stock of money in the form of national banknotes has more than doubled, and banknotes have practically the same effect upon prices as gold—whatever that effect may be. If the stock of money is to be regulated scientifically, here obviously is the place to begin.

The Price of Eggs

PROBABLY the hens of the United States lay something like a billion and a half dozen eggs a year. Thirty years ago the Census was able to count less than half a billion dozen; but the detailed report for 1900 showed that three-fifths of all our eggs were produced on the comparatively small area embraced in the North Central group of states, and on that area the production had increased roughly half a billion dozen in two decades.

There seems no good reason why the territory referred to should enjoy this great lead in eggs. That Iowa produced a hundred million dozen, with Illinois and Indiana only a little behind, while New Jersey and Massachusetts produced not much over ten per cent of that quantity, seems to be due mostly to local or territorial fashions in farming. There is certainly no lack of actual and potential demand elsewhere, for New York and Boston receive about half a million cases of eggs a month. Incidentally, in September, there were three million cases in store in the larger cities for winter consumption.

The October price of fresh eggs, as reported by the Department of Agriculture, was twenty-seven cents in New York against eighteen in St. Louis, and last winter the difference ruled ten cents a dozen.

If one had the price on a given day in all the cities for all food articles that are largely used, a great many unreasonable differences would appear—due to neglected or only half-improved opportunities for production here and there, to a poor system of distribution and to various little corners or manipulations by dealers and warehousemen. The aggregate toll taken from consumers in this way must be considerable.

A Logical View of Trusts

THE German steel industry began combining years ago—first into relatively small units; but in March, 1904, there was a grand consolidation of the smaller combinations into the Steel Works Union. The union's output is some eight million tons of finished products against about ten million tons for the United States Steel Corporation; but eight million tons is a much larger proportion of the total output in Germany than ten millions is for us.

Concerning this German Steel Trust, or cartel, Professor Riesser, one of the Fatherland's eminent economic authorities, has written: "The 'necessity' for the formation of cartels in Germany was clearly recognized in the seventies. By this means overproduction and ruinously low prices were to be terminated. This 'necessity' likewise was the origin of the protective tariff movement of the seventies, which was intended to ward off foreign competition. . . . It is quite correct, and has been conclusively proved, that at certain times and under certain conditions the iron industry cannot dispense with protective duties, and that well-organized cartels enable protective duties to become effective in favor of producers."

The first reason mentioned by Professor Riesser why these German duties are indispensable is "as a protection against the enormous power of the American steel combination." That, however, is neither here nor there. The point we wish to make is the logical attitude of the German Government as contrasted with the absurd attitude of our Government.

We must, says the Administration, grant the steel industry ample protective duties to insure that the capital employed will receive adequate compensation and the workmen be well paid; but we must forbid it to take steps that are indispensable if it is to be saved from ruinous competition at home. We must carefully foster it against foreign competition—from which, in fact, it is in no danger—only in order to hand it over to destruction from unbridled domestic competition. The Germans take no such ridiculous view of the matter.

Insulted Witnesses Without Redress

RECENTLY a witness was testifying on behalf of a woman defendant in a civil suit. His testimony was damaging to the plaintiff's cause; so the plaintiff's lawyer asked him a question of a highly insulting nature, implying that his relations with the defendant were improper.

Said the Court to the witness: "You may answer that question in any manner you see fit."

Said the witness to the plaintiff's lawyer: "Sir, you are a blackguard!"

Only one circumstance mars this episode—namely, the witness was a very celebrated lawyer. We can't help wondering whether in that or any other court a mere layman on the witness stand would be permitted to resent adequately an insulting question from a cross-examiner whose case his testimony was damaging.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Wyoming Sticker

HERE we have our most conspicuous example of the political advantages of sticking round. Many a Senatorial meteor has flashed across our murky legislative skies—flashed and four-flashed and flubbed. Many a star has shone brightly for a space in that forensic firmament and then dropped sputtering into the *petite marmite*. Many a prodigy has proposed but not produced, and has fluttered back into the high grass from which he emerged. Our history is as freckled with the records of these brief, brilliant and busted boys as a redheaded girl at the seashore.

Not that we deprecate brilliancy—far be it from us—and not that there is so blamed much brilliancy to deprecate, should we feel in the mood, if that worries anybody; but that the brilliant boys never last and the lasting boys are never brilliant. Various attributes suffice in various ways for an entrance to the United States Senate, which, as will be noted in all the advertisements, is the greatest deliberative body in the world. Some men break in because they have money and some men break in because they are broke. Some men arrive because they have a duty to perform and some because they have a message to deliver. However, most men achieve the toga because they have the votes to deliver, or somebody has the votes for them, which amounts to the same thing—with kind regards to William Lorimer and the Honorable Ike Stephenson.

Divers and sundry as the methods of entrance may be, there is but one—only one—method of attaining the high places in the legislative forum referred to, and that is by remaining on the job. It matters not how silver-tongued or golden-plated a new Senator may be; it matters not whether he bought in or was brought in; it matters not whether he comes with a reputation or comes without; it matters not whether he is the Exclusive Excitement in his home community or was an unknown who slid across by reason of a deadlock—nothing matters not, as Hugo Huggs, of the great legal combination of Huggs, Suggs, Wobber and Hocks, was wont to say when discussing jurisprudence, juries and juleps. Service is what counts—continuity of collaboration with correlated colleagues—Help! Help!—Martin Littleton appears in the offing!—sticking round.

You may deliver impassioned pleas that choke the galleries with people and choke your fellow Senators with emotion, and never get anywhere except in the Congressional Record, if so be the state from whence you came refuses to let you re-came. You may butt into debates and butt out again; have a trusty press agent; fight Trusts or foster them; uplift the downtrodden or tread them down still farther; snap your fingers at predatory wealth or finger your snaps from the same source; be wise, prudent, reckless or soused—and there is absolutely no nutriment in it, so far as the big committee places and the corresponding influence are concerned, unless you remain on the payroll continuously.

The Stayers the Winners

SERVICE, my boy, service is the *finis coronat opus*, as Adam Bede once said when he thought he was ordering sand dabs in a San Francisco restaurant. You come to the Senate—that is, if you do come to the Senate—a reasonably precarious way of getting a living nowadays—and you have great talents, recognized by yourself and that small smattering of the country that distinguishes your name from that of a dandruff cure; and the Committee on Committees looks you over and deposits you gently at the bottom of the committees on the Disposition of Useless Papers, University of the United States, and Woman Suffrage. After that it all depends on how long you can hang on. If your health remains good and the people in your state do not get on to you, and keep returning you for a few terms, presently you will blossom out as a member of Appropriations and Finance and others of the whales—and mayhap chairman of one of them. It is as simple as it is inevitable. All that is required is sticking round and staying with the organization. Death now and then plucks off a Senator, and the people back home pluck off a lot more.

See to it that you are not plucked, and authority will be yours.

When we read the lists of committees to which the various Senators are allotted, and committee places show conclusively the standing of the Senator in the Senate—when we read these lists—not very exciting as reading, to be sure, but important—we discover that the Honorable Francis Emroy Warren, of Wyoming, is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and a member of the committees on Rules, Agriculture, Irrigation, Public Buildings and Military Affairs, among others. Hastily turning to another part of the book, we find that the Honorable Francis Emroy Warren has served as long continuously in that body as any Senator living except Senators Cullom, Lodge, Clark and Perkins—Lodge and Perkins having two years the better of him only. We find, also, that Mr. Warren's colleague from Wyoming, Senator Clark, has served a few months longer than he has, a point that enhances the beauty and perfection of the logic of this argument, as will be observed later.

What, then, is the answer? The answer, I would have you know, is that Wyoming is a state that embraces within its borders about one hundred thousand square miles of territory, being three hundred and sixty-five miles wide and two hundred and seventy-five miles long, and having in 1910 a population of 145,965, which is a few more people than live in Syracuse, New York, not quite so many as live in Atlanta, Georgia, and about the same number as live in Worcester, Massachusetts. Being wiser than many of her sister states, Wyoming has kept her Senators on the job, and at the present time has the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee and the chairmanship of the Appropriations Committee to her credit, while other Western states, with ten times the population, change Senators so rapidly that even the pages do not have time to get acquainted with them.

Wherefore Wyoming, with her 145,965 population, is more powerful in the Senate of the United States than almost any little group of six or eight other states you care to put together. When one state has, in the persons of her two Senators, the chairmanship of the mighty Appropriations Committee and the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee, to say nothing of memberships of other most important committees, that state cuts a heap of sagebrush in the control of the destinies of this great and glorious nation.

Thus we reach the summit of this crystal demonstration and from that summit look down on those other foolish states that so constantly change their Senators—and simultaneously change their ratio in the great legislative game. Standing beside us is Francis Emroy Warren, who you may have shrewdly guessed is our hero. Continuously since 1895, Francis Emroy has been in the Senate from Wyoming, and now he is chairman of the Appropriations Committee. There has been nothing spectacular about the rise of Francis Emroy. He is not one of those brilliant boys who dash in and are dashed out.

He has been there, steady as a rock, for all these years; and he began at the bottom and worked to the top.

He was born in Massachusetts and served in the Civil War as a private in a Massachusetts regiment. He went to Wyoming in 1868, while that state was still a part of the territory of Dakota, and jumped into business, with politics as a side line, or politics with business as a side line—or into both at the same time; for after he had been there five years he was President of the Senate of the Wyoming Legislature. From that time on, Warren was actively in politics and held all sorts of offices, including the territorial governorship. He was elected the first governor of the new state and first came to the Senate in 1890, when he served for three years. In 1895 he was reëlected, and he has been reëlected ever since at stated periods.

Warren is no legislative genius, but he is a big, broad, level-headed person with an expert knowledge of the intricacies of legislation. He is a regular in politics and a man of great influence. Influence, did I say? Well, something like that. Let's see—what Senator was chairman of the Military Affairs Committee when President Roosevelt made Captain Pershing, of the army, a brigadier-general, jumping the said captain over the heads of some five hundred or six hundred other martial heroes? Oh, yes—Senator Warren was chairman. And who is General Pershing? Oh, to be sure—Senator Warren's son-in-law! Strange how those little things escape one! And, while on the subject, from what state does Mr. Justice Van Devanter, recently appointed to the United States Supreme Court, come? Is it Wyoming? Yes, children, Mr. Justice Van Devanter comes from Wyoming, population 145,965, where abide, also, Senator Francis Emroy Warren, chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and Senator Clarence Don Clark, chairman of the Committee on Judiciary. Do you get my meaning about the influence Senators attain by long service—and the state, population 145,965, also?



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No Legislative Genius, but a Big, Broad, Level-Headed Person

Evening Things Up

ARCHIE BELL, dramatic editor of the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, was driving out in rural Ohio. He wanted to smoke and had no match. A farmer came along and Bell hailed him and asked for a match. The farmer had one and gave it to Bell. In return, Bell took out a handful of cigars and held them out to the farmer. The farmer took them all.

When he saw Archie's startled face the farmer thought possibly he had overdone matters. He fumbled in his vest pocket.

"Uh-er," he said, stowing the cigars away; "have another match?"

A Two-Sided Answer

"JOHN," said Senator Carter to Private John Allen, "you are a farmer, and I want your opinion on an agricultural question. Should a man sit on the far side or the near side of a cow to milk her?"

"Both," replied Allen.

"Now, John," protested the Senator, "be serious for once. This is an important question. Should a man sit on the far side or the near side of a cow when milking?"

"Both," Allen replied again—"the farthest side of the cow and the nearest to a soft place in the pasture."

A Mission for Missouri

DAVID A. BALL, of Pike County, Missouri, was once state senator and acted as lieutenant-governor during the two years he presided over the senate. He had an ambition to be lieutenant-governor in fact.

One day he confided this ambition to his old family doctor. "The old man," Ball says in telling the story, "walked two blocks with me without making any comment. Then he turned and said:

"'That's all right, Dave, but look here: Suppose you were elected and the governor should die? Wouldn't that leave Missouri in a mighty bad fix?'"

CHU-CHU THE SHEARER

A Sequel to Léontine & Co.—By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

VIII—Continued

LEONTINE looked at me. I had dropped my hand into my side pocket and was watching the door.

"Frank," said she, "I swear to you that I knew nothing of this. It only goes to show that Ivan and I were right. Chu-Chu is not to be controlled. No doubt he has been watching this house ever since he left the hospital, which was five days ago."

I was on my feet, slipping toward the door, for I had heard a step on the stair and had no intention of being pot'ed from behind the doorjamb. It proved to be Victor, however, and he looked surprised and rather startled, I thought, to find me confronting him.

"Has that man gone?" I asked sharply.

"*Oui*, m'sieu'."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing, m'sieu', except that he thought it probable that mam'selle would regret not having allowed him to do his work."

Léontine had risen from her chair and gone to the window. I followed her and saw something which puzzled and disturbed me. Directly opposite stood Rosalie's taxicab and inside it was Chu-Chu. Rosalie herself was in the act of cranking the motor, and as we looked it started off and she stepped up to take her seat.

The car started ahead and Rosalie made a turn which brought her for a moment head on to the house. Léontine had drawn aside the curtains and we were standing side by side, looking out over the top of the ivy-covered iron fence, for the dining room was in the *entresol*. As she turned, Rosalie looked up and saw us standing there in the open window; and, whether because she suspected something and acted out of malice or whether from a sort of bravado before Chu-Chu I don't know, but Léontine flung her arm caressingly round my shoulder—almost round my neck.

I saw Rosalie's teeth come together and she threw out her chin with a sort of contemptuous air; but Chu-Chu smiled wickedly and looked the other way.

Léontine and I went back to the table, both of us rather pensive. Presently she said:

"That was the 'Countess Rosalie,' who took you out to Hertzfeld's the other day, then waited to bring you back—afterward."

"Quite so," I answered.

Léontine raised her eyebrows. "A conquest?" she asked.

"Rather more than that—a good, disinterested friend."

"Really?" Léontine toyed with her *poulet-au-riz*. Her color faded slightly. "Comparisons are not polite, *mon ami*," she said.

"I wasn't making them. I never considered you in the light of a conquest."

"What then?"

"Oh, merely a woman of uncommon beauty and attainments, balked of a passing whim for the first time in her life."

She laughed and seemed pleased. The cleverest of women—and Léontine was scarcely that, being more a creature of instinct than intellectuality—are seldom immune from flattery.

"Does Chu-Chu know that she was driving me that day?" I asked.

"Of course not." Léontine poured out a little red wine and tasted it critically. "Ugh!"—she gave a little shudder—"the stuff has a blood flavor!"

"Léontine!" My voice was sharp, because she looked up in surprise and the high cheeks began to grow dusky.

"What?"

"Does Chu-Chu know that Countess Rosalie is a friend of mine?"

She dropped her eyes. "How should I know?" she asked suddenly, and looked as sulky as a lioness that refuses to perform.

I could feel that ugly, venomous, wild-beast anger, that I have been told is peculiar to the criminal, starting to ferment inside me. There was something going on here that I couldn't get the feel of, and the strangeness and danger of it made me bristle like a dog that smells the scent of a timber wolf for the first time. What was up anyway? Why should Chu-Chu have come into the basement on a faked errand, then go out, get into Rosalie's taxi and drive off? Why should Victor have announced him and Léontine have sent him about his business? What the deuce was behind it all?—and was Rosalie in danger? That was the main thing. I chucked all thought of my own position at the bare idea. Chu-Chu, Ivan, Léontine—blight 'em all, so far as I was concerned; but where had Chu-Chu gone with Rosalie?

The devils began to dance and I looked across at Léontine through lids that were half shut and things showing red between. She saw what was going on and her eyes began to blaze. We were a nice young pair of savages; and I don't know what I might have said to her if, at that moment, the bell had not rung.

"Ivan," said Léontine quietly; and a moment later Victor showed him into the room.

IX

IVAN greeted Léontine in his usual polite and formal manner, then bowed to me. He looked very badly, with black shadows under his eyes, and the red-rimmed, swollen lids told of lack of sleep. Yet the eyes themselves were brighter than ever—too bright, I thought, as they rested on me.

The salad was being served when Ivan came in. He declined to eat anything, but took a glass of the Chablis; and directly the wine began to make itself apparent in his face, for he seldom touched anything alcoholic.

"You look badly," said Léontine, and shot a glance at me. "Did your conference with Chu-Chu go wrong?"

"Worse than that," said Ivan. "He failed to keep the rendezvous. You can guess what that means."

"Yes," she answered—"especially as he was sitting in front of the café opposite when Frank arrived. That is what has been puzzling us, because afterward he came into the house on the silly pretext of having been sent by the proprietor to look over the plumbing. Frank sounded general quarters and proceeded to 'cast loose and provide.'" I wondered where she had picked up that man-o'-war expression. "I told Victor to tell him he was wanted on the Rue Monceau."

"What did he say to that?" Ivan asked.

"Nothing, except that he was afraid I would regret having refused his services. He went out and we saw him drive off in the Countess Rosalie's taxi."

Ivan's head turned slowly in the high collar which he invariably wore, and he gave me an owlish look.

"Is the Countess Rosalie a friend of Frank's?" he asked, and I stiffened up a little at his free use of my name. Ivan was always markedly formal. There was something, however, in the tired, finished look of the handsome face that prevented my taking offense.

"Léontine asked me that question a while ago," I answered. "I told her that Rosalie was merely a good, disinterested friend of mine. I got acquainted with her when I was hanging about the restaurant opposite and watching the house for a glimpse of Chu-Chu. I told her I was an Alsatian *prédicateur*."

Ivan laughed softly. "As a matter of fact," said he, "she is a compatriot of yours, though I never should have guessed it if I hadn't heard her turn loose a torrent of American slang on some rather cheap clients in front of the Abbaye. But if she's a friend it seems to me that in your case I'd feel a bit uneasy about her."

"Why?" I asked. "Do you think that Chu-Chu suspected her of having worked with me?"

Ivan shrugged. "Who can tell?" he answered. "If he did, however, he would be very apt to pay off his score with her. He is a consistent man—not an ineffective like us three."

He reached for the Chablis and refilled his tumbler, drank it and gave a little shudder. Léontine's amber eyes flashed across to mine, carrying a double question: "What is the matter with Ivan? What is the matter with you?"

"Have you any idea of where Chu-Chu has gone?" I asked Ivan.

"I could make a good guess," he answered; "in fact, I wouldn't hesitate to trace Chu-Chu's maneuvers from the time you discovered him in the café across the street."

"Would you mind doing so?" I asked.

"Not in the least," he answered indifferently—"the more so as we three have so much in common."

"In what way?" Léontine interrupted.

Ivan's lips parted in his thin smile. "We are all three of us of the type 'incomplete criminal,'" he answered. "We have been master thieves and have risen high in our profession despite our defects; but not one of us could ever attain a real success in crime because we are all of us cursed with that peculiar hampering quality which is known as 'heart.' We have our decencies, our kindlinesses, our petty nobilities, and no successful thief can permit himself to wear such clogs as these. Léontine, for example"—he glanced at me—"has the infirmity of following only the dictates of her heart without reference to her profit. You, Monsieur Clamart, have the worm in your criminal core in your obsession for keeping your promised word. As for me, I have the weakness of abhorring physical pain, whether for myself or others. My ancestors were perhaps impaled by Hmelnitski and no doubt I inherited the awful reflection of their tortures. I could not bring myself to thrust a knife into a man. I support a charity at Berck for children whose spines and hips are full of pain. I have watched these little doomed children—one was my own—and the tears have been wrung from my eyes; so you see I am really very weak. As criminals, as thieves, we are crass failures simply because we are often kind; and, let me tell you, my fellow failures, there is no such silly thing as a kind-hearted thief. Call it what you will—theft, brigandage, graft—whatever is dishonest is cruel and selfish and has no place with generous traits. To steal, to trick a man, to take what belongs to another person, is mean—just mean, and there is no getting round it. From the mythical Robin Hood to our modern Arsène Lupin, the thief and his jackal, the swindler, have been glorified and admired; but there is no getting round the fact that they are mean. A dog that behaved in a similar way would be shot; and, though romance often surrounds the thief with a false glamour, it will be found that where he steals a thousand francs he gives about five in charity."

Ivan sipped his Chablis. "We are failures, the three of us," said he. "There is no good in us. Chu-Chu has us beaten. He is a consistent criminal—ruthless, selfish, cruel. He is a tearer down, a destroyer of the established social balance. A man like myself, on the contrary, who vainly attempts to combine theft with a vague, misshapen sense of honor, is a fool. I am a fool and a failure." He looked at me with a bitter smile.

Léontine's maid came in with the ice: a luscious, melting creation of peaches and cream, its spicy odor permeating the room.

"Where is Victor?" asked Léontine sharply.

"He has not returned, mam'selle," replied the pretty maid, and her eyes drifted to Ivan, then to me.

"That ice looks delicious," said Ivan. "I shall change my mind and ask for some. My throat is parched today."

Léontine smiled, helped herself and the dish was passed to me; but I declined, disliking sweets. Ivan helped himself abundantly. A yellow striped wasp, lured by the sweet, entangled himself in Léontine's ice and she watched its gluttonous struggles in a curious, fascinated way, then rang for the maid to serve her afresh. Ivan offered her his plate and, when she smilingly declined, waited until she should be served. Léontine rang again and when the maid did not appear her face clouded with irritation.

"What is the matter with my servants today?" she demanded fiercely. "I have never been attended in this haphazard way before."

"There is no hurry," said Ivan dreamily. "Eternity is before us."

"What is the matter with you, Count?" I asked. "You talk like a man who has reached the end of his string."

"I have," he answered somberly.

Léontine looked up quickly. "In what way, Ivan?" she asked. "If it is money, don't forget that you have rich and influential friends."

He smiled and let his beautifully shaped hand rest for a moment on hers while he toyed with his spoon.

"Thank you, my dear. It is not altogether money. I have still a bone or two buried under the lilac bush. But I have failed in my purpose, which was to live ruthlessly and consistently at the expense of a society which I despise. I have failed. I can no longer hold my organization—the association which I myself created. Chu-Chu has ousted me. He has been working with the patient cunning of a fox or a wolf, and he has made himself the leader of the pack." Ivan looked at me with a sardonic smile; and, impatient as I was to learn more of Chu-Chu's present movements, something in the man's face held me an attentive and fascinated listener.

His voice, too, had a queer lifelessness, the weary indifference of a man on his deathbed, and his words contained the accent of a valedictory. Léontine was watching him closely, puzzled and disturbed.

"Chu-Chu has made himself the leader of the pack," he answered. "My own life at this moment is no more safe than Frank's; and as for my liberty, that is less so." He looked at me and laughed. "That letter of yours making me the custodian of your safety is a joke, my dear boy. I am about as able to protect you at this moment as you are to protect your little friend, the Countess Rosalie."

I leaned forward, startled. "What's that?" I asked sharply. "What makes you say that? What do you know anyway?"

Léontine interrupted. "Eat your ice, Ivan," said she impatiently—"it is melting." And she pushed her bell viciously.

I glanced at her and was puzzled at the sudden hardening of her face—or, I might better say, at the ferocity of her face; for there was never the least suggestion of either hardness or coarseness about the Polish girl. She could be soft and melting, or hot and fierce and passionate—dangerous as a leopardess; but she hadn't a trace of that female brutality sometimes to be found in the Anglo-Saxon.

It came into my head that they were playing with me; that Ivan's pose was a clever and consummately skillful bit of acting; that he knew nothing of Rosalie and had lied about Chu-Chu, and that the table conversation might wind up in one of two ways—a swift and silent attack, or possibly a request that for the sake of others I should withdraw my statement, since he, Ivan, was a beaten man and powerless to protect me.

What Ivan said next put me off my reckoning again.

"At this moment," said Ivan, "Chu-Chu is probably at a little country house of his, near Meudon. He has called a meeting of my malcontents and they are planning to reorganize, with Chu-Chu as chief. Things are to be run on a more consistent scheme and operators are not to be forbidden to take life as the occasion may arise. If the Countess Rosalie has taken Chu-Chu all the way out there I would say that she is exposed to some personal danger. It is a lonely place—the house surrounded by a park, hidden from the road; and the whole property is surrounded by a high wall. You may have noticed it in passing; the gates are copied from those of Malmaison. It is the first big place on the road which leads over the hill to enter the forest. Chu-Chu has had it for some years under his name of Monsieur de Maxeville. I have been out there several times. The house is small, but handsomely furnished and full of his hunting trophies—lions from the Masai country and some handsome specimens from the French Congo. When he doesn't hunt men he recreates himself by torturing animals. Just at this moment you would probably find in the house about as select an assortment of human wild beasts as could be gathered together in the whole of Europe." He changed his tone. "How hot it is! I am going to follow your directions, Léontine, and eat my ice. It is delicious." He took a spoonful. "Your chef has been liberal with his peach-pits—still, the bitter flavor is rather tonic and refreshing." He took another spoonful of the pink, half-melted cream. "Look, Léontine," said he, "that yellow striped wasp has made such a glutton of himself that he is dead."

Léontine did not appear to be listening however. Her bare elbow was on the rim of the table, her chin resting on the knuckles of her half-closed hand, and her amber eyes were brooding and thoughtful.

"What do you think was Chu-Chu's object in coming here?" she asked.

Ivan paused, with his spoon halfway to his lips.

"It is plain enough," said he. "Chu-Chu hoped to get within striking distance of Frank. When he saw that he had been recognized he gave it up in disgust. Chu-Chu has been haunting the café opposite since he recovered from his wound. Do take some of this ice. It is delicious—especially today, when the atmosphere is so hot and heavy. One can hardly get one's breath."

I was looking at Léontine and I saw her eyes open wider and the color fade in her cheeks.

"Ivan!" she cried. "Are you ill?"

"I—I do feel—a little—odd," he answered in a stifled voice. I turned sharply to look at him, and saw that his lips were blue and a curious mottled look was spreading over his face. He glanced from one to the other of us, then stared at his plate. His breath was coming in gasps and his face was tense and wore a startled, frightened expression; but even as I watched him this passed and he smiled.

"Ah!" he said thickly. "I begin to understand. So—that—was—Chu-Chu's—errand here! And Victor?" His head fell forward, but he jerked it back.

Léontine sprang to her feet. "It's—that ice! That strong flavor of the peach-pits—I—I——"

Suddenly Ivan pitched forward across the table. I sprang to my feet and, lifting him in my arms, carried him to the divan, laid him down and tore open his collar. His face was cyanosed, as the face of a person under gas.

"That—dead wasp!" he gasped. "I might have guessed!" His arm slipped off his chest and fell limply. I turned and looked at Léontine, who was standing, half crouched, both hands pressed against her temples.

"He is dead!" I told her gently.

x

LÉONTINE had risen from her chair and was standing with her body bent forward, her fingertips poised on the table, her eyes wild with horror. When I turned and told her that Ivan was dead she sprang back, overturning her chair; then swept round the table and dropped on her knees at the head of the couch. Here was no acting, as one could plainly see; and, in fact, Ivan himself had solved the mystery in his last words.



"Ivan! Oh, Ivan! Speak to Me!"

Léontine seemed daft with grief and dismay. "Ivan!" she cried. "Oh, Ivan! Speak to me! Speak to me!" She stared back at me over her shoulder. "Frank! Frank!" she groaned. "Is there nothing we can do?"

"It is too late," I answered. "The man is dead. Chu-Chu poisoned the ice with prussic acid or some of its deadly combinations. He bribed or coerced Victor. You will never see the man again."

She buried her face in her arms, leaning against the body. One might almost have thought that she had loved Ivan, but I knew that was not so. She liked and admired him. But I had always suspected Ivan of a hopeless passion for Léontine. Yet there was plenty of savage tenderness in her, as I now saw. Her sorrow was generous and sincere and unmindful of the ugly position she was in.

I was thinking of the other, however, if Léontine was not; and it seemed to me there was a lot of trouble ahead. I got up and shut the two doors and locked them, then stepped to Léontine's side and raised her from beside the divan and placed her in a chair.

"We must decide on what steps to take, my dear," I said firmly. "Here we have a dead man and a bowlful of poisoned peach ice-cream and no very plausible explanation of the circumstances to offer. What's to be done?"

Léontine pulled herself together with some effort.

"I don't know, Frank. I don't seem able to think"—she glanced at the clock—"and Kharkoff is coming at four."

"The police suspected Ivan of something," said I, "but have no positive proof that he belonged to a criminal organization. Let us see if he's got anything compromising about him now. If so it would make the statement that he was poisoned by Chu-Chu more plausible."

I stepped to the divan, ran my hand through Ivan's pockets and brought to light, besides the usual small articles, a portemonnaie and a letter sealed and addressed but not stamped. Turning it in my hand, I was surprised to see that it was addressed to Léontine.

The tears gushed to her eyes as she took it, broke the seal and quickly ran it through. Watching her closely, I saw the color come and go in her face, while the tears flowed faster. The note was brief; and as she finished reading Léontine flung the letter toward me on the table and, dropping her face in her hands, wept silently.

I picked up the note, which was wet and tear-stained but written in Ivan's clear, regular hand. It was in French and read as follows:

> Léontine, my dear friend, this is but a word of farewell. My tortuous course is sped—my ill-spent life nearly at its end.
>
> In this twilight of my soul I see but two bright stars: one whom I dearly loved and who has gone before, and who perhaps may intercede for my mistakes before the Great Tribunal. The other is a dear friend whom I leave behind, and who will mourn me as one less evil than mistaken.
>
> Léontine, you are my dearest living friend, and I wish to be near you when I slip out into the shadows. Will you forgive me, dear?
>
> Good night, then; and God bless and keep you! IVAN.

I laid the note down and stared at Léontine.

"What does it mean?" I gasped. "Did he commit suicide?"

Léontine shook her head. "No, Frank—at least, I do not think so. Chu-Chu saved him that. But Ivan plainly meant to kill himself. That is why his manner was so strange—so weary and final. You know you said something about his talking like a man at the end of his string—and he answered that he was. He meant to kill himself, either here or not far away."

I nodded.

"This note will undoubtedly clear you, Léontine. But throw away the rest of that ice and wash out the bowl. Do so at once."

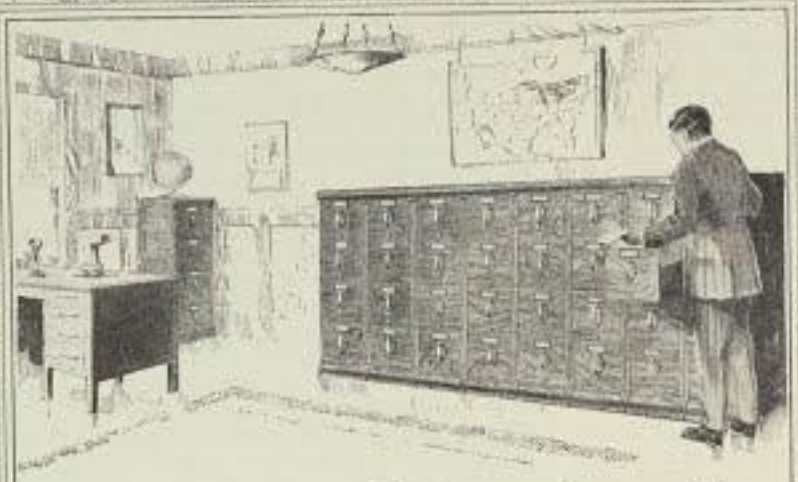
Léontine nodded and removed the ice. When she returned I said to her:

"Wait until I have been gone for about ten minutes, then telephone for the police. The case will appear sufficiently plain. Ivan came here to die near you."

"But where are you going, Frank?" she asked.

"I am going to settle his account with Chu-Chu," I answered—"and my own!"

So out I went into the hot street, caught a taxi at the corner and hurried to the prefecture of police. The prefect knew my early history, of course, just as he knows



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that of many other former criminals who are now honored members of society.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "My men had entirely lost sight of you and I was beginning to be afraid of a relapse."

"Monsieur need not have been anxious," I answered. "My disappearance was not for any criminal purpose. Quite the contrary. Monsieur le Préfet may remember that when he was so lenient as to pardon me he tried to extract certain information in regard to a suspected criminal organization?"

"Quite so," answered the prefect dryly, "and you declined to furnish it on the ground that you had just arrived from the other side of the Atlantic and knew nothing about our European thieves. Of course I did not believe you."

"At any rate," said I, "this defective knowledge has since been remedied. I have reason to believe that I can now take monsieur to a rendezvous of the most important malefactors on this side of the ocean. The chief of the band is none other than Chu-Chu le Tondeur."

The prefect's head shot forward and he glared at me across his desk.

"What!" he cried; "you can lead me to Chu-Chu and his gang?"

"I think so, monsieur."

"Where are they?"

"At Meudon."

He leaned still closer, his eyes like gimlets and his jaw set.

"Is it"—his voice was almost a whisper—"Monsieur de Maxeville?"

"Monsieur de Maxeville and Chu-Chu le Tondeur are the same person."

A fierce light blazed from his lined old face. "I knew it," he cried softly, "or at least I suspected it. For a while my suspicion rested on another man, but I discovered a few days ago that he was merely a political intrigant. So it had to be Maxeville! But the man had disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him up. How many do you think there are at this rendezvous?"

"Six or eight—ten perhaps. Chu-Chu is the only one whom I know anything of personally or would recognize by sight."

"My men will know the others." He touched a bell, then, as the attendant entered, left the room to make his arrangements for himself. These did not take long and presently he returned.

"We will go out there immediately," said he. "I shall conduct this affair myself. There are reasons why I wish to have it managed as quietly as possible—political reasons, you understand. Even the press will be instructed to be discreet. As for yourself, Monsieur Clamart, if the business turns out successfully you may be assured of my most distinguished consideration."

I thanked him, then asked how many men he was taking to capture the gang.

"I am taking six," he answered, "and they will go in plain clothes in two taxis. You and I will go in my own private car. You can designate the place, then wait for me in the car."

"Very well, monsieur," I answered, and wondered what he would think if he could guess at my own little scheme.

The prefect was a good policeman and it didn't take him long to operate. There was no noise or fuss about it either; and we went down into the court and got into his car and slipped off down the right bank of the Seine as if we were going for a little airing. We took it easily, though, for the six plain-clothes men were following us in taxis driven by special police chauffeurs.

The prefect was silent for a while, but I could tell he was doing some hard thinking by the number of white bristles he pulled out of his mustache. Presently he said:

"What was your motive in giving me this information, a desire to be of service to the State?"

"A desire to be of service to myself, monsieur," I answered, and the prefect cackled outright. He himself loved the State about as much as any stiffnecked old royalist could be expected to love a republic.

"Perhaps Le Tondeur regards you as a renegade and would like to be rid of you," he suggested.

"I doubt if he knows I am alive," I answered, and with perfect truth. As a matter of fact, I think Chu-Chu had been waiting in the Bon Cocher with the idea of poisoning Ivan, who had probably told him that he expected to lunch with Léontine after their conference. My presence he no doubt regarded as a direct act of friendship on the part of his patron, the devil.



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No doubt he would have been pleased to gather in the three of us, knowing that Léontine would remain a partisan to Ivan.

The prefect was silent again and made only one or two remarks until we had almost reached Meudon. Then he said:

"Whatever your motive, my friend, you are not to consider me inappreciative. If I can break up this gang it will be a great triumph, not only for me but for my friends. Frankly, this wave of crime that has submerged France for the past year has been used against us and our party."

It was not very plain to me just what he was driving at, but that did not much matter as I was busy studying out my own end of the business. I was confident that Chu-Chu would never be taken alive, and my greatest fear was that he might get clean away. That was what I was out to prevent, though I said nothing about it.

We sped through Meudon, taking the road that Ivan had described; and presently we came to the corner of the ivy-covered wall that inclosed the entire property—three or four hectares, I should say, running from the road back down the hill to the river—the whole densely wooded, so that the house was not visible from the road. The frontage was rather narrow and I noticed that the ground was fairly open on each side.

I suggested to the prefect that he hadn't a very big force to capture such a dangerous band, but he shrugged.

"I am an old soldier," said he, "and count the odds as four to one in a surprise. Besides, these are picked men and not to be bluffed by a handful of thieves."

We whirled past the front of the estate and I noticed that the entrance gates were copied, as Ivan had said, from those of Malmaison. At a little distance beyond the farther corner of the wall the prefect told his driver to stop, and a moment later the two other taxis came up and the men got out. They were a businesslike-looking outfit, two of them old acquaintances of mine; and their eyes lighted a little as we exchanged nods.

The prefect lost no time about his plans.

"Leclerc, Dumas, Levoisin and Bourdet, go down along the wall for about a hundred meters, then climb over and surround the house. Wagner and De Lefferts, come with me. We will enter by the front as soon as you others are inside. You drivers, stay by your cars. Roux, take a position similar to this on the other corner. *Allons!*"

"If I can be of service to Monsieur le Préfet ——" I began, knowing well enough what the answer would be.

"*Merci*," he snapped. "You had better stay with the car. Now, then, let's be off."

The four men detailed to surround the house slipped into the bushes that fringed the wall and disappeared. Giving them a few moments' start, the prefect and his two companions walked down to the front gate, where one of them slipped over and opened the small door for the others. The three chauffeurs, agreeing to horn three times as a signal of alarm, took up their positions, one of the taxis going back down the road and one remaining with the prefect's car.

As soon as the prefect had disappeared I strolled casually into the thicket, following the direction taken by the first four.

"Where are you going?" called the prefect's chauffeur, himself a policeman.

"I am going to where I can listen in case they need our help." I answered shortly and kept on, leaving him dissatisfied but not knowing just what to do about it. Once out of sight I broke into a run, skirting the wall until I came to where it turned at right angles to inclose the lower extremity of the park. This wall I followed along until I came to what I was looking for, and that was a small door in the rear, opening on a path that led down through the woods to the bank of the Seine.

This was the way that Chu-Chu would certainly come if he broke through the slight cordon. I no more believed that the old prefect and his six men would be able to round up and capture Chu-Chu than that they could have surrounded a wolf in a patch of heath and caught him by the tail. Chu-Chu was not the ordinary house-rat—he was big game—a hunter and lion-killer; and his instincts were those of a wild animal. Something told me that when he broke from his lair it would be for the thickest part of the park and toward the river; in fact, there was no other way to go, as the open highway was in front and the ground more or less open on each side of the estate.

If the police managed to stop him, so much the better, as in that case he would



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be dead. If he broke through, then it was up to me to stop him myself. And that is what I was there for. So when I came to the little door of oak and iron I made a jump for the top of the wall and swarmed over, then dropped on the other side and waited—but not for long.

The undergrowth right there was very thick and had that tropical luxuriance that you find in the valley of the Seine in the late summer, especially when the season has been warm and moist. There was a little path that wound between great arbusta and heavy masses of laurel, ivy and holly. One could only see a few feet in any direction, but I had scarcely struck the ground when I heard the noise of people hurrying through the undergrowth.

"Chu-Chu and his mob," I said to myself—"the whole gang has got past the police!"

Let me tell you, my friend, that for a second I wished I had not been quite so brash. I had counted on tackling Chu-Chu, but had never thought of its being necessary to take on the whole bunch. On the contrary, it seemed more probable that Chu-Chu would have used the others to cover his own retreat.

Here came a gang of them, and they were coming fast and as silently as they could through that tangle—a whole band, with Chu-Chu in the lead. I looked over my shoulder at the wall and wished that I were back on the other side. I had an automatic pistol that held eleven dumdums and there was a handy knife in my belt, but the odds were too heavy.

For the moment I was tempted to skin over that wall like a cat. Then I thought of Ivan; and, as it got hold of me that here was the murderous devil who had just tried to poison the three of us—and one a woman—slipping up to me through the bush, something stronger than the love of life blazed up inside me. I whipped out the pistol and waited.

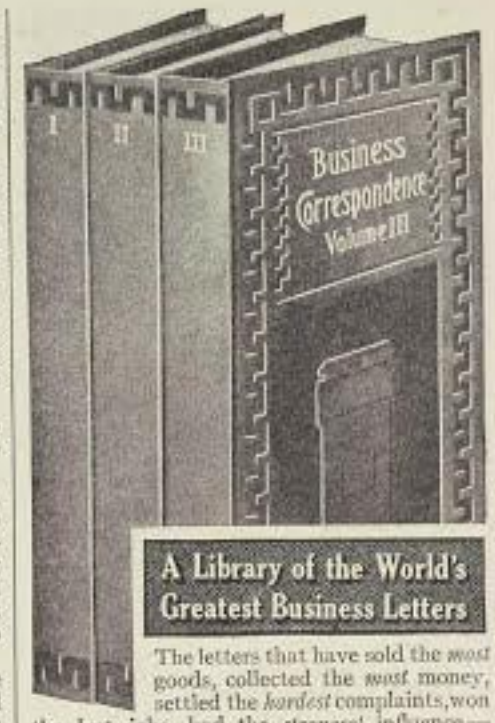
The crashing noise grew louder and I could hear panting breaths. Then out of a tangle of laurel not twenty feet in front of me burst Chu-Chu, and he reminded me of a charging wild boar. He was still dressed in his workman's blouse and he carried the black straw in his hand. The sweat was pouring from his white face and his lips were drawn back and showed the yellow teeth.

At sight of me he never so much as paused. His hand went to the V-shaped opening of his blouse and at the same instant I fired into him. Down he went with a crash, then began to scramble on all fours toward the foot of a chestnut tree a few meters away. I fired again, but he scrambled all the faster. Then a gun cracked to the left of me and I felt the scorch of a bullet across the chest. I spun round, and there was Chu-Chu's mate, the man with one nostril wider than the other. He was standing by the wall and as I turned he fired again and so did another man who had burst out behind Chu-Chu. Then Chu-Chu himself opened up from the ground and I came down in a heap.

It was only a broken shinbone, and from where I lay I got the Oriental chap and another man who had made a jump for the wall. Yells and orders were ringing out from up by the house, and men were crashing down the hill. Chu-Chu was somewhere in the thicket; so I started in on hands and knees. His pistol cracked in front of me and the blood came pouring down into my eyes, but I caught a glimpse of him huddled behind the chestnut, ten feet in front of me, and I took a snapshot and hit his hand as it was shoved out, gripping his weapon. He snarled like a cat, then came bounding out from behind his tree; and, though my gun went off against his body, it never stopped him, and the next instant his grip was on my wrist and his teeth in the muscles of my neck. I got my left arm clear, however, and as we rolled over, lashing out like a couple of wild beasts, I managed to squirm up on top, and that was the last of Chu-Chu.

* * * * * * * *

Yes, the whole business was kept mighty quiet. Lots of people never really knew just my part in the affair. The prefect thought it better to hush up the outside assistance and let it go in as a police job. It was all the same to me, though, as Chu-Chu was dead and his pal was dead and two others of the gang were dead. None got away and the ones taken were no great shucks and nothing to be afraid of in the future. Anyway, they'd heard of me and asked nothing better than to forget me.



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It was no such cinch as a couple of weeks in bed this time. I was shot all to pieces and was six weeks on my back, and my leg in a box, with a weight swinging from the foot; and the police surgeon says that I'll limp for the rest of my life. The prefect took me to my own little lodgings and detailed his own doctor to fix me up.

John got back to Paris after his "cure" and came in every day to see me. Edith never came. She still thinks that I broke my word, and my honest hope is that she will keep on thinking so to her dying day; but she kept my room bright with flowers. John knew the whole story, of course. He was a different man, I thought, and a finer one; and he told me that it only needed me on my feet again to make the motor business a big success. And he was right.

Ivan's death made a big stir, but only for its romantic interest and the fact that Ivan himself was so well known and well liked round the town. The case was so evidently one of suicide that not even the most enterprising reporter tried to make a "mystery case" of it. Léontine came to see me several times. Then she went away and I learned afterward that she had gone to Berck to look after Ivan's charity for the tuberculous children.

I had been laid up about a fortnight when my nurse came in one day, with a grin, to tell me that the Countess Rosalie had called to see me.

"Show her in," I snapped, "and leave us alone. She is an old friend of mine."

Rosalie looked pale, and her smile as she gave me her hand was forced and tired.

"Sit down," said I in English. "There are a lot of things I want to say to you."

She dropped in the chair at the head of my bed and I took her hand. Rosalie did not try to draw it away.

"Why haven't you been to see me?" I asked. "You got my message?"

"Yes; but I thought you would be well enough looked after without me."

"If you are thinking of La Petrovski," said I, "let me tell you that there has never been anything between us—and never will be. She is not in love with me—nor I with her. The nearest I ever came to being really in love with any woman was in a little studio apartment on the Rue Vaugirard, where it seemed to me that for the first time in my life I had found the real thing without any alloy—but I guess I was wrong."

Rosalie grew rather pale, but did not answer.

"Were you in the house when that man killed himself?" she asked.

"I will tell you all about that," I answered, "and of what happened afterward—and why it did."

So I gave her the whole yarn, speaking in English, which nobody in the house understood. Rosalie listened, scarcely breathing, and her color came and went like the draft on a red coal.

"So you see, little girl," I wound up, "you yourself were the immediate and direct cause of Chu-Chu's finish."

"And I never for a moment suspected that it was Chu-Chu!" said she. "He told me when he took me that he was a plumber who had just received a telephone call to drop the job he was on and hurry out to Meudon to stop a leak in a waterpipe that was destroying the ceiling. I took him to the house and he asked me to wait, but I could not do so because I had an engagement with a regular client." She looked at me with shining eyes. "And you hurried out there on my account?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I meant to put the police on to Chu-Chu in any case, but I wouldn't have acted so quickly if it hadn't been for you. Chu-Chu might easily have served you some ugly trick—throttled you and thrown you into the ditch on the way home, or some such pleasantry. He poisoned Ivan merely because he was in the way. If anything had happened to you, sweetheart, I should have wanted to kill first Chu-Chu and then myself." And I meant it too. I was really in love with Rosalie.

She said very little after that and presently wished me goodby and went away; but she dropped a kiss on my forehead before she went out.

From this time on, both Rosalie and Sœur Anne Marie came often to see me. It took the little Mother Superior some time to get over the effect of the tale which I had told Rosalie she might tell her; but Sœur Anne Marie had served through the Franco-Prussian War as a nurse and was no rabbit-heart.

"I've got you Beaten, Dad"



Missed!

A nip-and-tuck match lost by a single shot!

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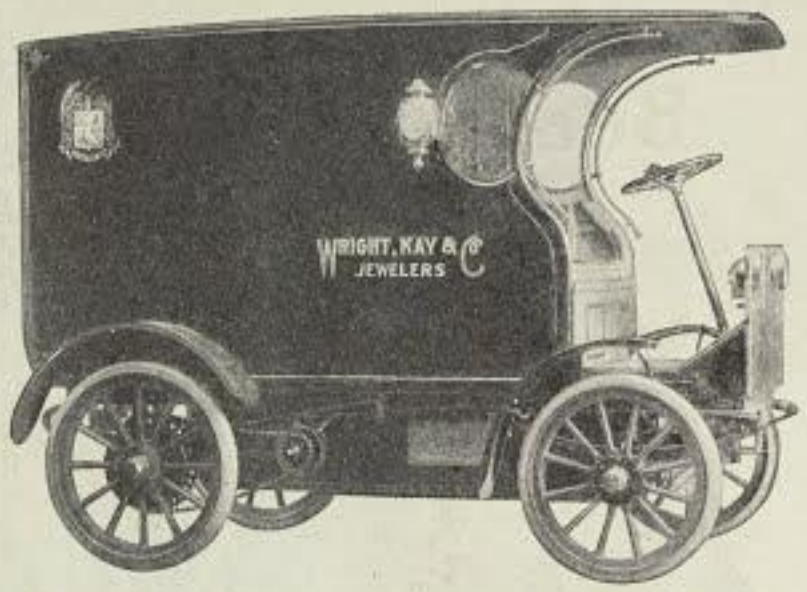
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Then one day she said to me: "*Mon ami*, you must be careful. Our Rosalie is losing her heart."

"She already has mine, *ma mère*," I answered, "though it's not much of a bargain for her."

"I am not so sure," she answered. "Though your life has been wrongly lived I am convinced that your heart is clean. Do you really love the poor child?"

"I love her dearly," I answered, "and I would ask her to marry me if I were sure we might never have to reap some of my early sowing. A man with such a past as mine can never be too confident of the future. I speak only of my sins against the Commandment against stealing, *ma mère*."

She was silent and thoughtful for a little while, then answered:

"Rosalie loves you, and I do not think she will ever be happy without you. If, later on, some echo from your past should come to bring pain to you both, she will at least have had her hour and tasted of the fullness of life; but something tells me that will never happen." She smiled. "We *religieuses* are sometimes given the power to predict the lives of those dear to us—and there is also much in prayer. You will both be garmented in my prayers, whether I am here or—elsewhere; and, so far, these prayers have not proved fruitless."

There was no denying this. I could quite imagine the secret-service angel, detailed from divine headquarters in response to the good woman's application, sitting beside Rosalie in her taxi and sending her back from Meudon to Paris when Chu-Chu wanted her to wait. The same angel might also have whispered in my ear not to taste the peach ice-cream for politeness' sake.

My heart grew warm as I thought of Rosalie. I knew that I loved her and wanted her for my wife—Rosalie, sweet and brave and true-hearted, and, as far as that went, as physically perfect as a man could wish. I thought again of the night when I had held her in my arms, kissing and comforting her; and last of all, though it should have been first, I thought of how she had stood by me when, spent and bloodless, I had lurched into her taxi at the gate of the Baron von Hertzfeld.

Then, one day in the autumn, when I was beginning to get round a little, Rosalie came to me and said:

"Tomorrow will be Sunday, and we are going for a little picnic—just you and myself and Sœur Anne Marie. We shall take the car and run out to the forest of Marly for luncheon in the woods. Sœur Anne Marie is very worn from the heat of the summer and it will do her good. You are strong enough to drive now, and I will take a day off and wear a pretty gown and be *grande dame*."

So off we went the next day, the three of us in the little car, which I drove down a long forest alley with a Gothic roof of burnished bronze. We spread our napkins in a little glade and had a wonderful luncheon.

Afterward Sœur Anne Marie informed us that age possessed its privileges, and she proposed also to show her appreciation of the good things she had eaten and drunk by withdrawing a little while from the material world in a peaceful nap. So we made her comfortable with a rug and a cushion from the car, and Rosalie and I strolled off under the ancient trees. We came to the top of a high bank on the edge of the big road, and here we seated ourselves on the edge of a laurel thicket to talk and watch the big cars that kept whizzing by.

It was a perfect day in October and the old-gold canopy overhead screened a sky as blue as the eyes of a little child. Rosalie looked at me and smiled. Her cheeks were red today and her eyes the color of the autumn leaves. She wore a tailor suit of dark blue serge and a pretty hat, and looked altogether charming. Nobody could ever have recognized her as the pretty, piquante chauffeuse so often to be seen perched behind her wheel in front of the big hotels.

There was no trace of impudence about her this day. Though happy, as far as one could see, she was very quiet and there was a hint of wistfulness in her eyes. Poor little girl! Life had never brought her much joy, and I wondered, as I often had before, at her bright, brave heart, for the summer had been a hard one and most women would have been worn out and despondent; but Rosalie possessed an elastic strength—or fine mettle, one might better say—and the instant the strain was relaxed she flew back as straight and tireless as before.

Are Your Nights as Restful as They Should Be?

There's a big difference between a rest*ful* night and a rest*less* night—and it *tells* big in the next day's work. This difference very often depends on a man's nightwear.

A rough seam, an ill-fitting neckband, a sleeve that binds, tightness where there should be roominess—such *seemingly* little things make restless nights. These discomforts are unknown to the wearers of

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Night Shirts and Pajamas

The experience of thirty-one years, coupled with the ambition to keep on leading the world for comfortable nightwear, is back of the production of these garments. From the choosing of the materials to the flattening of the seams in the finished garment, *everything* is done to make them luxuriously reposeful—and you'll find them so.

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Campbell's
SOUPS

Pure, full-flavored, nourishing; easy to digest, and ready in a minute, these wholesome soups are about the handiest provision you can have in the house.

Order them by the dozen. Get the full benefit of their tempting variety.

If not completely satisfied the grocer returns your money. That shows you what *we* know about them.

Why not enjoy one of these perfect soups *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
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Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Pea
	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra Vegetable
	Vermicelli-Tomato



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



One little Injun
Eating *Campbell's Soups*
Got so gay he held at bay
A regiment of troops.

Our eyes met—and all at once I realized my want of her and the deep, honest love I had come to feel for her. Rosalie's hand was resting on her knee and I took it in mine and raised it to my lips.

"Rosalie dear," I said, "I love you! Will you marry a reformed thief?"

She turned to me slowly, and one could see how delicately the color faded in her lovely face. Her lips trembled and the tears gushed into her eyes.

"Oh, Frank—you are sure you want me?" she said. "There is—no one else? You are sure, sure, sure?"

"Nobody else, sweetheart—now or ever!" I answered, and gathered her into my arms.

(THE END)

The Ducks Come Down

What's this message through the Northland
from the Lord of living things
That is whispered in the quiver of a hundred
million wings,
Edged with green and tipped with purple?
How, all day, the dripping seal
Sees the rise of stately mallard, hears the whir
of darting teal!
How the Lord of living creatures bids these
burnished wings be spread
Over all the frozen Northland, with the gray
sky overhead,
When October wears a gown stitched with
purple, edged with brown!
When the frost gleams in the stubble—how the
ducks come down!

When the copse is dun and leafless, and the
mist is gray and chill,
When the promise of the winter garbs the
field and vale and hill;
When October, sere and sober, with her bitter
tears of rain,
Mourns the red leaves and the yellow that her
gusts sweep down the lane—
Then, across the great, gray, dripping, sodden
canopy of sky,
Sweep the winged hosts of Northland where
the open waters lie.
When the chill of near November lies upon
the field and town,
When the campfire's glowing ember—then
the ducks come down.

And all day among the rushes and the nod-
ding reeds he stands—
He who knows and times their coming—with
that weapon in his hands
Whence the echoes of Death's message break
the silences that brood,
Gray and heavy, like the mists that mark
October's somber mood;
And all day are bright wings broken, till the
crumpled bodies lie
Dead among the reeds and rushes, from the
mist and gray of sky,
And the gamebag's overflowing—for October's
sullen frown
Is the joy of dog and master—when the ducks
come down.

Hear them chatter in the rushes when the
dusk lies deep and damp;
When the shadows in the stubble, where the
dog and master tramp
Till a light gleams in the darkness where
the supper-fire is made,
And the ash logs snap and crackle where
the frying-pan is laid.
There's the bubble of the coffee; there's the
sizzling in the flame,
Where the bacon is awaiting the anointment
of the game,
And the birds grow crisp—delicious in their
coloring of brown;
For the time is near November—and the
ducks come down!

—*J. W. Foley.*

A Revised Opinion

A WELL-KNOWN after-dinner speaker of New York was going home from a banquet, on a surface car. At his corner he signaled the conductor to stop; but as he swung off the platform the car started up again, and he plowed the asphalt for ten feet with his face and figure. He struggled to his feet to see the car fading away and a large, tired looking policeman contemplating him from the sidewalk.

"Did you see that?" demanded the victim as he limped toward the pavement.

"I did," said the policeman; "an' it was your own fault."

"I didn't ask you whose fault it was!" snapped back the after-dinner speaker. "I asked you—Did you see it?"

"I did not!" said the policeman.

The best gift of all—a Watch

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Only a few of the many attractive gold-filled cases in which you can get the Ingersoll-Trenton Watch are shown here. Your jeweler will offer you a large selection to choose from.



For 19 Christmases Ingersoll Watches have made the gift problem an easy one, not only on account of the splendid values at very low prices but also because the prices have been advertised so that anyone could know in advance exactly what the outlay would be.

Now there are also the Ingersoll-Trenton jeweled watches in a beautiful variety of cases and all sold at our advertised prices in over 9000 jewelry stores.

Ingersoll Watches $1

For men and women, boys and girls there are Ingersoll models, $1.00, $1.50 and $2.00, all reliable time-keepers and fully guaranteed. Sold by over 60,000 dealers throughout the country. $1.50 $2

Ingersoll-Trenton—7 Jewels

The watch in the plain case opposite is a high-grade bridge model movement with 7 jewels. It will give accurate time for 20 years and like all Ingersoll-Trentons is guaranteed 5 years. In a solid nickel open-face case. Your jeweler sells it for $5

Ingersoll-Trenton—7 Jewels

The watch illustrated at the left is the 7-Jewel Ingersoll-Trenton movement in one of our 20-year Gold-filled guaranteed Ingersoll-Trenton cases—open face.

There are many other fancy patterns and also plain and engine-turned styles at the same price. When you buy an Ingersoll-Trenton you are taking no chances on the case as you do on watches sold in cases of unknown makers. In 20-year case $9

Ingersoll-Trenton—15 Jewels

The 15-Jewel "I-T" movement gives a lifetime of service. Both the 7 and 15-Jewel Ingersoll-Trentons are made with an accuracy and finish of movement that is given no other watch of these grades. It is for this reason that even the least expensive "I-T" keeps such close time that it can be matched only with watches costing far more in other makes.

The watch shown at the left is another of the 20-year gold-filled "I-T" patterns. Many other styles also at $12

Ingersoll-Trenton—15 Jewels

This is the 15-Jewel "I-T" in a 20-year gold-filled "I-T" hunting case. Your jeweler has also our plain and engine-turned cases.

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Ingersoll-Trenton—19 Jewels

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On each package we print a guarantee reading:

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There are now nearly 5000 of these stores in the United States and Canada.

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THIS regulator puts the heating of your house on a "scientific efficiency" basis. It prevents the wasteful burning of a single pound of coal in Hot Water, Steam or Furnace systems. If the Thermostatic-Thermometer in the living room shows more heat is wasted the drafts are opened until the desired temperature is reached, when they are instantly closed. The moment the temperature begins to drop below the desired point, the drafts are again opened. By running the fire evenly a ton of coal will go almost again as far as when the fire is permitted to burn itself out.

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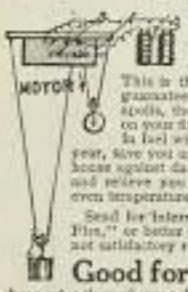
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The Thermostatic Thermometer is located in the living room and at sufficient change in temperature opens and closes an electric circuit, which in turn controls the motor in the basement.

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COPPER STOCKS

By Roger W. Babson

PROBABLY most readers of this weekly think of baked beans whenever the name Boston is mentioned; but some of us whose tastes run in other lines think instead of "coppers." At any rate, when traveling from one end of the country to the other, four people out of every five that I meet say: "Oh, yes, you live near Boston, the home of copper stocks!" Although today it is not strictly accurate to call Boston the home of coppers, yet it would have been until a few years ago and, to a limited extent, still is. As our Pacific railroads were originally financed from Boston, so the large copper industry of our nation also was financed from that city. On the other hand, as Boston has now lost her grip on the transcontinental situation, having lost it to New York in conjunction with the great telephone industry, so the new copper properties are now being financed from New York rather than from Boston.

The transcontinentals were financed from Boston because fifty years ago that was the investing center of the country; and whether railroad bonds or government bonds were to be sold they were first offered to New England people through established Boston firms. The telephone industry was started in that city because Mr. Bell, the inventor, was a New England man; and the first company was organized in a little office in Boston. The huge profits made by these early investors in telephone stocks were sufficient to cause them to hold the industry for many years and to continue to raise funds for its great expansion. Finally it became so large that it was of necessity a national rather than a New England enterprise.

In the same way the copper industry took root in Boston, probably on account of the great success of the Calumet & Hecla mine. This was one of the early Lake properties, capitalized at a par value of $25 a share and originally sold to investors for considerably less. An acquaintance of mine remembers very distinctly when it sold for less than $10 a share and when his friends were being urged to buy it at this figure. As it happened, many Boston investors did buy this stock at from $10 to $25 a share, from which price it gradually soared to $1000 a share and for a considerable time has sold for from $600 to $800 a share. When one realizes that a person who invested only $10,000 in this stock at $10 a share could have sold out a few years ago for $1,000,000 in cash, and that on these one thousand shares, bought at $10 a share, he received during some years an annual dividend of $100,000—or four hundred per cent—is there any wonder that coppers should have become a favorite investment for Boston people?

Unfortunately, however, there has been only one Calumet & Hecla, and, although Boston people have made millions and millions of dollars from the Calumet & Hecla stock, yet many of them have probably lost in other mines more than they ever made in Calumet & Hecla, and, therefore, are no better off today than they would be if they had never invested in the famous Hecla mine. And this, therefore, brings me to the main point that I desire to emphasize in this article, which is as follows: To invest in one or two copper mines is one of the worst kinds of speculation and something that should be shunned by every small investor. Only as one invests in several producing mines does his purchase more nearly approach an investment and the speculative element become gradually reduced.

At the same time the possibility of profit decreases as the possibility of loss decreases, and, finally, the investor is no better off than he would be if he should confine his purchases to established dividend-paying railroad stocks that he can buy without any trouble or worry.

It is well, however, for the investor to know the different kinds of copper stocks on the market and to appreciate where the difference lies. There are good copper stocks, poor copper stocks, medium copper stocks and copper stocks that any one should be ashamed to own. Briefly these may be divided into the four following divisions:

1. PRODUCERS AND DIVIDEND-PAYERS

This class includes such stocks as Calumet & Hecla, Amalgamated, Anaconda, Calumet & Arizona, Nevada Consolidated, Old Dominion, Utah Copper. These are stocks of established mines that not only are producers, but are producing at sufficient profit so that dividends may be paid on the stock. They represent the only kind of copper stocks that conservative bankers ever recommend.

2. PRODUCERS AND NON-DIVIDEND-PAYERS

There is a larger number of these than of the first-mentioned class, and the following are a few examples: Chino, Miami, Ray Consolidated, Greene-Cananea, Shannon, Hancock. They represent established mines that are producing copper, but that either are not sufficiently developed or else are not producing the copper cheaply enough to be able to sell it at a profit. It would not be wise to state that these stocks should never be purchased, as at any time something may be found to make them valuable. If the price of copper increases sufficiently many producing mines that are not paying a dividend at the present time will be able to pay one. The stocks in the first-mentioned class, however, are practically sure of some profit. It is almost beyond probability that the price of copper will for many years be less than what it costs these mines to produce it, and future changes in the price of copper will simply increase or decrease the profit.

In the case of this second class of stocks, when the price of copper is low many of them make no profit whatever, which is a very much more serious matter. This is due to the fact that—strange as it may seem—it is more expensive to shut down a mine than to operate it! Consequently there are many mines that today are being operated at no profit, and yet are becoming less valuable every day as the copper is removed therefrom. This brings me to another important point that I desire to emphasize: namely, that the dividends received from mines are not real earnings, as are the dividends received from railroad or industrial corporations; these copper dividends are simply small portions of the principal, which is gradually being returned to the stockholders. Therefore, it is very much better to purchase only the very best mining stocks, so that, whatever the price of the metal, some dividend may always be received as long as the mine is being operated.

3. STOCKS THAT ARE KNOWN AS DEVELOPMENTS

To this class belong the stocks of companies that are "sure" to become producers and that all hope will some day be dividend-payers, but that are not yet sufficiently opened for actual production. In some cases the underground workings are complete, but the company is waiting for the completion of a smelter, or for the completion of a railroad or some other adjunct to the property. Possibly stocks like those of the Inspiration, Indiana, Lake and other companies of the same character should be classed in this list. These companies are approaching production, but are not yet real producers and may or may never be dividend-payers. However, it is known that they have vast quantities of copper, and as soon as this copper can be got out at a sufficiently low cost these companies may be full producers and perhaps some day dividend-payers.

This class is generally known on the street as "comers," and the average stockbroker will tell you that there is more profit in buying the stocks of these "coming properties" than there is in buying the stocks of the older and better-known properties. It is probably true that there are greater profits to be made in stocks of this third class; but it also is very true that there is a very much greater opportunity for loss. Therefore I prefer stocks of the first or second class to those of this third class, except in two or three special instances. Even in these exceptions, however, I feel that there may be more profit to the promoters in the sale of the stock than from the sale of the copper, and consequently the buying and selling of such stocks is like playing with fire. Readers will be interested in noting the following stocks listed on the Boston Stock Exchange, the majority of which come under these last two classes.

MINING COMPANIES

THE QUOTATIONS REPRESENT AN AVERAGE FOR RECENT DATES

	Low	High
Adventure	4	4½
Alouez	22½	23
Arizona Commercial	.70	.80
Bonanza	.50	.70
Butte Coalition	14	14½
Calumet & Arizona	46	46½
Calumet & Hecla	300	305
Centennial	8	9
Con Mercur		.05
Copper Range	47½	48½
Daly-West	5	5½
Elm River	.10	
Franklin	6½	6¾
Granby	28	28½
Greene-Cananea	5½	6
Hedley Gold	14	15

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	Low	High
La Salle	3½	4
Mass Consolidated	5	6
Mayflower	.90	.75
Michigan	1½	2
Mohawk	57	57½
Nevada Consolidated	15½	15½
New Idria Quicksilver	8	
Nipissing	7¾	8
North Butte	21	22
Old Colony	1½	1½
Dominion	34½	35
Osceola	81	86
Parrot	8	9
Quincy	56	
Santa Fe	.80	1
Shannon	7¾	8
Shattuck-Arizona	14¼	
St. Mary's		80
Superior	22½	23
Tamarack	20½	22
Trinity	3	3½
U. S. Smelting	31	31½
U. S. Smelting pf.	46	46½
Utah Consolidated	11½	12
Utah Copper	38½	39½
Victoria	1½	⅝
Winona	5	5½
Wolverine	88	90
Wyandot	.75	1½

4. The Fourth Class is Known as Prospects

In most cases the assets of such companies consist mostly of land, although in many instances considerable development work has been done. In no case, however, is it known just how much ore the mine contains; and in many cases it cannot be said for certain whether or not there is any ore or how much it will cost to mine it. Usually the only argument or reason the owners have for calling the prospect a mine is that the property is near some land that is already being worked as a mine. Certainly the purchase of such stocks is pure gambling; yet today the majority of mining stocks belong to this fourth class. I wish that it were possible for me to convince the readers of The Saturday Evening Post how unwise it is for either the small or the large investor to purchase the stocks of such companies. It is simply gambling in its most realistic form, and why the United States Government will permit the circulation of advertisements of such mining stocks and at the same time prohibit the mailing of lottery tickets is unexplainable.

Mind you, there is no harm in any man's buying a piece of land and spending money in ascertaining whether or not it contains ore. This is an honorable undertaking, and such a man is performing a distinct service to our nation in endeavoring to discover its wealth and provide labor for our people. Such a man, however, would purchase the land not on the basis that it contains ore, but on a proper basis corresponding to the risk involved. If the land contains ore he makes the handsome profit that he deserves; but if it does not contain ore he simply loses the money that he spent on the development and still retains the land and the experience.

Four Grades of Ore

As there are four classes of stocks there are also four groups of mines, although there is absolutely no relation between the four subdivisions mentioned above and the four now about to be outlined. When stocks are discussed they are divided as to their progress and record; but when mines are discussed they are divided as to the kind of ore that they contain. Briefly, three of the groups are based upon three varieties of copper ore, and the fourth group might be entitled miscellaneous. The miscellaneous group I shall not here attempt to describe, but I shall outline the other three.

The copper first discovered was what is known as the native Lake copper. This variety has been found in great quantities around Lake Superior, especially in Michigan; and the Calumet & Hecla is the best illustration of this kind of a mine. The copper in a raw state is practically identical with that which later appears in the form of manufactured wire or on the bottom of a washboiler. It is usually necessary only to break up the rock, take out this metal, stamp it, and it is ready for use. This is the form of copper used by the Indians hundreds of years ago, and when first discovered the mining was very simple. As years have gone on, however, the mining has grown more difficult, for it has become necessary to go to great depths in order to find the metal. Many people believe that the day of Lake mining is nearly over, and some of my Boston friends strongly advise against the purchase of any Lake stocks. Many of these stocks have declined greatly in price. Tamarack, for instance, which at one time was considered a prosperous mine, has dropped from $363 to $20 per share. As will be seen from the above list, Calumet & Hecla stock, which once sold for $1000 a share, is now selling for only about $375. Another well-known Lake stock is Copper Range, but an unfavorable report has recently come out even on this property. What the real facts may be relative to these Lake coppers is, of course, uncertain; but I believe that their value is not a thing of the past by any means, and that many of them have a long and profitable future.

The second step in the development of the copper industry came through the use of what are commonly known as sulphide ores. This sulphide group of mines is centered about Butte, Montana. Although similar mines are found in various parts of the country, including Arizona, yet the Butte camp leads this class as the Michigan mines lead the native-copper group. These sulphide ores are found in veins. The novice would never dream from looking at the dull ore that it contains copper, and to get this copper out it is necessary to smelt the ore or subject it to a chemical process.

The third group is known as the porphyry group. For many years it has been known that land in certain parts of this country contained a small percentage of copper; but until recently it has never been thought possible economically to extract the metal, because only a very small portion of such ore can be obtained from a ton of material. Chemists and metallurgists have gradually been perfecting the process, and now great mountains are being torn away with steam shovels and the copper extracted. Probably the most prominent example in this country today of a mine of this porphyry group is that of the Utah Copper Company, located near Salt Lake City. Other mines, such as Miami, Chino and Inspiration, are being developed along this same line. The theoretical production of such mines is tremendous; but their production is so great and so many thousands of tons of material are used each day that it is questionable whether or not they will be very long lived.

Porphyry Properties

It is the developing of these great porphyry, low-grade, steam-shovel propositions that is disturbing the copper market today, and that has partly caused the price of copper to fall from twenty-four cents to twelve cents per pound. Whether, however, the success of these porphyry mines will long continue is a question that only the future can decide. There is no doubt that these low-grade mines are producing ore today and are producing it very cheaply. The owners of porphyry mines claim that the Michigan mines will be abandoned in twenty years and that native copper will be a thing of the past; while, on the other hand, the owners of the Michigan mines claim that the low-grade porphyry mines will soon be exhausted and that the native Lake coppers will be mined for scores of years to come.

Personally, I feel that neither of these assumptions is correct and that the sulphide mines located in Montana and Arizona may be longer lived than either of the other two classes. Whichever of the three groups is longest lived, this discussion certainly should illustrate to the small investor the great risk there is in all copper stocks; for, when doctors disagree, what hope is there for the poor patient?

This brings me to the conclusion that is at the bottom of the entire question—that when an investor takes a dividend from a copper or other mining stock it is like taking apples out of a barrel. Although the average investor thinks that he is spending his dividend, he is in reality spending his principal. For this reason mining stocks should yield about nine per cent to compare favorably with a railroad stock yielding five per cent. When the investor receives his $9 a year on an investment of $100 he should religiously set aside $4 for a sinking fund, as his original investment is theoretically worth about that much less.

In applying these statements the investor may use the following four rules:

(1) Purchase the stocks of producing and, if possible, of dividend-paying mines.

(2) Divide the investment equally among the mines of the four above-mentioned groups; that is, the Lake mines, the sulphide mines, the porphyries and the miscellaneous companies.

(3) Insist on a yield which will provide for laying aside each year a proper proportion of the dividends for a sinking fund, or else purchase only the stocks of companies that of themselves set aside a proper proportion of their earnings for the acquirement of additional property.

(4) Purchase copper stocks only when the price of copper is at or near its lowest point.

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THE AMAZING ADVENTURE OF LETITIA CARBERRY

(Continued from Page 19)

"Since you haven't got it, that needn't disturb you," Tish said sharply. "If you wish a reason, however, I'm a member of the Ladies' Committee of this hospital, and as I am undertaking a special inquiry into things that have been happening here lately, *I want that key!*"

Mrs. Jenkins looked dazed. She had never seen a female detective, I dare say, and to see one sitting before her in a kimono over a nightgown, with a black bonnet with jet bugles over one ear and her foot out on a stool, clearly bewildered her.

"I'm sorry," she said respectfully when she'd recovered; "but the key that usually hangs in the mortuary is lost, and I gave Miss Linda Smith the other one."

"Ha!" cried Tish. "When?"

"Yesterday, I think. I'm not sure."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Jenkins. I'll not keep you any longer." And, as the linen woman went out, Tish got up and reached for her cane.

"Now then, Tommy," she said. "I'll trouble you to take Lizzie and Aggie somewhere and keep them, so I can think. Take them out and get them some soda water."

"Soda water! Perhaps you would like me to go back to the Zoo!" I observed with biting sarcasm. But it was lost on Tish.

"I shouldn't advise it," she said. "It's raining again. Just get out! Go anywhere—so you go! And come back in an hour."

"I've half a mind ——" Aggie began nastily.

"Why, so you have!" said Tish. "Shut the door behind you!" And as Aggie, who was the last, slammed out we heard Tish opening the lower bureau drawer.

XVII

WE CAME back in an hour to find Tish waiting with her bonnet still on and in a more agreeable frame of mind. She asked Tommy and myself to go round the hospital with her, but refused to take Aggie, who retired sulking to her room. Tish rolled up the S. P. T. towels and led the way herself with a strange gleam in her eye. Considering what she had in mind, it was a courageous thing she was doing; but I don't mind admitting now that there were moments that afternoon when I thought she had lost her reason.

She led the way to the mortuary first, with her bundle under her arm and Tommy and me trailing at her heels like two bewildered lambs after a wild-eyed sheep. Seen in daylight, there was nothing horrible about the mortuary. There were no bodies there and the daylight came in in churchly fashion through the two large stained-glass windows in the end. Indeed, the room looked like a small chapel, being finished in dark wood, with pale walls, chairs in a row round the edge of the floor, and only the row of tables in the center instead of pews to spoil its ecclesiastical appearance.

At the far end, to the left and near the windows, was the door to the linen closet. Tish gave the room only a casual glance and stalked across to the linen closet. She hesitated a moment and grasped her stick closely. Then she inserted the key she had carried up with her, and slowly turned it.

The door flew open immediately and I took a hasty step back. It had been pushed only by the draft of air from a small window at the side, however, which was open; and, except for its piles of neatly folded linen, it was empty. Tish looked slightly disappointed, but not discouraged. She went in and stuck her head out through the open window, looking in every direction.

"Exactly!" she said and prepared to close and lock the closet again; but she waited to close the small window first and, when she turned, Tommy had stooped over something lying on the floor by the door.

"Look!" he said, holding it out on his palm. "Briggs' old pipe, with the stem gone!—the one he was smoking when ——"

If he expected Tish to be impressed he was disappointed.

"There's nothing astonishing about that!" she said calmly and, proceeding to climb out one of the stained-glass windows on to the fire-escape—though it was the fifth floor and Tish had always declared she'd rather burn up than put a foot on one of the things—she ran nimbly up and over the cornice to the roof.

It was a very ordinary roof. One part was flat and evidently was used occasionally as a breathing spot. There were benches and a flower-pot or two; and directly in the center was a four-foot iron fence, inclosing a skylight. Two men at work there showed where Tommy had gone through, and when I glanced at him he was staring at it with a rueful smile.

"When you remember," he said, "that I weigh a hundred and seventy pounds, and that I went over that fence head first, it makes you wonder what grudge old Johnson had against me! I was decent enough to him, if Briggs wasn't."

"Do you mean that—that Briggs was cruel to him?" I asked Tommy.

"With a refined form of cruelty, yes. The sort that lets an old man go without sugar in his tea and won't hear him begging for ice-water."

"Then I'm glad he's dead," I snapped; "and if I'd been Johnson, I'd have ——"

Tish had wandered across the roof and was standing on a part of it about two feet higher than the rest, looking at a second and smaller skylight.

"What's this, Tommy?" she called.

"Elevator, I think," said Tommy, and we went over. Tish was looking round her with speculative eyes.

"I guess this is about right," she said. "I miss my guess unless —— Tommy, get down with your ear to the roof and see if you hear anything."

"It's dirty," said Tommy.

"I guess you'll wash without spoiling!" Tish snapped. "It ain't a Carberry trait to be afraid of dirt. Get down!"

Tommy pulled up his trousers legs and got down gingerly, and I got down too. I dare say we looked queer, both kneeling, and each with an ear to the tin. The two men at the other skylight stared at us over the railing nervously.

We didn't hear anything and Tish looked disappointed; but she didn't stop her half-hop, half-run over the roof. At the end of fifteen minutes she was back at the top of the fire-escape, ready to descend. But going down was different from coming up, and I guess we were both relieved when Tommy said there was a staircase.

When we got to the bottom I was clear out of breath and even Tommy was panting; but Tish hadn't turned a hair. Some sort of inward excitement was stimulating her like a fever—and, knowing Tish, I felt sure she would cave in like a pricked balloon when it was over.

The next thing she demanded was to be put on top of the elevator cage; but Tommy absolutely balked at that, and Tish herself seemed to realize that it wouldn't do.

"I'll go for you," Tommy said. "I'm willing to sacrifice myself for you any time, Aunt Tish; but you can see for yourself that a self-respecting woman in her prime can't ride on top of an elevator without causing comment. It isn't being done in our set this winter, Aunt Tish."

Tish gave in, or pretended to, and we went back to her room. Aggie was there, dressed but sulky, and we had tea all round and tried to talk about indifferent things. We told Aggie we had been up to see the mortuary, whereon she insisted on seeing it too, and Miss Lewis and I took her.

We left Tish still working over her notes, with a cup of tea in one hand which she was absently stirring with her leadpencil, and went upstairs. Tommy had gone to see Miss Blake again.

We showed Aggie the mortuary, and she got weak in the knees and had to sit a few minutes. It must have been fifteen minutes, therefore, when, supporting her between us, we led her down the steps and rang for the elevator. It travels, as I say, very quietly, and when it came into view all we could do was to stare, our mouths open.

Riding majestically on top of it, one hand in a dignified manner holding to the cable, the other clutching her stick, and with her head thrown back and staring up, was Tish! She went past us without seeing us, and a moment later we heard her say calmly:

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Kitchen in the House of Mr. E. K. Knott, of Boston

The cage went down past us, with Tish still holding on, still looking up; but on her face there was the most terrible expression of mingled fright and satisfaction I ever saw.

The next moment there began from above a shower of sticks, pieces of plaster, and finally a small creature that looked like and proved to be a dead rabbit. Aggie began to scream and to tear at the elevator doors; but luckily they held.

Well, as the newspapers have told, the idiot of an elevator man kept on to the first floor in his excitement; and it's a great wonder Tish was not brained. But nothing hit her and she got to the lower floor in safety.

If she had waited until the cage was lowered sufficiently she would not have been hurt; but just as the top was still four feet from the floor the rabbit landed, and Tish jumped and broke her arm.

XVIII

WELL, that's all there was to it. As I said at the beginning, this is really Tish's story. She told us the whole thing that night, sitting up in bed, with the chief of police and the hospital superintendent on one side of the bed, and Miss Lewis and myself on the other. Aggie lay on the couch with a cubeb cigarette burning beside her and stared at Tish with admiration mixed with awe.

"In the first place," said Tish to the chief of police, "here are the two towels that figure in the case. One of them is the one that hung Mr. Johnson's body three nights ago to the chandelier; the other is the one with which the ape, Hero, is supposed to have committed suicide at the Zoo the following night. As you see, the two towels are alike. Do you know what S. P. T. stands for?" she asked.

"I can't say I do," said the chief of police, and picked up one of the towels.

"Humph!" said Tish. "Well, it means 'Sick Patient Towel,' and they are used in hospitals for tying up delirious patients. The trouble was, there wasn't a delirious patient in the hospital strong enough to walk, let alone tie up a body to a chandelier. Before I learned from Bates what S. P. T. meant, however, I'd been to the Zoo. That was yesterday morning. Maybe you believe that a lonely monkey will commit suicide—maybe he will—I don't know; but, when he hangs himself with a roller-towel from the Dunkirk Hospital, I want to know how he got that towel."

"Oho!" said the chief of police. "So the rascal got loose, did he?"

"He did not," said Tish tartly. "They said he was lonely for his keeper. 'Very well!' said I, 'where is his keeper? Where is this man he was so fond of that he couldn't live without him?' The answer, gentlemen, was that this keeper was a patient in the Dunkirk Hospital, as the result of being crushed almost to death by the beast that was supposed to be pining for him! The keeper's name was Wesley Barker!"

"Barker!" said Tommy. "Why, that was the big Englishman! Go on, Aunt Tish!"

"I came back to the hospital with a strong desire to talk to Barker; but Wesley Barker was not in the hospital. He had been dismissed three days ago. Bates recalled taking his dismissal card to the elevator man about seven o'clock Tuesday evening. That put Barker out of the case apparently, but I sent for Jacobs and asked him how easily a man could get into the building at night. He said it was impossible. The doors are always locked, the basement entrances and fire-escapes lead from the courtyard, and the courtyard is locked and in charge of a gate man. That seemed to cut out Wesley Barker, as I say. If he was out he could hardly get back without using dynamite.

"I got out my notes again and went over them. I couldn't see how Miss Blake and Miss Linda Smith were mixed up in it. They were the day nurses in K ward—Miss Smith in charge and Miss Blake assisting. I had several notes on them; Tuesday at midnight Miss Smith coaxed the night nurse to go to the basement with her, where the patients' clothes are kept in lockers; she was missing for a time, and when Bates saw her later she carried a 'darkish bundle,' possibly clothing. Why?"

The chief of police looked wise; he had a way of wriggling his nose like a rabbit.

"The next morning, Miss Blake being ill, we heard Miss Smith crying in her room and blaming herself for the girl's condition," Tish went on. "Again, why?

"On Wednesday night Miss Blake, still weak and ill, made a complete search of the third floor. Not another nurse in the house would have gone there, or to the mortuary and later to the roof, as she did. Some strong purpose sent the girl, of course—but what?

"That night, following Miss Blake to the roof, my nephew was thrown through a skylight. Later he confessed to a bite on the shoulder. The same night, apparently in a spirit of wanton mischief, the guinea-pigs in the laboratory were killed and three rabbits were taken away. Miss Blake had been there. My nephew confessed later to finding a rosette from her slipper there. Again, why?"

Tish stopped and looked at the chief of police, who sat stroking his chin.

"How would you have gone about the case, Mr. Chief of Police?" Tish demanded sharply.

"Probably much as you did," he said, looking at her with a patronizing smile. "It's a simple matter, when we know the answer, to say that two and two make four; but you are giving me the four, and asking me whether you reached that conclusion by adding three and one, or two and two, or four and nothing. Given a certain number of clews, the logical mind often achieves remarkable results; but it is usually the trained mind. That you succeeded so well, my dear lady, I consider remarkable. Remarkable!"

"Given the same clews," Tish persisted, "you'd have reached the same result?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Well," said Tish mildly, "it's strange that I couldn't. There were a few gaps my mind wouldn't jump. And I noticed your men here seemed to feel the same way. It seemed like some distance from a roller-towel in the Zoo to Johnson's brown tweed coat."

The chief of police looked uneasy.

"By exactly what mental process did you connect the two?" he asked, wriggling his nose.

"I didn't," said Tish calmly. "While you and your men were measuring finger-prints and reassembling Mr. Johnson from where he'd been scattered to, I did what any person with common-sense would have done—I went to Miss Blake and asked her!"

The following note is by Dr. Thomas Andrews, late interne at the Dunkirk Hospital and now on the orthopedic staff of the same institution, dated three weeks later from Bermuda.

"Miss Lizzie's narrative stops here. My Aunt Letitia, during her convalescence in the hospital, having been discovered poring over books of aerial navigation and having written to the Wrights, offering to turn over a second-hand automobile of standard make, a thirty-foot motor launch and an equity in money for one of their model biplanes, Miss Lizzie and Miss Aggie hurriedly took her to Mount Clemens for a series of baths.

"I shall take up Miss Lizzie's narrative with the story told to my Aunt Letitia by Miss Blake, now my wife. Miss Blake was young—only nineteen—and had been in the hospital only six months. Miss Smith was the head day nurse in K ward, with Miss Blake as her assistant. Miss Smith had almost completed her three years' course and was not popular with the officers. She was, however, a good nurse and, unlike Miss Blake, was dependent on her earnings for her support.

"On Tuesday evening trouble between the two medical internes and the hospital superintendent, Mr. Harrison, reached a climax. The three men had a wordy argument on the staircase near K ward, and Linda Smith—who was not overscrupulous—had shut herself in a small supply room near by to listen. The ward was in charge of Miss Blake, who was serving the patients' suppers from a table in the center of the long room. Behind a screen, in the second bed from the far end of the ward, lay Amos Johnson, peacefully dying. Beyond him, in the end bed, lay a delirious patient named Wesley Barker, an Englishman who had been sent in from the Zoölogical Garden, badly injured by the great ape, since dead.

"Barker was tied down. Two long towels, one over his arms and one over his legs, were knotted beyond his reach under the edge of the bed. His fractured ribs had healed, but he was still delirious. His delirium in the last day or two had taken on an acuter form and was mania. Articulate



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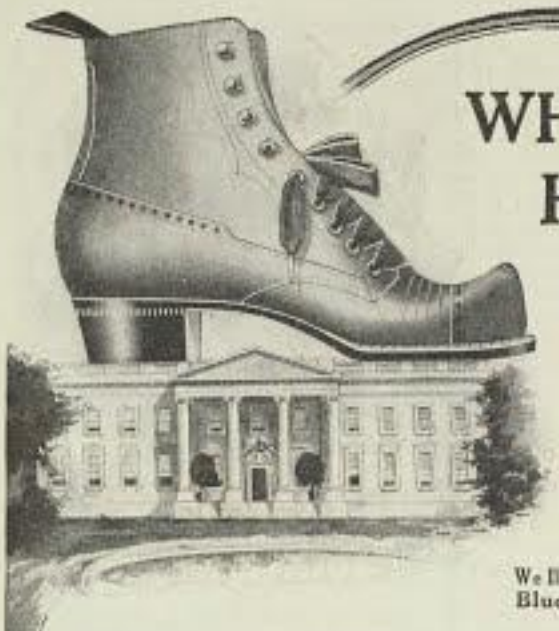
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speech had changed to noisy apelike chatterings. He made strange facial grimaces and, being tied, had more than once tried to bite his nurses.

"Miss Blake filled a feeding cup with broth and, having attended to the other patients, went behind Johnson's screen to feed the maniac in the last bed. To her horror, the bed was empty!

"Nervous, but not excessively alarmed, Miss Blake called Linda Smith, and they searched the ward. Barker had gone, perhaps by creeping behind the heads of the beds, to the doorway, and there, watching his chance, escaped to the fire-escape by a hall window near. Though only late September it was cold, and Barker wore only the clothing he had worn in bed—a hospital nightshirt.

"Miss Blake wished to raise an immediate alarm, but Linda Smith refused. She was responsible; an investigation would show she had been absent from her ward without reason and for some time. She was in disfavor already and she could not risk losing her diploma. She had an invalid sister dependent on her. By threats and tears she made Miss Blake promise to say nothing of Barker's escape and to help her find him.

It was almost dark by that time and the girls were in despair. Linda Smith went down the fire-escape to the courtyard and found the gate man staring through the bars at the river.

"'I dropped a rubber sheet out the window,' she said, 'but I don't see it. What are you looking at?'

"The gate man pointed to the Center Street Bridge, which crosses the river near the hospital.

"'There's a woman out there in white,' he said; 'and she looks as if she might be thinking —— There; look at that!'

"The bridge was practically deserted. She and the gate man saw the figure move back a step or two, run forward and dive over the rail. The gate man unlocked the gate and ran out, but the tollhouse is at the east end of the bridge and by the time he had raised the alarm there was nothing to be seen. Linda Smith went back to Miss Blake and had hysteria in the K ward linen room.

"Discovery meant disgrace to her; so she made up her mind not to be discovered. Barker had had no family and no friends. No one had visited him except the assistant keeper and he had not shown any particular solicitude. Linda Smith thought she saw a way out, and she half frightened, half coaxed Miss Blake into helping her. Remember, they both thought Barker was dead; and Linda Smith threatened, in case of discovery, to throw herself off the roof. Miss Blake's part, therefore, was the acquiescence of a young and terrified girl in a situation that would have shaken older and stronger nerves.

"The two medical internes left at seven o'clock as a result of the dispute with the superintendent. At ten minutes past seven Linda Smith sent down a dismissal card for one Wesley Barker, with the forged signature of one of the departed internes. At twenty minutes past seven the yellow ticket came back from the office—the ticket which would permit Wesley Barker to pass the door man and leave the hospital for good. Linda Smith destroyed it.

"At seven-thirty the night nurse, Miss Durand, was told that one of the heaviest burdens had been taken from her, and went to work cheerfully; but at ten o'clock that night Linda Smith, lying awake in bed in her room in the dormitory, saw Wesley Barker climb up the fire-escape outside her window, stopping now and then, monkey-fashion, to swing out over the dizzy height by his hands!

"The girl was almost frenzied. She got up and dressed and went to the roof. To her horror, she found the superintendent, Mr. Harrison, smoking there, and she almost fainted when she got back to her room; but the superintendent was not molested.

"There was no alarm.

"At midnight she formed the resolution of getting Barker's clothes from the basement clothes room and putting them on the roof in the hope that he would put them on and go away. Properly dressed, even if he went back to the Zoo, she could claim that he had been taken away by somebody in a carriage and might still put through the deception. In any event, his clothes could not be left there. Their discovery meant her disgrace.

"She had forgotten, however, that Barker had been brought in in the ambulance and had no clothes. Afraid to go to the basement alone, she asked Miss Durand to go to the clothes room with her, giving as an excuse that she had forgotten to send Johnson's clothes to the office—a rule in case of death. Finding nothing there in Barker's name, she did the only thing she could think of—took Johnson's old brown suit which, with his worn shoes and not very clean linen, was tied in a bundle with a piece of bandage and marked with the dying Spiritualist's name.

"Miss Durand had disappeared. Carrying the bundle, Miss Smith searched the far corners of the basement, but found nothing. Finally she and Miss Durand went upstairs again, to find that Johnson had been dead for some time. Bates, the convalescent, had seen them go and saw them return. He had, however, been detected a day or so before by Miss Durand selling cocaine to a colored man in one of the wards; and later, under Miss Durand's eye, he said she had been absent ten minutes. As a matter of fact, it had been fifty.

"Linda Smith went back to her room at once. She knew she and Miss Blake would be called to attend to Johnson in the mortuary and she waited for the summons. The ghastly trick of hanging the poor old body to the chandelier followed in due course.

"Thinking Barker dead, it had been as great a shock to Ruth Blake as to the others. It was not until the next morning that Linda Smith told her Barker was still alive and somewhere in the building. There was only one comfort—Linda had put the bundle of clothing on the roof and it had disappeared.

"The other things followed in quick succession. Miss Blake, half frenzied, conceived the idea of putting food heavily doped with morphia on the roof and along the fire-escapes—anywhere that the maniac might find it. She hardly knew what she hoped to do by this; she was in an abnormal frame of mind by this time—ill, sleepless and unable to eat. The food disappeared; but if the morphia had any effect it was in daylight, when he probably slept, hidden away under the roof or in the linen closet.

"The following night she searched the mortuary floor, carrying a candle. She was afraid to turn on the electric lights for fear of discovery. She had suspected, from the night before, that Barker was hiding in the linen closet, and Linda Smith got the key. The plan had been that Miss Smith should go with her; but she was given a special case that night, and Miss Blake, courageously enough, went alone.

"Barker was in the closet; and when she tried the door he seized her arm in a murderous grip that left it blue and swollen. She tried speaking to him; and, releasing his hold, he darted out through the closet window and leaped to the fire escape. Miss Blake pluckily followed him to the roof, but he had disappeared. As Miss Lizzie has told, I followed Miss Blake. Just before I reached her she cried out and flung her brass candlestick at something behind me. The next instant I was grasped from behind and thrown head first through the skylight.

"I did not know I had been bitten in the shoulder. I thought I had been stabbed, until Jacobs and I together cauterized the wound that night in the laboratory. Probably during the time we were there—the door being unlocked—Barker entered and hid in the building. Miss Blake was there at the same time, having watched Jacobs and myself enter and being fearful of further harm. She did not see anything of Barker, however, and went back to the roof, where she sat huddled until dawn, waiting for him to appear again. But he did not come, and at daylight, shaking with the cold, she went back to her room. There she had a chill, followed by violent fever and delirium, and there, I believe, Linda Smith came, bringing a surgical knife stained with blood that she had found on the roof, and which Miss Lewis subsequently found in Miss Blake's room.

"The condition of the two girls by that time was pitiable. Miss Blake, younger and more nervous, had entirely succumbed. Miss Smith, sleepless and unable to eat, was still making a fight to cover the whole thing and to drive Barker away from that building. They could not discover where he hid in the daytime, but at night evidences of his apelike mischief were everywhere apparent. He swung by his feet from the pipe-molding of the walls; squatted on the footboard of the bed in private room thirty-six, making hideous

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grimaces—a story which caused the nurse in charge to mark 'delirious' on the record of a perfectly rational woman; leaped at giddy heights about the fire-escape and the roof, and alarmed Miss Aggie into her story of a ghostly foot. The man's strength was almost superhuman.

"Johnson died on Tuesday night and it was on Wednesday night that I was thrown through the skylight. Toward dawn of Thursday morning Barker went to the Zoo, distant about a mile from the hospital. By that time he had donned Johnson's trousers, but remained in his bare feet. Access to the monkey house proved easy. The assistant keeper, sleeping in a small room just inside the entrance, was not roused until too late. The key to Hero's cage hung over his bed, it being his habit to go in to see the ape several times during the night. On that night he opened the cage at one o'clock and spoke to the ape, who had been sulky all day. He locked the door and went back to bed, hanging the key up again on its nail. It was still there in the morning at six o'clock, but the ape was dead. In spite of his tremendous strength and length of arm, he had been literally crushed to death and then hung to the top of the cage by a roller-towel which did not belong to the Zoo.

"It appears that the police were put on the case and had already arrested the assistant keeper, who had been heard to say that either the ape would get him or he would get the ape.

"On Wednesday night Briggs, who had been most unpopular with Barker, met his death in an almost similar manner—his ribs being crushed in. In this case, however, Barker's ingenuity utilized the useless brown coat, the two towels being gone. Previous to that time he had rocked the elevator in impish mischief or possibly wrath.

"It was this incident that caused my Aunt Letitia to suspect a space under the roof at the top of the elevator shaft as a hiding-place.

"The result of her courageous investigation is well known. Mounted on top of the cage, she was taken to the upper position of the shaft, and there found what she had been looking for—an unboarded spot behind the elevator wheel. She was disappointed, however, in finding the space too dark for inspection and in hearing or seeing nothing suspicious.

"Being a courageous woman and convinced that what she sought was there in the cavelike recess, my Aunt Letitia threw her slipper with all the strength she could summon, and was answered by a growl.

"My wife has just read this and confirms most of it. She suggests, however, that I have omitted our theory of how Briggs was murdered without discovery while Jacobs was in the hall near by and I myself guarded the only other means of exit—the fire-escape.

"Barker probably took refuge in the linen closet, arriving at the mortuary floor ahead of the slow progress of the cage by scurrying up the cable.

"Barker hid in the closet; and, by throwing the coat over Briggs and squeezing him in his muscular arms, he prevented any outcry. Immediately after, he locked himself in the closet again, where he smoked Briggs' pipe, perhaps in itself the object of the attack.

"On the alarm being raised, Hicks and I came in through the window and Jacobs through the door. This left the fire-escape and the roof unwatched, and Barker doubtless climbed out the window of the linen closet, swinging himself easily to the fire-escape.

"The rest of the story we know. Barker was found, exhausted and half starving, and was promptly put into a padded cell where, a week later, he died—probably from an infection, having cut his left foot badly, possibly with the very knife that killed the laboratory guinea-pigs. The injured foot, which had been crudely bandaged, probably explains why only prints of a right foot were discovered. With the removal of suspense Miss Blake recovered and is now with me, enjoying the lilies and onion fields of Bermuda. My Aunt Letitia is at Mount Clemens, taking a series of baths and—I am informed by Miss Lizzie—carrying on what she believes is a clandestine correspondence with the Wright Brothers. Miss Aggie's hay fever left with the first frost. I'm sorry to say that Miss Linda Smith has never been heard from."

(THE END)



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California is not a foreign land, but the most beautiful part of your country, yet so different, so wonderful that few can realize the truth of what they read about it. You must *really live* the days and nights of this glorious, blooming California of *yours* to know it as these Sunset Leaguers know it.

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Billy Fortune and the Original Apple

(Continued from Page 10)

I'll flip this half-dollar with you. If it's heads I'm lucky and if it's tails I ain't. That's fair enough."

It come heads. But that half-dollar was an awful liar. I didn't find that out till afterward though. When it lit heads I just took its word for it and commenced to drift round and get the boys persuaded. There was quite a fair bunch of 'em come in. I borrowed ten from Holsapple to start me, and then twenty more from Nat Baker afterward, and then another ten from Black's Jim. Oh, yes, I might as well own up. We was at it all day long and away in the night. I never did see the like of the luck. I got four kings beat once when Nat Baker held aces; and the very next hand I got a heart straight and everybody laid down; and once that Steve chap bucked me into quittin' on a nice club flush when he didn't hold a blessed thing but nine-high. One time I'd got as much as eighty dollars to the good; but of course that didn't satisfy me. I'd set my heart on a hundred and forty, and I ended up with forty less than nothin'. I'm mostly pretty fair at draw too. Can you explain it?

And wouldn't you think that that would have been sufficient to learn me? But no, sir. Don't you reckon that if that apple had been a yellow one instead of a red one the man would have stayed with the proposition just the same? That's the way it was with me. I'd got started toward that piece of jewelry and it seemed like I was hard to head off. I'd lost a whole day at it, and my forty, and I hadn't set eyes on the girl since last night, and I'd missed my wire-haulin', and all the like of that; but I was goin' to see the finish. I'm a stubborn man. I'd ought to done it that way first, I expect; but the next mornin' I set to work and rooted round, different places, till I had enough; and then I stuck the jewelry down in my behind pocket, in a little box, and started off prospectin' after the girl.

I was right lucky that time. It was along in the middle of the afternoon when I found her, takin' a walk all by herself over along the creek. She acted like she was real glad to see me, too, givin' me her hand and pinnin' a flower on the front of my shirt that she'd picked, just as nice and friendly, and never once lettin' on that she remembered a speck about me makin' myself ridiculous that first night. It wasn't but a minute or two till she had me feelin' fine, and we was walkin' together up the creek bank to a place beside the tracks where I'd told her we could find some of them stone Indian things—arrows, you know—and mebbe a jasper hidescraper or a knife made out of moss-agate. She was an awful bright girl; she could talk a blue streak about millions of different things, different places where she said she'd been; and she had a good eye for the funny side too. Yes, sir, I certainly did enjoy her while it lasted.

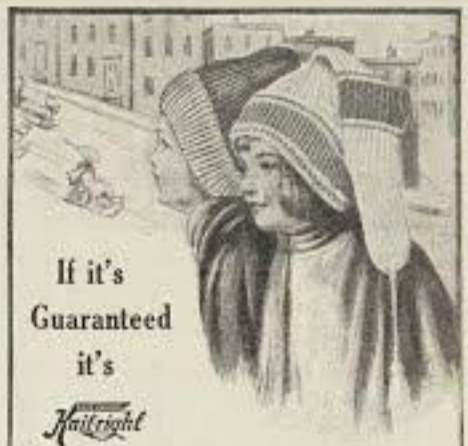
"But don't it get terrible tiresome," says I to her after a while, "this public livin'? I should think it would. Ain't you figurin' on settlin' down ever, and gettin' away from all the noise and such? From what I've saw of the show business, it looks to me like I'd rather herd sheep for a regular livin'."

She was stoopin' over, scrapin' among the trash and pickin' up little scraps of stone. She didn't answer me right away; seemed as if she was thinkin' it over serious. "Yes, to be sure," says she in a sort of absent-minded voice—"to be sure," she says, and then she switched off on to something else, as if she didn't like to talk about it. Of course she wouldn't, would she, when she'd come out there to rest up and forget about it?

Pretty soon, while we was over on the other side of that willow thicket, an empty cowtrain pulled in and stopped, headed west, with the caboose right at the station and the engine across from us. A real long train it was. The lads in the engine climbed down and went back toward the station, leavin' the engine there wheezin' and coughin' by itself. The girl straightened up and begun to walk over toward it.

"Oh," says she, "wouldn't you just love to ride on a locomotive? Wouldn't it be fascinating? Isn't it perfectly huge? Do you know, I've never seen the inside of one of those odd little houses."

"Ain't you?" says I. "That's easy fixed. Here!" And I took her hand and lifted her up and then climbed up after her.



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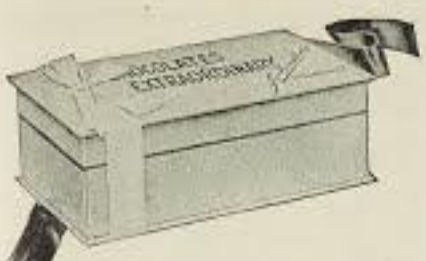
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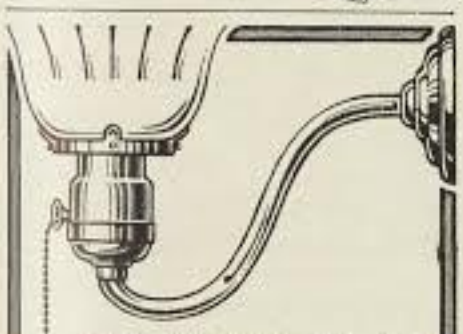
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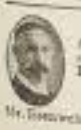
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THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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She was that interested you'd hardly believe—like a little kid with a new plaything, admirin' it and askin' how all the funny jiggers worked, and with me givin' her information. I'd rode on an engine once, when I took a load of steers to Omaha, and I knew just enough about it to make my language sound right.

"Oh, if I could only sit here and ride," says she, "just to feel the throbbing power of it! Wouldn't it be glorious?"

"Would it?" says I, and I poked my head out the window and looked back. It seemed safe enough, because there was a dog-fight had started over by the hotel and all the folks round the station was over there. I pulled my head in and laid my hand on the rinktum they start it with and touched it up a whirl. I didn't think it would be so rank easy, but she started up, smooth and slow, and then faster, with the smoke goin' chuggin' out of the chimney. I hadn't aimed to do nothin' but just mebbe make her turn her wheels over a time or two to tickle the girl; but I reckon it must have went to my head somehow. Anyway, there we was, hittin' it up through the short grass and the sagebrush, with the town away behind.

"Oh, oh!" says the girl, clappin' her little hands together and plumb tickled. "Isn't it splendid?" says she. "Isn't it an experience? But, Mr. Fortune, do you think we ought? Won't they be awfully angry?"

I'd had a flicker of that notion myself; but that wasn't the time for hedgin'. If I was goin' to get it I might as well get it good. So I just grinned across at the girl and let her slide. Six or seven mile out we was before I let up and made her stop.

"I guess that's about enough," I says. "They'll have sort of finished up with dog-fightin' by this time, I expect. Mebbe they'll be lookin' for us back. I reckon we better be goin' in."

And then I got a cold feelin' all down my back, because it come to me that I'd sort of overlooked somethin'. Somethin' real important it was. It had been perfectly easy to make her go frontward, but I didn't know the first thing about makin' her back up.

I tried not to show it, and commenced fussin' with all the little wheels and fixin's I could reach, makin' her spit and snort, but not doin' any good. It begun to come over me that the only way I'd ever get back was to turn her round; and that looked sort of clumsy. I had to own up.

"I'm stuck," I says to the girl. "I ain't able to cut it, goin' backward. I've forgot."

I'd looked for her to be provoked with me, but she only clapped her hands again and laughed. "Goody!" says she. "What a lark! Won't it be something to tell about? Think of it—stealing a locomotive and then having to walk back miles and miles! We shall have to walk, shan't we?"

I couldn't feel so cheerful about it someway. "It's a good long drill," says I. "You better stay right here. They won't do nothin' to a lady. But it's me for the brush."

Only she wouldn't hear to it.

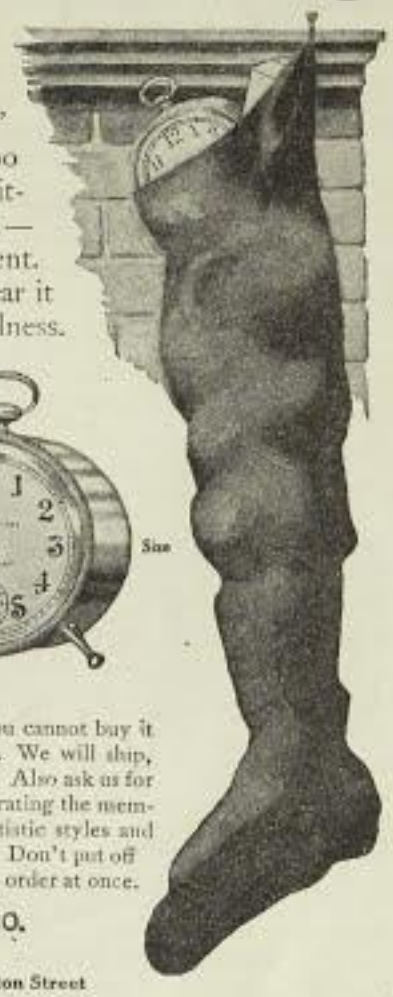
"Forsake you," she says, "when you've been so splendid? Never! I shan't mind the walk a bit, really. You don't suppose they'll know who it was, do you? They didn't see us beyond the trees there, did they? Isn't it a joke? Come on, Mr. Fortune; let's hurry and get out of sight before they come."

That's what we done too—just left the engine standin' there and climbed down and struck off south, so as to get in a draw and work back into the hills a ways. The girl, she was that happy and pleased! It suited me, too, fine, when I didn't stop to think ahead any; but we hadn't gone forty rods till the sweat commenced to start on me, with the sun blazin' and the breeze shut away and the sand burnin' through my boots. I was scared it wouldn't be but a little bit till the newness would be considerable old for her. She wouldn't be so thankful to me then.

And that's just the way it worked out. Pretty soon I could see her face flushin' up, and her laughin' and talkin' begun to get shorter, while she was wipin' at her forehead with her handkerchief. "Dear, dear!" says she. "Let's find some shade some place and rest a while." I hated to do it, but I had to tell her the nearest shade we'd strike was them willows back at Lusk. After that she got right still until she'd started to climb up to the top of one of the biggest hills, with me tailin' along behind. When she got to the top she begun to look

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"This pair of Gloves is sewn throughout with Belding's Prize Medal Silk and is *guaranteed not to rip.* Should they give out in the seams, return to The Dempster & Place Co., Gloversville, N. Y., with this ticket and *a new pair of gloves will be furnished free of charge.*"

D&P Gloves are not only *seam-sure* but *skin-perfect.* Patient hand-finishing gives them a distinguished air—accurate sizing makes them fit to the 'teenth of an inch — clasps and buttons won't come off.

"D. & P." Gloves retail for $1.50, $2, $2.50 and up, and as low as $1. If your regular shop can't serve you with "D. & P.", write to us for the name of a dealer near you and for our dainty Glove Book B from which you can order by mail. Address

The DEMPSTER & PLACE CO., Gloversville, N. Y.

round, with her hand shadin' her eyes and the water drippin' off her chin.

"I thought Lusk was right over there," says she. "It isn't in sight at all. Where is it?"

"It's quite a considerable ways yet," I had to tell her. "We'd better stay down in the low places; it'll be a sight easier walkin'."

She give a cross sort of wipe at her chin. "I'll never be able to stand it," says she. "I think I'll go back to the engine and wait for them to come."

I pointed off north where there was a streak of black smoke against the dusty sky. "There she goes now," says I. "They must have lit out after her with a handcar or somethin'. I reckon it's too late."

"Oh, dear!" she says, and I could tell that it wasn't seemin' a mite comical to her any more.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says I; "I'll hike back to town and get a couple horses. I reckon I can be here by night."

"What!" says she with her face all puckered up. "And leave me out here alone in this horrid desert! You'll stay right with me, Mr. Fortune, if you please."

What's the use tryin' to tell you about it? Three mortal hours we hung to it, in and out through the hills. Long before that time I was clean beat out. I couldn't do anything but guess what the girl was feelin' like, because she'd quit talkin' to me long ago. She wasn't doin' a thing but keep her face turned right straight ahead and plod. And Lusk wasn't in sight yet neither. I couldn't see but what I'd got in pretty bad.

I commenced cussin' myself when I remembered back, especially when I recollected that jewelry. There it was in my hind pocket, with the edge of the box scrapin' the hide off of me by now. I pulled it out and packed it in my hand for a minute, and then a notion hit me.

"Billy," says I to myself, "the lady ain't feelin' very friendly to you, is she? Mebbe if you was to give her your present now it would sort of chirk her up some. Go ahead." And with that I pulled up alongside of her and held it out. "Here," says I, "I got this for you. Won't you please take it?"

She didn't appear to sense me exactly at first, lookin' at the box and then at me and then back to the box again, with her eyes snappy and fretful. "For me?" she says. "Goodness! I hope it's something to eat. I'm perfectly starved." And with that she started to jerk off the wrapper and open it up.

You'd ought to seen her, because I can't tell you. I couldn't make head or tail of it, when she got it spread out on her hands and stood starin' at it—starin' and starin'; and after that she turned away, with her under lip gripped in her teeth and her hands hangin' together in front of her, standin' stock still and lookin' at the burnin'-hot hills.

"Mr. Fortune," says she after a long while, "do you mean to tell me that you bought this for me?"

"Why," says I, "yes, I did. I just thought mebbe you was fond of them sort of trinkets. I didn't go to rile you up with it though."

"No, no!" says she. "You ought not to have done it."

"Shucks!" says I. "If that's the way you feel about it chuck it away. It don't matter. It ain't any consequence."

"No, no," she says again, and she started to lay it back in the box, slow and careful, with her head bent down so I couldn't see her face at all. "Mr. Fortune," says she, real low, "I don't know what to say to you. I ought to thank you, but I can't—not now. I simply can't. Here, please let me have your arm."

I couldn't get the sense of it; but it made some kind of a difference. All the rest of the way in she was holdin' to me, leanin' on me, makin' funny little fits and starts of talkin', but not sayin' anything much—mostly just walkin' along with her eyes on the ground, as if she was doin' a lot of considerin'.

It was away past sundown when we crawled into Lusk and supper would be rid up long ago; but she didn't appear to mind. She hadn't said another cross word to me. A piece before we got to the hotel she stopped and held out her hand to me.

"I'll go in alone, please," says she. "Good night." And then she walked on with her head down and draggin' her feet, real weary.

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Toasted Whole Wheat Wafers

are made of whole wheat flour, baked (by modern methods) in white tile ovens on the top floor of the "Bakery with a Thousand Windows"—buttered, salted, toasted and carefully packed in moisture-proof tin boxes.

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ΣΔΠΦΚΣΘΧΨΜΩΕΑ

FRAT MEN CHRISTMAS PRESENTS BADGES-NOVELTIES

THE D.L. AULD CO.
COLVMBVS, OHIO.

"Well, there!" says I to myself; "now are you satisfied, Billy? You was bound you'd stay till the finish. I hope you've got your money's worth."

That wasn't the finish though. The real end of the finish didn't come till next mornin'. It was sure a swift one too.

I'd been so dog-tired I'd slept till away late. When I got down the very first thing I got my eyes on was the Nine-Bar mountain wagon standin' across the street by the post-office. In the back was a couple of trunks—regular whales of trunks, they was; and up on the seat in front was a woman.

She was one of them kind of women you'd be bound to notice a mile off—blondes, they call 'em, don't they? She certainly was one, with her skin the color of warm milk, and as much as a full peck of fluffy hair the color of new straw all loose round her ears, and the back of her neck in a mess of little curls and kinks and frills. And style? Oh, hush! Let me tell you this—there wasn't one of them pictures in Holsapple's that wouldn't look all frayed out and pale and tired matched up against that one. They couldn't begin to hold a candle to her. Whee! She made me catch my breath, and I had to blink my eyes to keep from bein' struck blind. And there, bustlin' round the wagon, was that Steve Brainard.

When he caught sight of me he quit and come stragglin' over to me. Before a word had been spoke I got a notion that I was goin' to be pained someway; I could tell it by the look of him.

"Murder!" says I. "Steve, for the love of Christmas who's that you got there?"

Steve turned round and took a slow look at her and then looked back at me. "That?" says he. "That lady? Why, she's that actress girl Holsapple was tellin' you about. Don't you remember, Billy?"

"What!" I says. "Actress girl? Steve, you're a liar. That ain't the same one."

"Which same one?" says he. "What are you talkin' about? That's the one. You ain't seen her yet, have you? She's been just stayin' in her room since she come, gettin' rested up, you know, till she felt able to make the drive. I've just been waitin' round on her. She's goin' to spend the rest of the summer down on Rawhide."

I could feel my mouth gettin' dry till I couldn't do nothin' but stutter. "You—you—you ——" says I. "You told me you come in for some hay-hands."

"Oh," says Steve, "they went out a couple days ago."

I didn't seem able to get my mind to workin'. It must have been quite a while till I got the next question started, with Steve standin' there appreciatin' me and a-grinnin'.

"Then who's the other one?" says I kind of back in my throat.

"Which one?" says Steve. "Oh, you mean that black-headed one that was round here? Why, Billy, they tell me she was a sort of an agent for that there Mexican jewelry."

I leaned over the edge of the sidewalk and spit in the dust, and then stood for quite a spell, watchin' it soak in. By-and-by I looked at Steve. The sight of him made me perfectly satisfied he was tellin' me the terrible truth.

"Steve," says I, "you fooled me."

It didn't seem as if it afflicted him such a lot, because them eyes of his was fair brimmin' over with the devilment of it. "Well, Billy," says he, "you coaxed for it. I never knowed a man to beg to be fooled as hard as you did."

"Well, sufferin' Peter!" says I. "And that girl—she was in it, too, wasn't she—the black-headed one? And you put her up to it. You done it that first night up in the parlor."

"Billy," says Steve, "you've got a wonderful good hindsight."

My eyes got to wanderin' then and went over to the woman in the wagon. She was sittin' there, fussin' with somethin' round her neck. I hadn't noticed it before. The sight of it give me a sort of a weak feelin' in my insides. "Steve," I says, "ain't that that jewelry she's got on?"

"Why, yes," says Steve. "Looks well on her, don't it? She got it at a bargain last night, because the agent was leavin' town—goin' on East somewhere, they tell me. Well, so long, Billy; we got to be pullin' out." And there he went.

It's just exactly the way I've been tellin' you. The man that ate that there first apple didn't eat the whole crop, did he? And it's a great fruit for wisin' you up, ain't it? Shucks!

4 Pairs — *The Silky Sox In the Xmas Box* — **$1.00**



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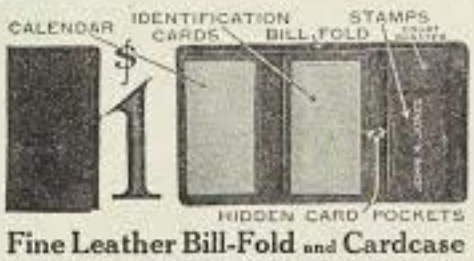
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IN THE BIG DRIFT

(Concluded from Page 7)

fiddle. Then in that narrow, low-ceiled dugout resounded the stamping of feet, the clapping of hands and, high above all, the shrill whoops of the dancers as they moved forward and back and circled this way and that.

Gents to the right, and ladies to the left.

To the left the ladies would speed. It is true they were booted and overalled and wore mustaches, but blankets draped their bashful limbs and they simpered coyly.

During the confusion the boss rummaged in the corners and through débris. He was still uneasy.

Wrapped in an old pair of socks in a box, he discovered a writing pad. Of course he opened it and of course read it. His training had not made the boss nice on such delicate points, and no scruples troubled him as he ponderously spelled out Murray's letters to Anniebelle. Besides, was she not his daughter?

They took the form of a diary. Paint had set down events almost every day. While he was reading Thurber kept his back turned to the bunk that Murray might not see him. His men were singing and beating time on the table with their tin cups.

It looks like we will be here all winter—Me and Andy get along fine we've lived together so long that we split up the jobs fair without saying nothing—The snow keeps acoming down and the cattle go by all the time just walking and walking—Andy is getting awful dirty he won't wash regular and he's sure getting mean too—do you remember last Christmas perhaps we didn't have a good time did we oh no ha ha—I hid the guns out in the corrals today for fear Andy might get mad he's getting awful mean and would do for me if he could—I reckon it's never going to stop snowing and the food has made me sick—he keeps making cracks and says some mighty low things that ain't fit to hear—I don't want no trouble—say when I think of last Christmas and this one—I wonder where we will be next Christmas or if we will be anywhere. me I mean—I don't want no trouble with Andy the guns are hid out it was lucky my six-shooter was buried or I would have killed him twice today the sneaking hound—no I won't touch him till after Christmas—that last Christmas we had do you mind what we said—sometimes I have to walk outside to keep my hands off that greasy lazy cenery hound—he lies there smiling and all the time I know he would like to stick a knife in me—I hope you are well I hope your folks is well give them my regards how is the judge give him my regards—I am feeling mighty poorly the top of my head keeps trying to jump off and there are a lot of little specks in front of my eyes—Perhaps I won't never see you again sometimes I feel like I would not—that skunk's meaner and meaner—I will wait until after Christmas and then ——

The boss closed the pad and gazed for a long time into the fire. He called over his shoulder:

"Here's a book with some writing in it, Paint! Want it? Let me read it out?"

"Give it here, please," Murray entreated.

Without opening the pad to look at its contents he tried to tear it across, but was too weak.

"Say, burn it for me, will you, Andy? It's amazing what queer things a feller will write when he's right lonely."

"Away she goes," said Ballew, and flipped the pad into the fire.

Somebody started a chorus and grizzled old Ike sang The Red Light Saloon. Murray applauded from the bunk. Several times he raised himself painfully on an elbow.

"Lie down," Andy would plead. "It'll make you sick, Paint."

"I don't see how they happened—oh, judge?"

"What is it now? Feeling better? Man alive, we'll have you on a horse in three days!"

"Tell me," Paint said weakly: "How did you happen to leave the ranch on Christmas and come 'way over here?"

"Pshaw, we just had to come! Anniebelle," the boss answered, "she wouldn't give me no peace until I started. You can bet I wasn't coming alone; not me. I brought all the boys along. Don't you say nothing to her or the ol' woman about this keg, will you now? They're sure death on me for that. Hey, pass the bottle. Get your pardners for the quadrille. Quadrille! Hurry up now; you-all drag it."

In this manner was Christmas observed in the dugout by Blanco.

Yipsi Indian Shoes

YIPSI



Real Moccasins of Genuine Buckskin, soft and pliable as thick velvet, warm as heavy felt and durable as rawhide.

No. 810 (above) with Burnt and Tinted Design:

FOR MEN—an ideal den or smoking slipper. Travelers, put a pair in your grip. Size 5½ to 10, postpaid $2.25

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Flexible Elk Soles sewed on, 25c extra.

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SIX MONTHS AGO, we made arrangements to manufacture the largest single order of umbrellas ever produced at this price. We had a double motive. We wanted to get the Hull umbrellas, with detachable handles, into the hands of thousands of new buyers, by offering them an umbrella worth $7.50 for $5.00. And we determined to make it possible for us to sell the $7.50 "Sterling" Hull Umbrella for $5.00 by executing one huge order, which would enable us to cut the cost all the way from the raw material to the last finished operation.

At this writing *(November 10th)* the avalanche of orders which has come to us as a result of our first national announcement makes it clear that we have accomplished the greatest success ever recorded in the umbrella industry. In spite of the immensity of our manufacturing operations, scores of dealers' orders will remain unfilled for the

"Sterling" HULL Umbrella



HULL

See that the Name HULL is on the Button

You may have difficulty in getting one of these $7.50 Pure Silk Hull Umbrellas for $5.00 if you delay in going to the Hull dealer at once, because, in our judgment, Christmas buyers by the thousand will recognize the extraordinary character of the value as quickly as did the dealers.

This is a guaranteed umbrella in a double, treble, quadruple sense. It is guaranteed first to be worth $7.50; to be the equal—setting aside the advantages of the Hull handle, which give it a still greater excess value—of the best umbrella ever sold for $2.50 more than your Hull dealer will ask.

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Hull umbrellas embodying all the advantages of the Hull Detachable and Interchangeable handle, and each representative of the highest value possible at the price, can be secured from Hull dealers at $1.00 and upwards.

We would particularly call the attention of Christmas buyers to these five special Hull lines.

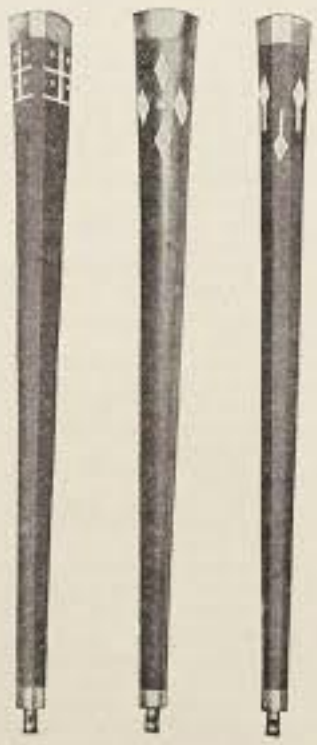
The Premier Hull —— $1.00
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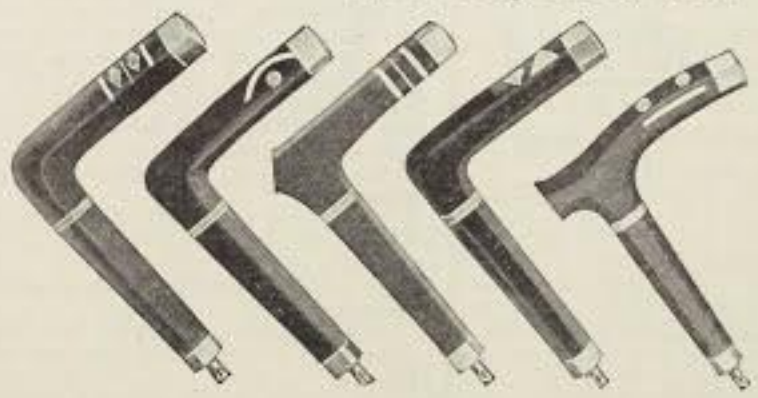
No matter what price you propose to pay for a Christmas umbrella, be sure that you assure yourself the protection implied by the Hull name on the button before you buy.

And it is guaranteed pure dye taffeta silk. This taffeta silk is guaranteed to contain no loading, which causes the average silk umbrella to split.

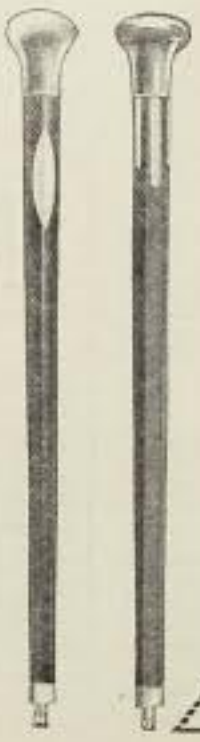
The handles are guaranteed to be imported Pimento wood—the finest used for this purpose. They are fitted with solid silver hand-made caps and swedges and beautifully inlaid with 26-gauge solid silver ornaments.

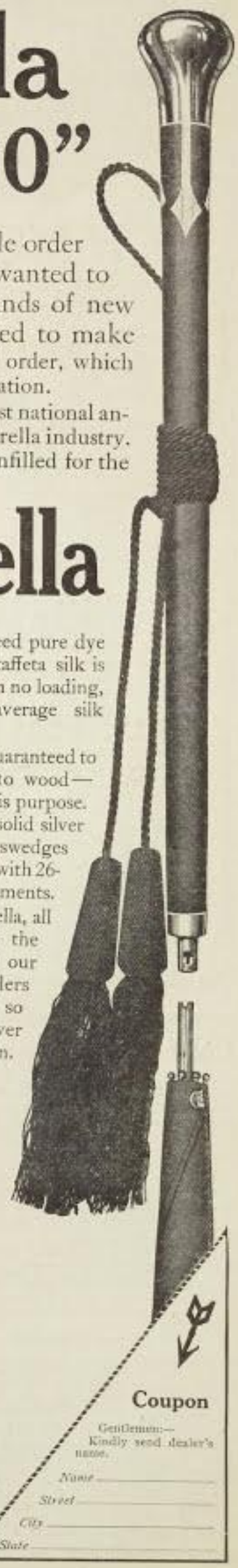
It is a $7.50 umbrella, all right, even without the HULL handle and our express purpose in authorizing Hull dealers everywhere to sell it for $5 is to get you so accustomed to that handle that you'll never be content to use an ordinary umbrella again.





The $5.00 Sterling Hull will make a beautiful Christmas remembrance, and incidentally save you $2.50





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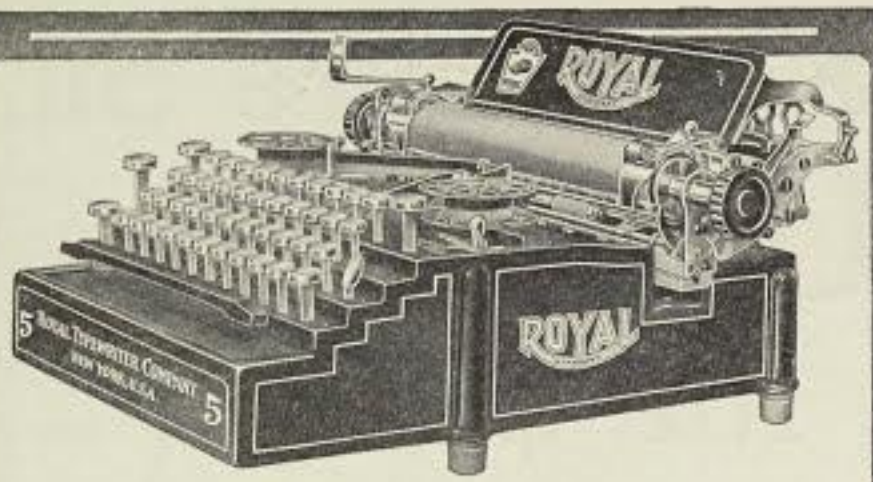
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Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Gifts

(Continued from Page 15)

The length of the list sent her to the cheaper counters, but she was not permitted to browse among them. At Strouther & Streckfuss' Mr. Strouther came up and said with reeking unctuousness:

"Vat makes Mees Bootlonk down here amonkst all this tresh? Come see our importet novelties."

And he led her to a region where the minimum price was MBBA-BDJA, which meant that it cost twelve dollars and twenty-five cents and could be safely marked down to twenty-three dollars and seventy-five cents.

She eluded him and got back to the twenty-five-cent realm, only to be apprehended by Mr. Streckfuss, who beamed:

"Ah, nothink is here for a lady like you are! Only fine kvality suits, such a taste you got!"

By almost superfeminine strength she evaded purchasing anything there. She went to other shops, only to be haled to the expensive counters. Storekeepers simply would not discuss cheap things with the millionairess-elect.

She crept home and threw herself on her husband's mercy. He had none and she lighted hard. It was the first of December; and, in addition to his periodical rage, Mr. Budlong was working himself up to his regular pre-Christmas frenzy, when he felt poor and talked poorer to keep the family in check.

His face was a study when he heard his wife's state of mind. He delivered the annual address on Christmas folly, that one hears from fathers of families all round the world at this time.

"Christmas has quit being a sign of people's affections!" Mr. Budlong thundered. "It has become a public menace. It's worse than Wall Street. Wall Street is supposed to have started as the thermometer of the country's business, and now it's gone and got so goldurn big that the thermometer is makin' the weather! When Wall Street feels muggy it's got to rain; and the sun don't dare shine without takin' a peek at the thermometer first off.

"Christmas ain't any longer an opportunity to show good will to your neighbors. It's a time when you got to show off before your neighbors. You women make yourselves and us men sick the way you carry on all through December! And the childern!—they're worse'n the grown-ups!

"Old-fashioned Christmas was like old-fashioned circuses—mostly meant for the childern. Nowadays circuses have growed so big and so improper that nobody would dast take a child to one—or, if you do, they get crazy notions.

"When I was a boy, if I got a drum and a tin horn I was so happy I couldn't keep quiet; but last Christmas little Ulie, Junior, cried all day because he got a 'leven-dollar automobile when he wanted a areoplane big enough to carry the cat over the barn.

"This Christmas Trust business ought to be investigated by the Gov'ment and dissolved! Talk about your tariff schedules! What we need is somebody to pare down this Christmas gouge. It's the one kind of tax you can't swear off.

"And as for you—why, you're goin' daffy! Other years I didn't mind so much. You spent a lot of time and some money on your annual splurge; but I will say you took in better'n you gave. But now you're on the other side of the fence. These Carthage women have got you on the run. You'll have to give 'em twice as good as they send or you're gone. You're gone anyway! If you gave each one of 'em a gold platter, full of diamonds, they'd say you'd inherited Aunt Ida's stinginess as well as her money!"

Mrs. Budlong went on twisting her fingers.

"Oh, of course you're right, Ulie. But what's the use of being right when it's so hateful? All I can think of is that everybody in town is going to give me a present! Everybody!"

"Can't you take your last year's presents and pass 'em along to other folks?"

"Everybody would recognize them and I'd be the talk of the town!"

"You're that anyway, so what difference does it make?"

"I'd rather die!"

"You'd save a lot of money and trouble if you did."

"Just look at the list of presents I must give!" She handed him a bundle of papers. He pushed up his spectacles, put on his reading glasses and snorted:

"Say! What is this—the town directory?" He had not read far down the list when he missed one important name. "You've overlooked Mrs. Alsop."

"Oh, her! I've quarreled with her. We don't speak—thank Heaven!"

"It would be money in your pocket if you didn't speak to anybody. Gosh!" he slapped his knee. "I have an idea! Stop speaking to everybody."

"Don't be silly."

"I mean it."

VII

ULYSSES S. G. BUDLONG was a man fertile in resources and unbending in their execution. Otherwise he would never have attained his present supremacy as the leading hay-and-feed merchant in Carthage.

"It's as easy as falling off a log!" he urged. "You women are always spatting about something. Now's your chance to capitalize your spats."

"Men are such im-boo-hoo-riles!" was Mrs. Budlong's comment as she began to weep.

Her husband patted her with a timid awkwardness, as if she were the nose of a strange horse.

"There! there! We'll fix this up fine! What did you quarrel with Mrs. Alsop about?"

"She told Sally Swezey—and Sally Swezey told me—that I used my Carthage presents to send to relatives in other towns."

"She flattered you at that," said Mr. Budlong unconsolingly. "But don't you ever dream of forgiving her until after Christmas."

Mrs. Budlong was having such a good cry and enjoying the optical bath so heartily that her grief became very precious to her. It suggested what a beautiful thing grief is to those who make a fine art of it. She smiled wet-liddedly.

"There is nothing in your idea, Ulie; but I have a good one. I'll announce that I can't celebrate Christmas because of our great grief for Aunt Ida!"

"Great grief!" Mr. Budlong exclaimed. "Why, you couldn't have celebrated Aunt Ida's finish more joyous without you'd serenaded her in Woodlawn with a brass band!"

"Ulysses Budlong! You ought to be ashamed of yourself for saying such a thing!" But she suddenly heard—in fancy—the laugh that would go up if she sprung such a pretext. She gave in.

"We'll have to quarrel with somebody, then; but what excuse is there?"

"Women don't need any real excuse. You simply telephone Sally Swezey that a certain person told you—and you won't name any names—that she had been making fun of you, and you'd be much obliged if she never spoke to you again!"

"But how do I know Sally Swezey has been making fun of me?"

"Oh, there ain't any doubt but what everybody in town is doing that!"

"Ulysses Budlong! Why, how can you talk so?"

"If people without money couldn't make fun of people with, what consolation would they have? Anyway, it's not me but the other folks you're supposed to quarrel with. You spend an hour at that telephone and you can get the whole town by the ears."

"But I can't use the same excuse for everybody."

"You'll think up plenty, once you put your mind to it." And with that a perfect excuse came in pat—came in howling and flagrant.

Ulysses, Junior, burst into the room as if he had forgotten the presence of the door. He was yelping like a coyote and from his tiny nose an astonishing amount of blood was spouting.

"What on earth is the matter?" the startled mother gasped. "Come here to me, you poor child—and be careful not to bleed on the new rug."

Ulysses' articulation was impeded with sobs and the oscillations of three semi-detached teeth that waved in the breeze as he screamed:

"Little Clarence Detwiller licked me. And I on'y p-pushed him off his sled into a puddle of ice-wa-wa-water; and he attacked me and kicked my f-f-fa-face off!"

Mr. and Mrs. Budlong were so elated with the same idea that they forgot to console their heartbroken offspring with more than Mr. Budlong's curt: "First teeth anyway—saves you a trip to the dentist." He nodded to his wife. "Just the excuse we were looking for."

"Sent direct from Heaven!" nodded Mrs. Budlong. "You call up Roscoe Detwiller this minute and tell him his son has criminal tendencies and ought to be in jail, and will undoubtedly die on the gallows. Then he won't speak to you tomorrow."

"You bet he won't! He'll just quietly do to me what his boy did to Ulie. No, my dear; you tell all that to Mrs. Detwiller yourself."

Mrs. Budlong tossed her head with fine contempt.

"What cowards men are!—always shielding themselves behind women's skirts! Well, if you're afraid, I'm not. I'll give her the biggest talking to she ever had in her born days!"

She rose with fortitude and started to the telephone—sneered at it and glared at it. Her husband stood by her to support her in the hour of need. He watched her ask for the number and snap ferociously at the central. Then she felt panicky again and held the transmitter to him appealingly. He waved her away scornfully. She set her teeth hard and there was grimness in her tone as she said: "Is this you, Mrs. Detwiller? Oh, yes, thank you; I'm very well. I wanted to tell you —— Oh, yes; he's well too. But what I started to say was —— Yes; so Ulie says! Yes; right in the face!—Oh, of course —— Naturally!—Boys will be —— Oh, I'm sorry you punished him. He's such a sweet child!—— Oh, don't think of it! I'm sure it was all Ulie's fault. It will teach him better next time. He's so rough!—— Oh, really, how awfully sweet of you! Good night, dear."

She stuck the receiver on the hook and looked for a hook to hang herself on. Her eyes were shifty with shame as she mumbled: "I couldn't get a word in edgeways. She apologized."

"She apologized!" Mr. Budlong roared. "And you ate out of her hand! And you were going to show me what a coward I—— Butter wouldn't have melted —— Say, why didn't you kiss her?"

Mrs. Budlong was suffering a greater dismay than remorse.

"What d' you suppose that cat of a Clara Detwiller's going to do?" she moaned. "She's going to make her boy send Ulie a nice Christmas present! And now we shall be obliged to buy one for Ulie to give to him!"

"Well, of all the —— Oh, you're a great manager, you are! You call up a woman to get rid of giving one Christmas present and now you've got to give two! Here! Where you going?"

"I'm going to that 'phone and tell Mrs. Detwiller what I think of her."

"You keep away from that 'phone. Before you could ring off again her husband would have a Christmas present wished on to me!"

VIII

THE next morning Mrs. Budlong arose from dreams of finding bargains after all. She felt a spirit in her feet that led her—who knows how?—to the Christmas-window street; but the crowds and the prices and the servility of the salesfolk drove her out again.

On her laggard way home she saw Sally Swezey, lean and lanky, and somehow reminding her of a flamingo. Sally saw her from afar and stepped a little higher. Mrs. Budlong remembered her husband's suggestion. She made a quick resolution to do or die. Her cheek was cold and white, and her heart beat loud and fast; but she tried to set her double chin into a square jaw, and she passed Sally Swezey as if Sally Swezey were a lamp-post by the curb—just a common lamp-post by the curb, and nothing more.

She heard Sally's gush of greeting stop short, as if some one had turned a faucet in her throat; she heard a gulp; then she heard a strangled silence. Then she heard Sally call her name tentatively, tenderly, reproachfully. Then she heard no more.

And she knew no more until her feet somehow carried her home; but she had hardly time to flop into a rocker and utter a prayer of gratitude and pride for having been vouchsafed the courage to snub a Carthaginian before—br-r-rr!—the terrible telephone was rattling at her. She knew just who it was and she braced herself to meet one of Sally's sharp-tongued assaults. Sally said, in part:

"Oh, you poor darling dear, is that you? And how are you now? I was so alarmed for you. You looked so ill and worn; and —— Aren't the Christmas crowds awful this year? And nothing fit to buy, and such prices! And —— You must be just worn out! You really must spare yourself; for do you know what you did, dearest? You went right by me without seeing me or answering me. Yes, you did. I was so startled that I didn't have brains enough to run after you and assist you home. I'm so glad you got there alive. I do hope you're feeling better; and I'm so ashamed of myself for letting you go all that way alone in that condition. Can you ever forgive me?"

When Mr. Budlong came home for luncheon Mrs. Budlong told him the whole story. He glared at her with an I-give-you-up expression and growled:

"And when she said all that what did you say?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Budlong faltered. "All I know is she's coming over this afternoon with a lot of that wine jelly I gave her the recipe for."

"Well, what do you intend to do this time?" Mr. Budlong demanded. The skeptic in his tone stung her to revolt. She could usually be strong in the presence of her husband. She looked at least like Mrs. Boadicea as she said:

"I intend to tell her what you told me to. And I will accept no apologies—none whatever."

When Mr. Budlong came home to dinner she avoided his gaze. She confessed that she had changed her program. She hadn't the heart to insult poor Sally, and she had admitted that she was a bit dizzy and qualmish; and she had —— Well, she ——

Mr. Budlong finished for her fiercely:

"I know! You ate a lot of her wine jelly, and you told her she was a love and you kissed her goodby; and would she excuse you from coming to the door, because you were still a little wobbly!"

Mrs. Budlong looked at him in surprise. "She told you!"

"Nah! I haven't seen her."

"Then how on earth did you ever guess?"

"It was my womanly intuition!" he snarled; and that evening he went downtown and sat in the hotel lobby for a couple of hours. He usually did this anyway—in summer he sat on the sidewalk; but this evening he did it with a certain implication of escape. On the way home Mr. Budlong was busy with schemes. His mind turned again to his son.

In a smallish town a growing boy is an unfailing source of *casus belli*. As an inciter of feuds there was something almost Balkan or Moroccan about Ulysses Budlong, Junior. Nearly every day he had come charging into the house with bad news in some form or other. Some rock or snowball he had cast, with the most innocent of intentions, had gone through a window or a milk wagon or somebody's silk hat. Or he had pulled a small girl's hair or taken the skates away from a helpless urchin. He had bad luck, too, in picking victims with belligerent big brothers.

Mr. Budlong recognized these desperado traits and he fully expected Ulysses, Junior, to make him the father of a convict. Suddenly now despair became hope. Let Mrs. Budlong capitalize her spats; he would promote Ulie's. The Affair Detwiller had turned out badly, but Mr. Budlong would not yield to one defeat. He watched eagerly for the next misdemeanor of his young hopeless. He relied on him to embroil, as it were, all Europe in an international conflict.

The dove of peace, however, seemed to have alighted on Ulysses' shoulder. He even began to go to Sunday-school—the Methodist this year, because they had given the largest cornucopias in town the Christmas before. And he talked nothing but golden texts till Mr. Budlong began to think that he would one day be the father of a clergyman.

Meanwhile Mrs. Budlong grew belligerent again. She snubbed people right and left, and they imputed it to absent-mindedness. She failed to go to the dinner party the Teeples gave in her honor, and she sent no excuse. This was the unpardonable sin in Carthage and the Budlong chairs sat vacant through the dinner.

Mrs. Teeple, however, assumed that she was ill and sent over the cut flowers off the table. And she hoped Mrs. Budlong would feel better soon.



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A few days later Mrs. Budlong's pet Maltese kitten was done to nine deaths at once by the Disneys' fox terrier. She mourned the kitten, but there was consolation in the thought that she could now cut the Disneys off her list; but before she could get the kitten decently interred in the back yard Mrs. Disney was at the front door. She flung her arms round Mrs. Budlong and wept, declaring that she had resolved to give the murderous terrier away to a farmer, and she had already sent to Chicago for a pedigreed Angora to replace the Maltese. It would arrive the day before Christmas.

As if that were not enough for one day, in the afternoon Myra Eppley called. She saw Mrs. Budlong at an upper window and waved to her as she came along the walk. When the cook arrived upstairs, like a grand piano moving in, Mrs. Budlong said in an icy tone:

"Not at home."

"But I told her you was. And she seen you at the windy."

"Not—AT—home!"

"But I'm afther telling her ——"

Mrs. Budlong could be as stern as steel with her husband or her servants. She cowed Brigida into lumbering downstairs with the message. Mrs. Budlong went to the window to watch her victim's retreat.

Instead, she heard a light patter of footsteps and Myra Eppley hurried into the room.

"Oh, my dear, are you ill? Pardon my coming right up, but the cook takes so long and I was so worried for fear you were—but you aren't, are you?"

Mrs. Budlong was at bay. She glared at the intruder and threw up her chin. Myra Eppley stared at her aghast.

"Why, my dear! You aren't mad at me, are you?"

Mrs. Budlong smiled bitterly and said nothing. Myra Eppley shrilled:

"Why, what have I done?"

As a matter of fact, what had she done? All that Mrs. Budlong could think of was her husband's suggestion for a war with Sally Swezey. She spoke through her locked teeth:

"It's not what you've done but what you've said!"

"Why, what have I said?"

"You know well enough what you've been saying behind my back, and you needn't think that people don't come and tell me! I name no names; but I know—oh, I know!"

Now, of course, everybody says things behind everybody else's back that nobody would care to have repeated to anybody. Through Myra Eppley's memory dashed a hundred caustic comments she had made on Mrs. Budlong. She blushed and sighed, turned away and closed the door after her, like the last line of an elegy.

A surge of triumph swept over Mrs. Budlong. Success at last!

Then the door opened and Myra Eppley reappeared on the sill with a look of angelic contrition.

"I hardly know what to say," she said. "Of course I must admit I did rather forget myself. It was at the last meeting of the progressive euchre club. Before you came everybody was criticising you for having solid gold prizes when they were at your house. They said it was vulgar ostentation. I didn't say anything for the longest time; but finally, when they all said your money had gone to your head and asked me, 'Hasn't it?' I admit I did mumble: 'It seems so.' But it is only what everybody else says all the time, and I assure you I didn't really mean it. Of course nobody can behave just the same after they are a millionaire as they did before. But I am awfully fond of you; and—and ——"

"It was most disloyal!" said Mrs. Budlong. "And to think that, after tearing me to pieces behind my back, you could come and call on me!"

It was a fine speech; but after she heard herself say it Mrs. Budlong had a sinking feeling that if she herself had never called on anybody she had criticised she would have stayed at home all her life. Myra Eppley took another line however. She threw herself on Mrs. Budlong's mercy—and if Mrs. Budlong boasted of one thing more than another it was her mercy.

"I have just been at the church," said Myra, "helping to decorate it for Christmas week; and I was hanging up a big motto, Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men!—and I think it ought to apply to women too. I grovel in apology and I pray you to forgive me. You can't refuse to forgive me when I ask you to, can you?"



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If HE owns a gun, there is nothing that will interest him so much or continue to interest him so long, as a Maxim Silencer. It will make him a better shot because—

It prevents report noise and reduces the tendency to flinch when shooting.

Enabling him to shoot without noise, he can set up a target in the yard and enjoy a hundred short-time opportunities for practice not now utilized.

Yes, if he loves a gun, give him a Maxim Silencer. See how delighted he will be. It is the invention that has attracted the notice of the whole civilized world.

.22 calibre Silencer, packed in an attractive Christmas box, sent upon receipt of $5

If preferred, write for interesting Catalog and full information about the Silencer.

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Mrs. Budlong wanted to but could not, and the two women fell about each other's neck and exchanged tear for tear. As they were comfortably dabbing each other's tears from their cheeks and sniffling their own, and laughing cozily after the rain, Myra Eppley giggled and sobbed all at once:

"The idea of your thinking I didn't just love you—and me working my fingers off making a Christmas present for you!"

IX

IN THE Civil War there were over two thousand battles and the details could not be reported in a lifetime; but their result can be stated in a phrase. The same brevity must apply to Mrs. Budlong. Her numberless efforts at secession ended as a lost cause.

There was one more desperate struggle. While only a few days stood between her and her famous Christmas afternoon, she and her dour husband were having a bitter council of war. She had another attack of inspiration.

"I have it—the very thing! Why haven't we thought of it before? Quarantine!"

"Quarantine?" echoed Mr. Budlong as if the word were gibberish.

"Yes. If we had something contagious in the house, and a quarantine on, people couldn't come here with their odious gifts; and they would be so afraid to get any of ours that they'd be much obliged to us for not sending them."

For the first time in years Mr. Budlong paid Mrs. Budlong sincere homage.

"You're a genius! It takes a woman to squirm out of a difficulty after all."

He was so excited he actually kissed her—and he hadn't finished his evening pipe at that!

This overjoyed her so far that she fairly glowed.

"Oh, I'm so glad you approve, Ulie dear! And you'll help me, won't you?"

"You bet I will, ducky dove!"

"That's glorious! Now what will you pretend to have, yellow fever or smallpox, or ——"

"Which will I pretend to have? Do you mean to say that you expect me to go to bed with a fatal disease?"

"It doesn't have to be fatal, my love—just so long as it's contagious, you know."

"Well, of all the —— What's to happen to my business?"

"Why, you can call it a vacation. And you can pretend to get well after Christmas; or you can have the doctor say it wasn't yellow fever after all."

"But I stay in bed for several days—eh?"

"Oh, you can move round—just so's you keep away from the windows."

Mr. Budlong's admiration was reverting to its normal state. He growled:

"You women would be an awful joke if you were only a little funnier. If you're so keen on this quarantine business you quarantine yourself! You can have yellow fever, or scarlet, or green, or any color you like—robin's-egg-blue fever, for all I care!"

"But, my darling, I can't be having those things. You know I don't believe in them this year, since I became a—oh, it wouldn't do at all for me! But you could have it, because you believe in diseases."

"You bet I do—and I believe you've got softening of the brain!" He paced the floor in an effort to keep up with his temper. Eventually he stopped short. He remembered that his son had failed to help the family out in its distress, so he said:

"Let Ulie have something!"

Mrs. Budlong felt a certain superstitious uneasiness but was finally won over, and Ulie was unanimously elected the scapegoat—or, in more modern form, the goat.

Ulie was in bed at the time, sleeping like an innocent cherub and smiling in his sleep—he was dreaming of a great invention. He would set a figure-4 trap near his fireplace and snare Santa Claus by the foot. Then, from a safe ambush under the bed, he would assail the old gentleman with his nigger-shooter until he laid him low—whereupon he could rifle his entire pack at leisure and select what he wanted. Ulie had not been attending Sabbath-school in vain. The lesson of the week concerned David and Goliath.

From such dreams as these Ulie woke the next morning to be told that he need not leave his bed. He had scarlet fever and must keep close under his covers.

"Scarlet nothin'!" was Ulie's reply. "I got to go to a meetin' of the Youths' Helpin'-Hand Socirety this afternoon—and I'll be darned if I stay in any dog-on bed!"



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The Joys of Christmas Morning With the Cecilian Piano

¶ CHRISTMAS MORNING! The morning sung into the world's history by the angels, symbolized in our illustration by the Cecilian Piano from which the happy children bring sweet music.

¶ Watch the children's faces Christmas morning when they behold the Cecilian for the first time. It will be a picture that you will cherish through all your life, for it is music that makes the spirit of Christmas what it is. Your children, young or old, could never receive a Christmas present that would more beautifully symbolize the Christmas spirit.

¶ The Cecilian Piano, the ideal musical instrument for every home. No musical education required. Anyone can play the Cecilian and with a little experience, you can mould the very soul of music to your own mood. To the educated and trained pianist, it is a delight by reason of its exquisite qualities of touch and tone. It is earnestly commended by teachers of music everywhere and has popular indorsement in thousands of homes where it is the chief delight in the family pleasures.

¶ Inspect the Cecilian; you will find it an ideal piano for your home. Your local merchant will be pleased to demonstrate it to you, but if it is not represented where you live, send us your address and we will arrange that you may be shown the superior merits of the Cecilian Piano.

THE FARRAND COMPANY, Dept. D, Detroit, Michigan

TRADE MARK



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Socks are bound to wear out. The real question is: *How long from the first wear to the first darn?*

It's easy enough to make coarse, thick socks that will wear. But to make light, sheer socks that will wear is another matter.

Interwoven Socks are as light and sheer as the finest socks you ever saw; yet *they wear*.

They are wear-proofed at *every* wear-point—toe, heel, sole and ankle—with the most durable knit fabric known.

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Mr. Budlong finally persuaded him—Ulie wasn't dressed yet, and it hurts worse on the bare hide. Then Mr. Budlong hurried downtown to bribe a doctor and borrow a lurid placard of the Board of Health. He was just rounding the corner on the way home when he caught sight of Ulie descending from the window by means of a knotted sheet. Ulie had only a nightgown on—and it wasn't much on, owing to the heavy wind.

He dropped to the ground before Mr. Budlong could reach him, then darted away across lots, barefooted, through the snow, toward the Detwillers'. Mr. Budlong treed him just before he reached the neighbors'; but the boy would not come down until his father promised immunity both from punishment and from scarlet fever.

The Detwillers were arriving on the run; so the father gave his promise, hid the scarlet-fever propaganda in his inside pocket, wrapped Ulie in his own overcoat and carried him home.

The day before the Day Before Christmas found them in a panic. The Day Before found them grimly resolved to stand siege.

On the blessed Eve they sat by their cheerless fire-front and stared at the packages that had been pouring in all day long. The old postman had staggered under the final load and hinted so broadly for a Christmas present that he got one—the first breach in their solemn resolve. They had excepted Ulie, of course, from the embargo; but they had been in such a flurry that they had postponed him until they forgot him entirely.

The doorbell was rung so incessantly throughout the evening that the cook sat on the hall stairs to be handy. She piled the packages up on the piano until they spilled off. The piano lamp was gradually sinking beneath the encroaching tide. Presents were brought in wagons, carriages, buggies, carts, by coachmen, gardeners, cooks, maids, messenger boys, and children of all ages and dimensions.

On any other occasion Mrs. Budlong would have been running here and there, peeking into parcels and restraining her curiosity until the next day, out of sheer joy in curiosity. Now she opened never a bundle. She could only think of the morrow, when all of these donors found that reciprocity had gone down to defeat! The Budlongs avoided each other's eyes. They were thinking the same thing.

The strain endured until it tested their metal to the breaking point. When two enormous packages were brought to the door by the Detwillers' hired man Mrs. Budlong broke out hysterically:

"I just can't stand it!"

"Hell!" roared Mr. Budlong. "Get on your hat and coat, we'll go down and buy everything that's left in town!"

x

HOLIDAY bargains in Carthage were not brilliant. After being pawed over for several weeks they were depressing indeed. When the Budlongs strode into Strouther & Streckfuss' it was nearly ten o'clock at night. The sales-wretches, mostly pathetic spinsters of both sexes, were gaunt and jaded, and held on to the counters. Even Messrs. Strouther and Streckfuss had the nap worn off their plushy sleekness.

When the Budlongs made their irruption they were not received cordially. Word had gone abroad that the Budlongs were buying all their Christmas presents out of town. They must be, for they bought none in. This treachery to home industry was bitterly resented. Then Budlong galvanized everybody with a cry like a flash of lightning:

"I want to buy nearly all you got in the shop. Get busy!"

It was too late to select. Mr. and Mrs. Budlong, with their lengthy list in hand, sprinted up one aisle and down another, pointing, prodding, rarely pausing to ask, "How much?" but monotonously chanting: "Gimme this! Gimme that! Gimme two of these! Gimme six of them! Gimme that! Gimme this! Gimme them!"

They bought glaring garden jars and ghastly vases, and scarfpins that would disturb the peace, silly bisque figurines for mantels and what-nots, combs and brushes that would raise the hair on end instead of allaying it, oxidized-silverized leadpencils, buttonhooks, toothbrushes, nail files, cuticle knives, pincushions, inkstands, paperweights, picture frames, bits of lace and intimate white things with ribbons in them—Mr. Budlong turned away while Mrs. Budlong priced these.

The town clock was striking midnight as the Budlongs dragged themselves home. There was much yet to be done. Parcels must be opened, price tags removed, gifts done up in pink tissue paper and gold twine, cards must be inscribed and inserted, and the parcels rewrapped and addressed. The Strouther & Streckfuss driver had been hired at an exorbitant cost to sit up and deliver the gifts. The horses had not been consulted.

The Budlong parlor was soon a hideous scene. The husband would open a bundle and sing out:

"Who's this big, immense pink-and-purple cuspidor for?"

"That's a jardineer!" Mrs. Budlong would gasp. "It's a return for that horrible cat those odious Disneys are going to inflict on me. Here's the card."

She handed him a holly-wreathed pasteboard on which she had written: "For Mr. and Mrs. Disney, with most affectionate Yuletide greetings."

She indited cards as fast as she could think up phrases. She sought for variety, but the effort was maddening. She wrote: "Very merry Christmas." "The merriest of Xmases." "A merry, merry Yuletide." "A Happy Christmas and a Merry New Year." "Christmas Greetings." "Xmas Greetings." "Yuletide Greetings." "Wishing you a ——" "With loving wishes for ——" "Affectionate ——" And so on, and so on, and on and on. She scribbled and scrawled until slumber drugged her and her pen went crazy. When she fell asleep she was writing: "A Yuly Newmas and a Hapry X-Year to Swally Sezey!"

The delivery man pounded on the door and, wildeyed, Budlong let him in from the night. The man whispered that he'd have to start at once if he was to make the rounds before his horses laid down on him.

Mr. Budlong called his wife but she did not answer. He shook her and she proceeded to roll off the chair on to a divan. Mr. Budlong straightened her out and stared at her in hopeless pity. He stared at the chaos of bundles. He seized the pack of cards from his wife's chubby fingers and ran here and there jabbing pasteboards into bundles haphazard.

That is how Sally Swezey acquired an ashtray lined with cigar bands and why old Mr. Clute was amazed to receive a card offering him Mrs. Budlong's "loving and affectionate greetings!" He was more amazed when he opened the bundle. There were ribbons in it!

As fast as Mr. Budlong stuffed cards into bundles he loaded bundles into the driver's arms as if they were sticks of wood. The driver stacked them up in his wagon. He made seven trips in all, and some of the cards fell out and were stuck in still wronger bundles than before; but both the driver and Mr. Budlong were too sleepy to care. The driver finally mounted his seat and called out from the dark:

"Say, Mr. Budlong, where do I leave theee packages—on the porch or do I ring the bell?"

"Chuck 'em through the windows! The more glass you break the better I'd like it!"

"All right, sir. Get ap! Good night, sir—and wishing you a Merry Christmas!"

"Merry ——" said Mr. Budlong, reaching for a rock; but even the stones were frozen to the ground and the driver escaped. As Mr. Budlong closed his front door a thread of crimson broke out in the east—as if the sky were about to have an attack of scarlet fever.

An hour or so later Ulie awoke and sat up with a start. To his intense confusion he bumped his little skull on the bottom of his bed. He was calling for help when he realized that he had fallen asleep in his ambush. He peered forth to see if he had snared Santa Claus.

The stockings were empty.

With a shriek of disappointed rage Ulie dashed into his parents' room to protest.

Their bed was empty.

He ran through the house, stumbled downstairs and into the back parlor. His father was snoring on a mattress of Yuletide parcels. His mother was curled up on a divan under the smoking piano lamp. Her hands were clutching strands of gold cord, and her hair was pillowed in pink tissue paper. She was burbling in her sleep.

Little Ulie bent down to hear what she was saying. He made out faintly:

"Mishing you a Werry Muschris and a Nappy Hoosier!"



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HOLD IT TO THE LIGHT.

In this soap, we have caught the real fragrance of violets

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The moment you do, you will want it.

We have succeeded in capturing the fresh, sweet odor that makes the violet universally loved. Every one has always wanted this odor in soap, but up to this time it has evaded soap makers everywhere. In this soap we have caught it, the *real* fragrance of violets.

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We are now prepared to send samples anywhere in the United States. Dealers everywhere now have the soap, so that your own dealer can supply you when you have used this trial size cake. Fill out the coupon below and send it to us with a 2c stamp and receive your cake by return mail. Everywhere, wherever this soap has been brought out, the demand has been instantaneous. Address Dept. P, The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Mail this coupon for sample cake, today



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"Aren't these trains just dandy? They are the best gifts Santa Claus brought."

This is what seventy-five thousand happy boys said last Christmas. It is what *your* boy will tell you this Christmas when you give him an Ives Miniature Railway System.

Fun and Fascination

An Ives Train will give your child real, lasting pleasure. It will keep him happily occupied for weeks and months to come.

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DEALERS—We have an interesting and profitable proposition for every toy, department or hardware store not selling the Ives Miniature Railways. Get in touch with us promptly.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation

194 Holland Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

Established 1868



WHAT OF 1912?

(Continued from Page 15)

oppose his reëlection if they get another candidate for whom they can vote. Mr. Taft's Department of Justice casually indicted Charles F. Brooker, of Connecticut, a time ago in a Trust prosecution. Mr. Brooker is Republican national committeeman from Connecticut, member of the executive committee and one of the biggest Republicans in New England. That won't help much in Connecticut. Up in Maine, the Republicans who helped tip that state over to the Democracy are not yet back in line. They are still off the reservation. Moreover, Massachusetts is a very uncomfortable state for Republican candidates for office in these worrisome days. If the right kind of a Democrat is nominated Mr. Taft will have his severe troubles in carrying all of New England.

The Democratic situation becomes more complicated as soon as the traveler eastward strikes Illinois and Indiana. The Democratic organizations to the west are not much. These have been quite generally and emphatically Republican states, and there hasn't been much incentive for keeping the usual political machinery going. To the east the Democratic organizations are in fairly good shape and active.

Wisconsin's delegation to the Democratic convention will be ruled entirely by expediency. Woodrow Wilson is stronger there than any other Democrat; but the old-line Democrats, the men who ordinarily run things, are for Harmon, as it stands now, and this is true of the same class of men elsewhere in the country. Wilson has recently visited Wisconsin, where he made a good impression. If he sets about it he might get the delegates handily.

The Republican fight in Illinois isn't a marker to the Democratic fight. Mr. Hearst has stepped in and is trying to eliminate Roger Sullivan, the Democratic boss. It is Mr. Hearst's idea that Mr. Sullivan shall be dropped down the elevator shaft; and naturally Mr. Sullivan objects. Seven years ago Mr. Hearst secured the delegates from Illinois to the Democratic National Convention. Mr. Hearst desires to repeat that amazing performance. First, though, he must drive Sullivan from the Democratic national committee and from control of the state organization. So he is out after Mr. Sullivan, with his papers and his supporters; and Mr. Sullivan is fighting back from every known angle of defense. Mr. Hearst supported Carter Harrison in his fight for the mayoralty last spring, and Harrison won. That ties Mr. Harrison up to Mr. Hearst. Hence Mr. Harrison's coyness about coming out as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Various persons have urged Mr. Harrison so to do, but he has held off to date. Likely as not Mr. Hearst wants those Illinois delegates again for himself. Anyhow, if Hearst wins, the delegates, or most of them, will be for Hearst or for whomsoever Hearst declares; and if Sullivan wins the delegates will be for whomsoever Sullivan desires. Just at present Mr. Sullivan is saying nothing about Presidential candidates; but if he wins he will be found delivering in conjunction with his old colleagues. As things look now, Mr. Sullivan might be expected to be for Harmon, but all that will develop after he finishes his fight.

The Dark Horse in the Distance

Indiana is solidly and unanimously and proudly for Governor Thomas R. Marshall. Tom Taggart and Steve Fleming, and all the other leading Democrats, have united on this favorite son. Likewise they have done some prospecting in neighboring states, especially in Michigan, and have some guarded promises. Governor Marshall has been O. K.'d by Mr. Bryan as a satisfactory candidate. The Governor will appear at the convention in the guise of an acceptable and possible and prospective compromise. He will be held in the running as long as is necessary, and is more likely than any other to be named as Vice-President. The public argument in his favor is that, if Wilson and Harmon and Clark get into a deadlock, there must be a solution—and Marshall will be urged as the solution. The private reason for his candidacy is that Tom Taggart, being an astute politician, has a full realization of the possibilities of the situation and does not intend to be caught at the convention without a goodly supply of attractive trading stock in the way of delegates. Marshall, having the indorsement of Bryan and being safe and sane into the bargain, looks valuable to Taggart, and will be. However, Tom is heart and soul for Marshall. Tom will tell you so himself.

Various candidates are flirting with the Democratic managers in Michigan. The Marshall men claim to have assurances, and so do some others. Michigan is not ready to declare for anybody, and will be found as near to the winner as she can get with such advance information as is available. Wilson and Harmon are both well thought of by the people and each may get some of the delegates.

Ohio will be for Harmon, though Mr. Bryan has many friends in that state. Still, there will not be any great difficulty in securing the united delegation for the Governor, though some of the Democratic leaders do not like him. West Virginia will be for whomsoever is finally picked out as least objectionable to the big bosses. As that state stands now, Harmon and Clark are both stronger there than Wilson.

The Anti-Wilson Crowd

New York Democratic politics are in the hands of Charles F. Murphy, the leader of Tammany Hall. Murphy has blossomed into a state boss. He nominated Dix for governor, deposed Conners as state chairman and made Mack—national chairman and Conners' deadly enemy—state chairman, just to rub it in. Mr. Hearst is vigorously against Murphy, and so are most of the New York city newspapers, as well as some of the Democratic papers up the state; but Murphy has the machinery and he will control the delegation. Murphy understands the desirability of having trading stock on hand fully as well as Tom Taggart, and Murphy will bring his bunch of delegates to the convention pledged to Governor Dix. That deadlock might occur, you know, and Dix is safe and sane and also "murphied." Then, too, the gentlemen a mile or so toward the Battery from Tammany Hall's headquarters in Fourteenth Street are opposed to Wilson—and it is so easy to have a favorite son from New York. Governor Dix is the first Democratic governor of that state since 1895 and fully entitled to all favorite-son perquisites in the way of publicity, and so forth. Mr. Murphy will do the dealing himself, and garner the essentials. Also, Dix will help to make it more difficult. As the candidates increase the prospects of the leading contestants decrease.

Wilson will meet with his strongest opposition nearest his home. If the old Democratic leaders in New Jersey, headed by James Smith, Junior, can prevent his getting the delegation, or hold a part of it from him and force him to appear before the national convention as a candidate without the unanimous support of his own state, they will do just that. Wilson is not by any means sure of controlling the entire New Jersey delegation. In Pennsylvania there is a great deal of Wilson sentiment, but the Democratic machine in that state has usually acted as the Old Guard and the interests that control the Old Guard have desired; and it may be that the Democratic machine will continue so to act.

Opposition to Wilson in Big Business circles in New York is almost fanatical. As a starter they speak of him as an anarchist, and then go on up. Early in the game, when Wilson was president of Princeton, these New Yorkers looked on him as one of our most advanced and admirable educators. When Wilson got into politics that idea rapidly disappeared from among these gentlemen. As one of the mildest of them said the other day: "Of course Mr. Wilson may have changed his views. It may be he has another viewpoint now; but we are much disappointed and much grieved!" As the surest thing these gentlemen know is that Wilson has changed his views, this disappointment and grief are likely to continue. One manifestation will be the presentation of the name of Governor Dix to the convention by New York. That will be a fine job for Martin Littleton!

Since Governor Foss has won his reëlection he will grab the Massachusetts delegates and may get some others in New England. The other New England states,

NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

These delightful dessert confections rightly have a place in every holiday repast. Their fragile goodness and delicate sweetness never fail to please. Their varying flavors comport with any dessert, with ices, fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—
Another dessert confection, with an outer covering of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY







Your Wife Deserves A Gift Like This

A worthy token of affection, indeed! A lifelong remembrance and a constant satisfaction. Imagine her delight this Christmas to receive it from you—with your photo inside the case! And realize the inestimable service it will render in household duties and social obligations. Tiny, beautiful and dependable—a real watch—

Lady Elgin

A perfected product of world-famous Elgin skill. 15 and 17 jewels—in solid gold cases only—exquisitely chased or engraved. Fully guaranteed. Displayed and sold by the best jeweler in your town. See it there!

The Smallest Watch Made in America

Actual Size



ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY
Elgin, Illinois

Boys Wild With Delight Over "Excelsior Boy Scouts"

Outdoor boys who love baseball, football, bicycling, etc., are simply *crazy* over these wonderful boys' shoes. Never was there a shoe like them before! Light weight, strong as iron, soft and close-fitting as a glove! Never get hard, never pinch or bind, perfect from the minute they go on! And—best of all—it is almost *impossible* to wear them out. They outlast two pairs of ordinary shoes.



Camp Shoe
Little Boys', Sizes 9 to 13½, ***$2.00.***
Boys', Sizes 1 to 5½, ***$2.50.***
Big Boys' and Men's, Sizes 6 to 10, ***$3.00.***

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Camp Shoe

The original Boy Scouts Shoe. Genuine elk leather uppers and soles. Reinforced soles—can't tear loose. Colors—Olive, Tan and Black. This is the shoe that created the biggest sensation ever known in boys' shoes.

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Campaign Boot

Finest of all boys' boots for winter and stormy weather. Full 8 inches high. Extra heavy black boarded calf uppers. Unlined. Full bellows tongue. Overweight out-soles. Light, warm, fit like a glove, outlast ordinary boots two to one.

Other Styles

"Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes are made in "Piker," "Parade," "Campaign," "Camp" and other styles. In bluchers, high-cut, button, etc. Select black, tan and gun-metal calf, and special elk leather.

Buy From Your Dealer *Almost all dealers have "Excelsior Boy Scouts" Shoes. If you can't find them, write us for FREE booklet of styles and name of nearest dealer. Or we will ship order DIRECT and guarantee satisfaction or refund your money.*



Campaign Boot
Little Boys', Sizes 9 to 13½, ***$2.50***
Boys', Sizes 1 to 5½ ***3.50***
Big Boys' and Men's, 6 to 10. ***4.00***

No Boy Scouts Shoes Genuine Without Swastika "Good Luck" Charm

"Good Luck" Charm—illustrated in corner of this advertisement—is attached to all *genuine* Boy Scouts Shoes. Refuse shoes without charm attached. Looks like gold. Does not discolor. Splendid for prizes for boys' games, etc.

Call on Your Dealer—or Write Us TODAY!

(28)

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO., Dept. 20, Portsmouth, Ohio

The Christmas present that lasts a whole year and costs only $1.



A Christmas present that your boy will have and enjoy every month until next Christmas. A magazine that will inspire him to higher standards of living. The American Boy is supreme in the boys' realm—500,000 read it each month. It contains clean, manly stories, written by men who know the American youth—his aims and his susceptibilities. Ernest Thompson Seton, Chief Scout, contributes a page each issue for

Boy Scouts of America

It is brimful of fascinating stories of travel, history, adventure, woodcraft and sports. All beautifully illustrated. Departments of photography, electricity, mechanics, etc. The American Boy as a gift is appreciated by every live, wide-awake American boy.

$1 brings it for a year. *10c a copy at news-stands.*
THE SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.,
130 American Building, Detroit, Mich.

"Pelouze" Electric Iron

Has Heat Control At Finger Tip

No need to reach up to the chandelier switch nor to disconnect the cord at iron. Heats quickly—about half usual time. Has hot point and edges—uses surprisingly little current. 4 or 6½ lb. size $5. If your dealer hasn't it, order direct.



You Can't Burn Your Hair

with a Pelouze Electric Curling Iron. Never gets too hot. Handle revolves. Cord can't kink. Shield is removable. No flame, no danger from gas.



Cost of current less than one-third cost of alcohol lamp. Irons always bright and clean. Complete with nickel plated stand, $3.75. For sale by all leading dealers. Send for booklet.

PELOUZE ELECTRIC HEATER CO., 240 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.

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The new Pelouze Standing Dial Family Scale is invaluable in the home. Capacity 24 pounds by ounces—made of steel. Double upright supports insure accuracy—a great advantage. Remember the name "Pelouze" and look for the "double posts."

A Pelouze Postal Scale

Suitable gift for man's or woman's desk.



Capacity 1 pound by ounces. Finished in brush brass or bronze. Gives amount of postage in cents. Accuracy guaranteed. 14 styles for office and home. For sale by all leading dealers. Send for booklet.

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240 East Ohio St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Read **THIS!** Use Come-Packt Furniture in your home **for a year**—give it the test of **service**—your **money back any time you say. THAT'S the proof!** Try Come-Packt values for Christmas—prompt shipments.



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Made from choicest of hardwoods—Quarter Sawn White Oak, splendidly fashioned, honestly built and handsomely finished. Exclusive designs that are simple, dignified, forever pleasing.

AND You Save Over Half

by buying direct from our factories. Our new Toledo plant makes still greater economy possible. Our big "Money-Back Catalog" has six money saving departments. A postcard brings it postpaid.



$8.75

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where the Democratic organizations are mere shells and where the Democrats are not numerous, are likely to be controlled by the Old Guard. This will mean whatever the rest of the Old Guard throughout the country wants it to mean.

Wilson is strong in Massachusetts among the people, but not with the leaders. It is so elsewhere. If there were to be primaries in New England Wilson would get the bulk of the delegates; but as the bulk of the delegates will be selected by the conventions, and before that by the bosses, Wilson's chances are not so bright in New England as they might be, though neither Harmon nor any other has a clamp on any delegation as yet.

Fully alive to the fact that almost anything may come out of the Democratic situation, the Democrats of Connecticut are talking of sending their delegates for Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, who is a Democrat of the old school and as conservative as could be wished.

The Governor has also been mentioned as a Vice-Presidential possibility. He is willing to appear before the convention in either capacity. The Governor is seventy-one years old now and will be seventy-two before convention-time, but that shouldn't stand in his way, for he can be very useful in making things more difficult for the leading candidates.

There is much inquiry about Champ Clark in all this section east of the Mississippi. No state has gone so far as to declare for him or make ready to declare; but the people are asking about him and wondering what sort of a candidate he would make. Clark has difficulties at home that he must compose, as will be shown in the third article in this series. If he gets those difficulties ironed out he might be able to gather a good many delegates here and there. Mr. Hearst is very friendly to Clark's candidacy. Mr. Hearst has declared himself back into the Democratic party; and, though he has not yet made any open move to secure delegates for himself from New York, he may get out and try it. Anyhow, he can help Clark a lot if he decides not to work for himself. Just what he will do is one of the mysteries of the situation.

Summing it up, so far as this section of the country is concerned, Mr. Taft has much the better of it in a nomination sense over La Follette—and much the worst of it, in an election sense, over the right sort of Democrat. Mr. Taft is no stronger in this section than he is in the West. If he is nominated the chances are he will lose Wisconsin and Illinois and Indiana. He will have no small task to carry Ohio; though, if Wilson is nominated against him, he will be in better case in New York than otherwise. There is no certainty that he will carry Massachusetts or Maine. The other states in the group are likely to be his, unless the revolt is greater than now appears, though Wilson ought to carry New Jersey if he is nominated. In short, that miracle the Old Guard Republicans are waiting for—that change next year is to bring forth—must hurry along if Mr. Taft is not to lose a good many of the electoral votes of this section.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of three articles by Samuel G. Blythe. The third will appear in an early issue.

His First and Last

HERBERT COREY, the writer, tells a story of an amateur pugilist in a small town out in Ohio who accepted the invitation of a visiting professional to meet all comers.

The local prodigy mounted the stage, climbed through the ropes and gave his name to the announcer. As the announcer was introducing him the amateur tugged at his sleeve and whispered something in his ear.

"Kid Binks desires me to state," said the announcer, "that this is his first appearance in any ring."

He stepped back and the two men squared off. The professional ducked a wild swing, led with his right and knocked the amateur down with such violence that he fairly spattered when he hit the floor.

The master of ceremonies stood over the fallen one, counting him out. At eight the dazed youth got upon his knees. At nine he spoke in a husky whisper to the announcer.

The announcer raised his hand for silence.

"Kid Binks also desires me to state," he said, "that this is his last appearance in any ring."

PURE AIR

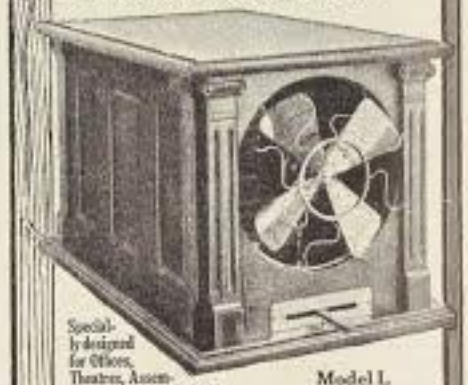


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This apparatus **generates** OZONE—diffusing it through the atmosphere and refreshing OXYGEN is **abundance.** Destroys **bad odors** and **bacteria**—makes for **pure, refreshing** and **invigorating**—solves the **ventilation** problem. Operates **silently, constantly**—costs **hardly a cent an hour.**



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Model L
22x13x13½ Inches High

It makes **good** air out of **bad** air, just as the **thunderstorm** produces a fresh, sweet atmosphere.

Electricity Creates OZONE
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The OZONE PURE AIRIFIER attaches to an **ordinary light socket**—requires **no attention**—is turned **on** or **off** by **pressing a button.** Endorsed by Medical Authorities, Sanitary Engineers, Architects, etc. Adopted (and thousands in use) by leading Mercantile and Financial Institutions, stores, schools, theatres, clubs, and in private homes, bedrooms, etc.

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Model G (11x8x8 In. High)
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A Holiday Suggestion



Three-Fold Bill-Fold

and card-case combined. Unusually thin and exceedingly light. Made of genuine seal leather, dull finish, very soft and flexible. The highest class material and workmanship throughout. Absolutely guaranteed. Money refunded if not satisfactory. If your dealer cannot supply you we will send direct on receipt of price, $2.00, or in genuine morocco, $1.00. Black only.

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The Accurate Watch—A True Christmas Gift

OVER one-half (almost 56%) of the watches carried by Conductors, Engineers, Firemen and Trainmen on American Railroads where official time inspection is maintained are Hamilton Timekeepers.

If you really want a reliable watch, you can not go wrong in following the choice made by men with whom correct time is a matter of life and death.

The Hamilton Watch

The Railroad Timekeeper of America

The Hamilton 12-size shown here, the thinnest 12-size 19 or 23 jewel watch made in America, is pronounced by experts and jewelers "the most accurate and beautiful thin model watch purchasable."

Ask your jeweler what he knows about Hamilton Watches

Made in all standard watch sizes from the "Lady Hamilton," a precise watch for ladies, to the 18-size, so highly favored and widely used by railroad men. Prices of Hamilton Watches vary according to size, movement and casing from $38.50 to $125.00.

Your jeweler can supply a Hamilton movement for your present watch case if you desire.

Write for "The Timekeeper"

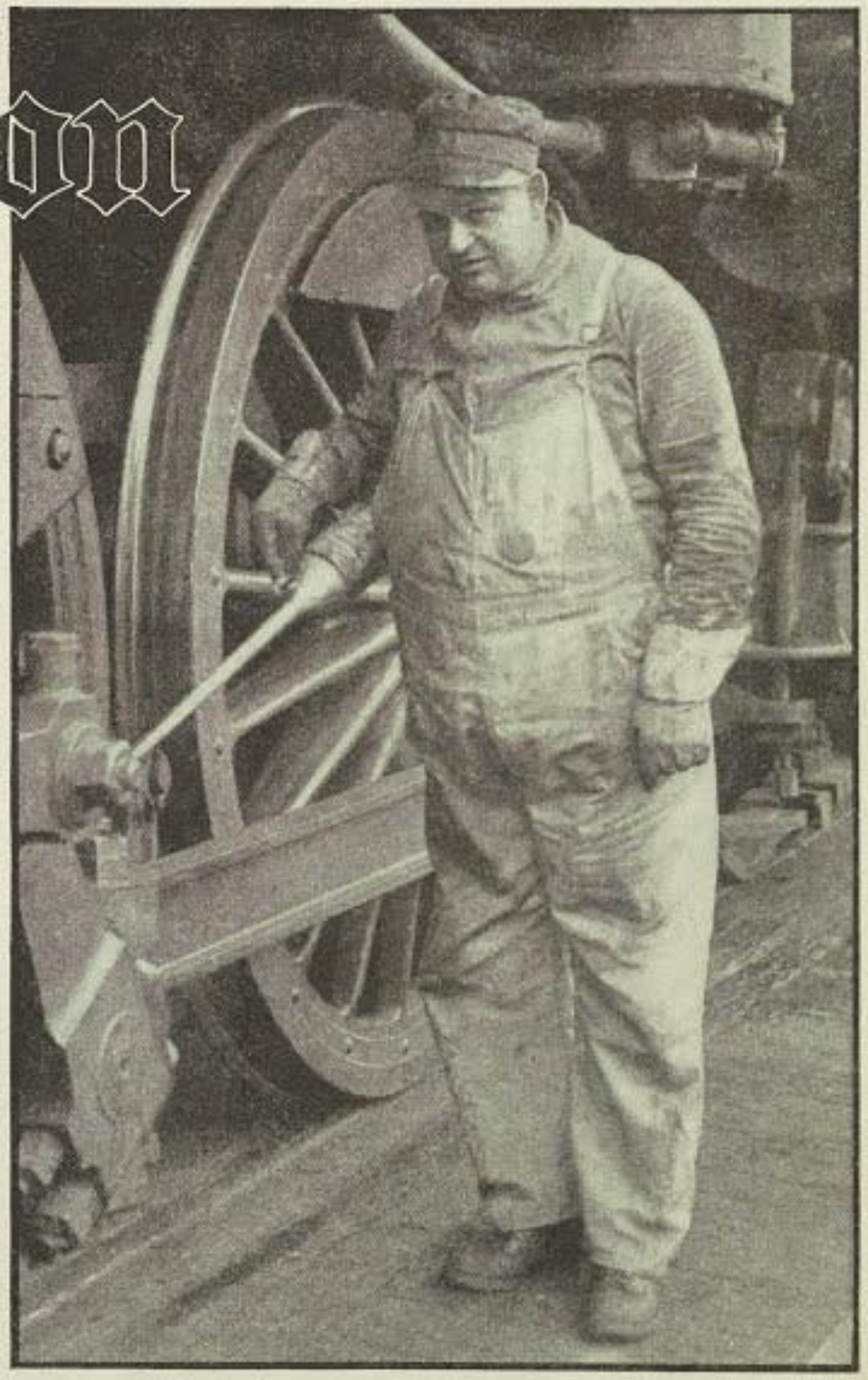
Further information about Hamilton watches has been set forth in a handsomely illustrated booklet called "The Timekeeper." This booklet was written to interest and instruct those who are thinking of buying a watch. We invite those interested in the purchase of a watch to send for it.

One detail of railroad service which escapes the observation of the public is the official watch inspection. Every engineer and conductor is obliged to have a watch of a standard grade and every two weeks present it to the railroad company's watch inspector for examination. Any watch which varies more than a few seconds per week is liable to be taken out of service for readjustment, as a variation of less than one minute may make all the difference between a safe run and a disaster.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY

Dept. J, Lancaster, Pa.

Makers of The Railroad Timekeepers of America



Engineer C. S. Conklin, whose photograph is shown here, and Conductor C. Smith, of the "Red Hummer," the famous Chicago and Alton limited train from Chicago to Kansas City, have both carried Hamilton Watches for several years.

The Caloric

For an Ideal Christmas Gift



—Something that prolongs the Christmas joy of the entire family all the year round, lessens the labor of the good woman to whom it is given, adds to her skill and pleasure in preparing wholesome, savory meals, and affords her the exquisite delight of setting before the entire family, every day, cooking which evokes their highest praise—

A Caloric Fireless Cookstove

Combines Christmas Sentiment with a World of Practical Helpfulness.

In a home where satisfactory help is a problem the Caloric is the solution. It makes the meat tender and juicy in spite of the cook, and food cannot be overdone by forgetfulness.

In homes where economy is a consideration, the Caloric is a necessity which it would be the height of folly to ignore.

You could warm a house with the door open, but how much cheaper with it shut! The Caloric applies the same principle to cooking food.

After heating your radiators a few moments, place your food in the Caloric. No more fuel is required, no watching—no odor penetrates the house, and the food is given a richer and sweeter flavor than it ever had before.

The first economy is in saving fuel; the second, in saving labor; the third, in making it possible to get the finer flavors from cheaper meats and vegetables.

Do not blame the Caloric for what other cookers fail to do. The Genuine Caloric does more than any substitute. The perfected models we are now selling will bake and roast, steam, stew or boil.

For baking, we have our own patented invention—the automatic steam valve in the top—which gives dry heat in the baking baskets and prevents pie crust and biscuit from becoming soggy.

The Caloric is equipped with the best racks, tongs, steatite radiators and solid aluminum utensils. It is sold with, or without, the utensil storage cabinet shown in the illustration.

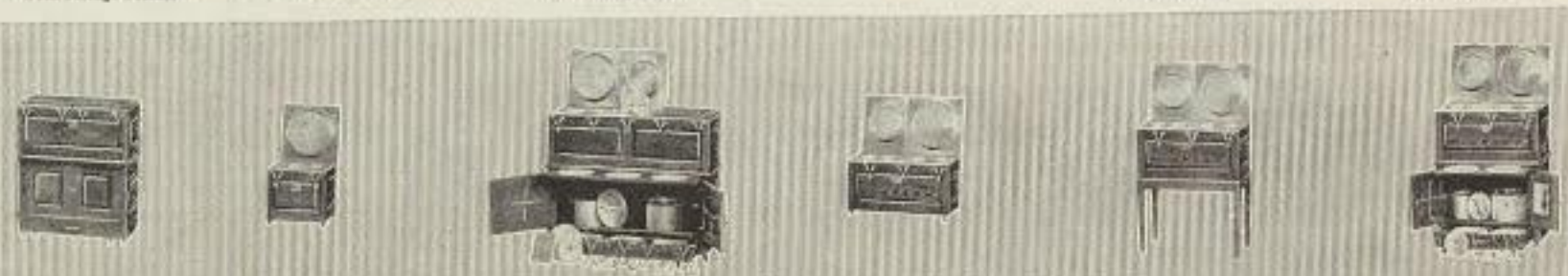
Over 3,000 dealers and many thousands of users will agree that the Caloric is irreproachably well built; the best known, the handsomest and most efficient fireless stove made today.

If your wife folds the corner of this page down, take it as a hint that the Caloric will be an acceptable gift in your home. There is time to send for the folder "A Caloric Christmas."

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All models fully equipped with aluminum utensils and radiators. Any Caloric may be had with, or without, Storage Cabinet or Leg Base. Caloric Cabinets and Leg Bases sold separately and fit any previous model Caloric. These prices are freight prepaid and vary according to freight distance from our factory. We quote the highest and lowest extremes:

No. 11, $21.75 to $26.25 With Storage Cabinet — No. 1, $7.75 to $10.25 — No. 7, $27.75 to $34.50 With Storage Cabinet — No. 2, $13.75 to $18.75 — No. 2, $15.00 to $18.50 With Leg Base — No. 2, $18.00 to $23.50 With Storage Cabinet



THE CALORIC CO., Dep't F, JANESVILLE WIS.

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

(Continued from Page 21)

of ideal women with his famous three K's—*Kinderstube, Küche, Kirche*. But the trouble about these is that they cannot apply to the unmarried women who have neither nurseries nor kitchens.

The public opinion of the Empire is so emphatically masculine as to be anti-feminine. In fact, whenever women's rights have been mentioned in the German Parliament the subject has been received with boisterous laughter. But in spite of this the Woman's Movement is older in Germany than it is in either America or England—that is, in its active stage. It is divided into three distinct parties: the Socialistic Democrats, the Liberal Radicals and the Liberals. The Socialistic Democrats are said to have about one hundred and thirty thousand women in their ranks, while the Liberal Radicals claim two hundred thousand. The Liberals have a much smaller number, but they are most popular with those men who consider the matter at all. This is because the Liberals are comparatively indifferent to suffrage, but are interested more particularly in getting the professions, such as medicine and law, opened to women and in creating a public sentiment that will insure to women the same wages for the same work. The Socialistic Democrats are iconoclastic, holding the usual communistic ideas in regard to property peculiar to socialists everywhere. They have the advantage of belonging to a party already strong by the number of men in it. Or it may be a disadvantage, for it is whispered that their male comrades view them with some jealousy and anxiety along competitive lines and do all they can to keep them in the background. They have not yet outgrown the female orator stage so accentuated in San Francisco and Chicago a few years ago.

Although the Liberal Radicals claim two hundred thousand members, their party is commonly referred to in Germany as being so small, so capable, so broad-minded as to be like a set of well-equipped officers without an army. It is made up very largely of teachers, either in colleges or in schools. The women in it differ from those of the Socialistic Democratic party in that they are not communistic. They desire to maintain society and the government in its present form. They stress suffrage as much as the Liberals ignore it. Frau Cauer is at the head of this party in the Kingdom of Prussia and the editor of Die Frauenbewegung, the only woman's paper we saw in Germany. She is over seventy years of age. Peggy and I met her one afternoon in her home. She was surrounded by bowls of flowers in a drawing room that was a pattern of neatness and a patchwork of brilliant colors. She was a dim little gray-haired woman with immortal eyes, wearing a silver poplin gown and a small black lace mantilla thrown over her head with the ends pinned round her neck like a collar.

"I do not know," she said in her sad, patient voice, "whether women will ever vote in Germany or not. And if the movement succeeds I do not know if it will make them any better than they are now or if they will make politics any cleaner than men do. I doubt it."

"Then what do you hope to accomplish with all your efforts?" inquired Peggy.

"Their liberation, for better or for worse," she replied, with the look of an ancient sleeping prophetess.

"Already," she went on after a pause, "we think the young men are beginning to treat the young women with more respect. What we are doing is called the Woman's Movement, but it is a movement as much for bettering the lives of men as it is for ameliorating the conditions of women. Men will never respect women enough until they value themselves more highly."

Peggy was impressed. But I reflected how much more truth there was in Frau Cauer's point of view than if she had been an American. In order to appreciate how much more our men respect their women than any other men in the world, it is necessary to make a journey through this older world, where the ideas of men appear to have advanced farther along every other line than along that of better comprehension of the worth and dignity and sacredness of women. It is queer, when you think about it, that a nation like Germany, distinguished for its wise men, has not yet produced one with sense enough to understand that when machinery and commerce and electricity have so changed the nature of every civilization they naturally compel a change in the lives of women as well as of men. Fifty years ago in Germany the men were more closely associated with their wives in the struggle for existence. The husband was a peasant or an artisan. His wife worked with him in the fields. He worked with her in the house. They kept their shop together if they lived in the town or city. But the increase of commercial opportunities has taken the man away from his home downtown to his factory or office. He has left his wife and gone out into the world to broader associations and more engrossing occupations. On the other hand, increased wealth, machinery and all the patented devices of modern times have deprived her of nearly all the old occupations that kept her peacefully domesticated in the house with no interests beyond it. You do not weave the cloth for your frocks when you can buy them for a song. You do not spend your time embroidering your shirtwaists when they are to be had in a better style ready-made. It is idiotic to spend your time making calf's-foot jelly and plum marmalade when these may be purchased at less expense than the sugar and fruit will cost you. I do not say that she is left alone with nothing to do, but she is left too much alone. She has lost her taste for scrubbing and dusting. One cannot blame her, since it seems that men have also lost their taste for making a plow-stock when they can buy a better one already made. What the women want is a vacuum cleaner and more liberty of life and action side by side with the men. This, I reckon, is the real beginning of the Woman's Movement everywhere. She is the same dear Eve really, following Adam into his new world. I say it is absurd that men who have accepted all these changes in civilization for themselves are not willing that women should change their own lives according to the same changed conditions.

But if European men are obtuse about it the Americans are only less so. A year or so ago a bill was introduced before the Tennessee Legislature which provided that women should be permitted to hold the office of justice of the peace, and it was about to be voted upon favorably when a little lawyer who happened to be the representative from one of the gourd-neck districts arose. In a voice trembling with emotion he cried out in alarm at the very idea of even considering a measure that would detract so much from the sweet charm of Tennessee femininity. Maybe it would, but any one who has made a study of some of the men who hold this little office of justice of the peace knows that any woman could improve upon the way many of the men administer it. And after all, which is worth more to society, that "sweet charm of femininity" or an occasional intelligent woman who would know how to sweep clean in an official capacity?
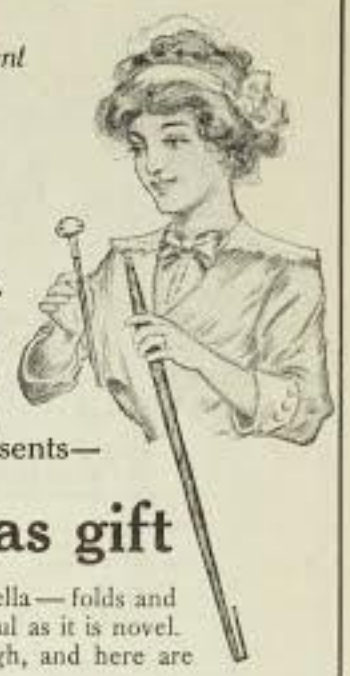
An incident like that makes me feel as warmly in favor of woman's suffrage as Peggy does, but I am too old to keep up the new kind of belligerent animation. The night after our visit to Frau Cauer we went to the Royal Opera House to hear Hempel in La Traviata, and I felt myself slipping peacefully back into the old order of things at the pleasant aspect of domesticity the audience showed. The Germans are the only people with enough musical sense all round to look blissfully comfortable and at home at a grand opera. And no one who has not seen them can imagine the soothing effect of an immense hall full of soft-looking fat women not too fashionably dressed, seated peacefully by their equally enlarged mankind. Apparently nobody thought of the absurdity of Violetta's dying of an emaciating disease in the last scene when she still must have measured thirty inches round the waist! Peggy detected a broad smile on my face, and as soon as the curtain fell she exclaimed:

"What in the world made you smile while Violetta was dying?"

"I was thinking, my dear, of all these plump, short-waisted women, and of the fact that there is scarcely a shop in Berlin



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It is a better umbrella all the way through, and here are the things that make it so.

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by folding the ferrule end and detaching the handle. And the construction of the folding end while extremely simple is so reinforced that it is unusually strong where the rod of non-folding umbrellas is weakest.

Crucible steel is used for the strong broad-back ribs, and they are held firmly in a solid brass clutch so they can't rattle or work loose. And they can't rust—coated with rubber enamel.

All cover fabrics are of the best quality—absolutely waterproof and guaranteed not to crack, rip, fade or run.

Raised and lowered without pinching of fingers or tearing of gloves. A gentle push or pull on the patent catch does the work; and a neat little stop prevents it from turning inside out.

And yet with all these features the Beehler doesn't cost any more than non-folding umbrellas—**$1, $2, $2.50, $3, up to $15.**

NAME-ON is another exclusive Beehler feature that adds to the value of the gift. The recipient's name and address worked on the inside of the cover—sure protection against loss.

Write for the new Beehler book and see just what splendid fabrics are used for the covers and what a complete assortment of handles you have to choose from. If your dealer hasn't the style you want, write us and we'll see that you get it.

Look for the name "William Beehler" on the patent raising-and-lowering catch, and remember that every Beehler Folding Umbrella is fully guaranteed—*your money back if you want it.*

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that does not display for sale long, slim-waisted corsets. I was wondering who buys them."

But there you have it—always the ideal we strive for is the one we naturally cannot attain. I suppose if any Berlin merchant dared to display comfortable, wide, short-bodied corsets he would lose many of his best customers.

A day or two before we left Berlin we had the honor of meeting Fräulein Doktor Alice Solomon. If you can imagine the Statue of Liberty in New York harbor wearing a pink cashmere frock, with a white lace fichu, you receive an impression of the appearance of this torchbearer of the Liberalist wing of the Woman's Movement in Germany. I am a large woman myself and have never been accounted a fool, but I felt small and mentally emaciated in her presence and Peggy looked like a gnat's heel. Even though she moved about the room I never recovered from the notion that she was really a statue, hereafter to be placed on the Siegler Allee, that thoroughfare of historical statuary in Berlin that is the pride of the Kaiser and the mortification of so many of his subjects. Some men and a few women are made for the outside, not the inside. They are examples of humanity in the monument style, and they are forever out of drawing beside the family hearth or the family cradle. They are too big for domesticity and they overawe the pleasant chirruping of a home. Fräulein Doktor Alice Solomon belongs to this class. She could lead a movement with more ease than she could cook a dinner. The thing I could not understand was the pink frock. Somehow one does not associate pink with one's ideas of women's rights. But I could see why she is probably the most popular of all the women leaders in Germany with the men. She was femininity made august, but still feminine. Men admire a woman who appeals to their imagination more than they do one with a homely face who appeals merely to their reason. And if I am not mistaken the things for which Alice Solomon stands will be the first to succeed in Germany, not only because she does not ask for suffrage but merely that women may enter the professions and receive better wages, and because she knows how not to antagonize men.

It is not for a half-hearted alien like me to champion a great cause, but this is a serious circumstance and significant, that in America, England and Germany this idea of woman's rights had its birth about the same time somewhere in the sixties. There was not then as now the intimate relation between nations established by telegraph and newspapers. They were far removed from each other, but almost in the same year Mrs. Foster in England, Susan B. Anthony in America, and Louise Otto Paters and Augusta Schmidt in Germany all began to agitate this question. No serious attention was given them, but they died in the faith of it. This is something to think about. In every nation, in every age, whatever class has risen to claim its rights from a stronger class has risen with arms in its hands. The bloodiest battles mentioned in history have been in those wars where one class fought another for liberty. But now we behold a phenomenon. The women of the whole civilized world have suddenly begun to step from their quiet doorways into the streets. They are marching in great processions, meeting in councils, preaching as if they led a missionary movement. And the whole may be summed up in a prayer for their rights, the same rights that other intelligent beings have—merely a prayer; no threats, no arms possible for them. The question is, Will they succeed? That is, are men as yet sufficiently civilized and human to do justice without being forced at the point of the bayonet? Certainly at no earlier time in the world's history could women have dared hope for such a thing.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Corra Harris. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

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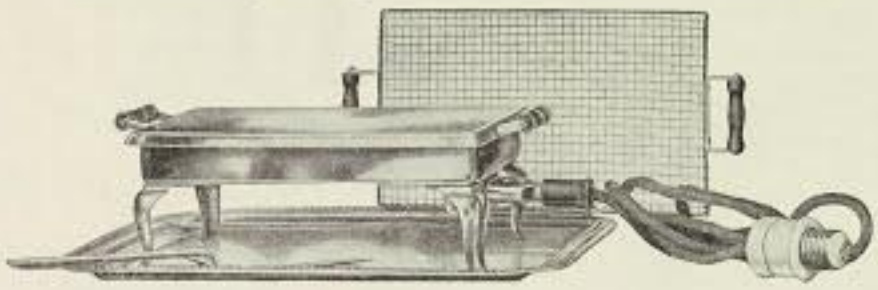
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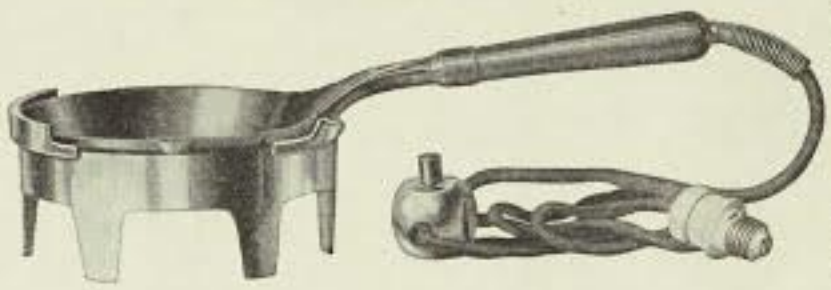
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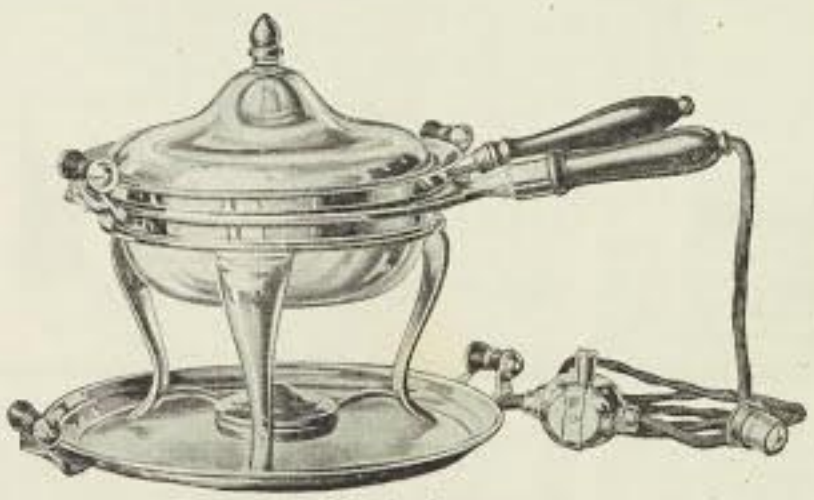
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"It makes me food-hungry and silver-envious. Do you believe in the Tenth Commandment?"
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A Coles Phillips poster, nicely framed, makes a good Christmas gift for "him" or "her."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 25)

persistent, the most patient. In one breath he'd ask breathlessly whether I didn't think such and such a stock was a good "buy"; in the next breath he'd suggest it was perhaps a better "sale." He even insinuated that if I'd go in with him on a deal—I to supply the tip—it would cost me nothing. Doubtless more than one of the front-room dabblers had egged him on and were quite willing to pay for a hint of Uncle Jessup's doings. As though I knew!

Prentiss I escaped however. One thing had saved me. A week after I entered the downtown office my uncle went abroad. On his own invitation he joined himself to a band of touring churchmen and, taking steamer, sailed for the Holy Land. Do not laugh! I drew a deep breath. Never in my life had I drawn a more thankful one. As the news bureaus announced, my Uncle Jessup was out of the market for the present. No doubt until his return Prentiss meant to remain silent. In the meanwhile he was quite pleasant, though never what you might call effusive.

But I have spoken of opportunities. Such a chance was now not merely an ambition, it had begun to be a necessity. I was cramped for money. One or two tradesmen had even edged in on me. They wrote regarding their bills. Surrounded as I was by people so blandly indifferent to money—that is, to the value of money—it nagged me that I, too, could not enjoy their ease. Naturally I sought a way. It was there in the office at my elbow.

In spite of Frank's statement, more than half of his clerks were dabblers. They regularly took flyers in the market—a few of them in lots of as much as fifty shares. The others, less prosperous and lacking margin for fifty shares, plunged for less amounts. Round at the bucketshops in New and William Streets they tried their luck with a ten-dollar bill—a twenty—perhaps even a hundred. Often they won.

Perhaps some may wonder that men so familiar with Wall Street's ruinous hazards should care to attempt the game. The fact is that they as well as I harkened only to the stories of those that won. Moreover, I believe that even the most cautious of those that work in Wall Street ultimately become confounded by the sight of so much money played for daily, so much wealth won and lost so casually. In time, I say, the Wall Street worker becomes precisely like faro dealers who themselves on their nights off take a chance at the very box they've seen ruin so many others.

I plunged. December first came and with it arrived a fresh batch of bills. I owed everywhere—every one—even the servants. Butchers' and grocers' bills I didn't mind so much—hadn't Amy said "They expect to wait"? But to owe the maids! Gad, it made me blush!

Jennie said flatly: "That's something I won't stand, Jim. You must get them their money at once. You must get Lowenberg"—he was our butcher—"something too."

"Oh, he's all right," I answered. "Besides, wasn't it through you that he just got Amy's trade?"

It was a fact. Amy, for some reason she didn't give, had just quit her man in Park Avenue. I wondered if Hodge, too, was pinched.

"Amy or no Amy," said Jennie decisively, "you've got to pay him!"

That day I went down into Wall Street and took my first flyer in the market.

I'll be brief about this. I drew from the office an advance of three weeks' pay—it made six in all now—and with this three hundred dollars I sneaked into a New Street bucketshop. There I went short on a hundred shares of Little Steel. That night I closed out the transaction nearly two hundred dollars to the good. There was in my pocket five hundred dollars in cash, real cash. Had I taken that five hundred and then and there paid my debts this story would never have been written.

But, no! If I had not made a killing I had at any rate tasted blood. To go on dealing in a bucketshop was too hazardous, for had I been caught, Prentiss—if not Frank—I knew would at once dismiss me. To deal even with an authorized house was risky; still the risk somehow seemed less; and with my money I opened an account in an office of which I knew the manager. That I dealt there rather than with my own firm evoked no comment. No doubt they were accustomed to such proceedings, for queer transactions seem to crop up constantly in Wall Street. At any rate, with my five hundred dollars I went "short" on fifty shares of Southern Pacific. At the week's end I was a full hundred dollars to the good.

I took my profit. Drawing it in cash I set out uptown firmly intending to pay the servants their wages. Chance killed my good intention. On reaching home I found that Amy, forestalling Christmas, had sent Jennie a handsome, costly and at the same time utterly useless ivory carving. We must return the present in kind. In consequence the morning after Jennie took the cash I handed her, and with a grave face, though she said nothing, set forth to buy the return gift. It was a motor lunch-basket, with silver-plated utensils—price, forty-eight dollars.

"I'll bring up the servants' money tonight—sure!" I promised.

That morning I took a sudden notion. It struck me something was doing in Smelters. Hopping into the private—and soundproof—telephone booth, I rang up my friend, the manager, at the office where I dealt.

"Get me fifty Smelters as soon as you can," I ordered. "At the market?" he inquired. "At the market," I repeated.

Smelters began instantly to rise. At noon it was a full three points above the opening. I rubbed my hands in satisfaction. At the Savarin I treated myself to a most excellent lunch. Everything was booming. I was out of the woods now, could pay my debts and start in fresh. A half-hour before the close Smelters showed me a profit of five and one-eighth points.

"Yes," I observed loquaciously to a near-by dabbler, "she'll hit par before the close. Smelters an eighth—a quarter!" I cried, reading it from the tape. "See Smelters hop!"

Just then I was called to the telephone. It was the office manager to whom that morning I'd wired my order to buy.

"Say, old chap," he remarked in that placating, apologetic voice that means but one thing in Wall Street, "we'd like a little extra margin on your account."

"Margin?" I fairly roared at him. "Why, I have nearly three hundred profit on Smelters!"

"Excuse me!" he answered with emphatic surprise. "You *sold* Smelters, and it's now five and seven-eighths above the price you took it on."

"What're you giving me?" I retorted. "I told you to *buy*."

For a while we bandied words back and forth over the wire. My stand was that it was his mistake, not mine, and that therefore I'd hold him for my profits.

"You won't get any profits," he announced flatly.

"Won't I?" I grimly retorted.

"No," he said, then added: "And what are you going to do about it?"

He had me. I could do nothing. If I made a claim the fact that I'd been dabbling would get to my employers' ears. The man knew that. He banked on the conclusion that I'd not dare to complain.

Raging but helpless I ordered him to send me a check for the balance. Again that night I went home without the servants' wages. Jennie turned white to the lips. "You haven't it?" she exclaimed.

"That's all right," I returned; "I forgot all about it. You'll have it tomorrow night."

She did not get it on the morrow. The next day I dropped in at the bucketshop for one short, quick turn. I got it, moreover. At ninety-nine and one-eighth I bought one hundred shares of Smelters on five points margin. That day the bubble burst. Smelters dropped with a crash, and before I could get round to the bucketshop to save a little, at least, I was wiped out to the last cent.

. . . . . .

Uptown, Jennie—the servants as well—waited for the money. To draw more from the office gave me a feeling of discomfort. I had already drawn much. While I thought, biting my fingers desperately, I saw Hodge chatting with another customer. "Yes," he was drawling; "I had a hunch after I'd played Smelters up to play it down again. It's real action today for a change."

"Hodge," I said, and tapped him on the shoulder. He came into the back room with



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¶ Blades open easily, but close with a snappy click that tells of skilled workmanship.

¶ The very highest type of GUARANTEED knife made.

Look for the "Shur-Edge" Christmas Window in Your Town.

¶ A glance at this display of Robeson "Shur-Edge" Knives is an inspiration, if you are looking for a quality gift.

THE ROBESON CUTLERY CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Shur-Edge Razors, Single Shears, Scissors, Butcher and Kitchen Knives, Carvers, etc.

Dealers—if you want to enliven your cutlery business, write for our selling plan.

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Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. **How to Obtain a Patent** and **What to Invent** with **list of inventions wanted** and **prizes** offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

For the real truth about
PATENTS
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Established Fifty Years. Useful Booklet FREE

6% For 16 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $500 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 725. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.
PERKINS & CO., Lawrence, Kans.



Pleasure and Profit

Raising Poultry. The Reason Gem makes success easy. Begin early by preparing now. Valuable information free. Write for name of dealer's name.

$7.50 Freight Paid

THE GEM INCUBATOR CO., Box 75, Greenville, Ohio

There's money in merchandise

And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

me. "Say, old chap," I faltered, "can you help me out for a few days? I'd like you to cash my note for a hundred—thirty days' time, old man."

He gave a little start. It showed astonishment. "Gad! were you in with the bunch—whipsawed on Smelters, I mean?"

I nodded. He again stared in surprise. "Why, they say your uncle rigged the deal—by cable, I understand. Didn't he tip you off?"

I made a frank confession. I told Hodge that between my uncle and myself there was nothing but enmity—that I'd not spoken to my relative for years.

Hodge heard me silently. Then when I'd finished and again made my appeal, he drew a long, sorrowful face.

"Gad! Sorry, old chap, but I got hit myself in Smelters. Don't tell any one, but it pretty nearly cleaned me out."

Either he lied to me or he had lied to that man outside. I had my choice. Leaving him, I walked direct to the cashier's window.

"Mr. Sanders," said I to the cashier, with difficulty restraining the quaver in my voice, "just let me have a hundred in cash, will you?"

Sanders slowly wiped his pen, then as slowly stuck it over his ear. Afterward he as slowly and deliberately and gravely shook his head.

"Sorry, old chap"—the words were identically those of Hodge—"Sorry, old chap, but Mr. Prentiss has just given orders."

"Orders?" I gasped.

Again Sanders nodded. He looked conscious, utterly apologetic, yet nevertheless he bolted out a bruising speech.

"Yes. Mr. Prentiss says employees will have to look out better for their finances. He says if they get hard up he can't be expected to dig and help them out. Of course now," added Sanders, "he don't mean you. It's some of the others."

But Prentiss did mean me. I knew it. But that was nothing now. I was penniless, and on every hand I was pressed, crowded for money. Even in my own home I was not free. I, in fact, dared not enter it until I had money to pay my servants.

That evening, half an hour after I had quitted Wall Street, I sidled into a pawnshop. There I pawned my watch. It was my father's watch. On it I raised the money I must pay out to my housemaids. The money was not only that—their wages—it was the cash required to enable me to enter my home again!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Insect Colorings

RECENT observation appears to show that the brilliant metallic colors of certain animals, such as humming-birds, peacocks, pigeons, butterflies, beetles, and other insects, are commonly due to a light-resisting film of exceeding thinness that covers scale or wing-case or feather.

There are certain species of beetles which actually look as if they were made of gold or silver—so much so, indeed, that ignorant people many times have attempted to subject them to a smelting process. The effect, however, seems to be due to a covering film which, as in the case of the real metals, is almost light-proof. In other instances the colors of the insects are various and vivid, the film absorbing some of the rays of the spectrum and not others, so that the light thrown back is what the substance refuses to take up. The wing-case of one kind of beetle has a luster of burnished copper.

Ordinarily, whether in birds or insects—and the same thing may be true of fishes—the metallic hues are undoubtedly attributable to a film. There are noteworthy exceptions, however. For example, the silky sheen of the blue-winged butterfly is found to be due, in part at least, to innumerable fine hairs, whose diameter is much less than that of a light-wave, and which are, therefore, in the same relation to light as the minute dust particles that give to the sky its blue color.

The beetle called *Plusiotis resplendens* looks as if electroplated with metal that has a luster resembling brass.

Again, when the gorgeous diamond beetle is examined under a low power of the microscope the green dots on its wing-cases are seen to consist of depressions, from which spring brilliant and exquisitely colored scales. The colors range through the whole spectrum. They are produced by diffraction of light from parallel ridges only a thousandth of a millimeter apart.



Bradley
FULL FASHIONED
Mufflers
— For Men
— For Women
— For Children

Like Bradley Knit Coats, make splendid Christmas gifts. They give the best protection against cold—fit snugly about the throat, chest, shoulders and spine—and are as shapely and stylish after washing as when you buy them. Prices 50c to $2.00.

Style No. 301, pictured above—is the original Bradley Full-Fashioned V-neck Muffler, but improved, and of the highest grade pure Egyptian mercerized yarn. At your dealers now, in all colors, with clasp to match, sold in dainty gift boxes 50c

Write today for handsomely illustrated catalog of Bradley Mufflers, Scarfs, Muffs and Knit Coat Suggestions for Holiday Gifts.

Bradley Knitting Company
115 Bradley St. Delavan, Wis.



A Man's Complexion
is extremely dependent on the razor with which he shaves.

Torrey Razors

never irritate the skin or disposition. They are wonderful for their beautiful sharpness and exquisite temper. It is the one razor with which to shave and thereby enjoy a smooth, velvety, healthy skin.

If your dealer hasn't the Torrey Razor, write us and we will see that you are supplied. Write for our free booklet on how to choose and care for a razor. Dealers should write for our special introductory offer.

The new Torrey Honing Strop has no equal

THE J. R. TORREY RAZOR COMPANY
Dept. Y, Worcester, Mass.

RIDER AGENTS WANTED



In each town to ride and exhibit sample 1912 bicycle. *Write for special offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1912 Models **$10 to $27**
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.
1910 and 1911 Models **$7 to $12**
all of best makes . . . .
100 Second-Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new . . . . . **$3 to $8**

Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE
We SHIP ON APPROVAL without a cent deposit, pay the freight, and allow
10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.
TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, parts and repairs for all makes of bicycles *at half usual prices.* DO NOT BUY until you get our catalogues and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. N-55, CHICAGO

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
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Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and guaranteed to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory.



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 694 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

You Can Get This Humidor or Cigar Case with your first order of Rigoletto Cigars—No Extra Cost



The Rigoletto Cigar sells for 10c straight everywhere.

To the best of my knowledge it is the finest cigar in the world—bar none. No cigar could be made that contains more actual tobacco value than the Rigoletto.

If you pay 10c or more for your cigars I want you to know the Rigoletto. The chances are ten to one that you will like it better than any other cigar you ever smoked, no matter what the price.

The Rigoletto has been known for almost 10 years among the best clubs, hotels and cigar shops, and sold by the best trade in America, Russia, England, Australia, Canada, Germany and Belgium.

It has been made in 40 or 50 sizes and shapes, selling up to $1.00 apiece. I can say truly, gentlemen, the Rigoletto Cigar I am making to-day to sell at 10c is better than the Rigoletto when I made it in Havana or Tampa, when the price was from three to ten times as much.



Perfecto Extra

The Rigoletto is made in 3 other shapes—Panetela, Elegante, Club House.

A Remarkable Special Offer

Send me $5.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will send you a box of fifty Rigoletto Cigars, by express, prepaid; with it will go the handsome mahogany Humidor shown above, without extra cost to you. This Humidor is solid and substantial, with lock and key, perforated metal lining and moisture pads. It has a brass name plate on which I will have your initials engraved, without charge. In a retail store you would pay $3.00 or $4.00 for this Humidor. It is a remarkable bonus with a $5.00 box of cigars. It is as acceptable a Christmas present as any man would want.

Send me $1.00, with the name of your dealer, and I will forward ten cigars and the seal leather cigar case illustrated above, with your name stamped in gold on the flap. ***These offers are good in the United States only.***

I will never be able to sell you more than one box of cigars under these conditions. In the future you must buy only through dealers. The Rigoletto will never be sold by mail orders. That is why I ask that you send the name of your dealer with your order. He will be glad to stock Rigoletto Cigars and supply you in the future.

When you have tried these cigars you will wonder why I can make so remarkable a cigar to sell for 10c. I can do it because I have applied the science of efficiency to the making of Rigoletto Cigars. I make them in this country, after three years' experience in Havana, so that you will not have to pay the tariff.

I moved from Tampa to Cleveland in order to cut down unnecessary cost of production. ***By scientific methods I have reduced the cost of cigar making 50%.*** In other words, my manufacturing expenses are one-half what they were a few years ago.

That is why I am able to put more tobacco value into the cigar. I put into the Rigoletto Cigar the finest tobacco grown in Cuba, I pay the highest prices, I could not pay more if I wanted to. There is no better tobacco grown.

10 cents Should Buy the Best

You should not have to pay more than 10c for the best cigar in the world, if it is made under right conditions. You will never pay more when once you have tried the Rigoletto Cigar.

Rigoletto Cigars are well made, so that they are smooth-burning and draw freely. The filler is placed in by hand.

Some smokers seem to think that the Rigoletto Cigar is extra strong because its wrapper is a rich, dark brown. This, you should know, is a fallacy. The rich brown is the natural ripe tobacco color, and a light-colored cigar, which has been cured green, is very often much stronger than a dark-brown cigar.

The Rigoletto Cigar comes in three shades—light, medium and dark—but they are graded according to the actual strength of the tobacco and not merely according to the color of the wrapper.

Here is another way in which I have saved in production cost. Formerly I made the Rigoletto Cigar in 40 or 50 different shapes and sizes, thus adding to the expense of labor and to the expense of packing. By experience I found that nearly all men were satisfied with 3 or 4 shapes and now I make the Rigoletto in four standard shapes—Panetela, Perfecto Extra, Club House and Elegante.

Please specify in ordering which shape you want; also, whether you want light, heavy or medium cigars.

E. A. Kline

E. A. KLINE & CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Enclosed is $____ for which you will please send me ____ cigars and cigar humidor / case as described, fully prepaid.

Color ____

Shape ____

My dealer's name is ____

Address ____

My name is ____

Address ____

Western-Electric

Household Helps
Practical Christmas Gifts



Wire drawn Mazda Lamps—better light and more light at same cost or same amount of light at less cost. Price 65 cents and up.



Electric Irons—something every woman needs—$5 to $10.



Electric Vacuum Cleaner—cleans house the dustless way—the sanitary way—the easy way—$35 to $130.



Electric Washing Machines—rob washday of its terrors—$55 to $85.

THERE is a Western Electric answer for almost every household need. Inter-phones for room to room telephone service—Motors to run coffee grinders, ice cream freezers, meat choppers, bread mixers, washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners—Heating devices such as electric irons, toasters, coffee percolators, chafing dishes, curling irons, etc. They cost but little to buy, and

Less Than 2 Cents an Hour to Operate

The Western Electric Company is the largest telephone manufacturer in the world. More than that, it is the largest distributor of electrical supplies in America. The same degree of quality found in the "Bell" Telephone which you know so well is embodied in every electrical appliance bearing the familiar trade mark

Western-Electric
TRADE MARK

Western Electric products are distributed everywhere through 31 of its own houses and a remarkable agency system, including thousands of dealers. Almost every electrical dealer sells *some* Western Electric product. The best sell *them all.*

Write today for Bulletin No. 50.
"A Hundred Sensible Gifts."
A Hundred Ways to Save Household Drudgery.



Electric Toaster—makes golden-brown toast right on the table—$4 to $8.



Electric Disc Stove—heats baby's milk, heats water for shaving; fries chops, eggs, etc.—$4 to $8.



Sewing Machine Motor—changes the drudgery of sewing into real pleasure—$16 to $20.



Inter-phones to save unnecessary steps—$6 per station and up.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

Manufacturers of the 6,000,000 "Bell" Telephones.

New York,	Pittsburgh,	Minneapolis,	Denver,	San Francisco,
Buffalo,	Atlanta,	St. Paul,	Dallas,	Oakland,
Philadelphia,	Chicago,	Milwaukee,	Omaha,	Los Angeles,
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Address the House Nearest You.

EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

EVERY BELL TELEPHONE IS A WESTERN ELECTRIC TELEPHONE

SAVE TIME AND FREIGHT

"TELEPHONE OUR NEAREST HOUSE"

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP

Comfort is the first consideration when buying shoes—Florsheim "Natural Shape" lasts are your guarantee of comfort.

Ask your dealer or send amount to cover cost and express charges and we will have our nearest dealer fill your order.

Most Styles $5.00 and $6.00

Write for our *free* booklet, "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are *different*.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.





This won't happen to you

if you wear "NF 10"—the strongest, neatest, most durable laces.

"NF10" Shoe Laces

stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking and insure freedom from all shoe-lace troubles. Finished with patented fast-color tips that won't come off.

Guaranteed 6 months

10 cents per pair, but worth many times that price in the satisfaction they give. Black or tan, in four lengths for men's and women's high shoes. If your dealer hasn't them, don't take a substitute—send 10 cents to us. At all shoe, dry-goods and men's furnishing stores. Write for booklet showing all our laces.

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Dept. A, Reading, Pa.

Makers of the famous Nufashond Silk Gutsel Laces and Corset Laces



Ten Years of Success and Why

—after fifty years of failure. An expensive booklet telling how New Thought personal help has caused success for others. Why not you? Sent free with three months' trial subscription to NAUTILUS MAGAZINE for 10c. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Dept. 315, Holyoke, Mass.

SANTA CLAUS, JR.

(Continued from Page 33)

So Mrs. C. Grinder and Santa Claus' son
Went up to the attic
With purpose emphatic,
And, taking the hideous gifts one by one,
Labeled on each an address and a name
And the presents required in exchange for the same.
And when this laborious duty was done
The Eskimo driver came forth in his pride
And packed all the trash in the motor outside.
Not a weird lampshade or dinky tin horn,
Not a gilt fire-shovel, breeder of scorn,
Not a plush album or twenty-cent doll,
Not a fierce screen from some near Taj Mahal
Was left in the garret to clutter the place—
But stay! In a corner reposed in disgrace
One little tin horn so exceedingly bent
That Santa Claus, Jr., was forced to explain:
"We can't exchange that!" So they let it remain.

III

Soon to the home of the Grinders came faring
Auto-deliveries, wagons and vans,
Each its rich burden of packages bearing,
All plainly tagged: "In Exchange, as per Plans."
Oh, what a windfall of Orient splendor
Shone in the house of the Grinders that day!
Objects of virtu, each signed by its sender,
Glowed like a jeweler's window display.
A grand silver service from stingy Aunt Dolly,
Venetian cutglass from penurious Polly,
Morocco-bound Shaksperes from tight Uncle Raleigh,
And—merciful golly,
All to the jolly!—
A Gobelin tapestry labeled: "From Molly!"

In exchange for old Santa Claus' trumpets and dolls
Were stacks of Parisian and Nuremberg toys;
Wonderful dancers, machine-talking Polls,
Biplanes that soared with an ear-splitting noise,
Self-lighting theaters laden with scenery,
Trolley-lines run by galvanic machinery,
Dollhouses builded like modern hotels
With hydraulic lifts and electrical bells.

Pretty Belle Claire
Viewed the presents for her
And put on an air
Of exceeding hauteur.
Though nothing on earth made her actively glad,
She had to acknowledge: "They're really not bad."
But poor little Bobby detested the show;
The intricate play-machines frightened him so
That he ran to the garret and sat all alone
Trying to think up a game of his own.

. . . . . .

Alas, for the dreamer who, meshed in his nightwear,
Breasts the dream tide in a shallop of gold,
Seeing all joys—till along comes a Nightmare,
Striking his ecstasy clammy and cold!
So with the Grinders. With visionings tender
Sat they a while in their new-acquired splendor,
Greatly admiring those wealthy donations,
Blessing their suddenly thoughtful relations.

When out in the snow
They beheld in their woe
Forty-five auto-delivery wagons
Champing their flywheels and rumbling like dragons.
Forty-five boys, puffing loud as they bore
Each one a half-dozen bundles or more,
Dumped the whole cargo against the front door,
Then motored away,
As much as to say,
"We shake our hands of your rubbish—good day!"



REPEATING .22 RIFLES

Accurate because perfectly sighted and rifled by expert gunsmiths.
Safe because solid breech hammerless. There is no hammer to catch on clothing, fence or tree branch.
Simple because its parts are few and sturdy. Its easy take-down permits the eye to follow the cleaning rod from breech to muzzle.
Durable because of superior quality of material and workmanship. Easy cleaning insures the rifling.
Beauty. The sleek, smooth sweep of its well-balanced lines sells it on sight.
Shoots .22 long, .22 short and .22 long rifle without adjustment.
Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination.

Remington Arms—Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway New York City

A Christmas Gift That Always Pleases



Even though a woman has one carpet sweeper, she will thoroughly appreciate one of

BISSELL'S

Latest Improved
"Cyco" BALL-BEARING Sweepers

for she can then take her old one upstairs where the work is lighter and less exacting, and keep the new "Bissell" for the more particular work below. Then, too, there is a sweeper always handy when wanted.

Bissell Sweepers are beautiful in finish, thorough in use, moderate in price, and a daily reminder of the giver for ten years or more. They cost from $2.75 to $5.75, and are sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet mailed on request.

A Christmas Souvenir for *Your* Boy

Buy of your dealer between now and January 1st, send us the purchase slip WITHIN ONE WEEK FROM DATE OF PURCHASE, and we will send you a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

Address Dept. 36-A
Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

$1 English Knock-about Hat



A stylish, serviceable hat. Genuine Fur Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Can be shaped into Alpine or Telescope. Silk trimmings. Colors: Black, Steel Gray, Brown. Actual value $2.00. Sent postpaid promptly on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted. Packed in beautiful Holiday boxes.

Genuine Fur Cap $3



For men and boys. Satin lined. Band and visor can be turned down or up. All sizes. Color, Black. Prepaid on receipt of $3.00. Packed in beautiful Holiday Boxes. Satisfaction guaranteed on all purchases.

PANAMA HAT CO. Dept. A, 836 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS 100% PROFIT



15 In One

Just out. Patented. New Useful Combination

Low priced. Agents amazed. Sales easy. Every home needs tools. There are 15 tools in one. Essex Co., N. Y., agent sold 100 first few days. Mechanic in shop sold 53 to fellow workmen. Big step to fortune. Just write a postal—say: Give me special confidential terms. Ten-inch sample free if you mean business.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 5868 Wayne Street, DAYTON, OHIO

Schools—Write for quantity prices. Style A



Rides 20 ft. on inclined wire while spinning.

4 times this size

THE WIZARD TOPS

will amuse and delight you as much as the children. It's the toy for thinking people, for it not only amuses but sets you athinking. A speed marvel. Makes more revolutions per minute than any other piece of mechanism ever invented. Performs over forty amusing and puzzling tricks. One turn spins it.

No. A—Mono-Rail Jumping Top
Wizard 6-minute Jumping Top 50c either outfit postage—6c

Both outfits complete $1.00—postage 10c. Includes free premium.

Fun for the whole family—Every Child Wants Them

Complete outfits include colored metal top, Polished Colored Steel, 20 feet wire track, Mono-Rail carriage, Wood Pedestal, Cord, full directions.

Even scientists buy the Wizard Tops to study the defiance of the law of gravity. Send for one or both today to avoid Christmas rush.

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO., Dept. C, 129 West 31st St., New York



4 times this size

No. 9

Wizard 6-minute Jumping Top

Increase Efficiency—Reduce Power Cost!



Whether you are a big user of power in a factory or use it in a small workshop or office, we can prove to you that **Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors** will give you more practical power at a lower cost.

Thousands of power users have found this ideal condition by installing **Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors** on their machinery.

No delays for repairs. No line shaft troubles. No "light load" waste to eat into your profits. You pay only for the power used.

Robbins & Myers "STANDARD" Motors

1-30 to 15 Horse Power

For more than 16 years we have specialized in small motors and have built up a world-wide reputation for **"STANDARD" Motors** for reliability, efficiency and economy of power. Because of our big output our prices are the lowest consistent with superior quality. Our big stock of regular sizes also insures prompt delivery.

Let our engineers solve your power problems. Write us about your power conditions—where you use it and what you use it for—and our experts will analyze your case and impartially recommend the best motor suited for your needs. **A postal will bring you this information.**



The Robbins & Myers Co. 1305 Lagonda Ave. Springfield, Ohio

BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, Cleveland, New Orleans, Atlanta and Rochester.

We Also Manufacture a Complete Line of Alternating and Direct Current Fans—Desk, Wall, Ceiling, Oscillating, Ventilating for Home, Factory, Office. (37)



Film Premo No. 1
3¼ x 4¼, $10.00

It's a merry Christmas for the one who gets A PREMO

Whether it's a youngster of six or seven, a grandfather of sixty or seventy, or any one of the between ages, photography has a most alluring appeal.

So at Christmas time a Premo Camera will please the one you wish to please most, for Premos are so simple to understand and operate that one who receives a Premo can make good pictures from the start. You need no experience with a Premo.

Premos are made in fifty styles and sizes, at prices from $1.50 to $150.00. They have thirty years of experience behind them. They are the smallest, lightest, easiest to load and operate of all cameras. They load in daylight. Many of them take films or plates with equal facility. And using film from the famous Eastman N.C. stock, Premos will produce as good pictures as can be had.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION
Eastman Kodak Co.

Premo catalogue at the dealer's or mailed on request. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Out rushed the Grinders and brought in the pile,
Fearing the worst—and the worst can be vile—
Opened a few of 'em, fearing and trembling.
Worse and more of it!—there's no use dissembling;
Those packages piled there in mountains and tiers
Contained all the gifts which the Grinders for years
Had sent their relations from Maine to the Isthmus
As gaudy and ugly reminders of Christmas.
And each one was tagged with a neat but not quaint blank
Clearly denoting its mission, "Complaint Blank."
Each asked immoderate gifts in exchange:
Uncle Dib Sykes wished an automobile,
Aunt Dolly Grey craved a new kitchen range;
But poor Uncle Raleigh,
Whose deep melancholy
Led his thoughts deathward in moments of zeal,
Asked this: "For the spot where I'll soon be interred
Please buy me a gravestone—hand sculpture preferred."

Facing this phalanx of dunning reminders
Visions of bankruptcy frightened the Grinders.
The sore-stricken wife sobbed: "We're ruined!"
The husband replied with a stammer:
"No, nothing can stop us—
The sheriff will cop us
And sell us out under the hammer!"
Then he put on his hat and walked forth in the gloam:
There was only one way. He must mortgage the home.

Obscure little Bobby was almost forgot
In this drama intense
With crowding events.
And when some one suddenly thought of the tot
They started a search through each cranny and spot
Where he oftenest was, but now he was not.
Then they thought of the attic and rushed to the door—
There lay the deserter asleep on the floor.
His features were curled in a smile of content
As under an arm,
Guarded from harm,
He clasped a small object all battered and bent,
The salvage of trash-heaps, the target of scorn,
Santa Claus' only remaining tin horn!

His nurse, who was Irish and wise, softly said
As she lifted him gently and put him to bed:
"Huggin' his thrumpet like Gabr'el gone wild—
Ain't he th' backward an' ignorant child!
No, he ain't! For he knows that a Christmas can't start
From the pocketbook—faith, it must come from the heart.
By th' Saints—Dutch an' Irish—yer gifts may be sold
Tagged wid a price-mark and drippin' wid gold;
But if love ain't inside 'em—as sure as ye're born
I'd rather be blessed wid a little tin horn!"

A Carload of Help

RUFUS GROGAN is one of the managers of the biggest store in his town. The slogan of the store is: "We sell everything."

When Rufus is asked for anything the store doesn't happen to have on hand he always says: "We are out of that just now; but we have a carload coming." And "Rufus' carload" is a local joke.

"Rufus," asked a customer one day, "do you know where I can get a hired girl?"

"Well," said Rufus, "we haven't any now; but we have a carload coming!"

Your Christmas Gifts Without Shopping

IF you are wondering what will be the most acceptable gift to send to your friends; if you want to avoid the rush and crowds of Christmas we can solve your difficulties.



Wouldn't you rather have a year's subscription to a good periodical than most of the presents which you receive? Well, most of your friends feel just as you do. A year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post* does not end with the passing of the holidays—it just commences. It is really fifty-two gifts.

The Post's way of announcing the present adds immensely to its attractiveness. We have prepared a beautiful reproduction of Emlen McConnell's picture, in all the lovely colors of the original. This reproduction is "tipped" on the third page of the artistic four-page announcement which measures 6 x 9 inches. The first page bears this statement in illuminated design:



At the direction of

we have entered your name on our list for a year's subscription to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
We hope that the 52 copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends this holiday remembrance.
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

Give your own name and address, as well as the names and addresses of the recipients, when you remit.

One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas by each person for whom a subscription is ordered.

Order at once sending $1.50 for each subscription. The announcements will be sent so as to be received on Christmas morning, bearing your name as the donor.

Subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* may be ordered in the same way. *The Journal* announcement has the same beautiful colored reproduction on the third page, but the decorations are entirely different and of course it bears the name of that magazine.

The Curtis Publishing Company
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Christmas Presents for Men

Next to the pleasure of presenting a father, husband, son, brother or friend with a set of Larter Shirt Studs and Larter Vest Buttons is the pleasure afforded by showing how easily they are operated, with nothing to come apart or to lose.

LARTER
SHIRT STUDS
& LARTER VEST BUTTONS

In handsome Christmas cases—three studs, six vest buttons and a pair of cuff buttons—all matched, from $6 to $1000 per set.

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Ask your jeweler, and if he can not supply you, write us and we'll tell you of a nearby jeweler who can.

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Write for Illustrated Booklet

It suggests the correct jewelry for men, for all occasions.

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21 Maiden Lane, New York

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OUR sausages are made from an old-fashioned New England recipe—not from a "secret formula." They are all sausage—except the home-ground spices and salt—nothing else goes into them. And they are real farm sausages, just like the sausages made on many other farms in the country.

JONES
DAIRY FARM
SAUSAGES

Ask your grocer, also write to us and get our booklet of Jones recipes.

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm,
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Calabash Pipe

Made in London from the South African Calabash. Cleanest, coolest, sweetest smoke on earth. We import them, saving all middlemen's profits.

A handsome, inexpensive Xmas gift.

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WORTH DOUBLE

Sizes—small, medium, large. Order one. Money back if not satisfactory.

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Combines Elegance with Individuality

Your Monogram (two initials) handsomely embossed in gold on superfine Cambric stationery. Strictly High Class. Special Holiday price $1. per box. Paper and envelopes match. Sent post paid. Something New. A money saver for the Liberal Gift-Giver. Order Early to insure against delay.

MONOGRAM STATIONERY CO.
903 Marbridge Bldg., New York City

How Kansas Drove Out a Set of Thieves

(Continued from Page 5)

communities where they live will lend their names to wildcat stock schemes. All sorts of mining and other concerns, every one of whose promoters ought to be in jail, come before credulous investors with boards of directors containing names that are considered quite respectable.

How these respectable dummies reconcile their consciences I cannot imagine. It is not, of course, that the schemes which they indorse and tout for are outright swindles. In nearly all cases, no doubt, where the roster contains respectable names, the scheme has some tangible foundation. In some cases, probably, it would be a fair gamble for a man able and willing to take the risk. The question is: "Would you advise a widow whose fortune consists of two thousand dollars of life-insurance money to put it into this stock?" Almost every stock-selling campaign by advertisement or the employment of agents draws in more or less money of that kind; and no man who indorses it can escape the moral responsibility.

That question is what Kansas asked herself in passing the Blue Sky Law. Commissioner Dolley's inquiries had shown that millions of dollars were drawn from people of little business experience and limited intelligence, who didn't at all understand that they were going into a gamble but accepted the lying assurances of the agents and the prospectuses that they were certain of getting back their money and of receiving large returns upon it. Out of the five-hundred-and-odd rejected applications on file in the commissioner's office there isn't one that an intelligent and honest man would recommend as a secure investment for persons of small means. Except for the bar interposed by the Blue Sky Law, it is safe to say all of those concerns would now be selling stock in Kansas to persons who thought they were getting a secure investment.

In his annual report for 1910 Commissioner Dolley characterized these stock-peddlers as "fakers—and I wish to say, in a great majority of cases, common thieves." In view of all the circumstances—especially of the helpless class upon which they prey—this characterization seems none too strong; but other states, though cheerfully chartering all manner of wildcat concerns, interpose no effectual bar between them and credulous citizens.

In 1905 Wisconsin passed an act providing that any association or corporation "doing business as a so-called investment company, for the licensing, control and management of which there is no law now in force in this state," and which shall solicit payments to be made to itself, either in a lump sum or on the installment plan, issuing therefor so-called bonds, shares, coupons or other evidences of obligation or agreement, shall be under the control and supervision of the state bank commissioner, must make annual reports to him, and must deposit one hundred thousand dollars with the state as a guaranty fund.

This law, however, is vague and has not been held to apply to wildcat mining, irrigation, plantation and like concerns that offer stock for sale in Wisconsin. Strictly speaking, they are not "investment companies," but mining companies, land companies, and so on. In a few cases wildcat companies that purported to be organized primarily for the investment of money in mortgages, and so on, have been called to account; but the law affords no protection to the people of Wisconsin against fake stocks in general.

The Kansas law is effective as far as the power of the state can go. It can and does protect the people against wildcat stocks when offered by agents or by advertisements within the state. There has been a wholesale exodus of fake stock agents since the law went into effect—many of them undoubtedly resuming operations in states that preserve an open door for robbery of this kind.

The Kansas law, however, cannot touch advertisements printed outside the state. The wildcat mine or fake oil concern may still offer its wares to Kansas suckers through the advertising pages of newspapers published beyond the state border. Probably that cannot be stopped until every state takes as intelligent and vigorous action against this form of swindling as Kansas has taken.



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No matter whether you want a heavy main driving belt, a high-speed belt, an extremely pliable belt, a fast-running machine belt, or an absolutely water-proof belt, there is Crown Belting especially designed to meet your requirements.

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Sent to any address prepaid and insured for ONE DOLLAR

Contents of Box designed for MEN:
(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Hose, choice Black, Tan, Navy, Gray, Value $1.00
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(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Satin Finish Lisle Hose, Black or Tan, Value $1.00
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Don't forget to state the size and shades desired.

We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's, or any bank in New York City. We need good Agents.

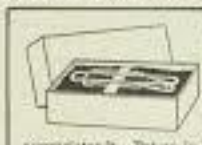
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FOR MEN AND OLDER BOYS



An air gun that will shoot through one-half inch pine easily. Many times more powerful than spring guns. Uses compressed air, same as air brakes, rock drills, etc. Six guns for 1,000 shots, (delivered 30 seconds). Practical for small game. 37 inches long. Walnut stock. Nickel barrel. Takes down. Fully Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. If your dealer does not carry it, write us. Sent prepaid east of Rocky Mountains on receipt of $2.50. Pacific Coast and Parcels Post Countries $3.00. Circular free.

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For Christmas

This will surely please him.

The Clincher Tie Holder—holds tie evenly, is perfect shape—does not injure tie or shirt. Thousands in use. Every well dressed man appreciates it. Put up in handsome box (no lettering). Gold Plate 50c each, and 14-k. Gold $5.00. At best dealers or mailed immediately upon receipt of price.

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Very Choicest Gold Embossed

Lovely assortment of 20 Artistic Christmas, New Year, and Flowers in exquisite colors, all for only 10 cents if you answer this ad. immediately.

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Delicious, Invigorating
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Keep it on your sideboard at home.

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TRAVELING SOUTH THIS WINTER?

The Hermitage, the Nation's Second Mt. Vernon

Stop Over in Nashville—You'll Be Delighted With the Place, the People and the Climate

A trip South would not be complete unless you include Nashville. There's a lot of reasons.

It is the half-way point on direct trunk lines between the East or Middle West and extreme Southern points—a pleasant break in travel. ***No finer climate*** in the world at the very time the public travels South or is returning. ***Nashville is a wholesome city,*** hospitable, entertaining, endowed with great natural advantages and surrounded by points of real historical interest.

Outdoor amusements, fine drives, and a beautiful and rich surrounding country. You'll find near

NASHVILLE

—the Hermitage, the home of Andrew Jackson, the nation's second Mt. Vernon.
—the great Mammoth Cave, one of the wonders of the world, incomparable in grandeur and beauty.
—the battle grounds of Nashville, Franklin, Fort Donelson, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge.
—the tomb of President Polk, two National Cemeteries.
—on every side beautiful Southern homes.
—splendid hotels, that in point of service and satisfaction, challenge comparison with any of the large hotels of the country.

This will be a splendid opportunity for business men and manufacturers to combine business with pleasure and see Nashville with a view of establishing a plant or a branch in the city of opportunity. For any kind of information, address

NASHVILLE INDUSTRIAL BUREAU

813 Stahlman Building Nashville, Tenn.

In Eastern states, where immense amounts of legitimate securities of many kinds, foreign and domestic, are constantly offered to investors, it would perhaps be more difficult to frame a statute meeting the situation; but any man of ordinary intelligence and some business experience can readily draw the line between legitimate investments and the fake or wildcat sort that are manufactured to gull the ignorant and credulous. The distinguishing mark of the latter, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is the promise of perfect security for the money and big dividends. If ordinary experience and intelligence can draw the line it looks as though lawmakers might draw it too.

The Nervous Giant

Big Business is a timid thing, both light of foot and fleet of wing—
A wonder in the world of Trade; but, oh, so nervous and afraid!
Sometimes I wonder at it all and wonder how he grew so tall,
So big of girth, so broad of limb, when everything so frightens him.
I should not think, from his great size, that anything that walks or flies
Could make him tremble, or that fear of anything that's far or near
Had any place in him; but you have just to step up and cry, Boo!
To see Big Business run and hide until the dangers may subside.

They made Big Business vast and grand, but somehow they left out the sand;
And when his shadow on the ground he sees he watches all around,
Lest naughty boys shall hide somewhere and Boo! at him some awful scare.
And if you make a face and scowl he cries—a melancholy howl:
"Oh, come and help me! Can't you see the wicked goblins after me?"
And then he trembles, much afraid of every sudden noise that's made;
So when you see him walk about you must be careful not to shout
Or make a noisy sound, or Boo!—or anything you'd like to do.

So keep, I beg of you, quite still—Big Business might grow pale and ill
If you should make such dreadful noise as other naughty little boys.
Remember—all of you, I beg—Big Business lays the golden egg;
And if he should decline and fail there'd be no golden eggs at all!
Big Business never looks so nice as when you're all as still as mice—
And if you do not cry out Boo! he may make his next meal of you;
But if you're naughty—Mercy me! Big Business might fall ill, you see,
And die while you were crying Boo! And then, dear me, what should we do?

—*J. W. Foley.*

When the Icicles are Hanging

then's when a bowl of hot milk and Holland Rusk is most appreciated. It's hot, deliciously appetizing, unlike other breakfast foods, retains its crispness and does not need expensive cream for flavor.

HOLLAND RUSK

can be served in a hundred ways—one taste in any way will make you enthusiastic. If your grocer does not keep Holland Rusk write to us. See recipe below. Many other recipes and interesting story about Holland Rusk in our free booklet. Send for it.

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Avoid imitations. Look for the Windmill trade mark on package

Holland Rusk With Hot Milk

Prepare the milk the same as you would for milk toast and pour it hot over the Rusk. Salt or sweeten to suit taste.

50c BIG SPECIAL OFFER 128 Pages. 270 Illustrations.

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A safe, sensible way out for the city man. More profit for the actual farmer. Why not begin now to learn at home the latest improved methods of intensive and scientific agriculture? Splendid practical Courses, for old or young, for actual or prospective farmers in **General Farming, Truck, Fruit, Poultry, Bees, Flowers, Soils, Crops, Dairying, Greenhouse, Farm Management, Engineering, Live Stock, Farm Bookkeeping, Dry Farming, Teacher's Course,** etc.

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IN 17 DEGREES AND COPYING.

BEST FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND THE MOST ECONOMICAL.

A Model Aeroplane for Xmas

Any boy can build "IDEAL" Models



Our Wright 3 ft. Bi-plane Model is absolutely guaranteed to fly. Complete materials, ready to assemble, $6.00, by prepaid express $6.40. Plan and directions for building 25c.

Plan and directions for **3 ft. Eclectic Monoplane** 15c. Complete materials, ready to build, $3.00 (prepaid $3.25).

Send stamp for most complete, interesting Catalog published

Ideal Aeroplane and Supply Co., 80-88 West Broadway, New York City

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BEST BY TEST

makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease nor odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. None other so cheap or effective. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

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which describes this fast and accurate method. It is filled with new ideas and valuable helps. Tells how high speed is gained—how to avoid errors—what practice work is best;—**72 pages of vital, helpful facts.** It costs you only the trouble of asking for it. If you want more speed; more accuracy; more ease in writing; more salary—send for this book today.

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SAVE $35

By sending us your order *now* you will do so. And you are buying a typewriter that is the latest and *best* writing machine sold. It has perfect touch, absolute alignment, quick action, back spacer, tabulator, *two-color ribbon,* universal key board, etc., and is *fully guaranteed.* The writing is visible at all times. It's mighty easy to secure—just pay

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We are sending out any number of typewriters FREE OF COST to people who are earning them with very little effort. Their names will be sent upon request.

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Metal gun (reproduction of Colt's six-shooter) inserted in a stitched holster of splendid leather. Absolutely the most **unique and novel Watch Fob ever put on the market.** It makes a powerful hit. An appropriate and appreciated **Holiday Gift.** Send **25 cents** (coin) and we will send you one of these fobs by next mail, prepaid. **ONE dollar will bring FIVE Fobs.** You can sell the other four fobs quickly and have one **FREE** for your profit. Send to-day and be **A GUN MAN.**

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INSTANTLY MENDS ALL LEAKS



In all kinds of household utensils—enameled, tin, iron, copper, brass, etc. *Solder With Your Heat.* Just squeeze from tube and spread over hole or crack with fingers. Hardening. It makes solid, smooth surface. Pushes all machinery. Fine for automobiles.

Send 10c for trial tube.

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QUICK SALES. BIG PROFITS

Oil Salesmen! Get in touch with new ideas. You are losing money every day you are not handling our quick selling specialties. Aggressive, clean cut salesmen are doubling their former income with our line of Auto oils and specialties. The-one-No-Brush Varnish, Edison's Five Year Guaranteed Floor, Auto, Bridge and Roof Paints, etc. WARREN REFINING CO., Cleveland, Ohio

CHINA PAINTERS Will send prepaid eight illustrated lessons and three complete studies showing how to draw easily the violet, pansy and forget-me-not. Price complete medallion. HENDERSON, 3922 West Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Helmet Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gum.

In Auto, Sleigh or Wagon on Cold Days Use a Clark Heater—

It is neat, compact, attractive and unbreakable; supplies the heat without flame, smoke or smell. We make 20 styles of these heaters from 90c each to $16. Most of them have attractive carpet covers with asbestos lining. They have been on the market ten years and please every purchaser. We guarantee that you will be pleased or money refunded. They fit in at the feet, occupy little space and are just the thing.



Don't Shiver and be Uncomfortable

when one of these heaters will keep you warm and cozy and comfortable on every business or pleasure trip in cold weather. Ask your dealer for a CLARK HEATER—the only kind that will last indefinitely, never get out of order, and heat as much or as little as you want. Insist on the CLARK. Write for complete catalog—a postal will bring it. WRITE NOW.

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Everwear Hosiery

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Guaranteed



During the Holidays this Beautiful Poinsettia Box will be furnished free with every purchase. Ask the clerk to put your Everwear purchases in them.

FOR A SANE CHRISTMAS

Let the spirit of the season, rather than the price, be your guide to giving. Everwear in this handsome box is an ideal gift for man, woman and child. A practical present—a daily necessity—guaranteed six months. Everwear is a declaration of independence from darning. Here is a sensible gift which will echo the Christmas spirit for at least six months of the new year—a daily reminder of thoughtful giving.

Order from your dealer today—If he hasn't EVERWEAR in the red box we will send them direct to you express paid on receipt of price. Please specify size, weight and color desired.

EGYPTIAN COTTON
6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 months
Men's—$1.50 a box—light, medium and winter weight.
Women's—$2.00 a box—light and medium weight.
Children's—$1.50 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
" $2.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.
Medium or heavy ribbed with double knee.

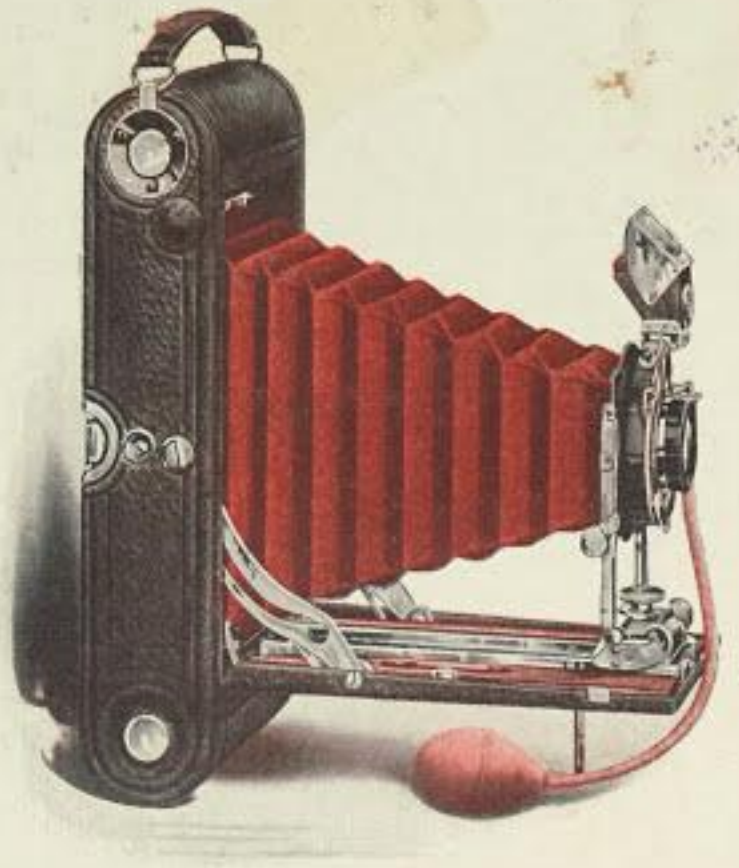
FINE SILK LISLE
6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 months
Men's—$3.00 a box—2 weights.
Women's—$3.00 a box—2 weights.
Children's—$2.00 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
" $3.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.

PURE THREAD SILK
3 pair in a box—Guaranteed 3 months
Men's—$2.00 a box—light weight.
Women's—$3.00 a box—light weight.
The most durable silk hosiery it is possible to produce.

FINE CASHMERE
6 pair in a box—Guaranteed 6 months
A New Everwear Style
Men's—$2.00 a box—Black, Oxford, Natural Mixed, Tan, and Navy.
Children's—$2.00 a box—for sizes 5 to 7½.
" $3.00 a box—for size 8 and larger.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY COMPANY, Dept. 11, MILWAUKEE, WIS., U. S. A.

We have tried to make the Everwear Christmas Package as dainty and useful as we have made Everwear Hosiery.



Make Somebody happy with a KODAK

There are Kodaks to fit most pockets at prices to fit all purses.

And there's no time when the possession of one is more appreciated than on the *home* day—Christmas. The children with their tree and toys, and the big folks, grown young again in the children's merriment, offer endless opportunities for the Kodaker. Picture taking is so simple now that it may be successfully begun at once, adding to the present joy of Christmas day, while the resulting pictures will be more and more cherished as the months and years go by.

And photography is inexpensive now; Kodak has made it so. Kodak cameras from $5.00 up and the Brownie cameras (They work like Kodaks and are made by Kodak workmen) from $1.00 to $12.00, offer a wide variety from which to choose. Even the little dollar Brownie makes good pictures and is so simple that a kindergarten child can work it. The $2.00 and $3.00 Brownies are really efficient well finished little cameras, while in the Kodaks themselves, one may find that efficiency which comes from a perfect optical and shutter equipment in combination with a camera made by skilled mechanics, under experienced superintendence in a perfectly equipped factory where honest workmanship has become a habit.

Put "Kodak" on that Christmas List. To decide on *which* Kodak or Brownie, write us for catalogue, or better still, examine them at your dealers.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HOLLANDS MK
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ANN ARBOR MICH
53

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DEC. 9, 1911 5cts. THE COPY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

WINTON SIX



Winton Six Touring Car



Winton Six Touring Car



Winton Six Torpedo



Winton Six Three-Quarter Limousine



Winton Six Four-Door Limousine

Other body styles include Roadster, Toy Tonneau, Close-Coupled Touring Car, Coupé, Town Car, and Landaulet. We shall be pleased to send you illustrations, specifications and quotations upon request.

Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

Individuality and Delivery On Time

FOR the most part our buyers are men and women who want their cars to have a degree of individuality.

We cater to this individual taste because the distinctive car denotes a discriminating buyer, and it is to such buyers that we owe our success in overcoming six-cylinder opposition and placing the Six in top position among high grade cars.

Good Work Requires Time

Sometimes individual requirements are elaborate. Often the special desire is only for a distinctive bit of striping, a touch of gunmetal plating, or the radiator nickeled. But whatever it may be, we coöperate with the buyer to the fullest extent. And, since special requirements demand time for their proper execution, we suggest to Winton Six buyers the desirability of making their wants known to us as far in advance of the desired delivery date as possible.

This is important chiefly because of the Winton manufacturing policy.

How We Maintain Quality

Winton Sixes are made with the utmost care. We give them plenty of time in the making.

Our plant never works nights or Sundays. No night shift was ever known to equal the quality of work produced by day men, and day men do their best work when they get one day's rest in seven.

Extra long days also tend to lower the quality of work, and for that reason we avoid overtime labor whenever possible.

And, in order to maintain the highest efficiency, we employ the same men steadily year after year. Most of our men have been Winton men for many years.

Limiting the Output

Under these ideal conditions, with competent and contented workmen, and a great factory splendidly equipped and fully manned (for there isn't an idle machine or an empty bench on our acres of floor space), our output is 150 cars per month.

That is *the top limit* of our production, with every man working his level best.

And we do not intend to increase the limit at the risk of rush periods, night shifts, and Sunday labor, with their slackening of attention and lowering of quality.

To Insure Prompt Delivery

By pursuing this manufacturing policy, we assure each buyer of a Winton Six that he or she will get the highest quality that can enter into a motor car.

It is this quality that makes the Winton Six relatively easy to sell.

An output of 150 cars per month tends to keep sales ahead of available cars.

Therefore, it is not always possible for us, especially in cases where the buyer desires to express individual taste, to make as speedy delivery as it would under a slap-'em-out manufacturing policy.

These points considered, you will realize why it is mutually advantageous that you let us know your individual wants as far ahead of the desired delivery date as possible. Should you plan to get a Winton Six on spring delivery, it is none too early right now to send in your specifications.

The $3000 Winton Six has a 48 H. P. self-cranking motor (fifth year of success), ball-bearing multiple-disc clutch and four-speed transmission, 130-inch wheel base, spacious and comfortable four-door body with operating levers inside, electric dash and tail lights, Booth demountable rims, and 36x4½-inch tires all around.

Shall we send you our library-size catalog?

THE WINTON MOTOR CAR. CO.

Fifth Year of Sixes Exclusively

CLEVELAND—Sixth City

Winton Branch Houses

NEW YORK	Broadway at 70th Street
CHICAGO	Michigan Avenue at 13th Street
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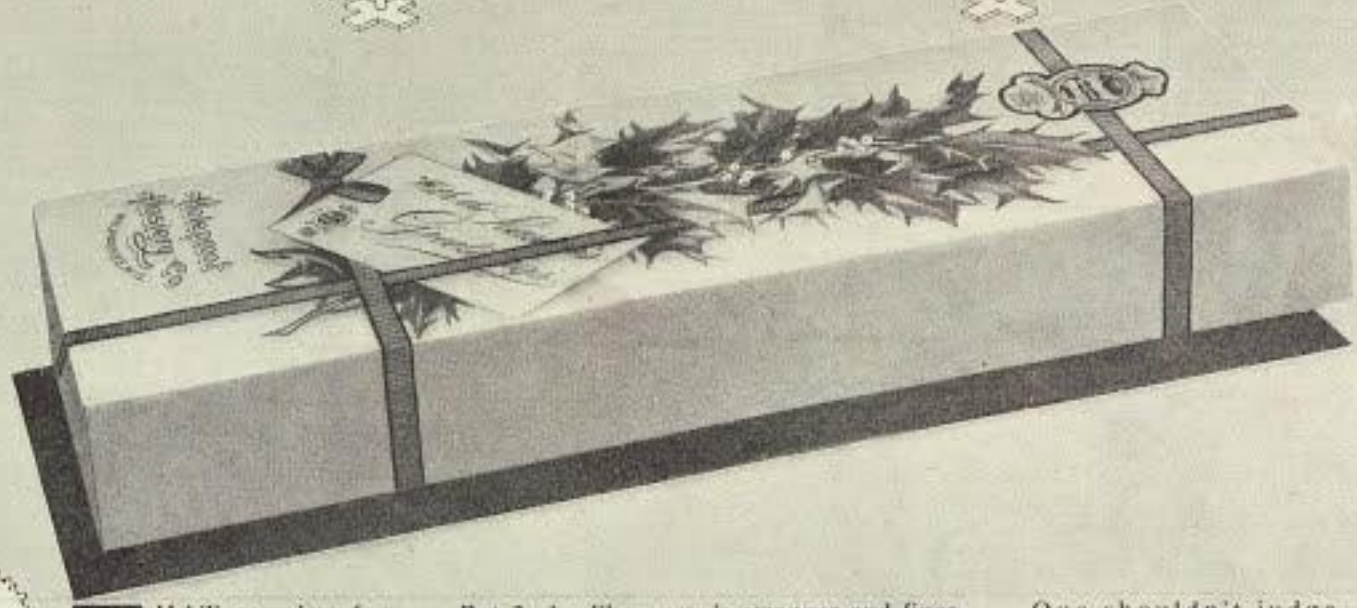


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THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

HER first stage experience was at the age of six, when she appeared as a fairy in a Chamboro Christmas cantata. She wore a crown of cardboard covered with gilt paper, a frock of white muslin spangled with gilt stars; and in her hand she carried a gilt-papered wand ending in a gilt-papered star.

So intoxicating was this apparel and so raptly did she tread the seventh heaven of histrionic ecstasy that, at the supreme moment when the curtain went up—and only at that supreme moment—she became conscious of the fact that she had forgotten to take off the rubbers that covered her white satin slippers.

She wept silently during the entire first movement of the cantata, knowing only too well the cause of that ripple of laughter which eddied and reëddied through the audience in front of her. The rubbers themselves she flung through an open window, with a passionate sob that startled her sister fairies. From that night forward, galoshes of any form or color became a thing of odium to her.

Her second invasion of that realm of mystery known as the theater occurred two years later. It came, like so many of life's great moments, unexpectedly. She had, in fact, been crying all morning with a toothache. At dinner-time her misery so appealed to the idle and ungodly boarder temporarily domiciled with her stepmother that he induced a postprandial visit to the dentist on the promise of a later visit to the theater, the angular and avaricious stepmother sacrificing a fixed moral attitude on the altar of commercial expediency.

The ailing tooth having been extracted and proudly wrapped in a piece of tinfoil, and her rotund deliverer having been joined by an equally rotund comrade who smelt of cigar smoke and cloves, the momentary ordeal of the dentist's chair was soon submerged by the bright lights and grandeur and movement of the Chamboro Opera House.



"Emma, Haven't I Told You to Keep Those Nuts Out of My Dressing Room?"

There, with her tinfoiled tooth held tightly in her hand, she sat on a pair of fat knees and watched with wide and staring eyes the first act of her first play. The second act she watched from the equally fat knees of the man who smelt of cloves and tobacco. The third act found her back on the boarder's knees again; but of this basic instability of position she grew oblivious, just as she grew oblivious of the cigar smell and the cloves and the tooth in her hand—and time and place, and the world itself! She began to sob in sympathy with the lovely and queenly lady whom an evil and dark-browed man seemed to be persecuting. She shook and wriggled with excitement at some adventure of vast moment which she could not quite comprehend. She even cried out at some vague peril which seemed to threaten the lovely and queenly lady in the bedroom scene.

For this she was rewarded by a sudden cataclysmic opening of the fat knees on which she sat, dropping promptly and obliteratingly to the floor. During the last act, indeed, she sobbed and shook with a nervous chill so uncontrolled that she was led dazed and reluctant from the theater, to be guided indignantly home through worldly streets and sent off to a worldly bed, with nothing but her memories, and her tinfoiled tooth under her pillow. During all that long and feverish night she dreamed of queenly and lovely ladies, of throbbing orchestras and glaring lights, of a world that seemed a world of unalloyed splendor.

She dreamed of that world, in fact, month by silent month. She passed its portals wonderingly, pausing to stare in at its highly colored lithographs, at its huge-lettered announcements, at its ever entrancing photographic groups. She secretly asked questions and cross-examined more worldlywise companions. When she learned that Beansy Wachsteter's father was the printer from whom many of the Grand Opera House's handbills emanated she promptly curried favor with that shy and illshapen youth. The apparently accidental result of this was that four months later she divided with the subjugated Beansy the labor of distributing the handbills for an Uncle Tom's Cabin company, and with that youth surreptitiously shared two seats among the gods at the first Saturday afternoon matinée, where again the mere sound of a braying orchestra and the mere sight of a rising curtain brought on a quivering of the limbs and a chattering of the teeth that both disconcerted the casehardened Beansy and obliterated in a gush of foolish tears the first moments of the stage spectacle.

That performance, however, from the transfiguration of its heroine in the pinkest of pink lights, from the Little Eva whom the calcium sought out as assiduously as the bloodhounds sought out Eliza, to the antics of Topsy and the tyranny of a Legree uncomfortably reminiscent of home conditions, remained a glorious if somewhat acidulated dream. For months and months she lived on it and brooded over it in secret. It grew into something as beautiful as Heaven itself. It planted deep in Una Carberry's small brain the seed of a great determination. She would be an actress. She did not know how—but at some time, in some way, she was going on the stage.

News of her moral lapse crept back to her home, however, and Beansy's father was duly warned. There came no second chance for a glimpse of that promised land. The months came and went; one big-lettered announcement was displaced by another—photograph group followed photograph group; but Una could feed only on the crumbs that accident swept to her. From papers and magazines she secretly clipped a gallery of jewel-laden actresses. She selected her favorites, clinging to them with a blind tenacity, even though she marveled that so much of their bodies could go undraped. The godlike actors sprawling in acrobatic poses over furniture did not appeal to her; it was her own sex only that interested her.

She found a new motive for study, a new hunger for the mastery of letters, a craving for the power to read of the exploits of those pictured heroines. She developed a passion for masquerade, draping herself with nets and scarfs in front of mirrors, posing and grimacing in her playmates' borrowed dresses; depicting, to the bewilderment of those uncomprehending playmates, horrors and woes that they could not fathom. Whenever she came to a soft surface—a bed of leaves, a sandpile or a haymow—she would practice fainting. "Catch me, King Carlos!" was her usual cry, the alliterative apostrophe appealing strangely to her ear, though she had no idea who Carlos might be or where the words had come from.

She became, in fact, the best "fainter" in Chamboro. She even designed dramas that were enacted in neighboring barns and carriage-sheds; but again her perfidy was discovered and punished. And during the solitary confinement which that punishment assumed she pondered over the lack of romance in that humble name of Carberry, and engineered romantic situations which implied the possibility of her being a changeling, a lost child of noble parents, a personage of regal importance hidden away for state reasons.

It was the following spring that a new lease of life was given to her unstifled aspirations. Convalescing from scarlatina, she was sent for a fortnight's visit with an older cousin, a cousin named Aggie Mumford, who lived in a town much larger than Chamboro. For two weeks, with that more emancipated cousin, she reveled without fear in moving-picture halls and cheap stock plays. Her starved imagination laved in romance. That crowded, delirious fortnight, with one ecstatic memory obliterating another, was touched with only one shadow: Una, after seeing Leah the Forsaken, incessantly stabbed herself with her cousin's mother-of-pearl paper-knife, collapsing on the bed in death-throes of varying intensity. One day a doorweight, in the shape of a huge iron frog, was left unnoticed on the coverlet. This weight the dying Leah struck with her head. She lay there several minutes, stunned by the blow. When she returned to the dullness of Chamboro she carried home with her imperishable memories of Camille and The Danites, Frou-Frou and The Banker's Daughter, The Two Orphans and Spite of All.

By the time Una was sixteen she knew the die was cast. Only those things which in some way impinged on her future career could altogether arouse her interest. She became more silent, more secretive; but by the time she was seventeen she was plotting and planning how she might effect her escape from Chamboro. It was no longer a matter of uncertainty. It was not an impulse—it was an obsession. She seemed dominated by a force as implacable as the migratory passion that sends a bird



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contented and meditative, with an anticipatory and not unexultant smile on his lips.

Una herself stumbled out into the open sunlight a little dizzy with the sense of something climacteric, a little drunk with the thought that her first step had been taken. Then she compelled herself to think calmly and severely of just what she would need, what she would have to buy, what she would have to leave behind. Her relinquishments, she knew, would not be great. She even looked about the maple-shaded streets of Chamboro with a vague sense of condescension; it was a cocoon that her expanding spirit had outgrown. And never, during the rest of that busy day and the long night that succeeded it, did she experience one qualm of doubt or one moment of hesitation.

All she thought of was to get away without detection. She condoned her coming flight with the claim that no one would miss her, that she was no longer wanted there, that even to make them understand was out of the question. Nor did it rest with her. It was something beyond the trivialities of daily existence, something beyond the clothes and blankets and bread and butter of life. These, she felt, would in some way take care of themselves. And the thought of her solitude did not oppress her; for practically all of her self-contained and wistful childhood she had been alone in spirit.

When, early the next morning, she slipped silently down through the quiet house she knew she would have fought like a wildcat with any unforeseen figure that sought to bar her way. As she lugged her large and plethoric rattan suitcase down through those walls which had once meant home to her, she knew no tightening of the throat and no sinking of the heart. She merely knew that it would be two hours before her flight was discovered; and by that time she would be miles away from Chamboro, well on her way to New York.

The thought of that unknown city did not overawe her. She was possessed by a vague yet great ache of eagerness, a blind and unreasoning passion to reach the new world awaiting her, the world that she was to conquer. She could no more have turned back than a spawning salmon, once intent on the headwaters of its river, could have been deterred by rock or rapid or waterfall. The wisdom or the unwisdom of it she debated as little as do the vineleaves that climb toward the light.

She had heard the call. Before her, dim and alluring, she saw some far-off road of glory. And every inch of her eager and active young body responded to its appeal. Her veins, pulsing in time with the hurrying carwheels on their rails, sang with the lightest of all wines—the wine of youth.

III

IT WAS almost night when Una reached New York. Nine hours in a day coach had wearied her body and stupefied her mind. Her food, too, had been both inadequate and ill-chosen. With ebbing vitality had come a change that bewildered her—the first vague apprehension as to the future; the first gnawing nostalgic uneasiness of spirit.

The vastness of the great vaulted trainshed took her breath away. In and out of this trainshed, like snakes in and out of a cave, crawled train after train, every car seemingly filled with people, every traveler seemingly intent on unknown tasks and unknown destinations.

Una's mind had never before wrestled with such immensities. The mere thought of such crowds, of such countless hordes, made her shrink in on herself and filled her with a creeping sense of her own insignificance. The smoke, the clangor, the sheer intricacy of movement suggested something underworld, intimidating, indecipherable. And every passing face she could see was sufficient unto itself, immured in its own thoughts, taken up with its own ends.

Yet, as she emerged from the station to the deck of the North River ferryboat, she found herself confronted by that panorama of Manhattan, by that vision of a man-made city unparalleled in all the world. She stood at the boatrail, blinking at it. She saw the silhouetted towers of steel and stone rising tier by tier into the sky, already spangled with lighted windows, crowned here and there with floating plumes of steam and smoke. She saw these banks of human abodes, like the serried homes of cliff-dwellers, stretch away as far as the eye could see. Already, above them, electric sky-signs began to glow and flare in the twilight.

Roofs and watertanks, lofts and chimneys, towers and steeples—they seemed to the gazing girl the domes and minarets of a wonderful dream city.

What overcame her, however, was the vastness of the panorama, the seeming illimitability of the shouldering building-tiers, the suggestion of countless millions, so stupendous that the sheer contemplation of it ended with a sudden mental choke. When she tried to think of those uncounted millions, each with a claim on life as urgent as her own, reason itself seemed to turn away and hide its head.

The heavy afternoon rains had left the air sweet and clean; but through its clarity, on that ferrydeck, rose the smell of engine oil and steam, the sound of bells, the call of whistles, the tink-a-link of the iron ratchets where the ferries nosed into the slipends. Yet more penetrating than all was the ammoniac odor from the driveway for horses, running the full length of the ferry. Never again did Una sniff that stablelike odor without remembering her first hour in New York.

As the ferryboat swept out into the North River and plowed up against the running tide, she began to notice the people about her, the newspaper-reading toilers and the gayly dressed couples moving cityward for their evening's entertainment. The richness of the women's apparel filled her first with wonder and then with envy. They seemed of another world, engaged in interests that were not earthly interests, touched with mystery, wise and self-contained, and unimpressed by the city that loomed and glimmered before them.

Una, with the resilience of youth, struggled to reorganize her emotions. That impending skyline still oppressed her, but she refused to be frightened by it. She remembered the slip of paper in her pocketbook. She told herself that she would, at least, not have to wander about, a homeless stranger. She basked in the thought that a place had been made ready for her; that she, too, would soon become a member of that complex organization, a worker in that busy hive. She would make it receive her. She would do more—she would make it acknowledge her and bow down to her.



"Ever Been in New York B'fore?"

The fire of this feeling in some way burned itself out by the time the disembarking throngs were carrying her along into a second clamor of cabdrivers and porters and expressmen. She pushed through that barking and yelping crowd, lugging her overfilled suitcase at her side. She tried to set her face and make a pretense at unconcern. Her arm ached, but she was determined to reach Thirty-third Street without help. For this she had two reasons. One was that no trail might be left behind her; the other was to save her money. She knew little of the extent of the city; she was too inexperienced to think of street cars.

In ten minutes' time she was both tired out and hopelessly at sea. She put her suitcase down on the curb, against a lamp-post, with no longer any sense of direction, fighting back the tears of exasperation that kept rising to her eyes. As she stood there a dilapidated one-horse cab drew in at the curb beside her. A solicitous voice was calling out to her: "Keb, lady—keb?"

Una looked up and saw a fat man in a faded green overcoat and a faded green plug hat. His face, as ruddy as the meat of a blood-orange, was offhandedly contented and bland. It struck her as more companionable than any face she had yet seen in all that strange city. It brought an echo of courage to her drooping spirit.

"Yes, please," she said with a sudden wave of audacity.

"Where to, m'm?" inquired the green-coated figure as he swung a hand back to the knob of the cabdoor.

Una, consulting her slip, read the address out to him. He pursed up his lips and sat staring at her as she lifted her suitcase into his musty-odored vehicle. Then she stepped inside after her bag. She was so excited that the cab-driver had to call back twice to her to swing the door shut after her.

Yet she felt, as her tired body leaned back in the worn-cushioned seat, that her troubles were over, that the last move was being made. It would take more money than she had counted on, but it would get her safely to her new home. It would also, she felt, create a more favorable impression there.

She stared out at the passing streets, the white glare of electrics, the illuminated saloon-fronts, the inexplicable and never-ending streams of people. She sniffed the moist, warm night air eddying in on her hot face. That air seemed heavy with something exotic, as though laden with spice, drowsy with its humid September heat, unlike any odor she had ever before encountered. She was startled by the sudden stopping of the cab. A hand groped back, turned the knob and let the door swing open.

Una stepped out and lifted her heavy suitcase after her. Her first foolish impression, as she looked up at the blank-walled five-storied house, was that it stood in a street where there were no yards, where every building elbowed close against its neighbor, as though the entire square had been cut from a solid block of brownstone and then scratched with lines and stippled with windows and doors. Then she remembered the cabman, who sat looking down at her without moving from his seat but with his head turned about, cranelike.

"How much is it?" she asked, opening her pocketbook. She tried to speak casually but her fingers were trembling.

Instead of answering her question, the ruddy-faced cabman asked her one of his own.

"You ever been there b'fore?" he inquired with a wag of his great head toward the silent housefront.

"No," answered Una, still holding her pocketbook.

This time he turned bodily about in his thronelike seat. He was becoming uncomfortably interested in her affairs.

"Ever been in New York b'fore?" he next inquired.

"No," was the girl's reluctant answer.

"Got friends here?" he demanded, lowering his head so as to see under her hatbrim.

"N-no!" faintly admitted the frightened girl. The cabman meditatively sucked his lip. It made his guileless ruddy face look even more guileless.

"Why'd you come here?" was his next question.

A fear of detection, of frustration, began to take possession of Una. She hesitated. Though she moved and walked alone, dark forethought, like a Nubian nurse, was forever at her side.

"To study," she equivocated.

Her heart sank as she saw the green-coated figure swing down from the cabseat. He startled her by suddenly flinging her suitcase in through the still open door of the carriage.

"You ain't goin' in there," he said quite without emotion.

"I've got to!" cried the girl.

"Oh, no, you haven't," was his placid retort.

"I tell you I've *got* to," was her reiterated blind cry.

"I tell you you haven't," answered the cabman.

"Why haven't I?" demanded the girl, wondering for one weak moment if she had fallen into the hands of a highwayman.

"Never you mind why," he said as he made a motion for her to reënter the cab.

"But I've got to!" repeated the obdurate girl. "I was sent here."

"Then you got your numbers mixed," calmly asserted the cabman. He was again sucking his lip. "Get inside and I'll take you to a house where you c'n git a two-dollar room—to a decent house."

The girl drew back. She was openly afraid of him, even though some inward intuitional voice was proclaiming him honest—as honest as the day.

"But Mr. Steger said I had to wait for him here," she weakly persisted. She felt a huge and fatherly hand on her shoulder as she clutched at her suitcase.

"Who's Mr. Steger?"

(Continued on Page 41)

Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Straight Track—By James H. Collins



"Where Did I Start Anyway? And What Did I Want to Do?"

POPULAR imagination likes a strong flavor of the dramatic in a business failure. When a house or an enterprise comes to grief people look for something picturesque in the circumstances—a panic or bank suspension; the running away of a crooked partner; the discovery of some deep plot laid by competitors, or the merciless rebating of a wicked Trust. There is a universal, healthy human hunger for action and color, which demands that when a business is smashed it be smashed by head-on collision.

Head-on collisions, however, are not so common in business as is generally supposed. Wrecks are more often due to the fact that the business simply ran off the track; and one of the most precious qualities in the man who lays down the policy of a concern, large or small, is the ability to distinguish the main line from the sidings and to keep the business on it.

Business has a way of running off the track very soon after it starts, for the shrewdest men seldom clearly see the true path for a new enterprise or the real human uses of a new commodity. An early conception of the railroad, for instance, was that of a public highway like the wagon road—anybody with a vehicle fitted with flanged wheels of the proper gauge being free to use it, driving old Dobbin ahead of the cars drawn by steam engines. With the telephone, it was thought that the chief profit lay in renting instruments and wires; while service, as embodied in the work of making the required connections at a central station, was looked upon as a mere detail—something to be done by a boy at slight expense. As the industry developed, however, it was seen that this little side issue relegated to the boy was really work for a man; and today most of the ability in a telephone organization is centered upon it.

How Business Makes its Own Future

THE head of a large Eastern house is a man keenly interested in matters of business policy because the laying down and working out of the right course have been very important in his own experience. Whenever he talks with a man who has succeeded in business he asks a couple of questions:

"What was your idea about what you wanted to do at the start?"

"How near right were you?"

He says that few men find the main track at the outset, and most of them were so far wide of the real mark that it is amusing to go back and recall what their ideas, ambitions, motives and plans actually were.

One man started in business because the purchasing agent of a large company urged him to and promised him fifty thousand dollars' worth of orders the first year. The buyer for another company advised against it on the ground that this man would be far better off in his present salaried position. The prospect seemed so promising that he set up for himself. His encouraging buyer never sent him a dollar's worth of orders, while the other one became a steady customer from the start. Instead of falling into the comfortable, automatic business that he had counted on, he was forced to hustle for orders to keep himself going. That led to invention, the development of new markets and the building up of a strong concern along original lines. Had his renegade adviser of those early days stood by him, according to promise, there would probably have resulted nothing more than a comfortable supply business.

Another successful man started business with a partner whose superior knowledge seemed so necessary at the time that the beginner would never have gone ahead without his partner's support; but inside of two years the new man had grown so far beyond this partner's conception of the possibilities that it was necessary to buy the latter out and gain working freedom.

Still another man embarked in what he thought would be a purely local trade in what seemed to be a minor invention, believing he would succeed on his knowledge of selling. Within five years, however, that invention had become worldwide in scope. He had formed companies to make it in this country, England, France and Germany, and had established selling organizations in South America and the Orient. Instead of becoming the prosperous little manufacturer he pictured himself at the outset, he was handling financial details of a magnitude that would have appeared utterly beyond his ability when he started.

All business men who investigate matters of policy have seen like discrepancies between plan and performance when the enterprise was launched. The project conceived as one thing turned out to be something else altogether when actual demand and trade conditions came to bear upon it.

And this necessity for finding the straight track never ceases. The larger and more active a business, the more forces seem to be at work to divert and dissipate it. The public and the trade demand that side issues be tried, while partners, directors and employees plead for the longest way round as the shortest way home. It is an eminently level mind that can sit in the executive seat and keep everything going straight ahead by a clear, consistent policy.

All this takes foresight.

During the past few years the American public has taken a new attitude toward public-service corporations, and the idea of state regulation is strong everywhere. Men at the head of such corporations have fought the idea and are still fighting it. Lobbying has been tried, and evasion and various tricks of organization. Yet the idea persists. The president of one great public-service corporation looked into state regulation to see what it might do for his company, instead of striking out against it in blind fear. He found that it was something to be utilized—that it would relieve the company of much popular suspicion and criticism, bring stability and do away with foolish competition. So, while other executives had been hiring lobbyists and press agents, he was busy with readjustments. That company's organization covers two-thirds of the United States. For two years men have been transferred, territory rearranged and centers of supervision readjusted.

The full program will probably require several years more for its working out. Subordinates do not always know why they are ordered to move to another town, or why the territory supervised by one office was doubled or part of the plant managed in another office transferred to an adjoining state; but when the program is fulfilled the organization of that company will be ready for state supervision everywhere. It may come quickly or be delayed. Some states are bound to be more advanced than others and each state will have its own methods of regulation. No matter—whenever or wherever it comes, the organization of that company will split apart in clean, self-contained units, ready not merely to conform to the new idea but to take the utmost advantage of its numerous benefits.

Hindsight is needed in business too.

The sales manager of a Wall Street bondhouse began hearing a good deal about the small investor and the possibilities for marketing sound securities among people of moderate means. Though he sold bonds in big blocks to bankers, trustees and other experienced investors he studied the small investor; and the more he investigated the warmer grew his interest. With bonds in fifty and one-hundred dollar denominations, he believed the house could build a profitable trade lying quite outside its present market, selling to people who could not buy bonds of the standard denominations. Every sale of that sort would safeguard the little surplus of some man or woman who might otherwise sink savings in the worthless schemes of fraudulent promoters.

By-and-by this sales manager grew so full of his idea that, if there happened to be an odd fragment of a bond in the safe, which could be sold for a hundred and twenty-two dollars and seventy-eight cents, he would work harder finding a customer than in selling fifty thousand dollars of a new irrigation issue to the executor of an estate. From time to time, too, he spoke of the possibilities to the president of the bond company.

"Look at France!" he would say. "It was the small bond that made it possible to raise the huge Franco-Prussian War indemnity. See how the old stockings yield gold whenever Paris floats a new bond issue. Americans are as thrifty and earn more; they have never been taught to invest in the same way—that is all."

The boss would listen sympathetically and then send the salesman out to call on some big merchant who was buying bonds that week to strengthen his reserve capital. The sales manager came back again and again, however; and finally the boss saw that the subject was occupying too much of his attention.

The Narrow Path to Profits

"WHEN I was a young man," said the president, "a chap in Chicago had this same idea. He issued bonds in denominations of fifty and a hundred dollars, and built up a fine trade in them. That part of the idea is all right. It worked then and would work again; but people who bought these small bonds were chiefly savings-bank depositors who were in the habit of drawing out money when they needed it. To create confidence in his little bonds, this dealer assured purchasers that their savings would be just as available—all they needed to do if money was needed was to sell the bonds. Everything went well until there was a panic. His thousands of small bondholders instantly rushed to sell, because they were frightened. Savings banks could check such a run. The bond man couldn't. It put him out of business in a jiffy. Now, some day we shall undoubtedly sell lots of small bonds to the small investor—probably we could sell them now; but before we go into that line the small investor must learn to hang on to his little bond after he has bought it."

This Wall Street executive laid the foundations of his business at a period when bonds were just beginning to be handled by themselves, apart from other securities. He has worked nearly a generation to develop a clientèle among large investors and create confidence in new varieties of bonds. That has been the straight track for him. Every year it leads to greater possibilities. So he sticks to it.

The straight track often lies in keeping close to the real development of a growing demand.

Some years ago half a dozen small concerns began making a certain kind of machine-parts for other manufacturers. The line was new and so were the machines in which these parts were used. All the makers except one sought to widen the field by adding other goods, selling supplies, and the like; but one manufacturer stuck doggedly to the original line. His two salesmen often came in with gloomy reports—a big order just gone to a competitor because, handling other stuff yielding fat profits, he had been able to quote prices on parts near bare cost; or an order lost because a customer found it convenient to purchase from a house carrying everything he needed in supplies; or an important customer lost because he had decided to make those parts himself.

"Widen our line!" begged the salesmen; but the boss refused—he maintained that properly making those parts was a business in itself; that it was bound to develop and would ultimately take all the energy of a first-rate organization. Nothing would shake him.

"Smith's salesman got the order because he was able to throw in a sure remedy for chilblains," said one man.

"Why, our gears are so well made that you can use 'em to cure chilblains," said the boss. "Best thing you ever saw! Why didn't you tell the customer that?"

By-and-by, as the industry developed, the straight track began to lead somewhere. The machines in which these

parts were used grew into an unforeseen demand and this manufacturer kept pace with them. His whole attention being centered on those parts, he made them of superior quality, and with an exactness and uniformity that lowered manufacturing costs for his customers. He had taken out more patents on such parts than all the rest of the trade put together, and his factory was equipped for making them with refinements and finish not possible to competitors. Today he has three-fourths of the business.

The straight track may lead to the adopting of a policy five or ten years in advance of trade usages.

When the automobile was new, for instance, a certain manufacturer laid down the rule that there must be no price trickery in selling his cars. In those days all sorts of price concessions could be obtained by the purchaser who knew conditions—and the trade thought he had made a mistake. His salesmen were sure of this when the prospective customer, failing to get a reduction, a commission or allowance on his old car, had gone away angry and bought from another maker; but after a time such customers didn't go away angry—they came to that manufacturer because he had demonstrated his squareness.

"In every trade," says a manufacturer whose own business has been built largely on advanced policy, "there are things that can be done, things that cannot and things that ought to be. If you want room for an original, far-reaching policy that will remove you from most of the competition, just lay it out in the field of 'ought to be.' The other fellows won't bother you much so long as you are there, for they are always busy scheming schemes and splitting hairs between what can be done and what can't. And the public will meet you at least halfway, for it is usually that far ahead of the average business house in its standards and requirements."

A young man with the practical training picked up on a farm wanted to get into business for himself. He liked contract work and began by taking the job of building a stretch of country road for a merchants' association that wanted to make it easier for farmers to come to their town. This job was quickly finished and the prompt payment furnished capital to continue along the same line. He took one contract after another—building roads, sewers, water systems, and the like; and in a few years he was making good money. Three personal characteristics lay at the bottom of his success: First, he had a knack of handling men. Second, he could organize a job in such a way that, though arrangements were made more or less roughly by rule-of-thumb, they would work out right under his own supervision. Finally, he was square and had a way about him that inspired confidence; so that when he assured a town council that its disposal plant would be built in a certain period—and that it would do its work—the town fathers believed him. He had no capacity, however, for keeping books. His office details were chaos and his financing of a job was carried on as a week-to-week gamble.

After some years of successful business he was persuaded to take a partner—and at that point began going off the track. The new member of the firm was an office man all through. He knew nothing about driving a ditching gang or landing a contract, but soon had the accounting organized and costs figured down to a penny. There were some excellent economies effected; but with two to share the profits a greater volume of business had to be handled. The office partner organized a sales department to get additional contracts. The volume of business was increased without difficulty; but that involved a salary list and selling expenses and not a little double-dealing between the officials who placed contracts and the salesmen who landed them. It also threw a burden of undigested work upon the field partner, so that very often he carried out a job without meeting the people he was working for. Then, by way of relief, the office partner proposed that the business be made a corporation. This necessitated getting outside capital, and brought in a board of directors. Soon the field partner was spending half his time at the company's offices. Not a week went by in which he did not have several conferences with the directors. Most of his vim was damped down by a cautious old bank president who represented the bulk of money on the board and took a typical Wall Street view of the business.

One day, after a long conference in which nothing seemed to have been accomplished, the field partner sat down and looked back over the track.

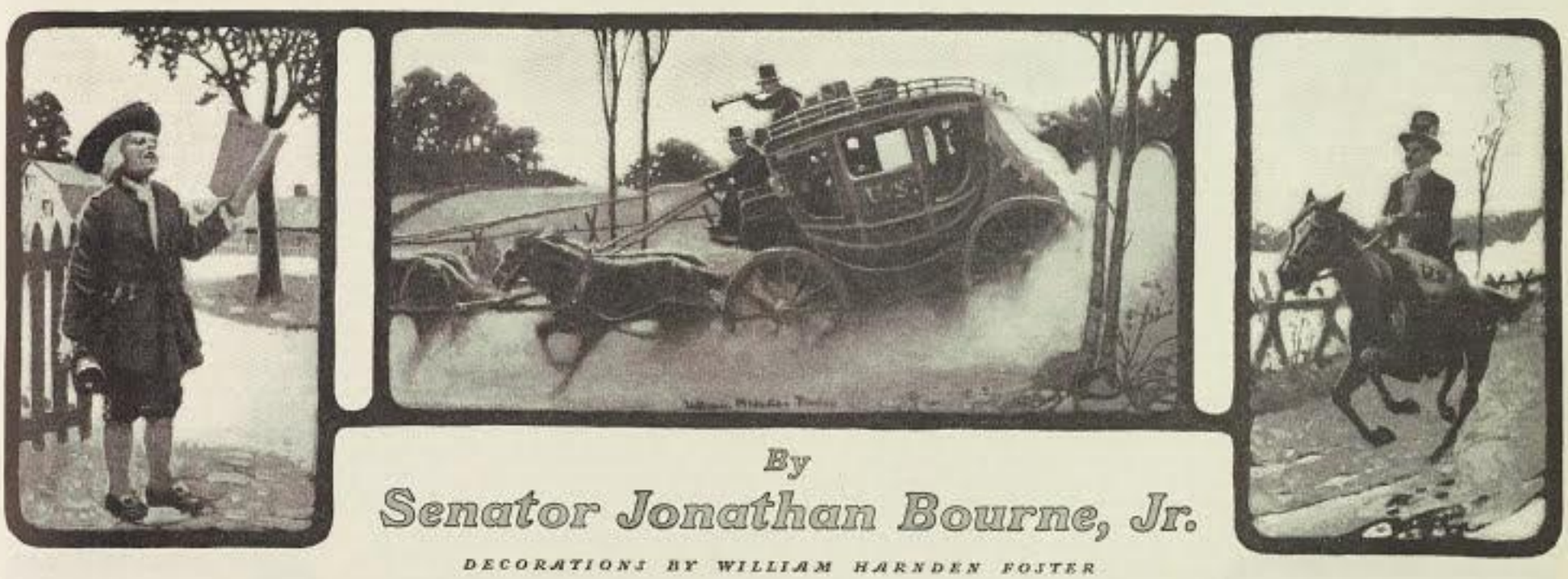
"Where did I start anyway?" he asked himself. "And what did I want to do?"

The pleasure that came with payment for his first job came back, and the satisfaction in his work in the old days when he landed a contract through one broad-minded man on the town council, carried it through obstacles himself, and lived with his work and his men. Now, with half a dozen different jobs under way, he hardly knew all the foremen. Many contracts were carried out successfully on this corporation system and he was making money by it himself; but it wasn't what he had started out to do, and he decided to go back to the beginning and commence all over again. So within three months he disposed of his interest in the company, went after a single contract on the old basis and put a gang on it in the old way. He was back on the old track. It might be only a narrow-gauge line, but it was his.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The third will appear in an early issue.

A PRACTICAL PARCELS POST

Why it is Needed and Why it is Opposed



By

Senator Jonathan Bourne, Jr.

DECORATIONS BY WILLIAM HARNDEN FOSTER

THE greatest issue before the country is the substitution of general welfare for selfish interest as the motive power of government. This must be accomplished primarily by the adoption by the states of the popular government laws—the initiative and referendum, efficient direct primary, corrupt practices act, Presidential preference law and the recall. The next greatest problem is that of insuring the greatest coöperative efficiency between labor and capital, with equitable proportionate returns to each. The next, the better regulation of the activities of combinations of wealth. Then the next most important agency for the attainment of general welfare is the establishment of a desirable and practical general parcels post.

Though the discussion of this subject has been going on for years and there has been wide demand for this extension of the postal system, yet no definite results have been accomplished in the way of legislation. Almost every European country has had a parcels post for many years, and in this country we have had the opportunity to observe the practical operation of a limited parcels post, yet up to the present time we have been unable to draft a bill that seemed satisfactory and practical. In addition, we have had before us the organization and management of express companies which conduct a business closely related to a parcels post. To me it seems a sad commentary upon American enterprise and ingenuity if we cannot now enact a parcels-post law that is general in its scope.

By the adoption of a resolution that I introduced at the last session of Congress, the Senate ordered the Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads to conduct an inquiry into this subject, and in pursuance of that authority I have spent the greater part of the past summer collecting data for submission to the committee when it meets in December. The information is not yet complete, nor should I feel at liberty to make it public at this time and in this manner if it were. However, I desire to present a few facts of a general nature that will, perhaps, increase the general understanding of the subject and dispel some misapprehensions that have aroused opposition to this improvement in public service.

The United States already has a limited parcels-post service, packages of merchandise being handled with a weight limit of four pounds and at a general nation-wide rate of one cent an ounce. These packages are handled in ordinary mail-sacks. The character of articles that can be mailed is also limited to such commodities as will not be injured by the necessarily rough methods of handling. For instance, we should not think of shipping eggs by mail in the United States even within the four-pound limit, though such commodities are shipped by the parcels post in some foreign countries.

The United States fairly scintillates as an international philanthropist. Under the existing law Postmasters-General are authorized, with the advice and consent of the President, to make international postal conventions. The result is that the inhabitants of the principal foreign countries enjoy the right to send packages at an average of twelve cents or less a pound and up to eleven pounds in weight from their own countries to any part of the United States; whereas all packages originating in and delivered to any portion of the United States are restricted to four pounds' weight limit and the rate of one cent an ounce or sixteen cents a pound.

I can think of no more striking exhibition of international philanthropy with gross injustice to our own citizens. A Japanese residing in New York can send an eleven-pound package across the continent to San Francisco and thence to Tokio for twelve cents a pound; whereas if he wishes to send the same article to Jersey City or any other post-office in the United States he must divide the package into three parcels with a four-pound limit and pay sixteen

cents a pound. The discrimination against domestic transportation and in favor of international commerce is twofold—first in the weight limit, and second in the rate. It would be some advancement, although not at all satisfactory, if in this country we should increase the limit to eleven pounds or decrease the rate to twelve cents, or both. It will be apparent, however, that a reduction to twelve cents a pound would be only of slight value to the shipper, and the express companies would get most of the business as at present, though at somewhat reduced rates in a limited territory.

Since the Government already has an extensive system of machinery for collection, transportation and distribution of mail, an enlargement of the business of the postal service would not mean a proportional increase in the cost of operation; that is to say, a thirty per cent increase in business and revenue with the same standard of service would not, or should not, mean a thirty per cent increase in cost of operation.

The Government today maintains, at an annual expense of $34,000,000, a rural delivery system. The carriers handle an average of twenty-four pounds a day, whereas they could without great inconvenience carry one hundred and fifty pounds a day. This situation furnishes the basis for the argument that the Government should first establish a parcels-post system on rural routes only, extending the same later throughout the postal service in general.

Though this argument is very plausible a conclusive objection to it is the fact that a parcels-post system on rural routes would be a very convenient free-delivery system for express companies. Instead of taking away from express companies some of the parcel business they now have, the Government by establishing a parcels-post system on rural routes would increase the express companies' business and intrench them more strongly in a position that has enabled them, according to one of our former Postmasters-General, to be the chief obstacle in the way of the establishment of a parcels post.

How Packages Should be Handled

SINCE it is claimed that the express companies have been the initial chief opponents of a parcels post I am not willing that the first step toward the establishment of a parcels post shall be the enactment of a law especially favorable to them. I should much prefer, if we are to secure by degrees a parcels-post system, that this system be established by a gradual reduction of rates and a gradual increase in the weight limit.

That a reduction in the rate is entirely consistent with good business principles is indicated by statistics of the Post-Office Department, showing that the actual cost of handling and transporting fourth-class matter is approximately twelve cents a pound. This cost can and should be materially reduced, first, by enlarging the amount of matter handled; second, by reducing the cost of railroad transportation through giving fourth-class matter a less efficient service than is given first-class matter; third, by increasing the weight limit, thus reducing the cost of handling a pound.

There have been criticisms of the proposed establishment of a parcels post upon the ground that the handling of the parcels would interfere with and delay the handling of first-class mail. For instance, I have heard very serious-minded men remark with all sincerity that if the parcels post should be established packages of eggs and perishable fruit would be crushed in the mails and be smeared over the letters, papers and other packages. This objection is made upon the assumption that parcels-post commodities would be handled in the same receptacle with first or second class mail. Such is not the case with parcels-post mail in European countries. It is the practice of these countries to provide light but sufficiently strong wicker hampers in which parcels-post mail is carried. These packages would be handled just as carefully in the mails as they are now handled by express companies.

It is also erroneously assumed that parcels-post mail would be given the same standard of service that is accorded first-class mail. The first-class mail for practically all towns is carried on the fast trains, the mail-bag being thrown off or taken on without stopping the train. Many people who have not given the matter careful consideration think that this method of handling first-class mail would be made impossible by the presence of such articles as eggs and perishable fruits and breakable packages containing glassware or crockery. As a matter of fact, parcels-post mail for smaller towns would not be handled on these fast through trains, but at proper points of distribution would be placed in hampers for transportation on local trains, just as express matter is now handled. For instance, a package of fruit sent from a small town in Iowa to Chicago could be placed on a local train until it reached the first large city, where it would be transferred to a through fast train for Chicago.

Moreover, we have already established the practice of carrying some of the magazines on fast freight trains instead of fast mail trains, and in this country, as in foreign countries, parcels-post mail would undoubtedly be so handled as a rule. This would give a sufficiently rapid service for all practical purposes. There is no reason why a box of books, clothing or glassware should be handled on the same train as an important business letter.

Undoubtedly the establishment of a general parcels post would necessitate an increase in the number of employees, not only in post-offices but on railroad trains and in the delivery service in cities. Instead of being a detriment to the handling of first-class mail this would be, in my opinion, a benefit. The great effort at present is to handle first-class mail as expeditiously as possible, and, therefore, first attention is given it. With an increased force in post-offices the first-class mail could be given much quicker attention in the morning, while in the afternoon clerks and carriers could devote their time to the handling and delivering of parcels-post mail, which need not receive such rapid and prompt attention.

Also it would undoubtedly be necessary in cities to use conveyances, such as wagons or automobiles, for the delivery of parcels-post mail where the packages are too large to be handled by carriers on foot. The conveyances provided for this purpose could also be used in collecting mail from boxes and in carrying large packages of first-class mail to distributing points in cities. Thus the additional equipment such as is now maintained by express companies would not only give the same service to the Post-Office Department that is now given to express companies, but would in addition facilitate and cheapen the handling of first and second class mail.

Some sincere opponents of the parcels post ridicule the plan by picturing the already burdened postman laboring under a huge load of packages consisting chiefly of vegetables, poultry and fruit. There is no justification for such a representation of the practical operation of a parcels post. In villages and small towns the recipient of a package could call at the post-office for it just as he must now call at the express office. In larger cities wagon delivery service would be practicable, just as it is in the case of packages handled by express companies.

If the establishment of the parcels post were a subject upon which there had been no practical experience I should feel that before entering upon such an undertaking this country should do some experimenting on its own account. However, nearly all European governments have parcels-post systems with a limit of not less than eleven pounds and frequently more, and at rates that seem ridiculously low when compared with the rate in force in the United States.

For instance, in the United Kingdom the parcels-post rate for a one-pound package is six cents, and the rate decreases in proportion until a package of the maximum weight—eleven pounds—is carried for twenty-two cents, or two cents a pound.

In Germany the maximum weight limit is one hundred and ten pounds, and the rates vary with both weight and distance. Any parcel up to eleven pounds will be carried ten miles or less for six cents. This would be a sort of local parcels post with a rate averaging probably about a cent a pound, assuming the average weight to be about six pounds. A parcel will be delivered at any post-office in the German Empire at a postage charge of twelve cents and a weight limit of eleven pounds, making on an average a charge of about two cents a pound or less. It is neither practicable nor necessary to set forth all the rates under the German zone system, but their character is indicated by the charge for carrying a twenty-two-pound package: ten miles, seventeen cents; twenty miles, twenty-two cents; fifty miles, thirty-seven cents; one hundred miles, forty-seven cents; one hundred and fifty miles, fifty-nine cents; any greater distance, seventy-two cents. Parcels-post rates in Austria are practically the same as in Germany.

In our neighboring republic of Mexico the rate varies from six cents for a one-pound package to sixty cents for an eleven-pound package, or a little more than a third of the charge in the United States.

Where the Shoe Pinches

IN AUSTRALIA the interstate rate, corresponding with our own, starts with a charge of sixteen cents for the first pound, but the charge for larger packages diminishes somewhat, for eleven pounds require postage to the amount of one dollar and thirty-six cents. In this country postage on eleven pounds would be one dollar and seventy-six cents.

In giving these figures for the purpose of comparison I have not overlooked the fact that the United Kingdom, Germany and Austria are smaller in area than the United States and have a denser population. Neither do I anticipate that the parcels-post rate in the United States will be as low as in those countries, because of the circumstances mentioned. These rates in other countries merely support the argument, otherwise fully sustained, that a lower postage rate on merchandise is justified over here.

I regard the parcels post of value in four particulars: First, it enables a citizen to secure with little trouble articles his local dealer does not carry. Second, it provides the producer with a means of delivering to his city customers produce in smaller quantities than he is now able to, because of the expense involved in making a trip to town for the purpose of delivering them or in paying the minimum freight or express rate. Third, a reduction in the rate of postage will necessarily cause a reduction in some of the express rates, so that while patrons of the post-office will be saving money as a result of the reduction in postage, the same benefit will be enjoyed by the patrons of express companies and possibly to a much larger extent. Fourth, the establishment of a parcels post will prevent any unreasonable maintenance of prices by retailers, for the purchaser will always be afforded a competitive market. Combinations among retailers to maintain unreasonable prices will be impossible after the establishment of a parcels post at low rates.

It is a very natural belief, and one very generally entertained by country merchants, that the establishment of a general parcels post would very greatly increase the business of mail-order houses, with ruinous results to the small retailers throughout the country. This impression, however, I believe to be groundless. Both reason and experience, in my opinion, prove that there is no cause for apprehension on the part of the country merchant.

(Concluded on Page 71)



Some Girls and Billy Anderson

Being the Adventures of a Basketball Team Among the Savages

By EMERSON HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



"'Why Don't You Shoot Him, Willy?' Says I. 'That Bear'll Be Plumb Mean One o' These Days'"

"LIFE in the Far West is still agoin' on," remarked Curly, pulling at a sprig of sagebrush. Nobody paid any attention to him. There were only two of us on the whole sun-flooded mountainside, and I was busy looking at a great war eagle that swept in slow curves far below us, now and then rising far enough to stand in keen relief against the splendid blue of the Wyoming sky. Our horses stood apparently asleep, reins hanging down.

"Of course, Sir Algernon," continued Curly presently, "you may think the West is off the map. It ain't! That's only because you an' me are old. Fer lots of folks the West is just beginnin'; an' it's all one glad, sweet song, chuned up in G."

"Look at the eagle, Curly!" I rejoined; but he went on:

"I reckon there's more high-class Western fiction and plays wrote—and believed—now than there ever was. Sometimes I feel right chirked up about myself—I 'low I may go East an' be a actor. Lots of folks actin' in Western plays can't make a livin' no other way. I know now I can't ride to speak of, but I don't know yet I couldn't act."

"I'll bet that's his nest over there on the chimney-rock, Curly!" I began excitedly. He paid no more attention to me than I did to him.

"If you see a thing fer the first time it's new fer you, ain't it?" he demanded. "To a baby, or a man from the East, the whole world is plumb new an' interestin', ain't it? Besides, there's more things in the world now than there ever was, even though the elks an' grizzlies are all now raised under glass. We don't care. You an' me done had our share, I reckon. Know anybody ever had any more fun than you an' me? But still, come to think of it, I don't know either one of us ever got a parasang—did he?"

I turned toward him inquiringly.

"What is a parasang—do you know?" he demanded.

"It's something Persian, Curly," said I, "or Greek, or Platt-Deutsch."

"Huh! But you never seen one. Ner me neither, till last year over to Cody, when I was drivin' stage between the railroad an' Meeteetse."

"I didn't know you ever drove stage, Curly," I said to him, too lazy to act as dictionary and willing enough to learn what was on his mind.

"What would you do, Sir Algernon," he demanded suddenly, "if, by reason of havin' nineteen or thirteen children, you had to work, an' was forced to drive a stage, an' if all at once twenty-five girls—every one of 'em a plumb peach!—should git off a train without warnin' an' come an' take you by the hand—you settin' there on the front seat of a hack that wouldn't hold over eight, an' a pair of risky horses just barely able to fall downhill goin' light?"

"I think I should take to the woods, Curly," I promptly assured him.

"There wasn't no woods. Besides, there was Billy Anderson. I s'pose original, though, it come along o' that lowdown Emmett Dewees. He's travelin' passenger agent for the C. D. & C."

I don't know really whether the eagle's nest was on the chimney-rock or not. Curly made himself a cigarette, scratched a match on his pony's hoof and went on with his story.

"This Dewees person he draws several thousand dollars a year for charmin' birds out o' trees. Everybody 'lows he's the smoothest passenger agent at present loose in the country. Without no doubt or question, if there wasn't anything else to operate on, Emmett Dewees he could git up a homeseekers' excursion in a graveyard.

"Sometimes Emmett he gits lit up like anybody else; an' one time last year—no, it was two or three years ago—he got in the hands of his friends an' began to see the sights of several great cities in the Far East. When he come to he was broke an' all alone. In them circumstances the first thing Emmett he always does is to git up a excursion; so he looks roun' an' sees some fine buildings, with trees, an' a wise-lookin' party goin' through a gate.

"'My friend,' says Emmett, 'what is them populous-lookin' houses I see beyond?'

"'That, sir,' says the wise party, 'is a girls' college. Behind them walls we teach young ladies how to assume the burdens of life in the present century.'

"'How many is they?' asks Emmett. An' when the old party tells him there is several hundred, Emmett he says to hisself: 'Here is my excursion!' So he taken the old party by the arm an' walks into the grounds with him.

"'My friend,' says he, 'eddication is a great thing, ain't it? Young ladies is a great thing, too, ain't they? But what is even a eddicated young lady, provided she ain't got the ruddy glow of health on her cheeks? We now approach the good old summertime. Sir'—an' here Emmett sheds a few tears—'it makes me weep when I think of all them fine young ladies pinin' away behind these walls of brick an' stone, when they ought to be out West in the Yellowstone Park, asoakin' in aboundin' health at every jump. An',' continues Emmett, 'it's a still worse crime to think o' them stayin' here when excursion rates over the C. D. & C. Railroad—which I have the honor to represent—is cheaper than stayin' at home. But what makes the crime worst of all, my friend,' says he, 'is to think that any intelligent an' han'some gentleman, who has reached years of discretion an' will act as chaperon to such a excursion over our road, gits his board an' passage free!'

"About that time the wise party folds both his arms roun' Emmett's neck an' asks him if these things can be true! That is where the excursion of the college basketball team began—I learned later on it was a basketball team, or maybe a team and substitutes, or two teams—twenty-five of 'em in all—I counted 'em—that swarmed out of the railroad train at Cody Station an' tried to git into my eight-passenger hack all at once. I ain't mentionin' nothin' about the four carloads of baggage they had along—trunks, tennis clubs, golf rackets, clothes, shoes, sandwiches, guitars, banjos, birdcages, an' everything else.

"Well, when all this happened I taken a look at the roundup, drawed a long breath an' stood pat with the cards I held. There comes up to me a pony-built girl with dark curly hair, an' big eyes that looked kind o' reproachful part o' the time an' otherwise the rest of the time. Said she to me:

"'Kind sir, is this where we depart for the fascinatin' sights of the imperishable hills?'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'it shore is.'

"'It looks some dusty,' said she. 'Where are the leapin' streams of pure mountain water?'

"'Eighty-five miles west o' the hotel, ma'am,' says I—'not countin' the Shoshone River, which runs between here an' the hotel, known as the Stinkin' Water, because of its sulphur springs, before we become a advertised resort. It's about a thousan' feet down; an' I don't reckon when you git to the bottom you'll ever git up to the other side at all, ma'am,' says I.

"She don't seem much disturbed, but turns roun' an' sings out:

"'Oh, gur-rels!' All at oncet the whole *rodeo* makes a mass play an' lines up at the edge of the platform. 'See what I found!' says the pony-built one that I 'lowed was captain. 'He's the stagedriver man. He carries all of us invalids up amid the eternal snows.'

"Invalids! Then was when I wanted to git hold o' Emmett Dewees. If them wasn't the soundest-lookin' bunch o' eighteen-year-old female people I ever did see, then I am sore mistook! Sick? Not one of them ever had been sick or ever would be! They was out for a lark—that's what they was. Over behind them I see climbin' out of the baggage car, with bags an' trunks an' things, a old, wise-lookin' party that seemed to be foreman o' the roundup—an' not fit for the job. Nobody paid any attention to him. The captain o' the team begins to speak kind o' soft an' surprisedlike.

"'I must warn you, girls,' says she, 'to beware of all stagedrivers. There was a schoolteacher once come out here an' she was engaged to be married to the stagedriver before ever they got to the hotel!'

"'Sweet sir,' says a voice from the middle o' the bunch somewhere—I couldn't locate it—'will you marry us?'

"'Call me gran'pa, ladies,' says I; 'but ef I wasn't married an' didn't have a dozen or so children I'd take a chance.'

"'Oh, you sweet thing!' said some other voice back in the crowd—I couldn't tell which one. Then they all laughed, an' made good teamplay at that too.

"One o' them turned roun' to see how Poppa was comin' on with the baggage; an' just then Billy Anderson he steps out o' the station an' goes up to the express car, not noticin' at first what had happened in our midst. Billy he has a little ranch over toward Meeteetse. Eastern chap original, but West now for a few years. He's a straight-up rider, pays all his debts, ain't over twenty-five or so, an' don't make or take four-flushes on no account. You might think he was born west of the Missouri. I ain't particular myself which side a good man's born on.

"Now Billy he's in town lookin' for a new saddle that he's ordered by express; an', bein' excited, he runs his head inside the car an' begins to paw things roun', hardly noticin' Poppa, who is wrastlin' the ball team's baggage.

"Pony-Built, she gives a sort o' trill under her tongue an' nods her head. Then every one o' them twenty-five

they stood afacin' toward me but alookin' toward Billy Anderson. A woman she can shore see out of the white part of her eye. I was plumb sorry for Billy because I knew he was a single man an', if he had been left alone, had a fair chance of escapin'.

"All at once Billy hears somethin' or sees somethin', an' turns roun'. Then he rolls down his shirtsleeves prompt, an' a odd sort of a look comes on to his face. A moment later he was conversin' with Poppa an' carryin' banjo cases an' boxes over to the hack. Two minutes after that he was the grave an' respectable friend of twenty-five young female persons, every one of which was naturally full of devilment, an' now especial' so in the high altitude where they found theirselves.

"You ever notice the way womenfolks play the game? One girl by herself is plumb cautious an' will sidestep ef she hears a leaf rattle. Put twenty-five o' them together an' it's different. There wasn't but three men in sight; an' after ways o' their own these here twenty-five innocent young people, who were far, far from home, begun to have fun with all three o' them—an' especial' with Billy Anderson. They evident' had sized him up for a product of our sagebrush realm.

"'I would really be obliged, my good man,' begins Pony-Built, the captain, 'ef you could give me some accurate information regardin' the distance from here to the hotel where our accommodations have been secured.'

"'She means how far is it,' says a voice somewhere in the bunch—no one could tell where.

"'As near as I can tell, my dear young lady,' answered Billy, sober as a jedge, 'it is about two parasangs. It may seem farther ef the horses fall dead at the foot o' the hill.'

"Now that parasang business is what bothered me at first," went on Curly. "When he lets go that word I see the captain kind o' start an' git a little red, as ef he jolted her some. Billy he turns away without sayin' much more, an' drives up his own wagon. He helps Poppa put the baggage in that, an' him an' me we manage to git all the women folks in or roun' the old hack. Billy he gits up on the seat with me. Lookin' at nobody in particular, he says, kin' o' soft an' easy to hisself, something that he later tells me is Latin. Near as I can remember it sounded like: '*Dulce Lalagen loquentem amo*'—yes, and, by Jove!—'*dulce ridentem!*' I ain't got no kind of notion what that all means, beyond '*dulce*,' which of course is Greaser for 'sweet'—for Billy wouldn't tell me; but I reckon it had somethin' to do with parasangs, because when he cuts that loose I see the cheeks o' this pony-built captain git redder'n ever. Somehow they didn't none o' them try to take any more falls out o' Billy after that.

"Well, the old stage held together till we got down to the bottom o' the windin' hill between the station an' the town. We even got partway up the next; but then my old grays they balked an' said they had enough. I didn't care, an' neither did anybody else except Poppa the chaperon; an' he was worried plumb to death. Billy he comes to the front once more—him an' the captain o' the team. While Billy takes the whip an' starts off as drum major, the team all lines up in the dust an' they give what was mebbe their college yell or their team yell—I dunno which. Sounds like a raid. Then they all start off up the road happy as larks, me an' the baggage wagon followin'—Poppa piled up with the rest of the baggage behind. Bimeby we made the rim on the far side o' the cañon. You can see the town from there, o' course; an' the whole team stopped to take a look.

"'Ladies,' says Billy, 'welcome to our fair city! We will now wait for the wagon an' all take a ride.' So they all climbed on an' we drove the rest o' the way to the hotel, the old hack fairly leakin' faces an' curls an' eyes of all sorts of colors. I must say those young ladies acted scand'lous, because they waved their handkerchiefs at everybody on the street; an' by the time the stage pulled up all the men that hadn't been scared out into the desert was trailin' in behind to see what had happened.

"Now this Emmett Dewees, he was sort of fergetful. Once he got a excursion started, that was all he cared about. Nobody—not even Poppa—had wired to say the bunch was comin'. He's one of the sort that thinks the Lord'll pervide, an' fergets to make sleepin'-car reservations. The clerk at the hotel is fair well used to seein' crowds; but when these twenty-five girls, every one o' them a twenty-two-carat peach, lines up before the counter in front o' him, he just natcherel falls in a trance an' can't talk. The whole works in the hotel stopped right there.

"At last Poppa breaks into the game an' inquires about rooms with bath. They pour water on the clerk; an' when he comes to he says, 'There ain't but one!' an' asks if that will do for the twenty-five.

"'An idea!' says Poppa the chaperon. 'But, now that I come to think of it, one room will do; in fact, I think one room will do much better than twenty-five.'



Little Bright Eyes, the Curly-Haired Leader of the Bunch

"It was plain to Billy an' me that the tourist department o' the whole town couldn't git a start with this outfit before the next day, if then; so they had to sleep somewhere that night. Poppa's idea was to git 'em all hobbled an' bedded down in one corral, so's the bunch could be night-herded careful, an' all found an' tallied up.

"'We haven't any room that'd hold any more than eight or ten,' says the clerk; 'an' in fact there ain't no place in town that would.'

"'You ferget the new schoolhouse,' says Billy Anderson about now.

"'That's so!' says the clerk. 'It's just finished—an' it might be big enough. We're all full here in the hotel, an' I don't see what we could do.'

"Poppa the chaperon he falls on this idea immejate. He leads his outfit into the dinin' room, where everybody has a good time but him. Then Willy takes out the bunch to show them the sights o' the city—boulevards, lakes, parks, an' all. Come nightfall, all the girls was tired enough to be drove into the schoolhouse corral. This bein' accomplished, Poppa the chaperon, who ain't takin' no chances, he locks the door an' puts the key in his pocket. Somebody had sold Poppa one o' them blow-me-up air mattresses made out o' rubber, an' a real goosehair pillow; so he rolls down, brave an' desperate, about a parasang, I suppose, from where the schoolhouse was. The rest o' the population didn't take the trouble to go to sleep at all that night. They all met at the hotel bar, an' wondered what would happen to Jim Hawkins next day when he tackles the job of fixin' up a camp outfit fer this bunch of live ones an' takin' them through the Park—three days on the trail, with all the hobbles off. You see, Jim he runs the tourist department, takin' up a excursion where Emmett Dewees lays it down, an' gettin' the rest o' the money by means o' wagons, packhorses, tents and the like. He camps 'em out in the Wonderland, you see.

"Now what did happen to Jim was shore sufficient—not only then, but for the next two weeks steady. The spirit of brotherly love got stronger along toward daybreak, however, and by sunup there wasn't a rancher, clerk, merchant or professional man in or roun' Cody that hadn't volunteered to go 'long as aide-de-camp, so to speak, to Jim on his open-air tour through the Park. Everybody was plumb anxious to help Jim save the lives o' them pore, sufferin' invalids from the East.

"Come breakfust-time, most everybody in town goes along with Jim over toward the schoolhouse to see how the invalids is comin' along. Poppa the chaperon he's sittin' up on his air-bed lookin' a little seedy, an' admittin' he hasn't slept much till after sunup, along of his fear of dangerous wild animals. I don't know but there was a few dogs roun'.

"Jim an' Poppa shakes hands like folks does who is dividin' heavy responsibilities.

"'How is the invalids feelin' this mornin'?' asks Jim.

"'I dunno,' says Poppa the chaperon; 'but we might stroll over toward the schoolhouse an' find out.'

"They strolled over; in fact, I might say that we all did. We others kep' about half a block back of Jim an' Poppa; but even where we was we could hear over in the schoolhouse somethin' that sounded like a boiler explosion—shouts an' yells an' thumpin' noises, an' sounds of breakin' furniture an' the like. All at once the front door broke open an' out come that whole bunch of twenty-five invalids, in short skirts an' white shoes. They was chasin' little Bright Eyes, the curly-haired leader of the bunch, who, it seemed, had got some sort of leather thing under l r arm which she is tryin' to hide somewheres. At first, we didn't understand, o' course; but we learned from Poppa later that it was jest the basketball team havin' a little practice before breakfast.

"'Is them the invalids?' whispers Jim to me, comin' back to where I was.

"'I reckon so, Jim,' says I. 'Ain't it too bad?'

"He sort of groaned. Just about then Willy Anderson he says to him:

"'Jim, you can't take that bunch through the Park with any ordinary outfit. What you need is plenty o' camp help. Now here is the total available male folks of this Congressional deestrict, every one o' them eager to go along an' help save the lives of them invalids as second cook or horse-wrangler. Now,' says he, 'it's a good time fer you to pick out about twenty-five of our leadin' citizens—twenty-four besides me.'

"Fer all his buckskin shirt, Jim was really a man of peace; so he groaned an' picked them out right there—Willy Anderson; an' Harry Slocum, from over to Dry Creek; an' Sandy Hamilton, from the Sunshine country; an'—oh, law! I can't remember the names of all the boys that volunteered to enlist right there, with no salary, an' furnish their own horses an' beds. I went along on the side. They was a fine-lookin' bunch o' chaps, too, most of 'em hachin' it out on their ranches—with two or three lawyers, a doctor or so, an' one or two merchants that lived at the big hotel. There wasn't no gran'pas but me—the fact is, I was the only married man that went along. I told Jim I'd help him see fair play, an' allowed that maybe we could between us aid the basketball invalids to enjoy the mountain scenery of Nature's Wonderland; an' maybe save their lives fer some years to come.

"Well, sir, Jim was game; an' you know he had a purty good outfit for such cases made an' pervided—six automobeels an' a whole cavvyard o' packhorses. He lines up his procession in front o' the hotel in the main street o' the town; an' him an' Poppa, with some trouble, manages to git the basketball invalids crowded into the automobeels before half past eleven in the mornin'. Next to the automobeels was two wagons carryin' musical instruments, short skirts, sweaters, shoes, and so on. Then followed other wagons carryin' tents, chuck an' camp outfit. Back of that, all on horseback—some scared, but game—is the twenty-five camp-helpers selected from the leadin' citizens, all bachelors except me. Say, Sir Algernon, I've seen some purty big parties headed fer Nature's Wonderland; but I bet a thousand dollars there hasn't been a layout like that ever recorded since Jim Bridger found the Park. It shore was a proud day for Cody.

"If Jim had been willin' to play the game fair he wouldn't 'a' used no automobeels. There's sixty-five miles of road up to the edge of the Park where a cow-horse ain't got no chancet with a automobeel. Jim he's on the front seat of the leadin' auto, all dressed in beaded buckskin an' carryin' his rifle, lookin' the part o' pertecter an' life-saver. He passes the word back down the line, an' the result is in about a hour there was twenty-five miles of dust all in one line between Cody an' the mountains. Back in the rear part of the dust was twenty-five hard-ridin' camp-helpers, all of 'em resolved to help save the invalids if they could ketch up—which Jim never meant fer them to do.

"Well, sir, about twenty miles out we come on where they had et lunch—a few shells of boiled eggs an' sardine cans an' such layin' roun'; but they hadn't stopped to light no fire. We eased our cinches here a few minutes, then pulled out ag'in, Willy Anderson ridin' ahead—not sayin' much but shakin' some speed out o' his cayuse. The rest of us follered on the best way we could.

"It's about sixty-five miles, as near as I kin figger it, up to the log hotel just east of the Park. Usual' Jim takes two days to make it with the automobeels, but he was so scared he pulled straight through 'thout stoppin'. It was the hardest ride I ever set in, myself; an' I've seen 'em run in the dark a few times in my life. They was good saddle stock that them fellers had, an' they jest had to go through. By 'leven er twelve o'clock at night Company A was all present or accounted for—a little late to peel potatoes for the evenin' meal, but eager to render any other assistance possible. Of course the chuckwagon an' tent outfit was 'way back down the trail, but Jim he allows he'll keep the party in the hotel that night anyhow.

"Now you git twenty-five invalids like these, weights runnin' from a hundred an' twenty to a hundred an' thirty-five, sound as a dollar, without a knot or blemish on a single one of 'em, an' what they're goin' to do in circumstances like these is to start a dance. There was plenty of music, with banjos an' guitars an' things of that sort that the girls had took out of the wagon at the lunch stop. Main trouble was about pardners. Well, sir, them invalids had the hotel clerk an' Jim an' old Poppa danced to a frazzle an' their tongues hangin' out by the time the camp-help come in sight of the trail an', emittin' a

few whoops—as fellers will when they git warmed up aridin'—lit runnin' in the front yard o' the hotel.

"'Oh, gur-rels!' sings out little Bright Eyes, comin' to the door; 'here's pardners—plenty of 'em. Just look!'

"Poppa the chaperon tries to head it off. 'Young ladies—my dear young ladies,' says he, 'it is impossible that you should dance with these persons, of whom we know nothing, an' to whom you have not been introduced none!'

"'Certainly not,' says Jim. 'Them people is nothin' but hostlers an' cooks—camp-help, that we call "savages" in this country. You mustn't think of any such thing as lettin' them in on the floor. Give us three pardners a little chancet to rest up an' we'll do the best we can!'

"Say, how was Jim for a old Mormon anyhow? Well, it didn't do him any good. The invalids makes a team-play, follerin' after Bright Eyes as though she had the ball under her arm. Between the mass formations, the girls headin' out, an' the savages comin' in, Jim an' Poppa come pretty near bein' crushed. The boys all come in—not a bad looker among 'em, ef I do say it—blushin' some an' scared, an' red an' dusty from their ride. There's different ways of selectin' a husband fer a girl; but personally it seems to me there couldn't be no better way fer a girl to do than to pick 'em out of a bunch of twenty-five that had brought one cow-horse each over sixty-five miles inside of twelve hours' ridin', an' still able to dance the rest o' the night.

"Now I'm tellin' you these things sort o' take care o' themselves. Them savages wasn't real savages, o' course; so they did get interduced somehow or other, an' after that things went merry as a dinner bell till mornin' come. It was the second night every one of the savages had spent without sleep; an', takin' in the amount of mixed drinks, hard ridin' an' hard dancin' that had been necessary, it was a hard test, an' one that would have put most o' the United States Army out o' business. These fellers was seasoned, though, an' every one o' them happy an' ca'm. I've seen some dancin', me; but I want to tell you that them twenty-five invalid girls an' them twenty-five savages from the Stinkin' Water country come about as near bein' championship human bein's as any layout I ever run against!

"'Come on, boys,' said Willy Anderson at length, when it come breakfast-time. 'We'll go peel the potatoes now.'

"Of course you know how fellers looks that live out in the alkali, so it don't make much difference about the savages—'bout average fer looks, they was. Wisht I could remember how every one o' them girls looked, but I swear it was a sort o' haze, sort o' like a dream to me, that dance that night. Some of 'em had black hair, an' some yeller, an' some red, an' some brown; an' some of it was curly an' some wasn't. They was all sorts of eyes an' mouths an' noses, I reckon; but it was hard to read brands in the dust while they was millin' roun' that way. All I know is, they wasn't one of them twenty-five invalids that wasn't strong on her feet at the end o' the night; so I'm tellin' you them was picked people, both sides. No one was much the worse for wear except Jim an' Poppa—an' maybe me. I done pretty well fer a grandpa though.

"Well, sir, we went on into the Park; an' we made camp the next night pretty high up, where it was cold, in a pine grove near a little river—pretty place as you'd want. I suppose maybe the boys did help pitch that camp, but they made their own camp acrost a little divide half a mile away. There wasn't no dance that night; but after the fires was lit the invalids gits out their mandoleens an' banjos an' guitars, an' they gives a concert such as never was known from Jim Bridger's down to Jim's time—there nor nowhere else. They was altos an' sopranos just to balance, an' their teamplay on the strings was a wonder! They sung a lot o' songs—college chunes, I suppose—that none of us had ever heard. An' then a lot o' things that some of us had heard an' others hadn't. We could hear it clear over into our camp. Come nine or ten o'clock, even them invalids was ready to turn in fer oncet. They ends the concert with some sort o' hymn about a light—Lead, Kindly Light, I think Willy Anderson said it was. It was right solemn, there in the trees. Somehow, when our boys rolled down for the night in their camp, they wouldn't say much.

"Well, sir, we worked on through the Park that same way—Jim an' Poppa the only unhappy ones in the bunch. The camp-savages, they'd come along in a platoon decent an' respectable behind the main bunch. We lapped on some o' the stage parties from Gardiner, an' I dunno what some o' them folks thought; but I know, if any one'd started anything, what would have happened. We was organized fer to pertect invalids.

"Now you know, when you git twenty-five couples o' young people together there is goin' to be a lot of sort o' unconscious sortin' an' pickin' goin' on. I never could figger how it happened or jest exactly when, fer it didn't seem like the boys was roun' camp fer more'n three minutes in all three meals each day; but by the time we struck the Cañon Hotel that was the worst disorganized basket-ball team you ever did see. Seemed like they didn't care fer mass plays at all no more, but went in more for detached skirmish-duty like; fact is, the place looked like a Noah's Ark, an' the animals all went two by two. Some o' them went up to set in the parlor at the hotel; others allowed they was huntin' fer the Crystal Falls; an' a good many said they was goin' over to Inspiration Point. I talked with several couples that come in to supper that night, an' there wasn't no two of 'em could tell the same story about Inspiration Point or anything else.

"'Young ladies,' said I, 'it looks to me as ef you was abusin' Nature's Wonderland, an' not carin' as much for mountain scenery as you had ought.' I was right severe on 'em, bein' a grandpa.

"Well, sir, next mornin' Willy Anderson an' the captain o' the team they allowed they certainly was goin' to see Inspiration Point. They starts out right after breakfast, an' before long you might have also missed some fifty familiar faces from our fireside—they'd wandered off like so many young turkeys.

"I was right busy round camp, fer it seemed like I was one o' the few savages that really would rustle horses, an' several of our horses was missin' that mornin'; so bimeby I rides over on their trail to see ef I could pick 'em up. I could see in the dust oncet in a while the trail o' two people that was wearin' rather sharp-heeled foot-coverin's—boot heels an' shoe heels, same's in Noah's Ark. They wasn't headin' for Inspiration Point by about five miles; an' says I to myself: 'I bet a thousand dollars they're goin' along here an' not sayin' a word, leanin' against each other like two tired oxens, an' not carin' a cuss for Nature's Wonderland. Ain't it a shame?' says I to myself.

"Well, I rid along a ways, a mile or so from camp, an' all at once I hear somebody yellin' on ahead o' me. I looks ahead, an' blamed if there ain't Poppa the chaperon up in a low tree, no hat or coat on, an' his eyes hangin' out!

"'Well, pardner,' says I, ridin' up, 'how're things comin', an' what's the matter?'

"'Bear!' says he. 'Save me!'

"I looks down, an' blamed if there wasn't a bear trail!—foot half as long as your arm. 'I shouldn't wonder if that was old Pete,' says I to myself. Of course you know that all roun' them Park hotels there's more grizzlies than there is in any other part o' the world; an' mostly they're plumb tame, though sometimes they come into camp an' go into tents an' wagons to see what they can git to eat—they mostly live roun' the hotel kitchens.

"'You'd better go on to camp,' says I to Poppa. 'I'll be back this way after a while.' So I rides on, pretty sure now that this was old Pete. He's a pretty good bear, used to bein' photographed—an' usual' pretty good-natured.

(Continued on Page 56)



"'As Near as I Can Tell, My Dear Young Lady,' Answered Billy, Sober as a Judge, 'it is About Two Parasangs'"

GOLD-BRICK PUBLISHING

By Robert Sterling Yard

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"THE slickest business since gold bricks!"

"What is?" I asked.

"This de-luxe subscription business."

I expressed interest. I really did not know, of course, in spite of all I had heard, for it wasn't my kind of publishing; but every kind of publishing is interesting. The rare-book man pulled down his waistcoat and drew in a hissing breath. His eyes set flintily into an uncompromising stare. I perceived that I was in the presence of emotion and involuntarily I laid firm hold of the arms of my chair.

"The whole business is no less than ——"

"Hold on!" put in the book agent shortly.

"Why so?" demanded the rare-book man, breathing hard. "Do I understand that you purpose to defend the fakiest ——"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the book agent still more shortly. "You're starting out too strenuously. At that pace you are bound to make strong statements. Remember that I—one of your guests at this table—I am a subscription-book man, and a limited subscription-book man at that—at least to some extent."

"You!" cried the rare-book man. "No—I don't mean you at all, or your kind of books, though they are, I grant you, subscription books, and mostly limited sets too; but, of course, I have nothing against the real values you deal in, the Houghton-Mifflin-Scribner-Little-Brown kind of limited editions which—most of them—increase in value with the years. I mean the fictitious sort—yes, fictitious, by thunder! Fictitious pure and simple! The sort that are patched and scrapped together into some more or less clever semblance to a book of worth, and cajoled or badgered or forced upon some wretched innocent who thinks he's getting value when he isn't; who ——"

"Hold on again!" interrupted the agent insistently. "Again you go too fast. This matter of value is the core of the apple—but who is going to define value in these cases? Can you? I can't. There are two sides to this question, you know, even in its most flagrant examples."

The rare-book man almost swelled in his wrath.

"Millions of dollars a year are taken from the pockets of ignorant buyers upon allegations of value that ——"

"Hold on again!" cried the book agent, waving his buttered roll. "If the buyer is ignorant of more or less nice standards it is his own fault, and it has been so decided in the courts a hundred times. If the same price can be readily got from a dozen others—and in these days of innumerable newly rich collectors you know it can—who are you to declare that it isn't value?

"What is value anyway? Why, ninety-nine out of a hundred will define it as the price a commodity will bring in the open market. All right. But what is open market? Is it a forced sale by public auction, as you would claim, or a reasonably easy and steady private sale? Is it the thirty dollars a volume that your tooled and perfumed de-luxe limited will bring under the hammer, or the two or three hundred a volume that I could reasonably easily get if I would, in the course of the season, from somebody in my personal clientèle? Who's going to define book value anyway?

"Don't think I don't agree with you in the main; but I call your attention to the fact that there are two arguable sides to this question, and consequently you can't dispose of it with sophistry or an epigram."



"Think o' That—Eh? Fifteen Thousand Profit—Clean! That's Seventy-Five Hundred Each for You and Me—Eh?"

"You make me weary!" said the rare-book man disgustedly. "I don't care what the courts say. I say that the man who sells another a book or a set of books deliberately concocted to suggest bona-fide rarities, even though he does not verbally pass them off as such, at a price which he knows is four or five or a dozen times as great as the price that the same book will bring at regular auction—perhaps has already brought at regular auction—is engaged in sharp dealing."

The book agent fixed his host's attention with his fork.

"I've got you now—right in your own business!" he exclaimed, gulping a bite of broiled chicken. "At the Robert Hoe sale, last spring, a group of collectors were so keen that they forced up prices in competition to many times their previous sale records. And these were genuine rare books—your own kind, remember; not your near-rare, meet-the-ignorant-demand subscription kind. According to you, then, the auctioneer who sold at those prices was engaged in sharp dealing."

"That's nonsense!" said the rare-book man; "but you're helping to make my point clear all the same. The buyers at the Hoe sale paid huge prices, but they did it with full knowledge of the true auction values, all or most of which had been determined time and again at former sales and recorded in print. They themselves knowingly advanced the prices in the excitement of competition, but they did not advance values, as their own sales later on will doubtless show.

"The point is, they knew what they were doing, which lets the auctioneer out with a clear conscience, whereas these fellows that pay a hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars a volume for the near-rare kind don't know what they're doing—don't know values."

"I admit the abuses," said the book agent; "but what are you going to do? It is practically impossible to distinguish. Leaving out of the discussion the sort of limited subscription books I sell—the sort in which prices bear sound relations to values—after them there comes a vast assortment of limited editions from all sorts of publishers, regular and irregular, some of which are sound books; some of them trash, but honestly meant; but the most of them are deliberately concocted to sell at enormously swollen prices to people who think they are getting values corresponding to the prices.

"This latter sort may be described truthfully to the purchaser, the salesman depending on the victim's ignorance of standards; in which case the sale is held to be at least legal. Or they may be described as being what they are not; in which case the purchaser, when he grows wise, may appeal successfully to the law if he wants to—but he seldom wants to, not caring to confess publicly to being so easy a mark.

"The flagrant cases are frightfully flagrant, there often being outright fraud in the discrepancies between published descriptions and actual facts. The great majority, however, of these near-rare books, as you have called them, which are sold at frightfully high prices considering the actual elements entering into them, are truthfully enough described. The imposition is that the florid descriptive patter suggests to the ignorant dabbler in fine books values that really are not inherent at all. Enormously inflated value is often implied by costly folderols of very bad taste, which really lessen value. Many of these books would be sound property, even if off taste, if priced at something like value; but the excessive prices asked tend to sustain the suggested fiction of large value.

"You see the matter is complicated. Your flock of crows isn't exclusively made up of crows. There are a lot of starlings in it and you can't tell the difference without looking pretty closely. Yes, and there are doves there too. It doesn't do to shoot promiscuously. Rash men like you have got to be restrained."

"It's a rather knotty matter," I said, "but mighty interesting, even to an outsider like a trade publisher. I find myself sympathizing strongly with our fiery friend here. I don't want to do anybody injustice; but when things happen like that case in the newspapers the other day it's time somebody did something, even if it's injustice. Things like that, and worse, come into print every six months or so. There must be a tremendous business done in these sets of inflated value."



Pete Had to Pay Eight Hundred for the Book; But Within the Week He Sold it to His "Find" for Eight Thousand Dollars, Cash!

"Millions a year!" exploded the rare-book man—"getting bigger every year too. A little group of speculators will get up a set of books printed from old plates they've bought somewhere at a bargain; hire some college professor or other—generally at a good price too—to write an essay for an introduction; reproduce in mere half-tone some fine old prints they've bought at auction—good things, maybe, and never used before; get an artist of accomplishment to design a special title page and cover—the cover adapted from some fine old English or French binding—and there you are!

"First they print up six or eight thousand sets. Most of these, in plain cloth bindings, paper labels and gilt tops—and without the special illustrations—they sooner or later dump on the department-store trade as 'publishers' remainders' at any old price, to help cover general manufacturing costs.

"Meantime, for the rest, they assume a business title. They get an office and a telephone, and put out a limited edition of, say, one hundred and twenty-one numbered sets, cloth binding, special title and frontispiece, at four dollars a volume—neat profit there!

"Then will come another limited edition—same old sheets, you know—with part morocco binding and a few more pictures, costing them less than a dollar a volume more, at ten dollars a volume. This is limited perhaps to eighty-two numbered sets. These are merely rent and salary payers.

"Then will come the grand coup—the terrapin supper and automobile producers! These will consist of a few sets on Japan paper, or possibly parchment, printed on the same run with the paper editions so as to save extra make-ready charges, and made up into two editions. One will consist of 'forty-eight specially printed copies,' with a couple of dollars' worth of additional fandangles on each cover, most of them in imitation of the real thing—brocade silk ends and a bunch of new pictures; the frontispieces in colors; most of the features imitated, with here and there something new and startling—the whole costing, perhaps, three dollars more a volume and sold at fifty dollars a volume.

"The other—on the parchment—with still more fandangles on the cover—with illustrations in two or more states, a few hand-painted marginal drawings and the purchaser's name on the title page—'This copy specially printed for Mr. Jack Robinson,' you know—limited strictly to twenty-six sets of thirty-two volumes each, at one hundred and fifty dollars a volume! And there you are!

"When twenty-six unlucky would-be collectors have bought out this last edition they will have paid nearly



Finds Himself an Unsuspected Guest at Some Gathering Where Presently He Will Be Introduced Socially to His Quarry

$125,000 dollars for that alone. I won't bother to compute the other editions. My point is sufficiently made on this alone. Now! Do you wonder I get warm?"

Then he burst out, as I was about to speak.

"Listen! A few months ago a woman's executors sued to recover on a set of Shakspere, 'specially printed for Mrs. Blank,' for which she had paid an absolutely fabulous price on the strength of each volume having been 'signed by the author.' Can you beat that?"

"There is good reason ——" I began judiciously; but the rare-book man was riding his hobby hard now and couldn't stop.

"And the same men who put this up are interested, perhaps, in another venture with another office where they are overworking an old set of plates bought at a London auction. And some of them are in other things under other titles; and some of them are, in their individual capacities, agents for other fellows' good things."

"Well," roared the book agent, "I'm always glad when they get the publisher, for the publisher always puts it off on the agent. There are agents and agents. I'm an agent, but I'm not a bunco man. Nevertheless, the wretched agent is always getting it in the neck. The victim kicks the agent and so does the publisher. You'd think the agent was the only black sheep in the pasture. That's why I enjoy a sly grin when somebody goes higher up and nabs the fellow that puts up the game in the first place."

"And I," sputtered the rare-book man—"I rejoice every time one of these destroyers of high-class business is put out of the running. Only arrest doesn't put them out unfortunately. They get right back into the game under another business title. You see, they can't be actually jugged unless they can be actually proved to have made actual misrepresentations—specified India paper and furnished imitation, or something of that sort. There are actions every six months or so, but the business thrives and increases just the same. It hurts the genuine fine-book business a lot."

"And I seriously protest," said I, "because it trails the fair name of publisher in the mud. Publishing is the noblest of all business occupations—yet every fellow, honorable or dishonorable, who has the remotest thing to do with getting out the most abominable book, or even the most insignificant pamphlet, immediately dubs himself publisher; and every fake ——"

"Say," roared the agent, waving a lighted match delightedly, "it's catching, isn't it? Here's our publisher, too, going off into oratorical conniptions! We'll work up a public meeting here in a few minutes."

No doubt we looked as sheepish as we felt, and the rare-book man wagged his head as he signed the bill.

"Well," he said, "my steam isn't blown off yet. Probably I won't be happy until I shoot a book agent."

However, let us clear up one or two confusing points.

The "subscription books" which these buyers and sellers of luxurious editions mean are not at all what you probably think of as subscription books. To you, perhaps, the term means sets of books for which you may pay something down and the balance in installments, if it comes more convenient to you to pay that way. Some of these sets offered you at your homes or as bargains at department stores are worthless; some are sound and admirable; some almost luxurious; some are "cheap and nasty"; others fairly expensive and worth the price—but these are quite another thing and quite another story.

It is not this sort of books at all that the dealers in rare books and expensive sets mean when they talk of "subscription books," but costly books of a kind originally supposed to be subscribed for in advance of publication—hence the name—whose value is supposed to be enhanced because of extreme luxuriousness and limitation of issue. If you put out only twenty-six sets of a certain edition, for instance, their scarcity is supposed to enhance desirability and consequently value.

The principle is a sound one, of course; it is the principle at the basis of all collecting—as well as many other human weaknesses, admirable and otherwise. Like all other values, however, this kind of value obtains only under the whip of natural causes; value in rare books is as absolutely the healthy resultant of supply and demand as is the value of wheat or rubber or blood-rubies.

And when a publisher, real or pretended, or a book agent, or any combination or group thereof, bestows upon a set of books a price which largely exceeds its open-market value—no matter how worthy a work it may be; no matter how tasteful its dress, how sound its physical elements, how exclusive its accompaniments, how limited its numbers—they offend not man's law but the natural law of trade. And this law cannot be offended with impunity.

Careful publishers, therefore, start their limited editions at prices that will stand reasonably well the test of the public auction which, in this business—as in wheat and paintings and railroad stocks—is the official market, and trust that their inherent worth will win substantial price-increase with the years, as very frequently happens. The other sort trust to finding a market momentarily ignorant of values; and, finding it readily enough in these swollen days, they exact prices and get prices which average five times what the very same books bring later on when, in the natural sequence of things, they meet their betters on the auction block.

Five times! Think of it!

For this statement I have the authority of the Anderson Auction Company, formerly Bangs & Company, who have sold during many years many of the most notable book collections of America.

I have spoken of a market momentarily ignorant of values. That is not exactly true. Perhaps even in a sense it is far from the fact; for no doubt the larger part by far of the buyers of limited subscription books—remember the special meaning in this paper—soon satisfy their yearnings for elaborate books and turn to jewels and automobiles and yachts, without even discovering how they paid through the nose; no doubt remarking when their books are sacrificed under the hammer: "You can't get anything for second-hand books, no matter what they cost—they're like furniture."

Many, however, whose book instinct is marrow-deep and who possess natural taste and the collector's frenzy, pass through these subscription-book stages as through preparatory grades, graduating finally in connoisseurship.

In many fine collections the sprinkling of good subscription sets evidences this earlier process; but your collector smiles secretly when you mention them, keeping wisely to himself the prices he paid for them in his callow days and shivering, maybe, when he thinks of some of the other stuff he gathered in lovingly at that time and got rid of since by stealth. Now he still buys an occasional sound and tasteful subscription set; but he awaits it at the auction block, where he pays value.

The greater number of the subscription-book buyers, the special target of the less scrupulous of this sort of publishers and agents, are people who have recently come into possession of a good deal more money than they used to have, and who simply act in obedience to the universal American instinct to rise to the highest level possible in all things—they desire immediately to dress better; to live better; to surround themselves with the best of every human thing; to cultivate their taste; to associate, according to each one's individual instinct, with the richest or the most cultivated people—which very often means to them, in these early stages of their education, much the same thing.

Such persons become the easiest kind of easy marks. Dressmakers stick them for the costliest of clothes; decorators persuade them into buying the costliest of furnishings; automobile salesmen convince them that eight-thousand-dollar cars are necessary to people of position; art dealers load them down with frightfully expensive pictures and statues fit only for galleries.

Having as yet little education in matters of taste, having no standards, and knowing as yet no disinterested advisers, is it any wonder that when it comes to a library—and, of course, a really distinguished library seems "necessary"—they are not only ready but anxious to take the advice about the selection of books offered them by those extremely wise and sophisticated specialists whom they meet by a combination of circumstances which seems to them quite natural—quite a matter of chance?

In this wonderful period of American expansion the number of these just-rich people who want to do and get "the right thing," and to do and get it at once, is nothing short of astonishing. The wives are the marks, more often, for the clever book agents. The American woman's instinctive yearning for cultivation leads her unerringly to the library. Usually the husband, engrossed in the stable or the automobile question, agrees that "Of course we've got to have a good library!"—and gives her carte blanche.

And the rest follows.

When it is the man who does the picking his trained business instinct usually saves him from inordinately heavy or foolish investments and eventually, if he develops any book desires, sets him more or less on the right road. It is generally the woman who finds herself in for the thirty-thousand or the fifty-thousand or the hundred-thousand dollar set.

And how she does squirm afterward! However, her dislike of publicity—the kind that makes one laughed at for a good thing—forces her to meet the notes she has given for the later payments. You will notice that it is only men who are brave enough to expose their blunders.

It is these good people, then, who are the natural and special quarry of the unscrupulous of the limited subscription tribe. To find out who they are before rival salesmen discover them; to size them up and determine how much they are good for; to learn their friends and their ways, and devise means to meet them under the best conditions for winning confidence; to land them for the biggest possible sales each will stand for; and, while they are "filling them up," to keep possession to the exclusion of hungry rivals—these are some of the business problems of the unscrupulous members of the so-called subscription-book guild.

Rich college boys are also frequent and easy. There are agents who devote themselves chiefly to the college field.

Here is a recent, well-authenticated example of the great business possibilities of this sort of thing.

An agent, one of the many who prowl round independent of any regular house connection, let some of his friends know that he had big game in tow.



"Is it Sold Yet?"

"If I can get just the right book now I can land him good. He's in exactly the frame of mind to buy something awfully exclusive. Look round a bit; and if you can pick up just what I want I'll pay as much, maybe, as five or six hundred."

So it happened that several were "looking round a bit" for "something exclusive."

Now it so happened that a very widely known dealer in expensive books of all kinds and sorts had picked up, for four hundred dollars, an elaborate modern volume of the kind that often sells to uncritical collectors for a good price. It had any number of hand-painted marginal illustrations; it was extra-illustrated with old engravings and had a truly marvelous cover. Besides, it had been "specially printed" and was the "only copy ever made." The dealer thought he might sometime get six hundred for it from the right buyer; and the very next day he showed it to some agents who dropped in to see what was new. One of these thought it might be "just what Pete wanted for his find" and offered five hundred on a twenty-four-hour option. This looked like a quick turn for a hundred profit and the dealer gave him his option.

The man showed the book to Pete, who couldn't keep his eyes from glistening. That glisten was fatal, for Pete had to pay eight hundred for the book; but within the week he sold it to his "find" for eight thousand dollars, cash!

There is your whole story in two sticks.

Some bookshops are full of such stories and most of them are essentially true. Many, in fact, get into the newspapers through the courts, the details afterward coming into mouth-to-ear trade circulation. Recently, for example, a woman who had purchased an exceedingly expensive edition, strictly limited to twenty-odd sets, took pleasure in her set being Number Thirteen. One day another woman, who heard her speaking of it, exclaimed sharply:

"Why, I've got that exact and precise limited set—and I paid the same price you did. And my set is Number Thirteen too!"

Tableau! Comparison showed it to be a fact, and investigation showed other duplications. Being two of them, and the matter being public anyway, they appealed to the law. It appeared that this particular set was so good a seller the publishers had done it right over again.

Some years ago a very good set of novels was published in England in twenty-two volumes, and the remainders kicked round in the London shops for years at fifteen or twenty pounds a set. An American publisher—they ought to be called speculators, not publishers—bought five sets; brought them to New York; chopped each volume in two, making forty-four volumes; put in special title pages, Japan paper insets, extra illustrations, and the like, and bound them luxuriously in crushed Levant—and actually sold several sets at ten thousand dollars a set!

However, that was not an extraordinary price as subscription-book prices run nowadays. Sets of books at twenty thousand, thirty thousand and forty thousand dollars are by no means unknown.

It is perfectly true that the publisher of these limited subscription books "puts it up to the agent" when the kicks come, and it is also perfectly true that unscrupulous agents are responsible for most of the cases of downright extortion. The nature of the business organism and the uninstructed character of the great majority of the purchasers afford peculiar opportunities for unscrupulous operations. The fact that large commissions may be made in this business without the investment of capital on the part of the salesman attracts to it the clever unscrupulous.

According to the usual custom in this business, the publisher divides the country into territories, each of which is assigned to the exclusive control of what is known as a general agent. The New York publisher will act, for instance, as his own general agent within the territory easily covered from his own city; but he will assign New England to a Boston general agent, the Lake country to one in Chicago, the Ohio River region to one in Cincinnati, and so on. Each general agent covers his territory very thoroughly from the centers of wealth. Often general agents are also publishers.

This particular kind of publisher allows the general agent fifty or sixty per cent discount; but as his books cost him only from ten to twenty per cent of the catalogue prices he still has, it will be seen, a handsome margin of profit against which, since the discount to the general agent covers all marketing expenses, he has to charge off no great cost of doing business. It is only necessary for him to do a fairly large business.

The general agent, who also is often a publisher and always a shrewd speculator in all sorts of expensive books, covers the territory assigned him by dealing with individual and often wholly irresponsible agents who prowl as they will, selling as they choose to whom they may; working with one another or combining against each other according to varying circumstances. To them the general agent pays twenty-five per cent of his fifty or sixty per cent discount; but only on receipt of sales—he guarantees nothing. The agent must cruise and scheme successfully or starve.

As may easily be imagined, it is a precarious life. Now and then the agent strikes luck and clears big money. Oftener, perhaps, he is behind in his rent. There are agents who are said to average eight to ten thousand a year; but knowing book people say they must be exceedingly—shall we say—shrewd? One who makes half that income with any regularity is not only an industrious and able salesman but surely works his occasional "soft things" to the best advantage. (Continued on Page 65)

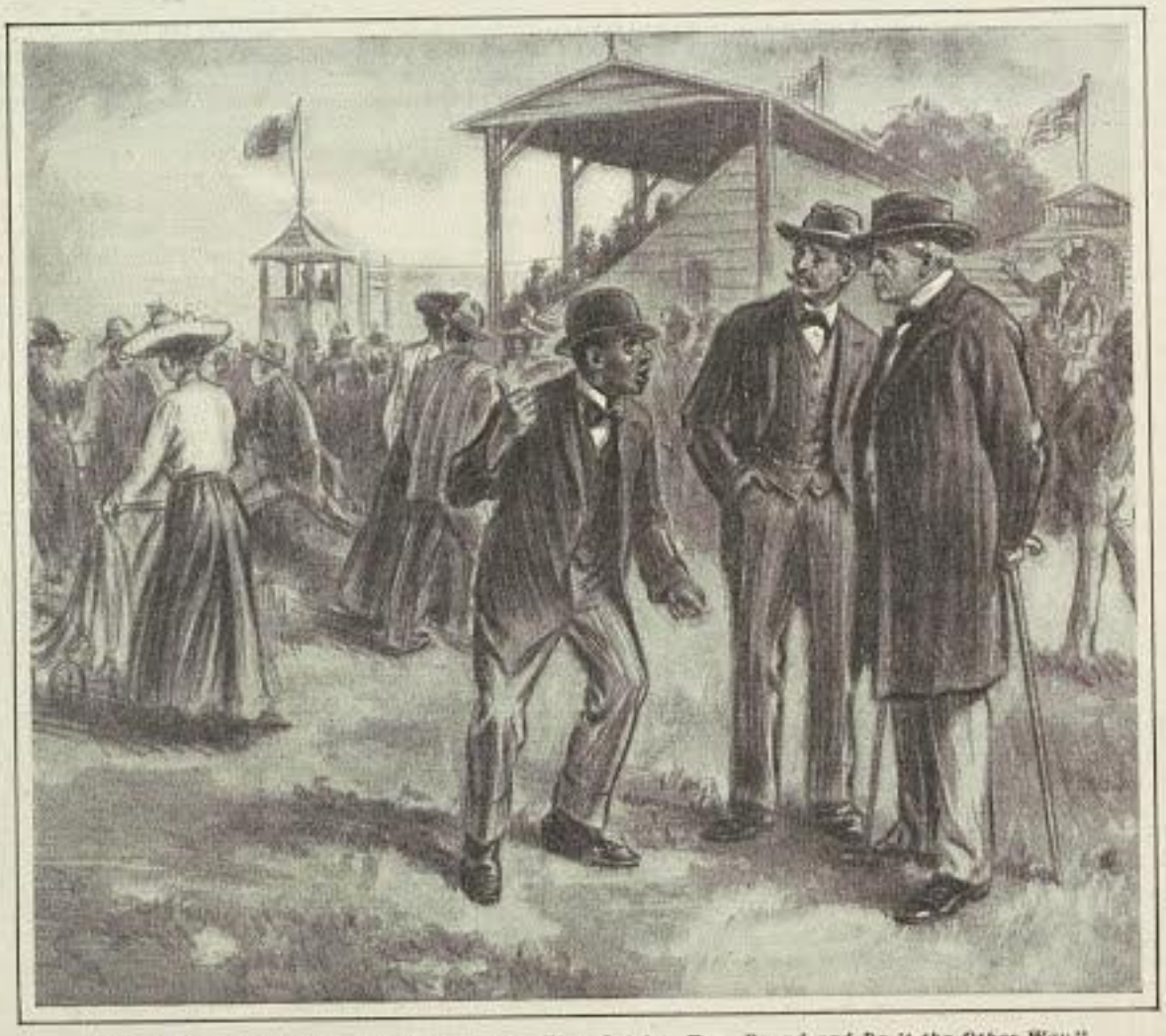
THE COUNTY TROT

By Irvin S. Cobb

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

SATURDAY was the last day of the county fair and the day of the County Trot. It was also Veterans' Day, when the old soldiers were the guests of honor of the management, and likewise Ladies' Day, which meant that all white females of whatever age were admitted free. So naturally, in view of all these things, the biggest day of fair week was Saturday.

The fair grounds lay in a hickory flat a mile out of town, and the tall scaly barks grew so close to the fence that they poked their limbs over its top and shed down nuts upon the track. The fence had been whitewashed once, back in the days of its youth when Hector was a pup; but Hec was an old dog now and the rains of years had washed the fence to a misty gray, so that in the dusk the long, warped panels stood up in rows, palely luminous—like the high-shouldered ghosts of a fence. And the rust had run down from the eaten-out nail-holes until each plank had two staring marks in its face—like rheumy, bleared eyes. The ancient grandstand was of wood, too, and had lain outdoors in all weathers until its rheumatic rafters groaned and creaked when the wind blew.



"Now, W'en the Money is All on the Mare, They Goin' to Turn Round and Do it the Other Way"

Back of the grandstand stood Floral Hall and Agricultural Hall. Except for their names and their flagstaffs you might have taken them for two rather hastily built and long-neglected barns. Up the track to the north were the rows of stables that were empty, odorous little cubicles for fifty-one weeks of the year, but now—for this one week—alive with darky stable hands and horses; and all the good savors of woodfires, clean hay and turned-up turf were commingled there.

The fair had ideal weather for its windup. No frost had fallen yet, but in the air there were signs and portents of its coming. The long yellow leaves of the hickories had begun to curl up as if to hold the dying warmth of the sap to the last; and once in a while an ash flamed red like a signal fire to give warning for Indian summer, when all the woods would blaze in warpaints before huddling down for the winter under their tufted, ragged tawnies and browns—like buffalo robes on the shoulders of chilled warriors. The first flights of the wild ducks were going over, their V's pointed to the Gulf; and that huckstering little bird of the dead treetops, which the negroes call the sweet-potato bird—maybe it's a pewee, with an acquired Southern accent—was calling his mythical wares at the front door of every woodpecker's hole. The woods were perfumy with ripening wild grapes and pawpaws, and from the orchards came rich winy smells where the windfalls lay in heaps and cider mills gushed under the trees; and on the roof of the smokehouse the pared, sliced fruit was drying out yellow and leathery in the sun and looking—a little way off—like countless ears all turned to listen for the same thing.

Saturday, by sunup, the fair grounds were astir. Undershirted concessionaires and privilege people emerged from their canvas sleeping quarters to sniff at a tantalizing smell that floated across to them from certain narrow trenches dug in the ground. That smell, just by itself, was one square meal and an incentive to another; for these trenches were full of live, red hickory coals; and above them, on greenwood stakes that were stretched across, a shoat and a whole sheep, and a rosary of young squirrels impaled in a string, had been all night barbecuing. Uncle Isom Woolfolk was in charge here—mightily and solely in charge—Uncle Isom Woolfolk, no less, official purveyor to the whole county at fish fries or camp breakfasts, secretary of the Republican County Committee, high in his church and his lodges and the best barbecue cook in seven states. He bellowed frequent and contradictory orders to two negro women of his household who were arranging clean white clothes on board trestles; and constantly he went from shoat to sheep and from sheep to squirrels, basting them with a rag wrapped about a stick and dipped into a potent sauce of his own private making. Red pepper and sweet vinegar were two of its main constituents, though, and in turn he painted each carcass as daintily as an artist retouching the miniature of his lady fair, so that under his hand the crackling meatskins sizzled and



"Little Red Hoss, What is Detainin' You?"

smoked, and a yellowish glaze like a veneer spread over their surfaces. His white chin-beard waggled with importance and the artistic temperament.

Before Uncle Isom had his barbecue off the fire the crowds were pouring in, coming from the town afoot, and in buggies and hacks, and from the country in farm wagons that held families, from grandsire to baby in arms, all riding in kitchen chairs, with bedquilt lap robes. At noon a thin trickle of martial music came down the pike; and pretty soon then the veterans, forty or fifty of them, marched in, two by two, some in their reunion gray and some in their best Sunday blacks. At the head of the limping line of old men was a fife-and-drum corps—two sons of veterans at the drums and Corporal Harrison Treese, sometime bugler of Terry's Cavalry, with his fife half buried in his whiskers, ripping the high notes out of The Girl I Left Behind Me. Near the tail of the procession was Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, of King's Hellhounds. Back in war times that organization had borne a more official and a less sanguinary title; but you would never have guessed this, overhearing Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's conversation.

The sergeant wore a little skirtless jacket, absurdly high-collared, faded to all colors and falling to pieces with age. Three tarnished buttons and a rag of rotted braid still clung to its front. Probably it had fitted the sergeant well in the days when he was a slim and limber young partisan ranger; but now the peaked little tail showed halfway up his back where his suspenders forked, and his white-shirted paunch jutted out in front like a big cotton pod bursting out of a gray-brown boll. The sergeant wore his jacket on all occasions of high military and civic state—that, and a gangrened leather cartridge-box bouncing up and down on his plump hip—and over his shoulder the musket he had carried to war and back home again, an ancient Springfield with a stock like a log butt and a hammer like a mule's ear, its barrel merely a streak of rust.

He walked side by side with his closest personal friend and bitterest political foe, Major Ashcroft, late of the Ninth Michigan Volunteers—walking so close to him that the button of the Loyal Legion in the major's left-hand lapel almost touched the bronze Southern Cross pinned high up on the right breast of the sergeant's flaring jacket.

From time to time the sergeant, addressing the comrades ahead of him, would poke the major in the side and call out:

"Boys, I've took the first prisoner—this here pizen Yank is my meat!"

And the imperturbable major would invariably retort:

"Yes, and along about dark the prisoner will have to be loading you into a hack and sending you home—the same as he always does."

Thereupon a cackling laugh would run up the double line from its foot to its head.

The local band, up in its coop on the warped gray roof of the grandstand, blared out Dixie, and the crowd cheered louder than ever as the uneven column of old soldiers swung stiffly down the walkway fronting the grandstand and halted at the word—and then, at another word, disbanded and melted away into individuals and groups. Soon the veterans, with their womenfolks, were scattered all over the grounds, elbowing a way through the narrow aisles of Floral Hall to see the oil paintings and the prize cakes and preserves, and the different patterns of home-made rag quilts—Hen-and-Chickens and Lone Star and Log Cabin—or crowding about the showpens where young calves lowed for parental attention and where a Berkshire boar, so long of body and so vast of bulk that he only needed to shed his legs to be a captive balloon, was shoving his snout through a crack in his pen and begging for goodies. And in Agricultural Hall were watermelons like green boulders, and stalks of corn fourteen feet long, and saffron blades of prize-winning tobacco, and families of chickens unhappily domiciled in wooden coops. The bray of sideshow barkers, and the squeak of toy balloons, and the barnyard sounds from the tied-up, penned-up farm creatures, went up to the treetops in a medley that drove the birds scurrying over the fence and into the quieter woods. And in every handy spot under a tree basket dinners were spread, and family groups ate cold fried chicken and lemon meringue pie, picnic fashion, upon the grass.

In the middle of this a cracked bugle sounded and there was a rush to the grandstand. Almost instantly its rattling gray boards clamored under the heels of a multitude. About the stall of the one lone bookmaker a small crowd, made up altogether of men, eddied and swirled. There were men in that group, strict church members, who would not touch a playing card or a fiddle—playthings of the devil by the word of their strict orthodoxy; who wouldn't let their children dance any dance except a square dance or go to any parties except play parties, and some of them had never seen the inside of a theater or a circus tent. But they came each year to the county fair; and if they bet on the horses it was their own private affair, they felt.

So, at the blare of that leaky bugle, Floral Hall and the cattlepens were on the moment deserted and lonely. The Berkshire boar returned to his wallow, and a young Jersey bullock, with a warm red coat and a temper of the same shade, was left shaking his head and snorting angrily as he tried vainly to dislodge a blue ribbon that was knotted about one of his short, curving black horns. Had he been a second prizewinner instead of a first, that ribbon would have been a red ribbon and there is no telling what might have happened.

The first race was a half-mile dash for running horses. There were four horses entered for it and three of the four jockeys wore regular jockey outfits, with loose blouses and top boots and long-peaked caps; but the fourth jockey was an imp-black stable boy, wearing a cotton shirt and the ruins of an old pair of pants. The brimless wreck of a straw hat was clamped down tight on his wool like a cap. He bestraddled a sweaty little red gelding named Flitterfoot, and Flitterfoot was the only local entry, an added starter, and a forlorn hope in the betting.

While these four running horses were dancing a fretful schottische round at the half-mile post, and the starter, old man Thad Jacobson, was bellowing at the riders and slashing a blacksnake whip round the shins of their impatient mounts, a slim black figure wormed a way under the arms and past the short ribs of a few belated betters yet lingering about the bookmaker's block. This intruder handled himself so deftly and so nimbly as not to jostle by one hair's breadth the dignity of any white gentleman there present, yet steadily making progress all the while and in ample time getting down a certain sum of money on Flitterfoot to win at odds.

"Ain't that your nigger boy Jeff?" inquired Doctor Lake of old Judge Priest, the circuit judge, as the newcomer, still boring deftly, emerged from the group and, with a last muttered "Scuse me, boss—please, suh—scuse me!" darted away toward the head of the stretch, where others of his race were draping themselves over the top rail of the fence in black festoons.

"Yes, I suppose 'tis—probably," said Judge Priest in his high singsong. "That black scoundrel of mine is liable to be everywhere—except when you want him, and then he's not anywhere. That must be Jeff, I reckon." And the old judge chuckled indulgently in appreciation of Jeff's manifold talents.

During the parade of the veterans that day Judge Priest, as commandant of the camp, had led the march just behind the fife and drums and just ahead of the color-bearer carrying the silken flag; and all the way out from town Jeff, his manservant, valet and guardian, had marched a pace to his right. Jeff's own private and personal convictions—convictions which no white man would ever know by word of mouth from Jeff anyhow—were not with the late cause which those elderly men in gray represented. Jeff's political feelings, if any such he had, would be sure to lean away from them; but it was a chance to march with music—and Jeff had marched, his head up and his feet cutting scallops and double-shuffles in the dust.

Judge Priest's Jeff was a small, jet-black person, swift in his gait and wise in his generation. He kept his wool cropped close and made the part in it with a razor. By some subtle art of his own he could fall heir to somebody else's old clothes and, wearing them, make them look newer and better than when they were new. Overcome by the specious wiles of Jeff some white gentleman of his acquaintance would bestow upon him a garment that seemed shabby to the point of open shame and a public scandal. Jeff would retire for a season with a pressing iron and a bottle of cleaning fluid, and presently that garment would come forth, having undergone a glorious resurrection. Seeing it, then, the former proprietor would repent his generosity and wonder what ever possessed him to part with apparel so splendid.

For this special and gala occasion Jim wore a blue-serge coat that had been given to him in consideration of certain acts of office-tending by Attorney Clay Saunders. Attorney Clay Saunders weighed two hundred and fifty pounds if he weighed an ounce, and Jeff would never see one hundred and twenty-five; but the blue serge was draped upon Jeff's frame with just the fashionable looseness. The sleeves, though a trifle long, hung most beautifully. Jeff's trousers were of a light and pearly gray, and had been the property originally of Mr. Otterbuck, cashier at the bank, who was built long and rangy; whereas Jeff was distinctly short and ducklike. Yet these same trousers, pressed now until you could have peeled peaches with their creases and turned up at the bottoms to a rakish and sporty length, looked as if they might have been specially coopered to Jeff's legs by a skilled tailor.

This was Judge Priest's Jeff, whose feet would fit anybody's shoes and whose head would fit anybody's hat. Having got his money safely down on Flitterfoot to win, Jeff was presently choking a post far up the homestretch. With a final crack of the starter's coiling blacksnake and a mounting scroll of dust, the runners were off on their half-mile dash. While the horses were still spattering through the dust on the far side of the course from him Jeff began encouraging his choice by speech.

"Come on, you little red hoss!" he said in a low, confidential tone. "I asks you lak a gen'leman to come on and win all that money fur me. Come on, you little red hoss—you ain't half runnin'! Little red hoss"—his voice sank to a note of passionate pleading—"whut is detainin' you?"

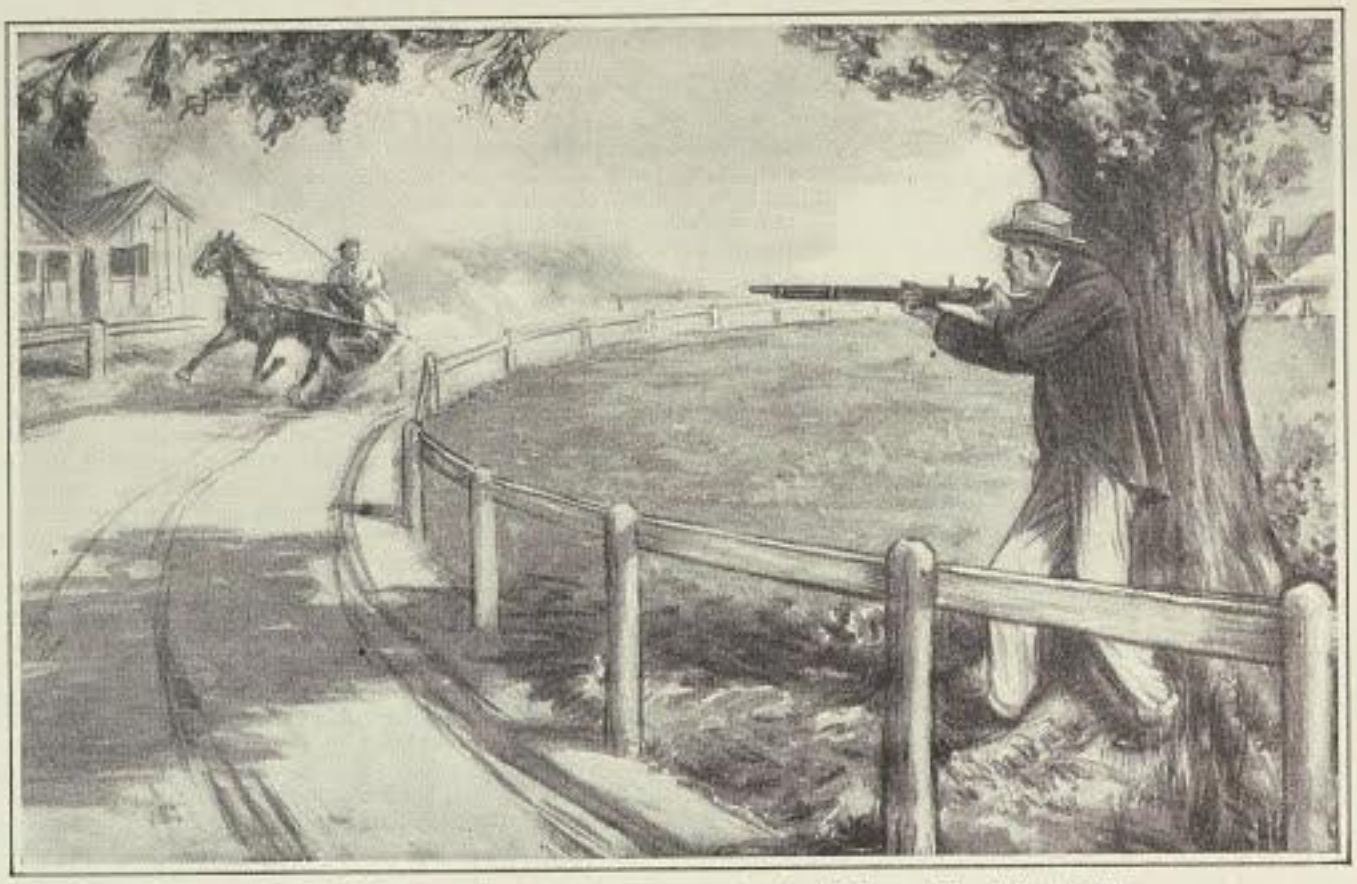
Perhaps even that many years back, when it had just been discovered, there was something to this new theory of thought transference. As if Jeff's tense whispers were reaching to him across two hundred yards of track and open field Flitterfoot opened up a gap between his lathered flanks and the rest of them. The others, in a confused group, scrambled and lunged out with their hoofs; but Flitterfoot turned into a long red elastic rubber band, stretching himself out to twice his honest length and then snapping back again to half. High up on his shoulder the ragged black stable boy hung, with his knees under his chin and his shoulders hunched as though squaring off to do a little flying himself. Twenty long yards ahead of the nearest contender, Flitterfoot scooted over the line a winner. Once across, he expeditiously bucked the crouching small incumbrance off his withers and, with the bridle dangling, bounced riderless back to his stable; while above the roar from the grandstand rose the triumphant remark of Jeff: "Ain't he a regular runnin' and ajumpin' fool!"

The really important business of the day to most, however, centered about the harness events, which was only



It Was a Chance to March With Music—and Jeff Had Marched

natural, this being an end of the state where they raised the standard breeds as distinguished from the section whence came the thoroughbreds. A running race might do for an appetizer, like a toddy before dinner; but the big interest would focus in the two-twenty pace and the free-for-all consolation, and finally would culminate in the County Trot—open only to horses bred and owned in the county and carrying with it a purse of two thousand dollars—big money for that country—and a dented and tarnished silver trophy that was nearly fifty years old, and valued accordingly.



All Jackson Berry Knew Was That the Muzzle of an Awful Weapon Was Following Him

After the half-mile dash and before the first heat of the two-twenty pace there was a balloon ascension and parachute drop. Judge Priest's Jeff was everywhere that things were happening. He did two men's part in holding the bulging bag down to earth until the spangled aeronaut yelled out for everybody to let go. When the man dropped, away over by the back fence, Jeff was first on the spot to brush him off and to inquire in a voice of respectful solicitude how he was feeling, now that he'd come down. Up in the grandstand, Mrs. Major Joe Sam Covington, who was stout and wore a cameo breastpin as big as a coffee saucer at her throat, expressed to nobody in particular a desire for a glass of cool water; and almost instantly, it seemed, Judge Priest's Jeff was at her side bowing low and ceremoniously with a brimming dipper in one hand and an itch for the coming tip in the other. When the veterans adjourned back behind Floral Hall for a watermelon cutting, Jeff, grinning and obsequious, arrived at exactly the properly timed moment to receive a whole butt-end of red-hearted, green-rinded lusciousness for his own. Taking the opportunity of a crowded minute about Uncle Isom Woolfolk's barbecued meat stand he bought extensively, and paid for what he bought with a lead half dollar that he had been saving for months against just such a golden chance—a half dollar so palpably leaden that Uncle Isom, discovering it half an hour later, was thrown into a state of intense rage, followed by a period of settled melancholy, coupled with general suspicion of all mankind. Most especially, though, Judge Priest's Jeff concerned himself with the running of the County Trot, being minded to turn his earlier winnings over and over again.

From the outset Jeff, like most of the fair crowd, had favored Van Wallace's black mare, Minnie May, against the only other entry for the race, Jackson Berry's big roan trotting stallion, Blandville Boy. The judgment of the multitude stood up, too, for the first two heats of the County Trot, alternating in between heats of the two-twenty pace and the free-for-all, were won handily by the smooth-gaited mare. Blandville Boy was feeling his oats and his grooming, and he broke badly each time, for all the hobble harness of leather that was buckled over and under him. Nearly everybody was now betting on Minnie May to take the third and the decisive heat.

Waiting for it, the crowd spread over the grounds, leaving wide patches of the grandstand empty. The sideshows and the medicine venders enjoyed heavy patronage, and once more the stalled ox and the fatted pig were surrounded by admiring groups. There was a thick jam about the crowning artistic gem of Floral Hall—a crazy quilt with eight thousand different pieces of silk in it, mainly of acutely jarring shades, so that the whole was a thing calculated to blind the eye and benumb the mind.

The city marshal forcibly calmed down certain exhilarated young bucks from the country—they would be sure to fire off their pistols and yell into every dooryard as they tore home that night, careening in their side-bar buggies; but now they were made to restrain themselves. Bananas and cocoanuts advanced steadily in price as the visible supply shrank. There is a type of Southern countryman who, coming to town for a circus day or a fair, first eats extensively of bananas—red bananas preferred; and then, when the raw edge of his hunger is abated, he buys a cocoanut and, after punching out one of its eyes and drinking the sweet milky whey, cracks the shell apart and gorges on the white meat. By now the grass was cumbered with many shattered cocoanut shells, like broken shards; and banana peels, both red and yellow, lay wilted and limp everywhere in the litter underfoot.

The steam Flyin' Jinny—it would be a carousel farther North—ground unendingly, loaded to its gunwales with family groups. Crap games started in remote spots and fights broke out. In a far shadow of the fence behind the stables one darky with brass knuckles felled another, then broke and ran. He scuttled over the fence like a fox squirrel, with a bullet from a constable's big blue-barreled revolver spatting into the paling six inches below him as he scaled the top and lit flying on the other side. Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, dragging his Springfield by the barrel, began a long story touching on what he once heard General Buckner say to General Breckinridge, went to sleep in the middle of it, enjoyed a refreshing nap of twenty minutes, woke up with a start and resumed the anecdote at the exact point where he left off—"An' 'en General Breckinridge he says to General Buckner, he says, 'General ——'"

But Judge Priest's Jeff disentangled himself from the center of things, and took a quiet walk up toward the stables to see what might be seen and to hear what might be heard, as befitting one who was speculating heavily and needed all available information to guide him. What he saw was Van Wallace, owner of the mare, and Jackson Berry, owner of the stud-horse, slipping furtively into an empty feedshed. As they vanished within Van Wallace looked about him cautiously, but Jeff had already dived to shelter alongside the shed and was squatting on a pile of stable scrapings, where a swarm of flies flickered above an empty pint flask and watermelon rinds were curling up and drying in the sun like old shoesoles. Jeff had seen something. Now he applied his ear to a crack between the planks of the feedshed and heard something.

For two minutes the supposed rivals confabbed busily in the shelter of a broken hayrack. Then, suddenly taking alarm without cause, they both poked their heads out at the door and looked about them searchingly—right and left. There wasn't time for Jeff to get away. He only had a second's or two seconds' warning; but all the conspirators saw as they issued forth from the scene of their intrigue was a small darky in clothes much too large for him lying alongside the shed in a sprawled huddle, with one loose sleeve over his face and one black forefinger shoved like a snake's head down the neck of a flat pocket-flask. Above this figure the flies were buzzing in a greedy cloud.

"Just some nigger full of gin that fell down there to sleep it off," said Van Wallace. And he would have gone on; but Berry, who was a tall, red-faced, horsy man—a blusterer on the surface and a born coward inside—booted the sleeper in the ribs with his toe.

"Here, boy!" he commanded. "Wake up here!" And he nudged him again hard.

The negro only flinched from the kicks, then rolled farther over on his side and mumbled through a snore.

"Couldn't hear it thunder," said Berry reassured. "Well, let's get away from here."

"You bet!" said Van Wallace fervently. "No use taking chances by bein' caught talkin' together. Anyhow, they'll be ringing the startin' bell in a minute or two."

"Don't forget, now!" counseled Berry as Wallace started off, making by a roundabout and devious way for his own stable, where Minnie May, hitched to her sulky and with her legs bandaged, was being walked back and forth by a stable boy.

"Don't you worry; I won't!" said Wallace; and Berry grinned joyously and vanished in the opposite direction, behind the handy feedshed.

On the instant that both of them disappeared Judge Priest's Jeff rose to his feet, magically changing from a drunken darky to an alert and flying black Mercury. His feet hardly hit the high places as he streaked it for the grandstand—looking for Judge Priest as hard as he could look.

Nearly there he ran into Captain Buck Owings. Captain Buck Owings was a quiet, grayish man, who from time to time in the course of a busy life as a steamboat pilot and master had had occasion to shoot at or into divers persons. Captain Buck Owings had a magnificent capacity for attending strictly to his own business and not allowing anybody else to attend to it. He was commonly classified as dangerous when irritated—and tolerably easy to irritate.

"Cap'n Buck! Cap'n Buck!" sputtered Jeff, so excited that he stuttered. "P-please, suh, is you seen my boss—Jedge Priest? I suttinly must see him right away. This here next heat is goin' to be throwed."

It was rarely that Captain Buck Owings raised his voice above a low, deliberate drawl. He raised it a trifle now.

"What's that, boy?" he demanded. "Who's going to throw this race?"

He caught up with Jeff and hurried along by him, Jeff explaining what he knew in half a dozen panted sentences. As Captain Buck Owings' mind took in the situation, Captain Buck Owings' gray eyes began to flicker a little.

Nowhere in sight was there any one who looked like the judge. Indeed, there were few persons at all to be seen on the scarred green turf across which they sped and those few were hurrying to join the crowds that packed thick upon the seats of the grandstand, and thicker along the infield fence and the homestretch. Somewhere beyond, the stable bell jangled. The little betting ring was empty almost and the lone bookmaker was turning his blackboard down.

His customary luck served Jeff in this crisis, however. From beneath a cuddy under the grandstand that bore a blue board lettered with the word "Refreshments" appeared the large, slow-moving form of the old judge. He was wiping his mouth with an enormous handkerchief as he headed deliberately for the infield fence. His venerable and benevolent pink face shone afar and Jeff literally flung himself at him.

"Oh, Jedge!" he yelled. "Oh, Jedge; please, suh, wait jes' a minute!"

In some respects Judge Priest might be said to resemble Kipling's East Indian elephant. He was large as to bulk and conservative as to his bodily movements; he never seemed to hurry, and yet when he set out to arrive at a given place in a given time he would be there in due season. He faced about and propelled himself toward the queerly matched pair approaching him with such haste.

As they met, Captain Buck Owings began to speak and his voice was back again at its level monotone, except that it had a little steaming sound in it, as though Captain Buck Owings were beginning to seethe and simmer gently somewhere down inside of himself.

"Judge Priest, suh," said Captain Buck, "it looks like there'd be some tall swindlin' done round here soon unless we can stop it. This boy of yours heard something. Jeff, tell the judge what you heard just now." And Jeff told, the words bubbling out of him in a stream:

"It's done all fixed up betwixt them w'ite gen'lemen. That there Mr. Jackson Berry he's been tormentin' the stallion ontwell he break and lose the first two heats. Now, w'en the money is all on the mare, they goin' to turn round and do it the other way. Over on the backstretch that

Mr. Van Wallace he's goin' to spite and tease Minnie May ontwell she go all to pieces, so the stallion'll be jest natchelly bound to win; an' 'en they'll split up the money amongst 'em!"

"Ah-hah!" said Judge Priest; "the infernal scoundrels!" Even in this emergency his manner of speaking was almost deliberate; but he glanced toward the bookmaker's block and made as if to go toward it.

"That there Yankee bookmaker gen'leman he's into it too," added Jeff. "I p'intedly heard 'em both mention his name."

"I might speak a few words in a kind of a warnin' way to those two," purred Captain Buck Owings. "I've got a right smart money adventured on this trottin' race myself." And he turned toward the track.

"Too late for that either, son," said the old judge, pointing. "Look yonder!"

A joyful rumble was beginning to thunder from the grandstand. The constables had cleared the track, and from up beyond came the glint of the flashing sulky-spokes as the two conspirators wheeled about to score down and be off.

"Then I think maybe I'll have to attend to 'em personally after the race," said Captain Buck Owings in a resigned tone.

"Son," counseled Judge Priest, "I'd hate mightily to see you brought up for trial before me for shootin' a rascal—especially after the mischief was done. I'd hate that mightily—I would so."

"But, Judge," protested Captain Buck Owings, "I may have to do it! It oughter be done. Nearly everybody here has bet on Minnie May. It's plain robbin' and stealin'!"

"That's so," assented the judge as Jeff danced a clog of excitement just behind him—"that's so. It's bad enough for these two to be robbin' their own fellow-citizens; but it's mainly the shame on our county fair I'm thinkin' of." The old judge had been a director and a stockholder of the County Jockey Club for twenty years or more. Until now it's record had been clean. "Tryin' to declare the result off afterward wouldn't do much good. It would be ——"

"The word of three white men against a nigger—and nobody would believe the nigger," added Captain Buck Owings, finishing the sentence for him.

"And the scandal would remain jest the same," bemoaned the old judge. "Buck, my son, unless we could do something before the race it looks like it's hopeless. Ah!"

The roar from the grandstand above their heads deepened, then broke up into babblings and exclamations. The two trotters had swung past the mark, but Minnie May had slipped a length ahead at the tape and the judges had sent them back again. There would be a minute or two more of grace anyhow. The eyes of all three followed the nodding heads of the horses back up the stretch. Then Judge Priest, still watching, reached out for Jeff and dragged him round in front of him, dangling in his grip like a hooked black eel.

"Jeff, don't I see a gate up yonder in the track fence right at the first turn?" he asked.

"Yes, suh," said Jeff eagerly. "'Tain't locked neither. I come through it myse'f today. It opens on to a little road whut leads out past the stables to the big pike. I kin ——"

The old judge dropped his wriggling servitor and had Captain Buck Owings by the shoulder with one hand and was pointing with the other up the track, and was speaking, explaining something or other in a voice unusually brisk for him.

"See yonder, son!" he was saying. "The big oak on the inside—and the gate is jest across from it!"

Comprehension lit up the steamboat captain's face, but the light went out as he slapped his hand back to his hip pocket—and slapped it flat.

"I knew I'd forgot something!" he lamented despairingly. "Needin' one worse than I ever did in my whole life—and then I leave mine home in my other pants!"

He shot the judge a look. The judge shook his head.

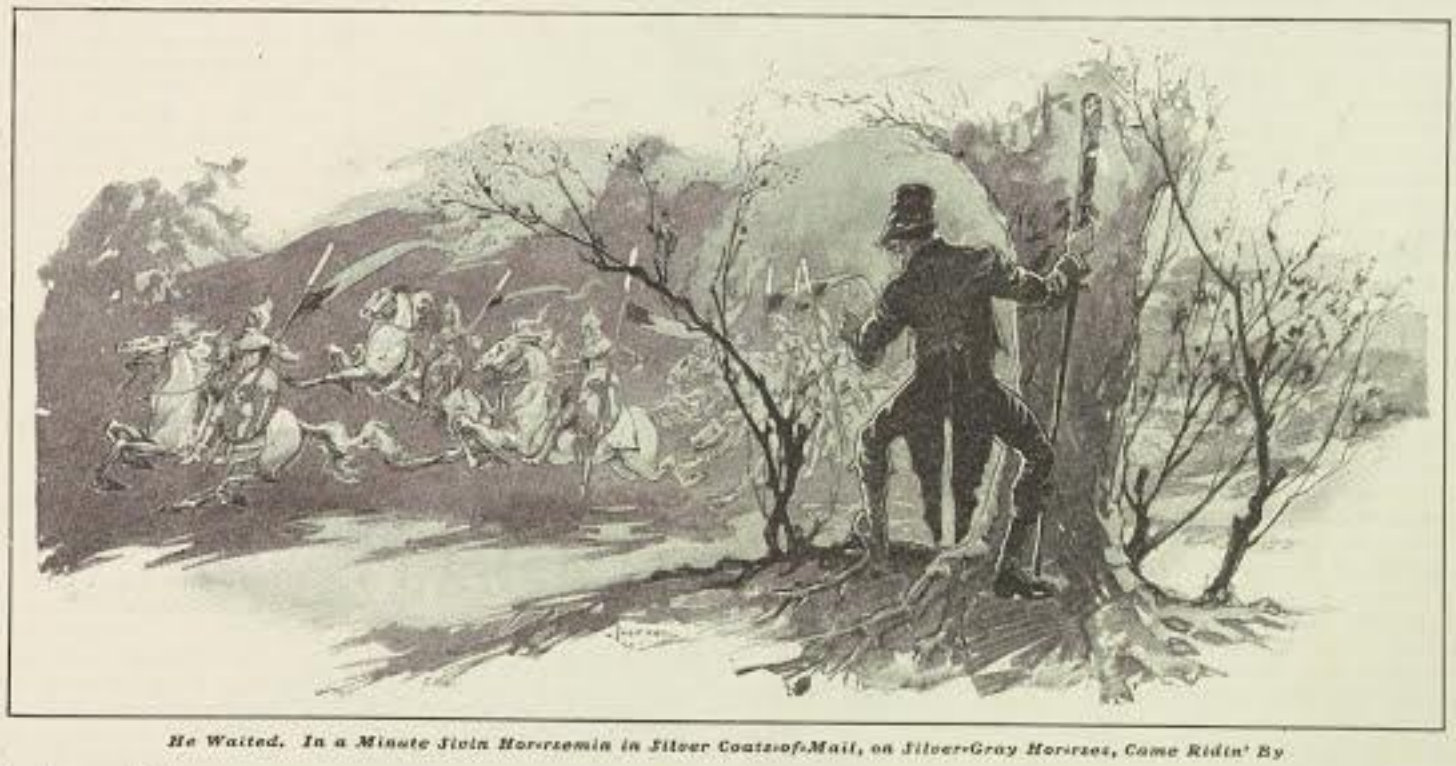
"Son," he said, "the circuit judge of the second judicial district of Kintucky don't tote such things."

Captain Buck Owings raised a clenched fist to the blue sky above and swore impotently. For the third time the grandstand crowd was starting its roar. Judge Priest's head began to waggle with little sidewise motions.

Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, late of King's Hellhounds, rambled with weaving indirectness round the corner of the grandstand not twenty feet from them. His gangrened cartridge-box was trying to climb up over his left shoulder from behind, his eyes were heavy with a warm and comforting drowsiness, and his Springfield's iron butt-plate was scurfing up the dust a yard behind him as he hauled the musket along by the muzzle.

The judge saw him first; but, even as he spoke and pointed, Captain Buck Owings caught the meaning and jumped. There was a swirl of arms and legs as they struck, and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby, sorely shocked, staggered back against the wall with a loud grunt of surprise and indignation. *(Continued on Page 44)*

THE SILVER SHOES



He Waited. In a Minute Sivin Horrsemin in Silver Coats-of-Mail, on Silver-Gray Horrses, Come Ridin' By

By Charles Battell Loomis

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

I HAD gone with Dan MacCormack for a day'e fishing on Mangam Pond—to Mangam Pond because it hasn't been discovered by New Yorkers, and with Dan because he knew the likely fishing places. I'm not a born fisherman; and my son and heir, aged thirteen, is so little of one that he refused with scorn my invitation to come along—said he was going to learn how to run Howard MacFarland's new automobile; that he'd gone fishing with me before, and he didn't see any sport in sitting still in a boat and hearing me say at intervals, "I think I've got a strike!" which never proved to have any foundation in fact. A boy so lacking in the true Izaak Walton spirit was out of place in a fishing boat; so I was not sorry when he refused. I will also add that he learned to run the machine and escaped any kind of injury to it or to him.

What better place for a story than a boat during the time that the fish were lazing—for I must say that in the first half-hour I had caught a three-and-a-half-pound bass and that Dan had pulled in two a trifle—a mere trifle—heavier.

Dan didn't have to be coaxed, but asked me if I'd ever heard tell of the Silver Shoes that ran in a family, generation after generation. Of course I had not; so I hauled in my line, lit a cigar (the while Dan was lighting his unescapable pipe) and proceeded to listen to a story, under September skies that sported clouds more fit for June.

Ye see, the Morans was poor, hardwor-rkin' min like their neighbors—starvin' when the peraty crop failed an' makin' a bit of a livin' when God was good to thim. There was not a bit of differ between ould Dan Moran an' Terence Slattery, that lived just beyant him, except that ould Dan had silver shoes—one pair—and his father Michael had had a pair before him—an' his father.

When little Cahal Moran was bor-rn peraties was scarce an' the babe skin-an'-bones at bir-rth. The bir-rth of him was the deat' of his mother, as lovely a ger-rul as ever set a man's eyes to widenin'.

Now the way the silver shoes was got was not be go'n' to Limerick or Dublin an' payin' a quar-rter-r's rint for thim; it was by waitin' for a night whin the little folk was out an' droppin' a handful of silver inside of their ring, an' then go'n' away. Come sunrise, an' there was the shoes!

Sure, Dan had scarce a shillin's wort' of silver, but that little would get milk for the babe; and he was sore put whether to get the shoes at all at all or get the boy food—but family pride was strong. "Sure, no wan of the Moran min has died widout absolution an' a pair of the shoes. What if little Cahal was to be taken away an' him wid no silver shoes to prove he was a silver-shod Moran!"

So that night—a night in spring—he wint to the meadow where the little folk danced under a big oak an' he dropped his two poor sixpences down on the ground wid a sigh, an' thin hid in the hedge till mar-rnin'. Thin he wint over to the tree an' there was a tiny pair of silver shoes just the size of Cahal's little foot.

Back to the house wint Dan Moran, an' th' ould women tould him Cahal was nair deat'. Dan said not a wor-rd in answer, but he put the shoes on the baby—an' Cahal smiled; an', reachin' down, he patted them, the way babies have patted shoes iver since they was invinted.

Nixt day the Gover'mint sint food to the poor far-rmers of that section—an' from then on Cahal thrived.

Now in coor-rse of time Cahal's father died, l'avin' the boy little but the shoes an' a stout hear-rt. Cahal was not wan o' the merry wans, singin' his way t'roo the wer-ruld. An' he wasn't a dullard mopin' along. He knew his rights an' he'd fight for thim; but he was good-natur-red enough an' kind-hair-rted—which all good-natur-red people ain't, as ye may have noticed, sir-r.

Havin' no mind to far-rm it, an' wid a taste to see what was on the air-rth besides the village he was bor-rn in an' the mar-rket town, Cahal—he was twinty yairs old—wan o' those fine days in late summer slung his silver shoes over his shouldher—to save thim for Sunday—an', puttin' on an 'ould pair of brogans out at the toes, he set out.

"I'll come back in time to pay the rint," says he to ould Mother Cassidy, his next-door neighbor; "but it's like enough I'll give the far-rm up too. There's more ways than far-rmin' for air-rnin' a livin', an' I'm go'n' to find out some of them. Goodby an' God bliss you!"

"The Mercies of Heaven upon ye, Cahal; an' may no har-rm come nair enough to ye to know ye!"

Cahal lived not far from Limerick, which lay to the nor-rth; an', as he wanted to see what a big town was like, he wint there fir-rst of all.

Sure, the noise dismayed him, but he'd not been there half a day when he came to like it. An' the whole rest of the wer-ruld seemed livin' there. An' such illigant houses—fit for kings or popes!

He wandered down on the pier an' kem on an ould woman sellin' fruit from a little stand on the sidewalk. The fruit looked good to the lad an' he was just go'n' to buy some when a gang of rough town boys kem runnin' round the corner, overtur-rnin' the stand an' gatherin' half the fruit.

"Oh, dair! Oh, dair!" says the poor woman, bendin' over to pick 'em up. "May the young divils choke on the cores an' pits!"

While Cahal helped her pick up what was left an' bought some plums she showered him wid blessin's. An' she did more than that: she raiched down an' lifted up her flannen petticoat an' cut a little square of it off.

"There," says she. "Don't be afther losin' that. It's good for polishin' fruit or lamps, or annything that's a bit dull. Lose your clothes if ye can't help it, but keep the cloth by ye."

Cahal felt like laughin', but she seemed a wise ould woman, wid eyes like lamps at the end of a couple of alleys; so he thanked her an' pinned the flannen on the inside of his waistcoat.

"But," says she, "if you lose your clothes——"

"I don't intind to lose me clothes," says he—"not while I've breath in me body."

"D'ye ever bathe?" says she.

"Not arften," says he. "Why?"

"It's thin some wan might run away wid your clothes, an' you none the wiser."

"I'm wiser now," says Cahal, smiling good-humoredly at her; an' he set off up the pier.

Whin night kem Cahal looked for an inn, but they arl seemed too grand for him; an' at last he wint outside the city a mile or two an' got some milk an' eggs in a cabin an' slept behind a hedge, wid no rint to pay.

In the mar-rnin' he thought he'd better be go'n' on his travels, but Limerick was too interestin' a place for him to l'ave; so back he wint afther he'd had breakfast in the same cabin for a few pence.

They was holdin' a fair that day, an' Cahal was glad he'd come back, there was so manny funny t'ings to be seen—quare little hor-rses wid long ears an' shaggy fur, an' wonderful strong min that bint bar-rs of iron, an' a leddy that jumped t'roo a flamin' hoop. An' opposite the tint that held the t'ree-headed pig was an ould woman wid a lot of canes an' staffs stuck in the air-rth, an' she callin' on ivery wan to try to t'row a ring over a staff an' he'd get a crockery mug, or a candle, or a lover's portion—to be drunk, ye know.

Cahal was surprised to see that it was the woman whose apples he'd picked up the day before. He gev her the top of the mornin' an' handed her a shillin', sayin' he'd like to try.

"Sure, it's on'y a penny a toss," says she.

"Well, if I get tired you can give me change," says he; but he intinded takin' a dozen t'rows just to help her along, for no one else was tossin'.

He was handy at mar-rkin' the distance to toss the ring, an' ivery time he covered a cane. T'ree candles, a couple of mugs, a brass ring, his fortune arl writ out on a paper, an' five adornmints for ger-ruls was what he got—an' he laughed at the collection. The candles might come in handy—an' him sleepin' on a dark night in a hedge; but the rist he wouldn't be boddered wid.

"Give me back the prizes," says she, "an' I'll give ye this illigant white walkin'-staff. Don't despise it an' never lose it."

"While bathin'?" says he wid a laugh.

"Not anny time at arl," says she, an' hands him the long white staff, a foot taller than he was.

It made go'n' aisy, an' so he wint an' wance more tried for the open country. That night he had a fish dinner wid a couple of gossoons who'd been fishin' an' was cookin' their supper in a field he passed. 'Twould have been better wid salt, but he was hungry. He made so merry wid thim, bein' oulder an' bigger, that they wouldn't let him pay a penny for the fish he made way wid.

Whin he left the boys he looked over his left shoulder an' there was a slit of a young moon shinin' down at him. He passed the night in a hayrick, an' whin it was mar-rnin' he tur-rned his face toward Limerick, again hopin' to get breakfast at a far-rmhouse; but, as luck would have it, he passed no house at all till he was within half a mile of the town; an' thin, it bein' so nair, he t'ought he'd go in an' git breakfast there. He was feelin' reckless, so he wint to an inn an' or-rdered breakfast. Sure, 'twas the finest he'd iver 'aten; but whin the bill came he nair fainted, for it called for the paymint of a shillin' an' sixpince—an' all he had was a cup of tay, an' a bit of porridge, an' a couple of eggs, an' a slice of ham, an' a glass of milk, an' half a loaf of bread an' some salmon.

"It's aisy seein' I'd run t'roo me fortune in a week if I kem to these illigant places," says he. "But I'm glad I tried it. 'Tis an advinture; but it'll be ch'aper remimberin' it than tryin' it agin."

That day he wandered to a par-rt of the town he'd not been in before. The wind was a bit chilly, blowin' in gusts like; an' the houses was the poorest he'd iver seen. Childher like skeletons played in the dir-rty gutters, an' ould women wid shawls over their heads an' pipes in their mouths passed gossip like a ball from wan to the other. Cahal noticed a stall covered wid nothin' at arl but sheets of paper, a bottle of ink an' a bottle of sand. Behind it sat an ould woman, her head complately covered wid a shawl. Cahal wondered where would be anny money in sellin' paper to the like of those that he saw round; an' just thin a gust of wind kem up sudden an' malicious an' scattered the sheets to the four ends of the street. Always glad to do a good tur-rn, Cahal picked up what he could an' handed thim to the ould woman; an' just thin her shawl slipped from her face an' he saw it was the same wan that had sold fruit and had given him the staff.



"Wan Momint. I Have a Letter to You That I Forgot Arl About"

"An' what sor-rt of a spor-rt is this?" says Cahal whin she had thanked him an' put a stone from the pavemint on the rist of the paper.

"I'm a letter-writer," says she. "If a felly wants to write to his ger-rul, or a ger-rul to her young man, they come to me an' tell me what to say, though I know beforehand, for it's always the wan song. I've taken a likin' to ye because ye seem to be willin' to stop long enough to help the misfortunate. Here's a letter already written, but not to be used till you need it. 'Tis addrissed 'To the wan it's written to,' an' that's arl the addriss ye need. Whin ye need it ye'll know it. An' now, young man, stop wastin' your time here in the city an' strike out quick for the nor-rth. There's good fortune waitin' for ye there, but here there's nothin' for the likes o' you but a porter in an inn, or a teamster."

Cahal thanked the ould woman an' felt like askin' her why she didn't stick to one business, but somethin' held his tongue. So he bade her goodby an' set out for the nor-rth that afternoon. The clouds was gray, the rain not what ye'd call wet, but continuous, an' the breeze as sair-rchin' as a detictive.

It was fallin' night whin he overtook a young man l'adin' a hor-rse that was limpin'. The young man was of illigant appearance, but very haughty lookin'.

"What's wrong wid your hor-rse?" said Cahal, thinkin' to help him, for he'd not lived in the next cabin to a blacksmith's for nothin'.

"Did I say annything to you?" says the young man, wid a most offinsive look.

"Sure, some wan has to star-rt a conversation, an' you seemed to be in throuble."

"Aiquals don't have to wait to spake," says he; "but pisants can wait till they're spoken to."

"Why didn't ye tell me ye wasn't a pisant?" says Cahal wid great insolence, but as cool as October.

Wid that the young man pulled his swor-rd an' made as if he would run Cahal t'roo, but seemed to remimber that swor-rds was for aiquals an' put it back in its scabbar-rd.

But the suggestin' was enough for Cahal, an' he gives the young man a backhander wid his right that knocked out a tooth and laid him on the ground. Thin, before the young felly could rise, a bit of foolishness kem into Cahal's head; an', securin' his bit of flannen, he polished the nose of the young swell. Red as an apple it became, givin' him the look of a lover of the crather.

Thin Cahal passed on into the gatherin' gloom an', comin' to a for-rk in the road, he took the wan on the left because he fear-red fur-rther action on the par-rt of the b'y; an' knowin' that a swor-rd in the hands of an angry man might forget who was aiquals and who was not, it was no job for his two hands, even if he made fists of thim.

Now if he'd not met the young man he'd have tur-rned to the right, as showin' daylight longer; an' if he'd done that he'd have come out Belfast-way evintually, quite away from the lay of his fortunes, while the left led to the kingdom of a mighty king of those days—a felly wid flamin' rid hair an' rid whisker-rs an' no name at arl—havin' grabbed the kingdom from the rightful king, but bein' forbidden by his cour-rt to use anny name. King Noname he was called just for handiness in sp'akin', an' a beautiful darter he had—but that's ahead of me story.

Cahal walked well into the night an' walked blind, for the road was pitch-black. Wance a rook flapped its wings at him, an' he was that surprised—for rooks ain't like bats—that he tripped over a log an' fell full len'th in some slime; an', bein' a bit stunned, he decided, whin he come to, to sleep by a hedge. An' just as he was droppin' off he hair-rd the sound of a limpin' hor-rse an' knew that the impidint young felly had passed by. That settled him for sleep an' he slept till mar-rnin'.

Now all this time, ye remimber, he was carryin' the silver shoes hung over his shouldher. An' I forgot to tell ye that they was always of a size to fit the feet of him, though his father had got thim whin Cahal was a baby.

Whin he woke up in the mar-rnin' he felt a bit stiff an' bruised; walkin' would soon cure that. But whin he looked at his shoes he cried out, for they was as dull as a piece of moleskin.

Cahal wondered how this had come about; thin he remimbered the slime in which he had fallen, an' he made no doubt the shoes had left their silveriness there.

"Well," says he, "it's better this way for travelin', an' whin I have need of thim I can polish thim wid something or other. He had no breakfast that mar-rnin', for he never passed a cabin until nair noon. Thin he saw a pretty colleen sittin' outside her door, singin' to a flock of geese. At laist he could see no human bein' nigh, but the geese all stood listenin' to the ger-rul an' she singin' like a t'rush.

She was as pink and white as if she was made of candy and looked more like a doll than a ger-rul.

"That's as good as somethin' to ate," says Cahal to her, thinkin' he'd niver seen so pretty a ger-rul before.

"It's not manny mails ye'd get out of a song. Singin's better for the lungs than for the stomach." She looked up the road. "Here comes mother," she says joyfully. "Now I'll stop singin' an' do somethin' better."

Cahal waited to see what was go'n' to happen.

"It's nayther sup nor song I've had today," said he. "Sure, there's not manny inns below here."

"M'anin' in the woods?" says she. "There's no need of inns, wid rabbits an' fish to be had for the catchin'. Why didn't ye catch a rabbit?"

"Sure, I wouldn't know a rabbit from a wrin," says he. "I'm new at travelin'. Is this your mother in the car-rt?"

"Yis, an' she'll have enough an' to spare if it's dinner ye're thinkin' of," says the pretty ger-rul.

An' sure enough, whin the ould leddy drove up she had fruit an' fresh fish an' lettuce an' cakes. This looked very



"Lave Your Clothes if Ye Can't Help it, But Keep the Cloth by Ye"

odd to Cahal; but the ger-rul explained it be sayin' that it was her bir-rthday, an' her mother always brought a faist from mar-rket, even if they star-rved for the rist of the week.

"Come in, sir, an' be a man at our table," says th' ould leddy. "'Tis but meself an' Kathleen is here. Welkim ye are to share the faist; an' perhaps ye can tell your advintures."

Cahal was never slow to ate whin there'd be a chance, an' to ate wid such a pretty ger-rul was the same as havin' two mails at wance; so he wint into the house an' sat down to a fine mail.

Whin he'd finished he felt as if he'd known the couple for yair-rs, an' he was sure he was in love wid Kathleen.

"Tell us what brings you here," says the ould woman. She had silver-white hair an' a face like a ger-rul's, on'y her eyes was set far back. "It's not manny comes from below Limerick up here."

"How did ye know I did?" says Cahal; an' she gev a laugh, but wouldn't tell him. So he began to tell the story of his advintures; an' whin he had got as far as l'avin' Limerick th' ould woman says: "Sure, you're an innocint. That ould woman ye met t'ree times was your good fairy. She wished you happy at birth. Whin you set out on your travels she was bound to look after ye. What's the gray shoes ye have?"

"Thim is silver," says Cahal; "but I fell in some slime last night an' now they're arl dulled up."

"More innocence," says the ould woman. "Sure, that was an evil fairy did that. If you're wan of the silver-shod Morans thin your shoes are your fortune, but if they're that color it's no king would believe thim silver; an' so the bad fairy lay in the slime an' blew on them whin ye fell. Sure, you have the bit of flannen. Rub the shoes wid that."

Cahal pulled out the flannen pinned to his waistcoat an' gev wan of the shoes a rub, an' in a minute it was shinin' like a star in the airly avenin'. He did the same for the other, an' thin says he: "I'd better wear these under my shir-rt, as there's robbers do be walkin' the air-rth, an' there's little use in seekin' trouble."

All the afternoon he dawdled round, drawin' water an' diggin' peraties for th' ould woman—annything to be nair the beautiful Kathleen; but at dusk the mother said: "Ye'd better be havin' a bowl of milk an' some bread, an' thin go on your way. Kathleen is not for you an' you're not for Kathleen. It's farther nor-rth the tree grows that bears fruit for you. Go, Cahal Moran, an' may your shoes bring you luck! But remimber the bit of flannen."

"May I kiss Kathleen?" says Cahal, who was a simple lad.

"Ask her you."

"Will ye kiss me, Kathleen?" says Cahal.

"Sure, I'm glad to, for I'll niver see you again."

Thin she gives him a good smack on the lips an' he goes on his way, sure that he's dead in love an' m'anin' to come back an' claim her whin he's made his fortune. Wance he stopped an' looked back, but he couldn't see her or the house. "I'd not thought I'd walked so fast," says he.

That night about an hour after the rise of the moon, which was young yit, Cahal was passin' t'roo a stretch of wood whin he hair-rd behind him the t'under of hor-rses' hoofs. Bein' a bit cautious he waited.

In a minute sivin hor-rsemin in silver coats-of-mail, on silver-gray hor-rses, came ridin' by, and behind the sivin min ran a pack of silver-gray hounds wid long hair, for all the wer-ruld like silver t'reads. Cahal noticed that, though the light of the moon was nair gone, there seemed to be plinty of light about the riders; an', lookin' again, he seen that aich man carried a birch staff, the end of which flashed silver light. Cahal had quick eyes an' it wasn't hidden from him that aich man had silver shoes. Somethin' inside of him seemed to be swellin', an' he was that proud of himself he felt like crowin'.

Whin they'd arl swept by he felt lonesome. Sure, they arl looked like princes; an' the way they rode an' the look of the dogs an' the ar-rch of the hor-rses' necks showed that it wasn't ordinary gintlemin they were, but very high up indade.

Of a sudden Cahal's eyes fell on his staff. Just like the staffs the others had, on'y for the silver light! "Remimber the bit of flannen!" He could hair the ould leddy wid whom he had dined sayin' it; an', not bein' slow of wit, he unpinned the flannen an' polished the end of his staff. Well, sir, in an instant it was as if a baby moon was asleep inside the wood of it, for moonlight shone all round it.

"Hur-roo!" says Cahal. "Now dark or light is arl the same, and ——"

Carried be the south wind there came a sound that stopped the hair-rt of him, the bayin' of a hound in chase of somethin'. He could hear the noise of runnin' feet, but niver a sound of the pads of the hound. Then there was a stoppin' of the runnin', a horrible bar-rk, a snar-rl—an' not a sound else but the noise of a frog. Cahal remimbered havin' passed a bull-terrier and wondered had he killed the hound!

While Cahal was wonderin' he seen a hound just like those of the sivin that had passed by, an' he knew wan had stayed behind to show his contempt for a bull-terrier.

The hound stopped before he raiched Cahal an' drank a long draft from a spring. He licked his chops an' drank again, an' thin set out at topspeed to over-rtake the others.

Thin Cahal had a bright idee. He stepped in the middle of the road and leveled his moon-tipped staff at the hound.

The dog's tail wint between his legs at wance an' he cower-red to the ground an' kem slinkin' up to Cahal like he expected to be punished. But Cahal said, "Nice ould felly!" an' patted the head of him, an' the hound began caperin' about him wid joy.

"It's because I'm a silver-shod Moran," said Cahal to himself proudly. "Now I'll have a companion!"

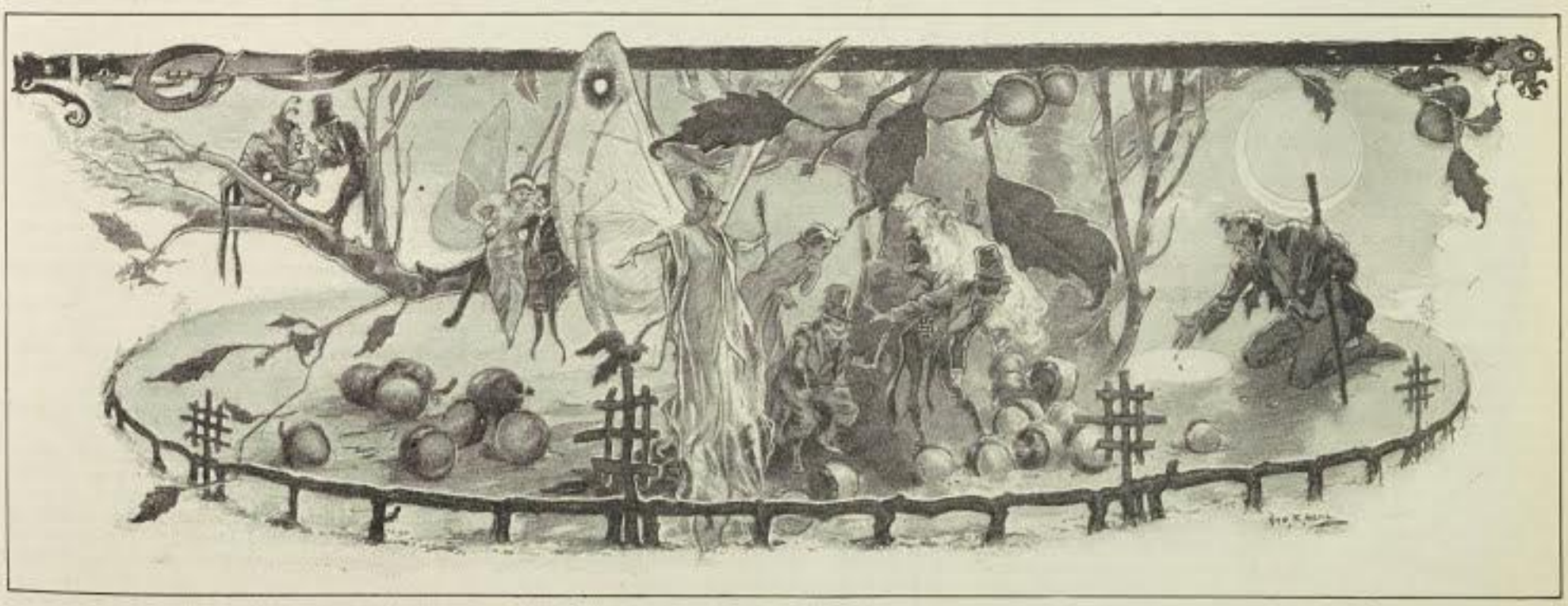
They journeyed toward the nor-rth for an hour an' thin Cahal curled up on a mound of grass an' the dog snuggled close to him—an' the two was off to drameland in a momint.

At sunrise Cahal and the hound were off in sair-rch of breakfast. Cahal liked dogs, but he'd niver seen wan he liked so well as this. Whin the sun shone on the silver hair of him he'd startle the eyes of ye. He trotted close at Cahal's heels, an' if anny wan passed by ayther way he'd growl at him in a way to make him shiver. It was aisy to see that he felt himself Cahal's protector.

Breakfast for the two was got at a far-rmhouse an' Cahal happened to spake of the merry faist he had wid the ould woman the day before.

The far-rmer, who had often been to Limerick by that road, said there was no house at the place Cahal described.

(Continued on Page 38)



He Dropped His Two Poor Sixpences Down on the Ground Wid a Sigh

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

V

IT WAS the first time I'd ever pawned anything. Even in college I'd steered clear of this ready expedient of the hard-up undergrad. After I left the pawnshop—it was in Park Row near the Brooklyn Bridge—I crossed City Hall Park and turned northward up Broadway. I wanted to think. Snow had again begun to fall, and turning up my coat collar I trudged along with the sharp flakes stinging my face. Five o'clock had struck; a peal of chimes in a distant tower banging out the staves of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men.

It was Christmas Eve!

In that hour's walk I thought of many things. Especially I thought of Christmas the year before. Out in our Ohio home Jennie and I had had our little presents for each other, and the Christmas spirit had meant something. It meant good will—and it meant peace. Tonight I felt neither. The cashier's speech, apologetic though it had been, had stung me to the quick. In echo I could hear Prentiss' slurring tones when he gave the order: "We can't always be handing out money whenever a clerk's hard up."

Hard up? I was surely that. Virtually I was penniless, and for the first time now I reflected on all that had brought me to this extremity. It was vanity, nothing else. Vanity had made me throw up one place—it was a good place too—to take another place that was only vain. It was vanity that had made me live as I'd lived, and only in vain. I knew now exactly where I stood. For one year only, perhaps less, I should have the vanity of five thousand a year then at the end of the year—the end of the five thousand as well—I should have exactly nothing at all. At any rate I should have nothing but the remembrance of my vanity.

And what had I to show for it? Nothing! Nothing whatever! It had brought me neither friends nor possessions. I'd not even had so much as enjoyment, for the life itself I'd not even enjoyed.

I already owed eleven hundred dollars. In other words, as I realized, I had been living at the rate not of five thousand a year, but of more than eight thousand. It was a wide jump from eighteen hundred, a difference that showed how far I must have lost my head. I was dumfounded, sincerely ashamed besides. Every new fact seemed only to belittle me. Never in my life had I felt so weak and incapable. By the same token never had I felt so lonely.

For New York is a cruel place in which to find oneself penniless, and as I say I was truly that. All my possessions, if sold at a fair figure, would not pay more than two-thirds of what I owed. The furniture in our four-room flat was good, but by no means was it costly. Nor had I anything else that was convertible now that my watch was gone. A fact! I had not spent money on myself. Nor had Jennie anything, virtually for the same reason. The thought increased my loneliness. What should I do? I felt sick and miserable.

It was at this point in my thoughts that a burst of sound arrested me. Just ahead the lights of a barroom stared through the falling snow. A crowd of young men had just emerged from the place and with boisterous high spirits went laughing and singing up the streets. The saloon looked warm, clean and even inviting, and with a sudden impulse I entered and found a seat at a table near the corner. "Bring me a hot Scotch—and here, waiter, could I get something to eat?" I asked, shuddering with the cold.

At first the man didn't know. The house served a business luncheon that had long been cleared away. "If you ain't fancy though," the man advised, "I might rustle up something or other."

I was not particular. In fact the food was merely a subterfuge to kill time till I'd thought my thoughts to a finish. Uptown, I knew, Jennie would have dinner waiting for me at seven. At the moment, however, I wanted to be alone. Least of all did I care to face her before I'd decided what to do. Not even Jennie could help me now.



Olga and the Fish Effaced Themselves

So there in the corner of the brilliantly lighted but not over-choice barroom, surrounded by boisterous and often tipsy revelers, and with Broadway, all New York, all the world roaring past in front—there I sat on my Christmas Eve and fought out the fight with myself.

The strong hot liquor revived me. It fortified my weakened spirit. In time the waiter brought the food. Its *pièce de resistance* was a hot pickled herring swimming in a sea of milky brine. I gagged at the sight of it, and even to this day I cannot look a herring in the face without a sudden qualm of both heart and stomach. An hour passed, then another. Once every half-hour the waiter sidled toward me with a meaning look in his eye. Each time that I saw the look I bought another drink. However, I did not drink the drink. Instead, a cuspidor beside me got the benefit of all that Christmas wassail, so that by rights, ere I left the place, the cuspidor should have been spinning like a teetotum. Eight o'clock struck, then half after. At a quarter of nine I called for my check. The amount was one dollar and sixty cents. I gave the man a two-dollar bill; and as a last evidence of the life, or say the style of life, I had just decided to quit, I told him to keep the change.

"Thank'y, boss—and a Merry Christmas!" cried the man.

"Yes! This time next year!" I croaked back at him.

He was still staring after me as I shambled out of the door. I suppose he thought I, too, was tipsy.

There was but one thing I must do and but one way to do it. I must set out at once to pay my debts by curtailing my expenditures in every possible way. Not a novel reasoning, no doubt, yet I cannot tell you how much the resolution hurt.

Ordinarily, to curtail, to limit, would have been easy. Without privation Jennie and I could return to our former scale of living. By this means I could save out of my salary—while the salary lasted—close to two hundred dollars a month. This would mean that in six months' time all my bills would be paid and once more I'd be free. Sounds easy, doesn't it?

Very easy, yes. Unfortunately it was quite impossible. It was at any rate impossible unless I wished deliberately to bid adieu to all these "friends" of mine. In my chastened mood, though, personally I cared little. What prevailed was a thought of Jennie. Amy she liked—Amy with all her lightness, all her faults. There were also three or four women in Amy's set for whom Jennie had a real fondness. I reflected on this. I reflected also on something else. Rats desert a sinking ship. Amy had expressed it less vulgarly when she said: "Unless you keep up your standard of living you'll find your friends will drop you like a hot potato."

I didn't want Jennie to be dropped. I, in fact, sickened at the thought of it. Consequently we must still in public put forward our best foot, while privately we must skimp and save, squeezing at least something out of every dollar that came into our hands. It was the one, the only thing I could do.

That Jennie would consent to this I knew. The real struggle I'd have with her would be in keeping her from carrying it to an extreme. As events proved I was right. Ten o'clock had just struck when I reached home. As I opened the door I heard her footfall in the hall. It came hurriedly.

"What's wrong?" I cried the instant I saw her face.

Jennie looked up at me under the light and her face was pale—in fact it was almost pasty. The rims of her eyes were red besides.

"Nothing," she answered.

"You've been crying," I returned sharply.

"It's really nothing," she repeated, twisting her mouth into a smile. "I'm just tired—I haven't had my dinner yet."

"Waited? Gad!" I exclaimed. "There was no need of that!"

"We'll have to go out for our dinner, Jim," she returned. "I haven't any for you."

For an instant the shaming thought crashed into my mind that Lowenberg had refused to send it. Before I could speak, however, Jennie added: "Both the girls have left, Jim. They went together at six o'clock."

"Quit!"

"I discharged them. They were impertinent and I told them to go."

"Discharged them? . . . How did you pay them off?" I questioned bruskly. Again a sickening thought flashed into my head. Had Jennie, too, gone borrowing? Had she appealed to Amy—Amy of all people? I recalled with a new, more painful shame now the light, careless way that Amy's husband had recently refused me.

Jennie shook her head. "I didn't pay them," she answered listlessly. "It was because I couldn't that they left. They refused to do another stroke of work till—Oh, Jim! Jim!" wailed Jennie, and suddenly buried her face on my shoulder.

I heard finally what had happened. Not only had the two maids refused to work; they had expressed their opinion also. Between Jennie's half-strangled sobs of shame and misery I learned what this opinion was. It had something to do with "bilks." They said also they were "on to" me—to the "pair of yees." "Folks that made a show by skinning poor working girls out of their wages was no better than they'd oughter be."

I suppress the remainder. What else they said had in it an equal shade of truth, likewise no poetry.

"You'll have to get them their money in the morning," said Jennie. "They're coming for it at eleven. You'll have to get it somehow."

Silently I produced my roll of bills.

"You've got it!" she gasped.

As silently as before I handed her the required amount. It left me with exactly eight dollars in the world.

In the moment's revulsion of feeling Jennie drew a deep breath, then closed her eyes and weakly smiled. It had been on my lips to tell her where I'd found the money—to confess, in fact. Now I could not! At least I could save her from that.

Long into the night Jennie and I sat there debating our future course. Midnight struck in a burst of sound and



There I Sat on My Christmas Eve and Fought Out the Fight With Myself

passed unheeded. Half an hour afterward the telephone rang. Jennie and I started, then stared at one another. We knew well enough who rang, for none else would call us at that hour—Amy, of course. "Come on up, Jim. We're just in from the theater, and there's a whole crowd here."

I had difficulty in answering. The fact that in one hour the man Hodge could affront me by a palpable lie and in the next his wife should as freely as ever offer hospitality was for the moment amazing. Given time to reflect, though, one arrives easily at an understanding of it. Money was their sinew; it was money that brought them their good times, the meat and drink of life to them. It was meat and drink they'd freely share with you, but the money that bought it they would not share. Any one living wholly on credit is ever like that. Hodge would give you terrapin, could he get it on trust; but Hodge under no circumstances would have dipped into his pocket to give the money the terrapin would cost. Cash, real money, was too precious to him, as it is to all his kind.

I said no to Amy. Frankly I lied, for I told her we were already in bed. Then I went back to our garish drawing room, to its ostentatious, vulgar pretense of wealth and refinement.

It was a vulgar drawing room. Like all else that surrounded us it was vulgar to a degree. Our life, our friends, and all they had brought us, was showy and loud. Sham hedged us in and in the midst of the sham I, too, had become shoddy make-believe. "Jim," said Jennie, "is it true, really true, that you've had enough of it—that you want to give up?"

True indeed! I, in truth, had had my fill of it.

Jennie waited for a moment. "If we give it up we'll have to give up our friends as well."

What of it? I was as wearied of them as I was of the life they'd led us into. Not that I blamed them for it though. I was just enough even then to blame only myself.

Again Jennie looked thoughtful. "Perhaps it sounds queer, Jim—perhaps even unscrupulous—but just the same," she added, "I'd have little regret in giving up these people. What makes me hesitate is only my own feeling. It won't be that we drop them; it shames me to know that if we in the least alter our way of living they'll drop us. As Amy said," remarked Jennie, "Amy and all the rest would drop us like a hot potato."

Let them! I'd reached my decision and nothing should change it. We'd rent the apartment and find a humbler, cheaper place to live, something more fitting to our means and to ourselves.

Jennie waited till I'd finished. Then I had the surprise of my life. It was a real jolt.

"You can't give it up, Jim," she announced quietly. "You can't even move from here."

"Can't I?" I retorted.

Jennie slowly, deliberately shook her head. "No, you can't!"

Why couldn't I? I wondered if at this moment Jennie, she of all persons, should become a stumblingblock in the way of my restoring myself. Was it possible? Like Amy, had she become infatuated with pleasure-seeking?

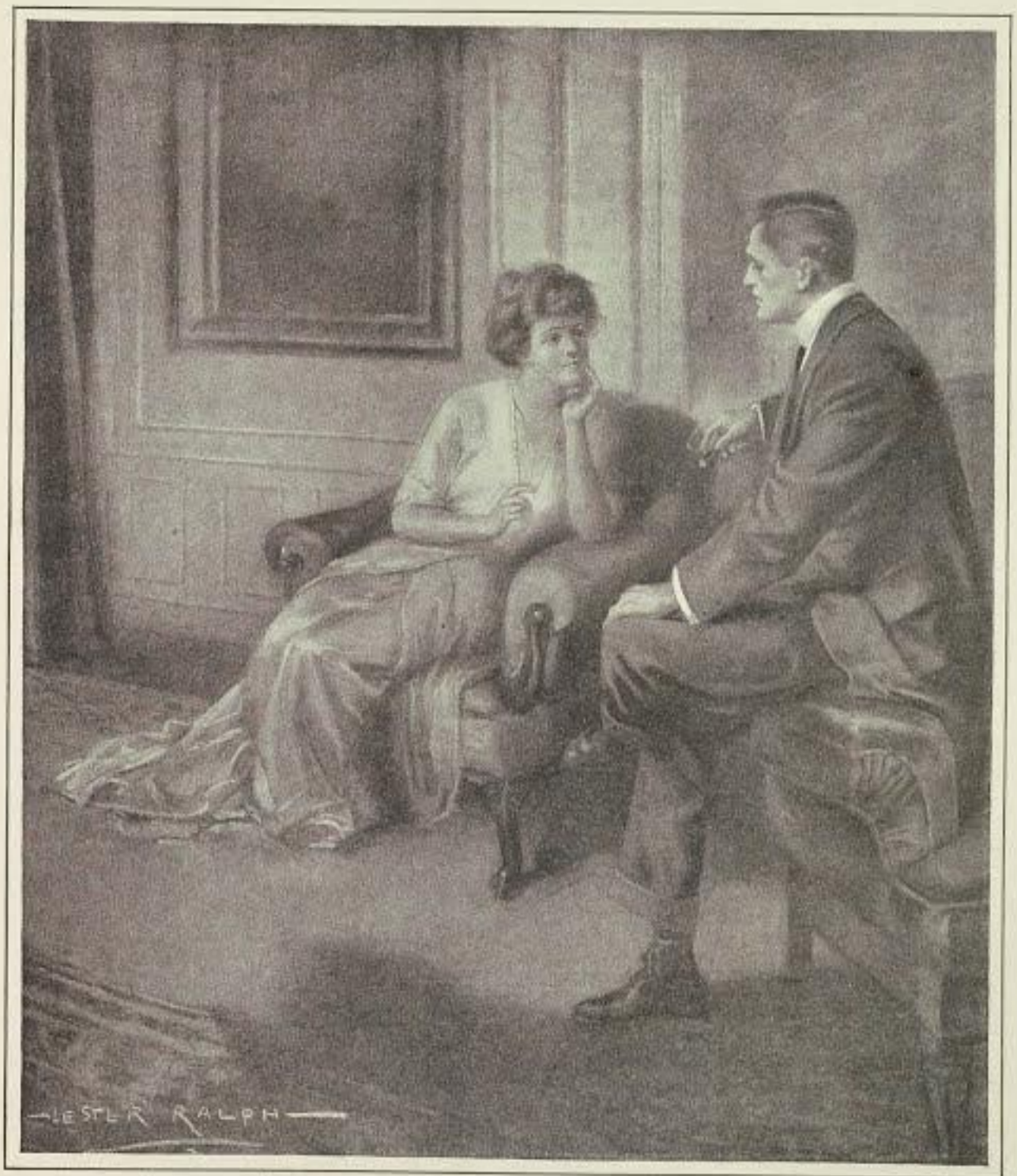
"You owe eleven hundred dollars, Jim, and you have only eight dollars in the world," said Jennie. "The moment you show you're in trouble our creditors will come down on us in a horde! You can't even let them have a hint of it. We have no choice. We must keep on living as we've lived. To move would be ruinous!"

It was so. The fact that it was, too, literally knocked the props out from under me. I was up against the wall.

To quit these friends, them and their life, at first had seemed a wrench. However, the more I'd thought of it the more I'd seen it was the one thing I must do. It had begun to be even a relief to me, for I had long tired of its struggle; in fact, all the time I'd been telling my decision to Jennie I'd felt as if a weight had been lifted from my breast. Now with a jolt, a jar, the burden of it all again fell on me and crushed me with its weight. It was truly as Jennie had said. I couldn't quit! I was in the position of the man that has hold of the bull's tail and dares not let go.

Enough! Jennie and I at last formed a plan, a scheme that stuck. We must still keep up a show, but this show we must reduce to a minimum within the bounds of safety. We would neither quit our friends—acquaintances rather—nor would we let them quit us. Our apartment we would keep. Once or twice a week, not more, we would open its doors to those that knew us; the remainder of the time we'd hide ourselves, secretly skimping and saving, squeezing out of our income every dollar we could lay our hands upon.

One other detail was vital. Somehow I must get money, ready money, to pay off the most pressing of my creditors. Jennie smiled reminiscently. "Amy says," she said, and smiled again, "that if you pay your butcher a little now and then it keeps him quiet."



"Amy and All the Rest Would Drop Us Like a Hot Potato"

True, no doubt—as true of Amy's life as all else Amy said about it. Yet how was I to get even this little. Eight dollars was but small change—carfare—compared to the eleven hundred that I owed. The butcher alone was owed close to a hundred and fifty. I must borrow. On the furniture I could raise something, perhaps enough to tide us over.

A fine situation! On my once dignified income of five thousand dollars a year I was about to pawn my furniture!

The clock struck as Jennie and I arose. "Why, it's Christmas!" cried Jennie; "I'd forgotten." With a little show of gayety—more forced than real, I'm afraid—she ran to her writing table. Opening the drawer she brought out a package tied with Christmas ribbons.

I felt I needed air, for the drawing room felt warm and close. Jennie had a gift for me—and had I one for her? As I threw open the window and stared out over the snowy rooftops I heard a sudden sound. It came from a kitchen window in the airshaft above. The door of an icebox banged noisily; there was a clink of bottles and glassware, the abrupt, gunlike pop of a cork, and then I heard a woman raise her laughing voice:

"Here's luck and a merry Christmas!"

Amy again! Her life still ran its course, but ours——

. . . . . .

Have you ever kept up appearances? God knows I'd been doing it for long! I'd been doing it, indeed, from the first moment when as a clerk I felt ashamed that I was a clerk. To escape the shame I'd become only the more shameful.

There are two ways, however, of keeping up appearances. There is the one way by which one seeks vaingloriously to boost himself before the world. One smiles at such pretense. Its silliness is grotesque. Then—and I am one that knows this vitally—there is that other kind of keeping up appearances by which men—women too—strive tragically to save themselves from ruin.

In this one finds nothing at which to smile.

On this Christmas Day Jennie and I began this life, this way of keeping up appearances. The other I'd already tried, with what results you know. Of this new phase all was new to me. It was not new, however, to my wife. For at least three months she had foreseen the impending crash. All this time alone, unaided, unable to make me realize, she sought in every way to stave it off as long as possible. I learned now where her dress allowance had gone. I learned what had become of even her engagement ring that had not been on her finger now for more than a month. Also I learned that while I had been lunching fully, if not elegantly, in Fulton Street, Jennie at midday had been staying herself on tea and bread and butter. I've spoken of the squabs we gave our guests at dinner. Far downtown Jennie had found a place where a pair of squabs sold for a quarter less than the price asked uptown. This place, however, would not deliver its squabs, so Jennie, each time we were to have squabs, had walked there and back, carrying them herself. She also carried back the corned beef, the liver and other delicacies with which we regaled ourselves on such nights as we had no guests, no squabs. As it of course would never do for her to bear in these bundles before the elegant carriageman at the glass portico, the equally elegant hallman at the door, likewise the smug, superior elevator youths, Jennie brought them home—how? Why, in her muff. "And yet!" said Jennie, her eyes twinkling, "if this year's style hadn't ordered extra large muffs I never in the world could have done it. Sometimes it made me glad you bought me those furs."

In place of our former two servants, Jennie, the day after Christmas, engaged a maid of all work. I tried to offer advice on the subject. "Amy says——" I began, but Jennie cut me short. "Never mind what Amy says," advised Jennie; "I've found exactly the girl that *I* want."

The day following our new handmaid appeared. She was a Finn, a greenhorn in every sense of the word, and no more

(Continued on Page 60)

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 9, 1911

Making the Constitution

THE Fathers, it should ever be remembered, merely framed our Constitution. The structure, as it stands, is largely the work of other hands. In the preface to Origin and Growth of the American Constitution, Hannis Taylor—a great admirer of the Federal judiciary, by-the-way—observes:

"When the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments are considered, as they should be, as a single transaction, the fact remains that the Constitution of the United States has been amended in a formal way only once since 1804. Yet, during all that time, it has been passing rapidly, despite its rigid and dogmatic form, through a marvelous process of unparalleled development, chiefly through the subtle agency of judge-made law, ever flowing from that generous fountain, the Supreme Court." The court, Mr. Taylor points out, has handed down nearly fourteen hundred interpretations or constructions of the Constitution.

Making or changing a constitution is commonly regarded as the most important of political acts. The Fathers were so impressed with its momentous character that they guarded the organic law against formal amendment, except through a long and difficult process. When the Supreme Court annuls legislative acts by dubious five-to-four decisions it wields this farreaching power of constitution-making with too light and inconsiderate a hand. In spite of the amazed indignation with which Senators Root and Heyburn and certain other gentlemen have greeted such a suggestion, we think the time is approaching when cancelation of legislative acts except by unanimous judgment of the court will not be tolerated.

The Fall in Cotton

THE Census Bureau's November report showed that much more cotton had been ginned this year than last and that the price of cotton, as compared with a year before, had fallen about five cents a pound. The great decline in the price of cotton bears heavily, of course, upon Southern growers.

A report from Fall River of nearly the same date, however, showed that Northern mills had taken fifteen per cent less cotton than in the corresponding period of 1910, though the price was fully one-third lower. "Even now," says the report, "with prices for cotton goods scaled down to the lowest level that buyers could reasonably expect on the basis of the lowest price yet reached by the raw material, the demand for goods is only sufficient to take up about half the present volume of production." In view of which, the report adds, the mills are buying the raw material only from hand to mouth.

Probably the people of the United States will buy as many pounds of cotton goods this crop-year as last. Very likely for cotton goods in many forms the ultimate consumer will pay about the same price as last year; but it was known this year's cotton crop would be large and it was expected the price would fall. A great number of growers—pressed in many cases by maturing obligations—threw their cotton on the market and the price did fall. A long line of persons standing between grower and user noted that cotton was falling and held off, merely buying from hand to mouth, to see whether it wouldn't fall still further. Naturally, with growers selling and buyers holding off, it did fall still further. Probably the cotton-goods trade would be in better condition if everybody along the line had known last September that in no event would the price of cotton fall below a certain figure.

Do Directors Direct?

GEORGE J. GOULD and H. L. Satterlee, son-in-law of J. P. Morgan, were directors of a trust company which lost much money by making reckless loans to that peculiarly rotten scheme—the Shipbuilding Trust. A stockholder sued Gould and Satterlee, alleging that if they had properly discharged their duties as directors the loans would not have been made.

In the lower court the case went against the directors; but the appellate division of the Supreme Court recently granted a new trial.

That court of last resort, speaking of such eminent financiers as Messrs. Gould and Satterlee, says: "They have large business enterprises in which their first interest lies and to which their first duty belongs. Most of them are directors of more than one corporation and some of them of many. If they are compelled to supervise the detail management of each corporation it would be wholly impossible for them to accept such a trust. Plaintiff's contention is that they must not then accept the position of director. The obvious answer is that the corporation cannot afford to lose them. . . . Their advice and assistance are of inestimable value in all emergencies. . . . Any construction of law that would make it impossible for such men to accept positions upon various boards of directors would be little less than calamitous."

With this view, on the whole, we incline to agree. The eminent directors may, indeed, let the corporation go quite to pot, as they did in this case; yet they are necessary to the corporation—because they link it up to "the system." The links in the chain are personal. It is through Mr. Morgan, Mr. Schiff, Mr. Rockefeller, and so on, that large enterprises draw ever closer together. The court holds that not too much must be expected of these men in respect of any one particular enterprise—and thereby, in our opinion, does more to facilitate the irrepressible consolidation of business than twenty decisions under the Sherman Act can do to hinder.

Suppressing Competition by Law

IN A RECENT decision the supreme court of Kansas said: "The power to suppress monopoly and restore competition has never been doubted. . . . If the results of unrestricted competition become as pernicious as those of monopoly the same suppressing power may be exercised to the same end—the public welfare."

The state board had refused to charter a fifth bank in Abilene, holding that the four already chartered were sufficient for all legitimate banking needs of the community. This refusal was upheld by the state supreme court. For some time the Federal Government, under Mr. Murray's wise administration of the comptroller's office, has refused to charter mere "competing" banks—such as could not reasonably expect to get business except by taking it away from existing institutions, whether state or national. The other day Mr. Hotchkiss, superintendent of insurance in New York, pointed out the "serious" condition to which "reckless competition" had brought the business of insuring against damages arising from industrial accidents. This business is comparatively a new one. Early ventures in it, we believe, were very profitable. Attracted by the profits, other companies sprang up; and of late "they have been involved in such a rush for business that too little attention has been paid to the basic facts of expense and ultimate solvency." A number of states are passing laws designed to cure the evils of this unrestricted competition.

So much is heard nowadays about governmental efforts to restore unbridled competition in some fields that the efforts made by the same governments, state and Federal, to prevent unbridled competition in other fields may be overlooked.

New York and the Country

ABOUT a fifth of the population of the United States lives on Manhattan Island or within five hours' ride of it. Among the twenty million people who could reach Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street between luncheon and dinner time those having some spare change to disburse mostly do reach that spot with greater or less frequency, while from all the remainder of the United States there is a continual drift of spare change toward the same locality.

No doubt the obligation which thus rests upon New York to provide a never-ending show for no inconsiderable portion of the inhabitants of the country complicates what might otherwise be merely local problems. In more than one election she has rejected an opportunity to become very good through a sophisticated fear of thereby becoming very dull; and her prodigious budget includes expenditures to maintain a national position. The new public library, for example, represents—in land, building and contents—a staggering investment; but in extent, beauty and convenience it rather excels the national public library at Washington.

In passing judgment upon the metropolis, as every good citizen no doubt is periodically bound to do, it should be acknowledged that at least she does not err on the side of being dull or stingy.

The American Silk Trade

FIVE years ago the United States took the lead of France in silk manufacture and now surpasses every country in the world, with the possible exception of China, for which no trustworthy statistics are available. In 1870 our output of silk goods was twelve million dollars; in 1880, forty-one million; in 1890, eighty-seven million; in 1900—panic and protracted hard times having intervened—one hundred and seven million; in 1905, one hundred and thirty-three million; in 1910, one hundred and ninety-six million. In ten years the manufacture of silk has increased eighty-seven per cent—or about four times as fast as the population. One hundred and eighty-six million yards of silk dress-goods, thirty-three million dollars' worth of ribbons and ten million dollars' worth of laces are some of the items—also, probably one million silk hats for the collegiate youth of the land.

Fall River complains that the trade in cotton goods is dull; iron has been almost a drug on the market; at times people seem to be going without shoes; and all of our many charitable organizations report a chronic scarcity of bread—but to the voracious demand for silk, diamonds, automobiles, porterhouse steaks and seven-room apartments in the very best localities there is no end.

Another Occupation Gone

ONE of the puzzles of modern journalism is: Why do war correspondents go to war? Formerly, of course, they went to send news. When anything important happened the correspondent rode two or three days on horseback and intrusted his dispatch to the rear brakeman of a way freight. Within a week the dispatch reached tidewater and the next sailing ship took it to London. Thus newspaper readers were able to follow the developments of a war and knew all about one battle before the next was fought.

Now, however, with a telegraph instrument at his right hand, a long-distance telephone at his left, a wireless station next door and airships circling overhead, the correspondent can no more get a line to New York or London, until the censor has extracted from it all reference to current events, than as though he were marooned in Sahara. If he wants to send out anything live he must resign his correspondenceship. Otherwise the best he can do is to wait until the war is over and then write his reminiscences of it for a monthly magazine, which will publish them next year.

On the other hand, an unexpected and half-organized rebellion, like that in China, is a fruitful source of news—written by commercial reporters who happen to be on the spot. A regular war is the last place in the world for a war correspondent to go to. Anywhere else he may possibly get some military news—but never there.

Unscrambled and Unharmed

THE Tobacco Trust owns over eighty per cent of the tobacco trade in the United States, except cigars. The Trust is owned by a body of security-holders numbering several thousand. Under the reorganization plan, the property and trade of the Trust will be divided up among a number of corporations which will be owned by the same body of security-holders that now owns the Trust. In approving this plan, Judge Lacombe said the court had no authority to take the property of a trust and order it sold under such conditions that the old owners themselves could not bid it in; for to do that would amount to confiscation.

According to this decision, there is no power under the Sherman Act to change the ownership of a trust. The court may split the Trust into several pieces, but it must hand back the pieces to the old owners.

Naturally this decision was followed by buoyancy on the Stock Exchange and good cheer in Wall Street. The Tobacco reorganization plan obviously contemplates that the total earning power of the Trust property, after it has been split up in compliance with the Supreme Court decree, shall be substantially what it was before. This means there will be no competition among the several parts—for if they fought one another their total profits would certainly decrease; and this again means that the actual problem of a monopolistic Tobacco Trust stands unchanged and practically untouched.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great





Obadiah to Obadiah

WHAT was that song that had for its motif the remark of the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah—or the other way round? How did it go? "Said the young Obadiah to the old Obadiah ——" No; that doesn't sound right. "Said the old Obadiah to the young Obadiah ——" Pshaw! How annoying it is to forget these lilts of our younger days!

Well, anyhow, there was in it some sort of an invitation to take something—and that something wasn't ginger pop either. How appropriate it will be, when Obadiah Gardner, of Maine, takes his seat when Congress meets, to have a quartet, consisting of Jim Sherman, Charley Bennett, Frank Brandegee, and Boies Penrose for basso profundo, sing it as Obadiah Briggs, playing old Obadiah, and Obadiah Gardner, playing young Obadiah, shake hands and old Obadiah murmurs a few words into the ear of young Obadiah.

Really, it seems almost too much to have one Senate with two Obadiahs in it. Of course Obadiah Briggs' name isn't really Obadiah Briggs and nothing more. Some parent or other tacked a Frank in front of that beauteous Obadiah, and the Senator usually signs himself Frank O. Briggs. Still, he's Obadiah, once removed; and, inasmuch as the Democrats have acquired an Obadiah, Senator Briggs will drop that Frank part of it and give the Republicans an Obadiah, too, if he's the good sport I think he is.

When you come right down to it the Senate of the United States needs a couple of Obadiahs. It is rather overburdened with Augustus Octaviuses, and Henry Algernons, and Henry Cabots, and Atlees and Isadors and Claudes, and William Aldens—and such. States that have been sending in new Senators and states that have been resending old ones have rather neglected to pick out statesmen with good old-fashioned Bible names; and the influx of this Obadiah from Maine and the dehorning of part of Obadiah Briggs' name rather clear the atmosphere.

A Persevering Democrat's Reward

MOREOVER, the original Obadiah was no slouch. Although he was not what might be called a voluminous prophet, he certainly did know how to put his few thoughts into forceful language. So far as is observed, he took but one crack at having a vision and telling what that vision meant; but it is reasonably certain that when he finished with that few hundred words of interpretation the citizens of Edom knew he had their number, and they sat up and took notice. He announced that the pride of Edom was due to be humbled, and the circumstance happened on schedule time.

And again we find an Obadiah who had a good job over the household of the extremely wicked King Ahab. This may have been the same Obadiah who handed out the straight stuff to the Edomites, but if it was he took great pains to conceal that fact; nor did he let it be known he was a prophet. It seems that Queen Jezebel was not much impressed with prophets as a class, and made things right lively for them round King Ahab's domain; in fact, the good queen instituted an open season for prophets and her retainers bagged a large number.

Obadiah, who was a sort of overseer or majordomo for Ahab and his prophet-hunting queen, Jezebel, was a prudent and thrifty person. He had a good position, but he couldn't bear to see his fellow prophets eliminated entirely; so he hid a large number of them in a cave, and fed them on bread and water, meantime holding his place on the payroll and garnering the perquisites thereof. Clearly Obadiah was in this position: If he let on to Queen Jezebel that he was a prophet he would lose not only his job, but his head. So he preserved both and remained true to his principles by protecting those other perfectly good but somewhat harassed prophets and furnishing them with bread and water, which undoubtedly came from the kitchen of the queen, thereby putting the joke on her.

There are other Obadiahs, some mentioned in Chronicles and some in Ezra, all of them apparently chief men and persons of importance. Thus, we see, Obadiah is a fine old symbolical name; and, so far as can be learned, it is hitched in the present instance to a fine old symbolical gentleman, who has been two things that show him to have both the prudence and the persistence of the Obadiah of Queen Jezebel's time—to wit, a Democrat and a successful farmer in Maine. Until recently, any man who has been a Democrat in Maine—and perchance an office seeker, as has our Obadiah—has been the greatest living exponent of the triumph of hope over experience. Likewise, making money out of some of those Maine farms has not been without its evidences of genius. However, Obadiah continued along calmly as a Democrat, and when the landslide slid he was in a position to acquire the appointment to the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Frye, and he acquired it at the hands of Governor Plaisted, another Democrat who hung on and reaped his reward for long years of fealty to the principles of the Democracy.

Obadiah Gardner is a sure-enough farmer. He tills the soil on a farm near Rockland, and tills it to such advantage that he is in what we Maine folks call comfortable circumstances—that is, he is not rich, viewed by the standards of those people who consider anything less than a million small change, but he is well fixed for Maine—and he made it out of his farm.

There are plenty of farmers in the Congress—plenty of them. Next to lawyers, more statesmen call themselves farmers than anything else. These farmers are largely political farmers, though some of them really do own a few rods of land. There is John Sharp Williams, for example, who cultivates a mint patch at Benton, Rural Free Delivery Route Number One, Mississippi; and Farmer Jim Martine, of New Jersey, who raises villas on his farm near Plainfield and sells them to commuters. Then Senator Bailey has a stockfarm in Kentucky—or did have; and Senator Warren, of Wyoming, farms a few sheep out in Wyoming; and Senator Nixon farms out a mine in Nevada—and so on.

Senator Obadiah, he farms a farm. He knows the difference between a Hereford and a Holstein, and can tell in an instant the points of dissimilarity in Chester Whites and Poland-Chinas. The cost per hen per egg is easy for him; he has done the chores and mowed the hay and put it in and has a comprehensive knowledge of fertilizers, weather and how to start a balky horse. If he were not a real farmer he would not have been master of the state grange for ten years. He is right from the soil; though, as has been pointed out, he has been in politics more or less, always steadfast to the Democracy, and confident that sometime the clouds would roll by and there would be a chance to utilize that unswerving faith in the principles of Jefferson as a choice chunk of collateral for a place on either the state or the national payroll.

It is well known that politics is as uncertain as any other pursuit of man, save buying cantaloups, and Maine proved it a year ago. Instead of being the rockribbed Republican state to which the orators refer so feelingly along about the time of the early elections, Maine turned a flipflap and appears in the almanacs with about all her officials marked "Dem." So they sent a Democrat to succeed Senator Hale, who retired to his home to meditate on the ungratefulness of those for whom he had done so much, and when Senator Frye died Obadiah stepped in. Thus Maine will have two Democratic Senators this winter instead of two Republicans, and the junior will be Obadiah Gardner, farmer and persevering Democrat.

Congress will begin again on December fourth. Then Obadiah Briggs will greet Obadiah Gardner. Confound it! How does that song go? "Said young Obadiah to old Obadiah ——" No; that can't be it. "Said old Obadiah to young Obadiah ——" It's no use—the words of that ballad are erased from the tablets of my brain, as the saying is; but—and of this I am certain—old Obadiah will say something to young Obadiah.



A Long-Distance Orator

ALLEN THURMAN, of Columbus, Ohio, and John J. Lentz, the former Representative, went to a village about ten miles from Columbus one night to address a Democratic meeting. They drove over together in a buggy.

Lentz was to talk first. The agreement was that each was to make a thirty-minute speech and then they would come back to town together. Lentz is a long-distance orator. He forgot about the thirty-minute agreement and talked for an hour without signs of stopping. Thurman got sorer and sorer as Lentz went along; and at the end of an hour and fifteen minutes he got up, left the hall, took the buggy and drove back to Columbus.

In Columbus, ten miles away, he repented a little, thought he had been hasty and drove back to the village. As he stopped in front of the hall he asked a man:

"Have you seen anything of John Lentz? I want to get him and drive him back to Columbus with me."

"Well," said the man, "if you go up in the hall you'll find him. He's talking yet!"

No Storage Room

FORMER Congressman John K. Hendrick, of Kentucky, is notoriously soft-hearted. He was sitting in a Kentucky courtroom one day when a young and struggling member of the local bar, who was not especially renowned for mental brilliancy, undertook to read a petition in a divorce suit and speedily got himself badly tangled up in a confused maze of legal phrases. The judge undertook to set the young lawyer right, but the only result was to tangle him worse than ever. The judge was showing signs of losing his temper when Colonel Hendrick arose.

"I hope, your Honor," he said, "that you will bear patiently with our young friend here. He is doing his best."

"I know that, Colonel Hendrick," said the judge somewhat testily, "and I intend to bear patiently with him. I am merely trying to give Mr. So-and-So an idea."

"Your Honor," said Colonel Hendrick, "don't do it. He's got no place to put it."

One of Two Things

A KENTUCKY mountain woman fell ill and for the first time in his life her husband had to work. It devolved upon him to nurse the invalid, look after a large family of towheaded children, milk the cow, feed the pig, cook the meals and tend a straggly half acre of corn. At the end of ten days of these frightful labors he staggered down to the general store at the forks of the road and fell at the doorway in an exhausted heap.

The storekeeper came out and said: "Hello, Anse, how's yore wife?"

"She ain't no better," moaned the husband. "I paid out a whole four bits fer a bottle of bitters fer her, but it seems like hit don't do her no good. I'm plumb wore out!"

He paused a moment and sighed deeply.

"Sometimes," he said, "I git to wishin' the old woman would git well—or somethin'!"

A Foreign Pitcher

WHEN Bender, the star pitcher of the Athletics, who is an Indian, came to the Philadelphia club from the Carlisle Indian School, a reporter asked one of the Philadelphia players, who is an Irishman, what he thought of having an Indian on the team.

The Irishman replied: "Aw, I think they ought to keep them foreigners out of the league!"

ON MAIN STREET



The Isle of Palms

ALONG about this time, as the calendar sharps would say, expect large crops of special articles in the Sunday newspapers entitled Christmas in Many Lands. But have you seen one called Christmas on the Isle of Palms? You have not? Then listen.

On Manhattan Island there is at least one large industry that takes on added impetus and extra zest with the coming of the Yuletide, which same is an old English compound word signifying that, by careful management, you'll tide over until the first of the year without going into bankruptcy—maybe! The industry to which I refer is the tipping industry—the business of giving tips and receiving them.

Not that this business does not flourish at other seasons of the Christian year. Far be it from the present writer to seek to convey the impression that there is comparatively little doing in the tipping line in spring, summer and fall. Writing these lines as he does, with a pen in one hand and a tip in the other, he would not for worlds have you believe there are any off seasons for tips; for life in New York is just one blamed tip after another.

Like the English sparrow, the English stock actor, and the English box coat which fits you like a dog tent and looks like the deuce, the tip is one of the things we got from England originally. The sparrow, the actor and the box coat remain practically as they were; but as for the tip we've gone ahead and, with true Yankee ingenuity, have tacked improvements and enlargements to it until old Mother Tipton, of Tippington-on-Wotting—its own mother—wouldn't know it now.

Let us examine into the average day of the average dweller on this Isle of Palms. Awakening in his cozy, form-fitting apartment, on a tip given him by an alarm clock, he rises promptly and tips the folding-bed so he'll have some place to stand while dressing. He tips the water out of his shaving-mug, tips the janitor to put the high speed on the furnace gear, and tips from off the dumb-waiter the breakfast rolls and milk which he is permitted to enjoy as a result of the baker and milkman having copiously tipped the caretaker. He tips a hurried breakfast into himself, tips the wife of his bosom a brief kiss on her nose and rides downstairs on an elevator manned by a West Indian youth of color, who is always in the state of having just been tipped—or else just about to be.

A Day of a Thousand Tips

AT THE subway station he tips the newsboy. Boarding the subway train, he finds himself herded in so tightly that he cannot get his hand down into his pocket to tip anybody, which naturally adds to his feeling of distraitness. Arriving in due season at his place of business, he pauses only long enough to tip the starter and the elevator attendant, and thus reaches his office and spends several hours at a desk that has been put into more or less passable condition by an office boy who is tipped regularly to do so. Anon he feels the pangs of hunger and goes to luncheon.

At his favorite luncheon place he tips the waiter, tips the cigar clerk and tips the hat-check boy. He does this in order to get food, a cigar and his hat. He has time for a game of pool. He tips the boy who racks up the balls, and the boy who keeps the score, and the boy who brushes off the table—they being all different boys. In the course of the afternoon he drops into a barber shop for a shave, a manicure and a shine. He tips the barber, the manicure girl, the bootblack, and the boy who helps him on with his overcoat; but naturally of these he tips the barber the most, because he wants to come back again and bring his present face with him—and he knows what would happen to him next time if he didn't tip this time.

At dinner he tips the head waiter to get him a table, tips the man who comes with the portable antiwater wagon to mix his cocktail, tips the omnibus boy who brings him rolls and butter, tips the waiter who serves him, tips the hat-check boy, tips the brush boy, tips the doorman who allows him to escape when he is through, tips the starter who hails a taxi for him, tips the man who opens the taxi door for him, and tips the taxi driver for taking him to the theater.

As he emerges from the taxi he bumps into a well-dressed stranger, and instead of begging his pardon absent-mindedly offers him a tip. The stranger takes it. At the box-office he finds that, having failed to tip the box-office man in advance, there is no ticket for him. He returns to the sidewalk and tips a ticket speculator to sell him a ticket. He tips the program boy, tips the flower girl in the lobby, tips the usher who shows him to his seat, tips the boy who brings him lukewarm drinking-water in a glass that has just been used by everybody in New York who has a droopy mustache, and would tip the comedian for making him laugh if he could get close enough to him. Between acts he has occasion to use the telephone. This is accomplished with the utmost ease. He has only to tip the person who shows him the way to the telephone, and tip an imperious blonde for getting him the number, and tip the boy who opens the booth door and switches on the light for him. After the theater he feels like having a bite. He repairs to a near-by restaurant, where he tips everybody he sees—from the proprietor down, including, of course, the first washroom boy, who hands him a towel, and the second washroom boy, who lends him a nailfile. About midnight, having meanwhile tipped a large number of other persons whom I forget—but he doesn't—he decides to call it a day and go home. A hansom cab, made to tip forward or back, carries him to his home address; and, after tipping the driver, and tipping the horse, and taking the address of the man who made the harness, so he can send him a tip by mail in the morning, he dives into his abode, which is known as the Tippingham Arms. In the lower hall he meets a fellow tenant and bows—tip of the hat, you see—and says something offhand—tip of the tongue. He enters his apartment with a light step—tip of the toe—in order not to waken his wife; but she has stayed awake purposely to tell him that, having tipped all the tradespeople and all the serving people and all the delivery people in order to get enough food for them to eat, she has exhausted her household allowance and must have at least ten dollars more to tide her through the week. And so, as Mr. Pepys would say—and so to bed. The end is not yet, however. All night he dreams of making a fortune in Wall Street on a tip furnished him by a disinterested friend in the margin-brokerage game.

This goes for the regular daily routine, always remembering, of course, that on Hallowe'en and Thanksgiving Day he is custom-bound to tip freely every street urchin he meets—to dress up in the discarded garments of a grown person and collect tips being the New York child's idea of the proper celebration of a holiday in the fall of the year.

It is when Christmastime rolls round that our hero really begins to shine forth and show real genius as a tipper. Heretofore he has tipped in dimes, quarters, halves, ones and twos. Now he tips in fives and tens—but especially in tens, this being the gladsome season of the Xmas exit of the X. Downtown is one subscription list of tips for the office staff and another for the building staff, and uptown one for the apartment-house staff. If, instead of a plain apartment house, he lives in an apartment hotel, or a family hotel, or a non family, there will be two or more of these uptown subscription lists.

Naturally, as a New Yorker, he belongs to one or two clubs. Every true New Yorker belongs to a club. It may be one of those very exclusive Fifth Avenue clubs where every old member carries his own supply of blackballs with him in a large paper bag, or it may be the Harlem Pressing Club—a dollar down and a dollar a month; pants called for and delivered. But it is a club. There is a theory that a man in New York joins a club to avoid being bothered by the tipping nuisance. This is a gross error. A man joins a club in New York in order to be able to tip a considerable number of persons whom otherwise he would not have an opportunity to tip. Generally he is given to surreptitiously slipping tips to the waiters and porters, thus breaking a rule of his own club and subjecting them to the penalty of dismissal if the thing is detected. And in any event there is the Christmas list, when every member is expected to subscribe about twice as much as he can afford as a gift for the club employees.

Hurrying into Bankruptcy

THESE things are but starters for our New York man. That which in other times and other lands has been known variously as largess, gratuity, bakshish, pourboire, lagnappe, gift, honorarium, benefaction—in short, the tip of commerce—is yet to be bestowed upon a large number of persons who, having been steadily tipped all through the year, quite naturally expect greatly augmented tips at Christmas. There is a tip for every errand boy and every delivery man; a tip for the butcher and the baker and the candlestick-maker; and a tip for the candlestick-maker's little boy if he has one—if not, any other little boy will do. There is a tip for each servant, and a tip for the expressman who brings him his Christmas turkey from the old home on the evening of the twenty-eighth—only three days late! There is a tip for everybody who looks as if he'd take a tip. Everybody does.

Our hero now contemplates a bankroll shrunken to the size of a knitting-needle and starts to take a long, deep sigh of relief; but at this juncture remembers that in less than a week New Year's will be coming along, which is another day dedicated to Saint Tip the Greater and Saint Tip the Less—and he turns the sigh into a sob. On New Year's Day he must tip the newsboy—a custom that I believe is hallowed by age; but also he must tip the Government mail carrier and the street-car conductor—and these, I think, are customs peculiar to New York alone. Furthermore, if he is a householder he must tip the city employees, who are paid out of the taxes to cart away his ashes and his garbage, else he'll rue the day he didn't—rue it in the midst of a cellar overflowing with ashes and a collection of garbage that is rapidly becoming morbid! If he is wise he will also tip the policeman on the beat and the gray-coated private watchman on the block. Then, if he has anything left over, which is doubtful, he, by the expedient of tipping



The soup is to a dinner what the overture is to an opera.

IF well-composed and well-chosen it heightens the enjoyment and appreciation of all that follows. It gives class to an elaborate dinner; zest to the simplest meal. And it creates the variety which is the "spice of life."

See what a wide choice you have in

Campbell's Soups

Clear and delicate soups, thick and hearty soups, strong meat soups, and purely vegetable kinds—21 kinds in all; every one wholesome, tempting and positively pure.

You cannot afford to put off learning how good they are. Order a dozen. And test their quality *today*.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra, Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J



"Were I a millionaires
And had my own sweet way,
I'd buy my hats in Paris
And eat *Campbell's Soups* each day."

a drug clerk, can secure a lethal potion in a small black bottle and commit suicide in a quiet and unostentatious manner, only taking care first to leave a farewell instruction for the insertion of a pocket in his shroud, because naturally he figures that he'll have to tip the Angel Gabriel for waking him up in time, and Saint Peter for letting him through the celestial gates, and the caretaker of the Heavenly Mansions for saving him a front room with a sunny exposure!

From time to time a great deal has been written and said and sung about the growth of the tipping nuisance; but, at that, the half has never been told, because it is impossible for the literature on the subject to keep up with the subject itself. Every year tips grow larger, and every year the persons who will take tips increase in number and range of variety. I am told there was a time when no freeborn American citizen would wear a uniform if he could help it, or would take a tip. These times everybody nearly wears a uniform, from the colored gentleman who acts as sidewalk steerer for a painless dentist to the President's military aide; and in New York, at least, the persons who feel that they can live on without being tipped are rapidly shrinking into a small and exceedingly hopeless minority.

A Bird in the Hand

The tipping system works up as well as down. It also works crosswise, catercornered, on the bias, and with and against the grain. Hotel clerks take tips now. Clerks in stores take tips. Purchasing agents take tips. Writers for the newspapers and magazines have been known to take tips—disguised perhaps, but nevertheless tips. Persons who decline tips of money take tips in some other form. There are tips in the form of commissions and gifts, and in the shape of valuable and desired information—but tips just the same. It is said that a wealthy and elderly woman is the only person in New York who never gave a tip—she once got out of a well-known New York hotel without tipping any one, which is a world's record—and that Andrew Carnegie is the only person in New York who never took one; but then, perhaps nobody ever tried him!

The New York tip is fully recognized by law. A corporation counsel of the city of New York, a grave and learned man with whiskers, has aforetime rendered an opinion that a city employee has a right to include a goodly sum for tipping charges in an expense account, for the reason that tips are a legitimate and a necessary charge—just as food is, or lodging, or carfare. From the bench a distinguished judge has held practically the same thing. In other words, to be able to live in New York, either you must give tips or take them—and sometimes you must do both. The hand that isn't stretched for a tip is reaching to dig up one. A man may get a room with a bath in a big New York hotel for as low as three dollars a day, or he can get the room for two dollars a day and wait until Saturday night for the bath; but if he does his duty to his fellowman his tips will never be less than the amount of his bill for his room.

Stewards on steamships plying out of New York expect to get and do get bigger tips than stewards on other ships of the same line plying out of other American ports. The same thing is true of Pullman-Car porters on roads entering New York. Once, with a large flourish of trumpets, a tipless barber shop was opened on Broadway. The manager stated that no tips would be expected or accepted; that if any of his employees took a tip it meant instant dismissal for the offender. He meant well, no doubt—poor deluded man!—but he didn't understand Broadway. Broadway declined to patronize a barber shop where a barber would be content with merely a fair price for his labors. Broadway held aloof, suspecting a trap, snare or deadfall. So the proprietor took down his no-tip sign and business immediately picked up.

Next to restaurants and hotels the barber shops set the pace of improvement and the march of progress in the tipping industry. In no properly conducted barber shop in New York does the same boy who polished your shoes also help you on with your coat. There are two boys now—one to shine your shoes and one to hand you your hat and coat—thus causing two tips to grow where but one sprouted before. Formerly, too, the engaging young lady who manicured your fingernails and gave you the benefit of her conversation at the same time was satisfied with seventy-five cents—fifty cents for the manicuring and twenty-five cents for a tip. Now the tip is more apt than not to be fifty cents—which you will observe, if you are handy at figures, is a hundred per cent bonus on the original investment.

Likewise a nickel was once a fair-enough tip for certain small services; but at present any New York waiter who accepted a five-cent piece as a tip would be perfectly justified in selling it to a collector as a rare coin. Until comparatively recently the small, thin, hard dime of our common currency had some vogue for tipping purposes. A waiter who brought a round of drinks in a café expected a dime and was satisfied with it. A dime seemed ample reward for the time and labor involved. Now, however, where a round of drinks totals up to, say, sixty cents he figures on getting fifteen cents for a tip; and if it amounts to seventy-five or eighty cents he confidently calculates on harvesting what is left of the dollar. He isn't disappointed often either—not in New York. You may not remember the fellow's face, but you can't overlook his hand!

Wise New York waiters have learned to gamble on this chance. For example, let us assume that you have strolled into a New York café of standing and have purchased sixty cents' worth of food. Oh, yes, it is quite possible to get something for sixty cents in a leading New York café! For sixty cents you can get a pinch of canary seed and half of a dog biscuit—not a fancy medicated dog biscuit, of course, but half of one of the plain, unscented kind. Very well then. The bill is sixty cents. You examine the check and hand the waiter a five-dollar bill. He brings you back the change on a small silver salver—with the fifteen cents carefully tucked away inside the roll of four one-dollar bills, and with the lone quarter prominently displayed on top. Placing this directly in front of you, he strikes an attitude at a point just north by northeast of your right elbow, meanwhile wearing on his face the hopeful, expectant expression of Master Willie, aged four, waiting for the little bird to fly out of the photographer-man's black box.

Of course, if you are a cheap skate and a stingy dub, and all that, you may so demean yourself as to grub down into that wad of paper money and exhume those fifteen craftily interred cents and drop them into his disappointed palm. If, on the other hand, you fulfill the New York waiter's conception of a perfect gentleman, you hand him the quarter and are rewarded with a most sweet smile. You will do this always if you are a regular New Yorker. A New Yorker nurses a hideous haunting fear that he may some day do something that will cause a waiter to go home and speak slightingly of him to a little son named August. He may be disdainful of the world at large—may stand poorly at home and be careless about paying his bills; but not for vast sums would he get a reputation for frugality among a lot of waiters with soiled shirtfronts and lignum-vitæ faces that he never saw before and never will see again—if he has luck.

All Things Come to Him Who Waits

Fabulous stories are told of the fortunes that have been amassed by waiters in New York. These stories are indeed fabulous; they are also true. Three of the biggest restaurants on Broadway are owned by men who started life as waiters. Only a few years back two young foreigners, brothers, were waiters at an old French restaurant. Today they are the joint proprietors of probably the handsomest and most expensive roadhouse in America—a great pile a few miles out from New York.

There is a veteran waiter still in active harness who admitted some time ago that he had made and saved a hundred thousand dollars out of his tips alone. He owns a farm, a brownstone town house and two tenements. Another plain waiter at an uptown place, a Greek by birth, has a country place in the Catskill Mountains, a villa in Greece, and a collection of postage stamps for which he has been offered—and has refused—thirty-five thousand dollars. Tips did it. Tips had to do it, because a waiter in the most swagger New York restaurant gets only twenty-five or thirty dollars a month as pay from the house. Most of this goes for laundry fines and extras at his meals, and the rest he splits up with the head waiters, the omnibuses, the cooks and the servers in the kitchens, in



PHOENIX MUFFLERS

Novel in knit—perfect in fit—dressy to a degree, the PHOENIX snap Muffler is a necessity for well dressed people.

In everyone's list of winter wear requisites, the Phoenix knit Muffler should be included. It is instantly put on or removed, gives warmth for throat and chest without weight, is so hygienically knit and shaped as to ventilate without overheating. Indispensable to those who appreciate a stylish and distinctive addition to their winter dress.

Be sure to put

PHOENIX MUFFLERS

on your Xmas shopping list. They make

Ideal Holiday Gifts for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Hi-Button Militaire, Turn-Over Collar | Shaped Neck, Auto and Dress Styles

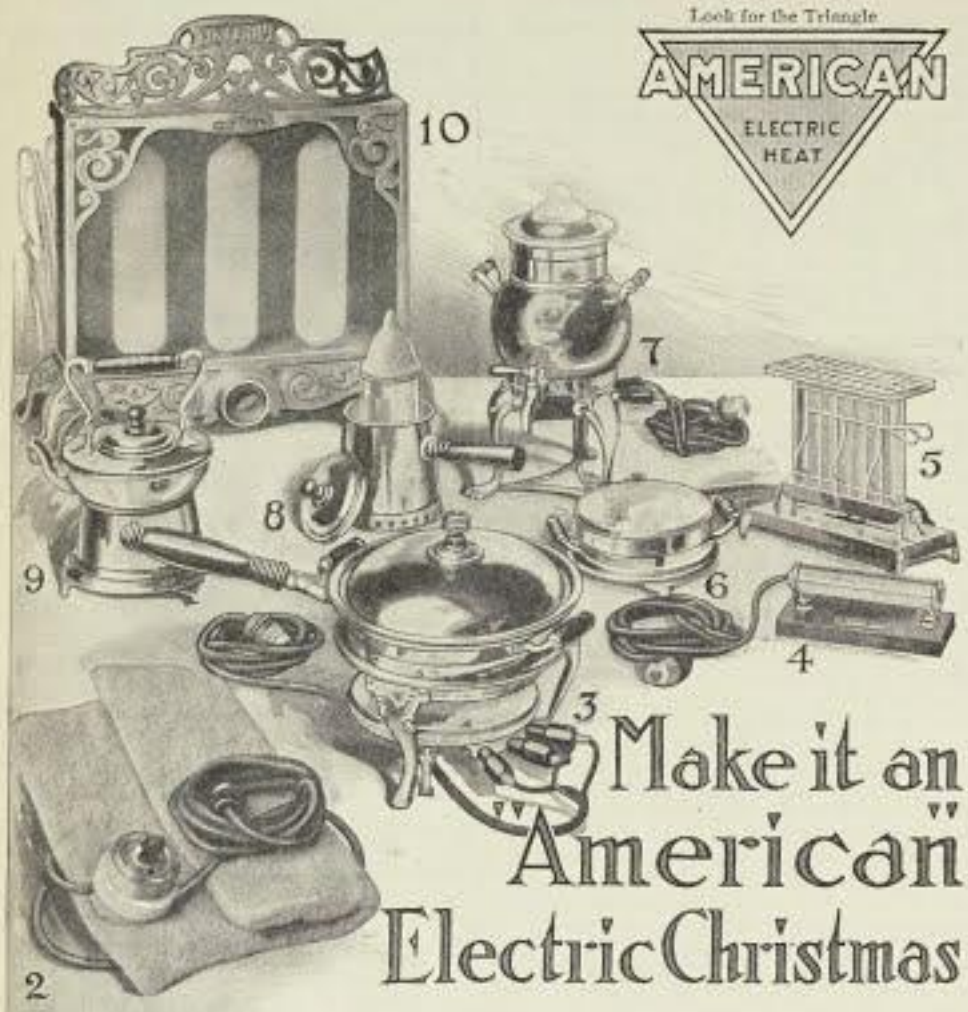
Silk, wool or mercerized.

At all dry goods dealers and haberdashers.

50c, $1.00, $1.50 to $5.00

Phoenix Knitting Works
210 Broadway, Milwaukee
Makers of the celebrated Phoenix Guaranteed Silk Hose.





Look for the Triangle

AMERICAN
ELECTRIC HEAT

Make it an "American" Electric Christmas



SELECT presents from among these "American" electric heating devices, and your gifts will be highly appreciated because they are practical and permanently useful.

The beauty of these devices makes instant appeal to every woman who sees them; and their convenience will add much to the comfort of the home.

THE efficiency of these devices, and their economy in use, are due to the "American" system of utilizing every possible heat-unit directly upon the work that it has to do—the same system that has made

"AMERICAN" ELECTRIC IRONING

so quick, easy and economical for any home where there is electric light.

Each device attaches to any electric lamp socket. A turn of the switch, and it begins to heat; another turn, and the current is shut off—no fire, no alcohol, no smoke, no odor, no waste.

"American" efficiency and convenience are the result of our years of experience as the oldest and largest exclusive manufacturers of electric heating-devices. It is important that you insist upon having "American" goods.

They are for sale by department stores, hardware stores and electric supply houses generally; but if your dealer hasn't the "American" goods, or the particular article you desire, we shall be glad to supply you from the factory, carriage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

The prices named here prevail throughout the United States. Canadian prices are higher.

Write today for free booklet: "Make it an Electric Christmas." This booklet describes the devices in much greater detail than is possible here.

1. "American Beauty" Iron—Saves a fourth of the time, and does better work with much less effort. One iron does all the household work. It weighs 6½ pounds—the best weight for all-around work—and its narrow nose makes easy ironing in gathers and small tucks. Guaranteed for three years. Price, $5; other types, $4 to $5.

2. Warming-Pad—"The hot-water bottle that isn't a bottle, and contains no hot water." Invaluable in illness; always ready; constant heat—as long as you wish it; never burns. Single heat, $5.50; three heats, $6.50.

3. Chafing-Dish—No running to the drug store for alcohol; much safer; heats quickly; easily kept clean. Has a three-heat regulation, so that food can be kept warm after cooking. Two-pint size, $12.75; three-pint, $14.50.

4. Curling-Iron Heater—Heats evenly, without soot or odor. For traveling, $2.75; with solid slate base, for home use, $3.

5. Toaster—Makes hot, crisp, tender toast at table, just as you wish it. Browns quickly and evenly. Very economical—a dozen slices average one cent. Light, durable, and will not scratch a polished table. Price, $4.

6. Disc Stove—Fries eggs; cooks chops or anything that can be cooked in a flat-bottomed vessel that will go on the stove. Three sizes—$4, $4.75, and $5.50.

7. Percolator—Makes delicious coffee at table or in the living-room. The coffee is always clear; and you can use less, because all the fragrance is confined until the coffee is poured into the cups. Three styles, each in three sizes: "Empire," $9 to $11; "Newport," illustrated above, $12.50 to $15; "Argenta," $14.50 to $17.50.

8. Water-Heater—Invaluable at night, and when traveling. Heats baby's milk; boils eggs; heats water for tea or for shaving. Pint size, $5.50; quart size, $6.50.

9. Tea-Kettle—Makes tea at table; especially convenient for afternoon tea in living-room or boudoir; heats quickly; capacity one quart. Price, $10.

10. Luminous Radiator—Takes the chill from bath-room, nursery, or dining-room on a cool morning or evening. Easily portable. Regulated heat. Prices, $17.60 to $18.50.

AMERICAN ELECTRICAL HEATER CO.

Oldest and Largest Exclusive Makers

1349 Woodward Ave. Detroit, U. S. A.

order that he may provide the food and service that will bring him the big tips from his patrons.

A few months ago a man was arrested for stealing altar vessels from a large church. At the police station he said he was the butler of the head porter of a famous hotel. Reporters saw a story there, and they went and hunted up the head porter. They found a quiet man in a blue flannel shirt, who denied indignantly that he had a butler. He lived very simply, he said—he had only a cook, a housemaid and a man to look after the chores. It developed incidentally that he paid a large bonus to hold his job as porter and that he lived round the corner in a handsome house that he owned. In praying for alimony the wife of a taxicab driver testified that her husband made from six to ten dollars a day in tips, and, in addition, drew down a salary of from thirty-five to sixty dollars a week. The wife of a waiter in a fashionable Fifth Avenue restaurant swore in a police court that her husband's tips averaged one hundred dollars a week clear; and the magistrate on the bench, a man of independent wealth, spoke up and said he was prepared to believe it, because he dined nightly at the restaurant in question and his tips there annually amounted to more than his salary, which was seventy-five hundred dollars.

A negro was arrested for speeding a big touring car on a street in Harlem. When he was arraigned he said he was a Pullman porter and that the touring car was his. It seems reasonable to assume that he bought it out of his tips and not out of his salary, because less than three years ago an official of the Pullman Company testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission that his company paid its sleeping-car porters twenty-five dollars a month, without meals. Since then, however, the cost of living has advanced and corporations in general have shown an inclination to be more generous toward their employees; so, for all I know, the Pullman Company may have increased the pay of its porters to twenty-five dollars and twenty-five cents a month. Nevertheless, I think that touring car must have been paid for—in part at least—with tips.

The Tipping Trusts

The owners of New York hotels and cafés share in the profits of the tipping system. There was a veteran hotel-keeper in New York once who used to make his hired help turn over their tips to him every night—but that was in the old crude day of the James boys. Nowadays the thing is managed much better. In many instances the most lucrative jobs—like the jobs of head porter and head carriage-starter and head waiter—are farmed out on a percentage basis, or else they are sold outright to the highest bidder. The street alongside the hotel, which really belongs to the city and the taxpayer, is leased by the hotel proprietor to a carriage company that pays a good price for the exclusive privilege, only asking in return that the house detective will drive away any independent cabbies who venture upon its territory. A few weeks ago it developed in court proceedings that the hat-check and washroom concessions of any largely patronized café on Broadway or Fifth Avenue are worth to the proprietor from three to six thousand dollars a year. The *concessionaire* is able to pay this seventy-five to a hundred dollars a week, and maintain his own staff of hat-checkers and washroom attendants, and still clear an enormous profit—from tips alone. His helpers work for weekly wages; the tips all go to him, and the figures clearly show that in the aggregate they amount to several hundred thousand dollars a year.

It has been estimated that if a man wears only two hats a year—one straw hat and one stiff hat—and pays only three dollars apiece for them, they will have cost him by the end of the year, providing he is a consistent patron of restaurants and pays the customary tips, the sum of sixty-two dollars and seventy-five cents each—this computation being based on these figures: one straw hat, three dollars; one stiff hat, three dollars; for checking at luncheon, at ten cents a day, thirty-six dollars and fifty cents; for checking at dinner, at ten cents a day, thirty-six-fifty; for checking at barber shops, at ten cents a day, thirty-six-fifty; for checking at breakfast, at theater and at other places, approximately ten dollars—grand total, one hundred and



Bachelor Breakfasts

Teach many a young man and woman the time-saving convenience and the strength-giving value of

Grape-Nuts

—a food for Body and Brain.

A morning dish of Grape-Nuts with cream contains all the food elements necessary for the successful accomplishment of a stout morning's work.

Grape-Nuts has proven more sustaining than many a meal requiring much longer to prepare.

Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited.
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

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Windsor, Ontario, Canada



THERMOS

The Gift That Is Never Exchanged

"It is exactly what I wanted." How much pleasure is added to your Christmas when you hear that said enthusiastically. Give Thermos articles and you will surely make presents that will be appreciated. Thermos never returns to the shops for exchange.

Thermos Bottles now $1.00 up

In past years you may have felt that Thermos cost a bit more than you could afford to pay. To-day it is within the reach of even the most modest income. Handsome full pint Thermos Bottles are on sale at all our dealers for $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50 each. One quart Thermos Bottles can now be had for $2.00, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 each. Sets of two or more bottles in a carrying case can be had at moderate prices.

Any man, woman, boy or girl who is fond of outdoor sport will be enthusiastic about a Thermos Bottle. They will use it constantly not only afield, afloat and on the road, but in the home as well. For the invalid and the aged, for the young mother and the baby it is the ideal gift.

Thermos keeps any liquid ice cold for 72 hours or piping hot for 24 hours.

The New Thermos Carafe

The Thermos Carafe is made for indoor use. Its handsome design and finish have earned for it the title of "Thermos De Luxe." For serving refreshing beverages in the dining room, card room, billiard room or on the gazebo it is ideal. In the bed chamber the Carafe has ice water fresh and ready at any hour of the day or night.

Many hotels—including the famous Knickerbocker and new Vanderbilt of New York—have equipped all guest rooms with the Thermos Carafe. Thermos Carafes sell for $5.00.

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters

Thermos Coffee and Tea Pots and Decanters make splendid gifts. Price $5.00.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets

Thermos Lunch Kits contain two compartments—for sandwiches, etc.—and a Thermos Bottle. They are luxurious necessities for anyone who must eat lunch away from home. Give them to the school boys or girls and to your friends who are fond of picnics.

Thermos Lunch Kits and Lunch Sets range in price from $2.50 Kits—for individuals—to elaborate sets for motor tourists, coaching parties, etc., at $75.00.

Thermos is sold by all good stores. The word Thermos is stamped on the bottom of all genuine Thermos articles. It is a word that belongs to dare not use, and is placed on each article to protect you against worthless imitations.

Thermos Carrying Cases

Thermos Carrying Cases make acceptable gifts for those who already own Thermos Bottles. They sell for from 65 cents up.

Write for Catalog

The Thermos Catalog and Price List will be sent upon request. It is a handsome illustrated booklet which describes all Thermos articles. You should not fail to write for it before you do your Christmas shopping. You will be wise to guard against forgetfulness by writing now.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Thermos Building, New York



twenty-five dollars and fifty cents. Reading this, one understands why the Greek cult of going bareheaded has grown so in New York!

If you are entertained privately anywhere within the New York zone you don't escape the tip system—you only strike it on a larger and more extensive scale. One who has been admitted as a guest to the suburban villas of the exceeding rich has compiled, for the benefit of social climbers who desire to avoid making what the French call a fox pass, a list of the tips that should be handed to the servants after one has spent a week-end at a house party. The schedule of this expert is as follows:

Chauffeur, five dollars; butler, five dollars; coachman, five dollars; footman, three dollars; valet, five dollars; cook, nothing; maid, two dollars; chambermaid, two dollars; strapper, one dollar; groom, two dollars—total, thirty dollars.

Before now the report has been freely circulated that people from outside New York—strangers, visitors, aliens—are responsible for the extent and expense of the tipping business. This is a slander upon the rest of the country and the rest of the world, which should be denied without further delay. As a student of this quaint institution I desire to take this opportunity of declaring that it is the seasoned New Yorker who gives the most tips and the biggest tips—and the foolishest tips. I knew a man once who, in the town where he came from, was generally reputed to have been born with a pocket, like a kangaroo. He had a strong inherent distaste to giving up something for nothing. There was a current belief that he hated to have other people set their watches by his clock.

He moved to New York, however, and after the customary period of infection he caught the tipping fever and became its victim in the most hopeless and helpless form. He now pares at one end in order to flare at the other. He is notorious for underpaying his office help and overtipping his waiter. And when, as sometimes happens, he is the guest at dinner of a friend from the country he sits through the meal in a cold agony of apprehension, filled with fear that the host may not tip the waiter according to the New York scale—which is to say, about three times what the service is worth.

He has even been known to add privately from his own pocket to the size of the tip which his friend bestowed. Indeed, this is a common enough trick among New Yorkers who dine with friends from the country. The fear that inspires this voluntary contribution is part physical and part moral: physical because they anticipate what may happen to them the next time they fall into the vengeful clutches of that waiter; and moral because they have the abiding dread, already mentioned, of being talked about unpleasantly in the bosom of a waiter's family.

The Skipper's Log

CAPTAIN "BILL" NORWOOD, in his younger days perhaps the most famous skipper to command a whaler out of San Francisco, tells the following story.

Skipper Norwood was born in a little Nova Scotia town. During the long winter evenings young Bill used to lie out in front of the big open fireplace, and just about the time he had got warm and comfortable and a trifle drowsy, Norwood, Senior, would make up his mind that the fire was getting low and send his son out into the snow to bring in a backlog from the woodpile. Eventually these nocturnal pilgrimages got on young Bill's nerves; and one night when his father sent him out after the backlog the son continued on past the woodpile and across country to the nearest seaport, where he shipped on a whaler.

Nine years later Bill came back. It was a bitter winter night and the snow was falling. Bill sneaked up to the window and looked into the old sitting room. The fire was burning in the old fireplace and Bill's father and mother were seated in front of it. He noticed that the fire was a trifle low; so he went to the woodpile, selected a big backlog, carried it into the house and stood for a moment by the fire with the log on his shoulder.

"Father," said Bill, "I've brought in that backlog you sent me after."

The old man never budged an inch. Instead he spat into the fire and retorted testily:

"Set it on the fire. You've been a hell of a while gittin' it!"



Queen Victoria Gave Everybody India Shawls

—WHY DON'T *YOU* GIVE EVERYBODY PARKER GIFT PENS

INSTEAD of puzzling her head to get something different each time there was a gift to be made, her late Majesty selected one fine, staple article. She always gave everybody India Shawls.

Why don't you do the same thing, this Christmas, with Parker Gift Pens? Go to one store and buy them all at once, instead of going through the usual Christmas puzzling, jostling, misery and extravagance, with a list as long as your arm.

The Queen knew that every woman wanted a fine India Shawl, and you know that every woman, every man and every boy or girl wants a fountain pen that *won't leak.*

WHY FOUNTAIN PENS LEAK

When you set an *ordinary* fountain pen in your pocket, point up, a little ink always hangs up in the feed channel. Presently the heat of the body gets to the pen. As the pen warms up, the air inside of it expands, forcing its way up through the feed channel, where the ink is waiting patiently to be pushed out. And that is how you get your fingers smeared when you remove the cap, to write.

WHY PARKER PENS DON'T LEAK

Not so the Parker. The Parker feed channel isn't *straight* like others. It has a crook in it—the "Lucky Curve." This "Lucky Curve" touches the barrel wall, and sets up Capillary Attraction, which draws the ink down out of the feed channel. Therefore, when the air in a Parker Pen expands with the body-heat, and forces itself out through the feed channel, it pushes out no ink. There isn't any there. Capillary Attraction, by the way, is what makes a lamp-wick draw up oil. Any Parker dealer can show you, in a minute, how it works.



Make this touch test yourself. Prove it won't leak.

PARKER JACK-KNIFE SAFETY PEN

Carry it in your trousers pocket like a jack-knife. Pen-knife size for a lady's purse. Can't leak, smear or spill ink. A unique gift for fathers and sons or mothers and daughters. $2.50 up.

RESERVE PARKER GIFT PENS NOW

before the Christmas rush. Dealer will hold them until Christmas week. Every Parker Gift Pen comes in a handsome box of special Christmas design. Don't bother your head about a different present for each person. Everyone who has no fountain pen wants one, and everyone who has one wants another—one that Won't Leak.

If your dealer doesn't keep Parker Pens and won't get you an assortment to look over, send for our catalogue and buy of us.

PARKER PEN COMPANY, 90 Mill St., Janesville, Wisconsin

Our New York retail store is at 11 Park Row, Opposite Post Office.

PARKER

LUCKY CURVE

FOUNTAIN PEN

For Christmas—Give Him Shawknit Socks

"Silk-o-Lisle"
$3.00
for Box of 6 Pairs

Fine Silk-over-Lisle, showing all the style and beauty of silk and having all the wearing quality of lisle. Shawknit Silk-o-Lisle Socks are knit in Black, Navy Blue, Tan, Pearl Grey and Cream-White. Also Green Silk over Cardinal Lisle and Tan Silk over Chocolate Brown, showing rich iridescent effects. You can have all one combination or any of the above colors assorted.

"Satinette"
$1.00
for Box of 3 Pairs

Shawknit Satinette Socks are knit from fine "Mercerized" lisle, over which is a thin film of fine white silk, producing most attractive and stylish socks.

These socks come in Black, Navy Blue, Light and Dark Tan, Brown, Ox-Blood Red, and Reseda Green—3 pairs of a color in each box at $1.00.



"De Luxe"
$1.00
for Box of 3 Pairs

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OUT-OF-DOORS

How to Keep Fit

IT IS very hard to kill a man—harder than it is to kill almost any other kind of animal. A man can go from Algeria to Siberia by fast mail and back again, and be healthy all the way on both trips and able to live in either country. The thermometer goes to ninety degrees below zero in Siberia and it reaches a hundred and seventy-two above in Algeria, yet men live and flourish in both countries. Take a sable from Siberia and it would die in Algeria. Take a gazel from Algeria and it would die in Siberia. Also, use a workhorse as a man uses himself in modern business life, and the horse would not last a month. We do not thrive in city life, but only adjust ourselves to it.

Whether a man be employer or employee the value of keeping fit is quite obvious. Especially is it matter of concern to persons whose occupations keep them indoors much of the year. Still more especially interesting is the matter to men advancing toward middle age.

In this as in all other matters the personal equation varies somewhat. Some men can work all their lives, even in sedentary occupations, and seem to require almost no physical exercise at all in order to retain their health and efficiency. Others require at least periods of more or less violent exercise. The savage man requires a certain amount of exercise and care in order to remain efficient, and he is most apt to need this in the wintertime. With very little trouble almost any of us can keep fit if we really wish to do so. The main thing is the desire and the resolution. Granted these, the rest is easy.

The average city business man, as he grows older, has a tendency to lay on too much flesh or else not to lay on flesh enough. Either condition is bad and either is needless. Cocktails and other alcoholic drinks are the chief causes of that rotundity of personal appearance which causes so many men between the ages of thirty and forty to change their measurements at their tailor's. There are many men of perfectly temperate habits who have a hereditary tendency toward too much flesh. The fight is harder for them. For the average man of convivial habits, the first step toward losing flesh and toward getting fit is to cut down or to cut out alcohol. This is pretty sure to cut down a part of the appetite. Exercise and diet must do the rest. Any trainer or gymnasium manager will tell you that it is for you to make the choice in degree of fitness. Of course you do not want to be an athlete, and only require business efficiency and a sense of physical well-being.

Ozone Versus Alcohol

The greatest inducement for self-denial as to the good things of life is the thought that you gain something in the trade—that after a while you will feel better than you did when you started in on self-denial. If a man has been in harness for a long series of months and has taken to flogging himself up with alcoholic stimulants, or even too much coffee, it is hard for him to stop it or to cut his allowance in half. How can this jolt be eliminated? The answer is that it cannot wholly be eliminated if one remains indoors, nor is it wholly to be eliminated in all kinds of out-of-doors. For the man who wants to drop the habit of stimulants there is nothing in the world like a trip to the high mountains—say seven or eight thousand feet up. Breathing is harder at that altitude, and the altitude gives the stimulus to the heart that coffee and alcohol gave it at home. It is well known that hard drinkers in high mountain country soon go to pieces—the heart cannot stand the extra work. It is much easier to "get on the wagon," as the phrase goes, in the mountains than it is in the cities. If possible, it is well to lay this sort of a foundation for getting fit and keeping fit through the hard-working season. Keeping in condition after this first step is relatively simple.

To cut down the abdominal fat that is the bane of a great many city men all sorts of remedies and regimens and culture courses are on tap. They are all good if wisely chosen and well followed; but if undertaken too strenuously as a cureall they are more apt to result in nervousness or in boredom than they are in efficiency. You can roll on the floor and kick the headboard and do all sorts of stunts, and still not get over that first hard part of the cure that discourages so many men from conditioning themselves. Yet you can do that very simply if your affairs shape properly for it.

The best thing in the world for you is horseback riding—not on a gaited saddle-horse in the parks, but on a hard-going country horse or Western cow-pony. All the better if your riding be in the high mountains, where both elevation and exercise will be working together for your benefit. When you ride a hard-gaited horse it is absolutely impossible not to employ those very abdominal muscles that never get any use at all in city life. Moreover, you get good air in this exercise; so that three factors in all—air, exercise and heart stimulus—are working to help you in the first step toward good condition.

Of course a few minutes' horseback riding will not do you much good any more than will a few minutes of physical culture stunts; but a few days will do you good, and noticeable good. If you ride part of every day for two or three days in high mountain country, you will find you do not need alcoholic stimulants, and you will find that you are losing flesh and getting lines. A wise diet will help you, of course, but if you ride horseback in the mountains you don't need to live on zwieback and watercress—you can eat a man's "vittles."

The Foolish Fat Man

This first decisive step toward getting into condition is necessary in some form. It is best taken in the open air. If you could not go horseback riding last fall try snowshoeing this winter, if that is possible. It is another one of those outdoor exercises that for some reason or other seem to cut down flesh rapidly and hence to lay a good foundation for later condition. Two weeks under pack on the web shoes will do about as much for you as the same amount of time in the saddle. In many cases either experience will renew in the victim, even though middle-aged, that pride in his physical condition that any man ought to retain all his life. The trouble with most of us old parties is that we give up and think there is no chance left for us. Quite the reverse of this is true—there is every kind of a chance if you care to hold it down.

Tennis is too severe for the man of middle age, although it certainly starts perspiration. Golf is not of much value in cutting off weight, although it is a beneficial exercise and of much value to those who cannot take long trips away from home. One day a week on the golf links will keep a man feeling good, but it will not serve sharply to put into condition a man in extreme need of it.

Mountain climbing or hill work is a most excellent conditioner, especially if combined with horseback riding. One must practice it with a certain desperation—until Nature, disgusted with the mechanical handicap under which she is asked to labor, goes about removing the fat that is in her way and yours. One beauty about mountain climbing is that there is nearly always abundance of good water close at hand. Most fleshy men are great water-drinkers. At home, water adds to the weight; when working hard in the mountains it does not have this effect, but acts as a solvent and purifier. All these things working together help you over the first, hard, decisive step—that of melting the flesh that is in your way.

Getting fit, if you are overweight, is a hard matter, a very hard matter if you cannot avail yourself of these severe forms of outdoor exercise that of themselves are pleasant to take. Keeping fit is quite another and much easier matter. Once down to weight, it will give you no great trouble to stay there, but this you can do by simple exercises at home that will not detract from but add to your efficiency and good feeling. The only hard part is the first revolutionary change in habits of living and habits of body.

Of course, even some city men are out-of-doors enough to get a certain amount of



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exercise. The little occupations about a country place will give a man work enough to keep him in condition, if he is disposed to stay on his feet and keep moving. To be interested in the exercise when it is taken is about half the battle. Our farmers represent the sober, conservative, rational part of our population, and our government rests with the farm vote. Why? Because they work, keep fit, are efficient bodily and mentally.

If you are near a Northern hill country, and can get out for, say, part of a day each week to some country place or club, you might try skee running, which is a good winter sport and stimulus enough to be of value in conditioning. It is not very dangerous in ordinary hill country if the snow is deep, and it does not take long for a middle-aged man to learn enough of it to enjoy it, although of course great skill is only for those who begin young.

The upland sportsman who gets a day or so each week or month in the fall or winter with his bird dog is much to be envied, although sport is distant now from most of our larger cities. A day with the beagles, after Brer Rabbit, is interesting and helpful, and rather easier to get than work with the bird dogs. If you are in warmer winter countries sailing or canoeing is so much to the good.

As a people we Americans are rather disposed to fads and cranky enthusiasms. A while ago we were crazy over physical culture exercises. Now we are crazy over sleeping porches. Taking the best out of all these fads and fancies, how much can the average city man, too busy to get out of town, choose for himself to his physical benefit?

All that depends on the man, on his desire and on his resolution. At the time of the Sandow craze in this country, some years ago, many hallroom lamps were broken by young men who were engaging in strenuous work with dumbbells. Before very long most of these had forgotten this and were thinking of something else. Some did not. I recall one man, then far past thirty years of age, who formed the dumbbell habit at the time of Sandow's first visit to America and kept it up for four years, night and morning, taking a series of movements with the bells for an average of ten minutes, or until a perspiration was induced. At first, according to the patient, this work was very distasteful, but it was persisted in without exception, night and morning—no matter what time he came home—except in rare cases of severe illness. As a result this man at the end of three years could have shown a photograph of arm, back and side muscles as good as any of the magazine pictures that we saw not so very long ago. His average health was very good. In his work and in his outdoor sports he was counted efficient, and he ascribed that fact to his persistence in these exercises. He used trunk as well as arm exercises.

The Way to Reduce Weight

This man, like many others, agreed that once the habit of this daily exercise was acquired, the chance omission of it caused a feeling of uneasiness. Any athlete accustomed to regular exercise feels a certain craving for it. Once you get into the way of it it is no longer a hardship but a joy.

On the other hand, this habit once broken is difficult to take up again, especially if one has advanced well along in years. The middle-aged man is apt to say to himself with a sigh that in his case the time for these things has passed. Nothing of the sort. It is simply a case of working hard enough to get fit, and then getting the habit of keeping fit. Of course we all know the routine motions to take for reducing abdominal fat—bend forward ten times, side-to-side ten times, touch the floor with finger-tips ten times, lie flat and raise the feet ten times, lie flat and sit up ten times, and so on. I know a man who kept at this faithfully for three weeks—and at his cocktails also with equal faithfulness—and who could report almost no progress, although he had increased the number of his exercises until he was taking daily three or four hundred of these different motions. He was becoming nervous, but was not losing much flesh. Then by accident and quite independently he discovered the virtue of this same horseback riding in the mountains that had been mentioned as a good initial jolt in getting fit. No doubt the hard foundation he had laid proved of benefit, for when his extra flesh began to go it went almost all at once. He came back proud and happy, and his tailor remeasures him today when he orders clothes.

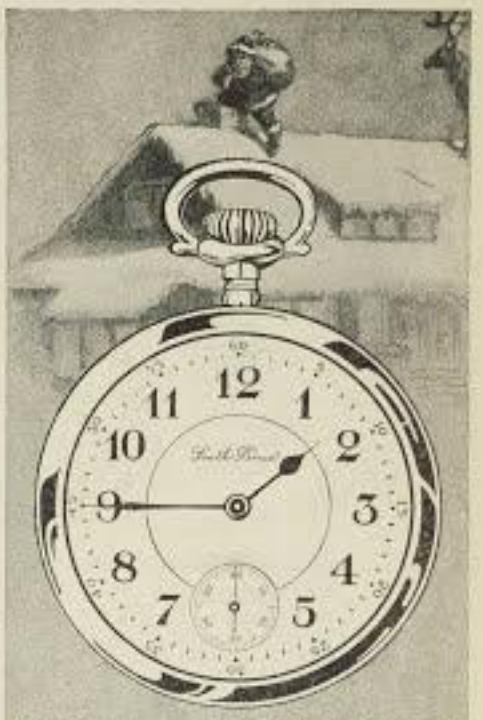
Any man who has trained much or gone in for hard games or hard trips will tell you that if the stomach is hard you need not bother about the rest of your body. All these exercises that tend to develop the biceps and shoulders are nice in their way, but I question very much whether they add to a man's working efficiency to any great extent. The exercises that bring into play the muscles of the abdomen and sides are the most distasteful, awkward and inconvenient of any that a man can take. Yet they are the very ones that will add most to his general physical fitness.

There are several motions prescribed for these muscles. You can bend forward, or rise up from a prone position, or you can raise your legs up as you lie prone—the last is one of the college-training exercises for the crew. If you have not time for all three of them and want the best take the third one mentioned. Lie flat on the floor in the morning and raise your feet up forty-five degrees from the floor. It starts easy but all at once it gets very hard—and to do the exercise ten times perhaps will tire you at first, if you are honest with yourself and keep your legs straight. You will not get much good from this unless you can take fifty of the motions in the morning and as many at night—double the number if possible. Even when you are doing your fifty or seventy-five a day you will find it hard thus to raise your legs more than twenty-five or thirty times without stopping. You will discover then what has been the matter with your tailor's measurements—there were a lot of muscles that never got any use at all.

Exercise From the Can

Now if you have first cut down your flesh by some Spartan process—whether one of those above indicated or some other of your own—you will without doubt or question find that even fifty of these movements every day will keep you down to your lines when once you have attained them. By-and-by you will begin to feel very proud of yourself. First you will find that your sides are sinking in and getting thinner. Then you will find that your stomach is moving higher up—in short, you will discover, now coming over the hips, that line of muscle that you will see in some Greek statues and in some physical directors. It can be yours if you care for it. With it you will be able to do, say, twenty-five per cent more work, with fifty per cent more evenness of disposition at home or in the office. Moreover, when you once get back your pride in your physical fitness—and that pride can be yours at six or sixty, if you like—you will find that what you needed after all to correct the seediness that was creeping upon you was simply a better circulation of the blood. By far the better plan for you is to keep up good habits all through your life and not take them up late in life. It is very difficult for a middle-aged man to resume any physical exercise if he has been the victim of a severe case of sickness. But, little by little, each man will benefit by a certain amount of self-punishment in the way of exercise—the married man, the oldish man, the busy man or the young man.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and there are a great many readjustments and compensations in life as we go along. A great many middle-aged men, who had astigmatism from desk work, found they could no longer see the open sights on a rifle. About then a man came along and invented a sort of aperture sight that helped their vision very much. A good many oldish men were feeling rusty when golf came along and became fashionable. Also there came to the rescue of a good many oldish men who were getting stiff in the joints the new science or art of osteopathy. Without wishing to indulge in any argument about the matter, it is probably fair to say that osteopathy will not cure all diseases, but it will not hurt any one, and it certainly will benefit a great many by furnishing canned exercise to those who will not take it otherwise. Of course osteopathy, to be of help, must be somewhat severe—the exercise must be there, the muscles must be stretched, the joints loosened. It is no ladylike game for the man who is doing the hard work, and unless he works hard you get no benefit from it. The man past forty-five, who finds himself unable to get any outdoor exercise, might do very much worse than buy a little canned



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exercise at the osteopath works once a week or so. It will improve his circulation—and keeping fit is merely keeping the circulation good.

If you are not satisfied with your own condition in the wintertime, suppose you take on a simple little program that will cost you nothing, at least, in the trying out. When your man or your maid calls you in the morning—or even your alarm clock—don't wrench yourself awake and jump out of bed as though something were after you. Spread out your arms flat on the bed and wide apart, and breathe as deep as you can for a dozen times or so. Twist a little bit from side to side and bend your body up into an arch once or twice. Get out and lie flat on the floor. Raise your legs to forty-five degrees fifty times—starting with what you can stand easily and increasing the number one movement each day until you can do twenty-five without stopping and fifty without getting tired.

You can't help feeling seedy until your heart begins to work. By this time it will have freshened up a bit. Now go to your bathtub. If you can plunge into cold water right out of the hydrant, whatever the weather may be, your case is hardly for us, for you are already fit. Don't temper the water and don't take a warm bath—you want the shock, the reaction, to start your morning heart going more strongly. Wet your face, your hands, your arms, the back of your neck, then your chest. Perhaps now you can stand in the tub and finish the bath. You don't want to shock yourself beyond the part of starting your heart steadily and strongly at its day's work.

Don't overdo any of this—but use your reason and don't expect to do wonders all at once. It is only the habit that will help you, not chance application of it. Now after you are dry from the bath put your foot up on the rim of the bathtub, clasp both hands at the back of your head and pull your head and body down and forward as hard as you can two or three times. Put the other foot up and do the same thing. This exercise will stretch the vertebræ and improve your circulation—which is what you want when you are in search of efficiency.

Stand up now, make the muscles of the trunk rigid and bend a half dozen times each way from side to side. Make your arms rigid and raise them flexed a few times over your head. Take hold of your head and pull it over to one side, straining the neck. Repeat this once or twice on the other side. Get dressed. You will feel like smiling and like having a cup of coffee, and maybe two. Neither will hurt you. Go on to your work, and if you feel it necessary to be a good fellow, defer the cocktail process until after six o'clock at least. If you come home tired it is not necessary to take these exercises at night. The morning alone will suffice if you keep at it faithfully on somewhat the above lines. Night and morning, however, is better.

Nearly all city people lose in efficiency from being troubled by colds or coughs in the wintertime, cities being unhealthful dwelling-places. You don't take cold outdoors. You will be less apt to take cold indoors if you use night and morning a gargle of diluted peroxide of hydrogen. All the better if you use it as a nasal douche. Just salt and water isn't bad for the latter purpose. These suggestions are not made with the least idea of prescribing medicine, but only as possible preventives of the need of medicine. If you care to take so much trouble as all this—and it will be no trouble at all if you get used to it, and you will not wish to discontinue it—you can without doubt or question keep yourself in very fair physical condition throughout the winter, and go into your out-of-door exercises next season feeling very much better than otherwise you would. It will take not over fifteen minutes each morning. You could make few investments that would pay you better. Whether you do or not is, of course, another matter. You can rest assured of one thing, there is no absolutely royal road or any perfectly easy path for keeping fit. You can't hire the man to do all your exercises for you. It is strictly up to you and your own desires, backed by your own resolution; nor will a few days' practice of any physical exercise in the world be of lasting benefit to you. You must make the habit take care of itself.

How's Business and Why

IF LONDON diagnoses the American situation correctly, then is the situation here improved. London says it regards the industrial situation cleared of uncertainty by the filing of the suit against the United States Steel Corporation; and it adds: "Your national election will be over and popular sentiment will have calmed down before the case reaches the highest court. Hysterics, therefore, are unnecessary." It is easy to indorse the concluding observation, at least; for there is not the slightest occasion for hysterics over the commencement of a suit that more or less people consider the logical outcome of a policy which, it was well understood, the Government had definitely decided upon as regards the alleged offenders among the great corporations under the Sherman law. Business in the United States is too big an institution to be upset by an act of this sort, and the Government is too just to pursue a course toward the business of the country that would be unnecessarily harmful.

"Unnecessarily harmful" is said because of the possibility that execution of the Federal statute, designed to protect the people and the business interests themselves from the power of aggregations of capital, might possibly entail some seeming if not real hardship. However, should it eventuate that way, there is little room to doubt that the benefits accruing to corporations in general and to the people at large would more than offset the temporary sense of harm proceeding from the act. It was, indeed, harmful to the general morale of the country that one or more corporations should be prosecuted under the Sherman Law and other corporations, looked upon as similarly erring, be left undisturbed. And especially was this the case after this particular corporation had signified a purpose to defend the claim that its incorporation was lawful and its operations were not in restraint of trade—in other words, that the corporation would not voluntarily dissolve and reorganize in conformity with the requirements of the Federal statutes. The atmosphere was cleared when the suit against the most powerful commercial organization in the land was haled into court.

It is idle to charge the step to politics. To do that but indicates a base motive for what should be a patriotic act; and there are too many men who can conceive no higher motive on the part of men holding political offices. The act is backed by a tremendous affirmative sentiment—a sentiment that would have compelled similar action at some hand if not at the hand of the present Chief Executive of the nation. This act and others of like sort are the product of a psychological condition and have happened opportunely. They will make for progress, as business men themselves will eventually allow, as time passes. The outcome will establish the principle of the equality of men and of opportunity as it has heretofore been established—more in theory than in fact or practice. The temporary annoyance of the commencement of the suit will pass and satisfaction will supplant discouragement by-and-by.

It is not impossible, perhaps not improbable, that out of existing discontent there shall spring more intelligent legislation; and that the corporations will be found the more disposed to accept National incorporation and Federal supervision of business because of the aggressive course of the Government in enforcing the so-called anti-corporation laws. It is lamentable that such a course may be found necessary; for it would not, but for the unjust business practices that have obtained from time almost beyond research and have developed abnormally under the modern system of aggregated capital and the very old system of debased politics under which the Government has been prostituted to promote special business interests and private ends. No man is absolutely wise enough to foresee precisely what results will follow the campaign of commercial purification at present in progress in the United States; but it is possible to have strong faith in a beneficial outcome of the honorable endeavor of the National Administration to enforce the statutes where—and as they are believed to be—violated.

Some quickening of the pulse of business is noted in particular lines—in the iron and steel industry, in woolen and cotton



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manufacturing, if not likewise in other directions. The cut prices for steel products have unquestionably stimulated a degree of activity, and it is said that the new orders of the United States Steel Corporation in October averaged better than thirty-five thousand tons a day—or at the rate of, say ten million five hundred thousand tons a year. This was better than the September rate. The independent manufacturers, it is said, did not fare so well; and it is feared that October will not prove any more satisfactory, as a whole, than did September in the matter of net results. Nevertheless, it is gratifying that orders should have shown some improvement. Low prices constitute the true remedy for an inactive condition of trade. Orders for about ten thousand steel cars were placed in the last days of October and the early days of November, while inquiries for a still larger number are mentioned. It is calculated that in normal times the railroads require nearly three hundred thousand cars a year, or almost one thousand new cars each working day; whereas in the last three years the orders have approximated hardly more than a third of that number, suggesting a considerable shortage, more or less of which will, it is fancied, have to be made up in time. At more than twenty-nine million dollars, the net earnings of the Steel Corporation for the third quarter of the year were over one million dollars in excess of the Wall Street calculation, and the effect on security-market sentiment was most favorable; this fact, and the favorable interpretation of the situation as regards the American Tobacco Company's plan of reorganization, enabling the men who act as masters of the speculative markets to overcome the first effect of the commencement of the Steel suit upon market prices.

In exploiting the achievements of one of the independent steel-manufacturing concerns, Wall Street says that its current output is the largest in its history, or close to one million tons of pig iron, steel and tubular products. It is admitted, however, that, though the company is operating more economically than heretofore, its net profits have undoubtedly suffered. The latest advices were that the steel trade was growing dull in some lines—indicating, perhaps, a fluctuating position.

The leading authority in the iron trade says that rail-buying for 1912 has begun in earnest and active contracting is expected to follow. Orders for no less than ninety-five thousand tons of rails are reported placed, and a number of the large systems are said to be figuring on requirements for the coming year. Fabricators calculate that one hundred and thirty thousand to one hundred and forty thousand tons of steelwork are pending in New York and vicinity, for the most part in jobs running over one thousand tons. Pig-iron production in October is placed by preliminary figures at 2,090,728 tons, compared with 1,973,918 tons in September, with one more day in the tenth than in the ninth month. There was a moderate increase in the output of merchant iron and in the product of the steel furnaces. Blast-furnace operations were substantially unchanged. The market for merchant iron was steadily weaker.

The Bank Clearings

October bank clearings were relatively best outside the city of New York, amounting to no less than $5,793,697,714, showing a gain of 11.6 per cent over September and being the largest since March, 1910, and the third largest on record. The exceptions were in the March mentioned and the preceding December. The increase over October of last year is 1.3 per cent and just one per cent more than that compared with October, 1909. New York bank clearings for the month—$7,510,203,889—were 4.5 per cent better than those of September, but they fall 4.9 per cent below those of the same month last year. Looking back to October, 1909, a decrease of twenty-five per cent is found for the month this year. Dealings in stocks at New York were very much less than in September of this year and October of last year—a fact having influence upon clearings. Bank clearings for ten months ended with October were $129,903,423,626 compared with $134,752,270,841, while outside New York they were $53,716,297,677 against $53,316,879,727—for like months of 1910. The decrease in the country at large was 3.6 per cent, New York clearings falling off 6.4 per cent and those of the rest of the country gaining seven-tenths of one per cent. Canadian bank clearings increased twenty-one per cent in October compared with September, and 19.4 per cent compared with October of last year. For ten months the increase was 15.2 per cent compared with last year. Total Canadian clearings for ten months were $5,687,521,982, or not quite equal to the clearings for October in that part of the United States not included in New York. Bank clearings in October and for ten months in the United States indicate a large general business but no remarkable change over last season.

The October failure list shows an increase in the number of reverses but a decrease in the liabilities of the failed firms compared with September, and increases in both number and liabilities compared with the month last year. For the month and ten months, failures this year are less favorable than for either of the last two previous years, though comparing favorably with either 1908 or 1907, when the effect of the 1907 panic was felt. It is remarkable that the number of failures in October this year—970—was almost identical with the 968 for the same month of 1907; but in the liabilities the disparity is striking—the $14,867,866 of this year being set against $172,675,890 for the same month of the earlier year. For ten months the number of failures—10,265—contrasts with 9428 last year, with 11,763 in 1908, and 7861 in 1907. Liabilities this year—$152,917,289—compare with $262,260,259 in 1908, and $275,818,124 in 1907. In other words, the size of the failed concerns was very much smaller this year than in either of the previous years mentioned. The increase in failures in October, compared with previous months, is only seasonable and not discouraging. The end of the year usually finds an increasing list of casualties in the business world and the current year will likely prove no exception.

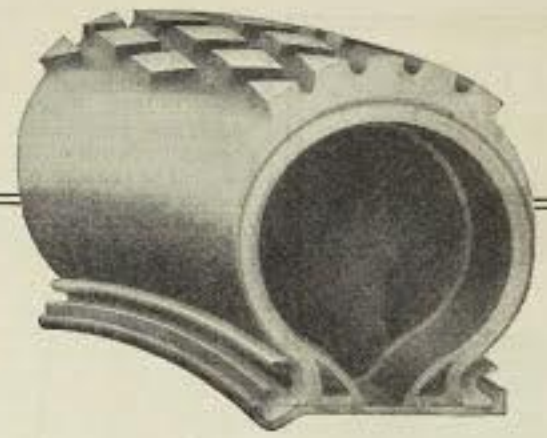
Some Textile Figures

Among the pleasing and reassuring discoveries is the fact that the principal cotton mills of the South find themselves with little cotton and few manufactured goods on hand but with considerable orders for coarse goods for export. Their only apprehension appears to be lest the Chinese internal war shall interfere with the filling of orders and lead to cancellations. The cotton mills generally are in better position since the decline in the price of the raw article and they are facing the future with renewed confidence. Prospective tariff changes cause some uneasiness, but there is ever the chance of averting these. The wool manufacturing industry is more active than for many months; but there, as in the cotton industry, is the likelihood of attempted legislation touching duties and the same possibility of fighting off a change. It is here that the factor of politics enters—and politics is a very uncertain affair.

Mail orders for cotton goods at New York are reported satisfactory and prices of many cloths are said to look rather tempting to merchants whose financial conditions are sound. Large serge mills are reported to be practically sold up and advance orders are declared well ahead of a year ago. It is admitted that profits are small, and there appears to be more complaint on that than on any other score in pretty much every industry. Men accustomed to large profits naturally become impatient of the slow, plodding course of present accumulation. Demand for manufactured products has not kept pace with provisions for their manufacture, and the idle plant is forever kept in mind.

Thirty-six Fall River cotton manufacturing corporations declared an average of 1.07 per cent in dividends for the fourth quarter of 1911 compared with 1.64 per cent for the corresponding quarter of 1910 and 1.12 per cent for the third quarter of this year, and an average of 3.60 per cent for the best fourth quarter of the last twenty years—that of 1907. Of course the amount of capital stock varied from year to year. Ten of the corporations passed dividends for the fourth quarter this year and twenty-three paid smaller dividends than for the same quarter in 1910. Some of the mills have paid dividends in part at the expense of surplus. The year 1911 has been a poor one for the cotton mills; and it is felt that some time will be required to place the mills in as good financial position as they were a matter of three years ago.

Whatever the condition of business of late, the incorporation of new business concerns goes on at a brisk pace. In



Winter Tires

With a Bulldog Grip

Note the double-thick tread—
Note the deep-cut blocks—
Note the countless edges and angles.
Compare it with other non-skids.

Resistless—Enduring

Here is a real Non-Skid.

An extra tread of very tough rubber, vulcanized onto the regular.

A double-thick tread.

So thick that the blocks can be cut very deep.

So thick, so tough that they don't wear off.

Thick enough to be almost puncture-proof.

See the sharp-cut, deep-cut blocks. They present to the road surface countless edges and angles.

Their grip is resistless.

And the blocks endure.

Note how these blocks widen out at the base, so the strain is rightly distributed.

A moment's comparison will show a dozen advantages over other non-skid devices.

No-Rim-Cut—10% Oversize

These ideal treads, if wanted, may now be had on Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

In the past two years, No-Rim-Cut tires have come to outsell all others.

They are now the most popular tires in existence—

Over 700,000 sold.

These are the tires which never can be rim-cut.

With other tires—with clincher types—23% of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

This is your chiefest worry and your main expense. No-Rim-Cut tires wipe it out entirely.

And this is the tire which is 10% over the rated size. This type of tire, with hookless base, permits this oversize.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. And this over-tiring, with the average car, adds 25% to the tire mileage.

These two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—under average conditions cut tire bills in two.

That's why the demand for this type of tire has increased 500% in two years.

You are bound to adopt these No-Rim-Cut tires when you know what others know.

Our new Tire Book is ready—based on 13 years of tire making. It is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

GOODYEAR

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca St., Akron, Ohio

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities
We Make All Kinds of Rubber Tires, Tire Accessories and Repair Outfits
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(438)

"A Girl Friend of My Wife's



has used Pebeco a long time—is most enthusiastic about it. She often recommended it to my wife, who was deterred from buying it because of the price. Yet my wife is by no means saving when it comes to talcum and other toilet articles. She merely couldn't make up her mind to pay 50c for a tooth-paste when she could buy others for less and knew of nothing better."

PEBECO

Tooth Paste

"But scented, flavored pastes satisfy her no longer. She now wants no other tooth-paste, powder or wash, because she has used Pebeco and says the cleanliness and freshness that follow its use are wonderful and that her teeth are whiter than ever before."

Send for a Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

Pebeco not only whitens the teeth, but best of all, it absolutely protects them against decay caused by "acid mouth." With the Test Papers you can determine the condition of your mouth and prove the anti-acid properties of Pebeco.

Tubes of Pebeco Tooth Paste are so large, and so little is needed for perfect results, that at 50c a tube there is no cheaper dentifrice.

Send for a Ten-day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

LEHN & FINK
106 William Street New York

Lehn & Fink, 106 William Street, New York

Gentlemen—Please send me Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste; also Acid Test Papers.

(Write your name and address fully and plainly.)

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Massachusetts, since May first, there has been no month of so large incorporations as October, when 108 concerns were incorporated compared with 88 for the same month in 1910. The capital of the same was $5,201,500 last month and $3,817,500 for the same month of 1910. This makes, for the year to the end of October, 1152 corporations against 1043 last year, and $96,-163,575 capital compared with $56,222,900. Manifestly, then, capitalists are not entirely discouraged over the business outlook—as, indeed, they ought not to be discouraged. The remarks of President McCrea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, regarding the business situation elicit deserved applause when he says: "There cannot be said to be hard times anywhere. There is some slackness of business in some regions. Probably there will not be any substantial improvement in these regions until after the Presidential election."

According to the report of the United States Geological Survey, the country exceeded in 1910 all previous records in the iron and steel industry. The value of the iron ore produced was $140,735,607 compared with $109,964,903 the previous year, while that of pig iron was $425,115,235 compared with $419,175,000 the previous year. The production of iron ore increased from 27,553,161 tons in 1900 to 56,889,734 tons in 1910, the production of pig iron increasing for the same period from 13,789,-242 tons to 27,303,567 tons, and steel from 10,188,329 tons to 26,094,919 tons. Iron was mined in no less than twenty-eight states during 1910. The production this year is bound to show considerable decrease from record figures, but there is little reason to doubt the probability that the end of the next ten years will witness a tremendous increase in production over the record for 1910.

The story of the flour-mill industry for the five-year period, 1904 to 1909, is interesting as told by the Census Bureau of the United States. The value of the products of the flour and grist mills in the earliest year was $713,033,000, and in 1909 it was $883,584,000, an increase of twenty-four per cent. At the same time the number of establishments increased sixteen per cent, or from 10,054 to 11,691; and the average product to a mill rose from seventy-one thousand dollars to seventy-six thousand dollars. The manufacture of wheat flour increased from 104,013,278 barrels to 105,-756,645, or but two per cent. The increase in graham flour, included in the foregoing, was seven per cent; that in rye flour two per cent; while the increase in buckwheat flour was less than one per cent. In the production of barley meal there was an actual decrease of fifty-eight per cent. In cornmeal and cornflour there was a decrease of nine per cent, which was the precise percentage of increase in the production of hominy and grits. Feed products in the same time increased forty-eight per cent, to 5,132,169 tons. Salaried officials and clerks increased sixty-two per cent and average wage-earners sixty-two per cent, numbering 3943 against 12,031 officials and clerks.

The Copper Market

Copper, the metal, has risen a fraction within the past month on buying for foreign and domestic account, but as soon as the orders were filled prices became heavy and the market lapsed into a chronic state of apathy, the normal price being about 12⅜ to 12¾ cents—with a possible, though slight, variation either way. London is a little stiffer in its ideas than is New York. The consumption of copper is large in the world, as a whole, though not especially so in the United States. This country is more distinguished as a source of supply than as a consumer of copper. Production has been possibly overdone here, albeit this very overdoing makes for increased consumption in other countries if not at home. There is no doubt as to the ability of the producers of copper to supply the world's present needs and more, for they are not operating at full capacity. Any considerable advance in the price of the metal on quickened demand would easily stimulate an enlarged output by the mines. It is pointed out that foreign consumption of copper for nine months of this year increased about seventy million pounds over that of like months of 1910—say, at the rate of ninety millions for twelve months. Against this was the falling off for the same period of about sixty million pounds in domestic consumption, which is at the rate of seventy-five million pounds for twelve months. The statistics of Europe are not complete, but it may be assumed that consumption of the metal for the world in 1911 will be fully equal to that for last year. The statement of the Copper Producers' Association for October shows diminished production—2,666,482 pounds compared with the previous month—accompanied by an increase of 6,656,723 pounds in domestic deliveries and 9,260,338 in exports, making an increase of 15,917,061 in total deliveries. The difference between production and deliveries for October was 5,897,214 pounds, which represents the reduction in surplus for the month, leaving the stock of marketable copper at the end of October 134,997,-642 pounds compared with 140,894,856 pounds at the end of the same month in 1910.

Production for ten months of 1911 has been 1,197,165,040 pounds, domestic deliveries 575,583,345 pounds, exports 608,-614,238 pounds, and total deliveries, 1,184,197,593 pounds, being remarkably close to the production—so close that some writers easily calculate that consumption will outstrip production and that the metal must advance in price, which is not, however, conclusive. Statistics for a given period do not always reveal the exact status of supply and consumption, the element of speculation having to be allowed for. It is calculated, for example, that recent sales of copper in this country have been one hundred and fifty million pounds, answering one of those periodical demands of melters and possibly a certain demand from speculators, who may be looking for higher quotations for the metal. Such sales naturally swell deliveries and make for irregularity in that statistical item. The copper industry appears to be in as favorable a position as other industries, and the outlook is as good as the retrospect so far as can be judged at this time.

Political Influences

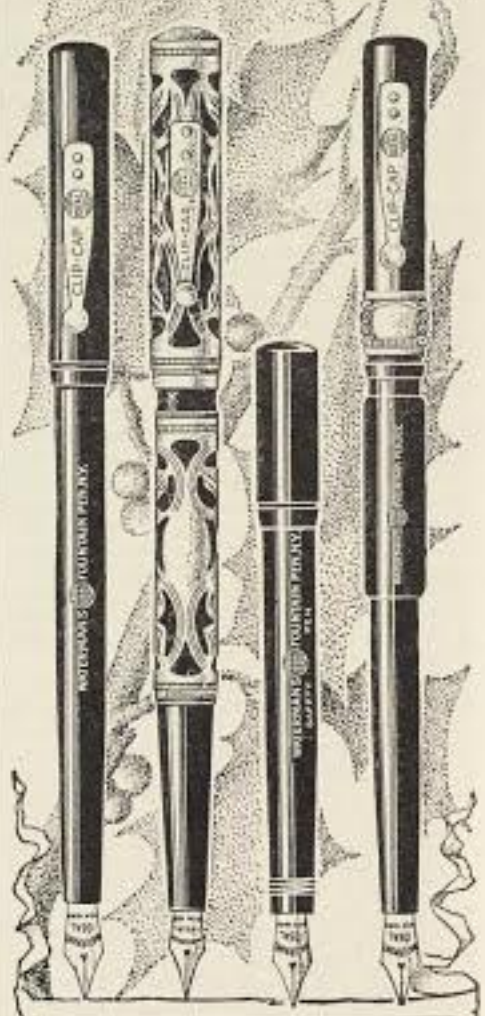
The business situation, as a whole, is all that could reasonably be expected until certain incongruous conditions have worked themselves out and a new foundation has been laid for a fresh start. Probably the average person, viewing the case, will say that political uncertainty dims the outlook for an early start—and it doubtless does to some extent, for the belief is growing that there is to be a complete change of parties in control of legislation at Washington, and it is expected that the new party in control will have a policy of its own concerning the customs revenue, the conduct of business and regulation of corporations. The business world, however, will lose nothing by a little hesitation at this time, for more time is required for economic readjustment than has passed since the last financial crisis. Discussion leads in the direction of national incorporation of corporations doing an interstate business and the regulation of prices for service and commodities. The *kartels* of Germany and *cartels* of France suggest a form of business regulation which many people are pointing to as a possible substitute for direct Government regulation, their hope being that in some way combinations will be permitted to continue and operate with the least Federal interference. Regulation of business by a commission corresponding to the interstate commerce commission is receiving considerable discussion. However, Congress is the body that must be allowed to provide for business regulation, if anything is done; and it is beyond conjecture what provisions, if any, will be made. Nor is it worth while to be exercised regarding this matter. The politicians will scarcely seek to destroy business—and possibly cannot do it if they try. When business is good, which it is at intervals, it overrides all manner of obstacles; and when it is poor, which it likewise is at intervals, it conjures up all manner of bogies. It is neither very good nor very bad at the moment, though probably better than the average condition for a series of years covering boom and depression.

Apprehension will not make particularly for material betterment, and would better be dismissed.

As to the money market, it scarcely requires a moment's notice, for it is so easy everywhere that all legitimate wants can be readily supplied at comfortable rates, and there is absolutely no sign of change in the near future. Later this condition of monetary ease will stimulate enterprise—first in security dealings and afterward in industrial and commercial lines.

GIVE Waterman's IDEAL Fountain Pen

The Old Favorite



Regular Type Plain or Chased	Sterling Silver Filigree Pattern	Safety Type (For Ladies) Plain or Chased	Self-Filling Gold Band on Cap
No.	No.	No.	No.
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16 6.00	416 9.50	Also made in Gold Inlaid and Silver Filigree	Plain Styles $2.50 upwards. Also Filigree.
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Safety Clip-on-Cap
German Silver .25c extra Sterling Silver .50c extra
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Gold pens are made Fine, Medium, Coarse and Stub to suit every hand. Exchangeable after 30 days to meet recipient's desires. In attractive Christmas Boxes.

Examine trade-mark of the pens you buy to avoid substitutes that have neither the Waterman's Ideal quality nor patented parts.

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Sense and Nonsense

Genius à La Mode

The Diva

My voice is clear as water, but it isn't quite so free—
The best seats in the house are ten, the cheapest ones are three;
I also sing for phonographs that all the world may hear;
And in a quite brief season I make half a million clear;
I do not know but they may sell my pictures in the aisles;
For just ten little thousand I pose pictures for the styles;
And every time I turn about or speak or trill, you see,
My manager takes care that there are seads in it for me:

Poor Beethoven and Liszt—
What chances they both missed
By having no good manager with money-grabbing fist;
And Schubert was so slow,
Box-office-ly, you know;
He needed Business Genius, with this cry: "We want the dough!"

The Star

I act because I love my Art—and you may have a peek;
Two dollars is my cheapest seat—I'm billed for every week
Through all the coming season; and my contract, I may say,
Calls for five thousand dollars every blessed Saturday.
I also turn my little trick with moving-picture men—
For every quarter taken in, my royalty is ten;
And when I'm at my summer home at Bay Ridge or Sandy Hook,
You may walk by and see me at just fifty cents a look;

Whichever way I turn
There's money I may earn;
My royalties are vast and I have funds and then to burn.
Euripides was slow
And Sophocles, you know!
They never heard that sweet refrain: "We're out to get the dough!"

The Author

I write because I love the world—I want to help the race;
My books are net one-fifty and you'll find them every place;
I've sold in hundred thousands—so you'll very plainly see
How many people I have helped—how many have helped me.
They've dramatized my latest book; and though it may be trash,
What matters it to me so long as it brings in the cash?
For just two dollars you may hear me read—my voice is grand.
For fifty cents additional you stay and grasp my hand:

Oh, Milton, just to think
You wasted precious ink
That I could turn to money in a way to make you blink!
And poor Boccaccio,
Your methods were so slow—
What worlds you might have conquered if you'd gone out for the dough!

The Twirler

In summertime you see me as I mow the batsmen down;
In winter I'm in vaudeville—you'll find me right in town;
My picture's sold with chewing gum, and chewing day and night
Brings me a handsome income, for my face is copyright;
They biograph my pitching arm, and every time I fling
I'm right at the cash register, so I may hear it ring;
I love the great and glorious game—I would shake hands with you,
But handshakes have been valued up to fifty cents for two:

Oh, Spartacus of old,
What ducats might have rolled
And jingled in your coffers if one home run you had poled!
With sense enough to know
That fame's a fleeting show;
And while it lasts the thing to do is go and get the dough!

Ensemble

Our laurels we have won—we're Artists every one;
And if you don't believe it look in Bradstreet or in Dun.
We'd love to greet you—true! We'd like to smile at you;
But we're patented and copyright—indeed, it wouldn't do!
We've fought our way uphill—we're headlined on the bill,
And we are here to thrill you at, say, fifty cents a thrill.
The genius that may glow in us is yours, you know.
We love our Art, indeed we do; but O, We Love You, Dough! —*J. W. Foley.*

As Clear as Mud

SOME years ago, in a lonely part of Long Island a few miles from the city of New York, the body of a young woman, expensively dressed, was found in a thicket. She had been murdered—shot through the head. Harry Stowe, of the Evening World, was the first reporter to reach the place. The body had not been moved; and in searching about it Stowe happened upon something the local coroner had overlooked—a scrap of discolored paper, bearing printed and written words in German upon it.

Stowe quietly slipped the paper into his pocket and caught the first train for town. He couldn't read German himself, so he took his find to the office of the German consul. There he met an elderly, spectacled, exceedingly serious-looking under secretary, who translated the printed and written inscriptions for him.

Then the secretary wanted to know what it was all about. Stowe told him, explaining that the identity of the murdered woman was still a profound mystery—that nobody could guess who or what she was. He described her clothing at some detail.

"Pooh!" snorted the German. "Stupid fools that these American policemen are! To the trained mind the whole thing is simplicity itself. By a process of elimination and deduction it is possible to ascertain beyond question what manner of woman this was."

"Could you do it?" asked Stowe hopefully.

"In one minute!" said the under secretary impressively.

"Go ahead then, for Heaven's sake, and do it," begged Stowe.

"Very well," said the German. "My young friend, please follow me closely. This paper shows that some woman bought at a store in Leipsic certain small articles and kitchen utensils—a breadknife, a potato-masher, a coffee-grinder. No woman, unless she was a housewife, would buy such things. So!

"On the other hand, this woman, you tell me, wore a pair of forty-dollar corsets. No woman in Germany, unless she was an actress, would wear forty-dollar corsets.

"No actress would buy common household utensils. That would make her a housewife! No housewife would wear forty-dollar corsets. That would make her an actress! And there you are!"

The Mother Call

Did ever your heartstrings flutter to the breath of the bush and the pine?
Have you heard the night wind mutter its lullaby?—yours and mine.
The reek of the blue smoke curling lazily upward and up?
The vista that life is unfurling—life to the brim of the cup?

See the moon that is lazily rising o'er the top of the tangled brush;
The fragrant and misty evening, wrapped in a somnolent hush!
List, and you'll answer, my brothers, to the call of the bush and the wild;
'Tis the sigh of a saddened mother, who waits for her prodigal child.

Answer, oh, answer, my children, my call on the night winds borne;
Come to the heart of your mother, stripped and your fetishes torn;
Here is my temple—my altar; here will I lift up my voice.
Uphold I thy feet lest they falter, and thy heart as a child's shall rejoice.

—*E. W. Towler.*

Present the Family With a "Baby Grand" Home Billiard Table



Take Over a Year to Pay!

You may search through a hundred stores and shops without finding anything to equal the BRUNSWICK "BABY GRAND" BILLIARD OR POCKET-BILLIARD TABLE as a present for *the entire family.*

—For from Shakespeare's time to the present the game of Billiards has held the highest place among all forms of amusement.

These home-size Tables belong to the "royal family" of Billiard Tables—they are genuine BRUNSWICKS—not mere *imitations* of Billiard Tables that make a *travesty* of this greatest of all indoor games.

They offer inexhaustible resources of entertainment for young and old.

And, best of all, the *prices* are so *modest* and the *terms* so *convenient* that the *average family* can now easily *afford* the luxury of a real Billiard Table.

In designing these beautiful Tables, the dominating idea was to put Brunswick Quality into a line of HOME-SIZE Billiard Tables whose cost should be *very reasonable.*

Being the oldest and largest Billiard Table concern in the world, with factory facilities that cut the cost of production to the minimum, and purchasing power that secures for us lowest prices on Mahogany and other materials that enter into the construction of high-class Tables, we have succeeded in bringing real Billiard Tables within easy reach of people of moderate incomes. Over sixty years of undisputed Billiard Table supremacy is your guarantee that the Brunswick "Baby Grand" will give lifetime satisfaction.

Small Rooms Available for Home Billiards

The Brunswick "Baby Grand" can be used satisfactorily in rooms of average size.
Our smallest Table can be used in an 11 ft. 6 in. x 14 ft. 6 in. room.
These Tables thus open up to thousands who live in average-size houses or apartments the delightful possibilities of Home Billiards on *real Billiard Tables*—not Toys.
Since the introduction of our HOME-SIZE Billiard and Pocket-Billiard Tables, the popularity of Home-Billiards has been growing by leaps and bounds.

Home-Size Tables of Genuine Mahogany

Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard or Pocket-Billiard Tables are very beautiful. They are made of finest, thoroughly seasoned Mahogany, having an attractive inlaid design. The Table is polished to perfection. They are admirable examples of the fine cabinet work for which the skilled artisans of our company are famous. The lines are simple and elegant, harmonizing with the finest home environment.

Each Table has a bed of finest quality Vermont Slate, with playing surface as perfect as modern machinery and human skill can make it, covered with Imported Billiard Cloth. Some of the most Expert Billiard Players in America have duplicated their most marvelous shots on the Brunswick "Baby Grand." Accurate angles and scientific construction throughout.

Built With Cue Rack and Accessory Drawer

These Tables embody not only the best features that have been developed in designing Standard-Size Billiard Tables, but several decided *innovations* which double their desirability for home use, where space is more or less limited.

The entire playing equipment of the Brunswick "Baby Grand" Billiard Tables is contained in the Accessory Drawer and "Built-in" Cue Rack that forms a part of each Table. This unique arrangement is a great convenience. Does away with all litter and mess. Keeps everything in perfect condition and right at hand wherever you wish to play.

Full Playing Equipment Free With Each Table

With each of these magnificent Tables you get, *without extra charge*, absolutely everything needed in the way of playing equipment. Outfit includes the celebrated "Baby Monarch" Cushions, Cloth, Cues, Rack (Ball Rack, Ball Basket, Composition Pocket Balls for Pocket Tables); Billiard Balls for Carom Table, Chalk, Tips, Glue, Bridge, Table Cover, Brush, Cue Clamps, Markers, Set of Rules, etc. Also Book of Instructions on Billiards and How to Play. Complete information accompanies Table, showing how anyone with ordinary tools can easily set it up.

Combination Davenport Carom or Pocket-Billiard Table



As a Billiard Table

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YOUNG SLEUTH

By R. W. HOFFLUND

CHRISTOPHER JENSEN rode down the winding trail to the valley. He was a long, lean youth of twenty, clad in a yellow shirt and blue overalls, and mounted on a lean, white, half-broken bronco that he drove with a rope hackamore. With him, on the saddlebow, rode Romance—Romance, the goddess of things that happen in distant lands.

It would never have occurred to Christopher that countless other youths of twenty also worshiped Romance from afar, and that this same bleak land of his, the very mountain ranch where he struggled with his silent, hardworking father over their few lean cows and their few lean peach trees, would seem to those others a most fitting abode for the deity of the remote. These were the details of daily life—Romance was what he had boldly taken to himself from the world outside to ride with him now down the winding Santa Maria Cañon.

At the edge of the valley he came to a few scattered ranch-houses. As Christopher passed them his breast swelled a little with the importance of his secret. If these people knew! They thought of him, if they thought at all, as the same old Christopher Jensen—silent, aloof, sensitive on the subject of poverty and the lack of good clothes—an awkward boy from the mountains. Some day, of course, the truth would be published. Then they would know that he alone, of all this vast county, had been selected to represent a powerful organization made up of men chosen for daring, skill, strength—did not the letter say so?—all the qualities that separate the great man from the herd.

Christopher rode through the valley to the general store and post-office, dismounted and inquired with some diffidence for his mail. Old Man Martindale handed him a long, flat envelope, the sight of which threw Christopher's heart into high speed. With an effort to conceal this emotion he thrust the letter into his inside coat pocket, his hand touching, as it passed, the five-pointed, nickel-plated star that was the badge of his new dignity, which he had been advised by the powerful organization to wear in this inconspicuous spot.

The usual group of loungers was in the place and it seemed to Christopher that they regarded him with more than usual interest. Old Man Martindale came from behind the post-office partition, cleared his throat and broke the silence.

"I hear ye've taken up some new work, Christopher," he offered.

Christopher flushed. It seemed to him that a subdued titter went the round.

"Nothin' much," he said awkwardly.

"Goin' to be a secret-service man, I hear," persisted Old Man Martindale. "I been told ye were goin' to sleuth round and unearth some of the desprit criminals that hide out in these parts."

The titter opened up into a broad grin. A man whose name Christopher did not know, who was sitting on the only chair, shifted his crossed legs and spoke with deliberative enjoyment.

"Say, Young Sleuth," he suggested, "I got a chicken-yard, and there's been a skunk comin' round the last four nights for his supper. I kin detect the skunk all right, so fur as that goes, but I can't ketch him. You come up some night and seduce him into a trap; and I'll offer a reward of ten cents!"

The loungers roared, rocking back and forth and slapping their legs. The man in the chair leaned back, a well-satisfied leader.

"Or if you want a real case, Christopher," said Old Man Martindale, "go after Ignacio Smith. He's busted loose up near San Berdoo and shot his boss, accordin' to the papers; an' the county offers a reward of one thousand dollars for his capture. You remember Ignacio, Christopher, when he worked here? He's headin' for the border. Go out and stop him, and get the thousand dollars."

"But don't let him know you're stoppin' him," advised the man on the chair. "Sneak up on him—an' do it while he's asleep, because Ignacio is a hard man to argue with. Not knowin' you're a detective, he might get onreasonable an' refuse to stop."

Into the laugh that followed Christopher tried to eject an "Aw, shut up!" He failed, because his throat wouldn't work, and he retreated in confusion to the porch. He mounted his bronco, swung his head toward home and dug the spurs in deep. He had a shrunken feeling.

When he had gone a mile or so Christopher pulled up, took out the flat envelope and opened it. It contained two circulars—one setting forth the fact that a bank clerk was wanted in Lima, Ohio, for embezzlement; the other that a Wisconsin convict had escaped from the custody of a sheriff while en route to the home provided for him by the state. The indignant sheriff offered inducements for his return. The sight of the circulars restored some of Christopher's confidence. True, it was extremely unlikely that either of the gentlemen mentioned would appear near the Santa Maria Cañon; but the receipt of the letter brought him once more in touch with the powerful organization and away from the scoffers.

However, let them laugh! Now that he was a mile away from them, let them laugh all they wanted to. The fact remained that he was actually a detective. The honor had been too hard won to be cast aside easily. Christopher had seen an advertisement in a newspaper for "Men wanted in every locality to represent us—no experience needed." He had answered it and had received from Chicago, the far-distant home of Romance, a reply stating that the Interoceanic Detective Bureau wanted a man in Christopher's county, and they were satisfied from the tone of his letter that he was the man they wanted. Never in his life had Christopher felt so elated. He had accepted eagerly, to learn that a badge—a five-pointed star—went with the post; price, ten dollars. It was like a blow in the face. Heart-brokenly he had reported his lack of ten dollars; and the generous company in a two-page letter had assured him they were so eager to secure his services that they would make an exception to their rule and permit him to pay on the installment plan. Christopher had immediately forwarded three dollars and sixty-five cents, followed later by two dollars and fifteen cents. He now had the star. His own gains were to come from the rewards earned by capturing criminals, the company allowing him fifty per cent.

Could all this be cast aside? Would Morgan give up a new bank because his friends laughed at him for wanting it?

Christopher rode slowly up the trail. Just at the top he saw a man on a horse crossing the road into the sagebrush. The slanting rays of the sun shone full on his face. In a flash Christopher recognized him. It was Ignacio Smith. He glanced at Christopher and rode on into the brush at the same steady cow-pony trot, looking neither to right nor left. He had a rifle under his arm and a canteen slung across his back.

Christopher noticed these details without turning his head or slackening his own pace, though the blood was racing in his veins. He rode straight ahead to the turn round the big boulder. Here he stopped and looked back, concealing himself behind the rock. Ignacio Smith had disappeared.

Christopher tightened his girth, examined a knot or two in the rope hackamore, remounted and rode back to the place where the Mexican had left the road. Then he turned into the brush and proceeded carefully, his eyes on the ground. He did not know it, but he was doing easily and casually what perhaps not one real detective in a thousand could have accomplished—he was tracking a man by the prints of his horse's hoofs.

For several hours he rode steadily, stopping from time to time to examine the ground—until it became too dark to see. Then he tied the pony and went ahead on foot. In the course of an hour he heard a slight noise, investigated carefully and found a horse staked out for the night. He returned to his own bronco and led him closer—not too close, as a whinny of recognition might be disastrous. Then he sat down with his back to a tree. Through a long, foggy, cold night he sat there, forcing his eyes to resist an inclination to close.



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Ignacio Smith, having dined on half a tin of sardines and a peach, woke very early to the prospect of a breakfast consisting of the rest of the sardines and another peach. He cursed the prospect in energetic Spanish, but proceeded to make the best of it. He was just about fifty-five miles from liberty and the ability to pursue happiness in his own way—conditions represented to him by the Mexican border. Thus it was possible to put up with temporary hardship. Having consumed the sardines and the peach, he rolled a thin cigarette, lit it and inhaled deeply. At this moment some one behind him remarked:

"I reckon you got to come with me, Ignacio."

He sprang to his feet like a cat, facing round in the air, and lighted crouching, his hand at his holster. The move was so quick that Christopher involuntarily took a step backward. For a moment the Mexican remained thus; then he took the hand from his revolver and straightened up.

"Oho!" he said. "I think I reco'nize. I think I remember. It is the Jensen boy—no?"

"Sure," said Christopher. Not being posted on the proper professional attitude that an officer of the law should adopt toward a fugitive murderer, he started to advance and offer to shake hands. This approach seemed to lack in dignity and authority, however; and he thought better of it, standing in some confusion as to what to do next.

"You have frighten' me!" Ignacio confessed. "I do not sospect there is any *hombre* in this place. I smoke the cigareet—soddenly you spik. Oho! How I have jump'!" He grinned pleasantly, showing a row of white teeth in a frame of black, heavy beard and mustache. "Will you smoke one cigareet?" he asked.

"No, thanks," said Christopher. "I don't smoke." He came forward and sat on a log. "I reckon you got to come with me, Ignacio. I'm an officer."

The Mexican's eyes narrowed.

"I do not onderstan'," he protested. "You are the Jensen boy—now you say you are an officer. How is that—eh? You have join' the army—eh?"

"No," said Christopher. "I'm a detective."

"Oho!—the polees!"

Christopher threw back his coat and displayed the star.

"I represent this agency," he admitted proudly.

"It is not, then, from the sheriff of this county? It is from far off?"

"Sure."

Ignacio Smith held his thin cigarette between thumb and forefinger and blew away the ash. Then he threw back his hairy head and laughed. First, out of courtesy to his guest, he laughed in English. Then, to get the full flavor of the joke, he went over it again in Spanish, which consists in taking a lungful of smoke and chuckling throatily until it is expelled.

Christopher turned a dull red.

"Never you mind my father, Ignacio," he said. "I ain't jokin'—you got to come with me! You're wanted for that shootin' up at San Berdoo."

All the merriment died out of the Mexican's eyes, but lingered craftily on his lips.

"Oho!" he said. "So it is for that you follow me. They have found him—eh? And they sospect me? And now you know this. It is too dam' bad, my friend, that you know this!"

Softly his hand slipped to his side. Softly it came forward—and the revolver spat viciously. With a look of pure astonishment in his eyes, Christopher sat down on the ground, the support of his legs being suddenly withdrawn. Then he turned over, emitted a deep grunt that took all the breath out of his body, and lay down, with his face and chest in the dust.

"It is too dam' bad!" said Ignacio Smith.

In half an hour Christopher woke up—not easily, as on a sunny morning, but heavily, as a man comes out of anesthesia. The recovery, however, was rapid. He put his hand to his head and found it coated with blood, where the bullet had scraped the scalp. He stood up, rocking dizzily and feeling a sick headache. Memory came to him—he remembered Ignacio as the Mexican threw back his head and laughed, and as his hand slipped softly to his side.

"Goldarn him!" said Christopher, flushing again at the thought. "Let him laugh—goldarn him! I'll get even with him."

Christopher clenched his thin brown hand and shook it in the air. He forgot his dizziness and sick headache, went to his horse and returned mounted. Then he searched for marks of another horse, found them and rode steadily through the brush, his eyes on the ground. He never once thought of the reward; but he thought often of how Ignacio Smith had looked as he chuckled mirthfully over his cigarette. He drew his revolver from his hip pocket, where it had lain forgotten. It was an automatic gun, flat and wicked-looking, and represented the careful hoardings of half a year.

Ignacio Smith, according to his reckoning, was forty-two miles from liberty. He was lying flat on the ground, smoking, while his horse rested, still saddled. Soon he would mount and ride the twelve miles to Cottonwood Valley, where his good friend, Pancho Aldana, conducted a small grocery store for the purpose of selling liquors. Here he would get a good meal—his mouth watered—tobacco and a fresh horse; then a quick run for the border, at the place where he had often crossed with scrubby Mexican colts on which it would have been absurd to pay duty.

At this moment some one behind him said:

"Get up, you murderin' Mexican sneak! Put your hands in front!"

Ignacio glanced once at the automatic revolver and placed his hands as directed. Christopher came up behind him and relieved him of his gun and pocketknife, which he threw in the bushes. Then he ordered:

"Walk over to your horse and stop ten feet the other side!"

Ignacio did so. Christopher untied the rifle from the saddle and sent it to join its fellows.

"Now then," he said, "I'm goin' to bore a hole plumb through you, beginnin' at the back!"

His voice clearly indicated the boiling wrath within. There was not a particle of indecision or fright in it. It conveyed the impression of truth. Ignacio, being something of a philosopher, shrugged his shoulders.

"Unless," Christopher continued, "you do what I tell you. Will you do it?"

"*Si, señor.*"

"Walk ahead, then. I'll lead your horse until we come to mine; then you can get on and ride. I can hit a tomato-can with this gun at forty yards, and if you make any breaks I'll sure pay you what I owe. You just keep rememberin' that while we take the short cut to the valley."

It was a long, tortuous trip, but it was made under the guidance of a youth who had hunted mountain quail over every foot of it and who was consumed with eagerness to have it end. In an astonishingly short time Christopher was riding on a level valley road toward the store. Five feet ahead of him rode Ignacio Smith, his eyes still searching craftily for a chance of escape, but hope within him was dead. In Christopher's right hand was the automatic revolver; twice, at sharp turns, the Mexican had glanced back and seen it there.

They came to the store. A man on the platform yelled to those inside:

"Hey! Come on out here!"

They came, headed by Old Man Martindale. Ignacio Smith kept steadily on, followed by Christopher, riding negligently, resting on one leg, looking straight ahead at the small of the Mexican's back. When they had passed, going toward Altadena, the railroad town where there was a deputy sheriff, Old Man Martindale looked round at his fellow starers.

"First and last," he said, "in spite of all his quiet ways, I hev always maintained there was a good deal in that Jensen boy."

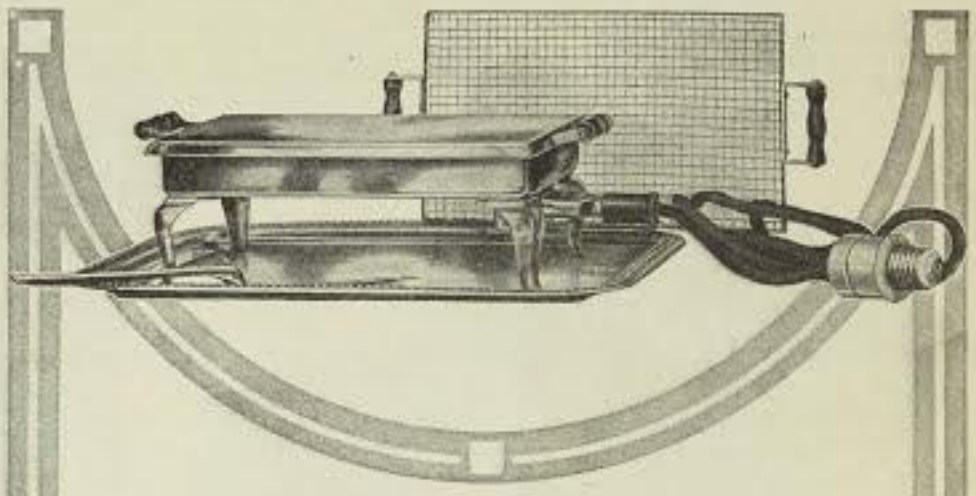
. . . . . .

Some three weeks later a letter was received at the office of the powerful organization. A sharp-faced, coatless young man who was operating a typewriter on a plain pine table opened it. It read:

INTEROCEANIC DETECTIVE BUREAU,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

Dear Sir: I owe you four dollars and twenty cents, for which please inclosed find post-offis order. I ain't a sucker and I know I bin robbed! I took your star and shung it down the canon. I got a thousand dollars for kotchin' old Ignacio Smith; but, I tell you, you dam highbinders ain't goin to get none of it! I give your share to my father. I reckon I can be a detective on my own hook.

Yours respectfully,
CHRISTOPHER JENSEN.



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David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.
Milwaukee Chicago

THE SILVER SHOES

(Continued from Page 19)

"Indade an' there was—a thatched cottage wid a nate little cowshed, an' a big sycamore risin' above the roof."

"It's well I remimber the sycamore, but there's not been a house there in my recollection—an' I'm go'n' on sivinty."

Cahal didn't know what to say; but the far-rmer tould him that it may have been his good fairy who'd caused the house to appear there, so's she could warn him agin the evil fairies.

And thin Cahal remimbered that, though she had silver hair an' rosy cheeks, she looked like a younger sister of the woman of manny trades in Limerick; an' he felt sure the far-rmer was right. And—why, yes; whin he had turned to look at the house he couldn't see it.

"Ye'll be go'n' to the palace, I suppose, to see the games an' tournimints on the occasion of the marriage of the king's darter?" says the far-rmer.

"Sure, I hadn't hair-rd of thim; but I'd like to see thim."

"Perhaps you're a suitor for the hand of the princess!" says th' ould man; an' that put an idee in Cahal's head. Hadn't he the silver shoes? That meant somethin', an' it would be as good as go'n' to the fair to ask for the hand of a princess.

Full of the new idee, he star-rted out after he'd smoked wid the far-rmer in the shade of his grapevines.

'Twas a quare thing that he no longer cared for the golden-haired, pink-faced ger-rul! "Sure, she probably was back into dust five minutes arter I left. Me fairy godmother! Sure, I didn't know I had such a thing. They're handy."

In the middle of the afternoon he left the highroad to climb a bit of a mountain, rocky an' barren, excipt for heather an' furze. He wanted to see somethin' of the wer-ruld; an' he saw it whin he had raiched the top, for there, far to the north, lay a castle like he had dramed of but niver seen. It looked half a mile long an' was built of gray stone. There was people arrivin'—Cahal had eyes as good as a sailor's—an' evidently great things go'n' on. He picked some fraochans—like blackberries—an' made a lunch of thim, an' thin wint down the other side of the mountain, back to the highway. He had hardly got to it whin he hair-rd a rattle of wheels behind him an' a felly drove by in a carriage, whippin' his hor-rse like fury an' carlin' to ivery wan to git out of the way.

Be the side of the road was an oozy strame of dirty-lookin' water. So soon as Cahal had seen the castle he had put on the silver shoes; an' now, in le'pin' out of the way of the mad driver, he went into the ooze up to his ankles, an' his silver shoes was the color of moleskin again.

Cahal looked har-rd at the driver, an' he had a strong resimblance to the felly whose nose he had polished—particularly the nose. The dog would have le'pt up into the carriage if Cahal hadn't held him back by the neck.

"Sure, it's better this way; for the silver shoes would make too great a show. Whin I need thim to shine th' ould woman's flannen will do the trick."

An', takin' a hint from the dullin' of his shoes, he smeared his staff wid mud till it looked like walnut, an' not a bit like the staffs of the sivin princes.

Thin, wid a quick step an' a stout hair-rt, the hound follerin' close behind, he hastened to the palace of the rid-headed King Noname.

Anny wan at arl at arl was welkim to enter the palace an' pass into the great hall where the examinations took place; but those that didn't come up to the scratch, unless they was of the nobility, was chucked out head fir-rst by anny wan that wanted to take a hand in it.

As Cahal ascinded the long windin' road that led to the big brass doors of the castle he saw a stout man sail t'roo the doorway an' slide on his stummick as manny as tin feet. He picked himself up an' shook his fist at the castle, then wint to a clump of bushes an' took out his stick an' bundle an' wint along; an' probably the nixt place he stopped at was for the pur-rpose of gittin' a glass of milk, wid niver so much as a "T'ank you" for it.

"Lie down, sir, an' wait for me," says Cahal, pattin' the dog's head; an' he wint in the shade of a fuchsia tree—you know fuchsias is trees in Irelan', an' not little plants like wid us—an' laid his head on his



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240 East Ohio St., CHICAGO, ILL.

crossed paws, but kept lovin' eyes on his master until he passed out of sight t'roo the door.

Cahal was so struck wid astonishmint whin he got inside that he stood wid his mouth open like a big gawk; but after a time he remimbered the silver shoes an' stood up straight an' began to talk to the man nixt him. There was about fifty in the hall, an' ivery hour the rid-headed king kem out an' axed thim questions while the princess looked down at thim from a balcony like—an' glad to look down on thim, for she was like wan of these bachelder maids ye hair so much about these days, an' very indepindint.

She'd red hair, too, but it was a color that was full of light, an' it gev her the look of a queen.

Cahal had nair an hour to wait, but he didn't care—there was so manny different kinds of min round him. Some was high lords, sure enough, an' some looked like carpinters an' masons an' teamsters; but while they was waitin' they was arl free an' aisy togither; an' par-rt of the time Cahal talked wid a dook, wid some such title as the Lair-rd of Sligo, an' some of the time wid a tapster from Limerick—an' found thim both intertainin'.

The sun was beginnin' to set, an' in the west end of the hall was a great round golden-glass window as lair-rge as a mill-wheel an' lettin' in the sunset light most beautiful.

Whin the king kem in his hair an' whisker-rs looked like they was afire; but whin Issoolt kem in she looked like wan of thim saints ye see in cat'adr-ral winder-rs, an' the light in her hair was not like annything ye could find elsewhere on air-rth, sir-r. It must have been somethin' to sober a light-minded man!

Whin King Noname kem in a hundred trumpeters blew a blast so loud that the great window trimbled.

Thin he carled the fir-rst suitor up.

"Have ye noble blood?"

"No; but I t'ink noble t'oughts!" says the felly, who looked like wan of these collige min.

"What does he look like to you, Issoolt?"

"I'm sorry for him, father; but he's not for me. Plaise don't let him be kicked out though."

So the fir-rst wan was allowed to walk out. An' thin kem a richly dressed knight wid a spear, an' a big plume in his steel cap.

He had noble blood, but the princess didn't like to make up her mind right away; so he was shown to a bench on the edge of the hall.

Cahal noticed wid little surprise that the felly whose nose he had polished was there—an' his nose was still red an' glistened in the sunlight.

"She'll niver have him," says Cahal.

He was surprised that there was none of the sivin silver-shod wans in the hall; an' while he was wonderin' it kem his tur-rn to be questioned.

"Have ye noble blood?"

"I t'ink I have," says Cahal; but at that the red-noced wan set up a sneerin' laugh an' says: "Pitch him out, fellies!"

The princess said somethin' and leaned out of the bulcony; but no wan hair-rd her, for the rist, glad of a bit of spoort, bundled Cahal out.

He was like a cat on his feet an' they didn't do more than hurry him out; an' as he tur-rned to fight his way back he saw ivery wan of thim tur-rn an' rush back into the castle as if the divil himself was after thim. Sure, the hound had niver left his eyes off the door, an' whin his masther kem out thataway he flew at the crowd an' managed to bite a bit out of the calf of the red-nosed wan.

"Sure, I was a fool to forgit me fiannen! I'll try again nixt hour, for that princess is so wonderful that I'd t'ink she was Queen of Heaven—an' I must have a talk wid her, even if they kill me for it. Come," says he to the dog. "We'll go down an' git somethin' to ate in the town beyant. I'm hungry enough to ate me staff."

Now whin they t'rowed Cahal out of the door the princess tould her father it was a shame an' said she'd see no more till the nixt hour; an' as she ginerally had her way the crowd was tould to amuse itself as it wanted, an' a cask of ale was brought in to refresh thim.

The princess stole out into the twilight an' strolled round the paths in the par-rk, thinkin' of the felly who wasn't sure if he was noble or not.

Arl of a sudden she kem on him, follied by his dog. Cahal was atin' the last of a big



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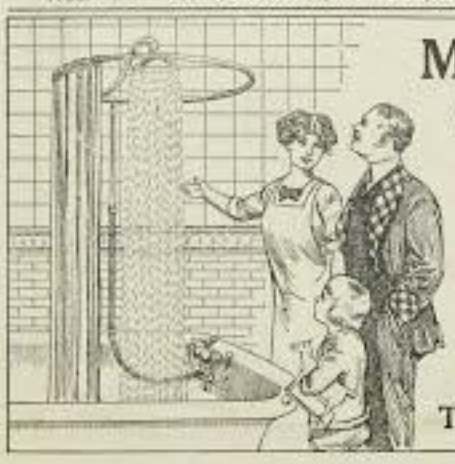
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The Speakman Shower 111 Market Street Wilmington, Del.

bun, but he wiped his mouth on his sleeve, not carin' to appear before the princess wid a dir-rty face, an' passed the time o' day wid her.

"What a lovely dog!" says she.

"Yes; but he doesn't like strangers. Look out, if ye plaise!"

"Oh, he's not a stranger," says she, pattin' the head of him. "It's manny of his brothers I've seen. There's on'y the wan pack. An' if he's your-rs you'd no need to say you 't'ought' you were noble."

Arl of a sudden it struck Cahal that here he was talkin' wid a princess, an' she as nisy as an ould hat! He looked straight in her lovely face an' the hair-rt of him began to bate. "If I don't marry her I'll live an' die an ould bachelder!" says he. Thin he thought of the nixt hour, an' realized that his good fairy had given him this chance to make love to her. He looked round, wonderin' was she nair, but all he saw was a wood-dove.

"Princess," says he, "by this and by that I know I'm noble. Will ye look?"

He pulled out the piece of flannen an' gev the tip of his staff a polish.

Whin she saw the silver light she clapped her hands and said: "Sure, your name must be Moran!"

"An' none better-r!" says he stoutly. "But till the sivin princes come I must keep dar-rk." He laughed an' she j'ined him.

"I don't want to see the rabble nixt hour," says she. "Hair thim in there, roarin' over their ale! I got tired of decidin', an' me father tould thim to make merry. You're noble enough for anny wan."

"None could be noble enough for you, me dair-r," says Cahal, puttin' his strong ar-rm round her waist—an', be the same token, she liked it!

They was deep in love matter-rs whin they come face to face wid the young man wid the red nose. Whin he saw whose ar-rm was round the princess' waist he was in a rage at wance.

"Ye lowdown puppy!" says he—"to dare to put a dir-rty finger on the most beautiful princess in the wer-ruld! This time I will draw on ye!"

Wid that he drew his swor-rd—an' a minute later he drew his last breath, for the dog was at his t'roat like a stroke of lightnin' an' he fell wid a gurgle. And from the hedge rose a rook wid a red beak, cawin' dismally.

Cahal expicted the princess to bur-rst into tair-rs, but she patted the dog on the head an' said: "The silver-grays niver make a mistake."

Just thin the trumpeters sounded their trumpets, an' the princess, allowin' Cahal to kiss her cheek, ran up the path to a side intrance to the castle, while he wint round to the front.

"Whin I whistle come in," says he to the dog. An' the dog licked his hand an' thin wint an' lay down under the fuchsia, wid his eyes on the door t'roo which his master had passed.

Whin Cahal wint back to the great hall he hoped he'd see the sivin princes, for he felt he could claim kinship wid thim; but there was no sign of thim, an' whin King Noname saw him he was very angry at the lad for darin' to come back.

"Put him in chains!" says the king to a sort of polisman that stood be his side.

"Wan momint, Your Rivirince—I mane Your Lairdship." Up in the balcony the princess was hidin' her laughter wid her han'kercher at the innocince of the boy. "I have a letter to you that I forgot arl about."

Thin he pulls out the letter th' ould woman had given to him an' hands it to the king. The king put on his spectacles an' read: "To the wan it's written to." But there was nothin' else. He looked at the fir-rst page, an' shook his head; thin he tur-rned to the sicond page, an' his brows began to wrinkle; thin the thir-rd, an' he uttered an oath; an' thin the four-rth, an'——

"Be arl the power-rs of darkness, ye are the most insolent young man I iver met! There's nayther line nor wor-rd in that letter—nothin' but a white sheet. Have him put in the yellow dungeon ——"

"I have it, Your Grace," says Cahal, not a bit afraid, but a bit ashamed of his forgitfulness. "L'ave me have the letter an' I'll bring out the m'anin'."

"L'ave him have it, father dair," says the princess; an' the king hands him the letter, while the rist of the suitors growled and scowled at the young upstar-rt that was takin' up so much of the king's time.



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The Cleveland Osborn Mfg. Co., 212 Center St., New York City

Cahal unpins the flannen an' thin he polishes aich page—an' there was a letter in silver ink.

"Rade that now, Your Honor," says he; an' the king takes it an' rades it out loud:

"*Mighty King Noname:* If it please Your Majesty, this is young Cahal Moran, of the silver-shod Morans. He has as good a claim to the hand of the Princess Yseult as any one who may come to your castle.

"PRINCESS WOOD-DOVE."

"But where are your silver shoes?" says the king in a vexed voice, he bein' tired of the whole affair an' anxious to get out of the hall an' into a game of car-rds wid the Bishop of Bundor-ran, who was visitin' him.

Just as Cahal bent over to polish his shoes a great clatter of hoofs was hair-rd outside an' the brass doors was flung wide open; an' just as he polished his white birch staff the sivin princes rode in in splendor, follied by their dogs.

The king gave thim welcome an' thin said: "Is this lad an imposthor or is he wan of your clan?"

The sivin princes looked at Cahal, looked at his shoes, looked at his staff—an' thin the ouldest said: "By two counts he is; but if he has no dog he kem by his staff an' shoes dishonestly."

Instantly Cahal gev a low whistle an' the dog bounded in at the doors just as they was closin'. He wint up to Cahal and put his paws on his shouldhers an' Cahal twisted his silky ears.

"He's wan of us!" says the ouldest prince, an' rides over to Cahal to give him the kiss of cousinship.

Thin out of the balcony stole Princess Issoolt an' ran down the windin' staircase, an' walks into the hall toward Cahal.

He saw her before anny wan else an' advanced to meet her.

"King Noname," says he as he put his ar-rm round her waist, "ye can break up this meetin', for your darter has found a husband."

An' whin the king looked at the smile on his darter's face he was sure of it.

The sivin princes raised their helmets an', lookin' straight at Princess Issoolt, they cried out somethin' in Gaelic an' for-rmed a cir-rcle round the two.

And t'roo the west window of the hall flew a rook wid a red beak, closely followed by a dove that was chasin' it.

Ancient Sleighbells

PECULIAR among bells is the sleighbell. It is not in the least like any other kind of bell. Where did it originate?

Such questions are usually difficult to answer; but there is no doubt of the fact that bells of this kind were familiarly known to the natives of Central America and Northern South America for centuries before Columbus landed. They were, indeed, in common use for ornamental and other purposes.

Bells of the sort were usually provided with a metal loop at the top to hang them by; and were slit on the under side so that the tinkling of the pellets of metal they contained might be audible. Great numbers of them are found in graves all over the narrow neck of land that connects North with South America. They bear obvious signs of having been cast in molds; and, as a rule, they are plated with gold.

The aborigines of that part of the world were highly skilled in the casting and hammering of gold and silver, and they had a marked taste for imitating natural forms—especially those of animals. Perhaps the most curious articles in this line, however, are golden reptiles in which the eyes are represented by tiny sleighbells—the slit of the bell standing for the slit between the eyelids.

Many people in this country today wear on their watch-chains, as charms, small golden images, of the history of which they are entirely ignorant—the fact being that these images have been dug out of prehistoric cemeteries in Central America and Colombia. Some of them are of pure gold, others are alloyed with copper. Mostly they represent mythological creatures, their original significance having been more or less religious.

The aboriginal goldsmiths of Colombia were remarkably expert and appear to have had a method of washing objects with gold which modern experts in their craft are not acquainted with. In this way they were able to plate with permanence articles of copper and other materials.

For Christmas the DAISY AIR RIFLE



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DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., 287 Union Street, Plymouth, Mich.

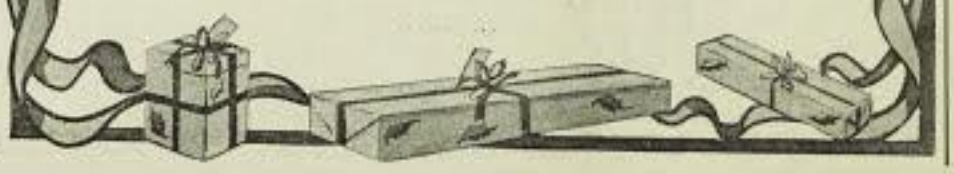
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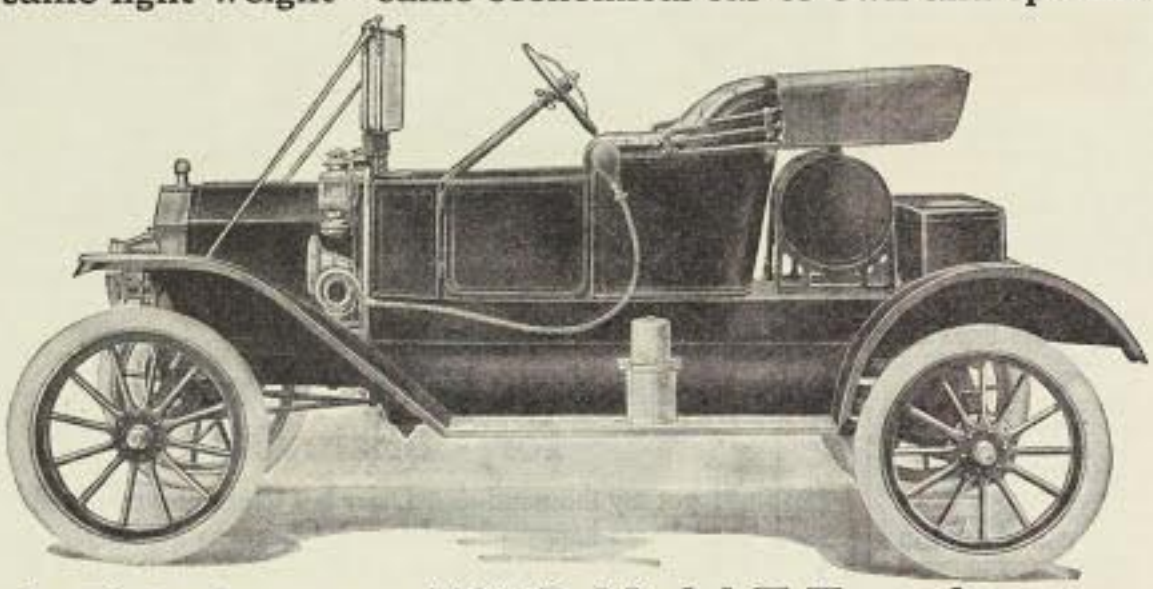
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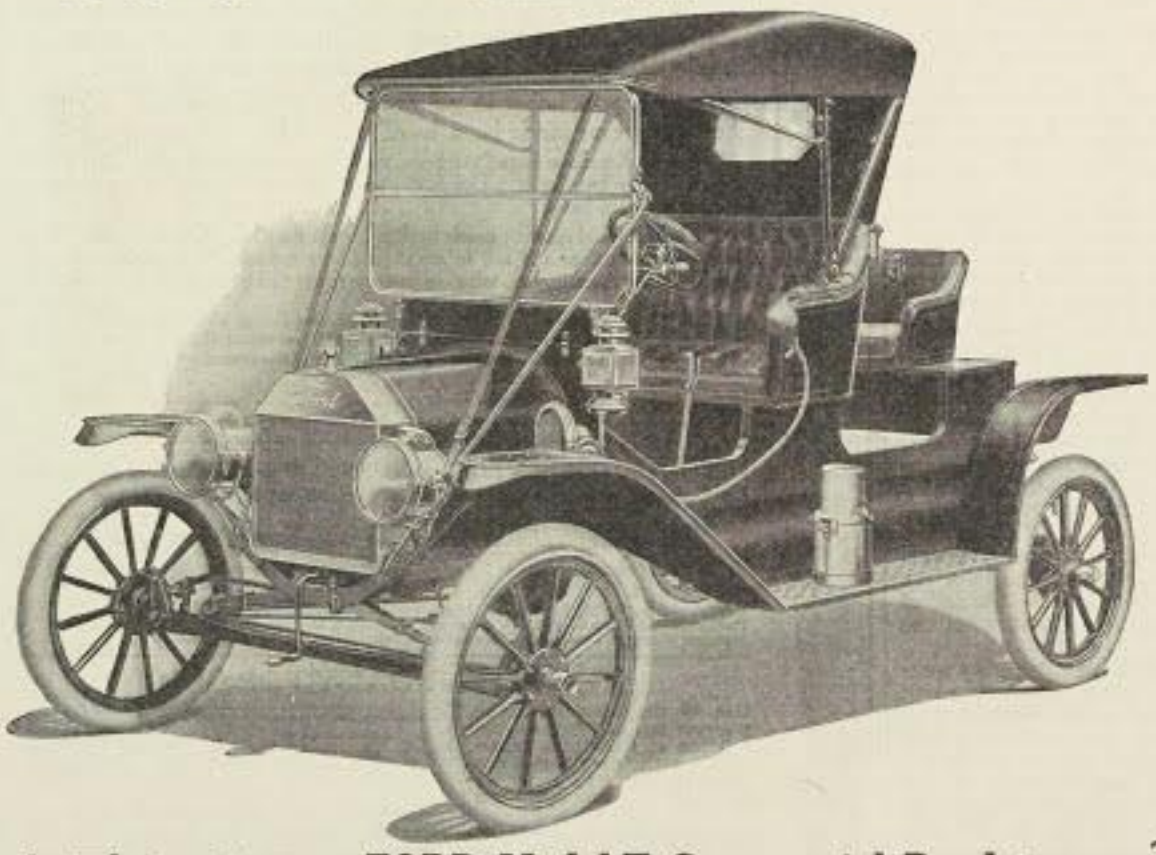
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Of course you expect us to be enthusiastic in our advertisements of Ford Model T. You think that naturally, as the designer and maker of Ford Model T, we are biased in our judgment and exaggerate the merits of this standard car.

So we propose that when you are considering the purchase of a motor car, you investigate for yourself, by talking with owners of Ford Model T cars—they are all around you—or write them for their opinions and experience with this satisfying car. Call on any Ford dealer and he will direct you to Ford owners, or write us direct and we will send you the names and addresses. This is an easy and dependable way to satisfy yourself as to the reliability of every claim we make for Ford Model T. Then have the Ford dealer give you a practical demonstration. Take a ride and see how simple it is to drive, how perfect the control and how smooth Ford Model T runs.

We tell you frankly Ford Model T is better today than ever before, because while there have been no changes in detail, in design and construction of the car, it has been possible to refine certain features and add certain conveniences.

The increased demand has led naturally to increased manufacturing facilities, and this larger production has given us economies through which we are able to reduce the price, while increasing the quality.

We repeat the assurance that Ford Model T is the highest priced quality. It is made in the most compact and efficient factory in the world, bar none. Henry Ford, the designer of Ford cars and the founder of the Ford Motor Company, has never been more active and efficient in his work than at the present time. He is continually moving through the immense plant, here, there and everywhere, alert, observing, thinking, doing—one object in view—increase the quality; increase the efficiency; increase the serviceability of the car and reduce the price.

This car will give you the pleasure and comfort you desire; the speed you expect and an unlimited practical service. It costs you less in purchase price, and it is the cheapest car in the world to maintain in operation.

Here's the Ford line—

Ford Model T Touring Car, 4-cylinders, 5-passengers, completely equipped, $690, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Torpedo, 4-cylinders, 2-passengers, completely equipped, $590, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Commercial Roadster, 4-cylinders, 3-passengers (removable Rumble seat), completely equipped, $590, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Town Car (Landaulet), 4-cylinders, 6-passengers, completely equipped, $900, F. O. B. Detroit.

Ford Model T Delivery Car, 4-cylinders, capacity 750 pounds merchandise. The most practical delivery car on the market. Completely equipped, $700, F. O. B. Detroit.

No Ford cars sold unequipped.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in All Principal Cities

Ford Ford Ford

—Lower Than Ever In Price

There have been no mistakes to correct—no experiments to try out—but conveniences have been added and a *marked reduction in price* made possible through larger production and added factory facilities.

Some of the original and exclusive features which have made FORD Model T the most popular and serviceable car in the world:

Marvelous Simplicity in Design—Few parts, but every part in harmony with scientific principle. There is nothing superfluous in Ford design, every part has its specific place, making a chassis compact, clean cut, neat, with great strength.

A Car of Vanadium Steel (scientifically heat-treated), the strongest of all steels under tensile stress and against vibration and shock.

Ford Magneto built into the motor. No wearing surfaces, no moving wires, no ignition troubles.

Ford Planetary Transmission. Motor always connected with car. Transmission always in gear; when the car is running on high speed the gears are quiet. No crunching or stripping of gears.

No Weight on Moving Parts. This assures durability, economy and long service.

Ford Spring-Suspension. The axles are attached to the car at the extreme point of the springs, thus giving the utmost flexibility, smoothness in riding, and least wear on tires.

Ford Rear Axle. No truss rods. Look at it, no weight but its own to carry; think of the saving in wear this means to the rear tires.

Simplicity in Operation. The movement of the car may be controlled by the feet, the hands need never be taken from the steering wheel.

Light Weight. Ford Model T is the lightest in weight of any four cylinder car in the world, size, power and capacity considered. It has 60 pounds to the horse power. It costs money to move weight. If weight is an advantage in a motor car, why don't the makers of heavy weight cars advertise the fact?

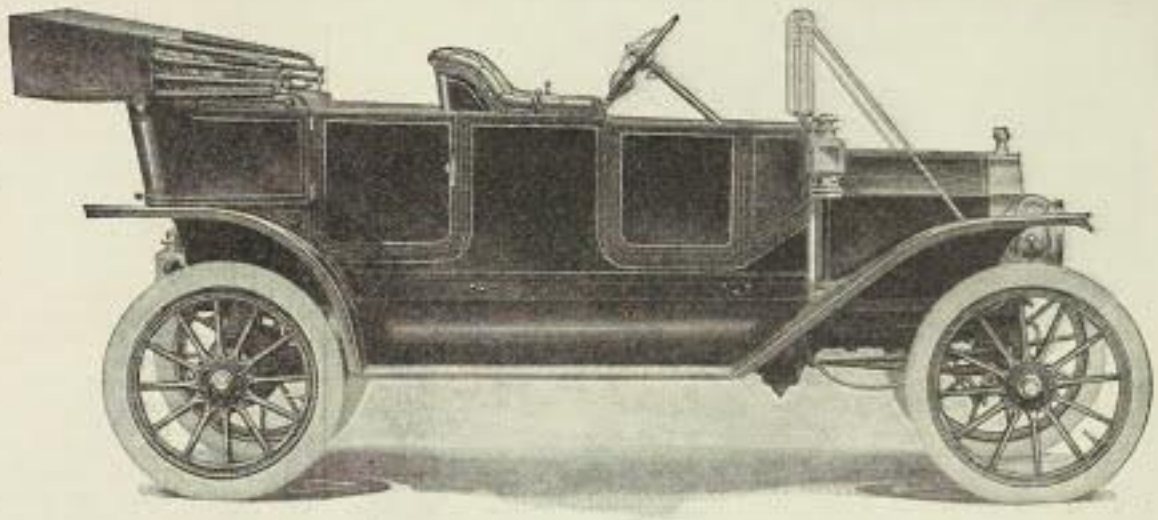
Accessibility. Every part of the mechanism of Ford Model T is easily accessible. There is nothing intricate—nothing confusing. It is as simple as A B C.

Cheapest to Maintain. Ford Model T is an exceedingly economical car to keep. It goes from 20 to 28 miles on one gallon of gasoline. It is equally economical with oil, and gives from 5,000 to 8,000 miles on one set of tires.

Ford Service for Ford Owners is a feature which must not be forgotten. No matter where you are, with your Ford car, if accident or trouble occurs, you are sure to find immediate service right at hand. Over four thousand individual dealers, each one carrying a supply of Ford parts in stock all the time, each one anxious and prompt to assist Ford owners. Ford service for Ford owners is an exclusive advantage. It is a world-wide advantage. No matter where you go, the Ford dealer is there waiting for you.

No Ford Cars Are Sold Unequipped. When you buy a Model T you get a whole car.

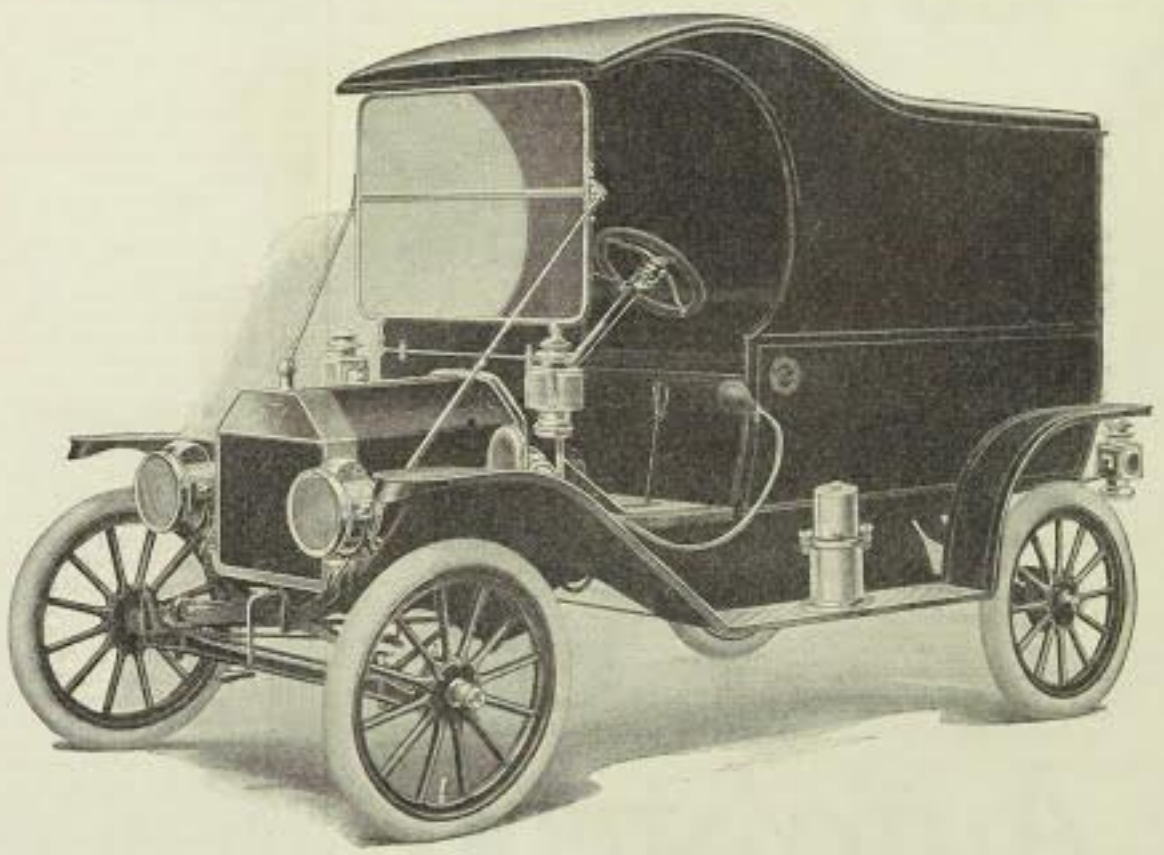
We would like to have you write for our series of books, illustrated and fully descriptive of the various features of Ford Model T cars. Send for the series. It won't cost you anything.



$690 FORD Model T Touring Car

4 Cylinders, 5 Passengers
Completely equipped as follows:
Extension Top. Speedometer
Automatic Brass Windshield
Two 6-inch Gas Lamps. Generator
Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor

This splendid Touring Car for $690, F. O. B. Detroit



$700 FORD Model T Delivery Car

4 Cylinders. The regular Vanadium Steel constructed chassis which has made the FORD Model T world famous; steel body, giving roomy interior. Capacity 750 pounds of merchandise, complete equipment as follows:
Automatic Brass Windshield. Speedometer
Two 6-inch Gas Lamps. Generator
Three Oil Lamps
Horn and Tools
Ford Magneto built into the motor

And the car complete as above, costs only $700, F. O. B. Detroit

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Branches and Dealers in all Principal Cities

CHRISTMAS

Give "Him" the Safety Razor

THE BARBERS Recommend



A few weeks ago we published double page advertisements in *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*. They contained letters from eight premier hotel barbers telling why they recommend AutoStrop Razors to their customers.

These eight premier Hotel barbers were Mr. Butts of the St. Regis, New York, Mr. Ritz, Ritz-Carlton, New York, Mr. Motz, Bellevue-Stratford, Philadelphia, Mr. Hoffmann, Belvedere, Baltimore, Mr. Myers, New Willard, Washington, Mr. Emery, Pontchartrain, Detroit, Mr. Carey, La Salle, Chicago, and Mr. Atchison, Planters, St. Louis.

Don't give "him" a safety razor for Christmas that you just happen to know the name of. Give him the AutoStrop Razor—the only safety razor that the greatest barber experts in America recommend to their customers.

Why do barbers recommend the AutoStrop Razor? Because it is the only safety razor which a novice can strop expertly. Mr. Hoffmann, of the Hotel Belvedere, said in his letter: "Few barbers can strop a keener edge than a novice can strop with the AutoStrop Safety Razor. That is why I recommend it to my customers."

AutoStrop stropping not only gives "him" a head barber edge for each shave, but it makes each of the 12 AutoStrop blades shave from 50 to 300 times. Therefore, when you pay $5 for an AutoStrop Razor, you are buying 600 to 3600 Head Barber Shaves.

The AutoStrop Safety Razor consists of silver-plated, self-stropping razor, 12 fine blades and strop, in handsome case. Price $5. Fancy sets $6.50 to $25.00. These sets contain all sorts of men's toilet articles, such as soap, lather brush, hair brush, etc. Price in Canada and United States the same. Factories in both countries.

Settle his Christmas today by 'phoning or writing for an AutoStrop Razor on trial. If he isn't pleased with it, return it after Christmas. Dealer will cheerfully refund as we protect him from loss.

If you 'phone or write for the AutoStrop Razor today, you will have his Christmas settled today. Address:

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., 327 Fifth Ave., New York
400 Richmond St. W., Toronto, Canada; 61 New Oxford St., London

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

THE COUNTY TROT

(Continued from Page 17)

Half a second later, side by side, Captain Buck Owings and Judge Priest's Jeff sped northward across the earth, and Sergeant Jimmy Bagby staggered toward the only comforter near at hand, with his two empty arms upraised. Filled with a great and sudden sense of loss he fell upon Judge Priest's neck, almost bearing his commander down by the weight of his grief.

"Carried her four years!" he exclaimed piteously; "four endurin' years, Jedge, and not a single dam' Yankee ever laid his hand on her! Carried her ever since, and nobody ever dared to touch her! And now to lose her thisaway!"

His voice, which had risen to a bleat, sank to a sob and he wept unrestrainedly on the old judge's shoulder. It looked as though these two old men were wrestling together, catch-as-catch-can.

The judge tried to shake his distressed friend off, but the sergeant clung fast. Over the bent shoulders of the other the judge saw the wheels flash by, going south, horses and drivers evened up. The "Go!" of the starting judge was instantly caught up by five hundred spectators and swallowed in a crackling yell. Oblivious of all these things the sergeant raised his sorrowing head and a melancholy satisfaction shone through his tears.

"I lost her," he said; "but, by gum, Jedge, it took all four of 'em to get her away from me, didn't it?"

None, perhaps, in all that crowd except old Judge Priest saw the two fleeting figures speeding north. All other eyes there were turned to the south, where the county's rival trotters swung round the first turn, traveling together like teammates. None marked Captain Buck Owings as, strangely cumbered, he scuttled across the track from the outer side to the inner and dived like a rabbit under the fence at the head of the homestretch, where a big oak tree with a three-foot bole cast its lengthening shadows across the course. None marked Judge Priest's Jeff coiling down like a blacksnake behind an unlatched wooden gate almost opposite where the tree stood.

None marked these things, because at this moment something direful happened. Minnie May, the favorite, was breaking badly on the back length. Almost up on her hindlegs she lunged out ahead of her with her forefeet like a boxer. That far away it looked to the grandstand crowds as though Van Wallace had lost his head entirely. One instant he was savagely lashing the mare along the flanks, the next he was pulling her until he was stretched out flat on his back, with his head back between the painted sulky wheels. And Blandville Boy, steady as a clock, was drawing ahead and making a long gap between them.

Blandville Boy came on grandly—far ahead at the half; still farther ahead nearing the three-quarters. All need for breaking her gait being now over, crafty Van Wallace had steadied the mare and again she trotted perfectly—trotted fast too; but the mischief was done and she was hopelessly out of it, being sure to be beaten and lucky if she saved being distanced.

The whole thing had worked beautifully, without a hitch. This thought was singing high in Jackson Berry's mind as he steered the stud-horse past the three-quarter post and saw just beyond the last turn the straightaway of the homestretch, opening up empty and white ahead of him. And then, seventy-five yards away, he beheld a most horrifying apparition!

Against a big oak at the inner-track fence, sheltered from the view of all behind, but in full sight of the turn, stood Captain Buck Owings, drawing down on him with a huge and hideous firearm. How was Jackson Berry, thus rudely jarred from pleasing prospects, to know that Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's old Springfield musket hadn't been fired since Appomattox—that its lock was a solid mass of corroded metal, its stock worm-eaten walnut and its barrel choked up solid with forty years of rust! All Jackson Berry knew was that the fearsome muzzle of an awful weapon was following him as he moved down toward it and that behind the tall mule's ear of a hammer and the brass guard of the trigger he saw the cold, forbidding gray of Captain Buck Owings' face and the colder, more forbidding, even grayer eye of Captain Buck Owings—a man known to be dangerous when irritated—and easy to irritate!

Before that menacing aim and posture Jackson Berry's flesh turned to wine jelly and quivered on his bones. His eyes bulged out on his cheeks and his cheeks went white to match his eyes. Had it not been for the stallion's stern between them, his knees would have knocked together. Involuntarily he drew back on the reins, hauling in desperately until Blandville Boy's jaws were pulled apart like the red painted mouth of a hobby-horse and his forelegs sawed the air. The horse was fighting to keep on to the nearing finish, but the man could feel the slugs of lead in his flinching body.

And then—and then—fifty scant feet ahead of him and a scanter twenty above where the armed madman stood—a wide gate flew open; and, as this gap of salvation broke into the line of the encompassing fence, the welcome clarion of Judge Priest's Jeff rose in a shriek: "This way out, boss—this way out!"

It was a time for quick thinking; and to persons as totally, wholly scared as Jackson Berry was, thinking comes wondrous easy. One despairing half-glance he threw upon the goal just ahead of him and the other half on that unwavering rifle-muzzle, now looming so close that he could catch the glint of its sights. Throwing himself far back in his reeling sulky Jackson Berry gave a desperate yank on the lines that lifted the sorely pestered stallion clear out of his stride, then sawed on the right-hand rein until he swung the horse's head through the opening, grazing one wheel against a gatepost—and was gone past the whooping Jeff, lickety-split, down the dirt road, through the dust and out on the big road toward town.

Jeff slammed the gate shut and vanished instantly. Captain Buck Owings dropped his weapon into the long, rank grass and slid round the treetrunk. And half a minute later Van Wallace, all discomfited and puzzled, with all his fine hopes dished and dashed, sorely against his own will, jogged Minnie May a winner past a grandstand that recovered from its dumb astonishment in ample time to rise and yell its approval of the result.

. . . . . .

Judge Billy Priest being a childless widower of many years' standing, his household was administered for him by Jeff as general manager, and by Aunt Dilsey Turner as kitchen goddess. Between them the old judge fared well and they fared better. Aunt Dilsey was a master hand at a cookstove; but she went home at night, no matter what the state of the weather, wearing one of those long, wide capes—dolmans, I think they used to call them—that hung clear down to the knees, hiding the wearer's hands and whatsoever the hands might be carrying.

It was a fad of Aunt Dilsey's to bring one covered splint basket and one close-mouthed tin bucket with her when she came to work in the morning, and to take both of them away with her—under her dolman cape—at night; and in her cabin on Plunkett's Hill she had a large family of her own and two paying boarders, all of whom had the appearance of being well nourished. If you, reader, are Southern-born, these seemingly trivial details may convey a meaning to your understanding.

So Aunt Dilsey Turner looked after the judge's wants from the big old kitchen that was detached from the rest of the rambling white house, and Jeff had the run of his sideboard, his tobacco caddy and his wardrobe. The judge was kept comfortable and they were kept happy, each respecting the other's property rights.

It was nine o'clock in the evening of the last day of the county fair. The judge, mellowly comfortable in his shirtsleeves, reclined in a big easy rocking-chair in his sitting room. There was a small fire of hickory wood in the fireplace and the embers popped as they charred a dimmer red. The old judge was smoking his homemade corncob pipe with the long cane stem, and sending smoke wreaths aloft to shred away like cobweb skeins against the dingy ceiling.

"Jeff!" he called to a black shadow fidgeting about in the background.

"Yes, suh, Jedge; right here!"

"Jeff, if your discriminatin' taste in handmade sour-mash whisky has permitted any of that last batch of liquor I bought to remain in the demijohn, I wish you'd mix me up a little toddy."



"Muvver Says These Won't Hurt Me"

NOT the slightest harm can come from eating *good* confectionery. Just remember that, and when little folks or grown-ups get candy hungry, set out a big, dandy box of Lenox Chocolates and let them help themselves.

Lenox Chocolates

are the kind of confectionery you never tire of. Those great, creamy nuggets of rich brown chocolate hold such splendid fillings that you never know when to stop eating. It makes one's mouth water merely to think of them—nut, nougat, caramel, fruit, cream, jelly, and lots of other flavors equally tempting.

From cover to bottom, there's not a piece in a box of Lenox Chocolates that isn't delicious—palate-tickling—better than anything you ever ate before in the line of chocolates.

"Our Nieco Seal guarantees quality." For the benefit of many who inquire it is explained that our trademark name "Nieco" is a combination of the first letters of our firm name with the common abbreviation of "Company"—Co.

New England Confectionery Co.
Boston, Mass.

There is now just time for you to order a

Beehler
Folding Umbrella

for a Christmas present if you send in your order at once.

Fits into a suitcase. Rust-proof steel ribs. Guaranteed cover fabrics. Stylish and serviceable handles.

NAME-ON—Recipient's name and address woven on inside of cover, if desired.

$1, $2, $2.50, $3, $4, $5, $6, $7, $8, $10, $12, $15. All shipments made same day orders are received. Money back if not satisfactory.

WILLIAM BEEHLER, Baltimore, Md.

Oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828.

"PRESS THE BUTTON AND GET A LIGHT"

The New Thin Model

Pocket Lighter

Always ready for use.

Guaranteed to be odorless and non-leakable. Vest Pocket Size. Latest and most Reliable Lighter Made.

An Acceptable, useful Xmas gift. Price, Postpaid, $1.00.

Live Agents Wanted Everywhere.

Fredericks & Co., 150 Nassau St., N. Y.

Jeff snickered and mixed the toddy, mixing it more hurriedly then common, because he was anxious to be gone. It was Saturday night—a night dedicated by long usage to his people; and in Jeff's pocket was more ready money than his pocket had ever held before at any one time. Moreover, in the interval between dusk and dark, Jeff's wardrobe had been most grandly garnished. Above Mr. Clay Saunders' former blue serge coat a crimson necktie burned like a beacon, and below the creased legs of Mr. Otterbuck's late pearl-gray trousers now appeared a pair of new patent-leather shoes.

Assuredly Jeff was anxious to be on his way. He placed the filled toddy glass at the old judge's elbow and sought unostentatiously to withdraw himself.

"Jeff!" said the judge.

"Yes, suh."

"I believe Mr. Jackson Berry did not see fit to return to the fair grounds this evenin' and protest the result of the third heat?"

"No, suh," said Jeff; "from whut I heared some of the w'ite folks sayin', he driv right straight home and went to bed and had a sort of a chill."

"Ah-hah!" said the judge, sipping reflectively. Jeff fidgeted and drew nearer a half-open window, listening out into the maple-lined street. Two blocks down the street he could hear the colored brass band playing in front of the Colored Odd Fellows Hall for a "festibul."

"Jeff," said Judge Priest musingly, "violence or a show of violence is always to be deplored."

Jeff had only a hazy idea of what the old judge meant by that, but in all his professional life Jeff had never intentionally disagreed in conversation with any white adult—let alone a generous employer. So:

"Yes, suh," assented Jeff promptly; "it suttinly is."

"But there are times and places," went on the old judge, "when it is necessary."

"Yes, suh," said Jeff, catching the drift—"lak at a racetrack!"

"Ah-hah! Quite so," said Judge Priest, nodding. "And, Jeff, did it ever occur to you that there are better ways of killin' a cat then by chokin' him with butter?"

"Indeed, yes, suh," said Jeff. "Sometimes you kin do it best with one of these here ole rusty Confedrit guns!"

At that precise moment, in a little house on the next street, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby's family, having prevailed upon him to remove his shoes and his cartridge-belt before retiring, were severally engaged in an attempt to dissuade him from a firmly expressed purpose of taking his Springfield musket to bed with him.

The Foragers

SCHOOL'S out, and homeward with the ebbing day
They come—Tom Jones, Jim Brooks and Eddie Gray;
And half a million others far or near,
Not much unlike the boys I know right here;
With empty dinnerpails and schoolbooks slung
Across their shoulders by a strap. The tongue
Of boyhood at the kitchen door gives cry:
"Ma, can't I have a doughnut, or some pie?"
For, say, the appetite of boys is prime
And cannot be content till suppertime.

'Tis four o'clock, and I can hear them go—
A million youngsters—homeward, fast and slow;
The drowsy schoolroom clock has dragged its hands
Across its face until Time's signal stands
At long-awaited four—that blessed hour
When schoolbooks close and teachers lose the power
That despot rulers have—and flags unfurled
Lead schoolboy armies to a waiting world!
And up the back steps bound returning feet:
"Ma, can't I go and get a bite to eat?"

School's out—what ransacking of cooky jars!
What letting down of pantry gates and bars!
What dipping into barrels here and there,
With heads far down and feet high up in air,
For Winesaps, Baldwins, Pippins! What a charge
Upon the jars of jam and loaves baked large
And round and brown—what a tumultuous cry:
"Ma, can't I have a little piece of pie?"
And so this schoolboy army waxes fat
Upon its foraged commissariat!

—*J. W. Foley.*





ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

Brown's Beach Jacket

To Keep Out Wind and Cold

Has specially prepared wind proof wool lining, with strongly knit exterior of dark blue with gray stripe, wears like iron and washes without shrinking.

Made without sleeves to wear under a coat or with sleeves to wear in place of an overcoat. Great protection from cold for men who work or play out doors. Worn by the Appalachian mountain climbers, lumbermen, motormen and chauffeurs.

Without sleeves $2.50, with sleeves and no collar $3.25, with collar and sleeves $3.50.

If your dealer cannot supply you give us his name and upon receipt of price we will ship prepaid. *Address for Catalog No. 4*

W. W. BROWN, 395 Chandler Street, Worcester, Mass.



If You Keep Chickens You Need An Incubator

But listen what Mr. Chas. F. Townsend, President of the National Poultry Association, says: "In our extensive tests of incubators we found several of the 'right' kind, but none of them appealed to me so strongly as did the 'Buckeye.' We had one that cost only eight dollars. That machine won 'it' every minute. It was itself, did its own regulating, and supplied its own moisture. And hatch? It hatched every hatchable egg we ever put into it! It produced as large and strong chicks as any incubator I ever saw, and a number of those same chicks won a lot of blue ribbons and silver cups. That's some chicks won a lot of blue ribbons and silver cups. That

BUCKEYE

incubator appealed to me because it required practically no attention; it hatched every hatchable egg; and it didn't cost much money. I am now using the Buckeye incubator exclusively." Buckeyes have been on the market 21 years—over 225,000 in successful operation. Guaranteed to hatch every hatchable egg and remain in perfect working order for 5 years. Sold by over 1000 dealers in every state in the Union. Write today for "Incubator Facts," name of your nearest dealer and copy of guarantee.

The Buckeye Incubator Co., 567 Euclid Ave., Springfield, Ohio

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN



Can be learned quickly, easily and pleasantly, at spare moments, in your own home. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. In a surprisingly short time you can speak a new language by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
combined with
ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY
Send for Booklet and Testimonials
THE LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
913 Metropolis Bld'g, B'way & 16th St., N.Y.

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS



Makes Every Man An Expert

No Experience Necessary

Guaranteed For Life

Brandt's patented Automatic Razor Stropper. Automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write quick for terms, prices and territory.

A. Brandt Cutlery Co., 94 W. Broadway, N. Y.

Why Smith *Stayed* Home

HERE'S news to gladden *your* home-evenings—and every other time that's *pipe* time. Your old smoking tobacco friend—Lucky Strike—the kind that you've always liked best in the *smoking*—is now made, in addition to the regular sliced plug form, so that you'll like it best in the *handling*.

Lucky Strike *Roll Cut*—ready for the pipe—in a convenient 10c pocketbox.

Just tilt the tin—light up—shut your eyes—and *revel!*

The smoke that's *all* richness and fragrance. *Not* the kind that flares and sizzles and snaps at your tongue—but the pure, mild, cool, dry, even *satisfaction smoke* of the man who knows good tobacco.

Lucky Strike is over half-a-century old—the product of ripe experience. Made of the choicest Burley tobacco, aged for years. Its final exquisite flavor is developed by the secret Patterson Process—originated by Dr. R. A. Patterson—the founder of the business.

That is why Patterson tobaccos all have a can't-be-put-into-words *distinction* of quality and flavor that has made them the leading sellers among smoking tobaccos.

Remember you can now get Lucky Strike Roll Cut—ready for your pipe. 10c—at all dealers.

R. A. PATTERSON TOBACCO CO.
RICHMOND, VA.

To The Tobacco Trade

We are making every endeavor to fill all orders promptly, but the great growth of Tuxedo (the original granulated Burley) is taxing our Tuxedo departments to the utmost. We have never dared to advertise Tuxedo, because its sales have grown so rapidly on sheer merit that we have always had difficulty in meeting the demand. So much of Tuxedo is sold that we must have orders in advance.



10c
All Dealers

16-oz. Package 90c.

LUCKY STRIKE TOBACCO



THE CALL

(Continued from Page 5)

"He's the man who promised me work," was Una's half-sobbing answer.

"Did he?" snapped the cabdriver with a quick and scoffing sidelook at the house-front and its curtained windows. Still again that inner voice was telling Una that this ruddy-faced man was her friend, that he was right, that he was saving her from something perilous. She did not resent his hand on her arm.

"Look here, child; I'm wise to this town. You ain't. What you want is a nice, clean ballroom, wit' clean people, till you outgrow them pinfeathers o' yourn. Now git in—git in, or I'll tack a time-charge to that fare o' mine!"

"What is that house?" asked the weakening girl.

"Rotten!" was the one word that exploded from the cabdriver's lips.

Some primal instinct, as she stood staring up into that kindly claret-colored face, again told her that she was wrong and he was right.

She climbed back into the cab, fighting to keep down her tears. She lay weakly back against the musty cushions, feeling herself being drawn deeper and deeper into the heart of a strange city that was already incomprehensible to her—a strange city where she had already found and lost a home, where there were so many vague things to menace and intimidate her.

She was puzzled and bewildered, but hope had by no means withered from her heart. Her youthful eyes, staring out into the night, saw a moving-picture house, gay with electrics and lithographs. It stood out like a familiar word in a foreign script. She remembered that this was a part of the life she had come to enter; that somewhere in some corner of it was a place for her. Her spirits came back to her. She even had the heart, when the cabman deposited her before a humble-looking red-brick house, with old-fashioned iron balconies, to object to his demand for a fifty-cent fare, serenely oblivious of the fact that earlier in the evening he had inwardly decided that she was to be just two dollars his debtor—but there were many things which were still unknown to Una.

IV

UNA drew a deep breath and looked about her room. It was hers for one week, at least. For it, after withstanding the inquisitorial inspection of Mrs. Binner, a police-sergeant's wife and the owner of the house, she had paid two dollars, with an extortionate twenty-five cents for a latch-key, a flat, small piece of steel strangely different from any key she had ever seen.

Una's room was seven feet wide and eleven feet long. Its walls were covered with sulphur-colored paper, much soiled above the washstand. Behind the door stood a row of hooks under a shelf strung with a calico curtain. In front of the window stood a single chair with a compress-board fitted over its broken cane seat. Beyond this, the room was as bare as a vault, as empty of accessories as though a spring flood had swept it clean. The only residuary signs of life lay in the row of faded newspapers along the shelf-bottom and the undulatory surface of the red-draped couch where so many unknown sleepers had rested.

Una turned these newspapers over, studying the pictures one by one. Then she looked at the room again. Then she sat down on the narrow bed. Weariness weighed upon her; but an unrest, such as she had never known before, made this weariness seem a thing of little moment. She grew resentful of the incaging sulphur-colored walls. She longed for another glimpse of the city that hummed and murmured below her. Yet she dreaded to venture out, remembering the inquisitorial eyes below-stairs. She did not realize that she was now her own mistress; she had not yet discovered the freedom with which that brief migration from Chamboro had endowed her.

She suddenly remembered that she was hungry. This, she felt, might serve as an excuse for venturing into the street. She opened her bedroom door and listened at the stairhead. The house seemed strangely quiet. She stepped back and closed the door, then slipped quietly down the long and narrow stairways. Once she had gained the street, she turned and made a study of the housefront. It worried her that they should all be so much alike. She fixed in her mind every distinguishing mark—the broken grillwork over the basement window, the rusty balcony-iron, the brownstone sills patched with red-tinted plaster, the empty flower-box in the second-story window.

She next made note of the house's position in the street, of its number, of its distance from the corner. Then, mothlike, she moved instinctively toward the point of greatest light. She marked the drug store on the corner and methodically continued her observations until she found the names of the avenue and its cross-street printed on the neighboring lamp-post. She paused a moment to marvel at a mid-air train, as it thundered by above her head, along a track on steel stilts. Then she went on again toward the more alluring brighter lights. It was late, but curiosity submerged all other feelings. The theaters would soon be out, and it was something even to rub elbows with those who were returning from that kingdom of happiness. So she wandered on, amazed at the crowding motor cars, the restaurants and the countless nocturnal activities that surrounded her.

She found herself suddenly in a veritable valley of lights. They glowed and flared from walls, they wavered and ran and circled from the tops of buildings, they blazed from shopfronts, they shone like jewels from the façades of lofty walls—lights of all colors: red and white and green and blue, some of them milky and pearl-like and motionless, some of them restless and ruby-tinted; millions and millions of lights it seemed, dazzling the eye, bewildering the brain, making the street as bright as day, filling it with a glory that seemed celestial—too effulgent for earthly devices.

Una stood staring up that long valley of lights like a mountain-child face to face with a first vision of the sea. She stood staring at the lights of moving street cars, at the drifting and shifting globes of motor cars, at the arches and squares, the spirals and circles and letters of many-colored fire winking and blinking from the very heavens themselves.

Her rapt young face was fanned by the humid night air, heavy with its exotic odors, its spiced smell of dust and mildly acrid street waste. Thrill after thrill sped up and down her slender legs, her flat and boy-like back, as she stood there watching it all. Never, in other years, did she stumble on it without a reluctant wave of admiration for its barbaric and febrilely competitive display; but never again would she know that swift and intoxicating tingle, that suffusing and all-engulfing thrill of rapture, that first fine glow of girlish joy as she stood for the first time face to face with Broadway, lying like a many-hued and lethargic python across the steel-stubbled acres of midnight Manhattan. She forgot her weariness, her homelessness. She saw only an alluring and luminous valley leading into the future.

Una, after the manner of vigorous youth, slept well that night. It was after nine when she wakened and stared about at the sulphur-colored walls. She was neither homesick nor lonely. She was conscious that she was exceptionally hungry. She also remembered that as soon as she had breakfasted she would have to see about getting on the stage.

Not to eat breakfast under the same roof where she slept struck her as odd, but she did not waste thought over it. In one day, indeed, her whole universe had been turned topsyturvy. She was now fortified against any shock, prepared for any surprise. Had she been told that this city without trees or yards or gardens, where trains cannonaded about in midair and cars crawled through the bowels of the earth, pumped claret through its water-mains, she would have accepted it without question.

She wandered about the streets, contented and curious, until she came to an eating place with pyramids of apples and oranges in the window. Within she found marble-topped tables and paper napkins. Yet her breakfast, in the face of all her frugality, cost her twenty-five cents, for she had the good appetite of a boy.

Then she turned back toward Broadway, where she felt sure the theatrical district would be. She told herself it would be foolish to waste time.

Her experiences that first warm morning in New York were as ignominious as



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her efforts were unsuccessful. She was laughed at; she was joked with; she was smiled at and turned politely away from; she was ignored; she was stared at and brushed aside—but nowhere was she taken seriously. Nowhere could she get an audience.

Her instincts were not inactive. She had a quick eye for form and color. She began to institute comparisons. She began to see that from the standpoint of dress alone she was impossible. A theatrical man even had turned and spoken of her as "one of the upstate cornhuskers."

She was only defeating her own ends. She was beginning wrong.

She had already fallen to studying the women who passed her on Broadway—their strange clothes, their pert hats, their wonderful coiffures, their heavily powdered faces. They must be right, she told herself. She was wrong. And that afternoon, having plied the perplexed and suspicious-minded Mrs. Binner with many far-reaching and rather ridiculous questions, Una made her way to a Sixth Avenue department store. Here, having once more adjusted herself to a new and complicated world, she studiously recalled the figures she had met on Broadway, and from a bargain-counter sale purchased a gray serge ready-made suit. To this she added a cheap tiptilted hat and an equally cheap pair of tan shoes. These she carried home in an immense parcel, quite ignorant of the fact that without extra cost they might have been safely delivered for her.

It left her only two dollars and a half; but she told herself it was necessary. The one thing she could not endure was the thought of being ridiculous. She would rather go hungry than be laughed at.

She still felt, as she dressed herself in those overconspicuous new clothes, that there was something foolish about them. The tiptilted hat was the only thing she liked. It made her look older and there was a touch of "boldness" about it. Yet it satisfied something within her, some dormant inner sense which she could not describe. The transformation brought about by that change of apparel, indeed, amazed her. It seemed to equip her in a sort of armor. She felt on a more equal footing with those about her. It put her one step nearer the end toward which she was working.

Then she sat down and thought. New York still lay a sealed book to her. She was more puzzled than intimidated by its immensity. Even those things which she saw for the first time came to her with a sense of familiarity. Newspapers and magazines and moving pictures had already given her glimpses of city life; and each of these she had secretly treasured against the time when it might be of service to her. She thought over her possibilities point by point. She weighed one against the other. She bought newspapers and studied the list of theaters, noting their localities and the names of the different plays. She had no one to help her, no one to give her a hint as to what was right or wrong; so she made a list of the theaters whose names appealed to her. Then, deciding on her plan of action, she looked about to get her bearings. She wandered up through Madison Square, crossed Fifth Avenue and entered Broadway—a Broadway that seemed noisy and dusty and sordid compared to the valley of light she had beheld the evening before; but she did not let this discovery dampen her ardor.

She found the theater and made sure of the position of its stage entrance. She neither approached nor addressed the doorman lounging beside that entrance; but she waited, covertly watching. She waited until the audience had poured out into Broadway, until the family circle disgorged its crowds into the side street. Then she stepped closer to the stage entrance, alert and intent, watching each figure as it emerged from that narrow doorway. And each figure was mentally challenged, inspected and adjudicated by those wide and anxious hazel eyes under the tilted hat-brim. She appraised them all, one by one. Then she decided on one particular figure.

It was one even smaller than her own. It wore a tilted blue turban, a blue serge suit with a skirt that reached only halfway to the ankles, a pair of tan lace shoes on very trim small feet. Its round, good-natured face was smudged and smeared with rice-powder until the retroussé nose looked like a cruller that had been amply sugared. The hair under the blue turban was a pale and almost lemon-tinted yellow. Yet there was something childlike and ingratiating about that white-coated face. Una felt this would prove the most approachable figure. She felt, too, that it would be better to walk along beside her than to stop her.

The heavily penciled baby-blue eyes blinked a little at the solemn and raptfaced girl, who apparently had just fallen out of the moon.

Una did not speak for a few steps.

"You belong to the show?" she began quietly, yet with a *vibrato* of emotion in her voice.

"Sure," was the young girl's answer; but the baby-blue eyes narrowed and shifted. Everything about her suggested suspended judgment, touched with suspicion.

"Then please don't mind what I'm going to ask you," pleaded Una, meeting the narrowed eyes with her quavering smile. "But I'm a stranger in New York. I just got here. I want to go on the stage—I've got to go on the stage!"

"Well?"

"I don't know how to begin—what to do first."

The smaller figure stopped dead. The two looked at each other for a silent moment.

"What's the bunk?" demanded the girl with the sugar-cruller nose.

"I want to know how to get on the stage," reiterated Una.

"On the stage! And you jus' hit this burg?"

"Yes," admitted Una, too resolute on her ends to be discountenanced by the mockery which she held in such aversion. The other girl gasped.

"You suttinly got your noive!"

The smile faded from the pert young face however. An answering solemnity crept into the baby eyes as they stared at the solemnly passionate face of the "yap" girl in the ill-fitting gray suit.

"What must I do first?" persisted Una.

"I s'pose you've studied elocution?" scoffingly asked the smaller girl.

"No," sorrowfully admitted the other.

"Then that's one thing in your favor," was the cheery answer. Then, after a pause: "Know any steps?"

She did not. She even wondered what steps meant.

"Just sing, eh?" suggested the other, eying the lines of the figure under the gray serge.

"I can't—can't sing much." Una compelled herself to confess. The other girl again came to a stop.

"Then what're you goin' to do wit' the stage?" she demanded. "Take tickets?"

"I want to act!" passionately protested the girl from Chamboro.

The smaller girl's lip curled.

"Then you don't want advice. What you want's a backer!"

"What's a backer?" demanded the unsophisticated Una.

"A guy who'll—but what's the good? You wouldn't be jerry to that!" Her blandly insulting gaze swept over Una again. "Got any decent clothes?"

Una looked down at her gray suit, not without approval.

"I said clothes!" remarked the small woman with the powdered face.

Una did her best to fight back a rising tear or two. It was more than she could endure. A wound to the heart, with her, was a trivial thing beside wounded vanity.

"Can't you help me?" she demanded with the immediacy of hot and impatient youth.

"Say, you'd better slope back to the theater and talk it over wit' Miss Wimbleton. She's the star. P'raps she'd like your style for an understudy!" And the girl with the powdered nose turned contemptuously about on her heel and walked away.

Una stood looking after her. It took her several seconds to digest her defeat. Then she turned about and walked doggedly back toward the theater. There, facing the ogre of the stage entrance, she announced that she had been sent to see Miss Wimbleton.

"Dressing room number one!" the doorkeeper announced without so much as stirring from his chair. And Una stepped in through the narrow entrance.

Never before had she been behind the scenes. Never before had she sniffed that strange mixture of dust and paint-frames and gloomy mustiness. There was something awesome to her about that cavernous region, something that caught the breath as the sight of a coffin might.

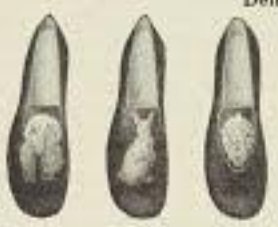
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Everything about her seemed endowed with sacredness. Sets and props, splashed canvases and braces, all seemed touched with a glory, a mystery, not of earth. She was stumbling along amid these wonders when a voice echoed out through the cavern of semidarkness:

"Here you, laundress—I said number one!"

It was the doorman, and Una felt that he was calling to her. A perspiring stagehand in his shirtsleeves said, "Here, kid—to the right"; and a moment later Una was knocking on the door of dressing room number one.

"Come in!" cried a voice from the other side of the door. And Una went in. Her nostrils were assailed by a new battery of odors—grease paint, overheated air, Turkish cigarette smoke, stale flowers on a ledge backed by a mirror. In front of this mirror was a woman partly dressed. At the other side of the room was another woman, a maid, hanging garments on a row of hooks. Una's gaze riveted itself on the woman before the mirror. She was in the same room with a star of the theater.

"What does this kid want?"

The query came suddenly, angrily, from the woman at the mirror. She did not even turn about as she spoke. It was the maid who crossed the narrow room and faced the tingling Una.

"Ain't you the laundry girl?" asked this maid.

Una looked past her to the woman at the mirror.

"I want to see about going on the stage," she announced. She took a step or two toward the star. The star slammed down the lid of a japanned tin box. Then she turned on the maid, ignoring Una as though she were something not human.

"Emma, haven't I told you to keep those nuts out of my dressing room?" she cried.

The maid said, "Yes, ma'am," and, crossing to the door, swung Una bodily about.

"You ought t' know better than t' come botherin' Miss Wimbleton when she's worried and worn out," she admonished, holding the door in a manner which could not be misinterpreted.

"When can I see her?" asked the crushed but dogged girl.

"You can't see her!" cried the maid, infected by a touch of her mistress' hysteria. "And you nuts've gotta leave us alone or I'll kill some o' you!"

Una went out through the door as it closed none too gently behind her. She groped her way out past the splashed canvases and the props and the paint-frames and the sullen-eyed doorman. She had met her second defeat.

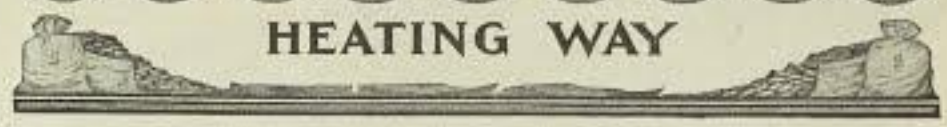
V

UNA'S second defeat left her dazed but not disheartened. She felt, nevertheless, a need of reassembling her scattered thoughts, of securing a newer and saner viewpoint. She walked the streets in deep and vaguely dejected aimlessness, rambling on and on until the hunger of the body made her forget that of the spirit. She stumbled on a restaurant where she could get boiled mutton and mashed potatoes for fifteen cents, though she had to sit on a stool before a counter to eat it.

She found, after this frugal meal, that the world was not so dark as she had imagined. The consciousness of her utter solitude was not oppressive to her. She rejoiced, in fact, in the new and unlimited freedom that had so suddenly come to her. She gloried in the thought of being her own mistress, of directing her steps wherever she might fancy. And her fancy, that night, took her far down the whole valley of Broadway, across Union Square, east along Fourteenth Street. There the lurid lights and lithographs of a moving-picture house were too much for her. She forsook the fresh and balmy night air for the fetid and companionable heat of the crowded hall.

A narrow-faced youth who sat next to her during the intermission offered to buy her a box of chocolates. She flushed and stammered out a refusal. Ten minutes later, as she sat entranced before the Western melodrama being enacted on the white sheet in front of her, she felt a hand come in contact with hers as though by accident. She ignored the incident. A minute or two later she felt the hand deliberately close about her own. Its fingers caught and inwrapped hers odiously, like a cluster of tentacles. She had to struggle to free herself from that clutch. A wave of nauseating faintness swept through her as she felt

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Many New Exclusive Features

From $2 up; quarts $2 up. See dealers—look for name *Icy-Hot*—write for book.

ICY-HOT BOTTLE CO., Dept. B, Cincinnati, Ohio



Give him this

Ask any man

what he would prefer for Christmas and 99 out of a hundred will say "Something to *wear*." Now, what *one* particular article is man *sure* to be in need of?—*Hose!* It's a man's natural failing, somehow, to *always* be "short" on socks; and you can't please him better than by replenishing *that* part of his wardrobe.

Four pairs of splendid Iron Clads $1 in a beautiful holly-decorated box

Figure this out and it comes to 25c a pair, but that price doesn't indicate the quality of *Iron Clads*. They are so soft and beautifully finished; so snug-fitting, elastic and comfortable, that any man is proud to put them on. Your most "finicky" friend or relative—the man who just *will* have the *best*—will be glad that you sent him Iron Clads. Here are the assortments:

COTTON: No. 398, black; 398NT, tan; 398NB, Navy blue; 398DG, grey. All medium weight.

WOOL: No. 335, black; 336, oxford; 337, black; 574, brown. (3 pair medium weight, 1 pair light.)

Notice the colors—all reliable, sure-to-satisfy shades. Either assortment in a beautiful holly box, tied with dainty silk ribbon, with a full-color, embossed Xmas card enclosed for your greeting—all for $1. That's a *mighty* convenient price for you to pay.

Iron Clad dealers are being supplied with these Xmas assortments—if you cannot secure them at *your* dealers, just *slip a dollar bill* in an envelope and mail to us direct, stating which assortment you wish and what size; we'll *pay the postage* to get them to you. Whether you buy from dealer or from us, satisfaction is *positively guaranteed*. Order *today*.

(Note—It is a big fad now to choose one kind of gift and send it to several, instead of worrying one's head off trying to think of different things for each. These assortments suggest a splendid choice for this *sensible* plan.)

If you will drop us a postal card with your name and address, we will send you *free* our beautiful catalog, in *colors*, showing hose for the whole family—write today.

COOPER, WELLS & COMPANY, 212 Vine St., St. Joseph, Michigan



I Want to *Give* You "Human Energy"

My book explains for the first time, as far as I know, the laws governing right exercise. It shows clearly and concisely why a few minutes daily of movements scientifically directed to reach your internal organs—all of which are muscular—will do infinitely more for your health and strength than hours of random exercise.

I offer it to you free, because I want you to understand the principles underlying

The Thompson Course

which has brought thousands of men from uncertain health and inefficiency into fuller, more useful and serener life.

Sooner or later you will adopt the principles of my course—all men of sedentary life will. You will find "Human Energy" a real contribution to the science of making the most of oneself. It is startling, yet obviously true. Sending for it puts you under no obligation, except to read it as though it were written by a friend.

J. Edmund Thompson

Suite 11, Exchange Building, Worcester, Mass.



LOOK FOR THE SUPERBA MARK

IT means *better* looking, *longer* wearing, more satisfactory neckwear for *you*. It means *rich, lustrous*, specially woven silk that *resists* pinholes and wrinkles.

SUPERBA cravats are on sale by good dealers everywhere. They can be had in a wide range of patterns and in 50 plain, lustrous modish colors, at 50c and $1.00.

The SUPERBA Combination consisting of four-in-hand, handkerchief and sox, perfectly matched, make *ideal holiday gifts*.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

Let Us Know Your Cravat Wants

H. C. COHN & CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

Saves Coal—Saves Work



Hill's "Hustler" Ash Sifter

Here's the sifter you've always wanted. No work, no waste, no dust. Just turn the handle—ashes sift into barrel, unburnt coal drops into scuttle. Cuts down your coal bills. Lasts a lifetime. Sold by hardware dealers everywhere.

Write today for Folder No. 1, describing this valuable work, dirt and money saver.

Hill-Dryer Co., 201 Park Ave., Worcester, Mass.

the hand again reach out in the darkness. She determined to scream for help, for protection; but the sudden end of the film and the return of the hall lights made this unnecessary.

She struggled to her feet and made her escape from the theater. Her heart came up in her mouth as she saw her narrow-faced persecutor follow her to the street. She became desperate. A single passion—that of escape—possessed her. No farm fowl that ever glimpsed a henhawk ducked and scurried and fluttered more frenziedly than did this gray-clad figure through the crowds of Fourteenth Street. She threw him off her track at last. She knew he was no longer following her, but his memory remained. It brought a new trouble into her life. It left a canker in the perfect rose of her freedom. She was compelled to remember that she was no longer alone in that great city, that she would always have to be guarded; that there were certain things she must learn to evade and certain other things she must learn to endure.

As she continued her more leisurely way through the lighted and crowded streets she remembered that she had been in New York little more than twenty-four hours. Yet in that time much had happened—not outwardly, but inwardly, in a manner which she could not define. The lights were still mysterious and celestial in their multicolored brilliance, the streets were still alluring in their ever-shifting movements; but the smell of the street dust was already less exotic, less palpable. She was a little less a stranger to it all. She was now practically a part of it. And still again her youthful body thrilled with anticipatory passion as she stopped to peer up at the light-strewn valley where some day, she told herself, her own name might flaunt in colored electric globes.

By the time she had eaten her breakfast of wheatcakes and coffee the next morning Una had arrived at a number of new conclusions. One was that her money was almost gone and that she must find a way of earning more. Another was that the claret-faced cabman, for all his good intentions, had actually brought her to the wrong kind of house and that she must set about to find the right kind, the kind that held people who worked for the stage. She now acknowledged to herself that she would have to move more circuitously, that her earlier manner of open assault had been a mistake.

She sat on a bench in Madison Square that morning, studying the want advertisements in three penny newspapers. She went through them methodically, marking those that appealed to her, rejecting those that suggested menial labor. She was anxious not to lose her freedom; she wished to leave the road to her stagework open. That the line between her and starvation was so thin did not greatly alarm her. Her one apprehension was that she might not find the right sort of theatrical rooming house for her purpose. And so, even before she found work or earned money to pay for it, she began looking for a new room. She interviewed landladies and climbed stairs; she made excuses and argued about prices, all the while keeping her eyes open for just the right place. Before this place could be found, however, her money had dwindled away to a final dime. Then and then only did she revert to the idea of finding work.

She first tried addressing envelopes; but her hand was cramped and slow, and an endless half-day of toil brought her only enough to buy a cheap dinner. Coloring photographs next appealed to her; but this, too, proved impossible. She merely sat in a row with eleven other girls, "artistically gifted," as the advertisement said. Before each girl stood a basin of liquid color, each worker doing an allotted portion of the print and passing it hurriedly on to her neighbor. It was hopelessly monotonous and a day's work did not bring Una quite fifty cents.

In her next place she was affronted with an openness and promptness which caused her to make an equally prompt escape. During that quest for employment, in fact, she learned many new things about the seamier side of city life. She came to know what advertisements were "traps" and "fakes." She acquired the trick of appraising a would-be employer; of determining almost at a glance whether he was reasonably honest or a rogue.

She kept at the search doggedly, with the quiet fortitude of inexperience, with the mild audacity of unimaginative youth. She finally earned a dollar and a half posing for a Twenty-third Street poster artist. She found it very tiring and hard to hold the pose. After the second hour, in fact, she felt almost faint, notwithstanding her resilient wiriness. At the third hour she had to give up. The artist, little more affluent apparently than herself, made tea for her; with it they had bread and butter and apricot jam. Una ate a great deal, for she was hungry. Before she went away her shabby-coated and paintspattered friend gave her a list of uptown artists to whom she might apply for work.

Some of these artists declined to see her; others dismissed her. Several of them smiled at her pityingly; one laughed outright; and still another offered her a dollar an hour to pose "for the figure." Another, who lifted her chin and called his wife to admire her profile, said he was sure he could use her after she had had a few months' experience.

Una learned a great deal during those active and eventful days. She lost her habit of fidgeting and blushing when spoken to; she became more confident and direct in her speech; she learned how to look strangers squarely in the eye. Without realizing it, she was hour by hour acquiring fresh knowledge—soaking it in at every pore as a sponge soaks up moisture.

The one artist who could make use of her as a model proved to be an illustrator in the Van Dyck Studios, who made a specialty of "Rube" types, as he expressed it. He offered her regular work for two hours every Sunday morning and an occasional sitting during the week later on, when he would have more time for experiments in a new medium.

Una snapped up the offer, though the work proved hard. It was camera work, and meant the ceaseless putting on and taking off of costumes, crinolines, gingham wrappers, pantaletted short skirts—though to strike the desired pose while the camera was snapped was only the work of a minute or two. Una dressed and undressed behind a Japanese panel-screen covered with gold storks, between a shelf full of dishes and a gas range, her garments sometimes being tossed in to her over the screentop.

The artist, whose name, "Andrew Hempel," was painted on the studio door, explained to her how he made enlarged drawings of the photographs with a pantograph, putting in a background and securing enough snapshot poses on Sunday to carry him through the entire week.

"You can't call it art," he confessed, with his bashful, boyish smile, "but it pays the gas bills. And some day I'm going to do the other sort of work!"

Una's conception of the artist was still a romantic one. It wounded her sensibilities to see the untidiness of his studio, the unkempt condition of his paint-stained workclothes. She had an innate love for order, an abhorrence for the unclean.

Hempel and his new model, however, soon reached a plane of easy companionship tempered by a politeness not customary in the offhanded relationships of studio life.

He found Una, for all her rawness, very eager and unctuous, and capable of catching at the drama in the passage that he would read aloud from the galley-proofs of the story or article he chanced to be illustrating.

She, in turn, acknowledged to herself that she neither liked nor disliked him. Yet she flushed youthfully under his praise, one afternoon, when he chanced to catch her face in a certain light.

"Say, I'd be a second Christy if I had you round to work on!" he declared as he sat back from his drawing board, with his head on one side, studying her hair.

It took some time for her to learn passivity under these professional enthusiasms. She saw that it was all a part of the day's work. She experienced a strange tightening of the throat, however, when Hempel one Sunday shared with her a basket of Jersey peaches, expressed in to him from his sister's farm in Orange County. That, she knew, was not ordinarily in the day's work.

Una meantime made hurried side excursions into the Rialto neighborhood, always on the lookout for a two-dollar room in the right sort of house. Before the week was up she found a back hall in a Thirty-eighth Street lodging place entirely given over to the profession. The price, however, was two dollars and a half a week.

(Continued on Page 52)

Ingersoll Watches

Attractive, inexpensive presents for the boy, his father, mother or sister can be selected from the four models of Ingersoll Watches illustrated by the two upper groups on this page.

Each is a reliable time-keeper, positively guaranteed for practical use.

Men's and Boys' Models

Regular size **$1.00** Thin model **$1.50** Small size **$2.00**

Women's and Girls' Models

$2.00

Sold by 60,000 dealers throughout the country, or postpaid by us in U. S. A.

Ingersoll and Ingersoll-Trenton

Ingersoll-Trenton Jeweled Watches

Refined, accurate-to-the-dot, durable for years.

Sold exclusively in Ingersoll-Trenton guaranteed cases, a few of which are illustrated on this page.

Three grades of movement, 7-jewel, 15-jewel and 19-jewel, extra adjusted—each obtainable in nickel and gold-filled, plain or fancy engraved, open-face or hunting case.

$5.00 to $35.00

Sold only by jewelers or prepaid by us in U. S. A.



For a Man's Christmas, a Watch is best

For nineteen Christmases we have made it easy for the public throughout this whole country to solve the Christmas problem.

We have made it possible to get the Ingersoll Watches in every nook and corner of the United States at uniform prices, without haggling or risk of overcharge.

So reliable and attractive, in spite of their low prices, have the Ingersoll watches been found that over 30,000,000 have been made and sold.

And on this record of thirty million Ingersolls and nineteen years of honest public service stand the newer *Ingersoll-Trenton Jeweled Watches*, representing Ingersoll value in fine watches—no such quality exists elsewhere for the money.

All of this is the evolution of a fixed idea—a determination to see that the people get a square deal in watches with every step of the marketing protected against extortion, so that even one who knows nothing of watch values may rely completely upon the Ingersoll name, the price-tag attached to each watch and the guarantee in the back.

Go to your jeweler and see the Ingersoll-Trenton watches. There is no finer American watch than the 19-Jewel Extra-adjusted model and no really high-grade watch so inexpensive as the 7-Jewel "I-T."





I-T No. 2

Ingersoll-Trenton, 7 Jewels, $5 to $11.50

Here is a 7-jewel watch made with the thoroughness and workmanship of operating-parts that give full jewel watches most of their accuracy.

It is of the same bridge model type as our 19-jewel movement and is the only 7-jewel watch of this construction. It will last 20 years.

It is timed to three positions as is no other watch of the kind and for close timing it stands beyond comparison except with far more expensive watches. No 7-jewel movement was ever built this way before.

(Illustrated in 10-year open-face case No. 2, and 20-year open-face case No. 421.)

7-jewel "I-T" in solid nickel case	$ 5.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 10-year gold-filled open-face case	7.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 10-year gold-filled hunting case	8.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled open-face case	9.00
7-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled hunting case	11.50

Nickel case made in plain style only.
10-year gold-filled cases in engine-turned and many fancy engraved patterns.
20-year cases in plain, engine-turned and many hand-engraved fancy patterns.



I-T No. 421



I-T No. 423



I-T No. TB

Ingersoll-Trenton, 15 Jewels, $8 to $19

The 15-jewel Ingersoll-Trenton movement is as beautiful a watch as any man need ask for. Its precision is more than most men require.

It will give a full generation of faithful service and with the superior patterns and choice designs of the gold-filled Ingersoll-Trenton cases it makes an irresistible gift for a man.

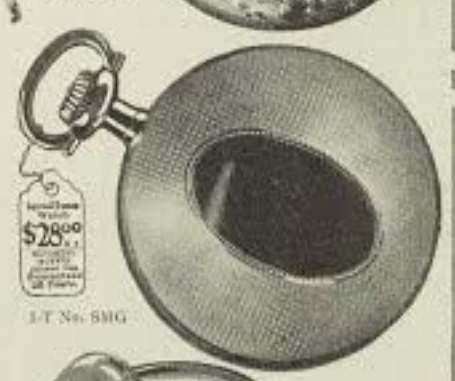
(Illustrated in 20-year open-face case No. 423; 25-year open-face case No. TB; and 25-year hunting case No. SMA.)

15-jewel "I-T" in plain solid nickel case	$ 8.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled open-face case	12.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled hunting case	15.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold-filled open-face case	15.00
15-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold-filled hunting case	19.00

20 and 25 year cases in plain, engine-turned and many hand-engraved fancy patterns.



I-T No. ETS



I-T No. SMG

Ingersoll-Trenton, 19 Jewels, $22 to $35

There is nothing better than the 19-jewel, extra-adjusted Ingersoll-Trenton. In beauty, in strict accuracy, in durability, it is all that a watch can be. Its rate and perfect workmanship, coupled with the fact that it will be handed on for several generations, makes it the pre-eminent gift for the man for whom nothing but the best will do.

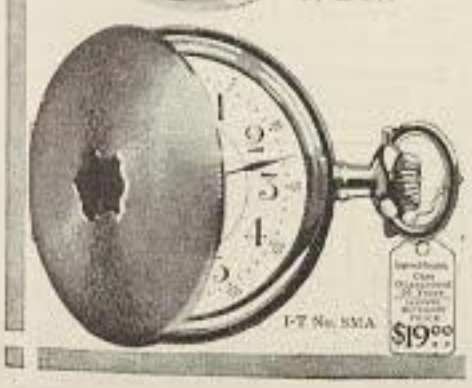
It is adjusted to temperature, 5 positions and isochronism and passes the most exacting tests given any watch before leaving the factory.

Each is in a fine mahogany box.

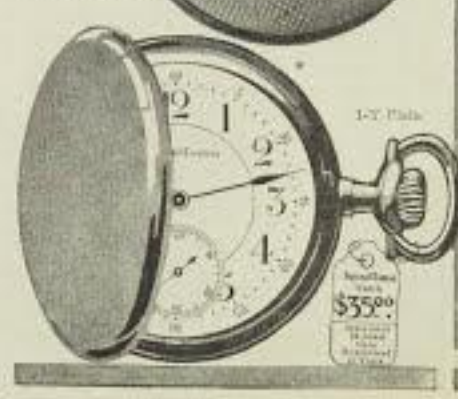
(Illustrated in 20-year, open-face, engine-turned case No. ETS; 25-year, open-face case No. SMG; and 25-year, plain hunting case.)

19-jewel "I-T" in plain solid nickel case	$22.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled open-face case	25.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 20-year gold-filled hunting case	28.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold-filled open-face case	28.00
19-jewel "I-T" in 25-year gold-filled hunting case	35.00

20 and 25 year cases in plain, engine-turned and many hand-engraved fancy patterns.



I-T No. SMA



I-T Plain

Ingersoll-Trentons are sold only by responsible jewelers. Booklet free

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 21 Ashland Building, New York



SEALPACKERCHIEF
HANDKERCHIEFS
AN IDEAL GIFT
FOR EVERYBODY

When making up your list of Christmas gifts,
be sure to include
SEALPACKERCHIEF
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
A small holiday gift that's greatly appreciated.
Neat Holly "Stickers" furnished during the holiday season to cover up prices on packages.

Men's Packages		Ladies' Packages Pure Irish Linen		
	Containing	Comforts	Sheer	Containing
Banner	1 for 10 cts.	No. 7	No. 8	1 for 10 cts.
Pioneer	1 for 25 cts.	No. 1	No. 2	1 for 25 cts.
True Blue	2 for 25 cts.	No. 3	No. 4	2 for 25 cts.
Challenge, Pure Irish Linen	1 for 50 cts.	No. 5	No. 6	1 for 50 cts.
Gilt Edge, Pure Irish Linen	1 for 25 cts.	No. 9	No. 10	1 for 25 cts.

It will pay you to insist upon SEALPACKERCHIEF.
Look for the name. Refuse substitutes.



You *select* from these hanging samples
You *buy* a sealed package.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send, prepaid, on receipt of price.
Simply address: SEALPACKERCHIEF, 137th Street, New York

PARIS
GARTERS
No Metal Can Touch You
25¢ 50¢



For Xmas
A. STEIN & CO.
Chicago, U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 50)

Una hesitated about paying this much. She stood undecided until she looked up and met the vision of a rustling and resplendent blonde—a blonde with actress written in every line of her perfumed apparel as she carried her Skye terrier up to the first floor front. Una took the room, and when her week was up promptly and dispassionately left Mrs. Binner's roof.

Her new room was not so clean as the old one, nor did its back window give her a glimpse of anything but the bricks and fire-escapes of an apartment hotel; yet the entire house seemed strangely different from the sedate and cramping atmosphere of the Binner abode. The hallways forever smelt of tobacco smoke shot through with the passing odors of toilet waters and perfumes. Pianos were being forever pounded belowstairs; sketches and acts were forever being rehearsed in the large front parlor, frugally hired out for this particular purpose. A xylophone player, Una found, had the habit of making midnight melodious with his instrument balanced on the sill of an open window. There was always singing; and there was much noise—dogs barking in the hallways, late beer parties by night, quarreling couples behind doors, trunks thumping against banisters, women in half-dress calling to one another from story to story, vaudeville artists monotonously practicing their turns, out-of-date tragedians telling in abdominal tones of past triumphs and present necessities.

Una did not complain however. She liked it. She knew she was at last in the right atmosphere, in the right position, among people from whom she could learn something. She liked the free-and-easy air of it all; the lightheartedness; the careless and continual stir and movement; the thought of being at the heart of things, of being in the midst of workers who, as she imagined, counted in the world—who were known to everybody, whose pictures were in the Sunday papers, whose names were on wall-posters and theater programs.

It did not mark a great advance, but Una felt that this new environment would not be barren of opportunities. And she did not intend to neglect them.

These chances did not come quite so promptly as Una had expected. That noisy and ever-bustling house seemed intent on its own affairs—affairs in which the newcomer in the lonely hallroom had no share.

It came home to her for the first time that she had made still another mistake. Instead of moving into a mere lodging house, where every room walled in its own secluded life, she should have gone to a theatrical boarding house, where mealtime at least brought every one together at a common table. It would be some time, she saw, before she could afford a second migration. Her tacit fib to her new landlady, who accepted her as a broiler, with a year or two of stage experience behind a well-sustained baby air, cut her off from that fountainhead of theatrical wisdom. Una, in fact, was even driven to interrogating the mulatto housemaid who attended to her room; but that sullen and overworked slattern had little time for the exchange of small talk and little consideration for a lodger from whom no tip could be extracted.

The girl from Chamboro was left very much alone. She was stared at as she passed in and out of the house—she was inspected by the ladies in dishabille who fluttered from one room to another; but otherwise she was ignored. No one accepted her as a mixer. She was in a class by herself, an outlander, an anomaly. And she was beginning to learn how great is the loneliness of a great city, when Fate intervened in the form of nothing more pretentious than a six-weeks-old Irish water spaniel.

This shaggy-haired and ungainly pup invaded Una's room one morning as she was dressing, peered about with its head on one side, and promptly and playfully seized one of the shoes standing beside the narrow bed. This shoe the pup made off with, scampering the full length of the hall until it came to the front room—the room from which Una continually heard the sound of coughing. Into this room it disappeared, leaving the half-dressed girl in doubt as to what to do.

She was still hesitating on a line of procedure as she hurriedly dressed, when she heard the click and trail of loosely slippered feet on the bare hall floor. These feet stopped outside her door. There was the



The Ideal Sweetmeat

At Christmas time every one, and perhaps especially the children, eat more sweets than are good for them. Here are sweetmeats with as delicious sweetness as a favorite candy and yet in eating them there is absolutely no harm. They are:

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

These dates are unlike the ordinary ones you buy in bulk. They are fresher, cleaner and richer. They come wrapped in waxed paper and enclosed in attractive dust-proof cartons. Put a package in each stocking's top Christmas Eve and you will be making a present that gives unalloyed pleasure.

Dromedary Dates also have great food value. Send for **Free Cook Book.** In writing mention dealer's name.

Special-sized sample carton 10 cents.

The Hills Brothers Co.
Dept. K, Beach and Washington Streets
New York City

For Christmas
Any man would appreciate the



Krementz Collar Button Set
for a Christmas Gift—a Bridge or Euchre Prize

Four Krementz One-piece Buttons—for front and back of neck and sleeves, in an attractive ribbon tied box.

14 K Rolled Gold Plate will wear a life time
ONE DOLLAR THE SET
10 K Gold $4.00 14 K Gold $8.00

Quality stamped on back of each button and guaranteed. Sent on receipt of price if not sold by your jeweler or haberdasher. Booklet on request.

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.
Krementz Reflex-Clutch Stud and Vest Button
Go in like a Needle—Hold like an Anchor

EARN FROM $21 TO $50 PER WEEK

LEARN ABOUT OUR NEW COURSE IN SHOW CARD AND SIGN WRITING

To introduce "Litholia" Ready-to-use colors for show-card writing and artists' use, **we are offering for a limited time only** a complete course in show-card and sign writing to those purchasing a small assortment of these colors. This is a great opportunity for ambitious men and women to increase their earning capacity. Good show-card writers earn from $21 to $50 per week. Complete information free.

LITHOLIA SP. COLOR CO., 247 West 125th Street, N. Y.



Nothing else has contributed so decidedly to make this an age of silk hose wearers as

PHOENIX
GUARANTEED SILK HOSE

Everybody who appreciates the luxurious comfort, the sense of refinement that pure silk hose imparts, can now wear Silk Hosiery every day, yet expend no more than good cotton costs. Phoenix Silk Hose is economically priced, and its wear is definitely guaranteed.

When purchased in four-pair boxes, we guarantee to replace free any that wear holes in the heels or toes within a quarter year.

All popular colorings.

Men's
- No. 285, medium weight (4-pair box $2.00) — 50c
- No. 281, winter weight (4-pair box $3.00) — 75c

Women's
- No. 365, medium weight (4-pair box $3.00) — 75c
- No. 370, winter weight (4-pair box $4.00) — $1

At all good dealers or direct from us on receipt of price, style number and dealer's name.

PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS
300 Broadway, Milwaukee

Makers of the Famous Phoenix Hosiery





WINCHESTER

Repeating Rifles and Shotguns
Make Acceptable
Christmas Gifts for Sportsmen

Few, if any, sportsmen have so many guns that they wouldn't welcome gladly a Winchester rifle or shotgun for a Christmas remembrance. One of the latest models will perhaps make your sportsman friend's equipment complete. As for the boys, there is many a young Nimrod who has to borrow a gun when he goes hunting who would rather have a Winchester rifle or shotgun for a present than anything else. Aren't there some such cases on your Christmas list? Winchester guns are made in all calibers, styles and weights, so as to meet the requirements of every purpose, every pocketbook and every taste.

Winchester Guns And Ammunition—The Red **W** *Brand —Are Made For Each Other And Sold Everywhere.*

Esterbrook
Steel Pens
250 Styles



For business, the home, schools —every purpose.

Backed by a half-century's reputation.

At all Stationers.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John St., New York.
Works: Camden, N. J.



Love Me—Love My Dog
Send postal for Sample of real dog food—
Austin's Dog Bread
Made carefully of clean, high grade materials. The kind of food your dog deserves. Give us your dealer's name.
For small pets, ask for Austin's Peppy Bread.
Austin Dog Bread & Animal Food Co.
207 Marginal St., Chelsea, Mass.

Keith's Konqueror
SHOE FOR MEN

Nearly half a century ago we realized that our success would be determined by the degree of satisfaction which our shoes afforded.

Today we are keener as to the requirements and more exacting in details of manufacture than ever before. The natural fruits of our labors is "The Just Ahead Footwear" for Men.

KEITH'S KONQUEROR SHOES at $3.50 and $4.00
have all the essentials of leading footwear—while

KONQUEROR SPECIALS at $4.50
contain a new feature in keeping with our progressive principles.

If Konqueror Shoes are not obtainable of your local dealer, we will supply you direct at regular prices. Send for Free Catalog telling all about them and illustrating 32 styles.

THE PRESTON B. KEITH SHOE COMPANY
Makers of Keith's Konqueror Shoes for Men
Brockton (Campello Sta.), Mass.

Try at our Risk — EVERY LAMP GUARANTEED
Ann Arbor Gasoline Lamps

Ann Arbor Lamps give perfect light, brighter than city gas, steadier and cleaner than electricity. Cost less than ½ cent per hour for light of 100 candle power. Many beautiful designs to choose from. Fuel is gasoline, perfectly safe. Can be had in single lamps or complete systems for homes, churches, stores, etc. *Every Lamp Guaranteed.* Have been standard for 15 years. Ask your dealer for permanent guaranteed maintenance plan; by it lamps will last a lifetime.

OUR TRIAL OFFER — Our dealers will let any responsible person try any Ann Arbor Lamp before buying. If your dealer doesn't carry one line, we will send any lamp prepaid on receipt of price. Dealers write for trade discounts. Send for catalog today.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
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TRADE-MARK

sound of a cough, followed by a knock and a thin and throaty voice saying: "Hello, there!"

The half-open door swung wide before Una could reach it. Confronting her she saw a man in a dressing gown, holding her shoe in his hand.

Una, as she stared at him, gave little thought to his expression.

He was the leanest, the most emaciated-looking man she had ever seen. His neck was long and thin, with a protuberant Adam's apple. About this neck the yellow skin hung loose, like a turkey's. The skin on the gaunt face had drawn up into a thousand little wrinkles, ludicrously like an ill-kept winter apple. So fallen away did this face seem, so reduced to its framework of bone loosely covered with parchment, that the ears stood out prominent and waxy, like the ears of a white mouse. The eyes, too, looked unnaturally large in their withered sockets. The top of the head, as bare and polished as a billiard ball, showed each small vein and each valley and contour of the undulating skull.

Yet there was something mild and gentle, something ingratiatingly quizzical, about the gaunt figure as a whole.

"Say, did my purp run off with this shoe o' yours?" he piped with a hitch at the leathern waist-strap as he blinked about the narrow room.

"Yes, sir," said Una. She found it impossible to feel any resentment toward him, even though she knew that somewhere under that yellow skin of his some part of him was laughing at her and her plain-looking little square-toed shoe. For the first time he turned and looked her in the face. She seemed to surprise him, even as much as her shoe must have done when he first took it from his spaniel's mouth.

"Say, you're not in the show business, are you?" he demanded, looking down at the shoe, which he still held in his hand.

"Not yet; but I'm going to be," was Una's answer.

"You're going to be?" he echoed. His incredulity was swallowed up in a fit of coughing. His dry and owllike face cracked into a smile again when he had recovered his breath. He leaned against the doorpost, studying her. He seemed so unlike other people that she could afford to smile back at him.

"Signed up yet?" he asked. Then, noticing her puzzled look, he added: "Got anything to do yet, I mean."

"I haven't been able to—yet," Una explained.

He wagged his head up and down, his face becoming suddenly serious.

"It's hard at first," he admitted. He was turning the shoe over in his gaunt hands slowly and thoughtfully. "What line do you intend to follow?"

"Anything," exclaimed Una, "so long as I get a start—so long as I can get on the stage!"

He fell to nodding his head again as though he fully understood.

"Sing a little?" he casually inquired.

Una, as he fell to coughing again, said: "No."

"Recite?"

Una shook her head.

"Dance?"

Again Una shook her head.

"Friends here?" was his next inquiry.

And still again Una shook her head. His lean face seemed to cloud with perplexity. Then it was suddenly swept by the mild and quizzical smile. The problems of the stage fell away from him apparently at a shift of the upraised eyebrow.

"Say, drop in and see those dogs o' mine sometime. They're wonders!"

He put the shoe down on a chair, turned away and stopped in the doorway.

"If that purp o' mine carries off anything, you come right after it. And maybe I can give you a pointer or two about this stage game."

"That's very good of you," said Una, following him to the door.

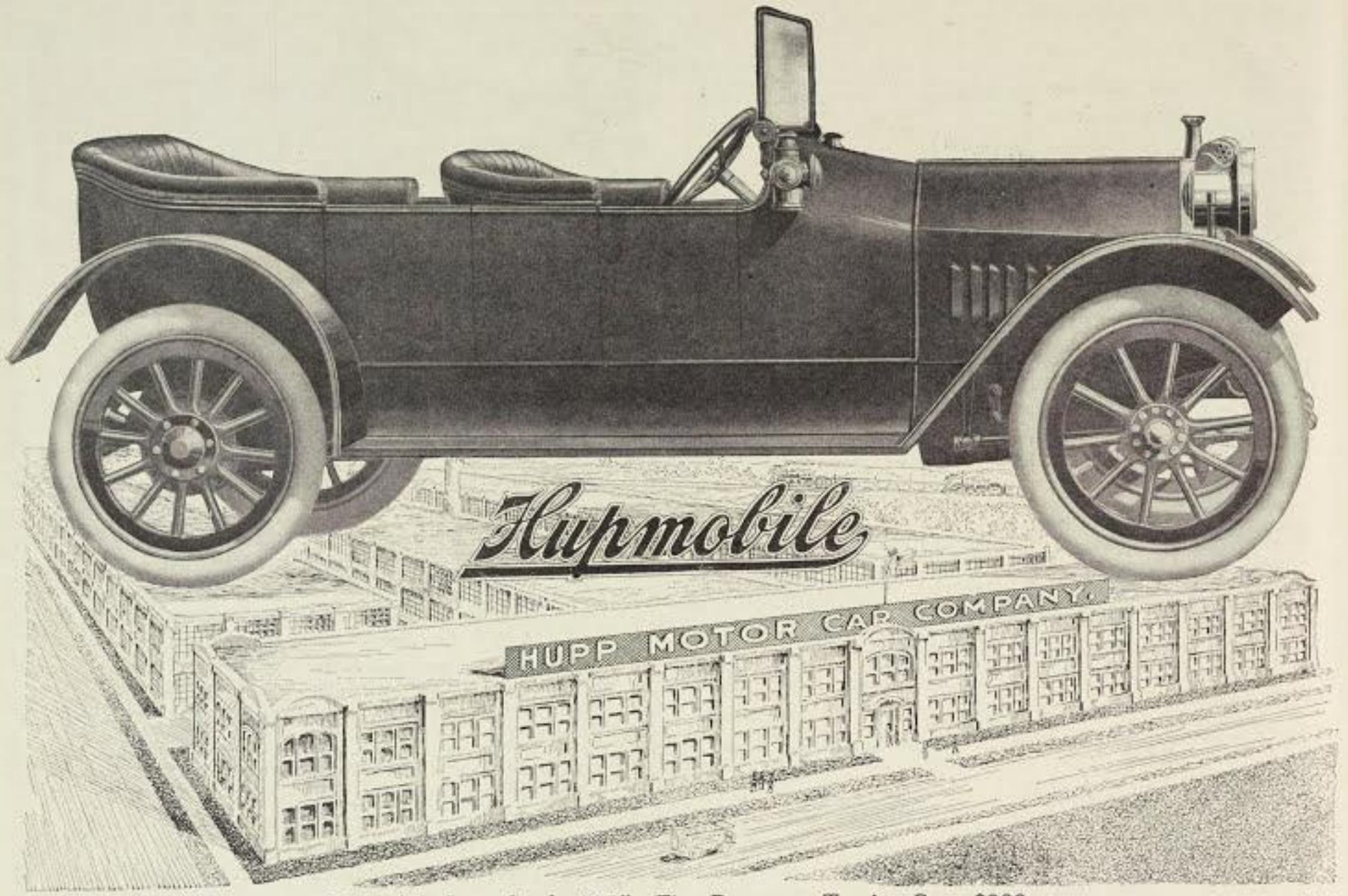
He stood looking down at her pensively, abstractedly.

"Oh, I've been through the mill all right, all right!" he quietly remarked. Una hesitated.

"When can I ask you about the stage?" she finally inquired.

"Any old time," he said with blithe solemnity, shuffling away along the bare hall, coughing as he went. "Any old time," he repeated as though to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32"—Five-Passenger Touring Car—$900

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke. Bosch magneto. 106-inch wheelbase. 30 x 3½-inch tires. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

The new touring car will be first exhibited at the Grand Central Palace, New York, January 10-17, and subsequently at the principal automobile shows throughout the country.

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A car for less than a thousand dollars which *rejects every characteristic of commonplace construction;* and makes clear its invasion of the field above that price; by points of difference and departure which no motorist can mistake.

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The new Hupmobile was evolved out of the experience which has built thousands of the Hupmobile Runabout—the quality car today, as it always has been, of the runabout class.

The new car is impressed with the same strongly marked individuality as the runabout.

It was designed by E. A. Nelson, who has been the Chief Engineer of the Hupp Motor Car Company since its inception; who also designed the original Hupmobile Runabout.

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To him also we owe the same characteristics, even more impressively expressed—in the new car.

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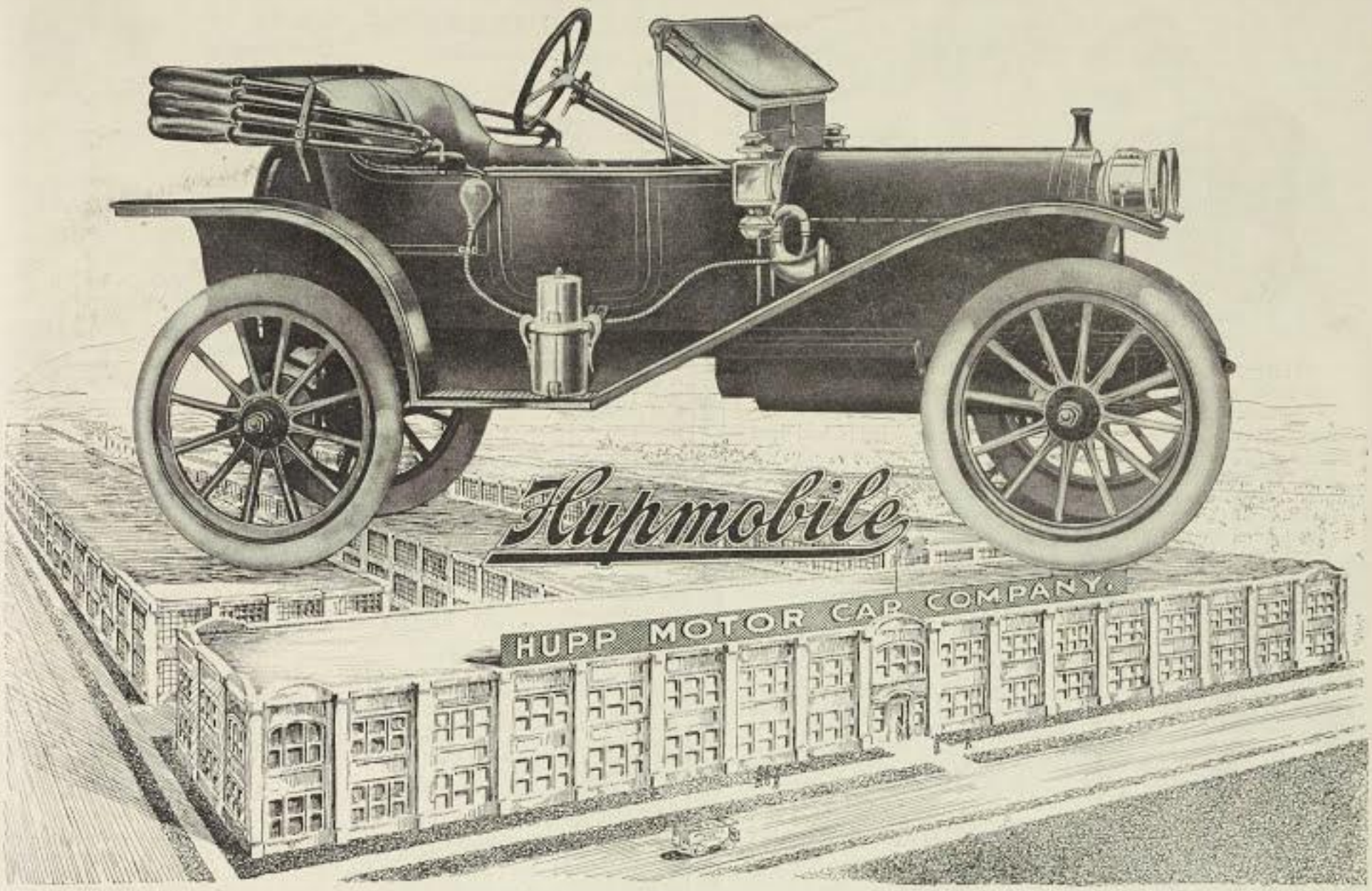
First, by means of the small-bore, long-stroke motor.

Second, by the body design and construction, which attains the purpose of the "underslung" and avoids all of its disadvantages; and

Third, by the Americanization, after close study abroad, of *invaluable engineering principles entirely new to this country.*

As you will see by a study of the detailed description on the opposite page, you have in the 5-passenger Hupmobile Long-Stroke "32," at $900, a car containing so many elements of value uncommon to its price-class, that you must of necessity turn questioning eyes toward cars of much higher price in an effort to find equality of value.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY 1229 Jefferson Avenue Detroit, Michigan



Hupmobile Runabout—$750

F. O. B. Detroit, including top, windshield, gas lamps and generator, three oil lamps, tools and horn. Four cylinders, 20 H. P., sliding gears, Bosch magneto. Color—Standard Hupmobile blue.

In the new Hupmobile plant, now nearing completion, which will have when finished a capacity of 15,000 to 20,000 cars a year, the Runabout—always a car of unprecedented popularity—will continue to occupy the same large part in our manufacturing plans that it does at present.

A car that gives you a totally new idea of what you ought to get for $900

The three chief characteristics of the new Hupmobile are Durability; Efficiency; and Ability.

By durability we mean that we believe that there are more years of quiet, competent service, and a greater capacity for withstanding hard knocks in this car, than has ever before been incorporated in a car at any figure near this price—because every part is made of good material and more than amply strong for a car of this size and weight.

By efficiency, we mean lower oil and gasoline consumption; a lesser tire cost; and a smaller outlay for repairs.

60% more pulling power

By ability, we mean 60% more *pulling* power for mountain work and heavy roads; 4 to 50 miles of speed at any time and all times; and ability to throttle instantly to a walking gait or to pick up quickly without feeling the weight of the car.

These latter advantages are due in a large measure, of course, to the design of the motor, which is one of the first of the small-bore, long-stroke type peculiar to the finest foreign cars, ever manufactured in this country.

It means greater pulling power at low speeds; unusual capacity for high speed; absence of noise and vibration; and greater fuel and oil economy than you have ever experienced.

Three Bearing Crankshaft

The cylinders are cast en bloc, a practice which, except in cars selling for $2500 and more, implies a two-bearing crankshaft.

The Hupmobile crankshaft has three extra large main bearings, bronze back, Babbitt-lined—less wear—fewer adjustments—longer life.

Other bearings include high duty Hyatt roller and F. & S. annular; while the wheels are mounted on Bower bearings.

The valves—all on one side—are enclosed by a pressed steel cover, which keeps oil in and dirt out; and because dirt is kept out, the valves remain noiseless, show the minimum of wear and require the minimum of adjustment.

Weight is saved by using costly aluminum alloy for the one-piece crank and gear case; and drawn steel in those parts where strength and lightness are required.

13-inch Clutch Plates

Many a car of 50 to 60 horsepower carries a clutch no larger than the clutch of the new Hupmobile. Multiple disc type, with 13-inch discs—gives positive action and starts the car smoothly and easily.

The transmission gears are amply large for a car of 40 horsepower; run slowly; quiet at all speeds.

This provision of excess strength extends also to the full-floating rear axle, large and strong enough for a seven-passenger car. The gears have an unusually large number of teeth—another precaution against wear and the possibility of trouble.

The unit power plant—motor, clutch, transmission—makes possible a most simple, efficient oil circulating system.

Wonderful Oiling System

By this system, the oil is fed to all parts and bearings of the power plant under pressure; for the flywheel runs in oil and its centrifugal force takes the place of a pump. One kind of oil is used for engine clutch and transmission instead of oil and grease and it circulates and lubricates until it is literally worn out—a self-evident economy.

Observe, please, that these advantages are supplemented with the assurance of absolute ease of riding—because body and chassis design embody a low center of gravity and minimize skidding, without incorporating any of the manifest disadvantages of the "underslung" type.

The springs are strong and unusually flexible; the rear spring is the patented Hupmobile cross type; the upholstering is deep and soft—all features that add to the comfort of those in the car.

Specifications Hupmobile Model H

Motor—Four Cylinder, cast en bloc 3¼" bore by 5½" stroke.
Ignition—Bosch High Tension Magneto, variable advance.
Cooling—Water, Thermo-Syphon System; Cellular Type Radiator; Belt Driven Fan.
Transmission—Selective Type, Sliding Gears; three speeds forward and reverse.
Crank and Gear Cases—Aluminum.
Clutch—13 inch, Multiple Disc; tempered saw steel, adjustable, with clutch brake.
Steering Gear—Irreversible.
Drive—Right Hand.
Control—Gear Shift and Emergency Brake Lever; center.
Rear Axle—Full Floating Type.
Brakes—12" x 2" internal expanding and external contracting.
Gear Ratio—3.6 to 1.
Speed—For ordinary everyday service—4 to 50 miles an hour.
Gasoline Supply—Tank under shroud at space usually occupied by dash.
Body—Full Metal, 5 passenger.
Wheel Base—106 inch.
Tires—30 x 3½ inch, front and rear.
Equipment—Windshield; Gas Lamps; Generator.
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Harry couldn't be there even tho his best friends had just arrived from abroad. He had skipped the barber yesterday,—to-day he was "too busy," and *now* no barber shop at hand, and he's helpless.

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SOME GIRLS AND BILLY ANDERSON

(Continued from Page 11)

"Well, I rid on yet a little ways, an' bimeby I heard some one hollerin': 'Git out! Go on away, dash-blame ye!'

"I touched a spur to old Pinto an' pushed on out to see what was up. I come out into a right pretty open place in the woods, with a big rock eight or ten feet high on one side of it, near the trail.

"Well, sir, up on top of the rock was Willy an' Bright Eyes, the captain, holdin' on to everything that offered fer support—the captain plumb pale an' Willy Anderson plumb mad.

"At the foot o' the rock, jest a little ways off, set old Pete on his hindlegs, his forefeet hangin' down an' his head wobblin' from side to side. Oncet in a while he raises his nose up, wrinklin' up his snoot an' sort of whinin' an' beggin' an' complainin'-like. Now I'll give you my word he's bigger'n any automobeel or grubwagon we had in the outfit.

"Back of old Pete, out on the pine-needles an' grass, was part o' the handle of a lunch basket an' a few pieces of paper. That was all they was left of the lunch Willy had put up fer the long an' perilous journey to Inspiration Point, which was about five miles the other way, as he very well knowed. It jest about served him right! Now old Pete you might say was broke on sardines an' cheese an' crackers. When Willy saves the invalid's life, gettin' her up on the rock when first surprised by the bear, Pete is plumb grateful fer them sardines an' things that he finds in the basket; so he natcherelly sets up an' begs fer more. An' he wasn't nobody's pet bear, neither, y'understand, but a plumb wild grizzly, only hand broke fer hotel an' photographin' purposes. What was in Pete's mind was that he didn't mind bein' photographed, but he expected a few more sardines in that case.

"Willy sees me ride into the open an' he hollers out:

"'Drive him away, Curly—I'm mighty glad you come, old man!'

"'Why don't you shoot him, Willy?' says I. 'That bear'll be plumb mean one o' these days.'

"'Can't. Left my gun in camp—an', besides, it's sealed. Bust the Park seal on your own gun, Curly, an' kill him. He's scarin' Miss Ransome half to death.'

"The girl, all she does is to hang on to Willy's arm an' sort o' groan an' pull her feet up; but the rock ain't more'n about a foot big on top, and anyway she can fix it it don't look good to her. All the time old Pete reaches an' claws up high, an' begs right pitiful fer some o' them there little slippery fishes.

"'Willy,' says I, after a while, 'what'll you give me to drive him away?'

"'Anything in the world, Curly,' says he—'anything you like; but don't tell anybody about it, that's all—the boys'd never let me hear the last of it!'

"'Willy,' says I, restin' on one leg on top o' my saddle an' takin' a chaw o' tobacco, 'you was among them present at the time I rid the Belgrade Bull—an' didn't ride him. As I recollect them events, you haven't ever let me hear the last of that neither. Now I don't want to bother no female in distress, but it certainly seems to me ——'

"'Curly,' says he, 'I'm plumb sorry—I'm awful sorry! I give you my word that I'll never mention that bull again; fact is, I know you can ride—you're about the dandiest straight-up rider I know of anywhere in these parts—you've got what I call style in your ridin'. I kin lick anybody that says you ain't the best rider in Park County; but, Curly, now ——'

"'Willy,' says I, 'are you plumb certain them sentiments is goin' to be permanent?'

"'I shore am!' says he. 'Look at this girl here.'

"Well, I did look at her. Now, so far as Willy's concerned, I'd 'a' left him asettin' on top o' that rock yet; but the girl was not in that same class. 'All right,' says I, 'I'll drive him away.'

"Now all this time that Pinto horse o' mine was standin' plumb peaceful, winkin' in the sun an' not troublin' his soul about nothin'. He'd seen bears an' other game before then—hadn't you, Pinto?" And Curly again struck a match on the hoof of his cow-pony, which dozed near him now. "Trouble is, you can't tell how long a cow-horse'll keep in the same frame o' mind in

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this altitude; they git gay sometimes when they're thirty years old—same's men do when they're fifty. When I'd taken my chaw of tobacco comfortable I gathers my reins an' starts over to old Pete. 'Git out, you old fraud!' says I, headin' straight toward him. Old Pete looks over his shoulder at me, whinin' an' complainin' that the sardines was all; an', not havin' nothin' else, I picks a forty-four cartridge out o' my belt an' throws it at him.

"Well, sir, it hit him on the end o' the nose, which is just where a bear gits mad ef you do hit him. Besides, Pete was sort of peevish about them sardines. First thing I know, he wheels with a big 'Woof!' an' comes at us head down. It was then that Pinto concluded to take a hand in the proceedin's.

"Now I have rid Pinto an' others sometimes against their will, an' against my own wishes too; but I don't know as I ever seen a cow-horse buck more sincere, industrious an' plumb conscientious than Pinto done then fer about three or four minutes. I just rid him all over that open place; an' sometimes I could see a rock an' two pairs o' feet, an' sometimes I could see trees an' a bunch of gray hair which I knowed was old Pete. Stay on? I had to stay on! The way old Pete was feelin' then—plumb warlike—no tellin' what he'd 'a' done to me!

"Well, now, you'd think Willy Anderson'd been serious in a time like that; but he wasn't. He just slaps one hand down on his laig an' he hollers fer fair. 'Go to it, Curly!' he hollers. 'Set him fair now. Keep your hand off that leather, old man! Yee-yip! Yer doin' fine, Curly!'

"Well, we circulated all roun' that open space, till after a while old Pete he gets scared hisself, thinkin' Pinto is the one that's hostile. Pretty soon he pulls his freight back down the trail an' Pinto subsides as quick as he started up.

"'Curly,' says Willy Anderson, nearly fallin' off the rock laughin', 'anybody says you cain't ride they got to lick me!'

"'How about further stories regardin' my ridin'?' says I.

"He answers by slidin' off the rock, reachin' up an' liftin' Captain Bright Eyes down to the ground—her eyes about as big roun' as two apples an' her face white. She's game though.

"'Mr. Curly,' says she, 'it was grand—I didn't think anything like that could happen in all the world. That was ridin'! An' you wasn't scared!'

"'Ma'am,' says I, 'I've got a can o' tomatoes an' some sardines inside of my slicker ef the strings ain't broke. An' I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll all jest set down here an' have a little mornin' lunch together; an', havin' et thataway together, it'll be understood that neither of us is to tell any tales. Willy Anderson is to back me—any play—that I kin ride anything that wears hair—unless it has horns too—an' I'm not to say a word roun' the hotel or the camp about findin' you-all up there on the rock.'

"They both looked at me plumb grateful; so I unties my coat from behind the saddle an' we done what we could to make up for the lunch old Pete had spoiled.

"'Now, my kind young friends,' says I after a while, 'I've got to go back down the trail ag'in lookin' for my horses; but I might remark that Inspiration Point is just the other way from the direction your trail was headin'. I won't wait none, though, ef you'll please excuse me.'

"Of course they hated to see me go, but I give Willy my gun an' rode on back the way I'd come, laughin' to myself.

"All at once I seems to hear some kind o' noise ahead o' me on the trail. I rides up to the place where I last seen Poppa the chaperon. Blamed ef he wasn't up in that tree yet! An' down at the foot o' the tree, settin' up on his hind-quarters, wobblin' his head an' wrinklin' up his nose, abeggin' in all kinds of bear talk for more sardines, was that same fool bear, old Pete!

"'Shoo!' hollers the perfesser. 'Oh, git away! Git away! Please go away! Oh, my God, will no one come to save me!'

"Somehow it's kind o' hard to be serious, lookin' at a man treed by a bear; I don't know why it is. I nearly fell offen Pinto this time laughin' at Poppa up in the tree, pullin' his feet up; but final' I got plumb mad at that bear; so I clim' down off o' Pinto an' gathered me a nice club; an', walkin' roun' behind the tree, I reached out an' smashed old Pete a good one on the snoot. 'Git out, you blamed fool!' says I. 'You make me much madder an' I'll take a shot at you fer luck, Park or no Park!'

That Persuasive, Delicious Flavor in Oatmeal

Have you ever thought how lavish Nature is with oats?

She has made this grain a
Better body-builder,
Better brain-builder,
Better nerve-builder,
Than any other grain that grows.

She has crowded the oat with more digestible protein, more organic phosphorus and more lecithin than any other cereal food.

She has made it a vim producer—an energy food—beyond anything else we know.

And, to climax all, she has given oatmeal that fascinating flavor. It's the best-liked cereal which comes to our morning table.

What food is so delightful as oatmeal and cream?

Thus the elements needed for the growing child are made enticing to it. The vital foods for growth, work, play and study are made the most attractive.

For sheer delight, regardless of food value, nothing compares in the long run with oatmeal.

Quaker Oats

But the finest flavor lies in rich, plump, luscious oats. So we select those oats by 62 separate siftings. We get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

These selected oats, prepared by our process, form the finest oat food in existence. Those who want the best—both in flavor and food value—always insist on this brand. The cost, despite its quality, is but one-half cent per dish.

Regular size package, 10c

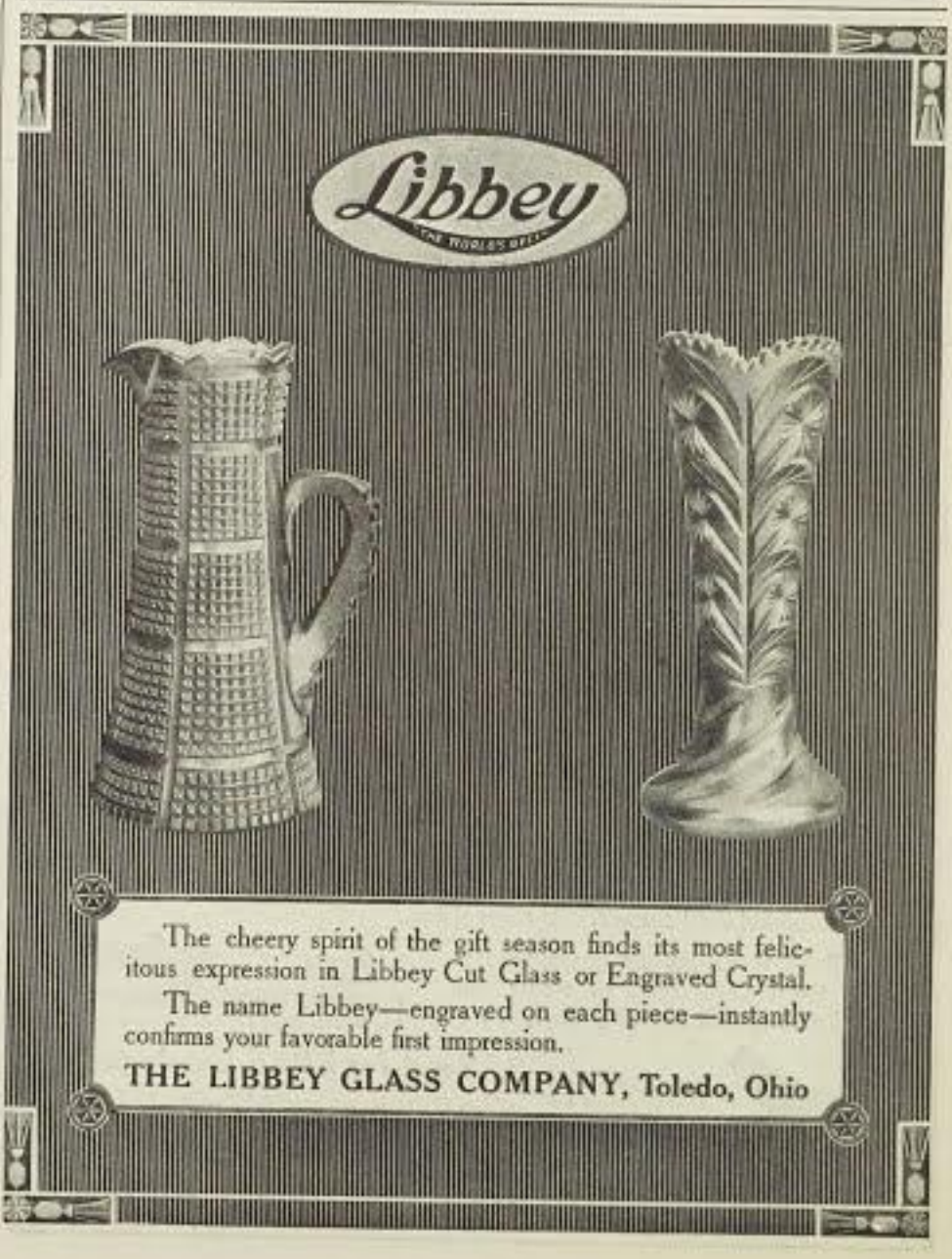
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The prices noted do not apply in the extreme West or South.



Look for the Quaker trademark on every package

The Quaker Oats Company
CHICAGO
(221)



The cheery spirit of the gift season finds its most felicitous expression in Libbey Cut Glass or Engraved Crystal.

The name Libbey—engraved on each piece—instantly confirms your favorable first impression.

THE LIBBEY GLASS COMPANY, Toledo, Ohio

Bring Back Old Times with the Mirroscope

LOOK FOR THIS NAME ON EVERY INSTRUMENT



Mirroscope Model 57 for gas, electricity or acetylene. Price, $25. Others $2.50 to $60.

IMPROVED 1912 MODEL



An old-time scene recalled by the Mirroscope at the Christmas gathering

A MIRROSCOPE guessing contest makes a happy ending for the Christmas reunion. Old tintypes, daguerreotypes, paintings and photos, enlarged on the sheet or screen, show each of the spectators in some interesting, ludicrous or long-past situation.

Wild guesses at identity provoke bursts of merriment. Dad is shown in his first trousers; Uncle Bill as a two-year old; Sister as she was caught by the kodak while spooning with Tom last summer. Last of all, Grandfather and Grandmother as they were in '61—that "brings down the house."

The Mirroscope should be on Every Christmas Shopping List

Inexpensive, easily operated, safe, splendidly constructed, it affords unlimited possibilities of amusement and instruction for all the family year after year.

Go and see the many handsome models for gas, electricity, or acetylene, sizes $2.50 to $60; at photo-supply and hardware stores and photo departments of dry-goods, department and toy stores. *Always look for the name Mirroscope on every instrument and accept no substitute* as we sell direct, express prepaid, where dealer doesn't handle. (In Canada add one dollar for duty and express.)

Don't fail to write for our free "Mirroscope Entertainments." The new edition, just out, is one of the most complete and perfect books issued on home entertainment. Many entirely new Mirroscope ideas described in detail by Mirroscope enthusiasts. Complete catalog and price-list included.

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Manufacturers of Mirroscopes and High-Grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement purposes.

500 Sackett Avenue **Cleveland, Ohio**



The "Team" Wears U. S. Skates

You can skate backward, forward—stop, start, dodge, and play a better game than you ever did before—on

U. S. SKATES

The lightest and strongest skates made, all steel—no malleable iron parts to bend under strain—and the **"U. S. Hockey Player"** model is the only skate made with the chrome-nickel steel runner. It stays sharp.

All U. S. Skates are guaranteed to stand the hardest kind of wear; the nickel-plating will not chip nor peel.



Key Hockey, made in various steels and finishes



Ladies' Hockey, made in various steels and styles of finish.

Send for FREE Catalogue

which illustrates our graceful Hockey, Club, Rink, Racing, and Ladies' models—and gives prices.

P. Lowentraut Mfg. Co.

38 Brenner Street, **NEWARK, N. J.**

"Old Pete is pained an' surprised at this performance, so he gits down an' starts off into the brush, groanin' and complainin' o' the hardships that is inflicted upon a laborin' bear in these modern times.

"Did I say there was gratitude on Willy Anderson's face or the captain's? Well, it wasn't nothin' to what dawned now on the face of the perfesser up in the tree. I helps him down, an' for a while we both tried to ride Pinto, but he was only broke fer one; so I got him in the saddle at last an' I walked back to camp. Well, sir, he was scared so thorough an' permanent that nothin' 'ud do him but startin' back home. He said the country was too wild fer him. Come middle o' the afternoon, he made Jim hook up all the wagons an' git camp broke fer hittin' the trail back to Cody. Him ner none o' the invalids ever did see either one o' the falls or Inspiration Point, or anything else. They didn't even head fer the upper basin an' see Old Faithful. I reckon old Pete was enough.

"All the girls was glad enough to start back when they heard Poppa the chaperon tell how his life had been saved from a bear. Even me an' Willy an' the captain o' the team admitted we had seen the tracks.

"The invalids all looked plumb serious now; an' owin' to this—an' partial' owin', too, to a couple of busy days in camp—all the savages had to ride close up to the passenger wagon so as to be on hand to pertect the basketball team in the event of any sudden dangers. They was chirked up a good deal, though, by the time they got to the log hotel just outside the Park; an' we all danced another night—an' didn't change partners once. An' from there on down to Cody there wasn't nothin' worth mentionin' except that the head cook give out the tin plates in pairs, an' the savages et at the first table, open an' defiant—neither Jim ner the perfesser darin' to raise no kick.

"Well, now, Sir Algernon, what did I tell you? Everything in life is accordin' to the way you look at things. Fer you an' me, this country may seem a little bit quiet now. Fer them folks just come West fer the first time, the West was a curious an' interestin' place, full of excitements an' dangers. I'll bet you the first time the basketball team went back home, there was some large-sized bear stories told. Though, so far as I know, the story o' Willy an' the captain on the rock never did git out.

"But don't it beat the world, Sir Algernon," mused Curly after a while, as we both looked down the valley from our sunny mountainside, "how unjust human life is an' how ungrateful human bein's is? Sometimes I think women has more influence roun' the home ranch than men anyhow. Of course Willy an' Evelyn—that was the captain's name—they named theirs after me; but—will you believe me?—out of them whole twenty-four other married couples that settled down in an' roun' Cody, an' in the Sunshine, an' over toward Meeteetse, an' over on the Wood River, an' down along the Gray Bull—allowin', o' course, for scatterin' girl-babies—more'n sixty per cent was named after Henry Aloysius Henderson—that's Poppa the chaperon; an' thirty per cent fer that lowdown Emmett Dewees! That showed where they felt thankful! What chance has a grandpa got fer gratitude or anything else when it comes to this marryin' business among young folks? Come on, let's ride—it's more'n nine parasangs from here to the home ranch an' I'm hungry as old Pete hisself."

"Curly," said I, "on the level, did all twenty-five of those girls get married out here?"

"Look at the alfalfa," said Curly, sweeping a wide gesture to the gray valley far below us, banded here and there with broad strips of green.

Like a Barbler Shlop

IN NEW YORK'S Chinatown abides an ancient Chinese gambler with a name so unpronounceable that, by common consent, the white residents of the quarter call him Old Horse and Wagon.

At the time when the Tong wars were raging and Chinese feudists were being shot to death at the rate of about three a week, Old Horse and Wagon undertook to describe the situation to a Caucasian friend.

"Him jlus' like barbler shlop," he said. "Commie in—glettie chleck. Boom!—him glone—good-blye!"

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Drills continuously on both forward and backward movements of the driver and speedily gets through almost anything—steel, iron, brass, tile, wood, etc.

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Three-jaw chuck—accurate, strong and dependable. Takes any straight-shank drill 9/16 inch or less.
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Length of tool, 16 inches; movement of driver, 8½ inches.

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Now, you can purchase a Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table for your own home, at small expense and on very easy terms of payment.

The Burrowes Tables are scientifically constructed, beautifully finished, mathematically correct as to dimensions, angles, cushions, pockets, etc., and adapted to the most expert play. Some of the leading professionals of world-wide reputation use the Burrowes Table for home practice.

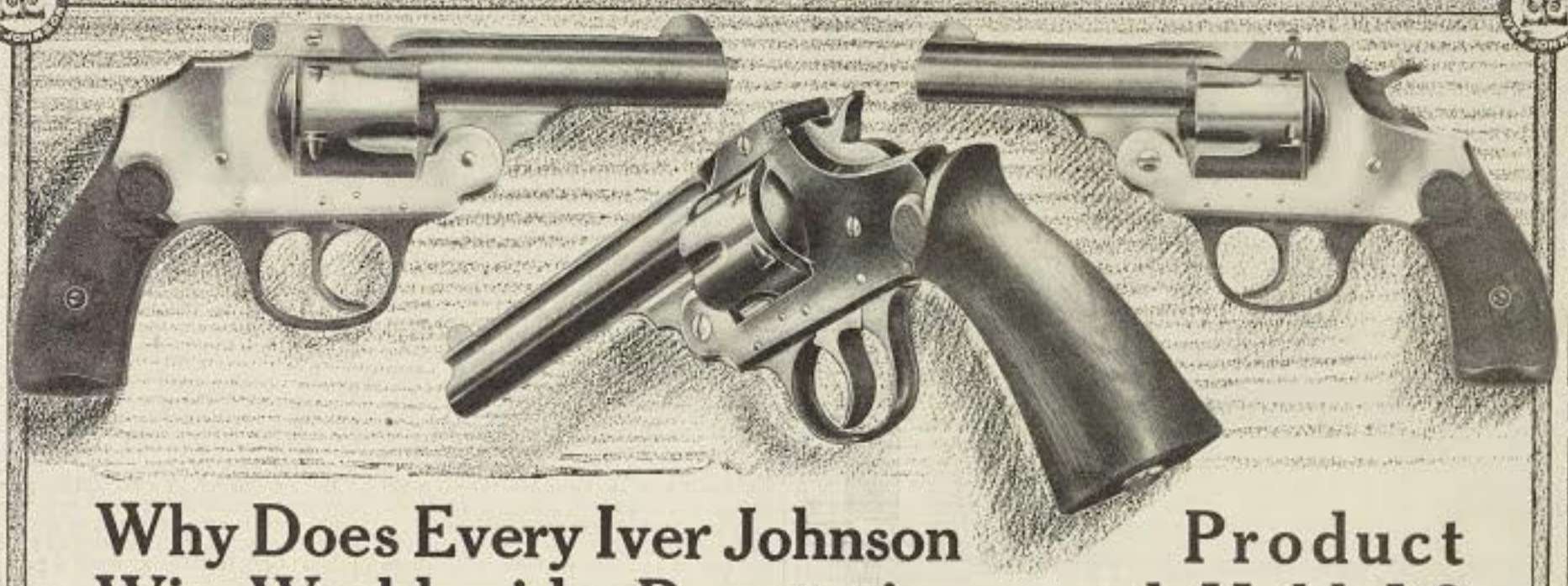
The Burrowes Tables are made in sizes up to 4½x9 feet (standard) with smaller Tables for smaller rooms. Quickly set up, on dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or folding stand. Easily taken down and set out of the way.

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In any piece of machinery, an inaccuracy, even though it is infinitesimal, grows and expands until the efficiency of the machine is ruined. A man wonders why a cheap revolver won't shoot straight; why a cheap bicycle runs harder and harder; why a cheap motorcycle loses its power and runs up ruinous repair bills. In each case the answer is—inaccurate machine work.

There are two elements in a machine shop—the machine and the man. The machine is accurate and the man is not. If the man controls the machine, the product is inaccurate. If the machine does the work alone, the product is absolutely accurate.

Our factories have probably the most wonderful equipment of automatic machines in the world. The human element is practically eliminated. That's why all of our parts are so accurate as to be interchangeable.

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Track Racer

Safety Automatic Revolvers

Our revolvers have two features found in no others—our famous "Hammer the Hammer" safety firing device which renders accidental discharge absolutely impossible, and a full equipment of permanent tension wire springs such as are used in U. S. army rifles.

The cylinder has two positive locks. They are accurate, fast and frictionless in action, and superbly finished. Our large catalog F sent on request.

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Our gun shoots true and hard. The action is smooth and rapid. Coil springs wherever possible. Has safety trigger action. The barrel and lug are forged from one piece of steel. Takes down without removing a screw. Shoots smokeless powder. It is made in 12, 16, 20, 24 and 28 gauge and 44 calibre, the latter being a beautiful little gun for ladies and boys. Our firearms catalog F lists all models.

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The truss-bridge frame gives perfect rigidity, keeps bearings in alignment and prevents crystallization of the metal. The bearings are scientifically designed and are so accurately ground and tempered that years of use will not affect them.

The enamel and nickel-plate are very durable. The equipment of tires, saddles, handle bars, etc., is of the highest grade ever put on a bicycle. Our bicycle catalog M describes the entire line, including our famous "Boy Scout" line of Juveniles.

1912 Model Motorcycles

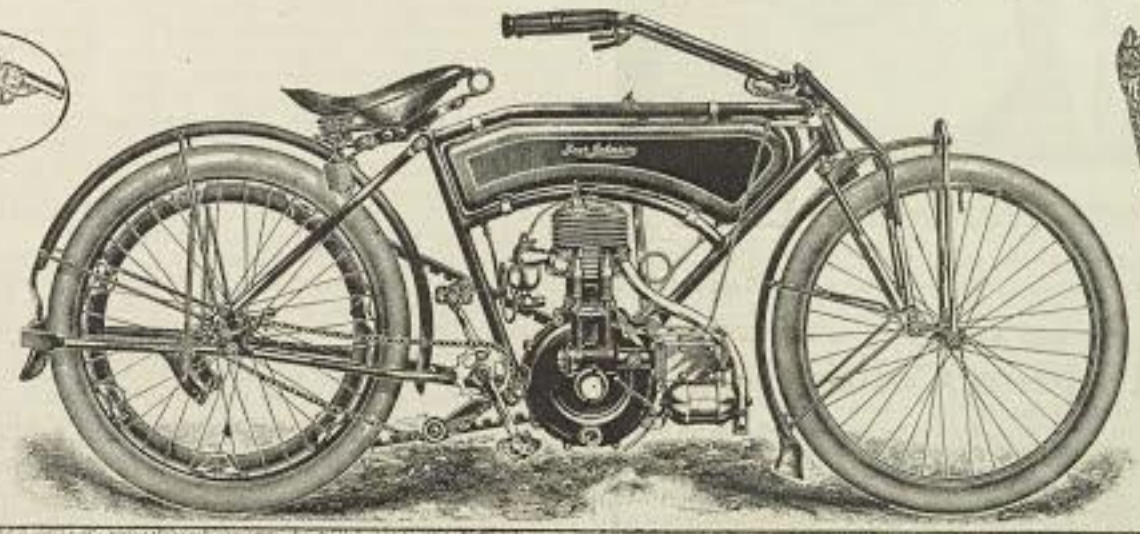
We have produced the most perfectly designed and accurately made motorcycle in the world. It has tremendous speed, is easy riding, very quiet and practically fool-proof. 4 to 5 horse-power. Speed of 50 to 60 miles per hour. Has a free engine clutch of our own design, Schebler carburetor, Bosch high tension magneto, Person's saddle, Spartan V belt. 175 miles on one charge of gasoline. Every detail is explained in our 1912 catalog M.

Our goods give complete satisfaction for years after cheap substitutes have been scrapped.

Iver Johnson revolvers, shotguns, bicycles and motorcycles are the most accurately made in the world.



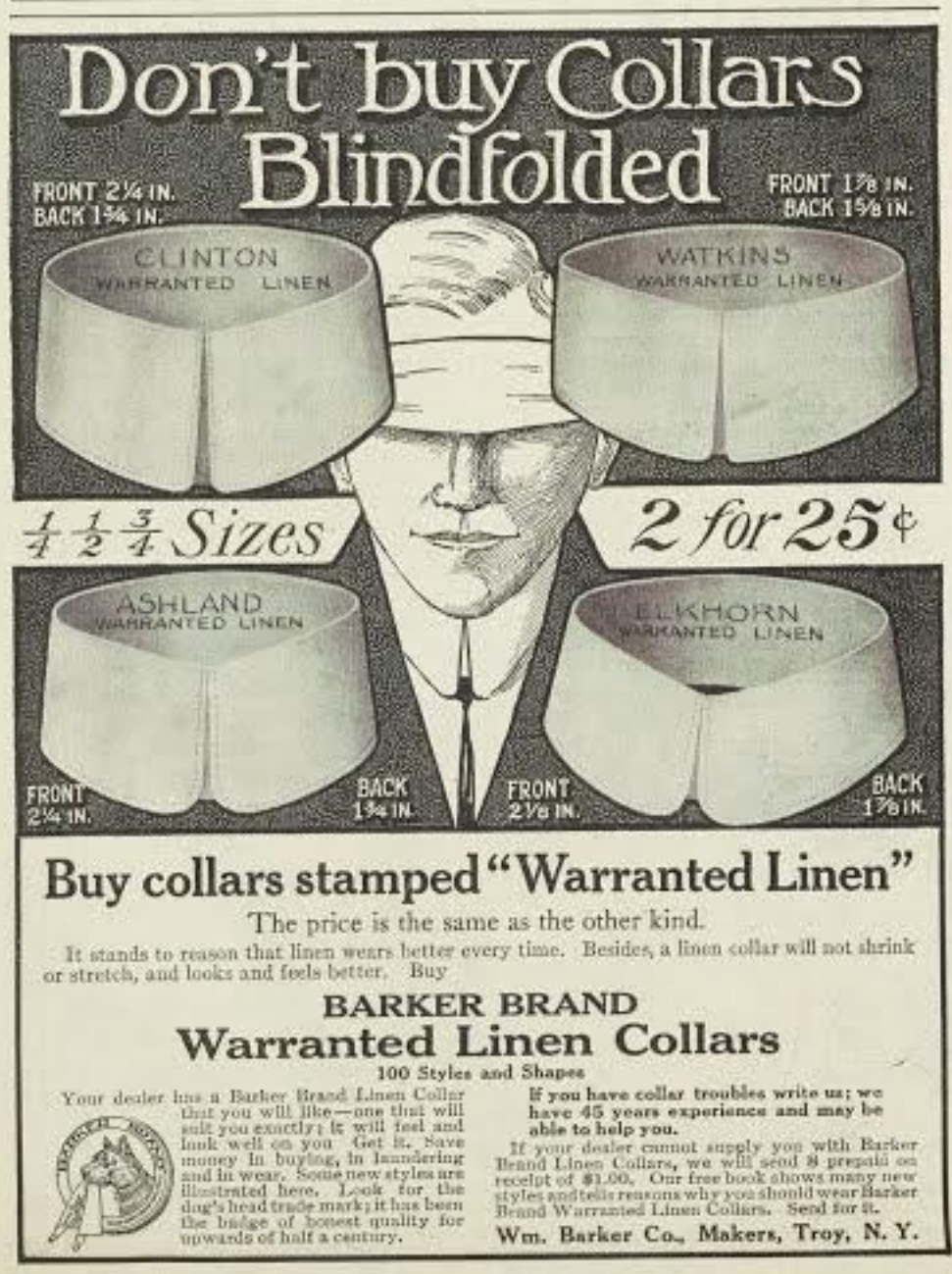
12, 16, 20 Gauge





24, 28 Gauge 44 Calibre





KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Continued from Page 21)

like the trained, supercilious Norah than Harlem is like Fifth Avenue. She was, in fact, a Finnish edition of Lena, our old Ohio bodyguard. The cap and apron that Jennie put on her were the first that Olga had ever known. Her wages were eighteen a month.

Jennie still insisted on aprons and caps. She also set out at once to put Olga through an involved course of sprouts, a process of training and refining. In the culinary department Olga's art had advanced possibly as far as the art of boiling a potato; beyond that was a deep and comprehensive void. So instead of wasting time on this branch of domestic science—in revealing to Olga, I mean, the mysteries of pot, kettle and casserole—Jennie gave all her effort to making Olga a waitress.

We gave dinners—yes. They were dinners, too, that were not unlike our former dinners, the squab and mushroom kind. Jennie cooked them herself. Clad in a wrapper, so that the scent of the cooking should not get into her clothes, she hung over the gas cookstove; and at the last moment she would dash into her bedroom and fling herself into a dinner dress. When the first guest arrived she was to be found sitting negligently in the drawing room, either turning the pages of a novel or dawdling over an embroidery hoop.

The first of these dinners we tried on the Hodges. Fortuitously more than once disaster faced us, but each time Jennie's wit somehow saved us. The first time was when the still verdantly impulsive Olga brought in the fish before the soup. She got no farther than the pantry door, however, when Jennie adroitly and secretly waved Olga off stage with a soup spoon. The signal was understood. Olga and the fish effaced themselves and the incident passed unnoticed. Later Olga served Amy the filet on the wrong side. Amy struggled awkwardly. "Jim!" cried Jennie; "move your chair, won't you? Don't you see Olga can't serve Amy properly?" With all her greenness Olga was clever, and again she understood; in fact, it was the girl's cleverness that had commended her to Jennie. "Finnish girls have few airs," Jennie explained; "they're eager to learn and ask little while they're learning."

"I see you have a new servant," remarked Amy.

"Oh, yes," Jennie answered indifferently. "Norah didn't like our mode of life."

Amy at once replied: "Just like a servant! They always hunt a new place after Christmas."

"Oh, but Norah was all right," responded Jennie. "We just didn't suit her."

"Pretty good Chianti this," said Hodge, smacking his lips appreciatively.

A great weight was instantly lifted from my heart. That so good a judge of vintages as Hodge should praise it made me joyous. The Chianti had cost only a dollar a bottle at an Italian restaurant in William Street and I'd brought it home that evening under my arm. I'd brought home also the four perfectos, one of which Hodge lighted and also praised. "Gad! the real thing!" he remarked, as he blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Oh, I dunno," I drawled easily; "I've been having bad luck with cigars lately—rather gone back to my pipe, you know."

We were alone at the time. Whether Hodge knew I was bluffing I can't say, but the pipe was only another economy. Hodge took another puff. Pinching the weed between his fingers he held it to his nose. "Rotten market we're having lately, ain't it?" he remarked. Arising, he added: "Well, let's join the ladies. They'll want a little bridge."

The last thing Jennie and I wished was bridge, especially the Hodges' sort at a nickel, even a dime, a point. "Bridge? Oh, really now," said Jennie languidly; "just let's sit and chat for a change."

Once more I breathed freely. The day before I'd raised three hundred and fifty dollars on furniture—at three per cent a month, incidentally—and with this had paid the most pressing of our bills. At the moment I had exactly seven dollars cash in the world. One rubber at bridge, should the cards fall wrong, might easily wipe this out. Moreover, at a pinch Jennie and I could subsist for a week on the amount; that is, the seven dollars would meet all such obligations as needed actual cash.

I no longer lunched in Fulton Street. In fact, I lunched nowhere. At the noon hour, like my fellows I left the office, yet not to eat. Instead I departed merely as a bluff. Sometimes I sat on the Battery sea-wall and watched the ships go by. At other times I sat out the hour in Trinity Church, where in a corner pew, alone and unobserved, I took the leisure to think. My thoughts, if not devotional, were at least sane. I piously wondered, perhaps, why I'd made such an ass of myself. I wondered—with equal piety—why all those round me also made such asses of themselves. Were Hodge, for example, to live modestly, to save some part of what he made, he would already be free from the chance of ruin that daily beset him in Wall Street. As for myself, the most holy thought I had was in a prayer that I might not only escape from my perplexities but escape New York as well. I hated the town—and yet New York is a good town. New York is only wrong when one tries to live in it wrongly. Be that as it may, though, I would willingly have gone back to Ohio.

But I could not. I must still hang on to my five-thousand-dollar place as long as I could draw the monthly part of five thousand. For only in this way could I pay my debts. Only in this way could I gain my freedom.

In the first month Jennie, by a thousand and one artifices, saved a hundred and twenty-five dollars—that is to say, she reduced our living by that amount. In the second month she did even better, for our net gain was approximately one hundred and fifty. But do not think that either she or I achieved this with esse or in comfort. It was done by the most rigorous self-denial only. Often it entailed pain, physical fatigue of the most arduous kind. I saw that hollows had begun to grow in Jennie's face. She became pale and listless. One night I noticed her hands—they were red and raw.

"What have you been doing?" I exclaimed, and grasped her hand before she could draw it away.

"Nothing, it's nothing," she protested, trying to free herself.

Eventually I got the truth from her. She had been doing the bulk of the housework herself—the heaviest part of it, moreover. Not only had she swept and dusted, she had done a part of our laundry and oiled our hardwood floors herself.

"You've done that!" I ejaculated.

Jennie did her best to laugh. "Yes, but only on Olga's day out," she answered. "If I did it other days Olga would find out."

I laughed too. My laugh, however, lacked merriment. I looked about our garish drawing room, at its extravagant decorations, its show of style and smartness, then I laughed again. The grim humor of the situation forced itself upon me. I was living in a fourteen-hundred-dollar home, and because I was my wife had to scour her own floors and do laundry work as well. "My soul!" I cried.

"But it wasn't much, Jim, don't you understand?" Jennie protested. "I just washed and ironed a few table things and a few of my own clothes."

I was hurt and shamed. I wondered if any other woman in that big and showy house had ever been forced to such menial labor to save a dollar or two. They? Why, there was hardly one among them that lacked a maid to wait on her slightest wish!

"It's just this, you know," explained Jennie—"Olga can't do heavy work if she has to look neat at the door—not in this house anyway. We've got to look smart even if we're not. As it is," added Jennie; "those servants downstairs either know or suspect. Already they've begun to sniff and grin and stare."

"Oh, let's quit and chuck up the game!" I growled savagely. "I've had enough of it!"

To be sure I had had. At first the drudgery of saving had not seemed so hard. That bit by bit I was beginning to pay off my bills had vastly encouraged me. Indeed at the end of the first month I became even enthusiastic. At the end of the second month, however, my mind less easily escaped the fact that it was drudgery. Now, well on toward the end of the third month, the effort had grown burdensome. It seemed almost as if I were engaged in the endless task of pouring water into a rathole.

"Yes, I've had more than enough, Jennie," I added; "we'd better chuck it now. We'll be dead before we break even."

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It prevents report noise and reduces the tendency to flinch when shooting.

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Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. **Helmet Gum Factory, Charlestown,** We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

"What! Give in?" she exclaimed. "Not much, Jim! Not when I've at last begun to see daylight."

Eagerly she brought out and showed me a little slip of paper. It was a list of the bills we owed. Some, a few, had been crossed out. These had been paid in full. Others showed where she had paid something on account. I looked at the list and scowled. The paper, this list with its erasures, looked to me exactly like one of those calendars convicts keep. For each erasure meant that by so much or so little we were nearer to our freedom.

"Keep up your spunk, Jim," comforted Jennie; "we'll be out of the woods in no time at all."

A question sprang up in my mind. As I say, we were striving for our freedom. But after we had it, what then?

"What? Why, we'll just keep on living simply," answered Jennie. "First of all, we'll move to that cheaper home we've talked about. Then, too, we'll find other friends, ones better suited to ourselves, our means." Upon this she added something I'd already learned. "I don't want friends for what I can selfishly make out of them," she said; "not even to help you in your business. Even if I did, Jim," she added, smiling, "I wouldn't look for anything from Sam Hodge or from his chums. They can't help you. Even though they could I doubt if they'd do it. They're too busy helping themselves to think of helping any one else."

Jennie's figures showed that in three months more we'd be practically free. At all events my indebtedness would be so reduced that I need no longer fear my creditors. "I don't think you need fear them anyway," observed Jennie, smiling. "They all seem to feel sure they'll get their money. . . . Why, do you know," she laughed, "Lowenberg, our butcher, when we paid him something yesterday patted me on the arm. 'You're all right,' he told me. 'I wish all my folks was like you!'"

I growled morosely. "Pretty cheeky, I call that!"

"Not at all! He meant it kindly," returned Jennie; "in fact, he as much as told me he was owed nearly a thousand dollars in this one house alone, and not a small part of it by—well, never mind."

As Jennie involuntarily looked upward, indicating certain neighbors, friends of ours, I guessed clearly whom she and Lowenberg had in mind. But away with these others! My own affairs were far more than enough to occupy me.

I felt better though. I saw that alone, unhelped, I was working out my own salvation. It gave me a sense of pride—real pride, I thought.

"And now that you're over your fit of the blind staggers," said Jennie, playfully pinching my cheek, "I'll promise not to play char-lady or laundress any more than's necessary. As for you, you be cheerful, do you hear?"

I promised. Things were not so bad after all.

"And now that that's settled," added Jennie, "I have a little surprise for you."

"A surprise?" I echoed.

"You remember Mrs. Parmlee, don't you?" Jennie replied. "Well, unbeknown to you I've been seeing a good deal of her lately. Jim," added Jennie seriously, "if we'd tied up to her months ago, instead of to Amy and Amy's friends, we'd have escaped all this mess."

Astonished, I demanded: "Mrs. Parmlee? Why, what made you think of her at this late day?"

Jennie said she supposed she might as well confess. The fact was, she had been going to Mrs. Parmlee's ever since our trouble first began.

"You see," explained Jennie, "I got so sick of restaurants and bridge and Broadway that I was just dying to see a home, a real home. So I called on her again. You know how she knows everybody? Well, she was sitting in her parlor with the woman we saw that night at Sherry's—the one at whom Mrs. Figler stared so enviously. And what do you think Mrs. Parmlee was doing?" Jennie demanded breathlessly. "Why, I almost laughed outright! I had a picture of Mrs. Figler—Amy, either—doing it, even if they knew how!"

"Doing what?" I grumbled, puzzled.

"Darning stockings!" cried Jennie, giggling.

This entirely domestic episode, however, was the least of it. Jennie, after a very pleasant hour, had returned a week later. Then and there she had made to the older

4 Pairs — *The Silky Sox In the Xmas Box* — **$1.00**



NOTASEME Perfect Process SILK-LISLE Hosiery

Wears like "Sixty"—Looks like "Fifty"—Costs but Twenty-five

The high quality of this hosiery, its beautiful appearance and the attractive boxing make it a specially appropriate Christmas gift far above the commonplace. Colors lustrous and permanent. Four-ply cable-twist heels and toes; soft and flexible. No "fuzz" after washing. Will not "bag" nor shrink. *Be sure to order by number.*

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NOTASEME HOSIERY COMPANY, Philadelphia



Dec. 10th — Dec. 25th

ALICE:—*"A Conklin Pen! The very thing I'll get Tom! Won't he be tickled! And it's such a sensible, practical gift, too."*

TOM:—*"Fine! Now that's what I call class! And just what I wanted, too! Either I talk in my sleep or Alice is a mind-reader."*

Jot down on YOUR Christmas List

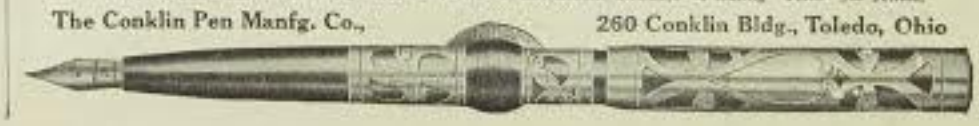
Conklin's Self-Filling Fountain Pen

The original Self-Filler—never equalled — **Sold for 13 years. 1,000,000 satisfied users**

It will bring a delighted smile of sheer joy to his face on Christmas morning. Yes, and it's a practical gift, too—he can use it in his work—and every day, too.

The Conklin *fills itself* in 4 seconds and *cleans itself*, too; 14K iridium-tipped gold pens that never scratch or blot. 100 styles and sizes. Exchangeable after Christmas if point doesn't suit. Sold by stationers, druggists, jewelers everywhere. Write for handsome booklet—*Pleasing "Him" for Xmas.*

The Conklin Pen Manfg. Co., **260 Conklin Bldg., Toledo, Ohio**





Señorita Silk-Spun

With their marvelously pure, rich colors, their lustrous, filmy textures whose every fold carries a note of grace, Señorita Silk-Spun specialties, whether scarf, sash, hat drape or veil, make a special appeal to the *Christmas buyer.*

Vivid, yet never crude, their coloring outvies that of silk itself, and while seemingly delicate as spun glass, Señorita Silk-Spun has splendid wearing qualities, washes perfectly, and never loses the glorious sheen that is its most charming characteristic.

Señorita Silk-Spun sashes for 1912 are especially effective just now, when sashes seem a necessary complement to every costume, giving the needed touch of color or changing the figure lines. In solid colors as well as two-tone effects, with fringe tassel ends; they are 90 in. long, and sell from $1.50 up.

The Señorita Silk-Spun Scarfs, with large tasseled ends, 18, 24, or 36 in. wide and 84 in. long, in any of the popular single colorings, are on sale everywhere at $2.25, $3.25 and $4 respectively. The still more beautiful two-color *Coronation* scarfs (reversible), 36 by 90 in., in half a dozen color combinations, sell for $4.

Afternoon and evening scarfs with fringed ends can be bought for as little as $1 and up to $4—while others with fancy borders sell from $2.25 to $4.

Señorita Silk-Spun Scarfs, 15 x 72 in., at $1 and $1.50, according to weave, make very graceful and attractive head coverings, lending themselves enchantingly to this latest caprice of fashion, as shown on this page; they may also be had 44 in. long and used as neck pieces. Price $1.

The smartest Auto Veil extant is the new 1912 Señorita Silk-Spun—36 x 90 in. with double fringed ends or fancy border—for $4; while the Señorita Silk-Spun hat drapes and face veils sell for 75c, $1 and $1.25.



If your dealer does not have these tremendously popular specialties, we will, upon receipt of price, send them prepaid to you, or to any address you may designate, each one in a beautiful Christmas box. Privilege of return granted if found unsatisfactory.

THE OHIO KNITTING MILLS CO.
Cherry and Erie Streets Toledo, Ohio



The Gift of all gifts

You cannot give "Genius" for Christmas but you can closely approach it.

The Baldwin Player-Piano

offers two-thirds of genius's equipment: Suppleness of execution with the power to produce musical effects artistically.

The other third is personality.

It invites you to express the soul and color in music as you feel them. It emancipates you from mechanical tyranny, permitting spontaneous and independent effects of beauty wholly new to player music-making.

"In playing the Baldwin Player-Piano," said a famous pianist, "one *really does* share the artist's sensation of 'doing it all himself.'"

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woman a clean breast of all our difficulties. Mrs. Parmlee listened intently, kindly, too, I may add, then had expressed herself. Furthermore, at what she'd said I marveled. "My dear," she'd advised, "you mustn't feel ashamed at what you're doing to get on your feet again. It is a struggle, as you say, to strive to keep up appearances, but half New York's doing it. I'm doing it myself!" Jennie had exclaimed "Oh!" in doubting tones; Mrs. Parmlee, however, vouchsafed no explanations. I recalled, though, something that Ainsworth had told me. Parmlee, the husband, was a confirmed stock gambler, and I knew what that involved. It meant that his wife, like the wives of all stock gamblers, could never be certain of the next month's living expenses. But unlike Amy Mrs. Parmlee had not lived either on credit or at the top notch, looking to some lucky stroke to pay their obligations. The appearance she was keeping up was a strict show of honesty, respectability. There was no shade of sham about it.

What Jennie had to tell me, though, had nothing to do with this. Already I'd plumed myself on what I'd done alone to put myself on my feet. The confession that Jennie had to make was in consequence like a blow in the face. The shame, the pain of learning that my wife had been playing laundress and charwoman to herself was as nothing in comparison. Jennie, however, told what she had to tell with pride and satisfaction.

"Jim, you've talked a lot about opportunities. Well!" she cried; "I've got one too—a real one. Mrs. Parmlee's offered it to me!"

"An opportunity?" I echoed. "What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," Jennie answered; "an opportunity to make a little money. Just think how it'll help you."

"Make money?—you?" I ejaculated.

"Real money," announced Jennie. "I can make twenty-five dollars a month."

The announcement staggered me. "Twenty-five a month? How?"

Jennie explained briefly, clearly proud. A place in the Church Aid Society had been offered her. She need work only on afternoons. The duties were those of a clerk. That they were—that she, too, was to be a clerk—was another slap in the face.

"I can begin tomorrow if I want," said Jennie.

I arose heavily. I knew my face was white. "No, you won't!" I ordered.

"No? Why not?" demanded Jennie.

It was the last straw, the last blow to my pride—or so I thought then. I told her I would not be shamed like that. I told her I'd let no woman, least of all my wife, work to pay my debts. The fact that Jennie was toiling as hard, if not harder, here in her own home for that very purpose somehow escaped me. All I could think about was the spectacle of my wife working publicly for money. To the last, as you see, I was keeping up appearances—not the right kind, but the other, the vain and ugly kind.

It was of little matter either one way or the other. I might have spared myself my breath. For on the day following the crash came.

Frank's note was very brief:

"After the first of next month I regret to say we will no longer require your services. Yours very truly."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Matheweon's Fault

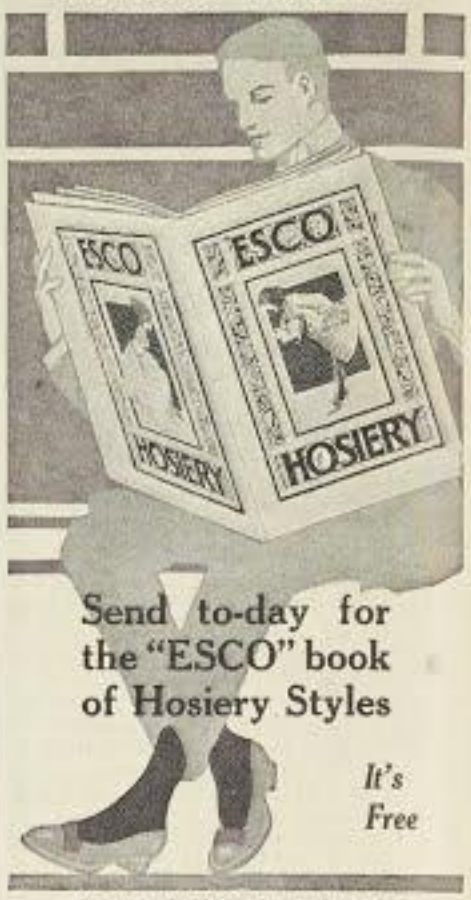
SOON after the baseball season opened last spring Christy Mathewson, of the New York Giants, received a letter from a gentleman in Texas, reading after this fashion:

"*Dear Sir:* Will you kindly give me some advice right away? With the bases full and Hi Hecker, the demon batsman, at the bat, I contend that I ought to throw him my slow out drop. My manager insists that I ought to give him my high in up. This emergency is liable to arise at any moment and I would like to hear from you right away."

Mathewson forgot to answer; and three weeks later he received this letter from Texas:

"*Sir:* I asked you an important question, like a gentleman, and I expected that you would answer it like a gentleman; but you did not do so, and what is the result? With three men on bases I threw Hi Hecker my high in up, and he knocked the ball over the fence. I hope the next time you face Joe Tinker he bats you out of the box!"

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Two remarkable Hosiery values. Try either for a test of "ESCO" quality.

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Christmas Gifts That Never Grow Old

"Yes, dear; grandfather knew of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware when he was a young chap. Your grandmother used it, and prized it highly, because of its beauty and wearing qualities. I am glad to see it maintain its reputation for superiority. Often at Christmas have we made gifts of it; and it was always received with pleasure."

Those of the older generations know that the name 1847 ROGERS BROS. has for over 60 years stood for quality in silver plate. It is the highest grade of silver plate made. Guaranteed by the largest makers. Look for this trade mark

1847 ROGERS BROS.

Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand many years of the hardest kind of wear. This process has given 1847 ROGERS BROS. silverware the well-earned title of

"Silver Plate that Wears."

Spoons, Forks, Knives, Serving Pieces and Combination Sets arranged in chests and cases are especially appropriate for Christmas gifts. For sale by leading dealers everywhere. Buy early while the dealer has a full line. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "M-90."

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Successor)
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This is the tobacco that put the pipe on the map

Our friend the pipe never did have a fair show till Prince Albert came on deck. But now—doesn't it seem as if *everybody* is smoking one? Indoors and out, office and street, home and club, you see MAN with his tidy red tin of P. A. and a trusty pipe.

Prince Albert has done more to make the pipe popular than all other tobacco since smoking was invented. It has wiped out the old grouches, given a fresh, new deal all around.

Men who never could smoke a pipe are enjoying P. A. without limit. They find it fragrant, mellow, altogether satisfying. It holds its fire close without ever being soggy or slow. It burns long and leaves nothing but a pleasant memory and dust-fine ashes.

It can't bite tongues

For the man who loves a pipe here is the dandiest Xmas Gift ever!

A pound of his favorite tobacco—Prince Albert, "the joy smoke"—in a beautiful crystal glass Humidor. The glass knob on the lid is hollow and contains a sponge to be moistened that keeps the tobacco fresh and fragrant till all is smoked. The Humidor can be filled again, used forever, so it is a gift he will always have. Order this Humidor now from any tobacco or cigar store.

Prince Albert is prepared by an exclusive, patented process that takes out the bite and leaves the tobacco unusually rich, fragrant and mellow. Avoid substitutes. All tobacco shops sell P. A. in 10c tins, 5c cloth bags, half-pound and pound tin humidors and the handsome crystal glass humidor mentioned above.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

Winston-Salem, N. C.



GOLD-BRICK PUBLISHING

(Continued from Page 14)

For sales that count, you know, are not made every day—no, nor every week, nor every month, nor even every three months! The game must be sighted first, then approached, then landed; and the hunter is often mistaken in the sighting and makes many mistakes in his approach. And often, too, game landed after months of careful work proves to be worth little in the picking.

Great is the competition, too, when two or more hunters discover each other on the same trail after weeks or months of approaching under cover. The sensible thing in such a case is to "whack up," of course; but often they don't. Instead, they scare the game for everybody in the scramble.

Once get into familiar touch with the gossips of the book-agent world and you will hear countless stories of the clever devices of these special operators in the expensive and the luxurious. In this company they are a class apart, despised by the sellers of sound values, yet possessed of something of the freebooter's glamour.

And yet many of them make frequent sales of sound values when opportunity happens within reach—and, on the other hand, there are agents doing a regular business in sound values who are not above taking a flyer of this other sort when they find they have hooked a specially "easy one." Human nature doesn't vary much.

The Quest of the Golden Girl

No doubt there is something of the pleasure of the hunt in this stealthy and careful approach to a possible big sale. No doubt the man who, after much minute inquiry and tactful manipulation, finds himself an unsuspected guest at some gathering where presently he will be introduced socially to his quarry feels, while he puffs a cigarette in the dressing room before descending into the gay throng below, much as the hunter feels when after hours of careful stalking he sees the antlers of his approaching prey outlined over the bushes—almost within range.

And how pleasurable to him who enjoys winning by indirection and deceit must be the skillful play of bookish conversation most cunningly designed to inspire desire and to suggest that in him, the talker—himself a modest but learned collector of the rare and beautiful—is to be found a sure and friendly guide into the connoisseur's Heaven! It will be time enough when her eyes brighten with the lust for possession to suggest that he sometimes also executes commissions—but of course only occasionally, and only for valued friends!

Then there is the "strong-arm game"—but you must leave publishing people of all kinds and degrees wholly out of that! It is conceivable that a publisher with different business ideals from yours and mine may be sincere about his own very different definition of value; and if you have a good imagination you may understand how an agent whose personal and public standards are—oh!—so different from yours and mine may take genuine pride in landing, by the exercise of wonderful patience, a big order from a customer who doesn't want what she's ordering, but doesn't know it. The strong-arm game, however, is something that has nothing to do with publishing or selling and about which two opinions are not possible—for it is simply swindling. The perpetrators are just crooks; and the thing would not be mentioned in such a paper as this if it did not constantly appear in the newspapers in connection with books and agents and publishers.

It is very simple and you ought to understand it.

Bill, a clever crook, goes to Mrs. Jones, a not too scrupulous capitalist, and lies something like this:

"I'm a book agent; and I've got a customer, Mr. John Brown, a scandalously rich chap who lives at the Blank Hotel in Cincinnati—and he wants a set of the Royal Purple Dickens so bad that he's willing to pay twenty thousand dollars for it. Just crazy for it, you know! Wired me again this very morning. Now I happen to know that the Oliver Twist Association—that publishes it—has got just one set left; and, say, the price is only five thousand dollars! Think o' that—eh? Fifteen thousand profit—clean! That's seventy-five hundred each for you and me—eh?"

"What do you mean?" asks Mrs. Jones. "Where do I come in?"

"Why, I'll tell you. I'm down on my luck and haven't got the money to buy that Royal Purple, and the Oliver Twist people won't trust me because of a little row we had a couple of months ago. And I can't trust them because they're slick and would gobble the sale themselves in a minute. See where we're getting to?"

"No, I don't—quite," says Mrs. Jones, beginning to be interested.

"Why, it's this way: I don't ask you to trust me at all, but just to finance this thing yourself and—when the profits come—share up with me. See? It's all in your hands. Seventy-five hundred dollars' profit for each of us; and all you've got to do is to put up a couple of thousand until Brown's check arrives—not more than a week in all."

"But why two thousand? Why not five?"

"Because I went to see Smith. He's the Oliver Twist Association—see? And I asked him his best terms, and he says: 'I'd take two thousand down and the rest in notes; but I wouldn't take your notes—not if they were due in one minute!' says he. So you'd have to give him notes for the other three; but, you see, you'd take 'em right up—just as soon as you got Brown's check."

Mrs. Jones is impressed. Then she's tempted. She doesn't know or care anything about books, but she does know that some idiots pay fortunes for them, for she reads the newspapers. It is an easy profit. She thinks hard.

"You stay here!" she cries.

Then she goes to the telephone in her library and calls up the Blank Hotel, Cincinnati. Mr. John Brown? Certainly. He's got our best suite. Can he be seen? Just wait. Mr. Brown presently assures her that he'll remit her a certified check for twenty thousand dollars on receipt of the books. Then she calls up the Oliver Twist Association. Yes, they have one set left of the Royal Purple—only one unsold in the world! Yes, they'll take two thousand cash and notes. They'll be glad to take her notes. They'll be proud to have her for a customer.

"But look out you don't let on to 'em about Brown!" cautions Bill.

Book Collectors and Book Lovers

When the sale is completed Bill goes to Smith and gets in cash—as is the custom—the twenty-five-per-cent agent's commission, twelve hundred and fifty dollars in crisp bills. Bill is never seen again.

When the Blank Hotel, of Cincinnati, replies to Mrs. Jones' urgent wire that Mr. Brown has sneaked off without paying his bill for the best suite in the house she summons her lawyer. There is no fraud in the sale, however, and the publisher wins the suit she brings for the recovery of her notes. It is no fault of his that she was swindled in a transaction that, after all, didn't exhibit a great deal of highmindedness on her part. Bill was no agent. He was simply a crook.

Why, I hear you ask—Why on earth should any one want to spend a thousand dollars or a thousand cents for a book which may be purchased in much more desirable form for reading—clear, beautiful type, handsome paper, tasteful margins, perfect printing and simple, beautiful binding—for two or three dollars?

Ah, but that very question establishes your status!

You, my dear sir, are nothing but a booklover! It is perfectly apparent that when you speak of a book you mean, first of all, its soul and then its body. If you were a book collector instead of a booklover you would mean, first of all, its body and then its body. Maybe not at all its soul—except for a general impression that it has one.

The frenzy of the collector, my dear sir, I fear you will never appreciate. To you it will always seem a strange passion. Here is a true story:

A young lawyer, just beginning to be prosperous, contracted the habit of dropping into a small but celebrated bookshop not far from Fourth Avenue, New York, to look over the choice and rare editions that passed in and out. The shopkeeper was a wise practitioner in human nature and never

The Great Big Self-Starting Car!

The 4½x5 T-Head Motor Car!

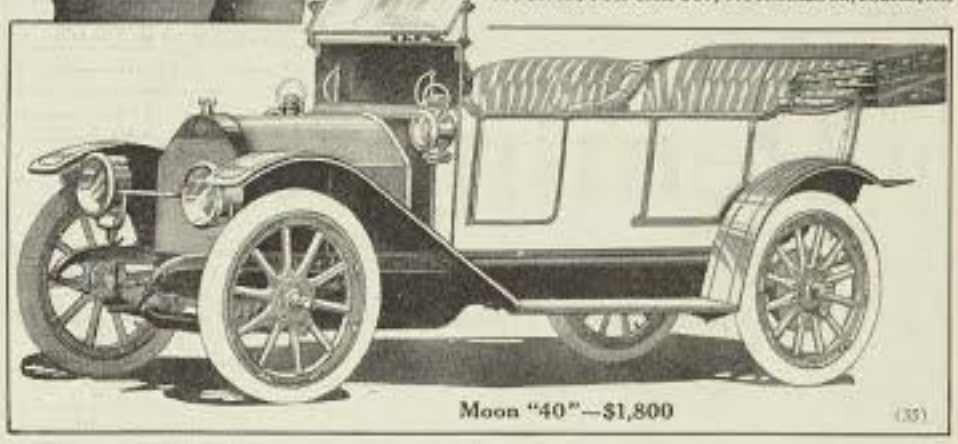
The Car With 36x4 Tires Front and Rear —at $1,800 is My MOON "40"



My new "40" is the only car that gives you all this at $1,800. Mark that. Aside from the MOON you find T-Head motors only in the highest-priced cars. My MOON Motor is of the long stroke type. It has big 4-bolt connecting rods—fan in the fly wheel—3-bearing crankshaft—the largest bearings in a motor of this size. The Self-Starter on my MOON has had three years of use in road tests. It is no experiment. Moon wheels are big wheels with *big* spokes. *Demountable and quick-detachable rims.* 36x4 tires front and rear—120-inch wheel base. Roomy, all-metal body. Full set of lamps. Elaborate equipment. Looks like $1,000 more and lives up to its looks. Send for 1912 catalog and my famous book of charts.

Catalog also illustrates and describes Moon "30" Raceabout, $1,650; Moon "30" Torpedo, $1,600; Moon Fore-Door Touring, $1,600.

MOON MOTOR CAR CO., 4404 No. Main St., St. Louis, Mo.



Moon "40"—$1,800 (35)

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The most desirable, most suitable, and least expensive of all CORRECT GIFTS in a dainty "LENOX" Combination Xmas Box

Sent to any address prepaid and insured for ONE DOLLAR

Contents of Box designed for MEN:
(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Hose, choice Black, Tan, Navy, Gray. Value $3.00
(2) Beautiful "Lenox" All Silk Flowing-End "Four in Hand" Tie to match. Value .50
(3) 1 pair of guaranteed quality Suspenders. Value .25
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $3.75

Contents of Box designed for WOMEN:
(1) 3 pairs 6 months guaranteed "Lenox" Satin Fin'd Lisle Hose, Black or Tan. Value $1.00
(2) 3 beautiful corner embroidered Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs of superior quality. Value .75
ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR Total Value $1.75

Don't forget to state the size and shades desired. We refer to Dun's, Bradstreet's, or any bank in New York City. We need good Agents.

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Raising Fruits and Vegetables in 6 Southern States, traversed by S. A. L. Ry. Land cheap. Water plentiful. Healthy climate. Net $500 to $1000 per acre—2 to 3 crops a year, in Manatee County, on West Coast of Florida. Raise Oranges, Grape Fruit, Vegetables. Illustrated booklet free.

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The Perfection Extension Shoe is worn with ready-made shoes. Both feet look alike. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet S.

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Give the Swindler The Laugh

Learn to detect the tricks that professional "gyps" and crooked dealers work in order to beat you in a horse trade. Read

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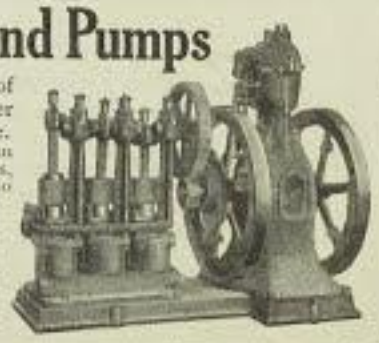
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Farm Journal, 158 N. Clifton St., Philadelphia

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are made for constant use, everywhere, for all sorts of work. This cut shows type widely used for home water supply, water works systems, and elevated tank service. The engine can also be used to drive your machinery and run dynamo for electric lighting. We mount all styles pumps, hoists and air compressors on portable steel trucks. Otto engines furnish dependable, instant power for high pressure fire service, and for irrigation water supply. There's a saving in fuel of 75% over steam power. We will give you some convincing figures if you tell us your needs. All sizes up to 120 H.P. Run on city or natural gas, producer gas and distillate.



Send for Bulletin No. 30 to-day.

The Otto Gas Engine Works, 3301 Walnut Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Today

— the Remington Typewriter factory is working all day and all night.

— the extensive enlargements to this factory, recently completed, have already proved inadequate to supply the demand, and contracts have been let for another and even vaster addition to the works.

For 10 months of 1911 our business was larger than for the whole 12 months of any year since the beginning.

The Visible Remington Models 10 and 11, the machines which not only supply but anticipate all demands of the typewriter user, have established their fame as the greatest triumphs in typewriter history.

More than

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Remington Typewriters are in use—more than any other make, and more than many others combined.

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pressed him to buy. He treated him with a pleasing distinction, answered his many questions untiringly and always had some new treasure ready to show him. One day he invited him to a conspicuous book auction and the young lawyer fell! After the first small purchase he became a steady though occasional purchaser—but always of modestly priced books. His greatest treasure had cost him ninety dollars. It was weeks before he made up his mind to the purchase.

The years passed. The young man married and prospered. One day he paid three hundred dollars for a treasure, and did not come again for many weeks. He resumed his visits, but it was long before he purchased again. By now, however, his fate was settled. He was a doomed collector.

One day, in the fullness of time, the bookseller led him into his private office and showed him a wonderful Caxton. The young lawyer gasped. He said nothing, but the bookseller noticed his absorption and tiptoed out of the room. Within a week he was back and asked to see the Caxton again. The bookseller spread it out upon his desk and left him with it. He remained in the room an hour. A week later he spent another hour with it. Then he whispered a question about its price and said nothing when the bookseller replied that he must get six thousand dollars for it. He left markedly depressed and did not return for three weeks. When he did he walked into the private room directly; and the bookseller, without asking a question, laid the precious volume before him and left them alone together.

Months passed, but there was never a week that the young lawyer did not stop at least once. Sometimes it was in the early morning—before hours. He and the bookseller never talked now. They nodded and the bookseller closed the door upon the man and the book. About this time the lawyer began to look harassed and nervous. He had surprised some one else looking at the Caxton.

One afternoon soon after this he came in late. His face was pale and his mouth shut close. His eyes were expectant. He asked:

"Is it sold yet?"

The bookseller shook his head.

"Give it to me," he whispered. "I want it."

And he handed the bookseller a certified check. He carried the book reverently into a waiting cab.

Two days later a young woman entered the shop, whom the bookseller recognized as having once been there with the lawyer. He surmised she was his wife and became sure of it presently because of her nervous uncertainty. She asked for novels, but the bookseller did not keep them. Finally she said:

"I think you charge very high prices for your books."

"No, madam," he said—"not for books of this character. You know they are property. Most of them increase in value."

"Is that really so?" she asked.

He reassured her and gave one or two small examples.

"Well, that book my husband got the other night," she said hesitatingly, "that cost a great deal of money—more than we could afford. Are you sure that would bring its price?"

"Perfectly certain, madam," he replied.

"Really?" she asked, brightening. "I was afraid he'd been foolish. Are you really certain he could get a hundred dollars for it?"

The bookseller gasped—but collected himself. "Madam," he said quietly, "I will give him a hundred dollars for it at any time!"

Simplest and Best

A FRESH young recruit from the woods broke into fast company in the middle of last season and in his very first game was called upon to face Napoleon Lajoie, the great Cleveland slugger.

As the mighty Napoleon advanced to the bat the new man glanced about desperately and his eye fell on Umpire Bill Evans, who has a kind and gentle face.

"Mr. Evans," said the scared young pitcher, "this is my first game in the big league and I don't want to be beaten too badly. Please tell me what sort of a ball I ought to throw to Mr. Lajoie."

"Son," said Evans, "my advice to you is this: Say the Lord's Prayer, put the ball straight over the plate—and fall on your face!"

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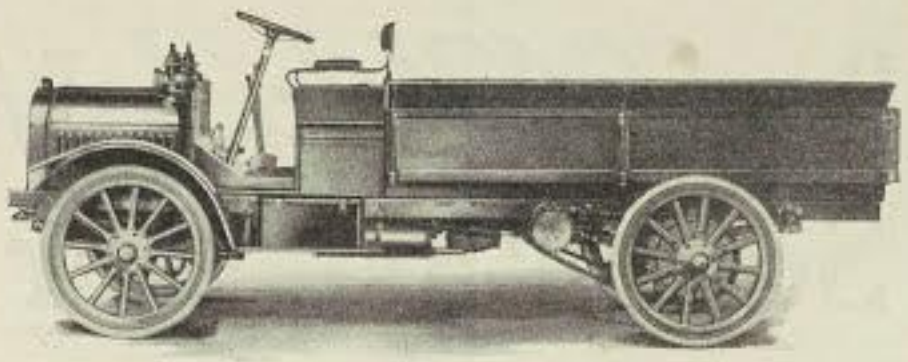
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The new 1-ton Kelly Motor Truck sets a new standard in motor truck construction by which to "measure up" the truck you buy.



This is the new one-ton model

Kelly Motor Truck

If your business requires motor trucks, it requires a truck that "measures up" to the Kelly. And what other truck will?

Your problem is not merely to know motor trucking as compared to horse trucking. That's settled. Your problem is to choose *the* truck as compared to other motor trucks.

As is well known, the Kelly Motor Truck has walked away with prizes in every important contest held during the past two years—whether for economy, reliability, endurance, or hill climbing. As is also well known, the Kelly Truck's actual service records in various industries extend back over the past six years, confirming the records established in motor truck contests.

The following is the "*reason why*" behind the superiority of the Kelly—*plus* the latest developments as expressed in the new 1-ton model.

The primary cause of Kelly consistency, both in contest and in service, is the work that goes into the truck before it leaves the factory.

Jewelers' Measurements



Gauges used in cylinder grinding

There are 200 operations in the production of a Kelly Truck, in which the limit of error is held to 1-1000 of an inch; 20 operations in which the limit of error is between 1-1000 and 1-2000 of an inch; and 30 operations in which the limit of inaccuracy is 1-4000 of an inch. To the layman, unaccustomed to the tools and gauges used in this work, such measurements do not seem possible—nor do they seem *necessary*. Yet it is just such microscopic points as this that make the great difference in motor trucks' operating costs. To attain such results it is necessary to have special jigs, fixtures, and gauges for every machine operation on the car.

Interchangeability

With the exception of the spring clip where compression of the springs will vary a little, every cotter hole in every bolt on the Kelly Truck is drilled on a jig before it goes to an assembly floor. The sound of a file, chisel, drill, or emery cloth is seldom heard on any erecting floor in the Kelly factory. This means not only added life, reduced friction, and, therefore, reduced wear, but it also means that if at any time it is necessary to order a repair part this part will fit into place perfectly without adjustment.

Load Distribution

There has been a great deal of argument between truck manufacturers in this country and abroad regarding the advisability of putting the motor under the seat, or in front under a hood. Everyone is willing to admit that a motor under the hood is more accessible. This means that the average driver will give the motor more attention than if the motor was placed under the seat, because he can do so with less trouble to himself. The real arguments for and against motors under the hood versus under the seat have always been based on load distribution. Therefore manufacturers building cars with motors under the hood have carried from 85% to 95% of their load on the rear wheels—and have claimed that by so doing they increased traction. Anyone who is thoroughly familiar with motor trucks will know that this is not true, and that when pulling in deep mud, deep snow, or deep sand the rear *wheels will bury themselves* and the truck will be unable to lift itself out. Also the wear on the rear tires is greatly increased, thus increasing the upkeep of the truck to a very marked degree.

In our new 1-ton model we have succeeded in keeping the load distribution exactly the same as on our two and three ton models, namely, 78% on the rear wheels, and 22% on the front wheels. Seven years' experience and the Kelly Truck records have proven conclusively that this load distribution is *best* to keep down wear on tires and to enable the truck to pull itself out of bad places. In the recent Chicago to Detroit and return Endurance Run, in which our 3-ton truck took first prize against a large field, over some of the worst roads in the United States, after 700 miles of the hardest kind of usage, the tires on this truck show scarcely any appreciable wear.

If then we have built a truck with the *motor in front* and *still* keep the load distribution the same as with the motor under the seat, have we not produced something that is far in advance of other motor trucks—from the load distribution standpoint alone? If anyone doubts that we *have* produced this, all that is necessary is to load the truck up evenly and run the front and rear wheels alternately on a scale.

Simplicity

Another very important thing to consider in the purchase of a motor truck is simplicity. The Kelly has fewer parts than any other gasoline truck ever produced. Anyone that has ever used a truck or pleasure car appreciates the fact that if a car is equipped with a pressed steel frame and very few cross members the car will ride much easier than if the frame were rigid and braced in many places. The possibility of shaking loose or twisting out the rivets is brought down to a minimum on this model. You can run one rear wheel up onto a bank *two feet higher* than the other wheels and the frame will adjust itself to conform with the unevenness of the place in which it is standing; if the truck is run back to even ground it will immediately resume its natural shape. The frame used on this car is of very heavy section pressed steel with only *three* main cross members.

Every moving part of this car is supplied with a ratchet type grease cup. These grease cups are all easily accessible and plainly to be seen, thus minimizing wear on all working parts. Both front and rear axles are "I" beam section drop forgings with the spring seats forged integral, thus obviating slipping or shaking loose of the spring blocks. The spindles are fitted with double taper roller bearings.

Jack Shaft and Transmission Assembly



Jack Shaft, transmission and differential housing

Our jack shaft and transmission assembly is original and has many excellent features. The first is simplicity. The entire assembly can be dropped out by taking out six bolts. The transmission is mounted directly *on the jack shaft* and is supported on the center cross member by means of a slip-yoke and torque tube. By putting in a double universal joint between the clutch and the front end of the torque tube, we obtain a perfect universal motion and the motor can be cranked easily with the car twisted as far out of line as it can go without upsetting.

Also gears can be shifted with the car in this position, showing that there is no cramp on the gear shifting levers. By using a stacked transmission, that is, by having the counter shaft underneath the main shaft instead of at the side of it, and by having the levers on top of the transmission case instead of on the side, we do away with a great many parts heretofore found on a car constructed with the transmission and jack shaft mounted together. With this transmission we are enabled to put the cover plate *on the side* so that it can be taken out and transmission inspected without removing body or touching any other part. This cover plate is equipped with a filler plug at the correct oil level so that it is impossible to put in any more oil than should be used.

The jack shaft is of the built-up variety, making replacement much cheaper and easier; either the top or bottom half of the differential housing may be removed easily and quickly. By loosening a lock nut on either side of the differential housing the shafts can be drawn out. The jack shaft is of the semi-floating type, absolutely dust-proof. The shafts are up-set on the ends, and the sprockets bolted to them. This construction is found on few other trucks. Yet its value can be appreciated at a glance, as the drive is through six bolts, obviating key-ways or squared ends which are apt to get loose. The rear sprockets are bolted onto the brake drums, making replacement easy. Ordinarily, with trucks of this type, the sprocket is *cast* onto the brake drum so that when it is necessary to replace a sprocket the entire wheel must be disassembled, and the cost of replacement is more than tripled.

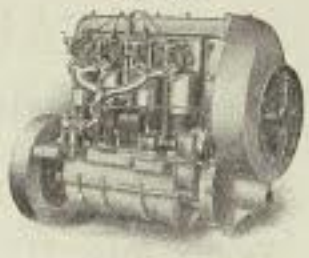
Radius Rod Construction



Service brake on rear wheels showing unique radius rod construction

Anyone who has had anything to do with the care and upkeep of motor trucks knows that at one time or another it is necessary to adjust and tighten the adjusting screw on the radius rod. In nearly all trucks the emergency brake only is mounted on the rear wheels, and the only braking strain that the radius rod screw is compelled to take is when the emergency brake is put on. As this brake is used very little in comparison to the service brake, it can easily be seen that if *both* brakes were mounted on the rear wheels with the *ordinary* type of radius rod construction it would be practically impossible to keep these screws tight. This is the main reason why nearly all truck manufacturers carry their service brake either in front of the jack shaft or on the jack shaft sprockets. Brakes on rear wheels are much more efficient than on either the drive shaft or jack shaft, as in either case it is necessary to brake through the sprockets and chains, and wear on these parts is more than doubled. Besides, the construction is much more complicated than with the brake on rear wheels. In this Kelly model we have large brakes on both of the rear wheels, 16" x 2". These brakes are so powerful that it is possible to slide the wheels with either brake when the truck is going down an *18% grade at 20 miles an hour* with a full load. In order to obtain this result it was necessary to design the radius rod along an entirely different line. This radius rod is made in one single piece, the sprocket end of which is split with a tongue and groove and then bolted together. The adjusting block fits inside of this and the adjusting bolts placed on either side of the adjusting block. By this construction all of the braking strain is taken on a solid forging.

Motor



The famous Kelly blower-cooled motor

The Kelly motor can be removed by simply taking out the bolts which hold it to the frame and disconnecting the clutch. This is an unusual feature which is found on but few trucks in this country.

The motor is our well-known blower-cooled type, the cooling being obtained by a centrifugal multiple-vane blower in connection with air jackets over each cylinder. These jackets distribute the air evenly around each cylinder, making the cooling even and positive. This system prevents over-cooling as well as overheating.

The work done on this motor we believe to be the most painstaking and accurate in the world. Our cylinders, for instance, are made of the very best quality gray iron. We first give them a water test, then take a rough cut-out and anneal them—so that if any dirt is in the casting it will be burnt out. They are then given another water test. If no defects have been discovered the valve holes and flanges are machined, and the finish cut is then taken on the inside of the cylinder. It is then reamed and ground, then "finished ground," and the final water test given. The valve holes and flanges are then inspected with special gauges. For the inside of the cylinder three gauges are used, having a difference of 2-1000 of an inch in diameter. The small gauge *must* go in, the large gauge must *not* go in; if the large gauge goes in the cylinder is discarded, if the small gauge does not go in the cylinder is re-ground. After the cylinder has passed this test it is then *tested with a special micrometer* on which the divisions of 1-1000 of an inch are represented by an eighth of an inch. This is an inspection which most factories do not use, but one which we consider necessary, as a block gauge will not show up hollow places in the cylinder.

Ignition

The magneto on this car is Eisemann High Tension automatic, which automatically advances and retards the spark. With this automatic attachment the spark on low speed is as hot as on high speed, and the angle of advance is greatly increased. One of the greatest sources of abuse on the average truck is due to the fact that the driver will continuously run his spark too high, or fail to pull his spark down until he is giving the motor a hard pull.

Clutch

The clutch used on this car is our own special design, made from a cast aluminum spider which gives the least possible weight, the outside being faced with a special grade of leather, fitted with springs under the end. This clutch we believe to be the superior of any other clutch ever produced—it being possible to start with full load on high speed so gradually that it is impossible to tell when the clutch has come fully into place.

Bodies

In a large number of cases the bodies for this truck are constructed with a half seat built in the body, thus aiding the driver to step back into the wagon and take out his load easily, saving quite a bit of time each day. Style of body, however, is chiefly up to the purchaser, as equipments vary so widely.

The Kelly Motor Truck is built for *your business*. We have full information on what the Kelly is doing in *your own line*. Write us for it today.

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The Post's way of announcing the gift adds immensely to its value. This year we have prepared a beautiful reproduction of Emlen McConnell's picture in all the soft, dainty colors of the original. This is "tipped" on the third page of the four-page announcement. The first page bears this announcement in illuminated design:

At the direction of

we have entered your name upon our list for a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and we hope that the copies we shall have the pleasure of mailing will prove to be pleasant reminders of the friend who sends you this Holiday remembrance.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia





One of these announcements, bearing the name of the person who orders the subscription, will be mailed in a sealed envelope so as to be received on Christmas Day by each person for whom a subscription is ordered along with the current copy of *The Post.* Give your own name and address as well as the names and addresses of the recipients.

Order at once, sending $1.50 for each subscription. Do not delay. Many thousands of orders will be received between now and Christmas. By sending promptly any possible delay will be avoided. The announcement will be held and mailed, however, so as to be received on Christmas.

Subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal* may be ordered in the same way. *The Journal* announcement has the same beautiful colored reproduction on third page, but the decorations are entirely different and of course it bears the name of that magazine.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CORNERING THE NEWS

By William P. Helm, Jr.

WHEN a captain of finance seeks to create a corner in a commodity or stock, his first act is to acquire control of the visible supply. The thoroughness with which he obtains such mastery spells success or failure for his project.

As with the man of millions, so with his poor relation, the newsgatherer. A corner in the market means that fortunes are in the balance; a corner in the news often means that some man's safety and even his life have been thrown into the scales with fate for the brief control of the secret. There are also points of variance: the financier conserves his commodity, hoards and guards it until he has forced the market to the top rung of the ladder—the newsgatherer blurts his secret to the world in scarcheads so high that he who runs may read; the financier reaps wealth—the newsgatherer only the intangible shadows of thrills and satisfaction.

News ages more rapidly than any other article known to mankind. Born in the morning, a story reaches maturity in midforenoon, shrivels at the meridian and dies on an inside page of the baseball extra. The grass, which grows up in the morning and is cut down in the evening, has the longevity of Methuselah compared with an ordinary news story unsustained by the pap of increasing developments. What you read today is forgotten next week. If you don't believe it try to buy last Friday's newspaper. Yet thousands of men in every part of the world worked feverishly to make last Friday's paper possible.

The old day of journalism, when the editor thundered his message in burning philippics, has gone forever. Today Rome talks with New York, New York with the Golden Gate, and San Francisco with the Far East, almost as quickly as you talk with your neighbor over the telephone. A million strands of copper wire, dropped in a tangled net over all Christendom, have utterly annihilated time and space. It is possible for an event of great magnitude, occurring anywhere in the country, to be known in every newspaper office in America within a few seconds and to become the property of the entire nation within less minutes than you can count twice round on your fingers. Public opinion is molded by the first-page stories; and the editorial, stripped of its fire, is harmlessly relegated to the last place where the reader will see it—the middle of the paper.

Nowadays exclusive possession of a great story for more than an hour is almost impossible. Plans are carefully nurtured for weeks to "beat" the opposition by a few minutes and to have one publication get news of a worldwide story on the street ahead of its competitors. The hour of yesterday is a minute today in the field of journalism, and keen is the fight for supremacy. Yet the trained newspaperman will risk his life, if necessary, for a beat. He has done it time and again. Witness the night, a little more than a decade ago, when three hundred of the best reporters in the world charged the bayonets of the United States infantry to get the story of a President's death!

The Death-Watch at Buffalo

When William McKinley lay dying in the home of John G. Millburn, in Buffalo, an army of reporters kept the "death-watch" outside. Big news agencies, metropolitan dailies, alert city editors from far and near dispatched their pick of staff to "cover" the story. For a time it seemed to rain reporters in Buffalo. It was a gathering of the clans from America's four corners, and the burning ambition of each man there was to get first and exclusive news of the President's death.

Such an invasion was not without its embarrassments. After a few days a guard of honor was sent from the Ninth Infantry to draw a cordon about the Millburn home. The house sat back a hundred yards or more from Delaware Avenue and even farther from the intersecting streets. A personal interview with each of three hundred reporters on the story was impossible because of their very number.

As the end drew near it was decided that three men—representatives of the New York Sun, the Associated Press and the Scripps-McRae League, respectively—should be permitted to remain constantly at the Millburn home to "flash" the news of the President's death. These men, representing the telegraph service of practically every daily newspaper in the country, were permitted to pass through the cordon of troopers; but their less fortunate brethren were balked by the guard.

On the evening before the President died the guard was strengthened, a step necessitated by the desperate attempts of the waiting reporters to pierce the circle. At eleven o'clock that night, George B. Cortelyou, afterward in Roosevelt's Cabinet, called the three news-agency men to him.

"I fear the President will die tonight," he said. "If he does you know what will happen outside. I would suggest that you pass back and forth between the house and your telegraph operators beyond the lines frequently during the evening, so that when the President's death is announced you can walk apparently without concern to your operators and flash the news. Then tell the other men what has happened. Also tell them that their city editors all know it. It will probably give you your only chance to get the news off quickly and save your operators from being overwhelmed."

The Loss of a Poker-Face

The suggestion was adopted. The three men passed through the lines at short intervals without exciting undue suspicion, and all might have gone well but for the fact that one of the three was recalled at the last moment and a substitute sent to the Millburn house. The man recalled was a quiet, sphinx-faced chap; the substitute was an impulsive six-footer. The other two men knew that the six-footer would never walk the hundred yards from the house to the wire without betraying his secret. They took him into their confidence, however, and warned him, of all things, to walk slowly to his operator when the news came, and as if nothing had happened.

The Scripps-McRae man mistrusted the six-footer's ability to do this to such an extent as to arrange with his operator to signal the news of the President's death from the porch of the Millburn house.

"Keep your eye glued to the front door," the reporter told the operator. "When you see me come out, take off my hat and wipe out the sweatband with a handkerchief, get back to your instrument as quickly as possible and send this message."

The reporter handed the operator a slip of paper on which was written: "The President died at —— o'clock!"—leaving the time to be filled in by the operator as of two minutes before the reporter's appearance on the porch.

At two-fifteen in the morning Mr. Cortelyou came downstairs from the President's bedside and announced the death. Immediately the three men prepared to saunter over to their instruments. The six-footer was beginning to tell, even then, under the strain of the story. As they stepped out on the porch the Scripps-McRae man took his hat off and under the electric light wiped the sweatband with his handkerchief. He saw his operator run to the key and knew that all was well. The trio then walked for the lines.

The six-footer trod nervously half the distance, wavered and then broke for the line on a dead run. He was wildly excited as he reached the troops. As he sped through the line the waiting army of newsmen didn't have to be told why he was running. It was written in scareheads all over his face.

In less time than it takes to tell, the street was choked with a riotous, running mob of reporters. They stormed the lines of khaki-coated regulars again and again, vainly battling to reach the Millburn home. They swept the three agency men from their feet and the operators from their keys. One of their number, a photographer, kept his head and made a flashlight. His picture stands alone in the art, for it portrayed a sight never witnessed before—several hundred of the finest newsgatherers in the country gone mad over a story.

In marked contrast to this was the group of English reporters who received first word of the death of Queen Victoria at Osborne House on the Isle of Wight. These men, trained with a sense of news from the stolid English standpoint, had waited but a short time when the Queen's chamberlain stepped from the castle.

"Gentlemen," he said as tears brimmed his eyes, "it is my sad privilege to announce that the Queen is dead."

The chamberlain retired with h's grief to the castle. The reporters turned about face, removed their caps, held them respectfully on their left shoulders and walked slowly through the castle grounds to the roadway beyond. The journey was three miles long, but not once on the way did an Englishman quicken his gait or replace his cap on his head. When the road was reached each went slowly and solemnly to the nearest telegraph office and filed his story.

Had it not been for an American, the foreign correspondent of a big New York news agency, the world would not have learned of the gentle Queen's death for more than an hour. As it was, however, the entire civilized world knew it before the group of English reporters had written a word.

The American was among the waiting group at the castle. He saw the chamberlain approach with faltering step, marked his grief and heard the brief announcement. The moment the worthy gentleman's back was turned the American was gone. His English comrades, absorbed in grief and etiquette, gave him no further thought for the moment; but had they seen him they would have beheld him in an awkward and undignified attempt to lower the world's three-mile running record in a mad flight for the nearest telegraph operator.

English News Via America

Long before the Englishmen had shaken the dust of the royal roadway from their feet the American's complete story had been flashed to New York. New York shot it back to London within three minutes after it was received, flashed it to the Pacific Coast in less time still, and a few moments later sent the tidings speeding under the Pacific to the Far East. London, knowing that the best of English newsmen were at the castle, shrugged, incredulous, at the news from New York, but printed it and sent it whirling through Europe for what it was worth. When the British reporters sat down to file their stories most of London knew the news through the extras and tens of thousands of mourners were gathering in the streets.

Thanks to the progressiveness of the lone American, who did what almost any other American reporter would have done, the New York news agency that employed him scored a clean beat of an hour over its rivals and gained advertising of incalculable benefit throughout the world.

Now and then the world hears of the brilliant journalist making good in another field, but this is seldom. The reporter who enters the game for the stakes drops out early, or at least after he has realized that his chief compensation is the pleasure derived from the work and the thrills which accompany it. A level-headed fellow is pretty sure to land a comfortable berth in political or commercial life if he wants it, but the brilliant man—the man whose work is uniformly superior—stays in the service forever. You can find them by the score, these brilliant men, in the newspaper rows of large cities. Some are in their prime; others have only the memory of bygone glories and generally a love for the cup that cheers. They know no other trade; they want to know no other. After they have outlived their excellence you will find them working still in the smaller cities, always hopeful of "coming back," and never doing so—but faithful to the calling unto the bitter end.

The reporter who is worldly-wise closes his ears to the siren and quits after he has accumulated an all-round experience that lays the foundation for success in other lines of endeavor. Notoriously, his pay is small when compared with salaries in more prosaic callings.



The Diamond you can trust

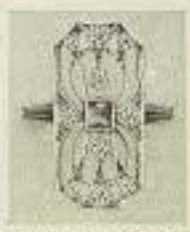
The diamond ring—whether you wear it yourself or whether you give it as an engagement ring—ought to be the best your money can bring.



A fine solitaire engagement ring, solid 14 karat gold mounting . . . **$150**

If it is a Lambert Diamond you'll know it is.

For back of every Lambert Diamond, whether its price be $10 or $1500, is the Lambert reputation for guaranteed quality and value—built up by thirty-five years of genuine value-giving.



Dignity and elegance unite in this constellation of ten fine white diamonds and a lovely square cut sapphire. The setting is platinum, with solid 14 karat gold shank. A real Lambert value . **$75**

Lambert Bros. import their diamonds direct from Amsterdam, the world's diamond market—thus saving you the importer's profit. And even amid the keenest competition in the world—that of New York City—Lambert Bros. have made themselves known to the people of New York as the greatest value-givers in the jewelry business.



Superb white diamond, beautifully cut, the Lambert system makes it price **$100**

That is why you can trust a Lambert Diamond—or any piece of Lambert jewelry—to be exactly what it is said to be and all the value in jewelry that your money can possibly buy.



A diamond of good size and fine quality, full-cut, solid 14 karat gold mounting, **$50**

Sit down now, before you make any jewelry purchase and write Lambert Bros. for their sample sheet of Diamond Rings.



A fine diamond, directly imported, handsome solid 14 karat gold mounting **$25**

With this in your hands, even though you are a thousand miles away, you may purchase of us just as safely and satisfactorily, at the same price, as though you were in our own store.

Send for our 168 page catalogue at once.

Lambert Bros.

Established 1877

3rd Avenue Cor. 58th Street

New York City



THE Santa Claus of childhood days, the fairyland of childhood dreams, were not more wonderful than the *magic* of this modern equipage, which takes you in tranquil luxury wherever fancy directs.

What more exquisite expression of the Christmas spirit could you give to wife or daughter than a Detroit Electric.

It carries throughout the year—from Christmas to Christmas—the holiday spirit. In it Milady travels through the cold of December or the heat of August in stately comfort and independent privacy.

Thomas A. Edison has chosen the Detroit Electric exclusively as the one car properly made to use efficiently the tremendous capacity of the Edison battery. The Detroit Electric is the only electric pleasure car allowed to install his famous battery.

Think what this means! The Edison battery in a Detroit Electric saves 325 pounds in weight over the lead battery and still gives much greater permanent capacity. The Edison battery is an investment—not a running expense.

For 1912 we build one chassis in four sizes, 85-inch, 90-inch, 96-inch and 112-inch wheel base, all with drop frames, permitting low hung bodies. Ten stunning body designs.

All body panels are of aluminum. They do not check, crack or warp. That means long life, continued beauty of finish and easy repair. All fenders are of aluminum, full skirted to protect car from dirt.

All models equipped with our Direct Shaft Drive—"Chainless."

Brakes are extra powerful with double safety device (patented), operated by either hand or foot, or both.

Wonderful springs of improved design smooth over any unevenness of the road. Ball bearing steering knuckles make steering remarkably easy.

Your choice of Pneumatic or Motz Cushion Tires.

BATTERIES:—Edison—nickel and steel; Detroit, Ironclad or Exide lead. Edison and Ironclad at additional cost.

Do not hesitate to write us for any information you may desire. Art Catalog now ready. Sent on request.

THE Detroit ELECTRIC
Shaft Drive
Chainless

Anderson Electric Car Co.
401 Clay Ave., Detroit, Mich.

BRANCHES:—
New York, Broadway at 80th Street
Chicago, 2416 Michigan Avenue
Buffalo Brooklyn Kansas City
Minneapolis Cleveland St. Louis
Selling representatives in leading cities

When detectives fail, call in the reporters. This has resulted in the solution of more than one mystery.

On Christmas Day, 1907, a boy in Newark, New Jersey, slung his new skates over his back, crossed the dirty Passaic and went to the marshes and ponds beyond in quest of ice. He skirted the banks of the river for a quarter of a mile and, three hundred yards away, caught the glint of the sun on the frozen marsh. He ran to the spot and sat down to buckle on his skates; but he got no farther, for, protruding above the thin skim of ice and discolored by the black mud, he saw two human feet!

Two boatmen living hard by helped him break the ice. They pulled from the marsh the nude body of a woman. There were no telltale marks of violence, but they found a ring, a cheap, gold-plated band, upon the proper finger of the left hand.

One of the boatmen tramped a mile to the police station and told of the gruesome find. The police of Harrison—the suburb in which the marsh was located—promptly clapped both boatmen in jail. They took the body to the morgue and the coroner's physician declared that the woman was alive when thrown into the water. The body was placed in the morgue while the police set about establishing the woman's identity.

Meantime the thick waters of the Passaic yielded the victim's clothing—a cheap hat, a muff, a worn fur stole, undergarments and the skirt and jacket of a red worsted suit. There was nothing in these finds, surrendered piecemeal by the river, to aid in identifying the body, for the murderer had slashed the maker's name and every other distinguishing mark from the garments. They were placed near the body.

New York reached across the state line and sent its brightest newspapermen and its saffron-hued newspaper women to help. For days the metropolitan papers printed columns of the strange case. Reporters and police apparently were at a standstill; but while they marked time a keen-witted reporter of the New York World worked out the riddle in the factories across the Hudson.

This journalistic Solomon turned for his clews to the dead woman's clothing. He surreptitiously cut a sample from the cloth of the red skirt; and, failing to pilfer a bit of the black silk braid ornamenting the bottom of the skirt, he photographed it. Then he went back home. He took the photograph of the braid to every manufacturer listed in the directory and found the man who made it. The manufacturer looked over his order book for the preceding year and gave the reporter the names of customers who had bought that design of fabric. To these the reporter turned, taking the bit of red worsted. By elimination he found the manufacturer who had sewed the braid on the red skirt. He, in turn, reviewed his order book and gave the reporter the names of department stores and suit houses which he had supplied with red suits bearing the braid on the bottom of the skirt. One of them was a Brooklyn department store, and to this the reporter turned first.

"Yes, we bought a dozen of those red suits from Mr. So-and-So," said the buyer, "and we have sold them all. So I don't see how we can help you further."

The End of the Trail

As the buyer smiled, the reporter suggested that they trace the skirts, if possible, by means of the daily sales slips. It was a herculean task, but they did it. They found the names of the purchasers. The reporter went to eleven houses and found eleven red skirts. When he visited the twelfth no one answered the doorbell, and a neighbor told him the woman he wanted to see had been away from home for more than a week.

The World put a watch on that house. They learned that the woman and her husband quarreled frequently; that he often beat her; that she sometimes remained away from home for days. They sent a man to interview the husband—a motorman on a shuttle "L" train. The husband said she was visiting relatives in the state of New York. He named the town and the World rushed a man there to verify the story, but he failed to do so. Instead, he brought back with him the woman's parents and started for the Harrison morgue. Meantime another reporter had induced the husband to visit the morgue—"just to see if the body there was that of his wife."

The husband reached the morgue first. He didn't think the woman was his wife. She had no clothing like that near the body, and he couldn't recall a ring such as that worn by the dead woman. A short time later the parents arrived. They fell sobbing across the cold form. The riddle had been solved.

Deduction and elimination of possibilities solved this problem. Sometimes, however, a stroke of luck, an accident—call it what you will—will so cross the reporter's path as to give him a notable beat. When the reporter thus favored by fate possesses more than the ordinary endowment of brains and wit he can turn the opportunity to extraordinary advantage. Such a case was the beat scored by the Associated Press in publishing the contributions to the Democratic National Committee's campaign fund in 1908 three days before the committee intended it to be published.

One of the Democratic challenges during the autumn was: "Publish your campaign contributions!" Mr. Bryan announced his determination to publish the Democratic contributions on October 15 and repeatedly called upon President Roosevelt and Mr. Taft to do likewise for the Republicans. As the appointed day drew near Mr. Bryan became more insistent in his demand, and political America's attention was concentrated upon the situation.

The Associated Press sent a man with Mr. Bryan and another from New York with Norman E. Mack, the party's national chairman. Mr. Mack and his reporter, through long companionship on the road, came to know each other pretty well.

Mr. Mack's Secret List

On October eleven, four days before the heralded day of announcement, a confidential stenographer, trusted and unapproachable, prepared three lists of the contributions. One was given to Mr. Mack, who placed it next to his heart, in his inside coat pocket; the second was sent by registered mail to Colonel Moses E. Wetmore, the St. Louis millionaire who headed the finance committee; and the third was sent, also by registered mail, to Hermann Ridder, treasurer of the national committee, at New York.

At noon the next day the Associated Press reporter and a companion from the Chicago office strolled through the offices at headquarters. Leaving his companion in a hallway, the reporter slipped into a deserted room, lifted a deskpad and there found the rough draft of the list. He knew it would be there, for a tried friend and true who simply couldn't see the reporter beaten on the story had told him so. Incidentally, this friend was a man high in Democracy's councils, who had assisted in drafting the original copy. The only stipulation he made with the reporter was that his name, for a time at least, be withheld. For twenty minutes he worked rapidly at the desk, copying the list on scratch paper, tearing the small leaves from the pad as he filled them and stuffing them in his coat pocket.

There was little time lost in getting to the Chicago office of the Associated Press. There the reporter so timed his story as to make it impossible for the opposition to pick it up in New York after it was printed there and send it back over the wires in time to catch the Western editions. Then he stood by the operator and called New York.

"Tell them," whispered the reporter as he leaned over the key, "that I have the list of Democratic campaign contributions, and that I want to put it on the wire under a New York date to conceal the source of the story."

"Go ahead! Congratulations!" came back.

A few moments later the wires throbbed with the story. The list was complete down to the contributions of one hundred dollars each and every name went on the wire. The three o'clock extras in New York shouted the story from the first page, but not a line did the opposition have.

When the reporter reached headquarters at seven o'clock that night he found Mr. Mack the center of an indignant group of newspapermen. He had been explaining all afternoon and was still at it. The Associated Press man added to his troubles by upbraiding him.

"Here I am," he said, "beaten on the story after traveling round with you for three months just to get it. I suppose now I'll be fired."

There was no answer. Palpably, the story had originated in New York. Mr. Mack lamented the fate that had outwitted him; also vowed inwardly and otherwise to see that Mr. Ridder's secretary was properly punished.

"It couldn't have been given out by anybody else," he said.

A week later the reporter was Mr. Mack's guest at dinner. Meantime the committee had made the list public on October fifteen, true to promise; but there was not a paper that wanted it, for it was stale news.

"Never mind," said Mr. Mack consolingly; "when I get to New York I'm going to see that Ridder's secretary is fired. I've been thinking it over and I don't see any other loophole."

"Don't do it, Mr. Mack," smiled the reporter. "I got that story and put it on the wire."

"Did you, old man?" asked Mr. Mack, beaming.

"I did," replied the reporter; "but you must never ask me how I did it."

A similar beat was scored by the New York Times in the same campaign when it published the text of the Republican platform the day before it was adopted by the national convention.

Two years previously to this, New York Republicans met at Saratoga to nominate a candidate for governor. Frank Wayland Higgins, now dead, was then the chief executive. President Roosevelt had a personal candidate for the nomination, and Charles Evans Hughes, with newly plucked laurels as an insurance investigator, had to be reckoned with; but Higgins could have had a renomination if he had wanted it. There was the rub. No one apparently, including Governor Higgins himself, knew whether he wanted it; consequently the convention marked time, not knowing whether to nominate Higgins or not. Everybody waited to hear from Higgins.

At one o'clock in the afternoon the reporters at Saratoga were told that Governor Higgins would shortly issue a statement outlining his position. The governor was then at Albany; and, with a solitary exception, the reporters stormed the state capital. The exception was the United Press representative. He reckoned that the governor would communicate with the party leaders at Saratoga before he passed the word out to the reporters at Albany. He picked State Senator Tully, of Corning, as the man most likely to receive first news from the governor.

The Senator Cornered

"Senator," he said, "you will doubtless hear from Governor Higgins soon, and I'm going to follow you round; if I may, to get in on the secret."

"Yes, I expect to hear from the governor within half an hour," replied Senator Tully. "Stick round, if you want to."

The Senator's shadow followed him no more closely than that reporter did for the next half-hour. When he went into a telephone booth to call up Albany the reporter stood at the door. When he emerged the reporter met him at the threshold.

"The governor has declined to run again," he said.

"All right, Senator," replied the reporter fervently. "For Heaven's sake, keep that under your hat for a few minutes, will you, please?"

Senator Tully promised and laughed as the reporter walked away. The newsgatherer strolled to the hotel door, paused, looked out for a moment and walked slowly and abstractedly to the corner. He turned the corner at an even gait, and—presto!—he immediately became a thing of life. He ran three blocks at top speed, burst into the office of the Saratogian and sped to the telegraph operator.

"Put on a bulletin," he panted.

A bulletin has precedence over everything else on the wire. The operator opened his key and the reporter beside him dictated the story. In it the reporter forecast the nomination of Hughes. At three o'clock the United Press papers from Buffalo to Manhattan flooded the state with extras carrying the story. A crowd of frantic newspapermen beat upon the doors of the executive mansion at Albany, trying to confirm the news. The opposition didn't have a line, nor did it get the news until four o'clock, when the governor handed out a typewritten statement of about twenty words saying that he had declined a renomination. Meantime the leaders at Saratoga had fixed a slate, with Hughes leading the ticket.

Do You Judge a Cigar by Pennies or Satisfaction?

Too many smokers think of cigars as "five cent" cigars or "ten cent" cigars or "six for a dollar" cigars. A few men speak of "domestic" cigars—"Key West" cigars—"seed tobacco" cigars—"Clear Havana" cigars, etc. These men come nearer to knowing what they are talking about. They base their judgment of a cigar on what it is made of—not what it costs.



Shivers' Panatela EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

The fact that my Shivers' Panatela can be sold by my plan at $5.00 per hundred does not deter thousands of wealthy business men from smoking it. Able, if they wished, to smoke cigars that cost a dollar apiece, they buy their cigars by mail, direct from my clean Philadelphia factory, because they have found my cigars greatly to their liking.

On the other hand, there are scores of men who buy my cigars because their knowledge of selling conditions convinces them that my plan enables me to sell the 10c cigar of the trade for five cents. I have eliminated all the selling expense that distributing through usual channels entails, and every business man knows what a saving this is when applied to a cigar.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* express prepaid. He may smoke ten of these cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Should you accept this offer, be pleased with the cigars and pay for them, my real profit on the sale would be nothing. I absolutely depend on the quality of my cigars to induce a repeat order, and in most cases it succeeds. Repeat orders are the back-bone of my business. You, of course, are not under the slightest moral obligation to re-order from me at all unless you want to. I leave all that to the capacity of my cigars to please you. In ordering please state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars, and use business stationery or give reference.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.



Annex

Sits close at top.
Has ample tie space.
Is easy to button.

Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars
2 for 25¢

Style book sent on request
Corliss, Coon & Co., Makers, Dept. Y, Troy, N.Y.

A PRACTICAL PARCELS POST

(Concluded from Page 5)

In view of the demonstrated fact that the mail-order houses of the United States have grown up without the aid of a modernized parcels post, it is manifestly impossible to ascribe their success to a governmental service or to assume that their continued success would be materially affected thereby. An inquiry into their methods of doing business proves that their success, so far as it relates to transportation, has been achieved through use of freight rather than mail service. These establishments get their orders by mail, but they ship their goods by freight or, in the case of small shipments, by express.

It is true that the mail-order house has an advantage in the fact that its catalog, even if weighing five pounds, can be sent through the mails at one cent for two ounces, or eight cents a pound, but this is not a parcels-post rate. A package of merchandise must be limited to four pounds and postage thereon paid at one cent an ounce or sixteen cents a pound.

Instructions given in the catalog of every mail-order house show the methods by which these enterprises have developed their business. Customers are urged to ship by freight, and since railroads make a minimum charge based on a one-hundred-pound shipment, purchasers are encouraged to order goods enough to make a one-hundred-pound shipment or get their neighbors to join in the order and thus secure the relatively low freight rate. One resident of a community thereby becomes a solicitor of business for the firm he wishes to patronize. This would not be true if he could secure his goods in small shipments.

Under a general parcels post, as at present, many of the forces influencing human action would favor the country storekeeper rather than the distant metropolitan store. A customer desiring any particular article usually wants it as quickly as possible, and whenever he can obtain it there the local store will have his patronage.

The average person would rather inspect his purchases before finally accepting them, and this he can do more conveniently by trading with the local dealer. He would rather use the telephone or give his order personally than write a letter. Presumably he will have less trouble in buying on credit from his neighbor and friend than in borrowing the cash at a bank or in opening an account with a large metropolitan store. Most customers realize that they can return an unsatisfactory article more easily if they buy it locally on credit than if they pay cash for it and its return means retransporting it a considerable distance.

The country merchant, furthermore, would participate in an improved and cheapened method of transportation which would enable him to conduct his business with less capital or to carry a greater variety of goods.

Even if country merchants were not mistaken in the position which many of them have taken and would, in fact, be injured to the full extent of their fears, I should not consider their antagonism as necessarily fatal to parcels-post legislation. In my opinion the desideratum of all legislation should be improvement of the general welfare—the greatest good to the greatest number. The rights and interests of individuals must be considered. Whenever it is clear to the mind of the legislator that an improvement can be made that will greatly benefit the general welfare of the whole community, although its adoption means injury to individual interests, his action should depend solely on whether, in his opinion, the general welfare is sufficiently compensatory to justify the individual injury.

Improved transportation is one of the chief factors in advancing civilization. Our Post-Office Department is our largest governmental enterprise. We are proud of it as a means for the transportation of letters and papers, and I hope soon to see the day when we shall be proud to compare our parcels post with that of any other country. I believe absolutely in the practicability and desirability of a general parcels post at least equal to the best enjoyed by any country. As long as I remain in Congress my vote and efforts will be steadfastly directed toward the development and improvement of this governmental function to which, in my opinion, the people of the United States are entitled.

$369 net per Acre from Onions



Mr. C. C. Pugh writes—"The results from my onion crop, raised on the Mercedes Canal, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, figured on an average basis are as follows: 576 bushels per acre; cost of growing, including crates, $218.88 per acre. Gross returns, f.o.b. Mercedes, were $588.00 per acre, a net profit of $369.12 per acre."

Has not Mr. Pugh a message for you? It is a message most any grower in the

Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana

could send you, for down there men make good. Any man with ordinary intelligence can make a good living in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. He can market his crops out of season and get fancy prices for them. Better investigate this at once. Don't wait until someone else gets your job before you break away. Go down to the Gulf Coast Country and become your own boss. Lead a healthful, out-of-door life on your own land and lay money away in the bank.

Investigate This Wonderful Country

The trip down there, via the Frisco, is worth the little cost of going. On the first and third Tuesdays of each month, round trip fares, via the Frisco lines, to the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana are very low. From Chicago, $37.50; from St. Louis and Kansas City, $32.50; Birmingham $37.50; New Orleans and Baton Rouge $20 or less. To many points fares are even less.

The Frisco Lines operate splendid, electric lighted, all steel trains, daily, from Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Birmingham and New Orleans. Every day of the year these trains carry through cars to the Gulf Coast Country, and on excursion days tourist sleepers.

FRISCO LINES

Three Splendid Books FREE

One on the mid-coast country of Texas, one on the lower irrigated sections of the Rio Grande Valley, and one on Louisiana. They show scenes in actual colors, and describe the country and crops, giving personal statements by men who have gone there and made good. Write for your free copies today while you think of it.

A. HILTON, General Passenger Agent, Frisco Lines, 1425 Frisco Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Corner the Fun Market!

Box Ball has taken fun lovers by storm—is clearing up from $100.00 to $600.00 a month clear profit for many Managers. One also with four alleys made clear



$680.00 in 30 Days

Be a Manager. All you need is energy, and on a small investment you may make the same profits, if not greater ones, right in your own locality.

Box Ball is a clean, moral game—an exercise that fascinates the best class of men and women everywhere. New improved alley—noiseless, fast, irresistible. Big regulation-speed ten-pins set automatically by the players—you just take in the cash. No help needed to operate—no expenses of any kind except rent.

Our Guarantee—You can set yourself up in a permanent, big-paying business on an investment as low as $150 to $300. If you are not satisfied after 30 days we take back the alley and refund what you paid us minus what you took in. Write for our proposition at once.

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Gift time's coming. Here's a handsome and useful gift that readily suggests itself.

A BADGER ALBUM—bound or loose-leaf for unmounted photographs. The very thing for preserving pictures of vacation and outing days, home gatherings, friends and travels. Flexible binding in black cloth or leather, with 50 leaves in black, gray or sepia. Here are some of the most popular Bound Albums.

	Cloth	Leather		Cloth	Leather
5½x 7	$ .50	$1.00	9x15	$1.15	$2.75
7 x10	.75	1.50	10x12	1.25	2.50

They're made right. If your dealer can't supply you, send us the price and we will—prepaid.

For 10 cents we'll mail you an attractive Badger Gem Album (state size of print).

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DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogue illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unheard of prices and marvelous new 1913 offers.

ONE CENT is all it will cost you to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now.

TIRES, Coaster-Brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries at half usual prices.

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Great Farming, Manufacturing and Industrial Possibilities in all sections of the South.

WOULD YOU NOT LIKE TO

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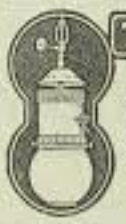
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Manufacturers' prices. We give guarantee of satisfaction and save you 33 1-3%. We have 25,000 satisfied customers. The well-known Regal Rug, 6 x 9 feet, reversible, all-wool finish, $3.75. Our Brussels Rug, 6 x 9 ft., the greatest value known, $1.85. Splendid grade Brussels Rug, 9 x 12 ft., $11. Famous Invincible Velvets, 9 x 12 ft., $16. Standard Axminsters, 9 x 12 ft., $18.50. Fine quality Lace Curtains, 40c per pair and up. Tapestry Curtains, Wilton Rugs, Linoleums at mill prices.



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Print Your Own

Cards, circulars, books, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, TYPE, cards, paper, &c.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Connecticut

If You Care for Your Own Car, You Positively Need a Warner Auto-Meter

The popular priced car which is systematically taken care of will outwear and outlast the high priced car which is neglected

THIS HAS BEEN DEMONSTRATED TIME AND AGAIN

The Warner Auto-Meter is the reliable daily reminder—telling you what your car needs from day to day to keep it running smoothly—sweetly—powerfully at practically no upkeep cost.

A few drops of oil should be applied and Grease Cups given a half turn every *so many miles*. To drive the car farther without this regular attention means WEAR, and continued wear quickly means Big Repairs and a noisy, ice-wagon car.

Once a week or month won't do—the car is driven farther one time than another.

Larger quantities of oil or more grease don't help—for a bearing will hold just so much—no more.

The Warner Auto-Meter, always accurate, always reliable, and so durable that it will remain good as new during the life of many cars, is so designed that this systematic oversight is easy—a pleasure instead of a task.

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Those whose mileage without a cent for repairs is so remarkable as to seem overdrawn, and who have demonstrated that a car can be operated at *far less than the cost to keep a horse*, habitually use the Warner to know when to oil and grease—when to change the grease in transmission and differential—when to transpose the front and rear tires—when to look to connecting rod bearings and when to examine contact points on the coil—in a word, when to check up and adjust all the parts which wear or get out of adjustment through use.

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On many 1912 cars you can secure a Warner as regular equipment

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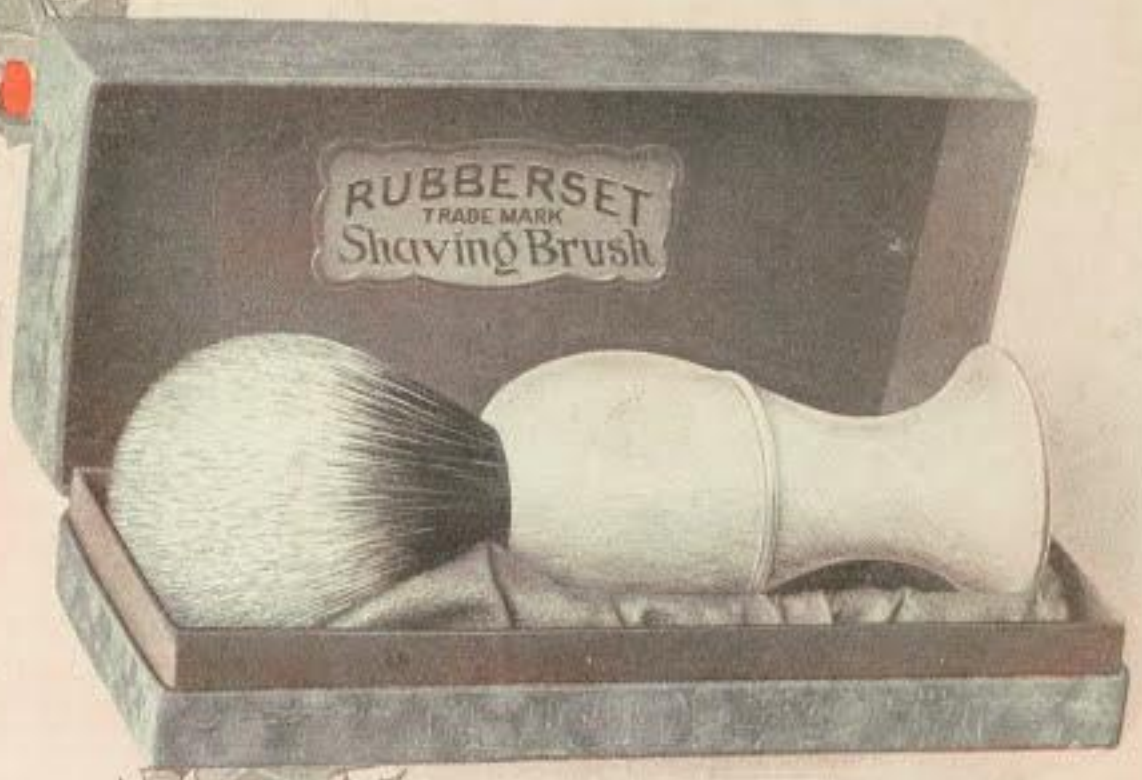
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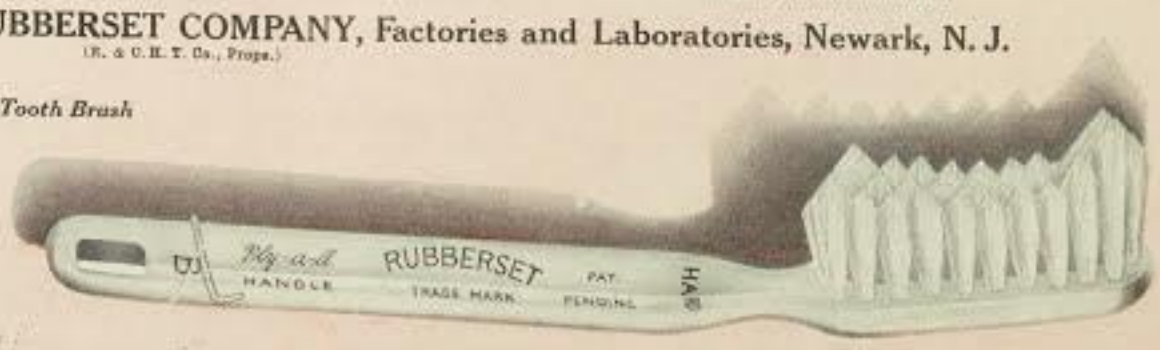


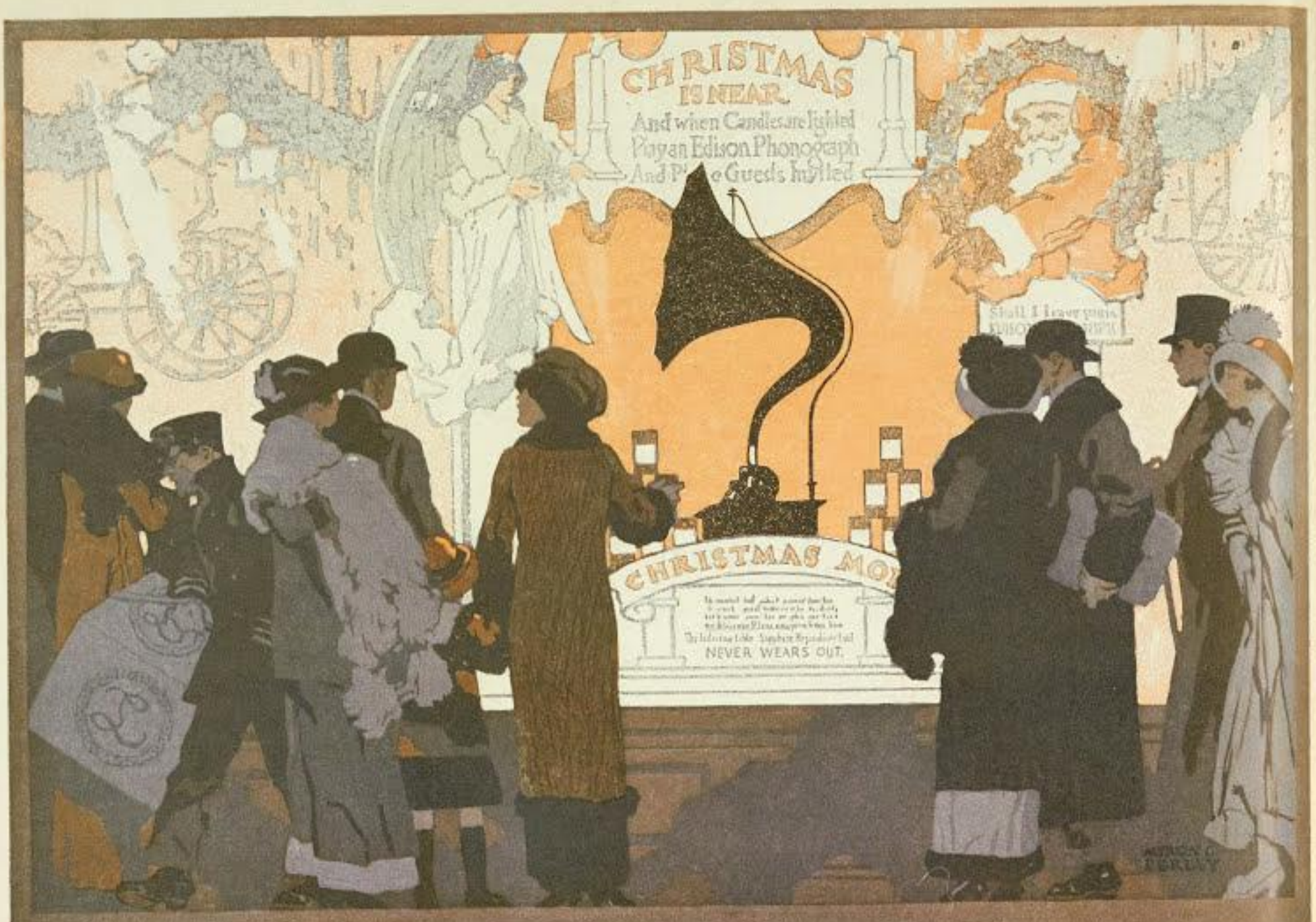
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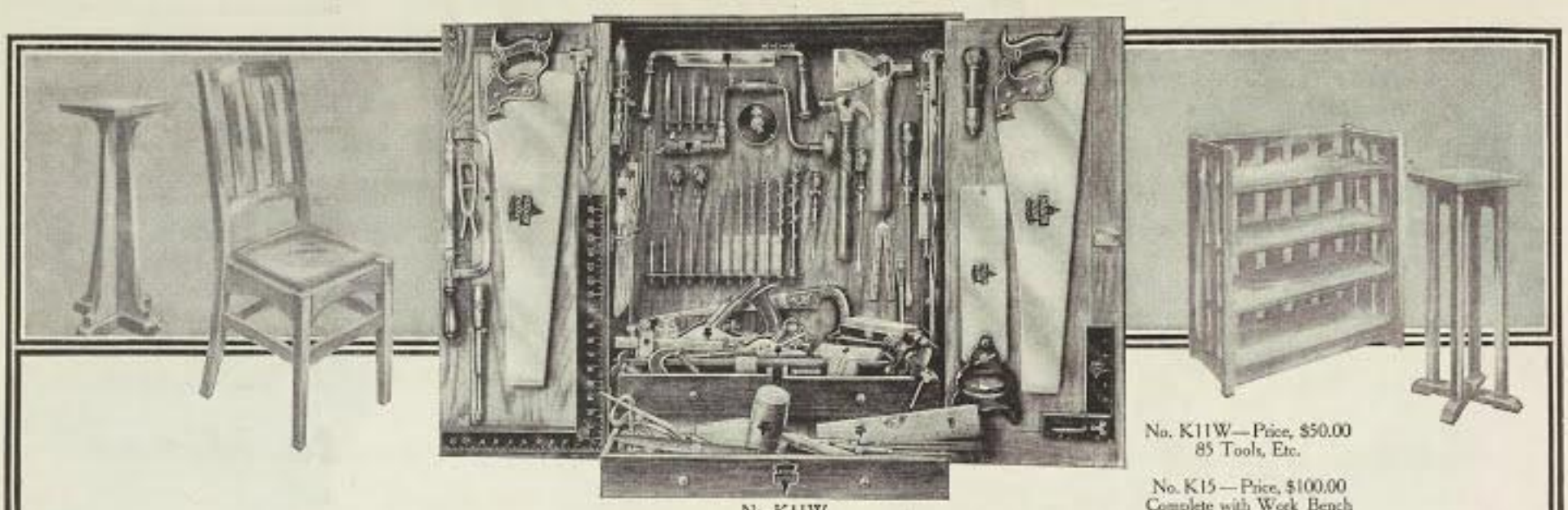
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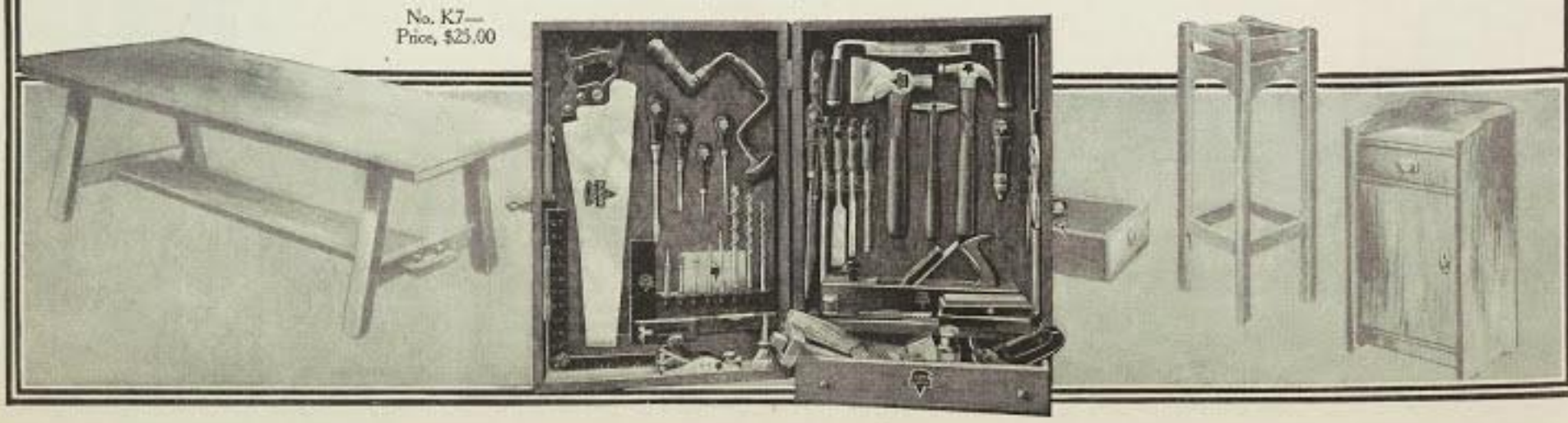
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WHO SHALL OWN ALASKA?

Some Facts About its Farm Lands, Forests, Mines and Harbors—By Gifford Pinchot

WHAT shall we do with Alaska? In order to answer that question intelligently we must first understand what manner of land it is. Alaska has been misrepresented so widely and is so generally misunderstood that our people as a whole have been given a radically false idea of what it is like and what it is good for.

The general misconception about Alaska—that it is a land of ice and snow, glaciers and dog-teams, placer diggings, salmon canneries, undeveloped coal mines, and little else, arose because to the dweller in the United States all these things are unusual and picturesque. Therefore they have been eagerly and almost exclusively seized upon by our travelers and writers as most likely to arouse and hold the interest of their readers and their friends.

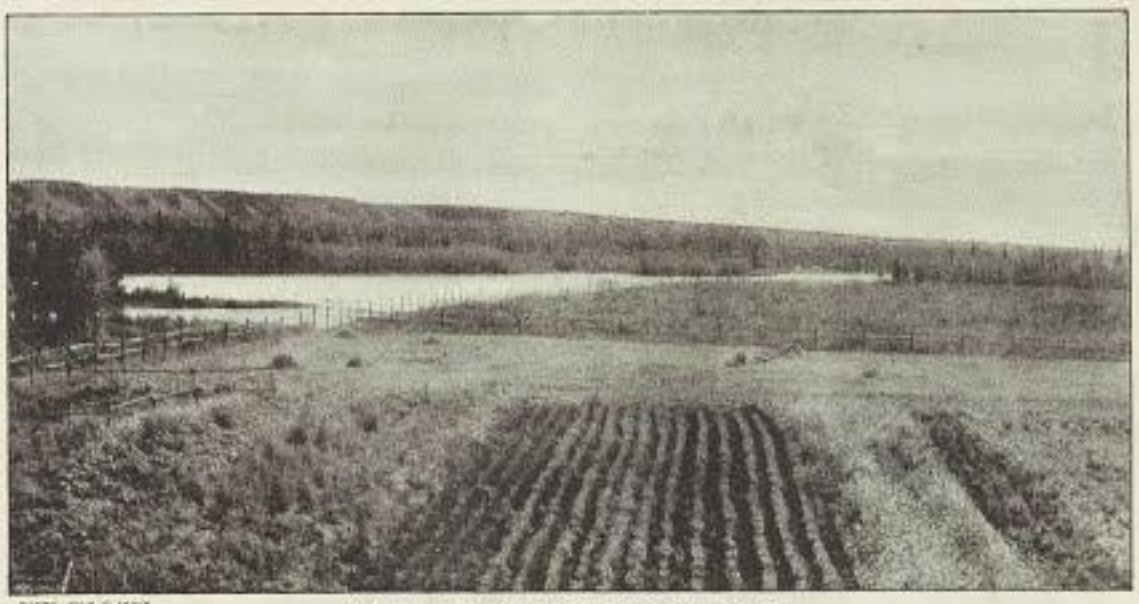


PHOTO. BY F. G. HUNT

Gardens and Grain Fields at Copper Center

The glaciers and the scenery do indeed exist in Southeastern Alaska, and scant justice has yet been done their commanding beauty and charm. The placer diggings and the dog-teams are characteristic of the great interior, salmon canneries abound upon the coast, and the coal is waiting to be mined. But we have heard very little as yet about the great stretches of agricultural land ready to produce in abundance the fruits, vegetables and grains of Northern Europe; about the cattle and the reindeer pastures, vast in extent; about the great resources of timber available for use in developing the mines; and in general about the fitness of this great land—one-sixth as large as the area of all our states—to produce and support a population as hardy, as healthy, as intelligent and as valuable to the nation as the best that Scandinavia can show.

When gold was first discovered in California the men who went to seek it hoped and intended to get rich and then carry their riches home. To them California was merely a collection of gold deposits, a source of wealth to be gathered in haste and enjoyed elsewhere at leisure. The immediate value of the gold overshadowed and concealed all else the land contained. But the enduring—that is to say, the agricultural—value of California could not long be overlooked. A gold mine is an exhaustible and temporary resource, while agricultural land well treated is a resource forever. Little by little permanent settlements came to be made, and homes with women and children were established and multiplied. So mighty is the change in our day that the agricultural produce of California for a single year is now worth twice the yearly product of her gold mines in their best decade.

Alaska is not a second California, but the outline of her story will be the same. It is certain that her mines do not constitute her greatest wealth. Alaska has nearly as much agricultural land as California and Iowa put together. It is true that the same products cannot be grown upon it, but it will yield abundant crops for the sustenance of man and beast. Professor Georgeson, in charge of the agricultural experiment stations in Alaska, is authority for the statement that there is agricultural land enough in that region for half a million farms. There are parts of Alaska where snow lies as seldom as it does in tidewater Virginia, perhaps even less often.

The essential fact about this great new land—the decisive fact that ought to control its laws, its government and its whole development—is that when the good and bad have been fairly weighed, Alaska is found to be well adapted in topography, in climate and in the products of its soil, its mines and its waters for the permanent home of a numerous, prosperous, hardy and happy population of our race. Alaska is indeed the treasure house of the nation, but it is a treasure house in which will live many hundreds of thousands of the best and strongest of our citizens.

There is no doubt that the development of Alaska has been unduly hampered and delayed. Its people have a just complaint, for Alaska has been treated as a grabbag, and a grabbag does not grow. If a moderate fraction of the wealth that has been taken away to create prosperity elsewhere had remained in the country it would today be a prosperous community of many times its present population.

For example, it is a common practice in the cannery business at the beginning of each season to load a ship at Portland, San Francisco or some other coast town with all the supplies, all the materials for making salmon cans and boxes, and all the labor needed for that year—except what is supplied by a few Indians—and to contract with the men not to pay them off until they get home again. Under the law, the small tax the canneries pay can be and often is sworn off by the mere submission of affidavits that a certain number of salmon fry have been released. No other proof is required. The cannery men, whose contribution to the upbuilding of Alaska is practically nothing, are thus relieved even of taxes, on their own statement that they are making reasonable provision for the future of their own industry. It is as though a householder in a town were to have all his taxes remitted because he asserted that he had insured his house. Under this system, I am informed, the runs of salmon are already beginning to show a marked decrease.

The delay in the growth of Alaska is mainly due to the grabbag policy of the very men who have been making the loudest protest against the conservation policy. In the



Potato Fields at Kalk



One of the Ryan Claims on the Shore of Controller Bay

vast majority of cases these men are not Alaskans at all. Very many of them, indeed, have never been in Alaska, and the rest, almost without exception, have gone there with the idea of getting rich quick and getting out. Scarcely any of the Cunningham claimants were Alaskans. Yet it was the efforts of these men and their like to grab what they had no right to take which resulted in the withdrawal of the coal. Not a single member of the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate is an Alaskan. Yet it is the exorbitant transportation rates exacted by companies owned by absentee proprietors that constitute the greatest single obstacle to the development of Alaska.

Let me repeat this statement: It is not the withdrawal of the coal lands that has retarded the development of Alaska, for every valid coal claim was excepted from the withdrawal. What is holding Alaska back more than all other causes is the excessive rates for transportation.

Some actual examples will make this clear. On the Alaskan Northern Railway I paid $1.30 to be carried 3½ miles to a point between stations, although it is right to add that the regular fare is twenty cents a mile. At this point I found homesteaders actually packing their produce on their backs to market in the town of Seward, because the wagon-road bridge was down and the railroad was charging them at the rate of $20 a ton for a 3½ mile haul. The rate for lumber from Seattle to New York is $17 a ton. Potatoes are carried from Northern Maine to New York City, a distance of about 700 miles, for $12.50 a ton in less than carload lots, or $6.10 by the carload. The contrast is sufficiently striking.

Making Day Wages by Walking

SENATOR POINDEXTER and I saw men walking and carrying heavy packs along the right-of-way of this railroad, because, as they said, they could make day wages by walking the seventy-odd miles of its length as against what they would have to pay to ride.

On the Copper River and Northwestern Railroad—the Syndicate line—the situation was found to be much the same. I am informed that last year the Golconda Hydraulic Mining Company was obliged to pay in advance $1000 before the railroad would move a car, containing twenty-three tons of mining machinery and supplies, a distance of a little more than a hundred and thirty miles. After considerable pressure had been brought to bear upon the traffic manager at Cordova the railroad finally refunded $235. In another instance it is related that the freight rate for blasting powder over a run of a hundred and twenty-seven miles was three cents a pound, or at the rate of $60 a ton, which brought the total transportation charge on powder from Seattle to the mine up to $100 a ton. The rate on powder from Chicago to San Francisco is $46.

Rates such as these are calculated to restrict both business and income. Railroads in other new countries establish rates that tend to develop the regions through which they run. This is not true in Alaska.

Such freight rates charged to the owners of mines not controlled by the Syndicate would be less significant if they stood alone. Unfortunately they do not. Another case in point is the use of violence by employees of the Syndicate to carry their tracks not simply across the tracks of a competing road, the Alaska Pacific Railway, at Martin's Point, near Katalla, as the apologists of the Syndicate allege, but at right angles through the middle of their terminal grounds, as the records of the Land Office disclose. This was in 1907. The effect of such a crossing upon the practical value of a terminal it is needless to describe. It is asserted, and observation on the ground appears to sustain the claim, that a perfectly feasible route round the terminal was, and was known to be, available.

Another and a far more serious case, which took place later in the same year, was the shooting at Keystone Cañon. The Syndicate had partially constructed a railroad grade through the cañon, with the idea of reaching the Copper River from Valdez by way of Thompson Pass. It then decided to move its line to the present location, with the terminal, however, at Katalla, about two hundred miles by sea from Valdez, and began the work which led to the incident at Martin's Point just described. Thereupon the Home Railroad Company, financed in part by citizens of Valdez, proceeded to build a narrow-gauge road toward Thompson Pass along the same general line. When the unarmed laborers of the Home Railroad attempted to go upon the Syndicate's grade they were fired upon by a United States deputy marshal, and five men were shot. The doctor who attended these men informed me that three of them were shot from behind—that is, while they were running away. One man died.

The effort of the Syndicate ended with the shooting, and the Home Railroad laborers proceeded in peace with their work until the failure to secure further funds from bankers in Seattle put an end to it. The Syndicate's grade remains abandoned to this day.

A more recent case was the attempt of the Syndicate to take possession by force of a mining claim adjacent to its dock at Cordova, the control of which would have been valuable to it. In this attempt it would have succeeded except for the determined position taken by Jack Dalton, one of the owners, a noted pioneer and a man widely respected throughout Alaska. A legal effort to dispossess Mr. Dalton and his associates has since failed.

The effort to crush competition has not been confined to the land. The Humboldt Steamship Company is an independent concern operating between Seattle and Skagway. The Alaska Steamship Company, owned by the Syndicate, and the Pacific Coast Steamship Company operate over the same route. Through rates from Seattle to Dawson were so arranged that the Humboldt Company received $5 net a ton for transportation from Seattle to Skagway, while the Alaska and the Pacific Companies received $9 net for the same service. On local traffic the Humboldt paid just twice the wharfage rates at Skagway charged to the other companies. (Interstate Commerce Commission, Opinion No. 1347, June 6, 1910.)

The effect of the control of terminals on the price of coal to the consumer in Alaska supplies another interesting illustration. Dr. F. M. Boyle, Mayor of Valdez, writes me under date of November 3, 1911:

> Prior to the fall of 1910, the retail price of coal varied from $15 to $18, and as high as $20 a ton, being controlled entirely by the Alaska Steamship Company, a subsidiary Guggenheim organization. During my tenure of office as President of City Council I always advocated measures to correct this holdup; after considerable difficulty I succeeded in securing, on behalf of the city, an option to purchase a disused dock, formerly the property of the Alaska Home Railroad.
>
> As a result, the city secured a shipment of 500 tons of coal which reduced the price to $10 a ton. This means an annual saving to the people of Valdez of $18,000 a year. The annual consumption of coal at this point approximates 4500 tons.
>
> Another benefit which will result from the ownership of a municipal dock is a reduction of the extortionate wharfage charges, which are from $1.60 to $2 a ton."

The municipal dock at Juneau has performed a similar service for that city.

Crying Down the Resources of Alaska

SUCH instances as these have had their natural effect. The danger of monopoly was realized and dreaded in every town I visited, including Cordova, the local headquarters of the Syndicate. When the Chamber of Commerce of that town, a pro-Guggenheim organization, voted down a proposal of some of its members to invite Senator Poindexter and me to address them, citizens of Cordova took the matter up, hired a hall and with only a few hours' notice, in the face of active opposition, held what is said to have been the largest meeting in the history of that town. It was made clearly evident that even in Cordova there is vigorous dissatisfaction with the growth of monopoly.

It has recently become the fashion to decry the value of Alaska and its resources. The traveler is constantly met with derogatory remarks about the timber, the coal, the agricultural land and the mines. This depreciation usually has for its purpose to impress upon the hearer the idea that after all, since Alaska is worth so little, it is of small consequence into whose hands it may fall.

It is true that the timber of Alaska is inferior when compared with that of Puget Sound. But compare it with the timber of Maine, Pennsylvania or Georgia, or with that of France, Germany or Switzerland, and its value jumps. Some forty million feet are cut from the national forests every year. Yet I was solemnly assured in a public speech that the timber of Alaska was known to the speaker to be valueless for any purpose, because, as he said, he himself had sawed several million feet of it.

Reports are current that the original Government statements as to the value of the coal were too high. An independent estimate, made by a coal expert of experience and standing, after what I believe to be the most thorough and extensive study of the Bering River field yet made, sets the contents of this field at considerably more than two thousand million tons. A Government expert estimated the number of tons at four thousand million. Which of these estimates is right can have no practical present-day effect on what we should do with the coal. At five cents a ton royalty two billion tons would be worth a hundred million

(Continued on Page 50)



Hemlock Timber in Alaska



The Guggenheim Grade at Keystone Cañon



Cunningham Ridge, a Part of the Cunningham Claims

RICKEY BURNS A PACKAGE

A Relation of Relapse and Penitential Fires

By KENNETT HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN



"It's Nothing to Me How You Amuse Yourself, of Course"

TOP-NOTCH had, in a manner of speaking, begun its contaminating career, but the contamination was hardly noticeable as yet. Except where the little one-horse, two-hundred-ton smelter reared and vomited its triding, multicolored spurts of poison, the atmosphere of Garnet Basin was unpolluted. Vegetation flourished where sun and soil would let it; there was still a divided strip of green along the banks of the creek that was good for desert-seared eyes, and people seldom died. Occasionally they were killed; but desiccation rather than dissolution was the process by which the sparse population attained immortality. They dried up and blew away. Ask any one.

There was a mere sprinkling of habitations upon the Basin's side—first, the superintendent's house with its red-shingled roof and surrounding shade of pepper trees; and next in importance Ma Turgoos' boarding house; then the Top-Notch Hoist, of corrugated iron plentifully ventilated with paneless windows; and a sociable row of huts where the Mexican miners led their lives apart and vicariously irrigated their patches of chilli, beans and corn. A store, a saloon and a blacksmith shop faced the boarding house from the other side of the creek, and here and there sun-grayed shacks perched beside puny ore dumps and sheltered potential millionaires, who labored like devils for the time being—because they had to.

In one of these shacks one of these millionaires stood by a sloppy table and wiped thick, rim-chipped stoneware with a sadly soiled floursack as he talked to his sleeping partner. The partner, it must be understood, was at the moment awake. The dishwasher was young and he wore mud-caked boots with hob-nailed soles; his trousers of faded blue denim were also mud-caked, and there were stains on his broad shoulders.

"You never did believe nothing, Rickey!" he said. "'Tain't no use ever telling you. You wouldn't even believe there was copper in the Lady Lou. You was too polite to contradick me when I told you there was, and you was too much of a sport to quit after you grubstaked me; but you didn't reelly believe it till I dug it out and showed it to you. Ain't that right?"

"I'm just as polite as I ever was," answered the young man called Rickey. "I wouldn't contradict you; but I own right up that you've got copper—elegant one-and-a-half-per-cent stuff, with genuine sterling silver in it." His grin was derisive.

"She'll run to fifty per cent in the north shaft, and they'll be enough silver to pay for the smelting," asserted the other doggedly. "You come and see that shaft, and I'll explain it to you so's you can understand it, you ignorant cowhand!"

"I got a right smart of business on hand this morning, Jim," said Rickey, stretching himself and yawning. "But it's all right, and we'll get enough copper to make a bottom to a washboiler yet. And the camp's going to boom, just like you say."

"Wait till I tell you, buddy," said Jim triumphantly. "Ross has had a rock sharp up at the house for three weeks and he's been making more holes in the ground than 'ud patch hell a mile—New York boy, and he's out here in the interest of a geezer who's bought out the Curran crowd's stock in Top-Notch and who's expected here any day. Know what that means? It means millions. Top-Notch is agoing to make the Anaconda look like a garter snake; and the Lady Lou —— Well, wait till you see our north shaft! I tell you, Rickey, the burden of wealth that's going to be h'isted on to you and me is going to make us hump-shouldered! Tell you what I'm going to buy me, first crack out of the box?"

"Don't tell me. Give me a surprise," pleaded Rickey. Then he frowned. "Did you say this four-eyed, knock-kneed, salivated mining-school graduate was staying at Ole Man Ross'?"

"He's staying at Old Man Ross' and Maggie Ross'," replied Jim Orr maliciously. "But you're making a heap mistake in the description, son. He's a fine-looking, husky lad that knows his job and tends to it. Of course I wouldn't say he'd be above setting out on the porch with a pretty girl like Miss Maggie on a moonlight night, or the like of that; but he ain't at the house all the time! No, sir! Won't walk over to the shaft? No? Well, business is business, and I've got to get busy myself."

He put on a hat well streaked with candle grease, took a couple of newly sharpened drills from a corner and went out. Rickey waited a few moments and then went to his bunk and pulled from beneath it his latigo-laced warsack, which he emptied upon the bed. From the contents he picked out an oblong package wrapped in brown paper, liberally sealed and stamped. This he carried to the table and untied, disclosing, first, a peacock-blue plush case, and within that a comb, brush and mirror, silver-backed and elaborately patterned, nestling in blue satin.

Rickey seated himself and rolled a cigarette. "I wonder!" he sighed, and the force of his pensive exhalation blew out the match that he had lit. He struck another and smoked thoughtfully, regarding the gleaming splendor of the toilet articles. Presently he took up the mirror with a tender touch. "If she looked in that she'd sure see something worth looking at!" he said as he laid it down again.

A sharp burn from the almost consumed cigarette roused him from his sentimental reverie and he shut the case and rewrapped and tied it. Then, with a swiftness of action that was one of his characteristics, he stripped and got himself into a gala array of black Clay worsted and white linen, with better results than might have been expected. It was not for nothing that Rickey had been called the "Bar T dude." Setting aside the incompatibility of weather-tanned skin and starched collar, and the slightly lurching walk that shouted for spurs and chaps, the change was hardly for the worse.

He took up the flat package and put it under his arm. "You can't 'most always sometimes tell," he remarked. "I'll try it again, by ginger!"

He opened the door of the shack and set out. Crossing the little footbridge of a single plank that spanned Garnet Creek, he proceeded to the boarding house and, after a moment's consideration, went in. In about ten minutes he came out again with a smile on his face and something crisp in the hand that he had thrust into his trousers pocket. It was not altogether a figure of speech—the business that he had pleaded to his partner. He had called to present a bill for services rendered—and he had collected it. Now pleasure beckoned.

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Pleasure has quite a way of beckoning to deluded hope. She crooks her rosy little finger and, with a glad responsive smile, mortal man comes running, as we say in Dona Ana. Then mortal man slips on the banana peel of disappointment and the doctor has to take sundry stitches in his scalp. Rickey, as he headed for Superintendent Ross' house, felt his spirits exalted to the heavens. There had been nothing in his past experience to justify this elation; but he felt it, nevertheless. It was a hunch, and the young man had an unfortunate and often misplaced confidence in hunches.

Up to the whitewashed picket fence, into the cool shade of the big pepper trees and through the little gate Rickey went joyously and with a tilt to his hat. Past the glasspaneled and curtained front door he swaggered undismayed. What was there to be afraid of? He turned the corner of the house—and lo! his heart turned to water and his stomach became an aching, throbbing void, just because Miss Maggie Ross was sitting in a rocker on the porch, industriously peeling potatoes.

It is an ungracious thing—the description of a young woman. You may have the picture of her clearly in your mind's eye—as Rickey had Miss Maggie's—but the transference of that picture, its reduction into terms of pink and white and red and blue and gold, and its reconstruction into phrase befitting skin, lips, eyes and hair—that is another matter. How are you going to convey the exact position of a dimple in relation to other features, the quirk of a smiling or frowning little mouth, the trick of a glance, or the customary wave or curl of hair—all that makes charm, and the peculiar, particular and personal charm of a given subject? As for Maggie, she had a clear skin and red lips, but not too red; her hair was yellowish—golden when she gave the sun a chance to strike it, which she did now and then, by witness of two or three nice little freckles on the bridge of her nice little nose. Her eyes were blue and had an honest and direct look—and a discomposing quality, also, in the case of Mr. R. Raymond; and yet, with all that, there were many women who denied Maggie any claim to beauty. Some remarked that her chin was too firm.

As Rickey came up there was just a flash of expression in the young woman's face that was welcoming, a quiver of forward impulse in the supple body and a flutter at the full, round throat; but, quick-eyed as he generally was, her visitor failed to notice this. She smiled, but her smile had a certain gravity—perhaps because his was so full of a challenging, mocking gayety as his spirit reasserted itself.

"Well, I'm back," he said, tossing his hat on the porch floor. "Glad to see me?" He put the flat package down, turning the inscription carefully toward her.

"Of course I'm glad to see you," she answered. "I'm always glad to see you, Mr. Raymond." But her chin was in evidence.

"I had a particular reason for asking," observed Rickey, disposing himself easily at her feet. "I wanted to know, and I allowed you could give me the information if you wanted to. You see I wasn't sure how it would be and now you've set my mind at rest. Hah!" He gave a sigh of relief.

Miss Maggie carefully dug an eye out of a potato.

"Your mind must give you a great deal of trouble," she observed.

"It does," agreed Rickey. "I've got it set on something."

"A good many things," corrected the young woman.

"It ain't so big as all that," said Rickey modestly. "It just naturally couldn't spread over much surface."

"Nothing larger than a poker table?" she suggested, with a lift of her eyebrows.

"Now that ain't fair," Rickey remonstrated. "It ain't fair and it shows you ain't posted about me. I ain't played a game of poker since you give me to understand it was sinful."

"Then how ——" Miss Maggie stopped and bit her lip.

"How?" inquired Rickey politely.

"Nothing particular," she answered. "It's nothing to me how you amuse yourself, of course; and if it wasn't poker I suppose it was something else."

"You're peeling them potatoes too thick," remarked Rickey.

"And it was gambling."

"That's the way I was deluded," said Rickey. "I went into it with the same idea; but, sho! it was dead open-and-shut robbery—that's what it was. I never called the turn once. D'you know I can 'most always tell when you're mad? That's a fact. You 'most always look mad."

"How do I look now?" asked Miss Maggie.

"Sweet as a peach!" returned Rickey gallantly. "Same's ever. Ain't changed a mite—have you?" There seemed to be point in the inquiry.

"Where's Nigger-horse?" Her look was particularly direct as she put the question, and Rickey felt some confusion as he tried unsuccessfully to meet it.

"Lemme see," he said, smiling weakly and with an assumption of lightness. "Nigger-horse? Why, yes. Seems to me like I left that little horse at Sentinel Butte. In the livery there. Yes, ma'am; that's what I done. Left him in the livery at Sentinel Butte. Sure."

"Then I must have been mistaken," said Miss Maggie reflectively. "I thought I saw your friend, Pat Burke, riding him down the street about an hour ago—or I would have thought so if I hadn't known you were rather particular about Nigger-horse."

There was no doubt about it. Rickey actually blushed through his brown skin—Rickey, who had always secretly prided himself upon his imperturbability and cultivated it under stress of circumstances throughout an eventful career. The young woman, with the ingenious cruelty of her sex, had touched an exceedingly raw spot. Then, with equally characteristic compassion, she tried to salve the hurt.

"Rickey, I'm sorry," she said kindly. "Did you have to sell him?"

"Me? Certainly not," answered Rickey truthfully, for he had the Spartan virtue. "I just naturally put Nigger-horse up against a hundred dollars for pastime. I didn't have to; I could have quit the game. The trouble with me is I hate to quit. Now there's this here little package," he continued after an awkward pause.

Miss Maggie shook her head decidedly.

"Just as you say." He balanced the package in his hand. "I didn't know. But I certainly did leave Nigger-horse at Sentinel Butte; and I didn't have no idea he was here, or Pat either. Don't want to take nothing from a trifling, no-account cowpinch, eh? Wouldn't consider it for a moment? I don't blame you. Who's this gentleman?"



"I'll Have Nae Ungodly, Dell-Hae-Me, Drinking, Dicing, Drubbing Cowboys Round My Hoose"

A sturdily built, red-faced young man with a slight blond mustache was approaching the house from a trail that led down the hillside. He was roughly dressed in a shirt of blue flannel, open at the throat and with rolled-up sleeves, corduroy breeches, well worn and businesslike, and high laced boots, scuffed and dusty. By no means the effeminate tenderfoot that Rickey had half hoped to find.

"It's Mr. VanOpdom, a mining engineer," Miss Maggie informed him. "He's staying here with us. Rickey, you know very well ——"

"Sounds like something poured out of a jug," remarked Rickey as Mr. VanOpdom came up.

Miss Maggie made a declaration that pleased Rickey at the time.

"This is my friend, Mr. Raymond."

"How d'ye do?" said VanOpdom, nodding familiarly.

Rickey nodded back.

"How's yourself?" he answered.

The newcomer turned to Miss Maggie.

"I just got word that my boss has arrived and I came for some papers I want to show him," he explained.

"Oh!" exclaimed Maggie, her eyes sparkling with excitement. "Has he really come—and will we be having him for dinner?"

"You'd find him right tough eating," Rickey drawled. "I'd recommend plain, ordinary goat; but I don't think he'll walk round today. He's resting after a long ride."

The two others looked at him in surprise. Rickey enlightened them.

"I brought him in last night," he said. "I escorted him over the trail from Sentinel Butte. He wanted a handy man who knew the country and knew his place and would do what was ordered, so I applied for the job and got it. It's a pleasure to work for a gentleman like him."

Maggie said she was glad Mr. Cruser was nice. VanOpdom looked sharply at the escort; but Rickey's face wore its poker expression, compared with which a whitewashed stone wall was mobile and penetrable.

"He's mighty anxious to see you," added Rickey, addressing VanOpdom.

"Did he say so?" asked the mining engineer.

"Not in so many words," replied Rickey.

VanOpdom hesitated a moment and then, with a smile at Miss Maggie, entered the house.

"He's very nice," said the young woman after a safe interval.

"I judge so," Rickey assented. "And we're having fine moonlight these nights, ain't we?"

"Beautiful!" said Miss Maggie. "I must take my potatoes in to Annunciata; but don't go—I'm coming back."

Rickey was getting up; but at this assurance he lounged back against the porch pillar, and at the same moment VanOpdom came out with some blueprints in his hand.

"I'll go over and see him," he said to Rickey. "Over at the boarding house, isn't he?"

"That's it," Rickey answered. "Take the very best care of yourself and don't pay too much attention to him if he seems a little fretful. I've just extracted some money from him and the cavity's kind of sore yet."

VanOpdom favored him with a stare—which Rickey met blandly—and then walked briskly off toward the boarding house. In a minute or two Maggie reappeared, drying pink hands on a towel. Rickey looked at her with a sort of gloomy wistfulness. She contemplated him for a moment quite seriously, then laughed and tossed her towel back into the kitchen.

"I wonder what I'm waiting here for!" said Rickey. "I certainly am a hawg for punishment."

"I don't understand," said Maggie, crossing the porch and seating herself.

"Now this VanOpdom party," Rickey muttered—"very nice he is. Sort of narrow between the eyes, but very nice. Makes himself right to home, as if he just naturally belonged. Doesn't try to put on dog. Just easy and affable. Sure! Still, I'd like to know what's the matter with him staying at the boarding house."

"Maybe it's because father invited him to stay with us," suggested Maggie. "Perhaps he likes it better here."

"I wonder if that ain't the reason!" exclaimed the young man ingenuously. "Why, sure! It's simple enough, once it's explained. There's a good view of the moon from here too. Sure!"



A Love Token No Longer, But a Sordid Stake Upon a Gaming Table

"I wonder what business it is of yours," said Maggie coolly.

Rickey picked up the package beside him and tucked it under his arm.

"I reckon I got to be shagging on," he observed.

"Don't act foolish!" said the girl. "I was just going to tell you about that—that present. I didn't intend to hurt your feelings by not taking it, but you know I told you before that I couldn't. It was kind of you to think of me; but I can't let you give me things."

"You'd let me pack it back again right through the hot sun?" Rickey's tone was plaintive.

She nodded. Then, as a heavy footfall sounded within the house:

"There's father, back from the mine." Her face grew troubled.

"That's good," said Rickey easily. "I haven't seen the old man in a coon's age. I reckon he'll be tickled plumb to death."

"I suppose it's on account of Mr. Cruser," said Maggie hastily and with a listening ear for the door. "Mr. Cruser's coming is going to mean a great deal for the camp, father thinks; and, the way it's been, the Top-Notch has hardly paid expenses. Mr. VanOpdom ——"

"Maggie!" called a rasping voice. "Come your ways ben!"

The girl rose obediently and went into the house. Rickey heard her say something and the rasping voice answer her. He rolled a cigarette and lit it and waited. "I might as well get it all," he murmured philosophically. Then he looked up at the sound of a pronounced sniff that proceeded from Andrew Ross, superintendent of the Top-Notch Mine and Smelter.

He was a big, shambling man, with stooping shoulders and a long, equine face that looked even longer than it was by reason of a streaming, grizzled beard. His scalp was almost bald, but his eyebrows were abundant and ragged and knit formidably over a pair of cold gray eyes that now austerely surveyed Rickey from the doorway. He sniffed again.

"It's tobacco burning," explained Rickey. "I smoke it altogether. How are you, Mr. Ross?"

"I'm weel," said Mr. Ross—"suffeeciently weel. And what may you be doing here, Mr. Raymond?"

"I've just done brought the angel of prosperity to Garnet," answered Rickey; "a two-hundred-pound angel with a forty-inch waist. I'm expecting a vote of thanks from the camp, and meantime I'm meeting my many friends and sort of relaxing."

"I'll say for ye ye're a grand relaxer," said the superintendent grimly. "Nane better! But, without inciveelity, ye'll find the maist of yer freends the other side of the creek, I'm thinking."

"Meaning at The Only Show?" inquired Rickey suavely.

"Ye're no that slow at the uptake—I'll say that for ye too."

"Well, friends are friends wherever you find them," he said mildly.

"I'll have nae ungodly, dell-hae-me, drinking, dicing, drabbing cowboys round my hoose, to be plain wi' ye."

"And meaning no incivility," said Rickey. "Well, my best regards to Miss Maggie. I'll have to leave you."

He had descended the steps when the old man called to him:

"Are ye no leaving something?"

"That's so," said Rickey with the same deadly composure; and he turned back and picked up the package.

"Mr. Raymond," said an indignant voice over the superintendent's shoulder, "I'm apologizing for father; and I want you to know that you have always got one friend here."

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Later on it was a great satisfaction to Rickey to remember that he had been able to smile and sweep his hat gracefully in polite acknowledgment and farewell. He was defeated, but he went away with colors flying and all the

honors of war possible to the vanquished. Yet, inwardly, all the fires of aroused jealousy and insulted manhood raged with a fury that made self-control a marvel. That Maggie had declared her friendship for him in the face of her tyrannical father's wrath was nothing to him then. Reason was timorously standing back, biding the time of reaction; and that time was long after he encountered Pat Burke at the hospitably open door of The Only Show.

Pat was looking discouraged.

"This here is sure a vale of tears and tribulation and two-spots, Rickey," he said. "Here I am, tolled over to this gully with vain rumors of a payday; and, by Godfrey! there ain't no payday and no telling if there ever will be. Now what's your opinion of such a state and condition of affairs and matters as that? Bear down on your sympathy siphon, sport, and let her fizz for me."

"You're wrong, Pat," said Rickey. "This is payday all right and I'm the one that's got paid. I was just wondering where I could get action—and here you are! Brought Nigger-horse up for me, too, I hear." He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out some greenbacks, whereupon Mr. Burke took him affectionately by the arm and led him inside.

Rickey sat with his hat tilted forward to its accustomed angle and played with a mechanical adherence to form and rule that carried him along for several hands before his opponent noticed an indefinable quality of difference in him. Mr. Burke experimented for several hands more and Rickey won steadily. Then came the revelation.

"Well?" said Burke.

Rickey came back abruptly from an excursion into the realm of fancy, where he had been twisting his hand into Alexander Ross' streaming beard, while his knee pressed the esophagus of Mr. VanOpdom.

"Of course, if you don't want that pot ——" hinted Burke.

Rickey gathered it in without a flicker of embarrassment; but the gambler smiled to himself—and from that moment Rickey lost.

"I'll tell you one thing about poker that you don't seem to know," said the gambler presently, evening his stacks of chips with deft fingers.

"Yes?" said Rickey.

"When you play it you've got to give more or less of your mind to it," said Burke. "So that busts you, does it?"

"You might call it that," said Rickey, pushing back.

"What's in that?" asked Burke, pointing in the insolence of triumph to a package on the table. "I'll play you for that unseen. What you want to put it in for?"

"That?" said Rickey. "Oh, sure! Why not? That's worth fifty easy." The blood was still surging in his head, swelling and clogging the network of venous filaments that nourished or poisoned his brain. That part of the intricate machinery expressing what was Rickey still enabled him to laugh and push the package to the center of the table; but the rest was paralyzed. Then something seemed to snap and realization came with a rush. The box—Maggie's box—was before him; a love token no longer, but a sordid stake upon a gaming table. And the cards were in his hand.

"I see this isn't going to cost me a cent," remarked Burke cheerfully. "I stand pat. How about you?"

"Three," replied Rickey soberly, and the three fluttered to him. The gambler spread out kings full on jacks. Rickey laid down a straight heart flush.

"I reckon I'll have to pay more or less attention to the game," remarked the cowboy, as he drew the package back with the blue chips atop. "Now give me the deck and I'll show you how the quickness of the hand deceives the eye. Tribulation and two-spots for you, *hombre*, from this out."

Half an hour later, or even less, Rickey propounded the vital question: "Broke?"

"You might call it that," replied Burke. "I'm as near it as I ever let myself get at one session. You'll have to be satisfied with what you've got. Nigger-horse is in the corral and I'll let you pay the feed bill. That's cheaper than staking me. How long are you going to be in town?"

Rickey got up and pocketed his winnings.

"I'll be here for a right smart of a while; but this is my last game, Pat. Here's where I quit." He put the package under his arm again. "So-long!"

At the door he paused uncertainly and looked out. To the south and east was darkness, only dotted here and there by the lights from cabin windows. There was a soft radiance glowing through a blind in the upper story of the superintendent's house—but Rickey could not know that, within, Maggie Ross was crying into her pillow solely on his account; and he was at that moment particularly attracted by a torchlike flare ascending from the smelter's stack. As he stared at this a voice behind him said in his ear:

"They're making a run. Started up this afternoon on Number Three ore. They tell me things is agoing to hum, now this here capitalist has got here."

Rickey nodded to his shadowy informant and set out, directing his steps to the smelter. In a few minutes he was standing beside the shedded intake, at whose massive iron door a half-naked Mexican stood, leaning upon a slice-bar.

"Open her up!" said Rickey, in a voice of authority, and the Mexican obediently pulled a lever. A withering blast of heat burst out and sent him staggering backward; but, recovering himself, he advanced with a shielding arm across his face and threw the package into the seething, heaving mass of molten ore. There was a tiny upleap of yellow flame and the package vanished. The door clashed back into place.



"Oh, Rickey, You Won't Do Anything But Trouble Me to the Last Day I Live!"

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That night, after a belated supper, James Orr, half owner of the Lady Lou, made a proposal to his sleeping partner, Ricardo Raymond.

"I'll cut the keerds to see who washes the dishes," he said.

"Jimmie," returned Rickey gravely, "I ain't hidebound or prejudiced in my notions. If a man wants to gamble I'm agreeable to let him gamble. He may be able to do it and still be a man and not a lowdown hound; but I ain't. Consequentementally I let cards and such alone. Sabe? We'll wash them dishes turn about—and it's my turn. Furthermore, Jimmie, here's where I quit the cow industry and make a respectable ringtailed gopher of myself along of you, beginning at the north shaft bright and early in the morning."

When Rickey cared to let it be known that he was in earnest there was never any doubt in the mind of his hearer. Jim Orr believed him. He was not a demonstrative person, Jim, nor loquacious; but it was evident that he was pleased, though he merely remarked something about the dishpan being under the stove and indicated the necessity of removing from it the adhering biscuit dough. After that there was some desultory talk and Jim turned in.

As a usual thing, he slept soundly and without a break; but the unusual circumstance of a light at two o'clock A. M. woke him.

Rickey was leaning back in his chair, with his feet on the stove and a fat mail-order catalogue on his knee.

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Garnet Basin was beginning to lose the pleasant effects of its first draughts of prosperity and progress. The intoxication of capital had passed and the morning-after feeling had succeeded to a great extent. Paul Jarley Cruser, of New York, potent high priest of prosperity, sapient accumulator and judicious dispenser of capital, revivifier of industry, developer of natural resources and beneficent genius of enterprise, was no longer acclaimed as the savior of a busted community. He was getting himself disliked.

Things were humming at the Basin. Almost from the first day of Mr. Cruser's advent they had begun to hum. Dynamite blasts had echoed along the packtrail, through the passes of Monte Escobedo and to the desert; and, with a crashing of boulders, a tapping of picks and ringing of axes, the trail had grown to a road. Across the desert to Sentinel Butte there was a straight, rutted line cut by the slowly turning wheels of ox-drawn freight wagons that brought improved machinery for the Top-Notch Mine, and from that mine two tons of ore, at least, were dumped where one had been dumped before. Everybody was busily employed—that is to say, everybody who was willing to be employed by Mr. Cruser for what Mr. Cruser considered a reasonable remuneration for his toil. Evidences of capital were apparent on every hand and Garnet Basin had hungered for capital; progress was the order of the day and Garnet Basin had yearned for progress. Nevertheless, there were carping and disgruntled persons who, in the face of all this, publicly propounded the question, "Where in Tophet do we come in?"—and usually the question was unanswered.

Rickey Raymond, formerly of the Bar T cow outfit, and now actively engaged in the development of the Lady Lou Copper Mine, felt himself impelled to ask this of his partner, Jimmie Orr, whose optimism was at times irritating.

"Where do we come in?" repeated Jimmie. "Why, you lunkhead, ain't you got no sense at all? Don't it stand to reason that when they've got the new smelter they can afford to handle our ore a whole lot cheaper? What do you s'pose they have new, improved machinery for? Think they do it to get shut of their money? You got an idee they want to increase running expenses? No, sonny; they calculate to get the best results the cheapest way, and they're building this here smelter out of economy."

Rickey received this with a look of dawning enlightenment mingled with admiration.

"It sure takes you to figure things out," he said. "Now I wouldn't have thought of that in a million years. That's so, ain't it? They can afford to smelt cheaper and so they'll just naturally charge us a heap less. Sure! They wouldn't take no advantage of us because we can't help ourselves. Certainly not. No more than they'd raise on us."

"They had to do that because they was extra busy with their own ore," argued Jimmie. "Cruser told me that himself."

"Well, my mind's easy if Cruser said that," grinned Rickey. He set his thigh against his lower grip on the shovel-handle and vigorously resumed the loading of the tiny ore car that stood on rails of pine scantling in the drift.

(Continued on Page 32)

THE FUN OF GETTING THIN

Which Concerns the Exquisite Humors of Taking Off Fifty Pounds

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



I Know the Person Round the Forties Doesn't Live Who Enjoys This Sort of Thing

A FAT man is a joke; and a fat woman is two jokes—one on herself and the other on her husband. Half the comedy in the world is predicated on the paunch. At that, the human race is divided into but two classes—fat people who are trying to get thin and thin people who are trying to get fat.

Fat, the doctors say, is fatal. I move to amend by striking out the last two letters of the indictment. Fat is fat. It isn't any more fatal to be reasonably fat than to be reasonably thin, but it's a darned sight more uncomfortable. So far as being unreasonably thin or unreasonably fat is concerned, I suppose the thin person has the long end of it. I never was thin, so I don't know. However, I have been fat—notice that "have been"? And if there is any phase of human enjoyment, any part of life, any occupation, avocation, divertisement, pleasure or pain where the fat man has the better of it in any regard, I failed to discover it in the twenty years during which I looked like the rear end of a hack and had all the bodily characteristics of a bale of hay.

When you come to examine into the actuating motives for any line of human endeavor you will find that vanity figures about ninety per cent, directly or indirectly, in the assay. The personal equation is the ruling equation. Women want to be thinner because they will look better—and so do men. Likewise, women want to be plumper because they will look better—and so do men. This holds up to forty years. After that it doesn't make much difference whether either men or women look any better than they have been looking, so far as the great end and aim of all life is concerned. Consequently fat men and fat women after forty want to be thinner for reasons of health and comfort, or quit and resign themselves to their further years of obesity.

Fatness After Forty

NOW I am over forty. Hence my experiments in reduction may be taken at this time as grounded on a desire for comfort—not that I did not make many campaigns against my fat before I was forty. I fought it now and then, but always retreated before I won a victory. This time, instead of skirmishing valiantly for a space and then being ignominiously and fatly routed by the powerful forces of food and drink, I hung stolidly to the line of my original attack, harassed the enemy by a constant and deadly fire—and one morning discovered I had the foe on the run.

It always makes me laugh to hear people talk about losing flesh—unless, of course, the decrease in weight is due to illness. No healthy person, predisposed to fat, ever lost any flesh. If that person gets rid of any weight, or girth, or fat, it isn't lost—it is fought off, beaten off. The victim struggles with it, goes to the mat with it, and does not debonairly drop it. He eliminates it with stern effort and much travail of the spirit. It is a job of work, a grueling combat to the finish, a task that appals and usually repels.

The theory of taking off fat is the simplest theory in the world. It is announced in four words: Stop eating and drinking. The practice of fat reduction is the most difficult thing in the world. Its difficulties are comprehended in two words: You cannot. The flesh is willing, but the spirit is weak. The success of the undertaking lies in the triumph of the will over the appetite. There's a lovely line of cant for you! Triumph of the will over the appetite. It sounds like the preaching of a professional food faddist, who tells the people they eat too much and then slips away and wolfs down four pounds of beefsteak at a sitting. However, I suppose it is necessary to say this once in a dissertation like this—and it is said.

In writing about this successful experiment of mine in reducing weight I have no theories to advance except one, and no instructions to give. I don't know whether my method would take an ounce off any other person in the world, and I don't care. I only know it took more than fifty pounds off me. I am not advancing any argument, medicinal or otherwise, for my plan. I never talked to a doctor about it, and never shall. If there are fat men and fat women who are fat for the same reasons I was fat I suppose they can get thin the way I got thin. If they are fat for other reasons I suppose they cannot. I don't know about either proposition.

I have great respect for doctors—so much respect, in fact, that I keep diligently away from them. I know the preliminaries of their game and can take a dose of medicine myself as skillfully as they can administer it. Also, I know when I have a fever, and have a working knowledge of how my heart should beat and my other bodily functions be performed. I have frequently found that a prescription, unintelligibly written but looking very wise, is highly efficacious when folded carefully and put in the pocketbook instead of being deposited with a druggist. I suppose that comes from a sort of hereditary faith in amulets. No doubt the method would be even more efficacious if the prescription were tied on a string and hung round the neck. I shall try that some time when my wife lugs in a doctor on me.

Still, doctors are interesting as a class. After you get beyond the let-me-feel-your-pulse-and-see-your-tongue preliminaries they are versatile and ingenious. Almost always, after you tell them what is the matter with you, they will know—not every time, but frequently. Also, they will take any sort of a chance with you in the interest of science. However, they generally send out for a specialist when they are ill themselves. When you come to think of it that is but natural. Almost any man, whether professional or not, will take a chance with somebody else that he wouldn't quite go through with on himself. Besides, doctors treat comparative strangers for the most part, and the interests of science are to be conserved.

Almost any doctor can tell you how to get thin. To be sure, no doctor will tell you to do the same things any other doctor prescribes, but it all simmers down to the same thing: Cut out the starchy foods and sweets, and take exercise. Also: Don't drink alcohol. The variations that can be played on this simple theme by a skillful doctor are endless. When a real specialist in fat reduction gets hold of you—a real, earnest reducer—he can contrive a diet that would make a living skeleton thin—and likewise put him in his little grave. I have had diets handed to me that would starve a humming-bird, and diets that would put flesh on a bronze statue; and all to the same end—reduction. Science has been monkeying with nourishment for the past ten or fifteen years to the exclusion of many other branches of research; and about all that has happened to the nourishment is the large elimination of nutriment from it.



A Fat Woman is Two Jokes—One on Herself and the Other on Her Husband



I Set the Weight at Two Hundred and Thirty-Five and it Bounded Up Like a Rubber Ball

Broadly speaking, the methods of fat reduction most in vogue are divided into four classes—mechanical, physical, medicinal and dietary. The first two are not worth considering by a man who has anything else to do. I do not doubt that a man who could devote his whole time to the work could, by means of some of the appliances offered—from the apparatus in a gymnasium to rubber shirts, get off fat—nor do I doubt the efficacy of exercise and its accompaniments in the way of sweating and baths and all that; but when a person has a living to make these methods are useless, not through any demerit of their own but because the man who is fat hasn't the time or opportunity and, more than all, soon fails in the inclination to use them.

More Diets Than Religions

IF YOU can tell me anything more ghastly than taking a system of canned exercises in the morning or at night in one's bedroom or bathroom, or elsewhere, with no other incentive than some physical gain that, when you come to sum it up, is largely fictitious in value—or comes inevitably to be thought so—I would like to have you step forward and name it. I have been all through that phase of it, and I know; and I also know by heart the patter of the persons who recommend it. Further, I know the person round the forties doesn't live who enjoys this sort of thing—no matter what he says about it; and without enjoyment exercise is of no use or worse than useless. It can be done, of course; and lumps of muscle can be stuck on almost any part of the body—but what's the use to the person who has to make a living? Then, too, I am speaking now of methods that can be used by men and women who are no longer young. A young man can and will do stunts in physical culture that an older man cannot do, either satisfactorily or comfortably.

So far as the medicinal or drug method of fat reduction is concerned, any fat man or woman who takes drugs to reduce flesh, or to help, deserves all that he or she will get—and that will be plenty. There's no need of saying anything further on that subject. Then there remains the dietary method—the old familiar friend, diet. Starting with William Banting—maybe it didn't start with William, but before him—but, starting with Bill for present purposes, there have been more systems of diet invented and promulgated than there have been systems of religion—and that means about one in every hundred has evolved a system.

You can get them of all sorts and all sure to do the work, ranging from an exclusive diet of beefsteak and spinach to desiccated hay and creamed alfalfa. There are monodiets, duodiets, vegetable diets, fruit diets, nut diets—all kinds of diets—each guaranteed to take off flesh if you have too much or to put it on if you have too little. Basically, however, the antiflesh diets are about the same. You are told to cut out everything you want to eat and exist on triply toasted bread and the white meat of a chicken, or string beans and sawdust, or any other combination the sharps say will not produce fat, but will sustain life in a

lingering form. They surround these diet talks and presentments with a lot of frills about proteins and calories and all that sort of guff, and make it as difficult as possible. Now, mark you, I am not saying diet—scientific diet—is not a good thing, a magnificent step forward in the progress of this world; but I am saying that the average fat-reducing diet is impossible to any but a man or woman of the ultimate will-power, and is a hardship that need not be endured. I have tried these diets, and I know! They may help reduce flesh, but they are not easy to follow and they do not contain things that any person wants to eat or is accustomed to eat, or will eat, to the exclusion of things that person does want to eat and will eat. It can be done. One of these diets can be followed if the will-power is there, and the flesh will come off; but the method does not conduce to the best results—the physical force is reduced, and there is a much easier way.

I have one of these diet lists before me now from the highest-priced flesh-reducing specialist in the world, who claims to have taken mountains of flesh off mountainous men. In the beginning, for example, it says: "You will understand, of course, that sugar is entirely debarred. Also, that fats, milk, cheese, cream, eggs, and so on, are cut off for the time being. Also that bread and farinaceous foods are all cut off. In place of bread or toast you must use gluten biscuits." For breakfast, in this dietary, one or two gluten biscuits are allowed and a cup of unsweetened coffee. Also, six ounces of lean grilled steak, chops or chicken, and any white fish—or the whites of two eggs.

This is about the layout for luncheon and dinner. It is all about as exciting and appetizing as that. The proposition is, of course, that you are not taking food which will make fat and you must, therefore, inevitably lose flesh. So far so good; but the difficulty is not in the system, but in the hardship of carrying it out. You can't have anything to eat that you want to eat. You torture yourself for a space and lose some flesh; then when you do go back to your normal method of eating the flesh comes galloping back—and there you are! It is the same with exercise. You can take off fat by exercise; but, once you begin, you are doomed to everlasting exercise, for the minute you stop back comes the fat—and more of it than you had before you began to reduce.

What Happened

IT IS a tough game, anyway you play it, if you are disposed to be fat. No man living, who isn't a freak, can persist always in one diet. Nor can any man who has anything else on his mind be always exercising—especially after he has reached forty years of age, when there are so many better things to do and time is valuable, and the real idea of how to live has just begun to percolate. Also, until one is forty, if reasonably healthy, flesh is a joke, and not so much of a burden as it becomes later. I haven't a thing in the world against any or all of these methods. I have tried most of them and know most of them are bogus; but I am not trying to dissuade any person from taking off fat in any way that suits any individual fancy or the fancy of any reducer into whose hands the victim may have fallen. If you have a good method go to it—and more power to you!

My idea is this: I am setting down here a record of my own experiences, and that is all. Every person who does not like what I have to say is cheerfully advised to lump it. Any person who is as fat as I was and who wants to get thinner is at liberty to follow my method. If circumstances are similar results will be similar. If not there will be no results. I am not advising or urging or putting forth any propaganda. Here is what happened. It may suit you or it may not. Either way I am indifferent. In the words of the coon song: "I've got mine!"

I hope I make myself clear. I have no mission or message or any flubdub of that kind. I am not one of those boys who urge you to do this for your own good. I have read a ton of literature put out by persons who found something that agreed with them and immediately started out to reform the world along that line. Your reformer, anyhow, is a person who wants all the rest of the world to do as he wants the rest of the world to do, not as the rest of the world wants to do. And the reason reformers get past so numerously is because our society is so constituted that we spend every one of our brief years doing what other people want us to do and tell us to do, and never do anything we ourselves want to do. Once I got seventeen pounds of books telling that the only way to cure everything was to fast. I knew a man who tried that. The results were grand. He fasted a long time and cured himself of what ailed him. Only, unfortunately, just before the last vestige of disease was removed the fasting killed him. I contend that man might just as well have died of what ailed him originally as to cure that disease and die of the cure. It seems to me it is as broad as it is long.

However, have at this fat-reduction process of mine! You must bear with a few personal reminiscences. I was a big, husky brute of a boy—thick-chested, broad-shouldered, country-reared and with an appetite that knew no bounds. After I got going at my business, when I was twenty-five or so, I was pinned down to a desk for about ten years. I worked hard in a most exacting place. I was so healthy it hurt. I had just as much appetite for food as I had ever had; but I didn't get a chance to bat round as I had been accustomed to do and burn up that food. The result was inevitable. I began to get fat. I had a big chest—forty-six inches—and the fat filled in underneath. That big chest, combined with my broad shoulders, concealed the size of my paunch, and I didn't realize I was accumulating that paunch until it was soldered, riveted, lashed, glued, nailed and otherwise fastened to me.



I Have Had Diets Handed to Me That Would Starve a Hummingbird

When I got my growth I weighed about one hundred and eighty-five pounds and was a pretty formidable physical proposition. When I woke up to the fact that I was getting fat I found I weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. That extra thirty-five pounds was mostly fat—excess baggage. Still, it didn't bother me any. I had the strength to tote it round and had the shoulders and the chest to conceal it. I didn't show a bay window, as most fat men do. As they used to say: "You're big all over. You carry it all right."

All this time I was eating three or four times a day and eating everything that came my way. Also, I drank some—not excessively, but some whisky and some beer, and occasionally some wine and cocktails—about the average amount of drinking the average man does. I thought I was getting too fat, and I wrestled with a bicycle all one summer, taking long rides and plugging round a good deal. I did some centuries, but continued eating like a horse—naturally because of the outdoor exercise—and drank a good deal of beer. As will be seen, all the fat I had was legitimate enough. I put it on myself. There was no hereditary nonsense about it. I was responsible for every ounce of it. The net result of that summer's bicycle campaign was a gain of five pounds in weight. I was harder—but I was fatter too.

When I was thirty-five I began to experiment. I then weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds. I went to the canned-exercise, the physical-torture professor, the diet, the salts, and all the rest of it, taking off a few pounds but putting it all back again—and more—as soon as I stopped.

These attempts numbered about two a year. Between times I ate as I wanted to and drank as I pleased. Things ran along until the first of January, 1911. I knew I was getting fatter, for my tailor told me so and my belts and old clothes all proved it. Still, I didn't bother much. I thought I was lingering round about two hundred and thirty-five—too much, of course; but I got away with it pretty well, except in hot weather and when I went up in the high mountains, and I was reasonably content. I was fat, all right. My waist was only two inches smaller than my chest and that meant my waist was forty-four inches in girth. As a matter of fact, being scant five feet ten and a half, I was bigger than a house; but I deluded myself with that stuff about my broad shoulders and my deep chest, and thought it didn't show. It did show, of course. I was a fat man—a big fat man—carrying forty pounds or more of excess weight.

I had dieted and quit; exercised and quit; gone on the waterwagon and fallen off; had fussed round a good deal, spending a lot of money in the attempt, and I was getting fatter all the time. I hated to admit that fact. I tried to fool myself into the conviction that I wasn't getting any larger—and all the time I knew I was. I even went so far as to stop getting on the scales; and when anybody—as almost everybody did—said, "Why, you're getting bigger, ain't you?" I always replied: "No, I think not. I stick along about two hundred and thirty-five pounds."

A year ago last summer I went up into the mountains, where I usually go for my fun. I had noticed a shortness of breath and a wheeziness in previous summers, and had felt my heart pounding pretty hard; but that summer I noticed these things acutely. I couldn't get any air to breathe. My heart pounded like a pneumatic riveter. Any little exertion tired me; and when in the lowlands in hot weather I was the perspiring marvel and the most uncomfortable as well as the sloppiest person you ever saw. It was fierce!

Record Weight

I WAS doing a good deal of walking in those days—had to burn up the fuel I was taking into my body. Also, I noticed it was mighty hard to keep awake after dinner unless I got out into the air and kept moving. I felt well enough and the doctors said I was organically all right. I kept informed on those points—but I was fat! Also, though I lied to myself, I knew I was getting fatter.

On New Year's Day, 1911, I weighed myself. I don't know why, for I hadn't been on a scale for two or three years. I set the weight at two hundred and thirty-five and it bounded up like a rubber ball; so I shoved it along to two hundred and forty and it still stayed up in the air. When I got a balance I found I weighed two hundred and forty-seven pounds. I was amazed! Also, I was scared; for it instantly occurred to me that if I had gone up to two hundred and forty-seven in two or three years from two hundred and thirty-five I should keep on going up if my manner of living didn't change—and that presently I should weigh three hundred!

That two hundred and forty-seven pounds was a facer. I was forced to admit to myself that I was fat, disgustingly fat—too fat; and that I should get fatter! So I sat down and looked the situation in the eye. I recounted all my former efforts to get thin and discarded them one by one. I knew myself, and knew the ordinary diet proposition and the ordinary exercise proposition were not for me. I knew I was wheezy and that my heart was getting choked with fat; that there were great folds of it on me, and that it was up to me to get rid of it or quit and wait for the inevitable end. If it kept on I knew I should blow up some fine day. Besides, I was uric-acidy, rheumatic and stertorous and clumsy. I had about fifty or sixty pounds of poisonous junk wrapped round me, and I knew I should suffer for it in the end, though I didn't feel it much and carried it with a fair assumption of lightness.

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THE REJECTED PLANET

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN R. NEILL

IF EVERYTHING that is true were so none of us could believe what he knew!" said Chief Engineer O'Rourke, balancing his mushbowl between his palms while Light Vessel Number 188 lurched sickeningly to the thrust of a big sea. "This wor-rld, including the watther that just tossed us, was made in sivin days. The Good Book says six, but we will allow sivin. And the Lor-rd has been busy iver since keeping the thing going. 'Tis true. Yez all believe it; but yez are ignorant. Ye niver helped build a wor-rld, and yez know nothing about the exthraordinary throuble it is. I know all about it and I believe it, too, though I allow sivin days for good measure. I helped Tim O'Shea, the wisest man in Ireland, consthruct a whole wor-rld. It took him and me together three years' har-rd wor-rk. 'Twas whin me father—Hivin give rest to his weary soul!—presinted me with five thousand pounds on me twenty-fir-rst birthday, his blessing and the old hor-rse."

When Mickey O'Rourke referred to that mythical occasion and the five thousand pounds we knew what to expect. He would spend that enormous sum generously on us within the next hour. The captain grinned and ordered the messboy to bring us a celebrant cheese and the walnuts.

"I remimber the mar-rning well," O'Rourke went on. "Me father sat by the cold fire wid a cold pipe in his mouth. Me mother was blowing the ashes from the ember.

"'It needs a young breath to stir an old fire,' says she.

"'The childher of today are a wor-rthless lot!' answers me father, scowling at me. 'Whin I was young I blew me mother's fire. Now I have to wait an hour for a light to me pipe.'

"'I will take nothing from yez!' I returns proudly. 'I scor-rn your language. I will go into the wor-rld and blow me own coals wid me own breath.'

"The old man got up and roared frightfully at me.

"'No son of mine can answer me back widout throuble!' says he. 'I disinherit yez feriver! Depar-rt from me door!' And he reached up into his tobacco sack and drew out a lot of money. 'Here is five thousand pounds. Take the old white hor-rse and leave us. 'Tis all the fortune ye'll iver get from me!'

"So I took the money, all in gold and five-pound notes, looked at me father superciliously and wint out widout a wor-rd.

"Whin I had put me jacket acroes the hor-rse's back and was for mounting, me mother came to the door and said: 'Mickey, me bhoy, remimber to be good. It took me ten years to save the money yez have. It may last yez till ye find a wife to suppor-rt yez.' And she gave me six fresh eggs, a bit of a loaf and her blessing. Angels above and saints in glory be kind to her!

"So I wint down the road and round the hill in the gray mar-rning and wondered where I should go. At Houlihan's gate who should I see but Tim O'Shea, looking disconsolate. To cheer him up, I infor-rmed him that I was disinherited, wid only five thousand pounds.

"'And where are yez going, Mickey?' he demands, glowering at the sky.

"'To see the wor-rld, Tim,' I answers him.

"'Tis not wor-rth the throuble, Mickey,' says he 'I have seen it and I could make a betther.'

"'Has Moira tur-rned her head away from yez for good?' I inquired, knowing where the bitterness lay. 'Or is Pat Murphy the betther man?'

"'The gir-rls niver know an educated gintleman whin they see him,' says Tim. 'Did I not go to school? And whin the priest could do no more didn't I go to university and become a scholar? Pat Murphy can't even hold a pen!'

"'A pen is a poor thing between the fingers whin soft hands are war-rm,' I retor-rts. 'And why write whin yez can speak?'

"'I am the wisest man in the county,' he remar-rks. 'I have me degrees and know manny things that would astonish ye.'

"'Niver astonish a woman till she is wed to yez,' I said.

"'I will yet astonish Moira Kelly,' retur-rns me bould Tim. 'She has scor-rned a man who is betther than the whole tribe of Murphys!' And he hild his head between his hands.

"What could I say to comfor-rt him? I repeated an old saying: 'The wor-rld is wide.'

"'Too wide,' says Tim. 'It is full of Murphys. But I will make me a new wor-rld widout anny Murphys in it. I have the wisdom. Wid your five thousand pounds I can create a new planet exactly after me own mind; but I am broke and cannot buy the material.'



"'Thin Tell Me Gallant Tim That I Have Forgotten Him,' She Says Slowly Wid a Little Curve in Her Red Lips"

"I was taught by me mother to be kind to the poor. I pulled out me gold and five-pound notes and thrust thim into Tim's hand.

"'Build your wor-rld,' I said. 'I will take this one.'

"'Me wisdom tells me that yez will meet wid misfor-rtune,' says Tim. 'Come wid me and I will allow yez a share in me new place.'

"'I am now a poor man,' I answered him. 'I have already spent me inheritance. I will hire out to yez for wages.'

"So we agreed that he should give me six shillings a week and a bite to eat. 'Undherstand,' says me brave Tim O'Shea, 'that I will dischar-rge yez if yez do not wor-rk accor-rding to me commands.'

"'The bottom of the pot is black,' says I; 'but I will eat out of it nevertheless. Lead on.'

"So we traveled manny miles till we came to a high cliff. On the edge of it we sat down and Tim O'Shea explained to me that he had studied all the rules of creation and science.

"'The scholars know exactly how the sun is made and how the stars rise and set, and why the earth goes round. They have it down in books how plants grow and why no man sees the dead. I have lear-rned it all. Here I have earth, sand and watther. Put them together accor-rding to the rules; make them into a round ball—a flir-rt with the sthrong thumb of a wise man and yez have a wor-rld whir-rling in space! I will now do it.'

"'And whin it is done how will yez climb on it and stick there?' I demands. 'And no woman, much less me brave Moira, will consint to keep house on a round ball twisting in the high air.'

"'There was one mistake made whin this wor-rld was created,' retor-rts me bould Tim. ''Twas that a woman was put on it! 'Tis the solit'ry thing which science cannot explain. I will have no women on me wor-rld.'

"Thin he tould me to pile up rocks and earth while he wint to town to buy other things.

"'I will retur-rn wid certain iliminta nicissary for the wor-rk,' he tould me.

"So he took me hor-rse and depar-rted, l'aving me to sweat over me task. 'Twas evening whin he came back and I could see by his way of sitting on the hor-rse's neck that he had spint money for the ilimints. Whin he had arrived and got up from where he fell Tim remar-rked: 'Ye see how this wor-rld is whir-rling in space? That is astronomy. I know how 'tis done.'

"Wid that he directed me to put earth in one pocket, stones in another and carry grass.

"'Now we will go,' he said.

"To the horror of me bould Mickey we rose into the air whiles Tim chanted a song in Latin backwar-rds. Prisintly I saw the wor-rld—a mere green speck below us.

"'Here we will stop,' says Tim, 'and begin our wor-rk.'

"Niver have I labored so har-rd as I did for two years. Tim directed the operations and I carried the materials through the air by the power of wor-rds which he taught me. I packed all the stuff for that wor-rld and I know how har-rd it is to do it; but in the end it was done, perfectly round, wid lakes, rivers, trees, turf, a bog and as good fishing as yez will find annywhere.

"'Now,' says me wise Tim, 'we will give it a twist—and there we are!'

"So we took hold and made it tur-rn like a ball in the air, till Tim said 'twas enough.

"'It needs centripetal for-rce to keep the men and animals on it, and the centrifugal for-rce, which is neutralized on the old wor-rld, will prevint anny women from getting so much as a foothold.'

"'Tis a fine wor-rld,' says I, watching it spin; 'but it is small.' It was, being not over ten miles round.

"'Small it is,' retur-rns Tim O'Shea; 'but it is perfect. Observe that there is no England on it—and I will have but one landlor-rd and him in a cage like an animal in the zoo.'

"'Take me father's,' I remar-rks. 'I am disinherited, but I have feelings for me family.'

"'I will do yez the favor,' says me brave Tim. 'Now we will build a house.'

"So we spent a six-month consthructing a lovely cabin, wid a fireplace, two big beds, a seat by the door, and a window. And whin it was done we sat down to enjoy the evening over our pipes.

"'Yez have finished a marvelous wor-rk, Tim,' I remar-rks. 'What are yez going to do?'

"'I will now enjoy me wor-rld,' retur-rns Tim, blowing the smoke at a hummingbir-rd which I accidentally brought over from the other wor-rld. 'Here we are, snug and fine, a fire on the hearth, a quilt on the bed and a pot in the ashes—no women and no childher. We will go fishing in the mar-rning.'

"So we lived this way, enjoying oursilves highly for another six-month. At the end of that time I said to Tim:

"'I must go and see me mother. She is old.'

"He thought long and then said:

"'Mickey, yez may go. But I trust yez. I have taught ye par-rt of me wisdom and I bind yez by the powers of dar-rkness not to give me away. Neither man nor maid must know of this new wor-rld at all at all!'

"'Tis so,' I agreed. 'I will take me mother some of the trout we caught last evening.'

"I said the black wor-rds and depar-rted through the air to the other wor-rld and found the foot of the road to me father's house. The sun was setting and the old smells rose into me nostrils. Whin I saw me father's field I felt in me mind what I should say. Maybe he would ask of me what I had done wid the thousands of pounds, and I had no explanation ready. As I was pondering this I hear-rd a soft voice from the hedge calling me—'Mickey! Mickey O'Rourke!' I looked round and saw Moira Kelly standing there in the twilight.

"'Good evening to yez,' I told her.

"'Good evening to yez, Mickey,' she retur-rns. 'I thought yez were seeing the wor-rld.'

"'I have seen it,' I remar-rked. 'I have been gone three years.'

"'Where is Tim O'Shea that went wid yez?' she said carelessly, coming forward.

"'That I am swor-rn niver to tell,' I answers her.

"'Thin he came to disgrace?' she whispers.

"'If it be disgrace to sit by his own door and stare at his own land, wid neither lord nor lady to give the rent to, thin Tim O'Shea is disgraced,' says I.

"She stood there long, wid her slim fingers plucking at her skir-rt. Whin she looked up undher the long lashes I saw a tear.

"'And who was the gir-rl that he should leave his own people to wed?' she whispered.

"'He is not wed,' I retur-rned. 'He will niver marry. He scor-rns all women.'

"'I see ye carry fine trout in your hand,' she retur-rned.

"'They are for me mother,' I replied. 'They are from Tim O'Shea's lake.'

"'Where is this grand place?' demands me bould Moira.

"'I am swor-rn niver to say,' I answered.

"'Thin he knew yez would meet me?' she whispered, this time wid a smile.

"'He said nothing of yez,' I retur-rned.

"'Thin tell me gallant Tim that I have forgotten him,' she says slowly wid a little curve in her red lips. 'Will ye give him that message?'

"'Twill give him joy,' I responded.

"Wid that we par-rted and I wint on to me father's house. He sat by the door as I came up.

"'Where is the old hor-rse, Mickey?' he demands, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"'He is eating grass in the meadow of my place,' I answered, and wint inside and kissed me mother and gave her the trout. Later I came out and smoked silently by the door, like anny man of property. So I stayed that night.

"Early in the mar-rning I kissed me mother goodby and retur-rned to Tim O'Shea's wor-rld. I found him blowing the fire for a coal to light his pipe. He tur-rned round whin I entered the door and asked me:

"'Are they all well?'

"'Quite well,' I answered.

"'And yez saw iverybody?' says Tim.

"'Iverybody,' I replied.

"'I suppose the maids are all married and the men all sorry,' he wint on.

"'I saw one maid not married,' I told him. '"Twas Moira Kelly. She said to tell yez that she had forgotten ye.'

"'And Pat Murphy?' he demanded.

"'He is still there,' I responded. 'He is going to Dublin to wor-rk.'

"That ended our conversation, and we fished and enjoyed ourselves another six-month. Then I felt that I must see me old mother again; and I depar-rted.

"Once more I met Moira on the road and she smiled.

"'Is it you, Mickey O'Rourke?' she demanded.

"So I stopped to speak wid her and she inquired for Tim O'Shea.

"'He is enjoying himsilf,' I told her.

"'Did he speak of me?' she asked.

"'Niver,' I said. 'I told him yez had forgotten him.'

"'Tis thrue—I had,' she said. 'Seeing you it was that reminded me of him.'

"I wint on to the house and saw me mother, and ate wid her; but somehow I could not stay. The smells made me feel like a stranger, our own wor-rld being new and widout much use of it showing. So I got up at tin o'clock and said: 'I must go back.'

"'A long road is rough in the dark,' says me mother. 'Stay the night.'

"'I have me conveyance,' I remar-rked. 'And Tim O'Shea expects me.'

"'Have yez another bed kept war-rm for yez?' she demands.

"'I am still unwed,' I told her.

"''Tis a poor fire that is only a coal for a pipe,' says she; 'but, if yez will sit by such, go on.'

"I traveled down the road, wondhering about manny things, whin I hear-rd a queer sound in the dar-rkness. 'Twas the cry of a woman. I left the path and wint toward it. Suddenly a voice said:

"'Who is there?'

"'Mickey O'Rourke,' I answers. 'And who cries in the dar-rk?'

"'Moira Kelly,' comes the whisper.

"'Whin maids cry in the dar-rk a man bites his fingers by the table in some public house,' I responded.

"'I cry for no man,' she retor-rted with spirit. ''Tis because I am a woman and no man at all.'

"'What would yez do if yez were a man?' I inquired.

"'Thin I would have no tears in me eyes and could sit by the fire; and nobody would say, "What's the matther?"' says she.

"''Tis a woman's way to conthradict what ye have not said,' I retor-rted. 'But I am on me road back to Tim O'Shea and cannot stay to listen to weeping gir-rls. If yez need a sthrong man, a shar-rp eye or a clean shilling I am here. Otherwise let me pass on, for I am busy.'

"'I need neither man, eye nor silver,' she answers me. 'I need only a fireside of me own, a kind wor-rd and quiet at evening. I live wid me mother and seven childher. I am weary of it all, Mickey O'Rourke!'

"I thought, me feet deep in the grass and the smell of me mother's house in me nostrils. Thin I spoke, as a man will in the dar-rk.

"'Will yez marry me, Moira Kelly?' I asks her.

"Her hands met mine in the dusk and I suddenly saw mesilf glorified—but 'twas only her hands she gave me.

"'Yez have a good hear-rt, Mickey,' she whispers. 'And yez would be a good husband and I could look at yez across the hear-rth widout tur-rning away. But I will tell yez all the truth, because ye have spoken as niver man yet spoke to me but one, and him a poor felley widout any ways wid him. I will marry no man but Tim O'Shea.'

"I stood there in the dar-rk like a man sthruck from behind.

"But yez refused to have annything to do wid him!" I tould her.

"'He niver asked me to wed wid him,' she whispered. 'He sat and glowered whin he should have stood up and hild out his ar-rms. So I scor-rned him. And now he is clean gone and a rich man.'

"I answered the gir-rl nothing, for I was thinking in me own mind. Thin I said:

"'He is clean gone from yez.'

"'Where?' she asks.

"'I am swor-rn not to tell,' I replied.

"I could barely see the white of her throat as she stood there meditating. Thin she thrust out her hands and took mine. 'I have hear-rd ye ask me to marry yez, Mickey,' says she. 'I have refused ye. But because ye have a tender hear-rt and an honest mind I will rewar-rd ye. No man has iver kissed me. Kiss me, Mickey!'

"She came into me ar-rms and I felt the lips of her on mine. I would have held her till she promised to marry me; but she drew out and slapped me so that I saw lights before me eyes.

"'Now that I have paid that bill,' says she boldly, 'I will give yez one more kiss if ye will tell me where Tim O'Shea is.'

"The fire bur-rned in me veins and I saw mesilf sitting on the seat outside a door smelling the cooking within.

"'I have swor-rn black wor-rds niver to tell,' I answered her. 'But what is my soul against a kiss? I will tell yez.' I reached out me ar-rms.

"'Yez must thrust me fir-rst,' says she. 'Tell me and thin I will rewar-rd yez.'

"So I tould her of me bould Tim's new wor-rld and the lovely house, the grand lake, the fish in it, the seat by the door.

"'And how do yez get there, Mickey?' she demands.

"'By wor-rds not fit to speak before yez,' I infor-rmed her. 'Ye will niver see him.'

"She wouldn't believe me. She would give me no kiss and tould me I had lied for the sake of winning what I was not entitled to. So at last I gave in. 'Come wid me and I will show yez where he is; but ye must niver let him know what I have done in giving his secret away. And he must niver know ye iver set foot on that wor-rld.'

"So she swore by the saints above and the depths below that she would say nothing.

"All night we traveled until we came to the cliff. There I told her to look up.

"'Ye see that big planet in the sky?'

"'I do,' says she.

"'That is it,' I infor-rmed her. 'Now we will go.' And I war-rned her that Tim must niver see her.

"By me insthructions she put one hand in me pocket and took hold of me jacket wid the other. Thin I said the wor-rds and we flew out into the air and prisintly lit in front of Tim's house.

"'The door is shut,' says she, staring round in the dawn. 'I don't believe Tim is here. Open the door.'

"I refused until I saw that Moira was getting angry. So I said:

"'Yez will but step to the doorway and peep in. Yez will see me bould Tim asleep.'

"I opened the door and I felt her breath on me cheek as she peered in over me shouldher. By the fireplace sat Tim, smoking. He tur-rned his head and saw the two of us—and his pipe broke on the hear-rth.

"'The best of the mar-rning to yez, Tim O'Shea,' says the gir-rl.

"Tim stooped down and picked up the broken clay and stared at it. Whin he saw that it could not be mended he tur-rned on me.

"'Yez have lied and thereby lost your soul,' he remar-rks in a terrible voice.

"'Twas worth the price,' I replies. 'She kissed me once—and she will kiss me again for showing her that yez are still alive and unwed.'

"At that the bould man rose on his legs and came toward me. 'Ye kissed her?' he demands violently. 'For that I will kill yez!'

"'And she owes me one more kiss,' I said. 'She swore that she would do so whin I had shown her where you were.'

(Concluded on Page 37)



"'Can Yez Build a Wor-rld Widout a Woman?' She Demands in His Ear"



"We Rose Into the Air Whiles Tim Chanted a Song in Latin Backwar-rds"

SUPERANNUATED

By CASPAR DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

THOMPSONVILLE lies back five uphill miles by a clay road from the railroad. Mrs. Wicks looked from the east window of the kitchen with growing anxiety as four o'clock drew on—and five; the Sunbury train stops at Susquehanna Siding at three-eighteen. The lovely rolling contours of the valley lands were hiding themselves in mist before night fell. The time was April, though the season hung in March. Conference had been sitting for three days in Sunbury.

"Your pah walked," the good woman said finally. "Them shoes with the patent tips only cost two-fifty; so they aren't made for anything rougher'n to preach in. I don't see a team nowheres. I s'pose he didn't feel to hire a rig if he's kep' on here next year at the same as we're getting."

Henrietta, the minister's daughter, was voiceless—so left by an illness in babyhood. Her hearing was perfect, and she spoke the finger-language. Small talk went on in the Wicks household as in any family, save that both parents, after speaking, instead of listening, turned toward Henrietta and watched her hands. So binding was this habit of attention that twenty-four Pennsylvania parishes remembered Brother Wicks as a man who always faced you, but rarely looked you in the eyes when engaged in common talk.

"It's a bad sign," commented Henrietta.

"I used to pray over Conf'rence; but of late years I've give it up—I only dread 'em."

"Yes."

The daughter was tall and pale, with a singular wan, wistful childishness of expression flashing at moments through the muscular habits which stamp an adult face.

"When you were a baby I used to expect pah'd get passed up some year to one of the big city churches, an' rouse up a terrible revival, and be famous and make our fortunes. But 'twasn't to be. I was real young then!—— I guess you better start supper, Retta, and have a good fire ready for him."

Mrs. Wicks went on twisting rushes into the hundred-and-thirty-foot cord that goes to a chairseat. A hostile patter of sleet began upon the north window. The room grew dimmer and dimmer, save when Henrietta came with the lamp from cellar or pantry.

At six, Brother Wicks came home. He was small, very spare, with gray eyes and a long nose. His overcoat was wet; it gave off a musty smell of dye as Henrietta took it.



"I've Been a Cow Too!" He Said Aloud

Mother and daughter glanced at each other in sudden panic behind his stooping shoulders. Conference had aged Mr. Wicks—and angered him too.

"I'm sorry you felt to walk, Emerson. Take your shoes right off. Now shove up an' say grace, an' we'll give you a hot supper quicker'n Jack Robinson."

"Stewed veal," signaled Retta's fingers. "Wilson's folks killed their calf and cut off some neck before they sold it. I cooked it with a bay leaf."

He shook his head. His wife swept her sheaf of dampened rushes aside and drew her own chair up behind him toward the table, forcing him to sit. The daughter placed hot food on the red cloth and lit the second lamp. Brother Wicks fell into place in spite of himself. He served three plates and began to eat without pause.

"Pah!" cried his wife. "Oh, pah!" Such a thing had happened but once before. There rose before her eyes the snaky pattern of the wall paper in the scarlet-fever room of the parsonage at Oriola, as it was years ago—the evening when Harry died and little George, and the doctor said Henrietta would not last the night. They had been in the parsonage only three weeks then, and the window curtains were not up, and several of the neighbors were right inside watching; but Emerson Wicks had set a stern young face to the lamplight and had eaten a bread-and-milk supper without returning thanks to his Maker. His wife had never asked why—personally she distrusted the wall paper rather than the Lord; but the recurrence of the minor sacrilege tonight filled her with panic.

"Pah," Mrs. Wicks pleaded unsteadily, "you got something bad you're keepin' back. Do get it over."

He looked at Retta's fingers. They spelled: "Let him eat first. He's so tired." With a grunting sigh he returned to the veal stew.

It was thirty years since Mrs. Wicks had been beautiful; she loomed behind the table now, big and gaunt, yet lumpy; and her frightened eyes saw for the first time that her mate was old. Suppose—suppose they all lived, and he got too old to drive the country roads and preach in schoolhouses, and bury or marry people in bad weather, so that the Methodist Church had no more use for him!

"Oh, pah!" she cried shrilly. "Ain't I always told you I could stand anything Conf'rence would give us—anything except Wapwallopen and Oriola! Ain't I?"

"That's it!" Mr. Wicks swung half round. "We're turned out of this. This is four hundred a year and the house—and only two miles to Petersburg for the afternoon service. Race and Thomas went down all right with their petition to have me stay, but 'twasn't no use. It was all fixed up. This place was promised to another brother 'way ahead. He came out of college and got married already on the strength of it, I learn. And he's one more preacher than there is churches in this Conference! So—so Brother Mace slated me for Oriola."

Mrs. Wicks took it with a long, gasping sigh. There was no other sound. Henrietta's fingers said: "I don't understand!"

"It's three sermons a Sunday—Oriola, Union Hill, Regal; and live at Oriola. There's a house. But I hire a livery horse and buggy every Sabbath. They pay two hundred and forty dollars!"



"I'm Sorry You Felt to Walk, Emerson. Take Your Shoes Right Off"

"We can't!" Mrs. Wicks licked her upper lip and shook her head. "We—we get four hundred. Why ——"

"No, no. I know it. But don't you see? They've got me to the wall! Maybe they thought I'd resign. Then there'd be just a church apiece in the Conference, same as there's been for a good while. They need one man less. And I'd often mentioned in the course of conversations with different people that you and I wouldn't go back to Oriola for any consideration. See? So, of course, I took it. Brother Mace was put out with me too. I suppose he thought I'd retire from the ministry."

Retta's hands were not talking; they hung limp. The silence was heavy with bitter things unsaid.

"I ain't so old! I've done a lot o' hard work for the church in my time and I'm no more broken than several others who tackle three sermons a day; but what they want nowadays is style! The pure Word ain't enough, without the preacher ties on a lavender necktie. That's our Christian workers nowadays!"

"Retta," said the mother, "give him his tea. It's more than I can." She sat down, with elbows braced on the table, and held her temples.

. . . . . .

On Sunday Brother Wicks preached his last sermon at Thompsonville and Petersburg. It was a routine discourse and safely free of any of the hard-bought truths that were running in the little preacher's head. He walked back from Petersburg schoolhouse in the late afternoon; the woods were greening, and cattle had been let out in the bare pasture. He stood and looked at the sleek utilitarian ugliness of a big Jersey newly in milk. Then he shook his fist at her.

"I've been a cow too!" he said aloud. "How much did you ever get for all the milk you gave? Just a place to sleep, and find your own feed mostly. Me too! And you'll go on. But, by gosh!"—the preacher's Bible rested on the top rail of the gate and from pulpit habit Brother Wicks smote it a resounding blow—"I'm going to begin selling that milk myself, sir!"

Nothing happened. Brother Wicks looked about the peaceful landscape and saw nowhere any mark of divine rage. He looked into his own soul, expecting the still small voice to whisper of Satan and damnation—and surprised, instead, a good manly feeling of self-reliance. He would make money—actual hard cash, plenty of it—and spend it on himself and his—which was a very different thing from living within a ministerial salary at Oriola.

"Office hours! That's what I'll have—same's a lawyer; he don't law in bed, nor visiting. That's it. Two-twenty-and-hire-your-own-horse don't hire me for seven days and nights a week. A hired man on a farm gets more for six days! I guess a good part of my week will be left over for other business."

He replaced the Bible under his left arm and started on, but his head was up. The Yankee strain in him saw a keen new world—not a countryside where he knew every man, woman and child as souls saved or unsaved—as Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran, Methodist, Presbyterian, Holy Roller—but a pleasant organization of property owners, the solidest of whom were presently going to pay him some good commissions.

At home the women were dressed in their best, dry-eyed and rather pale, sitting in the parlor with company. The neighbors were not all Methodists; but even among outsiders, like the Romanist Burkes and the infidel Tinkelpfings, there was evident a galling sympathy—a fatal understanding that Preacher Wicks was superannuated and had only snatched his last chance in the ministry by a reverend sleight-of-hand—the next Conference would shelve him.

Retta and Mrs. Wicks were composed and gentle, but they missed no stab of the thorns. Yes, they would pack Monday and go Tuesday night. Yes, they were used to moving and always had been. Yes, pah would conduct evening service in the church tonight; but no sermon. No, thanks; they wouldn't need help in packing, and Brooks' folks had offered to team the furniture to the station. Yes, they'd take the night-blooming cereus along in the passenger train, for fear it might freeze—April's changeable.

It was late when they were able to turn out the parlor lamp. Preacher Wicks went straightway to bed and fell into deep slumber. Retta slipped out through the kitchen. Mrs. Wicks followed her after a long wait.

The daughter clung to the well-curb, bent and weeping. At a touch she raised her head in the dark, sobbed voicelessly and began her finger-speech.

"It's dark, lamb. Come in to the lamp and tell me. Mother can't see you talk. There—come."

Henrietta came. She stood in the dim circle of the kitchen lamplight—the wistful thwarted youth of her pitiful in face and figure. She spelled rapidly. For the second time that week Mrs. Wicks bore an almost mortal shock.

"Who?" she cried. "Who didn't come?"

"The deacon."

There were several deacons, and among them they offered fearful complications. While Mrs. Wicks stood, trying to be reconciled to bigamy and scandal, if such were the Lord's will, Henrietta went on.

"He was at evening service. He looked at me; but I knew he wouldn't come. He feels for us; but he can't sympathize in talk. I understand that. Afterward he just drove past. I knew he would. I don't blame him. His mother was Dutch, besides him being so deaf; and the Dutch hold things awful against a failure. They love folks to go ahead and succeed. He does. I don't blame him."

"Oh!" gasped the mother. "You mean Walzer?" Mr. Walzer, though a bachelor, well-to-do, elderly, deaf and accomplished in talking and understanding the finger-alphabet, had not entered into her hasty survey of the diaconate because he was only a Dutch Reformed. "O-oh!" There was a respite here. "I didn't know you and Walzer ever was—was ——"

"He wasn't," Henrietta acknowledged, bitter tears falling on her rapid fingers. "He didn't know I was either; but he was getting—interested. If we'd been placed here another year in this charge I know I could have got him. He'd begun watching for me now—ever since pah had his horse. He liked me because I could talk fingers—like his mother taught him when he was a little boy, not as deaf as she was herself. For I could listen when he talked voice to me and he didn't have to lip-read when I talked back; and he thought that was so sociable and nice. He said so. Oh, in a year more, I just know I could have got him wanting me!"

"Mercy on us! Ain't you ashamed to talk like that?'

"No, I'm not."

"But you don't hardly know the man! You ——"

"And now I won't ever!" Henrietta smote her pale cheeks with her open palms, then went on desperately: "He was my only chance."

"Shame!"

"I don't care. I'm getting old. I'm thirty-four, and I want a house I won't have to move out of every Conference—and children, and a man, and housework like other folks. I do! There, now!"

"Hen-ri-etta!"

"I liked him," mourned Retta shamelessly, "but I'll never see him again. Oriola is too far away." She broke down and cowered over the dresser, her hands still in the light though her face was hidden.

"Oh, don't talk so. I guess God must want ——"

"You can't find any place in the Bible where folks say: 'The Lord never gave me anything of my own, so blessed be the name of the Lord!' You can't tell me that!"

Mrs. Wicks was sorely shocked and troubled. A minister's wife sees so little of the actual, secular, unvarnished life of folk that she had lost sight, in thirty-seven years, of the primal use and need of woman. Henrietta's aspirations toward housekeeping and children were undoubtedly prompted by the Personal Devil; but, because Henrietta suffered, Mrs. Wicks gathered the angular, old-young figure to her mother-breast. They clung together. After a long time Retta's crying grew less. They kissed.

"Of course we won't tell pah," cautioned Retta's fingers. She smiled into the wearied old face. "He feels bad already. Good night."

"Not's bad's he did, someway," meditated Mrs. Wicks, going to her bedroom. "Seems to me I seen a kinda change in Emerson. If he wasn't so old I'd say he'd found a way to get even with the whole Conf'rence!"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The move to Oriola was a night ride by way-trains, with three changes. It went into the chronicles of the Wicks family as dreary and inconvenient beyond any trek they knew. Even Mr. Wicks did not aver that their labors were decreed by the Lord's will; but, with the familiar peripatetic furniture once more set in order in a parsonage and the neighbors—strange of face, with old-time names—coming to renew acquaintance with his womenfolks, Brother Wicks chirked up astonishingly.

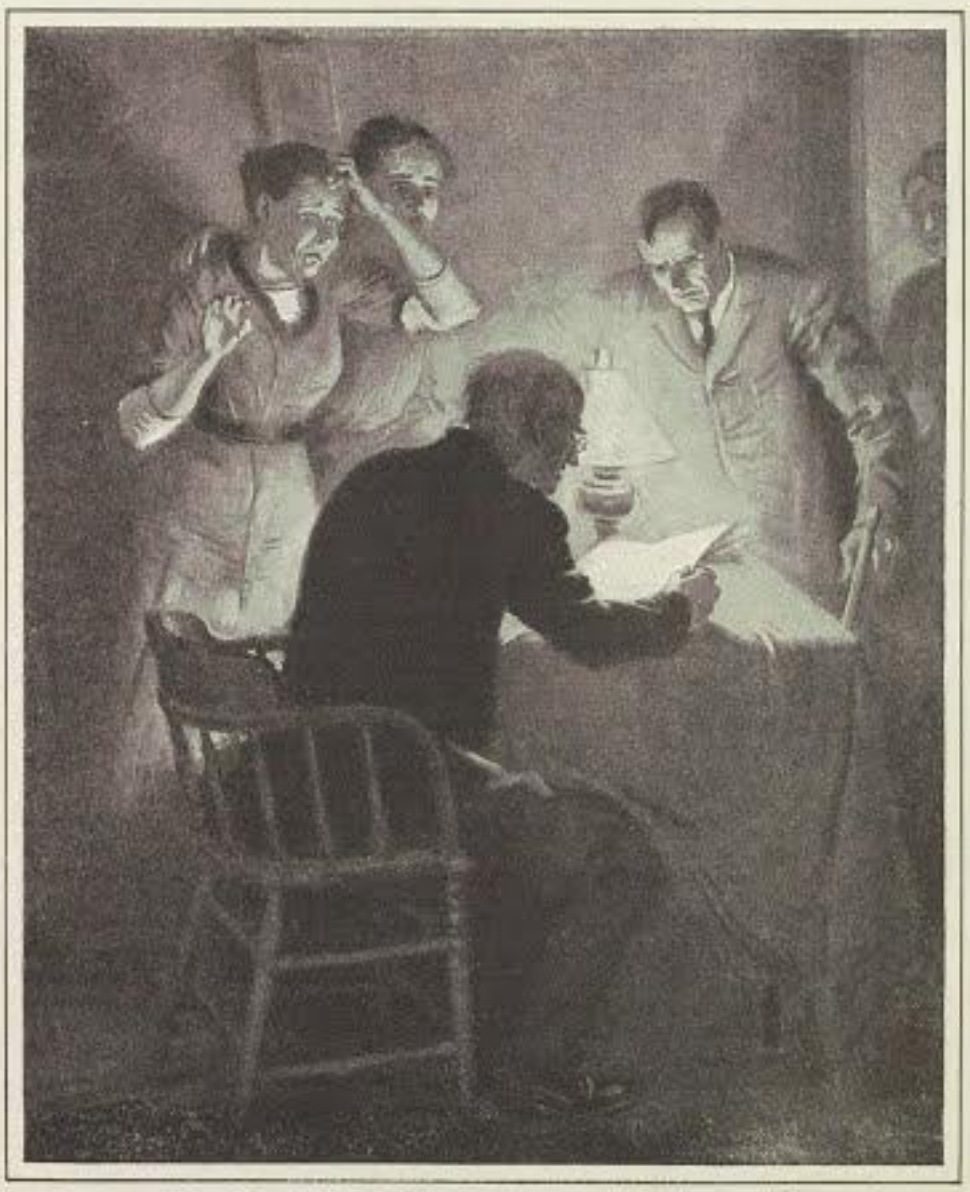
He did not behave like an ordinary minister. Having two barrels of sermons which he considered the ripe product of his prime, he did not trouble himself with creative theology; but he made visits far and near—visits not at all of the class dreaded as pastoral.

People felt secularly at ease with the little man sitting on a harrow out in the barnyard, talking cattle with the men, or rocking in his hostess' kitchen chair, debating butter with the women. Strangely enough, he found all the men of these butter townships sure that cattle paid; while from the ladies he elicited the statement that—time, trouble and cream considered—butter did not pay them for their work.

Then, on a June Sunday, the minister took cold driving to Regal in the rain. He preached at Regal and later at Union Hill, and drove back home. The next Sunday he was hoarse but plucky, and rasped through his discourse in all three pulpits.

After that he lost his voice. He seemed not to worry at being almost as dumb as poor Henrietta; he sent the presiding elder a call for a student-supply; and then—to drive away dull care, probably—he trudged away on his sociable rounds more briskly than ever. Hardly a child in five miles round had not a willow whistle of the preacher's fashioning before July.

Joseph Polhemus, Junior, kept the feed-and-grain store in Oriola. To him came the Reverend Emerson Wicks one hot Tuesday, whispering with resolute cheerfulness—a game little man, smiling at the starvation ahead of him. Joseph, Junior, liked that grit.



"I Always Told Brother John to Have Nothing to Do With Those People"

"Joey, I want a favor of you."

Joseph looked up from last Saturday's paper. He, too, smiled. He twiddled a heavy watch-chain.

"I guess that's all right, Mr. Wicks."

"I married your father'n mother, Joey. Soon after that I buried your gran'pah, and before I left town I baptized you. And I hope to marry you"—he bowed flatteringly—and Joey blushed—"soon. It'll be my last year; but, considerin' the pastoral relation, and—and my throat—why, I have to ask a favor of somebody."

"Go ahead." Joseph mentally set his highest figure.

"You tell John Stocker that he's got two too many Holstein cows for the size of his farm, and feed's going up."

The feed merchant stared. "I know it is; but who told you?" Then, the other aspect of this singular request presenting itself, he thought hard. "You mean you want two Holsteins cheap? Going into the milk business?"

"If you can scare him down to forty dollars apiece I am. I'll need another favor to help out too. I married your father, you know; and, though it's a long while ago, your pah's worst enemy, I remember, was always a Portman."

"Is yet!" snapped the listener.

"I want you should find some reason why Silas Portman'll rent me the ten-acre lot up next my house for next to nothing a year—and sign the lease."

A glimmer of the family feud shone in Polhemus' eyes; he appeared to think it a not impossible maneuver. He nodded slowly. "That all?"

"Yes," assented Brother Wicks, "unless you want to make me a special minister's rate on meal and bran for the year that is before us?"

Joey chuckled. "You can have today's price at sixty days, right along."

"All right," whispered the visitor—"if it goes up; but if it goes down, Joey, why, I married your pah and baptized you; and if you can't do better for me I'll trade in Regal till she comes up even. You won't mind?" He smiled beautifully. "Now I'll tell you something. Folks are going to keep eighty head more cows'n they've got now. They'll have seven hundred an' fifty in the three townships next winter. So you know what to figure on ahead of time. Look here!"

And, without pausing for pledges of secrecy or other womanish precaution, this odd fledgling of commerce exhibited a printed form of contract. It was signed by a local farmer, dated and witnessed; it bound Phinney Majors to deliver daily to the railroad the whole milk and all the milk of his seven cows for shipment to the Sanitary Dairy Company, Corporation, of the city of New York, during two years, at two cents a quart.

The feed merchant read and meditated: "But if butter is at twenty-eight in winter it pays them better to ——"

"They're tired of making butter."

"If feed goes up they'll be stuck!"

"We-ell! I gave them an advance of five dollars to bind the bargain. Forty-two took it."

Five dollars multiplied by forty-two equals ——? Four months at two hundred and twenty dollars a year equals ——? And forty-two contracts for the milk of cows are not printed in blank by Methodist ministers as fancy work! A light began to dawn in Polhemus' mind. He gazed hard at Mr. Wicks. Money and contracts—where did he get 'em? Somebody with power and railroad connections was behind the mild little ancient and his sanitary dairy of New York. Oh!

In the shock of revelation Joey named the Supreme Noble Grand Lacteal—a word too magnificently financial to be written in these pages save as paid advertising. Brother Wicks inclined his head as if in benediction, and whispered the same syllables. The Name'd be able to pay cash—wouldn't it—right along? And enforce the contracts? It would be dreadful if folks were disappointed.

"They pay," Polhemus assured him. "I hope they give you a commission, too, for your trouble."

"Oh, sure!" whispered Mr. Wicks. "That's why I have the money to buy those cows of Brother Stocker—if you get him down pretty well beforehand with a high-feed warning."

"Has he signed one of these?"

"Not yet; but his daughters will influence him. They want more time for self-improvement, instead of butter."

"Shiftless stock on both sides!" commented Joey ungallantly. "But say! If you've got all the cows tied in knots why ain't you leaving Stocker free to peddle milk here in town for three cents? Some fam'lies always buys."

"Because I want to do it myself for six cents," replied the old man.

"For the love of Jerry!"

"I am pretty well broken in the Christian ministry and my throat's wore out, and I've got a family to provide for—that's why. You know what they pay in this charge. It used to be more, and prices have gone up since then; but I had a hard time to keep along on it when I was here years ago. Now we couldn't—not if I had my voice as good as ever. And it ain't likely I can keep even this long—while mah and Henrietta alone could go right on with a milk business!"

The merchant considered, frowning. A sense of unfitness, a disapproval that he could not analyze or justify,

irritated him and spoiled his satisfaction in a shrewd bargain. Yet there was nothing wrong in any point of the affair. He nodded, got up and took his hat from the shelf.

"You been real frank with me, Mr. Wicks; and I'm sorry to hear you been so up against it. I always said I couldn't stand to be a rotation-preacher. Portman's over in the icehouse now; I'll run over and see what I can do with him. Then I'll try Stocker. And I won't repeat nothing you've said to any one; but if I was you I'd be a little distrustful of most folks till the last cow in the place is signed for. Keep it dark!"

Joseph closed the office door on himself and went out. Mr. Wicks sat on. A smile—cunning, shrewd, but kindly—crept over his features.

. . . . . .

In November, Squire John Hall, that first citizen of Thompsonville, died. In his last hour he provided that Brother Wicks be brought down from Oriola to preach his funeral sermon. The funeral was set for Monday; so the executors went to the expense of a telegram.

Brother Wicks discoursed to his Sunday morning congregation upon the Temple of Solomon, swallowed a hasty dinner at home and set out for the obsequies. He took in his bag memorial discourses—A Just Man, An Aged Negress, and A Lost Sinner—appropriate portions of which he would select by lamplight on the train.

It was the usual cheerless roundabout journey, with long waits between trains. At the second junction the clergyman fell in with old-time friends, two solid farmers of Martinsburg; and providentially he was able to sell them three five-hundred-dollar bonds. The fact was that Brother Wicks had become, by easy stages and an introduction from Joey Polhemus, a salesman for the bondhouse of Winkle & Watts, Allentown.

Fresh from this successful night, the clergyman appeared at the house of mourning in time for breakfast, spoke comfortably with the widow and daughters, and retired to the parlor bedroom to consider his remarks.

The funeral services began at ten o'clock. All Squire Hall's Bible class came, bringing a harp done in purple immortelles. The choir came, male and female, garnished with white lisle gloves. The college-made minister came—he who had crowded Brother Wicks out of Thompsonville—but his young stranger wife ignorantly stayed at home and so gave great offense to the bereaved. The church people were there and most of the neighbors within a mile's drive.

Brother Wicks looked about at the familiar faces, with his sweet, shrewd smile, before he stood up to make the opening prayer. In June, how he would have shrunk before them, knowing that they pitied him, his poverty and decrepitude, his fate!

After the preaching there was a long bleak ride downhill to the cemetery. Three pallbearers, Mr. Abel Walzer and two Cousins Hall, from Harrisburg, shared the surrey with Brother Wicks. Being relatives, the Halls sat in front and drove.

"How's everybody, brother?" inquired the deacon in the privacy of the back seat.

"They're good. How's your folks?"

"My second cousins is good, thanks, but my housekeeper's left me already. That's the nearest folks I have got, if you should remember."

"I do remember," Brother Wicks assured him heartily. "Well, well! That's hard. What'll you do?"

"I kinda get along," Abel explained vaguely; "but it's lonesome still. The buttery ain't scrubbed out or the churn scalded; and I have to feed the chickens myself, besides all the chores. It's hard."

"We're keeping chickens now. Mah and Henrietta are raising a hundred and ten pullets; but we won't see an egg before Christmas."

"That costs heavy, don't it?" Abel Walzer had, by the necessity of lip-reading, a full-face view of anybody with whom he was in converse. He scrutinized the reverend brother's face for panicky faltering and found none. Mr. Wicks carried himself, his helpless womenkind, his hundred hens and all the rest of his liabilities and disabilities with an excellent courage. "You don't get no decent salary up there to Oriola also. I always say it is a shame how they pay a man in the up-country churches. Ain't?"

"Well, I couldn't live on it, deacon. I knew I couldn't when I took it. But eighteen dollars and seventy-five cents a month don't pay a man for his whole time—do you reckon it does? And in my spare hours the Lord showed me a way to make ends meet."

"Sho!"

Mr. Wicks was innocently open about his money matters. He proceeded.

"My throat give out with three preachings a day in the rain. I got to going visiting among the folks most every day and staying to dinner: there'd be more in the pot for mah and Henrietta if I had my meals at the tables of the rich. And I found all the ladies tired of the slavery of making butter. So I went to the Milk Trust and got some contracts and signed up about all the milk in three townships, to be sent to New York on the train. I got a commission on the business."

"Sho!" said Deacon Walzer. "You don't tell me! Not but what them lazy folks will lose by it at the end of the year. For one thing, they don't raise no pigs or calves still without the skim."

(Continued on Page 40)

THE WINGS OF ICARUS

By FRANK B. ELSER



Moisant Over the Statue of Liberty

IF YOU were a healthy young man by the name of McGurdy or Dodgers, or Casey or Jones, and you were playing man's newest and most hazardous game—aviation—and you read in the newspapers every five days or so that a clean-cut chap, with whom you had been doing dips and spirals at a county fair the week before, had been carried lifeless or dying from the field while a morbid crowd tried to tear off his blood-stained collar and tie as "souvenirs"—would you want to chuck it all and let a new crop of youngsters develop the art of flying?

I think you would. I am a healthy young man by the name of McGurdy or Dodgers, or Casey or Jones, and for two years I have been flying for a living. For a time my ambition was to break all altitude, speed and duration records, and to hear the crowds roar as I swept past the grandstand. Now my greatest desire is to stay on the ground. And in saying this I not only speak from my own heart, but I believe I express the conviction of seventy-five per cent of the professional birdmen in this country today. In other words, this death, death, death is telling on our nerves!

Don't think I am knocking aviation or accusing the men who fly of being cowards. That is farthest from my mind. Being an aviator at all indicates right off that you are anything but a coward, and we all know that aviation is in its earliest stages of development; but the fact remains that the appalling and ever-growing death-list is making even the daredevils think—they are not laughing the specter off and talking about fatalism as they used to. Poor Eugene Ely's recent death at Macon, Georgia, drove it home that even the most cautious fliers are not immune; and the fellows I have seen are wondering whether their turn will come next.

This talk of dying, anyway, when your time comes sounds very well in the abstract, but it doesn't go very far when you stop to think that you are twenty-five and healthy—and perhaps have a wife and baby. Just naturally you prefer a farm in Iowa or a cottage on Long Island to a place in that new department of the newspaper morgue—that list of now more than one hundred under the heading "Killed in Aviation," which had its beginning when young Lieutenant Selfridge met death at Fort Myer, Virginia, on September 17, 1908.

Except, perhaps, the aviator who has had a bad fall and a violent flirtation with death, no one realizes the dangers of flying more than do the Wright Brothers and Glenn H. Curtiss, the principal manufacturers of aeroplanes and consequently the principal employers of aviators in this country. The Wrights have always discouraged recklessness and daredeviltry, and Curtiss has just reiterated his feelings along this line by sending a circular letter to all his men on the road, commanding them to wear heavy leather helmets whenever flying and to take no chances that are unnecessary. Youthful Cromwell Dixon, who was killed at Spokane in September, did not wear a helmet. Had he had one on when he fell at the state fair there, his life might have been spared. The Wrights were always begging Arch Hoxsey and Ralph Johnstone to cut out their dangerous dips and glides; and, as you probably remember, both these boys paid the penalty of their recklessness with their lives. Both had stated that some day they would loop-the-loop in an aeroplane; and it is the opinion of one well-known authority on aeronautics that Johnstone was actually attempting this when he smashed a wing and fell to his death at Denver.

At this writing there have been in this country and in Europe, since 1908, one hundred and two deaths due to aviation accidents. Sixty-four of these occurred during the first ten months of 1911—or at the rate of approximately one every five days. If you were a birdman wouldn't you have a bit of chilliness at the wingtips? You would. All the aviators with whom I have talked recently predict a wave of conservatism in the game from now on; in fact it has already set in. Many an old man—old in aviation in the sense that Jim Jeffries, at thirty-four, was called the "poor old man" when Johnson knocked him out—is going to volplane to retirement at the first graceful opportunity, or just as soon as his pile of prize money and earnings reaches a point where he can feel that he has got out of aviation financially what he has put in by risk and skill. One of the greatest fliers in the business refused the other day to renew his contract, which expires in January. "I'll be lucky," he said, "if I get out alive as it is." Some will probably wait until it's too late. That's the way it was with Ely.



J. Armstrong Drexel

Those who quit the air will preferably remain in the executive or manufacturing end, as the Wrights and Curtiss have done; but as for doing stunts before crowds that are becoming more critical and exacting every day, even to the extent of jeering a man into the air to his death during a storm, your average aviator has decided "No!" He has found that every airlane has a sharp turning; and, paraphrasing and reversing a classic, he is apt to murmur:

"Better, like Reuben, on the farm remain, than break your neck in an aeroplane."

This doesn't mean, of course, that every aviator in the country is going to climb out of his seat in the morning and quit



Miss Moisant is a Firm Believer in Thirteen as a Lucky Number

then and there, or that there will be a scarcity of birdmen next week or next year. On the contrary, there will be ten applicants for the place of every man who drops out. Money is the lure. Your nervy chap, or your chap who imagines he has nerve, reads in the newspapers about fifty-thousand-dollar prizes and thinks he can jump into an aeroplane tomorrow, fly a thousand miles or two and retire rich. Ely had just died when letters began pouring in on his former employer offering to take his place and to fill the future dates which the writers correctly presumed he had.

"Seeing by the papers that your Mr. Ely has been killed," ran one of the letters, "I hereby make application for his job. I have never been in a flying machine, but I am sure I shall have no trouble in learning how to steer one."

Soon after Mr. Hearst announced his fifty-thousand-dollar Coast-to-Coast prize, Curtiss received from a town in New Mexico a penciled communication that ran something like this: "Please quote me your lowest price on a good, serviceable aeroplane at once. I see that Mr. W. R. Hearst has offered fifty thousand dollars to the first man who flies from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or vice versa; and I have decided to come to New York and fly home by way of Los Angeles." Easy money!

Many are called in this way, but few get up in the air. Yet it is from just such applicants that aviators are made; for, after all, it is the constant infusion of new blood that keeps life in the game. Look back over the achievements in the air in the little over three years that man has been actually flying, and note how the beginners—the fledglings, as it were—burning up with the enthusiasm of the novice, have performed the most spectacular feats and flown with the greatest fearlessness. Curtiss was comparatively new at the game when he won the international speed trophy at Rheims in 1909. The late John B. Moisant, the sixth time he left the ground as pilot of an aeroplane, sped from Paris to London, across the English Channel, with a hundred-and-eighty-seven-pound passenger and three hundred and two pounds of petrol, lubricating oil and extra parts aboard. Charlie Hamilton made his successful flight from New York to Philadelphia and return when he was hardly more than a novice. He has done nothing noteworthy since. Atwood's great flight from Boston to Washington, and later his then world's record cross-country trip from St. Louis to New York, were made before his name had become familiar to the aviation world, much less to the general public. Beachy had been flying only a few months when he broke the world's altitude record at Chicago.

More recent achievements—notably Dixon's crossing the Rockies—have further emphasized the work of the youngsters.

Descendants of Darius Green

ALL of which goes to support a belief held at every aviation headquarters in this country—namely, that the men already in the game may improve it by executive ability and scientific experiments; but most of them will degenerate as fliers. Frequency of flight does not necessarily create a feeling of confidence and safety; rather it brings fuller appreciation of its dangers. The men for whom flying has become merely a commercial proposition, whose ears no longer tingle when the crowd waves its hats and cheers, are ready to give up the volplane to the uninitiated, whose nerve is ignorance. Down the veteran's spine, when he risks his life and craft in a devil-may-care swoop, the plaudits of the crowd no longer send a thrill; and the wild exhilaration of flight of which we read so much is apt to be tempered with the sober thought of a young woman in the stand, looking upward with troubled eyes as she breathes a prayer that a cranky lever or missing engine may not widow her. How many times have you read "His young wife was in the crowd and saw him fall"?



PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Paris-London Flight—Arrival at Tilmanstone Near Dover. The Village Parson Brings Moisant Some Lunch

Of course there is your ardent amateur who goes aloft for the sheer love of flying; but his attitude toward aviation may be compared to the respective sentiments of the gentleman sportsman and the man who shoots game for the market. With one it is recreation; with the other, business. Similarly, flying when the mood is on you, as J. Armstrong Drexel does, is vastly different from making a round of fairs, where you must go aloft in any old weather or be hooted by rural spectators and frowned at by a conscientious fair management that has billed you as a headliner and is willing to take the liberal view that you will prove equally attractive dead or alive.

The increasing sophistication of the public as regards aviation works to the aviators' disadvantage in more ways than one. Two years ago, when a flier was on tour he was regarded as a whimsical individual who needed pampering, humoring and varied entertainment to keep him in proper trim and take his mind off the dangers of the air. To this end his manager usually saw to it that he went to the theater or some place of amusement every night after the day's flying was done; he was fed on dainty viands and petted like a millionaire baby. Not so today. Now that the newness has worn off he is treated just like an ordinary human being, and crowds don't always follow him right to the door of his room in the hotel. Chambermaids, seeking sentimental souvenirs, used to snitch the pajamas of Willard, of the Curtiss staff, when he was out West. It bothered him greatly at the time. Now he laments that, no matter where he goes, his pajamas are quite as safe as a case of beer at a W. C. T. U. convention.

However, as intimacy with the birdman and his ways spreads over the hedges and along the byways of the country, so increases the number of applicants for his job. They come from everywhere; they range in age from fifteen to fifty years—in weight, from ninety to three hundred pounds—in color, from black to peroxide blond—in fitness, from a trick bicycle rider who would take to the air as naturally as a squirrel would take to a white-scarred sycamore, to a beefy ne'er-do-well who doesn't know a gas engine from a seismograph.

Three who would fly came into Curtiss' New York office the other day while I was there. One was a boy of nineteen who felt sure he would make a good aviator because he was doing a bicycle act in vaudeville. The second was a former saloonkeeper who had failed in business. He said he had never run an automobile and knew nothing of gas engines, but he wanted to take up aviation because he had heard there was lots of money in it. The third applicant was a pale little clerk. He felt that mercantile pursuits held out little promise for the young man of today, and he was willing to take up anything that offered a chance of quick returns. In the same spirit that you would volunteer to go over Niagara Falls in a barrel, or ride a trick circus mule for a ten-dollar goldpiece, he was ready to begin flying at once. Of the three, the young bicycle rider alone was offered any encouragement. His pedigree was taken and he was asked to call again.

By a kind of sixth sense the Wrights and Curtiss weed out the aviation goats from the sheep after a brief examination. They select men who have an almost intuitive sense of balance. Most of these, provided they have nerve, have in them the stuff of which aviators are made, though they may have had no experience along any line akin to aviation. Others—many others—are impossible and are rejected at the start, even though they are willing to put up a substantial fee.

The Curtiss and the Wright schools will not accept women under any conditions. The Moisants do not share this discrimination and now have three birdwomen on their staff, among them Miss Mathilde Moisant, the only amateur aviatrix in the world. Though she was at New Orleans when her brother was killed, she subsequently took up the game and now has her pilot's license. Helmeted and seated in her monoplane, her resemblance to John Moisant is very strong.

Curtiss and the Wrights are keen in their realization that recklessness is pulling a wing-feather from aviation every time a man is killed, and they are doing their utmost to promote conservatism.

"I do not encourage now and never have encouraged fancy flying," said Curtiss the other day. "I regard the spectacular gyrations of several aviators I know as foolhardy and unnecessary. I do not believe that fancy or trick flying demonstrates anything except an unlimited amount of a certain kind of nerve and perhaps the possibilities of what is valueless—aerial acrobatics."

The Sense of Balance

"SOME aviators develop the sense of balance rapidly," he continued, "while others acquire it only after long practice. It may be developed to a large extent by going up as a passenger with an experienced man. Therefore I make it a point in teaching a beginner to have him make as many trips as possible with some one else operating the machine. In this way the pupil gains confidence, becomes accustomed to the sensation of flying and is soon ready for a flight on his own hook."

This is the method Curtiss used in training officers of the army and navy to fly; and with them he has met with remarkable success.

"I have never seen novices more cautious and yet more eager to fly than these young officers," he says. "They have always learned every detail of their machines before going aloft, and largely because of this they have developed into great fliers. Perhaps it is due to the military bent of their minds. Anyway, they have made good almost without exception."

Lincoln Beachy, it is said, made fifty thousand dollars for Curtiss and fifty thousand dollars for himself in the first nine months of 1911, but those who have followed his career are surprised that he outlived Ely. He is silent, retiring; he shuns newspapermen, and it is almost impossible for the management to communicate with him on the road. His hotel he keeps secret; he leaves the field immediately after each exhibition and, on the whole,



PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

George W. Beatty and Blanche Scott in Machine



PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Mlle. Jane Herein, French Aviator

he does as he jolly well pleases. At the Chicago meet last August his performances were so daring that even Curtiss used to close his eyes or turn his back as Beachy swept toward earth; and the spectators would groan with relief when he landed safely. "I can't look at that boy!" Curtiss would burst out.

With Beachy, flying is a business—nothing more; but, notwithstanding this commercial view, he will risk anything if he feels like it. If he doesn't nothing will move him. While at Chicago it was suggested that he escort Atwood—then on his cross-country trip—eastward to the city limits of Chicago at least.

"Nothing doing," said Beachy, turning on his heel. "I don't see anything in it and I might break my fool neck."

Put him in competition and he knows no limit. He can be counted upon to go up—rain, shine or cyclone. Beachy's most remarkable stunt was his smashing of the world's altitude record, also at Chicago. He knows his engine thoroughly, and to this his remarkable skill is largely attributed. When he climbed into his seat just before going up he said: "I have ten gallons of gasoline aboard and I'm going up until it's all gone." And he did. Up, up he soared—11,642 feet—until the last drop of fuel was exhausted. Then, at that dizzy height of more than two miles, he steadied his craft and with engine dead came to earth in a series of superb spirals in just twelve minutes. It was one of the greatest feats ever performed in the history of aviation.

Several weeks before Ely's tragic death he and Beachy were discussing the aeroplane loop-the-loop, which most aviators regard as an insane impossibility. Conservative Ely intimated mildly that any man who thought he could get away with it was a lunatic.

"I may be crazy," said Beachy, "but just the same it can be done. With a powerful motor, I believe that if a man goes up—say five thousand feet—then shoots downward—say three thousand feet—with motor wide open, he can attain a speed of two hundred miles an hour. Then, if he raises his elevating planes suddenly I think he would shoot over backward and loop-the-loop just as easy as they do at Coney Island."



PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Woman Aviator Being Carried Over the Field After Winning the Women's Cup

Looping the Loop

"YOU can try it," said Ely grimly; "I won't." As this is written, Beachy hasn't tried it yet and poor Ely is dead, the victim of a short dip he had done a hundred times.

"An aviator shouldn't kid himself into the belief that he is a bird," said C. C. Witmer recently in relating his most thrilling experience. "This conclusion was forced on me during the weeks I was in the hospital recovering from injuries received in a bad fall at Pittsfield, Massachusetts. A storm was brewing, but you know how the crowd looks and acts when a fellow doesn't go up; so I shot away up a hill and into the wind in the face of a driving rain. As I cleared the hilltop I struck an air current from the valley and the aeroplane began shooting up in quick, nasty jumps, from ten to fifteen feet at a time, until an altitude of about two hundred feet was attained. At this height I was hit, full force, by the storm.

"Though the motor was exerting all its power, the wind checked the aeroplane, actually stopping all onward motion. There was timber immediately below me; and, caught thus by the gust, I realized that I had two rather slim chances of making a safe landing. One was to continue flying into the wind, with doubtful progress; the other was to execute a right-hand turn into the only open space available. Every time the wind would lull for a second the air was so light I could feel the pressure leave the planes. So I decided I had better attempt a right turn; and, as skillfully as I could, I started. The first part of the turn and about twenty-five feet of the descent were made perfectly. Then the right wing of the plane appeared to be caught in the lee of the woods, while the left wing was held by the wind. Immediately the craft began to slide sideways.

"With the motor running full speed, rudder hard over, ailerons banked to the limit and all my weight thrown on the bamboos, my efforts to straighten her were ineffective. For all that I was able to do, the machine might as well have been without an aviator. She writhed and twisted in the wind—then, at a height of about seventy-five feet, turned turtle completely and began to fall.

"My first thought was to get from under—and be mighty quick about it too. And I swung from the seat and climbed on top of the descending machine. While falling I noticed particularly the position and condition of the aeroplane. Though upset, the machine was intact; and until it smashed against the ground no part of it was broken.

"Did I stay on top till she hit? I did not. Fifteen feet above the ground it occurred to me that if I should separate myself from the machine I could drop clear. So I swung as far out as I could and let loose. When I regained consciousness I was in an ambulance. I had not quite cleared the descending plane; and the doctors told me my left arm was dislocated at the elbow, one rib was out of place and my frontal bone was slightly fractured. Also my side was badly bruised and my left leg lacerated.

"Don't kid yourself into thinking you are a bird—'cause you aren't!"

Curtiss had one of the strangest experiences in an aeroplane that any man ever had. The wind nearly blew his eyelids off—lids, mind you, not brows or lashes. "Any one who has traveled sixty or seventy miles an hour in an automobile," relates Curtiss, "can realize the discomforts of such a trip if continued over a long distance. In an aeroplane, the operator, sitting out in front unprotected, gets far more head resistance. As an illustration of this resistance when flying I recall that, while racing with Ely at Los Angeles and going probably sixty-five miles an hour, I looked up to see just where he was. As I raised my eyes the wind got under my eyelids and with a snap puffed them out like tiny balloons. For a moment I was blinded and confused, and I thought the lids had been torn from my face; but when I lowered my head the wind pressure forced them back into their normal position and I suffered no serious discomfort afterward. In racing after that I made it a point never to look up."

As every profession has its hoodoos, every game its jinx, you would expect to find superstition rampant among men who risk their lives as often as aviators. And find it you do. Preëminent among the superstitions of airmen—at least from the standpoint of the number of them who in some way or other look upon it as talismanic—is the old thirteen belief. Among those who, in the immutable belief that therein lay a charm against all accident, have insisted that their aeroplanes and hangars be numbered thirteen, or else, in the contrary faith, have refused to accept the number from a contest committee, are Miss Moisant, Hugh Robinson, Earl Ovington, the late St. Croix Johnstone, Leon Delagrange, Ely, and others.

Miss Moisant is a firm believer in thirteen as a lucky number. She was born on September thirteenth; and, as she herself phrased it recently, she "thought it lucky enough to be born on the date and to stick to the number through life." Accordingly she began her training as an aviatrix on July thirteenth last, got her pilot's license on August thirteenth and made her first public flight on September thirteenth—the anniversary of her birth. Her monoplane and hangar bear the number in bold figures. Hugh Robinson, of the Curtiss staff, also was born on the thirteenth of the month, in October. He regards the number as so lucky that he announced he would start his Minneapolis—New Orleans flight, down the Mississippi, on Friday, October thirteenth, his birthday. Bad weather prevented, however, and he did not get away until four days later. This proved his undoing; towns along the route that had promised to subscribe funds failed to do so, and the flight was abandoned at Rock Island, Illinois. If he had gotten away on his lucky day, as planned, Robinson believes he would have finished. Incidentally, Robinson is the only aviator in the business who turns to the left—against the thrust of his propeller. By others this is considered dangerous and difficult.

The Elys' Pet Aversion

ELY hated thirteen and Friday with the ardor of the devil's proverbial antipathy to holy water, and worried whenever he had to make a flight on that date or day. At the Chicago meet he was a bit unnerved when, on the thirteenth of the month, he walked into his hangar and was confronted by a cross-eyed man. Pretty little Mrs. Ely, who was nearly always with him, was as worried as her husband. They discussed it seriously for a moment, but Ely went up notwithstanding. Though nothing happened, he looked upon thirteen as unlucky until his death. At Los Angeles he grew panicky at the dawn of a Friday, the thirteenth, on which he was to make a flight. He was on the point of refusing flatly to go up, when rain caused a postponement and saved him and his manager from embarrassment. Before he went up at Macon for

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PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Mlle. Valentine Ducisg in Her Farman Biplane



PHOTO. BY PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

Mlle. Niel, French Aviator

THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

VI

UNA lost no time in renewing her friendship with the man with the cough. The thin yet cheery "Come in!" that piped out in answer to her timid little knock that same afternoon seemed to translate the visit into something casual and decorous.

She found herself in a much larger room than she had expected. Its walls were lined with photographs—pictures of theatrical people in costume and street dress—many of them odd and old-fashioned; many of them slashed across with heavy-inked inscriptions. Beside these pictures were framed theatrical programs, yellow with age. On a mantel stood a silver memorial cup, a pair of crossed rapiers, a plate of apples and a row of empty milk bottles. About the floor scampered Tim, the Irish spaniel, and two older and more agile terriers. The place had a look of settled disorder, but its very untidiness, suggestive as it was of something homelike and permanent, appealed to the girl from the bald little room at the back.

"I guess you never heard o' me," piped the skeleton in the well-worn dressing gown as he motioned Una into one of his armchairs. "I'm Jim Sayles, of the Sayles Team; but I've been laid off this season with a little throat trouble—touch of bronchitis. Now, what am I going to call you?"

Una, playing with a pup, told him her name. She was afraid, she added, that it would not make a good stage name.

Jim Sayles, of the Sayles Team, agreed with her in this. He accepted her, in fact, with the utmost gravity.

"How old are you?" was the next question he piped out at her.

Una, with a flush, told him she was almost eighteen. He put the bottle of creosotic-smelling syrup, of which he had been taking a spoonful, back on the littered mantel and stood blinking down at her out of his wistful and owl-like eyes.

"Eighteen! That is a wonderful age—eighteen!" he said as though to himself.

"I wish I was older," confessed Una.

"You'll get over that," he said with his withered smile. "And now tell me about the stage and your plans."

She had very little to tell him, but she found it easy to be candid and open with him. If she rambled on a little inconsequentially he accepted her ramblings with the utmost solemnity.

"It's pretty late to pick up anything for this season," he told her; "but it all depends on what you're after. There are always new road companies going out, or a stopgap being thrown in, or a bunch o' supers wanted for some big production. Ever supe?"

Una did not understand him. He explained that a "super" was an "extra person," with no lines to speak, who merely walked on or became one of the mob and was paid for these services at the rate of sometimes fifty cents and sometimes a dollar a performance.

"I wouldn't like that," declared Una.

"No; they usually don't—but the poor devils have to do it whether they like it or not. A lot of us don't like vaudeville, but we make our money that way. Now, if you'd only keep from growing and filling out you'd make a good 'flapper' type. That's a young girl for chorus work—a 'broiler' they used to call 'em. They can't get 'em too young-looking nowadays. There's nothing a tired baldhead likes more'n looking at youth!"

Una asked if she would have to sing or dance as a "flapper." Sayles slowly wagged his head up and down as she confessed that she had no voice and no knowledge of dancing.

"You want to act, of course," he said in his mild and plaintive voice; "but acting's the last thing you can get into on the stage. Take it from me—the very last."

He stood tapping his bald head with his lean forefinger as though perplexed by an all but hopeless situation. He looked down at his two dogs absently, and then as absently at the girl with the pup on her lap. She seemed to give an air of warmth, of vitality, to that worn and faded room. She seemed to bring back, as she sat with her warm and wide-set hazel eyes fixed on his, something he had outlived and lost. He knew, as he looked down at the warm red lips, slightly parted with expectant eagerness, that she was the miracle of youth—the miracle that is commonplace until it has been passed and left behind.

He walked to the window and back, stopped for one of his coughing fits, tapped his skull again, and came and stroked the pup on Una's lap.

"Now, we're going to see what we can do," he said with a forced lightness of tone. "You say you haven't got a voice; but what do we know about that until we've had it tried out? You can't dance, of course; but if there's any stage steps Jim Sayles can't put you on to I wish somebody'd mention 'em!"

He sat down at his crowded little table and began to write on a sheet of paper.

"I'm going to give you a list of agencies—the best agencies. You can go to the addresses I'm writing here and see if they can do anything for you. Then you come and let me know how it turns out."

He went on writing gravely, with the veiled face of a doctor making out a prescription that he knows will prove bitter to the taste.

"After you've tried this list I can give you another; but of course you want to try the best first. You've got to satisfy yourself. Then, if you can give me an hour or two every day I'll teach you a few steps. And I'll rubber round and see if I can dig out a music man who'll try your voice out!"

Una, as she took that precious list from his hand, tried to thank him. Her gratitude, however, only seemed to embarrass him. He waved it aside with his throaty cackle of a laugh.

"This isn't costing me anything," he protested. "And if you want to find out how tight Jim Sayles hangs on to the rhino just ask anybody in this house!"

Una, standing before him, hesitated a moment. Then she said:

"Could you help me to—to meet some of the other people here?"

"Sure," was the answer with a shrug. "But, take it from me, you won't get much good out of this bunch. You'll learn though—you'll learn!"

And again the owl-like, lean head fell to wagging. He turned and opened the door for her. Then he closed it again as he stood facing her.

"You got anything to keep the pot boiling, so to speak?" he inquired.

Una explained that she had an engagement for posing and the promise of another in two days' time.

"Good!" said her adviser. "We've got to keep the old pot going someway. And you let me know how things turn out."

"I will," Una said with her warm and vivid smile of gratitude. And Jim Sayles stood at his door watching her until she had vanished inside her own room.

VII

THE girl from Chamboro did not let the grass grow under her feet. Armed with her list of agencies she began her rounds that same afternoon. These offices, she soon discovered, all lay along Broadway, between Herald Square on the south and Longacre Square on the north. She was much disquieted by a further discovery—the discovery that, instead of being a woman heroically intent on stage-work, she was only a small and ill-equipped individual in a vast and restless army seeking the same end. She saw, to her surprise, that she was only an atom—and an atom without so much as a printed calling-card—in a constant flood that eddied up stairways and boiled and bubbled through elevator shafts and swung into the backwaters of agency waiting rooms.

Yet she kept up her round of these offices systematically, doggedly. From most of them, indeed, she was dismissed with the mere form of having her name and address written down. In others she found her words falling on preoccupied ears the moment she confessed to having no "experience." One agent, looking her over, turned her about as though she were a tailor's dummy and shook his head with the curt verdict of "Too thin!" Another, swinging about in his swivel-chair, pulled the skirt of her dress tightly to one side, passed a critical eye down the line of her limbs and swung back to his desk.

"You'd better feed up, little one," was all he said as he resumed his labor of checking off a list of names at the head of which Una could see written "The Morning-Glory Girls."

It was at the office of the last agent on Una's list that any shred of encouragement was offered her. This agent sat with his coat off, side by side with a man as rotund and ruddy as King Cole himself. The two men listened to her apathetically through a haze of cigar smoke. Then the man in his shirtsleeves put his feet on a chair and turned to his listlessly preoccupied companion.

"Abe, ain't this girl about what you want for that page-boy in The Green Parrot?"

The man called Abe solemnly regarded the tingling and rapt-eyed girl.

"Sing?" he succinctly demanded.

Una, weary and discouraged, was touched by the sudden audacity of desperation.

"A little," she murmured.

The fat man turned a trifle in his chair.

"Ned!" he called into the room beyond—"Ned! Try this girl's voice!"

And Una, motioned into the next room by a wave of the fat hand, found herself facing a tired and boyish-looking man, with a cigarette between his lips.

This youth, without a word, crossed the room to a piano, quickly threw up the lid and struck a note.

"Run the scale!" he calmly commanded.

Una, remembering her schooldays and her youthful excursions into the tonic sol-fa system, steadied herself for the ordeal. It was only with the second effort, however, that she could emit an audible note.

"Do—Re—Mi—Fa—Sol——"

She was interrupted by the lid of the piano dropping with a thump. The young man, whose youth had



"I Guess I Know the Kind of Accident it Was!"

impressed her with a bond of companionship, whose boyishness had given her the one touch of confidence she needed, went back to his desk without even looking up at her.

"Nothing doing!" he called out into the next room.

Una, standing perplexed, was waved impatiently away by the smoking cigarette. Through the open door she could see the two men still in deep yet seemingly listless talk.

The youth at the desk, except for that handwave of dismissal, continued to ignore her. There was nothing for her to do but move on.

She paused before the two talking men, still hoping that she had misunderstood, still praying for another chance.

"Nothin' doin'!" reiterated the fat man with a quick and curt head-movement toward the outer door. He resumed his talk with the shirtsleeved agent.

Una made her way out into the smoke-filled hallway and down into the street with the same sense of obliteration, with the same wave of blind and impotent revolt, that had marked her dismissal from dressing room number one at the hands of Miss Wimbleton's maid.

Broadway had in some way lost its glamour. As she brushed elbows with that ever-moving stream of office-haunting actresses and chorus girls, adorned with their factitious finery, pink-lipped with their fictitious youth, the crestfallen girl began to realize the odds against which she had to struggle. She groped toward a vague realization of her handicap. She did not give up—she did not accept the situation as hopeless; but she had lost an ideal or two. And to lose an ideal is sometimes as painful as to lose a tooth.

She was cheered by the thought of having Jim Sayles to talk it over with. She thanked her lucky stars for Jim Sayles and his wizened and withered old face. She even became impatient to hear his blithe and piping voice. As she ate a frugal fifteen-cent meal that night, however, she scanned the advertisements of an evening paper for music-teachers' announcements. From this list, when she had found it, she selected three names. The first was that of Signor Muselli, a *coloratura* vocalist, an "artist of the *bel-canto* method," with a studio on Forty-seventh Street. There was something alluring to her in the mere foreignness of the name and phrases that figured in that advertisement.

Before she went home that night she called at the Forty-seventh Street address and had the good luck to find Professor Muselli in his studio. This sanctum of "the *bel-canto* method" proved to be the back parlor of a shabby and exotic-odored boarding house, forested with four artificial palms in green-painted tubs. The professor was a man of about forty, small and dark, with an oily skin and purplish shadows under his somewhat protuberant eyes. He received his visitor with great gallantry, covertly studied her face and finally agreed to give her voice-culture lessons on credit, payment to be made when she had succeeded in securing a theatrical engagement. He then tried her voice off-handedly, almost gayly, asking her to sing with him, humorously scolding her for being nervous, and prompting her to begin again.

When it was over he meditatively stroked his mustache, telling her that her voice was soprano—a soprano that was light, but true. There was as yet no verve, no spirit; training alone would bring that out. After a number of somewhat pointed questions, Una took her departure, with the promise of four lessons a week. She saw a point gained, an advance achieved; but she was not altogether happy. Some inner voice of instinct was filling her with indeterminate uneasiness. From the first moment she had looked into Professor Muselli's somewhat protuberant eyes, in that slovenly and crimson-draped studio, some inarticulate fear of this swarthy little man awakened in her.

She tried to tell herself that she was tired and finicky. She warned herself that she must not have too many scruples—from now on she would have to take the world as it came; but that night, when recounting to Jim Sayles her adventures of the afternoon, she made no mention of Professor Muselli.

Her history of repeated failure, as she sat with the pup in her lap and a freshly made cup of cocoa in her hand, neither startled nor saddened the chuckling skeleton in the faded dressing gown. He merely wagged his head at each record of calamity.

"It's what they all have to go through," he chirped. "You've been to the best. And you've still got the others. Who knows what you'll have to face among that riffraff?"

"I don't mind, if it only leads to something!" protested the weary girl.

The man in the dressing gown sat blinking at her for a meditative moment or two.

"So they didn't break you, eh?" he croaked. "I was afraid they might—afraid they might!"

"I'm going to get on the stage," the girl declared. Her words were accompanied by a movement of the body which, though not an actual gesture, was touched with actual passion.

"Then you take my advice," said the old vaudevillean, "and wait a while. Get yourself ready when the chance comes. We'll begin tomorrow practicing those steps. Then we can be looking round and see what's what!"

And on the following day Jim Sayles began teaching Una her first stage steps. These acrobatic feats he accomplished with a nimbleness that at first tended to take her breath away. That hollow-cheeked and cavernous-eyed figure, in fact, more than once reminded Una of a figure of Death in some uncouth revelry. There was something almost ghoulish in such unlooked-for agility in that tattered and attenuated figure; but the exercise, he claimed, was good for his grippe. It made him forget his troubles. It took him back to old times. "And, once I get this attack out of my system," he valiantly proclaimed, "I'm going out in a new sketch!"

Una herself was none too graceful at these new stage steps. But her teacher was both patient and painstaking. "You just keep pegging away," he told her again and again as he stopped her, held up the skirt of his dressing gown, struck his pose and demonstrated the intricacies of some new evolution. All the while, too, he explained to her the conditions and customs of stagework, the meaning of professional phrases, what a manager looked for in a beginner, what an audience liked.



The Exercise, He Claimed, Was Good for His Grippe

As these lessons were repeated day by day Una did not overlook her hours for posing. She worked hard, adding another artist or two to her list, tramping from one side of the city to the other in her search for engagements. Riding was a luxury beyond her; every penny was counted and guarded with jealous care; for, above all things, even beyond the need of knowledge, she felt the need of clothes. Without new raiment she knew she could never be on an equal footing with those other seekers for stagework, those gayly appareled ladies in suspiciously frayed stock wardrobes and light suède slippers with runover heels—smiling and self-assured in finery which only a second glance revealed as soiled and patched.

During those so-called dancing-lessons, too, Jim Sayles kept testing her speaking voice, insisting on the necessity of "throwing it out," of "getting it over," of "putting the punch into it." He threw up his bony hands in horror at her burred r's, teaching her how to trill them, making her hide them away as though they were the earmarks of an ignoble birth. Una, compliant yet bewildered, repeated his test sentences over and over, louder and louder, until his head-wag of approval showed that she was groping toward what he wanted. He also fell into the habit of handing her a single ticket for some theater or other, explaining that these kept raining in on him when he had no means of using them. Una, as she sat in rapt and solitary delight before different Broadway productions, saw nothing suspicious in the fact that her cards of admission were regularly printed tickets and not scribbled passes such as are extended gratuitously to the profession. Her mind was too centered on the spectacle before her, on the steps and movements of the chorus women, on the bearing and speech of the actresses—on the hundred and one things that for the first time she was studying from a technical standpoint. Yet, busy as those days were, she was not ignorant of what Sayles was doing for her. He took pleasure out of it she knew. She was not unconscious of the fact that he liked her, that he enjoyed the lessons and the visits and the talks. She could not quite understand, however, what she meant to his meager and lonely existence.

"What makes you do all this for me?" she asked one evening at the end of one of their lessons.

The old actor was stirring cocoa on a hot plate. He stopped and lowered the gas under the steaming milk.

"I like your grit," he announced with a judicial but not quite genuine abstraction. "And I think you're going to make good, somehow or other!" He sat down on a chair-arm and explained to her that all the stars he ever bumped into were stars not because of their great acting, but because they had made up their minds to succeed, and had got to know men and women and how to manage them, and made everything bend to their one object in life.

"But why do you do all this for me?" repeated Una, letting her eyes meet those of her newfound friend. Her smile was all the more ravishing for being touched with girlish pensiveness. Yet her color was still high from the exercise of her dancing-lesson.

"I guess it's because I envy you," was Jim Sayles' answer. "Because you haven't eaten your pie and I have. You're young. You've got all your life in front of you. All mine's behind me. You've got something that's better than money and success and full time and Broadway hits. You make me think of rosebuds on a June morning back home! All I've got is a little money and a temporary touch of the heaves and those three onery dogs."

He cackled one of his ironical and deprecatory laughs as she stared at him, round-eyed and wondering.

"Oh, you don't understand it, my dear! You don't know what I'm driving at. And you won't, either, until after about ten or fifteen years' time!"



"Abe, Ain't This Girl About What You Want for That Page-Boy in The Green Parrot?"

He poured her a cup of cocoa, passed her a carton of biscuits, and sat thoughtful and silent until she was ready to go. He stopped her at the door.

"I think you ought to can those clothes o' yours," he said a little uneasily. "Ought to get something niftier, something that'll suit you better. I've—I've been wondering if you'd like to borrow a couple of ten-spots until you get started!"

Una, in the twilight of the ill-lighted hall, turned pink and red. Her voice even shook a little as she answered him.

"I'd never take money from you!" she said.

"You wouldn't?" cried the startled Jim Sayles. He stood staring after her, for even old age was presenting him with a unique experience.

A voice, cutting and clear, rose out of the darkness belowstairs.

"Pipe that rube flapper stringin' old Jim Sayles!"

It was a woman's voice, shrill, unmodulated. Another woman's voice, a slow and contemptuous contralto, answered it:

"There's certain parties in this house'd zoo an unweaned infant!"

"When he might better be gettin' ready for the grave!" were the words that rose up through the momentary stillness.

Una walked into her room and closed the door; but even through that closed door she could hear the answering voice of Jim Sayles as he leaned over the banister and addressed the darkness below him:

"If you two old washed-out has-beens 'a' got any dirt to dish, come up and dish it to this certain party, who'll show you where you belong!"

And he flung down at his eavesdropping critics a broadside of vituperation, shrill with oaths, rhapsodic with rage, ending only with a fit of coughing that drove him back to his room and left him inarticulate.

VIII

JIM SAYLES had advised Una to postpone her canvassing of the minor theatrical agencies. She failed to comprehend his motive for this until, taking things in her own impatient hands, she began her visits to those offices where casts were secured for cheap road companies, popular-priced romantic dramas, burlesque shows, sketches and acts.

Her experiences were both disheartening and humiliating. No one seemed to want her for legitimate dramatic work. She began to feel, in fact, that such a thing as legitimate dramatic work no longer existed. She was sent to visit a stage contortionist; she interviewed a mirror-illusionist; she coldly declined to become the stage assistant of a glassblower because she would have to wear tights. There was one tragic offer, it is true, of a leading part in a new production for the road—only it was stipulated that she must supply her own costumes and advance two hundred and fifty dollars toward financing the company. For five hundred dollars she would be featured.

The bitterness of this was obliterated one day later by events of a more moving nature. A lean-faced agent, with a crooked smile and an eye like a hawk's, after listening to her automatically reiterated formula, shot a question or two at her, sized her up with his aquiline gaze and asked how she would like an engagement for a year in Europe.

Una, with her heart palpitating, asked for particulars. If she was stirred she did not show it. She had learned by this time to drape the veil of discretion over her true emotions.

"With Finley," answered the agent.

Una inquired who Finley was.

The agent looked at her with wonder touched by contempt.

"Where you been buried this last ten years anyway?" he mockingly demanded. "There's only one Finley—the Great Finley, the tramp juggler!"

"What does he do?" asked Una.

"He's got a new juggling act, but he's got to have a helper for it. It's a cinch, for it's all pantomime and he can play it anywhere on the map. Not a word to speak. He's booked up for a solid year in Europe—good for a month in London, another month in Paris, another in Vienna, Berlin, Budapest!"

These magic words swam before Una's vision dizzily. A year of travel, of experience in the capitals of Europe, of seeing what was best in all the world!

"What would I have to do with Mr. Finley?" she soberly inquired.

"Work his accessories in the wings—his props and things. Then at the finale of the sketch you come in wearing a Paquin gown, swell hat and all that, and he does the balancing act with you on his three trick chairs. You're light. He's got to have a light woman. And what's more, you're a good looker—at least, you will be when you get rigged out proper. And Finley won't have anything but a good looker!"

"Why?" Una asked.

The man with the crooked smile stared at the girl. Then he threw away his cigar stub.

"Huh! Who wants a year's travel wit' a lemon?" was his oratorical yet ambiguous demand.

"When can I see Mr. Finley?" asked the girl.

"I'll 'phone and have him over here from his hotel in fifteen minutes." He caught up the receiver and asked for his number. As he sat there waiting he turned to the girl between his desk and the window. "And it's worth remembering that when Finley travels he travels with that swell car o' his!"

An endless half-hour dragged itself away before the Great Finley made his appearance in the office. He was a slight and mild-eyed man of about thirty, with an audible and asthmatic manner of breathing. In his scarfpin he wore a diamond as big as a wren's egg. From a ring on his little finger flashed another stone of equally prodigious dimensions. Una saw little that was intimidating about him.

"I've got just the right woman for you, Dan."

The Great Finley was slow to participate in the other's enthusiasm. He sat down and studied the silent and waiting girl opposite him.

"This her?" he said, putting his hat on the desk.

"Yep," was the agent's answer with an undulatory flourish of the hand in abbreviated symbolism of an introduction. Finley, still studying the girl with his mild-eyed and meditative directness, nodded his head. The girl, watching the man on whom so much depended, nodded back, a deeper color tingeing her cheek as she did so.

"You're willing to take this trip?" Finley at last asked her as though something about her still puzzled him.

"Yes," Una answered.

"It's a full year on the Continent."

"I know," she said.

Finley smiled a slow and sheepish smile of satisfaction. Then he rubbed his chin.

"Er—think you'll get along with me?"

"I think so."

He was silent for another moment or two of deep thought. Then he nodded his head—half to the agent, half to Una.

"It's sixty a week and all expenses paid," he announced. "Is that satisfactory?"

"Yes," Una murmured.

It was the agent who spoke next.

"You'd better advance her something, Dan, to get togged out on."

"How much would you like?" the Great Finley asked.

Una looked at the floor, considering the question.

"Would a hundred dollars be too much?" she hesitated. Her color deepened again as she asked it. She was annoyed at the thought of her own timidity.

"A hundred dollars down when contracts are signed," agreed the Great Finley. Una stood up. She felt the need of getting away before something should happen—before some untimely word or act on her part should snap the charm and end it all. It seemed too good to be true.

"Can I give you a lift in my car?" the Great Finley said.

Una said that she had an engagement. She was quaveringly afraid of offending him. She began to wonder just what the new relationship implied.

"How about dinner tonight?"

"Not tonight, please!" she almost pleaded, terrified by the look of puzzled resentment that crossed his face. She could see the two men exchange glances. She could not understand the unspoken message that passed between them, but she knew that some message had been given and received. It was the agent who spoke next with his large and perfunctory smile:

"We'll have everything fixed up by this time tomorrow; contract drawn, check ready—everything settled!"

Something about that asymmetrical face and its largely condoning smile held Una's attention. Somewhere, beyond the radius of actual thought, a vague and far-off apprehension, as small and remote as a tunnel-end, wakened and vanished and wakened again before the girl's bewildered eyes. She watched the stage juggler as he turned to answer the hail of a fussy and red-faced man passing in the hallway outside. She looked after him as he stepped out and began talking to this red-faced man. Her trouble had grown like a cloud on a threatening skyline.

She turned back to the agent at the desk. "Will Mr. Finley's wife travel with him on this trip through Europe?"

The agent swung about on his swivel and looked at her.

"His wife!" he gasped.

Una leaned with one hand on the desk-edge. The feeling that swept over her was strangely like that which had once possessed her on a lake excursion steamer. It was mental misery so keen, so overmastering, that it translated itself into physical distress.

The glimmer of the tunnel-end exploded into sudden open light. It was all over after all. The charm was snapped. It had all been too good!

She controlled herself much better than she imagined possible. She even explained, quite calmly though a little weakly, that she would be back the next day, that her time was up and her other engagement must not be broken; but she made her way out of that office with a certain blind precipitancy.

In her hallroom that night she wrote a brief letter to the agent, telling him that she would be unable to accept the engagement with the Great Finley. She went to a corner drug store, verified the agent's address in the directory there, bought a stamp and dropped her letter in a mailbox. When, half an hour later, she went to Jim Sayles' room for her lesson, that wizened invalid turned her face to the light, looked her over and told her to sit down.

"No pirouetting this night!" he announced as he poured out a glass of stout and put it in her hand. "You drink that porter and get to bed for nine hours!"

IX

IT WAS Andrew Hempel who brought a tinge of color on the following day to Una's gray skies. He came and told her he was taking a cheaper studio in East Twenty-third Street; that he was giving up his more

(Continued on Page 44)



"Eighteen! That is a Wonderful Age—Eighteen!"

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China Leading Russia

REPLYING to a question in the Duma recently, Premier Kokozoff said that owing to complete failure of crops in twelve provinces and partial failure in several others, eight million people out of twelve and a half millions inhabiting the affected territory were in immediate need of relief. Actual starvation was not widespread as yet, but the expenditure of some sixty million dollars would be necessary to prevent wholesale famine.

In other words, a crop failure brought two-thirds of the population immediately to the verge of starvation, as in India or in the Dark Ages. To get a comparison, imagine our Government announcing that, crops having failed in two states, steps must be taken at Washington or more than half the population would perish before spring.

Such is Russia under the Czar. That that government will not honor American passports in the hands of Jewish citizens of this country, or protect its own Jewish citizens at home, should surprise no one. That, also, is part of the Dark Ages régime. It looks as though China were about to take the lead of Russia by a century or so.

The Kind of Guns to Buy

A CORRESPONDENT on the Pacific Coast writes: "From Saturday to Monday evening in November a steamer lay on the beach near the mouth of the Columbia River threatened with destruction. There were fifty persons on board. The patrols from the life-saving station were on hand, but they could not get a lifeline to the imperiled vessel because, though the distance was only a few hundred yards, their gun would not carry far enough. We spend millions for bigger and bigger guns to destroy life; but, so far as I know, there has been no improvement in life-saving devices in twenty years."

About the time our correspondent was watching the ineffectual attempts to reach this stranded steamer, the Italian ministry acknowledged that the first sixty days of the Tripolitan war had cost one hundred million dollars—interest on Italy's funded debt already amounting to nearly three dollars a year a head against twenty-four cents in the United States. The excuse for seizing Tripoli is that Italy desires territory under the Italian flag for her people to migrate to. In ten years two million Italians emigrated to the United States. When the tax burdens of this war are added to those theretofore existing, probably more Italians than ever will come to this country.

The Presidential Primary

WISCONSIN had twenty-six delegates in the last Republican national convention. Twenty-five of them favored certain resolutions offered by Cooper, the Wisconsin member on the platform committee. These resolutions included direct election of Senators, physical valuation of railroads, downward tariff revision, regulation of telegraph and telephone rates, trial in contempt cases and opposition to ship subsidies. A. J. Hopkins, of Illinois—Senator Lorimer's predecessor—was chairman of the platform committee and characterized the Cooper report as "these Socialist-Democratic utterances of Wisconsin."

The Cooper report was rejected by eight hundred and sixty-six votes to one hundred and fourteen. Out of two hundred and eighty-four delegates from Southern Democratic states all but three voted in the negative. New York's machine delegation of seventy-eight and Massachusetts' thirty-two unanimously said "Nay." In Illinois' machine delegation of fifty-four there was but one affirmative; while of Pennsylvania's sixty-eight, fifty-five were against the Wisconsin proposition. That made a majority and eight to spare.

Without the presidential primaries which the Insurgents demand, giving the bulk of Republican voters an opportunity to express their will, the Southern mercenaries, representing no Republican constituency, and the machine delegations of New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and Pennsylvania may control the next Republican national convention, running the steam roller over any Socialist-Democratic ideas from Wisconsin with the same celerity as in 1908; but election returns since 1908 show that a great number of Republican voters will view the performance in a quite different spirit.

The Right to Labor

IN CONFIRMING an injunction against a strike, a New York court recently delivered itself of the following familiar but meaningless language: "The right of every American citizen, whether employer or employee, to gain an honest livelihood by his own toil and endeavor is inherent in our organic law and should be protected by all the power of the Government."

If this were true, when a quarter of the Union workmen of New York were out of employment in 1896 and again in 1908 it would have been the duty of the Government to exert its whole power to procure jobs for them; but the Government did nothing of the kind. When women in sweated trades were unable to gain an honest livelihood it would be the Government's duty to see that wages were raised; or when a lockout deprives workmen of employment the Government should intervene—but the Government doesn't, in fact, recognize any such obligation as the court implies.

Much poppycock is uttered about the right to labor—a right which is and always has been restricted by law on every hand. Since Adam no man has ever had a right to labor except upon such terms and under such conditions as the social intelligence of the times prescribed, with a view to the general well-being.

The court's language is very familiar and sounds well, but it really means nothing.

How to Live by Proxy

BEFORE us lies the prospectus of a highly recommended concern that will "study the various departments of your business, find out where waste occurs and show you how to remedy it; attend to all details of a trip, secure your ticket and make your business appointments and engagements; see that your office is artistically furnished; do your research work; report your lectures and addresses; prepare your book and periodical reviews; outline courses of study and reading; explain and analyze the grand operas for you; chaperon your wife or daughters at theaters, operas or on shopping tours; decorate and furnish your home; decorate the nursery, providing hygienic furniture and toys; do your marketing daily, selecting the freshest, purest foods, and teach your cook how to prepare your favorite dishes; entertain guests for you if you are too busy to do it, or, if your wife is indisposed, send a refined woman to assume the home responsibilities."

Much else will this amiable organization of experts do for you. It is the age of specialization. If you are a shoemaker devote yourself exclusively to shoes, hiring competent experts to select your wife, furnish your home, buy your clothes, prescribe your diet, rear your children, entertain your friends, form your tastes, shape your opinions—and lay you away at last under the epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of eight million pairs of shoes!"

About Knowing Thyself

WE SUPPOSE Old Doctor Whiskers' Family Guide to Medicine and its kindred, including the patent-medicine almanacs, have caused more suffering than all other literature combined, though this is a tall statement in view of the pain that may be caused by one little book of bad poetry. It comes to mind upon reading of a grand hygienic exposition in Germany, where every member, organ and function of the human body was graphically illustrated by charts and wonderful working models, so that the thousands and thousands of lay visitors could see exactly how their hearts, livers, stomachs, lungs, veins, arteries, nerves and muscles operated, and just what derangements resulted from various causes, such as mouth-breathing, bolting one's food, overeating, overdrinking, eyestrain, and so on.

Know Thyself was the motto. We hope the spectators went away wiser. Unquestionably they went away sadder and in a condition to sadden others. Thinking about one's canals, tissues, circulation and reactions is not only the most depressing of mental exercises, but a wellspring of the most lugubrious conversation. He is a wise doctor and social benefactor who never tells his patients what he thinks ails them, except in scientific terms which they can neither understand nor repeat. To know thyself may sometimes be useful; but, for goodness' sake, keep it to thyself!

The Cocoa Pool

WE HAVE heard little lately about the scheme to "valorize" rubber; but the London Economist reports an international project to control the price of cocoa in behalf of the growers. Cocoa-planters of Brazil, St. Thomas and Ecuador are more or less enlisted, it seems; and at the last session of the Congress in Ecuador an ineffectual attempt was made to secure a government loan in aid of the plan. The idea was derived, no doubt, from Brazil's successful "valorization" of coffee. Nothing may come of it or of the larger project—favored by governors of the Southern states and many others—to form a huge pool for the purpose of controlling the price of cotton in behalf of the growers; but both plans indicate how producers the world over are trying to rid themselves of unrestricted competition and to stand together in order to insure a fair, stable price for their products.

Vindicating the Law

THE execution of a murderer in the latter part of November was generally regarded by the press as a noteworthy vindication of law. The man belonged to a prominent family and the evidence against him was wholly circumstantial; yet he was tried quite promptly and condemned to the electric chair—and he left a confession showing that the sentence was just. Some newspapers which regard this as a noteworthy vindication of the law are published in the state where the execution occurred. A statute of that state says: "No newspaper shall publish the details of the execution of criminals under this act. Only the fact that the criminal was executed shall be published." Local newspapers, however, contain full details of the affair.

We all go in strong for vindicating the law except when the law happens to interfere with our own interests.

The Wrong Road Policy

THIRTY-SEVEN counties in Michigan have adopted the county road system. A county tax is levied and three commissioners are elected to expend the money thus collected upon permanent improvement of the main-traveled highways. For every mile of macadam road thus built the state pays to the county a reward of a thousand dollars, and five hundred dollars for each mile of gravel road. Thus if a county builds ten miles of good roads the state presents it with enough money to build approximately two and a half miles more.

Other counties of the state retain the township system, by which each little locality attempts to look after its own roads. Estimates show that of all the money spent last year under the township system about seventy-five per cent went for merely patching up poor dirt roads, so as to make them more or less passable for some months longer, when the same amount will have to be expended over again for more patching; while of the money expended under the county system ninety per cent went to make permanent roads that can be kept in good condition at comparatively small expense. The patching-up plan would bankrupt any railroad in a few years.

Profits from Others' Money

INHABITANTS of the United States who are not millionaires have many billions of surplus capital invested on which they receive three to five per cent interest. There are, for example, four billions of savings-bank deposits, two billions of state and city bonds, nine billions of steam-railroad bonds, two billions of street-railroad bonds, and an unknown amount of real-estate mortgages.

A good many persons, however, who are millionaires expect ten, twenty, thirty per cent on their capital, usually because, along with a relatively small amount of their own money, they employ a great amount of other people's money for which they pay only four or five per cent. It would be a fine thing if the small investor—who really supplies the great bulk of business capital—could get a larger share of the profits coming from the use of that capital. Enthusiasts from time to time dream of bringing about that condition by making investment in stocks as safe as in bonds. On the other hand, stock of the Third Avenue Railroad in New York recently sold at four cents on the dollar. For many years this was regarded as a prime investment stock, paying handsome dividends and selling well above par. The road, of course, was looted; and unfortunately there are still too many pirates abroad to make stock investment, as a general proposition, quite comfortable sailing for the small capitalist.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Major Jim

THOUGH he has been burdened for most of his seventy-three years with the cares, responsibilities and duties of the preferments his fellow-Kentuckians have thrust upon him; though he has been weighed down by the solicitudes and concerns of the people and irked by the constant necessity of signing the public payroll, whereby he was granted some slight emolument for his patriotic services rendered; though he has given almost his entire time to his country and his state, and has been harassed by the perplexities such a generous gift entails; though he has spent years and years in the turmoils of office—years and years!—Major James B. McCreary's hair still remains as black as a raven's wing.

Black as a raven's wing! "More black," as the poet says, "than ashbuds in the front of March." Not that there is such a dickens of a lot of it in front, you understand; but that what there is of it in front—there's plenty behind—is black. One would naturally think, realizing the usual fate of hair, that Major Jim's would be shot with gray about the temples, to say the least, if not turned to silver long ere this. But no! Notwithstanding his long and active life in the service of the people the major's hair retains its pristine and pronounced black. Really, a raven's wing—the blackest wing that ever raven fluttered in the vagrant breezes of a Kentucky spring—has nothing on the major's hair. Of course the major's hair is hair and the raven's wing is feathers; but it is color we are discussing, not materials.

"His hair," says an admiring biographer, in discussing the many likenesses of the major to Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, "like theirs, is lank and sparse." Lank it may be, but not so very sparse. I refuse to admit the sparse part of it. The major has had his hair a long time, and it is perfectly good hair and not deserving of such designation. The point about the major's hair, as I have endeavored to show, is that it is black. Put it down for a fact that the major's hair is as black as ashbuds in the front of March—which, as every one knows, is reasonably dark. And it is fine and fitting to have it so, for we read in the papers that the major, campaigning like a youth through the entire length and breadth of the Blue Grass State, has been elected governor by forty or fifty or some such number of thousands of plurality—elected governor just as, away back in 1875, he was elected governor once before. You positively cannot keep a black-haired Kentucky major down! Here is Major Jim, at the age of seventy-three, and black-haired, elected governor—triumphantly returned to the office he filled with such distinction thirty-five years ago, and his raven tresses not looking a whit less raven than in those earlier days when Marse Henry Watterson was shouting for the seating of Tilden in the presidential chair or another Civil War—take your choice, but let's have the war!

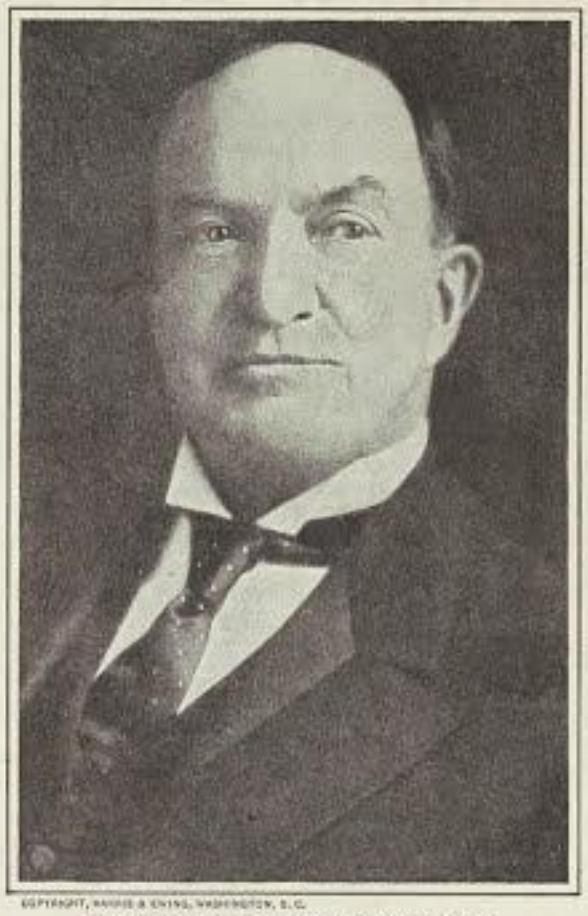
Major Jim was governor cotemporaneously with the Great Fraud of Seventy-six, just as he was Speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives contiguously with the Crime of Seventy-three; and he has always been on polite speaking terms with the star-eyed Goddess of Reform. Also he synchronized with that other exciting moment when Marse Henry decided to raise one hundred thousand fighting men and march on Washington to seat Grover Cleveland; for Major Jim was placed in Congress by his admiring constituents in 1884—and at that time his hair was also black.

Never Deaf to Party Calls

YOU cannot keep a black-haired Kentucky major down!—not that anybody ever tried to keep Major Jim down, but that it would have been useless so to attempt. In early manhood the major dedicated his life to the service of the people, and he kept the vow. Never for a moment did he falter or forget. "Who am I," he said, "to resist these appeals to keep in office? Who am I not to answer my party's call?" And he answered it every time the party peeped. Sometimes he anticipated the call a trifle, but that was due to an excess of zeal in the cause of Kentucky and Kentuckians.

Far be it from the major not to provide both call and answer if so be the call was not clarion enough to be heard distinctly. Far be it from him to wait in listening attitude if there was an apparent delay.

Not the major—not the black-haired Major Jim! For why did he fight the blood-stained battles of the Confederacy for four long years if not to get his ears so sensitized that no call should escape their radii? For why, I ask you? There is no answer save the long and imposing record of the major's public services. That, I should say, suffices. It silences every carping query.



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His Hair is as Black as a Raven's Wing

The major was born in Madison County, Kentucky, in 1838, and early showed his aptitude for getting what he went after, for he secured his diploma from Center College, Danville, at the age of eighteen; and later, turning to the law, was first in a class of forty-seven when he finished at the Cumberland University, in Tennessee. He entered the Confederate army in 1862, and was lieutenant-colonel of the Eleventh Kentucky Cavalry when hostilities were over. However, it would be a *faux pas* to refer to him as Lieutenant-Colonel Jim. He is and always has been "the Major" to the boys who followed him under the bonny blue flag both in battle and to the polls.

They offered to make him a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket in 1868, but he declined—and rightly, for being a presidential elector is a lean honor for a returned war hero. However, he went to the national Democratic convention that year as a delegate, and one year later was sent to the Kentucky legislature. He was reëlected in 1871 and 1873, and was Speaker in both those terms. Black-haired and vigorous, he was the pride of the Democracy, and they made him governor in 1875, where he served four years. The calls for his services continued and he heard them all. They sent him to Congress in 1884 and kept him there twelve years. Presently, in 1902, they put him in the United States Senate, where he served for six years; and now they have made him governor again. I'll leave it to the general public—Is it possible to keep a black-haired Kentucky major down?

The major is no extremist in his political views. To him a public question always has two—or several—sides; and instead of arbitrarily taking one side or the other, thereby making clear the assumption that those who have taken another side may be wrong, the major has always and sedulously refrained from hurting the feelings of any citizen—or losing his vote—by maintaining a masterly balance in the exact middle or by encompassing, with a skill born of long practice, the satisfactory position of being on every side. It has always been a tenet of the major's that there is virtue in each angle of a public discussion—and votes. And it may be remarked, in passing, he was recently elected governor at the age of seventy-three.

However, there was one subject on which the major took a positive stand, hewed to the line and let the chips fall where they might. I refer to peace, as typified and exemplified by international arbitration. Caring no whit what the propagandists of war might say, the major stood firmly and aggressively for international peace and arbitration, subjects which, as he frequently said, were of nation-wide—nay, world-wide—importance; and also cutting no figure in the total vote of Kentucky. As chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, he made a speech that began the movement that culminated in the Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

His life has been a busy one and fruitful. Of a broad and comprehending nature, he has understood all sides of all questions, and has never been so set and narrow in his views as not to adopt any policy that would work for the glory and increment of his beloved native state—with such incidental honorarium as might befall himself. Splendidly educated in the classics, and the recipient of an LL.D. degree years ago, he early chose for his motto that single eloquent Latin word: "*Salve!*" And his hair is as black as a raven's wing.

A Fair Commission

AKANSAS clergyman received a letter from a Kentucky whisky firm that said the firm was supplying a large number of Kansans with a good article of whisky, and asked the minister to send in the names of any men he knew in his community who might want some of their product.

As a joke, the minister sent the whisky firm the names of twelve men of the town, all good friends of his. Later he received this letter:

"*Dear Sir:* We are in receipt of your letter giving us the names of citizens in your community. We have made six sales resulting from your information and we herewith hand you our check for six dollars as your commission."

Not Dry

FESTUS J. WADE, the St. Louis banker, had a friend, a police captain, who died. The friends of the dead policeman wanted to give the widow an appropriate memorial and subscribed enough money to have a large oil portrait painted by a local artist. The dead policeman's name was O'Brien. When the portrait was finished it was taken to the house of the widow and placed on exhibition. All who subscribed to the fund were invited to come and see it, and they assembled one night. The portrait was unveiled by the artist. Half of those present said it was a good likeness and half said it was very poor. The dispute was warm. Finally the artist, seeing his fee slipping away from him, as there seemed no basis of settlement as to the merits of the picture, suggested that a fire captain named Mullen, who lived near by and who was an intimate friend of O'Brien, should be called in and the merit or demerit of the picture left to him.

Mullen came and was shown the picture.

"Who is it?" asked the artist.

"It's O'Brien!" said Mullen. "By my faith, it's O'Brien! It's my old friend O'Brien."

Mullen walked up and put out his hand to touch the picture.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed the artist. "It's not dry."

"Not dry!" shouted Mullen. "Not dry, is it? Then, if it isn't dry it isn't O'Brien!"

One on Stanley

REPRESENTATIVE A. O. STANLEY, of Kentucky, chairman of the House committee that is investigating the Steel Trust, was once a prosecuting attorney in his home county.

A man was being tried for murder and Stanley was conducting the case against him. The prisoner had shot a man three times in the breast and killed him.

Stanley was addressing the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "this man carried a pistol—a reprehensible practice. He had this dangerous weapon in his pocket, and he drew it on the occasion of this quarrel and shot the victim—shot him deliberately and with murder in his heart! Like the criminal he was, he carried this murderous pistol—and he used it like the murderer he is!

"Gentlemen of the jury, let me show you where those bullets entered the body of this unfortunate man."

Stanley took off his coat the better to illustrate on his own body where the bullets did hit the victim, and turned again to the jury. A large pistol protruded from his hip pocket.

"Mr. Stanley, will you kindly suspend for a moment?" said the judge.

"Certainly, your Honor," Stanley replied, turning in surprise to the bench.

"Very well," said the judge. "Following your argument about the reprehensibility of carrying firearms, I fine you ten dollars for carrying one yourself. Kindly step up and pay the clerk before you proceed."

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

VI

THAT curt letter of Oglebay's, my dismissal, gave me but ten days' notice. I still owed six hundred and fifty dollars. A little more than half of this was due the firm; the balance was made up of current bills and the chattel mortgage on my furniture. Six hundred and fifty dollars—and I hadn't a cent in the world!

My dismissal meant, of course, that my pay ended with it. After the firm had deducted what I owed them—as naturally they would—I would receive less than thirty dollars. On this I must again make my start in the world. It was not even thirty dollars capital. It was thirty dollars that rightfully belonged to others.

Figler handed me my letter. Doubtless he knew its portent, for I was aware that the man eyed me covertly, almost contemptuously. Frank's threat to discharge him had been pure buncombe. Merely to cozen me he'd said I was to replace Figler; I hadn't, and Frank had never intended that I should. The speech had been merely a means to string me along just as Frank, whenever it served his purpose, strung every one else along.

The letter was not unexpected. For this reason—though I indeed felt my heart leap once, then sag dismally—for this reason I faced Figler with outward calmness.

"Is Oglebay in his office?" I asked.

"My, no!" exclaimed Figler with an emphasis that divulged clearly that he knew why I asked. "He went South this morning for a fortnight."

A fortnight?—humph! It meant that on his return he would no longer find me a figure in his office. Outraged, hurt to the heart and inwardly boiling, I reflected that after all it was a thing I could have expected of him. I should have known from the first he'd do something like it. Any man that used his other friends as he had, only to advance himself, was not likely to make me an exception. What is further true, more than one of those other friends of his I'd seen used by him until the friend was broken, penniless. In particular there were those whom Frank, through his college popularity, had induced to dabble in stocks. Once they had been cleaned out their usefulness to Frank ceased automatically. But why dwell on it? In Wall Street popularity is a mere asset, and presumed friendship merely a means to feather one's own nest.

Prentiss was in the office. If I could not see Frank I could at least see him. Why I sought the interview I cannot say. Possibly I was driven to it by desperation.

"Say!" said Figler.

He stood before me, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, and no longer was he the effusive, fawning sponge I had always known. Instead he now patronized me from the shoes up. "I say, old chap, funny thing now," he laughed. "Hodge was saying—Sam, you know—that you and the old man have been having a scrap."

What old man? For an instant I looked at him puzzled; then I froze. He meant, of course, my Uncle Jessup.

"Eh, what?" interrogated Figler impudently.

For a moment I stared hard at him. Now I knew, to be sure, the reason why Frank had sent me that letter. My confession to Hodge, one bit of frankness on my part, had cost me heavily. It was Hodge—he to whom I already owed much—almost as much, in fact, as I owed to myself—it was Hodge, I say, who had wrecked me.

"You're all right, Figler," I drawled at him. "Yes, I'm sure you are."

"Eh, what say?" exclaimed Figler, and bounced back a step or two.

I smiled at him. "The only trouble with you, Figler," I said deliberately, "is that you'll always be a Figler—and Wall Street's full of them."

He was still gasping and spluttering as I tapped on the glass of Prentiss' door.

I merely summarize what followed. Prentiss I found in this interview to be less the bear, less vulgar and roaring than was his wont. Strange as it may sound I think Prentiss meant even to be kind. He seemed even sorry.

"Oglebay makes me tired," he growled, openly frank as he shrugged himself. "He's always jumping wildcat schemes on me that never in the world'd pan out. Now I knew it was all gas when he brought a green hand like you down to Wall Street and said you was a paying card, ace high. Son," he added, "nothing against you, of course—no offense—only I knew from the first you were only another of Dot Oglebay's dreamy four flushes. Why, if you'd brought in the half of your pay in trade, honest now, I think I'd have bust a rib in wonder. . . . And as for your uncle's——" At this point he leaned forward and asked flatly whether Jessup Agnew was really my uncle. When I assured him that he was Mr. Prentiss relieved himself of a grunt, then resumed: "Well, as for your being able to land that old screw's trade—my! my!" grumbled the fat man, and in expressive pantomime fanned himself with his hands. "But that ain't nothing," he presently observed. "I call it rotten of Frank to yank you out of a good job, then to throw you down like this! I'm going to have a real little pillow-to-pillow talk with him, I am, the minute he gets back."

"Mr. Prentiss," said I quietly, "this comes at a pretty serious time with me. I think your firm might at least have let me remain till I'd finished out my year."

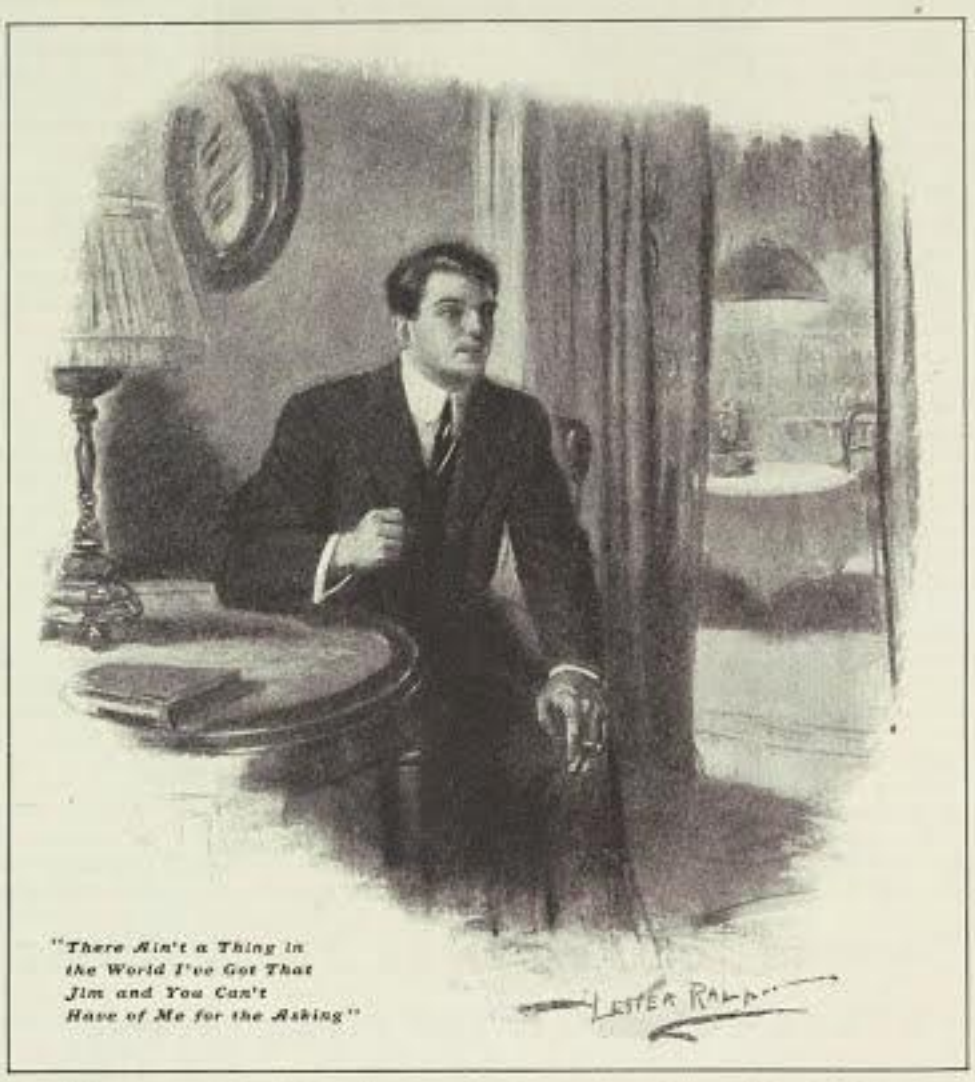
Prentiss slowly shook his head. "It'd just be wasting time for you. . . . Now you take it from me what knows—you ain't cut out for Wall Street. Of course you're not asking my advice, but I say: You go back to Ohio."

It was kindly meant and I saw in it nothing to offend. But Ohio! I hadn't even the money to buy a ticket home. I think it was on the tip of my tongue to say so but Prentiss forestalled me.

"Say, now," he remarked bluntly, "I shouldn't wonder if you was a little short on ready money. . . . Well, I tell you what," he observed as he bit the end from a cigar and vigorously struck a match on his trousers: "I want to do the right thing. It ain't fair to chuck a man like this, so you just step out to the cashier's cage and I'll have him fix you out with an extra two weeks' pay."

Two weeks' pay! In fact, more than two hundred dollars! It meant almost salvation, and I felt my heart bump. With that amount I could do much to relieve myself of my momentary embarrassments. On the first, furthermore, ten days from now, I'd owe a month's rent. If it were not paid on the dot I felt sure of what would happen. The agents must long have had wind of my difficulties, and what they might do was evident. Two hundred dollars would save from this anyway—this last shock to my already overtortured pride.

"Yes," drawled Prentiss as he blew out a cloud of fragrant smoke, "I'll make you a gift of it outright."



"There Ain't a Thing in the World I've Got That Jim and You Can't Have of Me for the Asking"

That settled it. I refused the offer, much to the fat man's wonder.

"Eh? Won't take it, what? Well, have a cigar then," he invited awkwardly, evidently nonplused.

I declined also the cigar. However, I did not decline to shake the fat, really sincere hand that Prentiss stretched out to me. Ten minutes after this friendly parting I turned up Broadway, leaving behind me for good and all Wall Street and all of Wall Street's life. At a brisk pace I headed toward the Western Union Building.

There I wrote and dispatched a telegram. It was to Ainsworth. What it said speaks for itself.

"Will you lend me six hundred dollars on my unsecured note? Urgent. Wire answer."

Afterward I walked out into the street and again faced northward.

It was the second time in three months that I had paced Broadway debating what to do. Now instead of the snow and the wintry darkness of Christmas Eve the sun of a windy March morning stared down on New York's main highway. I walked among thousands, yet I might have trod Sahara. Solitude seemed to engulf me.

I was all in. The blow seemed final, for together with hope, ambition, too, had left me. I had only that deep desire all ruined men feel in the first moments of their ruin—I wanted to hide myself. My one desire was for some distant harbor of refuge where unknown and unremarked I might grub out obscurely the remainder of my life. I felt, too, that when again I sought work it must be humble work, humbly in keeping with my slight abilities.

Yet what I might do I didn't know. At college a course in political economy had been one of my electives, and in it I had learned the law that a laborer, if denied a living wage, returns to the soil. Perhaps I, too, might return to the soil—get a farm somewhere. Or in some place where I was known I might set up as a humble storekeeper. Only in this thought the image of Jennie behind a counter did not appeal to me. I thought of something else. I, in fact, mulled over in my brain all the thousand thoughts that come to a man who finds himself in straits.

Alone in life I might have laughed at my adversity. Had I been alone a hundred opportunities were open to me. And whatever you think, I was not ashamed to work, nor was I ashamed to lay my hand to any task, however small and mean it might have been. But I was not alone. I was married. I had the married man's pride in his circumstance. Any shame I might feel in taking offered work was a shame any married man would feel.

For hours I walked the streets. It was a fruitless walk filled with fruitless thoughts, for I arrived at no conclusion. I could not even decide whether I should tell Jennie. Perhaps I shouldn't. Every morning I must leave the house exactly as usual—exactly, in fact, as if I still had a place. At least I could walk the streets till I'd found a new place; then I could break the news to her.

Yet no sooner had I decided this than I had another thought. What if I could find no other place? Ultimately Jennie would be sure to learn my distress, and the longer the discovery was delayed the greater it would shock her. I knew then I must tell her at once. Hurrying now, I headed straight for home.

Jennie had not left the house all day. At the click of my key in the latch I heard her cry out sharply.

I think that for months she had awaited the final disaster. She knew the instant I opened the door that the expected had befallen. "Jim, it's happened?" she asked, her voice low yet controlled. "Has it?"

I nodded. Then to my utter and inconceivable astonishment Jennie drew a deep breath, swelled out her breast as if she freed herself from a burden and cried devoutly: "Thank God, at last!"

"You're glad—glad!" I cried, astonished—bitterly astonished, I'm afraid. "Glad?" I rasped again.

"Yes, glad—glad—glad!" she answered.

I stared at her momentarily, then turned away. "Oh, well," I muttered hopelessly.

"Wait!" cried Jennie, and faced me. "Wait till I tell you why I'm glad—I'm glad because it's all over. From

the moment you took that place it's brought us nothing but pain, misery. I knew from the first that Frank Oglebay took you only for a purpose. And the purpose, too, was only a part of the sham, the pretense, the lying make-believe that from the first has surrounded you and me. And what have we had for it—had even for the place—the five thousand that it brought us? We've had pain, misery, that's what we've had! That and our own share in this sham and pretense. . . . That's why I'm glad. I've hated it from the moment we had to give up our first little home. Out in Ohio we were on the level anyway."

The flow of words, sharp, even brutal, came angrily. It amazed me. Rarely if ever before had I seen her angry. My own irritation was forgotten, buried under by hers. "Look here too," said Jennie in that same masterful key; "for ten months now you've had your say unhindered. I mean to have mine now. . . . What plans have you?"

Plans? I had none. After a pause I told her so.

"Well, I have," retorted Jennie, tossing her head.

I shrugged myself. No doubt her plan or plans would include nothing more extensive than a hasty removal from this home, the scene of our downfall. Possibly she might even suggest going home—back to Ohio, that is. "Ohio? Yes, if it's for our good!" she cried, and added: "It's of little consequence to me where we go so long as it'll aid us to make good. You'll go anywhere you get a good chance to go, and I'll go with you. . . . And let me tell you too," she announced bluntly, "we'll stay in New York if it's in New York that the best chance is offered us. Here, see what's in this," she ordered, and with that handed me an unopened telegram.

It was Ainsworth's answer. I snatched at it as a drowning man might snatch at a life-line. My fingers trembled with eagerness as I tore it open. Then I read, stared for an instant at the typewritten script, and slowly crumpling the sheet of yellow paper in my hand flung it to the floor.

I had asked Ainsworth for six hundred dollars. His answer was in one word. It was: "No!"

Ainsworth too! The one friend I'd felt I could depend upon—he had failed me.

"What's in that telegram?" Jennie demanded.

"Nothing," I muttered.

"Do you mean that you'll not tell me? Who's it from?" she insisted, again mandatory.

It gave me a queer satisfaction, then, to divulge this last shot at my already shot-to-pieces pride. "It's from Ainsworth," I answered. "I asked him to lend me money to pay my debts—to get a start again. He refused."

Jennie caught her breath. "Ainsworth! I can't believe it. He refused you?" she faltered.

In answer I picked up the telegram, and after smoothing out the paper handed it to her. She read the one word, flushed, and then like me threw the paper to the floor. To my astonishment Jennie turned swiftly to me and burst into tears.

"Here, here!" I began, my harshness at once melting.

Jennie gave me no chance to finish. "Jim! O, Jim!" she cried desperately; "I'm so sorry for you. It's not your fault. I didn't mean to be so cruel."

The afternoon was already waning. In the drawing room, deep down in the airshaft, it was dark now, as if night had come. There in the dark Jennie clung to me, shaking and sobbing, crying out that she hadn't meant to hurt me. In the midst of it the doorbell rang.

I started. Jennie, too, quickly raised her head. Again the bell rang, then a heavy hand knocked upon the panels.

"Where's Olga?" I asked—or rather, let me say, I whispered it.

For I felt sure I knew who rang that bell, then knocked so rousingly. It would be a dun. No doubt they'd already had wind of what had happened, and the one outside would be but the advance guard of the little army that soon would flock to my door.

It was Olga's day out. "I'll go," said Jennie, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

I would not let her. The dun I would face myself; besides, Jennie's tear-stained face was not one to show outsiders.

So with about as much willingness as a convict feels when he goes to the gallows I walked down the hall, heaved a deep breath, then deliberately threw open the door.

Ainsworth stood there and he was smiling.

Gad! My knees grew weak. "You?" I gasped.

"Got my wire, didn't you?" rumbled the big fellow. "All right, that's why I'm here. I want to talk to you!"

As I still clung to the doorknob, giving him no invitation to come in, Ainsworth calmly brushed me aside. Entering he closed the door, slowly removed his hat and overcoat, then as slowly hung them on the hatrack. "Where's Jennie?" he demanded, adding that he wished to see her too.

Silently I led him into the parlor.

At the sight of him Jennie arose with an exclamation. "Butch! Not you?"

"Yes, me, Jennie," answered the big fellow easily, whereupon Jennie stiffened like a poker.

"Humph! How do you do, Mr. Ainsworth?" she murmured.

Ainsworth eyed her briefly. "Cut that out," he remarked, his tone severe. "Jim here sent me a telegram this morning, and I take it you've seen the answer. All right. After I'd sent it I got on a train to come and tell you why I sent it."

"Indeed!" returned Jennie acidly; "did it need an explanation?"

Again Ainsworth eyed her. Again he said: "Cut that out, I tell you." After this, without our invitation, he helped himself to a chair. "Jennie, my girl," said he with the utmost freedom and familiarity, "I want you to know this right now—there ain't a thing in the world I've got, not one thing," growled Ainsworth, banging one huge fist against the table in emphasis, "that Jim and you can't have of me for the asking." Here he noisily cleared his throat. "That is," he added, "anything but money."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jennie meaningly—sarcastically, too, I fear.

"Say," said Ainsworth instantly, inelegantly, "just hold your horses, will you? Jim can have even my money, provides he uses it right."

I saw Jennie start—why, I didn't know. Now, however, I know it had just dawned on her what the big fellow meant. I still sat speechless and wondering. A clam at a clambake could not have had less understanding of the proceedings about him in which he was so vitally concerned.



"For Ten Months Now You've Had Your Say Unhindered. I Mean to Have Mine Now"

"If I've got it doped out right," Ainsworth rambled on, "Jim wants that money for one of two things: either he wants to speculate, or he's got in over his head and needs it to pay his debts."

"See here, Butch," I began testily, when instantly Jennie cut me short. "Keep still," she tersely ordered.

I obeyed instructions.

"Well, which is it?" Ainsworth demanded. "Gambling, debts, or both?"

Jennie supplied the answer. "Debts," she answered simply.

"Oh, I see," observed Ainsworth. "You young folks, I shouldn't wonder, have been playing with the gang we met at dinner that night. Eh? Those Skiglers—Zigler, was it? Those what-do-you-call-'ems, anyway. Figler? Oh, yes, those Broadway swells."

Not only had we been playing with the Figlers, but with many others like them. However, neither Jennie nor I volunteered this.

"Anyway," said Ainsworth, "looks to me as if you'd got in over your heads. . . . That ain't the point though. What I want to say is, Jim can have the six hundred—or six thousand either, if he wants it—so long as he'll let me have a look in on what he's going to do with it. If he wants it to keep up the Broadway pace—nix! Or if it's needed to let him hang on to Frank Oglebay's flimflam outfit—nix again! And this time, too, it's nix real good and hard! I ain't strong for any man—a college man too—that'll work his way to money by making a come-on of every friend."

I made no comment nor did Jennie. She waited quietly, expectantly eying me as if to read in my face what I intended to tell him. I said nothing though. I had nothing to say. Somehow I did not relish telling Ainsworth that I was no longer in Wall Street—and why.

Jennie had no such reservations. As I still kept silent she forthwith plumped out all the facts.

Ainsworth started. "Well, if that ain't bully!" was Ainsworth's joyous but not too flattering comment. "Fine!" he cried, then added: "Such being the case, let's us three get down to brass tacks right away."

Briefly what he offered was this:

Whatever I needed, however large the amount, he would advance me. In addition he offered me a place. "It ain't much of a place maybe," he advised, "because I don't cotton to shoving in new men over the heads of others. You'll have to begin at the bottom and take your chances with the rest. If you're patient though"—I looked up sharply—where had I heard the words before?—"If you're patient," Ainsworth drawled, "your chance is as good as any one's."

Before I could digest the offer, even thank him for it, Jennie spoke. "Thank you, Butch! I knew you'd do something kind."

Ainsworth grunted anew. "Tommyrot! No such thing!" he growled. "He'll get the same as I started on—fifteen a week. If you folks can't live on that I'll lend you what extra you need. . . . But you've got to pay me back," he grumbled. "You've got to pay me every blooming cent of it!"

For the first time in months I heard Jennie give a free, natural laugh. "Of course we'll pay it back," she returned; "but before we accept I want to be frank with you. If we can get something better Jim and I are going to take it. Is that understood?"

Ainsworth grinned at her momentarily, then chuckled outright. "Gee! but you're the busy little business woman! If I had a wife like ——" But there he broke off, blushing furiously.

"You see," said Jennie, "Jim's had nine years' business experience. He's a good business man, only just at the moment he doesn't think so. Now do you, Jim?"

I made no response. A savage scowl instead spoke for me. But Jennie, smiling openly, went on speaking. "The fact is," Jennie announced abruptly, "Jim may have another offer—today, in fact."

A what—another offer? It was news to me. Never before had I known Jennie to bluff on any pretext whatever. Jennie added blandly: "You know it's just possible Jim and I may go back to Ohio."

(Concluded on Page 27)



"When do we eat?"

THAT'S the question which agitates the normal healthy youngster three times a day—at least. And if you are his mother, thank your lucky stars for this ravenous appetite of his.

Give him the wholesome simple foods that build up a vigorous body and wide-awake brain.

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Commercial Paper as an Investment—By Roger W. Babson

IN A PARIS paper I read last evening was a most interesting account of the analytical mind of Thomas A. Edison. The article described how Edison, during his recent European trip, after closeting himself for half an hour with the map of Paris, seemed to have a perfect knowledge of the city, being able to locate every street of any section and to find his way about as if he had been born in Paris and had always lived there. In short, according to this Paris paper, he was able to grasp the details and fundamental questions of every important matter in such a wonderful manner that all were simply astonished at his versatility and thoroughness.

Though this story has nothing to do with commercial paper, it reminds me of an evening I spent in Mr. Edison's home, when we discussed different classes of securities. On this evening Edison told me that, though he was no banker, and, owing to his optimism and large-heartedness, often got the worst of a deal, he had many times made a most careful study of comparative forms of investment, and had concluded at the end of each analysis that the safest investment today is high-grade commercial paper maturing in from three to six months and issued for merchandise either in stock or in transit. In previous articles I have explained why Edison is opposed to the purchase of certain long-term bonds, preferring listed stocks of our large and established railroads and industrial corporations. He also has opinions regarding other forms of securities, such as short-term notes. He has nothing against any legitimate investments or forms of securities; but, whatever the character of the securities described or whatever the conditions under which they are issued, he always comes to the final opinion that theoretically the very best investment is high-grade commercial paper maturing in from three to six months, issued by successful merchants and secured indirectly by merchandise.

Three Kinds of Paper

Commercial paper is really issued for three purposes—namely:

1—To provide additional permanent or semi-permanent capital for carrying either a larger stock of merchandise or assets of a more fixed nature.

2—To enable an increase in credits.

3—To carry over the "peak of the load" peculiar to every business.

Personally I do not believe in commercial paper issued for the first-mentioned purpose. I care not how large or how small a firm's capital is—provided it is in the form of contributions by members of the firm if it is a firm, or in the form of capital stock if it is a corporation. I do, however, believe it is a mistake for any manufacturer, merchant or storekeeper to borrow money on notes for an increased capital. It is necessary to renew such notes continually when they become due, and a firm or corporation which has issued notes for capital for any length of time finds it almost impossible to break away from the habit. It is a bad habit and is at the bottom of many commercial failures today. It is comparatively easy to borrow money, but it is a vastly different thing to pay up the notes. As a good relative of mine used to say: "Roger, if you want to have the winter last but a short time discount a four-months' note about the first of November!" Therefore, to repeat, I do not believe in the first class of commercial paper above referred to; and, though the majority of commercial paper today belongs to this class, I advise against its purchase—and, what is more, I advise every reader of this weekly against borrowing money for permanent merchandise-capital requirements.

The second class of commercial paper—that issued for enabling a firm to increase its accounts receivable—should in many cases be treated the same as the first class; but there are exceptions to this rule, and these exceptions depend largely upon the character of the accounts. For a manufacturer of millinery, an article that is very perishable and of large profits, to issue paper in order to increase his accounts receivable does not appeal to me as very good business, as the accounts of certain small retail millinery concerns may not be especially attractive. On the other hand, for a concern that deals in copper, pig iron or some other commodity, which over a comparatively few months fluctuates very little in price and is very marketable, to issue paper in order to increase its accounts receivable may be good business. Of course, when judging class two, everything depends upon the character of the firm issuing the paper; and each instance should really be decided independently on its own merits. Otherwise the loaner of the money had better purchase what are known as "receivables."

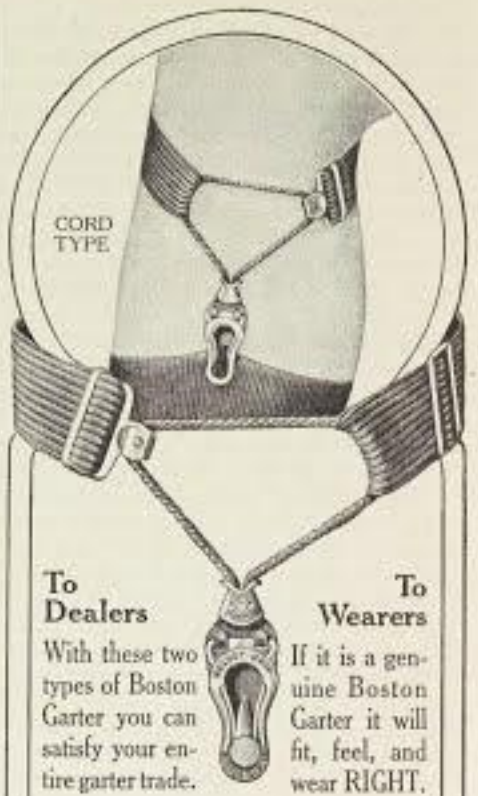
Receivables Explained

Some of the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have written to ask what is meant by "receivables," and the following is a brief explanation: If a medium-grade concern came to one of my banks and wished to borrow ten thousand dollars in order to extend twenty-five hundred dollars additional credit to four good customers, I should say to them: "I really do not wish to loan you permanently the money for additional capital purposes; but if you will get four notes of twenty-five hundred dollars each—one from each of the firms you mention—and will indorse and bring these notes to me, I will discount them for you." Now by doing this I accomplish three things: First—I make sure that the money is to be used for increasing accounts receivable rather than for buying more unsold merchandise. Second—I have a definite lien on a certain portion of these accounts receivable that I believe to be good, rather than an indefinite general interest in them all. Third—I need not look to my local firm for the payment of the notes except as a last resort. In short, I place my eggs in four baskets instead of one, and then have all the baskets guaranteed by the local firm which indorses all four notes.

Therefore, by receivables are meant notes that a firm has received in payment for goods sold, which notes it indorses and discounts at some bank. Of course some firms feel that it is poor policy to give these receivables, not desiring to expose their customers. Moreover, if one bank is given receivables, all banks loaning to the firm expect receivables likewise. Therefore many large corporations refuse to give any of their customers' notes to their creditors, but keep said notes in their own safes, refusing to use receivables on any account. Of course, for large firms this is an entirely proper practice; but smaller and medium-grade firms which have not clearly established a high credit should not object to giving receivables when the money is desired for temporarily extending credits—still less for permanently extending credits.

This brings us to the third class of commercial paper on which money is borrowed simply to carry a firm over its busy season. This is the kind of paper I endeavor to purchase for the banks in which I am interested. There are many illustrations of this third class of commercial paper; but perhaps the best is that put out by wool houses in Boston. These wool houses are obliged to buy wool in the summer and hold it for a few months until the manufacturers take it off their hands; and often in the spring they have no wool. Of course they all have large capital and often they loan this capital in the season when they are not carrying wool; but in a business like that it is almost as bad to have too much capital as too little. Consequently the wool merchant begins in the summer to purchase wool with his own capital so long as the capital lasts, which is nearly up to the peak of the harvest-time, when he borrows money with which to purchase more wool. This money is used for carrying him over the "peak," or winter; and the first wool he sells after the first of the year is used for paying up his notes, though he does not get his own capital from all the wool until it is almost time for another shearing.

Therefore it will be seen that the best kind of commercial paper is that of firms that borrow only for a certain season of the year to carry them over the "peak of the load." Such firms have sufficient capital



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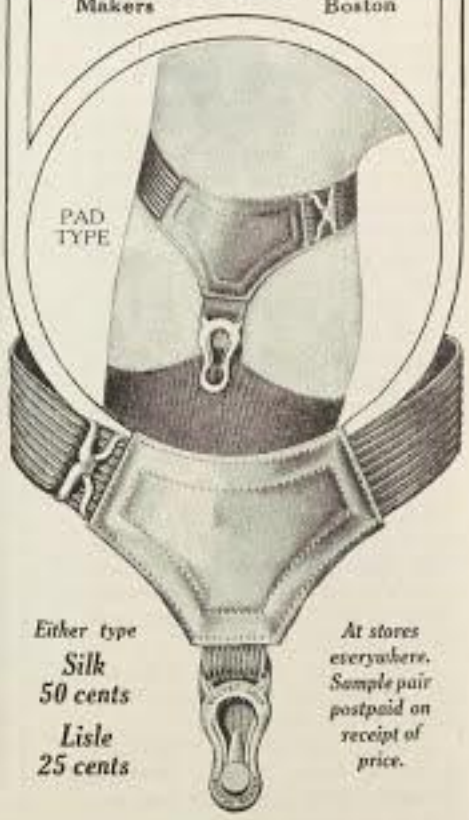
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for their ordinary business, but desire an increased capital for three or four months. Rather than have a surplus of funds for eight months of the year, these firms feel that it is better judgment to borrow for four months of the year, and they are certainly justified in such a course. I have in mind a manufacturer who spends eight months of the year in making goods which are sold mainly during two or three of the summer months. Now this firm feels justified in borrowing money for a large portion of the material consumed in the manufacture of its goods during the winter, paying up these loans in the summer-time when the sales are made. In short, the largest institutions in the country seek borrowers who "clean up" once a year and are entirely out of debt for a portion of the year, even though it is but for two or three months. This money is not borrowed for permanent capital requirements, and therefore the bank is almost always sure to be able to get the money, if it so desires, when the note becomes due.

For the benefit of borrowers, I wish to state here that the easiest way to establish credit is to pay notes when they mature and never ask for an extension! So arrange your maturities and loans that when your notes become due you can pay them, even if you must go back at the end of the time to reborrow the money. Strange as it may seem, the average bank does not consider security, or even a financial statement, so much as it considers the moral risk—and by moral risk is meant the personal character of the borrowers and their record for paying notes when they come due.

Rules for Buyers of Paper

For the benefit of readers of this weekly I have drawn up the following five rules that may be intelligently used by any investor in the selection of commercial paper:

1—Buy only through established note-brokers, and purchase only from brokers who are universally recognized as the most conservative. Never buy direct from the borrowers, for the brokers act as a check on the genuineness of the paper—and the difference in rate, the commission paid the brokers, is but a small premium to pay for the insurance of thorough investigations.

2—If possible, buy "two-name" business paper, preferably receivables or accepted drafts. A wholesale house sells goods to a large dry-goods house in some other city and takes its note for six months. The wholesale house then indorses it and gives it to a broker to sell. The buyer then virtually has the note of two distinct concerns in different sections of the country, and the buyer knows for what his money was used. If one cannot obtain this paper obtain as many valuable indorsements as possible on the best paper in the market.

3—Purchase paper the names on which are well rated by both Dun and Bradstreet and are also recommended by the banks of the vicinity in which the borrowers do business. Banks are human and sometimes make mistakes; but certainly one should not purchase paper which a good local bank refuses to recommend.

4—Purchase paper of borrowers who use the money either to increase accounts receivable or to carry them over their busy season. As previously stated, I do not believe that any firm should do its normal business on borrowed money, but rather should have sufficient capital of its own to carry on its regular operations. Therefore it is well to insist on the payment of all notes at maturity rather than to permit renewals.

5—Buy only the paper of firms that furnish full and satisfactory statements and that the established notebrokers state is the very best. Moreover, to insure the genuineness of the statement, find out something about the moral standing of the borrower. Whether considering stocks, bonds or commercial paper, the average bank today gives altogether too little thought to the moral character of the owners and operators of the business. Of course a good statement should be insisted upon; but unprincipled men can make a statement show about anything they wish it to show.

In short, the above resolves itself into the practice of gradually accumulating a list of names which the brokers, the banks, the local community—and, in fact, all—agree are the very best. It is a great mistake to buy paper of a firm with which one is unfamiliar. It is wise to be continually looking up new firms; but they should be looked up with the idea of buying the next time the notes are offered, rather than the first time the notes are observed by the buyer—and then only in case all investigations have proved satisfactory! A careful record should be kept of these names; and, though gradually the list may be extended or curtailed, only such paper should be purchased as is offered by firms in this list. Moreover, these names should be kept constantly in mind, and an acquaintance with the business growth of the firms formed. Some bankers confine their purchases of outside paper to two or three cities and then systematically visit these cities and keep in touch with the moral and financial status of the firms whose paper they discount.

Of course there are various methods of "checking" commercial paper, which term simply means looking it up to see whether or not it is good. We have the commercial agencies, such as Dun's and Bradstreet's; but, as brokers will not usually offer paper unless the firms issuing it are satisfactorily rated by these agencies, one should look much farther and make an independent examination. The first thing that occurs to one when making an independent inspection is the statement; but often it is impossible to rely upon the statement of even public accountants. To begin with, a public accountant may be a wizard at figures and able to add four columns at once; but he may be utterly unable to appraise a stock of merchandise or even make an examination into the value of the accounts receivable. Of course the statement will give both of these items, but for a public accountant to ascertain whether these items represent real value or not is a very difficult proposition. Very few accountants are properly paid or properly equipped for the appraising of assets; and, outside of the moral element brought by the public-accounting business, its value is to be questioned. However, I am very much in favor of public accounting as one of the aids in selecting and establishing a clean record for commercial paper; in fact, one of the banks in which I am interested has passed an official vote requesting the investment committee to endeavor to select only paper of firms that systematically have public accountants audit their accounts.

Another reason why one cannot depend too much upon a statement is because, the day after the statement is issued, some property may have been sold or some obligation assumed which may very materially weaken the standing of the borrower.

Getting a Line on Borrowers

Probably the best method is to ascertain the standing of the concern in the trade. Many large banks with credit departments, after much inquiring, without hearing a word against the borrower, are almost certain that the paper of such a borrower is absolutely good for the next twelve months. On the other hand, the paper of a firm not recommended in the highest terms—or of a firm on which banks report "We are not well enough acquainted to give an opinion"—is best let alone. Of course, in checking the standing of such a concern, one should go beyond the banks which the borrowers or their brokers refer to, as such banks usually have an account with the borrowers—and it is not to be expected that they would speak otherwise than favorably.

When studying commercial paper it is well to write or talk—a personal talk is infinitely better than writing—with banks that do not have an account with the firm and with competitors in the trade, as this is the best way to obtain good independent and impartial information.

However, the most important of the suggestions above given is the moral test, so to speak. It is impossible to give an intelligent opinion on the value of any commercial paper unless one knows something definite relative to the moral caliber of the borrowers. It is necessary to know what the members of the firm or the officers of the corporation that issues the paper stand for—whether they are upright men standing for what is best in the community, or whether they are men who are careless and indifferent concerning such things. This was considered a very important element some years ago by the old school of merchants, but in recent years it has become more or less forgotten. Bankers today, however, are beginning to return to the use of this old test; and the young man of the



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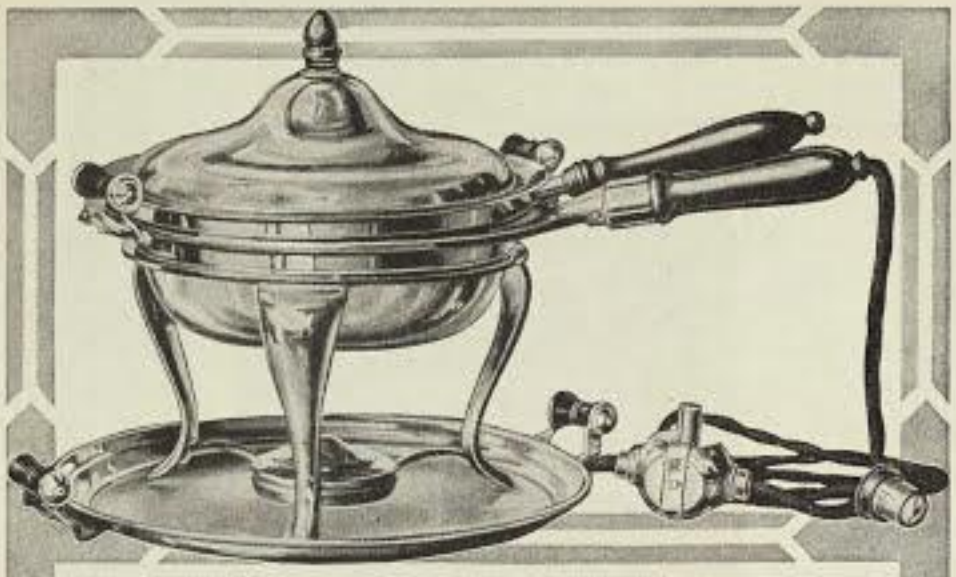
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coming generation who expects to build up a credit should make up his mind to do right, be honest, clean and just.

Though I am a churchman myself, I do not mean by this that the note of a church deacon or any other "very pious" individual is any better than that of many men who avoid any public participation in church affairs. I care not what a man says he believes—and when looking up a man's character I do not care whether or not he attends church every Sunday. I do, however, give great consideration to his actual character, and whether he is honest, just, unselfish and manly. I often talk with the man's employees in order to learn about him rather than with his pastor, or with his customers rather than with his bankers.

I mention this because I have been criticised for certain previous remarks made along these lines by men who interpreted my writings as simply references to men who profess character, whether or not they possess it. The profession of character means nothing, but the possession of it is all-important! Therefore I advise all purchasers of commercial paper to select paper only of concerns of strong moral fiber; and conversely I advise all borrowers to acquire character and to have no connection with dishonesty, injustice, graft or any other undermining practices.

An Ideal Investment for Banks

When the commercial paper of concerns of such high character is purchased, and when this paper has passed the other tests mentioned, the bank or individual possessing the same has the finest kind of an investment—an investment secured by liquid assets; an investment that can be sold at any time; an investment that will be paid when it becomes due, and an investment that should show no depreciation, with a fair rate of income. I only wish that I could sufficiently forcibly express myself regarding my great admiration for this character of investment.

Banks especially should give more attention to this form of investment. Though banks are justified in buying a certain proportion of bonds, they were not formed for such purchases—the natural and ordinary investment of national banks being commercial paper. Therefore I take every occasion to urge banks to use this form of investment more and more. During the panic of 1907 commercial paper was a great asset; for though stocks declined fifty per cent in values, and it was almost impossible to sell bonds within five per cent of their value, all high-grade commercial paper was paid instantly as it became due from week to week; in fact, banks in which I am interested had a large amount of paper come due during the very worst week of the panic—and every dollar of it was paid; though municipal bonds of our large cities were temporarily held up in payment until the worst of the storm was over.

Therefore I thoroughly maintain that high-grade commercial paper, such as is recommended by conservative notebrokers, is the most attractive form of investment for all classes of people. All banks should buy more of it, estates should purchase a fair quantity of it, and every individual investor should have a certain proportion of it. It is especially attractive to business houses with a surplus of funds for a portion of the year.

Of course, in some years, rates on commercial paper are low—and on the highest-grade paper during a portion of the present year rates have been but three and a half per cent. Yet I have often seen the rate at six per cent and even higher, and a firm regularly purchasing commercial paper is sure, over a period of years, of a good rate of interest—approximately five per cent. At any rate, one obtains the market rate when purchasing commercial paper, and to obtain more than market rates means taking some risk, with a possibility of a large loss. Possibly I can close best by urging my readers to give no attention to the rate when purchasing commercial paper. Simply say to your broker that what you want is his best paper, and hold him morally responsible for the same, giving him no instructions as to rate. The man who goes into a four-and-a-half-per-cent market and asks for five-per-cent paper runs the chance of making a loss; but the man who goes to reliable, estsblished brokers and asks for their best paper—irrespective of the rate—should get the full market rate, with absolute security.



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DEALERS—If you are not now selling the Ives Miniature Railway Systems, we have an interesting proposition for you.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation
194 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
ESTABLISHED 1868



KEEPING UP APPEARANCES

(Concluded from Page 25)

This was a little too much—too much to stand. If for ten months I had been bluffing, shamming, making a fraud of myself, it was still no reason why now Jennie should do it. I wanted to blurt out that it wasn't true that I had another offer. I wanted to show Ainsworth, himself brutally truthful, that I could be as brutally truthful as he was. "Look here, Butch ——" I began, but Jennie gave me no chance.

Ignoring me, she asked instantly of Ainsworth: "Can't we leave it just as it is? Won't it do just as well if we decide tomorrow?"

"Why, sure," assured the big fellow. "Take your time about it." As heartily he added: "Now let's forget it for a while. This swell flat of yours feels kind of stuffy to me, and if you don't mind you and Jim'll have dinner with me somewhere, then we'll go to a show."

I go to a show? Not much! Not even would I go with Ainsworth tonight, though even my future depended on it. However, Jennie decided. Laughing at Butch's stricture on our home she gayly shook her head. "Thank you for the invitation, but no. I'm cooking dinner myself tonight and you've got to dine here. If you and Jim will only take a walk I'll air this stuffy bandbox so that you can breathe by the time you get back. Now go on, hurry!" Jennie ordered; "I'm expecting a visitor."

I wondered who. While Ainsworth was putting on his coat I got a word with Jennie. "What's all this folderol, and who's your visitor?" I demanded.

"Wait and see!" laughed Jennie, then flitted away to the kitchen.

It was six o'clock when Ainsworth and I returned. In the drawing room I heard a woman's voice. "Eh, what? Women in there?" cried Ainsworth, alarmed.

Indifferently I shrugged myself. "Only a friend of ours, a Mrs. Hodge," I answered, all the more listless. "You remember her, don't you? She was at Sherry's that night."

"Aw, one of that bunch, eh?" drawled Ainsworth. His tone was expressive. I knew from it that in this brief meeting he had read Amy's character to a T.

"Come along," I said, and dawdled into the drawing room.

Amy, however, was not there. Another woman rose to greet me. It was Mrs. Ousley—she of all women!

"Butch," said Jennie, laying her hand fondly on the big man's arm, "you won't mind if I say something, will you?"

Ainsworth grinned.

"Fire away," he ordered.

Jennie smiled up at him. "We're going back to Ohio, Butch. Mrs. Ousley has just brought us a message from her husband. Jim has his old place again."

(THE END)

The Cup That Cheers

THE Union Club, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a large and imposing structure. At luncheontime it is one of the most populous and popular places in the city, but at night it is about as gay as the House of Usher.

A man from New Orleans, in Cleveland on business, was given a card to the club by a friend. He didn't know a person in Cleveland except his sponsor. Naturally he was lonely and naturally he went up to the Union Club at night to see if he could find company. Nobody was there but the servants. He wandered about in the big rooms, growing lonesomer every minute. He sat first in one room and then in another, vainly hoping for company. Finally it seemed as if the very silence of it all would make him scream. He was plunged in a big chair in the lounging room, which was quiet as the grave, when his sponsor at the club came in.

He touched the New Orleans man on the shoulder and said:

"I say, old chap, will you have a drink?"

The New Orleans man jumped up, grabbed his friend by the arm and shouted:

"Yes, by Heavens, I will! You have talked me into it."

PUBLISHER AND AUTHOR

Robert Sterling Yard, the writer of the article, Publisher, Author and the Devil, printed in The Saturday Evening Post of October 14, states that he was misinformed in regard to the circumstances upon which he based the paragraph An Author Without a Home, and that the facts reflect no discredit upon the author to whom it referred.



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Safe — strong — sure-footed — diamond-hard—stay sharp longest—classy lines—official models. Hear the "ring" of the steel as they skim the ice! Catch the glint of the sun on their polished runners! They grip the shoes like a vise and put confidence in the man in the shoes.

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There's a Winslow style for every branch of Winter's greatest sport—lever, clamp, strap and screw models. Every one made in the world's greatest skate factory. Here also are made the famous Winslow's Roller Skates.

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Factory and Main Offices: Worcester, Mass., U. S. A.
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Look for the Spear
The Flavor Lasts

Every stick is a blessing after fea
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Give boxes of this delicious tid-bit
gives the finest flavor for the longest time
refreshing juice of fresh mint leaves is
ant aid to teeth, breath, appetite and di

Use The Beneficial Confection For Tree Decoration



The Gift for the Man Who Loves a Pipe

A pound of his favorite tobacco—Prince Albert, "the joy smoke"—in the dandiest crystal glass humidor. Any man would like *that.*

The humidor has a glass lid, you know, with a hollow glass knob that holds a sponge to be moistened. That keeps the tobacco fresh and fragrant all the time. ***His pleasure in this gift'll only begin with Christmas.*** You'll be giving him just lots of long, cozy, comfy evenings, with his favorite pipe going and giving real pleasure. And he'll always have the humidor. It can be filled again and again.

This is the tobacco that's ***so*** fragrant. You don't mind a bit having him smoke it in the house. You rather like it, in fact. Prince Albert ***never*** leaves that stale, rankish odor that some tobaccos give a room.

Better order this humidor ***now*** from any tobacco or cigar store. 'Most all dealers have it now, but they'll be nearly all gone before Christmas.

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Sold also in 10c tins, 5c cloth bags, and in pound and half-pound tins with moistener top.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE FUN OF GETTING THIN

(Continued from Page 9)

I was not an amateur at the game. I had been through the mill. I spent several days in going over the whole matter. It was reasonably simple, too, and needn't have taken so much of my time; but I was protecting myself, you see, gold-bricking myself—trying to find a way out that would not deprive me of things I liked to do, of pleasures I wanted to enjoy. It was pure selfishness that dominated me and made me do so much figuring on a proposition I knew was contained in a sentence; but I did fight to hang on to the old way of living.

After each session of false logic and selfish hypothesis I invariably came back to the same proposition, which is the only proposition—and that was: What makes fat? Food and drink. How can you reduce fat? By reducing the amount of food and drink—that is all there is or was to it. The only way to get rid of the effects of overeating and overdrinking is to stop overeating and overdrinking.

I went over my food habit. I was accustomed to eating a big hired-man's breakfast—fruit, coffee, eggs, waffles, hot bread, sausage, anything that came along; and I heaved in a lot of it—not a little—a lot! I didn't eat so much at luncheon, but I ate plenty; and at night I simply cleaned up the table. I wasn't so strong on sweets and pastry, because I usually drank a few highballs during the day, and highballs and cocktails and sweets do not go well together—that is, the man who takes alcohol into his system usually does not care for sweets. Beer was one of my long suits too—Pilsner beer. I did like that!

I looked this food habit squarely in the face. I impaled the drink habit with my glittering eye. I knew I was eating about sixty per cent more than I needed or could use, and that I was drinking a hundred per cent more. I knew that nothing makes fat but food and drink. I knew excess of food will make any animal fat and I saw I had been eating freely of the most fattening kinds of food. I knew beer and liquor were made of grain, and that grain is used to fatten steers and cows and pigs. I refused to adopt a diet like any of those unpalatable ones I had experimented with, but the remedy was as plain as the cause. It was simple enough if I had the nerve to go through with it.

A Terrible Renunciation

Inasmuch as an excess of food and drink make an excess of fat, it follows that the reduction in the amount of food will stop that fat-forming and give the body a chance to burn up the excess fat already formed. That was my conclusion. Mind you, I reached that conclusion before I made any of my arguments; but I didn't want to admit it as reasonable or logical, for I hated to give up the pleasures of the table and the sociability that came with the sort of drinking I did. I was trying to find a way out that would be easy and comfortable. And all the time I was getting fatter! The scales told me that.

This backing and filling and argument with myself lasted all through January and part of February. It took me six weeks to get myself into the frame of mind where I admitted the truth of my conclusion. I was no hero. I didn't want to do it. I loved it all too well. I was as rank a coward in the beginning as you ever saw! It appalled me to think of restricting myself in any way, for I liked the pleasures that I knew I must forego. However, when I got up to two hundred and fifty pounds I sat down and had it out with myself.

"Here!" I said to myself. "You big stuff, you now weigh two hundred and fifty pounds! In another year or two you will weigh two hundred and seventy-five pounds! You are uncomfortable and heavy on your feet, and you are gouty and wheezy; and it's a cinch you'll die in a few years if you keep on this way. You know all this fat is caused by an excess of food and drink, and you know it can be taken off by a reduction in those fatmakers. Are you going to stick round here so fat you are a joke, uncomfortable, miserable when it's hot, in your own way and in the way of everybody else, when, if you've got the will-power of a chickadee, you can get back to reasonable proportions and comfort merely by denying yourself things you do not need?"

All the old arguments obtruded. See what I should lose! Life would be a dull and dreary affair—a dun, dismal proposition. I admitted that. On the other hand, however, life would not be a wheezy, sweaty, choked-heart, uncomfortable proposition. I finally decided I would go to it. And I did.

My method may be utterly unscientific. I suppose it hasn't a scientific leg to stand on. Still, it did the business. And I maintain that results are what we are looking for. The end justifies the means. I didn't figure out a diet. I had a dozen of them at home that had cost me all the way from two dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars each. I didn't buy a system of exercise. I read no books and consulted no doctors. What I did was this: I cut down the amount of food I ate sixty per cent and I cut out alcohol altogether! I carried out my argument to its logical conclusion so far as it concerned myself. I didn't give a hoot whether it would help or hurt or concern any other person in the world. It was my body I was experimenting on, and I did what I dad-blamed pleased and asked no advice—nor took any.

Twenty-five Pounds Lost

Instead of a hot-bread—I have the greatest hot-bread artist in the world at my house, bar none!—waffle, sausage, kidney-stew, lamb-chop, fried-egg and so forth sort of breakfast, I cut that meal down to some fruit, a couple of pieces of dry, hard toast, two boiled eggs and coffee. I cut out the luncheon altogether. No more luncheon for me! I cut down my dinners to about forty per cent of what I had been eating. I diminished the quantity, but not the variety. I ate everything that came along, but I didn't eat so much or half so much. Instead of two slices of roast beef, for example, I ate only one small slice. Instead of two baked or browned potatoes, I ate only half of one. Instead of three or four slices of bread, I ate only one. I didn't deprive myself of a single thing I liked, but I cut the quantity away down. And I quit drinking alcohol absolutely.

What happened? This is what happened: Eating food is just as much a habit as breathing or any other physical function. I had got myself into the habit of eating large quantities of food. Also, I had accustomed my system to certain amounts of alcohol. I was organized on that basis—fatly and flabbily organized, to be sure, but organized just the same. Now, then, when I arbitrarily cut down the amount of food and drink for which my system was organized that entire system rose up in active revolt and yelled for what it had been accustomed to get. There wasn't a minute for more than three months when I wasn't hungry, actually hungry for food; when the sight of food did not excite me and when I did not have a physical longing and appetite for food; when my stomach did not seem to demand it and my palate howl for it. It was different with the drinking. I got over that desire rather promptly, but with a struggle, at that; but the food-yearn was there for weeks and weeks, and it was a fight—a bitter, bitter fight!

When I went to the table and saw the good things on it, and knew I intended only to eat small portions of them, especially of my favorite desserts and my beloved hot-bread, I simply had to grip the sides of my chair and use all the will-power I had to keep from reaching out and grabbing something and stuffing it into my mouth! My friends used to think it was all a joke. It was farther from being a joke than anything you ever heard about. It was a tragedy—a grim, relentless tragedy! It was acute physical suffering. My body cried out for that same amount of food I had been giving it all those years. I wanted to give it that same amount. I have had to leave the table time and time again to get hold of myself and go back to the smaller portions I had allotted to myself. I liked to eat, you know.

Nothing much happened for a few weeks, though the waistband of my trousers grew looser. Then a lot of the excess baggage seemed to drop away all at once. I weighed myself and found I had taken off twenty-five pounds. Friends told me to quit—that I should overdo it. I laughed at them. I knew I was still twenty-five pounds too heavy and I was just getting into my stride.

It is strange how men, and especially fat men, who haven't the nerve to reduce themselves, think a man must be sick if he takes off flesh. I knew I wasn't sick. Indeed, I was just beginning to get well.

By the end of three months I had taken off thirty-five pounds. It was coming off well too. My face wasn't haggard or wrinkled. I looked fit. My eye was clear and my double chin had disappeared. Also, I had conquered my fight with my appetite. I had won out. I was satisfied with the smaller quantities of food and I felt better than I had in twenty years—stronger, fitter—and was better, mentally and physically. After that it was a cinch. I kept along, eating everything on the bill-of-fare, but in small quantities. I didn't vary my diet a bit, except for the eggs at breakfast. If I wanted pie I ate a small piece. If I wanted ice cream I ate a small dish. If I wanted pudding I ate some of that. I ate fat meat and lean meat and spaghetti, and everything else interdicted by the reduction dietists—only in small quantities! And I kept on getting smaller and smaller.

The fat came off from everywhere. I had been incased with it apparently. My waist decreased seven inches. A big layer of fat came off my chest and abdomen. My legs and arms grew smaller but harder. Even my fingers grew smaller. My excess of chin evaporated. And at the end of the fifth month I had taken off fifty-five pounds. I weighed then one hundred and ninety-five pounds, which is what I weigh today.

A Wardrobe Gone to Waste

Every person, I take it, has a normal weight; and if that person gives his body a chance, and ill health does not intervene, the body will find that normal and stay there. I take it that my normal weight, on account of my big frame and bones, is about one hundred and ninety-five pounds, at the age of forty-three. At any rate, it has stayed at a hundred and ninety-five since the first of last July, and in that time I have loafed for two months and ridden on Pullman cars for two other months, and have not taken any exercise to speak of; but I have maintained my schedule of eating and I have not taken any alcohol. I figure I can stay where I am indefinitely on that program—and that is my program indefinitely.

There are certain economic phases of a campaign of this kind that should be mentioned. It is expensive. Not one item of clothing, save my hat, socks and shoes, which fitted me last January is of the slightest use to me now. I didn't get to cutting down clothes until I was sure I would stick. Since that time the tailors have had a picnic at my expense. My shirts were too big. Instead of wearing a seventeen-and-three-quarters collar, I now wear a sixteen-and-three-quarters. My waist is seven inches smaller. I even had to have a seal ring I wear cut down so it would not slip off my finger. While in the transition stage I looked like a scarecrow. My clothes hung on me like bags.

Since I have had my clothes remade and new ones constructed I am an object of continual comment among my friends. They all marvel at my changed appearance. They are all solicitous about my health. They do not see how a man can take off more than fifty pounds and not hurt himself. I do not see how he can keep it on and not kill himself. They tell me I look like a boy—and I feel like one. I'm as active as I was twenty years ago. When I was in the mountains this summer, at an altitude of seventy-five hundred feet, I could climb slopes with no exhaustion that I couldn't have gone fifteen feet up the year before. My mind is clearer; my body is better. I figure I have added a good many years to my life.

And all this time I have had everything I wanted to eat, but not all I wanted to eat until I got myself readjusted to the new system. I missed the alcohol at first, but that is all over now. It was a part of the game and I used to think a necessary part. I have cured myself of that delusion. If there is a thing on earth the matter with me the ablest doctors in this country can't find out what it is. I am a rejuvenated, reconstructed person, no longer fat, aged forty-three—and the White Man's Hope!

As to the exercise end of it, there wasn't any exercise end. It happened that I met a man last March, when I was in the first throes of this campaign, who had made some study of the human body. I liked him because he was modest about what he knew, and not a faddist. We talked about exercise. He told me one thing that stuck. He said: "Walk a little every day. If you have half an hour walk a mile. If you have an hour walk two miles. Don't try to see how many miles you can walk in the half-hour or the hour, but take your time. Look at things as you go along. Be leisurely about it. When a man goes out for a walk and walks as hard as he can or does anything else in the shape of exercise as hard as he can he is subjecting himself to just as much nerve strain as he can subject himself to in any other way. Be calm about your walking, or whatever else you do."

Formerly it had been my custom to plug out after breakfast and gallop three or four miles as hard as I could and then go to work. I cut that out. I walked an easy, leisurely mile or two miles, looking at the trees and flowers and watching the people and looking into shop windows, and I got a lot of good out of it. Then it grew hot, and I cut my walking to half a mile or so down to my office in the morning and back at night. Occasionally, after dinner, I would walk a couple of miles. This summer I went fishing and tramped about some, but not much. In reality, I had no scheme of exercise, and I took little. I didn't need it. I didn't have masses of food and drink in me to be burned up. I was normal.

As I said, I suppose all this is absurdly unscientific—and I don't give a hoot if it is. It worked for me. I don't know whether it will work for any other person on this earth. Nor do I care. If you want to try it on, provided you are fat, here are the specifications: I assume it is an axiom that we all eat too much. I know I did—about sixty per cent too much. Still, I guarantee nothing. I make no claims. I have set down the facts; and the only warning, advice or admonition I have to give is that any person who makes up his mind to try this method and thinks he isn't in for the hardest struggle of his life would do well not to try. This isn't a frolic. It's a fight!

A Square Deal

Me an' Jem Simmons used to set
On his back porch; an' Jem ud say:
"A really honest man don't get
No chance in this world nowaday.
A man that labors with his hands,"
He says, "don't get no just returns—
An' unearned increment's what stands
Between him an' th' wealth he earns."

An' then Jem's wife comes out an' goes
Out to th' clothesline with th' clothes;
An' Jem jest grinds his teeth—but he
Is helpless, jest like you er me.

Me an' Jem Simmons used to talk
Of how th' System grinds us down;
An' pleasant afternoons we'd walk
All through th' purty part of town.
Jem says that interest's what says
Th' very lifeblood of th' land—
An' hopes that some fine day, perhaps,
Folks may wake up an' understand.

An' when we get back home, perhaps
Jem's wife is out a-pickin' scraps
Of wood fer kindlin'—an' he'll grind
His teeth, but has to be resigned.

Me an' Jem Simmons would discuss
Th' woes an' sorrows of th' pore
As if th' worst has come on us—
Right there by his back kitchen door.
"It's special privilege," he says,
"That makes th' cost of livin' high,
Till dollars jest buy less an' less——"
An' what is he to do, or I?

An' when his wife comes out to feed
Th' chickens his big heart'll bleed
To think she has to work, when she
Had ort to live in luxury.

Me an' Jem Simmons often set
An' smoke on his back porch, an' try
To figger out a way to get
A square deal, sech as you an' I
Had ort to have; an' he says he
Ain't got th' courage to resist
Th' System—an' says he can see
He's mighty nigh a Socialist.

An' then his wife comes out to draw
Some water from th' well; an'—pshaw!
"Ain't that enough," he says—jest
kissed!—
"To make a man a Socialist?"

—*J. W. Foley.*

KING AIR RIFLES

A KING 1000-Shot will teach you how to handle a real repeating rifle when you are older, my boy.

IT is a gun that your father and mother will be willing to trust you with, and yet it's a real gun that you can be proud of, and that will test the marksmanship of a grown man.

It isn't a dangerous powder-gun; it shoots Air-Rifle (or BB) shot by compressed air and is very accurate. Air-Rifle shot is preferable because it is more uniform in size.

The magazine holds 1000 shot, and you can shoot them out one by one, just as you could with a Winchester or Remington lever-action repeating rifle.

The barrel and frame are made in one piece of steel with polished nickel or gun-metal finish. The stock is genuine black walnut.

This King of air-rifles is the famous "Thousand Shootin' Air-Gun," the

KING No. 5
1000-Shot
$2.00



Target-shooting with a KING is one of the finest of outdoor sports.

It trains you in expert marksmanship, and sturdy character.

It gives you a keen eye, steady hand and cool head.

It develops the faculty of prompt and accurate decision.

Insist on the genuine KING and look for the name on the side-plate or barrel

We made the first air-gun ever sold, and have originated practically every improvement in air-rifle construction since.

The "Target K" stands for the latest styles and strongest and most accurate shooting.

If you can't find the genuine KING in your town, send for our catalog of all models; select the one you want, send us the money, mentioning your dealer's name, and we'll ship direct, express prepaid.

The guns shown and described on this page are only two out of many KING models

KING AIR RIFLES

There's one for every boy of every age

LITTLE Brother can start with one of the 25c pop-guns and graduate from one KING to another till he is the proud owner of the big 1000-shot.

No. 1—KING Single-Shot
Shoots air-rifle shot and darts; length 31 inches; polished nickeled steel; black walnut stock. *Price $1.00*

No. 2—KING 350-shot
Hammerless repeater, magazine holds 350 shot; length 31 inches; polished nickeled steel. *Price $1.25*

No. 4—KING 500-shot
Exactly like No. 5, but 2 inches shorter. *Price $1.75*

No. 5—KING 1000-shot
Hammerless magazine repeater, lever action; 36 inches long; polished nickeled steel. *Price $2.00*
Same, gun-metal finish, *$2.50*

No. 7—"The Chicago"
The original air-rifle; mahogany finish; shoots air-rifle shot and darts. *Price $1.00*

No. 10—KING "Junior"
Nickel-plated steel; black walnut stock; 29 inches long. *Price 50c*

No. 11—KING "Three-in-One"
Shoots air-gun shot, cork and rubber ball; length 29 inches; polished nickeled steel; black walnut stock. *Price 75c*

No. 12—KING Pop-Gun
Shoots cork; polished nickeled steel; walnut stock; 15½ inches long. *Price 25c*

Write today for interesting free booklet, "The Story of the Air-Rifle"—Tells how the first air-rifle was invented, how air-rifles are made, and gives illustration and description of all the many styles of KING Air-Rifles.

THE MARKHAM AIR-RIFLE CO.
Original Inventors and Oldest Manufacturers of Air-Rifles
Plymouth, Mich., U. S. A.



KING No. 12 Pop Gun



Post Toasties

with hot milk or cream—

Summer's Gift TO Winter's Feast

All the "goodness" of white corn, cooked and toasted for you.

Post Toasties are delicious, economical and satisfying—

Ready to serve direct from package.

Their distinctive flavour adds to the pleasure of breakfast, lunch or supper, and housewives like the convenience.

The Grocer sells, and

"The Memory Lingers"

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Limited, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

RICKEY BURNS A PACKAGE

(Continued from Page 7)

Jimmie watched him a moment, approving his dexterous slide of the shovel-blade, his easy and rhythmic lift, the clean precision of his every movement.

"I never thought it of you, Rickey," he said. "Dog me if I can get over the idee of you working!"

"I'm a right smart surprised myself," admitted his partner. "I wouldn't wonder if I could make a living at it if I done it for wages. It may come to that too. There! That's about as much as we'll want to hoist."

The two put their shoulders to the car and trundled it to the foot of the shaft, where a block and tackle dangled from a rude windlass above. After attaching the tackle by an ingenious clutch of hooks they ascended the ladder and then slowly and painfully hoisted the car a little above the surface level, where they locked it preparatory to sliding planks across the shaft's mouth. This done, they lowered the car to the planking and pushed it toward their loading chute. It was a primitive contrivance, but fairly effective; and the partners rather resented the smile of a stocky young man in corduroys who stood watching the operation.

"It's the best we can do right now; so you mustn't be too hard on us, Mr. VanOpdom," said Rickey, answering the smile.

"I don't see anything wrong with it," declared the Top-Notch engineer kindly. "How's she running, gentlemen?"

"We've been just a-wondering about that," replied Rickey blandly. "You see, we ain't got anything to go by except what they tell us at the smelter. Still, we get a little something back after you fellows have taken your rake-off—enough to encourage us to keep on; so far be it from us to register anything in the nature of a kick. How's Top-Notch?"

"We're working out the low grade on the thirty-foot level, I believe. I'm doing considerable prospecting myself; and that's what I want to ask you about. Any objection to me setting up the drill on your ground and sinking a few feet here and there? I've got some theories about the formation on this end of our properties that I'd like to verify."

"I ain't got no objection if you'll let us see the cores," Orr answered.

"Wait a moment, Jimmie," Rickey interposed. "We haven't made our bets yet and I don't believe the gentleman has anteed. If he wants the privilege of calling he's got to sit in; and then he'll have to pay to satisfy any curiosity he's got concerning and otherwise appertaining to what we've got."

"I think you have the wrong idea, Mr. Raymond," said the mining engineer. "We aren't prospective buyers. We've got ore enough to run us a hundred years."

"At the same time you wouldn't mind annexing a little old fifty-per-cent vein that happened to be straying in our back yard," suggested Rickey.

VanOpdom laughed good-humoredly.

"Oh, well, if you've got any notions of that sort there's no use talking!"

"There's another point about this drilling," pursued Rickey apologetically. "If you bore our claims full of holes we'll have the rain running down the backs of our necks when we're tunneling; and if the water ain't got no place to run off it's apt to breed mosquitoes, and we'll have to screen the cabin. You see how it is yourself. Another thing: if you find that vein for us we won't have the fun of hunting for it, and if you prove there ain't no vein we'll get discouraged—so there you are! I hate to be unaccommodating—but you'd feel the same way."

"That's all right," said VanOpdom cheerfully as he turned to go. "It won't make any particular difference. Good day!"

"I reckon he's right about that," observed Rickey, looking after him. "It don't make no difference unless we can get some kind person with a bundle to build us a smelter of our own."

"What do you mean?" inquired his partner.

"I'm ashamed to mention it, because it sort of reflects on a leading citizen," replied Rickey. "All the same, I've got one of my hunches. Ever play freeze-out, Jimmie? No? Well, you'll get a chance to be in the game before long!"

There was no immediate confirmation of Rickey's hunch and that young man pursued the remarkably even tenor of his way, to all appearances happily. There were circumstances that might have daunted one less stout of heart and hopeful of soul too. He was not favorably regarded by Mr. Paul Jarley Cruser, for one thing. He had conducted Mr. Cruser across the desert to the field of his present activities and the association had not been conducive to mutual good feeling. When the two met Rickey's greeting was always urbane, if a trifle familiar and lacking in reverence; but the Top-Notch magnate confined himself to a stony glare through his imposing tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses and a curt nod. Old Man Ross, superintendent of the mine, omitted the nod and merely glared, with a contraction of his shaggy brows. This grieved Rickey but not so much as the altered demeanor of his daughter Maggie—Maggie, who had in the very snagteeth of parental opposition declared herself his friend! She bowed, indeed; but her blue eyes were unsmiling and her chin looked firmer than ever, so that there was small comfort to be derived from the added tinge of pink in her cheeks.

When a man has sacrificed all other joys of life on the altar of love—abandoned his chosen calling and its companionship, the illimitable spaces of the range, sun, air and motion, to burrow molelike in underground gloom and consort with crazed visionaries who mouthed strange jargon; when he has denied himself the dear delights of faro, roulette and poker, and all vinous and spirituous indulgence—and all for the sake of a girl, that girl might, in common decency, show some sense of gratitude. Rickey had done and was doing all this; but a certain reputation for good-fellowship is sometimes hard to live down; and a little thing like a game of poker, under certain circumstances, is capable of creating mischief.

"I told him I would always be his friend, when father was abusing him," Maggie said to her pillow. "He knew that I meant it—or he ought to have known—and what does he do? Goes straight over to The Only Show and gambles with that wretch, Burke, and —— I'll have no more to do with him!" And so she resolutely, definitely and finally put Mr. Raymond from her heart; and when she met him clad in his mud-caked garments, and walking clumsily in his unaccustomed miner's boots, these evidences of honest toil and aspiration to a nobler, better life moved her in no degree—no more than the whimsical half-smile with which Rickey regarded her. At first he had attempted to speak; but she had walked on. Only her color was heightened a trifle. Ever since then, though now Rickey never stopped, she found herself unable to control that rebellious impulse of the blood.

. . . . . .

Jimmie Orr, returning from a trip to the smelter, descended the ladder of the Lady Lou's north shaft so hurriedly that he missed a rung and fell the last three feet. Without waiting to take stock of damages he picked himself up and made his limping way to a yellow glimmer of light, where he found Rickey picking industriously at a ledge of shattered rock.

"Drop that!" cried Orr; and to emphasize his request he smote his partner between the shoulderblades with a slap that made him stagger. Rickey saw that his face was beaming.

"We're all right, boy!" shouted the optimist. "They want to buy the mine. Now what did I tell you?"

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Rickey mildly. "Fine and dandy! Now suppose you simmer down, you pop-eyed lunatic! And let me tell you that the next time you thump me thataway I'll lay open your empty brainpan with whatever's handiest and heaviest. Who wants to buy the mine?"

"Cruser," replied Orr.

"Then our fortune's made," declared Rickey sarcastically. "Now get out of my way and let me loosen up this rock. Coming whooping and yelling round here about a little thing like that! I thought dinner was ready or something else exciting. Get out of my way!"

"He wants us to come up to the office," Orr continued unabashed. "I told him I wouldn't talk business without you; so he says to me to get you up there."

"I wonder if I'll go," Rickey speculated. "I reckon he wouldn't take up our time and waste his own unless he was going to offer us something less than a million, do you?"

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"I wouldn't say a million, Rickey," said his partner innocently. "He'll make it something worth while though. Stop that now and let's go up and see him."

"Do you know *where* I'll see him?" asked Rickey.

Nevertheless he yielded to his partner's entreaties; and when the capitalist looked up at their entrance with his customary disparaging expression, Rickey's greasy hat was clasped becomingly to his bosom and he appeared meek and deferential in the extreme.

Mr. Cruser settled his glasses more firmly on his thick nose and signed a letter before swinging his chair to face the partners.

"I'm told that you men own the two claims north of us," he began, addressing Rickey. "Now we are going to put up a number of buildings—sheds, stables, a machine shop; perhaps a sawmill. That sort of thing." He waved a pudgy, diamond-decorated hand. "Where you are would be a handy place to build 'em and I'd be willing to pay you what the ground is worth for building purposes. I understand they aren't any good for anything else."

Orr started up indignant.

"Why, them claims ——" A dig from Rickey's elbow silenced him.

"I'm going by the smelter's figures of the ore you've got out," proceeded Cruser, reaching for a package of slips and turning them with a dexterous finger. "It's clear that you've never got out enough to pay ordinary expenses—to say nothing of wages; so I'm assuming that the ground is practically valueless—entirely so from a mining standpoint."

"We've got the father and mother vein of all the copper in the district!" Orr broke out excitedly. "You let me show you ——"

"Don't talk foolish, Jimmie," interrupted Rickey. "You listen to the gentleman. He's talking sense. If the ground's good for anything besides copper, why not let him have it if he's willing to pay us what it's worth to him? What is it worth—please, sir?"

"I would be willing to give you five hundred dollars apiece—and that's a liberal offer," said P. J. Cruser impressively. "A thousand dollars in cash. Cash, mind!"

"You just want it to build on?" said Rickey. "You don't have no idea that there may be some good ore on it?" he continued anxiously.

Mr. Cruser laughed contemptuously.

"Don't these answer that question?" he demanded, shaking the smelter slips. "Well, if you think you've got a mine go right ahead. I guess I can find another site for my buildings." He tossed the slips aside and wheeled back to his desk.

"A thousand dollars!" Rickey murmured thoughtfully.

Orr got up.

"Come on," he said gruffly. "Let him go to thunder with his thousand dollars!"

"Wait, Jimmie," said Rickey. "Don't let's do nothing we might be sorry for. The gentleman says cash money. Of course it ain't no fortune; but —— Would you be willing to make that fifteen hundred, Mr. Cruser?"

"I said a thousand," the capitalist answered crisply.

"Well, I'm in favor of taking it," said Rickey.

Orr looked at him in amazed reproach.

"I mean it," declared Rickey doggedly.

"Well, of course, if you want to lay down, that's all there is about it," said the miner sadly. "You've been putting up the money from the start and it's your say-so. Only ——" He sighed. "You fix it up. I'll sign the papers when you're ready for me."

"You needn't go, Mr. Orr," said the magnate of the Top-Notch. "I'll have the papers ready in a few minutes." His eyes gleamed with satisfaction and triumph as he leaned forward and struck a bell. "Take these names and descriptions, and fill them into a couple of quitclaims," he ordered the pale clerk who answered the summons. Then he drew a checkbook to him and picked up a pen. "I make this payable to ——"

"Ricardo Raymond," answered Rickey—"R-i-c-a-r-d-o. Cheer up, Jimmie! This ain't going to interfere with you finding that vein if you're plumb set on it. Mr. Cruser don't want only surface right. That's all he's after."

"What's that?" snapped Cruser, swinging round.

"I was just explaining to Jimmie here that you don't want nothing underground," said Rickey with his ingenuous smile. "He seems to think you're after his copper



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vein; he doesn't seem to get it through his head that we're only selling surface for your buildings. He's considerable slow-minded, is Jimmie."

Mr. Cruser's face assumed a slightly purple tint.

"Do you think I'm buying surface right only?" he snarled. "Well, I guess not!"

"I think that's all you're likely to buy with a thousand dollars, P. J.," Rickey answered suavely. "You don't calculate on building a subway system, do you? Why, P. J., I'm surprised at you—almost! Don't say you thought you was acquiring our vein, with all its dips, spurs, angles and variations, for such a sum!"

Cruser gave him one malevolent look and struck the bell again—three times in rapid succession.

"Tear those quitclaims up," he said to the pale clerk. Then he turned to the partners. "Get out!" he barked.

"If you please!" suggested Rickey, lounging to the desk. "Say it, P. J.!" He extended a thumb and bent forefinger toward Mr. Cruser's nose. "Can't I learn you to be polite nohow?" His finger and thumb advanced.

The pale clerk heroically made a motion to interpose. Orr, who was chuckling with enjoyment, brushed him aside without troubling to look at him.

"If you please!" insisted Rickey.

Cruser had leaned back in his chair to the limit of equilibrium and the purple had completely faded from his complexion.

"If you please!" he gurgled, and toppled over in a heap.

"That's nice," remarked Rickey approvingly. "Come along, Jimmie. I'm afraid he doesn't want us."

As the two walked back they discussed the situation.

"I don't see how the son-of-a-gun can do us any harm!" Orr opined.

"No harm, but a right smart of inconvenience," said Rickey. "For one thing, we'll have to pack our ore to Los Dragones if we want it smelted, and little Nigger-horse ain't much on the pack."

That supposition proved to be entirely correct. At the week's end, Orr took his customary load to the smelter and the foreman told him he might take it back again.

"What's the reason?" asked Jimmie.

"Orders," replied the foreman laconically.

Upon this Jimmie turned his mules and drove back.

"But I think we can whip the devil round this partickler stump, Rickey," he said to his partner. "What's the matter with getting one of the other boys to haul it up and let on it's his?"

"That would be real deceitful!" Rickey objected. "Besides which, they'd catch on to it and then we'd be getting another fellow into trouble. They'd refuse his ore."

"Then what will we do?"

"Rub a pork rind on the bucksaw and keep right at it," was Rickey's counsel. "We can stick it out for a month yet—and a whole lot of things can happen in a month. One thing, I'll write to Curran. Curran is white; and if our friend P. J. and his crowd didn't chisel the Curran crowd on that Top-Notch deal it's because they didn't get no chance, in which case they wouldn't have touched it with a ten-foot pole. We might work up an independent consolidation. I'll study on it, Jimmie."

He was still studying an hour after his partner's snores first rumbled through the shack. Seated on the rough board stoop, his hands clasped about his updrawn knees, he gazed at the stars and meditated, the while indulging his pernicious habit of brown-paper cigarettes. Presently the moon came up behind Escobedo and masses of fleecy white clouds drifted slowly across and enveloped it; so that vast and luminous avenues to the central glory opened and were obscured, changing so imperceptibly, seeming so tangible in their weird beauty, that the young man felt his spirit drawn in longing to penetrate the celestial mystery.

And so he studied and let his cigarette go out; and sometimes he imagined Maggie Ross moving, spiritlike, along the radiant pathways—aloof, unattainable. Then the exaltation departed and he pictured her on the porch of the superintendent's house with a stocky brute, who broadened his a's, altogether too close to her; and, with that, Rickey got up—but he had arrived at a decision. "I'll see her tomorrow, whether or no!" he muttered as he entered the cabin.

. . . . . .

It so happened that Rickey had no difficulty in carrying out his intention of seeing Maggie Ross; and she did not pass on as she had meant to. They met almost at the gate of her home and Rickey motioned her to the shade of the pepper trees.

They stood for a moment in silence. She met his determined look steadily, gravely. It seemed to him there was something almost contemptuous in her regard—and it stung him to speech.

"Maggie," he cried, "I can't stand this no longer!"

She made no reply, but trembled slightly at the half-suppressed passion in his voice.

"Are you through with me, Maggie?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered coldly. "There is nothing to be through with, is there?"

"I thought there was at one time," replied Rickey haltingly, after a pause. "There was a night—nearly four months ago—when I thought there might be. You've probably forgotten it and I reckon I oughtn't to remind you."

"I think you have forgotten very often since then," she said.

"I've been a no-account, feather-headed fool—I know that," the young man admitted. "I've slipped up where I didn't aim to, and I ain't excusing it; but I allowed you'd give me a show, Maggie. I wasn't raised to look at some things the way you have. You want to think of that."

"I have thought of it," the girl told him. "But there are other things, and—— It's no use talking about it. I must go in, Mr. Raymond. Please let me go."

Rickey stood aside.

"I suppose there are other reasons," he said bitterly. "I know one of them. I've seen him with you right often lately—but that ain't none of my business. And—I reckon he's a heap better man than I am." He smiled mirthlessly. "Goodby, Maggie."

He was turning to go when she spoke.

"If you mean Mr. VanOpdom—and I'm sure you do—I think it right to tell you that you are mistaken. He is engaged to a girl in Boston; and, anyway—— He is nothing but a friend to me and never would be anything more."

The feeling of relief with which the young man might have heard this announcement at another time was dulled by her manner. He caught at the word.

"That ain't much, is it? You told me that you would always be my friend. That was the last thing you said to me. I had a different idea about it though; I thought friends overlooked things and forgave things, Maggie."

The pleading in his tone had anything but a softening effect on the young woman. She looked at him and there were both scorn and anger in the look. No doubt about the expression this time.

"You showed me just how much you thought of our friendship then!" she flared out. "I took your part against my father, and you—you showed everybody that he was right."

"I got into a game," Rickey admitted. "Yes. I was a considerable worked up over them few brief remarks the old gentleman made. I had a chance to win the little horse back too—and I think a heap of that little horse!"

"So much that you took the chance of losing him at cards—and lost him."

"But I won him back!" Rickey put in.

"There are some things you can't ever win back," said Maggie. "There was a present you wanted to give me, Mr. Raymond. What did you do with that?"

A dusky red mounted into Rickey's face and suffused it to the hair-roots.

"I—I played that," he acknowledged humbly. "I didn't think you knew; but I see you do, and—and I'll take my medicine. It was sure a dog's trick and I reckon you'd be a fool if you did forgive it. Well, I won't trouble you no more."

He pulled his hat down over his forehead and walked rapidly away. The girl opened the gate and then stood looking after him, her eyes moist and her lip quivering.

"Trouble me!" she murmured. "Oh, Rickey, you won't do anything but trouble me to the last day I live!"

. . . . . .

A few days later another bolt from the blue, of a peculiarly deep indigo tint, descended upon the proprietors of the Lady Lou Mine. Rickey Raymond sustained the first shock of it. Entering the company store, which had absorbed the small general merchandise emporium of Bill Hockins and was rapidly absorbing the surplus wealth of the community, Rickey laid a flabby five-dollar bill on the new counter and demanded a sack of cornmeal and the balance

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in what he euphoniously termed "sowbelly." Thereupon the company storekeeper pushed the bill back and informed the would-be purchaser that he had none of the commodities mentioned to sell to him.

"What's the reason you haven't?" demanded Rickey.

"Orders," replied the storekeeper.

"In that case, you can give me a pair of gum boots and a can of sardines—or we'll say a paper of hooks and eyes and a post-hole digger," Rickey amended. "I ain't particular, so's I can spend some money."

"Sorry, but you can't spend enough to buy a slab of chewing gum in this here joint," said the storekeeper. "You boys' money ain't wanted, so I'm told."

"I reckon we can buy what we want in El Paso," remarked Rickey when he had digested this information.

"If you don't find it there you might try Tacoma," suggested the storekeeper. "All the same, Rickey, I've got my own private and confidential opinion of them kind of orders. If you'll bend over I'll whisper it in your ear."

"I won't take no risks," said Rickey. "You might have orders to bite it off."

The partners got their cornmeal and thereafter such supplies as were strictly necessary; but they had to buy through the medium of interested and sympathetic third parties until, after many days, a relief train arrived from Sentinel Butte. No serious harm was done, as Rickey had forecast; but a hundred petty annoyances and inconveniences were inflicted upon them by the comprehensive orders. Meanwhile they toiled unremittingly in their drift, which lengthened foot by foot as the ore-dump piled up, bisecting the north claim in almost a straight line. Rickey had now become the enthusiast and the sanguine predictor of the ten-strike—though Orr sank daily into greater depths of gloom.

"It ain't no manner of use!" he declared. "That ——" He trailed off into forcible language, concluding with the patronymic of the Top-Notch potentate. "He's got us where he wants us—and we might as well quit while the quitting's good."

"Where's that swab?" Rickey asked.

The swab, a pliant stick of willow frayed at one end to a mop, was found and the drill-hole in the face of the rock cleaned out. Then Orr squatted and replaced the drill, lifting and turning it after each blow of the hammer that Rickey now swung with the accuracy of an expert. The operation was repeated again and again; and at last the drill was finally withdrawn and the giant cartridge, with its trailing fuse, pushed into place and tamped with moist sand. Orr struck a match and applied it to the fuse. Then the two hurried to the shaft and, climbing to the surface, sat down.

"Seems sort of slow," observed Orr presently. "Sure you capped that there fuse, Rickey?"

"What do you take me for?" asked the young man.

"You've got to be sort of absent-minded the last week or two," said his partner. "I hate to have an absent-minded man working with powder alongside me. She ought to have gone off before this."

They waited a minute longer. "Of course, if you don't light a fuse nothing is going to happen," Rickey remarked. "Well, I'm going to see what's wrong."

He jumped up and swung himself down the shaft before Orr could stretch a hand to detain him.

"You crazy fool, come back here!" bellowed the miner, leaning over the shaft. "Don't you know it's liable ——"

Rickey laughed and walked into the drift—and a moment later the blast went off.

. . . . . .

Maggie Ross was pouring the coffee for her father's breakfast the next morning when Ames, the nightshift boss, edged diffidently into the room to make a report. The superintendent received it with his customary comment, which was something in the nature of a grunt, and the man edged out again, but paused a moment with his hand on the doorknob.

"Too bad about Raymond, ain't it?" he said seriously.

Ross nodded, but with no change of expression.

"I'll see Joe about it," he said. "He can take the timber gang."

"What will that be about Mr. Raymond, Mr. Ames?" demanded Maggie peremptorily.

"Killed!" answered Ames. "Leastaways he ain't expected to live the day out. Blast ketched him."



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Maggie stood staring, her face blanched and her hand at her throat. Then the breath came from her in a long, shuddering gasp, and she swayed and clutched at a chair for support. In an instant her father was at her side and caught her, but she struggled against him and broke away to grasp Ames by the sleeve.

"Where is he?" she whispered.

"Lassie! Lassie!" cried her father.

She turned on him.

"Be silent! Let me hear. Where is he?"

"He's at the cabin," answered Ames.

"I'm going to him," she said in the same strange whisper. "I'm going to Rickey."

"Are ye distraught, lassie?" exclaimed the old man. He tried to bar the way, but she fiercely pushed him aside and sped like a mad thing through the gate, never pausing for an instant until she reached the cabin of the Lady Lou. Jimmie Orr stood at the open door, hardly seeming to see the girl who stood before him.

"I must see him!" said Maggie. "Is—Is it ——" The words failed her.

"They think he will live," said Jimmie. "And you shall see him if you will be very, very quiet. Can you be?"

Maggie nodded and he led her inside where, upon a cot by an open window, lay a form swathed in bandages, motionless, save for a hardly perceptible rising and falling of the chest. One hand lay stiffly extended outside of the sheet, and the girl dropped softly to her knees and kissed it.

"Come," whispered Jimmie; and Maggie arose obediently and followed him outside. Old Man Ross was with Orr on the porch, waiting.

"Maggie!" said Ross.

"I am to marry him some day," she said.

"Maggie, lass!" said her father again.

She went away, but was back within the hour, accompanied by Annunciata, who bore a basket laden with soft linens, precious limes for drink, and jars and bottles. There had been opposition from the old Scotchman, but in the end his iron will had bent to the steel of his daughter's purpose; and so, day by day she came, and on the third Rickey opened his eyes and knew her. With time, the wound healed and the bones began to knit; and, one by one, bandages were taken off and not replaced.

"I shall be leaving you soon now," said Maggie one morning. "You won't be needing me any longer."

"I wisht you'd wait till I don't, if it wouldn't put you out too much, please, ma'am," said the skeleton of Rickey. "And would you take a little present from me?"

"It depends," answered Maggie cannily.

"Jimmie, get into my warsack and take out a package you'll find there," directed the patient. "Have you got it? Give it to the lady—and get out for a minute."

Jimmie obeyed, but reluctantly.

"I was going to tell you something," he said.

"Get out," repeated Rickey. "Will you open that up, Maggie?" he continued as the door closed.

The package contained a peacock-blue plush case, inside of which were a comb, a brush and a mirror, silver-backed and elaborately chased, nestling in peacock-blue satin. Maggie looked up rather sadly.

"It isn't the same," protested Rickey. "I burned the one I staked—burned it in the smelter furnace. I don't know why I got this. I guess I had a hunch. Will you take it? Will you take me with it, Maggie?"

He tried to raise himself and the girl pushed him gently back, her arm beneath his head, her face close to his.

"You foolish boy!" she said. "I took you the day after you were hurt! Didn't you know that?"

About ten minutes later Jimmie Orr came in, discreetly heavy-footed.

"Now you may tell him," Maggie permitted; and Jimmie, beaming with delight, took a seat by the cot.

"It's the mine, old son!" he burst out. "That shot what smashed you smashed into the biggest and richest vein that's been found on this here great American continent in ten years—and we're rich, you crowbait! Curran's going to take hold of it with us, and he left three weeks ago to get machinery. Some of it's on the way now. Miss Maggie wouldn't let me tell you before, for fear of exciting you. How's that?"

"Fine and dandy!" replied Rickey. "But I don't see why you had to come butting in here quite so soon. You tell me about it later and take another little walk now. I've something important to talk about with Miss Maggie."

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THE REJECTED PLANET

(Concluded from Page 11)

"He shook where he stood, his eyes traveling always from me to the gir-rl. Finally he croaked out:

"'Is that thrue? Will yez kiss him again?'

"She stepped away from me and I saw the pretty eyes of her bur-rn.

"'I have promised Mickey,' she whispered.

"'And yez will marry him?' says me bould Tim in a fearful tone.

"'I will marry no man!' she answers him.

"He tur-rned on his heel.

"'Kiss him!' he said. 'But I will kill him afterward. His soul is bound to Purgat'ry as it is.'

"'Thin I will kiss him gladly,' says the gir-rl; 'for he has made me give him what I would niver have given to anny man but one. Come, Mickey, kiss me. I have swor-rn and I will do it. And thin I will laugh at yez in Purgat'ry.'

"'I am damned already for bringing yez here!' I responded. 'And I will fight wid Tim O'Shea. But I will not kiss yez! I kiss no gir-rl that another man may wed wid her; for I see clearly I have been made a fool of.' And I tur-rned me back and depar-rted.

"In three minutes me bould Tim came to me.

"'After all, I have been desaved,' he infor-rmed me. 'Fir-rst, 'tis that bogtrotter Murphy; thin you, Mickey O'Rourke.'

"I looked at him superciliously.

"'I undherstand,' I infor-rmed him. 'Yez will wed wid Moira Kelly. This new wor-rld is no place for me.'

"'''Tis a poor thing annyway,' says Tim. 'Moira says there is no place for a cow and she cannot carry watther from the spring. There is a far-rm near her father's which is to let cheaply. We will live there.'

"I scor-rned him at the momint.

"'Thin what is all your wisdom worth?' I demanded. 'Yez have built a wor-rld; and now yez listen to a woman for three minutes—and yez abandon it and the man that helped yez.'

"'Do yez want it?' says me bould Tim. 'I will make ye a prisint of it.'

"'I am going to Ameriky,' I infor-rmed him. 'I have no use for this little wor-rld that we have built.'

"At the instant Moira came out, her white face shining undher her red hair.

"'And ye poor bhoys made this all yoursilves?' says she. ''Tis a sad place—wid no meadow for a cow, no well handy by the house and no turves dried for the fire!'

"''Tis thrue,' says me brave Tim, much ashamed. 'We will go back immediately.'

"So he took Moira in his sthrong ar-rms and we said the black wor-rds. As we rose in the air Tim O'Shea gave the wor-rld a kick wid his foot.

"'Away wid yez into space!' says he.

"As it rolled off, and we saw it getting smaller and smaller in the sky, Moira laughed.

"'Can yez build a wor-rld widout a woman?' she demands in his ear, me traveling beside thim.

"'Yez can build it; but no man can live on it!' whispers Tim."

A Nutty Name

JOSEPH EVERGREEN RYAN, of Chicago, has a friend in the priesthood who has a keen sense of humor. The priest told Ryan about a christening at which he officiated a short time ago.

The christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and all the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest to the priest during the ceremony.

"What's the child's name?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment.

"I dunno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?"

"Hazel," replied the father.

"What?" asked the grandfather.

"Hazel," repeated the father.

The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust.

"What d'ye think av that?" he asked the priest. "With the calendar av the saints full av gur-rl names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"

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There is a romance for the young in this land that is young. There's a sparkle to pleasure and a zest to life. With the mountains at your back and the sea at your feet, with the skies soft and the air invigorating, with youth in your blood and life to be lived—it would be a pity, indeed, not to spend one glorious winter in California.

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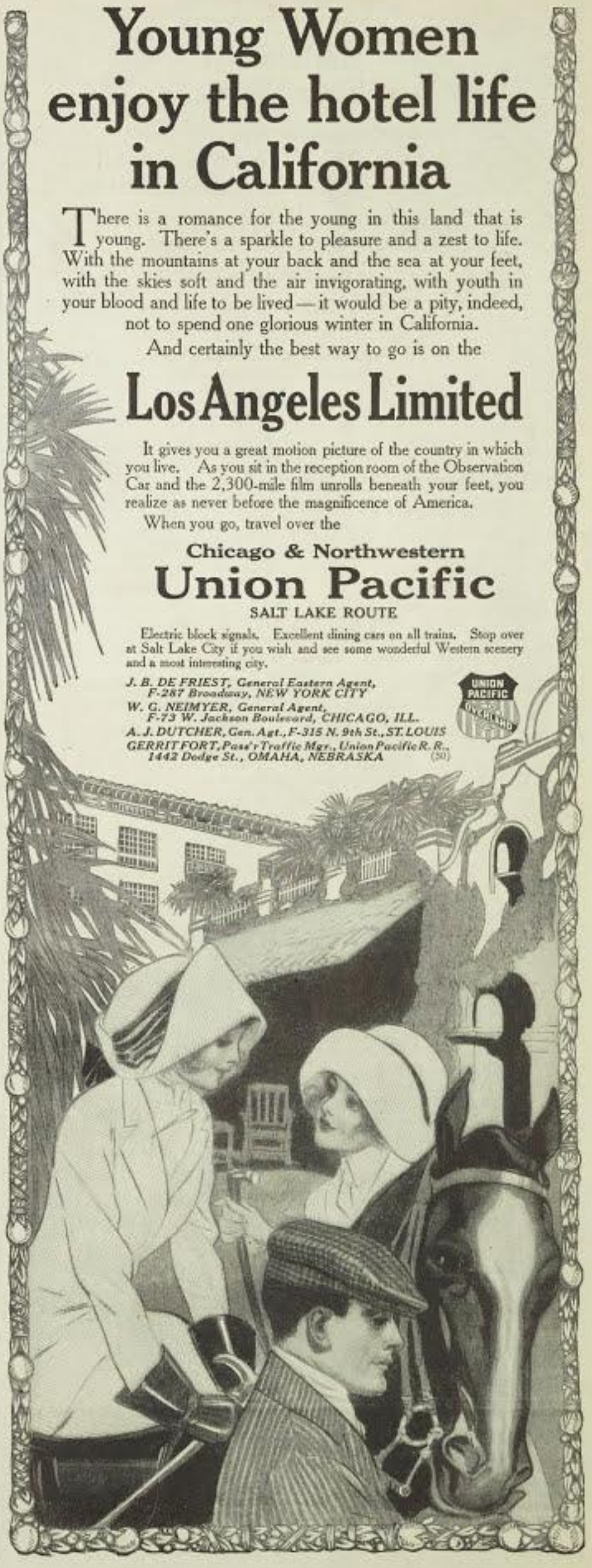
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Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—
Another dessert confection, with an outer covering of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





THE WINGS OF ICARUS

(Concluded from Page 16)

what proved to be his last flight, Ely had a feeling that something would happen; and he asked his mechanic to be ready to telegraph Mrs. Ely at once if anything went wrong. She was in Iowa, having for the first time failed to accompany him. The telegram was sent.

J. J. Frisbie, who was jeered at by a crowd until he ventured into the air during a treacherous wind and was killed, always wore his watch aloft until that day; but just before he went up at Norton he handed the watch to his wife with the laughing remark that some one might pick his pocket. A moment later he had lost control of his machine, it crashed into a shed and he was picked up mortally hurt.

Tom Sopwith, the English aviator, has a sporty big racing car—as long as an ocean greyhound, more or less—and he insists that it be in front of his hangar before he leaves the ground. During a recent meet on Long Island some of his friends whisked it away for a brief joy ride. It came Tommy's time to fly, but he wouldn't budge till that machine was brought back.

Beachy has no superstitions, and Curtiss says he—Curtiss—hasn't any; but his mechanics wink and say that he never makes a flight until he putters with his machine and finds something wrong. As a stickler for proper adjustment and tuning up, he goes on the theory that nothing is ever perfect—that you can always find something to fix. A hidden screw tightened or an obscure wire adjusted, then Curtiss is ready to shoot away. If you look as he rises you will notice a greasy old leather cap with a small aviation emblem pinned on the front. Perhaps this isn't any evidence of superstition either; but Curtiss has worn that cap on every flight he has made. Now that he has ordered all his men to wear helmets, he will either have to abandon his beloved cap or break the rule he himself has made.

In the Animal Kingdom

Mixed in with its tragedy there is a great deal of humor in the aviation game. Seagulls, swarming about the cruiser Pennsylvania, almost brought Curtiss to grief while he was preparing to land on board during his navy experiments. As he swept up to the vessel a cook opened a porthole and emptied overboard a great quantity of kitchen refuse. This attracted a swarm of screaming gulls, and Curtiss narrowly missed tangling up a thousand or so in his planes and propeller. As it was, he was forced to change his course, fly round the cruiser and return to his landing platform only after the gulls had eaten and departed.

Harry Harkness who, as an ardent amateur, has invested several thousands of his reputed several millions in monoplanes and their equipment, startled a bunch of jackrabbits as he swooped down over the prairie surface of North Island, San Diego, California. One big, long-eared fellow was apparently fascinated with delight or paralyzed with fear. Ears erect, eyes bulging, he sat on his haunches, unable to move, until the knifelike propeller-blade cut off his head as clean as a whistle. At the instance of his wife, who objects violently to his going up, Harkness has abandoned aviation and has gone in for motor boats. He says he is going to put a thousand-horse engine in a fourteen-foot—or maybe it is a forty-foot—boat and attain a speed of a hundred miles an hour.

"How do you expect a boat of that size to keep from being jarred to pieces by such an engine?" he was asked.

"Easy!" said Harkness. "I'm importing all the wood from Borneo. I forget what it's called; but it's grown under water and will stand anything."

Hubert Latham, in a pretty Antoinette monoplane, armed with a shotgun, madly chased ducks along the coast near Los Angeles last winter and kept at it until he bagged one. The feat was heralded at first as the dawn of a new era for sportsmen; but the newspapers were inclined to make light of the incident, and even the most enthusiastic followers of aviation do not predict that duck-hunting from the hurricane deck of a monoplane will be one of the season's diversions just yet. California took the performance with serious humor, and some wit introduced in the legislature a bill designed to regulate hunting from aeroplanes.



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¶ Under any condition the fuel distribution is perfect. At all times you get the full benefit of all of the cylinders—not occasionally. It has a self contained oiling system, guaranteeing perfect lubrication. Oil consumption is remarkably low. On one 15,000 mile test it averaged eleven miles per gallon of gasoline. In this car the six cylinder bugbear—carburetion—has been completely eliminated. It is as mechanically perfect as the best of the engineering world can make it.

¶ The wheel base of one hundred and thirty-five inches permits an unusually comfortable and luxurious seven-passenger body. The body itself is elegantly proportioned. The whole finish is magnificent. The car shown here is the six cylinder seven passenger touring car priced at $4500.

¶ A polished chassis of this most advanced "Six" will be shown at both the New York and Chicago Automobile Shows. If you attend be sure and look it over.

¶ We have a book about this "Six" which we know will interest you. We would like to send you a copy. Please ask for Book A.

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If interested in trucks ask for a truck book.

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Foolish dependence on rubber alone

Some men think more of their money than they do of their lives—but suppose they do—the cost of Weed Anti-Skid Chains is small—and—the cost of skidding is great!

Just look at this! A man buys an expensive car. No money is spared to safeguard it against everything—*everything but skidding!*—and well he knows that Weed Chains make skidding utterly impossible—yet he neglects to get them.

"Pooh! Pooh!" he exclaims, "quite non-essential—the danger is remote—besides I am a very careful driver." One day a little rain—a slippery pavement—a false turn—

S-Sk-Ski-Skid! Crash!

It's a short story—but a long list of repairs. Skidding certainly does injure a bank account.

Strange, isn't it? If any little breakage is sustained the car goes to the garage, quick—but when the bare rubber tires are wet and slick—and they commence to slip and slide and skid dangerously—*you do nothing—not a thing!* Strange, isn't it?

Think hard! Answer this question truthfully—*If you value either your money or your life—and if you know positively that if you do not use Weed Chains you may lose your money—or your life—or you may lose both—why in the name of reason don't you use them!*

At All Reputable Dealers

Weed Chains cannot injure tires because "they creep."

On front wheels give comfortable, easy steering—out of car tracks, snow drifts and "deep going" just like steering on smooth roads.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., 28 Moore St., New York



Give Him a Handsome Box of Fine Silk Hosiery

It's sure to please any man—the sort of thing he's always glad to have. Requires no time or trouble to select, and remember that when giving



Our Christmas Box
The Ideal Gift
For Him

McCallum Silk Hosiery

you have the satisfaction of giving the *best*—the hosiery chosen by perfect dressers.

Sheer, rich and beautiful. It wears as well as lisle and costs but little more. Every pair guaranteed.

$1.00 $1.50 $2.00

at the best shops everywhere

Our Handsome Booklet on Silk Hosiery is Yours (Free) for the Asking.

McCALLUM HOSIERY CO.
Northampton, Mass.

SUPERANNUATED

(Continued from Page 14)

"No, they don't. We've had five July calves given us."

"If I was married, *she* wouldn't quit making butter!" quoth Abel vigorously. "Calves also is worth something."

"One died; Retta raised the other four. She's a great hand. I bought four cows with part of the ready money from my commissions and rented a pasture, and we run a little milk business for the folks right in town. Retta takes in a dollar-fifty to two dollars a day, and folks fetch their own cans."

"She's a fine woman," said Walzer with conviction.

They drove along through jolting, rutted bottoms, the mud-flecked curtains of the surrey slapping in and out, the Cousins Hall imperturbable on the front seat, the funeral procession straggling over the way before and behind them.

"You tell her," said the pallbearer to the officiating clergyman, "that I deliberately said so. Here we are. Dinged if Sol Myers ain't hustling to finish the grave still! You tell Henrietta."

Preacher Wicks nodded and smiled. Abel was a kind creature, though deaf and queer and alone; and if it pleased him to think that he could compliment a lady tastefully—why, let him do it. The hearing couldn't hurt Retta. And Walzer had ready money—he might as well buy gilt-edged securities as stow it in the bank!

So they laid Squire Hall to his rest and the college-made minister was allowed to say an extra prayer at the grave for his dignity's sake; and the mourners drove back up the hills to eat funeral-cake at a dinner of ceremony.

"Say," began Deacon Walzer as soon as they were back in the surrey, "you won't be fixed so nice now grass is gone already, by the reason your four cows goes on eating full as much as they milk. Feed's gone up." He seemed honestly worried. "And four heifer calves! Sho!"

"I'm providing for that, brother. I'm engaged in another line. I got started in it through Stocker, one of our members up to Oriola. I went to him about a cow; and in the course of business he makes it plain to me that himself, and certain other farmers too, was used to investing ready money very foolishly. They'd put it in an electric business in Colorado, maybe, or an oilfield in Texas, or something they had never set eyes on—nor would."

"Gold mines! Cigar fact'ries! Plate-glass mills!" exploded Walzer, sawing the air. "I know 'em!"

"Says I: 'My dear brother, why don't you put your money in farms?' But he wouldn't. 'Then put it,' says I, 'into an iron mine or a stone quarry or a tollbridge right here at home.' And that was a new idea to him."

"Sure is!" the other assented.

"So I made inquiries, and I found a slate-quarry proposition, just being financed, that he and a few others could get into on the ground floor. I put two hundred dollars into it myself. It's paid big. If we could quarry enough slate we'd run shingles off the market—we can sell so cheap!"

"Folks kinda stick to shingles still," said Walzer cautiously.

"And that led to other things. There's something now that I'm trying to get in on the ground floor for a little money I've laid away."

Abel grunted. Brother Wicks, by the new light of salesmanship that was in him, sensed the caution in the deaf man's soul and bore away upon confidences purely personal. Business tact came naturally to Brother Wicks—it may have been atavism.

"I've got twelve hundred and seventy dollars in the bank, and four cows and four calves, and my quarry stock—all since I went to Oriola. Now wouldn't you call that pretty good?"

"Sho!"

"And there's nothing that I can see to hinder me from more in the same way—commissions ——"

"Mister," said Walzer earnestly, "you sure was cut out for a business man! Why, you might very soon have enough to buy a farm!"

Emerson Wicks smiled. "Before Conference next April that's just what I hope to do; but I don't want it known till the last minute."

"By gosh! Who'd ever suppose such a slick idea would come by a preacher! Mister, you are all right! All right! If I was you, already, I would go up to Hazleton on the Conference and sell a grainbag full of Brazil coffee comp'nies among them other ordained preachers! Why don't you?"

"Oh, no!" said the superannuated one gently, shaking his head in reproof. "My brethren have a hard service and do the best they can. It's only the big city fellows, ten years in a place, that can save."

Abel Walzer gurgled and wheezed. "Say!" he choked, "I want to hear some more 'bout this! Oh, by gosh! By gosh! I been thinkin' all fall I might maybe come up a trip to Oriola for a day. Only, thinks I, maybe they don't want to see no visitors, the way they are fixed. Comp'ny's hard if folks are caught short. Ain't? But now I got to come. Might I could find you something of a good bargain in farmlands also, but I got, anyway, to hear the last of this business. 'Long in January you expect me—sure!"

"All right. You come," responded Mr. Wicks. "You wasn't of our communion, Walzer; but I kinda got acquainted with you from the first, and you always proved a real friend to me while in this charge. I'm glad you remembered me the same way. You come, and welcome, and make us a visit. We got an extra bedroom. The womenfolks'll be real pleased."

"Will they?" asked Abel solemnly. "Will they? I wonder still! Ya—will they?" For the rest of the drive he sat in inordinate gloom.

. . . . . .

With butter-making out of the way for the winter, Oriola settled down to a round of church sociables, sleighrides, waffle suppers, Grange fairs, box parties, raffles, Sunday-school concerts, and even to those terrible sorceries of the devil—Friday-night dances. The town was never so well dressed or so carefree. Courting and marrying went on with an Edenic facility. Fathers were generous with money when the monthly milk-check came. John Stocker—who was understood to have mortgaged some cattle to go into quarrying on the ground floor somewhere, and to have made thousands and thousands by selling out to somebody and going into something else of a mining nature somewhere else—gave two of his daughters chests of solid silver at their weddings, and the third two hundred dollars in cash. Thus modern prosperity came to Oriola.

The Reverend Mr. Wicks, returning from the funeral to his charge and its rural whirl, thought infinitely less about Deacon Walzer, of Thompsonville, than the lonely Walzer thought about him. In December a letter from Abel announced a fine old farm in Zarepta Township for sale at two thousand dollars; and this, together with a novice's uneasiness in a sluggish falling market, impelled the minister to turn all his own stock investments into money. By drawing his last cent of commissions from Winkle & Watts, he made up the necessary two thousand dollars in currency—such a treasure as he had never seen. He kept the money in the house two weeks, then, when preliminaries had been attended to, sent it in an express parcel to Abel.

The deacon had said he would visit Oriola early in January; and he was as good as his word. In the dusk of New Year's Day Brother Wicks returned to the parsonage from a round of old-fashioned calls; he was sleepy from the late hours of the Watch Night Service and heavy with pound cake.

The house was warm, but dark. Brother Wicks lit the kitchen lamp; then, turning, almost dropped it. Deacon Walzer sat there before the oven, looking idiotically cheerful, hatless and at home. He had his arm round a drooping, contented Henrietta.

"Well," he stated absurdly, "I'm here already." The minister only stared.

"I come to bring your deed; but, now I am here once, I'll stay to get a license."

Mr. Wicks took the stiff legal packet held out to him. "Mah!" he called wildly.

"Oh, she knows," said Henrietta's fingers.

"Sure she does!" the suitor agreed viva voce.

"She's glad! She's crying! She's in her room," spelled Retta tersely.

"But she don't know not a word about the farm. You go on and tell her while I tell Retta."



$2.50

This swivel makes any angle possible

To get a clean, satisfactory shave without pulling, and without irritating the face, the blade of a razor must cut the beard at an angle. The straight, old-fashioned razor, in the hands of an expert, shaves in this way. The Young Safety Razor, in anybody's hands, does the same thing. A touch turns the blade at any angle with the handle.

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The Young Safety Razor has advantages beyond any razor you ever used. The complete outfit, including 12 fine, keen blades, costs only $2.50.

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Get this razor from your dealer, or from us if your dealer does not carry it. Try it for 30 days. If you do not find it the best razor you ever used, return it and your money will be refunded.

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The Success Hand Vacuum Cleaner is as good as any Vacuum Cleaner made, either Hand or Power or Stationary Plant. We challenge the satisfaction of this Cleaner in contest with any Cleaner manufactured, leaving the decision to disinterested people. Success Cleaners are used in largest hotels in country. This machine is the pride of any home. Highly finished in aluminum and nickel-plated throughout. Shipped to any location on trial. Address

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325 Wood St., Wilkinsburg, Penna.

Price $15

Easy to Work

"I'm not prepared for this," remonstrated the father feebly. "I'm surprised! You never told me—no one ever told me! How long has this been going on?"

"When you turn away your head, like you are now, I can't see a word you say."

Mr. Wicks aligned himself before his prospective son-in-law and snapped: "How long has this been going on?"

"He came at one-thirty," said Henrietta with her fingers.

"Sure. And I begun courtin' at two sharp! There, now, mister, take your deed and the newspaper." He extracted a red-and-black sheet from his pocket. "Yes'day was a panic in Wall Street. You'll understand it. I don't. Go on and leave us be—but leave the lamp for me an' her to talk by."

It is ill bullying a complacent man who takes your remarks only by lip-reading. Mr. Wicks retired to the bedroom.

"Mah!" he cried in extreme exasperation, "Henrietta tells me you know what's going on out there!"

In the light of one candle Mrs. Wicks' faded eyes shone through tears. "God's heard my prayers for the poor child at last! She's been pining for him. She's been pining since April."

The father gasped and sat down heavily on the bed. Paper crackled under him. He looked and saw the quilt spread thick with fashion periodicals picturing bridal costumes. He smote a veiled lady with his open hand.

"What can she see in him?" he demanded.

"That's what my father said about you, Emerson; but I've never wished we hadn't." Mah smiled triumphantly. "I do b'lieve most marriages are made in Heaven, pah, if a few ain't—even if Heaven does kinda cut 'em loose to sink or swim after the first week or so. Do you suppose I darst spend six dollars for her white dress? It seems extravagant; but he's a well-off man and she'll be looked after all her days now. And you and me won't mind if we do have to pinch a little after she's gone."

"Take it out of the milk money. I'd give it to you, only I haven't got it. I just paid two thousand dollars for a farm. See here!"

The deed might have been an act of legislature for all Mrs. Wicks read of it; the outside assured her that Brother Wicks was speaking the literal truth. She dropped the shears and fell upon her knees.

"Oh, my dear! I knew you were gettin' in a little money, but I never supposed you could do anything like that! It's wonderful! Now we can settle down to get old decent, like other folks. Oh, I'd been dreading we'd have to go to the Indigent Ministers' Home after next Conf'rence!"

Old eyes looked into old eyes and the bitterness of that unspoken terror receded from their lives.

"We won't!" her husband assured her, patting her shoulder awkwardly. "There's more money where this came from. 'He shall give us a pleasant heritage.' I'm going to retire from the ministry next April."

"We must!" breathed she. "I don't see as you've committed a single wrong act in doing business, pah; and certainly the Lord must have been with you so far. But it don't seem right for a poor servant of the Master to make money!"

"My conscience is clear. As for Conference, I can buy an' sell the lot of 'em before I get through. Everybody's satisfied with the milk contracts; they get paid reg'lar as Government. As for these other deals, nobody's lost money through me; in fact, I've saved several hayseeds from buying gold bricks, as Mr. Winkle says. Who's running up the walk?"

Wild knocking began at the front door. Henrietta's quiet step went through the hall. In the kitchen Deacon Walzer bumped chairs about, presumably in rearrangement for company. Then a woman's voice cried: "Oh, where's your pah?"

"It's Sister Stocker," Mr. Wicks said. "There's some trouble." He went out into the sitting room, leaving the door open for his wife to follow.

Mah Wicks, from her knees, cast a happy, frightened glance at the deed and the bridal fashions on her Whig-Rose bedquilt, and stayed where she was. The newspaper, all red-and-black headlines, lay neglected. It said: "Bears Themselves Ruined in Wall Street Crash Yesterday"—which was jargon. New Year's Day had not brimmed with joy like this since that golden winter when she was twenty and young Emerson Wicks was indubitably getting ready to



10c a cake—3 for 25c. For sale everywhere. Look for the name "Jergens"

Smell it— Hold it to the light

We have caught the real fragrance of violets and put it in this crystal-clear soap.

We have succeeded in capturing the odor that everyone has always wanted in a soap but heretofore has evaded soap makers everywhere. Wash your hands with this soap and get from them the actual fresh fragrance of real violets.

Then hold it to the light. It is a beautiful translucent green, the shade of violet leaves.

Write for sample cake, today

We are now prepared to send samples anywhere in the United States. Dealers everywhere now have the soap, so that your own dealer can supply you when you have used your trial size cake. Send a 2c stamp today and receive your cake by return mail. Address Dept. P, The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Real Home Comfort

Sitting before the old open fireplace used to be the acme of home comfort, and we all agree that there is nothing more cheerful and cozy. But, after all, the old wood fire required lots of attention, it was dirty and sometimes smoky; and, besides, there are few city dwellers nowadays whose homes are large enough to accommodate the old-fashioned fireplace.

REZNOR Gas Heating Stoves

The Original Copper Reflector

give all the warmth and glow of the fireplace without any bother of smoke or wasted heat. This heater is different from any other gas heater you ever saw. It burns with a natural yellow flame, diffuses light as well as heat, and the reflector behind the burners directs this light and heat out into the room and down to the floor, instead of up to the ceiling as the ordinary gas heater does.



The Reznor may be installed in the chimney, as in above illustration, or it can be had in the portable form shown below, which can easily be carried from room to room.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the wonderful Reznor Gas Heating Stove. If you do not know where the Reznor is sold, your local gas company will either handle it or will tell you where it may be seen.

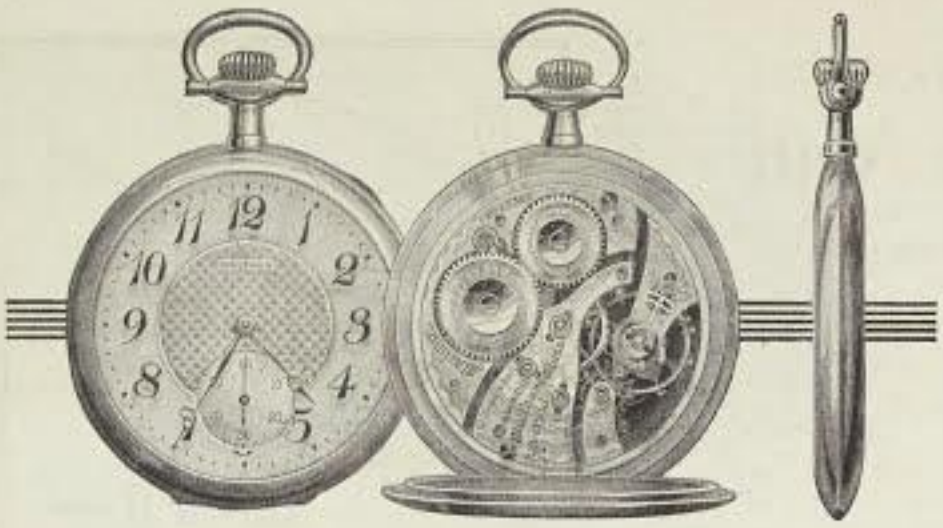
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WALTHAM

The discriminating man will take pride in carrying the Waltham Colonial. It is a watch of graceful design and is the thinnest reliable timepiece made. The Waltham Colonial represents the last word in watch making and from every stand point is an ideal gift for a gentleman. It is adjusted and cased at the factory, price $37.50 and upwards, according to the grade of movement and quality of case.



The Waltham Colonial, Riverside grade, is especially recommended as a life time investment. The Riverside has been a famous Waltham movement for a full generation.

Handsome booklet describing the various Waltham movements and full of valuable watch lore free on request. All Jewelers sell Waltham Watches.

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WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY, Waltham, Mass.



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It's the nearest fool-proof—nearest careless-clerk-proof filing cabinet ever devised. It's easier to file correspondence quicker, and more accurately in a Multoplex Cabinet, because the drawers have *Inside Metal Adjustable Partitions*. These keep each folder upright and easy to get at.

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And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

speak his mind. Now she was old—but Henrietta was going to be married and Emerson owned a farm!

"Oh, he's desp'rit!" gasped the visitor's voice outside. "Eloise is off to Atlantic on her wedding trip an' I'm all alone! What shall I do? The telegrams was down to the post-office for him when he went for the mail; an' I come home to get supper—an' there he was with them all spread out on the table! 'Gussie,' says he to me when he seen me, 'your old John Stocker has been fool enough to lose the very shirt off his back!' An' he busted out crying. Oh, mister, but I'm scairt to pieces!"

"What's she say, Henrietta?" Walzer's voice broke in. Mrs. Wicks, through the doorway, saw Retta's fingers fly. Mrs. Stocker's green silk dress showed round the corner of the sofa.

"Let me look at the papers," suggested the minister.

"He was speculatin'," wailed the wife—"that's it. He spent so free and he wanted to make more. He's lost all his prop'ty! Oh, I don't know what'll become of us—him and little Benjy an' me!"

"You'll work, might be," suggested Abel Walzer practically.

"But I can't bear folks should know!" she cried.

Mr. Wicks ran through the papers and telegrams, then turned from the lamp with a gesture of sharp impatience. To his wife, looking on from the bedroom, his simple, open look had taken on reserves.

"I always told Brother John to have nothing to do with those people. I told him they weren't reliable. Why, they bucket half their orders! Of course they'd fail under him! But, even if they hadn't, the fool had no business playing the market both ways on margins." He struck the folded sheets smartly in his disgust.

Mrs. Wicks got to her feet and stepped to the door, praying silently, incoherently. This strength in old age that had come to her husband was not wholly of the Lord—men and the unhallowed warrings of men had part therein. "Oh, forgive—forgive him that awful talk!" she begged of the Power he had served so long. "Oh, pah! pah! Why, the poor man's in affliction! We must do something."

In the flick of an eyelash Mr. Wicks was smoothly grave again—wholly the ordained clergyman.

"I'll go down with you at once, Sister. Brother John ought not to be left alone with his sorrow. 'The Lord hath taken away'—and it isn't always easy to bless His name. I've had some experience in business too. I may counsel him better'n some would. You know he is one of our deacons."

"That's what I said to Stocker!" the parishioner exclaimed. "'Send for the minister, because he's cute about them Wall Streeters—an' see if you can't scratch round an' clip the farm into my name!' I says to Stocker. Don't you imagine he could, Rev'rend?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Wicks. "I don't know how he stands. We'll talk it over down there. Henrietta, you and Walzer shouldn't wait supper if we're held late. Mah, put on your bonnet and shawl and step down to this house of trouble with me—you'll be comp'ny for Sister Stocker while we discuss."

Sister Wicks had learned to suffer all things patiently. With a heartache keener than the pain in her tired old feet she went out of the house beside her husband and the silken weeping matron.

Retta and her suitor stood in the lamplit room after the door had closed. Retta was very happy—almost young, warm with sheer human faith. "Pah is the kind of minister," she spelled, "that everybody comes to to get them out of trouble."

"Yes. He's top-match for 'em!"

"I'm glad he likes you."

Abel eyed her doubtfully.

"Lots of ministers don't want their daughters should marry anybody but preachers."

A broad smile of superiority gilded the prospective son-in-law's face. "Oh, well, your pah now"—he explained lucidly—"why, he's cut out for a business man!"



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This cord can be unwound and wound up again at will. At the free end of the cord is a plug that fits into the socket of any standard electric light fixture. On the upper flat side of the case is a socket into which you screw the bulb taken from the fixture.

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The **FLEXILYTE** has innumerable uses wherever electricity is used for lighting. High, centre lights impose severe strains on the eyes when used for reading or writing. Side-wall fixtures are seldom so situated that they can be used to advantage for reading, writing, playing the piano, sewing, shaving or arranging one's dress or hair.

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He would recognize it as a real razor, with the same hang and set as the good old straight razor, but without the dangerous naked blade.

He would praise it as a good instrument for proper shaving that could be used with ease, quickness and perfect safeness.

If Franklin were alive today he would advise you to give Brother, Husband, Father, Son, a

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You can buy Durham-Duplex Razors and Blades at any good hardware, cutlery, drug or men's furnishing store. Ask your dealer to show you the Standard Set, the Traveler's Kit and the superb Hold-all Outfit.



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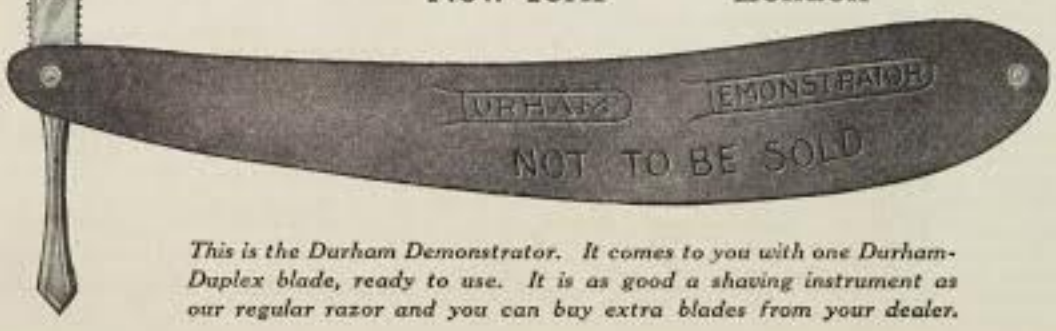
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THE CALL

(Continued from Page 19)

commercial method of work and was going to see what he could do with "real art," as he called it. Under these new conditions, he intimated, he could use Una at least two hours every day. Perhaps, when he got things going, he could take up all her time—that was, of course, unless she had grown tired of posing.

Una detected a shy friendliness under Hempel's stiffness of manner. She saw at once that this new arrangement was a solution of her greatest problem; that with an assured income of at least fourteen dollars a week she would no longer have to worry. And with certain possible frugalities she would soon be able to save enough for her new clothes.

She suspected that Hempel in some way was thinking more of her than he pretended. She felt grateful enough for his help, but she was unable to show any enthusiasm for the new order of things. It was all something aside from the main issue. It was not directly helping her to get on the stage.

She was even a little disappointed in Hempel's new studio, with its faded walls and its worn floor. It was merely a dingy back room at the top of a dingy building given over to dingy-looking artists and music students who cooked their own meals—though she scarcely realized that its lower rent made possible the pay for her three hours' "sitting" that morning and on other mornings to come. However, by the time they rested for luncheon and Hempel made an opulent cheese omelette on his gas stove, her spirits had returned to her. He even somewhat timorously showed her the empty studio next to his own, suggesting that it would be a cheap and comfortable way for her to live—"until other things turned up."

Una eyed that homelike little room, with its bed-alcove and its diminutive fireplace, a little hungrily; but she realized that it would be a digression, a step aside from the line of progress which she had laid out for herself. She knew she would be safe enough there, side by side with Hempel; but she also suspected it would lead to a dangerous condition of contentment—and contentment was a luxury which she could not afford.

It was not hard for her to be friendly with Hempel. Already she had tacitly sorted men into two classes. She found that in certain men her youth and inexperience placed her before them as their natural prey. Yet in other men she found that this same youth and inexperience awakened a feeling that was directly opposed to the predaceous—a protective and sheltering instinct that in some way seemed to be its own reward. She could not quite understand it all, but she grew to see that there were certain men before whom it was not well to appear too self-reliant, too independent in her own strength. These protective friends, she found, liked her best in her weaker moments; and those weaker moments were made more obvious by that appearance of wistful lassitude which she had once struggled to overcome.

If Sayles and Hempel were of the class she could face with confidence, Signor Muselli was of that other class which some intuitional sixth sense warned her of as being dangerous. There was something overconfidential and yet circuitous in his manner, as though he were always on the lookout to establish some secret between his pupil and himself, some communion of illicit knowledge that would provide them with at least one narrow plank of intimacy. Sometimes, in his demonstrations of correct breathing, his hand remained longer on her shoulder than it ought to have done; but she endured it submissively, fearful that some rupture might put a summary end to her lessons. She ignored a hundred touches which she knew to be neither accidental nor necessary; yet something in her very coldness, in her calm and unparticipating eyes, warned the disconsolate Signor Muselli that he would have to proceed with caution.

It was not until the fourth lesson that the signor changed his tactics. He confronted her with the charge that she was not dramatic, that she had no fire, no life, no passion. She must learn to be dramatic from the first. She must understand here—and the signor smote his chest—the meaning of longing, of sorrow, of love.

He told her they would go through the duet of Mimi and Rudolf in the first act of La Bohème. Una stood watching him as he moved about the furniture to block out an imaginary stage.

"But isn't it better for me to keep on with my exercises for a few weeks?" suggested the somewhat perturbed student.

Her teacher scoffed at the idea of further exercises. Did she intend to be an actress and not a poll-parrot? Then she must learn to act! And she would understand when the music touched her soul!

Una stood amazed as the fat and unctuous throat rolled out that beautiful aria, which even his corrupt and flashy method could not contaminate. She stood like a dressmaker's manikin before his dramatic approaches and withdrawals.

She paled a little as the declamatory fat hand was placed on her head and the heavy-breathing lips hesitated so close above her own. She saw that it was all obnoxious, that it was humiliating; but she tried to console herself with the thought that others had had to go through the same mill—that it was, in some way, all for her ultimate good.

She had no actual comprehension of the situation until the declamatory fat arms closed about her body. Even then she did not struggle until the pretense of sustaining the operatic rôle came to an end and the red lips were pressed against her own.

She was slight and frail and, in a way, quite taken off her guard; but as her gross-armed captor held her there she exploded into sudden and feline fury. She could not free herself, but she writhed and struggled until she got one arm free, and with her liberated fingers she began to tear at his face.

Her attack both sobered and angered him. He twisted her arm behind her back vindictively, and she caught at one of the tubbed palms for anchorage and it went over with a crash.

Muselli released her suddenly, for the hall door had opened and a woman in curl-papers had advanced into the room. What this portly intruder called out was incomprehensible to the panting girl, for, like the man's quick retort, it was in Italian. What took place between that portly couple, indeed, in the midst of their overturned furniture, Una never knew. She remembered only that she was free.

She did not run—she was too out of breath for that; but she made her escape from the room while the volley of parleying voices was at its highest. She groped her way down the house-steps and into the street, choking back the sobs that still shook her body.

It was the next day, as Hempel was posing her for the heroine of an antebellum magazine story, that he came to a sudden stop in front of her. He stood studying her, with a mouthful of pins, for her roughly improvised costume had proved too big for her.

"How'd you get those bruises?" he asked, as his eyes rested on the girl's bare arms.

A slow flush crept over Una's face. She did not even answer him.

He took the pins from his mouth, sat down in front of his drawing board and repeated the question.

"I'd rather not tell you," she said.

He sat up and folded his arms.

"But I want to know," he retorted. "And I'm going to."

She shook her head.

"Who did it?" demanded the young man at the drawing board.

"It was an accident," was all the girl would say.

"I guess I know the kind of accident it was!" He looked up at her with a sudden flash of anger. "Did it come without your knowing it?"

"Yes," admitted the unhappy girl.

"Where?" demanded Hempel.

"I can't tell you!"

"Are you ashamed to?"

"No!"

"Have you any personal reason for not telling me?"

"No!"

Once more he folded his arms.

"Then this picture won't go on until you do!"

Una hesitated.

"Why should you want to know?"

He took up his pencil.

"I know already. I only wanted particulars; I only wanted to understand."

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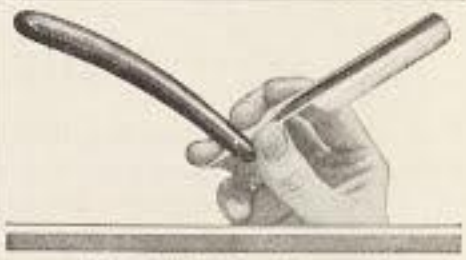
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Una told him, as fully as she could, the story of her association with Signor Muselli. He seemed to be working at his drawing board all the time she was talking. He even suggested a slight change in her pose.

Suddenly he threw down his pencil, looked at his watch and stood up.

"It won't do!" he said. Then he turned to her. "Will you mind waiting here until I get the right sort of gown for you to put on?"

"No," said Una, a little disturbed at the thought that she was not giving satisfaction.

Hempel was putting on his street coat and hat.

"In twenty minutes you might put on those four lamb chops," he suggested from the open door. She was surprised by a hitherto unnoticed bruskness in his manner. "I'll need you this afternoon if I lose an hour now!"

He was gone before she could answer him. It was an hour and a quarter later by the nickel alarm clock on the bookshelf when he returned. His right hand was wrapped up in a wet handkerchief. One side of his face was plainly swollen. The starch was entirely wilted from his collar. In some way, however, out of his apparently impassive face shone a serene and deep-seated satisfaction with the world.

"Where is the costume?" Una asked as he tossed off his hat and coat.

He laughed a little as he stood at the water-tap letting a stream trickle over the wet handkerchief.

"I didn't go for any costume," he said.

One of Una's far-off glimmers wavered before her vision.

"Where did you go?" she demanded.

"I went up to give that Dago music teacher what was coming to him," said the quiet-toned Hempel as he knotted the wet handkerchief about his swollen knuckles. "And I guess he got it!"

x

UNA'S circle of acquaintances, as the weeks went by, slowly widened. In Hempel's studio she met an occasional artist; on her restless journeys and errands about the city she encountered both men and women who were willing enough to be friendly. The persons she most sought out, however—the persons whose friendship she most valued—were those in some way associated with the stage.

She was accordingly grateful to Jim Sayles for saying a word or two about her to the older and more experienced "professionals" in the Thirty-ninth Street lodging house. As she came to know these neighbors of hers, she began to see that they lived in a little world of their own, with superstitions and beliefs of their own, with even a language that was not altogether the language of other people. Yet she told herself that it was her duty to be one of them. She did her best to attain their point of view, to understand their patois. She tried to like them all, from Grimshaw, the sepulchral tragedian, who vermiculated instead of walking and had lately abandoned the "legitimate" for the more lucrative field of the "movies," down to Midgey Manners, a soubrette with a son in a Connecticut boarding school. She steeled herself to visit the room of "the two Fairfields," who forever quarreled over cards and lamented the decline of "the dollar houses." She was glad of the chance to sit between the same walls with Juliet Glyndon, a faded blonde who did Frou-Frou and Camille on the road and spoke in derogatory chest-tones of every Broadway success. She even tried to condone the vituperative scandal-mongering of Dora Gerrard, who played a small part in The Longacre Girls, related anecdotes of a Rabelaisian flavor and pensively confessed to Una that nowadays no girl could go on the stage without getting talked about.

There were other lodgers who came and went, their migrations duly announced by the thumping of strong, battered trunks against the stair treads and the sound of strange voices from behind bedroom doors. To Una they seemed like sailors harboring for a night or two in a narrow port, coming redolent with the spices of something foreign and romantic, departing again into the entrancing mystery of the road. There was something captivating in their very light-heartedness, something picturesque in their very irresponsibility, something blithe in even their most dolorous moments.

Una sat wide-eyed and attentive through one of their beer suppers. It was all new to her, from the stringy Welsh rabbit to the bitter lager and the flood of ragtime that came from a continuously pounded piano. She was too preoccupied to be uncomfortable, too subjugated by the novelty of the atmosphere to resent its bibulous noisiness, its occasional story with a double meaning. She proved, in fact, an unexpectedly stimulating audience for those about her. They luxuriated in her freshness. They played up to her staring-eyed expectancy. They gloried in her lack of sophistication. Her sheer youth leavened the sodden lump of their *ennui*.

When one of the older and less boisterous men sat down beside her and talked of stage life, half-humorously pointing out its hardships and its disappointments, he was suddenly interrupted by the scoffing chest-tones of Juliet Glyndon.

"Aw! What's the use of filling that girl up with grouch-talk? She doesn't know what you're driving at! What good's a song and dance of that kind going to do a kid? She's got to get out and learn for herself! She's got to chew her own pill up and swallow it—and then I guess she'll know whether it's bitter or not!"

It was the pert and glib-tongued Dora Gerrard who proved the most approachable to Una, though, ironically enough, the latter could not rid herself of a secret antipathy for the actress from The Longacre Girls. It was plain that the older woman patronized the newcomer, that her admonitions as to correct dressing were sometimes both cutting and cruel, that before others she was apt to be flippantly contemptuous toward her younger friend; but Una, who under her hot pertinacity had a mild and dogged patience, usually found it easy enough to hide away her real feelings. There was even a touch of dignity in her reticence which rather piqued the loquacious Miss Gerrard.

"Dearie, you certainly got to get a bunch o' clothes," she was once prompted to declare, after viewing Una's figure with the sorrowful dissatisfaction of an artist confronted by repeated imperfection. "What's the good o' being young and good-looking without letting 'em know it!"

"I wish I wasn't young," protested the embittered girl.

"Well, my dear, you won't look that way long unless you can those upstate corsets—believe me!" The older woman turned to adjust her picture hat before the tiny mockery of a mirror. She was altogether unconscious of Una's barbed stare of anger. "You don't do yourself justice, dearie. D'you like motoring?"

"No!" retorted Una. She was at the moment thinking of Steger, of how she must prepare herself for the possibility of meeting him, of how she must in time return his money to him.

The girl at the mirror patted her side hair.

"Then there's no use trying to get you to run out to Manhattan Beach this afternoon, I s'pose!"

"None whatever!"

The girl at the mirror laughed.

"I guess you'll be a better mixer when you've had a year or two of tanktowns. Me for the Oriental and sea air, with a planked steak on the side!"

Talk such as this always depressed Una. It served to remind her how narrow her interests and how restricted her experiences. It made her conscious of a vast and complicated machinery in feverish motion close about her. She seemed to be fretting along one narrow groove, though at her elbows revolved and roared the great wheels of a life which she could not comprehend. It prompted her, when the chance arose, to question Hempel about different New York restaurants—where they were, what they were like, why they should be so dear.

Hempel, aroused by these interrogations, suggested that they explore some of these places together. And this they eventually did in their frugal manner, beginning with Italian tables d'hôte, where the salami proved as entrancing to the Chamboro girl as did the Neapolitan quartets. It shocked her a little to see so much wine drunk. It depressed her a little to see so many well-dressed women—though she caught the trick of studying their costumes and making a mental note of what was effective and what was to be avoided. She was disturbed, too, by what seemed occasional bursts of extravagance on Hempel's part, such as invading the Broadway restaurants where orchestras played, or hiring a taxicab to swing homeward through the warm and mellow night air of autumn—though



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Hempel himself protested he was having such good returns from his new line of work that he could easily afford a little fun. He was never boisterous and never awkward. He could wander calmly into the gayest places and sit unperturbed by the largest mirrors or the loudest orchestras. He understood the French words on the menu-cards and could order a dinner without any outward sign of mental confusion. He was watchful of her wants and took a quiet joy in pleasing her.

Yet under all her happiness was a persistent feeling of unrest, of disquiet. An indeterminate sense of guilt kept troubling her. She felt that she was accepting things she could never repay; that she could not prove equal to what Hempel expected of her; that she was sailing, at times, under false colors.

This vague sense of guilt was always more assertive when her thoughts went back to Jim Sayles, so much alone in his shabby top-floor room, so whimsically grateful for her occasional visits. Though his cough had grown worse during the last week or two, he blithely announced that he was pulling strings for Una, that he still had a friend or two in the profession and that there might be something doing in a few days.

Una tried to be impartial. She was fond of Sayles and she was fond of Hempel, but in quite different ways. She felt more at ease with the old actor—the danger of their relationship becoming tangled with personal issues being more remote. Yet she knew that she would never lose her head over Hempel. She was not, she kept telling herself, selfish and hard; but there were certain things, with her, that must be denied. She was under the spell of one great obsession—and in a small lifetime there was not room for two great passions. And, much as it disturbed her, she experienced a thrill of delight which she had never met at the hands of Hempel, with all his kindly thoughtfulness, when the sunken-cheeked old vaudevillean called her to her hallroom door and told her he'd eat his hat if he didn't believe they were going to give her a small part in The Wine of Life company.

"You can never tell, with those guys," he said in a modifying afterword, "until you get 'em nailed down! But it looks good to me, little girl—it looks good to me!"

And he called out the three romping dogs and trailed back to his own room, where Una could hear him coughing as he set about making his evening cup of cocoa.

It was the next night that Una and Hempel ate dinner at the Café Boulevard, a night doubly eventful because Una had there taken her first taste of wine—a thimbleful of syrupy Tokay. A mild rain began to fall as they left the noisy and crowded restaurant.

Hempel insisted on taking a taxicab, but instead of hurrying homeward they went on up Fifth Avenue, where the pooled asphalt seemed spangled with little lakes of quicksilver. The undulating electric globes looked milk-white through the misted cab-windows. Una gloried in that sensation of speeding up an almost deserted avenue. The rain seemed to cut them off from the rest of the world. By the time they had swung into Central Park they were as alone and self-immured as mariners on a mid-Atlantic sea-lane.

"Una," said Hempel after several minutes of unbroken silence.

"Yes?" she answered a little abstractedly.

"Do you mind my calling you Una?" her companion asked as though her abstraction were a brake on his mood of quickened emotion.

"No," answered the girl. "I like it."

He sat silent, staring out through the misted windows.

"Will you marry me?" he finally said. He spoke very quietly—without looking at her, without touching her, without so much as taking her hand.

She turned and looked at him, neither startled nor moved. She merely felt disappointed with herself at the thought that she could face a situation so momentous with a quietness that seemed so commonplace.

"Won't you marry me?" Hempel once more asked her, this time letting his gaze meet hers. They sat looking at each other for several seconds.

She shook her head slowly from side to side.

"It's too soon," she said inadequately, realizing that the words were foolish even as she uttered them. She was, in fact, thinking of the promised part in The Wine of Life company.

"But I could get that other room next to mine," explained Hempel. "You've no idea how comfortable we could make those two rooms. Then we could save money, housekeeping that way; and if my orders keep up we could have next winter in Munich. I've always wanted a winter in Munich."

He waited, as though he accepted her silence as the result of some inward agitation.

"Why can't we go on being just good friends?" she asked, torn between the fear of wounding him and the need of temporizing.

"I thought you knew why," he said a little brokenly. Una, for all her youth, felt very mature and womanly. A new lode of life was opening itself up before her. Because of her a man had been stirred and moved. Within her lay the power of dispensing happiness or suffering.

"I don't see how I can get along without you," the quiet-voiced man at her side was saying. He took the hand she placed on his knee. "And I've been trying to tell myself you might feel that way yourself."

She felt the need of climax to the moment. She suspected that she was proving too small for a situation large with possibilities. She almost hated herself for that absence of emotion, for that mere power of equivocating at a time when there would have been a glory in surrender, a grandeur in tumult.

"Then let me think it over," she pleaded in a voice thin with an unhappiness which the man at her side was unable to comprehend. "Please let me think it over for a month or two!"

For several minutes Hempel sat in moody silence.

"Why can't you say 'Yes'?" he finally demanded.

Una groped mentally about for some adequate reason. It was there, she knew; but she could not articulate it. She did not care for him enough. There was no propulsion of passion in her attachment to him—no blinding call to obliterate an earlier and more enduring call. Such things, she felt, should justify themselves. If she wanted him enough that want would overpower her, make her forget other aims and other issues. And human life, she still saw, could hold only one great passion. And she had her name to make.

"I don't know why," she said—"but I can't!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

There She Blows!

AFTER a whaling skipper has been out on a cruise for several months without killing a whale, his displeasure at his continued ill luck begins to manifest itself in his habit of taking out his grouch on the crew. Eventually this frame of mind gives way to a mood of deep melancholia, during which he shuts himself up in his cabin and "tanks up." This melancholy mood is, in turn, replaced by an extremely religious fervor. Nobody knows what comes after this, because a whale is usually sighted about this time and there are no extreme cases on record.

A certain skipper, having arrived at the religious state, was delighted one morning to ascertain that during the night the colored cook had passed away. The untimely removal of the cook offered a tempting opportunity for a nice, sad, weepy funeral; and in due course the corpse of the cook, sewed in a hammock and draped with the Stars and Stripes, was brought up and laid out on deck. The skipper read the burial service in a sepulchral voice and started in at once on his carefully prepared funeral oration.

"We are gathered here today, my dear brethren," he began, addressing the assembled crew, "to pay the last sad tribute of love to a mighty good cook. Though his hide was black, his immortal soul was white as alabaster; and during the time he was with us we learned to love him. Let us pray ——"

A voice from the crow's-nest:

"There she blows!"

"Where away?" bellowed the skipper; and, without waiting for the answer, he sprang forward to see for himself, forgot all about the corpse and stumbled over it. As he scrambled to his feet he yelled:

"Chuck the carcass of this black scoundrel overboard, you lubbers, and clear away the boats!"

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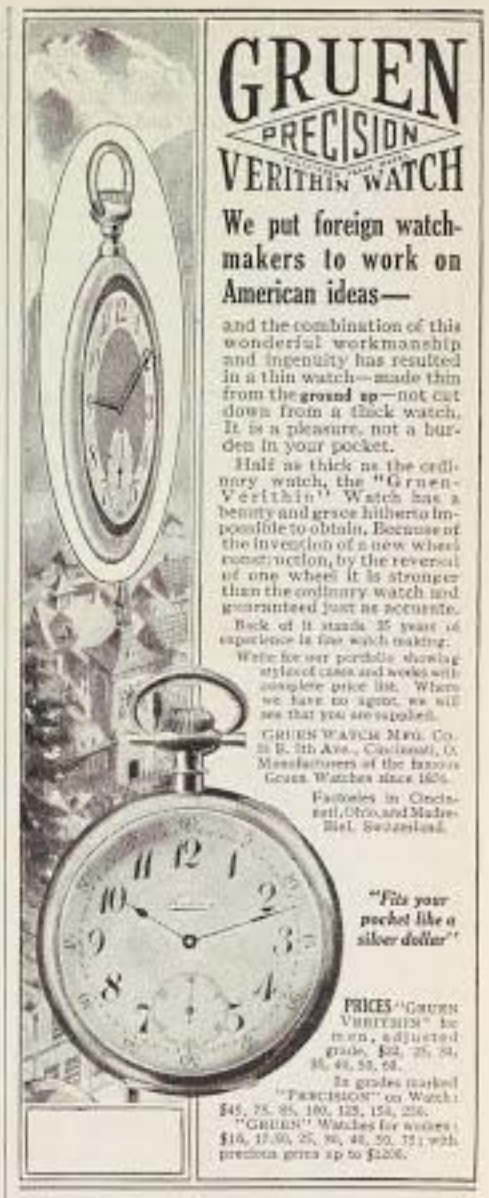
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ALCO

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Sixty-five per cent. of all Alco Trucks are in the service of those whose capital totals $1,000,000 or more—Bradstreet's rating.

To a certain extent this is only natural, for the American Locomotive Company is itself a big company. Capital $50,000,000. And of considerable transportation experience—an experience that dates back to 1835. Builders of 50,000 locomotives.

Knowing this, these big companies felt that the American Locomotive Company *ought* to build a good truck. It had experience no one else possessed, extensive capital, large physical equipment, an organization already at work. Whether or not it really *had* built a good truck, however, must be determined by actual service. This was the logical reasoning upon which nearly every single big company made its *first* Alco purchase.

And since its first purchase every single big company has ordered *more* Alco trucks! Every single one!

By many the Alco has been adopted as a standard. All future purchases will be Alcos.

And barely less important is the extraordinary record of repeat orders for Alco trucks by concerns who have not yet arrived at the point of using Alcos exclusively.

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In the service of Department Stores 78 per cent. are re-orders; Oil Refiners, 74 per cent.; Express Companies, 64 per cent.; Packers, 53 per cent.; Brewers, 50 per cent. —the five lines of business in which motor trucks are most used today.

Repeat orders speak with eloquent emphasis of satisfied owners—stronger than mere claims—*powerful* testimonials.

These are compelling facts. They are valuable because they point the way. They tell the smaller business man that he can eliminate the danger of an unwise purchase if he selects the Alco.

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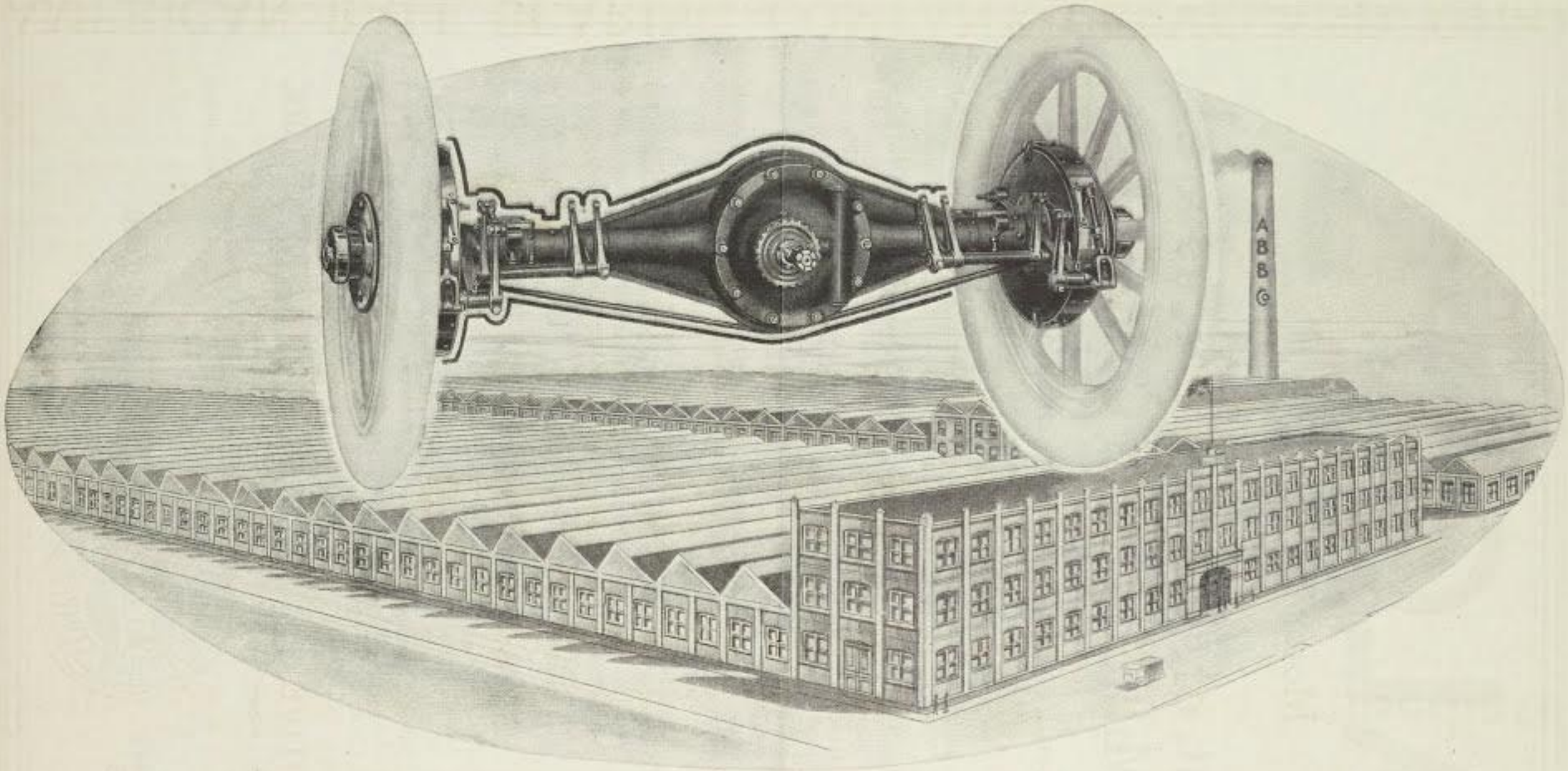
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He entertains no misgivings, no doubts, no uncertainties.

He firmly believes that he has bought the best axle in the world; and he will tell you why.

And we firmly believe that the weight of his experience will presently impel a majority of other manufacturers to specify the *American*.

We have implicit faith in the working of that business-law which rewards a product in proportion to its deserts; and we are willing that its application should apply to the *American*.

We believe that in the manufacturing world—whether it be axles or transmissions or motor cars themselves—a sifting process goes on continuously which sends the unfit to the bottom and the fittest to the top.

We believe that that inexorable law is set in motion by a public opinion which will unerringly hunt out the *American* if it is the best axle just as it has hunted out the best motor cars.

And it is our quiet conviction that the *American* is the best axle built in America today; that the sifting process is under way; that public opinion is pressing upon the manufacturer; and that it is only a question of time before the *American* will be specified in most of the good cars in this country.

Some of the reasons back of our faith in the immediate wide-spread recognition of

American

AXLES

The American Axle is Furnished to the Manufacturer Equipped With Annular or Cup and Cone Ball Bearings or With Straight or Taper Roller Bearings, as May be Specified

In his investigation of the *American* Axle the manufacturer immediately encounters a fact of tremendous significance.

He knows that sixty per cent (60%) of all motor car accidents are due to axle defects.

He knows, moreover, that the motor buying public has become intensely interested in this particular phase of motor car construction; because of the danger to life and limb which it involves.

And his discovery that the *American* Axle has never as yet been asked to accept responsibility for such disasters; that it has stood the greatest racing strains; and that it has been instrumental in establishing most of the existing track and road records, spurs him on to further investigation of the methods involved in its construction.

Whenever we have been able to induce such an investigation, it has invariably resulted in the selection of the *American*.

The motor car owner is interested in the car equipped with an *American* Axle because of its clean, clear record in the matter of axle accidents.

The careful, conscientious manufacturer is interested for the same reason—because of the extra factor of safety which the *American* Axle supplies to his product.

This safety, of course, is only another word for quality—the reflection and the result of scrupulous adherence to the highest manufacturing standards.

You as a motor car owner are vitally concerned in the element of safety and we frankly desire to enlist your interest in the advantages of the *American* Axle in this respect.

Public opinion recognizing the safety of the *American* will crystallize in the conversion of a majority of all good manufacturers in due time.

Therefore, even though you are not ready to buy a car equipped with the *American* Axle, or cannot have the car you now own equipped with it, we shall be glad to have you read our little book called "Axle Safety"; or if you are interested for a more thorough study of our methods, the more elaborate book called "Front and Rear Axles."

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WHO SHALL OWN ALASKA?

(Continued from Page 4)

dollars—too large a sum to throw away. It is said that the coal measures are broken and distorted, and that the Guggenheims were mistaken in their estimate of the Cunningham claims. Their judgment of mining investments stands high. But if they were at fault the situation remains unchanged. There is still no good reason for giving the coal away. As a matter of fact, further exploration of the coal-fields will doubtless be required before their true value can be ascertained. In the meantime we know for certain that, whatever that value may ultimately prove to be, it must be held for the people of the United States and not be turned over to any special interest whatsoever. The less good coal there is in Alaska the greater the need for preventing monopoly.

Nothing has been alleged against its quality except that it breaks easily into small fragments—a characteristic that does not impair its value as steam or coking coal, and this will doubtless ultimately be corrected for domestic use by briquetting.

Our Parlor Pioneers

The coal lands of Alaska should be opened to development at once. In doing so two separate needs require to be met—domestic and commercial. To meet the commercial need, the leasing system—in the main as set forth in the Robinson-Works Bill, July 31, 1911—offers the best solution. My visit to Alaska as a representative of the National Conservation Association has strongly confirmed this view. Leasing is practical. A very large proportion, in some fields the majority, of the coal produced in the United States is mined under lease from private owners. There is no good reason why coal cannot be mined in Alaska under lease from the Government. Since, however, both the Matanuska and the Bering River coal-fields are adapted to development in small units by men without great capital, the total area under a single lease should be reduced from 5120 acres, as in the Robinson-Works Bill, to 2560 acres or even less.

It goes without saying that every claimant under the present law who has complied with the statute should receive and doubtless will receive his patent.

Cheap coal for domestic fuel is imperative. Immediate steps should be taken to break the monopoly of Puget Sound coal now enjoyed by the syndicate's steamship line and to open the local coal of Alaska at once to development for domestic use. For this purpose I suggest that small tracts of coal land not exceeding five, or at most ten, acres in extent should be opened to immediate working by any citizen without formality beyond staking the land and recording the claim, as a placer claim is recorded. Such domestic coal claims should be located only in person and not by power of attorney, and should be owned and operated only by the locator. The right thus acquired by location should be temporary, extending over not more than ten years, and should give the right to mine not more than, say, one or two thousand tons of coal a year. If a domestic coal claim is included later within the boundaries of a commercial lease the lessee should have the right to acquire the same upon an official finding that possession of the domestic claim is necessary for the profitable working of his lease, and upon payment of the appraised value of the actual investment. Considerable areas of coal would be open to domestic location as soon as such locations were authorized, and more would be added as fraudulent claims were canceled.

Mining in Alaska has been greatly retarded by the location of mining claims for non-residents under the power-of-attorney clause. The Cunningham claims were located under this clause. In this way much valuable ground has been seized and withheld from development, with the result that speculation has largely taken the place of actual mining. This practice, which enables stay-at-homes to reap the reward of the pioneer without sharing his hardships should at once be ended by law.

It has become the fashion among certain persons to bemoan on every occasion the hardships and misfortunes of the hardy prospector and pioneer. Most of the tears that are shed over him, however, are squeezed from the eyes of gentlemen whose sole interest in the prospector is to take over the results of his labor with the least possible trouble and at the smallest possible expense. By an easy transition, then, having acquired his property, these gentlemen attribute to themselves likewise his virtues, and demand that the consideration rightly due to the men who seek and find valuable minerals shall be paid also to those who have so well been called "armchair mushers and parlor pioneers"—men whose abundant dollars do all their prospecting and pioneering for them. In my experience brave and hardy men are not given to bewailing in public the hardships that their own adventurous spirits have led them to seek. Self-pity and the desire for special privileges form no part of their character.

Some complaint was made to me of the workings of the national forests in Alaska. Careful investigation or the statement of the complainant himself made it clear in nearly every case either that the cause of complaint had already been removed or that the trouble lay with the unwillingness of the complainant to pay for what he took from the public property. I found also that in a few instances delays had been caused by the failure of Congress to provide means enough for doing the necessary work.

The area of the national forests should not be reduced, for the timber of Alaska is well worth preserving. Forest fires are doing great damage in the interior and are beginning to attack the timber on the coast. It is especially necessary that an effective system of fire prevention should be extended to the forests of the great river valleys, as well as to the valuable reindeer pastures on the Seward Peninsula and farther north.

A curious illustration of the need for conservation in Alaska is supplied by the herring fishery at Killisnoo. For many years a company in this place has been engaged in manufacturing fertilizer from a valuable food fish, the herring, the supply of which has been seriously affected thereby. Meantime thousands upon thousands of tons of refuse from the salmon canneries have been poured unused into the sea.

I was greatly impressed with the character and intelligence of the men and women I met in Alaska. An Anglo-Saxon community of so high a type is entitled to such a degree of home rule as Congress may deem wise, and that without delay. Home rule will not solve all the difficulties that now confront the people of Alaska and will doubtless supply a variety of new ones; but the people are certainly entitled to make the experiment. This does not mean that the control of natural resources now vested in the National Government should be turned over to a local legislature. The interest of the nation in the resources of Alaska is now so fully understood that it is clear the administration of them should remain with all the people.

The Primary Needs of Alaska

Under a decision of Mr. Ballinger a settler about to take up his homestead in a national forest in Alaska must continue to have his land surveyed by a deputy mineral surveyor, sometimes at a cost of from $250 to $300. This ruling greatly increases the difficulties before the intending settler, and its effect is to retard settlement within national forests. During the regular examination of such lands by the Forest Service, which must be completed before settlement takes place, a survey abundantly sufficient for all necessary purposes usually is and always can be made. There is no reason why the settler should be required to duplicate it at his own expense. I am strongly in favor of a change of ruling by the Interior Department in this respect.

But far more than this needs to be done to encourage settlement. Cheap coal will help. The growth of the mining industry will help. But nothing will greatly avail until railroad rates such as I have described are done away with. Reasonable transportation rates, with the rapid extension of railroads, roads and trails—these are the primary needs of agricultural Alaska. Transportation by sea likewise needs careful attention. The coast of Alaska is so poorly lighted and so ill-supplied with aids to navigation that the annual insurance on one vessel with which I am familiar was set at fifteen per cent of her value, and I am told that in other cases the insurance



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rises to twenty-five per cent. When reasonable transportation has been supplied it will be time to stimulate settlement by advertisement and otherwise.

Next to the establishment of good and cheap transportation in Alaska the development and administration of the public resources is the most immediate question. The lack of teamplay that has hampered the operations of the various Government bureaus in Alaska should end. In spite of the persistent efforts of a few men to produce coöperation each bureau has played substantially a lone hand. It is impracticable to bring them all together in any one department, and under present methods the change would produce little result.

What is needed is a central government office for Alaska, through which each bureau should be required to keep in touch and coöperate with every other. Such an arrangement would in no way impair the control of chiefs in Washington over their subordinates in Alaska.

It would result, on the contrary, in more efficient execution of orders and an enormous gain in the effectiveness of all the Government work.

The fashion of detraction has not spared Controller Bay. For example, Katalla Bay, which is no harbor but merely an open roadstead, and Controller Bay, which is a harbor, are wholly separate. Yet in the effort to disparage the latter the story is often told of the alleged washing away at Katalla of a breakwater supposed to have been constructed for the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate as a reason why Controller Bay is useless. The story is well known to be false by men familiar with the facts, and the most cursory examination on the ground makes clear that what was actually destroyed was merely a few hundred feet of temporary piling, from which as yet no rock for the breakwater had been dumped.

Although it is asserted that the Copper River and Northwestern Railway has permanently abandoned the idea of a terminal at Katalla the Syndicate is still engaged in acquiring land it does not yet control tributary to what will be the harbor if the breakwater-that-never-was-washed-away ever comes to be built. (U. S. Survey No. 883, last publication, November 2, 1911.)

The Controller Bay Situation

The facts about Controller Bay, as I see them, are briefly as follows:

Controller Bay is by nature an excellent harbor. In its present condition, without lights, marks or buoys, it is far more safely accessible to shipping in all weathers than New York or Boston Harbor would be under similar circumstances. On all sides it is completely protected from the sea except for the channel opening on the west, whence in this region no storms blow. The sole valid criticism of it lies in the fact that it is windswept at times by heavy offshore gales. So is every harbor in Southeastern Alaska, and, I believe, in nearly every region of similar topography and similar latitude on the globe.

Ice is not dangerous to wharves or trestles in Controller Bay. Single piles driven to test this matter have remained standing for several years. When suitable wharves have been built vessels tied up to them will be protected from the wind and should be able to load coal every day in the year.

Ships threatened with heavy weather at Katalla commonly run for refuge behind Wingham Island at the entrance to Controller Bay. The channel here is nearly three-quarters of a mile wide and can easily be entered in the heaviest sea. At first straight, the channel curves slightly and regularly to the region opposite the last of the Ryan claims, with a width of but little less than half a mile at its narrowest part, or about the same as that of Ambrose Channel, the newly made entrance to New York harbor. The material of the bottom is easily dredged if any change were required.

In my judgment Controller Bay offers the best harbor for the development of the Bering River coal-fields. Estimates that should be reliable indicate that a road can be built from Controller Bay to the Cunningham claims and equipped with terminals and rolling stock for less than $2,000,000 in all. A total of thirty-two miles of road would tap about three-quarters of the field. Of the thirty-two miles there would be but four miles of curves. The average grade would be one-fourth of one per cent in favor of the loaded trains, with a maximum grade of less than two per cent up which to pull the empty

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cars. The construction would be of the simplest, with only one bridge. Gravel ballast is everywhere at hand, and the neighborhood supplies good cross-ties and piling in abundance. It should not be forgotten that Controller Bay is the harbor through which the products of the Yakataga coal and oil fields, still officially unexplored, will undoubtedly reach the sea. The Yakataga coal-measures are said to lie much more regularly than those of the Bering River field, and to consist of equally good coal.

Coal-bunkers at Controller Bay would be approximately 800 miles nearer the markets of Puget Sound and the naval stations of Mare Island and Bremerton than those at Ship Creek, a suggested terminal in Cook's Inlet for the Matanuska coal; nearly 400 miles nearer than those at Seward; more than 200 miles nearer than those at Valdez; and about 125 miles nearer than those at Cordova, where the ship channel is so narrow that a steamer on which I traveled was obliged, in order to turn beside the dock, to go backward and forward like an automobile in a narrow street, there being no room for a wider circle. Every vessel from Puget Sound for Katalla, Cordova, Valdez or Seward picks up Cape St. Elias, the southern end of one of the islands which protect Controller Bay, before proceeding farther. For the convenience of the public, therefore, coal-bunkers could not be better placed.

The proposal to haul the Bering River coal past Controller Bay about seventy miles to Cordova does not commend itself. My personal view is strongly in favor of the construction of a Government coal road from the Bering River coal-fields to Controller Bay, with public wharves and public coal-bunkers. But I am not an engineer. The opinion of trained railroad and harbor engineers and experts in transportation will, in my judgment, be necessary to decide between the shorter route of thirty-two miles from the more friable coal of the Bering River field to Controller Bay, downhill all the way, and the longer route of more than one hundred and sixty miles from the firmer coal of the Matanuska field to Seward over a pass 1080 feet high. In either case the Government construction or acquisition of a railroad line into the Tanana and Yukon valleys, whether with terminals at Seward, Valdez, Cordova or elsewhere, is an obvious necessity. The location of the line is a matter upon which at present I am not competent to speak.

Before my recent trip to Alaska I condemned the President's action in opening the lands round Controller Bay to private acquisition without notice to the public. At that time I said:

> The so-called Ballinger-Pinchot investigation opened the eyes of the public to the extensive and successful efforts which are being made to monopolize the resources of Alaska. The facts developed by this investigation constituted a solemn warning and a call upon the Executive for special watchfulness in protecting public property in Alaska. In view of the need for a firm and careful policy thus emphasized, it was the President's duty to hold the terminal lands round Controller Bay in Government ownership. As with the coal lands, the title to the harbor lands, which are the key to the coal lands, should have been held in any event until Congress could act. In the mean time, contrary to the general impression, the very fact that these lands were in a national forest made them fully and promptly available under lease for every proper use, yet held them subject to Governmental supervision and control.
>
> The President is right when he says that what Alaska needs is development, but no legitimate development of the harbor front on Controller Bay has been or can be proposed that could not proceed as well and as rapidly under suitable lease on Government land as on private land. So long as these terminal lands remained in Government ownership no one could monopolize the harbor. The moment any of them passed into private hands the danger of monopoly began. The fact remains, and the public will not forget, that before the Executive order of October twenty-eighth, Controller Bay was both available for development and safe against monopoly. Now it is no longer safe. This is abundantly proved not only by the general history of commercial consolidation, but in particular by what the Morgan-Guggenheim Syndicate has already done in destroying or absorbing possible competitors.

After a personal examination of Controller Bay and each of the Ryan claims, and a better knowledge of the operations of the Syndicate, I repeat with emphasis what I then said. Controller Bay was the only harbor still in the hands of the people from which the Bering River coal-fields were accessible. It ought to have been held there.

Under the pressure of publicity the Administration has abandoned the Alaskan policy that prevailed during Mr. Ballinger's term, and through Secretary Fisher has adopted the well-known program of the Conservationists and the Progressives. The change is most welcome, and will greatly facilitate the passage of good legislation for Alaska at the present session of Congress.

Before the recent agitation began the monopolization of Alaska was not a danger but a certainty. It is still a danger and a very serious one. The hold of the Guggenheims on Alaska has not been broken—it has merely been exposed. To break it will require not only the vigorous control of transportation in the public interest but the wise and firm administration of all the natural resources. The fight for a free Alaska has only begun.

Two solutions of the Alaska question are possible today: We can let Alaska become the private preserve of a few great special interests, to be developed and controlled at their pleasure and as their profit may dictate. That is what was taking place until recently, when public knowledge and public opinion reversed the policy and forced a change. Or we can treat Alaska as the future home of hundreds of thousands of free American citizens, and its resources as a trust, to be developed and conserved for their benefit and for the benefit of all the people—who are its owners. This is the Conservation policy. It has been adopted with conviction by the American people. The task before Congress is to give it immediate effect.

Goats as Fire Fighters

THE Department of Agriculture has been trying a rather curious experiment recently in the Lassen National Forest of Northern California. Within the limits of that "reserve" there are about fifty thousand acres of the dense scrub called "chaparral"—a thicket of pigmy trees and undergrowth, continuous for mile after mile, that is so dense as to be impenetrable to either man or beast. It is an area productive of nothing useful and by such natural conditions rendered unavailable for the planting of forests.

Similar scrub-covered areas are found in other national forests in California and other states and how to deal with them has been a problem of much difficulty. To get rid of the useless growth two principal methods have been tried—first, grubbing it up; and second, burning it. The former of these, however, is extremely laborious; and the latter injures the soil, while involving the danger of spreading fires.

Hence it was that the Forest Service acquiesced cheerfully in the suggestion that goats might be employed to destroy the scrub. By way of experiment, permission was given for the pasturing of three thousand Angoras within a designated area of about twenty square miles in the Lassen Forest—the method prescribed requiring the owner of the animals to cut a series of trails a rod in width through the forest, such trails following the contours of the hills in parallel lines and about eighty rods apart.

Into these trails the goats were driven, and then they were allowed to shift for themselves—the expectation being that they would browse upon and kill the scrub on either side of the paths they followed, thus widening each trail to three hundred feet perhaps.

By this means, it was thought, most excellent and effective "fire breaks" would be created—a matter of much practical benefit, inasmuch as the dense growth of chaparral in the dry season of the year is extremely inflammable and therefore dangerous to the forests.

From the viewpoint of the Forest Service the experiment has been decidedly successful. The goats in the Lassen Forest have eaten out the firebreaks and incidentally rendered considerable areas available for forest planting. It is useful work, for the conifers that are wanted most for planting in the region cannot compete with the sturdy chaparral; but unfortunately the goat end of the proposition is less satisfactory. The owner of the three thousand Angoras has found that, after consuming the grass along the trails, his animals, restricted to a brush diet, grow thin; and he is much in doubt about the expediency of renewing his contract with the Government.

A Confession

I am the oldest criminal in history.

I have acted in my present capacity for many, many years.

I have been trusted with millions of dollars.

I have lost a great deal of this money.

I have constantly held temptation before those who have come in contact with me.

I have placed a burden upon the strong, and broken down the weak.

I have caused the downfall of many honest and ambitious young people.

I have ruined many business men who deserved success.

I have betrayed the trust of those who have depended upon me.

I want to be discarded for something that will protect and benefit all those who handle money.

I am a failure.

(Advertisement)

I Am the Open Cash Drawer.

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but goes right on during the entire year—coming 52 times to the one to whom you give it—is a year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*. It costs $1.50 and will be a welcome weekly visitor to any friend.





The first news of the gift will be the arrival of a beautiful illuminated 4-page announcement on Christmas morning bearing your name and stating that *The Saturday Evening Post* will continue to come each week for the ensuing year with your best wishes. The announcement will bear your name.

Or, if the friend whom you favor is a woman you may also want to include *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Of course the announcement of a subscription to the latter bears the name of that magazine.

The price of a year's subscription to either is $1.50. Order today; the time is short.

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The Senator's Secretary

WATCH Teddy!" shouted the entire populace when the Government's presentment in the Steel Trust prosecution was made public; and the entire populace watched him.

The Colonel ran absolutely true to form. As soon as the exigencies of the occasion would allow him, he came back at the Government and at Mr. Taft and at everybody else even remotely concerned—came back good and hard and pointedly. It was a sure thing. The Colonel might have let go unchallenged an accusation that his action in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter was political or even friendly, but when the Government said he had been buncoed, there was nothing to be expected but the sort of a rejoinder he made. The man does not live, nor the association of men, nor the administration, nor the government, nor the president, nor the nation, that can say—and get away with it—that Mr. Roosevelt ever did anything because he was deceived or beguiled or gold-bricked into doing it. That is the one thing he will not stand. To be sure, there are a good many other things he will not stand, but that is the chief one.

So he came back, and immediately there arose a loud outcry that the Colonel is a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1912, that he purposes to fight Mr. Taft and defeat him for the nomination, and that this rejoinder to the Government's presentment and charge that he was fooled by Frick and Morgan *et al.* in the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter is the opening gun. It is quite true that this situation was discovered principally by Democrats. Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the New York State Democratic Committee, first found it, and told about it in an interview he gave out in Detroit. Then along came Bob Henry, the Texas Representative, who pulled a column-and-a-half interview showing conclusively how it can mean nothing else. The grand chorus followed. According to the Democratic press and the Democratic politicians the Colonel is out hot-foot for nomination in 1912.

Wall Street and the New York captains of industry and finance swallowed it. "It's a certain thing," they shuddered. "It can mean nothing else. He's going to be nominated. Oh dear! Oh dear! What shall we do?"

That was natural on the part of Wall Street and the captains of industry and finance. Every time they hear Roosevelt's name they throw a choice selection of assorted fits, notwithstanding the fact that the Colonel's activities in the trust-busting line, while he was president, were mild and innocuous compared with the similar activities of Mr. Taft. So Wall Street and the captains of industry and finance took the statements of Mr. Mack and Mr. Henry and the Democratic editors, hook, line and sinker, and had a most uncomfortable time.

The Colonel's Stand

Any human being who has a mind to change is at exceeding liberty to change it. So with Mr. Roosevelt, who has never been accused of not having a large and active mind. He may be a candidate for president and he may have fired this shot at Mr. Taft and Mr. Taft's Department of Justice to that end. He may have referred to Mr. Taft's trust policy as "chaotic," with a view to overturning the ambitions of Mr. Taft for renomination for president by the Republican party next June; but if he did so he changed his mind, reversed it, so to speak, threw the backing-up lever clear over and left a lot of his friends out in a fog.

Not being in Mr. Roosevelt's confidence no predictions as to what Mr. Roosevelt means or does not mean can be made; nor are any attempted. The only fact in the whole affair is that if he is a candidate for president now he has certainly changed his mind. Nor is it conceivable that Mr. Roosevelt would not like to be president again. Who wouldn't? And especially why shouldn't he want to be president, inasmuch as he is repeatedly on record that being president is "bully fun." But to all these makers of predictions, these readers of the signs, these scanners between the lines, these wise gentlemen of opposite political faith to Mr. Roosevelt, let one thing be said: Though Mr. Roosevelt undoubtedly would not be averse to being president again, Mr. Roosevelt is distinctly averse to not being president again—that is, he is not so certain in his own mind that even he, the Colonel, could pull the Republican party through, and he isn't going to risk a beating. It will be far more dignified and impressive and pleasant to wait for four years and run a good chance with the nomination for 1916. Mr. Taft's Administration will be on trial in the next campaign. Mr. Taft is responsible for that Administration. All right, let him be responsible. That may be a horoscope or it may not. Be calm, and see what finally turns up.

Meantime, when the House committee that is investigating the Steel Trust got together for its first meeting after the Government's suit had been begun, it was pointed out to those present that the resolution empowering this committee to investigate said specifically that the inquiry should be limited to violations of the anti-trust law "which have not been prosecuted by the executive officers of the Government." At the time of writing the committee is still in a tangle about this, and the prevailing idea is to report back to the House and see what is to be done.

A Thrust at the Steel Trust

If one wanted to be cynical—which, of course, one never does want to be—one might say that there was some lurking knowledge of this possible situation in the minds of the persons who brought the suit. The Stanley Committee is a Democratic committee, appointed by a Democratic House of Representatives for the express and political purpose of obtaining, by the investigation of the Steel Trust, material that shall be of use in the presidential campaign that is coming. That isn't the assigned reason for the investigation, to be sure, nor for any of the other multitude of investigations now in progress. Nominally, these investigations are for the purpose of exposing iniquities of administration and for the good of all the people. Really, they are for the purpose of "getting something on" the Republicans, who have been in power since 1896, and thereby aiding in putting the Democrats in power in 1912—or on March fourth, 1913. That is all there is to that. They are as political as a ward caucus.

Now, then, the Stanley Committee had been digging up a lot of stuff and has inquisitorial powers that cannot be ignored. A campaign is coming on, and a report from the committee was to be timed for the exact moment when it should have the best effect on presidential politics, with recommendations to show the people how the Democrats are seeking to conserve their interests—the people's interests, I mean, not the interests of the Democrats. Mr. Wickersham had been quoted as saying that no suit against the Steel Trust was contemplated, and suddenly the Hon. Jacob McGavock Dickinson, Democrat himself, but not working much at it, and former Secretary of War for Mr. Taft, appeared in Trenton, New Jersey, and filed papers in a suit for the dissolution of the Steel Trust that read like one of Chairman Stanley's speeches in the House assailing this giant corporation—good campaign material, you know, not filled with legal verbiage, but a lively, readable and rhetorical story of the alleged atrocities of the Steel Trust.

It was all so obviously political that one cannot be blamed for such cynicism as may appear in the offing. The Stanley Committee was investigating the Steel Trust and getting along pretty well with the work. The Stanley Committee was due to reassemble and begin again to insert the probe. A campaign is coming on. The advantage thus far rested with the Democrats. The resolution giving the committee authority to investigate violations of the law and creating the committee itself said inquiries should be limited to violations "which had not been prosecuted by executive officers of the Government." Of course the committee was authorized and began work before this prosecution had been instituted, and there is a fine legal question involved, which undoubtedly will be threshed out by the House; but—and this is the crux of it—it will not be the fault of this Administration if any political advantage that may accrue from this Steel

Trust business shall accrue to the Administration and not to the hostile Democratic majority in the House of Representatives and the Democratic candidate for president next time.

The House Democrats are investigating the Steel Trust, getting material to spread before the country to show what sort of an octopus in restraint of trade—can an octopus be in restraint of trade?—has been allowed to flourish under Republican rule. It had the goods, too, and would have more. What to do in the emergency? Simplest thing in the world—begin prosecuting the Steel Trust and beat the Democrats to it. And there, brethren, you certainly are!

Nor is this all the presidential politics that is being played. Washington is boiling with it—seething, as we used to say in the old days—and both sides are moving as cautiously as a farmer's boy digging out a bumblebees' nest. Congress is in session again, with the Democrats still controlling the House, of course, and presidential nominations are to be made next summer and a president is to be elected next fall. Democratic prospects are brighter than they have been for a good many years.

The Democratic leaders realize their responsibilities and do not underrate them, but they do not—and will not—look at these responsibilities from the same angle from which they are viewed by the President and the Republicans. The Democrats will make another attempt at tariff revision, but being charged by the Constitution with the origination of revenue—which means tariff—legislation, and being in the majority in the House, they will make exactly the sort of tariff revision they think will be best for the Democratic party, considered presidentially, and send the results of that work to the Senate, regardless of any information Mr. Taft's tariff board may present or any recommendations Mr. Taft may make. If Mr. Taft's views coincide with their views, all well and good; but the responsibility, in a primary sense, is with the Democrats in the House and not with Mr. Taft or the Republican party, and the tariff that will come out of the House of Representatives will be a Democratic tariff, and not a Taft tariff or a tariff-board tariff. It will be made to suit the exigencies of the Democratic presidential situation, and with the sole end and aim of helping to elect a Democrat for president in 1912.

This tariff legislation will be about all that will be attempted too. Many Democrats have ambitious schemes for saving the country, ranging from currency reform to universal primaries, but most of these will be shoved in the background. The House leaders will concern themselves with the tariff and use that to hold off all perplexing legislative schemes until it is time to adjourn and go out and begin the campaign for president. There has been talk of currency legislation, and Mr. Aldrich's National Monetary Commission is due to report early in January; but the person who thinks that a Democratic House, with the most of that Democratic majority from the South, will debonairly pass a currency reform law that contemplates a central bank, is much befogged politically and economically and historically and geographically. What this Congress will aim to do, especially on the House or Democratic side, will be to pass some tariff legislation that shall help politically, hold back all the rest of the heavily loaded and dangerous big legislation—especially currency and trust legislation—and put through the appropriation bills and adjourn.

The Democratic leaders realize the situation is critical. They want to help win the presidency. They do not want the House to get into a tangle and jangle over currency legislation and anti-trust legislation and all that sort of stuff. They know, for example, that there are as many views concerning currency reform as there are members of the House. They know that changing or repealing or revamping the Sherman law is charged with dynamite. They are for reform, of course, and retrenchment and all that, but they are for exactly that kind of reform and retrenchment that will help make some Democrat president of the United States after March fourth, 1913, and for no other variety; and to that end all their legislative energies will be devoted. Every Congress is political, but this coming session of Congress will be so political that it will exude politics from every pore.

A Moneylogue

NINE HUNDRED "PER"

HEIGH-HO! I give it up—I'm stumped!
It won't work out, that's clear—
No man can keep a fam'ly on nine hundred bucks a year!
We've tried to skimp on this and that—we've called the bitter sweet;
But somehow when I figure up the ends will not quite meet.
If Minnie gets the dress she needs, on rent day—sure as sin!—
We're short that much; and if we pay—well, where do clothes come in?
We're not extravagant at all; there's no place I can see
Where we could cut expenses down and keep on being "we."
It isn't much, our deficit; but, though I try and try
To scheme and plan and manage things, I just can't quite get by;
Now, if I had twelve hundred, say, instead of nine, you bet
We'd have enough for everything, without a care or fret!

ONE YEAR LATER

Heigh-ho! There's no use arguing or asking "Why?" No, sir!
A man can't live—he simply can't—on just twelve hundred "per."
We watch expenses, goodness knows, just like the fabled cat;
And everything that saves a cent—well, we are strong for that;
But grocery bills, and ice and coal, and butter, milk and cream,
Make what you're earning fade away like any empty dream.
Of course we've moved now to a flat; and, though it does cost more,
We had to have another room—we couldn't live in four!
And yet—and yet, when I get out my bills and books at night
And figure up, I find, alas! that things won't come out right;
There is no item I can trim—but, say! if I just had
An even eighteen hundred "per" I'd change my name to Glad!

TWO YEARS LATER

Heigh-ho! I thought 'twould be enough; but now it's hard to see
How eighteen hundred dollars ever looked so big to me!
I wouldn't mind it now and then; but, actually, I'm bored
To death with facing every day that specter, "Can't Afford."
We try to live within our means; but there are things, you know,
That one can't do without at all! Say, now and then a show—
The opera, occasionally; the mountains or the shore
When summer comes; and, by the way, we've had to move once more—
An eight-room flat—bought brand-new things. I'd like it fine—but, say!
On eighteen hundred dollars "per" it's all a rainy day!
I've tried to figure some way out. I can't. But, oh, if I
Had twenty-five each year for mine—well, then we would get by!

THREE YEARS LATER

Heigh-ho! It's getting worse! Heigh-ho! Why, twenty-five a year
Is just a trifle nowadays, when everything's so dear!
We just can't get along at all without a maid and cook;
We really need a butler, but we haven't time to look;
We need another motor car—the chauffeur tells me so;
We need a trip abroad this year, and really ought to go.
Now, when you cut things down like this to bare necessities,
How can you cut them any more? Come, answer, if you please!
But if I had five thousand—ah! there'd be some class to that—
Like Peace and Plenty on the bags and Certainty at bat!
Who's knocking? What? A con-con-constable! For me, you say?
Well, come on in—sure! Take it out—it's no good anyway!

—*Guernsey Van Riper.*

Our Maxine Elliott

"WHITE HOUSE" QUEEN

Poster Calendar

For 1912

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IMAGINE, IF YOU CAN, this great American Beauty in red, a glorious, rich red that compels admiration. Everyone who loves life, light and warmth, is loud in his praise of this,

Our 1912 Poster Calendar

It is different, wondrously different, artistically different, and in offering it to the public we do so believing that it is a picture that will be valued because of its brilliantly clever color conception.

The original, in oil, is by one of the best and most fearless American artists. The reproduction is on canvas-finished stock and by sixteen lithographic printings from stone. The size is 12 x 30 inches. By cutting off the calendar strip at the bottom all advertising is removed, providing a beautiful picture for framing.

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$5

A superior quality genuine imported Velour hat, so stylish this year. Five colors: black, brown, tan, dark grey and pearl, beautifully silk lined. Regular $8.00 value. Prepaid for $5

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Makes repairs neat



and quick. Mends harness, shoes, canvas. Myers' Sewing Awl makes Lock Stitch. $1 prepaid. Big money for agents. C. A. MYERS CO., 6378 Lexington Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Buy direct from grower—big saving on every order—better trees. Freight paid. Apple, 1 year tops on 3 year roots, 80c per 10; $70 per M. Everything equally low. 5 new Strawberry Plants for testing, free.

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PHYSICAL CULTURE PUBLISHING CO., 512 Flatiron Bldg., NEW YORK CITY



When the Big Buyer Calls

It *does* make a difference whether you personally meet the trade, or some one else answers for you. The daily use of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** ensures your presence at the office during business hours, and you are *always presentable*.

You look better and feel better—conditions which unerringly reflect themselves in your business and social walks.

GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor has educated millions of men to the delights of self shaving and freed them from the expense and troubles of the barber shop—**Outfit complete sells for $1.00** everywhere, including seven **Damaskeene blades,** frame, new bar and shaving and stropping handle in handsome plush lined case.



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Made of the highest grade Damascus silver razor steel and tempered by our secret process—a blade known for its keen, smooth, cutting edge, which it retains indefinitely—can be stropped. Fits most standard safety razors but gives best results in a **GEM JUNIOR** frame. Separate set **Damaskeene blades 7 for 35c.**

Insist upon Damaskeene Blades—there is a difference

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The Original Modern Safety Razor Makers

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Ten-Pinnett—A Money-Making "Ten-Strike"

Do you want a business? Here's one for you—Ten-Pinnett, the sensation of the times—an automatic bowling game with ten full-sized ten-pins and unlimited combination plays. A healthy, uplifting bowling game—a fun-producing exercise that old and young, rich and poor, go wild over when there's a chance to play. Many owners of Ten-Pinnett alleys are making $250.00 to $500.00 a month on an original investment of $500.00, and no operating expenses other than rent. It's the game that pays for itself in a jiffy. You have

Nothing to Do but Pocket the Money!



You have sighed hundreds of times to be in business for yourself. Grasp the opportunity—one without the responsibilities of the everyday business man. Our pay-as-it-earns plan is the most above-board, original and liberal ever devised. If you want that **eager money** in your locality send for our plan tonight—before someone beats you to it. (49)

Ten-Pinnett Company
401 Draper St. Indianapolis, Ind.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU

Selling our metallic letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Nice, pleasant business. Big demand. Write today for free sample and full particulars.

METALLIC SIGN LETTER CO., 423 North Clark Street, Chicago



Mr. Eastwein

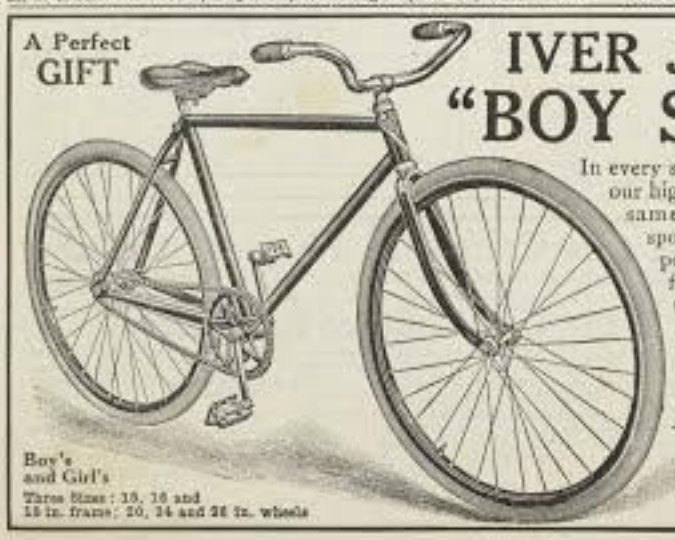
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A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the **Short-Story** taught by **J. Berg Esenwein, Editor, Lippincott's Magazine.**

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A Perfect GIFT



IVER JOHNSON "BOY SCOUT"

In every slightest detail the equal of our high-grade men's bicycles—same hubs, crank hanger, spokes, rims, tubings; same perfect workmanship and finish; same high-grade tires. The crown, rear fork ends, handle bar post and seat post are solid drop forgings. The only strictly high-grade Juvenile.

Ask your dealer or send for catalog

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
200 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
New York Office: 99 Chambers St.

Boy's and Girl's
Three Sizes: 16, 18 and 18 in. frame; 20, 24 and 26 in. wheels

Sense and Nonsense

The Triumph of the Cockroach

IN COLORADO, not far from Pike's Peak, is a small mountain called Gopaz Butte, though better known to miners as Slim Jim. At the foot of it is a valley which was formerly occupied by a lake. In the lake was an island on which giant sequoias grew, the fossil trunks of some of which may still be found there by digging.

This island, which today is a hill, holds the regard of geologists as the most remarkable bug mine on earth. Into the lake that once surrounded it, some hundreds of thousands of years ago, streams brought great numbers of insects of various species that had fallen into them. The water was very shallow and was soon dried up when a volcano burst forth in the near neighborhood, spreading a layer of ashes and hot mud over many square miles of territory.

Just why there should be an extraordinary accumulation of insects preserved in the strata of this immediate locality, in and about the hill aforementioned, nobody has explained very satisfactorily—but such is the case; and geologists, armed with hammer and pickax, dig them out in quantities. In many cases they are so perfectly preserved that even the hairs along the edges of the wings of the tiniest moths are plainly discernible. Occasionally a beautiful fossil butterfly is discovered.

No insects are more delicate in structure than mosquitoes, of which, notwithstanding their perishable character, large numbers are found in this remarkable bug mine. There are also flies which, if not the familiar *Musca domestica*, are closely related thereto. Bees and wasps there are; likewise fireflies, dragon-flies, June bugs, no end of beetles of ever so many varieties, and the gall-flies which lay their eggs in the bark of plants, introducing at the same time a poison that causes an abnormal growth of vegetable tissue—commonly called a "gall"—useful to the newly hatched young for food and to man for making ink.

These were insects of what is known today as the Tertiary Epoch; but dominant among them—the bug monarchs of that early period—were the cockroaches. We at the present time do not realize what the cockroach tribe once was. It ruled insect creation away back in the Paleozoic, when armored fishes swam the seas and the land climate was deadly moist and hot. In the Mesozoic, when the giant reptiles throve so vastly, the cockroaches still held their own sway. Those that now survive to plague the housewife and discourage the librarian are but a trifling remnant of vanished hordes.

The cockroach, like the shark, has lived through and survived the ages. There are even authorities who declare that it was the first air-breathing animal on the earth; and, in view of its persistent survival under adverse conditions, who can say with confidence that it may not be the last?

The Siphon Crew

Up at the Storm King Cañon they're working us day and night;
We've got our standard to hold to, we've got contractors to fight;
We live in boots and a slicker, we sleep when we get the time,
And our faces and hands are plastered with stickiest hard-rock grime;
We're too dog-tired for drinking, too sleepy to touch a card;
Our talk is all of the siphon—of rock that is soft or hard.
The wise guys laughed at the project; they said it would "never do"!—
But up at the Storm King Cañon we're putting the siphon through!

We sunk a shaft in the mountain, where only the goats had played—
Where you had to hang by an eyelash to handle a pick or spade.
A shaft went down by the river—and the water commenced to pour;
And we plotted a plan to plug it—for that's what our pay is for.
We diamond-drilled on the bias, we sunk a shaft in the silt,
And sometimes the cold would numb us and often the heat would wilt.
We sought bedrock for ages and finally got a clew—
And down at the 'leven hundred we're putting the siphon through!

A seam was struck in the heading, far under the river-bed;
The water filled up the working and all of the runners fled.
But the pumps were set to going—we made a bulkhead to block;
And now once more the drillheads are battering at the rock.
The "hard-rock" gang were peaches—they entered into the game,
They laughed at the thought of danger, they took each chance as it came;
And, though there were politicians who tried to hand us a few—
Up at the Storm King Cañon we're putting the siphon through!

It's tough—but it sure is worth it; it's rough—but it's bully fun
To do the thing that the wise guys have prophesied can't be done;
And when the job is over and the water is rushing in,
Why—then is our chance to chuckle and then is our hunch to grin!
The stream will come from the mountains and into the thirsty town,
And we will have done our portion of bringing the water down;
So what if the work is wearing and things will go askew—
Up at the Storm King Cañon we're putting the siphon through!

—*Berton Braley.*

The Trail Blazer

What is it lures him out afar, where the dim horizons run?
What is it beckons him out, away to the rim of the setting sun?
'Tis the pulse of life in a line man's veins, the little catch of the breath
That speaks of a joy as he girds up his loins to shake the dice with Death.

The tramp of his feet is barely heard as he strides toward his goal,
In the silent wastes of an Arctic night, to the verge of the distant Pole;
For he works on the text, "Subdue the earth!" as the voice of the Scripture saith.
With his lean, lank dogs in the grim icepack he shakes the dice with Death.

The burning desert knows his face, the vulture hears his cry,
When he wears the end with a blistered tongue and a waterbag that's dry;
But ever he goes with staggering feet, grilled by that desert breath,
As he tightens his belt and grips the hand that shakes the dice with Death.

His bones they are white on many a shore—they bleach on many a strand;
The blaze of his ax and the dust of his trail are seen on every hand;
If he dies he dies as a white man should, and he laughs with his parting breath;
For his mate behind will pick up his trail and shake the dice with Death.

He's a selfmade outcast, hurrying on with the rolling world behind.
He cannot reap where he has sown—he rides upon the wind;
The voice of Nature cries aloud his old-time shibboleth,
And he turns once more at the siren's voice to shake the dice with Death.

—*E. W. Teale.*

A Little Difference

OCCASIONALLY something "gets by" even the watchful copy editors of the Associated Press. Not long ago a story came into the Atlanta office, was edited and put on the wire for the Southern Division and got as far as Louisville before the urgent "Kill it!" caught up.

The story concerned a fight between two Southern gentlemen in a rural community. They used a scythe, a corn knife, a shovel and a butcher knife to express their real feelings concerning one another.

One combatant died on the field of battle and the other, badly cut, died soon after he had been removed from the gory scene.

The A. P. story told all the distressing and bloody details and wound up with this sentence:

"It is thought these two men had some sort of a misunderstanding."

COMMUNITY SILVER



BUTTER KNIFE
EACH, 75c



COLD MEAT FORK
EACH, $1.00



SUGAR SHELL
EACH, 85c



BERRY SPOON
EACH, $1.75

ORANGE SPOON
SET OF SIX, $3.00



GRAVY LADLE
EACH, $1.50



INDIVIDUAL SALAD FORK
SET OF SIX, $4.00



DINNER KNIFE
SET OF SIX, $6.00



DINNER FORK
SET OF SIX, $9.00



TABLE SPOON
SET OF SIX, $9.00



TEA SPOON
SET OF SIX, $7.00

YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM SOLVED

Your dealer can furnish you all the Community Silver pieces shown on this page at prices quoted.

While but one pattern is shown—THE SHERATON, and only the most popular gift pieces in this design—other designs, and any other pieces you may desire, can be seen—

At your Dealer's

Guaranteed for 50 Years

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD. ONEIDA N.Y.

Victor



Victor-Victrola XVI
Mahogany or quartered oak, $200 Circassian walnut, $250

Where there's a Victor-Victrola on Christmas morning, there will be joy and happiness all year around.

This wonderful instrument fills a great gap in the daily lives of people everywhere—brings the world's best music right into the home for every one to enjoy.

And no home need be without a Victor-Victrola now.

$15, $25, $40, $50, $75, $100, $150, $200, $250.
Victors $10 to $100.

Your dealer will gladly arrange terms to suit your convenience.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Always use Victor Records played with Victor Needles—there is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.
Victor Needles 6 cents per 100, 60 cents per 1000.

Victor-Victrola VI
Oak, $25





Victor-Victrola X
Mahogany or oak, $75



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible]eekly
Founded A[illegible]nj. Franklin

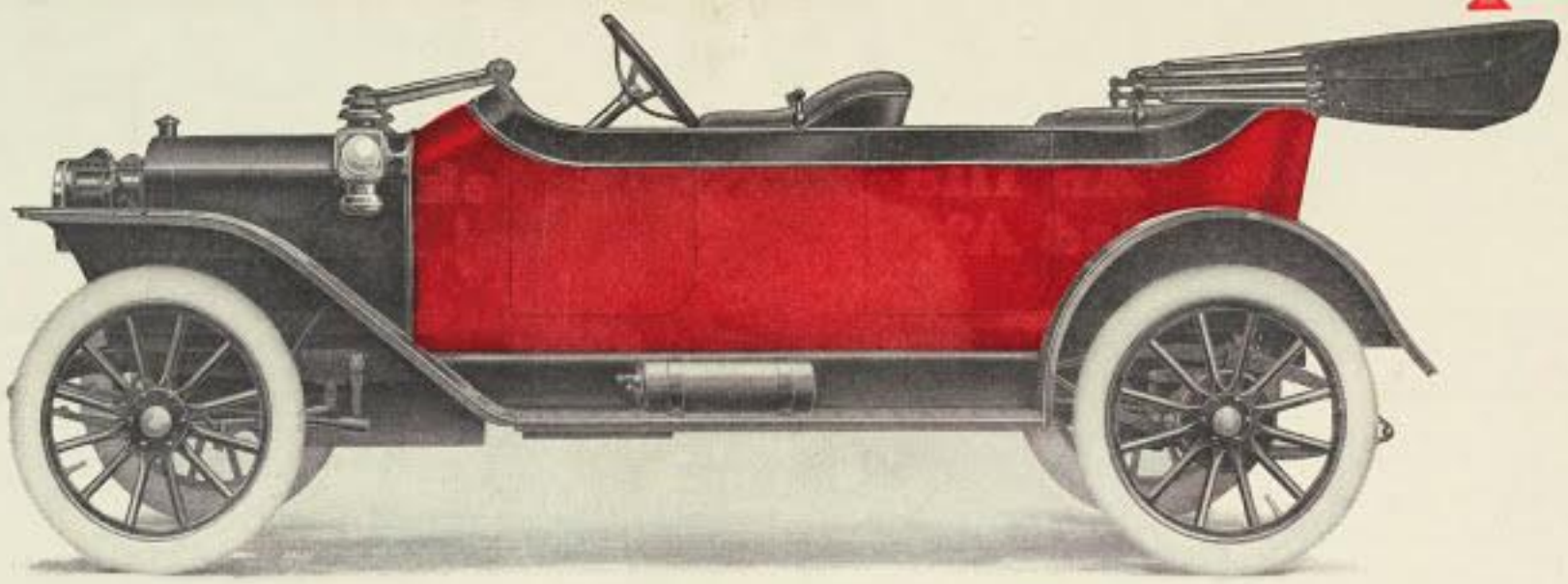
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MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY

R-C-H

"Twenty-Five" 5-Passenger Touring Car



$850
F. O. B. Detroit

Fully equipped with top, side-curtains, windshield, 2 gas lamps, 3 oil lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit—long stroke motor—3 speeds—enclosed valves—Bosch Magneto.

All that you want in a touring car—at half you'd expect to pay

THE price on the R-C-H—something unheard of in the industry for such a car with such equipment—should make you investigate it for yourself.

And if you'll do that, we're satisfied. For you'll find that we couldn't build better, more staunchly, or more sturdily, for a $5000 model. You'll see a car that in appearance, in mechanical detail, and in comfort cannot be matched at twice its price. That's a strong statement, but compare the R-C-H, item by item, with any car you like costing $1800—and more. We're willing to abide by your judgment.

The reason? Briefly, the application to motor-car manufacture, **for the first time,** of the same systematization of cost and factory problems that distinguish the steel industry, the packing industry and other big industrial developments.

That means only a few dollars saved here and there, but it makes in the aggregate a wonderful difference in the price you pay for your car. Go through the Hupp plants from end to end and you'll see no lost motion, no waste, no slip-shod methods. You'll see all the mechanism of a vast business working with absolute precision for perfection, but you won't find a dollar of **wasted** money, or an hour of **wasted** effort.

See the car itself at any of our branches, or at local dealers everywhere. Descriptive folder mailed on request.

SPECIFICATIONS

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc, 3½ inch bore, 5 inch stroke. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three point suspension. **Drive—left-hand.** Irreversible worm gear. 16 inch wheel. **Control—center lever** operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs—Front, semi-elliptic and mounted on swivel seats. Frame—Pressed steel channel. Axles—Front, I Beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Body—English type, extra wide front seats. Wheel Base—110 inches. Tires—31 x 3½ inches all around. Full equipment quoted above.

CANADIAN PRICES

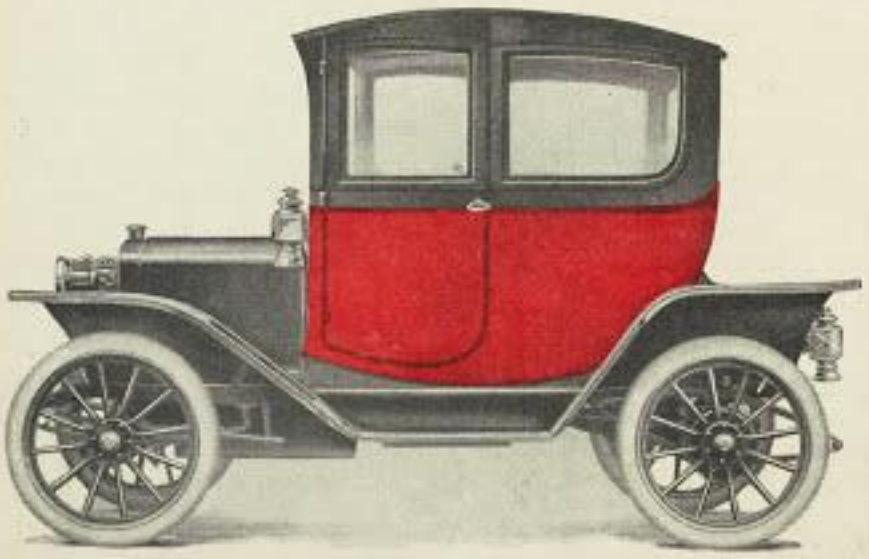
R-C-H 2-passenger roadster, $850, equipped for four passengers, $925. R-C-H 5-passenger touring car, $1050. R-C-H Gasoline coupé, $1300. All prices F. O. B. Windsor, Ont., duty paid.

DEALERS

The R-C-H is unquestionably the 1912 motor-car sensation. We still have, here and there, some choice sections of territory still unallotted. Write quick for details.

R. C. HUPP, Manufacturer, 130 Lycaste St., Detroit, Mich.

Distinct from and having no connection whatever with Hupp Motor Car Co.



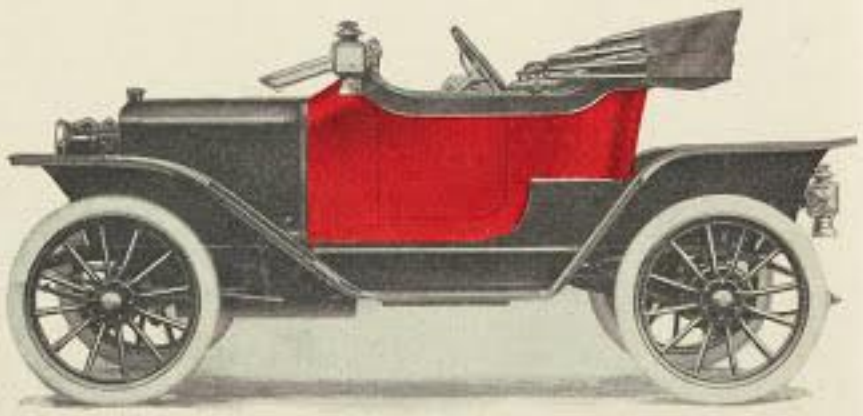
$1050
F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" Colonial Coupé

All the comfort, ease and elegance that you can want in a closed car

SPECIFICATIONS: Enclosed body, concealed hinges, drop seat for third person, 100 ampere hour lighting battery. Full equipment includes 2 electric head lamps, combination electric and oil side and tail lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit. Other specifications same as roadster.

BRANCHES: Boston, 363 Boylston St.; Buffalo, 1225 Main St.; Cleveland, 2122 Euclid Ave.; Chicago, 2515 Michigan Ave.; Denver, 1520 Broadway; Detroit, Woodward and Warren Aves.; Kansas City, 1301 Main St.; Los Angeles, 816 So. Olive St.; Minneapolis, 1334 Nicollet Ave.; New York, 1989 Broadway; Philadelphia, 330 No. Broad St.; Atlanta, 548 Peachtree St.



$700
F. O. B. Detroit

R-C-H "Twenty-Five" English-Body Roadster

Fully equipped with top, windshield, gas lamps and generator—long stroke motor, three speeds—enclosed valves—Bosch Magneto

The ideal car for five large classes of the public: (A)—The business or professional man. (B)—The farmer. (C)—The salesman. (D)—The pleasure car owner with small or no family. (E)—The large car owner who needs a smaller car, economical in up-keep for day-to-day motoring uses.

SPECIFICATIONS: Body—English type, extra wide seats. Wheel base—86 inches. Tires—30 x 3 inches all around. Equipped to carry 4 passengers—$750. Other specifications same as touring car.

Advertising—A Pledge of Good Faith

YOU know, of course, that every advertisement in this weekly is a message addressed to you—but, did you ever think that every one of these advertisements is a pledge of good faith to you?

"Put yourself in his place" is a rule that helps throw light on many a problem, and it will pay you to apply the rule here.

How It Begins

What conditions, do you suppose, would lead *you* to advertise in *The Saturday Evening Post?*

The first of all would be having some article which you believed people would *buy* and *like*.

That is exactly what leads others to advertise. They have a pen, a razor, a line of clothing or some commodity on which they are proud to put their names because they know it is good. Accordingly they want to tell you how good it is.

A Time Investment

Usually your first purchase costs them more than their profit. Therefore, they take every precaution to give you such value as will make you a regular customer.

Think over the purchases you have made in the last month. How many of them were advertised goods which you have kept on buying because you like them?

That is just what makes any commodity a success. The advertisement induces you to buy. If the bond of keeping faith is honored by honest value in the goods, the business succeeds; if the quality of the goods is poor, the bond is forfeited and the business fails.

Advertising is one of the strongest influences in teaching business men that the square deal is the only permanently successful policy.

Watching for Weaknesses

Thus, advertisers are most vigilant to keep their product up to standard. Of course, in a great business, operatives will make mistakes and they will try to avoid blame by hiding their mistakes. But let you, the purchaser, write a complaint of some article that you have found faulty; something happens. The manufacturer spares no expense in running down your complaint to the very ground, because the fear that many pieces of bad work may have got by the factory inspectors sends a cold chill down his back.

Bear in mind that figure of the bond. The manufacturer has paid out great sums of money to tell you that his commodity is what you want. *The only possible way for him to get back that money is to keep his faith with you.*

A Modern Policy

"But," you say, "everybody knows that much fraudulent advertising appears and that many purchasers are cheated."

That statement, so commonly made, is far too strong; but, for the sake of argument, let it stand. Practically all the great national weekly and monthly publications keep a jealous watch over the character of their advertisements. All of the leaders carefully exclude deceitful and misleading advertisements, and this policy of safeguarding you, the reader, is becoming yearly more and more insistent in American publishing.

Again "put yourself in his place": When a manufacturer has once seen the big benefits to his business from telling the public of the merits of his wares he wants to have more merits to tell about. Therefore, he sets all the talent he can command at work on improving his wares. A marked feature of most of the widely advertised commodities is competition in improved quality.

More Critical Buyers

Carry your reasoning a bit further. Suppose you were a manufacturer advertising a mattress, a carbon paper, a stocking. Your every advertisement would teach the public wisdom in buying. They would learn the various merits the article should possess, and because the article is in the public eye they discuss it with their friends. That is part of the bond every advertiser gives. His very advertising makes his market increasingly critical.

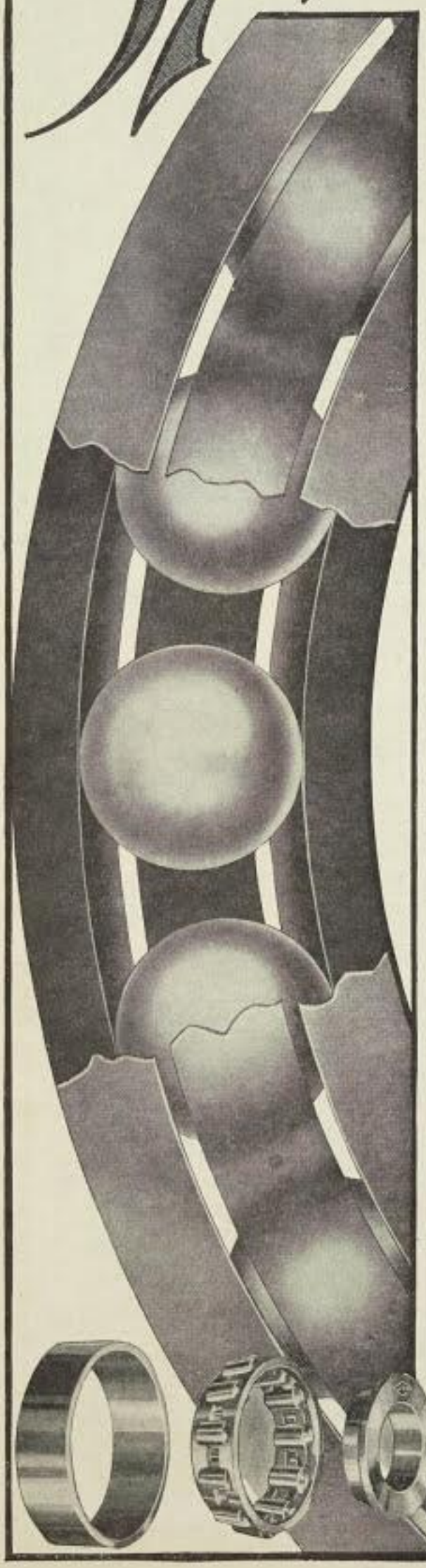
"Exceptions to the rule?" Of course there are. But cheats are having worse and worse times in this country, and the hardest field of all in which to cheat successfully is in advertising a business in the great national publications.

Every fraudulent sale makes an enemy, while every honorable sale makes a friend. Advertising changes that rule only in greatly intensifying it.

If you are interested in the subject of advertising, write for book on "The Modern Selling Force." To business men it is sent gratis.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	THE SATURDAY EVENING POST	The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN
Present circulation 1,748,000	Present circulation 1,832,000	Present circulation 46,000
BOSTON	PHILADELPHIA	NEW YORK	CHICAGO



97% of all the Motor Cars made in America are equipped with Standard Roller Bearings, Standard Ball Bearings or Standard Steel Balls

The makers of that 97% specify Standard products in their construction.

The purpose of this announcement is to show you what a marked effect this specifying of Standard products has upon the life, safety and the easy riding qualities of the motor car you buy.

We wish to make the use of Standard Bearings a further asset to the manufacturer—by earning for him your appreciation of how much these bearings contribute to the efficiency of his car.

By making clear to you the superiority of Standard Bearings, we shall hasten the day when the manufacturers of that 97% will specify Standard products for *every* purpose which requires the use of bearings in their cars.

The subject of bearings is one of very real and very vital importance to you.

If, in buying a motor car, you satisfy yourself on every other phase of its construction; and rest content with poor, or even ordinary bearings, you have bought nothing more nor less than a poor or an ordinary car.

To a perfect bearing like the Standard you owe the greater part of that gliding quality for which you gladly pay from $3000 to $6000.

Why are Standard Bearings so essential—how do they contribute to the ease and endurance and economical maintenance of a motor car?

Standard
ANNULAR ROLLER BALL THRUST
BEARINGS

A recent occurrence in a different field of engineering endeavor, illustrates in a homely way how Standard Bearings perform this essential function to moving parts.

The United States Government desired to reduce the friction involved in the operation of a revolving lighthouse lens to the lowest possible point.

The lens measured 7 feet in diameter and weighed 3000 pounds. Using the Government ball bearings, a weight-impulse of 123 pounds was required to produce in 25 seconds one revolution of the lens.

With the Standard Ball Bearings, a weight-impulse of only 63 pounds was required to produce one revolution in 13 seconds.

What the Standard Bearings did for the U. S. Government Lighthouse lens, Standard Bearings also accomplish for the motor; the crankshaft; the differential; the axles; and for every phase of motor car construction in which they are involved.

Thus, the finest and most expensive motor cars in America are fine precisely because of the number of fine bearings which they use.

The horsepower of the motor you buy is transferred by bearings in whole or in part to the crankshaft; to the differential; to the rear axle, and thence to the wheels of the car. The conservation of that power depends, in whole or in part, upon the quality of material and workmanship in those bearings.

And if any one of those bearings fails in its particular function, the usefulness of the entire motor car is partially or entirely crippled.

Your every-day comfort is destroyed by loss of power, impaired riding qualities, wear and beating of parts (causing breakage) or a hundred and one other evils which produce a quick deterioration of an otherwise efficient car.

Hence the millions invested by the Standard Roller Bearing Company for the sole purpose of producing perfect bearings and banishing friction from the motor car.

Hence the largest and finest plant in the world devoted to the manufacture of bearings alone—more than half a mile in length, with 500,000 square feet of factory space.

Hence the specifications of Standard products in 97% of American motor car production.

Hence the importance to you of insisting that in any car you buy, "All its bearings shall be Standard."

If you own or expect to own a motor car, you will be interested in seeing our literature covering the subject more fully.

STANDARD ROLLER BEARING CO.

SRB Philadelphia, Pa.

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: Hastings House
10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department Ottawa, Canada

Volume 184 *PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 23, 1911* *Number 26*

The Decline and Fall of North American Food

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

UPON a certain gladsome occasion a certain man went into a certain restaurant in a certain large city, being imbued with the idea that he desired a certain kind of food. Expense was with him no object. The coming of the holidays had turned his thoughts backward to the carefree days of boyhood and he longed for the holidaying provender of his youth with a longing that was as wide as a river and as deep as a well.

"Me, I have tried it all," he said to himself. "I have been down the line on this eating proposition from alphabet soup to animal crackers. I know the whole thing, from the nine-dollar, nine-course banquet, with every course bathed freely in the same kind of sauce and tasting exactly like all the other courses, to the quick lunch, where the only difference between clear soup and beef broth is that if you want the beef broth the waiter sticks his thumb into the clear soup and brings it along to you.

"I have feasted copiously at grand hotels where they charge you corkage on your own hot-water bottle, and I have dallied frugally with the forty-cent table d'hôte with wine, when the victuals were the product of the well-known Sam Brothers—Flot and Jet—and the wine tasted like the stuff that was left over from graining the woodwork for a mahogany finish.

"I now greatly desire to eat some regular food, and if such a thing be humanly possible I should also prefer to eat it in silence unbroken except by the noises I make myself. I have eaten meals backed up so close to the orchestra that the leader and I were practically wearing the same pair of suspenders. I have been howled at by a troupe of Sicilian brigands armed with their national weapons—the garlic and the gultar. I have been tortured by mechanical pianos and automatic melodeons, and I crave quiet. But in any event I want food. I cannot spare the time to travel nine hundred miles to get it, and I must, therefore, take a chance here."

So, as above stated, he entered this certain restaurant and seated himself; and as soon as the Hungarian string band had desisted from playing an Italian air orchestrated by a German composer he got the attention of an omnibus, who was Greek, and the bus enlisted the assistance of a side waiter, he being French, and the side waiter in time brought to him the head waiter, regarding whom I violate no confidence in stating that he was Swiss. The man I have been quoting then drew from his pockets a number of bank notes and piled them up slowly, one by one, alongside his plate. Beholding the denominations of these bills the head waiter with difficulty restrained himself from kissing the hungry one upon the bald spot on his head. The sight of a large bill invariably quickens the better nature of a head waiter as nothing else will.



"I Now Greatly Desire to Eat Some Regular Food"

"Now, then," said the hungered one, "I would have speech with you. I desire food—food suitable for a free-born American stomach on such a day as this. No, you needn't wave that menu at me. I can shut my eyes and remember the words and music of every menu that ever was printed. I don't know what half of it means because I am no court interpreter, but I can remember it. I can sing it, and if I had my clarinet here I could play it. Heave the menu over the side of the boat and listen to me. What I want is just plain food—food like mother used to make and mother's fair-haired boy used to eat. We will start off with turkey—turkey *à la* America, understand; turkey that is all to the Hail Columbia, Happy Land. With it I want some cranberry sauce—no, not cranberry, I guess I know it's real name—some cranberry sauce; and some mashed potatoes—mashed with enthusiasm and nothing else, if you can arrange it—and some scalloped oysters and maybe a few green peas. Likewise I want a large cup of coffee right along with these things—not served afterward in a misses' and children's sized cup, but along with the dinner."

"Salad?" suggested the head waiter, reluctantly withdrawing his fascinated vision from the pile of bills. "Salad?" he said.

"No salad," said the homesick stranger, "not unless you could chop me up some lettuce and powder it with granulated sugar and pour a little vinegar over it and bring it in to me with the rest of the grub."

The head waiter's whole being recoiled from the bare prospect. He seemed on the point of swooning, but looked at the money and came to.

"Dessert?" he added, poising a pencil.

"Well," said the man reflectively, "I don't suppose you could fix me up some ambrosia—that's sliced oranges with grated cocoanut on top. And in this establishment I doubt if you know anything about boiled custard, with egg kisses bobbing round it and sunken reefs of sponge cake underneath. So I guess I'd better compromise on some plum pudding; but mind you, not the imported English plum pudding. English plum pudding is not a food, it's a missile, and when eaten it is a concealed deadly weapon. I want an American plum pudding. Mark well my words—an American plum pudding.

"And," he concluded, "if you can bring me these things, just so, without any strange African sauces or weird Oriental fixings or trans-Atlantic goo stirred into them or poured on to them or breathed upon them, I shall be very grateful to you, and in addition I shall probably make you independently wealthy for life."

It was quite evident that the head waiter regarded him as a lunatic—perhaps only a lunatic in a mild form and undoubtedly one cushioned with ready money—but nevertheless a lunatic. Yet he indicated by a stately bow that he would do the best he could under the circumstances, and withdrew to take the matter up with the house committee.

"Now this," said the man, "is going to be something like. To be sure the table is not set right. As I remember how things used to look at home there should be a mustache cup at Uncle Hiram's plate, so he could drink his floating island without getting mussy, and there ought to be a vinegar cruet at one end and a silver cake basket at the other and about nine kinds of pickles and jellies scattered round; and in the center of the table there should be a winter bouquet—a nice, hard, firm, dark red winter bouquet—containing, among other things, a sheaf of wheat, a dried cockscomb and a couple of oak galls. Yet if the real provender is forthcoming I can put up with the absence of the proper settings and decorations."

He had ample leisure for these thoughts, because, as you yourself may have noticed, in a large restaurant when you order anything out of the ordinary—which means anything that is ordinary—it takes time to put the proposition through the proper channels. The waiter lays your application before the board of governors, and after the board of governors has disposed of things coming under the head of unfinished business and good of the order it takes a vote, and if nobody blackballs you the treasurer is instructed to draw a warrant and the secretary engrosses appropriate resolutions, and your order goes to the cook.

But finally this man's food arrived. And he looked at it and sniffed at it daintily—like a reluctant patient going under the ether—and he tasted of it; and then he put his face down in his hands and burst into low, poignant



Where Do You Find the Percentage of Dyspeptics Running Highest?



Rude Hands are Tearing the Tapestries off Their Dining Rooms

moans. For it wasn't the real thing at all. The stuffing of the turkey defied chemical analysis; and, moreover, the turkey before serving should have been dusted with talcum powder and dressed with moth balls, it being plainly a crowning work of the art preservative—meaning by that the cold-storage packing and pickling industry. And if you can believe what Doctor Wiley says—and if you can't believe the man who has dedicated his life to warning you against the things which you put in your mouth to steal away your membranes, whom can you believe?—the cranberry sauce belonged in a paint store and should have been labeled Easter-egg dye, and the green peas were green with Paris green. As for the plum pudding, it was one of those burglar-proof, enamel-finished products that prove the British to be indeed a hardy race. And, of course, they hadn't brought him his coffee along with his dinner, the management having absolutely refused to permit of a thing so revolutionary and unprecedented and one so calculated to upset the whole organization. And at the last minute the racial instincts of the cook had triumphed over his instructions, and he had impartially imbued everything with his native brews, gravies, condiments, seasonings, scents, preservatives, embalming fluids, liquid extracts and perfumeries. So, after weeping unrestrainedly for a time, the man paid the check, which was enormous, and tipped everybody freely and went away in despair and, I think, committed suicide on an empty stomach. At any rate, he came no more. The moral of this fable is, therefore, that it can't be done.

But why can't it be done? We ask you that and pause for a reply. Why can't it be done? It is conceded, I take it, that in the beginning our cookery was essentially of the soil. Of course when our forebears came over they brought along with them certain inherent and inherited Old World notions touching on the preparation of raw provender in order to make it suitable for human consumption; but these doubtless were soon fused and amalgamated with the cooking and eating customs of the original or copper-colored inhabitants. The difference in environment and climate and conditions, together with the amplified wealth of native supplies, did the rest. In Merrie England, as all travelers know, there are but three staple vegetables—to wit, boiled potatoes, boiled turnips, and a second helping of the boiled potatoes. But here, spread before the gladdened vision of the newly arrived, and his to pick and choose from, was a boundless expanse of new foodstuffs—birds, beasts and fishes, fruits, vegetables and berries, roots, herbs and sprouts. He furnished the demand and the soil was there competently with the supply.

When Cooking Was Done by Ear

WE OWE a lot to our red brother. From him we derived a knowledge of the values and attractions of the succulent clam, and he didn't cook a clam so that it tasted like O'Somebody's Heels of New Rubber either. From the Indian we got the original idea of the shore dinner and the barbecue, the planked shad and the hoecake. By following in his footsteps we learned about succotash and hominy. He conferred upon us the inestimable boon of his maize—hence corn bread, corn fritters, fried corn and roasting ears; also his pumpkin and his sweet potato—hence the pumpkin pie of the North and its blood brother of the South, the sweet-potato pie. From the Indian we got the tomato—let some agriculturist correct me if I err—though the oldest inhabitant can still remember when we called it a love apple and regarded it as poisonous. From him we inherited the crook-neck squash and the okra, gumbo and the rattlesnake watermelon and the wild goose plum, and many another delectable thing.

So, out of all this and from all this our ancestors evolved cults of cookery which, though they differed perhaps as between themselves, were all purely American and all absolutely unapproachable. France lent a strain to New Orleans cooking and Spain did the same for California. Scrapple was Pennsylvania's, terrapin was Maryland's, the baked bean was Massachusetts', and along with a few other things spoon-bread ranked as Kentucky's fairest product. Indiana had dishes of which Texas wotted not,



Those Who in the Goodness of Their Hearts May Undertake a Search for the Sucking Pig

nor kilowatted either, this being before the day of electrical cooking contrivances. Virginia, mother of presidents and of natural-born cooks, could give and take cookery notions from Vermont. Likewise, this condition developed the greatest collection of cooks, white and black alike, that the world has ever seen. They were inspired cooks, needing no notes, no printed score to guide them. They could burn up all the cookbooks that ever were printed and still cook. They cooked by ear.

And perhaps they still do. If so may Heaven bless and preserve them! Some carping critics may contend that our grandfathers and grandmothers lacked the proper knowledge of how to serve a meal in courses. Let 'em. Let 'em carp until they're as black in the face as a German carp. For real food never yet needed any vain pomp and circumstance to make it attractive. It stands on its own merits, not on the scenic effects. When you really have something to eat you don't need to worry trying to think up the French for napkin. Perhaps there may be some among us here on this continent who, on beholding a finger-bowl for the first time, glanced down into its pellucid depths and wondered what had become of the gold fish. There may have been a few who needed a laprobe drawn up well over the chest when eating grapefruit for the first time. Indeed, there may have been a few even whose execution in regard to consuming soup out of the side of the spoon was a thing calculated to remind you of a bass tuba player emptying his instrument at the end of a hard street parade. But I doubt it. These stories were probably the creations of the professional humorists in the first place. Those who are given real food to eat may generally be depended upon to do the eating without undue noise or excitement. The gross person featured in the comic papers, who consumes his food with such careless abandon that it is hard to tell whether the front of his vest was originally drygoods or groceries, either doesn't exist in real life or else never had any food that was worth eating, and it didn't make any difference whether he put it on the inside of his chest or the outside.

Only a few weeks ago I saw a whole turkey served for a Thanksgiving feast at a large restaurant. It vaunted itself as a regular turkey and was extensively charged for as such on the bill. It wasn't though. It was an ancient and a shabby ruin—a genuine antique if ever there was one, with those high-polished knobs all down the front, like an old-fashioned highboy, and Chippendale legs. To make up for its manifold imperfections the chef back in the kitchen had crowded it full of mysterious laboratory products and then varnished it over with a waterproof glaze or shellac, which rendered it durable without making it edible. Just to see that turkey was a thing calculated to set the mind harking backward to places and times when there had been real turkeys to eat.

Back yonder in the interior we were a simple and a husky race, weren't we? Boys and girls were often fourteen years old before they knew oysters didn't grow in a can. Even grown people knew nothing, except by vague hearsay, of cheese so runny that if you didn't care to eat it you could drink it. There was one traveled person then living who was reputed to have once gone up to the North somewhere and partaken of a watermelon that had had a plug cut in it and a whole quart of imported real Paris—France—champagne wine poured in the plugged place. This, however, was generally regarded as a gross exaggeration of the real facts.

But there was a kind of a turkey that they used to serve in those parts on high state occasions. It was a turkey that in his younger days ranged wild in the woods and ate the mast. At the frosted coming of the fall they penned him up and fed him grain to put an edge of fat on his lean; and then fate descended upon him and he died the ordained death of his kind. But, oh! the glorious reappearance when he reached the table! You sat with weapons poised and ready—a knife in the right hand, a fork in the left and a spoon handy—and looked upon him and watered at the mouth until you had riparian rights.

His breast had the vast brown fullness that you see in pictures of old Flemish friars. His legs were like rounded columns and unadorned, moreover, with those superfluous paper frills; and his tail was half as big as your hand and protruded grandly, like the rudder of a treasure-ship, and had flanges of sizzled richness on it. Here was no pindling fowl that had taken the veil and lived the cloistered life; here was no wiredrawn and trained-down cross-country turkey, but a lusty giant of a bird that would have been a cassowary, probably, or an emu, if he had lived, his bosom a white mountain of lusciousness, his interior a Golconda and not a Golgotha. At the touch of the steel his skin crinkled delicately and fell away; his tissues flaked off in tender strips; and from him arose a bouquet of smells more varied and more delectable than anything ever turned out by the justly celebrated Islands of Spice. It was a sin to cut him up and a crime to leave him be.

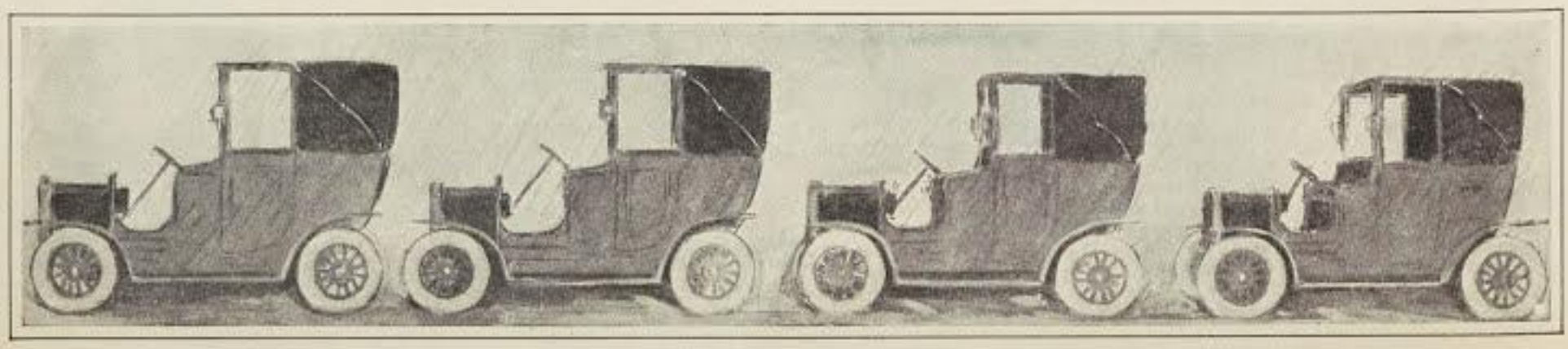
Turkeys I Have Loved and Longed For

HE HAD not been stuffed by a taxidermist or a curio collector, but by the master hand of one of those natural-born home cooks—stuffed with corn bread dressing that had oysters or chestnuts or pecans stirred into it until it was a veritable mine of goodness, and this stuffing had caught up and retained all the delectable drippings and essences of his being, and his flesh had the savor of the things upon which he had lived—the sweet acorns and beechnuts of the woods, the buttery goobers of the plowed furrows, the shattered corn of the horse yard.

Nor was he a turkey to be eaten by the mere slice. At least, nobody ever did eat him that way—you ate him by rods, poles and perches, by townships and by sections—ate him from his neck to his hocks and back again, from his throat latch to his crupper, from center to circumference, and from pit to dome, finding something better all the time; and when his frame was mainly denuded and loomed upon the platter like a scaffolding, you dug into his cadaver and found there small hidden joys and titbits. You ate until the pressure of your waistband stopped your watch and your vest flew open like an engine-house door and your stomach was pushing you over on your back and sitting upon you, and then you half closed your eyes and dreamed of cold-sliced turkey for supper, turkey hash for breakfast the next morning and turkey soup made of the bones of his carcass later on. For each state of that turkey would be greater than the last.

There still must be such turkeys as this one somewhere. Somewhere in this broad and favored land, untainted by notions of foreign cookery and unvisited by New York and Philadelphia people who insist on calling the waiter *garçon*, when his name is Gabe or George, there must be

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THE MAN WHO FORSWORE CHRISTMAS

By JOHN CORBIN

ILLUSTRATED BY F. C. YOHN

JAFFRAY was the best of husbands and of men. His wife admitted it—even to him. And it did not spoil him.

He had created his business from the ground up; and, though he was barely forty, it was in a fair way to be very profitable. He had married young and had three children. He took a manly pride in all this; but he had also, he said, a manly modesty. When he expatiated on the depth and sincerity of this modesty it was evident that he had also a sense of humor.

If he had any foible, his wife had observed, it was his belief in his rightness of mind, the clearness of his reason. The belief was not without justification. He was able to convince himself of almost anything if she allowed him to talk long enough. And she had sometimes found him to be right.

It was thus a matter of moment when he declared one day that in modern life Christmas has lost its significance—become a fraud and a bore. This opinion, he admitted, was not startlingly original. Most people share it; and even while they are making ready their gifts their grumbles hit the sky crescendo. In the interest of peace the mildest-mannered men mob one another in the shops while the clerks sicken in soul and body. To manifest good will, people already groaning under the burden of modern life give one another things as ugly as they are useless. He was reminded of the comment his Greek professor once made on certain articles of gold, unearthed in the treasure chest of King Priam of Troy. "They are hideously expensive," said the old man, "and of no possible use. They must be Christmas presents."

"At least," said Mary, "the Priam family set a good example by doing up their gifts so long before Christmas."

Jaffray was not to be diverted. His originality, he explained, lay in the fact that, in his rightness of mind, he saw that the conduct of the whole civilized world at Christmas is slavish. He took from his pocket the draft of a letter to his friends. Easily and genially it explained his scruples and begged the recipient to join with him in omitting the usual present.

His wife said nothing, for she was aware that to argue was only to make his ideas strike in more dangerously. And there was always the chance that he was right. Producing her account books, she turned to the list of those for whom she had yearly bought his presents. "Nothing for Mr. Hardy and Mr. Pendleton?" she asked.

"No!" he said. The exchange had grown out of business relations.

"Nothing for Tom Mason?" Tom was an old classmate—a fellow of the most brilliant promise, whom life had somehow subdued. Years ago they had been close friends; but when their children came the Masons had moved to a suburb quite inaccessible to the metropolitan imagination.

"It's ages since we've seen them," Mary pleaded. "Won't it seem as if we were giving them the go-by?"

"I heard the other day that he's been frightfully hard up," answered Jaffray. "We've no right to burden him with an obligation."

"Here's Billy Burdette. We've sort of lost track of him too." Burdette had prospered mightily in Wall Street and now consorted with the rich and the great.

"To give him anything he would value," said Jaffray, "is sheer extravagance."

"Haven't we been rather standoffish with the Burdettes?" Mary ventured. She added in a vein of gentle satire: "No matter how successful a man is, or how high he climbs, his real, true friends always stick to him."

"Turned about, the case is the same as with Tom. The barrier is there; so why ignore it?"

"And the children?"

Little Roger had made it known that he wanted a wireless apparatus. Molly had got her mother to guide her hand while she printed a letter to Santa Claus begging for a doll from Paris that had "all the clothes."

"When I was a kid," said Jaffray, "a pair of skates or a bobsled kept a fellow happy the whole winter."

"I'm sorry," said Mary; "but I've already done up the children's presents."

"At any rate," he protested, "I'm going to tell them the truth about that old fake, Santa Claus. I've done all the lying there that's up to me."

"Aren't they still rather young?" Shadows gathered in her clear gray eyes. She felt that this decision might well be left to her.

"It's high time they learned they can't have everything on which they set their riotous fancies. They've got to learn discipline!"

Mary, on the other hand, would as soon have thought of parting with an ear or an eye as with the day that from childhood had been dearest of all to her.



"Didn't Santy Claus Bring You—Not Anything at All?"

"It may be true," she pleaded, throwing caution to the winds, "that we have so overdone Christmas as to kill its significance; but the idea it stands for seems to me important. How else is one to realize it?"

"If it is important why confine it to a single day?" observed Jaffray. "To those who live rightly, every day is Christmas."

This sounded so plausible and was so humiliating that Mary beat a hasty retreat. "And you are going to send that letter to Aunt Janet?" she asked. With this she smiled—a subtle, inscrutable smile. Miss Jaffray was possessed of worldly goods, and he was her nearest of kin. If his feeling for her was colored by thoughts of her will that was only human.

For the fraction of a second he hesitated, and then: "Why, of course!" he said with emphasis.

Inspired by this bold decision he became eloquent.

"Like everything else once sound in our national life, Christmas has been stifled by the advance in luxury. It is a screaming parody on everything that democracy—Christianity—should stand for."

"Is that all?" asked Mary.

"Is that all! Do you know what this Christmas humbug costs us?" He took her housekeeping book and cast up the increasing totals of past years. Then he figured the amount necessary to return the sum at interest. It was getting to be a matter of thousands. "Enough to buy the land for a place in the country," he concluded. "Every summer now tells on you and on the children." It was, in fact, his dearest wish, as it was their nearest need, to possess such a place.

"Then why didn't you swear off years ago?"

"You think you have me there!" he laughed. "If I had, people would have suspected how hard up I've been for capital in the business—thought I was done for. When a man is fighting for a foothold he can't afford that sort of thing! Now we are getting on Easy Street I don't care what they think."

At this Mary laughed outright. "Women will never understand men," she said. "Their minds are so simple."

"You mean I'm only a tightwad?" he growled. Her insinuation and, more than that, her air of having punctured his soaring sentiments piqued his pride, his sense of mental honesty. To make light of her he pounced upon her, laughing, and gnashed his teeth about her pink ears.

"Do you know what I'm going to do?" he said. "I'm going to eat you alive, you cynical little heathen!"

"Even then," she said, "I'm afraid you will find that I disagree with you."

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Opening his morning mail a few days later, Jaffray grinned expansively. "Down with the cost of high living!" wrote Hardy. "It is bringing the country to the bowwows." He added: "I am trying to decide how to invest my Christmas savings—in a gas boat or a honk machine." Pendleton professed that he was starting an endless chain of Christmas swear-offs. "Give us time," he concluded, "and the old saint and his reindeer won't have a leg to stand on."

Jaffray still wore a grin when Tom Mason dropped in on the way to his office from the suburban train. Here, he told himself, was a test case. His old classmate had more commonsense and a more uncommon quality of heart than any one he had ever known. Even Mary must be convinced by Mason. Tom gave no hint, however, of his reason for calling, and Jaffray decided to sit tight and let him take the subject in his own way.

It was actually three years since they had met and Jaffray regarded him with keen interest. In college he had been a brilliant scholar and writer; and the fellows had expected him to revolutionize journalism, which they felt was in a very sad way. Today the only things about him that shone were the sleeves of his business coat—except where they were roughing to tatters at the elbow. He was copy editor on a newspaper controlled by "the interests" which, as an undergraduate, he had so brilliantly denounced. His face had gone through a change that was as striking. Once plump and ruddy, it was now pale and prematurely wrinkled; but, instead of wearing the air of one who is bearing aloft the burden of the ages, it was genial, sympathetic—even humorous.

For some reason that Jaffray failed to comprehend, Tom talked about himself. When "the interests" bought the paper for which he worked, doctors' bills and an increasing family had run him into debt. He could neither change his opinions to suit his new employers nor command a living salary elsewhere. He had been given the only post he could reconcile with his conscience. For ten years now he had edited reporters' copy, pouring his brains into other men's moulds. The world had forgotten that he was fit for anything else. Three years ago a new paper had started with the policy of which he was in warm sympathy, and the proprietors were still looking for capable editorial writers. He had applied for a post and had received no answer. Obviously they thought him a mere hireling of "the interests." He was fixed for good and all in routine work and in the life of a commuter. He talked quite lightly, with a satiric sense of the vanity of his youthful ambitions.

There was something deep and fine in the way he spoke of his wife and children. Without them he still felt he might have done much of what he had once dreamed; but they were well worth the sacrifice. A man's personal life is more important than any career, both to himself and to the world at large. He and his wife were content to live on from day to day, caring for each other and for the children. As Tom said this, his manner had a personal, kindly air that puzzled Jaffray.

He passed lightly from his own affairs to memories of undergraduate frolics. When he left Jaffray was laughing heartily.

Presently his face became serious. He grasped the telephone and called up the proprietor of the new paper uptown that Tom had mentioned. He knew him very well. When he put down the receiver he said to himself: "Now I guess Tom can show the stuff that's in him!" He added with a puzzled frown: "But he never mentioned my letter!"

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That evening he remarked to Mary: "I had only to say the word and the trick was turned. Simms said he wanted nothing better than a recommendation from me." He spoke without immodesty; but in his next words there was unmistakable triumph: "Compared to this sort of personal touch with one's friends a lifetime of mere formal giving is futile."

"It was hardly to get you to help him that he came," said Mary. "You don't suppose he thought you were in business trouble—in danger of going under? You rather expected that, you know."

"Tom lend me money?" He laughed.

"Oh, no; but wasn't he trying to tell you, tactfully, sympathetically, how life looks in the vale of worldly defeat—how, for those who have eyes to see, it is a rather cheerful valley? Chance enabled you to do him a good turn very easily; but the sort of thing he did can proceed only from the deepest and truest impulses." Through her memory floated his proud idea that to the elect every day is Christmas. "It seems a pity," she added, "that you didn't get into 'personal touch' with him long ago—save him all those years of worry. Isn't it you yourself—not Christmas—that is lacking in the life of the spirit?"

Jaffray was still beaming with satisfaction in the deed he had done. "You're all off about Tom," he said gayly. "It is only the very rich who send you a 'Thought' for Christmas."

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In the morning Jaffray heard from the very rich. Billy Burdette called him up and asked him to lunch at his downtown club. It was on the top floor of an office building and its arcade of windows commanded a lordly view of the harbor—its swarming ferries and majestic Atlantic liners. At the tables about them sat men whose names were familiar throughout the world of commerce and whose present thoughts were weighted with good or evil for an entire continent. Burdette pointed out his fellow plutocrats with humorous deprecation. It all gave Jaffray the sensation of a life so exalted above his own that it only touched the high places.

Yet Burdette had never seemed so genuinely interested in him. His face was still almost boyish, as is apt to be the case with those who succeed early—a striking contrast with Tom's pale and careworn visage. If his manner was confident, as of one used to command, it was also modest and generous. He, too, made no mention of the Christmas letter.

"How are you coming on in that business of yours?" he asked. "With half a chance you will land something really fine."

"We've been pinched at times for capital. Once I thought we were done for; but in another year we shall begin to take in the big money."

"Then it isn't that?" said Burdette.

Jaffray opened his eyes very wide. To himself he exclaimed: "Isn't what!" He reddened to the roots of his hair.

Burdette's blond face turned pink. "I may as well own up," he said. "I'd half an idea from your letter you were in for sloppy weather. And I rather hoped you'd give me the chance to make a good use of some of the superfluous pelf that somehow or other has stuck to me."

Jaffray still said nothing, which was quite natural; for his independent life had given him little experience in gratitude or practice in expressing it.

"The real reason I wanted to see you," Burdette pursued, "was ——" He hesitated, groping for an outlet from his blunder. "It was to ask you a favor—about some real estate. We've bought in the wilds of Westchester—Ethel and I."

The purchase, a matter of a thousand acres, was the one thing Jaffray envied him.

"Some sort of people will settle up that country, and we want you to help us get in the right kind. Now, how about those kids of yours? Ethel ran across Mary last August, shopping, and found she was spending the summer in town. That must be hard on them."

"The time came," Jaffray explained, "when we had to decide between kids and the country. Mary said kids were pretty good without the country, but that the country would be a desert without kids."

"That's just what's bothering us now," said Burdette. "I decided the other way. When our time came it was the suburbs or—the thing I've gone in for. Well, I've got the thing; but ——" Burdette's eye wandered. "Last Sunday we were walking in the park."

"You two in the park—Sunday!" On a second's reflection Jaffray's soul turned over within him, for this was the most snobbish thing he had ever said.

"We go there for fresh air—and stay to watch the young ones. Last Sunday we saw those kids of yours."

"How did you know they were ours?"

Burdette smiled. "How would you know? Because they are the most beautiful kids this side of Kingdom Come. Besides, we asked the nurse. They were doing belly-whoppers over a ledge with some little slum children—all jolly young humans together, their faces full of joy and light as the big, round sun above. What on earth were you two doing that was better than being out there to see them?"

"Keeping our eye on the baby—and discussing Christmas."

Possibly Burdette reflected what the discussion came to. "Christmas and kids," he mused—"and such kids! Are you sure you quite realize what a lucky devil you are? I said my proposition was real estate; but it's partly livestock. There's a piece of fifty acres, down in the corner of our new place, that was specially intended, 'way back in the dawn of creation, for kids to romp and clamber over—huge ledges tumbled amid groves of hickory, oak and chestnut, with grass-grown swales between. There's a two-mile water view over one of the lakes, and about the base of the ledges a brook all full of sunny shallows and black trout pools. What a place for children! When I see it, it looks positively orphaned! And you can get out among it all in an hour and a half from town."

Jaffray's heart was torn with covetousness and envy.

"Now we shall need some one to swap grub with and tell our troubles to. And the older we grow the more we realize that first friends are best friends. So up you come—you two—and bring the kids. I'll hold the place till your ship comes in and let you have it for what it cost—a hundred dollars an acre."



"And They is Janty Claus!"

Jaffray felt, with such a place, the whole world would be his; but he was not the man to take advantage of that sort of a situation.

"Since you bought up there," he objected, "land has rocketed in price. Before I can pay up for it, it will be worth a thousand dollars an acre."

This was true; but Burdette only laughed and insisted on regarding the matter as settled.

As Jaffray walked back to his office he had the pleasant sensation of recovering an old friend, to find him more than ever worth while. There was a depth in the man for which he had not given him credit, a background of sadness; for greater than his worldly gain was his sense of loss, of defeat. All those two had to look forward to was advancing age, alone in their wilderness. There was a strange enough contrast in it all with the courage and cheerfulness he had seen behind Tom's subdued and deprecating manner.

His strongest impression, however, was of a touch of masterfulness. In his office Burdette had the reputation of being a martinet. That, indeed, quite as much as his alertness and his sympathetic good-fellowship, had been the secret of his success. Jaffray felt that the offer was not so much an offer as a royal command. He resented this in proportion as the thing offered was dear to him and otherwise beyond hoping for.

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"It isn't merely a 'Thought' he offers," said Mary; "now, is it?" She smiled, for she knew very well how sorely the offer tempted her husband. "Yet in the end, like Tom, wasn't he trying to tell you that there's more in life than you quite appreciate? Wasn't he rather protesting against your idea of Christmas?"

"Perhaps; but, if he was, I say: Confound the man for his impudence—though he is the best fellow in the world!"

"It is true that, on the whole, you are more successful than either Tom or Billy. You have the personal life, and you are in a way to be quite rich."

Something of the kind had occurred to Jaffray. He burst out: "Then what right have they to patronize me?"

Mary answered this question with another: "In this case, also, your swearoff has resulted in a first-rate Christmas present—hasn't it?"

"You mean to him—the chance to do me a service?"

"Surely, you can understand that! When good luck enabled you to put Tom under obligation you were proud as Punch. And in Billy's case, also, if you had got into personal touch with him years ago the present would have been far greater. He could easily have lent you the few thousands you needed and spared us years of worry."

Jaffray laughed derisively. "Then you think we ought to obey Burdette's royal command—accept his offer?"

"It will put us under a material obligation; but, since he really needs us up there—why, yes! Tom accepted your kindness very gratefully, very humbly."

"But this is a radically different case. In matters of money I've never been under obligation to any man!"

"There is always an element of money in the Christmas question, as you yourself so eloquently pointed out; but over and above it is what you call its significance."

"Significance! Rubbish!" he burst out.

"As I have said, you are more successful than either Tom or Billy—in the material life; but, in one way, haven't you fallen behind them? To us the thing Billy offers is the thing we want most in life, but to him it is a bagatelle. What he asks for is far greater than what he gives—though he has been most kind and thoughtful. He asks us to give up our pride in matters of money—our independence."

"I tell you I can't take that land," Jaffray said—"and there's the end of it!"

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It was not the end, however. Coming home next afternoon, he found his Aunt Janet with Mary. She gave



"Tell Me! Have Things Gone Wrong With Your Business?"

him her hand with a smile the like of which he did not remember. He had a sense of dodging for fear she would kiss him.

She was a true Jaffray, his Aunt Janet. As a girl, she had been in love with a young fellow of the best sort; but, though she had money, she had insisted on delaying the marriage until he also should be in a position of worldly independence. He had died in the struggle. If she had ever regretted her proud rigor she had concealed her regret. Her chief interest in life ever since had been in investing and reinvesting her inheritance, which she did with uncommon shrewdness. Knowing the rigidity of her temperament, Jaffray had always treated her with the most scrupulous impersonality. He had been punctiliously kind.

He was not destined, however, to escape her present mood of emotion. The stronger and higher the dam, the greater the flood when at last it breaks.

"What is the matter, my boy?" she said, and to Jaffray's dismay, not only kissed him but took him warmly in her withered old arms. "I have thought so long and so hard! If there is anything wrong I have the right to be told! Oh, I know I am not much to you; but to me you are the nearest of kin. Tell me!" She was weeping on his neck. "Have things gone wrong with your business?"

"No; they haven't!" said Jaffray, his head hanging helplessly over her shoulder. "Not by a long shot!"

Seeing the look in his face, Mary crammed her handkerchief into her mouth.

"Then how have I failed you! I wanted so much to be good to you—to be good to you all." She said this last reaching out to get hold of Mary also. In a moment they were all three smothered in a mutual, inclusive embrace. Then little Roger and Molly came in. "Oh, dear!" lamented Miss Jaffray. "You beautiful things! When the good Lord put so much love into our hearts why did He give us only two arms?" She swooped down upon the children and, with a strength beyond her wasted frame, lifted them together and kissed them.

Before she left, it all came out—her sense of sin in her youthful harshness and her futile, endless longing to win some life of the heart. Pride and money! They had been her undoing. She had always feared her people were thinking more of her money than of her—and that had been the way to chill them. After years of loneliness, Jaffray's letter had given her the chance to speak. Without it she might have died with no one the wiser as to what her true life had been. It had always seemed hard that she could not be with them sometimes in the summer. Did they ever think what it was to spend the long, glorious days rocking on a hotel piazza? She was a "tabby." She knew it. But if they had nothing else in life, perhaps they, too, would watch the young folks at their mating and gossip of it. She had thought out a plan. They needed a place in the country. She would give it to them—give it instead of her final bequest. She named the sum.



"Santy Claus Gived Me My Dolly—and I Won't Let You Say Things About Him!"

It was less than Jaffray hoped, but more than he expected. It would buy the land Burdette wanted them to take and build a house on it—if they took the place at Burdette's price. Mary stood apart. Jaffray was silent.

Miss Jaffray took his silence for consent and kissed him.

To object was now impossible. "Every summer," Jaffray forced himself to say, "you will come to visit us there." He did not look happy as he said it.

Miss Jaffray beamed benevolence and gratification; but Mary caught something glum in her husband's tone—and dogged. Her face fell. "No one but myself has heard you say that," she said, "and I shall forget it."

The two Jaffrays turned upon her, frowning and amazed.

"Aunt Janet's one aim," she explained, "is to sweep away forever the idea of money between us—and you make her gift a bargain!" She turned to Miss Jaffray. "I want you always to feel that we are giving our love as freely as you give us yours. The place will be yours, precisely as it is ours."

"Precisely!" said Miss Jaffray, recovering her mood of happiness. "How beautifully you express it!"

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When Miss Jaffray was gone Mary confronted her husband. He was now in a position thoroughly ridiculous and he looked it. He had denounced his generation as material; and at once, almost automatically, he was shown up as hopelessly, almost pitifully, lacking in the life of the spirit. He had renounced the day of gifts—and one after another his friends, each with his most personal offering, had battered at the door of his heart. The most precious thing in the world to him was his for the taking.

Foolish though he looked and felt, however, his mind was unshaken.

"The sort of arrangement you offer Aunt Janet," he said, "is sure to end in a smashup. No place can belong to two people. In every household there has got to be a master."

"And also a mistress?" she asked. "I am mistress of our household. And, unless I am greatly mistaken, I shall find ways to be kind to our aunt and let her be kind to us."

"I tell you I won't take it!" he cried. "And if any one else tries to give me anything I'll push his face in!"

"As you stand there now," said Mary, "you look like the heroic sculpture of Ajax refusing a drink."

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There were no more gifts however. The final test of his fortitude was of a very different order.

In the gray dawn of Christmas morning he was awakened by laughter and cries of delight as little Roger and Molly opened their presents on the rug before the drawing-room fire. He turned uneasily in his bed, for he was still determined to drive from his hearth the ancient myth of Santa Claus. And that, he felt, was an undertaking.

He heard the patter of little slippered feet and the coverlet was pulled down gently from about his ears. "Wake up, daddy!" piped the voice of his daughter. "Come and see what Santy Claus brought you!" Roger romped in and pulled the clothes from his bed. "Out of bed, sleepy head!" he cried. "It's Christmas, Christmas, Christmas!"

He found his wife on the hearth-rug amid a profusion of toys and their wrappings. Roger plied him with questions about wireless telegraphy and Molly clamored to present him to her doll and "all its clothes."

"Now mummy and daddy can look at their presentses," said Molly by-and-by. Her thoughts ran easily to the happiness of other people.

A little table by the chimney was covered with parcels neatly tied in gay ribbons. As Mary admired gift after gift and laid it aside, a shadow of trouble came into Molly's blue eyes and deepened into a cloud of wonder and pain. When the last package was opened she looked full into her father's face.

"Didn't Santy Claus bring you—not anything at all?" she asked in an awed whisper.

"I wrote him I didn't want anything," said Jaffray. Mary had prevailed upon him to put off his attack on the saint until the children had had the first pleasure of their presents.

"Oh!" said Molly. She went back to her play, but with dampened spirits. There was a ray of happiness for her when the baby awoke and they gave him his few bright baubles. There was another when it occurred to her that Santa Claus had "forgotted" Fluff, the white Persian kitten; and, begging a fishball from the kitchen, she printed "From Santa Claus" on a card with her mother's help and laid it beside the plate. "Fluff-puff won't know it's my writting," she explained. "And Santy Claus would 'ave left a fishball if he'd 'membered. They's so many childrens he sometimes forgets the little new kittens." There were times when she brightened in the joy of changing the clothes on her doll, but undeniably the sun of her Christmas was under a cloud. Always she came back to her father and in silence put her little hand on his knee. Jaffray watched her, not knowing what to make of the child's actions.

Toward noon she plucked up courage to say: "Daddy has been naughty-bad. That is why Santy Claus don't love him any more." Thus it became evident that she had struggled all morning against the conviction that in explaining his lack of a Christmas her father had lied.

Jaffray saw that his hour had come. In self-defense he explained where the lie came in. When he ceased speaking Molly put her two hands on her little bosom. Her childish lips relaxed and slowly trembled, and two huge tears welled up from her wide young eyes. "It makes me feel all sick and hurted here!" she said, and clutched her

(Continued on Page 47)



Undeniably the Sun of Her Christmas Was Under a Cloud



He Was Lonesome—Homesick as He Had Never Been Before

Turkey and Cranberry Sauce

Raising Turkeys Wholesale and Picking Cranberries by Machinery



Filling In and Preparing a Cranberry Bog

By FORREST CRISSEY

THE cowboy is already counted among the vanishing quantities. His day is declared to be about over, as the fence, the irrigation ditch and the plow are rapidly pushing him off the plains. The closing of the range is the end of the chapter for the cowboy—save in the pages of popular fiction and behind the footlights of the stage. But those who have found him a fascinating figure in these places are entitled to take heart and not grieve over his passing, for he is leaving behind a very plausible substitute who, if not just as good, is so fair and convincing an imitation of the original that he might easily pass muster with the gallery critics in whose hands are the making of the gods of melodrama.

This substitute is none other than the turkeyboy who herds your holiday dinner—in its full armor of glossy feathers—upon the vast stubble-fields of California's bonanza grain ranches; and this new type of range rider is likely to have a firm seat in his saddle long after the cowboy has become a reminiscence and a tradition. Uncle Sam's folks are increasing at a tremendous rate, and with one voice they all declare that the turkey is the only bird for the family board on the great holiday occasions of Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. On this point our national appetite is fixed, and no substitute will be accepted.

It has remained for the state most remote from the landing-place of the Pilgrim Fathers to push the raising of this favorite bird of our national feasts to the proportions of an industry which need not shrink from comparison—at least in some respects—with that in which the cowboy has cut so large and dashing a figure. And the most important point in which comparison is invited is with respect to the profits that flow into the pockets of the owners of the turkey herds. It should, of course, be remembered that the turkey is the bird of a few midwinter festivities, while the beefsteak or the roast is an everyday article in our national diet.

To look upon a flock of nineteen hundred turkeys fattening on a stubble-range of hundreds of acres; to see how the mounted turkeyboy and his trained dogs herd and handle this great band of holiday birds; and to watch the activities of a big turkey-shipping point, where many thousands of these dressed fowls are started on their journey to the holiday dinner tables of the whole United States, is to reach a sudden realization that turkey growing has attained the full stature of an industry. There are many turkey herds in California that number hundreds of birds, probably several score that contain more than a thousand, and several that press close to the two-thousand point. This year California contributes almost half a million turkeys to our Thanksgiving and Christmas tables; last year the number was four hundred thousand, according to the estimate of the State Board of Agriculture.

To the man or woman of the East or the Middle West who has repeatedly struggled to raise a herd of poults from the nest to marketable maturity, a flock of a thousand turkeys seems nothing short of a miracle. It is easier for the farmer in the region of summer rains to believe the largest story of profits in chickens ever printed in advertising form than to accept the statement that any man has ever raised in a single season, from his own hatching, a thousand or more marketable turkeys. But scores of such flocks actually exist in the valleys of the Pacific coast country, where there are months of uninterrupted sunshine.

A Great State for Turkeys

ALL of the turkey ranchers are agreed that the greatest element in their success is the long dry season without a drop of rainfall. Climate, according to these men who operate turkey herds that are grazed like cattle, is the thing that has given California her supremacy in the production of our national feast bird. However, these turkey kings admit that climate is only one element in the difficult art of turkey raising, and that there are many other elements to be mastered before these birds can be raised in bands of many hundreds without a premature deathrate that seriously interferes with the profits. There is an age, even in California, at which the young turk is as prone to wilt and die as the grass of the field that is cut down. Therefore the methods employed by the captains of the turkey industry on the Pacific slope to prevent the untimely death of their poults have a practical interest and value for all who are engaged in this difficult and extra-hazardous branch of poultry production, wherever they are.

Ralph Norton is a recognized turkey king with a high reputation for progressive methods and good results. He was a business man before he became a turkey rancher. Before the great disaster that laid San Francisco in ruins he owned five retail stores in that city. From the ashes of his business he recovered a strong taste for country life and enough money to make a meager start with a small band of turkeys. As a refugee he was able to rent, at the cost of a few cents an acre, a sheep range equipped with a set of rough buildings well adapted to his new kind of ranching. He took this particular ranch because he could get it, and the rental was cheap. But had he been a veteran in his new calling he could not have made a better choice, for the soil was gravelly—and turkeys are inveterate users of gravel.

At the outset he visited the turkey ranches of that locality and learned all he could of the traditions and rule-of-thumb methods of turkey culture. It happened that the hatching coops on the ranches he visited were set close together along the fence-line. Consequently he followed this arrangement in placing his own coops. The results taught him that tradition is not always a safe guide. When the little poults began to hatch under the hens that were set earliest, the peeping of the new arrivals had a quick and disastrous effect upon the nervous systems of the neighboring hens whose period of incubation was not completed. After he had counted the number of cold eggs caused by this neighborhood panic Mr. Norton hit upon a plan that he now rigidly enforces with great success. He places only five coops in a community, and the hens in these are all set on the same day. This is only one of the points on which the application of business sense has upset tradition and enabled Mr. Norton to score a point over his less progressive competitors.

His library of turkey literature and bulletins is one of the largest in the country. He doesn't believe that he or his neighbors know the last word in turkey lore, and he doesn't despise theory or suggestions because they come to him in printed form.

"Turkeys," declares Mr. Norton, "are handled almost exactly as sheep are herded. You can get along in this business without a heap of things—like a fine cook-and-camp wagon, for instance—but you surely can't handle a big band of birds without an outfit of two or three trained dogs. Half a dozen men would not replace in practical working ability my two shepherd dogs. They can round up the herd in less time than ten men could go through the motions. Besides, the dogs will get all the turkeys and the men would miss a lot of 'em. Sometimes I'm asked if the dogs do not hurt the turkeys. Some dogs are more nervous than others and will set their teeth to a stubborn bird that tries to escape and stay out all night. But that difficulty is easily met by putting a small bell on the dog that is inclined to be harsh. The turkeys do the rest. When they hear that bell coming in their direction they fall into line in short order."



A Turkey King With a High Reputation for Progressive Methods



"Turkeys are Handled Almost Exactly as Sheep are Herded"



A Gang of Cranberry Pickers at Work

Like other large turkey ranchers who run bands of a thousand birds or more, Mr. Norton has a camp-wagon that is especially designed for the business and is not only a traveling kitchen and bedroom for the herder, but also carries on its top portable sleeping accommodations for the turkeys. These traveling roosts are so constructed that they will fold compactly together. When a stop is made they are quickly unlimbered and set up ready for the birds. The purpose of these disappearing roosts is not so much the comfort of the birds as their safety, for turkeys are not so quickly caught or stampeded by coyotes, wildcats, foxes, skunks and other night prowlers when perched a few feet above the ground. Because of these animals that share the national appetite for the breast of turkey, the turkeyboy out on the range is as well armed as the traditional cowboy.

How far the turkey herder strays afield depends upon the size of his band and upon the location of good fattening range. The big bands travel many miles from home, however. The best pasturage is a great grainfield, harvested by the latest machine methods. Here the birds not only feast upon the grain wasted by the harvester, but also clean the field of grasshoppers, beetles and other insects. Though the owner of the turkeys willingly pays twenty-five to seventy-five cents an acre for the privilege of grazing his birds upon wheat or barley stubble, the proprietor of the field might almost as logically pay that amount to the turkey rancher for ridding his field of insect pests. This combination of insects and grain makes an ideal ration.

The Dangerous Age

"FEW of the men or women," observes Mr. Norton, "who help to eat the holiday turkey at the home table have the remotest notion of the almost infinite care and work involved in the raising of their big birds. It sounds easy to say that turkeys are herded like sheep. The average Eastern man or woman at once understands by this that you mount your pony, whistle to your dog, ride afield and loaf until it's time to come back home. Herding the turkeys is really the easiest part of the work—but even that isn't exactly loafing! When the young turkeys begin to get into the red—to show their characteristic color about the head and throat—they are much less trouble than before; but even then a band of a thousand of them can manage to keep a man, a horse and two dogs so busy that they're all willing to sleep at night. The herder must keep constant watch to prevent straying. He must also see that they get a little water, but only a little, in the middle of the day—otherwise indigestion and trouble are almost sure to follow. Again, they should be rounded up in the shade for a rest during the hours of the greatest heat. All this means not only vigilant watchfulness but much riding and actual work.

"From hatching time until the birds are well into the red—which with us is almost September first—is the period of greatest stress with the turkey rancher. The mothers and their poults are kept in confinement on this ranch until the little ones are two weeks old. During that time the whole management of the broods is centered upon two things—giving the poults all the food they will eat and keeping them clean. Six times a day is not too often to feed young poults, but they must never be given more at a time than they will clean up without leaving a scrap. Of course the poults are fed outside the coop in which the mother is confined. Our food consists of hard-boiled eggs, red pepper and onion tops chopped together. Alfalfa and milk curd and grits are added to the combination whenever possible. Frequency of feeding is as important in the infancy of a Christmas turkey as it is in that of a baby.

"When the poults are two weeks old they are turned out to range in a restricted way, in order that they may get the insect food which they demand. Five or ten mothers and their broods are made into a bunch and handled as a unit. More than this number cannot be massed together because of the confusion as to the mothers—and it is important that the poults make no mistake on this score, for the hens are put back into their coops every night until the poults are three to five weeks old. At this age and for some time later they must not be liberated and allowed to range while there is any dew on the grass. If you want to kill a poult just let him get his feet wet. He can't stand wet feet—at least until fairly well grown. After the young birds get into the red they go to feed at sunrise and are brought back and watered at nine o'clock. From that hour they are kept bunched in little groups in the shade and held there until five o'clock, when they are again scattered out on the range where they feed voraciously until sundown. How much work this implies, even with the aid of good dogs, only the man in the saddle on a big turkey ranch can possibly understand."

When, from a start of two thousand eggs under feathers, Mr. Norton is able to finish the season with one thousand dressed turkeys, he feels fairly well satisfied with his results. Sometimes he is able to do considerably better than this, but he does not complain if this average is maintained. His breeding flock comprises ten gobblers or "Toms" and one hundred hen turkeys. Mr. Norton estimates that he will clear twenty-five hundred dollars from his one thousand turkeys this year. These figures imply an average selling price of three dollars and an average cost of fifty cents a head for raising.

P. R. Brooks is another California turkey king who stands high in the councils of those who produce the big birds for our holiday feasts and operate upon a bonanza scale. In 1911, from 2700 eggs he hatched 2000 poults and finished about 1700 fat "turks."

Mr. Brooks became a turkey rancher by the process of evolution. Originally he was a fruit farmer and kept a few turkeys in a haphazard way for his own family supply and because turkey raising seemed to be the fashion among his farmer friends. One year, however, he sold a hundred turkeys for a sum so substantial that it forced him to do a little figuring. The net result of his computations was the conviction that he had nothing on the place that had paid him so handsome a percentage of profit. Then he decided to give a little special attention to this branch of farming and see if the volume of output could be increased without cutting down the profit percentage—a line of procedure that stamped him as being a sound and practical farmer.

Gradually he increased the size of his flock until his census of victims for the holiday feasts stood at six hundred. Throughout his experiment he had maintained the same agreeable margins between cost of production and total receipts that had tempted him to expansion. In 1911 he gave practically his entire attention to turkeys, renting a sixty-acre tract especially for that purpose. He rented this particular land because it was crossed by a creek having a bottom of gravelly sand. His judgment was verified by results, because as soon as his turkeys were released on their new domain they went immediately to this creek and began to fill their crops with the sand.

What Food to Feed the Flock

"TURKEY raising," declares Mr. Brooks, "isn't an exact science, by any means. Experience is always showing a better way to the man who watches the details of the business. This year I made two important mistakes: I had too many mothers in the flock and I made my settings too late. My brood flock contained two hundred and twenty-five hens. This number will be reduced considerably another year. All my poults were hatched between the fifth of April and the eighteenth of May. I am convinced that March is the ideal month for hatching."

For the privilege of ranging his turkeys upon a three-hundred-and-twenty-acre stubble-field where wheat had been grown Mr. Brooks pays one hundred dollars. In addition to this he feeds them, as a finishing ration, about five hundred dollars' worth of Egyptian corn.

"There is one consolation," remarked Mr. Brooks, "about turkey ranching, and that is the keen demand for the product. All of my birds are disposed of in the San Francisco and Los Angeles markets, and at satisfactory prices. There is no comeback on this product. The kind of stuff to raise is the kind that sells itself and gives no trouble at the market end. Of course the time may come when there will be an overproduction of turkeys—but certainly that time has not yet arrived and it seems a long way off. The reason of the demand is a double one: the immense increase in consumption and the fact that turkeys are so difficult to raise." *(Continued on Page 42)*



Rounding Up a Few Turkeys



In the Shade During the Middle of the Day



A Turkey Rendezvous—Shade and Water

AN ARRANGED AFFAIR

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

THERE is no use blinking at the fact that I am homely. I was born homely and grew up homely, and the only things I can put to the credit side of myself are hair and disposition. Perhaps I ought even to leave out disposition, though I think most girls in my place would have become cross and disagreeable. Yes; I am certainly entitled to say disposition, for it was cruel to be always a wall-flower and never have a beau, and pretend not to mind being left out or forgotten—and laugh when one felt more like crying.

I am a good-natured little thing, however, though I do say it myself; and when scraps were thrown me I took them gratefully and didn't ask why or wherefore. Girls on the social breadline daren't, you know. Whether it is a deaf-mute or a great-grandfather, or a conscientious host sacrificing himself, one must take what one gets—if one is to get anything at all and not die of mortification.

Mamma says I am a thorough Bassett—all Bassett except my hair, which is pure Sturtevant. My poor father was such a thorough Bassett that he died years and years ago when I was a tiny tad; just couldn't stand being a Bassett, I suppose—the unfortunate man! There have been times when I could scarcely stand it either; though, being reinforced with Sturtevant, I managed to bear up better. Of course mamma is a Sturtevant, and that is why she is so pretty and elegant and chic—oh, a darling! for all her being nearly forty—and so courted and sought after that she lives in a whirl and people can't invite her often enough. They used to call us the Beauty and the Beast, which is more than I deserved even if I am homely, for I have quite a nice figure and am not an out-and-out fright. My trouble is a blotchy complexion and a silly little nose, and big, round eyeglasses.

If mamma had only kept up Fairholme I should not have minded how ugly I was; it was this living in a big city hotel and doing society that made me so miserable. The panic of 1907, however, cut our income in two, and mamma ceased to care for Fairholme when she could no longer fill it with guests and entertain as splendidly as she formerly did. She said it was too lonesome—as though Fairholme could ever be lonesome!—what with horses to ride, and the creek dammed for swimming and skating, and dogs and cows and chickens and pigs, and the prettiest parklike country in the world to roam over for miles and miles! It broke my heart to leave Fairholme, where there was something delightful to do every minute of the day, and coop ourselves up instead in the St. Charles Hotel, with nothing but roofs and telegraph wires to look out at.

It wasn't that we were poor. We had a large suite on the sixth floor and our own private dining room, and mamma spent five or six times more money on my clothes than she had ever done before. Naturally I liked that; it was the only thing I did like, though it did not seem to make me more attractive to anybody except myself. If it had perhaps I should not have suffered so much or been so everlastingly shut up in those dreary rooms. But how could I ride without an escort? How could I walk without an escort? How could I do anything but yawn and wish I were dead—without an escort? A city girl, of the class that assumes to be smart and conventional, is dependent on men for nine-tenths of her pleasure. If she cannot attract men there is no particular reason why she should exist; she's simply the wallpaper of the social system.

Don't think it was mamma's fault; she ached for her poor little ugly duckling; she gathered in young men in droves and spent a fortune feeding them and giving them expensive cigars. Then they promptly fell in love with her and had to be chased off. It fretted mamma dreadfully—it made her own beauty almost a reproach; she would look at me with tears in her eyes and sigh in the saddest sort of way.

Perhaps it was partly my doing that I didn't succeed better. I had the Bassett pride in addition to all the other Bassett disabilities. I did not want admirers that had to be bought with dinners and theater tickets and limousines and cigars; I did not want any young man who had to be paid to endure me.

Mamma said I did not appreciate what could be done with my kind of looks—that I was really very piquant and had the *beauté du diable*—or, rather, could have it by overcoming my quietness and timidity. "You ought to be a little rowdy!" she declared. "You ought to wear the most daring clothes and shock people into noticing you; if once you could get the reputation of being a wild little tomboy, who kept everybody in a flutter of surprise and apprehension, you would have all the men at your feet. Pretend to go the limit—that's the recipe for plain girls—climb trees, drive an automobile and get arrested for speeding, knock off people's hats and just say out loud what you think about anything or anybody. Oh, Amy, it is all so easy if you only knew!"

It was no good answering that I was a little Cinderella person, who could no more shock people than I could fly.

"You a Cinderella!" exclaimed my mother, who was so clever she could twist anything her own way. "If only you would copy Cinderella you could do wonders. If she hadn't worn glass slippers do you suppose anybody would have looked at her twice? Imagine how people stared and nudged one another! Imagine how the men sat up electrified! 'Why, she hasn't any shoes on! Great Scott! There's a girl in her stocking feet! No—by Jove! they're glass slippers—positively they are made of glass!' Of course she caused a *furore;* of course the prince fell over himself to get to her first. Then those pink mice or goats, or whatever it was she drove away with! A girl like that couldn't be kept down—she was simply bound to be a social success!"

Poor mamma was always going on like that—suggesting impossible things and worrying terribly that I was such a failure. It's depressing to be worried over because you are so unattractive; though, now that I am older, I see that it was less my fault than I believed at the time. I was only nineteen then, you know, and the place was one of those Western cities where all the boys and girls have grown up together—and, as all their chatter and interest are limited to Tommy So-and-So, or Mary or Josie or Billy, you can perceive how hard it was for a stranger like myself to join in. When talk is nothing but personalities any one who doesn't know Mary or Josie or Billy hasn't a chance of opening her mouth, and gives the appearance of being a tongue-tied little idiot. At Fairholme most of the people that visited us were much older and, I must say, much more polite and well-bred than these boys and girls who often treated me with a rudeness I still burn to remember. I realize now they were simply very young and very provincial, and as dull as I was homely; but at nineteen one doesn't criticise—one suffers.



If One is Homely One Might as Well be Comfortable

It was mamma's popularity that exposed me to all this. As she would not go anywhere without me, or unless I had another invitation, her friends had to "take care of" me, as politicians say. Heaven knows I should have been happier at home with a book or a magazine instead of being pitchforked into a whole lot of young people who did not want me. Oh, those endless dances and parties—what a martyrdom they were! I don't know how I ever stood it—the misery, the public humiliation, the awful gap on each side of my seat, with the others crowded together, laughing and talking. Often I had to sneak down to supper by myself—not that I wanted any supper!—but to avoid the shame of being left stark alone in a ballroom. Mamma never knew all that, of course—I would have died first—what girl could go home from a ball and tell her mother that she had danced only once?

I oughtn't to complain though; for, if I hadn't gone to all those horrible parties, I should not have met Charley Whytock and my whole life would have been different—so different that I tremble to think of it! Not that Charley Whytock was my fairy prince. There never was anybody less of a fairy prince than Charley Whytock. He was one of those prematurely old young men with an aggressive chin and lots of forehead and a sharp, masterful way of looking at you. He always made me feel as though I were little Red Riding-Hood and he were the Wolf; and his keen gray eyes seemed to bore right through me. He was entitled to appear masterful and important, for his father had retired and put him in absolute charge of the great Whytock flour mills. They said he had started at the bottom and worked right up, preferring to learn the business inside out rather than to go to college and enjoy himself.

He was so abrupt and dictatorial that everybody was afraid of him, and he seemed as much out of place in society as I was. It was gossiped that he was looking for a wife and could not find any one to please him—which was not surprising, considering how little trouble he took to make himself agreeable. People who don't try to please don't get pleased—and the general opinion of him was that he was sarcastic and overbearing, with an idea that every one was after him for his money.

It was funny how I got acquainted with him—though of course we had been introduced long before. A passing introduction does not constitute an acquaintance, however, and we hardly more than knew each other by sight till at a leap-year cotillion, when somebody got up and said: "Ladies will now choose their partners for a two-step."

I stayed where I was, not daring to inflict myself on any of the young men—or, perhaps, too proud or too shy. Anyway, I didn't move and the dance started in with me still sitting there. Then I noticed that nobody had asked Charley Whytock and that he was looking terribly blank—sort of stony and grim, with his lips pursed together as though he could have killed us all! I don't know how I got the courage to do it—it was as much feeling sorry for him as anything else—but I went over and with my heart in my mouth asked him if I might have the pleasure of the two-step.

He was so surprised he nearly fell off his chair—and then bounded up with the gladdest look you ever saw. It is hard to believe so small a thing could make any one so



He Was So Surprised He Nearly Fell Off His Chair

grateful. He talked of it all through the dance and afterward sat out another, thanking me some more. He said that it had never occurred to him that he was unpopular until the girls began sliding past him and he realized he was to be left out. Then I said the girls who liked him the best would probably be the most backward in asking him—not that I meant it, only just to comfort him; but he shook his head and wouldn't admit that anybody liked him.

He had been dreadfully hurt and showed it by talking about the hollowness of society and how brainless noodles were its only favorites; and how there wasn't a young fellow there who amounted to a row of pins or had ever done a real day's work in his life! He was bitter against the girls, too, and tore them to pieces as silly butterflies who began by ruining their fathers and then their husbands; and who attached more importance to the set of a man's tie than to his achievements. It would all have sounded better if he hadn't thrown so many sideway bouquets at himself, and hadn't been so patronizing to me as a homely little thing who had unexpectedly revealed a gleam of sense.

However, it led on to our talking about the country and how we both loved horses; and when it turned out he knew Fairholme well, and often visited the people there who rented it from mamma, we grew quite chummy and wondered how people could endure stuffy rooms and bridge and tiresome formal dinners when they might be galloping instead under the pines and feeling the splendid glow of a high-mettled horse. Then he asked me to dance again—and again after that; and for once in a mild way my evening was a success, and when he passed me, dancing with anybody else, he always smiled.

Afterward, whenever we met here and there, he invariably sought me out and never failed to allude to the time I had saved him at the leap-year dance! In some ways his gratitude was rather mortifying, for it seemed to be his only reason for being nice to me. Even a pretty girl would rather be preferred for herself than for what she had done. But it was something to be noticed at all, and in time we grew to be friends—as much friends as it was possible with any one so solemn and serious and self-contained as Charley Whytock.

I am explaining all this lest you might think it was a flirtation; but Charley Whytock never liked me in that way—every girl has an instinct that tells her; and mine said: "No—not a bit." It was more a queer sort of friendship, and I think he was sorry for me. Perhaps it was because I was such a good listener and had read so many of the books he had. Mamma was tremendously elated and called him my beau, which was too ridiculous for words! I had only to look at myself in the glass to see I should never have one—though, if I had, I should never have chosen Charley Whytock. He was too clever and cold and stern; and if you were unfortunate enough to disagree with him his mouth would close like a steel trap and his stare would wither you up. An iron will sounds well in a novel, but in real life we prefer people who know how to give way gracefully even if they are right, and who haven't so strong a character that every one is afraid of them.

So it went on like that for months, with his calling twice at the hotel and always singling me out at a party—not pointedly, but coming over for a little talk and never failing to remind me of the leap-year dance. Often he paid me compliments too—how I was so sensible and quiet and gentle—though never once mentioning my hair, which was the only pretty thing about me.

Imagine my surprise, therefore, when one afternoon he telephoned he wanted to see me immediately on something terribly important and pressing, and could he be sure of finding me alone? It put me in a tremble, for I didn't know what to think, as he wouldn't say more than that or explain; but just could he come at once? Naturally I expected him to arrive looking very excited—as excited as I was—and it was almost a shock that he wasn't. Of course he was grave and serious—but he was always grave and serious—and we shook hands and all that, as though it was merely an ordinary call.

"I am very much perplexed," he said at last—"much worried and very much perplexed. I've come over to ask you to help me."

It was only polite to answer I'd be glad to—though it was very mystifying.

"It's about my father," he went on. "Perhaps you know he retired eighteen months ago and put me in full charge of the mills?"

I was more mystified than ever; but I said yes, I had heard of it.

"Dad's been in harness all his life," he continued. "Day in, day out, he has stuck at his desk and fought the business through, until now it's the second largest in America. He never had another thought but the business, and you could have set your watch by him. When my mother died he gave the city the Helen Whytock Memorial Training School for Girls, with an endowment of a quarter of a million. That was dad before he retired—a grand man, universally respected, always the first with his check in any disaster, leading citizen and philanthropist. I was proud of him—any man might be proud to be the son of Franklin H. Whytock!

"Then he retired, though he gave a new meaning to the word. He got going with a lot of old clubmen—poker-players and hangers-on at stage doors—fast old rounders, with high-powered cars that you see standing outside midnight restaurants. He began to drive one himself and scorch up the Park at two A. M.; and the last time he was arrested it was with four chorus girls of the Red Mill Company. I've tried lecturing him and I've tried shaming him; but he only answers he has been on the treadmill all his life and there is a good time due him. He's incorrigible—simply incorrigible!—and I am at my wit's end what to do. What are you to do with a father who talks back like that—who starts in to be a fast man about town at the age of fifty-six? I used to dread his marrying again, but now I see it's the only way to pull him up. He needs a nice woman to steady him, to elevate him—to draw him back to the fireside and keep him straight. Can you see what I'm driving at?"

I answered no, I couldn't.

"Your mother!" he exclaimed. "Your pretty, fascinating, charming mother! She's the very person—the ideal person. Let's you and me try to make a match between them!"



"You Two Were Made for Each Other and I Knew It!"

When he noticed how offended I looked—for why should he pitch on mamma to rescue fast old gentlemen!—he hastily went on to dazzle me with Fairholme, which he knew I loved beyond everything.

"Don't you want to live in Fairholme again?" he said. "Don't you want to have your horses and dogs and everything as it was before? I can promise you Fairholme, for dad's crazy about the country, and it's all I can do to prevent him buying a big place. And it is not that he isn't the nicest old fellow in the world—that's the trouble with him—he's too popular!"

I shook my head.

"I'd rather die than have mamma marry anybody!" I protested. "I couldn't bear to have mamma marry anybody. It hurts me just to think of such a thing!"

"And you think she is never going to?" he asked in such a meaning way that the chills ran down my back. "Suppose I were to tell you that she is already half engaged to Jerome Taylor? Are you so blind you haven't noticed it coming? If you don't separate them now you never will!"

He couldn't have said anything more cruel than that, and the awful thing was I suddenly realized it might be true! Jerome Taylor went everywhere with mamma and was always ringing her up on the telephone—the horridest little man, who had the reputation of a wit because he was so rude, and for some reason or other had a tremendous vogue among mamma's friends. I had always detested him since he nicknamed mamma and me the Beauty and the Beast; but mamma was devoted to him and had been hostess again and again at the parties he gave. He also used to call me mamma's little Borekiller, and said if she would rent me out it would fill a long-felt want. Oh, I hated Jerome Taylor and never could understand how mamma tolerated him! When Charley Whytock spoke of an engagement it was as though a knife had pierced me.

He smiled, quite pleased at the impression he had made.

"We are both in the same boat," he said. "I don't want a stepmother any more than you want a stepfather; but, if we have to bow to the inevitable, why not arrange it our way instead of leaving it to chance?"

"Are you sure about Mr. Taylor?" I asked.

"Only that they are both being gossiped about," he replied. "And it's my experience that gossip is usually just what is wanted to hasten a match—venomous gossip like that. When the world begins to roar the natural answer is to get married—and I can tell you it is roaring now about your mother and Taylor."

I hung my head. It was too awful.

"Dad's mighty well off," said Charley. "Don't forget that. It counts—counts a lot!"

"But you talk as though it were the simplest matter in the world!" I objected, getting over my shock and reflecting on the absurdity of trying to marry two elderly people as though they were marionettes. "You seem to think it enough for me to say: 'Mamma, please marry dear old Mr. Whytock!' and then for you to say: 'Father, I've just chosen a charming stepmother—go and kiss her!' Really, it is too preposterous!"

"It isn't preposterous!" said Charley, staring at me with that wolf look. "The only question is your consent. Have I got it?"

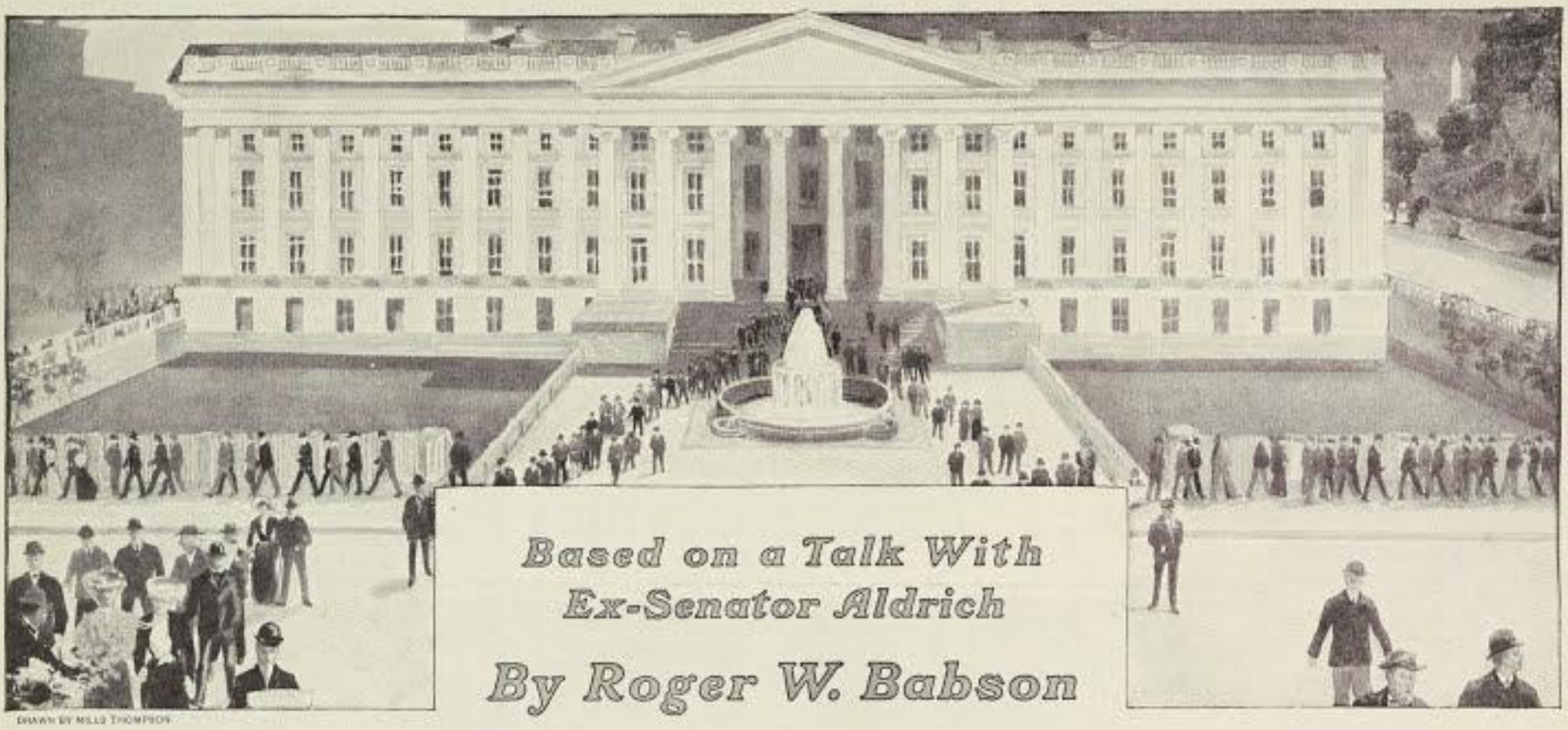
I thought of Jerome Taylor and how horrid he always was to me, and then slowly said "Yes."

Charley didn't waste any time being pleased. Instead, he went right on to explain what he meant to do.

"It's like this," he said: "I want to charter Hal Pearson's motor yacht, a big, overgrown thing that looks like a Swiss chalet that's collided with a tugboat—the Polliwog he calls it—and take us four up the Pittochokee River for a ten days' camp on the Gun Club Reservation. All you and I will have to do is to stay in the background and throw them together—lose them in the moonlight, you know—pack them off canoeing—tiptoe away at the least sign of a tête-à-tête. Dad is impressionable, restless—doesn't know what to do with his liberty now he has got it; your mother, pretty as she is, sees her kingdom slipping

(Continued on Page 40)

The A B C of the Aldrich Plan



DRAWN BY MILLS THOMPSON

Based on a Talk With Ex-Senator Aldrich

By Roger W. Babson

PROBABLY the most important measure to come before Congress, so far as concerns the average business man, is the Aldrich monetary plan.

I am sure that the greatest legislative plan before the public to-day, one that affects men, women and children throughout the length and breadth of our land, is for the construction of a sound and permanent banking system that will grow with the country and insure justice to all. It is therefore a pleasure for me to explain the idea of this proposed legislation to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, for I feel that in this age, when it is so popular to criticise everything men of wealth suggest, some paper should at least present the Aldrich plan in detail, in order that every citizen may intelligently judge it on its merits without prejudice. The facts on which this article is based were obtained directly from Mr. Aldrich, I having had the pleasure of dining with him a few weeks ago through the courtesy of Mr. Mallot, president of the Indiana National Bank, of Indianapolis.

Mr. Aldrich spoke first of the great demand and need of a change. He said: "The bankers today find themselves unequal to the demands of this new era. This is a time of remarkable changes. The banker himself is unable to meet changed conditions because of antiquated laws, unwieldy note issues and the absence of coöperation. In emergencies the bank is unable alone to serve the needs of the public. The banks are not independent in emergencies. In the last analysis they must now turn to New York. In times of severe stress all agencies fail."

Our Present System Crude

"THE banks have no reliable resource today on which they can rely. In the losses incident to suspensions the banks are not the chief sufferers. Generally banks are able to care for themselves. Not infrequently they pass through panics with increased profits. This is not to say banks like panics. The panic of 1907 carried its lesson to banks. All are familiar with 1873, 1893 and 1907, and their panics. Wages were cut, farmers could not sell their products, and business men were helpless.

"The number of depositors in our banks is greater than the number of persons employed in the useful industries of the country. Nothing is more vital to the people than the question of a stable monetary system. It is impossible to measure the losses inflicted under our defective monetary system. Were it not for our natural resources and the energies of our people we should have found these defects intolerable long since. It is a matter of wonder that the people have submitted so long to the dangers of the crude system we now have. The work of monetary reform moves slowly. We have a new era in banking in every country but the United States. We have had no changes in national banking laws since 1862."

It is very interesting to note how willing Mr. Aldrich is to take from all classes of people suggestions relative to the work; and while talking to me he said several times:

"I do not say that this plan is the best possible, and no one is more willing than I am to change any detail; but I am sure that it is correct in its essentials. I am simply interested in the welfare of my country; and the interests of my country and my good name are identical.

"It now becomes necessary, however, to look at the question from a new standpoint. The international aspect is also very important, and in considering a plan we are obliged to consider the wonderful growth of the country. Think of the twenty-one billion dollars of banking resources of the country. What of fifty years from now? We have to consider the future. The banks have doubled in number in the last ten years. We may have one hundred thousand banks in fifty years. Nobody can estimate the resources of banks in that future time if our growth continues.

"We cannot have a central bank. We cannot have an institution that is not national in character. If industries are depressed, if production stops, the depression is felt in every section; but that fact does not do away with prejudice among sections. We cannot have a plan for an association that could be politically controlled or one that could be controlled by interests in any one part of the country. Politicians have no business to use this question for the benefit of party or politician.

"The politicians will drop the attempt to make political use of the monetary question when the people make it plain that this issue must be kept out of politics. I present this plan because I believe it is the best method to be employed on behalf of the people. I must have your coöperation. My mind is open."

Mr. Aldrich proposes to charter a national reserve association of the United States, which shall be the principal fiscal agent of the Government of the United States—the authorized capital of this national reserve association to be twenty per cent of the capital of the banks eligible for membership—approximately three hundred millions; the length of its charter to be fifty years; the head office of the association to be in Washington, District of Columbia.

The National Reserve Association

ALL national banks and all state banks and trust companies which comply with the requirements for membership* may subscribe to the capital stock of the national reserve association. Each bank, it is proposed, shall purchase an amount of stock equal to twenty per cent of the stock of said subscribing bank, and not less; and each of such subscribing banks shall become a member of a local association. Only fifty per cent of the subscriptions to the capital stock of the national reserve association may be called in cash—the balance of the subscriptions remaining a liability of the subscribers, subject to call.

Shares of the capital stock of the national reserve association shall not be transferable, and under no circumstances may they be owned by any corporation other than the subscribing bank, or by any individual; nor may they be owned by any bank in any other amount than in the proportion herein provided. In case a subscribing bank increases its capital it shall thereupon subscribe for an additional amount of the capital stock of the national reserve association equal to twenty per cent of the bank's increase of capital, paying therefor its then book value, as shown by the last published statement of the association. A bank applying for membership in the association after its formation must subscribe for a proportional share of its capital stock, paying therefor its then book value. In case a subscribing bank reduces its capital, it must then surrender a proportionate amount of its holdings of the capital stock of the national reserve association. If a bank goes into liquidation it shall surrender all of its holdings of the capital stock of the national reserve association. The shares surrendered shall be canceled and the bank shall receive in payment therefor a sum equal to their book value.

The Disposition of Earnings

IN ORDER that it shall not become a money-making affair, Mr. Aldrich suggests that the earnings of the national reserve association shall be distributed in the following manner:

After the payment of all expenses and taxes the stockholders may receive four per cent. Further earnings shall be divided—one-half to go to the surplus of the national reserve association until that surplus shall amount to twenty per cent of the paid-in capital; one-fourth to go to the Government of the United States, and one-fourth to the stockholders; but when the stockholders' dividends shall reach five per cent they shall receive no additional distribution. After the stockholders receive five per cent the earnings shall be divided—one-half to be added to the surplus of the national reserve association and one-half to go to the Government. After the stockholders receive five per cent a year and the surplus of the national reserve association amounts to twenty per cent of the paid-in capital all excess earnings shall go to the Government. On this basis it is only fair that the minimum dividends to the stockholders shall be cumulative.

Said Mr. Aldrich to me: "I suggest a coöperative union of banks for two purposes only—one is the holding of the cash reserves of the banks, the other is to take over the business of the note issue. All other things are collateral."

*These requirements are:

1—That (a), if a bank, it shall have a paid-in capital of not less than that required for a national bank in the same location; and that (b), if a trust company, it shall have an unimpaired surplus of not less than twenty per cent of its capital, and, if located in a city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants or less, shall have a paid-in capital of not less than one hundred thousand dollars, and in a larger city a proportionately greater capital, up to five hundred thousand dollars in a city of five hundred thousand inhabitants or more.

2—That it shall have and agree to maintain against its demand deposits a reserve of like character and proportion to that required by law of a national bank in the same location: provided, however, that deposits which it may have with any subscribing national bank, state bank or trust company in a city designated in the national banking laws as a reserve city or a central reserve city, shall count as reserve in like manner and to the same extent as similar deposits of a national bank with national banks in such cities.

3—That it shall have and agree to maintain against all other classes of deposits the required percentages of reserve.

4—That it shall agree to submit to such examinations and to make such reports as are required by law, and to comply with the requirements and conditions imposed.

The general purpose of the entire plan is best described by an illustration which A. Piatt Andrew, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, sometimes gives.

Mr. Andrew's illustration is that of the fire department of any American city. One hundred years ago sections of our cities had small cisterns located underground which held water for fire purposes; and in Boston there were a hundred or more of these cisterns. Each was sufficient to extinguish a small fire in the district; but one of these soon became exhausted if the fire spread, and the several other cisterns or reservoirs in other sections of the city were of little or no avail.

However, after the great Boston and Chicago fires it became evident that a large central reservoir was necessary, which might hold no more water than all the small reservoirs combined, but which could be connected by pipes with the different sections of the city—and, in fact, with these smaller cisterns—which practically is the system in force today.

The Wheels Within Wheels

NOW, briefly, the same method of protection is being proposed by Mr. Aldrich for the benefit of our merchants and business men in time of stress. To secure this protection three organizations or departments are suggested, all of which will work together—namely:

1—*The Local Associations.* It is proposed that every local association shall have corporate powers and shall be composed of not less than ten banks, and the combined capital and surplus of the members of each local association shall aggregate not less than five million dollars. The territory included by the local associations shall be so apportioned that every bank will be located within the boundaries of some local association. Every subscribing bank shall become a member of the local association of the territory in which it is situated.

2—*The District Associations.* All the local associations shall be grouped into divisions, to be called districts or branches.

The country could be divided at first into fifteen districts and a branch of the national reserve association could be located in each district, the location to be determined by the directors of the national reserve association.

3—*The National Association.* This is the main central reservoir which feeds the smaller reservoirs or cisterns—the "district" and "local" associations—above referred to.

In order to insure local representative government to the highest degree, Mr. Aldrich's plan reads thus:

A—*Directors of Local Associations.* "Each local association shall elect annually a board of directors, the number to be determined by the by-laws of the local associations. Three-fifths of that number shall be elected by a ballot cast by the representatives of the banks that are members of the local association, each bank having one representative and each representative one vote, without reference to the size of the bank. Two-fifths of the whole number of directors of the local association shall be elected by these same representatives of the several banks that are members of the association; but in voting for these additional directors each representative shall be entitled to as many votes as the bank which he represents holds shares in the national reserve association. At such elections there shall be no proxies. The authorized representative of a bank must be either the president, vice-president or cashier of the bank he represents."

B—*Directors of District Associations.* "Each of the districts or branches of the national reserve association shall have a board of directors, to be elected in the following manner:

"The board of directors of each local association shall elect by ballot one member of the board of directors of the branch of the national reserve association. In this manner there will be elected as many directors of the branch of the national reserve association as there may be local associations in the district in which that branch of the national reserve association is located."

In addition to that number it is planned to elect other directors equal to two-thirds of the number of local associations in the district where the branch is located. In choosing these each bank shall be entitled to as many votes as it holds shares in the national reserve association.

The board of this district—or branch, as some call it—will then add to its numbers by the election of an additional number of directors equal to one-third the number of local associations situated in the district. Such additional directors will represent the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the district and shall not be officers of banks.

Therefore the board of directors of a branch of the national reserve association—or district—will thus be composed of—

First—A group of directors equal in number to the number of local associations composing the district, and this group shall be elected by the local associations, each association having one vote.

Second—A group of directors equal to two-thirds of the foregoing group and elected by stock representation.

Third—A group of directors equal in number to one-third of the first group, representing the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the district, and elected by the votes of the first two groups, each director thus voting having one vote.

Fourth—The manager of the branch, who shall be an *ex-officio* member of the board of directors of the branch and shall be chairman of the board.

"Therefore," said Mr. Aldrich, "I defy any man, however wealthy he may be, or any association of men, ever to get control of this organization, with its three divisions, against the will of the people of our nation. Moreover, with the management here outlined, what could any man or group of men do with it, even if they controlled the stock?"

Then Mr. Aldrich told the story of a station agent who had a dog which always ran after and barked at the Limited as it whirled by each day. One day, when a friend happened to be at the station as the train passed, a droll old gentleman remarked: "I wonder what the dog would do with the train if he caught it?"

It is also proposed that the board of directors of the branch, except the *ex-officio* members, shall be classified into three classes; and the terms of office of these three classes shall be, respectively, one, two and three years. Thereafter members of the board shall be elected for a term of three years.

C—*Directors of the National Reserve Association.* "The board of the national reserve association shall at first consist of forty-five directors and shall be constituted in the following manner:

"First—Six *ex-officio* members—namely, the governor of the national reserve association, who shall be chairman of the board; two deputy governors of the national reserve association, the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor and the Comptroller of the Currency.

"Second—Fifteen directors, one to be elected by the board of directors of each branch of the national reserve association. In case the number of districts shall be increased later, each additional district shall be entitled to elect an additional director.

"Third—Twelve directors, who shall be elected by voting representatives of the various districts, each of whom shall cast a number of votes equal to the number of shares in the national reserve association held by all the banks in the district which he represents.

"Fourth—The twenty-seven directors thus elected shall in turn elect twelve additional members, who shall fairly represent the industrial, commercial, agricultural and other interests of the country, and who shall not be officers of banks. Directors of banks shall not be considered as officers."

Not more than three of the directors elected under paragraphs three and four shall be chosen from one district. It is proposed that at the first meeting of the board all the members of the board, except the *ex-officio* members, shall be classified into three classes; and the terms of office of these three classes shall be, respectively, one, two and three years. Thereafter members of the board shall be elected for a term of three years. Mr. Aldrich urges that no member of any national or state legislative body shall be a director of the national reserve association, or of any of the branches, or of any local association.

The directors of the national reserve association may annually elect from their number an executive committee and such other committees as the by-laws of the national reserve association may provide. The executive committee, he thinks, should consist of nine members, of which the governor of the national reserve association shall be *ex-officio* chairman and the two deputies and the Comptroller of the Currency *ex-officio* members; but not more than one of the elected members shall be chosen from one district.

A board of supervision is also suggested, to be elected from the board of directors, of which the Secretary of the Treasury could be chairman. It is also generally agreed by all students of the situation that the executive officers of the national reserve association should consist of a governor, two deputy governors, a secretary and such subordinate officers as may be provided by the by-laws. The governor should be selected by the President of the United States from a list submitted by the board of directors, and should be subject to removal by a two-thirds vote of the board of directors for cause. The deputies should be elected by the board of directors and might be removed for cause at any time and their places filled by the board. In the absence of the governor or when he is unable to act, the deputy who is senior in point of service might act as governor.

The Association Not a Central Bank

IT IS proposed that each district or branch shall have a manager and a deputy manager appointed by the governor of the national reserve association, with the approval of the executive committee.

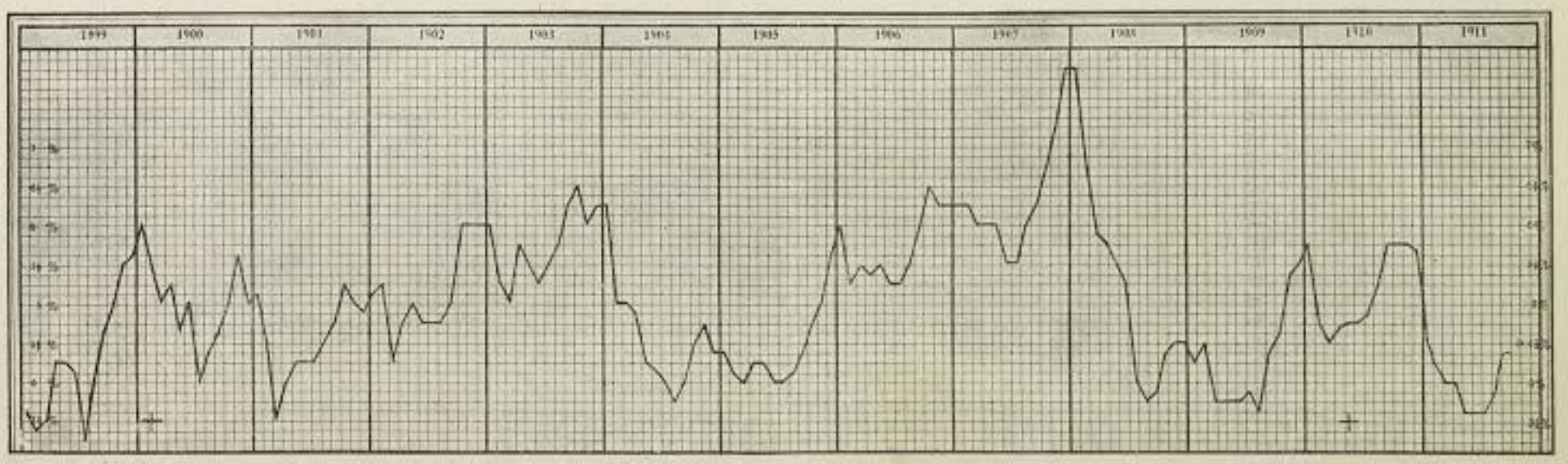
The directors of each of these local associations may annually elect from among their number a president, a vice-president and an executive committee, whose powers and duties and terms of office shall be determined by the by-laws of the local association—subject, however, to the provisions of this act.

Some politicians pretend this reserve association is a central bank under another name and could be controlled by Mr. Morgan or some other man. I asked Mr. Aldrich what he had to say on this point and he replied:

"That is not a central bank. The central banks of Europe are competitors of other banks. In France, Germany and England the central banks have assumed great functions. They take care of banks in their respective countries and they maintain the credit of their nations. The financial conditions in those countries have more to do with the preservation of peace than all other influences; but our reserve association will not attempt these things."

Thereupon he explained, as above outlined, his plan for local organizations of banks, and pointed out that in these local associations three-fifths of the directors would be

(Continued on Page 44)



UNITED STATES MONEY RATES FOR THE PAST THIRTEEN YEARS

This Chart Shows the Seasonal Fluctuations With Which Every Business Man is Obliged to Contend and Which Senator Aldrich's Plan is Designed to Abolish



WHAT OF 1912?

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

III—The South

THERE is nothing in the South to change the existing political situation as to President Taft's renomination. He will have the Southern delegates if he wants them. Moreover, he will have all the Southern delegates; and those delegates will do much toward securing him that renomination.

Even the wildest Taft shouter has never claimed Taft could carry any state in the South. He squeezed through in 1908 with about six hundred votes in Missouri. There isn't a shadow of a chance of his carrying any other state in the South next November, and not much more than a shadow of his carrying Missouri. It is true the Democrats might name some candidate who would turn Missouri to Taft; but it isn't probable the Democrats will.

Bulking the South with the rest of the country discussed in previous articles, the situation—nation-wide—is that, though Mr. Taft is secure for renomination, he is extremely insecure for reelection. As the situation now is—one year from the election—he cannot be elected unless the Democrats nominate some man for whom the dissatisfied Republicans will not vote. Two or three Democratic possibilities come under this head. Bryan is one; and Harmon, quite the reverse of Bryan, is another. It is possible—but not probable, judging from their record in the extra session of Congress—that the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives will make things easier for Mr. Taft by some action or actions of theirs in the present session. Democratic victory at the polls is entirely up to the Democracy. With good generalship and good sense, they will win in 1912.

By and large, the elections in November, 1911, gave much strength to this statement. Where national issues were at stake in the campaigns, the Democrats won. This was notably true in Massachusetts, where they made the fight a tariff fight primarily, which the Republicans forced, and tacked on representative government in all its forms. Foss was reëlected, which may or may not make him an available Democratic candidate, but certainly does so far as Foss himself is concerned. The Republicans carried the legislature, which makes it apparent that, though the people of the state believe in tariff reform, they are not so strong for the initiative, referendum and recall, inasmuch as the legislature elected is opposed to those principles.

Poorest Republican Chances Since 1892

THE result in New York was local. It was opposition to Dix and Dix's boss—Murphy. New York may persist in putting Dix in as a candidate for president for the purpose of making things more difficult and to help out trades; but the loss of the state by the Democrats and Murphy deprives that enterprise of any value it may have, save for swapping purposes.

Wilson himself was not running in New Jersey and he lost his legislature, which was expected. This may or may not weaken Wilson as a presidential candidate. Opinion has not crystallized on that point. In Maryland the Democrats lost for local reasons, and they won in Kentucky for the same reasons. In Ohio the late Tom Johnson's friend, Newton Baker, won handily for mayor of Cleveland and the Progressives made a good showing in the fight for representation in the constitutional convention. Also, Ohio stood by Harmon valiantly in various localities.

The next presidential election will be a tariff election. The tariff will be the main issue. President Taft has emphasized this by his demand for revision along the lines of the information secured by his tariff board; and the Democrats in control of the House of Representatives are willing to accept the issue. Representative government will receive its share of attention, but the main fight will be on the tariff; and if the Republicans can extract any comfort for 1912 out of the results in the November elections they are hopeful persons.

The plain fact is that the Republican party, with Mr. Taft as the presidential nominee, will go into the 1912 campaign with poorer chances of success than it has had in any campaign since 1892. The people are dissatisfied with Mr. Taft and dissatisfied with the Republican party. If the Democrats give them half a chance, by using ordinary horse-sense in selecting their nominee, the Democratic candidate will win.

The South has thrust herself into a new position in presidential politics. Hitherto, the part of the South has been to supply the bulk of the electoral votes for the Democratic candidate for president at the general election and to supply the bulk of votes for the machine candidate for the nomination in the Republican national convention. Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland, on the edge of the South, have backslid occasionally and voted for a Republican for president; but, to all intents and purposes, the South has been solid for the Democracy at the general elections and solid for the Republicans backed by the organization in the Republican national conventions.

The hope of the Democrats in national campaigns has been the solid South, New York, New Jersey, Indiana and Connecticut. Always the South has performed her part in this combination, but the other states have been in-and-outers and the Democrats have had but two presidents since 1860—Cleveland in 1884 and Cleveland again in 1892. The Republican party in the South has existed solely to hold the Federal offices and to supply the delegates, consisting of those Federal officials and negroes usually, for presidents who sought renomination or for candidates who could and would supply convincing reasons for support. There has been a recent attempt to reorganize and purify the Republican party in the South that has met with some success; but as a general thing the Republican party in that section of the country is a negligible affair that gets action but once in four years, when delegates to the Republican national convention are wanted.

Could a Southerner be Elected?

IT IS a political axiom that no man from the South can be elected president on either the Democratic or the Republican ticket, because of the sectionalism developed by the Civil War. That was undeniably true for many years after the war and it may be true yet. One reason for its truth in the past ten or twelve years is that the Southerners held to the idea so tenaciously themselves. They have accepted the situation as fixed and have made no particular effort to try out the conditions and see. The South has been rather fatalistic about it. Talk to any Democrat—until recently—about a Southern candidate for president and his attitude summed up the attitude of the entire South and most of the Democratic leaders of the North: What's the use?

However, there is a new political generation in the South as there is in the North to whom the Civil War is a story, not a vivid reality. It is no longer necessary for a candidate for office in the North to have a war record. This newer generation, looking at the situation and stripping it of the sentimentalities, has been asking for some years, rather insistently: If the South furnishes the bulk of the electoral votes for the Democratic candidate for president, why should not the South furnish the candidate for whom those votes are cast?

The invariable answer has been that the time was not ripe for the experiment; that the old sectional prejudices, though eliminated so far as business and social intercourse are concerned, were still strong in politics; and that the North would never vote for a Southern candidate for president.

This answer was accepted without question for a long time. Recently—within the past half-dozen years—the South has demanded for an answer more potent reasons than these generalities and has asserted a belief that a Southern candidate would run as well as any other.

There has been no new answer. The men who say—and a good many of these men are Southerners themselves—that no Southern man can be elected president because he is a Southern man have been unable to go any farther; and the South has thrust herself into a new place largely because the South thinks a Southern man might be elected and is willing to try the experiment in some sort of fashion if the opportunity offers—and to make the opportunity if that is possible.

To this end the South has four candidates for the Democratic nomination for president, whose claims are being taken more or less seriously. To be sure, all these candidates cannot be said to be absolute Southern candidates from birth to present residence; but they are all essentially Southern, or Southern enough for political purposes. These are Woodrow Wilson, who was born in Virginia, and who lived in his early life in Georgia and married there; Champ Clark, who was born in Kentucky and lives in Missouri; Joseph W. Folk, who was born in Tennessee and lives in Missouri; and Oscar W. Underwood, who was born in Kentucky and lives in Alabama. Of these men, Wilson, Clark and Folk are actively candidates and Underwood is in the hands of his friends.



Wilson has been in the North since late in the eighties, and his principal activities have been in connection with Northern institutions; but he was born in Staunton, Virginia, and that makes him a Southerner—for political purposes, at least. It may be argued, also, that Missouri is just as much of a Northern state as a Southern state, which may take some of the Southern brand off Folk and Clark—if either of them or the managers of either of them want it that way—but Underwood is all Southern. And, as all four of them—and their managers and supporters—are seriously in the race, some of them with good prospects, the new era of Southern Democratic politics may be said to be dawning.

This display of Southern, or quasi-Southern, Democratic candidates has not prevented and will not prevent an active canvass of the South by other and Northern candidates for the Democratic nomination. Though less work has been done there, at the time of writing, than in the North and West, the Northern candidates have not been idle. They are all looking round; but, unless some great change comes or some remarkable reversion occurs, the South will have at least three candidates for the nomination before the Democratic national convention: Wilson, as a Southerner born; either Clark or Folk, as the cards may fall out, as not too Southern but Southern enough to be claimed; and Underwood, as entirely Southern but of the younger generation. This new position into which the South has thrust herself has certain political qualifications and reservations, of course. The Southern candidates want the South to recognize them as Southern, but do not want the North to think of them as too all-fired Southern! Still, the South has taken hold of the matter and is willing to try out the situation.

The Republican Party in the South

THE only reason for a Republican party in the South, since the Civil War, has been the Federal offices. To be sure there are some little stretches, as in some parts of Tennessee, where the people are Republican and where they elect Republican representatives and Republican local officials; but in most of the South the Republicans are the men who have had the jobs and who have controlled the negroes, largely Republican. Now that the negro has been disfranchised in various ways in most of the Southern states, the Republican party consists of the men who have had the jobs, who have the jobs, or who are hoping for the jobs. Occasionally something Republican happens. Roosevelt carried Missouri, for example, and so did Taft; and Hadley is now the first Republican governor of that state for forty years. Kentucky has been sporadically Republican, and now and then a Republican has oozed in elsewhere; but, as a whole, the Republican party in the South has had but two ends in view—patronage and national delegates. The delegate part of it has been exploited shamelessly. Harrison renominated himself in 1892 by the aid of Southern delegates who were officeholders and negroes controlled by officeholders. Hanna grabbed the South for McKinley in 1896. Roosevelt nominated Taft by turning these delegates over to him, and it is Taft's intention to renominate himself by the same agency.

Hence, there isn't much to be said of the Republican situation in the South. Mr. Taft, with the able assistance of Mr. Hitchcock and other skilled delegate-producers, has

sewed up the Southern delegates in a sack. It is quite true there are idealists in the Republican party opposed to Taft, who think the Southern delegates may be won away from Taft by the force of the argument of self-interest, always potential to the Southern Republican delegate. These men think, if the Southern delegates are shown there will be no nourishment for them in going to the convention and stolidly voting for a man who is most likely to be defeated, they will shift their allegiance and try to find a man with whom there may be a hope of winning, and whose victory would mean the continuance of pap for these Federal officeholders and their friends. The Southern delegates will not shift. They are already lined up for Mr. Taft. Unless Mr. Taft refuses to run or there comes a miracle in politics, you will find them all there in the Republican national convention; and when the roll is called Alabama will give way to Ohio, and some spellbinder from Ohio will present the name of William H. Taft, for whom all the Southern delegates will vote with loud cheers.

There is some Republican insurgency in Oklahoma and some in Missouri, but the Old Guard in both these states have the situation well in hand and will deliver the votes for Mr. Taft in the convention if Mr. Taft demands them. There isn't enough of the Republican party in any wide area in the other states to be insurgent. The delegates will all be on hand for Taft. That is all there is to that.

Intrinsically the Democracy of the South is conservative. To be sure, there have been wild-eyed exhibitions in various states, where the Democrats seem to have turned Populists for the time being; but at the bottom the South is conservative—Jeffersonian—and so are most of the leading public men of the South. Also, the people of the South are most respectful in their attitude toward their public men, and are guided by them to a greater extent than in the North.

You will find that most of the public men in the South believe in state rights absolutely; that they are opposed to a central banking system; that they are for tariff for revenue; that they are not in favor of the initiative, the referendum and the recall. There are many political slants in the South, as elsewhere; but basically the Democracy in the South, which means practically the entire South, is firm in these beliefs. Also, there is more sentiment in politics in the South than in the North. Kin and blood and family ties go farther—and the Confederacy is still a fetish among the older men.

The chief quality of the Democracy in the South is its loyalty to the party. That is explainable in one way by the statement that the South has had few opportunities to protest through the medium of an opposing political party; but it is doubtful whether the South would have so protested had the opportunity been there. The South is proud of its Democracy. It is regular. Each time when Bryan was a candidate for president the South helped largely in his nomination, and in 1900 and 1908 went to the convention solidly for him to all intents and purposes—not, perhaps, because the South was overwhelmingly for Bryan, but because Bryan was the Democratic candidate. And in every presidential election since 1872, with the exception of an occasional straying away by the border states—Missouri, Kentucky and Maryland—the South has voted solidly for the Democratic candidates. They take their Democracy very seriously in the South.

The Importance of the South

THUS, the South is the most important factor in politics in this country for the nomination of a Republican who controls the machinery and for the election of a Democrat who can get the nomination. Thus, also, the men who aspire to the Democratic nomination, though reasonably sure of getting the vote of the South after that nomination, make desperate efforts to get the support of the South in the convention; for convention support predicates pretty clearly that friendship that will develop into the much-needed Democratic electoral vote of the South. It may be the time will come when the men who figure on election possibilities will not put down, first off, the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and Virginia as safely and beyond a doubt Democratic, with the chances that Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky and Oklahoma will be the same; it may be that time will come, but it hasn't come yet and will not come before the final computations for the election of 1912 are made.

Hitherto the South has been content to demonstrate its Democracy by voting in the convention for whatever candidate seemed best to the South and was held up to the South as most likely to carry the essential Northern states of New York, Connecticut, Indiana, New Jersey, and perhaps others; and by ratifying the convention choice almost unanimously on election day. In itself the South has not electoral votes enough to win, and it has contented itself by throwing those votes to the Democrat selected from the North for standard-bearer. This year the South is prudently putting forward a few Southerners—or near Southerners—and waiting to see what will happen.

Old associations are hard to break, however. The men who have directed the political affairs of the South in the Democratic party for many years have been in close association with the men who have directed similar affairs in the North—with the machine, to be exact. Though Southern Democrats have protested locally often, they have generally lined up nationally as their leaders have told them to. Also, the men not actively in politics but powerful there, representing the interests of various kinds that are dominated from the financial district in New York, have played the game of the machine; and the Southern leaders have been generally quite regular and amenable to suggestion. Bryan ran away with these old-line leaders on several occasions, but they all fell in line in the Parker campaign and helped out that safe-and-sane nomination, and they are inclined to listen to the voice from the North on this occasion.

Consequently, and notwithstanding the four Southern candidates, you find here and there in the South a sort of Harmon movement or sentiment or attempt at sentiment, fostered by the old-line men who have had a hand in party control in the South in the past and who are susceptible to such gentle pressure as may be applied by the old-line Democrats in the North, the organization men—the men themselves swayed by these influences and interests who have hitherto taken part in the nomination of presidents by both parties. As in the North and in the West, a good many of the old organization Democrats in the South think Harmon is the most available candidate—having had their instructions from headquarters as to how they should think.

These men may be able to get some Southern delegates for Harmon, but they will not get many. The South has taken to the Southern candidate idea and is busily canvassing the claims of Wilson, Clark, Folk and Underwood. As will be explained later, Clark and Folk have serious differences to compose in Missouri before either can get ahead much more than in conversation, and Underwood is sitting steady, assured of the vote of Alabama and the advantage of the first presentation to the convention.

There is no serious consideration of Bryan as a candidate in the South. If he is a candidate it is very doubtful whether he can get many delegates there. If he succeeds by the multiplication of candidates in getting himself into the strategic position in the convention where he seems to be the only available solution of a deadlock his old friends in the South may vote to nominate him—and the South will undoubtedly give him her electoral vote. However, it is not thought in the South that Bryan really is a candidate; and it is certain, if he does announce himself as a candidate, he cannot get the Southern delegates in a block as he has done heretofore. They like Bryan in the South, but there are other candidates in the field—if, indeed, it is fair to refer to Bryan as a candidate in the strict sense at all—and the South is intensely interested in her own men.

Naturally there is no Southern talk of Marshall, of Indiana; Dix, of New York; Hearst; Foss, of Massachusetts; Baldwin, of Connecticut; or any other of the stalking-horse candidates. None of these can get any Southern delegates. The fight there is between Wilson, Harmon, Clark, Folk and Underwood.

The Situation in Missouri

HARMON'S situation I have explained. He is being urged by the old-line leaders of the old organizations—and he is not making much headway. The impression, whether justly or unjustly, is abroad that Harmon is favored by "the interests"; and that, even if the South had no candidates, it would work against him if this suspicion were made clear or could be proved. A year ago Harmon had much more strength in the South than he has now.

Providing the Clark and Folk situation is ironed out, the real fight for the Southern delegates will be between Wilson and Clark. Just at present Wilson has by far the better of it, because the Clark movement isn't under fair headway—and maybe for other reasons. Still there is a lot of talk about Clark, and he has many friends.

Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia. That ought to and probably will assure him the Virginia delegates. Also, he lived in several cities in Georgia in his early manhood, practicing law in Atlanta for a couple of lean years; and he married his wife at Savannah. He has kin all over the South. Privately it is claimed that Senator and former Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia, is not for Wilson, though the Senator isn't saying much about it publicly—and some of Wilson's friends claim the Senator will be on the band-wagon when the band begins to play. Senator Bacon is not doing anything for Wilson either, but Wilson

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The Regular Party Man

By J. W. FOLEY

I AM the Upright Citizen—Taxpayer is my name; I'm one of the City's Solid Men and I'm everywhere the same; I've built the sewers and paved the streets, and paid for the parks, you see, and all the Contractors, Bosses, Beats and Leeches feed on me—you see, I'm a Regular Party Man—it's bred in my flesh and bone. I've voted for every Republican since the party has been known; I always vote my ticket straight, though at times it's a bitter pill; but I never split it, and I may state that I hope I never will. Now Smith, next door, is a Democrat, and another Solid Man, who always knows right where he's at—and he votes by the selfsame plan; and Smith is an Upright Citizen, and his name's Taxpayer too; and as one of the City's Solid Men he's down on the Grafting Crew; and so am I—so we go to the polls and vote straight down the line; two square and quite well-meaning men—and his vote offsets mine!

NOW I've talked with Smith and he's talked with me, and we've talked quite plainly too; and I've said to him: "Now, Smith, you see, I'm down on this Grafting Crew; our man is the man to win the fight—he's a clean and able man." And Smith says: "Yes, I guess that's right; but he's a Republican. And I always vote my ticket straight from A to Z—that's how I've always done and it's getting late to change my methods now. Our man isn't what he ought to be—I quite agree in that; but he's the party nominee, and you know I'm a Democrat. So I guess I'll stick to the good old ship and vote right down the line." And Smith makes one cross on his ballot slip—and so his vote kills mine!

SMITH talks with me in the selfsame way, and he says: "This paving job is a downright steal, I'm free to say; and our man's pledged to play hob with the deal they've made and we ought to stand behind him to a man." And I know our man has made a trade—but he's a Republican. So I say to Smith: "I'd like to vote for your candidate, that's flat; but somehow it sticks fast in my throat, for he is a Democrat. And you know I belong to the G. O. P.—the party of Lincoln and Blaine—and it ought to be good enough for me; so I'll vote her straight again." And so we go to the polls and vote for the Gods of the Faith That Is—it's not just good; but what's the odds?—and so my vote kills his!

NOW Smith and I, we mean all right and we want things on the square; but when there's a Regular Party Fight, a man must do his share. My faith comes down from Fremont's time and his from Jefferson; and to cling to an old-time faith's sublime—no odds how the paving's done! Sometimes I think his man's the best—sometimes he thinks mine is; but I vote straight, north, south, east, west, and he votes straight for his. We quite agree on little things, like the taxrolls and the streets, the city schools, police, white wings, and the health of milk and meats; but when it comes to matters big, like a Regular Party Plank, why, Smith is stubborn as a pig and I'm somewhat of a crank. And we'd like to vote alike—and then we could down the Grafting Crew; but we're both Regular Party Men—so what are we going to do?

The Lawless Godliness of Billy Smoke

By James Oliver Curwood

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

BILLY SMOKE gave his skillet of bacon a vicious swing, spat forth an oath that came from his soul, straightened to his feet like a springboard and faced Lord Percival Algernon Jones. Then he said:

"You slab-faced glass-eyed son of a whisky-jack—if you say another word I'll massage your face until it won't be fit for decent company! D'you understand? I've had enough of your sacred lordship's lip. I've toted you an' your dunnage an' that squab-faced vally of yours for seven days, an' you ain't given me or the Indian a square look! I've been a reg'lar slavey; an' I've even cleaned your pipe—which I ain't done for no other man alive! You've been more trouble than ten kids an' a dozen wimmin. I've carried that cussed tin baw-w-w-wthtub o' yourn when I was b'ilin' inside ready to bust, an' the best you've done is to stare at us through that windowplate at your right eye, as though th' Indian an' me ain't nothin' but a couple o' funny-looking bugs. I ain't opened my lips—not once. But you ain't back home now. You're in the woods. You're two hundred miles from nowhere an' headed for the Arctic Ocean. You're plumb on my nerves—an' if you and that pippin-faced slave who shaves you an' washes yer face ain't a little more human there's no accountin' for what I'll do. Understand?"

Lord Percival Algernon Jones, tall, lank and bony, stared for a moment as if he had not heard correctly. He was a distinguished character, was Lord Percival. He represented a large British syndicate and great capital. He had shot lions in Africa and elephants in India—from a safe distance. He had traveled over the world, and never could he remember of having put his thin, white, bony hands to any sort of plebeian exertion. Also, so far back as he could remember he could recall nothing of the sort just spoken to him by honest Billy Smoke, his guide. In moments of unusual stress His Lordship always adjusted his eyeglass. There was a sort of mesmerism in his glassy stare. It gave one the uncomfortable sensation of being some sort of a biological specimen under a microscope; in fact, Lord Percival regarded most people as queer specimens of animal and insect life. He could scarcely find a reason for the existence of men like Billy Smoke, who wanted to be chums with all mankind. So he stared, twisting one of his long, sandy mustaches, and said finally:

"Why, you confounded, impertinent rawscal!"

For seven days Billy Smoke had been choking back his vials of wrath. "Rascal!" he shouted. "Mother of sweet mercy, hold me! Rascal! — an' I've done your dirty, swipin' work for a whole week! Billy Smoke washin' another man's socks! Think of it! I've tended you like an angel, I have. I've put up with yo' for your fam'ly's sake, an' I've stood that fat lollop of a vally when ev'ry time he filled my eyes I got a pain in the stummick! I've took the hint that me'n' the Indian wasn't good enough to eat at first table—an' never said a word. I've biled yer blessed tea five times a day an' been cussed ev'ry time. I've done for you just about what I'd 'a' done for King George himself; an' half a dozen times I've lugged you ashore so you wouldn't git them precious feet o' yourn wet. There ain't no man livin' can say I've taken half the sass from him that I've taken from you; but when yo' say I've got to wash the vally's socks along with yourn you've hamstrung the workin' hoss. Me'n' the Indian are goin' to take a rest. If you want any supper—you go git it!"



At First He Was Only Conscious of a Pair of Wonderful Blue Eyes Meeting His Own

Lord Percival Algernon Jones had a way of his own of settling with men on a level with Billy Smoke. So he advanced in three measured and dignified steps, and before Billy could quite make out what was coming he tweaked that astonished individual's nose.

"You impertinent rawscal! ——" he began. "You ——"

His Lordship never quite understood just what happened after that. With a wild yell, Billy grabbed His Lordship's head between his two hands and the campfire suddenly took the form of a small volcano in action. Seven days of insult, seven days of degradation, seven days of mental misery that had almost turned his hair gray, formed the concentrated essence of what Billy Smoke did to Lord Percival Algernon Jones. He was too generous to use his fists; but the palms of his hands were as hard as rock. And James, the valet—a side-whiskered gentleman of overfed and overred flesh—stood at helpless attention a dozen paces away, looking in stony horror upon the end of the world.

It might have been two minutes or two hours later that Lord Percival gazed up from the foot of a large birch in sickly consciousness of what had happened. As a matter of fact it was very close to two minutes. Billy Smoke was standing over him. His Lordship fumbled for his eyeglass, which had escaped ruin by a miracle. He adjusted it to the usual eye; but finding that the vision of that eye was somewhat impaired he transferred it to the other.

"James," he commanded, "throw this rawscal into the drink!"

Force of habit was strong in James. He made a movement—a single step in the direction of Billy Smoke. It is probable that a human thought would have found its way into the automaton's head before he had taken a second step—but the remaining eleven steps Billy covered himself.

There was no anger in his voice now. It was joy, pure, undiluted joy; and even the creases in the Indian's leathery face grew deeper as Billy Smoke caught James by his splendid growth of side-whiskers. This time it was Lord Percival Algernon Jones who looked on. He made no movement. He was transfixed. He saw what had happened to himself, and the blue blood of many generations turned cold in his veins. Billy Smoke could have told him that what had happened to himself was not a circumstance to what was happening to James Augustus Dobbs; but he was too busy. And James had something coming to him as a sort of *coup de grâce* that His Lordship had escaped.

He was half dead when Billy dragged him by the scruff of the neck to the edge of the stream on which they had camped and sent him plunging down into three feet of mud and water.

Billy Smoke then came back and accosted His Lordship.

"I hope you ain't got no hard feelings, Percy," he said affably. "It had to come. Discipline has got to be maintained even in the woods. If I hadn't given you an' the vally this little hint you might 'a' irritated the Indian some day—and then there'd 'a' been a massacree. Shake, old squaw!"

His Lordship refused to shake, however.

"This — this is bloody mutiny!" he gasped.

"It's worse'n that," agreed Billy cheerfully, loading his pipe. "It's downright piracy—that's what it is, Percy. Because me'n' the Indian come in now for our share of that exclusive canned stuff we've been totin' for you an' James, an' we've got a standin' invite to help smoke up them high-toned cigarettes o' yourn with the stiff-necked greaser lady on the box. So you might as well smile, Percy. An' now, dam' ye, shake!"



But Still He Stood, Awaiting Orders as He Had Awaited Them for Thirty Years

Billy Smoke thrust down a big, hardfisted paw. It was an honest-looking hand, was Billy Smoke's. It was calloused and knotted from many years of toilsome life in the wilderness. It was such a hand as other men of honest heart liked to grip in friendship, a hand that wouldn't strike in the dark or behind one's back. For a moment it hung right under Lord Percival Algernon Jones' nose, and His Lordship inspected it critically through his eyeglass. As he looked he observed a slow change working through it. The tendons of the fingers and wrist seemed to swell, and the fingers began to move toward the palm like a shutting clam.

"Shake!" pleaded Billy.

His Lordship lifted a white and bloodless hand, and Billy gave it a squeeze that made the bones crack. Then he jerked Lord Percival to his feet with a suddenness that sent his eyeglass dangling—and, to that outraged gentleman's horror and consternation, he calmly tweaked his nose.

"I'm an American, Percy," he explained; "an' there ain't no Britisher alive can pull an American's nose an' live to tell the story—unless he's a lord. That's why you're livin' now. If it had been James ——"

Billy Smoke turned and his eyes lit up with joy. Ten paces away stood James at loyal attention. Mud and water dripped from his wilted side-whiskers. His red nose and round face were smeared, and poetically he "dripped at every pore"; but still he stood, awaiting orders as he had awaited them for thirty years, his arms half-akimbo, his padded chest thrown out like a pigeon's, his fat thumbs projecting from his hips, staring unseeing beyond Billy Smoke to his fallen lord and master.

"Glory be!" gasped Billy admiringly. "James, you've given me an idee! I'm an outraged American citizen—that's what I am; but I can't take it out on Percy because he's a lord. So I'm goin' to take it out on you, James. Do you hear? I'm goin' to take it out on you. I'm goin' to give you a glorious wallopin' ev'ry mornin' of your life so long as we remain friends. A reg'lar stars-an'-stripes wallopin', James. Do you hear?"

James made no visible sign of life.

"Do you hear?" roared Billy Smoke.

"Hi 'ears you, sir," said James coldly.

II

BILLY was not a man long to harbor bad feelings. He poesessed a disposition that made him a wholesome man to know and one not easily forgotten. He loved the mere routine of eating, drinking and working, and had a well-developed sense of humor. Down in the big cities, at their desks in stuffy offices, amid the bustle and crash of the life that was turning their hair gray, men sat back at times and dreamed of Billy Smoke and his campfires up among the sweet-smelling balsams and cedars. Until now Billy had never guided the man who was not glad to grip his hand in brotherhood. Above all else, though heart and soul of the big Canadian forests, Billy was an American. He could have stood for Lord Percival Algernon Jones, his insulting superiority and his idiosyncrasies, because there

was something about them that tickled his bump of humor; but James Augustus Dobbs was like a red rag flouted in the face of an outraged bull; and long after the others had gone to bed Billy sat smoking beside the dying embers of the campfire, seriously considering whether, from the standpoint of humanity, he ought longer to travel in James' company. For he knew that he would keep his word. In spite of his amiable nature he longed for the morning—even as the birds longed for it. His fingers itched for another grip in James' glorious side-whiskers.

It was nearly midnight when he took a last look about the camp. It was not the sort of camp he liked. There were two silk tents—one for His Lordship and one for James. There was none for himself and the Indian; so he wrapped himself in a blanket and went to sleep.

Some time later His Lordship was aroused from a restless slumber by an unusual commotion and strange and muffled sounds in the air. He raised himself to a sitting posture to listen. Something was astir in the camp. It sounded to him like the heavy bodies of animals struggling close by. Suddenly an object plunged through the front of the tent and toppled him over in a heap.

"Don't be afraid—it's only Hi, sir!" gasped James. "The bloody warmint 'as kicked me out of my tent, sir!"

"He's what?"

"Housted me, sir—after pulling out 'arf my 'air!"

Lord Percival Algernon Jones was not a coward. Sometime back in history his ancestors had gone to war and had even fought duels. He fumbled under his pillow and drew out his silver-mounted revolver. Then he stalked out into the moonlit night, tall and gaunt and ghostly-looking in his striped pajamas, tasseled nightcap and bristling mustaches. Billy Smoke was turning James' feather bed sidewise, so that there would be room on it for both himself and the Indian, when Lord Percival's face appeared at the tentflap.

"I'll have a word with you, my man!"

"Sure!" said Billy.

He came out smiling and companionable. The next instant he was looking along the shining barrel of His Lordship's revolver.

"Now, my man, up with your hands!"

"Sure!" said Billy.

Billy's hands rose obediently; but in rising one of them sent the revolver spinning, and the other, as hard as a birch knot, landed on the point of His Lordship's jaw. This time, once more, it was James who looked on.

A few minutes later James assisted his master to his tent.

"Shall I get out a suit of hextra pajamas, sir?" he asked.

Lord Percival Algernon Jones sank down wearily upon his bed and made no answer. He was not even much interested when about dawn Billy Smoke entered unannounced and took away James by the scruff of his neck. Three-quarters of an hour later Billy reappeared and kindly but firmly invited His Lordship to choose between walking out to his breakfast or being pulled out by his heels. That morning Lord Percival ate breakfast in company with Billy Smoke and the Indian, while James, in forlorn whiskers and striped pajamas, did an early morning wash.

Billy was cheerful. All that night a big idea was swiftly developing in his head. It was so big that at times it staggered him. After the meal was over he induced His Lordship to step a few paces aside, where he explained it to him.

III

"YOU see, Your Lordship, I ain't never had what you might call a real sportin' chance up here in the woods," he began, peeling off a pipeful of hard-cut into the palm of his hand. "I've roughed it almost since I can remember, and there ain't no special opportunities ever come snooping round my back door, so to speak—until now. There isn't no telling what I might 'a' been if I'd had a fair throw, like you have. I'm genius lost—that's what I am. I've starved an' I've froze an' I've drowned, and I've never had a real big dream come true. Now I don't want you to shed no tears of sympathy over me, Percy; but just the same I want you to understand how I've been crawlin' out o' the little end o' the horn all my life. An' I enjoyed it until I met you. But you've enlightened me, Percy. You've made me see what I've missed an' you've set my insides biling with ambition. You've spoiled me—an' that's putting it weak. So I've made up my mind to have one great big glorious fling if I die for it. Do you understand? From now on I'm goin' to make history up in these here diggings. I'm goin' to cut 'er open to the limit. I've just seen what it is to be a lord—an' I'm goin' to be a lord! Yes, sir—a real, live, bloodeating lord—without the whiskers; an' you're goin' to be Billy Smoke. Begin to see the point, Percy?"

Billy paused to allow the significance of his words to sink in and primed the bowl of his pipe. Lord Percival stood speechless, focusing Billy with the wild glare of his one good eye.

"Begin to see the drift?" asked Billy mildly. "Henceforth an' from now on I'm Lord Percival Algernon Jones, an' as such I hereby take possession of everything belongin' to Lord Percival Algernon Jones, includin' James an' the tin baw-w-w-wthtub. You're two hundred miles from nowhere an' you can't move a foot without getting lost. I'm goin' to leave you here with the Indian. He don't understand your lingo an' you can curse him all you want to. My vally and me are goin' on up to Churchman. I'm goin' to live like a lord if it ain't for more'n a week. An' you might as well take it easy an' keep quiet, for if you say two words I'll wallop the dickens out of you!"

"This—this is outlawry!" gasped His Lordship, his teeth fairly chattering.

Billy Smoke calmly rolled up his sleeves.

"Four words—two lickings!" he figured. "I'll let you off this time, Percy, just for decency's sake; but if you open your trap again ——"

He spat on his hands. For one moment Lord Percival's pale blue eye glared into Billy's. His thin lips quivered. His bloodless cheeks were the color of ash. Then his trembling fingers fell to fumbling with his eyeglass, and without another word Billy turned toward the tents. In Cree he informed the Indian that he was to remain behind and care for Lord Percival until his return some weeks later. Then he went over to interview James. Three times that benighted individual took a ducking in the river before he could be made to see the new orbit in which he was to travel. Inside of half an hour Billy's canoe was packed, and he approached Lord Percival. His Lordship had not moved a step.

"Don't speak—don't whisper!" begged Billy. "It's a licking a word now, Percy. I've just come for the eyeglass. I've an uncanny hankering for that thing."

Lord Percival made a movement. His thin throat twitched as if he were about to speak; but there was something in Billy Smoke's smiling eyes that stopped him. With the eyeglass Billy returned to the canoe.

"James," he invited, "step in!"

In one last loyal stand James struck the attitude of an unhearing statue. Billy came up very close to him and his teeth smiled through the stubble on his face.

"James!" he said softly.

"Hi—Hi beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed James, stepping in double-quick to the canoe.

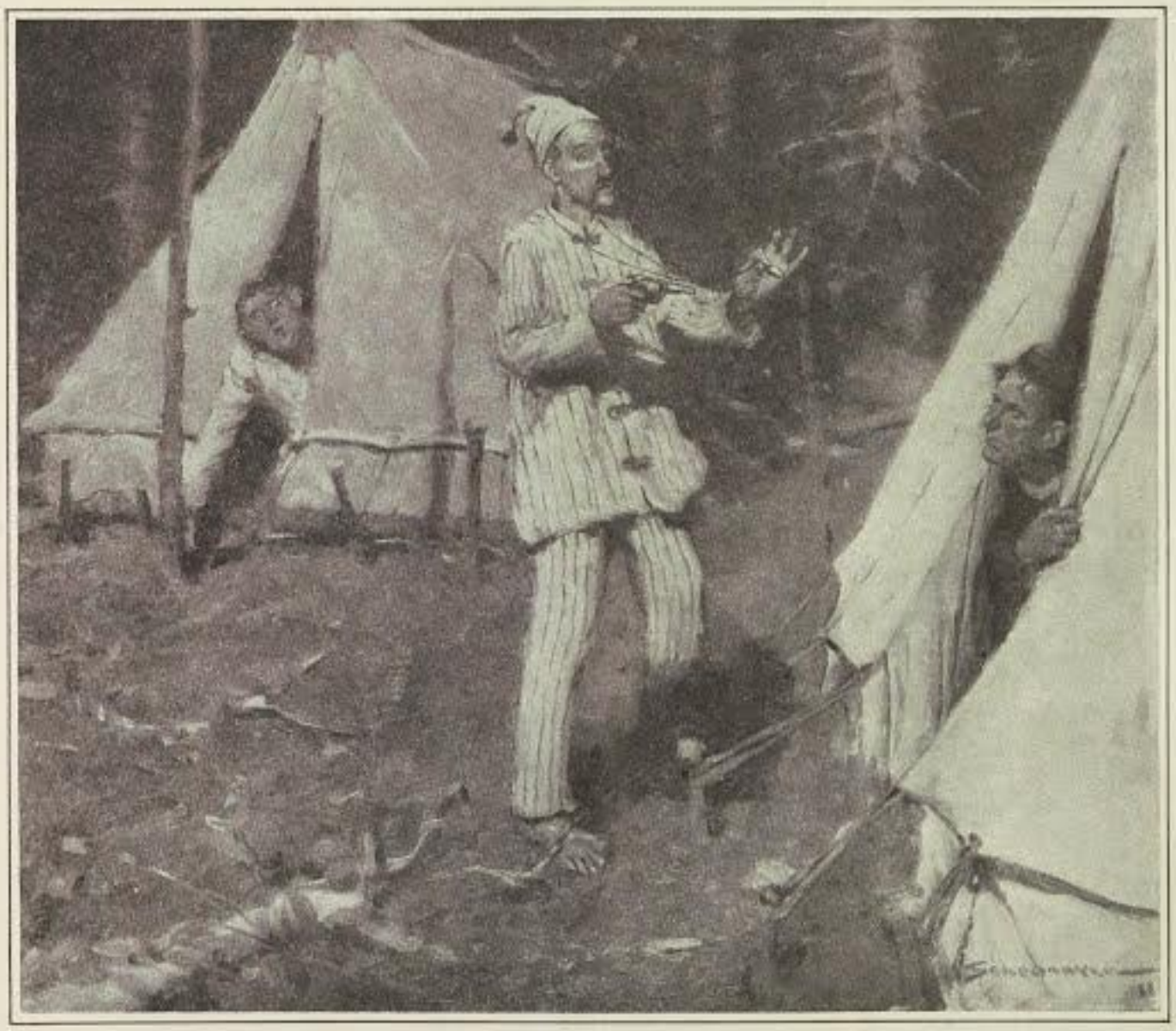
Billy lost no time in getting away, and not a word came from His Lordship's lips. There was something in his silence, in the gray pallor of his lean face and in the steady glare of his one eye that gave Billy his first twinge of uneasiness; but the feeling quickly passed. He knew that Lord Percival was anchored for an indefinite period. Nothing could induce the Indian to move in the face of his final injunction, especially as he would be unable to understand a word of Lord Percival's ravings. In addition to this Billy had told him that Lord Percival was crazy, and that he must watch him closely until his return. Meanwhile Billy planned to have the biggest time of his life. Back in the valley he had learned a lot about Lord Percival. He was the representative of the big London syndicate that had gobbled up everything worth while at Churchman, and he was going up to look things over for his brother capitalists, invested with an authority that was unlimited. Moreover, there was not a soul at Churchman who had ever had the pleasure of gazing upon his blueblooded face—a circumstance of vital importance to Billy Smoke. All in all Billy figured that he ought to have a very good time. His one present uneasiness lay in James.

A little before noon he ran ashore on a level strip of gravelly riverbed and discussed the situation in more definite detail with James. He finished by sitting down close beside that exhausted person and pulling from his holster a curious-looking weapon of black, shining metal.

"I'm goin' to show you something interesting, James," he said. "See this? It's what we call an automatic—an' you'll notice it's got the picture of a warwhooping savage, with feathers in his hair, on the handle. That means it's a bad weapon. Now"—and he touched a spring in the butt—"this is what we call the clip, an' you'll observe there's ten cartridges in it, with another in the chamber—eleven in all. Now I shove this clip back—an' you see that pond-lily leaf ——"

A steady stream of fire leaped forth from the gun and the leaf disappeared.

"Eleven shots in four seconds!" he went on. "Pretty good—ain't it, James? Now what I'm calling your attention to is this: if you so much as wink out of the wrong side of your eye when we reach Churchman, or if you open your mouth to say a word that ain't spoken to me, I'm goin' to put eleven bullets into you so quick that you won't



"I'll Have a Word With You, My Man!"

know when you died. I've already killed eight men with this weapon, an' it's good for one more just about your height and circumference. Do you get on to my meaning now, James?"

"Hi do, sir," said James, dodging back out of range of the automatic's muzzle, and his red face turned to a sickly tallow color.

"An' you'll live up to the law of what I've said?"

"Hi will, sir."

"Cut out that 'sir,'" admonished Billy. "If you don't call me 'M'Lord' an' 'Your Lordship' an' 'Your Royal Highness' from this minute on I'll lick you every seven steps you take. It's a glorious wallopin' every time you forget. Understand?"

"Hi do, Your 'Ighness!"

"Good!" said Billy. "Now, James, run down and get the bacon, a skillet, the coffee pot, four potatoes an' a can o' beans, along with an armful of that high-toned stuff I can't name—an' get dinner. Lord William is goin' to smoke a box of these greaser lady cigarettes an' practice with the eyeglass. Tell me, James, how do you get next to the windowglass?"

"You hopens your heye wide, sir," explained James, "an' puts it hin. Then you closes the heye an' 'olds tight."

"Easy!" said Billy.

He went off by himself, and now and then James heard the sounds of battle. When he went to tell his new master that dinner was ready Billy Smoke had achieved his triumph, and strutted back with the eyeglass glaring from his right optic.

"How's that, James?"

"Hexcellent, Your Lordship; hexcellent!" exclaimed James.

"Thank you, James. By the way, what is your salary?"

"Four p'und ten—han' keepin'!"

"That's what I call miserly, James. You're worth more than that. It's eight p'und twenty from now on, an' I'll have you paid six months in advance as soon as we reach Churchman. You're on to the fact that your present lordship owns Churchman, ain't you?"

"Hi am, sir."

"What!"

"Your Royal 'Ighness—I begs your pardon!"

After dinner Billy said:

"Now, James, I'm ready for a shave, a shine, a haircut, a shampoo and a massage. Bring up a pair of His Dido's best pants, a good shirt an' all the fixin's. Don't forget anything, James. Percy didn't dress like a gentleman, an' we've got to make up for it."

It was the middle of the afternoon before Billy Smoke passed out from under the hands of James. He surveyed himself in a glass and gasped.

"James," he said, "I'm goin' to make that sixteen p'und forty, an' pay you a year in advance! Who'd ever think this was Billy Smoke! I'd sure go in a beauty show with the best of 'em now. James—shake!"

He wrung James' hand until tears started in the valet's pale eyes.

"Have a smoke!"

"Hi never smoked in 'Is Lordship's presence," protested James.

"But you smokes in this lordship's presence!" exploded Billy.

Something like a gleam of real human gratitude flickered into the lusterless orbs of James Augustus Dobbs.

Among other things Billy had confiscated an alligator-skin handbag belonging to His Lordship, a high-toned and aristocratic-looking affair to be swung from the shoulder by a strap, and which he thought an ornament quite necessary to his proper entry into Churchman. While Billy cleaned up about camp he looked into this valise and found it partly filled with papers, among which were a number of large and official-looking documents. With one of Lord Percival's dollar-a-box cigarettes between his lips, Billy seated himself comfortably with his back to a tree and began a closer examination. There were papers with the big red seal of the Farthest North Improvement Company, papers with blue seals, and other papers at the top of which was a roaring lion balancing himself on his tail—an attitude that Billy could not understand.

At last he came to a letter which interested him more than all the others. At the end of the first paragraph he gave a low whistle of surprise; at the end of the second he sat erect; at the end of the third he had forgotten James, the camp, his unlighted cigarette, the burned-out match between his fingers. Page after page of that letter, written in coarse script, he read with such haste that he skipped a third of the lines. At the end was the signature of Bristol Gardam, local manager of the British syndicate's interests at Churchman. He went back to the beginning and read more carefully. His eyes began to shine with a fierce glow, and every muscle in his body grew tense and hard with suppressed excitement. He put the papers back into the bag and sprang to his feet. His face was white, his jaws set and his eyes glittering when he confronted James.

"Get my old duds," he commanded; "and hustle, James! I can't work in these, an' we're goin' to work. There's some one callin' Lord William to Churchman, an' he's got to be there within forty-eight hours. It's an even hundred miles. Now, old chap, if you're a sport—rustle!"

With small regard for buttons and ripped fabric Billy Smoke proceeded to divest himself of Lord Percival's stiff collar, silk tie, starched shirt and creased trousers with amazing swiftness.

There was a look in his face that puzzled and alarmed James when, his brawny arms bare and his brown shoulders naked to the sun, he sent the canoe out with powerful strokes into the down-sweeping current of the river.

IV

IT WAS five o'clock in the afternoon before Billy Smoke ran his canoe once more in to shore. He made thirty-five miles with the current without a portage. Three times he shot through rapids that he had never ventured to hazard before, and James' heart died so completely within him and his fat legs became so paralyzed that at last, when Billy helped him out like a bag of wheat, he rolled over on the ground with a muffled groan and lay still. Billy laughed and patted him almost affectionately on the shoulder.

"You're a true sport, James!" he cried. "You've got His Nibs back there beaten to a singed frazzle. I ain't heard a whine out of you all the afternoon, an' I'll bet your bones feel as though they'd been through a sawmill! Move round a little, old boy. You'll come to in a bit."

He proceeded to gather fuel and build a fire, and by the time supper was under way James managed to stagger up with a pail of water.

"Hi'm all in!" he apologized weakly. "Hi'm blistered an' broke from hay to z, sir. Hi feel as though all the hile was gone from between my j'ints."

Billy had dug out a flask from His Lordship's belongings. "Have a nip, James," he invited.

A shadow of animation flitted over James' waxen features. Never in his life had he polluted Lord Percival's silver whisky flask with his own lips, and for one brief moment he hesitated. Then he tilted his head back, applied the bottle, and a gurgle of delight ran down his throat.

"Because you'll need it, James," went on Billy. "We've just begun our day's work, you might say. We're goin' on after supper. There's some one needs us at Churchman, James—needs us bad—mighty bad! Understand?"

For an instant a valve seemed to close in James' throat and he blinked at Billy Smoke.

"You've been up agin s'ciety all your life, ain't you, James? An' you've seen lots and lots of pretty girls; but did you ever hear a prettier name than Faith McKay? Beats Hope an' Charity, don't it? An' I reckon it's this here same Faith McKay, who may be a little Scotch or a little Irish or a little o' both—God bless 'er!—whose aprayin' just about now for a couple o' friends about the size o' Billy Smoke an' James Augustus Dobbs. So take one more nip, James. You'll need it. An' then you can sit down. I want to talk to you while the bacon's frying."

. . . . . .

As it might have awaited a scheduled earthquake, a storm of blue violets in midwinter or a shipload of pretty girls from London, so Churchman waited for Lord Percival Algernon Jones—that is to say, none of these impossible events could have created a greater interest than the anticipated arrival of His Lordship. He was the first real live lord to visit Churchman that then lived and breathed, unless one counted Donald Smith, who afterward became Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, and who, of course, was not a born lord but only a made one. It was known that he was coming some time this month by way of the Churchman, and Bristol Gardam, manager of the Farthest North Improvement Company, kept sharp watch for him; but in some way the Canoe of Honor, twenty miles up the river, missed him when he did come. At the minute it passed a certain point Billy Smoke was concealed back in the balsams enjoying a shave, a massage and a general change of wearing apparel; and when at last the current bore him majestically down almost alongside the company's offices at Churchman, Gardam and his assistants, collarless and in shirtsleeves, were checking over for a second time the list of information which was to show the blueblooded representative of the powerful British syndicate just how loyally they had performed their work. Gardam was more than delighted with what he had achieved, and his mean little face wore an almost perpetual smile of satisfaction that showed two rows of doglike and uneven teeth.

Out in the river the canoe came into view. For a puzzled moment Gardam stared at it through a window. Then he strolled out on the office veranda, still staring and wondering. The office force followed him.

Said Billy:

"James, when you have a swell event over in Lunnon, an' a lord or a prince or a king shows up, what do you do?"

"If it's at an 'ouse we hannounces 'im, Your Lordship."

"All right, James. See that bunch up there? Jump out and 'hannounce' me."

"But—but——" protested James. "It hisn't quite correct 'ere, sir. We only hannounces at an 'ouse."

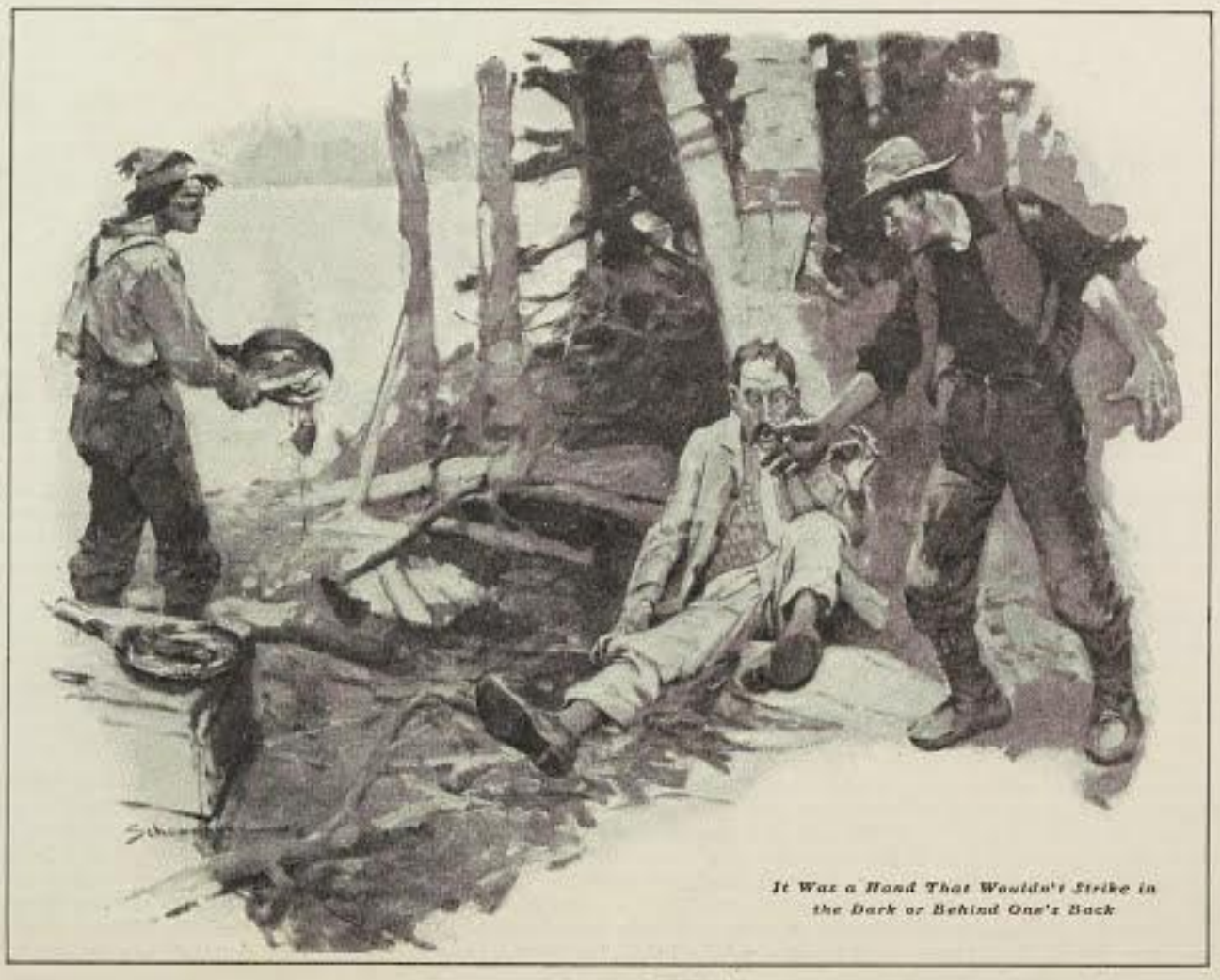
Billy, with his eyeglass gleaming, and stiff in His Lordship's best clothes, drew from under his coat the death-engine which he had once explained to James.

"James!"

His voice was so hard that it cracked.

With a gasp James tumbled ashore. With one foot still in the mud he faced the puzzled group on the veranda and struck an attitude that no one could longer fail to recognize. Then from deep in his chest there rolled forth a voice such as Billy Smoke had

(Continued on Page 33)



It Was a Hand That Wouldn't Strike in the Dark or Behind One's Back

THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XI

THERE are two approved ways of heating a New York hallroom. One is to lock the door, secretly light the gas and enjoy a moderated if somewhat devitalized air, always overshadowed, of course, by the possible advent of the landlady. The other is to eschew secrecy, to leave the door wide open and so permit both the accumulated heat and the accumulated odors of the house to seep gently through into that narrow chamber, which usually is dignified with neither ventilator nor steamcoils.

Una, as the advancing autumn made itself felt, tried each method and found each unsatisfactory. She had the craving of wholesome youth for fresh air and at the same time the dislike of dawning womanhood for violated privacy; so she ingeniously solved the problem by stringing a three-foot burlap curtain across her doorframe. This attenuated portière, swaying a foot above the floor-level, served to give her secrecy without confinement. Under it, many times a day, the interrogative Tim would insinuate a hairy nose, making the hall echo with his yelps of joy when he found Una at home. Behind it, during her idle moments, the girl was an auditor of those intermingling and fragmentary dramas that rose, like the house-odors, from the floors below.



"That Fifteen Dollars Will be Paid Back to You"

It was early the following night, when Una sat in her room with Tim devouring the last of her milk biscuits, that Dora Gerrard ducked unceremoniously in under the burlap curtain. In the younger girl's eyes, as she fed the pup on her lap, was a meditatively abstracted and far-visioned gaze, for things of vast moment had occurred that evening. Jim Sayles had announced that Una was to have a part in The Wine of Life company, a part with speaking lines, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

The last few weeks had imposed on Una a touch of skepticism. She kept telling herself not to believe too weakly in the promises of the moment. Yet, even as she questioned if it were not too good to be true, the prerogative of youth reasserted itself; and as she sat there with the munching dog on her lap a deep and ineffaceable sense of peace took possession of her.

For the first time in her life, as she looked up at Dora Gerrard, she attained a feeling of equality with that flashily dressed figure from The Longacre Girls. In a short time she, too, would be hurrying off to a dressing room and putting beautiful clothes on her body and making her name known to the theatergoers of Broadway.

"There's a quiet bunch going over to Churchill's after the show tonight," announced Dora. "And I told Freddy to count you in."

Una, still in her abstraction, fixed her eyes on the woman with the penciled eyebrows and with the lip-rouge on her mouth. She had been wondering why it was that men alone seemed willing to give her assistance. She could not help remembering the different hints that Dora Gerrard herself had so deliberately ignored.

"I can't go," she said quite calmly, letting the pup lick a fragment of biscuit from her palm.

"Aw, I can fix you up with one o' my hats," protested the older woman, becoming slowly conscious of the calmly resentful glance which Una leveled at her.

"I don't care to go, thank you," was the younger girl's answer.

Dora put her hands on her tightly corseted hips, with the ghost of a shrug.

"Well, dearie, you'll sure miss one peach of a time!" she announced as she stood staring about the room.

There was scorn in the glance; but so completely was it ignored by the owner of the room that her visitor was compelled to string another Parthian bow.

"Who owns the pup?" asked the girl in the street dress with a casualness that was merely assumed.

"Jim Sayles," answered Una, lifting the spaniel's shaggy face up to her own. For the second time Dora essayed the ghost of a shoulder-shrug.

"You ought to tie a tin can to that old skinflint!" the older woman suddenly declared.

"Why do you say that?" asked Una. Her voice was quiet, but the words were uttered only with an effort.

"Take it from me, dearie—you won't gain much by tying up with that old tightwad!"

Una stood up. The hand that had been flattening the fur on Tim's neck began to shake. It was the first time in her life that she had experienced anger that was both reckless and uncontrolled. It was the first time that her young body found the tangled wires of its nervous system not completely under the domination of its central office.

"Jim Sayles is a friend of mine—the best friend I've got!" she cried out, and her anger was a surprise even to herself. "And when you or any one else says he's a skinflint you say what isn't true!"

Dora had the satisfaction of seeing that her barbed arrow had sunk deep. She could even afford to smile a little.

"But aren't you jerry to that con o' his?" she mildly inquired. "Of course, if you can stand for his dirt and his dogs and all that, it's nobody's business; but, honest, dearie, it ain't right to be trailing in there with all them germs hanging round. It ain't fair to yourself and it ain't fair to your friends!"

Una's answering voice was a rather shrill soprano.

"If Jim Sayles happens to be sick that isn't going to keep me away from him. He's the only person in this house who's helped me. And I'm going to stick to him as long as he'll let me!"

"Well, take it from me, that won't be long!"

"Who'll stop me?" demanded the angry girl.

Dora did not answer her.

"Ain't she the pepper-pot!" the apparently unperturbed woman murmured to herself.

"Who'll stop me?" shrilled the infuriated girl.

The older woman, as she faced her, started to laugh. The smile withered from her face. Una, following her gaze, saw that the burlap curtain had been thrown aside. In the doorway stood the gaunt and skeletonlike figure of Jim Sayles himself, directing a bony and accusatory finger at the startled woman before him.

"Yes—who'll stop her?" he piped in a cracked and wheezing challenge. "You won't! And none o' that beer-soaked gang down there won't! And no chorus hen who ever worked a sucker for a free supper won't! And if you're so afraid o' germs you keep down there on the floor where you belong, and don't climb up here trying to corrupt the mind of a girl who's got more good in her toenail than you've got in your whole fat carcass!"

"What're you cackling about anyway?" disdainfully inquired the harangued woman. She remained outwardly calm, but even under its paint her face had lost much of its color.

"I'm cackling about you she-cats, who don't know a decent girl when you see her!" piped the figure in the tattered old dressing gown. "And if I can help her make good, without paying what a lot o' you song-and-dance skates pay for it, I'm going to do it!"

"I guess you better cut out that Salvation Army tripe," said the woman.

The old man advanced on her, his clawlike hand shaking, his withered and deep-hollowed face contorted with an anger which his thin and throaty pipe made doubly ludicrous.

"Oh, I know you, Dora Gerrard! Dora Gerrard! I know you, Annie O'Rourke, and I knew your father before you! I know where you came from and where you've got, and just what it cost you to get there! I know what you are—you—you ——"

As he spat out the word at her he choked and coughed and caught at the curtain for support, his frame shaking with a paroxysm of gasps.

"It's no wonder you choke on them lies, you low-minded old baby-snatcher!" cried the outraged woman. "I got better business than arguing about my position with a broken-winded old has-been. I got a theater to get to and honest work to do. And if you're going to run an infant class up here you'll run it without my company!"

"Wait!" commanded the skeletonlike figure, rising to a height that was almost majestical. Then his hand went slowly down and a look of pained wonder crept into his eyes. He leaned back, spluttering, lifting the corner of his dressing robe to his mouth. It came away covered with red.

The sight of the blood, of so much blood, caused the older woman to scream. She ran past the drooping figure and continued to scream at the stairhead. Una could hear answering voices and the sound of steps on the stairway. She could see Jim Sayles vainly struggling to regain his feet as a fat man caught him under the armpits and half lifted and half dragged him out into the hall.

There, for all the commotion, a moment of indecision reigned. Una heard some one say: "It's old Sayles! He's had a hemorrhage!" And another voice answered: "Don't let him stand up!" A shriller voice, belowstairs, was crying out to some one at the hall telephone, still deeper down in the darkness: "No; don't ask for Bellevue! It's police headquarters you want! Tell 'em to send an ambulance!"

It was a full half-hour before Jim Sayles was taken away. Una watched for him, white-faced, at the head of the stairs. The canvas stretcher and its attendants gave her a tightening of the heart; they suggested the unknown horrors of a hospital ward; they reminded her of sickness and suffering and death. And it was something she had never been called on to face before.

Una, struggling to be calm, caught Jim Sayles' eye as they lifted him round the corner of the stairhead. His colorless lips widened into the ghost of a smile. He motioned to her with his lean hand.

"What is it?" she asked with a lump in her throat as she leaned over the stretcher. The druggy smell of medicine rose to her nostrils. He was very weak, but he seemed anxious to tell her something.

"You stick to it," he said in his throaty whisper. "Go down to that office and cinch that job. You stick to it! Show 'em—show 'em what you're made of!"

She could feel the clawlike hand close on her fingers as the man at the stretcher-head, maneuvering his burden up about the stair-banister, motioned for her to step aside. She saw, for the second time, the bloodless lips widen in their piteously blithe effort at a smile.

The thing that remained in her memory, oddly enough, was the fact that as they carried him down he was eating small pieces of ice.

XII

IT WAS ten o'clock the next morning when Una stepped into a dingy office at the end of a dingy upper corridor in a dingy Broadway block.

She found herself in a room with faded framed celebrities smiling down at her from faded wallpapered partitions—actors and actresses in the strange costumes of other days, some buoyant and smiling, some dreamily self-satisfied, happy with the consciousness of their own beauty and their own power. Una, as her gaze fell on these idols of



"He Said You'd Been Kind to a Dog o' His"

other days, felt a chill strike into her heart. There seemed something suddenly pathetic and tragic about them, with their audacious eyes and their smiles of contentment, with their competitive attitudinizing and their eager faces on which time had placed an ironic and ever-yellowing hand.

Directly before her the girl saw a large-framed man leaning over a desk, intently studying the color chart of a scene-painter's dummy. He was in his shirtsleeves; on the back of his head was a tilted "stiff-dice." He did not look up until Una's timorously murmured "Good morning!" caught his ear.

He turned his face sideways with a storklike motion, without moving his body. As he did so Una found herself staring into the face of Bob Steger.

Neither of them spoke for several seconds. Then the man sat upright, straightened his hat and laughed an uneasy and embarrassed laugh. Yet, behind each silent face the machinery of consciousness was accelerated into sudden feverish activity—forewarning, adjusting, rejecting and registering.

"You're a nice one!" Steger called out with mock indignation, striving to hide his embarrassment under a heavy and not quite convincing facetiousness. She had often thought of this possible meeting. She had dreaded it, wondering what she would say or do, even though she was able to dramatize the moment into one of righteous and voluble indignation on her part. And now that the moment was at hand, if she proved the less ill at ease of the two she found herself without words, without the resentment which she felt ought to possess her.

"You're a nice one!" repeated the jocular Steger, standing up and then sitting down again, still staring hard at her.

"Why?" she asked, astonished at her calmness, still inwardly annoyed that she could make no greater show of anger; that she could not fling out at him, in one impassioned torrent, the abuse which he merited, the abuse which stage heroines invariably flung out at the cringing stage villain.

"Why?" repeated the somewhat bewildered man in the chair. Then he laughed. "Why, for up and beating it that way with my fifteen dollars!"

"That fifteen dollars will be paid back to you," she said quietly enough and yet with a shake in her voice. She was still remembering how much depended on her getting this part. And everything might depend on Steger himself. If she angered him, humiliated him, he would work against her. Things were not so simple in real life as they were on the stage.

"Oh, it ain't the money," acknowledged Steger with his sheepish and one-sided grin. "It's gettin' thrown down the way you threw me!"

He looked at her as though he might find some evidence of what she had avoided or experienced since last they met. He found nothing to satisfy his curiosity. Her continued calm still puzzled him.

"Why'd you do it?" he demanded.

The lucid and tranquil hazel eyes met his gaze.

"You know why I did it," answered the girl with an accusatory calmness which made him fidget in his chair.

"No, I don't!" protested Steger.

"You want me to tell you?" cried the girl, her voice rising. After all there was going to be a scene. She was going to spoil everything in spite of herself.

"You got nothin' to tell," retorted Steger combatively with an answering show of anger. "I said I'd give you a start in New York and I backed it up with good money!" He emitted a snort of self-pity. "I never tried to help a girl in my life without gettin' blamed for it!"

There was something so ludicrous in his pose of martyrdom that the listening girl could have laughed at it. She felt in some way a victor over him. She was fortified with a power which he did not seem to possess. And it was all very old and far-off, now; it seemed something vague and prenatal—that journey from Chamboro to New York, that adventure with the claret-faced cabman who had thrown her rattan suitcase back into his carriage.

Her eyes traveled from the perturbed man to the color chart on the desk beside him.

"I don't blame you for it," she found herself saying. "I don't know what you mean! I haven't seen anything to be blamed for!"

It was not quite the truth. Yet she was consoled by Steger's look of mixed relief and bewilderment.

"Of course you haven't!" he equivocated.

"But I didn't come here to talk about that," Una told him, still looking at the desk.

This puzzled him more than ever.

"What'd you come for?" he suddenly demanded.

"Jim Sayles said this office had promised me a part—a part in The Wine of Life production."

Steger, staring at her, framed his thick lips for a whistle, but no sound came from them.

"So it's you old Sayles's been cadgin' for?"

Una resented the tone of that exclamation. "Mr. Sayles told me to come here to see about my part," she announced, still meeting the wondering gaze of the man at the desk.

"Gee! but you've got to be the wise kid!" he finally ejaculated.

"A little wiser than when I let some one else pick out my boarding house!" Una answered.

Steger, feeling the crackle of thin ice, veered about to the matter of the part.

"So you're the kid they've picked for that part!" he repeated ruminatively. "And that one-lunged old liar made us think he'd an eighteen-year-old Clara Morris up his sleeve!"

He stole a look at the girl in front of him.

"You've sure got a good friend in old Jim Sayles. He blamed near badgered the life out o' Weinert about you!"

Una did not have the heart to say that he was ill; that he might be dying at that very moment. She was startled by Steger's sudden valorous thump on the desktop.

"By gad! I believe you'll make good too. You've got it in you. You'll sure get your strangle-hold some day. And, gee! it's queer, too—me here gettin' this company together and you bobbin' up for that ingénue part!"

Una's calm contempt for the figure at the desk was fading like a snow man in a February sun. As she sat down on the chair toward which he gruffly motioned her she was able to inquire in a matter-of-fact tone about the company and her part.

"Don't you worry about that part," he said, leaning companionably out over his chair-arm toward her. "It's a winner!"

"Could I see it?"

"Sure!" he responded, rummaging through a pile of oblong pages fastened together under blue covering-sheets. He stopped in his search and looked up. "You know, this Wine o' Life company isn't mine. I'm only acting here for Weinert and Miss Covington—Miss Covington's the star of the thing. But I'm goin' to show you that I'm a friend o' yours. And if this show makes good you'll be back on Broadway in six weeks' time!"

"Is there any danger of its not making good?" asked the inexperienced Una.

Steger pondered.

"It looks good to me," he finally announced. "And you've got a great little part here!" He flourished the blue-covered pages before her. "You're talked about all through the first act, you get a daisy little scene in the second, and in the third you share the curtain with the star—unless Covington gets on her ear and starts to cut stuff."

Una sat listening to these golden words with quickening pulse. She looked about at the framed actresses who had flowered and withered and been forgotten. They had lived their day; they had reigned; they were out of it now. The girl with the ardent hazel eyes felt indeterminately sorry for them.

"We're giving you thirty dollars on the road," Steger was saying as he consulted a tabulated sheet in his hand, "and twenty-five when we get back in New York and settled down to our run!"

There was something dreamlike about it, Una felt, sitting there and calmly discussing the details of her stage-work. The sensual and illiterate Bob Steger was no longer abhorrent to her. A thrill even sped up and down her backbone as her blue-covered part was thrust into her hand. She glanced through it, impressed by its size, wholly ignorant of the fact that most of it stood for stage directions and cues.

"You've got twelve sides there!" announced Steger with a wag of the head. "Oh, yes; by the way, this is a drama, you know—you'll have to scare up a couple o' gowns."

"I have to supply two gowns?" asked the startled girl.

"Yep! Weinert always sticks out for that! And, by-the-way, you'll have to read that part to the old man this afternoon!"

"Read it? How?" asked the puzzled girl.

"Why, show him you can act—give him an idea what you're going to do with it!" He suddenly stopped, sobered by the look of alarm on her face. "Say, I guess I'd better coach you in those lines!"

He rose from his chair, crossed the room and told the anemic office boy without that he would be busy for the next twenty minutes.

Then he returned to the desk, took the part from the girl's hand and stepped to the center of the room again. His face became intent. He mumbled and gestured as he ran through the lines.

"You come on crying," he told her, pushing her back toward the window. "Begin there: 'I was never so unhappy in my life!' Go on! Say it! See what you can do!"

It seemed foolish to her. She could not forget that it was all make-believe. She could not let herself go—"fling herself," as Steger put it.

"No—No—No! Cry!" he called out to her. "Get some sob into it!" And he repeated her lines with simulated weeping, gasping and shaking, and essaying exaggerated gestures of sorrow. It astonished her to find so much power of expression behind his physical heaviness, to see his corpulent body capable of such attitudes of emotion. It surprised her, just as the agile dancing of Jim Sayles had done. She could not understand the solemnity with which these children of the theater accepted their rôles, the unimaginative directness with which they lapsed into their world of make-believe.

"Try that again," he commanded. "Come on—quicker! Hold on to that last word. Keep your voice up—up! And try to feel what you're doing. Feel it! Now—once more!"



She Wondered if She, Too, Would be Forced to Resort to Cosmetics and Rouge

He let her go through the opening lines without interruption. Then he stepped in front of her.

"Say, didn't you ever cry in your life?" he demanded. She realized, now, that she was only an instrument in his hands, a machine on which emotion must play, a means to an end.

"Not very often," she admitted.

"Well, just picture Weinert takin' this part away from you—and try to weep over it! Howl! Wail! Screech! Get some punch into it!"

Still again she went through the lines. She knew she was making a fool of herself, but she became reckless. She saw his sudden nod of approval and caught fire from it. There was, she felt, almost a touch of delirium in the whole thing.

"That's better! Give us more o' that!" cried Steger. She repeated the trick unctuously, pantingly, hurriedly, as though fearful the secret of it might slip away from her.

They advanced to the third act, going over and over the harder part like a horse over a hurdle. She was tired out when Steger took out his watch, looked at it and told her to sit down.

"Don't you worry about old Weinert! You'll clear him," announced her rotund coach as he put a finger out to his office buzzer.

Una, sitting there facing him, breathing hard with her exertion, felt that life was a strangely mixed affair. Here was her one-time most malignant enemy, a man who had proved himself base, working over her, needlessly and even generously helping her when he saw that she required help. Men, she decided, could not be divided into the all-good and the all-bad, as they were in melodramas and moving pictures. Even Bob Steger had his redeeming features.

"Now, remember: first rehearsal tomorrow at ten on the stage of the Standard. And don't forget about those two gowns!"

Una's face was clouded.

"I don't know where I can get the money for two stage gowns," she forlornly confessed.

"What's the matter with Jim Sayles?"

"Jim Sayles?" echoed the puzzled girl.

"Can't he stand for a couple o' gowns?"

"Why should I ask Jim Sayles to buy gowns for me?" she demanded, utterly disheartened at the cloven hoof which her benefactor was so quickly revealing.

There was nothing but pure and unadulterated wonder on the rotund face of Bob Steger.

"You can't get gowns from him?" he asked.

"Of course I can't," was the girl's answer.

Steger seemed beyond his depth in the breakers of bewilderment.

"Then what in thunder's he been slippin' a hundred or two over to old Weinert to cinch this job for you for?" demanded the man at the desk.



"I Know You, Annie O'Rourke, and I Know Your Father Before You!"

XIII

IT WAS Bob Steger himself who confronted Una at ten o'clock the next morning as she made the mistake, not uncommon with the novice, of trying to reach the stage of the Standard from the front of the house.

"The back of the house, please," he said, unedging the curtness of the command with a smile.

Una was somewhat in doubt as to his meaning. She was also puzzled by the preoccupied stare with which he regarded her for a moment or two.

He reopened the foyer door for her. "Not this way," he explained—"for a few years, at least. You take the stage door, little one, until you're a star!"

She was embarrassed for a moment at the thought of her blunder; but it did not rob her of her sense of elation, of almost light-headedness. For she was conscious that she had at last crossed her Great Divide. She possessed at last a contract and a part. There were obstacles to be overcome, fires to be passed through; but she felt that the end would in some way be reached. Her mind was too full of a vague and wonderful future to be distracted by the side issues of the present.

Steger was still looking at her with his half-quizzical and half-cogitative stare.

"By-the-way, you needn't worry about those two gowns!" he finally announced.

"Why not?" she asked.

"Jim Sayles sent over a check to square for 'em," he announced.

Una was convinced he was concealing something.

"Who told him about them?" she demanded.

"No one," Steger said. "I guess he just felt you'd need 'em!"

"But he can't do it," protested Una. "I can't let him."

"You can't stop him," was Steger's answer.

"I must!" the girl declared.

"But you can't!"

"Why can't I?"

"He died last night in Bellevue," said Steger with one hand holding the spring-door. "And the last thing he did was to send over his savings-bank balance of a hundred and forty dollars. He said you'd been kind to a dog o' his."

Una's breath caught in her throat. She was seized by a sudden sense of deprivation. She seemed suddenly alone in the world. A shadow crept along the sunlit cañon of Broadway, with its beleaguering rattle and bustle and dust. There was, after all, something hollow in her victory, something mocking in her momentary hope of happiness. Jim Sayles was dead! Two tears, of which she was foolishly ashamed, coursed down her cheeks.

"They're takin' him back to Syracuse," Steger explained without a trace of emotion. "He's got folks there!"

He suddenly flicked the papers in his hand against his leg, looked at his watch and turned in through the door of the foyer.

"You'd better be gettin' back to that rehearsal," he said, letting the door swing to after him. There was something hard and heartless, she felt, in that overprompt return to the sordid actualities of life. She had not yet learned the exactions of that implacable profession of hers, the solemn task of amusement that must go solemnly on in the face of accident and illness and death itself.

Still blinded by tears she made her way to the side-street stage entrance of the Standard. She stopped in that narrow and boxlike entrance to wipe her face. She could not quite accept the fact of Jim Sayles' death. A persistent feeling that she would see him again, that he would still be found making cocoa in his shabby front room, made Steger's news seem like something remembered from a dream. The whimsical figure in the tattered dressing gown seemed too near to her and all her newer life to be lost. Yet, as she made her way into the many-odored, high-arched cavern of the Standard's cleared stage, the thought of Jim Sayles, even against her will, was driven from her mind.

The sheer height of the shadowy space in which she found herself was intimidating. The fly-loft, with its festooning platforms, its rope-ends and sandweights, stood like a grim cave bearded with stalactites. Toward the mouth of this cave, near the footlights, burned a bunch-light, a cluster of electric globes on an iron standard. Mattressed against the wall stood countless tiers of scenery, wings and flats and profiles and dog-eared canvas frames.

The flooring of this cave was rough and worn, scarred and seamed like a withered face, pitted and lined by its thousand battles with pretense. Standing and sitting about near the bunchlight, some on property chairs, some against a square deal table, was a group of men and women. There were many of them, for the cast of The Wine of Life was an exceptionally large one.

Una, as she approached the light, felt herself singed and scorched by countless inquisitive eyes. It was an enfilading battery of glances—audacious and appraising from the men as a rule, envious and veiled from many of the women.

For one minute the murmur of their talk ceased; then it began again, leaving the newcomer awkward and ignored in the center of the stage. She could hear them, as she looked about for a seat, laughing and chattering about things that were a sealed book to her.

In any other walk of life, she felt, the mere dictates of common-sense would have devised some manner of bringing people less awkwardly together, of properly presenting the newcomer to her associates, of making her feel less of an intruder. The gallantry, the courtliness, the romantic picturesqueness of these strange people of the stage, Una had already learned, was something which they put on and took off with their makeup. They seemed so steeped in it during their working hours that they were inclined to shun it during their idleness.

They made no move to welcome Una. She remembered Jim Sayles; and their very merriment seemed an affront. She remembered the twelve "sides" under the pale-blue paper covering in her hand, and a sort of dogged and bitter courage returned to her.

She heard a stir about her and the whisper: "Here comes Covington!" That, at the moment, was not what attracted her attention however; for she also heard a small-mouthed actor with a double chin, as he blinked at her, murmur with jocular solemnity the one all-descriptive epithet of "Sandpiper!" From that hour forward, in fact, Una was secretly known to the rest of her company as "the Sandpiper."

Yet, as she sat there on a lonely sofa-end, staring timorously about her, she was the possessor of something which could be claimed by no one else in that company. She had youth. She was the only young person in that arena of emotionalism. They seemed faded—all faded. In spite of their exuberance of gesture, of their garrulity, of their flashiness of attire, life had taken something from them, had left them wary and overwise. They needed, even the prettiest of them, a more cunning light than that of the sun to bring out their beauty. They needed the trickeries of dress, the accessories of the toilet, lip-rouge and beaded eyelashes, to leave them at their best. And Una, as she looked at those faces struggling so valiantly against the gray neutralities of time, wondered if she would ever be like that—if she, too, would be forced to resort to cosmetics and rouge.

Then all chance for further thought ended. Weinert himself came hurrying in, called for more lights, spoke a few brisk words to Miss Covington and rapped sharply on the deal table for attention. He announced to his company that he believed he had a remarkable play, a very remarkable play; and he hoped that both his new friends and his old would cooperate with him in making it a Broadway success. One of Weinert's little weaknesses, Una judged from the looks that passed from actor to actor, was the making of speeches.

Miss Covington was plainly restless as her manager went on to explain that the work for the next fortnight would be hard. Rehearsals during that time would be

(Continued on Page 46)

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 23, 1911

Competition in Canals

PROGRESS on the Panama Canal is watched in England with as much interest as in the United States—for very good reasons. Our Government expects to maintain the canal by collecting tolls from the ships that use it. As England far and away leads the world in shipping, these tolls will be paid largely by her ships; but England also owns the Suez Canal and is preparing, we read, not only to increase the facilities of that canal but to lower the tolls in order that she may, like a good competitor, keep business away from our canal.

If we don't lower our tolls the competitive business will go to Suez. If we do lower our tolls English ships will get most of the benefit and our canal will not be self-supporting. In this unpleasant dilemma we wonder whether our Government will not become a party to a conspiracy in restraint of trade by agreeing with England that both canals shall maintain tolls at a self-supporting level—and thus finally get itself indicted and sent to jail under the Sherman law.

What's Expected of Congress

THIS session of Congress, everybody says, will be largely devoted to the tariff. The three preceding sessions of Congress were largely devoted to the tariff. Glancing backward in a cursory manner, it seems as though, for nearly three years, the Government at Washington had done nothing in particular except discuss the tariff and prosecute several trusts. And the tariff, like the trusts, is substantially just where it was three years ago. It has been changed in no important respect. This is partly chargeable to our Canadian cousins, who rejected the reciprocity treaty; but that doesn't alter the melancholy fact. Very important arbitration treaties with England and France have been negotiated, it is true; also, they have been hung up in the Senate. On the whole, the Government has borne some resemblance to a gentleman suffering from locomotor ataxia—able to talk volubly, but unable to get anywhere. Meanwhile matters of moment, such as an adequate trust program, banking reform, and parcels post, await action.

This session of Congress will be largely devoted to the tariff. If it doesn't get somewhere with that subject there will certainly be vast irritation against those responsible for the failure.

The Great Wheat Bulls

NOT Armour nor Patten nor Leiter, but Columbus and Napoleon seem to have been the great wheat bulls. A table giving the price of wheat in England by decades for six hundred and fifty years shows that for more than two centuries prior to the discovery of America the money value of a bushel ranged from fifteen to twenty-four cents. Fifty years after the discovery, it was up to thirty-five cents—a hundred years after it went to ninety-seven cents. No doubt these money values prior to Elizabeth's reformation of the currency are to be taken with considerable allowance; but that the increase in Europe's stock of precious metals, due to the discovery of America, did materially advance commodity prices is well known. For more than a century and a half wheat averaged pretty near a dollar a bushel. An upturn began before the French Revolution, culminating in an average of three dollars and seven cents a bushel for the decade that saw Napoleon's greatest battles and final overthrow. In the first decade of the twentieth century the price was almost the same as in the last decade of the sixteenth. We may hope the next great bull will be a discoverer—not a destroyer.

Population and Water

DISCONCERTING scientists have warned us from time to time that we would presently run out of this or that necessary article; but it seems the thing we are actually going to run out of—relatively speaking—is plain water.

Writing in Science, on the prospective population of the United States, Professor McGee says: "While the mineral resources of the country are vast; while the forests are renewable and the farms susceptible of large increase in productivity; while the atmosphere gives little threat of exhaustion—despite the gloomy anticipations of Sir William Crookes and others concerning the stock of nitrogen—and while the available sunpower is thus far used to but a small portion of its capacity, a practical limit to the habitability of the country is fixed by limitation of the water supply."

Agriculturally speaking, water produces in crops about a thousandth part of its own weight, and to produce food in the form of meat requires ten times as much water as in the form of vegetables. An adult who eats two hundred pounds each of bread and beef in a year consumes one hundred tons of water in the bread and one thousand tons in the meat—besides drinking a ton outright. As many people to the square mile as Belgium has would give us a population of two billion, but Professor McGee concludes we cannot have over one billion, because our water supply is limited. As he also concludes that it will take us three hundred years to get the one billion, there is no immediate occasion for worrying.

The Growth of Suffrage

PREMIER ASQUITH announced the other day that the Ministry, at the next session of Parliament, would introduce a simple universal manhood suffrage bill—"one man, one vote." At the time of the American Revolution there were only four hundred thousand voters in the British Isles. The basis of suffrage has been widened from time to time until at present there are as many voters relatively to population in Great Britain as in the United States, but this has been done piecemeal; so there are now some thirty separate statutes defining the qualifications for voters.

The Prime Minister now proposes to sweep away this patchwork and adopt simple manhood suffrage, frankly recognizing that a man's right to vote is inherent in his citizenship, irrespective of whether he is owner, occupier or lodger. However, the point is that the deputation to which Premier Asquith made this pledge asked for womanhood suffrage also—one citizen, one vote, whether the citizen be male or female. Mr. Asquith balked at that; but the chances are that the widening of the suffrage will go on until women are included.

The Personal-Property Tax

THESE items appeared in a recent issue of the New York Times: "Alfred G. Vanderbilt called at the Department of Taxes yesterday and swore down an assessment of five hundred thousand dollars on personal property to one thousand dollars. Charles G. Gates, as executor of the estate of John W. Gates, which was valued as to personal property at two million dollars, obtained a reduction to forty-four hundred dollars. William Rockefeller obtained a reduction from six hundred thousand dollars to three hundred thousand in the valuation of his personal property."

Every year, at this season, there is a liberal sprinkling of such items in the New York papers. Iowa this year, following some other progressive states, abolished the farcical general personal-property tax as to all "moneys and credits," substituting a flat rate of five mills on the dollar; while Minnesota adopted a flat rate of three mills on the dollar as to "moneys and credits" in place of the old personal-property tax of anywhere from one and a half to five per cent. The entire personal-property tax, however, ought to go overboard everywhere.

Shortsighted Banking Laws

OUR imports from South America amount roughly to two hundred million dollars a year—largely coffee and raw materials for use in manufactures. Advocates of ship subsidy point out that most of this trade is carried in foreign bottoms, paying freight to Europe; but almost all of it pays another toll to Europe that could be avoided without granting anybody a bounty from the National Treasury. The credit instrument by which, no less than by ships, this trade is moved must be obtained in London. Our banks actually have all the credit necessary to move our foreign trade, but shortsighted laws prevent them from using it for that purpose. They can lend an American importer all the money he needs or is entitled to; but they must then procure for him the indorsement of a London bank to make the loan available in South America—and for that indorsement the London bank, of course, charges its price. In other words, being forbidden by law to accept a bill-of-exchange, the American bank must hire a London bank to accept the bill for it; and under our laws it is virtually impossible for our most powerful commercial bank to establish branches abroad as English banks do. That this useless dependence upon Europe—especially upon England—for proper credit instruments is an important handicap to our foreign trade no one doubts.

The New Arabian Nights

HERE, according to a sober narrative which was constructed for the edification of persons who hang over stock tickers, is the real, inside reason why Germany did not declare war against France in September:

The Fatherland is a bit shy of ready money. An unpleasant slump occurred on the Berlin Bourse. The Government had outstanding a large amount of treasury notes which it must pay or refund by October. In this situation the Kaiser naturally turned to Mr. Morgan—not only naturally, but inevitably; for who in the whole wide world that has an extensive financial ailment does not turn to Mr. Morgan? The great financier graciously vouchsafed to supply as much money as Germany might require up to two or three billion dollars, at only seven per cent interest; but he stipulated positively that Germany must not go to war. The emperor, shedding a few tears of gratitude and a few of chagrin, accepted Mr. Morgan's terms—which he was morally bound to do anyway, since, upon that gentleman's sage advice, he had gone short of the stock markets of the world to a prodigious extent last summer and reaped an enormous profit!

Schoolmasters, who do not read the financial gossip, still tell unsuspecting children that Arabian Nights affords remarkable examples of the exercise of unrestrained fancy. Compared with the Thousand and One Tales of Mr. Morgan, those old narratives show no more imagination than the multiplication table.

What is a Bushel?

THE legal contents of a bushel in different states varies as follows: Of apples, forty-four to fifty pounds; of beans, fifty-five to sixty-two; of beets, fifty to sixty; of buckwheat, forty-two to fifty-two; of onions, forty-eight to fifty-seven; of peaches, forty to fifty-four; of pears, forty-five to sixty; of sweet potatoes, forty-six to sixty; of tomatoes, forty-five to sixty.

That the legal contents of a man's household may vary widely under the statutes of different states is well known. In order to tell when a ninety-day note must be paid you have to be acquainted with the law of the state in which it is payable. Life and fire insurance is affected in contrary ways by statutes in different states. There is no reason whatever for the bewildering conflict in state laws upon many matters which should, for the due protection of the public, be reduced to a common standard. Efforts are made to bring about the adoption of a uniform code for certain subjects as to which uniformity would be an obvious advantage to all and an injury to none; but, broadly speaking, the efforts inspire little enthusiasm among legislators—perhaps because there is no way of making politics out of the movement.

Education for Producers

SOME time ago there was an investigation in Minnesota to discover what might be done to improve agriculture. One point made was that, of four hundred and thirty-five thousand public-school children whom the state was educating at an annual outlay of fourteen million dollars, ninety-nine and one-half per cent were taught to be consumers, and only half of one per cent were educated to be producers. It was shown, too, that of a million persons living on farms in the state, only eighteen hundred, in 1909, took a correspondence course offered by the agricultural school; but later a special report, showing that the average Minnesota farm yielded six hundred dollars a year less than the average Iowa farm, led thirty-five thousand farmers to request that their names be put on the mailing list. Generally speaking, farmers take a livelier interest in education today than any other class, precisely because the agricultural schools are "cashing in"—proving in dollars and cents that education pays. We expect that tax-supported education of all sorts will have to cash in more and more—instead of conforming itself to the requirements of endowed institutions that are planned to educate consumers.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Tom Johnson's Heir

LIBERTAS est potestas faciendi id quod jure licet!" spouted the Honorable Theodore Burton when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland a time ago, the occasion being a campaign speech in the mill district. And on the election day shortly thereafter the Ohioans to whom the Honorable Theodore was appealing for their votes went to the polls and put the boots of their free and untrammeled and non-classical suffrages to Mr. Burton in a sad—not to say irreverent—manner; holding, as was said, that they didn't care for such a scholarly guy for mayor of the town.

"*Lex citius tolerare vult privatum damnum quam publicum malum!*" declaimed the Honorable Newton D. Baker when he was running for Mayor of Cleveland just recently. And on the election day shortly thereafter the same citizens who had rebuked Mr. Burton for his Latinity upheld Mr. Baker for his, and gave him about eighteen thousand majority; holding, as was said, that it might be a pretty good thing to have one of them "lit'ry" gents as mayor after all.

There may be a Cleveland, Ohio, moral to this, but I don't know what it is, unless I might suggest weakly that erudition may erudiate for one and eradicate for another, which is about what happened. Of course the Honorable Theodore Burton, now a Senator, is a most learned person. Though it is not true, as has been held, that he is the author of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, he certainly looks the part—and did so especially after they trampled on him in that election when he tried to be classical with the boys in the mills.



He Has Them All Looking in the Dictionary

Now, on the other hand, the Honorable Newton Diehl Baker is some scholarly also. With a full knowledge of Mayor Gaynor's predilection for Epictetus, I make bold to say this new Mayor of Cleveland knows more about literature than any other mayor now in captivity. He is as literary as a five-foot shelf of books. Back him into a corner at any time and ask him sternly, "What book has had the greatest influence on your life?" and he will reply unhesitatingly: "Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe." And, nevertheless, they elected him mayor by eighteen thousand! I suppose if it had been Locke on the Human Understanding he would have been elected by thirty thousand!

The Wisdom of Newton D.

LITTLE Newton read Doctor Draper's airy nothings on the aforesaid topic at the age of sixteen—when he might have been fishing or swimming or playing ball. Nor is that all. Draper was simply pie to him at that age, for he was the reading kid of Martinsburg, West Virginia. At the age of twenty, as we are informed, he had plowed through about all the English literature there was available at that time. That was twenty years ago, of course, before some of us had done much writing; but he took cognizance of what there was.

Selecting Milton as a convenient base, he paraded right straight back to Chaucer; and then, returning to Milton, he leaped forward avidly to George R. Sims. He knows all about John Heywood, and Thomas Tusser, and John Lyly, and all those old boys—and he can play ring-around-a-rosy with Shakspere in all editions. His familiarity with such English literature and such other literature—including what this country has to offer—is alarming but not contagious.

Scholarly? Why, say, when he was at that Dayton convention a year or so ago, where they tried to make the convention indorse somebody for Senator the Tom Johnson folks didn't want indorsed, he sat silently in his seat reading Browning, undisturbed by the turmoil about him. Then, when it came his turn, he placed a mark carefully in the book, laid the book on his chair, and went up on the stage and produced a speech that made the anti-Johnson folks weep bitter tears because they had nobody to get back at him! Then he returned to his seat and his book, and resumed his study of the immortal if somewhat obscure lines he was reading.

He is the scholar in politics; and, as you might say, there is some politics in the scholar. Martinsburg tradition has it that at the early but intellectual age of ten he played hooky from school, for the first and only time in his life, to go and hear a noted lawyer of those parts sum up a case in court. He was so impressed with this lawyer's declamation of Portia's speech in the Merchant of Venice—you know: "The quality of mercy is not strained"—that country lawyers always pull when they have a bad case, he straightway resolved on two things: first, to be a lawyer; and, second, to be a literary lawyer and have a good stock of goods to show to juries.

He was admitted to the bar, and went back to Martinsburg and formed a partnership with the man who made the eloquent speech. So far as Baker was concerned there wasn't much practice for him. He had a few small cases, and devoted his time to re-reading books he had read between the ages of ten and sixteen, including the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire and other similar brochures. William L. Wilson, who gave his name to a tariff bill, was a West Virginian and knew Baker's father. He wrote to young Baker to come to Washington to see him shortly after President Cleveland had made Wilson Postmaster-General.

Baker thought Mr. Wilson wanted to give him some Government reports and similar works to help him make a showing of books in his office, and he took two suitcases to bring back the books. Much to his astonishment Wilson asked him to be his secretary—and he accepted the place.

Wilson knew Tom Johnson; and one time when Baker was going out to Cleveland he gave Baker a letter of introduction. Baker presented the letter, which Johnson read and threw away, Baker attaining nothing but a "How are you?"

After Wilson retired Baker went back to Martinsburg and practiced for a time, but he had his mind set on Cleveland; and presently he went out there and opened a law office. It wasn't long before Baker and Tom Johnson were good friends, for Baker was a smart young fellow and Johnson had the faculty of attracting smart young fellows to himself. Baker remembered the letter of introduction, but Johnson didn't; and Baker never reminded him of it.

Johnson went booming along in Ohio politics and Baker came to be one of his official family. Likely as not, Baker was as close to Johnson as any one. Anyhow Johnson had him made city solicitor, and he was a good one.

The Three-Cent Campaigns

AFTER Johnson was beaten in his last attempt to be mayor, and was sick and about ready to die, he told a few of his friends Baker would be the man to nominate for mayor, as a sort of heir to his policies. Johnson and Baker never talked about this, but Baker was nominated. Johnson had been the protagonist of three-cent street-car fares, and Baker followed with three-cent electric light as the chief issue in his campaign. Inasmuch as the electric-light company was getting six or seven cents a watt or kilowatt—or tarrididdle, or whatever it is—the attitude of that public-utilities corporation toward Mr. Baker can easily be pictured in the mind's eye. Baker won. He will be mayor after January first.

Occasionally a boy mayor has flashed across a municipal horizon and then winked out. However boyish any of these mayors have been, none of them looked so boyish as Baker. He is forty years old, but looks anywhere between eighteen and twenty-four, depending on how he has his hair combed. Instead of referring to him as a boy mayor, some rude person, unacquainted with his maturity, may take a look at him and call him the child mayor. When he was running a man came in to see him.

"I want to see Baker," said the man.

"I am Baker."

"Well, my boy, your father is running for mayor and I want to do something for him."

And episodes like this were of daily occurrence. The only way Baker can arrive at an appearance of the venerable wisdom required in the office of the Mayor of Cleveland is to grow a long gray beard.

Baker holds to a good many of the political and economic convictions of Tom Johnson. He is a single-taxer, for example, but not so rabid about it as Johnson was. He is for public ownership of public utilities and has made a start with a municipal lighting plant, which was a part of his campaign. He is a good lawyer, and as an orator he has them all looking in the dictionary to see what his words mean. He is what is called a polished orator, but he gets away with it—as witness the Latin he handed to the rolling-mill men, where Mr. Burton lost in a similar adventure. He can talk for four hours or fourteen and never make a slip in diction or boggle a quotation or an allusion; and he is familiarly known as Newton Spiel Baker instead of Newton Diehl Baker. He doesn't care for money and is indifferent to fame and averse to publicity. Hence probably he will not like this piece when it is "called to his attention"—which will undoubtedly help some.

A Back-Action Argument

A CORNFIELD lawyer in the South, who had a young partner just out of law school, was making a plea before a judge.

"In fact, your Honor," he concluded, "as I see it and as the law maintains, this contention of the learned opposing counsel is an *absurdo ad reductum*."

The young partner pulled at the orator's coattail.

"*Reductio ad absurdum*," he whispered hoarsely to his friend.

"Indeed, your Honor," continued the talker, "my learned associate has just suggested it is also a *reductio ad absurdum!*"

Cotton Caution

GOVERNOR EMMETT O'NEAL, of Alabama, met Private John Allen in New Orleans.

"John," said the governor, "this cotton market looks right good to me. I think I'll buy a little this morning and make some money."

"Emmett," cautioned Allen, "don't do it! It's hazardous. Whenever I buy any cotton I always feel as I did when I was in the army. When we were chasing the Yankees I thought we surely should land in New York or Philadelphia; but when they were chasing us I was sure they would run us into the Gulf of Mexico!"

The Hour of Need

A POLICEMAN in the northeast section of Washington heard loud cries of "Police! Murder!" coming from a house on his beat, and broke in.

He found a man beating his wife and he stopped the fight. The woman was the one who had been doing the screaming.

"How long has this been going on?" the policeman asked them.

"About half an hour," sobbed the woman, glaring at her husband.

"Well, why didn't you yell before? I heard nothing until a minute ago."

"Oh," replied the woman, "I was getting the best of it until I began to scream."



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TO HIM WHO DARES

Three-Fingered Jack Unfolds a Tale of Doubre

By PETER B. KYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARMAND BOTH



She Had a Sweet, Plaintive Voice, Like That Salvation Army Girl of Yourn, Dan

I WAS standing at the bar of Three-Fingered Jack's sailor boarding house late one evening when Dirty Dan Bedford, resplendent in his new Salvation Army uniform, parted the swinging doors and stood in the center of the portal looking at us.

"Hello, Dan'l!" said Three-Fingered Jack in his most neighborly tone. "How are you?"

"In torment," replied Dirty Dan in a husky voice—and we both knew what he meant. Three-Fingered Jack came out from behind his bar, planted himself in the middle of the floor in an aggressive attitude and stared at Dan Bedford.

"You ain't going to get any drink in here," he announced.

"I don't expect to," said Dan Bedford. "I just came in to say goodby. Trowbridge & Fink have offered me the Bark Valhalla and I'm off to Cape Town tomorrow morning."

"Strip the red off that uniform and you won't be out nothing for clothes, for all your six weeks in the army," said Three-Fingered Jack philosophically. "I'm glad you're going back to the sea, Dan'l. What's the matter with you now?"

"A variety of things," answered Dan Bedford. He came in, sat down in one of the barroom armchairs and put his feet up on the iron railing round the little box stove. "In the first place, I feel like drinking; but I'll get by all right—only I don't want to be alone tonight or I may be rolling in the gutters of Steuart Street by morning; the second reason is, I haven't got true religion; and the third is ——"

"The little lieutenant with the voice—she that sings by herself and draws the crowd," interrupted Three-Fingered Jack. "So it's the little girl, is it? I don't blame you, Dan'l. She sings one song that makes me think back—am I right, Dan'l?"

Dan Bedford rubbed his still handsome mouth with the back of his hard hand and by his silence seemed to admit that it was so.

Three-Fingered Jack came over and sat down beside Dan Bedford.

"Why don't you marry her, Dan'l?" he asked. "You're a fine figure of a man that any woman could be proud of—and you ain't much past thirty-five. A good woman'd be the makin's of you."

"I'm broke," said Dirty Dan simply; "and she wanted me to stay. I can't, Jack. Just think of me—a full-grown man, with all my teeth and legs and arms—living off the nickels the army gathers on the front through that girl! I told her I couldn't do it. I paid for my uniform and I've paid my board at the barracks, but I can't get a job ashore; and, now that I'm broke and it's hopeless, I'm going to sea again."

"Did you say anything else to her?"

Dan Bedford threw out one hand in a gesture of despair.

"She's seen me at my worst," he said. "I wouldn't dishonor her by asking. She knows the desire for drink has had me by the throat for a week; and when I told her I was off to sea again I—I don't think she believed me. She thinks I can't hold out any longer. She said she was sorry I was going to desert the Lord's work, but that she'd pray for me wherever I went. 'Goodby, Brother Bedford,' she says very quietly. 'I hope you'll try to be a good man; but I suppose your old companions mean more to you than the Word.' Then she shook hands—and I came up here."

"Did you promise her you wouldn't drink?" inquired Three-Fingered Jack.

"No; I didn't," snapped Dirty Dan Bedford. "I promised myself!"

"Then, Dan'l, my son," said Three-Fingered Jack, "I wouldn't worry if I was you. You've got true religion enough to do you. Have a drink of mineral water—and here's a cigar. Don't jibe at that cigar, man! It's ten cents straight. . . . Wait a minute until I lock the door. If half a dozen thirsty lads should come in, spilling liquor on the bar, the smell'd aggravate you—and there ain't no sense in laying a man open to temptation.

"So she'd pray for you, would she? Lord bless the little woman! They're all alike, Dan'l, my son—all of 'em. Women is women the wide world over, and they'll come to a man with a crook of his little finger when they wouldn't come to an imitation of a man for a shipload of diamonds. The trouble with you, Dan Bedford, is you need a new set of works. You're too shy. Nosey McCray didn't haul ship like you did when he found himself in your fix. Not for Nosey. He was a man and he took what he wanted; and she—well, she was a woman and worth the taking, for all that she was only half white. And so Nosey McCray took her, like the man he was. This Salvation girl always reminds me of Nosey and his love affair—not that she looks like Nosey's girl, but on account of a hymn she sings. Dan, what's the name of that hymn? Every time we bury a brother of the Master-Mariners' Association the quartet sings it."

"Lead, Kindly Light," suggested Dan.

"That's it," replied Three-Fingered Jack; and in a chain-locker voice he proceeded to chant:

"Lead, kindly light,
'Mid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The way is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on."

"I've left the army," Dan Bedford reminded him with some asperity.

"I used to know that hymn by heart, strange as it may seem," said Three-Fingered Jack musingly. "Nosey McCray sang it in Doubre Town—and a sweet tenor he had. He could —— Who was Nosey McCray? It doesn't matter. He was a man that I knew once; and he had a queer love affair that I couldn't quite understand in them days—though, for that matter, who ever understands anything when he's young? It takes the years to soften a man; and, after all, what we call right and wrong, and our duty toward society—— Rats! It's all a question of geography anyhow. But let me tell you about Nosey McCray and the girl in Doubre Town."

. . . . . .

When I was a young man I had my ups and downs; and during one period of the ups I had command of a fine new whaling bark, the Oriole, on a cruise for bowhead whale up in Bering Sea. Nosey McCray was my mate and a funny lad was this same Nosey. He was particularly funny to look at. When Nosey was a young lad at college he played football and in one of the scrimmages he had his nose wrecked. The misfortune preyed on Nosey's mind until he took to drink and wasn't worth a whoop nowhere except at sea on a whaler, where nobody that he cared for could see him and those he didn't care for had to keep a respectful tongue in their heads. But finally folks got to calling him "Nosey" to his face. He grew used to it after a while and wouldn't answer to no other name.

I liked Nosey as a man first-rate; and as a mate he was the best hand with an iron that ever killed a whale. He was a sociable, good-natured lad when he wasn't thinking of his misfortunes, and few men could sing better than Nosey McCray—or play the banjo.

Many's the time up in the Arctic, when we'd have the ice anchor out and snug and fast to the floe, me and Nosey'd get full together and have a rip-roaring time. A man gets democratic as blazes with his mate when he's up in the ice, and Nosey was a rare hand to make the time pass. And did you ever notice that them that's the jolliest sips sorrow with the longest spoon? I never knew it to fail.

Well, on this cruise I have in mind, we loafed off the coast of Siberia and Saghalien Island with medium luck, but nothing to brag about; and finally we sailed clear across Okhotsk Sea up into Northeast Gulf. I'd heard that there was a dog-hole up in the extreme northerly end of the gulf, where the bowhead cows went to calve; and so I decided we'd go up there and find out for ourselves. Cow or calf, it mattered little to us, though we would have preferred a school of big old bulls.

Few men have sailed them waters; and all the information on that whaling ground is old and the charts ain't to be depended on. There's rocks and uncharted reefs, and islands and tide-rips and what-all; and a man must fair smell his way into the mouth of the Gichiga River. It's summer up there from June to about September fifteenth, and once in a while you'll get a lovely day; but in general the climate's hellish, even in the short summer. Nothing but fog, fog, fog—cold and raw and miserable; and if ever I see a country forgotten by God that Gichiga River country up there in Northern Siberia was it.

It was about the middle of August when we got well up into the gulf; and one day the lookout in the crow's-nest reported a school of bowhead traveling north very leisurely. There was at least a dozen of them, and before the next fog closed in on us we was snug under the lee of the Chalpili Islands, with both anchors out and four dead whales moored to the ship. We was busy as ants for a week, chopping up the carcasses and getting out the bone and oil—and, as luck would have it, not a gale during all the time we was there.

We knew the rest of the whales had gone north; so, by the time we'd got everything shipshape again and all the boys sure of a fair piece of money on the season's catch, we concluded to go north too. So we up hook and followed our nose until, on the first of September, we came to a rocky gut about two miles wide and six or seven miles long, and there the gulf seemed to end. I wasn't for going in there—not knowing a thing about what lay beyond or how much water there was. The charts was very defective, as I've since learned. They don't mention a thing about East Head and West Head at the entrance to the pass, and Doubre Town that lies inside; and, blast them! there was no mention of a thirteen-mile-an-hour flood tide and a ten-mile-an-hour ebb through that rocky gut. That flood tide caught us and snaked us through when we didn't expect it—and that's how me and Nosey McCray came to Doubre Town.

We went ramping through that pass with two men at the wheel, fighting the tide-rips; and after a while it opened out into a fair-sized bay, with a few pieces of old rotten ice that'd floated down from the Gichiga River, still bobbing round in it. However, there was two whales blowing a mile off the lee bow—and Nosey McCray took one boat and I took the other, leaving the ship in charge of the second mate, with orders to put off another boat to help us in case we seemed to need it; and we hoisted sail and went after the two bowheads. They were both cows, with calves, and we killed the whole family without any trouble; and along about twilight that night we got them alongside and made fast.

We was up and at the whales bright and early next morning, and Nosey McCray was out on the carcass of the starboard whale with the boat-steerer, helping him cut off the head, when a big canoe come pulling across the bay from an Indian village—we learned after that it was Doubre Town—with five Indians aboard. Two of them was bucks and two was squaws—and one was a woman.

"How?" says Nosey McCray very politely, and gets a grunt from number one buck for his pains. The Indians wasn't looking at Nosey at all, but at the whale; and I knew right off what they wanted. They'd come for the "oysters"—that is, the nerves in the whale's jaws, which is considered a great delicacy by these Siberian Indians.

"Nosey, my boy," says I, "save the oysters for these people, and we'll trade 'em for some reindeer meat." And with that I began making signs to the Indians that everything was pointing toward their getting the "oysters." But Nosey never so much as heard me. He was standing there on the whale's head, rising and falling easily with the swell, and staring at the woman.

"By my soul!" says Nosey McCray—to nobody in particular; "but that girl is no Indian. Sir, did you ever see a finer looking wench than that one?" says he finally, looking up at me where I stood on the to'gallant fo'castle.

My attention being called particularly, I couldn't help agreeing with Nosey that the girl was a pretty handsome little craft. She was young—eighteen, maybe—with blue-black wavy hair that hung over her temples under a little round fur cap and drifted down her back in a long braid. Her face was as white as a Caucasian's, with a nice little pink glow in each cheek, and—damme, Dan'l, I can't describe her; but she was beautiful, and even though I was realizing that she was a half-breed I had followed Nosey's example and lifted my cap. That woman commanded my respect, which is more than most women would have in them days.

I had a Jacob's ladder slung over the side and the Indians came aboard. Number one buck was a hard-looking red savage, a sort of a cross between a Tartar and a North American Indian; and number two buck was apparently his son. They had two long-barreled, old-fashioned muzzle-loading muskets with them. The squaws were evidently mother and daughter—and tall, fine-looking females they were for that desolate country. The entire party, with the exception of the little beauty, was all dressed alike in light fur suits, it being summer-time; and they were very intelligent. The beauty wore an otter jacket, a short sealskin skirt and boots made from the skins of pup seals.

I had the cook set out some grub for them after the crew had finished dinner, and the way they lit into the hardtack and spuds and salthorse was very nice to see. I heard Nosey McCray tell the nigger cook to give the young lady some plum duff with brandy sauce—and be quick about it or he'd break his black back for him!

It was all off with Nosey McCray. He followed the little half-breed girl round the deck with his eyes, and small blame to him. She was good to look at. Before they left—and they had the oysters from both whales with 'em when they did—Nosey had a name for the girl. He called her Aurora Borealis, because that's the only beautiful thing in the north; and he gave her a little pearl-handled pocketknife, a red silk handkerchief with green borders to tie round her neck, two bottles of cologne that he'd bought from the nigger cook specially for her, and a little tintype picture of himself, taken before the paint wore off his nose—and if that ain't rushing a girl then I'm a Dutchman! She smiled at him as sweet and shy as ever a good girl could; and they paddled away from the Oriole, back to Doubre Town.

That night Nosey McCray came to me with a sheepish look in his eyes and asked if he might have a boat's crew to pull him off to Doubre Town. I was a bit curious myself, to tell the truth, for I was young in them days; and I says: "I'll go with you, Nosey, my boy. We don't know what the place is like and there's strength in numbers."

Well, we landed on the beach and had a look at Doubre Town. It wasn't much—just a name and a cluster of dugout houses and a big turf house, occupied by one Russian and—Aurora Borealis. He was the factor and Doubre Town was a fur-trading post—and the Russian was law with about three hundred natives. He was a fine, fierce, big man, coming fifty, with two pistols and a very grand way about him; and he met us at the beach and said something to us in Russian. Me and Nosey was stumped; so we fiddled round trying every language we knew anything about, and finally Nosey tried him in French—and we was at home. It's a great thing to have a college education like Nosey McCray had. I was pup enough to be sore about it at the time, because I couldn't do a bit of talking except through Nosey McCray—and I had things to say to Aurora Borealis that I wouldn't intrust to Nosey McCray. It was awkward.

The Russian—I never could remember his name—took us up to his house and we was formally introduced to Aurora Borealis. I'll call her that because it suited her best; and I shall never forget how shame-faced Nosey McCray was when she talked to him in French. His hand flew up to his nose right off—and he felt terrible.

It was a queer situation. The Russian wasn't her father and he didn't know who was. I guess Aurora Borealis was just a child of chance, because the Russian was the only white man for miles round. He told Nosey he'd found Aurora Borealis out on a cake of ice, drifting down the bay from Gickinginsk, eighteen or nineteen years before—he didn't exactly remember. She was wrapped up warm in furs and there was a squaw with her, but dead as a mackerel, with two arrows through her. So I suppose it was the old story of a sailor with a sweetheart in every port; and the Indians up in the Gichiga River country have their own way of viewing the love affairs of their women with white men. They're moral that way, and they always kill both parties if they find it out. I suppose the squaw was trying to get down from Gickinginsk to Doubre Town with the baby. Gickinginsk used to be a trading post like Doubre Town, but it was abandoned years ago on account of the scurvy. It lay miles and miles up the Gichiga



Nosey McCray Had Set Out to Find a Little Happiness—and He Called it Aurora Borealis



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River, and they couldn't get down to the coast very easy in winter to gather the wild rhubarb that grows there. It's about all them poor devils up there has to fight scurvy with.

Anyway, the Russian had raised Aurora Borealis and taught her Russian and French; and she could read and write pretty fair, and play on a right-angled-triangle music-box like a mandolin. She had a sweet, plaintive voice, like that Salvation Army girl of yourn, Dan; and the Russian was figuring on taking her to wife when she was a year or so older. He was a pretty decent sort, sure enough.

We had a pleasant visit with the Russian and he asked us both back again. Poor devil! He was lonesome for white men; but he couldn't leave Doubre Town because he was wanted in St. Petersburg to fulfill a contract in the salt mines, and he was safe because nobody would take the trouble to come up there after him. He said he figured on making a pile in furs and beating it out on a whaler some day. Nosey McCray said the real reason he stayed was because he was jealous of Aurora Borealis. I thought maybe he was a trifle ashamed of her blood. Anyhow, it don't matter.

We lay off Doubre Town for a week. Some days we spent ashore with the Russian and Aurora Borealis, and some days they spent aboard with us. I ought to have got out of there, but it was kind of pleasant and I hated to leave. So did Nosey—and I was fond of Nosey. Somehow, Aurora Borealis didn't appear to know that Nosey was any different from what he ought to be; and he took heart and played his banjo and sang every song he'd ever learned. In particular, he taught Aurora Borealis how to sing Lead, Kindly Light—said he just couldn't help it, the hymn was so mighty appropriate; and to hear her sing the unfamiliar words was enough to make a bad man good. She was just a sweet, simple little child of Nature, not more'n half civilized; and it didn't take me long to see that she was getting wrapped up in Nosey McCray in a way that would break her little heart when we weighed anchor and run south before the ice came in.

I spoke to Nosey about it. There ain't no sense in doing a needless hurt—and after the first three days I got over my case on the girl. I could never forget that her ma was a squaw. Still, I hated to see her suffer. I have been young and had my fling, and maybe if Nosey hadn't got the weather side of me with his French talk and his two bottles of cologne I wouldn't have been so tender of her. At any rate, I told Nosey he must play fair. Give me credit for that!

"Nosey, my lad," says I, "have you noticed that little Aurora Borealis is beginning to look at you like a sick duck? I don't like that look, Nosey. It spells broken heart; and as she's a lone young woman don't trifle with her. She'll take up with the Russian and make him a good wife; so belay hauling on her affections."

Nosey McCray looked at me like I was gone crazy, which goes to show that down in his heart Nosey was an innocent sort of a lad after all.

"Me!" says he. "Aurora Borealis in love with a graceless bucko mate with a tin nose! Great Scott! sir; no woman could fall in love with a wreck like me. It's against human nature and altogether out of reason." And with that he sat down on the taffrail and looked at me like a lost dog.

"If I thought for a minute that Aurora Borealis loved me, sir," says he finally, "that Russian would have to step aside! I'd have her if I was the devil himself! I'd wade through hell to her and I'd hold her precious while there was a beat to my heart. If Aurora Borealis took a notion to love me she'd be conferring charity on me—that's what she would. But, as for the Russian marrying her—bah! There's neither marrying nor giving in marriage in this country; and if I get a notion that Aurora Borealis wants me I'll go and take her. If I was pleasant for a woman to look at I'd go and take her, anyhow, for what I feel for that girl is something I've never felt before; and if she loves me in return, then I'll have gratitude piled on top of my love for her. I could grovel at the feet of the woman that would love me. Still, I'll keep my mouth shut to Aurora Borealis. The Russian has played a man's part and I'll not interfere with his prospects, unless—unless ——"

He was looking across the bay to Doubre Town and his mouth was twisted a bit, with a look of pain in his eyes. Sometimes it's hard to have been raised a gentleman.

It was beginning to get pretty late in the season and I had to figure on getting out of the gulf about October first or run a stiff chance of wintering in the ice, and I decided to weigh anchor with the first ebb tide and get out through the pass into the gulf. So I went ashore very suddenly one day and said goodby to the Russian and Aurora Borealis; and when I came back to the ship Nosey had everything ready to pull out the minute the tide served. As it lacked an hour of the ebb I told Nosey to go ashore if he wanted to and say goodby to our friends. Common politeness demanded that much; so Nosey went over the side very willing.



"Great Scott! No Woman Could Fall in Love With a Wreck Like Me"

He didn't come back for three hours; and when the boat finally came alongside I was dancing with rage, for we'd missed the tide and would have to lay over. I was for giving Nosey McCray a sharp piece of my tongue; but he had that old dumb look of pain in his eyes, so I called him down into the cabin and asked him what he'd been up to.

He'd been up to enough to kick the fat into the fire. It seems the Russian was gone off up the coast, to be away for a day or two, when Nosey went in to say goodby. For all that Nosey claimed he was as cool as chipped ice at the time, I guess he didn't say it very well; for Aurora Borealis came up to him with the look of death in her big brown eyes—and before he knew it she had her arms round him and was crying into the breast pocket of his pea-jacket.

And then Nosey McCray went daft with the knowledge that a woman loved him for just what he was. He was all man, was Nosey, in spite of his wild ways; and his love for little Aurora Borealis was the holiest thing he'd ever known. So what could he do but what he did? He took her up in his arms and dried her tears; and there, under the gray Arctic sky, they joined hands and Nosey McCray swore to his Christian God to love, cherish and honor Aurora Borealis until death them did part—and that was all of their wedding. Aurora Borealis thought it all very nice, but it didn't mean anything particular to her. She had Nosey and so she was content, because she'd meant to keep him all along, anyhow, and she had never heard of divorce or desertion; so she kissed Nosey again when he took his solemn oath—and, of course, he forgot that he had to reckon with me and overstayed his leave.

"Well, Nosey McCray," says I, when he had finished telling me about it, "what do you purpose doing now that you've gone and done it?"

"I was going to offer you my share of the season's catch to sign me clear this minute and let me go back to Doubre Town."

"Well," says I, "I suppose I can work the vessel back to San Francisco without you—but how about this Russian? I don't like the idea of accepting a man's hospitality and then stealing the girl from him."

"I'll settle with him," says Nosey. "He'll have to get out of Doubre Town if he don't like it. You might ship him as mate in my place," he added with his sly grin.

"Sure I might," says I, very agreeable; and with that I stretched Nosey McCray on the cabin floor as neat as you please. When he came to I had him in irons and locked in his own room; and there he sat, raving and praying, begging me not to break the girl's heart by keeping him away from her. It's a fact. Never once did he think of his own heart. He left all that to me, but I knew Nosey McCray—or thought I did—and the best way to keep him from doing all hands a hurt, himself included, was to lock him up—which I went and done.

That night a heavy fog came down and blocked out the midnight sun; and when the tide served again I was afraid to take a chance in the pass and waited for the fog to lift. It was two mortal weeks doing it and all the time we lay there and not a soul in Doubre Town the wiser. 'Twas thicker than steam. And finally, when it did lift, it was because of a blizzard that blew straight down out of the Arctic; and the tide serving I up hook—and with a howling norther on our beam we scuttled south through the pass out into Northeast Gulf. The snow was thick on our decks when we reached the open sea and we ran before the storm under bare poles, with just a wisp of a jib to steady the ship. And our hearts was in our mouths, for the ice was forming and it looked like a tight race at long odds. I hadn't expected to come that far north and I wasn't well prepared for a winter in the ice.

We lost. The third day out the blizzard spent itself; and I took an observation, only to find that we'd been running in circles and were less than a hundred miles south of Doubre Town. There was no land in sight, but as far as we could see the ice was piling and jamming and snapping as it came down out of the north; and pretty soon we lay in the pack, hard and fast.

Then I went down into Nosey McCray's room, took off his irons and told him to come on deck and enjoy himself. When he did come on deck and cast a look round he sagged over against the foremast like a drunken man, and the white of that Arctic winter wasn't whiter than Nosey's face. I felt sorry for the lad; but I'd acted for the best interests of all concerned and I thought he'd get over it. Which just goes to show that you can live with a man a lifetime and never know him.

"Where are we, sir?" he managed to say presently.

"Now, Nosey," says I, "if I told you you'd know just as much as I do, which wouldn't be good for you. Get into your fur clothes and let's spend a pleasant winter hunting polar bear and walrus, and try to make up for the expense of the delay."

"I guess you're right," says Nosey, with the air of a little boy that's been whipped for stealing jam—and with that he went below.

The sea was frozen solid next day; and along about five bells in the morning watch one of the men reported a polar bear two

miles to the east. I told the man to pass the word for McCray, but in about ten minutes he came back and reported that the first mate wasn't aboard, because he couldn't be found.

I ran into Nosey's room and found his sea-chest turned topsyturvy. I knew he had a rifle and a big revolver in that chest, but they were missing—and so was his fur suit and all his heavy clothing, and four pair of woolen blankets. I called the nigger cook and we went down in the galley to investigate—and found evidences of a raid on the grub; so then I knew that Nosey McCray had left us and started back to Doubre Town. And when I thought of him without compass or chart, alone in that terrible icefield, I sat down on his deserted berth and cried like a child.

At twilight that night I came on deck and the Northern Lights was flickering and waving back yonder where we'd come from. And then I remembered that they'd flickered every night for ten nights over the hammocks to the nor'-nor'east of Doubre Town—and I thought of Nosey and the girl and that hymn he'd taught her:

Lead, kindly light,
'Mid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The way is dark and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on.

That was it. Nosey McCray had set out to find a little happiness—and he called it Aurora Borealis. The flames of his love was burning high; and somehow or other I knew that the Lights would lead him home. When I rolled into my berth an hour later I hoped that the Lord would use him well, for he was a man!

It was May before the ice broke up and we went south. In San Francisco we discharged the biggest catch in ten years; and my owners was so well pleased that they shot me down into the South Pacific after sperm. When I came back in March of the following year and discharged again they chased me back into the north after bowhead again. Right back into Northeast Gulf I went—but never mind whether we had luck or whether we didn't. I wanted to get back to Doubre Town; and on the third day of June we was standing off East Head, waiting for the flood tide to whisk us up that pass once more into that lonely bay, where Nosey McCray had walked in Paradise.

We went through the pass on the same old thirteen-mile tide, and on the morning of the fourth we came to an anchorage. There was the same vagrant chunks of rotten ice drifting down the bay from the Gichiga River, and, as it happened to be one of the rare summer days, the sky was blue and crisp, with a few white clouds drifting over the black hummocks beyond Doubre Town. The fringe of scrubby little spruces round the bay shore was bright and green, and long strings of wild duck and black swan was coming screaming up out of the south.

I had four men pull me ashore; and, telling them to wait for me, I walked up through the single street, past the dugouts and sod houses, with the Indian women making baskets and sewing furs in the early summer sunshine, and the little kids rolling round in the dirt with the husky-dogs. Right up to the Russian's shack I went and pulled at the tongue of an old ship's bell that hung in front and did duty for a knocker; and by-and-by a man came out and stared at me.

It was Nosey McCray.

"Hello, Nosey, boy!" says I, and stuck out my hand. He stared at it a minute and shook it gravely; and then he glanced at me with the old dumb look of pain in his eyes.

"What's wrong, Nosey?" says I.

"Ssh!" says Nosey, lifting up a finger. "Don't talk so loud. Aurora Borealis has just bore me a son and I'm afraid it'll go hard with her. I've had an Indian woman to care for her; but she needs a doctor and medicines; and ——"

And then poor Nosey sat down and cried. He was all broke up.

"Tut, tut, Nosey!" says I. "Doctor and medicine she shall have. I have a boat-steerer on the Oriole who did three years in a medical college; and we've the medicine chest, Nosey." And with that I was off to the Oriole.

We wasn't an hour too soon to save Aurora Borealis—but save her we did; and it made me feel good. Nosey forgave me for the dirt I'd done him; and as soon as she was able to be up and around I had them aboard the Oriole, with all their possessions and the furs and money that the Russian had left behind. Seems he never came back from that trip he started on the day Nosey went ashore to say goodby to Aurora Borealis; so I guess something must have happened to him. As for Nosey and the girl, they were formally married in San Francisco an hour after the vessel docked. Aurora had quite a little money from the Russian's estate—and Nosey quit drinking and going to sea and made her a fine husband. They bought a little farm up country somewhere and Nosey has done well—and the boy's just graduated in law. Aurora Borealis is still a mighty pretty woman; and she and Nosey McCray are still sweethearts—all because Nosey was a man and went and took what he wanted. Remember, Dan'l, a faint heart never won —— Was that a knock at the door?

. . . . . .

I thought it was; and Three-Fingered Jack got up from his seat and drew the bolt. The door swung open and a girl from the Salvation Army stepped into the groggery, looked around for an instant half-frightened and then walked straight to the chair where Dan Bedford sat, with his chin on his breast, musing over the tale of Doubre Town. There was a worried, anxious look in her eyes, but, as Dan looked up and his own met hers—clear and sober—she gave a half-hysterical little sob and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"I was afraid you were—drinking again—Dan," she said softly. "So I came to—to ——"

Dan Bedford stood up and her glance faltered. For perhaps thirty seconds he looked at her—and when she raised her eyes again Dan Bedford was smiling. He took her gently by the arm and led her out of Three-Fingered Jack's.

"Goodby, lads," he said, and waved his hand. "We're off to sea in the Valhalla tomorrow."

"Good luck, Dan'l!" shouted Three-Fingered Jack. Then he turned to me.

"Now I wonder," he said, "just what we ought to send Dan Bedford's girl for a wedding present."

Where Opportunity Waits

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

AN ENTERPRISING drug clerk was planning to quit his job to engage in the drug business for himself. Many of his acquaintances gave him advice. "Go somewhere else." "Get into a town where there's an opportunity." "If you start here you'll starve to death." "You can't compete with these big drug stores, and it's the rankest folly to try." These were some of the suggestions.

The proposed location was an Eastern city of fifty thousand population. For ten years two large downtown drug stores had dominated the situation. In one of these the clerk in question had worked. He had saved a little money, made a little more through the rise in real-estate values, and married a girl who had a thousand dollars in cash. There was no future for him as a drug clerk, and both he and his wife agreed that he must make a beginning toward independence. For a year they talked it over. They had capital enough for a modest start, but the great stickler was the opportunity.

It did seem for a time as if their own town offered them no chance. On his days off, the ambitious clerk visited many near-by towns in a search for an opening. Sometimes he took his wife with him, and together they inspected vacant stores and wandered about village streets. There was always something the matter with every opportunity. Usually the field seemed well occupied, especially if the surroundings were attractive. In one small town there was urgent need for a drug store, but the population belonged to a class that was not congenial to this young man and his wife; they hesitated to cast their lot where their associations could not be agreeable to them. In another village a physician, about to retire, offered them a bargain in the form of a prosperous little drug store that drew most of the trade of the surrounding country; but here the bare loneliness of the situation discouraged them. It was an opportunity, but not the big opportunity they hoped for. The population of the place had not increased much in twenty years. Still another town seemed to hold excellent drug possibilities, for it was a thriving factory center and had only one druggist; but when they stood on the main street and saw the vast clouds of black smoke sweeping over the town, coating everything it touched, they turned away in repugnance.

After each of these inspection trips they returned to their home city with melancholy pleasure. Bright, clean and refined it was, with a forest of shade trees and long vistas of attractive homes. It was just the sort of place they wanted to live in, and the thought of giving up their pleasant little house for what they had found elsewhere was very unhappy. After all, there was something in life besides business. Why was it, they asked each other, that all the opportunities should necessitate such personal sacrifices?

For a few weeks they gave up all thought of going into business, and then the young man began to study the situation in a really analytical way. Was it actually true that no opportunity existed at home?

Several attempts had been made in the town to establish new drug stores, but for a decade every such enterprise had proved a failure. A number of the older outlying druggists were making an indifferent success, but they were unable to make any inroads on their powerful competitors. Selfwise business men declared that the only way to get trade away from those big fellows was to go into the game with a barrel of money and cut under them. All these matters the drug clerk weighed. He looked up population statistics and found that in twenty years the city had doubled. In twenty years more it might have one hundred thousand people. Those two big downtown drug stores, no doubt, would have the bulk of the new trade.

"But why should they have it?" his wife asked as they discussed the matter one evening at dinner. There were three of them now, and the necessity for attaining financial independence had taken on a new meaning.

"They shouldn't," returned her husband"—he suddenly put down his fork—"and I mean to see that they don't. We've been hunting a whole year for an opportunity, but it's been waiting for us right here at home. Those two big stores have overawed every fellow who ever started here, but I'm going to meet them at their own game. I know now why they've got all the business. I've been studying them from a new angle. It's because they've done more for their customers than any other druggists have done. They've looked at the thing from the people's viewpoint. They've made popular prices, and made their stores attractive, and made a strong point of having obliging, affable clerks. They've advertised—that's one of their biggest points. They've advertised along original, irresistible lines."

"But we can't advertise," mourned his wife. "We might make our store attractive, and, of course, we can be agreeable—and perhaps we could price our goods reasonably—for a while; but when it came to advertising we simply couldn't. We haven't the capital."

"Yes, we can," her husband put in quickly. "We can advertise, but it must be along some line that is even more original and irresistible than those big fellows' ads. It's got to be rather spectacular—and it can't cost us much money on the start."



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The Girls' Club
The Ladies' Home Journal
Philadelphia, Pa.

A few months later the new store opened. It was not an outlying drug store, but it nestled right against the biggest store in town, on the main street. Its quarters were small, but it was showy. The storefront was a bright yellow—different from any other store in the city.

The thing that startled the big fellows most, however, was the appearance of an attractive delivery wagon, painted the same yellow and bearing red Doric lettering. A pure-white horse added to the distinction of the equipage. The driver wore a red-and-yellow uniform.

Next morning, small display advertisements in the morning papers announced that the new drug store would furnish a delivery service equal to that of any grocery or drygoods house in town. It would also call for and deliver prescriptions.

The big fellows were incredulous. It was something new in the drug business. No drug store in town had a delivery service. Sometimes the big stores sent out prescriptions by special messenger, but they frowned upon even this accommodation and gave it only on urgent request. It wasn't orthodox, they complained. Directories might be a necessary evil of drug stores, but not delivery wagons. They predicted the speedy downfall of the young chap who had dared to be so grotesquely original.

Nevertheless, the little wagon proved the opportunity. A careful middle-aged man was employed to drive it and a double-check system was adopted to guard against the delivery of the wrong prescription. When a prescription came into the store to be filled, a yellow tag was given the customer, bearing a large number in red. A duplicate was retained in the store, bearing the same number and the name of the customer. When the prescription was delivered this duplicate was attached to it. The yellow checks with the red numbers became living symbols of enterprise. Contrary to the predictions of competitors, the delivery of prescriptions has proved a great success.

Prescriptions were not the only item of profit however. An ever-increasing number of customers contracted the habit of buying at the new drug store bulky supplies formerly obtained from grocers, stationers, confectioners and the like. Within a year the store was selling twice as many goods of this class as any one of the older drug stores.

Three years have elapsed, and this druggist has intrenched himself firmly where no opportunity had seemed to exist. The yellow wagon has advertised him constantly, and is still doing it on every street of the town. It has long since ceased to be a novelty, and has become a public convenience. The druggist now advertises in the daily press, but the wagon opened the way.

Meanwhile the big fellows have been thinking about it. Innovations are slow to take hold and many a man has got his start while competitors were scoffing. Recently, when a disgruntled customer asked one of the older druggists when he intended to put on a delivery service, he answered, half facetiously, half in earnest: "Not yet, but soon."

. . . . . .

Opportunity waits in every nook of the land. It takes originality to find it. Right under a man's eyes often lies the thing he goes far to seek. He sacrifices his home, breaks up associations that have been dear to his wife and children, and spends a big chunk of his capital in moving and adjusting himself. Then he discovers that he has run up against conditions he hadn't figured on and begins to look for another opportunity. Yet, if you go into any city or village in the country, you will find men who did see their opportunities and seized them.

Success at the Crossroads

Two farmer's boys living fifty miles from Chicago were ambitious to get into business. Together they went to the city and looked around. They had a thousand dollars between them.

Chicago, however, did not appeal to them. They were appalled at its immensity and the rush of its traffic. The great stores made them feel very little and insignificant. They felt the hopelessness of the situation, considering their inexperience and meager capital.

However, they were determined not to take their places among Chicago's submerged multitudes. Back to the country they went and selected a site where three wagon-roads converged, several miles from a town. Nobody had ever thought of establishing a store there, but they built a small frame structure, doing most of the work themselves. In a short time they opened a general store. It took hold from the very first day.

Right out there in the open country, in the midst of an old, settled farming section, they found an opportunity that scores of young men had overlooked in order to occupy a hall bedroom in Chicago.

The first winter, however, one of these enterprising country merchants did go to Chicago and secured employment for a few months in a first-class grocery, in order to learn progressive business ways. His partner, with a clerk, ran the store; but the second winter he took his turn at Chicago, working in a hardware store and taking back to the country in the spring a large stock of ideas.

Today these two young men can go to Chicago whenever they please. Both have been to California at different times, but not to look for opportunities. One of them went abroad last year. They have married and live comfortably, owning automobiles and motor boats.

Out of a seeming business vacuum they have carved a splendid success—but the opportunity had been there, undiscovered, a long time.

Going Farther to Fare Worse

In a small Kentucky city lived a young man who had clerked five years in his father's grocery. "There's no money in this town," he often said; "and when I get the cash that's coming to me I'm going to get out."

When his father died he inherited the business; but within a few weeks he sold it to a couple of strangers and departed for Louisville to find his opportunity, not dreaming that the two strangers had paid him their money for an opportunity better than he might find anywhere else.

The newcomers did well with the grocery; but they added to it a manufacturers' agency business, starting with a few products and gradually enlarging the scope of the enterprise. One of them drove over a weekly route, embracing adjacent towns, and built up a trade that developed rapidly into a wholesale grocery business. They were in the midst of a thickly settled territory, with many small cities and towns that could be served more advantageously than from the larger cities.

There were many scoffers. The idea of locating a wholesale center at this point was original and failure was freely predicted; but in four years these men proved the opportunity. They were able to sell out the retail grocery and devote themselves to the larger undertaking, and now they have a wholesale business that extends over several states. Other men, following in their lead, have seen similar opportunities, and the town has become a distributing center in a number of lines.

Meanwhile the former owner of the grocery had failed to find in Louisville the great opportunity he had gone after. He had settled down into a clerkship, in which he now promises to spend his declining years. In leaving his home town he left his one great chance. So did a hundred other young men who emigrated from that little Kentucky city. The opportunity had been waiting there for many years. Nobody was analytic enough to figure it out. Here was a strategic location that went begging because distance lent enchantment.

Most men in business have the inherent ability to succeed. They fail, not because they are so greatly inferior in makeup to the successful man but because they don't dissect things—map out an all-embracing plan—and stick to it! When they pick a location it is not because they analyze it and learn all its strong and weak points, but because it looks good on general principles. Sophistry and glamour take the place of sound judgment and knowledge.

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A traveling man, making his first stop at a city in Eastern Washington, became acquainted with a dissatisfied wholesale merchant. The latter had established himself there a year previous, but he was not making money. He wanted to make a change.

"There's no place on earth like Blank!" he declared, pounding his desk. "That's the place to make money; and if I could get rid of my business in this confounded town I'd hike for the Puget Sound country in a hurry."

This traveling man had a broad experience and had kept his eyes open for a chance to quit the road and get into merchandising. The remark of his customer set him thinking. He went out and walked about the town for an hour or two. Then he got a map at the hotel and spent half a day in his room studying it. He found a lot of railroad literature, too, and read every word of it.

The railroad that passed through the town had been built only a few years and another railroad was under construction. A number of branches were being built and a stream of settlers was pouring in. A short trip up the valley revealed to him the great fruit and agricultural possibilities.

It was obvious that an opportunity existed—that here in this town a wholesale business could be built up by a fairly competent man who was not in too big a hurry to get rich. It is a singular fact that the obvious often needs to be pounded into men's brains—even the ultra-obvious. They will grasp at snares while the truth lies unfolded. This traveling man chose the truth.

He went to a lawyer and said: "I've got a little money. It's only a little, but I want to go into business in this town. I've been looking for an opportunity—and here it is. Now, Jones, over on Chinook Street, wants to sell. He's done some hard grubbing laying a foundation; but things haven't come fast enough to suit him and he's going to a place where fortunes grow for the picking. I'll buy Jones' business if he meets my terms. However, a man of his mental makeup is likely to change his mind, and he'll be pretty sure to do that if I go to him direct. I want to retain you to buy that business for me."

He got it. Today it is netting him fifteen thousand dollars a year, while Jones is a salesman for a certain house at eighteen hundred dollars.

Booming the Home Town

In a New England city there is a store-building that wore a "To Let" sign four times within three years. Passers-by looked askance at the placard and remarked that the location was a hoodoo. There are people who believe in predestination, and in this city were folks who thought Fate had picked this particular floorspace for failure. Several unwary drygoods merchants had been wrecked there and that was conclusive evidence that the location was hoodooed.

After the landlord hung up his sign the fourth time, he almost despaired of renting the place; for no merchant, even though he were brave enough to locate there, could get credit sufficient to stock the store. Wholesalers, like other people, have a lurking fear of foreordination.

The trouble with this location was its proximity to the overshadowing competition of the old-established stores. One of the bankrupts voiced the situation when he said: "There wasn't any chance at all among those big chaps. If I had gone into some promising location, where I'd had a field all to myself, I'd have made good; but there was simply no chance trying to buck that game."

Finally, however, a young man came down from the metropolis with some cash. He had been trained in modern business management and he did not believe in fatality. Before he rented the store he counted the people he might expect to draw from; and he drove out among them and saw how they lived. He figured up their aggregate wealth. He divided them into various classes, and estimated the different lines of drygoods they consumed. Then he sent out agents quietly to discover how many of them were in the habit of going away from their own town to trade. He studied them on the street, at church, on the interurban cars. He even followed some of the wealthy ones to the city and made notes on their purchases.

It was all very clear to him that something was radically wrong with the stores in the home town. Here was a rich community; here was a splendid market for drygoods. Yet half of the better-class women bought the bulk of their drygoods away from home.

"Why?" he asked.

He sought the answer in the stores themselves. These he studied as carefully as he had studied the customers. He had been trained to study reasons. Now he discovered four principal causes for the situation: unreliability of products; lack of enterprise; ignorance of what the people wanted; high prices.

Behind these four main reasons was a multitude of lesser ones. The unreliability of goods came from lack of knowledge, from failure to realize the tremendous importance of reliable merchandise and from actual indifference. The lack of enterprise rose from unwarranted conceit and failure to study modern methods. The ignorance of the people's wants was due to a woeful lack of observation. High prices came from poor buying and failure to analyze expense into its productive and unproductive elements.

When he opened his store his first problem was to convince the public that here was an opportunity for them. He kept still about his own opportunity. With newspaper advertising and mailing lists he set about creating the opportunity distinction for his store. He dwelt on this and hammered upon it until insidiously the public began to look at the store in this light—and to patronize it.

Then his chance came to establish reliability and prices. He followed this up with fresh selling campaigns that took the breath away from the old stores. Inside of a year the newcomer had the leading dry-goods business in the town. In five years he bought the fateful building itself. In ten years he had expanded on both sides. Today he is the big man of the place.

Charting Retail Sales

In another town a young man started a men's-furnishings store in the midst of apparently unfavorable conditions. A few large stores had the bulk of the trade. "No opportunity here!" had been preached into him.

The new merchant, however, had been studying conditions at first hand for several years. He had been employed in a number of the town's furnishing stores and knew very closely the trade each of them pulled. For a couple of years he had been planning to start a store himself and had tabulated the average profits and expenses on the different lines of stock he expected to carry. He had figured out the percentage each line ought to bear to the whole in a well-regulated furnishings store. All these calculations he had reduced to an elaborate chart. Thus, before he started, he had a working plan based on the proportions he had observed in successful stores.

Thereafter it was his aim to maintain this balance as closely as possible. His opportunity had to be coaxed and he was wise enough to know it. In lieu of a spectacular publicity campaign he adopted the conservative, watchful method.

For instance, his chart showed him how many pairs of men's gloves he might reasonably hope to sell the first year. When he found that his sales were running short of the standard he had fixed, he got up special selling schemes to bring this item up to its plane. For a time shirts went ahead of his predetermined percentage; so, instead of booming shirts just then, he devoted his selling energies to other items, so that they might keep the balance with shirts. It was a constant game of seesaw, with an upward tendency for the whole, but equilibrium of detail.

In this way he found that his business kept its proportions and avoided the danger of running to segregated lines, as he had seen done in his town with disastrous consequences. One store in particular had so neglected general items by running to hats and shoes that it destroyed its usefulness as a well-stocked furnishings store. Half the time it was out of goods asked for, and the reputation thus created eventually ruined it. It might better have gone into the hat-and-shoe business exclusively. Over-enthusiasm for any one line of goods to the detriment of other lines is always to be avoided.

Then, too, in his advertising and selling plans this merchant had a definite object always in view. He knew the game he was playing; and, though it took him several years to perfect his selling chart, he always worked along that line.

This was one of the opportunities where laborious detail and carefully formulated plans won. Almost any business can benefit by percentage tables. The tendency is strongly toward minute records of this sort. For lack of them, many a really big opportunity is left for some other fellow to come along and seize.

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Men who work for wages are apt to stake all their hopes and expectations on their jobs. To them, the world revolves about these jobs and they live in daily terror of being "let out." Once they are out the future looks black—especially if they are men of middle age, with the thirty-five-year limit behind them. In reality, they are often just attaining their full powers of judgment; their experience is ripe, and they are more capable than they ever were. They ought to have thirty or forty years of sound ability ahead of them.

There are, however, two things that stand between such men and a living: The first, as they see it, is lack of opportunity; the second is a total lack of self-confidence.

One man belonging to this class awoke one day at his home in a small Eastern city to find his employment gone and his forty-fifth birthday approaching. He had been trained to the idea that at forty-five he would be an old man. Physically he was as strong as he had been at thirty, and his mental powers were even better. He knew at heart that he was more reliable. For twenty years he had been a clerk in the office of a large industry and he knew no other means of earning a livelihood. Yet he knew, too, that he stood small chance of securing similar work, now that he was out.

The only resort, it seemed to him, was to get hold of something to sell on commission. He had no capital, so he began to cast about him for some article he could take from door to door. So poor an opinion did he have of his own abilities that no higher form of salesmanship even occurred to him.

An acquaintance, however, put him in touch with the agency manager of a food-product house in New York, and it was found that his particular district was not represented by any resident salesman. He was given a chance at it, selling to the trade. In a short time his territory was enlarged and he was given an exclusive route.

In six months, this "down and out" clerk went to New York and secured two other food products from manufacturers. Coming back to his home city, he opened a little office and established himself formally as a manufacturers' agent.

In a year, several other concerns voluntarily offered him their goods. He was already on the floodtide to success, which he attained and is today maintaining. He is earning five times what he did during the two decades of his clerkship and his self-confidence and self-esteem have made a different man of him.

A Trunk-Maker's Start

Now this is the point: The opportunity was not something that was created just at the time he lost his job. It had been right there for years. Just when it began would be hard to say, but it was there, under his very nose, waiting for him or somebody else to grab it. The only reason he didn't avail himself of it earlier was because he didn't look for it.

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Opportunity often lurks in disaster, but comparatively few persons ever find it there because they are so chained to one idea that they can't recognize it.

A young carpenter met with an injury that made it impossible for him to work on scaffolds or to climb ladders. His usefulness in his trade was apparently ended. For two or three years he did odd jobs at carpentry, earning a scant living for himself and family.

One day, as he stood on a railway platform, he saw a trunk dropped from a baggage car and smashed. He noticed its flimsy construction, and his knowledge of lumber instantly suggested an idea. The next day he rented a basement on a side business street and began to make trunks, confining himself to cheap but strong varieties. As fast as he finished a trunk he set it out on the sidewalk, with a price-tag attached. He did all the work himself, even to the finishing and varnishing. When he sold a trunk he put it on a handcart and delivered it in person.

His aim from the beginning was to turn out a better trunk at a price lower than any dealer could quote. He kept to this plan religiously, never sparing the material to uphold his quality. On the same basis he kept expenses down. He stayed in the basement for a year. Then he moved to a little shop on the ground floor, with a store in front.

At the present time the industry thus started is one of the largest in its city. In addition to a big factory, the corporation owns a splendid retail trunk store and has the cream of the trade.

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THE ULTIMATE CAR
KNIGHT TYPE MOTOR

SATISFACTION IN THE HANDS OF OWNERS

In the hands of satisfied owners, everywhere, the Stearns-Knight is receiving the royal welcome it richly deserves. History is again repeating itself in America, for in Europe some 8000 Knight-motored cars are running in the hands of owners. Four great European factories—Daimler, Panhard, Mercedes and Minerva—leaders of the old world—are using the "Silent-Knight" type engine.

The result is the same in America as in Europe—satisfaction in the hands of owners. That is why our sales have doubled—even trebled—since our adoption of the Knight type sleeve valve motor.

And the reason? The Stearns-Knight adds to the joys of motoring; it eliminates many of the old drawbacks; it gives freedom from incidental troubles—the things that mar an otherwise perfect tour; it increases the power—minimizes gear shifting—eliminates noise; it does away with timing gears, valve stems and other clashing, noise-producing parts; it eliminates valve grinding and timing.

And above all, it insures smooth, harmonious operation under all conditions; it has a power plant quick, alert and willing; its power is produced in a quiet, steady flow, with absence of vibration. In brief, the Stearns-Knight has marked a new era in motoring—that is the verdict of owners from coast to coast.

In the hands of every man interested in motoring, there should be "The Story of the Stearns-Knight Motor"—a booklet that tells of this great revolutionary change in the automobile world. It gives facts and figures of exceptional interest. We will send it to you for the asking—just mail us the coupon.

Equipment of the Stearns-Knight includes: Warner Auto-Meter Model K, Bijur Windshield, Klaxon Horn, Vesta Electric Generator Lighting System, Silk Mohair Top and Cover, Continental Q. D. Demountable Rims, Muffler Cut-Out, Footrest, Robe Rail, Trunk Rack, Bulb Horn, etc.

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Every picture is full of life and interest. The attitudes and expressions are natural, just such as you have seen in children at play. Everyone will find keen enjoyment in possessing these pictures. There is no printed matter on them. They may be framed, making a beautiful set for nursery decoration.



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The Country Home

has its peculiar problems whether it is designed for a farmer or other country resident. As a separate home unit, special provisions must be made for convenience, comfort and attractiveness such as are available in urban communities.

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

will present articles dealing with the various aspects of the Country Home and its surroundings, and manuscripts and photographs dealing with the following subjects are particularly desired:

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Articles discussing the location, plan and equipment of good country residences, with reference to sanitation, heating, lighting and the general comfort of the farmer and his family, will be welcomed. Plans and photographs for attractive home grounds, remodeled farm homes, details of construction which are useful, and new and inexpensive conveniences, are desired.

The Housewife's Work

Articles describing the methods of performing the essential duties of everyday life in the farm house, as successfully worked out by energetic country women, are helpful and interesting to other women having similar problems. Suggestive ideas on household management, cleaning, cooking, buying supplies, conveniences, etc., are desired.

Community Pleasures

The neighborhood social life, whether connected with the School, the Church, the Grange or the Farmers' Clubs, may be described in articles which will help other communities.

All articles and photographs will receive prompt attention, and when available will be paid for at current rates. Send all manuscripts to

THE EDITORS,

The Country Gentleman

Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUT-OF-DOORS

ODDITIES IN SPORT



Camp of Wild-Hog Hunters

IN THE pages of a novel printed some decades ago, devoted to the description of life in upper-class circles in Europe, there may be found mention of two young noblemen. Having nothing else to shoot, but being very keen sportsmen, they engaged one afternoon in wing shooting in the garden of the castle. There was nothing moving excepting butterflies, so they shot at butterflies—memory failing at this time to tell which excelled in this sporting pastime.

There seems to be some sort of human instinct that leads a man, or some men, to shoot at anything that moves or is alive. Some years ago, before the draining of the great Kankakee marshes of Indiana, there was a well-known ducking club known as the Cumberland Club. The clubhouse had long been known in that country as Cumberland Lodge and was originally erected by two young Englishmen, said to have been of noble birth, and locally known as the "Lords Parker." Although these young gentlemen were in the middle of one of the best ducking countries the world ever saw, sometimes they wearied of killing wild fowl and went in for more exacting sport. Lying flat on their backs in bed—most frequently with a bottle not far away—they would shoot at flies on the ceiling, using for this purpose good-sized revolvers. At the time the club took over the property from these young gentlemen the ceilings were literally shot full of holes, with what mortality to the fly family it is not recorded.

Bold Hunters

You would not think that the humble woodchuck was much of a sporting proposition, for neither his flesh nor his hide has much value and he is just inside the classification of animals *feræ naturæ*. A woodchuck never hurt anything but a turnip or an ear of corn. There is, however, quite a woodchuck cult among riflemen in certain states where these animals abound, and among these there goes on much discussion as to the proper weight, caliber, velocity, trajectory, and so forth, of the proper woodchuck rifle, and there are not lacking long stories in public describing the exciting pastime of potting a woodchuck from behind a stone wall. Although Colonel Roosevelt has not yet been heard from regarding this sport one may hazard an offhand opinion that it requires almost as much skill to hit a tin can as it does to hit a woodchuck at the same distance. Therefore, why not the tin can? In answer to this the woodchuckers no doubt will assert that the woodchuck is alive.

Did you ever go bullfrogging with a .22 rifle? Here is sport requiring quite as much marksmanship as the art of killing woodchucks, and in its favor it may be said that frog saddles are really good to eat, whereas those of woodchucks are not. Moreover, as the mark is usually the head of the frog death is usually instantaneous, where many woodchucks are only crippled, although they perhaps die later of their wounds. Even the stolid bullfrog becomes quite wary if daily pursued, and in a much hunted territory you will find that the frogs leave the banks and are apt to take up their places some distance from the shore, where they lie in the stagnant water with just their eyes above the surface. If you can hit that distant mark twenty-five to forty yards—in size sometimes not very much bigger than an old-fashioned three-cent piece—you will be obliged to hold close and come off well with the trigger pull. Getting your frog after you have killed him is another matter. A pair of overalls will come handy.

Professional froggers, men who make a business of furnishing frog legs for the city markets, quite often use a .22 rifle. They know very well, however, that at night you can shine a frog's eyes just as you can a deer's, and that the creature is apt to be blinded and puzzled by the light and so can be approached closely. The frogger who goes along the lilypads with his flat-bottomed boat turns his lantern light carefully this way and that until he discovers the squat form of his victim. This time the .22 rifle has given place to the long-shafted frog spear with half a dozen small, keen barbs. The frogger approaches his victim quietly with the head of the spear, and when within a few inches drives the barbs home with a quick jab. Sometimes the creature is killed and sometimes not. It is perhaps as merciful as that other well-known pastime sometimes practiced by anglers in search of bait—fishing for frogs with fishhooks. If you dangle in front of a frog a hook baited with a piece of worm or meat or fish, an artificial fly, or even the naked hook, he will jump and snap at it and can be caught in this way without much difficulty.

There is something ludicrously solemn about a big fat bullfrog sitting in stupid dignity until a fishhook rubs his nose, and then grabbing at it all at once. It can be no worse to catch a frog in this way than it is to catch a fish, but a frog somehow looks more human.

The use of the spear is forbidden by law in most of our states, because it has come to be recognized that a spear can best be used on the spawning-beds where fish are very helpless. Formerly the art of using a spear was more practiced and was found by no means an easy one to acquire. In earlier days in other countries the spear was recognized as a weapon of the chase, even to the taking of fish, and in one or two Scottish novels there are spirited descriptions of spearing fish at night by torchlight—the pastime known as "burning the water." In the earlier days of this country the spear seems not to have been condemned, and in one of James Fenimore Cooper's novels you will find a description of good old Natty Bumppo employing his long-handled spear to secure himself a single fish for his supper, just back of a noisy party of seiners who are ruthlessly destroying hundreds of fish with their great net. Of the two the spear is the more sportsmanlike, as evidently it was Cooper's intent to point out in this description of a scene located in the lake district of Central New York.

In some of the Southern states there is a big, bony, worthless fish known as the alligator-gar, which sometimes grows to be four or five feet long. Spearing these creatures is a recognized but somewhat unusual sort of sport. The negroes are adepts at it, using a sort of harpoon with a line attached. As a big gar is a powerful swimmer it sometimes will tow a negro in his canoe for some distance before it is finally brought alongside or beached.

Alligator shooting at night with a bull's-eye light or a basket of pine knots was at one time held as a legitimate sport in the South, until so many Northern butchers engaged in it that it lost caste and fell into the hands of professional alligator hunters, who market the hides. In many localities this species is now extinct, so closely has it been pursued. The professional alligator hunter usually works at night, paddling silently along the banks of a bayou or a lagoon. Sometimes he locates a 'gator from its calling or roaring, and again he may see one looking for all the world like a submerged log, except for the two green points of light that mark its eyes. The eye is a target for the hunter, who sometimes uses a rifle as small as a .22. At times a 'gator will sink before the boatman can reach it, but usually the hunter will have time to get alongside and haul it into the boat by means of a short steel hook. A Florida cracker, a boy eighteen years of age, once killed seventy-six 'gators in one night's work.

A curious and very interesting sport once obtained in the South, which is unknown today—that of fire-hunting woodcock at night. In the wintertime these birds were formerly very numerous in many parts of the South, and in the old muzzle-loading days good bags were often made at night in wind shooting. A darkey went along behind the shooter carrying a big iron basket filled with flaring pitch-pine knots. The woodcock, usually lying close, would take to wing, and it was the sportsman's business to stop him before he got beyond the rim of the lighted circle. A curious article describing this sport appeared in a magazine several decades ago. A thimbleful of powder and a thimbleful of shot were described as the proper load, the sportsman carrying his powder loose in one pocket, his shot loose in another. I have never seen this sport practiced, but have known negroes to pot woodcock at night in cotton-fields, locating them with pitch-pine knots used as torches. Uncle Remus doesn't bother about making the woodcock fly—he just pots him where he sits, hugged up under some burdock leaf.

The Ruse of the Raccoon

A smile of amused tolerance comes to the lips of most sportsmen when you speak of coon hunting at night. The idea is usually associated with a boy and a nondescript dog or a darkey and a dog. Forsooth in this sport the darkey and his dog are the most able exponents, and to see the art at its best you must effect a combination with these. That failing, you may get up a coon hunt of your own in any of the wide variety of timber countries all over the Eastern half of the United States.

Coons run at night and prefer warm, soft nights, whether in the fall or winter, sometimes coming out of their winter den if the snow is thawing and the weather warm. As they feed along the edges of cornfields it is customary to cast off the dogs along the edge of some such field. Perhaps you may have seen the old coon dog climb on top of a rail fence and actually run along there on the top rails for some distance, howling all the time. He knows that a coon has done the same thing before him. Once started on his run, a coon may lead the hunters a very pretty chase, and sometimes between the "strike" to the "treeing" several hours of fast and rather blindfold walking through the timberlands may elapse.

Often it is difficult to locate a coon in a very tall tree at night, but the skilled hunter will take his lantern or torchlight and, holding it above his head, pass round

and round the tree until at length he discovers two very small and very green spots of light. It is more professional to climb up and poke Brer Coon out for some fun with the dogs, or even to cut down the tree, but the professional coon hunter is very apt to pot him with a shotgun. There is a certain atmosphere and flavor about the coon hunt at night that is not to be found in any other sort of sport. The coon hunt is the one great human democracy. Nor is the animal pursued wanting in his own cunning. Sometimes he is treed but cannot be found on the tree. The professional hunter will then tie round the trunk of the tree, as high as he can reach, a white rag or even a band of cornstalks. He knows that Brer Coon will not back down over this sort of thing, but will stay up there until the next day, when he can be argued with at leisure.

Hunting rabbits with ferrets is a poacher's sport, but it is interesting to see it practiced—just once. It is an even bet whether you are going to get your ferret or your rabbit after the former has gone down a hole. Most ferreters use the ferret to start the rabbit and a shotgun to get him when he bolts from the earth. It is too near a cinch to be called sportsmanlike and it is forbidden by the law in many states. Far more ingenious and interesting was the expedient of the small boy who used to go out and get a string of rabbits with nothing but his coat and a little terrapin or land turtle. He would put a piece of hot sealingwax or a short length of candle on the top of the shell of his ally, and touching it off good and hot would send Mr. Terrapin down into the hole. It did not take the rabbit long to figure out that the hole was not big enough for two such companions. When he bolted the boy caught him in his coat.

The writer one time hunted wild turkeys with a rancher whose bird dog was a full-blooded bulldog. This pup looked as little like a sporting dog as anything that could well be imagined, yet he had nose enough to trail the birds. Having treed them, he would make sincere endeavors to gnaw down the tree, while attracting our attention by giving vent to the wildest bull-pup clamorings. This three-cornered arrangement proved profitable to everybody but the turkeys.

Man is the greatest of all hunting animals and the one with the greatest ingenuity. For instance, an old trapper up in British Columbia nearly always managed to have plenty of Mallard ducks to eat, although he never fired a gun. He caught them in steel traps set under the water, and used no bait but a piece of bright tin lashed to the pan of the trap. The ducks would come and peck at this curious object, and later on get themselves picked for their curiosity.

Probably no one would lament very much if the entire breed of English sparrows were wiped off the earth. At one time live-bird contests were held on sparrows, but these were nearly always conducted in so brutal and inhuman a manner as to cause feelings of revulsion among most of the spectators. Trap-shooting at pigeons is none too commendable in its best form and is illegal now in most states of the Union. The sparrow shooters used very fine shot, with the result that many of these little birds would be seen walking about with broken wings. Because they were so small no trouble was taken to collect them. Such practices very justly brought trap-shooting into general disrepute, and it is now pretty much confined to artificial targets. Really the best part about a sparrow shoot was getting the birds in the first place. For this purpose the catchers used a square net like a landing net, attached to a long pole. Sparrows very often roost closely packed together on the ivy of an ivy-covered wall; and at night the netters would simply slap this net against the side of a church or a house, usually taking it down with several birds inside.

The bat is not a very lovable creature any way you look at him, nor is he ranked high in the plans of sportsmen, yet at one time in the South, especially near New Orleans, trap shoots at bats were not unusual. Professional bat-catchers supplied these creatures, which made a small and rather erratic mark when they started to fly from the trap.

Coursing the hare with greyhounds is regarded as legitimate sportsmanship, and in England it is even the custom to course hares and rabbits in inclosures, the intent being, of course, to determine which is the better of the brace of dogs slipped in each course. An artificial system of scoring is used in this work, the killing of the hare not necessarily determining the winner of the course. There is a certain flavor of excitement in the hard riding of a race in pursuit of a coyote, with a big pack of dogs, over a rough Western country.

At one time in the Choctaw country of Eastern Oklahoma, a rough and heavily wooded region with very few human habitations, the writer joined a party of residents for a camp hunt after the winter's meat of wild hogs. Not a bad sort of camp hunt it was, twenty or thirty miles away from the nearest house, with the intent to capture animals almost as wary as deer. In this hunting we rode cautiously through the woods and round the edges of abandoned clearings until a bunch of hogs was sighted. Then it was necessary to dismount and stalk the game as cautiously as any other sort of big game. The endeavor was, if possible, to shoot the animal through the head or neck and to stop it at once. Later on I discovered that some of these hogs that we got had earmarks or brands denoting ownership. I understood then why it was not considered wholly desirable for a stranger to engage in the shooting. We left the ears on our hogs which we had hanging around camp, for they seemed to be the kind of ears that suited our book. It was a touch-and-go country, and it was just as well not to have even a scraped hog showing the wrong notches missing.

Quite as practical as hunting hogs is the erstwhile Western pursuit known as hammering a slow elk. Being interpreted, this means shooting a beef animal that wears the brand of some one else. A great many "slow elk" have been killed all over the Western range. Out of that custom grew the amiable Western pastime of hiding behind the corral fence and potting the man esteemed to be too proficient in acquiring his neighbor's slow elk. Both these pastimes now, however, have somewhat fallen into disuse.



A Camp of Wild-Hog Hunters in the Wilderness

THE LAWLESS GODLINESS OF BILLY SMOKE

(Continued from Page 18)

never heard before, and little chills of joy and triumph chased up and down his spine.

Bellowed James, his voice vibrant with the pride and greatness of twenty generations:

"'Is 'Ighness, Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Lord Percival Algernon Jones!"

"Right-O!" applauded Billy Smoke, crawling stiffly from the canoe. "Now, you sweet workers o' charity, you're goin' to see what a real lord's like!"

V

BRISTOL GARDAM came down from the veranda like a man who was just coming out from under the effect of a dose of chloroform. Half a dozen followed him and, to a man, their jaws hung loose. His Lordship had surprised them beyond their power of immediate recoupment, and the finely worded greeting which Gardam had been memorizing and polishing for a fortnight past sputtered and bubbled in his chest without articulate sound. Billy broke the ice with a smash.

"Hello, Brissy, old chap!" he greeted, holding out a hand on which James had worked faithfully to relieve it of some of its knotlike toughness. "Sort o' surprised you, ain't I? Thought I'd come up in a private car or a steamship, mebby! They tried to tie me up with a bunch of Indians an' white guides; but there ain't no country on earth that Lord Percy can't travel through alone with a compass an' his eyes. Dam' nice country too! Beats Injy an 'Afriky so far you can't see 'em with a telescope. If you had a few lions an' tigers an' elephunts it'd be ideel. James!"

"Yes, Your Lordship!"

"'Nough, James. I wanted to see if you could talk. It's been hard on my vally, gentlemen."

He shook hands round twice while Gardam and the others were finding their wits, adjusted his eyeglass and produced a box of Lord Percival's expensive cigarettes.

"Have a smoke, gentlemen," he invited, "an' don't mind the lugubrious expression on James' face there. Dad was a stickler on etiquette—a reg'lar old king—an' James can't get out of the habit. I'm the only lord in the British Kingdom who can use his fists, cut wood, eat out of a wash dish, an' chew tobacco; so don't offer me no silver drinkin' mugs or pat' de foy grass. How's business, Brissy?"

"Splendid, Your Lordship," gasped Bristol Gardam. Then he found his voice. "You—you have surprised us, by Jove!" he laughed. "But it's—it's a pleasant surprise!"

"Thought they'd send up some weak-kneed, watery-eyed little aristocrat, eh?" asked Billy Smoke. "Let's take a look round. I've got half a million of my own tied up in this syndicate, an' I'm interested."

Three-quarters of an hour later Billy sat opposite Gardam at a big table in the quarters specially appointed for His Lordship. He heaved a real sigh of relief as he lighted one of the fancy cigars the manager had imported from London six months previously in anticipation of this visit.

"I feel easier—much easier," he said. "You know, we rather feared we wasn't getting the worth of our money. Somebody said you had too much conscience—an' that won't go! This success business is a knockdown affair, you know. Hardest fists win. Eh?"

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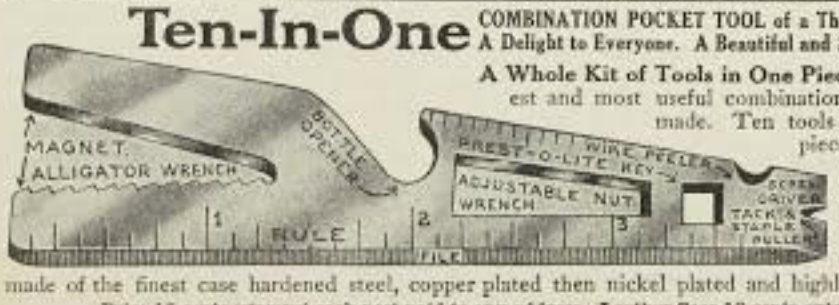
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Billy tried to appear calm, but there was a hard thumping at his heart. Bristol Gardam's little eyes glistened.

"We've saved half a million up here—by hitting hard," he chuckled. "We've got practically everything in sight, and when the new railroad comes up it's got to go just about where we tell it to. We've hidebound every possible terminal, an' there isn't an iron or coal prospect that we haven't got our fingers on in one way or another. We scared out the Fitzhugh interests so that they sold to us for about thirty cents on the dollar; an' that fellow who came up with fifty thousand dollars ——"

"Left it with us," interrupted Billy, seeing the significance now of what he had read in one of the letters. "Good for you, Brissy! And now"—he struck a match to apply to a cigar that was already lighted—"and now—how about—that McKay affair?"

Gardam's hands rasped with a curious sound as he rubbed them together exultantly.

"Coming out a little differently from what we expected, Your Lordship—but right," he said. "Couldn't be better. You understand how this McKay ——"

"I'm a little rusty on it," advised Billy.

"Well, McKay has been squatting here for twenty years, an' through the Government he got that half-mile strip that holds the only good right-of-way through the range to the east. I wrote the company about that, you know—that if we didn't get hold of the McKay strip it would beat us out of a million to reach our coal lands over there. So we went after it. McKay would have sold, but the girl wouldn't. Then we found she had a half-interest in it and had been to school for two years down in Prince Albert. That's what cut the devil, Your Lordship—the school. We offered ten thousand—fifteen—twenty; she stuck like a little monster for a hundred!"

"Wasn't it worth it?" asked Billy mildly. "Seems to me, accordin' to your own figgering, that would have saved us just nine hundred thousand. But I catch your p'int, Brissy. You wanted to save us eighty thousand dollars more. You're a brick!"

Billy shivered.

"That's it," Gardam exulted. "And we're going to do it! We're going to save ninety thousand—perhaps ninety-five!"

"Did—did that man Walton marry her?" asked Billy, finding his breath a little difficult.

Gardam chuckled.

"Better than that, Your Lordship. He went after her like a dog after a bone. She liked Walton mighty well, an' he posed as an enemy of the company from the time we sent him into the game. You see his scheme was to fake some sort of marriage deal if he couldn't get her to put her property in his hands before that; and then ——"

"Vamose!" said Billy, biting hard at the end of his cigar.

"Just that," grinned Gardam. "We were to give him five thousand when the deal was pulled off and he was to disappear; but two things turned up to spoil that. This Faith McKay is a beauty. She'd get most any man going—and Walton fell in love. Top of that, after the girl had known him a little while she wouldn't have anything more to do with him. Then something happened—out in the woods. Walton said they were walking and that he only tried to kiss her. But anyway, McKay found Walton and nearly killed him on the spot. McKay stabbed him twice—and Walton lived just long enough to tell the story. The police have got McKay over at the barracks—and we're going to have that right-of-way within two or three days for five thousand."

Billy had turned his back toward Gardam and was looking out of a window.

"Go on, Brissy," he said. "How are you going to work it?"

"It's about settled now," continued Gardam. "You see there's no hope for McKay. He'll swing. But the girl thinks there's hope; and I've induced her to sell so that they can pay the expense of a big defense."

Billy turned back to the table. His face was strangely white, but Gardam did not notice that. Adjusting his eyeglass, Billy opened Lord Percival's alligator-skin bag and dumped out a mass of papers. He did this for its effect on Gardam. Then he said:

"I don't like the idea of murder, Brissy. But you've done mighty well. I've got a lot of papers to look over; an' if you'll leave me ——"

"Certainly, Your Lordship," cried Gardam, jumping briskly to his feet. "Shall I return at dinnertime?"

"Yes. An'—see here, Brissy. Can you get hold o' this Faith McKay—right away?"

"I can have her here within half an hour, sir."

"Bring her," commanded Billy shortly. "I want to see her alone. An' you needn't say anything about the visit. Understand?"

Scarcely had Gardam's back disappeared through the door than Billy sprang to his feet, with a look on his face that would have startled and amazed that individual had he seen it.

"James!" he called.

A door leading into a second room opened and James appeared.

"Did you call, Your Lordship?"

For a moment Billy Smoke made no answer. He seized one of the valet's warm, fat hands and gazed squarely into his eyes. After all there was something strong and likable about James Augustus Dobbs. He was a man buried under generations of pagan servitude; and the grip of Billy's hand, unlike anything he had ever felt before, brought once more a flicker of something that was strange and new into his soulless eyes. Billy motioned him to the chair Gardam had occupied, passed him the box of cigars, watched him while he lighted one and then spoke.

James listened. His pale eyes opened wider as Billy proceeded. His heavy chin dropped. He uttered no sound and Billy went on evenly, without interruption. When he had finished James sat stunned and speechless, the cigar trembling between his pudgy fingers.

"What do you think of it?" asked Billy.

"Hi—Hi thinks it's 'ellish, sir!" gasped James.

For another three minutes Billy Smoke talked.

At the end he waited for the other to speak. Slowly James stiffened.

"Hi'm with you!" he said at last. "Hi am—so 'elp me."

For the first time in his life he dared to offer his hand to a man. And Billy Smoke shook it until the papers rattled on the table.

VI

FIFTEEN minutes later there came a knock at the outer door which set Billy's heart palpitating. It was not Gardam's and he knew it was Faith McKay's.

James opened the door, admitted some one who entered with a quick, timid step, bowed with prodigious stateliness, and then walked through into the inner room. Not until he heard the inner door close did Billy lift his eyes from the paper which he was pretending to read. When he did he looked almost straight up, for the girl had come near and stood with her two hands gripping the back of the chair at the opposite side of the table. At first he was only conscious of a pair of wonderful blue eyes meeting his own—the eyes that women sometimes have whose beauty is the laughter of sunlight in a violet-blue sky. Even in the pain and the terror of the thing that was gripping like death at her heart that beauty flooded into them for an instant as Faith McKay looked into Billy's face, surging with the red blood pounded up from his heart. He was different from what she had expected. And she was different—with her wonderful blue eyes, her pale cheeks a little flushed, her brown-gold hair in a loose, rippling braid over her shoulder, her lips parted in a tense waiting that was almost pain. Billy Smoke rose from his chair. He had not intended there should be such an embarrassing silence, but he knew that if he spoke his voice would tremble; and so, instead of speaking, he stretched one of his big, strong, brown hands across the table. There came a catch in Faith McKay's throat. And then, slowly, wonderingly, her eyes questioning him like those of a child who fears and yet trusts, she gave him her hand.

For an hour after he had seen Faith McKay enter His Lordship's presence Bristol Gardam waited for her reappearance. He waited another half-hour before his patience was rewarded. He was so close that he marked the change in her. Her cheeks burned with a mysterious excitement. Her eyes turned upon him like blue diamonds, almost feverish in their luster; and wonderingly he marked the quickness of her step and the new poise of her head as she turned away, her thick

braid shimmering like a sinuous rope of pure gold in the setting sun.

He knocked, and Billy's voice invited him to enter. There was a change in His Lordship's face, too, and Gardam was puzzled. Billy was quick-witted enough to see that, and proceeded to enlighten the manager.

"By Heaven, but she's a blinger!" he cried. "Brissy, I don't blame that man Walton. Do you know ——"

He stopped to light a fresh cigar,.

"She is pretty, Your Lordship," he replied with a look that filled Billy with a desire to strike him. "She's ——"

"Sit down!"

Gardam dropped into the chair, and Billy smiled across at him significantly.

"Look here, Brissy," he said confidentially. "You know, of course, that I can do anything I please up here; but you've done so well that I don't feel like taking any authority out o' your hands. Understand? I want you to handle this matter—abeolutely accordin' to your judgment. Now, don't you think ten thousand would be pretty cheap for that property?"

There was no mistaking his smile.

"Cheap as dirt, Your Lordship."

"Twenty would be cheap, wouldn't it?"

"It's worth ten times that," chuckled Gardam, rubbing his hands.

Billy Smoke passed the cigars and smiled with the benignity of one who was thoroughly well pleased with the other's quick perception.

"Now I don't want to take this out of your hands," he repeated. "You've got the authority to spend the money, haven't you?"

Gardam nodded as he lighted his cigar.

"And I don't want to influence you," went on Billy. "I don't want to influence you at all; but I just want to ask why you don't pay her thirty thousand dollars for that property tonight and have it over with. Just a suggestion from the outside, as you might say."

"Thirty thousand!"

"Yes. It's worth even ten times that, isn't it—to the company? She'd take thirty thousand tonight. What do you think of it, Brissy?"

This time he winked—winked broadly.

"Why—I—I think we'd better do it, Your Lordship."

"Good!" exclaimed Billy with unconcealed satisfaction. "You can arrange the matter so that you can take it up with Miss McKay right after dinner, can't you?"

Gardam nodded again.

"And there's another thing, Gardam. I'd like to do all I can for this girl. You understand—of course. Is there anything we can do for her father?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing, Your Lordship. Even if we attempted to show that he was saving his daughter from insult when he killed Walton it would do no good. The case is out of our hands. He is a murderer, and there is only one punishment for that under the Crown. Inspector McDowell tells me they are going to take him down to Prince Albert some time next week. Nothing on earth can save him from hanging."

"Too bad," mused Billy. "I'm afraid you're a better manager than I'd be, Brissy. If I was you I'm sure I'd give the girl forty thousand. It's hard on her, terrible hard! I'm afraid—I'd make it—forty thousand."

Gardam fidgeted.

"Perhaps I am a little hard, Your Lordship," he ventured. "If you believe ——"

"Oh, don't mind me!" interrupted Billy. "I want you to do it, you know. Just think it over. Use your own good judgment. I don't want to take any authority at all away from you."

His voice was so genially flattering that Bristol Gardam purred all over. Billy slowly gathered up the scattered papers, arranging and resorting them in a way that showed them off most advantageously to the little manager.

"This is—er—detachment headquarters for the Royal Northwest Mounted, isn't it, Brissy?" he asked carelessly, scrutinizing with studious care the heading of a red-sealed letter which he held. "Pretty far up in the woods, ain't it? How many men?"

"Inspector McDowell, a corporal and three privates," said Gardam. "Corporal Shaw is down on the Little Bear, hunting for a dog thief."

Billy puckered his face thoughtfully.

"That's bad," he said. "I wanted to borrow a couple of those men for a week or so; but if they're goin' to take McKay down how the devil can I do it?" Before Gardam could reply he leaned anxiously across the table. "See here, Gardam. After you've settled this affair with the McKay girl I'm going to tell you something that'll open your eyes. An' meanwhile, as a sort o' reward for savin' us a few hundred thousand on this deal, you have my permission to write out a check to yourself for a thousand."

Gardam's eyes popped and his voice fairly trembled when he spoke.

"That's—That's mighty good of you, Your Lordship!"

Billy raised his hands deprecatingly.

"Nothing—nothing at all, Brissy," he assured him.

Then he smiled so significantly that Gardam stopped himself on the point of further speech.

"Brissy, will you do me a little favor?" he asked. "How long before it's dark?"

Gardam looked at his watch.

"In about an hour, Your Lordship."

"Well, as soon as it's dark, can't you bring our dinner over here—if it won't inconvenience you too much?"

"It will be a pleasure," assured Gardam.

"And then," continued Billy, still smiling, "can't you take me to this Faith McKay's cabin without any one seeing us? You see," he explained, as Gardam began to purr understandingly, "I've got an invitation to take dinner with Miss Faith."

After Gardam had gone, Billy sat for many minutes in deep thought, the smoke from his cigar rising thickly above his head. Suddenly he jumped from his chair and went across to a mirror that hung on the opposite wall and quite seriously studied the reflection of himself. It was a strong, square-jawed, forceful face that looked out at him, with keen gray eyes and a mouth that was softened by the humorous and pleasant things he had always found in life. Billy had never before contemplated himself with quite the same emotions as he was experiencing at the present moment. He found himself figuring up his age, which was thirty-four; but he looked younger, so much younger that he smiled elatedly. When he caught himself in the glass he turned away, flushing as hotly as though Faith McKay herself had detected him in the act.

Gardam returned at six o'clock, bringing with him a large basket, which Billy transported to James in the room beyond his own. He had already given James his instructions, but he repeated them now in a low voice:

"Remember—put out all the lights as soon as you've finished your supper—and lock the doors. Don't admit any one. Gardam may return, but if the lights are out he'll think you're in bed. You'll know my knock—three of 'em—like I told you."

Ten minutes later Gardam halted him in front of a cabin built of logs. Curtains were drawn at the windows, but Billy caught the gleam of lights inside. He was glad that darkness hid his face from the manager.

"Come back about eight," he said. "Bring the papers with you. We'll settle this business right here with Miss McKay tonight."

He reached out deliberately and nudged Bristol Gardam in the ribs.

"Have a cigar, Brissy!"

Gardam went away chuckling. He turned in time to see the cabin door open and caught a glimpse of Faith McKay's pretty face in the lamplight as she greeted Billy. He was still chuckling when he returned to the company's offices and secured the two or three papers necessary for that night's deal. He was highly pleased with His Lordship and wished him a good time. He felt that Fate was making him mighty popular with this powerful representative of the Farthest North Improvement Company.

Promptly at eight he was back at the McKay cabin. Faith opened the door when he knocked. He glanced quickly into her face; and in spite of himself the smile that barely moved his lips flickered in his eyes. He had never seen the girl more beautiful.

Gardam lost no time in getting down to business. He suspected that his presence was not wanted for any length of time.

"I've made it forty thousand, Your Lordship," he said in a low voice. "And I—I guess it's going to be worth it."

Ten minutes later Faith McKay held the company's check for forty thousand

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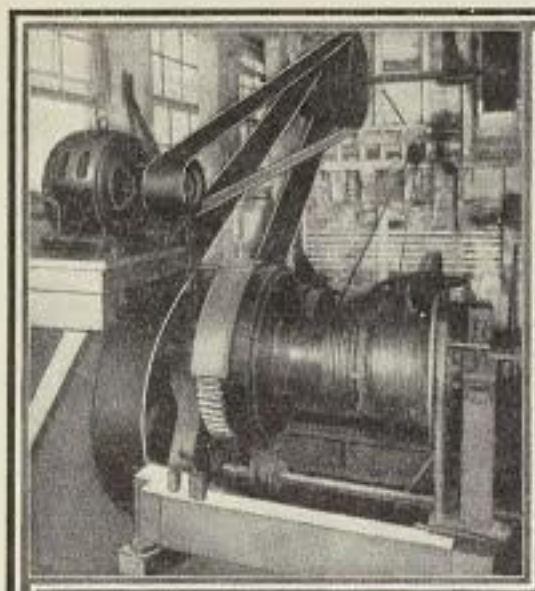
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dollars in her hand. With glistening eyes she looked at Billy. Gardam moved toward the door. He was astonished when Billy said:

"Wait for me outside, Brissy. I'll join you in about two minutes."

Billy closed the door after him and turned toward the girl. She had followed him halfway and stood with the check still in her hand, looking at him as a woman never looks at a second man.

"Good night," he whispered.

Even those two words almost choked him. She tried to speak, but it was only a little sound in her throat; and when Billy went to her, holding out his hand, the blue eyes that looked up at him were a swimming loveliness of tears. Billy Smoke could not have explained what happened then. The next moment Faith McKay was in his arms and his face was pressed close down against her face; and he knew that he felt the gentle pressure of her arms about his shoulders and that he was telling her things he seemed now to have dreamed of, years and years ago, amid the flitting shadows of many lonely campfires.

Bristol Gardam waited ten minutes instead of two for His Lordship.

VII

THE next morning Bristol Gardam found His Lordship sick in bed. As a matter of fact, Billy Smoke had never felt better in his life.

"My appendix!" grimaced Billy in explanation. "The cussed thing kicks up a fuss every so often. I'm afraid I can't go to that dinner you fellows have got up for me." He scowled savagely and gave a sudden twinge as if of pain. "You'll give 'em my excuses, won't you, Brissy? Tell 'em it won't last more than two or three days and that we'll make up for lost time then."

"You'd better let me send over the company doctor," suggested Gardam solicitously.

Billy smiled sweetly.

"Brissy, you don't want me to commit murder, do you?" he asked. "I can't remember havin' a doctor mussing round me since the day I come to town; and if you send one over now ——" He doubled up a big fist and drew it significantly out from under his blanket. Then he revealed his other hand, and with it a small package plastered with big red seals cleverly done in wax by James Augustus Dobbs. Inside that package were two pairs of rugged socks and odds and ends of paper; but Gardam never would have guessed that in a hundred years from the manner in which Billy handled it. He looked from the package to Gardam, as though he could scarcely trust its secret to the little manager. Then he said:

"You've got to attend to this for me, Brissy. There's a hundred thousand dollars in this package and it's got to start up the river some time today. I want you to see Inspector McDowell and have him send two men down with it. It'll take a week to do the job; but tell him that it's mighty important, an' that McKay can wait better'n this package can."

A few minutes later Gardam rose to leave. It was three-quarters of an hour later when he returned, and as he came in through the door his eyes glistened triumphantly.

"McDowell has ordered his men to get ready," he said. "They are to leave this afternoon."

Billy gave a groan of relief.

"That's pretty good in Mac," he said. "Leaves only one man to take care of McKay, don't it?" he asked casually.

Gardam gave his shoulders a shrug.

"McKay's down sick too. His girl is with him."

Billy's face was turned to the wall, and so Gardam did not see the manner in which his mouth twitched or the exultant light that came into his eyes.

"This McKay girl is going to take dinner with me—here," he said. "So have it brought over a little early, will you, Brissy? Of course—you understand ——"

"Sure—Sure—I understand, Your Lordship," replied Bristol Gardam.

Looking out of his office window, Gardam saw Faith McKay when she entered Billy's cabin. It was two hours later when she reappeared, and he observed that she went directly to her own home. At five o'clock Faith returned to her father in his prison, taking his supper with her. Bristol Gardam carried Billy's supper to him at six. In spite of his sickness Billy was the happiest-looking man he had ever seen. It was nine o'clock when Billy turned over and said that he felt like going to sleep.

No sooner was Gardam gone than he hopped from his bed and called for James. The valet entered from the other room and Billy motioned him to one of the two chairs beside the table. He passed the cigars and both lighted in silence.

"Do you know, James," said Billy, "I almost wish you was going with me? You'd be a mighty good pal in a little while, old fellow."

"Hi almost wish Hi were going, sir," replied James; "but Hi'm afraid Hi couldn't stand the strain."

They talked and smoked until the hand of Billy's watch pointed to eleven; then Billy rose to his feet.

"It's about time, James," he announced. "I hate to do it, old man; but it's best for you. If I didn't, you know, they might think you helped me. Now—if you'll lie down—there—flat on your belly ——"

He went to his bunk and drew out from under the blankets several short pieces of babiche rope. When he returned James Augustus Dobbs was lying flat on his face in the middle of the floor.

"I won't tie your hands too tight," said Billy as he went to work, "for it'll be pretty danged uncomfortable waiting for some one to come an' set you free." Quickly he tied James' hands behind his back and then bound his feet securely together. Then he rolled his prisoner over. "This gag ain't anything but a bluff," he went on as he tied three hard knots in a piece of cloth. "I'm goin' to twist it up an' put it on the floor close to your head. When Brissy comes in the mornin' you can yell an' tell 'im you just slipped the thing off. Understand?"

"Hi do, sir. Hi won't make a sound until then."

"And now, Dobbs, old man—goodby!"

"Goodby, sir; han' may good luck go with you!"

Billy turned out the light. Softly he opened the outer door. Cautiously he stole out. The night was brilliant with starlight and he crouched low as he slipped away from the cabin, his heavy-caliber rifle trailing below his knee. All was dark in the McKay cabin when he rapped at the door; but instantly he heard a quick, eager step. The door opened slowly and he reached up his free arm. Faith slipped into it. She lifted her face to him, and for one glorious moment he felt the sweet warmth of her lips against his own.

"Everything is ready!" she whispered.

VIII

FAITH led him swiftly through the night. Her little hand clung tightly to his and at last she halted him on the edge of a small clump of balsams, beyond which, close to the shore of the river, lay the three small buildings that made up police headquarters at Churchman. One of these buildings was within a stone's throw of them and separated by some distance from the others. Faith pointed to it.

"He's in there," she breathed tremblingly. "I—I don't believe they'll watch him very closely tonight—because they think he is sick." Suddenly she gripped his arm. "There—look!"

In the shadow of the little building there appeared a tiny flare of light. The guard was lighting his pipe. Billy laughed softly, and as he laughed he drew Faith close up in his arms and looked down into her wonderful shining eyes. No woman had ever looked at him as she looked at him now.

"We've got to say goodby, little girl," he whispered. "You must go back an' undress yourself an' get into bed, so they can't lay anything up against you tomorrow. Everything's clear to you, ain't it, dear? We're goin' to strike west an' north into Alaska, and after a little we'll drop southward. You take the first mail down an' go to my sister in Winnipeg. An' then—'bout next Chris'mus ——"

Her arms tightened about his neck and he could hear her breathe, almost sobbing:

"You'll come—then ——"

"I'll come—or send for you," he said. "Now—you must go."

She drew her arms from about his neck and took his face between her hands.

"I'll wait for you and pray for you, night and day!" she whispered, and kissed him.

. . . . . .

Five minutes later, like a shadow of the night itself, Billy Smoke came up behind the log guardhouse. Peering round the

end of the building, he found himself looking almost straight down into the glowing bowl of Private Ford's pipe. Ford was sitting down with his back to the logs, and it was many minutes before he moved. Then he rose to his feet and began to pound the ash from his pipe into the palm of his hand. It was Billy's opportunity. Ford did not see Billy's face and scarcely knew what happened. Only a gasp escaped his lips as Billy's powerful hands shut about his throat from behind. Not until he hung limp and heavy did Billy let him drop to the ground. Then he tied his hands and feet and bound a thick cloth securely over his mouth. After that he searched in his pockets until he found the key that unlocked the log prison. When he swung the door open a man stood within reach of his arms. The starlight shone on a bearded face, and Billy saw a pair of staring eyes whose brightness made him think of Faith McKay's.

He stretched in a hand.

"I'm Billy Smoke," he said.

A few moments later, from her darkened window, Faith McKay saw two shadows hurrying through the night. On the edge of the forest they stopped to place two light packs on their shoulders. Then they turned their faces into the thousand miles of desolation to the west; and as they went Faith McKay knelt down beside her bed to pray.

Oddities and Novelties

Plague for the Gipsy Moths

THE gipsy-moth fighters in Massachusetts have derived much encouragement from the success of certain recent experiments which have had for their object the spreading of a plague among the caterpillars of this destructive insect.

The disease in question is known as *flacherie*, or caterpillar cholera, and is extremely infectious. A caterpillar suffering from it stops eating, becomes weak and lazy, and usually crawls up on some vertical surface, such as a treetrunk or fence, where it remains motionless. Soon it turns black and before long it hangs there dead. The slightest touch suffices to break its skin, and a thin, dark, offensive-smelling liquid flows out.

Under the direction of Mr. William Rieff, of the Bussey Institution of Harvard, attempts were made to spread this horrid malady among gipsy-moth caterpillars in a number of localities by introducing a few sick specimens among them.

In one case some oak and willow trees were found to be infested by a number of the insects, estimated at ten thousand. Two hundred sick and one hundred dead victims of *flacherie* were suitably distributed, whereupon it spread with amazing rapidity. Within twenty-four hours many caterpillars died, and a few days later it was reckoned that four-fifths of them had succumbed.

Similar results were obtained in other places, one method of distributing the sick specimens being to hang a few of them in a hammock-shaped bag between branches in the midst of dense foliage. Under such circumstances the caterpillars could be relied upon to crawl out and communicate the infection to the healthy insects on the tree. It was found that, following measures of the kind, such egg clusters as were deposited were comparatively small in size, containing proportionately few eggs, more than four-fifths of which were empty or infertile.

Caterpillars killed by the plague were mixed with water in different ways, and the mixture was either sprayed upon trees or painted in rings round the trunks. One or the other of these methods may prove valuable as a means of spreading the infection, but such methods would be expensive if applied on a large scale; whereas the distribution of sick caterpillars in the manner above described is accomplished at a trifling cost.

In the forests of Central Europe the nun-moth, a near relative of the gipsy, does enormous damage. Fortunately, when the species becomes numerous beyond a certain point, it is wiped out wholesale by natural outbreaks of *flacherie*. The suggestion is seriously made that the ravages accomplished by the nun might be greatly lessened through the spreading of the disease by artificial means.

Vaccines for All Diseases

BEFORE long there will be vaccines for nearly every ailment. Typhoid vaccine is already an old story. Our whole army, rank and file, is to be dosed with it, and the navy is soon to follow suit.

At Bombay the British Government is making plague vaccine on a wholesale scale for all India, putting up eighty thousand doses a day in tiny fire-sealed glass tubes—one tube, one dose—given by hypodermic injection. It is an almost certain preventive of infection; but native superstitions are against its employment and thus difficulties are encountered in the use of it.

All the great epidemic diseases seem to originate in Asia, and thence travel westward by way of Russia, following the route of Attila and Genghis Khan. They proceed along the caravan routes of today. Thus, for example, grippe—a typical highly infectious germ disease—appears in a malignant form in Central Asia once in a certain number of years and journeys toward the setting sun at a regular rate of twenty-odd miles a day—the ordinary speed of a caravan—adopting a suddenly accelerated gait on reaching the longitude of railroads and express trains.

One of the worst of these Asiatic maladies is cholera, about which recently there was somewhat of a scare in our own country. We had frightful epidemics of it half a century and more ago—in New Orleans and elsewhere. Hence it is pleasing to know that the mortality from this disease has been reduced to a relatively trifling figure by the use of a specific vaccine.

All such vaccines are made in the same way—that is to say, by breeding the germs of the disease, whatever it may be, in beef soup, and then killing them by raising the fluid to the boiling point. Nothing could be more simple. The microbe broth thus prepared is the curative agent, administered by the hypodermic syringe.

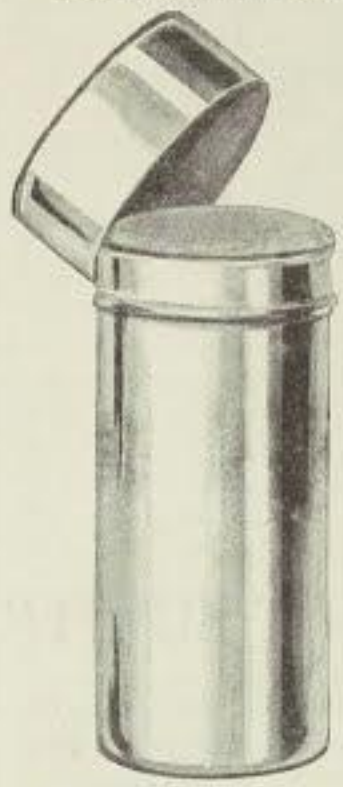
These vaccines—otherwise known as dead cultures—have been used most successfully as preventives and even to some extent as cures for a number of diseases—notably pneumonia, carbuncle, inflammation of the kidneys, and the very dangerous disorder known as childbed fever. For the treatment of pneumonia, in cases already developed, the germs are bred from the sputum of the patient.

Boils, and even Riggs' Disease—the bacterial complaint which causes the teeth to fall out—are successfully treated by this means; and the same method is being adopted for dealing with certain dangerous forms of dysentery. One of the latter is caused by a bacterium recently discovered by a surgeon in our own army, Major F. F. Russell, and named by him Bacillus Y. This particular bacillus has been making trouble of late in the German army, and a vaccine has been manufactured from it and used among the troops of the Kaiser.



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WHAT OF 1912?

(Concluded from Page 15)

has many friends in Georgia who will make a determined effort to get the delegation for him.

Wilson is stronger in North and South Carolina and in Florida than any other candidate. It is almost a certainty he will have the North Carolina and the Florida delegations, and his chances are pretty fair in South Carolina also. Mississippi and Louisiana, as matters stand, are for Wilson; and, though sentiment is divided in Texas, it is likely the preponderant part of it in that state is for Wilson. Arkansas likes Wilson; and Oklahoma favors Champ Clark more strongly than any other and will be for Clark if Clark can get out of the woods in Missouri. The old-line men have a good strong grip on Maryland and Delaware; and Kentucky is torn with conflicting loyalties.

Alabama will present Underwood's name. That was definitely decided upon when I was there in November. Underwood has agreed, but has announced he will not be a candidate in the sense of seeking votes or campaigning for them. He is content to go before the convention on his record as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the present Democratic House of Representatives, in the tariff fight in the extra session called by Mr. Taft in April last; and he will see to it that his record remains good in the tariff fight that is coming this winter. His friends may decide to go out after other Southern delegates for Underwood. If they do they will surely make a foray into Kentucky. However, as to certainties, Underwood will have Alabama if he keeps in his present frame of mind, and Alabama will put him in nomination right off the bat.

The Clark and Folk situation in Missouri is most important to those statesmen. Word has recently come to Washington that various of the old-line leaders, despairing of nominating Harmon, are looking closely at Clark and wondering what will happen to him in Missouri. There would not be much to the Clark boom if Clark should not have the Missouri delegates. Clark's friends say he can get them easily—and Folk's friends say these claims are preposterous, and that Folk is entitled to the delegates and will have them.

This is the Folk side of the story: Folk has the indorsement of the Democracy of Missouri for president. That indorsement was made a part of the party platform adopted in the Jefferson City convention on September 14, 1910. Champ Clark was chairman of that convention and, with every other delegate, voted for the pledge. The Folk indorsement was made an issue in the senatorial fight between James A. Reed and David R. Francis. Reed accepted the indorsement and was elected. Francis hedged. Once again, at a Folk-for-President banquet, held later in St. Louis, nearly everybody went on record for Folk. Folk has an effective organization, called the Missouri Democratic League, working hard for him.

This was the situation when Clark's bee began to buzz. After a time, one of the St. Louis newspapers wired Clark and asked him if he considered himself bound by the Folk platform pledge. Clark replied:

"I never began a conversation about running for the presidency in my life. I never wrote a letter soliciting anybody's help. I never spent a cent about it in my life. I have been out of Missouri a whole month, making some clean money lecturing, and have little idea as to what is being said and done in the state. My own opinion is that all offices, including the presidency, belong to the people. No man ever declined a nomination for president by a great party and no man ever will decline such a nomination."

That didn't enlighten things much, and Folk was asked to state his position, which he did as follows:

"I am more concerned in the success of progressive Democratic principles than in my own or any one else's candidacy. These principles should be above the ambition of individuals. Selfish or self-aspiring hopes should not be allowed to create dissension in the ranks of the party at this time."

With these two declarations, Senator Stone, who hates Folk, began to do a little maneuvering. Lon Sanders, the Folk manager, had said if any other candidate wanted to contest for Missouri with Folk he was willing to put it to the test of a primary, and Stone and some others grabbed at it. There has been a good deal of backing and filling on both sides, but there will be a primary; and then it will be up to Folk and Clark, for neither can hope to get anywhere in the national convention without the Missouri delegates.

Viewed from the Clark side the contention about that platform pledge for Folk is that it is not binding because the convention that adopted the platform in which the Folk pledge appeared was there, by law, to enact a platform on which the particular campaign to follow that convention was to be fought, and for no other subsequent campaign. The Clark men hold it was not within the province of that convention to indorse anybody for president. All of Clark's friends hold that Folk should not ask for the delegation on these grounds, because, they say, there is no Folk sentiment elsewhere; and that to deprive Clark of the delegation, with the rapidly growing Clark sentiment, might deprive him of the nomination. However, the primary contest to determine whether Clark or Folk shall have the delegation will settle the thing one way or the other.

Senator Gore, of Oklahoma, is out for Wilson, but if Clark has the Missouri delegates it is more than likely—indeed, most likely—Oklahoma will be for Clark also. Senator Owen and former Governor Haskell, who will contest the senatorial nomination with Owen, have both declared for Clark. Oklahoma is ready to do what it can for Clark if Missouri will but show the way.

The plan of the Wilson managers is to show the South that it is possible to discard the old necessary-to-win combination of the solid South, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Indiana, and so on, and win with the South and the West, where Wilson is very strong among the independent Republicans.

The old-line men are hanging to Harmon, as per their orders; but Harmon has gained nothing with the people, and many of the old-line men are preparing to find a way out. This is demonstrated by the multiplication of candidates, the favorite-son game, and by the private canvassing of available material.

As it now stands, the Democratic convention will have before it Underwood, Hearst, Baldwin, Marshall, Foss, Clark or Folk, Dix maybe, Harmon and Wilson, with the lists open to all comers. It has taken two-thirds to nominate in a Democratic national convention and will take two-thirds next summer unless the rule is changed. None of this lot will have the requisite two-thirds if all stay in. Presently the fight will simmer down to Harmon and Wilson, as it looks now, with the others sparring for an opening for any favorite son. In a contingency of this kind, Clark looks somewhat better than the others.

So far as the voters of the country are directly concerned—meaning the Democrats and the independent Republicans—Wilson has the greater strength at this time. If it were a mass convention Wilson would be nominated. Public sentiment may develop to such an extent that Wilson's nomination cannot be prevented. Wilson's nomination will be prevented if the old-line Democrats and the interests can prevent it; but, with Wilson and Harmon deadlocked, the game may shift so as to make almost any of the others who will have votes a lively possibility. The Democratic nomination is a long way from being settled at present, but it is definite that Wilson has the greatest strength just now, with all the others trailing. There will be a chance for much fine politics at that convention. It would be well for any person interested in the outcome to be polite to all the candidates who may appear. Any one of them may be selected.

My survey of the entire country has convinced me of this: Mr. Taft will be renominated if he remains in his present frame of mind and demands renomination. Mr. Taft will be defeated if the Democrats use any discretion in naming the candidate to oppose him. Of course, a political miracle may happen—I admit that; but political miracles are of slow creation and it is less than a year until the next election. Besides, the only miracle-worker who could work one that would be effective is Mr. Taft—and he isn't much at that sort of thing.



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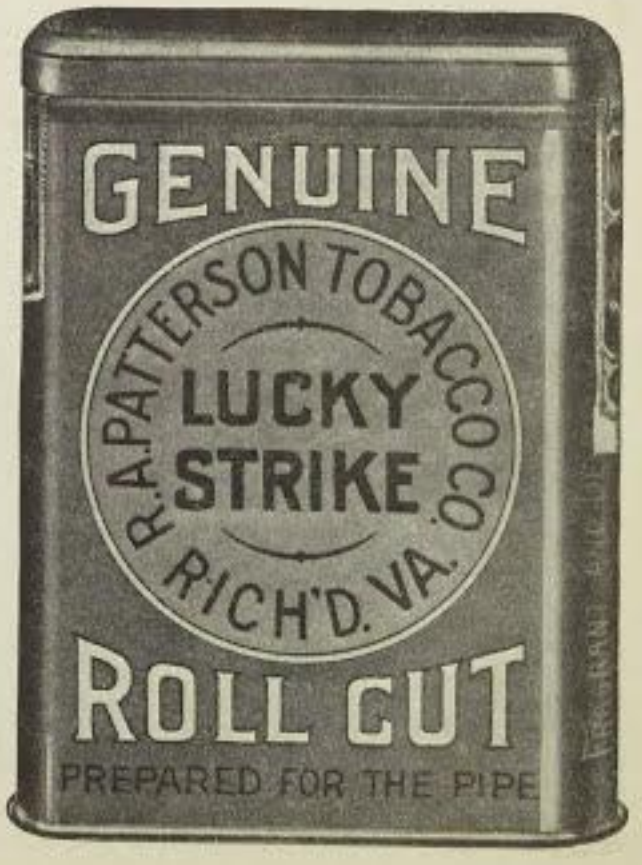
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AN ARRANGED AFFAIR

(Continued from Page 11)

through her fingers and realizes it will soon be gone. They are both a little sorry for themselves, a little frightened—both have the feeling they must hurry somehow, somewhere, or it will be too late. Oh, I have analyzed them! I know what I am talking about; it's a psychological moment in both their lives, and the merest push will bring them together."

"But mamma won't come," I said when he stopped. "I know she won't come."

"She will if you ask her," he said back.

"I am positive she won't," I went on. "She hates out-of-door things, and sunburn and bugs, and—and old gentlemen."

"Dad isn't an old gentleman!" exclaimed Charley indignantly. "He's a splendid-looking man and in the prime of life. Why, that's the whole trouble—he is so confoundedly attractive! But there's no sense arguing about it—wait till you see him for yourself. The point is to make your mother come—and she will if you urge her. Every mother is a born matchmaker, and she will soon get it into her head that there is something on between you and me. Then she will jump to come!" I flushed and tried to interrupt him, but he wouldn't allow it and continued angrily: "Well, why shouldn't there be? You have an awfully sweet disposition, even if you aren't so pretty as some of them. It's the homely girls that make the best wives—appreciate a man when they've got him. It isn't ridiculous a bit that your mother should get that idea—the idea of there being something between us. Don't you see it will put her off the scent—make it easier and more natural to throw her and dad together? And remember, it means Fairholme. Don't forget Fairholme!"

If he hadn't said Fairholme I don't suppose I should ever have consented, though it was all true about mamma—every word of it. Then, too, she had money troubles he didn't know of and was spending lots more than her income. It was one of those moments when you see everything clear as though in a flash of lightning—and what I saw was her marrying Jerome Taylor as the best way out of her difficulties. Yet I felt terribly underhanded and treacherous, and the notion of her marrying anybody at all made me utterly heartsick; but Charley Whytock pounded and pounded, and talked louder and louder, until I was forced to say "Yes" almost in spite of myself.

He was certainly diabolically clever, and nothing showed it more than mamma's immediately accepting his invitation, though it cost her a couple of week-ends and a ball. My embarrassment and hesitation made her think everything he meant her to think, and that night she came and sat on my bed and kissed me, saying that Charley was one of the most remarkable young men she had ever known, with one of those silent, determined natures that took women by storm. I felt like a dreadful little hypocrite, lying there and hearing him praised; for of course she thought she was pleasing me by doing it. It was all I could do not to burst out and tell her the truth; but then I thought of Jerome Taylor and of his calling me a little Borekiller—and didn't.

We were two days motoring up to the Pittochokee, where the yacht was waiting for us, and then a day more before we reached the Gun Club Reservation. I was afraid of Charley's father at first, though he wasn't a bit like what I had expected. He was very distinguished looking, with iron-gray hair and the most delightful manners, and an appearance of wonderful vigor and vitality; and—oh, it's hard to describe that sense of power he gave one—of something commanding and splendid, it was so like a king unbending; and you felt flattered every time he smiled at you!

Nothing could have been less like Charley's description of him, for you couldn't associate anything with Mr. Whytock except what was noble and high-bred; and you knew instantly he had been misjudged and that there were two sides to it. My idea was that he found it pretty tiresome living alone with Charley in a big empty house, and was glad to go anywhere for gayety and companionship; in fact, he as much as told me that, saying it was hard to like young people so much when they didn't like him, and be condemned to be respected, which he said was the most chilling word in the dictionary. I said I thought "homely" was, and we made great friends on his being old and me homely—though nothing would make him admit that I was. He said every girl of nineteen was beautiful; and didn't I have hair enough to dress myself in it like a mermaid?—and he pleased me so much by admiring it.

What pleased me most, however, was how well he and mamma got on; for now, instead of not wanting it or dreading that mamma might marry again, it was my dearest hope that Mr. Whytock might fall in love with her and become one of the family. I should have loved to have him for a stepfather, and used to tell myself stories about it at night and dream of the happiness it would be. Charley was as pleased as I was, and said again they were made for each other and everything was going just the way he planned. I could not see how he could help falling in love with mamma—Mr. Whytock, I mean—for she was never lovelier and went out of her way to be nice to him.

On the yacht she dressed to perfection, and was cross with me because I wouldn't wear anything but middy blouses and short skirts, and a boy's soft felt hat to replace the one that blew away. But if one is homely one might as well be comfortable; and, anyway, I had nice ankles and small feet, and I wanted to enjoy it all without being afraid to sit down—or having to remember my clothes all the while. It wasn't my affair to make an impression, but mamma's—so I just played out like a kid and half the time went barefooted and didn't worry how I looked. Mr. Whytock backed me up and said I was quite right when mamma complained, and if I dressed for dinner that was all that could be expected of "the child." He always called me "the child," and wouldn't ever treat me as though I were grown up, and always kept laughing at me and the things I did or said, as though I were a perpetual joke to him. Sometimes I was provoked—and once I cried—he teased me so much; but usually I loved it, for it was such a compliment to be noticed—and liked, you know.

The yacht was the nicest old boat imaginable, much more like a house than a ship; with two stories and a stern veranda over the water, where we would sit at night with the lamp and try to stay awake until nine o'clock. Mr. Whytock always dropped off first, and he told me he would give me a box of candy every time I poked him—which must have run to hundreds, for after a minute he would go to sleep again and have to be poked some more.

That was the trouble about the tête-à-têtes Charley and I had planned—if we went away they would both go sound asleep in their deck-chairs, which was awfully discouraging and unexpected. However, in the daytime it went the way it ought to, and really we had some reason to pat ourselves on the back, for we would never come back from walking or canoeing, or whatever it was, but they were deep in talk, with that cozy, confidential look of two people getting to be more and more intimate. The only aggravating thing was that I liked going with Mr. Whytock ever so much more than with Charley, who preferred to tie up somewhere and read his business letters and write answers on the back of a book with a fountain pen. This made our excursions together rather dull, for it left me nothing to do but twiddle my thumbs and run after his papers when they blew away. Often I would sit and build fairy castles of Mr. Whytock married to mamma, with me as his little stepdaughter and always with him; and then I didn't mind staying away all those hours with Charley, knowing I was helping to bring it about.

All about us were trackless woods—miles and miles of them; and, except for the ranger who brought in the mail every day on horseback, there wasn't a soul to be seen. It was a beautiful country, with open glades where you would startle deer, and trout streams with rocks and splashing waterfalls; and everywhere the silent, unending, primeval forest stretching away to the mountains. Our only trouble with Mr. Whytock was that he would go fishing and insist on taking me with him, and it wasn't any good saying "No," for he could be as masterful as Charley when he wanted anything. Then, too, we would both get up before breakfast and swim alongside the yacht, which also made Charley terribly cross.

"You're unsettling dad!" he would say. "If you aren't careful the whole thing will end in smoke and our trip will be wasted."

That made me awfully conscience-stricken, and for a time I tried to keep in the background more, and pretended I had a headache or that the water was too cold, or that I was tired of fishing or tramping. Giving up swimming was the worst of all, for I had no excuse for wearing my hair down afterward and having Mr. Whytock praise it to the skies, which he always did. It wasn't like many of his compliments, which hid a joke in them. He said it was the most beautiful hair he had ever seen, and he loved to hold a handful of it against the light to see the sun glimmer through it, calling it fairy gold and touching it with a sort of reverence.

It was aggravating of mamma not to exert herself more to please him, and she read French novels when she might have been making headway. Charley, in his overbearing, horrid way, said she would only have herself to thank if she lost him—lost Mr. Whytock, that is—and how could she be so foolish! I thought she was foolish, too, for it seemed to me she ought to be the happiest woman in the world to have Mr. Whytock so much taken with her. He certainly admired her tremendously and was always saying he did, and showered attentions on her.

Charley said we could only wait and see, and varied from being hopeful to the grumpiest depression, when he said you never could tell what people would do, and that probably mamma would marry Mr. Taylor after all, and that his father would lose his silly old head over an actress. Our outings together got duller and duller, and I only went because I couldn't help it. It was strange that he could be the son of such a fascinating man, and so queer and deep when his father was everything the reverse. I used to watch his face as he wrote and wrote on the back of a book and thought it looked like that of a villain in a theater, plotting everybody's destruction—not that he couldn't be nice too—I don't mean that—but it was always with a calculating expression, as though he was saying one thing and thinking another.

Well, it all went on like that until we were within two days of leaving; and when Mr. Whytock asked me to go on a long walk I just thought I would, whether Charley liked it or not. We slipped away without any fuss or explanations, like a pair of truants, and Mr. Whytock seemed as pleased as I was to be alone together again. He was more subdued than usual, however, and spoke several times of the party breaking up and how he had enjoyed every minute of it. He wanted to know whether I would like him to build a yacht like the Polliwog and repeat the trip next year; and when I answered it would be heavenly of him he sighed and said one never could repeat things and that one was a fool to try. I had never seen him out of spirits before or heard him speak so feelingly about growing old.

"The tragedy of age is that we stay young!" he said. "The man who wrote that knew what he was talking about." Then he sighed and asked me what it was like to be only nineteen, with everything dewy fresh; and said I was like a little chicken peeping out of an eggshell, wondering what it was all about! Afterward we sat down to rest in a little dell, and he lit a cigar while I leaned back against a rock. We remained a long time like that, without saying a word, when he suddenly asked:

"A penny for your thoughts, Miss Amy?"

I don't know what tempted me to do it—perhaps it was the curious earnestness in his voice—but I told him the truth instead of laughing and pretending.

"Just thinking how detestable it was to be homely," I answered. "To be nineteen and homely!—I am always thinking of that."

I fully believed he would say something about my hair or try to comfort me in his usual kindly way; but he only mused, blowing out smoke.

"Miss Amy, you have an ineradicable idea that you are ugly, haven't you?" he said at last.

"Just look at me!" I replied, smiling rather dismally. "I haven't any illusions about myself; I know I am a perfect little fright!"

"Suppose I told you that you were mistaken?" he said.

I answered I would hate to have him tell such a fib. Facts were facts, alas!

"Not if I could prove it?" he asked—"I mean so far as I am concerned."

"Oh, but you couldn't!" I answered.

"Yes, I could!" he said. "And what's more, I am going to."

Naturally I wanted to know how—thinking, of course, he meant my hair.

"By asking you to marry me," he said.

I was so surprised I almost stopped breathing. I was thunderstruck, and everything seemed to go round and round.

"That's how much I think of you," he went on quite calmly. "Would you consider it at all, Miss Amy?" Then, as I hung my head and hesitated, he said softly and with a strange little break in his voice: "If you can't we'll say no more about it—though we shall always be friends, shan't we?"

"But it's yes!" I said, almost whispering it and feeling dreadfully bold and shameless. He was so far away, you know, and seemed so ready for its being "No." Indeed, he stared at me an instant as though he could hardly believe it, and then came over and took my hand and kissed it. I fancy he thought too much display would be unbecoming in so old a man, and there was something very noble and touching in his restraint. So it was not at all as you read about in books, but very grave and tender and beautiful—and I knew he loved me and I knew I loved him; and we sat there and talked very quietly, with a deep inner welling of happiness that again and again brimmed to my eyes.

It was only when we started home that I recollected Charley and began to have the most awful misgivings as to how he would take it. Mr. Whytock was as nervous as I was and no less afraid of Charley, saying that I must brace myself for a disagreeable scene, and that whatever happened I wasn't to allow myself to be cowed or made to change my mind. He was terribly conscious of being fifty-six and me only nineteen, and begged me not to mind anything Charley said, however wounding it might be. Through it all he laughed, too, keeping my hand tight in his and telling me everything would come right if we only stuck to our guns; but he didn't know the worst thing of all, which of course I hadn't told him—that Charley had set his heart on mamma's marrying him! That was what made the coming interview so frightful—that I should stand revealed as a treacherous little schemer who had spoiled all his plans.

As luck would have it, there he was, sitting on a log near the landing—Charley, I mean—right across our path and looking ready to eat us alive.

"Now for it!" said Mr. Whytock, giving my hand a squeeze.

"Yes; now for it!" said I, with a crumpling-up feeling in my knees.

Mr. Whytock did not do any beating about the bush, though I think he had a crumpled-up feeling too.

"Charley," he said, "Amy and I are going to get married—and we want your blessing. I hope it will be forthcoming for all our sakes."

Imagine my astonishment when Charley jumped up and enthusiastically wrung his father's hand, and then turned to me and kissed me—yes, put his arms round my neck and gave me a regular hug, saying he congratulated us—and nothing in the world could have delighted him more than this!

"What a little innocent you were!" he said to me. "That was what I intended the whole time; for you two were made for each other and I knew it!"

. . . . . .

The only thing I don't like about Charley is his absurd conviction that he arranged it.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF NORTH AMERICAN FOOD

(Concluded from Page 4)

spots where a turkey is a turkey and not a cold-storage corpse. And this being the case, why don't those places advertise, so that by the hundreds and the thousands men who live in hotels might come from all over at this season of the year and just naturally eat themselves to death?

Perchance also the sucking pig of the good old days still prevails in certain sheltered vales and glades. He, too, used to have his vogue at holiday times. Because the gods did love him he died young—died young and tender and unspoiled by the world—and then everybody else did love him too. For he was barbered twice over and shampooed to a gracious pinkiness by a skilled hand, and then, being basted, he was roasted whole with a smile on his lips and an apple in his mouth, and sometimes a bow of red ribbon on his tail, and his juices from within ran down his smooth flanks and burnished him to perfection. His interior was crammed with stuff and things and truck and articles of that general nature—I'm no cooking expert to go into further particulars, but whatever the stuffing was, it was appropriate and timely and suitable, I know that, and there was onion in it and savory herbs, and it was exactly what a sucking pig needed to bring out all that was good and noble in him.

You began operations by taking a man's-size slice out of his midriff, bringing with it a couple of pinky little rib bones, and then you ate your way through him and along him in either direction or both directions until you came out into the open and fell back satiated and filled with the sheer joy of living, and greased to the eyebrows. I should like to ask at this time if there is any section where this brand of sucking pig remains reasonably common and readily available? In these days of light housekeeping and kitchenettes and gas stoves and electric cookers, is there any oven big enough to contain him? Does he still linger on or is he now known in his true perfection only on the magazine covers and in the Christmas stories? As a further guide to those who in the goodness of their hearts may undertake a search for him in his remaining haunts and refuges, it should be stated that he was no German wild boar, or English pork pie on the hoof, and that he was never cooked French style, or doctored up with anchovies, caviar, *marrons glacés*, pickled capers out of a bottle—where many of the best capers of the pickled variety come from—imported truffles, Mexican tamales or Hawaiian poi. He was—and is, if he still exists—just a plain little North American baby-shoat cooked whole. And don't forget the red apple in his mouth. None genuine without this trademark.

But, shucks! what's the use of talking that way? Patriotism is not dead and a democratic form of government still endures, and there are surely real sucking pigs being cooked and served whole somewhere this very day. And in that same neighborhood, if it lies to the eastward, there are cooks who know the art of planking a shad in season—not the arrangement of the effete East, consisting of a greased skin wrapped round a fine-tooth comb and reposing on a charred clapboard—but a real shad; and if it lies to the southward one will surely find in the same vicinity a possum of a prevalent dark brown tint, with sweet potatoes baked under him and a certain inimitable, indescribable dark rich gravy surrounding him, and on the side corn pones—without any sugar in them. I think probably the reason why the possum doesn't flourish in the North is that they insist on tacking an O on to his name, simply because some misguided writer of dictionaries ordained it so. Once I saw ostensible 'possum at a French restaurant in New York. It was advertised as *Opossum, Southern style*, and it was chopped up fine and cooked in a sort of a casserole effect, with green peas and carrots and various other things mixed in along with it. The quivering sensations which were felt throughout the South on this occasion, and which at the time were mistaken for earthquake tremors, were really caused, I am reliably informed, by so many Southern cooks turning over petulantly in their graves.

Still going on the assumption that the turkey and the sucking pig and their kindred spirits are yet to be found among us or among some of us, anyhow, it is only logical to assume that the food is not served in courses at the ratio of a little of everything and not enough of anything, but that it is brought on and spread before the company all together and at once—the turkey or the pig or the ham or the chickens; the mashed potatoes overflowing their receptacle like drifted snow; the celery; the scalloped oysters in a dish like a crock; the jelly layer cake, the fruit cake and Prince of Wales cake; and in addition, scattered about hither and yon, all the different kinds of preserves—pusserves, to use the proper title—including sweet peach pickles dimpled with cloves and melting away in their own sweetness, and watermelon-rind pickles cut into cubes just big enough to make one bite—that is to say in cubes about three inches square—and the various kinds of jellies—crab-apple, currant, grape and quince—quivering in an ecstasy as though at their very goodness, and casting upon the white cloth where the light catches them all the reflected, dancing tints of beryl and amethyst, ruby and garnet—jewels in the diadem of real food.

People who eat dinners like this must, by the very nature of things, cling also to the ancient North American custom of starting the day with an amount of regular food called collectively a breakfast. This, of course, does not mean what the dweller in the city by the seaboard calls a breakfast, he knowing no better, poor wretch—a swallow of tea, a bite of a cold baker's roll, a plate of gruel mayhap, or pap, and a sticky spoonful of the national marmalade of Perfidious Albumen, as the poet has called it, followed by a slap at the lower part of the face with a napkin and a series of V-shaped hiccoughs ensuing all the morning. No, indeed. In speaking thus of breakfast, one means a real breakfast. If it's in New England there'll be doughnuts and pies on the table, and not those sickly convict labor pies of the city either, with the prison pallor yet upon them, but brown, crusty, full-chested pies. And if it's down South there will be hot waffles and fresh New Orleans molasses; and if it's in any section of our country, north or south, east or west, such comfits and kickshaws as genuine country smoked sausage, put up in bags and spiced like Araby the Blest, and fresh eggs fried in pairs—never less than in pairs—with their lovely orbed yolks turned heavenward like the topaz eyes of beauteous prayerful blondes; and slices of home-cured ham with the taste of the hickory smoke and also of the original hog delicately blended in them, and marbled with fat and lean, like the edges of law books; and cornbeef hash, and flaky hot biscuits; and an assortment of those same pickles and preserves already mentioned; the whole being calculated to make a hungry man open his mouth until his face resembles the general-delivery window at the post-office—and sail right in.

The cry has been raised that American cooking is responsible for American dyspepsia, and that as a race we are given to pouring pepsin pellets down ourselves because of the food our ancestors poured down themselves. This is a base calumny. Old John J. Calumny himself never coined a baser one. You have only to look about you to know the truth of the situation, which is, that the person with the least digestion is the one who always does the most for it, and that those who eat the most have the least trouble. Where do you find the percentage of dyspeptics running highest, in the country or the city? Where do you find the stout woman who is banting as she pants and panting as she bants? Again, the city. Where do you encounter the unhappy male creature who has been told that the only cure for his dyspepsia is to be a Rebecca at the Well and drink a gallon of water before each meal and then go without the meal, thus compelling him to double in both rôles and first be Rebecca and then be the Well? Where do you see so many of those miserable ones who have the feeling, after eating, that rude hands are tearing the tapestries off the wall of their respective dining rooms?

Not in the country, where, happily, food is perhaps yet food. In the city, that's where—in the cities, where they have learned to cook food and to serve it and to eat it after a fashion different from the fashions their grandsires followed.

That's a noble slogan which has lately been promulgated—See America First. But while we're doing so wouldn't it be a fine idea to try to see some American cooking also?

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The Editors,
The Country Gentleman
Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

TURKEY AND CRANBERRY SAUCE

(Continued from Page 9)

A rough corral about twenty rods square is the main feature of the equipment on this turkey ranch. The fence is of chicken wire, eight feet high. Provisions for housing turkeys are unnecessary and undesirable in this climate. The corral is for a protection against coyotes and other animals that prey upon the flock. That eternal vigilance is the price of success with turkeys is attested by the fact that Mr. Brooks literally sleeps with his flock, having a rough bunk in the corner of the corral. "Yes," admitted Mr. Brooks, "I sleep there with my two dogs for company. It pays. Losing turkeys at three dollars apiece cuts down profits. I prefer a little effective prevention, even if it is inconvenient. Besides, out-of-door sleeping apartments are quite the fashion."

When the nights are dark a lantern is kept burning at the entrance of the corral. Within the corral are kept the mothers with their broods of very young poults, and later the growing turkeys that are old enough to roost. Until the poults are about a month old each young brood is housed in the coop in which it was hatched. Then they are herded with their mothers, and housed at night in a runway alongside the corral. This wire runway, about ten feet wide, is divided into sections four rods long to prevent the fowls from piling up and smothering. This device is original with Mr. Brooks and very practical. Just as soon as the poults show an inclination to roost they are returned to the main corral, which is supplied with roosts made of willow poles.

When the young poults first begin to enjoy limited grazing privileges under the escort of their mothers, the old birds, delighted with the restoration of their freedom after their long and confining maternal duties, are decidedly shy about returning to the runway at night. To prevent them from hiding in the tall grass and staying out all night they are equipped with collars from which are hung small bells. This precaution is found to be very effective.

All of the work in caring for this herd of nearly two thousand turkeys has been done by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks and their little daughter, except when the mothers and their broods were first allowed in the field. Then a boy was hired for about a month. Mr. Brooks declares that his birds have no trouble from mites or lice because their quarters are kept scrupulously clean.

Turkey raising as a pin-money pursuit is a favorite with California women, especially with the wives and daughters of ranch superintendents who are in a position to secure free range for their birds. All bonanza turkey ranchers admit that it is "hard to beat a woman" at the difficult game of raising these delicate birds, and that "the women seem to have a knack in making the things grow." For this reason the testimony of women turkey ranchers is entitled to especial weight. Miss Martha Risk is regarded as an adept in this art.

A Woman With a Knack

"At first I began with just a few," declares Miss Risk, "but now I keep twelve turkey hens and a gobbler for breeding, and endeavor to raise two hundred each year, for that is as many as I can care for alone.

"In order to be successful it is very important to have the best stock. Small, late or inferior hens and immature gobblers produce weak offspring. I raise the Bronze entirely, as they mature early, are good layers and make good mothers. Hens should be large and strong and are best at two or three years of age.

"The gobbler should be one year old and should be selected with an eye to his size and color. Turkeys should be mated in January and February, for the earlier the poult is hatched the better condition it will be in for the Thanksgiving market, at which time the prices are best on the Pacific coast.

"My turkeys begin laying about the last of February and I set all eggs under chicken hens, setting two hens at a time and allowing nine eggs for each hen. By the time they are ready to hatch there is usually a broody turkey hen, and if a pipped egg is slipped under her and she is allowed to hatch it she will take all the poults from the chicken hens and raise them more successfully. I find that by so doing I lose fewer eggs from breakage and the turkey hen soon begins laying her second clutch of eggs. The little turkeys should not be disturbed or fed for at least twenty-four hours after hatching; then they should be placed in a coop.

"The first food should be hard-boiled eggs and rolled crackers, with green onion tops chopped fine. Feed them sparingly at least three or four times a day. Grit or shells must be kept before the poults constantly from the first. I never feed them raw corn in any form until after they are six weeks old. After the first or second week I make cornbread from the fine cracked corn—this, with cracked wheat and an occasional feed of curd and green onion tops, is their diet until they are six weeks old. After that they are ready for any of the whole grains.

"Until the poults are six weeks old I do not let the mother hen out of the coop, but the little birds have a free run after the first week. Previous to this I keep the poults confined in a pen directly in front of the coop, four feet wide by eight feet long and made of eight-inch boards. The coop is the only house my turkeys ever know, for as soon as they are given free range with the mother hen they roost on the low branches of trees or on low roosts.

"The profit depends largely on the cost of feed while raising the birds. My birds have free range of several hundred acres of stubble with plenty of grasshoppers, so that they get very little grain after liberation until the first of November. Then I feed them well. I have never sold for less than twenty cents a pound and some years have been paid twenty-five cents. These prices are for the live bird. My hens average ten pounds and the gobblers about twenty pounds."

Ninety Poults From Four Hens

"After the first six weeks I rarely lose a bird, but previous to that the loss varies. As I have kept no record of eggs hatched and birds lost I cannot make an accurate statement as to the per cent of loss. This year I raised almost every bird hatched, while last year I lost quite a number as a result of insects. This year I have kept a pan of wood ashes in every pen, and the young birds early learned to dust themselves, thus keeping clean and free from all insects."

Miss Maud Maltester confesses that up to the time when she bought her first turkeys—four hens and a Tom—she had never seen a live turkey outside of a city market. Then she moved to a ranch.

"First I started out to learn how to feed and care for the birds," said Miss Maltester. "Every one I talked with had a different plan and none of them had been successful. At last I decided on a ration of cornbread with hard-boiled eggs put through the meat chopper, green onion tops—cut up fine—mixed with chick feed, and plenty of grits and water.

"Each hen had twenty eggs the first clutch. I afterward learned that they should be made to lay both clutches before stopping. We set the hens in a rather dark, well-ventilated shed. After hatching I fed them in there until the little poults were five or six days old, and then moved them to a large yard wired with a high wire fencing. They were never housed or let out of this yard until they were five or six weeks old. When grown they roosted on the fence round the place.

"From these four hens I raised ninety young, and lost only two—accidentally. Two hens were allowed to raise a second setting. My neighbors told me I could not raise these as they were late. However, three of my ninety were born in September and I had splendid luck with them. I gave all the turkeys a great deal of fresh sweet milk; after they were running I fed them on red wheat. They were very domestic and for the most part preferred the yard to running. When it came poultry show time I sent them along with the pigeons to the show and won two prizes on both Toms I exhibited. This gave me a fine start in selling breeding stock. My first order came from a big turkey man near Stockton. He sent me a check for $60 for eight young Toms. Then orders piled in; in fact I could not fill them all. I made $400 from my ninety birds. The cost of the feed amounted to about $48. I then bought a fine Tom and four hens, which cost me $60. I have now about two hundred and fifty turkeys from ten hens and have three fine strains.

"The only thing required in raising turkeys is good stock—not fine bred, which is an intense form of breeding—and patience and attention to their wants. At first they should be fed about six times a day."

For a novice, a profit of $352 from a stock of five breeding birds is a pin-money exhibit of which any woman might well be proud. But Miss Maltester had "the knack."

Another woman who is an adept in this odd industry and raises two hundred to three hundred of the big feast birds each year is Mrs. A. T. Jones. As she generally matures ninety per cent of her hatch she is entitled to speak with some authority. Here are some special points on which she puts strong emphasis:

"Select the very best Toms and hens that can be obtained, as the vitality of the chicks depends largely upon the parent birds. If possible, change the males each year and from your old stock select the largest and best formed hens for breeding purposes. At mating time have your birds in good condition, but avoid having them too fat. Turkeys wander off and make their nests in all kinds of out-of-the-way places and must be watched very closely. Gather up all of the eggs as soon as laid and disturb the nest as little as possible, leaving two hen's eggs in each nest. Keep the eggs in a cool, well-ventilated room until the hens are ready to set. Let the turkey hen sit upon the original nest for two or three days, then lift her up gently at dusk and remove her to permanent quarters, putting her carefully upon the nest and eggs prepared for her in a coop or small house with slanting roof about four by five feet, with a door that can easily be opened and shut. The coop should be fairly dark but not too dark. In one corner of the coop build a shallow nest, using a little fine straw, dead leaves or other suitable material. Put into the nest from eighteen to twenty eggs, according to the size of the hen. A dust-box should be placed in the coop and the bird kept supplied with fresh water and food. Keep her a prisoner for from twenty-one to twenty-five days. After the little ones are hatched the nest and the coop should be thoroughly cleaned and kept clean, as cleanliness is half of the battle. If a little dry straw is put in the coop it will serve as a good safe roosting-place for at least two months. After the poults have been hatched two days a little fresh lard should be rubbed upon the back of the head, at the root of the tail and under the wings, and this should be repeated every ten days for at least two months. This is to kill the mites. The hen mother should have the same treatment. More young turkeys die from the effects of lice than from almost any other cause."

Watermelon Turkeys

"After chicks have been out six days the points of the wing-feathers should all be pulled out, that is the last eight or ten on the points of the wings. Just why this should benefit the poults I am unable to say, but that it does have a beneficial effect upon their health I know from actual experience. An important point in raising the little turkeys is the feeding. Many people kill them by overfeeding. The food should be given sparingly each time, but often. I feed stale bread, cottage cheese pressed dry and mixed with the bread and all chopped fine. Give them all the green stuff they can eat and have it chopped fine. Fresh lettuce gives the best results. A dish of oyster shells broken fine should be placed where they can help themselves, as the growing feathers require an abundance of lime.

"Turkeys should never be closely confined even for fattening, as they are very nervous birds and will not fatten well in close confinement."

J. W. Hogan has demonstrated the profit in turkeys not only as a byproduct but as utilizers of waste. His twenty-acre place is devoted to dairying, to grapes and to watermelons. In any field there is always a high percentage of watermelons that are unfitted for shipping. He cuts open the overripe and out-of-size melons, and his turkeys feast on them. Mr. Hogan

has found that there is no better food for fattening turkeys than watermelon seeds. On this diet, combined with pickings from his alfalfa field, he has produced turkeys of uncommon weight and quality.

Another breeder lays emphasis on the fact that the hatching nests must be hollowed out of moist earth and overlaid with a thin sprinkling of straw. If the ground is too dry it should be dampened. He also declares that it is a good plan to have a small slatted extension to the coop through the top of which the hen may see hawks and ravens and call in her poults. He is careful to face his coops away from the direction of the prevailing winds. All successful turkey raisers are united in the declaration that overfeeding is fatal when the poults are young, and that frequent feeding is vital. The practice followed by Mrs. H. E. Gonders is undoubtedly a safe one. She feeds a finely chopped mixture of hard-boiled eggs, cayenne pepper and green onion tops five times a day. But her manner of feeding is most important. She spreads the table for the birds at each meal. The cloth is of gunnysacking and is laid on the ground picnic fashion. As soon as the little poults have removed all that they will eat promptly the cloth is carefully folded together and the crumbs shaken into a place where the birds cannot get at them—and the tablecloth is always kept clean. Mrs. Gonders rakes and burns all leaves and twigs that fall into the corral and always has plenty of wood ashes about. She raises a high percentage of her hatch. Her brood numbers about three hundred.

Gold-Headed-Cane Men

Range turkeys like range cattle are carefully branded, a foot punch being used. Turkey picking is a profession. Like the itinerant sheep shearers, the pickers have their regular circuits. They are paid five cents to eight cents a bird, and a good picker earns four dollars a day. The turkey is always dry picked; it is hung by its feet and a sharp hook inserted into its mouth. To this hook is attached a heavy weight. The adept picker never bruises or breaks the skin of the bird. The feathers about the head and the tips of the wings are left; the head is wrapped in paper, the feet are washed, and the turkeys are placed in boxes lined with clean newspapers.

But the choicest turkey meat without cranberry sauce is an insult to the American appetite. Our national taste has decreed that the two must go together, and that the breast of a turkey without the pleasant tang of the tart New England berry is as inadequate as bread without butter. Though the home-staying descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers have allowed the holiday turkey to slip through their fingers and find an ideal home on the Pacific slope, the Yankees have held a firm grip on the delicious cranberry. In fact, this side dish of our national feast is a cardinal factor in the restoration of New England to agricultural prosperity.

"When I was a boy down on the Massachusetts coast," said one of the leaders of agricultural thought in New England, "there were certain men in our town who carried gold-headed canes, lived in old-fashioned mansions, talked much and worked not at all. We boys called them 'the gold-headed-cane men,' and I used to wonder how they had grown so great and could live so magnificently without working. Later I learned they were the descendants of whalers and traders who had made snug little fortunes from a seafaring life. These gold-headed-cane men did not patronize the savings banks. They lent their money at a high rate of interest. Their rule was this: When money would not bring ten per cent or better on good farming security it must be moved farther West. From the Hudson Valley it was moved to the Mohawk and Genesee Valleys in New York state. Later it was put out in the Western Reserve; a few years more found it drawing interest in the Mississippi Valley. Still later it was earning its ten per cent or better in the great prairie states between the Mississippi and the Missouri Rivers, and finally it was forced to move on to the Pacific coast.

"Where is that money today? Back in New England, within a hundred miles of where the descendants of the gold-headed-cane men live. It is invested in cranberry bogs! This means more to good old New England than most men will realize; it is going a long way toward helping the land of the Pilgrim Fathers to spell agricultural restoration. The cranberry bog is a bright-red spot in the history of New England's second era of agricultural prosperity—an era that is just now opening." Cranberries are native to the New England coast. The Pilgrim Fathers found them along with the wild turkey.

In the history of land restoration the cranberry has certainly written a live chapter. The industry started in the eastern section of Cape Cod well down toward the end, but has gradually worked westward, and now the very best bog lands are not on the Cape itself, but in that section between Plymouth and Taunton where the sandy Cape land joins the gravel and light loam land of the state. A prime reason for the better success of the more inland section is the greater availability there of water with which to flood the bogs. The principal scourges that assail the cranberry are: the fruit worm, which attacks the berry, the fire worm, which kills the body of the plant, and the root worm. These are overcome by flooding, which is also the protection against frost. New England's cranberry region, it is said, is especially favored in that fungus diseases of the cranberry plant—for which an effective remedy has not yet been discovered—have not so far put in an appearance. No other state has so high an average cranberry yield as Massachusetts.

In its financial methods the cranberry business is a direct graft upon the fishing industry. Down on the Cape, in the old days, when a mate decided to step into the captain class and have a new craft under his own command he went among his neighbors and raised the money. These shares were usually sold in sixteenths and thirty-seconds. By dividing his ownership in this manner among several vessels the thrifty Cape Cod man felt he was avoiding the necessity of carrying insurance. It was a loose copartnership, an unauthorized corporation. Few papers were drawn, and in many instances the amount of ownership was merely a matter of neighborhood understanding. This was highly satisfactory to everybody—except the tax assessor.

When the cranberry on the Cape overshadowed the fish of the sea the inhabitants financed their bogs in the same neighborly fashion in which they had formerly floated their ship-building ventures. Many of the smaller bogs are coöperative enterprises of this character. But the promiscuous activities of the tax-hunters are forcing an increasing number of bogs out of the loose trusteeship under which they have long been operated into formal corporations. Both classes of these organizations have to a large extent joined in a coöperative combination known as the New England Cranberry Sales Company, which handles a large output to the great advantage of the growers. This alliance, however, seems to be in no peril from President Taft's anti-trust crusade, as it has plenty of able-bodied competition.

Modern Methods on the Bog

System is the watchword in the cranberry industry. The big organizations keep a very complete and detailed set of accounts which show to the last cent just what each bog yields, what varieties of cranberries are best, what remedies for diseases have been most effective and during what months and under what weather-conditions these remedies should be applied. They have also reduced the cost of picking—which, under the old-fashioned method of payment by measure, ran up to about two dollars per barrel—to twenty-five cents per barrel. Pickers are now paid twenty-five cents to thirty-five cents an hour. They are also supplied with improved scoops that enable them to gather the fruit very much faster. They work from five and one-half to seven hours a day, and a proficient hand will harvest about six barrels a day.

The history of this odd industry goes to show that when a private bog is taken over by a big company its production is speedily increased. In one case it is related that an eleven-acre bog was bought by a company from an owner too old to care for it properly. It had paid him a fair but diminishing return—a situation duplicated in connection with hundreds of New England farms. Arrangements were made with him whereby he was to receive all income from the bog over two dollars per barrel until he was paid the agreed price, together with six per cent interest. After taking it over under this arrangement the company paid up the entire amount in three years. Another bog is said to have paid one hundred per cent on the original investment for seventeen years, having yielded an average of over one hundred barrels per year. A normal average is perhaps fifty barrels. The bog making the high average was located near a lake that protected it from frosts. Three or four years are required to start a bog and bring it into profitable bearing.

When asked why the large company is able to operate so much more successfully than the private owner, the head of a large cranberry organization replied:

"Because they are in a position to do things systematically and scientifically, with a weather eye always out for improved methods in production, in distribution and in selling. The largest corporations can afford to hire men of exceptional skill, and by their accounting avoid mistakes that have been costly in the past. Large and perfect storage warehouses enable the big company immediately to place the fruit in cool storage without fluctuation of temperature, and alongside the railroad so that shipments can be made at such times and in such quantities as the market may demand and of the variety that each specific market may prefer. This is a most important consideration.

"Again, with large storage and sorting warehouses the fruit is graded, not only more carefully but more thoroughly and by fewer men, owing to improved methods.

"The large companies have also extended the market by advertising and personal work. For example, before 1910 no full carloads were shipped to the South. Then the big companies began a modest market extension campaign, with the result that one hundred full carloads were sold in the South in 1910. Certain towns not using more than four or five barrels in years past are now selling four hundred to five hundred barrels a year."

How to Tell Cranberry Land

"A chief aim of the present coöperative movement is so to improve distribution that every city will get what cranberries it needs, and no more. This will mean an end to starving one market and glutting another. It will also mean a normal price to all and an abnormal price to none. When this condition prevails the price will standardize itself and the retailer will know when he is paying the right price."

In war times cranberries brought thirty-five dollars a barrel; in the early nineties the price dropped to about three dollars a barrel. Today a normal average is close to six. Meantime the quality of the market product has steadily improved. But at five to six dollars a barrel there is a fat profit in growing cranberries.

"How can I tell undeveloped cranberry land when I see it?" you ask. First, look for the wild cranberry vines. If they are there and bear a good wild crop, you have one important sign in your favor. But that is only a starter. You must have a peaty soil, the tract must be level and naturally well drained and there must be a convenient water supply for flooding. Also a plentiful supply of clean sand comparatively free from weed seeds must be near.

Turfing is the first process in transforming a piece of rough land into a bog. This means skinning from the surface all trees, shrubs, grass and vegetable matter of every kind. Next the tract is graded so that it may be flooded with the least possible volume of water. Then the ditches and flowage dams are put in to handle the tract in several sections. The entire surface that is to be planted is then covered with clean sand to a depth of three to six inches. Great care must be taken not to tread or pack the sand.

May and June are the best months in which to plant. The cuttings are about ten inches long and are distributed over the bog, ten to twenty inches apart each way. The Early Black and the Howe are held to be the best varieties. After the cuttings have been laid flat on the ground the planter passes along the rows, places the point of a long dibble in the middle of each cutting and pushes it down through the sand into the peat below. This causes the planting to double back upon itself. The third year after a bog has been well planted it should, under good management, yield twenty-five barrels to the acre and the fourth year fifty barrels. No amateur should attempt to build a bog without expert assistance. A well-planted and well-cared-for cranberry bog is practically perpetual.

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The following letter was received by The Saturday Evening Post *from a prominent Chicago lawyer:*

"The waiting room adjoining the office of the Mayor was filled with visitors seeking interviews.

Suddenly a tidy, well-dressed, but breathless, boy burst into the room and hurried post-haste to the desk of the secretary, saying:

'Where is the Mayor? I must see him, quick. Tell him it's Lawrence Schirman.'

Believing him to have been sent upon some unusual errand, the secretary stepped into the Mayor's office, from which he returned in a moment and immediately passed the boy in. As soon as the secretary's back was turned, the youngster smoothed down his hair, assumed a quiet and respectful manner, and said:

'My name is Lawrence Schirman. You know my father; he helped you win the last election.

'I have just been made a representative of The Saturday Evening Post, *and want to be the Mayor's* Post *boy. I shall be very glad to have you receive your copy from me each week.'*

The Mayor asked him many questions about The Post work, and told him that it was a mighty good thing for any boy to do.

Meanwhile, the business men and politicians in the adjoining room grew impatient.

On coming out of the office with a bright smile on his face, Lawrence saw a friend of his father's and told him how he had become the Mayor's Post boy. A politician who had been cooling his heels for an hour overheard the story, and to another weary waiter said:

'Can you beat that, now? Here's a kid who bluffs the private secretary, gets into the Mayor's office and keeps us waiting. That youngster will be Mayor himself yet.'"

Hundreds of such stories illustrating the resourcefulness and real business tact used by the boys who sell The Saturday Evening Post ***are received by us. A brighter, more manly lot of boys doesn't exist. Any boy can try it. It won't interfere with school duties. A line to us will bring full details and everything necessary.***

Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

THE A B C OF THE ALDRICH PLAN

(Continued from Page 13)

elected by the banks, voting as units, without regard to the size of the banks. He said this plan would give the smaller banks the advantage. The large banks might choose two-fifths of the control.

He admitted that if some "enterprising gentleman" desired to do so he might invest enough to control fifty per cent of the twenty-five thousand banks of the country—and so control the big association. The speaker went into the details of reports, examinations, inspection and requirements put on banks that seek to become members of the reserve association.

He described the branch reserve associations and the district feature, under which the country would be divided into fifteen reserve districts. Discounts, note issues and domestic exchanges were set forth as the functions of the district associations. Mr. Aldrich called it "local self-government" in banking. He explained certain limitations put on control to prevent certain interests from gobbling up the big association. He told me of the banking power of New York, which has twenty per cent of the banking capital of the United States and twenty-six per cent of the banking resources—but which will have a very much smaller interest in the reserve association. New England, he said, has a much larger percentage of the banking capital of the United States than possibly it can ever have in the national reserve association, which will really be controlled by the banks of the West and South.

Guaranteed Paper

Mr. Aldrich suggested to me that, under the Aldrich plan of unit control, each bank counting one, the New England states might apparently be treated unfairly; but he declared that the clearing-house system was one based on confidence.

Then, again referring to the question of control of the national reserve association by a clique, Mr. Aldrich asked:

"What would they do with control after they got it? How much would it cost to get control of it?

"Suppose somebody starts to buy control, the price of this capital stock would certainly and suddenly go up out of reach. And what would be the object of getting control? What could be made at it? All profit over five per cent on the business of the reserve association must be divided equally with the United States Government. It is not a question of reaping profits."

Any member of a local association may apply to such association for a guaranty of the commercial paper it desires to rediscount at the branch of the national reserve association in its district. Any such bank receiving such a guaranty shall pay a commission to the local association, to be fixed in each case by its board of directors. The guaranty of the local association, in the event of loss, shall be met by the members of the local association in proportion to the ratio which their capital and surplus bears to the aggregate capital and surplus of the members of the local association; and the commission received for such guaranty, after the payment of expenses and possible losses, shall be distributed among the several banks of the local association in the same proportion. A local association shall have authority to require security from any bank offering paper for guaranty, or it may decline to grant the application.

The total amount of guaranties by a local association to the national reserve association shall not at any time exceed the aggregate capital and surplus of the banks forming the guaranteeing association. At this point Mr. Aldrich pointed out to me the provisions for examination of all institutions joining the reserve association, and told of the periodical reports that would be required. He declared that the Aldrich plan would insure better examination and more publicity than have been given in the past. He predicted that the published reports would give banks of local associations proper knowledge of one another's affairs, and that the general public in time would learn more of the intricacies of bank statements.

He told how a local association may, by a vote of two-thirds of its members, suspend a bank from the privileges of membership for a failure for thirty days to maintain its reserves, or to make the reports required, or for misrepresentation in any report or examination as to its condition, or as to the character or extent of its assets or liabilities.

All the privileges and advantages of the national reserve association must be equitably extended to every bank holding its proportion of the stock of the national reserve association, and the Government of the United States and those banks owning stock in the national reserve association will be the sole depositors in the national reserve association. All domestic transactions of the national reserve association shall be confined to the Government and the subscribing banks, with the exception of the purchase or sale of Government or state securities, or of securities of foreign governments, or of gold coin or bullion; but the national association should pay no interest on deposits.

It is planned that the Government of the United States shall deposit its cash balance with the national association, and all receipts of the Government shall be deposited therewith; except that, when necessary, the Government may designate national banks for that purpose in cities where there is no branch of the national association. All disbursements by the Government shall then be made through the national reserve association.

The national reserve association may rediscount, for and with the indorsement of any bank having a deposit with it, notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions—this is intended to apply to all notes and bills of exchange issued or drawn for agricultural, industrial or commercial purposes, and not for carrying stocks, bonds or other investment securities.

Such notes and bills must have a maturity of not more than twenty-eight days and must have been made at least thirty days prior to the date of rediscount. The amount so rediscounted shall in no case exceed the capital of the bank applying for the rediscount. The aggregate of such notes and bills, bearing the signature or indorsement of any one person, company, corporation or firm, rediscounted for any one bank, shall at no time exceed ten per cent of the capital and surplus of said bank.

Powers of the Association

The national reserve association may also rediscount, for and with the indorsement of any bank having a deposit with it, notes and bills of exchange arising out of commercial transactions having more than twenty-eight days, but not exceeding four months, to run; but the paper must be guaranteed by the local association of which the bank asking for the rediscount is a member.

Whenever, in the opinion of the governor of the national reserve association, the public interests so require—such opinion to be concurred in by the executive committee of the national reserve association, and to have the definite approval of the Secretary of the Treasury—the national reserve association may discount the direct obligation of a depositing bank, indorsed by its local association, provided the indorsement of the local association shall be fully secured by the pledge and deposit with it of satisfactory securities, which shall be held by the local association for account of the national association; but in no such case shall the amount loaned by the association exceed three-fourths of the actual value of the securities so pledged.

The rates of discount which the national reserve association shall have authority to fix from time to time shall be published when fixed and shall be uniform throughout the United States—which should be of great advantage to the people of the Northwest and Southwest.

The association may, whenever its own condition and the general financial condition warrant such investment, purchase to a limited amount from a subscribing bank acceptances of banks or houses of unquestioned financial responsibility. Such acceptances must have arisen out of commercial transactions, must have not exceeding ninety days to run, and must be of a character generally known in the market as prime bills. Such acceptances shall bear the indorsement of the subscribing bank selling the same, which indorsement must be other than that of the acceptor.

The association may invest in United States bonds and in short-term obligations—that is, obligations having not more than one year to run—of the United States or its dependencies, or of any state, or of foreign governments. It shall have power at home and abroad to deal in gold coin or bullion, to grant loans thereon and to contract for loans of gold coin or bullion—and to give therefor, when necessary, acceptable security, including the hypothecation of any of its holdings of United States bonds; also to purchase from its subscribers and to sell, with or without its indorsement, checks or bills of exchange payable in England, France or Germany, and in such other foreign countries as the board of the national reserve association may decide. These bills of exchange must have arisen out of commercial transactions, must have not exceeding ninety days to run, and must bear the signatures of two or more responsible parties, of which the last one shall be that of a subscribing bank.

This national association will also—under Mr. Aldrich's plan—have power to open and maintain banking accounts in foreign countries and to establish agencies in foreign countries for the purpose of purchasing, selling and collecting foreign bills of exchange; and it shall have authority to buy and sell, with or without its indorsement, through such correspondents or agencies, checks or prime foreign bills of exchange which have arisen out of commercial transactions, which have not exceeding ninety days to run, and which bear the signatures of two or more responsible parties. This will greatly help us develop South American trade and trade with other foreign countries, which should be of great benefit to American workmen.

Creating a Discount Market

"It is a shame," said Mr. Aldrich, "that nearly ninety per cent of our export business is done by foreign banks.

"The consumer ultimately pays the bills. Is it not desirable to do that business in this country?

"Suppose, instead of sending your money to New York, you could buy bills of lading, acceptances, commercial paper. That's a practical question. How do you get your commercial paper today? You buy of some broker. You buy on the recommendation of a wiser banker. That's all you know about it. We want you to help create a discount market in this country and to put this nation where it belongs in the business world."

It shall also be the duty of the national reserve association, or any of its branches, upon request, to transfer any part of the deposit balance of any bank having an account with it to the credit of any other bank having an account with the national reserve association. This will be greatly appreciated by the farming communities in crop-moving periods; in fact, as I study this plan, it seems to me that every section of the country has more to gain from its enactment into law than has the city of New York and Mr. Aldrich's former constituents. As Mr. Aldrich said to me:

"The small business men and laborers suffer more from panics than do the large bankers. They, of course, have a great mental strain; but the bankers often profit from the high money rates and low security prices.

"The banker knows uncertain conditions and he grabs what is in sight. He acts on the impulse for self-preservation. That happened in 1907. Cash reserves, tightly held in banks from ocean to ocean, contributed largely to that panic.

"What do they do abroad in time of tight money? They do not enforce an embargo. They slightly raise the rate of interest for all. Instead of making some men pay eight per cent and other men only four per cent, and then not get any permanent relief, we should make every one pay four and one-half per cent, as is done in France. They have not failed to bring forth the gold in fifty years. We propose also to employ this method of increased interest rates."

In addition to the rights now conferred by law, national banks will—if this plan becomes a law—be authorized to accept commercial paper drawn upon them, having not more than four months to run, properly secured and arising out of commercial transactions. The amount of such acceptances outstanding shall not exceed

one-half the capital and surplus of the accepting bank, and shall be subject to the restrictions of Section 5200 of the Revised Statutes.

The organization of banks to conduct business in foreign countries and in the dependencies of the United States shall be authorized. The stock of such banks may be held by national banks, but the aggregate of such stock held by any one bank shall not exceed twenty per cent of the capital of that bank. Any bank so organized may have an office in the United States, but shall not receive deposits in the United States or compete with national banks for domestic business not necessarily related to the business being done in foreign countries or in the dependencies of the United States.

National banks will also be given the right to establish separate savings departments, and to lend, under proper restrictions, not more than forty per cent of their savings deposits upon productive real estate—such loans not to exceed fifty per cent of the actual value of the property. This, of course, is an entirely new provision.

It is provided that all subscribing banks must conform to the following requirements as to reserves to be held against deposits of various classes; but the deposit balance of any subscribing bank in the national reserve association and any notes of the association which it holds may be counted as a part of its required reserve:

1—*Demand deposits.* There will be no change in the percentages of reserve required by law to be held against demand deposits by national banks in different localities, and hereafter the same percentages of reserve against demand deposits shall be required of all subscribing banks in the same localities.

2—*Time deposits.* All time deposits and moneys held in trust payable or maturing within thirty days shall be subject to the same reserve requirements as are demand deposits in the same locality.

All time deposits and money held in trust payable or maturing more than thirty days from date shall be subject to the same reserve requirements as demand deposits for the thirty days preceding their maturity; but no reserves shall be required therefor except for this period. Such time deposits and money held in trust must be represented by certificates or instruments in writing and be payable only at a stated time, not less than thirty days from date of deposit, and must not be allowed to be withdrawn before the time specified, without thirty days' notice.

3—*Savings deposits.* Savings deposits shall be subject to notice of thirty days or more and shall be covered by a reserve amounting to forty per cent of that required of demand deposits in the same locality.

All demand liabilities, including deposits and circulating notes, of the national reserve association must be covered to the extent of fifty per cent by a reserve of gold—including foreign gold coin and gold bullion—or of other money of the United States which the national banks are now authorized to hold as a part of their legal reserve; provided, however, that whenever and so long as such reserve shall fall and remain below fifty per cent the national reserve association shall pay a special tax upon the deficiency of reserve at a rate increasing in proportion to such deficiency, as follows: For each two and one-half per cent or fraction thereof that the reserve falls below fifty per cent, the percentage of taxation shall increase at the rate of one and one-half per cent a year.

Of course, after Mr. Aldrich's plan goes into effect, there will be no further issue of circulating notes beyond the amount now outstanding by any national bank. National banks may, if they choose, maintain their present note issue; but whenever a bank retires the whole or any part of its existing issue it shall permanently surrender its right to reissue the notes so retired. Moreover, the national reserve association must, for a period of one year, offer to purchase, at a price not less than par and accrued interest, the two-per-cent bonds held by subscribing national banks and deposited to secure their circulating notes. The association, however, must take over these bonds and assume responsibility for the redemption—upon presentation—of outstanding notes secured thereby. The national reserve association shall issue, on the terms herein provided, its own notes as fast as the outstanding notes secured by such bonds so held shall be presented for redemption, and may issue other notes from time to time to meet business requirements; it being the policy of the United States to retire as rapidly as possible, consistent with the public interests, bond-secured circulation and to substitute therefor notes of the national reserve association of a character and secured and redeemed in the manner provided for in this act.

Mr. Aldrich pointed out to me that, under his plan, life would be injected into a mobilized reserve, making that reserve available in emergency, and efficient. He said that a reserve in the vault of the individual bank is useless, as was shown in 1907. The method of keeping fifty per cent of the reserve in cash was described.

"When the cash reserve falls below fifty per cent on hand the banks are to be taxed, under our plan, to bring the cash reserve up to the mark," said Mr. Aldrich. "This is a danger signal to the country."

One of the great obstacles to previous plans has been to justly eliminate the present United States Government bonds. To have them remain as a basis of circulation is, of course, radically wrong; for our country should not be compelled to issue bonds and borrow money in order to give business men more currency. On the other hand, the banks have bought the bonds at a high price owing to this feature. Now the following plan provides for eliminating United States bonds from the situation without causing the banks or the Government to lose one dollar.

Upon application of the national reserve association the Secretary of the Treasury shall exchange the two-per-cent bonds bearing the circulation privilege purchased from the banks for three-per-cent bonds without the circulation privilege, payable after fifty years from the date of issue.

The national reserve association shall pay to the Government a special franchise tax of one and one-half per cent annually during the period of its charter upon an amount equal to the par value of such bonds transferred to it by the subscribing banks.

The reserve association shall agree to hold the three-per-cent bonds so issued during the period of its corporate existence; provided that, after five years, the Secretary of the Treasury may, at his option, permit the reserve association to sell not more than fifty millions of such bonds annually; and provided further that the United States reserves the right at any time to pay any of such bonds before maturity, or to purchase any of them at par for the trustees of the postal savings, or otherwise.

The effect of this exchange and agreement will be to enable the United States to provide permanently for a large part of the public debt at a net interest charge of one and one-half per cent.

I will go no farther into details. On the principle of the central reservoir for fire protection I think that all agree as to the necessity of a central reserve association for the bank reserves of our country which will see that each bank has its proper supply of currency and that none be allowed to selfishly hoard money to the detriment of legitimate business.

The method of providing elasticity, however, which the above plan provides, may be questioned, though I believe in it heart and soul. My reason can perhaps be best expressed by telling a story that my friend, Mr. Clifford, of Chicago, once used. Said he: "You know, Babson, when we led a horse, as boys back in the country, we did not hold on to the end of the rope, but rather doubled it up and held our hands near the halter. The reason we did this was that, if the horse should jump, we would have some slack to give, which would take up most of the strain, and still have the end of the rope in our hands. Now that is what Mr. Aldrich's currency system will do. It will hold everything fair until something happens, and then it will expand, returning to normal again just as soon as the trouble is over."

With this illustration I close, urging all readers to forget their former prejudices and carefully consider the above plan solely on its merits; for I believe it offers the greatest aid to legitimate business of any proposed legislation that will come before Congress this winter.

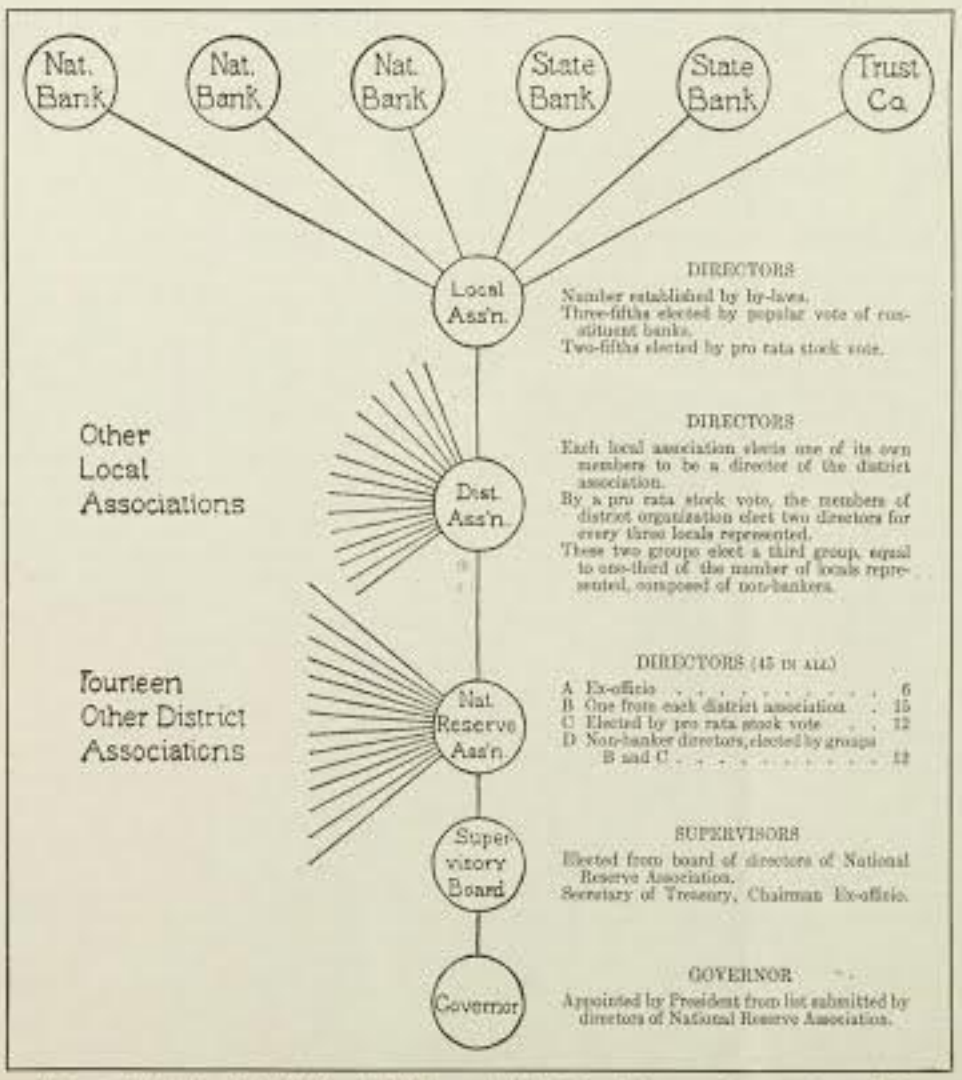


Diagram Showing the Relationship Between the National Reserve Association and Its Subsidiaries and How the Directorate of Each is Constituted

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles dealing with the great questions which affect business that are now before the public. Mr. Babson is frankly in favor of the Aldrich plan. Later we shall present an article by one of its opponents. A paper on National Incorporation by Ex-Senator Beveridge and one on the Sherman Law by Will Payne are now in preparation, and will be published in early numbers.

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THE CALL

(Continued from Page 21)

ceaseless, for time had been promised the piece—a production on the stage of the Standard itself three weeks from the following Monday, provided the play showed up as it ought to during its week on the road. It would come in as a stopgap, but it would remain as a success!

At this a listless cheer or two rose from the assembled actors, and under the lee of it the bortatory manager retired to the preoccupied Miss Covington's side, giving way to a moist-browed and embarrassed young playwright who seated himself under the bunchlight, opened his manuscript and began his task of reading his four acts to the workers who were to interpret them.

From that hour forward all existence to Una took on a dreamlike and unsubstantial air. She was ushered into a new and a febrilely busy world. She had her part to memorize, her cues to verify, her stage gowns to be fitted for, her characterization to worry over, her ever-modified and ever-ramifying stage instructions to fix in her mind. As the days slipped away and progress proved unsatisfactory, night rehearsals were started in shabby halls and out-of-the-way corners of the city; and many of these rehearsals lasted until long after midnight.

To Bob Steger, who seemed busy with the commercial side of the production, Una went for advice when she was in doubt as to a reading or a movement on the stage. She accepted her work with more and more solemnity, a solemnity which even Steger and his heavy facetiousness could not shake. She confessed that her part was small, but she began to realize the intricacy of the structure of which it was at least a fraction. She began to see things from the inside, things she had never even guessed at. She learned what a vital thing lighting alone was to a dramatic production, what an ever-active factor the switchboard was in the gaining of theatrical effects. It came home to her at last that play-acting was anything but a light-hearted pretense of things. It was, she grew to see, a methodical and scrupulously exact spinning of that delicate cobweb called illusion—a cobweb whose integrity, whose very existence, depended on every line and every thread holding true.

She knew they were laughing at her a little—those older and more calloused actors. She knew they were still designating her as "Sandpiper" behind her back. She had heard one of the women refer to her as "a climber." She had heard an older woman—who periodically slipped away to one of the empty dressing rooms for a secret cigarette—vigorously declare that "Sandpiper sure has lovely eyes!" This was more balm to Una than she would have openly confessed; but in any moment of weariness or dejection she had one great, warm fact to hug to her thin breast: she was at last on the stage! She at last had a part!

The tension of The Wine of Life Company increased as the rehearsal period approached its close. It took on more and more the dignity of a vast issue. All other affairs of life dwindled into trivialities. Nothing else was talked about, thought of, worried over. Una found something exhilarating in this ever-increasing excitement. It sustained her through a week of broken rest and physical weariness and ill-chosen and overhurried meals. It buoyed her over the troubled waters of a dress rehearsal, where a first-act "set" failed to fit; where at the last moment many "props" were missing; where costumes were found to clash, and familiar movements and lines vanished in thin air, and overtried nerves showed a tendency to explode into sudden and unreasoning anger.

It all seemed misty and dreamlike to Una. She moved through it with the preoccupation of a sleepwalker. Equally dreamlike was the next night's journey to Toronto, the only week stand where the company had been able to get time on short notice. Una accepted without wonder the novel experience of sleeping in a berth shrouded by curtains. She accepted without even inward protest the noisy talk and the tobacco smoke that lasted deep into the night. As she wakened from time to time, she raised her window-curtain and stared out at the stars and the ever-passing lights and the ever-receding hills.

Somewhere along their path, she knew, they would pass Chamboro, the town in which she was born. It seemed years since she had left its quiet streets, since she had carried the plethoric rattan suitcase to the station where the yellow night-end lamps still burned.

It seemed worlds away now. Yet she felt no regret at the thought of it. Its memory awakened no lasting emotion. It no longer meant anything to her. She was cut off from it forever. Under no circumstances could she ever turn back to it. She had outgrown it and its narrow life, its quiet and maple-shaded streets. She had found what she had looked for. She was at last on the stage!

XIV

UNA was at the theater long before seven. She had already unpacked the second-hand trunk that held all her worldly belongings, laid out her new japanned-tin makeup box, and with borrowed needle and thread made an alteration or two in the skirt of her second-act gown.

By half past seven she was fully dressed, made up and on the stage, where she loitered about, rapt and wide-eyed, very much in the way of carpenters and scene-shifters who bumped against her and bellowed at her with the offhanded resentment of workers preoccupied with their own importance.

Even Una's preoccupation was not unmixed with a consciousness of importance. She still nursed a naïve and childlike faith in her own future. Her conception of stage destiny was still a romantic one.

She knew that her part was not large; yet she believed, with the blindness of youth, that she might in some accidental or extraordinary manner make what her older companions called "a hit." She had read of many young actresses who in one hour, in one scene, had burst like a skyrocket on the very heavens of fame. She entertained the secret hope that she could translate her second-act scene into something pathetic—that, with all her limited material, she might yet impress the audience.

She no longer worried about her lines. Her memory, in fact, was excellent. She could have recited almost any part in the production, so vividly had it impressed itself on her youthful mind. And she was too much a novice to know the meaning of stage fright. She was too unconscious the perils besetting her, of the possibilities of disaster, of the danger of a tongue-slip magnifying itself into a calamity, to waste time on futile and foolish worry. She could not account for the sense of strain, the unrest, that pervaded the waiting company behind the asbestos curtain. She found it impossible, as a perspiring assistant stage manager announced "Half-hour," and still later "Fifteen minutes," and still later "Overture," to read anything ominous in the words. Yet, as the thump of the plush-covered seats, the murmur of talk, the tuning of a violin or two, and then the opening bars of the orchestra itself, came thin and muffled to the people back of the drop, Una could see the faces about her become more pale and worried, even under their makeup. Miss Covington herself, who had ordered a sheet spread under her wooden chair in the wings, that her heavily trained gown might not be soiled, looked ill and worn out, even under the high-colored cosmetic which seemed to stiffen the skin of her face as varnish would stiffen leather. The comedian who had christened Una "the Sandpiper" leaned silent and dolorous against a paint-frame. Beside him the bald-headed "heavy," privately rehearsing a scene which still troubled him, went through mysterious gestures—as self-immolated as though he stood alone in a world of loneliness.

It was the young electrician, turning for a moment from his switchboard to study Una, who startled her out of her preoccupied silence.

"Say, kid, you're made up too red for this house. Those lights'll make you look like a Comanche!"

"What should I do?" asked the girl, remembering a little bitterly that not one of the women had offered her a helping word.

"Go down and slap on a coat o' powder!" he told her as the stage manager gave a double clap of the hands to clear the stage. A light winked beside the orchestra leader, a bell tinkled; and Una, as she shrank deeper into the wings, knew the curtain was rising.

The play had begun. The comedian trotted briskly out with a set and foolish smile on his face. The dolorous and worried "heavy" waddled after him; actresses as unreal as painted dolls stepped into the white glare of the lights, spoke their lines, went through their evolutions, laughed their forced and foolish laughs, labored for their points and walked off again.

In the wings across the stage Weinert and Miss Covington were arguing, gesticulating, contradicting each other. Una could see that some new trouble had arisen. The star, audibly and excitedly debating with her manager, seemed on the verge of tears.

Una became aware of the fact that Weinert was waving and motioning for her. He made feverish circular sweeps of the arm as a sign for her to cross behind the back drop.

He met her as she picked her way through the braces and frame-ends. In his hand he held a sheet of paper.

"Could you go on and read Wallace's three lines at the end of this act?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered back. Had he asked her to go on and play Miss Covington's part, she would have given a similar answer. For one moment, in fact, she had thought the star had collapsed and Weinert was coming to her with the part. For one ecstatic moment this thought burned in her brain and went out again. It did not seem preposterous; from her childhood she had read of such things. She still tranquilly believed in their possibility.

"Do you know the lines?" Weinert demanded.

"Yes; I know them," was the unruffled girl's response.

"Here they are," he said, thrusting the sheet of paper into her hand. "And for Heaven's sake get them right! Go on at the cue, 'Barbara is still in the billiard room.' Go right up to the end of the piano. Get as close to Covington as you can, and speak up! And for Heaven's sake tone down that makeup before you go on!"

Weinert was off the next moment, called by the frantic signs of the author, in evening dress, with a face as white as his shirt-front, who led him back to the wings where Miss Covington stood and raged. Their argument, whatever it was, now became a three-sided one; but Una did not wait to listen to it. She ran down to the solitude of the dressing room, coated her face with white powder, smoothed it with her puff, regarded herself for one satisfying moment in the mirror and made her way back.

The star was on as Una reached the stage-level again, already deep in her first emotional bit. The entrances were crowded—the listening girl could not see the movements on the stage; but, above the hiss and drone of the calciums, singing strangely like tea-kettles on a stovetop, Una could hear the familiar throaty drawl of Miss Covington. Things were not going well, the girl gathered from the whispering figures in front of her. The star had tripped on a rug; her fan had not been left on the piano as it should have been; and the audience had tittered as she tried in vain to break the wire stem of the property rose which she was to pin on her lover's lapel.

The other members of the company, as they came off, wore solemn and apprehensive expressions. From a double row of college students in front of the gallery came audible and satiric remarks during the first unsteady moments of the star's lovemaking.

"Isn't that fierce!" was the "heavy's" disgusted comment as the scene ended with nothing more than a scattered pattering of handclaps.

"She's not big enough for that scene. And she knows it," said one of the painted stagewomen at Una's elbow. The listening girl was startled by a sudden voice behind her. "Here you—quick!"

It was Weinert; and, even as he spoke, the familiar words, "Barbara is still in the billiard room," sounded from the stage.

Una, wriggling and pushing through the watching crowd, stepped out into the glare of the footlights. As she did so, that misty dizziness which sometimes comes from looking down from a great height crept over her. It was not fear. She was not frightened. It was more a vast and muffling wonder. She was astonished to find herself so close to the audience, with a slope of upturned faces at her feet, with cliffs of faces shadowing her, with receding inclines

of faces, twinkling here and there with the lenses of lifted opera glasses, all seeming to shelve and strain toward her. The very light in which she stood, in which she was bathed, seemed startlingly and unnaturally vivid. She felt the need of readjusting herself to some new condition which she could not quite fathom. She would succeed, she knew, if they would only give her time, if they would only allow her to prepare herself for her task.

She found herself at the end of the piano, facing the woman in the long-trained gown of shimmering silk. She knew what she had come to say and she knew that she could say it; but the machinery of conscious life seemed to have stopped. Some arbitrary and willful genius within her seemed demanding time, and still more time, to coördinate its messages.

"What is it, dear?" interpolated Miss Covington in her placid contralto drawl—but from the side of her mouth she bit out, almost in a hiss: "Say it, you fool! Say it!"

Una looked at her in mild and indignant wonder, knowing no such lines were in the text. She was possessed by the consciousness of something dawning and coming to birth, of gathering power reaching its climax and exploding into utterance. To retard or hasten it seemed quite beyond her own volition.

Bob Steger, who was out in front with a representative of the Shubert offices, saw that cataleptic figure at the end of the piano and dropped his head in his hand and groaned, groaned aloud, with an attempt at articulated misery that was not so mocking as he had meant it to be.

Una caught that sound and understood it. It wakened her as a dash of cold water might have done.

Her message to the woman in the shimmering silk dress came from her lips as easily as a bird from its cage. The familiar and friendly drawling voice answered her. The play went on again—but Una had received her baptism of fire.

She hoped for better results from her second-act scene. There would be something striking, she felt, in that sudden and unheralded entrance of a weeping woman—and for a week she had been experimentally sobbing in every key and register, with every choke and shake that she could command, until her neighbors had begun to pound on walls with bootheels. She had even stopped to study the crying of children in the street. She picked up a trick of voice here, a breast-movement there, a face-distortion somewhere else. Her own weeping she made a composite of them all. Of this, when she had perfected it, she had come to be inordinately proud.

Accordingly there was the vigor of confidence, the zest of the artist no longer uncertain of herself, in Una's second-act entrance. The one thing she counted on was the sympathy of her audience. If she felt her part, as Steger expressed it, the people "in front" would do the same.

Una had wept her way to the side of the stately and still shimmering Miss Covington, two-thirds of the distance across the stage, before the audience seemed even conscious of her presence. She began to fear that she was falling into the common error of not throwing out her voice; so, as she advanced, she added to her weeping a crescendo movement. She even defied the star and turned to the stippled gloom in front of her so that her distorted face might be seen. And her body continued to be shaken by its convulsive sobs.

There was a moment of bewildered silence on the part of the audience. Then from gallery and pit alike came one common shout and roar of laughter. That wailing figure was too much for their sense of humor. Some strange mood or accident made them accept her as gravely intentioned comic relief. They gloried in her sorrow; they rocked and shouted and reveled in it.

The weeping Una, as she faced them, saw all her air-castles of artistry go crumbling away. They were not taking her seriously. They were laughing at her. And as she mechanically went through the contortions and heavings which two weeks of rehearsal had made almost second nature, actual tears welled up to her eyes.

She shook with a paroxysm of weeping which she could not control. The tears, coursing down her face, washed off her makeup. Miss Covington was forced to improvise business with the vase of flowers on the table beside her. One or two of the older actors in the wings were doubled over with mirth. Weinert, in the tormentor, was dancing and gesticulating and calling out to her: "Cry more! Cry more! Keep it up!" for he knew that laughter, whatever it may rise from, had its undoubted commercial value. Still Una wept and still the house laughed itself into contented weariness.

Even when the broken threads of the dialogue had been caught together and Una was compelled to go on with her speaking lines, the audience read humor into every speech that she uttered, tittered at her red-eyed solemnities, laughed outright at that final speech on which she had forlornly expected a quiet sob or two, and good-naturedly gave her "a hand" as she made her exit.

"Why didn't you say you were going to spring that weep-act on us?" snapped the envious and ill-tempered comedian as Una groped past him on her way to the dressing-room.

"You fool—she didn't know it herself!" gasped the comprehending "heavy," still moist with his body-convulsions of mirth. Una heard them as she went on her way just as she heard the withering volley of handclapping; but she was too deep in utter and hopeless misery to speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE MAN WHO FORSWORE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 7)

frock with a force that made Frou Frou, in her elbow, throw up her arms as if also in pain. Roger had been dazed; but now he said with big-brotherly kindness: "Don't mind, little Moll. If it's true it's much better we knew it. Think—if we grew up and had children of our own, and told them the lie without knowing it, and they found it out—it would be dreadful!"

Roger's mind, Mary observed, was already beginning to be illumined by the Jaffray intellect.

Molly fled to her mother's lap, overflowing with grief and shaken by mighty sobs. "They is Santy Claus!" she declared. "He isn't a lie, mummy—is he?" Again and again she repeated this.

"Your father says he is," Mary answered.

"He isn't exzackly a lie," Roger explained. "It's only just the same as when you wrote the letter to Fluff about the fishball."

Molly pondered a moment. "No," she declared; "it isn't not the same. 'Cause they is Santy Claus; and he would 'ave 'membered Fluff-puff, 'cep' she's such a little new kitty. Daddy says there aren't any Santy Claus at all!" And she broke down in even mightier sobbing.

It was only too clear—the thought that possessed her spirit. Her father had somehow offended and, finding that the saint had brought him nothing, had invented this lie, this slander. "Daddy must 'ave been awful wicked!" she said once to herself.

At first Jaffray laughed kindly in the effort to reassure her; but very soon he ceased laughing. Time and again he tried to take the child on his knee and console her; but Molly only cowered away from him as if he were unclean and loathsome, clutching her doll until it seemed that its heart, too, must burst and give up its sawdust. Over and over she repeated: "Santy Claus gived me my dolly—and I won't let you say things about him!"

It was borne in upon Jaffray that mother and daughter were of one flesh, obstinate both and unreasonable. He took Mary by the arm and led her unresisting into his den.

"You certainly disagree with me," he said; and indeed his temper could not have been worse with the most poisonous indigestion. "But at least you might try to put me right with the child." Then, as she made no answer, he demanded: "Am I naughty-bad and wicked? Am I a liar, a slanderer, a hideous ogre?"

"In the spirit, yes, my friend—I'm very much afraid you are."

"If you thought that," he demanded, "why didn't you say so at first?"

"There is no use arguing with a man," she said. "Men's minds are so utterly logical."

What he answered to this shall not be recorded. He was suffering—suffering for an idea. He was a martyr. And it is nowhere recorded that the home life of martyrs is felicitous. He strode forth to the club.

* * * * * * * *

Having ordered food, he dashed off two letters. To both Burdette and his aunt he protested that he was quite sincere in what he had written. It was impossible to accept the presents they offered. He addressed the letters and stamped them.

The dining room was a wilderness of white linen and table silver, garish in the floods of winter sunlight, with only here and there the black coat of a member seated at luncheon. They were all bachelors, Jaffray noted, and obviously of the unsocial sort, for each sat alone at his table.

He was glad that it happened to be Amasa who ushered him to his solitary meal. Amasa was the paragon of club servants. When Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay some one had told him the news. "A brave deed, sir," Amasa had remarked; "but no more I am sure, sir, than would have been done by any other member." To him when a man was a member everything else was granted. In the smile with which Amasa greeted him Jaffray was sustained and soothed. He was a member.

"You are having a happy Christmas?" Jaffray said.

"Oh, yes, sir! When is Christmas not happy—to those that understand it?" There was a pause and then Amasa went on, with the air of venturing on unaccustomed ground: "This year the subscription is especially large, sir. The gentlemen have been most liberal." Tips being barred, members were permitted to contribute to a fund that was divided among the servants at Christmas.

Jaffray had not contributed. "There is something a little difficult about such presents," he ventured.

"As a young man I used to think so. In the public restaurants so few gentlemen realize the true spirit of giving."

"The true spirit of giving?"

"It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive. For those who have pride, it is certainly a great deal easier."

At this seeming cynicism Jaffray laughed, delighted, and stored it in his memory for the benefit of his wife.

"I did not mean to presume with a jest," Amasa protested. "I was merely explaining why, in my youth, I became a club servant—to escape the indignity of tips, sir."

"I think you showed a very proper pride."

"Ah, sir, I am humbler now—though it is perhaps not for me to say it. In a way, life itself is a tip—from the one great Giver. A fine day like this, or a needed rain; wife and children; health, labor—everything is a gratuity. If I may say so, it is most unfortunate if we ever lose a sense of it as such. It is the same with the annual present from the members. Our stations are very different; but to me it is a way of saying that we are one in spirit—all brothers in the bounty of the Giver of everything. Much as I enjoy the practical benefits, I enjoy that thought more. To those who have learned humility the most blessed thing in the world is to receive."

"Eh?" said Jaffray. "That sounds as if it meant something!"

At this juncture Pendleton, having finished at a distant table, came over and sat with Jaffray, contentedly smoking a huge cigar. Pendleton was the business friend who had proposed the endless chain of swearoffs.

"That was a great idea of yours," he said. "No more Christmas giving."

Amasa was still hovering attentively over them, his eyes beaming with the kindness of his philosophy. Jaffray worked his face at Pendleton in a way that would have silenced any man with a decent consciousness of others.

"For the first time in my life," Pendleton pursued, "I have neither given nor received a single con-demmed present; and my plaguey relatives have left me to eat my Christmas dinner in peace. I have you to thank for that, old man." He said this with the nearest approach to gratitude of which he was capable.



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When Jaffray gathered courage to look about him Amasa had vanished. Two members had tumbled from their pedestals and great was the fall thereof. Presently an omnibus issued from the pantry and stood in the old waiter's place. There was eloquence in this! Instead of Amasa, a raw underling!

Of all the rebuffs he had received, none shook his faith in the rightness of his mind as this one did from the old waiter.

When told of the little drama in which he had been an unconscious actor Pendleton laughed hugely. Jaffray was ashamed of him. He crept away to the solitude of the library.

The simple truth was that by now he was utterly forlorn in heart and spirit. His friends had become alien to him. To his wife and daughter he was an abomination; but almost worse than this was the fact that his mind was in quite helpless disorder. To prove himself spiritually worthy he had only to grasp at the most precious thing the material world could offer. He was mentally shipwrecked—adrift, without chart or compass.

Jaffray could no longer rage at the madness that swayed his fellowmen yearly at this season. He was lonesome—homesick for human sympathy as he had never been before. He gave way shamelessly to a mood of self-pity.

"And today," he said, "is Christmas!"

Tears came to his eyes.

It had long been dark when he caught sight of the beacon light; but as he crept back to his fireside his face was bright in its radiance.

Mary met him, a friendly glance in her level eyes; but it gave her a little start to find that he was jauntily smiling. He showed her the two letters he had written.

"You are going to send them?" she asked.

"Send them!" he said lightly. "Not on your life!" He tore them into bits and cast them into the fire. "I find that I have never quite realized what Christmas might mean to me. It's all the fault of my justly celebrated modesty."

Mary saw in his eye the glint of humor—the saving grace that against all odds had kept him unspoiled.

"Why," he exclaimed, "the whole world loves me and is only waiting the chance to turn itself inside out to serve me. Christmas once a year? That's not enough for the sort of man I am! Every day shall be Christmas; and every day I'll swear off on it! By spring I shall have stocked the whole farm gratis—a cow and a horse, a pig and a chicken; even a bee and an automobile! It's the greatest graft, the easiest money known to man, since Tom Sawyer whitewashed the fence!"

This was his admission of defeat. She opened wide her arms and caught him in a warm embrace.

"And I hereby make two resolutions now—without waiting for New Year's: First, I solemnly vow never to swear off on Christmas again. That will be easy after the way I got landed this time. Always I shall give—simple gifts to the few who are my friends. And second, I even more solemnly vow, so 'elp me, that I shall not give one that doesn't take with it all I have of thought, of care, of affection." The eloquence with which he said this could not have been greater if he himself had just invented Christmas. He added a little dubiously: "And gee! I'll have to get good to be worthy of all folks have done for me!"

She led him into his room. Scandalous to relate, on one of his pillows were spread out all the clothes of a Parisian lady of fashion. It had been quite impossible for Molly to go to bed without forgiving him.

They peeped into the nursery. Molly was still awake and very sorrowful, but she sat up and gave her lips to be kissed.

Jaffray took her in his arms. "Daddy has been naughty-bad and wicked," he said.

She hugged him tight and then, leaning back, looked him in the face.

"And they is Santy Claus!" she insisted.

"They is Santy Claus," said Jaffray.

She hugged him again, with a low croon of joy—and he put her back in bed.

"I thought there wasn't," he went on, "because I had never seen him; but now I know that Santy Claus is the realest and most wonderful thing in the world. As long as you live, little Moll, there will still be Santy Claus. And the wiser you grow, the better you will know and love him."

Worn out by her long day of anguish, Molly was already asleep and smiling. Frou Frou, in her lace-edged nightie, lay softly in her arms.

The Presidential Midway

THE LA FOLLETTE PAVILION

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, right this way—
Where Little Bob has the Trusts at bay:
The One and Original, First and Best,
The Lord and Leader of all the rest!
See Sugar leap through a blazing hoop!
See Pork and Tobacco loop the loop!
See Steel perform on the high tight wire!
See Wall Street swallow coals of fire!
See Railroads dance the Turkey Trot!
See Magnates served up piping hot!
A moral show, with a thousand throbs,
At each performance of Little Bob's.

THE TAFT TENT

Kind Friends, your close attention, please:
Big Bill has the Trusts on the high trapeze!
He's making Sugar skin-the-cat
And skin itself—and things like that!
A sane show, Gents; so step right in.
Come see the Steel Trust shed its skin!
See Wickersham right in the cage
Where the tigers roar and the lions rage!
See the Sherman Law spout fire and flame,
And the fiercest monsters, grown so tame
You can draw the teeth of all you see
With a simple Bill in Equity!
A clean show, Gents—no act offends;
So see it yourself and tell your friends.

THE BRYAN BOOTH

Good People, right in here you see
The Old Reliable Doubl'you Jay Bee!
The only genuine, Simon-pure,
All-wool defender of the Poor!
And an old-time show, Kind Friends, that stands
Indorsed by this and foreign lands.
The great, spectacular, thrilling sight:
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"The Trusts in Chains!" "The Oil Trust Scene—
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And sixteen years of real success!
And Doubl'you Jay Bee guarantees
Your money back if it fails to please!

THE ROOSEVELT RANCH

Good Friends, this way! Don't be misled:
The Real Show this—the Terrible Ted!
All others false—this one is true:
Doors open at one—big show at two!
The one Real Barnum of them all—
A high-class show for great and small!
See how Big Business sheds its scales!
See Ted tie knots in the tigers' tails!
See the Real Big Stick! See the Street Parade—
The Malefactors, scalped and flayed!
See the great brass ring in the Beef Trust's nose!
See the one unrivaled show of shows!
With three big rings in the latest style,
And something doing all the while.
Gigantic, Gorgeous, Glorious, Gay!
The Terrible Ted! This way! This way!

MEDLEY

This way, Kind Friends, to the Champ Clark tent—
Where the Union Jack is riddled and rent!
See Canada swallowed at one great gulp
And the Wool Trust smashed to a bleeding pulp!
The Wilson Show—kind, safe and sane!
Trust teeth extracted without pain!
See the Harmon Show, where the Octopi
Are quelled with a calm and kindly eye,
And the lions and lambs lie down to sleep
With the lions all outside the sheep!
See the Uncle Joe—not so very far
From here, at the sign of the Big Cigar,
Where the Boys of Other Days discuss
Old Times with the Octopus and Us!
Walk right up, Gents! This way! This way!
All shows are open night and day—
The Little Bob and the Big Bill T.,
The Terrible Ted and the Doubl'you Jay Bee,
And all the rest. And where'er you go
It's a different cast—but the same old show!

—*J. W. Foley.*

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A college woman asked 4 questions of hundreds of college women who represent all ages, all sections of the country, all classes, most occupations, 62 institutions where women study, and 60 years of college education in America.

The questions were:

How did college affect your health?
How has your college education helped you?
How did your college education fail to help you?
In what way could the girls' college be bettered?

Perhaps this is the most careful and searching answer as to the absolute value of a college education by the only women qualified to speak—the women who tried it.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Week
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Ben

DEC. 30, 1911 5c PY



MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



"DAT'S MAH BOY"

Painted by Edw. V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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No-Rim-Cut Tires—10% Oversize

1911 Sales—409,000 Tires

Stop for a moment, Mr. Tire Buyer, on this verge of 1912.
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Six times the demand of two years ago—800,000 sold.
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Now the most popular tire in existence.

Just because one user says to another—"These tires avoid rim-cutting, save overloading. They've cut *my* tire bills in two."

For the coming year, 104 leading motor car makers have contracted for Goodyear tires. We've increased our capacity to 3,800 tires daily.

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Upkeep Reduced $20 Per Tire

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No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires. The savings they make are entirely clear.

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With old-type tires—ordinary clincher tires—statistics show that 23% of all ruined tires are rim-cut.

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No-Rim-Cut tires, being hookless tires, can be made 10% over the rated size without any misfit to the rim.

So we give this extra size.

That means 10% more air—10% added carrying capacity. It means an overtired car to take care of your extras—to save the blow-outs due to overloading.

And that with the average car adds 25% to the tire mileage.

All that without extra cost.

Tire expense is hard to deal with in any general figures.

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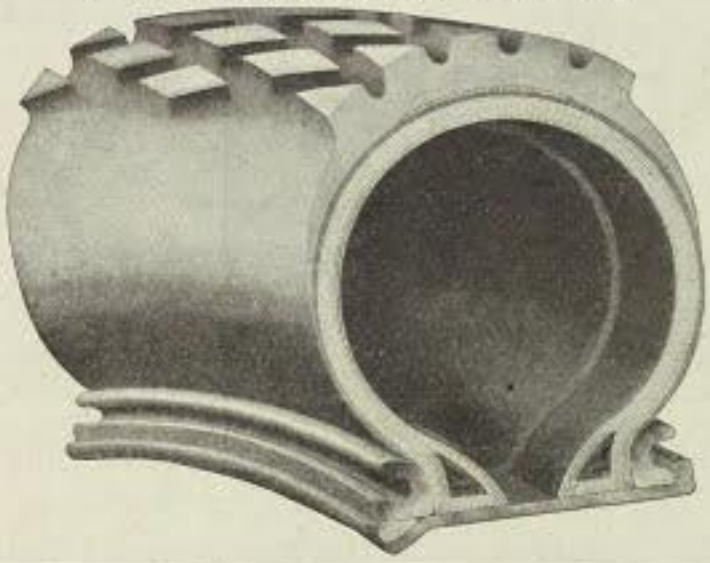
But it is safe to say that, under average conditions, these two features together—No-Rim-Cut and oversize—cut tire bills in two at least.

We figure the average saving—after years of experience with tens of thousands of users—at $20 per tire.

Whether more or less, it means something worth saving. It totals millions of dollars every year to users of these tires.

And you get your share—without added cost—when you specify Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

The New Goodyear Non-Skid Tread



Non-Skid Treads, if Wanted Double-Thick, Deep-Cut Blocks

The newest addition to No-Rim-Cut tires is this ideal Non-Skid tread. Not a mere makeshift—not a flimsy protection. Not a mere corrugation of the regular tread.

This is an extra tread, about as thick as the regular, vulcanized onto the regular tread. Thus a double-thick tread, made of very tough rubber, reducing danger of puncture by 30%.

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Each block widens out at the base, so the strain is spread over as much tire surface as with smooth-tread tires.

Note the many ways in which this Non-Skid tread surpasses all the others.

GOODYEAR

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There every method of making, of wrapping, of vulcanizing has been put to infallible test.

And there every competing tire of merit has been compared with our own, under actual road conditions.

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And our figures reveal the result.

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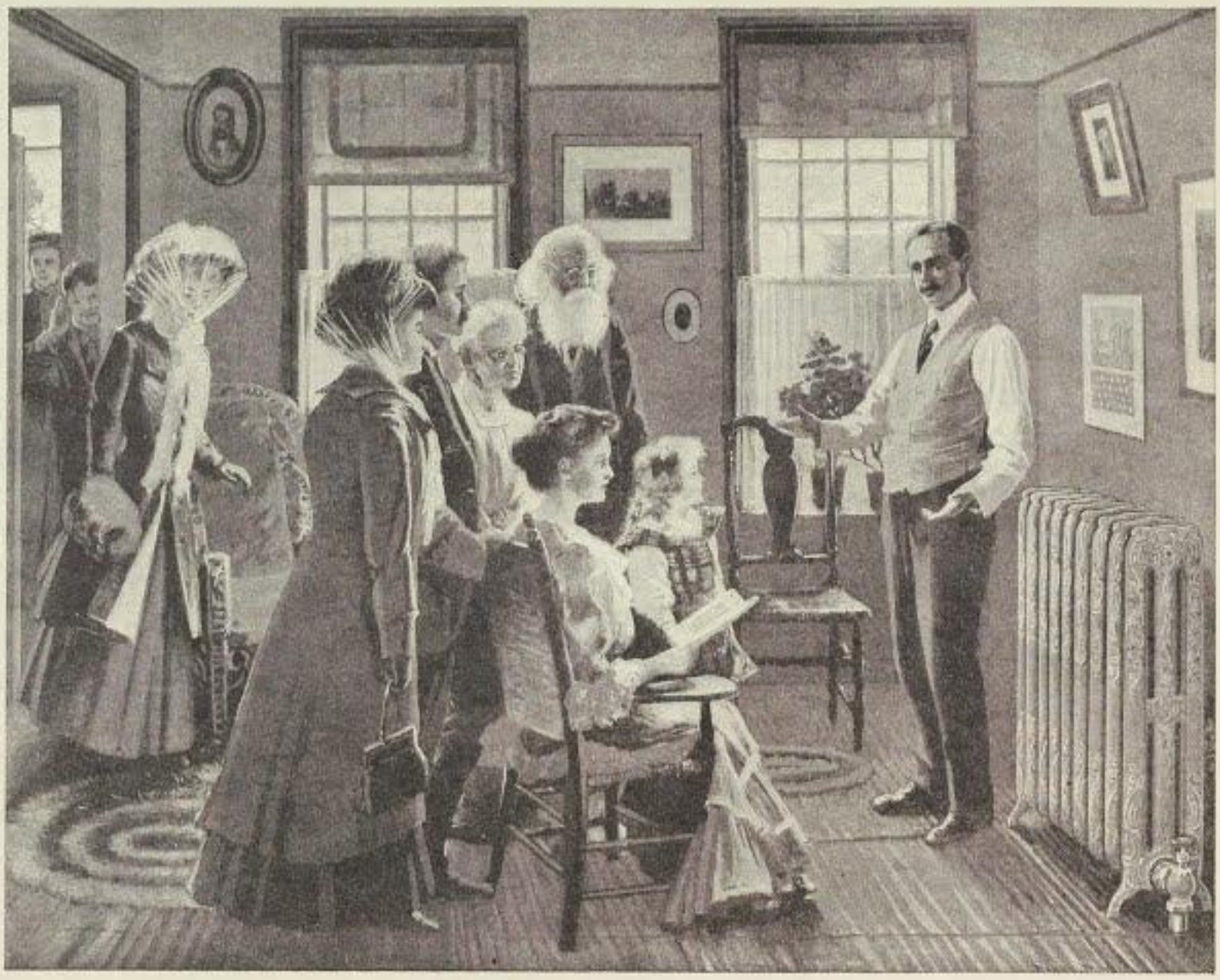
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ON THE WATERWAGON

What the Scenery Looks Like From the Box-Seat

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



This Attracted the Attention of the Entire Group to My Glass of Water

FIRST off, let me state the object of the meeting: This is to be a record of sundry experiences centering round a stern resolve to get on the water-wagon and a sterner attempt to stay there. It is an entirely personal narrative of a strictly personal set of circumstances. It is not a temperance lecture, or a temperance tract, or a chunk of advice, or a shuddering recital of the woes of a horrible example, or a warning, or an admonition—or anything at all but a plain tale of an adventure that started out rather vaguely and wound up rather satisfactorily.

I am no brand that was snatched from the burning; no sot who picked himself or was picked from the gutter; no drunkard who almost wrecked a promising career; no constitutional or congenital souse. I drank liquor the same way hundreds of thousands of men drink it—drank liquor and attended to my business, and got along well, and kept my health, and provided for my family, and maintained my position in the community. I felt I had a perfect right to drink liquor just as I had a perfect right to stop drinking it. I never considered my drinking in any way immoral.

I was decent, respectable, a gentleman, who drank only with gentlemen and as a gentleman should drink if he pleases. I didn't care whether any one else drank—and do not now. I didn't care whether any one else cared whether I drank—and do not now. I am no reformer, no lecturer, no preacher. I quit because I wanted to, not because I had to. I didn't swear off, nor take any vow, nor sign any pledge. I am no moral censor. It is even possible that I might go out this afternoon and take a drink. I am quite sure I shall not—but I might. As far as my trip into Teetotal Land is concerned, it is an individual proposition and nothing else. I am no example for other men who drink as much as I did, or more, or less—but I assume my experiences are somewhat typical, for I am sure my drinking was very typical; and a recital of those experiences and the conclusions thereon is what is before the house.



I Had Occasional Mornings When I Did Not Feel Very Well

I quit drinking because I quit drinking. I had a very fair batting average in the Booze League—as good as I thought necessary; and I knew if I stopped when my record was good the situation would be satisfactory to me, whether it was to any other person or not. Moreover, I figured it out that the time to stop drinking was when it wasn't necessary to stop—not when it was necessary. I had been observing during the twenty years I had been drinking, more or less, and I had known a good many men who stopped drinking when the doctors told them to. Furthermore, it had been my observation that when a doctor tells a man to stop drinking it usually doesn't make much difference whether he stops or not. In a good many cases he might just as well keep on, for he's going to die anyhow; and the few months he will grab through his abstinence will not amount to anything when the miseries of that abstinence are duly chalked up in the debit column.

Therefore, applying the cold, hard logic of the situation to it, I decided to beat the liquor to it. That was the reason for stopping—purely selfish, personal, individual, and not concerned with the welfare of any other person on earth—just myself. I had taken good care of myself physically and knew I was sound everywhere. I wasn't sure how long I could keep sound and continue drinking. So I decided to stop drinking and keep sound. I noticed that a good many men of the same age as myself and the same habits as myself were beginning to show signs of wear and tear. A number of them blew up with various disconcerting maladies and a number more died. Soon after I was forty years of age I noticed I began to go to funerals oftener than I had been doing—funerals of men between forty and forty-five I had known socially and convivially; that these funerals occurred quite regularly, and that the doctor's certificate, more times than not, gave Bright's Disease and other similar diseases in the cause-of-death column. All of these funerals were of men who



I Slept Like a Child

were good fellows and we mourned their loss. Also we generally took a few drinks to their memories.

Then came a time when this funeral business landed on me like a pile-driver. Inside of a year four or five of the men I had known best, the men I had loved best, the men who had been my real friends and my companions, died, one after another. Also some other friends developed physical derangements I knew were directly traceable to too much liquor. Both the deaths and the derangements had liquor as a contributing if not as a direct cause. Nobody said that, of course; but I knew it.

So I held a caucus with myself. I called myself into convention and discussed the proposition somewhat like this:

"You are now over forty years of age. You are sound physically and you are no weaker mentally than you have always been, so far as can be discovered by the outside world. You have had a lot of fun, much of it complicated with the conviviality that comes with drinking and much of it not so complicated; but you have done your share of plain and fancy drinking, and it hasn't landed you yet. There is absolutely no nutriment in being dead. That gets you nothing save a few obituary notices you will never see. There is even less in being sick and sidling round in everybody's way. It's as sure as sunset, if you keep on at your present gait, that Mr. John Barleycorn will land you just as he has landed a lot of other people you know and knew. There are two methods of procedure open to you. One is to keep it up and continue having the fun you think you are having and take what is inevitably coming to you. The other is to quit it while the quitting is good and live a few more years—that may not be so rosy, but probably will have compensations."

I viewed it from every angle I could think of. I knew what sort of a job I had laid out to tackle if I quit. I weighed the whole thing in my mind in the light of my acquaintances, my experiences, my position, my mode of life, my business. I had been through it many times. I had often gone on the waterwagon for periods varying in length from three days to three months. I wasn't venturing into any unchartered territory. I knew every signpost, every crossroad, every foot of the ground. I knew the difficulties—knew them by heart. I wasn't deluding myself with any assertions of superior will-power or superior courage—or superior anything. I knew I had a fixed daily habit of drinking, and that if I quit drinking I should have to reorganize the entire works.

A Slow But Sure Decision

THIS took some time. I didn't dash into it. I had done that before, and had dashed out again just as impetuously. I revolved the matter in my mind for some weeks. Then I decided to quit. Then I did quit. Thereby hangs this tale.

I went to a dinner one night that was a good dinner. It was a dinner that had every appurtenance that a good dinner should have, including the best things to drink that could be obtained, and lashings of them. I proceeded at that dinner just as I had proceeded at scores of similar dinners in my time—hundreds of them, I guess—and took a drink every time anybody else did. I was a seasoned drinker. I knew how to do it. I went home that night pleasantly jingled, but no more. I slept well, ate a good breakfast and went down to business. On the way down I decided that this was the day to make the plunge. Having arrived at that decision, I went out about three o'clock that afternoon, drank a Scotch highball—a big, man's-sized one—as a doch-an-doris, and quit. That was almost a year ago. I haven't taken a drink since. It is not my present intention ever to take another drink; but I am not tying myself down by any vows. It is not my present intention, I say; and I let it go at that.

No man can be blamed for trying to fool other people about himself—that is the way most of us get past; but what can



I Did Not Drink at All Until After I Was Twenty-One

be said for a man who tries to fool himself? Every man knows exactly how bogus he is and should admit it—to himself only. The man who, knowing his bogusness, refuses to admit it to himself—no matter what his attitude may be to the outside world—simply stores up trouble for himself, and discomfort and much else. There are many phases of personal understanding of oneself that need not be put in the newspapers or proclaimed publicly. Still, for a man to gold-brick himself is a profitless undertaking, but prevalent notwithstanding.

When it comes to fooling oneself by oneself the grandest performers are the boys who have a habit—no matter what kind of a habit—a habit! It may be smoking cigarettes, or walking pigeontoed, or talking through the nose, or drinking—or anything else. Any man can see with half an eye how drinking, for example, is hurting Jones; but he always argues that his own personal drinking is of a different variety and is doing him no harm. The best illustration of it is in the old vaudeville story, where the man came on the stage and said: "Smith is drinking too much! I never go into a saloon without finding him there!"

That is the reason drinking liquor gets so many people—either by wrecking their health or by fastening on them the habit they cannot stop. They fool themselves. They are perfectly well aware that their neighbors are drinking too much—but not themselves. Far be it from them not to have the will-power to stop when it is time to stop. They are smarter than their neighbors. They know what they are doing. And suddenly the explosions come!

There are hundreds of thousands of men in all walks of life in this country who for twenty or thirty years have never lived a minute when there was not more or less alcohol in their systems, who cannot be said to have been strictly and entirely sober in all that time, but who do their work, perform all their social duties, make their careers and are fairly successful just the same. Still, the fact remains that with any habit, and especially with the liquor habit—probably because that is the most prevalent habit there is—nine-tenths of the subjects delude themselves about how much of a habit they have; and, second, that nine-tenths of those with the habit have a very clear idea of the extent to which the habit is fastened on others. They are fooled about themselves, but never about their neighbors! Wherefore the breweries and the distilleries prosper exceedingly.

However, I am straying away from my story, which has to do with such drinking as the ordinary man does—not sprees, or debauches, or orgies, or periodicals, or drunkenness, but just the ordinary amount of drinking that happens along in a man's life, with a little too much on rare occasions and plenty at all times. A German I knew once told me the difference between Old-World drinking and American drinking was that the German, for example, drinks for the pleasure of the drink, while the American drinks for the alcohol in it. That may be so; but very few men who have any sense or any age set out deliberately to get drunk. Such drunkenness as there is among men of that sort usually comes more by accident than by design.

My definition of a drunkard has always been this: A man is a drunkard when he drinks whisky or any other liquor before breakfast. I think that is pretty nearly right. Personally I never took a drink of liquor before breakfast in my life and not many before noon. Usually my drinking began in the afternoon after business, and was likely to end before dinnertime—not always, but usually.

An Analysis of the Game

I HAD been drinking thus for practically twenty years. I did not drink at all until after I was twenty-one and not much until after I was twenty-five. When I got to be thirty-two or thirty-three and had gone along a little in the world, I fell in with men of my own station; and as I lived in a town where nearly everybody drank, including many of the successful business and professional men—men of affairs—I soon got into their habits. Naturally gregarious, I found these men good company. They were sociable and convivial, and drank for the fun of it and the fun that came out of it.

My business took me to various parts of the country and I made acquaintances among men like these—the real live ones in the communities. They were good fellows. So was I. The result was that in a few years I had a list of friends from California to Maine—all of whom drank; and I was never at a loss for company or highballs. Then I moved to a city where there isn't much of anything else to do but drink at certain times in the day, a city where men from all parts of the country congregate and where the social side of life is highly accentuated. I kept along with the procession. I did my work satisfactorily to my employers and I did my drinking satisfactorily to myself.

This continued for several years. I had a fixed habit. I drank several drinks each day. Sometimes I drank more than several. My system was organized to digest about so much alcohol every twenty-four hours. So far as I could see the drinking did me no harm. I was well. My appetite was good. I slept soundly. My head was clear. My work proceeded easily and was getting fair recognition. Then some of the boys began dropping off and some began breaking down. I had occasional mornings, after big dinners or specially convivial affairs, when I did not feel very well—when I was out of tune and knew why. Still, I continued as of old, and thought nothing of it except as the regular katzenjammer—to be expected.



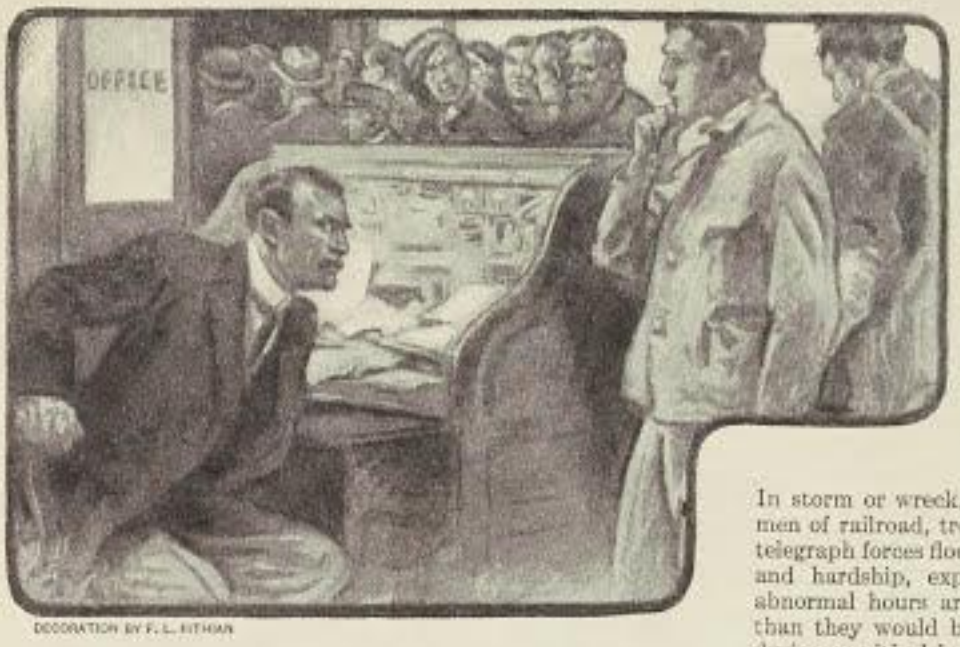
I Was a Fine Sample of a Full-Blown Prig

Presently I woke up to what was happening round me. I looked the game over critically. I analyzed it coldly and calmly. I put every advantage of my mode of life on one side and every disadvantage; and I put on the other side every disadvantage of a change in procedure and every advantage. There were times when I thought the present mode had by far the better of it,

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Bulwarks of Business Policy

The Spirit of the Company—By James H. Collins



DECORATION BY F. L. FITHIAN



In storm or wreck, the track and line men of railroad, trolley, telephone and telegraph forces flock in, keen for work; and hardship, exposure, fatigue and abnormal hours are counted no more than they would be in an army corps during a critical battle. This spirit of the company is by no means confined to the large business organizations. Many a small concern has it. On the other hand, some organizations lack it utterly.

ONE winter night some years ago a new downtown telephone exchange in a large Eastern city was to be "cut over."

The cutting over of a new exchange is dramatic. Some business concerns may find it cheaper to move than pay rent—but not a telephone company; for thousands of dollars' worth of complicated underground cables run into an exchange, and the plant grows steadily and must not be disturbed. When a new exchange becomes absolutely necessary, by reason of growth or the shifting of business and traffic, a new site must be purchased after a thorough study of traffic tendencies, a new building put up and a wholly new plant installed in it. While the old exchange continues operation, cables are run into the new, their thousands of little wires laid open on the spreading frame and led to new switchboards upstairs.

Finally comes the cutting over. This is usually done at midnight, when there will be the least interruption to traffic. The operating and wire chiefs' staffs leave the old exchange and go to the new; and at an appointed moment, by simply switching, traffic is diverted from one to the other. The busy old exchange is closed forever—and the new one begins an activity that will persist day and night, Sundays and holidays, year after year, without a break, unless one of two contingencies happens—that it be either burned down or pulled down. The public knows nothing of the change, but to the staff it is an impressive occasion.

At nine o'clock that night the superintendent went through the new plant for a final inspection. Everything was finished and ready. All through the place, though, linemen, cablemen, splicers and mechanics from the plant department generally were loitering at petty jobs. The cable room was full of them, and they were scattered all round the switchboards. For two weeks work had been pushed night and day. The men were worn out, yet intensely interested in the cutting over. The superintendent told them to go home; but in half an hour, when he came back that way, there was as big a crowd.

"You men can go now," he repeated. "We won't want you again until tomorrow morning."

Yet only a few obeyed. Twenty minutes later there were as many loiterers.

"Here," he ordered, "we want this place cleared! You fellows are in the way—go home and get some rest."

The Boss That Was Kind to a Cat

TOWARD eleven o'clock, passing through the empty cable room, he saw a dim shadow in one of the alleys. Turning on a lamp, he discovered Mike Donovan, a plant man who had been with the company longer than himself.

"Mike, why don't you get out of here?" asked the superintendent severely. "There's nothing more to do tonight. Now, clear out, will you?"

"Oh, Mr. Lynch," pleaded the mechanic, "it's only another hour now! Please let me stay and solder just ten more connections!"

This loyalty and interest is found pretty widely in business. When a fire or any other emergency puts a pressure on telephone organization during slack hours, for instance, the girl operators who have gone home are certain to come back to the exchange for extra duty or call in over the nearest telephone to ask if they are needed.

A production engineer was called in to investigate a manufacturing business. It was a large enterprise and had made a fortune for the owner; but he was now well along in middle life and wanted to sell out and retire, and it had been discovered that the business no longer made sufficient profit to warrant a satisfactory sale. The engineer was asked to study conditions, find out what was wrong and set things right.

In talking with this manufacturer, the engineer could find no outstanding reason why profits should have fallen off. Equipment was up to date, methods seemed to be thorough, the salesforce was active, the management careful, and the product was sold to excellent customers. One day's investigation at the factory, however, showed what was wrong.

On his way there the first morning, the engineer overtook the manufacturer and found him carrying a homeless kitten he had picked up on the sandlot back of the big fence. When he got to his office the manufacturer called the porter, gave him a quarter and told him to buy a bottle of milk and feed the waif—and give it a home. The engineer saw that he was dealing with an unusually tender-hearted man.

Five minutes later the porter was called back and scolded because the office was too cold. Then the sales manager was called in and upbraided for some petty oversight. After the boss had looked over the mail he started through the plant on his daily tour of inspection. In every corner somebody was brought up on the carpet for a scolding or criticism, or a cursing. The boss proved to be profane as well as exacting, and explained that unless this jacking-up were gone through with regularly nothing would be done.

By-and-by, however, when they got back to the office, the tender heart was again uppermost. Anger had vanished; and, after asking about his kitten, the boss sent for those employees who had received the harshest reprimands and talked kindly with them in ways that conveyed indirect apologies.

Just one thing was wrong with that business, the investigator found. He called it a "tendency." That tendency was the boss. Each morning he systematically took all the loyalty and snap out of his organization. He would scold because orders were not up to the average, curse a foreman hampered by some shortcoming beyond his control, and at least once a month discharge all hands and hire them over again. His people understood that his anger was but momentary and that he would be a father to any of them in trouble. Yet his methods were wearing and the organization had not an atom of company spirit. That business did not become marketable until the tendency had been removed.

Company spirit is peculiarly a matter of policymaking.

A certain factory organization in one of our cities was almost notorious for the slack character of its girl and women employees. The plant, to begin with, was located in a slum. The building was old, dirty, poorly lighted, overrun by rats and bugs—and a horrible firetrap. Work was done on a piece system that permitted employees to earn fair wages; but there was absolutely no stability to the force and the management wanted none. Each girl who came to work was taught some petty operation and given no idea of its general relation to the product. It was held, as an ideal of organization, that the girl who quit this morning must be replaceable with any other girl who happened along at noon, and the preference was for newly arrived immigrants. At night these girls and women left the plant and sought pleasure and amusement in tough dance halls.

A new factor came into the management of that factory. Fire-escapes were installed and the lighting put on a modern basis. Dances were organized among the employees, and held in a decent section of the town. The work was broadened so that the girls had more interesting operations to perform, calling for better training and making them less easily replaceable; and, to link this new scheme with the product as a whole, shoptalks were given by heads of the various technical departments, showing why a thing was done and what it meant to the company's output.

The Old Guard Surrenders

IN A FEW months there was a remarkable change in the tone of that factory. Slatternly working clothes gave place to neat suits and clean shirtwaists, and with the old clothes went slatternly talk and habits. Girls and women were not ashamed to work there then, but proud of it and of the company and its product. Before long a committee from the women's clubs of the city came hurrying out to the plant to see why the factory was drawing all the most capable girls from domestic service.

In the management, however, there was still a headstrong Old Guard of conservatives. They had been responsible for the former conditions. After watching skeptically, they finally gained courage to protest.

"Here," declared the Old Guard, "this factory is not a philanthropic institution! Let us chuck the society and college folderol and go back to making straight goods for the money there is in it. That's what we're in business for."

"All right," agreed the new element in the management. "If more money can be made that way we're with you; but, first, suppose we see how many goods were made then and what the output is now. Let's compare the real figures."

And, behold! it was found that the factory had never had such an output in its history nor made goods at more reasonable cost or of higher grade. The Old Guard surrendered. Three times before it got an infusion of company spirit that concern was in reorganization difficulties. Today it is paying good dividends.

Company spirit is really a feeling of security on the part of employees and pride in the concern they work for; but creating it is a matter of no set rule or method. The policymaker of one concern will get it in one way and the president of some other concern in quite a different fashion.

A certain manufacturing company in the Middle West has a president of the "mixer" type, and his plant is a personality organization all through, in that the eye of the executive seems to be on every detail and that he knows all his men.

The question of what to do about accidents came up. The average manufacturer still trusts pretty largely to liability insurance and his attorneys in dealing with injuries

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The Kitchen Side of the Door

By EDNA FERBER

ILLUSTRATED BY IRMA DÉRÈMEAUX

THE City was celebrating New Year's Eve. Spelled thus with a capital C, know it can mean but New York. In the Pink Fountain Room of the Newest Hotel all those grand old forms and customs handed down to us for the occasion rigidly were being observed in all their original quaintness. The vandyked man who looked like a Russian grand duke—he really was a chiropodist—had drunk champagne out of the pink-satin slipper of the lady who behaved like an actress—she was forelady at Schmaus' Wholesale Millinery, eighth floor. The two respectable married ladies there in the corner had been kissed by each other's husbands. The slim, Puritan-faced woman in white, with her black hair so demurely parted and coiled in a sleek knot, had risen suddenly from her place and walked indolently to the edge of the plashing pink fountain in the center of the room, had stood contemplating its shallows with a dreamy half-smile on her lips, and then had lifted her slim legs slowly and gracefully over its fern-fringed basin and had waded into its chilling midst, trailing her exquisite white satin and chiffon draperies after her and scaring the goldfish into fits. The loudest scream of approbation had come from the yellow-haired, loose-lipped youth who had made the wager and lost it. The heavy blonde in the inevitable violet draperies showed signs of wanting to dance on the table. Her companion—a structure made up of layer upon layer and fold upon fold of flabby tissue—knew all the waiters by their right names and insisted on singing with the orchestra and beating time with a rye roll. The clatter of dishes was giving way to the clink of glasses.

In the big bright kitchen back of the Pink Fountain Room Miss Gussie Fink sat at her desk, calm, watchful, insolent-eyed, a goddess sitting in judgment. On the payroll of the Newest Hotel Miss Gussie Fink's name appeared as kitchen checker, but her regular job was goddessing. Her altar was a high desk in a corner of the busy kitchen, and it was an altar of incense, of burned offerings and of show-bread. Inexorable as a goddess of the ancients was Miss Fink and ten times as difficult to appease. For this is the rule of the Newest Hotel, that no waiter may carry his laden tray restaurantward until its contents have been viewed and duly checked by the eye and hand of Miss Gussie Fink or her assistants. Flat upon the table must go every tray, off must go each silver dish-cover, lifted must be each napkin to disclose its treasure of steaming corn or hot rolls. Clouds of incense rose before Miss Gussie Fink and she sniffed it unmoved, her eyes, beneath level brows, regarding savory broiler or cunning ice with equal indifference, appraising alike lobster cocktail or onion soup, traveling from bluepoints to brie. Things *à la* and things *glacé* were all one to her. Gazing at food was Miss Fink's occupation, and just to see the way she regarded a boneless squab made you certain that she never ate.



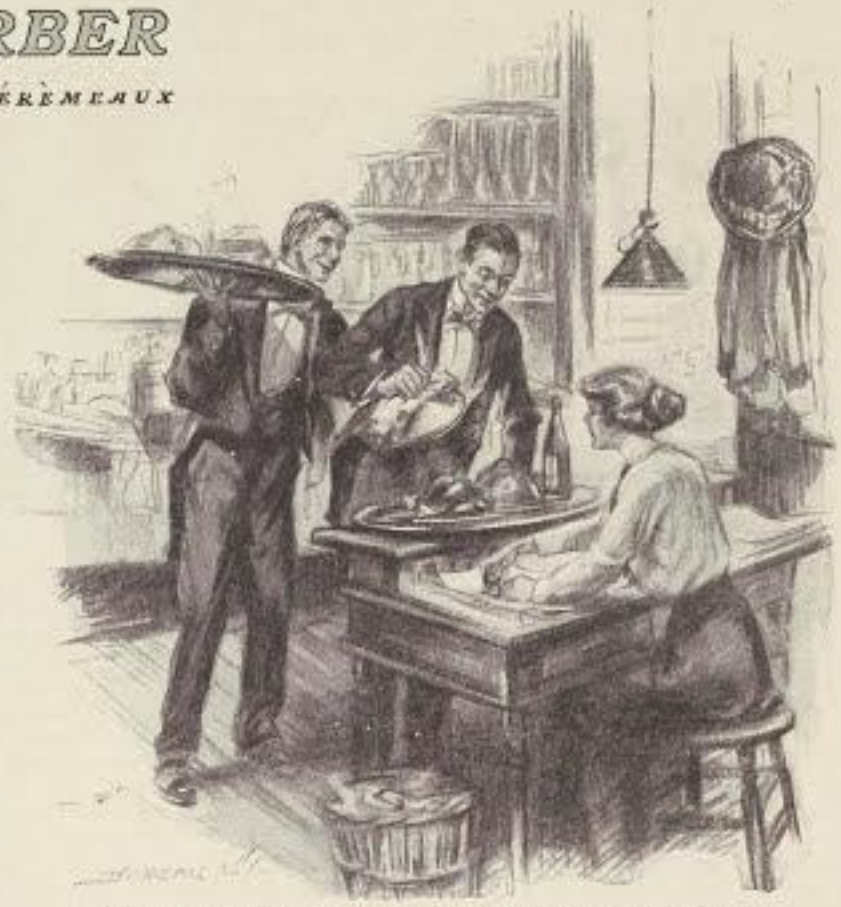
"Sometime When There's No Ladies Round I'll Tell You What I Think She Looks Like"

In spite of the I-don't-know-how-many—see ads—New Year's Eve diners for whom food was provided that night, the big busy kitchen was the most orderly, shining, spotless place imaginable. But Miss Gussie Fink was the neatest, most immaculate object in all that great clean room. There was that about her which suggested daisies in a field, if you know what I mean. This may have been due to the fact that her eyes were brown while her hair was gold, or it may have been something about the way her collars fitted, high and tight and smooth, or the way her close white sleeves came down to meet her pretty hands, or the way her shining hair sprang from her forehead. Also the smooth creaminess of her clear skin may have had something to do with it. But privately I think it was due to the way she wore her shirtwaists. Miss Gussie Fink could wear a starched white shirtwaist under a close-fitting winter coat, remove the coat, run her right forefinger along her collar's edge and her left thumb along the back of her belt and disclose to the admiring world a blouse as unwrinkled and unsullied as though it had just come from her own skillful hands at the ironing board. Miss Gussie Fink was so innately, beautifully clean-looking that—well, there must be a stop to this description. She was the kind of girl you'd like to see behind the counter of your favorite delicatessen, knowing that you need not shudder as her fingers touch your Sunday night supper slices of tongue and Swiss cheese and ham. No girl had ever dreamed of refusing to let Gussie borrow her chamois for a second.

Tonight Miss Fink had come on at ten P. M., which was just two hours later than usual. She knew that she was to be on until six A. M., which may have accounted for the fact that she displayed very little of what the fans call ginger as she removed her hat and coat and hung them on the hook by the desk. The prospect of that all-night, eight-hour stretch may have accounted for it, I say. But privately and *entre nous* it didn't. For here you must know of Heiny. Heiny, alas! now Henri.

Until two weeks ago Henri had been Heiny and Miss Fink had been Kid. When Henri had been Heiny he had worked in the kitchen at many things, but always with a loving eye on Miss Gussie Fink. Then one wild night there had been a waiters' strike—wages or hours or tips or all three. In the confusion that followed Heiny had been pressed into service and a waiter's coat. He had fitted into both with unbelievable nicety, proving that waiters are born, not made. Those little tricks and foibles that are characteristic of the genus waiter seemed to envelop him as though a fairy garment had fallen upon his shoulders. The folded napkin under his left arm seemed to have been placed there by nature, so perfectly did it fit into place. The ghostly tread, the little whisking skip, the half-simper, the deferential bend that had in it at the same time something of insolence were well assumed, and "Yes, miss," and "Very good, sir," rose automatically to his untrained lips. Cinderella rising resplendent from her ash-strewn hearth was not more completely transformed than Heiny in his rôle of Henri. And with the transformation Miss Gussie Fink had been left behind her desk disconsolate.

Kitchens are as quick to seize upon these things and gossip about them as drawing rooms are. And because Miss Gussie Fink had always worn a little air of aloofness to all except Heiny the kitchen was the more eager to make the most of its morsel. Each turned it over under his tongue—Tony, the Crook, whom Miss Fink had scorned; François, the entrée cook, who often forgot he was married; Miss Sweeney, the bar-checker, who was jealous of Miss Fink's complexion.



"I Seen Her Lookin' at You When You Served the Little Necks, and She's Some Lovely Doll, Believe Me"

Miss Fink heard, and said nothing. She only knew that there would be no dear figure waiting for her when the night's work was done. For two weeks now she had put on her hat and coat and gone her way at one o'clock alone. She discovered that to be taken home night after night under Heiny's tender escort had taught her a ridiculous terror of the streets at night now that she was without protection. Always the short walk from the car to the flat where Miss Fink lived with her mother had been a glorious, starlit, all too brief moment. Now it was an endless and terrifying trial, a thing of shivers and dread, fraught with horror of passing the alley just back of Cassidey's buffet. There had even been certain little half-serious, half-jesting talks about the future into which there had entered the subject of a little delicatessen and restaurant in a desirable neighborhood, with Heiny in the kitchen and a certain blond, neat, white-shirtwaisted person in charge of the desk and front shop.

She and her mother had always gone through a formula upon Miss Fink's return from work. They never used it now. Gussie's mother was a real mother—the kind that wakes up when you come home.

"That you, Gussie?" Ma Fink would call from the bedroom at the sound of the key in the lock.

"It's me, ma."

"Heiny bring you home?"

"Sure," happily.

"There's a bit of sausage left, and some pie if ——"

"Oh, I ain't hungry. We stopped at Joey's downtown and had a cup of coffee and a ham on rye. Did you remember to put out the milk bottle?"

For two weeks there had been none of that. Gussie had learned to creep silently into bed, and her mother, being a mother, feigned sleep.

Tonight at her desk Miss Gussie Fink seemed a shade cooler, more self-contained and daisylike than ever. From somewhere at the back of her head she could see that Heiny was avoiding her desk and was using the services of the checker at the other end of the room. And even as the poison of this was eating into her heart she was tapping her forefinger imperatively on the desk before her and saying to Tony, the Crook:

"Down on the table with that tray, Tony—flat. This may be a busy little New Year's Eve, but you can't come any of your sleight-of-hand stuff on me." For Tony had a little trick of concealing a dollar-and-a-quarter sirloin by the simple method of slapping the platter close to the underside of his tray and holding it there with long, lean fingers outspread, the entire bit of knavery being concealed in the folds of a flowing white napkin in the hand that balanced the tray. Into Tony's pale eyes there came a baleful gleam. His lean jaw jutted out threateningly.

"You're the real Wissenheimer kid, ain't you?" he sneered. "Never mind. I'll get you at recess."

"Some day," drawled Miss Fink, checking the steak, "the house'll get wise to your stuff and then you'll have to go back to the coal wagon. I know so much about you it's beginning to make me uncomfortable. I hate to carry around a burden of crime."

"You're a sorehead because Heiny turned you down and now ——"

"Move on there!" snapped Miss Fink, "or I'll call the steward to settle you. Maybe he'd be interested to know that you've been counting in the date and your waiter's number, and adding 'em in at the bottom of your check."

Tony, the Crook, turned and skimmed away toward the dining room, but the taste of victory was bitter in Miss Fink's mouth.

Midnight struck. There came from the direction of the Pink Fountain Room a clamor and din which penetrated the thickness of the padded doors that separated the dining room from the kitchen beyond. The sound rose and swelled above the blare of the orchestra. Chairs scraped on the marble floor as hundreds rose to their feet. The sound of clinking glasses became as the jangling of bells. There came the sharp spat of hand-clapping, then cheers, yells, huzzas. Through the swinging doors at the end of the long passageway Miss Fink could catch glimpses of dazzling color, of shimmering gowns, of bare arms uplifted, of flowers and plumes and jewels, with the rosy light of the famed pink fountain casting a gracious glow over all. Once she saw a tall young fellow throw his arm about the shoulders of a glorious creature at the next table, and though the door swung shut before she could see it Miss Fink knew that he had kissed her.

There were no New Year's greetings in the kitchen back of the Pink Fountain Room. It was the busiest moment in all that busy night. The heat of the ovens was so intense that it could be felt as far as Miss Fink's remote corner. The swinging doors between dining room and kitchen were never still. A steady stream of waiters made for the steam tables, before which the white-clad chefs stood ladling, carving, basting, serving, gave their orders, received them, stopped at the checking desk and sped dining-roomward again. Tony, the Crook, was cursing at one of the little Polish vegetable girls who had not been quick enough about the garnishing of a salad, and she was saying over and over again in her thick tongue:

"Aw, shod op yur mout'!"

The thud-thud of Miss Fink's checking stamp kept time to flying footsteps, but even as her practiced eye swept over the tray before her she saw the steward direct Henri toward her desk just as he was about to head in the direction of the minor checking desk. Beneath downcast lids she saw him coming. There was about Henri tonight a certain radiance, a sort of electrical elasticity, so nimble, so tireless, so exuberant was he. In the eyes of Miss Gussie Fink he looked heart-breakingly handsome in his waiter's uniform—handsome, distinguished, remote and infinitely desirable. And just behind him, revenge in his eye, came Tony.

The flat surface of the desk received Henri's tray. Miss Fink regarded it with a cold and businesslike stare. Henri whipped his napkin from under his left arm and began to remove covers dexterously. Off came the first silver, dome-shaped top.

"Guinea hen broiled," said Henri.

"I seen her lookin' at you when you served the Little Necks," came from Tony, as though continuing a conversation begun in some past moment of pause, "and she's some lovely doll, believe me."

Miss Fink scanned the guinea hen thoroughly but with a detached air, and selected the proper stamp from the box at her elbow. Thump! On the broad pasteboard sheet before her appeared the figures $1.75 after Henri's number.

"Think so?" grinned Henri, and removed another cover. "One candied sweets."

"I bet some day we'll see you in the Sunday papers, Heiny," went on Tony, "with a piece about handsome waiter runnin' away with beautiful s'ciety girl. Say, you're too perfect, Heiny, even for a waiter."

Thump! Thirty cents.

"Quit your kiddin'," said the flattered Henri. "One endive, French dressing."

Thump! "Next!" said Miss Fink dispassionately, yawned, and smiled fleetingly at the entrée cook who wasn't looking her way. Then as Tony slid his tray toward her: "How's business, Tony? H'm? How many two-bit cigar bands have you slipped on to your own private collection of nickel straights and made a twenty-cent rakeoff?"

But there was a mist in the bright brown eyes as Tony, the Crook, turned away with his tray. In spite of the satisfaction of having had the last word Miss Fink knew in her heart that Tony had "got her at recess," as he had said he would.

Things were slowing up for Miss Fink. The stream of hurrying waiters was turned in the direction of the kitchen bar now. From now on the eating would be light and the drinking heavy. Miss Fink, with time to spare, found herself blinking down at the figures stamped on the pasteboard sheet before her, and in spite of the blinking two marks that never were intended for a checker's report splashed down just over the $1.75 after Henri's number. A lovely doll! And she had gazed at Heiny. Well, that was to be expected. No woman could gaze unmoved upon Heiny. "A lovely doll ——"

"Hi, Miss Fink!" It was the steward's voice. "We need you over in the bar to help Miss Sweeney check the drinks. They're coming too swift for her. The eating will be light from now on; just a little something salty now and then."

So Miss Fink dabbed covertly at her eyes and betook herself out of the atmosphere of roasting and broiling and frying and stewing; away from the sight of great copper kettles and glowing coals and hissing pans into a little world fragrant with mint, breathing of orange and lemon peel, perfumed with pineapple, redolent of cinnamon and clove, reeking with things spirituous. Here the splutter of the broiler was replaced by the hiss of the siphon, and the pop-pop of corks, and the tinkle and clink of ice against glass.

"Hello, dearie!" cooed Miss Sweeney in greeting, staring hard at the suspicious redness round Miss Fink's eyelids. "Ain't you sweet to come on here in the headache department and help me out! Here's the winelist. You'll prob'bly need it. Say, who do you suppose invented New Year's Eve? They must of had a imagination like a Greek 'bus boy. I'm limp as a rag now and it's only two-thirty. I've got a regular cramp in my wrist from checkin' quarts. Say, did you hear about Heiny's crowd?"

"No," said Miss Fink evenly, and began to study the first page of the winelist under the heading "Champagnes of Noted Vintages."

"Well," went on Miss Sweeney's little thin, malicious voice, "he's fell in soft. There's a table of three, and they're drinkin' 1874 Imperial Crown at twelve dollars per like it was Waukesha ale. And every time they finish a bottle one of the guys pays for it with a brand-new ten and a brand-new five and tells Heiny to keep the change. Can you beat it?"

"I hope," said Miss Fink pleasantly, "that the supply of 1874 will hold out till morning. I'd hate to see them have to come down to ten-dollar wine. Here you, Tony! Come back here! I may be a new hand in this department, but I'm not so green that you can put a gold label over on me as a yellow label. Notice that I'm checking you another fifty cents."

"Ain't he the grafter!" laughed Miss Sweeney. She leaned toward Miss Fink and lowered her voice discreetly. "Though I'll say this for 'm, if you let him get away with it now an' then he'll split even with you. H'm? Oh, well now, don't get so high and mighty. The management expects it in this department. That's why they pay starvation wages."

An unusual note of color crept into Miss Gussie Fink's smooth cheek. It deepened and glowed as Heiny darted around the corner and up to the bar. There was about him an air of suppressed excitement—suppressed because Heiny was too perfect a waiter to display emotion.

"Not another!" chanted the bartenders in chorus.

"Yes," answered Henri solemnly, and waited while the wine cellar was made to relinquish another rare jewel.

"O you Heiny!" called Miss Sweeney, "tell us what she looks like. If I had time I'd take a peek myself. From what Tony says she must look something like Maxine Elliott, only brighter."

Henri turned. He saw Miss Fink. A curious little expression came into his eyes—a Heiny look it might have been called, as he regarded his erstwhile sweetheart's unruffled attire and clear skin and steady eye and glossy hair. She was looking past him in that baffling, maddening way that angry women have. Some of Henri's poise seemed to desert him in that moment. He appeared a shade less debonair as he received the precious bottle from the wine man's hands. He made for Miss Fink's desk and stood watching her while she checked his order. At the door he turned and looked over his shoulder at Miss Sweeney.

"Sometime," he said deliberately, "when there's no ladies round I'll tell you what I think she looks like."

And the little glow of color in Miss Gussie Fink's smooth cheek became a crimson flood that swept from brow to throat.

"Oh, well," snickered Miss Sweeney to hide her own discomfiture, "this is little Heiny's first New Year's Eve in the dining room. Honest, I b'lieve he's shocked. He don't realize that celebratin' New Year's Eve is like eatin' oranges. You got to let go your dignity t' really enjoy 'em."

Three times more did Henri enter and demand a bottle of the famous vintage and each time he seemed a shade less buoyant. His elation diminished as his tips grew greater, until as he drew up at the bar at six o'clock he seemed wrapped in impenetrable gloom.

"Them hawgs sousin' yet?" shrilled Miss Sweeney. She and Miss Fink had climbed down from their high stools and were preparing to leave. Henri nodded drearily and disappeared in the direction of the Pink Fountain Room.

Miss Fink walked back to her own desk in the corner near the dining-room door. She took her hat off the hook and stood regarding it thoughtfully.

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Slowly and Gracefully Had Waded Into its Chilling Midst

BLUFF

By WILL IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL



"'This is the Easiest Poker Game of the World—This New York'"

AS HE passed the Farragut statue in Madison Square, walking aimlessly, he was dimly aware that a straight, stalwart young man, threading the fashion parade of lower Fifth Avenue, had looked in his direction. Mr. Tripp noted him with but half attention; his mind was set on other things. It started him into full consciousness, however, when the other man nodded and smiled. Mr. Tripp returned the bow with a nod; and he fell to speculating incuriously on the identity of this stranger. Neither the face nor the figure rang any bells in his mind.

Then some one tapped his shoulder, and a voice said:

"From your look you don't remember me, Mr. Tripp—isn't this Terhune W. Tripp, known to the police of Omaha as Terry? My name's Cunningham—Frank J. Cunningham—does that jog your memory?"

Mr. Cunningham was a young man of about thirty. He was straight of figure, definite and rugged of feature. His dress betrayed careful prosperity, albeit the plaid of his suit was a little overloud, the diamond-and-platinum pin which finished his Alice-blue neckwear a trifle too aggressive. He stood, one hand still on Mr. Tripp's shoulder, smiling down at him with a twinkling eye.

Mr. Tripp came out with the truth.

"I've tried to place you," said he, "since you nodded a minute ago, but I haven't found the answer yet. Curious—I don't remember the name either."

"Well, you'd know the name if you were in the advertising business," replied the stranger confidently. "Say, honest, this is no con touch. I haven't looked up your name on the hotel register. I'm not going to spring your Uncle Hiram that I knew in Malariaopolis. As a matter of fact, I met you just once. When you were working for Golden & Baker I brought you a letter from your old pal, Johnnie Stevens, out in Omaha. You'd been in New York just two years, and I was giving a successful impersonation of the young man seeking his fortune in the great, wicked metropolis. Remember now?"

"Not your particular case," said Mr. Tripp. "I've met the young person you describe, though, about seven thousand times. The boys used to send me people with letters right along in those days."

"Don't remember taking me to lunch?" continued Cunningham. "I remember that the size of the check you paid for the eats nearly took my breath away."

"Can't say for sure that I do," Mr. Tripp replied.

"Look here," he proceeded, a smile and a pleasant manner drawing what sting there might have been in his words, "you've been living in New York since that time, I figure. You know as well as I just how much there is of that kind of thing—how many people we meet, and how it's touch and go. Especially in my business."

"In every business," replied Cunningham heartily. "Now don't you think I'm offended. Gee-whiz!" he burst out; "you could kick me in the slats and you wouldn't hurt my feelings! You couldn't—because it's you. Did you ever meet a good fairy?" Unaccountably Cunningham stopped short on that and then repeated musingly his last phrase: "Did you ever meet a good fairy?—say, let me get that down. It's good—that's what it is." He drew an envelope from his coat, took out the chatelaine effect which anchored his watch-chain to his lower left-hand waistcoat pocket, unlimbered a gold pencil and jotted down the phrase. He looked up to meet the frank curiosity in the eyes of Mr. Tripp. "You've forgotten, of course," he said; "but advertising is my line—advertising writer and counselor. Busy for ten minutes? I want to get this off my system. Of course you don't remember the advice you gave me?"

"No." A curious smile flitted across Mr. Tripp's face. "What was it? I'd like to listen to any advice I gave in those days."

"I called on you right afterward to thank you," pursued Cunningham, "but you'd gone West for your firm. And I just put it off—well, you've said yourself that it's touch and go in New York. Don't see your best friends twice a year unless they're in your line. Sit down!"

He brushed aside two of the shabby loungers who make contrast of Madison Square and disposed himself at the foot of the statue, whence his roving eye could survey the end-to-end procession of smart automobiles along the asphalt and the parade of exotic fabrics, feathers and cosmetics on the sidewalk across the way. And so he began to talk:

"When I came to you," he said, "I was up against it. We'd all heard in Omaha how you'd made good in the real-estate business. I didn't know you, but I knew all round you. The job had flattened out in Omaha—not my fault, either, because I'd really been doing things. That was my cue to try New York. And I struck you before I'd done rubbernecking at the skyscrapers. You came right down to cases. You said: 'Do you know how to go about getting a job in New York?' Well, I hadn't thought about it in that way at all. Seemed to me you got a job in New York just as you did in Omaha. I suppose I said so, for you answered: 'Bluff, my boy—bluff! Throw out your chest. This is the easiest poker game of the world—this New York. They haven't time to call you. Pays them better to take chances and to win out next time if they're stuck this one. In New York your abilities are the envelope of the balloon. Bluff is the gas. You don't rise unless you blow it up with bluff. See? There's just one bluff that doesn't go here—and that's the humble one.



"I'm Asking for a Place—to Make Good. I Must Make Good!"



Bluff Dressed Them and Rendered Them Beautiful!

What they're looking for is the best that is. If you say you're a poor young fellow, but hope to do better, they'll introduce you to the elevator man. If you say you're the original big scream, and make a noise like it, they'll listen to what you have to say.'

"Then I guess you must have asked me what I did. I told you I was an advertising writer and intended to start by doing piece-jobs. You said: 'Charge 'em the limit! If you revise the regular price, revise it upward.' That's about all I remember; but it was enough. I had my eye on the Calicotte Company—I had watched their style of doing business from Omaha and it struck me as nifty. I got to the head of the firm; and, once I had him on the ropes, I emitted the following modest yelp:

"'I am the only big thing that Omaha ever produced. They point with pride to me first, and to the river improvements second. I've been too busy advertising other people to advertise myself, or my name and picture would have percolated into your intelligence long ago. I do things!—that's what's the matter with me. And I've come to do them for the Calicotte Company. I'm starting small—for me. Just give me the toughest copy you have—and all of it—and watch the goods sell themselves!'

"I suppose Ephraim I. Calicotte got a hand loose from my clinch for half a second; for he asked me what I'd done.

"'Done!' said I, giving him the best punch in my repertoire right away—'Done! Have you ever read the Crowell Corn Catsup ads? No, I suppose you haven't, because you're watching only the Eastern mediums. A thousand Western papers, from boiler-plate to St. Louis dailies—and I handled 'em all! But you know the line: "The Corn that Bill Grew." That's mine! Don't think I'm a highbrow either. I write ads—yes. Lots of people do that. But I sell things! Keep your ear on that.'" Mr. Cunningham paused to laugh proudly at himself.

"Well, in a way of speaking, I'd been talking with my eyes shut—just taking your advice and slamming it through. It struck me, when I got near the finish, that I was making some fool of myself. If a man had talked to me that way in Omaha I'd have had him examined for insanity. I was fairly flabbergasted when old Ephraim I. took the count. He said:

"'We've got a particular customer—the Sparkling Syrup people. Suppose you see what you can suggest for them.'

"'Business is business,' says I. 'Is that an order?' Lord knows I was ready to jump at the chance;

but I'd started to play the red and I was going to play it through, doubling bets at every throw, and bust the bank or bust myself.

"'It is,' says he.

"'Then what's in it?' says I. 'Sorry to bring in vulgar coin; but that's what we're here for—and I've other offers.'

"I've forgotten what he offered. That was a long time ago—about three years now—and prices weren't what they've become since—especially mine. But I said right away: 'Not enough.' And he said: 'How much then?' And I tacked on fifty per cent, expecting every second that lightning would strike me dead. 'All right,' he said, and I nearly fainted. Talk about filling your balloon with bluff! When mine went up I'd used the last cupful of natural gas I had.

"I took that job home to the hotel, and I didn't do much sleeping for a week; and—well, what's the use? When I left the Calicotte Company—I held a steady job in three months—to set up for myself, they gave me this scarfpin and an engraved testimonial to the effect that I was the original Napoleon of advertising. All came from you. See?" Mr. Cunningham paused long enough to give Mr. Tripp an affectionate slap on the knee. "Just acting on your tip did it. I've passed that advice on twenty times since, and where the man has the goods it always works. Long time before I figured it out. You see, New York's the city of success. The successful are the only people you ever see here. The others have disappeared long ago or they're living in hall bedrooms on Third Avenue while they wait for the fare back to the old home. If you don't look successful they figure right away that something's the matter with you. And you can't lay on the bluff too thick, provided you've got the goods to back you. They're used to miracles. The city of success ——" He stopped here, pulled out the chatelaine again and set the pencil in its socket. "That's a line. Do for the new correspondence schools. 'The City of Success'—eight-point blackface—Singer tower to the right, crowd pouring into it, at the bottom of the layout. 'The City of Success—How did they arrive?' No—want it snappier than that! Well, anyhow, the headline's good. 'City' catches the Hirams—those are the people we're after—and 'Success' catches everybody. Say, I'm full of ideas today ——" He broke off here. "I haven't given you much chance to talk, have I? Seems like I generate just so much talk in the course of twenty-four hours, and I have to get it off my system or give the doctors money! How goes it with you? I've heard of you a little. You've set up for yourself, like me. Staten Island real-estate proposition, wasn't it?"

Mr. Tripp had been looking and listening with all his eyes and ears. And the curious smile still lingered. There came into his expression a certain gravity as he replied:

"Yes. Going fine too!"

"That's right!" exclaimed Cunningham. "Of course. Had to be. Any one that sized up New York as you did is bound to get there with both feet. Say, I'll tell you what you do: My car's coming at four to take me up to Shoreham—didn't know I was married, did you? Yep! Went out and got her as soon as I saw New York was my oyster. Come along up—overnight."

"I'm sorry," replied Tripp; "but I'm going out of the city on business tonight."

"Well, some other time," breezed Cunningham. "Now that I've got you again, I want to hold on to you." With another of his quick motions he pulled out his watch—"Two-thirty!—Gee! The Peerless Pure Foods are waiting for me at the shop now. Goodby. Here's my card and address. Ring me up and come to lunch sometime. Take care of yourself. Whatever you're after, hang to it like a pup to a root!" He was gone, making a plaid streak up Fifth Avenue.

Mr. Tripp watched him disappear round the corner; and his own expression was mixed. Once he began to smile, but it was the same curious smile, with a dash of bitter. And at last he let his jaw drop, as in despair. Finally he turned, sat again at the feet of Admiral Farragut, and rested his body that he might give all his powers to the revolution then proceeding in his mind. "A hall bedroom in Third Avenue!" he repeated mentally. "How he struck it!"

His first consecutive and sustained thought was that this meeting had come just in the nick of time. "Bluff!"—"Front!"—he had lost them! New York, which absorbs

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A Woman Justice of the Peace

By MARION HAMILTON CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS



"I Have Even Gone on Horseback Through Heavy Snowstorms to Reach Some Lonely, Remote Cabin"

JUDGE Groesbeck, of Laramie, Wyoming, asked me: "Have you met Mrs. Garrett—Judge Garrett—first woman justice of the peace in the United States? Well, you must! Most remarkable woman in the county. Power in politics. She can do anything—cook a dinner, shoot a wolf, shoe a horse. You go out there and interview her—tell her I sent you, but don't tell her you're a tenderfoot. She'll show you how the pioneers and the ranchers live in this country—God's country, far from the effete East. Go and see how woman suffrage works out here—and don't put on any airs!"

The judge dictated a letter of introduction and I took the afternoon train. I went a "little way up the railroad"—fifty miles!—as per his instructions, got off at a coal-chute where all the transcontinental Union Pacific trains stop to feed engines; stayed overnight in a twenty-house, four-saloon town playing hopscotch over some square miles of plains; saw a dozen really, truly cowboys cavorting round; gulped long breaths of a whining wind that had come from mountains.

Next morning I took the buckboard—they called it a stage—that carries the United States mail, up three days and down three days a week to the heart of the Rockies.

It was early—seven o'clock—when we started across the plains—endless, tawny stretches, polka-dotted in sagebrush, an endless, wonderful blue-sky bowl inverted over them, fitting close except where the edges were nicked by the purple mountains north and south. I saw a wolf behind a sagebush. He walked away as we passed, looking amused and unconcerned. I saw hawks, circling above unsuspecting gophers surveying the landscape from their little doorways. A badger scampered across the road, his fat body flat in the dust. There were great bunches of cattle and horses everywhere and silly calves that got in the road and ran for their lives ahead of our horses, not knowing enough to step off to one side. Among the chalk bluffs, the driver said, "scads of antelope" were grazing. I kept a sharp eye for them, but saw none. In the afternoon the driver slept and dropped a rein. The horses galloped round in a circle till the boy waked, jumped over the wheel and caught a bridle, yelling "Whoa!" and some other things. Later we got in among the mountains and he stayed awake. He had to—or die.

There was no brake on the buckboard, and when we went downhill—as we seemed to be doing with blood-curdling frequency compared to the times we went up—on a road six inches wider than the wheeltracks, with a pile of rock on his side and a sheer drop on mine, he lashed the horses to a mad gallop with a blacksnake that stung their ears, and I looked straight ahead and held on with both hands and my toes wedged under the footrest. "I got to keep them horses ahead o' the buckboard," he drawled when I remonstrated at the end of the second hour, "'cos if the buckboard got goin' faster than the horses an' clum onter their backs they might git frightened an' run away."

I told him he was simply trying to frighten me because he thought I was a tenderfoot, but he'd made a mistake—I was as willing to die that way as he was. He replied with convincing sincerity: "It ain't no treat to me to frighten a lady. I drive a gol-darn sight worse'n this when I ain't got a passenger, and I ain't been killed yet—I ain't been throwed out more'n half a dozen times."

We came to a big bunch of sheep on the road and side hills. They scattered before the horses and left three dead lambs. The herder hailed us and said a coyote had just run through, killing for the fun of it. The man had a dying lamb in his arms. He said nobody could say it was his fault—he'd been walking round and round all the time—and asked for tobacco.

Toward evening we topped a ridge and there lay before us a long, long emerald strap—alfalfa and willows—bottled up with stark gray rocks, Laramie Peak looking down, his head circled in clouds that might shed snow on his brow by night. This was the ranch and its setting. We rattled up to the door of a low, long log cabin surrounded by sheds and corrals.

Mrs. Garrett knew me for a tenderfoot and was kind. She had to help me off the buckboard, to which I still desperately clung. She had to help me to the house, for the ground bobbed up and hit one foot, and sank a mile or more under the other. The house steps jumped when I went to put my foot on them. I apologized in a sickly way for my awkwardness and she laughed. She said she had come out on the stage often enough to know how I felt, and rushed off for a cup of tea.

Next day she said she thought I'd like sage chicken for supper, and we drove miles, with not a house to be

seen—just piled rocks and sagebrush. We saw a bunch of sage chickens strutting to water. She leaped over the wheel, pulled the shotgun from the back of the buggy and got two on the wing as they rose, one with each barrel.

Next day she was asked to go to a ranch twenty-five miles away to make a will for a dying woman, and she took me with her.

When we were about twelve miles from a house we saw two men in a carriage. They had guns and a tent.

"I believe those fellows have been hunting antelope," said the judge, who is also game warden, and followed them up. Their rig showed nothing suspicious, and she passed the time of day with them and drove on.

"Suppose they had had an antelope?" I asked. "What would you have done?"

"Arrested them, taken them back to the ranch and fined them for illegal shooting."

"But suppose they'd refused to go?" I suggested, remembering how big and burly and hard-faced they were, and armed with heavy-bore rifles, while we were two lone women miles from a house.

The judge merely looked at me in a meditative way. Being a tenderfoot, I repeated the question.



"His Side Was That Her Cooking Wasn't Fit to Eat"

"I can't suppose it," she said finally. "If I'd arrested them they'd surely have had to go along with me."

I knew when she spoke that, big and hard-looking as they were, armed to the teeth, too, they'd have followed her back that twelve miles and paid their fines if she'd said so. That was the woman I had crossed the plains to interview.

At noon we got to the ranch where the woman was dying. I did not go into the room where she lay, but heard through the open door her moan: "If you can't save me nobody can. You will, won't you? You've helped me through everything the last ten years—you'll help me through this—you won't let me die?"

The judge came out after a while, tears in her eyes. "I'd give my right hand to save her," she said. "It's the first time in the ten years I've known her that she's called on me for help and—I've failed her in her last hours."

The woman died in the evening after we left, and Mrs. Garrett's daughter, a girl of seventeen, rode over alone on horseback to lay out the body.

Such was the life I had come out to—life in the raw; humor and pathos, hard work, tragedy and sport; isolation and an immense, all-pervading friendliness; unlimited hospitality through the summer, and in the winter long months without the sight of a human being but the family, except such few men as could get through the snowdrifts on horseback. "I have seen times in the winter," Mrs. Garrett once told me, "when I'd give my best steer to sit down and talk with a woman for an afternoon."

A Solomon in Skirts

I HAD gone for three days. I stayed a month. I borrowed a tent and slept on a pile of alfalfa. The judge and I fished and hunted in the afternoons when her work was done, and we sometimes cooked over a campfire or ate late suppers of fried birds and gooseberry tarts. Many a time she turned to and after that made bread, which came out of the oven about three o'clock in the morning! I estimated that we rode and drove over three hundred miles, hardly ever seeing a house, and when I came away the prized memento of my trip was a game license, issued by the first woman justice of the peace in the United States to "the first woman tenderfoot" in her precinct, she flatteringly said, who "could shoot a bird and roast it over a campfire."

The first time I came to the point of my interview and asked her what it was like to be a woman justice of the peace, she answered: "Why, I don't know—I suppose it's about like anything else." She thought it strange that I should take so much interest in it, it was so entirely a matter of course to her. "Out here in Wyoming," she explained, "women voted before the territory became a state, and we think no more of it than we do of getting in a load of groceries for the winter—not half so much, sometimes, when we have to send a four-horse team seventy-five miles across the plains to Laramie to bring back a ton of stuff.

"Women are eligible for any political position in the state, even that of governor, so the fact that a minor position like that of justice of the peace is held by a woman does not excite the comment it probably would in the East, where you women do not have the power the vote gives to us, and do not have the same recognition our men give to us."

I suggested that conditions in Wyoming were very different—which she readily admitted, pointing out that the settled population is largely composed of ranchers, many of whom were pioneers in the early days. Even the homesteader is a pioneer in a way that the Eastern farmer is not; for the farmer buys his land outright, and then he may go or come, succeed or fail as happens; but the homesteader must make good on the lines the Government has laid down for him, or he cannot prove up on his hundred and sixty acres and get his title.

Unmarried women, widows, and women separated or divorced from their husbands have the same homestead rights as men; and many women have taken up claims, working their own hayfields, grubbing sagebrush, riding after their cattle and roping and branding them, and sharing men's lives in the open. Naturally they have shared men's political interests.

"Why shouldn't we?" asked the judge. "Why shouldn't a woman hold any office if she is fit for it and wants it? I have served four consecutive terms—eight years—and I enjoy it. It is a great study in human nature—I'd get the worth out of it if I didn't make a cent.

"My precinct covers about three hundred square miles and lies partly on the plains, partly among the mountains. There are comparatively few families in it, however, and they are widely scattered, as a large part of this land is not only uninhabited but uninhabitable. For miles and miles there is nothing but rocks and sagebrush and thin grass that the stock eats.

"Raising stock—cattle, sheep and horses—is the only industry carried on in my precinct; from which it follows that most of my cases have to do with cattle, and the next largest group with neighborly quarrels.

"One of my early cases was alleged cattle theft. Out in this country the cattle are all branded, the brands being registered at the courthouse in Laramie. This is the only way a man can tell his own cattle, for they feed on the public range until he is ready to sell them. But it is the custom, where you have gentle milch cows coming twice a day to the corrals to be milked, to let their calves run without branding until they are yearlings.

"Now one of my neighbors, a man named Flyter, who lived some few miles away, started with one ancient cow. At the fall round-up nine calves with his brand appeared—supposed offspring of his one cow.

"This set all the neighbors guessing and examining their own bunches of cattle to find out where Flyter had mavericked the calves.

"There was another ranchman, Ashley, who lived about twenty miles from Flyter, and was one of the large cattle owners. He concluded that six of the calves belonged to him. He had no evidence except the resemblance of the calves to six calfless cows that he knew had come in that spring; so the following season he set a trap for Flyter, and Flyter fell into it.

"Ashley had a beautiful Jersey milch cow that produced a fine heifer. On the inside of the calf's hindleg he made a slit and slipped a silver dime under the skin. He left the calf unbranded to run with its mother in his pasture. I saw the calf and mother in his barn myself, and he had several other witnesses.

"When the calf was about nine months old it disappeared, but turned up later running with its mother with Flyter's brand on its flank.

"When Ashley came to me about it I told him the best thing would be for him to put the calf and mother under lock and key, so that if Flyter took it we could get him on the charge of breaking and entering, and I would issue a warrant for his arrest.

"Ashley said he would do it, but was afraid. Flyter bore a rather bad reputation for being the desperate character of the community. Stories—I do not know how true—were told of his reckless gunplay. According to them he had shot several men, and killed one—in self-defense. Self-defense was his great standby, and he went everywhere with a big six-shooter bulging out of his belt. Ashley got to thinking it over and decided he'd rather lose the calf out of the pasture, if he had to, than have Flyter shoot up the ranch in 'self-defense' while he took the calf out of the barn. Ashley didn't tell me this till after he went to Flyter and asked him if he owned an all-red Jersey calf with a white star on its forehead.

"'Certainly I do,' said Flyter. 'She's my old Jersey cow's calf—born this spring—got my brand on her flank. Who claims her?'

"'Well, I do,' said Ashley, and I imagine he was quaking in his boots. 'You've branded one of mine by mistake, Mr. Flyter.'

"Flyter said he'd see about it and there was some conversation between them, but nothing heated, and Ashley rode off and came down to ask me what he'd better do next, since Flyter claimed the calf, but he—Ashley—could prove it his by the dime under the skin of its hindleg.

"Ashley was no sooner out of sight than Flyter jumped on his horse, a fast one, rode across country and through a trail in the hills, and had the calf out of the pasture before Ashley got home.

"When Ashley came back with this news I issued a warrant and had Flyter arrested, and the case came for trial at my house. There was no calf!

"The court was called to order and the defendant got up and asked for a change of venue—which I refused.

"He had with him a friend, Barrett, who was fighting Ashley all the time over other matters. As soon as I refused Flyter the change of venue, Barrett rose and said he had come to plead the case for his friend Flyter and see that he got justice in my court.

"I said: 'Mr. Barrett, Mr. Flyter and every one else will get justice in my court on the merits of the case without your help. You are prejudicing the case. If you speak again during the proceedings I shall hold you in contempt and fine you.'

"'All right, your Hon-ah,' he said with beautiful sarcasm, and sat down. I confess I was trembling a little with excitement.

"The plaintiff now rose and demanded the calf, claiming that it was a material witness. I therefore had to adjourn the hearing and send the constable out to Flyter's to bring in the calf. Flyter admitted he had taken it, but stoutly claimed it as the offspring of his antique cow. The constable hunted everywhere—the calf had disappeared, hide and hoof.

"At that time I owned a fine Hereford bull and a bunch of Hereford cows from which I had six fine bull calves, born that spring and still running with their mothers in my fenced pasture. I had contracted to sell these for fifty dollars apiece; they were to be raised for breeding purposes."

Working to Get Even

"A FEW days after the adjournment of Flyter's case, Flyter's son and a young cowpuncher, working for Flyter, roped my six bull calves in my pasture, changed them into steers and cut off all their tails. So I lost the sale of my young bulls. I kept them three years on the public range and sold them for beef at sixty dollars a head, and was rather better off than I should have been had I sold them as I originally intended.

"About a week after the tail-cutting prank a team of horses was shot in my pasture, one of them the most beautiful mare I owned.

"It was then that I fortunately discovered that in Wyoming law, as it then was interpreted, stealing a calf valued at fifteen dollars is grand larceny, stealing a coat valued at twenty dollars is petty larceny. This is on the theory that calves have no one to watch them, while coats supposedly have. I was thus able to send the case for trial to Laramie, the county-seat, on the charge of grand larceny, where it hung fire for several years. But I lost no more stock. Not long ago I learned that Flyter had butchered the calf, burned the hide and distributed veal among his neighbors on the day I sent the constable out.

"I have had a good many cattle cases since then, but none where gunplay was to be feared, and I am glad to say I have settled them all without any more bobtailed calves as the result.

"After I had snubbed Barrett in court he took every opportunity to work against me. He was a very peculiar and soured character. He had a housekeeper on his ranch, a woman whom none of the rest of us cared to have anything to do with.

"As it neared the time for my reëlection to a second term, Barrett and this woman drove about the precinct telling the voters that I had decided not to run for office or have anything more to do with politics, and he was putting up his housekeeper in my place.

"It takes some time for news of this sort to travel over the country, for the neighbors see each other so seldom. But the women were up in arms at the idea that this woman should run for office and that I was giving it up. I had nursed many of them through confinements, for we are seventy-five miles from a doctor and his visits cost from fifty to a hundred dollars. We women have to do for each other at such times, or in death or other troubles. But as soon as they heard I was to withdraw they sent or came from miles round, begging me to reconsider if only to keep out the other woman. This was the first I knew of my withdrawal or the opposition candidate.

"Barrett had his housekeeper nominated, and I ran against her and was elected by an overwhelming majority.

"After this he avoided me all he could, but it was not long before he had to bring a case before me himself. I could see by his manner, though he dared not openly say so, that he expected small justice at my hands, which made me the more anxious to settle the case impartially, though my sympathy was on the other side.

"He had a man working for him, Ed Mapleson, a big, powerful, willing fellow and splendid worker, but so ignorant he could not keep account of his wages even.

"Mapleson had a homestead claim some miles off, which his wife was holding down while he worked out; but he went home every Saturday to spend Sunday with her. On his way he passed the store and always got some groceries to last her for the coming week. These were charged to Barrett and paid for by him out of Mapleson's wages every month. The goods were delivered on a standing order made out and sent to the store by Barrett.

"One Saturday, Mapleson, knowing that his wife was ailing, took home a larger order than usual, including some delicacies. The bill amounted to $14.85—which he claimed was due him in wages.

"When he reached home he found his wife very sick and stayed with her. He worshiped the woman—she was all he had in the world.

"After a week had passed and Mapleson did not appear, Barrett sent for him. Mapleson refused to leave his wife and Barrett got angry. The ranch pupils had left and Barrett had no one to help him. He sent again, and when Mapleson still refused to return to work, Barrett sued him on the charge of obtaining groceries under false pretenses.

"When the case came up Mapleson told his story, crying over his poor little wife's sickness.

"'Did that man think I'd leave my sick Mamie to work for him or any other —— man?' he asked. 'I thought he owed me wages, and I think so still, but I can't reckon it up an' I ain't got no proof. Anyhow, I don't care if he didn't owe me a cent—I'd 'a' done it just the same an' I'd do it again sooner than see my Mamie starve. That's the truth! Now do what you want with me, an' when this case is over I'll take him out an' punch his head all over the ranch.'

"The tears were rolling down his cheeks, big, husky fellow that he was. I almost felt like crying myself, it was so pathetic.

"I said to Barrett: 'I really think this is only a mistake—he didn't know he was taking more than his wages would cover.'

"I asked the storekeeper, who was one of the witnesses, whether he did not have an order from Barrett to deliver groceries to Mapleson—he said yes; and I asked if the order had ever been countermanded—and he said no. I pointed out to Barrett that he should have stopped the order when he knew there were no wages due, and having failed to do so part of the responsibility lay on him, the rest on Mapleson's ignorance of figures.

"I asked Mapleson if he would be willing to pay Barrett. He stammered out: 'I'm willin' to pay—I'd be —— glad to pay him; but I ain't got a dollar. I ain't got a quarter even to my name; I ain't got a cent to buy medicine for Mamie.'

"I told him I thought I could help him if he would acknowledge judgment and costs, which he did."

Neighbors All

"THEN, turning to the witnesses, I said: 'We're all neighbors together and Ed's in hard luck; let's take up a collection.' I laid a bill on the table, and Barrett, who was feeling pretty well ashamed by this time and wishing himself at home, matched it; the nine witnesses made up the balance in a hurry.

"Poor Mapleson was so overcome he didn't know which way to turn—he'd expected six months in jail.

"'Now, Ed,' said I, 'shake hands with Mr. Barrett and show him that everything is pleasant and friendly between you before you leave the room'—which he did cordially. Barrett himself grasped my hand as he was leaving and said he was glad I had managed the case as I did, and that he valued my friendship more than that of any one in the county; and that was the end of all hard feelings between us.

"I have a good many petty larceny cases and cases where I have to issue writs of attachment to secure the payment of debts, but I find I can settle a large part of them out of court—at the dinner table. I like to do this wherever I can, because in a community where one has so few neighbors quarrels among them do not help anybody and often develop, as time goes on, into very ugly situations. Men drive up to the ranch sometimes knife mad at each other.

"On days when I have cases set I always cook an extra good dinner. Many of the men who come in on assault and larceny cases have been 'baching'—a Western word that means keeping bachelor's hall—and their meals are made up of just about what you might expect—soda biscuits, bacon, flapjacks fried in grease, potatoes and canned stuff, all of it pretty badly cooked. A good dinner of fresh meat and fresh garden vegetables—I have one of the best gardens in the county—makes a great difference in their feelings, besides giving me a chance to find out what spleen they show toward each other.

"I remember one time in particular, when I was so full of laugh I could hardly keep it in. I had both the men at the table, one beside me and the other opposite, and I'd say: 'Mr. Carr, will you please pass the potatoes to Mr. Bailey?' 'Sure!' 'Mr. Bailey, will you kindly pass the bread to Mr. Carr?' 'Why, certain!'

"They looked daggers at each other, but they had to be civil to me, and they were afraid of showing bad feelings and prejudicing their cases. By the time I cut the pie they were talking together as pleasantly as possible.

"It was one of the most interesting cases I have tried. Bailey had rented a ranch and bought some furniture of Carr—about eighty dollars' worth—which he promised to pay for on a certain date. When Carr went for the money Bailey put him off. Carr went back on the date set and was put off again. He went again, and when he was put off the third time he got mad and said: 'I'll get it out of you somehow, today—I ain't agoin' to be kep' ridin' acrost the plains after it all winter.'

"Bailey laughed and told him he couldn't 'get blood out of a stone,' and Carr replied by slapping his face.

"Seeing that Carr was furious, Bailey got frightened and ran to take refuge in the bunkhouse, whereupon Carr drew his gun and fired at him twice, one bullet entering the bunkhouse door close to Bailey.

"According to Bailey's version of the story, his two little children were playing in front of the bunkhouse when Carr fired. But Carr said that no children were anywhere about, and he brought two witnesses to prove that the children were up in the hills a mile away.

"I thought the case pretty serious. If men want to shoot each other, that's their lookout, but shooting round little children is a different matter; so I was prepared to give the heaviest sentence possible if what Bailey said was true. Carr also claimed that he had fired in the air to frighten Bailey, who he believed was running to the bunkhouse after a gun.

"One of Carr's witnesses was a boy named Alec Murray, and while we were all at the dinner table it came over me that I could get the truth out of him.

"I examined the witnesses separately, and when Murray was sworn in I asked him: 'Alec, do you fully understand the meaning of this oath you have just taken—that you are to tell me the truth and you have called God to be your witness?' I talked to him a while and read him from the statutes the punishment for perjury. 'Now,' said I, 'tell me, just as you would to your own mother, what happened.'

"He told the story straight, precisely as Bailey had told it, confessing before he was through that Carr had coached him, and afterward hired him to work on the ranch."

Mrs. Carr Puts Her Oar In

"MRS. CARR had come along with her husband. She was a huge German woman and had considerable property when Carr married her. She had ridden thirty miles on horseback to see him through, and she was in no condition to do it. I allowed her to sit beside me during the proceedings, though she had no part in the case.

"After Alec Murray had given his testimony I said to Carr: 'This is a pretty serious offense you're charged with, Mr. Carr. You have not only attempted a man's life, but you have risked the lives of two helpless children that your own witness says were playing close to the man you fired at.'

"Before I could say another word Mrs. Carr broke out at her husband: 'I hear enough aboudt you! Vat you do dot for, you *verdammt* fool? Vat you shoodt dot liddle veak-kneed critter for venn he runs avay from you? You vas big enough to knock him all to liddle bits mit your fists, an' you orter done it mit him. But you go und shoodt mit a gun like you vas afidt off dot scoot! Ugh! I am ashampt off you—I am ashampt I be vife to a man vat can't use his fists, but got to fire off guns by liddle children playin' by bunkhouses! Ugh! Vat are ve comin' to in der community?'

"Carr looked as though he'd like to sink through the floor. He hadn't been prepared for this sort of attack from his wife; for, of course, he'd told her only his version of the story.

"Before I could speak she turned to me, and all in a breath she cried: 'Mrs. Garrett, I vant you to fine him goot und hardt—so he gets a lesson he don't forget aboudt shoodting venn he could use his fists for it. Und I pay you der fine myself. I write you check right off now—how much is it?'

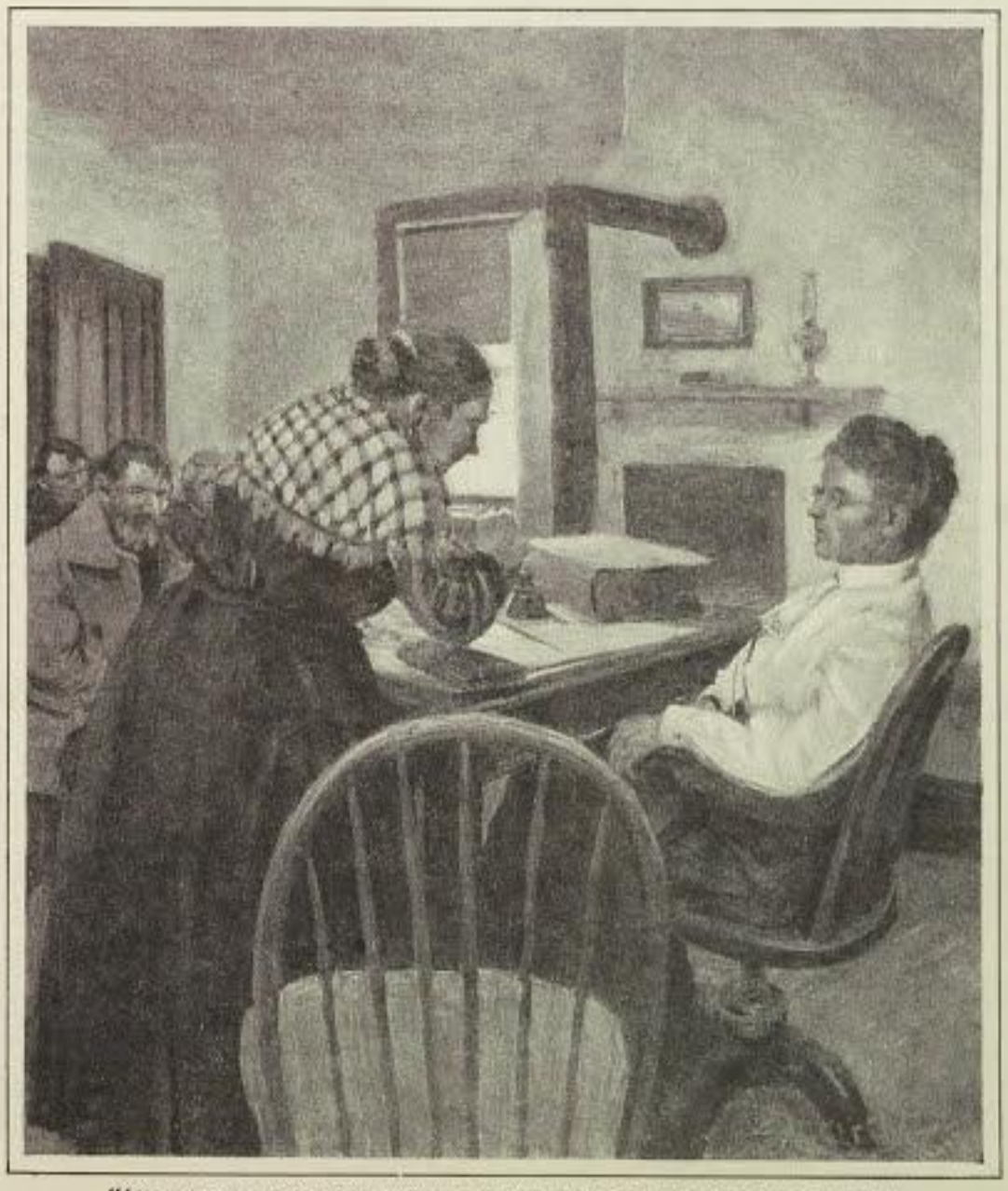
"So I fined him and she paid, thanking me with tears in her eyes for the 'good lesson' I had given her man; and she invited me to come down to her place and spend a week hunting deer and bring my friends and have 'von grand time.'

"I once put my good-dinner-first theory to a very practical test in a legal separation case. A young couple, living about twenty miles off, drove over to consult me about the steps they must take in getting papers, for they had decided, so they said, to go their separate ways, she keeping the baby.

"They arrived late in the forenoon as I was about to get dinner, so I sent the man out to do some chores about the corrals and attend to his team and had the woman help me with dinner. This gave me a chance to hear her side. Her man, she explained, was gadding about and staying on other ranches—wasn't providing right for her and the baby—wouldn't chop wood or pack water—so there was no use trying to stay with him any more—not a bit—they must part; and she cried at the thought of leaving him and said she'd 'love him through everything,' even if he left her.

"I left her peeling potatoes and went out to talk with him. His side was that her cooking

(Concluded on Page 48)



"'Mrs. Garrett, I Vant You to Fine Him Goot and Hardt—So He Gets a Lesson'"

EXTRAORDINARY CASES

The Hidden Tenant—By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

If the law has made you a witness, remain a man of Science; you have no victim to avenge, no guilty or innocent person to ruin or save. You must bear testimony within the limits of Science.—BROUARDEL.

WHETHER we believe man is a spirit or a fungus, that manifestation of him which we call his consciousness is a profound mystery.

The realm of the mind is of all countries the least known and the least explored. What takes place in this dark region shut in on every side from human inquiry can at best be only a matter of conjecture. It is as though every man sat in an inclosed and darkened cell, able to communicate with his neighbor only by a system of involved and intricate signals.

No idea of the sequestered tenant can be obtained except by the interpretation of these signals. All other methods, whether proposed by the charlatan or the professor of psychology, that pretend to disclose what the tenant in his cell is doing are mere fancies of the family of witchcraft.

With pains, with unending care and with prodigious labor men have endeavored to arrive at a correct interpretation of these signals, and all those who urge fanciful short cuts have their shoulders against the structure of human knowledge.

It is important to carry this in the mind when one comes to consider insanity as related to the question of the administration of the criminal law. It has never been the policy of any civilized country to punish those who are irresponsible, and the primary question always has been to determine whether a person was mentally responsible or not. Now here, as in all questions of right and wrong, proper and improper, and the like, the law must run some arbitrary dividing line. The early English courts undertook to run that line. If one examine the expressions of these judges he will be struck by the sound common sense of them.

Lord Mansfield said in Bellingham's case that the question was the ability of the prisoner to judge between the right and the wrong. Lord Lyndhurst said: "Did the prisoner know it was an offense against the laws of God and nature?" Lord Brougham said that if the perpetrator knew what he was doing, if he had taken the precaution to accomplish his purpose, if he knew at the time of doing the desperate act that it was forbidden by law, that was his test of sanity. He cared not what judge gave another test, he should go to his grave in the belief that his was the real sound and conservative test.

Legal Standards of Sanity

WHEN questions of uncontrollable impulses and curious and dangerous fancies begin to be set up for defenses the great English judges met them with firmness and equanimity.

Baron Anderson said in the case of Reg. vs. Pate: "The law does not acknowledge the doctrine of an uncontrollable impulse if the person was aware that it was a wrong act he was about to commit."

And Lord Onslow said in Arnold's case:

"It is not every kind of frantic humor or something unaccountable in a man's actions that points him out to be a madman as is exempted from punishment; it must be a man who is totally deprived of his understanding and memory and doth not know what he is doing any more than an infant, a brute or a wild beast."

And, finally, when the House of Lords inquired of the English judges upon the question of mental unsoundness as a defense to crime in McNaughten's case, Chief Justice Tindal said:

"To establish a defense on the ground of insanity it must be clearly proven that at the time of the committing of the act the party accused was laboring under such a defective reason from disease of the mind as not to know the nature and quality of the act he was committing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know that he was doing what was wrong."

This rule, shortly after its publication in 1843, was adopted by Chief Justice Hornblower, in New Jersey, in the case of the State vs. Spence, and has remained, as a later judge has said, so imbedded in the administration of the criminal law as to be no longer subject to challenge.

But the defense of insanity has developed. There is hardly a desperate criminal case in which it is not in some degree indicated. It is the safeguard of the peculiar and the degenerate, and under such vague terms as paranœa, and the like, all the landmarks of the English judges have been removed and the courts have entered a country of confusion. It ought to be pointed out that such omnibus terms may mean any kind of peculiarity and under them anything may be set up as a defense to a crime, from the fact that one fingers one's waistcoat to the fact that one cannot remember the dog's name.

Eskridge, in what is perhaps the best textbook on legal medicine recently produced in this country, has pointed out how vague and dangerous these terms are. Mark this statement:

"It [paranœa] really conveys no special meaning of itself when applied to any particular form of insanity. It is not more definite when employed to designate a certain chronic mental derangement than the words in common parlance 'cranky' and 'crack.' . . . It is rather difficult to understand why it has come into so general use."

How few sane persons there are under the definition of such a term as this! Socrates and St. Paul, Napoleon and Goethe and Doctor Johnson were all insane. Lincoln was insane, for he is said to have had a number of delusions. Descartes, Luther, Wesley and Knox would have come within the classification, while Mohammed, Joan of Arc and Emanuel Swedenborg were actually paranoics.



A Sailor Feigning Madness Persisted in Attempts to Cast Himself into the Sea

The administration of the law cannot be maintained against a mere mass of peculiarities. It must return to the sound doctrine laid down by the English judges. It may be that in some cases this will work hardship, but the law is a human device, the line must be run somewhere, and it cannot be better drawn than it was by Judge Tindal in the McNaughten inquiry. The reason is that there are no tests that can be safely applied except in what are well-defined cases of insanity.

The great serious medical authorities have said:

"The symptoms that prove the impairment or destruction of the mental integrity of the individual are the only positive evidences of insanity."

It is this destruction of the mental integrity of the individual that is to be ascertained. The symptoms that indicate this destruction have been studied and grouped so that today all forms of real insanity, such as in fact destroy the mental integrity of the individual, are definitely known and their symptoms definitely known, so that it is impossible for any man successfully to pretend any well-established form of insanity.

This may appear to be a sweeping statement. But no reputable alienist can be found who is prepared to deny it.

No doubt to the ordinary criminal it seems comparatively easy in a desperate position to feign madness. How can any one say whether or not he is insane? But, unfortunately for him, as long as the courts insist that only established and well-known forms of insanity shall be received as defenses the criminal is merely wasting his time, for no man has the ability or the intelligence to present the symptoms of any established form of insanity unless he is really insane. Gorget said that no person who had not made the insane a subject of study could simulate madness so as to deceive a physician well acquainted with that form of the disease. Connolly said that he could hardly imagine a case that would be proof against an efficient system of observation; and Haslam declared: "To sustain the character of a paroxysm of active insanity would require a continuity of exertion beyond the powers of any sane man."

The difficulty in most of the cases is that the physician called in to examine the prisoner is not himself sufficiently acquainted with the symptoms of the determined forms of insanity. It is the uncertainty of the incompetent expert that proves the criminal's greatest safeguard.

William Barr, a native of Ireland, by occupation a peddler, was convicted of robbery in the Court of Sessions in the city of New York on December 16, 1870, and sentenced to prison for ten years. On the first day of February, 1877, Barr, while at work clearing snow from the sidewalk on the street in front of the prison, refused to obey the keeper and killed him with a shovel.

Mistakes of Those Who Feign Insanity

WHEN he was removed to the county jail he began to act in a foolish manner, made incoherent replies to questions and mumbled about spirits and devils. He pretended a complete loss of memory respecting himself and the most recent events, and shouted and whistled. This man had once been confined in the asylum and there was no lack of persons who believed that he was insane.

The experts who examined him did not convince these persons; they pointed out that the man was clearly an impostor and one of them said of this case:

"If we take the prominent features of a given case of real lunacy and group them together the result is a consistent whole which can be classified in some one of the recognized forms, and to imitate which with any degree of success, even for a short time, would require the dramatic powers of an accomplished actor, and then the physical symptoms would still be wanting. On the other hand, the feigner, as a rule, to which Barr's case is not exceptional, having no conception of the order or sequence of the symptoms, or of the forms of the disease he is trying to simulate, presents but a medley of inconsistencies, which almost invariably leads to his detection. He merely supposes that a lunatic is one who has, to use a common phrase, 'lost his mind,' hence he tries to show that his own mind is gone by conducting himself in the most absurd manner. He pretends not to know the simplest facts about himself, such as his age, nativity or civil state; fails to recognize his nearest and familiar acquaintances; says he cannot count or tell the day of the week, and frequently reverts to the subject of his pretended delusions or hallucinations; he avails himself of every opportunity to attract attention, and his symptoms seldom fail to assume an unusual degree of activity whenever he is conscious of being observed. Unlike the genuine lunatic, he tells you that he is insane, or 'out of his head,' and is not offended at being 'accused of lunacy.'

"The real lunatic, when you accost him, will summon his wits together, brighten up, and for the time seem less insane than he really is. The impostor, on the contrary, dismisses his wits altogether, and is more absolutely and abjectly insane when you speak to him than at any other time." (Vol. 35, American Journal of Insanity.)

Nevertheless, Barr constantly maintained his pretense of insanity, and but for the fact that a note which he endeavored to pass to a prisoner in a neighboring cell fell into the hands of his jailer persons about him might have continued to believe him insane. This note ran: "Friend Thorp, I have got a hard time of it; they have tried to hang me, but they are not smart. I am obliged for a cigar. Barr."

Barr was, in fact, as the experts pointed out, not only perfectly sane but he was a courageous criminal. He said



He Made Two Careful, Desperate Efforts to Escape

to Thorp, who was under sentence to be hanged for murder: "You will soon know whether I am to join your band or not"; and after he was convicted and the Deputy Warden asked him why he had refused to recognize him in the courtroom, he said: "Well, Captain, I wasn't recognizing anybody."

He afterward hanged himself from the crossbar of his cell door, but before that he made two careful, desperate efforts to escape by cutting the iron bars of his cell door. In one of his attempts he succeeded in removing an entire section of the door and to do this he had to saw through four iron bars, each two inches wide by one-half inch thick, and the only implement with which he effected this tremendous work was a small shoe-knife with irregular edge. In the second attempt he made a half-inch cut in one of the bars with a wire that he had removed from the rim of his soup-basin and he readjusted the tin so cleverly that the guard did not discover that the wire had been removed. (Ibid.)

Sometimes the criminal, in his selection of a form of insanity, feigns a mental disorder for which the remedy is heroic. Jean Gerard, a prisoner at Lyons, immediately after his arrest ceased to speak altogether. He lay nearly motionless and his hearing seemed to be defective. The physicians who were directed to examine him concluded that if this were actually what it appeared to be, a paralysis of the nerves of the tongue and ear, a cautery applied to the soles of the feet would be a probable remedy. As the remedy did not meet with success the physicians applied the cautery to the back of the neck. For two days this criminal bore the torture of the cautery, but on the third day he gave up, admitting that he was an impostor.

There is also the common impression that persons who take their own lives are always insane. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Suicide seems often to be the result of the soundest mental process. Men who are perfectly sane, moved by a motive to defraud, have often committed suicide after the most careful consideration of all the aspects of the situation, and, as is usual with all criminals, they generally undertake to make things so sure that their sanity is thereby demonstrated.

How Malingering is Detected

SUCH was the result in the case of Ritter vs. Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York (70 Fed. 954). It was here that the decedent, who carried a large insurance on his life, shot himself under circumstances that he hoped would indicate his insanity; but unfortunately it developed that just before he took his life he wrote an exact business letter to his executor named in his will, giving a particular account of his liabilities and a list of his insurance policies, and directing how the insurance should be applied. The letter was written so close to the time of the act, it was so exact, accurate and businesslike, that no one could doubt but that the man was sane.

Those who have feigned insanity have usually been no more successful than King David when he scribbled on the wall, or the Greek tragic poet who declaimed in the marketplace, or Ulysses when he yoked an ox and a horse together and plowed the seashore. He was the shrewdest of the Greeks, this Ulysses "of many wiles," but he was not shrewd enough to act out successfully the part of a madman, for when one set the infant Telemachus in the way of the plow he turned out of the furrow.

Fodere had a case of which he was in doubt, and in the presence of the person he informed the keeper that if the patient were not better on the following day he would apply a red-hot iron between the shoulders. Fodere reports that on the following day the case was better.

In another case a sailor feigning madness persisted in attempts to cast himself into the sea; finally he was permitted to do so, whereupon he swam for his life and called loudly for help.

Pitres cites a case where a man whose business it was to take the part of an anesthetic subject in a show and who night after night gave exhibitions of being able to endure the pricks of pins and needles without showing the slightest manifestation of pain, nevertheless when he undertook to simulate anesthesia for another purpose he was at once discovered by Pitres to be feigning.

Tamassia unmasked the feigning of subjects by the trick of mentioning in their hearing certain symptoms that ought to appear and that they usually managed subsequently to develop. Honig, observing simulators who showed no evidence of pain at the prick of the needle when they knew the test was to be applied, discovered that if they were suddenly, without any intimation, deeply pricked they would give some evidence of the pain; and Field had a patient who gave no sign of sensitiveness when sprinkled with cold water when the water was applied by some one standing in front of the patient, but when the cold water was sprinkled upon him unexpectedly from behind he winced.

But it is not usually by such tricks that the criminal agent feigning insanity as a defense is to be detected. It is not infrequently more successful to investigate the case after the manner of an intelligent cross-examination in court. It was by this method that the experts detected the simulation of John Gaffney.

Splitting Off Personalities

ON THE seventh of May, 1872, in a quarrel over cards, John Gaffney shot and killed Patrick Fahey. The prisoner pretended insanity. He received visitors with a volley of oaths and abuse, did not recognize any one, kept up a steady flow of incoherencies, talked about matters entirely irrelevant to topics introduced. He constantly complained that some one was poking him in the head with a pole through the bars of his cell. He had a wild stare, the eyes widely open and seldom fixed upon anything.

Local physicians examined him; some of them said he was insane, others frankly admitted that they could not determine. The governor of New York ordered the man to be examined by two experts of the State Lunatic Asylum.

These experts observed that Gaffney's utterances consisted of a lingo or jargon of words without relation or meaning, which he repeated with the deviation of scarcely a word. This formula he uttered sometimes in a low, mumbling voice and again in tones loud and monotonous. It is significant that these experts did not endeavor to resort to any trick. Their method was to press Gaffney rapidly with a volley of questions. It was nearly two hours before they were able to break in upon his jargon, but finally he forgot himself and answered; immediately, however, he tried to retrieve the error by shouting his formula in a louder tone. The experts then told him that he was caught and that instead of acting his part well he was in fact a miserable bungler, whereupon he suddenly ceased his jargon and attempted to strike one of them.

Gaffney was convicted of murder and hanged on February 14, 1873. One of the experts called upon him after the verdict and he said: "Well, Doctor, I hope you don't blame me for trying to save myself." (American Journal of Insanity, Vol. 35, 534.)

It may be valuable to remember that the authorities on the subject of mental diseases point out that feigned insanity is always attended by some motive and that it usually arises suddenly, while in fact the forms of insanity most frequently feigned develop slowly. The impostor is sure to overact, to omit symptoms that should be indicated and to feign others not to be found in the form of insanity that he is endeavoring to imitate. He will make his symptoms obtrusive when he is being examined, he will give the wildest and most incoherent answers that he can to questions, as Barr did when he replied that he did not know his own name, or the country in which he was born, or his mother's name, and constantly answered: "The devil is all the time talking to me." And as the impostor did in the case reported by Morel, who when asked his age replied: "Two hundred and forty-five sovereigns; thirty-five centimes." Now the fact is that the really insane in their replies to a question usually answer something that in a vague way at least is responsive; as though the enfeebled mind made an effort to perform its proper functions.

The impostor usually grows worse when visitors are present, and requires to be held on the bed; but if he is not held on he seldom falls off and injures himself. He will find himself unable to meet the numerous accurate physical tests that an expert alienist will apply for the purpose of determining whether or not he is really insane.

If the courts of this country, following the early English judges, would refuse to entertain any other than the established and known forms of insanity as a defense to crime, there would be little difficulty in the trial of such cases. But when the gate is opened to a mass of eccentricities, peculiarities, and the like, there is needless confusion.

The English courts do not favor such omnibus defenses. It is believed that no English court has ever yet recognized the term "paranœa" that is so common in criminal trials in this country, and even the French courts have very clearly distinguished between mania and what they consider mere peculiarities or eccentricities.

In 1861, when a Portuguese died in Paris, leaving a will with seventy-one codicils, one of which was, "I leave for the Atheneum of Paris 10,000 francs and one-half interest shall be paid to a professor of natural history, who shall lecture on the colors and patterns of dresses and on the character of animals," and directing that his funeral should take place at three P. M., because it was "the hour at which the rooks of the Louvre come home to dinner," the court merely said that these were the absurdities of a vain man. (Ibid.)

But the courts in this country are not exclusively to blame for this confusion on the subject of mental diseases. There exist in the medical fraternity certain writers who claim that a human identity may be dissociated or broken up into various sub-identities, and that thereby one may become an entirely different individual, so that acts accomplished under the domination of one personality are not known to or are refuted by this same person when dominated by another personality. And one finds a professor of psychology in a leading university gravely accepting such a theory and speaking of "splitting off personalities."

One can see the end of the administration of justice in a criminal tribunal if such theories were ever to be taken seriously.

The fact is that the persistence and unity of nothing in this world is so certain as that of a human identity. Now it does not matter whether we consider consciousness to be in some fashion a product of the physical organism, or whether we consider the physical organism to be merely a transmitting machine for the purpose of permitting consciousness to manifest itself in a material world, as a pane of glass permits light to enter a dark room, or whether we believe that a Psyche dwells in the machine. Wherever we may stand among these theories, it is certain that all mental disorders are the result of some derangement of the physical machine, and that no disarrangement indicates a new consciousness or a different consciousness, but merely the same consciousness defectively manifesting itself.

Thus when a wagon loses a wheel we do not have "dissociated" wagons, but the same wagon wabbling as it moves. Nor when a dog loses a leg do we thereby "split off" a new dog; we have only the same dog limping. Thus when we are led to criticise the law courts for the absurdities that creep into criminal defenses we should remember that the courts must not only supply common sense to meet the quack and the empiric, but also to meet the absurdities of the pseudo-authority on mental disorders.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a new series of papers by Mr. Post. The fifth will be printed in an early issue.

Owning the World

THE late Joseph Pulitzer, owner of the New York World, was at a dinner one night where a lady—one of the guests—was telling of her acquaintance with some of the editors of the World.

"The fact is," she said, "I can get anything I want printed in the World.'

Mr. Pulitzer rose in his place and made the lady a low bow.

"Madam," he said, "I congratulate you. I cannot get anything I want printed there."



Just Before He Took His Life He Wrote an Exact Business Letter Directing How the Insurance Should be Applied

THE CROOKED DEAL

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

OLE RELIABLE STARTS THE EXCURSION TO AFRICA

THE Trojan floated her sailing signal at the dock. Thin smoke curled upward from her funnels. Seamen laced her loins with many a ring and eyelet; deckboys rubbed her windows and polished her brasses. Electricians, mechanics, cooks, and quick-stepping lads in white jackets hurried through hidden passages within. Black-faced men in her grimy depths toiled at her boilers and bunkers, heedless of what went on above, like coral insects that build beneath the waves. Officers ran their eyes along spar and rigging, tested every lifeboat and davit—grooming their racer for the long, long track. Alertly still she lay, keel and wheel, breathing from the bottom of her lungs, holding her steely muscles in leash; calm without, but trembling through every nerve and fiber like a thoroughbred at the starter's post.

In contrast with her crew's discipline, masses of unorganized, undirected people surged back and forth across her deck and dock. Like breakers they ebbed and flowed, congested in the corners and rushed out again. A mingled stream of comers and goers jostled on her gangplank—restless, excited people who spoke all tongues and wore all garbs. Some for the first time launched their adventures upon the deep; others, drawn by the lure of intangible horizons, longed for strange lands and craved the salt-sea odor in their nostrils.

Through that motley throng upon the dock came a ruddy-faced man, with a broad white Panama covering his gray hair, and a linen suit that flapped like sailcloth around his sturdy legs—Colonel Beverley Spottiswoode, cotton planter, of Vicksburg, Mississippi.

Beside him walked two top-hatted Englishmen, men of affairs in the tight little island.

At the head of the gangplank the Colonel turned. "Zack!" he called. "Where's Zack?"

"Comin', suh."

A middle-aged negro, built on the economical plan, tore himself through the crowd as if he were getting through a wire fence, an orange in one hand and a yellow suitcase in the other. New store-bought clothes hung on him in corrugations; a new flaming red necktie rode the back of his neck. He took out a new handkerchief, removed a new hat and mopped the same old bald territory underneath.

"Cunnel, I never stopped a minute—jes got dis orange—whole drayload of trunks had me blocked off. Reckon dey don't know who I is! I'm gwine over to larn dem niggers in Africky."

"Get aboard, Zack—unless you want to swim."

Both Englishmen deferentially indicated the gangplank and stood aside for the Colonel to descend. After them came Zack, followed by a couple of side-whiskered servants with the hand-luggage.



"Nuthin', Nuthin' 'Cept Water. Dis is a Mighty Good Place fer Baptistz"

"May I venture to suggest, Colonel, that we inspect your cabin at once? Lord Meadowcroft instructed us to see that you were made comfortable."

The Anglo-American coalition inspected in force. The cabin was more than comfortable; it was luxurious. The Englishmen dissected it in detail—even to seeing that the magazines were the very latest.

"We hope you like your cabin, sir."

The Southerner glanced around him—sleeping room, sitting room, bath, and quarters for Zack. "I don't need all this. This is no wedding trip."

"Lord Meadowcroft's instructions, sir. Our Government is your debtor, sir." And the Englishmen bowed.

"His lordship hopes, sir ——" The older Englishman indicated a stack of books, pamphlets and official reports, piled upon the table. "His lordship would be pleased, sir, if you would examine these reports on our cotton-planting experiments in Nigeria, Uganda and the Sudan. Then, sir, you might advise our honorable board of governors more intelligently on the affairs of our new syndicate in the Sudan."

The Englishman stepped back while Colonel Spottiswoode ran through these documents. "I've read most of these. Your trouble seems to be lack of water, and trifling labor. I never saw an irrigated cottonfield—we have too much water; overflow, you know; levees break—and nobody can understand a labor problem until he gets on the ground. That's why you long-distance planters go broke."

"Yes, sir," agreed the Englishmen; "our honorable board of governors are a jolly good bit away from their plantations; but you will set all that to rights, sir."

Zack stood in the middle of the sitting room, holding his gripsack and pasting down the edges of a hotel label. "Huh!" he muttered. "Dat Irish feller didn't want to paste no tag on my gripsack—huh!"

"Zack," remarked the Colonel, "there's your room; walk in and hang up your hat."

At first, Zack only peered into the servant's quarters; then, like a pet 'coon, he began to projick with its glittering appliances. "Dis sholy is one curious washbowl—got hinges, an' er spout like er pitcher. Seliny ain't never gwine to believe dis."

"Here, Zack," the Colonel called; "let's go up on the guards and see her shove off."

On deck again, his English friends plied him with mature and deliberate suggestions to promote the growth of cotton under the British flag, while Colonel Spottiswoode curiously watched the arrival of belated passengers. A tall young man, dressed in the extreme fashion, halted at the upper end of the gangplank. Two servants carried his small bags, while another held in his arms a bored-looking bulldog with spike-studded collar. The young man paid attention to nothing but the dog. His man inquired:

"Shall I put your luggage aboard, sir?"

"No; beastly nuisance!"—he addressed the dog. "Jack, old fellow, do you want to go? I leave it to you."

The dog seemed more satiated than the master, with no hopes for a novelty on either side of the Atlantic.

"Warren," asked the young man, "is it going to rain?"

"I think so, sir."

"Put the luggage aboard," Mr. J. Blair Eaton ordered wearily. With languid indifference he and his dog descended the gangplank. Behind Mr. Eaton stepped Joe Sloan, the gambler. While Eaton hesitated whether to go or stay, this man never removed his shifty eyes from him. Joe Sloan's nose wasn't straight with his face and Joe wasn't straight with anything. Nature never put such a crooked sign on straight goods. Mr. J. Blair Eaton didn't believe in signs.

At the lower end of the gangplank waited a burly man with a blue cap and hand-satchel. "You're late, Joe," he growled. "I thought your fellow had flew the coop. I was fixing to get off this boat."

"Yes, Cap; he changed his mind forty times in twenty minutes—slippery fish, but mighty good when you catch him."

"Well," whispered the big man, "cabin's all ready; cigars and liquor—brands that he likes. We've got to make a killing." Cap Wright strolled off while Joe leaned casually against the rail. In passing back, Cap nudged his partner. "Look who's here!" pointing to Colonel Spottiswoode and the Englishmen.



"Changed a Heap, But I'd Know Him"

Joe slanted his crooked nose in that direction.

"Well, who is it?" he asked.

"Who? Why, don't you know Prince Jim?"

"Prince Jim!" Joe Sloan almost exclaimed aloud; the younger gambler gazed admiringly upon a man of whom he had long heard as the acknowledged king of their craft—who had enriched their traditions with monuments of skill and daring.

"Don't he put up a stiff front!" whispered Cap. "'Tain't no other man in the business would be smooth enough to bring them respectable-looking blokes to the steamer and stand them up before everybody. Them's his letter of credit. There's good picking on this ship; Prince Jim ain't no tin-horn piker."

Reflecting upon Prince Jim's exploits, Cap's reminiscence mill went to work: "Well, well! I ain't seen him for twenty years. Once in a while we'd get word of him working the P. & O. steamers out of Sydney to Ceylon. He's changed a heap, but I'd know him: linen clothes, Panama hat, southern planter style—that's Prince Jim."

Zack did not mean to get separated from the Colonel, but those people were doing so many interesting things it was like watching a parade. He just naturally drifted along deck and got caught in a jam at the foot of the gangplank. People shoved him backward until a timid voice spoke at his elbow: "I beg your pardon, sir, but I am in your way." Miss Stanton wriggled around until she saw his black face, then she laughed.

"Oh! it's you, Uncle."

Zack beamed. "Yas'm, it's me; how come you know 'twuz me?"

The young girl laughed again. "I heard that gentleman speak to you—the one in the linen suit; both of you are from the South, aren't you?"

"Sho is. We's from Vicksburg, Mis'sippi. You cum frum down yonder too—I knowed dat de fust minute you spoke 'Uncle.'"

Doris Stanton only nodded: "Aren't these people rough? I'm afraid they'll break my violin."

Zack saw that she was hugging a violin case, so he reached out a lean arm and braced himself against the rail. "Stand still, missy; dey ain't gwine to shove you no mo'."

"Thank you, Uncle."

"'Tain't nothin' 'tall, missy, an' not much o' dat. Is you gwine on dis scusion?"

"Yes; I am going on the excursion, Uncle—what is your name?"

"Zack Foster, miss; but everybody, white an' black, calls me 'Ole Reliable.'"

Miss Stanton giggled, which opened Zack's confidences. "Yas'm; all dem big-bug white folks, up and down Cherry Street, dey knows me reel good; and 'tain't nary one of 'em but what gives Ole Reliable a mighty good name. You know, missy ——"

"Hush!" she said. "Look!"—pointing to the dock.

Last night Miss Stanton had heard a wonderful Italian woman singing her farewell to America amid a glitter of lights, a deluge of flowers and an audience that cheered like mad. How the girl's heart beat! Now she maintained her position at the gangplank to watch this famous singer come aboard the Trojan.

Others were waiting. The dock bristled with leveled cameras like cannon from a fortress. Dozens of reporters stood with notebooks ready: the world hungered to hear what this woman wore, how she talked and walked, what colored ribbons were on her dog. Was Castelleone really her husband, or was she going to marry Reifenstein?—everything—anything.

"Look, Uncle Zack!" Miss Stanton gasped as men began to clear a passage for the diva. She was going to see



The World Hungered to Hear What This Woman Wore, How She Talked and Walked

her off the stage. The second officer waved his hand for people to stand aside. A retinue of menservants stumbled along beneath their boxes, bags and bundles, which had been forgotten until the last moment. Others came with armfuls of flowers; gorgeous roses dropped their petals and made a path for the singer's feet.

A shrill-voiced duenna gave orders to the maids; Count di Castelleone held aloft a haystack of American Beauties, marching in the van of her ladyship's escort. Signorina Aurora bowed herself along between a swarthy young Italian, with her pet dog, and a blonde German who bore her parrot in a cage. Click! click! click! went the cameras. Aurora smiled and bowed so that the American newspapers might print pretty pictures of her pretty self. Miss Stanton clapped her hands and joined in the general cheer.

When Castelleone put his foot upon the deck he turned to make some gallant remark to the signorina; but he did not dare. She was tired of his following her from Italy all over America—and he knew it.

"Look, Cap," said Joe Sloan; "I saw those three fellows rollin' 'em mighty high in Washington. Maybe the Prince is after them."

"Hope so; then he'll let us alone."

The great singer being safely aboard, an officer gave the order: "All ashore!" Miss Stanton watched the tearful, laughing, hysterical goodbys; husbands were separating from wives, parents from children, friends from friends—with farewell gifts of roses, boxes of candy, bundles of magazines. She glanced at the crowded dock. "There's nobody here to tell me goodby; nobody cares!" A stream of people poured back to the dock; a late passenger tumbled over them to get aboard. Chains rattled, ropes creaked—the vessel began to move—a thousand handkerchiefs went fluttering. Everybody was waving to somebody.

For a moment her eyes blurred. "Doris Stanton, you're a fool; you're going to cry!" She gulped in her throat and lifted her head defiantly.

The ship began to tremble and groan. The hazy smoke from her funnels changed to dense black. A widening crevasse yawned between deck and dock. The jagged skyline of New York became visible—a vague and spectral city against a vague and spectral sky. Miss Stanton wormed her small self away from the rail, got clear and fled with the violin. On the way to her modest cabin she passed an open door; the odor of flowers stopped her. She paused and stared inside—a wilderness of roses, masses of carnations, beds of violets—a profusion of orchids, silk hangings, silver trappings. The singer's maids were setting things to rights.

"I don't care; I don't care—I'm happy!" she insisted, then rushed into her own room and snatched a shriveled bouquet from the basin. These were not the kind of flowers that florists bind with purple ribbons, but the kind that come from country gardens tied up by country girls. Doris remembered every bush and knew where every blossom had grown. She darted to the right-hand deck, which was almost deserted, hastily picked her flowers to pieces and began scattering petals on the water. One by one they fluttered down and her dim eyes followed them drifting past.

"Dat's jes fer luck, ain't it, missy?" Zack's sympathetic face looked very homey. He understood.

"Yes, and for pluck too—we all need pluck."

"Dat's jes what Seliny keeps a sayin' to me. She argufies dat I sets too much sto' on luck. But, Lordy! missy, when I gits in hard luck it mought rain twenty-dollar golepieces an' ketch me wid boxin' gloves on."

Miss Stanton laughed merrily; Zack responded to the encore.

"Ole man Aaron he prophesy to me one time: 'Zack, ef luck's agin yer, you might jes as well lie down flat er yo' back an' say: "Here I is, Luck; what yer gwine do wid me?"'"

Miss Stanton flung the last of her bouquet overboard and straightened up: "Now! I'm all right again!"

"Yas'm! It warn't nothin' but luck when I seen you comin' round here wid dem flowers, an' sumpin' sez to me: 'Missy is feelin' po'ly; Zack, you go an' talk to li'l missy; she ain't likin' it much 'bout gwine so fer away.'"

Miss Stanton listened gladly and made a fatal mistake, unless she wanted Zack tagging along. He immediately deserted the Colonel to follow some one who would laugh at his timeworn stories.

When Colonel Spottiswoode stuck his head out of a door, glanced up and down the deck and beckoned for Zack, the negro never saw him. Zack had his hat in his left hand, gesticulating with his right; Miss Stanton, half a yard ahead, kept turning and laughing as she walked. "Missy, I'm gwine to wait right here till dis here boat makes her fust landing; I wants you to see how dat mate gwine to boss dese rousters."

"The first landing? We won't land for six or seven days!"

"Six or seven days! Lordy! missy, I sho would love to be a roustabout on dis boat—or git de job o' callin' stations. I got a friend what's porter on de A. & V., an' I 'lowed he had er snap; but, Lordy! calling stations on dis boat would be all right, all right."

"So you don't like hard work?"

"Yas'm, missy, I ain't skeered o' work. Like Uncle Aaron; he say about a tridlin' nigger: 'Dat nigger ain't what you call skeered o' work; he'll lie down beside the biggest kind o' job an' go to sleep jes ez calm!' Huh! you know Cunnel ain't gwine to take me 'way yonder to Afriky to larn dem niggers how to hoe cotton, 'cept I's a mighty good worker myself."

"Who is the Colonel?" Miss Stanton inquired.

"Lordy! missy, he's jes de Cunnel. How come you ain't heerd o' Cunnel? Whar you been all yo' life?"

"I live in Virginia—in the mountains."

"Must be mighty high mountains and mighty fer, ef you don't know Cunnel. Most everybody knows Cunnel what knows me—all dem rich white folks up and down Cherry Street."

"Cherry Street? Where is that?"

Zack looked at her, first with a benevolent pity—then the smile broke. "Shucks, missy; now you's pranking wid me."

"No, really!" Miss Stanton settled herself in a steamer-chair and felt deliciously guilty at listening to the gossip of a servant. Zack gave an enthusiastic sketch of his most intimate friend, Colonel Spottiswoode, with personal details of the rich white folks up and down Cherry Street. Then he launched into a description of Sherwood and Kathleen Plantations, cotton and negroes, bear hunting and levees breaking.

Neither of them noticed that the vessel had passed into the open sea. On each side, before, behind, was the shoreless water—nothing but water. Zack looked up, glanced out, then ran to the rail, gripped it with both hands and stared.

"Lawd! missy, levee's done broke; river's all over everything; never seed such a overflow! Dat's why dem folks was all huddled in N'Yawk. 'Scuse me, missy, I got to run an' tell Cunnel."

Zack disappeared through a doorway and dived down the stairs. Then Miss Stanton had half an hour to herself.

When Zack sneaked up the staircase again and poked his black face out of the door there was a humorous twitching at the corners of his mouth. He gave a sidelong glance around him before venturing on deck.

"Dat sho is one big buzz on me—huh! I oughter knowed 'twarn't no overflow, 'cause 'tain't no houses and no levees; no trees ain't floatin' down—nuthin', nuthin' 'cept water. Dis is a mighty good place fer Baptists."

Zack grinned to himself and watched for Miss Stanton. Then he leaned over the rail and gave himself up to a contemplation of the sea. "Well, well, well! 'Tain't nobody seed de beat o' dat. Jes like ole Mis'sippi was runnin' up and down and sideways too—every-which-way! Ef dis levee did break it's been a mighty long time ago, an' things got kinder settled down."

Zack hung over the rail and watched the fog that swirled upon the sea; a fine mist blew from the south. A barefoot sailor, with a squeegee, scraped the water from the deck—a deck as clean as Selina's kitchen table. Zack scarcely dared to step upon it. Other sailormen were beginning to hang strips of sailcloth from the roof and lash the flapping bottoms to the rail. The deck looked like those dripping lanes of canvas that lead to the sideshow; Zack couldn't remember the time when it hadn't rained on circus day in Vicksburg. Suddenly he straightened himself and paid no more attention to the water; Miss Stanton came tripping along with a violin case under her arm. In order to shut off all allusion to overflows, Zack took first shot at the conversation:

"Missy, is you gwine to play? Oughter hear ole man Jake play dat fiddle on Sherwood Plantation—he jes naturally sets dem niggers crazy wid dancin' itch."

"No, I am not going to play; I want to be sure that my violin is not strained—the case was bent this morning."

"Yas'm; dat's de time when I kep' em from shovin' you."

Doris Stanton wore a little fur turban, so softly brown that it seemed a part of eyes and hair and suntanned face. Zack rambled along to the music room, stepped one foot inside the door and halted. The room was all of white and gold and crimson, sparkling with pendants and mirrors; the furniture was so gilt and bench-legged, the carpet so crimson, and Zack's foot sank so deep that instinctively he drew back. "Huh! Mighty few white folks oughter go in dere—an' no niggers 'tall." But nobody said a word to him. Miss Stanton had disappeared in a corner behind some kind of a gingerbread screen. Zack glanced around him cautiously, deposited his hat on the crimson carpet, passed inside the door and followed her—picking up one foot after the other like a rooster walking in deep mud.

The violin case lay open on the table; Doris was taking out a green cloth. She wiped the instrument affectionately and began to look it over in every seam and string and crevice. Zack turned his head this way and that, craned his neck and twisted his eyes in harmony with her movements. She drew her sigh in the treble and Zack drew his in the bass: "It's all right; ain't it, missy?"

"Yes," she nodded, then drew the bow ever so lightly across a string and laid it down again. "What a tone you have!" she whispered, and patted her best-beloved friend. The instrument rested against her shoulder and she caressed it with her chin; two slender fingers danced along

(Continued on Page 45)



"Missy, Play Ole Black Joe—Jes a Teeny Bit"

Shooting Big Game and Guides

By Frank Ward O'Malley

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



Steve and I Fired Together and Instantly the Chattering Ceased

[NOTE—A glance at the pages of any of the periodicals devoted to fishing and shooting shows that even the actual bagging of the game is but secondary to writing an article about the hunting trip for one's favorite field and stream magazine upon one's return to town. The writer made his first and only trip into the woods recently and now understands the returning hunter's yearning to let folks know all about it. It's a natural vanity. When through hard experience one gets to be a crackerjack, one owes it to his fellows to tell how the thing was done.]

JUST where and how I should spend my late autumn and early winter vacation, which I was to start on as soon as the boss got back to New York from his annual hay-fever holiday, was answered for me when one day I happened across a nature book called How to Tell the Wild Flowers From the Large-Mouth Black Bass, by a Mr. Oliver Herford. Scattered through the work were attempts by the author either to be facetious or, it may be, to write down to the so-called popular intellect; but enough of the great outdoors remained in the book to cause me to decide to go into the north woods to shoot some moose, caribou, bear, venison, canvasback ducks and other wild game, and to catch some salmon, brook trout, weakfish, bass—both large and small mouth—and other fish on rainy days when the woods would be too damp to enter without one's umbrella. And, I may caution the amateur right here, hunting in the rain is folly. The thick woods tear your umbrella so badly that in a few moments it is next to useless, and the noise of the ripping silk often has a tendency to frighten off moose.

We Increase Our Knowledge of Nature

MY WIFE'S oldest brother, Steve, who was to spend his vacation with me, had suggested that we devote at least a part of our holidays to a Knights of Pythias reunion at Wilmington, Delaware. But when Steve had read the nature book he, too, was fired with the ambition to bag messes of moose, caribou, venison and the other game and fish I already have listed. My wife put her foot down on our shooting bear because of the possible danger. Steve pleaded that as he never had tasted a bear he would like to shoot at least one. My wife threatened to take our guns away from us, however, unless we promised to shoot only moose, caribou and venison among the larger animals we had selected to get. So we promised.

Fishing, as we already knew—even a layman knows—is merely a matter of casting a baited hook into the water and then drawing the fish into the boat by simply cranking the reel. Good shooting, however, requires some knowledge of how to shoot. We were fortunate in that we already had guns. A cousin of mine who lives at Patchogue, Long Island—he's in the livery business—promised to lend me his shotgun, and Steve owned a Springfield rifle belonging to the Seventh Regiment, which he had forgotten to return when he resigned from the regiment at the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. With these two arms Steve, so we agreed, on alternate days could bring down grouse, woodcock and other game birds while I was securing fresh supplies of larger game each day with the rifle. Fortunately, too, directly beneath our offices in lower Broadway is a large sporting-goods shop, the manager of which we had met upon our return from a trip over the Fourth to Atlantic City. Steve's private office is directly over the sporting-goods manager's office, and as Steve had hurried out of his office to go to Atlantic City without remembering to turn off the faucet of his washstand we became acquainted with the manager because of this when we got back to town. So now Steve and I sought out the manager again, and although at first he said—rather coldly, we thought—that he could give us no hunting or fishing advice, he did recall, while Steve was buying the half-dozen rods and the assorted landing nets that a clerk showed us how to use with each rod, a number of things that would help us. We invited him to lunch with us at the Lawyers' Club to make out a list of sporting goods for us, and before the luncheon was over the manager had relieved our minds by writing out a compact list on the backs of some menu cards. Also—his name is Scozer and he comes, I think, from Dayton, Ohio—he gave me enough working rules about marksmanship to enable me to grasp at least a good theoretical knowledge of shooting long before the waiter had given Steve the check.



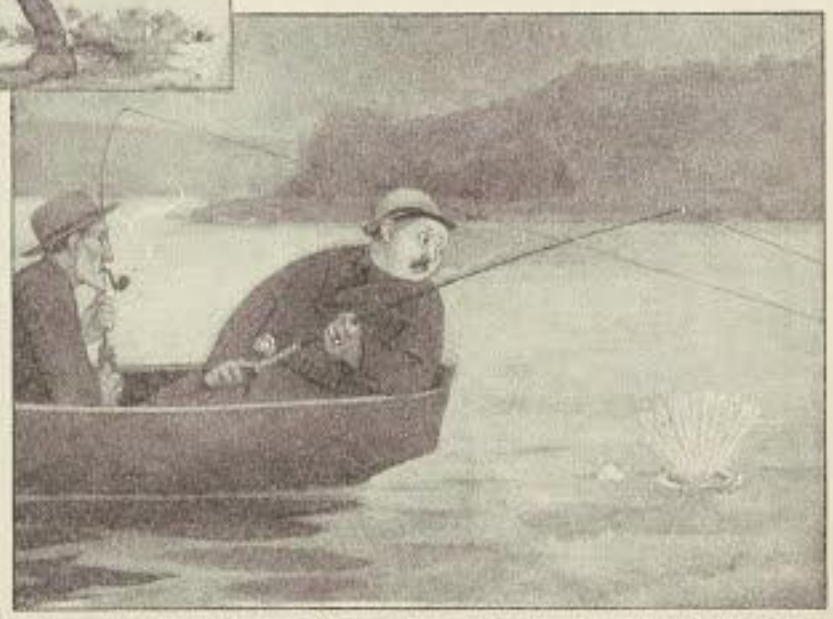
"You Wouldn't Fire on the Grand Old Stars and Stripes?"

That evening at home we had the good luck to run across a magazine article by a man named Richard Harding Davis, entitled My Camping Trips With the Czar, the Kaiser and the King, which was meaty with suggestions about everything needed in the woods, from pith helmets down to wrist watches; and we added these things to our lists of equipment. One realized after reading the article that about the only thing to do now was to enter the woods and put all this knowledge into practice.

My wife suggested, however, that on the following Sunday we might put in our last day at home profitably by studying, at the aquarium in Battery Park, the individual characteristics of the various kinds of game fish we had decided to catch—the profiles, complexions, and so on, of the fish—and then spend that afternoon picking out the different kinds of big game in the zoo from the illustrated catalogue. We convinced my wife that the trip to the aquarium would be wasted, inasmuch as it would be unnecessary for us first to stalk game fish—"stalk" is a technical term for which there is no synonym that the lay reader will understand—before catching the fish, whereas an entire Sunday could be spent profitably at the Bronx Zoo. So my wife and my married daughter—Mrs. Cale Durkin, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey—and Steve and I went up to the zoo right after church.

Getting Pointers at the Zoo

IF YOU have a good working zoo in your town, study the animals there as we did first until you know them by sight without seeking the aid of the illustrated catalogue. My wife, who did post-graduate work in pedagogy at college, first of all decided that we each should get one of the twenty-five-cent catalogues. While Steve was buying a number of them at the gate my wife explained that she now would lead the way from one animal department to another, and as we picked out the various specimens that we had decided to shoot in the woods Steve and I were to check each kind off in our illustrated catalogues for further study at home that night. My wife could find no moose department in any of the aisles of the zoo, but she selected some beautiful ermine, mink, blue fox, marten and a set of white fox, which she especially asked us to try to match in the woods for our second daughter, Bertha, who has half decided to become a trained nurse. We promised to try to do so and also to look out for a chinchilla stole and muff—I mean, of course, that in case we came across a bevy of chinchillas in the woods to bring down enough of them to make a stole and muff. Secretly I checked off a small tawny deer with white spots on its flanks—secretly so that my wife would be all the more surprised over her new automobile coat when the time should come upon our return from the woods to unpack our cases of heads and hides. And while my wife hurried two aisles to the right and one to the left to ask one of the managers whether there was a moose department in the zoo, Steve, cautioning me to silence, checked off two kinds of bears. I could see that, promise or no promise, Steve's mind was made up.



Many Fish Were Frightened Away Just as They Were About to Eat the Bait

At home that evening my wife took our catalogues away from us, so we couldn't cheat, and examined us. Steve and me she placed opposite her at the library table, where we could see the pictures of various animals in the zoo catalogue while she blotted out the printed names of the animals with her forefinger. Then Steve and I were to write down on slips of paper three guesses for each picture. Deer, it almost goes without saying, nearly always can be told because of their horns, but it's surprising how often one is mistaken in the names of other game, especially in the small fur-bearing animals that my wife wanted.

We were letter perfect by ten o'clock that night and all ready for our start on the following morning. We ran over



The Noise of the Ripping Silk Often Has a Tendency to Frighten Off Moose

the lists of things catalogued in My Camping Trips With the Czar, the Kaiser and the King magazine article, and found that we were equipped with everything needed, even down to the few books suggested in the article—Van Bibber, Gallagher and Other Stories, Soldiers of Fortune and A Year From a Correspondent's Notebook. We found that a large trunk apiece for clothing, and so forth, and a steamer trunk to hold the ammunition, were more than sufficient for our needs. This baggage we shipped ahead to Eustis, Maine, where already was waiting for us our guide, old Fred Allen, the prematurely gray old young man of the mountains, champing at his eating tobacco and ready to lead us from this last stop at the north side of civilization northward over the Buckboard Trail to the Enchanted Lake country some place beyond in the wilderness.

On a morning, then, Steve and I took a last look at our trunks piled in the corridor of the little hotel at Eustis—Fred Allen had told us the night before that it would be next to impossible for him to carry the trunks over the twenty-five miles of rough trail from Eustis to Upper Enchanted, so we left them at the hotel and started northward afoot. Fred, with a .44 strapped to his belt, placed me at the head of the line—I was carrying the shotgun on this first day—and back of me he placed Steve, who carried the Seventh Regiment gun at full cock. Fred followed about a block and a half to the rear, so that the large American flag that he held aloft as he marched would not, he explained, scare away any game we might come upon.

The flag, he further explained, he always carries whenever he's guiding so that none of his party will mistake him for a deer.

"You wouldn't fire on the grand old Stars and Stripes?" he asked us.

I reproved him for even thinking of such a thing.

"Not even if you thought it was a moose carrying the flag?" he persisted. The question seemed ridiculous, but we calmed his fears and entered the woods. And so with guns cocked we soon were swallowed in the half-light of the trail. That gloom beneath the natural Gothic arches of evergreen caused a bit of sentimental catch at the throat, a gripping such as once before I had felt while listening to several great orators one night at the end of a campaign, pleading with an audience for our nation's very life blood in the assembly room of Tammany Hall, which is on the north side of Fourteenth Street, New York, a few doors



The Best Place From Which to Send Several Bullets Crashing Through the Bear's Spine

west of Third Avenue and next door to Tony Pastor's old theater. There came to me, too, a feeling of sadness as I thought of the crack of the rifle and the bang of the shotgun so soon to come, the mighty crash in the thicket, the blood-red, dying eyes of the moose, caribou, venison, and so forth, as the beautiful wild things of the woods, gazing up at us with reproach in their big eyes, rolled over and perished. *(Concluded on Page 30)*

The Progress of a Sane Young Man

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

IT WAS hot in Washington on Wednesday, the second of August last—so hot you could fry an egg on the pavement at Ninth and F if so be your taste ran to fried egg *à la* asphalt; and it was even hotter than on that torrid corner in the glass-ceilinged chamber of the House of Representatives.

Only a few wilted statesmen were present at noon, and the chaplain languidly besought that they should be purified from all guile and let it go at that. It may have been there was a feeling that some of those statesmen—reposing coatless and within the zones of influence of the electric fans in the various committee rooms—should have their guile removed too; for no sooner had the chaplain concluded his thirty seconds of prayer than the absence of a quorum was suggested. The heated statesmen came pouring in from all sorts of places, shoving themselves sulkily into their coats, and answered to their names as the roll was called. Two hundred and thirty-three of them responded, each asking his neighbor: "What's up?"

It wasn't long before they all found out. After Mr. Burke, of South Dakota, had corrected the Record to show he voted in the negative on a certain proposition instead of answering "Present," Oscar W. Underwood, the Democratic floor-leader, and by the same token the majority floor-leader, was up. Also, Oscar W. Underwood was cool. Two hundred and thirty-two statesmen were moist to the point of saturation and heated to the point of liquescence; but Underwood was cool. Not a bead of perspiration gemmed his brow; not a sag was in his collar and his shirt-bosom preserved its pristine gloss.

He had a newspaper in his hand; and as he rose the gasping patriots on both sides took notice and shoved up their temperatures a degree or so by clapping vigorously.

"The gentleman from Alabama is recognized," said the Speaker, leaning forward eagerly as if he knew what was coming.

"Mr. Speaker," began Underwood calmly, evenly, dispassionately and coolly—which is most important—"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of personal privilege." The Democrats applauded some more. The Republicans grinned. It was no affair of theirs, save as a show.

He asked that the clerk read from the newspaper he held in his hand, and sent a page-boy scurrying up to the desk with it. The clerk read in that singsong manner in which all reading clerks read. It was a telegraphic dispatch from Lincoln, Nebraska, and it began: "The recent activity of Representative Underwood in defeating the attempt by Champ Clark and others to reduce the steel and iron schedule has met with the disapproval of W. J. Bryan."

The reading clerk paused here, as if to let the enormity of this sink into the parboiled perceptions of the perspiring patriots, and began again: "Today Bryan authorizes the following statement: 'The action of Chairman Underwood in opposing an immediate effort to reduce the iron and steel schedule reveals the real Underwood. Speaker Clark and other tariff reformers tried to secure the passage of a resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to take up other schedules, including the iron and steel schedule; but Underwood and Fitzgerald, of New York, succeeded in defeating the resolution.'"

There was more of the statement, but that is enough to show its general tenor. It charged Underwood with being tainted with protection and having an individual interest in the iron and steel business, and was a very pointed and personal assault on one big Democrat by another. After the clerk had finished reading the statement there was a moment of silence. Underwood stood looking directly at the Speaker, who still half leaned across the big desk up under the flag. Then Underwood began speaking slowly, dispassionately, evenly and gravely.

"The statements contained in that article are absolutely false!" he said. Instantly the entire Democratic side broke into a roar of applause.

"If the reflections that paper contains rested only on myself I should not take the time of this House to answer them; but the statements contained in that article are a reflection on the only body of Democracy that is in control of this Government, and as the representative leader on the floor of this House, of this majority, I should be untrue to my party if I did not rise here and stamp those utterances with the brand of falsehood!"

Underwood continued. He asserted he had asked the committee to take up the iron and steel schedule first because he comes from an iron and steel district, and appealed to his Democratic colleagues on the committee to support this statement, which they did. He said the committee had deemed it wiser to take up the woolen and the cotton schedules first because the iron and steel schedules had been cut in the Wilson, the Dingley and the Payne Bills—and wool and cotton had not been revised for many years. Mr. Kitchin, of North Carolina, corroborated what Underwood claimed; and Underwood further proved his case, explaining his connection with the iron and steel business—he is a stockholder in a company that makes pig iron—and having a telegram read from Mr. Bryan, dated April twenty-third, to Ollie James, in which Mr. Bryan asked James to convey his congratulations to Underwood.

"Mr. Speaker," said Underwood, "Mr. Bryan did not say I was protectionizing the Democratic party when I brought in the free-list bill. Not until I differed with him on the woolen schedule did he have one word of criticism so far as my conduct was concerned. . . . I had to write a woolen schedule that would protect the revenues of this Government, and because I did so and did not obey the command of the gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, he is endeavoring to make the country believe I am not an honest Democrat in favor of an honest revenue tariff."

There was some more of the speech, but not much. It was delivered earnestly, but without heat and without an attempt at oratorical flourish. There was no frenzy of denial, no protesting of innocence, no beating about the bush. A sane young man made a sane denial—and proved his case. That was all there was to it—except one thing.

That one thing is this: When Underwood finished that statement and sat down, amid the applause of the House, the state of Alabama had a candidate for the Democratic nomination for president. Underwood didn't know it; nor was it the fact that he had assailed Mr. Bryan that made him a candidate. Assaults on Mr. Bryan are as common as Mr. Bryan's assaults on other people—and about as effective. What gave the state of Alabama a presidential candidate was this: Here was a man with the highest type of political courage—independence. Here was a man who did not attempt to palter with a situation, and a delicate one politically, but met it calmly and proved his contention. Here was a man who, as floor-leader of the House majority, was endeavoring to do what seemed best for the Democratic party and the country, and not for the benefit of any individual or the theories of any individual; and the country applauded and began to ask: "How about this chap Underwood? He seems to have stuff in him."

Of course the Bryanophobes seized upon the circumstance to laud Underwood, and equally of course the Bryaniacs would have seized on the circumstance to laud him had he praised Bryan. That isn't the point. The personal equation of it was negligible. The mere fact that Underwood rose to a question of personal privilege and denounced Bryan meant nothing in the sober thought of the people; but the independence with which he did it, the calm and convincing manner in which he made his proof, the fact that the entire majority supported him—coming as it did after an arduous session of Congress, in which this same Underwood had displayed qualities of leadership and

generalship and saneness that had caused a wakening of interest in him among the people—pushed that good opinion which had been formative to form, and naturally put Underwood in the light of being available for the Democratic nomination for president.

Hence, unless conditions change very materially before the Democratic national convention is held, Alabama, first on the rollcall, instead of yielding to some other state farther down the list when it is time to place favorite and favored sons in nomination, will send an orator to the platform in her own right and present for the consideration of the delegates the name of Oscar W. Underwood, of Birmingham, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the Sixty-second Congress and floor-leader of the Democratic majority in the House.

A great many men wise in public affairs have held that the Fathers who made the Constitution would have builded even better than they did if they had included in that document a provision that no man is eligible to the presidency in this country unless he has served a certain length of time in the legislative branch of the Government. It was urged for Mr. Taft that he was extraordinarily well qualified for the presidency because of his long experience in Governmental matters. Granting that Mr. Taft had long experience in the executive end of the Government, he was wofully deficient in knowledge of the legislative end; and this has been apparent all through his term. So with Mr. Roosevelt. The tragedy of the death of Major McKinley will hold his name high among the names of our presidents; but, considering him critically, no historian at all familiar with the facts can deny he was an expert president, a capable president, a president who could secure results, a president who knew how to deal with the Congress which makes the laws he must execute, because of his long experience and service in the House.

Underwood's Methods Like McKinley's

NOW, when you talk of a man as a receptive or an aggressive candidate for a presidential nomination you tot up his qualifications; and, no matter whether Underwood's name ever gets before the convention or not, no matter if it receives no votes save those of Alabama, the fact is he is highly qualified so far as the mechanics of the Government is concerned. He has served in the House of Representatives for seventeen years. When he took his seat, in December, 1895, he was thirty-three years old. He was placed on the Committees on Public Lands and Expenditures on Public Buildings. In the Fifty-fifth Congress he was promoted to the important Committee on Judiciary, and in the Fifty-sixth went to Ways and Means. He was on Rules and the Irrigation of Arid Lands in the Fifty-seventh Congress, on Appropriations and Irrigation of Arid Lands in the Fifty-eighth, and in the Fifty-ninth went back to Ways and Means, where he has since remained, arriving at the chairmanship in the present or Sixty-second Congress, when the Democrats gained control of the House.

In all these years he has been a quiet, systematic, steady worker—not demonstrative, not flashy, but studious and industrious; and the mere reading of the names of the committees on which he has served will show how wide his experience has been. He has touched all phases of the legislative side of the Government and mastered them. So far as the mechanics of this Government is concerned—the knowledge of how to do the things that must be done—there is no man in Congress who is the superior of Underwood. And, without laying myself open to the charge of booming Underwood, the more knowledge of the mechanics of the Government that is brought to the White House by its four-year resident the better things will be for the country at large.

Somebody asked me once if I didn't think Underwood is a good deal like McKinley in many ways. Laying aside whatever criticisms there may be of McKinley, the fact is as I have said—he was a most expert and effective president because he knew how to do things. I think the comparison fairly apt. McKinley was a Republican and a protectionist—and Underwood is a Democrat and a believer in tariff for revenue; but the two men had many traits in common. McKinley was, and Underwood is, a student of tariff economics. McKinley got his results by compromise, by conciliation, by smoothing difficulties away, by a polite consideration of the claims of others, by being willing to give and take, by suaveness and civility that masked a real determination—and so does Underwood. McKinley recognized the vast complexities of the legislative machine and knew how to harmonize difficulties that were pressing; knew how to straighten out tangles and avoid pitfalls—and so does Underwood. McKinley knew when to recede and when to advance, and when to stand stock-still in a position—and so does Underwood. When McKinley talked of the tariff, for example, he knew what he was talking about—and so does Underwood; but McKinley was, and Underwood is, tolerant of the opinions of others, and is ultimately concerned in getting what seems best for his party. I make no comparison here of the men other than a comparison of their methods. McKinley was effective—and so is Underwood. These are the reasons why.

Underwood's position when the Sixty-second Congress was called into special session by President Taft last April, for the purpose of passing reciprocity legislation, was a position of tremendous difficulties. He was made chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He had been second to Champ Clark on the Democratic minority of the committee in the Sixty-first Congress, in which the House had a Republican majority and passed the Payne-Aldrich tariff law; and third in the Fifty-ninth Congress, when the House was also Republican and when he was ranked on the minority side of this committee by Champ Clark and Bourke Cockran. Cockran was out of Congress when the Democrats came into control of the House and Clark was made Speaker. Without protest, Underwood succeeded to the chairmanship of the committee.

Underwood was in the House, though not on the Ways and Means Committee, when the Dingley tariff was made, and he was on the Ways and Means Committee when the Payne-Aldrich law was constructed. Though the Congress had been called into session for the specific purpose of passing reciprocity legislation, to which the Democrats were favorable, the House was Democratic mainly because of the dissatisfaction of the people with the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, the election that made the House Democratic being the first opportunity the people had to express that dissatisfaction tangibly.

The Democrats had a majority of nearly seventy. They had not had possession of the House for sixteen years. They were politically hungry and politically thirsty. They needed sustenance. They thought they had a chance to elect a president in 1912 and get full swing at all the perquisites and prerogatives of the Government; and each man of the two hundred and twenty-eight Democrats was full of schemes for making this chance a certainty. They were all anxious to revise the tariff in order to keep faith with the people, but they had many plans for revision and many shades of opinion as to how it should be revised. They felt their power and importance. They were eager, avid, enthusiastic and none too prudent.

Underwood was made leader of these men. His task was to hold them in line, to keep them together, to get them at work intelligently and coheisvely—to get results. He knew that the Democratic party, if it was to have any response from the people in its demand for the election of a Democratic president in 1912, must show the people it is trustworthy and fit for confidence. He knew of the varying opinions as to what should be done with the tariff; knew of the enthusiasm and lack of judgment, the partisanship, and even the fanaticism of some of his followers; knew they had been so long outside that the attainment of the inside position might lead to excesses in legislation. He chose his lieutenants well and went at the job.

His task is not yet completed. The president vetoed the tariff bills that were formulated in the House under Underwood's direction and intrinsically his, though changed in many particulars in the Senate and in conference. There will be more tariff legislation in the House in this session. The president has demanded it and the Democrats are willing to go at it again in their own way. What Underwood must do again is to hold his party in line to meet as complex a situation as he had to meet in the extra session that ended last summer—and never forget for a minute that there is a presidential election next year that undoubtedly will be largely decided upon the tariff question.

Judging the future by the past, he will do it. It is a situation charged with dynamite. Many of his Democratic colleagues are anxious for radical action in many ways. The Congress will not adjourn until just before the first national convention is held. The record of the present House will figure largely, not only as to the individual fortunes of Underwood but also as to the fortunes of whomsoever shall be nominated by the Democrats for president and that candidate's success at the polls.



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Oscar W. Underwood, Representative From Alabama, Chairman Ways and Means Committee

Underwood's Own Tariff Platform

THE tariff cannot be put in the background in the coming presidential campaign. It will hold a strong place in the fight, no matter what may be the outcome of the present session of Congress. In this situation the tariff views of Underwood, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee that will frame and present first whatever tariff legislation is to be attempted at this session, are important. This is his tariff position—in his own words:

"The urgent necessity for a revision of the present tariff laws of this country is apparent to all. In the first place, the present revenues are again running behind expenditures and are not sufficient to support the Government; in the next place, development of improved business methods and advances in the processes of manufactures due to improved machinery have made the taxes levied under the present Payne Bill and the Dingley Bill out of adjustment with the present needs of the business interests of the country.

"In many instances these taxes have prohibited importations to such an extent that they do not produce revenue and have become a direct injury to the great productive interests of the nation.

"The differences that exist between the two great parties are not upon the issue of protection against free trade; but the true issue is one that desires to write a protective tariff that leans toward prohibition of imports, and the other a revenue tariff that favors competition. Though we occasionally find a free-trader within the Democratic party, the great rank and file of the party do not favor the doctrine of free trade. There has never been a platform of a Democratic national convention since the organization of the Democratic party that has advocated free-trade theories; they have always maintained the true position of the party was in favor of a tariff for revenue only. There never has been a tariff bill enacted into law by the Democratic party that has not favored the doctrine of a tariff for revenue only as opposed to a tariff levied along free-trade lines, such as the revenue laws of Great Britain.

"The most distinctive Democratic tariff bill ever written on the statute books of the country was the Walker tariff of 1846; and, though the duties levied under that tariff did not exceed thirty per cent ad valorem, they were levied almost universally on articles imported into this country from abroad, very few importations being allowed to enter this country free of duty.

"The true distinction between the two great parties of this country, to my mind, is the difference between a prohibitive tariff bill and a competitive tariff bill. The Republican party favors a tariff that will raise some revenue to support the Government, but at the same time will prohibit as much foreign merchandise as possible from coming into the country to raise revenue at all. Though the Republican party has repeatedly declared it favors a tariff to protect the difference in cost of production at home and abroad, in fact it favors a protection of the manufacturers' profits; and the Republican party has continually fixed the rates levied at the custom house so greatly in excess of the difference in cost of production at home and abroad that in many cases the rate has become prohibitive, and no importation was allowed to enter at all. The Democratic party has always declared for a tariff for revenue only.

"It is true that any tariff taxes that are levied which allow some imports to enter the country

(Continued on Page 33)

THE CALL

By ARTHUR STRINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. VAUX WILSON

XV

THOUGH Miss Covington insisted on extra rehearsals for The Wine of Life Company there was a feeling of unrest in her associates that did not escape even Una. The older actors, the girl noticed, wore veiled and troubled faces, as though they carried secrets too unpalatable to be made a matter of discussion.

Una had felt that she alone was the ill-used and unhappy member of that company. This feeling had not diminished when, after looking through the five daily papers which contained reports of the performance, she found that her name was not once mentioned. It was in the more leisured columns of a weekly called Saturday Night that she discovered a mildly eulogistic paragraph mentioning her as a newcomer and giving a brief analysis of what was described as her "comedy bit."

"This young lady," the paragraph continued, "has a keen appreciation of ironic humor. The strokes were broad, but there was sensitiveness behind them. There may have been moments of uncertainty, but the spark was there—the promise of future power. The one puzzling thing is that a young lady so beautiful as Miss Carberry could reconcile herself to a makeup so hopelessly hideous!"

This paragraph acted like wine on the girl's tired body. She read it and reread it, staring at her own name until it fell to pieces under her eyes—until its utterance came to mean nothing. She cut out the column and decided to buy a dozen more papers. Then she suddenly asked herself where they could be sent. Her first thought was of Jim Sayles; but Jim Sayles had passed beyond all memory and all care of her petty little struggles.

It came home to her, as she sat brooding-eyed above the outspread paper sheets, how friendless she actually was; how few persons in the world cared whether she failed or succeeded; how few she would have to share in her future triumphs when those triumphs were finally achieved. She felt that sometime later in life she would have more leisure for establishing the ties of affection and gratitude with those about her. As things were now, it was all worry and work and struggle to show that she was not a failure. Sometime, somewhere, there would be more of a chance for the softer and milder things of life.

Then, of a sudden, she thought of Hempel. An undefined sense of shame crept over her as she remembered him. The hurly-burly of the last two weeks had wiped him out of her consciousness. She had not even called to see him or sent him a word of explanation or farewell.

She marked the paragraph in the column which she had cut out and under it wrote: "This is my only excuse." Then she folded it and put it in an envelope, addressing it to Hempel's Twenty-third Street studio. Yet, once she had parted with the clipping, she felt that she had parted with some pillar of moral support. This feeling of deprivation eventually drove her to buy another copy of the paper. In it, from time to time, she kept reading the paragraph which spoke of "the promise of the future" and of "the spark" being there. She went over it again and again, until the words seemed to wear out like the pages of a club-room paper too often read. They deliquesced into a mere jangle of sound. Yet, even in that jangle, she could detect a vague and dreamy undertone of music.

It was that same afternoon she met Steger, not fifty yards from the theater door.

"Why so blithe, little one?" he asked with his heavy yet not unkindly smile.

"It's good to be working," she said, unconsciously repeating a phrase she had heard fall from the lips of an older actress the night before.

Steger stood looking down at her with his habitual half-studious, half-admiring stare. It was a mannerism to which she had become reconciled. It no longer touched her into a vague and inarticulate uneasiness.

"Can you keep a secret?" he asked her.

"What is it?" she said, her apprehension aleap at the unusual solemnity of his round and wrinkled face.



"You Don't Know What it Costs; You Don't Know What They Have to Pay for It!"

"You dig out Weinert and draw what you can from him," Steger advised; "for, between you and me, this company's goin' to close on Saturday!"

Una, as her own place and her own performance became more fixed, had begun to feel that the play would pull through; that the ill luck of an untoward first night was already being forgotten. Of the goodness or badness of the play as a whole she had no means of judging. All possibility of perspective had long since departed. She could not see the forest for the trees.

The very fact that she was so submerged in it, that she had become so intimately a part of it, filled her with a quick sense of injustice at the thought of some power above and beyond its originators being able to stop it.

"Closed!—for good?" she cried, incredulous. It had taken so much labor to get it under way, it had been so bulky and unwieldy to start into motion, that she felt its sheer momentum should carry it on, crushing through every puny accident and obstacle.

"Weinert's goin' to step from under," Steger confessed to her. "Covington thinks she can carry it on. But she's not strong enough. Of course you'll get your fare back to New York; but you deserve more than those other people out of this. You just go to Weinert and tell him you've got to have money! Tip him off to what you know—but don't ever say I put you wise. He'll weaken all right. He'll have to! And, say, don't let the old boy crab those two gowns o' yours! Get 'em into your trunk! Your money paid for 'em and they're yours!"

So Una, fortified with the indignation of the basely deceived, sought out Weinert, who astutely and vigorously denied that the company was going to close. He threw up his hands at Una's demand, drew her aside and haggled for time; and, realizing that equivocation was out of the question, finally compromised on one week's salary.

One-half of this sum Una took back to Steger. A dull color spread over his face as she handed him three five-dollar bills folded together.

"What's this for?" he said, unfolding them and holding them fanwise between his fingers.

"You paid my fare to New York," Una answered without a tremor. "That's what I still owed you."

He held the money out to her. His stare was almost an angry one.

"What's the good o' goin' back to that?" he demanded. "I don't want this money and I won't take it!"

"You've got to take it!"

Something about the impersonal firmness on her face made him waver.

"Why, you'll hit New York on Sunday with about six dollars to the good!" he protested.

"I'll get along," she announced with her quiet and sober smile.

Steger looked down at her with an answering sobriety.

"I'm no archangel," he solemnly averred; "but, say, I'd give a good deal to make good with you!"

"You have!" answered Una, moved by that declaration into an attitude of letting bygones be bygones.

Steger saw the softer light come into the lucid hazel eyes. She stood before him, beleaguerингly slim and girlish, strangely unlike the women with whom he had lived and worked and idled. There was, in that moment of passing mildness, something bewilderingly soft and melting about her.

Over his face spread that same veiled hunger which she had once seen in Hempel's eyes.

"I don't suppose you could ever think o' marryin' me?" he said with a laugh that was quite without mirth.

She shook her head slowly from side to side.

"I—I could make it a blamed sight easier for you," he explained hesitatingly. "There'd be things I could throw your way."

She was still shaking her head as she looked ponderingly up into his many-wrinkled and puffy eyes. Her calmness seemed to help him to a readjustment of his own feelings.

"Well, I don't blame you," he announced with humorous self-abasement. "And I'll bet it's single harness for yours this next five or six years!"

Una pondered repeatedly over that last prophetic statement of Steger's from time to time; and the more she thought over it the more restive-minded and perplexed it seemed to leave her.

XVI

UNA'S return to New York, ignominious as it was in many features, was not without its consolations. She came back with a newborn confidence in herself. She felt older and more experienced. There was no longer a touch of timidity to the level gaze of the deep and wide-set hazel eyes. She had passed through her baptism of fire.

Nothing could now rob her of the claim that she was at last a "professional." She went back to Broadway like a soldier going home from active service, outwardly worn and shabby, but inwardly proud and happy.

One of her first tasks was to order a hundred professional cards. These she had printed in imitation English script on bulky pasteboard at a cost of fifty cents. She waited in the little shop off Broadway while they were run through a small motor press, surveying the result with much satisfaction. Her card read:

Miss Una Carberry

With
The Wine of Life Company

She suffered a momentary qualm of conscience at the thought that The Wine of Life Company was no longer in existence; but in a case of shipwreck such as this, she finally assured herself, she was justified in catching at anything that offered support. And she stowed the cards away with a satisfaction not unlike that of a slave who is at last the possessor of his papers of emancipation.

Then began again the wearying rounds of the offices and the agencies. She was more experienced by this time; more adroit in her manner of approach; more assured in her method of address. The result of this was a more businesslike directness on the part of the men to whom she applied for work; a more active interest in what she was able or willing to do; a more apparent willingness to take down her name and address. She was told again and again that the season was late; the year was proving an unprofitable one; there was no part open that would quite suit the ingénue of The Wine of Life Company.

Before the end of the first week she was compelled to sell her two stage gowns, still as good as new, to a Sixth Avenue dealer, at a calamitously low price. The following week she had to turn to her list of artists' addresses and go about seeking work as a model. She thought of Hempel many times during that week, but some vague shame kept her from going to his studio. She wished to avoid explaining, she kept telling herself, the failure of the production in which she had figured. Yet she knew at heart that her reluctance to meet Hempel lay on more personal grounds.

Twice during the next month she secured "extra" work in city performances. This brought her eight dollars a week. Averse as she was to appearing *en masse* and speaking lines only as one of a mob, she was alert and conscientious in going through her foreordained movements and speeches, and in the second production was openly proclaimed by her stage manager as a good "worker."

She was by this time quite fixed in her determination to adhere to "the legitimate." She could never willingly forsake drama for musical comedy. She had heard and seen enough of that branch of theatrical work denominated "musical" to realize the gulf that separated the two. Drama, she knew, was more respectable. It had not that Dionysian taint which seemed to attach itself to its lyric derivative, with its "show" women and dancers and pony ballets and chorus girls. She was virginal by instinct. Her abhorrence for the unsavory side of Bohemianism was innate. She met with an occasional affront and an occasional temptation from time to time, for she was too young and too attractive to pass unnoticed in a world where physical appeal was the primary asset; but these she both ignored and evaded. She was too set in her purpose, too preoccupied on her remote yet ever-alluring ends, to be greatly troubled in spirit by the casual uncleanness of the road over which she was hurrying.

Steger sent for her at the beginning of the New Year and jubilantly announced that he had "copped" a great part for her.

"It's a 'medium' in The Airship Girls," he explained, "and it's good for thirty a week. You'll do a month of one-week stands; then Chicago till the end o' the spring. Then we're boiling it down to bring to New York for a roof production. That'll keep you goin' all summer long—and a chance to show these Broadway sheep what you're good for!"

Una shook her head. "I can't take it," she announced.

Steger seemed nonplused.

"But it's good for a straight six months—and thirty a week right through!"

"It was kind of you to think of me," was Una's answer. "But I can't take it!"

Steger groaned audibly. He repeated her phrase, "to think of me," with an expression of disgust on his face.

"Why, I've been pullin' wires for three weeks to get you that part," he grimly confessed. He was less flippant of manner than of old, and there was something that amounted almost to hunger on his flabby-cheeked face as he sat studying the girl in front of him.

"I'm sorry," was all she could say. She realized, as she stared back at him, how ameliorating were the influences of purely business relationships. She had been able to condone much in him as an active agent in The Wine of Life Company. Now that their lives had nothing in common, she was keenly alive to the grossness of the body before her, to the significance of the flabby-lidded eyes.

"Say," he said out of the silence that hung heavy between them, "what's the matter with you havin' dinner with me tonight?"

Again Una shook her head.

"I'm sorry; but I can't!"

"Then tomorrow night?" he demanded as if it were an issue he had determined to settle one way or the other.

She could afford to smile at him with her slow and wistful smile. This smile had the trick of sobering rather than lightening up her face. It seemed to touch her youth with a melancholy and autumnal pensiveness. There was a forlornness in its beauty; it was like late October sunlight on misty wheatlands. It stabbed through the blinking Steger with the poignancy of possession denied. And it might have been his once, he remembered, if he had only played his cards differently!

"You can't imagine," the girl was saying, "how busy this looking for parts keeps me!"

"A part isn't the only thing in the world!" ventured Steger out of a ponderous bitterness.

"It is for me," said the girl with her forlorn little ripple of a laugh as she rose to her feet. And in her final smile and bow, as she turned to go, there was something wordlessly valedictory; something which made even the stolid and self-satisfied Steger realize how far apart their two worlds lay.

"Well, good luck to you!" he called out after her almost blithely, with the abandonment of enforced relinquishment; for he felt at heart that their circles of activity would never again come together. And no road other than their work, he knew, could ever unite them.

It was, oddly enough, the same representative who had sat beside Steger on the opening night of The Wine of Life who early the next month somewhat startled Una with a request to come to his office.

When Una in due time appeared before him—there was no wait this time in the outer office—he shook hands with her, swung a chair about on its heel, told her to sit down, and began talking to her as though Una Carberry and her career were the subject of his daily meditations.

"By-the-way, are you engaged?" he finally and offhandedly inquired. She had found out, in the office below, that his name was Uhlmann.

"I'm considering an offer for musical comedy," was Una's equally offhand reply, but her heart was going like a pneumatic riveter.

"You're thinking of musical comedy?" And Uhlmann's surprise was exaggerated for his own personal ends. She was thinking, as he spoke, of her wasted labors with poor Jim Sayles, of the nights of drill in chorus work, of the dancing steps so slowly learned.

"Why shouldn't I?" temporized the girl.

"Because you're cut out for the other kind! I have said that ever since I saw you doing that crying act up in Toronto!"

Una waited a little guiltily until he went on again.

"And I've got the greatest little part for you that ever happened. We're working over an English comedy called Lady Wantage's Release, making it American and calling it The Sleepwalker. There's a part in that—no bit, remember!—the part of a slavey who's held down and imposed on and overridden and abused until every ounce of spirit in her seems broken. She cries and whimpers through a whole act and a half. Then, all of a sudden, the worm turns—turns! Do you get that? D'you get the drama of it? She has her big crying spell; then, out of a clear sky, she lets out at 'em. She gives 'em a flood of billingsgate that makes their back hair stand on end. Oh, it's great—great!"

"And you wanted me for that part?" Una inquired without enthusiasm.

"My dear girl, that part was made for you. I've been nursing it and hiding it away for you for the last six weeks. You can make up thin and you can make up young. And you can cry—you've proved that! It'll bring you on Broadway in four weeks' time. It'll make you!"

Una, as she sat there fusilladed by his factitious enthusiasm, was thinking that all life's triumphs come with a tinge of disappointment—that so many victories in some way seem involved with a secret defeat.

"Er—there's just one drawback," Uhlmann was explaining. "The cost of this production is something fierce. It's keeping us tied down in the matter of salary list. We can't do what we want to, especially this spring."

He had been fussing with a pile of papers on the table before him. He suddenly wheeled about in his chair and shot the question at her: "Miss Carberry, what would you play this part for?"

Una thought the matter over. There was no show of either haste or excitement in her voice as she answered him.

"For fifty dollars a week," she said, "with gowns supplied."



It Came Home to Her How Few Persons in the World Cared Whether She Failed or Succeeded

His gesture of mingled surprise and incredulity was of the essence of that profession for which he so sedulously labored.

"Fifty dollars!" he cried. "Why, in an off season like this I can get ex-stars for a figure like that!"

"But they wouldn't be young," retorted Una with her slow and pensive smile. "And very few of them would be thin."

"I could get twenty women inside this office in an hour who'd snap up this part for less than that figure—women with Broadway reputations."

"The figure seems a rather low one to me," was Una's retort. "And, as I say, I've had this other offer."

"Are they paying you fifty dollars a week?" challenged Uhlmann.

"I'd refuse to play with them for less," was the girl's quiet-toned answer.

Uhlmann essayed a gesture of impatience.

"Look here—let's get down to business! I'll give you forty a week, supply gowns and draw up a contract in ten minutes' time!"

Una was firm. There was no wave of intoxication to bewilder her judgment. She could afford to be definitive. It was not the sort of part she wanted. It was not the character of stagework she had hungered for. But she was almost at the end of her rope—and beggars, she acknowledged, could not always be choosers.

Uhlmann's practiced eye saw that argument was useless.

"All right then," he conceded—"fifty dollars!" And his right hand went out to a contract blank, on which he began scrawling heavily inked lines.

"And gowns," added Una.

"And gowns," he echoed as he continued to write.

"When do rehearsals begin?" Una casually inquired. She wondered why the fire, the rapture, had gone out of it all. It seemed a matter of mere business, of exactions and counter-exactions.

"Monday, at ten," Uhlmann answered as he stood up and made room for her at the table. "Sign here! And here, please!"

She took the pen in her hand, studied the written additions he had made to the printed form, pondered over them for a moment or two, and signed her name without a tremor.

"We expect great things of you, Miss Carberry," said Uhlmann as he blotted the signatures.

"I'll do my best," answered the girl a little absently. She was, in fact, wondering why she could be so listless and diffident. Was it, she asked herself, that she was growing older—that she was already old, if not in actual years, at least in spirit—in something more tragic than mere time itself?

"Monday, at ten," repeated the curt and businesslike voice of Uhlmann as his finger touched the electric button on the side of his desk.



"I Don't Want This Money and I Won't Take It!"

XVII

FROM the first hour of its first rehearsal Una had small love for her part in The Sleepwalker. She was still too much a novice to have any definite idea of its dramatic possibilities. She still had the beginner's passion for something that was "sympathetic."

When she heard her fellow actors designating her rôle as a "Rube part" she even grew to abhor it—to abhor it as only a young woman keenly alive to personal ridicule can despise that which leaves her the butt of ceaseless laughter.

Yet this very abhorrence and the listlessness in which it resulted only seemed to add to the effectiveness of her interpretation. The part, it is true, came to her already fixed in character, thanks to its earlier success on the London stage. There were no exacting demands for originality. But her sense of mimicry was strong; she soon learned to reproduce the attitudes and the antics of an English stage manager who knew what he wanted done and just how it was to be done. Her memory, too, was good and she was scrupulously attentive to details. There was a certain acidulated pleasure, as the actors became letter perfect and the play rounded out into shape, in hearing the titters and guffaws of her companions as she rehearsed her scenes. She went through these scenes with a vague sense of shame and the thought that she was clowning for the mere sake of fifty dollars a week.

The Sleepwalker's six days on the road were little more than a week of dress rehearsals. It was a week of ceaseless toil and contention, of revisions and counter-revisions, under the ever-argumentative scrutiny of the firm-heads and the play-doctors from New York, with alterations and additions and subtractions enough to bewilder the oldest actor in the cast. Una noticed that her part, on the whole, showed a tendency to expand. She became very tired and nervous toward the end of the week, and even had a few sharp words with the English stage manager as to the reading of one of her lines. It was the smiling and placative Uhlmann who brushed aside the quarrel with a whispered word or two in the manager's ear—but Una adhered to her reading. Uhlmann came to her later and praised her work. He said it was not the sort of thing to go well on the road—it was especially meant for the metropolitan audience. Misinterpreting the cause of her depressed spirits, he tried to cheer her up by wise shakes of the head and cryptic warnings to watch out for what she was going to do to New York.

Weary as Una was in mind and body that opening night of The Sleepwalker on Broadway, she could not escape the infection of febrile excitement that had already crept through the company. She felt, as she heard the preluding orchestra through the drop, the same impulse to key up, to give out in one supreme effort everything she could—to strain every nerve to crown her work with sincerity. Yet, as she made her entrance, with her smudged face and her tightly braided pigtails, studiously toeing in as she carried her great pile of crockery plates, the roar of derisive laughter that came from the audience sent a wave of bewildering nausea through her spare young body. So complete was her surprise she dropped the plates—and this untimely accident gave rise to so prompt and so prolonged a roar of laughter from an uncomprehending audience that a discreet management thereafter nightly supplied Una with two dollars' worth of crockery to meet the same fate.

All she knew at the time, however, was that they were laughing—and laughing at her. She was the object of their derision. It filled her proud spirit with a wayward and petulant anger. It made her sullenness something more than mere pretense. It added to the comicality of that most hated of parts.

She was given a "hand" as she stumbled off; and somebody in the darkness of a wing-shadow said: "Great, kid!" But her misery was immeasurable because it was inexpressible.

Her third-act scene, the sudden explosion of anger at those above her, was merely a matter of dynamics. It was merely a matter of husbanding her voice and energy until the right moment. It was easy to do, because it carried itself along. She had mastered the scene at the end of one week's rehearsals. And she abhorred it less than the other scenes, because in it she felt she could be sincere. She felt that she could give it a touch of dignity. She had persuaded herself that even insolence, enacted with sufficient passion, could be translated into something not unlike tragedy.

In that third-act scene, accordingly, she let explode all her pent-up emotion, all her smoldering indignation, all the passion of a frustrated great desire.

The audience, held breathless for a moment, watched the ecstatic anger of that grotesquely impassioned figure. Then again, louder than before, came the inundating tidal wave of laughter. It rose and receded and rose again; it reawakened in remote and weak-sided ripples; it interrupted speeches and embarrassed the actors. One woman in the balcony became hysterical and had to be helped out of her seat. An extremely stout man in the second row of the orchestra gurgled and choked and rocked whenever Una began to speak a line. Why or how it was, she could not understand. All she knew was that she was the butt of their derision, the target of their foolish and vapid laughing. They applauded and shouted for her at the end of the scene. An effort was made to go on with the action; but the audience would have none of it. Una had to be pushed bodily on the stage by the indignant Uhlmann. There she stood blinking up at her mockers, with scarcely a head-nod of thanks, as desolate in spirit as a Christian martyr in the pit of the Colosseum. And a critic on the following day spoke of Miss Carberry's adherence to the fidelity of her rôle, even in taking her curtain calls.

That next day also brought the verdict that The Sleepwalker was to be the laughing hit of Broadway. Una's part was revamped and rehearsed, her characterization was studiously broadened, and the play settled down for an all-summer run. Una found herself interviewed by a dramatic-column writer or two, and from the voluminous pages of the Sunday papers she occasionally saw her own face staring out at her. She also found herself the heroine of various exploits and the theme of various paragraphs at the hands of an industrious and imaginative press agent; but she continued to go through her work with the mirthless regularity of a captive in a treadmill.

She consoled herself with the memory that she was at last able to save money. She was rigorous in her self-denials, saving wherever it was possible. Every cent was counted; every unnecessary expense was curtailed. She had learned too well the misery of being without money; she was determined to feather her nest while the chance was there.

Then, when she had saved four hundred dollars, she startled the rest of the company and took the breath out of Uhlmann and his associates by handing in her two weeks' notice. They expostulated in vain. They implored without result. They offered an increase in salary, a two-year contract for the part, with a guaranty of forty weeks a year; but it was all useless. She hated the rôle and she intended to give it up. And to this decision she clung with the blind obduracy of youth.

As soon as she was free she began looking about for a new part. The Independents, outraged at her abandonment of an assured success, branded her as unreliable and carried their punitive measures to the point of denying her an audience. The Syndicate, viewing her as an Independent follower, found nothing to offer her.

Yet she was not discouraged. She discovered new producing offices. She ferreted out new agencies. She told herself she could afford to wait. She felt that somewhere in that calling, with all its multifarious activities, there must be a corner for her.

She lived frugally, convinced of the fact that in due time her chance would come. She even became a little listless in her rounds—a little less exigent in her chasing up of accidentally discovered clues—a little more impatient of the long waits and the overtalkative habitués of unventilated anterooms.

As winter wore into spring she began to wonder what the country was like. She caught herself sighing more than once for a sight of green fields and cool streams; for the smell of the lilac blossoms that used to blow across the line-fences of Chamboro in the early spring dusk. She thought once or twice of taking an excursion into the country; but she decided in the end that it would be better to save her money. She would need clothes, she warned herself; the betraying bald light of the sun-bathed streets made her ashamed of her older and shoddier dresses. Yet each addition to her wardrobe was duly weighed and pondered over. Every cent was counted. Her one idea was not to drift into that improvidence characteristic of the play-actors among whom she lived.

Once, when loneliness weighed heavily on her, she was driven to thoughts of Hempel. Over her memory of those earlier weeks when she was posing for him crept a tinge of regret, as though they held something to be envied. This feeling of regret, as the spring days lengthened, became an actual pain. She finally summoned up sufficient courage to climb the stairs to Hempel's studio.

A feeling of relaxed will crept through her as she made her way slowly and timorously up those familiar steps. She longed for an establishment of the old relationship. She even felt that if Hempel would be kind to her she could be doubly gracious to him. She thought of the homelike little room next to the studio, of Hempel's simple and happy life up there above the chimney-pots. She felt that if he would say again what he had once said she would be unable to answer as she had once answered him.

Her heart was fluttering as she knocked on the door of the studio. She heard Hempel's voice, and a moment later a pale and mouselike young girl opened the door. This girl wore a model's costume—an old-fashioned brocaded gown with huge panniers.

Una, as she stepped into the studio, said she was sorry to interrupt a sitting. The artist rose from his chair and shook hands with her. It was not an interruption; they were both glad of a rest.

Some nameless constraint in his manner made Una's heart sink. He had seen her in The Sleepwalker, he confessed; it had struck him as very clever. And he had read of her success. He showed her a few of his newer pictures and the printed proofs of some earlier drawings for which she herself had posed.

Una, as she gazed about the studio, noticed that he had already rented the second room. The door into it stood open, draped with a green velours curtain. She noticed with a pang that the mouselike model in the panniers was quietly lighting the gas stove behind the panel-screen with the gold storks. On the wall she noticed also a pastel of herself that Hempel had done months before.

"I wonder if you'd let me buy that from you?" she asked. And a second pang swept through her as Hempel drew out the thumbtacks that held it in place and handed it to her.

He refused to sell it; it would be an honor if she would accept it from him. She found it hard to talk to him. He seemed more silent, more self-contained.

"I mustn't keep you from your work!" she said at last after a brief yet pregnant silence which he seemed unable to break.

He followed her through the door as she passed out.

(Continued on Page 40)



She Had a Few Sharp Words With the Stage Manager as to the Reading of One of Her Lines

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PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 30, 1911

The Year's Business

IN HIS annual report the Secretary of Agriculture says: "The climatic conditions of the early part of the growing season of 1911 were adverse to agriculture throughout the country east of the Rocky Mountains in a degree that exceeds all records. . . . This combination of drought and heat was the severest test to which the crops of the immense area covered have been subjected during the many years covered by records."

Nevertheless we produced four and a half billion bushels of cereals, which is under the preceding five-year average by less than four per cent—and a record crop of cotton. For all big crops except cotton the price is higher than a year ago, and the total farm value of the crops was five and a half billion dollars, or slightly more than it was in 1910.

The value of all agricultural products was nearly eight and a half billions, or only three per cent less than in the year before. Our corn crop alone was worth almost as much as the total agricultural production of Italy and Japan combined.

Turn now from agriculture to business as a whole. Undoubtedly business was disturbed and depressed by the Sherman Law, especially in the latter part of the year. Like the summer's heat and drought, that law was a severe test; but as a matter of fact we went right on making, distributing and selling things on virtually as great a scale as ever and at about as good prices as ever. All the statistics show this. The law induced a bad spell of untoward financial conditions; but the country is an infinitely long way from being "broke."

The Court of Commerce

WE HOPE Senator Poindexter's bill to abolish the newly created Court of Commerce will receive early and favorable consideration. Introducing the bill, the Senator said: "With one or two exceptions, the commerce court, in every important case where the petition was filed by a railroad, has enjoined the orders of the Interstate Commerce Commission. . . . The Spokane case was carefully considered by the commission for years. Conclusions were tested by application to actual business before ordered into effect. And yet the raw commerce court, without special experience, on a brief hearing, enjoins this carefully considered and thoroughly tested order."

Suppose you were building a dam and had employed a competent civil engineer; but your lawyer insisted that all the engineer's orders must be subject to review by him. In the course of some years, if the engineer were sufficiently patient in explaining the import of his various orders the lawyer would understand all the problems involved in the construction of the dam; in short, he would become nearly as expert as the engineer himself.

However, while the lawyer was acquiring this expert knowledge you wouldn't be apt to make much progress with the dam.

That is about the situation created by the new commerce court. The Interstate Commerce Commission, by years of investigation, has become familiar with the problems of transportation. The commerce court act simply makes this expert body subject to a body that does not know so much about transportation. That the general effect of the court will be to paralyze the Commission—at least until such time as the court itself becomes expert in transportation—seems most likely. This new court illustrates Mr. Taft's passion for turning over as much as possible of the Government to the learned but extremely dilatory hand of the judge.

There is no question here of denying the railroads a right of appeal to the courts. That right they always have had and always will have.

A New Tail for the Ticket

SOME six or seven million Republican voters, we imagine, will be mildly excited and more or less disappointed by the unofficial statement that Vice-President Sherman will not stand for renomination.

Broadly speaking, they had not heard of Mr. Sherman before half a dozen gentlemen, in convention assembled, selected him as their vice-standard-bearer, with reversionary rights to the chieftainship of the party and the nation. They will be mildly excited with wonder as to whom Mr. Penrose, Mr. Lodge and a few others will select next summer to receive their homage and their votes.

Mr. Sherman proved an excellent candidate—that is, his residence, while not offensively costly, was sufficiently imposing to form a fine background for the family-group pictures which the newspapers published during the campaign, while the sobriquet of Sunny Jim, which the press agents at once invented for him, had a finely optimistic and democratic sound. Six or seven million Republican voters, having at last got their subchieftain definitely outlined in their minds so they can recall at will his full name, his nickname, the state he comes from and one or two of his best stories, will be more or less disappointed at the prospect of having to get some other assistant standard-bearer fixed in their minds between the end of June and the first of November. It would be a graceful concession if Mr. Penrose, Mr. Lodge and their colleagues of the inner circle would nominate for vice-president some man with whom voters were already acquainted.

On the other hand, tradition fairly compels them to make this concession to voters in respect of the man whom they nominate for president—and one shouldn't ask too much of them.

A Census of Millionaires

HUMBLE citizens of Prussia are much handicapped in their right to vote, but they have one important joy that is denied us—the income tax is applied there with the same inexorable iron-fistedness that characterizes all other activities of the government; and Herr Rudolph Martin has analyzed the tax returns with that inexhaustible patience that distinguishes German research. Thus he is able to publish a census of Prussian millionaires that is generally accepted as substantially correct; and when a Prussian citizen wishes to decry swollen fortunes or denounce malefactors of great wealth he can turn to Herr Martin's report and state exactly how swollen the fortune is—instead of having to rely upon the absurdly inaccurate newspaper guesses that constitute our only statistics on the subject.

The richest person in the kingdom, then, is Frau Krupp, whose fortune amounts to forty-six million five hundred thousand dollars. Second comes Prince Guido Henckel von Donnersmarck, with forty-four millions and some odd thousands. Prince Hohenlohe-Oehringen, with thirty-seven-odd millions, is third; and a Rothschild, with twenty-six millions, is fourth. Prince Pless, with twenty-one million dollars, is fifth—and so the list trails off until it comes to mere literal millionaires in terms of dollars. Herr Martin finds only eight thousand three hundred Prussian millionaires all told; but by millionaire he means the possessor of a million marks, which roughly is only two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This is a pitiful showing when compared with the lists of multimillionaires in dollars our newspapers print; but fact usually makes a pitiful showing when compared with unbounded fancy.

A Catechism for Promoters

QUITE a library of handsomely printed pamphlets offering stock in new life and fire insurance companies is in circulation in the United States. Very likely you have received one or more invitations to subscribe upon more or less tempting terms; and the pamphlet may be adorned with the names of some respectable persons who are to act as trustees or directors of the new venture.

The first question to be answered is whether the new company is primarily a bona-fide insurance proposition or merely a professional stock-selling promoter's proposition. Before you subscribe, write to the persons offering the stock and inquire whether anywhere from twenty to forty per cent of the money you pay in to form the capital of the new company isn't going to be retained by the promoters as their commission for placing the stock. If you can't get a candid and satisfactory answer to that question don't subscribe.

And this, by-the-way, is an excellent rule as to any stock whatever for which you may be invited to subscribe.

The Unhappy New Year

NEW YEAR'S DAY, broadly speaking, is the least happy of dates for labor because it begins the season when unemployment is greatest. Most wage statistics are based upon the average number of hands employed during the year and the total amount of the payrolls; but this is far from giving an accurate account of the state of wage-earners. A recent census bulletin, to illustrate, covers industries that employed an average of six million six hundred thousand hands in 1909; but in November these industries employed a little over seven million hands, while in January they employed only six million two hundred thousand, in round numbers. Eight hundred thousand hands that were employed in the fall were idle in midwinter or employed in some field outside the census survey. This rule obtains in a great number of big industries. In working lumber and timber, for example, seven hundred and thirty-nine thousand hands were engaged in November; only six hundred and forty-nine thousand in January. In foundry and machine shops the number of hands dropped from nearly six hundred thousand in December to less than five hundred thousand in January. Then there are the seasonal trades, like canning and preserving, which employ over a hundred and fifty thousand in the fall and under twenty thousand in midwinter. There is also a tremendous variation from a year of good times to a year of hard times. Taking all wage labor, probably a steady job is its best boon; and whatever tends to make finally for industrial instability is its worst foe.

Shaking Down the Children

STEALING candy from children, like bank-robbery, is, by comparison with some other things, high-class, honorable occupation, because both candy and banks are more or less luxuries. No one indulges in either until his primary wants are satisfied. Likewise the graft that is most complained of affects only taxpayers, stockholders, shippers and other possessors of property who remain, in fact, quite comfortably off despite the graft. We get closer to hard-pan in the following extracts from a report in The Survey on cranberry picking in New Jersey:

"Upon seventeen of the bogs visited, where a careful count was made, thirty-two per cent of the pickers were under fourteen, eighteen per cent were under ten, and on some bogs children under five were seen working. These children are encouraged, when they are not compelled, by both the padrone and the parents to keep at work throughout the day. . . . The picking is done almost entirely by Italians, who are recruited by padrones. The padrones charge them varying amounts for the privilege of a job and get a rake-off on transportation. In some cases padrones receive a commission on each bushel of berries picked. They are usually given the commissary privileges as well. The padrone always prefers to engage large families with many children. . . . The worst evils are in the camps, where the children live from five to seven weeks. The surroundings are often unspeakable; congestion outslums the city."

If there is a toddling infant or a decrepit graybeard anywhere who can be made to earn a penny there is usually some grafter at hand ready to prey upon the wage.

Forbidding Failure by Law

A STAID British economist, writing in the London Bankers' Magazine, inquires whether a man should be permitted to go on trading or practicing a profession unsuccessfully until his resources are completely exhausted and he is a confessed bankrupt. Usually, the writer argues, a man who is not succeeding will stick to the losing venture as long as he can raise a shilling—in the end bringing loss to those who trusted him and sometimes dishonor to himself. Reports of the Inspector-General in Bankruptcy show that British creditors have lost four hundred million dollars in ten years through bankrupt estates.

To prevent complete insolvency, the writer proposes some rather complicated and dubious machinery, involving official yearly audits of a great many persons' accounts, "with power in some constituted authority to stop the trading or practice" when it appears plainly to be running into insolvency.

This obviously would involve quite an army of official auditors and grave responsibility on the part of the constituted authority. Broadly speaking, nobody would become completely bankrupt if he were not ashamed to confess that he was not succeeding. He could always pull out, with his debts paid and with a stake of money or credit for a new venture, if he could bring himself to acknowledge—in time—that the present venture was failing. Utter failure is the direct result of a fear of failure.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Doctor at Marysville

THERE was mischief afoot in Galesburg, Illinois—dark deeds were brewing. It is not too much to say there was blood on the face of the moon! A heinous atrocity was contemplated, a crime that staggered humanity—at least that staggered a portion of the humanity resident in Galesburg at Knox College.

The plot: Five young men had insurged from a frat. They had protested against a certain procedure that had occurred in the dark recesses of the frat house; and had bolted, walked out and declared for representative government in frats—or for the recall, or something.

The fraternity had decided to give a dance. Naturally, as the five insurgents had bolted they were not in the secret of the date for the dance; and when they did find out they discovered simultaneously the details of the horrible crime that was in the offing. Holding the date of the dance inviolate, five members of the frat had visited the five girls to whom the insurgents were partial and had dated them up for the dance. The other frat members had dated up all the rest of the good-lookers. The five insurgents couldn't go to the dance, and their girls were going with other fellows. There is a situation calculated to give a Sophomore pause! There is the horrendous circumstance laid bare!

What to do? The girls were approached diplomatically and reproached angrily; but they refused to give up the dance, especially as there was nothing else but insurgent company in sight for that evening, which they could have at any time. Baffled, the five insurgents, led by a towheaded one—whose name, Oscar Lanstrum, showed why he was towheaded—retired for counterplot.

"Revenge!" declaimed Lanstrum.

"Sure thing," assented the others—"but how?"

"Come with me!" ordered Lanstrum; and when they had finished coming they were in Chicago. Stanley, the African explorer, was lecturing in this country. He was in Chicago too. The five insurgents went down to Major Pond's private car and told him the story. They wanted Stanley to lecture in Galesburg on the night of the dance. The major made the engagement. Then Stanley came back, invited the boys to dinner and told them stories of his African experiences until their eyes bugged out.

There was no dance in Galesburg that night. Even the Greek-letter boys could not hold out against the counter-attraction—and the five girls went to the lecture with the five insurgents. The major came to settle up. Then he learned the youth was the sole promoter of the enterprise.

Major Pond's Prophecy

"YOUNG man," said the major to the towhead, "you have a wonderful future. You will rise to a high place or you will go to hell!"

Ten or fifteen years later Major Pond was traveling through Montana. The train broke down at Silver, from which place the stage runs to Marysville. The sun was baking the dreary and desolate stretch of sagebrush. Pond was introduced to a man who sat behind him on the train.

"Lanstrum?" asked the major. "Did I understand your name to be Lanstrum? And did you go to Knox College?"

"I did."

"Well, young man," continued the major, "I predicted that you would rise to eminence or go to hell." Then he looked at the burning landscape. "You have reached the latter place!" he said.

However, that was years after Lanstrum had finished college and had begun the study of medicine in Chicago. He had managed to get by with enough marks to secure him a degree from Knox, but he decided he would see what there was in the stunt of being a grind. So he ground. At the end of the year a kindly professor patted him on the back and gave him one hundred dollars in gold for being first-honor man. One hundred in gold had its allurements for Lanstrum, and he looked into the matter. He found there was a hundred each year waiting to be picked from the work tree—and he picked it each year he was there; and when he was graduated he took five hundred dollars extra as the grand prize for having a record of high marks never equaled in his school before or since.

He practiced medicine for a year and a half in Chicago and then landed in Marysville, Montana, where an English corporation was taking out gold each year and employing six hundred miners. Lanstrum was not the company physician. He bought a team of tough horses and began to ride for fifty miles each way in a country that was sparsely populated by ranchers and miners and prospectors, and densely populated by the main range of the Rocky Mountains. The company physician had all the company business, of course, but Lanstrum hung on; and it wasn't long before he had a good many of the miners as patients, who paid their medical dues to the company and called in the independent doctor when they were sick.

His practice grew for a dozen years or so, and he attended to it and kept out of politics. One time, however, the company—which had the votes—decided to make a certain obnoxious person school trustee. The miners were against him, but were afraid to say so openly. Lanstrum ran, and the miners turned in and elected him. They sent him to the Republican county convention at the head of the delegation. There was a bad factional fight. Lanstrum's men—in the minority—were promised two places. Lanstrum was taken sick and could not keep tab on things, and the other faction sought to break the agreement. They brought word to Lanstrum, who got up, went to the convention, nominated his men and, just to show how he felt about it, took the nomination for the legislature himself. And all three were elected.

Lanstrum served two terms in the legislature and then went to Helena to live. He was defeated in 1900, but won in 1902 and 1904. While he was in the legislature he fathered and passed the bill providing for the submission of a constitutional amendment for the initiative and referendum, which was adopted at the next general election. He also wrote and introduced a railroad commission law and passed it through both houses. This bill was vetoed by the governor; but the same bill, with slight modifications, was introduced at the next session at Lanstrum's request, and was passed and became a law. It was signed by the same governor who vetoed the other bill.

By this time Lanstrum was specializing in his practice and mixing largely in politics. He decided he needed a newspaper and bought the Montana Record—or organized the company that bought it—and was made its editor, which position he still holds. He was Republican county chairman in 1906 and elected his entire county ticket. They made him state chairman in 1908, and he was chairman of the executive committee of the state central committee in 1910. He has been president of the State Press Association for the last three years.

Lanstrum is one of the big political powers of Montana. They like him out there because he is a clean-cut, two-fisted, red-blooded fighting man. He has had his differences with the leaders of his party and has fought them out openly and aboveboard. He has courage and is a wise and far-seeing politician. He is indelibly Republican, typically Western, big, breezy, good-natured, sharp-witted, with a gift of story-telling and a tongue that can be very sharp. He is studious and able, not only in his profession but in public affairs; and he will go a good deal farther in politics in Montana than he has gone before he is through. He is the Republican comer of that state.



He Comes Naturally by His Scrapping Tendencies

Lanstrum hates peace. His grandfather was a Swedish soldier, his father an officer in the Union army, and all his mother's folks fought for the Confederacy—so he comes naturally by his scrapping tendencies. At that, he can talk himself out of a difficulty if it is necessary. Soon after he hit Marysville he was rabidly infected with the gold fever. Others were getting money out of the ground—why not he? It was easy, too, for a philanthropist had a mine for sale that needed but digging in it to produce the wealth of all the world. This philanthropist liked Lanstrum and, as a mark of personal favor, offered to sell him the mine for the exact sum Lanstrum had. The young man bought. Then, in order to get rich quickly, he hired all the miners he could get and set them at work, expecting to make a clean-up in the first month. The miners dug for thirty days, but dug nothing but rock. There was no gold.

Then they needed their wages. Lanstrum had no wages for them. They formed in a body and marched on his shack. "Boys," said Lanstrum, "I'd like to talk to you one at a time. My house isn't big enough for the whole bunch of you." So he took the leader in and wheedled him—and let him out by the back door. And he talked that whole lot into waiting until he could earn enough to pay them. Talking is a gift not without merit when it comes to politics.

Prince or Pickle Face

WHEN Charles Edward Russell the writer, was an editor he was known variously as Prince Charlie—if he was in good humor, and Pickle Face on other occasions. Once when he was acting as managing editor of the Chicago American and writing editorial articles as well for that paper, Youssouf, the Terrible Turk, about seven feet tall and weighing four hundred pounds, was wrestling in Chicago. The Turk's press agent thought it would be a grand bit of work if he could exhibit the Turk to Russell as a product of perfect selection of species, and thereby evoke an editorial on the wonders that may come to the human race through proper mating.

Russell is about five feet six or seven and slight. In some way the press agent jimmied the Turk into Russell's office, and then made his talk. Russell was writing and did not look up.

When the press agent had finished and the Turk had struck a pose Russell looked over the top of his glasses, glanced at Youssouf's tremendous feet, and then looked slowly up the entire length of the massive body. Then he rang his bell, and an office boy weighing about sixty-five pounds came in.

"Boy," ordered Russell sharply, "throw this unspeakable being out of my room!"

Chicken Etiquette

ONCE during the Mexican revolution when President Madero was an outlaw, according to the Mexican Government then existing, he had to leave El Paso hurriedly because the American officers were after him for alleged violation of the neutrality laws.

Madero crossed the Rio Grande to Guadalupe and found among the troops an American negro who was known as Missouri Bill. The Federal troops left Ciudad Juarez and the Madero forces retreated southward, marching all day and most of the night in a cold rain.

Camp was pitched, and after about an hour Missouri Bill, who had taken Madero under his especial care, turned up with some fried chicken, some beans and tortillas, and Madero and his staff sat down to the first food they had had for eighteen hours.

Madero is a vegetarian. He helped himself to the beans, declined the chicken, and said to Bill: "Mistor Vill, vare did you dat *gallina* shicken aget; did you heem estole?"

"Look yere, mister," protested Bill, "Ah ain't no nigger for to steal no chicken; dey jus' comes to me when Ah scratch mah haid—an' Ise done a heap ob scratchin' this yere night, boss."

"It is wrong to esteal," continued Madero.

Missouri Bill looked at Madero pityingly. "Looka here, Mister Mad-a-row. No white gem'man ever asks no nigger nothin' 'bout no fried chicken whah Ah comes from, sah. He mout kick 'bout eatin' moonshine beans, but chicken an' whisky—no gem'man who ever asks questions 'bout dem ain't mixed much wit white folks—no, sah!"

Overland

The Mechanical Excellence of this $900 30-Horsepower Touring Car

FAMILIARIZE yourself with the mechanical side of an automobile and you can quickly arrive at any car's real value. This does not necessarily mean that you should know a car from A to Z as a professional engineer does, but you *should* know enough of the fundamentals to be able to tell the difference and judge values accordingly. The chassis is the backbone of an automobile and the more you know of this the more intelligently you can estimate a car's value in dollars and cents.

We have asked you to measure up the facts of this fine car against the facts of any $1250 car on the market in order to show you the slight difference. Here we wish to acquaint you with the mechanical side of this car—to prove the thoroughness and fineness of its every construction. And the mechanical excellence of this $900 thirty horsepower touring car is best explained by a brief synopsis of the facts covering its construction.

The motor is a four-cylinder, four-cycle type of Overland design and manufacture. Cylinders are cast [illegible] and are offset from the crank center to the right of the crank center as the main frame, and is constructed to fit entirely with a view to accessibility of all parts.

Valves are of the mushroom type and interchangeable, made from 35% nickel steel heads, electrically welded to carbon steel stems. Their design and large size enable the motor to develop 30% more horsepower than any other motor of the same bore and stroke.

The radiator is of the famous Kinwood flat tube type. The radiating surface is unusually large, with large diameter intake and outlet openings.

The frame is constructed of cold rolled pressed steel, formed in channel sections of effective design, great strength and stability.

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The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse. The speed changing, final drive, and differential gears are contained in the rear axle unit.

A smoother, more delicate, and at the same time more positive clutch than the Overland cone clutch does not exist. It is of such design and construction that in starting the car there is never a shock or jar. The facing is not lubricated. It is, therefore, unaffected by weather [illegible]

[illegible] is very easy on the tires provided with a ball-bearing [illegible] shaft. This crank shaft is drop-forged from one piece of carbon manganese steel and rotates in five bearings of unusually liberal peripheral area, ensuring quietness and extremely long life.

Lubrication is provided by a force feed mechanical oiler actuated by the cam shaft.

Wheels are of heavy artillery type of special construction and equal to those used on the most expensive cars.

Front axles are of the I-beam section type, drop-forged in one piece, heat-treated in the most approved manner in our own factories, and capable of withstanding the severest road shock.

Brakes are particularly large and have ample friction areas. There are two brakes on each rear wheel, the inside or foot-brake, which is internal expanding; the outside or emergency brake, which is external contracting.

Springs are of the semi-elliptic and three-quarter elliptic type. The rear springs are mounted on spring chairs that have a lubricated bearing on the rear axle tubes. This form of construction produces an easy-riding car, as it permits the springs to act freely.

Final drive is effected from the propeller shaft to the rear axle by means of accurately cut and carefully hardened bevel gears, the usual differential and two live axle shafts which drive the rear wheels. Special roller bearings [illegible] bevel gears and pinion are of drop-forged nickel steel, cut to accurate Overland style, and scientifically heat treated.

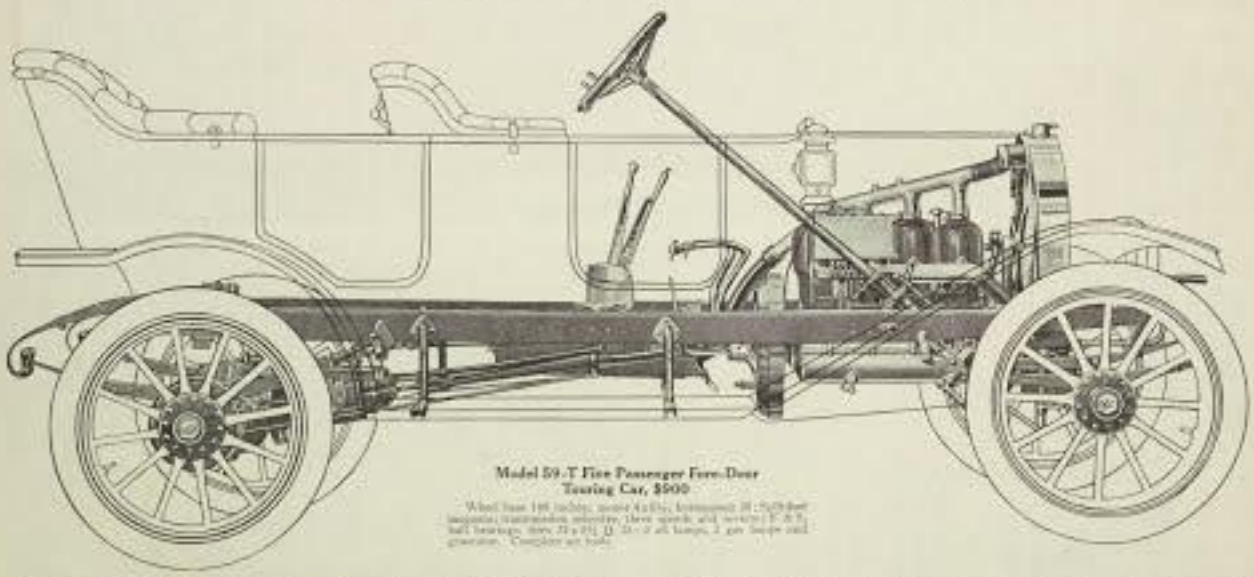
We have tried to make this as brief as possible without omitting any of the essentials. It is the kind of information that shows you exactly what a car is worth.

We have published a book which we want you to read. It covers in detail every single part of this car. Not only what the construction is, but how each part is made—showing each factory operation from body to bolt.

Better let us send you one of these books. It is the most interesting and thorough work of its kind ever written and fully explains the ability of the greatest automobile plant in the world to make a car of the 30-horsepower, 5-passenger touring car type to sell at from 30% to 40% less money than any other similar car on the market.

Write us-day and ask for book A-172.

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Model 59-T Five Passenger Fore-Door Touring Car, $900

Wheel base 140 inches; motor 4x5½; horsepower 30; [illegible] ball bearings; tires 35x4½; 12 35-watt oil lamps, 2 gas lamps and generator. Complete set tools.



"I resolve!—"

"TO give my wife more comfort than ever this year and more of the fun of living."

"To give that husband and that youngster of mine even a more satisfying home-table every day—and *worry less about it*, too."

"And *I* resolve to ask my Ma once a day, at least, for one of those delicious

Campbell's SOUPS

And the youngster hits the bulls-eye after all: For there's hardly a single item you could name which does more to simplify and improve the daily home-keeping program than these tempting wholesome soups; perfect in quality; rich in variety for every occasion, and ready on the minute without trouble or fuss.

Why not prove it *yourself—today?*



21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mutton Broth, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Tomato-Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli-Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label



"This feeling of rest
Down under my vest
Shows how these
Campbell's Soups digest."

The Senator's Secretary

WHENEVER two or three of the Old Guard get together, or whenever one of them gets an audience in his power, a Grand Lodge of Sorrow is immediately organized. The point of meeting, or talking, immediately becomes a Wailing Place, and the wails that go up are heart-rending and calculated to drive all who hear them to tears—or beers, if not within prohibition territory.

I am referring now to the Republican Old Guard. The Democrats have been out of power so long, except for the recent demonstration in the House of Representatives, that their elder statesmen discovered long ago there was no nourishment in wailing and turned their faces toward the morning—or where they fondly imagine the morning will be—in 1912. The pleasures of hope with them have displaced the joys of viewing with alarm.

Not so with the Republican Old Guard. They are in a sad stew. Their party is split. A lot of young and active and intelligent and obstinate men have declared for reorganization and readjustment—and revolution if need be; and the crisis is upon them. Indeed, the crisis has been approaching for a long time, but they have been so secure and so smug that they forgot how crises look, and failed to recognize this one. Whereupon, now that they have recognized it, they are lifting up their voices in lamentations. That is the only thing they know how to do—lament. They are in the difficult position of being in bad, as the saying is, without the vaguest understanding of why they are or how they can get out.

There are no two ways about it—to hear them tell it. The country is skidding to socialism, aviating to anarchy, rushing to ruin and chasing to calamity. You can tell always when an Old Guardster thinks he is done for and that the other side will win the elections. It is then he lifts a portentous hand and warns the people against the dangers of socialism. Anything that disagrees with the established and selfish program of the Old Guardster smacks of anarchy. They are used to doing things the way things were done by their predecessors, and a new idea is as abhorrent to them as the thought of anybody outside the sacred circle getting any patronage or having a voice in legislation or control of the Government—which are the most abhorrent things there are.

The Nahant Lodge of Sorrow

The Old Guard Republicans don't know yet what hit them a year ago, what has been belting them ever since and what is due to knock them out presently. They haven't the wit to realize that the old order is changing. They have stood still while the rest of the people have progressed; now that they are facing an entirely new era they are howling like lost souls and deprecating the evil tendencies of the times. And, when you come to think of it, a tendency of the times that has a tendency to put a crimp in an Old Guardster, who has stood for years defiantly and has done things as his little controlling clique has decided, is evil. It is more than that—it is positively sacrilegious.

A late example occurred when the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, who is a scholar in politics and who desires to remain the same, voiced the sentiments of the entire outfit in a speech he made somewhere down South. Mr. Lodge is vastly distressed over recent demonstrations along the line of representative government. That is natural enough. If, for example, Mr. Lodge had been required to get his latest election to the United States Senate by virtue of a popular primary Mr. Lodge would not now be in the Senate. He would be a retired statesman pursuing literature, but never quite catching up with her.

Mr. Lodge was not so required. He secured his election through the old-style medium of a legislature, but he will be in the full strength of his powers when another six years rolls round; and, believe us, gentles, he has an inkling of what may happen in grand old Massachusetts ere that time rolls round.

He is appalled. So are all the rest. He sees nothing but ruin and disaster and decay in this demand for the initiative and the referendum and the recall. His soul shrieks when he utters that word "recall"; and when it is applied to the sacrosanct judiciary the whole fabric of the Government becomes a total loss and no insurance! The Constitution is in danger and must be protected at all hazards. Listen:

The Constitution Threatened

"Every demagogue, every noisy agitator, whether in Congress or out of Congress, incapable of connected thought and seeking his own advancement by the easy method of appealing to envy, malice and all uncharitableness—all such people now lift their hands to tear down or remake the Constitution," says Lodge.

That is about the way they all talk. Whenever they see their own power vanishing—whenever they realize their own organization is in danger—they trot out the Constitution and shout that it must and shall be preserved! They look on the Constitution as the instrument that is to preserve for them their patronage and power. Any assault on them is an assault on the Constitution. They remind one of Uncle Jim Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, who has held his job so long he thinks there is something in the Constitution that entitles him to hold it forever.

It is an axiom that when a politician begins to wail he is lost. The Old Guard are all wailing. There never is a gathering of them that does not begin by wondering what it all means and winding up with terrifying predictions concerning the bitter days that are coming, when the discontented masses will march round with red flags and burn a few public buildings. Any idea that does not agree with their own fixed, set, barnacled and selfish ideas is socialistic. They love that word "socialistic." They use it on every occasion. They are so far in the past their political ideas look like pictures of hoopskirts compared with plates of bobble skirts. They haven't moved a peg in thirty years. And everybody who has pegged a few, in the way of political reform and readjustment, is a socialist or an anarchist or a demagogue. Recipe for being called a demagogue: Advocate an advanced political or governmental idea.

Mr. Lodge can talk better in public than a lot of his colleagues, but not half so eloquently as they can—and do—in private. You can hear more forebodings of disaster from the remnants of the Aldrich organization in the United States Senate and the remnants of the Cannon organization in the House than could be produced by troupes of trained pessimists working twenty-four hours a day. There is nothing to it. The country is going—has gone—to the bowwows. Of course they fail to see the humor of it, which is that the country is doing right well and it is the Old Guard that is consorting with the bowwows; but they wouldn't be Old Guardsters if they hadn't lost their sense of perspective.

Chic Mourning for Miss Liberty

If they could come back into control for a few minutes the first thing they would do would be to put a bow of crêpe round the arm of Miss Liberty up on the Capitol dome and order the Congressional stationery edged in black. We are ruined—that is all there is to that. There is not a ray of light ahead. They meet in the corridors of the Capitol, and elsewhere, and sob in voiceless woe over the sad trend of public affairs. It certainly is fierce! These gentlemen have lost out and are facing another period when their losses will be greater. The game has grown away from them and has been taken away from them also. Hence they view with alarm. They let out these constantly recurring squawks of warning. They wail incessantly. You can get a tale of distress or some dire prediction from Uncle Joe any time you meet him. Murray Crane and Boies Penrose and Jim Mann and Reed Smoot are constantly dissolved in tears. The Constitution is in danger. So are the Old Guard. Inasmuch as Constitution and Old Guard are synonymous in the minds of the Old Guard, it doesn't take much of an observer to discover the henceness of the tears.

Otherwise, Congress started in fairly peart style. The Democrats in the House appear to have a rather definite idea of what they intend to do, and so do the Republican Progressives in both branches. Nobody seems much cast down. There is a good lively fight coming and all appear to be anxious to get into it and see what the results shall be—all but the Old Guard! They cannot find a ray of sunlight ahead. They are down and out, and the country necessarily is down and out too; but Progressives and Democrats are lively.

Any man is lucky to be president, but it is a question whether any man is lucky to be president when he is happy-go-lucky. Just before Congress met it was announced solemnly that Mr. Taft had decided to cut his message into sections and send in a section at a time. The White House correspondents made a great to-do over this. Instead of sending in a long message, dealing with all the important topics now before the country, Mr. Taft was to introduce an innovation. His first slug was to be about trusts, or something like that, and the next one about the tariff, or something like that; and from time to time he intends to hand in little essays of from five to ten thousand words in length, on whatever seems important and timely.

The President's Serial Story

Everybody who knows Mr. Taft laughed. He didn't send in his message in sections because he wanted to innovate anything, or set any new style, or beat any precedent in the face. He sent it in that way because he was a little slow getting started and had only one slug of it prepared when Congress met and it came message time. He had the best intentions in the world when he got back from his trip, and determined to get that message off his mind; but the golf links were calling, and there were visitors to see and a campaign to plan—and, anyhow, what's the hurry? A most human citizen is Mr. Taft. He doesn't like to work any better than the rest of us. As he said once, there are a lot of pleasures that can be garnered while one is president. A president can have a heap of fun if he wants to. And Mr. Taft likes to be outdoors, and to play golf, and to ride in his automobile, and to go to the theater—and all that. Besides, he probably thinks it doesn't make such a heap of difference whether the message comes in in one slug or in ten. Congress will do what it wants to anyhow; but why print all his recommendations about the new plan to handle the trusts first, and so on—this innovation? It's no innovation. Cleveland did it once. One thing about being president is that a president can do as he dad-blamed pleases.

During the flurry about Colonel Roosevelt's rejoinder to the Administration's few remarks on his connection with the Tennessee Coal and Iron matter, the Colonel said—or somebody said it for him—that the Colonel had a letter from a prominent Republican Senator offering to support the Colonel for president next time against Taft. Then somebody said the letter was written by Murray Crane, Senator from Massachusetts; and there was a week when it was solemnly stated and as solemnly denied that Mr. Crane had done this terrible thing.

Apparently it was tremendously important, but the people who discussed the incident forgot one part of it—Mr. Crane. Mr. Crane makes paper for other people to write letters on, but he uses very little of his product himself. If he had a communication to make to the Colonel on this subject, or on any other—whether he was offering the Colonel the Massachusetts delegates against Mr. Taft, or asking him what time it was—he wouldn't write a letter about it. Not your Uncle Murray Gumshoe Crane! He would proceed stealthily to Oyster Bay, arriving in the dead of the night; go out to Sagamore Hill by a circuitous route; enter through the cellar door; breathe up through the register opening a request to see the Colonel, and when the Colonel came down cellar would lead him round back of the furnace, take hold of the Colonel's coat lapel, see to it that all lights were out and all windows closed—and then would whisper his communication into the Colonel's large and receptive ear behind a protecting hand—and escape silently into the night.

Snapshot vs. Careful Investment

By ROGER W. BABSON

A TIME ago I was having dinner with a member of the London School Board and he said: "If American business men could be strapped to the floor for one day in the week and made to think, America's greatness would never be eclipsed; but the present American methods of acting first and thinking afterward will sooner or later bring your country to grief."

I have just returned from an extended trip, during which I had the opportunity of talking with a great many people in various sections of the country; and I find they are all stirred up, wondering what is to happen. In talking with me all of them pretend to be dissatisfied. The railroad president is dissatisfied with the efforts of President Taft to regulate capitalization; the employees are dissatisfied because certain bills introduced into the last Congress by certain railway organizations were not passed; the directors of the railroads are dissatisfied because rate advances have not been permitted, and the shippers are still complaining because certain rate reductions have not been ordered.

Unscientific Management

In short, I have found the country in a state of discontent and unrest; everybody is dissatisfied—all wanting something they have not got, and every one wondering what 1912 is to bring forth. Most of the men with whom I talked "feel" that certain conditions are bound to come and look to Congress as a heathen would look up to a dumb idol. This is all a great mistake. I therefore urge business men to stop worrying, to stop discussing these things with their neighbors and to sit still quietly and do some thinking. If the American business man and investor would read the newspapers less and think more we should have business conditions very much better than those that exist today. The trained engineer and the able physician—and, in fact, other men of scientific training—do not manage their affairs in the unscientific manner followed by the average business man. Such professional men study and think; they discover actual conditions and then decide what effect such existing conditions will have. This is what the American business man and investor, whether large or small, needs to do today: Study more and worry less.

Now, as I review the financial and industrial history of the United States, the paramount thought that strikes me is the almost regular recurrence of financial upheavals and panics, with their alternate periods of overspeculation, extravagance, depression and hard times. As one carefully studies statistics that record the conditions of these various periods, it is amazing to find how accurately he who informed himself could have foretold the future. And yet more amazing is the total ignorance of the majority of business men of the economic causes that make prosperity or reaction in their respective lines of business. Though business men are beginning to realize how closely our industrial system is connected and that what beneficially affects one line will eventually affect all lines, still there is much to be desired in the awakening of the belief that the man of business should be more broadly educated in an economic as well as in a practical way.

The next great advancement in the welfare of our country will be the result of a clear understanding of the economic laws that govern industry and a meeting of the economist and the business man upon a common ground. They will help each other in theory and in practice. Our population, being constantly augmented by new people coming from different parts of the world and varying widely in intellectual standards—in political, social and religious ideals—makes it imperative that a movement to guide business on a fundamental and economic basis be at hand. To secure large profit and lasting success our efforts must be built upon a firmer foundation than day-to-day conditions, with the optimistic hope that because times are good they will always remain so. Optimism, like many other good qualities, is too often overdone, and the man who in times of wild booming prides himself on his ability always to take an optimistic view of the future is nothing short of being stupid. The characteristic which our business men of today should develop is sober thoughtfulness, with a disposition to see things in the light of what caused them and a desire to anticipate what effect present conditions will have on the future. Add this to American initiative, courage and undaunted spirit and panics will be fewer and farther apart and our periods of ruinous liquidation and depression less severe.

Study the lives of the able manufacturers, merchants and bankers and note to what their genius must be attributed. Has it not been to a timely looking forward to events as yet unseen by the ordinary mind, or what is called foresight—the ability to appreciate and calculate facts in the present and thus discount the future? If history teaches anything it is that all the virtues of patience, perseverance and hard work, though necessary, have been only contributory to the success of our distinguished men. Moreover, the real basis of their foresight and wisdom was simply that they knew the facts, studied conditions and then determined that which lay beneath the surface. They were students of fundamental conditions.

To grasp these facts today is much easier than a generation ago. They are now compiled in such a fashion as to make them most complete; and being most complete they are today more reliable than ever. It is truer now than fifty years ago that the only way to forecast the future is by a careful study of the past. Most business men live only in the present, giving no consideration to the past and not preparing for the future in a scientific way. Our business men should study all subjects relating to industry and distribution. Statistics are the coöperative parts of a basis for determining the future trend of business. How important it is, then, for the manufacturer, merchant or banker carefully to study data relating to money and trade; and how great, therefore, must be his advantage over competitors! It is this that distinguishes between the unusual and the average man. It is the ability to see things in advance—the aptitude to get there first.

How Foresight Pays

Moreover, this theory in practice is not selfish; it is patriotic. Surely there can be no more patriotic citizen than he who in times of stress circulates his money in proper channels and thereby helps to restore confidence as well as render the community a direct service. It is lack of this knowledge that deceives so many manufacturers and merchants. The man who buys without forethought for the sole purpose of making money quickly on a speculative chance finds himself loaded up on declining prices and sold out when prices are advancing. On the other hand, the man who has awaited the opportunity purchases at the low prices, and, in addition to making a handsome profit, serves to check the decline.

Surface conditions, when their cause is not analyzed, are nearly always misleading; and when they are of any real value it is simply because they truly represent certain underlying causes. For instance, at the end of a great depression in business there is no man so pessimistic and so discouraged as the permanent optimist of boom times. It is then that the business of the country is rife with apprehension and timidity. Nothing is so paralyzing as the doubt and fear that follow a great depression. Yet it is at just this point that the man who views conditions in a fundamental and economic way has the breadth to see things over a long period of time, and has the confidence and courage necessary for the foundation of the period of prosperity.

Fundamental statistics embrace a number of subjects. One may add personal subjects that deal directly with his own line of business and thus be benefited by comparison with other business periods in his particular activity; but, on the whole, the following subjects are well chosen:

1—Building Construction; 2—Money in Circulation; 3—Comptrollers' Reports; 4—Loans of the Banks; 5—Cash Held by Banks; 6—Deposits in Banks; 7—Surplus Reserves of Banks; 8—Total Bank Clearings; 9—Bank Clearings, excluding New York; 10—Stock-Exchange Transactions; 11—New Securities; 12—Business Failures; 13—Labor Statistics; 14—Imports; 15—Exports; 16—Balance of Trade; 17—Gold Movements; 18—Foreign Money Rates; 19—Political Factors; 20—Production of Gold; 21—Commodity Prices; 22—Crop Conditions and Iron Production; 23—Railroad Earnings; 24—Idle-Car Figures; 25—Religious and Social Statistics. These may be tabulated under the following three headings:

Mercantile Conditions	
Bank Clearings	Failures
Immigration	New Building

Monetary Conditions	
Domestic Monetary Conditions	Foreign Monetary Conditions
Surplus Reserves	Commodity Prices

Investment Conditions	
Prices of Securities and Shares traded in on the New York Stock Exchange	Condition of Leading Crops
	Political Conditions
	Social Conditions

Railroad Earnings

The division of the different groups and the classification thereby minimize complications and reduce the study to a very simple matter. Still further combining the figures into a composite plot shows one at a glance how conditions are at present. By comparing with the facts and figures of other periods, and basing deductions on the economic theory that "action and reaction are equal when time and intensity are considered," one arrives at a conclusion as to what definite period is in progress and the trend of future events.

Under the subdivision of Investment Conditions we find political and social factors. Political factors and their attributaries are especially interesting just now. There are times when politics are dormant and need not be so carefully watched and considered. For example, after the election of the late President McKinley, when the country was assured of the defeat of free silver, and up to the election of Mr. Roosevelt, politics were more or less in the background; but during the last few years politics—or rather the prevalent social unrest—has been a very vital force. No matter what party might have been elected in 1908, tariff reform would have loomed up as a disturbing element, as both parties promised it. It is now plain that Congress will continue to discuss tariff revision and that both parties will again face the voters on this issue in 1912. Such agitation will undoubtedly have the effect of keeping our corporate interests—particularly those now protected to any large degree by the present tariff—from expanding or making improvements beyond the necessities of ordinary demands. Tariff agitation and business uncertainty usually accompany each other.

Theory and Practice Combined

In this connection I must say that one of the most encouraging signs of today is the fact that the American Economic Association, at its great December convention in Washington this year, has given so much attention to this question. The American Economic Association is probably the oldest and most influential of its kind in America, being composed of leading economists from all parts of the country. Moreover, it is a still more encouraging sign that during the past year the association has increased its membership about thirty per cent; and this increase has come almost wholly from the ablest practical business men of the country. This brings together in the same convention the college theorist and the practical manufacturer and merchant. If this work can be kept up and extended, not only in the national annual conventions but in social gatherings throughout the length and breadth of our land, a great benefit will accrue to all business from now on. Certainly the coming together of these two classes will

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not only make the college professor more practical but will cause the business man to do more thinking—which is what is sorely needed at the present time.

The trust question in its present status is another grave menace to any marked advance or general improvement in business. The present attitude of the Administration at Washington may be temporarily unsettling in many phases. The hostility of the Government toward corporate business has very properly resulted in fewer promotions of the old sort. The recent decisions of the Supreme Court in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company cases were disappointing to a certain speculative element. That they will eventually prove to be good for the country as a whole, there is no doubt; but meantime many corporations are undecided as to what to do. Confusion on this point is intensified by the difference between the interpretation by the Administration and that by leading lawyers of the Supreme Court's decisions in the Standard Oil and American Tobacco Company cases so far as they apply to other combinations.

This leaves many of our corporations open to attack—though in many cases justly. Placed in such a position, it is not to be expected that our larger corporations will attempt greatly to increase their business facilities at the present time. Viewed impartially, the trust question is one of extreme uncertainty, though of great importance. Coöperation has been one of the pillars of our prosperity structure; and if we have to revert to the former state of competition it is difficult to foretell the consequences, as it might revolutionize our mercantile system. The feasibility or possibility of such a reversion, however, has many able advocates. Speaking in an economic way, the day of "cutthroat" competition is past; but we may be facing a period of "regulation." Progress to our yearly increasing population can only come through wise organization; and organization means system; and system cuts out waste. Therefore coöperation in industry is as vital to prosperity as are thought and study. Regulate industry if you will; but the growth of the country demands that its business be concentrated. Therefore many conscientiously believe that we have outgrown the Sherman Act in its present form. Surely the men who twenty years ago drafted and enacted it could not, in the light of our tremendous growth, have foreseen the effect it is having today. The legislative investigations, pending or contemplated, whether instituted for political effect or otherwise, also add to the chaos of our political factors.

Another interesting influence, and this especially affects the railroads, is the action of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The recent rulings of the commission in the Spokane and other cases revolutionized freight rates in the West and Middle West, and time alone can tell what the actual effect will be. Appeal from some of these rulings has been made to the Interstate Commerce Court, with still further interesting results. This condition, combined with the Interstate Commerce Commission's refusal to grant increased freight rates last spring and the continued harassment of railroads by minor state commissions, together with the fact that the roads had granted increased wages in anticipation of being permitted to reimburse themselves, has resulted in decreased net earnings.

We, therefore, find the labor situation looming up as a direct factor. This is an element in an economic way that has not yet felt to any degree the reactionary period we are entering at the present time, and one that can be permanently solved only by a careful and honest study of fundamental conditions. The fault, however, lies not so much with the employees as with certain labor leaders, many of whom never miss an opportunity to stir up dissatisfaction and discontent. This is clear to all fair-minded persons and is beginning to be realized by the laboring men themselves.

No real improvement from the present period of reaction can come until the cost of living and conducting business has at least been readjusted—if not thoroughly liquidated. Had our crops turned out as brilliantly as promised earlier in the spring, no doubt this would have come about sooner than now seems likely. This disappointment in the crops has resulted in a rising commodity market. However, had the Interstate Commerce Commission granted the increase in freight rates, it is certain the railroads would have had still greater demands made by the unions. The endless chain of higher wages and then higher freight rates has to end somewhere; and, all things considered, perhaps just now is as good a time as any to thresh out these vexing problems. Therefore some of our troubles may be blessings in disguise. Certainly they will be if they lead us business men and our employees to think. On the other hand, these all are but ripples on the surface of the water. Congress does not make conditions. Conditions dictate what Congress will do. One can much better forecast what action Congress will take on the trust question or tariff question by studying such vital subjects as failures, exports, immigration and crops than by going to Washington and gossiping with representatives and senators.

Therefore, though I here mention these subjects in a general way, because of the great interest existing therein, yet to me they mean little or nothing. If fundamental conditions warrant the enactment of certain laws such laws will eventually be enacted, and all Wall Street can not prevent the same. Moreover, we shall never again have real prosperity until they are enacted. Contrariwise, if fundamental conditions do not at present justify such legislation—and it is passed—it will be repealed soon. God rules everything or nothing; and the thing for us American business men to do is to study and learn the right, and then quickly adjust ourselves thereto.

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Wilderness as a Farm

ABOUT ten years ago an American daily newspaper offended many readers by editorials suggesting that Americans ought to learn how to cook and eat rice because it is a cheap food. Many retorts were made that we had such a thing as the American standard of living. Within the last decade or so that vaunted standard has altered somewhat. Meat is disappearing from American tables where once it was universal, and the cost of everything else has increased so sharply that the whole matter has gone into politics as well as commerce.

Just at this critical juncture there comes to our aid Secretary James Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, announcing the thrilling discovery that the American people ought to eat ground squirrels or gophers. The honored Secretary bases his recommendation upon high dietetic, commercial and moral grounds. He estimates that these gophers annually destroy eleven million dollars' worth of crops, hence we ought to eat them. Mr. Wilson, presumably from personal experience, also declares that the gopher is as good to eat as the quail. Perhaps ten years from now we shall not be able to afford gopher.

Personally I could never bear prairie dog, and it is my individual intent to struggle along for a time without gopher on the table, whether or not they eat eleven million dollars' worth of crops. It is a well-known fact on the Pacific Coast that some of these ground squirrels are the host of the germ of the bubonic plague. In a well-known valley of Western Montana there is a very fatal disease known as the spotted fever. It has been discovered that this disease is traceable to the bite of ticks which are found only in ground-squirrel country and presumably have bitten these squirrels. On the whole, without any intention of knocking our learned Department of Agriculture, the ground squirrel or gopher makes no special appeal. There are, however, other sources of food supply that grow in unfarmed fields and that may be reaped where no one has sown.

Take, for instance, the history of that humble fish known as the sucker, which infests nearly all fresh-water streams in the early spring. It is well known that the early inhabitants of Illinois had to live on suckers and hence got their nickname. This fish, albeit bony and none too succulent, served to piece in the time between the last bear meat and the first dandelion greens. Many of these suckers, and that other abomination, the German carp—which never should have been introduced into this country at all—along with their cousins, the buffalo and the fresh-water mullet, are shipped in millions of pounds each year from Western streams to Eastern cities.

The Mississippi River is astonishingly full of fish life, many species breeding there in millions and millions. Some of the tributaries, too, are notably great breeding grounds. The Illinois River, with its adjacent lakes and bayous, is perhaps the most prolific fish-producing water system in the world. Naturally the commercial fishers have taken possession here, and annually many hundreds of tons of fish are shipped to the market. Each year this river ships a half million dollars' worth of carp, a quarter million dollars' worth of buffalo and suckers, half as much value in catfish and bullheads, twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of black bass and a hundred thousand dollars' worth of other sorts of fish. There is not much more than half a million dollars' worth of capital invested in nets, boats, and such things, and although some five thousand men are engaged in this occupation the dividends are very satisfactory, considering that the state and national governments do all the planning and that the individuals do nothing but the cashing in on Nature's farming.

There are curious industries on the Mississippi River. One man is said to have made a fortune in Russian caviar and sturgeon, both of which he made out of river catfish. This same catfish must not be overlooked in any comparisons with the gopher as food supply. There are several schools and colleges that are supplied weekly with catfish—the variety known as "fiddlers," a pound or so in weight—all shipped by one pair of energetic fishing partners in a town on the Upper Mississippi. There is a young merchant of Chicago, fourteen years old, who is making a fair living selling skinned bullheads and little catfish that he catches from the Calumet Lake, near the southern part of Chicago. They are very small, for they don't get a chance to grow very large in that vicinity.

Our most fashionable city cafés depend somewhat on the wilderness for their supplies. Take the watercress with which your meat dish is garnished. There are some farmers who ship this in regular lots, but a considerable source of supply is the wandering Italian or other foreigner who passes over the countryside collecting cress from streams that he does not own. He will get five to ten cents for a bundle of cress that cost him only the trouble of collecting.

Mushrooms are commercially grown, of course, yet many thousands of pounds are brought in by this same type of wanderer, who combs out all the woodlands and pastures for this crop which does not cost anything. In any large city in the autumn you will see groups of these foreigners coming in on the railway trains from the country, with great stacks of hickorynuts or hazelnuts. If any one planted or cared for these nuts it was not those who collected them. In the South, wild pecans are a considerable source of revenue. "Greens" of different sorts are also used, and in Tennessee a turnip-top is called salad.

Our unbaked foreign population, which has had much to do with the readjustments in the American standard of living, learned in the Old World how to utilize odds and ends. A Connecticut game warden not long ago found in the game-bag of an Italian three bluejays, three flickers, a purple finch, two hermit thrushes and

fifteen robins. Tony, who had been taught that this is the land of the free, thought he was going to have a fine Sunday dinner. If you travel in Italy you will never see any kind of bird or animal life moving. The standard of living took care of that long ago. The Department of Agriculture has not yet discovered that the English sparrow is a fine article of diet, yet for many years an Italian market hunter near Chicago has supplied "reed-birds" to a few cafés, said reed-birds, although nicely picked, always having their heads and feet cut off.

In a general way we all know that the restaurants get wild game somehow, and in a general way we think it all right to buy it and eat it, and in a general way we suppose it is going to last forever. Not many of us know much of the figures in this sort of supply. A New York dealer who was investigated some time ago was found to have in his possession eight thousand snow buntings, seventy thousand sandpipers and as many snipes and plovers, seven thousand grouse, four thousand three hundred quail, seven hundred ducks and three hundred bobolinks.

Another dealer in New York said that he sold each year more than a million game birds of one species or another.

Fortunes have been made in selling wild game, both by dealers and by market shooters, but those days are nearly gone in America. Some efforts have been made to protect this source of food supply. Every Canadian province has stopped spring shooting of wild fowl, and every state adjoining Canada except one, Michigan, also has stopped the spring shooting. Michigan hangs on to her food supply harvested in the spring out of the northbound ducks. It could, perhaps, make ten million dollars each year out of its game if it handled it in good commercial form. Maine cashes in that much annually on the wilderness crops—via the tourist and hunter route. Scotland makes that much each year out of her game preserves.

We hear less now of class legislation and of the old appeal that the people ought to have this cheap food for their own. Surely they ought. The supply is tremendous beyond the average understanding of it. It is so valuable that the people ought to take care of it and not exhaust it. But nobody does take care of it. Once the market streets of Chicago and St. Louis were wonderful displays of game of all sorts. They are so no longer, and the sale of game is prohibited now in almost all states of the Union. The recently enacted Bayne-Blauvelt law prohibits all marketing of American wild game in the entire state of New York. It is, perhaps, the greatest piece of game legislation we have ever had in this country. It will, perhaps, make it difficult to obtain game legally in a New York restaurant. A prairie chicken costs four or five dollars now in Chicago or New York. I have seen them sold at a dollar a dozen in Chicago.

The Ducks of the Currituck

There used to be about two hundred thousand wild ducks killed on Currituck Sound each winter for the New York market. Other Atlantic Coast points shipped more than that. Texas alone used to ship much more than that each winter. A great many people have been eager to cash in on a crop that cost them nothing to raise. It went on this way until greed met greed, and in self-protection states began to prohibit spring shooting, the selling of game or the shipping of game. The migratory wild fowl that winter in the Currituck country supply a good part of the Michigan spring flight. No one knows where these birds were bred or how many wild regions have served to support them. The entire human population is supposed to have an undivided interest in any wild animal until some fellow "reduces it to possession," as the legal phrase goes. The state game laws claiming police supervision over the individual and his game-bag have been proved out in our superior courts. Our theory is that the game belongs to all of the people of the state. That theory without doubt or question is based upon the value of the food supply made up of the wild game itself.

It is a curious fact, but an actual one, that most of our commercial and political problems nowadays have come out of transportation. Our Interstate Commerce Commission is the grandest little commission you ever saw, and also the busiest little commission. It has done much to protect the American wild food supply. We never did have anything that brought market butchers to time until John F. Lacey introduced in Congress the law regulating interstate traffic in game—the act which now is known as the Lacey law. The author of this measure had discovered that it was the railroads that were destroying our game—the railroads and ice; because in these modern days it was possible to take the wilderness crop of game or fish, ship it across the entire country and sell it for good prices to people who really had no natural right to it, but only an artificial right. There are some nice principles concerned in this question that perhaps may yet come into the law courts. Since our laws rest upon the presumption that the wilderness farm produces food, it is fair to suppose that this food ought not to be made a matter of general commerce, but that it ought, as nearly as possible, to be reaped and used upon the spot where it is grown. That means that the New York man cannot buy Illinois game on his café table. That means that if he wishes Illinois game he must go out there and shoot it before he can eat it. Thus amiably disposed, he runs against the non-resident shooting license of the latter state and howls that he is up against an un-American and unconstitutional thing. These state licenses, however, have held water in court. They are all based upon the process of reasoning above indicated—that fish and game are a valuable food, but that they belong specifically to the man who takes them, subject to the general ownership of the commonwealth in which that man lives. There was something of an act of injustice done by the former game trade, which robbed the Western game preserves for the benefit of the Eastern markets. Had there been a Bayne law in New York, Chicago and St. Louis twenty years ago, there would be a tremendous food supply existing today in many states that now are practically bare of wild life.

If that game still existed—if it had been cared for and handled as a thing of value—the local prices of beef, mutton and pork might be lower. The villager who can go out and kill for himself even a mess of rabbits is not so apt to buy thirty-cent beef.

Gigantic Waste of Game

Speaking of rabbits, there were sometimes as many as five thousand jackrabbits killed in a big rabbit drive in Colorado or California. Very often the bulk of this meat was allowed to spoil, although there was one Denver parson who did what he could to get these carcasses shipped to the poor of the cities. It might have cut down the bread-line somewhat.

Perhaps the destruction of the great herds of American buffalo was inevitable. There was for a long time a herd of these animals that numbered over four million each year, possibly twice that; no one really knows. Admitting that they had to be killed sometime, how about the meat loss? Three-quarters of a ton of meat multiplied by four million makes several tons of good meat, does it not? What have we left to take the place of that? One fears that the gophers of Mr. Wilson are not going to hold out.

We are apt to sneer at the cottontail rabbit, yet none the less here is a very considerable source of food supply. You have, perhaps, seen rabbits brought by the sackful to country stores, the farmer's wife getting, perhaps, three to five cents apiece for them. Today the price in the city would be double or more than double that. The great thing about the rabbit as a wild crop is its omnipresence and its fecundity. Rabbits is rabbits as much as guinea-pigs is pigs, and in warmer climates at least they raise two or three litters of half a dozen each in the course of a year. In Australia they tried to exterminate rabbits, just as they have exterminated jackrabbits in California and Colorado. Yet there are hundreds of tons of rabbits eaten as food in America each year. They help out the breakfast table of Uncle Remus, and many a cowpuncher and prospector has found sagebrush rabbit good to eat. Smiled at in field sports even as the bullhead is derided in angling, the cottontail rabbit may none the less proudly take his place by the side of the horned pout—predecessors belonging to a day earlier than Secretary Wilson's gophers. Whether shot with shotgun or rifle, caught in a trap or a snare, driven out of its hole by a ferret, or indeed reduced to possession by any of very widely varied means, Brother Rabbit holds his own. Hitherto he has been called a nuisance by quail-hunters, but as quail become scarcer more and more rabbits come into camp in the game pockets at night. We shall be using beagles long after we have forgotten how a good pointer looks.

I have known a sledload of rabbits to be brought into a Western village by one party of hunters. It looks like slaughter, and so it is; but at the same time these creatures were given away and were eaten, and the country that raised them had the use of its natural food supply. And just so much extra investment for the daily table was unnecessary.

While young a corn-fed rabbit is almost as palatable, in regard to his hindlegs and saddle, as a piece of chicken. We respectfully commend Brother Rabbit to the consideration of the Secretary of Agriculture, with the recommendation that the department issue instructions for broiling, fricasseeing and otherwise preparing this little animal for home consumption. For instance, we should know as a people how to prepare *Weinhasen*, *Hasenpfeffer* and other kinds of *Hasen*.

Possibilities of Protection

No one can tell just what figures would be required to cover the value of the American wild food supply. Even yet it must run into many millions of dollars annually. It might be many millions more, no doubt, if our farmers, and our city folk as well, would treat wild game as sensibly as we treat tame poultry and domestic livestock. The doctrine of state's rights and free-for-all individuality was the main cause of extermination of many species. The same doctrine turned the other way about would do much to increase the food supply of many species not yet extinct. As splendid transportation made interstate commerce in game easy and profitable, so the Government control of interstate commerce can prevent that transportation from making the game trade too easy and too profitable—which latter would mean the extinction of an investment that now pays the American people very many millions of dollars each year, although they do not know it and do not care for it.

Canada has one forest reserve of fourteen thousand square miles. It can be a game preserve as well. We have many national parks and game refuges and game reserves. We are protecting a few buffalo, remnants of the great herds. We have a fur-seal reservation in the Pribilof Islands. We have fifty national bird reservations in seventeen states and territories, including Alaska and Porto Rico. We protect these reserves by five different executive departments at Washington—those of War, Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor; operating several different bureaus in each department. Let us not jest at the ponderousness of this machinery as compared with our lessening game supply in the farms of the common people, those of the woods and fields. Has not Mr. Wilson brought to our attention that interesting member of our fauna, the great North American ground squirrel, the *spermophilus* gopher, with or without stripes? Let us not mourn the loss of our four or five million buffalo. We still have left the interesting *Tridecemlineatus*. We recommend this game animal to the chefs of the Waldorf and other food palaces of the nation's metropolis. Let us have gopher à la Pullman, gopher—ah, happy thought—à la Jim Wilson. Let not the American despair who finds thirty-cent beef a trifle oppressive. On the contrary, let him take down from above the fireplace the trusty rifle or fowling-piece of his grandfather, let him take, failing better weapon, in his strong right hand the saber of his father or the sword of Bunker Hill, and, going forth into the near-by open, slay for himself a barrelful of this cheap and succulent food for consumption this winter by himself and family.

And if, gazing into that barrel, he should find its contents good, let him realize that there might have been other barrels of yet better food had he cared to own them. Indeed, millions of such barrels may yet belong to us if we care to have them. Of course if we do not we can go on reducing this country to possession until all over its somewhat extended expanses there shall no longer be visible, any more than there is in Italy, the motion of a passing wing or the print of any creature's foot upon the ground.

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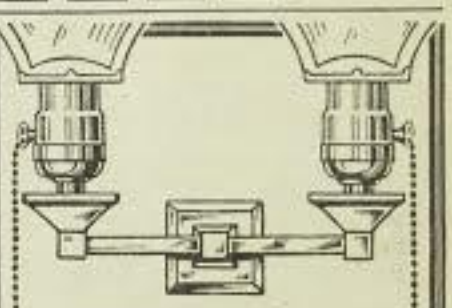
Price of Bishopric Wall Board.—Each crate contains 16 sheets, 4 x 4 feet, making a total of 256 square feet. Price, $6.40 per crate of 256 square feet, or $2.50 per square of 100 square feet, f. o. b. Cincinnati.

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Did You Get That "Pull Socket" Booklet?

IT gives pictures of some of the newest electric light fixtures. It tells why all modern electric light fixtures are equipped with **Pull Sockets** in place of the old-fashioned key sockets.

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BRYANT
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A Desk
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Here is "The Desk With Brains," built of small sections, to fit the individual needs of the user.

The top is flat. The pedestals are made up of interchangeable fractional sections—B-M Quality "Cabinettes"—which the dealer always has in stock. There are over 8000 different combinations.

As the character of your work varies, these sections may be changed to fit your new requirements.

Let us send you our new book, describing the numberless combinations in which "The Desk With Brains" may be had.

With this, we'll send you a chart which illustrates the sections. These you can cut out, and build up your desk yourself from them, in just the combination you want.

Both book and chart are sent free upon request, postpaid, by return mail. Write for it to-day.

The B-M Quality line is the *complete* line. It includes standard size Horizontal and Upright Sections; Fractional Sections (Cabinettes); Solid Cabinets; Correspondence, Desk and Card Trays; Transfer Cases, Folders, Cards and all other filing supplies.

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Clean & Keen



Soap and water cleanliness is not enough today. To obtain the "clean and keen" appearance so essential in making a good impression use

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream

It removes the waste skin and dirt, opens up the impurity-clogged pores, and enables these "third-lungs" of the body to perform their functions unhampered. The thorough cleanliness thus acquired imparts a sense of freshness and comfort which makes you feel your best self again.

Travellers, motorists, shavers all find Daggett and Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream a prized addition to their toilet. As a "Clean-up" it does more than soap and water could possibly do, and soothes and softens the skin besides.

Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c.
Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and $1.50.



FREE SAMPLE

and instructive book on the care of the skin, entitled "An Aid to Personal Beauty."

Address Dept. 35

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
314 West 14th Street, New York

SHOOTING BIG GAME AND GUIDES

(Concluded from Page 17)

I came up for air in a log camp on the shores of Upper Enchanted sometime during the afternoon following the day we started out on the twenty-five-mile trip. Steve was still buried in the balsam. I had arisen with the feel of new-found muscles in my legs, muscles and tendons which up to this time I did not know I possessed. In time I worked my way out into the open air and got Fred Allen to show me how to call a moose through the moose megaphones which we had bought at Portland. It was my ambition to get a mess of moose while Steve slept on. Fred called through the moose megaphone several times to show me how to do it, and after a few tries I went out to the edge of the lake and yelled through the moose megaphone several times. My calls finally awakened Steve, but evidently I had not yet mastered the call well enough to entice a moose out into the open.

Steve was too tired on that first day to start to tramp into the woods to shoot some animals, and suggested that we spend the first few days just catching various kinds of game fish by trolling Upper Enchanted from a comfortable seat in Fred Allen's little motor boat. Even here in these Canadian border wilds was a motor boat. Fred told us that originally it had been a Rangeley rowboat. It had once been partly gutted by a forest fire, but still was serviceable. During a previous summer a mechanical engineer suffering from incipient paresis had accompanied Fred to the camp we now occupied, and during this visit the engineer had built a dollar-movement engine out of various pieces of metal and things round the camp and had installed the engine in the rowboat. The man must have been a half-witted genius!

What the Little Fishes Feared

Some motor boats, as you know, will go "Phut—phut—phut—phut!" as long as the engine can keep its mind concentrated upon its mission in life. Perhaps you may even have attended international motor-boat races on Long Island Sound where the craft say "Bang!—bang!"—a pause—then "Phul'TTTTTTl," and in an instant are fading away in the middle of a charlotte russe of spray.

Fred Allen's motor boat was different.

The guide called her the Twinkle-Twinkle. She rarely said "Bang!" and never "Phul'T'l'l." The noise she made was more deliberate, very loud but deliberate. She would say "Pooh! Pooh! Pooh!" and then seem to stop to think what to say next. A long silence would be followed perhaps by a longer "Pooh!" and suddenly she might follow this with three or four more "Poohs!" So it went. Often we wished during days that followed that the Twinkle-Twinkle would forget to speak at all. If any ducks or wild geese visited Upper Enchanted while we hunted for them about the coves of the lakes, the motor boat undoubtedly scared them off before we got in sight of the flocks. Also the lip of the exhaust, as I understand the tiny inverted smokestack is called, was immersed in the lake most of the time, especially if Steve or I sat anyway near the quarterdeck of the rowboat; and aboard a boat so small as the Twinkle-Twinkle naturally one of us always had to sit on the quarterdeck.

This immersion of the lip of the exhaust, I now firmly believe, also was largely responsible for much of our lack of success while trolling for fish—trolling is another technical term for which there is no layman's equivalent—from the back of the motor boat. We used to troll for bass, land-locked salmon, porgies, togue, square-tailed trout and the other kinds of fish with which the lake, Fred Allen told us, teemed, while at the same time we kept the guns aboard to be ready for passing waterfowl. Just when the dollar-movement engine seemed to have quieted down it suddenly would cough a couple of times loudly into the water. A moment later a bubble or two would rise to the surface and break into a "Pooh! Pooh!" And so I feel sure many fish were frightened away just as they were about to eat the bait.

"We don't want to break the state fishing laws," I hasten to say I informed Fred Allen the very first day we went trolling in the Twinkle-Twinkle. For I had a vague recollection of hearing that the fishing season was over.

"You won't," Fred assured us positively.

Much relieved, we started out to troll, and we went again the next day and the next and then the next. Steve rapidly seemed to be growing discouraged, but on the fourth day suddenly the dollar movement grew hysterical, and before we could stop her she had shot us to the far side of the lake until we almost collided with the beach three miles across the water from our camp. On that far shore was a trapper named Pierce. He explained that he was headed for the Spencer Trail to blast stumps out of the trail. Steve got an idea and six sticks of the dynamite.

But when the Twinkle-Twinkle finally landed us back at camp and Steve explained his idea of dynamiting the lake next day and so get at least one fish, Fred Allen put his foot down on the scheme. After a useless argument I suggested to the guide that there would be nothing unsportsmanlike, so far as I could see, in taking my cousin's shotgun out in the Twinkle-Twinkle the following morning and, if all else failed, trying for a fish by sticking the muzzle of the gun down into the water and stunning some fish by pulling the triggers. Fred argued, however, that if you stick the muzzle of a gun into a lake, or even an inch or two into soft sod to maim a mole, the sides of the barrels of the shotgun likely as not will tear into long cracks. Then the pellets of shot will spill out sideways and the gun is next to useless for subsequent shooting.

After a breakfast of tinned beans, a glass jar of bacon and coffee we each gave Fred a five-dollar bill before starting on the hunt, and we promised him another brace of fives that night if during the day he would successfully page a moose for us. At dawn Fred had his American flag unfurled and tacked to a tall spruce staff, and he started us off to lead the way along the Horseshoe trail. All during the forenoon Steve and I called through our moose megaphones every few feet as we crunched along, but on this first trip we had indifferent success.

Our biggest moment came at noon while we were lunching beside a lithia spring down in a mossy dell.

"Bear tracks!" Steve yelled suddenly, as we were about to start along after luncheon.

Sure enough, along the muddy rivulet running from the spring were some kind of tracks. Fred Allen thought they were small for bear tracks.

"It's a bear all right," Steve insisted. "Ten dollars for you now, Fred, if you'll chase it up to us from the valley. Twenty if we get 'im, but ten bones anyway. Thirty dollars if you ——"

A Fair Warning for Fred

But Fred already was sliding down into the valley, cautioning us over his shoulder as he disappeared in the trees not to fire on anything carrying the Stars and Stripes. Despite his fears, poor Fred was soon to—but I anticipate.

While Fred was roaming some place in the valley for the bear I recalled from my reading that the best place to shoot a dangerous animal is through the spine. As an amateur, you probably do not know that the spine shot stops locomotion instantly. Steve agreed with me, therefore, that a vantage point from a limb directly above the bear was the best place from which to send several bullets crashing through the bear's spine. So we worked into good positions and looked down upon the surrounding treetops, among which we could occasionally see the American flag moving about far away.

Fred came back to us late in the afternoon, yelling from some distance away that we might as well put up our guns as he had been unable to find the bear to drive it to us. Perhaps we returned to camp somewhat discouraged, but we kept on yelling through our moose megaphones until we were in sight of our cabin again, varying the trip by shooting at marks on tree trunks to improve our marksmanship.

Fred got ten dollars from each of us the next morning as again we took the trail. Little success came to us on this day's hunt or on the next and the next. On the third hunting trip I was fortunate enough to hear, although I did not see, a red squirrel chattering some place up in some kind of tall tree. Steve and I fired together and instantly the chattering ceased. The sudden silence showed that we had undoubtedly killed, or at any rate wounded, the animal, but although we searched about for more than an hour we were unable to locate the body of the game, and so we pushed on.

Steve, the next morning, offered Fred twenty-five dollars if he would lead us to an animal of any sort and ten dollars extra if he located a live bird, regardless of size or species.

"If you don't lead us to something today," warned Steve, "by jiminy, I'll kill you."

I laughed aloud at the look of fright that came over Fred's face, and I quieted him by explaining that this "I'll-kill-you" remark was merely a facetious expression that Steve often used lightly. But Steve's set face did not help to reassure the guide. Indeed, Steve's manner caused me also a bit of worry. At dusk we were back at camp after a day in which we had not seen even a cow track. Steve smoked silently for some time.

The Last of Poor Fred Allen

"Fred," he said again gravely the next morning, "I'll give you one more chance. Personally I think it's all useless, and so today I'm going to loaf round camp here. You take my brother-in-law into the woods and lead him up to the face of a moose, a rabbit—anything. And if, when you return tonight, you have to tell me that you haven't met up with something alive I'll kill you."

Sure enough, Fred led me back to camp that evening and the guide had to confess that he hadn't located any game. So Steve killed him.

With light hearts we started south the next morning over the Buckboard Trail toward Eustis and home. Between the two of us we had thirty-eight cartridges left. Singing happily as we tramped southward that day we fired the last of our cartridges at tree trunks. At noon we halted on the banks of Spencer Stream to eat the luncheon that we had had Fred prepare for us before Steve killed him. Then Steve forded the stream in the lead and went singing down the trail some distance ahead. A few minutes after he had disappeared in the woods across the stream he yelled for me.

"A moose!" he screamed. "Hurry up! Holler through your moose megaphone! Hurry! Hurry!"

"Shoot the big stiff!" I yelled back as I tugged at the buckles of my guncase with my teeth and tried to fit the gun together again as I panted across the water and onward where Steve was yelling for me.

It turned out that Steve had shot his last cartridge at a mark half an hour earlier and so had to call for me to try to get the moose with my shotgun. It was exasperating to have lost our only moose just as we were coming out of the woods and into civilization. Steve hadn't seen the moose, but he had heard the ponderous animal in the thickets near a log cowshed back of the all-year-round camp near by owned by a man from Communipaw, New Jersey.

Just as we glimpsed the roof of the hotel in Eustis late that afternoon we did see a big black and white bird that made a sort of laughing noise rise from the far bank of Dead River. So far as I could tell it was a wild goose.

"Shoot him—shoot something!" yelled Steve.

I shot hurriedly at the bird. My first thought was to send the load of shot through its head, so that death would come to the poor thing with merciful suddenness. I am glad to say that I regretted this step the instant I had pulled the trigger. And so I merely shot in its general direction and let the beautiful wild thing escape. Steve said it was some kind of mallard duck.

Just a last word of advice: I should suggest that in bringing your big game back to New York, or wherever you live, ship home from Eustis only the heads of the moose and deer and bear and other animals. It is almost impossible, supposing you live in a city hotel or apartment house, to get an entire moose, say, up to your apartments in a dumbwaiter or even in the passenger elevator. Even a good-sized moose head is troublesome enough to handle round the apartment.



Important News Concerning the White Six-Cylinder "60"

THE White six-cylinder "60" is now ready for the automobile world. Fifty years of sewing-machine making are back of it—twelve years of automobile-building have led up to this fitting consummation of our efforts—a superlative six-cylinder gasoline-driven car. It is just as unique and extraordinary in all its essential features as our four-cylinder "30's" and "40's"—now conceded to be the highest types of motor cars.

IN producing this "60" for the very top of our line, we have naturally spared no expense, but rather have sought to make this powerful car the most perfect sold on any market. Its engineering features have been recognized or adopted by practically all the European manufacturers, and these features to-day influence the design of every new model in this country. Only two motor factories in the world, we are told, use such materials as are characteristic of the entire White line. In liberality of equipment, in all the fine points which mark the most lavish and permanent construction, this car is superb.

The Six-cylinder car is always the supreme test of an automobile factory. Such cars are proverbially handsomely finished and offer little choice from outward appearance — the vital part of a car is under the hood, and there the White demonstrates its class. It has the compact simplicity of the en bloc system of cylinder-casting. There is an almost total absence of the paraphernalia that usually litter the engine of motor cars. The engine is the powerful, long-stroke type which is undeniably the most economical. The upholstery — the body lines — the lighting — the starting system — every detail, is of that type and quality which distinguishes the best the world knows how to produce.

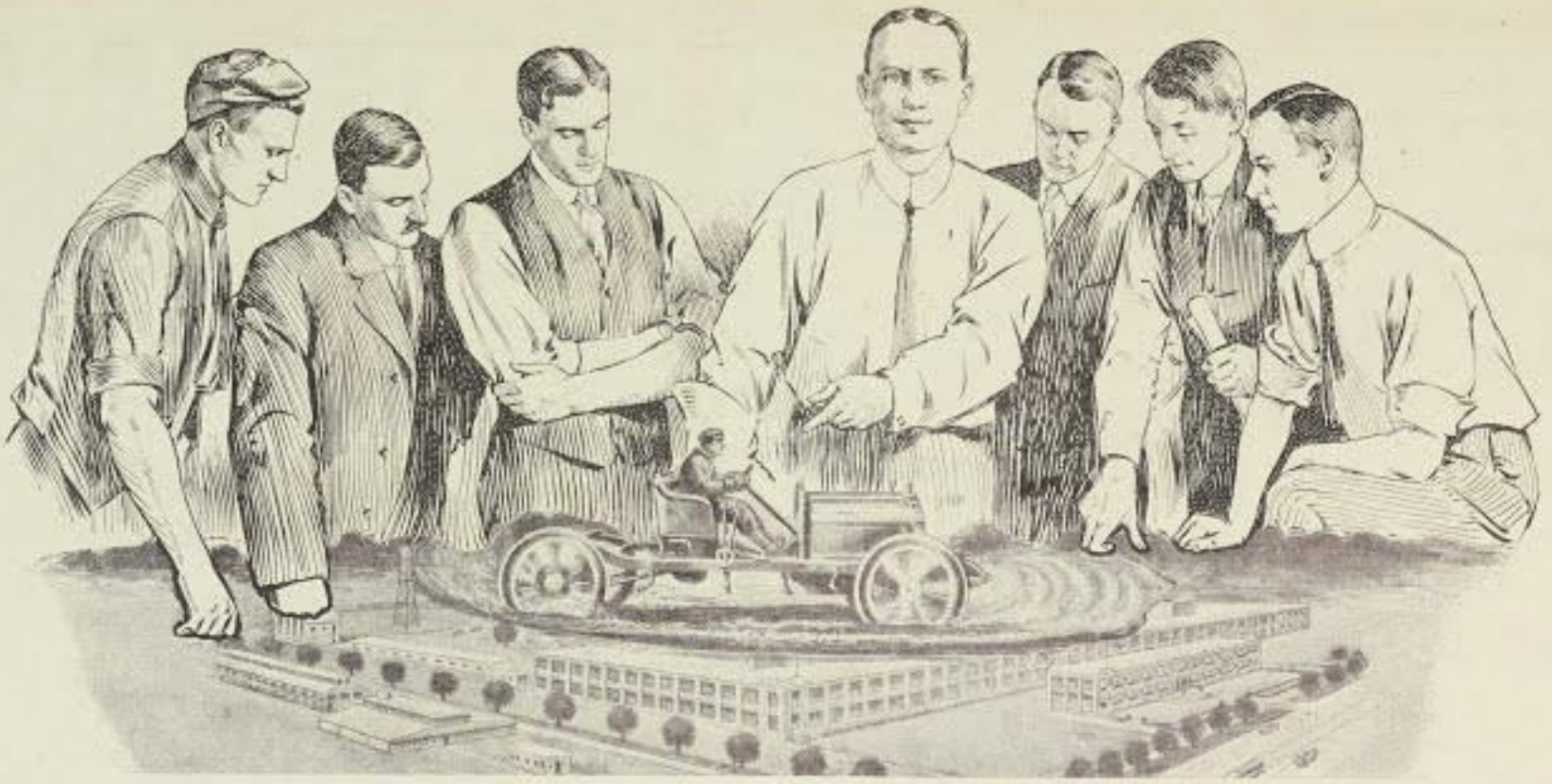
THE OUTPUT LIMITED

REGARDLESS of the tremendous acreage of the great White factory — regardless of its enormous equipment in machinery — regardless of its hundreds upon hundreds of workmen — it has only a certain capacity per day or per week. Built as all White cars are, this capacity cannot be greatly increased. The White "30's" and "40's" have a reputation which has constantly crowded our factory with orders during the last year; consequently, it is expected — almost a foregone conclusion — that these cars will keep us busy in 1912. Therefore, the output of the new "60's" will be limited, necessarily. Produced in response to a definite demand for a White "Six" — even before customers had seen it, we booked order after order from blue-prints. In other words, the demand has exceeded all our calculations, and we are confronted with the possibility of being unable to produce enough of these cars. From our standpoint a most satisfactory condition — but to the man who wants just such a "Six" — the superlative car — from the White factory, it may mean disappointment, unless he acts to-day.

Appointments for demonstrations can be made with White representatives in all principal cities on or after January first.

The White Company

889 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



Howard E. Coffin and His Engineers Build a *New* "33"—Self-Starting

Howard E. Coffin and his Board of Engineers have built their master car—a car you start by merely pressing a button. These men practice the highest engineering principles the world knows.

Engineers from abroad come here to study under these men. Their chief—like Thomas A. Edison in electricity—drives the milestones of automobile advancement. He and his men in other years designed the motors for more than a dozen manufacturers. Eighty per cent of all the better quality American cars have on them features designed by Mr. Coffin.

He had *previously* built five famous cars—the industry's *leaders*. Each, in their time, was the car of the year. They were so far ahead of their day that several are still sold as leaders in their class.

The latest and greatest achievement of these skilled engineers is the *New Self-Starting Hudson "33."*

You Press a Button to Start the Motor

That explains the operation.

A child can do it as easily as it can push a button that rings an electric bell.

It is like switching on the current that runs an electric fan.

Yet the self-starting device of the *New* HUDSON "33" is not operated by electricity nor is it operated by compressed air.

It has neither the weight nor complications common to all starters of those types.

It weighs but 4½ pounds and has only 12 parts. Electric starters weigh 175 to 200 pounds—as much as the weight of an extra passenger. Compressed air starters weigh 60 to 75 pounds.

Starts Instantly in Winter

Our engineers tested all types of self-starters. None other was acceptable.

This one started the motor 98 times in every 100 trials. Thousands of tests were made. Cold weather did not affect it. A motor was kept in cold storage for a week. The temperature was 5 degrees below freezing. Ice covered the cylinders. But the motor started at the first operation of the starter.

Other types were not so successful.

Ask any owner of a *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" how his self-starter operates these cold days.

All distinctive features cannot be enumerated here. Their number is too great. But among them is an advance design which eliminates almost 1000 parts—Demountable rims—BIG tires—an accessibility that puts all important parts and all oiling places within easy reach. Enclosed valves, dust proof bearings throughout. Fan in fly wheel. A clutch so good that drivers never know they have a clutch, because of its freedom from trouble.

The Quietest, Simplest and Handsomest of All

It is the quietest automobile built. It has power that will shoot it—with full load—up mountain roads—through sand and mud and always with a sensation of strength and of flying that is utterly lacking in many cars.

The springs are of the most flexible, yet non-breakable, vanadium steel. People compare the *New* HUDSON "33" in riding comfort to cars of double its weight and cost.

It is pronounced by experts as the most graceful in line of any car regardless of price. In finish, in upholstery and in every detail of luxurious convenience it ranks in the class of $2,500 automobiles.

Haven't you at least a curiosity to see Howard E. Coffin's *New* HUDSON "33"?

Its great simplicity will be a revelation to you.

At all the important automobile shows this year it will have its most advantageous display, for there it can, at close hand, be compared with all other cars.

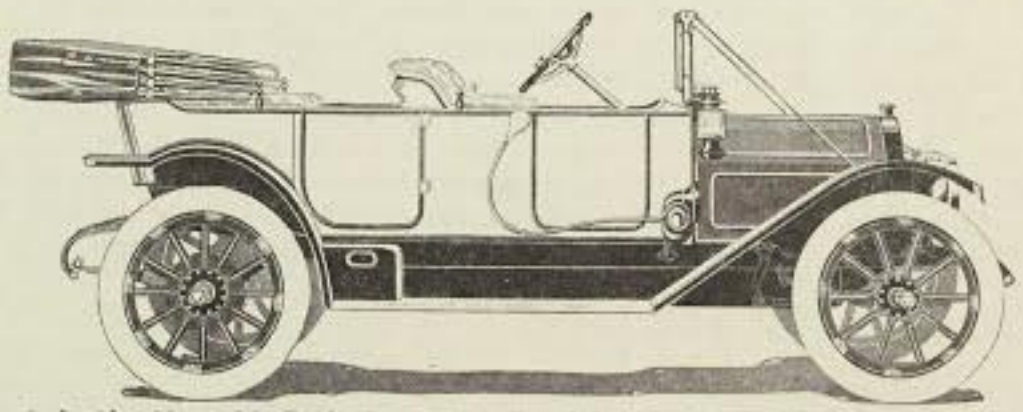
Printed descriptions—advertised promises and pictures are often too alluring and many cars do not fulfill the expectations the advertising has created.

We cannot do justice to the car in a printed description, and therefore ask you to go to see it, compare it with other cars you think well of.

You will marvel at the value Mr. Coffin has incorporated in this last creation.

Go see the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" NOW. So popular was his last year's "33" that more than 2000 failed to get the cars they had ordered, for we could not build them fast enough.

We are leaders today in the number of new cars delivered and still the shortage continues. Better see the *New* HUDSON "33" before all these models too are sold.



The price for either of four models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger—Roadster, two-passenger, or *Mile-a-Minute* Speedster—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the *New* HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

7182 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

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The Progress of a Sane Young Man

(Continued from Page 12)

would, in one sense, be a tariff for revenue; but I take it that the clear meaning of the declaration of the party in favor of a tariff for revenue means a competitive tariff—that is, a tariff that allows sufficient imports from abroad to bring about fair and honest competition, thereby producing revenue and at the same time preventing the home producer from hiding behind a tariff wall that will enable him to establish monopolies and unduly increase the burdens of taxation resting upon the American people, without their receiving any benefit in return, either in the shape of revenue for the Government or in the development of the great industries of the country.

"It is an axiom which cannot be disputed that the moment any industry is allowed to create a monopoly its development along lines of best endeavor at once ceases. If there was a more general understanding that the tariff is a tax, in which private interests share the proceeds with the Government, there would be a more rigorous questioning of the various duties imposed by Congress than has yet been manifested. Protection is granted for the purpose of enabling new industries to establish themselves and to offset the difference in cost at home and abroad. If an industry cannot be strong and lusty in a reasonable time it shows it is developed by artificial means and is not justified—and the props should be taken away. Statistics conclusively show that most of our industries are able to stand alone. Our natural advantages, improved machinery, efficiency of American labor and ocean freight rates in many instances overcome the differences in cost of labor at home and abroad.

"I recognize that false standards have been ingrafted on our industrial life, and that we cannot strike them all off in an hour or a day without serious danger. What I contend is that we turn our faces away from them and gradually and carefully adjust our laws to meet new conditions, without serious injury to either labor or capital, in order that we may reduce the cost of living at home and be prepared to dispose of more of our surplus products in the markets of the world, to the end that we may give constant employment to labor and maintain stable prices at home."

The Democratic Program

"The Democratic party does not intend to abandon the custom houses, but favors a policy of levying customs duties for revenue purposes only, at rates that will not destroy fair and honest competition in the home market. This position will be accomplished by the reduction of tariff taxes provided for in the laws now on the statute books, to a point where fair competition will bring about reasonable prices and destroy monopolistic tendencies caused by the high duties now levied at the custom houses."

This places Underwood squarely—where he hopes to keep the Democratic majority in the House during the coming tariff fight—on a tariff-for-revenue basis. Of course, no matter what Mr. Taft's recommendations may be, and no matter what information the tariff board may present, the Democrats are not beholden to either, but will make their own tariff bills and send them to the Senate. In this statement Underwood clearly indicates the kind of tariff bills he will make. Indeed, it is likely, so far as the House is concerned, these bills will not differ much from the bills passed by the House in the extra session.

He is an advanced conservative in his views of other legislation. For example, he does not favor the wide extension of the initiative, referendum and recall. His contention is that these measures have worked out satisfactorily in local matters where the people clearly understood the issues; but that in larger matters of national importance the Congress is better able to protect the interests of the people.

"The people suffer far more from the failure to enforce existing laws than they do from the lack of proper legislation," he says. "The people should drive from the places of power and responsibility the unfaithful servants and elect those who will be faithful to the trust imposed upon them. The masses of people are far better judges of men than they are of measures, and are far more likely to select an honest man than an honest measure."

Underwood was born in Kentucky in 1862, was educated at the Rugby School in Louisville, and the University of Virginia, and was admitted to the bar in 1884. He went at once to Birmingham, Alabama, where he has since practiced law. He was first elected to Congress in 1894 and has been returned regularly since. He early took a hand in politics and served on state and district committees before he went to Washington. As I have shown, his experience in the House has been varied and his advance has been steady.

He is not a showy man, but a studious. He is not an eloquent orator, but a convincing speaker. His greatest speech was in opposition to the Payne-Aldrich bill when that measure was reported to the House of Representatives by the Republican Ways and Means Committee in 1909. He made several important speeches in advocacy of his own measures during the extra session of the House last summer, but none was so important or so exhaustive as that speech against the Payne bill. He spoke for several hours, took up the bill section by section and analyzed it from his information and convictions. This was one of the great speeches of a season of remarkable presentments of tariff doctrine on both sides of the House.

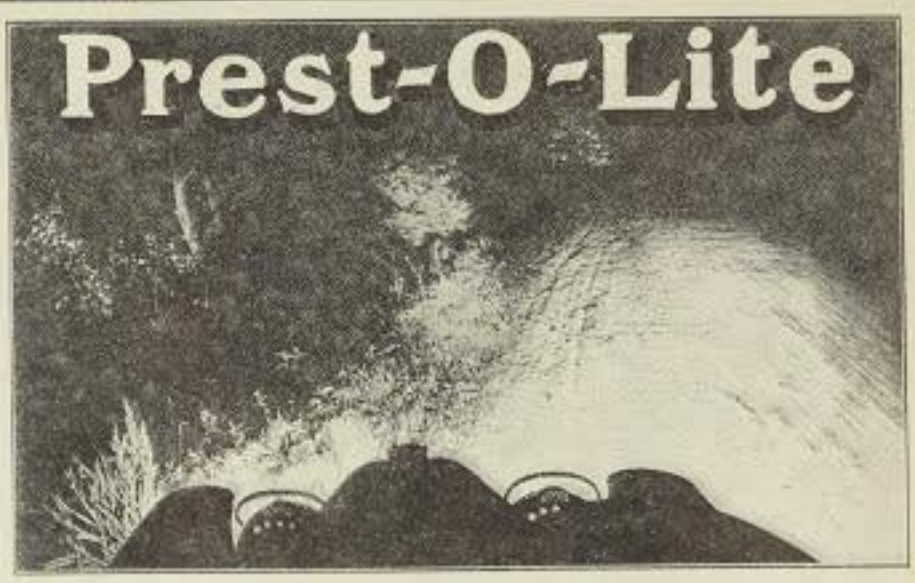
Where Democracy Abides

Underwood does not write his speeches. He says he cannot memorize easily, and never attempts to make a set speech or a speech where he follows copy exactly. His method is to collect all the available information bearing on his subject and arrange it in skeleton form. He sets it out by divisions, subdivisions and topics. He goes over these, rearranges, classifies, divides and subdivides. Then he may write portions of the speech, or he may not. At any rate, when he comes to talk he has nothing before him but a sheet of paper with his topics on it, and he talks without reference to notes or to authorities.

He has an orderly, analytical mind. He reads economics at all times and gives his next preference to history, generally selecting some period and covering that. Modern history, and especially history of political and commercial developments, appeal to him strongly. He reads novels occasionally—perhaps more often than that; for there was a pile of late fiction on his library table when I was talking to him at his home in Birmingham a time ago. His chief amusement is golf, and he is a fair, average player, generally getting round within a few strokes of bogey—a few strokes more, not less—say, seven or eight. He used to ride horseback, but he has given that up of late years; and when he was in college he played football for a season or two. Now that he is fifty years old, golf is his main reliance both for exercise and amusement; but he doesn't get much of that when he is in Washington. The majority leader of the House is a busy man.

He gives an impression of sanity, of reserve power, of calmness. He seems to be a man who has himself always in hand, and he has. He is quiet, grave, dignified, with a not exuberant but discriminating sense of humor. He is a well-set-up man who weighs about one hundred and ninety pounds and looks much younger than his fifty years. He is careful as to his dress, always immaculate and usually imperturbable. He can get angry and does if necessary, and he is a most agreeable companion; but his marked characteristics are seriousness and studiousness and calm.

He is under no delusions about the House of Representatives, which he considers the most democratic as well as the most powerful legislative body in the world. "It makes no difference," he said to me, "what sort of a reputation a man has for brilliance, for wealth, for any other attribute, when he comes to the House. Once he gets there he must prove up—work out his own salvation. No man can get anywhere in the House on the strength of a previous reputation. The members take him at their own valuation, not at his own or that of his former associates or friends or admirers. The House is a plain democracy. If you have merit and ability and are a good fellow you can get along. If you have not, or cannot prove what you have, the case is hopeless. In all my service in the House I have never seen a man who was



If you drive a car at night—

You should have Prest-O-Lite—the most efficient, reliable and economical lighting system for automobile or motorcycle.

Over three hundred thousand cars are equipped with Prest-O-Lite!

Why?

Because the great majority of owners have had experience with the unsatisfactory, unreliable generator. They know the risk of driving at night without a light that's sure.

Don't take chances

Don't experiment—

Be guided by the experience of others—

Get Prest-O-Lite on your new car—

Insist upon it!

When you buy—that's the time to get Prest-O-Lite.

If the manufacturer has turned out his product equipped with a generator—have it changed. If you do not—you'll want Prest-O-Lite before you have had your car a month.

Prest-O-Lite is the only light that offers the universal service of 10,000 dealers, 25 branches and 13 charging stations.

Without that service your car is not of full value.

No matter when you drive

—You should have Prest-O-Tire Tubes or a Prest-O-Tire Tank. Either one saves you the back-breaking, disagreeable labor over the hand pump. Convenient to carry, simple to operate, inexpensive.

—You should have the Prest-O-Starter on your car. It eliminates the dangerous work of cranking—the simplest, surest starter ever made at the lowest price.

Literature with full information on any or all of these three great boons to the motorist furnished on request.

THE PREST-O-LITE COMPANY

210 East South Street Indianapolis, Ind.

BRANCHES

at Atlanta, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago (2), Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York, Omaha, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Providence, St. Louis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Seattle.

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NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

These delightful dessert confections rightly have a place in every holiday repast. Their fragile goodness and delicate sweetness never fail to please. Their varying flavors comport with any dessert, with ices, fruits or beverages.

In ten cent tins
Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—
Another dessert confection, with an outer covering of rich chocolate.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





DURING 1910, 2,623,412 CHICLETS WERE SOLD EACH DAY

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

The Dainty Mint Covered Candy Coated Chewing Gum

The singer's tones are more dulcet, the speaker's voice more clear, when Chiclets are used to ease and refresh the mouth and throat. The refinement of chewing gum for people of refinement. It's the peppermint—the *true* mint.





For Sale at all the Better Sort of Stores
5c the Ounce and in 5c, 10c and 25c Packets
SOLESBY CHICLET COMPANY
Metropolitan Tower, New York

Texas Land Exposition
and Northern Settlers' Convention, Houston, Texas, Jan. 15-28, 1912. Low interstate railroad rates. Eighteen lines into Houston. Homeseekers and investors should not miss this opportunity to visit Texas and see the South's great Land Show. More than 1000 exhibits of farm products and machinery. Any information about Texas on request.
Texas Land Exposition, Houston, Texas

Spend Your Winter at Tucson, Arizona
Finest winter climate in the United States. Seat of Arizona University. Educate your children at Tucson, the ideal home city. Write Chamber of Commerce for beautiful, free, illustrated booklet.

not intrinsically of good measure get anywhere. Every man must prove what he is right there, on the floor and in committee, before he can get a standing. When he does prove up he gets just what his merits entitle him to, and no more and no less."

Underwood's long service has given him a comprehensive idea of the necessities of compromise and conciliation. The man never was born who can go into the House and force three hundred and ninety other men—or half of them—to do what he wants them to. He must persuade the others to do what he wants them to. It is one of the oldest of legislative axioms that all legislation is compromise—and so it is. Underwood appreciates this and knows how to smooth out difficulties and adjust warring opinions. He is an adept at putting things together; at losing here and gaining there; at giving and taking; at receding and advancing; at understanding motives and grasping situations. He is no miracle-worker, nor does he try to work miracles. He uses the material at hand and gets the best results possible. He is popular with his associates on both sides and is followed loyally by the majority. Less demonstrative than many others, he gets more results by his careful attention to detail and his studious consideration of legislation and its problems.

Underwood is neither a Reactionary nor a Progressive. He holds to the basic tenets of the Democratic party, but he is not against some of the more advanced ideas of the other element in the party. He is a sane man, who is anxious for Democratic success if that success can be attained along lines that are real and meritorious—and of benefit to the country. He is calm in his convictions and dogged in carrying them out, but he is amenable to argument and never without a complete recognition of the politics of a situation.

So far as his being a candidate for president is concerned, he has been told that Alabama will present his name at the Democratic national convention, and he is willing his name should be presented. He is frank and sane about that too. His position is that he can make no campaign for the nomination or spend any time going about among the people, because he has yet a great fight to make as Democratic leader of the House; and he does not think it right or just to announce himself as a candidate. In his own words: "Because the filling of engagements in making addresses would necessitate my absence from Washington, where the real fight is yet to be won, I have not announced my intentions as being a candidate for the nomination before the next convention—nor do I intend to do so of myself; but, should my party want me to do so, I shall be only too glad to accede to their wishes."

Sense and Nonsense

Not Guilty

ONCE upon a time James W. Faulkner, an Ohio political sage, ran a country newspaper. One day a peppery old farmer came clamoring into Faulkner's sanctum.

"Say," he shouted, "this paper ain't reliable. It prints lies."

"Pardon me, my friend," protested Faulkner; "but we strive to tell the exact truth about every subject. What has offended you?"

"Gimme a copy of last week's paper!" shouted the visitor.

Faulkner handed him a paper. The farmer took it, turned to an inside page, stabbed a paragraph with an accusing finger and yelled: "There it is, right there! It's a lie! It never happened to him! That man's a neighbor of mine and I tell you you've printed a lie about him. It never happened."

Faulkner took the paper and looked at the paragraph. The offending statement was a patent-medicine advertisement telling how the farmer's neighbor had been cured of something or other.

Plain Bob

Bob went lookin' for a job—
Didn't want a situation; didn't ask a lofty station;
Didn't have a special mission for a top-notcher's position;
Didn't have such fine credentials—but he had the real essentials—
Had a head that kept on workin' and two hands that were not shirkin';
Wasn't either shirk or snob;
Wasn't Mister—just plain Bob,
Who was lookin' for a job.

Bob went lookin' for a job;
And he wasn't scared or daunted when he saw a sign—"Men Wanted."
Walked right in with manner fittin' up to where the Boss was sittin';
And he said: "My name is Bob, and I'm lookin' for a job;
And if you're the Boss that hires 'em, starts 'em workin' and that fires 'em,
Put my name right down there, Neighbor, as a candidate for labor;
For my name is just plain Bob,
And my pulses sort o' throb
For that thing they call a job."

Bob kept askin' for a job,
And the Boss he says: "What kind?" And Bob answered: "Never mind;
For I ain't a bit partic'ler and I never was a stickler
For proprieties in workin'—if you got some labor lurkin'
Anywhere around about kindly go and trot it out.
It's a job I want, you see—
Any kind that there may be
Will be good enough for me."

Bob was anxious for a job,
And he said: "Look here, Old Feller—on the first floor, in the cellar,
On the roof or in the attic—I'm a jobster democratic.
And it's all the same, Old Turk, what it is if it is work;
I don't ask for frills upon it—I just want a job—doggone it!
There's a fever in me rages
For the thing that men call wages,
Put me on the payroll pages!"

Well, sir, Bob he got a job.
But the Boss went round all day in a dreamy sort of way;
And he says to me: "By thunder, we have got the world's Eighth Wonder!
Got a feller name of Bob, who just asked me for a job—
Never asks when he engages about overtime in wages;
Never asked if he'd get pay by the hour or by the day;
Never asked me if it's airy work and light and sanitary;
Never asked me for my notion of the chances of promotion;
Never asked for the duration of his annual vacation;
Never asked for Saturday half-a-holiday with pay;
Never took me on probation till he tried the situation;
Never asked me if it's sittin' work or standin', or befittin'
Of his birth and inclination—he just filed his application,
Hung his coat up on a knob,
Said his name was just plain Bob—
And went workin' at a job!" —*J. W. Foley.*

Political Scenery

AN IOWA editor wanted to get the drift of opinion in his state about a proposed presidential primary, and so he wrote to his correspondents to secure statements from representative citizens concerning the plan.

A few days later the editor received a package of photographs from one of his correspondents. He returned the pictures with a letter saying he could not use them in the paper. Next day he got an angry letter from the correspondent.

"I don't see why you can't use those pictures," wrote the correspondent, "especially after you ordered them and I had such a job collecting them."

"I didn't order them," wrote the editor. "Where did you get that idea?"

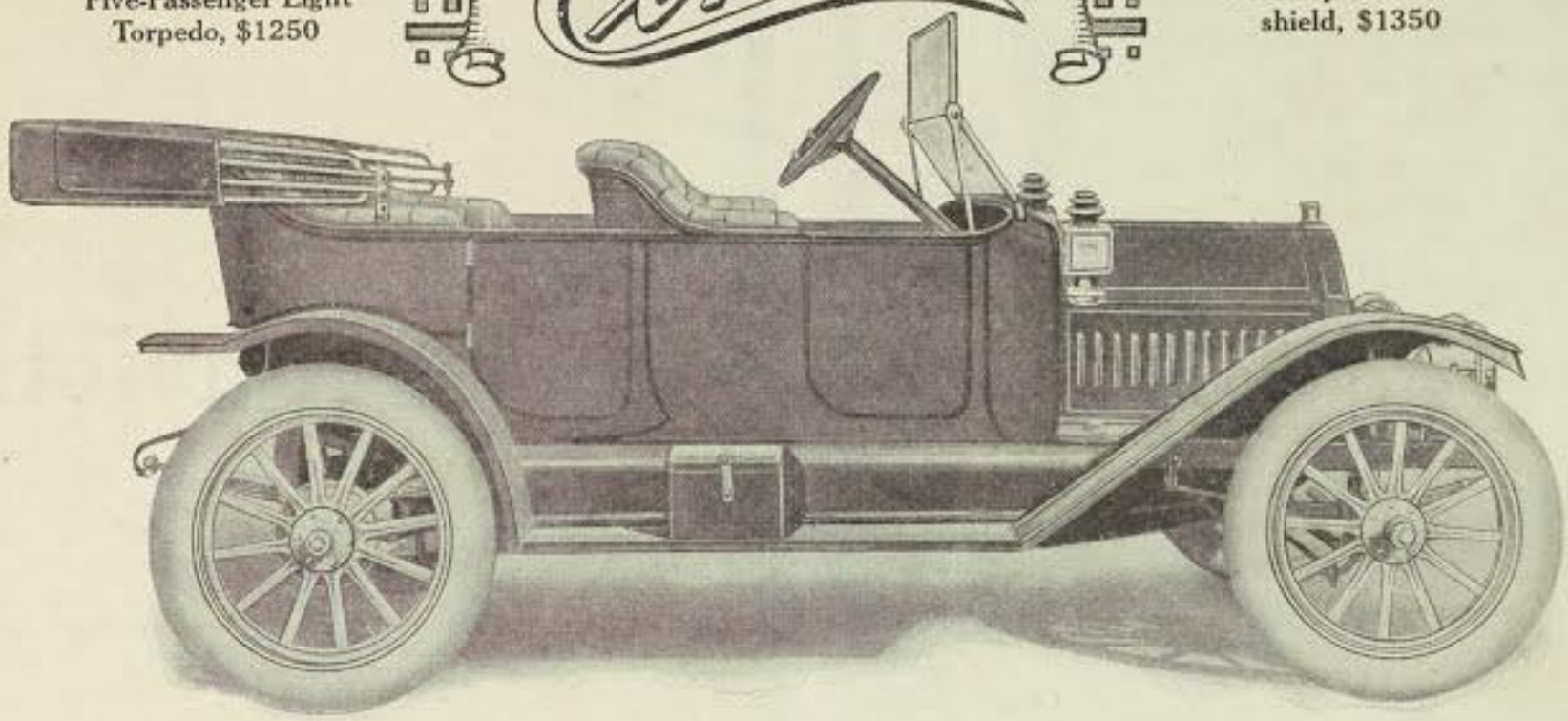
"You did order them," protested the correspondent in his reply, "and I inclose the order you sent."

With his letter he sent the original letter from the editor, which began with these words, under which the correspondent had drawn a heavy black line: "Please secure views of prominent politicians ——"

Elmore

Five-Passenger Light Torpedo, $1250

With Top and Windshield, $1350



The One Proven Successful Valveless Motor

Nowadays the whole automobile world is ringing with discussion as to the practicability of discarding the poppet valve, and with it the numerous gears, springs, cams, push rods, etc., which actuate it. Everybody has come to realize the simplicity and super-efficiency of the valveless construction. Extensive claims and arguments are being made for the valveless motors now so widely exploited.

BUT JUST GRASP ONE GREAT FACT. Every such claim put forth applies with two-fold force to the Elmore valveless motor—which in a dozen years of successful service, has in the hands of owners throughout the country proved both its simplicity and its superiority. We passed the experimental stage years ago.

And the Elmore does not cost $3,000, $4,000, $5,000. There is a model to fit every motoring need, at a price well within the purchasing power of the most conservative.

The Elmore was the Pioneer in Valveless Engine Construction

We have advocated the valveless engine since the inception of the automobile industry in America. The first valveless two-cycle Elmore engine that was installed in a motor-car was a success—a great success. And each year we have refined and simplified it until, in this year's models, we are installing a motor that we believe to be as perfect as human ingenuity can make it. We ask you to prove for yourself that it is the simplest, most efficient automobile engine extant.

Elmore owners, the land over, are about the most thorough, consistent, persistent enthusiasts in motordom. In fact, they're generally referred to as Elmore "fans." Our only regret has been that in past years we have never been able to supply all the "friends of our friends" who wanted cars. For we would only turn out the number of cars that we could build 100 per cent. right in every detail. This year, with doubled factory capacity, we hope to come somewhat nearer to supplying the demand.

In buying an Elmore you are not buying an experiment or a novelty, but a motor tested by thousands of owners for over a dozen years—a motor which, by virtue of patent rights, no other motor-car can have.

Elmore Construction is of the Best

There could be no better built car than the Elmore. Skilled workmanship and careful supervision accompany every detail. We aim to make the car itself a worthy setting for the gem of a motor that runs it.

There is no better inspection system in the world than that which assures to Elmore owners the absolute flawlessness of every Elmore part. And exactly the same care is used in the selection of the materials and the finishing of the product.

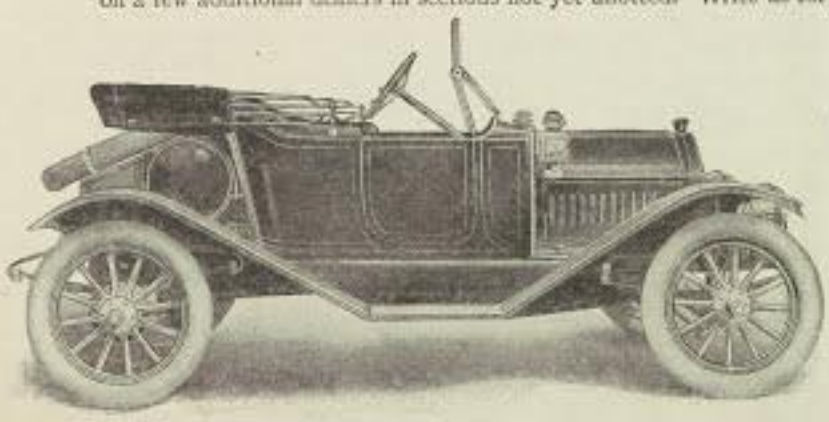
Whether your need be for a roadster or for one of the various types of touring car, you will find an Elmore model which in appearance and in service will rank with any car at any price. And the wonderful, exclusive Elmore motor assures you a smooth, sweet running car with the utmost in power efficiency, and with an entire absence of valve troubles and valve expense.

Write for the Elmore Book

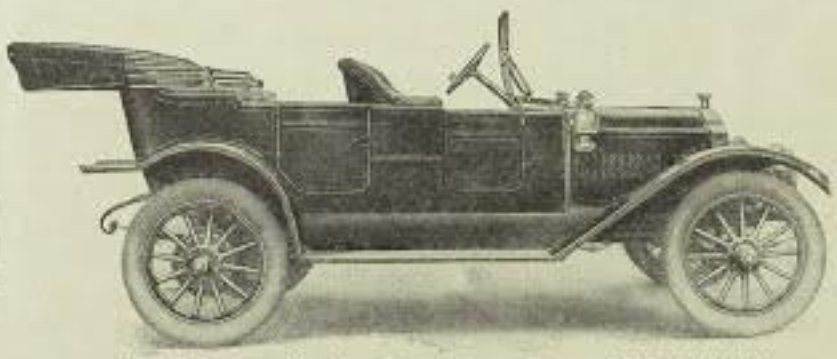
We have prepared a very interesting booklet about the Elmore car, which will be sent free on request, together with the name of the nearest dealer where you can see and test this wonderful car for yourself.

THE ELMORE MANUFACTURING CO., 112 Amanda Street, Clyde, Ohio

DEALERS—For 1912 we have doubled our factory capacity, thus enabling us to double our output. We are therefore enabled to take on a few additional dealers in sections not yet allotted. Write us for 1912 proposition on the one moderate-priced **"car with a reason."**



Torpedo Roadster, $1150—Top and Windshield Extra



Five-Passenger Touring Car, $1600—Top and Windshield Extra

World-wide confidence in the

Cadillac

amounts to a deep-rooted conviction



TOURING CAR, $1800



PHAETON, $1800



TORPEDO, $1900



ROADSTER, $1800



COUPÉ, Four passenger, $2250



LIMOUSINE, Seven passenger, $3250

Prices are F. O. B. Detroit including standard equipment

You will find your Cadillac dealer booking orders and making deliveries in the most "difficult" motor car months of the year.

Therefore, if you have not already placed your order do not be surprised if you find that he cannot "date" the delivery of your car for some time to come.

Stop and consider a moment.

We do not know where you may happen to be when you read this announcement.

It may be in New York; or it may be in San Francisco; or it may be in Arizona.

But wherever you are, there—in your home town—is the same intelligent, inflexible, and implicit confidence in the Cadillac which you encounter everywhere.

If you are one of two million people who read it, you are one of two million people who have felt the influence, the impact, of Cadillac reputation.

You may be on a train at this moment. If so, there are probably others near you who give precedence to the Cadillac just as you give it.

The section through which your train is speeding is permeated and saturated with Cadillac enthusiasm.

This year that sentiment is intensified.

The electrical system of starting and lighting has helped greatly.

But much more potent is the swelling appreciation of Cadillac standards, enhanced with every year that passes.

It is literally true that it is not possible to remain faithful to Cadillac ideals and supply the demand even with the resources of this great plant.

It is true that your dealer and other dealers cannot buy as many Cadillac cars as they could sell.

It is true that Cadillac demand rises superior to "seasons" and that orders and deliveries must be placed ahead in order to avoid disappointment.

STANDARD EQUIPMENT—Delco Dynamo with 80 A. H. battery for automatic starter, electric lights and ignition. Also Delco distributor ignition system with dry cell current. Lamps, Gray & Davis, especially designed for Cadillac Cars, black enamel with nickel trimmings; two head lights with adjustable globes to regulate light rays; two side lights, tail light. Hans gasoline gauge on dash; horn; full foot rail in tonneau, half foot rail in front; robe rail, tire irons, tool box, set of tools including pump and tire repair kit; cocoa mat in all tonneaux except closed cars. Speedometer, Standard, improved with 4 inch face and electric light.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

BLUFF

(Continued from Page 9)

the originals and erodes them to its own pattern—New York, the city of initial successes and of quiet, final failures—it had changed him as it had changed others. He swept his mind over the disheartening years just past, reviewing every crisis, every lost battle. If he had just held his head high in every one of these crises each might have turned the other way. In this last month, during which he had accepted final defeat, he had assigned with each day a new reason for failure. Such is the way of the morbid. "If I had just a few more brains!" he said one day. "If I had been better trained in business!" on another. "If I had been born with social connections!" on still another. And finally, on that blackest day of all, when a plunge in the river seemed like rest: "If I hadn't a streak of yellow!"

"Bluff! Front!"

It seemed as if his very youth had come out of the past with this message. That was it, of course. Something elastic with hope and courage tingled in Tripp's blood.

"Bluff! Front!"

Why, as he looked back on his good, building years, before he went over the crest and began his descent, he understood what his special talent had been. He could assume the appearance of prosperity; he could give to his listener the impression of confidence. He had lost all that; New York had destroyed it by the process of overawing him.

This thought, however, unlike the others, had its element of hope. He could not acquire more brains, go back to get more business training, reincarnate himself into social connections or paint out his streak of yellow; but he could assume the bluff again. There, out of his own successful past, had come the formula—come in the nick of time ——

His hand working with his thought, he took from his inner pocket a bundle of letters, old and new, and ran over them. Some were perfunctory business communications—most of them contained somewhere the distressing particle, "No!" Some—though not many—were bills. He had paid as he had gone—at least he would not quit in personal debt. Only one of these was really perturbing; he turned that over quickly. It was a dun for the month's rent of his desk in a Twenty-third Street office—for the Tripp Staten Island Corporation had dwindled from a suite to deskroom.

Finally, near the bottom, he reached the letter he was looking for—a pretentious square envelope, embossed: a pretentious square of paper, midway of which, in tiny and elegant print, was this legend:

Dear Sir: Mr. Gallup instructs me to say that, though he has nearly made up his mind about the situation to which you refer in your communication of September fourth, he will be glad to see you at any time Wednesday after two-thirty.

Yours very truly,

J. W. PEET, Sec'y.

Mr. Tripp read it again. The falling lines of his face lifted. Just then the bells of the Madison Square tower boomed and chimed. It was a quarter to three.

"Better wait until three," he said to himself. "Seem too eager if I went now."

He rose and walked north. He had the formula for New York again; the practical application and the result of that formula moved and danced all about him. Those beautiful women, slim to fit the fashion, dressed in an elegant simplicity far more expensive than the loudest gauds—bluff dressed them and rendered them beautiful! Those glass-and-enamel automobiles, with their smart occupants and their smarter chauffeurs—bluff! He paused to look into the windows of that hotel from which Fifth Avenue rises, south and north. The favored guests who sat lunching late, at window-seats whose very reservations had cost a week's living of a working family—how sat they there? Bluff!

And all this time, under the steady inspiration of bluff and its results, he was composing his informal address to Horace W. Gallup, of the Gallup-Jones Company. He would enter with calm assurance, as he had done in days of old. He would make much of his record in Omaha and his services with Golden & Baker. He would rehearse one by one the story of his big deals and his impossible feats of selling. He would gloss over the Staten Island realty proposition—his losing venture. If pinned down he would carry it through by laying everything to the lawsuit—just as the old Terry Tripp used to gloss over the weak points in his side of a real-estate transaction; but he didn't propose to be pinned down. He devised an elaborate system of parries and counterblows to avoid this. And he would end by asking—ten thousand dollars a year! Yes, a cool ten thousand!

And now the great bell of the city clock struck three mellow notes. He turned toward Fourth Avenue. He was very brisk now. Why, it was as good as done! It mattered not that his back-thought was saying: "It's my last chance! If I fail in this ——" His outer mind was clear, confident. He had summoned the bluff! It was the lost formula—the way to get on in New York. He couldn't lose!

Horace W. Gallup sat in a mahogany chair at a glass-top desk, littered systematically with papers. He was in late middle age. He had a bald dome of a head, a close-chopped mustache, a pursy figure whose breadth suggested old strength of muscle. Indeed, everything about him connoted quiet power, perfectly balanced—his firm chin, his strongly carved nose, and especially his cold, steady gray eyes. He welcomed Mr. Tripp with a cordiality that seemed to betray long training.

Terry Tripp had entered with his shoulders squared, his facial lines in rising planes, his eye bright, his step quick and confident. He sat down with all the briskness in the world; but he took a breath—one tiny breath—before he began.

"I've come to see about that place as manager for your firm."

"I'm about ready to fill it," replied Mr. Gallup. "I've picked out the man, really; but it will do no harm to listen to you. Didn't I see you once at Golden & Baker's? What can you do?"

Mr. Tripp stole another breath and fixed Mr. Gallup with his eye. The other returned his gaze steadily, critically, without emotion. Terry Tripp started to speak, but no words came. The Gallup eye remained fixed. And suddenly, without volition, Terry's lips began talking. And this is what he heard himself say:

"Mr. Gallup, I've come for a job—your manager if you think I can fill the place—but any kind of a job if that one isn't open. You see—I need it. Mr. Gallup, I'm a man who's got it in him, but who's failed. I admit it—I've failed. But I'm not all in. Not by a jugful! I can pull off big things yet, and I know it. If I don't it's the river for mine. That's the main reason, maybe, why you ought to try me. No man who has given up a safe position to work for you could possibly hustle as I'll hustle—I've just got to! See?"

He paused here, for his outer intelligence told him what he had done; but before he could control them his lips had begun speaking again:

"You see, things have gone wrong with me in New York. I made good here at first—I'd already done things in Omaha. Golden & Baker will tell you that I satisfied them. Well, I saw a chance to operate for myself in Staten Island lots. Big thing, if I could swing it; and I took chances. You've heard about it, maybe. The Tripp Staten Island Realty Company—installment proposition, but straight. It looked like a gold mine—for a while. You know how those things go. The truth is, I hadn't the capital. I needed money and I started on a shoestring. I'd put in every dollar I had—that was only a little. I borrowed every dollar I could—that wasn't enough.

"I might have swung it even then, but the bad times came and the bottom went out of real estate, installment end first! Then the Home Lot Company sued. I won't go into that. I was buncoed a little on my titles in the beginning, and I suppose the Home people were half right. I lost; and what I didn't pay for settlement I paid the lawyers. I tell people, just to keep up a front, that it was the suit which finished me. It wasn't. I'd have gone out anyhow, because I hadn't the capital. But that did give me the final punch.

"And since then—five months—I've been just settling up. I could have gone into bankruptcy and saved something. I wasn't playing it that way. I worked it—never mind the details; they'd bore you anyway—so that no one should lose a dollar



Rexall "93" Shampoo Paste

Thoroughly cleanses hair and scalp. Removes dandruff and discourages its return. Promotes head comfort. Tends to prevent premature loss of hair by its cleansing, antiseptic effect upon the scalp. Ideal for ladies because it aids to make the hair soft, silky and fluffy. Price, 25c. a jar.

Rexall products are sold by only one druggist in a place, the leading druggist whose store is known as

The Rexall Store

There are nearly 5,000 of these stores in the United States and Canada

UNITED DRUG CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Branches: Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, Toronto, London and Paris

Packard

If $500 will buy a style FF Packard piano—and life-long piano satisfaction—why pay more? Or run a risk by paying less? The better dealers everywhere sell Packard pianos and player pianos—on terms. Get catalogue BB from The Packard Company, Fort Wayne, Indiana—to-day.



I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL



I won the World's First Prize in Penmanship. By my new system many are becoming expert penmen. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Penmanship Journal.

C. W. RANSOM,
240 Minor Building, Kansas City, Missouri

FOR MENDING HARNESS



It takes a wax thread, looks best and does the work of any famous maker machine. It is indispensable for farmers. Agents wanted. Sent prepaid for $1.25. Send at once for catalog.

shoes, tents, awnings, pulley belts, carpets, saddles, suit cases, buggy tops, dash boards, or any heavy material. STEWART'S AUTOMATIC AWL is the only perfect Sewing Awl.

STEWART-SKINNER CO.
77 Harmon Street Worcester, Mass.

There's money in merchandise

And there are big opportunities right now for good men in the retail field. Why not start a profit making retail store of your own? It's my business to find places where new stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the U. S. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning. No charge for information. And a two hundred page book telling how to run a store goes free. Edward B. Moon, 416 W. Randolph St., Chicago

$125 net per Acre from Cucumbers



Mr. R. D. Hudson, on his farm in Nueces County, in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana, averages $125 an acre net profit on his cucumbers. He planted them in February and marketed them in March.

Think of it—enough profit in two months to more than pay for the land, and 10 months left in which to grow two other crops.

Two and three crops a year is not unusual in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana for they have twelve months of growing weather.

Making money down there is not difficult. Any man with ordinary intelligence can make good in the Gulf Coast Country of Texas and Louisiana. Thousands of men have left the stores, offices, and factories of the north to go down there and lead an independent, out-of-door life. They enjoy being their own boss, and piling up their own bank account feels good to them.

Better look into this

Investigate! Go down there this fall or winter. See and talk to these growers. Then you will realize the big opportunities open to you. The trip, by the Frisco, will alone be worth the little cost of going. Excursion fares, via the Frisco, the first and third Tuesdays of each month, make the trip inexpensive.

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except me. Banks, investors, everybody—they're all paid off. I don't owe a dollar on that business. It's wound up and over—and I'm looking for a job. It hasn't been easy. Some of the companies I'd crossed, of course; that queered me with them. The others that I knew best—they didn't want a failure. There are young men coming in from the outside all the time—young men that have made good, just as I made good in Omaha. They're filling the jobs. Even Golden & Baker, who know what I can do, have young, new men in the old places. No chance there. I wrote to you when I heard you needed a manager, just because you'd never had anything to do with me—didn't know anything about me—and I thought you might try me as a new proposition."

Terry Tripp stopped for the beating of his breath and his emotions. Mr. Gallup still sat immobile, the cool, critical eye fixed. Suddenly Terry was speaking again—this time in a passion of self-revelation.

"That isn't all either. There's the girl! She's the last reason and the best. There always is a girl, I suppose. She's in business out of New York. She's a success. I can't ask her until I've made good—she would give up her success to marry a failure, maybe, but I'm not the one to make the proposition. That was why I started the Staten Island Company really. It's been long waiting; but I can wait if I get another chance. Look at me!" he burst out. "I'm thirty-six. I know real estate—and New York real estate at that—from A to Z. It's the only thing I do know. I'm dying to make good. I can make good! I took a big chance—and I lost. It was an error of judgment, maybe, but other men have made errors of judgment and come back. And I was honest clear through. I played and I lost. Next time I'll win. I just want a chance with you. I'm not asking to be your general manager. I'm asking for a place—to make good. I must make good!"

Here he ran down—came to his climax and stopped. And into the vacuum of his emotions rushed fear and despair. What had he done? In that moment an old and horrible memory of his youth came back to him! It was the tale of a murderer who had denied everything, even unto the scaffold; and who, at the last moment, had burst out, confessed—and put the rope about his own neck! He was that man. He had told the bitter truth at the end of his bluff. Now let them give him the rope!

Horace W. Gallup had roused himself. He had thrown himself back in his chair; he was laughing. "My boy," he said, "you're refreshing! I haven't listened to the like of you for ten years."

"It's the truth," faltered Terry weakly.

"I know it is," declared Mr. Gallup. "It carries the stamp on its face. I've been listening to the New York bluff all my life. I've had them come in with patched trousers and tell me they were willing to leave a five-thousand-dollar job for the privilege of running my business. You're the first applicant who has told me the truth." He trained his eye on Terry again; this time it held a twinkle. "The manager's job is filled; but I want you. A man who can tell the truth would be a novelty. Start right in on my selling end. How much do you want to begin on?"

Terry gulped twice.

"How would fifty dollars a week do for a starter?" Terry brought out finally.

"Seventy-five!" said Mr. Gallup.

Oddities and Novelties

The Flavor of Fruit

EFFERVESCING beverages of apple flavor, agreeable to the palate, ought to be common, like those of the peach, strawberry or other fruits. There should be apple essences of good quality on the market. Yet this flavoring is rarely heard of in the United States.

Apple essence is manufactured on a considerable scale, however, in Germany. The aroma of the fruit is concentrated chiefly in the peel, being tenaciously held therein by certain waxlike substances—the juice has little of it. Hence the utilization of the peelings almost exclusively in making this particular product.

The cheap, dry peelings, which are a waste product of the dried-apple industry, will not serve. What is required is fresh peelings, which in Germany are bought in quantities from great fruit-preserving plants where the apples are first peeled by machinery, in order that the products obtained from them shall be more uniform in consistency and lighter in color.

The best apples for the purpose, however, are those which have ripened fully in the sunshine on the trees. Those stung by insects and fresh-fallen are found highly aromatic and desirable. Apples that have been kept in storage are less satisfactory. The yellow and bright-red varieties give a better aroma than the green and dark-red ones; and the smaller apples are more available because of their relatively higher yield of peelings.

The peelings are soaked for several days in alcohol; and a number of batches of fresh peelings are put successively into the same alcohol in order to make the latter absorb as much of the flavoring element as possible. Finally the alcohol is distilled in a vacuum apparatus and the result is the apple essence.

The flavor is remarkably true to Nature. Sometimes it is "shaded" for commercial purposes by the addition of small quantities of aromatic extracts of black currant, peach, apricot, or even honey; but there is nothing in its way quite so good as the essence made from apple peelings only, when those are of the best.

Efforts have been made to separate and preserve in the form of essences the special and peculiar aromas of certain varieties of apples, such as the Baldwin and Northern Spy, but without success. The cores are sometimes extracted and distilled with the peelings for essence; but the product is inferior.

Growth and the Skeleton

WHAT really grows, as the child or other young animal gains size, is the skeleton. The growth tendency resides wholly in the bony structure—recent scientific experiments have shown this—and the muscular system, stretched by the development of the skeleton, simply follows along.

One fact considered in this connection is that lack of adequate food supply in childhood has a stunting effect. The starveling boy or girl makes an undersized man or woman. How this works was illustrated by the case of a pup which, beginning on the fortieth day of its life, was systematically starved for three hundred and fifty days, receiving barely enough food to keep it alive. Thereafter it had all it wanted to eat. It promptly waxed much overfat, but remained a dwarf.

It is owing to underfeeding that the children of city slums are mostly undersize. And, even when grown to manhood and womanhood, the folk of the poor and congested quarters of the great towns are of an average stature markedly inferior to that of the dwellers in wealthier and more prosperous residential districts.

So strong is the tendency to grow in a young animal, that—as proved by the puppy experiments—growth can be stopped altogether only by reducing the food supply to a point where death soon results from sheer inanition. So long, however, as food enough to support life ever so barely is furnished, the dog will go on growing at the expense of its own tissues, using up first its fat and then its muscular structure for the enlargement of its skeleton.

Assuming that what is true of puppies in such matters is likewise true of babies, it is inferred that a child which does not gain weight, or which gains very slowly, is for some reason so undernourished that its own body substances are being consumed to contribute to the growth of its skeleton. A child that is underweight for its age has a higher percentage of bones, a lower percentage of fat and muscle and a higher percentage of water in all its tissues than the normal child. It should be fed accordingly, to correct these conditions.

One fact ascertained by the experiments with puppies is that water takes the place of the normal fat in the bones of a starved animal.

The efforts of the physician, where a thin and underweight child is concerned, should be to supply plenty of fat and flesh-forming proteids in the diet.

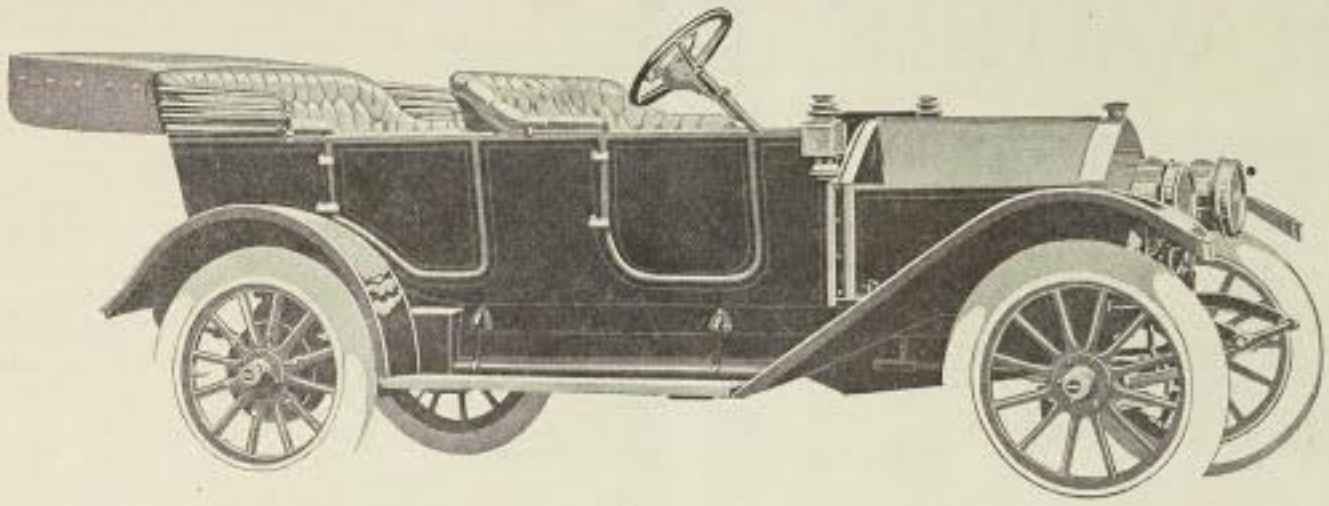
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THERE are any number of ways to "trim" the value of an automobile. And it can be done so skillfully that the average buyer does not know the difference. But let the buyer beware, for those who buy the cheapened car in a short time find they have a very weak and mighty insecure automobile investment. This "cheapening process" seldom touches those parts of the car which most people are more or less familiar with. The wheel base, horse-power, seating capacity, number of lamps, etc., are not generally tampered with. These surface facts are too much in evidence. But, strange to say, the most vital parts of the machine are cut to the bone.

To illustrate: You can take a $10,000 home and easily cut a thousand dollars from its cost by putting on a cheap roofing material, substituting soft woods for hard woods on the interior finish, selecting inferior hardware, etc.—in short, weaken the whole structure. In general appearance you would still have the same house. It would still be the same size—have the same number of rooms—same size rooms, etc., but the difference would quickly show in rapid and costly deterioration.

It is the same with an automobile. You can weaken the brakes—put on a frail rear system—use iron instead of aluminum in the housings—use small wheels and tires—cheapen the upholstery, and easily cut the cost of the whole car twenty-five per cent. Thus the car is cut down and cheapened. And you cannot get away from the fact that when you cheapen you must weaken.

Against this condition the Marion "35" at $1285 is a striking contrast. First of all the equipment includes the most improved self-starter. No more back breaking cranking. Just pull a little lever on the dash, throw the switch on the battery, and you're off.

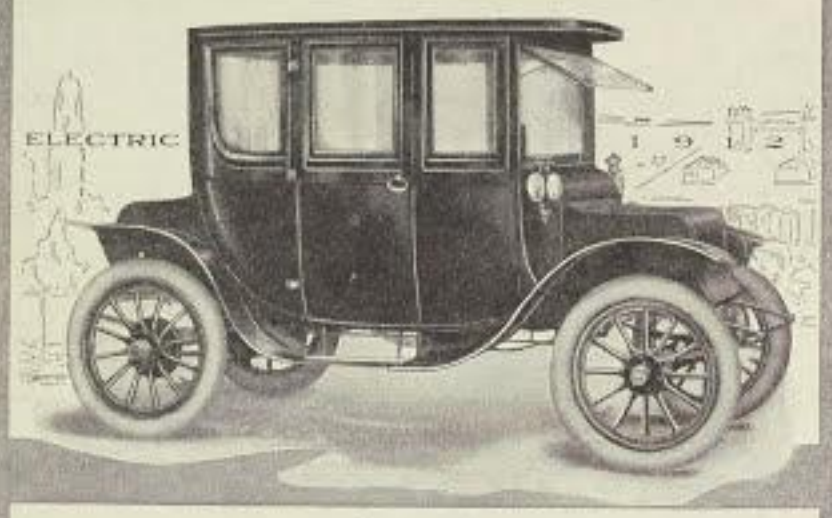
The Marion rear system has never been equaled in a car of this price. There are five double annular bearings in the transmission; two Timken roller bearings in the differential; two roller bearings in the axle and one in the drive shaft. You cannot find a car below $1800 that has this expensive line-up of rear system bearings. This construction makes its operation practically frictionless. The brake construction is the twin internal expanding type, operating within drums which measure four inches in width and fourteen inches in diameter—the same brake as you find on the highest priced cars. Compare this rear system and brakes with the rear system on cars of the $1000 class, and you'll see where the "cheapening process" comes in. The Marion motor is the four-cylinder—four cycle type—rated at 30-horsepower. It will easily develop fifty miles an hour and has a record for economy. Aluminum housing instead of iron lowers the weight of this car 82 pounds and greatly lengthens the life of its tires, and, of course, aluminum costs more than iron. And the wheel base is a full one hundred and twelve inches. Not one hundred and eight or thereabouts, which makes three passengers in the rear seat a tight squeeze, but full one hundred and twelve, so that you do not have to sit with your legs crossed.

Run this Marion alongside of any car listed at about the same price. Look the two over. See how much bigger, better and stronger the Marion looks. See how much heavier the construction is. See if it does not seem more practical to invest $1285 than $1000. The additional price guarantees you additional strength and security.

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THE KITCHEN SIDE OF THE DOOR

(Concluded from Page 7)

Then with a little air of decision she turned and walked swiftly down the passageway that separated dining room from kitchen. Tillie, the scrubwoman, was down on her hands and knees in one corner of the passage. She was one of a small army of cleaners that had begun the work of clearing away the débris of the long night's revel. Miss Fink lifted her neat skirts high as she tiptoed through the little soapy pool that followed in the wake of Tillie, the scrubwoman. She opened the swinging doors a cautious little crack and peered in. What she saw was not pretty. If the words "sordid" and "bacchanalian" had been part of Miss Fink's vocabulary they would have risen to her lips then.

The crowd had gone. The great room contained not more than half a dozen people. Confetti littered the floor. Here and there a napkin, crushed and bedraggled into an unrecognizable ball, lay under a table. From an overturned bottle the dregs were dripping drearily. The air was stale, stifling, poisonous.

At a little table in the center of the room Henri's three were still drinking. They were doing it in a dreadful and businesslike way. There were two men and one woman. The faces of all three were mahogany colored and expressionless. There was about them an awful sort of stillness. Something in the sight seemed to sicken Gussie Fink. It came to her that the wintry air outdoors must be gloriously sweet and cool and clean in contrast to this. She was about to turn away with a last look at Heiny yawning behind his hand, when suddenly the woman rose unsteadily to her feet, balancing herself with her fingertips on the table. She raised her head and stared across the room with dull, unseeing eyes, and licked her lips with her tongue. Then she turned and walked half a dozen paces, screamed once with horrible shrillness and crashed to the floor. She lay there in a still, crumpled heap, the folds of her exquisite gown rippling to meet a little stale pool of wine that had splashed from some broken glass. Then this happened: Three people ran toward the woman on the floor and two people ran past her and out of the room. The two who ran away were the men with whom she had been drinking, and they were not seen again. The three who ran toward her were Henri, the waiter, Miss Gussie Fink, the checker, and Tillie, the scrubwoman. Henri and Miss Fink reached her first. Tillie, the scrubwoman, was a close third. Miss Gussie Fink made as though to slip her arm under the poor bruised head, but Henri caught her wrist fiercely—for a waiter—and pulled her to her feet almost roughly.

"You leave her alone, Kid!" he commanded.

Miss Gussie Fink stared, indignation choking her utterance. And as she stared the fierce light in Henri's eyes was replaced by the light of tenderness.

"We'll tend to her," said Henri; "she ain't fit for you to touch. I wouldn't let you soil your hands on such truck." And as Gussie still stared he grasped the unconscious woman by the shoulders, while another waiter grasped her ankles, and Tillie, the scrubwoman, arranged her draperies pityingly round her, and together they carried her out of the dining room to a room beyond.

Back in the kitchen Miss Gussie Fink was preparing to don her hat, but she was experiencing some difficulty because of the way in which her fingers persisted in trembling. Her face was turned away from the swinging doors, but she knew when Henri came in. He stood just behind her in silence. When she turned to face him she found Henri looking at her, and as she looked all the Heiny in him came to the surface and shone in his eyes. He looked long and silently at Miss Gussie Fink—at the sane, simple wholesomeness of her, at her clear brown eyes, at her white forehead from which the shining hair sprang away in such a delicate line, at her immaculately white shirtwaist and her smooth, snug-fitting collar, at her creamy skin, at her trim belt. He looked as one who would rest his eyes—eyes weary of gazing upon satins, and jewels, and rouge, and carmine, and white arms.

"Gee, Kid! You look good to me," he said.

"Do I—Heiny?" whispered Miss Fink.

"Believe me!" replied Heiny fervently. "It was just a case of swelled head. Forget it, will you? Say, that gang in there tonight—why, say, that gang——"

"I know," interrupted Miss Fink.

"Going home?" asked Heiny.

"Yes."

"Suppose we have a bite of something to eat first," suggested Heiny.

Miss Fink glanced round the great deserted kitchen. As she gazed a little expression of disgust wrinkled her pretty nose—the nose that perforce had sniffed the scent of so many rare and exquisite dishes.

"Sure," she assented joyously, "but not here. Let's go round the corner to Joey's. I could get real chummy with a cup of good hot coffee and a ham on rye."

He helped her on with her coat, and if his hands rested a moment on her shoulder who was there to see it? A few sleepy, wan-eyed waiters and Tillie, the scrubwoman. Together they started toward the door. Tillie, the scrubwoman, had worked her wet way out of the passage and into the kitchen proper. She and her pail blocked their way. She was sopping up a soapy pool with an all-encompassing gray scrubrag. Heiny and Gussie stopped a moment perforce to watch her. It was rather fascinating to see how that artful scrubrag craftily closed in upon the soapy pool until it engulfed it. Tillie sat back on her knees to wring out the water-soaked rag. There was something pleasing in the sight. Tillie's blue calico was faded white in patches and at the knees it was dark with soapy water. Her shoes were turned up ludicrously at the toes, as scrubwomen's shoes always are. Tillie's thin hair was wadded back into a moist knob at the back and skewered with a gray-black hairpin. From her parboiled, shriveled fingers to her ruddy, perspiring face there was nothing of grace or beauty about Tillie. And yet Heiny found something pleasing there. He could not have told you why, nor can I, unless to say that it was, perhaps, for much the same reason that we rejoice in the wholesome, safe, reassuring feel of the gray woolen blanket on our bed when we wake from a horrid dream.

"A Happy New Year to you," said Heiny gravely, and took his hand out of his pocket.

Tillie's moist right hand closed over something. She smiled so that one saw all her broken black teeth.

"The same t' you," said Tillie. "The same t' you!"

THE CALL

(Continued from Page 21)

"Goodby," she said at the stairhead in the shadowy old hall as she held out her hand to him.

"Goodby," he answered, taking her hand. Their eyes met, but it was only for a moment.

She turned away and started down the stairs. He stood leaning over the banister and looking after her.

"Goodby," she said again as she was halfway down the creaking stairway. She had meant to say it lightly, but there was a choke in her voice as she spoke.

Hempel did not answer her; but a minute later she heard the sound of a closing door. The echo of that closing door took on an ominous sound—as though somewhere in the House of Life one chamber stood forever shut.

XVIII

UNA began her search for work with a new and more desperate energy. She was conscious of her path being clearer now—and narrower. She shook herself free from her earlier diffidence. A hunger for work seemed to possess her.

When the chance of an ingénue part with a summer stock company in Cleveland came to her she snapped it up. During her months there she worked hard, learned much and found her associates more companionable than in either The Wine of Life Company or The Sleepwalker Company.

Her gift of a good memory, too, proved a valuable asset. Proving herself a "quick study," she was eventually made general understudy for the company. The heat and the hard work often tired her out. She learned to prize an hour or two on the cool waters of Lake Erie. When this was impossible she resorted to the luxury of an open taxicab, if only for half an hour; but her leisure moments were very rare. When, after working hard, she could not sleep she took a trional tablet to make sure of her rest.

At the end of the summer she returned to New York, lived for the first time in a Broadway hotel and began again the old rounds of the agencies and the managers' offices. She was fixed, at first, in her determination for only a New York engagement. Then she made the discovery, as the weeks sped away, that she was too late in the field to be a dictator of terms. She reconciled herself to the thought of "the road." When she was offered a part in a revival of the romantic drama, The Princess Espina, for a tour of the West, she accepted it.

She spent her last days in New York making what purchases she required, her movements shadowed by the forlorn preoccupation of impending exile. She bought clothes and trunks, medicines and a cooking lamp, rubbers and a raincoat, as though she were a second Crusoe about to face a second island of desolation.

Then the "road" swallowed her up.

For one long and monotonous season she journeyed about the face of the globe, from city to city and town to town, one of those homeless and mirthless and thankless purveyors of amusement who bring romance to the provincial mind with the same readiness that the whipped dog jumps through its paper hoops. Life, on that "grapevine" route over which The Princess Espina was booked, became a round in which one febrile day was like another, with the same cheap hotels and unspeakable cookery; with the same unclean dressing rooms adorned with Rabelaisian wall-writing; with the same boarding-house lists on the callboard; the same seeking out of single-globed stage entrances at the end of blind alleys; the all-night jumps; the lardy lunch-counter pastry meals; the changing from one train to another and the endless early morning watches in squalid and cheerless waiting rooms; the ever-recurring exigent call for laundry work; the unheated theaters; the cheap lithography; the bad water; the dirtier and dirtier costumes; the "props" that slowly approached dissolution—for everything but a piano was carried by the company; the drops that became shabbier and shabbier under their canvas covers, just as the players became wearier and wearier under their thin mask of merriment.

Youth—and youth alone—could endure it—could remain blind to its exactions. For the first few weeks Una took a vague and dreamy delight in it, in its constant movement, in its ever-shifting scenes, in the discovery that old lines could take on a new meaning under new vicissitudes, in the fact that a scene could "go big" in one town and fall flat in another. Then the romance became as faded and threadbare as the painted drops. The thing became a treadmill, with only the thought of the Tuesday-night pay envelope to redeem it.

When The Princess Espina Company closed, the following April, Una began another struggle for a New York engagement, found herself not even a memory on Broadway, and eventually was glad enough to accept "leads" in a summer-park stock company. She "made up" well, worked hard, seldom failed in her lines, and won the unparaded approval of her management. Falling at the end of the summer to secure even a "bit" for a Broadway production she returned to the same management, signing a three-year contract to go on the road.

During the summer, when she would drop back into stockwork, she never failed to acquire a following. Thanks to the machinery of publicity which exploited her art and the romantic nature of the rôles which she now portrayed, she invariably became a favorite in the city where she chanced to be playing. And it pleased her to note that season by season this town was a more populous one. She finally attained a position where she could insist on being "featured." At the end of her third year, after a change of management, she became a "star," playing the popular-priced houses and luxuriating in the privilege of beholding her own lithographed portrait on the "paper" which spangled the cities of her conquest.

It was at the end of one of her most wearying wildcat bookings, when she was playing in the Pennsylvania coal regions, and packing up for the final jump to idleness and New York, that a doorman brought a card in to her. On this card she read: "Mrs. James Atwood Ostrander."

She was still puzzling over that unknown and unremembered name when a woman with a brown veil drawn up over her hat-brim broke into the crowded little dressing room.

This woman stood regarding her with innocent and wondering eyes. The face under the veil-draped hatbrim was alight with tremulous admiration.

"Una Carberry, to think you should come to this!"

The ambiguity of that declaration was lost in the envious and excited glance which the newcomer cast about the room, with its burnt-out air and litter of gowns.

"Do you mean to say you don't know me?" she asked, plainly wounded by the calmness of the other woman's eyes. Una's thoughts suddenly flew back to the past, to her lost girlhood, to her first week of theatergoing.

"You are Aggie Mumford," she said, turning over the card and looking at it.

"Cousin Aggie," corrected the other. "And, my dear, I want you to help me."

"How can I help you?" asked Una, struggling with a weariness that was more than physical. The woman with the innocent and wondering eyes stepped closer to the dressing table.

"I want you to help me get on the stage," she said, meeting the glance of the calm hazel eyes which now seemed those of a stranger.

Una again consulted the card.

"Have you a husband?" she asked.

"Yes; I've been married nearly two years. But Jim and I don't—we haven't been getting along very well together. He's away so much. He travels for a Boston shoe house. He's—oh, we've changed someway. I've been miserable for a year. I want to get away—I want to do something! And I want you to help me get a start at the same work as yours!"

"Have you ever done any of that work?" asked the woman with the tired eyes and the nameless hunger about her intent face.

"No," acknowledged her visitor. "But I could—I know I could!"

Una sat down and looked at the other woman.

"You don't know what stagework is—what it's like?"

"No," was the hesitating answer.

"And if you have a husband you must have a home."

"Of course I have a home."

Una took a deep breath.

"Then, my dear Aggie, go home to it. I'm too tired to preach. I'm almost too tired to talk. But take it from me, for I know. I know! You won't find it what you expect. You won't get out of it what you hope for!"

"Why, look what you've got out of it!" cried the amazed and almost indignant woman.

"What?" demanded Una.

"Why—everything," answered the other with a vague handwave about her.

Una laughed a little.

"You can't go on the stage, Aggie. You couldn't! You'll ask me why, but I don't think I can explain—not tonight anyway. You don't know its emptiness, its hollowness, its enmities, its eternal plottings and gossipings. You don't know what it costs; you don't know what they have to pay for it!"

"You mean you wouldn't be willing to help me?"

"I am helping you—in the only way I can."

"And—and you say things like that to me!"

"I want to tell you the truth," was the almost listless answer.

Una's visitor stood for an awkward and tearful moment or two, adjusting herself to a new and unexpected condition of things. She looked down at her old-time friend in the *peignoir* as though something on her cousin's face might help her toward a solution of her problem.

"Una Carberry," she said, not without a muffled touch of feminine malice, "I never saw anybody changed so!"

"I know it!" Una answered, taking a deeper breath as she rose from her chair.



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XIX

BY THE time Una Carberry had entered on her second season of "summer stock" at Chesterville she was both star and manager of her own company.

It was a carefully selected and a carefully conducted company, for Una by this time had developed into a disciplinarian. That instinctively virginal nature insisted on cleanness, both in the nature of her plays and the conduct of her fellow workers. A startled leading man, who had blandly insisted on making love to her, had been sent off, bag and baggage. His hurriedly secured successor, after twice appearing at rehearsals in a state of inebriety, followed the same course, and followed it with a promptness that was equally startling.

For Una by this time was something of a dictator. She was intent on success, a little impatient of incompetence. Her ever-growing knowledge of men and affairs, her ever-aggressive industry, her quiet and decisive judgment combined to make her a most successful managing star. That indefinable thing known as "personality" also contributed to this end—for Una Carberry was acknowledged to have "personality." She was no longer young; but that she was beautiful, especially on the stage, was seldom denied. About her slender face, with the ghost of a hollow under each cheekbone, brooded an ever-conciliatory air of wistfulness—the wistfulness of a woman further denied the sustaining illusions of life. There was something piteous, particularly in the light of open day, about the droop of the softly curved lips that seemed once framed for sweetness. The dark-lashed hazel eyes, shadowy with a vague weariness, more of the spirit than of the body, were still beautiful in their depths; but those eyes carried a look of hunger, of unsatisfied longing which served to sublimate what might have been mere physical appeal into something more of the mind than the body. It tended to make her the idol of those young women known as "matinée girls," who accepted her celibacy as something holy, as something both to sorrow over and to emulate.

Una's personality, in fact, was a valuable asset for stockwork. When linked with an appropriately selected rôle, and especially those rôles which more cynical cities, such as New York, regarded as old-fashioned, this personality always paved the way to commercial success.

Yet Una knew just how far that success went—just how far it could go. It was not the success of Broadway; it was not even preparing for her that Ultima Thule of all theatrical life. There had been more than one producing manager who had been kind to her, altogether too kind to her, dangling before her clear-visioned hazel eyes the ever-alluring offer of a metropolitan appearance.

But she remained in the only field that seemed open to her, accepting her minor successes with that indifference which marks those who have failed in the greater issues of life. She struggled to reconcile herself to the plays which Chesterville demanded of her; to the ever-recurring morning rehearsals; to the daily matinée made up mostly of young girls and of women who had left babies at home; to the long hot nights when the flaring gasjets made the dressing rooms as hot and fetid as a stokehole. She tried to like her following; she tried to like that small inland city, with its decorous maple-lined streets and its open lawns. She strove to endure without protest the consciousness of a success that was not success, a triumph that at heart was shoddy and artificial, a glory that stood inglorious under the light of her secret aspirations.

For these pains, it is true, time brought its own anodynes. Chesterville had accepted her. The town, not stopping to question how much the result was a matter of its own volition, had identified her with itself. She became its personal property, its specially delegated priestess of romance. And, as the weeks went by and her name became more of a household word, the people began to waylay her shyly on the passage between the theater and her hotel; even to send her flowers and a timorous invitation or two. She could feel, as she added sympathetic rôle to rôle, an electric bond of affection growing up between her and her audience, a blind and provocative adoration tempting her, at times, into that more obvious reading of her emotional scenes which resulted in more enthusiastic applause. It occasionally drugged her into indifference, that raw wine which is distilled only in the provincial audience. When a local department store went so far as to name a new shade of domestic silk after her she was not indifferent to the honor. When a high tea was given for her at the Country Club she pensively admitted to the older actress who played grand dames for her that, after all, it was something to be a big toad in even a little puddle.

At that same high tea, among the somewhat stiff-mannered citizens who shook hands with her as though she were the object of a municipal reception committee's activities, she met a face she had seen from time to time in the theater. This man, who repeated his name of "Ruthven—William Ruthven, ma'am," as he bashfully took her hand, struck her as being very honest and very ruddy-cheeked. That same large frame, with its slightly bald head, its weather-darkened face, its honest and wide-set eyes, had caught her absent and wandering glance during more than one of her performances. He had stood out from the audience as a type more normal, more full-blooded, more material-minded than the ordinary habitué of a summer stock theater in a small city.

He had carried her back to the city in his high-power motor car, pointing out the more attractive of Chesterville's suburban homes, but sitting beside her, on the whole, somewhat embarrassed and silent. It was not until they reached her hotel door that he timidly confessed that he had long been an admirer of hers, and, as he helped her alight, gravely proclaimed his belief that her Lady Babby was the greatest Lady Babby that was ever seen on an American stage.

Compliments such as this neither embarrassed nor elated her. They were too much a matter of her daily food. The personality of the large and solemn-eyed man from whom this praise had emanated somewhat puzzled her, however.

When, two days later, a formally worded note sent to the theater announced that his car would always be at her service during the day, Una returned an equally formal note, thanking him for his kindness.

But the matter was not to rest there; for the next day, at the end of the afternoon's performance, the car was waiting at the stage entrance. Una, after a moment of inward debate, stepped into the tonneau and instructed the boyish-looking chauffeur to take her for a short run into the country—a run that was to last fifty minutes exactly, and no more.

That dip of less than an hour into the cool green hill-shadows proved surprisingly refreshing. She even wondered, as she rocked homeward across the lengthening evening shadows, if she could not reasonably afford a motor car and a chauffeur of her own. She decided, in the exhilaration of the moment, that she had been giving altogether too much thought to the mere drudgery of life.

Three days later she was surprised to receive a somewhat stiffly worded note from William Ruthven, asking if she would dine with him and his sister on the following Sunday. This invitation Una declined. The toiling artist, she had long since found, paid dearly for all such excursions into the bypaths of society. Sunday marked her one brief half day of rest; and the demands on a work-wearied brain to be ceaselessly agreeable to accidental companions often proved more than she could meet.

Yet the next week, when William Ruthven wrote, asking if she would take supper with him after one of her performances, her curiosity was piqued. She could not quite comprehend that large-framed man with the quiet eyes. She was teased with a desire to purge her soul of its trivial curiosity. She thought the matter over and, a little to her own bewilderment, broke a rule to which she had long adhered at considerable sacrifice to herself, agreeing to take supper with him the following Thursday night after the performance. That day was marked in her memory, for through the open door of her dressing room she had overheard the pale-eyed ingénue remark to the leading man: "What do you think? Old Carberry's taken to joy-riding!"

That phrase—"Old Carberry"—had pierced through her like a spearhead. Out of the dull ache that it left she passionately cried out for her lost youth; she shut her teeth in the face of the besieging years and vowed, with the bitterness of unsatisfied womanhood, that she would not be old—that she would not admit defeat at the hands of time. She studied her face in the mirror between the wire-globed gasjets. Then she slowly and methodically began her second makeup for one night. She darkened her eyelashes more carefully than was her wont; she blended the rouge on her slightly hollowed cheeks with unusual care; she pinned on a spray of hothouse roses with a personal satisfaction until then unknown to her. She was almost the last one to leave the theater. Ruthven was waiting for her with the car, standing beside the tonneau door with his hat in his hand.

"Pipe the fat party!" murmured the ingénue, with a slow and insolent stare at the unusual sight of a cavalier awaiting the star of the Chesterfield Stock. And for many weeks to come that uncomprehending young actress pondered over the problem of why her pertest comedy failed to win the approval of her company's managing spirit.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

ON THE WATERWAGON

(Continued from Page 4)

and times when the change contemplated outweighed the other heavily.

Here is the way it totted up against quitting: Practically every friend you have in the United States—and you've got a lot of them—drinks more or less. You have not cultivated any other line of associates. If you quit drinking you will necessarily have to quit a lot of these friends, and quit their parties and company—for a man who doesn't drink is always a death's-head at a feast or merrymaking where drinking is going on. Your social intercourse with these people is predicated on taking an occasional drink, in going to places where drinks are served, both public and at homes. The kind of drinking you do makes greatly for sociability, and you are a sociable person and like to be round with congenial people. You will miss a lot of fun, a lot of good, clever companionship, for you are too old to form a new line of friends. Your whole game is organized along these lines. Why make a hermit of yourself just because you think drinking may harm you? Cut it down. Take care of yourself. Don't be such a fool as to try to change your manner of living just when you have an opportunity to live as you should and enjoy what is coming to you.

This is the way it lined up for quitting: So far, liquor hasn't done anything to you except cause you to waste some time that might have been otherwise employed; but it will get you, just as it has landed a lot of your friends, if you stay by it. Wouldn't it be better to miss some of this stuff you have come to think of as fun and live longer? There is no novelty in drinking to you. You haven't an appetite that cannot be checked, but you will have if you stick to it much longer. Why not quit and take a chance at a new mode of living, especially when you know absolutely that every health reason, every future-prospect reason, every atom of good sense in you, tells you there is nothing to be gained by keeping at it, and that all may be lost?

Well, I pondered over that a long time. I had watched miserable wretches who had struggled to stay on the waterwagon—sometimes with amusement. I knew what they had to stand if they tried to associate with their former companions; knew the apparent difficulties and the disadvantages of this new mode of life. On the other hand, I was convinced that, so far as I was concerned, without trying to lay down a rule for any other man, I would be an ass if I didn't quit it immediately, while I was well and all right, instead of waiting until I had to quit on a doctor's orders, or got to that stage when I couldn't quit.

It was no easy thing to make the decision. It is hard to change the habits and associations of twenty years! I had a good understanding of myself. I was no hero. I liked the fun of it, the companionship of it, better than any one. I like my friends and, I hope and think, they like me. It seemed to me that I needed it in my business, for I was always dealing with men who did drink.

I wrestled with it for some weeks. I thought it all out, up one side and down the other. Then I quit. Also I stayed quit. And believe me, ladies and gentlemen and all others present, it was no fool of a job.

I have learned many things since I went on the waterwagon for fair—many things about my fellowmen and many things about myself. Most of these things radiate round the innate hypocrisy of the human being. All those that do not concern his hypocrisy concern his lying—which, I reckon, when you come to stack them up together, amounts to the same thing. I have learned that I had been fooling myself and that others had been fooling me. I gathered experience every day. And some of the things I have learned I shall set down.

You have all known the man who says he quit drinking and never thought of drink again. He is a liar. He doesn't exist. No man in this world who had a daily habit of drinking ever quit and never thought of drinking again. Many men, because they habitually lie to themselves, think they have done this; but they haven't. The fact is, no man with a daily habit of drinking ever quit and thought of anything else than how good a drink would taste and feel for a time after he quit. He couldn't and he didn't. I don't care what any of them say. I know.

Approaching the Caramel Stage

Further, the man who tells you he never takes a drink until five o'clock in the afternoon, or three o'clock in afternoon, or only drinks with his meals, or only takes two or three drinks a day, usually is a liar too—not always, but usually. There are some machine-like, non-imaginative persons who can do this—drink by rote or by rule; but not many. Now I do not say many men do not think they drink this way, but most of these men are simply fooling themselves.

Again, this proposition of cutting down drinks to two or three a day is all rot. Of what use to any person are two or three drinks a day? I mean to any person who drinks for the fun of it, as I did and as most of my friends do yet. What kind of a human being is he who comes into a club and takes one cocktail and no more?—or one highball? He's worse, from any viewpoint of sociability, than a man who drinks a glass of water. At least the man who drinks the water isn't fooling himself or trying to be part one thing and part another. The way to quit drinking is to quit drinking. That is all there is to that. This paltering along with two or three drinks a day is mere cowardice. It is neither one thing nor the other. And I am here to say, also, that nine out of every ten men who say they only take two or three drinks a day are liars, just the same as the men who say they quit and never think of it again. They may not think they are liars, or intend to be liars; but they are liars just the same.

Well, as I may have intimated, I quit drinking. I drank that last, lingering Scotch highball—and quit! I decided the no-liquor end of it was the better end and I took that end.

For purposes of comprehensive record I have divided the various stages of my waterwagoning into these parts: the obsession stage; the caramel stage; the pharisaical stage, and the safe-and-sane stage. I drank my Scotch highball and went over to the club. The crowd was there. I sat down at a table and when somebody asked me what I'd have I took a glass of water. Several of my friends looked inquiringly at me and one asked: "On the wagon?" This attracted the attention of the entire group to my glass of water. I came in for a good deal of banter, mostly along the line that it was time I went on the wagon. This was varied with predictions that I would stay on from an hour to a day or so. I didn't like that talk, but I bluffed it out weakly, to be sure. I said I had decided it wouldn't do me any harm to cool out a bit.

Next day, along about first-drink time, I felt a craving for a highball. I didn't take it. That evening I went over to the club again. The crowd was there. I was asked to have a drink. This time I rather defiantly ordered a glass of water. The same jests were made, but I drank my water. On the third day I was a bit shaky—sort of nervous. I didn't feel like work. I couldn't concentrate my mind on anything. I kept thinking of various kinds of drinks and how good they would taste. I tried out the club. I may have imagined it, but I thought my old friends lacked interest in my advent at the table. One of them said: "Oh, for Heaven's sake take a drink! You've got a terrible grouch on." I backed out.

I did have a grouch. I was sore at everybody in the world. Also, I kept thinking how much I would like to have a drink. That was natural. I had accustomed my system to digest a certain amount of alcohol every day. I wasn't supplying that alcohol. My system needed it and howled for it. I knew a man who had been a drunkard but who had quit and who hadn't taken a drink for twelve years. I discussed the problem with him. He told me an eminent specialist had told him it takes eighteen months for a man who has been a heavy drinker or a steady drinker to get all the alcohol out of his system. I hadn't been a heavy drinker, but I had been a steady drinker; and that information gave me a cold chill. I thought if I were to have this craving for a drink every day for eighteen months surely I had let myself in for a lovely task!

I stuck for a week—for two weeks—for three weeks. At the end of that time my friends had grown accustomed to this idiosyncrasy and were making bets on how long I would last. I didn't go round where they were much. I was as lonesome as a stray dog in a strange alley. I had carefully cultivated a large line of drinking acquaintances and I hardly knew a congenial person who didn't drink. That was the hardest part of the game. I wasn't fit company for man or beast. I don't blame my friends—not a bit. I was cross and ugly and hypercritical and generally nasty, and they passed me up. However, the craving for liquor decreased to some degree. There were some periods in the day when I didn't think how good a drink would taste and did devote myself to my work.

I discovered a few things. One was that, no matter how much fun I missed in the evening, I didn't get up with a taste in my mouth. I had no katzenjammers. After a week or so I went to sleep easily and slept like a child. Then the caramel stage arrived. I acquired a sudden craving for candy. I had not eaten any candy for years, for men who drink regularly rarely take sweets. One day I looked in a confectioner's window and was irresistibly attracted by a box of caramels. I went in and bought it, and ate half a dozen. They seemed to fill a long-felt want. The sugar in them supplied the stimulant that was lacking, I suppose. Anyhow, they tasted right good and were satisfactory; and I kept a box of caramels on my desk for several weeks and ate a few each day. Also I began to yell for ice cream and pie and other sweets with my meals.

The Man With the Iron Grouch

Along about this time I developed the pharisaical stage. I looked with a great pity on my friends who persisted in drinking. I assumed some little airs of superiority and congratulated myself on my great willpower that had enabled me to quit drinking. They were steadily drinking themselves to death. I could see that plainly. There was nothing else to it. I was a fine sample of a full-blown prig. I went so far as to explain the case to one or two, and got hooted at for my pains; so I lapsed into my condition of immense superiority and said: "Oh, well, if they won't take advice from me, who knows, let them go along. Poor chaps, I am afraid they are lost!"

It's a wonder somebody didn't take an ax to me. I deserved it. After lamenting—to myself—the sad fates of my former companions and pluming myself on my noble course, I woke up one day and kicked myself round the park. "Here!" I said. "You chump, what business have you got putting on airs about your non-drinking and parading yourself round here as a giant example of self-restraint? Where do you get off as a preacher—or a censor, or a reformer—in this matter? Who appointed you as the apostle of non-drinking? Take a tumble to yourself and close up!"

That was the beginning of the safe-and-sane stage, which still persists. It came about the end of the second month. I had lost all desire for liquor; and, though there were times when I missed the sociability of drinking fearfully, I was as steady as a rock in my policy of abstaining from drinks of all kinds. Now it doesn't bother me at all. I am riding jauntily on the wagon, without a chance of falling off.

At the time I decided it was up to me to stop this pharisaical foolishness I took a new view of things; decided I wasn't so much after all; ceased reprobating my friends who wanted to drink; had no advice to offer, and stopped pointing to myself as a heroic young person who had accomplished a gigantic task.

Friends had tolerated me. I wondered that they had, for I was a sad affair. Surely it was up to me to be as tolerant as they had been, notwithstanding my new mode of life. So I stopped foreboding and tried to accustom my friends to my company on a strictly water basis. The attempt was not entirely successful. I dropped out of a good many gatherings where formerly I should have been one of the bright and shining lights. There are no two ways about it—a man cannot drink water in a company where others are drinking highballs and get into the game with any effectiveness. Any person who quits drinking may as well accept that as a fact; and most persons will stop trying after a time and seek new diversions.

Drinking, as it is done by the men I know—and I know hundreds of them in all the states in the Union—is largely a pastime. It is practiced as a means of sociability. Of course there are persons who have the habit and must have alcohol, and there are others who demand a certain amount of stimulant for certain purposes, having accustomed themselves to that stimulant.

The White Ribbon for Efficiency

I had a good lively tilt with John Barleycorn, ranging over twenty years. I know all about drinking. I figured it this way: I have about fifteen more good, productive years in me. After that I shall lose in efficiency, even if I keep my health. Being selfish and perhaps getting sensible, I desire the remaining productive years of my life to be years of the greatest efficiency. Looking back over my drinking years, I saw, if I was to attain and keep that greatest efficiency, that was my job, and that it could not be complicated with any booze-fighting whatsoever.

I decided that what I might lose in the companionship and social end of it I would gain in my own personal increase in horsepower; for I knew that though drinking may have done me no harm it certainly did me no good and that, if persisted in, it surely would do me harm in some way or other.

Sizing it up, one side against the other, I conclude that it is better for me not to drink. I find I have much more time that I can devote to my business, that I think more clearly, feel better, do not make any loose statements under the exhilaration of alcohol, and keep my mind on my number constantly. The item of time is the surprising item. It is astonishing how much time you have to do things in that formerly you used to drink in, with the accompaniment of all the piffle that goes with drinking! When you are drinking you are never too busy to take a drink and never too busy not to stop. You are busy all the time—but get nowhere. Work is the curse of the drinking classes.

Any man who has been accustomed to do the kind of drinking I did for twenty years, who likes the sociability and the companionship of it, will find that the sudden transition to a non-drinking life will leave him with a pretty dull existence on his hands until he gets reorganized. This is the depressing part of it. You have nowhere to go and nothing to do. Still, though you may miss the fun of the evening, you have all your drinking friends lashed to the mast in the morning.

Saratoga Money

A SURPLUS of potatoes in a farming community once ran the price down until it did not pay to handle them. One farmer had been to the city and, by chance, had eaten potato-chips in a restaurant. Immediately he thought of all those potatoes up home.

He had his two boys make potato-chips in the kitchen. They packed their product into apple-barrels neatly lined with paper and shipped them to near-by markets. Since their raw material cost them practically nothing and their manufacturing costs were very low, they made a neat sum the first year.

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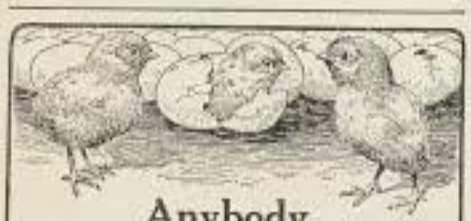
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On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This ensures you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms, etc.

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BULWARKS OF BUSINESS POLICY

(Concluded from Page 5)

to workmen—so much so that when an employee is hurt the manufacturer is apt to regard him as no longer one of his men, but a hostile party with a claim against the company, to be dealt with on a cautious legal basis.

This particular company carried liability insurance, and it was continued; but the president now supplements it in ways of his own. He makes a point of visiting all the hospitals in town and getting acquainted with the doctors and nurses, and these visits are made at least twice a year. If he can't go himself he sends the factory superintendent. Donations are sent regularly to each institution. Physicians in the neighborhood of the factory are likewise kept track of—even the police and ambulance corps. So, when a call for help comes from that factory, everybody likely to respond knows the head of the company and the case takes on a special interest.

Machinery is fitted with safeguards and employees are kept as far as possible from taking the needless risks responsible for many industrial injuries. Perhaps something happens. A call is sent. The ambulance gets there in a hurry, the doctor is on the spot quickly; and if the injured employee goes to a hospital he finds the people there taking a personal interest in him because they know his employer.

Many an injured workman lies in the hospital with no attention except that of some shyster attorney, who comes every morning to warn him to be careful whom he talks to and explain what a fine case he has against his employer. This business concern, however, looks into the man's record, takes care of his family, and keeps in touch with him even though he seems determined to sue. Provision is also made for taking care of employees hurt while working on jobs in distant cities. In that case the nearest sales manager is wired to go to the injured man at once, see that he has the best care and keep his family informed.

As a consequence, very little legal trouble follows. The man comes back to work and brings a feeling of confidence to other employees. The company has built up in a few years such a reputation for fairness in its community that, not long ago, when a stubborn workman brought suit for ten thousand dollars the jury decided for the company in ten minutes. Juries almost always have a bias for the workman and against the corporation in such cases; but in this case the sentiment was against the man because the jury, knowing the general fairness of the company, believed the employee was at fault.

The Results of Fair Play

In another company the same degree of security and company spirit is arrived at by a wholly different policy. The policymaker in this concern is silent and just. Schemes play no part in the management and the organization is not spurred on by personality, but is put together, rather, to carry on an enormous routine by a system that covers every condition and contingency.

One morning this executive called four men into his office. It was known that certain changes in branch offices were pending. The boss sat scribbling on a slip of paper, saying nothing, and the men waited. Finally he handed over the slip. They read:

Muller—Boston
Brown—Denver
Hagan—San Francisco
Watkins—Minneapolis

That was an announcement of their transfer to those cities. The boss expected them to go there and do their best. There was nothing more to be said. So they got up and went out again.

This executive rarely commends, because he believes the man who is constantly being called in and complimented for good work is really running on the boss' steam instead of his own, and that he is led to play to the grandstand for executive applause. On rare occasions he will commend a result—and his staff has grown used to working for results that will not displease him; but he is absolutely just and unvarying. Where he stood last year he stands today and will be found in the future. A sense of security and a belief in the public usefulness of the company runs through his whole organization. If Henry, the foreman of an erecting gang working in a distant city, were told that his company was about to lay off men and cut wages because business was shrinking, he would scout the idea. "I guess you've got that twisted—must be some other company!" For company spirit and what lies back of it have made him absolutely certain that the concern he works for is necessary and that it operates on fixed laws. If a customer tries to trick a salesman into price concessions, the man selling goods is just as certain that there will be no vacillating at headquarters; and this feeling of security extends even to customers, connections and competitors.

What an energetic, well-directed company spirit will accomplish was shown some years ago in the feat performed by the organization of an automobile concern. This company began business in a country town, and its business and plant expanded so rapidly that in less than five years it employed a force exceeding the town's population at the start. The influx of workers was so great that the town could not build homes for them as fast as the organization grew.

When the Cat's Away

Forecast of demand in early spring indicated that fully one thousand new cars could be disposed of by the sales force for June delivery. That was a much larger number than the plant had ever turned out in so short a period, but the salesmen and sales agents said that if the factory would furnish the goods they would undertake to sell them. The head of the company promised that the cars would be ready; and, going to the factory, he called his department heads together. He told them what was wanted, outlined general plans for working, and announced that if the specified quota was not produced on time there ought to be some resignations. Then he set off on a long business tour which kept him away from the works until the beginning of May.

One afternoon, getting off the train and walking into the factory offices he found everything running along in a humdrum way. There was no particular bustle round the place, no increase of the force, no great quantities of raw material in sight. When he asked for the superintendent he was told that gentleman had gone out for a ride. The purchasing agent was taking a little vacation and other department heads were at the ball game. By night, through telegrams and telephone calls, he got the staff together.

"How are you getting along with those thousand cars for next month?" he asked.

"Oh, we've given up that idea," replied the factory heads. "You see, we looked into it and decided it couldn't be done!"

"Is that so!" said the head of the company. "Well, I haven't given it up yet. Suppose we talk about it."

Then began a most thorough and unpleasant investigation of each man's department. The purchasing agent said the reason he had given up the idea was that, upon inquiry, he had learned that supplies and raw materials could not be furnished in sufficient quantity by outside houses. Manufacturers in those lines were routed out of bed by long-distance telephone, questioned, and arrangements made to get what was needed on quick delivery. Other subordinates had similar excuses, which were met in the same way. The conference broke up long after midnight by the boss driving his factory staff out of his office. Some protested. "Get out!" he ordered. One man came back crying and begged him to listen to reason—and he listened. When the explanation was done he said: "If that's all—get out!"

Next day the factory force woke up. To guard against any shortcomings in quality, inspection was doubled and the standards raised. All through May and far into June the works ran early and late, until finally, when finished automobiles began to go on to the cars, a large board was erected, lighted by an arc lamp, and each auto loaded for shipment chalked up in great white figures. By midnight on the last day of the period set for June deliveries the quota had been exceeded, for just one thousand and eighteen complete cars were sent off to the sales agencies.

Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of articles by James H. Collins. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

Just a year ago we promised to pay weekly salaries

to those who would give all or a part of their time to looking after our subscription business.

Thousands of answers were received to the announcement, and those who then wrote, together with many hundreds since appointed, are now earning this weekly salary.

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If you will give either all or a part of your time to the work of looking after our local subscription business, we will pay you a weekly salary and a commission on each order. We do not ask for any guarantee that you will send a large amount of business, nor require any outlay of money. All we ask is an honest effort to look after the renewals and new business of *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Ladies' Home Journal* among your friends and neighbors. If you will do that, either as regular employment or just the time that you can spare, we will pay you a salary for it.

You can receive full information by addressing a line of inquiry to

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THE CROOKED DEAL

(Continued from Page 15)

its unawakened strings. Presently she picked up the bow and, with a movement indescribably graceful, stroked the strings so gently that they only purred.

"Ain't you gwine to play none, missy?" Doris shook her head and glanced round at the shaded lights through the crimson-and-gold silence of that deserted room. Outside the fog gathered like twilight—and when twilight settled in the valleys at home she always played her violin.

Unconsciously she lifted the bow and roused one long, low note—the sigh of a sleeper who begins to stir. Zack caught his breath, then begged: "Missy, play Ole Black Joe—jes' a teeny bit."

Without dissent or volition, the violin responded, almost inaudibly, but distinctly when Zack bent closer. He could almost hear the murmured words: "I'm comin'—I'm comin'!" When it was quite done he whispered again: "Now, missy, play Swanee Ribber."

Miss Stanton forgot—forgot the ship and forgot these stranger people; forgot the dismal evening, the raucous foghorns—forgot everything. Out from her soul and the soul of her violin that tender melody ebbed and flowed, lapping like the waves at the vessel's side; it filled the room with shadowy music; creeping out into the mist, it floated along the deck, stopping men at their steady tramp, tramp, tramp—drawing them to the portholes and in at the door. The girl's figure swayed imperceptibly, like a slender column of smoke on a windless day. Zack stood silent, bowing his gray, bald head in unison with the old familiar song. His lips moved, but made no sound.

Their backs were to the door. They did not see man after man, woman after woman, slip in and sit upon the edges of the chairs. They did not see one glorious figure, standing erect in the center of the room, glittering in black and silver, with a scarlet rose in her hair—Aurora, dressed for dinner, one jeweled hand upon her bosom, the other commanding silence from those behind her. Reifenstein stopped midway in the room, half starting forward, like a blond giant from his North German forest, lips apart—listening. They did not see the groups of eyes that peered in at every porthole or the wall of faces massed at the door.

"Dar's whar my heart is turnin' ebber——" the clear notes rose like a rocket and came back again in a shower of broken stars. Then something snapped. "Oh, I can't play it!" Doris stopped short, laid down the violin and flung herself across the table. Zack wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "Dar now, missy; dar now——" Then Zack stared at all those people who came suddenly toward them like water rushing through a broken levee. Aurora ran forward, impetuously fell on one knee and put her arm round Miss Stanton's waist. The girl struggled to her feet amazed.

"Oh! I'm so ashamed—so sorry—I—forgot!"

"Sorry? Ashamed? You glorious, glorious child! *Bellissima magnifica!*" The homesick girl broke down completely. Aurora looked up at the thronging passengers and waved them back. "Go away; *asanti!* Go——" Reifenstein bent low, kissed the tiny brown hand that trembled so nervously on the table, then turned like a herder and cleared the room.

Aurora led Doris to a sofa and drew the brown head upon her breast. "*Piccina mia*—now tell me all about it." The self-contained and close-lipped Southerner could not have imagined herself talking so freely to a stranger—all about the homesickness, the loneliness, the going away to Milan for five long years.

"Your mother—she is with you?"

"No; at home."

"Your sister? Your——"

Doris shook her head. "Nobody!"

"You're not alone? *Carissima bambina*, that will never do—never do. So young and alone!"

This same question had been so maddeningly discussed at home that Doris answered sharply—with all the confidence of a kitten spatting in a corner: "Yes, I'm alone—and quite able to take care of myself!"

The wiser woman only smiled and stroked the girl's arm. "And going to Milan for five years! Ah, but you Americans have so ridiculous much money and——"

Doris shook her head. "I have very little—very little. I shall support myself while I study."

The great singer smiled and whispered: "*Carissima fanciulla*—impossible!"

Aurora was very practical. She knew what it was to support herself and study. She, like Doris, had been far too young and pretty for Milan, Vienna, Leipzig, Munich. So she held the girl very close, stroked her hair and talked of ways and means. Nobody could resist this woman; Doris told her exactly how much money there was in that scanty wallet which she had trusted to the purser—not the price of one song.

"Now, now! We shall mend that. I give you a benefit; I, Aurora Certosa—I have promised. You shall play. Ah, so wonderful you play! I shall sing once, twice, three times. There! In Milan you will live like one little brown princess; and when I come to Milan—ah! when *I* come—we shall see what we shall see." With her arm about Doris, the singer led her newmade friend away.

The first dinner on shipboard is apt to be a keynote affair. Acquaintances may be formed—or not. Ultra fashionable ladies, crossing to be measured for gloves, make known their mission and their exclusiveness at this function. A stiff bow at the table sets no precedent for another bow on deck.

Mr. J. Blair Eaton and Joe Sloan sitting together was an accident of Joe's contrivance—one sovereign to the steward. Joe accounted for the presence of Colonel Spottiswoode at the same table upon precisely the same basis—another sovereign to the steward. Joe carried out his part of the program, nevertheless, by attracting Mr. Eaton's attention to his big partner, who sat in full view—the only man in the room without a dinner coat.

"There's that old lake captain over yonder; he knows your sister's brother-in-law in Chicago. Made a big fortune with his steamers from Detroit and Chicago to Duluth. Plays poker like a child."

"Ah, really!" observed Mr. Eaton.

Colonel Spottiswoode was no lady; neither did he feel the necessity for being exclusive. His manner of speaking directly to a fellow-being startled Mr. J. Blair Eaton out of his eyeglasses and into an approximately human reply. His frankly expressed ignorance as to Mr. J. Blair Eaton's family and fortune appealed to that gentleman's sense of humor.

"Really refreshing—don't you know?—refreshing!" Eaton afterward confided to Joe Sloan.

It did not refresh Cap Wright, however, when Joe darted into his cabin with the information that their fresh fish had taken up with Prince Jim and wouldn't play unless the Colonel were invited.

"I suspected something like that when I seen 'em settin' side and side."

In Cap's business it was necessary to think quickly—that is their job. "The joke's on us, Joe; we'll have to grin. Jim is square, and we had better get half than nothing. Invite him. If you don't, he will give a poker party and leave us out. No, siree! Prince Jim don't associate with gamblers."

"Ain't that hell?" Joe burst out. "Here I have been nursing that Eaton chap for three months—went to Chicago and got acquainted with his sister—O. K. credentials like that; and he quits me for the first man that comes along. Ain't that hell?"

"Shut up, Joe. Hell ain't no argument—that's a cuss word, and don't buy you nothing. Go get 'em."

. . . . . .

They were playing eight-handed, which crowded the little cabin mightily; Cap could have got a bigger room and a more comfortable table, but that savored too much of professionalism. Cap detested professional sport; friendly games paid the best, anyhow—and there was less chance for a holler. Counting from Cap's left, the players were: Shields, Eaton, Spottiswoode, Castelleone, Joe Sloan, Torreale, and the Baron von Reifenstein. Each man had some banknotes in front of him, weighed down by a little stack of sovereigns that jingled merrily as they rolled on the table. Fortune swung back and forth coquettishly and there was not much difference in the stacks.

The jovial game ran on—the men talked of that wonderful little violinist and her

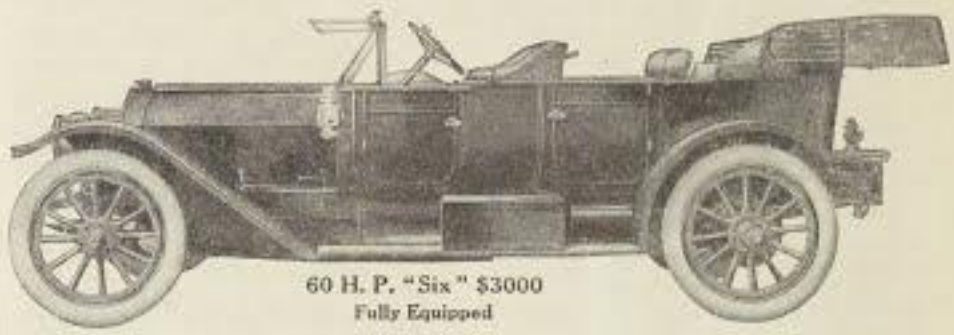
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Comparison with any other car, at any price, is advantageous to the KisselKar. The KisselKar is eminently the one medium priced car that belongs to the small group of upper class automobiles built to the standard of utmost quality.



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The "Balanced" Car—liberal wheel base—big tires—commodious tonneaus.

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"Thirty" $1500

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Not the ordinary picture book catalog, but full of motor car information such as will give you a new standard by which to judge automobiles—illustrates and describes the entire KisselKar line. Sent free on request.

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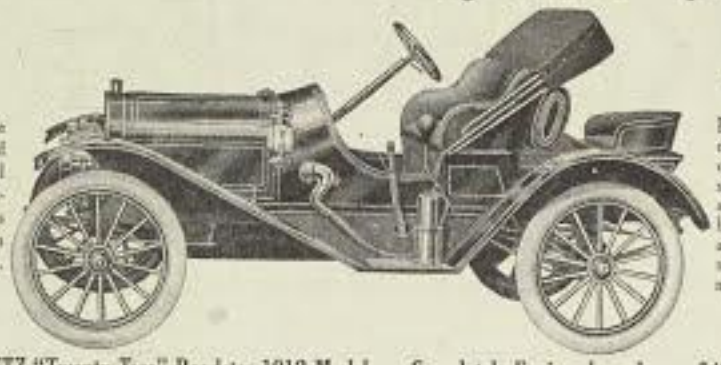
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The METZ "Twenty-Two" is the greatest automobile value ever offered and is the first four-cylinder runabout to be sold for less than $500. The METZ "Twenty-Two" is also the most economical. It will carry you from 28 to 32 miles on a gallon of gasolene, 100 miles on a pint of lubricating oil, and 8,000 to 10,000 miles on a set of tires.

The three METZ Cars which completed the trip from New York to Jacksonville, Fla., were the only team out of the eighteen in the Glidden Tour to arrive in Roanoke, Va., with a perfect score, inside the schedule without time extension. This in competition with cars costing from five to ten times the price of the METZ.

The trip through the Cumberland Mountains during a continuous rainstorm and a terrific cloudburst with almost indescribable road conditions was a test which showed the quality and endurance of METZ Cars—the lowest priced cars in the tour.

The METZ "Twenty-Two" is guaranteed to climb the hills as fast as any car, regardless of price or power.

It is extremely easy riding, simple in its operation, responsive to the least touch of the throttle, and a car that any man, regardless of what make of large car he owns, will be proud to drive.

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The "Horse Secrets" are told by Dr. A. S. Alexander, the celebrated veterinarian, in a book of that name. This book exposes all the tricks that unscrupulous horse dealers and "gyp" traders are up to—such as "shutting a heaver" and "plugging a roarer," the "Bishoping" Trick, the "Widow Dodge" and all the other ways of "fixing" a horse. Saves you from being "stung" by professional dopesters, and also contains many valuable secrets for feeding and conditioning stock, curing evil habits, etc.

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luck in gaining the signorina's championship. A benefit by the signorina would amount to something. Being at the poker table they spoke with restraint and mentioned no names. Reifenstein seemed to understand music and was particularly generous in praising the newly discovered artiste. Cap Wright encouraged these pauses between deals for a story or a drink. They bred an amiable carelessness in his players—and also gave Joe a good chance at the cards.

Colonel Spottiswoode was not conscious of sizing up the men; he did that unconsciously. A student of character can tell more about a man in a single sitting at poker than by serving for a lifetime on the same vestry. The yellow streak will show through his clothes—especially in a loser. The Colonel himself was in fine fettle for genial moralizing. Luck set his way with a stream of gold clinging to her skirts. Twice, when Cap dealt, he raised 'em to a stand on prospects and made his hand. "Now, gentlemen, that's what I call breaking even." Torreale spread the second best hand and failed to appreciate the joke. Three times the Colonel held two pair against pat hands—and Wright was dealing; but he drew one card and filled.

"Captain Wright," he laughed, "I've got a hunch that you are my mascot."

Meanwhile Colonel Spottiswoode picked young Shields for a fine average American and liked Reifenstein better than the other foreigners. The Italians seemed too eager to win—their eyes followed a goldpiece so lustfully; they counted each pot as they stacked it and were contentious about trifles.

The Colonel's luck continued—it improved, got versatile and his stack grew taller; now and again he changed a banknote for some less fortunate player. "Chips have no home, gentlemen," he remarked, and tucked the note under his stack.

Although the cards were running his way, the Southerner did not quite enjoy the game. It was not his kind of game. He felt an undercurrent of hostility—vague as a chilly draft that creeps from nowhere. Once he had almost risen to quit when, in a big pot, he drew one card and caught the fourth seven, beating Castelleone's pat flush. The Italian wrangled until Reifenstein laughed. Then he kept mumbling to himself about "American luck." Being more than a thousand dollars winner, Colonel Spottiswoode hated to jump the game. He passed it off and played carelessly; it was his own carelessness that caused the final break. Every one remembered how the play came up.

Will Shields was dealing; he and the Colonel kept bantering each other about the story of a man who always drew one card. Cap, being on Shields' right, had cut the deck and handed them to him. Eaton sat in "the age" at the left of Shields, with Colonel Spottiswoode next—"under the gun," as he expressed it. Eaton had either grown reckless from drink or he felt absolutely certain of his hand. The pot had been raised and back-raised, and raised again, until everybody dropped except Eaton and the Colonel. Whenever the Colonel gave her another lift he made a jocular remark about that one-card story. "How many cards, gentlemen?" asked the dealer.

"I'll play these," said Eaton turning to the Colonel.

"One card," promptly announced the Colonel, and Shields flipped it off the deck.

"Hold on! Hold on!" Cap Wright forgot himself and interfered: "How many cards did you say, Colonel Spottiswoode?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized the Colonel. "Mr. Dealer, I made a mistake—wasn't thinking. I don't want any cards. I'm pat."

Shields was already reaching out for the undesired card when Eaton stopped him, then spoke to the Colonel without meeting his eye: "The card's on the table—you've got to take it."

"Yes, yes!" Castelleone and Torreale chimed in eager chorus.

"Perfectly correct, gentlemen; perfectly correct." Colonel Spottiswoode took a card from his hand, buried it under his stack and picked up the one that Shields had dealt him. Then he spread his entire hand, face upward, on the table and nodded to Eaton: "You win, sir."

He showed three kings, a four and a nine spot. "I drew this"—tossing away the four; then, taking the buried card from under his stack he matched it with the other nine. "I had a king-full, pat; gentlemen, you may leave out my hand." And he pushed his chair from the table.

Colonel Spottiswoode thrust the handful of bills and gold into his trousers, then took a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and sauntered out. "Good night, gentlemen."

Joe and Cap glanced at each other. Prince Jim had a peculiar way of doing business.

Colonel Spottiswoode strolled along the deck in very ill humor. "That's what I get for playing with strangers. Curious how luck runs! When that old ship captain was dealing I could make any hand I drew to."

The decklights shone upon deserted boards and empty chairs folded back against the cabins; a fog that was almost a drizzle shrouded the vessel and hid the sea. Spottiswoode stopped at the forward turn and stood gazing into leaden vacancy. A heavy step came round from the other deck and a hand tapped him on the shoulder. The Colonel turned. It was Cap Wright.

"Come, pardner," said Cap with pleasant assurance; "divide up."

"What do you mean?"

"You won seven hundred and eighty-five dollars."

"Maybe so; I didn't count it. What of that?"

"Half for me and Joe—three ninety-two fifty; quick settlement is our motto—because we don't keep no books."

Colonel Spottiswoode stared at the man. "I—I do not understand."

"Warn't it our room? Warn't they our suckers? Didn't Joe invite you there and didn't I deal you the hands?" Cap Wright slapped him jovially on the shoulder. "Prince, quit yer joshin'; you didn't think you got them hands fair, did you? Ef 'twarn't for my dealin' you'd 'a' been a thousand loser."

The Southerner's lips were beginning to move; it was coming time for him to speak.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

HOW'S CROPS?

JED HICKS he drives up Main Street and he drops
In on Si Gregg; and Si Gregg says: "How's crops?"
And sometimes Jed says: "Si, I never see
A crop like this one promises to be!"
And orders big—all kinds of farm supplies,
Till Si he gets real sunshine in his eyes
And says to Emmet Pew, the drummer: "Pew,
Make that one ton of sugar I said, two;
And tell them hullsale fellers I'll discount
Them bills of theirn and pay the hull amount."

And then Scrimp Short, the banker, he jest hops
Acrost the street and says to Jed: "How's crops?"
And Jed says to him: "Scrimp, she's goin' to be
A bumper crop, I tell you—now you see!"
And Scrimp he rubs his hands and feels his oats,
And tells his customers he'll take them notes
At nine per cent; and finds he's got about
Another fifty thousand to let out;
And thinks the notes can be renewed again
For mebbe eight per cent instead of ten.

And old Doc Blake he sees Jed Hicks and slops
Right through the mud and says to Jed: "How's crops?"
And Jed says: "Doc, I never see the beat
Of this here year for corn and oats and wheat!"
And Doc he smiles, because he's got about
Five thousand on his books astandin' out;
So he goes to the garage and says: "Green,
You better order me that new machine
We talked about the other day"—and goes
Into his tailor's for a suit of clothes.

Jed Hicks ain't much to look at, but his say
Is purty powerful in a business way;
And when he says the crop is hard to beat
You see folks perk up all along the street.
Si Gregg, he gives big orders for his store,
And Scrimp Short finds he's got aplenty more
Good money to lend out; and everywhere
You feel that easy-money-comin' air;
It has some meanin' when Scrimp Short he hops
Acrost the street and says to Jed: "How's crops?"

—*J. W. Foley.*



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Have Girls Real Stories to Tell?

If So, Here is $825 They Can Have

EVERY girl has her own problems to meet, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* girls have asked us to publish some real experiences that will tell how others have faced the crucial situations that arise in a girl's life. So we are offering $825 in prizes for a contest open to any one that has a *real story to tell.* The story is to be told directly by the girl herself, and is to be called

My Greatest Experience as a Girl and How I Met It

Every girl has had one great experience, a significant experience which exerted a great influence on her future life. This is often, of course, a love problem, and sometimes an amusing one at that; but it may not be a love story at all—perhaps it is a struggle with illness or poverty, or even an entirely novel situation for which her early training had given her no preparation. Whatever it may be, humorous or serious, if you feel that you met it squarely we want you to write about it. If it happened some time ago so much the better: you will now be able to look back on it and realize its full significance better than at that time. What we want is a *real story well told.* It is to be *vigorous, interesting* and *straight to the point.* The prizes will be awarded as follows:

$250 for the First Best Story
200 for the Second Best Story
$150 for the Third Best Story
125 for the Fourth Best Story
$100 for the Fifth Best Story
$825 in All for the Contest

No story must exceed 2500 words in length: this limit must be kept.

In order that the stories may be read quickly and a prompt decision reached all manuscripts should be typewritten if possible. If that is out of the question they should be written in ink, neatly and clearly, that they may be easily read. The stories should be written on only one side of the paper, and sent flat or folded. Rolled manuscripts will not be considered. Manuscripts will not be returned under any circumstances.

We wish to award the prizes, for we want good stories; but we reserve the right to withhold any or all of them if in our judgment the material entered does not come up to the required standard of excellence. However, we feel sure that good stories will come in, and are hoping to have difficulty in choosing the best from the many excellent ones. The contest will be open till February 1 next, 1912. No stories received after that date can be considered. Address all manuscripts to

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Circulation Department

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A Woman Justice of the Peace

(Concluded from Page 11)

wasn't fit to eat—she didn't keep any sort of a house—the house was in a mess and the baby too dirty for a man to touch. As for going to the neighbors, what else could he do? His home wasn't fit for him to live in—so there was no use trying to stay with Rosie any more—they must part—it was best; but tears came in his eyes at the thought of leaving her, and he said he'd 'love her through everything,' even if she left him.

"That being the state of their feelings, I saw there was no real question of their separating—my work was, not to help them part but to help them stay together and make something better out of their lives.

"I got dinner on the table and they sat down with my own large family. I had made oyster soup with canned oysters; I opened a can of plum pudding and tossed together three or four pies. Fortunately we had just got a quarter of beef, so I had a fine English roast besides vegetables.

"I piled the plates for my sad young couple, and even when I saw they could eat no more I kept urging pie and pudding on them until the man said with a grin that he believed I wanted to bust him open. She, poor little thing, said, 'Nobody knows the treat it is to fill yourself full on somebody else's cookin'.'

"By this time—if I may say it in homely Western—they were too full to quarrel, and I took them into the sitting room and put them in rocking chairs.

"'Now,' said I, 'I've been thinking over this case and it seems to me there's right on both sides. You'—to him—'being the man, ought to chop the wood and pack all the water—she's not strong enough for it. You say Rosie doesn't cook. If you would provide things to cook she would cook them, but no woman can get up a meal if she hasn't anything to do it with. If you buy her flour and sugar, and the other things she needs, she'll get you up as good meals as anybody would want, and what she doesn't know she's willing to learn, aren't you, Rosie?'

"'Yes, *ma'am*. I'll learn to cook anything he likes fer him!'

"'And you're willing to try to keep the house and the baby in better shape?'.

"'Yes, *ma'am*—sure I will!'

"'But, Rosie,' said I very seriously, 'no man likes a dirty, ragged baby or a messy house, and if you don't keep things nice after this and make your home attractive, you mustn't blame Will if he goes off to a home that is attractive.'

"'I wouldn't go nowheres else,' he said, 'and she'd orter know it.'"

A Question of Digestion

"'There's another thing you haven't stopped to think of,' I went on. 'There'll be talk among the neighbors and all sorts of reasons given that won't be true as to why you separated—and you can't stop the talk. You will both be shamed among the neighbors, and the baby too. And if you get your papers you won't be happy a day apart, and then you'll find you have a scandal to live down.

"'You both love each other more than any one else in the whole world'—he hitched his chair a little nearer hers—'and you'd rather cut off your hands than give each other up. I see it—you needn't say anything about it! So I have decided that I won't hear this case at all now—I set it for hearing six months from today. What I want you to do is this: go home and make a fresh start and see how things pan out. If you both try your hardest for six months and can't make a go of it, come back and I'll hear the case.'

"I never saw a happier couple! That was the end of their separation. They have a large family today and are well-to-do and respected.

"A good many separation cases, I find, resolve themselves into a too prolonged diet of yellow biscuits and pork; and a little friendly help in showing a woman how to make good raised bread or some extra dainty her husband likes wards off the catastrophe. I have done more with the kitchen than the courtroom in keeping the peace of my community.

"One duty that falls to the justice's lot here I dislike, and that is acting as coroner, for we have none in the precinct. Fortunately there has been but one such call in my term of office.

"Two freighters were driving a load of goods from the railroad up to the store, seven miles from here. A blizzard came on and they got lost, sixteen miles out on the plains. They had with them our dog, Bill, that had gone down to the railroad with a bunch of sheep, and they were bringing him home.

"Bill knew the way to the ranch, and the men abandoned their team and started to walk in, guided by the dog. One of them gave out and fell in the snow, but Bill managed to keep the other one going and got him to a ranch in the dead of night. They sent down for me and I went right up and worked over him with snow. He was nearly dead, but we managed to save him. He lost three fingers and two toes.

"When he had revived sufficiently he told us about his companion in the snow. My husband refused to let me go out in the storm, but went out with a man and team and Bill, found the body and brought it in, leaving it at a closed ranch till we could attend to the burial.

"These are some of my experiences as justice of the peace. I can't see that it is very different from any other work that has to be done. The one peculiarity of my way in doing it seems to be this—I have felt it so necessary to keep the peace in this scattered community, to promote goodwill and fellowship among the neighbors, that for some years there have been no quarrels and—no fees for cases."

Politics as Play

"I have been asked if my work as justice does not interfere with my home duties.

"No more than going to a matinee or downtown shopping interferes with the city woman's home duties. I have done most of my housework for a large family. Today my two daughters are married, I have two grown sons and a little girl; and every one of them says: 'There's no place like home and no pies like mother's.'

"I have superintended the ranch for months at a time during my husband's business absences, looking after the home stock, milking, making butter, feeding chickens, planting and weeding my garden, of which I am very proud. I look after the irrigating, doing part of it myself, see to the haying, helping the men rake or load when we are short-handed. In some seasons we have cut a hundred and twenty tons, and that means cooking for four or five extra men that are hearty feeders.

"The city woman must remember that our lives out here are very different from the lives of women in the thickly settled states. We are miles from town. We have no church, no sewing circle, no social gatherings of the sort that bring women together. Almost our only interest outside our homes lies in politics. It is a topic we can all discuss, no matter which party we belong to. The fact that we sometimes disagree and wrangle, or that we pull wires, seems to me small in comparison with the benefits we get through taking an active part in something outside ourselves and our home interests. There is a great deal in the ranch woman's life to make her morbid—the endless round of work, the long shut-in winters, the lack of society—and we need something to take us out, in spite of ourselves, and freshen us up.

"As for the work's being 'outside woman's sphere,' my experience and the fact that I have been reëlected to office through the men's vote have convinced me that a woman can not only do the work a man would do and in a way to suit the men of the precinct, but often a great deal that a man would never think of doing, and possibly could not do. Certainly when a woman has been wronged by a man it is far easier for her to tell her story to another woman. At least it has been so in the cases I have dealt with. And where young lads have been brought in to be bound over to keep the peace, gentle measures, motherly advice and a good meal have done more, I am convinced, to make them mend their ways than a fine or jail sentence would.

"I do not mean to say that I think women ought to replace men in this or any other office. I think the officer should be selected according to fitness without regard to sex, and that when a woman is selected as justice of the peace she can often do more good than a man because she has the patience and sympathy a man often lacks."

Business Men Do Not Seek The Fourteen-Year-Old Boy

He gets on their nerves. Yet five millions of them drop study before they reach the High School—just because the parents think the boys better off out of school than "fussing" with teachers.

Too much theory is bad for a boy. Satisfy his instinct for something practical to do, and he'll want to stay in school.

Selling The Saturday Evening Post will satisfy your boy's craving for varied training and will unconsciously demonstrate to him how essential education is to success in that work and in his whole life.

Get your boy to try it. It will develop his ambition and his power of concentration as nothing else has ever done. In addition to the training and the money earned he will get a lot of premiums—just the things a boy most wants. Tell him to write and find out all about the plan and what other boys have accomplished.

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This car, equipped with hard rubber (solid truck) tires, is quickly ruined by the violent shocks of road contact

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The *Resilient* Tire

The Motz Cushion Tire is as easy-riding as the properly inflated pneumatic. Its remarkable resiliency is accomplished by means of *double treads, undercut sides, slantwise bridges and secret-processed rubber.* The *double treads,* which are *notched,* also make this the non-skid tire. (See illustration.)

The *Trouble-Proof* Tire

Motz Cushion Tires do away with punctures, *blow-outs, rim-cutting* and dangerous *skidding. Tire troubles, worry* and *delay* are no longer necessary. Motz Cushion Tires end such difficulties. And they are quickly applied.

The *Economy* Tire

Upkeep expense on your tires is *wiped out* by the Motz Cushion Tire. No extra tires, no cement, no patches, no inner tubes, no jacks, no tire tools to buy or carry.

And the Motz Cushion Tire is *guaranteed, in writing,* 10,000 miles—two years. The *average* life of a Motz Cushion Tire is much longer—14,000 to 20,000 miles. A *pneumatic* tire does well to last 3,000 miles.

Moreover, the Motz Cushion Tire gives a greater efficiency than the *pneumatic.* For automobile makers have found that, on a given charge of fuel, their cars travel more miles when equipped with Motz Cushion Tires than with the highest grade pneumatics.



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Hard, solid rubber tires will quickly ruin the best built light-delivery car in existence. They fail to absorb the violent shocks of road contact. Every bump, rut, hole, jar, jerk, twist or strain to which a solid tire is subjected is transmitted to the delicate mechanical parts. This *crystallizes* the car's parts and soon ends its usefulness. Motz *Cushion* Tires *protect* the car. They are the ideal equipment for *light loads* and *speed.* They just about double the life of the average light-delivery car.

For heavy duty trucks, operated at low speed, we make an excellent **solid** tire. Motz *Solid* Tires, like Motz *Cushion* Tires, can now be had for *detachable* or *demountable rims,* thus saving you a great deal of time and expense when changing tires. (160)

MOTZ CUSHION TIRES



A—Notched *double treads* add to resilience of tire and eliminate dangerous skidding.

B—These are the *undercut sides.* They allow the bridges to "give" like the air in pneumatic tires, thus absorbing shocks and making the car easy-riding.

C—The *slantwise bridges.* They protect the undercut sides. Note they are *diagonal;* they stretch and are not compressed when tread above is *depressed.* This is an important feature.

D—Shows resilience of tire when passing over an obstruction (drawn from actual photograph). More than seven inches of the tire's circumference is in contact with the road, thus giving you the effect of larger wheels.

The *undercut sides, slantwise bridges* and new *notched double treads* are exclusive, patented features.

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Send us your name and we will mail you our latest booklet, together with the names of automobile makers who equip their cars with Motz Cushion Tires—also, letters from pleasure car owners who are now using Motz Cushion Tires. Use coupon.

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